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PLAYBOY

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INTERVIEW
**CLIVE
OWEN**
GETS
EDGY

SPECIAL REPORT
SEX 2.0

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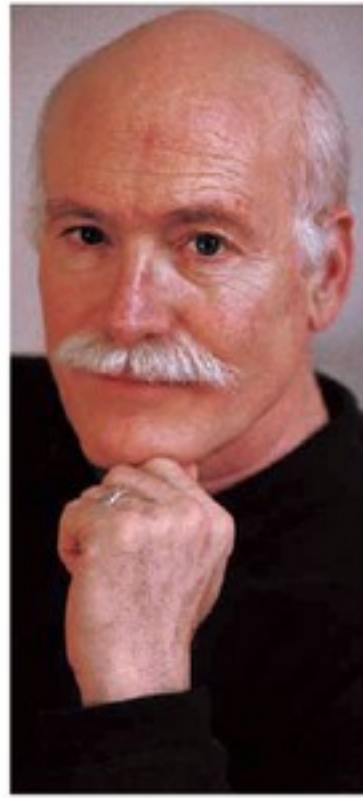
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A man who seldom parleys with the press, **Clive Owen** is a bit of an enigma, but that's part of his appeal. "His coolness comes from his fuck-all attitude," says **Stephen Rebello**, who wrangled the actor for the *Playboy Interview*. "When we were feeling each other out, it was uncomfortable until he told me he collects movie posters. I told him I'd written *Reel Art*, a book on the subject, and then he completely opened up. We could have talked posters all day, but only two people would have found that interesting." Owen brings his attitude to the screen with the action flick *Shoot 'Em Up*. "The movie is insanely dark, funny, twisted and sexy," Rebello says. "His performance is absolutely balls-out; he's like James Bond on crack. At a pre-screening I sat near former Bond George Lazenby. Watching his reaction to Owen playing a 2007 007 was priceless."



Three-time O. Henry Award winner **Tobias Wolff** offers *A Mature Student* for this month's fiction. The story is about a professor and her pupil, each of whom has served her country, and their discussion of the physical and emotional wounds caused by conflict. "The idea came when I was working with Operation Homecoming, a project that matches writers with marines and soldiers from the war in Iraq," Wolff says. "One thing about them that struck me as different from my cohorts in Vietnam was that a large number of the marines I worked with were women. I was tremendously interested in their take on the experience. Then I tried to imagine their lives afterward and wrote this story."



It's tough to be the short, silent type when you're a star of *Penn & Teller: Bullshit!*, the most biting documentary series on TV. For *Teller Speaks*, the only mime we've ever liked lets loose on **Fred Schruers**. "I've been a fan of Penn & Teller since almost before it was cool," Schruers says. "Only given a mighty verbal fountain like Penn Jillette would anyone consider asking the extremely articulate and winning Teller not to talk. The two have prospered because they have a genuine edge, the result of giving free rein to their convictions, which are always underpinned by a good deal of research and intellectual rigor. Also they're so goddamn funny."



After *PLAYBOY Indonesia* hit newsstands in April 2006, all 100,000 copies of the issue sold out in two days. Almost as swiftly, editor in chief **Erwin Arnada** was charged with violating decency laws and received death threats from Islamic extremists. Arnada reflects on his experiences in *Forum*. "The absence of a monopoly on values and views in our beloved country is our final purpose," Arnada says. "We believe that is also the aim of all of us who live with reason and who understand the meaning of democracy and a pluralistic society."



John H. Richardson joined RedClouds, one of the most popular online adult communities, and shared erotic images with his new friends. He discusses that experience and the intimacy and anonymity of amateur cyberporn in *The RedClouds Revolution*. "I was probably surfing the Net for porn," says Richardson about how he stumbled upon the site. "I was impressed by how people consider it to be transformational. They are achieving liberation tentatively, in the safety of the Internet. They experience sexuality in a new way."



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PLAYBOY

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A three-time O. Henry Award winner imagines an unusual encounter on a college campus between a 41-year-old student and her art history professor. Both women have served their countries—the student as a marine in Saudi Arabia, the professor as a covert counterrevolutionary in Iron Curtain-era Prague. Their initially casual conversation soon raises unsettling questions about what can be forgiven and what is forever beyond the pale. **BY TOBIAS WOLFF**

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After more than 20 years in the movie business, he has emerged as a classic leading man cut from the same cloth as Humphrey Bogart and Sean Connery. Now the suave British star of such films as *Sin City* and *Children of Men* loosens his collar and tells us about his prickly reputation with the press, why he doesn't care if he's likable on camera and how he avoids temptation with the sexiest screen sirens. **BY STEPHEN REBELLO**

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COVER STORY

Igor Shoemaker, the press-shy founder of adult supersite RedClouds, sees himself as a lone crusader against the professional porn industry and social repression. With millions of visitors checking out RedClouds' do-it-yourself erotica, Igor is also a revolutionary. Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag focuses on the already uninhibited Amanda Paige; our Rabbit straps himself in.



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BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

this month on playboy.com

THE A-LIST

Discover the top watering holes as we name the finest rooftop bars.
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



HEF AND HIS GIRLS VISIT LARRY KING

The indefatigable quartet of Holly, Hef, Bridget and Kendra spent an hour with Larry King discussing the third season of *The Girls Next Door*, the DVD release of season two, the *Girls Next Door Workout* video and the second edition of *Playboy After Dark* on DVD.



CHARMED LIFE

At a launch party at Hyde Lounge in Los Angeles, Kendra, Holly, Hef and Bridget joined hostess Kelly Osbourne and jewelry designer Brooke Dulien to celebrate the introduction of Dulien's line of White Trash Charms that she created especially for Playboy.



HALLOWEEN, PLAYBOY STYLE

It seems that scary is yielding to sexy for fright night. Witness Bridget, Kendra and Holly modeling Playboy's hottest Halloween getups, available at costume shops and playboystore.com.



THOROUGHBREDS AND FILLIES

Playmates hosted the Playboy Crown Royal Lounge festivities at the Kentucky Derby, where such high-profile personalities as Keith Robinson (right), Brittany Murphy and husband Simon Monjack (bottom left), Bobby Flay (bottom center) and Jason Lewis and Zoe Saldana (bottom right) partied and played the ponies.



HANGIN' WITH H&F



Spring arrives in Holmby Hills, bringing with it a bounty of vernal festivities. (1) Holly grabs the bull by the horn to kick off the Mansion Easter Egg Hunt for friends and family. (2) Rock star Fred Durst and his son Dallas count their Easter eggs. (3) Gene Simmons, Playmate Shannon Tweed and kids Nick and Sophie, from *Gene Simmons Family Jewels*, share the fun with a friend. (4) Hef has a thing for bunnies. (5) Playmate Victoria Fuller and Jonathan Baker with daughter Trease. (6) King Hef and his ladies at the Renaissance Pleasure Faire in Irwindale. (7) His Hefness and Queen Elizabeth I look on as knights joust. (8) Sir Walter Raleigh attempts to woo Holly. Off with his head! (9) The knights on parade. (10) Mr. Playboy names Miss July 2006 Sara Jean Underwood Playmate of the Year at this year's gala luncheon. (11) Six decades of Centerfolds. (12) PMOY 2004 Carmella DeCesare with her husband, NFL quarterback Jeff Garcia. (13) The lovely Barbi Benton returns to the Mansion for a visit.





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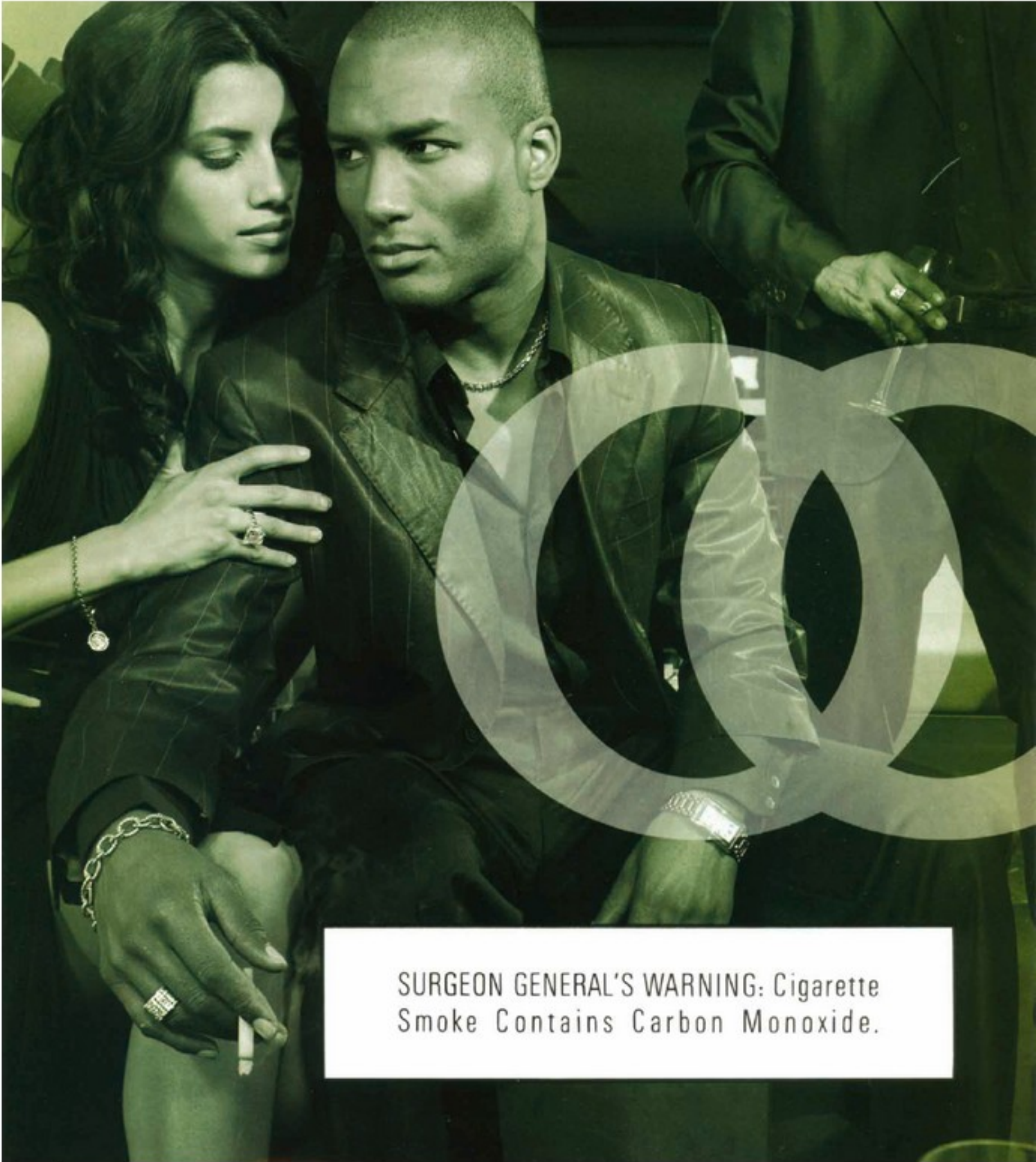
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THE NUDE APPRENTICE

Kristine Lefebvre is one of the most beautiful women you have featured (*The Sorceress of The Apprentice*, June). Beauty, brains and the willingness to use salty language—what man could ask for more? Too bad we don't have a *Zauberlehrling* who could multiply her.

Hans Querner
Hales Corners, Wisconsin



Apprentice Kristine puts magic in the air.

"My brains don't fall out of my ass when I'm naked." What a great quote. Lefebvre is the total package.

Tom Malabo
Tucson, Arizona

I have seen some beautiful working women in my life, but Lefebvre tops them all. Score one for PLAYBOY.

Jason Green
Queens, New York

CHASING MITNICK

Jonathan Littman's report on the hacker Kevin Mitnick (*The Invisible Digital Man*, June) brought back emotions I haven't felt since I was a teenager and hacking was considered cool. Today, as a Windows security expert, I am paid to hack by a different name; in the industry it's known as penetration testing. Like so many of his contemporaries, Mitnick didn't hack so he could steal your grandmother's bank account number or cash in by sending millions of spam e-mails. Instead, he was a hacker because he loved the challenge of breaking in. Littman quotes a psychiatrist who says of the teenage Mitnick, "Kevin's preoccupation, if not obsession, is derived in part from the sense of power he gains, power which

offers a sense of security and power which enables him to get even if he chooses." Couldn't that describe just about anyone?

Mark Burnett
Salt Lake City, Utah

Burnett runs MB's Windows Security blog at xato.net.

The weakest link in any computer security system is the people. Most of Mitnick's attacks were social rather than technical, appealing to people's vanity, insecurity and/or desire to be helpful. He defeated even two-factor authentication systems, such as the SecurID at Motorola, primarily by being nice on the phone. Even if you tell people you're going to infect their system, some will download a virus. When security researcher Didier Stevens bought an ad on Google that read "Is your PC virus-free? Get it infected here!" he received 409 clicks. In a survey of office workers approached at a London subway station, 71 percent gave up their password for a chocolate egg. The year before, 90 percent had given it up for a pen. No security system can overcome people determined to subvert it from the inside.

Tom Comeau
Ellicott City, Maryland

Comeau blogs at tcomeau.org.

If it hasn't already, why doesn't the government put Mitnick on the trail of Osama bin Laden?

Bob Kerber
Oceanside, California

For years I have wondered what crime Mitnick actually committed to get the FBI so steamed up—the only thing on record is his theft of source code for one of DEC's operating systems. His actual transgression appears to have been to spy on the FBI and its informant, using the same secret phone system the bureau used to conduct wiretaps.

Quis custodiet ipsos custodes? When it's a hacker with a criminal record, trouble is clearly afoot. Perhaps the most disturbing part of Littman's report is his discussion of JSZ, the shadowy Israeli hacker widely believed to be the true perpetrator of the Christmas Day hack against Tsutomu Shimomura. Although authorities blamed Mitnick, the crime was too techni-

cally sophisticated to be his work. According to Littman, JSZ may work on Wall Street. Now that's a disturbing thought.

Simson Garfinkel
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Garfinkel is a fellow at the Center for Research on Computation and Society at Harvard University.

DECONSTRUCTING THE SIMPSONS

Matt Groening says in the *Playboy Interview* (June) that members of the fan site Nohomers.net "often act like spurned lovers if they don't like something." Of course we act that way—*The Simpsons* hasn't satisfied some of us in years. However, it is still more satisfying than our imaginary girlfriends.

Eric Wirtanen
Sagamore, Massachusetts

Wirtanen is the founder of Nohomers.net.

National Public Radio may be right when it claims Groening will go down as "one of the most influential figures in the history of television." But his legacy will be the breakdown of the American family, as *The Simpsons* has encouraged millions of children to disrespect their parents and elders.

George Hammons
Manteca, California

As your interview demonstrates, Groening is a keen observer of the common absurdities of human behavior. When I was a graduate student



The actual Simpsons (with Groening) receive royalties.

at Texas Tech, I showed *The Simpsons* to students in my Introduction to Psychology course to demonstrate concepts. For example, the "Fear of Flying" episode tracks the development of a phobia and offers several treatment strategies. Over the years *The Simpsons* has consistently reflected the latest research and theories, and

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I now have a long list of illustrative episodes. I hope someday to get a physicist's take on *Futurama*.

Chris Logan
Dallas, Texas

Logan is the co-editor, with Professor Alan Brown, of The Psychology of The Simpsons.

MALE SEXUAL ANIMAL

I have been a subscriber for 15 years and always enjoy the magazine's intelligence. That said, I am not only offended but sickened that Chip Rowe would provide instant gratification for pedophiles by writing in *Are We Not Boys?* (June) about the climax of a five-month-old child. I couldn't bring myself to finish the article.

Lynn Price
Clarksville, Arkansas

Rowe responds: "I am not surprised by this reaction, since it is of the type often received by scientists who study childhood sexual development. Should we have also not mentioned that fetuses have been observed touching themselves? Will that encourage pedophiles to become sonographers? Based on the available evidence, it appears that the human system of sexual response is present from birth. It seems silly to have to say so, but describing this early response and the nature of the most controversial evidence for its existence is not meant to endorse or encourage the crime of pedophilia."

HARLEY ANNIVERSARY

I find it seriously uncool that *50 Years of the Harley Sportster* (June) did not include the Fonz. Although he rode a Triumph in later episodes of *Happy Days*, he began with a Sportster. I have to say to your writer, James R. Petersen, "Sit on it."

Robert Stephens
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Petersen responds: "It's possible to find publicity shots in which the Fonz is sitting on a Harley, but none are Sportsters." We have posted the photographic evidence at blog.playboy.com under Letters.

I would have given anything to have my 1960 Sportster XLCH included in your review. Oh well. There's always the 75th anniversary.

Vince Birchenough
Roxboro, North Carolina

DESSERT ARRIVES EARLY

I work at a restaurant in Columbus, Ohio. Recently a beautiful young woman came in. When she arrived, only a handful of customers were in the place, but someone recognized her as Playmate Brittany Binger (*Bada Binger*, June), and within 30 minutes the restaurant was filled with people holding their copies of the magazine. Brittany signed autographs and posed for snapshots for three hours and never had a chance to

finish her meal. Her generosity and graciousness speak well for the magazine.

Jesse Cramer
Westerville, Ohio

SARA JEAN, SHE'S OUR GIRL

Sara Jean Underwood is the second Playmate of the Year in eight years to have attended Oregon State University, after Jodi Ann Paterson in 2000. It makes me even prouder to be an alumnus.

Andrew Willis
San Diego, California

Sara Jean is a knockout. Thank you for showing that smaller breasts and lighter makeup can be sexy.

Lauren Bevin
San Antonio, Texas

I hope next year you will return the Playmate of the Year to the place of honor she deserves: the cover.

Erik Schuman
Fountain Valley, California

This is only the second time I have voted in anything outside of a presi-



PMOY Sara Jean Underwood. Thirsty?

dential election, the other being *American Idol*. In both cases an Underwood won the whole thing!

Timothy Krupka
Allentown, Pennsylvania

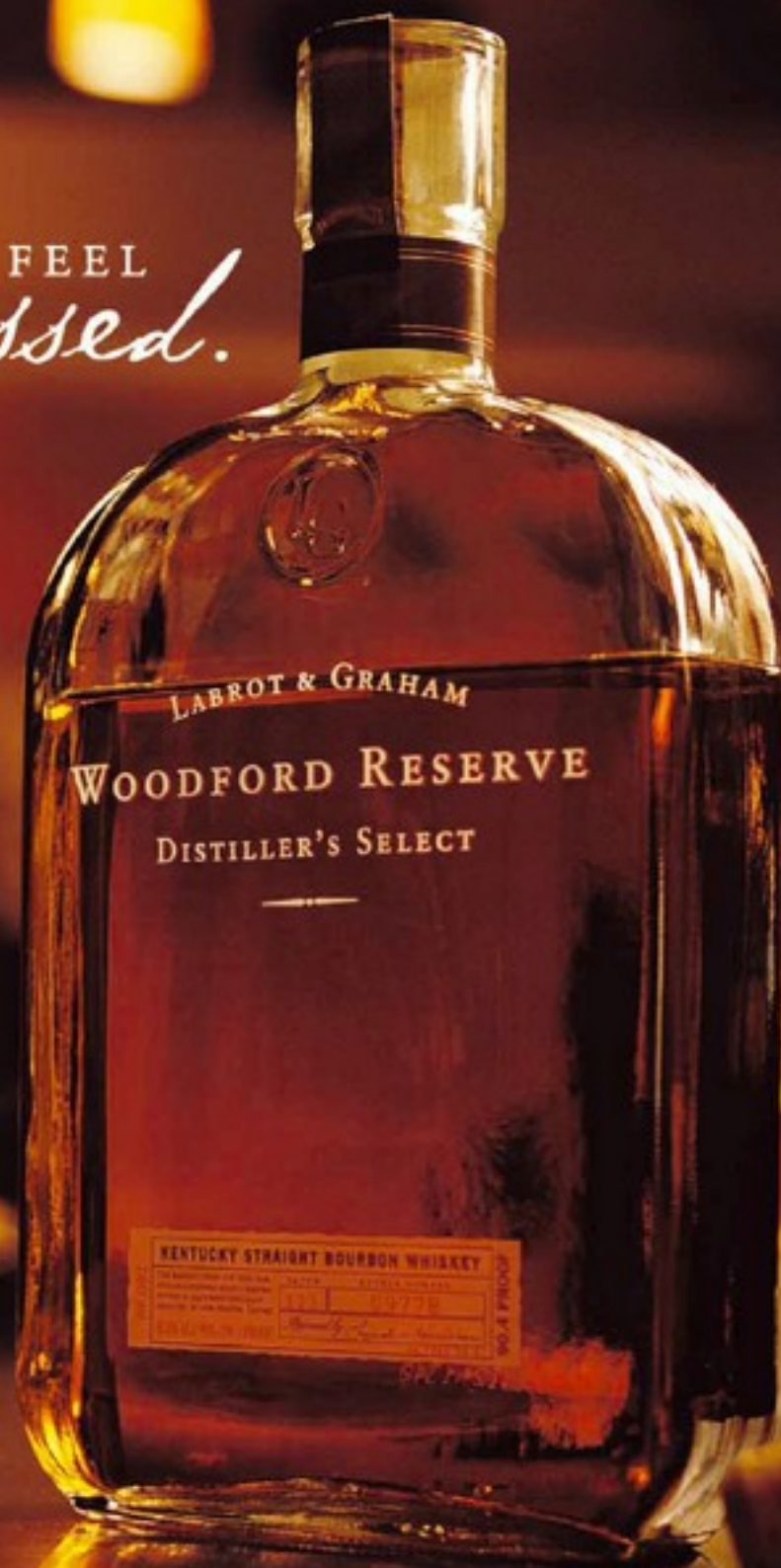
Last year Kara Monaco became the first Miss June to be chosen Playmate of the Year, and this year Miss July was selected, which means every month has produced a winner. Now all I have left to wait for is the 50th Playmate of the Year, in 2009.

Brian Neihouse
Fort Smith, Arkansas

Read more feedback at blog.playboy.com.



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P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Carrie Stroup

GIRL-GIRL KISSES MAKE HER SWEAT. PROFUSELY

For fans of the TV show *Scrubs*, it was steamy; for Carrie Stroup, a model and former Miss World contestant, it was more like a sauna. She was doing a four-episode run as Mrs. Cantwell, a hypochondriacal schoolteacher. The thought of Carrie being examined by series regular Sarah Chalke triggered steamy fantasies for the show's male characters—fantasies filmed as dream sequences for the benefit of the viewing public. "I'm in my bra, and my boobs look all big," she recalls, fighting back a charming and ever-present giggle. "I was a little embarrassed. There were all these lights and a bunch of lighting guys going"—here she breaks into a horny doofus voice, which is also charming—"Huh-huh, it's the kissing scene." There were 20 people in this little room. I have something called hyperhidrosis, which means you sweat a lot. I had sweat running down between my boobs, and they had to keep powdering my chest. Here I'm trying to kiss a great actress, and I'm sweating all over her. The director finally had to kick all the guys off the set." If watching Carrie self-baste under bright lights sounds entertaining, you should see her on a modeling shoot. "I love to flash people," she says. "My crotch, not my boobs. The photographers get so embarrassed and shy, and the clients end up with a good shot of my crotch. It loosens everybody up. I always have fun on my photo shoots. By one o'clock we're fixing cocktails."



"They had to keep powdering my chest."

where's scully?

Still Strange but Not Alien

DAVID DUCHOVNY DISCOURSES ON HIS ONCE AND CURRENT CHARACTERS

You know this guy: Special Agent Fox Mulder—conspiracy theorist, loner and tortured paranormal investigator on *The X-Files*, one of the most successful dramas of the 1990s. Of course he's really David Duchovny, who has been all but invisible since playing the creepy but sympathetic Mulder so indelibly. This month Duchovny makes a high-profile return on the Showtime series *Californication* as Hank Moody, a divorced, hard-drinking writer and dad whose sex life is as phenomenal as everything else in his life is shambolic. To keep things clear, we asked Duchovny to compare his past and present alter egos.

FAVORITE ALBUM Mulder's is *Abbey Road*, by the Beatles. Hank's is *The Wind*, by Warren Zevon.

FAVORITE SHOW

Mulder watches *Californication* and wishes he could be Hank. Hank tries to watch *The X-Files* in syndication but always falls asleep halfway through.

COLLEGE STUDIES Mulder majored in psychology with an astronomy minor. Hank majored in English with a minor in Latin (women).

WHAT HE HAS FOR DINNER WHEN HE'S HOME ALONE Mulder will eat cereal at every meal. Hank drinks his dinner.

RELATIONSHIP WITH PORNOGRAPHY Mulder enjoys vintage porn. Hank enjoys making porn.

FREQUENCY OF SEX Mulder never gets laid. Hank always does.

OPTIMISM Both of them are optimists at heart. Neither has any basis for his optimism.

BELIEF IN GOD Mulder believes in gods, plural. Hank believes God doesn't believe in him.

BELIEF IN EVIL They both know evil exists. Mulder's evil is the government and possibly aliens. Hank's evil is within himself.

ON THE WHOLE Both of them are essentially good people who are completely misunderstood as crackpots. Well, not completely.



not so raw deal



Dance of the 52 Veils

WHAT PLAYBOY MIGHT LOOK LIKE UNDER AN ISLAMIC THEOCRACY

In his *Playboy Cards* series, Iranian-born artist Shahram Entekhabi has modified a deck of Playboy playing cards by covering the models with a chador, a cloak worn in public by some Iranian women. The resulting images are amusing, but Entekhabi stresses the message. "You cannot hide female beauty," he says. "I noticed that covering the models with chadors actually made them sexier. It leaves more to the imagination, which is more interesting." We might debate that last thought, but hey—whatever cooks your kebab.

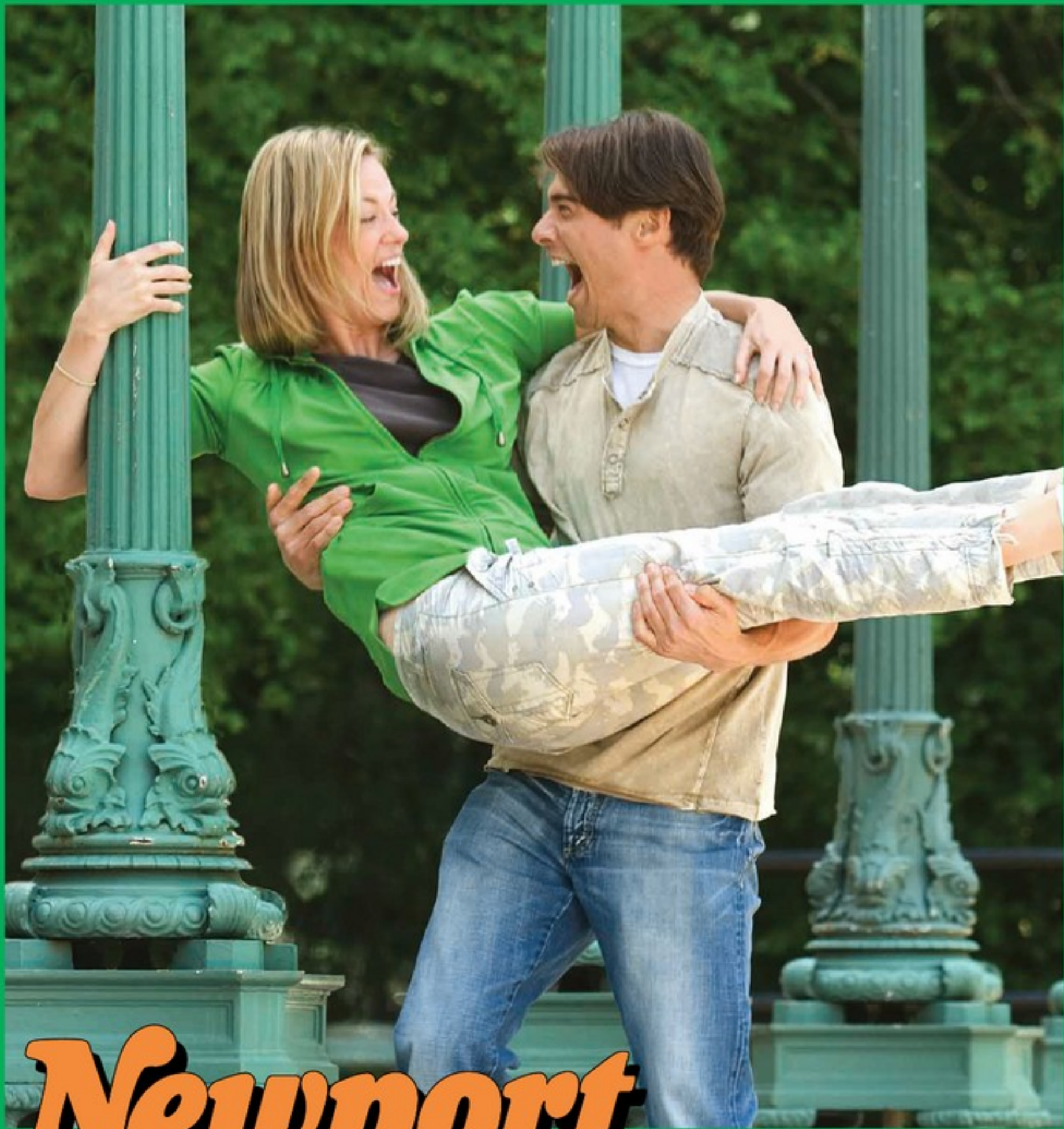
covering the basics



Unstrapped

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employee of the month

Hostess With the Mostest

EVENT PLANNER SUSIE DA SILVA WANTS TO GET 'EM WHILE THEY'RE STILL IN HIGH SCHOOL

PLAYBOY: Your job is to throw parties for college kids?

SUSIE: Well, they're incoming freshmen, so technically they aren't college kids yet. But yes, I try to get the best students from across the country to come to our school by making them feel comfortable about moving to New York City.

PLAYBOY: And how do you do that?

SUSIE: We plan big dinners, take them to Broadway shows, throw parties where they can mingle with other students.

PLAYBOY: How often do they try to mingle with you?

SUSIE: Actually they tend to be timid and nervous around me. At their age they still have a lot to learn.

PLAYBOY: Could you teach us how to pick you up?

SUSIE: Buy me a drink—vodka and soda with a lime—and tell me I have a pretty smile or lips. Most guys have no tact and compliment my boobs or my butt.

PLAYBOY: Ever get sick of being a New York tour guide?

SUSIE: I love New York! I was born in Brazil and have lived in other places, but New York is definitely my favorite.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you don't like about the city?

SUSIE: Catcalls. When I'm crossing the street and some guy honks his horn and yells something sexual at me, what does he expect me to do? Walk over and say, "Hey, what's up?"

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.

music therapy

Baconian Retribution

PAYBACK FROM A SPURNED STAR

A few years ago we arranged a *Playboy Interview* with actor Kevin Bacon, but the guys who were then in charge (not us) pulled the plug, explaining to Bacon's people that at 44, Kevin was "too old" for our target audience. He's gotten back at us through the magic of song, with the Bacon Brothers tune "Playboy." It goes a little something like this:

My girl Jen, she's a 10,
Ya know she's pretty as pretty
can be.
She works real hard to raise
her kids,
She even puts up with me.

I got a big idea
To improve our economy.
I got a disposable camera
And some sexy lingerie.

And as we opened up that letter
Those little bunny ears
Well, the words I read out loud
They reduced my girl to tears.

She's too old for Playboy
Too young to die
Too old for Playboy
Too young to die.

Two months later, Jenny and me
Was drinkin' wine from a
paper cup.

Phone rings and a nice young
man said,
"Please, sir, don't hang up.

"I got a onetime offer
At a price you've never seen.
You get a tote bag and
subscription
To a fine men's magazine."

And I said, "Buddy, I got a
pretty lady next to me.
We was just about to go to bed,
And if you ever call my
friggin' line again
You gonna wish that you were
dead."

We're too old for Playboy
Too young to die
Too old for Playboy
Too young to die.

*Download this song for free
at playboy.com/bacon.*

spleen cuisine

Death and the Maître D'

AURUM SERVES UP A DIFFERENT KIND OF HOSPITAL FOOD

Life is short; eat something weird. That's one way to read Singapore's Aurum restaurant, a joint to delight goths and science geeks alike. The morgue-hospital theme has wheelchair-bound diners rolling up to metal operating tables for far from conventional fare.

But the gimmicky decor is only half the story here: Chef Edward Voon practices something called molecular gastronomy—think of it as better eating through chemistry. The reimagined kitchen is a lab, the dishes are experiments, and the results are interesting. Voon describes his food as "familiar tastes in unfamiliar forms." The signature menu item, for instance, is a foamy layered thing served in a martini glass. White Russian? Lemon meringue? Jell-O parfait? Wrong—Spanish omelet.



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movie of the month

[SHOOT 'EM UP]

This new breed of action thriller hits the bull's-eye

In the wickedly twisted new action thriller *Shoot 'Em Up*, Clive Owen comes out with guns blazing as the carrot-munching, one-liner-snarling and virtually unkillable Mr. Smith. His dedication to protecting a newborn sends him on the lam with a red-hot, perpetually lactating hooker (Monica Bellucci) and puts nasty Paul Giamatti and his henchmen on his trail. The gunplay, dark humor and body count are relentless; even Owen and Bellucci's bout of hot sex is nearly interrupted, but Owen keeps pumping away while pumping bullets into the bad guys. *Shoot 'Em Up* plays like a hyperactive 007 flick crossed with a spaghetti Western and a dash of John Woo. It should make a loud bang for writer and director Michael Davis, best known for such cult films as *Monster Man* and *100 Women*. "The movie is all the cool, crazy things you can do with a gunfight, with Clive's character as sort of a human bullet flying around and being acrobatic," he says. "I'm tired of seeing big explosions. I want to see what the hero does, and I like giving all the character quirks to the leading man. We figured everything in movies these days is so middle-of-the-road, so if we're going for an R rating, let's just go for it. Why not a scene with Paul's character feeling up a corpse? My secret hope is it'll get the MTV Movie Award for best love scene of the year."

"Clive Owen's character is sort of a human bullet flying around."

—Stephen Rebell

now showing

BUZZ

The Invasion

(Nicole Kidman, Daniel Craig, Jeremy Northam) Those bizarre body snatchers are back in the fourth movie inspired by novelist Jack Finney's sci-fi hair-raiser. This version has Kidman as a psychiatrist who, with Craig as her doctor ally, believes her young son holds the secret to stopping the alien epidemic.

Our call: With a long-delayed release, major reshoots and a last-ditch script overhaul by the Wachowski brothers, this iffy invasion may be the final interpretation of the novel.



The Brave One

(Jodie Foster, Naveen Andrews, Terrence Howard) As a radio-show host turned vigilante, Foster stalks the lowlifes who attacked her and murdered her fiancé in this Neil Jordan-directed thriller. She begins to wonder whether revenge really *is* a dish best served cold and if she's becoming what she hates.

Our call: Playing a hybrid of her victimized character from *The Accused* and De Niro's avenging angel from *Taxi Driver*, Foster should score at the box office with this latest tough heroine.



The Brothers Solomon

(Will Arnett, Will Forte, Jenna Fischer, Kristen Wiig) A well-meaning pair of socially inept doofuses (the hilarious Arnett and Forte)—brothers who have been sheltered and home-schooled way too long—blunder while searching for their perfect mates to fulfill their dying father's wish for a grandchild.

Our call: Even if this isn't exactly a triumph of the Wills, the gross-out gags and smart comedy are satisfying enough until the next *40-Year-Old Virgin* or *Knocked Up* comes along.



Eastern Promises

(Viggo Mortensen, Naomi Watts, Vincent Cassel) In director David Cronenberg's latest, midwife Watts learns too much when she pries into the case of a patient who died giving birth. Encountering Mob-connected Mortensen, Watts is caught up in the police investigation of an underground Russian sex ring.

Our call: Armed with a strong cast and a script by the writer of *Dirty Pretty Things*, Cronenberg comes roaring back with a tense, intrigue-filled successor to *A History of Violence*.



dvd of the month

[HEROES: SEASON 1]

They saved the cheerleader, the world and maybe even NBC

This surprise hit pushes all the sci-fi buttons that turned *X-Men* into a phenomenon, posing a world where a few otherwise normal people discover they're genetic mutants with superhuman abilities. *Heroes* invites comparisons to *The X-Files*, with such unanticipated twists as a serial killer who absorbs the heroes' powers by eating their brains. The sprawling cast features several breakout actors, including Hayden Panettiere as an indestructible cheerleader and Ali Larter as a single mom with a sinister doppelgänger. Masi Oka steals all his scenes as Hiro Nakamura, the show's nerd turned time traveler, whose father is played by George Takei, *Star Trek's* Sulu. This is must-see mutant manna. Also on HD DVD. **Best extras:** More than 50 deleted scenes and the original, unaired version of the pilot, which reveals another character. **★★★★** —Greg Fagan



DISTURBIA (2007) Director D.J. Caruso is no Hitchcock, and Shia LaBeouf is no Jimmy Stewart, but this *Rear Window* update exploits our post-9/11 paranoia about everyday evil and raises disturbing questions about our behavior in a surveillance-happy society. **Best extra:** A pop-up trivia quiz. **★★½** —Bryan Reesman



BLADES OF GLORY (2007) Disgraced archival figure skaters Will Ferrell and Jon Heder find a loophole that lets them compete as a pair. These boobs subvert skating's sexual-identity issues with frat-boy glee. Also on HD DVD and Blu-ray. **Best extra:** Q&A with figure skater-good sport Scott Hamilton. **★★½** —G.F.



THE STRANGER (1946) Orson Welles applies his baroque directorial style to this mesmerizing post-WWI thriller. He stars as a notorious Nazi war criminal on the lam who has embedded himself as a professor in a small American college town and married the naive daughter



(Loretta Young) of a U.S. Supreme Court justice. A battle of wits ensues as G-man Edward G. Robinson tracks him down and begins to peel away the deception. Unfortunately this long-overdue DVD debut contains no bonus material. **★★½** —Matt Steigbigel

FRACTURE (2007) Put Anthony Hopkins at the defendant's table in a twisty mystery thriller and the lies pile up like fava beans. We know he shot his cheating wife, but prosecutor Ryan Gosling must determine how. You'll miss the far-fetched coincidences until later, but it's still worth investigating. **Best extra:** Two alternative endings. **★★½** —Buzz McClain



INLAND EMPIRE (2006) David Lynch's three-hour mindfuck uses all his signature elements—disjointed narrative, creepy imagery, bizarre characters, eerie soundtrack—to depict an actress (Laura Dern) who unravels as her art imitates her life. Or is it vice versa? By the end, you'll feel unnerved, hypnotized and possibly enlightened but will have no idea why. After absorbing it, you'll relish sinking your teeth into something more tangible. **Best extra:** Featurette of Lynch cooking quinoa. **★★★** —B.R.



SCANNER

ROME: THE COMPLETE SECOND SEASON (2007) This HBO series picks up in the wake of Julius Caesar's murder, as his wily heir, Gaius Octavian, outmaneuvers Mark Antony for control of the empire. **★★★★½**

THE CHARLIE CHAN COLLECTION, VOLUME THREE Four more classic mysteries starring Warner Oland as the famed detective debut on DVD, including *The Black Camel* (1931) with Bela Lugosi. **★★★**

BUG (2007) Call the exterminator! William Friedkin's claustrophobic motel-hell thriller gives Michael Shannon and Ashley Judd room for freak-out sessions, but this psychological mass implosion worked better onstage. **★★½**

PRISON BREAK: SEASON TWO (2006) Brothers Michael and Lincoln are finally on the lam, but given the relentless manhunt, they might have been safer behind bars. **★★½**

WILD HOGS (2007) John Travolta, Martin Lawrence, Tim Allen and William H. Macy (why, Bill, why?) play staid suburbanites who take to the road on their Harleys, hoping to reclaim their lost edge. Skip this tedious trip. **★**

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

tease frame



Bodacious B-movie queen **Adrienne Barbeau** has heated up cult favorites like *Escape From New York*, *The Fog* and *Swamp Thing* (pictured). Look for the velvet-voiced actress next in *Halloween*.

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funk soul brothers

[DON'T CALL IT A COMEBACK]

Old-school R&B has returned with a vengeance

Drawing equally from the horn stabs of James Brown and the countless one-hit wonders who recorded gritty workouts in ramshackle studios from the late 1960s to the mid-1970s, DJs and record collectors have long championed vintage funk and soul. Now **Amy Winehouse's** sultry voice, brash personality and tabloid-teasing antics have helped that sound reach the charts. But her backup band, the **Dap-Kings**, responsible for her album's funky horn blasts and crisp, head-nodding drums, deserve at least half the credit for the record's success. The Dap-Kings are the flagship band of Brooklyn's **Daptone Records**, a label that has released a slew of no-filler soul and R&B reissues since 2001, as well as original material by a stable of talented revivalists, including the **Budos Band** (pictured left), whose second album dropped in July. The Dap-Kings are hardly a nostalgia act, however, having made album appearances with Ghostface Killah and New York producer **Mark Ronson** (below, top). Ronson's album *Version* was released in June by RCA and features brilliant throwback readings of such indie favorites as the Smiths' "Stop Me If You Think You've Heard This One Before" and Kasabian's "L.S.F.," plus guest vocals by Winehouse and horns by the Dap-Kings. The band's best work, however, has been with soul singer **Sharon Jones**, a former session vocalist from Augusta, Georgia (James Brown's hometown) who has become the insider favorite among fans of this retro R&B. Her soul-drenched third album, *100 Days, 100 Nights*, comes out this month on Daptone. To Jones, whose exhilarating live shows fall somewhere between a Baptist church revival and a Saturday-night juke joint, the return of soul was just a matter of time. "I'm not trying to ride anybody's coat-tails," the 51-year-old singer says. "I'm just doing my thing, and people are coming to us. I think this door is gonna open. You can feel the music. You can hear every instrument. It reminds you of Otis, Aretha, Marvin Gaye. And when I get up and sing, it's addictive." All over the world labels are dedicating themselves to soul compilations, reissues and revivals. Much as Trojan and Blood and Fire function as gatekeepers of quality control for reggae fans, labels like the **Numero Group**, **Now-Again** (an imprint of California hip-hop label Stones Throw), **Luv N' Haight** and **Soul Jazz** are increasingly seen as filters for a virtually limitless supply of funky obscurities. All this is great for people like **Ralph "Soul" Jackson** (right). He's an old-time singer back on the concert circuit as a result of *The Birmingham Sound* compilation, the second volume of which is due this fall from **Rabbit Factory**, another well-regarded new reissue label. Like original belter **Bettye LaVette**, whose second recent LP of new material, *The Scene of the Crime*, hits this month via Anti, Jackson has been championed for decades by British northern soul DJs, though he's just now reaching a wider audience here. Dig it.



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these songs are go

[HOT TUNES]

From Canadian indie pop to pumping party anthems to poolside house for the final few evenings of summer, we've got you covered.

"Failsafe," New Pornographers The band's other woman—Kathryn Calder, not Neko Case—sings over tremolo guitar.

"Dreamworld," Rilo Kiley Video for "The Moneymaker" is hot. This is cool: Think of it as a hipster Fleetwood Mac track.

"Mahna Mahna," Cake From a new rarities compilation: oddball cover by alt-country funksters known for oddball covers.

"Digitalism in Cairo," Digitalism Chopped-up clip of the Cure's "Fire in Cairo" puts bounce in this Daft Punk–like stomper.

"Our Life Is Not a Movie or Maybe," Okkervil River A new favorite song for fans of Arcade Fire and Talking Heads.

"Anywhere I Go," Slightly Stoopid A mellow hybrid of G. Love, Jack Johnson, reggae and Mexicali barbecue bands.

"Arcade Precinct," 1990s Glasgow trio with Franz Ferdinand connection is more poppy and glam than that band.

"Omaha," Moby Grape Revel in the spirit of the Summer of Love with this reissued psych-pop gem from San Fran.

"Answers and Questions," Earlimart Fragile indie rock with gorgeous harmonies, mellotron and jangly acoustic guitar.

"iluvitwhenya," Northern State With Ad-rock producing, the girls add rock: A big guitar riff propels this playful ditty.

"The Deep End," TJ Kong & Nuno Dos Santos Throbbing, chilled house from Compost's second *Black Label* compilation.

"Street Talkin'," Kamala Walker & the Soul Tribe Driving acid-jazz track from Madlib's latest *Yesterdays Universe* project.

"Nomad (Radio Citizen Mix)," Micatone Smoky torch-singer atmospheric from Jazzanova's *Homecooking* compilation.

"Medusa," Ulrich Schnauss This buzzing off-kilter track is like a computerized love letter to My Bloody Valentine.

"Coogi Sweater," Boom Bip Pleasingly slinky electro sounds topped with crass female vocals from Ali Lee. This is ace.

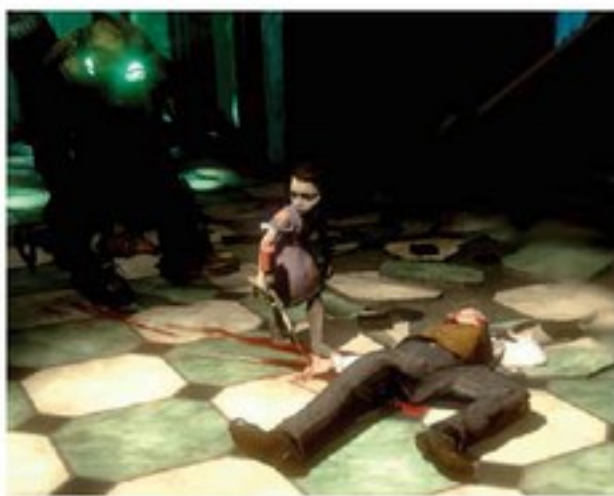
"The Racing Rats," Editors The dark U.K. combo adds keyboards to its usual noisy guitars and four-on-the-floor beat.

game of the month

[SHOCK AND AWE]

The spirits of Welles, Melville and Peckinpah live in *BioShock*, the best interactive entertainment ever made

Some games make you solve puzzles. Others test your reflexes. A select few make you question matters such as how mankind can create meaning in a world where science has replaced divinity. *BioShock* (PC, 360) does all three. Bursting with originality, it has the pacing of a shooter, the soul of a novel and the intellectual heft of a double doctorate in philosophy and organic chemistry. As it opens, you find yourself marooned in a failed underwater utopia where technology has been allowed to expand unchecked by ethics. Genetic engineering has created a super-citizenry able to teleport and channel electricity—and has driven them irretrievably mad. Almost immediately you're



faced with a series of uncomfortable choices, each graphically illustrating which lines you are or are not willing to cross in order to survive. The precise opposite of an open-world game environment, the city of Rapture is a closed system based on interrelation and interdependence. Every action has a consequence. Yet players also have immense freedom to navigate the world their own way, using custom combinations of traditional weap-



ony, genetic modifications, the environment and the behavior of others. Wrapped in bleeding-edge graphics, gorgeous art direction and affecting storytelling, *BioShock* is a landmark achievement in interactive art. **★★★★**

—Scott Alexander

[PIGSKIN PROGNOSTICATION]

Join us as we handicap the most competitive season in years

Finally, *Madden* has some competition. In *All-Pro Football 2K8* (PS3, 360; pictured middle) big John's erstwhile video game nemesis 2K Sports delves into the NFL's past, offering more than 240 legendary players you can draft for your custom team. The other offensive hit comes from 1989's *Tecmo Bowl* (bottom), now available for download through the Wii's Virtual Console. Sure it's old; it's also one of the best football games ever made. Can *Madden NFL 08* (PS2, PS3, 360, Wii; top) hang tough with these punks in the mix? It's time to find out.

ACCESSIBILITY

Madden: Uses every possible button-and-stick combo, and you need them all to avoid being blown out online by some kid named D3m0ns33d. Fumble.

All-Pro: The system will take some getting used to for recovering *Madden*-ites, but it offers the same solid, manageable control scheme 2K football games were known for. Field goal.

Tecmo Bowl: Two buttons and a D-pad do everything. Touchdown.

REALISM

Madden: As good as it gets; it's the

only one with an NFL license. This year the player control feels a bit truer, but not much else has changed apart from roster updates. Touchdown.

All-Pro: No NFL teams and tons of retired Hall of Famers add up to a sort of weird half-realism. Field goal.

Tecmo Bowl: You're kidding, right? Fumble.

FUN FACTOR

Madden: High, if you know how to play. If you don't, it's like playing chess blindfolded. Field goal.

All-Pro: You get only 11 "legends" in your 22-man squad; the rest are generic "guys." Field goal.

Tecmo Bowl: Takes 10 minutes to play and no time to learn, and it costs only five bucks. Touchdown.

RESPECT

Madden: It's the (same old) gold standard. Touchdown.

All-Pro: Everyone loves the old pros. Field goal.

Tecmo Bowl: The ultimate in retro cred. Two-point conversion if you or your friends were born before 1980. Touchdown.

FINAL SCORE

Madden: 17, All-Pro: 12, Tecmo Bowl: 21

—Scott Stein



METROID PRIME 3: CORRUPTION

(Wii) The legendary space opera finally perfects motion controls for shooters. This is the best *Metroid* yet, for newbies and old fans alike. **★★★★½**



—John Gaudiosi



HOT SHOTS TENNIS

(PS2) Intuitive controls, candy-coated visuals and manic multiplayer offer instant gratification and surprising depth. An unexpected and irresistible gem. **★★★★**

—Scott Steinberg

DEAD HEAD FRED

(PSP) This entertaining action adventure mashes horror with noir to create a bizarre and bloody tale of a private dick who can swap heads at will to gain abilities. **★★★**



—Chris Hudak



STUNT MAN: IGNITION

(PS3, 360) Stunt-drive your way through multiple hectic scenes of six action-movie parodies in this addictive tongue-in-cheek twist on the driving genre. **★★★★½**

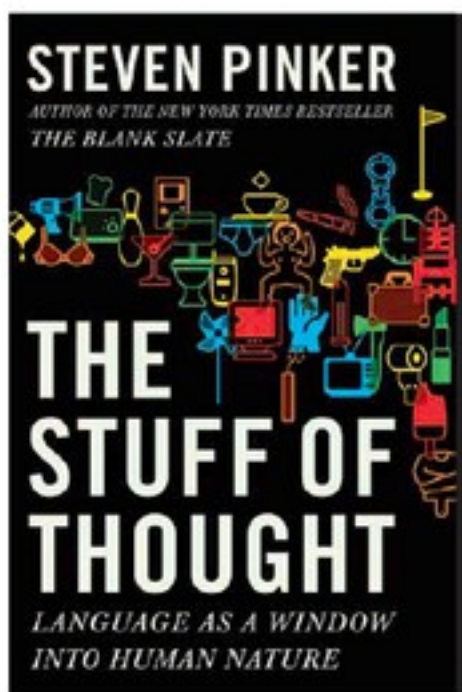
—J.G.

vocabulary lessons

[PINKER'S METHOD]

The science of thinking before you speak

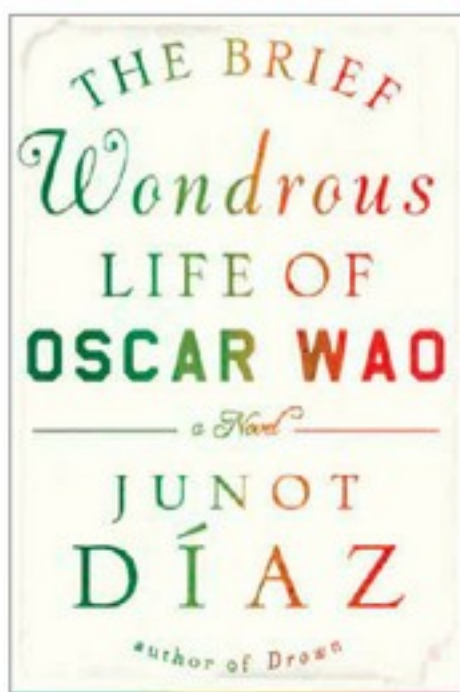
Harvard linguist and cognitive scientist Steven Pinker (*The Language Instinct*) has a strategy for reaching nonacademic readers: using examples from popular culture to adorn ivory-tower arguments. In **THE STUFF OF THOUGHT** he sticks to it like a squirrel clutching a nut. The Monkees, Frank Zappa, Calvin & Hobbes, Mel Gibson, *Fargo* and Long Dong Silver are all referenced—and that's just chapter one. Pinker seems to strain for a couple, but by and large the citations are both funny and illuminating. His powers of observation and analysis are unassailable, and he is exceptional at explaining complex ideas in comprehensible nuggets. The subject of the book, that thought shapes language, is not particularly new, but many of Pinker's arguments enumerating just how that works are eye-opening and written as playfully as one could hope. (He even calls one of his linguistic experiments a "moop test"—using a made-up word familiar to any *Seinfeld* fan.) Really, if something ain't broke, why fix it? ★★★ —Bill Yourvoulis



[JUNOT'S MAGIC]

A Dominican curse makes for miraculous writing

It has been 11 years since Junot Díaz's forceful debut, *Drown*, made waves. His long-awaited follow-up (and first novel), **THE BRIEF WONDROUS LIFE OF OSCAR WAO**, doesn't disappoint. Told in a bilingual, slang-rich voice, the story of Oscar, a fat sci-fi geek in the ghetto (and you thought nerds in the burbs had it bad), traces his hardships back to his family's horrific past in the Dominican Republic under dictator Rafael Leónidas Trujillo. Díaz's rapid prose is streetwise but tender. He is equally deft with the sweeping cultural-history sections and the minutiae of fan-boy obsession. His forays into the supernatural are unnerving, told with a wariness that suggests one need not believe in hexes to be screwed royally by them. Non-Spanish speakers may feel overwhelmed (the absence of a glossary is a little glaring), but the message that love is ultimately worth fighting and dying for is universal enough. ★★★½ —Andrew Bradbury



la vida sexy

[VANESSA DEL RIO—50 YEARS OF SLIGHTLY SLUTTY BEHAVIOR]

In her new book the Hispanic star describes how she stayed on top

Q: This is a big raunchy book. How did it come about?

A: I heard Benedikt Taschen wanted to do a book, so I met him in a crowded SoHo restaurant and brought some of the nastiest pictures I have. He absolutely loved them.

Q: Now that porn has become mainstream, do you think it has lost something vital?

A: Yeah, the nastiness. It was something that was taboo, and now it has been cleaned up a lot. The bodies are perfect; there's no hair anywhere.

Q: What do you think of Robert Crumb, who's doing a litho of you for the book?

A: I once did a magazine shoot where they took me to a farm and I was drinking milk from a cow's udder. It was banned in California! It was the most innocent thing. And in that issue there was a pullout of Crumb's comics. I remember Mr. Snoid, who lives in an asshole. I was in love!

Q: What was it like seeing yourself on the big screens of 40 Deuce?

A: They used to let me in for free. I would go upstairs to the

balcony because that was where you didn't get bothered. I brought a friend of mine, and there was this guy in front of us whacking away, literally wearing a raincoat. My friend got all upset. I was like, "Look where you are—what do you think is going to happen?"

Q: Did they map out the sex scenes or just let the cameras roll and see what developed?

A: You say, "I know what I have to do. Just leave me alone." In *Deep Inside Vanessa del Rio*, I had a scene with five guys wearing masks with dicks on their faces, and they were all hanging out. I said, "Don't tell me a thing. Just shoot it."

Q: You say the shoots were like parties, anyway.

A: There was the naked director. He would start out with clothes, and at the end of the day he'd be naked and in the orgy. And the cameraman too—on my first film I gave the cameraman a blow job.

Q: Did you see that as taking unfair advantage of a novice?

A: Are you kidding? I took advantage of them.





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Good Medicine

For people suffering from cognitive decline, having up to one drink a day over a three-year period may slow the development of full-blown dementia by **85%**.

Up in the Air

Since 1981, major airlines have awarded more than **19 trillion** frequent-flier miles, while customers have redeemed only **6 trillion**. American Airlines, which operates the largest frequent-flier program, carries a **\$1.6 billion** liability.

book of pointless records



406

The most people shaking maracas together, achieved in Manchester, U.K. The funky throng was led by Happy Mondays dancer Bez.

Roll With the Times

Proving ancient Egyptians didn't know what to do on weekends either, archaeologists have found what looks like an indoor bowling alley near Cairo that is more than **2,000** years old.

what they're thinking



In a survey, **more than one in 10** British *Glamour* magazine readers said they thought of their female friends while getting it on.

The Wait of the World



to three months was rejected last year. Ending the backlogs would also have led to a cut in application and renewal fees, which cover **20%** of the agency's **\$1.8 billion** budget.

A plan that could have saved U.S. Citizenship and Immigration Services **\$350 million** and cut waiting times for a green card from three years

Burned Out

The most popular form of music piracy today is not file sharing but the burning and ripping of compact discs among friends, accounting for **37%** of all music consumed last year, according to the research firm NPD Group.

For God, Then Country

The percentage of Muslims living in the U.S. who claim they are Muslim first and American second: **47**.

The percentage of white evangelical Americans who proclaim they are Christian first and American second: **62**.

So Close

Parity has been a constant in the NFL both before and since the salary cap was instituted in 1994. Here are the percentages of games decided by a touchdown (7 points) or less and a field goal (3 points) or less:

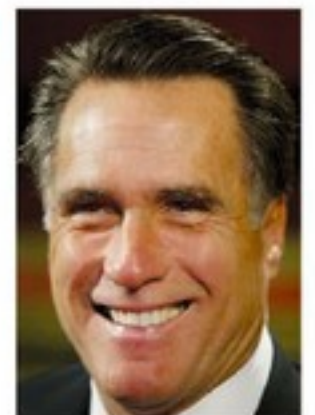


O Reilly?

An Indiana University study found that during his "Talking Points Memo" editorials, Bill O'Reilly calls some person or group a derogatory name once every **6.8** seconds.

Green Party Candidate

At press time, the field of 2008 presidential hopefuls had a combined personal wealth of about half a billion dollars. Republican Mitt Romney alone is worth up to **\$350 million**.



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August 25 – Infineon Raceway 7pm et.
September 15 – Miller Motorsports Park 1pm/5:30pm et.
Schedule subject to change.



Cast Away

As far away from civilization as the lower 48 allow

ALTHOUGH THE URBAN man has learned to cope with traffic jams, crowded elevators and noisy neighbors, there are times when nearly every fellow requires some peace, quiet and damn good fishing. Short of a trek to Alaska, there's no better place to find that than Montana's Bob Marshall Wilderness. In case you're not familiar with the Bob, it's the million-plus acres that straddle the Continental Divide about 75 miles west of Great Falls. This part of the country was traversed by Lewis and Clark 200 years ago, and in its heart nothing has changed. Deer, elk, moose, black bears, mountain goats, mountain sheep and mountain lions still call this grand landscape home. You can hike, fish and camp on your own, but the most comfortable way to enjoy this pristine locale is on a Wilderness Pack and Float Expedition out of Spotted Bear Ranch (\$4,400 a person, spottedbear.com or 800-223-4333). A typical six-day, five-night trip includes a horseback ride into remote backcountry, fly-fishing the South Fork of the Flathead (one of Montana's most inaccessible rivers) and rafting an incredible 11 miles to Hodag Creek. Spotted Bear's guides do the cooking, set up and break down tents and keep the grizzlies at bay while you catch and release trophy-worthy cutthroat trout. For a slightly cushier but no less picturesque experience, spend five days and six nights in Spotted Bear's main lodge or one of its private cabins for \$2,850.



Beer, Battered

THERE MAY BE no crying in baseball, but no one said anything about no drinking. Try these variations at your Labor Day game. **Sloshball:** A keg sits at second base. Runners must finish a beer before advancing, and there is a Slip 'n Slide on the way to home plate. **Fielder's Got a Gun:** Outfielders with paintball guns try to hit base runners who are either leading or not drinking, resulting in an out. For hard-core players, break out the rules from *The Simpsons'* "Homer at the Bat": "You can't leave first until you chug a beer. Any man scoring has to chug a beer. You have to chug a beer at the top of all odd-numbered innings. Oh, and the fourth inning is the beer inning."

Fast Talker

WITH FASHION ACCESSORIES, women navigate a dizzying universe. It's been simpler for men: watch, wallet, cuff links, pocket square. Now it's officially time to add cell phones to the list. Vertu phones offer the kind of workmanship you usually find in a Rolex, which explains their \$4,350 to \$310,000 price. The latest? The limited-edition Ascent Ferrari 1947 (vertu.com), created in honor of the automaker's 60th anniversary, featuring real Ferrari leather and a miniature version of the iconic Ferrari brake pedal on the back.





Cutting Edge

KEN ONION BUILT a following among folding-knife collectors as the in-house knife designer at Kershaw. Now he's taking a whack at kitchen cutlery with his own Shun collection. The handles on these aggressive slicers meld into the blade, offering greater chop control. The utility knife is \$135, the chef's is \$195, and the *santoku* is \$185 (broadwaypanhandler.com).

Business Class

IT'S NOT ROCKET science: Businessmen like laptops, and businessmen like luxury. So bring on the luxury laptops already. This leather-bound beauty is the ThinkPad Reserve Edition (\$5,000, thinkpadreserve.com). It packs a dual-core processor, two gigabytes of RAM and a 12.1-inch screen within its premium leather exterior. Only 5,000 will be made. For best results, pair with a Courvoisier XO and a fat Cohiba.



Easy Rider

WITH BIKES, STYLE and comfort seldom mix. Case in point: that weird guy on the recumbent cruiser (there's one in every town). But with the Schlick Shark (from \$2,489, schlickcycles.com), software engineer John Schlick injects the cushy cruiser with attitude, notably chopper handlebars, a long wheelbase, eight smooth gears and a prominent finlike seat post. The result is one of the most distinctive and easy-on-the-ass cycles we've ridden in years.



Boat.

Some misperceptions take time to die.

This one will take less than seven seconds.

That's how long a Volkswagen Passat 2.0 Turbo takes to reach 60mph. Faster than the BMW 525i, Lexus IS 250 and Mercedes C230!

And yet it somehow manages to best them all in fuel efficiency as well – delivering up to 6mpg more!†

Not your typical luxury liner. Although it does offer a boatload of performance features, like four-corner independent suspension, push-start ignition and the Electronic Stabilization Program.

But what's most surprising is that even with better fuel efficiency and more torque than those other cars, the Passat still costs about \$10,000 less.*

How's it possible? Simple. It's a Volkswagen.

When you think of all the facts and all the awards it's won, the argument that you have to pay a lot of money for a performance car just doesn't hold water. And at just \$23,180,** it's another reason why, when you get into a Volkswagen, it gets into you.





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Seeing Spots

GEORG JENSEN WAS a Danish silversmith with a background in sculpture who made his rep during the art nouveau era, crafting cuff links that collectors cherish today. Old Georg has long since passed, but his legacy lives on in these Domino cuff links in sterling silver with red, white and blue enamel dots on the face (\$330, 212-343-9000). Simply spot-on.

The Whole Nine Yards

MENSWEAR INSIDERS HAVE long known the name Massimo Bizzocchi, but the designer recently struck out on his own and opened an eponymous boutique in Manhattan's edgy meatpacking district. The store offers high-end Italian lines, as well as Bizzocchi's ready-to-wear (from \$1,900) and made-to-measure suits (from \$2,100, massbizz.com), which are constructed locally.



Gear Up

BEFORE DISTRACTING MEN everywhere with its ridiculously hot calendars, Milan-based Pirelli built a nasty reputation as the go-to tire supplier for merciless GTs. Notably, Pirelli fabricated the PZero for the Ferrari F40, a barely (street) legal hellion that began tearing up the blacktop 20 years ago. The PZero Chrono Auto watch (\$1,550, pzeroweb.com) is a salute to the era, suitable for clocking laps or a sprint to the beach house. Slick.

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It's My Bag, Baby

ANGLOPHILES TAKE NOTE: Paul Smith's cheeky twists are as well matched to his accessories line as his menswear is. This dopp kit (\$160, 646-613-3060) is constructed of leather and canvas and features a print of a Mini painted in signature stripes. It even has interior organizational pockets. You know, for your bits and pieces.



Pair Thee Well

WHILE THE SUIT may make the man, the man shouldn't overlook the fragrance. Why not? Scent is among the most powerful stimuli, linked directly to memory and emotion. This year three menswear leaders unveil new fragrances to correspond to your suit: the spicy Zegna Intenso (\$63, zegna-intenso.com), the leathery Kition Black (\$85, at Bloomingdale's) and the woody Calvin Klein Man (\$65, at Macy's beginning September 23). Add a spritz and it becomes a three piece.

Picture Perfect

THE WORST THING about a haircut is describing exactly what you want to the stylist. Between your mouth and your stylist's ears is way too much room for disaster. Truman's Gentleman's Groomers (cuts from \$63, trumans-nyc.com) has a simple solution to potentially catastrophic miscommunications. At your request the stylist will take a digital photo of your cut at the end of the session for reference on your next visit. A stroke of genius, we'd say. Former Wall Streeter John Esposito Jr. and partners Joe Marchesi and Hans Deutmeyer opened Truman's in 2006 to address what they call the void in upscale grooming for businessmen. Truman's is located in midtown Manhattan, and there are plans to expand nationally. In addition to cuts, it offers shaves, massages, manicures, waxing and shoe shines, all with a drink. And those who desire it can have a full shower that will get all those pesky clippings out of the ears and off the neck. Seems the only things missing are seductive shower assistants.



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The Playboy Advisor

My girlfriend and I are extremely intimate. In fact, we are so intimate that we sniff each other's genitals every day after work, then rate how bad we each smell and have a laugh. We both seem to enjoy it when the other is more stinky. I should mention that we also sniff each other's feet. We are like a couple of dogs. Is this crazy?—G.P., Princeton, New Jersey

How did this start? Your habit is unusual but far from crazy. You are just diving in for a hit of natural musky goodness more often than most people do. Research suggests that the odors rising from our armpits and genitals may play a role in whom we choose as partners. Women are believed to judge a man on first sniff, showing a clear preference for males whose odor indicates a dissimilar genetic makeup, which will provide future offspring with more immunities. (Notably, a woman inherits the gene responsible for this ability from her father—he's picking her dates.) Some scientists wonder if our obsessive cleanliness and the Western female habit of shaving the armpits has led to an increase in the popularity of oral sex as men and women burrow for natural fumes. In that sense, you and your girlfriend may be ahead of your time, leading the rest of us by the nose.

Do you know of any source for Abbott's bitters?—J.S., West Seneca, New York

We don't—or maybe we do, but we ain't saying. (Bottles show up on eBay once in a great while.) As you know, the original Abbott's bitters haven't been produced since the 1940s, and the recipe is long lost. However, Robert Hess of Drinkboy.com has been working with a chemist to reverse engineer a sample from a rare unopened bottle. The only sticking point so far has been the tonka bean, which the FDA has ruled can no longer be used in consumables because it is a blood thinner. Once a substitute is found and the recipe worked out, Hess will share the results. He notes that according to the original 1806 definition of "cocktail," each one should contain bitters. Today only the old fashioned, the manhattan and the champagne cocktail properly do, although any drink could be improved with a dash or two. Hess suggests adding a bottle of Angostura to your home bar as it's the easiest brand to find. "Bitters taste vile by themselves but play the same role in a cocktail as salt in a soup," he explains. "They finish out the flavors." Check Drinkboy.com for updates or stop by the Pegu Club in New York, which serves Hess's homemade bitters, including his first attempt to approximate Abbott's. "It's close but not quite there," he says.

Have you heard about the shot a woman can get to make her G-spot more sensitive? I want to find out where it can be done.—J.N., Dallas, Texas

A growing number of cosmetic surgeons are being trained in the controversial "G-Shot



Amplification" procedure by its inventor, Dr. David Matlock of the Laser Vaginal Rejuvenation Institute of Los Angeles, whom we profiled in June 2006. The pitch for the \$1,850 injection (which must be repeated every four months) is that shooting a cubic centimeter of collagen into the G-spot can bump it out and "amplify" a woman's sensitivity. Matlock says about 60 percent of the 250 patients he has injected have repeated the procedure, and at least one of those who didn't told him she couldn't handle the constant state of low-level arousal. Other patients say they have climaxed while driving on a bumpy road or doing yoga. It all sounds great, but is it safe—and does it actually work? Matlock draws his confidence (and list of potential side effects) from decades of studies in which collagen was injected to bulk up the sphincter as a treatment for incontinence. His marketing material boasts of a pilot study (it involved 25 of his patients) in which 87 percent of women who had the G-spot reported enhanced arousal. Another survey in France of 10 older women with sexual dysfunction who underwent a similar procedure reported 100 percent success. However, this research doesn't answer the crucial question of how much, if any, of the improvement is due to the placebo effect. If you dropped \$1,850 on a shot (or \$2,500 for a double) and you already had normal sexual response (the only women Matlock will treat), it may not be difficult to convince yourself. Candace Brown, a professor of pharmacy, psychiatry and obstetrics and gynecology at the University of Tennessee, hopes this year to conduct a more rigorous study of G-spot amplification and has promised to keep us informed.

A woman wrote in June to say she and her friends were dating men who don't want sex. I asked my boyfriend of a

year why we don't fuck more often, and he said he doesn't want it to get boring. He said that's why he watches porn, which is fine—I like porn too. Sometimes I think I am not pretty enough or he is cheating, but I realize this is a trap many women fall into. When you think about it, his explanation makes sense. If you do the same thing day after day, it does get boring. So freak it up a bit. Buy little outfits, experiment with toys, make him want you. The best part of this predicament is the waiting, because it builds up such longing. But to the girls who have to wait, I feel your pain.—S.F., Houston, Texas

We like your positive mental attitude but believe your boyfriend needs to better appreciate what he has going here. He has the same responsibility to fight the boredom, and you don't earn any points by watching porn unless you do it together.

Like that reader in June, my friends all tell me they want sex more often than their boyfriends or husbands do. I host a radio show and also hear this complaint from callers who say they're rarin' to go but their men are tired. I think this is a sign that the world is changing. Women are becoming more powerful: We make more money, we have more responsibility. We asked for all these things and we're getting them, but in the process we have emasculated men. They act a little more like we used to.—K.J., Scottsdale, Arizona

Perhaps a few of these exhausted men could write to explain themselves, because despite protests from a number of female readers, we can't believe this is typical.

At the age of 22, I am already noticing my hairline recede. I have always been told men inherit baldness from their mother's family, but every man related to my mom has had a full head of hair until the day he died. Is there a way to tell if you will go bald by looking at the men on either side of your family?—A.V., Bryan, Texas

The latest research suggests that a gene supplied by your mother determines how many androgen receptors are in your scalp; this in turn determines whether you will suffer from hereditary male-pattern baldness, a.k.a. androgenetic alopecia. The fewer receptors you have, the better, because the hormone dihydrotestosterone causes shorter, thinner hairs to replace beautiful, luxurious ones. By studying 95 families in which at least two brothers were balding, a team of scientists in Germany located a gene that appears to be responsible for creating androgen receptors in the scalp. It's on the X chromosome, which a man inherits from his mother and which she inherits from her father. However, other genes are likely involved that are independent of gender, meaning your father also has some

influence. The good news is that while your prognosis is grim (Rogaine or a razor, take your pick), your children may not suffer.

A 20-year-old wrote in June to say he had gotten a vasectomy. Kudos to him for being man enough to realize he doesn't want kids. I had a vasectomy when I was 20, and my only regret is that I couldn't find a urologist who would do it sooner. I'm 33 now, and every girlfriend has known up front that I cannot be blamed for being the baby's daddy (although one still tried). If your "dream girl" wants children that bad, she isn't for you. I keep my papers framed above my bed, and you can even get a wallet card to show any child-support seeker that you shoot blanks.—D.C., Fort Myers, Florida

We admire your commitment.

I am appalled that a urologist would perform a vasectomy on a 20-year-old. I had the procedure only after having two children. My wife and I divorced, and seven years later I married a woman much younger than I. She wanted a child, so I had my vasectomy reversed. I am overjoyed to have another child, but the reversal was expensive. I don't regret my decision but would say to any guy who wants a vasectomy to make sure he is certain.—E.T., Boston, Massachusetts

You are typical of the men who get reversals; most are divorced fathers in their late 30s who have married a woman in her 20s who doesn't yet have children. A urologist may have misgivings about performing a vasectomy on a young adult, but there is nothing unethical about it, nor should there be. Dr. Karen Boyle, director of reproductive medicine and surgery at Johns Hopkins Hospital, says, "If a 20-year-old asked me, I would make certain he understood that it's considered a permanent procedure," because five percent to 10 percent of the time it can't be reversed. While it takes only about 10 minutes to get snipped, a reversal is major surgery that lasts several hours, costs \$10,000 or more and is rarely covered by insurance. Artificial insemination, whereby doctors harvest sperm from the testicles, costs even more.

I moved to a new town and thought joining a church would be a good way to meet women. Statistically speaking, which denomination offers the best chance to get laid?—O.M., Grinnell, Iowa

*We fear for your soul. Based on surveys that measure adult attitudes toward sexuality, Buddhists, Jews and mainline Protestants are your best bets. However, don't count out evangelical Christians, who, according to an ongoing survey, also screw around a lot. Sociologist Mark Regnerus, whose book *Forbidden Fruit* relies on data from the National Study of Youth and Religion, reports that teens who identify themselves as evangelical or born-again are likely to lose their virginity earlier than mainline Protestants and Catholics. They are also more likely to have had three or more partners by the age of 17. We're not suggest-*

ing you pursue high school students, but once people start having casual sex, they usually continue. The least likely to give it up are the 20 percent or so of Christians who are truly devout, along with Mormons. If you target a liberal Protestant church, a Presbyterian minister we know suggests that you "listen to a few sermons to make sure the pastor emphasizes forgiveness over judgment and grace over legalism. I say that because the reader does not seem to be seeking a marital partner and the guilt-free sex that implies." Many churches also offer small discussion groups organized around age or interests.

To the reader who wrote in June hoping to enliven his business attire, I suggest going crazy with socks. There's entertainment value in knowing you're wearing socks with Mickey Mouse on them, and no one is the wiser, because you appear otherwise to be all business. As a bonus, if you meet someone you want to know better, you can "casually" reveal your secret to strike up a conversation.—J.F., Susanville, California

You know you've made it when you can show up without socks.

A while back a guy wrote asking about ideas for gifts for his groomsmen. I am surprised you didn't suggest the best gift of all, which my brother gave me for standing at his wedding: a subscription to PLAYBOY.—M.C., Kenosha, Wisconsin

That is a great gift, but we didn't suggest it for two reasons. First, this column is not designed to shill for the circulation department with stunts like printing the subscription hotline number, which is 800-999-4438. Second, as much as we'd like to think everyone loves PLAYBOY and all it stands for (sexual freedom, individual liberties, breasts), a groom cannot ignore the fact that this gift may not sit well with some of his groomsmen's girlfriends and wives. That's regrettable, but you don't want to exacerbate a problem a friend or relative has been working to resolve in his own way.

I'm not your typical American male. I'm soft. I'd rather ride around town on a Vespa than a Harley. I'm equally comfortable drinking a glass of wine or a beer. I prefer Formula One to NASCAR. I love women, but I'm usually pegged as gay or at least a wuss. In my travels to European cities, I've noticed the males don't seem to suffer from the same rigid macho syndrome that American men do. They wear more colorful clothes, they're allowed to drink wine, and they ride mopeds to work. Is it time for me to expatriate?—B.D., St. Louis, Missouri

Hey, at least you read PLAYBOY. We've noticed this too and just had an interesting conversation about it with a well-traveled American writer who lived in Paris until recently. "In France a 'real man' is someone who dresses sharply, is well-read, knows how to charm and usually has that romantic-poet, cigarette-hanging-from-pouty-lips thing going," he says. "The two places Frenchmen

are allowed to be alpha dogs are in the soccer stadium and on the road, and they take advantage of it. But I never felt the muscles flexing in their glances as you often do with American teenagers." Because we enjoy variety in both the men we befriend and the women we pursue, we encourage you to continue with your revolutionary ways.

When I purchased a 62-inch DLP television, the salesman told me to buy a surge protector, too. There are many types of devices, all with different joule ratings. What is a joule, and how many do I need?—B.D., Los Angeles, California

Simply, a joule is a measurement of energy. Most protectors contain metal oxide varistors (MOVs) to absorb the voltage of a spike (an increase in voltage that lasts one to two nanoseconds) or surge (three nanoseconds or more). The more MOVs, the higher the joule rating and the longer the product will last. The problem is that there's no way to predict how much transient voltage may hit your home, so get the best protection you can afford. Basic models offer 200 to 600 joules, but for expensive electronics and computers look for a device in the 3,000 to 5,000 range. Belkin.com offers an eight-outlet, 2,950-joule protector for \$70. Any device you buy should have an indicator light that tells you when the MOVs have taken all the hits they can handle.

In June you responded to a question about swinger etiquette during blow jobs. My husband and I also swap. When I go down on another guy, I tell him before my lips hit his penis that he needs to give me fair warning before he comes. It's a matter of courtesy and respect. If a woman does not want to embrace the product of her work, she should let the man know.—C.P., Huntsville, Alabama

You're right, of course.

You said in your response that you know how to say "I'm coming" in several languages. In German I imagine it may be "Ich komme!" Would you share this information in case the situation ever arises?—E.F., Ashland, Oregon

You are correct about the German. In Spanish it's "¡Me estoy corriendo!" In French, "Je jouis!" In Italian, "Vengo!" In Portuguese, "Eu estou gozando!" And in Japanese, "Iku iku!" That should keep you busy.

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





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GIRLS NEXT DOOR

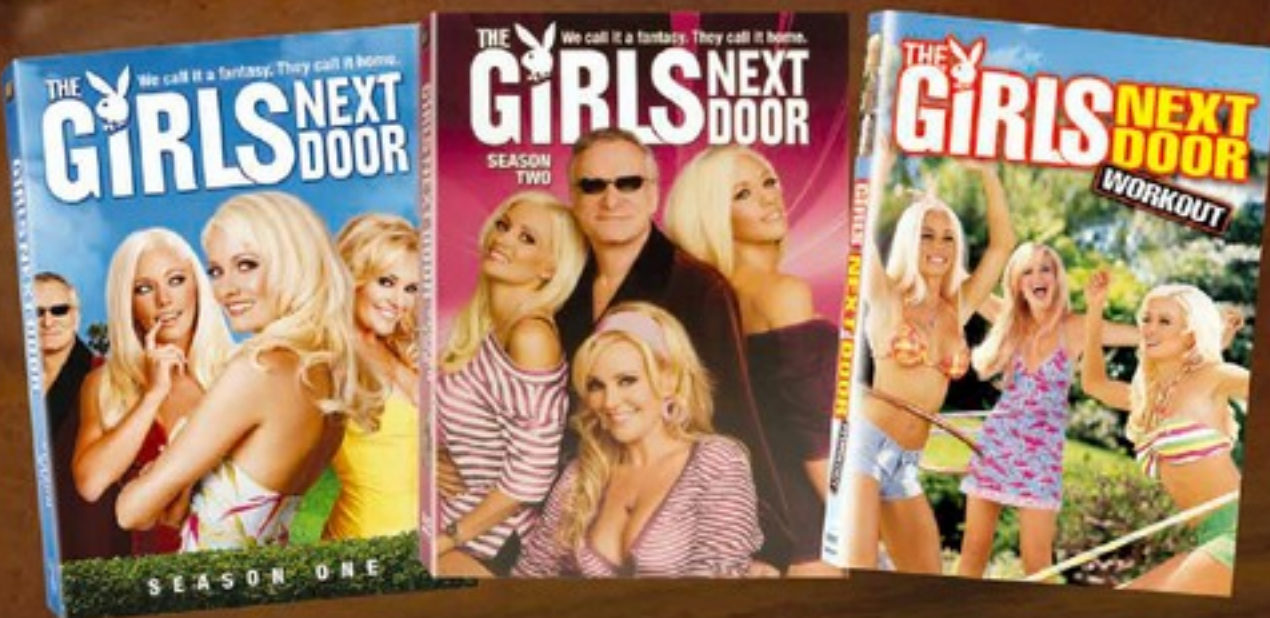


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The Girls Next Door Workout





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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

PLAYBOY OF THE MUSLIM WORLD

THE EDITOR OF *PLAYBOY* INDONESIA TELLS WHAT HAPPENED WHEN HE BROUGHT A SYMBOL OF FREEDOM TO A CONFLICTED NATION

BY ERWIN ARNADA

One day this past fall, the phone rang at my parents' home in Jakarta and my niece answered. "Hello?"

"We will hang Erwin," a dark voice said. "I am nearby, and I know your house. I know the neighborhood."

My niece, terrified, refused to go to school.

These threats have been part of my family's life since the first issue of *PLAYBOY* Indonesia hit Jakarta's newsstands in April 2006. I receive them by e-mail and, despite having changed my number several times, on my cell phone. Protesters chanted threats outside *PLAYBOY*'s offices and during my trial on obscenity charges. The voices accuse me, as the magazine's editor in chief, of publishing illegal pornography; as retribution, they've promised to kidnap and "eliminate" me.

We knew that introducing *PLAYBOY* to a country where 88 percent of the inhabitants are Muslim would cause a stir, so early on we decided the magazine would contain no nudity or explicit discussions of sex. We didn't need them anyway. We wanted to publish a thought-provoking, articulate and intelligent magazine for men because Indonesia had nothing like that. Even so, friends and family warned, "Be careful with your pen." They felt publishing anything under the *PLAYBOY* banner would only lead to trouble.

Prior to putting together the premiere issue, I visited the Press Council, a government agency established to approve new publications after the 1998 ouster of the dictator Suharto. I explained that this edition of *PLAYBOY*—one of 23 worldwide—would be produced by Indonesians. It would contain demure images of beautiful Indonesian women (of which there are many), but mostly it would consist of serious reporting and commentary. In fact, the first issue featured one of the last interviews with author and dissident Pramoedya Ananta Toer. The council had no problem.

PLAYBOY Indonesia is actually among the tamest publi-

cations on Jakarta newsstands. Some people even complained on talk radio shows about the lack of skin in the magazine. "It's a sin to read *PLAYBOY* if there's no nudity!" one caller said. You can buy *FHM*, *Maxim*, a local magazine called *Popular* and a handful of gossipy tabloids, all of which leave less to the imagination. If print publications don't satisfy, porn movies are available from street vendors for as little as 50 cents.

Before producing the first issue, I reached out to the conservative Muslim community. But when I sat down with the leader of the largest Islamist group, the Front Pembela Islam (Islamic Defenders Front), and his lawyer, they were in no mood to break bread. They told me if I published the magazine the FPI would file a criminal complaint. Later another FPI leader told reporters the group had "declared war" on *PLAYBOY*.

We printed 100,000 copies of the first issue and priced them at a relatively expensive 39,000 rupiahs (about \$4.50). They sold out in two days.

Then the FPI showed up. A few hundred of its members had decided the legal system didn't provide the satisfaction they desired. They filled the street outside our fourth-floor offices in Jakarta, chanting and waving placards. My staff grew uneasy, and most decided to leave for the day. I had misgivings but decided to stay, as did my assistant and two others, even as the mob forced its way into the building and began climbing the stairs. Suddenly rocks shattered the windows. The protesters were stoning the building and, I learned later, planning to burn it down. As they moved to the third floor, the police finally intervened.

In the days following the protest, our landlord asked us to leave. It was hard to blame him. We were still unpacking boxes in our new office on the mostly Hindu (and more laid-back) island of Bali when our lawyer telephoned to say a coalition called the Indonesian Society



WHAT CITY IS THIS?

WE ALL PAY THE COST
FOR THE LOSS OF LOCAL BUSINESSES

Against Piracy and Pornography had filed a criminal complaint against me and model Kartika Oktavina Gunawan. When I showed up at police headquarters in Jakarta to answer the summons, investigators questioned me for 10 hours over two days about all aspects of the magazine's production. At one point an officer asked where I had met Kartika, and I replied honestly that I could not remember. "How can you not remember?" he asked. "Because I meet many beautiful people every day," I said. The officers all chuckled. I think if I had offered any of them a job at that point, they might have accepted.

As I awaited trial, the FPI pressured our advertisers, suggesting they might want to spend their marketing rupiahs elsewhere. As a result, our fourth and fifth issues contained no ads. While 194 million of the 221 million inhabitants of Indonesia are Muslims, the vast majority are not aligned with fringe groups such as FPI. However, the Islamists have gained a lot of political power in recent years. After our first issue appeared, an Islamist party introduced a bill in parliament that would not only ban all adult material but outlaw erotic dancing, kissing in public and "lascivious" clothing. (The bill is stalled for now.)

In early December my lawyer and I reported to South Jakarta's State Court for the first weekly session of testimony. If convicted, I would face nearly three years in prison. The prosecutor told the judge, "Photos, drawings and articles in *PLAYBOY* Indonesia magazine were results of the defendant's selection. They were unsuitable for civility and could arouse lust among readers, so they violated feelings of decency." As he read the official charges aloud, the protestors filling the courtroom began to shout "Hang him! Hang him!" and other pleasantries that prompted the judge to close the trial to the public. Most of the government witnesses were members of Islamist groups. Our witnesses included a magazine distributor who was later beaten by thugs for his audacity. Finally, on April 5, the judge presented his verdict. Much to the Islamists' anger and my elation, he found me not guilty, ruling that *PLAYBOY* Indonesia is not obscene.

The FPI has vowed to continue its fight against *PLAYBOY* and other men's magazines. My staff and I remain concerned about our personal safety but enthusiastic about our work. The magazine is selling well, and after I visited each of our advertisers to point out that we're still here, nearly all have returned.

For more on this, go to playboy.com/forum.



By Eric Klinenberg

I grew up in Chicago during the 1970s, when the local economy was tanking. My neighborhood, Old Town, was a bohemian enclave near the center of the city. It was what real estate agents call a transition area, though no one knew which way the transition would go.

Joel Zemans staked his future on the neighborhood's revival. In 1976 the 34-year-old University of Chicago graduate became president of Mid-Town Bank, a new community institution situated just a few blocks from my family's home. It was a good fit for Zemans, a young civic leader who participated in several community organizations. "The downtown banks weren't interested in lending money to what they saw as the deteriorating part of the city," he says. "I had a different local knowledge. I lived there. My partners and I believed it was going to grow and appreciate, and we wanted to support the people who put in sweat equity and invested in Chicago."

Zemans and my father had been Boy Scouts together on the city's South Side, and my parents, who had just started a small communications company, transferred their money to his bank. The family business was rocky, but it comforted my parents and gave them extra confidence to

know that they could always get a personal meeting with the president if they needed a loan. "Anyone could walk into the president's office at Mid-Town Bank," Zemans says. "It wasn't just people I knew. That was the way the bank worked."

When my parents divorced, my mother worked with Mid-Town to secure the mortgage that kept us in our house. It was a stretch, but we held on, and she remains there today. My father, who rented an apartment nearby, used the bank for car and small business loans. Soon thereafter I got an account of my own. I stayed with Mid-Town through college, and when I moved back to Old Town in 2000 the bank, and Zemans, was still in the neighborhood.

But in 2001 Zemans and his partners sold Mid-Town to a subsidiary of MAF Bancorp, which folded it into its fleet of 27 retail offices in the Chicago area. Customers received letters announcing that our accounts would be controlled by MidAmerica Bank. We got new checks, different managers and tellers, more formal rules. "They did a terrific job with the transition," says Zemans. "I was pleased with the way the bank worked out."

Inevitably, though, the more centralized organization lost its human touch.

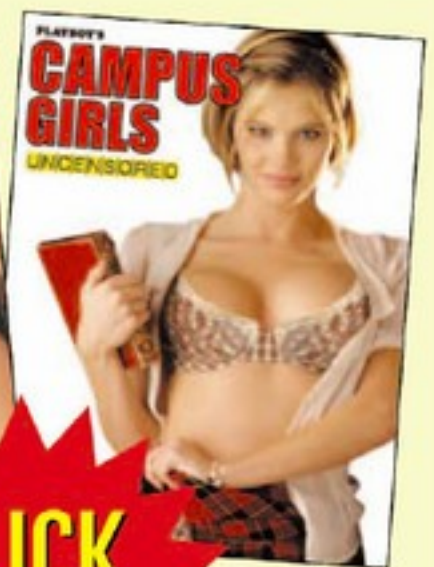
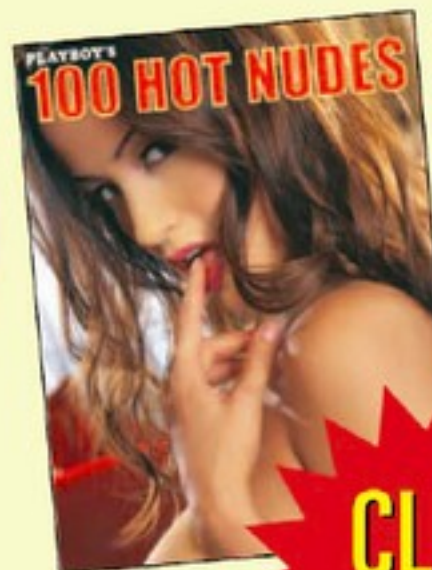


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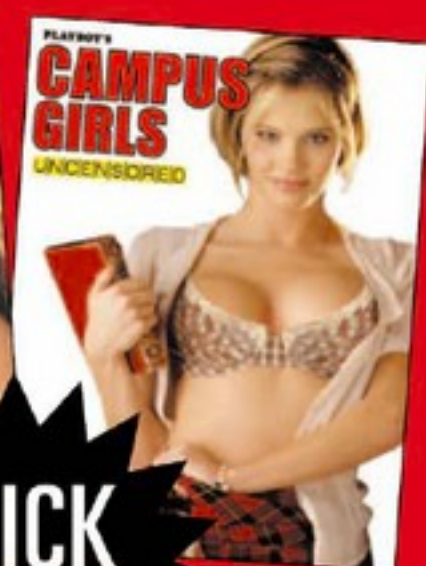
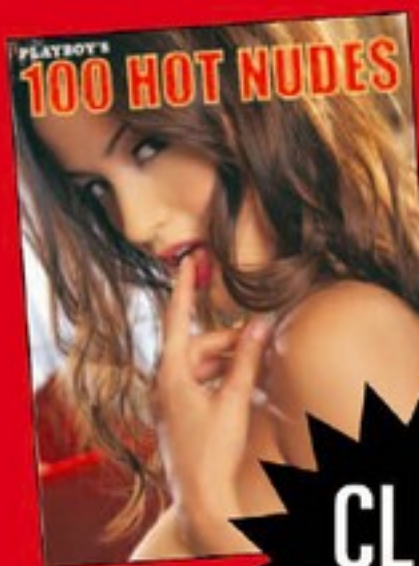
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My mother, for instance, maintained checking, savings and investment accounts at Mid-Town. In exchange for her patronage the bank automatically transferred funds to her checking account if she overdrew. The new owners ended this practice but failed to inform her.

Our story is probably familiar. Over the past two decades, banking deregulation has led to the steady loss of locally owned banks. According to *The FDIC Banking Review*, between 1985 and 2003 the number of community banks fell from 14,351 to 7,489. Meanwhile, outposts for the big banks—Citibank, Bank of America, Chase and the like—pop up wherever you turn. National banks make lending decisions based on actuarial tables, credit ratings and economic models. Character, community standing, reputation and local relationships are irrelevant in big banking. If, long ago, you had a run of bad luck or took on more debt than you could handle, you were better off pleading your case for new credit to a manager who had known you for a decade than to a stranger who thinks through a database and is hoping to rope you into a subprime loan. Care to meet the president? Go to a shareholders meeting and get in line. Sure, this is discouraging, but consider the upside: No matter where you travel, you can find an ATM.

Banks are emblematic of a much wider trend. Chain businesses offer convenience, consistency and comfort, all of which are nice when you're on the road. Starbucks is a godsend when you're jonesing for strong coffee in a strange city. Walgreens is wonderful if you've left your prescription drugs on the counter at home, the same for Banana Republic when you spill ketchup on your shirt. Collectively, however, big-brand businesses block your access to the distinctive local venues that long differentiated one town from another. Such outlets still exist, of course, albeit in smaller numbers. Some upscale urban neighborhoods have become outposts for independent, locally owned retailers and restaurants, and some communities promote their local businesses. Around Harvard Square, stickers on the windows identify Cambridge-based shops amid the giant stores. But when you don't have enough local knowledge, they can be frustratingly difficult to find.

TO CHAINS, CITIES REPRESENT MARKETS, NOT COMMUNITIES.

This winter, for instance, I had a few free hours during a trip to Seattle. I told my host I wanted to take home a gift, something I couldn't get elsewhere. My request elicited a long response about the plight of a local craft worker who stopped making her pear-shaped salt-and-pepper shakers because large retailers preferred mass-produced items from China. Then we drove past a sea of chains. I saw the Sharper Image, Macy's and Borders, as well as the original Starbucks. I left town empty-handed.

For Americans in all but the largest metropolitan areas, the coldest slap of chain culture comes when we pick up the daily newspaper and find wire-service stories and syndicated columnists where local writers used to be. Sixty years ago about 80 percent of the nation's newspapers were locally owned and operated. The families that ran these newspapers were not always honorable, but they tended to be invested in their city, boosting civic projects and creating large philanthropic organizations. In today's consolidated media market, however, roughly 80 percent are owned by chain companies—"absentee owners," as *Seattle Times* publisher Frank Blethen calls them—for whom cities represent markets, not communities worthy of support.

You've heard about the crisis in the newspaper industry, which struggles with declining paid circulation now that consumers

expect free journalism online. But don't feel bad for chain newspaper corporations, whose profit margins are triple or quadruple those of typical Fortune 500 companies and whose annual revenues approach \$50 billion. The secret of their success

is simple: Most cities have only one major newspaper, so no matter how lame the content is, there's nowhere else to get local, originally reported journalism on issues that affect your hometown. (Sorry, bloggers just aren't doing much primary reporting.) Knowing this, newspaper chains downsized their editorial staffs, replacing investigative journalists and key beat reporters—for city hall, the school board and local businesses—with the same cookie-cutter copy that runs everywhere else. The result is that, on most days, reading the newspaper is unsatisfying, like eating fast food. I, for one, long for something more substantial.



MARGINALIA



FROM A BLOG by Digby on the murder by stoning in May of a 17-year-old Kurdish girl who had been seen with a boy of a different religious sect: "This is the fault of primitive religious fundamentalism, which across the board, in every culture, is contemptuous of women. This is why I have contempt for tribalism, fundamentalism and authoritarianism. In the end, it's always about mob rule. A gang of bullies, often at the behest of some authority figure, sends a message by publicly humiliating, maiming or killing one of their own who had the temerity to fail to conform. Whether for God, country or tribe, it's always some poor victim lying on the ground, covering his or her head, surrounded by people who have turned into animals."

FROM A STATEMENT about the rise in transplant tourism by Farhat Moazam, of the Sindh Institute of Urology and Transplantation in Karachi, Pakistan: "There are villages in the poorer parts of Pakistan where as much as 40 percent to 50 percent of the population has only one kidney."



FROM COMMENTS by Lloyd Chambers, the founder of Soundsdirty.com, an erotic website for the visually impaired: "We have heard all the jokes about going blind when you do certain things, but this is totally serious."

FROM AN ARTICLE in the U.K.'s *Guardian* newspaper concerning Mark Penn, who is regarded by some as Hillary Clinton's de facto campaign manager and who works at Burson-Marsteller, a PR firm that helps corporations thwart union-organization drives: "Organized labor is a central constituency of the Democratic Party, and Senator Clinton certainly expects the support of some, if not all, the major labor unions. But why should they support someone whose top



campaign strategist also holds a full-time job at a company with a union-busting operation? Shouldn't labor leaders be speaking out about Penn's role in the Clinton campaign? Will they?"

FROM AN ARTICLE about former president Jimmy Carter on Slate.com by Christopher Hitchens: "It was he who created the conditions for the Gulf crisis in the first place—initially by fawning on the shah of Iran and then, when that option collapsed, by encouraging Saddam Hussein to invade Iran and by tilting American policy to his side. If I had done such a thing, I would take very good care to be modest when discussions of

(continued on page 45)

READER RESPONSE

BULLET POINT

In "Killing in the Name Of" (May), Mark Ames cites the example of Robert Mack, who went on a workplace shooting spree at General Dynamics. Ames may not realize how well Mack's case underscores the point he makes. Mack rode with me to work, and I know he had been discriminated against because of his skin color. He experienced a great deal of hardship on the job because of favoritism by management. The union that was supposed to represent him, the International Association of Machinists, failed to save his job. All this was happening as General Dynamics engaged in mass layoffs to increase its stock price. Mack suffered more than most workers at the time.

John Larson
San Diego, California

A BEAUTIFUL MIND

I have subscribed to your magazine for years and love the political articles. I enjoyed your piece on Arthur Schlesinger Jr. (June). I once cited his *Holy War*, from your November 2004 issue, in a paper I wrote for a college



Arthur Schlesinger is loved and loathed.

course on the Gospels. That's right: I attended a private Lutheran college and used *PLAYBOY* as a source in a religion course taught by a minister. I got an A on the paper. Tell that to all the religious conservatives!

David Pirazzini
Kenosha, Wisconsin

I had a lot of respect for Schlesinger, but it's obvious he was a true believer like G. Gordon Liddy, Oliver North and the current man in the White House, to whom he claims to be superior. Schlesinger was just a lying politi-

cal hack who spent his career trying to whitewash the legacy of John F. Kennedy, a man who almost started World War III, assassinated leaders of other sovereign states and got us into a war in Southeast Asia. I guess people have forgotten the Bay of Pigs and Vietnam.

Steve Brandon
Tucson, Arizona

WINDS OF CHANGE

Frederick Barthelme's editorial on the Gulf Coast ("Help Wanted," June) seems to ring true in my case. Maybe my brain is, to use his term, like a galvanized pipe. The pace and randomness with which the news is presented all but forces the average viewer and reader to latch onto the next big shiny story. Since most, if not all, the national news agencies present things in this fashion, we have no choice but to go along for the ride. Honestly, there is no rational argument for why New Orleans is in the shape it's in today. We live in the richest country in the world, and we seem unable to leverage that wealth to help the people who need it most. What can be done? How do we effectively remind the government that this issue should be paramount? I don't know. I'm just glad someone is still thinking about it and I was forced to think about it as well.

Justin Bodamer
Lansdale, Pennsylvania

Barthelme sobs that the country remains unhealed from Hurricane Katrina as New Orleans awaits more handouts. According to the National Fire Protection Association, 396,000 American homes caught fire in 2005, causing the deaths of more than 3,000 people. Did the home owners get a Federal Emergency Management Agency trailer and a credit card? The nation has moved on; most people don't want their tax dollars to go toward rebuilding private homes below sea level. If you're still there, pack up and move. Northeast Tennessee does not suffer hurricanes, earthquakes, mud slides, forest fires and tornados—and you can get insurance on your house here.

Ted Como
Kingsport, Tennessee

After reading "Help Wanted" I felt compelled to respond. I just visited

New Orleans, and yes, there is still a lot of damage. But the media are causing more financial damage by reporting the negatives about New Orleans instead of concentrating on the positives. The French Quarter is alive and well, and businesses are desperately trying to get people to come back to the city. Those businesses thrive on tourism and the money it generates. Many establishments have



How long can New Orleans hold attention?

closed not because of physical damage from Hurricane Katrina but because fewer tourists are going. I urge people to visit New Orleans and bring tourism dollars to help the residents there survive. New Orleans remains a great city and deserves publicity for the things that are still thriving.

Kathleen Buesing
Scottsdale, Arizona

REALITY CHECK

It's funny when our conservative administration and the right-wing media refer to most Middle Eastern religions and cultures as composed of warmongering, one-sided intolerants who have little grasp of modern values and share a fundamental unwillingness to promote peace. I guess I'm supposed to think that guy who holds a sign on an American college campus, hollers gay slurs and tells students who drink, curse and fornicate that they are all going to rot in hell must be from somewhere south of Turkey, right?

Josh Jacobsen
Denver, Colorado

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

NEWSFRONT



Fight Club

CHANDIGARH, INDIA—While huge swaths of the world struggle with the continuing AIDS epidemic, Asia's boom countries are having some success with local common-sense solutions aimed at increasing condom use. In India, the state-owned Chandigarh Industrial & Tourism Corporation has opened a condom-themed nightclub (pictured) where rubbers are provided for free. Company head Jasbir Singh Bir says, "Condoms must be seen as friends, not some embarrassing necessity that no one wants to talk about." In Surat, in India's Gujarat state, cinemas and tobacconists in a red-light district have started stocking condoms and distributing information on safe sex and AIDS. In China, meanwhile, AIDS-prevention groups have been successful in enlisting gay bars, massage parlors and health centers to distribute free condoms.

Political Stink

WELD COUNTY, COLORADO—A woman who left a political pamphlet filled with dog feces on the steps of U.S. Representative Marilyn Musgrave's office during last year's campaign has been acquitted of criminal use of a noxious substance. The woman, Kathleen Ensz, never denied leaving the dung but maintained it was protected speech. Her lawyer explained after the verdict, "Her only intention in going over there was to make a political statement that Marilyn Musgrave's politics stink."

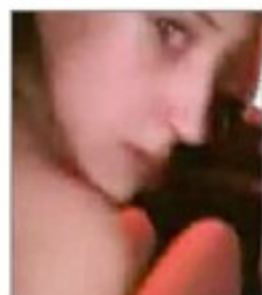
Truth Will Out

MONTGOMERY COUNTY, MARYLAND—The school board here has approved a revision in the sex education curriculum that will allow teachers to answer questions about homosexuality. "If students ask, 'Is homosexuality an illness?' say, 'No. The American Psychiatric Association does not include homosexuality in its listing of psychiatric or mental disorders,'" superintendent Jerry Weast wrote in a memo to the board explaining the revision.

Femme Fatale

TEHRAN—Apparently in response to the widespread circulation of a home sex tape believed by many Iranians to feature Zahra Amir Ebrahimi, a nationally prominent soap-opera star, Iran's parliament has passed stiff new penalties for involvement in the production of "pornographic works." Under the new law, which passed by a margin of 148 to five, the definition of pornographic works is expanded to include electronic materials such as DVDs, and sen-

tences for those involved—producers, directors, cameramen and actors—now include the death penalty. As detailed in *Sex in Iran* in our May issue, black-market DVDs of the tape (pictured) are thought to have sold 100,000 copies in Iran, with the resultant \$4 million in receipts exceeding the take for any other movie—including legal releases—in the country's history. Ebrahimi, who denies she is the woman in the video, is still under investigation by national authorities and could face charges.



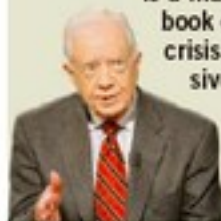
Money for Nothing

WASHINGTON, D.C.—After six long years of policies that pander to the religious right, Americans who favor a rational approach to issues such as sex education likely breathed a sigh of relief after the change of congressional leadership last fall. But this summer, the now Democrat-controlled House Appropriations Subcommittee on Labor, Health and Human Services, Education and Related Agencies sent through a budget that would raise spending on abstinence education, a longtime pet project of the broadly antisex right wing. The Democrat-sponsored bill would increase funding to \$141 million, a boost of \$28 million. Despite much scientific evidence against their efficacy, abstinence programs have already consumed \$1.5 billion in taxpayer money since 1982. As James Wagoner, president of Advocates for Youth, put it, "Let's face it. With friends like these, who needs conservative Republicans?"

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 43)

Middle Eastern crises came up. But here's the thing about self-righteous, born-again demagogues: Nothing they ever do, or did, can be attributed to anything but the highest motives. Here is a man who, in his recent book on the Israel-Palestine crisis, has found the elusive key to the problem. The mistake of Israel, he tells us (and tells us that he told the Israeli leadership), is to have moved away from God and the prophets and toward secularism. If you ever feel like a good laugh, just tell yourself that things would improve if only the Israeli government would be more Orthodox. Jimmy Carter will then turn his vacantly pious glare on you, as if to say that you just don't understand what it is to have a personal savior."



FROM AN EDITORIAL by Roy Hattersley, concerning the rumored conversion of former British prime minister Tony Blair to Catholicism by publicity-seeking clergyman Father Michael Seed: "It seems to me—and I suspect that, for once, the prime minister shares my view—that Tony Blair's religious affiliations are his own business, and whether or not Father Seed started the Roman hare running, he has certainly sped it on its way. But I am less concerned about Father Seed's indiscretions than his standard of values. The vulgarity of using famous names to popularize religion—as if it were a brand of toothpaste or shampoo—is beyond question. But special treatment for the mighty (as distinct from putting them down from their seats) raises a particular problem for me. I want to believe that the church thinks of us all as equal—even if it insists in adding 'in the sight of God.'"



FROM AN EXPLANATION of the problems with current news reporting, by Martin Kaplan, an associate dean at the University of Southern California's Annenberg School for Communication, in an *American Journalism Review* piece on the subject of *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*: "Straight news is not what it used to be. It has fallen into a bizarre notion that substitutes something called 'balance' for what used to be called



'accuracy' or 'truth' or 'objectivity.' That may be because of a postmodern malaise in society, in which the notion of a truth doesn't have the same reputation it used to, but, as a consequence, straight journalists both in print and in broadcast media can be played like a piccolo by people who know how to exploit that weakness."

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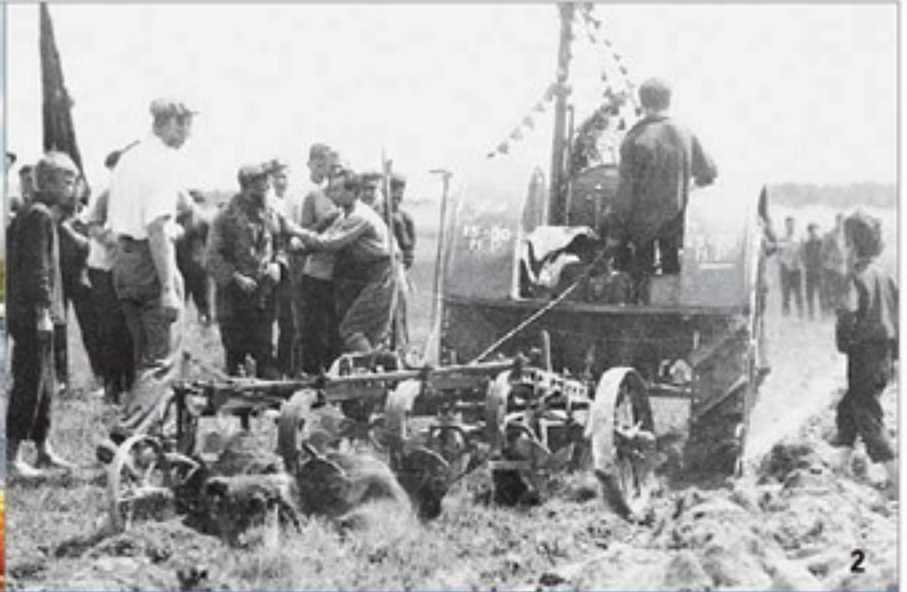
WE'RE TOLD THAT LAND REFORM ABROAD IS BAD, BUT CORPORATIONS HAVE CONSOLIDATED AMERICAN FAMILY FARMS FOR DECADES

By David Pfister

With President Hugo Chávez's legislative approval, Venezuelan soldiers and peasant militias are commandeering privately owned farms and burning sugarcane

fields to the ground as landlords watch. Although poor Venezuelans are gleeful at the prospect of land reform, large-scale agricultural collectivization has a spotty history. Joseph Stalin's forced

redistribution in 1929 resulted in millions of Russians dying of starvation. In 1959 Mao Tse-tung latched onto the Soviet model, setting the stage for the worst famine in human history.

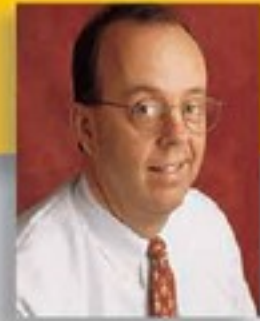


Venezuela (1) is currently embarked on farmland redistribution. In **Russia (2)** reform was a convenient pretext for killing or banishing resistant capitalists to Siberia. Reforms in **China (3)** led to the starvation of between 20 million and 40 million people, inspiring the familiar mantra "Finish your dinner. There are children starving in China." In the **United States (4)** the industrialization of food production has altered land ownership. Big Agriculture has swallowed up independent plots while gorging on corporate welfare: In the past 50 years the average size of U.S. farms has doubled, while the number of farms is down by half.



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Wired, March, 2006

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Popular Science, April, 2006

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Best Life, February, 2007, quoting Alex Roy, four-time trophy winner of the Gumball Rally

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Situation Ignorance

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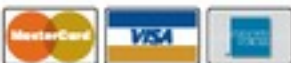
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BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS WELCOME TO STOP BY.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

CLIVE OWEN

A candid conversation with the British tough-guy actor about soccer versus football, wearing "guy-liner" and why choosing likable roles is for sissies

In a business known for its puffed-up pretty boys, fly-by-nights and poseurs, Clive Owen has emerged as a classic leading man cut from the same cloth as Humphrey Bogart and Sean Connery. He has romanced a succession of beauties on-screen, including Angelina Jolie, Julia Roberts, Natalie Portman and Keira Knightley, and given fellow tough guys like Matt Damon and Benicio Del Toro a run for their money. The 42-year-old Owen has made his name as a brooding, tight-lipped macho guy who lets his snarl, street smarts, catlike moves and fists do the talking. He's also one hell of an actor.

Owen has a reputation for playing it close to the vest on and off the screen. Ask anyone who has caught the acclaimed British actor at his deadly cool, suave best in a roster of impressive films such as *Sin City*, *Inside Man*, *Children of Men*, *The Bourne Identity* and *Closer*, the last of which earned him an Oscar nomination, a Golden Globe and a British Academy Award.

Although he has acted in movies, on England's stages and on television for more than 20 years, it took the 1998 film *Croupier* for Owen to gain international attention. He also dodged the expectations of those who touted him as the ideal successor to Pierce Brosnan's James Bond, managed to avoid looking ridic-

ulous spouting flowery dialogue in the costume epic *King Arthur* and starred in a jacked-up series of BMW-sponsored shorts by world-class directors like Alejandro González Iñárritu and Wong Kar-wai.

Owen was born in working-class Coventry, U.K., where his father, a country-music singer, left him and his four brothers and mother when Owen was three. Raised by his mother and stepfather, Owen was a good student whose grades went to hell when, at 13, he found his calling after being cast as the Artful Dodger in a local production of *Oliver!* After gaining admission to London's Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, he spent three years winning attention in stagings of Shakespeare and Ibsen classics. He then joined the Young Vic Theatre Company. While playing Romeo in 1988, he fell in love with his Juliet, actress Sarah-Jane Fenton. They've been married since 1995 and have two young daughters, Hannah and Eve.

By the early 1990s, a role on the TV crime series *Chancer* turned the baritone-voiced Owen into one of the U.K.'s biggest, most written-about stars. Tired of being hounded by paparazzi and trying to avoid being typecast as a suave rogue and cocksman, he quit at the show's peak, giving him a reputation as a headstrong renegade.

Since *Croupier*, Owen has chosen wisely and shown power and presence in a long list of movies, many of them big hits. He has also appeared in Lancôme ads and gotten a shout-out in the song "Risen Within," by MC Homicide featuring PAZ. His latest project is *Shoot 'Em Up*, an outrageous movie in which his character is on the run, protecting an infant and a lactating hooker, played by Monica Bellucci.

We sent Contributing Editor Stephen Rebello, who last interviewed Denis Leary, to London to talk with Owen. "He is well-known as a guy who doesn't suffer fools gladly, who has been called defensive with the press and who very rarely and reluctantly sits down for an in-depth interview," Rebello says. "Yet we hung out for hours in the heart of London, and the normally reticent Owen was not only outgoing and friendly but opened up about his career, his succession of gorgeous leading ladies, marital fidelity and what it's like to be an object of desire for women and the envy of many guys."

PLAYBOY: Your latest, *Shoot 'Em Up*, seems destined to become a franchise. Are you hoping it will be a James Bond-style series of movies?

OWEN: If any movie you do could become a franchise, you would hope it was in part



"It used to tickle me when I went to the premieres and American journalists in particular would say, 'That was so brave that you would do that role.' Somebody offered me a great fucking part! What's brave about it?"



"The one thing lacking in movies today is great dialogue. Go out and watch an older film like *Sweet Smell of Success* or *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* That language! I find it satisfying to hear a character say something smart."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAKE GAVIN

"In an incredibly important, intense soccer game in England, this fierceness, this passion has to be experienced to be believed. I've been to sporting events in America, and I don't know if that passion exists in the same way there."

because the role was meant for you.

PLAYBOY: Is this one?

OWEN: When the film was pitched to me, I immediately thought, I'll never do this. Then I read the script. I pissed myself laughing. It's pretty damn fucking wild, and this guy Michael Davis, who wrote and directed it, is insane.

PLAYBOY: By insane, do you mean the scene in which you and Monica Bellucci have sex while you're shooting an army of assassins? Or perhaps you're thinking of another memorable moment, when Paul Giamatti cops a feel off a corpse.

OWEN: Exactly. Michael described his script as "John Woo's wet dream." When I met him, I said, "This may be John Woo's wet dream, but John Woo is a fucking master of action. You've got only a certain amount of money to make this, there's tons of action, and you're not that experienced." But he was the most prepared of any director I've worked with. He storyboarded the entire movie and knew specifically what he wanted to do at the beginning of every day. He pounded through it like a madman.

PLAYBOY: It's incredibly violent.

OWEN: Incredibly. But it's redeemed by incredible wit. It's crazy comic-book violence, not violence that will upset or offend you. It's like saying, "We're just going to have a fun ride. Come along." When I saw Paul Giamatti fondling the dead girl, I couldn't stop laughing. It's all just so un-PC and outrageous. There's a heartbeat in Michael. He's a lovely man and a fresh, very particular talent unlike anybody else doing this stuff. He has written a kind of sequel already, and it's fucking wilder than this one. It's so fucking outrageous. We're going to wait and see how this plays first.

PLAYBOY: *Shoot 'Em Up* is somehow an old-time Humphrey Bogart movie that meets a Clint Eastwood spaghetti Western by way of an Asian martial-arts film.

OWEN: I'm a big Bogart fan, a big Hitchcock fan, a big Cary Grant fan as well. I love that period of moviemaking and the actors of that time. Along those lines, Universal got the rights for me to play Philip Marlowe in an upcoming Raymond Chandler adaptation.

PLAYBOY: Is it intimidating to think about playing Marlowe, a role that actors like Bogart, Dick Powell, Robert Mitchum and Elliott Gould have played so well?

OWEN: Some fucking great actors have done it, but we're not taking on *The Big Sleep*. That would be suicide. We're taking one of Chandler's novels, *Trouble Is My Business*, and sort of

stretching it out. I love Chandler and Marlowe. I think it's just sublime writing. I'm sure there's an audience for it. The trick is to make it relevant, make it feel like a film necessary for now, not a noir pastiche. We have an exciting guy writing it—Frank Miller, the graphic novelist behind *Sin City* and *300*—who is noir-obsessed and with whom I had drunken conversations about Chandler and Marlowe when we were shooting *Sin City*. If you look at all Miller's material, it's taken from Chandler. Ask the guy anything about Marlowe, the guy drops you 10 lines like "Down these mean streets a man must go who is not himself mean, who is neither tarnished nor afraid." That's



I didn't like the tabloid attention. It unstabled me. I was young, and I didn't deal with it that brilliantly.

where Miller's heart is. He'll attack it with real power, but he will be faithful to the source material because he adores it so much. And that dialogue!

PLAYBOY: You landed the part of Marlowe, but another iconic role was often linked to you: James Bond. What happened?

OWEN: That was media chat. People just whipped it up. It was never anything more than talk.

PLAYBOY: Your fellow Brit Daniel Craig got the job. How did you like his Bond in *Casino Royale*?

OWEN: He was a great choice. Daniel Craig is a really good actor. I liked the movie a lot. I like what they did to strip it down.

PLAYBOY: Part of your Bond aura comes

from not seeming to give a damn about playing likable characters. You've been a sex-addicted dermatologist in *Closer*, a self-denying gay concentration-camp prisoner in *Bent*, a cold-blooded killer in *The Bourne Identity*, a mask-wearing bank robber in *Inside Man* and an unfaithful blackmailed husband in *Derailed*.

OWEN: It used to tickle me when I went to the premieres and American journalists in particular would say, "That was so brave that you would do that role." Somebody offered me a great fucking part! What's brave about it? I have no fear about how the characters could reflect on me. If a good director is at the helm and the material is good, I'll do anything. I've got no boundaries. The worst piece of advice I've gotten in my whole career is from somebody who said, "Remember, it's all about likability." A number of times since then I've thought, What a pile of bullshit. Because that, for me, is not where it's at. It's certainly not about trying to be liked by doing a kind of insipid, charming thing.

PLAYBOY: In 1990, after working your way up in theater, film and TV, you became a full-fledged star in the U.K., playing a suave swindler on the TV series *Chancer*. How did you react to newfound celebrity?

OWEN: A role like mine on *Chancer* gets a lot of tabloid attention, and that unstabled me. I didn't like it. I was uncomfortable with it. I was being thrown at every tacky, horrible newspaper to do interviews. I was young, and I didn't deal with it that brilliantly.

PLAYBOY: You earned a reputation for being prickly and difficult with the press.

OWEN: I was just resentful. I thought the stuff being written was stupid. I did a second season of *Chancer*, but by then I'd talked to more-experienced actors. They'd say, "If you're doing an interview, you can say no if you don't like the questions." So I got this reputation for being like "Oh, this cocky kid," and "He's not good with press."

PLAYBOY: Is your main problem with the tabloids their invasiveness?

OWEN: Yes, about background stuff related to my family. It was all tabloid stuff generally, but the person on a main TV soap or prime-time hit series gets a harder time than the biggest movie star. Tabloids are much more interested in TV. I have no problem talking about the work, but I wouldn't sit down and have a one-on-one interview with a tabloid.

PLAYBOY: You continued to have considerable success on the British stage, on TV and in small movies, but things

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THE LEGEND REBORN

Union Jacks

English gents like Clive Owen keep getting the great movie roles. Fortunately, this new crop of British actors have a dark side they're only too willing to share

took a giant leap forward in 1998 with the film *Croupier*, in which you played a mysterious card dealer— aspiring novelist. Was it a surprise hit, or did you know it would be a success?

OWEN: That little movie ran for only about two weeks at the National Film Theatre in England. It didn't even have a poster—that's the kind of release it got. A huge part of where I'm at now is because a producer named Mike Kaplan, who knew the director of *Croupier* and was tight with Robert Altman, championed the film by taking it to the States. He screened it for everybody, saying, "This is a really good film." Only because it got good reviews and a whole life in America, in England they went, "We'd better think about bringing it back."

PLAYBOY: The reviews were so good, especially for your performance, that there was talk of Oscar nominations.

OWEN: Yeah, there was talk and an award campaign. Then almost immediately someone—nobody knows who—pointed out to the Academy that the movie had aired on Dutch TV at midnight, and the Academy said, "Well, we can't let that happen."

PLAYBOY: Was being disqualified for an Oscar disappointing?

OWEN: The effect that film had on my career was such a huge gear change for me that I don't have any regrets about the whole experience. I didn't quite realize the effect it was having until three months into its American release, when somebody offered to pay me to fly out and do some interviews in the U.S.

PLAYBOY: Were you chasing U.S. stardom?

OWEN: Not at all. When I was eventually sent there with a couple of small films, I would take meetings with the assistant or the assistant's assistant and the assistant casting person. They would just have a good look at you and try to act like they knew something about you or they cared. The whole thing is about checking you out to see if you may be of some value. But the idea of hanging out in L.A. and chasing this stuff on that level? Forget it. You can break into that world only if you've got a film that is a real calling card. It's brutal otherwise. I enjoyed my work here and pursuing my interest in small films, but we have a much smaller industry in Britain. Unless things open up for you in America, you can't sustain a career in movies only. But still, there was no way I was going to chase that.

PLAYBOY: You're making a historical movie, *Elizabeth: The Golden Age*, a sequel to the acclaimed *Elizabeth*, in which Cate Blanchett plays Elizabeth I. What led to it?

OWEN: I was a huge fan of *Elizabeth*, and this film has a really good script. I jumped on it. Cate's back, Geoffrey Rush is back, Shekhar Kapur came back to direct, and I've seen enough to know it's pretty extraordinary.

PLAYBOY: You once shocked Robert Altman by wanting to cut down your lines in *Gosford Park*. You're known for playing guys who don't waste time on chit-chat, but you won big acclaim for *Closer* by uttering some of the sharpest dialogue in years, as in your great strip-club scene with Natalie Portman.

OWEN: It's fucking great dialogue. I love movies, and I understand that some don't need much dialogue, but I'm trained in the theater, so language is important. The one thing lacking in movies today is great dialogue. There's nothing more satisfying than doing something language-based like *Closer*, either as a film or a play. Go out and watch an older film like *Sweet Smell of Success* or *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* That language! You get good ideas for films now, but you don't get great dialogue. I'm not one of those actors who produce great stuff through improvisation. I find it hugely satisfying to hear a character say something smart and have somebody say something smart back.

PLAYBOY: When you know you'll be working with actors as famous and written about as Julia Roberts, one of your *Closer* co-stars, do you have any expectations based on what you've read about them in the press?

OWEN: I tend to take people as I find them. I never listen too much to what others have to say. You'll hear about somebody, let's say an actor, that they're difficult. You always ask, "Difficult to whom and for what?" Being difficult could be a good thing. This could be somebody who cares a lot, who's very passionate and will fight because they think it's important. Julia is dynamite. She's a great actress and was absolutely fantastic in the movie. You wouldn't know it from that film, but we laughed every day. I would love to work with Julia again.

PLAYBOY: Jude Law was in *Closer* too. One year he was red-hot; the next he wasn't. Does that aspect of the movie business bother you?

OWEN: You would be stupid if you paid too much attention to it. From a very young age I've wanted to be in it for the long haul. It's a career to me. I'm as excited about the parts I'll be able to get when I'm 50 and 60 as I am about those I've already done. I want to still be around. I want to still be playing, still be doing it. I've never been one for grabbing it when it's in front of me. It's not just a career; it's a craft I want to enjoy my whole life.

PLAYBOY: Angelina Jolie, your co-star in *Beyond Borders*, has said you cracked up when she told you how sexy you looked in a T-shirt. Eva Mendes reportedly said, "If God exists, he looks like Clive Owen." George Clooney calls you a movie star and says, "He's, like, a man; there's a sexuality and a masculinity

Daniel Craig

Prim: When the blond was cast as Bond, skeptics scoffed. But he turned out to be the best 007 since Sean Connery.

But improper: Bond purists eventually overlooked his locks, but can they accept his plan for the next adventure? He wants the screen's greatest womanizer to have a homosexual fling.



Ralph Fiennes

Prim: Though he has made a living playing villains in such films as *Schindler's List* and *Red Dragon*, he is an ambassador for UNICEF.

But improper: He joined the mile-high club in a very public fashion with a Qantas flight attendant. She was fired; he became a tabloid darling.



Orlando Bloom

Prim: The son of a legendary political activist broke into acting through Bible-recitation competitions.

But improper: He is one of eight actors in the *Lord of the Rings* fellowship who got tattoos with the Elvish word for "nine." Missing was John Rhys-Davies, who smartly sent his stunt double.



Hugh Laurie

Prim: Born in Oxford and educated at Cambridge, the true pro has the best American accent of all the *House* actors.

But improper: He's been nominated for an Emmy, but his music project Band From TV—with James Denton of *Desperate Housewives* and Greg Grunberg of *Heroes*—is not ready for prime time.



Jude Law

Prim: Reportedly named after the Beatles song "Hey Jude" or the English novel *Jude the Obscure*, the *Aviator* and *Alfie* actor is as British as they come.

But improper: The talented Mr. Law was foolish enough to cheat on Sienna Miller with his children's nanny.

—Rocky Rakovic



that I think is really interesting." Do you take all that love in stride?

OWEN: At the time I joked that Clooney was obviously gay. No, he's not. Listen, I'm a big fan of George's as well. I like him tremendously. Without being coy about it, there's nothing better than gaining the respect of your peers, because they know more about it than anybody else. With Angelina I just cracked a few jokes.

PLAYBOY: You have been quoted admitting you've had "tons" of plastic surgery. Have you?

OWEN: None whatsoever. I have a feeling that was one of those quotes that are just put out there. No, I never said it. Somebody else asked me about it. I said, "What are you talking about?"

PLAYBOY: Your *Shoot 'Em Up* director urged us to kid you unmercifully about what he calls the "guy-liner" you wear in the Lancôme men's skin-care ads that are all over magazines and billboards. Are you taking any heat for them?

OWEN: I haven't gotten any, nor did I expect any. It's a classy company. Everything has been done impeccably. It's been a good thing. I've enjoyed it. [laughing] Michael makes desperate attempts to get me, but I'll get him back.

PLAYBOY: You are well-known as an obsessed fan and supporter of the Liverpool Football Club. For Americans who still don't get it, compare American football with soccer.

OWEN: In an incredibly important, intense game in England between two rival teams, this fierceness, this passion, this rivalry has to be seen and experienced to be believed. Liverpool fans up in Anfield are legendary. There's a whole world of guys whose lives revolve around going to football matches. The results are hugely important to them. It's a passion that goes beyond being just a weekend hobby. I've been to sporting events in America, and I don't know if that passion exists in the same way there.

PLAYBOY: Was it your childhood fantasy to become a sports announcer? You did a football pregame film that was broadcast on British TV.

OWEN: My agent jokes that he can send me a script and it will lie around for three weeks, and he'll never hear from me. But because that particular offer had to do with the Liverpool Football Club, he heard from me in less than 20 minutes.

PLAYBOY: How obsessed are you?

OWEN: Wherever in the world I'm filming, I'll somehow manage to see the games. I've been in Thailand watching live in the middle of the night. We were filming in the desert in Namibia, and I managed to run cable into the tent so we could see a game.

PLAYBOY: How did you react to David Beckham's well-hyped move from Real Madrid to a five-year contract with the Los Angeles

Galaxy, a major league soccer team?

OWEN: You've got to hand it to the guy. About six months ago he was basically told that because he was going to America he would never play for Madrid again. Then Madrid got into trouble in a sort of dodgy season and recalled him. He's been hugely influential there. I think the way that guy plays, the way he can deliver a ball, he'll always be dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Are Beckham's international stardom and lifestyle good for the sport?

OWEN: No, but they will certainly bring it a lot of attention in the U.S. America's strange in the way it's been struggling to ignite soccer. I have noticed, though, more and more, that when you go to New York and L.A., people are starting to play soccer on the basketball courts. It certainly seems to be growing. But Beckham or not, I wonder whether it will ever grow in America to the level it has elsewhere around the world. It would be scary if Americans took to it too strongly, because if they did, as in everything else, they'd probably dominate.

*America's strange in the way
it's been struggling to ignite
soccer. It would be scary
if Americans took to it too
strongly, because if they did,
they'd probably dominate.*

PLAYBOY: You're a fan of horse racing, too. Are you a betting man?

OWEN: Not really. I just love horse racing. I know quite a lot of people in that world. I don't have horses myself, though. Before I did *King Arthur* I had ridden horses three or four times in movies. On the first one they asked, "Can you ride?" and I lied and said I could. I was thrown. It was pretty scary. As soon as I did the deal for *King Arthur*, the first phone call I made was, "I've got to get going on a horse tomorrow because I have a long way to go." A huge percentage of that movie is on horseback in very hostile environments, with smoke, fire, noise and crowds. I'd get on anything and be able to do what was required. Then I did a job on a film where they tried to get their horses cheap. They bought all these scary ex-racehorses that were seriously difficult to ride.

PLAYBOY: What is the most important lesson you've learned about horses?

OWEN: When you're not sure about horses or are uncomfortable with them, your instinct is to tense up if

something starts to go wrong. My stunt double on *King Arthur* taught me from scratch, really, and built me up. Now, I would never say I'm a great horseman, but I am pretty fearless. The thing I've learned more than anything is that the minute a horse starts to get a bit spooked, you have to relax, and the horse very quickly calms. It feels your confidence. Things go bad only if you freak out the horse. Knowing this is just about spending time in the saddle, as they say.

PLAYBOY: Beyond soccer and horses, has your movie money allowed you to indulge in any other hobbies?

OWEN: I quite like old original movie posters, especially for films I love. I've gotten a small collection together. I suppose my prize ones now include a really beautiful French original of *The Big Sleep*. I met Lauren Bacall a couple of times and got her to sign it. I have an original Buster Keaton one-sheet for *The Cameraman* and Marx Brothers one-sheets for *Horse Feathers* and *A Day at the Races*. I listen to all sorts of music, too. I think the iPod's a fantastic invention, just huge. A few years ago you used to carry CDs around when you went away; now you bring your iPod. I've also got a very nice new Jaguar in gunmetal gray. I like that.

PLAYBOY: What sort of kid were you, growing up in the industrial city of Coventry in England's West Midlands?

OWEN: I was just another kid, really. I didn't get into real trouble, and my grades were good. I got into the school musical *Oliver!* around the age of 13 and played the Artful Dodger. I'm still playing him. [laughing] I can't really sing, but you can get through those songs with the right attitude. I'd never done anything like that before, but it went well and I got a taste for it. Then I said, "I want to do this. I'm going to do this." I was hugely fortunate because Coventry had this little repertory theater with a youth theater attached. I joined and did a number of plays. I was obsessed. Academically, I was always in sort of the top stream until the last year or two, when I flunked everything—the lot—because I was interested only in going off and doing these plays.

PLAYBOY: How did your family react to your acting aspirations?

OWEN: Everyone thought I'd grow out of it. I come from a very working-class family that watched a lot of TV. I didn't see many movies as a kid; I'd come home from school and watch TV. In class my friend Dominic and I were openly laughed at when the teacher asked, "What do you want to do when you leave school?" We'd sit there with our hard, stubborn little faces, him saying, "I'm going to be a guitarist," and me saying, "I'm going to be an

(continued on page 142)

NOTHING TAKEN AWAY. NOTHING ADDED. MAYBE IT WAS PERFECT TO BEGIN WITH.



The Single Malt
That Started It All™

What you're getting in a bottle of Nàdurra is whisky that has been distilled as it has been for many, many years, filled into first-fill American oak casks, matured for 16 years, and then taken from the cask and put straight into the bottle with no dilution and no chill filtering. There's absolutely nothing that gets in the way of the natural character of the whisky.

Because it's non-chill filtered and because it's natural-strength, it's nice just to smell that and have a little taste of it as it is. But I would recommend the addition of a small amount of water to pick up much more of the overall flavor of the whisky. About 1 part water to 3 parts Nàdurra would be the way that I would enjoy it. But of course, it's up to each individual. Whatever your preference, I hope you enjoy drinking The Glenlivet Nàdurra 16 Year Old as much as I did making it.

— Jim Cryle,
The Glenlivet Master Distiller





THE REDCLOUDS REVOLUTION

A MAN NAMED IGOR, HIS DOT-COM AND THE NEXT PHASE OF AMERICA'S SEXUAL GREAT AWAKENING

RICHARDSON: So...is this a good time?
GEEZ: In a bit. The missus is getting in the shower now.
RICHARDSON: Did you guys just get home from work?
GEEZ: I got home 30 minutes ago.
RICHARDSON: You have a small business, right?
GEEZ: Correct.
RICHARDSON: What do you make?
GEEZ: Whatever people want. We try to shy away from surgical tools, though.
RICHARDSON: So how did you guys meet?
GEEZ: Work. I broke the golden rule and fucked the help.
RICHARDSON: How did you get into RedClouds?
GEEZ: Like most everyone else—searching for free porn, LOL.
RICHARDSON: When did you bring the missus in?
GEEZ: I introduced her January 2, 2005. I had no idea how much of a monster I was creating.
RICHARDSON: So she took to it?
GEEZ: Like a fish to water.
RICHARDSON: She wasn't shocked or anything?
GEEZ: She posted live pics the first time out of the box, so to speak.
RICHARDSON: What do you mean, live pics?
GEEZ: Hang on. I'll show you.
RICHARDSON: Oh, Mrs. Geez...this is a first for me.
GEEZ: She's given a lot of guys firsts in the past month or so.
RICHARDSON: Golly. I'm having a little trouble typihng.
GEEZ: LOL.
RICHARDSON: This is a serious professional interview, damn it!
GEEZ: That's okay. I can't type anymore either.
RICHARDSON: What is she doing with her toes?
GEEZ: Taking off toe rings.
RICHARDSON: Of course.
GEEZ: She wants to know if you like her new tramp stamp.
RICHARDSON: The stamp is hot.
GEEZ: It's an iron-on.
RICHARDSON: So she's just a faux tramp?
GEEZ: LOL.
RICHARDSON: Nice boy shorts, too.
GEEZ: Boy shorts photograph the best.
RICHARDSON: I see you've developed a sense of professionalism.
GEEZ: LOL.
RICHARDSON: Nice smile.

GEEZ: She says, "Thanks."
The screen goes black.

I met the Geezes on RedClouds, one of the Internet's leading adult communities. With more than 4 million unique visitors daily and an eight-year history, the site is not only a web superstar but something new under the sun. Sixty years ago women worried about the indecency of wearing bikinis at the beach. Now husbands and wives post pornographic pictures of themselves on RedClouds and dozens of similar sites for all the world to see—average people making do-it-yourself pornography. Meanwhile, studies have suggested that rape rates are sliding in correspondence to rising Internet usage, implying that pornography—universally acknowledged to be the main driver of the Internet—actually prevents rape. All the attention, however, goes to MySpace, YouTube and how *Time* magazine made the Internet user its Person of the Year for 2006. Perhaps Masturbator of the Year doesn't have that *Time* ring. We are so blasé—or so numb to our own discomfort—that we can't see the enormity of the change.

So I posted a query at redclouds.com: "Hi. My name is John Richardson. My intentions are serious. I think the freedom of the Internet is giving people a chance to explore themselves in a new way, and I want to understand it. I'm particularly interested in the process of 'coming out' and posting your face and discussing whatever psychological or political transformations that decision may have required."

Immediately I got a wide range of responses. Many were cries of alarm. "We don't need the publicity," said Nekkidsailor. "All it will do is bring in a zillion perverted idiots."

"No!" said Austin_man. "The Republicans will kill this site and others like it."

Then there was FBFF, who wrote, "John, would you mind defecating on me?"

A larger group, however, offered to help. Someone called Lady wrote, "I'm here for U, sweetie," and posted a naked picture of herself.

Bostonhoney told me she and her husband had been on the site since the beginning, when it offered mostly bikini shots. "We've almost always posted with our faces blurred. We stopped blurring for a while but went back to it when we found other people were posting our pictures on many other sites."

She sent me some pictures too.

Annette told me she owns a construction company that built more than 900 homes in the past year. In RedClouds she found a solution

BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON

to something that had once seemed like a terrible problem. "A few of us who are overly blessed in the labia department started posting our 'lippy' photos on Thursday nights—and Lippy Night was born."

Trouble & MsChievous described themselves as a married couple who are not swingers but have gone to a few RedClouds parties. They have two kids. "We do not post my wife's face as I have a high-profile white-collar job and she is a soccer mom. We don't want to jeopardize our lifestyle, but we do enjoy the thrill of posting her photos for others to comment on."

Someone called Chief gave me a personal tweak. "RC is like a scene out of *Eyes Wide Shut*—too much investigation and don't be surprised if you find the mask mysteriously lying on your bed, next to your sleeping wife."

I also got my first note from Mr. Geez, beginning a long dialogue. He said he lives in the Midwest and votes Republican "holding his

RICHARDSON: Nah, my wife is cool. So...can we go back to serious stuff, or is Mrs. Geez going to roll around on the bed some more?

GEEZ: She loves to roll around on the bed during serious interviews, LOL.

RICHARDSON: Tell me about that first time she posted on RedClouds.

GEEZ: I'll let her type.

RICHARDSON: Okay, then you can roll on the bed.

GEEZ: Not!

RICHARDSON: Okay, Mrs. Geez, give it up. The first time. Was it scary?

I also try going in through the front door, contacting the man above the clouds. He calls himself Igor and prefers to stop there. "I stopped talking to the U.S. press back in 2000 because of some bad experiences," he tells me. Bad experiences? I spent a few minutes searching the web for information. His name is Igor Shoemaker. He is 49 years old, has



Poor, fair, good, very good or superb? RedClouds members are asked to rate the contributions of camera-ready beauties. New images posted daily are titled according to type and fetish. Such calls to action as the Amateur Indoor Photo Contest (above left and right) generate some of the most inspired images, pushing contestants to create increasingly daring photos—and in the process, challenge the way they see their sexual selves.

nose." He has kids and gave me a glimpse into the complexity of America's real family values. "By asking about kids," Mr. Geez asked, "do you mean how it affects them? If so, it drives them nuts, which we get a kick out of. Especially when she'll walk out of a photo shoot to get something from the kitchen etc., wearing a shelf bra and thong and one of them will be there making a midnight snack. Always amuses her that males in their 20s turn their heads in embarrassment instead of moving out and getting their own place."

But the most intriguing e-mail came from a couple who call themselves Sienna and A.H. (Adoring Husband) and describe themselves as active churchgoers from a rural state. They have two kids under the age of eight. Posting nude photos of themselves "has been an important and fragmenting experience for us," A.H. began. "We would love to talk with you."

"Fragmenting? How so?"

"We have a strong desire to be known," he answered, "but there are significant negative consequences to that. Last night I had nightmares of being cross-examined by a lawyer who knew about my secret life. We are not keen on throwing our bodies on the tracks like some ill-fated Jerry Springer guest."

"A strong desire to be known." The shiver up my back told me that was the thing I had to explore.

My computer screen crackles back to life. Geez is on Yahoo Messenger. The live cam shows Mrs. Geez on the bed, smiling.

GEEZ: Did someone have to do some explaining, LOL?

RICHARDSON: Nah, I don't know what happened. Computer crashed, I guess.

GEEZ: We thought it was "Really, honey, I'm conducting a professional interview for that RedClouds article."

three master's degrees and, according to one article, holds citizenship in four countries in case he "needs somewhere to run to." In 2005, after a series of legal crackdowns on porn, he moved from the U.S. to Canada. He shut down his operations in Germany in 1999. "I could go to prison for what I do in Germany," he complained to one reporter.

Eventually Igor warms up enough to answer some questions by phone and e-mail. He had been a "senior executive vice president something" at an Internet company, where his job was "telling people lies about software." It made him so depressed he blew a fuse and told his boss to kiss his hairy ass. "Those were my last words in the IT industry," he says, laughing. Unemployed, financially secure and just 39 years old, he spent his time photographing naked girls and surfing the Internet—until a lightbulb flashed on. "I will never forget my first Internet 'porn' experience: After surfing for 48 hours without a break and spending thousands of dollars for pay sites, I came to the conclusion that no normal people display themselves or their work on the Internet. I saw the same boring hard-core shit over and over again. Two weeks later I had my own little server that showed about 30 of my own photos. I asked people to e-mail me their work for publication."

Within days photos started appearing in his in-box. After 10 weeks he had 10,000 daily viewers. After four months, 100,000. Thirty new photos came in every day. After six months Igor had to upgrade to bigger servers. He realized he would go bankrupt if he didn't charge for access. So, like the guy who invented eBay, he explained his problems online and asked his contributors for advice. They settled on \$15 a year, a tiny sum by Internet porn standards, and in April 1998 he opened the doors of Voyeurweb, the free portal to RedClouds. In the first 24 hours more than 20,000 people signed up.

(continued on page 102)



*"Of course I wouldn't ask you to sleep with me on our first date.
All I'm asking for is a good-night blow job."*

REEL DEAL



Horror-film hottie Christa Campbell, offscreen and out of her clothes

No character in any genre of film is more sexy than the horror-flick vixen. Always comely, she tends to do a lot of running while seldom taxing the wardrobe department's budget. From Mia Farrow in *Rosemary's Baby* to Naomi Watts in *The Ring*, the list of these terrified lovelies is a delicious one. Now, with a résumé that includes *The Wicker Man*, *2001 Maniacs* and the upcoming remake of George Romero's zombie classic *Day of the Dead*, Christa Campbell proudly joins the parade.

When asked to explain her scream technique, Christa laughs. "I don't know what this says about me, but I'm usually the killer, not the victim," she says. "My power as an actress lies in my ability to play angry or crazy parts. In *Day of the Dead* I'm vicious and nuts."

Indeed. The film calls for her to turn from the beauty you see here into a lurching flesh-eater. She was coached by a "zombie expert" (do you need a degree for that?) who taught her to walk with a stiff lower body and be "hungry from the mouth." "Horror films are so fun," Christa says. "You don't realize how large a following they have until you go to a Fangoria convention."

When not gorging on human flesh, the 33-year-old northern California native is a quiet beauty; she describes herself as shy. She says she works so much these days she has trouble finding the energy to get out of bed. And yes, "I'm very, very single," she says. "I'm hoping to get some dates when this issue of PLAYBOY appears!"



Above right, top two shots: Christa Campbell sparkles as a seductress in the 2004 thriller *The Drone Virus*. Bottom left: Milk and sugar? Christa plays a truck-stop waitress in the 2006 Nicolas Cage horror film *The Wicker Man*. Bottom right: In the 2006 comedy *Relative Strangers*. Expect to see more of this 33-year-old beauty. Christa has roughly a dozen films slated to hit screens over the next year.











See more of Christa at cyber.playboy.com.



A MATURE STUDENT

COMBAT TEACHES YOU WHAT A CLASSROOM CAN'T

by Tobias Wolff

Theresa left the library for a cigarette and came upon Professor Landsman in the smokers' corner under the overhang. Professor Landsman taught the art history survey course Theresa was taking. She was alone, leaning back in one of the two plastic chairs they'd set out for incorrigibles, eyes half closed against the afternoon sun. It was late March and the day was warm; snow had fallen a few nights earlier, and patches still remained here and there in deep shade, but the rest had melted. A glaring sheet of water covered the courtyard below. Theresa slid her book bag under the other chair and lit up.

Professor Landsman didn't appear to notice her. The professor had her long legs stretched straight out, high-heeled boots crossed at the ankle. She was a tall woman with unruly red hair and a harsh accent of some kind. She did not wear glasses but was obviously nearsighted; whenever she bent over her notes during lectures her hair swung forward into her eyes, and she pushed it back with an exasperated gesture that dramatized the unveiling of her face—the sharp cheekbones and wide, heavily lipsticked mouth. Today she wore a black coat draped over her shoulders and another of her long beautiful scarves; in class she restlessly tugged and rearranged them as she spoke. She was not beautiful but she had a certain glam-

our, vivid on this large urban campus where the women faculty dressed as sensibly as the men—as Theresa herself.

They had never spoken. Between Professor Landsman's lectures Theresa attended a discussion section led by a boyish graduate student from New Zealand who also graded her papers. In class Professor Landsman asked questions rarely, grudgingly. A good answer earned a curt nod; anything less and she responded with impatience, mockery or despair. Only the boldest took the bait, Theresa not among them.

She had almost finished her cigarette when Professor Landsman said, "You're in my class."

"Yes, ma'am."

Professor Landsman turned and looked her up and down. "So. You are auditing, I suppose?"

Theresa understood the question. She had a good 20 years on the other students in the lecture hall, and knew that she looked it. "No," she said. "I'm a regular student. Hotel management."

"Hotel management! And this is a degree? Extraordinary. Such a country. One is found criminal for smoking, but one may become a scholar of bed and breakfast."

"Yeah, well, I'm taking your class just for interest. I've always loved art, not that I know jack about it." Theresa

“For some of us courage does not come so easily. I wither under fire. I leave my comrades to their fate. I have been there.”

flicked the ember off her cigarette and fieldstripped the butt and scattered the grains of tobacco with her toe. When she looked up Professor Landsman was watching her intently.

“How very odd,” Professor Landsman said.

“Old habit,” Theresa said. “I really like your class, by the way.”

“Do you? Why?”

“Probably for the same reasons you liked the first art history class you ever took.”

“And what do you suppose those were?”

“Jesus. Okay, you want to know why I like your class. Well, big surprise, the art. Especially the paintings. Caravaggio! I really love Caravaggio. And quite the character, eh? So, yeah, learning about the paintings and the painters, all the history. You seem to know your stuff. And I get a kick out of how bitchy you are, Professor.” This was true. Theresa didn’t care for the chummy, ingratiating atmosphere she’d found in other of her courses.

“Ah. And you are from....”

“California. Mostly. You?”

Professor Landsman examined her without answering. Theresa knew what she was seeing: the sun-weathered face, one eyelid drooping a little from a childhood case of Bell’s palsy. Finally Professor Landsman said, “How did you form such a habit?”

“Excuse me?”

“The cigarette. This business with the cigarette.”

“Oh, it’s something you pick up in the service.”

“You were a soldier?”

“A Marine. Twenty-two years.”

Theresa was ready for the next question. No, she answered, she hadn’t been to Iraq. She did not say that she had served two tours in Saudi Arabia helping manage an R&R center; that during the second tour her Marine husband, who’d rotated home from Iraq just before she left, had fallen in love with the widow of a friend; that her son had graduated from high school without Theresa there to see it, then broken his promise to go on to college and enlisted in the Marines himself.

At 41 Theresa was living alone for the first time in her life. It suited her. She went out to dinner now and then with the manager of the local Sheraton, who’d met her after a presentation he’d given to one of her classes, but for now—to his evident impatience—she wasn’t interested in anything more than some appreciative company and a chance to dress up a little. She woke early without an alarm and made coffee and turned on the classical music station and slipped back under the covers with a book. On weekdays she sampled lunch specials

at the cheap foreign restaurants around the university. Every other night, sometimes more, she swam at the university pool; she hadn’t taken a run since getting her discharge and intended never to run again. She was glad for her new life here in Illinois, almost a continent away from Camp Pendleton—a gladness that still surprised her, as she was surprised by her own freedom from regret. The sudden, breathless fear she sometimes felt was only for her son. He was out of boot camp now and in desert training at Twentynine Palms.

“So you love art,” Professor Landsman said. “Let me guess. You paint in your free time, scenes from Western life. The bleached skulls of cows on the pioneer trail. Pacific seascapes—the lonely lighthouse, the storm-tossed waves breaking on the rocks below.”

“You must be kidding. I can’t even draw a circle.”

“Nor can I. Few can, actually. So—this is correct?” She tore her cigarette open and spilled the tobacco out at her feet.

“Close enough.”

“Now the enemy will never know I was here.”

“Except for the filter you dropped.”

“What did you do with yours?”

“I don’t use filtered smokes. I should. But I’m quitting—this summer for sure.”

“Such cowardice! You, a Marine, deserting the field.”

“I wouldn’t put it that way.” Theresa heard the coldness in her own voice and only mildly regretted it.

“Oh, I have made a gaffe,” Professor Landsman said. “It was a joke.”

“I know.”

“A stupid joke.” She tugged on the ends of her scarf. “The way one uses words here, among one’s clever colleagues, like a game, one grows careless. Of course such words have meaning.” She took a package of cigarettes from her coat pocket and shook one out and lit it.

“You don’t talk carelessly in class,” Theresa said.

“No, that’s true. I am serious. Perhaps I am too serious?” Professor Landsman leaned her head back and closed her eyes and blew out a stream of smoke, exposing a splotchy purple birthmark on her neck. Almost in the same moment, eyes still closed, she twitched the scarf and the birthmark vanished.

“Sure, you’re serious,” Theresa said. “You should be, you’re the professor.”

“For you the word *cowardice* must be the worst of insults.”

“I don’t know. I can think of a few others.”

“But certainly you would hold courage at a premium, and despise cowardice.

Such would be the very fundamentals of your existence.”

“I’m just a student, remember? Bed and breakfast.”

“Please don’t condescend. You understand me.”

“Look. Professor Landsman.” Theresa meant to say that all this was behind her and that in any case she knew no more about courage than the next person, but at her name Professor Landsman shifted and looked at Theresa, so seriously, so gravely, that Theresa found herself unable to speak. Instead she turned away and pretended to take an interest in the students crossing the courtyard. Two laughing boys sped by on bicycles, snowmelt hissing under their tires, tails of spray arcing up behind. Theresa watched them pass out of sight. A long cigar-shaped cloud drifted in front of the sun, and just like that the courtyard was in twilight. Theresa crossed her arms against the sudden coolness.

“For some of us,” Professor Landsman said, “courage does not come so easily.”

“I think maybe you have the wrong idea,” Theresa said. “I’ve never been in combat. I’m not sure what I would do. Nobody is.”

“Oh, I am,” Professor Landsman said. “I wither under fire. I leave my comrades to their fate.”

“Maybe. People surprise themselves. You just don’t know until you’ve been there.”

“But I have been there.”

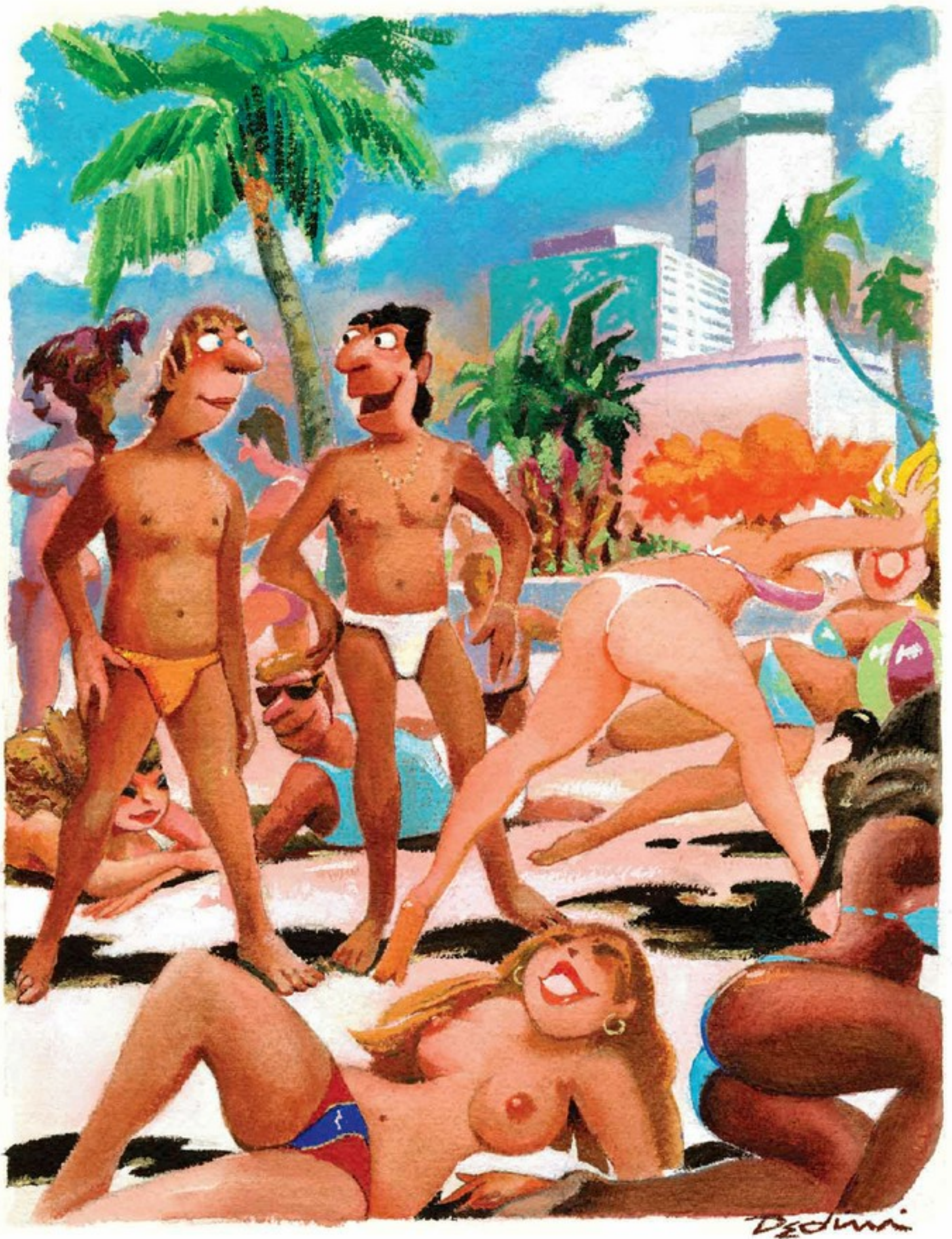
“In Iraq?”

“No, not in Iraq! Not combat with a gun—I’ve never so much as *touched* a gun—but combat nevertheless.”

“Well, then...you don’t need my opinion.” Theresa picked up her book bag from under the chair and prepared to take her leave.

“I was 19, like one of these.” Professor Landsman nodded at the students walking by. “At university, a happy fugitive from a boring little town known for its sausage. I had friends and I was in love. With art, with the city, with a man, a *married* man, so sophisticated I was—in love even with myself. Imagine! I had many friends and many daring ideas that must be shared. Talk talk talk, and of course they followed this river of brave words right to my door. An old story, to be sure. But I think you will find it interesting.”

This sounded strangely like a warning. Certainly Theresa was left feeling more awkward than curious. She was getting cold and wanted to leave but didn’t see how she could, not now, and of course she was flattered that her attention seemed important to this forceful, vivid woman, her professor. But she kept her bag in her (continued on page 134)



"Down here a long-term relationship is over a weekend...!"





JAIMIE PRESSLY

THE SEXY STAR OF *MY NAME IS EARL* TALKS ABOUT HER TOMBOY PAST, RELIVES HER DAYS IN HORMONE HELL, EXPLAINS WHY ONLY PUSSIES CHEAT (AND WHY CHEATERS ALWAYS GET CAUGHT) AND TELLS WHY SHE FEELS SAFEST IN A STRIP CLUB



Q1

PLAYBOY: What kind of kid were you, growing up in rural North Carolina?

PRESSLY: I was a very ambitious and athletic kid. My mom was a dance teacher, so I grew up taking dance classes, which I loved. I took voice lessons, was a majorette and twirled a damn baton. Lots of the girls in North Carolina were tough. You have your prissy, etiquette-minded Southern belles, but then you have the hot tomboys. My dad called me "the prissy tomboy." I grew up near the water. I'd wear a dress but then run outside and be like one of the guys, jumping onto a boat, fishing, getting dirty and playing war.

Q2

PLAYBOY: When did you become more interested in making love, not war?

PRESSLY: I was always flirting with the guys, but I guess I really noticed them freshman year in high school when everybody's hormones are raging and you suddenly look like a totally different person. I saw the guys in my grade as friends, but there was a whole slew of cute older guys in football and

baseball uniforms. It wasn't so much their looking at me as my looking at them. I was out of my cootie phase.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Once you beat the cooties problem, did you date a lot?

PRESSLY: I've always been into long relationships, but I didn't have a normal high school experience. I moved to California in 1992 and spent the first semester of my sophomore year in Costa Mesa. When we left North Carolina, it was kind of a joke around town; people said, "Oh, she'll be back in a couple of years." But I left school and went to Japan on a modeling contract when I was 15.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Also when you were 15 you gained legal emancipation from your parents. That's serious business, isn't it?

PRESSLY: People try to shed a derogatory light on that situation, as if it was a Macaulay Culkin kind of thing when I divorced my parents. But my parents were in the middle of a divorce and going through sort of a midlife crisis after being married for 21 years. I was

in hormone hell, so going to Japan on a modeling contract seemed like a great escape. Neither of my parents could come with me, and in order to get out of school for that semester and go on my own without a legal guardian, the child labor laws said I needed to be an emancipated minor. My parents signed away legal guardianship, and I went with my mother to the court and spoke to the judge, who understood that it was more about my going to work than anything else. It wasn't about my parents; it was about my wanting to get the hell out of Dodge.

Q5

PLAYBOY: When you left modeling to tackle TV and movies in the late 1990s, how well did you adjust to Hollywood?

PRESSLY: I'm not somebody who has to compete with other people, but I'm very competitive with myself. It's always "How far can I go? How great can I do it?" I never got catty with any of the other girls up for the same jobs. Instead, I befriended them. I would go into a room on an audition with 10 other girls (continued on page 128)

American Muscle

Detroit's neo-muscle car movement is the best thing to happen to American roads since the original breed. Here is our pick of the hottest, most aggressive street beasts, both new and old

Forty years ago the most exciting revolution in the annals of the American car industry gave birth to a new breed of automobile. The Detroit companies began cramming powerful V8 engines into a new series of long-hooded coupes and offering them with upgraded components and sexy names at then-bargain prices. They were called muscle cars. Across the country, hotshots settled scores at the blink of a traffic light. Tires shrieked and rubber burned as factory engineers tested their latest modifications on Detroit's Woodward Avenue after dark. The names of these cars became legend: Ford Shelby Mustang, Chevrolet Camaro Z28, Pontiac Firebird 400, Dodge Challenger, Plymouth Barracuda. On America's long, wide roads, nothing from Europe or Japan could touch them.

In the sleepy 1970s the oil embargo, onerous

safety regulations and emissions controls put the whole phenomenon on hold. But now, after much too long a wait, high-performance American cars are back. We are currently three years into the reborn muscle-car movement. With all the new technology and efficiency, America's Big Three have relaunched their muscle cars with even meatier engines and better roadholding. Never has so much horsepower been available for so little bread. Meanwhile, the vintage classics are selling at auction for Van Gogh-worthy prices—well into the seven figures in some cases. Here is our pick of the hottest 21st century foxes, photographed next to the original beauties that inspired them. The new models are on the market now or soon will be. For more info on buying vintage machines, see playboy.com/musclecars.

BY KEN GROSS



■ **1968 SHELBY MUSTANG GT500KR** As we look back, Carroll Shelby's original 500KR, priced at just \$4,900, captured the muscle-car era's magic. Besides its slick twin-nostril fiberglass hood, side scoops and signature Cobra badges, it packed a huge 428-cubic-inch Cobra-Jet big-block V8 engine. KR stood for King of the Road, and it was the fastest Mustang to date. Ads bragged about its 335 bhp, but the real output was some 435 bhp. A well-tuned example could turn a sub-13-second quarter mile, and its top speed was more than 130 mph. Fat Goodyears and disc-drum power brakes kept all that muscle glued to the road. Shelby built roughly 1,500 KR's, and a mere sighting was cause for excitement. Try finding an excellent KR coupe today for less than \$250,000. For a top-condition convertible, add another \$100,000.



■ **2008 SHELBY MUSTANG GT500KR** The KR is back, but official details are scarce. As of press time, what you see here is the only one in the world. If the 1968 KR was the fastest Mustang up to that point, it pales in comparison with its 40th-anniversary heir. The 5.4-liter, 32-valve V8 will put out some 540 bhp, along with 510 foot-pounds of torque. All that zoom will pulse through a six-speed shifter. Carbon-fiber body panels will keep its weight at 3,800 pounds. Imagine a car capable of a four-second zero-to-60 sprint for a mere \$50,000 (a ballpark figure). King of the road, indeed. Only 1,000 KR's will be made. Look for them next year.



■ **1967 427/435 CORVETTE STING RAY** In 1967 Corvette cognoscenti special-ordered the L-71 427-cubic-inch, 435 bhp Sting Ray big block with all the added speed components (aluminum heads, side exhausts, etc.). This bad boy could hit 60 mph in less than five seconds and run to 150 plus. Even fully loaded the Vette had a sticker of about \$6,000, an extraordinary bargain. Today a 427/435 will easily run you a quarter of a million; double that for a full racing version with more than 500 bhp. So what if the old Sting Ray rides like a coal cart and needs StairMaster effort on the clutch? Just nail the gas and hang on.



■ **2009 CHEVROLET CAMARO** With the first Camaro arriving in 1967, three years after Ford's Mustang, Chevy was late to the party. It's tardy again with the new Camaro, but better late than never. It is a looker. The Camaro concept seen here took the 2006 Detroit Auto Show by storm. GM is probably planning to launch this baby next year as a 2009 model. Its wheelbase is 110.5 inches, 3.4 inches longer than the new Ford Mustang's, yielding a sleeker body. The wide-mouth grille and flared fenders evoke the 1969 ZL-1 Camaro, considered the best-looking ever. Under the hood (for now) will be a 400 bhp V8 hooked to a six-speed manual with GM's cylinder-deactivation technology for an estimated 30 mpg on the highway. We'd guess a \$35,000 sticker for a base model. Expect a convertible a year later. Will we eventually see a 500 bhp upgrade? Cross your fingers.



■ **2009 CORVETTE Z07** Okay, what you see here is the Corvette Z06. But a next-gen Vette is in the works. Fact is, Dodge will soon unleash a 600 bhp Viper, and that changes everything. Our spies tell us a seven-liter supercharged 650 bhp Z07 Corvette is on tap for 2009, with killer suspension, racing brakes and more. To cool itself, the big bruiser will have a wide scoop on the hood, discreet louvers placed low on the front fenders and slotted rear air scoops for the brakes. Figure on a three-second zero-to-60 time and a 200-plus mph top whack. The Z06 is a sick bargain at about \$70,000, but the Z07 is expected to break the \$100,000 mark, a first for a Corvette. Insiders say if demand warrants, Chevy will build 2,000 examples next year. The working name is Blue Devil. We're betting on a future classic.



■ **1969 CHEVROLET CAMARO COPO ZL-1** Out of the box, the late-1960s Z28 Camaro was one quick car. But some Chevy dealers wanted to offer consumers more—thus the special-order COPO (Central Office Production Order) ZL-1s with all-aluminum 427-cubic-inch engines. With output greater than 500 bhp and a wish list of performance upgrades, these cars could do 130 mph and a near-10-second quarter mile. The factory invoice was a then-pricey \$7,500 plus. Called the ultimate muscle car, 69 of this configuration were made; 42 survive. We photographed this beauty in Detroit. Today it would run you \$750,000 plus.

■ **1970 DODGE CHALLENGER R/T HEMI** Dodge launched its first muscle car, the Charger, in 1966; it became famous as a get-away car in the Steve McQueen movie *Bullitt*. But it was the Dodge Challenger, released four years later, that won our hearts. High-performance freaks could order the Challenger R/T (Road/Track) with a 350 hp, 383-cubic-inch V8; a 375 hp, 440-cubic-inch Magnum V8; a 390 hp, 440-cubic-inch Six Pack V8; or the animal in the house, a 500 bhp, 426-cubic-inch Street Hemi V8. Performance upgrades included heavy-duty drum brakes and rally suspension with beefed-up sway bars. Challenger R/Ts were rare birds even in 1970: Just 287 hardtops and nine convertibles made it to showrooms. Truth be told, the 440 Magnum was the superior driving machine for the street. Authentic ones have topped seven figures in recent years. Power to the people.



A M E R I C A N
M U S C L E



■ **2008 DODGE CHALLENGER** Slated as a 2008 model, the Challenger you see here is currently the only one in existence. Of course it has a Hemi, specifically a 6.1-liter V8 with 425 bhp and 420 foot-pounds of torque. No price yet, but it'll be competitive with the Mustang and Camaro. Dodge stylists make no excuses for the born-again Challenger's great looks. With its big hips and forward-looking stance, it's a perfectly proportioned upgrade of the classic 1970 model, only it has all the mod trimmings: huge disc brakes, independent front and rear suspension and monster rubber wrapped around 22-inch hoops. Squint at this baby and it's 1970 again. Step into the cockpit and hammer the gas, and you'll rocket into the 21st century. This Dodge can do a 4.5-second zero-to-60 and a top speed of 174 mph, and that's not even the SRT version. Whew! The good old days are now.



"Of course, with someone like me, a swimming pool is pretty much a must."



NATURAL BEAUTY

IN VEGAS, WHERE NOTHING IS AS IT APPEARS,
MISS SEPTEMBER KEEPS IT REAL

With a skyline dominated by a fake Eiffel Tower and a replica of the Chrysler Building, Las Vegas is the last place you'd look to find natural beauty. But that's where we discovered Patrice Hollis, a fresh-faced wonder whose curves are 100 percent God-given and whose heart is bigger than the Bellagio vault. In a city that jingles day and night to the tune of greed, Miss September works for a charity that helps abused and neglected children. Gambling? She has no time for it. "I work too hard to gamble my money away," the 26-year-old says. "I'd like to use my money from modeling to open my own charity." Patrice's other passion is poetry. "I started writing when I was in high school," she says. "I'm planning a book." Miss September spent her early years as an Air Force brat, living in Guam and then the U.K. before her parents split. Then she came to Las Vegas with her mother and older brother. When she was old enough, she began modeling. She has appeared on *The Girls Next Door* and in videos for artists like Mary J. Blige, Redman and 50 Cent. Patrice says she's hell-bent on making it the honest way. In show biz, she says, she's seen too many wannabes throwing themselves at rich men, trying to use sex to get to the next level. "I'm not that type of person, the one looking for an NBA player with all the jewels and money," she says. "I try to stay humble and down-to-earth. *PLAYBOY* is a huge step. I'm so appreciative!" So are we. What we have here is that rare thing in Vegas: a win-win.





Touch football, anyone? Miss September Patrice Hollis shows off her talent. The 26-year-old Las Vegas vixen can hurl a spiral with the best of them. Right: The postgame party heats up.









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







MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Patrice Hollis

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Patrice Hollis

BUST: 34DDD WAIST: 23 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 117

BIRTH DATE: 9-1-1981 BIRTHPLACE: Las Vegas, NV

AMBITIONS: To have my own family and open a child-care facility and an animal shelter.

TURN-ONS: Soft lips, personality, tall guys, nice teeth, romance, creativity, a great body, having dreams & goals.

TURNOFFS: Bad breath, short guys, a bad attitude, no goals or ambition, cockiness.

PLANS FOR CONTINUING MY EDUCATION: I'd love to go back to school to study child development.

JOBS I HAD BEFORE MODELING: I've worked as a retail clerk, a child-development assistant and a nanny.

INSPIRATIONS FOR MY POETRY: Inspiration comes from everywhere for me, whether it's personal or just something I see.

ON MOST NIGHTS, I GO TO BED: Around 12 a.m.

A GREAT BOOK I JUST READ: For Women Only, by Shaunti Feldhahn.



I was in the 12th grade and had just cut my hair.



I thought the glasses made me look smarter.



Taken Sept. 2006. One of my favorites.

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Patrice Hollis

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why are women like pianos?
If they're not upright, they're grand.

A young man met an older woman at a bar. She wasn't bad for 57. They drank and talked a little, then she asked if he'd ever had a sportsman's double—a mother-and-daughter threesome.

He said no.

They drank a bit more, then she said tonight was his lucky night.

They went back to her place. She turned the hall light on and shouted upstairs, "Mom, you still awake?"



If watermelons are full of water, what are kumquats full of?

A secretary came in late for work the third day in a row. The boss called her into his office and said, "I know we had a wild fling for a while, but that's over. I expect you to conduct yourself like any other employee around here. Who said you could come and go as you please?"

"My lawyer," she said, smiling.

Jon Corzine may be the first governor of New Jersey to be in a serious car accident, but rumor has it Jim McGreevey was rear-ended a few times.

After a long night of making love, a man noticed a photo of another man on the woman's nightstand.

"Is this your husband?" he asked nervously.

"No, silly," she replied.

"Your boyfriend, then?" he asked.

"No," she replied.

"Your brother?" he asked.

"Nope," she said. "That's me before the operation."

A guy walked into a dentist's office and flopped down in the chair. "Doc," he said, "I think I'm a moth."

"That certainly is a problem," said the doctor, "but why did you come into a dentist's office?"

"Well," he replied, "the light was on."

Have you heard of the new spray deodorant called Umpire?

It's for foul balls.

A woman who was three months pregnant fell into a deep coma. Six months later she awoke and asked the nearest doctor about the fate of her baby.

"You had twins, a boy and a girl, and they are both fine," said the doctor. "Luckily, your brother named them for you."

"Oh shit, not my brother!" she said. "He's an idiot! What did he call the girl?"

"Denise," the doctor replied.

Thinking that wasn't so bad, she asked, "And what did he call the boy?"

The doctor answered, "Denephew."

A woman went to her doctor and complained that every time she sneezed she had an orgasm. The doctor in amazement said, "My goodness, that's terrible. Have you been taking anything for it?"

"Yes," she said, "pepper."

Why do Scotsmen wear kilts?

Because the sound of zippers scares the sheep away.



Standing nude, a woman looked in the bedroom mirror and said to her husband, "I feel fat and ugly. Pay me a compliment."

He replied, "Your eyesight's damn near perfect."

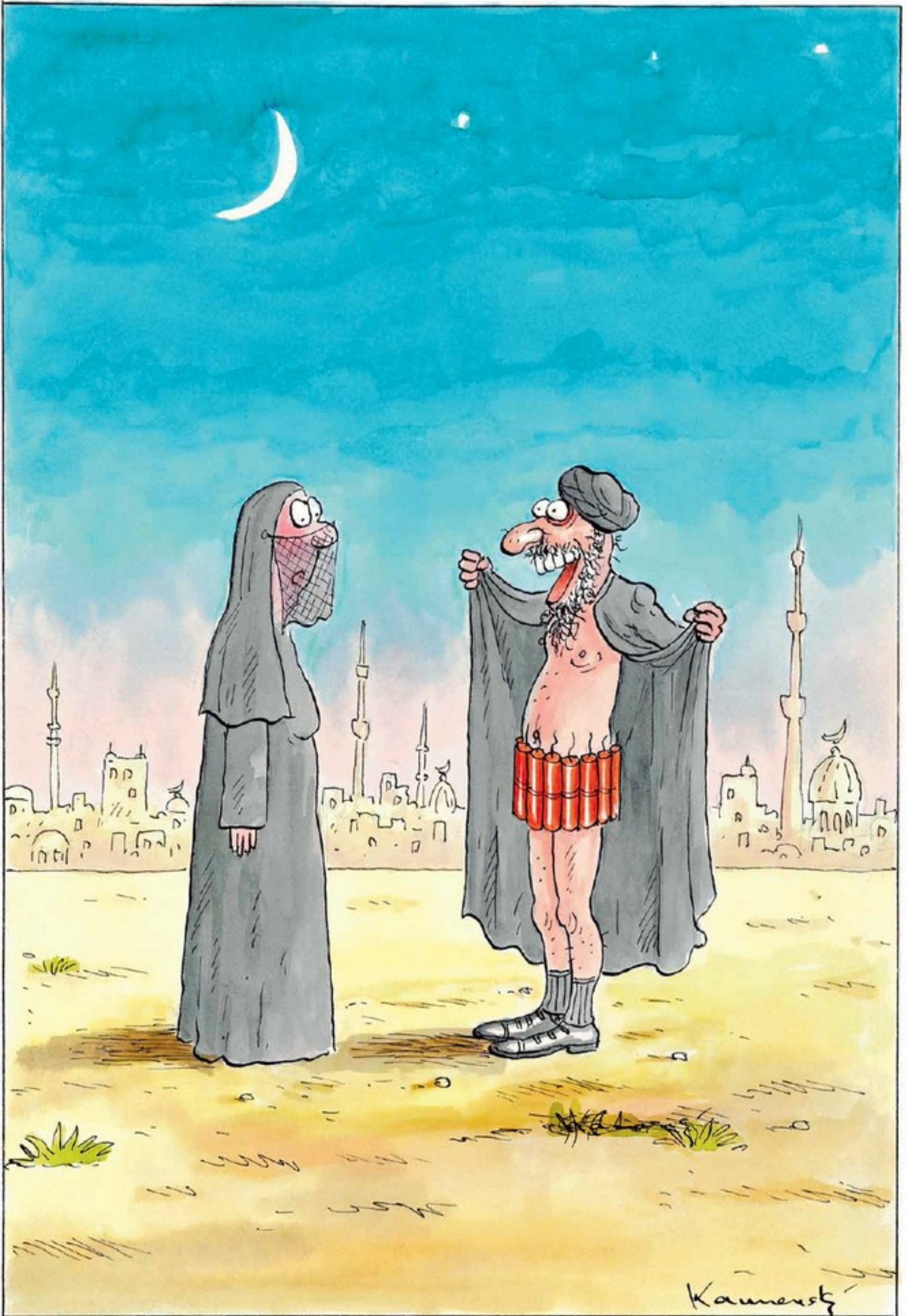
What has two legs and eats ants?

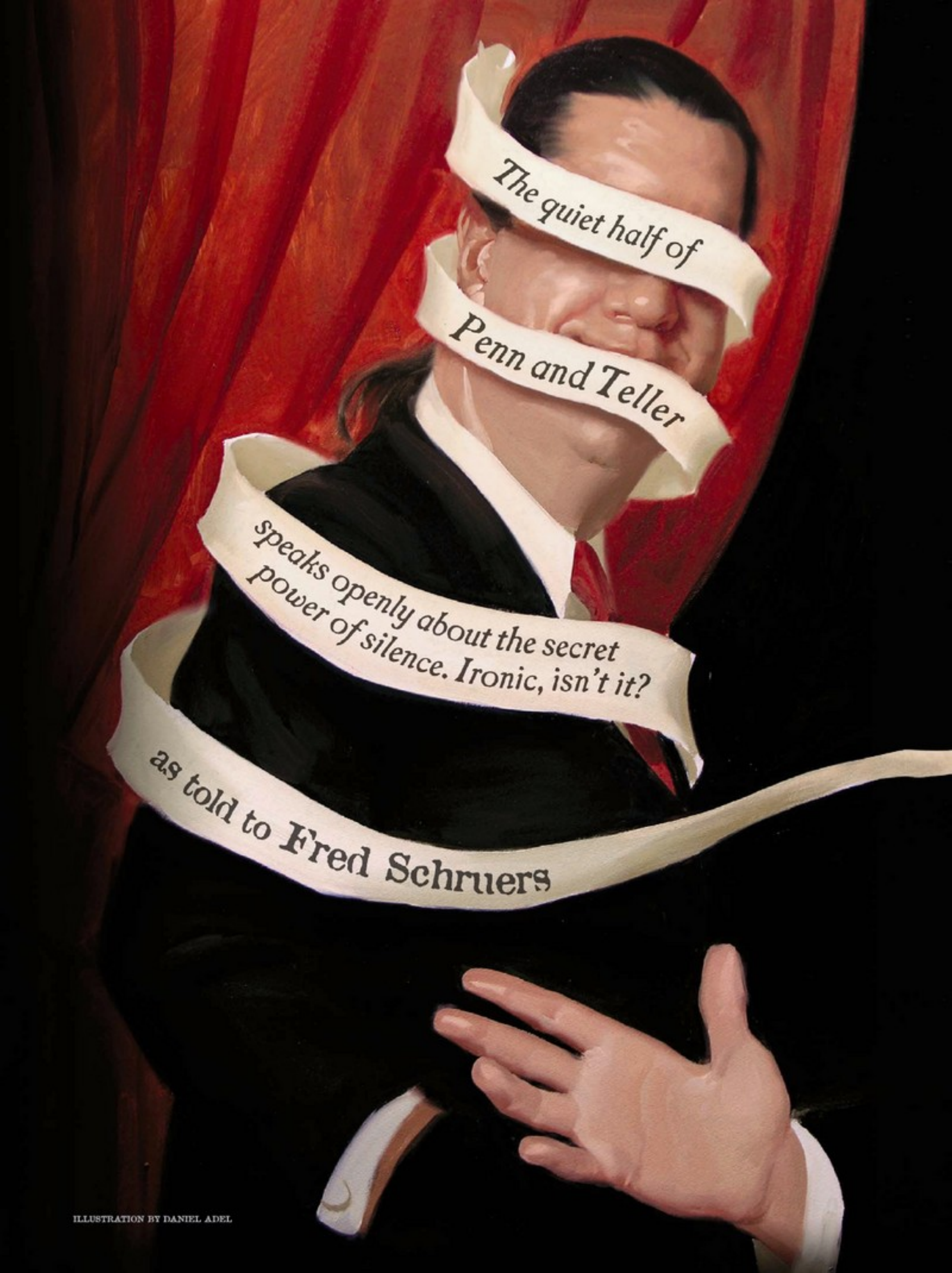
Uncles.

I want to go out tonight," a woman said to her husband. "Take me somewhere expensive."

"Sure," he replied and then dropped her off at an Exxon station.

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.





The quiet half of

Penn and Teller

*speaks openly about the secret
power of silence. Ironic, isn't it?*

as told to Fred Schruers



Teller Speaks

When I was growing up I did a lot of magic tricks. I acquired an extreme aversion to magic patter, though, because it always seemed insulting—as if you were saying the people in the audience were such idiots they couldn't tell what was going on. "Here I have a red ball—" Well, yeah, I can see that.

Or a magician would say something like "What I'm about to do is something any of you could do." There's something dishonest about that. In fact, anything you say onstage as a magician pretty much has to be a lie, as opposed to doing mime. If you just go up there, do a series of actions that tell their own story and the audience puts those actions together, then you get the audience lying to itself, which is a very interesting prospect. Mime is a system, through gestures and facial expressions, for communicating little fables.

When I perform I'm really unconscious of using any system. I get onstage and simply act without talking. I'm also thinking hard because I know, one way or the other, the audience will read what I'm thinking. In fact, I have to avoid thinking about facial expressions or I'll end up making faces, and then it's not real.

Jack Benny was an enormous influence and hugely important to me as a kid. He was the master of communicating without talking. I'd be an idiot to try to imitate him; I just think the idea of being able to convey so much with silence is very impressive. If I could be a thousandth as funny as Benny was with no apparent effort, I would consider the comedy part of my life to be more than gratifying. His character is so well-defined and so different from mine, and he was a truly funny man. I don't think of myself as a funny guy at all. I do feel, however, that I can pass ideas from my head into the heads of the audience.

If I slide backward in time—career down that slippery slope—in scene one I'm five years old. One day I go out to make snow angels. I get really wet and cold; this turns into a virus, then a heart virus, then I get toxic myocarditis. I'm on death's doorstep. I get a transfusion. The transfusion saves me. I come home. I have a long recuperation, drinking tea and eating toast. My family has just *(continued on page 130)*

Made-to-Measure **and** the Modern Man

Semicustom tailoring is an understated and reasonable luxury





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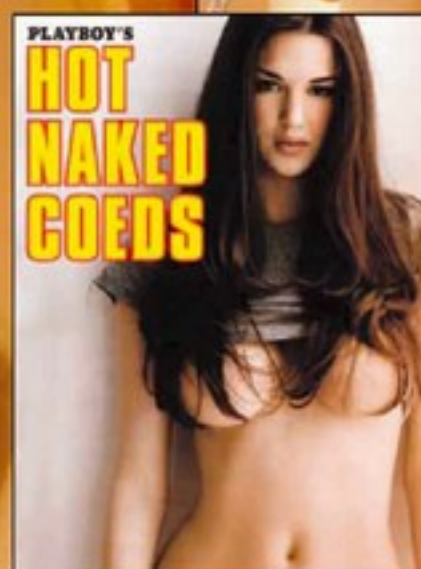
**GET 2
FREE GIFTS**

GET **2** FREE GIFTS

when you give

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**CLICK
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TO GIVE
A GIFT!



A man with short dark hair and a light beard is shown from the chest up, wearing a dark grey pinstriped suit jacket, a light-colored striped dress shirt, and a dark red and black striped tie. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

PRODUCED BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARLENA BIELINSKA

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

HIS

The suit (\$2,895) and shirt (\$395) are by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA COUTURE**. The tie (\$150) and pocket square (\$70) are by **ERMENEGILDO ZEGNA**. The belt (\$195) is by **FRATELLI ROSSETTI**.

HERS

The bra (\$328) and garter belt (\$388) are by **JEAN YU**. The thong is by **ONLY HEARTS**. The stockings are by **AGENT PROVOCATEUR**.

Welcome to the second coming of the me generation. Young businessmen and playboys who grew up with reality TV and MySpace know everybody is a star. They also know appearance is everything. For this reason, the savvy 21st century man wears a made-to-measure suit. These are designer pieces (not off-the-rack) altered to the exact specifications of each shopper. Start with made-to-measure and world domination will soon follow. There will be plenty of time to visit Savile Row afterward.

HIS

The suit (\$1,795) and shirt (\$245) are by **PAL ZILERI**. The tie (\$195) is by **ISAIA**. The pocket square (\$85) is by **SEA-WARD & STEARN OF LONDON**. The belt (\$650) is by **BORRELLI**. The shoes (\$545) are by **FRATELLI ROSSETTI**.

HERS

The dress is by **SWEETFACE**. The shoes are by **EL DANTÉS**.

To make a made-to-measure suit a truly custom garment, you select the style, fabric and finishes, such as the lining, pocket shape and buttons.





HIS

The suit (\$995) and shirt (\$205) are by **VERSACE COLLECTION**. The tie (\$125), pocket square (price on request), belt (\$560) and chair (\$23,895) are by **VERSACE**.

Off-the-rack suits are one-style-fits-all. Made-to-measure suiting creates a personalized fit without losing the creative cut of a house like Versace.



HIS

The suit (\$2,595), shirt (\$375) and tie (\$170) are by **ISAIA**. The pocket square (\$65) is by **MASSIMO BIZZOCCHI**. The belt (\$240) is by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. The shoes (\$935) are by **A. TESTONI**.

Even a semicustom suit will look awkward if the rest of your clothes don't fit. Many companies offer other semicustom pieces as well. Our man at left is in a made-to-measure dress shirt from Isaia and a belt from Salvatore Ferragamo, where tailors measure belts on the customer before making a cut, to achieve a perfect fit.



HIS
The suit (\$3,950), tie (\$195), pocket square (\$75), belt (\$650) and shoes (\$750) are by **BORRELLI**. The shirt (\$595) is by **BORRELLI ROYAL COLLECTION**.

HERS
The dress is by **MANOLO**. The shoes are by **GUCCI**.

"Men tend to think bigger is better," explains Giuseppe de Corato, president and CEO of Borrelli U.S. "However, more fabric doesn't mean more comfort." Precise measurements followed by the proper cut make for a streamlined suit and a strong entrance into any room.

HIS

The suit (\$2,875), shirt (\$375), tie (\$195) and pocket square (\$145) are by **BELVEST**.

Suffice it to say we are not all created equal. With made-to-measure, the quirks biology may have thrown at you (one arm slightly longer than the other) can be corrected in a stitch.





HIS

The suit (\$6,308), shirt (\$595), tie (\$235) and pocket square (\$135) are by **KITON**. The shoes (\$1,500) are by **A. TESTONI**.

HERS

The dress is by **DOLCE & GABBANA**. The shoes are by **VERSACE**.

CAR

The **AUDI R8** (list price \$109,000).

The double-breasted Kiton jacket and the Audi R8 are models of power and design, and both handle themselves well around curves. In the R8 our man will go from zero to 60 in 4.3 seconds, but it's in the suit that he will truly go places.



FOR MORE MADE-TO-MEASURE DESIGNERS VISIT PLAYBOY.COM.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 121.

REDCLOUDS (continued from page 58)

Pausing, Igor speculates, "I am never sure whether we are God or the devil."

During our conversations, Igor is a manic and amusing guy. He says he is still breaking even and donates any profits to charity. He doesn't want to be mistaken for "one of those idealistic people," however, and reserves the right to sell out and get rich. He enjoys bragging about his numbers—4.2 million daily visitors to Voyeurweb, 940,000 paying members on RedClouds and another 250,000 paying members on the video section, Homeclips. He portrays himself as a lone crusader against both the professional porn industry and social repression: "In 2001 we ran a contest on freshly trimmed pussy and got 8,000 pictures—8,000 ladies trimmed their pussy because of me!" He is also a genuinely thoughtful guy, passionately committed to the idea of amateur, do-it-yourself porn but given to philosophical doubts about his own workaholicism (or is it Internet addiction?) and the long-term effects of this experiment on the world.

"I've actually been in touch with a psychologist for many years," Igor tells me, "always discussing the question, 'Is it a good thing or a bad thing we're doing?' There are 40 or 50 people who spend eight hours a day on the site, and that can't be good. That's social isolation and living in a dreamworld." Should he kick them out? Should he contact them and suggest they cool it? It's endlessly fascinating, he says. "Of course there are many divorces because of RedClouds, but other people found each other and married because of us. There's even a kid called Igor out there."

Pausing, he speculates on something Goethe might have appreciated: "I am never sure whether we are God or the devil."

•

Igor's speculation made me think about the problems of fragmentation and having a secret life. For some it may be a secret garden, as the sexual optimists of the 1960s insisted, but I am still haunted by a line in a book I read my freshman year in college: "Every wall against the outside world is a wall against oneself, creating two separate aspects of a mystery we can endure but never understand." The writer is Franz Kafka, who rewrote the Book of Job as metaphysical hor-

ror stories for modern man. The wall around sex contributes to some of our biggest mysteries and horrors. The wall is the link between love and rape, for example. I was eager to explore the subject with A.H. and Sienna. A.H. answers most of the questions, while Sienna listens on another line, occasionally tossing in comments.

"We've been there almost since the beginning, since 1998," he says of RedClouds. "In the early days some of it was troubling, a bit voyeuristic and antiwoman, a little delight in catching the unsuspecting. Sometimes derogatory things were said. Gradually, however, the site has become more friendly to contributors and more positive, which is largely how we rationalized returning to it."

Sienna pops in. "It is almost like a family, especially on the contributors' board. Before this, if you had told me I would have a cyberfriend, I would have rolled my eyes and thought you were nuts. But you get to know these people. Everyone feels safer because the physical distance allows them to at least seem more open and honest."

They started visiting when A.H. googled *exhibitionism*. Voyeurweb was one of the first sites they found. "Sienna and I have some feminist leanings and a lot of ambivalence about how sexuality is portrayed in the marketplace and in commercial pornography," he explains. "Initially, one of my interests was seeking an alternative outlet to commercial porn."

At first he kept his discovery a secret. After six months, however, he showed Voyeurweb to Sienna.

"I didn't have any negative reaction," she says. "I'm pretty open when it comes to human sexuality. Many behaviors the religious right have painted as deviant are actually mainstream and normative. Plus I've always liked good nude photography. It's corny, but the human body is such an amazing wonder."

Sometimes she would get turned off by lurkers who made nasty comments. Then she would see something beautiful and change her mind. But an artistic impulse really drew them in deeper, inspired by the beautiful and tasteful portraits of a woman who called herself Englishwife. "People started trying to emulate that stuff," Sienna tells me, "and we tried to emulate it too." In 2001 they attended a

nude-photography seminar organized by Englishwife and her husband. With four other couples, they went out into nature, took pictures and then reviewed them. They learned photography didn't have to be the predatory act Susan Sontag described in her famous essay "On Photography." It could be a collaboration. "Instead of my taking pictures of her," A.H. says, "we were working together. It became an interactive process."

The seminar was a huge validation. Nobody was perverse. Aside from nudity, there was nothing overtly sexual about it, though it had its liberating aspects. "There I am," Sienna says, "sitting on the couch right next to these people, with my naked pictures on a big-screen TV. It was refreshing."

When A.H. and Sienna posted the pictures on Voyeurweb—photos taken just months after Sienna gave birth to her first child—they got such flattering, generous and appreciative comments, they were hooked. Now they plan vacations around these experiments, taking hikes into the backwoods and pristine settings until Sienna feels an overwhelming urge to take off her clothes and "be natural in nature." Despite their busy lives, they rarely go three months without posting. They visit the site almost every day and chat with friends they seem to know better than their "friends in real life." One friend from the site got pregnant and posted the whole adventure, straight through birth, online.

A.H. and Sienna's explorations on Voyeurweb led to offline experiments. Once they went to an adults-only resort in Jamaica called Hedonism. Nervous at first, they quickly moved, as they put it, from "the prude side to the nude side" and learned a lesson about life. "On the prude side, everyone kept to themselves," she says. "On the nude side, everyone was laughing and playing volleyball." They didn't swing, but they struck up a friendship with three other couples and played truth or dare, experiencing anticipation and excitement they hadn't felt since high school. And Sienna had her first girl-girl kiss. "I'm still kind of speechless at that," she says.

After returning home they started posting more pictures and exploring more fantasies. For example, they had never tried anal sex, because A.H. had been too sensitive to ask. "I said to Sienna, 'I thought that was for the benefit of the porn industry and women didn't like it.' She said, 'You never know until you try.'"

The exploration became more philosophical. If sex was as natural

(continued on page 124)



"I've had it up to here with him. Not that I'm complaining."



PLAYBOY'S 2007 PIGSKIN PREVIEW

Coach Pete Carroll has once again loaded the bus with blue-chip players at USC, and the Trojans are ready for another run at a national championship

Last season's national college championship again proved that the most talented football team does not always win the big game. It wasn't that the Florida Gators were without gifted players on both sides of the ball; it was simply that Ohio State appeared, at least on paper, to hold the stronger hand. But then those two mysterious characters that don't make their presence known until the opening kickoff—momentum and emotion—emerged. Suddenly the Buckeyes' Heisman Trophy-winning quarterback, Troy Smith, became almost ordinary, and Florida quarterback Chris Leak displayed a calm and confidence that had not been consistently present earlier in his collegiate career. And the Buckeyes got blown out.

Let's also give credit to Florida coach Urban Meyer, who not only came up with the right game plan but imbued his players with a confidence and poise that made them the better team that day. By taking just two seasons to turn former Gators coach Ron Zook's talented but

By GARY COLE

underachieving group of recruits into national champions, Meyer has earned the honor of being Playboy Coach of the Year for 2007.

In the past few seasons, coaching charisma has become more valuable than ever. Notre Dame lured Charlie Weis from the New England Patriots. Texas and USC hung on tightly to the high-profile and highly successful Mack Brown and Pete Carroll, respectively, while Louisville, with less football tradition and fewer dollars, lost Bobby Petrino, the latest football-coaching wunderkind, to the NFL's Atlanta Falcons. Alabama took a desperate gamble by giving the farm to Nick Saban, an unlikely resident for the likes of Tuscaloosa. And no one even bothers to make a stink anymore when a football coach earns five or 10 times as much as a history professor. College presidents may not see the wisdom of a play-off system, but they do understand that winning increases a school's visibility and puts cash into the endowment fund.

When we look at the teams in this year's top 25, we see that most of the names are familiar, but the deck, as usual, has been shuffled. Let's take a look at who is likely to come out on top.



1. USC

Coach: Pete Carroll

Last year: 11-2, including a 32-18 victory over Michigan in the Rose Bowl.

Offense: Quarterback John David Booty is a Heisman contender. He's backed up by Mark Sanchez and highly touted incoming freshman Aaron Corp. Two-time Playboy All America Sam Baker leads the line. A half-dozen talented candidates are waiting for a shot at tailback, but the receiving corps is slightly diminished with the loss of superstars Dwayne Jarrett and Steve Smith. Six-foot-five Patrick Turner could become Booty's favorite target.

Defense: With at least six potential All-Americans, the Trojan defense will dominate. Sedrick Ellis is a beast inside on the defensive line, with Lawrence Jackson providing a big pass rush from his end spot. Playboy All America Keith Rivers, Rey Mauluga and Brian Cushing make up the best linebacking unit in the nation. With Terrell Thomas, Taylor Mays and Kevin Ellison, there is no falloff in the secondary.

OUR TOP 25 FOR '07

1. USC (11-1)
2. WEST VIRGINIA (11-1)
3. OHIO STATE (10-2)
4. FLORIDA (10-2)
5. LSU (10-2)
6. TEXAS (10-2)
7. MICHIGAN (10-2)
8. BOISE STATE (11-1)
9. AUBURN (9-3)
10. LOUISVILLE (9-3)
11. ARKANSAS (9-3)
12. OKLAHOMA (9-3)
13. VIRGINIA TECH (9-3)
14. UCLA (9-3)
15. WISCONSIN (9-3)
16. RUTGERS (9-3)
17. OREGON STATE (8-4)
18. TENNESSEE (8-4)
19. WAKE FOREST (8-4)
20. BOSTON COLLEGE (8-4)
21. NEBRASKA (8-4)
22. TEXAS CHRISTIAN (8-4)
23. GEORGIA TECH (8-4)
24. ARIZONA (8-4)
25. OKLAHOMA STATE (8-4)

PLAYBOY'S 2007 ALL



OFFENSE: Left to right, top to bottom: **JAKE LONG**, lineman, Michigan; **RYAN CLADY**, lineman, Boise State; **BARRY RICHARDSON**, lineman, Clemson; **SAM BAKER**, lineman, USC; **LIMAS SWEED**, receiver, Texas; **JEREMY ITO**, placekicker, Rutgers; **CODY WALLACE**, center, Texas A&M; **MARIO MANNINGHAM**, receiver, Michigan; **STEVE SLATON**, running back, West Virginia; **DESEAN JACKSON**, kick returner, California; **RAY RICE**, running back, Rutgers; **BRIAN BROHM**, quarterback, Louisville; **DARREN MCFADDEN**, running back, Arkansas.

ALL AMERICA TEAM



DEFENSE: Left to right, top to bottom: **DALLAS GRIFFIN**, Anson Mount Scholar/Athlete, Texas; **TOMMY BLAKE**, lineman, Texas Christian; **CALAIS CAMPBELL**, lineman, Miami; **CHRIS LONG**, lineman, Virginia; **GLENN DORSEY**, lineman, LSU; **CHRIS MILLER**, punter, Ball State; **ANTOINE CASON**, secondary, Arizona; **AQIB TALIB**, secondary, Kansas; **CHRIS HORTON**, secondary, UCLA; **DWIGHT LOWERY**, secondary, San Jose State; **KEITH RIVERS**, linebacker, USC; **JAMES LAURINAITIS**, linebacker, Ohio State; **ERIN HENDERSON**, linebacker, Maryland.

Schedule: Road games at Nebraska, Notre Dame and California will be a challenge. The Trojans must be wary of UCLA in their regular-season finale.

Prediction: USC is too good not to make a strong run for another national championship. 11-1



2. West Virginia

Coach: Rich Rodriguez

Last year: 11-2. The Mountaineers beat Georgia Tech 38-35 in the Gator Bowl.

Offense: No weaknesses here. Quarterback Patrick White, a junior, is fast, accurate, tough and a leader. Playboy All America Steve Slaton is a consistently explosive tailback, and the line is big and strong. The wide receivers can catch and block for the run game. Very few defenses will have a chance to contain West Virginia's offensive firepower.

Defense: This unit should be better than last year's, with more depth and experience in the secondary as Rodriguez continues to recruit blue-chip athletes. The biggest problem: The offense scores so quickly and so often that the defense finds itself back out on the field before it gets a chance to rest.

Schedule: Who can beat the Mountaineers this year? Louisville and Rutgers have a shot, but West Virginia appears to have the edge on both in speed and experience. Anything less than a berth in the Bowl Championship Series will be a disappointment.

Prediction: 11-1



3. Ohio State

Coach: Jim Tressel

Last year: 12-1. The Buckeyes were dominating until the BCS national championship, in which Florida dismantled them, 41-14.

Offense: How do you replace Troy Smith, the Heisman-winning quarterback, and Ted Ginn Jr., who threatened to break a long one every time he touched the ball? You don't. Ohio State is never without an abundance of talented players, but none compare to Smith and Ginn. Of three candidates for quarterback, Todd Boeckman is most familiar with the system and will likely start. The Buckeyes will be good up front, especially with tackles Kirk Barton and Alex Boone. Chris "Beanie" Wells will start at tailback.

Defense: While the offense searches for new leaders, the defense will keep the team in every contest. Playboy All America James Laurinaitis is the latest in a long list of outstanding Buckeyes linebackers. At cornerback, Malcolm Jenkins leads a very quick secondary.

Schedule: Very favorable. The Buckeyes open at home against Youngstown State and Akron. Then there's a road trip against relatively weak Washington, followed by Northwestern, Minnesota and Purdue. By



Playboy's 2007 Coach of the Year

URBAN MEYER
UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA

It took only two years for coach Urban Meyer to win a national championship at Florida, and his Gators accomplished the feat despite having the NCAA's toughest schedule, one that included games against six ranked teams and 11 teams that played in bowl games. He arrived at Florida a year after guiding Utah to a perfect 12-0 season. Meyer, who first head coached at Bowling Green in 2001, has a career record of 61-12. He recently signed a six-year contract extension with Florida.

then Ohio State should have its offense in order and be ready for the toughies: Penn State, Wisconsin and Michigan.

Prediction: 10-2



4. Florida

Coach: Playboy Coach of the Year Urban Meyer

Last year: 13-1 and BCS national champions after making a very good Ohio State team look very bad in the last game of the season.

Offense: Until someone figures out how to slow down Meyer's spread offense, it will dominate. Quarterback Chris Leak has graduated, but strong-armed Tim

SEE PLAYBOY'S TOP 40, READ MORE ABOUT THE PLAYBOY ALL AMERICAS AND VISIT THE ALL AMERICA AWARDS WEEKEND AT PLAYBOY.COM/COLLEGEFOOTBALL.

Tebow, who saw plenty of action last year, is ready to be the Gators' main man. Kestahn Moore will likely start at tailback, and wide receiver Louis Murphy was impressive this spring.

Defense: Opponents with strong passing attacks may be able to exploit some holes here. Florida's corners are inexperienced, and the line doesn't have the depth you would expect from a defending national champion.

Schedule: Favorable. Tennessee, Auburn, Georgia and Florida State are all home games. The Gators must beware of their October 6 road game at LSU.

Prediction: 10-2



5. LSU

Coach: Les Miles

Last year: 11-2

Offense: Matt Flynn may not be as big or strong-armed as JaMarcus Russell, the man he replaces at quarterback, but who is? However, Flynn, the 2005 Peach Bowl offensive MVP, has the skills to lead the Tigers to an SEC championship and beyond. In the spring game, redshirt freshman running back Richard Murphy served notice that he is a serious contender for the starting tailback spot, though he's sure to get some stiff competition from Keiland Williams. Wide receiver Early Doucet should be the Tigers' leading pass catcher.

Defense: Once again LSU is loaded here, despite the loss of safety LaRon Landry to the NFL. Playboy All America tackle Glenn Dorsey is tough against the rush and gets excellent support from linebacker Ali Highsmith.

Schedule: Favorable. The difficult games—Virginia Tech, Florida, Auburn and Arkansas—are all at home.

Prediction: 10-2



6. Texas

Coach: Mack Brown

Last year: 10-3, including an Alamo Bowl win over Iowa. The Longhorns have won at least 10 games in each of the past six seasons.

Offense: Texas is strong at the skill positions, but it will need to fill three spots on the line. Quarterback Colt McCoy did a remarkable job filling the shoes of graduated star Vince Young, throwing for 29 touchdowns and 2,570 yards, the best for a freshman at the school. Running back Jamaal Charles, who has averaged 6.2 yards a carry, returns for his junior season. The Longhorns have a stellar group of receivers, including Playboy All America Limas Sweed.

Defense: Texas lost some big-time talent in corner Aaron Ross, the Thorpe Award winner last season, end Tim Crowder and safety Michael Griffin. Frank Okam, a 2006 Playboy All America, will be the senior leader around whom Brown will build this year's (continued on page 118)



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"L'ESSENCE"

"I'm game for anything...!"

RUBBER RULES



Photographer Byron Newman's homage to beauty and elasticity

B yron Newman has always had an eye for the strange and beautiful. Where you find those two things commingling, you will likely find Newman standing by with camera in hand. For more than 20 years the London-based photographer's nudes have appeared in countless books and magazines, including the pages of *PLAYBOY*. For this particular shoot, Newman gathered a select group of English models—(in order) Jessica, Francesca, Yunia, Kerri, Justine and Louise—and commissioned fetish companies Westward Bound and Precious London to clothe them. The garments are made of latex and finished with chains, buckles and fishnet. "It's like a second skin," Newman says of latex. "It molds to the body—quite sensual stuff." For the mise-en-scène, he chose a country mansion outside London. The resulting portfolio reveals a fantasy that is at once fetishistic, with a nod toward bondage play, and a celebration of classic beauty and elegance. We couldn't resist publishing these unique photographs. Allow your imagination to stretch like the latex. It is quite sensual, indeed.















PIGSKIN PREVIEW

(continued from page 108)

defense. There's no shortage of young talent waiting for an opportunity.

Schedule: With four of its first five games at home, Texas should get off to a galloping start.

Prediction: 10-2



7. Michigan

Coach: Lloyd Carr begins his 13th season.

Last year: 11-2. The Wolverines' only losses were to Ohio State and to USC in the Rose Bowl.

Offense: Firepower galore. Chad Henne, who begins his fourth season as starting quarterback, is on track to eclipse every major career passing record at Michigan. An excellent receiving corps featuring Playboy All America Mario Manningham gives Henne lots of good targets. Mike Hart, who placed fifth in last year's Heisman Trophy balloting, is a horse out of the backfield. There is also plenty of muscle up front with Playboy All America Jake Long anchoring the critical left tackle position.

Defense: The studs on last year's defense—LaMarr Woodley, Alan Branch, Leon Hall and David Harris—were all seniors. They will be replaced by a group of new seniors who have a lot less experience.

Schedule: Having eight home games, including the first four of the season, is a major advantage for the Wolverines.

Prediction: 10-2



8. Boise State

Coach: Chris Petersen is entering his second season.

Last year: 13-0. The Broncos' 43-42 overtime win over Oklahoma in the Tostitos Fiesta Bowl was one of the great college games of all time.

Offense: The team returns four dominant offensive linemen, including Playboy All America left tackle Ryan Clady. Tailback Ian Johnson hopes for another storybook season. Vinny Perretta and Jeremy Childs are a pair of playmaking wide receivers. The Broncos will again run opponents ragged on the bright blue football field in Boise.

Defense: Boise needs to replace two tackles and a couple of strong linebackers, but the team has talent and depth returning everywhere else on this unit.

Schedule: Let's be honest. The Broncos are too good for their Western Athletic Conference schedule.

Prediction: 11-1



9. Auburn

Coach: Tommy Tuberville

Last year: 11-2. The Tigers beat Nebraska 17-14 in the Cotton Bowl.

Offense: Tuberville will build the offense around Brandon Cox, who enters his

third season as starting quarterback. Running back Kenny Irons, now playing in the NFL, will be tough to replace, and four of five offensive linemen will be first-year starters. Tuberville has recruited well, however, and lots of talented young players are ready to make their mark.

Defense: The Tigers have a strong front seven who will be in attack mode most of the time. Opponents will have to double-team defensive end Quentin Groves to keep him out of the backfield. The kicking game will feel the loss of punter Kody Bliss and placekicker John Vaughn.

Schedule: Auburn's ability to win on the road will be the key to a successful season. The Tigers travel to Florida, Arkansas, LSU and Georgia.

Prediction: 9-3



10. Louisville

Coach: Steve Kragthorpe makes his debut after replacing Bobby Petrino, who compiled a 41-9 record in four years with Louisville.

Last year: 12-1, including a 24-13 win over Wake Forest in the Orange Bowl.

Offense: The Cardinals seldom score fewer than 30 points. Kragthorpe inherits Playboy All America Brian Brohm, arguably the best quarterback in college football. A three-year starter, Brohm threw for 3,049 yards last season. Receivers Harry Douglas and Mario Urrutia will catch most of Brohm's passes this year.

Defense: Ten starters return, including standout linebacker Malik Jackson and linemen Adrian Grady and Deantwan "Peanut" Whitehead. While the offense gets most of the ink, the defense was very stubborn last season.

Schedule: The early schedule is easy, but November road games against West Virginia and South Florida and home against Rutgers will be a stiff challenge.

Prediction: 9-3



11. Arkansas

Coach: Houston Nutt

Last year: 10-4. The Razorbacks opened the season by getting blown out by USC, 50-14. They recovered and won their next 10 games before losing the last one of the regular season to LSU and then dropping games to Florida in the SEC championship and to Wisconsin in the Capital One Bowl.

Offense: If you have Playboy All America Darren McFadden in your backfield, you have a potent offense. Last year McFadden rushed for more than 1,600 yards and scored 14 touchdowns. Felix Jones, who averaged 7.6 yards a carry last season, will be back to keep defenses from loading up against McFadden. Also returning are quarterback Casey Dick and his top receiver, Marcus Monk.

Defense: There's not as much talent here as on the offensive side of the ball. Linebacker Weston Dacus is the team's

leading tackler. The Hogs get a strong pass rush from end Antwain Robinson.

Schedule: A bit easier with USC off the nonconference schedule. The Hogs' biggest test comes in November when they face Tennessee and LSU on the road.

Prediction: 9-3



12. Oklahoma

Coach: Bob Stoops is 86-19 in eight seasons with the Sooners.

Last year: Considering that star running back Adrian Peterson suffered a broken collarbone in the sixth game of the season and missed the rest of the year, the team's 11-3 record was impressive.

Offense: Many questions must be answered. Stoops has to choose from three candidates to replace graduated quarterback Paul Thompson. Peterson's decision to head for the NFL means Allen Patrick and Chris Brown, who filled in admirably last season, will be pushed by a couple of talented redshirt freshmen: DeMarco Murray and Mossis Madu. There is plenty of talent at wide receiver and along the line.

Defense: Stoops's biggest challenge will be finding replacements for two linebackers who graduated: Rufus Alexander, who was the Sooners' leading tackler in 2006, and Zach Latimer, a two-year starter. Junior college All-American Mike Reed could fill one of those spots. Early in the season more sorting out will be required along the front line and in the backfield, but a number of talented players are vying for starting spots.

Schedule: Seven home games will help. The annual showdown with Texas will happen on October 6.

Prediction: 9-3



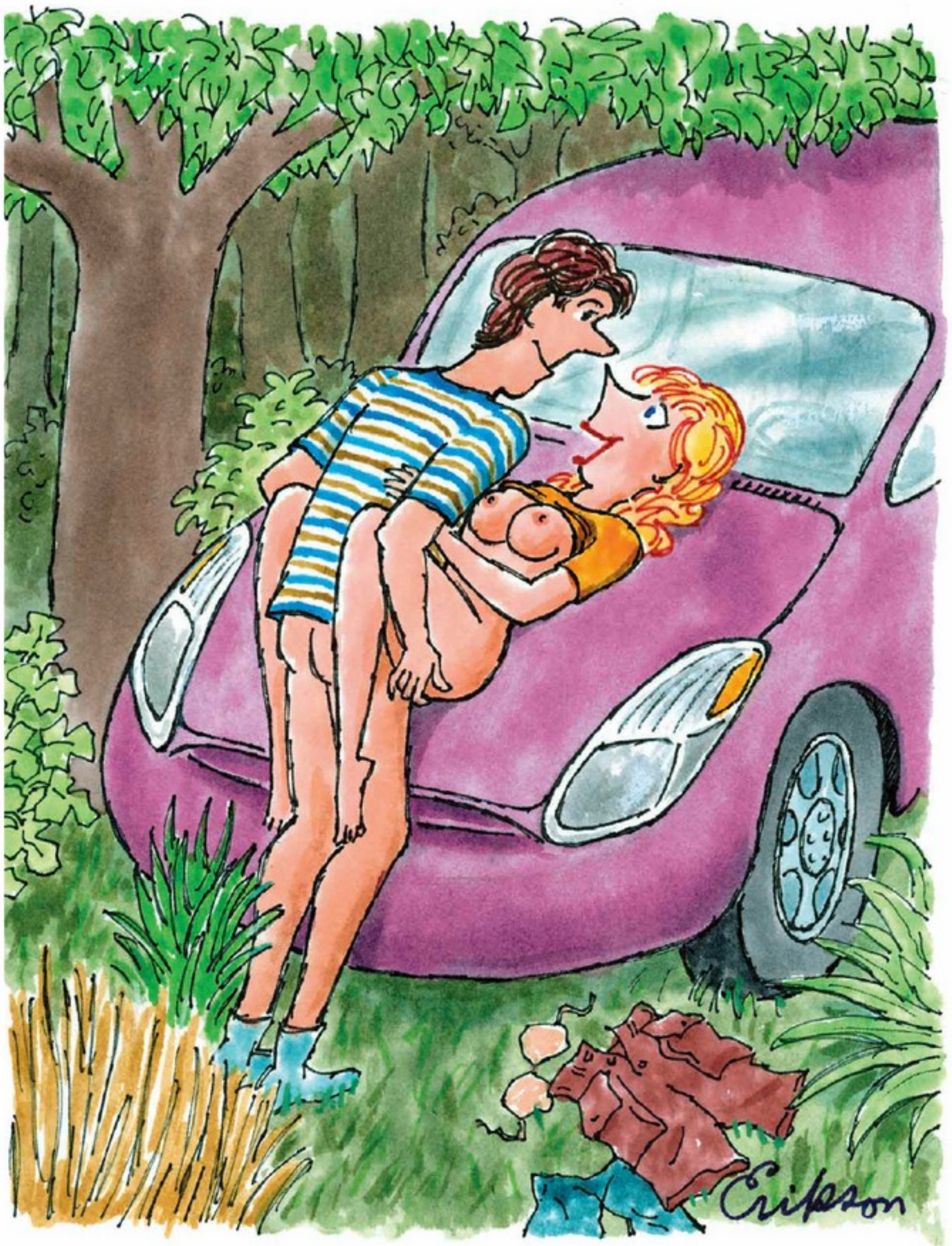
13. Virginia Tech

Coach: Frank Beamer begins his 21st season with the Hokies.

Last year: A very good 10-3 season ended with a loss to Georgia in the Chick-fil-A Bowl.

Offense: Quarterback Sean Glennon will look to redeem himself after committing four fourth-quarter turnovers that contributed to Virginia Tech's bowl loss. Glennon is a hard worker with a good arm, but the key to his success will be good decision making on the field. Expect the Hokies to run early and often with all-conference running back Branden Ore. Senior Duane Brown and sophomore Sergio Render (six-foot-three, 320 pounds) are two of the best offensive linemen in the conference.

Defense: The Hokies led the nation in total defense each of the past two seasons. For Beamer's unit to be as good this year, he'll need to find a strong replacement for end Noland Burchette to complement talented Chris Ellis at the other end spot. Brandon Flowers is one of the better cornerbacks in the nation. Watch for sophomore Kam Chancellor



"That was so wonderful! I loved it when the lights started flashing and the horn went off."

to have an impact once Beamer decides where to play him.

Schedule: The toughest game comes early: September 8 at LSU.

Prediction: Hopefully football can offer a temporary distraction as Virginia Tech tries to heal its wounded psyche. 9-3



14. UCLA

Coach: Karl Dorrell enters his fifth season.

Last year: 7-6. The Bruins finished fourth in the Pac-10, good enough for a fourth consecutive bowl bid. They lost to Florida State in the Emerald Bowl, 44-27.

Offense: Dorrell has two experienced quarterbacks returning: Ben Olson, who started five games, and Patrick Cowan, who started eight games after Olson was injured. The four top tailbacks are also back, including Chris Markey, who rushed for 1,107 yards last year. If the Bruins can develop a little more depth on the line, this should be a complete unit.

Defense: There aren't many holes on defense, either. Bruce Davis, who had 12.5 sacks, is outstanding at defensive end. Playboy All America Chris Horton joins three other returning starters in the Bruins' secondary.

Schedule: With 20 starters returning, half on each side of the ball, this could

be UCLA's opportunity to break into the top 10. Its schedule, however, is difficult. The Bruins will face eight teams that played in bowls last season. BYU and Notre Dame come to Los Angeles.

Prediction: 9-3



15. Wisconsin

Coach: Bret Bielema, who won Big Ten Coach of the Year honors after his first season.

Last year: The team had an extremely successful 12-1 season that surprised some football pundits.

Offense: Nine starters return, including sensational running back P.J. Hill, who was seventh in most yards rushed by a freshman in NCAA history. Gifted wide receivers Paul Hubbard and Luke Swan join Travis Beckum, one of the best tight ends in the nation. The big challenge? Finding replacements for three-year starting quarterback John Stocco and left tackle Joe Thomas, the premier offensive lineman in college football last year. Senior Tyler Donovan, who started the final two games of last season when Stocco was injured, and Allan Evridge, a transfer from Kansas State, will vie for the starting QB job.

Defense: The Badgers lost key players at safety, middle linebacker and defensive end, but the new linebacking corps will be

the fastest and most athletic in the school's history. Jack Ikegwuonu is an impact player at cornerback.

Schedule: Tough back-to-back games against Ohio State and Michigan in November.

Prediction: 9-3



16. Rutgers

Coach: Greg Schiano begins his seventh season.

Last year: 11-2, including a 37-10 victory over Kansas State in the Texas Bowl.

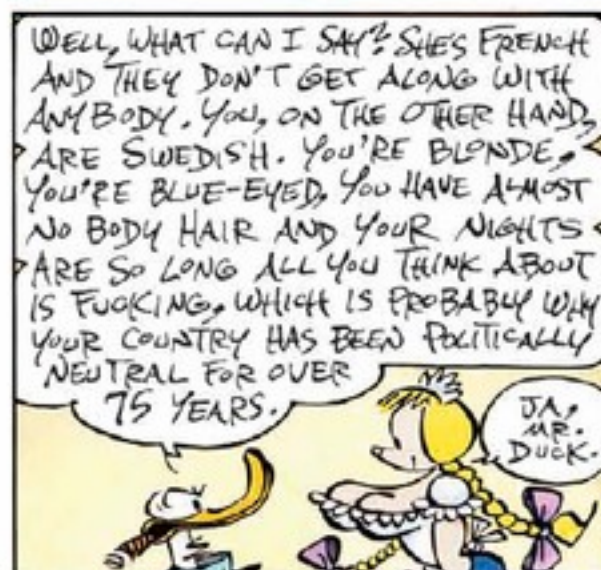
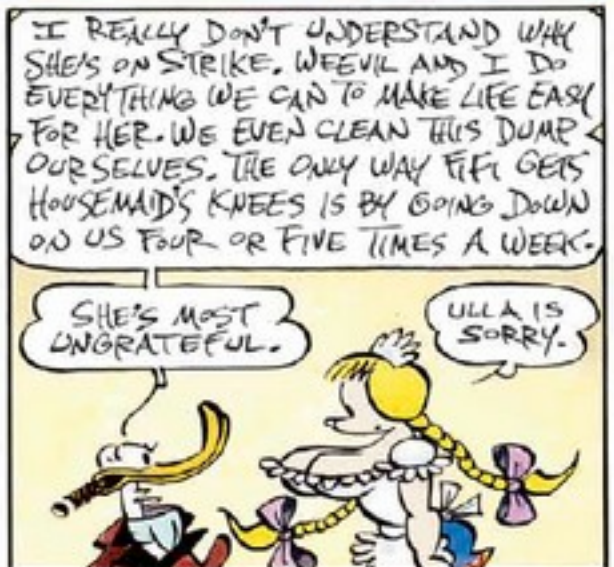
Offense: Any offense with Playboy All America Ray Rice in the backfield will be explosive. Mike Teel returns for his second season at quarterback; he threw for 2,135 yards and 12 touchdowns, but he needs to throw fewer interceptions (13 last year). The best of several good wide receivers is Kenny Britt. Schiano is looking to fill a couple of spots on the line and has to locate a good tight end or two.

Defense: Six starters are back on this side of the ball, most notably lineman Eric Foster. Some questions must be answered at linebacker, but the secondary, featuring Courtney Greene at strong safety, is solid.

Schedule: Seven of the Scarlet Knights' first eight games are at home.

Prediction: Rutgers proves that last season's success was no fluke. 9-3

Dirty Duck ® by Bobby London

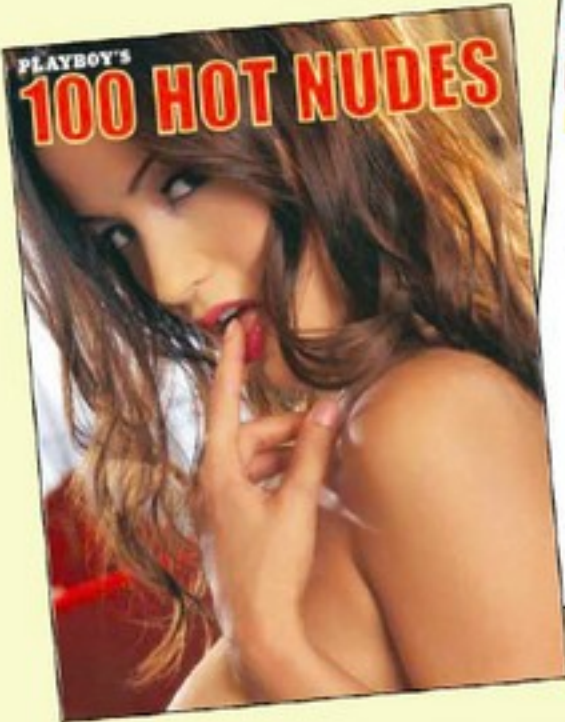




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17. Oregon State

Coach: Mike Riley

Last year: 10-4. The Beavers eked out a 39-38 win over Missouri in the Sun Bowl.

Offense: Sophomore Sean Canfield, who threw 45 passes last season, appears to have the edge over Lyle Moevao, who has no experience at the collegiate level. Four of five starters return from last season's excellent line. Yvenson Bernard is a consistent threat out of the backfield, and Sammie Stroughter is a game breaker, whether he's catching passes or returning punts.

Defense: This unit has lots of depth, lots of speed and three of the best linebackers—Derrick Doggett, Alan Darlin and Joey LaRocque—on the West Coast.

Schedule: Brutal. Four of the last six conference games are on the road, against California, USC, Washington State and Oregon.

Prediction: 8-4



18. Tennessee

Coach: Phillip Fulmer enters his 16th season at Knoxville. An impressive run, ups and downs included.

Last year: 9-4. Two of the Vols' regular-season losses (Florida and LSU) came by a total of only five points. The team fell to Penn State 20-10 in the Outback Bowl.

Offense: Fulmer will do everything he can to maximize the skill and experience of quarterback Eric Ainge, whose 67 percent completion mark in 2006 was a Tennessee record. The Vols' wide receivers are unproven, but Chris Brown and Brad Cottam are excellent and experienced tight ends.

Defense: Six starters are gone from last year, including three in the secondary. Some players who were redshirted last season will get their opportunity this year. Britton Colquitt, the fourth Colquitt to punt for Tennessee, is one of the best in the nation.

Schedule: More difficult than last season's, with road games at California, Florida and Alabama.

Prediction: 8-4



19. Wake Forest

Coach: Jim Grobe

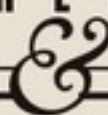
Last year: 11-3. The Demon Deacons lost to Louisville in the Orange Bowl, 24-13.

Offense: Last year's unit was outstanding; this year's promises to be even better. Returning at quarterback is ACC Rookie of the Year Riley Skinner, who led the conference in passing efficiency, completion percentage and interception ratio. All-conference center Steve Justice and huge junior guard Chris DeGeare (six-foot-four, 362 pounds) head an excellent line. Fifth-year senior Micah Andrews should get most of the carries.

Defense: Only five starters will return, but they could anchor an effective unit if replacements can be found for the three members of the secondary who graduated and for middle linebacker Jon Abbate, who is headed to the NFL.

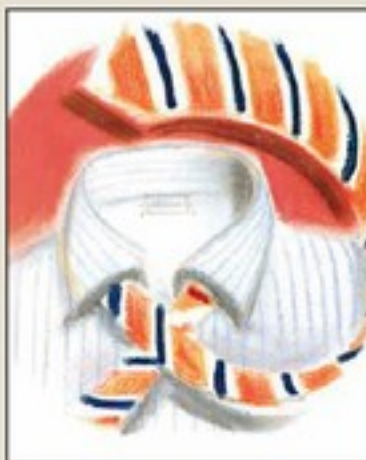
Schedule: Not easy. Wake Forest faces

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 26, 33-34, 94-101 and 146-147, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 26: *All-Pro Football 2K8*, 2ksports.com. *BioShock*, 2kgames.com. *Dead Head Fred*, d3publisher.com. *Hot Shots Tennis*, playstation.com. *Madden NFL 08*, easports.com. *Metroid Prime 3: Corruption*, nintendo.com. *Stuntman: Ignition*, thq.com. *Tecmo Bowl*, downloadable via Wii.

MANTRACK

Pages 33-34: *Schlick*, schlickcycles.com. *Shun*, broadwaypanhandler.com. *Spotted Bear Ranch*, spottedbear.com. *ThinkPad*, thinkpadreserve.com. *Vertu*, vertu.com.

MADE-TO-MEASURE AND THE MODERN MAN

Pages 94-101: *A. Testoni*, testoni.com. *Audi*, audi.com. *Belvest*, avail-

able at Bergdorf Goodman. *Borrelli*, borrelliboutiques.com. *Ermenegildo Zegna*, Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques nationwide. *Ermenegildo Zegna Couture*, made-to-order from the New York, Beverly Hills and Las Vegas Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques. *Fratelli Rossetti*, 212-888-5107. *Isaia*, 212-245-3733. *Jean Yu*, jeanyu.com. *Kiton*, kiton.it. *Massimo Bizzocchi*, massbizz.com. *Pal Zileri*, 702-732-2100. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, salvatoreferragamo.com. *Seaward & Stearn of London*, available at select Nordstrom stores. *Versace*, versace.com.

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six teams that played in bowls last season, including an out-of-conference home game against Nebraska.

Prediction: 8-4



20. Boston College

Coach: Jeff Jagodzinski, former offensive coordinator for the Green Bay Packers, takes over for Tom O'Brien, now head coach at North Carolina State.

Last year: 10-3, beating Navy 25-24 in the Meineke Car Care Bowl.

Offense: Some adjustments may be in the works with Jagodzinski and new offensive coordinator Steve Logan, former head coach at East Carolina. Returning quarterback Matt Ryan, first team All-ACC last season, will provide some much-needed continuity. The Eagles must find some depth for the offensive line.

Defense: Among the best in the conference last year, and with nine starters returning, the defense should be nearly as good this year. The Eagles will miss linebacker Brian Toal, who will likely be red-shirted after having shoulder surgery.

Schedule: Brutal. The Eagles open at home against defending conference champ Wake Forest. The road schedule includes Georgia Tech, Notre Dame, Virginia Tech, Maryland and Clemson.

Prediction: 8-4



21. Nebraska

Coach: Bill Callahan begins his fourth season.

Last year: 9-5

Offense: The switch is complete. The West Coast offense is now at home in Lincoln, and under Callahan's excellent tutelage, it's working. This season the challenge is to integrate a new quarterback to replace two-year starter Zac Taylor. Sam Keller, a transfer from Arizona State, where he threw for more than 3,000 yards and 26 touchdowns, should make the transition with ease.

Defense: The Huskers' highly experi-

enced front four must be replaced, and the secondary took a hit when Zack Bowman suffered a knee injury in the spring game. The linebackers, however, are among the best in the conference.

Schedule: A couple of nonconference tests (Wake Forest and USC) come early. Back-to-back games against Texas A&M and Texas are the most critical part of the Huskers' conference schedule; Oklahoma isn't on it.

Prediction: 8-4



22. Texas Christian

Coach: Gary Patterson, who has led TCU to 11 wins in three of the past four seasons.

Last year: 11-2, including a 37-7 win over Northern Illinois in the Poinsettia Bowl.

Offense: TCU rushed for nearly 200 yards a game last season. With quarterback Jeff Ballard having graduated, expect the Horned Frogs to rely even more heavily on their ground game. While sophomore Marcus Jackson and redshirt freshman Andy Dalton compete for the quarterback spot, running back Aaron Brown, who gained 801 yards and caught 34 passes last season, will be the main man on offense.

Defense: End Tommy Blake, a Playboy All America, is the heart and soul of this unit. Double-teams on Blake will allow the rest of the defensive front to seal off opponents' rushing attack. TCU was second nationally in run defense last season, allowing only 60.8 yards a game.

Schedule: TCU will have more than it can handle when it visits Austin on September 8.

Prediction: 8-4



23. Georgia Tech

Coach: Chan Gailey

Last year: 9-5 overall but 7-1 as the ACC Coastal Division champion. Tech lost to West Virginia in a 38-35 shoot-out in the Toyota Gator Bowl.

Offense: The big challenge is replacing four-year starting quarterback Reggie Ball. Junior left-hander Taylor Bennett was im-

pressive in the Gator Bowl when he played for the academically ineligible Ball, throwing for 326 yards and three touchdowns. Tashard Choice returns after leading the ACC in rushing last season with 1,473 yards. The offense will miss all-world wide receiver Calvin Johnson, now in the NFL.

Defense: Eight starters are back, including linebacker Philip Wheeler and safety Jamal Lewis. Defensive coordinator Jon Tenuta needs replacements for tackle Joe Anoai and linebacker KaMichael Hall, both of whom exhausted their eligibility.

Schedule: Tech opens the season on the road at Notre Dame. Maryland and Miami are other road tests.

Prediction: 8-4



24. Arizona

Coach: Mike Stoops

Last year: The Wildcats finished 6-6 and were bowl-eligible but not invited.

Offense: Stoops has hired Sonny Dykes from Texas Tech as offensive coordinator. Dykes brings the spread offense, which will give this unit a totally different look. He is very high on junior quarterback Willie Tuitama, who missed a good part of last season with injuries. Running back Chris Henry was lost to the NFL draft, but Chris Jennings and Xavier Smith will ably replace him.

Defense: With 10 starters returning from a crew that finished as the number four defense in the conference, Arizona has a chance for dominance on this side of the ball. End Louis Holmes will provide a strong pass rush, and Spencer Larsen is a big hitter at linebacker. Playboy All America Antoine Cason gives opposing quarterbacks nightmares from his cornerback position.

Schedule: The biggest challenges are road games at Cal and USC.

Prediction: 8-4



25. Oklahoma State

Coach: Mike Gundy

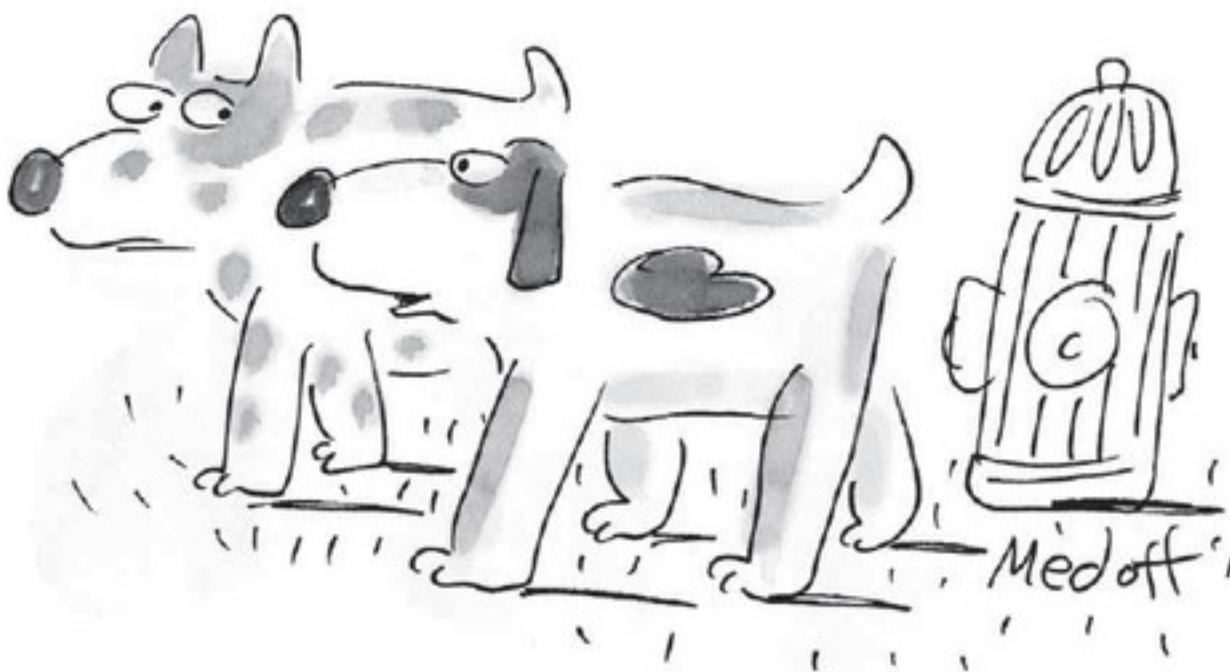
Last year: The Cowboys were a respectable 7-6 and beat Alabama 34-31 in the PetroSun Independence Bowl.

Offense: Gundy has landed his second strong recruiting class in a row, and the talent is starting to show. Junior Bobby Reid is big (six-foot-three, 230 pounds) and strong-armed. He'll look downfield for Adarius Bowman, one of the best wide receivers in the conference, if not the nation. OSU averaged more than 200 yards in both rushing and passing last year.

Defense: Jeremy Nethon, who returns at linebacker after being selected as the Independence Bowl MVP, will be joined by Chris Collins and Patrick Lavine, both winners of Freshman All-American honors in their first year.

Schedule: Difficult. The Cowboys have a tough out-of-conference road opener at Georgia. Texas Tech and Texas come to Stillwater, but Texas A&M, Nebraska and Oklahoma are road games.

Prediction: 8-4



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REDCLOUDS (continued from page 102)

Carrie posted pictures of herself having sex with her husband, then with other women.

as air and water, why was everyone so weird about it? Why were people so much nicer naked? At Hedonism you'd see a marine talking to a punk rocker, and as long as they were naked, both were civil. Maybe all clothes are a kind of military uniform. Maybe that explains something about politics, too. "If the House and the Senate had their meetings naked," Sienna says, "things would be better."

Here is where the earlier comment on fragmentation comes into play. A.H. and Sienna are involved in some conservative groups and are active in their church. Although they have told their families about their hobby—Sienna's mother even knitted a blanket for the woman who posted her baby's birth online—they say it would be dangerous to tell their religious friends, who are so conservative they get judgmental when Sienna dances with another man. This lie of omission not only makes A.H. and Sienna feel distant from the "real world," it drives them deeper into the web. "On the bulletin board, we can talk to people with whom we can share this part of our lives. It's one place we don't have to put up a wall," she says. Now some of their real-world friendships are crumbling.

The issue of showing her face remains. "I struggle with that," Sienna says. "When I have to post anonymously, a big part of my soul doesn't get conveyed." She doesn't want to be "a faceless body without a soul." She believes in spiritual wholeness, so this troubles her. "One thing I despise is dishonesty," she says. "By choosing to pose anonymously, I choose to keep hiding, to hold something back."

And then there is objectification. "We are unequivocally against the objectification of women," A.H. says. On Voyeurweb and RedClouds, the women range in age from 19 to 55 and in weight from 95 pounds to Shamu. Both A.H. and Sienna feel good about that. "Madison Avenue isn't setting the prototype," A.H. says. But it's still faceless, and that bothers them. After seven years of trying, they won the annual Voyeurweb photo contest last year with a picture that shows Sienna wearing all her clothes and with her face—except for a pair of sunglasses—exposed. "I think that's what pulled in enough votes to win," she says. "People want to see the whole person, the real girl next door."

These are issues she would never have expected, things pornography

taught her. She says, "There's so much depth to people if they take off their masks." After she hangs up the phone, she e-mails a gift to my in-box: a picture of her on a rocky shore, ocean water swirling behind her, a string of shells around her neck and a fishnet in her hand. She is naked and smiling right at me, so beautiful and happy and sweet-looking I feel a surge of...is it love?

It feels like love.

RICHARDSON: Okay, Mrs. Geez, give it up. The first-time story.

MRS.GEEZ: We were lying in bed and having wild sex, and I guess I was feeling ugly because Geez said, "Oh no, I can prove it to you. You're hot." I didn't believe him. So he showed me RC, and I posted a live pic.

RICHARDSON: What happened?

MRS.GEEZ: At first I didn't want everyone to see me. Then I said, "What the hell? It's only being naked. What's wrong with that? I love being naked."

RICHARDSON: So what happened?

MRS.GEEZ: My son got snoopy and spilled the beans in front of my whole family. So I had to explain to the hole damn family—I can't spell.

RICHARDSON: I don't care about the spelling.

MRS.GEEZ: I'm blonde for a reason.

RICHARDSON: I didn't get a chance to see if you were a real blonde.

MRS.GEEZ: LOL.

RICHARDSON: Did your son see your pictures?

MRS.GEEZ: No, but his dad did (my first husband).

RICHARDSON: How did that happen?

MRS.GEEZ: Pics stolen from RC got posted on the Net.

RICHARDSON: Was he surfing for porn?

MRS.GEEZ: Must have been. They're all perverts.

RICHARDSON: So he told your family?

MRS.GEEZ: He told everyone I know.

RICHARDSON: How did your folks react?

MRS.GEEZ: My mom said, "Go for it." My dad was shocked, but he was okay. He said, "Just be careful. There are lots of sickos out there." My sisters said, "Oh my gawd." They think I'm a slut now, LOL.

RICHARDSON: How often do you post?

MRS.GEEZ: Almost daily.

RICHARDSON: Does it make you hot?

MRS.GEEZ: Once in a while.

RICHARDSON: What's the most extreme thing you've posted?

MRS.GEEZ: BJ and fingering myself.

RICHARDSON: What do your friends think?

MRS GEEZ: They all like it. I'm going to let Geez take over the typing.

RICHARDSON: Stop that!

GEEZ: LOL.

RICHARDSON: She's a bad girl!

GEEZ: That's why I love her so much.

RICHARDSON: Here we go with the boy shorts.

GEEZ: LOL.

RICHARDSON: As I was saying before I was distracted....

Carrie is going to college for a B.A. in English. She's in her 30s, slender and pretty. That's not how she puts it, however: "I have two kids, and my body shows it."

Because of her kids, Carrie wants to be careful about what she says, but she will sketch in a few details. She lives in a small city in Kansas. She's a Democrat, an atheist and a liberal. She was faithful to her husband for 13 years. Then she met a handsome guy who put the moves on her. This scared her. "I knew if I took that step, I could lose my family," she says.

One night she and her husband saw a special on swinging on the Discovery Channel. Afterward she confessed the lust in her heart. "That was a hard time for us," she says. "He guessed I was attracted to this man but not that I had been propositioned. I said I hadn't done anything, but part of me wanted to."

Over the next few months, they discussed their fantasies. Carrie admitted she sometimes fantasized about having sex with two guys and especially with women. Her husband had suspected this because when they rented porn the girl-girl scenes always got her going. He suggested placing an ad on a swingers' site.

No way, she said. Advertising for sex was too strange. She wanted it to happen spontaneously, in a bar. Eventually she realized the odds were against her, and they joined Swingers Board, a discussion site where they asked questions and learned a lot of dos and don'ts.

Soon they took the plunge. She wrote an ad describing their bodies—not neglecting her husband's smoky blue eyes—and interests. The digital camera made it easy, since there was no problem with developing pictures. They were nervous when she hit SEND.

They got a bunch of responses right away. Carrie picked out one couple and wrote to them. They met for a drink but didn't do anything. They got together again, but both Carrie and the guy were nervous.

Then they found RedClouds. While some of it seemed degrading and nasty, Sam's Place, the message board, was friendly and positive. It took a couple of weeks to get the nerve to post a pic-

ture, and even then Carrie was fully clothed. The only thing you could see was cleavage.

Then she posted a picture in which she wore a sweat jacket unzipped.

Then one in which she was topless.

"Every time I do something new on that site I shock myself," she says. "I call up my friend and go, 'Oh my God, did you see what I just did?'"

But people on the board were supportive. It empowers her, she says. "No matter what your personal flaws are or what you perceive as personal flaws, if people respond positively when you post yourself in this way, it makes you feel good."

As a fringe benefit, it makes you want to take care of yourself.

In time Carrie posted pictures of herself having sex with her husband, then with other women. She and her husband attended a RedClouds party in another state. On the Homeclips video section, she entered a contest with a \$1,500 prize.

She always shows her face. "My husband isn't a teacher or politician. My dad wouldn't care. My mom would say, 'I don't know if that's a good idea, but whatever you're into, honey, it's okay as long as you're being safe.'" Her mother-in-law may not be so accepting, but that's just too bad. "We have the right to live the way we want to," she says. "And doesn't every mother-in-law think her daughter-in-law is a slut?"

But it's more than that. Like Sienna, Carrie has come to feel closer to people from RedClouds than to the people in her own life. "RedClouds people know more about the real me, the secret me, the me that's censored from everyone else. They know when my period is due." She sees it in political terms, like gays coming out of the closet. The world would be better if people didn't hide so much, she says. There would be fewer divorces if people weren't afraid to tell the truth to their spouses. That's why she agreed to this interview. "The only way to combat the negative side of pornography is to speak out more about the positive side."

Before we hang up, she asks if I have a picture of her. I do. She asks me to describe it.

"You're in a three-way."

"You saved it for research purposes?"

"Of course."

"That's a rare picture. I've posted only three threesome pictures," she says. "That's my husband in my hand."

RICHARDSON: Do you guys ever play with people on RC?

GEEZ: I'm going to open Picture Sharing to show you.

RICHARDSON: Was that at an RC party?

GEEZ: An RC lady we know. We have

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taken about 4,000 pictures in the past two months.

RICHARDSON: Why so many?

GEEZ: New digital camera...and new friends.

RICHARDSON: New friends you met through RC?

GEEZ: Yes.

RICHARDSON: In your town?

GEEZ: About 20 minutes away.

RICHARDSON: Where are you again?

GEEZ: South central MI.

RICHARDSON: Minnesota, who knew?

GEEZ: Minnesota is MN.

RICHARDSON: Shows you how well I did in geography!

GEEZ: LOL.

RICHARDSON: So you're in Missouri.

GEEZ: Michigan, for fuck's sake.

RICHARDSON: I think Mrs. Geez is starting to interfere with the typist.

GEEZ: Always.

RICHARDSON: A little cold soda can on the nipples?

GEEZ: Yep.

RICHARDSON: This interview is totally degenerating.

To understand the power of RedClouds, you need to surf the boards. While the focus is always on sex, the comments range from stupid and cruel to tender and kind, with an antic quality that feels like a digital Mardi Gras. But every so often, you see something startling, like the time a guy calling himself Rowdygator told everyone he was being shipped to Iraq and they should now write to him as Desertgator. He got dozens of responses. Vegaswife2 told him to stay safe and if he needed a pick-me-up, all the gals would post for him. Flattop entertained him with some old Army wisdom: "If you see a bomb technician running, try to keep up with him." And LongisIndtat2cpl gave him something to look forward to: "Hurry up and get back so we can get together."

Desertgator wrote back, "Thank you all for the support. I knew this community was very special. Your comments have really uplifted me today."

GEEZ: She wants to know if she looks ridiculous on cam.

RICHARDSON: Are you kidding? I love how natural and relaxed she is, and she has a great smile. I'd fuck her in a heartbeat—if I were in Minnesota.

GEEZ: How would your wife feel about that?

RICHARDSON: I'd have to ask her.

GEEZ: And her answer would be....

RICHARDSON: Hey, who's doing the interview here?

GEEZ: Would she want to help?

RICHARDSON: Ya never know, Mr. Geez, ya never know.

GEEZ: That's right. It's a whole new world. We never would have crossed these borders without RedClouds.

RICHARDSON: That's a nice angle.

GEEZ: On one cam show we had 75 viewers.

RICHARDSON: Watch out, HBO.

GEEZ: She just prances and dances.

RICHARDSON: And you don't get jealous?

GEEZ: Me? I get to take pictures. Plus I get the hot sex when she gets all steamed up, LOL.

RICHARDSON: That's a man who looks on the bright side.

GEEZ: The glass is three-quarters full.

Then there are the true hard-core swingers, like Jackncarol. They live in Texas and work in the medical profession. They ask me to blur some of their identifying details. "We have licenses, and there's a moral-turpitude clause," Jack says, "so don't put anything beyond 'hospital.'"

"I believe what we do is healthy and fun, and it enhances our relationship," Carol says, "but in this society it's wrong, so we have to be secretive."

They are in their late 40s. Carol is

pretty, with a voluptuous body that is close to perfect. They started swinging seven years ago. They quickly found a European website and sites like the Amateurs Homepage and Toychest Gallery, where they posted so often they became friends with the owners. When those sites fell apart, they found RedClouds. "It helped us to be able to connect more easily with people," Jack says. "We know so many people today."

"Friends of friends of friends," Carol says.

"We just threw a big party for the site," Jack says. "It was a blast—about 25, 26 people."

"The house was full."

So was Carol, as the pictures they posted afterward so vividly proved. She loves men in groups, especially black men.

It was not always the case. "We fantasized for 10 years," Jack says.

"I never saw a dirty movie before he showed me one," Carol says.

Carol and Jack say what swingers usually say: Swinging enhances their relationship and builds communication, trust and intimacy. "I can say what I think and feel," Carol says. "I'm allowed to go to the gym and look at a cute guy and say, 'Wow.' It validates me."

This is not the focus of their lives; they have teenage children. But the attraction is the opportunity to be completely open. As Carol puts it, "I can't go to work and talk about this stuff: 'You should see the hot guy I fucked last night.' The 20-year-old girls would drop their drawers."

"Or how you ate Jewel," Jack says.

"Couldn't do it," Carol says. "Most of the world's not ready." That's why it's validating. "You know you're not alone. You know you're okay."

"It's being a part of a community in which everybody has these same values," Jack adds. "It's a culture; there's a lot of variety."

Only two of Carol's girlfriends know the truth about her sex life. Most of her



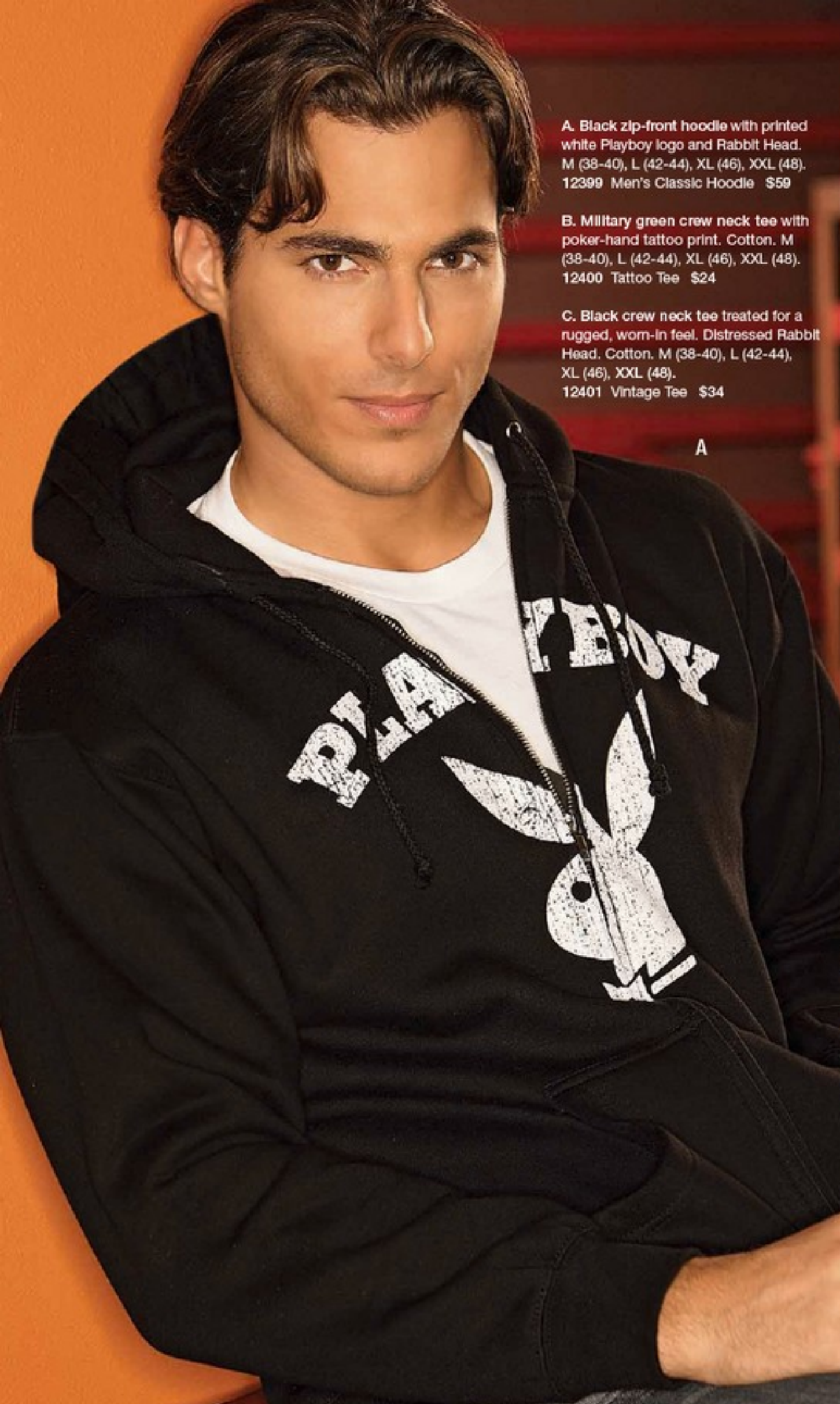


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old friends are what she calls "vanilla friends," and she knows they couldn't handle it. Her online friends, however, know everything. But please don't misunderstand, Carol and Jack say. People are not as simple as they seem. To truly know someone, you have to go through many layers, and that would take more than one conversation.

"We're spiritual," Carol says. "We believe in God."

RICHARDSON: Tell me about these RC parties.

GEEZ: First one was very intimate, maybe 15 people. Second one was a party on Valentine's Day in Michigan. Must have been 30 couples and another 20 single guys, hoping—LOL.

RICHARDSON: Was it scary?

GEEZ: Hell, yes. It scared the crap out of both of us.

RICHARDSON: Did she get hit on?

GEEZ: One guy kept asking her to go to his room.

RICHARDSON: And what happened?

GEEZ: Just some titty flashing.

RICHARDSON: What were the people like?

GEEZ: All very nice, but there's always behind-the-scenes drama. We saw some husbands go off with others' wives and some significant others waiting around.

RICHARDSON:

RICHARDSON:

GEEZ: Distracted?

RICHARDSON: My wife must get a pair of boy shorts!

GEEZ: LOL.

RICHARDSON: Whose idea was it to show her face?

GEEZ: Hers.

RICHARDSON: Why, Mrs. Geez?

GEEZ: She thinks it turns them on more if the face is showing.

RICHARDSON: So it's important to turn them on?

GEEZ: That's the point: being a teaser and a pleaser. Giving guys what they want within limits.

RICHARDSON: So what's underneath it all? A desperate need for affirmation? Or is she just a good-time gal?

GEEZ: A good-time gal.

RICHARDSON: That's not how the church lady would interpret it.

GEEZ: She says the church ladies do it behind closed doors. She does it out in the open.

RICHARDSON: So what's your next border to cross?

GEEZ: That would probably be swinging, but we're both cautious about crossing that one.

RICHARDSON: Why?

GEEZ: Because people can develop attachments.

RICHARDSON: Got anybody in mind?

GEEZ: No, but a few people have their sights set on us!

Of course, most people on RedClouds aren't sexual revolutionaries will-

before he got married, but he swears he has been faithful. When he stumbled across RedClouds, he asked his wife for permission to sign up. "She said, 'Fine, whatever keeps you happy,'" he says.

His job is boring, watching gauges go up and down for eight hours, so he probably puts a couple of hours a day into RedClouds. As of this writing, he has posted exactly 40,078 comments in the past four years. "You get to know the girls," he says. "They know what I like. I like girls' butts. So if I'm on, they'll post pictures of their butts for me."

He has about 30 favorites. "One gal from India, Indiagal, is on the Explicit Board between 10 A.M. and 11 A.M., four days a week. She strips, and her husband takes pictures. She'll do that for an hour, then say good-bye." He also follows Ramses and Flame, a couple that runs some RC parties in the Midwest. Every day, Ramses runs a different thread: Moon Me Monday, Topless Tuesday, Thong Thursday, that kind of thing.

Fred and ginger have amazing threads too. Ginger will do a whole act. "Today they did a blow job where he came over her chest," Larry explains.

And Justjill. And Sukdesan. And Hottielori. And Farmerbob and his wife, Pussycat. And Ahkatja, a woman from Germany. And Agirlfromaustin and Bostonhoney. He has saved thousands of their pictures. And let's not forget the "hot black chicks," like SBC and Oreo. He's not

that into hard-core stuff, and he never goes to the gay or fetish boards. "If there's a dick in it, I don't save it. If I know it's peeing, I don't even open the thread," he says. But there's no doubt RedClouds has changed him, because none of that offends him anymore. "That's the whole thing: You don't have to look at it."

He sees no conflict with his church. "This is my private life," he says. "The good Lord knows what I'm doing. I do my duty, as far as I can see it. This is my private time."

Larry has no sympathy for the racists who go on the boards to say nasty things about the interracial pictures. "If the gal likes a black cock, what's the difference?"

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ing to broadcast their most intimate moments to the world. A number of them are probably like Larry, who is 62, lives in the Midwest and works as a boiler operator. Larry has been married for 32 years and has three grown children. He's in a bowling league. He has never done drugs, and he quit drinking almost 30 years ago. He goes to church every Sunday. He still has a 32-inch waist and most of his hair. A few years ago, the kids got him a computer so he could e-mail them. They sent jokes back and forth, then he got sick and spent a lot of time surfing the Internet. He had always liked looking at girls. He had a few one-night stands

he asks. "What does that do to me? As long as it doesn't affect me, have a party."

To get the full RedClouds experience, I try posting a few pictures myself. It feels like stepping to the edge of a high cliff: simultaneously thrilling and sickening. You kick a few pebbles over, watch them fall and imagine yourself falling after them.

But you don't fall, and the sickening feeling goes away.

Maybe your head swims a little. Maybe you feel as if you're floating.

This is what some people don't understand about pornography. It can be a form of assault or an act of the most grimy literalism, but it can also be a gesture of hope, an act of the imagination, a way of testing boundaries or a way of following the crumbs out of the forest. It can be a modern version of the radical innocence D.H. Lawrence imagines in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*: "I believe that if men could fuck with warm hearts and women took it warm-heartedly, everything would be all right." And this new confessional amateur pornography born of the Internet is popular for the same reason memoirs and reality television are popular: It takes at least some power back from the people who make movies, TV and advertising. In *Empire of Signs*, cultural critic Roland Barthes notes how repression drives sex into everything: Cars are sex, beer is sex, clothes are sex.

Actual sex, however, doesn't feel natural anymore; it is completely denied in our daily lives, so we don't even notice the enormity of its absence. It bears emphasis: We never see people fucking in public like other animals. It's an immense wall between ourselves and the world. We worry about exposing our children to sex, but we never consider that we hurt them by not exposing them to sex, by exposing them to its absence and the conspiracy of silence. RedClouds came along and pulled down the zipper of a very modern paradox. Within the safety of its ones and zeros, the most advanced technological medium in history has given us a chance to act like animals again.

RICHARDSON: Listen, guys, this has been fun. Talk about border crossing. I've never done anything like this before, for sure.

GEEZ: Yeah. It's almost 11 P.M. here, and the missus is about to hit the hay.

RICHARDSON: I'm impressed with myself for asking questions with Mrs. Geez rolling around on that sheepskin. And I really appreciate your honesty and general good vibes.

GEEZ: Hard to not have good vibes with the love of your life sitting around naked all evening.

RICHARDSON: Good night. Sweet dreams.

GEEZ: You too.



JAIME PRESSLY

(continued from page 71)

there and always be the first one to say hi. To me, it's always "May the best man win."

Q6

PLAYBOY: One of your first movies was *Poison Ivy: The New Seduction*, in which you're often nude.

PRESSLY: That was my first big role, and all of a sudden they were going, "Jaime, we're going to add some things, like this scene is going to be topless and then this scene...." I was so new, I didn't know my rights at all. I locked myself in my dressing room and called my lawyer: "Look, they're adding scenes. They want to do lower frontal nudity. I don't want to do that." It was a scary situation, but at the same time I will say I don't ever look back and regret anything. I look at situations and think, What mistakes did I make? What do I never want to do again? I haven't made every right move in the book, but I can guarantee that if I made one false move, I didn't make it again.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Let's finally set the record straight. Were you ever Drew Barrymore's nude body double?

PRESSLY: Drew plays Ivy in the first *Poison Ivy* film, and in *Poison Ivy 2*, Alyssa Milano plays the art student who moves into Ivy's old room in a house with other students. She finds a diary and pictures of Drew's character in a closet; the pictures are supposed to be of Drew, but they're of me, though you never see my face. When Alyssa reads Ivy's diary—Drew's diary—she imagines her, but instead of Ivy being Drew, she's me. People say I body-doubled her and it was my boobs and my ass in the movie instead of hers, but that isn't the case. I haven't had a body double myself, but I'm not opposed to it.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You've often been better than the movies you've appeared in, such as *Inferno* with Jean-Claude Van Damme and *Joe Dirt* with David Spade. Did you ever get bummed out enough to consider calling it quits?

PRESSLY: I can point out films that made me want to slit my wrists, but I can't say they made me never want to work again. Everybody gets burned-out every once in a while. About four years ago I got super, super burned-out and needed to take a break to enjoy everything I was working so hard for. I got burned-out because you don't want to look pretty all the time; you don't want to dress perfectly all the time. You want to be by yourself and be fine with it. And I did. I gardened, went out with my friends,

went to the beach for the weekend. It was good for me. Who's to say I won't be back to that place one day?

Q9

PLAYBOY: What's the dope on performing with the Pussycat Dolls?

PRESSLY: I sang "Fever" the first time I performed with them. It was great, but there was all that anticipation and getting ready, then it was over in a flash. I wanted to run right back out there and do it again.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Being so famously sexy-looking and well-known, what wild fan encounters have you had?

PRESSLY: People come up to me as if they've known me all their life, like we're old pals, so I'm not an asshole to them, you know? But when I had a house on the water in Huntington Beach, California, I went on *MTV Cribs* and everybody found out where I lived. On Halloween I walked out of the house, and—bingo—50 kids had jumped the fence. That started happening all the time. There were these three guys who would constantly jump over and try to watch me while I slept. I ended up having to move. I'll never do *Cribs* again.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Does the increasing respect and fame you've earned through *My Name Is Earl* make you want to tackle something really bold and sexual like, say, a *Monster's Ball*?

PRESSLY: Anybody who does comedy probably wants to try something like *Monster's Ball* because that film has a deep, serious dramatic character who has a million levels to her. Yeah, there are nude scenes, and yeah, there is a lot of sex in it, but you don't leave that movie thinking, Oh my God, Halle Berry was naked and having sex. You leave it going, Wow, that was a gnarly film. I still want to do a great dramatic role, and I'm waiting for it to come along. And it will.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Have your Emmy and Screen Actors Guild award nominations changed things for you?

PRESSLY: They lifted people's eyebrows a little, yeah. Even if I never win, being nominated after all these years of pounding the pavement changed everybody's outlook. Even before the nominations, though, people had changed their tune. They allowed me to grow up. A lot of times when somebody appears in men's magazines, people in the business want to put her in a box and say, "This is what you are." But they let me out of my box and allowed me to change my image.

Q13

PLAYBOY: If filming *My Name Is Earl* didn't keep you so busy, on what other show would you like to moonlight?

PRESSLY: If only *Cheers* would come back. That was one of my favorites of all time, along with *Designing Women*. The writing was different on those older shows. Plus, I prefer working in an ensemble cast. It's more interesting to have somebody to bounce off. Also you get to split the workload.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Does doing a hit network show ever become a grind?

PRESSLY: They have me on *My Name Is Earl* for as long as the show goes. The whole point is not to go through life doing a job that feels like a grind, because then you're not happy. When you play the same character over and over, people don't realize you're still an actor. They think you are that character and that's all you can do. Doing different things is what makes you stand out. I want to play different characters and show a different side. I didn't go into this business to find a character and stick to it.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You're obviously good at multitasking—you're currently juggling acting, motherhood, your live-in relationship with DJ Eric Cubiche and your fashion line, J'aime.

PRESSLY: I'm better at doing 10 things at a time than I am at doing just one. But when you try to do 20 things at a time, you start to half-ass it and things fall apart. Luckily, at J'aime I have a great team that helps me get everything done; otherwise I'd be a mess. Because the company isn't licensed out—it's owned solely by me and financed by me—it's a lot different from other celebrity clothing lines. It's my money, so I worry about everything. We make everything in America, not overseas, so our cost is a little bit more, but then again, I can't watch everything if it's being made overseas.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Do you worry that your fans will desert you now that you're a mother and settled down with one guy?

PRESSLY: Unavailable people are usually the ones others find most attractive. Even when you were single in high school or college, did you ever notice you couldn't get arrested? When you're with somebody and finally happy, everybody starts coming out of the woodwork and suddenly all these hot people want to date you. Besides, a lot of people think mothers are sexy, especially when you can hold a baby on your hip and your body is totally ripped.

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Q17

PLAYBOY: The nature of the business keeps you and your boyfriend frequently apart. How does that affect your relationship?

PRESSLY: Absence makes the heart grow fonder only at first. Then it makes the heart mad and it goes, "Fuck you," and walks off with somebody else. If you go on location when you have children, you have to make sure you're with a significant other who's as flexible scheduling-wise as you are, or it's never going to work.

Q18

PLAYBOY: How big a struggle is fidelity, especially when you're constantly surrounded by other great-looking people on movie and TV sets?

PRESSLY: Any pussy can cheat. Any weak person can cheat. It takes a real man or a real adult or a real woman, a stand-up person, to realize what they have and not do that. The thing about the saying "Whatever happens in Vegas stays in Vegas" is that it never *does* stay in Vegas. Everybody finds out.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What famous woman would you like to make out with?

PRESSLY: I'd be lying through my teeth and trying to be sexy if I gave you an answer to that. Like, "Oooh, what would sound really sexy right now?" I have to say I would not make out with a woman. I can't even imagine it. Angelina Jolie is the all-purpose answer, but I don't want to make out with her. She's hot, and I'm definitely the chick who sees women and goes, "Look at her boobs!" or "What a great ass!" but I do *not* want to touch them or make out with them.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Why do so many women like going to strip clubs?

PRESSLY: Because there's no competition or threat. I mean, I see a hot woman, and what is she going to do, rape me? My girlfriends and I love going to strip clubs where we sit down with drinks while hot chicks walk around and aren't bitchy. In a regular club, the women are assholes—everybody's in competition. You go into a strip club and it's like everybody's free-spirited, open-minded. It's safe.

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Teller

(continued from page 93)

gotten its first TV. It's a black-and-white, and *Howdy Doody* is on. I see an advertisement for a magic set. I have my parents send in the 10 cents and a box top, or whatever it is, and lo and behold, there in the mail comes a nine-by-12-inch envelope, flat: the *Howdy Doody* magic set. I remember opening that envelope.

Inside is a cardboard coin tray. You put two or three pennies inside the coin tray and three or four pennies on top. You say to your friend, "I can make money multiply. Hold out your hand." You tip the coins into his hand. Secretly the coins inside the tray slide out. That was my first trick.

Since then, during no period of my life has magic not been some form of obsession for me. I'm 59, so that means I've had 54 years of a disturbing obsession with honest lying.

Magicians have this sick—well, it's both sick and sweet—brotherhood of people who think they have a little secret to themselves. If you ever go to a magicians' convention, they speak of magicians and laymen, as if magicians are the high priests and the rest of the world are the laypeople, as if to say, "They've never experienced the mysteries of magic." Penn and I have thrown that out the window. We say, "Sure, you know the magic of sleight of hand and trickery. We're going to take you behind the scenes of that a little."

Scene two would be my trying to do magic shows for other kids. I'm 11 years old. It's the day of the big show I've booked for the Cub Scouts. I have in my head that magic should be very picturesque, so I dress up as an old Chinese man with a beard, a mustache, a Chinese hat, an orange robe and a pigtail. I have a black-and-gold trunk full of tricks I have not rehearsed sufficiently. I'm not prepared at all. At the last minute I'm desperately throwing the props together. This audience of Cub Scouts sees me for what I am: an 11-year-old dressed up as a Chinese man, the perfect object of mockery. I am hooted off the stage while being pelted with hard candy.

Scene three is a better moment. I get to high school and become interested in acting, drama and theater as a continuation of magic, but I'm also just an exhibitionist. I'm a performer. I want to be onstage. I walk into my ninth-grade English class, which is run by a gentleman who looks like Satan. He's your classic picture of Mephistopheles: a guy, perhaps 38, with a goatee, a mustache and a widow's peak, who wears tailored suits and a red vest with a watch chain. He has a deep voice and a passion for Shakespeare. On top of it all, I find out he has been a magician since he was a kid. I join his drama club and listen at his feet as he talks about how Shakespeare works. I'm fascinated

by this. He's an excellent English teacher, so he really teaches me to write.

His name is David G. Rosenbaum, though he does magic shows under one pseudonym and writes articles about magic under another. Occasionally he wears a rose in his lapel and is known to the kids as Rosey. Rosey and I become good friends and indeed remain friends until his death. We start to talk about magic as a theater form and where magic fits in the live-performance picture. Magic occupies an interesting place. In normal theater there's what Coleridge terms the "willing suspension of disbelief" to describe the moment when you sit and think, "There's an actor onstage; he's holding a stick, but I'll pretend it's a sword." Rosey and I agree that magic is the unwilling suspension of disbelief. You're sitting there, you know it's fake, but it seems to be real.

At this point I begin to realize magic is a tremendously rich form. Merely by doing a trick successfully, somebody can actually earn a living. As a result, magic is packed with the worst types of hacks. All they have to do is show an empty silk handkerchief and pull out a dove, and some people think they've done something artistic. But these hacks haven't written anything worth doing; they haven't created plots or characters. I decide I am going to be the guy who changes that. Mind you, that's very pretentious and self-important, but that's what you do when you're 16. You think, "Okay, I'm going to change this entire art form."

Then I get this burning desire to do just that. I go to Amherst College, where I still sneak in magic courses somehow. I get hooked up with the theater department and persuade a rebellious professor to help me work on my magic performance and call it an academic reading course, the Figure of the Magician in Dramatic Literature. But it really just involves working on my magic act.

This scene—scene four, if you will—parallels the Cub Scout party. It is my final exam, which is to be a live show. I still haven't learned to rehearse. I have these grandiose ideas that I'm going to take the mythic element of magic and expand magic to the lyrical, the poetic. I decide I'm going to do a little stunt called the Creation of Life. It consists of taking a bunch of rags, putting them together, setting them on fire, stamping out the fire and having it turn into a multicolor live animal—in this case a rabbit, since rabbits are convenient.

I buy a multicolor rabbit, but it's a pretty wild species, not the nice, tame white type. It's the kind that kicks the hell out of you when you try to pick it up. I have a friend who's a medical student, so I say to him, "We have to calm this rabbit down or it's not going to stay in its hiding place." He says, "Okay, I'll get a syringe and a sedative." It's the night of the performance, and I haven't rehearsed



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this thing straight through from beginning to end. I've rehearsed it only with stand-in objects for the rabbit, but I'm still confident that if we just sedate it, all the problems will be solved. My friend comes over and gives the rabbit an injection. The rabbit calms down; it doesn't die, just calms down. I go through this whole procedure. I'm silent, of course. I push the rags together. I'm dressed in black against a black background—every pretentious cliché you can conceive of. I set the rags on fire, tap the fire out and reveal the rabbit. Then, to show it's truly alive, I set the rabbit down on the floor, whereupon it completes its entrance by dragging one leg, which has been completely numbed, behind it. It's a gimp rabbit. It is limping miserably across the floor with this dead leg hanging behind it. It is the most pitiful spectacle I've ever seen.

Simultaneously I develop a taste for noir. I fall in love with TV shows like *The Twilight Zone* and *Alfred Hitchcock Presents*. By this time my favorite movie is *Psycho*, no question about it. I love things that have a sting in the tail and a dark turn to them, so the kinds of tricks I do move more into the area of the dark and dangerous. I return to what I said to myself much earlier: I'm sick of magic patter—it's always insulting. Let's try to do it without speech. Let's try to do it without even the crutch of music. Let's see if you can just, very nakedly, put the story out there. Act the story and let the audience fool itself; let the audience make sense out of that. I start to pick plots such as

eating a dozen sharp razor blades. I move on to eating some string and then dragging the razor blades out by the string, a variation on Houdini's famous needle trick.

During this time at Amherst I get an occasional gig at a frat party, and I find that if I shut up and do disturbing, dark, unpleasant stuff without talking, they pay attention. I feel comfortable without the crutch of speech, just walking out there and saying, "You're going to pay attention, and this is going to be worth your while because I know where my story is going." For some reason the audience goes along with me. It's a very lucky discovery.

I finish college and am number four in the draft lottery, so I get a teacher's deferment. I find a little high school in Trenton, New Jersey that needs a Latin teacher and is willing to take somebody totally inexperienced. Like me, they're desperate. Around this time, I design some magic for a rock musical called *Moon Shoes* being done at Princeton University. They want me to promote the show by doing some magic at the Princeton University pub, a cylindrical building with balconies all around on which people sit and drink beer. I walk into the middle of the floor, with my follow spot identifying me as a target. They begin dropping their cups of beer like water balloons on all sides of me. I do the needle trick, in which I swallow a hundred needles and six feet of thread and bring the needles up threaded. It's a compelling trick. By the end the students are actually paying attention to what I'm

doing. I get a little round of applause, more than I ever hoped for, and leave. This is, I guess, what's called paying your dues: You get enough projectiles thrown at you and you start to do things like rehearse. You start to learn.

I was invited to a performance by my best friend in college, Wier Chrisemer. He put together a vast orchestra and performed classical music in psychotically beautiful ways. Wier had a couple of guests at one of his shows: One was a crazy, tall juggler kid—Penn Jillette, of course, whom Wier had met when Penn was selling him a stereo. Penn had just come back from Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Clown College, where he'd learned to ride a unicycle. Wier had Penn juggling plungers and riding a unicycle and then throwing the plungers around Wier and onto a slick board—a parody of a carnival knife-throwing act—to the accompaniment of Khachaturian's "Saber Dance." The three of us seemed to hit it off.

I thought Penn was interesting, and periodically I would go to New York on weekends to debauch and hang out with him. Since he was starving and I had an income, I would take him out for a good dinner. I believe he began to associate me with eating.

One time he visited Trenton, where I was doing a stupid little show in a library, featuring the needle-swallowing trick. I think he was struck by what he always calls the nakedness of it. That touched a nerve for him.

Within a year I got a phone call from Penn: "I have a job for you this summer, doing magic at a Renaissance festival in Minnesota." I said, "Great. I'd love to do that during the summer break." He said, "Yeah, well, it goes through October." I protested, "Hmm, that's when school starts." But I was seduced by this. I took a year's leave of absence from school, which turned out to be permanent.

What has worked between Penn and me? When people get metaphorical, they say, "Oh, it's just the chemistry." I think maybe they're right. Maybe that's the place to stop. I worked silent before I ever knew Penn, and I stayed that way. He worked talking and aggressive before he ever knew me, and he stayed that way. It happened to fit.

I'm proud of one thing not talking does: It says that when we're together, we're willing to behave like a team; I'm willing not to talk, and Penn is willing to cede all the exciting physical action to me. We become like one person with two heads, or he becomes the head and I become the body—some strange combination, like a pair of Siamese twins who can't function without each other. To me, that is one of the most important statements we make to the world—that it's okay to depend on somebody else.

When Penn's father was a jail guard, he noticed that when prisoners were put



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in a cell by themselves they immediately started to work out, doing push-ups and weight lifting. They wanted to make themselves strong because they knew they were now alone.

In the past 50 years comedy has gotten away from everybody being part of a team. When I was a kid watching TV, I could see George Burns and Gracie Allen, Rowan and Martin, Lucy and Ricky, Jackie Gleason and Art Carney. Sometime between the 1970s and the 1990s, that eroded, and comedy became all about one person standing at a microphone complaining about his or her failed relationships. One of the things I feel Penn and I stand for is the possibility that you can indeed have somebody you're joined at the hip to, somebody you agree to be dependent on and committed to in a serious long-term sense. But we're not exactly friends. If our act had depended on our friendship, it would have ended in 1975.

Outside the Penn and Teller context I actually do plenty of talking—numerous National Public Radio pieces, for example—and I think as a talker I'm at my best when ruminating on something odd that has happened to me. But in the Penn and Teller context, not speaking just feels right. We both have numerous projects that allow us other forms of expression. If all we did was Penn and Teller, we'd go nuts, but because we have all these other things,

we can just enjoy the classic symmetry of Penn and Teller.

You'd be surprised how much I talk to people who are onstage with us during our act. I do it quietly, and often they'll do a sort of double take. It's amazing how, once the members of the audience have decided I don't talk, they persist in believing that, no matter how much information comes through to the contrary. For example, after every show people come into the lobby, and we sign autographs and pose for pictures. I think it would be precious to stay in character for that. The fans want to feel as if they're with you offstage, and frankly that's the way I want to feel about them. I'll chat with them there several times a night. Someone will make a big fuss; they'll say, "Oh, I didn't know you could talk." But of course they did. It's this wonderful game they play, and they're playing it right along with me.

A fan once told Penn that one afternoon he was visiting New York City and his heart was broken twice: He saw Steven Wright laughing and Teller talking.

My favorite moment was when I was walking through Times Square once and a cop stuck out his nightstick and stopped me. It hit me right in the chest. He said, "Name?" I said, "Teller." He turned to his buddy, nudged him and said, "See? I knew I could make him talk."



MATURE STUDENT

(continued from page 68)

lap, holding the straps with both hands.

"So, the approach. Just one of them, the first time. A young man, quite handsome, well-spoken, you would take him for a student or a young lecturer. But he knew about me. That is, he knew about my friends, and my lover, and my interest in politics—my interest in *change*, as he put it. He too was interested in change, he said. So were others whom I might imagine to be unfriendly. They could offer us certain protections. Some clarifications would be necessary from time to time, only to help them understand our ideas for the future, so that they might better protect us from less sympathetic elements. He was very smooth—too smooth for his own purpose. Simple naif that I was, I could hardly understand what he was proposing. Then I was shocked. Indeed, I made a fine show of my indignation and nobly sent him on his way.

"More fool me. I should have made my pact with this devil. My God, the two who finally got their hooks in me! The man a licensed paranoiac, an accountant of meaningless facts all rendered sinister by the infinite connections he saw between them. Everything had meaning. A student goes home for a visit with her sick mama, meatpackers in the same town protest unsanitary conditions—hah! Clandestine meetings! Agitation! Case closed! And he smelled like a closet. You know—what's the word?—naphtha.

"But the woman, the woman was worse. He at least aspired to rationality. She was free of such bourgeois affectations. She required no theory and no evidence. She knew who the enemy was and what was to be *done*. Yes, and to do it, to frighten and compel, to put you on your knees where you belonged—that was her vocation and her pleasure."

"Where was this?"

"What?" Professor Landsman looked at Theresa as if the question were stupid or, worse, a breach of trust.

"Where did all this happen?" Theresa was caught up now, lost in what Professor Landsman was telling her. Partly it was a habit formed in the lecture hall; she was used to surrendering to Professor Landsman's voice. But in her lectures Professor Landsman was lively, even passionate, and highly particular. Her manner now was different, and this cool formality of expression, the absence of names, the featureless ground on which the story proceeded, had all somehow delivered Theresa into a fog of abstraction. She was feeling the cold as an emanation of her uncertainty. She needed to know where she was.

"What difference does it make?" Professor Landsman said. She pursed her lips. "Prague," she said in a low voice.



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Prague. Okay. Theresa read history, she knew about Prague. The Russian tanks coming in, security police beating on kids, hauling them off to prison. The president of the country kidnapped and taken to Russia. "Prague," she said. "This was 1968, right?"

"No," Professor Landsman said. "Later. It doesn't matter, it was happening all the time, and not only in Prague. This is an old story, as I say. One believes the enemy is at one's back, somewhere—perhaps closing in. Therefore one must find the enemy at any cost, and hurt him. So. The man. At first I thought I could match him at his game, using facts of my own as counters to his. But always, always, he surprised me. No sane person could have imagined what was perfectly obvious to him. His theories, expounded over hours in that horrid little room, dumbfounded

me—quite literally. He rendered me speechless. But he didn't break me. It was the woman who broke me."

"What was her name?"

"Her name? Do you think they offered their names? Even a false name would have given me some way of imagining them, addressing them. Some admission of likeness."

"You were what, 19?" Theresa said. "Just a kid."

"Save your pity for my friends," Professor Landsman said. "I sold them all out in the end. My friends, my lover, two of my professors."

At that moment the sun broke clear and thick low slants of light flooded the wet courtyard and caught both women full in the face. Professor Landsman shielded her eyes. The timing of this sunburst struck Theresa as absurdly dissonant, even mischievous. It made her a

little giddy, and then contrite to have had these feelings as Professor Landsman was telling such a sad story.

"What did she do to you, this woman?" Theresa asked, carefully shading her voice.

"Nothing. She did nothing to me." Professor Landsman sounded cross, as if she too were conscious of some disrespect in this last bright flourish of the day.

"But you said that she was the one...."

"Yes. She was the one. But really, she did nothing to me but recognize me, and reveal myself to me as I was. Do you understand? I could see it in how she looked at me, always that look of recognition, of knowing that I was a coward and would soon become her creature and that everything leading up to that point—the endless meetings, the harangues and accusations, the threats to my family, the promises—how can I describe it? As if these were rites that must be observed, honored to the full for all the pleasure and pain they could afford, but that the end was inevitable and already known to us both by the plain fact of my cowardice. That was her power, and how it reduced me! How it made me squirm! I needed only to look at her, that smile always in her eyes. She knew me. She simply made me know myself. So you see, here is one soldier you do not want in the trench with you."

"Come on," Theresa said. "It was just a technique, the way she treated you, how she made you feel—like a coward. They trained her to do that."

"No. You give them too much credit. But what if they had? It was still true."

"What happened to your friends?"

"I don't know. Doubtless they were watched. Perhaps some of them were turned. But nothing obvious—nothing I could see before I left. They like to let these things ripen." She pushed her hair back roughly with both hands and smiled. "You are thinking, Irksome woman! Why must I hear all this?"

"Don't say that." Theresa leaned toward her. The books in her bag pressed up against her belly. "Listen. Professor Landsman."

Professor Landsman held up her palm in warning. "Please, I am allergic to commiseration."

"Just listen. People can be trained to build you up, make you feel brave so you act brave. It's a regular science. Don't you think it works the other way around?"

"No matter. What happened, happened." She pushed her chair back and stood, squinting in the light. "How I've gone on! You are too patient."

Theresa stood with her. "You were 19. Now you're in your 50s, right? Do you think a person your age, with all your education, all the places you've been and the people you've known—wait, now, hear me out—do you think you should pass sentence on some kid who's scared half to death, and



"I've always suspected that stem cell research, abortion and gay marriage were responsible for global warming."



Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The verdict is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life ... repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the start and the feelings we

shared together were totally mind-blowing. And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

Finally, the other day, my curiosity took over. I had to know what brought about this drastic change. So, I asked him. To my shock, he handed me a tube of Maxoderm. I just couldn't believe this product Maxoderm was actually making him feel fuller, more virile, and way more vigorous. I did a little research and was surprised by what I found.

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all alone, and getting pushed around by creeps who really know how to do it? Would you judge your own child that way?"

"I have no child. More cowardice."

"I'm sorry. You know what I mean."

"Americans!" Professor Landsman was fumbling with the buttons of her coat. "Such faith in the future, where all shall be reconciled. Such compassion toward the past, where all may be forgiven, once understood. Really, you have no comprehension of history. Of how done it is, how historical. One may not redeem a day of it, not a moment of it, with all these empathies and tender discernments. One may only visit it as one visits a graveyard, hat in hand. One may read the inscriptions on the stones. One may not rewrite them."

Theresa shouldered her bag. "Got it. Thanks for straightening me out."

"Oh, now I've abused your kindness. I had no right to burden you with my useless old stories. You must forgive me."

"Am I allowed to?"

"Ha!" she said, and looked down, and nodded. "I would ask," she began.

"Sure," Theresa said. "Naturally. Not a word."

"Thank you."

That was when Theresa knew she would have to drop the course.

When she got home from her swim that night she made herself a tuna salad and studied her notes for an econ exam. Then, wistfully, she leafed through her art history textbook, *Gardner's Art Through the Ages*, lingering over Fra Angelico's *Annunciation*. At first her eyes were drawn to the angel, that radiance, that almost wild look of joy and promise, but it was Mary's expression that held her—accepting, yes, but sorrowful too, as if she already knew what was to befall her child in this world.

Theresa's son was good about writing, but tonight there had been nothing. She went back to the computer—still nothing. She opened his last two e-mails and read and reread them. Here, running through the joking, witty accounts of his days and tasks, of challenges overcome, were the names of his new friends, fondly repeated, and the

modest pride he took in their respect. A bookish, reticent boy in high school, he was discovering that he could be tough and competent. A man others could rely on—even look up to. Theresa was glad for all that, though she knew none of it would necessarily save him in the end. The big thing was to be lucky. Most were, after all; most came home alive—almost everyone. The odds were on his side, and so on hers. She kept this thought close by. She often had need of it.

But tonight she felt another fear, worse in its way, because there were no odds to set against it. Not what might happen to him, but what he might become. Soon enough he would be among strange people who would hate him on sight. Any of them might be meaning to kill him. In the face of so much hatred and danger, how could he escape feeling hatred himself? For all of them? Theresa had seen how the young men looked after a few months in that place; she knew how they talked, and the silences that opened up between them.

Her son was already learning the pleasure of being strong, and the special pleasure of being stronger than others. He'd been skinny and shy when young, and from sixth grade to seventh the bullying had gotten so nasty that she'd had to go to the principal of his school. She hadn't thought of it for some time, but tonight Theresa remembered the look on his face after one of the bad days—the blackness of his bitterness and shame. When he came into power now over those who hated him and frightened him, how would he resist putting them on their knees, making them squirm? And then what? What would happen in some little room where hatred and power and fear came together, and there was nobody to say no? Her boy had a good heart. He had a soul. For the first time, she feared that he might lose it.

Theresa wanted to warn him, but the light, merry tone of their correspondence had become a sort of rule between them. She would have to break it, to trespass. She didn't have the words now, but she would find them. He wouldn't like it. He'd be insulted. Good—then he might remember, when that day came.

She looked again at the Fra Angelico before getting up from her desk. No, by God, she would not drop the class. She would sit toward the front of the lecture hall as she always did, and if it bothered Professor Landsman to have Theresa there, watching her, listening to her pronouncements, all the while knowing what she knew, whose fault was that? Professor Landsman had a job to do. If she was uneasy, she would just have to find a way through her unease, or get used to it, like everyone else.



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PLAYMATE NEWS



MAKING WAVES

Nestled among the mansions in Malibu's storied hills sits Pepperdine University, a small liberal-arts institution with a yen for baseball. The school's talented varsity team has attracted the attention of a certain attention-attracting neighbor, Pamela

She has hosted team barbecues at her Malibu home, and at the team's annual Big League Golf Experience tournament fund-raiser, a date with the Playmate was auctioned off. In addition, she provides a little manpower to the squad: Her sons, Brandon, 11, and Dylan, 9, are bat-



Anderson, Miss February 1990 regularly appears in the Waves' bleachers to the delight of the home and visiting play-

Pam Anderson supports her home team, the Pepperdine Waves, located in Malibu, California. The team is a perennial powerhouse in college baseball.

ers. "Every time we play a team from out of state, one of the first things they ask is, 'Where does Pam sit?'" says outfielder Luke Salas. "Umpires always ask about Pam too, in hopes they can get a date." (How about keeping your eye on the ball, Ump?)

Besides attending games, Pam has also been a closely involved booster.

boys. Pam's patronage started when coach Steve Rodriguez approached her about a new scoreboard. "She's done an amazing job for us with our fund-raising and just being a friend to the team," Rodriguez has said. The Waves started the 2007 season ranked 19th nationally and made

it to their fifth consecutive NCAA tournament. Unfortunately, Pam's golden touch wasn't enough to bring them the title: Long Beach State cut the Waves' 24th postseason appearance short with a 6-3 win. Still, we'd argue that a BBQ at Pam's place is a brilliant compensation for a disappointing postseason.

40 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Miss September 1967 **Angela Dorian** was already a rising starlet before her appearance in *PLAYBOY*. Following



her pictorial, the 1968 Playmate of the Year appeared on some of the era's most emblematic TV shows: *Batman*, *Star Trek* and *Mission: Impossible*. In April 1984 she returned to the magazine for the *Playmates Forever! Part Two* pictorial.

LOOSE LIPS

"On our first date, on a Thursday, I was a good girl. We had our first kiss. Then we went out Friday night, and I didn't come home until Monday morning."

—Christina Santiago



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

The word *luncheon* conjures an image of decorous ladies picking at chicken salad while discussing antiques. Not so with the annual Playmate of the Year luncheon at the Mansion. Its first purpose, of course, is to announce the PMOY. But it also gives Playmates an opportunity to get dolled up in their garden-party sexiest. From left: Janine Habeck, Jordan Monroe, Hiromi Oshima, Cassandra Lynn and, passing the torch, PMOY 2006 Kara Monaco.



HOT SHOT



KIMBERLY HOLLAND

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Kenny Johnson

—from *Saving Grace*

"Marilyn Monroe is my all-time favorite Playmate. There's such a mystique about her. She mixes sexiness with purity and



innocence. My closest brush with her was when I was a volunteer counselor at the Hollygrove orphanage, where she once lived, in L.A."

POP QUESTIONS: ALISON WAITE

Q: Tell us about the Playmate dorm, where you live.

A: It's not really a dorm. We call it the Bunny House, and it's right across the street from the Mansion. It's just myself and three other girls, Sara Jean Underwood, Janine Habeck and Cristal Camden. I'm so grateful for the opportunity to live there.

Q: What's your favorite part of the house?

A: I like the art. It has a lot of the old PLAYBOY covers, and there is work by Victoria Fuller in my bedroom.

Q: What has been the best part of living there?

A: Getting to hang out with Hef's girl-

friends. They live across the street, and they're good friends of ours. We'll have girls' night or watch *America's Next Top Model* up in Hef's bed when he has family night.

Q: What happens during an average day?

A: Well, we don't lounge by the pool all day. We are definitely working for Playboy a lot, representing the brand. We do a lot of stuff at the Palms in Las Vegas, as well as golf tournaments and Playboy Racing.

Q: Do you ever do dinners at home?

A: Honestly, we don't use the kitchen much. I mostly use the microwave and make tea. But I think I made a frozen pizza. Once.



CHEMISTRY AND PHYSIQUES



When Oregon State University alum Sara Jean Underwood was named Playmate of the Year this spring, a columnist for the OSU *Daily Barometer* put forth a few intriguing propositions. Among them, he suggested archiving the PLAYBOY issues in which Sara Jean appears alongside chemist Linus Pauling's two Nobel Prizes. (Pauling was also an alum.) The writer then queries, "Where is her banner? Where is her parade? Why doesn't she have a building named after her?" Second that.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Photographer Lawrence Schiller hosted the opening of his exhibition titled Marilyn Monroe 12 at New York's Pop International Galleries featuring limited-edition prints of Centerfold number one.... Miss November 2002 Serria Tawan is running a web-based dating advice and coaching service called Ask Serria.com.... Miss January 2007 Jayde Nicole is looking hot on the cover of *American Curves* magazine's Swimsuits 2007 issue.... Miss November 1992 Stephanie Adams has a new calendar titled *Goddess 2008*.... Miss August 2003 Colleen Marie anted up for the Poker4Life charity tournament in New York, where she auctioned off items adorned with her lovely visage and donated the proceeds.... PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon and athletes from *IFL Battleground* met the crew of the *USS Wasp* during Fleet Week in New York City.... On-screen, PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy appears in *Witless Protection*, Miss July 1996 Angel

Cover girl Jayde Nicole.

charity tournament in New York, where she auctioned off items adorned with her lovely visage and donated the proceeds.... PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon and athletes from *IFL Battleground* met the crew of the *USS Wasp* during Fleet Week in New York City.... On-screen, PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy appears in *Witless Protection*, Miss July 1996 Angel



Smooth sailing: Tiffany visits the USS Wasp.

Boris in *The Still Life*, Miss February 1999 Stacy Fuson in *Fast Glass*, and Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott, Miss March 2006 Monica Leigh and Miss September 2006 Janine Habeck in *American Summer*. Hardworking Miss January 2001 Irina Voronina appears in *Nothing Is Private*, *Balls of Fury*, *The Casino Job* and *Fast Glass*.

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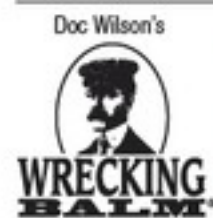
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I was crazy about David Bowie for a number of years. I used to dye my hair and all of that.

actor." The teacher encouraged the others to laugh, and the general attitude was like "Lots of people want to be actors. Lots of people want to play guitar. But get real." Once I did it, acting was what I wanted to do. All I wanted to do. I've never wavered from that since. If someone were to ask, "What else would you have done?" I'd have to say, "I'd be fucked."

PLAYBOY: Your father deserted your family when you were three. What impact did that have on you?

OWEN: Only that I'll make sure I'm around for my kids. That's very important to me.

PLAYBOY: You didn't meet your father again until you were in your early 20s. Are you in touch now?

OWEN: Yeah, we still are.

PLAYBOY: You seem suddenly uncomfortable now that we're talking about your dad.

OWEN: I have no trouble talking about my work. But the other stuff...

PLAYBOY: He played country music. Did that make you like it or loathe it?

OWEN: No, I can listen to it. I'm fine with it.

PLAYBOY: We'll change the subject. Who was the first girl to win your heart?

OWEN: She was a very beautiful girl—a

very lovely, beautiful girl, a local girl. I was 17. It was not a long romance. She was someone I acted with.

PLAYBOY: As a young man, were you more the heartbreaker or the heartbroken?

OWEN: I remember being in my early 20s and with a girl, and when we split up it was painful and horrible. But I don't know.

PLAYBOY: Growing up, did you style yourself after any particular pop-culture icons?

OWEN: I was crazy about David Bowie for a number of years—absolutely crazy about him. He was all I would listen to. I still listen because he is just amazing. Bowie was the man for me in my teens. I used to dye my hair and all of that. I'd dress like him. I owned every album on vinyl the guy had ever released—bootlegs, everything. I was pretty crazy then. Many years later I met him and his wife, Iman, at one of his concerts when I went backstage. I was very nervous, but he was great, and his wife is lovely as well. The idea that he's still putting out innovative, special music—he's had an incredible career.

PLAYBOY: Did you graduate from high school after flunking your last two years of classes?

OWEN: I was lucky. A woman who ran

one of the departments told the school officials, "Clive fucked up, but we should let him retake all his exams," which was unheard of, but they said yes. Then she said to me, "You've got to go to drama school." But I was an arrogant little cretin and said, "You can't teach people to act." This was me back then. She ended up encouraging me to apply. I left school and left home and in the next few weeks got into drama school. It was a big deal because it was one for which your local council paid your tuition, subsistence money, everything. Those were the glory days. Where have they gone?

PLAYBOY: Did you jump at the opportunity?

OWEN: Nope. One day I just said, "I'm not going to this drama school." Everyone freaked out: "You're crazy. This is your chance." Cut to two years later: All I'd done was collect unemployment. I stopped doing the youth theater thing. I was doing nothing.

PLAYBOY: It's rumored you were a pool hustler. Was your life anything like the Paul Newman film *The Hustler*?

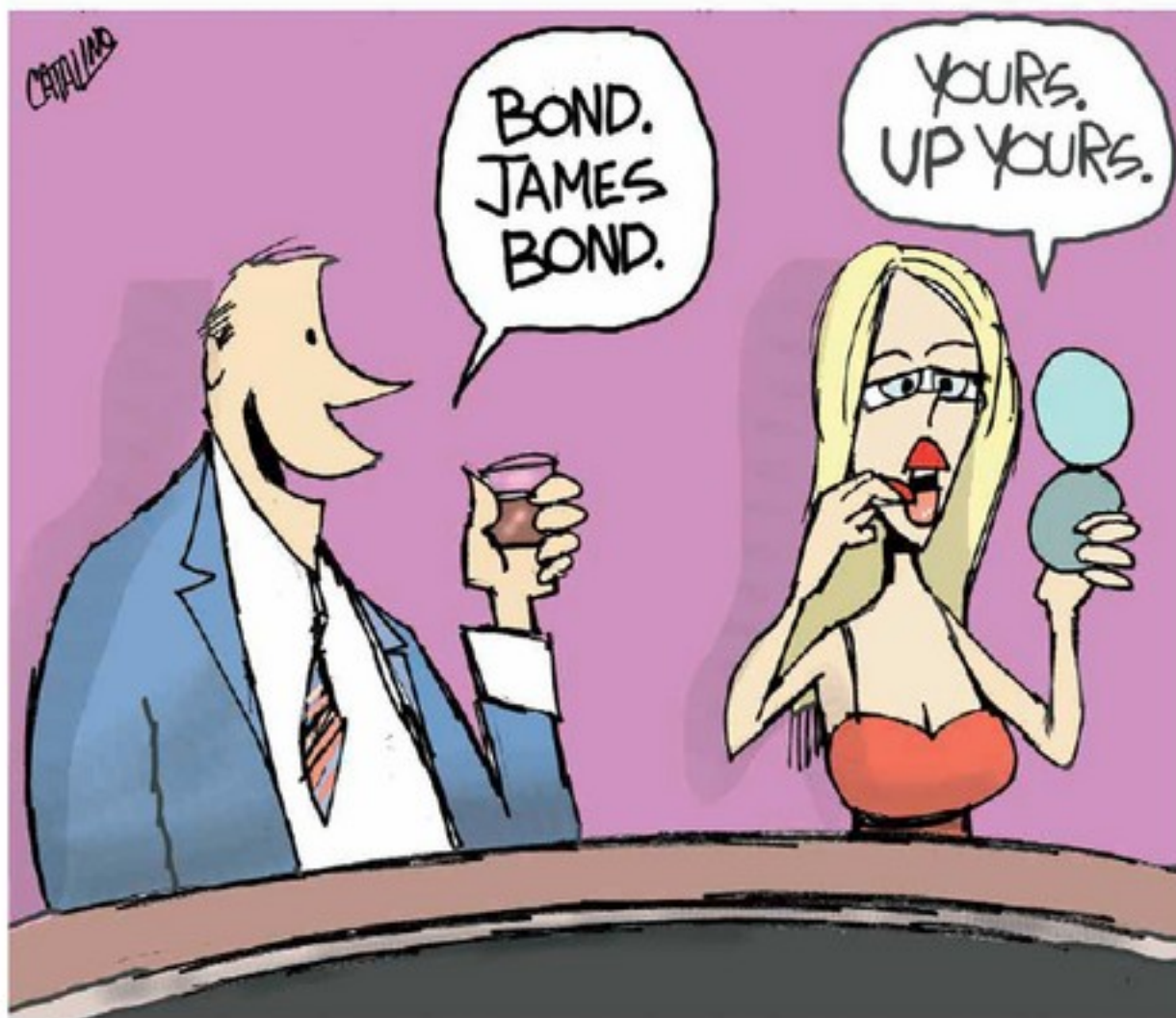
OWEN: I wasn't a pool hustler, but I played pool, yeah. I was good because I played a lot, but I wasn't in the world of *The Hustler*. I've watched some of the greatest movies, and that one and those performances are just brilliant. You hold that film against its sequel, *The Color of Money*, and the first remains a phenomenal piece of work.

PLAYBOY: So how were you making money then?

OWEN: Outside of collecting unemployment, I wasn't. Finally, I said, "What the fuck am I going to do?" Somehow I summoned up the energy it took to apply to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. I'm sure a huge part of my getting in had to do with the luck of my having been directed in Coventry by a supremely talented guy who had gone on to run the Royal Shakespeare Company.

PLAYBOY: In 1984, as a young, good-looking, talented kid from a working-class family, now on the loose and studying in London, did you find yourself surrounded by beautiful, available young women?

OWEN: Being at school in London, I had the most fantastic, exciting time because suddenly you're in an environment where everybody has the same passion as you. It was three years of just exploring, learning and indulging, with none of the pressures of trying to get a job or a part. You just go *bang, bang, bang*, and the first couple of shows are done in-house, and then you're shot out to the public. I had joined the Young Vic company, and while I was in a touring production of *Romeo and Juliet*, I met my wife-to-be, Sarah-Jane Fenton, who was playing Juliet to my Romeo. I got married; I had a great time. But that's the



problem with tabloids. When you start to have big success on TV, you start to get some stuff written about you in the press and everything. Those kinds of rumors happened only once I had graduated, worked a lot in theater and started to play big parts on TV. It's never directly related to the way people are. When you play big parts, you get attention in that way. I don't think it's necessarily related to hard-core reality.

PLAYBOY: Having co-starred with stunning women like Julia Roberts, Natalie Portman, Jennifer Aniston, Angelina Jolie and Cate Blanchett, how have you handled on-set temptation?

OWEN: There is sort of a perceived notion that actors are fucking each other all the time.

PLAYBOY: They're not?

OWEN: I'm not sure that's the reality, no. I so value what I've got at home with my wife and kids that I've never fucked with that. For me, that's what it's about. I've had some great times with actresses, but that's in a movie. It's a fun thing to do, but it's not love. So I never have a problem with that. Even sex scenes are very straightforward. You've got things to accomplish, work to do. I find the thing to do in those situations is to just keep the atmosphere as light as possible.

PLAYBOY: What makes you seem to do so well in a committed marital relationship when other actors don't?

OWEN: My relationship is everything to me. I'm completely fulfilled with my career. I'm often doing incredibly exciting plays and films, but that would mean nothing if I were floating around and didn't have a solid family behind me. Sarah-Jane is an absolute diamond. She's incredibly grounded. I have to drag her out to a premiere. Having been an actress herself, she knows a lot about the work and scripts and will always steer me toward quality. Our daughters are 10 and seven right now; she's got the VW camper van, and they're out together camping. She grounds them in a very real place, and for me, it's perfect to have that to go home to. We've been together forever. Relationships evolve and change and develop because things happen. You have to adapt and see where you're at, but we're still as tight as we ever were.

PLAYBOY: How have international fame and recognition impacted your ability to just hang out?

OWEN: There's no question that being recognized is part of my life. You just don't breeze out into ridiculous situations and environments. I go about my business and don't draw attention to myself. You know you're going to be recognized, but it doesn't have to stop you from doing anything. I'd argue that the biggest film star could go into a

north London pub, sit quietly in a corner, have a few pints and not get too much hassle if he did it in a certain way. If you come in acting like a big-shot film star, maybe you'll get a bit of attention, but I can go under the radar.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned the hit *Sin City* earlier. Will you do a sequel?

OWEN: I was a huge fan of that film. There's been so much talk about a sequel, and it just goes on and on. I saw Robert Rodriguez, the director, not too long ago, and I think the project is out there in the ether, but when it comes to actually pinning the thing down, I don't think it's been done at all.

PLAYBOY: In the great *Children of Men*, you play a burned-out former political activist. Are you politically active?

OWEN: Not wildly, actively political, no. I'm involved with a number of charities. I'm a patron of the Harwich Electric Palace Cinema, which is a completely intact theater from 1911 in desperate need of restoration. The place is special, just invaluable. I've fallen in love with it.

PLAYBOY: In the opinion of many critics, *Children of Men* didn't find the audience it deserved. Does box-office success matter to you?

OWEN: We got pretty phenomenal reviews and a lot of respect for a film that is highly original, daring and ambitious. At the time, I was reading other scripts with roles that were great and absolutely clear. With *Children of Men* I didn't quite know my way into the character I played, but I was such a fan of the director, Alfonso Cuarón, I just thought, I want to go on this journey with him. I said no to Spike Lee at first on *Inside Man* because in it I would walk into a bank, put on a mask and wear it most of the time. He said, "I've got Denzel to play the cop. Does this change anything?" Denzel Washington is one of the greatest actors out there, so that did change things. I'm so glad I did it, because I had a great time, and it was an entertaining film. Spike, who has become a good friend, is a phenomenal talent. I love his attitude. They're still talking about doing another *Inside Man*. I've had a lot of choices in the past few years and made some very big decisions, but it would be wrong to talk about specific films I turned down, some of which were hugely successful. That makes absolutely no difference to me, because I have my reasons for doing every film I do. I stand by them, and those are the choices I've made.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything missing in your life?

OWEN: No, I've not very much to be unhappy about. I mean, I'm not always going around happy and carefree, but things are very good. I feel like I've got everything—literally everything.



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Grapevine



Pleased to Mischa

It's possible you've never seen a MISCHA BARTON movie or TV show (excepting juvenilia like *The Sixth Sense* and *Notting Hill*). Indeed, why would you? They're all about teen lesbians, teen seductresses and poor little rich seductress lesbians. *Bo-ring!*

GEORGINA LINDA PRESS

Carrere Firma

This month's installment of "No shit, she's 40" stars TIA CARRERE. In 2007 she returned to TV (appearances on *Nip/Tuck* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm*) and released an album of Hawaiian music. So that's a couple more things she can be proud of.



REBRACES

She's OK, They're OK

Model LENE ALEXANDRA reached the number five spot on Norway's pop charts with the chant-along single "My Boobs Are OK"—hands down the understatement of the year by a Norwegian. Go to playboy.com/lene to see the bizarre video and that of the parody song "My Balls Are OK."



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Thumbs Up

As you would expect, NICOLE SCHERZINGER looks as good in a string bikini as she does in her Pussycat Doll haute sluture. There's plenty to love about Nic, whether you're an ass man or a tit man. Or, like this dude, a colon man.



Crazy Like a Fox

Just when we thought train-wreck hairless wonder BRITNEY SPEARS would never make *Grapevine* again, she shows up in Miami in a diaphanous top, looking glamorous and more than a little MILFy.



Making Grown Men Cry

Model-actress AYANNA has had blink-and-you'll-miss-her spots on *Without a Trace*, *Numbers* and *NCIS*. We hope she gets more screen time—we all gotta blink.

CARRYING ON

Gentlemen understand flasks, in particular how handy they are when traveling. But as an icebreaker, offering the comely stranger in your *couchette* a swig will get you a dirty look at best. Instead, stuff this mini travel bar from Picnic at Ascot (\$45, picnicatascot.com) into your duffel. It comes with a flask, funnel, stir stick, tongs, corkscrew and two collapsible shot cups in brushed stainless steel. We think you'll find "May I pour you a drink?" is far more becoming than "Ya wanna pull?"



WORTH 1K WORDS

Computer makers do incredible, amazing, jaw-dropping things with the design inside their products. Outside their products, not so much. Which is why we love GelaSkins (from \$13, gelaskins.com). These protective skins feature fresh, vivid art from everyone from Escher and Bosch up to today's downtown scenesters. (Stella Im Hultberg and Ralph Steadman are shown below.) Now you can dress your notebook and iPod in a style as spectacular as the technological wonders they contain.



KEEPING THINGS WELL IN HAND

Consumer HD camcorders have been around for a while, but toting the behemoths always makes us feel as if we're interning for Cecil B. DeMille. JVC comes to the rescue with its GZ-HD7 (\$1,800, jvc.com), which features a full-fledged 3CCD sensor and shoots in 1920-by-1080 widescreen HD. Part of JVC's Everio line, it stores video on a built-in 60-gigabyte hard drive—enough space for five hours of full HD. It won't fit in your pocket, but it also won't force you to wear a back brace.



SHIP CLIPPER

When the Swiss Alinghi sailing team won the America's Cup in 2003, it took the trophy to Europe for the first time in 152 years. As the team defended its historic victory this year, each member carried a very specialized piece of gear. Wenger, the Swiss Army knife people, created the Wenger Alinghi (\$135, wengerna.com) with a sailor's needs in mind. It features pliers, a wire cutter, a ruler, three screwdrivers, a 10-centimeter combination serrated-and-smooth blade and more. For us landlubbers it also has a bottle opener for popping beers while we watch the races on TV. And whatever you do, don't call it a Swiss Navy knife.

FOR A STARS-AND-STRIPES MARTINI...

Bourbon from London would be weird. But American-made gin? Delightful. Pictured from left: North Shore Distillery Distiller's Gin No. 6 (\$28, northshoredistillery.com) is a floral-toned gin from suburban Chicago. Bluecoat American Dry Gin (\$28, bluecoatgin.com), from Philly, has spicier notes. DH Krahn (\$28, dhkrahn.com), the smoothest of the three, began as a business-school project by two Cornell students. A+.



NEW OLD FLAME

Quality, simplicity and style have made Zippo an American icon and kept its lighters beloved in both the marketplace and pop culture for 75 years. Now, in its diamond anniversary year, the company has produced its first-ever pressurized blue-flame lighter, the Zippo BLU (\$40 to \$80, zippoblu.com). Don't worry: The snap-open top and flint wheel are still there, as is the lifetime guarantee.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 121.

WATCHING IN STYLE

It's getting hard to find a gadget that *doesn't* play MP3s and videos. Still, iRiver's sleek Clix Gen 2 (iriver.com) is one of the most elegant around. Like its lovely predecessor, the Clix Gen 2 uses a tilting screen to let you navigate simply and intuitively, without buttons. This slick update is about thinness, however, and sports larger storage sizes (two gigabytes for \$150, four for \$200 and eight for \$250), not to mention a screen you can watch a movie on without going blind. Other features include basic games, FM radio and the ability to display pictures.



ZE SEX KITTEN

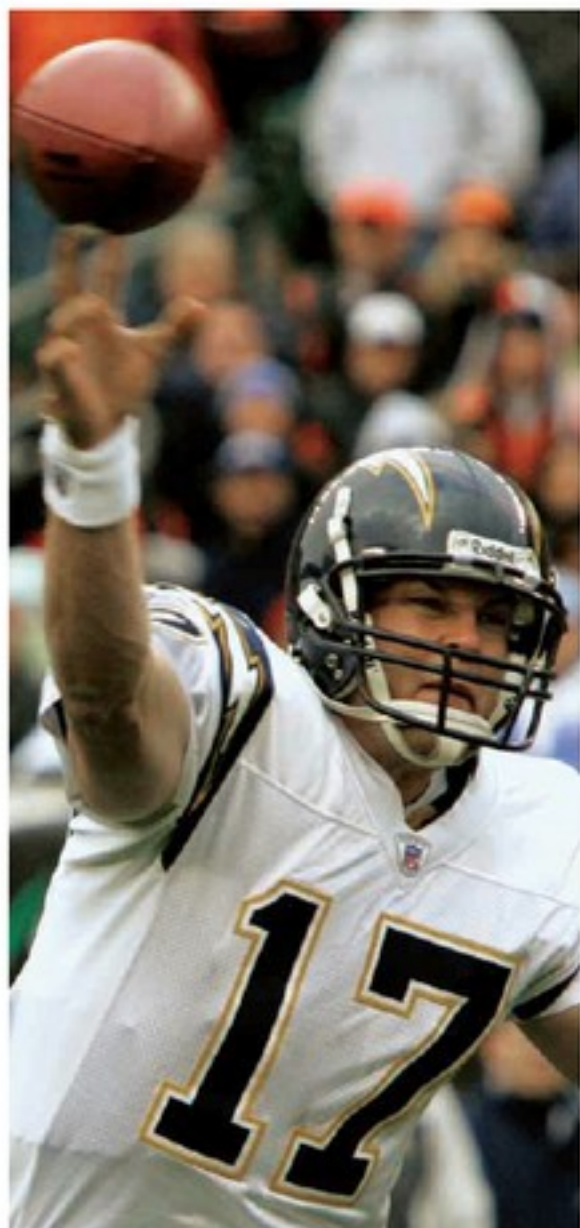
Every nation has an avatar of beauty through whom it defines itself. We have Monroe, the Italians have Loren, the Swedes Ekberg. The French, of course, have Bardot. The three-disc *Brigitte Bardot 5-Film Collection* (\$40) contains examples from across her career—*Naughty Girl*, *Come Dance With Me!*, *Love on a Pillow*, *Two Weeks in September* and *The Vixen*—plus extras. If after viewing you're unconvinced by the French candidate's merits, *peut-être tu es mort*.

TECH BUZZ

We love a blade against the skin, but the gadgethead in us can't resist the shiny, humming toys that promise to keep us looking sharp. Braun's rechargeable Pulsonic 9595 (\$270, braun.com) provides a great excuse to geek out over stubble removal. Along with its streamlined looks, the Pulsonic can micro-vibrate more than 10,000 times a minute. That motion promises to make your stubble stand up straighter, allowing the razor to cut closer. The Gillette-blade head has an expanded pivoting range, and to keep things running smoothly, the dock cleans, lubricates, dries and charges the unit. It's a fact: Technology hates whiskers.



Next Month



NFL PREVIEW.



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KEITH OLBERMANN—THE FORMER *SPORTSCENTER* ANCHOR AND CURRENT HOST OF MSNBC'S *COUNTDOWN* HAS BEEN LEADING THE CHARGE AGAINST THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION AND SPANKING RIGHT-WING APOLOGIST BILL O'REILLY AT EVERY OPPORTUNITY. A *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH **KEVIN COOK**

STUDENTS ON STUDENTS—*PLAYBOY* INVITES FEMALE SEX COLUMNISTS AT VARIOUS INSTITUTIONS OF HIGHER LEARNING TO DISCUSS THE INSIDE STORY OF THE SEX LIVES OF MEN AND WOMEN ON CAMPUS TODAY.

PRO FOOTBALL PREVIEW—LAST YEAR MANNING BROKE THE CURSE IN INDY AND HESTER GAVE CHICAGO A FRESH SWAGGER, BUT NOW IT'S A WHOLE NEW SEASON. WE PREDICT WHO'S A LOCK, WHO WILL SHOCK AND WHO WILL ROCK IN PHOENIX IN FEBRUARY.

ALI LARTER—THE JERSEY GIRL WITH THE SPLIT PERSONALITY FROM *HEROES* REVEALS HOW SHE STUMBLED INTO SHOW BUSINESS, WHY SHE CAN'T RESPECT A MAN WHO ISN'T INTO SPORTS AND HER FAVORITE KIND OF UNDIES. 20Q BY **DAVID RENSIN**

ALICIA MACHADO—THE FORMER MISS UNIVERSE CAUSED A STIR WHEN SHE APPEARED IN THE MEXICAN EDITION OF *PLAYBOY*. WE ESCORT HER UP NORTH FOR A *MUY CALIENTE* PICTORIAL.

LIZARD MAN—*PLAYBOY*'S 2007 COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER, **DAVID JAMES POISSANT** FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA, TELLS A STORY OF TWO LONGTIME FRIENDS. ONE HAS AN ESTRANGED FATHER, THE OTHER AN ESTRANGED SON. WHEN THEY RETURN TO THE FATHER'S HOUSE TO RECOVER SOMETHING RARE, THEY INSTEAD DISCOVER SOMETHING UNEXPECTED.

CHILDREN OF THE COMMUNE—AN EX-COMMUNARD TRACKS DOWN THE ADULT OFFSPRING OF HIPPIE COMMUNE DWELLERS FROM THE 1960S AND 1970S. HE FINDS THE FLOWER CHILDREN'S PROGENY HAVE BLOOMED IN MYRIAD AND SURPRISING WAYS. SOME ARE CAPITALISTS, MAN! MONOGAMOUS CAPITALISTS! BY **DAVID BLACK**

SOMETHING BREWING—IN HONOR OF OKTOBERFEST, WE DELVE INTO ALL THINGS BEER WITH A GUIDE TO THE BEST AMERICAN MICROBREWS, A DIRECTORY OF SUDSY NOMENCLATURE AND AN ANNOTATED HISTORY OF THE ST. PAULI GIRL. WE'LL DRINK TO THAT.

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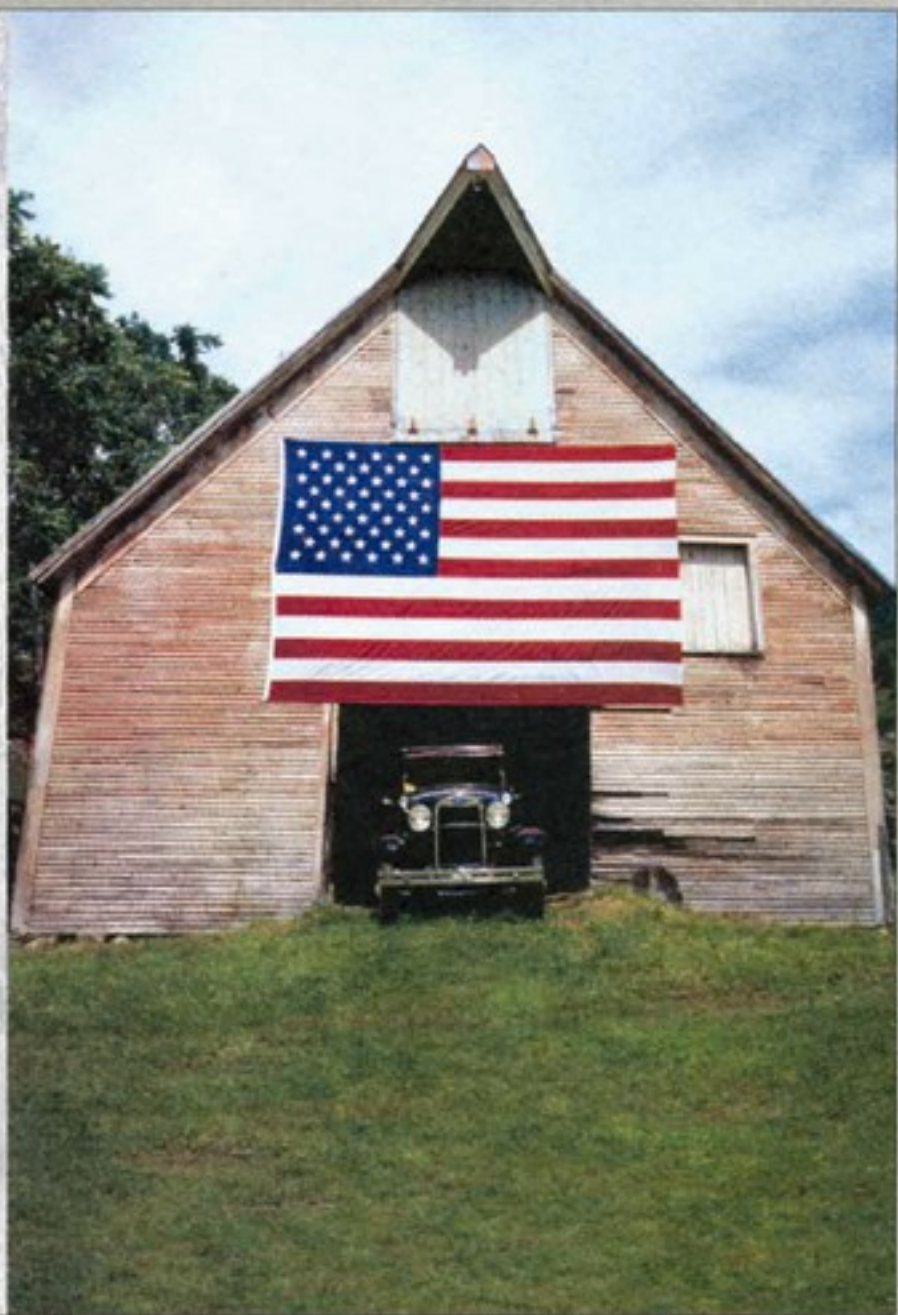


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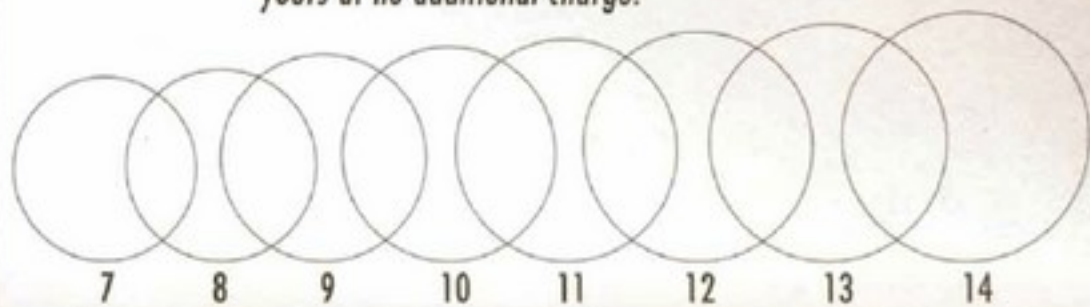
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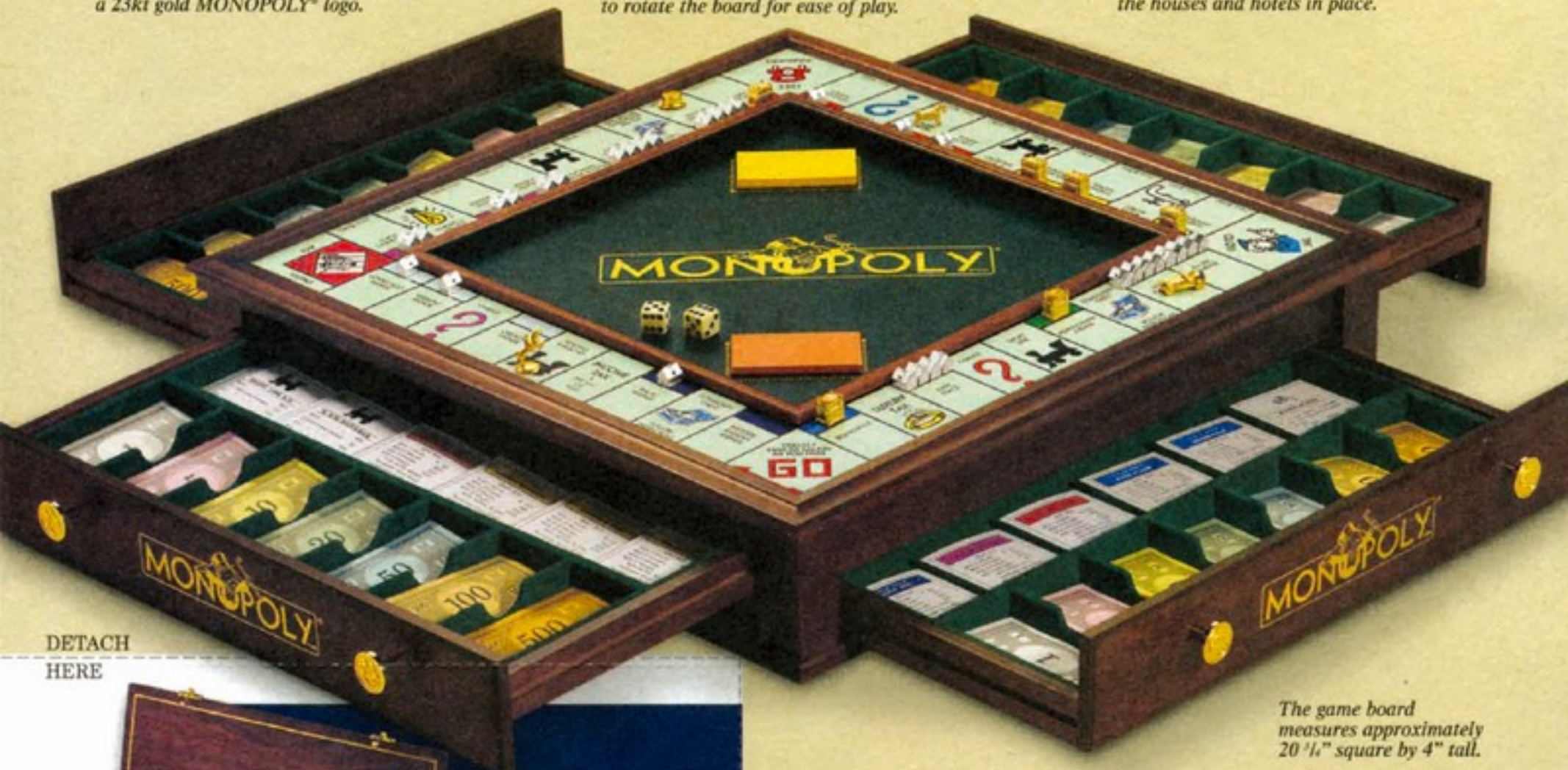


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