

RED-HOT & SPICY: THE WOMEN OF HOOTERS

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR

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**20<sup>Q</sup>**  
THE FETCHING  
**RACHEL  
BILSON**

THE REAL  
SHEENA  
**QUEEN OF  
THE JUNGLE**  
**IRISH**  
**McCALLA**

THE  
**COUNTRY'S  
SMARTEST**  
**COP**



**SEX**  
**IN AMERICA**  
**ISSUE** A DARING  
NEW SURVEY

INTERVIEW  
**MATTHEW  
McCONAUGHEY**  
SHIRT'S ON,  
MOUTHS OFF

**DESIGNER**  
**OF THE YEAR**

THE  
**STRIPPER**  
GIRLFRIEND

TIFFANY FALLON  
AS WONDER WOMAN



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You know the painted lady on our cover as Playmate of the Year 2005 **Tiffany Fallon**, but to usher you into the cover story, *Sex in America*, we recast her as that champion of truth, justice and American sensuality, Wonder Woman. Tiffany, a modern-day Lynda Carter, has been honing her TV skills. She appeared on *The Simple Life* with Paris Hilton, became a weekly co-host for the International Fight League's *Battle-ground* and accompanied her country music star husband, Joe Don Rooney of Rascal Flatts (*Still Feels Good* is in stores now), to numerous award shows. What's next? "I've been filming *The Celebrity Apprentice*," says Tiffany. "At first I was intimidated because I was one of the youngest contestants. But I brought a fresh outlook to the tasks. I can't tell you much more; you'll have to watch." If this wonderful woman is involved, we'll have our eyes glued.



*Peace Through Pole Dancing* sounds like your favorite charity, but the article is comedian **Patton Oswalt**'s argument for requiring every man to date a stripper. While he files for nonprofit status, check out his album *Werewolves and Lollipops* and his essay in Ben Karlin's book *Things I've Learned From Women Who've Dumped Me*. "I dated a stripper," Oswalt says. "When you meet a normal woman you think, Wow, she doesn't throw things!"



"I wanted to capture **Bill Bratton** in the style of the old pulp magazines and dime novels," says illustrator **Ryan Heshka**, who depicted America's top cop as Philip Marlowe with a badge for *Saving Los Angeles*. "Especially because L.A.'s police force has had such notorious corruption issues," he continues, "I hope this piece conveys the incredible influence and power Bratton has to get underneath it all and dig up the bad seeds."



Pollster **Frank Luntz** took a break from corporate questioning to conduct and analyze data for *Sex in America*. The poll crossed party lines to enter bedrooms of all political stripes and revealed less separation on sexual matters than we might have anticipated. "Democrats see themselves as adventurous, and Republicans come off as stuffy and dull," Luntz says. "But Republicans are having a pretty good time. Who would have thought?"



"Before **Tomas Maier** (right) took the design reins at Bottega Veneta, the most likely place to find the brand was in your girlfriend's closet," says Fashion Director **Joseph De Acetis** (left). "But this genius from Germany has brought high-quality menswear to the luxury label." Maier's understated yet innovative look caught the eye of De Acetis, who upon inspection of his spring and summer lines chose Maier for *Playboy's Designer of the Year*. "He uses subtle colors, and that speaks volumes about his confidence as a designer," De Acetis says. "Some brands prominently display their logo on their pieces. Who wants to look like a walking billboard? Not the Playboy man." For the shoot at the Mar-a-Lago Club in Palm Beach, we sent legendary photographer Harry Benson, a man whose work Maier has admired for some time.

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# PLAYBOY

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### COVER STORY

It may seem as if there is little or no consensus on matters of politics today in America, but our exclusive nationwide Politics of Sex survey shows a country united by similar sexual views. Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag catches painted Playmate of the Year 2005 Tiffany Fallon portraying Wonder Woman; our Rabbit is ready to take a bullet for personal freedom.



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BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

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this month on playboy.com

### MAGAZINE BLOG

News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors. [playboy.com/blog](http://playboy.com/blog)

### PMOY

Vote for your favorite Centerfold of 2007. [playboy.com/pmoy](http://playboy.com/pmoy)

### THE 21ST QUESTION

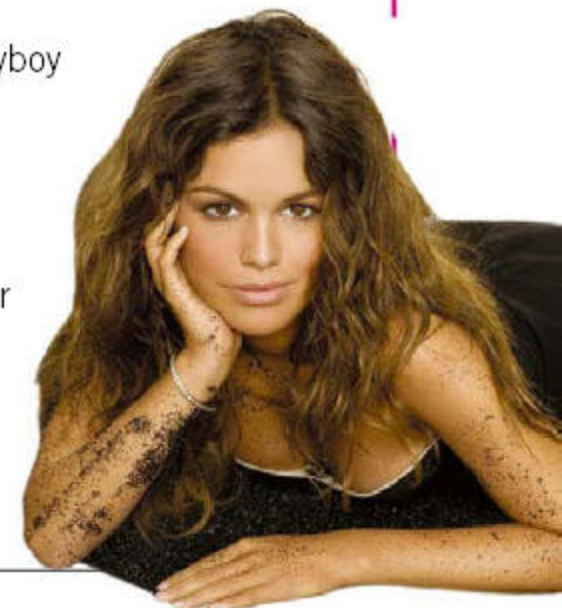
One more quip from red-hot rising star Rachel Bilson. [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q)

### FIRE DOWN BELOW

What every man should know about her most private part. [playboy.com/sex](http://playboy.com/sex)

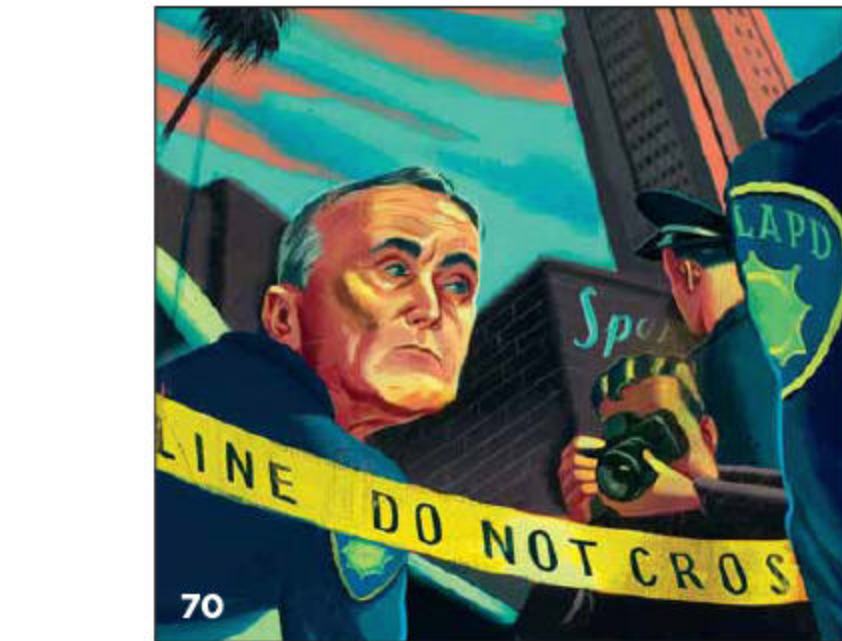
### PLAYMATE XTRA

New pictorials and video of your favorite Playmates every month. [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com)



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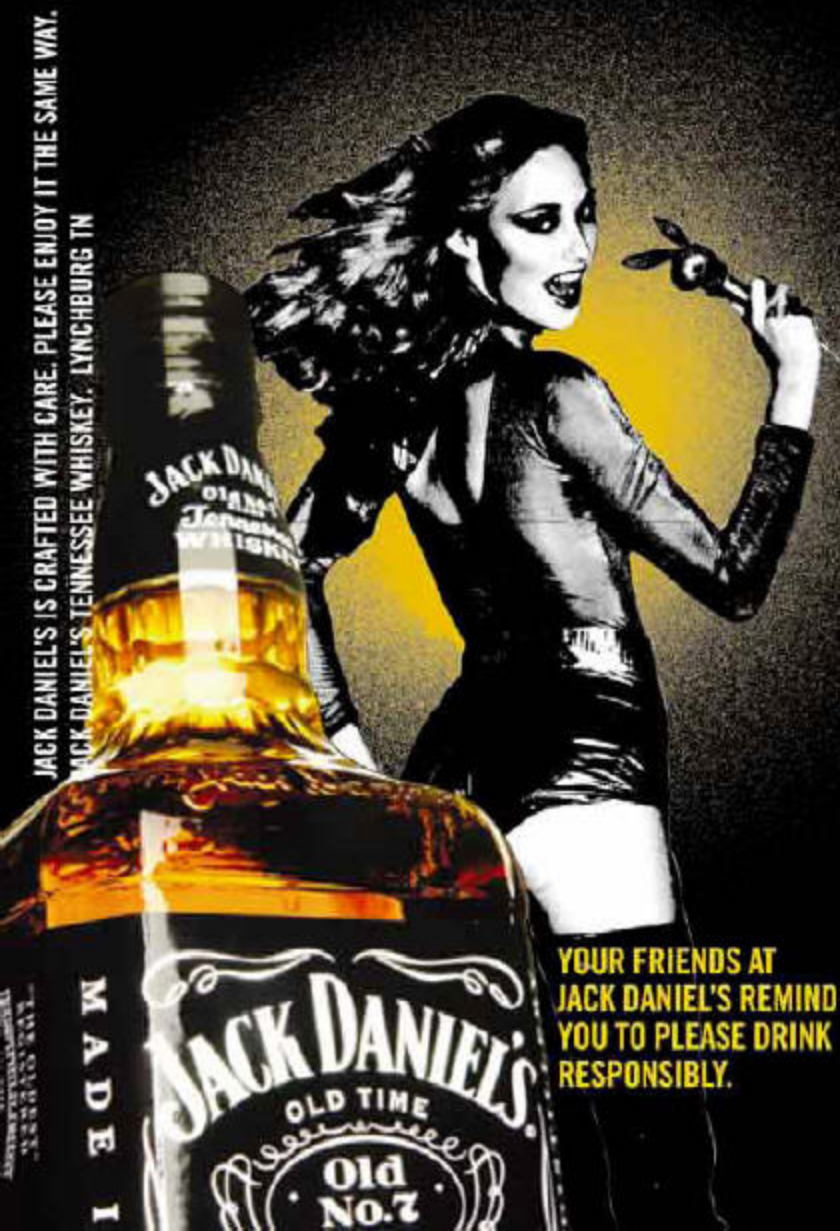
# ROAD TO TO Rock the Rabbit

As long as there has been Jack Daniel's, there has been music to go along with it. Jack Daniel's goes behind the scenes with Playboy this month as we select artists for Rock the Rabbit 2008.



[www.rocktherabbit.com](http://www.rocktherabbit.com)

See how the bands are selected, take a sneak peek at this year's artists and watch footage from the photo shoot. Check back in March to see who made the final cut.



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# FREAKY FRIGHT FEST



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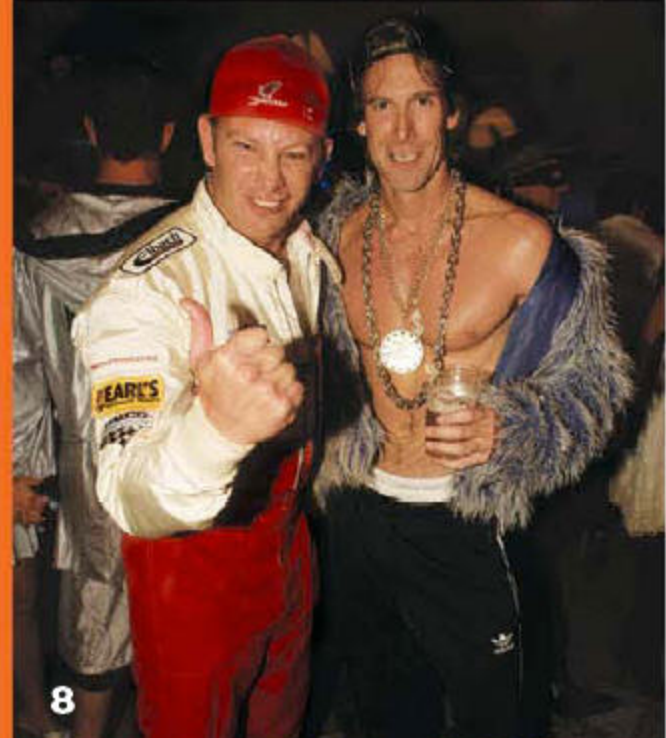


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Although ghosts and goblins are great, we simply can't imagine a Halloween without Centerfolds, celebrities and Painted Ladies. Both the spooky and the sexy haunted Hef's house for the holiday. (1) The Playmates display their creepy creations on Pumpkin Carving Night. (2) Danny Bonaduce, Teresa Strasser, Adam Carolla and David Alan Grier at Carolla's Blotto in the Grotto costume party, broadcast from the Mansion. (3) Care for a dip? (4) That devil Hef with Nicky and Paris Hilton at his Mansion Halloween Party. (5) PLAYBOY cover girl Joanie "Chyna" Laurer and rocker Fred Durst. (6) *Shark* star James Woods and actress Ashley Madison. (7) Larry Birkhead, father of Anna Nicole Smith's daughter, Dannielynn, with the host. (8) Actor Ian Ziering and *Transformers* director Michael Bay. (9) Partying pugilists Mia St. John and Mike Tyson. (10) Rapper Ludacris and a pair of Painted Ladies. (11) Producer Brian Grazer with the Man. (12) *Entourage's* Adrian Grenier and Miss September 2004 Scarlett Keegan. (13) Sara Karloff, with Mr. Playboy, honors father Boris Karloff as *Frankenstein's* memorable monster.



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# FREAKY FRIGHT FEST

continued



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There's something about tricks and treats that makes even the Mansion crowd a little naughtier than usual. (1) A horny Hef with cowgirl Kendra, Bridget as Little Red Riding Hood and Holly as Marie Antoinette. Is that the big bad wolf in the basket? (2) Actors Kevin Connolly and Justin Long. (3) *Grindhouse* director Quentin Tarantino with a guest. (4) Actor Frankie Muniz and a Painted Lady. (5) *Celebrity Rap Superstar* winner Shar Jackson with Kendra, who was runner-up on the MTV show. (6) Actors Jonathan Silverman and Jennifer Finnigan get sacrilegious. (7) Actor Michael Clarke Duncan and a partygoer. (8) *According to Jim*'s Jim Belushi with the Host. (9) Music legend Quincy Jones and party girl Juliette Frette. (10) Crispin Glover of *Beowulf* with Miss December 2005 Christine Smith and Miss March 2002 Tina Jordan. (11) Mario Lopez and Karina Smirnoff from *Dancing With the Stars*. (12) January cover girl Adrienne Curry and Bridget. (13) Mr. Playboy with Indy star Michael Andretti as Superman and Playmate of the Year 2000 Jodi Ann Paterson as Wonder Woman.



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**RABBIT REDUX**

I've been a subscriber since 1970 and have seen a lot of gorgeous women in PLAYBOY, but Lindsey Roper (*The Bunnies Are Back*, November) is the first to stop me in my tracks.

Louis Gibson  
San Luis Obispo, California

Lindsey Roper is the most beautiful woman ever to grace your pages. I can tell from her eyes she is meticulous and bright—a dream come true.

Tony Pagnotta  
West Babylon, New York

*Girls Next Door* alert! Playmate that!  
Philip Riggio  
Aventura, Florida

Just when I was beginning to have my doubts about you (Amanda Beard as “the world’s sexiest athlete” in July, average-looking triplets in August), you scored



Another pleasant view of Bunny Lindsey.

big with Lindsey Roper and Playmate Lindsay Wagner (*Nebraska Knockout*, November). These two classic beauties reminded me why I love PLAYBOY.

Ryan Dietman  
Kenosha, Wisconsin

**CHASING WOLFIE**

Poor Paul Wolfowitz! (*The Passion of Paul Wolfowitz*, November). All he ever tried to do during his more than 30 years in Washington was steer the country’s foreign policy toward what he felt should be its top priority: the protection of Israel. The 9/11 attacks provided an opportunity for him to doctor intelligence to implicate Saddam Hussein’s Iraq, which at the time was Israel’s biggest military

threat. Half a million dead Iraqis later, we know the truth. Reading about the energy that went into ousting Wolfowitz as president of the World Bank for helping his girlfriend get a big pay raise made me think of how the feds pursued Al Capone: They couldn’t nail the mobster on a capital charge (murder), so they got him on a lesser one (tax evasion).

Trace Lazenby  
Hamburg, New Jersey

James Rosen casts Wolfowitz’s departure as a coup by the enemies of a slightly confused man. The fact that Wolfowitz is a principal in the neocon crew is mentioned almost in passing. These folks started the Iraq war by stovepiping spinnable data to justify their fantasies of empire in the Middle East and central Asia. Although they are a clear and present danger to our national security, Rosen, a correspondent for Fox News, has a history of defending them.

Johannes Sayre  
Kingston, New York

Wolfowitz is not a tragic figure but a comic one. He deserves to be hammered for his arrogance and incompetence. This is the genius who insisted to Congress before the 2003 Iraq invasion that we would have an easier time rebuilding Iraq than we did the Balkans because Iraq has no ethnic divisions.

David Roberts  
Battle Creek, Michigan

**THE SEXUAL MALE**

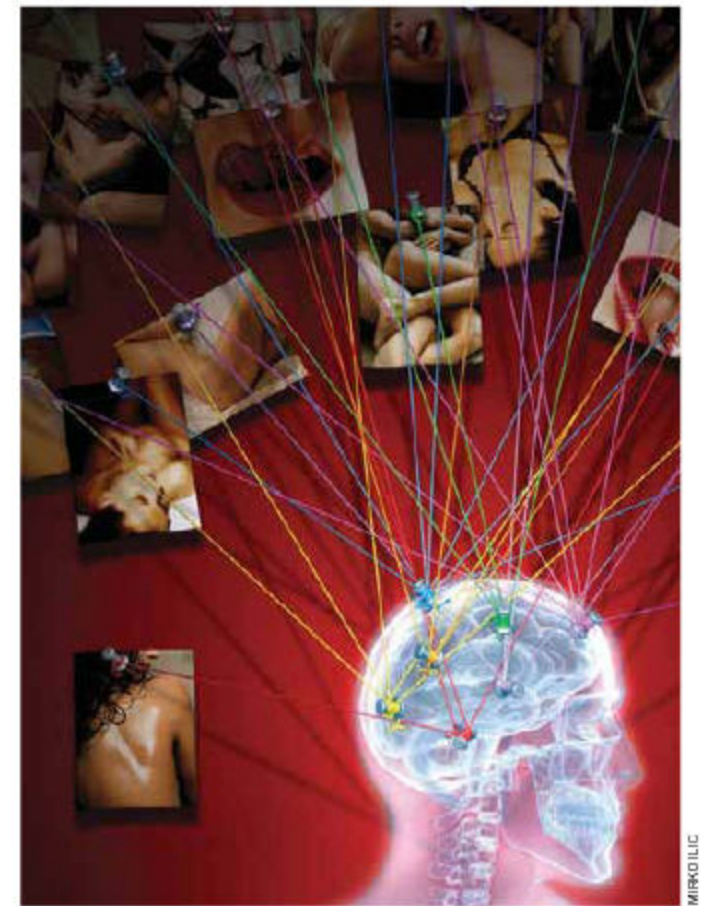
I am amused at the assertion in *The Sexual Male, Part Three: Sex on the Brain* (November) that sexual attraction and romantic love can’t be mutually exclusive. As an asexual, I don’t know if I experience love to the exact neurochemical standards established by Helen Fisher, but I sure feel something. I have dozens of incredible relationships with women. We do everything two people can do for fun except have sex. Sometimes these relationships are romantic and sometimes they’re close friendships, but usually they reside happily in the gray area in between. Remove sex from the equation and love still has just as many amazing twists and turns.

David Jay  
San Francisco, California

*Jay is the founder of the Asexual Visibility and Education Network (asexuality.org).*

Despite what scientists may believe, being gay is not only about what turns you on physically; it involves a total social, emotional and sexual commitment to per-

sons of the same gender (“Why Are You Straight?”). It’s possible the Reverend Ted Haggard and Senator Larry Craig are not homosexuals but simply curious straight guys. I consider myself straight but at the same time am fascinated by the dick, or the idea of the dick—men alone can penetrate and also be penetrated. Men are XY, not YY. Researchers are looking



The male brain when there’s no game on.

in the wrong direction if they don’t treat orientation as highly malleable.

Name withheld  
Lausanne, Switzerland

In “Sex Inhaler” you call bremelanotide the “most promising candidate” for a synthetic aphrodisiac. But research has been suspended because of concerns about side effects.

Dr. Altaf Hussain  
Girard, Ohio

*You’re right. The FDA took action the week after our November issue had gone to press. After reviewing early clinical data, the agency concluded that bremelanotide’s side effects outweigh its potential benefits in treating erectile dysfunction. The FDA said it may reconsider its position if bremelanotide is offered only as a secondary treatment for men who don’t respond to Viagra, Cialis and Levitra. Further studies are planned to determine if the drug is effective for women who have trouble getting aroused.*

**FIGHT CLUB**

As a journalist who covers mixed martial arts, including the Ultimate Fighting Championship, I was very interested to read your profile of Chuck Liddell (*The Iceman Cleans Up*, November). Liddell proved to have the perfect combination of personae

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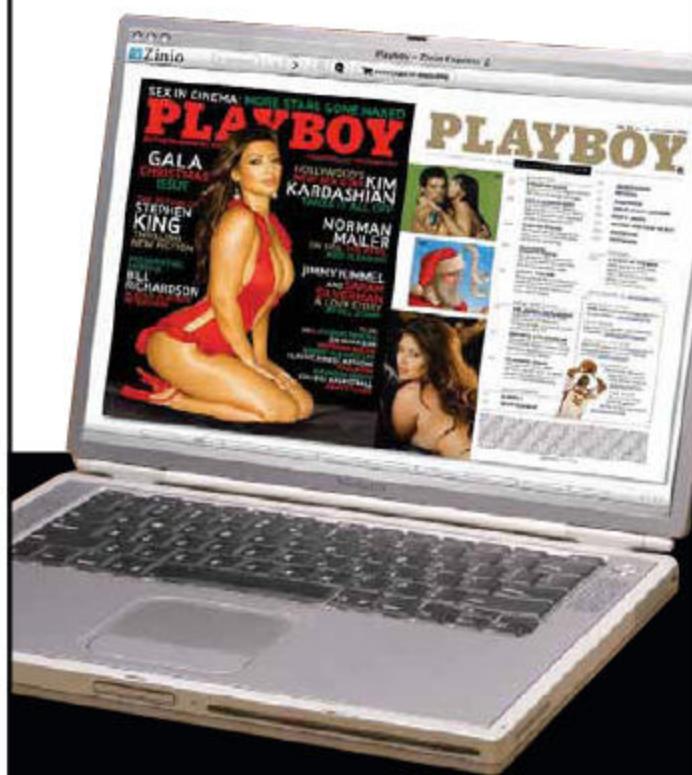
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for the sport—with his Mohawk, goatee and tattoos, he looks like a fighter, but outside the ring he is plainspoken and humble. As the UFC burst into the mainstream, Liddell stood as its most feared fighter. Unfortunately, as the sport takes the next step (especially in fighters' pay), it appears Liddell may have peaked too early. As big a star as Liddell is and as much cash as he's made, imagine his place in the culture if his reign had begun now instead of two years ago.

Pramit Mohapatra  
Baltimore, Maryland

*Mohapatra's columns on MMA appear on SI.com and baltimoresun.com. Two weeks before our November issue hit newsstands Liddell lost his second consecutive fight. Two days before the issue appeared Arizona Cardinals quarterback Matt Leinart, the subject of the November 20Q, broke his collarbone. Is there a PLAYBOY jinx?*

You refer to the UFC as a man's sport, but I know plenty of women who enjoy it. How about a women's division?

Heidi Muhlenbruck  
Point Pleasant, New Jersey

#### EXES AND OHS

First it was Jose Canseco's ex (*The Slugger's Wife*, September 2005), now Barry Bonds's ex Kimberly Bell (*The Bonds Girl*, November). Say what you will about steroid-abusing baseball players, they have excellent taste in women. Perhaps you should expand your search to other sports. I know cyclist Floyd Landis is still fighting doping charges, but if any of his old squeezes show up in PLAYBOY, I'll take it as proof of guilt.

John Stesney  
Encino, California

#### YEAGLE ROCKS

I love Dean Yeagle's full-page cartoons but haven't seen one since the August issue. Please give us more. His cartoons are the best you publish.

Henry Tripson  
Spearfish, South Dakota

*We'll pass that along to Dean. You'll find a new Yeagle cartoon on page 69, and several of his collections (including his latest, *Mélange*) are available at [budplant.com](http://budplant.com).*

#### MIND-BLOWING READS

To leave any of Tom Robbins's novels off a list of "trippy" books, as novelist Jonathan Lethem does in the October book reviews, is like leaving George W. Bush off the list of worst presidents, or Terence McKenna, Timothy Leary and Jerry Garcia off the list of trippy dead people. Each page of Robbins's books is like blotter acid for the soul.

Terran Lovewave  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

#### ROBERT REDFORD

The *Playboy Interview* with Robert Redford (November) confirms my suspicion, as a middle-class girl who goes to college with the "progressive" American aristocracy, that upper-class liberals are as pretentious and, worse, as delusional as they seem. The sad irony is Redford's own inability to recognize that more federal government—i.e., meaningless politics—is not the answer to our problems. Redford's "minority sensibility" is nothing more than a product of the artificial two-



Redford talks Hollywood and politics.

party polarization George Washington warned about two centuries ago.

Mallory Pickard  
Durham, North Carolina

I enjoy Redford's films and can tolerate his carefully tousled hair and cutesy charm, but I draw the line at his vicious statements about our president. Hanoi Jane Fonda would have been happy to have a patriot like Redford share her seat on that anti-aircraft gun.

William Darush  
Neptune Beach, Florida

This is the type of intelligent conversation you never get from the younger generation of stars. Will any of them mature into a Redford?

Terrence Newman  
Posting at [brijit.com](http://brijit.com)

I looked in my thesaurus to get synonyms for "overinflated, heated rhetoric" and Sean Penn's face has been replaced with Redford's.

C.W. Ullman  
Manhattan Beach, California

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





# "Now More Than Ever You Need a Great Detector"

There are an estimated **50 million tickets** issued each year. This year, that number is expected to climb. In fact, the problem is so severe, the *New York Times* recently published an article entitled, *The Taxman Hits in the Guise of a Traffic Cop*, which



and stationary speed cameras are targeting your wallet. Is there anything you can do?

## Take Control

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states, "Anything that puts money in the treasury, without raising taxes, is on the table." What's the cost?

## The Real

### Cost of a Ticket

The majority of all speeding tickets are written for vehicles traveling less than 9 miles over the posted speed limit. This small infraction can cost you upwards of \$1,000 when you factor in the impact on your insurance! How big is the problem?

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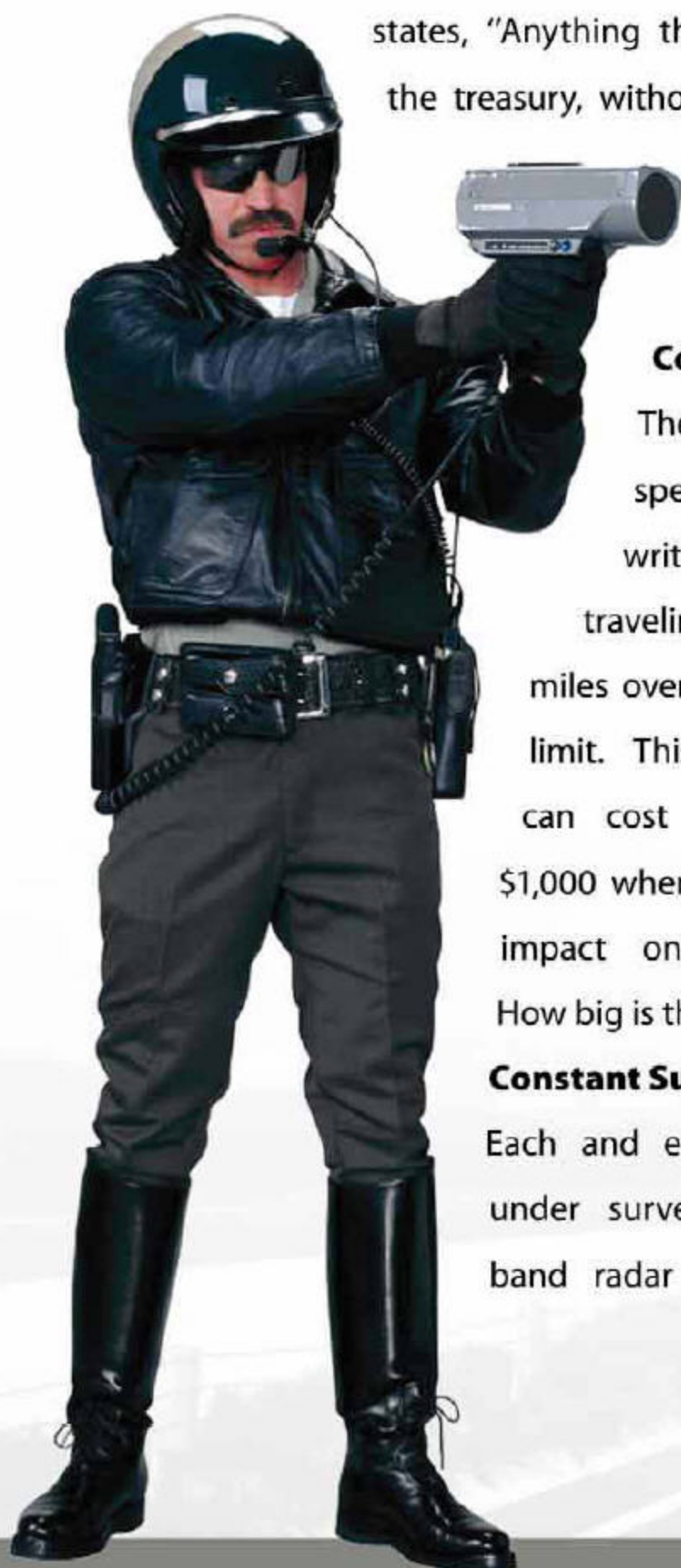
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# P L A Y B O Y

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

babe of the month

### Tara Moss

JUST YOUR STANDARD  
EX-MODEL-NOVELIST

It's not easy for Tara Moss to interrogate a stripper. Even in a strip club, the former cover girl turns heads. "I'm six-foot-one—without shoes," she says. "I tend to tower a bit in shoes." Tara writes crime novels, best-sellers back home in Australia, and to research her fourth and most recent (*Hit*) she went to a tittie bar to probe a dancer. "The only way I could do it was during a lap dance," she explains. "There was no anonymity for me whatsoever. The dancers came up to me and said, 'Oh, Tara, I love your books.' This was not what I had in mind." She pauses to let a large laugh—yes, even her laugh is statuesque—run its course. We will not be denied: Did she get the lap dance? "Yeah, she was about half my size," says Tara. "Tiny, tiny woman. She was fantastic." *Fantastic* is one of Tara's favorite words; she seems to relish its slightly orgasmic middle syllable. As a jet-setting novelist and model, her life is pretty fantastic: To research her first book, *Fetish*, she donned tight latex and mingled with people who are into that kind of thing, and for her next, tentatively titled *Siren*, she has been prowling the burlesque clubs of Paris. A stupid question looms, so we ask it: Must all crime novels have sex in them? "My novels have profiling and forensics," she says, "but if there's not a wonderful sex scene—in which someone's, like, breaking the shower curtain and rolling around on the floor—I don't see the reason to write the book, actually. Every book of mine has a fantastic sex scene in it."



"Every book of mine has a fantastic sex scene in it."

## clash of cults



## Set Phasers to Bicker

**NERD FIGHT! TREKKIES AND STAR WARS FANS FACE OFF IN AN UPCOMING FILM**

In *Fanboys* a motley band of die-hard *Star Wars* fans embarks on the ultimate quest: stealing a cut of *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace* from George Lucas's Skywalker Ranch before the movie is released. The Weinstein Company gave us a peek at the script. In our favorite scene (below), the heroes have the bad luck to run into a squadron of *Star Trek* fans in Iowa. Confronted with Admiral Seasholtz, an extremely pompous Trekkie pooh-bah lecturing to his flock, Jedi lovers Hutch, Linus and Windows can't keep their traps shut.

**Admiral Seasholtz:** Any questions?

**Linus:** Uh, yes, what did Sulu find in Captain Kirk's lavatory?

**Seasholtz:** I—I don't know....

**Linus:** [Huge smile] I believe it was a captain's log.

**Seasholtz:** Yes, brilliant. Anyone else?

**Hutch:** What is the Klingon translation for "You're going to die a virgin"?

**Seasholtz:** Ah. More Lucas hounds here to mock Roddenberry. Well, I'd like to see Vader take on a single Borg drone. We'll see who's laughing then.

**Windows:** Please. Vader could put the death grip on the entire Borg Collective with one glance.

**Seasholtz:** Vader has asthma. Name one person in *Star Trek* who has asthma.

**Linus:** Yeah, well, name one person in *Star Wars* who's gay.

**Seasholtz:** No one's gay in *Star Trek*.

**Linus:** Hello? Captain Picard?

**Seasholtz:** He's not gay. He's British!

**Windows:** Oh, come on. Picard wears a singlet! And he pussyfoots around the galaxy while Han Solo floors it!

**Seasholtz:** Solo's a dirtbag.

[Hutch gasps. At that moment, four more costumed dorks surround them—a Vulcanesque dweeb named Grock, ensigns Ernie and Eddie, and Doug the Man-droid. They're all armed with bladed weapons.]

**Grock:** There a problem here?

**Hutch:** Damn straight, Spock. The admiral here just called Solo a dirtbag. Strong words for a Trekkie.

**Seasholtz:** The proper term is *Trekkers*! *Trekkies* is now considered an insult!

**Hutch:** [Laughs, then deadly serious] Trekkie.

[Seasholtz whips out a scanner and runs it over Hutch.]

**Hutch:** What's the deal with the man purse?

**Seasholtz:** The scanner reads DOUCHE BAG.

[Hutch shoves him. A pushing match begins.]

## drink of the month

## Feeling Horny

**A RED FLAG THAT WILL GIVE HER A CHARGE**

On Valentine's Day you want to be a matador. The unnecessary dance with death, the finesse, the outrageous cape, the tight trousers—it's an act that has been driving the señoritas of Spain and Mexico *locas* for centuries. No bull? Beverage, then.

### El Matador

(from Boston's Toro tapas restaurant)

**1½ oz. Corzo Silver tequila**

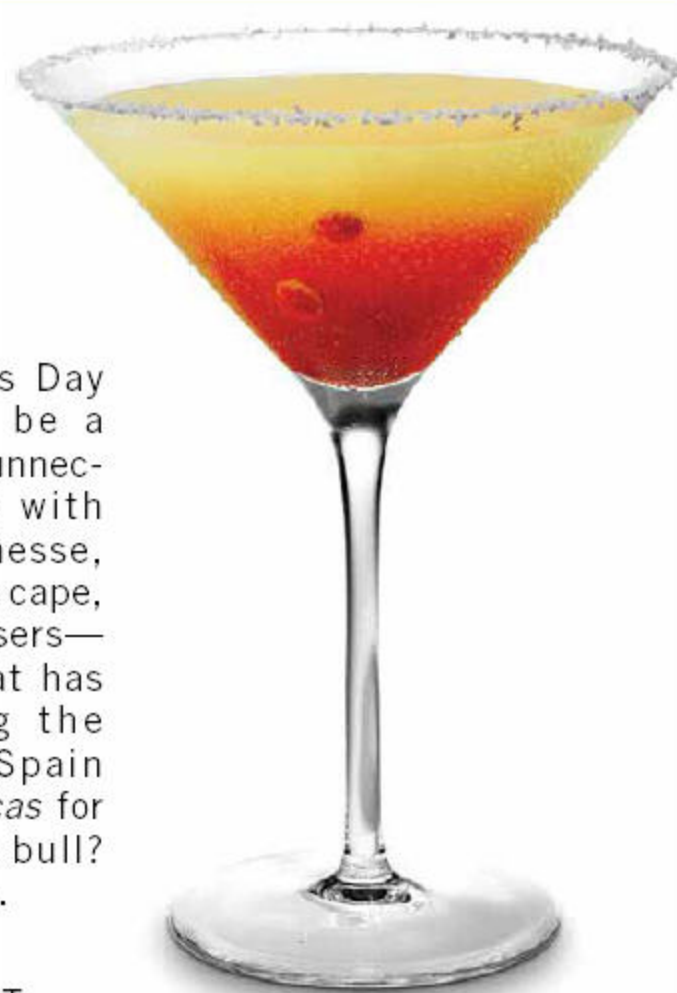
**¾ oz. Licor 43 (a.k.a. Cuarenta y Tres)**

**1 oz. fresh lime juice**

**1 oz. fresh grapefruit juice**

**½ oz. Pama pomegranate liqueur**

Combine Corzo, Licor 43 and both juices in a mixing glass containing ice. Shake well and strain into a martini glass with or without salted rim. Drizzle in Pama and garnish with pomegranate seeds.



## out, brief narrative

## Long Stories Short

**SICK OF HAIKU'S VERBOSITY? TRY THESE**

For writers, there may be no greater challenge than keeping it short. Thus there's a whiff of sadism to the new book *Not Quite What I Was Planning: Six-Word Memoirs by Famous & Obscure Writers*. Here are a few noble efforts from familiar names.

"I always suffered fools fairly well." —Richard Ford

"Well, I thought it was funny." —Stephen Colbert

"Fight, work, persevere—gain slight notoriety."

—Harvey Pekar

"Explained Hitler, Shakespeare. Couldn't explain self."

—Ron Rosenbaum

"Revenge is living well, without you." —Joyce Carol Oates

"ABCs MTV SATs THC IRA NPR." —Jancee Dunn

"Really, doing fine, thanks for asking." —Fuzzy Gerdes

"Thank God the suicide attempt failed." —Rhett Miller

"Happiness is a warm salami sandwich." —Stanley Bing

"Woman with man's name—thanks, parents!"

—Curtis Sittenfeld

"Came, saw, conquered, had second thoughts."

—Harold Ramis

"Eight thousand orgasms. Only one baby." —Neal Pollack



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boss of the month

## Scorcher in the Court

PROVOCATIVE CHICAGO DIVORCE LAWYER CORRI FETMAN GETS QUITE A BIT MORE OFF HER CHEST

In May 2007 Chicago law firm Fetman, Garland & Associates grabbed eyes and headlines with a billboard featuring sexy male and female bodies and the slogan LIFE'S SHORT. GET A DIVORCE. Outraged onlookers said the ad was antimarriage, but partner Corri Fetman begs to differ. "We believe you shouldn't stay in an unhappy marriage," she says. Fetman's not your average buttoned-up lawyer—not for us, at least, as you can see from the picture at right. After her steamy photo shoot she gave us the naked truth about the billboard hubbub.

**Playboy:** Were you surprised the ad was so controversial?

**Corri:** I had no idea it would evoke this kind of reaction. I didn't think it was a big deal. I was on CNN, *Inside Edition*, MSNBC, Fox. I probably got a thousand e-mails a day, to the point where we had to shut down our server. In the U.S. people either loved or hated the ad, but all the e-mails from Europe and Asia were positive.

**Playboy:** Where did you get the idea?

**Corri:** Business was slow, and I didn't want the typical advertisement with us sitting there in suits. I wanted something hot and lighthearted.

**Playboy:** Who's in the pictures?

**Corri:** We looked at some stock photos, and I didn't think they were hot enough. I didn't want to pay some model for new ones, so I asked my personal trainer to be the guy. The woman is me.

**Playboy:** Did everyone know that?

**Corri:** No one did, but they will now. I wanted to wait to reveal that I'm the model. Where better to do it than in PLAYBOY?

**Playboy:** Do your breasts give you an edge in the courtroom?

**Corri:** I dress professionally, but I can't hide them. I use the whole package to my advantage: People see the big breasts and the blonde hair, and they underestimate me. One of my clients calls me the Barracuda Barbie.

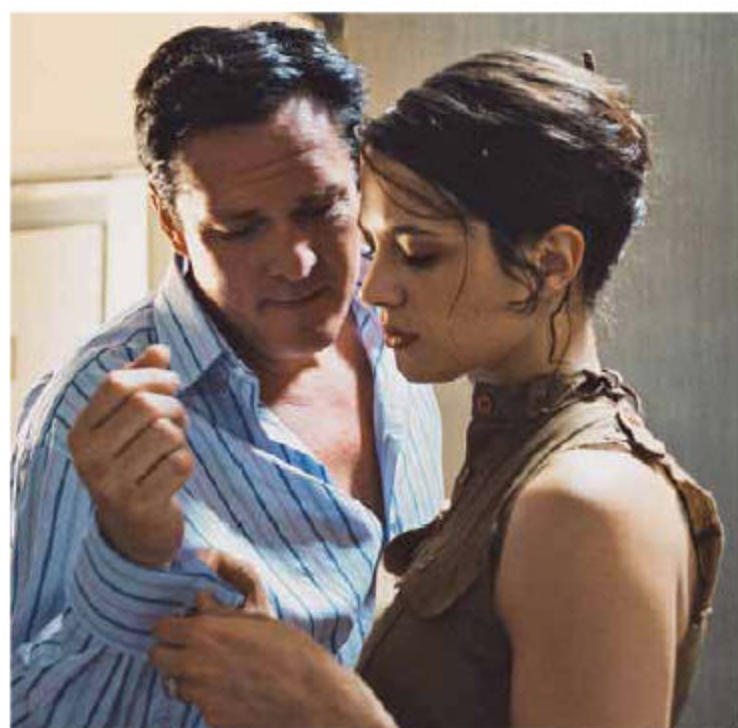


  
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Need more Corri Fetman? Visit [playboy.com/corri](http://playboy.com/corri) for the rest of her nude pictorial and an exclusive column featuring her legal take on love.

mr. blonde meets his match



## Michael Madsen's Asia Fetish

IT TAKES A SPECIAL GAL TO IMPRESS HOLLYWOOD'S HARD MAN

Michael Madsen has plenty to say about Italian dynamo Asia Argento, his co-star in the erotic thriller *Boarding Gate*. "I don't usually get to work with girls like Asia," he admits. "I'm the guy who gets shot or thrown out the window by Steven Seagal. The first day, Asia walked in drinking beer out of a can, through a straw. That's a strong statement. It says, 'Don't fuck with me.' When I saw that, I said, 'I guess we're going to get along pretty good.' The last thing you want to do is grab somebody by the arm and give them the 10th degree, the top

of your emotion, and they can't handle it. Then you have to go down to five or six. I'd rather have somebody come back at me with a 15. In one scene we were fighting and she was trying to get out the door. I told her, 'Let's not act—I really want you to try to get past me.' She tried just about everything: whacked me with her purse, tried to tackle me, punched me. I picked her up off the ground. I used to have a thing for Juliette Binoche; I thought she was the most interesting European actress. But I gotta give it to Asia now."

# Valentine's Day Gift Guide



A



B



C



D

A. 15011 Velour Bunny Love Hoodie \$24  
15012 Velour Bunny Love Lounge Pant \$24

B. 14704 Rhinestone Heart Toggle Necklace \$24


C. 15315 Valentine Vixen Body Jewelry & Lingerie Collection \$19

D. 15313 Foil Heart Bralette, Garter & G-String Set \$49

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lip service



## Morning Delight

ADULT-FILM ICON JENNA JAMESON WAKES UP ON PLAYBOY RADIO

Each Monday, Jenna Jameson stops by the *Playboy Radio Morning Show* (on Sirius Satellite Radio channel 198) for an hour-long segment called "The PaJenna Party." What the hell...?

**PLAYBOY:** *PaJenna* isn't really a word.

**JENNA:** Well, since it's so early in the morning, we thought it would be fun for me to do the show in my pajamas. Obviously that's half laziness, half sexiness.

**PLAYBOY:** What kind of pajamas?

**JENNA:** Supersexy stuff: cute baby-doll tank tops and booty shorts. I always describe what I'm wearing—in detail.

**PLAYBOY:** We hear you dish some dirt.

**JENNA:** I'm friends with some well-known girls, so I give the real story, not what's in the tabloids. Most of that stuff isn't true.

**PLAYBOY:** What else do you talk about?

**JENNA:** News and politics—I get a lot of attention for supporting Hillary Clinton. People think

it's funny that a porn star actually gives a shit about who's in office. I also pick a Woman of the Week. I'm what some people may call a feminist, and there are great news stories about women.

**PLAYBOY:** Sorry, there seems to have been some sort of mix-up, Ms. Steinem. We were just talking to Jenna Jameson.

**JENNA:** Woman of the Week is fun. The first week was all about Nicole Richie and her breasts, because finally she has them. If my show gets a little bit heated or political, I like to lighten it up. And who doesn't like boobs?

**PLAYBOY:** Crazy people, that's who. Do you interact with your fans?

**JENNA:** We do something called a Jenna Wake-Up Call, in which I call one of the listeners. They send us e-mails, and we read them on the air and pick a winner—someone who really, really deserves a call from me. It's 30 seconds of my life, and it makes their whole year. One guy thought he had testicular cancer, and he was getting an ultrasound on his balls the next day. I said, "So tell me about your balls." I'm pretty sure it blew his mind.

san francisco treats

## Go West

NAKED HAPPY BAY AREA BEAUTIES

We last saw photographer Andrew Einhorn making indecent proposals to women on the streets of New York City in the *Playboy TV* series *Naked Happy Girls*. That's his MO: He asks if they'll pose nude for him, and surprisingly, a lot of them say yes. Einhorn, his camera and our crew are hitting the bricks again in search of open-minded everywomen, only this time the show is set in San Francisco. "New York hipster girls are very punky," Einhorn says. "In San Francisco it's more of a hippie look, and I'd say they were a little more receptive when I approached them." He traversed the Bay Area in his adventures but admits his favorite location was a houseboat in Sausalito. And where would he go if *NHG* were to come back for a third season? "Miami—no ifs, ands or buts. My goal would be to shoot a woman from every different Central or South American country."



don't forget

## Jolly Good Shops

OVER THERE AND ONLINE



Come February 14 she'll be expecting a little something special from you, and we can't think of a better place to shop than the new Playboy store on Oxford Street in London. Of course you have to be in London to buy at the London store. Now *there's* a pretty spiffy gift: a romantic weekend getaway to London that includes a trip to the new Playboy store. If you can't make it to Oxford Street, you can do things the old-fashioned way and order her something online. For the sexiest undergarments this side of none at all, try the White Label collection at store .playboy.com.







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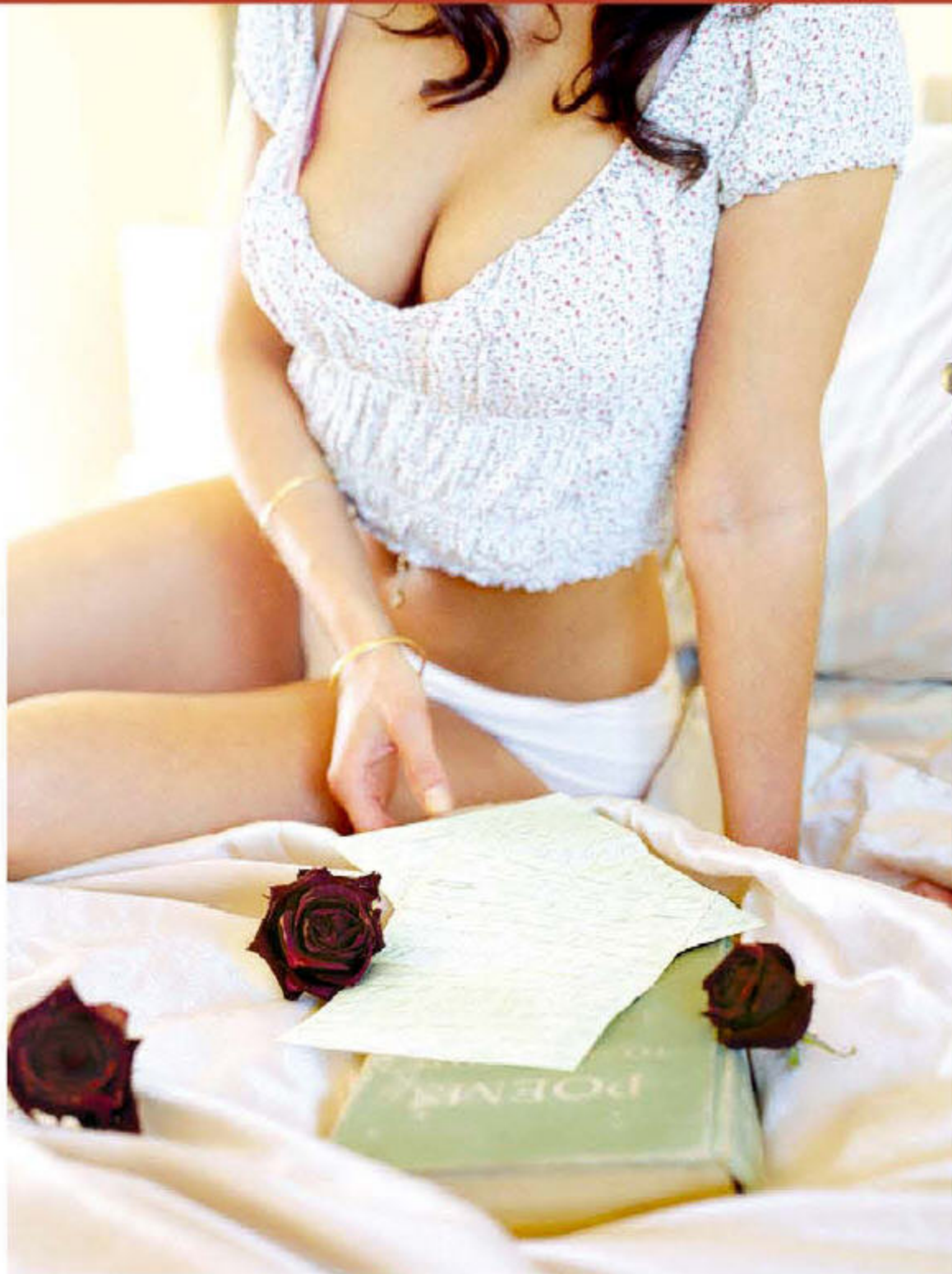


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*Canadian Club.*



### what they're thinking



According to a survey by WomensWallStreet.com, **11%** of women desire a handwritten love letter on Valentine's Day.

### Come Again?

**29** men have experienced a sudden loss of hearing related to the use of erectile-dysfunction drugs.



### Lug Off

**48%** of adult Americans say they would rather help someone move than deal with a computer problem.



### New Bucs

In the first nine months of 2007 maritime pirate attacks worldwide shot up **14%** from a year earlier. A total of **174** pirate raids were reported

between January and September 2006; in the same period last year **198** attacks occurred.

### Well-Heeled

After appearing on *The Oprah Winfrey Show* to promote her cookbook, Jessica Seinfeld gave the host **21** pairs of shoes that in total cost more than **\$16,000**.



### She's Got Eggs

A University of New Mexico study claims that lap dancers who are not on birth control pills earn an average of **\$70** an hour in tips when they're ovulating, as opposed to an average of **\$35** an hour when menstruating.

### Mother's Love

**40%** of all Valentine's Day cards are purchased by parents for their children.

### price check

## \$119,000

Winning bid at auction for a lock of hair purportedly clipped from the head of socialist revolutionary icon Che Guevara by a CIA operative. Death to capitalism.



### Got to Pay Your Dues

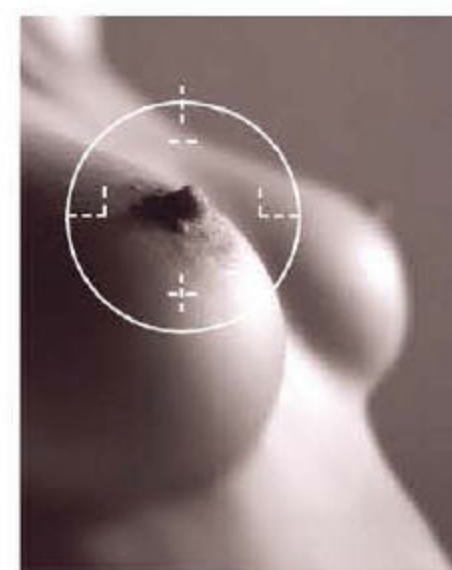
At the age of **25** a college graduate earns a median income that's about **\$16,000** more a year than that of a high school graduate. Accounting for student-loan repayment, however, the former doesn't actually net more than the latter until **14 years** after graduation.

### See Dead People?

**34%** of Americans believe in ghosts.

### Bridezilla vs. Hydrangea

A Manhattan lawyer is suing a florist for delivering **22** wedding-reception centerpieces of pastel pink and green hydrangeas instead of the rust and green arrangements she had ordered. She paid **\$27,435.14** for the flowers but claims the florist owes her a little more than **\$400,000** for the "extreme disappointment, distress and embarrassment" she suffered. It's her husband's suffering we're worried about.



### Professional Perks

According to a study presented at last year's Breast Enlargement Conference, the nipple of the perfect female breast is situated not at the vertical halfway point but just **45%** of the way down from the top.





movie of the month

### [ THE BUCKET LIST ]

Nicholson and Freeman don't fear the reaper

Jack Nicholson is a snarling billionaire CEO; Morgan Freeman is a whip-smart family-guy auto mechanic. In this inspired pairing, they learn they are terminally ill and head out to check off the list of things they always meant to do before kicking the proverbial bucket. The buddy-pic dramedy (yes, it has big laughs) also features Sean Hayes, Rob Morrow and Beverly Todd. It comes from a script by Justin Zackham and reteams director Rob Reiner with his star from *A Few Good Men*, Oscar winner Nicholson. "Not many people know Jack is a really good writer who actually puts pen to paper and works on dialogue," says Reiner. "We worked for months before we started rehearsal, and I'd spend up to an hour every day on the set before reworking the scene and the dialogue.

Jack's curvy in how he expresses himself, because he thinks and writes in a way a writer wouldn't. Like when they talk in the movie about how fast time goes by, what came out of Jack's head was 'Yeah, like smoke through a keyhole.' Before we started shooting he told me he wanted to say something in the film about Morgan's freckles, so Jack said, 'You always have those freckles? Nice freckles.' His attitude was that we were going to make one, not 10, of these movies about what it's like to think about your own death, so let's do it in a funny, honest, sad way—like life. That's what we set out to do, and I feel really good about it." —Stephen Rebell

"Jack is a really good writer who actually puts pen to paper."

now showing

BUZZ

#### Be Kind Rewind

(Jack Black, Mos Def, Mia Farrow) Director Michel Gondry's latest comedic mind bender stars Black as a junkyard worker whose accidentally magnetized brain erases the inventory of a video store owned by his pal (Mos Def). To satisfy the store's few loyal customers, the two set out to remake their favorite flicks.

**Our call:** It's funny in an episodic way, and the duo's interpretations of *Rocky*, *Ghostbusters* and *RoboCop* are hilarious. But rather than remake movies, couldn't they just replace the tapes with DVDs?



#### Funny Games

(Naomi Watts, Tim Roth, Michael Pitt, Brady Corbet) The thrills mount when Michael Haneke remakes his 1997 German thriller about two young psychos who take a family hostage in a vacation cabin and terrorize them for no reason but their own sadistic kicks. It's nail-bitingly intense and not for the fainthearted.

**Our call:** Well acted, especially by the extraordinary Watts, and definitely not another torture-porn epic, but don't expect to leave the theater feeling optimistic about mankind.



#### Rambo

(Sylvester Stallone, Julie Benz, Matthew Marsden) Stallone returns to plunder yet another of his iconic characters, the deeply troubled Vietnam vet. This time Rambo, now living in Thailand, leads mercenaries along a war-torn river route to a remote village to rescue a group of humanitarian workers ambushed by Burmese soldiers.

**Our call:** After a spate of feel-bad Iraq movies, here's a slab of raw sirloin for those of you starving for that good ol' "Americans are the good guys" propaganda of the Reagan era.



#### Fool's Gold

(Kate Hudson, Matthew McConaughey, Donald Sutherland) There's action-adventure on the high seas when surfer and treasure hunter McConaughey convinces a billionaire to help him search for legendary chests of rare gold lost in the 1700s. McConaughey and wife Hudson try to outwit a competitor hunting the same booty.

**Our call:** The real treasure to be found here is the believable McConaughey-Hudson chemistry as the amiable pair rekindles their burned-out relationship and goes romancing the gold.



dvd of the month

[ THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR: SEASON THREE ]

Hef's triumvirate of fun keeps life bubbly at the Mansion

When last we left our three intrepid heroines they were facing a ferocious gantlet of...okay, autograph hounds and other admirers. Seriously, peril gets checked at the door of the Playboy Mansion, home to Holly, Bridget and Kendra for three reality-TV seasons on E! and counting. Sharing Hugh Hefner as a boyfriend remains a sweet deal for these platinum-

blonde charmers, who spend this 14-episode run in fuzzy-tailed domestic reverie with field trips both business- and pleasure-oriented. The three-girl dynamic is a pyramid with Holly at its peak: Her new job in PLAYBOY's Photo Department provides an eye-opening behind-the-scenes look at our favorite magazine. **Best extra:** The girls' commentaries on every episode.

★★★★ —Greg Fagan



**THE BRAVE ONE** More than a female-driven *Death Wish*, this film aims a loaded Glock at the idea of a sublimated self surfacing after a harrowing violent act. The bloodletting is thoughtful, and Jodie Foster is way more attractive than Charles Bronson.

**Best extra:** Director Neil Jordan's commentary. ★★★½

—Buzz McClain



race with Warren Oates and his screaming GTO. The prize: their cars' pink slips.

**Best extras:** New interviews, never-before-seen screen tests and photos, the original screenplay and a look at the restoration of the film's Chevy. ★★★ —Matt Steigbigel

**INTERVIEW** Steve Buscemi stars in and directs this perverse tale based on a film by murdered Dutch director Theo van Gogh about a burned-out political journalist forced to interview a seemingly ditzy actress (Sienna Miller). Sexual tension mounts as the two leads manipulate each other to influence the interview's outcome. **Best extra:** A featurette on translating Van Gogh's idea state-side. ★★★½ —M.S.



**SUNSHINE** Meshing 2001: *A Space Odyssey's* grandeur with *Alien's* intensity, director Danny Boyle's *Sunshine* sends a crew of eight on a desperate mission to bomb and reignite our dying sun. It's a scintillating sci-fi spectacle. Also on Blu-ray. **Best extra:** Commentary from real-life physicist Brian Cox. ★★★

—Bryan Reesman



**TWO-LANE BLACKTOP** Director Monte Hellman tunes up the components of this ultimate 1971 road movie like a master mechanic: Rockers James Taylor and Dennis Wilson, in their only film roles, hop into their 1955 Chevy to go head-to-head in a cross-country



**ACROSS THE UNIVERSE** This romantic musical built around the Beatles catalog combines the visual audacity of *Moulin Rouge!* with NBC's 1999 miniseries *The '60s*. It never runs out of good ideas ("I Want to Hold Your Hand" is served with unrequited lesbian longing). Credit the game cast for keeping this magical mystery tour from becoming a long and winding road. Also on Blu-ray. **Best extra:** Longer takes on the songs. ★★★ —G.F.



SCANNER

**SHOOT 'EM UP** This hysterical romp plays like a first-person-shooter game. A ridiculous body count mounts as Clive Owen defends a newborn from Paul Giamatti with the help of lactating hooker Monica Bellucci. Also on Blu-ray. ★★★

**SAW IV** Jigsaw and protégée Amanda are dead, but the killer's brutal work continues as we learn more about his past. The inventive traps return, but the moral and psychological dilemmas faced by these victims seem more intense. ★★★½

**THE SIMPSONS MOVIE** Even after he nearly destroys Springfield and alienates his family, we can't help loving Homer. Why? He's honest and funny. You'll never forget his unwavering devotion to his "Spider-Pig." Also on Blu-ray. ★★★½

**THIRD WATCH: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON (1999)** This canceled critical hit about the interplay of cops, firefighters and paramedics in NYC is one ambulance worth chasing. ★★★

**BLONDE AND BLONDER** BFFs Denise Richards and Pamela Anderson, mistaken for female assassins, are coerced into completing a Mob hit in this frothy comedy. It's not the fantasy coupling we imagined for these two. ★½

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

tease frame



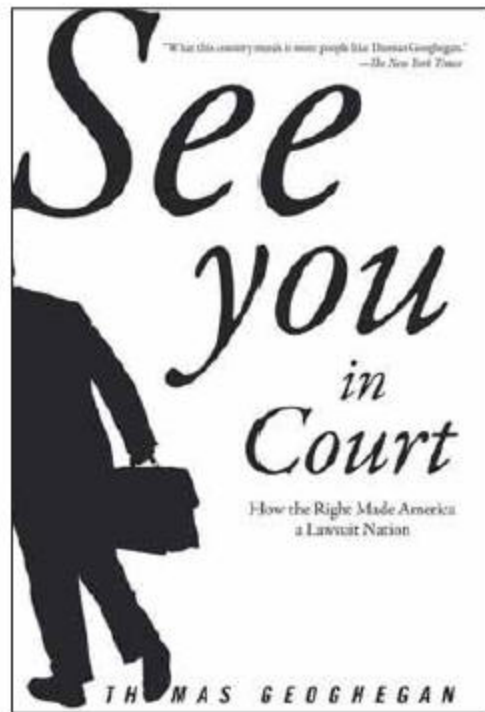
**Diane Lane** has enjoyed a lengthy and libidinous screen career, during which the talented actress has never shied away from sexually charged roles. One of our favorites is from 1999's *A Walk on the Moon* (pictured), in which Lane goes chasing waterfalls only to find herself pinned between a rock and a hard place. Catch her next in the crime thriller *Untraceable* as an FBI agent on the trail of a serial killer.

books of the month

[ BREAKING THE LAW ]

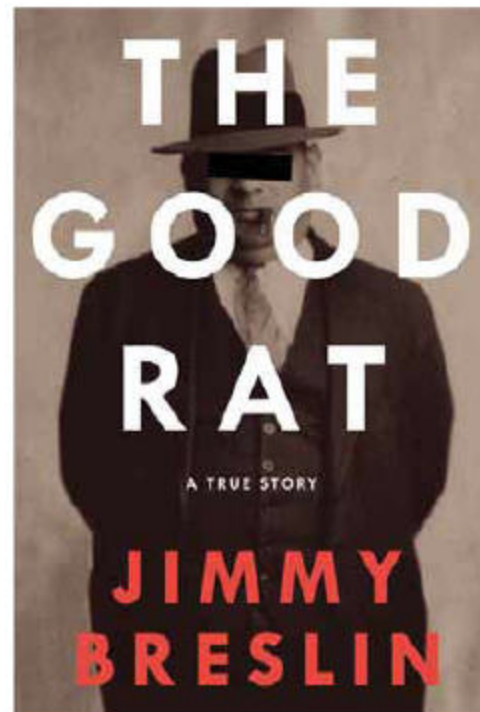
Thomas Geoghegan and Jimmy Breslin consider the law and its opposite

The law, as Mr. Bumble says in *Oliver Twist*, “is a ass—a idiot.” Certain aspects of American jurisprudence will make you wonder. Why do our legal institutions operate the way they do? Why have Americans become so addicted to lawsuits? Should we do something about the proliferation of big-shot attorneys and torts gone wild? We’re told tassel-loafed lawyers have brought us to this sorry state, but that may not be the case. In **See You in Court** public-interest attorney Thomas Geoghegan contends that we have become such a litigious nation because right-wing deregulation has left us with no other choice. The conservative revolution of the past quarter century dismantled many of the protections our postwar judiciary had traditionally provided. In his acerbic and passionate manner, Geoghegan argues how we can restore some sense to our debased legal system. (It can be done, he says, but not without difficulty.) Don’t be put off by the subject—*See You* is a quick but convincing read. It will come in handy the next time you need a lawyer.



While our legal system falls further into disarray, things have

also gone south in the organized-crime business. The Mafia is on its last legs, and once-unacceptable practices (e.g., stool pigeoning) have become commonplace. Jimmy Breslin’s latest, **The Good Rat**, relates the inspirational tale of Burt Kaplan, a



72-year-old clothier who moonlighted for the Luchese crime family. Kaplan testified in U.S. District Court in 2006 against former Brooklyn detectives Stephen Caracappa and Louis Eppolito, helping to put the Mafia cops behind bars. With his typical elegance—though he would no doubt shy from being called elegant—Breslin describes how Kaplan flipped for the government and ratted out his partners in crime. Kaplan becomes a noble figure of sorts, better than many of the other characters presented here. Along the way we learn of various misdeeds

and high crimes, many of them funny but most of them sad. This tale is compelling in its elliptical way. What comes through, more than anything else, is that Breslin is a writer of the heart. It’s hard to name another author who demonstrates a better understanding of the passions of urban misrule. —Leopold Froehlich

[ SLOW-MOTION REPLAY ]

For a new bunch of producers hot on vintage Euro disco, space is the place

The defining evolutionary trait in music of all types over the past two decades has been speed—specifically, increasingly hopped-up tempos. Listen to a mix tape from 10 or 15 years ago and you won’t believe how much slower the songs were; amazingly, that’s true even for genres you may think of as set in aspic, like, say, effete indie pop. This trend is finally experiencing some push back due to the exhumation of early-1980s European (particularly Italian) dance music sometimes referred to as space disco. Imagine the overtly sexualized pulse of Giorgio Moroder’s “I Feel Love” or Cerrone’s “Supernature” on codeine and you’ll begin to get the picture. Recent compilations such as *Dirty Space Disco* (issued by France’s Tigersushi label) and *Elaste Volume 1: Slow Motion Disco* (released by Compost Records) showcase the unmistakably sultry, hedonistic



vibe. A tasting menu would include **Eloy’s** “Horizons” and **Chris & Cosey’s** “This Is Me” on *Elaste*, plus **Starbow’s** “Voyager II” and, best of all, **Sylvester’s** “I Need Somebody to Love Tonight” on *Dirty Space Disco*. Contemporary artists are getting into the sound too. Portland’s **Glass Candy** (whose frontwoman, Ida No, is pictured here) began life heavily influenced by No Wave, but since about 2004 it has started to slow everything down to emphasize the hypnotic groove beneath its previously more frenetic, funky noise. It is now the premier band among a stable of like-minded artists at Italians Do It Better Records. For a selection of sparse, spaced-out Glass Candy tracks and soft-and-slow, sexed-up and slinky tunes by **Farah, Mirage, Chromatics** and others, get hold of that label’s *After Dark* compilation. It’s the perfect soundtrack to a hipster key party.

the mini hit list

[ HOT TUNES ]

Baby, it’s cold outside. Warm up your speakers with these hand-picked tracks

“Komet,” **Jeans Team** Berlin’s art scene? Hot. Its music? Just as great. Here’s proof.

“The Disco Song,” **Torpedo Boyz** Fluid bass, funky breaks and 1970s strings and effects.

“Cologne Cerrone Houdini,” **Goldfrapp** Alison goes all Sia on slow, quiet new LP.

“Waving Flags,” **British Sea Power** Shoe-gazing guitars meet U2’s anthemic soar.

“El Salón,” **Julio Angel** Acoustic Dominican ditty from killer *Bachata Roja* compilation.

“More,” **Junkie XL** A return to form: banging electro and a girl shouting “Fuck more.”

“Beautiful Calm Driving,” **Sia** Less ethereal, more soulful than “Breathe Me.”

“Second, Minute or Hour,” **Jack Peñate** New Brit troubadour channels the Housemartins.

“Another Bites the Last Time,” **DJ Axel** Self-released mash-up pits Clipse and Queen.

“Mouthwash,” **Kate Nash** Web sensation’s a tough-talking warbler with catchy melodies.

playboy's best games of 2007



[ BIOSHOCK ]

Our gorgeous and mind-blowing Game of the Year

In our September issue we compared *BioShock* (360, PC) to the works of Melville, Welles and Peckinpah for its gritty action, thought-provoking plot and grim, oppressive setting shot through with obsession and madness. Most amazingly, its world just feels *alive*, thanks to the complex, intricately interconnected systems that drive it (and that you must manipulate to succeed). Years ahead of its time, its winning marriage of philosophy and carnage manages to satisfy both the simian killer and the refined gentleman in us. **Runners-up:** musical outing *Rock Band*, lavish space opera *Mass Effect*, the ultra-peppy *Super Mario Galaxy* and the five-games-in-one bargain that is *The Orange Box* (primarily for its well-written and blazingly original first-person action-puzzle game *Portal*).

**MOST INNOVATIVE: ROCK BAND** (360, PS3; pictured top left) *Rock Band* expands on *Guitar Hero*'s concept, adding drums and vocals to the guitar-and-bass mix, as well as a killer set list packed with songs by the original artists and scads of downloadable content, including full albums. It's all the fun of being in a band without the backstabbing, smelly bus and herpes.

**Runners-up:** *Portal*, *Assassin's Creed*, *Crush* and *Super Paper Mario*.

**BEST WRITING: MASS EFFECT** (360, bottom left) A full third of this single-player game is talk, which should have killed it outright. Instead, the conversation engine lets you direct the flow of chatter in such a seamless and fluid way that it creates something that is neither passive watching nor improv theater. It's quite possibly the birth of a new form of storytelling. **Runners-up:** *BioShock*, *Portal*, *Assassin's Creed* and *Uncharted: Drake's Fortune*.

**BEST ADRENALINE RUSH: CALL OF DUTY 4: MODERN WARFARE** (360, PC, PS3; top right) Updated to a present-day setting, this game has an excellent multiplayer, but the single-player mode is a tour de force featuring set piece after set piece, unfolding with phenomenal graphics and perfect pacing.

**Runners-up:** The swords-and-sandals epic *God of War II*, *Guitar Hero III: Legends of Rock*, *Project Gotham Racing 4* and *Halo 3*.

**BEST JIGGLE FACTOR: HEAVENLY SWORD** (PS3, bottom right) This game has more than a few rough edges, but we loved

its compelling scenario and character design. Nariko is gorgeous but also strong, angry and vulnerable. By the end, you don't just want to date her, you want to marry her. **Runners-up:** *Ninja Gaiden Sigma*, *Conan* and *Lara Croft Tomb Raider: Anniversary*.

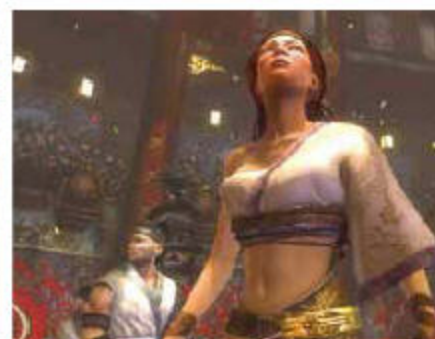
**GUILTIEST PLEASURE: LEGO STAR WARS: THE COMPLETE SAGA** (360, DS, PS3, Wii) It's hard to say what we felt worse

about: toying with virtual LEGOs or being unable to restrain ourselves from romping through a title that repackages two games we had already played—a lot. **Runners-up:** *Stranglehold*, *Puzzle Quest: Challenge of the Warlords*, *Overlord* and *Mario Strikers Charged*.

**BEST PORTABLE GAME: THE LEGEND OF ZELDA: PHANTOM HOURGLASS** (DS) The best innovations feel perfectly natural. Playable with just the stylus, this is the most impressive DS game ever made. **Runners-up:** *Puzzle Quest: Challenge of the Warlords*, *Syphon Filter: Logan's Shadow*, *Silent Hill: Origins* and *Dead Head Fred*.

**WORST: VAMPIRE RAIN** (360) This stinker snatched the title from such aggressively awful dreck as *Jackass: The Game*, *Lair*, *Guitar Hero Encore: Rocks the 80s*, *The Eye of Judgment* and *Hour of Victory*. We need a shower.

**THE JUDGES:** Thanks to Scott Alexander, Damon Brown, John Gaudiosi, Scott Jones, Marc Saltzman, Scott Stein and Scott Steinberg for acting as this year's Academy.



new this month

**BURNOUT PARADISE** (360, PS3) The smash-'em-up champion returns with an open-ended sandbox world for the destroying for you and up to seven friends online. Gorgeous and insane. **★★★★½**  
—Scott Stein



**MX VS. ATV UNTAMED** (360, PS2, PS3, Wii) This visceral off-road racer gains a lot in its upgraded next-gen versions, providing hours of dirty fun and a host of entertaining multiplayer modes. **★★★★**  
—John Gaudiosi



**NFL TOUR** (360, PS3) For those who find *Madden* needlessly complicated, it's pick up and play all the way.

**HARVEY BIRDMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW** (PS2, PSP, Wii) If Adult Swim and the Phoenix Wright games had a baby, it would look like *Harvey Birdman*. Very silly. Very funny.

**INSECTICIDE** (DS, PC) A classic noir with a cast of insects. Strange stuff, but sharp writing wins the day.

**BULLY: SCHOLARSHIP EDITION** (360, Wii) Rockstar's excellent boarding-school drama is back, packing extras.

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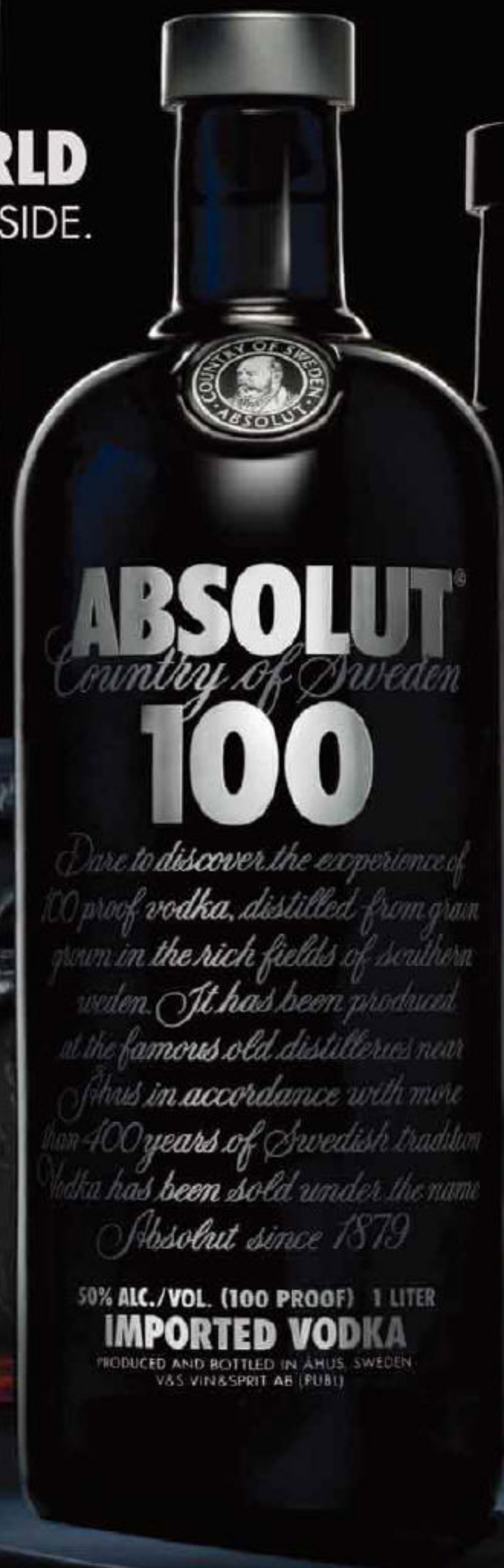
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## A Swift Kick

Mercedes puts its newest engineering division to the test. Hint: It passes

BOTH BMW'S M3 and Audi's RS 4 have lately made waves with their spanking-new V8 engines. Does this faze the magicians at Mercedes? It does not. The latest C-Class built by its AMG division is the C63, which offers more horsepower (451 bhp), more gears (seven to the others' six), faster acceleration (zero to 60 mph in 4.3 seconds) and more than 25 percent greater torque (443 foot-pounds) than either of its rivals. And if past behavior is any indication, Mercedes's wizards of whoosh will bring it out for several grand cheaper than the M3 and RS 4. AMG is Benz's recently acquired private go-fast lab, and the C63's all-aluminum, high-revving 6.2-liter V8 is its most successful creation to date. Unlike some of the more lapidary projects that have emerged from this speed Skunk Works (where elaborate form sometimes trumps simple function), this puppy is purpose-built with race-developed suspension pieces, huge multipot disc brakes, functional air dams and side spoilers, fat and sticky rubber tires, and a deep, booming exhaust note from its four big tailpipes. We gladly tossed the C63 down pretzel-shaped back roads near Mainz, Germany, tearing through turn after turn at license-lifting speeds with complete confidence and reveling all the while in the slick-shifting precision of the seven-speed manumatic transmission. Look for Benz's quick little beauty in dealerships here this April.

## Casanova's Bookshelf



INTELLIGENCE IS THE ultimate aphrodisiac. Here are five brainy yet lubricious tomes and what to say when she mentions them suggestively. Milan Kundera's *Unbearable Lightness of Being*: "Kundera's conflation of invasion and penetration is masterful." Giovanni Boccaccio's *Decameron*: "People seriously got their freak on in the 1300s." Giacomo Casanova's *History of My Life*: "He slept only with women who offered him both an intellectual and a romantic challenge." Søren Kierkegaard's *Seducer's Diary*: "Its examination of the extremes of pleasure seeking without conscience is fascinating, if ultimately chilling." Carlo Mollino: *Polaroids*: "Mollino's eye for the erotic was unmatched."

## Spin Different

DIGITAL FILES TAKE all the hassle out of deejaying—you can carry 500 sets' worth of floor fillers on an iPod or mini hard drive. But cuing on a laptop doesn't match the romance of working turntables. Which is why we love Numark's second-generation iDJ2 deck, a self-contained mixing console that lets you scratch, sample, loop and change the speed or pitch on MP3s. It works with any USB storage device, and you can plug in conventional turntables as well.





### Shooting the Moon

FOR YEARS PHOTO purists around the world begged Nikon to release a digital SLR with an image sensor the same size as a 35-millimeter film frame. This would allow photographers to use Nikon's legendary 35-millimeter SLR lenses at their true focal length. Well, the wait is over. The D3 (\$5,000, [nikon.com](http://nikon.com)) is a 12.1-megapixel masterpiece of technology and design, with a full-frame image sensor, 51-point autofocus and a beefed-up processor that can handle nine shots a second (with autofocus on, no less). Add a three-inch LCD screen and an HDMI video jack that can pipe pictures to an HDTV at 1080i resolution and you've got yourself one hell of a snapper.

### About Time

SPACE, AS CAPTAINS Kirk and Picard have told us ad nauseam, is the final frontier. Turns out that holds for timepieces, too. Fine watchmaker Jaquet Droz has lately been attracting eyes with its subtle use of exotic materials like meteorite on the dial, as seen in this self-winding Chrono Monopoussoir Meteorite (\$31,200, [jaquetdroz.com](http://jaquetdroz.com)) in white gold with an alligator strap. It displays minutes and seconds, has a chronograph function and, at 43 millimeters across, is a truly heavenly piece. Now boldly go tell time where no man has told time before.



### Soaking It In

THE BATHTUB IS one of the most relaxing pieces of furniture in your house, but for some strange reason you insist on keeping it locked up in the john. Canadian company Flavour Design Studio hand makes its Savon love seats (\$3,500 to \$4,500, [flavourdesign.com](http://flavourdesign.com)) by sculpting and upholstering antique cast-iron claw-foot tubs. No two are alike. Weighing upwards of 250 pounds, a Savon may constitute a substantial addition to your living room, but getting a beautiful woman to join you for a dip has never been easier.



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# The Playboy Advisor

Lately I have found myself addicted to granny porn. I am in my early 40s and have an active sexual relationship with a beautiful woman my age. But when surfing for porn I always look for much older women. While shopping at Lowe's I met a woman in her late 60s who had questions about tile. I told her that if she did not live far, I could take a look at her bathroom. When we got to her townhouse she offered me a drink. I made a move and soon we were on the bed. The moment I slid a finger into her she began to come. We started to fuck, but after she came a second time I felt great disgust. I could not believe I was with a woman who could be my mother. I faked an orgasm so I could leave (she told me she had felt it). I went home, found some granny porn online and masturbated. I have resumed sex with my 40-year-old lover but am thinking about calling my granny mistress even though I will need Viagra to get hard with her. I love old-lady porn but not old-lady sex. What the hell is wrong with me?—D.E., Washingtonville, New York

Whether it be a threesome, making love on the beach or coupling with someone decades older than you, the fantasy is often better than the reality. It's certainly less complicated, since it doesn't involve another person and her desires. Did this interest come on suddenly? It may turn you on simply because it's the most "taboo" coupling you can conceive of. (If so, it's not that risqué. Millions of men sleep with GILFs every day.) You don't say what type of agreement you have with your lover, but it sounds like the more significant problem here is that you are cheating on her.

Sometimes my husband slips during intercourse and penetrates my anus unlubricated. When this happens it hurts for days. Is there a gadget that would prevent this?—B.B., Chicago, Illinois

You mean like a butt plug? We're more than a little suspicious about your husband's problems with slippage. He is being reckless, because many women would not be so forgiving. If you're agreeable to experimenting with anal pleasure, your husband should start with a lubed finger massage, then slow insertion of the finger, then a butt plug, working his way up to the penis. This does not all have to occur in one night. He also should be willing to let you experiment on him. It's crucial to have and use plenty of lubrication, because the anus, unlike the vagina, does not produce its own.

What is the best type of high-definition television set: plasma, LCD or DLP?—A.C., San Diego, California

A lot depends on your budget and the size of screen you want. (A rule of thumb: Choose a size and then go up one notch from that; almost everyone who buys a new HDTV will tell you they regret not going larger.) For starters,



you can't get a plasma screen smaller than 42 inches. If you're going bigger than that, you'll find plasmas are generally less expensive than LCDs (liquid-crystal displays). They also tend to have better contrast and deeper blacks, although LCDs are improving. You can watch a plasma from any angle, while most LCDs look good only from a limited area directly in front of the screen. These differences may not be obvious if you're watching bright, vivid images, which is why showroom models are usually tuned to sports. If you have a bright room, get an LCD, because its screen is less reflective. DLP (digital light processing) is one type of microchip found in rear-projection sets. The others are LCD and LCoS (liquid crystal on silicon). DLP and LCoS bounce light off the microchip; LCD sends light through it. The chief advantage of rear projection has long been that it provides a big screen for relatively little money. But as plasma and LCD prices fall, that's less of a factor. Rear-projection sets also have lamps that must be replaced every few years.

Can you explain the ins and outs of having sex in a virtual world such as Second Life?—H.J., Minneapolis, Minnesota

Sure, although the sex gets dull quickly unless you talk a good game. At the most basic level it's just chat—you type something dirty and a person who may or may not be a woman types something dirty in response. (Recently some Second Lifers have started using voice over IP to speak to each other.) More advanced: You and one or more other members talk dirty while your avatars appear to engage in a series of scripted sex acts. Even more advanced: You purchase a penis that a virtual partner can click on until you pop. Specialty shops provide genitalia of all varieties, as well as sex toys and beds. Nightclubs feature strippers and prostitutes who turn

tricks for \$2 to \$6 each. "Many people who are new to Second Life search for sex," says Wayne Porter, a social-media and security consultant who studies how Second Lifers interact ([wayneporter.com](http://wayneporter.com)). "It's chat with a physical presence, so you want your avatar to be attractive. That gets people's attention, just as in real life." Porter says many members use Second Life to experiment with role-playing that sometimes leads to the real deal. For instance, a couple may test their emotional reactions to swinging by allowing each other to hook up with other avatars, or a straight woman may determine the strength of her bisexual interests before bringing a real woman home.

My friend's girlfriend of the past two years is 28 but claims to be a virgin. She says she doesn't believe in premarital sex and even in marriage itself. I think she must have been raped or molested. My friend says she just has strong convictions. What could make a 28-year-old woman who is in a relationship not want sex?—U.Y., Phoenix, Arizona

Hard to say. She may be a dedicated virgin, or she may be kidding. What's your interest?

A reader wrote in November to ask why he sometimes breaks out in hives after drinking beer. This reaction is often misdiagnosed as a barley allergy, when it may be more complex. For example, I discovered I can drink red wine or eat shellfish without any problem, but if I eat shellfish for lunch and drink red wine with dinner, I get hives. If D.L. were allergic to barley, he would likely have the same reaction every time he drinks beer. He should keep track of what he eats before drinking beer; then it should be fairly easy to figure out the trigger. D.L. may not be able to have wings and beer together again, but at least his chest won't look like a minefield when he brings a hottie home from the bar.—M.C., Delray Beach, Florida

Thanks for the suggestion. Another reader wonders if D.L. may have celiac disease, which is an intolerance to a substance called gluten found in most grains. We mentioned the gluten-free beer New Grist as an alternative. Redbridge ([redbridgebeer.com](http://redbridgebeer.com)) and Bard's Tale Beer ([bardsbeer.com](http://bardsbeer.com)) are also options.

In response to the November letter from the "cocksman" who believes women like hard, fast thrusting: In our 17 happy years of marriage, the one constant has been that my wife is best satisfied with variety. This was also true of the women before her. The measure of a true cocksman is the ability to determine the proper technique for the occasion. Sometimes your partner wants to play porn star, and sometimes she doesn't want to feel the bed move. No one wants to listen to the

same music all the time.—K.C., Wilmington, North Carolina

*You're certainly right, although some tunes never get old.*

**M**y girlfriend and I are going through a rough time. She has been short of cash for the past few months, so I loaned her money to pay her bills. When I asked the other day if she could start paying me back, she got upset. She said she'd pay me every last penny if I promised never to communicate with her again. I would rather have her than the money, but if we are going to break up, is there a way to get it back?—S.T., Batavia, Illinois

*Whatever you gave her, it sounds as if you're getting off cheap. Look at it this way: While this contestant didn't reach the final round, she did receive a nice parting gift.*

**I**t seems every new car Detroit introduces that doesn't look like a walk-in cooler on wheels is rear-wheel drive. My concern is how well RWD handles on ice and snow. Have electronic traction systems rendered front-wheel-drive cars obsolete? And what's your take on all-wheel drive?—H.C., Hickory Hills, Illinois

*For the average driver, FWD is better on ice and snow because it puts the weight of the engine directly over the wheels the driver controls. The problem is most guys don't consider themselves average drivers. They want to feel the power of the rear wheels shoving them down the asphalt. They like the idea of all four wheels being utilized—the front to steer, the back for power. (With FWD the back tires just hold up the bumper.) You can also negotiate curves with RWD by sliding the rear end, which is a lot more fun. If you slide the rear with FWD, you'll spin. Because most drivers use their vehicles for transportation rather than thrills, FWD is the practical choice. A car with FWD is more efficient, so it gets better gas mileage; it has fewer parts, so it's less expensive to manufacture, and it has no hump down the center of the floor. All-wheel drive is essentially FWD that calls for help from the rear if the front wheels slip. It's pricey. Instead you're seeing traction control added to both FWD and RWD vehicles.*

**A** guy wrote in October that his girlfriend defined a blow job as "any mouth-to-penis contact." I'd like to hear her definition of cunnilingus. My wife guesses that only one man in five can give a woman decent head.—R.W., San Ramon, California

*The only time a woman says something like that is when you're the fifth guy.*

**I**would like to propose to my girlfriend on my birthday, with the idea that she is my gift. Is that corny, romantic or just stupid?—M.M., Brooklyn, New York

*It's a little corny—"You're the best gift a man could receive"—but it may work; you know your girlfriend better than we do. More important, have you discussed with her the idea of getting married? Guys tend to expend a*

*lot of energy cooking up a dramatic scenario to pop the question, without ever having broached the subject of what comes next. And if you can't discuss marriage with the woman you hope to marry, who are you going to discuss it with? A woman should be surprised by the how and when of the official engagement but not by the fact that you've been considering it.*

**M**y girlfriend has tiny nipples. I play with them, but they never get larger than bumps. I have dated women with nipples as big as the end of my little finger. Is there any way to make her nipples larger?—B.H., Charlotte, North Carolina

*No. You must play what's dealt.*

**I**'ve had an acne problem since I was a teenager. I've tried everything, from pills to creams to lasers. Isn't there a simple, natural way to get rid of this? Would changing my diet help? I've been to several doctors, and they don't seem to know anything—or they're not telling.—D.B., Saco, Montana

*Have you been seeing dermatologists? It may be that you haven't found the right drug regimen or stuck with it long enough. Despite the common perceptions, acne is not caused by diet, stress or dirty skin. Instead it's a "genetic time bomb," says Dr. Hilary Baldwin, a dermatologist who teaches at the State University of New York in Brooklyn. "You're predestined to get acne, to have it as bad as you do and, if not treated, to see it go away at a certain time or not go away." Pimples are typically caused by the overproduction of oil by glands in the skin, which results in clogged hair follicles, and by bacteria within the follicles. In men the scourge tends to peak at the age of 16 or 17 but disappear by 20 or 21. If you're bothered by acne, a dermatologist will first prescribe a topical retinoid such as Retin-A, which unclogs pores, then add an antibiotic to go after the bacteria. "The antibiotic attacks from the inside, and the topical from the outside," explains Baldwin. The antibiotic is designed only to get the acne under control; if you stay on it too long, the bacteria becomes resistant. The topical retinoid is applied indefinitely. The only drug that puts acne in permanent remission is isotretinoin (e.g., Accutane), which is taken for many months.*

**S**ometimes when my wife gives me a hand job she weaves a fantasy about another guy joining in. First she describes how she would suck his cock, then how I would suck his cock. It really gets me going. Does this mean I am gay or bisexual?—J.L., Runnemede, New Jersey

*No, just adventurous. Are you any good?*

**I** dumped my girlfriend after catching her cheating on me. I went to a strip club to get my mind off her and met a dancer who has a great body and personality. Talking with her put everything into perspective and helped me move on. I went back to the club to see her, and she remembered me. I think there's a mutual spark. How can I ask her out

and not come across as a jerk? I don't want to cross a line or be seen as a sugar daddy.—J.P., Charlotte, North Carolina

*You don't become a stripper because you're antisocial. She's just doing her job, which is to provide comfort to ruffled males who carry cash. While it's not unheard of for dancers and customers to date and even marry, you are in a fragile state and should proceed with extreme caution.*

**W**henver a certain friend calls my cell phone, he launches right into conversation without identifying himself. I have asked him to use the same etiquette he would when calling me at home, i.e., "Hi, this is..." He argues that since most cell phones have caller ID, there's no need to identify yourself. What does the Advisor think?—E.S., Los Angeles, California

*It's always polite to greet the person you are calling and to state your name. Your first name will suffice if you speak regularly, but you should never leave anyone in the position of having to guess. You can get away with not reminding family members who you are, but a greeting is still required.*

**M**y girlfriend (age 37, with seven children) walks around nude in front of her 15-year-old son. I think it's wrong. What's your opinion?—A.S., Boron, California

*It's unusual but does no harm to the boy.*

**A** few months ago I told my boyfriend that I thought we fit together well during sex, especially since I always felt discomfort with my ex because he was bigger. I know, I know. I meant it as a compliment (he's a terrific lover), but he took it badly. The other day, right before I came, I told him he was in so deep and it felt so good. He accused me of patronizing him. He said my comment had been like calling him by another guy's name and I should know there are things you never say to a guy. Please help.—S.B., Dayton, Ohio

*Boy, oh boy. Since everything you say seems to cause a stir, we aren't sure what you can do except avoid the topic of penis size. Unfortunately, your boyfriend is using his cock as a barometer of his skill as a lover, which is a common error. The advantage of having a "regular" is that you can more often go full hilt without hitting bottom.*

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



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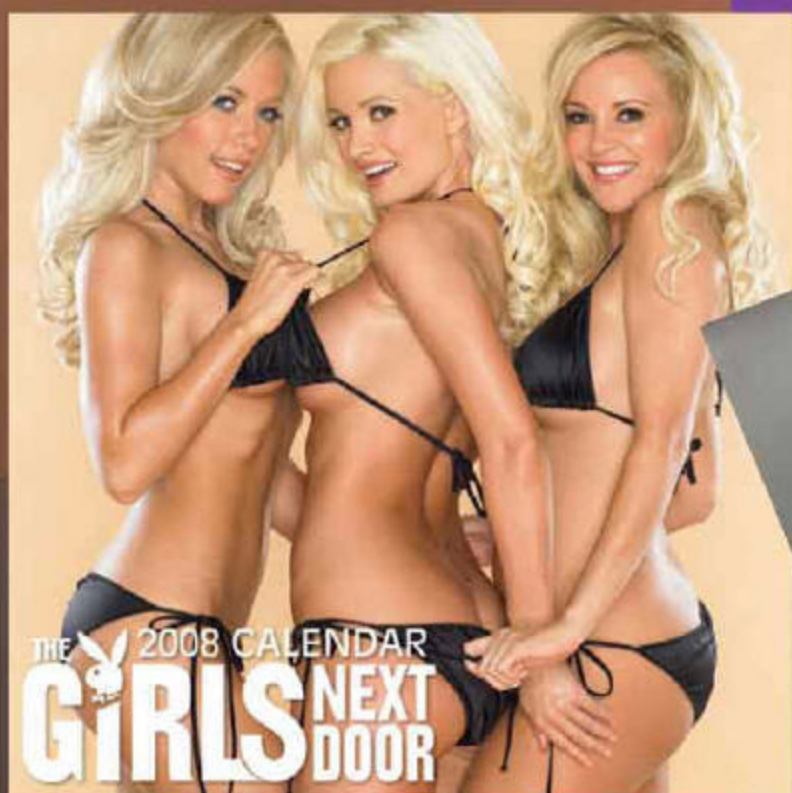
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C



D



E






F

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## MY APOSTASY

RELIGION HAS LONG CONTROLLED THE LIVES OF MEN AND WOMEN, BUT IT'S POSSIBLE FOR US TO ESCAPE

BY JOHN BANVILLE

**W**hen I was growing up in small-town Ireland in the 1950s and early 1960s, popular English newspapers such as *The People* and *The News of the World* would come to us with blank spaces in the back pages where advertisements for Durex condoms had been removed; London editors knew the papers would otherwise be impounded at Irish customs. Until the 1980s artificial contraception was illegal in Ireland. The only method of family planning condoned by the Catholic Church—and in those days the church's word was law—was the so-called rhythm method, which required women to make elaborate calculations of dates and temperature scales before they consented even to conjugal sexual intercourse. The rhythm method was ideal in the eyes of church and state alike, since it meant the church kept a firm hold on women's reproductive organs and politicians could avoid doing what they were supposed to do—namely, make laws. For married couples, however, there was a distinct drawback in that the rhythm method rarely worked. It is a queasy speculation as to how many middle-aged Irish people are walking about the streets today thanks to their mother's failure to measure accurately the temperature of certain of their bodily fluids.

So it was with amazement that, sometime in the early 1990s, as I was crossing O'Connell Street, Dublin's main thoroughfare, I beheld a double-decker bus the outside of which was entirely painted over with an advertisement for Durex.

Ireland has undergone a profound change since those days of blanked-out newspaper ads. Or at least it has undergone change. Whether it is profound is another matter. Certainly it is richer than we had ever dreamed possible. Ours is one of the world's strongest economies, due in no small part to the fact that we are the world's leading exporter of computer software and a major manufacturer of Viagra—software and hardware, one might say. And the priests, who for so long had a hand firmly on our necks and often on other, more intimate parts of our anatomy, are largely gone, although now and then one of their more egregiously peccant fraternity may appear in print, stumbling from a courtroom with a blanket over his head.

Did I ever believe in the tenets of the Catholic faith? Of course I obeyed the church's commands, which is not quite the same as saying I obeyed the Commandments: Long ago Saint Paul had set Moses straight on all that Yahweh had forgotten to set down on those stone tablets, and the Catholic Church in Ireland is fundamentally—the mot juste—a Pauline church. My earliest memories of religion glow with a hellish red half-light. Almost everything one did had an element of sinfulness to it. Nor did one actually

have to commit a sin to commit a sin: Just the thought of doing something wicked was enough to have a black mark put against one's name in the heavenly register of felonies. And although Paul had advised that it is better to marry than to burn, even marriage was no haven of blamelessness. I vividly remember a priest assuring our class of small boys preparing for confirmation that a husband who looks upon his wife with lust is committing a sin.

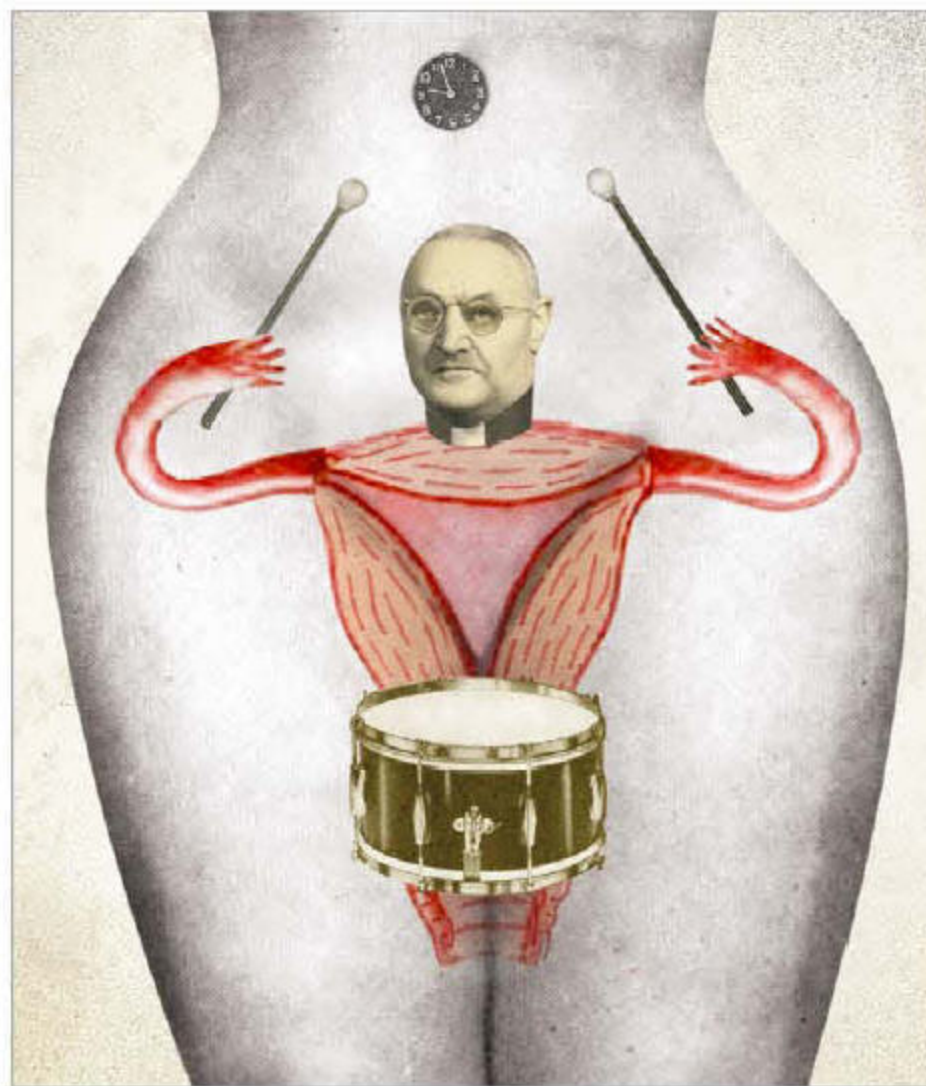
We lived in terror. The long sermon on hellfire in Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* is no exaggeration. At school and in church I heard many such perorations lovingly detailing the torments awaiting the sinner in the pit of perdition. And one could be flung into that pit on the scantiest of indictments. We were warned, for instance, that

missing Sunday mass was a mortal sin—or “mortlar,” as we shiveringly said—and we would be damned for it.

I pause. Surely my memory is defective. Surely a grown man would not tell a roomful of children that the punishment for deliberately avoiding weekly mass would be to burn in hell for all eternity. Surely not. Yet that is what I remember.

There were formulations in Irish Catholic teaching that I have never forgotten. One was the “occasion of sin.” Such an occasion could be anything from taking part in a Black Mass to sitting with a girl in the back of a movie house. The priests knew which was the more likely peril. It was all sex with them. True, they occasionally inveighed against such things as lying and being disrespectful to one's parents, but we knew what sooner or later would rear its ugly head.

It seemed perfectly reasonable to us then that the church should be obsessed with the sins of the flesh, but one thinks back now in baffled wonderment to those



DAVID FLUNKERT

## UNPROTECTED SPEECH

USING A BOGUS GREEN SCARE TO SUBVERT FREEDOM

endless tirades against impurity, with ourselves or with others—"Ourselves?" we prepubescents would whisper speculatively to ourselves—and those anathemas flung from the pulpit at girls who wore skirts that were too short and at boys whose ambition was to get something under those skirts, if only a trembling hand. What was it all about? What was being protected? The family? In sinful England, where, if those sportive and ad-less imported newspapers were to be believed, fellows had a high success rate in getting their hands under girls' skirts, the fabric of society had not unwoven. Were we Irish somehow more culpable than other nationalities? It seemed unfair to be constantly threatened with damnation while having so little fun.

So I gave it up. I moved to the city, and although I was living under the invigilation of a sharp-eyed aunt, I did the unthinkable and began to miss Sunday mass. Did I feel suddenly free? Not really. The biggest benefit was that Sunday mornings were marginally less boring than they had been. God's hand did not smite me; the bottomless pit did not open under my feet. The guilt remained, of course, and still does. I admit I would not be without it. Guilt is good for writers. It keeps us in touch with our real self, that irredeemable wrongdoer who crouches within us, waiting to leap out at the faintest hint of an occasion of sin.

In the early 1990s the priests were at last driven back into the catacombs when the story broke in *The Irish Times* that Bishop Eamon Casey, a popular and powerful Irish churchman, had for decades been conducting an affair with an American woman and that the couple had a 17-year-old son. It was revealed too, almost incidentally, that the bishop had paid his lover 70,000 Irish pounds borrowed from funds that were not his to borrow from. It was a lovely scandal, and we enjoyed it hugely. At that time there was talk of building a pillar in the center of Dublin to replace Nelson's Pillar, which the IRA had blown up in the 1960s, and a national debate was conducted as to whose statue should adorn the new erection. I worked at *The Irish Times* then, and at a news conference the topic came up. I offered that surely there was no question but that Bishop Casey was the man who should be honored, for who else had done as much for the cause of freedom in Ireland since the time of Nelson himself? The suggestion was not entertained. I still think it was a good idea.



By Dean Kuipers

As the jury filed into a San Diego courtroom on September 19, 2007, Rodney Coronado had every reason to believe he was on his way to prison. Again. The man *The New York Times* had called a "celebrity ex-convict in the underground world of environmental and animal rights radicals" served nearly five years in the early 1990s for fire-bombing an animal-research lab. But back then nobody had branded him a terrorist. Times have changed.

This time all he'd done was make a public speech about his radical past, and the feds were trying to put him away for 20 years on terror charges. It didn't matter that the speech was almost certainly protected under the First Amendment. They smelled blood. Only weeks earlier, in Oregon, 10 activists the media had dubbed "the Family" were convicted in connection with various instances of eco-arson—one of them a much publicized blaze at a Vail ski resort—and had their prison sentences more than doubled through the use of federal terrorism-sentencing enhancements. It was the first time domestic activists had been sentenced as "terrorists." Elsewhere, six people from a group called Stop Huntingdon Animal Cruelty, or SHAC, were given long sentences in New Jersey for running a website not connected to any material crime. Three other young

folks, from Auburn, California, who identified with the Animal Liberation Front and the Earth Liberation Front awaited trial after being set up by a sexy, young FBI informant. All of them—and others—had been threatened with terrorism charges.

One thing is clear: The age of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* is over. The red-blooded American practice of property damage—blowing up railroad tracks, burning offensive billboards—made famous by Edward Abbey's 1975 book is now treated on a par with the murderous acts of Al Qaeda.

Both sides are at fault. When L.A. animal activist Jerry Vlasak went on *60 Minutes* and implied it was okay to kill animal-research execs and when shadowy figures began leaving firebombs at the homes of UCLA lab directors, it was a no-brainer for Congress to pass new legislation like 2006's Animal Enterprise Terrorism Act. On the other side, huge corporations saw an opening and lobbied hard for the word *terrorism* to be included so harsh post-Patriot Act sentences would apply.

Of all the new prosecutions, however, those involving pure speech have the most ominous overtones. At least the Oregon ecoteurs admitted they had actually done something illegal. Coronado—as well as the SHAC 6—was simply being silenced.

On August 1, 2003 Coronado flew to San Diego and gave a speech attended by about 70 people. He says it was his standard speech at the time about his extreme efforts to protect wildlife, which included smashing up fur shops, sinking two (unmanned) Icelandic whaling ships and a 1991 to 1992 arson campaign against fur farms, for which he served 57 months in prison. When he finished, someone asked him how he had made his incendiary devices a dozen years earlier, and in the space of about a minute he told them.

"I had answered this question many times before," said Coronado in a 2006 interview in Tucson. (He had been advised not to talk during his 2007 trial.) "I just naively believed speech was protected. Otherwise, I would have told people to go online or go to a gun show, where you can buy manuals," he added.

Two and a half years later, in February 2006, the FBI arrested Coronado for responding to that question. The U.S. attorney's office in San Diego contended he had broken a seldom used 1997 law—18 USC § 842(p)(2)(A), sponsored by Senator Dianne Feinstein (D-Cal.)—that makes it illegal to teach others how to build a "destructive device" with the intent that they use it to commit "federal crimes of violence."

The key word in that law, however, is *intent*. Federal Judge Jeffrey Miller sidestepped the issue of whether the 1997 law itself was unconstitutional (the argument is that bomb-building instructions, without any link to a crime, are protected speech) by reminding the court that incitement requires (1) intent and (2) imminent action.

"This is really asking the court to outlaw a type of speech that has never been outlawed before," says Gerald Singleton, Coronado's attorney in San Diego. "All the case law talks about an individual having criminal liability for aiding and abetting in the commission of another substantive crime. Or if you are inciting violence to such a degree—crying 'Fire' in a crowded theater—that harm is imminent. That's the Brandenburg test."

The 1969 Supreme Court case *Brandenburg v. Ohio* established that inflammatory speech by a Ku Klux Klansman against blacks, Jews and others, no matter how disgusting, was protected unless it was likely to incite "imminent lawless action" (in other words, a lynch mob). In Coronado's case, the government waited two and a half years to see if someone would build a bomb based on his words, but no one did.

For three days in court Coronado heard the U.S. attorneys and a star witness, a long-time San Diego Police Department undercover cop, imply intent by stating under oath that the question from the audience was "How do I make a bomb for an action?"

The woman who asked the question took the stand to deny that this was her wording, but things were looking grim for Coronado until late in the trial, when an audio recording of the speech surfaced and proved the cop's "verbatim notes" were grossly distorted. The words *bomb* and *action* weren't said.

San Francisco civil rights attorney Ben Rosenfeld wrote a widely published essay on Coronado's case, which states, "This is a pure free-speech case. Measured

against any historic test of free speech, Coronado's behavior—that is to say, his speech—was alarmingly innocuous and uncriminal."

Lauren Regan, an attorney with the Civil Liberties Defense Center in Eugene, Oregon who represented some of the Family, points out that no terrorism enhancements were used against the Oklahoma City bombers, who killed 169 people; one co-conspirator in that case is already out of jail.

"The government is choosing which subject matter it's going to punish and which it's going to turn a blind eye to," Regan says, noting that a right-wing website called Target of Opportunity has given detailed information about Coronado and some of the Oregon defendants, clearly advocating their murder by calling them "enemy targets" and including such lines as "One shot is all it takes" (since removed), but the feds have never gone after that site.

It turned out that the jury in Coronado's case was also skittish about the case's implications. On September 19 they came back with a split decision, a hung jury. They agreed he had taught people how to build an incendiary

but were stacked against the idea that its use was imminent. Clear intent to commit crime still mattered. Coronado left the courtroom a free man—but not forever. The government is deciding whether to retry him.

San Francisco attorney Tony Serra, part of Coronado's defense team and a veteran of civil rights cases, including those of Black Panthers and Hells Angels, said during the trial, "Those of us who've been involved for many years in civil rights-movement cases, we are incensed at this litigation. This is a case, like a canary in a miner's cave, that seeks to measure how much free oxygen we still have in this country."

**"THIS WOULD OUTLAW SPEECH THAT'S NEVER BEEN OUTLAWED."**



Are these people terrorists?

**MARGINALIA**



**FROM A PRESS**

release by Ozzy Osbourne after a Fargo, North Dakota sheriff set up a sting operation in which he lured more than 40 people with outstanding warrants to a preconcert party with promises of perks identical to Ozzy's official VIP packages and then, after arresting them, touted his success at a televised press event: "Instead of holding a press conference to pat himself on the back, Sheriff Laney should be apologizing to me for using my name in connection with these arrests. It's insulting to me and to my audience, and it shows how lazy this particular sheriff is when it comes to doing his job. Sheriff Laney went out of his way to tarnish my reputation by implying that I somehow attract a criminal element, which is not true. My audiences are good, hard-working people who have been hugely supportive of my music for nearly four decades. They have also been very supportive of my wife Sharon's colon-cancer charity by raising over a million dollars—partly through VIP ticket sales—at my shows."



**FROM SOUTH DAKOTA'S 2007**

*Fishing Handbook*, issued by the state's Department of Game, Fish and Parks: "If you encounter a meth 'cook' or user while on your outing, remember they may be hallucinating, paranoid or violent because of the drug. Take precautions to keep you and your party safe. Keep in mind these six safety tips for approaching a meth 'tweaker' (user). (1) Keep your distance. (2) No bright lights. (3) Slow your speech; lower your voice. (4) Slow your movements. (5) Keep your hands visible or they may feel threatened and become unpredictable and violent. (6) Keep the tweaker talking. A tweaker who falls silent can be extremely dangerous. Silence often means that his/her paranoid thoughts have taken over reality, and anyone present can become part of the tweaker's paranoid delusions."



**FROM A DIARY** by Nick Turse,

describing how he entered a New York City court this past summer with a digital audio recorder in his bag: "I walked into the Daniel Patrick Moynihan United States Courthouse in lower Manhattan. Nearly three years before, I had been locked up about two blocks away, in the Tombs—the infamous jail then named the Bernard B. Kerik Complex for the now disgraced New York City police commissioner. You see, I am one of the demonstrators who was illegally arrested by the New York City Police Department during the protests against the 2004

(continued on page 43)

# READER RESPONSE

## ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL

In reaction to Jonathan Tasini's "Israel Shouldn't Get a Free Pass" (October), I want to stress that an apartheid state is one in which a racial minority rules over a racial majority without regard for the human and civil rights of that majority. This in no way describes Israel. There are four Arab Knesset members and



Israeli policies stir controversy.

many Arabs in the Israeli government. Among countries in the Middle East, Israel is the most respectful of the human and civil rights of Muslims. Compare this with the ethnic cleansing of Jews that has happened throughout the Muslim world during the past 100 years ([forgottenrefugees.com](http://forgottenrefugees.com)). The abysmal situation in which the Palestinians have found themselves is their own fault, the consequence of a 60-year effort to push Israel into the sea and cleanse the Middle East of Jews.

Mark Nystedt  
Haverhill, Massachusetts

Tasini's article attacking Israel is obviously one-sided. But perhaps less obvious are the inaccuracies and distortions on which his arguments rely. First, the author exaggerates the number of Palestinians held in administrative detention by 20 percent as compared with the most recent statistics published by the Israeli organization B'Tselem. He then leads readers to believe that B'Tselem claims all of these detainees are tortured by Israeli authorities, but B'Tselem makes no such assertion. And of course he gives no indication that administrative detention is legal under international law or that Israel relies on this procedure to

protect its citizens from terrorism. Most outrageous, he slurs Israel—a vibrant democracy and the only country in the region in which Arabs and Jews not only vote but also hold political office—as behaving like South Africa. In response to such a comparison, Benjamin Pogrund, a South African journalist who played a key role in the antiapartheid movement, has emphatically stated that applying the apartheid label to Israel "is at best ignorant and naive and at worst cynical and manipulative."

Gilead Ini  
Boston, Massachusetts

Although I was one of Tasini's most ardent defenders and supporters while he served as president of the National Writers Union, I must take issue with his assertion that criticism of Israeli policies is stifled in the U.S. I agree with him when he writes that "the Holocaust should not be used as a moral shield to suppress honest criticism of Israel." But Israel is routinely criticized in American media, and sadly, much of this criticism is not fair, accurate or honest. For example, in his piece Tasini asserts that during its war with Hezbollah, Israel turned Lebanon into "rubble," while in fact, most of the country—and most of Beirut—was left untouched by Israeli bombers. Is Tasini an anti-Semite for exaggerating like this? No. He's just wrong.

Dexter van Zile  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Ini and Van Zile work for the Committee for Accuracy in Middle East Reporting in America. That organization's website, [camera.org](http://camera.org), denounced Tasini, leading to a deluge of complaints sent to our offices.*

## THE CRIMSON LETTER

"Northern Exposure" ("Newsfront," November), which cites growing numbers of chastity clubs at Northern liberal-arts colleges and universities, is chilling and confounding. Since when does the use of one's body "honorably and respectfully" equate to abstaining from one of the body's primary functions, sexuality? There's a big gap between promiscuity and chastity. Treating sexuality like a prize is archaic and demeaning to both sexes. It harks back to when a woman was considered her

husband's property. Normal, healthy adults know all aspects of themselves, including their sexuality. Some of the most tightly wound or unusual people I have known are those who deny themselves sex. I would love to see on campuses an organization advocating sexuality as part of a healthy lifestyle, right next to these chastity organizations and their pledges.

Karl Babij  
Pitman, New Jersey

## DREAMING IS FREE

Stephen Duncombe is right when he says Democrats don't understand why Americans need spectacle in politics, but he's wrong to say Democrats don't dream ("Why Don't Liberals Dream?" November). In fact, if anything, Democrats are idealists. They fail to appreciate that going for the gut works better than going for the brain. The Swift boating of John Kerry is proof. The Republicans understand that dumbing down the



The Swift boat: appealing to gut or brain?

process works better than elevating it. Perhaps the Democrats will learn this lesson.

Richard Sutherland  
Los Altos, California

Duncombe's assertion that liberals have the market cornered on reason is laughable. Both Democrats and Republicans are quick to roll out the it's-for-the-children argument when their position defies logic and is in need of an emotional push. In stating that liberals are more reasonable than conservatives, Duncombe is either lying or partisan to the point of delusion.

Troy Saulnier  
Tampa, Florida

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

## NEWSFRONT

**Invasion of Privacy as Art**

BERLIN—A traveling exhibition featuring mementos of breakups is a hit in Europe. The Museum of Broken Relationships, established in Zagreb, Croatia, has toured in the former Yugoslavia and received a wealth of objects for a new stop in the German capital. The items for each show are lent or donated—along with an explanation of their implications—by locals anxious to have their breakups memorialized in public. Among materials submitted for the Berlin exhibition are a wedding dress and an ax used to chop up furniture an ex-girlfriend had left behind. “It’s such a nice, simple idea because everyone can relate to it,” says Zvonimir Dobrović, an organizer. “It’s not pretentious. It’s interactive, a place where people can present their own stories.”

**No Trespassing**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A consortium of privacy and consumer organizations has demanded the Federal Trade Commission create a Do Not Track List for Internet users, similar to the Do Not Call List already available to avert telemarketing calls; created in 2003, the Do Not Call List has 145 million registered phone numbers. Using cookies and other tracking devices, online advertising companies can tailor ads to Internet users’ viewing habits. This past year Google, Yahoo and Microsoft inked deals to acquire such businesses. The proposal by the consortium—which includes the Electronic Frontier Foundation, the Consumer Federation of America and the Center for Democracy and Technology—would require independent auditing of any firm that employs behavioral tracking of Internet users, to ensure privacy standards are maintained. It would also ban advertisers from using health or financial information in their tracking and prohibit the collection and use of any personally identifiable information.

**Textbook Meets Facebook**

TALLAHASSEE, FLORIDA—Citing [prawnsblawg.blogspot.com](http://prawnsblawg.blogspot.com), Harvard-based blog Info/Law reported that a Florida State University law professor began classes this past fall by having students read their Facebook profiles aloud. “The girl whose hobby was ‘being slutty’ was particularly embarrassed,” according to the blog.

**Revenge of Egalitarianism**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Though the issue of Net neutrality lost visibility after the midterm elections,

it got a boost in November when Senators Byron Dorgan (D-N.D.) and Olympia Snowe (R-Maine) revived it in the wake of a series of scandals, including some—such as AT&T’s censoring of a Pearl Jam webcast—covered here. Despite the Federal Trade Commission and Department of Justice having weighed in against obligating corporations to maintain Net neutrality, the senators asked the Senate Commerce Committee to consider whether bias hurts citizens.

**Not Easy Being Green**

LONDON—A study conducted by researchers from the U.K., Switzerland and the U.S. shows biofuels can produce more greenhouse gases than fossil fuels such as gasoline. The team tested fuels derived from corn (the primary crop used for ethanol in America) and rapeseed (Europe’s main biofuel crop) and found biodiesels from these sources yielded 50 percent and 70 percent more greenhouse gases, respectively, than fossil fuels. Nitrous oxide in particular was detected at significantly higher levels than expected. These amounts are thought to result from nitrogen-based fertilizers being incorporated into the fuels. One of the researchers, Keith Smith of the University of Edinburgh, said, “The significance is that the supposed benefits of biofuels are even more disputable than had been thought hitherto.”

**MARGINALIA**

(continued from page 41)

Republican National Convention. My crime had been—in an effort to call attention to the human toll of America’s wars—to ride the subway, dressed in black, with the pallor of death about me (thanks to cornstarch and cold cream) and an expression to match, sporting a placard around my neck that read WAR DEAD. I was with a small group, and our plan was to travel from Union Square to Harlem, change trains and ride all the way back down to Astor Place. But when my small group exited the train at the 125th Street station in Harlem, we were arrested by a swarm of police, marched to a waiting paddy wagon and driven to a filthy detention center. There, we were locked away for hours in a series of razor-wire-topped pens before being bused to the Tombs. Now I was back to resolve the matter of my illegal arrest. As I walked through the metal detector of the federal building, a security official searched my bag. He didn’t like what he found. ‘You could be shot for carrying that in here,’ he told me. ‘You could be shot.’”

**FROM AN ESSAY** by James

Rothenberg, posted on CounterPunch: “So the message is, if you really want to see things shaken up, stay away from the polls. This will

take some discipline, considering how it counters the prevailing advice. Your vote may be personal to you, but to those in control it is a commodity. It is bought and paid for in accordance with a formula (dollar-vote correspondence) well-known to those in the field (applied electioneering), only you’re not supposed to know this, even though you really know this. You may feel you vote freely, but ask yourself why you don’t feel free to vote for a minor-party candidate. Ask yourself why you don’t want to ‘waste’ your vote yet instead reward with it the very parties responsible for this state of futility.”



**FROM AN INTERVIEW** with Raquel Cruz-Manzano, a school-teacher and union leader in the state of Oaxaca, Mexico—where a teachers strike last year led to widespread protests against poverty, government corruption and Governor Ulises Ruiz—responding to a question about the role of women in the protests: “Women were the ones at the front. They were the tip of the spear. After a march where they were making noise, banging kitchen implements, they seized the Channel 9 television station.

When the federal police entered the city in October, women were on the front lines, and they had no fear. It changed the role of women in Oaxaca a lot.”



## UNNECESSARY TOUGHNESS

THE NFL HAS NO BUSINESS TESTING PLAYERS FOR RECREATIONAL DRUGS

The National Football League doesn't use GPS monitors to make sure its players aren't speeding on the way home from practice. No referees rummage through gridiron stars' garbage to verify they've sorted their recyclables. And Roger Goodell doesn't check the provenance of the MP3s on Pro Bowlers' iPods. So why in the hell does the NFL test players for recreational drugs such as marijuana, ecstasy and cocaine? To perpetuate a squeaky-clean image by disciplining

players who get into legal trouble is one thing. But to subject athletes' private recreational habits to gratuitous scrutiny is another. We're entirely opposed to the testing, but if the NFL brass is so adamant about sanitizing the league's perceived character, here's a suggestion for the players association to pursue this off-season: Demand the solidarity of management and ownership in the testing regime. If Ricky Williams is not permitted to smoke up to take the edge off, a dissolute son of an owner—who

acts as a liaison with the commissioner's office or draws money as a team official of some sort and should therefore be deemed as indicative of the league's character as any player—shouldn't be able to celebrate with a few lines either. Any unwillingness on this front would place NFL leaders on shaky and potentially racially charged ground. Perhaps they would come to their senses and, whether for self-serving reasons or not, return players' home lives back where they belong: in the private sphere.

Travis Henry, right, attempted to sue the league after a positive test last year. Former University of Oregon star **Onterio Smith**, below, had his promising Vikings career derailed by drug policies.



Ex-Cowboy and -Oiler **Mark Stepnoski**, right, has in retirement criticized pot laws. **Ricky Williams**, far right, went from rushing leader to outcast because of non-performance-enhancing drug use.



BY TIM MOHR

# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MATTHEW McCONAUGHEY

*A candid conversation with the unlikely leading man about extreme travel, sexual abstinence, being an Internet fixation and his problem with shirts*

In the leading-man landscape, there is nobody quite like Matthew McConaughey. While peers like Brad Pitt, Tom Cruise, Matt Damon and Leonardo DiCaprio hide in mansions unless they are selling a movie or telling us to go green, McConaughey is the one you find living among the masses, drinking beer in a trailer park or roughing it in the wild. No leading man seems more comfortable in his own skin (or is photographed that way) than McConaughey. He's an unapologetic guy's guy, a redneck Buddha (as described by pal Lance Armstrong) who has romanced co-stars like Ashley Judd, Sandra Bullock and Penélope Cruz and gotten arrested for playing bongos in the nude after a wild post-football game celebration.

As an actor, the 38-year-old has been compared to Paul Newman and Marlon Brando. His manly vibe has worked in guy films like the cult classic *Dazed and Confused*, *A Time to Kill* and *We Are Marshall*, and his Texas charm and good looks have made him America's romantic-comedy answer to Hugh Grant in hits like *How to Lose a Guy in 10 Days* and *Failure to Launch*. His latest is *Fool's Gold*, in which he stars as a surfer and treasure hunter opposite Kate Hudson.

One of three brothers, McConaughey was raised in a close-knit east Texas household. His father, Jim, a former Green Bay Packer who owned a gas station and an oil-pipe supply business, three times married and twice divorced

Matthew's mother, Kay. McConaughey's father may have preached nine-to-five working-class values, but his mother encouraged her son's penchant for high adventure, which sent him to Australia when he was 17. While down under he changed his career path from law to movies.

McConaughey studied directing at the University of Texas, but his good looks and homespun charm eventually led him to the front of the camera. At a bar with a casting director, McConaughey talked himself into his first big movie, *Dazed and Confused*. Next he talked director Joel Schumacher and author John Grisham into casting him, not Brad Pitt or the other stars rumored to be in the running, as the lead in *A Time to Kill*.

Fame followed. His romances were chronicled in the press. *People* magazine named him Sexiest Man Alive in 2005, and the gossip blogs dogged his every move. His friendships (and bike rides) with Lance Armstrong and Jake Gyllenhaal became an Internet fixation, and his decision not to alter his daily routine because of the paparazzi made him even more popular online. Photographers hid in bushes while he was filming the upcoming *Surfer, Dude*. That movie is McConaughey's second stint as producer as well as actor (after *Sahara*). He'll fill the same roles for *The Grackle*, a raucous comedy that will start production soon, in which he plays a barroom brawler for hire.

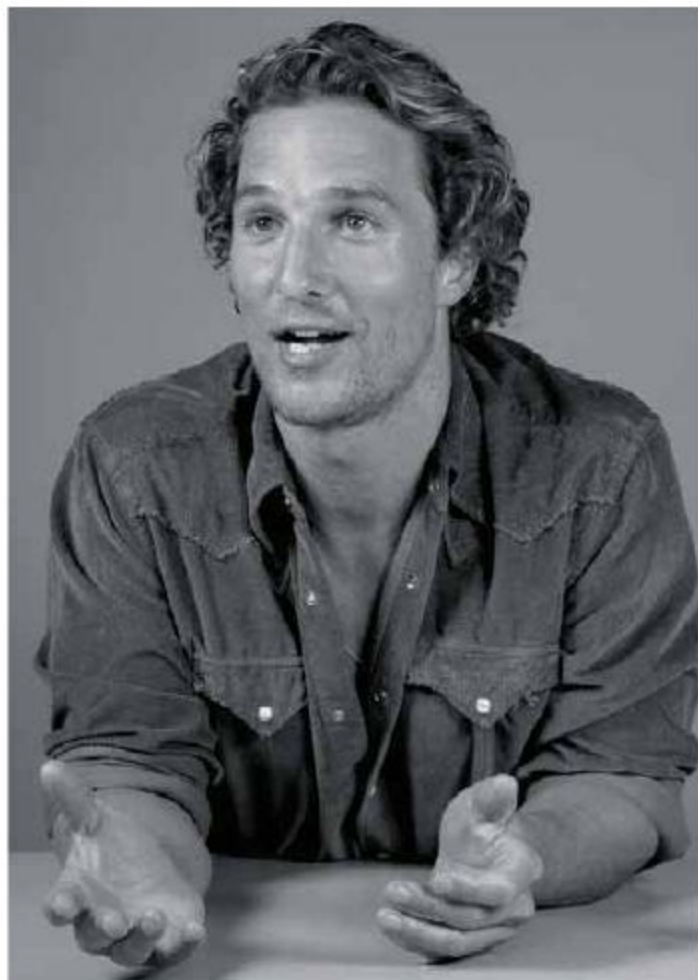
When we decided to catch up with Hollywood's

favorite beach bum, PLAYBOY sent Michael Fleming, who last interviewed Chris Tucker for the magazine. Fleming reports, "We met at his Malibu home, where McConaughey led me past surfboards that carry the dings and scars of wipe-outs on reefs in Papua New Guinea, where he honed his surfing skills for *Surfer, Dude*. He explained that surfing has replaced golf as his sporting passion. Throughout the interview McConaughey proved to be a fully formed regular guy, a great storyteller who's not above grabbing his interviewer to demonstrate a wrestling maneuver. By the time his girlfriend, 24-year-old Brazilian model Camila Alves, gave me hello pecks on both cheeks, I had become convinced his life was as good as we'd all feared."

**PLAYBOY:** You have an impressive body of work, which is why we have to begin with a question about your seeming inability to refrain from showing off your body. What do you have against shirts?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Yeah, I'm shirtless a lot because I've had three summers off in a row now. I spent the summer of 2006 in Malibu, learning to surf. Then I went to Australia and caught six months of their summer while I shot *Surfer, Dude*. Then I came back to Malibu for another summer.

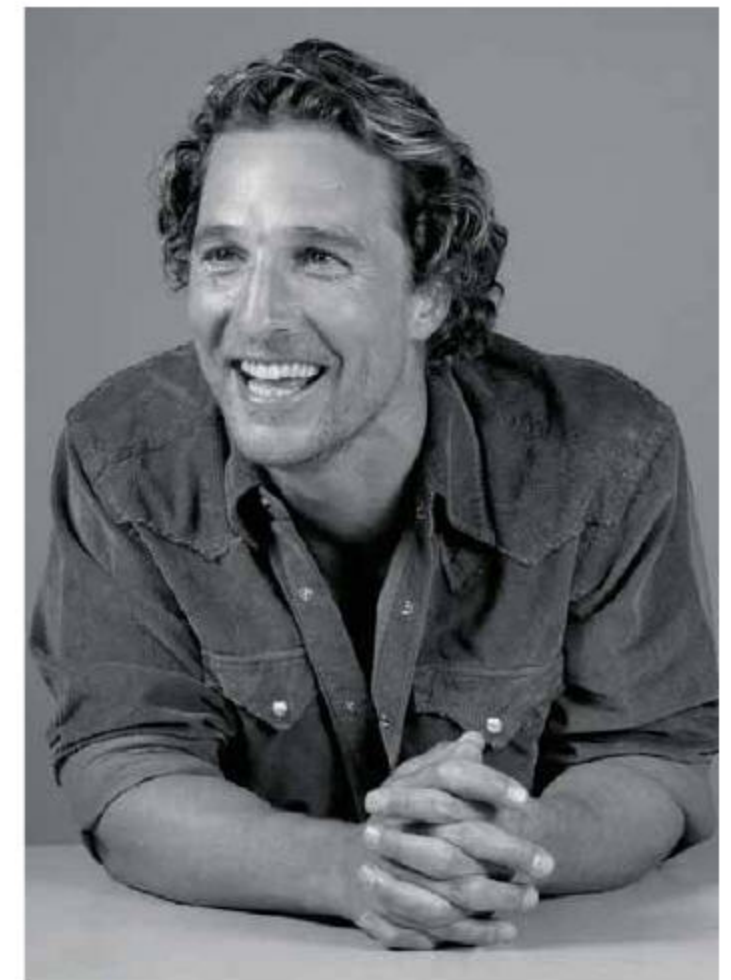
**PLAYBOY:** But the shirtless image predates your endless summer.



"You can get too much of things—booze, nicotine, women, your BlackBerry, attention, fame, TV, the Internet. Fasting is a way to pull back and check on what you really need. I abstained from sex—for a year."



"The UFC is a great sport—man on man, no weapons, you and me, mano a mano with what God gave us. Is it bloody? Sure. But it's actually one of the healthiest rituals for exorcising the violence and rage we have inside."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

"I'm not going to steal a dude's girl. You got something going, man, I'm all for it. I've been in enough relationships to know how hard they are. I think there should be a better sense of fraternity among men, especially if someone is married."

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Well, I grew up in the country and didn't wear shirts or shoes. My mom didn't even put a bathing suit on us at the country club until we were nine.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you mind that your penchant for going shirtless has become fodder for jokes and parody?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I don't keep up with all that, but I heard there was a series of shots of me with my shirt off. Then Matt Damon did an impersonation on *Letterman*. That's the first time I realized it had become some pop-culture thing. To me, though, it's about chasing summer. I surf. I run. Exercise is a form of meditation. Nothing's better than feeling that fatigue. It settles your mind. I break a sweat to get all the tentacles up there connected. Exercise makes me very conscious of my anatomy. Shirt off, man? Yeah!

**PLAYBOY:** Whether or not you're being chased by cameras, apparently.

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I am aware that when I run past the paparazzi it becomes like the Discovery Channel: "They've caught the mammal McConaughey running without his shirt again!" It hit me years ago: If this is going to be a part of my life, I'm not going to cocoon up. I tried it, actually. I insulated myself for a year. I would lose energy getting pissed off or not go places I wanted to go. I realized what was happening one night when I was in my car with my security guard, who was driving 85 miles an hour and running red lights because the paparazzi were following in three cars. For a second I thought it was necessary. I got home with my brother and my right-hand guy, John Chaney, and we looked at one another. That was a load of shit, I thought. There's no reason to be running from guys who have cameras and not guns.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you want to hide out for a year?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** One Friday afternoon I walked down the Third Street Promenade in Santa Monica. There were 500 people, and five were looking at me. Two were cute girls, one was a guy I knew and maybe the other two liked my shirt. Then on Monday, after I became famous from *A Time to Kill*, 495 of the 500 people were looking at me. I didn't know if my frickin' fly was unzipped, if I had a booger on my nose or what. Strangers feel they know you. I was like, "Whoa, let me catch my breath here, man." Life had just changed. The anonymity was gone. So I hid, but no more. Now it's not a problem, just a fact. As long as I've got my 18 square inches of personal space, bro, I'm fine, though I still don't think a celebrity who goes out should be treated like the frickin' Eiffel Tower.

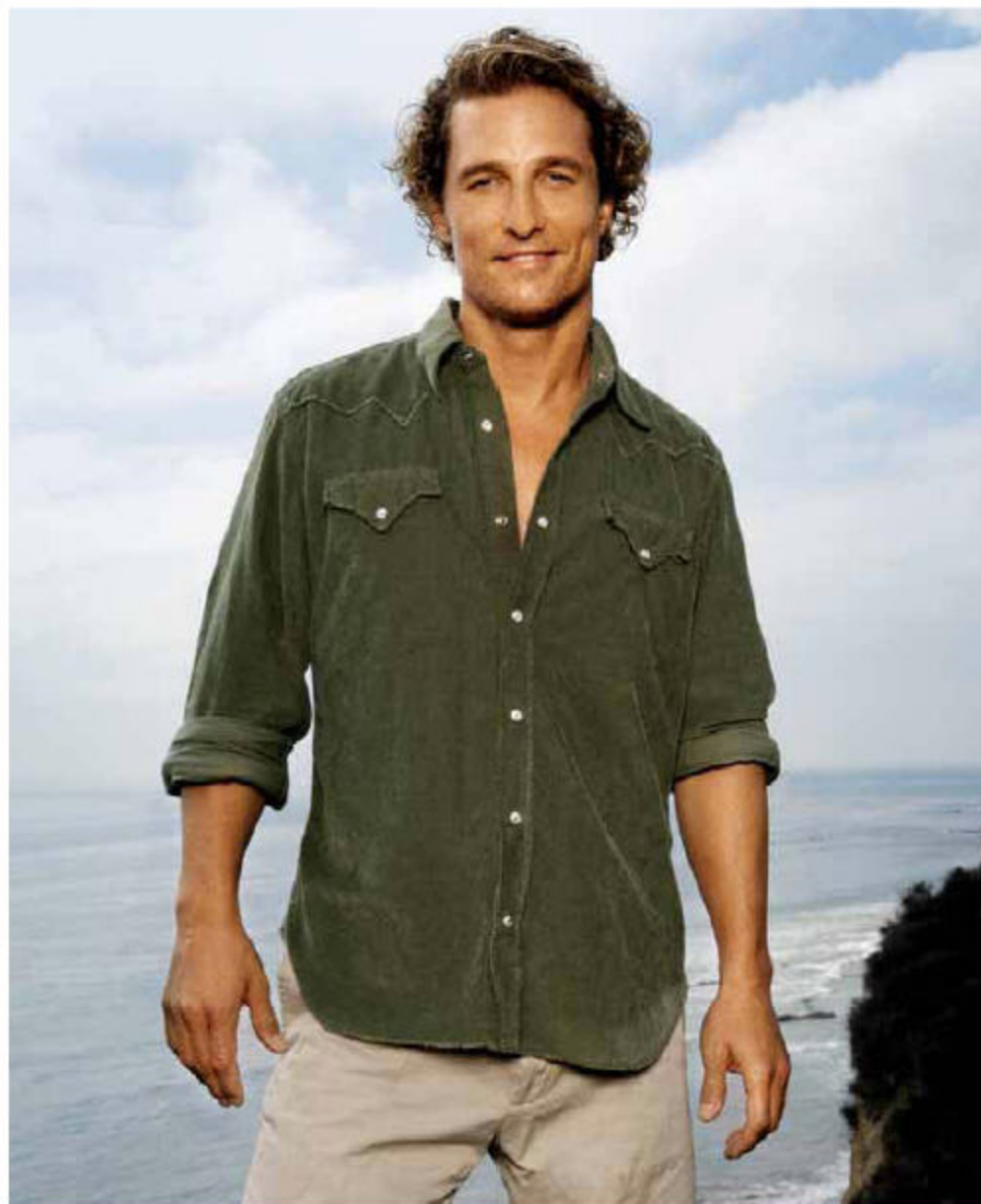
**PLAYBOY:** Were you angered by Matt Damon's impression of you on *David Letterman*? He had you plotting for a way to take your shirt off.

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I laughed. I sent him some of my T-shirts. I said, "Here, man. I'm not wearing them. Maybe you can use them."

**PLAYBOY:** Damon has said he won't whore out his life to sell a movie and feels the exposure cheapens his value as an actor. Is it possible he was thinking about you?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I don't know, man. I don't take it that way. I've met him and liked the guy I met. I think he's got enough good stuff going on in his own life. He's got better things to do than worrying about what I'm doing.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you worry that your image—



Exercise is a form of meditation. Nothing's better than feeling that fatigue. It settles your mind.

the shirtless hell-raiser—could impact the quality of your work on-screen?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Truthfully, no. In fact I know I have gotten jobs because of how I am. I got *EDtv* because I was in Brian Grazer's office and I spilled Coca-Cola. Instead of wiping it up, I bent down and sucked it off the table.

**PLAYBOY:** Did that qualify as an audition?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** He said, "You just sucked Coke off the table! You're funny." You don't know why things happen, right? I don't know if I wasn't offered the next role—as a lawyer—because there's a perception of me as a beach guy. You just don't know. I heard this joke yesterday: "How do you know the seasons are changing? McConaughey's put on a suit."

**PLAYBOY:** Joking aside, are you becoming a better actor?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Yes, I understand the craft more. I'm working harder at it. I'm more specific about what I want to do. I've got a production company now. I'm doing things that turn me on every day. That's what turns me on, not worrying about my image. I know a lot of people in my position for whom managing an image is much more of a concern, who are *great* at it. You see only what they want you to.

**PLAYBOY:** Who's great at it?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I'm not going to say specific names. I'll tell you this, man. I've heard of people who wear the same thing every time they go out, because then nobody will buy the photo. Others get ahold of the press anytime they go out. They say, "This is where I'm going. Here's what I'm wearing. This is the shot I need." And it's lit just right. If you can pull that off, bravo, man!

**PLAYBOY:** Do you pose for the paparazzi?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** If I went running up the trail right now, I would know where the paparazzi will be, but I wouldn't stop and pose. When I'm with my girlfriend they always want me to put my arm around her. "I'm not posing for you, dude," I say. I'm going to do my thing. "You want to catch it? Very well, man, catch it. Oh yeah, and by the way, you want to make sure you're in focus and we got nice light."

**PLAYBOY:** Do you resent living in a fishbowl?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** It's all about how big you see the bowl, man. Do you look at it as a goldfish bowl, a swimming pool or an ocean?

**PLAYBOY:** How bad was the attention in 1999 when you were arrested in the infamous naked-bongo incident?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** That invasion of privacy? The idea that a person can walk into another man's house? I don't care if

you're an officer of the law; you don't have the right to walk into someone's house unless you have a reason.

**PLAYBOY:** Maybe the officer saw a bong.

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I don't believe the guy saw a bong, since there was no bong to see. He saw a man standing buck naked, sweating, playing music, having a ball, singing, and I think he just went, "What planet is this?"

**PLAYBOY:** Do you admit you had been smoking pot that day?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** We'd been up for two days, man. It was after the Nebraska game, which we won. We were still reveling in the victory. I'm going to leave that there. I'm going straight around that question.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you advocate smoking pot?



**MCCONAUGHEY:** I say it's up to the individual, man. People say you can't be addicted to it, and I say yes, you can. I know people who are.

**PLAYBOY:** How about naked bongo playing? Do you recommend it?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I think everybody should do it at least 100 times. I've done it since, too. Oh yeah, bro, I love playing drums naked. Who doesn't like comfort and music?

**PLAYBOY:** Before you were famous you posed nude for photos.

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I did, yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you feel when the photographer sold them after you became successful?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I understood it. I went to the guy personally and said, "Man, I'm just telling you, I'd rather you didn't. Do you want to do another photo shoot instead?" He said, "No, I got to do this. I can make some money." And I went, "Okay, well." I shook his hand and said, "I'd rather you didn't, but okay, go for it. *C'est la vie.*" And he put them out there.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you view it as a crisis?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Most things in life seem like a bigger deal at the time. In the larger scheme, though, most things are just a blip. You want to sober up and talk about real crises? Try some of the stuff I saw in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina. Try cancer like Lance Armstrong had. Those are crises.

**PLAYBOY:** You may not have had life-threatening crises like cancer, but you have put yourself in dangerous situations. What's the most reckless adventure you've taken?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I don't think of any of them as reckless, but yeah, I've been in what people would call dangerous situations. Like when I went down the Amazon in an unstable canoe with its edge an inch above the waterline and a 14-foot gator bumped me. In Africa, a path I had to go through was flooded, and the only way across was to wade. I had my backpack over my head, water up to my chest, and looked to my right and saw about 40 gators sitting there. During a dive I was inverted at 35 meters and came up on the underside of a huge underground reef with 80 barracuda as close as you are now, staring and showing their big teeth. I got called out in a wrestling match in Mali. This guy Michel, a tree trunk of a man, the champion of the village, challenged me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you accept his challenge?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** My heart started pounding. I got up and walked toward the pit. I had on a pair of shorts, no shirt, no shoes, beads all woven into my beard. And he's got like a burlap bag with a rope around the waist, no shirt, no shoes. I don't know if we're boxing or what the rules are. The chief is there, but no one speaks English. He comes up, puts one hand on my head and the other on Michel's. Michel comes up, grabs my hip with one hand, then the other, and puts his head into my shoulder, so I do the same thing. Then Michel backs up. So I thought, Okay, he's getting lever-

age. This is the beginning of the match. And all of a sudden the chief lifts his hand and makes a noise. I've wrestled. I had two older brothers. I have an ass and legs; that's my strength. So I go for Michel's legs, and I look down there and see these tree trunks. I realize, Man, I'm in the land of ass and legs. We are almost horizontal to the ground, locked in a scrum. We spin around, but he doesn't take me down. The longer the wrestling goes on, the more excited the crowd gets. I'm not winning, but he doesn't have me down. I think, I'm doing all right here. We get up, spin around, separate and come back at each other. I try to pile-drive him, and I get him down one time. He flips up, though. Just as he comes to me, I flip up, get out around and above, a quick move. I'm like, All right, I'm surviving this.

Then the chief separates us. I am soaking wet. Blood's running down both my knees. My ankles are bleeding. Two of the beads in my beard are ripped out, so I got blood dripping from there. The chief says, "Beh!" I look over at Michel. He's not even sweating. And I'm like, Oh shit! So we go *boom, boom, boom, smash*. I flip him, and he comes back and takes me down. I flip him over my head onto my back, flip him over the top. I never pin him, but he never pins me. Another two and a half minutes and the chief steps in, grabs my hand and grabs his hand. He raises them over our heads. The crowd cheers. It was over. For the rest of my stay in the village it was *carte blanche*, man. I got three or four peanuts, the best chair—meaning the one that had the fewest breaks in it. They caught a chicken, plucked it and cooked chicken and rice for me. They took me down to the water's edge and gave me the cleanest spot in the river to bathe and wash my teeth.

**PLAYBOY:** You are good friends with Lance Armstrong. Could you take him in a wrestling match?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I think I would take him.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you two connect so strongly?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Talk about a man of action. No one gets from point A to point B quicker or more deliberately with his head up than Lance. He doesn't go, "Maybe we should...." I don't even know if he ever says "maybe." Just "What do you want to do?" *Boom*, we're on our way. He gets so much stuff done, and he's a positive, honest dude. He'll tell you straight up if he doesn't like something. He's a hell of a lot of fun. We both live public lives, and we relate on that level. His house is mine; my house is his. Having a buddy to play sports and exercise with is cool.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you beaten him in any sport?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Ask him about our soccer games. I've held him scoreless.

**PLAYBOY:** One on one?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Usually. And he doesn't like to lose, which I remind him of. We're both bleeding when we come off the soccer field.

MAYBE IT'S  
BECAUSE  
IF YOU PUT  
TWO BOTTLES  
TOGETHER  
THEY LOOK LIKE  
BUNNY EARS.



AND IF  
YOU LOOK  
AT THEM  
FROM THE TOP,  
WELL...

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ridden bikes with him?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Yeah, and if we do that or if we go for a run, I'm looking at his back pretty quickly. But he knows I'll always finish. I bet I can surf better than him, though.

**PLAYBOY:** You are a big fan of the Ultimate Fighting Championship circuit. Explain the appeal.

**MCCONAUGHEY:** It's a great sport—man on man, no weapons, you and me. Let's go. I'm not going to pull your nuts off or poke an eye out. I'm not going to bite you. Mano a mano with what God gave us. Is it bloody? Sure. But it's actually one of the healthiest rituals for exorcising a lot of the violence and rage we have inside. America is the only place without rituals. Other countries have big rituals to burn out the devil. America, what's our ritual? *CSI: Miami*? Video games?

**PLAYBOY:** What was the last fight you got into?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** In a bar down on Robertson Boulevard in Los Angeles. Five guys jumped my buddy—pounced on him. I flew in there and took one out. Got in another swing. Next thing I knew I was pulled back. One of the guys had me in a choke hold; another was on top of me. Luckily, the bouncers came in and cleared it out. But I got one good shot in.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been challenged because of your fame or looks?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Yeah. Like maybe I appealed to their girlfriend. I've had that before. But most of it is goofy stuff. One guy came up to me and said, "My wife is in love with you, man," and offered her to me. I was incredulous.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you respond to the offer?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I pulled him aside and said, "Listen, man, you got to have a little more self-respect. Maybe the two of you need to take a trip together. This is not cool."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you notice women looking at you differently after you began doing romantic comedies? For that matter, has fame made meeting girls much easier?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I don't think there's a difference. I always liked girls. In school I guess they thought I was cute and funny. They still do.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you when you lost your virginity?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Fifteen.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it a long relationship or a one-nighter?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** None of your business. I don't tell bedroom tales. Never have.

**PLAYBOY:** Since those days has it become harder to trust women? Do you worry they're interested in you only because you're famous?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** No one wants to be anybody's fool, but I have good intuition, man. I'm good at reading people. You can tell in their eyes. I'm out here in the land of the pros, so you check them out; you watch them, look between the lines.

**PLAYBOY:** You starred in *How to Lose a*

*Guy in 10 Days*. What's the quickest way for a woman to lose you?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** By trying to change me. I work hard to be who I am. I ain't perfect, but I'm a good man. I don't leave crumbs.

**PLAYBOY:** Crumbs?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Crumbs. I don't owe anybody a dollar. I haven't burned bridges. I can go anywhere and not have to look over my shoulder. So try to change me too much and I'll just say, "Shhh, nope."

**PLAYBOY:** You've dated several co-stars, including Sandra Bullock, Ashley Judd and Penélope Cruz. What about movie sets is so conducive to hooking up?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** A movie set is a circus, an immediate family from day one, and it's your world for five months. There's a lot of time to get close to people. I've run into people I've respected, found attractive, been turned on by. And they were turned on by me. Relationships form.

**PLAYBOY:** So that's one of the perks of the job, an endless supply of women?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Hey, watch out. I'm not a big romancer. I'm no womanizer. I'm not a player.

**PLAYBOY:** Meaning?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I'm not going to steal a dude's girl. You got something going and it's working, man, I'm all for it. I've been in enough relationships to know how hard they are. I think there should be a better sense of fraternity among men, especially if someone is married.

**PLAYBOY:** What if a married woman propositioned you?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Are you kidding me? "Get your ass home. And what are you doing wearing that out?" That's never been my style since I started liking girls.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the most aggressive come-on you've encountered from a woman?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I had a woman barge into my trailer, grab a T-shirt and say, "Oh my God, I've got your T-shirt." I had to help her out of the trailer and tell her, "Don't you ever come onto a man's property like that again." Wackiest part was, once I got outside she had her three kids there.

**PLAYBOY:** George Clooney has made it clear he doesn't want a wife or kids. How about you?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I believe I'll have a family. I want children. The older I get, the more I look forward to being a dad, having some little McConaugheys running around.

**PLAYBOY:** What about the marriage part?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I've seen some great marriages work and some relationships that were great until marriage. I believe in the institution, but I don't feel you have to marry. A kid just needs a mom and a dad. My parents, man—married three times, divorced twice. There's a can't-live-with-you-can't-live-without-you statement right there.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you envy anything about a relationship that would inspire three marriages and two divorces?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I like the three marriages. I don't like the two divorces; that part I don't envy.

**PLAYBOY:** Was it awkward running into Tom Cruise when you began dating Penélope Cruz after they split?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Not at all. In fact, I met him through her. I've run into him since. When a relationship ends, many people feel they have to white out that part of their life. I've never felt like that.

**PLAYBOY:** You called Sandra Bullock a woman you'll always love. Were you at all heartbroken when she got married?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** No, not at all. That's not how I think. It's not how I loved her or love her.

**PLAYBOY:** She's not the one who got away?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** No, and I hope she's happy. She deserves to be.

**PLAYBOY:** Whether because of your romances with movie stars or comparisons made when you first began acting—at least after *A Time to Kill*—you were called the next Newman and Brando. Did you ever have a difficult time dealing with the attention and the life that came with it?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Yeah, you go from just trying to get a job, begging to be let into the game and, over one weekend, it's like, boom! When everything started coming in, the most challenging part was saying no. It's not easy today, and it sure as hell wasn't easy at 24. You wonder, Do I deserve all this stuff that's coming at me? But my stock dropped after a few films until about five years ago, when *The Wedding Planner* worked. Now it's on a real nice level.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever worry that it might all be over?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I never lost sleep over it, even during a few years when it was hard to find a job. I never thought, My gosh, I'm failing. I always understood the idea of "lean horse, long ride." If you just stay in the game, you'll eventually get the cards you're supposed to be dealt. One thing I did learn is that I'm better when I take risks. I had a year or two early on when I got real conservative in auditions. I'd reach the final callback but never get the job.

**PLAYBOY:** In what ways were you conservative?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** This was before *A Time to Kill*, right before *Lone Star*. I was afraid to look foolish.

**PLAYBOY:** What changed?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I got fed up with myself. I thought, You know, you've got to shoot to score, bro.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you finally do so?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** *A Time to Kill*, for sure.

**PLAYBOY:** Initially you were considered for a smaller part in the movie—the role of a redneck.

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Yeah, and I remember the meeting. I sat down with the director, Joel Schumacher, to talk about one of the redneck parts. I asked who was playing the role of Jake Brigance, the lead character. "Nobody yet." He asked, "Who do you think should play it?" I was nervous still. My stomach went up into my throat, and I looked him in the eye and said, "I think I should." He just laughed and said, "It's

a great idea, but I got to be honest with you. It's never going to happen."

**PLAYBOY:** Were they looking for a star of the caliber of Pitt or Cruise?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I think it started with Kevin Costner, but Joel thought the role should go to a younger guy. They scoured the A-list. But Joel thought about my suggestion, called me and said, "I'm going to give you a test." I was excited. I decided to go for broke because all they could do was say no. Joel did a very cool thing. I worked my ass off and did a full reading of each scene. I got a call in the middle of the night from Joel and John Grisham, who had cast approval. They liked the test. The story goes that Grisham's wife said, "That's you. That's the guy." Because that character was based on Grisham himself.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you react when you got the job?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I howled at the moon that night. Cloud nine. I just dropped the phone and sprinted into the desert. I went a couple of miles out. I put a hand up to the sky and shook hands with the moon and said "Thank you." I did a dance and came running back beaming.

**PLAYBOY:** Your first break was in *Dazed and Confused*. The timing was unfortunate.

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I started *Dazed and Confused*, and a week in, Pa passed away.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you saddened he never saw you become successful?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** *Dazed and Confused* was the first thing I did in my life while Dad was alive that was not a fad. So he was alive to see me start my first job in what would become my career. It wasn't like the time I asked him, "Can you please help me buy some skateboarding elbow pads and knee pads?" He asked, "Do you really want to skateboard?" And I was like, "Yes!" I talked him into it and always regretted not wearing out those elbow and knee pads.

**PLAYBOY:** How did your father die?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** He had a heart fibrillation making love to my mother on a Monday morning.

**PLAYBOY:** Is that more information than a son wants to know? How did his death affect you?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I got the call that afternoon. I got in the car immediately and drove three and a half hours to Houston. It was unanimous in the family that after a couple of days I needed to get back and finish the job I'd started. Something positive happened when I went back. Losing your father brings huge sobriety. You look at the world in a level way. That's really the day I became a man. It was easy to focus on the job at hand, which sticks with me to this day. If I'm in a rush, not concentrating as well as I need to or not as relaxed as I need to be, I think of him.

**PLAYBOY:** Your dad played for the Green Bay Packers and raised you in a football-obsessed state. Did he push you into playing?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I remember you could



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hear him walking down the hallway, his knees, back and ankles popping. You knew when Pa was coming to your room, because you could hear him. He didn't push much. I have two older brothers. We all played football, but he told us, "You guys want to play football, I'm behind you all the way. But you don't have to." When we tried out for things like golf, he was happy. He told me, "This is a game you can play until you go down. The other game you can't." I think he was kind of happy we didn't try to take up football as a career. When I called my parents and said, "Mom, Dad, I'm not going to law school. I want to go to film school," there was a five-second pause. I thought I'd get, "You want to do *what?*" We'd been brought up to get a nine-to-five job, work your way up the ladder. But he said, "Is that what you want to do?" I said, "Yes, sir." And he went, "Well, don't half-ass it." They put up the money for me to go to film school.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your father have an interest in the arts?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I never understood the artistic side of Dad while he was alive, but I have pictures he painted. He painted all these faces, and he made vases and bowls out of clay. They're all out in the garage. I didn't know what he was doing out there. Now I realize why Dad understood and was excited about my going into the storytelling business, which was all I knew I wanted to do when I enrolled in film school. At the time, I didn't know I would become an actor. I thought I wanted to direct. He would be having such a ball with what's going on in my life now. We'd have connected on that level. He would have been the guy I called a lot, the guy I sent scripts to, asking, "What do you think about this, Pa?" He'd be the guy I'd sit down and look at these movies with and say, "Well, how do you think I did there?" We just didn't have that chance, but I would have loved it, and he would have loved it.

**PLAYBOY:** We have read that your mother, not your father, encouraged you to go off on what became your earliest crazy adventure, a trip to Australia when you

were a teenager. What sent you there?  
**MCCONAUGHEY:** I had finished high school and didn't know what the hell I wanted to do. Mom had the idea I should go to school somewhere else for a year. I chose Australia because it was an English-speaking country and it sounded like a wild adventure. Two weeks out of high school I was on a plane. I did this high school thing that was like an exchange program. Over the year, I worked 11 jobs. I was a barrister's assistant, watching the jury during a murder trial. I worked in boat marine service. I was an assistant golf pro. I worked construction. The year was full of things that made me a man and made me love adventure and travel.

people around, TV, the Internet. Fasting is a way to pull back, go without and check on what you really need.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you actually forgo sex?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** It's mainly food, drink, nicotine. I'll stay in. That's what the trips I take are about too—Peru, Mali and other places in Africa. The first nine days in Australia I was going bonkers. Days take so long. You're always looking at your clock. Take someone out of America and put them over there in the middle of a desert. You wake up at six, you're sitting there going, "Man, it's got to be lunchtime," and it's 9:45. You're without so many things you fill your time with. You're stuck with yourself. By the end of that trip my body clock was right on time

with nature. I like to get back on that time now and then.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you prefer being in a tent in the middle of a forest or a four-star hotel?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I like both, but that tent in the forest makes you love the Four Seasons. I fly economy to the jungle but first class back. You backpack on the trip, come back and get room service. You got ESPN, and there's a game on. In color. In English. Oh my!

**PLAYBOY:** What perks do you want when you make a movie?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I need an assistant. I didn't know what to do with an assistant when I first got one, but it frees up three extra hours a day for me to relax and focus on my work. What else?

## Leave Matthew Alone

How did such a guy's guy become a male Britney Spears to bloggers?



**He's been photographed topless more times than Pam Anderson:** The dude hangs out at the beach and runs a lot, two activities that don't warrant wearing a shirt. We aren't against eye candy (though we prefer the fairer sex), but must we get a blogger update every time he hits the sand? **From PerezHilton.com:** "Does this man ever do anything but go to the beach and tease the gays? Keep on teasing, but take the shorts off sometime!"

**He has an impressive résumé:** And we're not talking about acting. Among the women he has dated are Patricia Arquette, Sandra Bullock, Ashley Judd, Penélope Cruz and Camila Alves. Yet the blogosphere doesn't pat him on the back as much as it plays catty and jealous. **From TMZ.com:** "McConaughey's gal pal, sexy Brazilian model Camila Alves, has done the unthinkable—and bought the sweaty, muscled hunk a T-shirt! Say it ain't so, Mateo!"

**He has pretty boyfriends:** When not putting down his main squeeze, the blogs post fan fiction about McConaughey and his buddies Lance Armstrong and Jake Gyllenhaal. **Starpulse.com** went so far as to point out that the blogosphere had coined a new term for their love: *bro-mance*. When *Details* (of all magazines) asked McConaughey if he and Armstrong were lovers, he jokingly answered, "We tried it. It wasn't for us." —*Rocky Rakovic*

I was going a bit crazy, mostly in my mind. I started creating disciplines for myself just to get a track on the day. I went vegetarian, but I didn't know how. I was eating big old heads of iceberg lettuce but still running six miles a day. I weighed 144 pounds—super thinned out. I abstained from sex—for a year.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you recommend it?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I laugh about it now, but you appreciate things all the more when you get back into them. It was great for me. I still do miniature versions of it—fasting two times a year for a week or so.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you get from fasting?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** You can get too much of things—booze, nicotine, women, your BlackBerry, attention, fame, needing

I'm more of an outside, go-do-it guy, and if I get a couple of dumbbells and exercise machines, I can break a sweat. I don't have to have a gym, but it's a cool thing to have. Security? Yeah, I've got stalkers, death threats and all kinds of shit. If I fly in the U.S., I prefer to fly private. I don't need a lot. I'm about as bare-bones as it gets. I have a go-to guy, John Chaney, who has been my main man for 14 years. Driver, security, assistant. He knows my rhythms, what I need. I go to a place, maybe he shows up first, scopes it out. Anybody there we've been receiving letters from?

**PLAYBOY:** You listed private planes. That's a fairly lavish perk, no?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Here's the thing with private flight. It's just the heads and tails of

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the trip; that's what you pay for. Regular first class is awesome—the food. But I just flew back from Europe, 10 and a half hours. Before we were up in the air I was asleep. A person woke me up because we were 45 minutes from landing. I don't need to spend \$260,000 on sleep; I can do that in economy. But people pay for the time saved in not dealing with security and not getting bugged. You pull up, have a door open for you, step out, shake a pilot's hand, walk up five steps onto a G5 and go. That's the difference between 20 seconds and two hours, plus two more on the tail end. Is it worth \$100-something thousand? I'm no-frills once it's time to work. I'm saving money because I'm on time, I show up ready and I put in 12 hours without complaint.

**PLAYBOY:** One odd fact about you comes from your admission that you haven't worn deodorant in 20 years. Has a co-star ever complained?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Kate Hudson can't stand it.

**PLAYBOY:** What does she say?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** She always brings a salt rock, which is some natural deodorant, and says, "Would you please put this on?"

**PLAYBOY:** The average guy would smell like a corpse without deodorant. How do you get away with it?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I don't know, dude. I'll tell you what: Diet matters.

**PLAYBOY:** How about showers?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I take a few a day.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you have against deodorant?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I just never wore it. No cologne, no deodorant.

**PLAYBOY:** In addition to Hudson, you have been paired with lots of beautiful women in films. Would you have taken roles opposite men, too? Specifically, would you have taken on *Brokeback Mountain*, as your friend Jake Gyllenhaal did? If you had been offered that role and read the explicit gay sex scene in the tent, could you have done it?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Sure.

**PLAYBOY:** Would you worry about what it would do to your image, or would you be uncomfortable getting it on with a guy?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I thought the movie was

real good. And if it's got that, then as an actor it's hard to say, "I'm not doing it, because I'm not gay." Or "I'll do it, but we're not kissing." That isn't the basis of why I would say no. I wouldn't be fearful. I wouldn't say, "That's going to mess with my image." It doesn't make sense to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Owen Wilson is another laid-back Texan with a charming, easygoing screen presence. Were you shocked last year to hear he tried to commit suicide?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** We met a couple of times, but I don't know Owen that well. First thing, when you hear that about someone in Hollywood, you wonder if it's true. At first I didn't think it was. But the more we heard—well, it

But Ben said it was a couple of days, and the script was laugh-out-loud funny. I talked to him a few times, took the job and headed to Hawaii.

**PLAYBOY:** Is doing that role a gesture to help out Ben, who was suddenly left adrift when Wilson couldn't do the movie?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I didn't think of it that way. If anything, it's a privilege. It's not the best circumstances for a job to open up, sure. But it's open and it's a good idea, so let's rock it.

**PLAYBOY:** Now that you're getting older, do you worry about the changes that often come with aging? What happens to all the bare-chested shots when you put on a gut?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Oh, that will be coming, bro, and soon.

That's how I'll look in *The Grackle*, a movie I'm going to produce about a barroom brawler who'll settle any dispute and deliver a beat-down for 200 bucks. It's a game I haven't played yet—R-rated, balls-out comedy, the stuff Jim Carrey does.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you losing the six-pack for the movie?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Woo, baby! Yeah, my character in *The Grackle* needs to be bull strong but meaty. Watching it happen will be fun. There should be some funny stories in the tabloids because I'll still have to go out and get my belly tan.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you as able to take care of yourself now that you're approaching 40? Has aging begun to catch up with you?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I've started to notice it, man. I'm 38 now and in good mental and physical shape, but it's different from when you're 20, bro. I think I'm faster and stronger now. I can do an activity and not even notice it. But the next day, I go, "Ow, my back!" That's what happens with age.

**PLAYBOY:** Will it be a comedown when you no longer qualify as *People's Sexiest Man Alive*?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** Yeah, they'll put me on the cover anyway: WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM? They'll make up a story about some drama in my life where things have gone awry. I can't wait.

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seems as if it was true. I asked friends of his who know him better than I do to check in and see how he was doing. When I work with Ben Stiller later this month we'll give Owen a call. That ought to be pretty cool. I put the guy in my prayers; that's my main thought about that.

**PLAYBOY:** You'll be working with Stiller in *Tropic Thunder*, replacing Wilson. How did that come about?

**MCCONAUGHEY:** I got a call from Ben. I wasn't really looking to work for the rest of this year. I wanted to make sure I had time to finish producing *Surfer, Dude*, which was in postproduction, because producing is a whole new thing for me.



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SURVEY BY  
FRANK LUNTZ

THIS YEAR AMERICANS  
WILL ARGUE ABOUT  
POLICY & PHILOSOPHY,

BUT ONE THING  
WE WON'T FIGHT  
ABOUT IS SEX

PLAYBOY PRESENTS

# SEX IN AMERICA







he culture wars in America are still being waged, but the sex wars are just about over. Sex has won.

Fifty years ago threesomes met on golf courses, *gay* meant "happy," and a divorce all but disqualified a man from seeking elected office. Ricky might have loved Lucy but not from the same bed, and Rob and Laura Petrie had Ritchie, but one wonders how. Sex was never discussed. It was not until the end of the 1960s, long after the invention of the pill and PLAYBOY magazine, that Americans were able to see Mr. and Mrs. Brady snuggle in the same bed. How times have changed.

It's hard to believe, but people who were newborns when Mike and Carol Brady first turned off the lights together are today's 39-year-olds. They grew up in an era when all the *Friends* characters, male and female, showed an interest in porn, and neither Will nor Grace felt any shame about having an active sex life. Twenty years from now, when those same people are nearly 60, they will look back on the time in which their parents were raised—a time when books were banned, elders forbade premarital sex and talk of contraception was forbidden—and they'll laugh in the same way we mock the modest bathing suits and caps of the pre-bikini 1940s.

Today in America there may seem to be little or no consensus on matters of policy or politics. The coarseness of the dialogue has turned politics into a contact sport and participants into gladiators. But according to PLAYBOY's exclusive nationwide Politics of Sex survey, all you have to do is change the subject from what happens on Capitol Hill to what happens between the sheets, and the political chasm is bridged by unexpectedly similar sexual views. Social and cultural issues still divide us by gender, age and race, but on that most intimate of personal issues we are surprisingly united. This suggests the rather heretical notion that if political partisanship is our national curse, sex may be the cure. Has the end of one revolution marked the beginning of another? Instead of "Make love, not war," today's slogan could be "Let's stop arguing and go to bed."

Let's look at the numbers....

Our national survey of 900 randomly selected adults ages 18 to 64 paints a vivid picture of a nation much happier in bed than in the voting booth.

There's no denying Americans are having sex—lots of sex—often with more than one partner (often at the same time). Almost half of all adults (47 percent) report having sex at least once a week. In fact, more people under 40 have sex at least once a week than vote for president once every four years.

Speaking of quantity, nearly a quarter (23 percent) of Americans have taken part in a threesome. So next time you're bored during an office meeting, look around the room and guess which one out of every four co-workers has crossed a ménage à trois off his or her sexual to-do list. And don't assume the one who wears the WHAT WOULD JESUS DO? bracelet hasn't. More than half (55 percent) of the people who attend church every week consider themselves to be "sexually adventurous." The myth of the chaste churchgoer is just that—a myth.

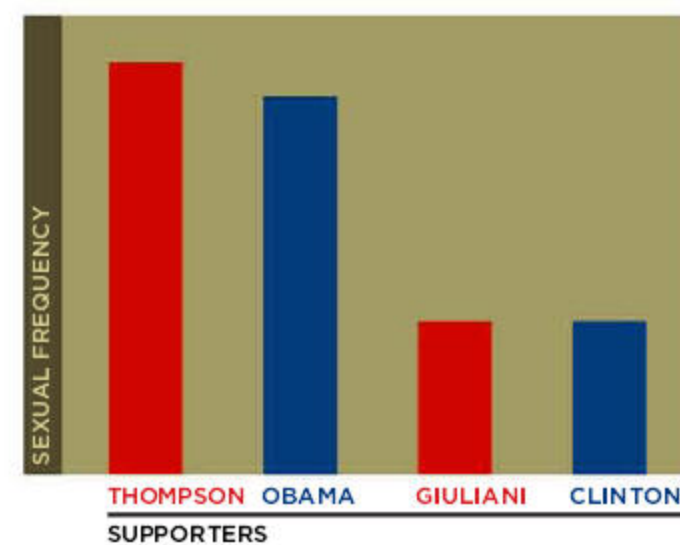
Pornography? Congress may battle over its availability and the Supreme Court over its definition, but half (51 percent) of all Republicans and two thirds (67 percent) of all Democrats have watched it with their sexual partners. As it turns out, women (regardless of political party) are more likely than men to have watched porn with their partners (66 percent of women versus 57 percent of men). And speaking of partners, one quarter of all Republicans (25 percent) and a third of all Democrats (35 percent) have had more than 10 sexual partners (in their lifetime, not all at once). Those are higher percentages than vote in some congressional and local elections.

One reason Democrats have more sexual partners may be that they lose their virginity earlier than Republicans—but not that much earlier. Almost a third (31 percent) of GOPers report waiting until they were 20 or older to engage in

42% OF DEMOCRAT RESPONDENTS ENJOY ROLE-PLAYING SEXUAL FANTASIES, COMPARED WITH 32% OF REPUBLICANS.



ASKED WHAT QUALITY IS A TURN-ON, 47% OF CLINTON SUPPORTERS CHOOSE INTELLIGENCE. JUST 36% OF GIULIANI SUPPORTERS AGREE.



## HAPPY VOTERS

14% of Thompson supporters and 12% of Obama supporters claim to have sex "almost every day." 5% of Giuliani and Clinton supporters have sex that frequently.





GENERALLY SPEAKING, RESPONDENTS THINK INDEPENDENTS HAVE THE BEST SEX LIVES.



### PRESIDENT SEXY

**58%** of respondents think **Bill Clinton** was the sexiest president of the past 40 years; **Ronald Reagan** is second, with 22%. **38%** say **Richard Nixon** was the least sexy; **Bill Clinton** is second, with 18%.

sex, compared with 23 percent of Democrats, but that also means the majority from both parties aren't waiting until their wedding night or even high school graduation. Are parents really surprised?

Could this emerging statistical parity among Americans of both political persuasions suggest we are in the midst of a red state–blue state sexual renaissance? And how many presidential candidates can even spell *renaissance*? Now there's a question for the next presidential debate. But I digress....

Henry Kissinger famously said, "Power is the ultimate aphrodisiac," and he was right. Only 57 percent of Americans would definitely say no to a one-night stand in the Oval Office with a president they found physically and sexually attractive. In fact, 23 percent of all Republicans and 24 percent of all Democrats would definitely or probably say yes. (Question for the next poll: How would the numbers change if the assignation were to take place somewhere other than the Oval Office?)

Note that in our question we asked about a president the respondent found "physically and sexually attractive." Apparently, these terms do not mean the same thing. Americans of both parties say they are more turned on by intelligence than by physical appearance. Bill Clinton says as much when he talks about the "success" of his 32-year marriage: "I still would rather spend the night talking to her than anybody I can think of." Ponder the implications. People obviously have their figures of fantasy, but at some point most of them prefer someone who can balance a checkbook—or wants to be president. Even among 18- to 29-year-olds—the group in the sweet spot of its sexually active years—40 percent rate intelligence as more of a turn-on than physical attractiveness.

Lest you take these indications of sexual enthusiasm to mean morality in America is dead, our survey also revealed that values are alive and well in the 21st century. We asked our participants seven questions to reflect the so-called seven deadly sins (lust, gluttony, greed, sloth, wrath, envy and pride). While only eight percent

INDEPENDENT  
RESPONDENTS AVERAGE 11.4 SEXUAL PARTNERS, DEMOCRATS 11 AND REPUBLICANS 9.3.



of us would claim absolute purity, just 25 percent of the population consider themselves guilty of committing four or more of the deadly seven. The chief cause of transgression? Pride. A whopping 84.7 percent of respondents admit they have succumbed to it. The other weaknesses people will confess? Greed, envy, wrath, sloth, gluttony and, in last place, surprisingly, lust. Go figure.

For the most part, sin is gender neutral. Just as many men are willing to admit to their shortcomings as women. Nor is household income, education or race a meaningful barometer. Age, on the other hand, is the primary indicator of "sinfulness." Nearly half (41 percent) of Americans between the ages of 18 and 29 admit to committing four or more of the seven deadly sins—three times as many as their parents' generation. One wonders if this is the result of a different kind of upbringing or if age brings a kind of moderation that cools the various passions. Or perhaps older people are just big fat liars.

Still, some lines are starkly drawn. Consider adultery. Do most people find it acceptable to take a little break from routine and have a quickie with someone other than their spouse? The answer is an emphatic no. When offered the opportunity to participate in sex outside an exclusive relationship, with the guarantee they would never be caught, only one in five Americans say they would "probably" or "definitely" consider taking the chance to see if the grass really is greener on the other side of the fence.

But here's where politics and adultery get interesting. The 2008 presidential matchup everyone is praying for pits current New York senator Hillary Clinton against former New York City mayor Rudolph Giuliani. Both candidates have faced issues of infidelity in their marriages, and both are aggressively seeking the support of active churchgoers who publicly reject that sort of behavior. When offered the chance to participate in an extramarital affair, with the same guarantee of not being found out, Clinton supporters are more averse to the idea. More than two thirds (70 percent) say they would probably or definitely not break their vows. By comparison, only 56 percent of the supporters of the thrice-married Giuliani feel that way.

Speaking of infidelity—or rather, speaking of speaking of infidelity—Bill Clinton certainly offered a memorable contribution to *The Big Book of Immortal Presidential Quotations* when he said, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman." After all the political hearings and attempted apologies, the phrase may be undying, but America would definitely not agree with its assertion. Clinton's defiant finger-wagging denial

## THE WEST COAST ROCKS



Hands down, the sexiest region of the U.S. in activity and behavior is the Pacific. It comes in first on virtually all the key sexuality indicators. But interestingly, though people there have sex with the most partners and with the most variety, they do not say they are happiest with their sex life. In fact, only 21 percent of respondents from the Pacific region say they are very satisfied with their sex life. This puts them second to last, just barely ahead of the Northeast. (On a related note, only 24 percent of Pacific residents say they are very satisfied with their life overall—again just barely ahead of the Northeast. Which region is happiest overall? The South, with 31 percent very satisfied with their life.)

Compare the Pacific region with the industrial Midwest and you see an inverse relationship between sexual experience and satisfaction with one's sex life. The industrial Midwest claims the highest percentage of very sexually satisfied people (34 percent) but the lowest numbers on almost every other factor. Compared with the rest of the country, people there wait longer to start having sex, have fewer partners, admit to being less adventurous overall and are least likely to have ever paid for sex. Yet not only are they happier with their sex life, they are having more sex than people from all other regions—but with less variety. Half say they have sex once a week or more.

Dead last in sexuality is the Northeast. Apparently, Rudy Giuliani did such a thorough job of cleaning up Times Square that it has changed attitudes and behaviors up and down the entire northeastern seaboard. Given the overall low scores of the Northeast in just about every category, it's somehow not surprising that it also has the lowest percentage of truly sexually satisfied people. Just one in five people in the Northeast say they are very satisfied with their sex life. Somehow the "bada-bing" has turned into "nada, zip." Blame it on New Jersey. Why? New Jersey gets blamed for everything else, why not this?

	Total	North-east	South	Industrial Midwest	Mid-Midwest	Pacific
<b>Total</b>	900	204	221	202	159	114
<b>Very Satisfied With Sex Life</b>	26%	20%	28%	34%	24%	21%
<b>Age Virginity Lost</b>	17.7	17.9	17.7	18.1	17.4	17.3
<b>Number of Sex Partners</b>	10.9	10.7	10.8	8.9	11.1	14.6
<b>Sexual Frequency: Weekly or More</b>	47%	44%	48%	51%	49%	44%
<b>Adultery With President (Definitely/Probably Yes)</b>	22%	21%	21%	18%	23%	34%
<b>Adultery With Anyone (Definitely/Probably Yes)</b>	20%	19%	22%	15%	18%	29%
<b>Yes, Role-Play Fantasies</b>	40%	35%	44%	35%	42%	44%
<b>Yes, Threesome</b>	23%	16%	22%	22%	29%	32%
<b>Yes, Porn With Partner</b>	62%	61%	66%	58%	59%	67%
<b>Yes, S&amp;M</b>	11%	8%	12%	10%	15%	15%
<b>Yes, Paid for Sex</b>	12%	10%	10%	8%	15%	19%





**MORE THAN HALF OF BLUE-STATE RESPONDENTS (61%) AND RED-STATE RESPONDENTS (52%) BELIEVE REPUBLICANS ARE MORE LIKELY TO PAY FOR SEX THAN DEMOCRATS. ONLY ABOUT A THIRD (31%, 36%) THINK DEMOCRATS PAY FOR SEX MORE OFTEN.**

aside, an overwhelming 84 percent of Americans believe oral sex is sex. Even 81 percent of those voters who support Hillary Clinton—and who may be thought to have supported Bill Clinton during his tribulations—believe oral sex is sex. In fact, the only segment of respondents who even remotely believes otherwise is younger voters. A third of them (34 percent) think oral sex is more like necking or petting than intercourse.

Sure, there are some partisan sexual differences. Though both parties say they consider brains to be more of a turn-on than brawn (or breasts), Democrats are more likely than Republicans to be turned on by wealth (maybe because they don't have it). Republicans attend church more often than Democrats, but they also have sex more often.

Republicans more sexually active than Democrats? Who'd have thought? This should come as good news for a party that has lost the House and the Senate, is precariously close to losing the White House to a woman as popular as cholera in some circles and is laden with leaders who can no longer be trusted to visit airport men's rooms or interact with students in the congressional page program. From Manhattan to Malibu, these are the worst of times for America's Republicans. Yet something must be going right for GOP devotees. A resounding 36 percent are "very

**ON AVERAGE, REPUBLICANS SAY THEY WERE 18.4 YEARS OLD WHEN THEY FIRST HAD SEX. INDEPENDENTS WERE 17.6 AND DEMOCRATS 17.5.**

satisfied" with life overall, compared with just 23 percent of Democrats and 23 percent of independents. In fact, Republicans are among the most satisfied segments of the American population. Could the explanation lie between the sheets? Our poll shows that

55 percent of Republicans—yes, the party of the religious right—have sex at least once a week, compared with just 43 percent of Democrats. In addition, Republicans are more satisfied with their sex life than Democrats are. No longer does the most significant difference between the parties have to do with what people believe but rather how often they act.

Sexual conservatives, take note: The people who are most satisfied with their sex life are most likely to call themselves sexually adventurous. While the phrase *It's time for a change* may be most often applied to politics, it also has important uses in the bedroom. And it is spoken equally by Republicans and Democrats—and by women almost as often as men. And speaking of women....

Obviously sex appeal never hurts a candidate. Some say John and Bobby Kennedy, Bill Clinton and, this year, John Edwards and Barack Obama owe their popularity to an appeal far more basic than their positions on nuclear nonproliferation. No woman at the center of public life has been able to strike a chord in quite the same way. Based on our survey, Michelle Obama has the most sex appeal. She's the top choice overall, as well as among Democrats and women. In second place is Condoleezza Rice, who owes her strong finish to men older

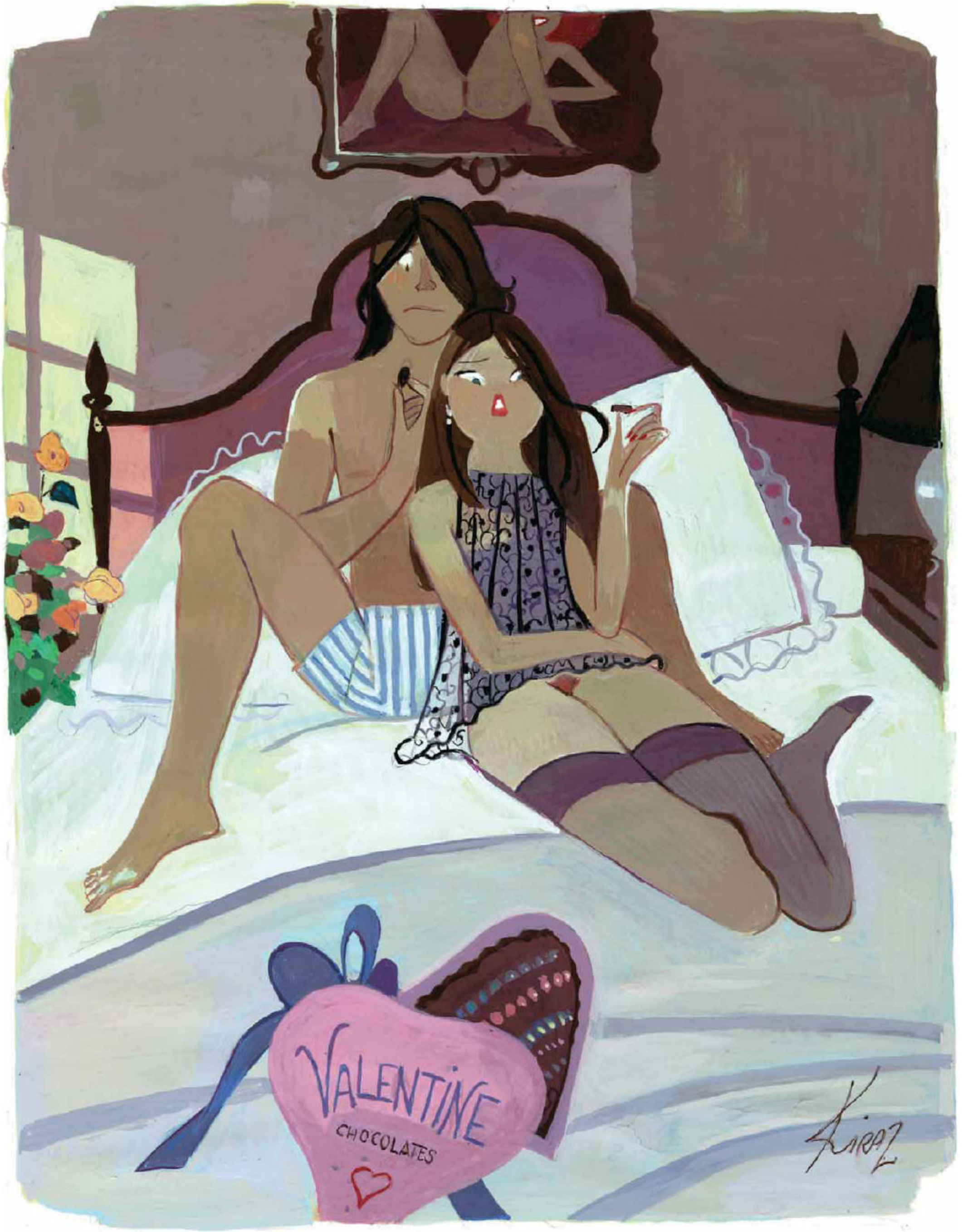
than 50, married men and voters from the South. A close third is first lady Laura Bush, the primary pick among Republicans. (There's something to be said for the retiring, well-read librarian type.) And what about the former first lady? Though Hillary Clinton has sexual cachet among Democrats—she finishes number two after Michelle Obama—she comes in a distant fourth overall.

At the end of the day significant differences on major issues remain. From Iraq to immigration, we are a highly polarized and very argumentative nation. But in how we live our life, what we want for the future and what we do behind closed bedroom doors, we're all a lot more alike than you may think. The PLAYBOY Politics of Sex poll proves the disparity is far smaller than our perception of it. The lines between black and white are becoming gray as fast as the lines between red and blue are turning purple.



## KEY BACKING

**25% of Obama supporters say the sexiest part of the female body is the butt. Only 14% of Giuliani and 11% of Clinton supporters agree.**

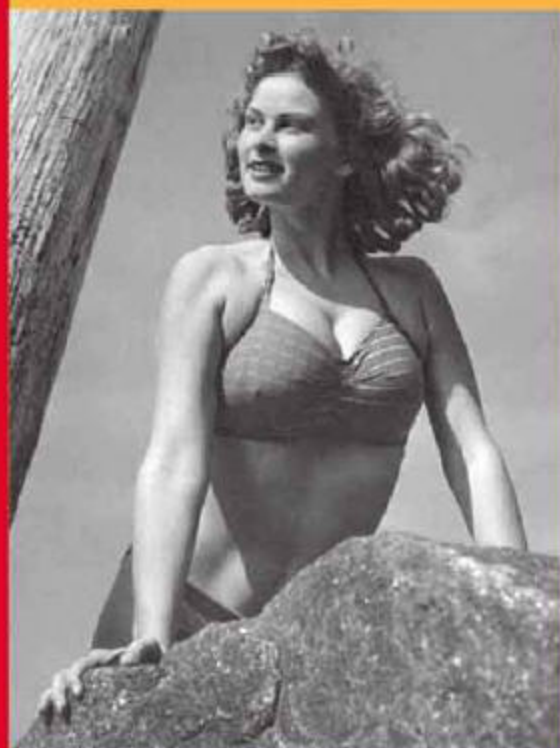


*"It makes sense, doesn't it? I like the hard ones and you like the creamy centers."*



Sheena, Queen of the Jungle,  
Without Her Wrap

# IRISH McCALLA

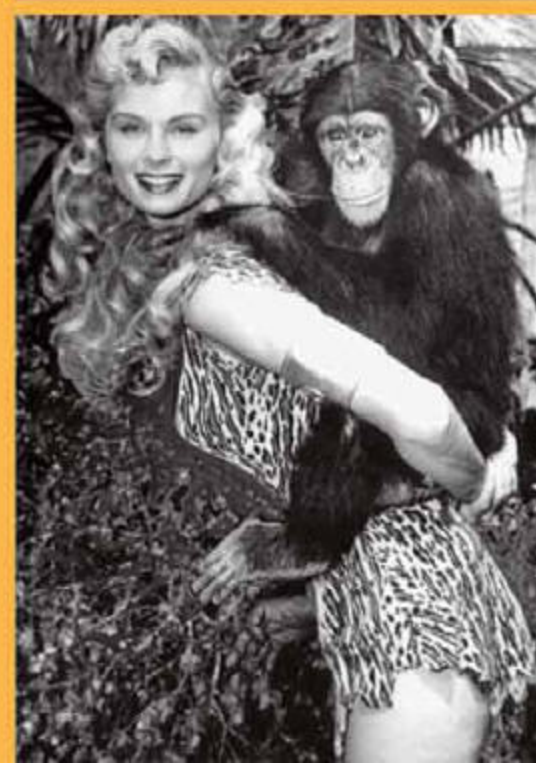


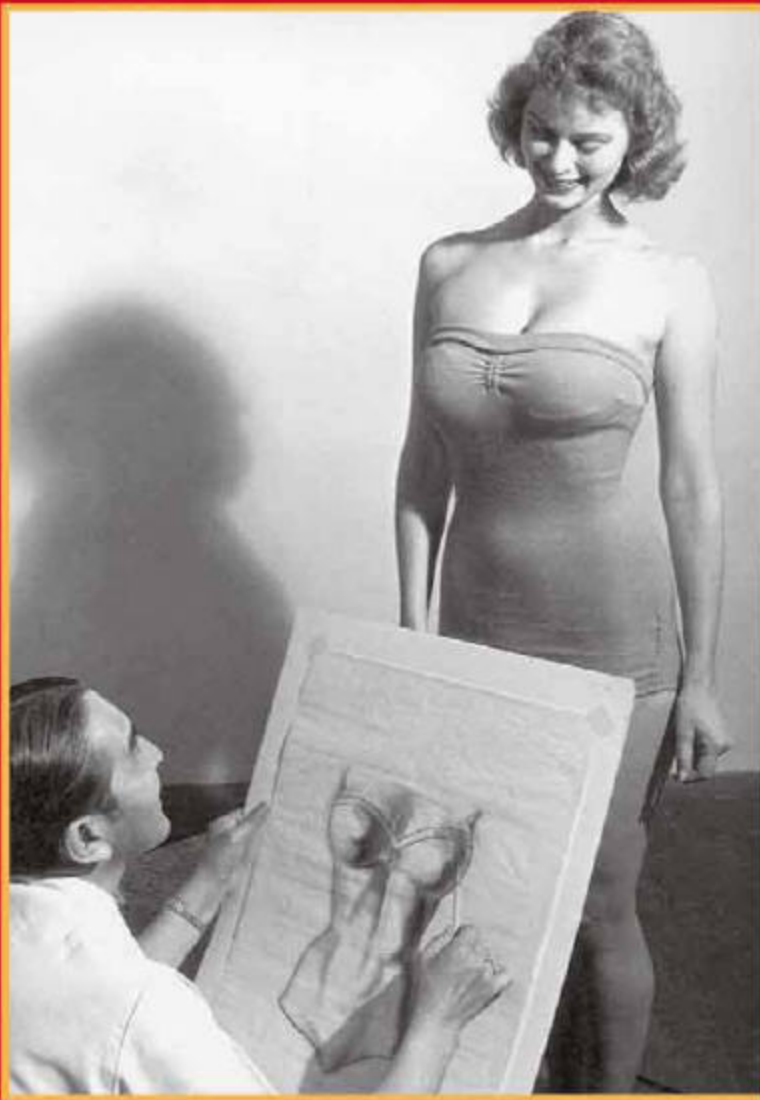
BY LEONARD MALTIN

**L**ong before *Xena: Warrior Princess*, before Lynda Carter donned red, white and blue to play Wonder Woman—even before Raquel Welch conquered the world in a prehistoric bikini for *One Million Years B.C.*—Irish McCalla made an indelible impression on a generation of pubescent boys as the title character in a short-lived but long-remembered black-and-white

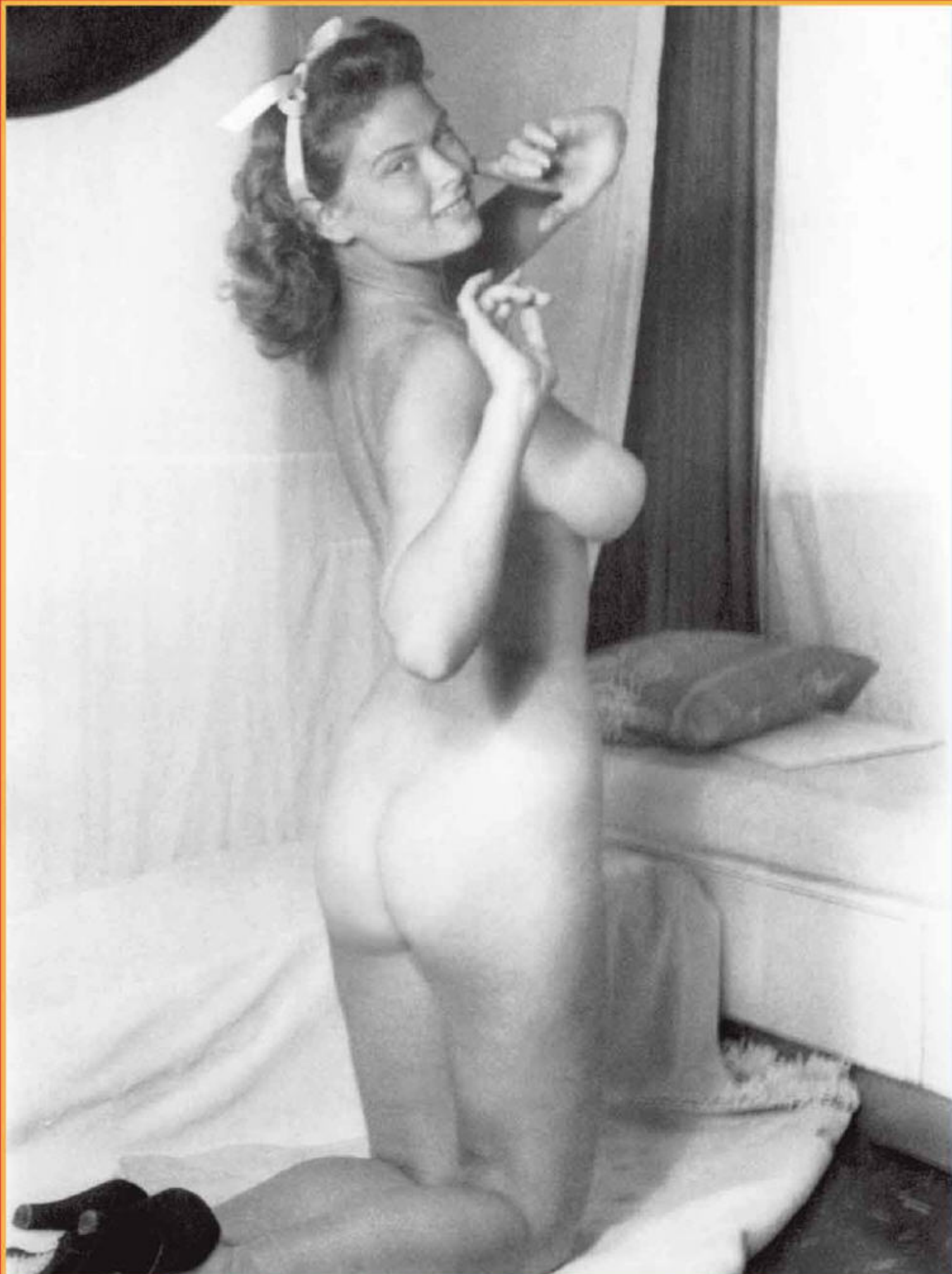
Before achieving superstardom in the mid-1950s as TV's Sheena (above, bottom left, bottom right), McCalla was a hugely successful pinup model for the burgeoning postwar girlie magazines. The other images on this page were taken by famed Hollywood photographer David Sutton in the early 1950s.

NUDE PHOTOS COURTESY OF  
THE ERWIN FLACKS COLLECTION





Legendary pinup artist Alberto Vargas selected McCalla to sit for him before her modeling career took off. Above left, McCalla poses with the artist in his studio circa 1951. Above right, the fruits of their labor, which appeared on Vargas calendars and playing cards.



TV series, *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*. The Amazonian blonde bombshell clad in a skimpy, formfitting leopard-skin outfit quickened the heartbeats of impressionable viewers in the 1950s and became a pop-culture icon.

McCalla had already made a considerable impression on adult males through repeated exposure on the covers of men's magazines, which in those pre-PLAYBOY days were often sold under the counter or in adult bookstores. Like those of her contemporary Bettie Page, McCalla's face and form were instantly recognizable to a sizable audience, even if they didn't actually know her name.

Despite her knockout figure (and many offers) she never posed in the nude—except once, out of respect for the eminent pinup artist Alberto Vargas. He asked McCalla to remove her clothing for a series of reference photos he would later use to create a painting of her in a flimsy negligee. These photographs have never been published until now.

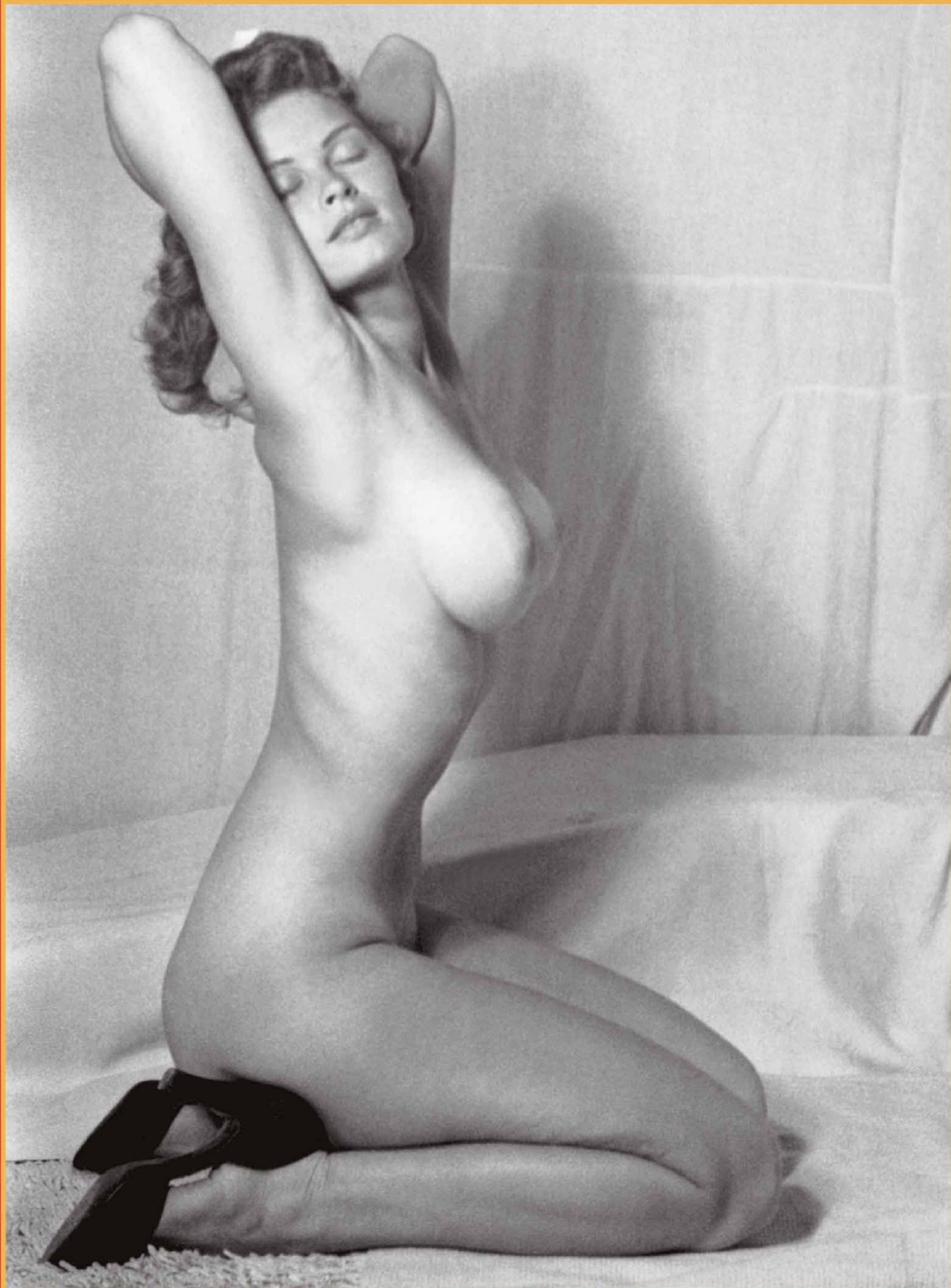
McCalla explained that by the time she had achieved stardom as *Sheena* she had two young sons and didn't want to embarrass them. Decades later, when a friend showed McCalla these pictures, she reportedly admired them. By then she was working as an artist full-time and painting nudes herself.

The *Sheena* character was created in 1938 by comic-book legends Will Eisner and Jerry Iger. She was featured in *Jumbo Comics* from 1938 to 1953 and, beginning in 1942, was the star of her own eponymous comic. *Sheena* was essentially a female Tarzan, a magnificent physical specimen orphaned and raised in the jungle, at one with the animals around her.

Others had tried to fulfill this ripe male fantasy, especially in Saturday-matinee serials. Tarzan's creator, Edgar Rice Burroughs, had conceived a similar idea and introduced *Jungle Girl* in a pulp-magazine serial of the same name in 1929. She was brought to the screen in 1941, personified by the beautiful actress Frances Gifford. The character was subsequently played by Kay Aldridge in *Perils of Nyoka*.

But television doomed movie serials. When a plethora of filmed adventure series flooded the airwaves in the 1950s it was inevitable that someone would hit on the idea of bringing *Sheena* to the small screen. Irish McCalla was in the right place at the right time. (text continued on page 68)







New to Hollywood, this 18-year-old was poised for stardom: "I've never understood why it is so important to be bigger busted than someone else. But if it hadn't been for my measurements, I'd have been just another pretty gal and led an average life, which wouldn't have been half as much fun."





# PEACE THROUGH POLE DANCING

*How dating a stripper will improve any relationship*

Sometimes love goes wrong because your partner changes. Sometimes it fails because you change. But more often than not, love fails because you stop appreciating what you've got. You grow complacent and bored. Quirks become annoyances. Thrills become chores. Novelty becomes drudgery. Who wants "safe" forever? The kind of person who will cherish you, understand you, grow with you, comprehend the areas where you don't mesh and react to that gulf with maturity and understanding—that is exactly the kind of person you become disenchanted with and then leave and feel like a to-the-bedrock bastard for abandoning.

Sure, your journey of togetherness starts off all sprinkles and buttons. But even the sweetest apple plucked from the tree of love can become a rotted, fly-blown failure full of disease, maggots and yelling. Yes, when love goes bad it can fill an apple with yelling.

So how would you feel if I told you I can guarantee a stable, healthy relationship? The kind of deep union wherein, upon waking each morning, you murmur a humble thanksgiving for the gift of eternal companionship, support and love that has appeared in your life. And that will never bore you. And that you'll always appreciate. Always. Always. Always.

The answer is quite simple, really: Date a stripper.

Strippers are our country's most precious resource for keeping people humble and happy and together. Forget about counseling. Forget about that weekend retreat to Sedona. And forget about self-help books featuring any of the following words: *secret, code, steps, life, love, power, triumph* and *borderline personality disorder*.

**DOUBT ME? JUST COMPARE AND CONTRAST—YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN.**

## ⊕ ARGUMENTS

### MY WIFE AT HER WORST:

Sometimes yells. Sometimes conflates one mistake I've made into a global condemnation of my character. When I point this out, she relents, laughs at herself and apologizes.

### MY STRIPPER EX-GIRLFRIEND AT HER BEST:

**CHIVAS:** [Her stripper name, not her real name] You didn't introduce me to your friend.

**ME:** Whuh? [It's 4:17 A.M., and she's woken me up.]

**CHIVAS:** Two days ago. When we were on Larchmont and those people you knew came up. There were three of them, and you only introduced me to two.

**ME:** Mike and Millie? Those were the only two I knew. I didn't know the third person, so I didn't know his name—he was a friend of theirs.

**CHIVAS:** *What the fuck were you thinking with that motherfucking mix tape, you faggot?!*

BY PATTON OSWALT  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBIN MITCHELL





**ME:** What?!

**CHIVAS:** [Louder, over the sound of her two pit bulls, both of which are now furiously barking] *I hate Roxy Music!*

**ME:** What...what...wait....

**CHIVAS:** You think I like listening to that shit? Make a different fuck mix.

**ME:** Uh....

**CHIVAS:** Is that why you didn't introduce me to your gay friend on the street?

**ME:** What the fuck are you talking about? Why are you waking me up now?

**CHIVAS:** My dad molested me, and my dogs hate you.

## FINANCES

### MY WIFE AT HER WORST:

Buys a lot of, in my opinion, over-priced skin-care products.

### MY STRIPPER EX-GIRLFRIEND AT HER BEST:

**CHIVAS:** So you're going to start work in a movie next week?

**ME:** Yeah. It should be fun.

**CHIVAS:** I need to borrow some money.

**ME:** What for? You okay?

**CHIVAS:** My landlord is a Nazi Hitler.

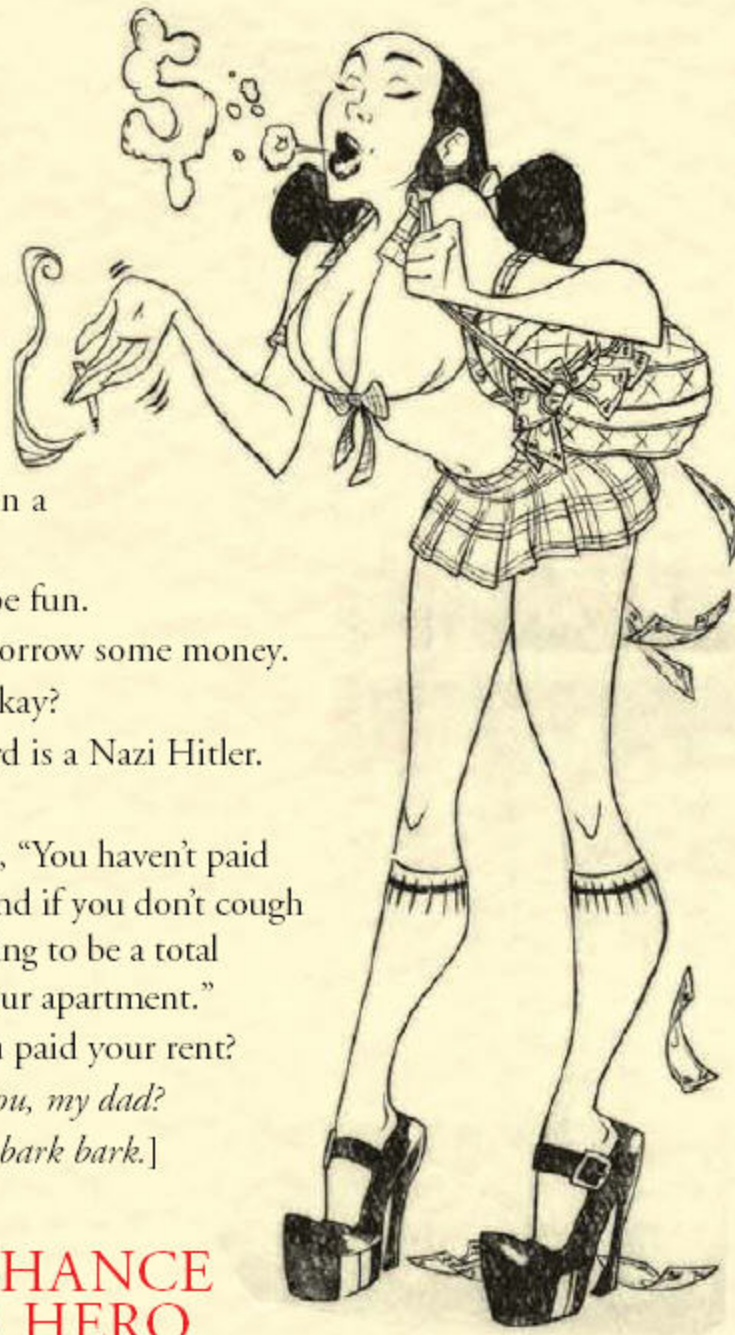
**ME:** What's wrong?

**CHIVAS:** He's all like, "You haven't paid rent in five months, and if you don't cough up the money, I'm going to be a total Hitler and padlock your apartment."

**ME:** Why haven't you paid your rent?

**CHIVAS:** *What are you, my dad?*

[*Bark bark bark bark bark bark.*]



## YOUR CHANCE TO BE A HERO

### MY WIFE AT HER WORST:

Sometimes sleeps till noon, depressed about a writing project that has stalled, and needs reassurance about her skills.

### MY STRIPPER EX-GIRLFRIEND AT HER BEST:

**CHIVAS:** Where the fuck are you?

**ME:** I'm, uh, at work. It's Tuesday, and I'm at work like I always am.

**CHIVAS:** The police in El Segundo are goddamn Nazi Hitlers.

**ME:** Oh.

**CHIVAS:** I need bail money.

**ME:** Holy shit, what happened?

**CHIVAS:** They let these old ladies with Alzheimer's disease drive school buses in El Segundo.

**ME:** Oh shit.

**CHIVAS:** And this bitch blocks the intersection suddenly, like out of

nowhere, and now the front of my car is mulched and *can you fucking get down here?!*

**SHERIFF IN BACKGROUND:** Language.

**CHIVAS:** Oh, fuck off, you——  
[Phone is hung up for her.]

## EXTENDED FAMILY

### MY WIFE'S FAMILY AT ITS WORST:

Typical kookiness and social awkwardness alleviated by genuine charm, love and understanding.

### MY STRIPPER EX-GIRLFRIEND'S FAMILY AT ITS BEST:

**ME:** You feeling okay?

**CHIVAS:** Yeah, sweetie.

**ME:** It's just that...I want you to know I'm here for you and especially afterward, if things are uncomfortable. We can talk.

**CHIVAS:** What're you talking about?

**ME:** You know, what he did to you.

**CHIVAS:** And what exactly did he do to me?

**ME:** You said he molested you.

[Chivas's father and his new girlfriend, who's younger than Chivas and looks almost exactly like Chivas, enter the Sizzler where we're meeting for dinner.]

**CHIVAS:** *What the fuck are you talking about?! When the fuck did I say that*

**ME:** Last n——

**CHIVAS'S DAD:** What're you hollerin' about, doodlebug?

**CHIVAS:** He says I told him you fucked me!

**CHIVAS'S DAD:** That was a nightmare you had! We agreed! [To me] Who the fuck are you?

**CHIVAS:** Who's this bitch?

**CHIVAS'S DAD'S GIRLFRIEND:** Cowgirl with a bomb-ass pussy, that's who.

[Chivas throws pepper mill at no one.]

## WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, IN THE END

### MY WIFE AT HER WORST:

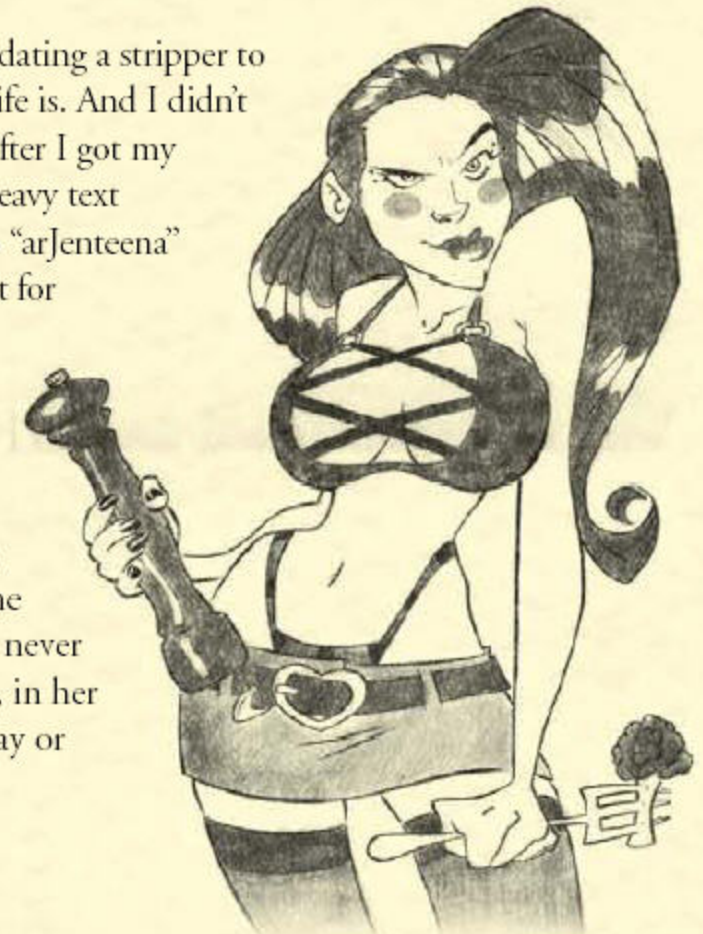
Has taught me the past is dead, the future is uncertain and all we can truly know, or come close to knowing, is the present.

### MY STRIPPER EX-GIRLFRIEND AT HER BEST:

If you go down on a girl or leave her a note saying you miss her or don't pay her rent, you're a faggot.

It took only two months of my dating a stripper to appreciate what a miracle my wife is. And I didn't meet my wife until three years after I got my stripper girlfriend's final, typo-heavy text message saying she was flying to "arJenteena" with a "music band." "Watch out for all the Nazi Hitlers!" I furiously texted back. Alas, she was gone.

I'd like to think she's still out there, perhaps not in arJenteena but somewhere else, Bolivia for example, giving some other poor fool a lesson he will never forget and mentioning casually, in her offhanded way, that her dad may or may not have molested her.



## IRISH McCALLA (continued from page 62)

*McCalla, with her va-va-voom figure and blonde locks, was the quintessential 1950s movie heroine.*

To understand the impact she had on a generation of awestruck boys, it's important to remember the mixed messages sent out to the youth of the 1950s. Fatherly Dwight D. Eisenhower presided in the White House while scurrilous Senator Joe McCarthy was ruining reputations in the Senate hearings chamber. Ozzie and Harriet espoused all-American family virtues and slept in twin beds while Marilyn Monroe redefined sexuality and created a mini-industry for buxom blonde starlets. American women wore long dresses with high necklines—and bullet bras. No wonder so many baby boomers were confused.

No four-letter words were uttered on television or in the movies, which were still under the jurisdiction of the Motion Picture Association of America's strict production code. Even the word *pregnant* was considered verboten, and when Lucy Ricardo gave birth to Little Ricky on *I Love Lucy*, the writers were forced to use euphemisms (she was “expecting” or “with child,” and the couple was “having a baby”).

Sex was the ultimate taboo. Creative scenarists could imply all sorts of things in adult dramas for the large and small screen, but nothing explicit could be said or shown. Yet in the wake of Monroe's emergence as the ultimate American sex symbol, blondes with hourglass figures dominated the landscape, and America accepted them in the spirit of good clean fun. As with almost every aspect of the 1950s, there was a gulf between the veneer of respectability that ruled the culture and the emotions that simmered just beneath the surface. (That's why Page was an underground heroine: No reputable bookstore would sell her scandalous photos, postcards and magazines.)

McCalla, with her va-va-voom figure and blonde locks, was the quintessential 1950s movie heroine, and if no innuendos were to be found in the *Sheena* scripts, plenty of viewers were happy just to gaze on her stunning presence.

Irish Elizabeth McCalla was born on Christmas Day 1928 in Pawnee City, Nebraska, one of eight children. She sprouted to a height of five feet nine and a half inches by the time she was 14 and within a few years boasted a 39½-24-37 figure.

Her life story was later documented in an adoring (and definitive) book-length biography, *TV's Original Sheena—Irish McCalla*. She told authors Bill Black and Bill Feret, “I've never understood why it is so important to be bigger busted than someone else. I was full grown in height and had a 39-and-a-half-inch bust at the age of 16 and was very embarrassed by it all. I was always proud of my long hair and my flat stomach, but no one seemed to mention them, did they? But let's face it, if it hadn't been for my measurements I would have been just another pretty gal and possibly led an average life, which wouldn't have been half as much fun.”

After graduating from high school, in 1946, McCalla sought out the warm weather of southern California, where she landed a job at the McDonnell Douglas Aircraft factory. She also worked as a waitress but soon came to the attention of a photographer who thought the budding busty beauty had promise as a model.

Before long, Globe Photo Syndicate put her under contract, and her face and figure were on display in such pre-PLAYBOY girlie and pinup magazines as *Night and Day*, *Vue*, *See* and *Laff*. She even helped launch *Eve* (“The Woman's Magazine for Men”), in 1950. McCalla specialized in active or athletic poses, as well as peekaboo pinups.

Around this time McCalla married an insurance salesman named Patrick McIntyre. While working as a showgirl at the Flamingo Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas she discovered she was pregnant with her first child; she kept the job for several months until she began to show. Her son Kim was followed a year and a half later by another boy, Sean, though the marriage that produced them hit the rocks.

Photographer Tom Kelley, famed for shooting the Marilyn Monroe nude calendar, recommended McCalla to the producers of a prospective *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle* television series. McCalla had no acting experience but was assured that little would be required of her. Her only serious competition for the role was another voluptuous blonde, Miss Universe contestant Anita Ekberg. According to McCalla, Ekberg actu-

ally won the part but didn't show up for the first day of shooting, having gotten a better gig in the movies. McCalla was recruited at the last minute. She later recalled that she signed Ekberg's contract—with McCalla's name hastily written in.

A pilot for *Sheena* was filmed on the cheap in Pasadena, California in 1955. The crew on the shoot took a liking to McCalla and helped her through the process, though she mastered the athletic scenes and rudimentary stunts better than the dialogue.

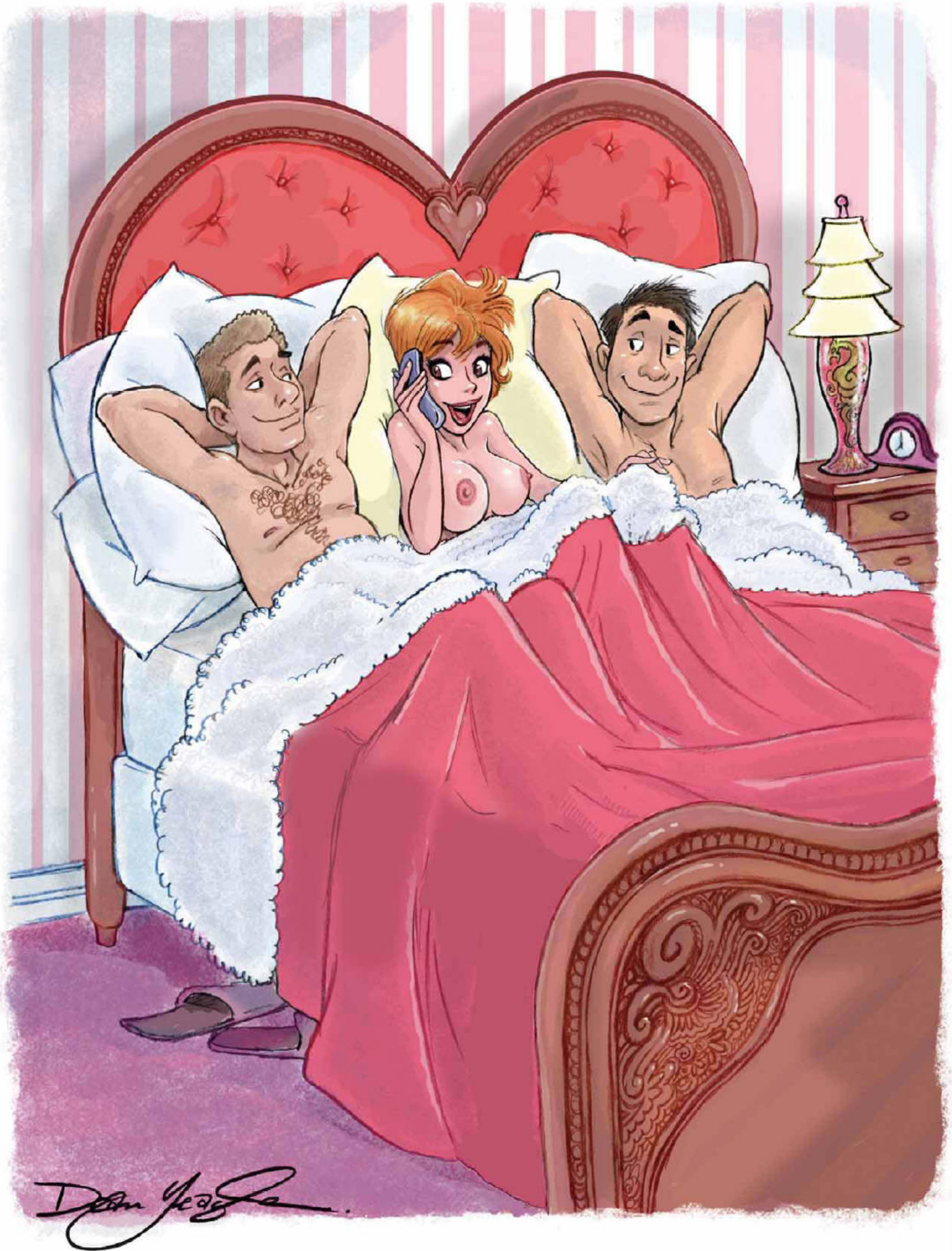
Once the series was finally sold, it was filmed over a period of seven and a half months in a remote location in Mexico. Stock footage of wild animals in Africa was clumsily edited into every episode. In reality, the wildest animal on location was a chimpanzee named Chim, who according to the star was paid \$35 a week more than she was.

Alpha Video recently released two DVD collections of *Sheena, Queen of the Jungle*. Revisiting the black-and-white show, one can easily see why McCalla was an ideal choice to star. The scripts are simplistic in the extreme, and virile co-star Christian Drake (as “white hunter” Bob Rayburn) does all the heavy lifting in exposition and dialogue. *Sheena* strikes poses, speaks pidgin English, hurls her trusty spear at bad guys and charging beasts, swings through the trees and swims. Whatever she does, she looks great, and her sincerity in delivering cheesy lines is positively disarming. As often as not, the episodes end with *Sheena* and Bob throwing their heads back and laughing at Chim's antics.

McCalla did many of her own stunts until she had a collision with a tree and held up production for two weeks while she healed. She also admitted to having a fear of heights, so a Mexican circus performer named Raul Gaona donned a blonde wig and leopard-skin loincloth to act as her double in many action scenes from that point on. But McCalla took exception to claims that she never did her own stunts. “This always burns me up,” she said, “as my part-time double gets all the credit while I got the scars and bruises.”

The producers pulled the plug on *Sheena* after 26 episodes but kept those shows in syndication for years. In 1959, when Disneyland recruited popular TV stars to march in a televised parade for the rededication of the Anaheim, California park, McCalla took her place alongside Lassie, Guy Williams as Zorro and

*(concluded on page 118)*



*"To tell the truth, Myra, right now I'm between boyfriends."*



POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

LAPD

Sport





An illustration of a hand holding two stacks of US dollar bills. The top stack is wrapped in a yellow rubber band and the bottom stack is wrapped in a green rubber band. The background is a dark, textured blue with some yellow and red highlights, suggesting a night scene or a dramatic setting.

# SAVING LOS ANGELES

SUPERCOP BILL BRATTON HAS CONQUERED CRIME IN BOSTON, NEW YORK AND NOW L.A. HIS NEXT CHALLENGE: RESCUING THE REST OF AMERICA

As he moves through the ballroom of the San Jose Marriott Hotel, a scrum of reporters and camera crews circles William Bratton, peppering him with questions and photographing his every step, leaving no doubt he is truly America's superstar cop. Dressed in a well-tailored navy-blue suit, crisp white shirt and red necktie, the 60-year-old Los Angeles police chief is calm in the face of the media swirl, coolly answering questions in clipped paragraphs punctuated by his thick, long-voweled Boston accent. His résumé is impressive and well-known. A former working-class boy from Boston, he rose to become that city's nationally renowned police commissioner at the age of 45. In the mid-1990s he took over New York's police department and helped transform that city from one of the most crime-ridden in America to one of the safest. In the process he became known—and billed himself—as "America's top cop." His image was emblazoned on a 1996 *Time* magazine cover as the face of hope for an America obsessed with urban violence—a face demanding that

BY  
JOE  
DOMANICK

ILLUSTRATION BY RYAN HESHKA



Even America's best cop has setbacks: Bratton watched his Los Angeles police force go on a rampage at a pro-immigration demonstration last May (left and bottom left). Still, his success in curbing crime has put him front and center in the presidential campaign. He's close to both Bill and Hillary Clinton (below) but was fired by Rudolph Giuliani when he was mayor of New York. Giuliani has recently been courting Bratton, trying to minimize their past conflicts (bottom right).



"IF WE DON'T SOLVE THE RACE ISSUE," SAYS BRATTON, "WE'LL NEVER SOLVE THE OTHER ISSUES."

somebody fight back. That somebody, *Time* proclaimed, was Bratton: FINALLY, read the story's cover line, WE'RE WINNING THE WAR AGAINST CRIME. HERE'S WHY.

Bratton wasn't done. In 2002, after growing rich in the private sector, he won the second-biggest prize in American big-city policing after New York: chief of the LAPD. He is the only man ever to lead both of America's two most famous police departments, based in the world's two biggest headline-generating media centers. Surprisingly, he succeeded in L.A. just as he had in New York.

More important, he has disciples, police chiefs in Miami, Baltimore, Newark, Hartford, Providence, Raleigh and Ann Arbor who are implementing the same crime-fighting police-deployment tactics and management reforms he pioneered in New York and is currently using in Los Angeles. He is not only the country's most famous police chief, he's also the most influential crime fighter in recent history.

It's no wonder Bratton is rumored to be on the short list to head the Department of Homeland Security or the FBI in a Hillary Clinton administration. He's so influential that his archnemesis, former New York City mayor and now Republican presidential hopeful Rudolph Giuliani—the man who fired him—twice

made pilgrimages to L.A. last year in thinly veiled attempts to neutralize Bratton in the 2008 elections.

There's little doubt Bratton will be a force in those elections, as the man who puts fighting crime at center stage. Crime may be low in Los Angeles and astoundingly low in New York City, but if you live in Detroit, where the murder rate is seven times that of New York's, or in Newark, where the homicide rate is three times that of L.A.'s—or in a score of other cities across the nation—a "gathering storm" of crime is brewing after a historic nationwide decline, says Bratton. That storm can be abated, he believes, through the management and deployment strategies and community-backed policing he has championed. "Cops matter," he says simply. By placing police and public safety at the forefront of the public consciousness, he hopes to achieve a complex goal: using the police to solve the problem of race in America. "If we don't solve the race issue," he says, "we'll never solve the other issues. The police have traditionally been the flash point for so many of America's racial problems."

Bratton has come to San Jose, California on this sunny June morning on a less lofty mission: to participate in a panel discus-

sion—titled "MacArthur Park and Beyond: Can the LAPD, Immigrant Groups and the Media Ever Trust Each Other Again?"—sponsored by the National Association of Hispanic Journalists at its annual convention. Bratton and his three co-panelists take their seats on the stage in front of about 300 journalists and editors seated on folding chairs, with scores more hugging the walls in a long, cramped line.

As the lights dim, everyone focuses on a large white screen showing news footage of dozens of Los Angeles police officers, as edgy and eager as a Texas high school football team, streaming into L.A.'s MacArthur Park. A few plastic bottles and rocks had been hurled at the cops, and now they were responding. Clad in riot helmets, hard plastic face masks, bullet-proof vests, radio headsets and full military attack gear, they storm onto the lawn of the park located just west of downtown L.A., smack in the middle of a tumultuous sea of Central American immigrant poverty and gang violence.

Despite a handful of troublemakers, the park is full of peaceful, almost festive protesters, including women wheeling strollers and dozens of reporters, all of whom seem unaware that anything is amiss and are genuinely surprised to find themselves under assault. (continued on page 130)



*"I thought I was here for a dance contest...."*



# Michelle, Be Mine

Miss February wishes you a happy Valentine's Day

**H**ow many times have you sat down in a cafe and thought to yourself, That woman with the dazzling smile who's filling my coffee cup is an absolute knockout. She couldn't be more beautiful. Yes, please, you'd love a refill. That's sort of how we found Michelle McLaughlin, the 21-year-old supervixen you see here. She grew up in a sleepy town in northern California, where she worked in a little coffee shop. On a whim she sent some photos to PLAYBOY. One look at her and we knew we needed to fly her in for a test shoot. Voilà—meet Miss February.

A few things you should know about Michelle: She grew up in "a perfect family," as she puts it, and she loves the

outdoors. "My dad always took me hunting, boating, fishing and camping, so I'm the tomboy of the family," she says. "On the outside I'm very girlie, but I love to get down and dirty and do things guys like to do." For example, she likes going to baseball games. "My favorite team is the Giants, and Barry Zito is my favorite player," she says. She studies psychology at a California college, and as for chemistry, she likes fun-loving guys who are not afraid to make the first move. Finally—and, yes, shockingly—she could use a date for the evening of Thursday, February 14. "I've never had an official valentine on Valentine's Day," Michelle tells us. "I'm hoping for a really hot one in 2008. Maybe this will be my lucky year!"



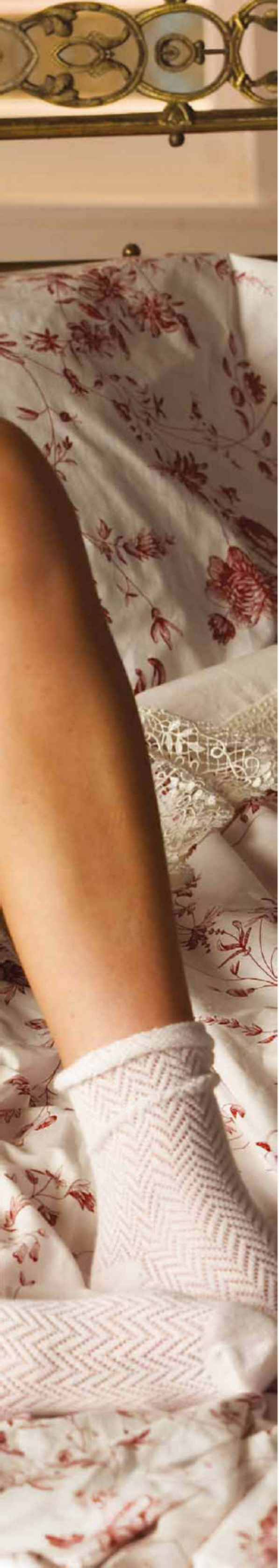






See more of Miss February at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).









MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Michelle  
McLaughlin*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Michelle McLaughlin

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 6/19/1986 BIRTHPLACE: Redwood City, CA

AMBITIONS: To earn a master's degree in psychology and to be happily married.

TURN-ONS: Blue eyes, intelligence, optimists, bubble baths, candlelight dinners & cuddling.

TURNOFFS: Selfish and undependable people.

ABOUT MY FAMILY: My mom, dad and sister are the most important people to me.

HOBBIES/INTERESTS: Fishing, hunting, hiking, camping, boating, baseball games, running, baking, cooking, the beach, puppies and working on my scrapbooks.

HOW I'LL SPEND MY PLAYMATE MONEY: College tuition & travel.

MY BASIC OUTLOOK ON LIFE: Anything is possible with a positive view on your dreams.



Eighth-grade graduation, 13 years old.



High school varsity basketball, 16 years old.



I won \$118 on the Playboy slot machine in Lake Tahoe, in my first 10 minutes of being 21.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hat's more romantic than roses on a piano?

Tulips on an organ.

**A** girl moved in with her boyfriend, whose enormous collection of old magazines took up an entire room in the apartment. "It's me or the magazines," she insisted. When he refused to part with any of them, the girl stormed out. As she told her friends—he just had too many issues.

**W**hat is the punishment for bigamy?

Two mothers-in-law.



**W**ould you like some bacon and eggs?" a newly married bride asked her husband in the morning.

"Thanks for asking," he said, "but I'm not hungry right now."

At lunchtime she asked him again if he would like something to eat. "Nah," he again declined. "I'm still not really hungry."

About dinnertime she asked if he wanted supper. "No, I'm still not hungry," he said.

"Well," she said, "do you mind getting off me, then? I'm starving!"

**W**hen Bill Clinton was president, why did Hillary always want to have sex with him early in the morning?

She truly wanted to be the first lady.

**W**hy do women pay less than men for car insurance?

Because they can't get blow jobs while driving.

**I**'ve got a big problem," a woman said to her therapist. "Every time I'm in bed with my husband and he climaxes, he lets out an earsplitting yell."

"I don't see the problem," the doctor said.

"The problem," she said, "is that it wakes me up."

**W**hy did Dorothy get lost in Oz?

She had three men giving her directions.

**M**y teacher is really giving me a rough time," a boy told his father.

"Well," his father said, "take special care with your personal appearance and attire, pay attention in class, do your homework promptly and you should be okay."

"I really don't think that will help," the boy sighed. "She told me she's three weeks overdue."

**A**fter his divorce Frank realized poker isn't the only game that starts with holding hands and ends with a staggering financial loss.

**A** tour guide was showing a tourist around Washington, D.C. When they arrived at the Potomac the guide pointed out the spot where George Washington supposedly threw a dollar across the river.

"That's impossible," said the tourist. "No one could throw a coin that far!"

"You have to remember," the guide answered, "a dollar went a lot farther in those days."

**A** girl told her boyfriend she wanted him to be more affectionate, so the next day he got himself two more girlfriends.



**I** have such a big heart," a woman said to her friend. "This morning I gave a bum \$100."

"What did your husband say about that?" the friend asked.

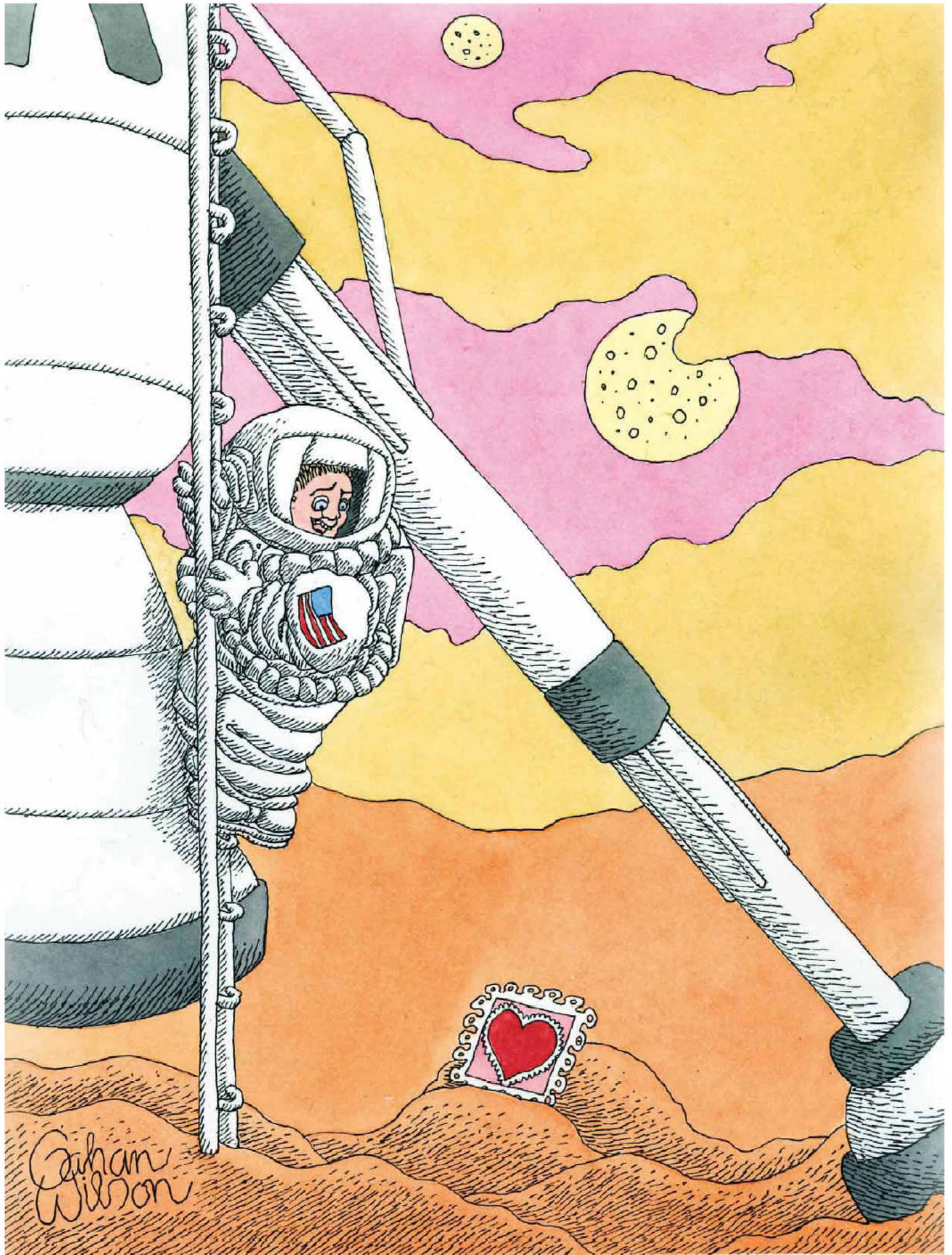
The woman replied, "Thank you."

**O**ur *Unabashed Dictionary* defines *foreplay* as conversing with a woman and exaggerating or flat-out lying about your positive qualities and achievements in order to get laid.

**W**hat is the difference between "oooooh" and "aaaaah"?

About three inches.

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



*"It's inhabited and they appear to be friendly."*





# HOLY MAN

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EVERY TRAINER  
IS LOOKING FOR A FIGHTER,  
A MESSIAH,  
WHO WILL TAKE HIM TO THE  
PROMISED LAND

---

**T**hirty years and no champ, but the bell still keeps ringing in the dream I have every morning. It wakes me at 5:30, and I get up groggy and holding my head. You got to have the right boy to make a champion. But if you catch a break and get a kid who's a champion outside the ring same as inside, when you got what I call a holy man, one who will sacrifice himself, then what you got is happy work and you ain't tired all the time.

Then Ernie Pescetti came along. I watched him come up as an amateur. Good-looking boy, Ernie, strong, and white. His daddy's still a stonemason back in Albany. Ernie is one of those light-skinned north Italian boys, straw-blond hair and blue eyes. He gets hit, or he slides along the ropes with his back, his skin turns red and streaky. Brothers in the gym saw that and started calling him Peachy, Peachy Pescetti. Ernie liked the name Peachy, specially when he put the brothers on their ass.

Ernie turned pro and for a while did all right because he's a big banger. But the trouble is, he got no class. You never saw a stronger fighter at 147, but every punch is a hard punch, and you always know what's coming. Just the same, he won his first 15 fights, 11 by KO. People were talking about him, watching him come along, and I said good for him. Except nobody in his corner had bothered to tell him that the guys in the other corner get better the more you move up in class. And that he best have more to his game than just moving in behind that big wide left hook of his.

Seemed for a while like things was going dead right, but then the worst thing that can happen to a L.A. fighter happened to Ernie. It ain't booze, or that *shit*, or the ladies. The worst thing in Los Angeles is Hollywood. All of a sudden Ernie's hanging with the Italian Hollywood tough

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FICTION BY F.X. TOOLE

guys, movie heroes who act like fighters and fight like actors. This actor Vinnie Vincenzo gets Ernie some little TV walk-ons and a movie bit part as a washed-up pug who cries.

They show him off at parties, some bitch wants to touch the slick skin around his eyes. Everybody's a fight fan all of a sudden, everybody's telling Ernie he's better than any of the old-time Italian fighters. Better than Graziano, better than Basilio, imagine. Ernie's dick is hard. Next thing, he's sticking that shit up his nose and driving a silver BMW with the top down.

Word in the gym is that he's into booze more than he's into that shit, that starting at five in the afternoon he's doing double peppered shooters of ice-cold 100-proof Stolichnaya. He's dancing and screwing and sweating all night, sleeping till noon, thinks he don't need roadwork, thinks he's King Kong. Old-time fighters, some of them, could stay in shape by fighting every week or so. Today's guys don't fight half what the old guys did. But they fight faster, they throw more punches. So conditioning today is even more important than before.

Ernie lost three of his next four fights, the last two by KO. Worse than KO, the last one. He turned his back to his opponent, which is to quit, which means he's gone dog, and now the ref has to stop it automatic.

Once Ernie found out it ain't no fun when the rabbit's got the gun, he saw he wasn't as good as he thought he was. He didn't want to fight no more—it's a common thing. The Italians don't take his calls no more. And now the bank comes for the car. He's hurting for money, but the only guys who want to fight him are ones who are 30 and 2 and looking for a stepping-stone or a tune-up fight for a title shot. Forget shooters of Stolichnaya, now Ernie's stumbling around on half-pints of supermarket vodka.

After that, I didn't think about Ernie. Besides, fighters change from week to week. It's us trainers who are always the same. But every so often I hear something. Somebody says Ernie's begging at off-ramps, somebody else says he's a street drunk wearing one shoe and got puke down the front of him. Stories keep getting worse about Ernie, and then somebody says that he's in some high-ticket rehab center in Palm Springs. For two years, nobody hears nothing. Then one day, I see Ernie sticking his nose in the gym. He's all cleaned up, nice clothes, polite. To his credit, word was that he's going to AA and he's got a job driving a delivery truck.

Then this tomato starts showing up with Ernie, and I noticed her watching me work with my fighters. One day he introduced her to me, his sister Sophia, a looker, a broad you'd call refined, wears Frenchy-type clothes. They asked me to have dinner with them, that they want to talk. She says to pick the place, so I say the Pantry, on Ninth and Fig. It's a joint where they fry steaks on a griddle like in the Depression, and everything's greasy. You get filled up and you stay filled up after a hard day. Sophia had trouble with the tough meat, but she was a trouper and chewed longer. She said her last name was Pescetti-Gottlieb, that she's a teacher married to some kind of a psycho doctor who wants to help her work on Ernie's self-esteem. I ain't impressed by broads with double last names, and this self-esteem business don't blow my doors off. But she ain't uppity, and she looks like money, so my one good ear is open. Finally we get to it.

She says, "What do you think of my brother making a comeback?"

Straight out, I told her not much, told her it'd be a long haul. "He's strong, but he ain't young no more."

"Hey, I'm only 28."

Sophia's the money, so I don't pay him much mind. "See, starting all over at 28 and all blown up like he is, he's a old man in this game. Look at him. What you weigh, 60, 62? His fighting weight was 47."

"I weigh 60."

I told her, "Fighting at his age, if he's already the champ, 28 ain't old. Okay, so he used to hit hard. But with his habits, and with his tit, his chances are in the toilet. Sorry about my language."

"Don't be. I appreciate your candor."

*Candor!* I'm in love with this broad.

She turns to Ernie. "Is he right or wrong?"

"I been running. I'm all the way down from 178."

I asked him if he was drinking.

"I'm a AA recovering street alcoholic, always will be, okay? Can't have drugs, can't have one drink, not one, or I'm puking on the street again. Come on, I want my name back."

I had to whack him for turning his back. "Why don't you try the movies again?"

Ernie nodded, took my movie shot like he had to take my tit shot. Sophia wasn't sure.

"But you remember Ernie, right?"

"I remember everybody."

"What was wrong with him?"

"He could pitch, but he couldn't catch. And it's best if he don't stand there fighting with his face, specially when you got heart trouble."

"I got heart!" Ernie said, firm. "What I been through, I got heart!"

I told Sophia that talking heart wasn't the same as having heart. Me telling her that didn't make Ernie love me, but what's going on here is who's the horse and who's the jockey. I asked Sophia who's Ernie's manager, and Ernie says she is.

"You get standard 10 percent off the top," he said.

"Ernie, no offense, but 10 percent of nothin' is nothin'. I charge up front for shot fighters."

"I ain't shot!" he said, getting red and peachy-looking.

"You think your sister can handle the deep end of the swamp, the slimy shit at the bottom? That she can make deals that'll move you, you think that? Then you got her. But if you want me, I'm the manager-trainer. I get one third off the top—if there ever is a top."

Sophia said, "I was going to let Ernie have it all after your 10 percent."

Ernie didn't like her telling me that, but I didn't think he'd last, so I told her that the first thing was to find out if he had anything left. I told her I'd charge \$200 a week for two hours a day, six days a week. I told her nice-like if that was too much, then she should take Ernie back to Hollywood and start him dancing aerobics at 50 a hour.

Sophia said, "What will you teach him that he doesn't already know?"

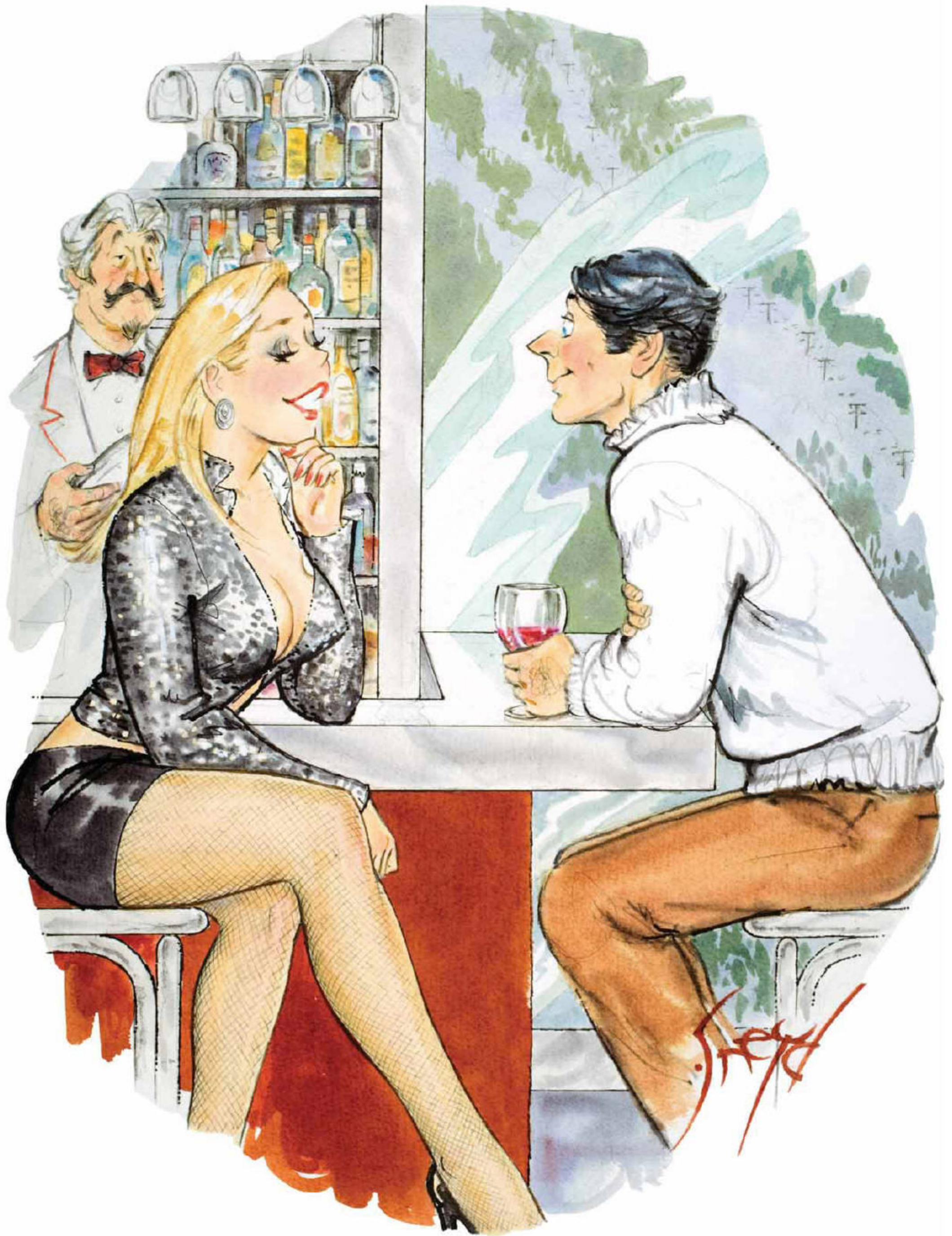
"I'll teach him how to fight, that's what," I said. "How to think and move in there. But there's more that you gotta pay."

I explained that boxing is business. To the fight fan, whether they're watching amateurs or pros, it's a sport. But once a fighter goes pro, it's business. That means the money's got to come from someplace. I reminded her that she gets paid for teaching, that her husband gets paid for shrinking.

I said, "So why should a promoter put a shot fighter on the card who won't sell tickets or look good on TV?"

"I ain't shot," Ernie said loud. "Damn it, I ain't."

"Maybe, maybe not. But it costs to find out. I'm telling you now so there's no surprises. You're gonna have to juice the promoters, at least to start." *(continued on page 120)*



*"I already have a husband. I'm just looking for someone  
who wants to be my valentine."*

# UP IN SMOKE

## STICKS AND ACCESSORIES FOR THE CIVILIZED PUFFER

It's amazing the way the universe maintains its balance. Take, for example, smoking. The unenlightened slaves of political correctness treat today's tobacco enthusiast like a pariah, but there has never been a better time to light up, thanks to an onslaught of new and complex blends in stellar packaging and to the rise of cigar speakeasies—stogie-friendly rooftop bars and outdoor cigar festivals. All of which prove you can't snuff out a timeless gentlemanly pursuit. Does God love a smoker? Consider the evidence: 1. Zino Platinum double-blade cigar snips, \$390, zinoplatinum.com. 2. Bugatti Ashtray 1 limited-edition lead-crystal ashtray in cobalt blue, \$500, europeanlighters.com. 3. S.T. Dupont X.tend torch lighter in fiery red, \$195, st-dupont.com. 4. CAO America Monument, torpedo style, \$154 for a box of 20, caocigars.com. 5. Stradivarius de los Maestros extremely limited-edition robusto major, \$320 for a box of 10, cigarworld.com. 6. Macanudo Vintage 2000 No. 1, \$304 for a box of 20, cigarworld.com. 7. Prometheus Platinum Series 100-cigar humidor in yellow maple, \$995, prometheuskkp.com. 8. Prometheus Platinum Series 50-cigar humidor in red maple, \$695, prometheuskkp.com. 9. Montecristo No. 2, torpedo style, \$300 for a box of 25, altadisusa.com. 10. Playboy Cigar, Churchill style, \$240 for a box of 24, altadisusa.com. 11. Camacho Liberty, \$320 for a box of 20, camacho cigars.com. 12. Dunhill Signed Range, robusto style, \$205 for a box of 25, whatsknottolove.com. 13. Davidoff Porcelain 100th Anniversary horse ashtray, \$220, davidoffmadison.com. 14. Berluti Havana cigar case, \$450, berluti.com. 15. Xikar Havana Collection lighter, \$100; limited-edition cutter, \$300; case, \$90; xikar.com. 16. Porsche Design silver carbon micro torch lighter, \$500, integral-style.com. 17. Porsche Design carbon-fiber wood-case four-stick travel humidor, \$800, integral-style.com. 18. Drew Estate Liga Privada No. 9, limited availability, \$264 for a box of 24, drewestate.com.





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BY JOSEF ADALIAN

IN HONOR OF THIS YEAR'S CROP OF SEXED-UP SUPER BOWL TELEVISION ADS, WE SALUTE THE...

# 21 SEXIEST COMMERCIALS OF ALL TIME

## 21 CARL'S JR./HARDEE'S PARIS HILTON 2005

Unless you define *sexy* as Clara Peller shouting "Where's the beef?" the only thing sizzling in most burger ads over the years has been the all-beef patties. One night with Paris changed all that. Hot on the heels of her sex tape's release, Hilton put out a sequel: an ad for Carl's Jr. (Hardee's on the East Coast). She washes a Bentley in a bathing suit and gives herself a sponge bath in the process. Pussycat Doll founder Robin Antin choreographed Hilton's gyrations, and director Chris Applebaum dreamed up the car-wash motif as an homage to a scene in *Cool Hand Luke*. Who knew?



## 20 CURIOUS BRITNEY SPEARS 2004

To hype her Curious perfume, Britney Spears imagines what it would be like to get busy with the dude in the hotel room next to hers. Lots of shots of Spears's plump lips and fuck-me eyes made this one work. Of course, back in the day it didn't take much Britney to get most guys going.



## 19 AXE 2007

The tagline for this body-spray ad deserves some sort of award for least-subtle pitch: "With more *bom-chicka-wah-wah*." To demonstrate the point, a woman shakes her ass stripper-style for a stunned but not unhappy grocery store employee—Axe user. Not everyone was pleased. Diane Sawyer bashed the ad on *Good Morning America*. It turned out Axe parent company Unilever also makes Dove, the women's beauty-product brand that touts its support for "real women." Hey, if guys have to watch all those Dove ads, surely Sawyer could stomach one grocery-store stripper.

## 18 DODGE CHARGER 1970

These days automakers like to sell cars with footage of their machines rolling swiftly down a handsome road. Dodge tried a different tack with its 1970 Charger 500, unleashing a commercial in which bikini-clad beach beauties find themselves attracted to a geeky guy because of his hot new car. Although the Summer of Love was fresh in everyone's mind, network standards prohibited both T and A, but that didn't mean copywriters couldn't suggest the possibility of sex. "I bet it rides really smooth," one beauty purrs to our hero, Elliott. With just a few carefully chosen words Dodge delivered a clear message: Buy this car and every girl in town will want to get her hand on your stick shift.

## 17 TABASCO 2005

Mind-bogglingly hot girl in bikini? Check. Lingering shots of butt and cleavage? Check. Money shot of a tan line near the breasts? Check. It might have been overshadowed by the GoDaddy.com ad, but this Super Bowl XXXIX pitch for Tabasco put its own spicy stamp on the big game.



## 16 COORS LIGHT "TWINS" 2003

Nothing fancy about this spot, which combines four of guys' favorite ingredients: football, beer, rock music and the fantasy of a three-way with twin cheerleaders. Though the ad doesn't depict any sexual activity involving the well-proportioned Diane and Elaine Klimaszewski, the twins exploded into pop culture, even meriting a *Saturday Night Live* spoof and several follow-up ads. Foote, Cone & Belding group creative director Chuck Rudnick told *USA Today* the thinking behind the spot wasn't particularly complicated. "Nobody would argue men love women, so why not two of them?" he said. "That's why twins ring true." No disagreement here.

## 15 NOXZEMA 1967

Long before the GoDaddy girl and the Coors twins, there was Gunilla Knutson—a.k.a. the Noxzema Shaving Cream girl. In a series of ads, the former Miss Sweden demands that guys "Take it off; take it all off!" by using the medicated shave cream. As striptease music plays, the guys do just that—and are rewarded with

a hand job from Knutson. (Of course, since this was the 1960s "hand job" meant she caressed their cheeks with her palms.) I may not seem all that provocative today, but back then it was the best a man could get—at least on network TV.

## 14 THIGHMASTER SUZANNE SOMERS 1991

Pitches for cheesy, gimmicky products sold on late-night TV are inherently unsexy. But something about the sight of Chrissy from *Three's Company* squeezing her legs around a weird contraption worked for us. It was the closest broadcast TV will ever get to an ad for a sex toy, with Suzanne Somers to boot. Hell, we bought one.

## 13 GODADDY.COM CANDICE MICHELLE 2005

Janet Jackson's 2004 wardrobe malfunction threatened to suck all the heat out of Super Bowl ads. Internet exec Bob Parsons was determined to make sure that didn't happen. After buying ad time during the 2005 game, Parsons had to figure out how to explain notions like domain names and website hosting in 30 seconds. Since three fourths of GoDaddy's customers were guys, Parsons decided to go sexy. "I wanted to find a good-looking woman who had a nice rack and put our name across it," he says. The Ad Store a New York-based firm, fleshed out the idea: A hot chick testifies before a fake panel on censorship. As uptight government type squirm, the GoDaddy girl's tit falls out of her shirt. The ad caused a media furor the next day. The company's market share soared from 16 percent to 25 percent. "We've been a naughty advertiser ever since," Parsons says. You go, Daddy. Bonus: The GoDaddy girl, Candice Michelle, landed *PLAYBOY*'s April 2006 cover.



## 12 REMBRANDT 2007

No skin, no tight shirts, no leering glances or double entendres. Just a real couple, intensely locking lips—biting, tugging—for 30 seconds. Good-bye, Close-Up. Hello, Rembrandt! There have been far hotter ads, to be sure, but few as intensely sensual as this convincing pitch for oral hygiene.

## 11 DORITOS 3D ALI LANDRY 1998

Two dudes (including a pre-*Will & Grace* Sean Hayes) bored silly at a laundromat perk up when former Miss USA Ali Landry walks in. They try to impress her with some snazzy stunts involving Doritos, but she demonstrates her superior oral abilities, including stopping a speed ing chip in midair with nothing but her mouth. Millions of football fans—the ad debuted during Super Bowl XXXII—instantly wondered what else Landry could do with those lips. She made two more Super Bowl appearances as the Doritos girl, but the subsequent ads couldn't match the fiery habanero nacho flavor of the original. And while Landry launched a decent career off the ad, Doritos 3D soon fizzled.

## 10 CANDIE'S ALYSSA MILANO 1999

Tony Danza averted his eyes, but the rest of us were charmed to say the least, by a black lingerie-clad Alyssa Milano rolling around in bed while spraying herself with skanky perfume mass produced by a shoe company. Several networks and local stations were so (hot and) bothered by the ad—one of several torrid spots for Candie's over the years—they refused to run it. Guys just thought, Yeah, Alyssa, you're the boss!

## 09 HERBAL ESSENCES "SHOWERGASM" 1999

Yup, the TV ad responsible for the term *showergasm*. It's still hard to believe these spots—in which a drop of shampoo turns everyday

women into moaning porn stars—ran without any real controversy (though some feminists bitched). Credit probably goes to *When Harry Met Sally...*, whose Meg Ryan deli orgasm made the world safe for public displays of sexual gratification.

## 8 TRIMSPA ANNA NICOLE SMITH 2003

Is that...? Could it be...? Yup, Anna Nicole Smith minus the spare tire, looking her Marilyn best once again. Blazing hot, with a body built for speed, she sent women to stores by the thousands in search of the diet drug TrimSpa. Take that, Slim-Fast.

## 7 CALVIN KLEIN BROOKE SHIELDS 1980

It's hard to believe any broadcaster would air this series of six spots in which a sultry 15-year-old Brooke Shields coos various come-ons. One ad has Shields changing into a supertight pair of Calvins while writhing around on her back. In another, the actress—then steaming up the big screen in *The Blue Lagoon*—laments that if any of her seven pairs of Calvins could talk, "I'd be ruined." "You want to know what comes between me and my Calvins?" Shields says breathlessly in a third. "Nothing." (Does that mean no one gets in her pants, or she's not wearing underwear?) Having originally approved the spot, some New York TV stations banned it just days after Ronald Reagan was elected president. The 1970s were over.

## 6 VICTORIA'S SECRET 2004

If there were a Hall of Fame for sexy ads, this lingerie giant would field several contenders. Tyra, Gisele and Heidi catwalking around in slinky underwear—score. Our pick for the sexiest Victoria's Secret ad: the 2004 Christmas commercial in which the aforementioned angels don't just strut, they speak. "Tell me you love me. Tell me you want me," they whisper. Adds another, "Bring me to my knees." Yes, ma'am. Who says Christmas is for kids?



## 5 LEVI'S DANIELA PESTOVA 2000

Perhaps trying to prove Calvin Klein didn't have a lock on hot advertisements, Levi's recruited Victoria's Secret model Daniela

Pestova to star in this bit of 30-second erotica. To hype Levi's line of frayed jeans, Pestova slips off her pants and lays them on a railroad track so the train cuts them off. She walks away wearing a very tight, very low-cut pair of denim shorts. Meanwhile the world got a lingering glance at Pestova's incredible white lingerie-clad backside.

## 04 CHANEL NO. 5 BY RIDLEY SCOTT 1979

The same year he scared the hell out of us with *Alien*, director Ridley Scott helmed this mini masterpiece of subtle sexuality. Very arty and very French, the simple plot consists of a leggy model sitting by a pool, sunbathing. A muscled-up male model in a Speedo jumps into the water, then appears to emerge between her legs. As a smoky-voiced female announcer talks about "blue sky" and "golden light," we discover our bathing beauty is sunning herself topless. *Quel scandale!*

## 03 INTIMATE CINDY CRAWFORD 1987

In 1986 Kim Basinger's sex scenes in *9½ Weeks* changed everything. Ice cubes would never be the same. A year later Revlon cast Cindy Crawford, a man's hand and a nearly phallic-shaped chunk of frozen water in an ad for its Intimate fragrance. Crawford sighs with pleasure as the ice drips all over her chest. When her man begins to pull away she grabs his hand and demands a few more ice thrusts. It was a total rip-off of director Adrian Lyne's masterwork. Not that we cared.



## 02 CALVIN KLEIN "PORN" 1995

The king of sexy ads skirted the line between sexy and sleazy more closely than ever with this campaign, which has very young-looking models seemingly trying out for a 1980s porn flick. Still, there's no denying the *Lolita*-esque spots (which exploited young men and women equally) worked on a forbidden-fruit level—as long as you kept trying to convince yourself the actors were over 18! Was that a very young and unknown Bijou Phillips? You bet it was.

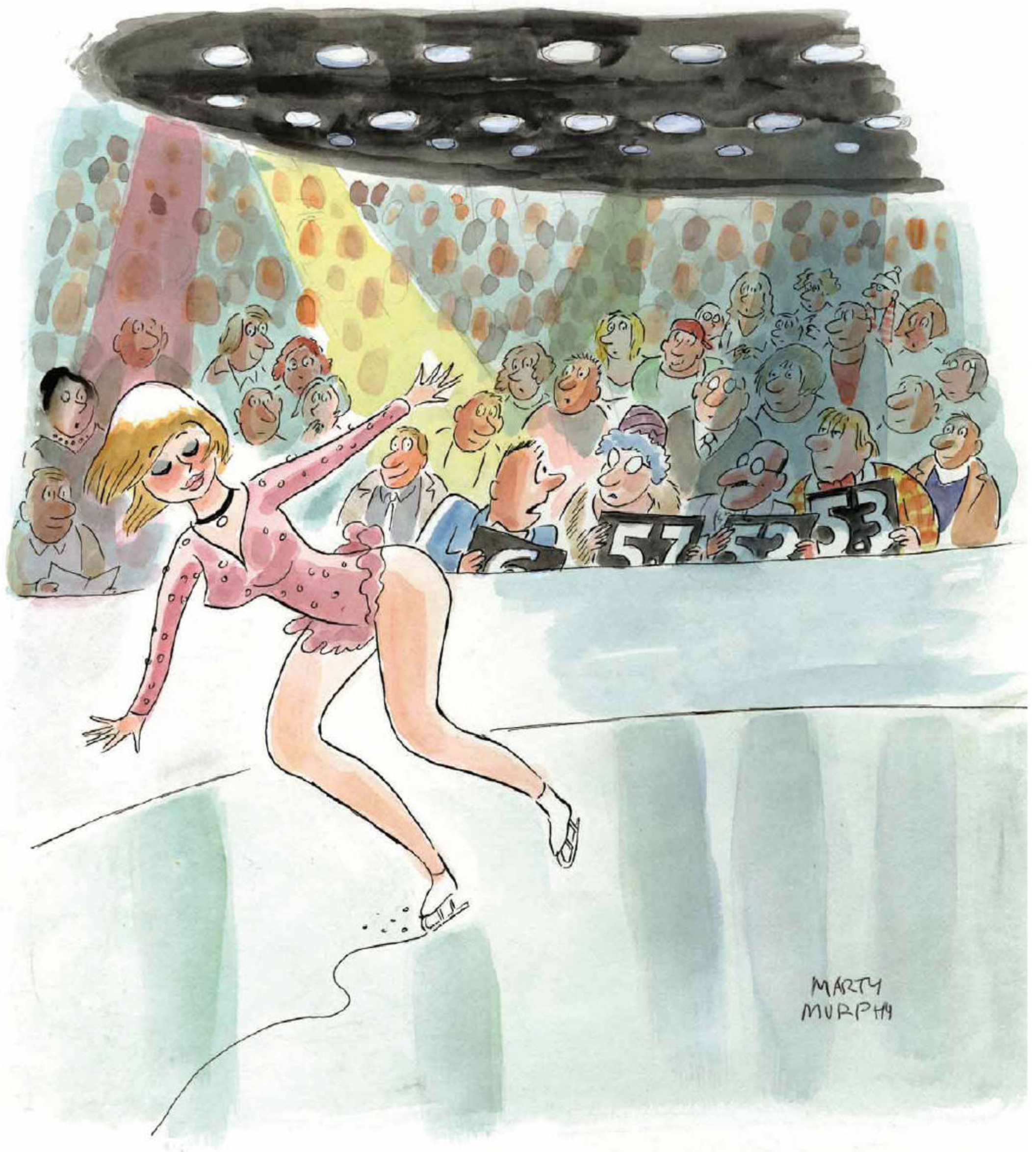
## 01 MILLER LITE "CATFIGHT" 2003

The beer maker decided to sex up its decades-old "Tastes great, less filling" campaign. Literally. Instead of dudes debating the merits of light beer, this Super Bowl commercial has the very hot Tanya Ballinger and Kitana Baker getting into a heated battle over the brew. Clothes are shed. Mud is slung. "The genius is the ending," says Ogilvy & Mather group creative director Joe Johnson, who was part of the team that produced the ad. By making the catfight the figment of some guy's imagination—and showing two women disgusted by the notion at the end—Miller was able to put a PG-13 depiction of a male fantasy in prime time and play it off as a spoof. "If it had been a pure catfight, it might have been offensive," Johnson says. "It's so stereotypically over-the-top, it's funny." Trade mags like *Advertising Age* that denounced the spot as sexist missed the point. Believe it or not, the ad could have been even hotter: Miller shot an ending in which the two women lock lips. Unfortunately, network censors thought it was too much.



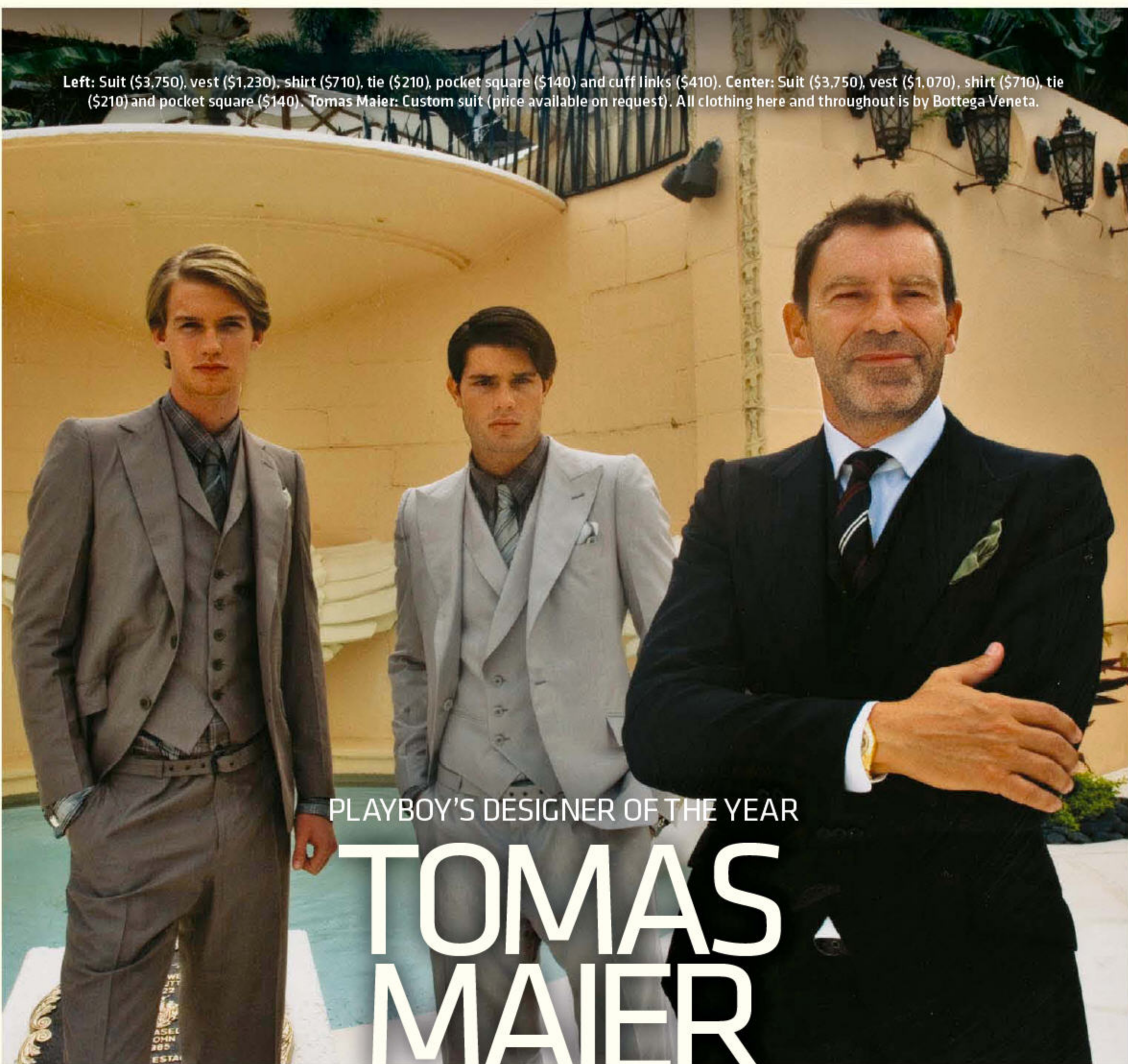
VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE AT [PLAYBOY.COM/COMMERCIAL](http://PLAYBOY.COM/COMMERCIAL).





*“Do we have to take off points just because she forgot to wear her panties?”*

Left: Suit (\$3,750), vest (\$1,230), shirt (\$710), tie (\$210), pocket square (\$140) and cuff links (\$410). Center: Suit (\$3,750), vest (\$1,070), shirt (\$710), tie (\$210) and pocket square (\$140). Tomas Maier: Custom suit (price available on request). All clothing here and throughout is by Bottega Veneta.



PLAYBOY'S DESIGNER OF THE YEAR

# TOMAS MAIER

fashion by **joseph de acetis** photography by **harry benson**

Confidence is the defining characteristic of Tomas Maier and Bottega Veneta, the brand he has brought back to vibrant life since being installed as creative director in 2001. Returning to the artisanship at the core of the company's history—the Venetian Workshop, as “Bottega Veneta” translates, first became famous for its hand-braided leathers—Maier has perfected an elegant utilitarianism. And despite its no-label-necessary philosophy, Bottega Veneta has become the highest expression of luxury. “You don't need to be a connoisseur of fabrics or an expert on tailoring to dress well,” Maier says. “Self-assurance and personal style are more interesting than a wardrobe of flawless clothes. With confidence, you'll learn very quickly to recognize what suits you—the best cuts and the right fabrics.” Maier was born in Germany, where his father was an architect; stints in Paris (where he studied and worked), Milan (where Bottega Veneta is based) and Miami (where he lives) have not



diminished his appreciation for what you might call the practical aspects of style. “Growing up in an architect's household taught me to respect construction and the relationship between design and function,” he says. “I also spent a lot of time outdoors, and I think that affected my sense of design a great deal. I'm always striving for an organic quality in my work, looking for solutions that are simple and elegant and intuitive.” Obviously, a designer who has based a women's line on the villas of math-obsessed Renaissance architect Andrea Palladio sees the beauty of engineering. But Maier is just as likely to be inspired by a David Hockney painting or a vintage photo of Burt Reynolds. That's where the confidence comes in: Maier has it, and his clothes express it. “Men have more freedom to dress the way they want than in the past. Bottega Veneta isn't designed around a specific lifestyle or for any one environment. The clothes should work for the man, not for his setting.”

Photographed at Donald Trump's exclusive Mar-a-Lago Club, Palm Beach, Florida.

Suit (\$3,750), vest (\$1,010), shirt (\$710), bow tie (\$130) and shoes (\$600).



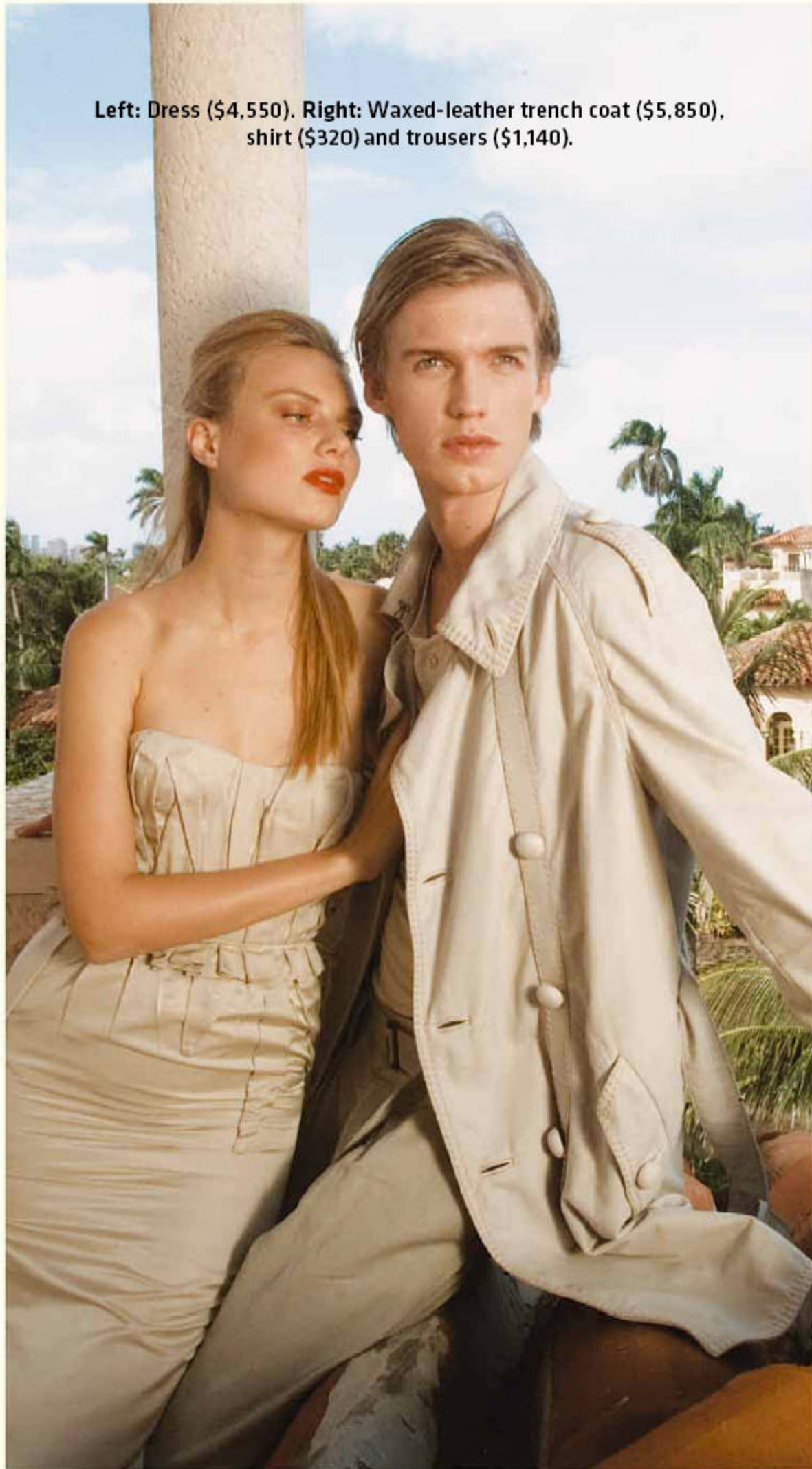
Jacket (\$2,170), shirt (\$280), trousers (\$1,140) and shoes (\$640).



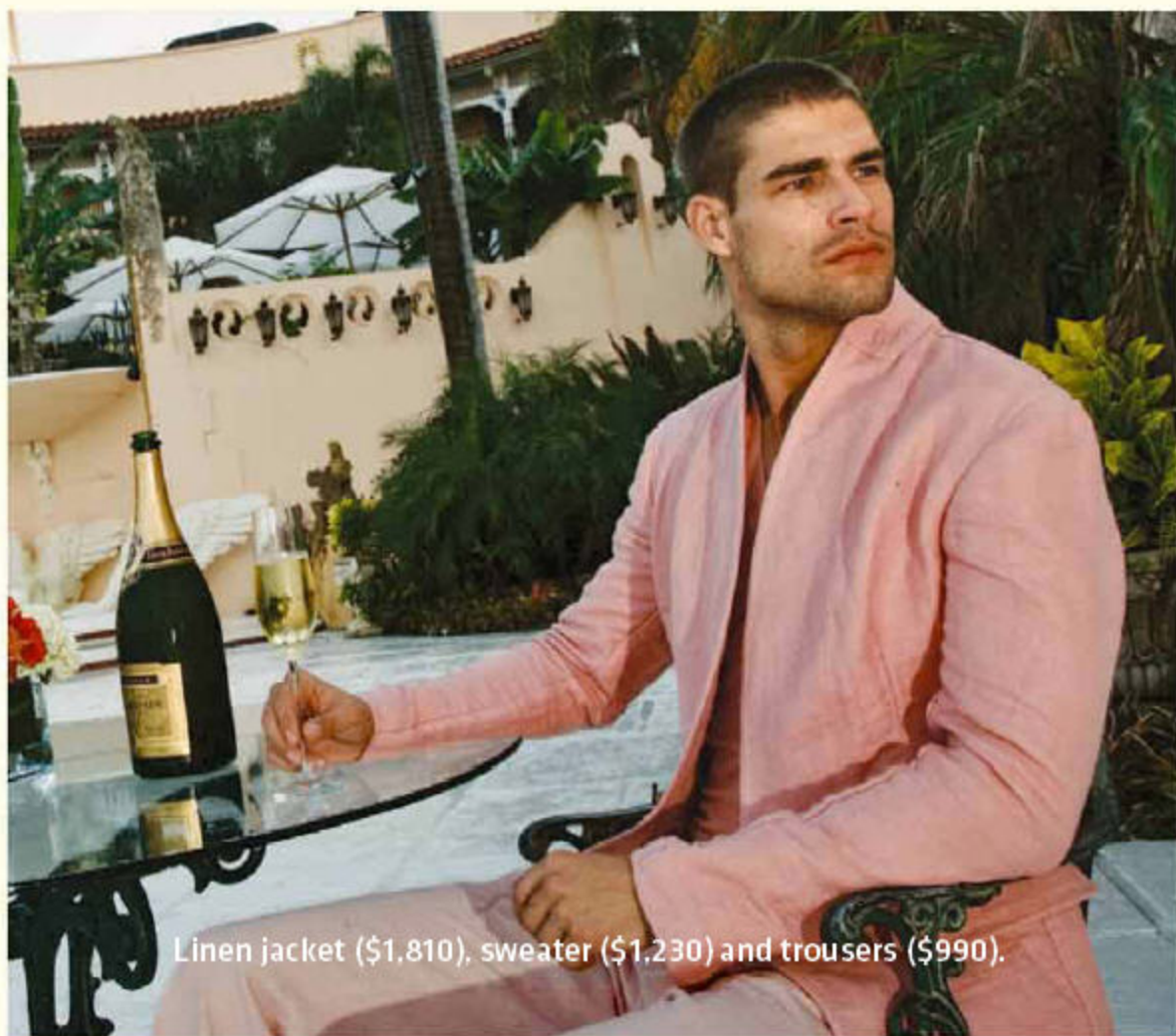
Lambskin shirt (\$3,120), cotton shirt (\$260) and trousers (\$990).



Left: Dress (\$4,550). Right: Waxed-leather trench coat (\$5,850), shirt (\$320) and trousers (\$1,140).



Linen jacket (\$1,810), sweater (\$1,230) and trousers (\$990).



Left: Suede jacket (\$4,980), shirt (\$320), T-shirt (\$320), trousers (\$990) and vintage leather duffel bag (\$3,850).  
Right: Lambskin trench coat (\$6,490), shirt (\$350) and trousers (\$990).



Left: Jacket (\$1,660), shirt (\$440), shorts (\$680) and shoes (\$640). Center: Jacket (\$1,710), shirt (\$510), shorts (\$610) and shoes (\$640). Right: Jacket (\$1,230), shirt (\$390), tie (\$170), trousers (\$840) and shoes (\$640).



Left: Suede jacket (\$4,980), shirt (\$320), trousers (\$990) and shoes (\$640).  
Center: Cardigan (\$940), corset (\$1,230), skirt (\$1,180) and sandals (\$1,370).  
Right: Lambskin trench coat (\$6,490), shirt (\$350), trousers (\$990) and shoes (\$640).



SEE MORE ON OUR DESIGNER OF THE YEAR AT [PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE](http://PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE).

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 130.





# RACHEL BILSON

EVERYONE'S FAVORITE VIXEN FROM *THE O.C.* TALKS ABOUT HER JUMP TO THE MOVIES,  
THE TRUTH ABOUT HER OFFSCREEN ROMANCES AND HER DEATHLY FEAR OF MUSHROOMS

## Q1

**PLAYBOY:** Playing a beautiful, rich, spoiled, manipulative but lovable vixen on *The O.C.* made you famous. You grew up not far from Orange County in a show-business family who treated you "sort of like a princess," as you've said. Were you well cast on *The O.C.*?

**BILSON:** I wasn't spoiled. My great-grandfather headed the trailer department at RKO Pictures, and my great-grandmother was a screenwriter. I had a great family, a normal childhood—nothing too dirty or gritty. I was close to my older brother, who nicknamed me Devil Child. My parents divorced when I was nine, but I was still close to both of them. My mom raised me with the belief that if you really want something, try hard enough, put your energy toward it and go for it wholeheartedly, you can achieve anything.

## Q2

**PLAYBOY:** Your character on *The O.C.* constantly got into serious messes. What was the worst trouble you got into growing up?

**BILSON:** I had some friends my parents didn't necessarily want me to hang around with. Everyone goes through that phase. It was a very mild thing for me. I

was involved in a car accident with these people when I was 14. They were just goofing around in the car, a guy grabbed the steering wheel, and we went into oncoming traffic on the Pacific Coast Highway. I was the luckiest one in the group. I had a concussion and blacked out, so I don't remember any of it. My parents, on the other hand, do. I don't have much of a memory now, though, and I think it's because of that accident. Friends will say, "Remember when we were at this or that place?" and I'll have no recollection.

## Q3

**PLAYBOY:** Have you ever been in therapy?

**BILSON:** I went to fewer than a handful of therapy sessions as a child, and the one thing I got out of it was that I should play with something like a Koosh ball under my school desk to help me concentrate. The activity helps me focus. If I'm having a chat with somebody by text message or IM, I get the conversation more than if I'm talking to them on the phone. It's weird, but it works. I don't have ADD per se, but I definitely have a hard time paying attention for a long period of time.

## Q4

**PLAYBOY:** Your widely publicized long-term relationship with your *O.C.* co-star Adam Brody has ended. Has that made you think twice about whether to get romantically involved with a co-star?

**BILSON:** You can't help whom you fall for. I believed I would never date an actor or anyone else in the business. But you find you relate to people in the business because you're around them all the time, dealing with the same schedules, traveling all over the place. I haven't seen Adam in a while. We have mutual friends, and I hear he's working on a movie and doing well. We were together every day for four years. It's hard. That person is your best friend, but when the relationship ends you can't be friends with him. It wouldn't be the healthiest situation.

## Q5

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't a breakup with a fellow celebrity tougher because when he starts dating again you can't help seeing him on TV, in magazines and on the web?

**BILSON:** It's brutal. You have to try to ignore it. It's not like you're going to gain anything or learn anything from seeing it, right? I try to *(continued on page 116)*

**HOOOTERS**



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HOOOTERS  
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# THE *Women* OF HOOTERS 2008

An unobstructed view of our favorite neighborhood bar and girls



**C**ustomers can go to many places for wings and beer,” says the Hooters handbook, “but it is our Hooters Girls who make our concept unique.” You can see why a company that boasts of offering “the look of the all-American cheerleader, surfer, girl next door” would be a tasty match for PLAYBOY—hey, we discovered the Girl Next Door. And Holly Madison, Sara Jean Underwood and Adrienne Curry all once wore the “delightfully tacky yet unrefined orange.” Of course it’s what’s inside the uniform that makes the Creamside iconic. Luckily, two of the chain’s founders, Dave Lageschulte and Dale Regnier, let us commandeer their *Hooter Patrol IV* yacht (available for charter), invite the hottest waitresses from the chain’s 400-plus locations worldwide and cruise them out to the Caribbean for this shoot. Enjoy the women of Hooters, offering service with (only) a smile.

Hooters is the only restaurant that can make you salivate before you get your food (but when you do: wings, 3 Mile Island sauce). Shall we start with dessert? Opposite page, from left: Tabitha Gilley, Aimee Marie and Nesie Daglis haul out a cake celebrating Hooters’ 25th anniversary. The Hooters concept was born in Clearwater, Florida and has since expanded to places like Israel, Trinidad and even Salt Lake City. The brand has also put its name on a short-lived but very popular commercial airline, a casino for night owls in Las Vegas and fan favorite golfer John Daly.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TODD LUCAS





**KAT LONGA** (opposite page) is great with her hands; she used them to point to showcases on *The Price Is Right*. She's also going to school to be a massage therapist and says there's no better way to take stress out of a relationship.

Someone order a cold one? We found **TABITHA** (above) on the rocks, but her favorite hangout is the sand. She loves tanning—apparently all over. Like a true Southern girl, Tabitha says her favorite menu item is fried pickles.





Hooters' **RANDI JACKSON** (left) is much nicer on the eyes than the *American Idol* judge (take that, dawg). Wearing a fishnet on the shore, she shows why she's quite the catch. Certainly she captured the judges' eyes at last year's Miss Hooters International swimsuit pageant, where she won runner-up honors.

**LAURA DAVIS** (bottom left) once dated a Hooters customer, but the key word is *once*: Now she's single. Could you be the next lucky guy to look up from his curly fries and find love? Well, you'd have to look up from your cards: Laura now deals blackjack at the Hooters Casino in Sin City.



Sweetheart **HILLARY FISHER** (above) divides her time between Hooters, baking pastries (she studied at Johnson & Wales) and modeling. Representing South Carolina, she was a finalist in the Miss Hawaiian Tropic United States pageant last year. Can't see any tan lines, can you?

**BEVERLY MULLINS** (opposite page) lives in Florida, but she's a country girl at heart. On her nights off you can find her on the tailgate of her F-150, drinking Natty Light and scaring up deer. She aspires to become a football sideline reporter. One look at her and even Bill Belichick would smile.











"My favorite pastime is 'sport fishing,'" says **NESIE** (opposite page). That's what she calls going to clubs and picking up other girls for threesomes. She admits her fantasy is to have sex on the warm hood of a car. Fishing, threesomes, cars—this girl's a good conversationalist.

**NICHOLE LONG** (above right) is sweet when she waits on you, but don't think of crossing her because she doesn't miss with a .22. An avid hunter and fisher, Nichole is all about formfitting camo when she gets out of her Hooters getup. Fortunately, she left both outfits at home.

**AMANDA COOKE** (right) had a 3.98 GPA while studying finance in college. No surprise: Her looks are damn near perfect too. Because of her body type, Amanda claims she looks better naked than in her Hooters uniform. Again, perfect.





**BRITTANY LEE** (left) should come with a warning label: CRAZY FUN. She has danced up a ladder to the ceiling of a nightclub and routinely bungee jumps off bridges. She says she wants a man who can cook for her, but anyone interested should pack a parachute with his apron.

When we first saw this picture of **BRITTANY KING** (bottom), we just knew she likes her Hooters wings hot, naked and wet (restaurant lingo for "spicy, unbreaded and dripping with buffalo sauce"). The 21-year-old peach is studying business marketing.

It's hard to believe, but **AIMEE** (opposite page) says she was shy and dorky growing up. In fact she was so sheltered she didn't even know what Hooters was until she walked in to apply for a job. Since then she has really come out of her shell. See for yourself.





See more girls of Hooters  
at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com).

# BILSON

(continued from page 105)

avoid watching those TV shows or reading that stuff because if they say something mean about you, what's the point? But sometimes you're going to see them no matter how hard you try not to.

## Q6

PLAYBOY: Were you bummed when *The O.C.* was canceled, or was it a relief to get away from a failed romance?

BILSON: I had a good thing going with that show. Of course it's never easy dating your co-star and then having to work with him afterward, but we actually got along well. It was almost nice because at least I still got to see him and sort of ease out of the relationship.

## Q7

PLAYBOY: How do you react to your peers who seem to be constantly flashing their crotches, driving while high, checking in and out of rehab or crying about how the paparazzi are destroying their life?

BILSON: The ones who cry the most are the ones who are all up in it. There are certain times, though, when I feel bad, like when I see a picture of someone who looks as if they're having a really hard time and it's captured on film for everyone to see. That's so wrong.

## Q8

PLAYBOY: How have you managed to avoid those pitfalls of fame?

BILSON: It blows my mind that celebrity is such a sham now. Not that I'm one of those girls who tell the press where I'm going to be at a certain hour—I totally understand that for some girls, but for me I can't fathom it. I'm not doing a pantyless crotch shot, either. I guess I need to work on not wearing so much. [laughs] But seriously, I'm in this business because of the career I want, not because of the celebrity I want.

## Q9

PLAYBOY: So we shouldn't expect to see TMZ-type videos of you hitting the clubs and enjoying the perks of young Hollywood?

BILSON: I'm a homebody. I like to watch TV and eat junk food all day. It's nice to be able to do nothing once in a while. I don't go clubbing so much anymore. Only once in a very great while will I go out with my girlfriends. I don't read a lot because I don't retain a lot. It's hard for me. I'm good at memorizing, though. I can look at lines and remember them right before I do them.

## Q10

PLAYBOY: You're a turn-on for so many guys, but what exactly turns you on?

BILSON: The older I've gotten, I've realized it's not all about looks. A guy who can make me laugh—that's the biggest thing. I like a guy who can make fun of me, a guy who can put me in my place in a humorous way. I've learned I don't have a type. There are people you think you'd never be attracted to, and you end up falling in love with them. There's something nice and comforting about being in a relationship. You're known as a couple. Who doesn't want a partner? But it's also important to stand your ground and be your own person. I like to think of myself as not being co-dependent.

## Q11

PLAYBOY: In an alternate universe, which male or female celebrities would you be sexually curious about?

BILSON: Whoa, that one's tough. I guess Angelina Jolie would be the obvious answer. She's just a beautiful, confident and sexy woman. I'm not sexually attracted to women, but I can think a woman is beautiful and sexy. There's nothing wrong with that. Romantically, I've always loved Johnny Depp, even when I was a little girl. He was the first celebrity guy I had a crush on. I'd stick with him. When I was about nine or 10 years old, my mom and I were at a restaurant and actually saw Johnny Depp eating there and I freaked out. He smiled at me. This is so silly, thinking back, but I geeked out and was like, "Mom, you have to get his autograph for me." She was too embarrassed, so she didn't. But he smiled at me, and that made my day. [laughs] And I'm sure he remembers.

## Q12

PLAYBOY: What's the craziest thing you've ever done in the name of love?

BILSON: I've impulsively gotten on a plane to go see the person I love. He knew I was coming, but it was impulsive because we didn't have much time together. Another crazy thing was kissing on a WaveRunner. I just thought to myself when I said that, Oh my God, they're going to print that I had sex on a WaveRunner. It was just a kiss!

## Q13

PLAYBOY: What are the most successful or unsuccessful things guys have done to impress you?

BILSON: Somebody made me something by hand, and the time and effort he spent made it the most special thing I've ever been given. I can't say what it is. Sorry, it's too private and personal, but

it's something that means a lot to me. One year, for my birthday, a dog was given to me without my being able to pick it. I'd say that was the most unsuccessful, even though I loved the dog.

## Q14

PLAYBOY: Your new project, *Jumper*, is a sci-fi flick about an abused teen who learns he can teleport. Why such a departure?

BILSON: I play the childhood friend, the love interest of the main guy, played by Hayden Christensen. My role is important because the love story is a big part of the film. I like the character because she's no-bullshit, she really gets it, and she's the only one the hero trusts. I'm the only normal character in the movie, and I see these strange things happening the same way the audience does.

## Q15

PLAYBOY: Do you think Christensen deserved the slamming he got for his performances in the *Star Wars* prequels?

BILSON: He's an amazing guy and a fantastic actor. In those *Star Wars* movies I thought other people—people who are successful and Oscar-nominated—came off looking much worse than he did. But he caught a lot of shit, which really made me mad. Darth Vader is the most famous villain of all time, and even Leonardo DiCaprio wouldn't have done a better job in that role. I'm sorry. I thought Hayden did a great job, and I'll stand by that.

## Q16

PLAYBOY: So we're safe in assuming you and Christensen are now a couple?

BILSON: No. I've never talked about it before, and there aren't many things you can keep private. I will say I'm happy. I feel I'm in a good place. Hayden has this whole perception around him because of stupid people. I hope *Jumper* does for him what he deserves. He was fantastic in *Shattered Glass*, and he deserves recognition.

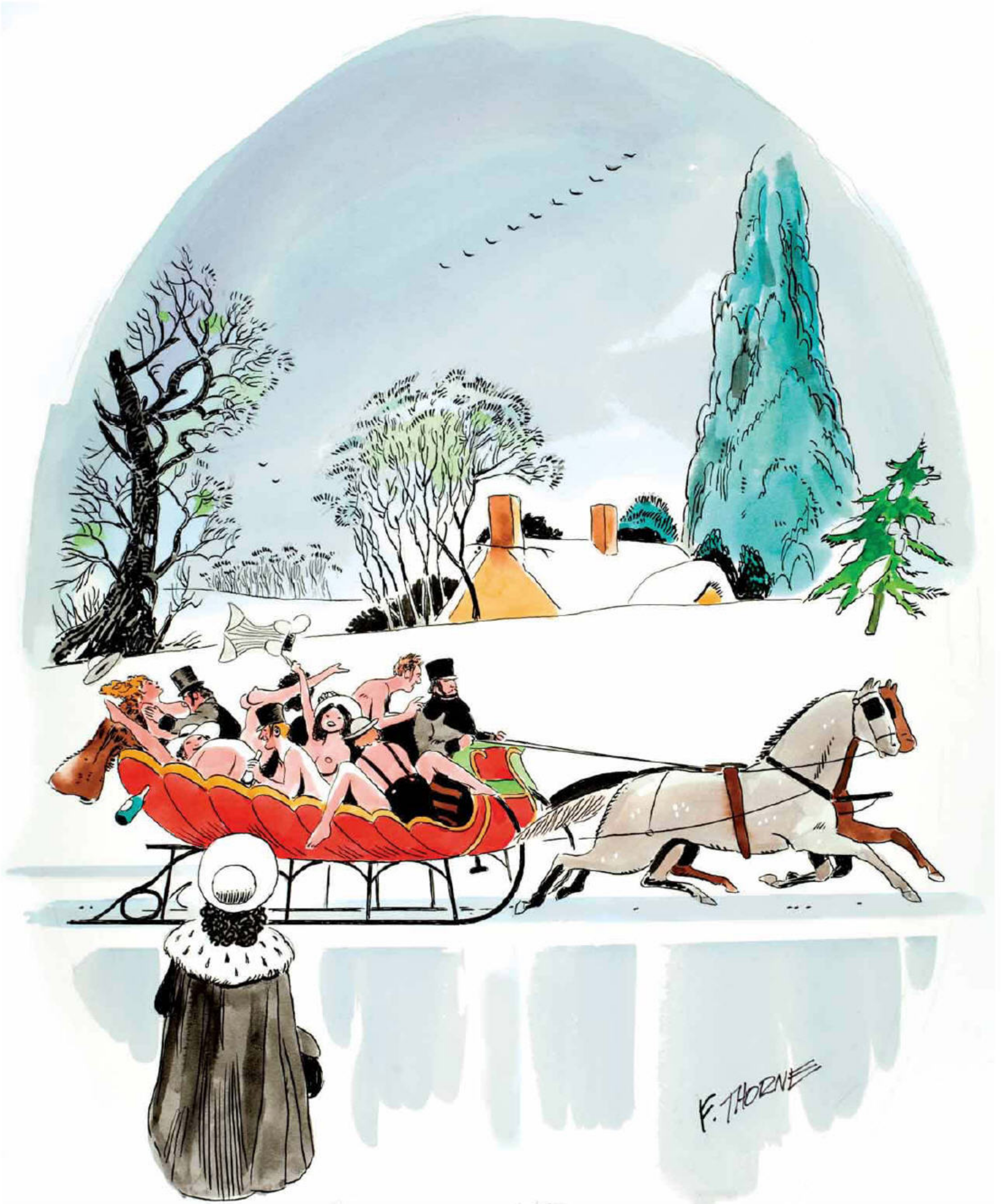
## Q17

PLAYBOY: What are your big fears in life?

BILSON: I used to be afraid of pigeons, but I'm over that now. There is something else: mushrooms. I really don't like them. It's the smell. It's like chicken marsala. I can't stand it—even the smell makes me sick. But I love cooking, and I make chicken cutlets, meat loaf, homemade pasta sauce and an amazing salad. But no mushrooms.

## Q18

PLAYBOY: You became famous playing a diva on TV, but you seem nothing like



*"Stop at the next drugstore. We're out of condoms!"*

that in person. What if you chose to play the diva card in real life?

BILSON: I don't think of myself as a Goody Two-shoes or anything, but no, I don't even process that thought for half a second. If you're in a movie or on a show that does well and gets you attention or changes your image, that's different because it's attention you've earned through your work, not by how you act offscreen.

## Q19

PLAYBOY: To show a truly different side, would you ever do something as raw and nudity-friendly as, say, *Monster's Ball*?

BILSON: I wouldn't get naked for *The Last Kiss*. It's almost a deal breaker. The movie was rated R, and they like to put in nudity wherever they can, but I'm pretty strong willed and believe it can be avoided. I can't say there will never be a time I would do it, but I don't really want it. Movies can be sexy or sexual without showing things.

## Q20

PLAYBOY: Do you ever wish women going after the same roles as you would take a few years off and leave you with less competition?

BILSON: No. The roles I want usually go to Kirsten Dunst, Keira Knightley, Scarlett Johansson, Natalie Portman or Kate Bosworth—even though I look younger or older than a few of them. These are all girls I respect. I think they're cute, good actresses, and I admire their fashion sense. It can be frustrating at times because it's as if there's a list you have to work your way up. These girls will get the offers before you do, and if they want to do those movies, you're kind of shit out of luck. I get it. I understand they were once where I am now, and my ultimate goal is to get to that point. Hopefully, I'll achieve it, but you never know.

Read the 21st question at [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q).



## IRISH McCALLA

(continued from page 68)

a young Clint Eastwood, then riding high as Rowdy Yates on *Rawhide*—even though she hadn't filmed an episode of the series in three years. (Show-business friends advised her, when she signed her contract, to retain the right to make personal appearances as Sheena, which kept her busy and bolstered her income long after the show's demise.)

To McCalla's surprise, the show was a hit around the world, dubbed into many languages. On trips abroad she discovered she was as well-known in Australia and Japan as she was at home.

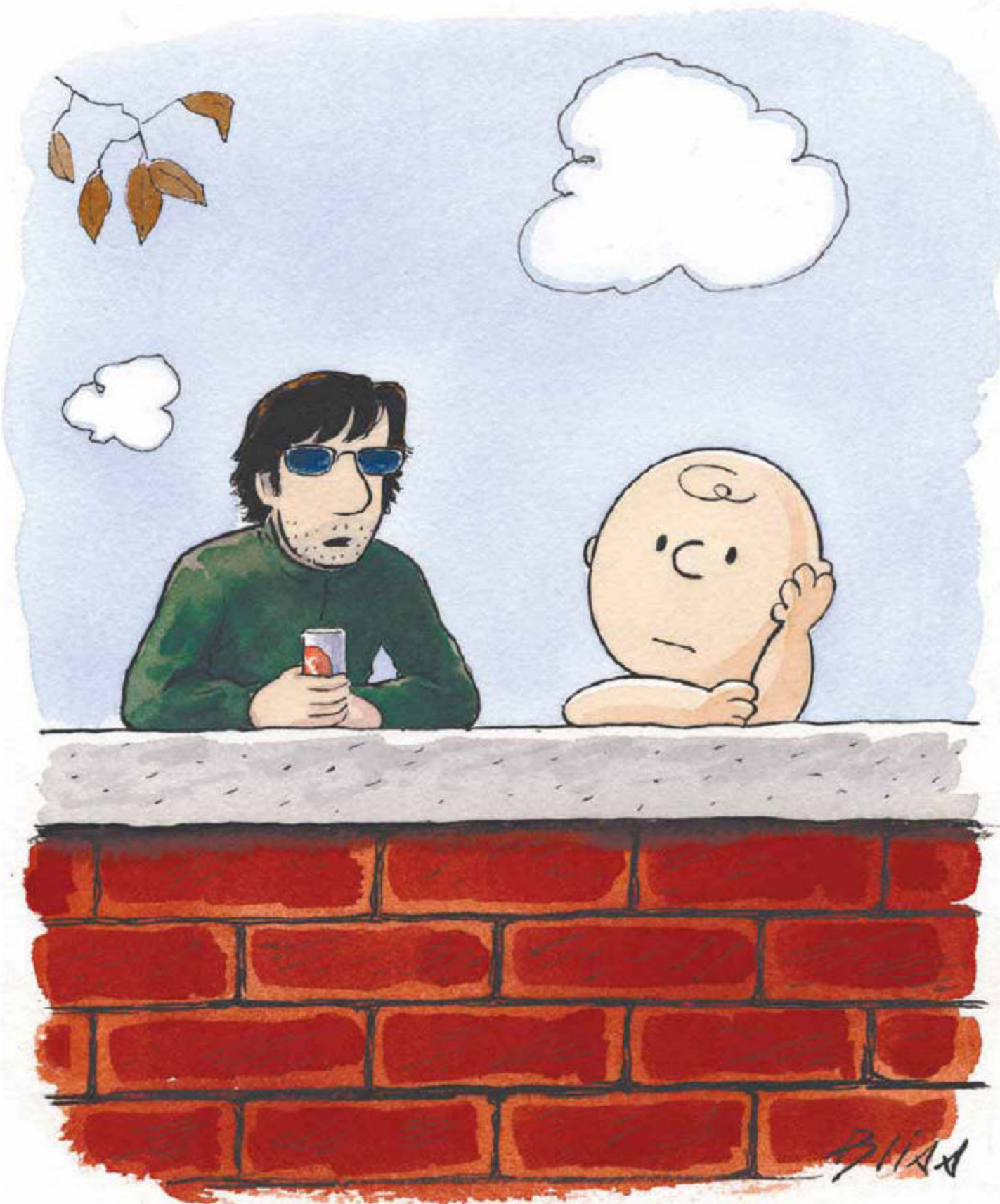
Following *Sheena*, McCalla found herself a victim of typecasting and had difficulty getting casting directors and moviemakers to consider her for parts. She did make a number of guest appearances as herself on television shows, including the 1956 *Milton Berle Show* on which Elvis Presley made his second national TV appearance.

But aside from roles in a couple of B movies (*The Beat Generation*, *She Demons*) and occasional guest shots on episodic television, her acting career never really took off. She was content to raise her sons and, following a brief second marriage to actor Patrick Horgan, moved to Malibu and pursued her first love, art. She had studied from the time she was a girl, and after her children were grown she devoted herself full-time to painting.

At a fan convention in 1979 she admitted, "I had my first gallery show as an artist after the *Sheena* series. I knew the gallery wanted me more because I was Sheena. It was good publicity for the gallery, but it gave me my first show. It made me realize I didn't want to be an actress; I wanted to be an artist." With her third husband, Chuck Rowland, she moved to Prescott, Arizona and lived out her life, surviving several bouts with cancer and brain tumors.

McCalla returned to the spotlight when a Hollywood feature film of *Sheena* was released in 1984 with former *Charlie's Angels* star Tanya Roberts in the leading role. Interviewed extensively on TV and in print, McCalla was gracious about her successor, but die-hard fans insisted there was only one Queen of the Jungle. (Gena Lee Nolin later essayed the role in an updated TV series that ran from 2000 to 2001.)

McCalla died in 2002, but boomers who grew up watching her in the 1950s will always cherish the memory of their first sex symbol. And thanks to these revealing photos, she may acquire a new generation of fans.



"I loved a red-haired girl once.... Well, actually, she was a blonde, but I didn't find that out until our third date."

ADVERTISEMENT



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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\*see details below

# Penalty for Early Withdrawal?

## Can this "Secret Formula" Really Improve Your Stamina and Performance?

### Ask Steffanie:

**Hey Fellas - If YOUR "Timing" issues are keeping HER from scoring the BIG O - then read this letter that reveals the sex secret that keeps you out of the penalty box and in the pleasure zone!**



### Dear Steffanie,

I know a lot of men read your column and could really benefit from this important STAMINA secret my boyfriend and I recently discovered.

As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance was less than adequate when it came to his "timing". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated - he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine."

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock", he was pulling a "full shift." Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

**"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."**

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing lubricants on the market that might help his stamina but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman - which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great, so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend told him that if he really wanted to improve his stamina without negatively effecting erection quality, he should try a new product called **VIVAXA from the makers of Maxoderm (the top selling male enhancement product that's recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S. for Instant Male Enhancement). The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a powerful blend of ingredients that are unlike anything else on the planet! Best of all, the formula absorbs super fast upon application**

so it won't numb a woman! It seemed too good to be true!

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before - by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

So Steffanie, please print this letter - I'm sure there's a ton of women out there wishing their men used VIVAXA, a quality stamina enhancing product that lets him put in the extra time without numbing her! I know they're still offering a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY\*** if you call **1-800-520-0195** or visit their website at [www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com](http://www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com). Tell your readers to hurry because supplies were limited when I called.

Pamela B., Nashville, TN

### Dear Readers,

I did some research on Maxoderm VIVAXA and here's what I found: VIVAXA uses groundbreaking, advanced topical technology. It's the first male delay and stamina formula on the market designed to help soothe hyper-excitible skin, helping intimate sessions last longer. Check out VIVAXA by calling **1-800-520-0195** or visit [www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com](http://www.MaxodermVIVAXA.com) and receive a **FREE TUBE PLUS** get **\$200 worth of FREE GIFTS** with your order - **FOR A LIMITED TIME**. Don't let her question your staying power anymore. Call today! **GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK!**

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\*see details

# HOLY MAN

(continued from page 90)

"Does everybody have to pay?" Sophia asked.

"One way or another. Like kickbacks on training expenses. Or you gotta wait forever for a shot and you run outta time, or your boy falls in love and gets a job. Or because somebody in a silk suit decides he's your partner."

"Has that ever happened to you?"

"Everything's happened to me."

A couple of weeks go by. I didn't see Ernie, and I forgot all about him. Then Sophia called me, said to meet her for lunch at the Polo Lounge. I showed up in a sweatshirt, like always.

First off, I ordered a Pilsner Urquell from the waiter, who sniffs. Later on I ordered chilled mulligatawny soup and cracked Dungeness crab on ice with mustard-mayonnaise sauce. For dessert, I had a ginger soufflé. Sophia started looking at me different.

We drew up a simple letter of agreement. For the next three years I was to be Ernie's manager and trainer. If somebody big-time comes along and Ernie wants to sell the manager part of the contract, no problem, I get a third of the cash for the sale, simple. And I got my \$200 a week, like I explained.

Ernie started to work, and I punished him. His outfit's wringing wet, his mouth is dry as a popcorn fart. He's crying for water. I told him that good fighters don't need water, that bad fighters don't deserve water. He stopped crying.

Truth is that I figured I'd pick up a few weeks' work and that Ernie would fold. But he hung, the kid, God bless him, and then damned if I didn't start to

believe. Besides, I wanted to see a white fighter make it again, wanted more white boys in the gym, wanted to see white boys get their balls back from Democrats and back from thong-assed bitches who want their boyfriends to be like girls.

I start to think a lot about Ernie, about what's going to work for him.

First off, with damaged goods like Ernie, you got to go at him from an angle. You got to get him to do stuff he doesn't know you got him doing. You do that so he's not worried that doing something new will make people laugh at him, you do it hoping he won't go back to his old habits. Even so, all fighters can't do all things. I got his legs up under him, and I got him to keep his hands up, but I couldn't get him to keep his chin down all the time. And I couldn't get him to slide in on his front toe instead of walking in heel-toe, which tends to make you a half beat behind the other guy.

The biggest thing I couldn't get him to do was shift his weight from his front foot back to his rear foot when he threw his left hook. I figured he didn't want to do it. Eighty percent of his KOs had come from doing it his way, even though I proved that shifting his weight made him hit harder, that it took less energy. I knew I wasn't getting to him on the hook, but I wanted to have it on record that I tried. The right way not only sets up the right hand, but it gives more protection to the chin.

What I didn't have to worry about was him boozing. He went to AA once he told me how terrified he was of falling off the wagon. He confided in me that his father had told him to stay away, that he didn't have a son. And if he started drinking again, Sophia told him he'd have to walk the walk alone.

He was strong and quicker than I'd remembered. I put him in to spar with a 10-round fighter who I told to go easy on

him. Ernie barely made it through three rounds, but he wouldn't have made it at all if he was dirty. There were still big conditioning problems, but what he could do was hit, and he had good hand-eye reflexes. Maybe he wasn't the fastest with his hands, but timing will beat speed if you know what you're doing.

Ernie's heart still bothered me some, but as long as I was getting paid, I could wait and see. Besides, the better the condition a fighter's in, the bigger his heart. Once he was running right, and once he had a few wins, he'd be king of the hill again. A good white fighter is a draw. Maybe I could get him the right fights and we could go someplace.

The trick was to make Ernie the best at what he was already good at, power. But the biggest trick of all was to make his opponents think that Ernie would be the same old Ernie—walking in throwing bombs and lunging with his chin stuck out behind that wide hook of his. So once I knew I couldn't fix his hook, I knew I had a problem, right? But once I knew my problem, I knew my answer. Switch him. Not from orthodox to southpaw. Not from banger to boxer. The switch would be from lead slugger to counterpuncher.

It went slick and sweet as unsalted butter. We worked on the footwork first, Ernie walking in same as always. But instead of getting off first, I had him wait a split second before unloading—that or I'd have him fake a shot. That forces the other guy to run, or to go first...and at that point Ernie would know that one of only two things can happen. Either a left hand is coming, or a right. I taught Ernie to block and counter. To catch the shot and counter. To slip and counter. I taught him to shoot combinations from inside, showed him he could do damage no matter where his shots landed.

That's the key. Hurt the man. Make him back up, make him fight on his heels. Go to his kidneys, make him know his piss'll be red in the bowl. Damage the eyeballs, make the white a pool of blood. Separate his ribs, cause spasm to the liver. Cripple the joints where the arms and the shoulders come together. Break him down. Take his heart and squeeze it. That's the game we play. That's how awful it is. But surviving that, and winning, that's what gives you the kick. It's called getting respect.

To get Ernie sharp, I put it on him a little at a time, had him catch my punches on his arms, on his gloves, on his shoulders. If the other guy throws a right to the body, you catch it with your left elbow and counter with a left—a hook, an uppercut or a jab. The same on the other side. It works because the other guy is open when he punches, just like you. The difference is that you're not trying to stay away, you're staying close, and he can't counter





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as good as you can, because you're so close you can suck on his tittie.

Or I'd have Ernie slip to his left under a right hand and drive his own right into the gut, come back to the head with a hook, because the other guy's got his hands down at his waist from the body shot. Think about it. Some bitch slaps your face. What happens first? Your hand goes straight to the sting. It's *after* that when you rap her back, right? Except if Ernie catches you flush, you ain't dealing with a slap. It's all logical, only you got to be good or you're the guy looking for the place to go to sleep.

We went from footwork to the punch mitts and to the big bag, where he learned to grab his balance in a wink off a pivot and to drill up-and-down combinations of five and six punches. Now his dick was hard again. What he liked about working this way was that it put him in position to always bang with power. Was it pretty, like Ali? Not if you didn't know what you were looking at. But to the old-time fight guys, it was like watching Charley Burley again, who you couldn't hit from three paces with a handful of rice. Joe Louis was maybe the best counterpuncher of all, those short little shots of his broke hearts and bones. And in the '70s, there was Albert Davila at 115 pounds, who put a kid in the grave.

People in the gym began to shy away from Ernie once they saw what he could do. Usually you don't have to pay for sparring in the gym unless you're getting ready for a big fight and you're getting training money. The other guys will help you, you help them. But some of the time I had to pay for work. Forty dollars for four rounds, maybe more. I did it because Ernie's not getting any younger. Sophia understood. There would also be fighters who wanted to try Ernie out, so we obliged. He'd make them miss, and he'd make them pay. His pride came back, and he didn't need to go to AA so much.

Sophia called me often to tell me how happy she was with the way things were going. She always thanked me, always asked me if I needed anything.

"I need a champion."

The next stage was to test him under the lights, dump fight noise on him. I got the Commission to let us start off at six rounds instead of at 10 because of Ernie's long layoff. They'd heard how hard he was working and said okay. I began with club fights in Bakersfield and Santa Maria, Indio, down in Pedro. I paid the promoters under the table to put Ernie

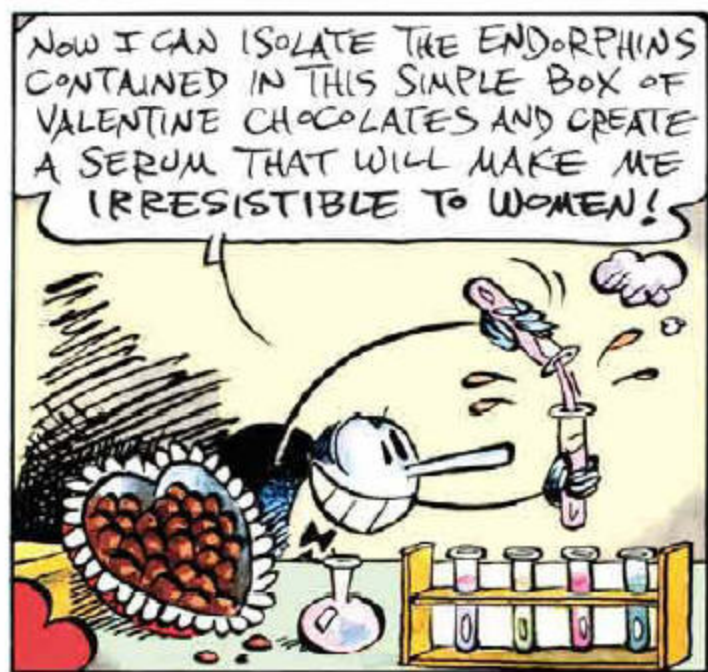
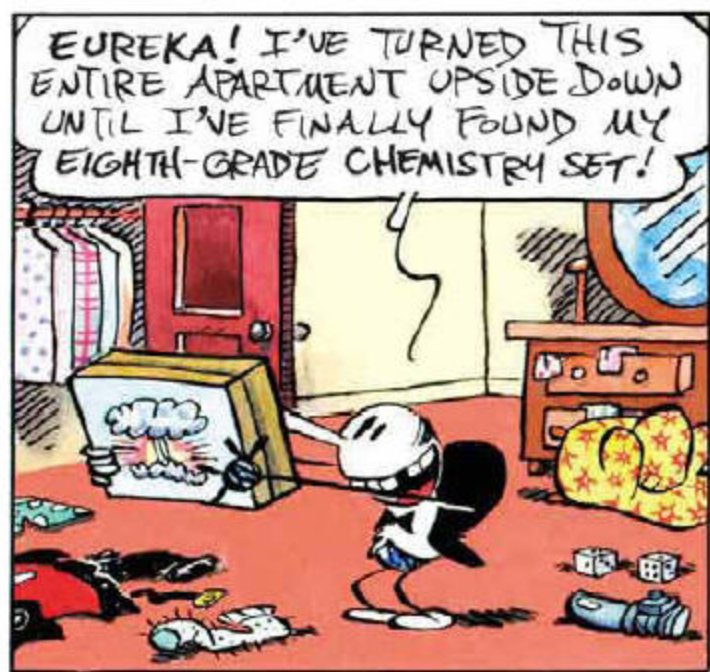
on the card, and same way had to pay the opponents' purse as well.

The first fight's pure panic. Ernie's so afraid he's going to lose the fight that he left three rounds in the dressing room from nerves. I always carry in my medicine kit a flat sterling-silver half-pint flask that I bought in Madrid. I fill it with Hennessy X.O and sometimes give a snort mixed with orange juice to a scared kid for his nerves. I knew better with Ernie.

In the ring, he forgot everything and reverted to his old style. It didn't surprise me, that's what the lights and the noise'll do to you. We were winning rounds the hard way, when in the fourth round Ernie's legs go and he's staggering tired. We got lucky when the other guy butted us. Ernie's cut was so deep above his eyebrow that he couldn't see from the blood. I could have stopped the flow, but I played a hunch and on purpose I let it bleed. In the fifth, blood everywhere, they stopped the fight in the first minute and gave it to Ernie because he was ahead on points. So that's a good cornerman for you. If I'd stopped the blood, the other guy would have stopped Ernie.

Back in the dressing room, Ernie slumped over while I took care of the cut. I soaked two towels in ice water and wrapped one on his head, one across

# Dirty Duck by Bobby London



his chest and shoulders. He didn't even flinch when they hit him. It was 20 minutes before Ernie was on his feet again. It was a tough fight with a bad stink to the win. But scared as he was to start, Ernie didn't go dog on me, and we did what we went there to do. We won.

The cut meant 45 days before we could fight again. That was good. It gave me time to work on Ernie's mind some more.

His next fight was six rounds again, and then I moved him up to eight. Then I tried him at 10 rounds against a solid Mexican opponent. KO win in five.

Every time, he'd get so spooked before a fight that he'd piss himself in the ring. I had to spill water on the canvas so nobody'd know, had to keep him in black shorts so nobody'd see. Don't misunderstand. All fighters are spooky before a fight, even the ones who go to sleep on you in the dressing room. It's a natural thing. So I'd tell him that he wasn't scared at all, that it was just his system putting itself in high gear. I told him how fighting bulls shit and piss during a bullfight and how they'd still tear ass. That made Ernie laugh.

"Yeah, like a raging bull, that's me, like Jake LaMotta."

The story worked every time. Now that he was back fighting 10-round fights again, he won six in a row, all with good fighters, four by KO. Ernie was countering like a champion from bell to bell. Now my dick was hard.

Ernie took out a couple more opponents. He worked his way inside behind his jab just like in the gym, waited for the guys to commit, and then he took them out with body shots. Busted the ribs of one boy. Hit the other in the heart. Boy went stiff, arms and legs went all shaky like he's electrocuted, and then he pitches face-first onto the canvas.

"Peachy! Peachy! Peachy!"

There was no more us paying out the money. Hadn't done that since after the first eight fights. The purses coming in were not that big. They never are, unless they come from big-time title fights on pay-per-view. Even some title fights are for short money. I was hustling to make another good fight for Ernie, but the problem was that nobody wanted him.

We hung around almost six months, no fight. That's no good for a fighter, specially one Ernie's age. When we were offered a shot at the NABO belt, I took it.

It was for short money with Abdul Rashad Mohammed, a Black Muslim boy out of Chicago. NABO's a second-level title the WBO runs to generate excitement with the fans, a stepping-stone fight for a real title. I had always stayed away from Abdul because he's got a bad mouth on him. But winning the NABO would set us in line for the WBO title. WBO ain't like WBC or WBA or even the IBF, but if you're a knockout puncher

like Ernie, it gives you leverage towards a unification bout.

The deal was the fight's in L.A. That's our hometown, and we figure to get lucky with the judges if it goes to a decision. Money's only 8,000, and Ernie don't like that, but I explain if we don't take the fight, they could move us down in the rankings. "And we ain't getting any younger."

Abdul shot his mouth off at the weigh-in. He acted like he was going to throw a punch at Ernie, and Ernie stepped back. Abdul and all the other blacks were slapping, touching hands, the usual.

I told Ernie, "You gotta get respect, son. You don't, these fucks'll run a train on you."

"Peachy! Peachy!" screeched Abdul through the loudspeaker. "Peachy be a punk name!"

Ernie stepped forward, talked like he was black into the microphone. "Abdool-dool, he a fool-fool!"

Now the whites were laughing. Abdul started forward and so did Ernie. Commission guys got between them. I was feeling better.

When we got to the arena, right away I smelled something was off. We went down the steep ramp into the belly of the old Forum and were clearing with security when I noticed that all the black guards were smiling and looking at us sideways. Just after we swung into the long, narrow corridor leading to the dressing rooms, we saw blood-red gang shit scrawled across the pale-blue walls: DAGO PIG DIE DIE DIE.

On the dressing-room door was a photo of some dead white man, part of his face blown away. Ernie went stiff, tried to back away. I shoved him through the door.

He was greener than I'd ever seen him. In the two hours we had to wait, he threw up twice. I couldn't give him the Hennessy, so I got a can of Pepsi, which lifted him a little. He couldn't stand still or sit still. I had to get somebody to hold him down so I could wrap his hands. Piss was all over the place.

The fight went off on time. On the trip to the ring, there was a trail of water behind us. Sooner or later, everybody loses, so I figured this was it. I took losing as part of the game. It's how you lose that counts.

Abdul was quicker than anyone Ernie'd fought and jumped all over him the first round. Ernie was shook, reverted to his old style. His head was sticking up like a cabbage. I was yelling at him to bob and weave, when Abdul caught him with an overhand right that knocked him down and broke his nose. Blood is running like coffee from a spout. A bloody nose and a broken nose ain't the same. I worked on it in the corner. Coagulant stopped it for a minute, but once you break that bone up in there, most of the time there's no way to stop the blood unless you pack it, and in a fight there ain't no packing.

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Second round's the same. Abdul jabs to the broken beak, and Ernie's eyes fill with water from the sting. The jagged bone is slicing the meat up there inside, and the nose starts squirting again. Blood's down all over Ernie's belly and smeared across his face. As long as I can stop it between rounds, the ref's not going to stop a title fight. So forget blood. But Ernie can't forget it, keeps wiping at it, and Abdul keeps whacking him. For the first time since I been with him, Ernie just backs away.

Three chiseling rounds, and we're dead meat. Even the Italians are booing. I hit him with a ice-cold towel on his back, stick ice cubes down his balls. I got swabs up both holes of his nose. It's illegal, but I swab adrenaline inside his mouth to try to jack some life into him. He stays slumped in the corner. His eyes are wide as a rabbit's. There goes my Kewpie doll.

Ernie whined, "When he hits me I can't see, for Chrissakes! It's like somebody's throwing boiling water in my face."

I say, "Keep your hands up, he won't hit you. Get inside and bang like you're supposed. This guy ain't nothin' but mouth."

"Bullshit, he ain't nothin'! I can't breathe, and I can't fuckin' see!"

I'm thinking, *Punk, now you know what the guys you been whipping on all this time been feeling.* "Breathe deep for me, Ernie. But through your mouth, not your nose, so your face don't blow up on us. Here, take some water." I tried to grease him.

"Fuck water and fuck grease. I can't fight like this. Stop the fight."

"Ernie, look, all you gotta do is get inside and work."

"Fuck you, man. Throw in the towel. Stop the fight or I will!"

He says fuck *me*? Me, who's been changing his fucking diapers? I take out my scissors and I stick one blade up each of his nostrils. I squeezed the scissors so

they pinched on the nose gristle there above his upper lip. He tried to pull back, but the ring ropes in the corner held his head in place.

I talked to the boy colder than a cheated-on wife. "You go out there and fight like you know how, mothafucker! You fight, or I cut you up to your eyebrows and I pull your nose back over the top a you fuckin' head!"

Ernie'd thought he was afraid of Abdul, but once he saw the picture I painted for him, he sat straight up on the ring stool. At the bell, he shot out of the corner. In 56 seconds he broke Abdul's jaw and knocked the prick into the front-row seats.

In the dressing room after the fight when we were alone, Ernie closed the door. He shook my hand.

"I know what you did for me out there. I'll never forget it, Pops." He hugged me to him. "Man, I owe you forever."

"Part of my job."

Ernie never pissed his pants again. "I got to ask you," he said. "Would you have done what you said?"

I shrugged. "Try me again."

Getting so many KOs, Ernie's in all the papers and on TV. They interviewed him about his comeback from jail and booze, made him like a lily. Everybody's proud of him, they're talking role model. All the attention gave Ernie confidence he needed outside the ring.

Me? I keep on punching.

Vinnie Vincenzo and his boys showed up in the gym, talking Italian like they're in Palermo. Vincenzo's making faces like he knows what Ernie's doing in the ring, but I know it's his act.

A movie star is a big thing in a gym, and everybody started sucking up. But it wasn't no big thing between Ernie and Vincenzo. They shook hands, a little kiss on the

cheek, that dago bullshit. Vincenzo signed some autographs, posed for some snapshots, took off with his dead-eyed ginzos.

Right after that, Ernie hooked up steady with a redheaded German girl out of Hannover, Inge, a scholarship track athlete running the 880 for UCLA. She had blue Mongol eyes and was so clean and shiny you needed sunglasses to look at her. Her legs made your heart do the cha-cha.

I cornered her when Ernie was in the showers one day. "Is he drinking? Tell me the truth. Even if it's a little wine."

"No," she said, and her eyes danced for me. "And I would know."

Ernie had three more fights. Blew the opponents away, two KOs out of three. Newspaper and TV guys are matching him against the champ, making him the favorite because of his power. We get rated number two and four by three different sanctioning bodies. A German kid, Willyboy Wächter, KO'd some Africans and was right on our tail. But by then I figured we could beat anybody behind us or ahead of us, and I slept every night with the WBO champion in my dreams.

The champ is Ugo Lagalla out of Naples, a slick European stand-up boxer who liked to move. In between us and him, the sanctioning body let Lagalla have another payday fight with the number nine guy, and Lagalla won from his bicycle.

Then it was our turn. But there was a problem. The fight was to be in Germany, and the purse was for only \$35,000. We had to sign a contract to fight a second fight for the same German promoter, in Germany, if we beat Lagalla. The opponent would be Willyboy Wächter. That's not a problem, but Ernie's bitching about money again. Besides, once we're over there, we learn that the German government will automatic take 30 percent income tax off the top. That's \$10,500, or only \$24,500 to split between me and Ernie. It was a detail the kraut promoter didn't bother to tell me about until we got to Germany, and Ernie already signed the contract. It had never happened in any other country I fought in, so up front I never even thought to ask. Willyboy Wächter was on our undercard against a Dutch nobody. That set him to fight the winner of our fight. The promoter's the guy backing Willy, and his idea was to build up Wächter, make the German public hungry for a German champ. A Pescetti-Wächter fight in Germany would be a money fight, Ernie being an American. But it was my screwup, so I told Ernie I'd only take five grand as my cut. He still ain't happy.

"We win the title, then we got some leverage, Ernie. It's business."



"Business is supposed to mean money, right or wrong?"

"Ernie, when you fight the bear, they pay you to fight the bear. When you fight the bear's sister, they pay you to fight the bear's sister. Lagalla's a cupcake."

"Don't seem right when other guys get so much and I don't."

Though he don't say it, I can see that Ernie's thinking maybe I did some kind of business on him with the promoter. I'm cleaner than a unblown whistle, but he don't credit me for it. I was about to say screw the fight and walk out, but I think about it and decide to hang in until we beat Lagalla. Making a champ, after all, that's the propeller in my ass.

The Lagalla fight was to be held in Leipzig, which is Wächter's hometown. It's 80 miles or so south of Berlin and close to Poland and Czechoslovakia. Leipzig had been part of East Germany only a few years before, and you could still see the dead spots left over. But we stayed in a new hotel behind the big post office and about a half mile from the center of the old town.

We'd brought a black sparring partner with us out of Dallas, Danyell Harris, and it was clear that the people this far east weren't used to seeing brothers. It's not that they were hostile, in fact people would stop us and ask if we were talking English and

then try to practice talking English with us. I'd tell them we was there for the fight. That got them excited, and now they ask about Willyboy. I tell them he's the best, and they'd walk off pumped.

We got there 10 days before the fight. We had one room for Danyell, and one for me and Ernie. See, you got to sleep and eat with your fighter, you got to check his shit and the color of his piss. You got to watch how shiny his eyes's getting and make sure he's not in top shape too long before the fight, or he gets crazy on you and starts punching walls. You got to squash temptations of broads and food. With Ernie, you got to squash any chance of liquor.

First day we're there, two hookers come prancing up to the room, the kind with that sulky look. Somebody is sending them, and they keep coming back every day. It ain't easy for me to run them off, especially when I'm alone and Ernie's watching TV down in the lobby with Danyell. I finally sent them to Danyell's room, told them that he was Ernie. That kept them away from Ernie and got Danyell a daily double freebie on whoever is trying to drain us. Then food starts getting delivered to our door. Cakes and fruit pastries. We got 10 days and only five pounds to lose. I gave the food to the housekeepers, bitter-looking old white ladies who started to love me. Somebody is scared

if maybe somebody's carrying a statue of the Virgin with money stuck all over her outfit. Near the crowded square, I thought I saw somebody familiar, but they were gone in a blink and I decided I was wrong.

At dinnertime the day before the fight, the three of us were supposed to go down to eat, when I get a long-distance call from Sophia. She talks with Ernie, and then she wants to talk to me. She keeps talking and Ernie's waving at me he's hungry, so I send him and Danyell to the dining room. Sophia's all proud of her baby brother and says she's been talking to her father. Looks like the old man is softening up about Ernie, and she chokes up. "God bless you both," she says.

I get to the dining room and who's at the table next to Ernie is Vincenzo's goombahs from the gym in L.A. These are the same dead-eyes I thought I recognized in the old-town crowd. They're with three bamalam Frenchy-looking gals out of some fashion magazine. They're all smiles and flirty with Ernie, but I can see they been told by the goombahs to stay away from Danyell. They leave when I get there, leave half their mineral water on the table. The gooms don't even give me a nod.

I ask Danyell to leave us alone. "Ernie, what's the deal here?"

"Ain't none. They said they came up from Rome. They were in here look-

ing for rooms when they saw me. I didn't remember them."

"I remembered them. You didn't remember them?"

"I never talked to them before, for Chrissakes."

"Ernie, if there's anything you should talk to me about, you should say it now."

"What the hell, ain't nothin' to say."

The weigh-in was held at the Peugeot dealership near stretches of crumbly brick walls and ghostly railroad tracks. TV was there, flashbulbs up the ass. We hit 147 on the button, 66.8 kilos. Lagalla was 66.4 kilos, 146. The weights're announced in

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for Lagalla, but the housekeepers was all dancing in the halls.

And every day Ernie is working better with Danyell, always moving in, slipping shots and coming back. People in the gym never seen nothing like it.

As the fight comes close, Italian fight fans start flying into town. Trains dumped them into the depot in big crowds, and you'd see them in the old quarter. Some of them march and sing and carry red, white and green banners with Lagalla's name and face on them. It was like being in the south of Italy at Easter, and you looked to see

German and Italian and English. The crowd applauded like they're surprised the fighters make weight. They applaud in France same way.

Lagalla's 26 years old and five feet 11 inches tall, to Ernie's five-nine. Ernie by now's almost 31. Lagalla had a slight upper body but powerful legs, which he depends on. He was pretty, like today's movie stars, but his eyes were tired, and he made hardly no eye contact. Like I say, he was a cupcake, but the guineas in his corner were badass old-timers out to win. The fight is for the next day. That night, Inge flew in. All of us had a big meal, with German desserts and ice cream. I want Ernie to gain six, eight pounds. Before we go to sleep, I have Ernie eat again. All day long I have him drinking water, taking potassium.

I woke up early like always. I told Ernie to sleep in. I went down for breakfast alone. Danyell slept in late too. Everything is nice and smooth. I took a long

walk after I ate, smoked a \$18 Montecristo and then went back up to the room to check on Ernie. It's nine o'clock by now and time to check his shit. He's half asleep, he says he already done it.

"Let's go eat."

He looks sleepy when we're downstairs and picks at his food. Eat, I tell him.

"I'm getting tired of this German food, man."

"Let's go get some pastry in old town. We'll take a cab," I said, not wanting to walk him before the fight.

Same thing in old town, except he says to excuse him while he goes to the can. I start to go with him, but it's a one-unit stall and people looking at us are going to think the wrong thing.

Ernie was funny with his food later on, and there's dark around his eyes, and there's no shine to them. I weighed him in the hotel kitchen, and he's at 146, a whole pound down.

"It's title-fight nerves."

"Are you drinkin' your water?"

"Yeah, yeah."

The fight's at 11 o'clock that night. At five I made him eat. Thick soup and good German bread, and pasta and fish. I sat there while he swallowed, had him drink hot tea. I go up with him while he takes a nap, read some more about Leipzig. The promoter came by to check on us. I went downstairs and tell him everything is fine. He wanted to see Ernie, but I tell him Ernie's sleeping. That gets the promoter happy. I was starting to feel good too.

When I go back to the room, it smells sour in there.

"What's the stink?"

"One of the old broads came in to straighten up, and then she puked in the john, fuckin' drunk."

"But you're okay, right?"

"In the pink."

The arena was packed, as much to see Willyboy as us for the title. Our fight came up right after Willyboy won his, and we had to stand through three national anthems. Before that there's the introductions of some German fighters, and then all of a sudden there's Vinnie Vincenzo up in the ring taking bows. He's got his face on, like he's ready to kick both fighters' ass at the same time, like in the movies. The crowd loves it. Before the fight, Lagalla weighed 154, gained eight pounds. Ernie was at one fuckin' 45. Then he goes to the can again. Now he weighs less. He flushed before I could see. From the smell I can tell it's loose.

I'm thinking he's scared to death, was why he was shitting himself, and now I'm scared he'll go dog on me. By now his dark circles are almost black. But when I look at him close in the eye, he's calmer than I'd ever seen him.

So now I'm the guy with the loose ass.

Danyell helped me in the corner, not that there was that much to do. Ernie went out good in the first round, bobbing, weaving, working his way in. Went good to the body, just like the plan, and Lagalla's backing up. Ernie'd catch and counter, slip and bang. He had Lagalla's knees jerking up under his chin. But Lagalla's scoring too, and Ernie's face is turning colors, getting peachy. Then Lagalla gets off a shot. Ernie's wobbling across the ring, but we still won the first.

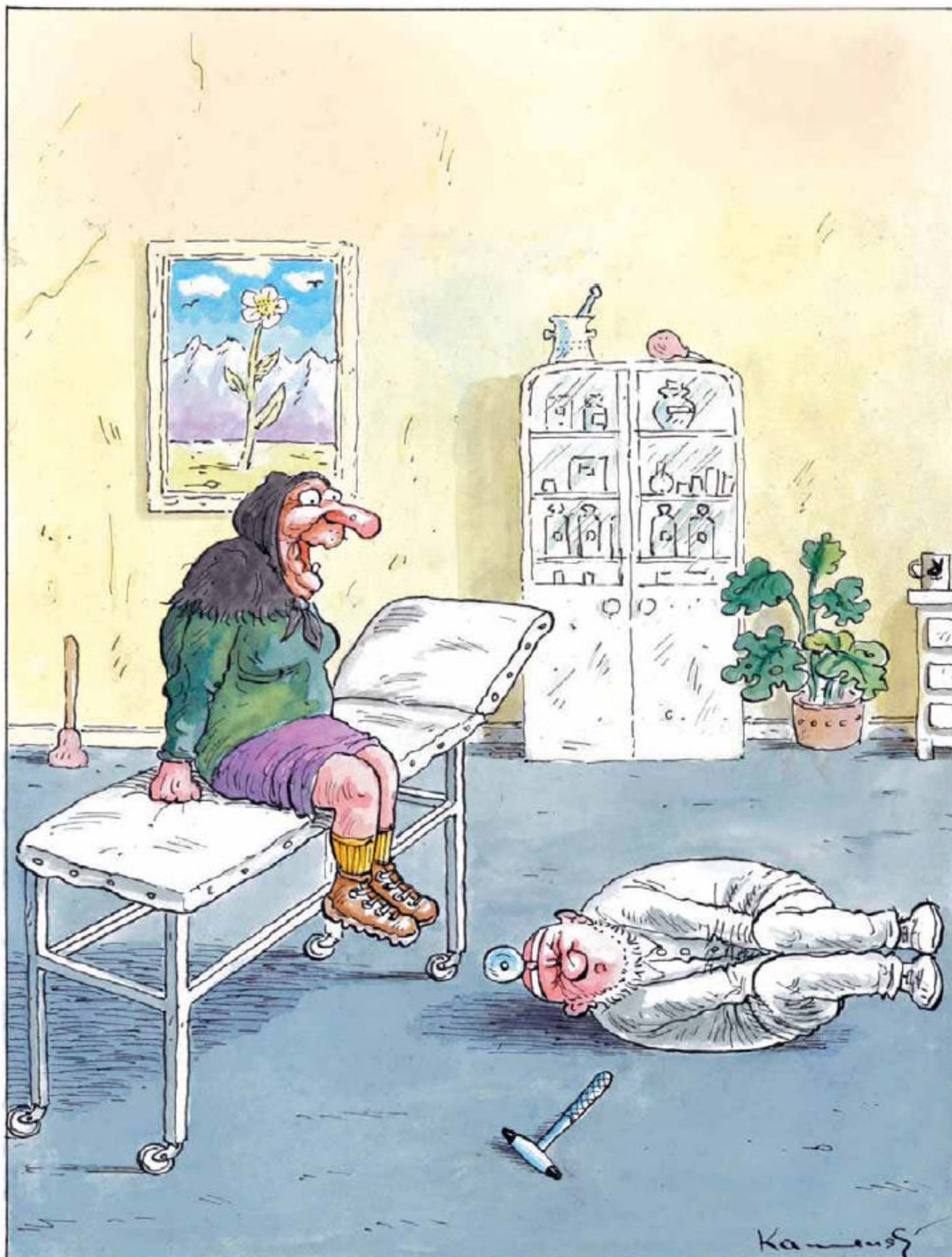
At the end of the second, Ernie goes down from a body shot. The bell saves us.

In the corner, I jump his ass. "What's this shit?"

"Caught me with a good shot."

"Lagalla ain't got a good shot!"

About the middle of the third, Ernie flat runs out of gas. His legs're mush, his hands are down, and Lagalla's doing a tarantella on his head. In the corner, I hit Ernie with the wet towel, with ice down his dick, with adrenaline inside his lips



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and up his nose, but all he can do is gasp. Only thing ain't happened is he's cut, but Lagalla couldn't cut you with a razor.

Fourth round's ham-'n'-egger time. Ernie's tongue is hanging out, but he makes it to the bell. In the fifth, the shit happens, and it's a disgrace. Lagalla knocks Ernie out with a chickenshit tap to the liver. It's all in slow motion, like in a silent dream when you're punching some unknown thing and you can't hurt it. Cameras's flashing, everybody's yelling. I feel like I got no stomach.

The Italians are singing and dancing, and the Germans are raising their fists and hollering for a Willyboy fight. Lagalla and his corner came over to shake hands. Ernie's smiling, trying to talk guinea. I look across the ring. Three rows back Vincenzo and the gooms are together. Not a smile between them, not even a smirk. Business.

I got to kill somebody.

The postfight party was at Lagalla's hotel. I had no party in me. Ernie didn't care if I went or not, but Inge and Danyell drag me along. Loud, lousy music, musicians who look like roadkill. Ernie is dancing with one of the three Frenchy broads, Vincenzo's dancing with another, and Lagalla's with number three. Inge's not happy with what she sees. She taps me to dance.

Inge rubbed it up on me. She said, "I still do not understand how Lagalla could win."

"Lagalla didn't. Ernie lost."

I left her in the middle of the dance floor and got a cab back to the hotel. I tore up our room. I figure it's that shit, or even booze, but I'm a dummy. Hidden deep in Ernie's gear bag is two bottles. Labels in English. That tells me he brought the bottles from home. A small brown bottle, ipecac. And a green one, like a soda-pop bottle, magnesium citrate. Ipecac is to make him puke. Magnesium citrate, which is like salty 7-Up, is to make him shit quick. Ernie made himself sick to make his dive look real. Hollywood.

I tore some small pieces off the labels. I stuck the bottles back where they were and put the room back the way it was. I carry stuff I left in Ernie's room over to Danyell's and pack my bags.

Once a fight's over, promoters want you gone, so our driver picked us up at 6:30 for our eight o'clock flight out of Leipzig. The others had stayed up all night, checked all their luggage and slept most of the way home. We cleared customs in Dallas, and Danyell got off to see his family. Ernie ate like a horse when the stews brought the zapped food around, then crapped out again. The Dallas-Los Angeles flight was near empty, and we were able to pull up the armrests in

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the middle section of seats and stretch full out. I don't sleep 30 seconds.

As we come in to land at LAX, I sat on the outside seat next to Inge, who was in the middle. Ernie was in the window seat, all of us strapped in to land. He was rested and happy, like we was the ones who won the title. I leaned across Inge, I motion to Ernie. He leans in.

"You awake?"

"Yeah, I'm awake, what the hell."

"Then I'm just gonna tell you this once, Ernie, so listen good."

"Yeah?"

"You gonna have to kill me, understand?"

Ernie went pale. Inge looked at me like I just jumped out of the plane. I show Ernie pieces of the labels from the medicine bottles.

Ernie lied through his teeth. "I was bloaty from the kraut food, man, and afraid we'd have to call off the fight."

"You don't hear right, Peachy? You got to kill me, or I got to kill you, unerstanI'msay? And your buddy Vinnie can't save you."

Ernie got rabbit eyes again. I told Inge to leave us alone.

Ernie tried to get his balls back. "You don't tell her nothin'."

"No. You don't tell me nothin'."

I nodded at Inge and she went to a seat across the aisle where she can see and hear. I tell Ernie what I know.

He said, "So what? It's my life."

"It was our title. How much did you get? Don't fuckin' lie."

He shrugged. "Seventy-five clear. In Inge-baby's name."

"Does Inge know this?" I looked over at her.

Inge shook her head hard, her face was mad.

"She knows now," Ernie said. He blew a kiss at Inge and reached into the inside pocket of his jacket. He held up a small black book done in morocco leather. He flashed the plastic bank card inside it.

"Banco Milano-Zurigo, Svizzera. Seventy-five Gs American." He slipped the bank stuff back into his jacket and starts eating peanuts. "Banco Milano-Zurigo, Svizzera... that's Bank of Milan-Zurich, Switzerland. I learned that from Nunzio. Ha."

"Dummy shit-for-brains, why didn't you tell me you wanted to do business? I couldda got us 200,000, maybe three. Both of us wouldda made money."

"Naw." Ernie talks to me like I'm nothing. "See, our contract's almost up, you and me. Vinnie's gonna be my new manager, bring in a Italian trainer from New York. Willyboy beats Lagalla, then I beat Willyboy for a couple of million. Then I retire a champ and go into film with Vinnie. Form our own company."

"Ach," said Inge. She headed up the aisle and never looked back.

I said, "Wise guy, what makes you think Vinnie won't dump you again?"

"Ehy, my man Vinnie? We're cut from the same stick."

Everybody was off the plane by now, and the stews were collecting blankets. I stood up and stepped back. I tell Ernie one third of his 75 thou is mine. He stands up, changing colors.

"Bullshit, old man, that money is my blood money."

"Then like I say, you gotta kill me, you scumbag dago piece a shit."

Ernie did what I knew he'd do. He came with his big wide left hook, his jaw sticking out. I crack him with a quick right-hand lead that snapped his chin back past his shoulder. I come right back with a sweet little tight left hook, like a hook's supposed to be. Both shots catch him on the way in before that hook of his ever gets to me. I stand there clean, but he goes airborne into the bulkhead next to the window and slumped unconscious on his knees and face. Spit and blood's drooling from him. My hands is killing me, but I yank the prick back to the aisle by his movie-star hair. I'm about to pound on him some more, when all of a sudden there it is. My way to kill him.

First, I went for that pretty bank book. Next, I pull my kit down from the overhead and take out my silver flask of Hennessy. I propped Ernie's mouth open with my thumb and tilted his head back. I pour the raw cognac in, and it runs down his throat. Now his eyes is open, and he sees me looking at him, and he sees what I done to him, and he sees what I helped him do to himself. That's when he starts to howl like a dog, and he keeps on howling as I made my way to the front of the plane.

Inge was waiting at the top of the ramp, her eyes dancing, a curly little smile on that mouth. She tried to link her arm with mine, but I pulled away. Red bush on her or not, I told her that I don't want nothing what'd been that close to Peachy. She winced like I slapped her with a dead cat.

"Here," I said.

I handed her the bank book. At first, she didn't understand, but when she saw her name and the numbers inside, she looked at me like I'm Martin Luther. I walked her down to Swissair. Last time I see her, she's buying a ticket for Zurich and tapping her foot.

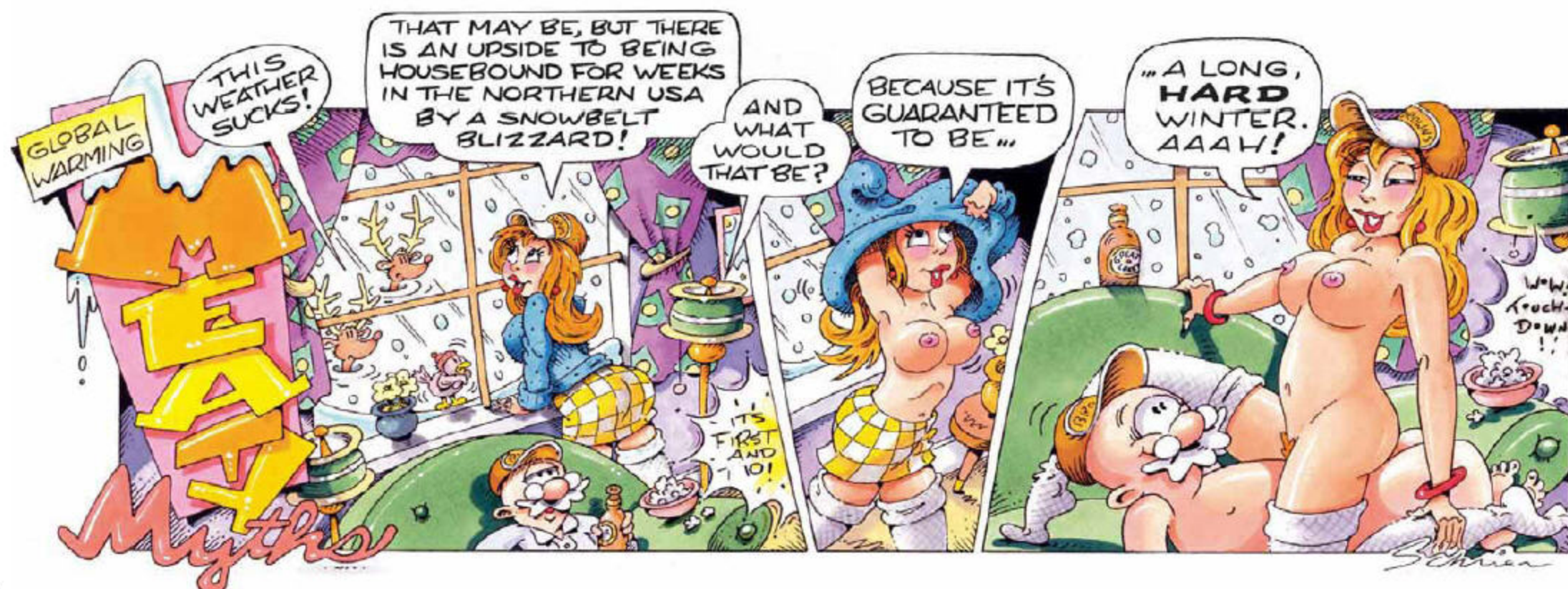
When I'm at the luggage place, Sophia came over. She don't know what I did to her brother yet. Her hand is out to touch me. But my heart's used up, and I got to back away.

There's no blood in her face. "Papa said Ernie went into the tank, is that right?"

"All the way to the bottom."

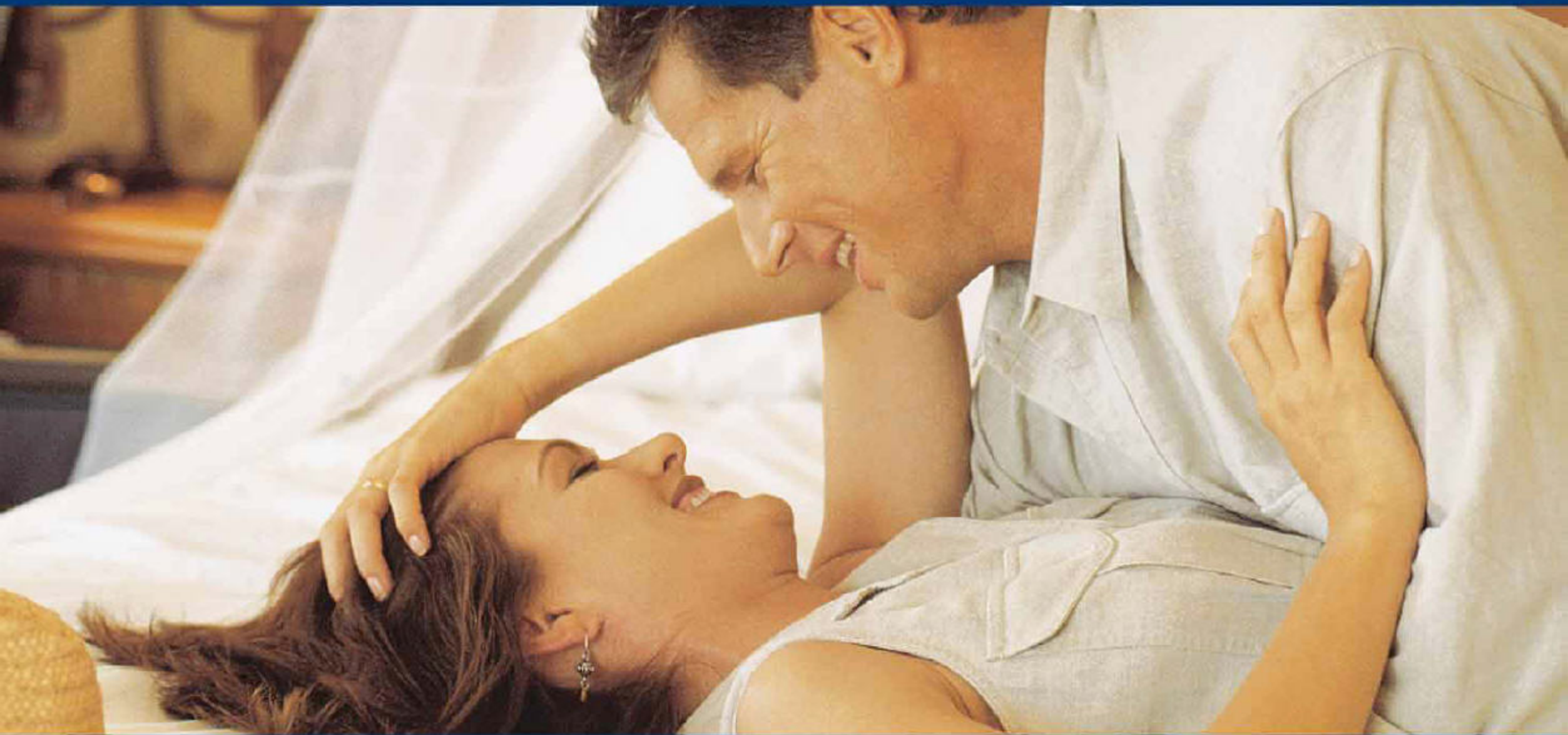
She's got the look of the Madonnas on my wall. It's the same face my mother's got most of her life. I want to wipe away Sophia's tears, but she's part of Peachy.

Besides, I'm thinking about that bell ringing at 5:30 every day. And about that hot plate. And I'm thinking about this new boy who come into the gym a couple of weeks ago. From Louisville. This heavyweight.





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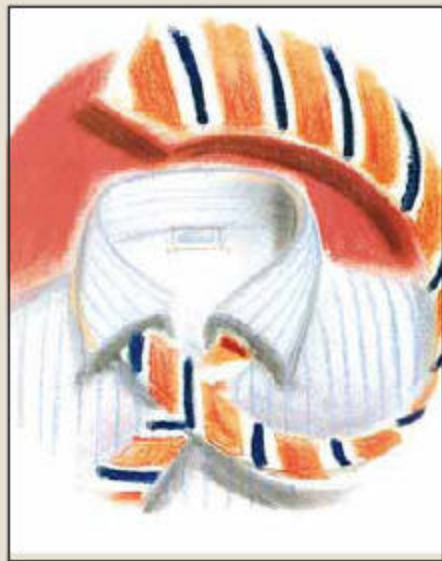


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### GAMES

Page 28: *Assassin's Creed*, ubi.com. *BioShock*, 2k games.com. *Bully: Scholarship Edition*, rockstar.com. *Burnout Paradise*, ea.com. *Call of Duty 4: Modern Warfare*, activision.com. *Conan*, thq.com. *Crush*, sega.com. *Dead Head Fred*, d3publisher.com. *The Eye of Judgment*, playstation.com. *God of War II*, playstation.com. *Guitar Hero Encore: Rocks the 80s*, activision.com. *Guitar Hero III: Legends of Rock*, activision.com. *Halo 3*, xbox.com. *Harvey Birdman, Attorney at Law*, capcom.com. *Heavenly Sword*, playstation.com. *Hour of Victory*, midway.com. *Insecticide*, gamecockmedia.com. *Jackass: The Game*, playstation.com. *Lair*, playstation.com. *Lara Croft Tomb Raider: Anniversary*, eidos.com. *The Legend of Zelda: Phantom Hourglass*, nintendo.com. *LEGO Star Wars: The Complete Saga*, lucasarts.com. *Mario Strikers Charged*, nintendo.com. *Mass Effect*, xbox.com. *MX vs. ATV Untamed*, thq.com. *NFL Tour*, ea.com. *Ninja Gaiden Sigma*, playstation.com. *The Orange Box*, ea.com. *Overlord*,

codemasters.com. *Portal*, ea.com. *Project Gotham Racing 4*, xbox.com. *Puzzle Quest: Challenge of the Warlords*, d3publisher.com. *Rock Band*, ea.com. *Silent Hill: Origins*, konami.com. *Stranglehold*, midway.com. *Super Mario Galaxy*, nintendo.com. *Super Paper Mario*, nintendo.com. *Syphon Filter: Logan's Shadow*, playstation.com. *Uncharted: Drake's Fortune*, playstation.com. *Vampire Rain*, xbox.com.

### MANTRACK

Pages 31-32: *Books*, available at bookstores nationwide. *Flavour Design Studio*, flavourdesign.com. *Jaquet Droz*, jaquetdroz.com. *Mercedes-Benz*, mbusa.com. *Nikon*, nikon.com. *Numark*, numark.com.

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Pages 98-103: For retail locations, please visit [bottegaveneta.com](http://bottegaveneta.com).

### POTPOURRI

Pages 142-143: *Creative*, creative.com. *George Carlin: All My Stuff*, amazon.com. *Last Exit to Nowhere*, lastexitto nowhere.com. *Leatherman*, leatherman.com. *Paul Smith*, paulsmith.co.uk. *Playboy Cover to Cover*, playboystore.com. *Sexy games*, chroniclebooks.com. *Syzmo*, syzmo.com. *Vuzix*, vuzix.com.

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# BILL BRATTON

(continued from page 72)

Wielding either two-foot-long solid aluminum Monadnock PR-24 batons or surreal-looking rifles that shoot rubber bullets, the police officers descend on the crowd, indiscriminately firing 240 rubber bullets and other projectiles at close range into the throng. Marching in tight, robotic formation, they swing their batons like laborers using machetes in a sugarcane field, beating reporters and innocent civilians to the ground.

Anyone familiar with the LAPD instantly knew by the officers' arrogance that they were members of what was inevitably described as the LAPD's "elite" Metro Division, though people never asked "Elite at what?" Instilling the fear of God into a crowd was the answer. The road to Metro was well-worn: Work in the toughest divisions, in the killing fields of Southeast and Hollenbeck; live out the Dirty Harry credo that the rules of the game are some effete politician's, not yours; get promoted by beating and arresting anyone who looks at you the wrong way; and if you can, get yourself a righteous shoot. That was what the department valued and what Metro symbolized.

Metro was also emblematic of another pillar of the LAPD: the belief that the department existed for the convenience of its members, not for the public good. Metro police had take-home city cars and a workday that consisted of arriving at 9:30 in the morning, lifting weights for two and a half hours and then spending the afternoon at the shooting range, training with the air-support guys or practicing rappelling down a cliff.

It was all geared to events like the immigrants' May Day rally, where Metro could use its training to do its thing—kind of like the LAPD's old canine unit, which used to let the dogs bite suspects as a reward.

Nobody died that May Day, and there were no life-threatening injuries. Nevertheless, the indiscriminate and disproportionate police response to such a minor provocation set off a firestorm in Los Angeles. The timing couldn't have been worse for Bratton, who had been lobbying hard to be reappointed for a second five-year term to complete his transformation of the LAPD.

As the ballroom lights flicker on, Bratton squares his narrow shoulders and broad, large head and allows a noncommittal expression to float across his face, ready for what is to come. Remarkably, given an audience that includes journalists who had been roughed up, as well as many others from the Spanish-language media passionately committed to their immigrant constituency, there is little drama. For one thing, no wellspring of animosity is directed toward Bratton. He has been a steadfast supporter of an L.A. directive ordering police not to arrest people because of their immigration

status, and he advocates allowing illegal immigrants to obtain driver's licenses. He has maintained that the idea of terrorists streaming across the Mexican border is an overblown political red herring ("Go to any Home Depot and what do you see?" he once asked. "Hundreds of guys standing there looking for work, not raping and pillaging.")

He also acted decisively after the incident, defusing the uproar by shrewdly and swiftly becoming its most outspoken critic. He demoted and reassigned the highest-ranking officer at the scene, reassigned the second-ranking officer and ordered retraining in crowd control and rules for dealing with the media. For decades LAPD chiefs had infuriated minorities with knee-jerk defenses of the indefensible. Not Bratton. He took the rhetorical lead by declaring the rampage "the worst incident of this type I have ever encountered in my 37 years" of policing. It worked. The Police Commission voted to rehire him the following month and heaped praise on him in the process. Nevertheless, it was to Bratton's discredit that when it happened no one seemed more surprised than he.

For decades prior to Bratton, the LAPD's us-against-them paramilitary culture and confrontational policing had produced, in whole or in part, the 1965 Watts riots, hundreds of shocking police shootings and choke-hold deaths, the infamous beating of Rodney King, the devastating 1992 riots, the botched investigation of O.J. Simpson, three successive police chiefs forced to leave the department in disgrace and the 1999 Rampart scandal. The last, although not as well-known nationally, was in fact the straw that broke the camel's back, convincing the city of the necessity of hiring an outsider to transform a notoriously closed, inbred, scandal-plagued organization.

The Rampart scandal featured drug-dealing dirty cops, at least a hundred (and undoubtedly hundreds more) police frame-ups and untold numbers of beatings and shootings of suspects either condoned or ignored by LAPD brass and the deputy DAs, who were anxious to win cases and avoid antagonizing the cops on whom they depended to make their cases. There was a whiff of *Chinatown* about it all, the smell of something that had been occurring forever and would never be fully investigated because to do so could blow the lid off L.A.'s criminal justice system. In the end, the U.S. Justice Department declared that a pervasive "pattern and practice" of police abuse existed and jammed a consent decree down the city's throat, mandating LAPD reforms under the critical eye of a federal judge.

Bill Parker, who was chief from 1950 to 1966, was the modern-day godfather of the LAPD. He institutionalized all

the department's problems, making the department into a hard-charging army whose mission was to stomp out the street lice. The definition of *lice* was extremely broad, and the job was taken seriously. Parker's officers policed L.A.'s sprawling 469 square miles on the cheap: The LAPD has always been understaffed. (For example, New York has 38,000 officers for its population of 8 million, while L.A. has only 9,500 officers for its 4 million citizens.) The result was a small, motorized, faceless force riding around and responding to radio calls, thoroughly divorced from the communities it served.

Most important, Parker skillfully used the chief's ironclad civil-service job protections to declare himself and his department unaccountable to civilian control. "The Police Commission doesn't run the police department. I run the police department," he once announced, providing the model for subsequent chiefs.

By the time Bratton took office, in 2002, the department's morale was in shambles, racial tensions were rising, gang violence was endemic and people were despairing of the LAPD ever being reformed.

Bratton seemed just the guy to do the job. Raised in blue-collar Boston-Irish Dorchester, he grew up in a cold-water flat. His mother, June, was a housewife; his father, "Big" Bill, worked two full-time jobs for most of his life, one at a chrome-plating company, the other as a mail sorter at the post office. Bratton remembers seeing little of him. Nonetheless, the father's influence on his son was profound. Spending time with Bratton, you are struck by the upward tilt of his chin, the tilt of the pugnacious and/or supremely confident, and by his belief in himself and his judgment. Were that confidence wedded to a demonstrable narcissism or grandiosity—which it is not—it would be insufferable; instead, it comes across as quiet strength, an aura he inherited from his father. "Somewhere along the line," writes Bratton in his autobiography, *Turnaround: How America's Top Cop Reversed the Crime Epidemic*, "my father developed the confidence that he could handle whatever came along. You could tell by the way he carried himself. He never swaggered, but he didn't back down. My sister and I were crazy about him." Recently Bratton added, "The older I get, the more I see my father in me."

When he was 11 Bratton read *Your Police*, a children's history of the NYPD with vivid pictures that fired the imagination of a dreamy kid. Then he discovered *Dagnet*, the television series that made the LAPD famous, and knew he wanted to be a cop.

Enlisting in the Army in 1966 to become a military policeman, Bratton wound up in a sentry-dog unit in Vietnam, briefly seeing combat when the Long Binh ammo dump he was guarding was attacked.

By the time he was discharged, in 1968, he had "basically missed the 1960s," an

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era he dislikes. "I always loved my country and our system of government," says Bratton, "and when it became fashionable to be 'anti,' I never bought into that. I believed in order and conformity. There were rules and reasons for those rules, and I understood those reasons."

In 1970 Bratton joined the Boston Police Department, then a poorly paid, listless and corrupt institution that seldom attracted the best and the brightest. It proved a good place for a smart, ambitious young cop to shine. The department had fewer than 25 officers with college degrees, and when it offered part-time scholarships to Boston State College, Bratton leaped at the opportunity. College enabled him to escape the provincial world of policing, where "all your friends are cops, all your talk is cop talk, and all you hear are cop ideas," Bratton says. Instead, he absorbed the ideas of liberal, antiwar classmates and professors, allowing him to see the world through others' eyes. Within a decade he rose through the ranks to become a boy-wonder second in command.

In 1990 he left Boston to become chief of the enfeebled, demoralized and inept

New York City Transit Police. Transit crimes had been rising at a rate of 25 percent a year for three years—twice the rate of New York's as a whole—when Bratton took charge. Over the next two years Bratton forced the transit-police brass out of their city-owned take-home cars and required them to ride the subways in uniform, just as he did. He reorganized the department, replaced a broken-down communications system with one that actually worked inside the subways, reinvigorated troop morale and pioneered management and officer-deployment strategies that reduced robberies by 40 percent and felony crimes by more than 20 percent. He made the city's subways feel safe again for millions of daily riders previously petrified of being attacked every time a train door slid shut.

In the spring of 1993 Bratton returned to the Boston Police Department, as chief. That November Rudolph Giuliani—a hard-nosed former federal prosecutor—was elected mayor of a New York whose residents felt crime was out of control.

Based on Bratton's transit-police success, Giuliani tapped him to head the NYPD in 1994. Over the next 27

months, in a city besieged by muggings, crack wars, auto break-ins, in-your-face street hookers, violent and mentally ill homeless, intimidating squeegee men and wilding wolf packs, Bratton reduced serious crime by one third and homicides by 50 percent. By institutionalizing smart policing tactics such as Compstat—which uses computers to map and track where crimes are occurring and swiftly masses officers in those areas, holding captains accountable for crime in their precincts—Bratton again proved cops can play an important part in long-term crime reduction. Since Bratton left, both transit crime and New York's crime rate as a whole have continued to steadily decline. Today New York City has 75 percent fewer homicides, robberies and auto thefts than it did in 1990, and Bratton's innovations have become permanent.

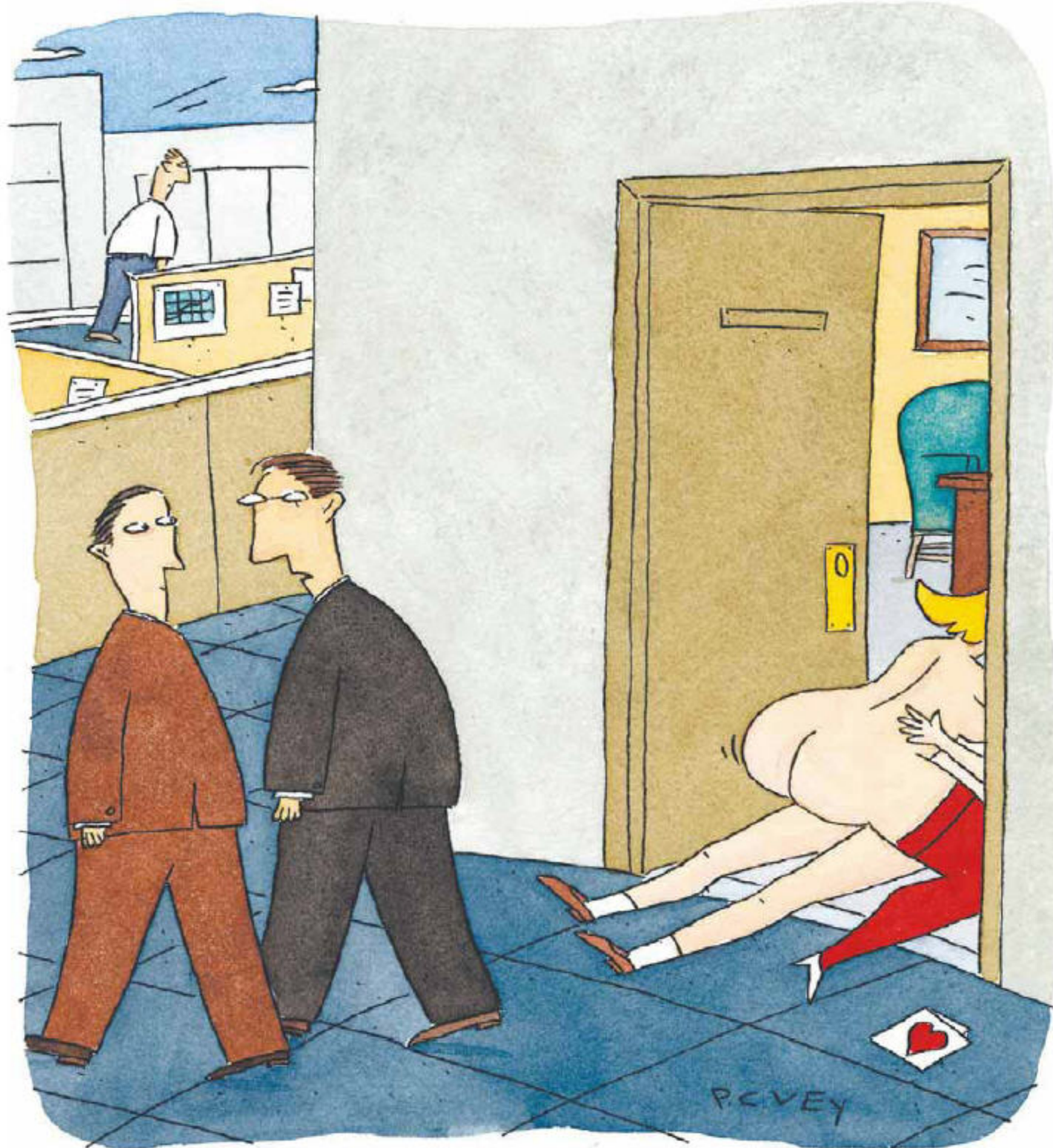
But there were problems, too. While reducing the number of people carrying guns, Bratton's stop-and-frisk policies also resulted in the stopping and patting down of thousands of innocent black and brown men in the hope of either finding a gun or deterring them from carrying one. As a result New York saw a 50 percent rise in police-brutality complaints.

In an opinion piece in *The New York Times* four years after he left the NYPD, Bratton criticized the extremes to which the department had taken the stop-and-frisk practice. He pointed out that once crime had been significantly reduced, people in poor black and brown neighborhoods had "every right to expect that one of the benefits of a safer city would be less police intrusion into their everyday lives."

But Bratton's popularity in New York was due in part to his success in selling himself and his department—a remarkable achievement given how unnatural a glad-hander he is. Bratton is a man of instinctive reserve and personal stiffness. There is no smooth obsequiousness about him, none of the salesman's bonhomie. His charm lies in being direct and open in promoting his agenda, which is always to convince you of the rightness of his cause and persuade you to believe in him. Because he's so straightforward and facile at using facts and logic to win you over, he's hard to resist.

He acquired his PR skills by being the face of the Boston PD as a young officer in the commissioner's office. Most commissioners, he says, "wouldn't give the press the time of day, so it fell to me, as the department's highest-ranking sworn member, to deal with the media. As a result I had a good grounding in dealing with the press when I went to New York in 1990."

There Bratton met John Linder, who had a big advertising budget as the head of marketing for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority. Linder thought Bratton's distinctive Boston accent and crime-fighting efforts would be effective in coaxing fearful riders back into the



*"Her no-tolerance policy against interoffice romance doesn't apply to large penises on Valentine's Day."*

subways, and Bratton decided to give it a try. "It wasn't so much my loving those TV cameras," says Bratton, "as appreciating those ads as a way to get my story out."

The commercials and Bratton's close friendship with two of his top inner-circle advisors, John Miller and Jack Maple, led to a nickname: Broadway Bill. Miller, a tall, handsome WNBC reporter fond of wearing \$2,000 suits, became Bratton's press guru. Miller, says Bratton, "was fun, smart as hell and had the best Rolodex in America. I also knew that I would live and die by the New York City press and that having one of them in my tent would be very helpful."

Maple was a chubby transit cop in a homburg and bow tie, straight off the streets of Queens.

He was also a brilliant police strategist who, on a cocktail napkin one night at Elaine's, began mapping out the entire strategy for what would become Compstat. Miller and Maple loved Elaine's, the East Side watering hole frequented by writers and celebrities, and soon so did Bratton, whose third wife had moved back to Boston. He wore expensive double-breasted suits, tasseled loafers and Hermès ties, and instead of sitting around and kissing up to Giuliani, he surrounded himself with his own cadre of innovative police thinkers. The cynical, hard-edged New York press loved it all, seeing him as an effective, savvy cop who knew what

New York reporters needed and gave it to them. Predictably, the press coverage angered Giuliani because it wasn't about Giuliani—who once banned ads for *New York* magazine from city buses because of the tagline POSSIBLY THE ONLY GOOD THING IN NEW YORK RUDY HASN'T TAKEN CREDIT FOR. So when Bratton appeared on the cover of *Time* he was unceremoniously dumped for the sin of upstaging Giuliani and for forgetting that, in the narcissistic loopiness of Giuliani World, there could be only one king.

After that Bratton formed his own security firm advising police departments in South America. When the planes hit the World Trade Center on September 11,

2001 he found himself in his Manhattan apartment, watching the biggest calamity in New York City history unfold on a television screen. "As a police officer," says Bratton, "you live to deal with crisis and be tested by it. It's very frustrating when you're not in a position to do anything, particularly when you know what needs to be done."

September 11 proved a "principal, compelling" factor in driving Bratton back into the game. With his record he expected a warm welcome in L.A., but it didn't turn out that way. Instead he discovered he wasn't wanted. "The *Los Angeles Times* did a series of profiles on

I would do if selected chief. And people even took offense at that. 'Imagine the gall of this guy coming here with all this stuff. Who does he think he is?' That was the attitude. The mayor slid into my camp only after one of his top aides went to New York and met with former New York governor Mario Cuomo, Judge Milton Mollen, who headed an investigation into New York police corruption, and rank-and-file cops and came back appreciating what I'd done there."

Bratton was also determined not to make the same mistake as Willie Williams, one of his predecessors in L.A. Williams, the rotund, affable African American police chief of Philadelphia, was hired after the 1992 riots to reform the LAPD. Knowing no one in Los Angeles and trusting no one, he was isolated and ineffective from the start, and his staff moved in with their long knives to cut him to pieces. After five years he barely made it out of town alive.

By contrast, Bratton flew in his long-time brain trust, an inner circle of allies and advisors going back to his days in New York: John Miller, John Linder, Rutgers University criminologist George Kelling and New York lawyer Richard Aborn. "Those," he says, "were my outsiders."

For his insiders he chose two of the department's best-informed and most respected critics, constitutional attorney and law professor Erwin Chemerinsky and Merrick Bobb, an L.A.-based attorney

specializing in monitoring troubled police departments. He then hired Gerald Chaleff, a liberal defense attorney who had helped negotiate the consent decree when he was president of the Police Commission. Chaleff would serve as his consigliere, overseer of compliance with the decree and explainer of the byzantine worlds of L.A. politics and criminal justice.

The first L.A. power broker Bratton went to see was John Mack, then president of the Los Angeles Urban League and the black community's lion in its long battle against police abuse. Mack was initially cool to Bratton. The previous chief, Bernard Parks, had antagonized virtually everyone but a small cadre of the

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prospective chiefs," says Bratton, "and nearly killed me with this very disparaging article about this slick Bratton guy from New York." Then Rick Caruso, a wealthy local developer who was the Police Commission president at the time, "made it quite clear through intermediaries that I shouldn't apply and wasn't wanted because I was too brash."

Bratton, moreover, had studiously prepared for the job with the help of his new wife, trial lawyer and former Court TV anchor Rikki Klieman. "I put together a package of materials that was about this thick," says Bratton, holding up his right thumb and index finger and spreading them wide, "including my plan for what

city's black elite, which included Mack. They viewed the tall, handsome Parks as the most visible and powerful African American in a city where blacks were losing their political clout to Latinos. Mack had led the fight to rehire Parks, and when then mayor James Hahn and his police commission refused to do so, Mack and the rest of the black leadership were apoplectic. But Hahn had had little choice. Parks was a true-blue believer in an LAPD unaccountable to civilian control and wouldn't fundamentally reform the department. "If Parks had remained as chief," says Bratton, "the place would have ground to a halt. After the Rampart scandal, Parks lost the department's support. And once a chief loses support, that opinion can't be turned around, no matter how tough you are."

Winning over the black community wasn't easy for Bratton. While attending a meeting in a large African American community center, he was met with a large shrine-like photo cutout of Parks surrounded by flowers. "Bratton kind of smirked, as if to say, 'Do you think this is going to stop me?'" recalls prominent African American civil-rights lawyer Connie Rice, who had frequently sued the department over brutality and discrimination. "He just blew right past it and told the people there that from now on the LAPD was going to operate differently. Then he came back again and again and through sheer force of will forged relationships—including one with Mack, who saw anybody who opposed Parks as a personal enemy. Yet Bratton completely seduced him, and Mack has become one of his biggest supporters."

In fact, Mack, as president of the

Police Commission when it rehired Bratton, in June 2007, lauded him. "In his first term Chief Bratton provided visionary and progressive leadership for the department," said Mack. "His efforts have greatly benefited the city of Los Angeles and advanced effective policing. He has aggressively reached out to individuals, victims, immigrant-rights organizations, Latino leaders, members of the media, civil-rights and civil-liberties leaders and organizations."

Bratton also courted leaders of the Police Protective League, the union that had fought fiercely to oust Parks. He established his bona fides by talking tough on crime and declaring in a speech at the police academy that the "era of gotcha is over"—a reference to the full-scale investigations of officers Parks had launched over the most minor matters. "Bratton immediately understood the union's problems with Parks," says LAPD deputy chief Charlie Beck. "He accepted contract provisions he didn't like but couldn't change and didn't fight the union on small things. His attitude was 'Well, shit, they've been getting beaten three times a day. How could they not like me? I'm not going to treat them like that.'"

Bratton won over nearly everyone else, bringing them into his orbit and acting on their concerns. He asked Rice, the department's smartest and most effective critic, to chair an inquiry on ways to prevent a future Rampart scandal and to work with his command staff and the union to rewrite the rules and regulations that dictate so much of LAPD culture.

Bringing people like Mack and Rice into the process gave Bratton tremen-

dous political strength. "If you hear Mack and Bratton giving out the same message," says Chaleff, "who is there to argue with? You have to be really on the fringe to be in neither camp. It sends a message within the department that this is not about us versus them. It's about trying to solve difficult issues together."

Bratton's principal focus, however, has been on crime, which he has dramatically reduced. From 2002 through 2006, serious crime in L.A.—homicides, rapes, assaults and robberies—declined 34 percent overall, with murders down by almost 39 percent and gang killings down by almost 30 percent. In the first five months of 2007 overall homicides dropped an additional 24 percent and gang killings by 32 percent.

But the May Day police riot made glaringly clear just what Bratton had failed to accomplish and why he felt he needed another five years to deliver on the primary reason he'd been brought to Los Angeles in the first place: to transform a department that had been forced into doing the equivalent of an AA program and seemed determined to periodically fall off the wagon.

•

Deputy Chief Beck was surprised when one of his officers watching a MacArthur Park May Day video turned to him and said, "I can't believe it. They knocked down the little guy who sells fruit from a crate." "No way," replied Beck. For Beck, that summed it up. "Any local cop would've known he was harmless."

Beck was particularly pained that MacArthur Park had once again become a symbol of what was wrong with the LAPD. Bratton had promoted him two grades to deputy chief, leapfrogging him over a long line of the old guard, in large part to change the park from a drug bazaar and gang epicenter into a safe public space for poor immigrant families dwelling in overstuffed apartments without backyards in the most densely populated area west of the Mississippi.

At the age of 54, Beck is old-school LAPD turned new school, freed by Bratton to use his common sense, civic pride and the accumulated wisdom of decades on the street to solve problems and make neighborhoods better for the people who live in them.

The son of a former LAPD deputy chief and father of a daughter who is currently an LAPD patrol officer, Beck grew up in suburban L.A. and started out as a young officer in Watts, an area of low-income-housing projects so tough it had a riot named after it. "Working in Watts was brutal," he says. "I had partners killed. I saw people in the very worst circumstances who had become filled with hate. We, the officers, were despised. It took a long time for me to understand how circumstances can dictate a person's life."

(continued on page 137)



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## MESSAGE OF HOPE

A Hollywood star as beautiful and talented as they come, Playmate of the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy would seem to have it made. But even the most fortunate are not exempt from life's challenges. In 2004, when her son Evan was two years old, he suffered a series of life-threatening seizures, and just after his third birthday he was diagnosed with an autism spectrum disorder. These traumatic events transformed McCarthy into a Playmate with a mission: "From that day on, I was not who I was before," she says.

"At three, he had the skills of a one-year-old," McCarthy recalls in her latest book, *Louder Than Words: A Mother's Journey in Healing Autism*, in which she chronicles her son's medical experiences. In the memoir she details Evan's condition, her struggle to find a remedy and the surprising breakthrough he achieved with the help of ho-

listic treatments. Now five years old, Evan exhibits increased social intelligence, and his symptoms are less acute. Along with crediting the treatments, McCarthy cites boyfriend Jim Carrey for assisting in Evan's development. "It was written in the stars that Jim and Evan were a pair," she says. "I could not have asked for a better person to share this with." Most uplifting are Evan's requests for "hugs from Mama."

In attributing Evan's progress to alternative treatments, McCarthy is challenging the medical establishment. "By saying autism is treatable, I'm saying something no one else has been able to," she remarks. McCarthy is now the national spokesperson for Talk About Curing Autism, and though doctors have critiqued her message, the public has welcomed it: Her book debuted at number four among *New York Times* nonfiction best-sellers.



Jenny McCarthy fights for son Evan in *Louder Than Words*.

## 35 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Having grown up surrounded by the entertainment industry, California girl **Cyndi Wood** was trying to break into showbiz by any means necessary: acting, dancing, rocking. Her big break came with a February 1973 Centerfold appearance, followed by a Playmate of the Year encore. Just a few years later she would play a fictional PMOY in *Apocalypse Now*.



## LOOSE LIPS

"Ladies, think twice before you tattoo your significant other's name anywhere on your body. It hurts, and it's expensive to remove when the relationship is over."  
—Miss March 2007 **Tyran Richard**



## FLASHY NUMBER



From far left: Miss February 2006 Cassandra Lynn at Area in L.A.; Miss August 2007 Tamara Sky helps launch the Playboy Legacy Collection at Republic, also in L.A.; Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco at the Imagen Awards at Walt Disney Concert Hall; Miss January 2001 Irina Voronina, also at Republic; PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt at Royal Albert Hall in London.



## HOT SHOT



KARA MONACO

## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By George Stults

—from *7th Heaven*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss August 1993 Jennifer Lavoie. I like her because she's close with her family and she's naturally beautiful. She's also athletic and a member of the Playboy X-Treme Team, which makes her even more attractive!"



## POP QUESTIONS: LOUANN FERNALD

**Q:** Several years after you became Miss June 1979 you went to law school and became a lawyer. What's the biggest thing you learned from your Playboy experience that you use today?

**A:** Playboy was the greatest, grandest adventure and the most profound learning experience of my life. Becoming a Playmate thrusts a gal into the midst of an enormous vortex that brings out two of people's most basic instincts—sexual desire and sexual jealousy. I have found the key to survival is having a strong inner core, whether it

be through family, friends or a spiritual source. Also, it's important to always look for the positive, avoid addictions and take care of yourself.

**Q:** How do you handle your Playmate history when it comes up in conversation today?

**A:** To hip, younger people, I say, "It was a lot of fun. I traveled, I met a lot of interesting people, and I wouldn't trade my experience for the world." To an older, more conservative type—like a judge—I will say, "We all did crazy things when we were in college, don't you agree?"



## BEBE PLASTER CASTER?

Miss November 1974 Bebe Buell is known for a few things. One, of course, is her Centerfold appearance in *PLAYBOY*. Another is her love of rock stars, most prominently Steven Tyler and Todd Rundgren. She's also known for generously providing us with her gorgeous daughter, Liv Tyler. Now there's a cast of Bebe's breasts, unveiled this October at, of all places, Whole Foods on East Houston Street in Manhattan. Artists Erica Leite and David Croland created it to raise awareness about breast cancer. A public auction of the cast is expected this spring.



## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss February 2001 Lauren Michelle Hill and Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler appeared on an episode of *Entourage*.... A pregnant Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott made the cover of *People* magazine in Australia.... Miss July 1959 Yvette Vickers offers commentary on the recently released *Attack of the 50 Ft. Woman* DVD.... Miss January 2007 Jayde



Jordan, far right, says, "Go, Huskers!"

Nicole represented Playboy at the Playboy Swim runway show in Toronto.... The sharp eye of *SI.com*'s College Tour Guy Dan Rubenstein spied Miss October 2006 Jordan Monroe cheering on the Cornhuskers at the University of Nebraska with three of her sexy friends....



Patrice with the Estonian editor and Playmate.

PMOY 2006 Kara Monaco and Miss September 2007 Patrice Hollis were guests of honor at the launch party for *PLAYBOY*'s Estonian edition, hosted by executive editor Andre Lindvest and Estonian premiere-issue Playmate Maris Linkolm.... PMOY 2004 Carmella DeCesare will appear in the new *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue. She has been a cast member of the *Tailgate Sunday* pregame show, for which she conducts a live web chat during the program. It airs on Fox affiliate WTVT-13 in the Tampa area. Hint to the producers: Viewership will increase proportionally to Carmella's airtime.

Carmella airs it out in her Sunday best.



## MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at [cyber.playboy.com](http://cyber.playboy.com) or download her to your phone at [playboymobile.com](http://playboymobile.com).



# BILL BRATTON

(continued from page 134)

On this August afternoon in 2007 Beck gives me a tour of MacArthur Park. "Bratton first came to Mac Park in late 2002," says Beck. "There were people slinging dope everywhere, along with gangsters, prostitutes and hawkers selling illegal IDs. People would drive up, get curbside service from dealers and drive off. There was literally no grass in the park because city crews were afraid to enter there."

In New York Bratton had four times as many police officers at his command to flood any trouble spot and keep them there as long as necessary. In L.A. he has had to pick and choose his spots. He identified MacArthur Park and four other areas where he could make a noticeable difference.

"Three hundred people were going to jail each month out of this park," continues Beck, "but they would just go through revolving doors and be right back here."

So Bratton told Beck to fix the park permanently. "He didn't tell me how to do it," says Beck, "except for the guidelines: Everything has to be legal and constitutional and have a lasting effect."

Under Parks the situation was radically different. As Bratton once put it, "There was one big stop sign outside his office, and as a result the department became incredibly risk-averse because nobody could do anything without getting his signature on a piece of paper." Bratton has authorized local captains (as Beck was when dealing with MacArthur Park) to act independently instead of having to get permission.

Beck began by arresting hundreds of people for dealing and hundreds more for purchasing drugs and did so until the word got out and his undercover officers had no more dealers or customers to arrest. Then he got the Parks and Recreation Department to trim the shrubbery and trees, both for aesthetic reasons and so that people couldn't conduct drug sales and acts of prostitution in seclusion. None of the park lights worked, so he convinced the Department of Water and Power to put in new lights, promising that he would not permit them to be dug up by thieves wanting to sell the wiring. He convinced General Electric to help pay for surveillance cameras around the park, then had his officers monitor them and, to deter future crimes, tell everyone they apprehended about the cameras. He got money from the City Council to renovate a once-beautiful band shell, restock the artificial lake with fish and install artificial turf for a soccer field. "My goal," says Beck, "is for it to be open until midnight so that people can play soccer in a well-lit, safe place."

He invited gang-intervention workers—most of whom were ex-gang members themselves—to take-back-the-park rallies and talked to them and current gang members about the changes he was trying to make. "Gangs are stratified," he says. "You have the ones that shoot, pillage, rape—I

know I'm not going to change them. But I'm going to try like hell to get the ones at the other end." The result, says Beck, is that "crime in the park is very limited: There's no drug dealing, robberies or rapes, no drinking in public and no shopping carts."

"The old guard would say you're doing social work, not police work," I tell him. "Yeah, I know," he replies. "Initially, all you care about are the nuts and bolts of what you're doing. But after you become comfortable with the nuts and bolts, you start wondering, Why does this conveyor belt keep bringing me all these broken parts? And how can I affect what's happening on the other side of the conveyor?"

The LAPD had never addressed those questions prior to Bratton, and as a result, says Beck, it was at least "partially responsible for the 1992 riots. We treated people callously and embraced the philosophy of solving crime by simply making arrests. Making arrests is important, but you have to do a lot of other things, too. The old LAPD worked really hard but in ways that weren't productive."

Beck is now the deputy chief of the South Bureau, the sprawling, economically

impoverished area of black (and increasingly Latino) Los Angeles that was the epicenter for both the 1965 and 1992 riots. In the South Bureau the gang violence of the Bloods and Crips defines the locale, and 70 percent of murders there are gang related (citywide it's 56 percent).

Neither the LAPD nor the city has had an intelligent approach to gangs. Bratton's trying to change that. He has given Beck the same freedom he had in MacArthur Park and a mandate to reduce gang violence. "The one thing I'm really encouraged about is what we're doing with the gang-intervention workers," says Beck. "I used to believe they were exactly like the guys I was trying to arrest. Then I went to Chicago and saw a program where they were having success using them in collaboration with the police. Now I'm doing it here. I keep it simple. I tell them, 'I'll catch the last murderer; you stop the next one.' About a month ago we had a really popular young man, a Blood gang member, killed in Nicker-son Gardens by a Compton set. Normally, that would've sparked a spate of tit-for-tat shootings. But we had some good



*"I thought tonight we could curl up next to the fire with a good book."*

gang-intervention folks and had been holding meetings there for over a year. We told them we had detectives working on the murder around the clock, and within four days—partially because the community was with us—we made an arrest. And there was no retaliation.

“The community cooperated because they saw us as genuinely involved in the problem. You can’t just go in there and talk nice to people. You need collateral in the bank, and we had that. These folks are very low income and have been marginalized for years. It would be pretty easy to go in and say ‘Your kid’s a gangbanger, and if he hadn’t had those drugs in his pocket, he might not have gotten killed.’ But nobody acted like that. A lot of it is just having an open dialogue, treating them like they’re your equal and not some lower species you’re in charge of watching at the zoo—which is definitely the way we did it in the past. I think that’s been huge in all of this. What’s gone on in Watts over the past two

years is a great story. As of July we have not had one homicide in Watts. We have a lot to do with that, but a lot of it is because of internal community pressure to not solve everything with violence.

“The LAPD is maturing. We look at things in a much broader way now because of Bratton. I’d like to think the LAPD will never turn back if Bratton left, but there’s still a lot of the same furniture in the department, and old-school L.A. policing is much easier to do. It’s much more difficult to solve a problem than just react to it.”

Rising from the darkly stained table in his memento-strewn office, Bratton walks to a long, low-slung bookcase overflowing with pictures and other objects and shows me a framed photo of him, Giuliani, Maple, John Timoney, now chief of the Miami PD, and Bratton’s father and son marching at the head of the 1995 St.

Patrick’s Day parade. Most are dressed in overcoats, as in pictures of New York in the 1940s, and the photo already looks like a historical artifact, not like an image of something that took place a little more than 10 years ago.

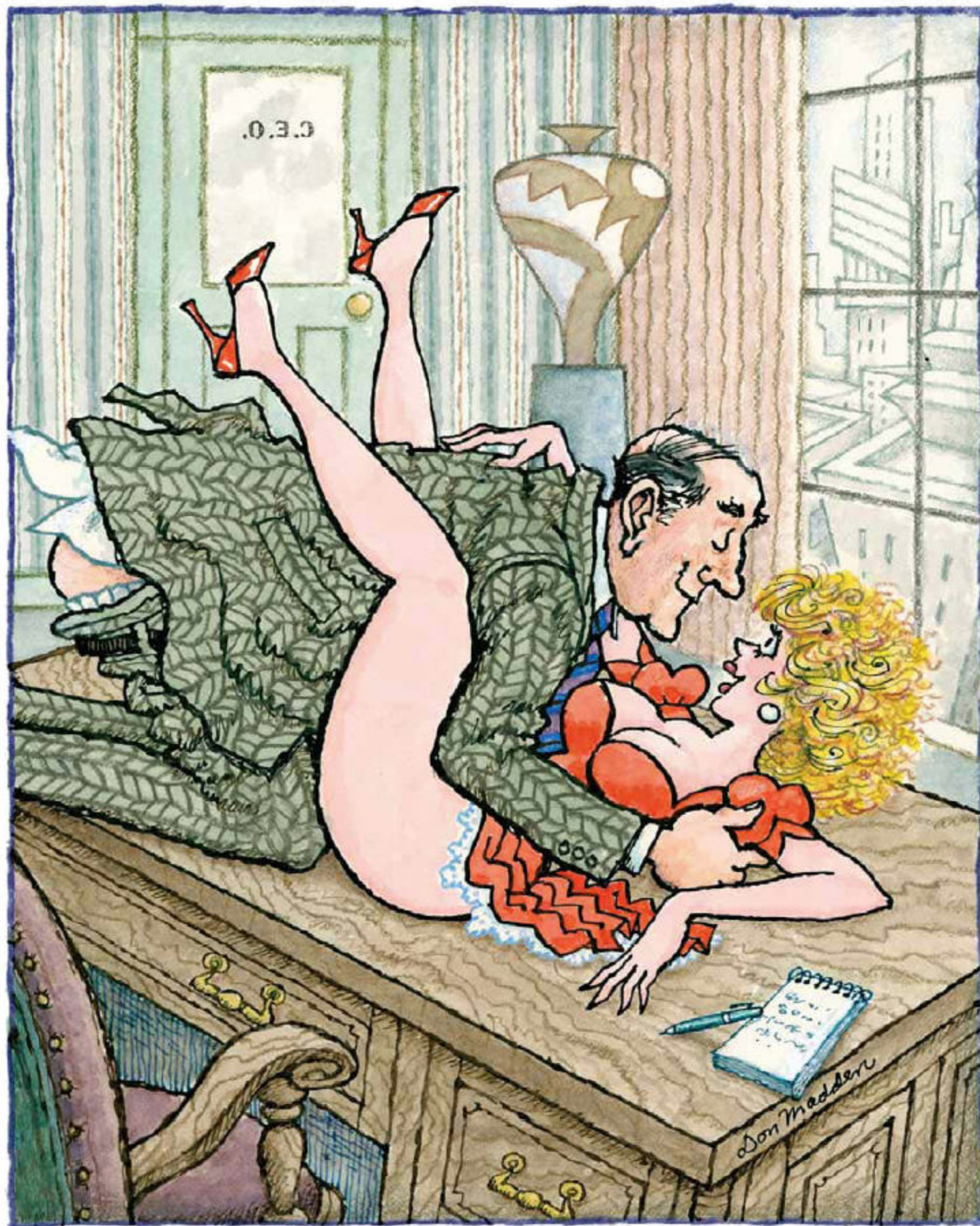
Giuliani visited Bratton twice in 2007. The first time they talked with California governor Arnold Schwarzenegger about gang problems. Other than briefly bumping into each other, Bratton and Giuliani hadn’t met in a decade, and as Bratton tells it, there was no great drama. “Rudy and I have never had a cross word,” Bratton says, adding tellingly, “although our staffs battled to the death. So it was all very cordial. He talked about how he felt he was a changed person, having survived prostate cancer and 9/11 and since having a new wife. He didn’t seem like the angry, combative, confrontational man he once presented himself to be. As to whether in the heat of the presidential campaign all of this has truly sunk in,” he continues, breaking into a huge smile, “we’ll have to wait and see.”

Their second meeting was at Giuliani’s request and took place in Bratton’s office. Bratton pointed out the key to New York City he had received from Giuliani. “When you gave me the key,” Bratton joked, “I didn’t know you were going to change the lock.”

“It’s nice to have the leading candidate for president from the Republican Party come to call. The irony is that I worked for Senator Hillary Clinton when she was running for senator and Rudy was going to be her opponent. I’m personally closer with the Clintons than I am with Giuliani, but I could not have done what I did in New York without a tough mayor like Rudy. But I’m a big fan of President Clinton and Hillary. They’ve done wonderful things. Bill Clinton did more about crime during the 1990s than any president in history. You can see pictures of him and me all over here,” says Bratton, sweeping his arm to indicate the walls.

But at this stage of the game he isn’t giving out endorsements. “In terms of where Hillary and her husband are on most issues, that’s where I am,” he says. “But I’m a political independent. It’s nice to be on good terms with both the leading presidential candidates, because crime is coming back.”

He answers the next question before it is asked. “In terms of Homeland Security and the FBI, those are very significant positions. And when the president of the United States knocks on the door, you certainly have to respond to the knock and give it consideration. I’m somebody who needs to be stimulated; I’m not a maintenance-type person. But I don’t see myself going into maintenance mode in Los Angeles anytime soon.” In any case, not until January, when a new administration moves into the White House.



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MICHAEL TRAN/FILMMAGIC.COM



## Hold It Right There

If TRICIA HELFER's pictorial was a highlight of your 2007, think how happy it made her breasts. Poor things had been cooped up for far too long. Now they yearn to breathe free again. How about a sequel, Trish?

## Naturbusen

That's German for “natural breasts.” What's German for “blonde beauty with big fluffy Naturbusen?” MARIA VALETA.



USA BOVALE/OUTTERA.COM

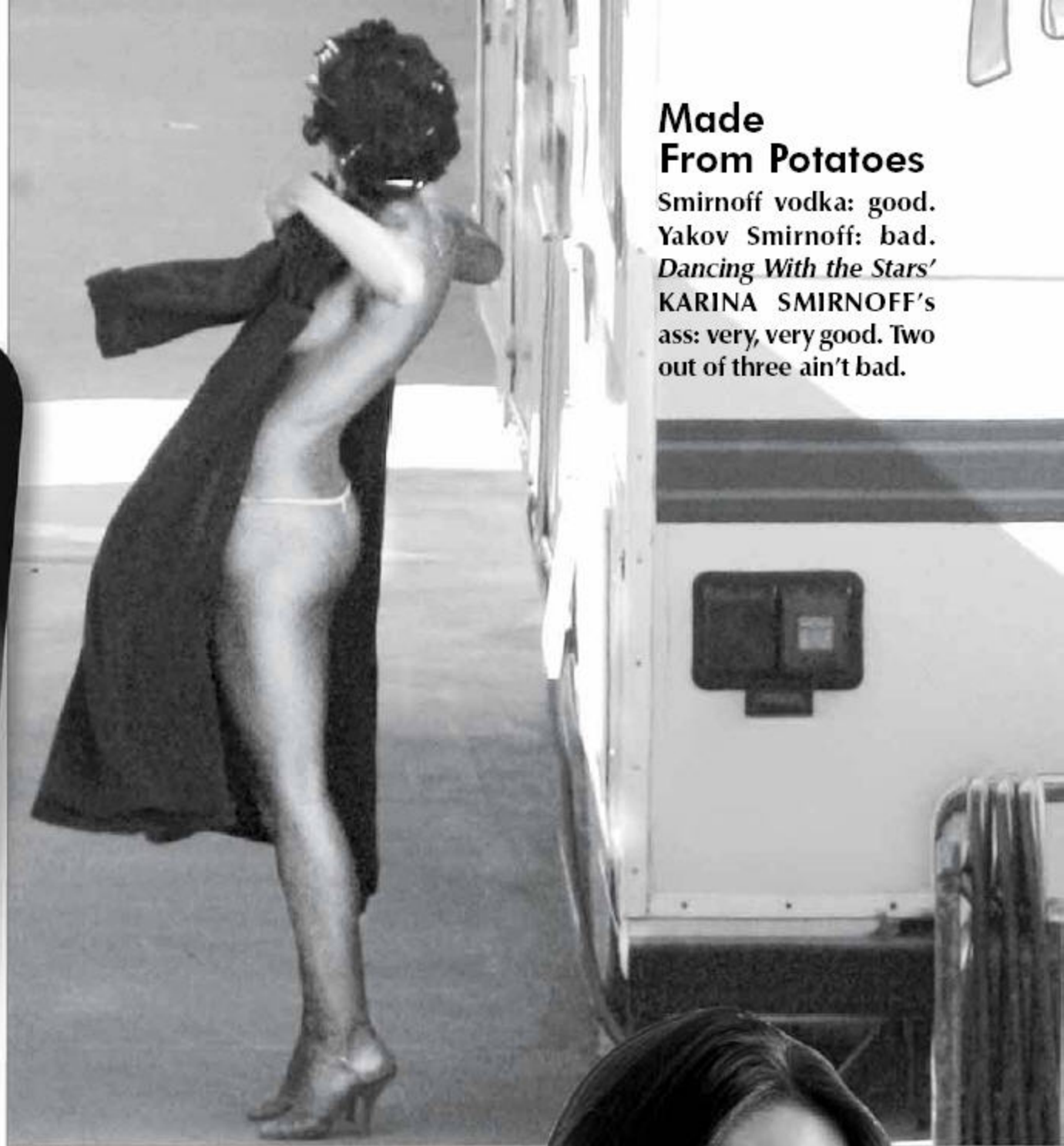
BLACKART

## Strangely, Not Having Twins

Pregnancy's onset can bring nausea, lethargy and intimate ailments we won't describe. But HALLE BERRY isn't letting it get her down—as they say, when life hands you fertilized eggs, show off your *huevos grandes*.



SPLASH NEWS



SPLASH NEWS

## Made From Potatoes

Smirnoff vodka: good. Yakov Smirnoff: bad. *Dancing With the Stars*' KARINA SMIRNOFF's ass: very, very good. Two out of three ain't bad.

## Peeling Out

Motorhead BREE ANDRE writes for Jeep fan site *jpmagazine.com*, rides a "sweet" Harley, is fixing up a 1966 Lincoln Continental—and is not going to fall for the banana in the tailpipe.



JEFF BOGAIN

## Still a Goddess

Ever since John Malkovich coaxed her out of her nightie in *Dangerous Liaisons*, we've loved UMA THURMAN. She was 18 then—and that was 20 years ago. Shakti be praised!



TELEGRAPH PUKIZUMA



## WISH YOU WERE HERE

Movie geeks—sorry, “film buffs”—are just as obsessed as sports fanatics, but they have fewer accepted ways to show their love. You can wear a Raiders cap almost anywhere, but a *Pirates of the Caribbean* jacket reads “I have no life. Please punch me.” Luckily, the U.K.-based company Last Exit to Nowhere ([lastexittonowhere.com](http://lastexittonowhere.com)) understands both the urge to represent and the need for discretion. Its faux souvenir tees cost around \$40 and reference such fictional places and entities as the Tyrell Corporation (*Blade Runner*), Camp Crystal Lake (*Friday the 13th*), the USSC *Nostromo* (*Alien*) and Amity Island (*Jaws*). So you’ll be pegged as a movie nerd only by the like-minded—at least until Last Exit makes one for Adams College.

## DULY NOTED

There’s no denying that some of the world’s best writers—Hemingway, Faulkner, Joyce—worked best on the sauce. Paul Smith celebrates the time-honored tradition with this leather “wallet” (about \$350, [paulsmith.co.uk](http://paulsmith.co.uk)) that conceals a flask, notepad and pencil. The way we see it, even if you’re no master of letters, some quick note taking will at least allow you to recall the name of the lit major you wake up with in the morning.



## VIDEO? PUT IT ON MY CARD

Apple may hog the headlines, but Creative has been innovating in digital audio and video players for almost a decade. Its latest trick: shrinking the size of a video player without shrinking the size of the screen. Though it sounds improbable, the new Creative Zen ([creative.com](http://creative.com)) has the same size screen as last year’s hefty Zen Vision:M player, but thanks to flash memory and design wizardry, it’s tiny—smaller than a stack of eight credit cards. It’s available in four- (\$130), eight- (\$200) and 16-gigabyte (\$250) capacities, has a built-in FM tuner and a simple, intuitive interface and handles audio, video and photos flawlessly.

## VALENTINE’S DAY DONE RIGHT

Forget flowers. You’ll have more fun and get more action with some champagne and a few games. Sex Scratchers (\$9), a spool of scratch-off lottery tickets, could win you a million-dollar quickie. For the more forthcoming, there’s Truth or Dare (\$17). Roll the die, pull a card and put your tongue to work. Alternatively, develop your command of sensual touch using the 50-count Erotic Massage Deck (\$15). All are available at [chroniclebooks.com](http://chroniclebooks.com).



### CACTUS POWER

We're fans of a little pick-me-up in our beverage, but most energy drinks taste like crud and are packed with sugar and chemicals. We had almost given up on the concept when we found Syzmo (\$3 a can, [syzmo.com](http://syzmo.com)), a USDA-certified-organic concoction sweetened with agave nectar instead of corn syrup. It packs a beguiling lift that doesn't make us jittery. What's more, the three flavors (original, passion fruit and prickly pear) are all delicate and well-balanced and work either as mixers or all by themselves.



### THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE

Most comedians have an extremely short shelf life, either losing their funny bone or self-destructing. Be thankful, then, for the exceptions, chief among them George Carlin. He has been making humans laugh at their own foolishness for more than 40 years and is still at the top of his game. For a refresher on what morons



we are as a species, watch *All My Stuff* (\$180, [amazon.com](http://amazon.com)), which has each of his HBO specials from 1977 through 2005's bitter and brilliant *Life Is Worth Losing*.

### WHAT A TOOL

In its 25 years in the game, Leatherman has learned a thing or 50 about how to design tools. And the company puts all those tricks to use in the Skeetool CX (\$96, [leatherman.com](http://leatherman.com)), an asymmetrical masterpiece whose every square millimeter serves a purpose. Whether it's the multibit driver with extra heads stored in the handle, the knife blade that's accessible when the tool is closed or the carabiner clip that doubles as a bottle opener, it's by far the most useful five ounces you'll ever carry.



### COMPARTMENTALIZING YOUR ISSUES

PLAYBOY may be the most collected magazine in the world. But over the decades those old editions start to eat up serious real estate. Recently PLAYBOY teamed with Bondi to transfer every issue to the elegant (not to mention searchable) DVD-ROM format. The first edition of *Playboy Cover to Cover* spans the 1950s and includes a paper reprint of the inaugural issue, as well as a smart 224-page coffee-table book. At only \$100, that's about a dollar a Playmate ([playboystore.com](http://playboystore.com)).



### REAL VIRTUAL REALITY

The sci-fi of the 1990s promised us a virtual-reality playground, but it has been slow in coming—the big obstacle to VR nirvana being a quality 3-D goggle setup that costs less than a grand. Welcome to the metaverse. The iWear VR920 (\$400, [vuzix.com](http://vuzix.com)) displays images from your computer in 2-D or 3-D and has a head-tracking function that lets you look around virtual worlds by simply turning your head. Best of all, it weighs only slightly more than a pair of shades. Added bonus: No one else on the plane can see what you're watching.



# Next Month



HOT COCO.



MUSIC POLL GETS THE LED OUT.



DURAN DURAN ROCKS THE RABBIT.



KIM EARNS AN ENCORE IN 25 SEXIEST.

**THE SEX AND MUSIC ISSUE**—PLAYBOY EXPLORES ALL GENRES—ROCK, HIP-HOP, INDIE, BLONDE, REDHEAD, BRUNETTE—TO SHOWCASE THE HOTTEST MUSIC, VIDEOS AND WHATEVER ELSE WE CAN CLAIM FOR OUR DOMAIN.

**25 SEXIEST CELEBRITIES**—SOME LISTS GO TO 50, OTHERS TO 100, BUT IF YOU LIKE YOUR SEXY FULL-STRENGTH AND UNDILUTED, WE'VE DISTILLED OUR LIST TO THIS YEAR'S ESSENTIAL BEAUTIES.

**COCO**—COME GET ACQUAINTED WITH THE ABUNDANTLY APPOINTED EXOTIC DANCER WHO MADE AN HONEST MAN OUT OF RAP LEGEND ICE-T.

**THE YEAR IN MUSIC 2007**—WE TALLY YOUR FAVORITES IN ROCK, HIP-HOP, ELECTRONIC, COUNTRY AND MORE AND DISCUSS DEEP TRUTHS WITH THIS YEAR'S TOP ACTS.

**ROCK THE RABBIT**—WE DRESS PERFORMERS BOTH CUTTING-EDGE AND OLYMPIAN IN TODAY'S HIPPEST WARES. JUST ASK **THE SHINS, DAFT PUNK, DURAN DURAN** AND **IGGY POP**.

**HALF-BAKED**—INVESTIGATING THE MURDER OF A POT ACTIVIST AND MEDICAL-MARIJUANA DEALER, **FRANK OWEN** FINDS A MOVEMENT GOING UP IN SMOKE.

**THE COOK**—DURING A 1966 PEACE CORPS MISSION TO INDIA,

CULTURES AND PASSIONS COLLIDE WHEN AN UGLY AMERICAN DRIVES HIS COOK, AN UNTOUCHABLE, TO HIS DEATH. FICTION BY NOVELIST **TONY D'SOUZA**

**MOLECULAR MIXOLOGY**—PLAYBOY EXAMINES THE LATEST EXCITING INNOVATION IN BOOZE: VISITING THE CHEMISTRY LAB TO CONCOCT EXPLOSIVE NEW LIBATIONS.

**GARRY KASPAROV**—THE CHESS CHAMPION AND CRITIC OF THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT GIVES NEW MEANING TO POLITICAL GAMESMANSHIP AS HE PLANS TO TAKE ON VLADIMIR PUTIN IN THE 2008 RUSSIAN ELECTIONS. **DAVID SHEFF** TALKS TO THE MASTER FOR THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*.

**THE LOOK OF LOVE**—IN PART FOUR OF OUR ONGOING SERIES ON THE SEXUAL MALE, *PLAYBOY* SENIOR EDITOR **CHIP ROWE** EXPLORES THE NEW SCIENCE BEHIND ATTRACTION.

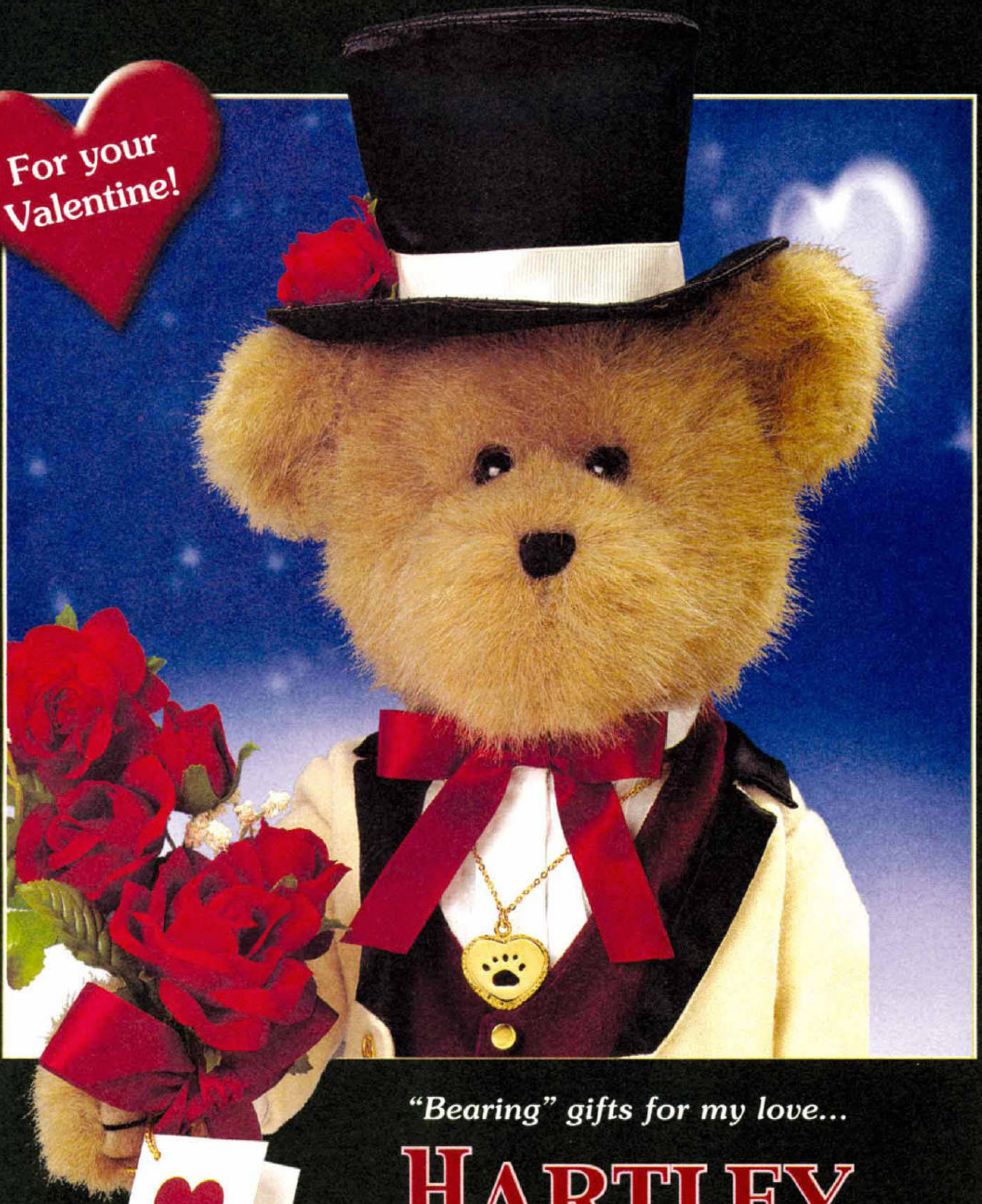
**CHARLES BARKLEY**—OUTSPOKEN ON THE COURT AND BEHIND THE MICROPHONE, THE FORCEFUL FORMER FORWARD TURNED BROADCASTER CALLS OUT THE NBA AND MULLS OVER HIS POLITICAL ASPIRATIONS. *20Q* BY **JASON BUHRMESTER**

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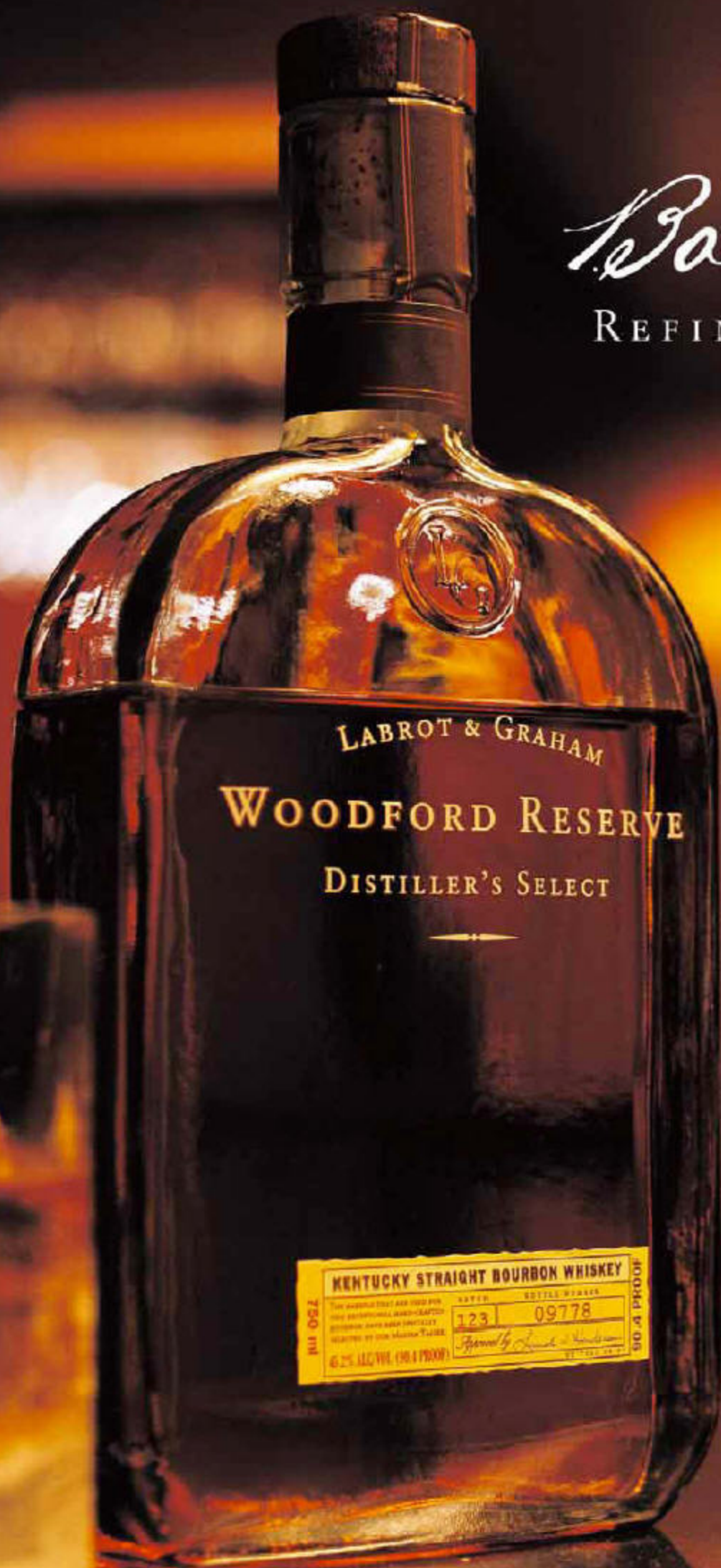
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