

THE SEX AND MUSIC ISSUE  
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**25 SEXIEST  
CELEBRITIES**  
STARRING THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR

Have you bonded with another dipper?

*Yesterday.*

What was the occasion?

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What did you take away from it?

*One less pinch. And just a warning.*



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# P l a y b o y i l l



"I always knew I had a different type of body," says **Coco**. "I was always stockier than the average girl." Her famous hip-hop husband, **Ice-T**, approves. "She's got a big booty, and I think it's beautiful," he says. Mr. and Mrs. T have been together for nearly eight years, and though they aren't exactly Ozzie and Harriet, they are a little Ozzy and Sharon Osbourne. "I'm his assistant," Coco says. "I get up with him in the morning and go to the set of *Law & Order: SVU*." When Coco steps in front of the camera Ice-T becomes her assistant. He even pitched this spread to us and helped out during the shoot for *Ice-T's Hot Coco*: He oiled her body. How many more nude shoots will he follow his wife to? This may be the last time we see so much of her. As Ice-T explains, "When you do **PLAYBOY**, that's it—you've hit the top of the game."



Introduced in 1972 by David Bowie, punk legend **Iggy Pop** (left) and photographer **Mick Rock** together created some of the most indelible images of the 1970s. Now the pair collaborates for the first time in 23 years, on our annual *Rock the Rabbit* fashion feature. "Iggy was a force of nature, and he still is," reveals Rock. "He emits an animal power. You could feel the energy crackling in the room." Rock also trained his lens on Daft Punk, Duran Duran, the Shins and the other cool artists who designed their own concert T-shirts with our Rabbit Head logo.



"This story is one of my favorites, and the joke is that it was so fucking easy to write," says acclaimed fiction writer **Tony D'Souza** about *The Cook*. "Mostly, writing for me is murder, root-canal kind of stuff. I wake up thinking about writing; I pass out thinking about it; I think about it when I am having sex. This one the muse just handed to me." *The Cook*, from his forthcoming book *The Konkans*, portrays India's darker side. "Yoga, Ganesh, Krishna, peace, love and Ravi Shankar on the sitar—yeah, the country is all that, but it's also a degrading hellhole. That second India is what my story is about." D'Souza has another message he hopes readers take away from his tale: "Don't try to put a dead man on a bus."



Although **Frank Owen**, author of the book *No Speed Limit*, believes the country should legalize pot, he finds fault with the system currently in place to dispense legal medical marijuana. In *The Medical Marijuana Murder* he uses the killing of a "registered caregiver," or sanctioned dealer, to shine light on this murky world. "It was assumed medical marijuana would help make the drug legal for recreational use down the line," Owen says. "The structure of commerce was supposed to ensure that the sick and elderly wouldn't have to go to shady dealers. But because it's poorly regulated, it has become a black market. As a result, caregivers have targets on their back."



Contributing Editor and *Beautiful Boy* author **David Sheff** spent two days with Russian dissident **Garry Kasparov** in Antwerp for the *Playboy Interview*. While talking politics with the chess champion cum vocal adversary of Vladimir Putin, Sheff couldn't help but think of the 21 journalists murdered after speaking out against the Russian leader. "When Kasparov offered me a bite of his pasta I declined," Sheff says. "He also wanted me to visit him in Moscow. I was considering it until I saw on the news that he had been jailed for leading a demonstration."



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# PLAYBOY

c o n t e n t s

## features

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The unsolved killing of medical marijuana activist Ken Gorman in Denver has cast a harsh spotlight on new cannabis laws now on the books in a dozen states. In an investigative report **FRANK OWEN** examines how this movement has become entangled in conflicting laws that have thwarted its promise.
- 60 PLAYBOY MUSIC AWARDS**  
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- 70 BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY**  
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- 98 THE SEXUAL MALE, PART FOUR: THE LOOK OF LOVE**  
In the fourth installment of Playboy Advisor **CHIP ROWE**'s series on the science of male sexuality, we explore the startling discoveries made by researchers who study the human mating dance. The reasons women choose their partners—that's right, pal, the women choose—and why couples stay together may surprise you.

## fiction

- 88 THE COOK**  
The author of *Whiteman* and *The Konkans* returns to PLAYBOY with a story about three American Peace Corps volunteers in India during the 1960s. The challenges of the third world and the clash of cultures tap feelings of empathy and understanding in two of them, while fueling the arrogance of the other. **BY TONY D'SOUZA**

## the playboy forum

- 35 IS JOHN DOE DEAD?**  
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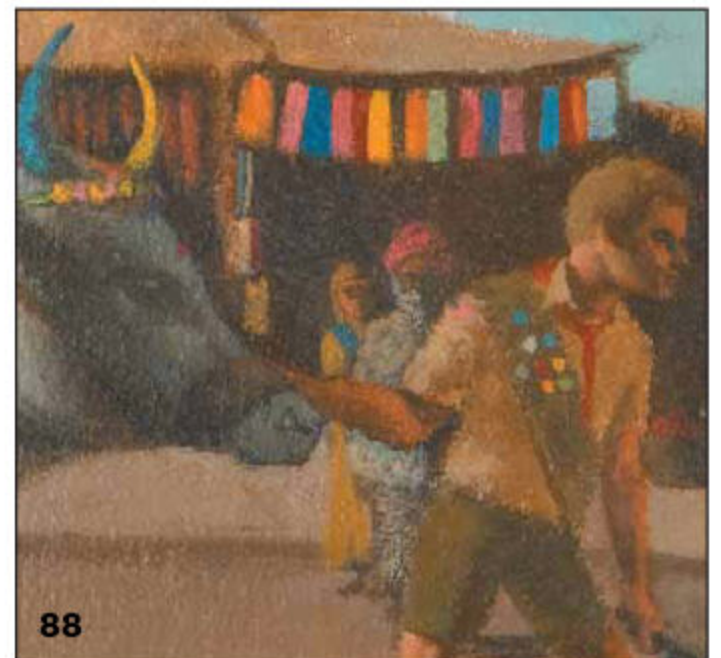
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He's the greatest of chess grandmasters, now leading a movement to protest corruption in Russian president Vladimir Putin's regime. Obviously, this is no game, but the stakes are high: Kasparov's critique, leveled in the streets of Moscow, led to his arrest and imprisonment. Right after his release and on the eve of the Russian elections, the chess champ turned political activist sat down with **DAVID SHEFF** to discuss why he thinks Putin is destroying his country and whether accusing the president of having blood on his hands has put Kasparov's life in jeopardy.

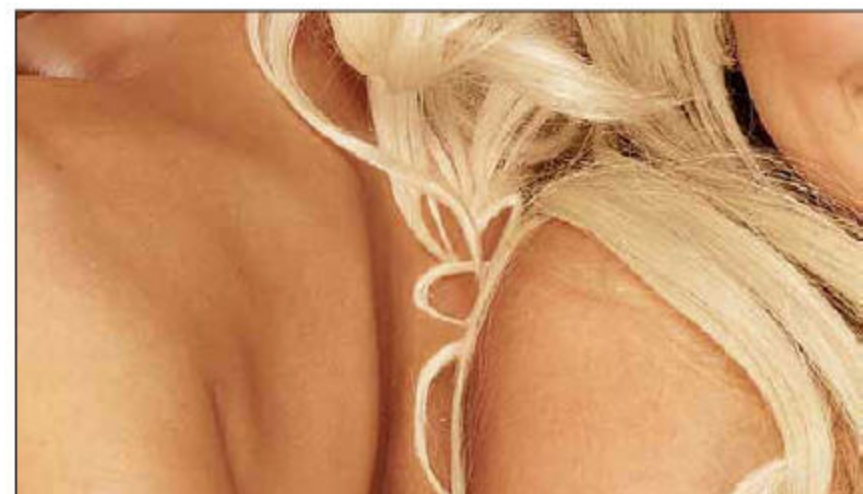
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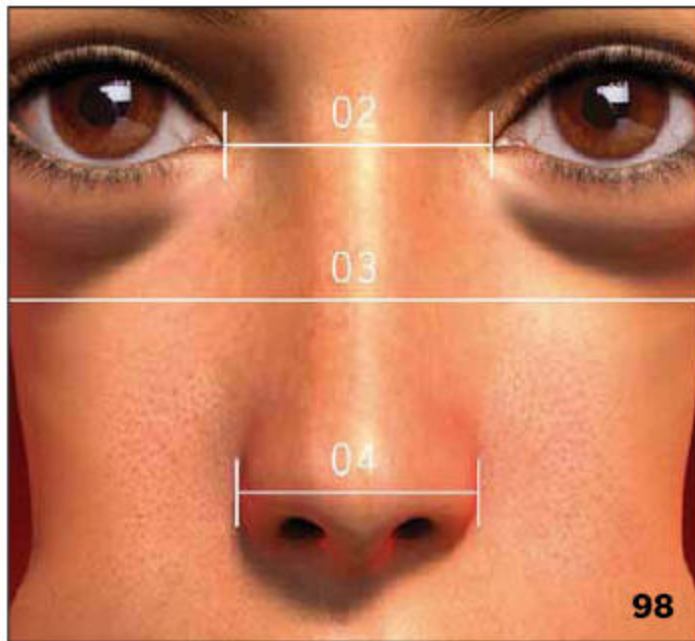
## COVER STORY

Since ancient times wise men have recognized the power of three, and if it works with kings, witches, blind mice and stooges, it surely applies to *Girls Next Door*. There are many alluring women in our 25 *Sexiest Celebrities* pictorial, but Holly, Bridget and Kendra, photographed for the cover by Amy Freytag, possess a three-to-one advantage that's hard to overlook. Caught between a Holly and a Bridget, our Rabbit doesn't strand a chance.



# PLAYBOY

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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)

### SUPER SATURDAY NIGHT

Check out coverage of our Playmate- and celeb-studded big-game bash in Arizona. [playboy.com/ssn](http://playboy.com/ssn)

### DRINK UP

We pick our favorite scotches that every guy needs to try. [playboy.com/style](http://playboy.com/style)

### THE 21ST QUESTION

One more slam from contentious NBA commentator Charles Barkley. [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q)

### NOT FUNNY TO LOOK AT

Our daily Cyber Girl video jokes may not be so funny, but they're very easy on the eyes. [playboy.com/jokes](http://playboy.com/jokes)



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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



### YESTERDAY AND TODAY

Pens at the ready, Hef and his girlfriends signed editions of the *Playboy Cover to Cover: The 50s* multimedia pack and the sexy *Girls Next Door* calendar at Barnes & Noble in Los Angeles.

### THE AMAZING RACE AT THE PLAYBOY MANSION

The 12th edition of *The Amazing Race* opened with the Playboy Mansion as its starting line. After departing the premises, contestants sped to Los Angeles International Airport and then on to Ireland, Lithuania, Croatia and other far-flung destinations, though none as fascinating, fun or exotic as Hef's place.



### THREE OF A KIND

Christmas came early to the Mansion when a friend presented Hef with this portrait of Mr. Playboy and his sons, Marston and Cooper, for Thanksgiving. Created by Studio Ute in L.A. from a photo by Joyce Ostin, the piece blends rock-and-roll and Rockwellian sensibilities—a fitting way to capture these modern gents.

### IN THE BOX

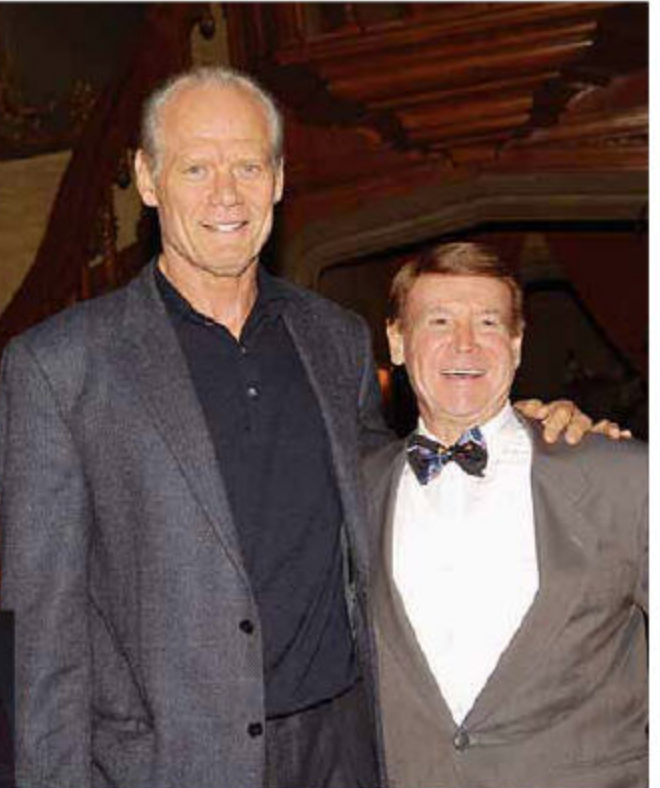
Playboy joined Duran Duran to launch the group's latest album, *Red Carpet Massacre*, at the site of our December fashion story—the Box burlesque cabaret club in New York City. Dita Von Teese (right) and Nick Rhodes of Duran Duran (far right, buttressed by Centerfolds) were just a few of the stars on hand for the sexy event.



### COVER GIRL KIM

A curvaceous Kim Kardashian launched our December holiday issue in style with an exclusive party at New York City's Retreat. Revelers were treated to free Patrón cocktails and a luscious 10-page pictorial of the smoky siren.

**HANGIN'  
WITH H&F**



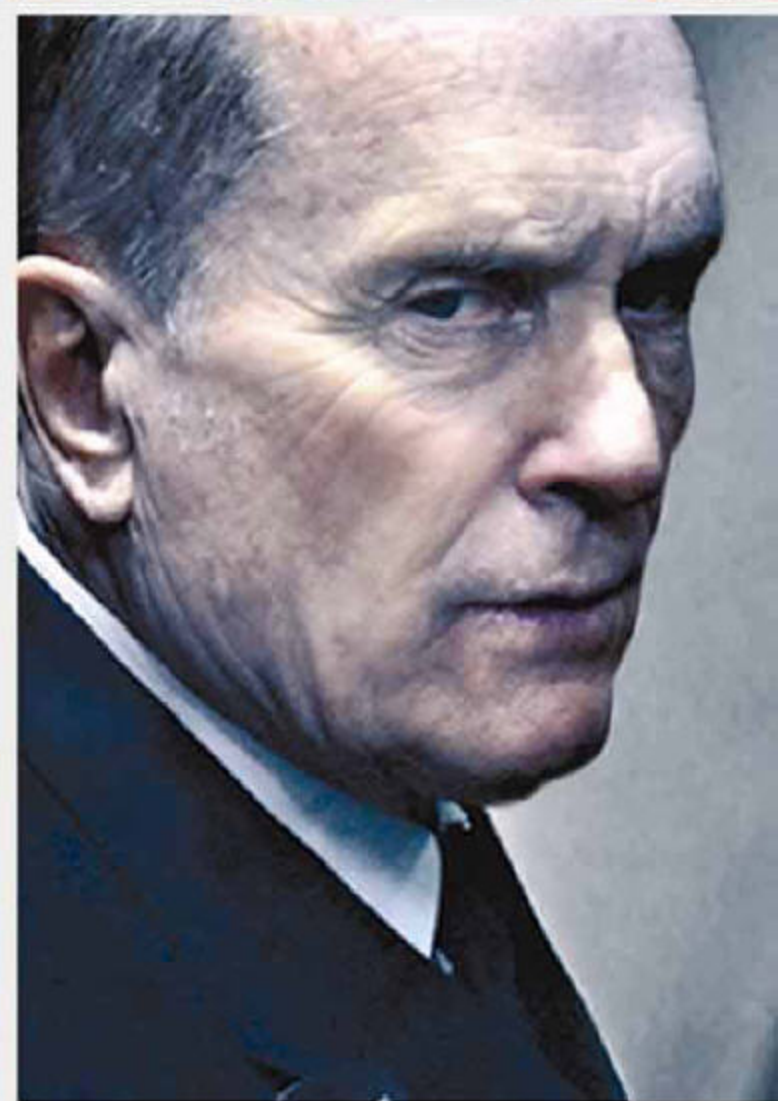
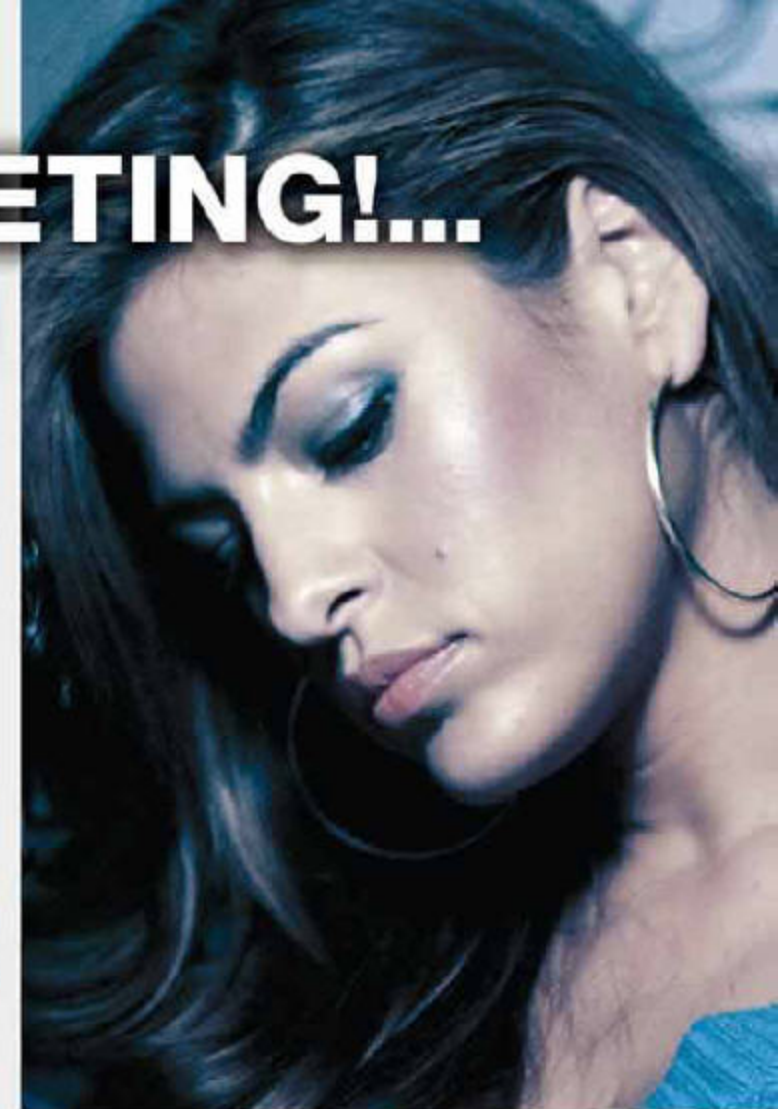
Hef hosts a Mansion Thanksgiving with all the fixings, and the City of Angels provides the foursome with a cornucopia of delights. (1) Hef, Holly, Bridget and Kendra celebrate turkey day Mansion-style. (2) Incontrovertible proof that Hef is more than a breast man: He's a leg man, too. (3) Actor Fred Dryer and bandleader Ray Anthony join the feast. (4) Victoria Fuller and Jonathan Baker bring daughter Trease to the event. (5) Hef and Kevin Federline at Brande Roderick's Financially Hung party. (6) A bird who will escape the oven, Lady Macbeth, with Holly and Hef. (7) NFL legend Jerry Rice hangs with Kendra backstage at *Last Call With Carson Daly*. (8) Bridget gives Wednesday a cuddle after an operation on the pup's eye. (9) Tom Leykis with the Man for Leykis's Bunny Ball broadcast from the Mansion. (10) Sexy ladies work the wheels of steel at the Bunny Ball. (11) Tennis star Jennifer Capriati and pal. (12) Hef runs into model turned author Fabio while dining at the Beverly Hills hot spot Matsuhisa.



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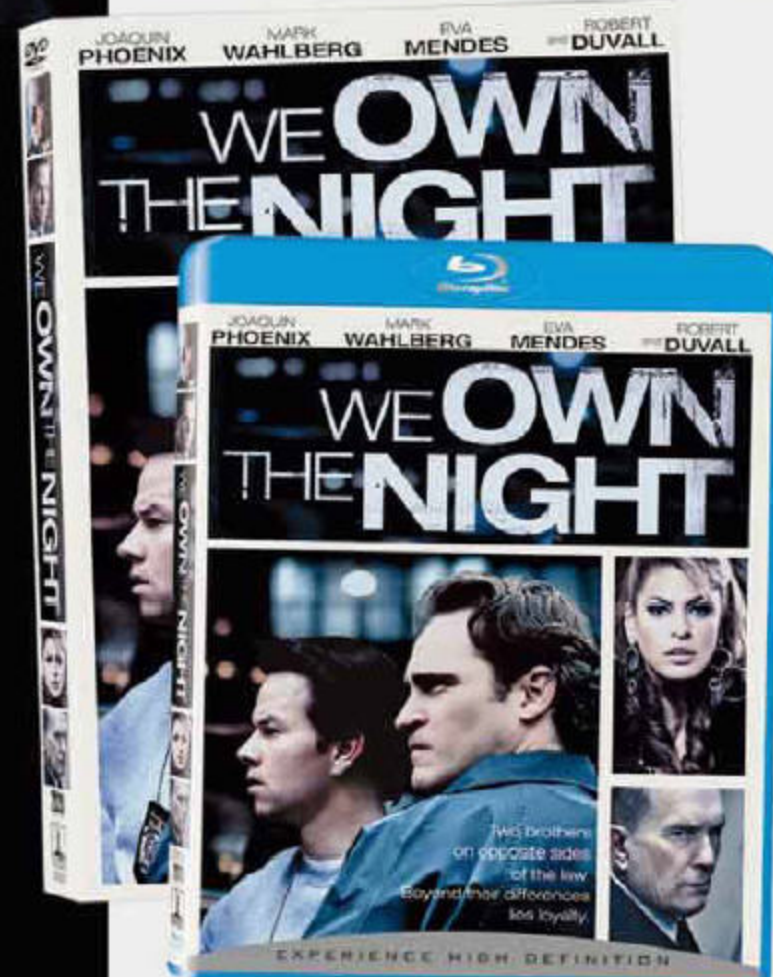


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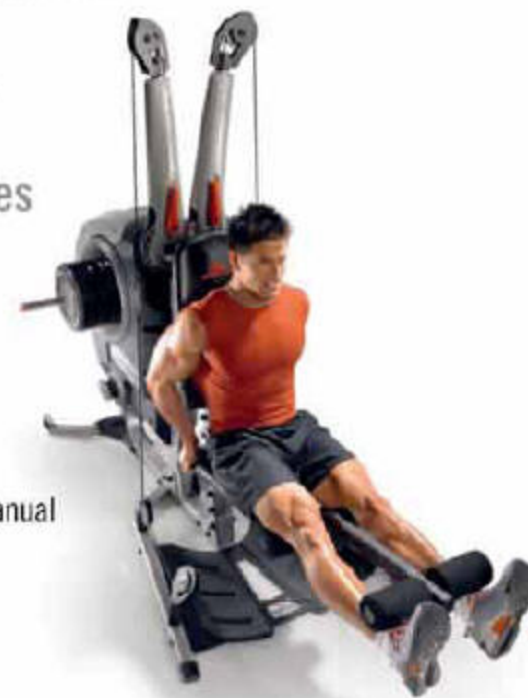
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**MAILER MEETS GOD**

I enjoyed Michael Lennon's conversation with Norman Mailer (*On the Authority of the Senses*, December) and was saddened to hear of his death the day before your issue hit newsstands. As an atheist, I am pleased to see Mailer acknowledge his respect for nonbelievers. He points out that we must accept the heroic demand



Norman Mailer at the Playboy Mansion, 1962.

to act and not expect God to solve all our problems. To wait on God is naive and an invitation for disaster.

James Bean  
Las Vegas, Nevada

I read Lennon's conversation with Mailer with unbridled attention and wonderment. My late father, the photographer Paul Vathis, also a Pulitzer Prize winner, told me once that the photographer doesn't create the photo, the photo creates the photographer. Mailer's greatest legacy may be that he did not so much create his works as his works created him. Given Mailer's rebellious nature, it's fitting that one of his last interviews appears in *PLAYBOY*.

Randall Vathis  
Palmyra, Pennsylvania

If Mailer is right and God is more artist than lawgiver, then a meeting of two of the more acclaimed writers of our—or any—time took place this past November. Mailer will be missed.

Mike Perricone  
Amityville, New York

Mailer seems to believe our senses have been created by God and infiltrated by the Devil. But who is to say the Devil and God are not one and the same? Most likely our senses were put in place by our creator to challenge us to bring out the best in humanity. If we explore the deepest parts of our minds, through meditative practices or otherwise, we can find pure love and with this make more intelligent choices

for mankind. One of the most common obstacles we all face is rationalizing what we know to be wrong.

Scott Goyette  
Austin, Texas

God is likely disappointed with us, says Mailer, because of our plastics, wars, superhighways, etc. But most of the world's wealth and power is concentrated in a small group. It's hard to believe God is disappointed with the 90 percent of his creations who are simply trying to survive.

Patrick Catalone  
St. Marys, Pennsylvania

I am not surprised to read Mailer's comments about the inferiority of "super-rational" thinking, as this view permeates our culture. It's no small irony that the same people who attack science live in climate-controlled houses and drive fuel-injected, air-conditioned cars powered by oil discovered through elaborate mathematical models and extracted and refined with complicated engineering processes. Having survived the childhood diseases cured by modern medicine, these folks can dabble in chiropractic, homeopathy and acupuncture with the knowledge that, should something go wrong, it can be diagnosed with tools developed by scientists and cured with the double-blind-tested drugs and surgical techniques devised by biologists and chemists. Personally, I would rather not return to the pre-Enlightenment world.

Timothy Norfolk  
Atwater, Ohio

**CHASING LAUREN**

I enjoyed Jim Harrison's account of his infatuation with Lauren Hutton in December's *Truly, Madly, Deeply (Mostly Madly)*. There is a longer story, but as a young man traveling in Mexico in the mid-1970s, I found myself taken under Hutton's wing through successive winters in Zihuatanejo and various visits to New York. She is an American original—genuine, sincere and still over-the-top hot. Infatuation fades, but fondness remains.

Cheney McLennan  
Kenai, Alaska

**EVERYONE LOVES SARAH**

Your Jimmy Kimmel profile (*Everyone Loves Jimmy*, December) fails to acknowledge that his girlfriend Sarah Silverman's success happened about

as organically as the nose on her face. After a dozen years as a bit player, she started dating Kimmel and soon after got a theater show down the street from his venue and a big contract with Interscope Records. Suddenly she's queen to Jimmy's king, with a series on Comedy Central and a spot on MTV's Video Music Awards. I'm happy for Silverman's success—it's part of the game—and bonus points to her for hanging in there all those years. But if you promise the goods on their relationship, you have to provide the dirt on this overnight equation.

Ramsey Dean  
Chicago, Illinois

**CAPTIVATING KIM**

Your Kim Kardashian pictorial is amazing (*Crazy for Kim*, December). It's also refreshing to read that she is a spiritual person. I pray for the continued intimate growth of her beautiful mind, figure and hair. Also please give her my phone number.

Sean Hudson  
Longmont, Colorado

I am pleased to see *PLAYBOY* is catching on that some men prefer brunettes. Kardashian is, without question, one of the world's most exotically beauti-



Kim Kardashian, a jewel behind pearls.

ful women, as is December Playmate Sasckya Porto (*Manhattan Model*).

Todd Kilzer  
Madrid, Iowa

The finest woman I ever dated was Armenian. I went to sea, then spent five years in Vietnam and lost her. The man who lands Kim Kardashian

## What's your Pleasure?



This Bunny always nods her head to say "yes." Modeled after the iconic Playboy Club cocktail servers, this bobblehead stands 8" tall and is done up in a faithful recreation of the Bunny outfit, complete with removable and adjustable rabbit ears. 14721 Club Bunny Bobblehead \$29

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will find heaven in a woman. If only I were 40 years younger.

Al Cooper  
Hollywood, Florida

Thank you for the beautiful photos of Kardashian. It's nice to see a model who weighs more than 105 pounds and looks comfortable in her own skin.

Liz Gragg  
Columbia, Missouri

#### FAN LETTERS

I had just read "Time in a Bottle" (*Mantrack*, November) when I found myself in a store, staring at the 2004 St. Francis Cabernet Sauvignon Sonoma you recommend. My guests at dinner tonight and this longtime reader thank you. I knew I loved PLAYBOY for something more than the fiction.

John McConville  
Charlotte, North Carolina

Congratulations on the December issue, which is one of the best I've read. It has provocative articles, a good *Playboy Interview* with Governor Bill Richardson and, to top things off, a breathtaking Playmate in Sasckya Porto. It is a great way to end the year.

Tom Quaid  
Chicago, Illinois

#### BILL RICHARDSON

After reading your interview with Governor Richardson I will give him my vote for president. He is the only Democratic candidate who has actually done anything. Having said that, I take issue with his plan for universal health care. The government should take care of the poor and people suffering from significant diseases such as cancer, but the illnesses we inflict on ourselves through poor diet and inactivity are our responsibility. When consumer demand forces fast-food restaurants to make way for gyms, then we can discuss universal health care.

Al Johnson  
San Antonio, Texas

Richardson loudly displays in your interview how unfit he would be to run this country. His solution to the Iraq war—invite Iran and Syria to be guarantors—is ludicrous.

John Revilla  
South Riding, Virginia

The governor refers to illegal immigrants as "his people" and favors any program, including amnesty, that assists them, and you ask just one question about border security?

John Devine  
Las Vegas, Nevada

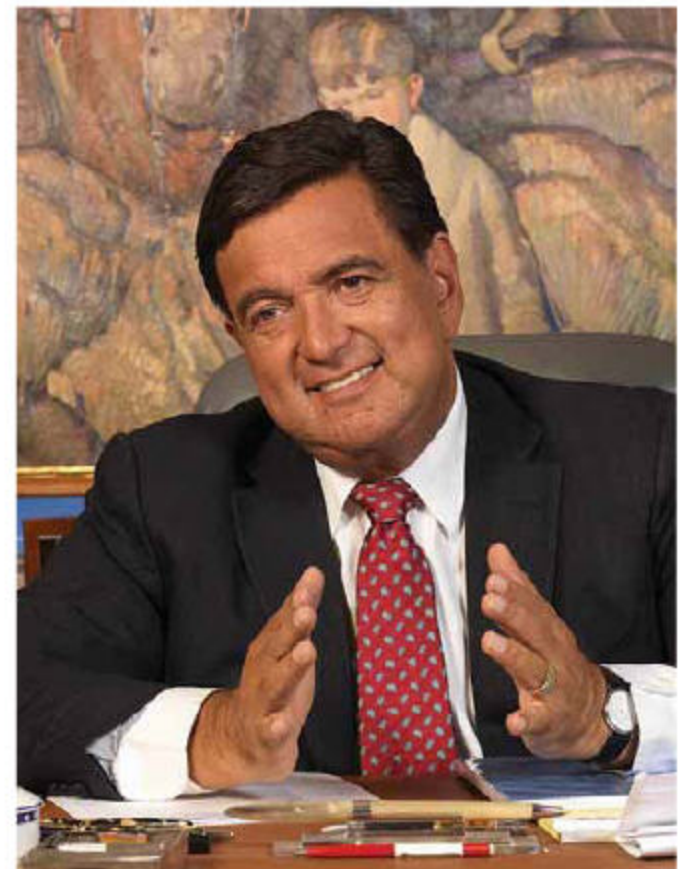
According to a Los Angeles Times/Bloomberg poll released in December, only 15

percent of respondents listed illegal immigration as an issue that should be a top priority for a presidential candidate. The war, economy, protecting the country from terrorist attacks and health care were seen as more pressing.

You describe your interview as bold, but Richardson spouts the same clichés we've been hearing forever. He has about as much chance of being elected president as I do.

Wayne Rowe  
San Anselmo, California

While I'm still hoping for a Gore-McCain ticket, Richardson is compelling. However, he must be deluded if he believes the Democrats are the party of the poor. They gave up on the



Richardson: tan, rested and ready to serve.

underdogs several elections ago. Unless a solution involves making some rich corporation richer, it is dismissed.

Bob Bennett  
Reno, Nevada

#### LEST WE FORGET

I imagine you get a ton of these messages. I am a combat MP at Camp Liberty—you likely see us on TV when a camp is shown getting mortared. It seems as though it will be forever before we'll go home (I've been here 15 months now), but PLAYBOY still gives us hope, even though the magazine is officially banned. I'm not writing to ask for anything, just to thank you for your efforts and let you know they are appreciated an ocean away and under the worst circumstances.

Kevin Williams  
Camp Liberty, Iraq

*You're thanking us?*

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



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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

## Dirty Harry

THIS BRIT ROCKER IS GRITTY AND PRETTY

There are plenty of beautiful artists who can't sing, nearly as many as there are singers who shouldn't put out music videos. Then there is Dirty Harry. This British bombshell has an arresting voice that breathlessly delivers pointed lyrics such as these, from "Dirty Boys and Girls": "We all want love, but we all crave to fuck/And I want it all, yeah, in this world tonight." Harry's lyrics, like her stage name, are the result of years spent hanging out in London's Goth fetish clubs. "People in the scene just started calling me Dirty Harry, for deserved reasons," says the 25-year-old, whose first album to be released in the States, *Songs From the Edge*, won enthusiastic reviews. One might expect it to be all about sex, drugs and rock and roll, but that isn't the case. "I gave up drugs and the drink, so I am all about God, sex, love and lust," she explains. "It's very important to me to be in touch with my sexuality because that is in the same chakra as my creativity. Like my idol, Madonna, I'm in control of my sexuality. If I wear underwear in my music video, it's because I want to." Harry says she would hardly object if she were to develop into a Material Girl-class sex symbol, but we may sooner see her blossom as a reality-TV star. She has been working on a show that tracks her efforts to break through in the U.S. since she came here last year to record "Makin Me Crazy" with Tommy Lee, for his album *Tommyland: The Ride*. Has she caught a glimpse of Lee's most famous instrument? "I'm English. I'd be embarrassed." We think she's having a laugh.



"If I wear underwear in my music video, it's because I want to."

## body of work

## Return of the Painted Lady

PROLIFIC PINUP MICHELLE ANGELO PAYS TRIBUTE TO HERSELF—AND PLAYBOY



Forty years ago this month PLAYBOY published the iconic pictorial *Brush-On Fashions*, photographed by Mario Casilli. The images of body-painted models foreshadowed a practice that would become a Mansion tradition, and one in particular, “Psychedelic Hippie,” captured the spirit of the sexy 1960s as well as any we’ve ever seen. The model, a young lady by the name of Michelle Angelo, would go on to be one of the era’s great pinups. “Mario needed some girls for a shoot, so my agent sent me over,” she recalls. “When Mario saw me, he was overwhelmed, and he really wanted to use me as a Playmate.

The problem was, I was already coming out in other magazines. He tried to stop them from publishing me, but it was too late. He did tell me he would try to use me as much as he could.” The body-painting pictorial was the first of Michelle’s three appearances in PLAYBOY, all in 1968. “The paint was tempera—basically what a child might use for finger painting,” she recalls. “Mario himself painted me. He had a general idea of what he wanted, but for the most part he was just winging it. I am naturally very ticklish, and we had to stop sometimes because I was laughing so hard.” Before the end of 1968 Michelle left California, concluding her modeling career after just two years. Though her association with PLAYBOY was minimal, her complete corpus is staggering: By her reckoning, several thousand photos of her appeared in more than 500 magazines, including long-gone titles such as *Escapade*, *Man to Man* and *Fling*. “When you modeled back then you never knew where your pictures were going to be published,” she explains. “The magazines would give you a different name every time and make up stories about you. Toward the end, I’d done so many magazines the photographers started putting wigs on me—as if guys wouldn’t recognize me from the rest of the body.” In the ever growing gallery at [michelleangelo44dd.com](http://michelleangelo44dd.com) you can get better acquainted with Michelle’s improbable 1968 physique. Hell, you can own it: She’s selling a life-size fiberglass sculpture (above) of herself, hand painted as she was for her favorite shoot. “PLAYBOY was always the special one,” she says.



## fortified with irony



## Death to Thirst

BELATED MOVIE TIE-IN IS A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME

The 2006 film *Idiocracy* posited a bleak future in which advertising and corporate sponsorship run amok have turned society very, very stupid. The greatest force for stupidity in the film is the sports drink Brawndo, an electrolyte-packed beverage the public believes to be a panacea. Now the evil stuff is available at a store near you. You, the consumer, can buy and consume the very symbol of the evils of consumerism. Just try not to think about it too hard—there is some risk your head may explode.

## hovercraft full of eels

## Best Sex in Mouth

PICKING UP FOREIGNERS, FROM START TO FINNISH

The book *Sex in Every City: How to Talk Dirty in Every Language* does what it says and then some. Lines like “Do you come here often?” and “Can I buy you a drink?” soon give way to far more specialized chatter. If only to use up our surplus umlauts, here are some phrases to know should you get lucky in...Finland.

“No hyvää päivää!” (Hello, sailor!)

“Sulla tais käydä flaksi.” (Get your coat, you’ve scored.)

“Sä ja mä. Kermavaahtoa ja käsiraudat. Onko kysymyksiä?”

(You. Me. Whipped cream. Handcuffs. Any questions?)

“Pannaanko tupakaksi vai heti uusiksi?” (Do you want a cigarette or shall we go again?)

“Tämä on laillista Liettuassa.” (It’s legal in Lithuania.)

“Eikö ole aika hyvä kroppa mulla? Noin entiseksi mieheksi.” (Do you like my body? I used to be a man.)



photo by Bill Bernstein



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coed of the month

## Hotlantan

ATLANTA STUDENT GIA WRIGHT KICKS IT OG-STYLE—WHEN SHE'S THERE, SHE'S FAMILY

**PLAYBOY:** What are you studying?

**GIA:** I'm taking business office administration. I want to eventually open my own boutique and put out a line of handbags.

**PLAYBOY:** Why handbags?

**GIA:** I hate to admit this, but I own about 100 purses. I like designing them. If Paris and Nicky Hilton can put out their own lines, why can't I?

**PLAYBOY:** Indeed. Are you ready for the paparazzi?

**GIA:** Well, you won't catch me on the street not looking sexy. I wear heels every day. I feel incomplete without them.

**PLAYBOY:** How so?

**GIA:** They show off my legs. Guys are like, "Damn, you got some long-ass legs." I like my butt, too. It's not big, but it's cute.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any particular restaurant or club the shutterbugs should stake out?

**GIA:** I've started to prefer laid-back lounges, and more and more I've been going to exclusive clubs frequented by celebrities. But as far as restaurants, I'm a bit embarrassed to say.

**PLAYBOY:** Unless it's Olive Garden, we won't tease you.

**GIA:** It is! I can't cook, so I eat their fettuccine Alfredo almost every day. Yes, I'm such an Olive Garden regular, they even call me Fettuccine. But I've been called worse.

**PLAYBOY:** So if a guy were to ask you out and then take you on a date to the Olive—

**GIA:** He needs to step it up if he wants to get somewhere.

Want to be the next Coed of the Month? Learn how to apply at [playboy.com/pose](http://playboy.com/pose).

## fucking bugs

### Fly Girl

SHORT FILMS ABOUT TINY SEX

At last Isabella Rossellini is getting into porn. Her *Green Porno* series, a special Berlin International Film Festival selection, consists of eight one-minute clips of Rossellini demonstrating the sexual practices of insects. Bright colors, goofy leotard-based costumes, undulating foam rubber—it's hot stuff, and ultimately you'll be able to download it to your cell phone. But only if you are strange enough to want to.



## jim class

### A Joker and a Smoker (of Salmon)

AN ATTEMPT TO GET TO KNOW COMEDIAN JIM NORTON

*You're known for being a bit shocking. Have you ever said something inappropriate on network TV? I kind of hit on Hilary Duff on *The Tonight Show*. Jay told me she was only 17, so I looked her up and down and said, "Too old." What was your first thought when you woke up this morning? Who is this strapping Negro? What's the last thing you smoked? A salmon, and before that some almonds. How many Oreos could you eat in one sitting? Hey, I may think it's weird for black people to act like they're white, but that doesn't mean I want to eat them. What was your last show like? I was onstage in Mexico with a donkey. I don't think you want any more details than that. What material causes people to walk out on your shows? I do an impression of Jack Nicholson doing an impression of Robert De Niro. It's awful. What's the one thing you most regret in your life? I keep a running list, and it's currently at 5,679. That's it. We're done with the interview. And that makes 5,680.*

*New York Times best-selling author Jim Norton is currently touring the country. His HBO comedy special, *Monster Rain*, is now available on DVD.*

## school's out



## See You in Cabo, Compadre

PLAYBOY HITS THE BEACH FOR ANOTHER HOT SPRING BREAK

Sun and fun, peaches and cream, rock stars and models, Playboy and spring break—some things just go together. For the third year in a row clever college revelers will descend on Cabo San Lucas for a Playboy-style vernal vacation. Nikki Beach (it's a place, not a person) hosts numerous events worth attending, first and foremost the Poolside Playmate and Cyber Girl appearances. Playmates on hand will be Shannon James and Lindsay Wagner, and the Cyber Girls will be Jillian Beyor, Jessica Danielle, Amanda Hanshaw, Megan Hauserman, Jennifer Hurt and Aubrie Lemon (also the bearer

of case 23 on *Deal or No Deal*). Know before you go: Dates and times for poolside appearances are posted at [playboyu.com/springbreak](http://playboyu.com/springbreak). The site also details the search for Miss Playboy Mobile Spring Break and has a schedule of live performances by up-and-coming bands. Among those slated to appear are 2007 crowd-pleasers Your Vegas—the five bewildered blokes on the couch in the above photo, taken backstage at last year's event. *Playboy* will be at Cabo March 9 to 11 and March 23 to 25. [Playboyu.com/springbreak](http://Playboyu.com/springbreak) will host announcements and updates throughout March.

## erin go bragh

## Wild Irish Roses

FIVE WAYS TO CELEBRATE THE WEARIN' O' THE NOTHIN'

Don't bother with cable-knit sweaters or a shillelagh—[playboy.com/stpats](http://playboy.com/stpats) has all you need for a mad March 17.

**1. Laurenna Lacey.** She may be the best Irish-born Cyber Girl. She may be the only Irish-born Cyber Girl. But if you're going to stake your national pride on one lady, you couldn't do better.

**2. April Ireland.** A Cyber Girl from 2007, April was born in Toronto. Until there's a parade-worthy holiday for Canadians, we'll count her here.

**3. The Girls of Ireland.**

Fourteen of the old sod's finest from this 2001 *Book of Lingerie* special.

**4. Amy Miller (right).** Her St. Patrick's Day tribute is a Cyber Club classic. If you've never seen a beautiful blonde dipping

her bannocks into a pair of freshly pulled pints, this is your chance.

**5. Colin Farrell and Denis Leary *Playboy Interviews*.** They're not women, and (thankfully) they keep their clothes on. But the lads have supplied two of the most raucous and profane chats in recent memory.



## playboy planet

## Girls, Girls, Girls

SATISFY YOUR BROKEN-ENGLISH FETISH WITH PLAYBOY TV'S LATEST SERIES

We're proud of the home team, but we concede the United States doesn't have a monopoly on beauty. Far from it—wherever there's reality TV or a healthy market for men's magazines, you'll find unexported sex symbols. With *Playboy's Around the World in 80 Babes*, Playboy TV trots the globe to meet the women the rest of the world adores. Here's a taste of the show's Swedish, Dutch and English treats.

*Around the World in 80 Babes* airs nightly at 10:00 EST on Playboy TV.



**Name:** Elita. **City:** Stockholm. **Claim to fame:** Lasted 100 days in Scandinavia's *Big Brother* house. **Field trip:** Massage parlor. **Quote:** "Have I had sex in a sauna? Yeah, of course. I'm Swedish."



**Name:** Dorien Rose. **City:** Amsterdam. **Claim to fame:** Dutch Playmate of the Year 2005. **Field trip:** Sex museum. **Quote:** "Everything is allowed in Holland. We're very open-minded about sex."



**Name:** Dani. **City:** London. **Claim to fame:** Page 3 girl. **Field trip:** Famous London strip club Stringfellows. **Quote:** "There is Big Ben, the most famous clock in London. It's shaped like a ginormous dildo."



### Guilt to Last

Since 2006 **\$8 million** has been appropriated for the Justice Department to test the DNA of convicts who maintain their innocence. So far, none of it has been spent.

### what they're thinking



In a survey, **34%** of *O, The Oprah Magazine* readers said they'd had sex on a beach.

### Sign of Prosperity

The Department of Agriculture reports that daily calorie consumption in the United States has increased about **23%** since 1970.

### price check

**\$2,341**

Paid at auction for a napkin signed by a young Wayne Gretzky, who used it to practice his John Hancock in a diner during the early 1980s.



### Share the Wealth

The rank of the U.S. among countries with the most billionaires: **1**. The rank of the People's Republic of China: **2**.

### Safe as Houses



For every **1 percentage point** increase in a neighborhood's home foreclosures, violent crime increases **2.33%**.

### Gender Inequality

A new Stanford University survey asked **4,000** undergrads about their most recent hookup and found that when the dalliance consisted of oral sex but not intercourse, men received without giving **45%** of the time.

### Going Green

**34.7 million** people in the United States claim Irish ancestry. That's almost **9 times** Ireland's current population of **4.1 million**.



### Let's Simmer



A McGill University study that used thermal imaging discovered women can reach maximum arousal (peak genital temperature) in about **12 minutes**—almost as quickly as men.

### Illicit Lyrics

In 2005 the percentage of top-selling songs that contained references to drugs or alcohol:

Rap: **77**

Country: **37**

R&B: **20**

Rock: **14**



### Crooks Not Books

In 2007 California spent **\$3.3 billion** on the University of California system and **\$9.9 billion** on prisons.

### you bet

Since 1985 eighth-seeded teams have won just **46%** of games against their ninth-seeded—and theoretically inferior—first-round opponents in the NCAA basketball tournament.



### Cat, Fancier

**\$22,000**: The price tag on an exotic new breed of domestic cat, called the Ashera, that can weigh up to **30 pounds**. The breed was genetically engineered by the Los Angeles-based company Lifestyle Pets. Only **200** will be sold each year.

### No Money

By allowing Hungary's **20,000** prostitutes to apply for permits and operate as legitimate businesspeople, the government can collect tax revenue from an industry worth **\$1 billion**.



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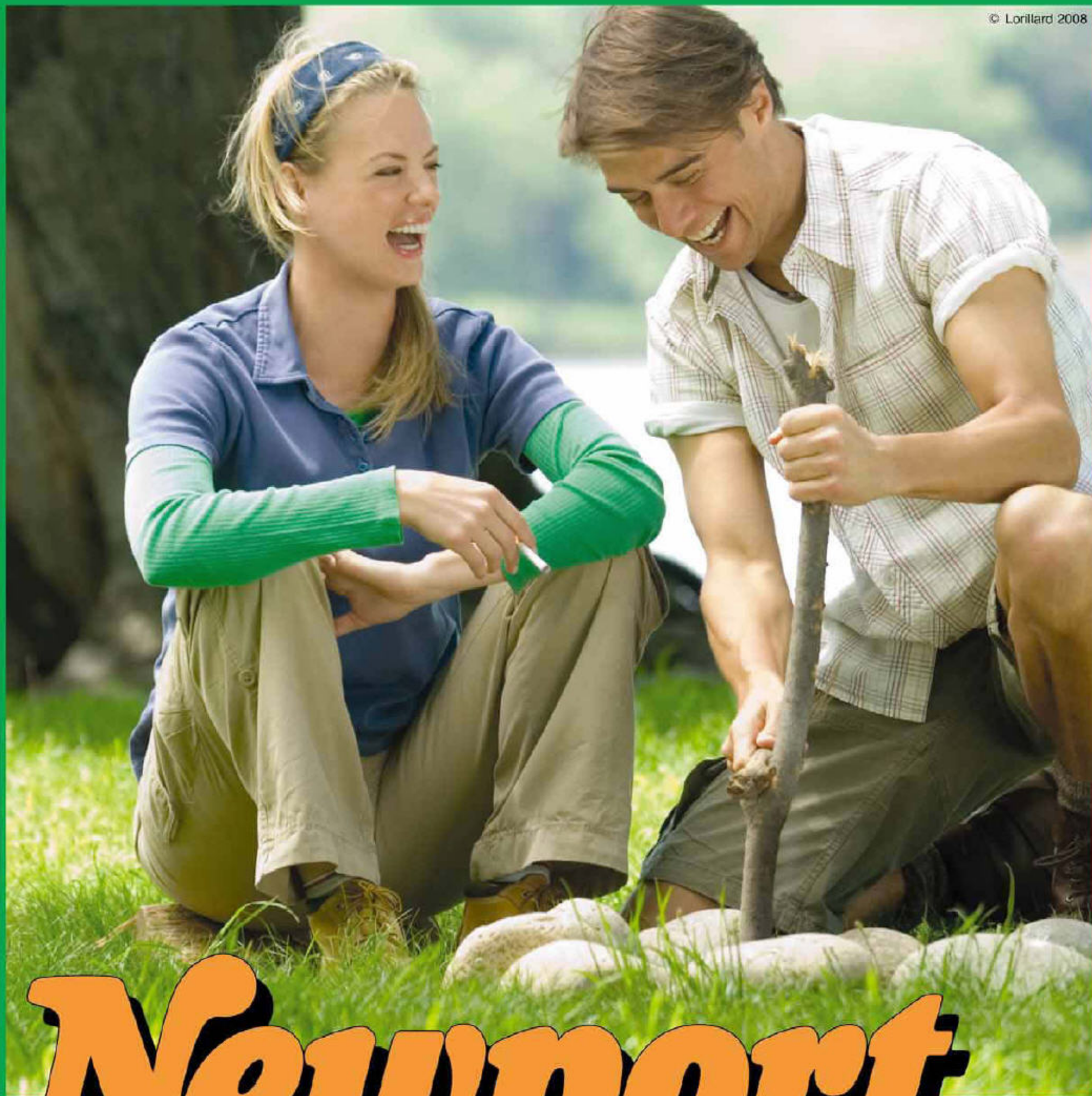
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movie of the month

### [ PRIDE AND GLORY ]

Can corruption destroy a cop family—and the NYPD?

In the annals of arresting cinematic trends, who could have predicted a pair of police-corruption dramas each centered on a single cop clan? First we had the overbaked *We Own the Night*. Now we have *Pride and Glory*, starring Edward Norton and Noah Emmerich as policeman brothers, Jon Voight as their legendary vet cop father and Colin Farrell as their brother-in-law, who is implicated in a scandal that tests the family's moral fiber and threatens to blow the entire NYPD sky-high. Directed by Gavin O'Connor, himself the son of an NYPD officer, the movie features Emmerich (*The Truman Show*, *Little Children*) in a strong role as a fast-rising cop. Making the movie was, he says, "the ultimate actor's fantasy. Edward, Gavin and I were preoccupied with authenticity. I spent three months doing day and night shifts undercover and going on patrol with New York cops—which, believe me, was a lot darker, tougher and more gruesome and exhausting than the world of *Baretta*." Although Emmerich says he can't be certain whether his and his co-stars' "total immersion" will translate to the screen, he believes audiences will find the film different from *We Own the Night*. "Ours is a tough, dark, challenging movie that doesn't pull any punches," he says. "The police butt heads with tough moral gray areas. It's not an intellectual movie, though. We're shooting for a profound emotional ride with characters you care about and feel for."

**"We're shooting for a profound emotional ride."**

—Stephen Rebbello

### now showing

### BUZZ

#### 10,000 BC

(Steven Strait, Camilla Belle, Omar Sharif) For some, the big wow of this prehistoric adventure will be hunter Strait battling CGI saber-toothed tigers and woolly mammoths while discovering a lost civilization. For others, the real draw will be cavegirl Belle, ideally cast as the bodacious object of an evil warlord's mad lust.

**Our call:** Anachronisms and silly emoting won't deter action addicts (let alone Belle fans) from checking out the latest by Roland Emmerich, director of *The Day After Tomorrow* and *Godzilla*.



#### Vantage Point

(Dennis Quaid, Sigourney Weaver, Forest Whitaker, Matthew Fox) During a summit on the war on terror, eight people experience an attempted presidential assassination in wildly different ways. This thriller features Quaid and Fox as Secret Service agents protecting the president and Whitaker as a tourist who videotapes it all.

**Our call:** With *Rashomon*-meets-*Lost* flashbacks and a 24-style story line, this one can't compete with truly great old-school paranoid political thrillers, let alone the recent *Bourne* flicks.



#### The Other Boleyn Girl

(Natalie Portman, Scarlett Johansson, Eric Bana, Kristin Scott Thomas) In this rich and colorful historical drama, two beautiful sisters (Portman, Johansson) vie for the love, attention and fervent bedroom skills of the lusty, temperamental King Henry VIII (Bana), who will eventually make one of them his queen.

**Our call:** Sibling rivalries, royal betrayals, power struggles, sex and even a hint of incest make this movie interpretation of Philippa Gregory's 2001 novel anything but a royal bore.



#### Semi-Pro

(Will Ferrell, Woody Harrelson, Will Arnett) Ferrell hit pay dirt lampooning anchormen, NASCAR and figure skating on-screen. Now he tackles his latest target—semipro basketball—in this 1970s-era comedy about a one-hit-wonder singer who becomes owner-coach-player of an ABA team desperate to play in the big leagues.

**Our call:** Ferrell reigns as one of celluloid's funnier guys and one of the most successful *SNL* alumni, but he may have gone to the well one time too often with this courtside comedy.



dvd of the month

[ THE TUDORS: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON ]

Showtime's womanizing Henry VIII gives viewers the royal treatment

If you rank kings based on familiarity, the lustful, much-married Henry VIII—the 16th century monarch who told the pope to take a hike and declared himself head of the new Church of England—hovers near the top of the list. With a nod toward HBO's *Rome*, Showtime rewrites the BBC playbook for *The Tudors*, retaining the intriguing story line and exquisite costuming and then removing the costuming every so often. Jonathan Rhys Meyers's libidinal exploits reinforce the old adage "It's good to be king," but writer and producer Michael Hirst depicts the first two decades of Henry Tudor's 38-year reign as appropriately tumultuous. Rhys Meyers makes a lean and hungry Henry, but the real pheromonal find is Natalie Dormer, as the bedeviling blue-eyed brunette Anne Boleyn (Elizabeth I's mum). **Best extra:** Hardly the crown jewels—just a making-of doc. ★★★½ —Greg Fagan



**INTO THE WILD** The open road of the West consumed Christopher McCandless, who at the age of 23 left his privileged life to head for the hills. Sean Penn embraces McCandless's doomed quest, adapting Jon Krakauer's novel into an exhilarating film. (HD DVD) **Best extra:** Generous background material. ★★★ —G.F.



**MICHAEL CLAYTON** Writer-director Tony Gilroy delivers a taut and gritty case that has conflicted fixer George Clooney trying to rein in lawyer Tom Wilkinson, who goes berserk when he realizes the corporation he's defending is poisoning communities. **Best extra:** Gilroy's commentary. ★★★½ —Buzz McClain



**TCM ARCHIVES: FORBIDDEN HOLLYWOOD COLLECTION VOLUME 2** This latest envelope-pushing set contains five raunchy flicks coupled with a documentary examining the saucy pre-Code years. Norma Shearer struts her stuff in *The Divorcee* (1930, pictured) and *A Free*



*Soul* (1931), while Bette Davis headlines *Three on a Match* (1932). Ruth Chatterton is a ruthless CEO in *Female* (1933), and sultry Barbara Stanwyck is the title character in *Night Nurse* (1931). **Best extra:** Documentary feature *Thou Shalt Not*. ★★★ —Matt Steigbigel

**THE DIRECTOR'S SERIES: JEAN-LUC GODARD** This set represents a return to popular form for iconoclast Godard. *Passion* is a movie about moviemaking, and *Prénom: Carmen* (1983, pictured) finds a sexy bank robber falling for a policeman. Also included are *Détective* (1985) and *Hélas Pour Moi* (1993). **Best extra:** Documentary on Godard's 1980s work. ★★★½ —M.S.



**WE OWN THE NIGHT** Crime-melodrama specialist James Gray sets this satisfying if preposterous thriller on the mean streets of New York City in 1988, pitting Russian mobsters against cops. Joaquin Phoenix, black sheep of a Gotham cop clan headed by his dad (Robert Duvall) and brother (Mark Wahlberg), has to choose sides when his real family turns up the heat on his Mob family. (Blu-ray) **Best extra:** A featurette about the film's bracing car-chase scene. ★★★½ —G.F.



SCANNER

**30 DAYS OF NIGHT** Sheriff Josh Hartnett and his posse battle a vampire infestation in Alaska during the dead of winter. The familiar concept is enlivened with subtitles for vampire-speak and a striking exotic setting. (Blu-ray) ★★★½

**CONTROL** The tortured ghost of Joy Division's Ian Curtis haunts the current postpunk revival, and this bleak black-and-white biopic offers unflinching snapshots of his downward spiral fueled by meds and self-destruction. ★★★

**EL CID** If you can swallow Charlton Heston as the 11th century Spanish hero who drove the Moors out of Spain, you should enjoy the DVD debut of this ambitious 1961 Hollywood epic, which also stars the sultry Sophia Loren. ★★★

**COPS 20TH ANNIVERSARY** Two decades of bad boys—drunk rednecks, inept gangstas and fence-wrecking drivers—are collected on two amusing discs. Bonus busts abound. ★★★½

**NEWHART: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON** (1982) Four years after his first hilarious series ended, quiet wit Bob Newhart settled in as a Vermont innkeeper with a new wife and new set of kooks and succeeded yet again. ★★★

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

tease frame



Refined English beauty **Kristin Scott Thomas** is one of the most versatile actresses of any era. The creamy-skinned Oscar nominee gravitates toward choice roles with legendary directors, such as her tragic turn in Anthony Minghella's *The English Patient* (pictured), in which she has an affair with Ralph Fiennes. Look for her next in the historical drama *The Other Boleyn Girl*, playing Lady Elizabeth, the disapproving mother of sisters Anne and Mary, who compete for the affections of Henry VIII.



**göt2b** CREATING GOOD CHEMISTRY  
[PHEROMONE INFUSED HAIR GEL]

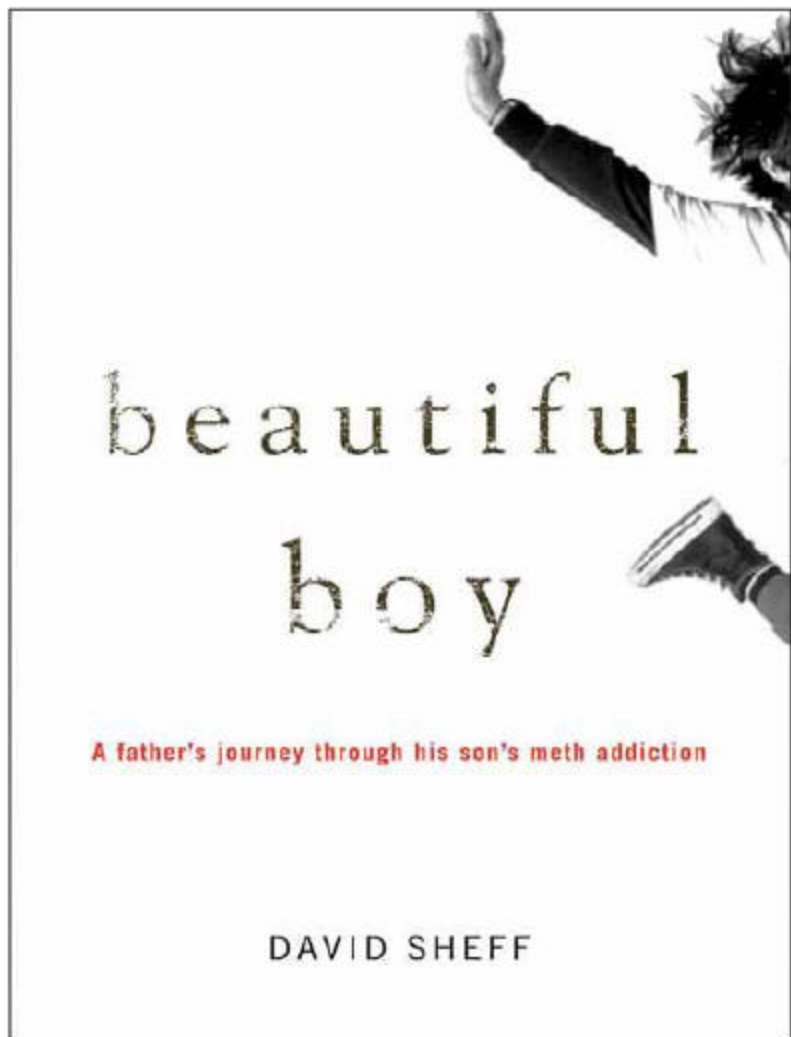


life's upsets

[ BEAUTIFUL BOY ]

Surviving addiction is a family affair

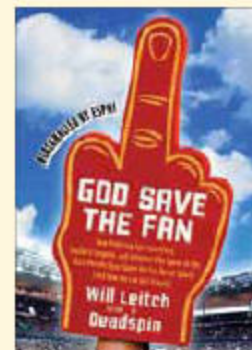
PLAYBOY Contributing Editor David Sheff's searing memoir, **BEAUTIFUL BOY**, charts his son's terrifying, improbable and finally ineluctable slide from varsity athlete and



honor student to unrecognizable meth addict. The drug, writes Sheff, "has a unique, horrific quality" that ravages the teenager's body and mind. Though Sheff is blunt about what he perceives as his own failings as a parent, he learns he can't take responsibility for his son's addiction; he recounts in gutting detail the interventions, relapses, obsessive worry, guilt and shame on both sides, as well as his painful process of letting go. And in a rare instance of literary call-and-response, *Tweak: Growing Up on Methamphetamines* is Nic Sheff's own take on spinning out of control, and it is every bit as riveting. Life as an addict was, he writes, "like being in a car with the gas pedal slammed down to the floor." The endings to both books aren't happy but hopeful—the best possible outcome, it seems. ★★★ —Carmela Ciuraru

[ IS ESPN DEAD? ]

Will Leitch, founding editor of the wildly successful sports blog Deadspin, isn't Frank Deford, Shirley Povich or Murray Chass. He'd be the first to admit it. In his new book, *God Save the Fan*, he details the exact moment he gave up trying to be the next great sports scribe (it has to do with a large uncircumcised penis), explains why Gilbert Arenas matters more than LeBron James (Arenas has been known to shower in full uniform for no apparent reason) and gives 10 examples of how ESPN is ruining sports (congratulations, Stephen A. Smith). Leitch takes some of his most popular Deadspin subjects (like the now legendary "You're With Me, Leather") and expounds on them while keeping an eye on what sports have always been about: fun. If you're looking for a syrupy ode to a scrappy journeyman infielder, this book's not for you. But haven't we had enough of those? ★★★ —Matt DeMazza



up-and-coming

[ TEN TO WATCH IN 2008 ]

**THE HEAVY** \* This multivocalist U.K. quintet's rollicking fusion of heavy blues-rock and Curtis Mayfield-inspired funk will leave you wondering whether to strut or headbang. The riffs on debut LP *Great Vengeance and Furious Fire* hook you immediately.



**CELEBRATION** \* This Baltimore trio can count art-rockers TV on the Radio and Yeah Yeah Yeahs as friends and sonic peers. Multilayered organs anchor the eclectic sound while vocalist Katrina Ford coos and growls, adapting to every mood.



**MAHJONGG** \* This Chicago combo's update of No Wave is nervous and jittery but funky and danceable. Afro-beat polyrhythms mix with stuttering guitar lines and vintage organs. LP highlight "Wipe Out" is Fela Kuti jamming with James Chance.



**CURUMIN** \* This São Paulo singer and multi-instrumentalist combines traditional Brazilian music with modern electronic flourishes to create a sound that simultaneously digs into the past and looks to the future. His *Japan Pop Show* drops in April.

**A PLACE TO BURY STRANGERS** \* These New Yorkers take the best parts of goth, industrial, shoegazing and hard rock and throw out everything that made those genres cheesy (melodrama, grating vocals, monotony and overblown guitars, respectively).



**YOUR VEGAS** \* A lot of stuff gets called anthemic. The soaring ache expressed by this English group (based in NYC) really is. With chiming arena-ready guitars and a rich smattering of keyboards, the lads conjure a next-generation Snow Patrol or Coldplay.



**BLUE SCHOLARS** \* Seattle is slowly becoming a new hip-hop epicenter, and Blue Scholars—MC Geologic and DJ and producer Sabzi—are the de facto leaders of this soulful scene that's more J Dilla and Pete Rock than 50 Cent.



**DUFFY** \* The Brits gave Adele their Critics' Choice award; we're keener on this 22-year-old Welsh songstress. Duffy's sultry hybrid of soul and folk gives sparkling life to her collection of heartbreaking late-night or morning-after tunes.

**DISKJOKKE** \* Oslo's Smalltown Supersound label is fast becoming the new source for forward-thinking dance music still able to get asses on the floor. This 28-year-old classically trained producer updates house and disco with his unique effects.



**BLACK MOUNTAIN** \* This Vancouver five-piece draws heavily on psychedelia and *Exile on Main St.* (or Spoon). The ability to write affecting country rock ("Stay Free") and woozy Zeppelin-like excursions ("Bright Lights") with equal success sets it apart.



**30 DAY\*  
FREE TRIAL**

# Effects of stress reversed by amazing new medical device.



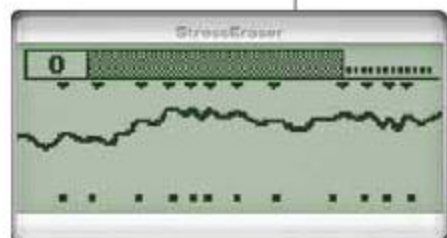
Now you can enjoy the pleasures of stress-free living and feel younger in just 15 minutes a day. It's surprisingly easy with the remarkable new medical device called the StressEraser.

This medical breakthrough actually reverses *ergotropic tuning*; the harmful process that causes your nerves to respond faster and more strongly to stress; making you feel it more easily, more quickly, more intensely.

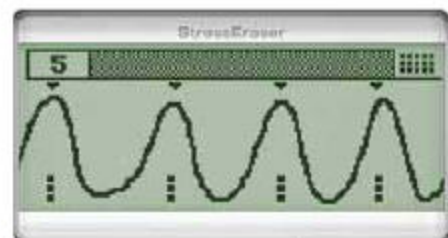
## Medical Discovery Leads to Breakthrough in Reducing Stress.

Medical researchers now know that the harmful effects of *ergotropic tuning* are intricately connected to the biological mechanisms of breathing. More importantly, they learned that you can actually regulate the stress-producing activity of this system by regulating this basic bodily function.

To do this, Helicor, Inc. has developed the amazing StressEraser that measures the effects of breathing and guides the user to control this basic biological activity.



**BEFORE:** StressEraser indicators show the presence of physical and emotional stress and/or strained breathing.



**AFTER 15 MINUTES:** Harmful stress levels significantly reduced after using StressEraser cues to synchronize your breathing.

## Compact and easy to use - takes just 15 minutes a day.

The StressEraser is designed to fit in the palm of your hand and is simple to operate. All it takes is a relaxing 15 minutes right before bed each night to adjust your breathing; then set it aside.



Your system will continue to reverse the effects of the stress you've built up all day - while you sleep!

## Erase stress while you sleep and feel good again in 30 Days.\*

Within two weeks you will begin to feel a difference all day long. And within a month, you will feel like you did when you were young, before the stresses caused by *ergotropic tuning*, became part of your life.

### The StressEraser Guarantee:

Try the StressEraser before bed FREE for 30 nights and Helicor guarantees you will feel good again or simply return it. No questions asked.

**"The StressEraser is a ground-breaking achievement in the area of stress reduction and biofeedback."**

Robert Reiner, Ph.D.  
Exec. Director, Behavioral Associates  
Faculty, Dept. of Psychiatry, NYU Medical Center

**"I tried it... a pretty remarkable tool."**

**MSNBC**

**"Now you don't have to use a \$3000 machine at your doctor's."**

**Forbes**

**"You feel so relaxed yet focused."**

**GOOD MORNING  
AMERICA**

**"9 out of 10"**

**WIRED**

**"...my forehead, neck and shoulders felt more relaxed"**

**The Washington Post**

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[HairClubForMen.com](http://HairClubForMen.com)





## Sushi on Steroids

Nissan's legendary GT-R finally makes its official stateside debut

THANKS TO ITS fantastic power and incredible cornering, the GT-R has been a cult car for decades. Originally built to win the prestigious Japan Touring Car Championship, it has never been available on these shores—unless you were willing to privately import a right-hand-drive model. This June, however, Nissan sends a kiss to American motorists in the form of an all-new wicked-looking GT-R made specifically for the U.S. market. This brutally effective street-legal race car mates an aggressively programmed electronic all-wheel-drive system with a six-speed paddle-shifted transmission that has three shift maps: Comfort, Sport and R (for racing). The computerized gearbox predicts your next upshift based on throttle opening, speed and braking. Power arrives fast from a twin turbocharged 3.8-liter, 480 bhp V6 with a meaty 433 foot-pounds of torque. Translation: It'll do zero to 60 in 3.5 seconds before thundering up to 193 mph if the autobahn is clear. Driving on Nissan's test track in Japan, we were blown away by the GT-R's intense power delivery, amazing grip in both wet and dry conditions, quick brakes and thoroughly nasty attitude. For a genuine supercar, this slippery hardtop is surprisingly forgiving, with tremendous muscle that pulls and pulls right up to its 6,400 rpm redline. Also forgiving is the price, said to be in the low \$70,000 range. For more information visit [nissanusa.com](http://nissanusa.com).

## Large and in Charge

WHILE DIGITAL MUSIC players continue to shrink, it's prudent to pause and remember the benefits that size confers. As big as a standard stereo component, Olive's Opus No. 5 by Karim Rashid (\$4,000, [olive.us](http://olive.us)) has enough room inside to include a giant 750-gigabyte hard drive and a disc reader for ripping CDs. Most digital players use the compressed MP3 format to

save space, but this one can hold 2,200 CDs in uncompressed form, so you hear your music's every nuance.



## About Time

AS ANY GEARHEAD will tell you, the four-valve cylinder-head configuration was a leap forward in car engines, allowing for better aspiration and thus more horsepower. The Quattro Valvole watch (\$5,500, [magsusa.net](http://magsusa.net)) is an ode to this stage in automotive evolution. Encased in lathed aluminum and sporting four independent dials, it's perfect for motoring through multiple time zones in and with something fast and Italian.





### High Dram-a

EVERYONE MAY BE Irish on St. Patrick's Day, but only a few whiskeys similarly qualify. As Celtic booze goes, Jameson and Bushmills still rule these shores, but Powers (\$18) has long been one of the best-selling Irish whiskeys in Ireland. Don't let the price fool you: This deliciously spicy spirit delivers authenticity, taste and value. Those ready to open their wallets wider will revel in Jameson's Rarest Vintage Reserve (\$250). The blend, which has smoky hints of wood and dark chocolate, hits America this month. Finally, in honor of the 400th anniversary of its license to distill, Bushmills is releasing its 1608 bottling (\$100). Made with "crystal malt" and displaying vanilla and toffee overtones, it's the smoothest of the bunch—perfect neat or with a splash of water.



### Beauty and Brains

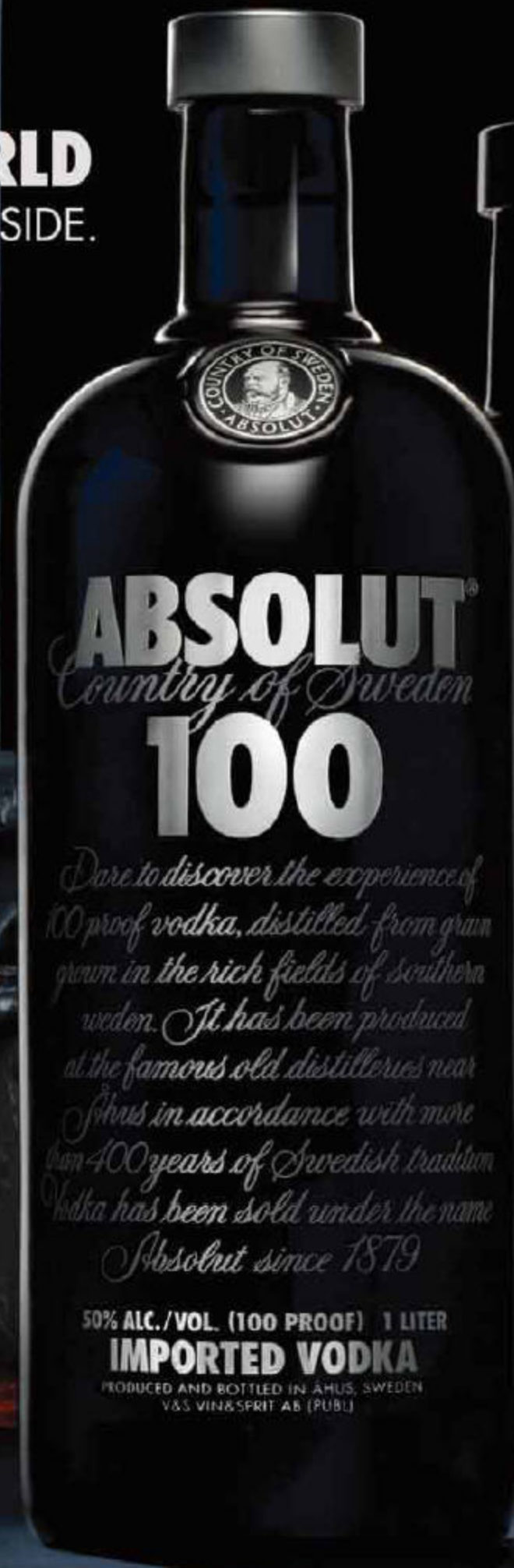
TELEVISION KEEPS GETTING dumber, but our TV sets are getting smarter. The new generation of HP MediaSmart TVs (42-inch, \$1,900; 47-inch, \$2,400; hp.com) will find any digital music, photos and video on your home network and collate it all into a unified listing you can browse with your remote. These flat-screen LCD sets are reasonably priced, support full 1080p HDTV resolution and deliver a crisp, brilliant picture. Plus they include three HDMI inputs so your set-top box, disc player and game console all connect easily. Now if you'll excuse us, *American Gladiators* is on.

### Scoot Over

HOW DO YOU know you're a vintage-scooter fetishist? Maybe you keep a small fleet in your bedroom so you can gaze on them as Christmas-fresh toys, or perhaps just this past Saturday night you completed your 342nd viewing of *Quadrophenia*. We ask, Why stop there? Italian designer Maurizio Lamponi Leopardi creates lamps, like the one seen here, out of a variety of industrial detritus, including original Lambretta and Vespa scooters. Recycled and retro flavored, this one is cobbled from a Vespa Gialla (\$1,500, lamponislamps.com) and would make an illuminating addition to the living room of any aspiring Ace Face.



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EXTRAVAGANCE HAS A DARK SIDE.



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



Now available with **Blue** Display

## Introducing the PASSPORT 9500i

"The Passport 9500i takes the next great leap forward..."  
—*Car and Driver*, 6/07

"You might as well have the best..."  
—*Popular Mechanics*, 4/07

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 states, "Anything that puts money in the treasury, without raising taxes, is on the table."

### 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?

### Constant Surveillance

Each and every day you are under surveillance. Speed cameras, X, K, and Ka-band radar and laser guns are targeting your wallet. Is there anything you can do?

### Take Control

ESCORT, the world leader in radar and laser detection, brings you the most advanced detector ever—introducing the PASSPORT 9500i. This remarkable receiver uses GPS technology to bring you the most accurate warning against every type of speed monitoring device



out there. The PASSPORT 9500i is ready to use right out of the box. Simply plug it in and go. You'll be amazed how quickly it pays for itself on your daily commute, vacation, or any other road trip.

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Take our 30-day test drive. If it's not the best investment you've ever made, simply return it for a complete refund—no questions asked.

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► Department PLAYBY

# The Playboy Advisor

Last week I had an argument with my girlfriend. Yesterday a mutual friend told me she had called him after the fight for advice and asked him out for a drink; today the story I got from my girlfriend is that our friend had called her and asked her out for a drink. I don't want to press the issue because frankly I'm glad she talked to a friend rather than a guy I don't know. But I feel if she can't be straight with me about such a simple matter, how can I trust anything coming out of her mouth?—E.M., Miami, Florida

*It doesn't sound as if you have much faith in her anyway, since you assume she's the liar in this situation. You're overlooking the possibility that they're both lying—one is fibbing, and the other isn't telling the whole truth. We could be wrong, but it sounds as if they've been out drinking before and didn't get their stories straight this time. If that's the case, you wouldn't be the first guy to lose his girlfriend to a buddy who is a good listener.*

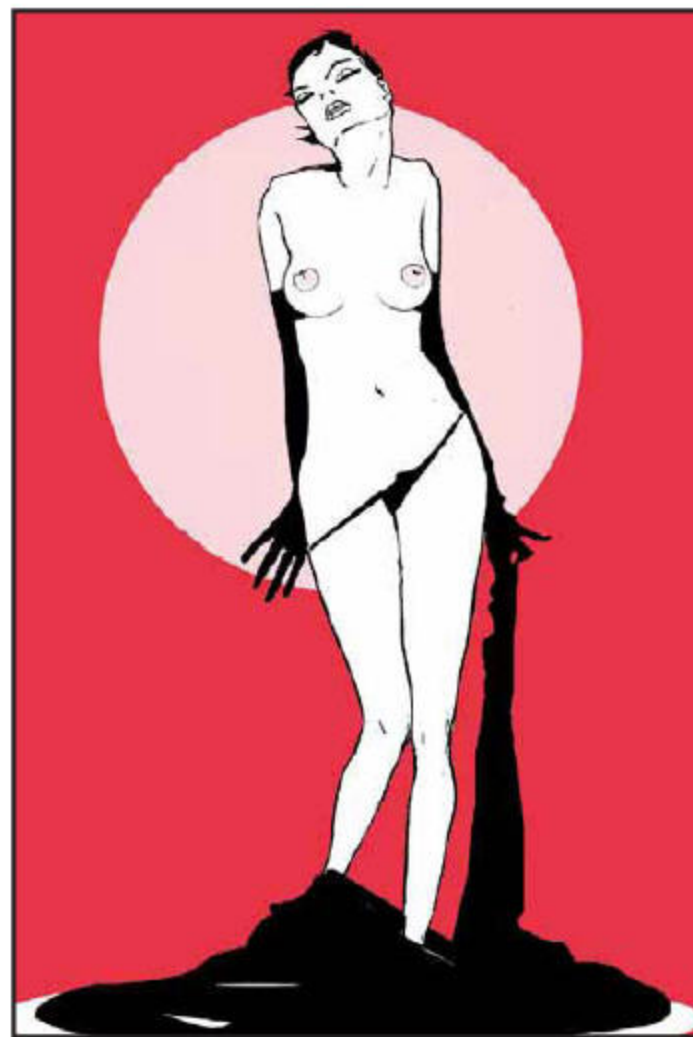
The other day I was having lunch at home with my wife. At the end of the meal she was still working on her potato chips when I enticed her to go upstairs. When she went down on me I could not believe how good her greasy lips and mouth felt on my cock. Has anyone else reported using chips as an oral-sex aid?—M.G., Chicago, Illinois

*You're the first. If you like playing with your food, have you tried "hot and cold"? Your wife gets a travel mug of coffee or hot chocolate and a glass of ice water. She sips the coffee and gives you a few strokes, and then she sips the ice water for a few more. Continue as needed.*

I purchased a jar of shoe polish that contains carnauba wax, lanolin oil and mineral salts. It provides a nice shine, but will the wax damage my shoes?—J.L., Edmonton, Alberta

*Wax can dry out leather over time, but it shines better than a cream and covers scuffs more efficiently. On the other hand (or foot), a cream or paste moisturizes the leather to keep it flexible. You should also consider a silicone spray to protect against moisture and stains; mink oil accomplishes this as well but may darken the leather. We don't use all-in-one products because we find it is more spiritual to shine in a series of steps. Plus, that's how our father taught us to do it.*

My husband has a female friend whom he text messages repeatedly. Our latest phone bill showed 333 messages between them. I feel it is disrespectful for him to continue doing this when he knows it hurts me. He says she is just a friend and sounding board, but I know he is attracted to her. How much is too much? I don't know if text messaging is considered cheating, but I think once you



hurt your marriage you have gone too far.—D.G., Thornton, Colorado

*Your husband needs to phone home. A married man's primary sounding board should be his wife. He's not allowed to pick another person he finds more accommodating. It's okay for him to have female friends, but if he's sending this woman 10 text messages a day asking for advice and counsel, you should be getting 50.*

On average, how long after insertion should intercourse last for the woman to be satisfied?—T.D., Syracuse, New York

*You'll have to find an average woman and ask her. Good luck.*

I've heard you should replace all four of your vehicle's tires at the same time to optimize performance. Any truth to that?—G.M., Providence, Rhode Island

*In an ideal world, you should. But if it's not practical, replacing one or two is okay. Always put the best tires in the rear to prevent oversteer, which can cause the back of your car to swing out; it's also easier to control a vehicle whose front wheel has blown out rather than one in the rear. Measure your treads at least annually. You should not be driving on any tire with treads measuring two thirty-seconds of an inch or less (that's one sixteenth of an inch, of course, but tread-depth gauges use thirty-seconds). That's also the point at which the wear bars start to show. Anything less than four thirty-seconds of an inch puts you at increased risk of hydroplaning in rain and losing traction in snow. A gauge costs only a few bucks, but in a pinch you can use a new penny or quarter. If all of Lincoln's head shows when you place the penny headfirst into the tread, you have less than two thirty-seconds of an inch of wear. If all of Washington's head shows, you have less*

*than four thirty-seconds of an inch. David Solomon of MotorWatch.com notes that if you have all-wheel drive, your tires' circumferences should be within a quarter inch of one another. He recommends playing it safe and replacing any tire once it has lost more than 50 percent of its original tread depth.*

My ex-girlfriend could make me come three times in an hour, and I once had seven orgasms in a single night. In the past month I have had sex with two women. With one I had only a single orgasm, and with the other I had two. Is it normal for a 40-year-old to have seven orgasms in one night, and why can I have only one or two with other women?—B.R., Chicago, Illinois

*We imagine you'd been drinking before you slept with your two pickups, who don't know nearly as much about your hot spots as your ex does. But forget about counting orgasms. Did you have fun? More important, did they?*

I moved across the country last year with my girlfriend with the intention of marrying her. There was no ring or engagement, just a promise. After living together for a few months I've realized that I do not want to marry her. What do I owe her when we break up? Should I pay her moving expenses to return home? (I pay the rent and expenses now.) The nice guy in me says I should help her get home, plus she'll be gone sooner that way. Is there any legal commitment on my part?—T.H., Washington, D.C.

*It's hard to say, because a person can sue for just about anything. Conceivably, your girlfriend could argue you caused her financial harm by dragging her away from a good job. But these days most lawsuits over broken engagements are initiated by the man for the return of the ring or other expensive gifts. Up until the early part of the past century a jilted woman could sue an ex-fiancé for "breach of promise" and recover damages for emotional wounds and the lost opportunity to marry someone else. According to a review by Georgetown University law professor Rebecca Tushnet, these "heartbalm" lawsuits began to be outlawed in the 1930s, with legislators arguing they allowed women to blackmail worthy men (such as themselves, perhaps). As one reformer put it, "There is no cash value on misconduct, and I submit to you that love and respect and affection are not transferable, negotiable commodities." You are welcome to use that when you testify. Your girlfriend should have been aware of the risks, but helping her out may be prudent.*

During an e-mail exchange with a female friend, I lamented I hadn't been laid in a while. She replied that maybe she could "fix that problem." I told her I didn't want to be set up with anyone,

but she responded, “No, I mean I could use some relief too.” I wouldn’t mind having her as a casual-sex partner but don’t want to screw up our friendship. Wasn’t there a *Seinfeld* episode in which Jerry and Elaine established rules for their fuck-buddy relationship? What rules would you suggest?—H.M., Salt Lake City, Utah

*Jerry and Elaine had three rules: (1) No calls the day after. (2) Spending the night is optional. (3) No departing kiss. But they don’t work for the simple reason that when you make rules, you create a relationship.*

**Y**ears ago PLAYBOY published a cookbook, *Playboy’s Gourmet*, which included a recipe for steak butter. Can you dig it up for me?—J.S., Columbus, Ohio

*You bring the steaks, we’ll bring the steak butter. Smack three medium-size shallots with the flat side of a knife blade to loosen the skins. Remove the skins and chop the shallots as fine as possible, then place them in a small saucepan with two tablespoons of butter. Simmer until the shallots are tender but not brown. Add half a cup of dry red wine and continue cooking until the wine is reduced to a quarter cup. Stand the shallots and wine in the refrigerator until cold, then combine the mixture with a quarter cup of softened butter. Mix well, then spoon or brush over the steaks before serving.*

**W**hat’s the best way for a guy to impress a date?—J.K., Tucson, Arizona

*If you accept the theory that women instinctively judge men on their ability to provide for offspring, you’ll be interested to hear about a study from University College London. Two mathematicians calculated that a man’s best bet is to provide valuable gifts that cannot be cashed in. In other words, if you give a woman an expensive gift as a symbol of your devotion, she may suspect you’re trying to buy your way into her pants, or she may string you along for more goodies. However, if you provide your dates with what the researchers describe as “costly but worthless” gifts—i.e., wining and dining them—you deter gold diggers. A woman can take a diamond and run, but a night on the town is a wasted evening unless she’s interested in you. This is just another example of the many ways scientists are working to help you get laid. See *The Sexual Male, Part Four: The Look of Love*, on page 98, for more.*

**I** was reading a book for my Western civilization class when I came across this passage: “The appearance of PLAYBOY added a new dimension to the sexual revolution for adult males. PLAYBOY’s message was clear: Men were encouraged to seek sexual gratification outside marriage.” I just watched a biography about Hugh Hefner and PLAYBOY and find this hard to believe.—A.E., Brick, New Jersey

*It has never been our position that men should seek sex outside marriage unless they have approval from their wife, which occurs only occasionally, in alternative dimensions. Besides being dishonest, adultery gives a potentially vindictive third party great power*

*over your family life and finances. However, if you read the sentence to mean we encourage men to seek gratification without falling into marriage, there’s truth in that. Marriage is certainly a good environment in which to raise children, however.*

**W**hen buying a dress shirt, how do you know which type of collar or cuffs to get?—D.W., Iowa City, Iowa

*The shape of your face and length of your neck determine the type of collar that looks best on you. “Most men are wearing dress shirts with collars too small for their face that sit too low on their necks,” notes custom clothier Alan Flusser in his book *Dressing the Man*. If you have a long, lean face, you’ll want a shorter collar spread. If you have a rounder face, you’ll want longer points. Long-necked men require taller collars, while others need lower-sitting collars with a more forward slope. Pinned or button-down long-pointed collars balance faces with angular features. Getting a good fit is equally important. “Most men wear theirs too tight in the neck, too short in the sleeve and too full around the wrist,” Flusser writes. “Successive washings shrink the collar size and sleeve length, while most manufacturers allow enough cuff width for a large Rolex-size watch to drive through.” You should be able to comfortably slip two fingers between the neck and collar, and you shouldn’t be able to slide your hand out of your buttoned cuff.*

**M**y husband told me his “ultimate fantasy,” and I just don’t get it. He says he wants to watch me mud wrestle a close female friend of ours, with the winner “getting him first” in the ring. This is gross on several levels. First, I don’t understand the enjoyment of getting muddy, and second, is he telling me he wants to have an affair without getting into trouble? I have told him no and that I’m angry at him for even telling me this. He says I am the only woman he knows who is afraid to get “down and dirty.” Is that true, or is he trying to force me into this?—J.T., Oswego, Illinois

*We don’t know about gross, but his fantasy is unusual. We imagine he shared it knowing it was highly unlikely to come true. The logistics alone are daunting, but that’s okay—it’s arousing just to talk about the possibility. Unfortunately, you don’t want to play. Even worse, you’ve gone schoolmarm on him because he refuses to have boring fantasies like all the other husbands. No one is asking you to analyze his harmless perversities, and it’s not an affair unless he goes behind your back. For his part, your husband is playing dirty by claiming you’re the only holdout in a world of female mudslingers. But don’t worry—it will be a long time before he shares any more of his intimate thoughts.*

**A**s you noted in the December issue, far too many people overdo it with nutritional supplements. If the minimum dose is good, they reason, twice the dose must be very good. But some

vitamins and minerals may be useful in preventing cancer. I volunteered for a long-term study of the effectiveness of selenium and vitamin E in preventing prostate cancer. Four groups of participants are given daily either 400 IUs of vitamin E or 200 micrograms of selenium, both or placebos. In the meantime, sadly, many of my friends over 50 have never had a prostate-specific-antigen test, let alone a digital rectal exam, to detect signs of prostate cancer.—M.B., Plainfield, Illinois

*The study you are referring to, the Selenium and Vitamin E Cancer Prevention Trial, involves 35,534 men who are being tracked for at least seven years (results are not expected until 2013). Although it may be tempting to self-medicate, it’s prudent to stick with a daily multivitamin until scientists know more about optimal dosages and side effects. At the very least, consult your doctor. Men over 50 should have a digital rectal exam (DRE) and prostate-specific-antigen (PSA) test annually. Men at higher risk, including black men and those with a family history of the disease, should start at the age of 45.*

**A** reader asked in December about avoiding blood diamonds. You might also have suggested a secondhand ring. The original buyer’s hands may have blood on them, but you are not perpetuating the trend. My husband purchased a stunning and unique estate piece for me that routinely draws compliments. The centerpiece of its seven gems is much larger and of higher quality than he could have afforded if it were newly mined.—L.B., Somerville, Massachusetts

*A number of readers also recommended Canadian diamonds such as those from Polar Bear Diamond ([polarbeardiamond.com](http://polarbeardiamond.com)) because the government tracks each stone from harvest through final cutting.*

**A** guy at a bar who claimed to be an ob-gyn told me the outline of the bartender’s crotch in short shorts revealed how much sex she was having. He said a U-shape means the labia have been pressed down more often than V-shaped labia. True?—R.K., Palm Harbor, Florida

*The only way to know how much sex a woman is having is to ask her. There are no secret messages in her camel toe.*

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



# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## IS JOHN DOE DEAD?

WITH THE LOSS OF OUR ANONYMITY COMES  
THE LOSS OF OUR FREEDOM

BY DANIEL J. SOLOVE

**D**o Americans still have the right to privacy? Some people don't think so. "In our interconnected and wireless world," says Donald Kerr, director of the National Reconnaissance Office, "anonymity is quickly becoming a thing of the past." Kerr, one of the nation's highest-ranking security officials, made this comment in a speech at an intelligence conference in San Antonio this past October. "Protecting anonymity isn't a fight that can be won," he said. "Anyone who's typed in their name on Google understands that. Younger generations have a very different idea of what is essential privacy, what they would wish to protect about their lives and affairs."

We have long cherished the ability to go about our life without anyone monitoring our activities. But Kerr wants us to be realistic: Technology is eroding privacy, and we should accept that we now live in a fishbowl. There are more than 30 million surveillance cameras in the U.S. Businesses collect torrents of personal information about what we buy, where we travel, what movies and TV shows we watch and which books we read. The government sweeps up this data, feeds it into gigantic databases and analyzes it for patterns of behavior it deems suspicious.

Members of the generation growing up today expose intimate details about every facet of their life on blogs and social-networking websites. They don't seem to expect privacy anymore. They expect to be watched, recorded, tracked and profiled. They expect details of their life to be posted online for the world to see. "You already have zero privacy," Scott McNealy, chairman of Sun Microsystems, once declared. "Get over it."

But this is wrong. If you accept these defeatist views, you play into the hands of those who aim to encroach upon our privacy. The government and businesses want us to give up the fight. This is precisely why we have to strive harder to protect our privacy. We should do so not because people expect to have privacy but because they



may not. As technology makes it easier to capture and spread information, people will, of course, expect less privacy. The important question is not whether we expect privacy but whether we desire it. We protect it because it is something we want, not because it is something we already expect.

Kerr recommends we protect privacy with oversight committees and privacy boards, but we already have many of both within government agencies that purportedly safeguard our privacy and civil liberties. These committees and boards have little power. Many don't even report to the public, so they rarely bring greater openness to government. They act as little more than advisors.

Can we protect our privacy today in a meaningful way? Yes, but first we must stop blaming technology. Technology alone

doesn't destroy privacy; those who use technology do. Those who collect and use our personal information don't want to be regulated. They don't want to be limited, and they sure don't want to be held accountable. Arguments that we have to sacrifice privacy in the name of security or economic efficiency are often attempts to be allowed to gather and use our personal information with even less oversight and accountability.

We can regulate how our information is collected, used and disclosed. Despite the rapidly growing number of surveillance cameras, we have hardly any rules about how they may be used, how long the information should be stored and with whom the video footage can be shared. The laws intended to control the government's increasing access to our personal information held by businesses are weak and riddled with gaps and loopholes.

When it comes to companies collecting and using our information, the law is also ineffective. In only a few contexts does the law provide protection. Federal law prohibits video stores from disclosing your rental information, but bookstores, websites and countless other businesses are not

# PROFILING FOR PROFIT

IT'S NO SURPRISE FACEBOOK IS  
SELLING YOUR SECRETS

limited at all. They can do virtually anything they want with your information.

One problem holding back the law today is that it labors under impoverished understandings of privacy. Many view the concept in a binary way: Information is either private or public. Under this standard, if something occurs in public or is no longer hidden, it cannot be private. But this understanding of privacy is wrong. One of the most important dimensions of our privacy is anonymity, which Kerr claims is a thing of the past. We often take our anonymity for granted in daily life. The people we encounter in many public places will often not know us, not care about what we're doing or remember who we are.

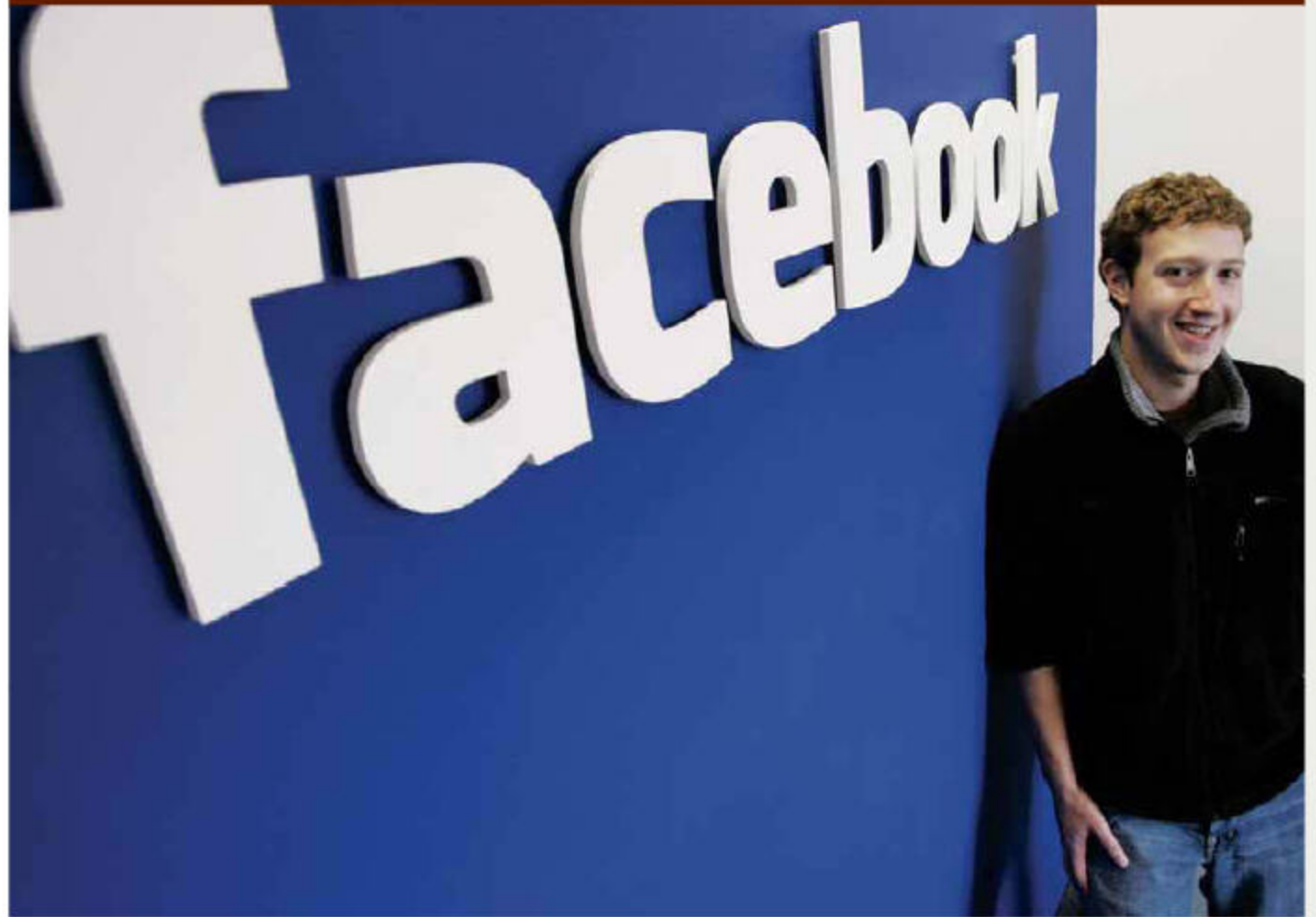
But if our photograph can be taken at any time, if we're tracked and monitored by the surveillance cameras watching over us, if computers constantly collect and analyze our personal data, then our anonymity disappears. And with it goes a large dimension of our freedom. We won't be able to act without fearing how our information may be judged by a government bureaucrat or how new pieces of data may affect our profiles in large databases.

Gone too will be the ability to have a second chance and a fresh start. America has always been a place of new opportunities, where people can escape the errors of their past and start anew. But if all our mistakes and minor transgressions are preserved forever online or in dossiers maintained by companies and the government, we will remain chained to our past. We will become less free.

The current state of affairs is avoidable. Government and businesses can use our information with little oversight or limitation not because of technology but because the law doesn't regulate them sufficiently. We can restrict the information businesses and the government gather about us. We can limit how they use it, and we can require them to delete it after a period of time. When facing growing threats to our privacy, we should not react by throwing up our hands and saying we must get used to living in a fishbowl. Instead, we should vigorously work to achieve the privacy we want.

The loss of privacy is not inevitable. We have a choice. We can protect our privacy, or we can give it up. If we lose it, we should blame ourselves. We will have lost our privacy because we made no effort to protect it.

*Daniel J. Solove is associate professor at the George Washington University Law School and author of *The Future of Reputation: Gossip, Rumor and Privacy on the Internet*.*



By Andrew Hultkrans

**T**his past November Facebook founder Mark Zuckerberg (pictured above) regaled an audience of New York City advertising execs with bold visions of a marketing revolution. He called it Social Ads, and its battle standard was displayed on a screen behind him: TARGET EXACTLY THE AUDIENCE YOU WANT.

Barely out of the Clearasil demographic at the age of 23, Zuckerberg made the type of paradigm-smashing claims familiar to anyone who has attended a Silicon Valley launch. Before Facebook Social Ads, he implied, marketers were hapless Cro-Magnons, blindly rooting around in darkened caves for a stray piece of flint. Now they would be advanced anthropologists, surfing Facebook's "social graph," as he put it, receiving "trusted referrals" from Facebook users and gaining "valuable metrics"—"the exact mind share" their brand is getting, no less—in the form of "data on activity, fan demographics, ad performance and trends."

"This is some really powerful stuff," Zuckerberg said, "and nothing

like this has ever been seen before."

What a difference a month makes on the Internet. By December Zuckerberg and Facebook were reeling after a barrage of editorials, blog rants, a 70,000-strong MoveOn.org petition and the cybersleuthing of Stefan Berteau, a Computer Associates antispyware researcher—all objecting to the deceptive privacy violations of Beacon, a crucial subset of the Social Ads platform.

**IT'S A PARAECONOMY THAT GENERATES MONEY BY GATHERING PERSONAL INFORMATION.**

Beacon was designed to track and report to Facebook the activities of its members on 44 third-party partner websites, including those of Sony, Blockbuster, eBay and *The New York Times*. If users did not notice or properly click a briefly flashed opt-out window on the third-party site or on Facebook, their activities—from making a purchase to writing a review—were automatically broadcast to their entire Facebook friends network through the already controversial News Feed feature, which had previously transmitted only internal Facebook information. The ostensible "trusted referral"

of products between users that Zuckerberg touted in November actually led to the outing of surprise holiday gifts to their intended recipients, one annoyance that sparked the anti-Beacon insurgency.

On November 29, just days after Facebook sought to quell the rebellion by making it easier for users to block third-party-site activities from being trumpeted on their News Feeds, Berteau, whose coding expertise allowed him to get under Beacon's hood, posted his exposé on the Computer Associates Security Advisor blog. Among his findings: All activity data on Beacon partner sites were secretly sent back to Facebook. It didn't matter if the user had blocked the News Feed broadcast option, was logged in to Facebook or had logged off. It didn't even matter if the user had never heard of, seen or used Facebook. In all cases but those of logged-in Facebook members (whose activities were linked to their Facebook ID), the user's IP address was attached to the activity log and sent to Facebook's servers. Valuable metrics, indeed. So valuable—and potentially explosive—that Facebook's vice president of marketing and operations, Chamath Palihapitiya, was caught denying they existed in a *New York Times* interview posted on the paper's website the same day: "Q: If I buy tickets on Fandango and decline to publish the purchase to my friends on Facebook, does Facebook still receive the information about my purchase? A: Absolutely not. One of the things we are still trying to do is dispel a lot of misinformation that is being propagated unnecessarily."

In these dark days of Dana Perino, such lies are to be expected. What is surprising is the wounded response of many loyal Facebook members who—having spent months posting their most personal thoughts, pictures and details on their profile—naively believed Facebook was private and the Mark Zuckerbergs of this world have altruistic motives when creating social-networking sites.

One of the sadder quotes appeared in a December 6 *New York Times* piece by Louise Story: "I feel like my trust

in Facebook has been violated. Facebook created this space that was a private space, where we share our experiences, and to share this data behind our backs is upsetting." That was from Christopher Lynn, a 30-year-old Facebook user who, as a social-media blogger, should know better. This statement (and many similar ones throughout the blogosphere) gives the lie to the widespread notion that Generation Y doesn't care about privacy and hence neither should

to seduce them into revealing more about themselves in the service of microtargeted advertising of the sort Beacon promised its partners.

While navigating the new cyber-utopia of user-generated content, Me Media and Web 2.0, it's useful to look over one's shoulder. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to figure out this stuff or determine where it's going. The web is many wonderful things, but more than anything it is a demographer's paradise, an advertiser's matrix.

The resurgence of the Internet economy, so deflated after the late-1990s bubble burst, has been due primarily to the huge growth potential of behaviorally targeted advertising. It's a paragon economy that generates money out of nothing, really, just the gathering of personal information for marketing purposes and the increasingly accurate verification of page views and click-throughs. Facebook, for all its seductive utility, has this, and only this, as its business model.

If you don't believe me, ask the experts: "The future of online advertising will be about enabling an extreme targeting that incorporates identity, topics and stated interests from consumers to serve ads," writes Rohit Bhargava, vice president of interactive marketing at Ogilvy Public Relations Worldwide. "Brands will no longer buy millions of impressions; they will buy 100 messages targeted to exactly the right people. Customers, in turn, will stop seeing these ads as a nuisance and appreciate the value they offer because they are tailored correctly and are relevant. Of course, this vision of online advertising and social networks happily coexisting will take time. The good news is there are signs all around us that we are well on our way."

Yes, it will take time. Zuckerberg went first and led with his chin. On December 5, because of the outcry over Beacon, Facebook apologized and said it would allow users to opt out of elements of Beacon or turn it off entirely. This is mildly encouraging. But similar programs will be back, most likely from sites you trust and find indispensable. In the meantime, watch what you share online. You're giving away more than you know.

Reactions to Facebook's change of heart on Beacon were muted. The Center for Digital Democracy said, "Mr. Zuckerberg isn't truly candid with Facebook users. Beacon is just one aspect of a massive data-collection and targeting system put in place by Facebook."



oldsters. The Beacon debacle points out the more disturbing truth that many users may not understand privacy until it's too late.

Kids who have grown up with the web, establishing and maintaining identities on virtual (usually commercial) communities, grasp privacy violations only in their most extreme, subjectively offensive forms. They never think to question the underlying architecture of a system designed

# READER RESPONSE

## FIRING RAGE

After reading Ishmael Reed's article "Assisted Homicide in Oakland" (December), I thought I was going to throw up. I am sick and tired of people who think whites are always holding down blacks in this country. For this writer to imply nothing was done to stop the murder of Chauncey Wendell Bailey Jr. because he was black or people were indifferent to his death



A police raid in the Bailey murder case.

is repugnant. I watched a *60 Minutes* segment about blacks in many major cities who turn their back on the police trying to solve crimes in the country's most dangerous neighborhoods. Citizens who could easily help solve (and prevent) crimes tell police officers (black and white) who go into these areas that they saw nothing and that even if they had, they wouldn't talk to police. Statistics, the most easily manipulated data one can find, are used to explain how the police are supposedly indifferent because homicide rates are going up. How are the police supposed to solve crimes when witnesses say they can't help and wouldn't if they could? The fact that hoodlums know they won't be fingered by the people in the communities they terrorize may have more to do with rising crime rates than fewer police patrols. Then Reed gives examples of how guns help protect members of the same community. How hypocritical. I love that *PLAYBOY* provides a forum in which to discuss social issues, but this is ridiculous.

Max Boettger  
Indian River, Michigan

I can't believe you would publish such stupid articles relating to gun control and blacks. People like Reed and Joe Bageant ("The White to Bear

Arms," December)—who have to keep bringing this stuff up—create racism. But since you raised the issue, here are the facts: Justice Department figures show that between 1985 and 1995, as the number of white men sentenced to more than a year in jail rose by 103 percent, the number of black male convicts grew by 143 percent. According to the FBI, there were 806,316 homicides in the U.S. between 1965 and 2004, and 588,611 of them were committed by blacks. Blacks are the reason four cities in the U.S. are world murder capitals. Just look at the demographics of whites versus blacks in New Orleans, Detroit, Washington, D.C. and Gary, Indiana. You want to give blacks more gun rights?

Tony McMichael  
Pinckney, Michigan

The idea of whites wanting to disarm African Americans is total nonsense. In most concealed-carry-friendly states, concealed-carry licenses are granted on a "shall issue" basis: Regardless of an applicant's race, unless the government can find a reason not to issue a license, it has no choice but to do so. Louisiana is one of these states. The black-majority city government of New Orleans passed an ordinance that nullified the state concealed-carry law within Orleans Parish. In response, the majority-white Louisiana state government in 1985 passed a preemption law that prevented localities from passing most aspects of firearm regulations, including concealed-carry laws.

Wayne Talley  
Houston, Texas

## TOP GUNS

The author of December's "Bombers Away" must be the same person who assisted the French in constructing the Maginot Line. Don't get me wrong: Bombers are a requirement in today's military. They are not, however, the first choice when it comes to close air support. True, they can carry many more 2,000-pound JDAMs than an F/A-18 or F-16 can. But a variety of weapons is required in combat. Among the most utilized today are strafing (yes, strafing) weapons and smaller munitions such as laser-guided Mavericks. Interestingly, the author argues we buy fighter planes because they're cool. Tools are bought for their ability to meet the requirements. For a fighter pilot, nothing is cool about

unmanned aerial vehicles, but they are coming. Instead of preparing for the last war or learning false lessons from any current war, the American people expect us to prepare for the next war, one that will likely require close air support in urban environments.

Jose Fierro  
Phoenix, Arizona

The information in "Bombers Away" is wrong. The idea of sending bombers into a combat area without fighter escorts is enough to make my blood cold. The first thing the fighters and Tomahawk missiles did in the Gulf War and previous battles was to remove anti-aircraft systems that could target bombers. In Iraq before the invasion, Saddam Hussein had around 850 ground-to-air launchers. (Iran already has Russian SA-12A anti-aircraft missiles, which can reach an altitude of 82,000 feet, far higher than any of our bombers in service.) B-52s could operate in Iraq only because F-15Es, F-16s, F/A-18s, F-14Ds and EA-6B Prowlers had already reduced the enemy's anti-aircraft ability in areas where bombers subsequently flew. Fighters also made sure no enemy aircraft came near our bombers. Long before the bombers arrived, Allied fighters had destroyed enemy fighter



Are fighters less cost-effective than bombers?

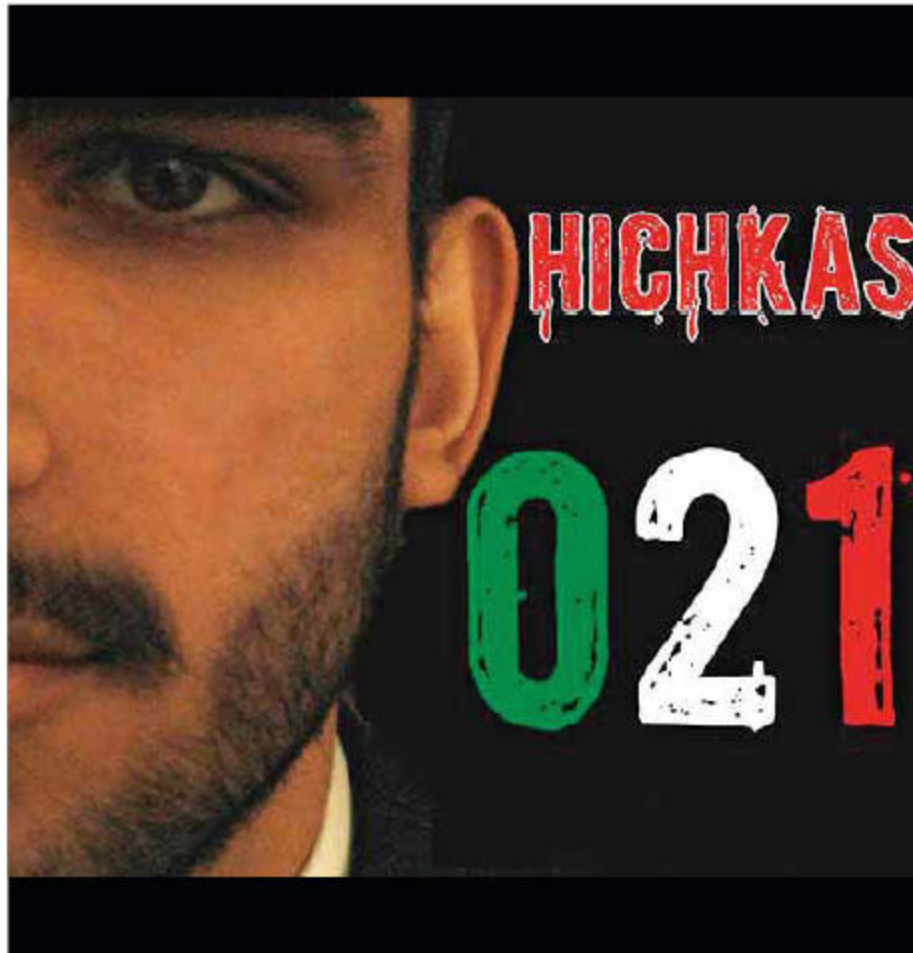
planes on the ground or in the air and had also destroyed the runways the enemy fighters would have needed to take off. Afghanistan did not have major anti-aircraft ability, so it is not a good example. Most other nations hostile to the U.S. are in much better condition to kill a large number of unescorted bombers in a hurry.

Robert Clouse  
Cincinnati, Ohio

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



## NEWSFRONT



## Public Enemy

TEHRAN—The Iranian Ministry for Culture and Islamic Guidance announced it would crack down on increasingly popular Farsi hip-hop. The ministry will close underground studios and “confront” rappers. Inspired by the American Farsi hip-hop scene, based in Los Angeles, local producers and MCs in Iran have started to create their own music, mimicking the accent of American Farsi speakers and dealing with social, sexual and political topics. To perform openly or sell albums in legitimate music shops, Iranian musicians need a government license. But bootlegged CDs and Internet distribution of songs have allowed a hip-hop scene to flourish beyond the reach of officialdom. Now the government wishes to “find a solution” to Internet distribution.

## Big Brother

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A bill approved by the House Education and Labor Committee—H.R. 4137, the College Opportunity and Affordability Act—contains a disturbing clause that would give entertainment corporations police powers on American college campuses. That clause, section 494: Campus-Based Digital Theft Prevention, would force universities to offer alternatives to illegal downloading (that is, to pay for students to use services such as Rhapsody or eMusic) and mandate filters on university computer systems to seek out such activity. Failure to comply would cost a school all its federal funding. A letter criticizing the bill, signed by officials from Yale, Penn State and the University of Maryland system, points out another egregious element of this legislation: Compliance would be monitored by the entertainment industry, which would submit lists of schools in violation of the law to the secretary of education, who would in effect become an enforcer under the command of the media corporations.

## Confederacy of Dunces

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Dana Perino, the White House press secretary charged with keeping the rogue-state tag on Iran in the wake of intelligence reports stating the country abandoned its nuclear program in 2003, admitted on a radio program that she did not know what the Cuban Missile Crisis was. “I was panicked a bit because I really don’t know about the Cuban Missile Crisis,” Perino said of the time during a White House briefing when she was asked a question that

referred to the confrontation. “It had to do with Cuba and missiles, I’m pretty sure.”

## Revolving-Door Policy

WASHINGTON, D.C.—A study by the Center for Public Integrity has found that more than half the top 100 White House officials from Bill Clinton’s administration subsequently went on to “represent, work for or advise” businesses operating in the fields they had regulated while in government. “These officials take measures that will benefit companies and interests while in power, and then they take positions with them,” says Northwestern University professor and corruption expert Nikos Passas. “I call that deferred bribery.” Among the former Clinton aides’ clients were defense companies, foreign governments, big oil, auto manufacturers, pharmaceutical giants and Wal-Mart.



Many of these former White House officials would be expected to reenter government, or at least serve as advisors, in a Hillary Clinton administration. Clinton supporter (and former Bill Clinton White House official) Chris Lehane has been fighting the screenwriters union on behalf of Hollywood studios, while Clinton’s communications guru Howard Wolfson had Rupert Murdoch as a client. None of which suggests a second Clinton administration would be inclined to seek change in key areas dominated by special-interest money.

## MARGINALIA

## FROM BLACK AGENDA Report,

an online journal:

“Barack Obama’s candidacy for president reveals critical fissures in the historical African American worldview, forcing black citizens and activists to make a choice: Will we support a cosmetic change in regime that is no more than skin-deep—endorsing the ruling structure because it has a black face—or continue on the long journey to self-determination, true social democracy and peace. Obama, the political twin of Hillary Clinton and the corporate Democratic Leadership Council her husband helped found, is determined to liquidate black politics as an independent force in the United States, having already proclaimed, ‘There is no black America.’”



## FROM BLOG COMMENTS

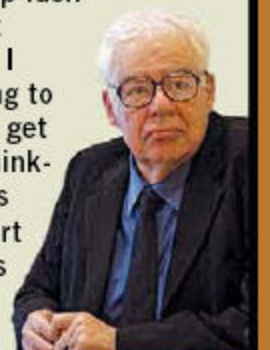
concerning a British man who was convicted of disturbing the peace and added to a sex offenders registry when a janitor unlocked the man’s hotel room door and found him engaged in a sex act with his bicycle: “I am more disturbed by the sheriff’s ruling than the act of having sex with a bike.”



FROM A STATEMENT released by a consortium of British nonprofits and the teachers union, insisting U.K. students receive sex education and citing the correlation between increased sex education and lower teen birth rates over the past two decades: “We believe that all children and young people are entitled to receive sex and relationships education as part of the statutory provision of personal, social, health and economic education in schools. No school should be able to opt out of delivering good sex and relationships education to its pupils (including primary schools, faith schools and academies), which should be taught throughout a pupil’s time in education.”

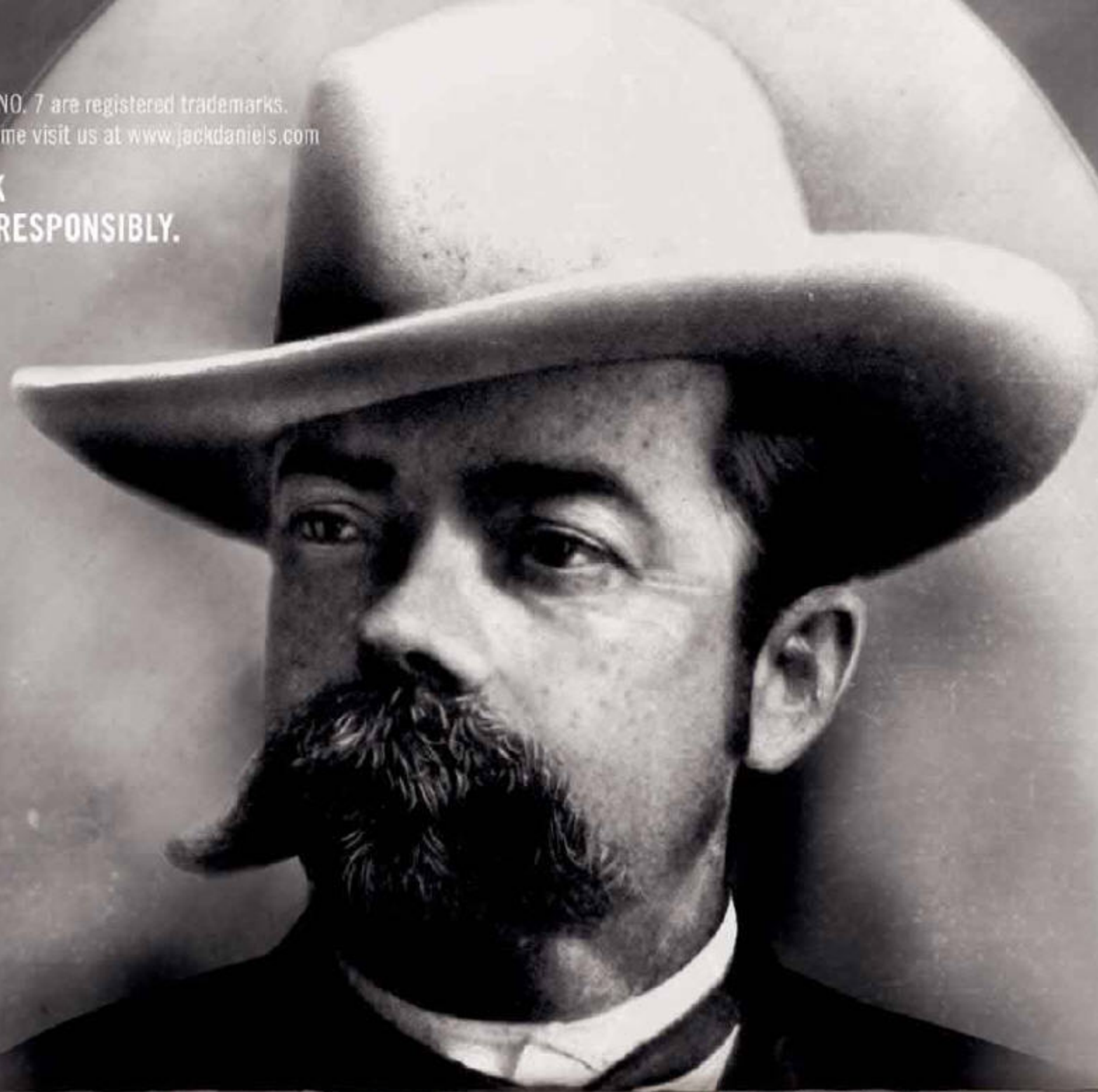
## FROM THE PAMPHLET

*Against Bosses, Against Oligarchies*, a series of interviews with Richard Rorty, published by Prickly Paradigm Press: “My feeling is that there’s been a tacit collaboration between right and left in changing the subject from money to culture. If I were the Republican oligarchy, I would want a left that spent all its time thinking about matters of group identity rather than about wages and hours.... I think nothing is going to happen until you can get the masses to stop thinking of the bureaucrats as the enemy and start thinking of the bosses as the enemy.”



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**FRIENDS OF JACK  
SIP AND SERVE, RESPONSIBLY.**



**MR. JACK NEVER  
FOLLOWED THE CROWD.**

**BUT THEY WERE ALWAYS WELCOME TO STOP BY.**



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: GARRY KASPAROV

*A candid conversation with the Russian chess genius turned dissident about his crusade against Vladimir Putin and his fight to save his homeland*

Last November Garry Kasparov, arguably the greatest chess master in history, was playing a very different game—one with far higher stakes. He was leading several thousand people in a march through Moscow streets in protest of Russian president Vladimir Putin's regime. Before the march ended, Kasparov was arrested and detained; he was quickly tried, convicted and sentenced to five days in jail.

A founder of the opposition *Other Russia Party*, Kasparov has become one of the world's most vocal critics of Putin. "He is destroying our country," Kasparov has said. "Russia under Putin has become a lawless nation. Putin has betrayed our people. He has robbed our treasury. He mocks the constitution. He uses violence to stop those who oppose him. He has blood on his hands."

Putin, a former KGB agent, succeeded Boris Yeltsin as president in 1999. In the ensuing eight years Putin has enacted sweeping reforms that have consolidated power in his hands. "It's like Stalin," alleges Kasparov, "but under the banner of democracy." While Yeltsin was president, governors were elected throughout Russia, but now the Kremlin appoints them. The Putin administration controls almost all media, including all television stations. Evidence has been mounting that elections, including last December's parliamentary elections, which Putin's party

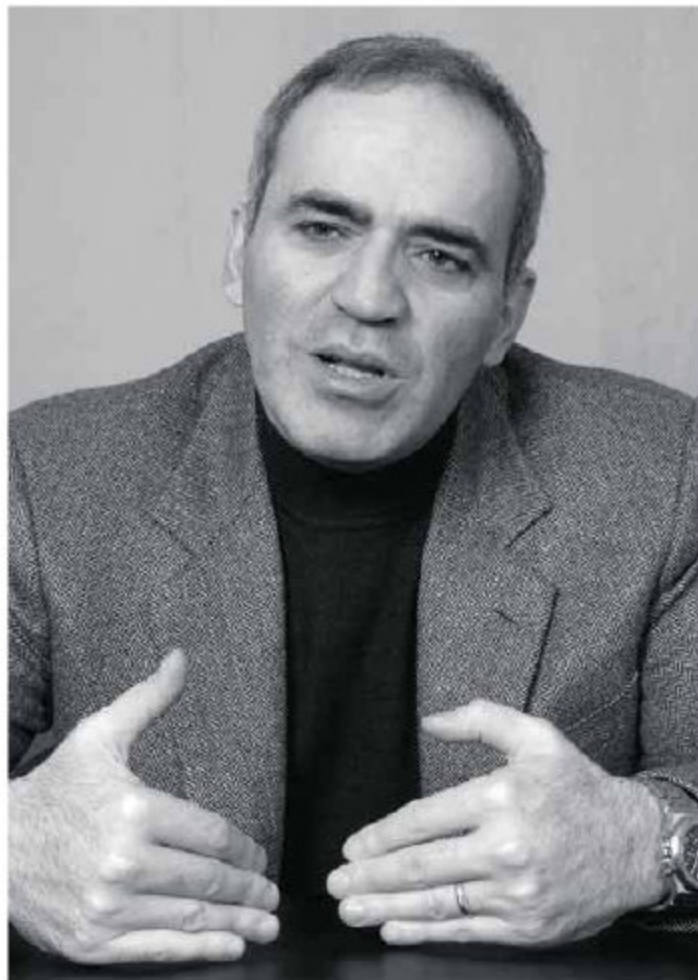
handily won, are fixed. In addition, there have been numerous cases of human-rights violations and repression that recall the Soviet era, including the arrest of some of Putin's highest-profile critics. One was the country's richest man, Mikhail Khodorkovsky, an oil tycoon who funded opposition parties and spoke out against Putin. Russian authorities arrested Khodorkovsky and convicted him of tax evasion and fraud; he's currently serving a nine-year sentence in a Siberian prison. The blood Kasparov refers to is that of a number of murdered opposition politicians and journalists. The two most famous cases are the suspicious deaths of Anna Politkovskaya, a Putin critic and respected reporter on the Chechen war who was gunned down in October 2006, and Alexander Litvinenko, the Russian KGB agent turned anti-Putin dissident who was poisoned with radioactive polonium-210.

Putin's term expires in May 2008. Term limits prevent him from running for reelection in the upcoming March vote. For months there was speculation Putin would amend the constitution so he could remain in power, but at press time it instead looked as if he had handpicked a successor, one of his closest confidantes, Dmitry Medvedev, who announced his first action as president of Russia would be to appoint Putin prime minister. Some analysts have conjectured Medvedev could resign before his presidential

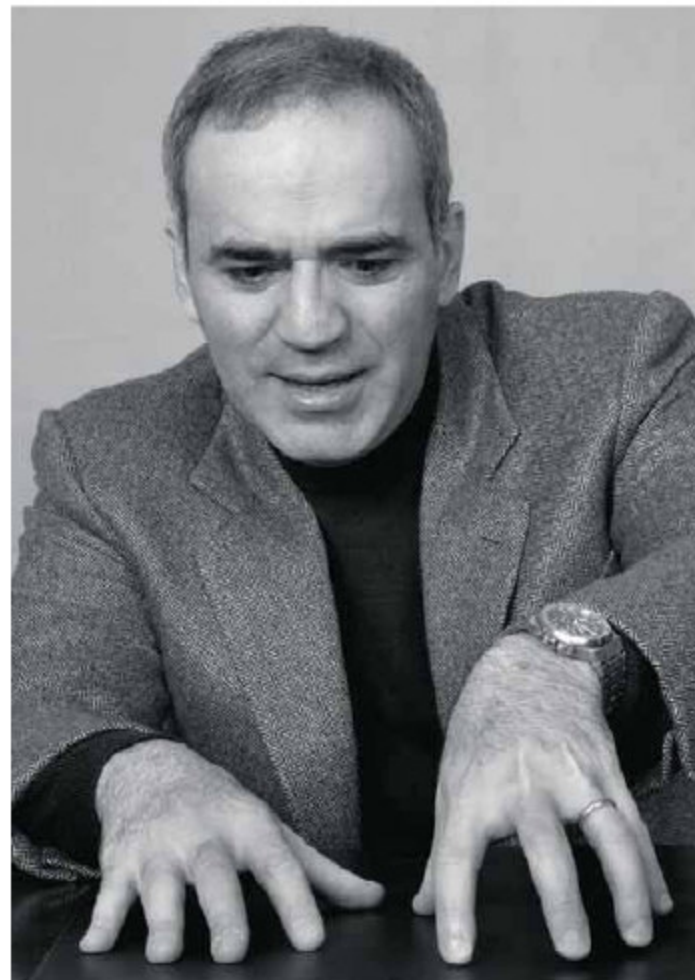
term ends, clearing the way for Putin's return to the presidency, a move allowable under the Russian constitution.

Last year Kasparov announced he would seek the presidency, though he admitted it was a largely symbolic move since he isn't permitted on the ballot. "No one can run whom the Kremlin doesn't want to run," Kasparov says. "There's a system in place that prohibits an independent candidate from appearing on the ballot." Indeed, at press time Kasparov's candidacy seemed to have been stopped in its tracks: His party was unable to rent a hall in Moscow for a nominating convention, a requirement under Russian law. Kasparov charged the Kremlin had pressed landlords to refuse to rent to his organization. But the derailment didn't stop him from speaking out, writing editorials—often for *The Wall Street Journal*, for which he is a contributing editor—and leading demonstrations.

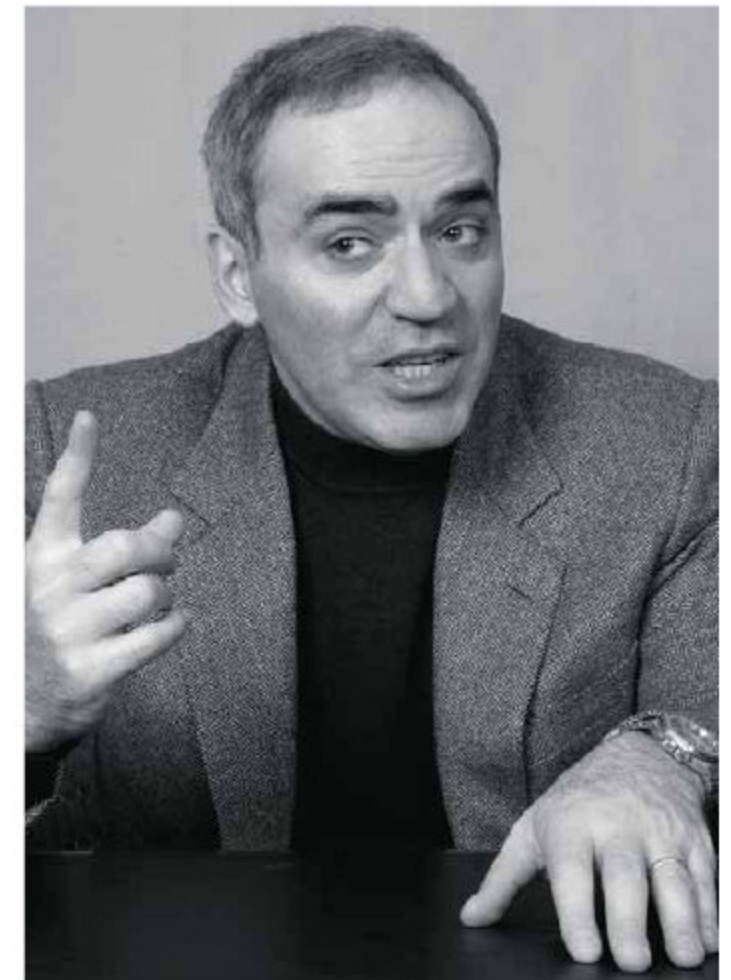
In December the news of Kasparov's arrest quickly spread around the globe. Kasparov had recently met with the editorial board of *The New York Times*, which wrote, "Mr. Kasparov's warning—that Russia's grip on democracy is tenuous—was confirmed over the weekend by the arrest." In Paris French foreign minister Bernard Kouchner said, "I am surprised by this violence. To my knowledge the world chess champion was not a threat to Russia's security."



"Putin is putting the nails in the coffin of democracy. Now we are left with the corrupt Putin regime with its elements of a feudal system, Latin American dictatorship, oligarchs, a Mussolini corporate state and a Mafia."



"Putin and his friends are becoming reckless. They will not continue to get away with it. They must not. If we don't stop them, we can have a funeral for Russian democracy. They are killing it, and everybody is watching it happen."



"Bush talks about promoting democracy in Iraq, but in Russia we see he doesn't really care about democracy. He undermines it, betrays it. So it's easy for the people in Russia to be cynical. But this is beginning to change."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK EDWARD HARRIS

*Kasparov is an unlikely dissident. In 1985 he was a national hero at the age of 22, when he became the youngest world chess champion in history. He held the title for an unprecedented 15 years, beating all comers, though he split two of the most watched chess matches ever—versus Deep Blue, an IBM supercomputer.*

*After retiring from professional chess, in 2005, Kasparov became a business consultant and motivational speaker, addressing corporate and business audiences about strategy and leadership philosophies summed up in his latest book, *How Life Imitates Chess: Making the Right Moves—From the Board to the Boardroom*. He also began his political career, motivated, he says, by the “frustration and anger one feels while helplessly watching the dismantling of democracy.”*

*Kasparov, from Baku, Azerbaijan, was born in 1963 to a Jewish father and an Armenian mother. He began playing chess at the age of six. His talent was such that his parents enrolled him in a chess academy. It paid off: At 18 Kasparov became the Soviet champion. In 1985 he took the world title from Anatoly Karpov and held on to it until 2000. He remained the world’s highest-rated player for five more years, but by 2004 Kasparov had begun his speaking and then his political careers.*

*With his third wife, Dasha Tarasova, a business-school graduate from St. Petersburg, Kasparov has a 15-month-old daughter. He also has two children from his previous marriages, and homes in New York, Paris, Moscow and Leningrad.*

PLAYBOY Contributing Editor **David Sheff** met Kasparov in Antwerp, Belgium a few days before protests scheduled in Moscow and St. Petersburg. “Kasparov is larger than life, a dynamic presence,” Sheff reports. “He moves constantly and carries with him a sense of urgency about the crisis in his homeland. During frequent breaks in the interview, he fielded phone calls and answered e-mails, most related to the upcoming protests. It’s clear that in Vladimir Putin, Kasparov has an opponent more formidable than any of the world’s best chess players.

*“The interview completed, Kasparov returned to Moscow. Before leaving, he said, ‘I must be there on the front lines with the people. Russians must see there are some of us who will stand up to Putin. We cannot sit back idly and watch our nation stolen from us.’ Two days later he was arrested. We talked again the day after his release.”*

**PLAYBOY:** Did you expect to be arrested?

**KASPAROV:** Let’s say it was not a complete surprise when 3,500 people met in Russia to express their disdain for a president who is destroying our nation. Thirty-five hundred people on the streets of Moscow are more than 100,000 in Europe or

New York protesting the war in Iraq. In the West if the weather is good, you have a nice walk. But 3,500 people in Moscow, defending their constitutional rights, saying Putin must go? They are facing real risk. They are arrested and beaten. Don’t underestimate the courage of the people who join us to protest.

**PLAYBOY:** Exactly what occurred?

**KASPAROV:** About half of us went on to march to the Central Committee. On our way we were met by police. We were attacked and told to move back. We moved back, and still they came. They arrested me and others.

**PLAYBOY:** What were the charges?

**KASPAROV:** I was charged with organizing an illegal rally and disobeying police

five days. I could see no one, neither my lawyer nor my family. Only when I went to court for the hearing did I see my mother and friends who had come. Still, I was treated well because the guards were all supportive. They helped me. I sensed they helped because they were supportive of our work and they knew me from chess. I had been the intellectual pride of the country, and they knew I was in jail for one reason: because I want justice for all of Russia. They knew I had committed no crime.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you consider a five-day jail term a light or severe sentence?

**KASPAROV:** It is a severe sentence for someone who committed no crime. But I was lucky, I suppose, because I could have received up to 50 days. Next time it will be worse. The only thing I worried about afterward was that I didn’t want to cause trouble for those guards who were nice to me.

**PLAYBOY:** Will you be reluctant to protest again after this experience? At what point will you cease to speak out, at least from within Russia?

**KASPAROV:** At what point? When democracy is returned.

**PLAYBOY:** Your protest was timed to coincide with Russia’s parliamentary elections, which Putin’s party won by a landslide.

**KASPAROV:** Calling it an election is misleading the public. It’s a mistake to call it an election—this one or the presidential election coming up in March. It is the Kremlin’s plot to get the Russian people to give a stamp of approval on what they do. In some areas 97 percent or 99 percent of voters supported United Russia, Putin’s party. We know it is absurd. They said it was 99 percent in Chechnya and Dagestan, where there was little monitoring. Ninety-nine percent of Chechen votes went to United Russia? Come on. Putin is the architect of the second Chechen war, which destroyed Grozny,

the Chechen capital. Ninety-nine percent voter support for Putin? We have gathered evidence of the many ways they rigged the election. They used administrative resources to bring enormous pressure on the public to vote the way they wanted. Two million people were forced to vote at their workplace, for example. They voted under the supervision of their bosses. Most polling stations had no booths with curtains, and 100,000 stations were under the control of the KGB—a KGB guy was standing there while you voted. Throughout Russia many voting places had what they called young carousels—young people organized by the regime who came in and voted many times. Other Russia documented it. Some



Someone has to take a stand. I have to do it. It’s like a forced move in chess.

orders. I and other defendants were denied access to our lawyers. The court didn’t want to hear any evidence from the defense. They wouldn’t consider pictures, videos or testimony. They didn’t want to find out the truth. Only police officers testified against me. It was a joke. I was convicted right away, and there was a hearing two days later. At this time the judge refused to grant any defense complaints. They would hear nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** How were you treated in jail?

**KASPAROV:** It was obvious they didn’t want to inflict real physical damage. Most of the guards were relatively polite. Still, the prison cell was about three feet by two feet, possibly seven feet high. I was cut off from the outside world for

of our activists—very brave young men—signed up to be part of the Kremlin's operation and gathered evidence.

**PLAYBOY:** What can you do with it?

**KASPAROV:** Just document it for the world, because there's nothing we can do. The Russian legal system is immune to all these accusations. But what is important is that we will present substantial proof to the world. Europe immediately criticized the election, saying it was not free and fair. Putin and his friends are becoming reckless. They are becoming blatant, so they will not continue to get away with it. They must not. If we don't stop them, we can have a funeral for Russian democracy. They have been killing it for seven years, slowly poisoning it. They are killing it, and everybody is watching it happen.

**PLAYBOY:** After this election and your arrest, what do you anticipate for the upcoming presidential election now that Putin has named a probable successor?

**KASPAROV:** We'll have to wait and see. All I know is Putin's regime is shaky now. No one can predict what will happen, not even Putin. The election itself will be meaningless, of course. It will be another landslide for Putin's people. But I don't think they can survive for long. There are groups within the Kremlin fighting for power. They will destroy one another. And then there will be a new era.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet your charges fly in the face of every opinion poll of your countrymen. The results show an unprecedented majority of Russians strongly approve of Putin.

**KASPAROV:** You trust polls in Russia?

**PLAYBOY:** Don't you?

**KASPAROV:** Please.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have evidence of rigged opinion polls?

**KASPAROV:** Would pollsters make numbers up to please the administration? Would they be told to do so? Look, what happens if you are called on the telephone in a place where people understand the KGB state still exists? "Hello, I am conducting a poll. What do you think of the president?" Is it safe to speak your mind? In Russia we live in a culture of fear and suspicion, so I don't think it is possible to get a true poll result. What I know is, if you go to the Russian people, you hear dissatisfaction and anger. I have traveled from Vladivostok to Kaliningrad and from Murmansk to Sevastopol and have spoken to a lot of Russian people. They feel they're being cheated. They see the corruption. The fake poll numbers are used to cover up a constitutional coup d'état.

**PLAYBOY:** But do you acknowledge things are much improved in Russia? Certainly you agree people are doing better than under the Soviet regime.

**KASPAROV:** That's what George Bush says too. That's what Condoleezza Rice says. If you compare things to Stalin times, things are better now. Better than Stalin—is that how we are to judge? It's better than 1975. It's better than 1937. So what? Yes, it's better, but we are in 2007. Look

closely and you'll see the truth. Yes, it is better—for Putin and his friends. Putin represents the ruling elite that had nothing before Yeltsin. His group was among the losers in the Soviet Union. Putin had a very low position in East Germany. He basically had to spy on officers. Even there he failed and was sent back to St. Petersburg. If not for the collapse of the Soviet Union, who would have known the name *Putin*? He was a low clerk. But because it may be better now than when we lived under Stalin, are we supposed to be silent and grateful? We were moving toward a democracy, and now that has been stopped. Meanwhile, things are not getting better; they are getting worse for people—the day-to-day things. Food prices went up 20 percent, 30 percent and then 40 percent, and they are still climbing. Some predict food prices will go up another 50 percent in a country where people spend not 10 percent to 15 percent of their budget on food, as people do in America or Europe, but 80 percent. The government can't control the system because it's completely corrupt. Even if Putin wanted to distribute the riches he's

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*What I know is, if you go to the Russian people, you hear dissatisfaction and anger. They feel they're being cheated. They see the corruption.*

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stealing, the money wouldn't make it to the people. The pyramid works only from the bottom to the top: It's like a vacuum cleaner that sucks up money. If you send money from the top to the bottom, it disappears. The bureaucrats believe they have to benefit. It's a system that's not functioning even with money pouring into the country because oil is at \$90 to \$100 a barrel. Yeltsin was able to blame the low price of oil for the collapse of the economy—oil was \$10 a barrel in 1998. Now the economy isn't functioning and oil is \$90 a barrel. We have reached the level where any public debate may topple the government in two weeks.

**PLAYBOY:** How much blame should Yeltsin bear?

**KASPAROV:** Oil prices have gone up 10 times since Yeltsin. So did the number of billionaires under Putin. You want to talk about oligarchs? You want to talk about corruption? But it can't be compared to Yeltsin's time. People talk about the oligarchs and billionaires Mikhail Khodorkovsky and Boris Berezovsky.

**PLAYBOY:** Khodorkovsky is the oligarch serving a nine-year prison sentence for

fraud. His supporters claim the charges were trumped up because he criticized Putin. Berezovsky, another oligarch, also reportedly gained Putin's disfavor for opposing him. He escaped Russia and received political asylum in London.

**KASPAROV:** Yes, but compared with what's being stolen every day in Russia, they are just small-time thieves. The money was peanuts. When people understand the scale of the larceny compared with the hardship they face, they will no longer tolerate this government.

**PLAYBOY:** If polls and elections are rigged, what can they do?

**KASPAROV:** That is the essential question. There is no information because of the government's control of the press. Dissent is shut down. As you see, people are arrested for protesting. From the late 1980s and from 1990 to 1991, people had huge expectations. But what did people expect? It wasn't just freedom; Russian people had no idea about freedom. What they knew was that somewhere else—namely, the West—people had a much better life. People expected prosperity of unheard-of standards. Why? Because the West had democracy and we had a bad political system. At the end of the 1980s everybody knew Communism wasn't working—at least there was a consensus in the country that it wasn't working. But people had no idea about the significance of the change. They saw only that we had to remove the system and make a democracy and then everything would be fine. But everything was not fine. The magnitude of the change, the consequences and the suffering were not contemplated. Change came, but change looked ugly. After the euphoria there has been hardship, inflation and corruption. There were rich people in the old Soviet Union, but you couldn't see them. Now suddenly you have capitalism in its worst form. The Russian people see the few who have billions, who have stolen their money. For most Russians, this is democracy. They saw we moved from one system to another system that didn't bring them benefits. Some things may be slightly improved, but the overall majority of people in Russia still feel cheated.

People knew democracy worked in the West, but it didn't work here. Why? At first they didn't blame Putin and the government. They thought, Maybe it's a conspiracy; maybe America did something to us because they were afraid of us. People look for elementary explanations. For a while the Russian people were fooled into believing it was a conspiracy from the outside, but they are now beginning to understand the truth. It began with Yeltsin and now it is Putin. Democracy has been painted as an enemy. Who is to blame? Putin. But he encourages us to blame America and democracy itself. It's why we have a big fight on our hands to educate our people.

**PLAYBOY:** Do Russians actually blame

America, not Putin, for the nation's problems? Or is this government propaganda as well?

**KASPAROV:** Both. America and the West pay the price for democracy's failure to provide better living standards for the majority of Russians, because democracy is their product. It works in America and the West, so Russians think it must be a conspiracy. They look at the oligarchs in Russia and blame American spies. People are not keen to look at themselves as the source of trouble. But they are beginning to see. They see through the lies and corruption. We must change their frustration into action.

**PLAYBOY:** Is there any hope for free and fair elections?

**KASPAROV:** Yes. From 1999 onward the quality of every election has gotten worse and worse. The opposition—from the left and the right—can never really challenge the regime through elections. If under Yeltsin a byzantine system coexisted with elements of democracy, Putin is putting the nails in the coffin of democracy. Now we are left with the corrupt Putin regime with its elements of a feudal system, Latin American dictatorship, oligarchs, a Mussolini corporate state and a Mafia. Where is the democracy? Gone. But the system will fail. It will collapse, or the Russian people will get to the point where they will no longer tolerate it. I wouldn't give this regime more than two years, maximum.

**PLAYBOY:** What will happen within the next two years?

**KASPAROV:** People will continue to be dissatisfied. They will not accept this corrupt regime. I cannot tell you exactly what the change will look like, but there will be a change.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you envision violent change, or might there be a peaceful revolution like the ones in Ukraine, Georgia and Kyrgyzstan?

**KASPAROV:** The Other Russia organization is an alternative to revolution, but we don't know the future. There may be a collapse of the country because the current stability is an illusion. Beneath, there's a volcano ready to erupt. Eighty-five percent of the country is not doing well. Even most of the other 15 percent are feeling the ground is shaky. The banking system will collapse. The prosperity is an illusion. When the financial crisis hits here—and it is coming when all major financial institutions write off their subprime credit papers—there will be a big money hole and money now in Russia's banks will be recalled. Tens of billions of dollars will leave the country. So I am certain that in 2008 Russia will face a social and economic crisis. The infrastructure is collapsing, including the infrastructure of the oil export business. Money isn't being invested, because everyone with access to money is hoarding it, depositing it in foreign banks. Meanwhile, the Kremlin gets more desperate and reckless. We have seen it has no allergy to blood.

**PLAYBOY:** Whose blood? Do you directly blame Putin's administration for the deaths of journalists like Anna Politkovskaya, as well as those of opposition leaders who have been killed?

**KASPAROV:** Those, and we have a lot of questions about other murders. The explosions in the apartment blocks in 1999, for example.

**PLAYBOY:** Putin blamed Chechen rebels for the bombings, which killed 300 people. But former security agent Alexander Litvinenko blamed the FSB, the successor to the KGB. There is speculation that Litvinenko was murdered in London with a dose of polonium-210 because of this accusation.

**KASPAROV:** There is evidence it was the FSB. They kill people; they don't care. And Politkovskaya. It's not a pretty picture.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you maintain Putin directly gave the orders for those murders?

**KASPAROV:** I don't think it works this way. I think it's Putin's irritation: "Why are these people making a fuss, causing us trouble?"

**PLAYBOY:** Are you saying his irritation is enough to cause a murder?

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*The control of the media is tremendous. There are very few free media outlets available. We have one free radio station. There's no television that isn't 100 percent controlled.*

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**KASPAROV:** That's the way the Mafia works. Someone takes care of a nuisance. The boss never has to say the words, right? They do whatever they want in Russia, and sometimes they do whatever they want outside of Russia.

**PLAYBOY:** Who specifically commits murder? Does the Kremlin order the FSB to do it? Is it other former KGB agents working for individuals?

**KASPAROV:** It's not the Kremlin but a very small group, Putin's inner circle, that conducts it. It's a Mafia-style dictatorship. When we think of dictatorship, most people think about Stalin and Hitler. But it's the 21st century, and you can have a different kind of dictator. You don't need mass repression. You can do handpicked repressions through assassination and arrest. You remove Politkovskaya, Litvinenko, this guy and that guy. You suppress here and there. You do what it takes to make sure you keep the balance.

**PLAYBOY:** Don't the perpetrators fear repercussions for such outrageous behavior?

**KASPAROV:** What repercussions? Actually Putin and his cronies don't understand why Litvinenko or these others

are so important. If a foreign journalist or world leader criticizes them, they think, How can we let one person's life stand in the way of our relations? That's their mentality. If sometimes it doesn't work, they think it's a conspiracy. Putin thinks, What are they trying to gain by pointing to Politkovskaya? For them it's a strategic move, like in chess.

**PLAYBOY:** In your opinion does Putin actually believe it's a conspiracy, or does he use that to explain away criticism?

**KASPAROV:** He believes it's a conspiracy. If somebody doesn't want to play the game—if they don't want to take the money—it's a conspiracy, what else? If CNN runs a bad story about Putin, they firmly believe it's because Condoleezza Rice called CNN. It's the way their minds work. Their idea is that money talks. Their idea is that democracy and human rights are all tricks of America and Europe to promote their own geopolitical interests. Unfortunately, Bush has helped them.

**PLAYBOY:** How has Bush helped them?

**KASPAROV:** His arrogant actions in the past few years convinced them that's the case. The war on terror, the war in Iraq, the Halliburton story, torture—they all prove these values are a cover-up. They prove to Putin and his people that the West doesn't really care about them, either. It's a big joke. Bush talks about promoting democracy in Iraq, but in Russia we see he doesn't really care about democracy. He undermines it, betrays it. So it's easy for the people in Russia to be cynical. "Yes, we're as democratic as you are"—Russians say it with a wink. But as I say, this is beginning to change. The Russian people are beginning to see through Putin's lies. He says there is great prosperity in Russia, that our country is doing so well, that the state treasury is flowing with money. People think, Then why is my life getting worse? That's what they feel. It is sinking in. They see the bureaucrats getting rich. They start to understand maybe it's not because of an American plot but because Putin is eliminating democratic freedoms. Maybe there's a connection. It's a very slow process of education. The moment the people make the full connection will be the end of Putin's regime.

**PLAYBOY:** Are the media controlled to the point that the average person doesn't know the elections and polls are rigged? Do Russian citizens know about the murders?

**KASPAROV:** The control of the media is tremendous. There are very few free media outlets available. We have one free radio station. A few newspapers may carry stories about Other Russia and other opposition to Putin. There's no television that isn't 100 percent controlled by the state.

**PLAYBOY:** In China the Internet is a source of news that's largely beyond the state's control. How about in Russia?

**KASPAROV:** Information on the Internet is pretty free.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you use the technology to challenge Putin's regime, to organize and publish accurate news?

**KASPAROV:** We have a very active web community, but the problem is, out of the 18 million people who have the Internet, only 10 percent use it for politics. The rest use it for shopping and entertainment. The Internet is reliable, but as a political tool it is still relatively small. The only meaningful medium in Russia is television, and it is completely controlled. Basically, it's a brain-washing machine. But we try to use the Internet. Now we're working on a website that will show how activists in Other Russia are losing their jobs, being sacked from universities every day. Relatives are threatened and some are arrested. We're not just

using words, saying, "The Putin regime is oppressive." There is a Russian and English website, [theotherrussia.org](http://theotherrussia.org), where we will show the faces. For instance, we will show the face of a 20-year-old girl in Orenburg who is in jail for allegedly having two grams of heroin. She organized one of the rallies there.

And we will show the saddest example for us: A member of Other Russia named Yury Chervochkin, a brave activist who died in the neurosurgery wing of the Burdenko research institute in December. He was 22 years old. The UBOP [Department of Fighting Organized Crime, another Kremlin police organization] Special Forces were implicated in his death. In November he was violently beaten

in a suburb of Serpukhov. He was found unconscious. Contradicting witnesses, UBOP officers have claimed Chervochkin was found in a different place. But an hour before he was attacked he called in to the editorial offices of the Sobrok@ru news agency and told them he was being watched by four UBOP agents whom he recognized from previous encounters when he had been detained.

That's what's happened with these people, yet they're still fighting. It's important for us to present to all of Russia and the West that this isn't about Garry Kasparov or a few people in Moscow. It's a vast country with a movement that is spreading. The regime is quite

aggressive, arrogant and cruel. It's not mass oppression—not Stalin, not gulags—but tough. Have you ever faced a police line ready to attack you? We have no other choice. I'll be in the front row. If we're arrested we reveal the true colors of the regime.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the government immune to criticism from the West?

**KASPAROV:** They balance very carefully what they can get away with. They attack the West and blame it for our problems; they blame democracy and a Western conspiracy against the Russian people and criticize the hypocrisy of Bush and the rest, but at the same time Putin can't afford to break relations with the West. Where are the billions of dollars Putin and the

of democratic institutions, including fair elections, in Russia?

**KASPAROV:** I'm not a big fan of President Bush, as you can guess, but it's not only him. Look at Gerhard Schroeder, Jacques Chirac, Silvio Berlusconi—unlike Bush and Tony Blair, they were Putin's business partners. They all supported him. But Bush and the others turn a blind eye, and meanwhile this strongman has thrived.

**PLAYBOY:** How has Bush turned a blind eye?

**KASPAROV:** He says nothing about most of the assaults on democracy in Russia. He says nothing to Putin and continues to do business with him. Putin is allowed to come to the G8. It should be renamed the G7+1. Again and again no one says anything against Putin.

**PLAYBOY:** In fact, criticism from the West is increasing. The last election was denounced.

**KASPAROV:** Putin is immune unless he hears a firm reaction from the top man. He doesn't care about clerks, even Condoleezza Rice. Only a message from the top counts. Everything else is a game. When Putin made some of the statements that implied he could stay in office for a third term, he didn't hear anything from Bush. There was no reaction. President Bush, you stuck up for him; you looked into his eyes. Why are you silent now? Instead, what does Putin hear? Condoleezza Rice says, "We'd rather have him inside than outside the tent."

**PLAYBOY:** She's not the only one. Bush

and many politicians and political strategists say engagement will ultimately lead to openness and transparency, the rule of law, freedom of the press and the other characteristics of a functioning democracy.

**KASPAROV:** This philosophy has never worked before. Churchill said, "No matter how beautiful the strategy, occasionally you must check the results." For seven years, with engagement by the West and with the influx of capitalism, Putin destroyed all democratic institutions in Russia. So we all remember that Bush said he looked into Putin's eyes. Putin looked into Bush's eyes as well. He saw he could push Bush's limits. Every time he pushes he tests the waters. He pushes and Bush does nothing.

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others have stolen from the Russian people? The entire fortune of the Russian elite is not in Russia. It's not in China, not in Iran, not in Libya. It's in London, Riga, Prague, Brussels and America.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know how much money Putin has?

**KASPAROV:** How much has he stolen from the Russian people? Is he in the same category as Bill Gates? We'll see. He's the king of the billionaires, so he must be the richest one.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you view President Bush's response to the charge that Putin's people, if not Putin himself, are responsible for assassinations and arrests? How has Bush responded to the dismantling

Putin is a psychologist. He knows how to manipulate. He is on all sides—the West and Iran and Hezbollah.

**PLAYBOY:** In fact, Bush and Rice have expressed hope that Russia can help stabilize the growing problem with Iran and other Middle Eastern nations.

**KASPAROV:** Putin exploits tension in the Middle East and creates more.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would he create more?

**KASPAROV:** Putin needs high oil prices. If oil goes down, his regime collapses. It's why he sells weapons to Syria and Hezbollah and Hamas. This past year Putin seemed to increase his ties to enemies of the U.S. and the West. He has been supplying Hamas in Palestine and selling military equipment to Sudan, Myanmar and Venezuela, and missile technology to North Korea. Why?

**PLAYBOY:** Indeed, why?

**KASPAROV:** It's two ways of making profit. One is cash. These industries are all controlled by his guys, so there's lots of cash. But he also backs these regimes to create tension in these oil-rich regions. The more tension, the higher the oil prices. He needs tension because it muddies the waters, and he thrives in muddy waters. If you look at the places of instability around the world, you'll always find Putin's traces. Hamas, Hezbollah, Iran, Hugo Chávez—they keep the Middle East boiling. It's a very rational policy if you need high oil prices. Putin is a KGB guy. He looks at your eyes and he smells whether he can move further or if he should go back. Now he thinks, We have so much money, we can dictate our terms. For his attacks on the values of the West and on democracy, he has been rewarded with polite comments and now the Sochi Olympics. It's the triumph of Russian corruption over international institutions. See, Putin, as a psychologist, is much smarter than Bush. Putin realized all these big guys were not as strong, not as smart—he could easily outplay them. Basically he does what he wants, manipulates them and does more of what he wants. He keeps oil prices high, keeps tension in the Middle East, becomes a necessary ally but on his terms.

**PLAYBOY:** Has anyone in the West stood up to Putin?

**KASPAROV:** Putin's biggest disappointments were in October of last year, a day or two after Politkovskaya was murdered. He was in Germany and offered a big deal to German chancellor Angela Merkel: Russia has gas, and Germany would be the distributor. Responding to the murder, Merkel said no. Putin was devastated. Next there was a meeting in Finland, and the European countries turned down a similar proposal. He was stunned because he believes everything and everyone has a price. The EU's Organization for Security and Cooperation refused to come to Russia to monitor this past December's parliamentary elections because Putin was not cooperating with visas and they would have been restricted. This shocked Putin. These are very good

signs. Finally some of the Western leadership is showing they have reached their limits and won't play his game. Putin's fundamental dilemma, the problem that cannot be resolved, is that he wants to rule like Stalin and live like Abramovitch.

**PLAYBOY:** You're referring to Roman Abramovitch, the oil tycoon and 11th-richest man in the world.

**KASPAROV:** Yes, and Putin wants to rule like Chávez or the Iranian mullahs and be all-powerful and at the same time be welcomed with open arms at the Bush ranch in Texas.

**PLAYBOY:** But assassinations of journalists and opposition leaders? The arrest of business leaders? At what point will he no longer be welcomed by Bush in Texas?

**KASPAROV:** I don't know.

**PLAYBOY:** Many people speculated Putin would try to change the constitution so he could run for president again. What was your view?

**KASPAROV:** I didn't know. I don't think Putin knew what he was going to do. He knew he couldn't violate the constitution, so he has looked for a compromise. He wants to stay in power but doesn't want to

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*I'm a symbol of national pride. I was the Soviet champion even for the left wing, even for the nationalists. I'm the man who was on top of the world of chess.*

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lose his credibility in the West. He has had to be careful. He cannot fully alienate the West because, as I said, he and his friends must have access to their money and property in the West. They have to play a game. It's why Putin is getting nervous. I don't know what scenario will unfold, so we'll wait. In chess if your opponent has an overwhelming material advantage, you let him make the move. Then you create a strategy based on that move. So we wait and see how the game unfolds.

**PLAYBOY:** If the Putin government is determined to stop its enemies, why are you allowed to continue to travel the globe, criticizing the regime? Why are you allowed to lead demonstrations?

**KASPAROV:** Our demonstrations are disrupted. Each time they bring in the police. Three thousand or 5,000 demonstrators are met with 10,000 police. Almost all demonstrations end with arrests.

**PLAYBOY:** Why would the government show such force against relatively small demonstrations? If they control the polls, elections, police and courts, what's the risk to the regime if people like you protest? You're like gnats on an elephant.

**KASPAROV:** Because next time there would be 100,000. Instead, people are scared, and the government has to keep this fear going. Fear is their only weapon.

**PLAYBOY:** How worried are you personally? Do you take some consolation in the fact that, other than your brief arrests, you haven't been targeted?

**KASPAROV:** It's not the end of the story.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you take for granted it would be politically disastrous for Putin's regime to have you harmed?

**KASPAROV:** It's a tough choice for them. If something goes wrong with me or my family, I don't think there's a chance for them to say they aren't guilty. For many Russians, I'm a symbol of national pride. I was the Soviet champion even for the left wing, even for the nationalists. I'm not Garry Kasparov, half Armenian, half Jewish born, but the Soviet champion, the man who was on top of the world of chess, the pride of the nation. To tell the public I'm an agent of foreign influence doesn't work.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you protect yourself?

**KASPAROV:** In Russia I have armed bodyguards. The government can't get as close to me as they could to Politkovskaya.

**PLAYBOY:** Could you push too far?

**KASPAROV:** How do I know? Shall I stop pushing? That is what they want, but instead we're continuing.

**PLAYBOY:** Why did you run for president if you knew the Kremlin's regulations would prevent you from appearing on the ballot?

**KASPAROV:** These elections are deciding nothing in Russia. I was running to help change the mentality of the Russian public.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you disheartened when you had to withdraw from the race?

**KASPAROV:** Of course not. Life goes on in Russia, as we have come to expect. One of the many requirements designed to keep people out of the race is a meeting with 500 supporters, whose names must be notarized at the meeting. To hold our meeting, we made a contract with a cinema, but they broke it. We had many other refusals. We asked to rent space, the people said yes, and then we got calls: "I'm sorry, it won't work out. We cannot rent to you."

**PLAYBOY:** How do you know Putin's people were behind this?

**KASPAROV:** The theater owner claimed he had technical problems, but he had other events immediately before and after our meeting was scheduled. There were no technical problems. There was a visit or call from someone. There was a warning. At other venues we heard, "Certainly we have a place for rent," but when they heard who we were, they said, "Not for Kasparov." It's not surprising the government would prevent us from being an official candidate, but we will continue. We will campaign door-to-door. We will protest.

**PLAYBOY:** How do Western politicians respond when you tell them about these conditions in Russia?

**KASPAROV:** Many are beginning to come

*(continued on page 137)*



# The newest crown jewel.

The finest Crown Royal whisky finished in cognac oak casks.



**W**onderberry is a hybrid strain of cannabis popular among medical marijuana patients who don't want to get too stoned. Flowery-smelling and with a slight blueberry taste, it's said to be an effective analgesic, strong enough to dull the pain but not so strong it gives the user "couch lock"—the sluggish high induced by more-potent marijuana. You can get up and do things on wonderberry. Plus, the product is reasonably priced: \$250 to \$300 an ounce, compared with \$800 an ounce for high-grade weed. That's an important consideration for patients who live on government assistance.

On the morning of February 17, 2007 60-year-old marijuana activist Ken Gorman received a substantial consignment of wonderberry—three or four grocery bags of it—at his modest one-story brick duplex on South Decatur Street on Denver's west side. One of his regular growers had driven three hours to deliver the pot, which had been cultivated in a barn in the Colorado countryside. Gorman opened one of the bags and sniffed the contents to check the quality. The pot was cured and dry enough to smoke. Satisfied, he told the grower to come back that evening to pick up his money.

Gorman needed a lot of pot. Under Colorado law he was a registered caregiver. In 2000 54 percent of Colorado voters approved Amendment 20, which legalized marijuana for medicinal purposes. Amendment 20 allows people diagnosed with a serious illness to possess up to two ounces of marijuana or grow as many as six plants. The law also permits patients to choose a caregiver to cultivate or purchase the pot for them. The state tries to limit the number of patients for each caregiver to five, but in reality some caregivers look after many more. Gorman legally sold marijuana to more than 120 patients.

By the afternoon Gorman's crowded living area looked like a mini Lourdes. Every couch and chair was filled as patients dropped by to pick up their medicine. Some came in wheelchairs; others hobbled on crutches. Their afflictions were legion: HIV, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, epilepsy, fibromyalgia, liver disease, pancreatic cancer, Parkinson's disease—a world of suffering. Gorman sat in a high-backed leather chair, weighing out the weed on a measuring scale. A surveillance

## PLAYBOY SPECIAL REPORT

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# THE MEDICAL MARIJUANA MURDER

THE AVAILABILITY  
OF MARIJUANA FOR  
MEDICINAL PURPOSES  
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE  
ABOUT COMPASSION  
AND UNDERSTANDING,  
BUT IT DIDN'T TURN  
OUT THAT WAY

BY  
FRANK  
OWEN





Clockwise from above left: Ken Gorman shortly before he was gunned down in Denver; his daughter, Valency; Dr. Sona Patel, a.k.a. Doc 420, advertising her services in Los Angeles; Thomas Lawrence (far right), owner of the Colorado Compassion Club, with his ill-fated posse.

camera hung from the ceiling, but it wasn't hooked up. A statue of Nataraja, the Hindu lord of the dance, sat on a coffee table. A psychedelic poster depicting Gorman smoking pot adorned one of the walls. Every so often Gorman would go into the kitchen to retrieve more marijuana as a new flood of patients streamed through the front door. Among the genuinely afflicted was a handful of fakers, healthy young people claiming to be sick with a mystery ailment who in reality just wanted to get high. Not that Gorman minded. To him, all use was medical. "Everybody has a qualifying illness," he often said. "It's just a matter of finding it."

Gorman, a big man with a gray pallor who suffered from severe arthritis, was a controversial figure in Denver's medical marijuana circles. One week earlier a local television station had captured Gorman on a hidden camera, advising a young station employee on how to use the state's medical marijuana law to possess pot for recreational purposes. "When we passed the law, we passed a great, great law," Gorman told the TV employee. "There are so many holes in it, the police can't do anything."

After the segment aired, Gorman's fel-

low medical marijuana advocates vented their anger on pro-pot websites. Gorman had screwed up. For years they'd put up with his publicity pranks—the annual "smoke-out" on the steps of the state capitol, where Gorman would throw bags of pot to hundreds of protesters, and his unsuccessful 1994 run for governor that earned him the nickname Governor Pot-head—but he had gone too far this time. Gorman was playing into the hands of opponents who claimed medical marijuana was just a front for drug dealing, a big scam exploiting people's compassion for the sick and dying to justify pot-heads' desire to get baked. But anger was about to turn to grief.

By early evening the house on South Decatur Street was empty. The patients had gone home to smoke their medicine. Also absent were Gorman's Vietnamese bodyguards, a coterie of Asian kids who hung around the house and protected him from local gangs in exchange for all the pot they could smoke. Gorman phoned his neighbor Dominic Mestas and told him, "I'm going to the store. Do you want anything?" Just before seven p.m., Mestas looked out his window and saw a red compact car with its headlights off pull up to the front of

Gorman's house. Mestas thought nothing of it and went back to relaxing with his girlfriend in the bedroom, but within five minutes he was startled to hear the sound of gunshots next door. Running into the living room, Mestas ordered his three children to lie on the floor. The panicked neighbor phoned Gorman, but nobody picked up. Then he called 911.

Out on the street, Vu, a close friend of Gorman's and one of his Vietnamese protectors, had just pulled up in his car. Mestas ran into the street and told Vu, "I just heard gunshots coming from Ken's place." Together Vu and Mestas approached Gorman's house. "I was scared to death," says Mestas. "I didn't know if the gunmen were still in the house." The front door was open. No surprise there. The door was nearly always open, despite the large amount of money and marijuana Gorman kept in the house. Vu and Mestas found Gorman facedown on the living-room floor. An upturned bookcase indicated there had been a struggle. Vu turned over his friend's body and saw a cut on the bridge of his nose. Then Vu noticed a quarter-inch bullet hole in Gorman's chest.

An ambulance took Gorman to a Denver Health (continued on page 58)



*"Not on a first date."*



# Ice-T's Hot COCO COCO

For hip-hop's original gangster, she's the perfect partner in crime



BY DAVE ITZKOFF

**A**s the most outrageous and improbable couple in hip-hop saunters into Blue Fin, an upscale restaurant in midtown Manhattan, it's hard to say for certain which of the two gets more attention from the buttoned-down lunchtime crowd. Is it Ice-T, the pioneering rapper turned television cop, whose inconspicuous black knit cap and red sweat suit can't disguise his intense gaze and trademark swagger? Or do gazes lock onto his female companion, the fortuitously proportioned blonde dripping with bling, his bullet-busted, bubble-buffed wife, known as Coco?

For nearly eight years the ultracool Ice-T and his hot Coco have come as a package deal: From the boardroom to the bedroom, the onetime street hustler, who parlayed his gangsta-rap career into a starring role as Detective Odafin "Fin" Tutuola on NBC's *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*, is always accompanied by the distinctive body model whom Ice affectionately describes as "a classic blonde with an abstract ass that's unbelievable—as in, it cannot be believed."

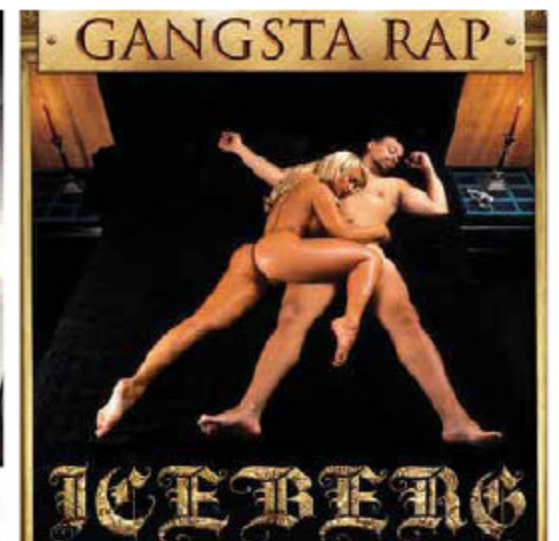
And though their controversial relationship may not always conform to the standards of a narrow-minded public, Coco is proud to say she has won over his fans by bringing stability and focus to Ice's life. "Out of anyone in the game, he's going to be the craziest one to hold down," she says. "It obviously takes a big person to do that, and Coco fits the bill."

Born Nicole Austin (her moniker was given to her by a baby brother who couldn't quite pronounce the name Nicole), she met her husband-to-be on the set of an independent film (text concluded on page 139)

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEN NISHINO

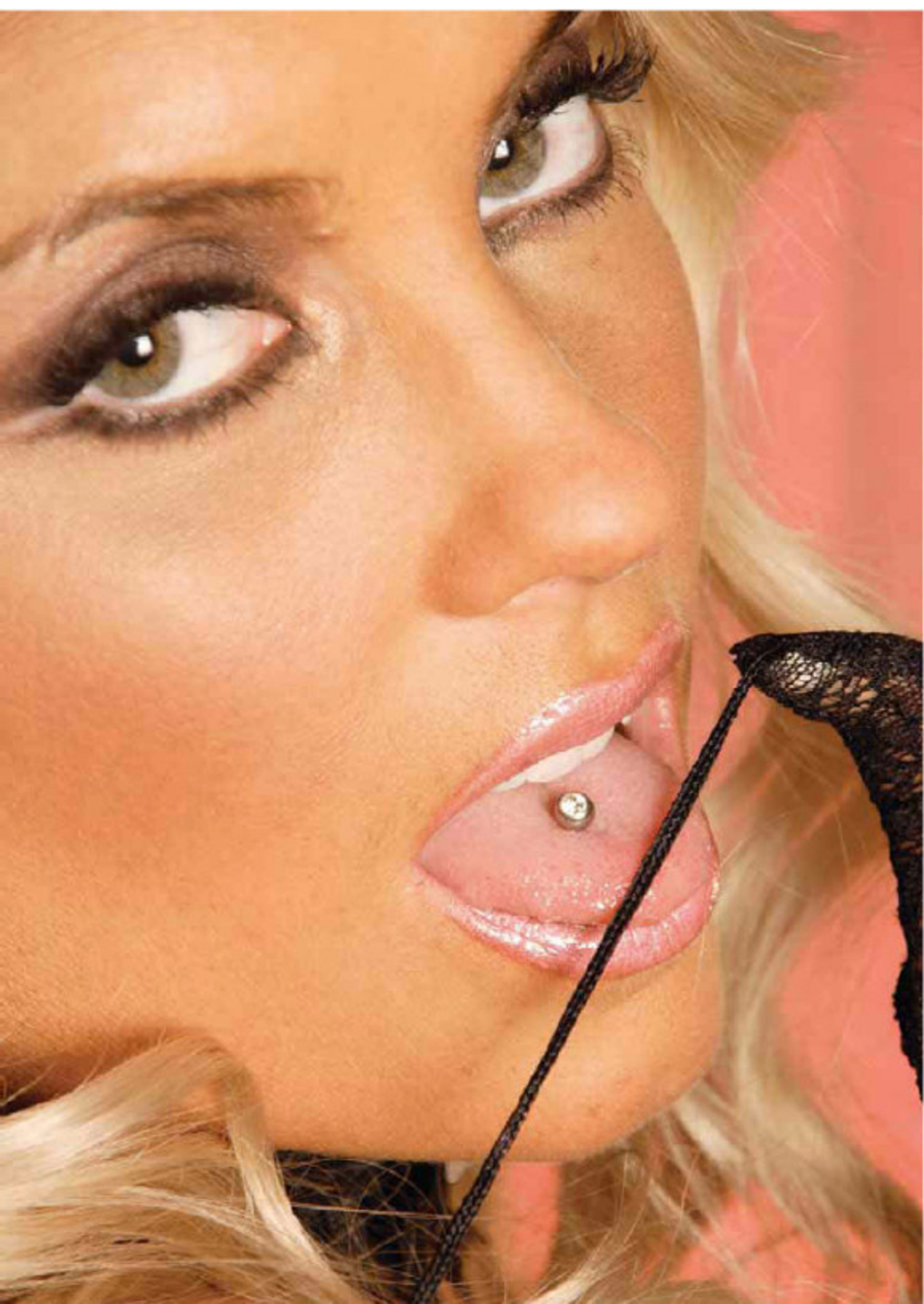


Although she took a six-year break from modeling, Coco remained visible as Ice's conspicuous arm candy. Then she seized the spotlight with two strokes: an exotic car calendar and a risqué album cover. "I grew up watching *Superfly*," says Ice. "He always had a blonde in bed. That's our bed, in our bedroom. It's like, 'Outdo this, motherfucker,' you know? It's not aggressive or violent, but it's about as gangster as you can get."









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



# MARIJUANA (continued from page 50)

*Masked intruders attacked two people with baseball bats and emptied a large safe containing cash and pot.*

Medical Center about two miles away. When he arrived, doctors in the emergency room attempted to resuscitate him. In a last-ditch effort to save his life, they performed a thoracotomy, cracking open his chest and manually massaging his heart. But it was too late. Ken Gorman was pronounced dead at 7:37 P.M.

"I told Ken he needed to be more careful," says Mestas. "There were too many people coming in and out of the house."

A year later the killing remains unsolved. Denver police say they are pursuing all leads. But the manner of his demise was not unexpected. Gorman saw it coming. "My father predicted his own death," says his daughter, Valency Gorman. "He told me he knew he would be shot. This wasn't the first time somebody had tried to steal from him."

Gorman's murder is not isolated. Since 2003 at least six medical marijuana suppliers have been killed for their pot. In November 2005 marijuana advocate Les Crane, an ordained minister who believed pot was a holy sacrament allowed by the Bible and who referred to his dispensary (a storefront where pot is sold) as a church, was shot multiple times in the bedroom of his secluded home in Laytonville, a small community 150 miles north of San Francisco. Several masked intruders burst in, attacked two other people with baseball bats and emptied a large safe containing cash and pot. Though no arrests were ever made, local police speculated Crane must have known his killers because they were clearly familiar with the layout of the residence.

A month before Gorman's death, *PC World* editor Rex Farrance was murdered during a home invasion by robbers who police believe were out to steal his son's medical marijuana plants. Around nine P.M. on the evening of January 9, 2007 Farrance, 59, was working on his computer at his one-story house on a quiet cul-de-sac in Pittsburg, California when four masked men broke down the front door and demanded money. Alarmed, Farrance ran into his bedroom to get his gun. The intruders followed and shot him once in the chest.

On the night of the shooting the police discovered a sophisticated grow operation in the attic of the house—109 marijuana plants and more than three and a half pounds of harvested

pot, an amount far in excess of that permitted under Proposition 215, California's medical marijuana law. The plants belonged to the murdered man's son Sterling Farrance. Rather improbably, Sterling told the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "I have a prescription. I'm a patient. It was medical."

Look at a map of where medical marijuana is legal in America and you'll see what seems to be a shining example of a political success story. Twelve states from Maine to California have medical marijuana laws on the books, and at least half a dozen more are considering legislation. One in six Americans lives in a state where marijuana can be legally possessed for medicinal purposes. And more would be happy to do so, judging by the overwhelming public support medical marijuana enjoys. An estimated 300,000 Americans now toked weed on their doctor's orders. All the Democratic presidential candidates back the cause in varying degrees. At least on the legislative front, medical marijuana has been one of the most successful social reform movements of recent times.

The idea behind medical marijuana was to create a discrete zone separate from the black market that would allow patients safe and legal access so they wouldn't have to procure their medicine from shady street dealers. But behind the scenes, many growers and patients are worried. While allowing use of the drug in principle, legislators neglected to set up a system to deliver marijuana to the patient. Instead, they left it up to advocates and their lawyers, who cobbled together an unregulated medical underground where pot dealers with no professional training give dubious medical advice to sick people ("smoking pot cures cancer") and dispense medicines with names like train wreck, Durban poison and Amsterdam bubble funk.

A shadowy economy has emerged, semilegal and sometimes deadly, by which pot grown for medical purposes is routinely diverted to the black market and black-market weed is sold as medicine. Patients have been killed for their medical marijuana, and patients have killed to protect their gardens. In January 2007 Los Angeles cancer patient Jerry Cress shot and killed a 15-year-old boy who was allegedly

trying to steal marijuana plants from Cress's garden shed just before daybreak. Eight months later a Sacramento woman protecting her medical marijuana garden shot a 17-year-old male in the face. This time the teenager survived the shooting.

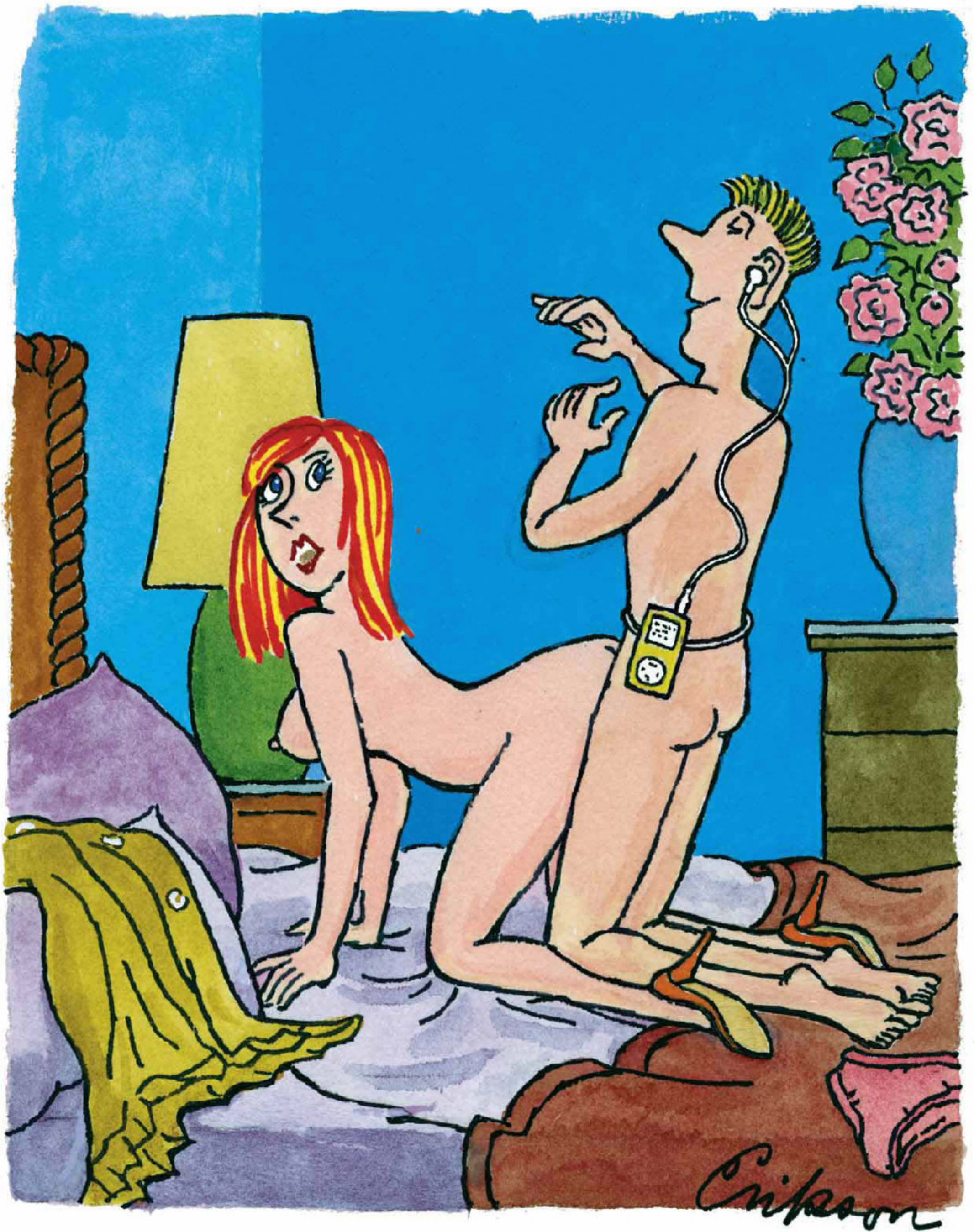
Meanwhile, medical marijuana has also become a big business, especially in California. The Drug Enforcement Administration estimates that two recently indicted brothers, Winslow and Abraham Norton, sold as much as \$50 million worth of pot in just three years through their California dispensary, the Compassionate Collective of Alameda County. This is the same facility where armed robbers tied up the employees in February 2005 and stole \$50,000. Four months later a masked gunman fired four shots into a dispensary employee's car as he arrived for work. Last July a patient was killed by thieves after he left the facility. In fact, the two Norton brothers themselves were shot and wounded in a gun battle in a local hotel a year ago.

The legal status of dispensaries is complicated. The original backers of medical marijuana laws did not envision the kind of commercial dispensary the Norton brothers ran. These dispensaries were originally intended as not-for-profit buyers clubs made up of patients banding together to purchase pot in bulk from growers. Over time they evolved into for-profit businesses. It was never the intention of the med-pot laws to allow free and open commerce in marijuana, but that's how it has turned out.

Although dispensaries appear to be tacitly legal in some states with medical marijuana laws on the books, federal law still dictates that pot is illegal to grow, sell, possess or smoke under practically any circumstance. And federal law trumps state law, a fact a number of California dispensary operators found out when they were arrested in a string of high-profile DEA raids.

A close look at the customers of these dispensaries reveals a not so shocking truth: Many are not ill at all. Exactly how many medical marijuana patients are really sick and how many exaggerate minor aches and pains in order to get high is impossible to gauge. It's not hard to get a medical marijuana recommendation, though most doctors won't write letters for cannabis. "They're scared of losing their federally issued DEA numbers," says Dr. Elke Glazer, a rare physician in the Denver area willing to recommend pot for medical purposes. "The DEA number allows us to write prescriptions. We depend on it for our incomes. They're also scared

*(continued on page 130)*



*"How about turning it up a notch or two? And I don't mean the music."*





# Playboy MUSIC AWARDS

WE ARE LIVING IN A TRANSCENDENT  
MOMENT IN MUSIC HISTORY

It's not hyperbole to say, in the music world, that October 2007 should be viewed as no less significant than November 1989, when the Berlin Wall fell. Why? Radiohead began to sell its latest album, *In Rainbows*, on its website that month, charging whatever fans wished to pay. Underground bands had already been successfully bypassing the corporate music industry and using the Internet to find worldwide audiences, but it took a band of Radiohead's magnitude to bring down the whole system by opting out of it. But now we've done it—we the listeners, we the musicians. Now we're all in this together without that wall separating us, the wall music-industry suits exploited for the exclusive purpose of enriching themselves. Given the way things were already going, the only question is, Why did it take so long for a band with a huge cult audience to do this? With Radiohead's fans paying an estimated average of a little more than \$2 an album, Thom Yorke and company will enjoy easily the biggest payday of their recording career. They also made your favorite rock album of the year, despite announcing the release of *In Rainbows* after our readers poll ballot had gone to press. (What could be more appropriate in this age of radical musical democracy than a victory by online write-in votes?)

All these changes happening at the front edge of the music business are turning out to be great for rock icons of yore, too. The concert experience has taken on additional significance—a gathering of the tribes in an era of splintered audiences. By far the biggest concert of the past year was the reunion of Led Zeppelin (pictured here in 1975). The reissue of Zep's classic live document *The Song Remains the Same* also topped readers' favorites and whetted appetites for what could be far and away the biggest tour the world has ever witnessed. Here's betting Zep also sells new live albums on its own website. Long may the hammer of the gods reign.

In the following pages we present a yearbook taking in the sexiest music videos of 2007, conversations with some favorite artists, an insider peek at the record collections of the stars and, of course, the full results of our annual readers poll.

# HOT TUNES



NEW STUFF, OLD STUFF, NOTHING BUT GOOD STUFF

NAME ■ ARTIST ■ COMMENTS

- 1 "Pump" ▶ **The B-52's** The New Wave pioneers have crafted a fun—and credible—comeback, here hitching rockabilly riffs to a big beat. Ace.
- 2 "Oxford Comma" ▶ **Vampire Weekend** Grammar-based conundrum, nearly guitarless organ-driven sound make this unforgettable.
- 3 "I Used to Love H.E.R." ▶ **Common** From *Thisisme Then*, the recent compilation of his early indie hits, a mellow, soulful cut.
- 4 "Everyone I Know Is Listening to Crunk" ▶ **Lightspeed Champion** Wistful, twanging Americana from a Brit ingenue.
- 5 "Situations" ▶ **Del the Funky Homosapien** Everything you want out of Del: adventurous off-kilter production and smart rhymes.
- 6 "The Bomb" ▶ **New Young Pony Club** One of our favorite tunes of the past year: big, bouncy and full of vintage electro sass.
- 7 "Skeleton Key" ▶ **Margot & the Nuclear So and So's** This two-year-old chamber-folk beauty makes wait for a new LP bearable.
- 8 "Freeze and Explode" ▶ **Cassettes Won't Listen** Sublime indietronica in the mold of Postal Service or the Notwist.
- 9 "Loose Change" ▶ **The Morning Benders** Pretty, meandering Shins-like track from jangly, emotionally honest Berkeley quartet.
- 10 "Ordinary Song" ▶ **The Little Ones** *Odessey and Oracle* aspirations meld with comfortable Apples in Stereo indie pop on teaser for LP.
- 11 "Skin" ▶ **Beasts of Eden** This glammed-up good-time indie-rock burner falls somewhere between Weezer and Slade.
- 12 "Apologies" ▶ **Mlle Caro & Franck Garcia** This cut is equal parts German minimalism and come-hither New Romantic slinkiness.
- 13 "Crawshay" ▶ **Cymande** Incredible reissue of 1973 recording by oft-sampled U.K. psych-funk band with Caribbean influences.
- 14 "Cahuenga Shuffle" ▶ **The Oohlas** Need a fix of alternapop of the Belly or Kim Deal kind? This overlooked recent L.A. band has it.
- 15 "Black Fingernails, Red Wine" ▶ **Eskimo Joe** Australia's answer to Snow Patrol serves up a brooding but propulsive anthem.
- 16 "Entropy Reigns" ▶ **Kelley Polar** Updates his icy Italo-disco sound with brassy tone of L.A. New Wave like Missing Persons or Berlin.
- 17 "Rosa" ▶ **Devastations** Murky Australian death folk that builds to a noisy crescendo created by a wash of guitars.
- 18 "Your English Is Good" ▶ **Tokyo Police Club** Rewatching this video heightens expectations for the coming album. Great stuff.
- 19 "Company Calls" ▶ **Office** Distinguishing the Franz Ferdinand-like disjointed chug are the smart, emotional Squeeze-like lyrics.
- 20 "Eighty Eight" ▶ **Working for a Nuclear Free City** Speeding Krautrock homage from the double LP we can't get enough of.

## GARY ALLAN'S TOP 10



Gary Allan makes no apologies for his old-school music. It's soulful and rough around the edges instead of poppy and polished. He may have a hard time getting his stuff onto today's country radio, but five platinum and gold albums in a row say he's keeping the juke joints and watering holes happy. No wonder: He filters his love of Bakersfield honk through a straight-up punk outlook. Here are his five favorite country and five favorite punk albums, plus what gets him fired up about each.

### WAYLON JENNINGS

*I've Always Been Crazy* ▶▶ "He's the quintessential outlaw. I love that he covered a few of my other heroes, like Merle Haggard and Johnny Cash, on this one."

### MERLE HAGGARD

*Okie From Muskogee* ▶▶ "I have many fave Hag albums, but *Okie* tops the list. Merle is a classic who continues to inspire artists year after year."

### WILLIE NELSON

*Red Headed Stranger* ▶▶ "Making this record was a risk for Willie. That's probably why I like it so much. He gambled, and he won big. As an artist, you can't be afraid to take a chance."

### GEORGE JONES

*Still the Same Ole Me* ▶▶ "Can you get more country than 'Still Doin' Time'? If you're looking for die-hard country, this is it."

### JOHNNY CASH

*At Folsom Prison* ▶▶ "The man in black is at his best here. He was on fire, full of raw energy. Very powerful stuff."

### THE SEX PISTOLS

*Never Mind the Bollocks Here's the Sex Pistols* ▶▶ "I can't make a top-punk-albums list and not include this. It's bold and full of angst. If you don't like it, you probably won't like punk."

### THE CLASH

*London Calling* ▶▶ "This just rocks. It's got it all, from punk to R&B to rockabilly. No boundaries, just hard-rockin' tunes blended seamlessly into a blur of rock-and-roll genius."

### THE RAMONES

*The Ramones* ▶▶ "Blazingly fast plain-and-simple rock and roll with a sense of humor. I grew up as a surfer in California, so to me, the band's experimentation with surf music was a cool twist."

### SOCIAL DISTORTION

*Social Distortion* ▶▶ "This record stands out from the pack for me. I still have it in rotation today. It's punk with a roots-rockabilly vibe and tons of attitude."

### X

*Los Angeles* ▶▶ "When I was growing up in southern California in the 1970s, X was top dog on the local scene. *Los Angeles* is its first and best album. If you like it, you should also check out Black Flag, another L.A. band I grew up listening to."







# T.I.

Though he has been under house arrest awaiting trial on gun charges, rapper T.I. has been busy working on new material. And judging by his past two albums, the platinum *King* and the Grammy-nominated *T.I. vs. T.I.P.*—the biggest hip-hop CDs of 2006 and 2007, respectively—big mo is on his side.

**PLAYBOY:** Your most recent project was a double-CD concept album that was successful artistically and commercially. What can you do to top that?

**T.I.:** You just keep pushing yourself to get better. I'm thinking of calling the album I'm working on now *Paper Trail* because I'm spending more time on my lyrics. I'm not going to just get up there and flow, which I can do and have done well. I'm putting in the time on writing each lyric. I'm going to raise my game.

**PLAYBOY:** From the perspective of somebody who has had to face some real problems, what's the deal with fake beefs?

**T.I.:** Kanye vs. 50 wasn't a fake beef; it was a competition. It gets people into the stores, buying music. That's good for the game, man. Beef is when you just don't like someone and you tell them about it. But competition—hey, it's all good. It's like Kobe Bryant and Dwyane Wade going at it. Nothing wrong with getting people excited and getting them into the stores. Kanye and 50 both did pretty good with it.

**PLAYBOY:** Anyone out there you'd like to compete against?

**T.I.:** Man, I'm at the top of my game. I'll compete against anyone who challenges me. Anyone.

**PLAYBOY:** What's it like to hear your song come on in a strip club and see girls go wild to it?

**T.I.:** It feels like validation. It feels good, all that hard work paying off. As the artist, you pick the single. When that single hits, it's great. And there ain't nothing wrong with seeing that validation when there are women dancing to it.

**PLAYBOY:** You've done a lot of work for the community. Are you hoping to show other artists what good can be done with fame and fortune?

**T.I.:** I'm doing what I'm doing for Katrina victims and things like that because I feel a commitment to do it. I want to do it. It's not about trying to get others to do their part. Each rapper can do what they want, and a lot do choose to help out.

## FAVE 5 LIST THE RAVEONETTES



This month *Vice* releases *Lust Lust Lust*, the best LP yet from the Danish noise-pop duo. We asked Sune Wagner to describe his favorite songs about sex, love and desire.

① "Venus in Furs" by the Velvet Underground: "The forbidden lust alluded to here is so dark and intense, it makes you want to join in."

② "I Touch Myself" by Divinyls: "I still cherish that sexy album artwork, and her voice is so salacious."

③ "Justify My Love" by Madonna: "She has always been the personifi-

cation of sex for me, and on this track it all makes perfect sense."

④ "Me So Horny" by 2 Live Crew: "Anyone who samples Stanley Kubrick must be a sexual genius."

⑤ "Girls Girls Girls" by Motley Crue: "This song pretty much says it all—the Crue and their Sunset Strip girls getting it on to nasty rock and roll."

# PLAYBOY'S SEXIEST MUSIC VIDEOS OF 2007

## 5 CHRISTINA AGUILERA



**"CANDYMAN"**  
Xtina adopts a classic pinup look in this sexy homage to swing. Can't decide between Aguilera as a blonde, brunette or redhead? In the opening sequence she performs in each shade simultaneously, offering a side-by-side-by-side comparison. And her swing has zing: "He's a one-stop shop, makes the panties drop. / He's a one-stop shop, makes my cherry pop."

## 4 GYM CLASS HEROES



**"CLOTHES OFF!"**  
Already famous for a Supertramp sample, this time the band nicks Jermaine Stewart's "We Don't Have to Take Our Clothes Off." Fortunately, the boys harness the melody but adopt the opposite sentiment, advocating that girls unharness their clothes. The frontman wins a game of strip poker, leading to a shower scene. One downside: Panic! at the Disco dressed as furies.

## 3 JUSTIN TIMBERLAKE



**"WHAT GOES AROUND...COMES AROUND"**  
Screen siren Scarlett Johansson is certainly a step up from the video cheese-cake of the 1990s. The spot plays like a short film, which explains why it won an MTV Video Award for best direction. We tip our cap to the wardrobe department for putting Johansson in a black bra and white dress for the pool scene.

## 2 RIHANNA



**"UMBRELLA"**  
Whether in fishnets, leather or nothing more than silver paint, Rihanna is a babe. The song (and the video) was one of this year's guilty pleasures, and the artist's successful singing in the rain led her to brand her own line of umbrella-ella-ellas. If only she and Sherwin Williams would team up for a body-paint line.

## 1 SHAKIRA AND BEYONCÉ



**"BEAUTIFUL LIAR"**  
Recipe for a steamy video: Take the two most bootylicious women on the pop charts, dress them in tight clothing and have them gyrate in a dry-ice fog. What really puts it over the top is clever editing that gives the illusion the two belly dancers are morphing into each other. The effect may look as if it's from a sci-fi flick, but it's damn sexy.

# LA DOLCE DIVA



**H**ER CINDERELLA STORY IS NO LESS WONDERFUL FOR ITS FAMILIARITY: Anna Netrebko put herself through music school by scrubbing floors at the opera house in St. Petersburg, Russia before successfully auditioning for the house's director, who became an early champion of her extraordinary talent. Since debuting at New York's Metropolitan Opera, in 2002, she has become opera's biggest attraction and was recently named musician of the year by industry authority *Musical America*.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a pregame ritual? A glass of champagne, perhaps?

**NETREBKO:** No, no. I never drink the day of a performance. The day before, yes, a little. Actually, yesterday was an exception because I was feeling sick. It helps. The cold is gone. After a performance I need to drink and eat because I've lost so much energy. And drinking helps me relax and sleep well. You're always very excited when you come offstage.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your cold remedy?

**NETREBKO:** Red wine's not strong enough. Yesterday I had three shots of tequila.

**PLAYBOY:** You bring a renewed sense of theatricality and physical drama back to opera. Was that something you sought to do from the start?

**NETREBKO:** The opera world, like everything else, has to change and develop. It's not enough anymore to park and bark. In some operas by Wagner and Verdi, for instance, you can get away with that, but for lots of opera, standing and singing just doesn't work.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you know by heart the words and melodies to all the many roles you play?

**NETREBKO:** Yes. You have only about two weeks to brush up before a show. I definitely understand what I'm singing, so that makes it easier to remember, except in French: in French I am like a monkey, just repeating back the sounds of the words.

**PLAYBOY:** With such high expectations whenever you appear, do you ever worry about aspects of the productions?

**NETREBKO:** I almost never fight with directors. Last year at the Met, though, when I saw the costumes for *Roméo et Juliette*, I said, "No, this will not work for me." It's not being a diva. I just asked, honestly, to make costumes in

which I will look good, because it's me up there onstage creating this character. Make it simple, make it believable. She has to look like Juliette, not a Chinese bride. They did new costumes. And in Germany sometimes they make productions look ugly.

**PLAYBOY:** On purpose?

**NETREBKO:** They try to make opera look like everyday life. That can be cool sometimes, yeah, but that's what we're surrounded by. That's not what people pay 300 euros to see.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever worry about living up to the hype?

**NETREBKO:** Sometimes you read that a singer is a miracle, the best, and you go to the opera and it's just a normal singer-good, but still... Sometimes I wonder why they write about me that way. It's harder to go onstage and sing when people expect a miracle from you. I'm not Mary, I'm just a singer.

**Anna Netrebko is the world's top soprano—able to sell out opera houses, march up the pop charts with classical music and fan the millions of torches burning for her in hearts around the globe.**

**Q+A**

## ghostland observatory

This Austin duo is part of the leading edge of a new world order. The two have never had anything to do with the music industry and have self-released their LPs, yet they are big enough—through word of mouth and Internet buzz—to appear on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* and put out a live DVD. Frontman Aaron Behrens (pictured) has been described as a disco reincarnation of Mick Jagger, and multi-instrumentalist Thomas Turner often wears a cape onstage. This month they release their latest album, *Robotique Majestique*.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best live show you've seen this year?

**TURNER:** I didn't get to see it! We were too tired. For Lollapalooza in Chicago we drove all night, loaded in first thing in the morning, played at noon and had to go across town and load in for an aftershow at midnight. My plan was to see Daft Punk perform that night, but by the time I got to where we were staying it was already six o'clock and I hadn't slept. I thought I'd crash for a couple of hours, then catch a cab down there and catch another cab to the aftershow. But I decided the last thing I wanted to do was get stuck behind 80,000 people trying to catch cabs and then miss the aftershow. Afterward I looked at the YouTube footage and thought, You idiot!

**PLAYBOY:** Do you own more than one cape?

**TURNER:** I did own another one, but I threw it into the crowd at the *Austin City Limits* concert we recorded for the DVD. My wife made both of them. The one for the *ACL* performance was extra sparkly for the lights.

**PLAYBOY:** Did the cape show up on eBay?

**TURNER:** No, but after the show I saw a dude walking down Sixth Street, where all the clubs are, and he had the cape on! He and his buddies were having a good time.



**Q+A**

## Jamie T.

This south London native melds the Streets' beats and storytelling with Billy Bragg's blue-collar balladeering. His debut album, *Panic Prevention*, was short-listed for Britain's prestigious Mercury Award, and the U.K. music bible *NME* named him solo artist of the year, ahead of Jarvis Cocker and Thom Yorke. For a 22-year-old who just a few years ago was strumming his acoustic bass for friends, 2007 was the year of a lifetime.

**PLAYBOY:** You gained a broad audience through the Internet. How did you realize it could be an important tool?

**JAMIE T.:** I was playing solo acoustic bass live for three years or so, but I was doing other recordings at home, too. I wanted to know what people thought about them. The Internet was a way to get the music I was making in my bedroom out to people. I got a lot of feedback from that. It was another outlet.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you handy with computers?

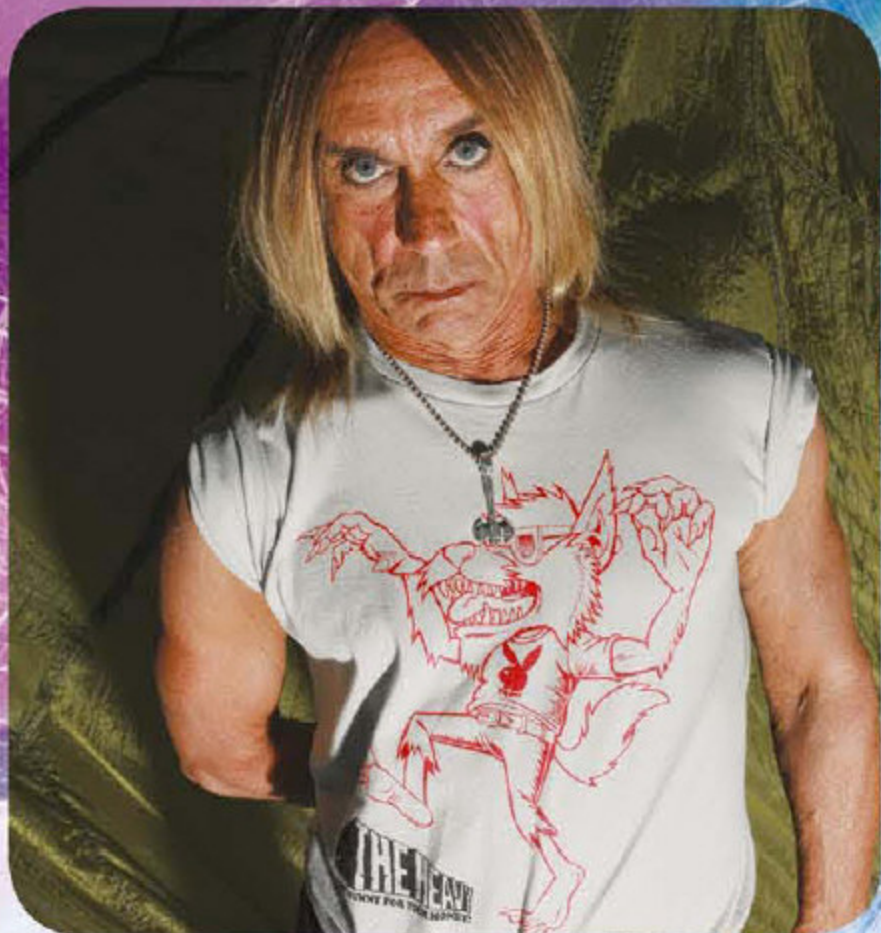
**JAMIE T.:** When I started recording on a computer I had a friend who helped me. But not knowing how to use equipment is a good thing. It leaves room for mistakes. Often those "Ah shit, that sounds wicked" moments are when you stumble onto something really good. In the end, it's about whether the songs are interesting or fucking boring. You don't have to be a musical expert to know that. That's what's so cool about being able to share a song with your friends. They're the ones who really know whether it's good or shit.



# ROCK THE RABBIT T-SHIRT GALLERY



WE ASKED A FEW OF OUR FAVORITE ARTISTS TO REMIX OUR LOGO. HERE ARE SOME RESULTS—YOU CAN SEE ALL OF THEM AT [ROCKTHERABBIT.COM](http://ROCKTHERABBIT.COM)



**TOP ROW FROM LEFT:** Iggy Pop wearing a T-shirt designed by the Heavy; Daft Punk's robo-Rabbit twins. **BELOW:** the Shins in their own T-shirt. **MIDDLE ROWS FROM LEFT:** designs by Duran Duran and Mick Rock (top), and Dimitri From Paris and Hot Chip (bottom). **BOTTOM ROWS FROM LEFT:** Duran Duran with Ghostland Observatory's T-shirt; a rainbow of Rabbits by the Pipettes (top) and Iggy's design (bottom); Gogol Bordello's Eugene Hutz wearing a T-shirt by Office.



# MUSIC POLL WINNERS



JZ

**JAZZ ARTIST**  
CHRIS POTTER

## JAZZ ARTIST OF THE YEAR

Although this past year was notable for a series of extraordinary jazz reissues, the best jazz embraces the future. That's what saxophonist Chris Potter does: Even while he quotes the past, 2008's *Playboy Jazz Artist of the Year* keeps his eye on the road ahead. "When I was starting out in jazz," Potter says, "I was attracted to the necessity of understanding the rules of the music, combined with the equal necessity of transcending those rules." As demonstrated on two great CDs released in 2007 (Chris Potter Underground's *Follow the Red Line*, *Live at the Village Vanguard* and Chris Potter 10's *Song for Anyone*, both on Sunnyside), Potter can do just about anything he wants with his horn. But lately he has moved beyond mere virtuosity. After years of session work and side gigs—most memorably with Steely Dan and Dave Holland—the 37-year-old tenor and soprano player has come into his own both as an eloquent frontman and as a composer. "I'm sure the feeling of the blues is as old as the human race," Potter says. "But we each experience it as something new. Each of us has to reinvent that wheel in our own way." From the lushly orchestrated third-stream 10-piece of *Song* to the incendiary quartet at the Vanguard, Potter is always adventurous, dextrous and probing.



R

best rock album  
radiohead

Yes, *In Rainbows* represents a paradigm shift. Just as important, though, this stealth release is a beautiful album. And that combination proved magical to our readers: For the first time, this category was captured by write-in votes.



H

best hip-hop album  
kanye west

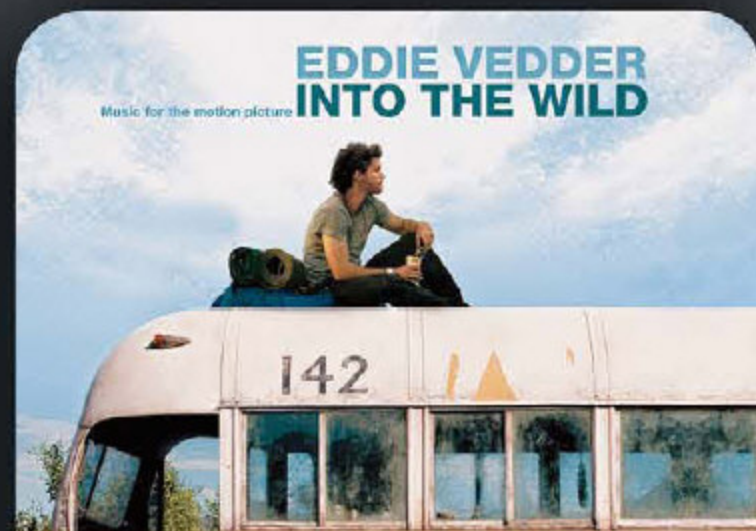
In an otherwise humdrum year for hip-hop, Kanye saved the day with another wildly creative record. *Graduation* went double platinum and garnered eight Grammy nominations, rendering his competition with 50 Cent a nonrivalry.



JZ

best jazz album  
charles mingus sextet

Four decades later we find two discs of jazz at its best, with Mingus, Eric Dolphy, Jaki Byard and Clifford Jordan pushing a powerhouse set on *Cornell 1964*. "Fables of Faubus" never sounded better. Mingus, come back!



S

best soundtrack album  
*into the wild*

Following the singer-songwriter soundtrack success of people like Jack Johnson and Spoon's Britt Daniels, Pearl Jam frontman Eddie Vedder provided the right touch for a film about an unlikely grunge-era cult hero.



NA

best new artist  
amy winehouse

Winehouse is a belter in the finest tradition. Together with producer Mark Ronson and his favored backing band, the old-school horn-wielding Daptones, she found the perfect setting for her magnificently gritty voice.



RI

best reissue  
led zeppelin

As the band rehearsed for the most feverishly anticipated reunion show in the history of rock, *The Song Remains the Same*—complete with a 30-minute "Dazed and Confused"—provided remastered proof of Zep's mythic live power.



**E** best electronic album  
the chemical brothers

Rare is the band that's always able to improve. But the Chems pulled off that feat once again on their latest album, *We Are the Night*, an off-kilter delight making great use of guest collaborators Fatlip, Klaxons and Midlake.



**C** best country album  
tim mcgraw

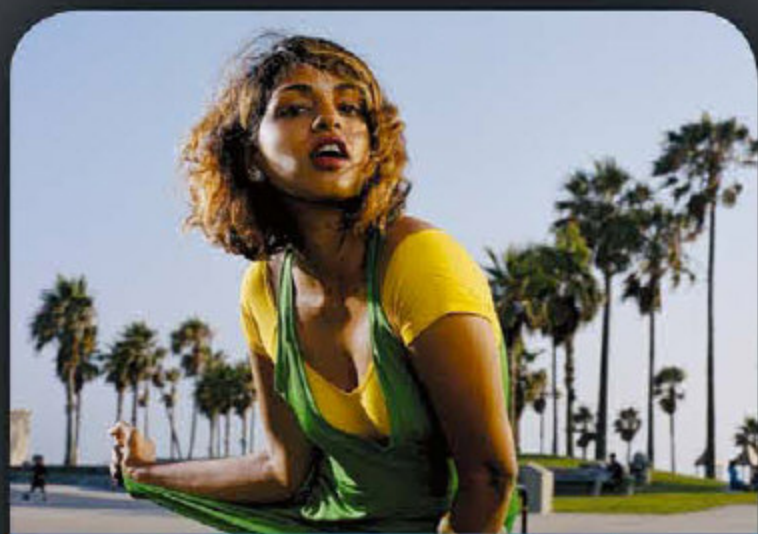
One of the reigning giants of country music, Tim McGraw refuses to rest on his laurels, which include convincing Faith Hill to marry him. His 11th album, *Let It Go*, proved once again he's not only popular but good—a rare combo.



**H** THE BEE GEES

HALL OF FAME

It took three Gibb brothers—Barry, Robin and Maurice—to form the Bee Gees, and the band has had a trio of career phases to match. Kicking things off with a string of homegrown hits in Australia, the boys moved to England in 1967 and penned (highly underrated) Beatles-like hits such as “Massachusetts” and “Words,” songs that still inspire jangle-pop devotees who would never listen to disco. The Gibbs are best remembered for the second part of their career, however, and the 30th-anniversary edition of *Saturday Night Fever*, released this past year, leaves no doubt about the sound of that phase: white-suit-wearing, high-heel-strutting, mirror-ball-spinning disco, the music that introduced club life as we know it. (And thank goodness, eh?) Though the band sold 200 million records worldwide in its career, many of its most familiar tunes—“Stayin’ Alive,” “Night Fever,” “How Deep Is Your Love”—pulsed through John Travolta’s dance scenes in that iconic film, the soundtrack of which is still the best-selling ever. Less known is the amazing body of work the brothers subsequently amassed behind the scenes with other artists, allowing them to score top 10 hits in every decade since the 1960s.



**W** best world music album  
m.i.a.

Any doubts this Sri Lankan MC could follow up the kaleidoscopic brilliance of her 2005 debut were dispelled by *Kala*. She dabbled in disco and bangers, and expanded her sample palette to include gunshots. In short, great.



**L** best live act  
van halen

If you spent the late 1980s wondering, How long, O Lord, must we tolerate Van Hagar? and the 1990s begging Eddie and the band to reconcile with Diamond Dave, 2007 was sweet redemption. We're running a little bit hot tonight....



**SG** best song  
“stronger”

When the coolest, most propulsive electronic act of the past decade—Daft Punk—provides the backbeat, you can't lose. Kanye West, always a producer with an adventurous ear, drafted the French duo for this anthem of 2007.



**IA** best concept  
jonny kaps and nat hays

Their music-PR and management company has come up with a record-label 2.0 concept: +1 Records offers a monthly digital-seven-inch club membership and showers lots of goodies on fans who buy a band's music in any form. Righteous.

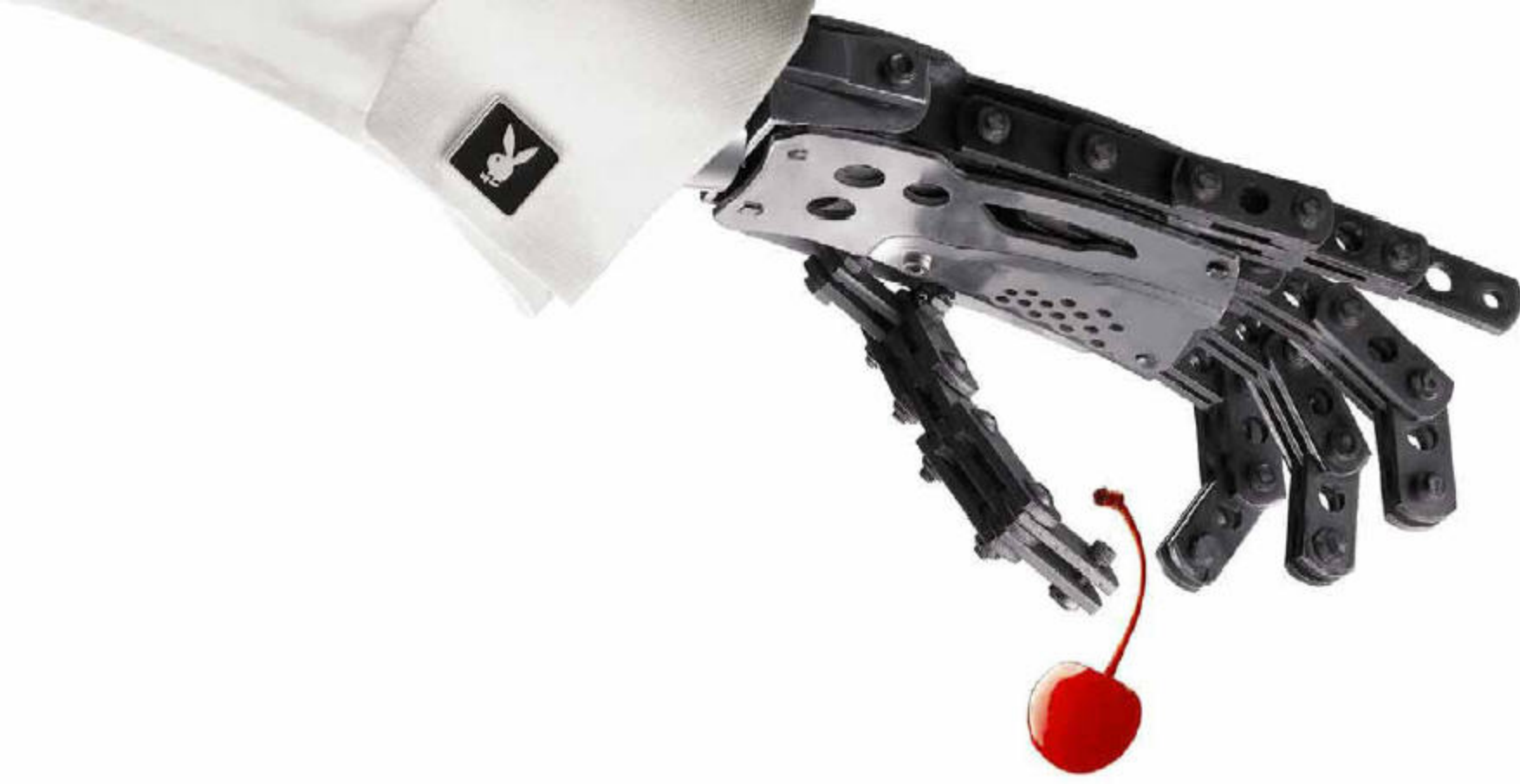
# Petter Hegre's Luba

He fell for the chick in Kiev

Norwegian photographer Petter Hegre, of the nude-art site [hegre-art.com](http://hegre-art.com), shoots a lot of Ukrainians. "No doubt, Ukraine has the most beautiful girls in the world by far," he says. "They have a special gene there." No fewer than 48 of the models on his site hail from the erstwhile breadbasket of the Soviet Union, but Luba Shumeyko is his obvious favorite. After all, she's his wife. Hegre discovered Luba and her twin sister, Nadya, on a modeling-agency website. "I printed a photo of them," he recalls, "and I ran to my assistant, pointed to Luba and said, 'I'm going to marry that girl.'" We didn't ask him to rate her spousal skills (the borscht, we assume, is top-notch), but we did ask why she's such a special model. "She's very elegant in an easygoing way," he says. "She's tall and thin, with those long, skinny arms." Pause, then a chuckle. "But still she's got a perky ass and nice, full breasts!" Portrait of the artist as a very happy man.







BETTER LIVING ...>





VERMOUTH PEARLS. COCKTAIL  
SUSHI. GIN FIZZ MARSHMAL-  
LOWS. THERE'S A REVOLUTION  
BREWING IN DRINKLAND,  
AND IT'S HAPPENING IN A  
TEST TUBE, NOT A SHAKER

# THROUGH CHEMISTRY

Over the past 10 years molecular gastronomy has burned its way through the culinary world, with chefs applying chemistry-lab principles to their dishes with stunning results. Now the same impulse has taken hold behind the bar, giving rise to so-called molecular mixology. Today a new generation of bartenders is pushing the limits of the cocktail, using esoteric techniques to turn libations into powders, gels, foams and solids while delivering palate-bending flavors and texture combinations. Preparing these potions takes more than a shaker and a swizzle stick; the methods involve equipment like dehydrators and siphons and ingredients like liquid nitrogen and xanthan gum. And they've yielded new and Nobel-worthy tastes for the adventurous boozier. Here, some of the field's mad geniuses give us a tour of the most transformative thing to happen to the cocktail since the repeal of the 18th Amendment.

BY DAVID PFISTER



Many molecular cocktails are variations on the classics. "The Real McCoy is an homage to a gin and sweet vermouth martini, but my version is all about playing with texture," says Todd Thrasher of PX and Restaurant Eve in Alexandria, Virginia. He creates "pearls," using homemade sweet vermouth, cherry bitters, sodium alginate and xanthan gum, drops them into a chilled pool of Bombay Sapphire gin, then garnishes with a cherry. The pearls burst in a bloom of vermouth in your mouth. "My favorite combinations are all inspired by good food," Thrasher enthuses.

Plucked from a Jetsonian future, this sushi spread contains no fish, only various clever combinations of alcohol, mixers and coagulants. Created in a kitchen-counter lab by cocktail consultant Cameron Bogue, the tuna is actually a blend of Smirnoff Raspberry Twist vodka, organic mixed berry juice, simple syrup, gelatin and carrageenan. The cucumber is vodka, lime juice, mint extract and gelatin, surrounded by rice made from white cranberry juice, sodium alginate and sodium citrate, all wrapped in blackberry-gel-sheet nori. The wasabi is powdered dehydrated kiwi, reconstituted with condensed milk and apple juice.

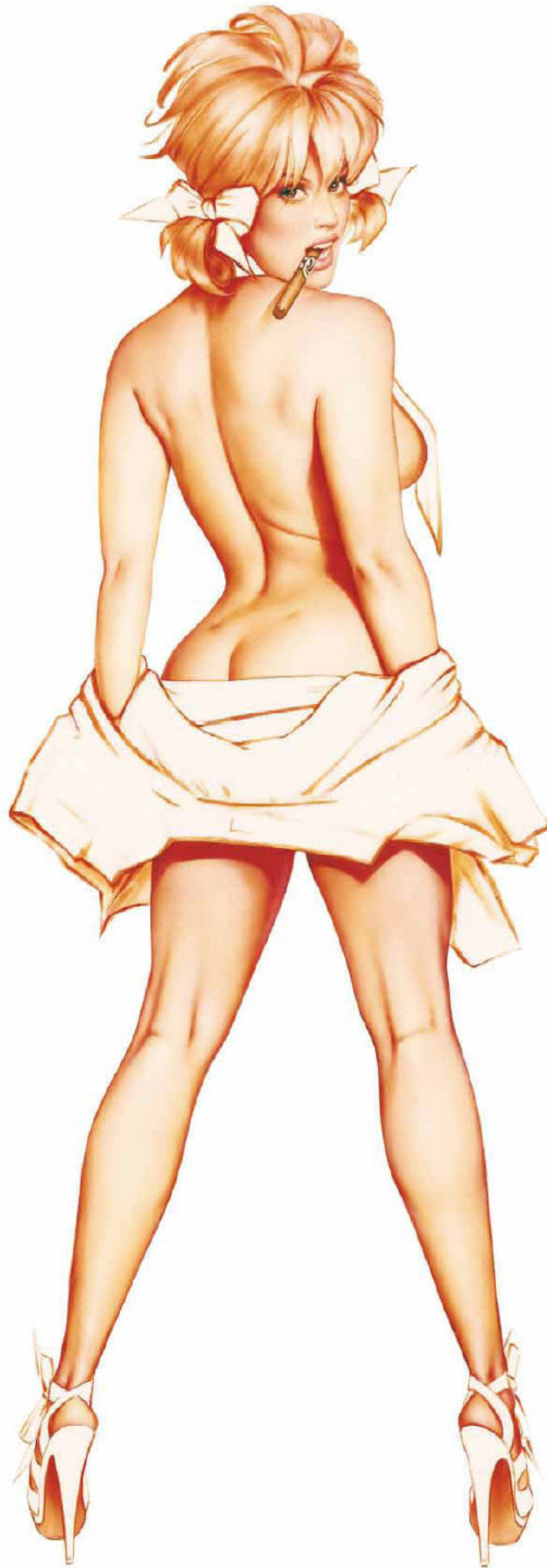
**To some degree, molecular mixology** is about showmanship. For his Carnival Car, a riff on the sidecar, Jamie Boudreau of Seattle's Vessel pours an Armagnac, Bénédictine, maraschino and lemon-juice mixture over truffled cotton candy stuffed into a glass rimmed with Amaro Nonino liqueur dust. Boudreau assures us that despite appearances the drink is well-balanced and not overly sweet. "You need an understanding of ingredients and how they work together," he says. "The Amaro rim lends a bitter twist, and I've always found truffles work delightfully with Armagnac."

**Among the world's most innovative** and well-known molecular bartenders, Eben Klemm has a science degree from Cornell, and he put it to good use when creating the wholly original Earth cocktail for Fiamma in New York City. The concoction consists of Averna liqueur, 10 Cane rum, lemon juice, simple syrup and beet juice. The drink's molecular hook lies in the dust of a dehydrated dark and stormy cocktail, which rims the glass. You can actually make this one at home; the only extra piece of equipment you'll need is a fruit dehydrator. Go to [playboy.com/magazine](http://playboy.com/magazine) for the recipe.



**Though Eben Freeman prefers the title** of bartender over mixologist, he's among the most obsessively experimental of the new bar stars. His Flight of Solids (above), created for the recently opened New York molecular hot spot Tailor, betrays a penchant for playing with states of matter. "It's fun to figure out how to turn solids into liquids and vice versa," he explains. From left, we have gin-and-tonic jelly served on a lime chip, White Russian cereal replete with Kahlúa-dredged Rice Krispies and a Ramos gin fizz marshmallow made with gin, lemon and lime juices, whipped egg whites, sugar, juniper berries and gelatin.

**Extreme freezing is a common technique** in molecular mixology. Antoine Biccheraï of Barton G. in Miami Beach uses liquid nitrogen to prepare a frozen Absolut Vanilia vodka ice pop on a rosebud's stem as the base for his Sin-sation. When the -320-degree vodka hits a glass full of rose-petal nectar, the reaction causes the cocktail to fog like dry ice. He then tops the froth with champagne. While dramatic, the Sin-sation is also exceptionally practical. As Biccheraï explains, "Frozen vodka lets you keep the drink cold without ice, so it never gets watered down. In fact, it gets stronger."



© 2000 R. A. G. G.

*"Got a light?"*



# SEXY SHOPGIRL

Miss March's global view is forever fashionable

Playmate of the Year Sara Jean Underwood wasn't shopping for talent when she walked into Bebe in Beverly Hills, but in 26-year-old sales specialist Ida (pronounced "EE-duh") Ljungqvist she spotted a must-have item. Sara and Ida got to chatting, and our ad hoc scout realized this one was more than just an exotic beauty with a flawless figure. As Sara would later tell Holly Madison, Ida has the spark and flair of a Playmate. Soon thereafter the Girls Next Door showed up unannounced at the clothing boutique, camera crew in tow. "I was in total shock when they asked me to pose," Ida says. "I'm kind of a thrill seeker. Throw me in—I'll sink or swim!"

Such fearlessness is hardly surprising in a woman who lived in more countries before the age of 18 than most people will ever visit. She was born in Tanzania to a Swedish father and a Tanzanian mother and, because of her father's work with UNICEF, grew up in Uganda, Kenya, Ethiopia, South Africa, Zimbabwe, Cambodia, Vietnam, Thailand, France, the U.K., Sweden and Denmark. She speaks three languages (English, Swedish and Swahili), has a degree in fashion design and marketing and plans to study economics, among other subjects. Ida devotes a lot of time to charity work, a passion she inherited from Pops. "I'm a really positive person," she says. "My dad, he's, like, saving the world, so good luck to whoever decides to marry me! He'll have some big shoes to fill. I love Playboy because I get to meet people from all over the planet."















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



MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Taka Tjunggih*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Ida Ljungqvist

BUST: 32D WAIST: 21 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 9-27-81 BIRTHPLACE: Tanzania

AMBITIONS: Modeling, writing comedic short stories, learning a fourth language and taking up golf.

TURN-ONS: Laughter and a great sense of humor.

A guy who can disco and do the "sprinkler" dance.

TURNOFFS: Closed-mindedness, negative attitudes, arrogance and narcissism.

CHARITIES I HAVE WORKED FOR: Unicef, Boys & Girls Clubs, Mother Teresa's organization.

PLANS FOR CONTINUING MY EDUCATION: I would like to complete a master's in communications.

FAVORITE FOODS TO MAKE: Red-velvet cake, lasagna, pilaw (an African rice dish).

WHAT I VALUE MOST IN THIS WORLD: Freedom and the ability to live a life where your wildest dreams can come true!



Four years old, in Tanzania.



Twelve years old, in Thailand.



Eighteen, in Sweden.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hat do you call a rooster with erectile dysfunction?

A boneless chicken.

**A** man went into a copy shop and began to chat up the stunning blonde salesgirl behind the counter. "By the way," he asked, "do you keep stationery?"

"I try to," the girl replied, "but at the last second I just go fucking crazy!"

**I**t was the happiest day of her life: She strode up to the altar, kissed her husband and closed the lid.



**A** married man kisses his wife good-bye when he leaves the house. A man kisses his house good-bye when his wife leaves him.

**B**ased on current statistics, we know 50 percent of all marriages end in divorce, which means the other 50 percent end in death.

**D**id you hear about the gay man who had Alzheimer's?

He spent all day wondering why his ass was sore.

**P**lease remove your blouse and bra," a doctor told a young blonde as he placed a stethoscope around his neck. He then put his hands on her chest and said, "Big breaths."

"Yeth," she replied, "and I'm only thixthteen."

**A** recent national poll was conducted for the sole purpose of determining why men get up in the middle of the night.

Twenty-four percent get up because they have to pee. Sixteen percent go prowling around the kitchen to find something to eat. The other 60 percent get up to go home.

**F**amiliarity breeds contempt—and children.

**H**ave you heard the slogan for the new inexpensive tampon?

"We may not be number one, but we're still up there!"

**I** believe I am losing my mind," a knockout blonde complained to her doctor. "I can't remember anything after five minutes!"

The doctor answered her in his most comforting tone, "Just take off all your clothes and lie down."

**A** newly married man asked his wife, "Would you have married me if my father hadn't left me a fortune?"

"Honey," the woman replied sweetly, "I'd have married you no matter who left you a fortune."

**A** blonde suffering from a sore throat went to see her doctor. He asked her to sit down and said, "Open wide."

"I can't," she replied. "This chair has arms on it."

**A** cocky young man was about to make love to his newest conquest when the woman whispered, "Please be gentle. I have a weak heart."

"Don't worry," the young man replied. "I'll be careful when I get in that far."

**W**hat did the impotent guy say to his girl after a failed evening?

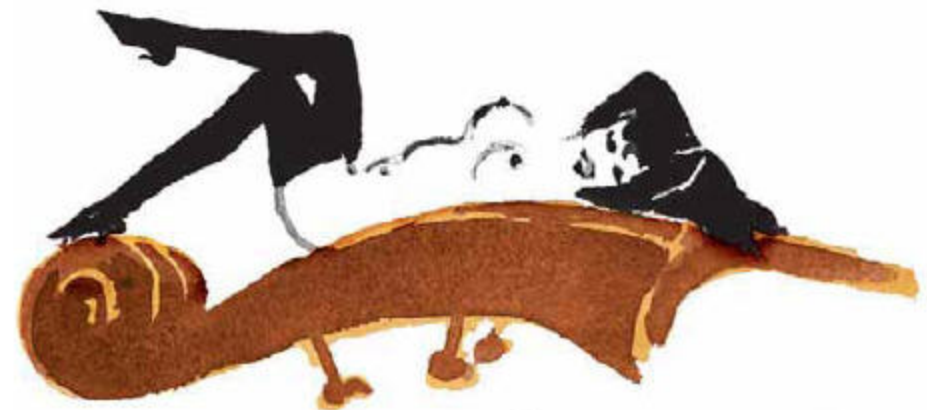
"No hard feelings."

**W**hatever happened to that good-looking man you married?" a woman asked her red-headed friend.

"Oh," said the redhead, "I had to divorce him for health reasons."

"Really?" the woman asked. "What do you mean?"

The redhead replied, "I grew sick of him."



*Willie Neiman*

**A** guy in the rear of a full elevator in a hotel shouted, "Ballroom, please."

"I'm sorry," the woman in front of him said. "I didn't realize I was crowding you."

**W**hat did one boob say to the other?

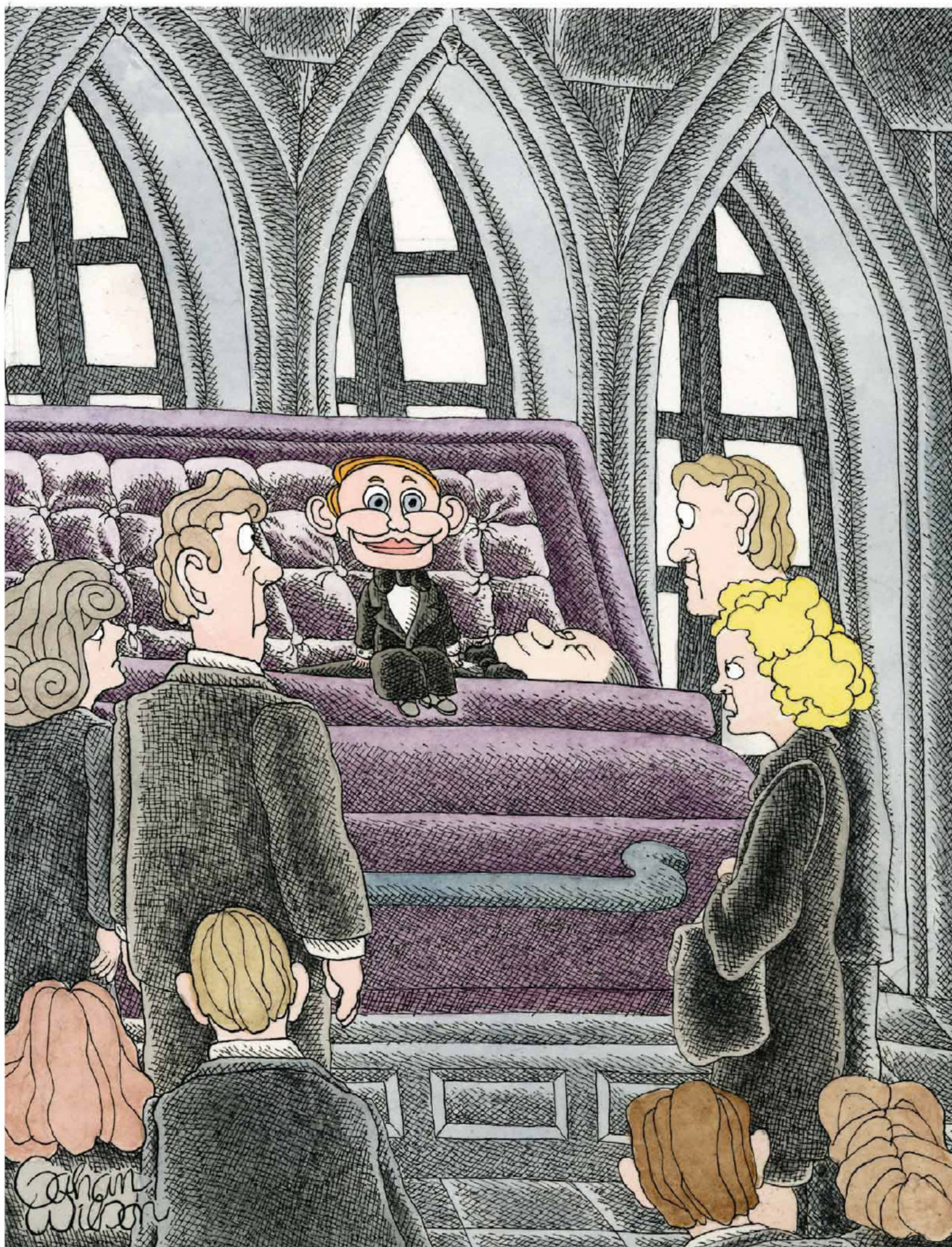
"We really have to stop letting that guy come between us!"

**I** fought over a girl last night," one friend said to another.

"Oh yeah?" the second replied. "With whom?"

The other answered, "My wife."

*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.*



*"If that thing says one word, I'm leaving!"*



**M**y mother joined the Peace Corps for many reasons. The first of these was because she had suffered in this world, hated her family. Not only did she want to be as far away from them as possible, but she also wanted to punish them with her good acts. But more than that, she wanted to see the world in a way she otherwise couldn't afford to and help people less fortunate than she was, even though she felt keenly that she had grown up poor.

My mother was full of stories. There were some that she liked to tell, and others that she did not. She did not like to talk about growing up in Detroit, about the man who had come into her darkened room. But the stories from her time in India were always dancing in my mother's head. Of men on crowded buses who licked her neck, of jumping out of bathroom windows in funny hats with Lenore to escape the



# THE COOK

FAILURE TO PLEASE THE AMERICAN PALATE CAN BE DEADLY

— BY TONY D'SOUZA —



advances of the rich Parsi bankers who wined and dined them. A tale or two from her time before India when she worked in the Baby Ruth factory made her happy. But she always returned to India in her stories, as though through recounting them, she could take herself back there.

A story that made her both happy and sad came from early on in her service in India. Before she arrived in Chikmagalur,

when she was still filled with dreams about making a difference in the world, she had been stationed in a small town in Karnataka, named Hassan. Not far from town was an ancient temple complex called Halebid on a high hill in the forest, and the Halebid temple was seldom visited then, except for Hindu Brahman priests who made offerings in it now and again. Every foot of its acre of black stone was covered with

friezes of dancing girls, and in the great hall was a polished black granite Nandi bull. When the priests were there in their dhotis, they would burn incense and pray to the reclining Nandi.

Hassan was not far from Chikmagalur, where my mother would go on to ride an iron bicycle through the streets for 22 months, teaching untouchable women in the shantytown how to build smokeless ovens so they would not die of lung cancer at the age of 40. The untouchable women would call her Shanti, which means "peace" in Hindi, because they could not pronounce her American name. And that was how my mother would see herself on her headiest days in Chikmagalur, as peace embodied, riding her bicycle, the wind and scents of the flowering trees in her hair.

But before anything ever happened to her in Chikmagalur, my mother was stationed in Hassan with Lenore and a young man named Peter Merchant. Peter had a cot under a mosquito net in one bedroom of their house, and my mother and Lenore had their cots under mosquito nets in the other. They'd only just arrived in India, were coming to terms with the fact that not anything of India was anything like that mock village on the Stockbridge-Munsee Indian Reservation in northern Wisconsin, where they'd done their field training. Who in the world had come up with that idea?

This was the delicate time when many of the volunteers quit and went home in a state of shock about the reality of the world and their limitations in it that they'd never really shake again, and understanding this, the Peace Corps didn't expect the ones who stayed to start projects right away but to simply get used to the heat and poverty, the dust and noise, the languages and latrines, and the psychological burden of being the center of attention.

My mother found that she didn't mind the people's stares, their endless waves and whistles and aggressive invitations to tea. Even their rough hands on her skin when they'd snatch touches of her arms as she moved through the cramped stalls of the Hassan market those first days didn't make her angry. In fact the opposite was often true, the attention elated her. Yes, she couldn't get the damned sari to fit right. The way it kept falling off her shoulder made her have to all but completely redress herself in the middle of the road every 10 feet while half the town folded their arms to grin and watch the show that she was. And no, she didn't think she'd ever get used to the roaches on the walls of the latrine. And yes, the way that some of the men hissed at her was in fact rude. But that girl with the mole on her lip and hold-

ing on her lap the child with the long lashes in the market had smiled at her the day before, and here she was smiling again. "Is this your daughter?" "No, madame. My auntie's daughter." "She's very pretty." "Madame, my auntie will thank you."

Peter and Lenore were different. The heat, the dust, the chaos and danger of the rickshaws banging over the broken streets like racing chariots, the donkey carts, the horned and humpbacked cattle, the smoke-belching Ambassador cars, the ratty and cute beggar children dashing through all these things. The men urinating on the side of the road, smiling and waving even as they did. The men clearing their nostrils with hearty blasts. A woman with an empty eye socket. An emaciated old man moving a pile of stones 10 feet up the road rock by rock, crossing the countryside in his death *pooja*. Bedbugs in the bed-

### FALLING IN LOVE WITH INDIA REQUIRED BEING CAREFUL ABOUT WHAT YOU LOOKED AT.



rooms, rats in the rafters, mangy dogs in the yard, roaches everywhere. All of those people. All of those staring people. So Peter and Lenore took to leaving the house as little as possible, and my mother brought provisions back for them from the market.

They had an Indian cook who lived in their courtyard shed, prepared their meals, a low-caste Hindu named Krishna Arjuna, or was it Rama Krishna? None of them could ever remember, and my mother and Lenore were altruistic Midwestern girls, and Peter had graduated from the University of Virginia with a degree in engineering. This was late 1966, and though my mother and Lenore both wanted to talk about Vietnam with him, the one time my mother found the words coming out of her mouth, "Did you join in case they start up the draft, Pete?" he'd looked at her with such a quickness that she understood that he had. He was a tall boy, blond, not ugly by any means, save for a fullness to his cheeks that made him seem heavier than he really was. They had been drinking Kingfishers by hurricane lamp on their porch in the night when she'd said it. Why had she said that when she'd already known? Peter shook his head, looked at my mother and said, "Fuck you, Denise."

Peter had gone into his room that time, and Lenore had raised her eye-

brows at my mother. Though they were on speaking terms again in a few days as they had to be in those conditions, my mother and Peter both knew, even as they had before, that they were people who would never be friends.

Though my mother was falling for India at that time, when she was honest with herself, there were moments when she hated it. Sometimes she wanted to shout at all of them, "Aren't you ever going to get used to me?" and she quickly learned to ignore the beggars. If she gave money to even one of them, she'd be besieged by a horde of them the rest of the day. Even when she didn't give money to anyone, someone was always there, at every simple transaction she made in the market for bread, for candles, a filthy hungry wretched person just paces away, holding out their hand, trying to shift into her vision, their mouth moving as though they were asleep in it, "*Ek rupee. Ek rupee, madame. Ek rupee. Ek rupee, madame.*" It got so that an old man with stumps for arms and a pail hanging from one of them, who followed her from the market all the way up the road to the house in the functionaries' quarter where they lived and, bleating that refrain like a lamb, couldn't get a paisa out of her when even she knew she had a fistful of them. When the grubby kids of the poorest of the poor ran out from the tent village along the railroad tracks where the working poor of the shantytown went to shit, she'd yell in Kannada, "Don't soil my clothing." In her first days there, she had picked those children up. Even now if she looked at their faces, it was hard, but as my mother did or didn't realize at that time, falling in love with India required being careful about what you looked at.

Lenore listened to my mother's catalog of sights at night before bed. In the dark of their room with their nets around them like curtains, my mother would talk about going into the shantytown, what the shanties were like inside, how they were cleaner than she'd imagined, how they were decorated with pictures of Bombay film stars salvaged from scraps of newspaper, how the women put on their *bindis* and combed their hair in small shards of mirror. About conversations she'd had in the town, at the bus stand. "Would madame dare to ride up here?" the young men had called down to her and smiled, perched on the rice sacks lashed to the top of the bus to Belur. "Of course she would," she'd called back. They'd all reached down their hands. And so Lenore would go to sleep with the stories in her head of what lay beyond the door. And more than that, she began to step out into India on my mother's arm, (continued on page 116)



*"That's the secret of our marriage. My wife and I both love the same things."*



# ROCK<sup>the</sup> RABBIT

## DAFT PUNK

Sure, these trailblazing Parisian beatbots created the electro-house sound now dominating dance floors, collaborated with Kanye and revolutionized the concert experience. But it's their looks that kill.

FORGET PORT-A-JOHNS, PATCHOULI AND OVERPRICED WATER. THIS FESTIVAL IS ALL ABOUT BRASH BEATS, BOLD LOOKS AND THE BUNNY

FASHION BY [joseph de acetis](#) PHOTOGRAPHY BY [mick rock](#) PRODUCED BY [jennifer ryan jones](#)




## IGGY POP

"I got the idea to sing shirtless from a book I read on Egyptology," says the man who invented punk. "I kept looking at the pharaohs and thought, These guys look bitchin'—they never wear shirts."

**DAFT PUNK:** Thomas, left, and Guy-Manuel's clothing is **HEDI SLIMANE FOR DIOR HOMME**.

**IGGY POP:** His jacket (\$1,980) and shirt (\$810) are **YOHJI YAMAMOTO**.



## THE SHINS

"When you go onstage you have to treat it like a slightly formal occasion," says James Mercer, leader of the band that, famously, could change your life. "It's cool to take an old-school approach, to look presentable."

**THE SHINS:** From left, Dave's suit (\$350) is **REPORT COLLECTION**, his shirt (\$135) is **ORIGINAL PENGUIN BLACK LABEL**, his pocket square (\$60) is **ROBERT TALBOTT**, and his sneakers (\$42) are **CONVERSE**. Marty's suit (\$895) is **HUGO**, his shirt (\$68) is **FRENCH CONNECTION**, and his pocket square (\$60) is **ROBERT TALBOTT**. James's blazer (\$428), vest (\$298) and pants (\$248) are **MARC BY MARC JACOBS**, his shirt (\$79) and tie (\$40) are **ORIGINAL PENGUIN**, his pocket square (\$60) is **ROBERT TALBOTT**, and his sneakers (\$110) are **PF FLYERS**. Jesse's jacket (\$295) and pants (\$110) are **ORIGINAL PENGUIN**, and his shirt (\$78) is **REPORT COLLECTION**. Eric's blazer (\$675) and pants (\$275) are **GANT LIMITED EDITION**, his sweatshirt (\$41) is **AMERICAN APPAREL**, his shirt (\$115) is **MODERN AMUSEMENT**, his pocket square (\$60) is **ROBERT TALBOTT**, and his shoes (\$295) are **GORDON RUSH**.

## GOGOL BORDELLO

Frontman Eugene Hutz grew up in Ukraine. He learned about fashion from his grandmother, a Gypsy tailor. "I was a great friend to have," he says. "I could make a spiky punk bracelet out of your mom's old purse."

**GOGOL BORDELLO:** Eugene's blazer (\$198) is **REPORT COLLECTION**, his windbreaker (\$168) is **MODERN AMUSEMENT**, his pants (\$198) are **J. LINDBERG**, and his ascot (\$195) is **SEAWARD & STEARN OF LONDON**.



## HOT CHIP

"Bands with a strong visual aesthetic really appeal to me," says Joe Goddard. The group's new LP, *Made in the Dark*, has all the playful melody and rich soulfulness of the first two—and even more boom.

**HOT CHIP:** From left, Owen's cardigan (\$38) and scarf (\$15) are **AMERICAN APPAREL**, his pants (\$175) are **STUSSY DELUXE**, and his shoes (\$45) are **SPERRY TOP-SIDER**. Al's vest (\$57) is **YOKO DEVEREAUX**, his shirt (\$298) is **JOHN VARVATOS**, and his scarf (\$25) is **KILL CITY**. Joe's jacket (\$1,595) is **JOHN VARVATOS**, his jeans (\$189) are **7 FOR ALL MANKIND**, and his shoes (\$45) are **SPERRY TOP-SIDER**. Alexis's jeans (\$78) are **KILL CITY**, and his glasses (\$109) are **RAY-BAN**.

**DURAN DURAN:** Clockwise from top, Simon's jacket (\$595) is **BURBERRY LONDON**, and his shirt (\$64) is **LEFT FIELD**. Nick's blazer (\$495) is **ROCK & REPUBLIC**, his shirt (\$165) is **DUNHILL**, and his pants (\$270) are **DIESEL**. John's jacket (\$1,155) is **ROCK & REPUBLIC**, and his scarf (\$135) is **JOHN VARVATOS**. Roger's jacket (\$1,695) and scarf (\$135) are **JOHN VARVATOS**. The **JOHN VARVATOS** collection is available at **BLOOMINGDALE'S**.



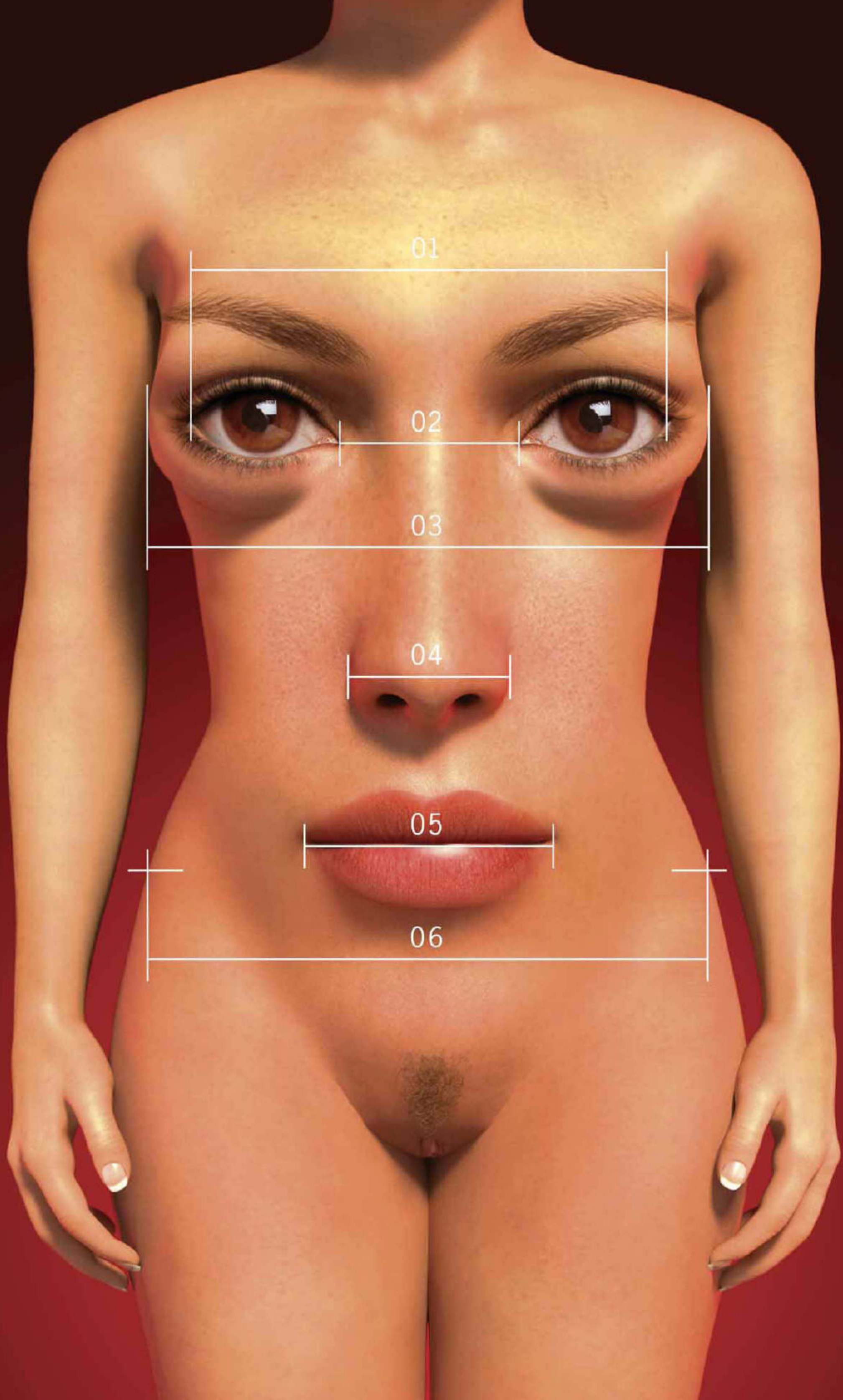
## DURAN DURAN

Icons. Legends. Wild boys. Best of all, always evolving. "It takes confidence," says John Taylor. "Continuing to try new things means a learning curve. But when there's learning, you feel like a student—young."



FOR ADDITIONAL INTERVIEWS, BEHIND-THE-SCENES FOOTAGE AND THE BANDS' PLAYBOY T-SHIRT DESIGNS, GO TO [ROCKTHERABBIT.COM](http://ROCKTHERABBIT.COM), AND CHECK OUT ROCK THE RABBIT FEATURES ALL THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY TV.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 139.



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THE sexual male, PART FOUR:

# THE LOOK OF LOVE

SCIENTISTS WHO STUDY THE HUMAN MATING DANCE HAVE MADE STARTLING DISCOVERIES ABOUT HOW MEN ~~CHOOSE~~ ARE CHOSEN AS PARTNERS AND WHY, DESPITE OUR BETTER JUDGMENT, WE USUALLY STICK AROUND

**N**eil Strauss has a cool job (he profiles celebrities for *Rolling Stone*, he helped porn star Jenna Jameson write her autobiography) but is the first to admit he is no great looker. “My nose is too big for my face,” he says, taking inventory. “My hair is thinning, which is why I shaved my head. My eyes are beady. I have indentations on either side of my forehead. I’m short, skinny and pale, and I slouch.” Strauss does have one thing going for him: a great personality. Really. We’re not just saying that. Five years ago the writer met a magician named Mystery, who taught him how to assert himself in the presence of a beautiful woman.

This isn’t an infomercial. It’s science. *The Game*, Strauss’s best-selling account of his two-year transformation, describes how he and other pickup artists (PUAs) manage, sometimes in a matter of hours, to overcome forces sculpted by the waters of millions of years of evolution. Given that an error in judgment has much more serious consequences for a woman than for a man (he has an orgasm, she has a baby), the female brain constantly reminds her to be selective about who accesses her reproductive organs. The pill changes the equation but hasn’t been around long enough to alter this protective instinct. In

search of quality genes, a woman is drawn to the man in any group who exhibits the highest status—the alpha male.

A PUA employs a variety of charming techniques to convince a woman he is the one guy in the room who is not thinking with his dick. These include wearing with unusual confidence at least one piece of outlandish clothing (peacocking), mastering a few conversation starters and party tricks, winning the admiration of any men she’s with and playing hard to get so she sees him as a prize. PUAs pride themselves on applying scientific discipline to refining their strategies and pore over everything from academic papers to marketing manuals to romance novels for insights. Innovative approaches are shared online, then tested by tens of thousands of men from around the globe. Strauss says he needed no further evidence of the power of this emerging social science when, during the early days of his training, he picked up Playmate of the Year 2002 Dalene Kurtis in an Office Depot.

#### TAKING THE HINT

Until about 40 years ago the textbook version of courtship was aggressive male chases demure female. But in the early 1970s researchers began to look at the reproductive dance more closely

BY CHIP ROWE

ILLUSTRATION BY MIRKO ILIC

and noted that males of many species do not approach a female until they receive a sign that it is okay. ("When women kiss," H.L. Mencken once wrote, "it always reminds me of prizefighters shaking hands.") Among pickup artists these cues are known as preapproach invitations. At the same time, experiments have revealed that men interpret many gestures by women as signals even when they are not. We are nothing if not optimistic: Psychologist David Buss notes in *The Evolution of Desire* that if even a tiny fraction of these misperceptions lead to sex, it's easy to see how men could evolve to see signals everywhere. Sometimes you get lucky. However, Monica Moore, an evolutionary psychologist who has spent hundreds of hours observing couples flirt, cautions men not to appear too eager. "You can almost never look at a single potential signal—for example, a flip of the hair—and say, 'Oh, she's interested,'" she says. "You need a lot of signals over time."

Many cues women send to express their interest appear to be the same the world over. For 37 years, starting in 1965, ethologist Irenäus Eibl-Eibesfeldt of the Max Planck Institute near Munich shot footage of flirting and other social interactions

and assembled a list of 52 nonverbal cues that resulted in male attention. If a man responded within 15 seconds, Moore counted it a successful flirtation. Typically the women she watched would first survey the room, then select a man, stare at him, look away, stare and look away. Some women flirted with several men at once. Others hiked up their skirts until their target noticed. Some paraded in front of him, tits high. The women who got the most attention were those who sent out the most signals, regardless of their relative attractiveness. Moore calculated that a woman who sent at least 35 signals an hour could expect to be approached by about four men.

Moore later observed teenage girls in schools and malls, sending out basic signals. Although their cues are clumsier, are displayed much less frequently and follow the lead of their group's alpha female (adult women flirt independently), they still manage to mesmerize teenage boys. Because this "call-and-response" is universal, a man and woman don't even need to speak. David Givens, director of the Center for Nonverbal Studies in Spokane, Washington, recounts the story of a flirtation

## IS ONE WOMAN ENOUGH FOR ANY MAN?



**W**hich best describes your relationship style? Select one of the following:

- (1) Monogamous
- (2) Serially monogamous
- (3) Ambiguously monogamous
- (4) Mildly polygynous
- (5) Polygynous

Relax. If you checked anything, you're right. Evolutionary psychologists have never been able to find the right language to describe our peculiar approach to mating. We practice mostly monogamy, but is that natural or are we boxed in by social

and religious mores? Besides humans, only about three percent of mammals pair up. Anthropological surveys of traditional cultures conducted in the past century found that more than 80 percent allowed polygyny, i.e., a man could take more than one wife. (Polyandrous societies, in which a woman can take more than one husband, are rare.) The evidence is clear that we have evolved as "mildly polygynous creatures," argue evolutionary psychologist David Barash and his wife, psychiatrist Judith Lipton, in *The Myth of Monogamy*. However, even when polygyny is okay, few men partake. This is almost always out of necessity rather than by choice, Barash says—either there aren't enough surplus women or a man lacks the funds and/or skill to negotiate and sustain the arrangement. Because we humans remain with each part-

ner for as long as we can after the romantic high wears off, many scientists have adopted the phrase *serial monogamy*. Helen Fisher, the author of *Why We Love*, likes to recall a story about Margaret Mead. When asked why her marriages had all failed, the famed anthropologist responded, "I beg your pardon. I had three marriages, and none of them was a failure."

Although U.S. divorce data support the notion of a seven-year itch, Fisher believes couples feel an instinctual urge to split after four years. That's about the time, she argues, that a child born in a hunter-gatherer society is self-sufficient enough to join a communal play group and be raised by other members of the band. The father and mother can then search for new mates—he for someone younger, she for someone older and richer—and bear children with a variety of genetic structures, increasing the odds that more of them will survive. The fact that most men don't flee is "a remarkable triumph of the female brain and will," writes geneticist Anne Moir in *Brain Sex*. "In sexual and evolutionary terms, there is nothing in marriage for men." So why do we stay? One argument is that we recognize widespread female promiscuity would make it harder to know if a child is ours. We also stick around because, unlike other primates, humans are born with underdeveloped brains so the skull can squeeze through the female pelvis, leaving our offspring so helpless they require two parents to survive. By the time a child can walk and talk, a few years later, and Daddy is ready to bolt, Mama may well be pregnant again. Where does the time go? Kids continue to weigh on a marriage as long as they are around; one study of 500 families found the lowest point of satisfaction arrives at Stage V, when the children become teenagers. However, in the next three stages—VI, VII and VIII, after the kids leave home—the ratings rise again. Hang in there.

in cultures both primitive and modern. To ensure the encounters were unstaged and undisturbed, he rigged his film and video cameras so he could point the lenses in one direction while filming in another. After studying each interaction frame by frame, Eibl-Eibesfeldt found that regardless of whether a woman grows up in Bali, Botswana, Paris or some other locale, she follows the same inherent routine. First, she smiles to signal her interest. Next, she arches her brows to make her eyes bigger, quickly lowers her lids, tucks her chin down slightly and to the side, averts her gaze and then puts her hand on or near her lips and giggles. Finally, she extends her neck, which Eibl-Eibesfeldt and others read as a sign of submissiveness. In an observational study of 200 young women, Moore noticed many of the same cues, including the eyebrow flash, the coy smile, the partial averting of the eyes and the exposed neck. But she dismisses the idea that any of this is submissive. "If these behaviors serve to get a man to do what the woman wants, how can they be anything but powerful?" she asks. Moore says women may use a coy smile once in a while but more often maintain eye contact and smile fully.

When Moore began studying flirtatious behavior, in the late 1970s, she discovered no one had ever attempted to catalog the signals women send. She watched hundreds of interactions

in central Africa that eventually led to marriage between a tall, middle-aged white ethnologist from New Jersey and a teenage Pygmy. "Even before humans developed language, we obviously managed to get together to reproduce," he says. "Love letters, poetry and all that are just frosting on the cake."

Men send cues of their own. A team of researchers led by Karl Grammer of the Ludwig Boltzmann Institute for Urban Ethology at the University of Vienna observed 40 men in bars for 30 minutes each to document dominant male gestures: sprawling across a couch ("space-maximization movements"), stroking his facial hair to draw attention to his face, slapping a buddy on the back, punching him in the shoulder or elbowing him in the ribs good-naturedly (touching is more powerful than being touched) and shooting glances at women to see how he was being received (a man averaged 13 glances before he and a woman started talking). Men who folded their arms, dropped their shoulders and gave up space so other men could sit usually went home alone.

Unfortunately, while men are always scanning the horizon for signs of interest, those who aren't pickup artists or sociologists appear to miss many of them. Timothy Perper, a biologist who, like Moore, has spent hundreds of hours studying couples in bars (and who may be the perfect wingman) says he sometimes

point out to oblivious friends that they are getting a yellow light from a woman. The problem, he says, is men usually look only for green lights, when the signals are often more subtle. Strauss offers an example: If a woman moving through a club stops near you to have a conversation with her friends and keeps her back turned, that is nearly always a signal of interest. He can't explain why, although Perper takes a shot: With her back turned, a woman can sway her hips and move her hair around without making eye contact, which may seem too forward. Perper says that during his research he would often see a woman walk the length of a bar until she saw a guy who interested her. She would then strike up a conversation. Later, when Perper interviewed the man and woman, he always asked the man how the two had met. "He would say, 'She was just standing there!'" Perper says. "It got to be a cliché. And how do you think she came to be standing there? That shows you how a woman's cues can be interpreted as both subtle and not so subtle."

Moore says that when a man, whether through ignorance or recklessness, approaches a woman without being summoned, he is very likely to crash and burn. For a 1998 study she observed another sample of 200 young women as they shut down suitors—or tried to, anyway—by yawning, frowning, sneering, gazing toward the ceiling, searching for split ends, thrusting one or both hands into their pockets, closing their legs tightly, crossing their arms, offering only a hard stare or shaking their heads, no. Some women even cleaned their nails or picked their teeth. David Givens suspects men don't always get the message, because they are generally less adept at reading body language. "A man is so enchanted by the woman's face and figure, he tunes out her behavior," he says.

The chief problem with approaching without an invitation is that it reeks of desperation. Researchers have tried to capture its soul-sapping effects through experiments with speed dating. In 2005 Eli Finkel and Paul Eastwick of Northwestern University's Relationships Lab organized seven sessions involving a total of 75 female and 81 male students. They found that even within a four-minute encounter, students of both genders could sense whether the other person had "unselective romantic desire." That is, some people gave off the vibe that they were ready to like anyone who liked them. Because everyone wants to feel special or unique, Finkel says, we much prefer to meet someone who is selective yet still chooses us.

#### MOVING RIGHT ALONG

As a couple converses, there comes a critical point Perper calls initiative transfer, when the man senses he needs to make a move, to get physical with a lingering touch or kiss. "Knowing when to touch a woman is tricky," Perper says. "I tell guys to let her touch them first." When interviewed later, men typically forget or overlook details of the initial interactions, such as who spoke first, says Perper, who describes the findings in his 1985 book, *Sex Signals: The Biology of Love*. By contrast, a woman usually shares explicit points about the beginning but is vague about what happened after things got physical. "They would tell me, 'We moved closer, started kissing and took it from there,'" he says. "The guy is the one who takes it from there."

Neither the man nor the woman seems to dominate a flirtation—"They take turns," says Moore—but researchers have found the woman usually sets the pace, using her body language to slow things down and speed things up. In 2000 a

team led by Karl Grammer in Vienna videotaped a number of 10-minute interactions and discovered that, although a woman shows much more interest in a man during the first minute, it's not until the fourth to the 10th minute that her behavior correlates with her actual interest. This, they noted, may explain why men tend to overestimate female sexual interest. Perper saw this in action during his fieldwork. "When you start to chat, the woman may not have a clear idea of what she thinks of you," he says. "That's why her early signals don't always have a clear meaning. Part of the reason men expect otherwise is we see it play out that way in the movies. But couples don't act out scripts; they make it up as they go along."

When a woman is interested, she seals the deal with a dagger—her voice. For one study, psychologist Julia Heiman (now director of the Kinsey Institute) had volunteers listen to a variety of six- to eight-minute taped conversations between men and women. As measured by genital blood flow, the erotic discussions aroused both genders. But some men got just as turned on by the control tape, which Heiman described as "a bland narrative of a



**MASCULINE TO FEMININE** For a study at New Mexico State, psychologist Victor Johnston created a 1,200-frame movie in which a face morphs from one extreme ("high-testosterone male," at far left) to another ("high-estrogen female," at far right). Women who are ovulating prefer a more masculine face than those who are not, while men see larger eyes, fuller lips and a delicate chin as signs of fertility.

THE STEREOTYPE APPEARS TO BE TRUE, SAYS ONE RESEARCHER. MEN ARE A GENDER OF FRAGILE EGOS IN SEARCH OF A PRETTY FACE.

student couple discussing the relative benefits of an anthropology major over premed." (A few years later anthropologist Donald Symons essentially accused Heiman of naivete and wondered if a male investigator would have presumed any recording of a young woman's voice could be heard dispassionately by a young man.) More recent research, from 2005, suggests men decipher female voices using the same part of the brain that processes music. "The female voice is more complex than the male voice due to differences in the size and shape of the vocal cords and larynx," says Dr. Michael Hunter, the University of Sheffield psychiatrist who led the study. "Women also have greater natural melody in their voices." This may explain why people who suffer hallucinations usually hear a male voice, as it's easier for the brain to conjure than a complex female voice.

The male voice is important in a different way. Strauss asserts that "the secret to meeting women is simply to know what to say and when and how to say it." Pickup artists depend on being the most engaging guy in the room. In his book *The Mating Mind*, evolutionary psychologist Geoffrey Miller proposes we are "courtship machines" because those ancestors who could write poetry, play music, sing, tell jokes, draw and dance were more fun to hang out with and therefore more likely to get laid. Every human has the ability to flirt, converse, be funny, tell stories, choose a mate and fall in love, he says, but some

(continued on page 126)



!@#\$\*!!

# CHARLES BARKLEY

LISTEN UP, KOBE BYRANT, STEPHON MARBURY, LOU DOBBS, AL SHARPTON, BILL O'REILLY, JESSE JACKSON, BARRY BONDS, BARACK OBAMA AND GEORGE BUSH—TNT'S BIGGEST MOUTH HAS SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU

## Q1

**PLAYBOY:** On TNT's *Inside the NBA*, you frequently spar with co-hosts Ernie Johnson and Kenny Smith. If your boat were sinking and you could save only one of them, whom would you choose?

**BARKLEY:** That's the stupidest question I've ever been asked. Kenny's obviously got no chance. Not only that, we'd probably take some of his body parts in case we couldn't get food—we could eat him a couple of days later. Wait, it depends on the destination. If the boat is going to Miami to hang out, I might take Kenny. Ernie just wants to go to Dairy Queen all the damn time.

## Q2

**PLAYBOY:** Your contract with TNT ends after this season. What will you do?

**BARKLEY:** I work one day a week. If I turn this job down I'm a damn fool. We work every Thursday. The other six days I'm free. Why would I turn this job down? Unless I could come back and play.

## Q3

**PLAYBOY:** This season has been full of drama. Stephon Marbury walked out on the Knicks. Kobe Bryant battled with the Lakers. What is going on in the NBA?

**BARKLEY:** I think the main thing is that guys

are making so much money you can't control them anymore. That's unfortunate. You've got guys who are always hawking to be traded, guys who say they're going to do things their way no matter what. It's unfortunate because it hurts the game. They've got what we call fuck-you money. Stephon Marbury makes \$20 million a year. There's nothing they can do to him, so he'll always do things his way.

## Q4

**PLAYBOY:** Kobe Bryant allegedly text messaged you several times in response to negative comments you made about him. Do players regularly confront you about things you've said?

**BARKLEY:** Yeah, but my job is for the fans. Kobe doesn't ever call me or text me when I say he's the best player in the NBA. He doesn't call and thank me. That's one thing that's very interesting in my life right now. When I played, I thought the players were always right. You live in your own environment. One thing being on television has done is that I have to sit back and be fair. I've realized some players are fucking idiots.

## Q5

**PLAYBOY:** But are they worth putting up with for their talent?

**BARKLEY:** Kobe is. Stephon Marbury is not. I always tell people you can be a pain in the ass if you're a great player. If you're not a good player, you can't be a pain in the ass. You have to earn it.

## Q6

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think the NBA should force players to stay in college longer? Do you think that would help?

**BARKLEY:** I do. I wish they would expand the rules so kids had to stay in college for two years. First of all, we're the only sport that doesn't force that. In football you have to be out of high school for three years. In other sports you have to go to the minor leagues. We're the only sport where players can go from one year of college to the NBA. It's really hurt the game. They're not ready. They can't handle that. Look at the great players who came in that way. Kobe Bryant is a great player, Kevin Garnett is a great player, but they struggled. I can't imagine guys being better than they are.

## Q7

**PLAYBOY:** With betting, steroid investigations and dogfighting, it seems every pro sport is facing some type of scandal.

What's wrong with the business today?  
 BARKLEY: There is nothing wrong with pro sports. We live in a 24-hour news cycle. Most of my guys are great people, but when something bad happens the news makes it sound like the end of the world. That's just how it is. We've got more than 400 guys in the NBA. If 10 of them act a fool, the media act like they're all bad.

## Q8

PLAYBOY: Should your friend Barry Bonds be allowed in the Baseball Hall of Fame?

BARKLEY: Of course he should. That's a no-brainer. And if the Baseball Hall of Fame accepts that baseball with an asterisk drawn on it, all the players should boycott the Hall of Fame.

## Q9

PLAYBOY: Do you have any plans to run for governor of Alabama?

BARKLEY: I'm going to be the governor in 2014. I just bought a house there. I can do some great things. America is divided between rich and poor, and the poor people don't stand a chance in this country. Poor people are born in bad neighborhoods and are going to go to bad schools. That's not right. You shouldn't have to be rich and famous to be successful.

## Q10

PLAYBOY: You've said you'll run as a Democrat. Didn't you used to be a Republican?

BARKLEY: No. I didn't used to be a Republican. I said I was rich like a Republican, and I'm still rich like a Republican. There's no way in good conscience you can be a Republican right now. After what Bush and his cronies have done to America, there's no way you can honestly feel good about being a Republican. I mean that sincerely. Let's get something straight: The Democrats aren't much better. But I don't know how you can honestly say in good conscience that you are a Republican today in this country and not cringe.

## Q11

PLAYBOY: Would you consider bringing in Al Sharpton or Jesse Jackson to help with your campaign?

BARKLEY: No. I don't believe in them. They always play the race card, and you can't always play the race card. Sometimes the race card is needed but not in every situation. We have to hold blacks more accountable for their actions.

## Q12

PLAYBOY: Whom are you voting for in the presidential election?

BARKLEY: I'm voting for Barack Obama. The reason I'm voting for him is he's a friend of mine. But I have to look at the big picture. We are so lost and confused in the black community right now. All our kids want to be rappers or entertainers. We need to let them know they can be intelligent and articulate. It's a bigger picture than him running for president, to be honest with you.

## Q13

PLAYBOY: Do you watch shows like *The O'Reilly Factor*?

BARKLEY: No, because Bill O'Reilly is an asshole. And Lou Dobbs is an asshole. He's always hating on illegal immigrants. First of all, illegal immi-

“ THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH PRO SPORTS. WHEN SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS THE NEWS MAKES IT SOUND LIKE THE END OF THE WORLD. WE'VE GOT MORE THAN 400 GUYS IN THE NBA. IF 10 OF THEM ACT A FOOL, THE MEDIA ACT LIKE THEY'RE ALL BAD. ”

grants do the work blacks and whites don't want to do. O'Reilly and Dobbs incite fear. On CNN, Dobbs is going in that direction because CNN is getting its butt kicked by Fox. He does a show every single night on illegal immigration. Seriously, if they want to stop illegal immigration it's very simple: All they have to do is penalize the rich people who hire illegal immigrants. They're not working for other poor people; they're working for rich people.

## Q14

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the war in Iraq?

BARKLEY: We have to bring those kids home. They should not be overseas. That's a no-win situation. We should not have gone there in the beginning, and now that it's a cluster fuck we should bring them home as soon as possible. It's never going to be safe there. Here's my analogy: If I come into your house and kick your ass and then stay, it's never going to be good. We're not going to get along. It's never going to

happen. It will never be safe in Iraq. It's just stupid for us to be there.

## Q15

PLAYBOY: Why don't other athletes talk about these issues?

BARKLEY: They're afraid. They don't want to be criticized. I understand I can't make everybody happy. It's just my opinions. These guys don't even want to worry about it. They'd rather sell products. I'm not trying to sell products. I think it's important to give my point of view on serious issues. These guys are more businessmen than in my day. They make so much money right now, they don't give a shit. It doesn't matter. They make so much money, it's off the charts. I'm not hating on them. It's just a fact.

## Q16

PLAYBOY: How's your golf game right now?

BARKLEY: I'm retired, man. I had to quit. It wasn't pretty.

## Q17

PLAYBOY: To what lengths would you go to improve your golf game?

BARKLEY: I got myself hypnotized. All I got was a good nap, and I woke up really refreshed. That was it. My game did not improve at all, but I was relaxed and refreshed when I woke up.

## Q18

PLAYBOY: With golf gone, you're now reduced to your other hobby, gambling. What's the worst night of gambling you've ever had?

BARKLEY: Super Bowl weekend a couple of years ago. I was in Vegas. It was tough for me, man, playing blackjack. I have to slow down on my gambling. It's not going well. It's just stupid.

## Q19

PLAYBOY: What's the most you've ever lost in a single night of gambling?

BARKLEY: A couple of million dollars.

## Q20

PLAYBOY: Portland Trail Blazer Greg Oden named his new dog Charles Barkley McLovin. Is that a compliment or an insult?

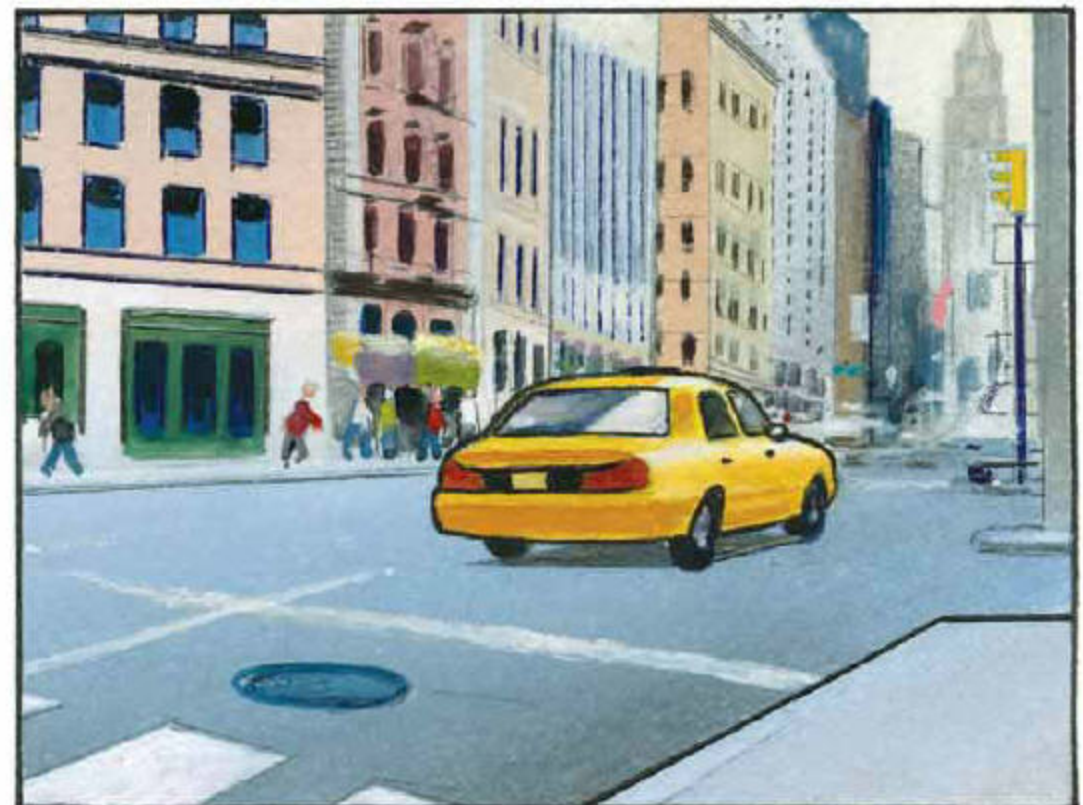
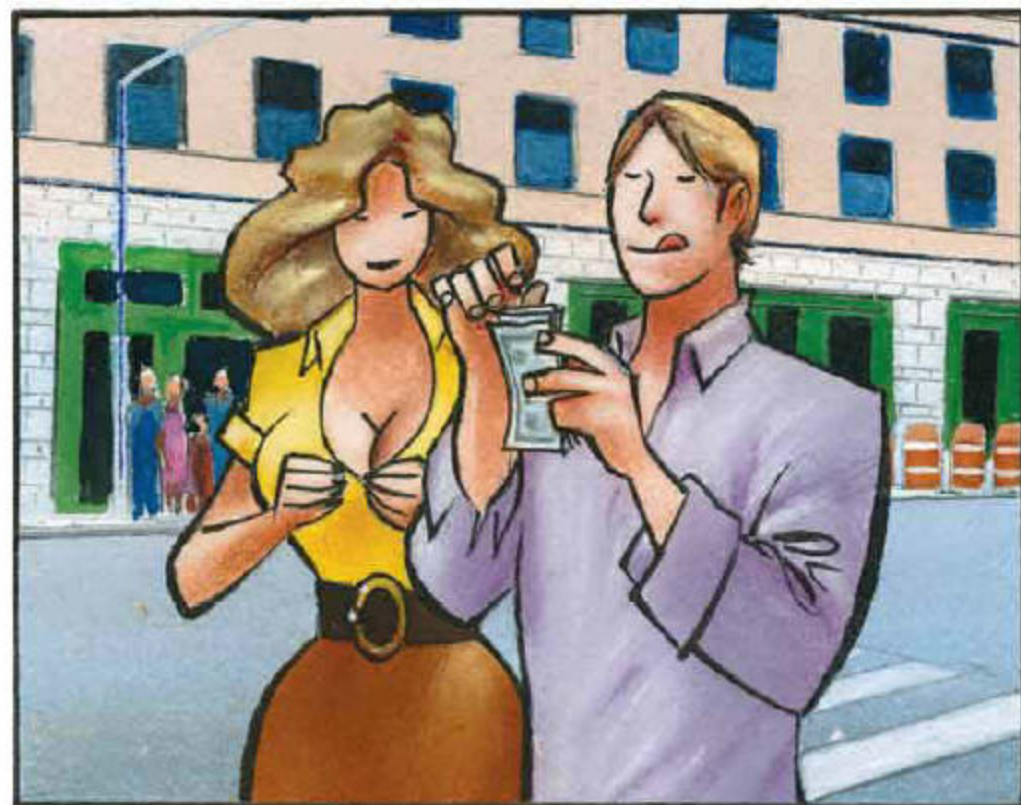
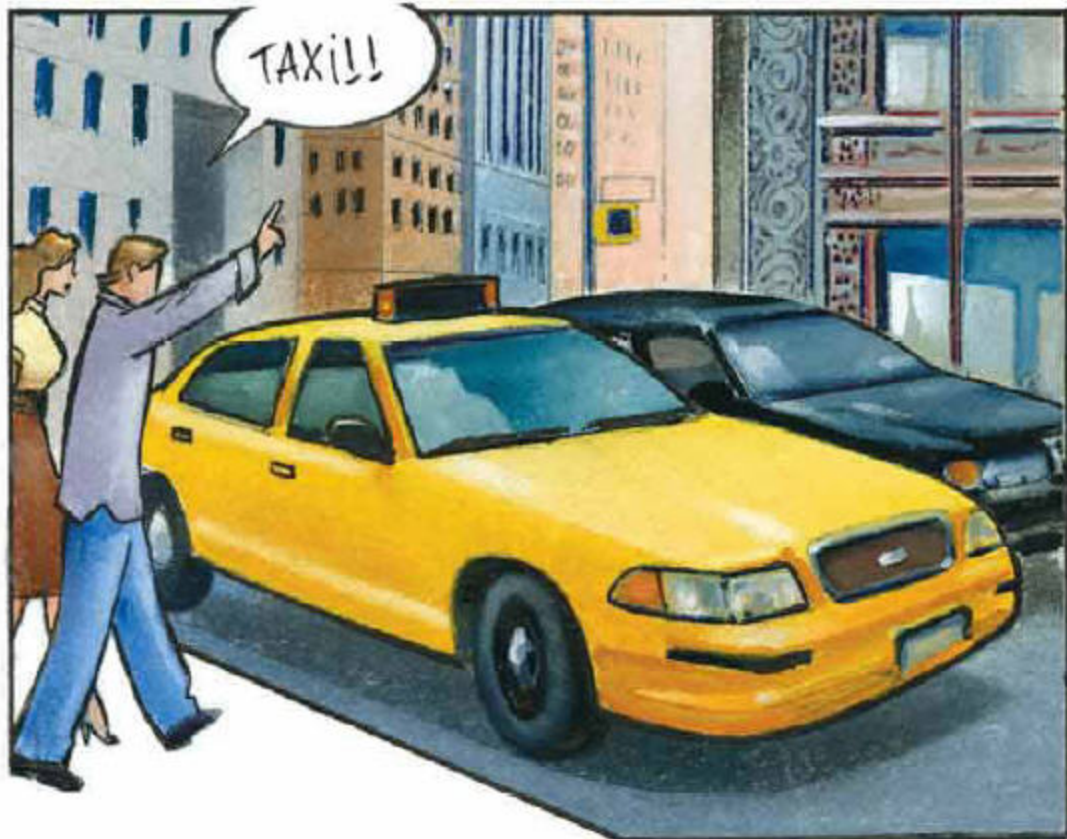
BARKLEY: I think that was cool. I've had that happen a lot in my life, but that was pretty cool. I've had a lot of dogs named after me, believe it or not. I take it as a great compliment. Seriously, I've had probably 25 people in my life tell me they named their pets after me.

Read the 21st question at [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q).





# Taxi



JUAN RIVAREZ • JORGE G

playboy's

25

# sexiest celebrities



**A**s we all learned from Saturday-morning cartoons, three is a magic number. When it comes to women, three beats two and triples one. More is not less; more is merrier. The Greeks told of three Graces—Aglia (Splendor), Euphrosyne (Mirth) and Thalia (Good Cheer)—who threw all the best parties and ran the odd saucy errand for Aphrodite and Eros. In Wagner's opera cycle *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, the three Rheinmaidens—Wellgunde, Woglinde and Flosshilde—are sexy mermaids who nakedly (but rather poorly) guard the Rheingold, the wonder stuff on which the plot hinges. And once upon a time there were three little girls—Kelly Garrett, Sabrina Duncan and Jill Munroe—who went to the police academy and were assigned hazardous duties, only to be taken away from all that by a man. His name was Charlie. Yet all mythic temptress trios seem mere preludes to the *Girls Next Door*—Holly, Bridget and Kendra—apples of Hef's eye and a sign that the terrorists aren't winning diddly. This is their third *Sexiest Celebrities* appearance and third PLAYBOY cover. Studies show our Rabbit is one of the world's most recognized logos, yet in just three years these ladies have put their stamp on our half-century heritage. Say you're a PLAYBOY editor and men always ask whether you've been to the Mansion (we have, and it was spectacular). Women's reactions were less reliable—until now. "You work for PLAYBOY? I love *The Girls Next Door!*" they tell us. Three cheers for the blonde, blonde and blonde.

Our yearly survey of the very hottest women on the planet starts strong with a leadoff triple



The Girls Next Door  
**Holly, Bridget and Kendra**  
Sex Stars of the Year



**Sara Jean Underwood** (clockwise this page) Readers flipped for her as our October 2005 cover girl, so we made her Miss July 2006. (For the hundredth time, you're welcome.) Then, together, we all made her Playmate of the Year 2007. *Kumbaya.*

**Jenny McCarthy** Always the joker in the Playmate pack, the outrageous Miss October 1993 (and PMOY 1994) may finally have met her match in rubber-faced Jim Carrey.

**Cindy Margolis** For years she reigned as the Internet's most downloaded woman. Then in December 2006 she rebooted her career by deleting the ubiquitous bikini and giving us a look at her source code.

**Angelina Jolie** She's probably a fine mother to the 73 kids she and Brad Pitt are raising. But her stint as the monster's mom who stiffens Beowulf's sword is what makes her our mother of the year.

**Carmen Electra** (opposite page) In 2007's *I Want Candy*, Carmen plays the titular Candy Fiveways. Stop smirking—*titular* means her character's name is in the title of the film. It has nothing to do with her sweet body.









**Kim Kardashian** (clockwise opposite page) Famous dad + sex tape + celebutante best friend + reality series = PLAYBOY's most popular pictorial of 2007? It's not exactly how Pam Anderson did it, but it worked.

**Jessica Alba** We'd tell you she's hotter than Tabasco in the Kalahari, but then we'd be just like every other magazine. Here's something you won't read anywhere else: Jessica Alba is made entirely of wood.

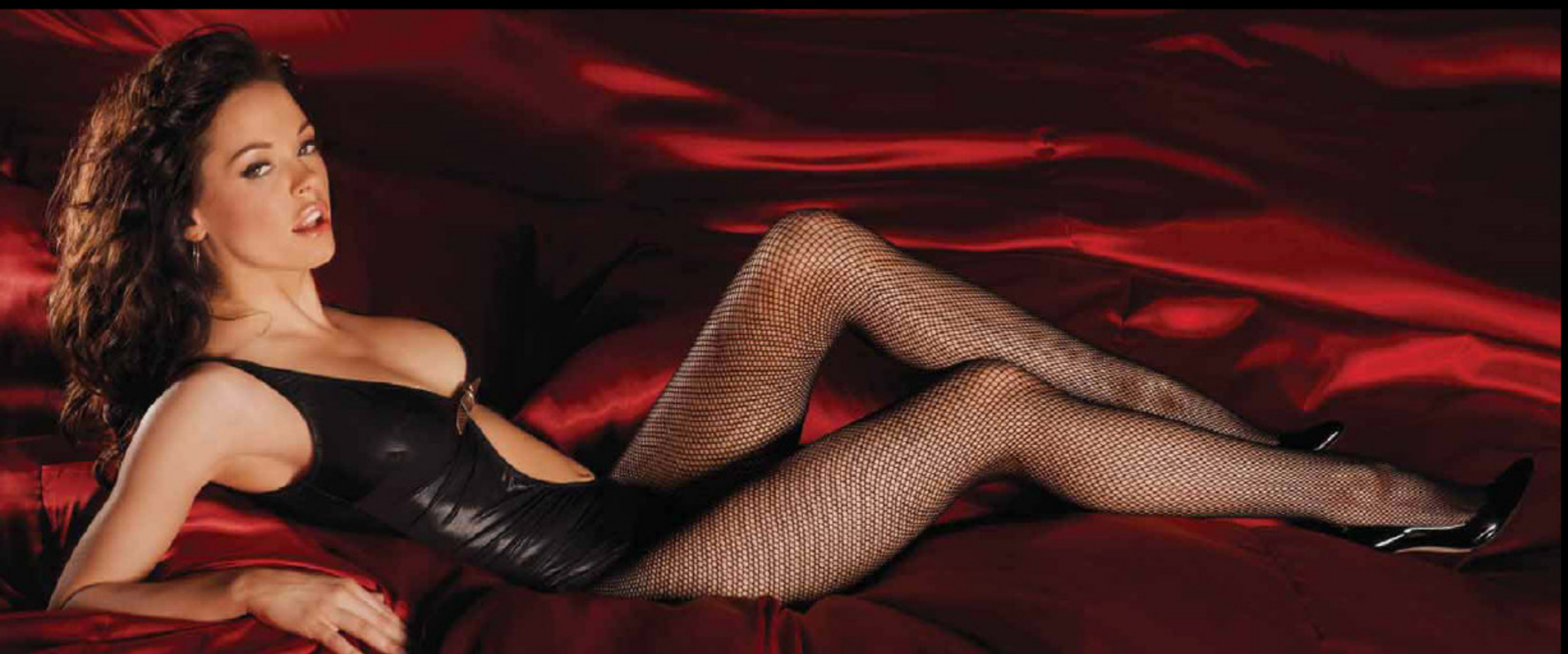
**Jennifer Love Hewitt** On *Party of Five* she played Bailey's girlfriend Sarah, more commonly known as Pouty McTightsweaters. Now she plays Spooky O' Cleavage on *Ghost Whisperer*.

**Scarlett Johansson** The angelic face, the Playmate physique, talent that draws premium roles and a voice that suggests possibilities even when she says "Pass the tea." We never tire of studying Scarlett.

**Denise Richards** (clockwise this page) You can see her in *Jolene*, a film based on a story by E.L. Doctorow. She does not play the title role, though. She plays the bodacious Marin.

**Alicia Keys** Each album has crowned the *Billboard* charts. "No One," the first single off her latest, loitered atop the pop list like her daddy owned the place. She kicks ass musically and looks good doing it.

**Rose McGowan** She has one smoking set of legs. In *Grindhouse* she has one smoking leg. The other is an AK-47.





**Pam Anderson** (clockwise this page) Our beloved Pam ruled the 1990s. It's 2008, and she's still amazing.

**Eva Mendes** *Training Day* was a big film for Denzel Washington. After all, he got to be in the nude scene that launched Eva's career. His Oscar was just gravy.

**Britney Spears** Tabloid TV and bloggers gave Brit such a hard time in 2007 that it seemed nobody liked her anymore. But voters at playboy.com sure did.

**Cameron Diaz** Women are always saying a sense of humor is sexy. It goes both ways: We like a girl who's a bit goofy. It doesn't hurt when goofy looks like this.

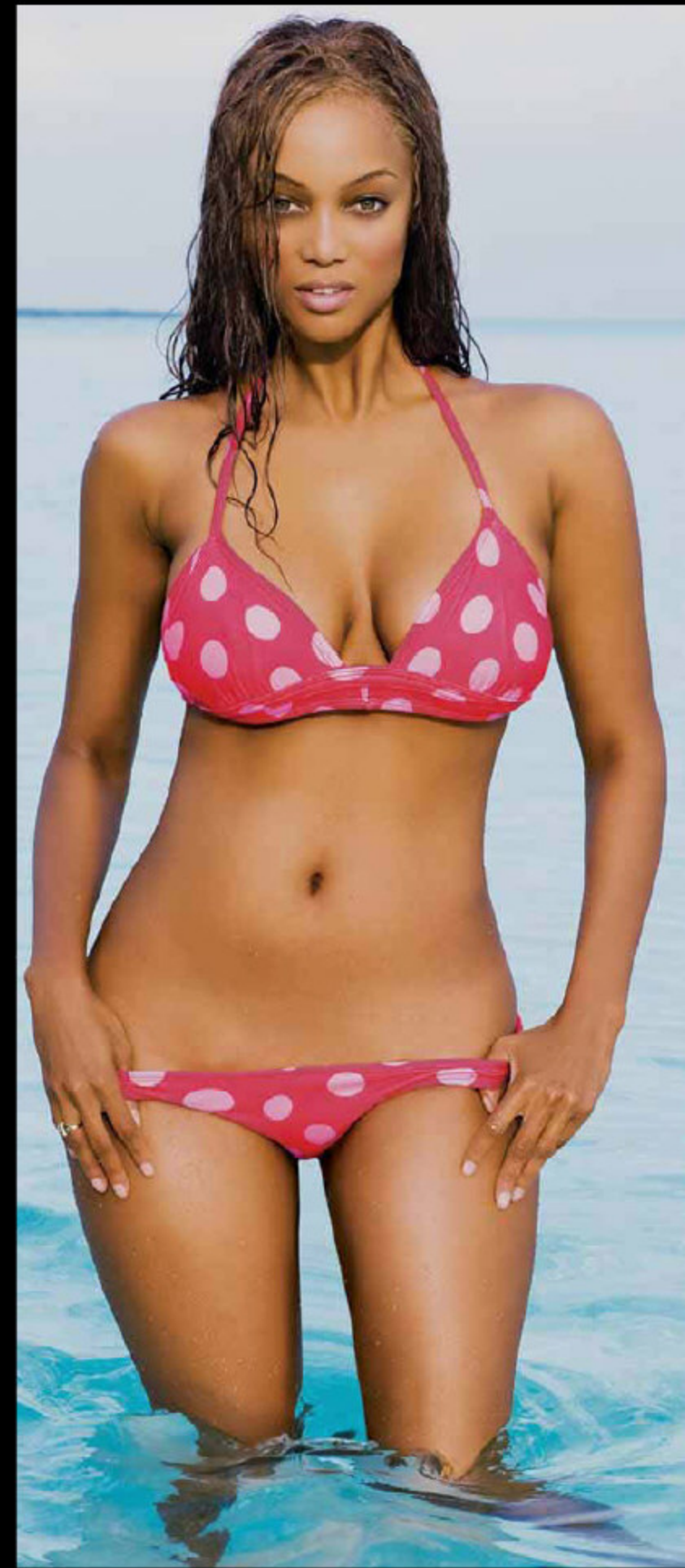
**Beyoncé** She's given us plenty of grief over the years—we're not ready for her jelly, we're not irreplaceable—but we'd rather get grief from her than anyone else.

**Vida Guerra** (opposite page) Fidel's days are numbered. Raúl has power but no charisma. The time is ripe to take down El Jefe and install La Jefa. Vida Guerra for president of Cuba!









**Christina Aguilera** (clockwise this page) There's nothing we can say that she didn't already tell us: She is beautiful in every single way.

**Tyra Banks** Tops among *Sports Illustrated* and *Victoria's Secret* models, she's now the host of the afternoon chat show *Tyra*. And if she'd show off the girls a bit more, we'd watch.

**Monica Bellucci** In *Shoot 'Em Up*, Monica plays a lactating prostitute known as DQ (Dairy Queen). You are not required to find all of the preceding sentence hot, but it's okay if you do.

**Jessica Simpson** She hasn't put out a movie or an album since 2006, but there's no keeping her off our list. If it's good enough for Tony Romo, it's good enough for us.

**Jessica Biel** *I Now Pronounce You Chuck & Larry* proves Adam Sandler is the greatest American actor. It takes talent to paw Jessica's breasts while uttering the word *yucky*.

**Adrienne Curry** (opposite page) Peter Brady's favorite dish was pork chops and applesauce; now he's married to this spicy *PLAYBOY* cover girl. We liked her so much we went back for seconds.





# THE COOK

(continued from page 90)

and when she was ready to, on her own. The women of Hassan, who had trouble distinguishing between the white women, gave my mother and Lenore nicknames to tell them apart. "You are the one who walks fast," the oldest flower seller poked Lenore in the arm one day and said in Kannada, and then she turned to my mother and told her, "And you are the one who walks slow."

"What did she say?" Lenore asked my mother, and my mother said, "That your hair is the color of amber, and my hair is the color of gold."

Lenore and my mother hired a motor rickshaw to take them out to the temple complex now and again, which was wonderful. Not only was the temple itself beautiful with its rows of slender columns, that reclining bull and all those dancing girls, but also there were usually no other people there. In the open-air halls where living *apsaras* had long ago danced for their priests, my mother and Lenore modeled their arms like the lines of those in the friezes. Then they'd tilt their hips and stamp their feet as they'd seen the women do in the Hindi movies. Sometimes they would mimic the latest overwrought love scene between the star-crossed young film couple, with my mother playing the man and Lenore the woman, and my mother would dip Lenore in her arms and say in a deep voice in Hindi, "*Kya tum mujhe pyar karte ho?*" and Lenore would say back in English, "And I too...for me nothing will remain without you but only death," and throw her arm across her forehead in anguish. Then my mother would release her and they would dance again around that room. Then just Lenore would dance, throwing her arms up to the heavens as though being soaked in a deluge, which she really would have been in the movie, the see-through-wet-sari scene a requisite part of every Hindi film.

Whether they knew it or not, these dances, this change in culture, was revealing to both of them things about their bodies they had not known in America. After another of these silly dances in the temple, my mother and Lenore fell laughing into each other's arms. They gave themselves up to the laughter, let their eyes tear from it, and then they went and sat on the temple steps and looked down the hill and over the forest in their saris. The sky was overcast and brooding, and they could see rain falling in curtains here and there in the distance. The clamor of the town they now lived in felt like a faraway thing. The laughter passed from them the way it had come, and then they sat quietly.

My mother imagined the wet town in her mind, the thronging people in it. But even in this distant mood she could still imagine the color of the flowers in its market. She said, "No matter how much I like parts of it, sometimes it is incredibly difficult to be here."

Lenore looked at my mother's face. "Denise, don't you know how hard it's been for me every day?"

"The men can be awful."

"I hate it when they hiss."

"What do they think we'll do when they do that?" my mother said and shook her head. "That they'll hiss at us and we'll suddenly go and sleep with them? If that's all it took, then that's all we'd be doing our whole time here."

"Sometimes I catch a man looking at me, and I know he would pay me for it if he could."

"The whole town together couldn't afford my fee."

Lenore squeezed my mother's arm, smiled. Then she laid her head on my mother's shoulder, and my mother petted her hair.

"I am so lonely here, Denise," Lenore said.

"You've done so good, Lenore."

"I have something to tell you."

"What is it?" my mother said.

"What would you say if I told you that I've been thinking about sleeping with Peter?"

•

Peter Merchant, aside from the many other things he was or wasn't, was an Eagle Scout. He'd brought the uniform with him, and the morning after my mother's comment about Vietnam, he came out of his room wearing it. It was covered in badges and beads and all of that stuff, and he wore the shorts, too. My mother understood when she saw him in it that it had to do with what she'd said. She looked at him, noted what he was wearing and left for the market. If Peter had gotten whatever satisfaction he'd thought he needed to get by dressing up in that outfit, my mother didn't care. If it wasn't for the Peace Corps, she would never have had to meet this person.

But Peter and his uniform wasn't just about my mother. It was also about his developing relationship with India. India did not do much to meet Peter on his terms, and Peter did not do much to meet India on its. He hated being touched by the people, and few were the times he attempted to go to the market that he didn't deal out a handful of shoves. Peter was also the tallest man in town. People followed him and laughed, and in the evening crowds, men lifted small children to their shoulders to point him out.

"Indians don't have a fully developed

sense of respect," Peter complained to Lenore as they ate peanuts and drank away another evening on their enclosed courtyard in the early days. "What you've got to understand is that this is a caste culture that is thousands and thousands of years old. They've had these low-self-esteem characteristics ingrained in them all of that time. Can't you see how the Indians have created their own conditions? At home, I thought it was because of the shortage of teachers. Now I think it's more than that."

Walking among the Indians was slow and hideous, a pothole every two feet, an endless minefield of cow dung and *paan* spit. Had anyone ever heard of a traffic light? How about a stop sign? Every little task in India that required only one guy to do back home here took 20; three guys to turn the tire iron and 17 to look on and shout advice, and then Peter would walk by and they'd drop what they were doing to clap and laugh. The truck they were working on was so trashed anyway it should have been unfit to drive. All he had come here to do was help these people. But who could help people like this?

It wasn't long before Peter subjected himself to the torture of haggling for a bicycle. And what a torture it was. When he'd asked the merchant, "How much for that bike?" the merchant had clapped a boy on the side of the head and sent him to bring back tea.

"Sit down, my friend," the merchant had said and smiled, patting a dirty stack of newspapers in the corner of the crowded bicycle shop.

"Can't you just tell me the price?"

"That is what we are going to find out."

But Peter had enjoyed a bit of emotional respite later as he zipped through the town, the breeze soothing his anger at the bike seller's skillful separation of him and much too much of his money. When my mother saw him on that bike for the first time, standing up to pedal, ringing his bell, kicking a cow out of the way as he whirled by her in her sari in the market in a blur, she, as with everyone around her, felt her eyes drawn to him. What a spectacular thing that big white man was. Going that fast. Kicking that cow. And it became more spectacular yet, because Peter started wearing his uniform.

•

My mother said to Lenore at the temple, "Why would you ever want to sleep with Peter Merchant?"

"I feel sorry for him. He's nice to me. We talk together. I know he's awful, but I can't help it. All of these things aren't as easy for us as they are for you."

My mother smiled. "It's like what Steve Stewart said to me in Wisconsin. 'Are you attracted to any of the girls here?' I asked



*"Frankly, I don't like the looks of this new guy."*

him, and he said, 'Yes, whoever will be stationed closest to me.' You only need to go into Peter's room, Lenore."

"Sometimes I think I might do that."

It was at this time Peter demanded that the cook, Krishna Arjuna or Rama Krishna, a Hindu name like that, prepare American food for them. Though she hadn't been sure of his name at the time, my mother would be able to conjure the cook's face in her mind for the rest of her life. The nose so veined and bulbous, it looked like it would ooze blood if touched. The thick hair like wool. The pockmarks sprinkled across his cheeks like freckles. He was a head shorter than the shortest of them, thin with a fat potbelly. He would flash a quick and betel-nut-stained smile when they'd compliment his green-coconut chutneys, his thick lentil dals. But the cook was otherwise shy. My mother knew these few things about him: He was Malayali from Kerala, he had been married for a long time, he had a wife and many children in his natal village in the mountains. Who had he been?

Peter in his Eagle Scout uniform had begun to swerve at dogs, to scatter groups of children with his bicycle. One afternoon, after coming back from the market, he went into the courtyard and dressed down the cook in English. He wagged his finger. His anger made his face turn red. The Indian's cooking was the reason why Peter hadn't had a solid bowel movement since the first moment he'd been here. It was the reason why all of them were always sick. How many times had they told him not to make the

food that spicy? Did he think they were kidding? Was he trying to poison them?

Peter said, "From now on, you will cook only American food for us. I've been in the market. Don't tell me that the ingredients aren't there, as I know you'll try to do," and the cook saluted the American in his Eagle Scout uniform and said, "Yes, sir!" Which was what Peter needed from him and the old man gave him.

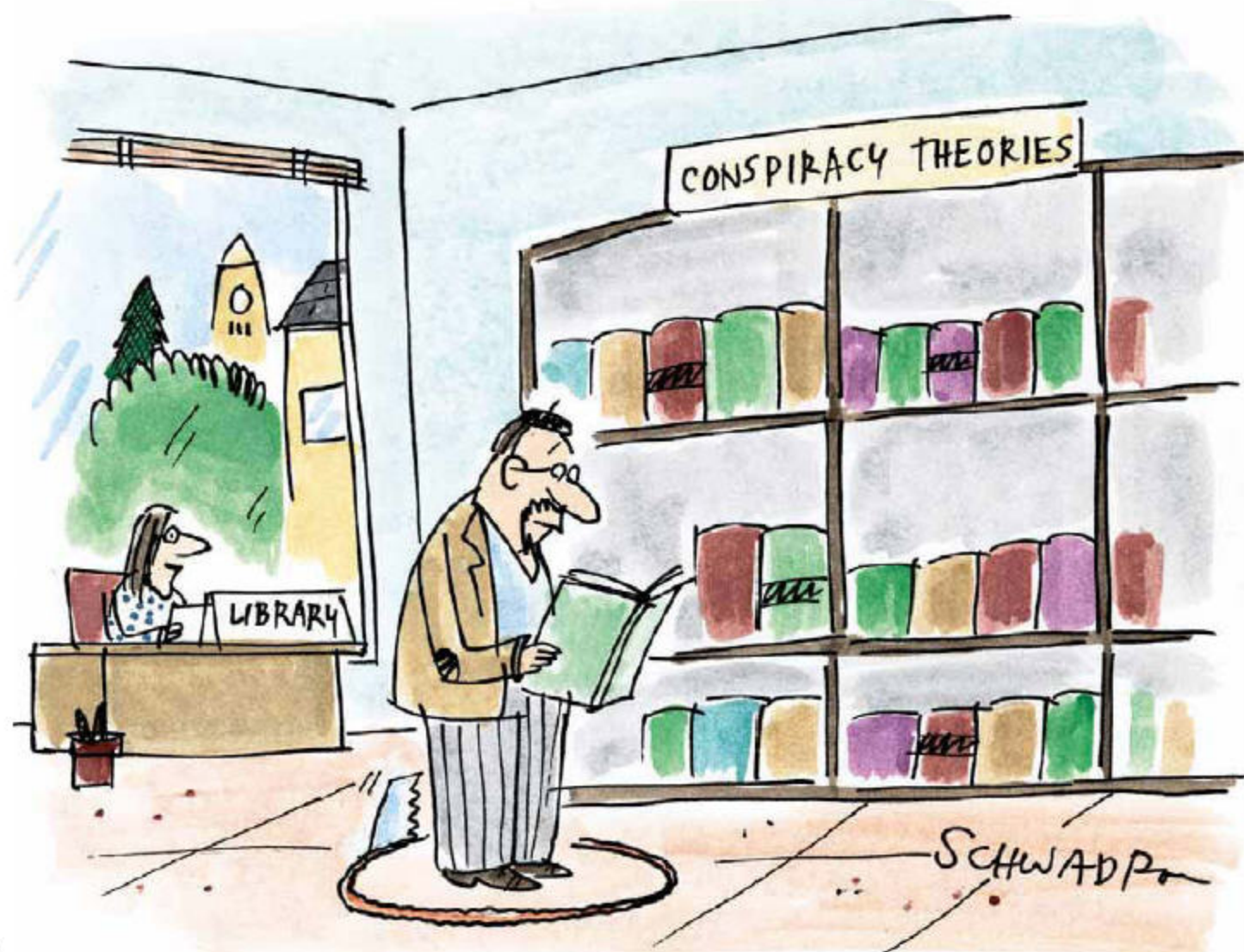
What followed were some funny days with Peter spending the better part of them teaching the cook how to make American food in the courtyard. The blond American in his patches and tight shorts dripped sweat from his chin as he stood over the cook on his stool. The Indian peeled potatoes for french fries, mixed flour and water for pancakes with his fingers, which Peter had made him wash twice with soap, and glanced up again and again as though to ask if he were getting it right when he knew he couldn't possibly be. The scene looked to my mother, as she smoked and watched from the porch, like an organ-grinder training his monkey. Why had she thought it okay then to let Peter do that?

And then there was the ultimate thing of all, hamburgers, with the buns trimmed from the centers of thick chapatis and fried, and the meat minced fine with a knife on the cutting board and rolled into patties. The cook had never touched meat before. He had to stop in the mincing now and again to stifle his gags. What could Peter do but fold his arms and sigh? He'd take a break from his frustrations with the cook to do something inside the house, and every time that he did, the cook mixed spices into

the meat. Then Peter would come back to taste what the cook had grilled, and he'd scowl and say, "Didn't I tell you no? Why can't you get that simple thing through your thick Indian skull? No spices. Not in American food," and take the spiced meat and throw it over the gate to the waiting dogs. The dogs had never known such luck or gluttony as they snarled and snapped over the meat in their scrawny pack.

My mother sat on the porch in her sari with Lenore all of that time, fatigued from the heat of the day, watching what was going on with a mixture of amusement and abhorrence. She'd fan herself with a folded sheet of the day's *Hindu* newspaper, wanting to step in and stop it, yes, but also wondering how it would all turn out. She was eager despite herself to eat food from home. She and Lenore smoked cigarettes and drank Kingfisher beers that were cold from their butane refrigerator, and while she felt bad for the old man, she felt that Peter, no matter how much she disagreed with his choices, had as much of a right to live here in his way as she did hers. The pancakes and burgers they would eventually eat resembled food from home in only a tangential way, translated by a boy in an Eagle Scout uniform to a Hindu in a *lungi* in impatient English, a language the cook could manage only on his best of days. It was entertaining, and it was frightening. Look at what India could do to people.

Peter, in his struggles there, had unwittingly turned the old man into his symbol for the whole of India. Though India was a thing he could not control, the old man was something that he could. My mother understood this even as she watched it happen. Maybe it was the strange slowness of this new monsoon season, her first there, its foreboding gray sky, the way it muted the colors of the flowers, the colors of the extravagant fruits piled in the market, even the women's saris, the painted horns of the cattle, the yellow-and-green rickshaws with their slogans about God's benevolence stenciled on them in Hindi, everything muted and made small again. But too, it was my mother's time to settle herself in India, to sleep and wake in it under her mosquito netting, to discover again and again each morning that she really was here, and to let who she'd been at home recede into her memory. My mother herself had become muted in the monsoon, didn't anymore know who she was, if she ever had, or why she was really here or what would come of any of it. Nothing she knew was simple any longer. Peter demanded that the cook prepare American food, and my mother didn't say anything. So the rain fell in its first sprinkles in the late afternoon on the coals of the old man's grill, and the coals turned the rain to steam, and then the cook would carry the grill by its handles into the covered shed of the kitchen, and Peter would stand over him, wagging his finger to make sure he got it right.



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\*See Reader's Note for details.



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.

Ask The Expert

# Male Virility Products ... Do They REALLY Work?

SEX: How To Improve. Increase. ENJOY.



**Q:** Dear Steffanie,

*For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?*

Jason M.  
Manhattan Beach, CA

**A:** Well Jason,

The verdict is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life ... repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took control right from the start and the feelings we

shared together were totally mind-blowing. And, here's the best part, every time since that night, he just keeps getting better and better. It's amazing! I can't get enough of him now!

Finally, the other day, my curiosity took over. I had to know what brought about this drastic change. So, I asked him. To my shock, he handed me a tube of Maxoderm. I just couldn't believe this product Maxoderm was actually making him feel fuller, more virile, and way more vigorous. I did a little research and was surprised by what I found.

**Recommended by Leading Physician, Michael A. Savino, M.D., F.A.C.S.,** it's the premiere, fast-acting topical lotion designed to enhance virility and the feeling of firmness, while intensifying your sensation for the ultimate sexual experience. Don't be fooled by the companies selling those "miracle" sex pills claiming to enhance size by 3 - 4 inches. As little as 5% of the pill actually makes it into your system. To my intimate knowledge, Maxoderm's PATENTED targeted delivery system effectively reaches the desired area

directly upon application, maximizing absorption, resulting in a performance to be proud of each and every time. I'm a huge (and grateful) fan of Maxoderm. And trust me, I know my fiancé is too!

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\*see Reader's Note



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"Don't you want to say something to him, Denise?" Lenore would say to my mother in the dark of their room at night, the sound of the crickets and the last oxcarts' bells as their drivers whipped them home coming to them from outside after the end of the rain.

"Peter will have his India, and we will have ours."

"I don't want to sleep with him anymore."

"Don't you?"

"Well, yes and no. I want to be touched by somebody is the thing."

"Then you'll be touched by somebody soon. Personally, I hope it's not Peter. But we are friends now. Even if it is him, our friendship won't be hurt by it."

As she turned on her side under her netting, my mother understood that she really was Lenore's friend. Peace Corps was a strange thing like that. It exposed her to all of these Americans she wouldn't have otherwise met. Certainly, they didn't live in the world as she would have wanted them to, but they were also here with her. It was more now with Lenore than just making do. Lenore was the only person in the world who would ever take these

first steps into this new life with her.

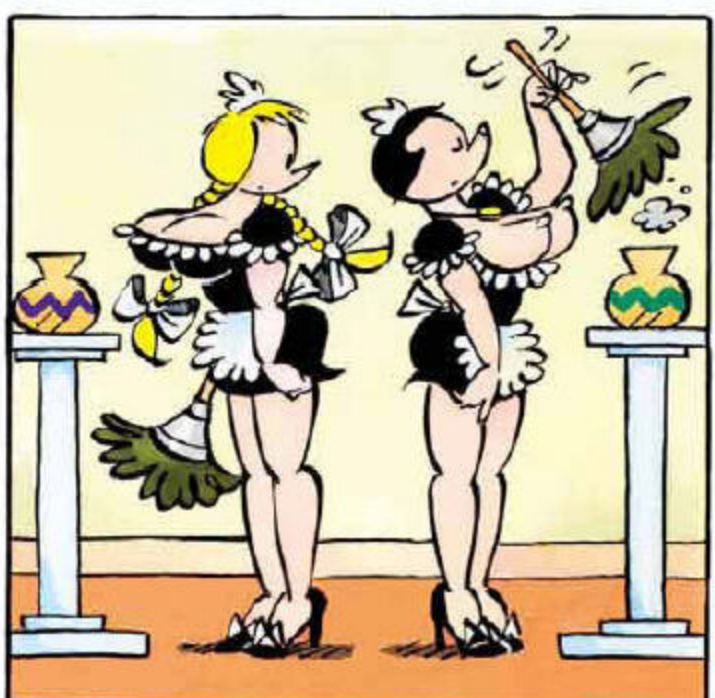
My mother walked all through Hassan in the mornings before the afternoon rains. The women in the market had finally graduated from calling her "the one who walks slow" to calling her Shanti, the first word of her organization's title, which she translated to them into Hindi to explain her presence there. How the name brought the blood up under her skin! Of the three of them, she spent the most time outside the compound by far, and wandering in the busy market, or into the shantytown of the working poor where children took her fingers to lead her to their families' shacks where she'd stand with them in the low doorways to smile down at their mothers over their pots; she also smiled at the idea that she was Peace stopping by to look in. Even then she knew that India would become the singular event of her life.

The old cook stopped my mother one afternoon as she walked through the courtyard to her room. She'd just come back from another one of her aimless walks through the town, through the rice paddies of its outskirts where the thin men in *lungis* whipped buffaloes to pull the plows until the paddies' wet

clods were churned to a soupy muck for the planting, and she'd seen a handful of new things that the others hadn't: a mendicant with a long beard tying a red string around the trunk of a flowering jacaranda in *pooja*, a troop of vervet monkeys at the main temple peeling and eating the bananas left at the feet of the statue of Lord Vishnu by worshippers in the alcove inside. Her ankles were splattered with mud from the road, and she was sweaty and weary. The old man had never really spoken to her before. But this day, he hurried across the courtyard to her, took her hands in his and said, "I know the women call you Shanti-devi. You are the one becoming like us. Also more than us. Always will you be more because you are white. But you must help me. Peter is hating how I cook. He wants what I cannot do. You must come to my side. Tell him my cooking is good. Even if you feel I am stupid, you must aid me, Shanti-devi."

My mother said to him, "If I say anything to Peter, it will become worse. Peter has his way. Listen to him and do your best. Peter has no real authority over you, my uncle. If he did, you would not still be here."

# Dirty Duck by Bobby London





"I am afraid, Shanti-devi. I do not know 'french fries.' I do not know 'pancakes.' Even now, I cannot cleanse my hands from the touching of the meat."

"No matter what Peter says, as long as I am here, you will have a job with us."

"I not sleeping. I must not lose this job. For myself, yes, but for my family also. This job does not exist. I sit at your feet. I am your very own child. How can it not be so? Without this job, I have nothing. The minister gave this job only because the low-caste reforms have come. Afterward, he will give it to someone close to him. I hold this job in my hands like water only. Protect me, Shanti-devi. I am your child."

My mother nodded and the cook pressed his hands together to thank her and let her go. My mother could not yet know what that conversation had really meant, the commitment she'd made to him in it. Her growing love for India was as colorful as the saris she was wearing more comfortably every day, but as she enjoyed the fall of the rain from the porch with Lenore, smoked cigarettes in it, my mother thought she could take a break from India, too, when she needed. That she was happy and existing here was enough for now. As she went on letting Peter drill the old man in American cooking, my mother only felt that she would soon enough leave this starting place to begin her real life on her own in India. Things like Peter and the cook would matter more then. That time was not yet.

What happened was this: The old man had always been a heavy drinker. Now with the red-faced American yelling at him at every turn, he felt that his livelihood was in jeopardy. After the Americans went to bed, he assuaged his fears by pouring fenny down his gullet. Night after night, week after week. This new and heavier drinking ate into his savings, which made him ever more fearful, and so he spent even more time drunk than he had before. That he was a drunk they all knew. But his drinking at night hadn't seemed to infringe on his cooking.

One night, the smell of the meat again on his hands and feeling very far from his religion, from the family in the mountains he was working to send money to but hadn't in a long while now, the cook sat on his stool in the kitchen shed and drank a bottle of the strongest fenny to the light of the last coals in the grill.

He had done his best to cook American food, hadn't he? Still the American man in his uniform had nothing but scorn for him. He had done a fine job, he was a fine preparer of food. But what were these things, french fries, they wanted from him, what was this horrible hamburger? If his wife only knew what he had to deal with in these people, she would understand why he had not sent money. The leering face of the American above him was as terrible as a *rak-*

*shasa*. The American clearly hated him. He had even supined himself before the one called Shanti-devi, and while she had promised she would help him, she had done nothing. She must hate him too. What could he possibly do now to please that angry man? He needed this job as sorely as he had ever needed anything. Why was this what life was like? Why couldn't the American see that he was only doing his best? The cook poured fenny into his mouth. He wiped his chin on his wrist, again doused his troubles with more of it. All of that meat. How could they eat it? How could he have touched that meat for them? Only fenny could make life bearable. One knew that there really were gods in heaven, because the gods had given man fenny. And what could one do but laugh now, because fenny made even the red-faced American wagging his finger and shouting at him seem funny. Like the face of a white cow. An angry white cow's face yelling at him. Had he ever imagined that such a ridiculous thing would happen to him in this life?

The cook's heart palpitated six quick times as though he were trying to run up steps, and he pressed his hands to his sternum as he realized his heart really was a thing in his chest. Then it pounded one large time, and the pain of it rolled him off of his stool so that he could see the stars, which the clouds had parted to reveal. The cook remarked to himself how nice it was that he could see the stars in their thousands at this monsoon time of year, and the stars were beautiful, and their beauty made him happy. But also, his heart was not supposed to be doing what it was doing. The stone of the courtyard felt pleasant and warm under him, even though he knew he wasn't supposed to be lying on it. He thought of his job and his wife and the children and every beloved thing that made him necessary in this world. Then his heart beat one huge last time, and the cook was dead.

•

My mother came out in the early morning to see Peter and Lenore standing over the cook. The cook was clearly dead, his tongue hanging out of his mouth as though he'd been strangled. A single fly worried his nose, crawling in and out of his nostrils, a busy black bug. My mother looked up at the sky. The sky would be blue soon, a hot and clear morning before the rainy afternoon. Peter touched his sandaled foot to the cook's puff of hair. He said, "No more french fries."

Peter said, "He did this just to spite us. Now the police are going to come here and cause a big stink, and we're going to have Indians poking through all of our things and in our house, and they are going to think up some reason why we have to give them money. They'll talk about all of his kids and how we have to give them money, too. Maybe if he wasn't determined to

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drink himself to death, he could have had a better job. A better life. And how hard was it not to burn a fucking pancake?"

My mother and Lenore watched as Peter picked up what remained of the bottle of fenny, screwed the cap on it. Then he pushed the cook's tongue into his mouth, closed the mouth with a pat of his hand and lifted the body from the ground to hold it on his shoulder like a child. The cook's *lungi* fell open to reveal his thin and pale legs. Lenore dropped her hands from her mouth to rush to Peter and fix that.

All around them in their courtyard, the light was rising. My mother looked at the stool under the tin shed where the cook had drunk away his last night. At home, they would have thought that stool was a toy, something for a child to play with. The cook's bed in the corner was a single sheet over a bare foam pad. The butane burner on the table, the pots and pans of the cooking stacked around it. The sacks of onions and potatoes against the wall, the big bags of rice in a tidy pile. The kitchen shed was as cluttered as a junk shop. This man had lived there. The birds in their breadfruit tree began to awaken and chirp. India had been right here all this time.

Peter lifted the latch on the big steel doors that kept their courtyard concealed from the road, banged through them with the cook on his shoulder. He carried the body through the town toward the bus stand. There were only the first morning people about, the fishmonger pushing his buckets of mackerel on a cart, the rickshaw drivers stretching and yawning as they stood from sleeping on the seats of their machines, the tea vendors with their clay cups and thermoses letting up the first sharp calls for "*Chai! Chai! Chai!*" and from the Muslim quarter on the other side of town came the muezzin's mournful and operatic "*Allahu akbar,*" like an old man practicing scales. But even these few people's mouths dropped open at the sight of the tall white man carrying an Indian in a *lungi* on his shoulder. Peter explained it by holding up the bottle of fenny. "Ah," these people nodded and spit. The man was drunk. The white man's servant. The cook most certainly. Who didn't know a cook who wasn't also a drunk? Not anymore of that good living for this one. Things would be hard at first when he woke up, and then he would go to this cousin or that and find some new job, the way

that people always did. Maybe the next time, he would know better than to be a drunk. Even the rickshaw drivers knew that he wouldn't.

At the bus stand, Peter showed the bottle to the ticket wallah in his uniform. He'd had enough of this cook's drunkenness, he explained, was sending the man home to his family in Mangalore. Then he handed over the fare.

"I'm going to put some money in the pocket of his shirt," Peter said as he looked at the ticket wallah's steel badge. "Tell him it's in there when he wakes up. Then he can't say that I don't have a heart. But why should I have to stand for this sort of drunkenness?"

Peter carried the cook's body up the steps of the idling bus to Mangalore. There was half an hour yet before it departed, plenty of time for a drunk old man to have a heart attack in his sleep. He arranged the cook's face against the window, set the bottle against the wall of the bus beside him, put two 50-rupee notes in the pocket of his shirt. The ticket wallah had that money in his own pocket moments after Peter left, just as Peter had known he would. The ticket wallah tilted his hat on his head, smoothed down the creases of his shirt, and his mustache twitched under his nose as he thought about his luck. Then he sat back down at his desk in the office, and his mind went on to other things.

Back at the house, my mother was throwing up in the latrine, Lenore was drinking and smoking, and Peter went into his room and began a letter to his father in Virginia. "Dad," the letter opened, "India is the most fucked-up place on earth."

Over at the bus stand, the seven A.M. to Mangalore began to fill with people. Fat women in orange saris pulled children in trains through the aisle, looking for their seats. Old men in pandit hats clutched their folded umbrellas and sat up front. Three young men with pomade in their hair were on their way to Goa. A middle-aged man in a worn-out suit looked at his wristwatch to see about the time. Parcels and rice sacks and chickens in crates surrounded the bus on every side. Four bicycles. Hands of green bananas in a pile. Even a full-size refrigerator. Every single one of those things would be lifted to the top of the bus. The men who would do the lifting were bare-chested harijans, their hair thick and woolly, their bodies lean and black. They themselves would ride to Mangalore perched on top of the bus for their labor and half the fare.

People were traveling for all sorts of reasons, for weddings and funerals, of course, but also to place land-rights claims before the magistrate, to have a hemorrhoid looked at by a specialist, to search for an overdue husband, and the cook was traveling because he was dead. The woman who sat down beside the body of the cook chose to sit



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there precisely because the young men traveling to Goa had held up a rum bottle and hissed at her to come back to them. She was still nursing her very first child, and her breasts were swollen with milk. Next to the body of the cook, she pulled her green sari tightly around herself, sighed and settled her sleeping child on her lap. She looked out the window. A yellow dog humped a black bitch in the yard. Wasn't that the way of this world? Another one was growing inside her too. But it would be nice to sit beside her mother in the kitchen eating jackfruit in Mangalore, pomegranates fresh from the tree, as it had come again time to do. Her cousin would take her on his motorbike to set her feet in the ocean.

The refrigerator was lashed on the middle of the roof, the last packages were lifted up and lashed down before it, the harijans sat in a pile at the end, and the thin driver came aboard and switched on the music. The music was Hindi and loud and would play all through the nine-hour ride. They would make two stops to piss and eat. Then the well-to-do would announce themselves to the poor, because the well-to-do would eat curries with their fingers in the roadside restaurants, while the poor would crouch under trees outside and not eat. The bus lurched out of the station, crammed with humans beings inside and out, 10 of them lactating, almost all of them breathing, and a beautiful young mother with one child on her lap, another in her womb and the biggest set of cans in Hassan became instantly drowsy from the motion of the bus. When she woke from time to time with a start, she found she'd been sleeping on the shoulder of a kind old

man who alone among these people didn't seem to mind.

Peter spent two nights in the Hassan jail. Neither my mother nor Lenore brought him any food, which meant something real, since prisoners at that time in India weren't fed by the state but by their families. Then Peter was transferred in handcuffs to Bangalore. A crowd formed from the gate of the jail to the police car, a black Ambassador with a blue light whirling on top of it. The police led Peter through the gauntlet of the crowd, and the people spat at his feet, and somebody got him across the face with a banana peel. But mostly they had only come to look. What kind of man put a dead body on a bus like a piece of trash? Here was the man. A man like this.

At the same time that my mother had been crying out the story to the police captain, who demanded, "Is that right? Is that right?" as his eyes widened, a girl on the morning bus to Mangalore covered her head with a fold of her green sari, pulled out her left breast in the tent of it and guided her long nipple into the mouth of her restless child. The bus turned a corner, following the road down out of the mountains, and she leaned heavily against the shoulder of the old man as she did. "Excuse, Uncle," she whispered to him, not loud enough to wake him if he were asleep, and not so quietly that she wouldn't be heard if he wasn't. In front, the driver took a swallow from his vodka bottle to clear his head, set it back down by his boot. Then he stomped the brake and wheeled the bus hard into the next curve. The dead body flopped onto the girl's lap, knocked her child to the floor, looked at her with

one eyelid flapped up and its mouth wide open beneath her fat breast, which dribbled milk into it. But even that wasn't enough. The girl jumped up screaming so her breasts flopped out from her sari up and down, and the boys going to Goa thanked Jesus, and everyone on the bus, even the driver, turned their heads to see what was going on. But the ones who suffered most were, as always, the harijans up top, who neither got to see that girl's incredible breasts nor understand why they themselves were flying through the air as the driver slammed the brakes at the edge of the ravine, which the bus did not go over but the refrigerator did, taking all those chickens and bananas and rice sacks and wedding and funeral gifts with it, and leaving on the slope it tore down 16 shirtless brown men without an ounce of body fat among them but now plenty of broken bones.

On the bus, the man in the suit stood up and said, "My fridge!"

Peace Corps would foot the bill for that one. And gladly. Because the only man who died that day, as my mother sobbed to the police, had been dead the night before.

The U.S. ambassador along with the Peace Corps country director decided to let Peter spend two more days in the Bangalore prison. Then the ambassador made the necessary phone calls, and Peter flew home to Richmond. My mother and Lenore were pulled from Hassan because its residents had taken to throwing stones at their house as they passed. But not before my mother traveled with the cook's body, in a coffin she had paid for, into the mountains in Kerala to be cremated in his home village. She also paid for the wood of the funeral pyre, as well as for the Brahman to come from the local temple and consecrate it. Once the Brahman had left, she watched the cook's body blacken and burn in the heat of the flame, and his wife made one symbolic suttee rush to the pyre herself, only to be restrained by a touch of the cook's sister's hand.

"Rama would be honored to know that you came," the wife said to my mother in Malayalam through a man who spoke English, and the man wagged his eyebrows at my mother, smiled in a happy way and said, "Because you are white."

Lenore never did sleep with Peter Merchant. "I hope they let us stay together," Lenore said to my mother as they sat on the bench outside the Peace Corps country director's office in their blouses and jeans in Bombay. Then the director came out in his tie with a clipboard, and he waved my mother in.

"Where do you think you should be stationed next, Denise?"

"Somewhere where there are no Americans."

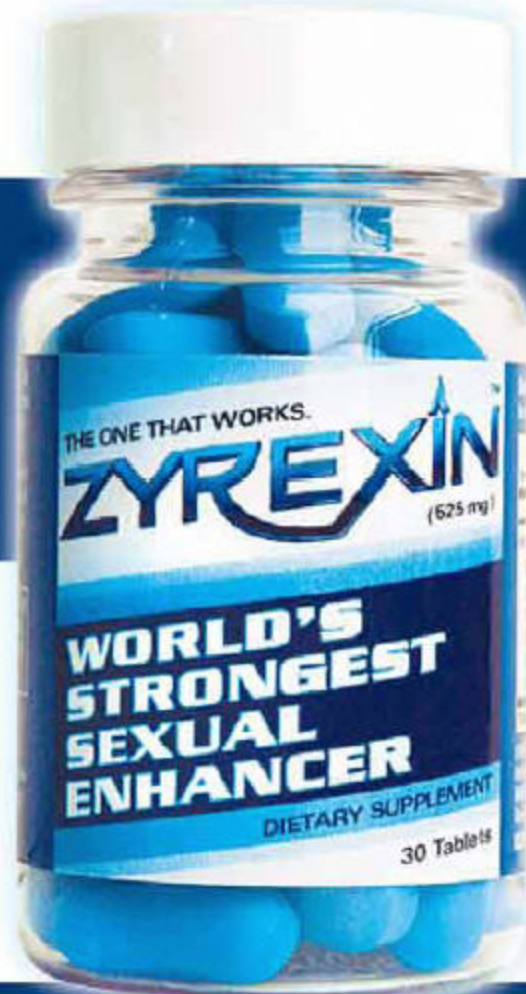


*"You know, I never really cared for all-girl bands, but this one's really growing on me."*



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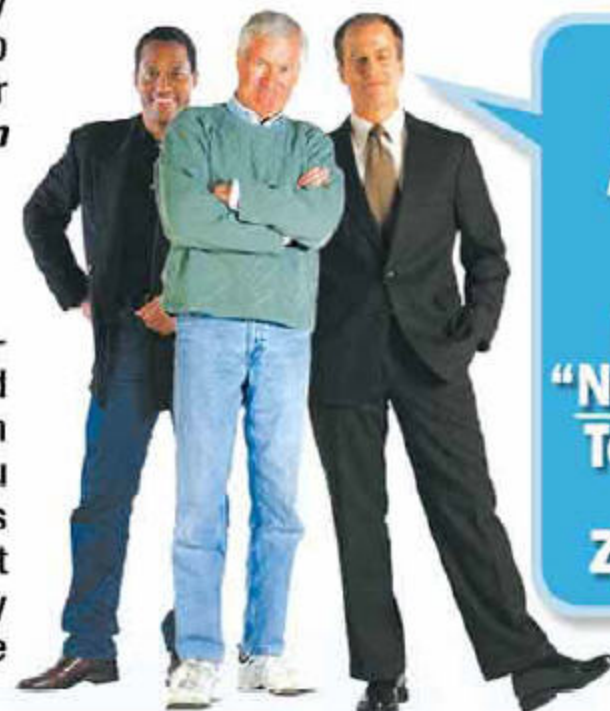
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## sexual male

*(continued from page 101)*

display more of this learned and/or inherent “mating intelligence” (MI) than others. Miller argues that almost any personality disorder can be viewed as an MI dysfunction. “For example, narcissism, which is more common in males, involves vastly overestimating your value as a mate.”

When you approach females, scientists and PUAs agree, the key is to be cool. “Men think they have to show off,” says Givens. “But courtship works on the principle of luring.” Strauss says when a pickup artist spots a woman in a mixed group, he doesn’t try to out-macho the men who are with her. (PUAs love to boast about how they secured the phone number of a woman who was with her boyfriend or fiancé.) Instead, he tries to amuse everyone in the group while ignoring the target except to “neg” her with mild rebukes. While this sounds counterintuitive,

Strauss says it works because most beautiful women have never been ignored, much less gently insulted. They’ll be miffed but also intrigued. Who is this mysterious guy? How can I get his attention?

## WHAT YOU SEE

What draws you to a certain woman in the first place? Novelty and physical activity that stimulate the production of dopamine (Love Potion Number One) appear to have some influence: Men rate strangers as more attractive immediately after getting off a roller coaster or crossing a narrow, wobbly bridge, for instance. This phenomenon, known as excitation transfer, could mean we are more likely to fall for someone we meet while dancing than someone we meet at a coffee shop. Our ability to experience love at first sight—or more accurately, attraction at first sight that works out in the end—may be a reflection of the fact that nature doesn’t care about heart-to-hearts

and walks in the park. It wants you to begin reproducing as soon as possible.

In surveys conducted over the past half century, men say physical beauty is the most important quality in a potential mate, while women cite wealth and status. David Buss found these stated preferences to be consistent among men and women in 37 cultures. It’s all about children: Men are said to prefer beauty because it gives some indication of a woman’s health and fertility; women value a man’s success because it reflects his potential as a provider. Unfortunately for women, wealth is easier to fake than health, so they must sort out which of the alpha-male signals sent their way are bogus. A few years ago a team led by Columbia University economics professor Raymond Fisman organized a series of speed-dating sessions that eventually involved 400 students to determine if their stated preferences gibed with real life. In pre-date surveys men said their ideal partner was first and foremost beautiful, and women said their primary criterion was intelligence. The actual results of the speed dates revealed a man also likes a smart woman—as long as she isn’t smarter than he is. Men also like ambitious women, as long as they aren’t more ambitious. Fisman would later write of his disappointment that “the stereotype appears to be true: We males are a gender of fragile egos in search of a pretty face.”

What can we say? We’re addicts. The Columbia study found women prefer men of the same race but men express no preference—beauty is beauty. A man’s brain lights up at the sight of an appealing female face in the same way it does when he craves food, money or drugs. Brain scans that demonstrate this, collected in 2001 by researchers at Massachusetts General Hospital, suggest our appreciation of beauty has been hardwired by natural selection. A man looking at a woman’s face will find her even more alluring if her pupils are dilated, a sign of interest he does not consciously recognize but can spot up to six feet away. A male’s ability to see this dilation appears only after puberty. Notably, women’s pupils dilate when they look at an attractive man in a swimsuit but not one who is nude.

What makes some faces more attractive than others? Why do so many men instinctively stop for a second look at Angelina Jolie and Halle Berry? Some researchers say we see beauty in average faces on which certain features are slightly exaggerated. In 1986 psychologist Michael Cunningham, then at Elmhurst College in Illinois, conducted a pioneering study in what he calls facialmetrics. He asked male undergraduates to rate 50 female faces, including those of 27 Miss Universe contestants. The men showed a preference for larger than average eyes and a smaller nose and chin, qualities Cunningham says signal youth and are designed to provoke a caretaking response (e.g., she’s cute, adorable). Such “supernormal” features may reflect masculine or feminine traits: For instance, testosterone causes a boy’s jaw to lengthen at puberty, while



*“You’re in luck—this one’s a hell of a tipper!”*

estrogen causes a girl's lips to swell. Cunningham says men also prefer prominent cheekbones and narrow cheeks—signs of sexual maturity—and highly set eyebrows and a large smile, which women use to convey positive emotions. Using data from the study, Cunningham created a schematic for this idealized beauty—e.g., the nose takes up no more than five percent of the face, and the distance from the bottom lip to the chin is a fifth of the facial height. He shares such figures with two cautionary notes: (1) Having a “six percent” nose does not make a woman ugly, and (2) the findings may reflect the preferences only of men in the West. “Perhaps there is a culture where small eyes, a large nose, narrow cheekbones, wide cheeks, a long chin, low eyebrows and a small smile represent the epitome of beauty,” he says, although chances are it's not on this planet.

Victor Johnston at New Mexico State University and David Perrett of the University of St. Andrews in Scotland have concluded much the same thing about facial extremes. But critics say this type of research is flawed because it forces participants to make choices between faces they may find equally appealing. Instead, they argue, we see beauty in the absolute average. In 1990 two psychologists, Judith Langlois and Lori Roggman, took photos of 96 male and 96 female college students and created a digital composite for each gender. Other students rated these “averaged” faces as more attractive than any of the individuals—in fact, the more faces used to make a composite, the more alluring it was judged to be. Writing in the journal of the American Psychological Society, Langlois and Roggman hypothesized that a supermodel's face is striking not because her features stand out but because her face is extremely typical, a prototype. Cunningham and a colleague offered a retort in a later issue. “Averaged faces are attractive,” they conceded, “but very attractive faces are not average.” Nancy Etcoff, a psychologist at Harvard Medical School and author of *Survival of the Prettiest: The Science of Beauty*, seems to have found the truth in both positions. There appear to be “two faces of beauty,” she has said. “One is the ‘average’ face, comfortable and familiar, and the other a deviation from average that is extremely attractive.”

A key element of a beautiful face appears to be symmetry, which our brains interpret as a sign of what one biologist calls developmental precision, or having DNA with fewer mutations. Men and women both have a strong preference for faces on which the nose and mouth are centered and the eyes equally placed. We look for the same balance in the body. The most influential research in this area has been conducted by Devendra Singh, a psychologist at the University of Texas at Austin who has shown female body outlines to men in 18 cultures and asked them to indicate which they preferred. The men consistently chose the figure representing a woman of average size (five feet five inches, 120 pounds)

whose waist measurement was 70 percent of her hip measurement. Marilyn Monroe had a waist-to-hip ratio (WHR) of 0.7, as did Audrey Hepburn. This hourglass shape, which doesn't appear until puberty, is thought to be created when optimum levels of estrogen cause fat to be deposited in the hips while keeping it away from the abdomen. The idea is that a woman's curves store about 80,000 calories, the amount needed to nourish a fetus to term. A study last year led by an epidemiologist at the University of Pittsburgh found a child's performance on cognitive tests can be linked to the mother's WHR. This suggests, he says, that women with wider hips have more of the omega-3 fatty acids essential for fetal brain development. After a woman hits menopause and can no longer reproduce, her estrogen levels drop and her WHR grows closer to that of a man (0.85 to 0.95).

Some feminist scholars dismiss the notion of a 0.7 ideal as “the tits-and-ass theory of evolution,” and in 1998 Douglas Yu and Glenn H. Shepard Jr. argued in *Nature* that Western men prefer the shape only because that's what they see repeatedly in advertisements and magazines such as PLAYBOY. (In fact, a 2002 study reported the WHRs of Playmates—who are often cited in research as reflective of male desire—have dropped over the years as Centerfolds have become taller, thinner and less busty.) When Yu and Shepard gave the WHR preference test to men living in a remote part of southeast Peru, the subjects chose the heavier figures. One man even identified the hourglass shape as a symptom of diarrhea. A 2005 study cast doubt on this finding, however, noting there is less difference between the preferences of American and non-Westernized men when they are shown lateral views, i.e., when booty size comes into play. A significant difference does arise between cultures in regard to body-mass index. For instance, one survey of 58 cultures found men in 81 percent of them prefer women with a moderate amount of fat. David Buss notes that, historically, plumpness is valued in societies in which resources are scarce and slenderness is valued in societies in which people can afford to be thin. “Men apparently do not have an evolved preference for a particular amount of body fat per se,” he writes in *The Evolution of Desire*. “Rather, they have an evolved preference for whatever features are linked with status.” Some research suggests a man's preferences may change in a moment. Researchers in the U.K. who asked 61 male students to rate photos of women's bodies found that those entering a campus dining hall showed a preference for heavier women than those leaving.

#### WHAT SHE SEES

Women have their own standards for men. Studies suggest females prefer rugged features (a square jaw, six-pack abs) that signal an abundance of testosterone, indicating good health and hearty genes. Researchers have found this preference to be strongest during ovulation, when a woman is most

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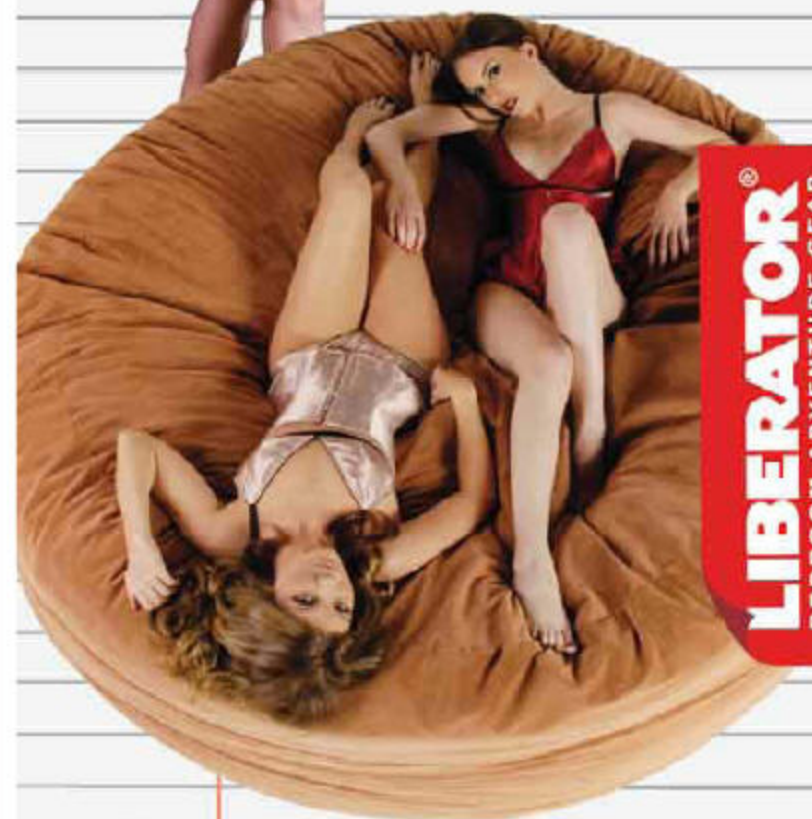
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fertile; otherwise, she goes for rounder, more feminine faces. Women say they prefer moderately muscular “mesomorphic” builds rather than Charles Atlas-style barrel chests. They also love symmetry. In one experiment biologist Albert Thornhill and evolutionary psychologist Steven Gangestad measured 10 features on 42 men—ear width, finger length, etc.—then gave each man a T-shirt and asked him to wear it to bed for two nights. They asked 52 women to sniff each shirt and rate the man’s attractiveness based on how pleasant or unpleasant they found the scent. Ovulating women preferred the odor of the most symmetrical men; the others had no preference.

In another sniff test, researchers at the University of Chicago found women prefer men whose sweaty T-shirts indicate they have a similar but not identical genetic makeup to their own. Mating with a man who is too genetically similar increases the risks of miscarriage and passing on recessive genetic disorders. “Women can actually smell genetic differences,” says Martha McClintock, a specialist in chemosignals, who co-authored the study. A woman inherits the gene that appears responsible for this ability from her father, so in his own way Daddy helps his daughter choose each of her dates. The only exceptions to the rule are women who are taking oral contraceptives, which simulate pregnancy. In experiments at the University of Bern, these women preferred the scent of men who were very similar genetically to them. Could it be that the pill tricks women into dating the wrong men?

Last year researchers from Duke University and Rockefeller University for the first time identified a gene directly connected to how a chemical smells. In this case the gene encodes a single odor receptor (one of about 400 in the human nose) called OR7D4. The number and type of mutations on the gene determine whether a person finds the scent of androstenone, a derivative of testosterone that is a primary ingredient in male sweat, to be sweet, vile or odorless. “Since some mammals, such as pigs, clearly use androstenone to communicate sexuality and dominance, it’s

intriguing to think whether the same thing may happen in humans,” says Leslie Voss-hall, a neurogeneticist at Rockefeller. Her lab is now doing a follow-up androstenone study involving only young women who are ovulating. “We’re trying to draw some links between the ability to smell these man smells and how a woman relates to men,” Voss-hall says. In another experiment at Rockefeller, neurobiologist Don Pfaff reported in 2006 that female mice consistently choose males that have the odor of another female on them. (“If he’s good enough for her...”) The mice even preferred the odor after scientists mixed it with the scent of an infectious parasite. This effect had been seen in birds and fish but had never before been documented in a mammal.

#### MAKING THE LEAP

As Americans wait longer and longer to marry (the average age for men is now 27 and for women 25), usually after having a few serious relationships, scientists have started to ask how a person decides it’s time to settle down. Gary Becker, who won a Nobel Prize in economics in 1992 in part for his theory of marriage, imagines a cocktail party of rational daters looking for the most desirable partner they can entice. A pattern of “positive assortative matching” emerges, in which each man pairs off with a woman of similar desirability (looks, intelligence, social status) to himself. This concept is neatly summarized by the title of a 2004 paper, “Narcissism Guides Mate Selection,” which makes the case that married couples tend even to look alike. This may be a survival instinct: We aren’t interested in experimenting with exciting new gene combos in our kids, so we reproduce with people who aren’t so radically different. Some social scientists (the cynical ones) argue that whenever you see an imbalance—a striking woman with a dumpy guy, for example—it can be explained by the influence of money and/or power.

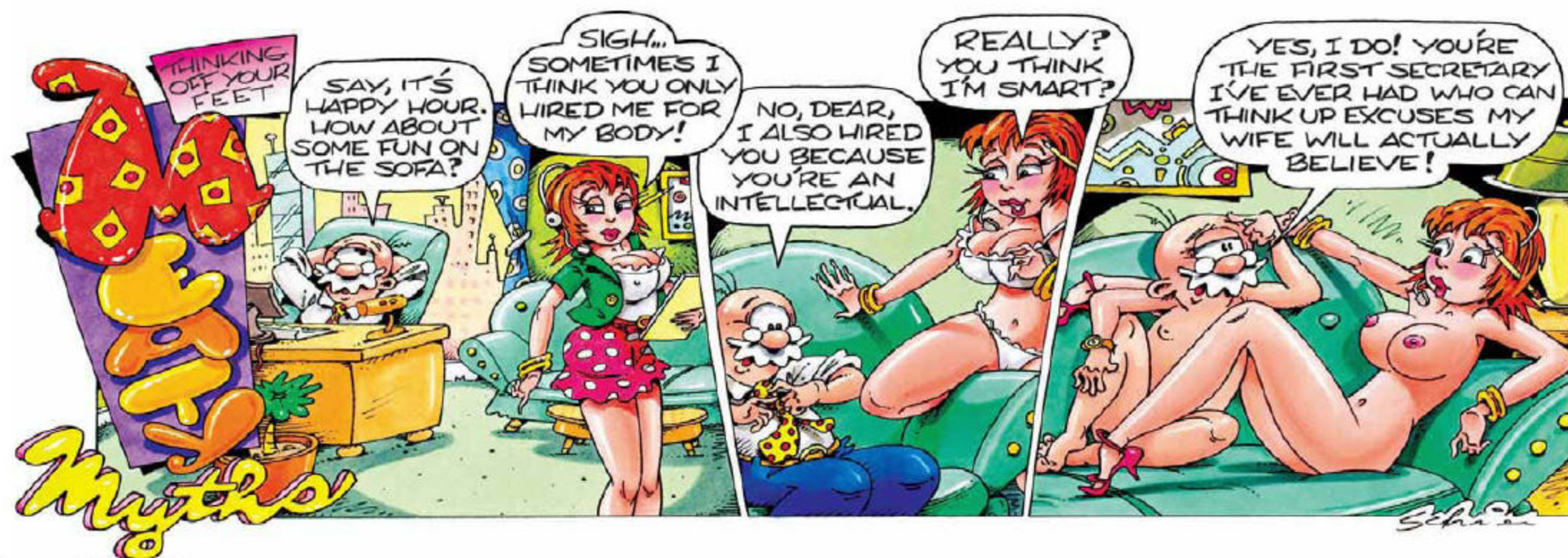
How long should you search for a wife before you ante up? Geoffrey Miller, who teaches at the University of New Mexico, and Peter Todd of Indiana University decided to see if a mathematical model

could provide clues. Miller describes the result in *The Mating Mind*: “The standard optimal search strategy is known as the 37 percent rule. It says that you should estimate how many candidates are likely to apply for a job, interview the first 37 percent and remember the best of that initial sample. Then keep interviewing until you find a candidate who seems even better than that.” That’s the person you hire. The challenge of using the 37 percent rule during a mate search is estimating the size of the total field. Todd and Miller guess 50 is about right, so you should first have around 12 relationships.

“The model obviously abstracts away all that is difficult and heartbreaking in relationships,” Miller concedes. “And it’s often misunderstood. We’re not saying you choose 12 random people and find a soul mate among them. You should consider the first 12 people who reciprocate your interest, remember the very best and look for someone even a little more attractive than that. There is no way to figure out your own mate value—where you rank in the mating market—except by having experiences with acceptance and rejection and setting your aspirations based on that.” At the evolutionary level this “satisficing” imposes sexual selection “that is almost as strong as the most complicated, perfectionist decision strategy,” he says. In other words, there is always the chance you could find a woman who is a better match than the one you end up with, but at some point it takes too much energy. This doesn’t speak well of the notion that every person has a soul mate. Nevertheless, one survey found 94 percent of never-married people in their 20s say they are searching for this elusive partner sent by God.

#### WHY YOU CHOSE HER

If the current trend continues, nearly 50 percent of American couples marrying for the first time this year will eventually divorce. Scientists have long wondered why some couples stay together but others split. If you parse the research, as David Popenoe and Barbara Dafoe Whitehead have done since becoming co-directors, in





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1997, of the newly formed National Marriage Project at Rutgers University, a couple can expect to be parted only by death if they have similar goals and interests, know each other well but don't live together before they decide to marry, come from intact families, marry after the age of 25 and aren't expecting a child.

Education is a key indicator. Surveys show that college-educated Americans (about 25 percent of the population) have higher marriage and lower divorce rates. In his most recent annual *State of Our Unions* report Popenoe notes a "marriage gap" has developed: Among women married in the early 1990s, only 16.5 percent who attended college have divorced, compared with 46 percent of high school dropouts. This is typically attributed to college grads having more financial stability and marrying older. The problem, Popenoe explains, is that the highly educated aren't having enough children to replace themselves, so the number of people getting married continues to decline. Also, many more women than men now attend college, so there are fewer educated men for them to pursue. Marriage remains popular in the U.S. (85 percent of Americans hitch up at least once), but the numbers are edging toward the northern European model—fewer marriages, more living together and more babies born to couples who aren't married, although it's notable that in Europe these children are much less likely to grow up in a single-parent home. The decline of matrimony is bad news, Popenoe says, because "the empirical evidence is strong and persuasive that a good marriage enhances personal happiness, economic success, health and longevity, not to mention its benefit for children." As a bonus, married people report having more and better sex than singles.

What other factors keep a couple together? "We tend to match up on almost every trait researchers have looked at," says Geoffrey Miller. "It's clear opposites do not attract." Successful couples are generally similar in age, race, religion and political beliefs and moderately similar in education, intelligence and values. This makes sense in that we tend to meet people at work, school or play who have similar backgrounds. But personalities are hard to pin down even before you mix them. In 2005 psychologist Marcel Zentner of the University of Geneva examined 470 marriage and personality studies dating to 1938 and concluded it's simply impossible to predict which couples will have the best chemistry. A University of Iowa study of 291 newlywed couples revealed that although people may be drawn together by shared values, attitudes and beliefs—and get married for that reason—the personality traits that influence marital satisfaction don't reveal themselves until later. Two Berkeley psychologists have proposed that notions of similars and of opposites attracting may both be true: People with higher self-esteem choose similar mates, while those with lower self-esteem look for someone different.

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Zentner believes social scientists who attempt to find a formula for compatibility may well be analyzing the wrong two people. Rather than matching actual traits, he says, they should instead consider each person's "ideal mate personality concept" (IMPC)—i.e., their fantasy partner. Zentner's research suggests relationships thrive or die depending on how closely your partner matches your IMPC. Psychologist John Money proposed a related idea—a "love map" that he felt develops primarily between the ages of five and eight based on our experiences and relationships with family members and friends. Our love map solidifies after puberty and guides us toward certain traits regardless of whether they mirror or balance our own.

Helen Fisher, an anthropologist at Rutgers who has spent most of her career studying the forces of love, is now turning her attention to the role genetics plays in how we select partners. One of its chief influences can be seen, she says, in the efficiency with which each person's brain processes dopamine, serotonin, testosterone and estrogen. Fisher, who is writing a book on mate choice due next year, is busy analyzing data from the first 523,000 responses to a questionnaire she developed for the dating site Chemistry.com. It attempts to identify which brain chemicals are dominant by measuring personality traits, as well as physical characteristics such as the relative size of your index finger to your ring finger, which studies suggest reflects hormonal activity during fetal development. The next piece in the puzzle is determining, through algorithms and feedback, which brain types produce the best matches.

Some researchers believe the most reliable sign of a relationship's strength is not

found in the higher processes but in the lowest one: how a couple fights. Psychologist John Gottman has observed hundreds of married couples converse and bicker in his "love lab" at the University of Washington. He divides them into three types: avoiders, who agree not to discuss their disagreements; attackers, who bicker about seemingly everything; and soothers, who choose their battles, listen respectfully and respond with gentle persuasion. According to Gottman, most marriages disintegrate only when spouses have conflicting styles. For example, soothers overwhelm avoiders, and soothers and attackers reach a standstill. The worst combination is an avoider and an attacker. But there is always hope. Gottman found that among couples who stay together, the positive remarks they make to each other, during fights or otherwise, outnumber the negative by a five-to-one margin.

Even when a marriage appears to be failing, it often pays to stick it out, according to a study of 645 unhappy couples by sociologists at the University of Chicago. Within five years 26 percent had separated or divorced. Half the people in this group said they were happier. But of the couples who stayed together, two out of three said they were happier. The most discordant relationships seemed to have the greatest turnaround: Among those who described their union as "very unhappy," nearly 80 percent of those still together reported being happier. The data doesn't mean everyone who divorces should have remained together, writes Linda Waite, who led the research team. "But it does prove that a bad marriage is nowhere near as permanent a condition as we sometimes assume."



## MARIJUANA

(continued from page 58)

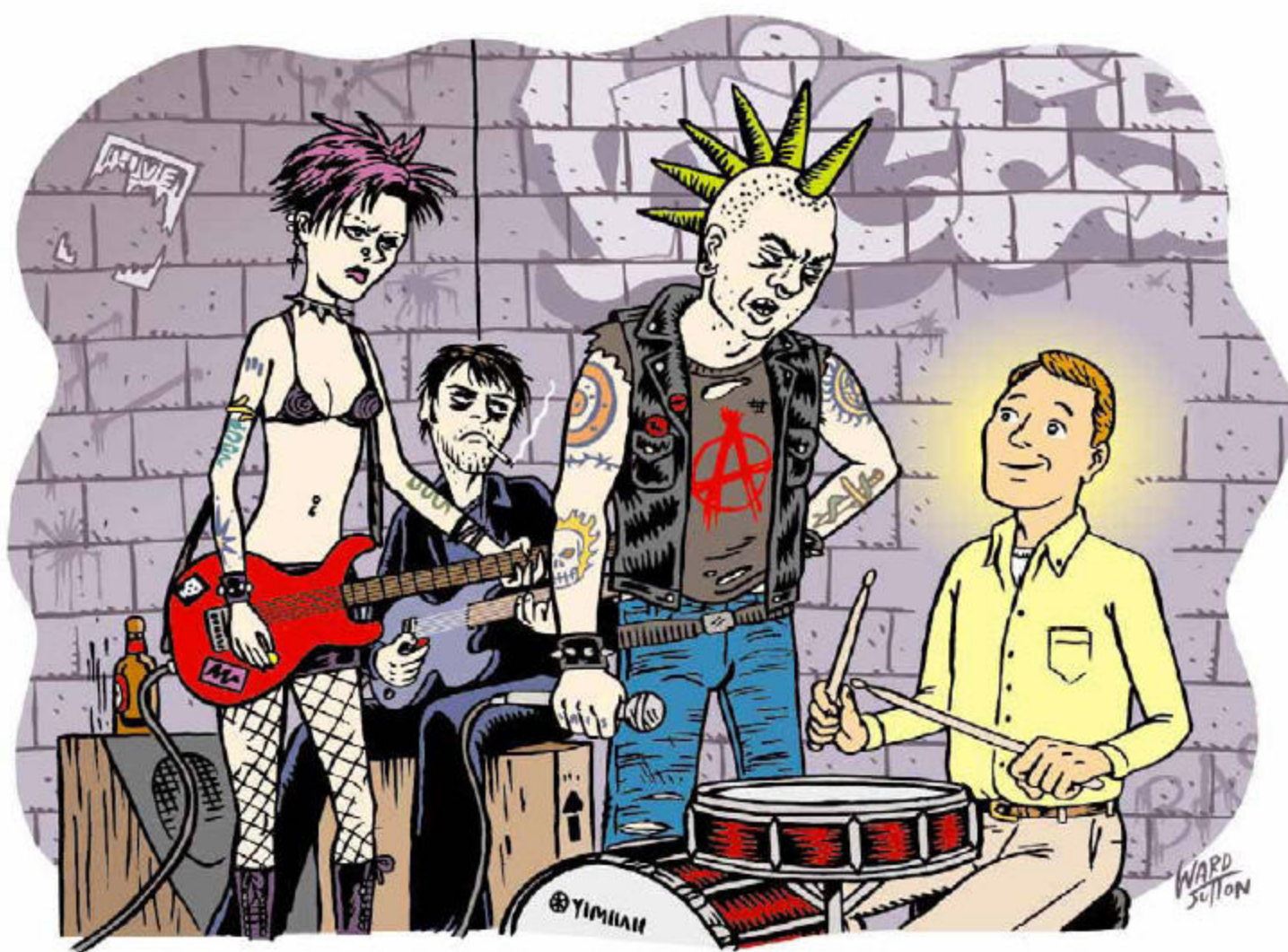
that if the word got out that they write recommendations for marijuana they'd be flooded with bogus patients."

This leaves the field open for a small number of "pot docs" who advertise in the back pages of alternative magazines and on such websites as potdoc.com. They make large sums of money running prescription mills that charge patients up to \$250 a visit for a cursory consultation. In San Francisco, where some of the original backers of medical marijuana are now in open revolt, it's estimated that a third of all those who hold official medical marijuana cards come on the recommendation of only three pot docs. One Los Angeles pot doc, Sona Patel, who uses the name Doc 420, advertises her services on her MySpace page, dressed in hot pants and spiked heels.

Glazer used to work for the Hemp and Cannabis Foundation, a pro-pot group based in Oregon that organizes monthly registration sessions in Denver to sign up medical marijuana patients. Glazer says she quit working for THCF after the group pressured her to sign approvals for patients with bunions. According to Glazer, the foundation currently employs Dr. Thomas Orvald, a heart surgeon who flies in from Yakima, Washington for the day to write approvals for dozens of people in a hotel room at \$200 a head. While Orvald's actions appear to be legal, at least under state law, Glazer questions the ethics. "Having a doctor come in from another state to sign up 90 patients a day is not good for the health of the patients, and it's not good for the credibility of the movement," she says. "I'm amazed the Colorado Medical Society has turned a blind eye to this."

As more smokers try to use medical marijuana laws to support their relatively harmless habit and growers find themselves in a position to practice their trade legally, money has flooded this new economy. Prices have gone up. "One of the arguments for medical marijuana in the beginning was that it would provide cannabis for patients at prices far below street value," says Dr. Steve Heilig, director of public health and education at the San Francisco Medical Society. Yet as far as Heilig can see, pot dispensaries mostly sell at street value. "I've seen medical marijuana I've grown end up on the street," says marijuana grower Diana McKindley. "I traced it all the way back to one of my patients. She smoked only one ounce and sold the other ounce. I ended up dropping her as a patient."

Kurt Riggan, a Colorado federal attorney and marijuana patient, says the scale of the diversion of medical marijuana in Denver is much greater than the odd patient selling an excess ounce. Riggan, who walks with a cane and smokes pot to ease his glaucoma and soothe his severe



"Hey, man, what's with the attitude lately?"

nausea, says it's common knowledge in Denver pot circles that one cannabis club operator ships medical marijuana out of state and sells it on the black market. "He gets the medicine, ships it to the East Coast and sells it for \$600 to \$800 an ounce," Riggin says. "What the patients end up getting here is commercial compressed weed, which you can buy for \$800 a pound. He sells it to patients for \$350 an ounce. He's making money on both ends, and the patients end up getting screwed."

The news spread rapidly: Ken Gorman, the public face of pot in the Mile High City, was dead, murdered in a home invasion. Mourners gathered in a huddle outside his residence, the crowd growing all night. Standing on the small lawn in front of the yellow police tape that stretched across Gorman's home, they warmed their hands over a makeshift bonfire, lit joints with the embers and paused to remember a life spent getting high and challenging authority.

In the 1980s Gorman was an air traffic controller and became a leader of the Professional Air Traffic Controllers strike, which ended when President Ronald Reagan fired him and more than 11,000 others. Later Gorman stirred up the natives in Papua New Guinea, where he was arrested after broadcasting harangues against the government for exploiting the local population. To those who knew him only as the crazy old stoner who organized the 420 demonstration every April in Denver's Civic Center Park, Gorman was a hero, a zonked-out prophet of civil disobedience. He would give away pounds of high-quality weed at these rallies, and hundreds of people would brazenly take up in defiance of the police. Gorman admitted to the press that he wanted to be arrested to garner more publicity for his crusade.

But to his intimate acquaintances, family and close friends, Gorman was a tragic figure, a man out of time, fearful of the fate that awaited him but also resigned to his own death. In the months prior to the killing, Gorman had become dispirited

with the direction of the medical marijuana movement, which now favored behind-the-scenes lobbying over in-your-face protest. To many in the movement, he was a liability at a time when medical marijuana needed respectability.

Gorman initially saw medical marijuana as a back door to full legalization. But he had come to believe the opposite could be true. After all, more people (more than 700,000, according to the feds) were being arrested for recreational use than at any other time in the country's history.

In addition, Gorman was bothered by the criminal element that had crept onto the scene. He told friends he had been robbed at least a dozen times. He bought a shotgun and talked about installing secu-

rallies. In May 1995, not long after his failed gubernatorial bid, police arrested Gorman with 300 pounds of marijuana in the backseat of his car. He claimed the haul was medical, but a jury didn't buy his defense, and he served five years on felony drug charges, both in prison and on probation. After his release from prison, Gorman resumed his pro-pot rallies, this time on an even bigger scale.

The night before the murder, police visited Gorman's house after they received a call from a neighbor who saw someone leaving Gorman's dwelling fire a gun into the air. Police saw a substantial number of marijuana plants growing inside. The cops didn't arrest Gorman

after he assured them he had a license to grow the pot, but they did photograph his plants. "There was no shortage of enemies in Ken's life," says Michael Gorman. "There were lots of people who hated his lifestyle and his arrogance."

In the immediate aftermath of Gorman's murder, police questioned Thomas Lawrence, owner of the Colorado Compassion Club. Housed in a dingy storefront on Colfax Avenue, the CCC is the largest dispensary in Denver, catering to more than 200 patients. The club's motto—IMPROVING YOUR QUALITY OF LIFE—is painted on the blackened window outside. Gorman helped Lawrence

set up the dispensary, but just before the establishment opened, three years ago, they had a falling-out over missing grow lamps. "My dad didn't trust him," says Valency Gorman. "He said he was shady."

Rival marijuana growers paint a disturbing portrait of Lawrence as a wannabe drug kingpin getting rich off the suffering of patients. It is said he had a motive for Gorman's elimination: Lawrence wanted to monopolize the Denver medical marijuana business. "If you interview him, make sure you go strapped," I was warned.

If Lawrence is living large off the backs of the ill, it's not obvious to the


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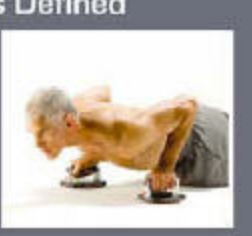





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rity cameras in his home. A workman was due to put metal bars on his windows.

His brother, Michael Gorman, expected Ken to be murdered. "I was sad, but I wasn't particularly surprised," he says. According to Michael, in the months prior to his murder Gorman had received a number of anonymous death threats over the phone: "He told me, 'These guys are coming after me, and I know it. That's why I got a gun this time. I'm going to take some of them with me.'"

Gorman was well-known to the Denver police and not just because of his pot

casual observer. The night I meet him he is wearing an inexpensive Kenneth Cole watch and driving a secondhand car, a 1997 Chevrolet Cavalier. With his Caesar haircut and trendy but cheap clothes, he looks like a typical white nightclubber, not the stone-cold killer I've been led to expect.

"The rumor on the street was that I had Ken killed to control the local medical marijuana scene," Lawrence admits as he drives through the darkened streets, a spliff in his mouth and rapper Too Short blaring out of the speakers. "Why would I kill Ken? I loved the man. Ken was the reason I got into this business in the first place."

If Gorman represented the old countercultural face of marijuana, its Merry Prankster past, Lawrence is its shiny new visage. He's a member of the blunts generation, those who got into marijuana through hip-hop. "I'm not some dirty-ass hippie who hates society," Lawrence says. "I'm all about being a capitalist." Lawrence came to Denver from his hometown of Washington, D.C. just days before 9/11 in the hope of striking green gold. Denver ranks with San Francisco as one of the most marijuana-friendly places in the States. In the city where the first federal marijuana arrest in America was made, on October 2, 1937, not only is it

now legal to smoke pot for health purposes, but last November 57 percent of city voters approved a measure making possession of up to an ounce of pot "the lowest law-enforcement priority."

"Denver is becoming the new Amsterdam," Lawrence says with a gleam in his eye, dreaming of the day he can open a string of Dutch-style hash houses.

Lawrence's posse accompanies us as we flit from nightclub to nightclub. They look not like dangerous street thugs but ordinary Mexican and black kids dressed in baggy clothing. Perfectly healthy-looking on the outside, nearly all possess a doctor's recommendation to smoke marijuana. "I medicate from the time I get up in the morning to the last thing at night," Lyle Mestas, a chubby-faced Mexican kid, tells me. Despite their illnesses, none of them seems to have any trouble staying up drinking and dancing until two in the morning.

At a basement nightclub called Hush in downtown Denver, as the Beastie Boys' "Brass Monkey" booms in the background, Lawrence dismisses accusations that he exploits sick people by selling them medicine at inflated prices. "As far as I know, we live in America," he says, "and everybody who lives in America is entitled to make a living. If you want to call making a living being a profiteer,

then I guess I am. Pot is not free to grow. It's not cheap to run a dispensary."

In the early hours of November 4, 2007 Lawrence's posse was ambushed outside Hush by a single shooter with a small-caliber machine gun who fired a spray of bullets and then ran away on foot. Seven people were shot, including three of Lawrence's group I'd met three months earlier at the same nightclub. One of them, Teddy Padilla, died of his wounds. The local media portrayed the incident as a dance-floor beef over Padilla's flashy jewelry that had spilled out onto the street. But the speculation in Denver marijuana circles is that the gunman's real target was Lawrence, who was scheduled to come to the club but was absent that night.

"It could have been an assassination attempt," says Lawrence, who stepped up security at both his home and the Colorado Compassion Club after the shooting. "I was supposed to be there that night. I don't know for sure. What I do know for sure is that some people definitely don't want me around, doing what I'm doing. I don't want to sound paranoid, but you know how much people love me in this town."

Beyond the question of whether dispensaries are ripping off patients is the more fundamental issue of whether pot qualifies as a medicine in the first place. Marijuana advocates assert the issue is cut-and-dried and point to history to underscore their claim. "Marijuana has been regarded as a medicine for maybe 5,000 years," says Dr. Donald Abrams of the University of California, San Francisco Medical Center, a cancer specialist and leading researcher of medical marijuana. "It's been regarded as not a medicine only for 70 years in the United States."

A lot depends on how you define *medicine*. "Anything can be labeled a medicine, just as anything can be labeled a disease," says author and psychologist Jeffrey Schaler, a professor at American University in Washington, D.C. "Marijuana is no more a medicine than is water."

Reformers paint marijuana as a wonder drug, a suitable treatment for a range of diseases. Drug warriors call it a menace. Hyperbole on one side is countered by hysteria on the other. Pot causes cancer, say the prohibitionists, citing studies that show pot contains more carcinogens than cigarettes. Pot cures cancer, say the advocates, citing a November 2007 study by scientists at the California Pacific Medical Center Research Institute that reports a chemical compound found in marijuana, called CBD, shows promise in halting the spread of breast cancer. (The researchers warn, however, that it is well-nigh impossible to obtain the necessary concentration of CBD simply by smoking the drug.)



There is as yet no solid proof that smoking pot cures anything. Instead, there is a small mountain of evidence—both anecdotal and scientific—that suggests pot is a useful palliative for some people, good for boosting appetite among HIV patients and suppressing nausea among cancer patients undergoing chemotherapy. Patients may feel better after smoking marijuana, and life may seem more bearable, but until further research is done it's impossible to say whether the drug is doing anything to retard the progress of their disease.

Nearly all illegal drugs possess some medical utility. Heroin was introduced in the late 19th century as a treatment for opium addicts. In the 1950s methamphetamine was used to treat everything from depression to alcoholism to Parkinson's disease. Yet nobody is talking about medical meth.

Are there more-effective treatments for the various illnesses marijuana supposedly helps combat? "Multiple drugs are available that work just as well if not better, and they don't keep you stoned all day," says Schaler, a libertarian who believes pot should be legal for everyone, afflicted and healthy. Take the example of glaucoma. Pot crusaders often push marijuana as a great treatment for the degenerative eye disease. It's true that pot reduces intraocular pressure—so does alcohol. But the marijuana advocates fail to mention you have to smoke up to 10 joints a day for the drug to work, whereas with a product such as Xalatan, you put a couple of drops in your eyes in the morning and you're ready to go.

Medical marijuana advocates argue pot is an effective pain reliever. They point to Queen Victoria's reported use of marijuana to relieve menstrual cramps. Most doctors agree pot isn't strong enough to combat serious chronic pain, nor do its effects last long enough. "There are much more effective drugs to treat chronic pain than cannabis," says the San Francisco Medical Society's Heilig. "I don't think any truly knowledgeable pain specialist would consider pot a first-line therapy."

However, recent research by UC San Francisco's Abrams with HIV patients suffering from foot pain points to a useful role for marijuana in treating some types of neuropathic pain, though not the chronic variety. "A drug that relieves nerve pain, increases appetite, decreases nausea and vomiting, induces sleep and produces some mild mood elevation is a pretty useful substance for patients with a terminal illness," he says. (Another recent study, this one by researchers at the University of California, San Diego, examined the effects of marijuana on healthy volunteers after they had been injected with capsaicin, the substance that causes the heat in chili peppers. It concluded that pot in moderate doses

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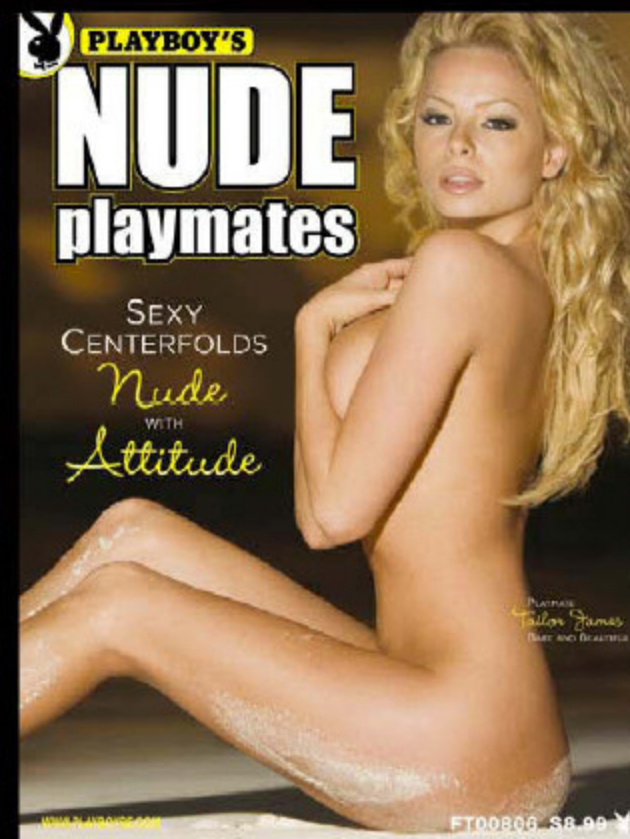
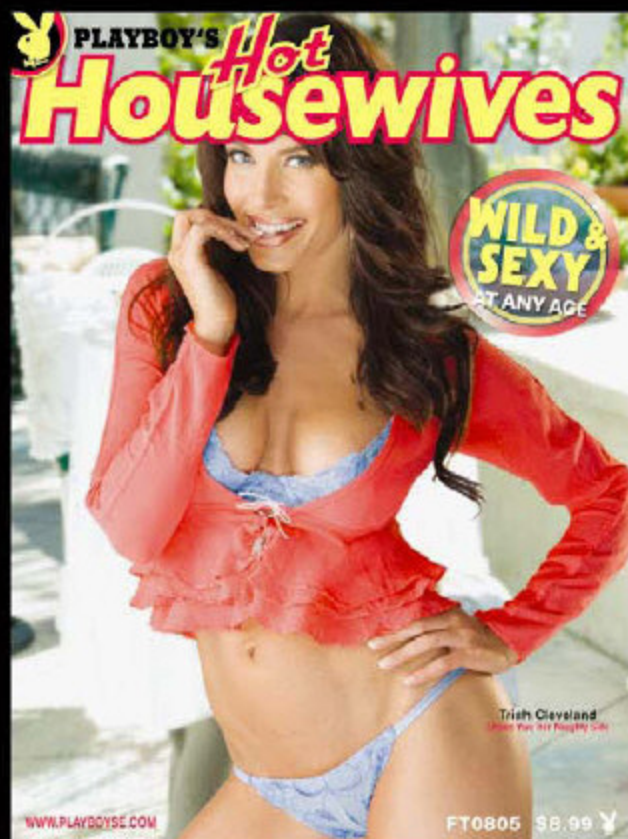
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may significantly decrease pain but in large doses may actually increase pain.)

In the end, the debate over medical marijuana may have less to do with science than with evangelism. Both sides believe in the righteousness of their cause with a religious fervor. "Being pro-marijuana is a religious crusade, just as being anti-marijuana is a religious crusade," says Schaler. "It has nothing to do with medicine. The reformers lie about marijuana just as much as the prohibitionists. To say marijuana is a cure-all is just as ridiculous as saying it's evil. It's neither."

Who murdered Ken Gorman? The people closest to him smoke so much pot that it sometimes affects their mental clarity, which makes it hard to distinguish between truth and drug-induced fantasy. "The CIA did it," one of them says. "It was meant to send a message to the rest of us." But the most likely scenario, the one that sounds least like a pothead conspiracy theory, comes from a good friend of Gorman's, Diana McKindley. She believes Gorman was the victim of a botched robbery. "I know who killed Ken Gorman," she says. "It was a grower he'd fired. He set Ken up to be robbed."

In the weeks following Gorman's death the mood was tense among Denver growers and patients. With killers on the loose, anybody could be the next

victim. Growers started carrying guns to protect themselves. Some installed security cameras. Others moved their gardens to secret locations. "We're scared to death," says McKindley. "Everybody is hiding their bud." The concern intensified when news leaked that police had obtained a search warrant for Gorman's home and had confiscated his papers and a computer. Detectives were combing his hard drive, looking for the names of patients and suppliers. "Some of Ken's patients felt they were in such jeopardy that they picked up and left Denver in the middle of the night," says Timothy Tipton, a friend and fellow marijuana advocate.

At the first annual Ken Gorman Memorial Rally, held in Civic Center Park two months after his death, a thousand people turned out for what was one of the biggest pro-pot demonstrations in the state's history. Gorman would have been proud. Instead of a traditional remembrance, the rally was more akin to a giant joint-rolling ceremony. Gorman's willowy daughter, Valency, a school administrator, addressed the carnival throng. "He loved you guys. Thank you for loving him," she said to the crowd.

The general consensus among Gorman's closest friends is that his murderer had to come from close by. Whoever killed Gorman wasn't a stranger. "It had to be an inside job," says Tipton. "The people who did this must have known

that Saturday night was when Ken had all the money. He'd get pot delivered on Saturday morning, and by late afternoon it would all be sold. There would have been \$10,000 easy."

The events of the evening of February 17 fit the pattern of previous home invasions. "Ken would always get robbed the night just after it was all harvested in," says McKindley. "They would take only the bud and the stuff associated around the bud. In other words, these guys knew exactly what they were doing. And they knew exactly where to go. They didn't have to go through his cabinets. They knew which cabinet he kept his medicine in. Ken told me he thought it was the same three people in ski masks every time." Did he ever report these robberies to the police? "No. The police would have laughed at him," says McKindley. "They laugh at all of us."

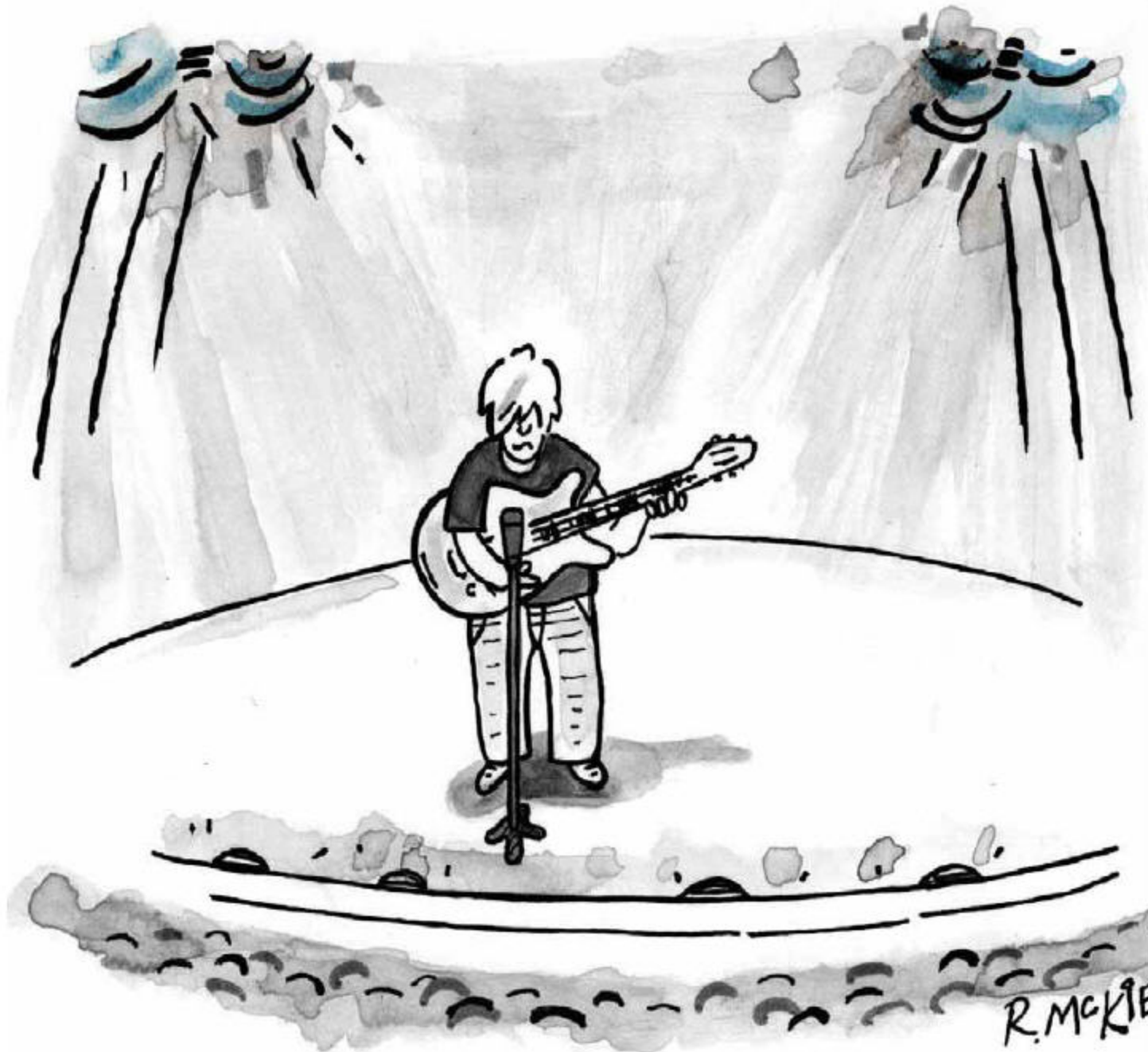
A year later the mystery surrounding Gorman's death has only deepened. But McKindley recalls a conversation she had with Gorman in his living room a month before his murder. A marijuana grower McKindley dubbed Boston used to be a fixture at Gorman's place. "I would always introduce myself, but he would never tell me his name. Ken would laugh and say, 'He doesn't give out his real name.' I called him Boston because he looked like a guy from Boston. He was scrawny, he had black greasy hair and black clothes, and he spoke in a Boston or New York accent," she says.

In January McKindley noticed the scruffy East Coaster wasn't hanging around anymore, so she asked Gorman, "Where's Boston?"

"That son of a bitch," McKindley claims Gorman said. "I found out he was ripping me off. He was setting me up."

McKindley asked Gorman if he was sure Boston was behind the string of robberies, to which Gorman replied, "I am so sure." Is this guy Boston still around? I ask. "No one will tell me," says McKindley. "No one will answer me. I've asked. I put it out publicly that PLAYBOY was coming to Denver to investigate Ken's murder, but people were scared to come forward. They were like, 'Are you kidding me? I'm not going to be the next one to get shot down.'"

A year after Ken Gorman's murder the police have yet to make an arrest. In the end, who killed Gorman may be less important than why he was killed. His friends blame prohibition: If pot were fully legal, this wouldn't have happened. But Gorman's death resulted from a poorly thought-out system that puts patients and growers in peril even when they act within the limits of the law. "Turning a black-market commodity into a legitimate medicine," Thomas Lawrence admits, "has been a lot more difficult than any of us thought."



*"I wrote this to make me rich and to get laid."*



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## THE HOTTEST SHADE OF GREEN

The environmental bug bit Cara Zavaleta in 2003 while she was climbing a glacier in New Zealand during a stint on MTV's *Road Rules*. "I thought, It's unbelievable, shocking and upsetting that it could just melt away," says Miss November 2004. "If I want to travel and enjoy these beautiful locations, there needs to be some kind of conservation." The Playmate and MTV vixen decided to take charge of the situation.

She began recycling with such determination that her Chicago home began to resemble the set of *Sanford and Son*. "It was gratifying to do something good, and that triggered an obsession," the 27-year-old explains. Later, after learning about the correlation between carbon emissions and global warming, Cara discovered the nonprofit envi-

ronmental organization Carbonfund.org. A self-described eco-conscious fashionista jetsetter, Cara loved the idea of offset-

ting her own stiletto-heeled carbon footprint. She began purchasing carbon offsets to help neutralize greenhouse-gas emissions, primarily through reforestation.

Carbonfund.org's can-do, no-pressure motto, "Reduce what you can, offset what you can't," appealed to Cara, who spreads the word through her MySpace page ([myspace.com/cara\\_zavaleta](http://myspace.com/cara_zavaleta)), her YouTube video blog ([youtube.com/cara\\_zavaleta](http://youtube.com/cara_zavaleta)) and her official website ([cara\\_zavaleta.com](http://cara_zavaleta.com)). She even designed and trademarked her GREEN IS THE NEW BLACK canvas bag, which went on sale this past summer. All profits from the

eco-friendly tote and her signed photographs go to the cause. She affirms, "Everyone needs to know simple actions really do make a big difference!"



Courtesy of Cara Zavaleta—you heard it here first.

## 20 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

We met Miss March 1988 **Susie Owens**—memorable for her flowing blonde mane, lean physique and full natural breasts—when we cast her for a pictorial about nurses. Readers will perhaps more vividly recall the layout in which she gets intimate with a vintage Chevy pickup.



## LOOSE LIPS

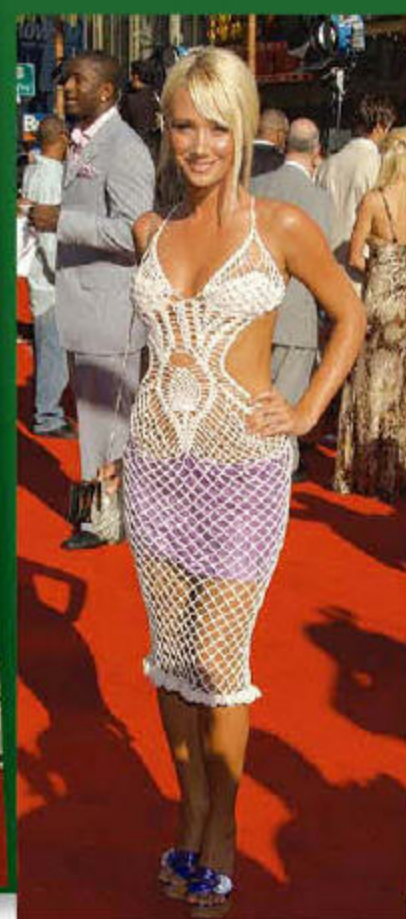
"I never claimed to be smart, just a smart-ass."



Julie McCullough

## HOT LEGS

From far left: PMOY 2001 Brande Roderrick at the Mansion; PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt at the World Music Awards in Monte Carlo; PMOY 2007 Sara Jean Underwood at the ESPY Awards at the Kodak Theatre in Hollywood; Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler at Opera in Hollywood; Miss May 1996 Shauna Sand at Dr. Rey's Shapewear launch in Hollywood.



## HOT SHOT



TIFFANY SELBY

## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Bret Anthony

—from *Chasing the Devil*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss May 2006 **Alison Waite**. I just worked with her on



a pilot. I tried to impress her by playing love songs from my iPhone. She didn't tell me her ring size, but she did smack me across the mouth. Hey, I'll take what I can get."

## POP QUESTIONS: SARA JEAN UNDERWOOD

**Q:** What is it like to be Playmate of the Year?

**A:** It's pretty hectic. I'll be at the airport at five A.M. and then work an event all night, get a couple hours of sleep and fly somewhere else for another promotion. But I'm having a blast.

**Q:** Do you get a lot of attention from fans?

**A:** Yes. People recognize me everywhere I go, which I never expected. Even if I check into a hotel under a different name, people are still waiting there to meet me or get my autograph. At a club in Min-

neapolis a girl was bawling because she was so happy to meet me.

**Q:** Do you ever get time for yourself?

**A:** I'm so busy most of the time that when I get a day off I don't know what to do with myself. I get stressed out thinking there's more work I should be doing. But I like to have time alone to relax and regroup. I'll work out or go shopping to clear my head. And it's nice to spend time with Hef and the girls at the Playmate house, too. Still, I miss Oregon so much.



## JAYDE TV



The Canadian edition of *Entertainment Tonight* caught up with our north-of-the-border beauty Jayde Nicole (pictured, middle) in Toronto. Miss January 2007 stars on a reality show that coaches awkward guys in how to land beautiful girls. The bookend blondes are Jayde's models-employees-colleagues-friends Cassandra Paige (left) and Charlee Beer (right). During her appearance on *ET Canada*, Jayde also made a case for choosing her as Playmate of the Year: "There hasn't been a Canadian PMOY in 26 years!" she exclaimed. Sounds like a cause.

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Playmate of the Year **Sara Jean Underwood** was interviewed on ESPN's *Sunday NFL Countdown* from her hometown of Scappoose, Oregon for a special segment leading up to the Browns-Bills game....

Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima**, pictured below with Nine Group's **Michael Fuller** (left) and **David Gutierrez** (right), hosted a recent *Playboy After Dark* Sundays party at the Playboy Club in Sin City.... **Lindsey Vuolo** hosted two *Beefeater* Gin sweepstakes winners in London. Miss November 2001 picked up lucky blokes **John Black** (pictured below, right) and **Joshua Scott** (left) for breakfast, then took them to Oxford Street to shop at the Playboy London flag-



Hiromi and the boys at the Palms.



Lindsey: London's hottest attraction.

ship store and ride a double-decker tour bus. Lindsey wrapped the date with a late lunch at the London eatery *Electric Brasserie*.... At the Boston SuperMegaFest fan convention Miss August 1982 **Cathy St. George** ran into actor **Larry Storch**, known for his role as Corporal Agarn on the 1960s cult spoof *F Troop*. In addition to being a Playmate, Cathy is famous as the muse of the *Saint 7 International Spy* comic-book series.



## 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).



# GARRY KASPAROV

(continued from page 46)

around. Foreign journalists are looking with a closer eye.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you been able to raise these issues with President Bush?

**KASPAROV:** I had 30 seconds to talk to Bush at a conference in Prague. I said, "Mr. President, when you talk to Dr. Putin, make it public. He hates daylight. You can't negotiate behind closed doors with him. He's a KGB guy. You must bring your difference to the public because it is the only way to expose him." Bush isn't listening.

**PLAYBOY:** Are any of the U.S. presidential candidates bold enough to challenge Putin?

**KASPAROV:** None are talking about Russia. The current debate doesn't make me happy. It is sad because people in Russia and Eastern Europe believed in America. America symbolized democracy and respect for human rights. Now political necessity has replaced America's fight for those values.

**PLAYBOY:** Could it be argued that, by protesting, you're playing into the Kremlin's hands? They can claim Russia allows dissent.

**KASPAROV:** First of all, as I have said, our rallies are always interrupted with clear violations of our constitutional rights. They aren't allowing protest. And they aren't allowing real elections, which the world is finally seeing. Yet Bush says nothing because the laws are made by a "democratically elected government." I could argue that, in 1935, the democratically elected German government made some regulations about Jews: Of course it shouldn't jeopardize business relations between U.S. corporations and German financial groups! It's just a domestic affair. If you start investigating the regulations imposed on us by Putin's puppet parliament, you'll find none of us can participate in political life the same way you can in the West.

**PLAYBOY:** Before you were stopped, did people in Russia even know you were running for president? Did they know the Kremlin's rules prevented you from getting on the ballot?

**KASPAROV:** Very few. Some knew in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Meanwhile, two documentaries were released that revealed the truth about me and Other Russia: We're American spies. These are Soviet-type documentaries, the same kind they made about Andrei Sakharov, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and Vladimir Bukovsky. Thanks to these documentaries, people knew about us.

**PLAYBOY:** Have the documentaries discredited you?

**KASPAROV:** [Laughs] They were so Soviet-style, people recognized what was behind them. Now there's a book by one of those Kremlin guys about Putin's enemies. There are several key enemies; one is me. Well, if this were chess, the oppo-

nent has exposed himself—his true self is revealed. Often it's his fatal move.

**PLAYBOY:** Much of your thinking—your business theories and politics—comes back to chess. Have you considered challenging Putin to a chess match?

**KASPAROV:** I don't think he knows chess. He relies on brute force.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still follow chess?

**KASPAROV:** I follow chess for fun.

**PLAYBOY:** In your view, who is the best up-and-coming player?

**KASPAROV:** The most talented kid under 20 is Magnus Carlsen from Norway.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still play?

**KASPAROV:** I play for fun. Old habits die hard. I relax by looking at the game, moving the pieces, following some competitions, going online to watch my ex-colleagues make mistakes.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you miss the intensity and the pressure?

**KASPAROV:** I have a lot of intensity and pressure from elsewhere now.

**PLAYBOY:** Like sports, is chess generally for the young?

**KASPAROV:** In the pre-computer era, experience played a very important role. You learned when you were a kid. Now with computers you can learn in a few years more than Bobby Fischer learned in his entire life. Much of chess is about energy, freshness and your ability to withstand pressure, so yes, it is for the young.

**PLAYBOY:** You have said IBM cheated in the final Deep Blue match, in which you were defeated. Do you have proof?

**KASPAROV:** At the end of the day it's "I say, they say," but I have reasons to think they cheated.

**PLAYBOY:** What reasons?

**KASPAROV:** I wrote about them in my book, but basically these matches were important to IBM. They got a lot of attention.

**PLAYBOY:** A *Newsweek* cover story on one of the matches was titled "The Brain's Last Stand."

**KASPAROV:** I won the first time in 1996 and then lost the rematch. I tried to have a third match that would settle it once and for all, but IBM refused. During the match the computer did not play moves it would logically have played. I believe there was human control. Was it worth it for them to cheat for a win worth billions of dollars in free publicity?

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds like sour grapes. In fact, computer scientist Feng-hsiung Hsu has described your charges as "the unsportsmanlike whining of a sore loser."

**KASPAROV:** I am guilty of this. But there is proof. When you start going through the games I played with Deep Blue, but using new and much more advanced computers, Deep Blue's moves show a superior quality except at a crucial moment. Suddenly the machines are still machines, while Deep Blue shows human flexibility. So I am fairly certain IBM cheated, though of course there is no hard proof because immediately after the match IBM shut down Deep Blue and dismantled it. So no one will ever know



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for sure. But I wonder why they would destroy it if they had nothing to hide.

**PLAYBOY:** You have said you paid a high price to become chess champion, that you lost your childhood to chess. Do you resent it?

**KASPAROV:** *Lost* is too strong a word, but I couldn't enjoy years with no responsibility. I was still riding a bicycle and playing sports but felt different from other kids. I matured way in advance.

**PLAYBOY:** You once said chess is usually accorded either too much or too little respect by people who don't play. What did you mean?

**KASPAROV:** Actually, both of those feelings can be mixed in one person. Many people give chess too much respect because of the complexity and intellectual nature of the game, but they also disrespect it for the same reasons; it can seem like a game for freaks. In fact chess is neither. It's a game. An aptitude for playing chess is no more than an aptitude for playing chess.

**PLAYBOY:** Why are there relatively few women chess players?

**KASPAROV:** Tradition. How many women composers are there? Architects? Things are changing in this. We have Judit Polgar, who proved a woman can make the top 10, though she didn't come even close to number one.

**PLAYBOY:** Do chess masters have groupies?

**KASPAROV:** No. I think chess is low-key compared with other sports, so there's very little publicity, except for the Fischer-Boris Spassky match and when I played Karpov or the computer. Otherwise it's low-key with a relatively small amount of money available. So women...maybe they aren't that impressed with me. [laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Is your life in politics more or less stressful than your life playing chess?

**KASPAROV:** More now. We are playing for human lives.

**PLAYBOY:** Facing upcoming protests and the near certainty of more arrests, are you afraid?

**KASPAROV:** Yes, I feel scared. It's terrifying. But people who are on the streets with us recognize there's no other way. I'm scared,

but I feel very proud, too. We know the risk. In spite of it, having these few thousand people following you shows your work is not wasted. And I think we will win. The problem is, destroying Putin's regime is only part of the work. If we succeed and bring democracy back to Russia—if we save the country from disaster—what then? We must rebuild. We must start again. But winning this is no certainty. Every day I know we may well lose the country. It's like an illness that has gone too far, a cancer. I hope it's not too late to treat it.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your wife worry about your political work?

**KASPAROV:** She's supportive but knows the risks we face.

**PLAYBOY:** Your mother?

**KASPAROV:** It's not that she's thrilled—she recognizes all the dangers—but she knows someone has to take a stand. I have to do it. It's like a forced move in chess.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you take extra precautions because of your young children?

**KASPAROV:** I am as careful as I can be, but I fight for what I believe in for them.

**PLAYBOY:** Is your family's life curtailed because of security concerns?

**KASPAROV:** I feel much better outside Russia because I don't need bodyguards. But look, I can't destroy my life thinking about it all the time. In New York I love walking with my wife. In Russia I go with bodyguards.

**PLAYBOY:** Are your phones tapped?

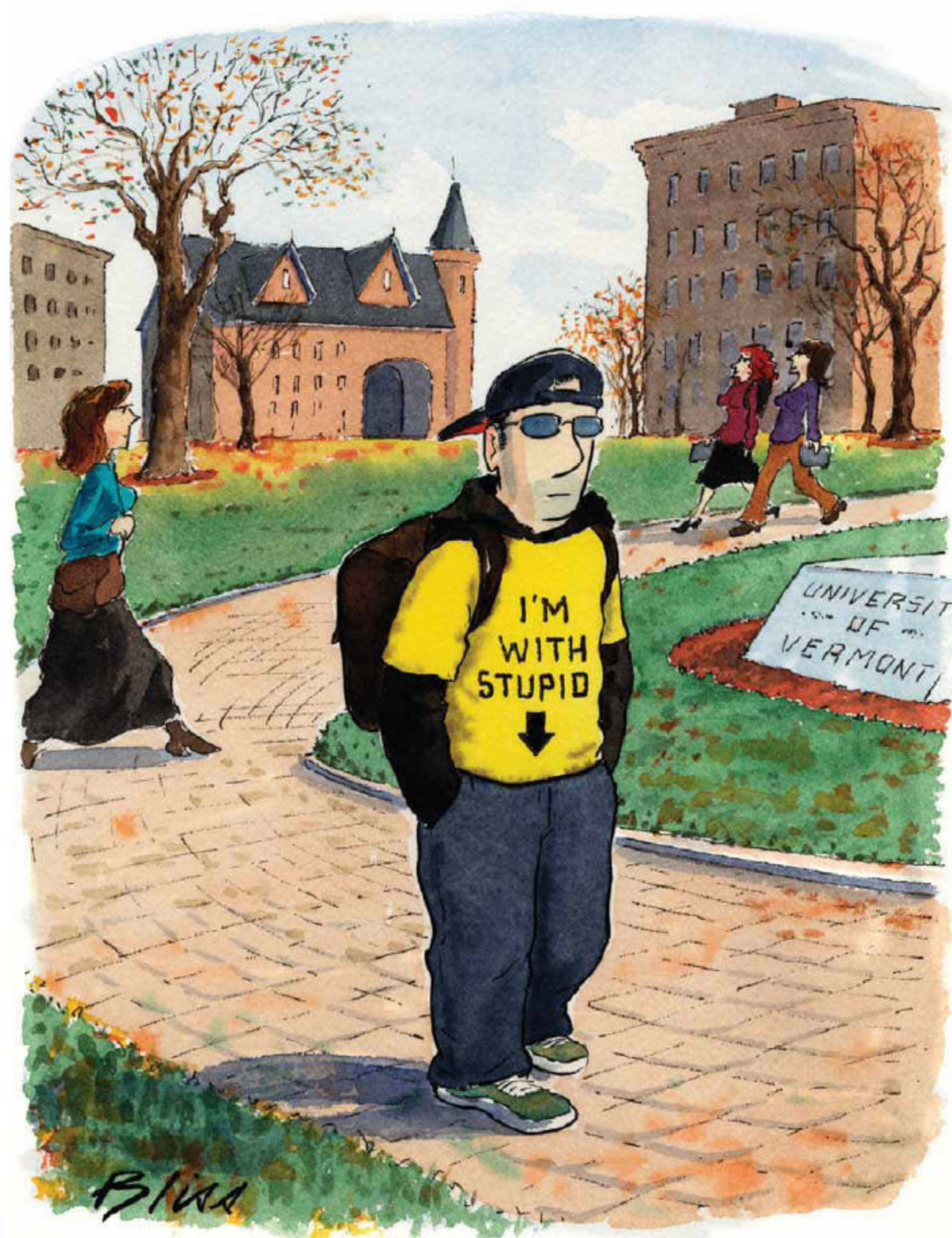
**KASPAROV:** Everything's tapped. As far as I understand, though, Skype [an Internet telephone service] cannot be intercepted, so we use it to talk. But who cares? I believe some people in the organization are also working for the government. What can you do? I'm telling all the people in the organization, "Don't hide." Our only strength is publicity. We must be open in part to distinguish ourselves from our opponents. To a degree it makes life easier when you don't have to hide because you can't.

**PLAYBOY:** The truth is, you don't have to live in Russia. You could probably have a very nice life with your family in New York, Paris or elsewhere.

**KASPAROV:** Why "probably"? Of course I could.

**PLAYBOY:** Yet you choose to stay in Russia. Why?

**KASPAROV:** It may sound pathetic, but there are just things you must do. I always believe I do things that could make a difference. At a certain point I had to think about my future engagements after my chess career. I wanted to be useful. It's my nature. I have to fight. I can't see the injustice, especially if it's in my country, and do nothing. Facing Putin's regime—watching him destroy my country—I had a choice to make. I could either emigrate or stay. Emigrating is wrong. This is my country. I want my country to succeed. My country is in trouble, so I won't leave. Putin wishes I would. He would like to expel me. Maybe instead I should try to expel him.



# COCO

(continued from page 53)

he was producing. He was in a bad mood that day, so Ice's friends sent Coco over to cheer him up.

"When I turned around," Ice recalls, "believe it or not the first thing I saw was her teeth. Then I seen her titties. Oh shit! My brain said, She's probably skinny—and brothers, we want a little meat on their bones. So she turned around and I'm like, Oh, she's got an ass!"

After collecting himself, Ice reap-proached Coco and asked if she'd ever date a gangsta rapper. "I'm a white girl who listens to dance music," Coco says. "I thought all rappers were the same. I said, 'Well, if he's nice.'"

Ice's response? "Take the n off nice, you get Ice.' God sent me that line."

Ever since, the two have been inseparable. Coco accompanies Ice to his concerts and lectures and has her own office on the *SVU* set, while Ice helps run her websites, [cocosworld.com](http://cocosworld.com) and [myspace.com/cocosworld2006](http://myspace.com/cocosworld2006). He also gets the plum assignment on her photo shoots.

"I call him my spritz boy," Coco explains. "He oils me down to make me look all nice and wet."

"The idea of my wife alone, naked, in a room full of horny men can weird a guy out," Ice replies. "But if you're there, then it turns into a little more fun."

During the course of her three-day PLAYBOY session, Coco was photographed all over Manhattan. She vamped in a penthouse at the top of Trump Tower and wandered the subway system, wearing little more than a trench coat. "We had to keep walking around until we didn't see any people, and then I'd flash the camera," Coco says. "It's hard to expose yourself in a way that won't get you arrested. A conductor stopped the train, came back and was like, 'What's going on?' He could have arrested us. But I flashed him, and he was happy."

Standing just five-foot-two, with official measurements of 39-23-40, Coco says the world of traditional runway modeling never embraced her. "I always knew I had a different kind of body," she says. "I was stockier than the average girl and more athletic." But she's proud of her physique. "I'm like a nudist," she says. "I would feel fine if everybody walked around naked."

"She likes being butt-naked," Ice says, "and I'm like, 'That's because you look good naked.' If every man was built like a model like Tyson Beckford, they'd walk around naked too."

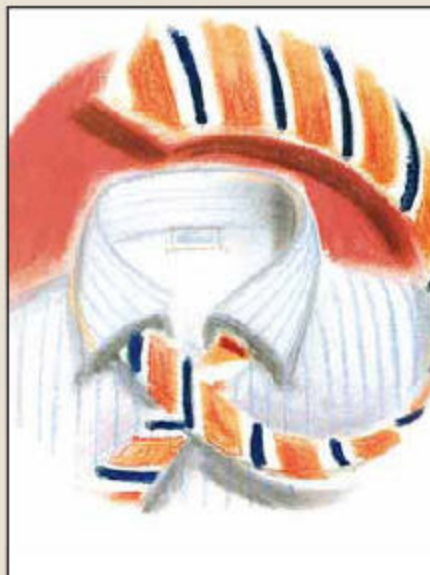
Yet even in the year 2008, Ice-T and Coco's status as a prominent, successful interracial couple hasn't pleased everyone. "America's still fucked up," says Ice. "To say we get static about it is to overstate it. But to say there's no static is to lie. We roll with the people who like us, and everyone else can kiss our ass."



## WHERE &

### HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages, 29-30, 92-97 and 142-143, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



#### MANTRACK

Pages 29-30: *Hewlett-Packard*, [hp.com](http://hp.com). *Irish whiskeys*, available at fine liquor stores nationwide. *Lamponi's Lamps*, [lamponis.com](http://lamponis.com). *Nissan*, [nissanusa.com](http://nissanusa.com). *Olive*, [olive.us](http://olive.us). *Quattro Valvole*, [magsusa.net](http://magsusa.net).

#### ROCK THE RABBIT

Pages 92-97: *American Apparel*, [americanapparel.net](http://americanapparel.net), *Burberry London*, [burberry.com](http://burberry.com). *Converse*, [converse.com](http://converse.com). *Diesel*, [diesel.com](http://diesel.com). *Dunhill*, [dunhill.com](http://dunhill.com). *French Connection*, [frenchconnection.com](http://frenchconnection.com). *Gant Limited Edition*, 212-813-9170. *Gordon Rush*, [gordonrush.com](http://gordonrush.com). *Hugo*, 800-HUGO-BOSS. *J. Lindeberg*, [jlindeberg.com](http://jlindeberg.com). *John Varvatos*, [johnvarvatos.com](http://johnvarvatos.com). *Kill City*, available at Untitled and

*Urban Outfitters*. *Left Field*, available at Blue in Green. *Marc by Marc Jacobs*, [marcjacobs.com](http://marcjacobs.com). *Modern Amusement*, [modernamusement.com](http://modernamusement.com). *Original Penguin*, [originalpenguin.com](http://originalpenguin.com). *PF Flyers*, [pfflyers.com](http://pfflyers.com). *Ray-Ban*, [sunglasshut.com](http://sunglasshut.com). *Report Collection*, [shopreportcollection.com](http://shopreportcollection.com). *Robert Talbott*, [roberttalbott.com](http://roberttalbott.com). *Rock & Republic*, [\[republic.com\]\(http://republic.com\). \*Seaward & Stearn of London\*, \[britishapparel.com\]\(http://britishapparel.com\). \*7 for All Mankind\*, \[7forallmankind.com\]\(http://7forallmankind.com\). \*Sperry Top-Sider\*, \[sperrytopsider.com\]\(http://sperrytopsider.com\). \*Stussy Deluxe\*, \[stussydirect.com\]\(http://stussydirect.com\). \*Yohji Yamamoto\*, \[yohjiyamamoto.co.jp\]\(http://yohjiyamamoto.co.jp\). \*Yoko Devereaux\*, available at Saks Fifth Avenue.](http://rockand</a></p>
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#### POTPOURRI

Pages 142-143: *America in Space*, [hnabooks.com](http://hnabooks.com). *Eye-Fi*, [eye.fi](http://eye.fi). *Green Earth Technologies*, [getg.com](http://getg.com). *Harman/Kardon*, [guideandplay.com](http://guideandplay.com). *Lucky Tiger*, [nordstrom.com](http://nordstrom.com). *Peugeot Elis*, [surlatable.com](http://surlatable.com). *Tamiya*, [tamiya.com](http://tamiya.com). *Tokyoflash*, [tokyoflash.com](http://tokyoflash.com). *Ultimate Ears*, [ultimateears.com](http://ultimateears.com).

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AXELLE BAUER/GRIFIN

## A Tit, a Very Palpable Tit

Perhaps no celebrity slings the heaving cleavage like pop diva BEYONCÉ. It has actually caused *Grapevine* a headache or two. Something peeks out of the cup, but not even we, with all our expertise and technology, can authenticate it.

140 Tape? Fabric? Pastie? No doubts this month: Behold the real deal.



MICHAEL STYGNET/COVERMODELS.CO.NE

## You Gave Without Taking

But they sent you away! Oh, MANDY LYNN. The Special Editions cover girl was bounced three episodes into *America's Most Smartest Model*. Don't ask us who won—once Mandy checked out, we did too.



## Guten Tag

We're all adults here, but nothing makes us feel young again like a puerile wisecrack. Enjoy this one: "Someone alert customs: CLAUDIA SCHIFFER is smuggling raisins."

ELIOT PRESS/BAUER/GRIFIN

## Top Tail

My, that's a nice ass. A really nice ass. In fact, a prizewinning ass: It belongs to 19-year-old Bulgarian model **KRISTINA DIMITROVA**, winner of the Most Beautiful Bottom in the World contest held in Munich.

JOHANNES SIMON/GETTY IMAGES



## Dream Deferred

In *Sex in Cinema* (December) we ran photos of this Irish lass about to be royally screwed by Jonathan Rhys Meyers's **Henry VIII**. She wrote us a very sweet note to say that being in **PLAYBOY** is "the realization of a childhood dream"—and that we got her name wrong. *D'oh!* It's **RACHEL MONTAGUE**, damn it.



LILI FORBERG/MS.SLILINET

## Top Down

This is **MAYA SIMONE**, and if you attend car shows like **NOPI** and **HIN**, you may catch her and other bikini-model go-go dancers in the flesh. Although not as much flesh as this.

## Auf Wiedersehen

See comments at left (we're adults, yadda yadda...) and enjoy another bon mot: "Got any spare change for **HEIDI KLUM**? Just put it in her coin slot." Ah, youth.



KEVIN MAZUR/WIREIMAGE.COM

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## EAR, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

We thought Ultimate Ears' UE 10 Pro headphones were the height of personal audio reproduction. Silly us. They've topped themselves with the custom-fit UE 11 Pro (\$1,150, [ultimateears.com](http://ultimateears.com)). Featuring four separate drivers in each earpiece, they can be customized with any design for an extra \$100. Since they block out all but the most extreme noise, you'll hear all your music's subtleties, even at low volumes. We've been floored by the quality of sound and sense of space these produce.



## SHOOT THE MOON

There was a time when people thought space travel was impossible, suicidal or both. Some extremely bold men proved the doubters wrong, and they did it wearing flimsy silver jumpsuits and ersatz motorcycle helmets. On the occasion of its 50th birthday, NASA helped produce *America in Space* (\$50, [hnabooks.com](http://hnabooks.com)), a lavish oversize tome brimming with incredible photos of the U.S.'s adventures beyond Earth. The shots from the *Mercury* and *Apollo* eras are especially inspiring documents of raw courage.



## PRETTY SLICK

Any old car has horsepower, but only a privileged few have cow power. A new motor oil called G-Oil (from \$6, [getg.com](http://getg.com)), from Green Earth Technologies, is made of beef tallow and comes in a variety of viscosities and performance levels for turbocharged, supercharged and hybrid engines. Yes, that's right—you can now use a by-product of the meatpacking industry to lubricate your engine. In addition to its green origins, G-Oil also helps the environment on the other end. Once it has fulfilled its lubricating mission, stir in G-Dispoil (from \$6) and the biodegradable mix can be poured directly into your backyard. No bull.

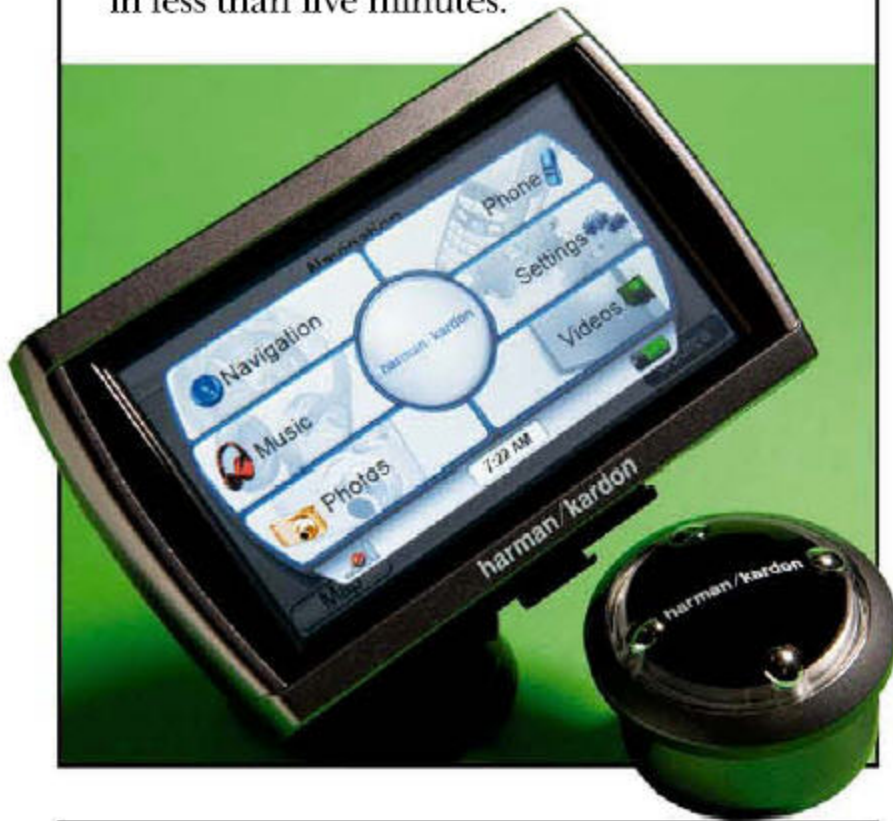


## THE GRIND

Cooking a gourmet meal is like driving in a Formula One race: You need to move fast and have a good pit crew. For those of us without sous chefs, the Peugeot Elis Electric Salt and Pepper Mills (\$100 each, [surlatable.com](http://surlatable.com)) grind at the touch of a button, leaving one of your hands free to stir, rub, spank or slap (hey, cooking's a dirty business). They also shine light wherever you aim them so you can see what you're seasoning, even in candlelight. Add their sleek brushed-steel finish and you're ready for some high-octane chowing.

### WHAT A KNOB

We're fans of the new breed of aftermarket GPS systems, with their instant setup and nifty features, but controlling them is still an issue. Touchscreens help, but we prefer Harman/Kardon's Guide + Play GPS 810 (\$600, [guideandplay.com](http://guideandplay.com)), which has a wireless control knob you stick within reach of the driver. It offers the feel of a factory-installed GPS, but you can connect it yourself in less than five minutes.



### CHIN MUSIC

Ah, the Great Depression, when men were men and getting a facial meant taking a jab from Jim "Cinderella Man" Braddock. Lucky Tiger, a brand of shaving and grooming products that dates from 1935, was recently revamped for our age of seaweed body wraps. The Essential Grooming Kit's vintage metal tin (\$72, [nordstrom.com](http://nordstrom.com)) houses face wash, moisturizer, shaving cream and aftershave, which will satisfy dandies and palookas alike.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 139.



### MINI MOTORING

Back in the 1980s Tamiya relentlessly tempted motor-obsessed boys with its line of build-your-own high-performance remote-control cars and buggies. Recently the company began reissuing some of its greatest hits, like the Hornet pictured here (\$160, [tamiya.com](http://tamiya.com)). Better yet, you can now order the vehicles preassembled, if you choose—because these days you have, like, a job and stuff.

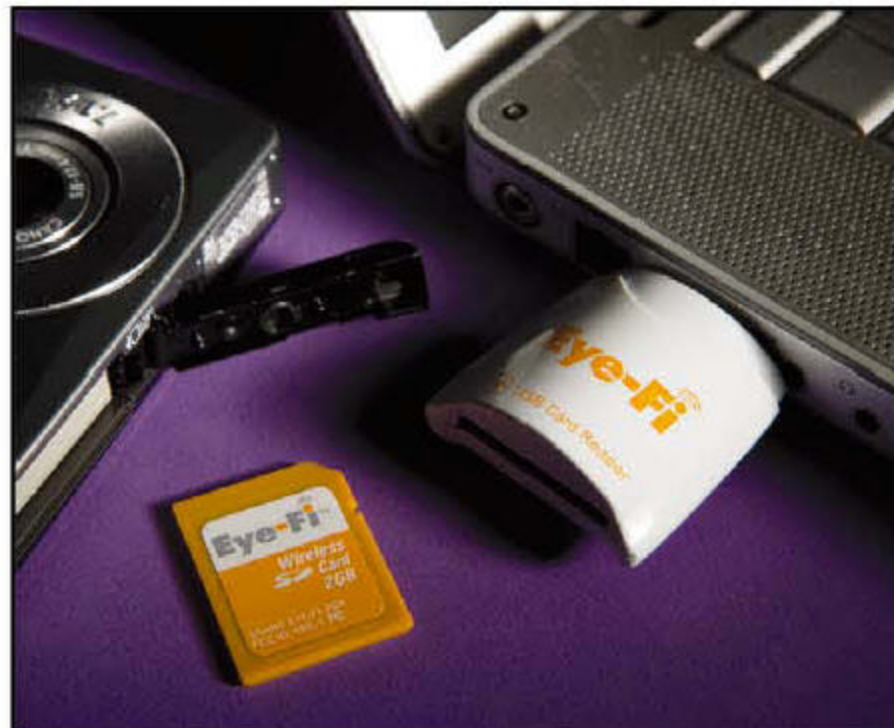
### SPACE FACE

Tokyo may be half a world away from our editorial offices, but Tokyoflash's watches look as though they originated in a distant galaxy. The Shinshoku (\$135, [tokyoflash.com](http://tokyoflash.com)), for example, would fit right in on the wrist of a Mos Eisley cantina patron. So how does it work? Colored LEDs in the stainless-steel bracelet represent hours (red), 15-minute chunks (green) and single minutes (yellow). This one reads 12:54. It may take a moment to get used to, but you'll never be late for another warp jump again.



### WIRELESS WONDER

The Eye-Fi (\$100, [eye.fi](http://eye.fi)) looks like an ordinary SD memory card, but inside it is an impossibly tiny Wi-Fi chip. That means as soon as you walk into range of your home Wi-Fi network with



your camera on, the Eye-Fi automatically begins transferring any photos you've taken to your computer, your online photo service or both. Supersimple to use, it works on any SD-enabled camera.

# Next Month



THE WWE'S MARIA KANELLIS GETS RAW.



ROBERT STONE LEADS US TO CHARM CITY.



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COCKPIT CARNIVAL.

**MARIA KANELLIS**—THE WWE'S SEXIEST STAR HAS MOVED FROM INNOCENT REPORTER TO MISTRESS OF THE MAT. NOW HER PESKY TIGHTS ARE PEELED OFF IN A SLAMMING PICTORIAL.

**JENNA FISCHER**—DID YOU KNOW SHE CAN REALLY TYPE 85 WORDS A MINUTE? FOR HER NEW FILM, IRONICALLY TITLED *THE PROMOTION*, *THE OFFICE*'S BUTTONED-DOWN PAM LOOSENS UP IN A SEXY 20Q WITH **DAVID RENSIN**.

**SAVANNA SAMSON'S WINE GUIDE**—THE ADULT-FILM STAR TURNED VINTNER SURPRISED OENOPHILES WITH THE FIRST ISSUE FROM HER SAVANNA WINES LABEL. WHO BETTER TO GUIDE THE PLAYBOY MAN THROUGH A TASTING?

**CHAD KROEGER**—IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*, **ROB TANNENBAUM** CATCHES UP WITH NICKELBACK'S LEADER AFTER THE BAND'S MARATHON TOUR AND LEARNS WHAT'S NEXT FOR THIS CHART-TOPPING QUARTET.

**INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY**—WE HEAD TO TURKS AND CAICOS TO PREVIEW THIS SEASON'S TOP OFF-THE-CLOCK THREADS THAT WORK ANYTIME, ANYWHERE.

**MEN WHO HATE HILLARY**—RIGHT-WING MALE BIOGRAPHERS CONTINUALLY ATTACK HILLARY CLINTON'S APPEARANCE AND SEXUALITY. AUTHOR AND CULTURAL THEORIST **LAURA KIPNIS** TURNS

THE MIRROR ON THE CANDIDATE'S CRITICS TO SHOW HOW THE DIATRIBES REVEAL MORE ABOUT THEM THAN THEIR SUBJECT.

**WAILING SHALL BE IN ALL STREETS**—IN A PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED ACCOUNT OF THE FIREBOMBING OF DRESDEN, WRITTEN EARLY IN HIS CAREER, AN ANGRY, ANGUISHED **KURT VONNEGUT** REVISITS THE HORROR AND TAKES THE FIRST STEPS TOWARD A MASTERPIECE.

**CHARM CITY**—COMELY STRANGERS DON'T USUALLY OFFER TO BUY FRANK BOWER A DRINK. WHEN A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN DOES JUST THAT, A BIT OF PHILANDERING TURNS INTO SOMETHING FAR MORE SINISTER. AMERICAN MASTER **ROBERT STONE** CRAFTS A STUDY IN EVIL FOR APRIL'S FICTION FEATURE.

**THE GAMBLING SEMINOLES**—TRIBAL CHIEF JAMES E. BILLIE IS A LEGEND: HE HAS WRESTLED ALLIGATORS, BATTLED THE VIET CONG AND GOTTEN THE CREDIT FOR COMING UP WITH THE TRIBAL CASINO CONCEPT. YET FOR ALL HIS ACCOMPLISHMENTS, CHIEF BILLIE HAS BEEN EXPELLED FROM THE SEMINOLE NATION. **PAT JORDAN** FINDS OUT WHY.

**PLUS:** BRAZILIAN STEWARDESSES FULFILL YOUR MILE-HIGH FANTASIES; MISS APRIL **REGINA DEUTINGER** TAKES THE PRIZE FOR BAVARIA'S HOTTEST IMPORT.



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AND THE LAST CHICKEN WING.**



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**HERE'S TO A SPEEDY RECOVERY.**