

OUR SEX AND MUSIC ISSUE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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SEXIEST COMEBACK

MARIAH  
CAREY

A REVEALING

20Q

JEREMY  
PIVEN

HUGS IT OUT  
IN THE PLAYBOY  
INTERVIEW

THE PENTAGON'S  
COMBAT  
FATIGUE  
COVER-UP

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SEXIEST  
CELEBRITIES

SCARLETT  
JOHANSSON

SEX STAR OF THE YEAR

HOT FOR  
TEACHER  
SHE'S  
NUDE!

MOST MUSIC EVER:  
FLAMING LIPS,  
LIL JON, KASABIAN,  
BROOKS & DUNN,

PLUS

ROCK THE ♪  
FASHION

AND ALBUMS OF  
THE YEAR



**"I'M OVER HERE LOOKING AT YOU  
YOU'RE OVER THERE WATCHING ME TOO  
BOTH PAINTING PICTURES  
OF HOW WE'LL KISS AND F\*\*\*"  
-MARIAH CAREY, "SAY SOMETHIN'"**





Do you know who has had the most number one songs on the *Billboard* Hot 100? Sure, the Beatles. Do you know who is second on that list and could match them this year? See the above photo. **Mariah Carey**, who has been on fire since she first broke out in the 1990s, just turned up the heat by striking a pose before the lens of famed photographers **Markus Klinko** and **Indrani** for our cover. In 200 Carey welcomes you into her bedroom. "It was cool. She scheduled me for late at night, and we didn't get on the phone until 10 o'clock," interviewer **Jason Buhrmester** says. "She went up to her penthouse, shut the door and climbed into bed with a glass of warm milk and Frangelico. We talked for hours. It reminded me of being in high school and staying on the phone with a girl all night. I think the interview has a very intimate feel."



"I can't think of the appropriate glowing remark about what an honor it is to have my particular form of artistic vision appear in *PLAYBOY*," illustrator **Winston Smith** says about the artwork he produced for *Get Rich! Live Forever!* But when we request a picture of himself for this page, our old friend isn't at a loss for words. "It's always a point of pride to be able to tell people my photo is in *PLAYBOY*," Smith says. "Women seem especially impressed by this, though so far it hasn't helped me get laid."



When we published **Mark Boal's** *Death and Dishonor* in 2004, Hollywood took notice, adapting the article into the forthcoming film *In the Valley of Elah*. This month Boal offers *The Real Cost of War*, which we hope will prod Capitol Hill into giving our soldiers with post-traumatic stress disorder the respect and care they deserve. "The military wants to do the right thing," Boal says, "but it doesn't have the resources. It's also concerned with recruiting and political pressure to put the best face on the war. Eventually it will be hard to deny that a significant number of vets have this problem, and nobody wants to piss them off because, after all, they're highly trained in killing and destruction."



We are proud that the Rabbit Head is considered one of the most iconic, recognizable logos in the world. For *Rock the Rabbit* we gave several bands—**Thievery Corporation** and the **Flaming Lips** among them—the opportunity to design their own T-shirt incorporating the Rabbit Head. Then rock-and-roll photographer **Mick Rock** shot the musicians, dressed in hip threads, for our fashion pages. "Normally I shoot bands in concert, but on this project I became the choreographer," Rock says. "I feed off the energy of the band and the vibe of the fashion; then something magical happens. Each band has its unique energy, which I have captured in each photograph."



**J. Robert Lennon**, author of the forthcoming and controversial *Happyland*, provides this month's fiction, *Zombie Dan*, which begins, "They figured out how to bring people back to life—not everybody, just some people." "The story came from that first line," Lennon says. "The rest was easy. Where that line came from, I have no idea. I suppose I just like presenting myself with a ridiculous situation to find out where I can go with it. Whenever I look at what I've done and say to myself, 'Nobody will ever publish this piece of masturbatory nonsense,' I know I'm onto something."

# PLAYBOY

c o n t e n t s

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- 52 THE REAL COST OF WAR**  
The unremittingly perilous nature of the fighting in Iraq—a hidden enemy, a battle zone with no safe areas—has increased the psychological risks for the average soldier. But conservatives are campaigning to discount post-traumatic stress disorder as a condition, and the undermanned military is deliberately withholding PTSD diagnoses. The real costs of this war are still churning below the surface. **BY MARK BOAL**
- 64 THE YEAR IN MUSIC 2007**  
Viva rock and roll! For our annual look at who hit all the right notes, we talk with crunk revolutionary Lil Jon, country giants Brooks & Dunn, the multitalented Tyrese and many more. We also reveal the Playboy Jazz Artist of the Year and our readers poll results, and we continue our annual feature in which musicians recall what was playing when they popped their cherry.
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Your office space doesn't have to be a gray- or beige-bland land. We highlight what we consider to be office essentials—from stylish seating and retro phones to sleek gadgets and the best of the Bard.
- 92 GET RICH! LIVE FOREVER!**  
Marketers make almost miraculous claims for XanGo, an antioxidant-rich fruit drink—not least of which is how you can make a fortune selling the pricey juice to friends. Our man puts the squeeze on the latest multilevel marketing scheme and shares his hilarious observations about XanGo's strange adherents. **BY JONATHAN BLACK**

## fiction

- 104 ZOMBIE DAN**  
Resurrection from the dead, in this wildly imaginative story by the author of *Happyland* and *Pieces for the Left Hand: 100 Anecdotes*, is something that can be bought at your local hospital for the right price. But as we see after one young man's return, that price is not just monetary but involves coping with a certain soullessness that's very hard to take. **BY J. ROBERT LENNON**

## the playboy forum

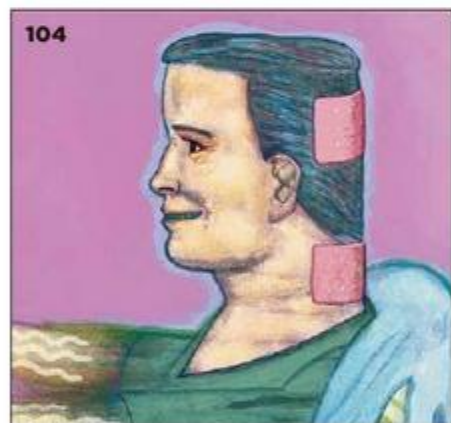
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Why doesn't our government serve the people? Four prominent economics authors—Robert H. Frank, David Sirota, Paul Stiles and Louis Uchitelle—discuss how we came to be ruled by corporations.

## 20Q

- 72 MARIAH CAREY**  
The pop diva and cover girl has recorded more songs that have spent more time perched atop the charts than anyone except Elvis Presley. Now Mimi discusses the highs and lows, including her row with Eminem, that infamous breakdown and how she broke into the business. **BY JASON BUHRMESTER**

## interview

- 47 JEREMY PIVEN**  
The 41-year-old journeyman actor with a long list of credits finally broke through into the big time with his role as ruthless Hollywood agent Ari Gold on HBO's *Entourage*. We hug it out with TV's funniest shark as he discusses the wildest rumor about himself, people who expect him to be Ari in real life, why almost no one has seen his best work and how he feels about being singled out as a "pretty girl" on the Hollywood party scene. **BY DAVID RENSIN**



## COVER STORY

Riding high on the success of *The Emancipation of Mimi*, Mariah Carey has proven again and again that she can overcome adversity and emerge stronger because of it. Photographers Markus Klinko and Indrani put the sexy songstress's best face forward on our cover, while photographer Michael Thompson takes a ride on the flip side. Our Rabbit joins the chain of Mariah's admirers.



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this month on playboy.com

### THE PLAYBOY.COM A-LIST

Where do celebs go to party? We name the top 10 VIP lounges.

### THE PLAYBOY BLOG

News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY's editors.

### THE 21ST QUESTION

Get the final word from cover model and singing sensation Mariah Carey.

### ROCK ON WITH THE RABBIT

Go behind the scenes at Mick Rock's PLAYBOY fashion shoot.

### HER TURN-ONS

The classic *Playmate Data Sheet* goes video.



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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## WINE OF THE TIMES

On the occasion of the grand-slam opening of the Playboy Club in Las Vegas, Hef and Christie presented the Palms' George Maloof (center) and N9NE Group's Scott DeGraff and Michael Morton with signature bottles of Playboy wine featuring Centerfold numero uno, Marilyn Monroe.

## TRUMP'S APPRENTICE AT THE MANSION

*The Apprentice* is known for rewarding its contestants with lavish novelty trips when a team wins a given challenge. For the sixth season of Donald Trump's show, set this time in L.A., the contenders were awarded the most fantastic surprise yet, a visit to the Playboy Mansion.



## BLOTTO IN THE GROTTTO

Radio personality extraordinaire Adam Carolla interviewed Hef for Carolla's *Blotto in the Grotto* radio show live from the Mansion, where Carolla's old buddy Jimmy Kimmel stopped in for a few laughs.



## NO GUTS, NO GLORY

Not for the squeamish: Kendra, Holly and Bridget joined *Laguna Beach*'s Talan Torriero to present the prize for best femme fatale at the Fuse Fangoria Chainsaw Awards, which honor the goriest in movies, television and music.



## ON THE ROAD WITH MERCEDES

How's this for patriotic spirit? November cover girl Mercedes McNab stopped by the Fort Lewis Army base in Washington to visit the troops and sign issues containing her delectable pictorial. We couldn't be any prouder.



## A NIGHT ON THE TOWN

During an evening out with his girlfriends, Hef bumped into old friend and Tinseltown icon Al Pacino at the West Hollywood celebrity hot spot Madeo, where the pair shared thoughts over dinner.

**FRISKY  
FRIGHT  
NIGHT**



When stars like Owen Wilson, Jeremy Piven and Leonardo DiCaprio appear in their fright-night finest, it's no wonder Hef's annual Halloween party at the Mansion ranks among the most mythologized events in Hollywood history. (1) Hef with the ladies and their handiwork on Pumpkin Carving Night. (2) That little devil Hef, with Holly, Bridget and Kendra. (3) Luke Wilson parties with guests. (4) A ghoulish Travis Barker with Playmate Kara Monaco and guests. (5) Leonardo DiCaprio arrives with an entourage of gorillas. (6) Kelly Monaco goes blonde for the evening. (7) David Boreanaz with his wife, Playmate Jaime Bergman. (8) Actors Jennifer Finnigan and Jonathan Silverman. (9) Playmate Shanna Moakler with Hef and Holly. (10) PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon charms Jim Belushi. (11) Kendra raps with Too Short and Lil Jon. (12) Actors Alfonso Ribeiro and Wayne Brady. (13) Playmates Hiromi Oshima, Stacy Fuson and Monica Leigh give Ryan Seacrest something to sing about. (14) Bill Maher with the ladies. (15) The Hilton sisters give Hef a treat.



**IT'S BOND TIME**

Will someone please return the Rolex in *James Bond's Desk* (December) to whom it belongs? It's certainly not 007's. As any fan knows, he wears an Omega.

James Besser  
Woodbridge, Virginia

*Bond traditionally wore a Rolex ("Bond surveyed his weapons. They were only his hands and feet, his Gillette razor and his wristwatch, a heavy Rolex Oyster Perpetual on an expanding metal bracelet. Used properly, these could be turned into most effective knuckledusters.")—On Her Majesty's Secret Service, 1963) but has been seen more recently with an Omega.*

**CINDY MARGOLIS**

Thank you for the wonderful pictorial of Cindy Margolis (*Desperately Seeking Cindy*, December). For some reason her photos download much faster when she's not wearing clothes.

Ken Giangiorano  
Riverside, New Jersey

Finally!

Jeff Thuesen  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

You have mostly fulfilled my fantasy of seeing Cindy Margolis nude, but is



The download you always dreamed about.

there any chance you might share a shot of this fabulous woman from the back? Forty is starting to look to me like the new 20.

Lawrence Jackson  
Portland, Oregon

I told you she was perfect.

Ron Zimmermann  
Vernon, Wisconsin

**PLAYBOY IN IRAQ**

My wife and I wanted to send a care package to soldiers in Iraq. After doing some research online, we were dismayed to discover that you can't include copies of PLAYBOY. How can that be? My father served in Vietnam and said the magazine was a constant presence and morale booster. What can we do to get issues of PLAYBOY to troops in Iraq and Afghanistan?

John Fleischauer  
Herndon, Virginia

*Unfortunately, the Pentagon forbids service members in Iraq to receive material that contains nudity, which it fears may offend local sensibilities if displayed openly, thus making the troops' jobs that much more difficult. Some members of the armed forces in Iraq and Afghanistan have e-mailed us photos of themselves proudly displaying the magazine, but others have written to say they had issues confiscated and in some cases were disciplined. Don't let this restriction stop you from showing your support. You can still send snacks, toiletries, current issues of other magazines and letters of encouragement to specific members of the armed forces (many post their wish lists online) or donate phone cards and frequent-flyer miles. Visit americasupportsyou.com for guidance. For security reasons mail can no longer be sent to "any soldier," but for \$25 the USO (usocares.org) will deliver a care package and your words of support to someone who will appreciate both.*

**MISS BRIT**

Thank you for featuring Miss Great Britain Danielle Lloyd (December). Wow! I hope pageant officials don't dethrone her. Is it me, or does she resemble Lisa Marie Presley?

Marc Flores  
Santa Teresa, New Mexico

*Danielle has left the building. Officials stripped her of the crown almost immediately after learning of the pictorial, then sued her for damaging the competition's reputation.*

**THE FOUR GORES**

I enjoy reading Gore Vidal, but the views and improvised history lesson provided by *Three Senators Gore* (December) greatly skew the current political climate. While the struggle between patriotism and nationalism may be a war between our republic and a form of tyranny, the specific examples Vidal provides of the downfall of our revered electoral system are flawed. George W. Bush has been outlandish in his

cavalier attitude toward aspects of the Constitution, but that does not make him the greatest enemy of the republic. Other presidents have pushed the



An intriguing dynasty: the three senators Gore.

limits. Abraham Lincoln suspended the writ of habeas corpus without proper authority, an action so dangerous that it has never been repeated. FDR appointed a number of Supreme Court justices to push through items he felt were important. I find it ironic that an attack on both presidents Bush for constituting a new nepotistic ruling class should be couched in an article seemingly about another highly powerful political family, the Gores.

Brian Russell  
Sacramento, California

**DIXIE CHICKS**

I just finished the *Playboy Interview* with the Dixie Chicks (December) and am writing to say "Nice job!" To the fair-weather radio stations and fans who dropped them after Natalie Maines made her infamous comment about President Bush: It may be better now if you keep your mouths shut.

Michael Riley  
Goose Creek, South Carolina

George W. Bush was actually born in New Haven, Connecticut. About four years ago the city installed highway signs boasting of this, but they were quickly vandalized and removed, most likely by people who are ashamed that the president is from Connecticut.

Peter Reilly  
North Haven, Connecticut

Having been a country-music program director for 12 years, I saw firsthand how country radio, along with the Associated Press, created a firestorm for the Dixie Chicks. When the story broke, my station reported the incident without



## PLAYBOY PICKS

your guide for living the good life

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bias. Our listeners did not demand we stop playing Dixie Chicks songs. But at other stations, DJs directed hate speech toward the group and rallied their audiences. Maines is correct in stating that country program directors are cowards, but it goes deeper. Too many programmers are shortsighted, conservative, attention-starved hillbillies who can't wait to jump on something such as this in hopes of getting their faces and call letters on television. They do a disservice to their audience and to the artists. I'm glad the Chicks aren't ready to make nice.

David Drew  
Duluth, Minnesota

When is the Dixie Chicks' national pissing-and-moaning tour going to end? As a country-music fan, I couldn't care less what these nincompoops think about Bush. The mistake they made and continue to pay for is that during a time of hostilities on foreign soil, they chose to take a public potshot at the president in order to pander for applause from an audience known to be hostile to U.S. policies. Maines is right when she says that what she did is not brave. Brave would have been doing it from a stage in Dallas, Omaha or Pittsburgh.

Russ Heaps  
Boynton Beach, Florida

As evidenced by the election results, most Americans have come to share Maines's view of Bush. I suppose an apology for attempting to ruin the Dixie Chicks' career is forthcoming from that flock of sheep known as the country-music establishment.

John Brennan  
Oakdale, California

I miss listening to the Dixie Chicks without all the baggage.

Eric Miller  
Austin, Texas

One thing performers don't seem to understand is that we go to concerts to escape politics. Just play your music and shut up about your religious and sexual preferences, politics, spouse, children and all your affiliations.

Chris Ullman  
Manhattan Beach, California

I have always thought the reaction to Maines's comment was overblown, especially after seeing the tape. As a musician myself, I think the incident was more a performer bantering with the audience as opposed to considered political commentary. The hypocrisy of both her "fans" and the industry has obviously been an eye-opener for Maines, and she shows she has gained insight from

the backlash. That said, I am appalled that she had the audacity to say in your interview that she doesn't believe the men and women in the armed forces are fighting for her freedom.

Kerry Agnew  
Bayport, New York

The Dixie Chicks are patriots. Their willingness to put their careers on the line to speak out personifies the values this country was founded on.

Brian Maull  
Runnemede, New Jersey

Other big-name artists, such as Johnny Cash, have had views that differed from most of their fan base's, but they had the sense to let their music speak for them. The Dixie Chicks have had more impact on the war with their song "Travelin' Soldier" than with their rants. I have long been a fan and



The Chicks: Maines, Maguire, Robison.

looked forward to their new album, but it is filled with bitter, bitchy music that is unpleasant to listen to. A simple apology would have kept their careers on track without requiring them to compromise their views.

John Barnes  
Dallas, Texas

Why all the uproar? The Dixie Chicks did something that offended a lot of their fans, and the fans reacted. If Madonna expressed embarrassment about gay people, a main fan base of hers, you can bet cone bras would be burning everywhere.

Miranda Sauerwein  
Fort Bliss, Texas

Read more feedback at [blog.playboy.com](http://blog.playboy.com).



# P L A Y B O Y

## a f t e r h o u r s

babes of the month

### Nina Sky

PUERTO RICAN GIRLS  
JUST DYIN' TO MEET YOU

Says one, pointing out the obvious, "We're very much alike." No shit. The 26-year-old Queens-born singing duo Nina Sky are in fact identical twins. For an interviewer who can't always remember which is Hannity and which is Colmes, matching names (Nicole and Natalie Albino) to faces (identical) and tape-recorded voices (nearly so) is completely futile. For our purposes, Nina Sky is a sexy two-headed beast that speaks a single truth. "We're comfortable being sexy," they say, "but sometimes people want us to be all touchy-feely because of the twins fantasy." We nod, familiar with the concept. "People want to know if it's a two-for-one deal," says one half. "It's not." Before we can feel even a wavelet of shame, the other comes to the rescue: "It's not a weird fantasy—well, it would be to us. But we're two beautiful girls, and everybody fantasizes about something they can't have." Phew. As songwriters, Nicole and Natalie avoid tales of double trouble in favor of something more universal; on their recent single "Sugar Daddy" (from their second album, *The Musical*) they diss big spenders with Queens finger-snappers like "I work hard and pay my own bills/I buy my own rings." When not rolling their eyes at threesome-seeking players, the ladies like to eat "a lot"—chicken and waffles at Roscoe's are a must on trips to L.A. "We're thin, but we're not bony," they say. "That's not the Puerto Rican look. You gotta fill it out a little. J. Lo has a beautiful body, and when we get to her age we hope we fill out like she has."

"Sometimes people want us to be all touchy-feely."



greece is the word

## Last Men Standing

ANTIQUITY'S TOUGH GUYS DISPLAY SPARTAN RESISTANCE IN THE EYE-POPPING FILM *300*

*Sin City*, the highly stylized film based on Frank Miller's graphic novels, proved that an arty comic-book movie could capture the public's imagination just as well as, if not better than, a spandex-swaddled explosion fest. The big-screen version of Miller's *300*, a retelling of Spartan heroics at the battle of Thermopylae, looks to ignite a second wave of Miller mania, and Dark Horse Comics is prepared. To complement the oversize 88-page graphic novel, the publisher has produced *300: The Art of the Film*, which is half again as long. The book documents the great pains taken to keep Miller's vision intact. For those hankering for even more Thermopyliana, Miller recommends William Golding's *The Hot Gates* and Ernie Bradford's *Thermopylae: The Battle for the West*.



bunch o' blarney

## What St. Patrick's Day Means to Me

ARCHETYPAL NEW YORK IRISHMAN COLIN QUINN LOOKS BACK

St. Patrick's Day was always a big deal for me. It was a young man's holiday, not a family holiday. Mom wouldn't be in the kitchen cooking something special; she'd be on the phone all day with my friends' moms, worried. When I left, you could see that look in her eyes, like I was going to Vietnam. All she could say was "Just please come home."

One year a section of Central Park was reserved for guys to "blow off steam." It was an arena, and I remember stepping in and just getting punched. Immediately. It was like *Rockland County Gladiator*. Just 200 guys punching each other, in groups of five or eight, just going in swinging, with the cops on a hill watching to make sure nobody had a gun.

I was your carbon-copy asshole kid. We would try to march in the parade; I'd jump in with some group I didn't belong in, the Staten Island Monsignor Farrell Majorettes or something. The cops

would pick me up and throw me into the crowd. I was a skinny kid—everybody could see I was a dick. They just threw me up in the air without breaking stride. They probably did that with kids like me all day long.

I always used to get dressed up. I would wear a derby and carry a shillelagh. That whole look started with me in the late 1970s. I also wore suspenders, but they weren't cool suspenders. I thought I looked like something out of *The Warriors*, but I really just looked like a second-rate mime.

It was always a big production, so much drama. The line to get a beer in every bar would be out into the street. When I got in, the bartender would see me carrying a fucking shillelagh and say, "You can't bring that in here!" I never made it through the whole day with my shillelagh. It would always get stolen or taken away, or I'd lose it.

I don't think you're supposed to get laid on St. Patrick's Day. It just

goes against the principle of the day. There are lots of moments that look like opportunities—you find a cute girl at four, you start making out, but the next thing you know it's 5:30 and you're standing in the middle of Grand Central Terminal and she's cursing you out at the top of her lungs. People walking by are looking at you, thinking, What an asshole this guy is. That's what happens when you try to get laid on St. Patrick's Day.

In the end you get a pass. It's a long day, and at some point you turn on the people who are close to you. Your best friend looks at you and says, "You're a fuckin' asshole." But the next day everyone pretends they don't remember. As far as I'm concerned, anything that happened to me, I had it coming.



## get off



## Arrest Strategy and Etiquette

TIPS FROM *RENO 911!*'S INCOMPETENT COPS ON WHAT TO DO IN A PINCH

**PLAYBOY:** How does one get out of a speeding ticket?

**LIEUTENANT JIM DANGLE:** Remember, cops are regular people who want two things: respect and hand jobs.

**PLAYBOY:** So it's appropriate to make sexual advances toward an officer?

**DEPUTY TRAVIS JUNIOR:** Yes, if you're hot. Or kind of hot. Or game.

**PLAYBOY:** Does committing a murder always result in immediate incarceration?

**JUNIOR:** Not immediate, no. If you did something real squirrely, like shoot at a cop or soil the flag, we might take our time getting you to the station.

**DANGLE:** The surefire way to escape conviction for murder in this country is to be very, very famous.

**PLAYBOY:** How should one speak to a policeman?

**DANGLE:** Try to avoid things like "You wanna kiss me? That why you squeezing me so hard?" Also avoid saying how your taxes pay our salaries. This may result in permanent damage to your face and/or balls.

**PLAYBOY:** Do cops enjoy a good fight?

**JUNIOR:** Cops do not enjoy a good fight. If we did, we'd have become wrestlers or hockey players.

**DANGLE:** We enjoy a short, fast fight that we win. My advice is to stay down, which can be a problem with all that PCP coursing through your veins. Just think happy thoughts and enjoy the taste of pavement.

**PLAYBOY:** Do video cameras deter police brutality?

**DANGLE:** It's like when you make a sex video: The camera makes people bring their A game.

**JUNIOR:** What didn't get filmed, didn't happen. You only *imagined* 30 of us beat you up. Our report says you fell down a whole bunch resisting arrest because you were on crystal meth.

**PLAYBOY:** Where's the best place to hide a joint?

**DANGLE:** Up the porthole. Let's face it: I do not want to check up your porthole. Well, almost never.

*Officers Dangle and Junior make their film debut this month in Reno 911!: Miami.*

## high spirits



## Contents Flammable

WHAT DO YOU PUT IN A BOTTLE SHAPED LIKE A BONG? DUTCH VODKA, OF COURSE

Bong Spirit Vodka is a rare design gimmick that looks better than it sounds. The water-pipe shape is surprisingly elegant, and the vodka inside is top-shelf. But don't try to use the empty vessel to smoke weed—you can't.

"As the prevailing breast term, *boobs* is the most innocuous and the only one that has gained widespread acceptance. That's because it's the slang term women are most likely to use in reference to their own breasts. A woman might complain how her boobs ache, sag or feel lumpy. But I strongly doubt anyone has ever shared concerns with a girlfriend over discomfort in her hooters."

—from *Stacked: A 32DDD Reports From the Front*, by Susan Seligson

## that's all, folks



## The Day the Looney Tunes Died

## NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE—NOT EVEN CUTE CARTOON ANIMALS

In the cartoon world, pigs walk on two legs, the laws of physics are highly negotiable, and cute animals smack the tar out of one another with little fear of injury. (Hey, anything to entertain children.) Wile E. Coyote seems impervious, but is he immortal? Not according to Korean sculptor Hyungkoo Lee, whose Animatus series depicts the merry remains, posed and tagged museum-style, of such favorites as *Geococcyx Animatus* (Road Runner), *Lepus Animatus* (Bugs Bunny) and the trio pictured above, *Anas Animatus H, D and L*—the late Huey, Dewey and Louie. Poor little bastards.



employee of the month

## Prison Belle

**YOU CAN LOCK US UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY WITH CORRECTIONS OFFICER ANN REINOEHL**

**PLAYBOY:** What does working in the big house entail?

**ANN:** You have to keep your eye on about 100 people. We have male and female inmates. There's a lot of movement as the convicts are shifted around from classes to services to feeding to recreation and showers.

**PLAYBOY:** You watch the showers?

**ANN:** Yeah. There's a lot of lesbian activity, but trust me, you do not want to see those women.

**PLAYBOY:** Other than that, what colorful things do you see?

**ANN:** Well, there are fights, people getting shanked and suicides. That's the nature of the job. You always have to watch. I sometimes refer to myself as a glorified babysitter.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you get into this line of work?

**ANN:** I am not the secretary type. Before this I worked in a coal mine, and I also used to work at a steel mill.

**PLAYBOY:** What do guys say when you tell them you are a corrections officer?

**ANN:** "Put on the cuffs."

**PLAYBOY:** Ever brought the cuffs home?

**ANN:** After a long day babysitting I use sex to relieve tension, and yes, I've used cuffs. They are uncomfortable, though. I suggest using a ripped T-shirt.

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

### drink of the month



## The Surest Shot to Take During March Madness

**TOAST YOUR TEAM WITH A MIX THAT TASTES LIKE THE THIRST QUENCHER**

While you neglect your labors to watch basketball for 20 days, lubricate yourself for the big game in the spirit of last year's champs, the Gators. In 1965 University of Florida researchers came up with Gatorade; now here's a concoction similar to the original lemon lime.

### Gatoraid

3¾ oz. Absolut Mandrin

3¾ oz. triple sec

Splash lemon-lime soda

Splash sour mix

Stir all ingredients in a cocktail shaker with ice and strain into shot glasses (makes five). Shoot one every time Bill Raftery says, "With the kiss!"

### siren's song



## The Self-Made Marilyn

**MISS MONROE HAS SOME EXPLAINING TO DO**

"I never wanted to be anything like Rita Hayworth, The acting of Miss Myrna Loy just frankly left me cold, Barbara Stanwyck was a tad too masculine for comfort, And ZaSu Pitts on-screen or off a man could never hold. I never cared for Joan Fontaine, Norma Shearer bored me, Tallulah Bankhead and Nazimova were just too old. Just give me Theda Bara any day, I loved her sultry, vamping, sloe-eyed way."

—lyrics from *The Marilyn Project*, a musical opening in late March at the DUO Theater in New York City

# R O A D D A T A

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

race ready. street legal. barely.



**Kawasaki**  
Let the good times roll.™

### Serious On-Track Performance

**600-class power.** The 2007 Kawasaki Ninja® ZX™-6R sportbike takes it to the next level. It's quicker around a track than any middleweight Ninja sportbike in history.



### The Right Stuff

Ninjas use more than **26** different tools to protect themselves—from ashikos to bokkens to nunchakus. There's only **1** for the racetrack—the Ninja ZX-6R.



### Enter the Dragon

Ninjas were first written about in **15th** century Japan. Western fascination with this elite group burgeoned in the early **1980s**. American fascination with the Kawasaki Ninja started in **1984**.

### Road Warriors

Ninjas dress in **1** color: black for stealth. The Ninja ZX-6R comes in **4** colors: Lime Green, Atomic Silver, Ebony and Passion Red.



### Take Your Turns

The ZX-6R is optimized in **2** ways—both the frame and swingarm allow it to respond instantly and precisely to the rider's every command. Don't you wish all your dates did this?



### Men on a Mission

**14th** century Ninjas set out on **1** of **4** major missions: scouting, espionage, sabotage and assassination. Modern-day PLAYBOY readers set out on **1**—to get into the Playboy Mansion.

### Major Weight Loss

The 2007 Kawasaki Ninja is the lightest Ninja yet. Due to the use of exotic metals—like aluminum, magnesium and titanium—it's a nimble **368** pounds.



### Hot Ride!

**5%** of PLAYBOY Playmates ride motorcycles.

**53%** of PLAYBOY Playmates think men who ride motorcycles are hot.

cruise to the mansion



### Let the Good Times Roll

Visit [playboy.com/Kawasaki](http://playboy.com/Kawasaki) to discover the best places to ride your Kawasaki Ninja and enter to win a trip to the Playboy Mansion.

NO PURCHASE NECESSARY TO ENTER. OPEN TO LEGAL U.S. RESIDENTS WHO ARE 21 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER AT THE TIME OF ENTRY. SWEEPSTAKES ENDS 3/31/07. VISIT [WWW.PLAYBOY.COM/PLAYBOYKAWASAKI](http://WWW.PLAYBOY.COM/PLAYBOYKAWASAKI) FOR FULL OFFICIAL RULES. VOID WHERE PROHIBITED. SPONSOR: PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC., 230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NY 10011.

# R A W D A T A

## SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



### Joy Rides

Sticker prices and rental rates for the five most expensive cars offered by national luxury automotive service Putnam Leasing:

Bugatti Veyron 16.4	\$1.5 million	\$25,775 a month
Mercedes-Benz SLR McLaren	\$453,000	\$7,350 a month
Rolls-Royce Phantom	\$360,000	\$5,895 a month
Lamborghini Murciélago LP640	\$350,000	\$5,595 a month
Bentley Azure	\$338,000	\$5,275 a month

### All the Kids Are Doing It

A study in the *Review of General Psychology* reports that **91%** of young women and **84%** of young men approve of premarital sex. In the 1950s just **12%** of women and **40%** of men approved of sex before marriage.

#### price check

**\$80**

Price of a 30-minute hand massage and heat treatment to soothe business travelers' painful BlackBerry thumb, offered by many Hyatt hotel spas in North America.



### Blowing It

The average American goes through **743** tissues a year.

### Chatty Cathies

On average women speak about **20,000** words each day; men speak about **7,000**.

### My Goodness!

Guinness has **8,752** years remaining on its lease in Dublin. In 1759 Arthur Guinness took over the brewery at St. James's Gate and signed a contract committing to **9,000** years at **\$70** a year.



### Def Tones

**10%** of worldwide music industry revenue now comes exclusively from ring-tone sales.

### No Peace Pipe in the Middle East

In Israel, increased border-security measures enacted since the recent war with Hezbollah forces in Lebanon have sent the price of marijuana soaring **800%**.



#### what they're thinking

### Not Friendly Enough

According to *Glamour* magazine, **35%** of women have had feelings for a male friend that they have never revealed.

### Never Say Never Again

By turning down the role of Gandalf in the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and the **10%** to **15%** cut of worldwide box office receipts New Line Cinema offered him up front, Sean Connery passed up between **\$290 million** and **\$435 million**.

### Au Naturel

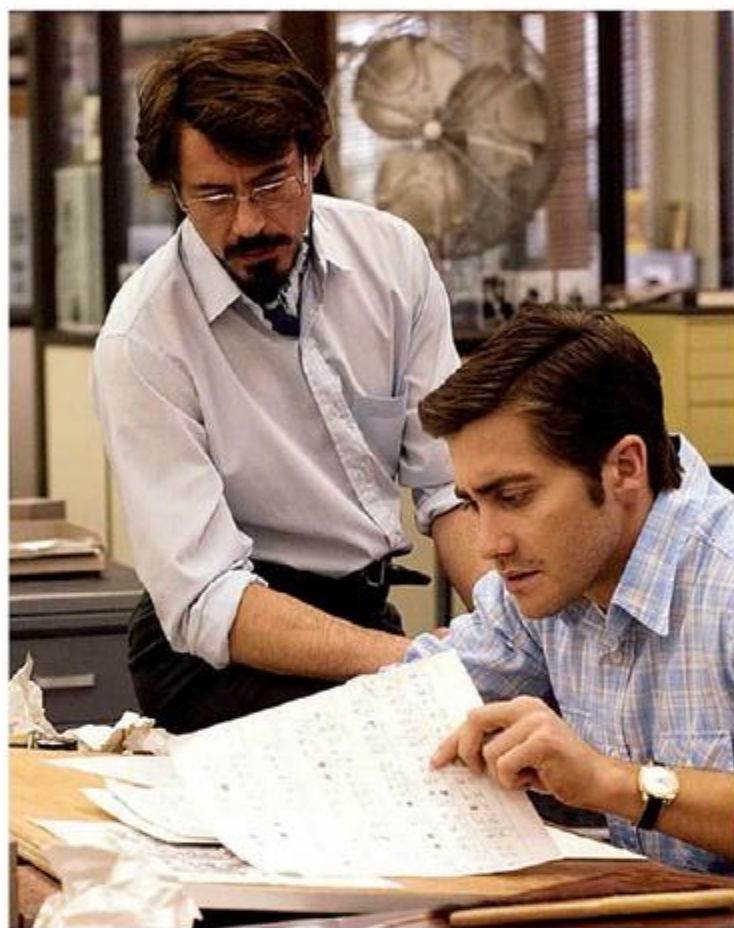
A survey conducted by MyVoice found that **48%** of respondents consider body odor and poor personal hygiene a turnoff, while just **4%** feel the same about refusing to wear a condom.

### Mouth to Mouth

According to Match.com the average woman kisses **29** men before getting married.

# R E V I E W S

## m o v i e s



movie of the month

### [ ZODIAC ]

Downey and Gyllenhaal stalk a sexual sadist

Director David Fincher's gripping *Zodiac* recounts the exhaustive hunt for the serial killer who terrified the San Francisco Bay Area in the late 1960s and 1970s, murdering at least 37 people and taunting the police and press with chillingly cryptic messages. Fueled by dread and documentary-like detail, the film is based on books by Robert Graysmith (played by Jake Gyllenhaal), who obsessed over unmasking the killer while working as a cartoonist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. But how personal the tale gets will disturb viewers the most, says Robert Downey Jr., who gives a strong performance as a respected *Chronicle* reporter alongside Mark Ruffalo, Anthony Edwards and Chloë Sevigny. "I call David Fincher the Excruciator because he's so exacting," Downey says. "After seeing his *Seven* and *Fight Club*, I was like, 'Dude, we're really going to go balls to the wall on this one.' Film can be pretty emasculating for guys—putting on makeup and dressing up and all that—but on this movie we felt as if we were about to go on a nutso butch journey. In one scene my character gets a terrifying piece of mail from *Zodiac* that basically says, 'You're next.' Suddenly a sensational case becomes a personal threat. Fincher's movie is really about three men, the city and that time in history. It sure ain't the TNT Thursday-night premiere version." —Stephen Rebello

"We're going to go balls to the wall on this one."

now showing

BUZZ

#### Black Snake Moan

(Samuel L. Jackson, Christina Ricci, Justin Timberlake) Craig Brewer's provocative drama features Jackson as a God-fearing Tennessee bluesman who rescues a sex addict (Ricci) after she's attacked. Sexual tension simmers once Jackson tries to force redemption on Ricci by chaining her up in his shack.

**Our call:** Digging beneath the exploitation setup, the *Hustle & Flow* director goes after something more complex in what becomes an oddly moving tale of personal salvation.



#### 300

(Gerard Butler, Lena Headey, Rodrigo Santoro) Another of Frank Miller's graphic novels inspired this hyperviolent epic. Based on history's ultimate suicide mission, the 480 B.C. battle of Thermopylae, the film follows the Spartan king and 300 heroic soldiers as they fight a Persian army of millions.

**Our call:** *Sin City*-style visual punch, the adrenaline rush of hard-core action and a star-making role for Butler form a gripping saga that invites comparisons to *Gladiator*.



#### Ghost Rider

(Nicolas Cage, Eva Mendes, Wes Bentley, Peter Fonda) In this newest Marvel superhero flick, Cage plays the stunt motorcyclist who, years after selling his soul to Mephisto, is damned to morph nightly into a demon with a fiery skull. His mission is to trounce Blackheart, the son of the devil.

**Our call:** It's got a classic comics premise, groovy special effects and Mendes's animal magnetism, but we'll be surprised if this hellish fantasy spawns a sequel anytime soon.



#### Shooter

(Mark Wahlberg, Michael Peña, Danny Glover) Disaster looms when former associates of master marksman Wahlberg lure the shooter out of self-imposed exile and persuade him to try to prevent a presidential assassination. Wahlberg is framed and attempts to unmask the real assassin while on the run.

**Our call:** Likable smartass Wahlberg goes gunning for a franchise role in a film that aims for moviegoers who prefer their action thrillers thick with vast right-wing conspiracies.





dvd of the month

[ THIS FILM IS NOT YET RATED ]

A pointedly funny behind-the-scenes portrait of movie censorship

Director Kirby Dick's raucous exposé of the Motion Picture Association of America's ratings board is a modern-day David-and-Goliath story. Dick interviews filmmakers, critics and industry vets to trace how the secretive organization, created in 1968 by Jack Valenti, quickly degenerated into a censoring board that has been reactionary and arbitrary in its ratings. Dick's decision to hire a PI firm run by an industrious lesbian couple to shadow suspected board members yields surprising results. The sapphic sleuths reveal the raters as careerists and industry insiders rather than the everyday Americans the MPAA advertises. In a brilliant bit, Dick incorporates his hilarious telephone negotiations with the board's lawyers about getting his own documentary rated. Naturally, they are not happy with being outed. **Best extra:** Five hilarious deleted scenes. **★★★★** —Matt Steigbigel



**THE PRESTIGE** (2006) Director Christopher Nolan could have pulled something better out of his hat than this one-dimensional thriller about two dueling magicians. It's more disappointing than David Blaine's latest stunt. **Best extra:** Featurette on inventor Nikola Tesla. **★★½** —Stacie Houglund



**PLAYBOY AFTER DARK: COLLECTION TWO** Swinging parties from *Playboy After Dark* and the earlier *Playboy's Penthouse* continue with Hef and his celebrity friends (Deep Purple, the Grateful Dead, Tony Bennett and more) in these classic episodes. **Best extra:** The 1962 Hef doc *The Most*. **★★★★** —Robert B. DeSalvo



**THE DEPARTED** (2006) Martin Scorsese's captivating hit casts Leonardo DiCaprio and Matt Damon as two moles: the former a cop planted within Boston crime lord Jack Nicholson's operation, the latter set up by Nicholson in the anticrime unit of the Massachu-



setts state police. Bloody, profane and with a brilliant supporting cast, *The Departed* damn near perfects the crime drama. **Best extra:** Scorsese's commentary tracks are legendary; we'll know soon if this disc has one. **★★★★** —Greg Fagan

**PENN & TELLER: BULLSHIT! THE COMPLETE FOURTH SEASON** (2006) In this sporadically amusing season, everyone's favorite hucksters take on abstinence (with a visit to a masturbation clinic), prostitution and other taboo topics. **Best extra:** We call bullshit, since there is little more than a photo gallery. **★★½** —Buzz McClain



**PERFORMANCE** (1970) The film that nearly broke up the Rolling Stones (during a sex scene, Keith Richards's girlfriend Anita Pallenberg allegedly climaxed with co-star Mick Jagger after the director called "cut") follows thug James Fox and reclusive rocker Jagger on an adventure of sex, drugs and gender-bending. It's more than rock and roll, and we like it. **Best extra:** Featurette on the film's controversy and influence. **★★★★½** —Bryan Reesman



SCANNER

**THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER** (1962) This powerful British flick finds rebellious youth Colin Smith coming to terms with his growing success as the star runner at his reform school. **★★★★**

**HAWAII FIVE-O: THE FIRST SEASON** (1968) One of the most entertaining cop shows ever features Jack Lord as Detective Steve McGarrett, cleaning up the mean streets of paradise. "Book 'em, Danno!" **★★½**

**FAMILY TIES: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON** (1982) Here we see the seeds of Rush Limbaugh's enmity for Michael J. Fox, as the actor test-drives the fat man's future arguments—to howls of canned laughter. **★★**

**MARIE ANTOINETTE** (2006) Sofia Coppola's slow-moving, lavish memoir boils down to Kirsten Dunst trying to get laid. The look is grand, but we'd prefer more corset ripping. **★★**

**GINGER & FRED** (1986) Federico Fellini's supersurreal take on the insanity of the TV business stars his wife, Giulietta Masina, and his alter ego, Marcello Mastroianni. It is the last great Fellini film. **★★★**

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

tease frame



**Christina Ricci's** impressive résumé covers almost every genre. Rarely has she bared all on camera, as she does in this scene from *Prozac Nation*. That may change with *Black Snake Moan*, in which she plays an insatiable nympho.

block party



[ TALIB KWELI IS BACK ]

Cult hero MC does it his way again on *Ear Drum*

**Q:** Compared with other hip-hop artists, you seem to spend more time online. You're even giving away a free mix tape on your MySpace page. Why?

**A:** My fans are the kind who check out allhiphop.com or okayplayer.com when they wake up in the morning. That's how they find out about new stuff, because the DJ in their area is not playing the hot new Talib Kweli record. My stuff just doesn't get played on the radio. My success comes from live shows and kids on the Internet. But because of that fan base I can do a show anywhere in the world, whether I have a hot single out or not. With most of these corporate rappers, if they don't have a single being played on the radio, they can't even leave their crib.

**Q:** Do you enjoy writing your MySpace blog?

**A:** It can be annoying when people ask me, "Why don't you have Mos Def in your top eight? You got a beef with Mos?" Who the fuck cares? That means nothing. But it's the most direct way to connect with fans. Since I've been doing it, my shows have all been sold out.

**Q:** Why don't other hip-hop artists tour much?

**A:** I think most managers and labels look at hip-hop as disposable music. My manager worked with De La Soul. The first thing he said to me was "I can't guarantee you'll be a big star. I can't guarantee you'll have hits on the radio, but if you follow this formula you'll always be working." He said he learned that from watching De La. They could announce a show for tomorrow and it would be sold out.

**Q:** Were you excited about the return of Jay-Z?

**A:** I'd be excited to hear Jay if he wasn't worried about selling records in the fourth quarter for his label. What would he talk about then?

8-BIT OPERATORS

This is a collection of Kraftwerk songs by artists from the global 8-bit scene—basically music geeks who use antiquated computer technology. You know: Commodore 64, Game Boy and Atari blips. But this album transcends nostalgia to show the beauty of both the songs and the machines. (Astralwerks) **YYY** —Tim Mohr



VIETNAM • Vietnam

These sweaty, bearded-up boys look and riff like Neil Young's Crazy Horse until frontman Michael Gerner opens his mouth: His frantic street poetry hits like a wordy Lou Reed's. The frenzied rockers here are good. The R&B build of "Apocalypse" is even better. Impressive. (Kemado) **YYY½** —Jason Buhmester



DEAN & BRITTA • Back Numbers

Dean is the guy behind indie heroes Galaxie 500 and Luna. With wife Britta he's created an update of the classic 1960s duet LP—think Lee Hazlewood and Nancy Sinatra. (They even cover Hazlewood.) Rich arrangements, diverse percussion and mellow tempos make this a morning-after classic. (Zoe) **YYY** —T.M.



PUNK TV • Punk TV

Excellent album from a trio of Siberians who mix driving, droning guitars with thick, buzzing electronics. It has a touch of New Order and Ratatat to it, a bit of breakbeat and a dark Flaming Lips-like beauty that seems to be found only in groups from places not on the musical map. Cool. (AeroCCCP) **YYY½** —T.M.



THE EARLY YEARS • The Early Years

This record plays like a lost krautrock masterpiece. You'll also hear the cascading guitar noise of shoe-gazing music, as well as its dynamics, juxtaposing the noise with quieter, contemplative passages. While this may sound like a mess on paper, it makes for hypnotic listening. (Beggars Banquet) **YYY½** —T.M.



RICHIE SPICE • In the Streets to Africa

In adhering to roots reggae traditions, Spice offers an exception to the slackness and hyperactivity of dancehall. But this is no mere nostalgia act. Spice's righteousness drives through the speakers like a King Tubby bass line. One of the best roots releases in years. (VP) **YYY** —Leopold Froehlich



games of the month

[ KNOW WHERE TO HOLD 'EM ]

Online gambling may be dead in the U.S., but that's no excuse to let your game slip

Depending on whom you ask, playing online poker for money is either the highlight of your life or the reason your wife left you. Maybe it's both. But Congress, in its infinite wisdom, abruptly ended the party in the U.S. in October 2006. The following play-money games may never match the thrill of betting your kid's college fund on a gut-shot straight, but they can train you to fleece your friends when you play at home. **Yahoo! Games Poker** (Mac, PC; games.yahoo.com), one of the most popular poker sites on the Net, is our least favorite. Getting into a free game is simple, but it has all the personality of a tax office. On the other hand, the free online game from **Party Poker** (Mac, PC; partypoker.com, pictured bottom left) remains quite addictive despite its cashlessness for U.S. customers. It's fun and well put together; think of it as a gift for all the money you lost at the site's cash games.



**Texas Hold 'Em** (360, top right), available for download through Xbox Live Arcade, lets players broadcast a video of their face with the 360's digital camera so you can see your opponents'



looks of horror when you unveil a surprise flush—or vice versa. By posting overall winnings and losses in full view, this game comes closest to replicating the feeling of playing for cash. Not so with **Stacked With Daniel Negreanu** (PC, PSP, PS2, Xbox; top left). Although it has the best production values of the bunch, goofy options, such as pushing a button to make your in-game character grin or frown after a deal, kill its cred. Indie game **DD Poker** (PC, ddpoker.com, bottom right) isn't much to look at, but if



you're of a mind to hone your skills for real tables, it offers a range of practice tournaments, analyzes your play history and calculates your odds of winning a given hand. —Brian Crecente

**GHOST RIDER** (PSP, PS2) Set in hell, this film tie-in sports a brand-new story and plays like the demon spawn of *God of War* and *ATV Offroad Fury*. Not so original but good fun all the same. **YYY**  
—Scott Stein



**WINNING ELEVEN: PRO EVOLUTION SOCCER 2007** (PS2, 360) A great game gets better with tight passing controls, realistic player models and fantastic online play. **YYY½**  
—John Gaudiosi



**NCAA MARCH MADNESS 07** (PS2, 360) New momentum-based controls and custom play-books amp up the gameplay as screaming crowds egg you on and Dick Vitale calls the action. **YYY½**  
—Marc Saltzman



interview

[ MOB RULES ]

A Mafia insider gives us a reality check on gangster games



David Fisher, co-author of *The Good Guys* and *Joey the Hit Man*, has been hanging with gangsters and writing about the real-life Mob for years. He also helped create the story and script for the upcoming game *Made Man* (PC), which follows a single day in the life of a mobster who knows that at the end of it he's getting either made or whacked. We asked Fisher to rate the realism level in the rest of interactive organized crime. —Scott Steinberg

water damage, mold or being eaten by rats. Is *Scarface* extreme? Maybe just in the amount of shooting that goes on, but that's part of that world's mythology—it belongs there."

**THE GODFATHER: THE GAME** (PC, PSP, PS2, 360, Xbox) "The game doesn't lend itself to the emotional involvement I associate with the film. I was continually waiting for something to happen to make me feel more involved with the characters I know so well."



**THE SOPRANOS: ROAD TO RESPECT** (PS2) "It feels as if they want to make the gaming world an adjunct to their world of TV and movies. With games, the possibilities are endless."

**GRAND THEFT AUTO: VICE CITY STORIES** (PSP, PS2) "Very few people in the Mob get killed, and even fewer in shoot-outs. Most people who are killed get shot in the back of the head."

**SCARFACE: THE WORLD IS YOURS** (PC, PS2, Xbox) "Roberto Escobar told me at one point so much cash piled up that every year they wrote off 10 percent of it to

**SAINTS ROW** (360) "Compton is a deadly place to be, and all the things you see surrounding that, even in video games, are in many ways exaggerations but also whitewashed to some degree. Far better that you play this game than live through some of the real-life stories I've heard."

the erotic eye

[ NEW EROTIC PHOTOGRAPHY ]

What's sexy today may surprise you



Is it possible to mine the vast tracts of modern erotic photography while avoiding the merely pretty or perverse? Taschen's 608-page collection representing the work of more than 80 artists from all over the world does that and more. With everything from hand-painted nudes to group-sex photos of surprising impact, the collection is sure to challenge even the most particular of readers, culling images that are contemporary, compelling and genuinely pulse-quickening. **★★★★**

—Jamie Reynolds

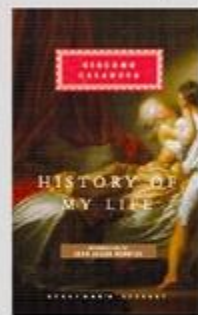


the art of seduction

[ THE FIRST PLAYBOY ]

Casanova tells all

According to the dictionary, a casanova is a man who is a promiscuous and unscrupulous lover. As one of the great libertines of the 18th century, Giacomo Casanova lived up to his definition. From his youth in Venice to his death in Bohemia, he enjoyed hundreds of women of all sizes, classes and nationalities and would employ any trick necessary to bed someone he desired. But what truly made Casanova's reputation was his incredible *History of My Life*, a sprawling autobiography filled with erotic episodes and cloak-and-dagger exploits. It's easy to see why Edmund Wilson called Casanova's memoirs the most interesting ever written. Whether in his role as a diplomat,



seminarian or con man, Casanova was an acute and indefatigable observer of the human species. His masterpiece had been available only in bowdlerized versions or a six-volume paperback set, but now a new Everyman's Library edition of *History* gathers nearly a third of his adventures into one book. What this 1,429-page edition loses in comprehensiveness it gains in portability. Willard Trask's brilliant translation captures Casanova's liveliness—his restless spirit, his humor and his uncanny ability to get caught up in a range of ridiculous situations. Though the work is more than a sum of libidinal conquests, we should not in any way attempt to diminish the grandeur of these, which make *History of My Life* essential reading for anyone interested in the pursuit of the hind. **★★★★**

—Leopold Froehlich

FINN \* Jon Clinch

Huckleberry's dad was last seen in Twain's book naked with a bullet in his back. Filled with murder, rape and taboo race relations, the life of this sadistic, alcoholic river rat is presented in this debut without whitewash (except when our anthero needs it to cover bloodstains).

**★★★** —Andrew Bradbury



REMAINDER \* Tom McCarthy

In this inventive, disturbing debut, an accident victim must relearn what it is to be human. Having received millions in a settlement, he uses the money to stage scenarios in which he hopes to feel more natural, embarking on an obsessive quest that soon turns tragic.

**★★★** —Camille Cauti



hollywood novel of the month

[ TEN DAYS IN THE HILLS ]

Jane Smiley shows what it is to live and get laid in L.A.

The hills of Jane Smiley's 10th novel belong to Hollywood, and those 10 days begin the morning after the 2003 Academy Awards, as guests gather at the L.A. home of an Oscar-winning writer-director whose last flicker of glory occurred in the 1970s. "At 58," Smiley writes, "Max had a certain sort of fame in Hollywood: Most people had heard of him, but lots of younger ones assumed he was dead." The novel explores Max's relationship with his girlfriend Elena, a self-help author who can't stop obsessing about the war in Iraq, and follows the yearnings and neuroses of their high-maintenance houseguests, including, among others, his longtime agent Stoney

Whipple, his glamorous movie star ex-wife Zoe and their daughter Isabel, who strikes up a secret affair with Stoney. Having been with Max for just a year, Elena is still trying to sort out the various entanglements. In the too-full house, bonds form and unravel as desires and bodies are nakedly exposed. The narrative meanders just as intimate conversations do, and as in a Robert Altman film, that's what makes it compelling. These characters gossip, have sex, watch movies and talk more. Along the way, Smiley offers her usual wry humor and unfussy prose, but for its explicit sexual encounters alone the novel is an impressively risqué and memorable departure. **★★★★**

—Carmela Ciuraru





## The Big Cat

Jaguar's latest has a stylish body and very sharp claws

LAST YEAR WE called the 2006 Jag XK "the best new Jaguar in 50 years. And that's saying something." Guess what—it just got better. Even with the XK's superlightweight all-aluminum monocoque construction, 300 bhp didn't quite cut it. Cue the new XKR, with a supercharged 4.2-liter V8, a firmer suspension and bigger brakes. A full 120 extra horses are stuffed inside the elegant nose you see above. Outside you get beaucoup *R* logo badges, a more aggressive-looking mesh grille, a redesigned front bumper, hot 19- or 20-inch sport wheels and quad exhausts with a mellow snarl that will entertain all the cars you pass. In the cockpit you'll love the deep buckets, woven aluminum trim and big, intuitive touch screen that controls audio, temperature and other settings (it makes the controls on German luxocars feel like homework). F1-inspired paddle shifters are the rage in high-performance cars, and Jag has one of the best—a ZF six-speed manumatic that changes gears in less than six tenths of a second. We tossed the XKR around our favorite Blue Ridge Mountain byways and through the foothills of New York's Catskills, reveling in its precise steering, quick blasts of acceleration, supple road response and confidence-inspiring brakes. Expect to pay \$86,500 for the coupe, \$92,500 for the convertible ([jaguar.com](http://jaguar.com)).



### Green Pastures

ALTHOUGH WE'RE BIG fans of St. Patrick's Day, we're not much for green beer (or such abominable drinks as the Irish whips, Irish flags and Dublin handshakes people press on us every year). When it comes to getting loose but staying in the spirit of things, we'll take an emerald isle every time; think of it as the Irish version of the gin martini. Take two ounces of gin (Miller's for us), add a teaspoon or so of green crème de menthe (less is more) and two dashes of bitters (Angostura, thanks), stir with ice and pour into a martini glass. After a couple of those we guarantee your eyes will be smiling whether you know how to pronounce *Celtic* or not.

### About Time

JOSTLING, BUMPING, shoving: Urban commutes are a twice-daily death match. That's why Dunhill's City-fighter (\$3,550, [dunhill.com](http://dunhill.com)) comes with a snap-on stainless steel face mask that protects the beveled sapphire crystal. In a limited run of 2,000, this automatic mechanical with a brown dial also hangs tough in water up to 30 meters deep. Now kindly get out of the fucking way.



**In the Bag**

GONE ARE THE days when you traveled by thumb and luggage consisted of a sandwich bag. A weekend getaway today means indulgence—luggage in the backseat, a beautiful companion sitting shotgun. Morgan Grays modeled the Hustler Overnighter (\$1,150, [morgangrays.com](http://morgangrays.com)) after 1930s U.S. Olympic team bags. It's made of full-grain leather, lined in suede and finished in brass. Wallets are also available.



**Stand and Deliver**

IF YOU'RE BLOWING the dough for a schmancy plasma screen, don't skimp on where you hang it. Though its name is as retro as it gets, this TV Hi-Fi Stand (\$2,440, [anorahome.com](http://anorahome.com)) is all about Tomorrowland chic. Made from dark wenge wood, it swivels to your viewing spot du jour and has storage in its sides for CDs, DVDs, video games and whatever other types of media we may consume in the jet-packed, protein-pill-fueled future.

**The Latest Buzz**

NEW WHISKEYS due at a store near you (from left): Woodford Reserve will release only 750 cases of its fantastic Master's Collection Four Grain bourbon (\$80); Ardbeg 1990 Airigh Nam Beist (Gaelic for "shelter of the beast," \$88) is a must-taste for Islay single-malt fans; Balvenie's NewWood 17-year-old single malt (\$118) is so silky, it's like pajamas for your tongue; Evan Williams's delicious and affordable Single Barrel 1997 bourbon (\$25)—in a glass by itself.



# The Playboy Advisor

After foreplay and sometimes immediately upon penetration, my girlfriend will shoot a hot spray of fluid, soaking my erection and the sheets and towels I put on the bed. It can't be normal, but it is great. Have you ever heard of it?—G.J., Cathedral City, California

*Sure. It often occurs during stimulation of the G-spot. For years many doctors believed female ejaculation was merely urination and recommended that women have surgery to correct their incontinence. In fact, studies have shown that the fluid contains prostate-specific antigen, which is not found in urine. (In men, the prostate produces the watery component of semen.) The leading hypothesis now is that the Skene's glands produce this ejaculate, which is often colorless and odorless. Because these glands drain into the urethra, some women feel as if they are urinating when they come. But the point is that female ejaculation is natural. Porn often shows women gushing large amounts of fluid, which creates the unreasonable expectation that every woman will be like your girlfriend. "A lot of lesbians and men want to be drenched," notes Betty Dodson, author of *Orgasms for Two*. "That's because of the myth that the wetter a woman is, the more turned on she is. Furthermore, ejaculating is the way men climax, so if a woman spurts, men believe they've made their woman come hard, whether or not she has actually climaxed." Dodson worries couples will become too focused on the G-spot and ejaculation at the expense of their mutual pleasure. "Instead of dividing women into two camps, the clit girls and the vagina girls, why can't a woman have both?"*

Which hides are best to order for a custom leather blazer or car coat?—M.F., Sarnia, Ontario

*By far the most popular hide for luxury leather jackets is lambskin. It's lighter and softer than cowhide and can be dyed a variety of colors besides black. The best lambskin these days comes from Italy, France, Spain, England and New Zealand, says Peter James of Fog City Leather in San Francisco ([fogcityleather.com](http://fogcityleather.com)). A custom lambskin blazer or car coat costs \$700 to \$900. You can also have a coat crafted from deerskin, goatskin (mainly used to create replica World War II flight jackets) or alligator, which will set you back at least \$10,000. "That's the only hide for which creating a jacket is quite time-consuming," says James, who has been making jackets for 36 years. "Each alligator hide is unique." Some customers also ask James to re-create older jackets that have worn out or no longer fit. Many custom shops now take orders online. After you submit your measurements, they send swatches and a basic jacket to try on for fit, which you then return.*

A close female friend of mine got married a few years ago. She and I helped



each other through some rough times. I have all the respect in the world for her husband and wish them the best, but she puts me in situations where I can't help but become aroused. She will sit on my lap, slap my butt or run a hand over my chest and abdomen. Sometimes she does this when her husband is standing right there. He seems to have no problem with it, which makes me think I'm just tight-assed. Some guys dream about situations like this, but for me it's becoming a nightmare. What should I do?—D.R., Dover, New Jersey

*No one fantasizes about being teased. It's hard to discern her intentions here: Possibly she is feeling you up to feel you out for some adventure. She may enjoy the illicit thrill of making you squirm. Or she may just be more playful because she believes her marriage has set clear boundaries for your relationship. The larger problem is that you're in love with her. The obvious way to resolve this is to let your friend know that the intimate contact makes you uncomfortable, but we're not convinced you want to do that. Otherwise you wouldn't have written looking for alternatives.*

A woman wrote in October to say sex should happen only when both partners want it. As a woman who loves my husband and wants to keep him satisfied, I think that attitude is bullshit. Doesn't she know the difference between making love, fucking and having sex? You make love when you're both into it and want to put feeling behind your actions. Fucking is when you both are horny but want to skip the emotional stuff and get down to the nitty-gritty. Having sex is something more women should understand: It's doing it because he wants to.

Women need to realize that men often use sex as a way to relax. Ladies, wake up! It's your job to keep him happy in the bedroom. Otherwise, don't be surprised if he looks elsewhere.—J.P., Lake Elsinore, California

*That's an interesting take on having sex, although it sounds suspiciously close to a mercy fuck, which is not usually constructive unless a partner has your attitude about it. But you're absolutely right about sex being the world's most efficient stress reliever for both men and women. We like to think of it as a deep-muscle massage for the genitals.*

I prefer my scotch in a rocks glass without ice, but I often find that ordering this simple drink can be complicated. "Neat, in a rocks glass" works well in New York, but here in Florida it always starts a conversation. When I simply ask for a straight whiskey, it gets served in a pony glass, a shot glass or a snifter. Asking for a rocks glass generally brings on the ice. Most recently I asked for Dewar's neat in a rocks glass and received a chilled glass along with an explanation that neat means chilled and that I needed to say "Straight, in a rocks glass" to get what I was after. Should I stand corrected?—M.H., St. James City, Florida

*If you suspect a bartender is inexperienced, emphasize your order as you would when explaining anything to someone who doesn't speak your language. "I'd like whiskey, please, in a rocks glass and without ice." But this situation isn't exclusive to Florida. Lame bars exist everywhere. Let this be a reminder of how good it feels to sit at home and have your drink the way you like it without waiting in line or explaining yourself.*

A man I date casually spent the night at my house. After having a nice evening together that included sex, we turned in. The next morning, I felt the bed shaking and heard him groaning. He was masturbating. I am grossed out but also think this is bad manners. What do you think?—P.F., Yankeetown, Florida

*We think he masturbates too much.*

Do you think it's rude to shake a woman's hand differently than you would a man's? My mother taught me to shake a woman's hand with less than a full grip; I just grasp her fingers together. But I have also read you should shake a woman's hand the same way you shake a man's but with less force. I think my style is more respectful and proper. There are even times when I meet a woman who is so exceptional I kiss her hand. My buddies call me a dumb-ass, but I do it because it feels right.—B.S., Houston, Texas

*Your mother meant well, but the only time you should grasp a woman's fingers upon*

greeting her is when she curtsies. If you squeeze less hard when shaking a woman's hand, you're squeezing too hard when shaking a guy's. Finally, if you wouldn't feel comfortable kissing a woman's cheek, don't kiss her hand. And even that's pushing it.

**I** am taking a course called "Social Construction of Sexuality." The professor asked us, "What constitutes sex?" We discussed whether it can be defined simply as penetration (meaning lesbians can't have sex?) or whether it must involve climax. What does the Advisor think?—J.F., Ramsey, Minnesota

*If you find yourself asking whether you're having sex, you're already there.*

**M**y question is about choosing an engagement ring for my girlfriend. I went to a jewelry store and selected one, then described it to my best friend. He said nowadays it's proper to make the choice together to ensure her satisfaction. But isn't it supposed to be a surprise?—R.C., Easton, Maryland

*Sure, but doesn't she already suspect? It's not often a total shock. That's why many couples visit a jeweler "casually" so the guy can get an idea of what will work. Your girlfriend will still be surprised by the when and where. If you prefer to keep it a secret, check out the rings she already wears. Does she prefer yellow gold, white gold or platinum bands? Does she like modern styles or antiques? What shape of diamond would she choose? If you're still uncertain, recruit one of her friends as a co-conspirator. "Asking her mother is a little dicier," says John Baird of the online jeweler Blue Nile (bluenile.com). "I asked my future mother-in-law, saying I wanted to give her daughter a ring for Christmas. The next thing I knew, she was asking when I was going to pop the question. So I lied the other way, saying that was years away. Next she was telling my girlfriend I wasn't interested." If your partner is an athlete or otherwise active, consider a cathedral or contour setting, which better protects the stone. Make sure the diamond is certified by GIA or AGS, and don't forget to insure it. Getting her ring size may be a challenge, but the ring can be resized if you're relatively close (measure one of her existing rings). You'll find Blue Nile helpful even if you don't buy there, because the site allows you to design a prototype. The percentage of engagement rings that are returned, including for resizing, is in the single digits, so most guys seem to get it right. However, Baird says about two percent are sent back because the woman said no. One good surprise deserves another.*

**I** have been living with my girlfriend for three years. Everything was great until six months ago, when she asked if I would start wearing her bra, panties and panty hose around the house, which wasn't so bad until she also wanted me to wear them under my clothes when we went out. Next she taped us having sex and tying each other up. We also had threesomes with both men and women. One day I came

home as she was showing our sex tape to two of her girlfriends. She suggested I strip for them, then asked both to suck my cock. I just want our relationship to go back to how it was at the beginning, with normal sex, but I am afraid I will lose her if I protest. What should I do?—T.M., Los Angeles, California

*There's no going back. Tell your girlfriend you're kinked out. If she is unwilling to compromise by making room for your fantasies, you won't be losing much by having the relationship end sooner rather than later. The next letter describes a similar predicament.*

**M**y girlfriend and I enjoy going to bars and pretending to meet for the first time. She'll play a professor while I'm a student, or I'll be an undercover detective and she'll be a working girl. But now she has asked me to dress up as a woman so we can pretend to be lesbians. She wants to go all out, including taking me shopping. I have thought of suggesting that we instead recruit an actual lesbian for a threesome, but I don't think she would take that well. She keeps working the fantasy into conversations and gets irritated when I don't show enthusiasm. Any ideas on how to work this out?—J.H., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

*Indulge your girlfriend with some dressing up but insist your skin is too sensitive to go outside. She can't expect you to have no limits.*

**I** was flipping through the October 1971 issue and found it amusing how many of the *Playboy Advisor* questions could appear today. One reader planned to invest in the largest mutual fund he could find but said he had been told that big funds have problems that smaller funds don't. The Advisor explained that federal law requires a diversified fund to have no more than 10 percent of its assets in any single situation and also limits the percentage of a company a fund can own. As a result, large funds must invest in a growing number of companies, and "the more different stocks a fund invests in, the more average is its performance." Is this still true?—T.G., Seven Lakes, North Carolina

*Generally, yes. The laws haven't changed. But then as now, it's hard to say that size or any other single criterion determines success. Many investors also have a different view of average these days; in 1976 the first indexed mutual fund—one that strives only to parallel benchmarks such as the S&P 500—opened for business. What dates that 1971 letter isn't our advice (naturally) but the idea that the reader was considering dumping all his cash into a single fund. Yet it's easy to take diversification too far. "If you have more than a handful of funds in any of your accounts, whether it's a 401(k) or taxable money, you dilute the power of your best managers and ideas," says Christine Benz, director of fund analysis at Morningstar and author of *The Morningstar Guide to Mutual Funds*. "You may as well buy an index fund, which charges less in fees." Morningstar.com has free tools*

*that can show you how diverse your holdings are, including one that analyzes your funds and compiles a list of the stocks you own by proxy. You should adjust your portfolio as you age so that you take your most aggressive risks while still young. Benz says investors who aren't actively managing their portfolios should investigate target maturity funds, a new product in which investments become more conservative as they near a specific year, e.g., the start of your retirement.*

**S**ometimes during foreplay I get a desire to taste my girlfriend's breast milk. Is it safe for a woman who has never been pregnant to take some type of medication to produce milk?—R.M., Miami, Florida

*You're asking a lot here and very likely too much. It is possible to induce lactation through prescription drugs or persistent stimulation of the nipples, but we suspect most women have no interest in dating guys who literally want to suck their tits. The easiest way to induce lactation may be to get your girlfriend pregnant, but you'd be creating fierce competition for both her attention and her milk.*

**W**e invited my son and his wife to have dinner with us, but he arrived without her. They had argued, and when it came time to leave she made herself unavailable. I asked him to tell her the simple rules of etiquette dictate that she owes me an apology. She replied that she didn't feel she needed to apologize, since my son had started the fight. I told my son to tell her not to come around until she can say she is sorry. This has gone on for weeks. My wife is pissed and says I am being hardheaded. What say you?—J.G., Cleveland, Texas

*Since you're older and wiser, you know the damage these stubborn standoffs can cause. The only emotion you need to express is disappointment that she didn't come. You accepted her as a daughter; pick up the phone already.*

**I**n November a reader wrote to say his Roman Catholic wife had decided blow jobs are a sin. He might suggest she turn to the Song of Songs 2:3 in her Bible.—R.F., Memphis, Texas

*Good choice: "Like an apple tree among the trees of the forest so is my love among the young men. I delight to sit in his shade, and his fruit is sweet to my taste."*

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





# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## ONE NATION, UNDER CORPORATE CONTROL

WHY DOESN'T OUR GOVERNMENT SERVE THE PEOPLE? FOUR PROMINENT AUTHORS DISCUSS HOW CORPORATIONS TOOK OVER AMERICA

A PLAYBOY FORUM ROUNDTABLE

**A**ny discussion of economic inequality, we are told, is a matter of class warfare. But facts are facts. Over the past decade, middle-class wages (adjusted for inflation) have hardly budged, even as the rich get richer and the price of housing and health care goes through the roof. The disparity in our economic system has started to undermine the foundations of the middle class—life expectancy is now lower in the U.S. than in much of Western Europe. The profound economic changes of the past 30 years have been blamed on globalization, but globalization didn't just happen. Politicians on both sides of the aisle signed free-trade agreements that offer little or no protection to workers, along with tax bills that shift the financial burden from the wealthy to the middle class. Most of these

policies help only corporations, which is hardly surprising because that's who paid for them. We asked four writers to look at the rise of our corporatocracy: Cornell economics professor Robert H. Frank, author of *Luxury Fever* and co-author of *The Winner-Take-All Society*; David Sirota, a campaign strategist and author of *Hostile Takeover: How Big Money & Corruption Conquered Our Government—And How We Take It Back*; Paul Stiles, a former Wall Street trader and author of *Is the American Dream Killing You? How "The Market" Rules Our Lives*; and Louis Uchitelle, a veteran *New York Times* economics reporter and author of *The Disposable American: Layoffs and Their Consequences*.

**PLAYBOY:** Middle-class wages haven't kept up with inflation. Politicians tend to blame the market, but do politicians deserve some of the blame?

**LOUIS UCHITELLE:** A lot of it has to do with this country's loss of hegemony, but it also has to do with the decline of institutional safeguards—job security and collective bargaining—that played a huge role in keeping wages at a certain level. We began to undo these in the mid- and



late 1970s. And we finally came to the point where society blames people for their own misfortune.

**PAUL STILES:** I agree that governmental and institutional problems exist, but I don't think they're the primary causes of the situation we're in. Americans' values have changed, and income inequality is a symptom. The reason those values have changed is the intensification of market forces in our lives. When that happens, people at the top take more wealth. More than 10 years ago I worked at a trading desk at Merrill Lynch, and you could see the same dynamic there: You had a few people at the top who felt they owed nothing to people at the bottom. When it came time for bonuses, they would take as much as they could.

**ROBERT H. FRANK:** I'm not sure I agree with that. The world is a more com-

petitive place than it was, with more arenas where a handful of players can extend their reach. That's not anyone's greedy attitude; it's just the competitive structure of that market.

**DAVID SIROTA:** I don't necessarily blame the greed motive either. Executives have a fiduciary responsibility to maximize profits for shareholders. The problem is you have a government that's less willing to confine that profit motive so it doesn't run roughshod over society. Even among Democrats the paradigm is "Grow the economy and a rising tide will lift all boats." As a governmental strategy, that has compromised or eliminated laws that put a check on the profit motive. For example, our trade policy has undermined domestic laws such as the minimum wage.

**PLAYBOY:** How big a role do NAFTA and other free-trade deals play in all this?

**FRANK:** They've made the world more competitive. The decline of unions hasn't occurred by accident. Unions know that if they bargain tough, it's easier for production to go offshore.

**UCHITELLE:** I don't think our free-trade agreements are really free trade. Take Intel, which announced it's

opening a factory in Ireland, where the government imposes lower taxes. A real free-trade agreement would mean the transfer of investment couldn't take place on an uneven playing field as far as taxes are concerned.

**SIROTA:** These deals have restrictions for patent rights and intellectual-property protections for corporate profits but no provisions that would give the same protection to labor. Free trade is supposed to give you lower prices that outpace its negative effect on wages. So you'd expect wages to grow faster than inflation, but they haven't.

**FRANK:** There's nothing to do about that except make the tax system more equitable and the social safety net stronger. The big reductions in top marginal tax rates are exactly the opposite of what we ought to have been doing. We're not even beginning to keep up with essential expenditure categories. The Bush administration cut the budget for the effort to round up loose nuclear materials in the former Soviet Union. Terrorists want to buy that stuff, and we cut the budget for that program in order to give tax cuts to people who earn a lot of money.

**PLAYBOY:** The government does seem reluctant to intervene in the market.

**FRANK:** Republicans have done an incredibly effective job of selling people on the idea that all you need to do is turn things over to the market. But few economists would say that makes any sense. The market is very good at doing some things: It can produce a given good at the lowest possible cost. But the more you rely on the market, as we've been doing for the past few decades, the more inequality there will be.

**SIROTA:** The idea that only the market can solve our problems is supported by faith and faith alone. A good example of this is health care. The overhead costs for HMOs and private insurance companies range from 15 to 18 percent. Medicare's are about four percent.

**STILES:** We have begun to think of the free market as an unlimited good.

**UCHITELLE:** We used to recognize the shortcomings of the market system. During the Depression and World War II, it was clear the market alone had failed. In 1944, when Thomas Dewey ran for president against Roosevelt, he said in a speech, "If at any time there are not sufficient jobs in private employment to go around, then gov-

ernment can and must create additional job opportunities because there must be jobs for all in this country of ours." He was the conservative.

**SIROTA:** If you ask people if the free market is good in the abstract, they'll tell you it's good. But ask about specific issues and you find that what the public thinks isn't even close to what's portrayed in Washington as the center. A wide majority of people support a government-run universal health care system—60 to 70 percent, according to the Pew polls.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet our health care system has been turned over to private companies. Can we change it?

**SIROTA:** I don't think something big, like expanding Medicare to cover everybody, is as far away as it seems. Manu-



facturers could gang up on the health care industry. I've seen memos from car manufacturers about how it's cheaper to make a car in Canada because the country subsidizes health care. I'm optimistic—given the reality of our corrupt political system—that reality might work to good goals in that one instance.

**FRANK:** The U.S. spends something like 16 percent of its GDP on health care. Canada spends more like nine percent. And we have worse outcomes: Mortality and morbidity data are worse here. If we could move from 16 percent to nine percent—and Medicare and Veterans Affairs health expenses suggest that's totally doable—we would save enough to essentially buy out the moneyed interests.

**PLAYBOY:** We all want bigger houses and nicer cars. How much of the financial stress we face is our own fault?

**FRANK:** In the three decades after World War II, income gains were about three percent a year up and down the income ladder. Now people at the top have been getting all the income gains, so they build bigger houses. People below the top are influenced by people at the top, so you get a cascade. That's

why the average house is 2,400 square feet. If you're in the middle and you don't buy the average house, the price you pay is that your kids go to below-average schools.

**STILES:** It's another symptom of the marketization of our society. The system generates extraordinary pressure to spend, and it's not just to keep up with the Joneses.

**UCHITELLE:** Maybe we could take away some of this with a more progressive income tax. The marginal improvement in happiness from another dollar to a rich person is almost zero. It's quite a bit more for someone who doesn't have enough to make ends meet.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds like the European model.

**UCHITELLE:** It was an American approach until 1980. In 1979 the marginal tax rate on the highest bracket was more than 70 percent. We say this is the European approach, but it was our approach. We had this system all through the war and for 20 years after.

**PLAYBOY:** Why don't more Democrats make these arguments?

**FRANK:** The antigovernment rhetoric we've been exposed to for 25 years has taken its toll. President Reagan used to get audiences eating out of his hand by making fun of the detailed regulations coming out of the

Environmental Protection Agency. Conservatives came up with a powerful way to frame the issue of tax cuts, the idea that it's your money and you know how to spend it better than any bureaucrat.

**UCHITELLE:** I think we've lost opportunities to push back in the other direction. For example, in the 1990s there was a backlash against layoffs when they moved into the white-collar world. President Clinton was running for reelection, and he could have said, "We can't stop the layoffs, but we should try to minimize them." He decided not to go that route. He decided that would get him into class warfare—the opposing class being the nation's chief executives—and he gave up on some of his fine ideas about putting people first, like the training tax that would have required companies to spend a certain amount on training workers so companies would not be so quick to get rid of people.

**SIROTA:** Let's be honest: A certain percentage of the Democratic Party is bought. From having worked on the Hill, I'd say that two thirds of Democrats subscribe to the kind of liberal ideas we're talking about, but a third are addicted to Republican funding

sources, which is a euphemism for big business. Hillary Clinton, who was not only the number one recipient of health care industry cash in the Democratic Party but was number two in all of Congress, gives speeches essentially apologizing for pushing health care reform the way she did in the 1990s.

**STILES:** If government organs are controlled by business, that gives us not a democracy but a marketocracy. We're ruled by the market.

**PLAYBOY:** Although the war in Iraq overshadows these issues, we saw anger about them during the midterm elections.

**FRANK:** If you can get someone's ear for more than a few moments, you can get them to agree that the course we're on now doesn't make sense. I talk to Cornell alumni groups, some in Republican areas, and at the end of 45 minutes most of the Republicans say we should be raising the tax rates on top earners. But you can't get there in 15 seconds.

**SIROTA:** Think about voters in Ohio. They have Bush and the Republicans, who basically pitch themselves as the party that gets off your back in terms of taxes and is with you on social issues. Then you have the Democratic Party, which blue-collar voters remember for pushing NAFTA. Frank Luntz, the Republican pollster, said he didn't think Republicans would be hurt by the economy because the public is mainly angry at corporate America. Democrats have been unwilling and/or unable to fuse the Republican Party with what people are angry about, the abuses of big business.

**STILES:** I think it's disingenuous for us to think all these problems are caused by Republicans. The Democrats are just as responsible. And there's another part to this story: Take a look at all the corporate scandals. Fundamentally what we're talking about is a moral issue—you have people running these corporations who are involved in every form of malfeasance. If you give people a dose of modern liberalism, which says anything goes, and then put them in positions of authority, you can expect this type of behavior to follow.

**UCHITELLE:** But if that's what the market does to companies, some form of government role is necessary.

**PLAYBOY:** How bad could things get before they get better?

**FRANK:** There's Herb Stein's famous quote,

"If something can't go on forever, it will stop." The current course is a train wreck. Ben Bernanke has inherited a time bomb from Alan Greenspan: Our government borrows \$800 billion a year from abroad, the federal budget deficit stretches out as far as you can see, the issue of monetary collapse is on the table, and the housing bubble is bursting. We could be in for tough sledding.

**UCHITELLE:** We could also be in a situation where a major car company, one of the big three, fails. Some people may say that's churning in the economy, but it would be a huge social disruption that would have to be dealt with in a public way, which could get people going in a different direction.

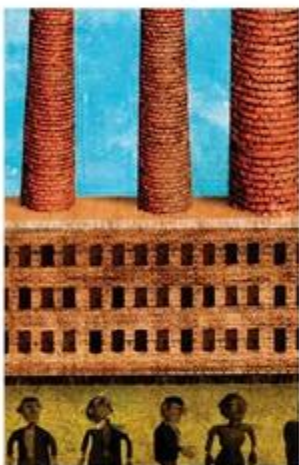
**PLAYBOY:** We'll have a different president in two years. If the new president were to call you for advice, what would be your first suggestion?

**UCHITELLE:** I think a no-brainer is raising the minimum wage. It's happening piecemeal on the local and state levels already.

**STILES:** I don't think all the economic-policy changes in the world will solve this problem, because they didn't cause it. We have a social problem that has manifested itself economically. You need someone with the courage to say that.

**FRANK:** And it's a good time to do it. People are pretty hip to the idea that President Bush is totally full of it. But I think this isn't fundamentally an issue of values. The two things that have changed are the economic forces associated with global competition and the encroachment of money into politics, which has led government to adopt legislation that is broadly contrary to the public interest. If I had the ear of the president, I would scrap the income tax and replace it with a steeply progressive consumption tax. You report your income to the IRS, same as you do now, and document how much you saved during the year. The difference is what you would be taxed on. Then I'd set about rebuilding the social safety net and getting money out of politics.

**SIROTA:** This is not necessarily political advice, but I would like to see a president take up the public financing of elections in a serious way. And I would like to see a president renegotiate our trade deals to make the protection of people and the environment as important as the protection of profits.



## MARGINALIA

**FROM A BOOK**  
review by Jay McInerney  
of John Hailman's  
*Thomas Jefferson on*

*Wine*: "Jefferson is usually assumed to be a Bordeaux man, in part because he wrote about it most and in part because Bordeaux seems like the wine that reflects his character; Bordeaux is an Apollonian wine, a beverage for intellectuals, for men of patience and reason. There are few surprises in Bordeaux. Burgundy, on the other hand, is a wine to engage the emotions more than the intellect, a wine for the lunatic, the lover and the poet. So it comes as a bit of a shock to learn here that during his years in Paris, when he had access to all the great growths of France, the sober sage of Monticello stocked his cellar with more Burgundy than Bordeaux."

**FROM A WEB** post  
responding to an article  
about a workshop  
called Thank God for  
Evolution! How Science  
and Religion  
Are Spurring Each  
Other to Greatness,  
conducted  
by the Reverend  
Michael Dowd

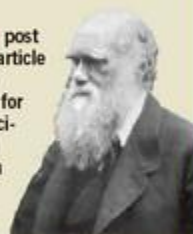
and his wife, Connie Barlow: "God did it like he said he did in the book of Genesis. If this preacher says it any other way, he is at war with God. Evolution is not a science. It is totally primitive in content. If all the so-called Christians would stand on the side of God in the not too distant future, the scientists of that time will be astounded that anyone calling themselves a scientist could have believed in such an absurd myth."

**FROM A TV** interview with comedian Lewis Black: "Since the president thinks stem cells are alive, I've adopted three frozen embryos, and I put them in my freezer. And every time when I open it up I go, 'You kids stop it!' Because I want to be a good father. I'm actually going to take them as a tax write-off. You know those old freezers you could buy a cow and dump it in? Well, I'm going to have a billion of 'em in there!"

**FROM AN EDITORIAL** in *The Detroit News* by Jeffery M. Leving and Glenn Sacks

about Michigan's new Coercive Abortion Prevention Act: "Jane is ambivalent about the pregnancy, and her friends think she should terminate it—she's too young, and Bob isn't very stable. Bob would like to be a father someday, but not now—he can't pay their bills and wants a better career. One day Bob and Jane argue over some things Jane bought

(continued on page 45)



# READER RESPONSE

## THE RIGHT STUFF

I want to let you know that I am the federal air marshal who exposed the memos that were forcing air marshals to file bogus intelligence reports about innocent passengers ("Newsfront," November). I was originally charged



Marshals face threats on the ground, too.

with leaking those memos, but the Department of Homeland Security dismissed it—obviously that would have been very embarrassing. Instead I was charged with another offense and fired anyway. On behalf of all federal air marshals who have been fired for whistleblowing, I thank you for your support.

Robert MacLean  
Mission Viejo, California

## UPON FURTHER REVIEW

In December's "Marginalia" you refer to congressional bill HR 5528, which contains a passage stating that its contents are not subject to any form of judicial review. I assume you quoted this because you find the prospect horrifying—and for what it's worth, I agree. However, the Constitution grants Congress very broad authority to define those areas over which the judicial branch has review power.

Parrish S. Knight  
Silver Spring, Maryland

## MR. ED

Gerry Garibaldi's "Conspiracy of Dunces" (December) can be taken seriously only if you pretend that education hasn't been an entirely male affair for the majority of the history of civilization and that discipline, usually very

harsh discipline, hasn't always been an integral component. Whether rowdy students' behavior is controlled by physical force, public humiliation, drugs or special classes, reining in normal male behavior (if that's what it really is) has always been part of the educator's job. With his ungrounded, overemotional thrashing, Garibaldi comes across as just a lad in need of a pill or a beating—depending on the century.

Amy Letter  
Fort Lauderdale, Florida

## LOVE STINKS?

In "Tough Love" (December) Ishmael Reed claims William Bennett and other white commentators are wrong and are not giving all the facts. While Reed may be right that 70 percent of all people arrested are white, he is the one who doesn't give the facts: Whites make up approximately 80 percent of the population. Maybe Bennett has a point.

C. Charles  
New Roads, Louisiana

Reed should not smear John Tierney's antiprohibitionist stand on methamphetamine as racist. One need not be as libertarian as Tierney on the issue of drugs to see a kind of racial McCarthyism in Reed's attack. Although *PLAYBOY* rightly invites a diversity of opinion among its contributors, I would have hoped its long history of opposition to drug-war hysteria would discourage the editors from letting a black man call another man racist for



Government officials discuss meth.

speaking against a policy that disproportionately hurts blacks—a multilayer cake of depressing irony.

Brian Sorgatz  
Sacramento, California

Reed needs a dose of reality. Of course the majority of those who have benefited from welfare are white and the majority of crimes are committed by whites; whites make up a majority of the population. Looking at percentages presents a clearer picture: Nearly 40 percent of violent crime is committed by blacks, who make up only 13 percent of the population. Reed should quit excusing this reality by offering spurious comparisons with whites.

Todd Gilbert  
San Diego, California

## ROCK-AND-ROLL HIGH SCHOOL

After reading "No Child Left Unrecruited" (December), I thought some of your readers would be interested



For kids who wish to avoid recruiters,

in this: The nonprofit organization MilitaryFreeZone.org offers information and materials to enable students to legally opt out of the requirement that schools give their personal information to military recruiters. It's important to note that this procedure must be completed every year. The punk band Anti-Flag is the primary promoter of this project.

Tami Noyes  
Ashtabula, Ohio

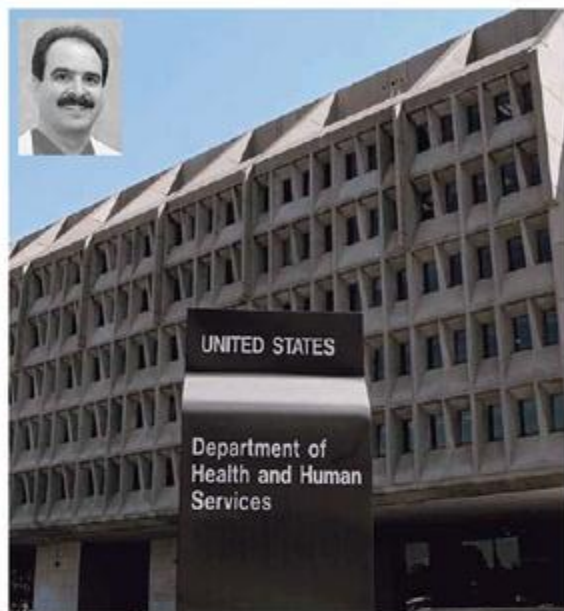
## CUSTOMS DECLARATION

In "They Were Right" (December), you include a picture of a helicopter and the caption "Special ops fly Pave Low helicopters—painted black—for low-altitude infiltration." Actually, the gold line along the helicopter's side shows it's a U.S. Customs Black Hawk, which means it falls under the Department of Homeland Security.

Dave O'Brien  
Rochester, New Hampshire

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

## NEWSFRONT

**Doctor Do Little**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—With a new Congress installed and talk of bipartisanship in the air, it's easy to forget the significance of executive-branch officials whose appointments require no congressional approval. But late last year we got an unfortunate reminder when President Bush appointed Eric Keroack (pictured, inset) as deputy assistant secretary of population affairs at the Department of Health and Human Services. Keroack will oversee federal family-planning programs, which besides providing tests for pregnancy, STDs and cervical and breast cancer are supposed to offer education about and access to contraceptives. Here's the kicker: Keroack is a hard-core advocate of abstinence-only programs, routinely trots out bogus science to downplay the efficacy of condoms and conflates birth control drugs and devices with abortifacients.

**Austin Cowers**

AUSTIN, TEXAS—The Texas Ethics Commission ruled that officials can satisfy state disclosure laws by identifying any monetary gift of more than \$250 simply as "currency" without specifying the amount. The decision follows a similar ruling a year ago when the commission said a gift of two checks for \$100,000 could be declared as "checks." Both rulings stem from Republican donor Bob Perry's controversial 2005 payment of \$50,000 to Bill Ceverha, a board member of the Employees Retirement System of Texas, who declared it simply as a check. "What the Ethics Commission has done is legalize bribery in the state of Texas," says Tom Smith, head of Texas Citizen, a campaign-finance-reform advocacy group.

**Ironico Flow**

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA—Golden State Fence Company, one of the firms contracted to build new barrier sections along the Mexican border in the late 1990s, was fined \$5 million for using illegal-immigrant workers. Two executives at the firm, which bills itself as "the home of the American dream," could also serve jail time. "Mistakes were made," says Golden State Fence attorney Richard Hirsch.

**Now Hear This**

NEW YORK—An opinion by Judge Lewis A. Kaplan of New York's U.S. District Court revealed an innovative kind of snooping being conducted by the FBI. The mike on a cell phone can be remotely activated as a listening device—even

when the phone is turned off. (Only by removing the battery can you prevent your phone from being used this way.) Thanks to the mike's sensitivity, this technique, known as the roving bug, can be used to eavesdrop on conversations several feet away. The opinion, which had to do with a Mob case, ruled that evidence collected this way was indeed admissible.

**Bronco Busted**

DENVER—Weeks after Bush favorite and raging homophobe Ted Haggard resigned from the pulpit of his Colorado Springs mega-church, Paul Barnes, a similarly rigid pastor at Englewood, Colorado's Grace Chapel, stepped down after admitting he'd had sex with men too. In a videotaped message Barnes said to his congregation, "I have struggled with homosexuality since I was a five-year-old boy. I can't tell you the number of nights I have cried myself to sleep, begging God to take this away. Of all the things to be saddled with, why did it have to be this?"

**Do I Smell Popcorn?**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A new nonlethal weapon system has been certified for use in Iraq and could be coming to a police force near you. The Air Force's Active Denial System shoots a beam similar to a microwave; within seconds it heats the skin of those targeted, making them feel as if they are being burned. The radiation device was developed secretly at a cost of \$40 million.

**MARGINALIA***(continued from page 43)*

with their credit card, and Bob tells Jane he doesn't want to pay their bills anymore. He says he's tired of arguing with her, doesn't want her to have the baby and wants to move out for a while and think things over. Under a bill recently passed by the Michigan House of Representatives, Bob could go to jail."

**FROM A DESCRIPTION** by Zhang

Hemin, head of Wolong Nature Reserve Administration, of male pandas' reaction to being tricked into mating with an unpopular female, whose rear end is backed into the cage at the last minute in place of

a more desirable female's: "When the males find out, they get very angry and start fighting the female. We have had to use firecrackers and a water hose to separate them."



**FROM A REPORT** produced by the Republican-controlled Missouri legislature's committee on immigration: "The lack of a traditional work ethic combined with the effects of 30 years of abortion and expanding liberal social welfare policies have produced a shortage of workers and a lack of incentive for those who can work."

**FROM A REPORT** by the Center for Public Integrity on Pentagon outsourcing: "It may come as a surprise to people who've always assumed that America's defense is in the hands of Americans to learn that the list of top Pentagon contractors includes 95 companies, or in some cases government agencies, with headquarters in foreign countries.... The biggest supplier by far is the United Kingdom, whose companies earned more than \$14 billion in defense contracts.... The list of foreign companies also includes Tyco International, which operates mainly in the United States though the company is actually incorporated in Bermuda."

**FROM A LETTER** by Ivan Brobeck to President Bush, posted at [couragetoresist.org](http://couragetoresist.org): "I left for Iraq in March 2004. It wasn't until I got there that I found out what was really happening. I didn't need the news or to hear speeches to tell me that what was happening there was wrong.... I came back from Iraq in October 2004. I was willing to stay in the military and put the events that happened in Iraq behind me, but when I heard rumors of us returning to Iraq the stress and anxiety of what happened there started coming back to me. I was not willing to go back and fight a war I did not believe was right, and I didn't want to put myself in a situation where I would possibly kill an innocent civilian. So I went AWOL and hid out at a friend's house until I figured out what to do."



## SAND CASTLES

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT IRAQ CONCENTRATE ON WHEN OUR TROOPS WILL LEAVE. THE REAL QUESTION IS WHETHER THEY WILL EVER LEAVE AT ALL.

**T**his past December's *Iraq Study Group Report* states that "the United States must not make an open-ended commitment to keep large numbers of American troops deployed in Iraq." But for several years the Pentagon has concentrated on building 14 "enduring" bases from

among its more than 100 bases in Iraq, complete with Main Street USA fast-food outlets and air-conditioned housing for tens of thousands of troops. Halliburton subsidiary KBR's 2003 contract—\$200 million for temporary facilities—has blossomed to nearly \$7 billion for construction and

maintenance. Perhaps it's no surprise: "Rebuilding America's Defenses," the 2000 report from the Project for the New American Century—team Cheney's think tank—urged for permanent bases in the Persian Gulf and said such bases would be desirable even if Saddam Hussein were ousted.



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JEREMY PIVEN

*A candid conversation with Entourage's resident shark about how agents love him, why tabloids hate him and what it's like to find stardom after 40*

There's an old saw in Hollywood: "No kid ever said to his dad, 'You know what I want to be when I grow up? An agent!'" But nowhere does it say the same child doesn't want to grow up to play an agent. Especially now, given the unusual success of Jeremy Piven.

On the HBO hit *Entourage*, the 41-year-old actor plays an unrepentant Hollywood shark described by *Rolling Stone* as "hilariously ruthless." The role not only won Piven an Emmy but has turned him from a journeyman actor with a long list of stage, television and movie credits into one of Hollywood's hottest stars.

Piven's part in *Entourage* has launched a cultural catchphrase (his character's oft-repeated "Let's hug it out, bitch") and has brought him a string of roles in upcoming movies, including a lead in *Smokin' Aces*, with Ben Affleck and Ray Liotta, and *The Kingdom*, with Jamie Foxx and Jennifer Garner.

Even with his starring roles in high-profile movies, *Entourage* remains Piven's main occupation. An ensemble piece inspired by the real life of actor Mark Wahlberg, the show centers on Vincent Chase (played by Adrian Grenier), a studly heartthrob with authentic artistic instincts, and his posse: Eric Murphy (Kevin Connolly), Turtle (Jerry Ferrara) and Johnny Drama, Chase's older brother (Kevin Dillon). Murphy becomes Chase's manager and Turtle and Drama his men Friday. Chase's for-

tures—boom and bust—affect them all (their finances, their sex lives), and they intersect with real Hollywood denizens such as Scarlett Johansson, James Woods, Ali Larter, Jaime Pressly, Jimmy Kimmel and directors James Cameron and Paul Haggis, among others.

Piven's character, Ari Gold, is allegedly modeled on famed agent Ari Emanuel of L.A.'s Endeavor Agency, who represents the show's creator, Doug Ellin. Gold believes in Chase and promises to make him a star, whatever it takes. The fun is discovering what "whatever" entails and watching Gold carom between industry snake and family man. The characterization could easily have been one-dimensional, but as fleshed out by Piven, Gold is a complex study of humanity and moral ambiguity.

Piven grew up miles away from such heady drama, in Evanston, Illinois, where his parents, Joyce Hiller Piven and Byrne Piven, both actors, ran the Piven Theatre Workshop; attendees included John, Joan, Ann and Susie Cusack. Piven's sister, Shira, went on to become a theater director in New York.

Piven split his high school years between football and theater, mastering both. He graduated with a degree in theater from New York University and then attended classes at the Eugene O'Neill Theater Center in Waterford, Connecticut and the National Theatre of Great Britain.

That education and a healthy fear of medi-

ocrity helped him keep his cool while enduring years—and years—of waiting for his time in Hollywood. Prior to *Entourage*, Piven put in three years as Ellen DeGeneres's obnoxious cousin on *Ellen*, and he had his own short-lived TV series, *Cupid*, on which he was either *Cupid* stuck on earth or a crazy guy who thought he was. He also played a neurotic comedy writer on *The Larry Sanders Show*. He recently chronicled his soul-searching trip to India for his reality-TV show *Journey of a Lifetime*.

We asked Contributing Editor David Rensin, whose book *The Mailroom* chronicles more than 60 years of agenting lore, to meet with Piven. "We began the interview one evening at his Malibu home and followed up with a meeting at his Hancock Park apartment," Rensin reports. "At first his manner—calm, deliberate, careful—contrasted sharply with his famous character Ari Gold's franticness. It took time for Piven to open up. When he did, I learned he feels his commitment to quality acting has been ignored in interviews in favor of gossip generated by his allegedly energetic, celebratory nightlife. He called this emphasis a tax on success. Maybe, but clearly he finds it a tax worth paying."

**PLAYBOY:** After 20 years of mostly secondary roles on TV and in more than 30 movies, you're a star. Has it been difficult to adjust?



"Ari Gold's a shark and a liar. He has ADD. But he loves his wife. He's a family man. He bounces back and forth between being this charismatic, freakish pig and a caring and devoted husband. He has a fascinating duality."



"I'm like the journeyman sports figure who comes in for a limited time in the third quarter. If someone has been practicing his job his whole life, smart money says at some point the journeyman will be onto something."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

"Am I a party boy? Well, I like to work hard, and there are times when I like to go out. I'm a single guy living my life. I don't see anything wrong with it. I don't hang out with Lindsay Lohan. They're just trying to sell magazines."

**PIVEN:** Jamie Foxx called me a star the other day. It was very weird. My father always told me being a star simply means you have choices as a creative person. A nonstar has to schlep into the Valley and audition for one line on *Home Improvement*, even if he can play every role in *King Lear* with his arms and legs shackled. So yes, I guess I've got choices. Until now my life has been, "Get the next job. Get it, get it, get it. Kill in it. Kill in it!"

**PLAYBOY:** Kill in it?

**PIVEN:** I never figured out moderation in performance. I've always invested everything I can possibly give until I just kind of crawl off. In a play you'd see me at intermission, drenched, on my hands and knees, like, How am I going to make it through tonight? There's no coasting for me. It's going to be interesting to see how things evolve in my roles to come. Many times it's been up to me to create the energy and madness the other characters react to. They'd say, "We need someone to plug this hole." Now I'd love to be the one doing a little of the reacting.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you just underrated before *Entourage*?

**PIVEN:** That's a leading question. [laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Well?

**PIVEN:** I felt I had so much more to contribute than I was being allowed to. It was frustrating. It just wasn't my time yet. While looking for that great part, though, I wanted to be around real artists. I'd take tiny roles working opposite anyone from Morgan Freeman to Dustin Hoffman, just to be around them. Also I'm just cocky enough to take something that's kind of a blip on the screen and try to turn it into something bigger. I have that kind of aggressive stupidity. I was smart enough to know I could learn something if I could be around the greats.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you learn from them?

**PIVEN:** To keep my head, thank God. To never get ahead of myself. It's like the old joke: "How do you make God laugh? Tell him your plans."

**PLAYBOY:** *Entourage* is an ensemble show, but you broke out as a star. Has that caused tension with the rest of the cast?

**PIVEN:** In the pilot, my character as written had one scene, then popped in later in the episode. I signed on based on that one scene. But it's my job to come to every scene fully prepared. I'm full throttle. Once, in a movie, I was supposed to run into a pole. I did it three times, then I said, "Let me just do one more," and I ran as hard as I could into the pole. I'll do anything to get the authenticity of a part. I'm like the journeyman sports figure who comes in for a limited time in the third quarter. I love to

get the ball when the clock is ticking down. I love it! If someone has been practicing his job his whole life, if he loves to contribute, smart money says at some point the journeyman will be onto something.

**PLAYBOY:** Is *Entourage* a competitive place to work?

**PIVEN:** No. And comparing and contrasting isn't healthy. Plus, we're all completely different from one another.

**PLAYBOY:** Do your co-stars cheer you on?

**PIVEN:** Kevin Connolly is such a decent guy. He's a hardworking journeyman himself. He was one of the first people I saw after I won the Emmy. He was so proud of me. And I'm proud of him. He knows my success will never take away from his. Ever. I want everyone to have this success.



I've never been intimidated by powerful women. I think it's sexy when any woman is self-empowered.

**PLAYBOY:** What has made Ari Gold stand out as a character?

**PIVEN:** The more love I infuse into Ari, the harder it is to dismiss him.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you do that? He's hardly lovable.

**PIVEN:** Here's an example. In one scene from the first season I dress down a young agent at the Malibu house. I call him "Josh Weinfuck, the pen-stealing lightweight fuckface." I tell him I'm going to steal all his clients. I say I'll crush him. Then my boy Vinnie Chase is pretty upset with me. I tell him there is a method to my madness. I say I want to make him a lot of money. I say, "We'll get you the lunch box. And an action figure with a huge cock." Then as I'm walking away I look into his

eyes and say, "I love you." I improvised it. Adrian said "I love you" back. It's a human moment. Yes, Ari's a shark and a liar. He has attention-deficit disorder. But he loves his wife. He's a family man. He loves Vince. He bounces back and forth between being this charismatic, freakish pig and a caring and devoted husband. He has a fascinating duality.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know any real agents like Gold?

**PIVEN:** This isn't a documentary. We're taking dramatic license, but I think it's pretty authentic. These characters exist. There are agents whose ADD is more advanced than Ari's and some who are total mensches. Some are sharks, but sometimes you need sharks. I just don't like sharks who also eat

their young.

**PLAYBOY:** Would Gold represent Jeremy Piven?

**PIVEN:** He wouldn't have had any patience with me when I wasn't on fire. As Ari says, "I represent temperature, not talent. You're not hot, so why the fuck would I talk to you?"

**PLAYBOY:** Do real Hollywood agents think you're bad for their image?

**PIVEN:** I thought I'd be getting some sort of backlash, but I'm not. The comment I hear the most is "It's so great that people back home have a reference for what I do." I was sitting with my agents recently; they said they watched the episode in which various agencies are trying to tell Vincent he can become a brand. They were engrossed. The character is a charismatic wrecking ball. There's something horrifying and maybe a little sexy about that.

**PLAYBOY:** Do people expect you to be that charismatic wrecking ball in real life?

**PIVEN:** Yeah, but if I had to run that hot all the time, I'd burn out. I have highs and lows. Mostly I love to observe. When people meet me they're usually disappointed that I'm not that abrasive,

fast-talking guy. When they saw *Journey of a Lifetime*, the reality show about my spiritual search in India, they wanted to know who that character was. I said, "That's me." They were like, "That's you?" Yeah, that's me.

**PLAYBOY:** Who, exactly?

**PIVEN:** Just a hardworking stage actor from Chicago.

**PLAYBOY:** Who has hit it big—way big. How do you celebrate your success? Some would suggest you are a regular at Hollywood hot spots.

**PIVEN:** I'm not one of those people who can't leave the house and live in fear of interacting with others. I don't let that paralyze me.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the hippest nightspot in L.A.?



**PIVEN:** You have to ask Kevin Connolly. At work, he's on time, ready to go, prepared and totally professional—and he still goes out every night.

**PLAYBOY:** But not you? According to some of the tabloids and Internet gossip sites, it looks as though you're having a good time too.

**PIVEN:** [Grimaces] To be honest with you, that stuff just kind of baffles me, especially when legitimate journalists use some of those sites as source material.

**PLAYBOY:** Are they misleading?

**PIVEN:** Yes. Let's say I go out once a week and happen to pick the hot spot. No big deal, except at the moment I happen to be the motherfucking pretty girl.

**PLAYBOY:** The motherfucking pretty girl?

**PIVEN:** The pretty girl who goes to the hot spot sure does look like she goes out all the time, right? That's my problem. I'm just not very savvy at executing entrances and exits from public situations. Yes, I go out every once in a while, but I don't get the thing about pulling up to the back entrance. I'm not a very self-conscious person, so I don't operate from "Hi, I'm television and film's very own Jeremy Piven." I pull right up to the front and do my thing. Only later do I go, "Fuck! Now I've got to go out the front, and the paparazzi are all out there." I heard Jack Nicholson will go to a place a day early and plan his escape route. He's really got it down. I'm an infant. As a result I get caught. They pull up a car that looks like mine, I think it's mine, I get in and sit down, and it's not my car. Suddenly it's on every website: JEREMY PIVEN STEALS CAR. Goddamn, they must be bored. I don't get it. Why is that newsworthy? And to make shit up? Is it possible my work is easier for people to digest if I am the character they see on television, as opposed to that character being a result of hard work? Is it just easier for people to go, "Oh, he is that guy"? It's as if because I play these abrasive, aggressive characters, people assume they know me, and they want to perpetuate the image instead of taking in what's right in front of them. Am I a party boy? Well, I like to work hard, and there are times when I like to go out. I'm a single guy living my life. I don't see anything wrong with it. Like I said, I'm the pretty girl right now. I'm having a pretty-girl moment. I haven't been the pretty girl before.

**PLAYBOY:** How good a friend is Lindsay Lohan, who was photographed posing in her bikini—or was it her underwear—at your birthday party?

**PIVEN:** Here's the mistake I made. Some people approached me and said, "Can we throw you a birthday party?" I said, "Oh, no thanks. I'm going to throw myself a birthday party. Thank you, though." They said, "You don't have to pay. Let us throw you this birthday party at a house on the beach in Malibu." I said, "Can I bring my drums and my friends?" I'm this punk-ass from Chicago, thinking,

## The Tao of Ari Gold

Why do we love the despicable superagent? It's because Jeremy Piven gets all the good lines



*"I can't swear to [never say anything offensive about your race or sexual orientation], but I promise I will always apologize afterwards."*

*"You know what other class I took at Harvard? Business ethics. I don't steal other people's motherfucking clients. But in your case I'm going to make an exception. I'm going to take everyone—your B-level sitcom stars, your reality-TV writers.*

*When I'm done with you, you'll be repping sideshow freaks. You need Jo-Jo the dog-faced bitch boy? Call Josh Weinfuck, the lightweight pen-stealing fuckface."*

*"You can have it if you want to live in Agoura fucking Hills and go to group therapy, but if you want a Beverly Hills mansion, a country club membership and nine weeks a year in a Tuscan villa, then I'm going to have to take a call when it comes in at noon on a motherfucking Wednesday!"*



*"You all have one goal today: to get Vincent Chase's brother, Johnny Chase, a job. Any job. I don't care if it's a porn shoot in which he's being gang-raped by a gaggle of silverback apes; if there are cameras rolling, everybody wins. Ten grand to anyone that can deliver this to me. Today."*



*"Tell Drama he's on the top of my to-do list, along with inserting needles in my cock."*

*"Pass this message along to Dana. Tell her I still have the pictures from Cancún and tell her I'm going to start a website. I'm going to take a full-page ad in the L.A. Times advertising it. Tell her it will be called imahollywoodexecutivewhore.com, and no password or fees will be required. Tell her I want a fucking callback."*

*"And Hilary Swank has a vagina, but she won an Oscar pretending she has a dick. That's what actors do. They pretend."*

*"Just so you know, your girlfriend, when she was in the mail room, she offered to blow me. True story."*

*"Fuck the phones, Lloyd! Unless Carmen Electra calls for an emergency titty fuck, don't answer!"*

*"The next one after Queens Boulevard is a studio picture: I'm talking franchise, baby. We'll get you the lunch box. And an action figure with a huge cock."*



*"I drove to work in an \$80,000 Mercedes, and I'm going home in a prop car from The Fast and the Furious? I just don't see it, Lloyd."*

*"There you go, baby—Men at Work, the land down under. We're gonna get drunk with Russell Crowe, and we're gonna head-butt some goddamn kangaroos."*

*"So you come to me for advice. I'm gonna fucking cry. All right, here's what you do. You deal with talent the same way that you deal with women. You have to make them believe that they need you more than you need them."*

*"From now on ask my permission before you bang one of my assistants. Because I know all. And I could have told you that this would end badly. Now I gotta fire her so you don't feel weird.... All right. Well, I'll just sexually harass her until she quits."*

*"I would say hug it out, but I don't want you drawing wood."*

*"Silence is fucking golden."*



like a wide-eyed stupid bitch, You're gonna throw me a party? Turned out it was a fucking photo op, that's all. I'm just a stupid-ass motherfucker. I went to the party. I had a 5:30 call the next morning. I didn't have a drop of alcohol. I can't do cocaine. I don't have that constitution physically. If I go out and have a few glasses of red wine, they report on me as if I'm out there slaying it. Lindsay Lohan rolls in for one second, I say hello, someone takes a picture, it gets in *People* magazine, and it looks as if I'm hanging out with Lindsay. I don't hang out with Lindsay Lohan, man. She's a sweet girl, but there's nothing going on. They're just trying to sell magazines. They're trying to create scandal.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the wildest rumor you've heard about yourself?

**PIVEN:** I read about my being drunk and almost missing a plane. A magazine writer wrote, "Let's get to the hair thing. Does Jeremy Piven wear a wig?" If you want to ask me a question, ask me a question. Don't be a coward and then—oh shit, now I'm really sinking myself.

**PLAYBOY:** Sinking yourself how? By bad-mouthing the journalist?

**PIVEN:** Yeah. And all he had to do was pull my hair, which grows out of my head, or ask me. The answer: I don't wear a wig.

**PLAYBOY:** You're not a constant partyer?

**PIVEN:** People who know me would laugh at that. If I stayed out until four in the morning, I promise you wouldn't be interviewing me now.

**PLAYBOY:** What would we be doing instead?

**PIVEN:** You might be asking me to super-size you. I might be putting some curly fries in a bag for you. I might have on a paper hat deep, deep, deep in the Valley. So there's no way I can run it like that. Ask those boys on *Entourage*. I don't even eat red meat or dairy products. A lot of the time I can't even handle an espresso, much less cocaine. It would be exciting for people to believe I'm Sam Peckinpah, but it's not that way. If I were the person some of the press depicts me as, there's no way I could contribute as I do. I work hard. I treat *Entourage* and everything I go near like a play. The speeches I'm so blessed to have on the show are like those in a well-written play. To do a play, you warm up with rehearsals and previews and find your momentum. Only then do you open. I've got to figure out a way to condense that entire process into no time at all. I'm just some stage actor from Chicago who works hard, goes out and has a couple of glasses of red wine. They don't want to report on that. They want—I don't know what they want, to be honest with you. [pauses] Excuse me, I have to pee. [His phone vibrates wildly on the coffee table while he's gone.]

**PLAYBOY:** Who called?

**PIVEN:** Bill Clinton and Nelson Man-

del. That's just the way I roll. [laughs] I wish. I wish both of them would text me. Wouldn't that be exciting? Wouldn't it be great if Nelson Mandela texted? You think he's ever texted? That would be huge.

**PLAYBOY:** If not Clinton and Mandela, who's in your black book now who you thought never would be?

**PIVEN:** Let's take a look. Brian Urlacher, the middle linebacker for the Chicago Bears. I was gushing to Brian the other night, saying, "Do you understand that all actors are frustrated athletes?" He said, "Thank God you're frustrated, man, because you sure are entertaining me." To meet one of your heroes and he has a reference for what you do and he enjoys it—that's pretty cool. That was a great moment. You have to understand: I wanted to be a five-foot-10, 173-pound Jewish outside linebacker. Urlacher's possibly the future of all linebackers and one of the greatest, if not the greatest, linebacker in the game today. When you get to the really authentic people, they're always the most successful and the coolest.

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*I can't even handle an  
espresso, much less cocaine.  
If I were the person some  
of the press depicts me  
as, there's no way I could  
contribute as I do.*

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They don't have to impress on you how interesting they are or pull any status or rank on you.

**PLAYBOY:** Ari Gold's signature line is "Let's hug it out, bitch." Do you hear it wherever you go?

**PIVEN:** I do hear it a lot.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you hear from thousands of Chicago Cubs fans after you said, "Let's hug it out, you little bitches" over the stadium PA system during a seventh-inning stretch?

**PIVEN:** They said, "Hey, get up there and say your signature line." It's very exhilarating to perform. It's a great high. At times onstage I've felt as if I were literally hovering. I know it sounds ethereal, but I do love it and I am a ham. That said, you should never give me the microphone in front of 41,000 people. It should just be a rule. Was I thinking, This is Father's Day, and it's Sunday? I should've been, but I wasn't. I was just lost in the rapture of the moment—in the Ari Gold energy. He's a button pusher.

**PLAYBOY:** And it wasn't appreciated, was it?

**PIVEN:** Well, I apologized to the Cubs.

I'm a huge Cubs and Bears fan. I'm so proud to be a Chicago guy. They were cool about it.

**PLAYBOY:** When was the last time you hugged it out?

**PIVEN:** Three hours ago. I had lunch with a friend—and I emphasize the word *friend* because you can be friends with women you don't sleep with, contrary to Chris Rock's take that friends are just women you haven't slept with. [pauses] You can have friends you have slept with, by the way, which is also kind of exciting.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you the kind of guy who stays friends with his exes?

**PIVEN:** Yes. It's so decent and important. They were in your life for a reason. But you can overdo it. Recently this guy came to my house and brought his wife, his ex-wife, his ex-girlfriend, another woman who was in the mix—I'm not quite sure how—and two of his daughters. He travels with them. He's like, "Listen, I love them all." That was too much.

**PLAYBOY:** You're 41.

**PIVEN:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** And still single.

**PIVEN:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a girlfriend?

**PIVEN:** No. And here's your next question: "What's wrong with you, motherfucker?"

**PLAYBOY:** You said it; we didn't.

**PIVEN:** Do I want one? Hell, yeah. I'd love to have a girlfriend—if I weren't gay. That's right, I'm gay! I'm gayer than Liberace in 1972. [pauses] No, that's not true.

**PLAYBOY:** The Liberace part or the year?

**PIVEN:** I'm gonna catch hell for that.

**PLAYBOY:** Actually, you once said you had your first sexual experience at your bar mitzvah. We assume it was with a girl.

**PIVEN:** It was not at my bar mitzvah but right around then. There weren't a lot of Jewish kids where I grew up. I was bar mitzvahed in a church, and the party was in my basement. I was also the only white boy in my high school who played football. At the bar mitzvah a lot of the black kids took the yarmulkes and used them as Frisbees. I think there was a novelty to being the bar mitzvah boy. I had a little shine on me, which was nice. I remember the girl. I thought she was incredibly beautiful. We had a moment. I think being the bar mitzvah boy helped me. It wasn't a full sexual experience, by the way. I can honestly say I was a virgin at my bar mitzvah, a mullet-wearing, braces-faced virgin.

**PLAYBOY:** In your previous TV series *Cupid*, you played a guy who thought he was—or perhaps actually was—Cupid. Do you ever play Cupid in real life?

**PIVEN:** Yes. I'm pretty good at it, believe it or not. I was off once. I set this couple up, and the guy's best friend ended up marrying the girl. I'm like a drunken Cupid: close, dangerously close.

*(continued on page 141)*



Thousands of soldiers are plagued with serious battle-related mental problems.

Why is the U.S. ignoring them?

by  
Mark  
Boal

# The Real Cost Of War

Looking back, Adam Koroll was not surprised when he heard the news that Jacob Burgoyne had stabbed a fellow soldier to death. Private Burgoyne predicted he would do something like that during their very first meeting at the Army hospital in Kuwait. Koroll, a medic, listened intently as Burgoyne, his patient, explained himself: After what he had seen and done in Iraq, he had little to lose and even less control over his reactions. He already felt, he said, like "a murderer in his heart." Why not kill again?

Koroll, 23, a National Guardsman in the sixth month of his first tour, was working as a mental health nurse. He recalls the young desert-tanned soldier, fresh from the fighting on the other side of the border, slumped on a rickety bed in a drab room at the 865th Combat Support Hospital. At first glance Burgoyne appeared to be in outstanding physical shape, a six-foot blond warrior with a muscular build and a buzz cut—he was what the Army calls a trigger puller. But Private Burgoyne was hunched over, holding his head in his hands; tears were streaming down his lean, hollow cheeks as he spoke.

"I'm going to do a quick check of your vitals," Koroll told him. He ran his stethoscope over Burgoyne's chest and back, listening for abnormalities in his heart rate. The medic tried to make small talk as he worked, but his patient's behavior disturbs him to this day. Burgoyne would crack a joke and laugh, and an instant later his face would tighten into a snarl. He'd rant about killing women and children. Tears of remorse would pool in his eyes. Then he'd come back to another nasty joke.

But no matter what shocking act of violence Burgoyne described, his eyes remained flat—"dull and vacant," Koroll recalls—even when they were wet from crying.

Burgoyne had been brought into the hospital by one of the other soldiers in his unit after he had been found doubled over in his bunk, having tried to kill himself with an overdose of antidepressants. The attempted suicide, plus the lack of expression in his eyes and his "rapid cycling behavior" from rage to grief and back to rage, were the symptoms of a dangerously ill man. Koroll sensed he was looking at a severe case of post-traumatic stress disorder, the clinical term for someone who continues to experience trauma long after the event has passed. This reexperiencing of the original event can take the form of insomnia, flashbacks, paranoia, panic attacks, emotional numbness and violent outbursts.

These symptoms are treatable, Koroll knew. If he could transfer Burgoyne to a safe, comforting environment, the young man might be restored over time to full health and capacity. That meant getting the soldier out of the dusty chaos of the Kuwaiti Army base, where he was temporarily stationed after a bloody tour in Iraq, and sending him to a hospital in Germany where he could rest on clean white sheets in a quiet room in a first-class psychiatric facility.

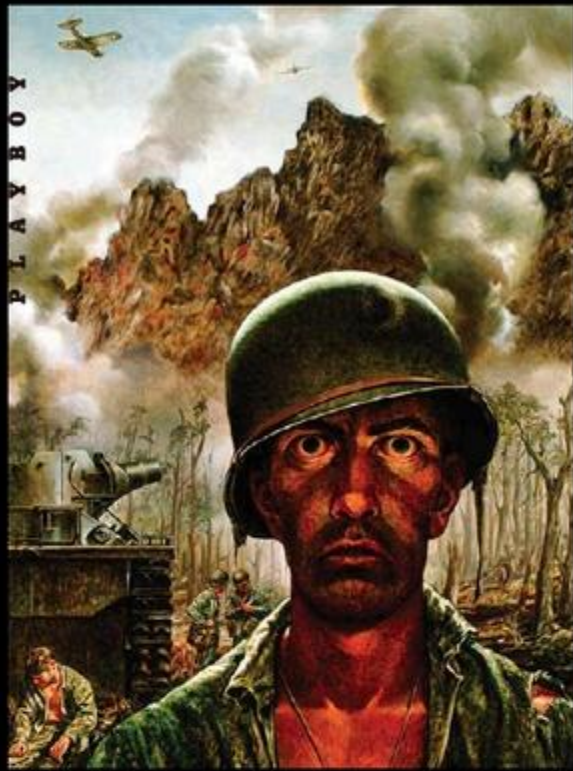
It was Koroll's job as the on-duty nurse to make the decision about whether to evacuate Burgoyne. He was ready to do it based on what he'd seen. But he needed to ask one final question before he could order the evac in good conscience.

"So," Koroll said, "right now, at this moment, do you have thoughts of harming yourself or others?"

Burgoyne, he remembers, looked up through those flat, vacant eyes and said quite clearly, "Yeah. Yeah, I do."

Koroll picked up the soldier's chart and wrote in a clear hand, "Evac."

That was nearly four years ago. Adam Koroll is home now, a civilian again, living on a tree-lined street in a Chicago suburb, the town where he grew up. It's a quiet place near the Wisconsin border, and Koroll has no plans to leave. He likes the quiet. "I was what they call a rear-echelon motherfucker," he says, sitting on a couch in the living room



PTSD isn't new. Artist Tom Lea captured the horrors of war in a 1944 series of paintings (left). Jacob Burgoyne (top center) showed dangerous symptoms but went untreated; he later murdered a fellow soldier. Medic Adam Koroll (bottom center) tried to get Burgoyne help but was overruled. The nature of the Iraq war (right) makes PTSD cases more likely to occur than ever before.

of a brand-new house he recently bought. "And I'm not ashamed to admit it," he adds.

In his three-bedroom home Koroll has everything he needs: a roomful of toys for his little girl (who stays with him every other week), a giant flat-screen TV, a PlayStation, a wickedly comfortable leather couch and a fridge full of Diet Coke. A late-model Subaru sits in the garage. Now 26, Koroll may not be living the American dream, but he's on his way. "I'm doing all right" is the way he puts it. There are few mementos of his military service here, apart from a small photograph on the mantel and an American flag salt-and-pepper set on the table.

Jacob Burgoyne, meanwhile, is sitting in the mental wing of a Georgia prison, serving a 20-year sentence for murder.

As it turns out, Burgoyne had not been evacuated to Germany as Koroll had ordered. According to Koroll, a colonel in Burgoyne's command pressured the hospital to allow Burgoyne to return to America with his unit, the Third Infantry Division, which was to be one of the first units lionized for its heroism in leading the fight north to Baghdad. "He's a hero. He should be with his men" is how Koroll remembers the explanation coming down to him. After he returned to Georgia, Burgoyne, according to his mother, spent a few minutes in an Army hospital, spoke briefly to an Army psychiatrist and then was released from medical supervision. Exactly two days later Burgoyne attacked a fellow soldier in the woods near Fort Benning, Georgia, killing him with 32 stab wounds from a three-inch blade and then burning his body with lighter fluid, because, as he explained at his subsequent murder trial, "that's how we disposed of bodies in Iraq."

"Basically they told him to go out and have a few beers and he'd feel better," says Koroll. "Well, that's what he did. But he didn't feel better, apparently, because he stabbed someone to death." Standing up as he makes his point, he adds, "It's just a disgrace. The military failed."

Koroll is a big guy, six-foot-four, easily over 250 pounds, with a large head and a strong, jutting jaw. He was a linebacker in high school on a championship team, and with the weight he's put on since then, he looks as if he'd be even harder to push around now.

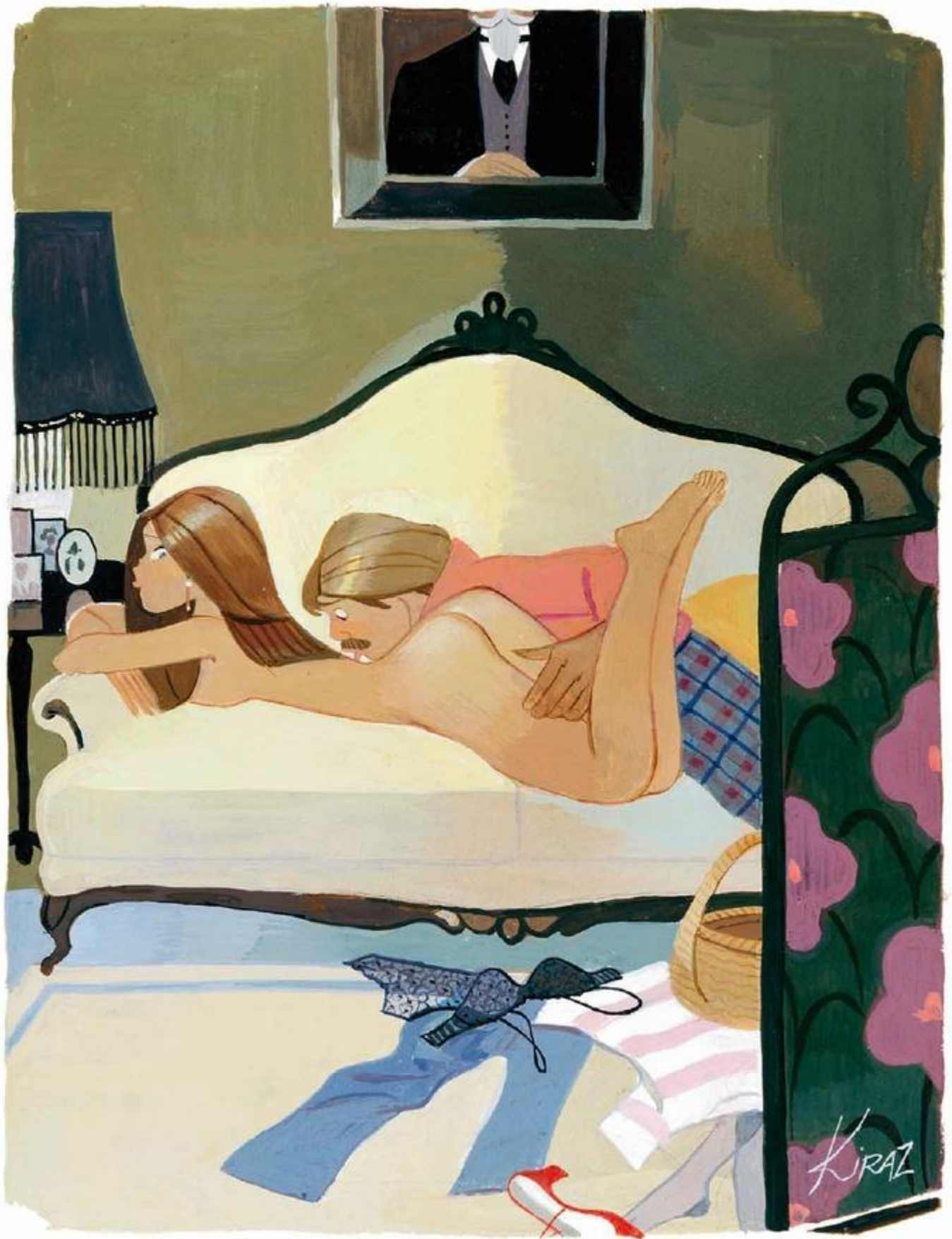
"That guy Burgoyne had a textbook case of PTSD, and he was supposed to go to the hospital," he says over his shoulder. "I signed the evac order with my own hand. What the hell happened?"

Koroll couldn't have known it at the time, but while he was in Kuwait, PTSD had become a political football, a surrogate in the larger debate over the Iraqi conflict. The powers that be in the Department of Defense were waging a quiet war against the very concept of PTSD.

The Army psychiatrist in Georgia who released Burgoyne in July 2003 would not comment for this story. That's fair. There is enough grief to go around for the tragedy that followed in the wake of Burgoyne's release, and to trace it to one decision on one day is probably pointless. It is accurate to say, however, that this doctor's decision was made under the influence of higher-ups who were mandating policy changes dictated by the DOD and the Department of Veterans Affairs that were designed to impact the way the government handles PTSD patients from the war.

PTSD is the most common psychological injury of war. Military studies show that more soldiers from both Iraq and Afghanistan exhibit symptoms of PTSD than of clinical depression or anxiety. This is not surprising. Experts have found evidence of PTSD in troops from every major American war on record—from World War I, when it was called combat fatigue, and World War II, when it was dubbed shell shock, to as far back as the Civil War, when it was called soldier's heart. Even in the 17th century, German doctors noticed psychological scarring among combat veterans, and they named the condition *heimweh*, meaning homesickness; centuries before that it was called nostalgia. In any given war, historians conclude, an average of 10 to 20 percent of fighting soldiers are afflicted.

"It strikes the brave," according to Dr. Thomas Horvath, chief of staff at the Houston Veterans Administration Medical Center. "The more combat you see, the more intense is your PTSD." Because nearly all U.S. military active duty and reserves personnel, about 1.4 million soldiers, have been exposed to battle conditions in *(continued on page 62)*



*"You'd have a better chance of turning me on by turning me over!"*

# HOT *for* TEACHER

*Erica Chevillar gives a lesson in physical education*



"I was very strict with my students," says Erica Chevillar, 25, who until recently taught high school world history in south Florida. Still, she says, her pupils loved her. What a surprise. "It was so exciting to be able to keep them engaged."

**O**kay, class, here's a pop quiz: What's the capital of Burundi? How about Albania? Not sure? Neither were we. "Burundi's capital is Bujumbura, and Albania's is Tiranë," says Erica Chevillar, the 25-year-old you see pictured here. Yes, not only is she stunning, she's smart as a whip. Until recently Erica taught world history to high school students in sunny Boca Raton, Florida. "I was a great teacher," says the Pennsylvania-born, south Florida-bred beauty. "The students loved me." Life in paradise took a funky turn in 2006, however, when Erica posed for the USA National Bikini Team. (Yes, there is one; see photo above right.) Complaints to the local school board landed her in hot water and brought national media to her picturesque beach town. "I came home from the gym one night, and news cameras were in front of my house," she recalls. "I thought one of my neighbors had been robbed, but then the reporters came up to me." Given that most people in south Florida spend their weekend in a bathing suit, Erica was taken aback. "I was upset because they made it look like I was walking through the halls in a bikini, seducing students," she says. "They made it sound like I was morally questionable." The time we spent with Erica convinced us that she is many things, foremost among them a sweet, intelligent woman with an educator's heart. But as the wise man said—and we're paraphrasing here—life's tribulations are but opportunities waiting to be seized. Erica, after all, has landed on these pages, and she has an agent in place. Though she isn't employed as a teacher, she is now a model and is looking for acting work. By the way, who fought in the Hundred Years' War? "France and England," Erica says. Just checking.







Can you imagine showing up for a high school class and seeing this woman (albeit fully clothed) lecturing you on the Reformation? Whoa! You'd be a fool not to do your homework. Still, Erica has come a long way since she left the classroom. She's a natural in front of the camera, and she's got all the assets to make it as a professional model. "That's definitely the avenue I'm excited to be taking," she says.







# Cost of War

(continued from page 54)

Iraq and Afghanistan, an awful lot of brave people are at risk for PTSD.

Given the inevitability of psychological scarring in intense, prolonged conflicts, it is odd that the two bureaucracies most responsible for the mental health of American troops—the Department of Veterans Affairs and the Department of Defense—have taken steps to downplay the psychological toll of the war. According to sources I spoke to in the Pentagon and former officials in the VA, DOD and VA doctors are being pressured to limit diagnoses of PTSD in order to save the military money and manpower. The DOD's official medical policy toward PTSD was recently amended to include new criteria making it a virtual certainty that many soldiers who exhibit symptoms of the disease will not be diagnosed. And the VA itself has been quietly working to arrive at new, stricter formulations of PTSD—contradicting those of the American Psychiatric Association—that would allow the agency to diagnose far fewer cases.

"Some people would argue that it's malicious and intentional, but to me it's a reflection of the military mind-set," says Steve Robinson, a 20-year veteran of the Special Forces who recently became a full-time policy advocate. "The Department of Defense is not a health care provider. It couldn't do the right thing if it wanted to because of how much money it would cost and how many doctors it would take. It's a matter of capacity. The number of people seeking care versus the number of doctors available to provide that care nationwide across the whole armed services is out of whack."

At the same time, politics may play a part in the underallocation of resources to PTSD patients. The soldier has tremendous symbolic power in American politics. Healthy, happy soldiers bespeak a just war. Look at how the Greatest Generation exemplifies the nobility of World War II. The converse is also true: A ruined soldier bespeaks a ruinous war. In the mid-1970s the image of the shell-shocked vet wandering the streets like a character out of *The Deer Hunter* or *Taxi Driver* had a lot to do with discrediting the Vietnam war as a failed enterprise. This lesson has not been lost on a loose alliance of neoconservative psychiatrists and fiscal conservatives who are lobbying behind the scenes to limit the number of PTSD cases the government diagnoses, treats and compensates.

To this group it's essential that Iraq not be seen as Vietnam redux. Soldiers like Burgoyne who have been scorched by their combat experiences are therefore an embarrassment. Like the amputees and flag-draped coffins the administration

hides from public view, such soldiers are antithetical to the hawkish goal of mitigating the costs of the conflict. The critical difference, of course, is that mental illness isn't always obvious and is therefore easier to sweep under the rug. As one congressional staffer put it, "It's much easier to deny the reality of mental illness than it is to deny the spinal cord injury of some guy sitting in a wheelchair."

The anti-PTSD movement was gathering strength when Koroll first examined Burgoyne, and it has now, almost four years later, grown into a juggernaut that has achieved many of its aims. A little math tells the story: According to figures made available to PLAYBOY, the DOD now diagnoses about 2,000 cases of PTSD a year. Yet according to a landmark study conducted by Army researchers and published in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, PTSD rates for soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan are running between 10 and 15 percent. This means that, all other things being equal, one would expect to see the military diagnosing 13,000 to 20,000 cases of PTSD. Other figures obtained by PLAYBOY after repeated requests show that evacuation rates for soldiers with PTSD are also far below what statistical models predict they ought to be. From January to July 2006, only 716 soldiers were evacuated from Iraq for PTSD. If the military diagnosed even half the cases in Iraq and Afghanistan that are thought to exist, the evacuation figures would be closer to 5,000 a year.

Additionally, this past May, a General Accounting Office inquiry found that only one out of every five soldiers identified as being at risk for PTSD by military questionnaires given when troops come home are referred to doctors for follow-up and monitoring. The DOD, the report states, "cannot provide reasonable assurance that all service members who need referrals for further mental health or combat-stress evaluations receive them."

The wide gap between what medical experts say is the prevalence of PTSD and the actual diagnosis of the condition has outside observers of the Pentagon deeply worried. Dr. Robert Roswell, a former undersecretary at the VA, tells me bluntly, "PTSD is being underdiagnosed on a fairly wholesale level."

Joe Violante, national legislative director of Disabled American Veterans, one of the largest and most powerful veterans' lobbies in the country, has been trying to force the administration to be more forthcoming in its approach to PTSD but has so far had little success. "People involved in running the war want to keep it under wraps," Violante says. "They don't want the story to be, 'Fight in this war and you'll come home messed up and unable to drive on the right side of the road.'"

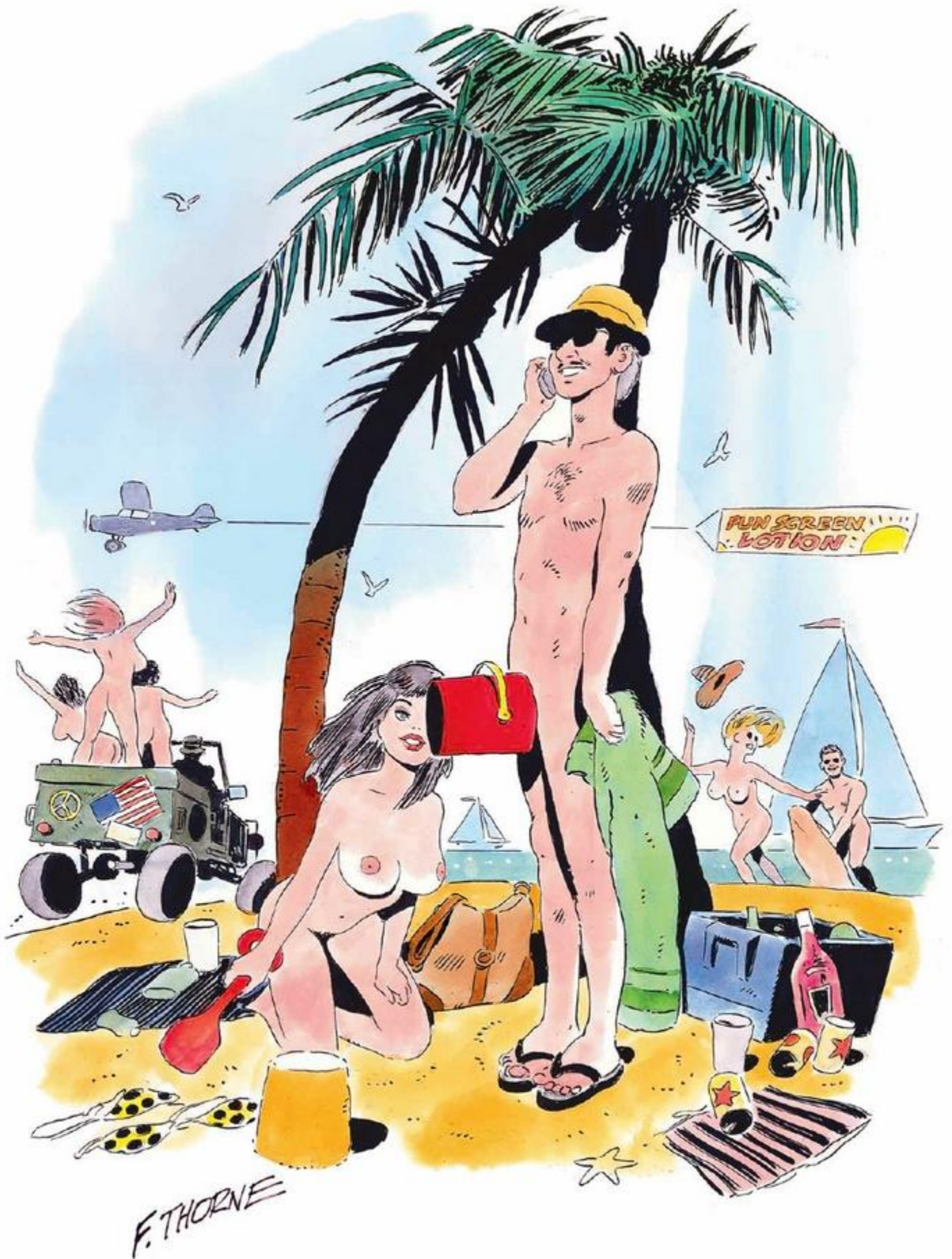
In 2005 David Chu, an undersecretary at the DOD, shocked reporters when he said veterans' health care costs had reached such heights that they were "taking away from the nation's ability to defend itself." Apart from that lone comment, which Chu declined to elaborate on, no senior administration official has spoken on the record about the costs of PTSD. And publicly, neither the DOD nor the VA has responded to any of the criticism leveled against it. The DOD, though it is struggling with manpower shortages and is under-equipped to deal with the number of soldiers coming out of Iraq with mental health problems, projects an image of business as usual. The Department of Veterans Affairs also continues to issue rosy estimates of its PTSD resources, even though every significant oversight agency has denounced the VA, claiming it's as unprepared as FEMA was to handle the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. Here's the VA's own national advisory board on PTSD in a report released in February 2006: "The VA cannot meet the ongoing needs of veterans of past deployments while also reaching out to new combat veterans of [Iraq and Afghanistan] and their families within current resources and current models of treatment."

Pentagon and VA officials vigorously deny there is a policy to underdiagnose PTSD. "That would be immoral and unethical," says Dr. Michael Kilpatrick, the assistant secretary of defense for troop readiness. They attribute the low rates of diagnosis to a reluctance on the part of military doctors to "stigmatize the person or bring harm to their careers" by labeling them with PTSD, according to Lieutenant Colonel Dr. Charles Engel, the director of the deployment health clinical center at Walter Reed Medical Center. "It's out of respect for the patient that they don't make the diagnosis."

In the early stages of the war, long before U.S. forces slid their tent stakes into the Kuwaiti desert, the corridors of Washington, D.C. were buzzing with preparations. The Department of Defense submitted a war budget to Congress, a several-thousand-page document estimating in great detail all the expenses of the coming conflict, from tank divisions to the number of bullets the infantry would need. But no money was allocated for mental health casualties. The line item for that expense was simply left blank.

"DOD never prepared for a long war; it never prepared for an occupation," one senior congressional staffer tells me. "Now we're seeing the third thing it didn't anticipate: what to do

(continued on page 128)



*"Wish you were here too, honey—you know how I love threesomes."*



**THE PLAYBOY MUSIC AWARDS**  
**20**  **06**

**PMA**

**E**VERY FEW YEARS PEOPLE QUESTION THE LONGEVITY OF HIP-HOP, JUST as some dismissed rock and roll as a fad, thinking it would wither as "Rock Around the Clock" faded from favor on malt-shop jukeboxes. In 2006 an ominous tone came from the art form's most prophetic voice: **Nas** put out an album called *Hip Hop Is Dead*. Say what? Didn't huge releases by **Jay-Z**, *the Game* and **Eminem** cushion the hip-hop bottom line? Sure, but on the other hand, the gangsta-grille glint those MCs put on the holiday music market couldn't hide a rather inconvenient truth: The first half of 2006 produced just one platinum-selling hip-hop album (**T.I.**'s *King*). The fact that those guys are all industry giants—and that readers' favorite hip-hop LP of 2006 was from another veteran icon, **Busta Rhymes**—could mean something. Of course hip-hop ain't dying, but it may be changing. Who knows—we may yet witness another tectonic shift in its landscape, just

as we did when the first new-school movement hit, around 1988, with Long Island's **Public Enemy** and **De La Soul** pushing the boundaries (albeit in completely different directions) after a period of relative stasis in the genre. **LIL JON** (pictured at left in Playboy Rock the Rabbit gear he designed), for one, is ready to plot a new course with his latest concept, crunk rock, adding raw riffs and live instruments to the bounce and bass of his Atlanta sound. For now, however, rock—without crunk dressing—rules. **The Killers** and **Peppers** returned. **Tool** went to number one. The "mainstreamo" boom continued, as **My Chemical Romance**, **Dashboard Confessional**, **Taking Back Sunday** and **AFI** lit up the charts. **PLAYBOY** guys also love **Panic! at the Disco**, who snatched the pick of destiny, according to your votes. But before we get ahead of ourselves, check out this year's music spectacular and all the results of our annual readers poll.

## ★ CRUNK & DISORDERLY



### LIL JON'S NEW LP EXPLODES BOUNDARIES. THE KING OF CRUNK WANTS TO ROCK

We all know the crazy singles, beginning with "Get Low," that ignited the crunk movement. But Lil Jon has had a hand in so much more: He crafted the biggest hits in the careers of Usher ("Yeah") and Fat Joe ("Lean Back"), he nurtured hyphy with his production work for E-40, and he launched Ying Yang Twins, Pitbull, Ciara and Lil Scrappy. Now, with people wondering where hip-hop is headed, the man with the gruff voice and golden touch is back with a new album, *Crunk Rock*.

**Q** You recorded a large part of your new LP in Las Vegas. That place doesn't seem conducive to getting work done.

**A** I went there because I was trying to make a party record. The vibe of the city you're in helps you get a certain vibe when you're recording. I figured out a way to work. We all got a house and put a studio in it so we could work whenever we wanted.

**Q** You're working with Green Day producer Rob Cavallo and have talked about collaborating with Good Charlotte and Travis Barker. Do you listen to guitar rock?

**A** I grew up in the 1980s, and if you turned on the radio, you heard Run-D.M.C. mixed with rock. Of course I grew up on early hip-hop, soul, gospel—everything. But I went through a punk-rock stage in high school when I used to listen to Slayer, Suicidal Tendencies and Bad Brains. I just did a track with an old Tones on Tail song. I'm real diverse in my musical tastes. And anyway, Run-D.M.C. didn't come out and say, "I'm the king of rap." They said, "I'm the king of rock."

**Q** What else would people be surprised that you listen to?

**A** I have an extensive collection of slow jams. I probably have 300 on my computer. The King of Crunk has to relax sometime.

**Q** You've worked with nearly everyone. Who is the hardest partyer and the last person to leave the club?

**A** Me. That's the Atlanta way. Atlanta people do not know how to leave a club before it closes. They gotta be sweeping the floor, saying, "Hey, man, you all gotta leave." Part of it is because I'm a DJ and I'm used to being in clubs all night long. After you finish deejaying you might sit there and talk to the manager or security people and drink some beers for an hour while someone is cleaning up.

**Q** How do you prevent a hangover?

**A** You've got to eat. On Friday morning eat a big breakfast, a big lunch, a big dinner and a snack before you go out. You do all that and you can drink somebody under the table. And if you want to add another meal after the club, that will help too.

**Q** What's the most you've spent on a single piece of jewelry?

**A** More than \$100,000 on a necklace. It's my *CRUNK AIN'T DEAD* necklace, 14 inches across. We're trying to get it certified in the *Guinness World Records* book as the biggest diamond pendant in the world.

**Q** How many sets of teeth do you have?

**A** Six. The first set Paul Wall did for me. It's my favorite. I still rock that. He just did a new set for me, too: gold and platinum with yellow diamonds. It's crazy.



# HOT TUNES



FUTURE SHIT. VINTAGE SHIT. IT'S ALL GOOD

NAME ▶ ARTIST ▶ COMMENTS

- 1 "I Still Remember" ▶ **Bloc Party** For fans of "This Modern Love" from Bloc's debut, this song from LP two is sure to please.
- 2 "New Year's Day" ▶ **The Ataris** As driving and moody as anything by the Killers or Interpol. Forget Don Henley covers, boys.
- 3 "Spotlight" ▶ **Boyskout** Hipster girl group whose approachable dark wave is somewhere between Ladytron and the Sounds.
- 4 "Someone to Fulfill My Needs" ▶ **The Moovers** Aching 1960s soul from Numero Group compilation of Miami's Deep City label.
- 5 "The Fatalist" ▶ **Robbers on High Street** Soulful and tight like the Jam but with a more laid-back 1970s AM radio feel.
- 6 "Ghosttrack (Black Strobe Remix)" ▶ **Tiefschwarz** Sick, chiming, acid-inflected track from Black Strobe's awesome remix compilation.
- 7 "Sunndal Song" ▶ **Apples in Stereo** First LP in five years is a winner. This cut sounds like an indie chick fronting ELO. On speed.
- 8 "Apart" ▶ **Dangerous Muse** This gorgeous synth pop could have been plucked from a lost early-1980s Yaz or Depeche Mode session.
- 9 "Just to Get a Rep" ▶ **Gang Starr** From *Full Clip*, the recent best-of CD, it has a bubbling sample of pioneering Moog tune "E.V.A."
- 10 "Find a New Way" ▶ **Young Love** Surprisingly danceable mix of electro synths and herky-jerky guitars from the latest emo wunderkind.
- 11 "Pretend to Sleep" ▶ **Money Mark** Drowsy piano and guitar tune from Beastie's keyboardist with ability to channel Elvis Costello.
- 12 "Heisser Sand auf Sylt" ▶ **Uli Roever** Slinky go-go theme to 1968 soft porn of same name, from second *In-Kraut* compilation.
- 13 "Heart Made of Sound" ▶ **Softlightes** Affecting, whimsical, complex—the Modular label scores again with this Shins-like signing.
- 14 "Kingdom" ▶ **Wolf & Cub** This epic has a spacey Kasabian groove fused with the freak-out psych of Lemmy-era Hawkwind.
- 15 "Bastards of Young" ▶ **Jesse Malin** From Malin's star-studded new LP, a piano-based rendering of the classic Replacements song.
- 16 "Sweet Piece" ▶ **RJD2** Mellow keyboard-based track with—*gulp*—vocals shows song-based direction of RJ's new album, *The Third Hand*.
- 17 "Swing Your Heartache" ▶ **Young Galaxy** Brooding Spiritualized-inspired gospel-rock track unwinds slowly over church organ.
- 18 "Come Out" ▶ **120 Days** Norwegian dronesters deploy the trance-inducing chug of krautrock and the sultry pulse of "I Feel Love."
- 19 "The Hop" ▶ **Radio Citizen** featuring **Bajka** Grit, soul and trip-hop styling make this a choice cut from Putumayo's *New Groove* comp.
- 20 "Honky Tonk Women" ▶ **Ike & Tina Turner** Great 1969 version appears on the recent *Paint It Black* compilation of Stones covers.

## HIP-HOP TO HOLLYWOOD



Tyrese Gibson, a.k.a. Tyrese, a.k.a. Black Ty, had three gold and platinum discs by 2003. But like a lot of successful R&B and hip-hop artists these days, he kept getting offers for movie roles. The trend goes back at least as far as Ice Cube, who used *Boyz n the Hood* to transition to Hollywood and realized there was gold in them thar hills. In December Tyrese released a double album called *Alter Ego*. This summer he'll star in the blockbuster *Transformers*, which opens on the Fourth of July.

**Q** How did you make the shift from music to movies?

**A** I got punked into movies. I was bullied. I refused to read damn near any script that came my way, because I was so consumed with music. Then one day John Singleton popped up at my house and made me read *Baby Boy*. I love him for doing that. After that film I kept getting approached about the same stuff: the South Central hood movies. But I didn't want to limit myself to doing strictly urban Los Angeles flicks.

**Q** Was acting intimidating?

**A** Starring in a film, you've got to keep people's attention for two hours. When you've never acted, that's a lot of pressure.

**Q** What movie was most challenging for you?

**A** *Annapolis*. Me and Mr. James Franco didn't hit it off too well. I never want to work with him again, and I'm sure he feels the same way. It felt very personal. It was fucked-up.

**Q** Did that teach you to work with people you don't like?

**A** No, I don't look forward to working with anybody else I don't like. Michael Bay is known in the industry as being difficult, so I knew going into *Transformers* that we might end up bumping heads. But it was just the opposite. I tend to get along with the more rebellious people because I'm a rebellious fucker myself. But James Franco is just not it.

**Q** Is it more difficult to operate in the music industry or the movie industry?

**A** The music industry. You've got management taking 20 percent, booking agents taking 10 percent, four dancers with per diems and wardrobes and salaries, band members' salaries, hotels, the cost of the driver and the gas for the bus and the bus itself. At the end of a tour I go home with 20 to 30 percent of what's been made. The rest goes out.

**Q** Is there any downside to Hollywood?

**A** The politics. A recording artist would be lucky to have \$2 million dumped into his career for marketing. With movies, you're talking about \$30 million to \$50 million to market a film. The more money, the more politics.

## ROCK AND REEL

"IN THE END, A LOT OF THE MUSIC I'D PLAYED WAS REPLAYED BY SESSION MUSICIANS. THAT'S WHERE I TOOK A STEP BACK AND SAID, 'GOOD LUCK, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.' YOU TAKE HOLLYWOOD'S MONEY, YOU EAT HOLLYWOOD'S SHIT." —PAUL WESTERBERG, FRONTMAN OF LEGENDARY BAND THE REPLACEMENTS AND COMPOSER OF THE SCORE FOR LAST YEAR'S KID FLICK *OPEN SEASON*



# BROOKS & DUNN



With their honors for "Believe," Kix Brooks and Ronnie Dunn have now won more Country Music Association and Academy of Country Music awards than anyone. They have opened for the Rolling Stones, been presented with four-wheelers by the Coors twins, graced a Kellogg's Corn Flakes box and ringmastered the Neon Circus and Wild West Show. They make great big honky-tonk with huge guitar licks, crashing cymbals and jumbo bass grooves. The duo is now into its second decade of making full-tilt, no-prisoners country, and Brooks's dervish-like stage presence and Dunn's kerosene vocals have pretty much stolen the heart of Saturday night. Cold beer, hot girls (their "Play Something Country" video features a gaggle of glamazons roping and riding a randy bar patron) and good times. No wonder their *Hillbilly Deluxe* has kept up their run of megaselling LPs.

**Q** What qualifies as hillbilly deluxe?

**A** BROOKS: It comes from a beery joint, a truck-driving kind of place, and the "deluxe" takes the white trash out of it. It's the long fin on a 1961 Cadillac, the chrome tips on your boots, the sunglasses that look like they came from a truck stop but didn't.

**Q** How do you bridge ideas like that?

**A** DUNN: I've led a life of extremes, so when I put my life into songs, that's what comes out. My dad spent seven years in Leavenworth and came out breathing fire, and I'm his oldest son, so I learned to breathe fire as well. But because of my mother, I've gone as far the other way, too. Music's my great equalizer: It lets me hit both extremes, from religious school to Gary Stewart's beer joints.

**A** BROOKS: Starting out in Louisiana roadhouses, we quickly realized people didn't come to dance so much as to raise hell and have a good time. It was about having fun, playing everything from Hank Sr. and Johnny Horton to Frank Zappa, Tom Waits and Willis Ramsey.

**Q** Does that hell-raising factor still apply?

**A** DUNN: Writing "Play Something Country" made me want to go back to where we came from, the root of the sound. At the source, it's most intense. The way I grew up on country, whether it was Cash or Haggard, they didn't hide inside a lot of production. They hit hard.

## GENERATION \$

Nirvana's Kurt Cobain topped Elvis Presley on *Forbes's* 2006 list of top-earning dead celebrities, raking in some \$50 million. Sales of albums and such merchandise as the Cobain action figure (pictured) certainly helped, but most of the money came in one huge chunk when Courtney Love sold a 25 percent share of her husband's song catalog to Primary Wave.



## KISSING COUSINS

Hip-hop and country can seem like diametrically opposed genres: urban versus rural, samples versus fingerpicking, one traditionally black, the other white. Then again, Rick Rubin followed up producing the Beastie Boys and Run-D.M.C. with a best-selling Johnny Cash record. Here's more evidence that suggests country and hip-hop are related after all.

### HARD-TIMES SENTIMENT

Compare "Life's a Bitch" by Nas or Tupac's "Pain" with George Jones's "Things Have Gone to Pieces" or "Funeral Parlor Blues" by David Allen Coe for details.

### HARD TIME

Lil' Kim, Tupac and Slick Rick all spent time behind bars. So did Merle Haggard, Steve Earle and Freddy Fender.

### THE BEEF



DIXIE CHICKS VS. TOBY KEITH



50 CENT VS. KANYE WEST

### FASHION BRANDING

Diddy has Sean John; Jay-Z has Rocawear. Brooks & Dunn have signature Western shirts; Reba McEntire's line is at Dillard's.

### HOLLYWOOD CROSSOVERS

Dwight Yoakam is in *Wedding Crashers*. Ludacris is in *Crash*.

### SHOUT-OUTS UNTO THE LORD

Jesus gets copious props in the songs of Kasey Chambers, Johnny Cash and Carrie Underwood, as well as in the rhymes of Kanye West, Diddy and Jay-Z.

### ROAD RULES

CMT's *Trick My Truck* mirrors MTV's *Pimp My Ride*. Brooks & Dunn's NASCAR vehicle mirrors Kanye West's Formula BMW racer.

### HEMP ACTIVISTS



WILLIE NELSON AND SNOOP DOGG



### MUTUAL ADMIRATION

De La Soul and the Beastie Boys have both sampled Johnny Cash. Pras sampled Dolly Parton's "Islands in the Stream" in "Ghetto Supastar (That Is What You Are)." Meanwhile bluegrass-country outfit the Gourds brought Snoop Dogg into six-string territory with their infamous cover of "Gin and Juice." A rash of country versions of hip-hop songs followed on the indie scene. And British mash-up artist Emimemylou pays tribute to Emmylou Harris and Eminem in one breath.

### CROSS-GENRE COLLABORATIONS



TIM MCGRAW & NELLY  
KENNY ROGERS & WYCLEF



# MEET THE ROCKERS

Ever since the Beatles and Stones first got knickers wet back in the mid-1960s, the British Invasion hasn't let up. But we still misunderstand new guitar bands from across the pond.

Every British indie band is different. But somehow every British indie band is greeted by many of the same misperceptions here in America. Just ask Scott Rinning (second from right, below), leader of the Cinematics, a new band from Scotland. "Americans mistake us for Irish," he says in his light brogue. "And quite a lot of the time they



will mistake us for English. People are always saying to us, 'Hey, I was just in London last week.' I'm from 600 miles from there." And though more than mileage separates the Cinematics (and Scotland) from London, Rinning dispels another myth: "If someone says we're English, we'll say, 'No, we're Scottish.' But we're not really anti-English. Mind you, we've been occupied, raped and pillaged for hundreds of years, so we're allowed to be a little anti-English." Just so you know, in case you run into the next Franz Ferdinand, Belle & Sebastian or Snow Patrol: Scottish indie bands wear kilts only to formal events, eat haggis only on Burns Night, probably don't follow soccer and do not live in castles. (English bands, of course, mostly live in castles and always follow soccer.) Three tips: One, get the business done early. "The more we drink, the more we revert to crazy Highlands accents." Two, look at a map. "A girl in New York said to us, 'So did you drive here?' I said, 'Yeah, across the famous Atlantic Bridge.'" Three, stick to your guns. "You all expect us to be a bit moody and a bit gay, skinny with nice hair and depressed all the time. Come to think of it, I guess we are a bit that way."

## MICKEY AVALON: HE SO HORNY

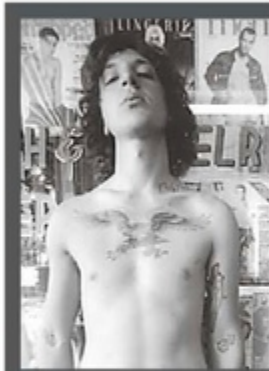
"My dick don't fit down the chimney/Yo' dick look like a kid from the Philippines." Meet the MC behind these lines from "My Dick," the most hilarious put-down rap of the year. Think of him as the male Peaches.

**Q** It's hard to describe your sound. What would you call it?

**A** I consider what I do strictly hip-hop. It's not rock-rap or alterna-rap. I think rap's becoming more and more like disco, with a lot of things done in a cookie-cutter way. That might be why I don't seem to fit in.

**Q** Your background was pretty street before you got into the Hollywood club scene. Does being an outsider give you a unique perspective?

**A** I lived in a half-way house, but in clubs my drinks were bought for me. It was a yucky place to be, but I indulged. So songs like "So Rich, So Pretty" are satirizing myself as much as everyone else. You can only make fun of a club that much if you're in it.



## FALL OUT GIRL

Ash is the singer for hotly tipped New Years Day, an Orange County band about to shake up the emo scene



The common bond between, say, Brand New, My Chemical Romance and Thursday? All men—or down-trodden boys. Ash, however, is

all woman. To find out where she gets her inspiration, we asked for her top five female music heroes.

### SHOXSIE SHOX

"I have a huge Goth side to me. Siouxsie was part of the whole British punk-rock scene—so badass. My grandma is a crazy Goth lady. She taught theater, naturally, and through her and her students I got to know Bauhaus, the Cure and the Damned all before I was 10. Out of all the original Goth bands, though, Siouxsie is the best frontperson. My favorite song of hers is 'Face to Face,' from the *Batman Returns* soundtrack."



### DEBBIE HARRY

"How could you have Gwen Stefani and Madonna without Debbie Harry and Blondie? She's everything a frontwoman now should be. I wish I could be more like her. She has a street cool. If you buy all the underground fashion magazines, everyone looks like Debbie Harry. She still looks hot. She still looks cool. She looks as if she could kick my ass and any guy's ass. That's something all these women have: They can hold their own against any guy."



### BILLIE HOLIDAY

"You can't fake the pain in her voice, yet there's still something strangely upbeat about her music. My band likes to sing about ripping Cupid's wings off and gouging out his eyes, but you're singing along and bouncing before you realize what we're saying. I learned that from Billie."



### GWEN STEFANI

"We went to the same high school and junior high. Her teachers were my teachers. I saw No Doubt play at a 600-person venue. She played the same venues where my first gigs were. All the women on this list made me want to sing and write; Gwen Stefani made me think I could. She's a good role model."



### HEART

"I think it's important for women to know 1970s Heart. Ann Wilson could wail. I aspire to sound like her. Nancy Wilson, the guitar player, ripped harder than the guys in the band. And Heart covered Led Zeppelin. On YouTube there's a great video of them playing 'Black Dog.' They also covered 'Stairway.' Watching a girl take a cock-rock song like 'Black Dog' and rip it to shreds harder than a guy could is inspiring, especially for a female musician."



# GIVIN & IT UP

ROCK STARS WERE VIRGINS

ONCE TOO: CHECK OUT TRUE STORIES OF PARADISE BY THE DASHBOARD LIGHT

**EAGLES OF DEATH METAL Jesse Hughes** I've actually answered this question before in therapy, so it's easy. I was a late bloomer in every sense of the word. I got picked on a lot, and I was friends with a lot of hot girls but none who would reasonably consider having sex with me—I was one of those guys. I had my first real girlfriend when I was 17, and we'd been dating for about a year and a half. We hadn't planned to have sex, but we had decided to take mushrooms. So we were at her parents' house, and we took the mushrooms and rented *Apocalypse Now*, which was pretty much perfectly symbolic of the history of my sexual escapades up to that time. Anyway, her parents showed up, and it got crazy—I'd never dealt with my parents when I was high, let alone anybody else's. I remember it was right at that scene when Brando's rubbing his bald skull in that weird light and "The End" is playing. So that was going on in my head over and over: Holy shit! Fuck! What are we gonna do now? The girl got the idea that this was the time to start fooling around, after her parents arrived and we were high. You know those signs that say DO NOT OPERATE HEAVY MACHINERY WHILE USING? They should add ESPECIALLY MACHINERY YOU HAVEN'T OPERATED BEFORE. So we did it in, like, a pantry in her parents' house. I don't know if that was when I lost my virginity or when I was forcibly separated from it. All I know is it shouldn't make you feel like that girl in *The Blair Witch Project*. Be sure to put in there, by the way, that I'm totally a ladies' man now.

**SNOOP DOGG** I wasn't thinking about what music was playing—I was fuckin'! Wasn't no music on, no lights on; it was all about hit it and quit it and do it to it. Back then it wasn't part of the game to play a tune. When I got older I started playing music to get that mood, but when you're young, you can't be thinking about all that. You're just thinking about how to get your mack on.

**BUCKCHERRY Josh Todd** I lost it to Journey's "Faithfully." I was in a bathroom, actually. It was a carpeted bathroom, and I'd just taken a shower with my girl—my high school sweetheart. It was a pretty amazing experience. It was so heavy, I'll never forget it. I met this girl at school; she was the first girl I was ever in love with. At least I thought it was love, but it was probably lust. But you know, fireworks were shooting off and all that. I thought I was gonna marry this girl. We were together for three years and then eventually just grew up and got on with our lives. But it was pretty amazing.

**Keith Nelson** The song was "Keep On Loving You" by REO Speedwagon—we're really turning back the hands of time here. I was way too young and fueled by a bottle of grape Mad Dog 20/20. It was on a water bed after a concert. I can guarantee you the REO Speedwagon song lasted longer than the sex. Anyway, she was my girlfriend at the

time, and I was madly in love. I was in the eighth grade, and she was a senior in high school. Yeah, I was an overachiever way back then. Her parents weren't home, and the party ended up there, and we ended up in the bedroom on this water bed. And we used protection, too.

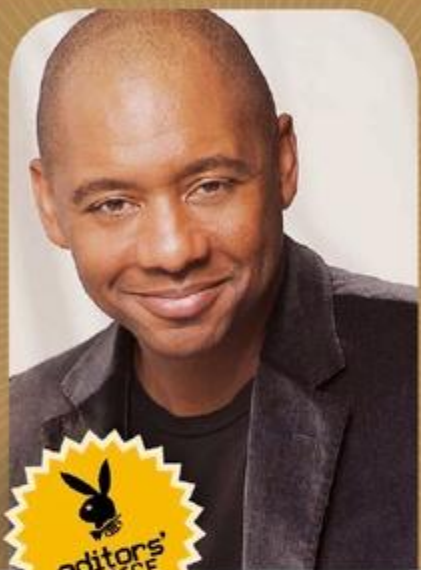
**THREE 6 MAFIA Juicy J** I guess you could say we were dating, but when it came to the moment, it was basically a freak accident. The only rubber I could get my hands on was two years old. When I tried to use it, it ripped apart. I didn't know what the hell I was doing. She was into Color Me Badd's "I Wanna Sex You Up." But even though she used to play the shit out of that song, we were listening to "You Dropped a Bomb on Me" by the Gap Band when we got it out of the way.

**Paul** I had this girlfriend in high school, and she used to walk home from school—took her maybe 45 minutes. I was one of the few guys in school with a car, and I lived maybe a 10-minute drive from school. So I'd take her to my house and we'd go at it, and I'd get her back to her house in time so that her mama wouldn't know she was late walking home. I had a few joints that worked, but "Black Woman" by Jungle Brothers sealed the deal, I think. Whenever I hear that song I think about her—and actually another broad I started messing with right after her.

**THE HOLD STEADY Craig Finn** I was about 18. I lost my virginity while listening to a compilation from Manchester—the Stone Roses, Happy Mondays, that sort of thing. I don't know what you call it. British ecstasy music? But we weren't on ecstasy. It was the girl's CD. I think she got it in England. I was pretty much just along for the ride. I've come to like that music a lot, but I'm not a huge anglophile. At the time I was into Dinosaur Jr. and the Replacements. But Dinosaur is pure repellent when it comes to sex. It's like mosquito spray for chicks. I like to think about people falling in love at one of our shows, with sex to follow. We have a song, "Southtown Girls," about a mall in Minnesota, and I've gotten a surprising number of e-mails from people who've lost their virginity in the parking lot of that mall. It's right by a bowling alley, too. Bowling leads to sex, apparently.

**Tad Kubler** It was the day before my senior year in high school, and I was in my mom's car with a girl two years older than I was who I'd gone to the prom with. She was just back from college for the summer. Steve Miller Band's "Jet Airliner" was on the radio. She didn't have a tape deck in her car, so I just left it up to fate. She had this mason jar with a fake screwdriver in it, basically cheap vodka with a little bit of Tang. I'd love to know what she's doing now. To this day, I walk around singing, "I might get rich, you know I might get busted..." (concluded on page 126)

# MUSIC POLL WINNERS



**JZ** JAZZ ARTIST  
BRANFORD MARSALIS

## JAZZ ARTIST OF THE YEAR

JAZZ HAS CHANGED dramatically since we first covered it in PLAYBOY more than 50 years ago. That's what good jazz does: It changes. This year's Playboy Jazz Artist of the Year, saxophonist Branford Marsalis, is one of the more protean musicians working the bandstand today. One of six brothers in an illustrious family, Branford was born in New Orleans in 1960 and now lives in North Carolina. He has come a long way from his days as bandleader for *The Tonight Show*. After leaving Jay Leno, in 1995, Marsalis made a serious commitment to pursue serious music. Yet his subsequent work has never been pretentious or scholastic. Leading his powerhouse quartet (with pianist Joey Calderazzo, bassist Eric Revis and drummer Jeff "Tain" Watts), Marsalis is always probing, always looking for new directions, always challenging our assumptions about music. At times he blows a robust tenor, but he can just as easily play a lyrical soprano. His latest album, *Braggtown* (Marsalis Music), contrasts high-energy burners with intricate ballads. Perhaps more than anyone else today, Marsalis can be relied on to be interesting. His uncompromising dedication to music gives us hope for the future of jazz in America.



**R** best rock album  
red hot chili peppers

Hey, postpunks: Stick around long enough and you'll be the world's biggest rock band. It worked for U2, which flirts with irrelevance but rocks your nuts off every time. With *Stadium Arcadium*, the Peppers reach the same plane.



**H** best hip-hop album  
busta rhymes

It was a wide-open year for hip-hop: many big releases, little critical consensus. That's where you come in. Busta's *The Big Bang* was an overwhelming reader favorite. Sometimes the best move is to be yourself—your crazy-ass self.



**JZ** best jazz album  
branford marsalis quartet

Some of the best ensemble playing in years can be heard on *Braggtown*, a muscular set led by Marsalis's restless sax. Never content with the expected, this outfit plays with a precision and fury that recalls jazz's glory years.



**S** best soundtrack album  
curious george

Single-artist soundtracks are dangerous affairs, as are albums that hope to entertain both kids and their parents. Jack Johnson succeeded on both fronts with his *Curious George* soundtrack and bested OutKast just for laughs.

### NINTH-WARD REVIVAL

Along with Harry Connick Jr., Branford Marsalis has helped build 81 houses for musicians who lost their homes in the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina. In recognition of his efforts, Playboy will make a donation to the New Orleans Area Habitat for Humanity Musicians' Village.



**RI** best reissues  
merle haggard

In the last half of the 1960s Hag released 10 amazing albums that sang of the common man. Last year Capitol Records reissued these masterpieces on five CDs. You could say they represent the pinnacle of Haggard's career.

## OUR READERS SELECT THEIR FAVORITES FROM 2006



**E** best electronic album  
thom yorke

Idiosyncratic Yorke always had us guessing where Radiohead ended and he began. Turns out the two entities are damn similar. *The Eraser* finds him freer with the beats and more elaborately minimalist, if that's possible.



**C** best country album  
dixie chicks

They pissed off radio, red-staters and our flawed president, then refused to make nice. How—oh, what's the word?—punk of three 30-something moms. On their return, *Taking the Long Way*, they twang-rock harder than ever.



**H** DEPECHE MODE

## HALL OF FAME

THIS YEAR MARKS a milestone in the Hall of Fame. Please help us welcome and anoint the first Generation X act, Depeche Mode. Formed during the experimental days of postpunk England, Depeche helped launch the New Romantic movement. Melodic synth pop and foppish clothing, however, didn't seem like a formula for longevity. So despite the group's huge single, "Just Can't Get Enough," and hit first album, the future looked bleak when songwriter Vince Clarke departed in 1981. Funny thing happened, though: With Martin Gore assuming songwriting duties, the band (Gore, Dave Gahan and Andy Fletcher) veered into darker territory and came out the other side as one of the biggest acts on the planet. A series of brilliant singles—"Everything Counts," "People Are People," "Strangelove"—set the stage for world domination, achieved with the *Violator* album in 1990. The 1990s were very kind to the Mode. Despite the trio's total disregard for the tidal change in guitar rock, the edge on its own music stayed sharp as the band remained at the forefront of electronic innovation. This past year Depeche headlined Coachella, continued to tour behind the excellent *Playing the Angel* LP and released a well-earned best-of compilation. Nice one.



**W** best world music album  
matisyahu

Dubby toasting from a Brooklyn Orthodox Jew—sounds like a disaster. But there's a difference here between what it "sounds like" and how it *sounds*. His sophomore album, *Youth*, is proud, political and catchy as hell.



**L** best live act  
pearl jam

We'll be frank: PJ can win this award any given year. But that's part of the definition of a great live act—sustained intensity. Vedder and company are to Gen X what Springsteen and E Street are to postboomers.



**SG** best song  
gnarls barkley

We remember when—we remember when—we first heard "Crazy." It was May, and we said this is the best song of the year. And last year. And possibly of this young 21st century. So simple, so subtle, so sly, so perfect.



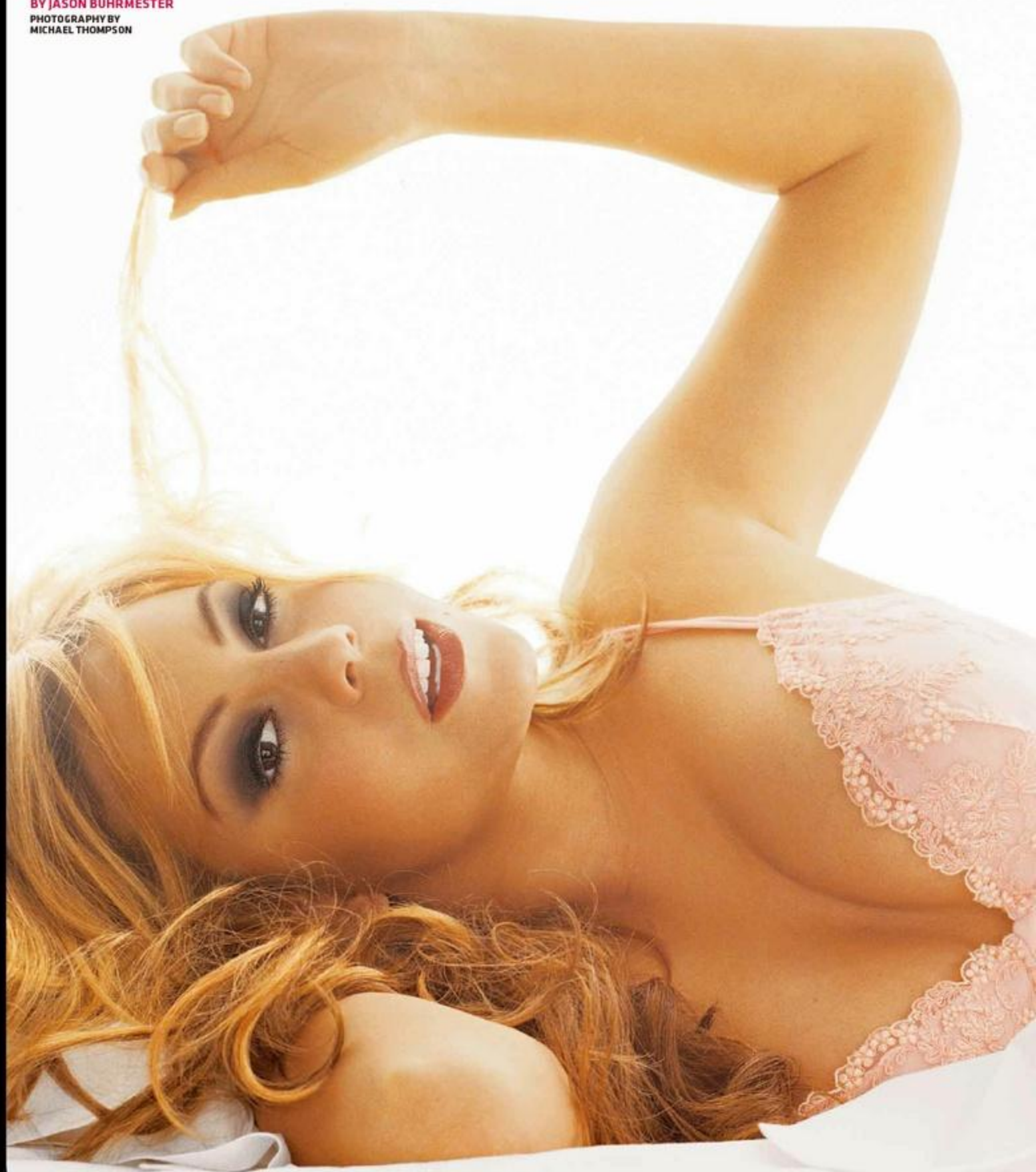
**NA** best new artist  
panic! at the disco

Readers picked Panic over Gnarls Barkley, Lupe Fiasco and Arctic Monkeys? It happens to every genre—now emo: When people say they're sick of it, what they mean is they need to be reminded of why it was fun in the first place.

# 20

BY JASON BUHRMESTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
MICHAEL THOMPSON



# MARIAH CAREY

OUR SEXY COVER GIRL WITH THE BIG VOICE REVEALS ALL ABOUT THAT TIFF WITH EMINEM, ACTING GOOFY ON MTV, HER WARDROBE MALFUNCTION AND WHY, AT HEART, SHE'S REALLY A PRUDE

**Q1**

PLAYBOY: On the song "Get Your Number" from your album *The Emancipation of Mimi*, you sing about picking up a guy at a club and taking him home. Is that something you would ever do?

CAREY: No. Here's the problem with me—well, one of them. [laughs] I can be flirtatious when I don't mean to be. Let's say we are at a club, me and some friends, and we're hanging out with guys. If I'm sitting there and a song I like comes on, because I'm a singer, I start moving. It's just what I do. I don't realize I'm sitting there doing a video in somebody's face. I end up being very flirtatious, and people take it the wrong

way. I'm very much a prude. But I don't want to disappoint people, so maybe we shouldn't discuss that.

**Q2**

PLAYBOY: But on the song "Say Something" you sing, "I'm over here looking at you/You're over there watching me too/Both painting pictures of how we'll kiss and fuck." That doesn't sound prudish to us.

CAREY: I didn't say that! There's an *f* and a few squiggly little letters. [laughs] And that was the producer Pharrell's idea. He just wanted to shock everybody. I was like, "All right, Pharrell, if this will make you happy." That was one of those little sexy moments.

**Q3**

PLAYBOY: Last year you clashed with Eminem after he claimed the two of you had been romantically involved. Then he reportedly sent you a letter of apology. What did it say?

CAREY: Something is clearly askew with him, and I'm not quite sure what it is. I just heard something else he recently said about me. I'm curious as to why he's so obsessed with me. I never got an apology letter, by the way; I don't know what they're talking about. Then again, I wasn't exactly searching my mailbox for it.

**Q4**

PLAYBOY: Your mother is Irish American and your (continued on page 125)





# (BUSINESS) CLASSES

You spend a third of your time asleep and a third of it having fun. Make that last third count

Some consider these items luxuries. We consider them office essentials. Clockwise from top left: • The first rule of office life is to get wood whenever possible. SwedX's 19-inch LCD monitor (\$550, [swedX.com](http://swedX.com)), made of sapele wood, will class up your spreadsheets. • Odyssey Black Series putters (\$310, [odysseygolf.com](http://odysseygolf.com)), fresh this season, work as well indoors as out. • Colibri's handsome crystal table lighter (\$45, [davidoffmadison.com](http://davidoffmadison.com)) can handle all your smoking needs. • Bentley Motors' new limited-edition fountain pen (\$6,750, [tibaldi.it](http://tibaldi.it)) celebrates the 60th anniversary of the company's historic factory in Crewe, U.K. It's made by Tibaldi and takes its design cues from the inimitable Bentley Continental GT Diamond Series. • Ever since the movie *Wall Street* came out, every two-bit business major has been quoting from *The Art of War*. We prefer to cite the Bard's more refined insights, every one of which is contained in this leather-bound edition of *The Arden Shakespeare Complete Works* (\$75, [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)). • JVC's EX-A10 system (\$1,100, [jvc.com](http://jvc.com)) comes with the company's fantastic wood-cone speakers and is a stealth DVD player if you hook it up to a TV.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO



Clockwise from top left: • You're the boss. Light up whenever you want. This humidor from Davidoff (\$535, [davidoffmadison.com](http://davidoffmadison.com)) is crafted from lacquered red mahogany in Switzerland. Inside: five Zino Classic Double Coronas (\$87 for a box of 10, [davidoffmadison.com](http://davidoffmadison.com)). Also pictured: the crystal Prometheus Ashtray Teardrop (\$95, [davidoffmadison.com](http://davidoffmadison.com)) with a Playboy by Don Diego Robusto (\$150 for a box of 25, [jrcigars.com](http://jrcigars.com)). • You can't pioneer a brilliant new corporate strategy if you can't see. The Halogen Blue Glass Bubble Desk Lamp (\$70, [lampsplus.com](http://lampsplus.com)) lights up your workplace with style. • Why do bar globes work so well in offices? When you're pursuing new markets a hemisphere away, it helps to have some liquid inspiration. The Old World Globe Bar (\$300, [1worldglobes.com](http://1worldglobes.com)) is a 17th century reproduction. • BlackBerry, known for wireless e-mail and big clunky handsets, has finally produced something sexy. We heart the new BlackBerry Pearl (\$200 with plan, [blackberrypearl.com](http://blackberrypearl.com)). We don't know how the company crammed this much magic into so small a space, and upon consideration, we're okay with that. • This limited-edition phone (\$190, [customphones.com](http://customphones.com)) is a ringer for a 1930s classic, but in fact it's cordless and packed with 21st century guts—perfect for reenacting your favorite old-time flicks. "Now get this, you double-crossing chimpanzee...."

( BUSINESS CLASS SEATING )



Clockwise from top left: • **Desk chair:** It is the seat of power from which you rule the world! Knoll's Life chair (\$1,010, [knoll.com](http://knoll.com)) matches maneuverability with comfort. We like it in leather as pictured. • **For her:** Why not have a chair that enhances the look of a beautiful woman? With zebra-print fabric and laminated-birch legs that double as armrests, the Aalto Armchair 400 (\$3,495, [hermanmiller.com](http://hermanmiller.com)) is the lingerie of lounge chairs. • **Downtime:** A 50th anniversary Eames Lounge and Ottoman (from \$3,245, [hermanmiller.com](http://hermanmiller.com)) can turn a downer of a day into a thing of beauty. Pop in your favorite CD, spark a cigar and you're sitting pretty. • **Desk chair:** Another option is Herman Miller's latest, the Celle (\$630, [hermanmiller.com](http://hermanmiller.com)). Something about this beauty makes us want to do 90 miles an hour in it. And it's 99 percent recyclable. • **Couch:** Ludwig Mies van der Rohe designed this sofa (\$3,000, [knoll.com](http://knoll.com)) 80 years ago. In 2004 KnollStudio began producing it as part of its Krefeld Collection. Worldly, smooth—just like you.



*"I'm sitting on my booty...!"*

# DIXIE CHICK

Miss March is a Cajun queen



**A**s Louisiana finds its rhythm post-Katrina, people are beginning to rediscover the state's signature Southern comforts: spicy cooking, jazz and blues, the bizarre beauty of Bourbon Street at night and those bayou girls who know how to go wild. Among the latter is 24-year-old Tyran Richard—a self-described crazy Cajun from Zachary (just outside Baton Rouge)—who has blonde hair, impossibly blue eyes and more curves than the mighty Mississippi. Don't get us wrong, she's no Big Easy. "I have all the morals of a Southern belle," Tyran tells us. "It's very different down here for women than it is in other places. We cook. We clean. My mom is my best friend, and I help her with our meals. I dated the same guy off and on for three years, but I wouldn't move in with him because he wouldn't give me an engagement ring."

We'll bet the would-be ring bearer is kicking himself now. Tyran is going places. Not only is she pictured





here as beautiful Miss March, she is also a working model. "I'm on a plane every weekend for something—the SEMA automotive trade show in Vegas or the lingerie company Shirley of Hollywood," says Tyran. And when she's not working, this hottie knows how to cool off. She likes to kick back with her four dogs. She can whip up dazzling crawfish étouffée, crab and oysters. She's been water-skiing since she was four and is one dive away from getting scuba certified. "I got spooked by all these sharks in Miami," she says, "so I'm holding off on that one." As for the future, Tyran has a bachelor's degree in criminal justice; she wants to be a judge or lawyer. Though she has Tabasco running through her veins, she doesn't plan on staying in Louisiana forever, and she's not reserving her heart for any Southern gentleman. "I like rockers," she says. "I'm into bands like Aerosmith, Buckcherry, 30 Seconds to Mars and Motley Crue. I need someone with an edge."













MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Tyron Richard

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Tyran Richard

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 10-1-82 BIRTHPLACE: Zachary, LA

AMBITIONS: To continue print modeling, go to law school and work in TV, particularly Court TV.

TURN-ONS: Tattoos and a man who is artistic, passionate and ambitious.

TURNOFFS: Strong cologne, liars, cheaters, body hair and negative people.

PREVIOUS MODELING EXPERIENCE: Shirley of Hollywood, Bazooka Mobile Audio, Chic Rica Bikini Company.

AT A BAR, I'LL ORDER: White wine.

TV SHOWS I CAN'T MISS: Rock Star, America's Next Top Model.

WHY PEOPLE SHOULD VISIT LOUISIANA: To see New Orleans and Tiger Stadium at LSU. And because our food is the best.

MILD OR SPICY? Spicy Cajun style, of course—like me!



Middle school—  
all legs and  
braces.



My baby,  
Pretty Vegas.



Car-show  
babe.

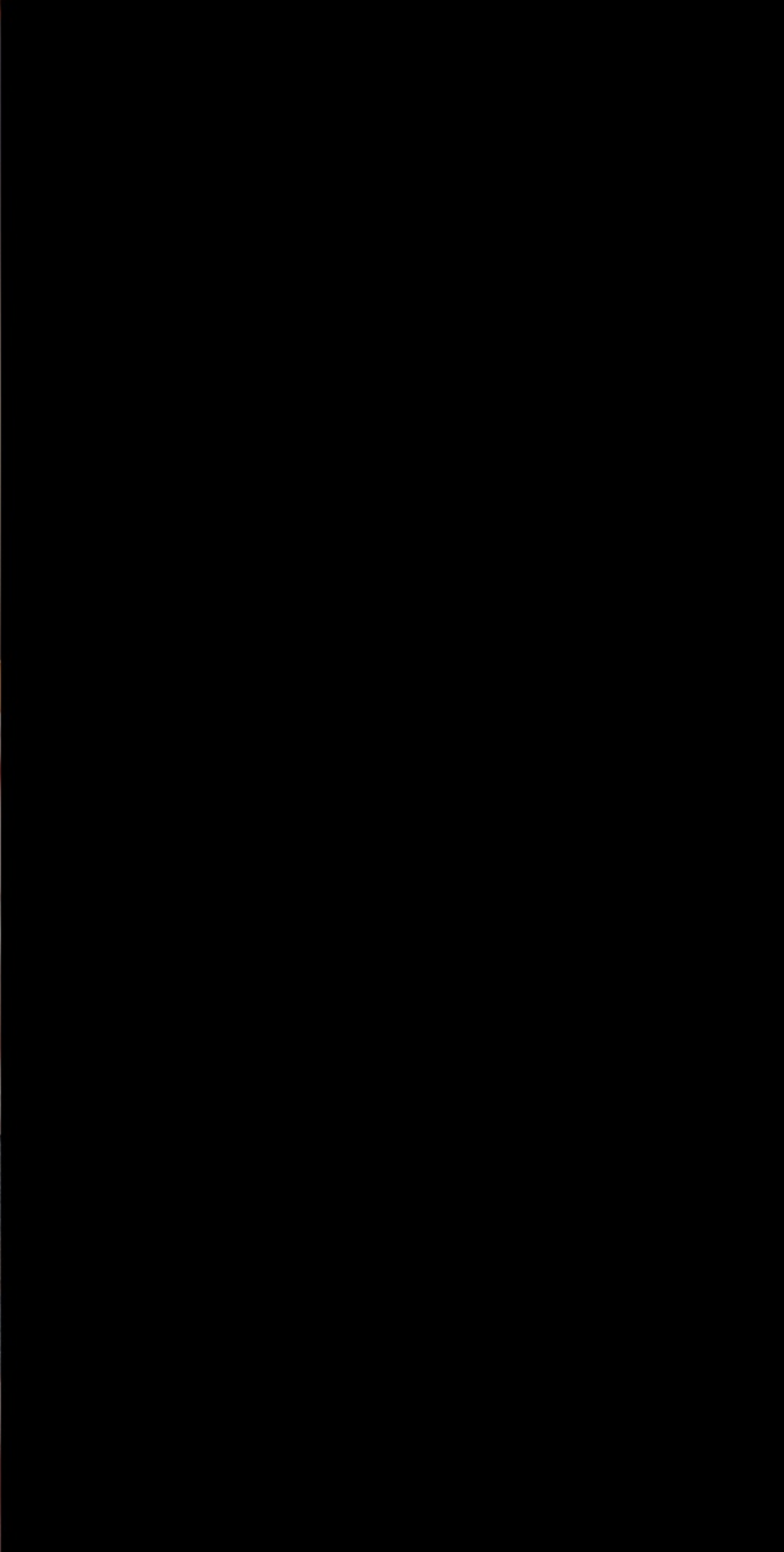


MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S FAVORITE OF THE MONTH



*Hyman Richard*



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hat do you call an evangelical church leader who uses speed?

A Crystal Methodist.

**O**ne night, while a young couple was parked in a popular lovers' lane, the girl sighed romantically, "It's lovely out here tonight—just listen to the crickets."

"Those aren't crickets," her date replied. "They're zippers."

**A**n elderly couple was attending church services. About halfway through the minister's sermon, the old lady leaned over and said, "I just let out a silent fart. What do you think I should do?"

Her husband replied, "Put a new battery in your hearing aid."



**A**fter spending the night at a hotel with a prostitute, a politician took \$300 out of his wallet and placed it on the dressing table.

"Thanks," she said, "but I charge only \$20."

"Twenty bucks for the entire night?" the amazed politician replied. "You can't make a living on that."

"Oh, don't worry," the girl replied. "I do a little blackmail on the side."

**W**hat do you do for erectile dysfunction?" a man asked his friend.

"Cialis," the friend replied.

"Are those pills easy to swallow?" the first man asked.

"Oh, you must have misunderstood me," the friend replied. "I sneak away from my wife and go see Alice."

**A** man woke up one morning to find his wife in a skimpy negligee, standing by the bed with a velvet rope in her hand.

She purred at him, "Tie me up and you can do anything you like."

So he did. Then he went fishing.

**A** redneck came to the big city to visit some friends. They went to an Applebee's restaurant for dinner, and one of the listings on the menu caught his eye: lobster tail and beer, \$40.

"Damn," he said. "My three favorite things! And for such a reasonable price."

**T**wo women walked into a bar and saw a Scotsman in a kilt drinking by himself. After a couple of drinks one of the women walked up to him and said, "I've always wondered what's worn under a kilt."

"Lass, there's nothing worn under my kilt," he answered. "It's all in perfect working order."

**A** man stepped onto a bus with both of his front pockets full of golf balls and sat down next to a beautiful blonde. The puzzled blonde kept looking at him and his bulging pockets.

Finally, after noticing her many glances, he said, "It's golf balls."

"Oh," she said. "Does it hurt as much as tennis elbow?"

**W**hy did Adam and Eve have a perfect marriage?

He didn't have to hear about all the men she could have married, and she didn't have to hear about the way his mother cooked.

**T**he blonde said, "Doctor, I think my breasts are filled with water."

"Water!" the doctor replied. "What makes you think that?"

"Whenever someone presses them my pussy gets wet," she answered.



**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *foot fetish* as a female affliction in which a woman is never satisfied with anything less than 12 inches.

**A**t the breakfast table a woman grumbled to her husband, "Our new neighbor told me her husband has sex with her every day. Why can't you do that?"

Without missing a beat, he answered, "Honey, I hardly know the woman."

**H**ow are martinis like breasts?

One is never enough, and three are too many.

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](http://jokes.playboy.com). PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.

# ZOO STORIES

BY *Redini*



*"Beautiful, beautiful—oh God, this is beautiful!"*



*"I love the way your bell keeps accompaniment."*



*"When I was younger, I always worried where the tail went."*



*"Some days you could take on the whole herd."*



*"And just a minute ago we were playing footsie."*



*"I was just thinking—our licenses are up for renewal."*





# GET RICH! LIVE FOREVER!

**CAN AN EXOTIC JUICE LEAD TO  
HEALTH AND WEALTH?  
OR IS IT JUST A DIRECT-SALES SCAM?**

**BY JONATHAN BLACK**

**"THE FOG'S LIFTED. I'M OFF PAXIL!"**

**"I LOST 26 POUNDS AND QUIT SMOKING."**

**"MY ECZEMA IS GONE! SO ARE MY ALLERGIES!"**

**"I'M FINALLY NOT CRIPPLED BY TENDINITIS."**

**N**o, this is not Lourdes. Out front and to the left is a dog-grooming business. To the right is a State Farm office, then Ceramic and Pottery Creations, then Albano's Deli. The testimonials come from folks seated on folding chairs in a yoga studio.

This is a small strip mall in a suburb west of Chicago. We are gathered here this morning to report on the miracle cure for what ails us. The potion is purple and delicious, a cross between grape and cranberry juices.

It is called Xango, as in tango, as in the hottest product to hit the network-marketing field in decades. That's right, Xango is not just a juice; it is a strategy to quit the rat race and stay home and play golf. It is a way to retire at 50 with millions in the bank. The fellow leading today's session is well on his way. He's Jeff Fallon, 35, a trim martial-arts aficionado who worked for 10 years at the Leo Burnett advertising agency. His Ford Explorer is parked out back. It's black with an orange "Xango" slashed across the trunk and doors. His license plate reads LV XANGO.

Like most everyone who's juked on the juice, Fallon has a story to tell, and it isn't pretty. His is about his wife and her irritable bowel syndrome. Her name is Annie; she's a taut, attractive, dark-haired woman. This is the studio where she teaches yoga and works as a personal trainer. For years she was plagued by IBS. The details are not dinner-party conversation—suffice it to say, she spent a lot of time in the bathroom. By chance Fallon mentioned his wife's problem to a friend, who turned him on to Xango. Two days later his wife's IBS was history. That was three years ago.

"I had such bad menopause it threw my thyroid out of whack."

## “THE BIGGEST MISCONCEPTION IS THAT IT’S A SCAM. XANGO IS A LARGE COMPANY IN A MARKET THAT’S MONSTROUS.”

“I had a friend with an inoperable brain tumor.”

“I’m ready to try XanGo,” pipes up a first-timer. “I’m 60 pounds overweight, with asthma and shooting pains in my leg. My husband ran off with a co-worker.”

Lechery may be one of the few conditions about which no claims have been made for the juice. *Claims*, though, is not the right word; you will never hear a XanGoite say XanGo “cures” anything. That would invite the scrutiny of the Federal Drug Administration, which XanGo, as a mere food supplement, scrupulously avoids. It is, in fact, little more than a juice, albeit a juice from a very special fruit. Queen Victoria was fascinated by the fruit—legend says she offered a reward to anyone who could transport it to England without its spoiling, which gave it the nickname the queen of fruits. It owes its current prominence to a fellow named Joe Morton, who happened to be having lunch at a seaside cafe in Malaysia six years ago when the waiter presented a fruit dessert.

The exterior of the fruit was unattractive—a bulbous, rootlike rind that resembled gnarled ginger. But the interior was another matter, a pillowy white pulp that Morton scooped out with his spoon and that immediately made him think he’d gone to heaven.

“I’ve never tasted anything so delicious in all my life,” he exclaimed to the waiter. “What is it?”

“It is a mangosteen, sir,” said the waiter.

It’s quite a fruit, this mangosteen. Not only is it reputed to cure an alphabet soup of ailments, it has made a lot of people rich. A mere eight years after Morton’s epiphany, he sits atop a company that employs 600 people. A privately held business, XanGo won’t disclose sales figures, but insider estimates put the number at \$300 million last year; by 2010 XanGo aims to hit a billion.

In all likelihood the juice is not on your breakfast menu. You can’t buy it, not in drugstores or at Wal-Mart or even in health-food stores. That’s because Morton shuns the retail shelf. He much prefers direct marketing—or multilevel marketing, MLM for short—a strategy to sell products without the benefit of stores or advertising. Instead, a fan of the product, A, tells B, C and D about it, selling them on both the juice and the idea of selling it themselves. Each of them gives E, F, G, H, I and J the same routine. You get the idea. Faster than you can say “Tupperware parties,” an exponentially huge population is buying the product and telling (or is it selling?) all their friends.

Now before you go calling the attorney general, please understand: This is not a pyramid scheme. In the classic pyramid scheme, participants attempt to make money solely by recruiting new participants into the program. “The hallmark of these schemes,” according to a document from the Securities and Exchange Commission, “is the promise of sky-high returns in a short period of time for doing nothing more than handing over your money and getting others to do the same.” The pyramid pancakes as soon as the number of people necessary to sustain it gets too big, which can happen fast. If each new recruit aims to enlist, say, six others, the number will exceed the population of the United States at level 11. At whatever level it collapses, all the bottom-tier investors lose their money and the promoter walks away with a fortune, at least until the feds throw him in jail.

Morton is not in jail, and neither will you be if you sell his juice. I am not in jail, and I have purchased two cases of XanGo. My first case of four bottles cost me \$160 (each bottle is 750 milliliters, or slightly less than a quart). The next case, discounted, ran me

\$100. I will report on the results shortly.

You’re probably thinking, Four bottles for \$160—that’s \$40 a bottle. That’s expensive juice! If so, you’ve learned the first lesson of XanGo salesmanship. Make the cost work for you. Here’s how it goes. You’ve got a friend with chronic colitis. She tries the juice, and two weeks later—unbelievable!—the colitis is gone. She’s a XanGo convert for life.

“But I drank one bottle in 10 days,” she wails. “I can’t afford a \$40 bottle every 10 days.”

“Suppose,” you say in your best confidential voice, “I told you how you could drink the juice for free.”

All your friend has to do is sell XanGo to, oh, three other people. Each of them has to sell to three others. That’s when your commission kicks in. Get enough levels, or “down people,” and you’ll be digging a new basement to store your money. If you happen to have been recruited by Jeff Fallon, he’ll get a commission too.

Legitimate companies—huge companies—have prospered nicely through direct marketing. The legal obstacles were cleared in a landmark 1970s FTC decision, *In re: Amway Corp.*, which distinguished the banned pyramid from a more legitimate multilevel marketing program. Among the top MLM companies in the United States, when rated by annual growth, Amway now holds second place behind the leader of the pack, Avon. Number three is Mary Kay. Can you guess which rookie outfit has burrowed its way into the number four slot after only three years in business?

XanGo.

“XanGo is definitely in the right place at the right time,” says George Madiou, editor of the online *Network Marketing Magazine*. “The biggest misconception is that it’s a scam. On the contrary, XanGo is a large company in a market that’s monstrous. It’s a way for people to leave a dismal job they hate, send a kid to college and become a millionaire.”

I want to become a millionaire, and I’m curious who else does, so I trek to one of XanGo’s city meetings—which the company stages around the country every few weeks—at an Embassy Suites hotel sandwiched between a huge parking garage and the access road to Chicago’s O’Hare Airport. On this warm autumn night, 150 people show up, many confirmed XanGoites who greet one another with evangelical smiles and warm hugs. It’s my first clue to one of XanGo’s main appeals: It generates a fake family, a like-minded clan joined by the juice into a loving, supportive community akin to, say, Alcoholics Anonymous or a church. The group tonight is diverse, more young than old, more white than black (though more than 10 percent are African American), with everyone from students and financial consultants to clerks at gas-station mini-marts. There’s an excited rush into ballroom B, where murmured gasps soon greet the matinee-idol-handsome dark-haired man who strides to the front of the room. He’s tonight’s star attraction, XanGo’s top trainer and, of even greater significance, none other than the nephew of Donny and Marie—Doug Osmond!

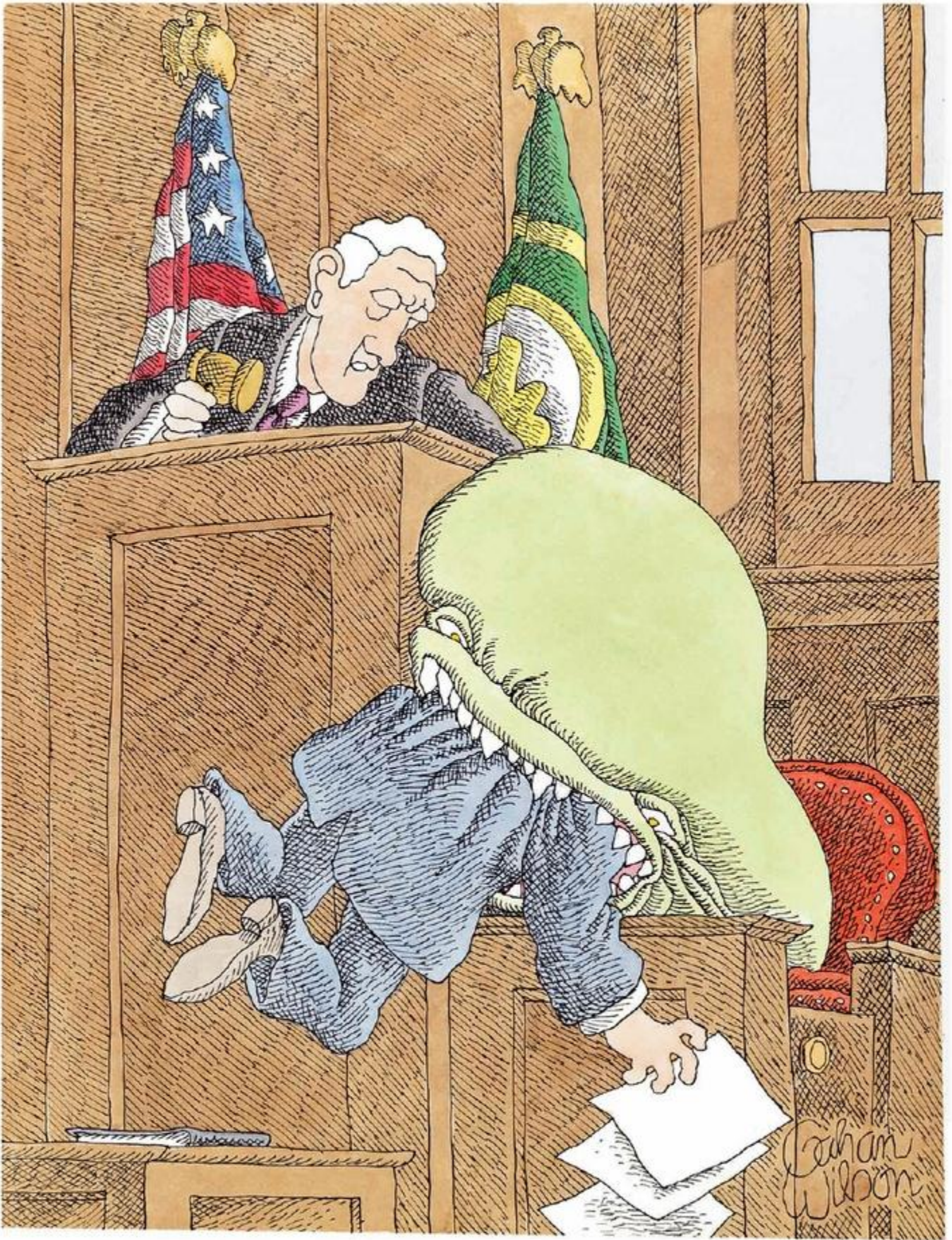
“Hello, Chicago! I’m a huge Michael Jordan fan!”

The crowd, which has erupted in applause, is on its feet.

“What are you looking for?” asks Osmond. “Freedom? Wellness? Guess what. You can have it all!”

All thanks to Joe Morton, “the nicest guy you’ll ever meet,” says Osmond. Morton’s a little obsessed, Osmond confides, with finding the great new elixir to (continued on page 135)





*"Witness will refrain from devouring the prosecution!"*



# ROCK THE RABBIT

LOUD MUSIC, STRIKING STYLES AND THE PLAYBOY BUNNY

In our third year of bringing together cool artists, hip designers and legendary music photographer Mick Rock, we turned up the volume. The musicians here—and many more—designed original concert T-shirts featuring their spin on the Playboy logo. Check them all out at [rocktherabbit.com](http://rocktherabbit.com).

**THE FLAMING LIPS** The Lips capture a sense of wide-eyed wonder in their music. This year Wayne Coyne (pictured) and the boys also captured three Grammy nominations. "Some people think fashion is the enemy of rock and roll," Coyne says. "But the things Johnny Cash wore are in a way what made him iconic."

FASHION BY **joseph de acetis**  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY **mick rock**  
PRODUCED BY **jennifer ryan jones**  
ARTWORK BY **brad bender**  
WOMEN'S STYLING BY **kathy kalafut**

ABRABE

100



11

590

ABRABE

**THE FLAMING LIPS:** Wayne Coyne's vest (\$375), pants (\$425) and pocket square (\$50) are by **RICHMOND X UOMO**. His shirt (\$235) is by **REPLAY**. **WHITESTARR:** Clockwise from left, Tony is in a shirt designed by bandmate Cisco and available from **PLAYBOY FASHION**. Orbi's vest (\$250) and shirt (\$185) are by **J.LINDBERG**. Rainbow's vest (\$250) and bow tie (\$100) are by **J.LINDBERG**. Damon's jacket (\$675) and shirt (\$165) are by **J.LINDBERG**. Cisco's shirt (\$72) is by **MODERN AMUSEMENT**. His jeans (\$165) are by **J.LINDBERG**. His jacket (\$675) is by **RICHMOND X UOMO**, and his belt (\$175) is by **JOHN RICHMOND ACCESSORIES**.

## WHITESTARR

If you're throwing a party and want to turn up the heat, put on this band's music. Women melt for its *Luv Machine*. The secret, of course, is the cowbells. Think we're kidding? Ask frontman Cisco Adler—he landed Mischa Barton. "Women influence everything I do, good or bad," he says of his inspiration, both musical and otherwise.




## THIEVERY CORPORATION

This duo digs in the crates to find ideas, beats and pieces from nearly every conceivable musical genre, all of which is then cooked up into a trippy cosmopolitan dub. The men's garb of choice fits their sophisticated jet-set style. "Both Rob and I like clothes," Eric says. "A well-made tailored suit is a beautiful thing."

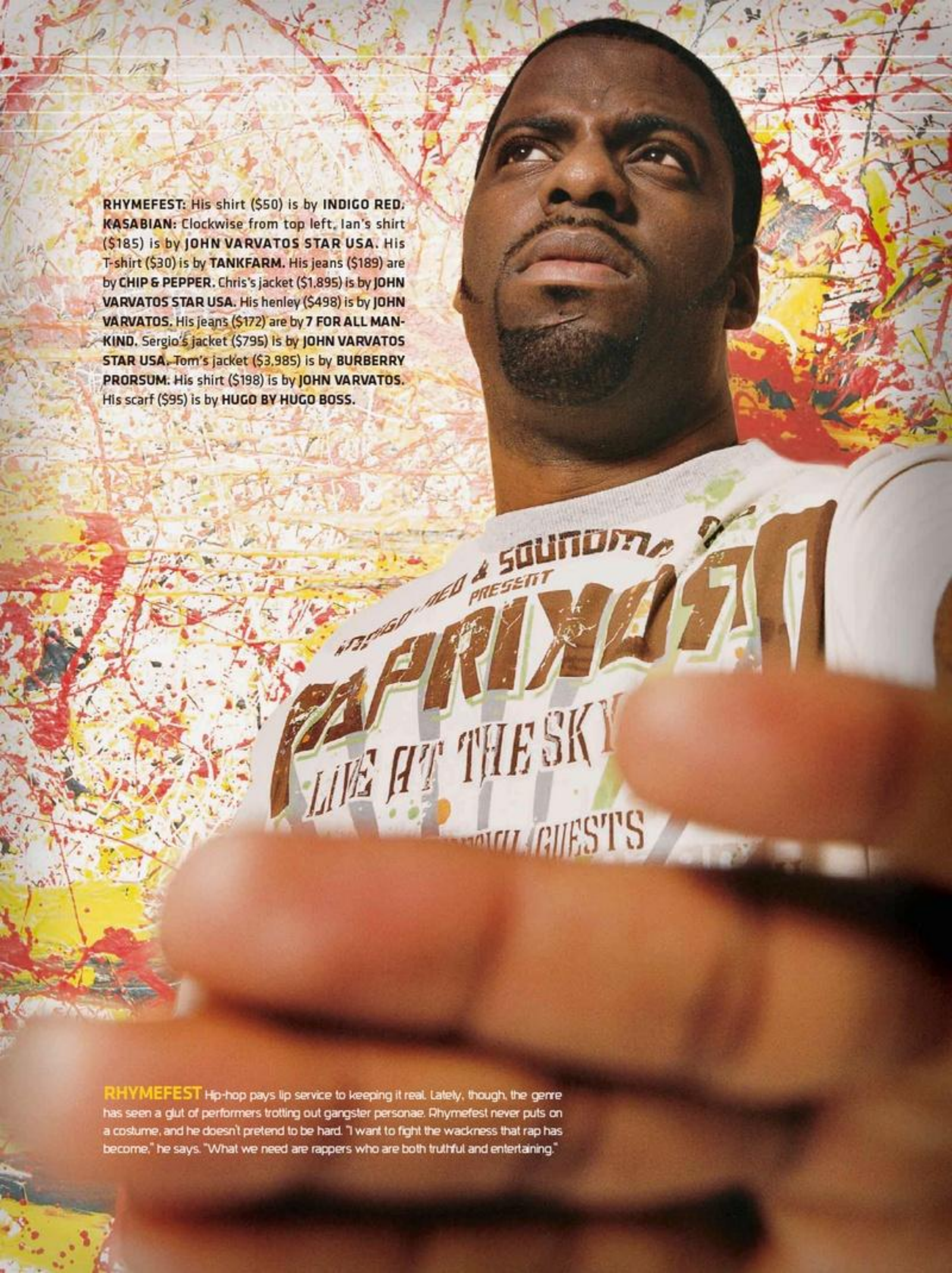


**THIEVERY CORPORATION:** From left, Rob's suit (\$2,250 to \$2,750), shirt (\$250), cuff links (\$225), tie (\$145) and pocket square (\$75) are by **DUNCAN QUINN**. His shoes (\$900) are by **BERLUTI**. Eric's jacket (\$2,500), shirt (\$250 to \$295), cuff links (\$225), tie (\$145) and pocket square (\$75) are by **DUNCAN QUINN**. His pants (\$172) are by **JOE'S JEANS**. His shoes (\$1,340) are by **BERLUTI**.



**METRIC** These new wavers from Toronto have already opened for the Stones, but we have a feeling the best is yet to come for the quartet. Bassist Josh Winstead has a fashion tip: "I picked up this style from Miles Davis. When he was broke he bought one great suit and wore it all the time."

**METRIC:** Clockwise from top left, Jimmy's jacket (\$875) and trousers (\$360) are by **RICHMOND X UOMO**. Emily's shirt (\$640), waistcoat (\$620) and trousers (\$790) are by **BOUDICCA**. Josh's jacket (\$775) and trousers (\$300) are by **RICHMOND X UOMO**. Jules's suit (\$1,095), shirt (\$195) and belt (\$600) are by **VERSACE**. His pocket square (\$50) is by **RICHMOND X UOMO**.

A man with a goatee and short hair is looking upwards and to the right. He is wearing a white t-shirt with brown and green text. The background is a wall covered in red, yellow, and black paint splatters. In the foreground, there are several out-of-focus fingers pointing towards the camera.

**RHYMEFEST:** His shirt (\$50) is by **INDIGO RED**.  
**KASABIAN:** Clockwise from top left, Ian's shirt (\$185) is by **JOHN VARVATOS STAR USA**. His T-shirt (\$30) is by **TANKFARM**. His jeans (\$189) are by **CHIP & PEPPER**. Chris's jacket (\$1,895) is by **JOHN VARVATOS STAR USA**. His henley (\$498) is by **JOHN VARVATOS**. His jeans (\$172) are by **7 FOR ALL MANKIND**. Sergio's jacket (\$795) is by **JOHN VARVATOS STAR USA**. Tom's jacket (\$3,985) is by **BURBERRY PRORSUM**. His shirt (\$198) is by **JOHN VARVATOS**. His scarf (\$95) is by **HUGO BY HUGO BOSS**.

**RHYMEFEST** Hip-hop pays lip service to keeping it real. Lately, though, the genre has seen a glut of performers trotting out gangster personae. Rhymefest never puts on a costume, and he doesn't pretend to be hard. "I want to fight the wackness that rap has become," he says. "What we need are rappers who are both truthful and entertaining."



**KASABIAN** With their club-friendly grooves and cocksure moves, these English lads have had no trouble finding fans. Their latest LP, *Empire*, went to number one in the U.K., and they already had American audiences captivated with "L.S.F." from their debut album. Wonder if they're into fashion? Kasabian has an advertising deal with Burberry.

SEE VIDEO FROM MICK ROCK'S SHOOT AT [PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE](http://PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE). CHECK OUT THE ORIGINAL RABBIT HEAD T-SHIRTS DESIGNED BY THESE AND OTHER ARTISTS AT [ROCKTHERABBIT.COM](http://ROCKTHERABBIT.COM).  
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 128.



*"No need to ask what killed him."*

# Centerfolds On Sex



Shallan Meiers

## { lust for life }

I believe in lust at first sight. Within the first 10 minutes either there's chemistry or there isn't. Don't get me wrong: Marrying your best friend is great, but one day you may want something more. I tend to notice the guys with crazy hair and lots of tattoos. I don't need to know who made his shoes or shirt. I don't need to know how much money he has or how much he can spend on me. Basically, I love people who don't care what other people think, who live for what they want and do what they want. It reminds me of something I once read: "Don't take life too seriously; you'll never get out alive."

## FANTASY ISLAND

I love sex, and I think about sex all the time. But I need to have the right partner. I like a guy who is really active in bed, because if I have to make all the moves, I'm going to get tired of it very quickly. I also love when a guy is open to new things and is willing to listen to my fantasies and ideas. I like to please the person I'm with, so I'll ask him about his turn-ons. I could lie next to a guy and listen to him talk about his fantasies all night long. I'm not the type to feel awkward or uncomfortable, though I do believe in being a lady outside the bedroom. I like a man who is a gentleman and will pull out my chair and open the door for me when we go out. I think there's something very sexy about a mysterious man. He can be more aggressive when we get home.







# zombie dan

FICTION BY  
**J. ROBERT LENNON**

**T**hey figured out how to bring people back to life—not everybody, just some people—and this is what happened to our friend Dan Larsen. He had died falling off a yacht, and six months later, there he was, driving around in his car, nodding, licking his pale, thin lips, wearing his artfully distressed sports jackets and brown leather shoes.

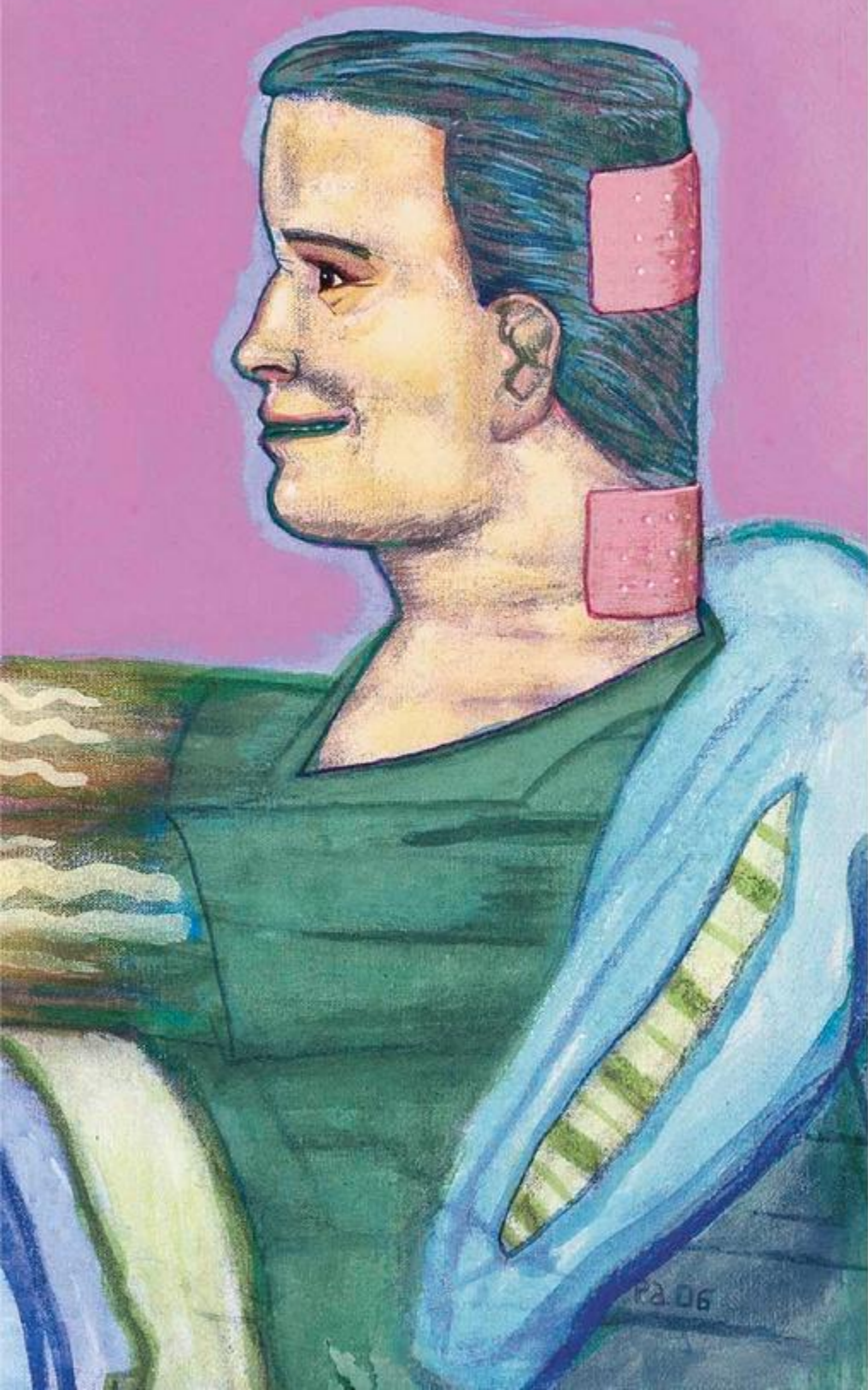
Dan's revivification was his mother's doing. Yes, it was his father, Nils Larsen, who greased the right palms to get him bumped up in the queue, but his mother, Ruth, was the one who had the idea and insisted it come to pass, the one who called each and every one of us—myself, Chloe, Rick, Matt, Jane and Paul—to enlist our emotional support as friends and

neighbors and decent, compassionate Americans. When Dan revived, she explained, he would need to rely upon the continuing attention and affection of his loved ones, and it was all of us—his old high school chums—whom he would need the most.

Of course we agreed; how could we not?

Dan's mother brought us all together in the living room of the Larsen penthouse—a place of burnished mahogany, French portraiture and thick pink pile carpet, which none of us had ever imagined we'd see again—and told us what was about to happen. We stared, petits fours halfway to our gaping mouths, and nodded our stunned assent. A thin, bony, almost miniature woman of 60 with an enormous dyed-black hairdo like a cobra's hood, Ruth Larsen gazed at each of us in

**HE LIVED.  
HE DIED.  
HE'S BACK.  
NOW HE  
KNOWS  
TOO MUCH,  
AND HE'S  
BRINGING  
OUT THE  
MONSTER IN  
EVERYONE**



PA 06

PAINTING BY PAT ANDREA

turn, demanding our fealty with hungry gray eyes. The procedure would take several days, and then Dan would need a few weeks to recuperate—could we be counted on to sit at his bedside, keeping him company in regular shifts? Why yes, certainly we could! Were we aware just how important a part of the revivification process it was to remind the patient of his past, thus effecting the recovery of his memory? And did we know that, without immediate and constant effort, the patient's memory might not be recovered at all? And so would we commit ourselves to assisting in this informal therapy by enveloping Dan, for the entire month of March, in a constant fog of nostalgia? Sure, you bet!

*Excellent*, Mrs. Larsen told us, her papery hands sliding over and under each other with the faint whisking sound of a busboy's crumb brush.

What remained unspoken that day, and went largely unspoken even among ourselves in private, as we waited for Dan to be brought back to life, was that we had pretty much gotten over Dan since the funeral and could not have been said to have greatly missed him. Indeed, by the time Dan reached the age of 25,

the year of his death, we had basically had all of Dan we could ever have wanted. He was, in fact, no longer really our friend. The yacht he'd fallen off belonged to some insufferable blue blood we didn't know—that was the crowd Dan had taken to running with, the crowd he'd been born into, and all parties concerned had seemed satisfied with the arrangement. Dan's being dead was no less satisfactory to us than his having drifted out of our circle.

**WHO  
AMONG THE  
DROWNED,  
THE FROZEN,  
THE ASPHYXI-  
ATED WOULD  
GET TO  
COME BACK?  
THE RICH.  
NATURALLY.**

But Ruth Larsen didn't know this, so we were the ones she called upon in Dan's time of need. Either that or the insufferable blue bloods had refused. At any rate, we agreed to do what Mrs. Larsen demanded, and for better or worse he would be our friend once again.

The discovery of the revivification process had resulted initially in great controversy. Surely, the naysayers wailed, not everyone who died could be brought back to life. What would separate the haves from the have-nots? Science offered one answer. To be eligible for revivification, you had to die a certain way. Drowning was best. Suffocation. Anything that resulted in a minimum of harm to the body, other than its being dead. Freezing wasn't too bad, and a gunshot wound, if tidy, could be worked around. Electrocutation was pushing it, as was poisoning. Car crash, cancer, decapitation, old age? Right out.

But still, who then? Who among the drowned, the frozen, the asphyxiated would get to come back? Surely not everyone.

No, not everyone. The rich. Naturally.

Riots had been predicted, the burning of hospitals and medical schools, the overthrow of the government. None of it materialized. The rich had been getting the goodies for millennia—why should that change now? People shrugged and got over it. After all, it wasn't like the rich could live *forever* now. They would still *die*—it was just that now they could get a second chance, in certain circumstances. And the rich had always gotten second chances at everything. No, the fact that they

could be brought back to life was no big deal and, when you thought about it, not even very surprising.

Besides.

Besides, once the process started becoming commonplace, once people had gotten a look at the revivs, had talked with them, touched them, slept with them, it became clear that, as a general rule, they were a little bit off. You could miss it if you weren't paying close attention, but they were definitely not quite right. They had, for instance, a way of walking, a kind of sway, an instability. Their hips seemed to ratchet back and forth, like the platen of a typewriter. Their fingers had a habit of twitching or suddenly clenching. Their jaws moved with a bovine circular motion, whether or not they were eating—and when they did eat, they were fussy, often choosing a single item from a varied dish and pushing the rest aside, like children. They had a watery way of speaking and a faraway look in their eyes, but when you asked them, with irritation, if they had heard even a single word you had said, they were able to regurgitate your side of the conversation with pedantic thoroughness, all in a deadpan monotone that made everything you said sound foolish and dull. And they rarely advanced any ideas themselves, no intellectual abstractions, no opinions, not even suggestions for where to eat dinner or what movie to see. They were robust, it seemed, healthy-looking, upright, but passionless—you would never see them jump for joy or raise their voices in anger. They seemed to have a normal sexual response, all the parts worked, and if they liked you, they would do what you suggested and appear, in some detached way, to get off. But the expected and hoped-for moans, screams and grunts just did not happen.

Also they smelled different. A bit spicy. Not at all bad—better, in fact, than regular people. But it was different all the same.

So if you asked a random person off the street whether, if they choked to death on a Jolly Rancher, they would like to be revived, the answer was generally yes. But not an especially enthusiastic yes. "Sure," accompanied by a shrug, was the common response. By and large, revivification was thought to be something weird rich people did, something along the lines of hymenoplasty or owning an island. It was impressive, but maybe it wasn't exactly a great idea.

You weren't, it turned out, supposed to call revivs "revivs." Political correctness dictated that, if you had to refer to them, you should call them restored-life individuals. But, the argument went, since they were not disabled, any specialized term was an insult, and it was best to say something like "Ronald has gotten a second chance at life," or "Francine has recovered from her fatal trauma." Better still to keep mum—to just pretend there was nothing amiss, because really there wasn't. Everything was totally normal. Calling somebody a reviv was a lie—every person is just a person, and that's all there is to it.

You were never, in any circumstances, supposed to call them zombies. This was, however, the most commonly employed term.

"My God," Chloe said after that first long day at Dan's bedside. "He's a fucking zombie." The six of us were sitting around a table at the nearest bar to the hospital, a too-well-lit place with vinyl settees separated by terra-cotta planters full of ferns. The settees were too low for the table, and we had to reach up to get our drinks, which we needed very badly.

As it happened, the meeting at Dan's mother's apartment was the first *(continued on page 116)*



*"You've never been to Luigi's on the last Friday of the month before have you?"*

This much talent  
in one place?  
It could only be...

playboy's

# 25 sexiest celebrities



**A**s the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences knows movies, we know feminine beauty and allure. Consider this feature our version of the Oscars. This year we're honoring actresses (Jaime Pressly, Angelina Jolie), some singers (Christina Aguilera, Willa Ford) and a smattering of models (Joanna Krupa, Vida Guerra). But only one woman could be named Sex Star of the Year. Without further ado, the envelope.... Screw it, you looked at her picture already. Scarlett Johansson is the apex of beauty and sensuality—from her porcelain skin to her fully feminine figure to her mysterious charisma, which is at once palpable and undefinable. We first fell for her in *Lost in Translation*, and since then her talent, versatility and self-confidence have captured us again and again. We can't wait for this year's *The Nanny Diaries* and *The Other Boleyn Girl*. Scarlett's in it? We're buying tickets.

Sex Star of the Year  
**Scarlett  
Johansson**







**Kara Monaco** (clockwise, opposite page) Yes, *PLAYBOY*'s 2006 Playmate of the Year, the one and only. The picture at left leaves us speechless. Kara is a beauty for the ages.

**Willa Ford** Recording artist, *Ultimate Fighter* host, *Dancing With the Stars* contestant, shocking beauty—how's that for a résumé?

**Paris Hilton** Paris who? Wait a minute—we've heard of this woman. She's...everywhere (a regular at Mansion parties, for example). And for good reason. Our favorite Hilton sister is far more beautiful than any hotel we've ever stayed in.

**Diora Baird** After first seeing this Guess girl, we knew she needed to be on our cover (August 2005). As a screamer in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre: The Beginning*, she got our heart pounding.

**Christina Aguilera** Her pipes alone melt us. Christina knows how to belt out a tune; the looks are just a bonus. Yup—she's beautiful, no matter what they say.

**Pussycat Dolls** (clockwise, this page) The girl group—what a concept! Get six impossibly sexy and talented dancers, dress them up in tight panties and little else, then let them loose on the music world. If you saw the Dolls onstage at the American Music Awards last year, you're a believer. Here they are: Nicole, Ashley, Melody, Kimberly, Jessica and Carmit.

**Pam Anderson** Say the word Pam in any language known to man and it can mean only one thing. Everyone's favorite blonde is a timeless sex symbol. We're more than a little proud that the world first saw her right here in this magazine.

**Lindsay Lohan** With a handful of projects coming out, Lindsay has made it. And she's almost 21!





**Charisma Carpenter** Her parents got her name just right. We would suggest adding *Breathtaking*, but then you'd lose the alliteration.

**Jenny McCarthy** We love a girl who can appear in *PLAYBOY* and on Rachael Ray's show. Everything is well proportioned in this photograph. You did notice the hair, didn't you?

**Beyoncé** It takes a certain amount of swagger to go with the one-name thing these days, but consider this: Beyoncé grabbed top billing in a movie called *Dreamgirls*. Get the picture?

**Denise Richards** If we could bring one thing to a desert island, it would be our December 2004 issue with Denise Richards. Wait, why not bring her? It's a plan.

**Jennifer Lopez** So her past few flicks bombed at the box office. We'd put up with J. Lo's bombs any day. Her rise is legendary. Talk about a Bronx tale.



**Carmen Electra** We have always loved Carmen, and we always will. If you need an explanation, consult your April 2003 issue. Electrifying.

**Mercedes McNab** Our November 2006 cover girl has a killer body and a name that breaks the speed limit. You'll be seeing more and more of her.

**Cindy Margolis** "Hey, I look pretty good naked," Cindy said when she saw the shots that accompanied her cover story in our December 2006 issue. "Who would have thought it?" Only 10 million people.



**Joanna Krupa** (clockwise, this page) How do you say *hot* in Polish? If you're warning your Polish friend about a scalding pierogi, it's *goracy*. But if you're talking about Joanna, don't bother. He already knows.

**Jaime Pressly** Posed for *PLAYBOY* in 1998, landed role on the TV show *Jack & Jill* in 1999. Posed for *PLAYBOY* in 2004, landed role on *My Name Is Earl* in 2005. Karma is a funny thing indeed.

**Jessica Alba** She hit a sex-symbol triple in 2005 by playing a bikini babe, a superhero and a stripper. It all seemed so innocent. Then she was shocked—shocked—when we named her Sex Star of the Year.

**Angelina Jolie** Just look at that ice-cool gaze—makes you want to be a kid again, doesn't it? Specifically a poor orphan in a country she's about to visit.

**Kelly Monaco** The girl who sizzled as a lifeguard in her 1997 Playmate pictorial grew into a soap-opera siren and a dancing queen. Quite an impressive body of work.

**Jenna Jameson** (clockwise, opposite page) Who but Jenna could in one year attend HBO's Golden Globes party, sit front row at Olympus Fashion Week and rule the showroom floor at the Erotica L.A. expo?

**Vida Guerra** Though we list our stars in random order, we couldn't resist tailing off with Vida, one of our most popular cover girls in years. Some ladies are destined always to bring up the rear.

**Holly, Bridget and Kendra** Is three a crowd? Not in a certain Holmby Hills mansion where a trio of bubbly blondes keeps a silver-haired icon on his toes. Lots of people say their lives would make good reality TV, but only Hef can put his finger on such convincing proof.





## zombie dan (continued from page 106)

*She leaned over, bringing her chest about six inches from Dan's face. "Here ya go, pal. Get a good look."*

time we'd all been together in many years. Our manner with one another was familiar and weary. As teenagers, we had been inseparable; now we were grown, and had grown apart. Not completely apart, of course. We knew too much about one another for that: the broken homes, the crazy relatives, the dramas of self-discovery, the dirty secrets. The myths we armored ourselves with, out in the world, were worthless here among people who had witnessed their genesis, and allegiances and estrangements had come and gone among us more times than anyone could count. Chloe and Matt were once an item, as were Chloe and Paul. Rick and Jane had once seemed destined to spend their lives together, but they had broken up, and now Jane had married Matt. Paul and Rick had spent a drunken, carnal week together in a cabin upstate, and now Paul was in a relationship with a man twice his age, a painter from Long Island, and Rick had a girlfriend in Brooklyn. Chloe evidently had a boyfriend—they lived in New Haven—but I had long carried a torch for her, and she and I managed a few moony glances at each other over the course of the day. I had a good feeling about Chloe. Hearing her call Dan a fucking zombie sent a pleasurable itch across my back. She had always been vulgar.

"I'm afraid you're right," Paul groaned.

Matt sighed, shaking his head. "How did we ever get into this mess?"

"It's my fault," said Jane, who always blamed herself for everything.

Rick said, "Let's just tell Ruth to go to hell."

"Oh, we can't do that," I said.

"Fuck, no," Chloe agreed, offering me a sly glance from the corner of her eye.

The group parted at the subway station. I lived nearby and could walk. Instead of following the others to the train, Chloe grabbed my hand. "Let's go to your place."

"Don't you have a boyfriend?" I said.

"Feh," she said, with a shrug, and we walked off arm in arm.

•

As the days passed by, Dan slowly came around. He looked pale and there were bandages on his head and neck where the revivification fluids and electrical current had gone in, but his eyes were clear and he followed us with them as

we moved around the hospital room. Chloe and I had taken to sharing each other's shifts.

"Let's make out," she said one morning.

"He's watching us."

"So?"

She sat on my lap, and we snogged as a cool polluted wind blew through the open window. I hazarded glances at Dan, who gazed at us intently, blinking. His soundless mouth opened and closed. Since he'd been away from solid food, his doughy countenance had given way to a new and slightly frightening chiseled look.

"I think he's trying to talk."

"Who?" Chloe said.

"Dan."

She tossed her hair over her ear and winked at Dan. "Zombie Dan," she said. "Do you remember sex?"

A small groan seemed to escape him. Or maybe it was a noise from outside.

"How about boobs? Do you remember boobs?"

"I'm sure he remembers boobs," I said, trying to nip this one in the bud.

"Here," Chloe said brightly, hopping down from my lap. I awkwardly adjusted myself with a sweaty hand. Chloe stood beside the bed, unbuttoning her blouse. Dan stared. He seemed excited, though not in an especially lascivious manner. Before he died, women's breasts had always rendered him speechless; he tended to ogle. It had always irritated me when this resulted in his getting laid, which was most of the time.

But now his excitement seemed purely empirical, like that of a scientist gazing in sober wonder at the test results scrolling across a computer screen. Chloe unlatched her bra and did a little dance. "Remember, Dan? Boobies?" She scat-sang the stripping song.

"Okay," I said, "that's probably enough."

"It's therapy," she said. "We've got to get his motor running." She leaned over, bringing her chest about six inches from Dan's stunned face. "Here ya go, pal. Get a good look."

Neither of us was prepared for the speed with which Dan's hands shot out from under the sheets and clamped themselves onto Chloe's breasts. She yelped. I gasped and jumped out of the chair. I reached out to pull her away, but she warded me off. "No, no," she

said. "I think it's all right. Look at the little bastard go." Dan had settled into a firm, somewhat mechanical knead, palpating Chloe like a masseuse in training. He scowled, licking his lips. A sound escaped him.

"Was that a word?" Chloe asked.

"Oh my God," I said.

"Stizz," said Dan.

"It was a word!"

"Nitztizz!"

"Oh, listen!" Chloe cried, turning to me. "He's talking! He's saying, 'Nice tits!'"

It was true. He was quite coherent now. Clearly he was remembering—"nice tits" was a thing he always used to say.

We called Ruth Larsen, who since the procedure had spent far more time than we had expected sitting around the family apartment. She claimed to be attending to Dan's business affairs. But a zombie didn't have any business, and it seemed clear that she was really spending her time drinking. Chloe had been encamped in one of the many guest rooms at chez Larsen and could attest to the woman's dissolution, which involved a lot of vituperative mutters and slow, self-indulgent moans. A nurse had told us that her reaction upon seeing her child show the first signs of renewed life was to run crying from the room. We hadn't seen her around the hospital since, though she insisted she habitually sat with him through the night. The nurses, hearing she had told us this, had rolled their eyes.

"He what?" Ruth barked in response to the news.

"He spoke," I repeated. "He looked out the window and said, 'Nice day.'" This was the lie Chloe and I had agreed upon.

"It's cloudy."

"Maybe he thought that was nice."

A silence hung between us. I cleared my throat.

"Do you want to come see him?" I said. "Chloe and I are here now."

"What is she doing there? This isn't her shift."

"We're sharing," I said.

Mrs. Larsen sighed. "I'll be there in an hour," she said.

It was a very long hour. Now that Dan was responsive and alert, he was uncomfortable to be with. Also he appeared to want to feel up Chloe again. He stared at her once-again-clothed chest, blinked rapidly and emitted a trickle of inarticulate mumbles that occasionally, startlingly, broke out into intelligibility. "Frummar-fladmmbabaamummm-boxturtle," he said. "Gunnunnnunnnunnnufrench-fries. Hoffoffoffoffagaggaafucker-salassallaaaapeanut, peanut, peanut." He licked his lips, which would prove to be a permanent tic.



*"Oooh, it's a lamp! We thought it was some kind of vintage sex toy!"*

"I'm going out for a smoke," Chloe said quietly.

"All right," I replied.

"Mummahummacigarette," Dan said.

"You want a cigarette?"

"Ummacigarette."

She reached into her purse, removed a pack and slid out a cigarette. Dan leaned forward. She placed it in his mouth.

"It's backward," I said.

"Like he knows."

Dan relaxed into his pillows. The cigarette dangled from his lip like a dead branch from a maple tree. He seemed relieved, and his blinking slowed.

When Chloe returned, it was with a slightly unsteady Ruth Larsen, who gripped Chloe's arm for support. The first words from her mouth were "Jesus Christ."

"Hi, Mrs. Larsen," I said.

A change came over Dan when his mother walked into the room. He sat up again, and the cigarette went erect in his mouth. He brought up his hands, much as he had when Chloe took her shirt off, and his fingers groped and twitched. He scowled.

"What did you do to him?" Mrs. Larsen demanded.

"He just got like this," I said weakly.

"Fudder. Fudder! Prmbnmshn."

"Daniel!" she bleated. "Stop that nonsense immediately!"

In response, Dan let out another "Fudder" and sprang out of bed. We all jumped back. Mrs. Larsen screamed a little scream.

After weeks of his being dead, and days of his lying insensibly in the hospital, Dan's sudden mobility struck us all dumb with astonishment. He tottered

around the room like a child, bracing himself against the table and chairs. His gait was stiff and rubbery, but he made it to the window and looked out. He turned, his cigarette clenched between yellow teeth. "Fudder!" he growled. His mother cringed.

"You're scaring your mother, Dan," Chloe scolded.

She shouldn't have called attention to herself. Dan turned to her. His face relaxed, his eyes grew misty, and the wet cigarette fell out of his mouth. "Tizz," he moaned, flecks of tobacco sticking to his chin, and he lunged forward and embraced Chloe, lifting her off the ground. She let out a yelp. His hands found her behind, engaging it in a desperate clutch. "My God," Ruth Larsen said.

"Dan," I offered, "put her down, please."

"Sazz. Nisazz."

"Thank you, Dan, that's enough," Chloe gasped. It seemed to get through to him. He set her on the ground, and she gently pushed him away.

"Peanut," he said. "Fucker."

"What have you done to him?" his mother again asked us.

"Mrs. Larsen," Chloe said, her face red, "we'll be taking a little break now. I think you need some quality time with your son."

"I—"

"He needs you, Mrs. Larsen." She motioned to me with a thin, pale finger. "Let's go," she said, panting.

I followed. She led me right to my apartment and into bed, where we went at it with giddy élan. When we were through, we lay together, tangled in the sheets, breathing slow and even

breaths. It was a relief to be alone after the day's shocks and embarrassments.

"How long do you have off work?" I asked her.

"Just this week."

"Me too."

I waited a moment before asking, "What should we do then? I mean, the two of us."

She didn't answer immediately. I assumed she had dozed off, so I nudged her and asked again. Her response was a sigh. "I heard you the first time."

"Sorry."

"Let's not talk about that now."

"Okay."

"Let's just be quiet."

"Okay."

"Good."

By week's end, Dan could almost pass for normal. He was allowed to go home, and his doctors paid him visits there. They were surprised at his speedy recovery and expressed this surprise with smug, proud ejaculations, piquant little hmms and huhs, which they delivered while nodding. Dan returned them in kind, an unlit backward cigarette still dangling from his mouth, his fingers clenching and unclenching at his sides. His speech was coherent but strange, as if run multiple times through translation software. The doctors asked him questions and recorded the answers on dictaphones.

"Please describe your 10th birthday party."

"Hmm?" Dan replied.

"Daniel, the caboose?" his mother spat. "The magician?"

"Hmm, ahh, yes. Motherpaidaman. ParkingthecabooseinCentralPark. Eatingicecreaminside, yes. Mymanyfriends. Yes. Andthemagician-withhisrabbit. Ofcourseyess. Fudder. AndChloewiththequartersinherears."

Chloe giggled. It was true; the magician had removed quarters from her ears as a trick. All of us had been there at that party, and all of us were here now, crowded around the fireplace.

"Peanut. Jane kissed Matt behind the fountain. Yesss."

"I did?" Jane said suddenly.

Matt turned to her. "You don't remember? How could you forget?"

Her face crumpled. "I'm sorry, darling."

"But how the hell did Dan know?"

Dan, however, had gone on reminiscing. "Mmmmmremmmmmemberitwell," he said, nodding. The cigarette bounced on his lip. "Andmotherfatherfighting. Mothersayinghowcouldyou. Andwiththatwhore, she said, yesss."

Ruth Larsen's eyes grew wide.

"Andfatherfantasizingmurdering-herinnersleep, yess. Fudder. Watching-themagicshow, dreamingofslitting-mothersthroat, yesss."



Nils Larsen was not home. Upon Dan's arrival he had left suddenly, and wisely, on a "business trip" from which he had not yet returned. Everyone else, though, was staring at Zombie Dan in horror. He seemed to notice not at all. He was standing beside the fireplace, leaning against the mantel, rubbing his chin. Every once in a while his tongue shot out and licked his lips. The cigarette sagged but never fell.

"And of course Rick, fudderfudder, Rick was stealing money. From the housekeeper. Yess. Stealing money from her purse. Stealing a bottle of medicine. Trying to get high, yesss, and the housekeeper told Rick's mother. That Rick was stealing. And his mother fired her. Fudderpeanut, yesss."

"What!" Rick said, leaping to his feet.

"Sotruue, sotruue. At the party, Rick, felt so guilty, yesss, nicetits, yesss. But he forgot, everyone forgot, everything is forgotten."

Rick was slowly lowering himself back into his chair, his face crumpled like an old newspaper. Jane threw her arms around Matt, as if for protection. The doctors amplified their humming. Pencils scratched on little pads. Beside them, Paul gazed expectantly at Dan, his face livid with masochistic excitement.

"Do you remember, Danny? Do you remember what I was thinking?"

Dan ground his jaw, seemed to sniff the air. "Skidmark. Skidmark. You pooped your pants."

Paul's face blazed with delight.

"And Chloe dear Chloe," Dan said,

seeming to study a corner of the ceiling. Chloe sat up straighter.

"Chloe Chloe, always loved her so very much. Betsy was my girlfriend, yesss, Jennifer Amy Paula Nancy, but Chloe, fudderfudder, Chloe my secret love. Yesss."

"Oh my," Chloe said.

Dan turned and looked at her and smiled. The cigarette tipped up, and for a brief moment he looked quite a lot like FDR.

"Peanut," he said. "Nice ass."

Chloe had gone pink. "Thank you, Dan."

Ruth Larsen stood up suddenly. "I want you all out of here. All of you. Now!"

Jane obeyed immediately. She pulled Matt to his feet and began to drag him toward the apartment door. He appeared lost as he stumbled after his terrified wife. Paul followed, a wry smile in place on his lips, and Rick slouched after, his face shattered.

I glanced at the exit, hoping Dan wouldn't notice me. I motioned to Chloe, and she got up from her chair, but she headed for the hallway and the room where she had been staying. I offered a questioning look, but she only winked. I supposed she wasn't going back to New Haven just yet. Meanwhile Mrs. Larsen was shouting at the doctors, "Liars! Liars! You didn't tell me they could do this!"

A squirrely-looking man in thick glasses was nodding and stroking his plasticine goatee. "Yes, well," he said. "Yes, well, we're still researching this

particular...unexpected...ah...quirk...."

"Hmmm, Doctor Giles," Dan said, gesturing with his cigarette, "you really should have that looked at."

"Pardon me?"

"The thing on your back, hmm, could be fudderpre cancerous...."

The little man's eyes widened as he backed out the door, his coterie of associates encircling him like a hedge.

"Out! Out!" screamed Ruth Larsen.

I wanted to go after Chloe. But instead I turned and left.

I went back to work. I was a graphic designer for a natural-products company. It wasn't something I'd ever intended to do—I'd begun there as a copy editor—but when the previous graphic designer had quit to move to Wyoming and raise pigs, I temporarily plugged the gap. Temporarily turned into permanently, though I was still making my old salary. My boss, Patty, had rejected eight drafts of my new herbal-douche label and was now demanding changes to my ninth. We sat alone in the conference room with the reeking remains of lunch pushed to one side, and she squinted at the proofs, curling her nose in disgust.

"It's too girlie," she said.

"It's for girls," I offered.

"Not for girlie girls. For womanly women."

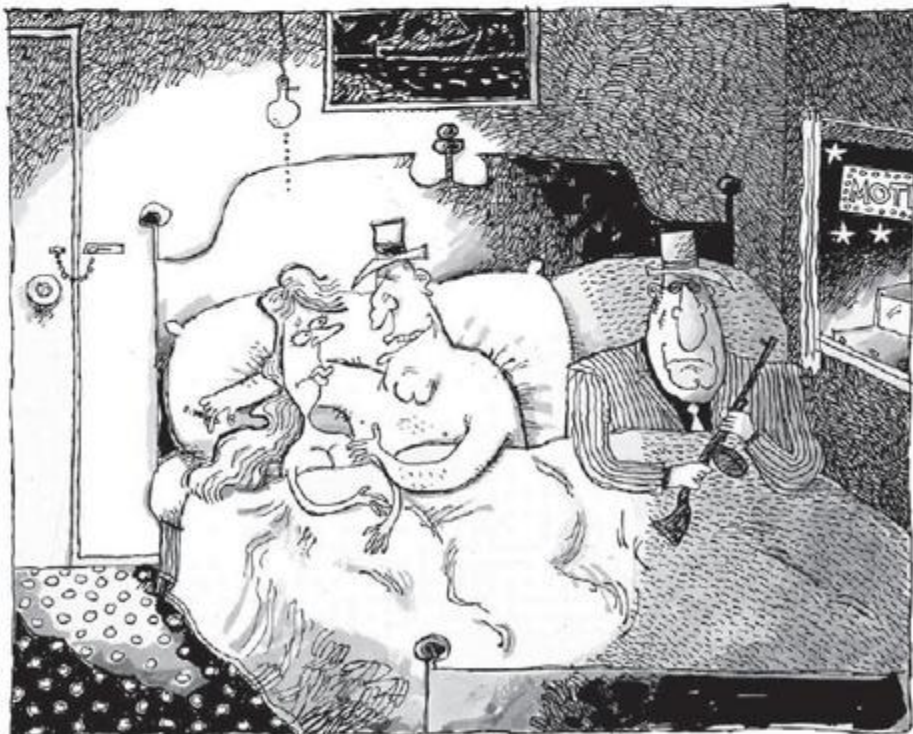
"You want it womanier?"

"Womanier, yes."

When I spoke to anyone at work, for any reason, this was usually the kind of conversation that resulted. I missed the crass directness of Chloe. I yearned for her, in fact. I masturbated in the men's room on our floor with a cardigan sweater over my head, in protection against the surveillance camera. And of course I called Ruth Larsen's apartment several times a day. Nobody ever answered. I even looked up Chloe's boyfriend in New Haven and called him to see if he'd spoken to her. "That sick bitch can go fuck herself," he replied. Matt and Jane hadn't seen her—"We would both like to put this behind us forever," Matt said sternly, seeming by "this" to mean, among other things, me—and Rick's girlfriend wasn't letting him come to the phone. Paul just laughed at me. "Don't be a fool," he said. "You don't want her." I didn't have the guts to ask why not.

I spent my afternoon womaning up the douche label with some elegant Edwardian script and digitized sprigs of ivy. Then I went home. There was a message on my answering machine—a woman's voice. She had left only a number and an unfamiliar one at that. I called it. Ruth Larsen answered. It sounded like she was out of doors—I could hear traffic and voices.

"Meet me at the Homburg Bar," she said, and gave me an address downtown. "We have business to discuss."



GARY

"Don't worry, I brought protection."



"What kind of business? Have you seen Chloe?"

Mrs. Larsen tsked and let out an impatient sigh. "All in good time," she said.

What, then, is the soul?

No, really. If there were one issue revivification raised that could not easily be resolved, it was this. If you believed in the soul, in heaven or hell, in eternal life, what did revivification tell you? On the face of it, not much. Revivs could often remember their death trauma and the events leading up to it, and they had no trouble remembering their return to life. But in between was a blank. None of them ever remembered a single moment. They didn't even seem to have noticed the passing of time—there was death and there was life, and nary a wisp of a dream intervened between the two.

One school of thought held that the revivs disproved the existence of the soul. They remembered nothing, the argument went, because there was nothing. When you're dead, you're dead. The restoration of life, then, was no big deal—it was like starting up a car. God was nowhere shaking his shaggy head in divine disapproval. There was only man and nature and eternal oblivion.

There was another school of thought, however, that regarded revivification as proof of the soul's existence. The evidence was that the revivs were different. Something, the argument went, was missing. That thing was the soul. The revivs *were* zombies. Their souls were in heaven, or in hell, and what limped around on earth was an empty shell, a machine.

I had never been much for religion, but the second school certainly seemed to have a lot going for it. When asked to describe their revived friends and neighbors, when asked to choose a word that best characterized this new breed of human being, just about everybody said the same thing.

*Soulless.*

The Homburg was a hole in the wall, or more accurately, in the ground. It was

in a basement underneath an art gallery and had a cement floor, its concavity sloping toward a central drain, like a locker room shower. The walls were tile and the lights harsh and bare—yet it was murky, its corners lost in darkness. Mismatched tables wobbled here and there, occupied by bored-looking hipsters, and I wondered how on earth someone like Ruth Larsen had heard about it.

I saw her bony hand first—beckoning from a corner booth that was partially concealed by a curtain—and then her equally thin face, peering out from behind the fabric. I went to her. She had already ordered me something—a whiskey, neat.

"Um," I said. "Oh."

"They drive about in his convertible, eat at restaurants, attend parties and *hump* all night in his bedroom."

"Okay...."

"On my husband's dime."

"I see."

I suppose I knew all along that this was going on. But why him? Why Zombie Dan? He was without any redeeming qualities whatsoever. I hung my head. A little bit of whiskey seemed to be left in the bottom of my glass, and I held it upside down over my mouth for long seconds as it found its way out.

"I suppose you're wondering what Dan has that you don't. I suppose you're thinking he's not a real man. That he's a

*zombie*. That he has no soul."

"Sort of," I admitted.

"You're full of anger."

"I am pretty angry," I said.

"Rage. You're enraged. Well, I am here to tell you that I am too."

"You are?" I asked her.

"Yes, I am. And I bet you're wondering why. Well, it's because *that thing* is not my son."

Her long finger emitted a faint, damp rattle as she waggled it in my face. "It is not my Daniel. It is a monster, and it must be stopped. It can read my thoughts. It remembers things about me that I worked very, very hard to forget. It is an offense against nature."

"Well," I said, "I wouldn't call—"

"Those smug quacks! They knew it all along! All they wanted was another test subject—it's all part of their stinking quest for *knowledge*." She leaned closer. Her fingers, horribly dry, brushed my wrist. "It's true about zombies, you know. They *do* eat brains." She bit her lip, as if the thought made her hungry. "Their souls are gone, so they want yours, and mine. They can steal them, right through thin air!"

She peered once more behind the curtain, then reached into her handbag. "And that," she said, bringing out a small silver pistol and setting it on the table, "is why you're going to kill him."

I let out a little yelp. "Whoops! No, no, sorry...."

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"I'm sorry," I said. "I don't drink whiskey."

"Drink it." Her eyes were sunken and red and underslung with postman's sacks, and her cowl of hair drooped like a broken umbrella. I did as she asked, dispensing with the drink in a single gulp.

"Gahhh," I said.

"Now," she muttered, peering once again behind the curtain, "let's get to business."

"Mrs. Larsen," I said, "please. Can you just tell me if you've seen Chloe?"

She nodded. "Yes. I have seen Chloe. She is still in my house," she spat. "She has quit her job and spends her days having sex with Dan."

She shushed me, seizing my arm. "I paid to bring him here, and I will pay to send him back."

"But that's murder!"

Slowly she shook her head. "That's where you're wrong. Killing a human being is murder. Killing a zombie is a public service. Especially one with dangerous powers. My son is dead, and his body has been stolen by a monster. A monster that is fucking your girlfriend."

"I don't think shooting Dan will get Chloe to like me again."

"Chloe isn't going to like you again anyway, you idiot," she growled. "That's not the point."

I felt very strongly that I ought to leave, but something kept me there, even aside from Mrs. Larsen's death grip. Perhaps it was the whiskey. I felt slightly dizzy and very much open to suggestion.

"Did you slip something into my drink?" I asked.

"Yes, dear, liquor." She seemed to relax a bit and released me, leaving pale, throbbing stripes on my numb wrist. I slowly dragged it into my lap. "You were about to ask me," she went on, "what the point was

of killing that...creature in my home."

"What's the point?" I obliged.

"Do you," she asked me, "love your job?"

"I hate my job."

"Do you love your employer?"

"I can't stand her."

"Would you prefer never to have to work again? Would you like to invite your employer to perform a sex act upon herself?"

I pictured a scenario of this variety, one that would beg to be followed up with an all-natural douche. I said, "I'd like that, yes."

She pushed the little gun an inch closer. It made a sound like fingernails scraping the lid of a coffin.

"We'll take care of everything," Mrs. Larsen whispered, leaning close. "We have means. People on our side always get a second chance. And you'll be on our side from now on."

Slowly, gently, I reached out and picked up the gun.

In the taxi on the way to the apartment, I tried to get it all straight in

my head. If the existence of the revivs meant there was no God, then revivs were as human as anyone else, which meant that killing one was wrong. But if the revivs, by their very soullessness, proved God was real, then it was all right to kill them, because they weren't human. But, given this logic, the existence of God made killing okay, and his nonexistence made it a sin. Somewhere I was missing something. I watched the buildings of the avenue heave by outside, as darkness brought their corners into sharp relief, and I considered just how unimportant it was—what I was about to do—to almost all of humanity, and how very much peculiarity the world seemed capable of absorbing.

I got out at the Larsens' building and walked to the elevator. The doorman nodded at me, glancing at my jacket, which was tugged down on one side from the gun's surprising weight. I managed a nervous smile.

There was no one else in the elevator, no one else to slow down the ride. I stared at myself in its mirrored wall. I didn't look like a killer. *I wasn't* a killer. I was going to set things right, the balance of nature, the balance of my checking account. I cleared my throat, though I didn't have anything to say. I didn't intend to speak to Zombie Dan, just put him out of his misery.

He answered the door before I even reached it. The doorman had called ahead, of course.

"Ah, hellothere, comein, fudderfudder. Wewerejusttalkingaboutyou."

"Um. You were?" He grabbed me by the arm and pulled me into the apartment.

"Good evening," Chloe said. She was standing in the hallway in a bathrobe, rubbing a towel on her hair. She turned to Dan. "You've got this under control, honey?"

Dan nodded. "Nictizz." I reached for my pocket and found Dan's hand there, waiting for me. His other hand already contained the gun. His tongue gently dragged along his top, then bottom, lip; he seemed to have found a stylish way of executing the tic. "Fuddernevermindthis," he said. "Mypoormother. Dreamingnightandday. Peanut. Ofmydeath."

"Oh," I said.

"Shealreadytried. MattJane. AndRick. NotPaul, shesafraidofhomos, fudder."

"Is that so?" He was leading me into the living room. The gun he tossed onto the pink shag. I winced as it hit the ground.

"Dontworry, fudder, Itook-outthebulletsthis morning. Now." He sat me down on a comfy chair, removed a cigarette from a pack in the pocket of his sports coat and inserted it backward into his mouth. "Wehavealot. Totalk-about. Niceass."

"We do?"



"I got into astronomy quite by accident. One night my neighbor closed her blinds."



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His eyes were not blank, not empty. There was something in them, something new and strangely comforting. I felt, under their scrutiny, very small and inert, like a pebble, perhaps, or a scrap of paper. Dan's smile was crooked and not quite under control, and the unlit cigarette twitched on his lip.

"Whyyeswedomyfriend." He blinked, and blinked again. "Suchasyourfudder. Father. Forinsssstance."

"I never knew my father," I said. Behind him, Chloe could be seen sauntering barefoot into the kitchen in a cotton sundress and cardigan sweater. She caught my eye and gave me a little wave. She seemed different too. More confident. Gentler. I longed for her.

"Ofcourseyouknewhim," Zombie Dan said, crossing his legs. "Thefishingtrip. Whenuouweresix."

"I never went fishing with my father," I said. "He left my mother when I was too young to remember. He was...abusive. It led to her breakdown." I'd said this so many times before, to so many people: therapists, girlfriends. But for the first time it didn't seem quite right.

"Butyouseehatsthathereyoure-wrong." The cigarette stood at

attention, wiggling at me like an accusing finger. "Fudderfudder. Itwasyourmother. Whodrovehimaway. Nizass. Thefishingtrip, hetoldyouthis. Butyouidntbelieve, fudder."

"That's not true!" I said. My underarms were slick with perspiration, and I had to pee. I thought about the phone conversation I'd had earlier. With my boss. When I was trying to get a cab. The terrible things I called her. The suggestions I made to her about what to do with her douche label. I sunk a little deeper into the comfy chair.

It was in a cabin of course, a log cabin. In the Adirondacks. It had a shag carpet and smelled like spray deodorant, and we ate all-beef franks raw from the plastic package.

"Damn," I said.

"Dontworryoldbean," Zombie Dan said, leaning close and resting a cold hand on my knee. "Thislife, fudderfudder, ismerelyascrim. Betweentheconscious-mind. Andthesoul. Tits. Andnowwepull. Backthecurtain. Cigarette?"

"I don't smoke," I said.

His response was a stiff, sad smile. He reached into his pocket, took out a cigarette and proffered it, backward, to the

vicinity of my face. Chloe's head poked out from the kitchen door.

"Go on," she said to me brightly. "It feels so good to let go. Just give him what he wants." And she disappeared with a wink.

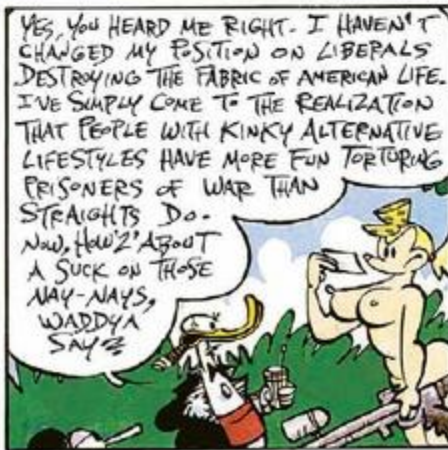
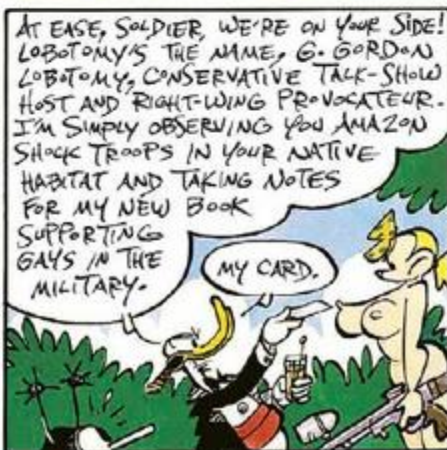
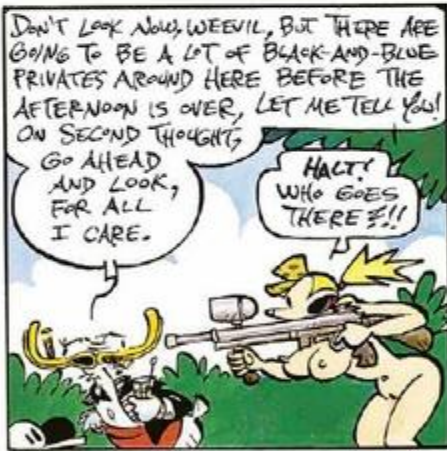
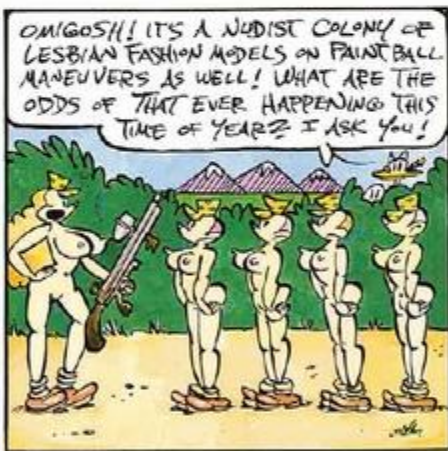
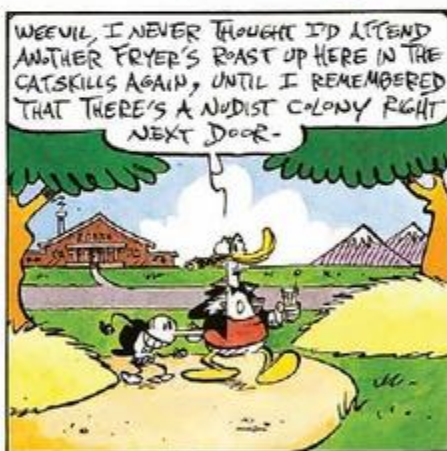
Where was he now, my father? Far away, no doubt, maybe with some other family. And my mother? Right where I'd last seen her, in her sad, sagging house upstate, four hours away. Too bitter, too angry, too crazy, really, for me to visit. A card at Christmas, a card on her birthday. If she was so terrific, why had I changed my phone to an unlisted number? Why did I shudder at the very thought of her? My life, I could see now, had been a lie. I supposed that I had always known—why else would I have lived it so leadenly, in denial of its impermanence, insulated from its deepest pleasures and agonies? Like I wasn't really alive at all.

I looked deep into Dan's eyes. His hand was steady. His tongue darted out and licked his lip. I opened my mouth and let him place the cigarette there, a sacrament.



# Dirty Duck

by Bobby London



# MARIAH CAREY

(continued from page 73)

father was African American and Venezuelan. When did you realize being biracial made you different?

CAREY: When I was in kindergarten. Our assignment was to draw our family. The two kindergarten teachers were really young. I don't think they meant any harm, but they were looking over my shoulder and giggling because I drew my family the way I saw them. My mom was peach, my brother and sister and I were in the middle somewhere, and my father was brown. They said to me, "You've made a mistake, Mariah." I said, "No, that's my father. That's what he looks like." They didn't believe me. It was as though I'd taken a green crayon and made him green. All of a sudden they stopped laughing because I was confused and upset. Their laughter kind of trickled off, and they walked away and started whispering. They never looked at me the same way again.

## Q5

PLAYBOY: On "I Wish You Knew" you sing about having an inferiority complex. What makes you shy?

CAREY: I think I have an all-around inferiority complex from growing up biracial and feeling as if I didn't fit in. I didn't feel pretty as a little girl. The entertainment business is an extension of high school, so I'm still my own little class clown. Maybe I overcompensate by having a big personality. I'm usually pretty boisterous now.

## Q6

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you started singing?

CAREY: I was four. My mom used to sing with the New York City Opera. She made her debut at Lincoln Center and had gone to Juilliard. I think by the time I came around she wasn't singing professionally, but she still practiced here and there. She tells the story of when she was doing the opera *Rigoletto*, and at one point I corrected her because she'd made a mistake. That's when she realized I had a good ear.

## Q7

PLAYBOY: At what point did you know you wanted to make singing your career?

CAREY: From the point I knew one could have a career, I knew it was what I wanted to do. I wanted to be either a singer or a genie. [laughs] When I realized that being a genie wasn't an actual option, I went with singing.

## Q8

PLAYBOY: How did you start your career in music?

CAREY: When I was little I auditioned for *Annie*. I wanted to be in *Annie* because it was the big show on Broadway. I was too tall, but I'm kind of thinking I was too ethnic as well. [laughs] I auditioned with a black wig. Even the wig color wasn't right,

which is weird because my nana on my father's side had a penchant for red wigs. I probably could have borrowed one of hers, but nobody thought of it.

## Q9

PLAYBOY: If *American Idol* had existed when you were young, would you have auditioned?

CAREY: Remember *Star Search*? That was around, and I didn't audition for it. I didn't think it was for me. I know everybody thinks I'm the poster child for *American Idol*, but I was really shy when I first came out as a performer. My mother wasn't a stage mom. She was more of a hippie.

## Q10

PLAYBOY: Randy Jackson from *American Idol* has worked as your musical director for several years. Did you ever imagine he'd be a star?

CAREY: Randy Jackson—well, now we have to call him Randy Jackson of *American Idol*—has worked with me since my first record. I've known him for so long, and now he's a huge star. It's just weird to me. We'll get mobbed walking down the street. You know how the band is introduced at a show? My little joke used to be that he was Michael Jackson's brother, and the crowd would believe me and go crazy.

## Q11

PLAYBOY: You have a lot of wardrobe changes during your show. Have you ever had a malfunction?

CAREY: Oh please, there have been so many. [laughs] On this tour there was a really bad malfunction when my top popped open. It was this little top with a hook and eye on the front. It was a nightmare. The top was so tight that night because we girls have moments when the top might be tighter, but I caught it, and *that's* how you know a pro. I had to continue singing as well. So the microphone was in one hand, and with the other hand I scooped the upper region together and kept singing the words, "Stop the track! Stop the track! Stop it!" They did not understand. I had to go back and come out in a fabulous dress and tell the crowd, "Guys, I'm sorry, but we would have had a major malfunction, and I'm not going to be the one responsible for that happening."

## Q12

PLAYBOY: What would we have heard on the demo that got you signed?

CAREY: I think it sounded really good, actually. I always wanted to work. I would record and write all night and then go to school. I was on my own. I was in high school, and I would drive into the city and try to drive home and always get lost. I'd wind up in the Bronx or somewhere in Queens, not knowing where I was going at all. I don't have any sense of direction.

## Q13

PLAYBOY: You were a backup singer for Brenda K. Starr when she gave your

demo to Tommy Mottola from Sony Music Entertainment. How did that happen?

CAREY: I was pretty broke. I was working for Brenda, but that was an on-again, off-again thing. In the winter when I didn't have a coat, she and her mom brought me a winter coat and some food. They felt bad for me. I was this girl who could sing and write songs. At one point Brenda asked me if I wanted her to record some of the songs from my demo, but I said, "No, I'm going to be recording these songs." I always believed I was going to do this. There was never a lack of faith or determination or belief in myself. When Tommy Mottola first saw me, he was like, "Who's that?" Brenda told him I was a backup singer and her friend and gave him my tape. I'll never forget that moment. It was one of those destined-to-be moments, like from an after-school special.

## Q14

PLAYBOY: Mottola signed you to Sony, and you two later married but then divorced after four years, which led to struggles with your record label. What was going on?

CAREY: Well, let's face it, as the professional relationship turned into a personal one, it all became a complete and total mess. When we met I didn't know he was married. I didn't know he had kids. I didn't know the folklore about him. People would tell me stuff and then be like, "Oops! You didn't know that?" It was weird. Once I became a celebrity, Tommy decided we were going to live in the boondocks. In a way it protected me, but then it got to be too much protection. I guess because I grew up in a pretty dysfunctional environment I allowed myself to deal with things most people wouldn't. My tolerance level for dysfunction was really high. I refer to the home we shared as Sing Sing because all I did was sing, sing, sing. It really wasn't a stone groove, as I would say. [laughs] I think I would have still been in the relationship because that's the way I am as far as loyalty. I would have remained in that relationship had it been one inch less confining. Even though I was miserable in my personal life, I lived vicariously through the girl on TV wearing Pumas and jean shorts and a flannel.

## Q15

PLAYBOY: Where is your wedding ring now?

CAREY: It somehow miraculously became earrings. Then I lost them. I lost them in Amsterdam, no less.

## Q16

PLAYBOY: In 2001 it was reported that you had suffered an emotional breakdown. What really happened?

CAREY: What happened was that people made a big deal of when my old publicist pulled the microphone out of my hand because I was venting about Howard Stern. [laughs] No one knew it, actually. Howard Stern had said a lot of mean stuff

about me that morning, as he does about everybody every morning, and I think it really got to me. I handle him pretty well, but that particular day it was about how I looked fat. Calm down. So I gained five pounds. It's not the end of the freakin' world. Maybe what he was talking about was relevant; maybe it was time to lose a few pounds. But I was exhausted, and I did collapse later. Then everybody blew it out of proportion.

### Q17

**PLAYBOY:** A big deal was made of the messages you recorded for your website and an appearance on *TRL* during which you handed out Popsicles and performed a brief striptease.

**CAREY:** I thought it was strange that the legitimate press talked about *TRL* and things geared toward 14-year-old kids. Come on—I've been on MTV, having food fights and doing stupid stuff for I don't even know how long. That's what it's about. It's not about taking oneself seriously. It's not a Barbara Walters moment. It's not Larry King or Charlie Rose. It was amazing to me how things got blown out of proportion because there was nothing else to talk about. And then my movie *Glitter* was such a bomb, but no one ever pointed out that it came out around September 11, 2001.

### Q18

**PLAYBOY:** When was the last time you watched *Glitter*?

**CAREY:** I try not to. I try to avoid it. Actually, I don't mind it. There are moments that make me laugh, and I don't care. I

was fortunate to do *WiseGirls* right after that, with Mira Sorvino. A lot of people didn't see it, but it received a standing ovation at Sundance and did very well critically. It was an amazing experience for me because I got to play a character role. I did a lot of ad-libbing and worked with an Academy Award-winning actress.

### Q19

**PLAYBOY:** You bought Marilyn Monroe's childhood piano for more than \$600,000. What made you want it?

**CAREY:** I had to fight for it. It was pretty cool. I'd never done any type of bidding on anything before. My world-famous decorator was on the phone, asking me how high I wanted to go, and I kept telling him, "I have to have this piano!" That piano is a symbolic thing. In Marilyn's autobiography there is a chapter called "How I Rescued a White Piano." It was the only thing she had from her childhood. I know it was expensive, but it was important to me. It's in my will that if anything should happen to me, the piano goes to a museum, which is where I think it should have gone in the first place.

### Q20

**PLAYBOY:** This year you'll have your star added to the Hollywood Walk of Fame. If you could rearrange the stars, whose would you like yours to be next to?

**CAREY:** You mean I can't move them all around? Come on! I'm going to request a reshuffling, then we can talk about it.



## GIVING IT UP

(continued from page 69)

OZOMATLI

**Wil-Dog Abers** We were dating and decided we would do it on a camping trip. Even though we'd planned to do it on this trip, it took an extra day to get down to it. I had taken a guitar, and the second night I actually sang "Let's Get It On" to her. Thank you, Marvin! It kind of felt awkward, but it got better the more we did it. Still, I was expecting it to be better that first time. And that song still works to this day.

COBRA STARSHIP

**Gabe Saporta** When I was young, every year I went to a summer camp for Jewish kids. And every summer this girl I would mess around with was there. So one summer we continued our usual sneaky ways (we were 15 or 16 by then) and decided to take our romance to the next level. We met at her bunk after her roommates had fallen asleep and my counselor, Ari, was out of sight. I was so nervous. About a minute later it was over, and I was a man. It was an amazing time in my life. It also took me a bit by surprise. As for the music, we would listen to "Paul Revere" by the Beastie Boys and Sonic Youth's *Dirty*. "Paul Revere" was my favorite song at the time, and *Dirty* my favorite album. She happened to like both a lot too. I still love "Paul Revere" and *Dirty*, though neither band is what it used to be. Every time I see any Beastie Boys or Sonic Youth videos or hear them played at a bar, I am reminded of that night in the bunk.

THE STRAYS

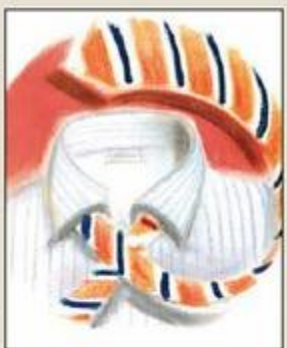
**Toby Marriott** My dad was the frontman in the Small Faces and Humble Pie, and he toured a lot in the 1970s and 1980s. By the time I was 15, he wasn't playing arenas anymore, but he was still playing sizable clubs. I accompanied him to a show at the Astoria in London and got tagged by two groupies while he was playing. Only two deflowered me; though there was a third in the room, she didn't partake. It was a lot like *Almost Famous* but more realistic. The place was filthy, horrible, like CBGB. But I think the atmosphere added to the chicks' desire to do something. They had found out who I was and had come up to me earlier in the night to make sure. Then during my dad's set they grabbed me, we went back to his dressing room, and it commenced. The club didn't have a backstage sound system. All I could hear back there was the cymbals. Afterward I went out and watched the rest of the show. They left the dressing room, and I never saw them again. I didn't mention it to my dad. By that time he was over all that, and he probably wouldn't have found it amusing. It's a bit embarrassing, given that I tour all the time now, but I haven't topped that one yet.



"I'm happy to report our use of air-sickness bags has declined since we quit serving meals."

# 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 32, 35-36, 74-76, 96-101 and 146-147, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



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# Cost of War

(continued from page 62)

with the soldiers when they come home. Now they really don't have the money."

Though he was unaware of the budgetary machinations in Washington at the time he was deployed in Kuwait, Koroll noticed almost as soon as he landed in the sand that scant resources were being directed to the mental health of soldiers.

He was stationed at the 865th Combat Support Hospital, a plum posting because it is the Army's largest and most important medical facility in the region. Safely tucked away in a remote corner of the desert, on the outskirts of Kuwait City, it is a concrete-block building with thick mortar-resistant walls. Though well manned by surgeons and critical-care nurses expert in gunshot and fragmentation wounds, the 865th hospital had no psychiatric ward, at least not when Koroll was stationed there. There was no wing devoted to psychological trauma, just a few offices at the end of a hall, where stressed-out soldiers were counseled in rooms containing no sharp objects. At the time Koroll served in Kuwait, there was only one psychiatrist for all the armed forces in that entire country, and the doctor's responsibilities also included a large swath of southern Iraq. "I don't want to downplay the amputees or the gunshot wounds, but the military does a pretty good job with that type of injury," Koroll says. "The attitude toward combat stress was like, 'Oh, by the way, you might deal with this.' It was an afterthought."

A few weeks after Koroll landed in the Mideast, President Bush declared "Mission accomplished" from the deck of the USS *Abraham Lincoln*. After that the military recalled the handful of mental health teams that were in Iraq and Kuwait. "Can you believe that?" Koroll asks now. "I guess they really thought the war was over before it began."

With the psychiatrists trained to treat combat stress called back to the U.S., Koroll was theoretically in charge of any mental health cases that came to the hospital. Not that any did in those early days of the war.

Koroll worked the night shift, starting at six p.m. Most evenings were spent waiting for something to happen. As this was the beginning of the invasion, when there were few casualties, he often waited in vain. Many of the patients who did come in for care suffered from noncombat injuries and ordinary medical complaints such as sore throats and earaches.

But after a few weeks, the ground troops started their bloody crossing into Iraq. Helicopters lit up the night sky with their bright white landing lights, carrying wounded from the Iraqi front. Koroll would jump aboard and pull out the wounded, sometimes slipping on blood clotted to the consistency of Jell-O. Once, he cradled in his arms a Special Forces soldier who'd had both his legs blown off to the hip sockets. Koroll cared

for hundreds of patients. But the one he remembers most vividly is Burgoyne. "He's the one I can't seem to forget," he says.

Burgoyne's unit was called down to Camp Wolf, Kuwait, about 10 minutes from the hospital. The men were told to decompress and rest for a few weeks before returning to the comfort of the U.S. The rest of his platoon enjoyed the R&R, but Burgoyne found he was having a hard time relaxing. The fighting still felt too fresh in his mind—the thump of his weapon, the blood, the bodies.

An athletic Southern boy, born and raised in Tallahassee, Burgoyne had enlisted in the Army at the age of 18. He became a career soldier and ended up in Iraq wielding an M2, a .50-caliber machine gun mounted on the turret of his Bradley. By his own estimate Burgoyne shot to death more than 100 Iraqis as his convoy stormed into Baghdad. Some of the people he killed were soldiers; some weren't. He knew that. He'd shot at women, children, old men. It wasn't indiscriminate slaughter exactly, but it wasn't easy to justify, either.

The M2, known as the Ma Deuce, is the most coveted weapon in Iraq for its killing power and reliability. A .50-caliber round is as thick as a prescription bottle and six inches long. Fired at close range, it will obliterate a living person instantly. "Puts their dicks in the dirt every time," as one observer has written. Burgoyne told Koroll he would like to forget most of what he did with that weapon during Operation Iraqi Freedom, his first combat experience. The whole thing seemed, at least to him, more like a turkey shoot than a proper campaign.

He told Koroll he'd been having trouble sleeping. In the twilight between sleeping and waking he watched blood darkening the creases of his hands, as if he had somehow forgotten to wash. It was a daily struggle to contain his troubling memories, and in the midst of a mundane chore he lost the fight.

He was told to drive his Humvee over to the Camp Wolf wash rack and clean it up. Every inch of the vehicle was coated with Iraqi desert dust; it hadn't been cleaned since it arrived in the country. Burgoyne was a good soldier, and he took his soldiering seriously, even this kind of housekeeping duty. He sprayed away the first layer of grime with a power hose, then dropped to a crouch to apply a little elbow grease with a big sponge. Scrubbing down a wheel well, he saw a small flash of white in the corner of his vision. Once embedded in the metal grille beside a tuft of human hair, a small white tooth had come unstuck and fallen to the wet concrete floor. Burgoyne watched it disappear in a swirl of soap and water. Then he doubled over and fell to the ground, unable to catch his breath.

"Evidently one of the tricks they used was to put children in the road to slow you down so you could be ambushed," Koroll recalls Burgoyne explaining. "Well, in Iraq you don't stop, and you don't slow down."

Soon after seeing that small tooth clatter to the floor of the wash rack, Burgoyne stalked back to his tent and chugged down a bottle of antidepressants.

To Koroll, Burgoyne's story made him a perfect candidate to receive a PTSD diagnosis. According to Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, a Harvard professor and psychiatrist who identified the syndrome in the early 1970s, PTSD is brought on by a "death encounter," an existentially profound brush with mortality, in which death is perceived as a real possibility rather than an abstraction.

All men do not respond equally to these death encounters. Highly intelligent people seem better equipped to survive a trauma unscathed, while those who score low on IQ tests seem to suffer the most, according to several studies. But if a death encounter is sufficiently intense, it can upend anyone's belief system in such a violent way that it can't easily be put back together, resulting in the onset of PTSD symptoms—or so the theory goes. The trauma "explodes the cohesion of consciousness," in the words of Jonathan Shay, a PTSD expert at Boston University.

The illness evolves over time. It begins with painful reexperiencing of the traumatic encounter in flashbacks or harsh memories, proceeds to defensive maneuvers against the pain, then to avoidance, then to "psychic numbing" to dodge the painful recollections and finally to hyperarousal. The body behaves as if it's in fight-or-flight mode. The soldier tenses up, develops insomnia and becomes jumpy and anxious. He feels under attack and easily threatened.

This altered state, which is caused by an overabundance of stress hormones and a shortage of serotonin, is an echo of the terror felt during the actual event. But rather than dissipating as it normally would, the fear grabs hold of the soldier's mind and slowly colonizes his thoughts—the gestation period can range from 30 days to 30 years—until fear becomes a prominent feature of his personality. Not everyone who gets PTSD is disabled to this degree, of course. The majority of those with enough symptoms to be clinically diagnosed with the disease can still manage to lead productive lives. But for some, a full-blown case of PTSD is a horrible burden, entailing a life lived in perpetual terror, emotionally and biochemically stuck in the past, floundering in the present.

The early signs were already there, Koroll felt, as he listened to Burgoyne. Double-checking that no sharp objects or anything that could be converted into a weapon had been left in the room—just a hospital bed and a bedside chair—Koroll said good night and told Burgoyne he would check in with him the following morning.

PTSD wasn't recognized as a distinct syndrome until the 1970s. Before then psychologists believed that only weak men, those with hereditary or genetic flaws, suffered from combat stress. War was seen

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as a kind of crucible of masculinity that made strong men stronger. Still, by the early 1940s, more than half the patients in American VA hospitals were in psychiatric wards. The remedy for weakness was harsh: During World War I and World War II stressed-out soldiers were given heavy courses of electroshock until, as one historian puts it, "the horror of the therapy was greater than the horror of the front."

Medical opinions began to change in the 1960s with what was then called post-Vietnam syndrome, a condition marked by rage at being "duped and manipulated by society." The doctors who worked on defining the diagnosis were often outspoken critics of Vietnam, and they encouraged their patients to take up antiwar activism as part of working through their trauma and transforming it into productive feelings. Rather than blame the character of the soldier, doctors blamed the war itself.

For all but a small group of conservative thinkers, PTSD has outgrown its early links to the antiwar movement to become an objective psychiatric category, as above the fray of politics as anxiety or depression. Still, an influential group of culture warriors and military commanders believes PTSD was an invention of liberals seeking to justify their politics with science. "For some in the military and for some of these conservatives, PTSD is still basically an anti-

war concept," explains Dr. Ray Scurfield, a psychiatrist and pioneer in PTSD study.

With the election of George W. Bush, these fairly radical views were suddenly given a much more receptive hearing. B.G. Burkett, a retired Texas stockbroker, has spent the past 20 years waging a one-man crusade against deceitful American soldiers. He calls them "phony veterans" and believes PTSD has become a tool of antiwar liberals. Ask him about Lifton, the psychiatrist who helped define PTSD, and Burkett's voice rises with anger. "Lifton was an antiwar activist, for Christ's sake! If it were up to him, we'd have no war at all!" Then, more calmly, "Look, death encounters are a part of life. I watched my mother die. Do I have PTSD? It wasn't easy, but I'm still here. Whatever happened to resilience as a virtue?"

Burkett is one of the administration's talking heads on mental health as it deals with the fallout of the Iraq war. Burkett cheerfully and forcibly presents the notion that PTSD has become a scam used by antiwar liberals and that thousands of Vietnam veterans are faking illnesses in order to cash in on federal disability payments. Burkett co-authored the book *Stolen Valor* (for which he received a thank-you note from Bush), which documents several cases of brazen fraud perpetrated by Vietnam veterans.

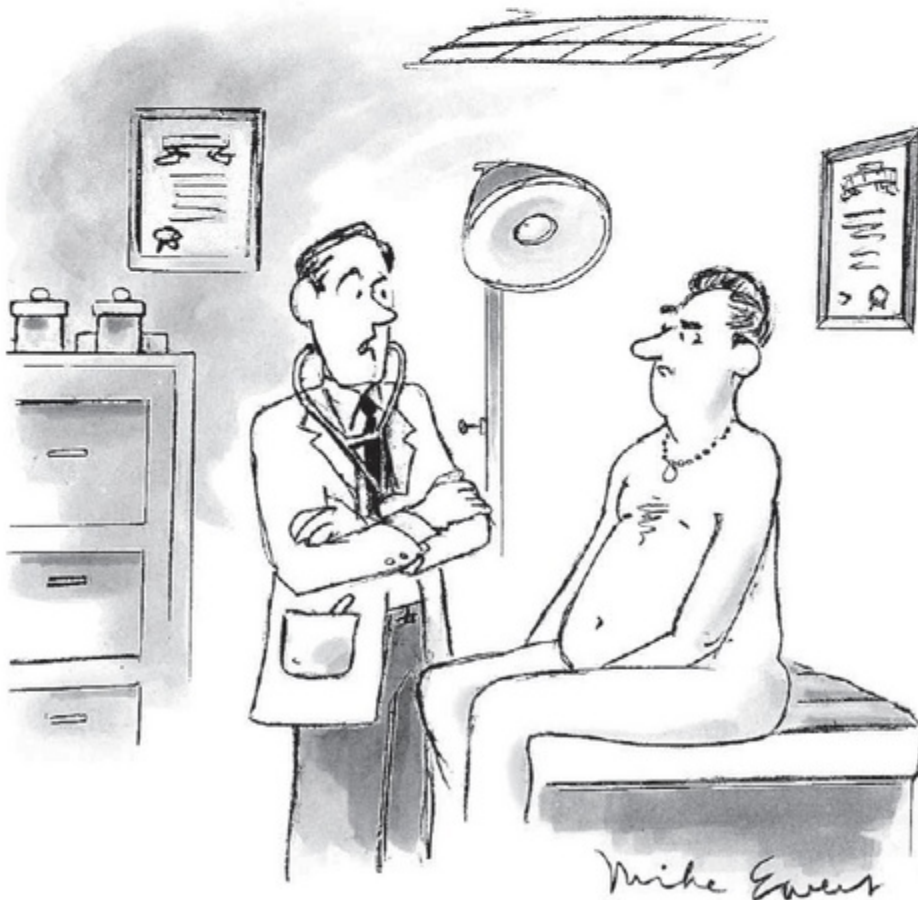
Considering that this anti-PTSD movement represents a minority position well outside mainstream psychiatry, it has achieved impressive gains in the past few years. Another spokesperson for the movement, Dr. Sally Satel, a psychiatrist and an advisor to President Bush on mental health issues, argues that mainstream psychiatry is pathologizing everyday life, turning normal states of consciousness into medical problems in a kind of therapy creep. She shares offices at the American Enterprise Institute with Newt Gingrich and says PTSD disability payments encourage people to stay sick. Satel's name may sound familiar, as she is frequently published in the popular press and has offered expert testimony on PTSD even though she has not authored any noteworthy peer-reviewed papers on the disease.

"We had it more or less right in World War II," she says. "We should go back to the hereditary model. I'm not saying PTSD doesn't exist, but it's gotten out of hand. I mean, if you see a lot of action and then when you come home you have a hard time walking the dog by the bushes at night, maybe you just avoid the bushes. Does that entitle you to a lifetime of payments? And I don't think those payments even help you get well."

Clearly her position is supported politically by Republican conservatives. "Sally says exactly what they want to hear," one congressional staffer tells me. "Literally nobody else in the world of any stature will say that PTSD is nonsense, and she does. They love her for it."

Whether because of pressure from the anti-PTSD group or under his own philosophical steam, William Winkenwerder, the assistant secretary of defense for health affairs, who is responsible for the health and well-being of all troops, in early 2006 had already formulated a new protocol for dealing with PTSD. Essentially this new tack held that when handling returning troops, it was medically appropriate not to diagnose PTSD. Instead, troops with PTSD symptoms would not be told of the suspected diagnosis but would be closely monitored to see if their symptoms worsened or improved. In a letter to the General Accounting Office, Winkenwerder, the highest-ranking official with day-to-day control of mental health policy, called this new approach watchful waiting.

The familiar term *watchful waiting* derives from the language of cancer treatment but is usually a course of therapy undertaken with the full consent of a patient after a diagnosis has been made. Watchful waiting, which sounds to some like "don't treat, don't tell," is not part of the accepted psychiatric treatment protocol for PTSD, nor is the term mentioned in the military's own field handbook for in-theater doctors treating trauma cases. I contact Paula Schnurr, the editor of that handbook and a nationally recognized PTSD expert at Dartmouth, and ask if watchful waiting has an entry. There is a long pause on the other



*"I'm afraid all those years of dancing have taken their toll. You have disco balls."*

end of the line. "Let me see," she says. "I'm looking. Well, I guess it's not in here." She is not familiar with the concept, she says. "No, that's wrong. If someone presents with the symptoms, you give them the diagnosis. I find, in fact, in a lot of cases it is a relief to know the name. They're not stigmatized by it. They're relieved to know they're not crazy."

The American Psychiatric Association insists that PTSD is marked by clear biological changes as well as emotional symptoms. "PTSD is an illness that is related to structural and chemical changes in the brain," according to the APA, the most respected association of its kind. Scurfield is slightly less diplomatic about this administration's offhand approach to soldiers' mental illness. "It's just bullshit," he says. "If spontaneous remission were a reality, why have 30 percent of Vietnam vets had a lifetime of PTSD?"

"Iraq is Vietnam without the water." Hang around soldiers long enough and you will hear one of them say this. Actually the statistics suggest Iraq is a lot scarier than Vietnam. An exhaustive study of 303,905 veterans of Iraq and Afghanistan done by a team of military doctors from the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research showed that combat exposure is near universal and 24/7 in Iraq. The likelihood of a soldier having to face live fire is higher than in any previous American war. Ninety-three percent of Operation Iraqi Freedom veterans report having been shot at, according to data from DOD surveys. Some 77 percent have pulled the trigger in an attempt to kill, which

is roughly three times the trigger rate of World War II; 95 percent have seen dead bodies, and 89 percent reported having been ambushed or attacked. The urban warfare in Iraq has no clearly delineated front and no safe zone in the rear where soldiers can go to decompress. The insurgency is spread across the country and moves freely through the same areas American troops have to traverse just to get around. No place, not even a guarded base, is safe, and the conflict has become the ultimate petri dish for PTSD.

By late 2004 military doctors working closely with troops had finally recognized the growing problem of PTSD among the ranks. Determined to stem the tide, even at the risk of displeasing the politically appointed higher-ups in the military, they pressured the DOD to return combat-stress teams to Iraq. In December 2004 that duty fell to the 55th Medical Company, an 80-person-strong unit that was "tasked," in military speak, with providing psychological care for the entire in-country force, roughly 130,000 troops. The patient-caregiver ratio was 1,625 to one. (Since then the Army has increased combat-stress personnel in Iraq to 200.)

The deputy commander for clinical services of the 55th was Lieutenant Colonel Kathy Platoni, one of the Army's top field psychologists and a hyperkinetic 54-year-old with a blunt, assertive manner that does not fit the mold of the ivory-tower academic. "I know how to handle an M16," she says.

Platoni spent the better part of two years traveling around Iraq. She found that underneath the bustle and swagger of life on a military base was a lot of unspoken

pain and psychological suffering. "There's tremendous unpredictability in that theater," she says. "You are being regularly attacked by an unseen enemy who doesn't wear a uniform. I was seeing people who were dealing with a tremendous amount of combat stress and seeing their buddies just burned to death, incinerated or blown to smithereens. People will be jittery, shaky; they will cry. They can't sleep; they can't eat. They drop into a rage very quickly. They try to hide it, but you can see the signs."

Every company also had a significant number of soldiers severely stressed out simply from living in cramped, dusty conditions in searing 110-degree heat, enduring ambushes in the morning and lethal mortar attacks at night for months on end. Adding to the strain are the tight restrictions on American soldiers on Iraq bases—no alcohol, no porn allowed.

Platoni concluded PTSD was rife among the troops she saw, running at a rate of between 15 and 20 percent. But she could do little to help. Her contact with soldiers in the field amounted to barely more than brief hellos between mortar attacks. "Sometimes it's just talk therapy, just being there, listening, validating, trying to understand their experience," says Platoni. "It's pretty basic stuff."

In the eyes of the military, she says, the duty of the psychiatrist is "to keep the soldier in the fight and the fight in the soldier. We're force multipliers. Very few people get evacuated out of theater because there are so many shortfalls with people getting killed or injured. So there's that implicit message that you don't want to take anybody out of the action."

Platoni herself is no stranger to PTSD. Home now in Ohio, with just a few years left on her Army Reserves contract, she finds that on the short drive to her office she often scans the country roads for improvised explosive devices. When she goes out to dinner she always sits facing the door. She startles easily at loud noises. "I wouldn't say I have full-blown PTSD, but these are normal responses to extraordinarily abnormal circumstances."

Platoni was recently promoted to colonel. She says her thoughts always return to the soldiers she saw in the field. "There are probably some people who should have been medevaced out of the theater who weren't," she says. "Not with all the manpower shortages." Then she pauses and adds, "The more combat you see, the more likely you are to be traumatized. I don't think we have a good way to resolve that. We just don't."

The government's attitude seems to be having the desired effect of keeping PTSD patients out of the DOD health care system and transferring the caseload burden to Veterans Affairs when the soldiers return home. Since the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan started, 631,000 people have been discharged from the military,



*"It's a new thing, man. I gotta check you and the boys for performance-enhancing drugs."*

including National Guard and Reserve soldiers who are now deactivated. Of those, 73,000 have sought mental health treatment at the VA.

Critics say the VA, like the DOD, is falling short. A rumor going around the veterans community claims that, even in cases of existing injuries, military doctors are underdiagnosing PTSD at military hospitals, preferring instead to use labels that do not entitle the soldier to combat-related compensation. "We've been hearing it all the time from our guys in the field who are working with these Iraq vets," says Joe Violante of Disabled American Veterans. Military doctors "are being told not to diagnose PTSD."

In 2004 leadership changed at the VA. The head of the agency, Anthony Principi, a longtime favorite of veterans groups, resigned. The timing of his resignation was suspect, as it came shortly after he told Congress the agency lacked funds to take care of veterans, and the move was widely interpreted as a firing. Bush replaced Principi with a high-level party operative named James Nicholson. A Republican power broker and a party heavyweight, he chaired the Republican National Committee during the 2000 presidential campaign, when he called Dick Cheney "one of the most qualified, beloved people in America."

Soon after Nicholson moved into his new offices, the VA, like the DOD, began to aggressively roll back its support for PTSD. First, in a move that echoed Burkett's charges, Nicholson ordered an investigation into the files of 72,000 veterans who had received PTSD compensation. Senate Democrats managed to undercut the review. In response, Nicholson commissioned a study at the Institute of Medicine to craft a new definition of PTSD, one more restrictive than that used by the American Psychiatric Association. That too fizzled. Finally, a second study was commissioned to "assess how PTSD compensation might influence beneficiaries' attitudes and behaviors in ways that might serve as barriers to recovery."

Veterans advocates interpreted these moves as an attempt to lay the ground-

work for dismantling the VA's financial support of PTSD patients. Under the current guidelines, the VA considers PTSD a "compensable injury," which entitles sufferers to disability payments similar in spirit to workers' compensation. This is indeed an expensive proposition. A soldier diagnosed with war-related PTSD is entitled to disability payments that can reach a total of \$1.3 million over a lifetime; the cost of treatment drives the bill higher.

The VA currently spends between \$3 billion and \$4.5 billion a year on treating the condition, and the scope of the problem grows larger every day. This is partly due to a new population of Vietnam veterans just now coming into the

shock. They went quietly back to their life, and either they made their life work or it tore them up. Whereas this generation has learned to express its problems and to ask for and expect help." In every quarter of 2005, according to internal VA figures, the agency added 8,000 new PTSD cases to its claims rolls. "It's very worrisome," says Renée Szybala, head of the VA's compensation and pension division. "These numbers just keep going up and up, and frankly, I don't know if we can sustain them."

Harvard professor Lifton has been watching the attack on PTSD with growing concern. He believes there is now "a

public assault on the diagnostic concept from neoconservatives, including neoconservative psychiatrists, and their message is that war isn't so bad for you—or this war isn't hurting people too much," he says. "But I don't think the attack on PTSD will ultimately succeed. There is something to be said for reality, including the reality of suffering being acknowledged."

But veterans advocates fear the attack has already succeeded. They describe the unfolding situation as a train wreck, a catastrophe and a scandal. "You have large numbers of needy people coming back from the war, looking for help, and you have a government attempting to reduce expenditures, as well as con-

servatives who want to raise the bar and make it harder for vets to get the diagnoses," says Dr. Charles Figley, editor of *Traumatology*, who has written numerous books on PTSD and has been studying combat-related PTSD in veteran populations for 20 years. He is not an anti-military person, and he recently spent a year on a Fulbright scholarship at Kuwait University. Figley adds, "What's going to happen? It's a perfect storm."

When Adam Koroll heard Jacob Burgoyne's commander had overruled his evac order, he couldn't believe it. Normally a disagreement of this sort between

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system, many of whom are unemployed and have discovered that the VA pharmacy is cheaper than Medicare. Veterans of Iraq and Afghanistan represent a second source of new patients, and these former soldiers are even more likely than their predecessors to seek care, if only because, as members of the Oprah generation, they possess a greater degree of psychological fluency. A Republican official notes, "There's a lot of concern with the number of folks who are coming back reporting symptoms of PTSD. It does not minimize the situation to say that a lot of this is cultural, insofar as my dad's generation in World War II did not report pain. They did not talk about shell

a reservist specialist and an active-duty commander would be a no-contest fight in favor of the commander. But Koroll wasn't a typical reservist; he came from a military family and had followed in the footsteps of his father, brother, mother and even his ex-wife. He wasn't going to be treated like a weekend warrior.

"All due respect, sir, that's not the right thing for this soldier," Koroll says he told the commander. But Koroll was outranked. "The commander made a big stink about it. He said Burgoyne was a hero of the Third Infantry. He should stay with his unit," Koroll says. Finally a compromise was reached. Burgoyne would stay with his unit but be checked into a hospital as soon as he landed on American soil.

Not much is in the public record about Burgoyne's visit to a military hospital in Georgia. It is established that he checked in and checked out soon afterward. Burgoyne's mother, Billy Urbane, accompanied him to the hospital, but she says he never saw a psychiatrist. He spoke to one on the phone from the waiting room; the interview lasted five minutes. The psychiatrist released Burgoyne and told him to come back in a few days if he felt worse.

Burgoyne spent the next few days with his mother in a visitors' cabin she'd rented near the base. He was sullen and uncommunicative and spent his time on the couch, drinking beer and watching TV as she hovered around him, trying to draw him into conversation. "He was changed from the war," she says. "He said to me, 'Mom, there's things I've done you don't want to know about.' I could tell he wasn't the same Jake. The life had gone out of him."

The following night, a Sunday, Burgoyne went out drinking with his Army buddies. Then, for reasons he still can't explain, he turned on Specialist Richard Davis, a fellow soldier, and began a vicious attack that ended with knives

being drawn. Davis was murdered, his death the result of 32 stab wounds.

For three months Davis's remains lay undiscovered in the Georgia woods until Burgoyne finally confessed to the crime. In his defense he raised his PTSD diagnosis. "I don't know why it happened," he later said in court. "I actually liked Davis."

For his part, after his battle with Burgoyne's commander, Koroll lost track of Burgoyne as new cases came flooding into the hospital and Koroll had his hands full dealing with them. One morning he opened a copy of *Stars and Stripes* and saw a story about a soldier who had been murdered by his platoon mate. Koroll nearly spat out his coffee when he saw the mug shot next to the headline. "I recognized those eyes," he says. "I didn't remember the name, but the second I saw the photo and the eyes with that really far-out stare, I said to myself, Hey, I treated this guy. Why isn't he in a hospital?" Koroll showed the newspaper to his colleagues at the hospital. "I told you so," he recalls saying. "It wasn't anything more noble than that. Just, 'Hey, I was right.'"

On April 24, 2004, Koroll returned home. He was immensely glad to be back in Illinois and felt good overall about his time "in the sandbox." After all, he went to the desert and didn't get shot or otherwise wounded, didn't fall ill from some desert pathogen and didn't come home with a lingering case of PTSD or depression. Two days later, however, he got a letter from the Army informing him he was going to be discharged "in conditions other than honorable." The letter explained that after careful consideration the Army had decided his actions were unbecoming, noting specifically that he had missed two formations.

"I couldn't believe it," Koroll recalls, "because they've got guys over there with two, three Article 15s—a violation just short of a court-martial—who don't get dishonorably discharged, and here they were giving it to me because I missed a

formation? Please. They didn't like me speaking up about Burgoyne."

The discharge hit Koroll especially hard because of his family's history with the military. If you grew up in the Koroll family, two things were more or less certain: the military and medicine. Koroll had been the first in a large family circle to be dishonorably discharged. "My discharge is not something we discuss at the dinner table," he says. "It's an unspoken thing."

Soon after, he and his wife divorced and were granted shared custody of their two-year-old daughter. Koroll landed a job running a mental health clinic for indigent patients.

Now he says he is getting out of the mental health field altogether to take a managerial job with a Fortune 500 company that has no psychiatric-medicine business. "It's just too hard," he says. "Things like PTSD, these mental illnesses, they are chemical, but I don't think America is ready to hear that. People always want them to be about something you did to yourself. They just don't want to believe these illnesses could happen to anyone, and until people do believe, we're going to have big problems with the guys coming home."

But the episode with Burgoyne still stings. Here is a man whose fate has become strangely intertwined with Koroll's even though he knew him for only two days. "There isn't anything more I could have done," Koroll says, looking down at his shoes. "I'm just a specialist, and I said, 'Hey, this is kind of crap,' and they said, 'Don't worry, Specialist. I did my duty. I can honestly say that. The follow-up was flawed. Somebody told Burgoyne to suck it up and go have a couple of beers with his buddies, and that was his remedy, to have a couple of beers.' He pauses. "The Army failed him, and they failed the family of the soldier he killed."



# GET RICH!

(continued from page 94)

help mankind—"An herbal gerbil, that's Joe"—but guess what. He found it. XanGo has now sold enough juice that if the bottles were placed end to end, they would reach the summit of Mount Everest—88 times over. It has sold enough to deliver a bottle to every resident in the state of Virginia. Worried about the supply running out? Forget it. Even \$2 billion in sales would sap only 10 percent of the world's supply. You may as well ask if the world could run short of oranges.

The gentleman following Osmond just taxied over from O'Hare. He is Dr. Vaughn Johnson, a kindly board-certified family practitioner from outside Salt Lake City. The man looks incapable of duplicity, and does he have tales to tell! Patients plagued by arthritis started drinking the juice and went back to slamming aces on the tennis court. A girl with terrible acne and allergies was as good as new after two weeks of XanGo.

"I'm not saying XanGo caused the change," he stresses. "I'm just saying she came in one way, started drinking XanGo, and two weeks later she was symptom free."

Johnson is not about to skip over what he calls "the technical stuff," including the fruit's name, *Garcinia mangostana*. He's got his own pictures to project on the screen behind him—Tinkertoy-like molecular structures. These turn out to be the legendary xanthonenes, a class of antioxidants. The ingredients can be found in plenty of fruits and vegetables, concedes the doctor, but not in such concentration. XanGo uses the entire fruit, the pulp and the rind, which is where the good stuff is.

The value of XanGo's antioxidants prompts some debate. No one denies the mangosteen rind has antioxidants to spare, and few dispute their value. "Antioxidants, which are in XanGo and similar products," says Joe Pizzorno, editor of the prestigious *Integrative Medicine: A Clinician's Journal*, "have dramatically high amounts of carotenoids, flavonoids and omega-3 acids, which are badly lacking in the standard American diet. When these are low, there's a higher incidence of disease."

But the esteemed high priest of alternative medicine, Dr. Andrew Weil, is not convinced XanGo is the way to go. "I would dismiss the testimonials on the company's website as unsupported marketing gimmicks," Weil says. "XanGo is priced at \$32.50 for a 25-ounce bottle, a hefty price for fruit juice. My advice? Save your money and squeeze your own from less exotic fruits."

You could argue antioxidants from dawn to dusk. What you can't question—and what Osmond is thrilled to demonstrate—is the business potential of *Garcinia mangostana*.

"Let's see who's here tonight," he says.

"Raise your hands if you're a 1K level."

1K means you and the folks under you are selling a thousand bucks' worth of the juice a month. Maybe 40 hands shoot up, greeted by warm applause.

"How about 5K?"

Twenty hands and even louder applause.

10K, 50K, 100K: This is truly the stratosphere. Your distributors are selling \$100,000 worth of juice every month. The two who stand are greeted with stunned acclaim.

The next level, 200K, has been achieved by only a select few, and none appear to have come to the Embassy Suites. But wait, Osmond's not through! There's a higher level still. This is truly XanGo nirvana, an honor reserved for a hallowed quintet that merits its own page in XanGo's monthly *Go* magazine. Each of these has hit the 500K mark, which means they and their distributors sell half a million dollars' worth of product every month.

It seems inconceivable, yet one of them is here tonight! Osmond gestures to the back of the room as if summoning the pope. "Sharon, come on up here."

Thunderous applause rocks ballroom B as Sharon Davidson-Unkefer makes her way to the front of the room. What may be most unusual about her is how normal she looks: middle-aged, attractive enough, not exactly shy but not aggressive, either. The fact is, she never thought it would happen to her. She was just a single mom looking to make some money at home.

"Even my best friend, who's a double diamond at Amway, couldn't believe what happened, but it's all true. I can't tell you how much I make. But this month's check," she says with a smile, "was more than the president makes in a year!"

But don't think XanGo is all about making money. That would be so crass! As Osmond solemnly points out, "People don't care how much you know until they know how much you care." XanGo cares a lot. Between five and seven percent of profits go to good works and charity. After the 2004 tsunami an entire Thai village was rebuilt with XanGo cash. The company also gives to Operation Kids, an umbrella charity best known for its ads showing a child's cleft palate.

I go home and thumb through my XanGo material. It's classy stuff, printed on heavy stock. The basic welcome kit—a handsome "XanGo: The Whole Experience" brochure plus two CDs—comes in a ribbed orange-and-silver package that could pass for sculpture on my coffee table. The CDs are nothing if not professional. "Joe's Story" (my favorite) is a kind of travelogue that commences with Joe Morton wandering Southeast Asian ruins like Indiana Jones and, many sunsets later, finding the magical fruit.

Yet maybe it's all a slick promotional gimmick, a virtual scam. I'd like to meet

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Joe Morton. I'd like to see the operation in person. I need to go to Utah.

XanGo headquarters is 30 miles south of Salt Lake City, just off Interstate 15. It's in the "town" of Lehi, which consists mainly of a posh country club and a cluster of improbable glass buildings that jut from the desert like the Pyramids. The buildings are strangely similar—high glass atria with soaring portico stonework. One of these, a 60,000-square-footer, has housed XanGo since it was built three years ago. Now it's way too small. XanGo will soon expand into a three-building, 300,000-square-foot whopper. It has 10,000 square feet of bathroom space. The entire fourth floor of one building is a gym and employee break room.

This is explained to me by XanGo's PR person, who greets me warmly, then produces a bottle of XanGo from a desk drawer and pours me a double shot. He's having a noontime refresher too. I throw mine down in two gulps. I've been drinking the stuff for close to a month now, often three times a day. That's the dose prescribed by Gail, the woman who enrolled me. She cautioned me that XanGo often takes two or three months to "work," which was why I needed to lay in a supply.

I have enjoyed the juice. My nine-year-old son likes the taste. But so far nothing has happened, though perhaps I'm being too cavalier. Maybe the juice has knocked the bejesus out of a looming infection. I don't feel any smarter, healthier or more energized, but on the other hand I haven't developed the flu or beriberi. In passing along sales techniques to new trainees, Fallon had this comeback for someone who claimed to be perfectly healthy: "Most people think they're perfectly healthy the day they have a heart attack."

To date I have not had a heart attack. Morton looks like an unlikely candidate for a heart attack. He's a trim, good-looking guy casually dressed in a sharp blue shirt. He sits in a spacious though unpretentious office. He shakes my hand vigorously and looks me in the eye. His bright presence is all the more impressive given his recent travels.

"Yesterday I was at a meeting in Mexico with 2,200 people," he says. "Two days ago it was Sweden. We just opened Sweden and Germany. Right now we're in 16 international markets. It all started in Malaysia when we found a nutrient called xanthones inside the peel of the mangosteen. So we decided to put it in a product. When people think of the mangosteen and xanthones, we want them to think of XanGo. Nobody now is putting the whole fruit into a juice. We're the category creator."

People at XanGo like to draw analogies with other category creators. When you

blow your nose, you reach for Kleenex; you cut your finger and slap on a Band-Aid. Feel a cold coming on? Back freezing up? Joints aching? Open the fridge and swill your XanGo. It is not, incidentally, an accident that XanGo comes in a bottle and benefits from refrigeration. Researchers at XanGo have found that the average American opens the refrigerator 22 times a day. And there it is, the purple bottle. As pills or powder, the magic elixir would be stuck on a dark, neglected shelf in a cupboard. Pills and powder also go down hard, whereas XanGo tastes delicious.

But how did the business grow so quickly, I ask.

"It's the human-touch factor," Morton explains. "Direct sales is a person-to-person business. People get very passionate about our product. They experience it and think, Gosh, this is my experience. I want to share it with the people I know and love. It's a beautiful model."

That model, direct sales, may have a smarmy reputation. Here in the Beehive State, it's the backbone of business. "We want to tell people. It's in our nature," Morton says. "I go to a good movie; I tell people about the movie. Like these new shoes I bought. Oh my gosh, I love them so much. What we want to do as human beings is tell people. This is an industry that helps a lot of people."

It is worth noting that Morton did not stumble blindly into direct sales or even herbal gerbilism. He comes from a Canadian family so devoted to natural health that he grew up without sugar, white flour or ice cream. Dinner-table talk was all about ginkgo biloba, ginseng and hawthorne berries. A pioneering water-filtration system took up most of the kitchen. For vacation the Mortons piled into the family Ford and went on "top-achiever trips" funded by the company for which Dad peddled nutritional supplements. At the time of the mangosteen revelation, Morton headed Malaysian operations for Herbalife, another multilevel-marketing company, founded in 1980.

The market for nutritional supplements is huge, \$23 billion, and XanGo is hardly the only product to tap its potential. It is not even the only product along this stretch of Interstate 15. No fewer than 100 supplement companies have set up shop under the Wasatch Range, prompting the nickname Cellulose Valley, after the primary component of green plants. These businesses have thrived here for several reasons. One is Utah senator Orrin Hatch, who co-sponsored the Dietary Supplement Health and Education Act of 1994, which allowed companies to release products without first having to prove their safety. Hatch himself has invested in a Utah company called Pharmics. His top campaign contributor happens to be XanGo, which threw in close to \$50,000 in 2006.

The other reason, of course, is Joseph Smith, who founded the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, more commonly known as Mormonism. The Mormons have a long history of using natural remedies, and a Mormon herbalist, John Christopher, concocted formulas in the mid-20th century that have become the basis for three pioneering companies, Nature's Way, Nature's Sunshine and Nature's Herbs. More important, Mormons have an entrepreneurial streak that relies a lot on door-to-door evangelism. That's how they spread the word back when Smith ran the church; that's how they get the message out now.

"This is a very personal industry," says Morton. "You've got to love being around people. You've got to love taking phone calls from people and listening to their emotions. We love our distributors. We love what we do. We love nutritional supplements, and we love direct sales."

Joe Morton is not alone in his enthusiasm for direct sales. You don't have to travel far down the interstate to find that same enthusiasm. Less than 15 miles south of XanGo headquarters is the city of Provo, where another spectacular new office complex is home to a product that bears a striking resemblance to XanGo. Its fruit also comes from an exotic locale—and is similarly ugly, resembling a medium-size potato with spores. And it has a similar story behind it. To wit: For years, maybe thousands of years, wise men of the islands employed the fruit to cure all manner of ills, from cancer to diarrhea and boils.

This fruit is the noni. The product is Tahitian Noni Juice.

Noni is marketed almost identically to XanGo. Each convert or interested party enrolls distributors, who themselves enroll more distributors. The larger the base of the pyramid beneath, the bigger the compensation. XanGo encourages you to find three people, at which point you get a five percent payout on their sales; when each of those three people recruits three more, you get another five percent payout. Though there are different com-

penation plans, if you get enough levels beneath you, you can ultimately reach a 30 percent payout. Exactly like XanGo, Noni holds out the promise of a piece of the worldwide distribution pie—in its case, two percent. The similarity in plans is something more than coincidence: Two years ago several top Noni executives defected to XanGo.

A bitter lawsuit ensued. Terms of the settlement preclude the release of any details, and Morton shrugs an apology: "I can't really talk about that." He dismisses any business threat posed by Noni juice. "It's a completely different botanical. It's like saying vitamin C versus vitamin B. We don't see them as competition."

XanGo and Noni may be the two most

rich. Gordon Morton, Joe's brother and XanGo's chief marketing exec, sets me straight. Bottling the mangosteen is not without its challenges. The fruit is highly perishable. Off the tree, it rots within a couple of days. It took forever before XanGo figured out how to turn it and its tough rind quickly to pulp, freeze it and then ship the frozen product to the factory warehouse in Kentucky.

I return from Utah chastened but doggedly optimistic. I'm still drinking the juice and remain free of dire infection. I'm still thinking double diamond. It's true that statistics are not in my favor. A study of several MLM companies by

Robert FitzPatrick of the nonprofit group Pyramid Scheme Alert found that more than 90 percent of network sellers had an average income of less than \$10 a week before taxes. The attrition rate for first-year sellers can be as high as 75 percent at some MLM companies. The reasons are various: lack of motivation, lousy product, poor sales skills, bad compensation plan, limited circle of contacts, missing out on the ground floor. "MLMs must always be in a state of failure," says FitzPatrick, "in which nearly all are losing and quitting. The model must have a massive loss rate. Otherwise it would consume the planet and collapse."

All, it seems, can spell a return to bicycle culture. But I'm not deterred. For starters I can certainly ramp up my sales technique. To that end, I mark my calendar to catch an upcoming conference call with David Butler. He and his pretty, beaming wife, Colli, are smack in the middle of *Go's* page of 500K superstars. The man is a legend and not bad at self-promotion. He has his own CD. When he's not selling XanGo—which is rarely—he runs around the country giving talks and conducting cheerleader sessions. On the day of the call, he's driving back from Los Angeles, where he hosted a two-day event and gave a speech called "The 12 Minefields." He pulls off the interstate while participants check in from around the country: "I'm Nina from

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prominent heavyweights slugging it out, but plenty of other companies in the valley are vying for business and attention on the web. I'll pick one at random: MonaVie markets a juice based on the renowned açai berry, touted on *Oprah* by Dr. Nicholas Perricone as "number one among the most nutritional fruits of the world. Worthy," he adds, "in light of the flurry of single-fruit health juices." It didn't hurt MonaVie sales when NBC's Matt Lauer took a trip into the Brazilian jungle and called the açai berry "the Viagra of the Amazon."

The açai berry is also selling nicely. There must be dozens of yet undiscovered fruits in far-off jungles whose medley with science could make me

Portland," "Jeff from Atlanta," "Emma from Florida." We've all called in to hear Butler's selling secrets.

I've got my pencil sharpened.

"First, become a good storyteller," says Butler, "and we'll break that into three parts. One, testimonials: You need them at your fingertips. They could be personal; they could come from a newsletter. Testimonials are key. Two, the product: Have it down—what it looks like, where it came from, what it tastes like, what's the pulp, what do those xanthonones do. Three, money: Be able to talk money, and don't be embarrassed by big numbers."

But we should be flexible. Some folks want to hear about money, some about the product. Here's how Butler "prospects"—MLM lingo for lining up buyers. He talks to everybody. Don't tell him you don't have time to enroll new distributors because you spent half the day at ShopRite and Curves.

"You're in the checkout line," he says. "You talk to the clerk and ask, 'How's your day going?' She says, 'You know.' I say, 'You know, I don't know.' So maybe she says she's standing all day on her feet and her feet are killing her. 'Oh my gosh,' you say, 'Do I have a product for you! Can I give you a couple of websites?' Or she complains about her job. Too many hours and not enough money. You say, 'How would you like to make twice as much money and never leave home? Can I give you a couple of websites?' Product or money. You're ready to go in either direction."

Butler has one final tip before turning back on the interstate. You say you're shy? Can't strike up a conversation? Learn how to give compliments. "There's no better way to create an instant bond," he says. "Tell her you like her smile or what she's wearing or her business style. I met a gal in a store; she's a major successful person. I told her, 'You know what? In my business you're a \$50,000 story waiting to happen.' 'Oh

my gosh! Really? What business is that?' Make a date to call. Don't ever leave a place without making something happen. Get her the websites."

I've underlined that tip on my notepad. Get a prospect to the XanGo website. Let XanGo do the selling. Let the "tools" work. Jeff Fallon made the very same point at his own modest training session in Annie's yoga studio. He too was big on flattery as a conversation starter: "Pay compliments. 'Hey, awesome shoes!' 'Love that haircut!' Smile. Carry breath mints. Eighty percent of sales are lost because of bad breath."

Fallon also stressed learning your story—specifically, your "elevator speech." You've got six floors and 30 seconds. If people ask what you do, answer, "I own a global beverage distributorship." For something longer try, "I discover ways to assist executives in multiplying their retirement objective without the stock market." Or "I specialize in compressing 30 to 40 years' worth of earnings into 30 months."

I decide to try it. I'm psyched; I can feel the xanthonones working. So when I spot an attractive woman waiting for the valet to retrieve her car, I move a step closer. I wait until she looks in my direction.

"Awesome haircut," I tell her.

She looks ready to smack my head with her purse.

"You know something," I say. "You look like an \$80,000 job just waiting to happen."

Her car arrives before I can send her to a website.

I continue trying as the weeks go on. Sadly, my further attempts to sell XanGo go no better. When I flatter women, they eye me suspiciously. When I flatter men, the result is worse. Most XanGo newbies reach out to friends in the beginning, but my few halfhearted calls to friends go nowhere. My chances at riches are evaporating before my eyes, and it's my fault. My heart simply isn't in it.

If I'm a bad multilevel marketer, I'm also a lousy customer. My XanGo consumption has plummeted. Days go by, and I fail to take even a swallow. My body doesn't call out for antioxidants. I'm no less healthy than I was when I was juicing regularly; I'm merely \$40 a bottle richer.

And some dark clouds are gathering around XanGo. The Federal Trade Commission may soon require multilevel marketers to disclose to potential recruits how slim the likelihood of financial success is. But members of the XanGo family claim they aren't worried—and with good reason. Multilevel marketing rarely appeals to anyone's rational side, so no one thinks potential recruits will be dissuaded.

Perhaps I need another dose of XanGo encouragement. Luckily, six weeks after the Embassy Suites meeting, the team's back in Chicago, and this time the meeting isn't at an airport hotel with 737s rumbling overhead. Tonight it's downtown on Michigan Avenue, the boulevard of dreams. The top brass is here tonight: none other than Gordon Morton and Dr. Frederick Templeton. Morton, dapper and slick as an Osmond, is his own best sales tool. Up on the big screen, he shows himself years back, fat and looking as old as Methuselah; today, a XanGo convert, he looks like a *GQ* cover and a dad to boot. "When my four-year-old daughter got hurt, she used to say, 'Ouch, can I have a Band-Aid?'" says Morton. "Now she says, 'Ouch, can I have a XanGo?'"

Templeton, up next, is the big cheese among doctors extolling XanGo, but the man knows where to draw the line. After telling of an ex-monk he followed on the Thailand-Cambodia border who treated everyone with mangosteen, Templeton barks, "But this is not medicine! Do not talk about it as medicine, or you'll have the wrath of God fall upon us!"

The evening's final attraction is a short, lively Filipino woman, Leonid Leahy, who recently hit the 100K mark and was awarded a first-class, all-expenses-paid trip to Thailand. XanGo even bought her luggage.

"The food was unbelievable. We rode to the resort on elephants. We ate mangosteens every day in our hotel room," gushes Leahy, "and I pigged out so much, I almost forgot to drink my XanGo juice!"

Eventually the crowd disperses into the balmy October night. Not a few clutch their telltale orange-and-purple XanGo CDs and brochures. There are plenty of distributors, too, most identifiable by their cheery manner and conversational skills. One who stands waiting for a taxi outside turns to address the stranger behind her.

"That," she exclaims, "is an awesome haircut!" Somehow for her it seems to work.



"What do you mean 'not tonight'? We've been cuddling for six months!"



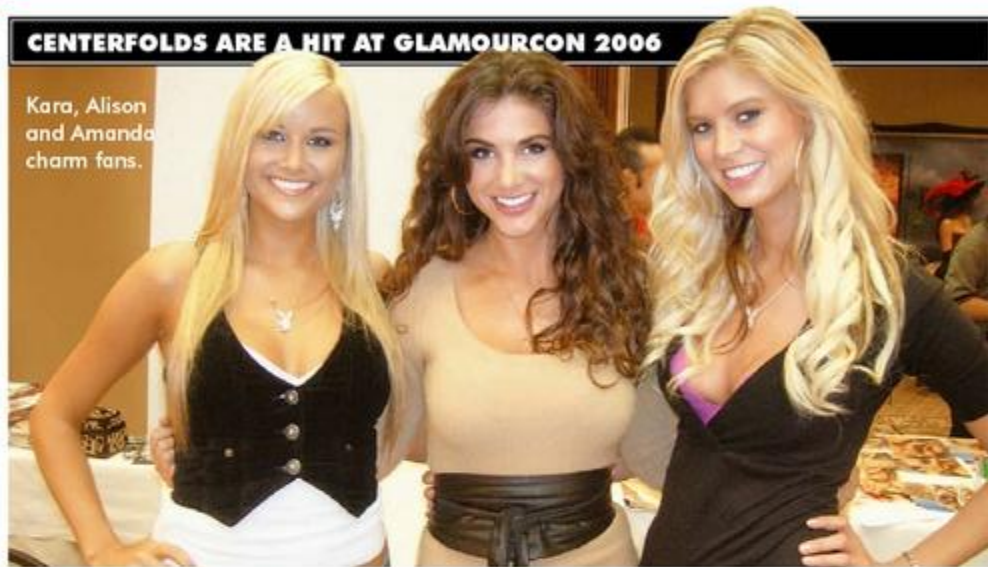


# PLAYMATE NEWS



## CENTERFOLDS ARE A HIT AT GLAMOURCON 2006

Kara, Alison and Amanda charm fans.



Although Playmate worship is not generally a recognized faith, a visit to the Glamourcon convention may have you believing otherwise. The 40th Glamourcon, held in L.A. in November, offered adoring fans a rare opportunity to get up close and personal with Playmates and pinups. Dozens of past and present Centerfolds attended. Among them was Miss July 2003 Marketa Janska (inset far right), who showed off her new line of Marketa jeans, from which she's donating a portion of the proceeds to music education for children. We found Marketa chatting with Miss July 1984 Liz Stewart (inset above), who now owns an interior-design firm and



devises many of PLAYBOY's sets. Of more recent vintage, Playmate of the Year Kara Monaco, Miss May Alison Waite and Miss October 2005 Amanda Paige



Liz and Marketa display their wares.

(above) were there to establish themselves in what are sure to be long careers. Speaking of long careers, the most recent Glamourcon Girl is Playmate of the Year 1976 Lillian Müller, the stunning Norwegian who's celebrating the 30th anniversary of her PMOY selection and her 55th birthday. "I've had more media attention in the past three years than in the previous 10," she enthuses. See her photos at [glamourcon.com](http://glamourcon.com) and you'll know why.

## 20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

In 1987 **Marina Baker** was performing in the London production of *Forever Elvis*, playing the King's wife, Priscilla, while spending her downtime hobnobbing with the wealthy society set around Sloane Square. For her pictorial **PLAYBOY** cued the imperial past and dressed the bountifully endowed Marina as an Edwardian-era Gibson girl. She has since gone on to become a journalist, author and politician in the U.K.



## LOOSE LIPS

"How does a guy know it's okay to kiss me? I give off signals. It's the way I interact. I let him know that it's okay."  
—**Stacy Fuson**



## PLAYBOY BRUNETTES DISPEL MYTH



How is it that blondes consolidated a monopoly on the fun category? Judging from these five delectable dark-maned beauties and their evening escapades, we're getting only half the story. From far left: Pilar Lasetra at the Palms in Las Vegas; Tiffany Fallon at the Academy of Country Music Awards in Las Vegas; Alison Waite at the Palms; Kelly Monaco at the Hollywood Palladium; Carmella DeCesare at the Mansion.

## HOT SHOT



IRINA VORONINA

## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Michael Kostroff

of *The Wire*

Miss August 1987 **Sharry Konopski** really knocked my socks off. Plus Sharry and I had something in common. Under turnoffs she included pizza with pineapple. I've never understood why anyone would ruin a perfectly good pizza by adding fruit to it.



## POP QUESTIONS: MARILYN COLE

**Q:** You recently published a feature story in British *GQ* on the new Playboy Club in Las Vegas, and you are a regular contributor to British *Esquire*. How did you become a writer?

**A:** It all began when I took some art history courses in New York, which led to a critical-thinking class where I wrote an essay on censorship. From there a friend of mine put me in touch with the editor of *Irish America*, who asked me to interview Jack Dempsey's widow, Deanna, with whom I was friends. That was published in 1998. I've since written about 45 articles.

**Q:** How did you start contributing to British *Esquire*?

**A:** The photographer John Stoddart was instrumental in my writing career. He introduced me to some people at British *Esquire*, and they had me write about becoming a Playmate. After that I did a story on LeRoy Neiman, and they also sent me to the Mansion to do a piece on Hef when he was dating Mandy, Brande and Sandy.

**Q:** It seems as if all roads lead to Playboy.

**A:** There's often a trail that leads back to Playboy. I even covered Woody Allen when he was filming *Match Point*; in 1966 Woody was doing his stand-up act at

the original Playboy Club in London, where I started as a Bunny.



## PATRIOTIC PLAYMATES



Though Playmates would make for fantastic USO events, religious sensitivities have kept these lovely emissaries out of Iraq and Afghanistan. Still, our Centerfolds continue to make appearances stateside. Here Serria Tawan, Ava Fabian, Lauren Anderson, Athena Lundberg and Marketa Janska pose with Sergeant Gode of the U.S. Army while visiting an L.A.-area veterans hospital.

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss January 2002 Nicole Narain is starring in a comedic drama on the new channel MyNetwork TV... Miss March 2001 Miriam Gonzalez has a role in the horror film *Babysitter Wanted*.... In addition to her recurring role on *Las Vegas*, Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra guest stars in Three 6 Mafia's new MTV reality show and has hosted two segments of *NFL News and Notes* on ESPN.com... Miss January 2006 Athena Lundberg struts her stuff on *The Janice Dickinson Modeling Agency*.... Miss August 1998 Angela Little



LETTY NARAIN



Brande (right) with Daniella Alonso.

appears in the movie *Player 5150* with Ethan Embry... Miss June Stephanie Larimore was spotted in Columbus, Ohio handing out tickets for *Casino Royale* screenings at the movie's local premiere party... PMOY 2004 Carmella DeCesare continues to make the scene in Las Vegas, most notably at Social House and Tangerine.... After animal rights activist and Miss February 1990 Pam Anderson refused

to work with a real turtle in her movie *Blonde and Blonder*, she reportedly adopted the mechanical stand-in... Playmate of the Year 2001 Brande Roderick attended the opening of *Snoop Dogg's Hood of Horror*.... Miss January 1996 Victoria Fuller and husband Jonathan Baker announced the arrival of a baby girl named Trease. "Having a newborn is like being on *The Amazing Race*," the new mom told *People*. "You're constantly up and down and on a weird schedule, trying to sleep when you can. It's all part of the adventure."



Victoria Fuller and company in *People*.

## MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com), or download her to your phone at [playboymobile.com](http://playboymobile.com).

*I'm not so good at being my own Cupid. I take marriage seriously. I don't want to dabble in it.*

**PLAYBOY:** What about being your own Cupid?

**PIVEN:** I'm not so good at being my own Cupid.

**PLAYBOY:** How about actresses? Have you had relationships with any?

**PIVEN:** I have. Curiously, there's a whole strain of guys out there who feel the need to date famous actresses. It's interesting, isn't it? Not models but very high-profile girls. I was talking to Emmanuelle Chriqui, who plays Eric's girlfriend on *Entourage*. She's so cool and so gorgeous and has been in a four-year relationship. She's a buddy of mine. Her boyfriend is not in the business. I said, "You've got to find someone who's in your corner and you're in their corner." That's what you need: a person who can understand what it's like to be an artist, or at least someone who can empathize.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there special rules for dating actresses?

**PIVEN:** My mother's an actress; my father was an actor. Being one, I know artists are sensitive people. You have to be like Teflon because you deal with so much rejection in order to break through. You also have to be voluntarily emotionally accessible. There are people who can't be with someone who has a higher profile or makes more money. I don't care about any of that. God, go for yours, man. I know a guy who said, "I can't date an actress. I've got too much ego. I can't have a four-car-ego garage." I could date an actress who's more successful than I am and have no problem with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you use work as an excuse not to have a serious relationship?

**PIVEN:** No. There were times when I didn't recognize what I had, though. There have been some amazing women in my life. I could kick myself. I grew up in a household where my mother was a hardworking artist who wasn't self-consumed. I'm not a mama's boy, but I had this great example of a mother. Maybe it's hard for me to settle. People get married for lots of reasons. My parents were married until my father passed away. I take marriage seriously. I don't want to dabble in it. I would love to have a family. I love kids. My sister has two beautiful kids, and I try to be around them whenever I can. I hope I'm a good uncle. Meanwhile I just try to keep working on myself to become a better person with the hope of attracting someone with whom I can find some synchronicity in this life.

**PLAYBOY:** In the meantime you can get the girl on TV and in the movies.

**PIVEN:** Why not? To be able to play off

female energy is a gift, one I feel capable of using. I've never been intimidated by powerful women. I think it's sexy when any woman is self-empowered and has found her own voice.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you the guy who got the girl when you were growing up?

**PIVEN:** There was a little bit of both. There were girls I lusted after and couldn't quite close the deal with, but there were times when the deal was closed. [pauses] I think I'm on the verge of telling you too much, so I'm going to tread lightly.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there a problem?

**PIVEN:** No, I've just become someone who chooses his words very specifically.

**PLAYBOY:** What are you concerned about?

**PIVEN:** One time an interviewer asked me, "What's your favorite role?" I said, "Like the Dalai Lama said, it's not the best thing to have a favorite anything." When asked the question, I happened to be standing with my arms around two women—friends, neither of whom I had anything going on with. Someone took a picture. Later I saw the picture in the magazine, and the caption read, "When Piven was asked about women, he quoted the Dalai Lama: 'It's best not to have a favorite anything.'" They will extract things and plug them in anywhere. They're desperate to sell magazines, and the only way to do it is to tie someone to the back of a truck and drag him around town.

**PLAYBOY:** Who has dragged you around?

**PIVEN:** I'd rather not talk about that. What's the point? It's all part of the tax on this life—on success, I guess. But I can't get caught up in the way I'm being perceived, because it's just a lot of wasted energy. On the other hand, when my name was called at the Emmys, I got to speak for myself. There are moments when people get a clear look at you, and there are moments when some silly rag will portray you inauthentically.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you learn some of these lessons from your father?

**PIVEN:** From him I learned family comes first and to be a conscientious provider and father. Loving, caring energy. And at the same time, he was completely passionate about the theater and his work—the integrity of his work and of that space you occupy when you act. I will take all those things with me my entire life.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the brass ring in Chicago compared with the brass ring in L.A.?

**PIVEN:** Stages, the Goodmans and Stepwolves of the world. I auditioned at both of them—that was the Super Bowl. And we had our own little Super Bowl

going. My parents had their own theater. It wasn't a school play or a high-profile thing. You did your thing, and you didn't go around taking victory laps. We'd pack 'em in. I did the leads in our plays. I was Methuselah, the 900-year-old man, in whiteface and fat pants, tearing it up, drenched in sweat every night. People go their whole life without finding a role like that. It's like finding King Lear at 24: It's unheard of. Then I would stay in all day, not go out or even talk. I would just rest and harness my energy, then explode at night. Rip it apart.

**PLAYBOY:** After growing up in the theater, did you have a plan to conquer TV and movies?

**PIVEN:** I've never had a plan. I just knew I didn't have the constitution to come out here and pound the pavement. There are too many distractions. I was touring with Second City. I started there with Chris Farley. I was lucky. While I was with Second City I knew I needed to work on my weaknesses. Then I left to go to the National Theatre of Great Britain and study Shakespeare. I had been working with my family, so I'd been working on improv. We did a lot of story theater and cool literature like Chekhov, but I hadn't done much Shakespeare. At the National Theatre I studied Shakespeare seven days a week. At night I'd go to plays. I'd see Judi Dench, Anthony Hopkins in *Antony and Cleopatra*, all these great performances.

**PLAYBOY:** Then you moved to L.A.

**PIVEN:** My first job in TV was on *Carol & Company*, Carol Burnett's return to television. I was fired when the network made changes. I came back with a vengeance and got *The Larry Sanders Show*. I remember they couldn't decide between me and Wally Langham, so they cast us both. In a way that's kind of indicative of my first 10 or 15 years in the business. There was no rhyme or reason to it. If you look at any of the first 25 movies I did, there was never a lot on the page. I would just try to get in the door and mix it up when I got there.

**PLAYBOY:** If Hollywood were a Shakespeare play, which would it be?

**PIVEN:** A toss-up between *Othello* and *Macbeth*. Iago whispering in your ear. Being sidetracked and ruled by witches' predictions. That's the dark side of it. The light side is I get to live my dream. I get to be a person who's allowed to be creative. That sounds either ethereal or pretentious, but I don't care.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever consider other careers?

**PIVEN:** No, nothing that didn't involve acting. I don't know how to do anything else.

**PLAYBOY:** At its worst, how tough was it?

**PIVEN:** When you've been waiting two and a half, three hours to audition, something happens to you. You forget why you're there. You go around the bend a little bit. I could never sit in the 141

waiting room with all the other actors. I couldn't focus.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you avoid those waiting rooms?

**PIVEN:** I'd ask the person in charge if they could get me when my turn came, and I'd stand outside the door in the hall.

**PLAYBOY:** Did anybody ever forget to come for you?

**PIVEN:** It happens.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever lose it—throw a tantrum, have a fit?

**PIVEN:** I never did. If you do, word gets out fast. So even though the only role available is Abrasive Guy Number Seven, you do it. That's what you have to live through. You figure you're going to go in and do everything you can with that. I'd have 10 different options on the dialogue. My job was to make something out of nothing and hope they dug it so they'd throw in another scene for me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you always know if an audition went well or not?

**PIVEN:** One time I was up for a role on a TV show, an Aaron Spelling production that didn't stay on the air. I went in and thought the audition went great. My father always said, "Each audition is a job unto itself. Once you're done with the audition, the job is done and you move on." He was right. If you don't, you'll be tortured. I felt like I killed. They were laughing, and I had a great time. I was loose, present, in the moment. Killed it and got out.

Then I got the feedback from the agent: "Uh, it's not going any further." "Really? I'm not going to the network on that one? That's weird. I thought I killed." "You know, Jeremy, you can't make excuses." "Oh no, I'm not making any excuses. I'm just baffled. Huh." "Jer-

emy, come on." "I'm just saying it doesn't make sense." "Well, what do you think it is then?" "Um, I think that to be part of an Aaron Spelling production you have to be pretty, and I would bet the variable is that I'm not pretty. In fact, I will go so far as to say—how do I put this without sounding like a complete narcissist?—I will bet they saw me in the role and I was the guy who achieved it in the room, but I'm just not pretty enough. Do you know anyone on the inside on this job who would give it to you straight?" "As a matter of fact, I do." "Would you call them?" "You know why I'm going to call them? To prove you're wrong." "Great."

I get a call back: "Hey, Jeremy, you were absolutely right. They wanted to go with you, but they're going with someone who's kind of...pretty."

Getting that information was a victory seldom seen. You never have those. No one's going to make that call for you. But what do you do with that information? Well, the good news is it can inform how you continue to navigate in this world. Do it and move on. So much of it is really out of your control.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you feel pretty now? When did you start to?

**PIVEN:** I haven't. In the 1970s you had leading men like Gene Hackman and Dustin Hoffman. They looked like real people. That worked for all of us. Then we moved into a phase when you had to be this traditionally handsome leading man to carry a movie. Now it seems people are more open to very specific, charismatic leading performances—Philip Seymour Hoffman, Paul Giamatti, Terrence Howard. Maybe it's just wishful thinking, but like I said, it seems to be opening up.

**PLAYBOY:** As a former journeyman actor, do you have advice for the new generation of up-and-coming stars?

**PIVEN:** If I were that young and someone were sticking a microphone in my face all the time, I wouldn't know what to do. All that attention at such a young age? My questions are: Do you respect what you do? Do you show up and contribute? Are you working on the highest level you possibly can? If you're doing all that, what's wrong with going out once in a while?

**PLAYBOY:** Any acting secrets to impart?

**PIVEN:** Once I was being directed by my sister. We were in the middle of a scene, and I was having a lot of trouble with a beat. I was in junior high. I couldn't quite understand her direction. I finally just blurted out, "You mean you want me to say it as if I'm saying it for the first time?" Wait a minute: That's what acting is. My God, she's right. It sounds so simplistic, but it's true. Being totally present is the key.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best example on your résumé? In your opinion, what's your best performance?

**PIVEN:** Probably on a TV show originally called *Bellevue* but retitled *Wonderland*. It aired opposite *ER* in its heyday—twice. Mine was the third episode, and the show was pulled before that one aired. I played a bipolar stand-up comedian who goes too far onstage and gets beaten up by a guy in the front row whom he'd offended. He is sent to Bellevue, where he can't stop performing until he's sedated. He is so opposed to the sedation, he convinces his doctor that in order to live this life as an artist he needs his edge. No sedation. The last scene is him onstage performing, with the doctor watching from the audience. The best thing I'd ever done in my life, and no one will ever see it.

**PLAYBOY:** Over your years as an actor, how many agents have you had?

**PIVEN:** A few. I think there were times I probably shouldn't have moved on. I fired an agent once because he said, "It's about money, baby. It's always about money. It's about money with you, it's about money with me, it's about money with them. It's about money with all of us, baby." I said, "It's not about money for me. You don't know me; don't speak for me. You're fired." "Aw, come on, baby," he said. "No, you're fired."

That was it. I probably should've taken a deep breath and not been so reactive. It was just so offensive to have someone else tell me why I do what I do.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you really not care about money?

**PIVEN:** Of course I want to make money for the work I do. Who wouldn't? That's why I have an agent. I handle the rest of it. I act.



"Would Your Highness be averse to showing a little tit?"



# Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



## Road Killer

**Audi's R10 TDI can go more than 200 mph, wins nearly every race it enters and hardly makes a sound**

**W**hat you see here is a monument to speed: the most dominant sports racing car on earth. Audi's R10 TDI—a diesel-powered racer (yes, you read that right)—will arrive in Florida for the 12 Hours of Sebring on March 17 (see it on the Speed Channel). The R10 debuted at last year's Sebring and became the first diesel to win in the race's storied history; it then earned victories in every American Le Mans Series event it entered. This past June we watched from trackside as the R10 became the first diesel to win the 24 Hours of Le Mans,

arguably the world's toughest race. The car's 650-horsepower turbo diesel V12 is so efficient, it cruises by at more than 200 miles an hour while barely making a sound, especially compared with the booming Detroit anthem of the racing Corvettes. Matched with legendary seven-time Le Mans champ Tom Kristensen (contract in the works at press time), the R10 may be unstoppable this year. If so, tune in for sports-car racing's subplot when Aston Martin tries to avenge the Corvette team's narrow 2006 victory in the GT1 category.



## Beach Time

**Actor Adam Beach's life story proves that though you may be down, you're never out**

**W**hen I started acting," says 34-year-old Adam Beach, "nobody believed in me. Everyone said, 'Yeah, whatever. You're going to quit in two or three years.'" One can understand the skepticism. Orphaned at the age of eight on an Indian reservation near Winnipeg (mother killed by a drunk driver, father drowned while drunk shortly after), Beach faced formidable odds. Now, with 50 credits to his name, the Saulteaux tribe member has earned serious Oscar buzz for his performance in the Clint Eastwood-directed *Flags of Our Fathers*, in which he plays Iwo Jima veteran Ira Hayes to heartbreaking effect. Seizing the moment, Beach has five projects slated for release this year, including the upcoming HBO miniseries *Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee*. We think his rags-to-riches story would make a great film in its own right.

# Grapevine

## Rapper's Delight

Ice-T, you motorboatin' son of a bitch. You old sea captain. Flaunting your wife, COCO, all over town and on your latest album cover. Tell us, are they built for speed or comfort? (What does that question even mean, anyway?)



©DOUG PETERS/ALL ACTION/RETNA

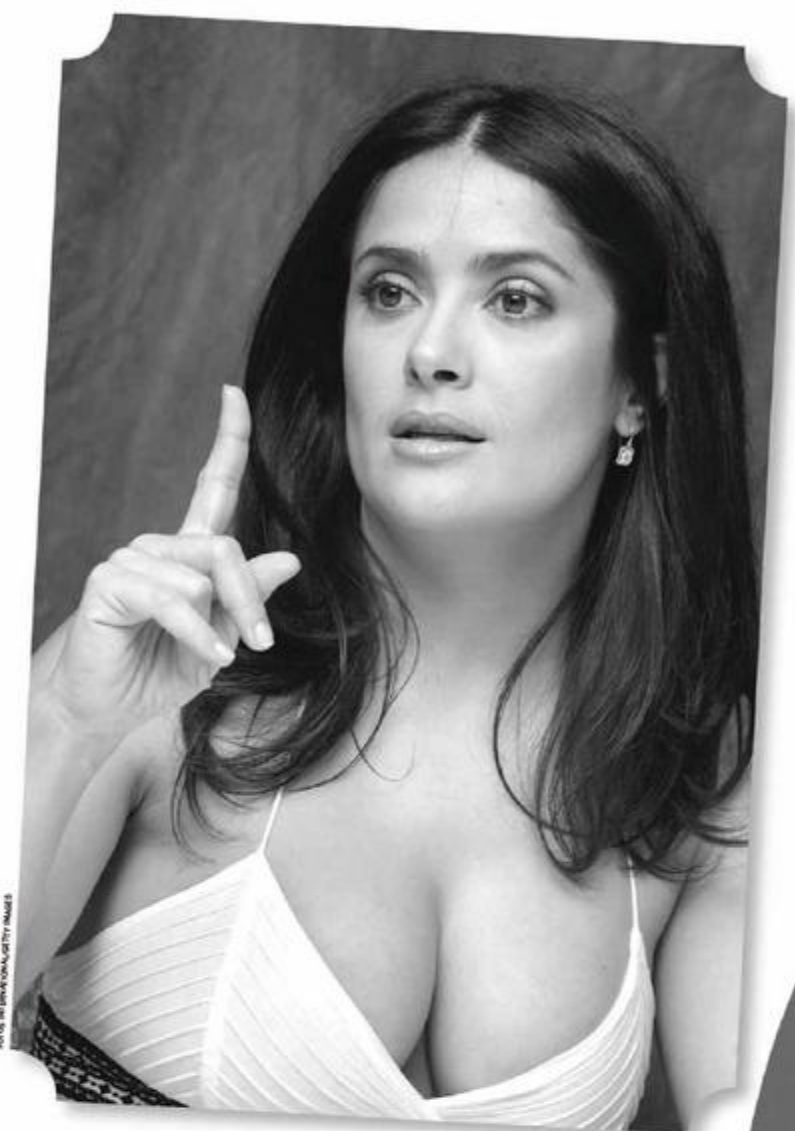


PHOTO: JEFFREY MANN/GETTY IMAGES

## Making One or Two Points

Days after her bra-busting cameo made *Ugly Betty* the talk of the watercooler, executive producer SALMA HAYEK flaunted the flautas at a London press conference. Fine, we'll watch your show.



W&A

©JORDAN MILLER/RETNA



©THORSTEN BLJUK/RETNA



**Just Out  
of Frame:  
PLAYBOY's  
Party Jokes  
Page?**

A picture is nice, but sometimes we wish we'd had a microphone on the scene as well. Some quip seems to have so tickled the funny bone of PARIS HILTON that she's plumb fallen out of her dress. That would be a good joke to know.



**Do These  
Hot Pants  
Make My  
Ass Look  
Big...  
Enough?**

Have no fear, RIHANNA. We assure you this is the most impressive booty we've seen this year.



**Cracking  
the Top 10**

MICHELLE SCOTT-LEE is a member of Liberty X, which scored a hit with "Being Nobody," a mashup of Chaka Khan's "Ain't Nobody" and the Human League's "Being Boiled." Cheeky!

**Can  
Sasha  
Come Out  
to Play?**

In the ego-laden entertainment world, BEYONCÉ is a true dream girl, an antidiva. The shy Houstonian recently admitted she had to invent an alter ego named Sasha to make her stage show suitably hot. Hey, whatever it takes to make that jelly shake....



## SOUND THINKING

Ultimate Ears' UE-10 Pro earphones are a PLAYBOY staff favorite, and it's no secret why. Custom molded to your ear canal with three individual speakers in each earpiece, they're damn near perfect. They also cost \$900. Now, however, Ultimate Ears has released the Triple.fi 10 Pro, which packs the same speaker technology into universal-fit earpieces. The kicker? They cost \$400 and sound almost as good as their custom-molded cousins. Think of them as your personal portable listening room. Info at [ultimateears.com](http://ultimateears.com).



## HOT AND BOTHERED

For New Yorkers, the Red Cat is a prime date location. Show up at the Chelsea eatery in jeans or a tux and no one bats an eye. And the menu? It's like comfort food and haute cuisine having sex on your plate. Non-New Yorkers are now in luck: Chef-owner Jimmy Bradley's *The Red Cat Cookbook* (\$35, in bookstores) gives you the tools to re-create his mastery at home. Pictured: savory pork sausage with clams and garlic.



## TOP DRAWER

We all have a Sunday afternoon painter in us, but no one wants to spend Sunday evening cleaning brushes. Wacom's Cintiq 21UX (\$2,500, [wacom.com](http://wacom.com)) marries all the precision of the company's renowned drawing tablets with a brilliant display, so you can draw, paint and scribble directly on the screen. It's as intuitive as digital artistry gets, with more than 1,000 levels of pressure sensitivity. It comes with powerful painting software and works seamlessly with both Macs and PCs.



## BEETLE JUICE

Self-sufficiency is a virtue. But as prepared as you feel, those jumper cables in your trunk won't do you much good when you get stuck on the side of a remote mountain. In those situations (or if, like us, you just hate asking strangers for favors), the Freeplay FreeCharge Weza (\$250, [freeplayenergy.com](http://freeplayenergy.com)) is invaluable. You can plug it in at home to charge the battery and use it to jump-start a dead vehicle. Even better, if the Weza itself runs out of juice, you can use the attached foot pump to charge it up again no matter where you are. In a pinch you can even use it to charge a GPS device or cell phone. Just remember, under no circumstances should it be used as all-weather nipple clamps.



### MISSING LINKS

If you've ever had a cuff-link emergency, you know it's the kind of floppy-armed mess you'll never want to face again. To ensure it never happens to you, pack a set of Emergency Cuff Links (\$16, [touchofginger.com](http://touchofginger.com)) at all times. Slide them into your wallet and you won't even realize you're carrying them—until disaster strikes, at which point you'll fall in love with yourself all over again.



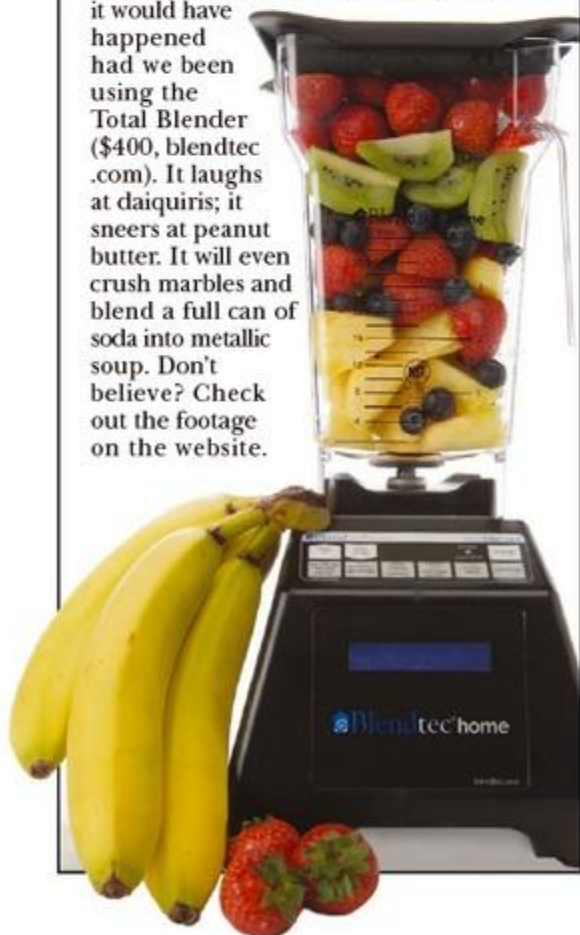
### THE DAILY GRIND

In case you haven't heard, the parlor game du jour among urban sophisticates is Food or Grooming Product? It's not always easy to tell. The people at Molton Brown are good at turning the stuff of salad dressing into the stuff of showering. Among their latest: the Re-charge Black Pepper Body-wash (\$25, [www.moltonbrown.co.uk](http://www.moltonbrown.co.uk)), made with real black-pepper oil. The scent and feel on your skin make for an invigorating experience in the morning. Add a little of your girl's salt scrub and cucumber shampoo and you're Captain Appetizer for the day.



### THE URGE TO MERGE

We've burned out a blender motor or two in our time. Somehow we don't think it would have happened had we been using the Total Blender (\$400, [blendtec.com](http://blendtec.com)). It laughs at daiquiris; it sneers at peanut butter. It will even crush marbles and blend a full can of soda into metallic soup. Don't believe? Check out the footage on the website.



### BABY DOLLS

We at PLAYBOY are an admittedly open-minded bunch. Still, as accepting as we can be, we draw the line at grown men playing with dolls—unless, that is, they're limited-edition bobbleheads of the Girls Next Door. Bridget comes in a lovely pink polka-dot outfit, Holly in a cheerleader number and Kendra in a football getup. All are holding flutes of champagne. They stand eight inches tall and are \$29 each at [playboystore.com](http://playboystore.com). Knock yourself out.

### SUGAR IN YOUR COFFEE?

What you see here is dessert and coffee rolled into one. Pocket Coffee is real Italian espresso enclosed in a praline shell, then coated in chocolate. A mainstay in Italy and with a cultlike following in America, this delicious candy was created in 1968 by Ferrero, the same company that invented Nutella. It's famously hard to buy in the States, but we found it at [capriflavors.com](http://capriflavors.com) (box of 18, \$13). Pop one in your mouth, close your eyes, and you're standing at a cafe on Rome's Piazza Venezia, watching the scooters swerve by. Seconds later the caffeine buzz kicks in.





PLAYMATE DELEGATES FROM AROUND THE GLOBE.



THE THIRD SENSE.



PLAYBOY KEEPS YOU OUT OF THE ROUGH.



THE WWE'S ASHLEY MASSARO, TIGHTS-LESS.

**ASHLEY MASSARO**—PUTTING THE BODY IN BODY SLAM, THE WWE DIVA AND WINNER OF THE HERALDED BRA & PANTIES GAUNTLET MATCH REMOVES THE TIGHTS FOR A NO-HOLDS-BARRED PIN-HER-UP, PIN-US-DOWN PICTORIAL.

**THE NEWEST WONDER DRUG**—FOR YEARS TOP ATHLETES HAVE USED HGH—HUMAN GROWTH HORMONE—TO BOOST THEIR ON-FIELD PERFORMANCE. NOW THE BANNED SUBSTANCE IS TAKING HOLD AMONG CIVILIANS. WHY IS IT BECOMING SO POPULAR? PERHAPS BECAUSE IT PACKS THE BENEFITS OF STEROIDS, VIAGRA, PROZAC AND THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH INTO ONE SEDUCTIVE DOSE. **PAT JORDAN** INVESTIGATES.

**INTERNATIONAL PLAYMATES PICTORIAL**—SPANNING THE GLOBE TO GIVE YOU A CONSTANT VARIETY OF PLAYMATES, WE DELIVER THE BEST FROM OUR INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS, INCLUDING THOSE OF GERMANY, POLAND, SLOVENIA AND BRAZIL—PLUS A SWEET FRENCH KISS.

**BOOSTING THE BIG TUNA**—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A TOP BURGLAR WORKS UP THE COJONES TO ROB CHICAGO MOB BOSS TONY ACCARDO? WELL, IT AIN'T PRETTY. ON THE EVE OF THE BIGGEST ORGANIZED-CRIME RACKETEERING TRIAL IN CHICAGO HISTORY, **HILLEL LEVIN** BRINGS YOU THIS TRUE-CRIME EXPOSÉ.

**BILL MAHER**—TAKING TIME AWAY FROM HIS HBO SERIES *REAL TIME WITH BILL MAHER*, THE IRREPRESSIBLE GADFLY WITH AN EQUALLY IRREPRESSIBLE LIBIDO RETURNS FOR A PROVOCATIVE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH **DAVID SHEFF**.

**PLAYBOY'S ULTIMATE GOLF GETAWAYS**—THE COURSE IS BUT ONE ELEMENT OF A GREAT GOLF VACATION. WE FACTOR IN OFF-THE-GREEN DELIGHTS TO BRING YOU THE BEST FROM HAWAII, LAS VEGAS, SCOTLAND, BARBADOS AND AUSTRALIA.

**WILL ARNETT**—WITH FIVE ROLES ON DECK, INCLUDING ONE IN THE UPCOMING FIGURE-SKATING FARCE *BLADES OF GLORY*, THE FORMER *ARRESTED DEVELOPMENT* STAR APPEARS TO BE HAVING HIS MOMENT. SOME DARE CALL HIM THE NEXT WILL FERRELL. CAN'T YOU JUST HEAR THE DIABOLICAL NITWIT GOB BLUTH HAVING THE LAST LAUGH? *20Q* BY **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**.

**THE THIRD SENSE**—OF THE FIVE SENSES, SMELL IS THE MOST CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH MEMORY—AND HEARTBREAK. WHEN A BUSINESSMAN COMES HOME AFTER A SQUASH GAME, HIS WIFE PICKS UP A SCENT THAT'S MORE THAN SWEAT. THE MORAL: TAKE A SHOWER AFTER EVERY ILLICIT RENDEZVOUS. FICTION BY NOBEL PRIZE WINNER **NADINE GORDIMER**

**SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST**—WHAT WILL THE PLAYBOY MAN BE WEARING THIS SEASON? WE JET TO ST. BARTS WITH RENOWNED FASHION PHOTOGRAPHER **ANTOINE VERGLAS** TO FIND COOL NEUTRALS ACCENTED WITH COLOR-POPPING ACCESSORIES.

**PLUS:** *MANTRACK* TAKES YOU SPRING SKIING, SUPERSEXY PLAYMATE **ANNA-MARIE GODDARD** SPILLS THE BEANS IN *CENTERFOLDS ON SEX*, MISS APRIL **GIULIANA MARINO** SAYS CIAO, AND WE MEET ANOTHER DELICIOUS BABE OF THE MONTH.