

DEVILISHLY SEXY GIRLS OF THE ACC INSIDE

# PIRATES OF THE ACC BOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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**SEX ON  
CAMPUS 2009**

A MIND-BLOWING PEEK  
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

HIGH  
TIMES  
WITH **WOODY  
HARRELSON**  
A SMOKIN' INTERVIEW

**VAMPIRE LOVE**

# BLOODLUST!

WHY THE UNDEAD ARE HOT AGAIN

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FOR YOUR  
BRAIN

MEET THE REAL  
**PIRATES  
OF SOMALIA**

BAD TO THE BONE  
THE COOLEST  
FOOTBALL TEAM  
EVER TO PLAY  
THE GAME  
PLUS OUR ANNUAL  
NFL PREVIEW



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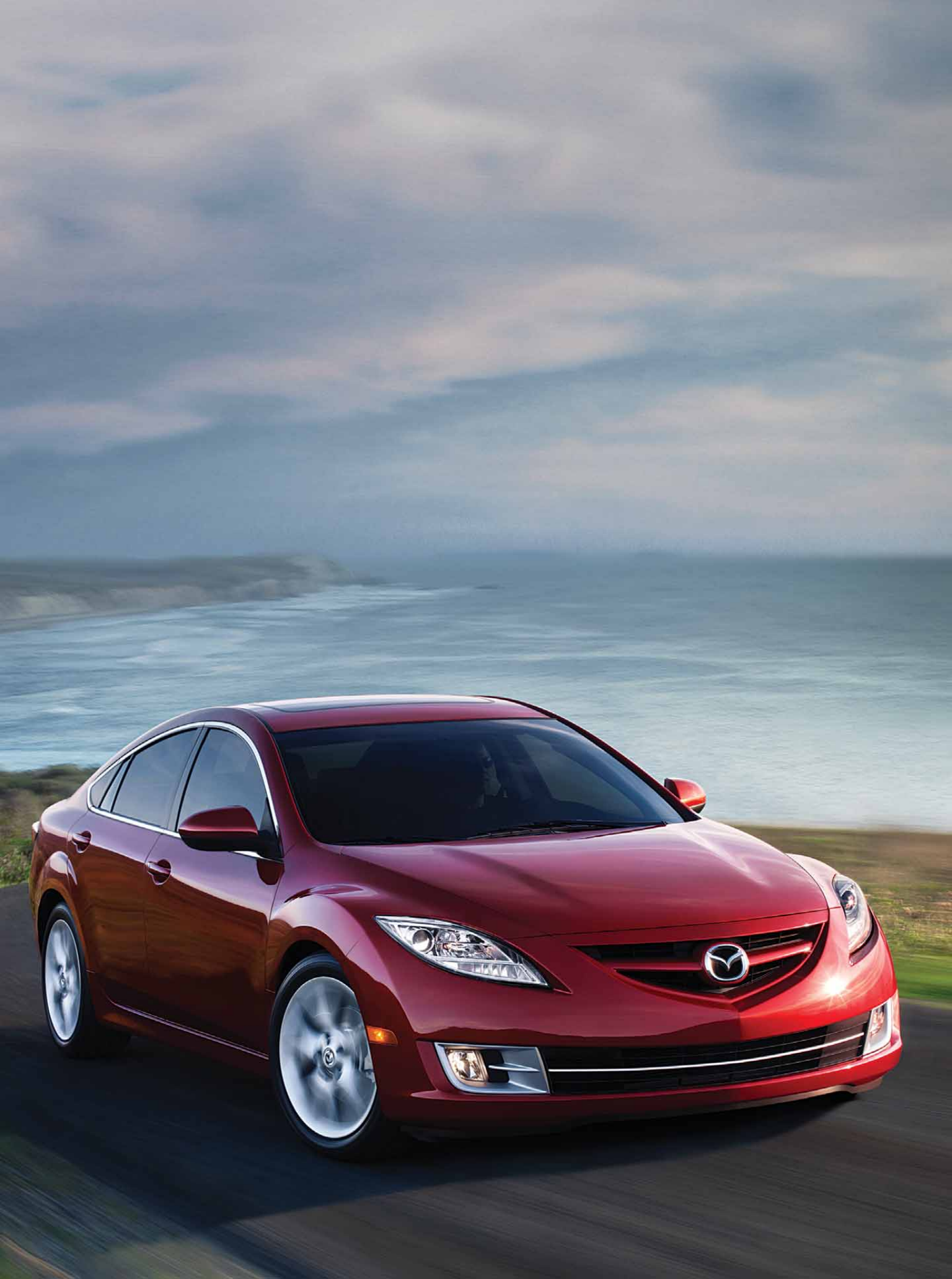
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College is where most of us finally get the freedom to figure out who we are. Which makes it fertile ground for our *Sex on Campus 2009* feature. **Stinson Carter** reports from the front lines, while bad-boy photographer **Richard Kern**'s delicious nudes capture the realism of women sorting through their sexual lives. **Woody Harrelson**, the subject of this month's *Playboy Interview*, is no stranger to experimentation himself. In fact, he smoked pot throughout his days-long conversation in Maui with **David Hochman**. Harrelson has made Hollywood work for him without buying into its hype and hustle—a bit like **Andy Richter**, whose recent return to our living rooms on *The Tonight Show* caps nearly 10 years of wandering the more desolate regions of the entertainment landscape. In *Andy Richter Grows Up*, **Eric Spitznagel** hikes the wilderness with him to confront the specter of Ed McMahon, as well as the “strange lizard creatures and creepy old

women with huge, tight tits” that seem to haunt Richter. Will the comeback road be as good to **Shawne Merriman**? After spending the 2008 NFL season injured, the game's most dangerous linebacker is back and ready to bring the hurt. In this month's *20Q*

**Jason Buhrmester** talks with Merriman about what happens when you hit someone so hard he has to retire, then later run into him at the Playboy Mansion. To further indulge our love of dangerous athletes, writer **Kevin Cook** interviewed countless Oakland Raiders players and hangers-on to bring us *Bad to the Bone*, an oral history of the Hells Angels of football. They answered to no one, much like the pirates that patrol the waters off Somalia's Gulf of Aden. The difference? The Raiders usually won. In *Pirates of Somalia*, writer **Shashank Bengali** finds the pirates have more in common with *Oliver Twist* than with Captain Jack Sparrow. Also this month: *The Golden Age of Pills* features illustrations by veteran magazine artist **Tin Salamunic**. And while drug companies find ways to make us more comfortable, cartoonist **Gahan Wilson** finds ways to make us less so. With Halloween coming up, his retrospective is only appropriate—as is our vampire-tinged *Love Bites* pictorial with an essay by **Leslie Klinger**, today's foremost expert on society's fascination with bloodsuckers. If this is what vampires look like these days, then we say bring on the nightmares.



Richard Kern

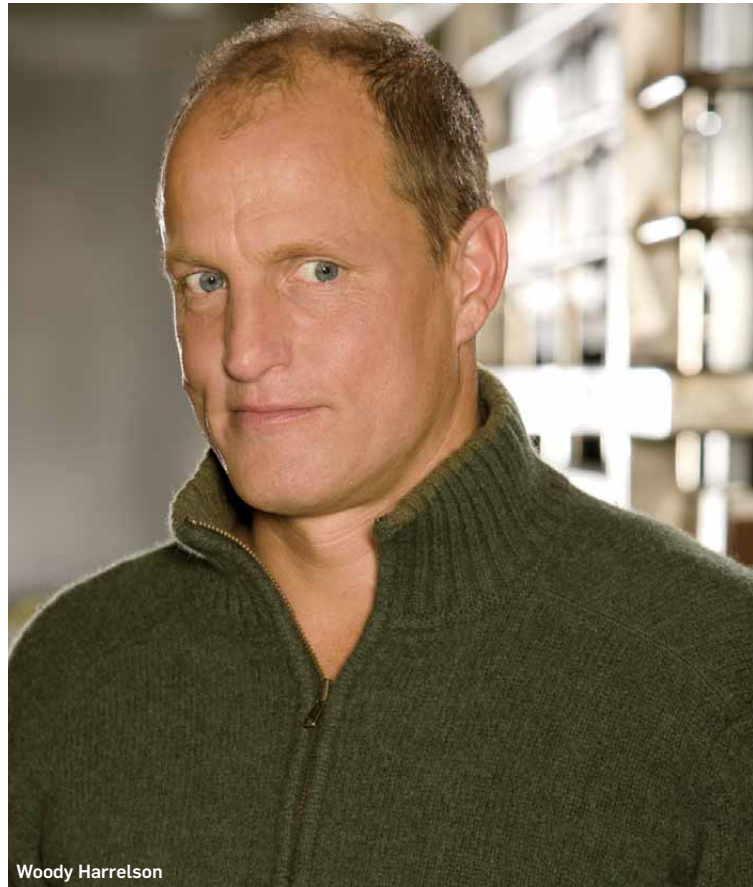


Gahan Wilson



Andy Richter

# PLAYBILL



Woody Harrelson



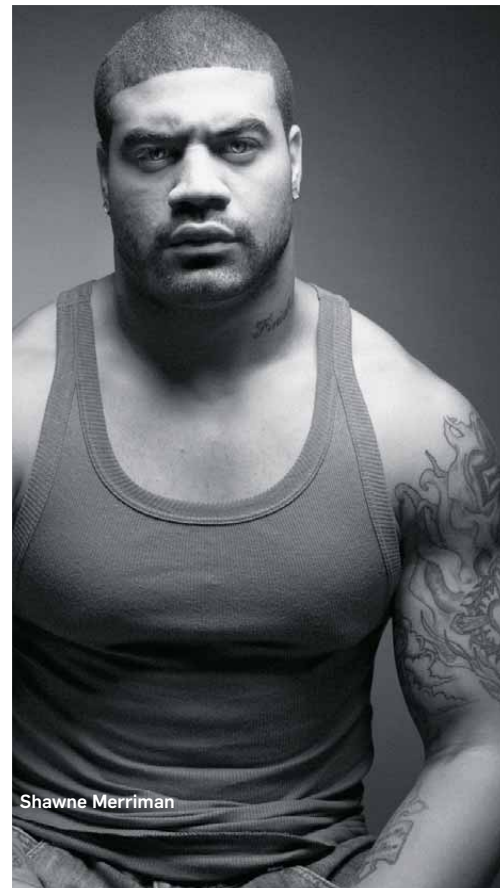
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Tin Salamunic



Shashank Bengali



Shawne Merriman

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# PLAYBOY

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This is the story of terrorists on the high seas. Somali pirates have received much ire in the media, but do you really know their side of the story? **SHASHANK BENGALI** traverses troubled waters to ask them face-to-face why they maraud.

### 100 LOVE BITES

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## COVER STORY

Bloodlust is pandemic, be it in *True Blood*, *Twilight* or our *Love Bites* pictorial, brought to us by Polish **PLAYBOY**. For the cover, photographer Rankin captures Kiera Gormley sinking her fangs into the soft, supple skin of Tuuli, while our Rabbit lurks in the shadows. That's undead sexy.

# PLAYBOY

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**SILVER-SCREEN SEX** Check out our top movie sex scenes, updated weekly.

**TOON IN** We present amazing animations from our first contest, including this year's winner, *Basement Gary*.

**THE A-LIST** As football season snaps to life, our best sports bars list helps you find your new favorite place to watch the game.

**UNCOVERED** Cool bands like Dinosaur Jr. and 3 Doors Down cover songs that inspire them.

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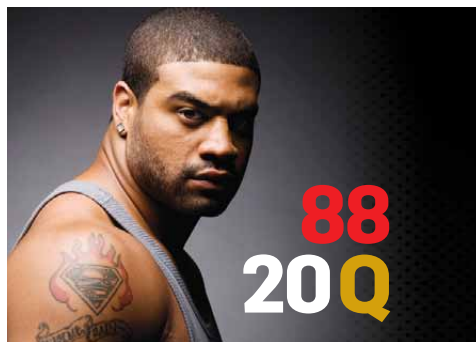
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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## KENDRA AND HANK'S BIG DAY

Kendra Wilkinson became Mrs. Hank Baskett during a fairy-tale wedding in front of 300 guests at the Playboy Mansion. Hef said of the ceremony, "This is one of the happiest days in one of the happiest places on earth."



## TWINS TO DO SOMETHING IN SOMEWHERE

The Academy Award-winning writer-director Sofia Coppola came by the Playboy Mansion to check on her two starlets. She has cast the Shannon twins in *Some-where* to play...well, actually we've been sworn to secrecy—and that comes from the family behind *The Godfather*.



## 31ST PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL REALLY SWUNG

*Variety* described this year's Playboy Jazz Festival as "artistry in the daylight, party under the stars." Kenny G, the Wayne Shorter Quartet, Alfredo Rodriguez and Sheila E. (below left) jammed to the delight of those at the Hollywood Bowl, including Oscar winner Jamie Foxx and *The Celebrity Apprentice*'s Claudia Jordan. Now there's a jazzy trio: Crystal Harris, master of ceremonies Bill Cosby and the festival's executive producer, Hef, share a cool moment.



**HANGIN'  
WITH H&F**



What a summer for Hef! There was a wedding, a graduation and, as always, the Grotto. (1) Fresh faces—and bodies—descend on PMW for our L.A. Casting Call. (2) Bill Maher with Hef at the launch party for the July/August issue. (3) Hef with girlfriends Miss July Karissa Shannon, Miss August Kristina Shannon and Crystal Harris. (4) The Man with his own Laker Girls at the Staples Center, watching the NBA champs make their way through the play-offs. (5) Corey and sweet Susie Feldman at a Kandyland event. (6) Mary O'Connor hosts her annual garden party. (7) Miss January 1974 Nancy Cameron with Hef on movie night. (8) Christie Hefner gives her dad a peacock statue for Father's Day. (9) Hef and Dean Elizabeth Daley at the unveiling of the new USC School of Cinematic Arts Complex, which includes the Hugh M. Hefner Moving Image Archive. (10) A peek inside the Grotto at a Sunday afternoon pool party. (11) Hef and bridesmaid Holly Madison at Kendra's wedding. (12) Bridesmaid Bridget Marquardt with boyfriend Nicholas Carpenter. (13) Smokey Robinson at PMW on movie night. (14) The proud papa with Cooper (left) and Marston at Cooper's graduation from Ojai Valley School.

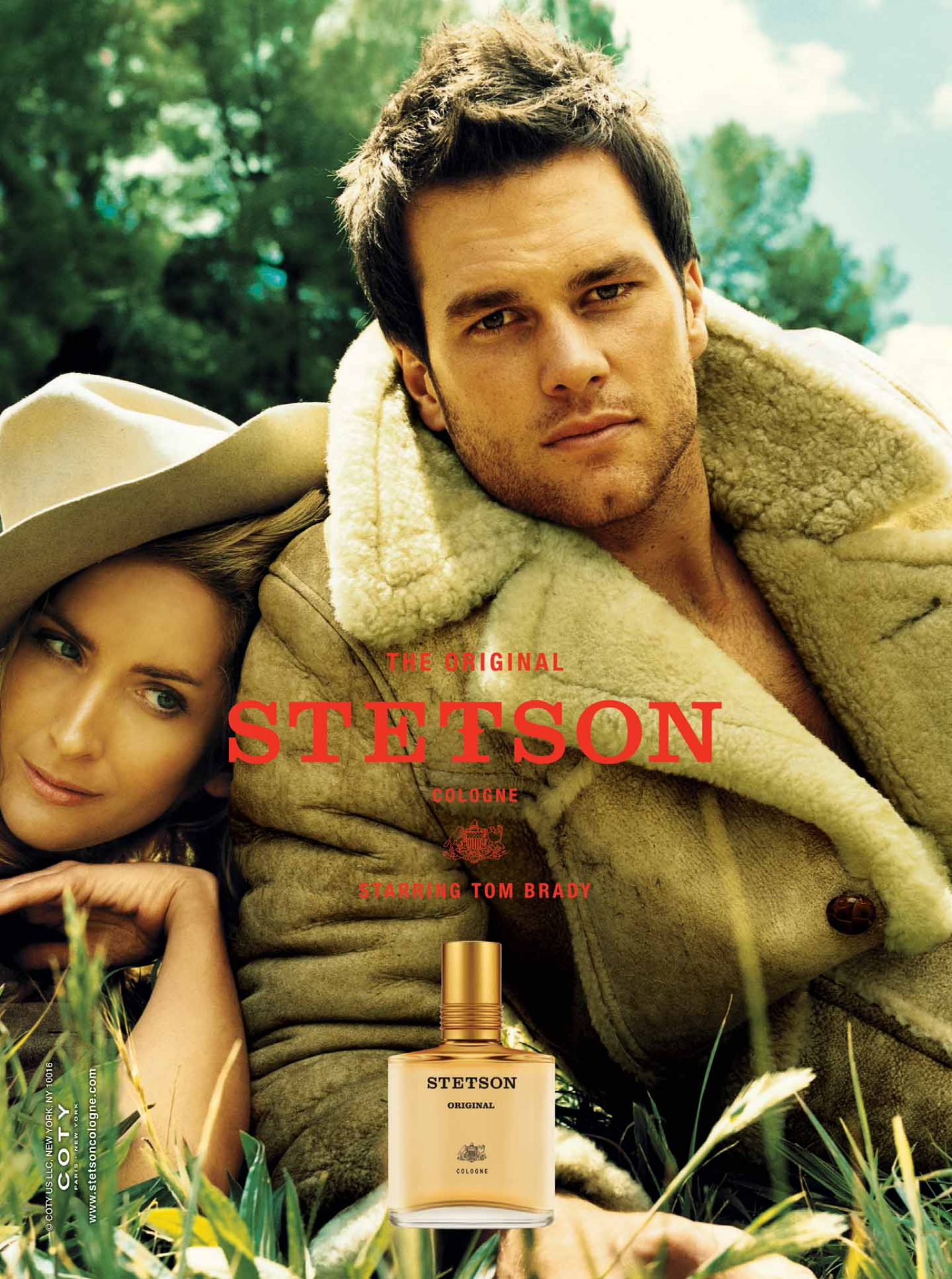


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# PLAYBOY CLUB CALENDAR MODEL SEARCH

## WIN A CHANCE TO BE IN PLAYBOY MAGAZINE



### MISS PLAYBOY CLUB JUNE

#### CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Amber Nichole Wood • Las Vegas

Bust: 34 C Waist: 25 Hips: 35

Height: 5'9" Weight: 125

Birth Date: December 5, 1977

Turn-ons: muscles, tattoos,  
sense of humor

Turn-offs: nipple hair, back acne,  
halitosis



### MISS PLAYBOY CLUB JULY

#### CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Harmony Moniz • Las Vegas

Bust: 34C Waist: 24 Hips: 34

Height: 5'8" Weight: 110

Birth Date: August 8, 1986

Turn-ons: nice smile, great abs, ambition,  
unique style, good hygiene and intelligence

Turn-offs: cockyness, laziness, liars,  
jealousy and racism



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## WHAT LIES AHEAD

Reza Aslan is right when he says globalization is transforming our national consciousness ("A World Without Borders," *Future Tense*, July/August), though it will likely take many more generations for globalism to conquer nationalism. At the same time, it's hard to believe "more primal markers of identity" such as religion or ethnicity will necessarily "fill the vacuum." After all, as Margaret Atwood notes in "The Age of the Bottleneck," genuinely new markers such as scientific rationality and individualism have often appeared during crucial periods. Instead of seeing a surge in religious fanaticism, we may be surprised to find our waning national sentiments replaced with a sense of solidarity rooted in the pragmatic recognition that 21st century problems can no longer be solved by mere nation-states—not even the mighty United States. Granted, the rise of what I call "global imaginary"—a sense of a thickening world community—may be too slow to save us from ourselves. And yet, like Edwidge Danticat ("A Vulnerable World"), I take comfort that there is already "a bit of every culture in every place." Globalization entails great risks but also holds out the hope that more and more people will realize the folly of national borders and ethnic divides.

Manfred Steger  
Melbourne, Australia

*Steger, director of the Globalism Research Center at RMIT University, is author of The Rise of the Global Imaginary and Globalism: The New Market Ideology.*

In "The New American Diplomacy," Ishmael Reed implies, based on a few extreme anecdotes, that anyone who disagrees with our flawlessly diplomatic and cosmopolitan president must be a racist, antiscience, Bible-thumping, secessionist, Fox News-watching Neanderthal. According to this logic, if 300,000 people attend a rally and one brainwashed child wears a racist T-shirt, the entire group is bigoted and their opinions invalid. This type of rhetoric is one reason our country is so bitterly divided.

Brett Bohanon  
Lakeland, Florida

*Future Tense* contains a big hole: the future of music. I'm not saying the topic is as urgent as the future of oil, but if Ben Silverman can pontificate on the future of TV, why not have Henry Rollins or Tom Morello examine the prospect of cryogenically freezing the Rolling Stones?

Travis Raymond  
Lorain, Ohio

## PENETRATING QUESTIONS

We hope both women and men benefit from your detailed report *The Case of the Missing G-Spot and Other Mysteries of Female Sexuality* (July/August). However, we would like to correct two errors. You write that Beverly Whipple and John Perry studied

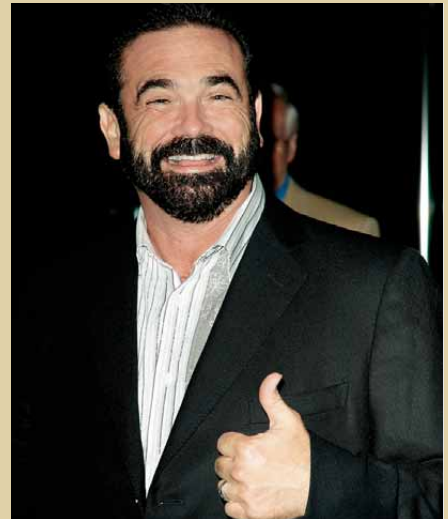
# DEAR PLAYBOY

## The Dial Is Turned

It seems pitchman Billy Mays, who died unexpectedly at the age of 50 while your profile of him (*Hi, I'm Billy Mays*, July/August) was on newsstands, is the latest victim of a "PLAYBOY curse." John Lennon (*Playboy Interview*, January 1981), Chris Farley (*20Q*, September 1997) and publisher Robert Maxwell (*Playboy Interview*, October 1991) all died soon after being interviewed for the magazine.

Michael Plourde  
Edmundston, New Brunswick

*Considering the thousands of people we have profiled or interviewed over the past 55 years, four does not a curse make. In fact, the odds are far better that appearing in PLAYBOY keeps you around.*



400 women who "said they expelled fluid at orgasm." Actually, their team examined 400 women to determine if they had any particularly sensitive areas inside their vagina; every woman did, in the anterior wall. Later, you discuss research we and our colleagues conducted at Rutgers in which our team scanned the brains of volunteers as they experienced orgasm. You say we identified "distinct cognitive responses" created by stimulating the clitoris, G-spot or cervix or by fantasy alone. In fact, we found that most of the same areas of the brain are activated regardless of the source of pleasure. Women do report a different sensory quality from orgasms by clitoral or vaginal stimulation, probably because the clitoris is innervated chiefly by the pudendal nerve, the vagina by the pelvic nerve and the cervix by the hypogastric, pelvic and vagus nerves. Only the vagus bypasses the spinal cord, which may explain how women with complete spinal cord injury can still experience orgasm.

Beverly Whipple  
Barry Komisaruk  
Newark, New Jersey

*Whipple and Komisaruk are among the co-authors of The Science of Orgasm and, most recently, The Orgasm Answer Guide.*

Your article notes I suggested as part of my doctoral research that the G-spot be renamed the G-crest. I have since concluded that calling the area anything other than the female prostate perpetuates ignorance in the medical and scientific community. In fact, the search for "magic spots" on the female body hampers the things that will improve women's sexual health and enjoyment—education, erotic self-awareness and better communication. This is an important discussion because many people are experiencing the hell of sexual "problems" that

didn't exist before the late 1960s, when Masters and Johnson presented their narrow, outdated paradigm of female sexual response. My colleagues and I have done considerable research into the concept of expanded orgasm, which includes full-body and/or extended climax.

Gary Schubach  
Maui, Hawaii

*Schubach's website, doctorg.com, includes more on this discussion, including Dr. Ernst Gräfenberg's 1950 paper. And science marches on. In May, shortly before we went to press, two French doctors presented further evidence that the G-spot and the clitoris may be one and the same. Writing in The Journal of Sexual Medicine, they note that sonographs of five 34-year-old*



The G-spot: another way to ring her bell?

*volunteers taken as each squeezed her taint and pressed a finger against her self-identified G-spot revealed a "close relationship" between the lower anterior vaginal wall and the root of the clitoris. The G-spot, they conclude, could well be the "richly innervated" clitoris as it's stimulated by the pressure of penetration and muscular contractions.*



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In "The Female Orgasm: Why Bother?" you share a number of hypotheses about why women climax. Considering orgasm in strictly reproductive terms, it's unlikely a female, once she has chosen a mate, will become pregnant from a single encounter. Could it be that a female who consistently reaches climax demonstrates she is having a good time, thus encouraging her partner to have sex with her again? Also, if the female shows signs of satisfaction, the male will be less likely to tell her other potential mates that she's a cold fish. This could explain why women are willing to feed the male ego by faking climax.

Darrell Lutz  
Kansas City, Kansas

The only hypothesis that makes sense is one that posits the female orgasm as a mechanism that encourages women to seek a variety of partners. Enhanced communication among humans through touch and pleasure allowed for an increase in the size of the female brain's pleasure centers and made women more promiscuous, which provided more genetic variety. Female choice and gratification made the human race what it is—end of argument.

Karl Burkhalter  
Folsom, Louisiana

**HIP ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER**

My wife finds it telling that I bombed identifying the first lines of famous novels in your *What's Your HQ?* quiz (July/August) but went four for four matching celebrities to their breasts. However, you blew it on question five, in which you claim a flush beats a full house in Texas Hold'em. That's not true unless you're talking about a straight or royal flush. If you'd like to play poker under your hip-quotient rules, deal me in.

David Nikithser  
Fieldsboro, New Jersey

*You're right, of course. We also mixed up two of the Jordan sneakers. Further, one could argue that the Green Bay Packers did not win the first Super Bowl in 1967 because at the time the contest was known as the AFL vs. NFL World Championship Game. Plus, Johnny Cash never served prison time, though he did spend a night in jail on seven occasions during his amphetamine years. And it's doubtful reporter Inga Arvad was a Nazi spy—the FBI tailed her in the early 1940s because she had interviewed Adolf Hitler years earlier. There is no question her brief affair with JFK ended in 1942, well before his presidency.*

I spent 30 minutes taking the quiz, and then found it has no rating system. How am I supposed to know how hip I am?

Edward Gottschalk  
Austin, Texas

*As a great philosopher once noted, hipness lies in the journey, not the destination.*

**HOT FICTION**

As a longtime Ray Bradbury fan (my son and I had a chance to meet him in 1991 at the Miami Book Fair), I loved seeing and reading the graphic novelization of *Fahrenheit 451* (July/August).

Bill Iglehart  
Plantation, Florida

**HERE'S TO SUMMER**

Although the women you feature are always of the highest caliber, the literature is my favorite part of *PLAYBOY*, and your summer double issue (July/August) contains page after page of great reading.

M.P. Morin  
Muskoka Lakes, Ontario

The double issue is a treasured pleasure. And so is Olivia Munn ("Queen of Convergence," *Future Tense*).

Peter Wicklein  
Silver Spring, Maryland



Monica Hansen: when Norway and Brazil collide.

Congratulations to Keith Lander for his captivating and creative photos of Monica Hansen (*Monica*, July/August).

Roy and Nora Adams  
Northport, New York

**CALLING DR. SPOCK**

The worst thing for Alec Baldwin about calling his daughter a "thoughtless little pig" on a voice-mail message isn't the impact it had on his child but "the way it touched the people who parent their kids" (*Playboy Interview*, July/August)? A parenting book from this narcissist is about the last thing this depraved world needs, short of him running for office.

S.W. Stanton  
Lafayette, Louisiana

As a fan of the wacky Baldwin brothers (less so of Stephen since finding out what a reactionary he is), I appreciate your "Band of Baldwins" roundup. I'm relieved to learn my favorite Baldwin—the actor Adam—is unrelated.

Rick Jerome  
Denver, Colorado



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# PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

## BECOMING ATTRACTION

### Elle Liberachi

A fondness for lace and a feminine manner—those are the only similarities we can see between Liberace, the outré ivory tickler, and Elle Liberachi, the heart-stopping British model. A consensus “next big thing” among lingerie catwalkers, Elle has demonstrated the wares of La Perla and Agent Provocateur. “I really love Brazilian lingerie,” she says. “It seems to fit my body shape perfectly, and the cut behind makes my bum look peachy.” Yes, delicious. Are the come-hither photos in lingerie catalogs meant for women or men? “When I shoot, I’m trying to seduce a woman,” she says. “If I can impress her, then she’ll impress her man for me. That’s when I know I’ve done a good job.”

“When I shoot, I’m trying to seduce a woman.”





## a few good men American Gigolo

Like every other legal brothel in Nevada, Bobbi Davis's business is getting spanked by the economy. So Davis—who owns the Shady Lady Ranch north of Vegas—has come up with her own stimulus package. She wants to hire gigolos. More than one female executive has told her she'd be willing to pay \$500 or more an hour. Davis has gotten more than 30 applications from good-looking, articulate men hung like grandfather clocks, with "butts you could bounce a quarter off," she says. The only thing they lack is a cervix. Nevada law requires licensed hookers to undergo regular cervical exams for STDs. Davis plans to sue the state for discrimination. The bigger debate: Can gigolos turn a profit? How many money shots can a guy fire in a night? Will female clients pay enough to make it worthwhile? Nevertheless, Davis is hiring. Got a grandfather clock in your pants? You know what time it is. Apply at [shadyladyranch.com](http://shadyladyranch.com).

## holding court

### THE UNITED STATES OF LEBRONICA

Prepare yourself for a full-court press of LeBron James promotion. This month the Cleveland Cavalier becomes America's highest-profile athlete. His book, *Shooting Stars*, was just published (LeBron admits he smoked a joint once!), and his documentary, *More Than a Game*, hits theaters on October 2. (It's about "using the game of basketball to create a friendship, to create brotherhood," says the star forward. No pot, though.) Stay tuned for Nike's Air Max LeBron VII. There are LB action figures, a Powerade flavor, children's books, even an official auto dealership. Had enough LeBron jammed down your throat? Rumor has it Burger King will release a LeBron-branded breakfast burrito.



## street style

### OLD-SCHOOL COOL

Iconic British sportswear brand Fred Perry is celebrating the centennial of its founder's birthday by championing the classic mod style originated by natty Brits who prowled the streets on scooters in the 1960s. The company is offering slim-fitting clothes straight out of the Who's *Quadrophenia*, and it has also rolled out a Perry-branded Vespa. Three limited-edition shirts were inspired by the sharp-dressing ska legends the Specials. Bonus: This month Perry offers a Raf Simons-designed suit modeled after an original worn by Fred Perry (the three-time Wimbledon champ) back in 1947. Info at [fredperry100years.com](http://fredperry100years.com).



## freak show

### Get Your Voodoo On

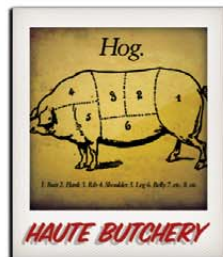
For the freakiest Halloween of your life, head down to the Big Easy for the Voodoo Experience, the coolest music weekend in the country right now. The weather's cool, the Mardi Gras crowds are gone, and the party is as weird and decadent as it gets. This year's lineup is the best ever: Eminem, Kiss, the Pogues, Jane's Addiction, the Flaming Lips, the Black Keys.... Sleep in a cemetery, then have beers for breakfast at Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop. Tix at [thevoodooexperience.com](http://thevoodooexperience.com).



## and...cut!

### Flavor of the Month

The oddest of cultural trends: Butchers are now sexy. A man who masters the art of butchery can make a woman melt like a hunk of butter on a sizzling tenderloin. We sought an explanation from Jessica Applestone, co-owner of Fleisher's Grass-Fed and Organic Meats in Kingston, New York, which offers a popular eight-week butcher's apprenticeship. "My husband can cut up a pig in less than a minute," she says. "It's amazingly sexy." Restaurants across the country are catching on; the Brooklyn Kitchen in New York (featuring cult-status cleaver Tom Mylan) and Fatted Calf Charcuterie in Napa Valley both offer classes.



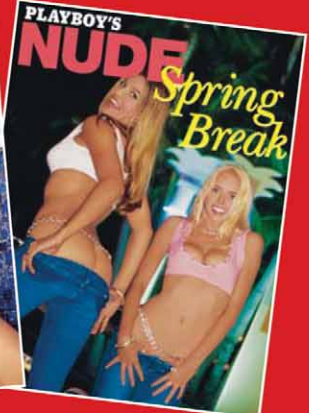


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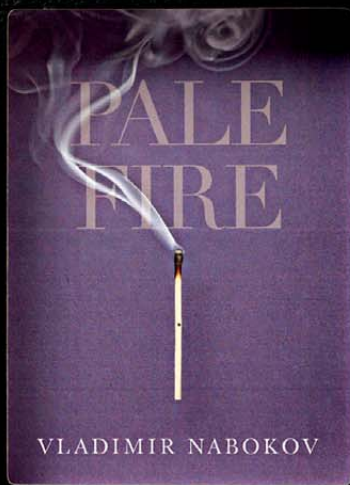
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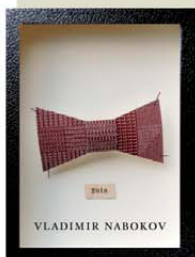
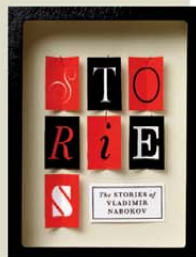
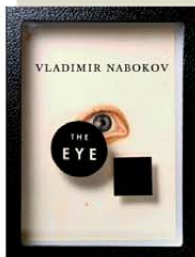






**lit**  
**Cover Story**

In one of the most ambitious repackagings of an author's oeuvre, Vintage Books is offering a catalog of nearly two dozen Vladimir Nabokov works with new covers by such notable figures as Dave Eggers (who designed *Laughter in the Dark*) and book-design whiz Chip Kidd. The books look as though they're inside insect display boxes—fittingly, since Nabokov was a butterfly freak. The first have just been released: *Invitation to a Beheading*, *Pale Fire*, *Prin and Speak*, *Memory*. Stay tuned for a dynamite excerpt from a never-before-published Nabokov novel in PLAYBOY's December issue.



**FYI**

Coming to your town soon: the cocaine torch. Cops in England are using an ultraviolet flashlight that, when shined on or in your nose, makes microscopic particles of cocaine appear bright green. You haven't been snorting? Tell it to the judge.



SEE MORE OF JENNIFER KOHUT AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM. APPLY TO BE AN EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH AT PLAYBOY.COM/POSE.

**Employee of the Month**  
**Jennifer Kohut**

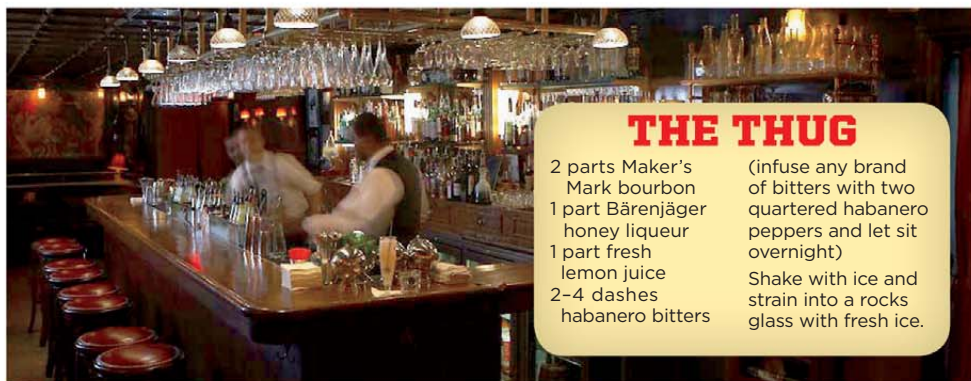
**PLAYBOY:** What do you do?  
**JENNIFER:** I'm an environmental health and safety consultant in the oil and gas industry. That means boys listen to me, and if they don't, they're in trouble.  
**PLAYBOY:** Aside from that, what does your work involve?  
**JENNIFER:** Well, when they get into actual trouble, I may have to climb a 350-foot tower to rescue them and then rappel down to the onsite High Angle Rescue Team. Together we help get the injured person medical attention.  
**PLAYBOY:** How often does that occur?  
**JENNIFER:** You would hope it would be extremely rare, but it's happened three times in six years. One of the guys weighed 250 pounds. Thankfully we've had no casualties or catastrophic injuries to date.  
**PLAYBOY:** He weighed 250? You look delicate.  
**JENNIFER:** I'm strong, but I'm not butch. I'm a lady.  
**PLAYBOY:** Your gorgeous curves show you're all woman. If one were to buy you a drink....  
**JENNIFER:** Canadian whiskey and water, make it a double!  
**PLAYBOY:** What would your ideal dinner date be?  
**JENNIFER:** I may be a lady, but I'm independent. I'm paying.



**drink of the month**

**The Coolest New Bar in Los Angeles**

Somewhere between a dive bar and an uptight mixology mecca lies a new hybrid we'll call the hard-boiled hot spot, where retro chic meets sophisticated drinks and ladies. We're anointing West Hollywood's new Roger Room on La Cienega as the embodiment of this brand of red-blooded swillery. Formerly the Coronet Pub, an after-work spot for strippers from nearby babe emporiums, the Roger Room is the work of hotelier Sean MacPherson. Yes, lovely go-go dancers still show up after dark. Here's a taste from the bar menu, a drink called the Thug. "It's based on the pre-Prohibition cocktail craze," says co-owner Jared Meisler, who created the sipper, "back when people called each other doll, babe, grifter, thug."



**THE THUG**

2 parts Maker's Mark bourbon	(infuse any brand of bitters with two quartered habanero peppers and let sit overnight)
1 part Bärenjäger honey liqueur	
1 part fresh lemon juice	
2-4 dashes habanero bitters	Shake with ice and strain into a rocks glass with fresh ice.

# Movie of the Month Shutter Island

By Stephen Rebell

Martin Scorsese's return to shock-and-awe mode in his new film, *Shutter Island*, will be welcome news to some moviegoers. The Oscar-winning director's first stab at a psychological thriller since *Cape Fear* is based on the novel by Dennis Lehane (who wrote *Mystic River*). Scorsese's adaptation sends 1950s U.S. marshals Leonardo DiCaprio and Mark Ruffalo to isolated, fortress-like Shutter Island, site of a sinister hospital for the criminally insane, where a dangerous escaped murderess may be lurking during a hurricane. Whether or not the movie plays like "*Gothika* meets *Memento*," as one Hollywood producer puts it, there's little doubt audi-



SARAH HANSON

ences are in for a wild Gothic ride, thanks to the surreal dream sequences, shadowy characters and whopper of a plot twist. Star Emily Mortimer told a British jour-

nalist, "What's weird is I spend my whole life terrified I'm going to go mad, and then when I'm called upon to actually go mad, I found it very difficult."

## FLESH FOR FANTASY:

How much of Megan Fox's heavenly body will be on display in *Jennifer's Body*? The *Transformers* scorcher plays a cannibalistic demon-possessed cheerleader in the new horror comedy, but don't get your hopes up about seeing her pom-poms—tragically, she has not appeared nude in any of her films despite the obvious demand. Still, rumor has it Fox and Amanda Seyfried (*Mamma Mia!*) have a best-friends lesbian moment in the R-rated flick scripted by Diablo Cody (*Juno*), so there's some potential for cheap thrills yet.

KAGAN MCLEOD

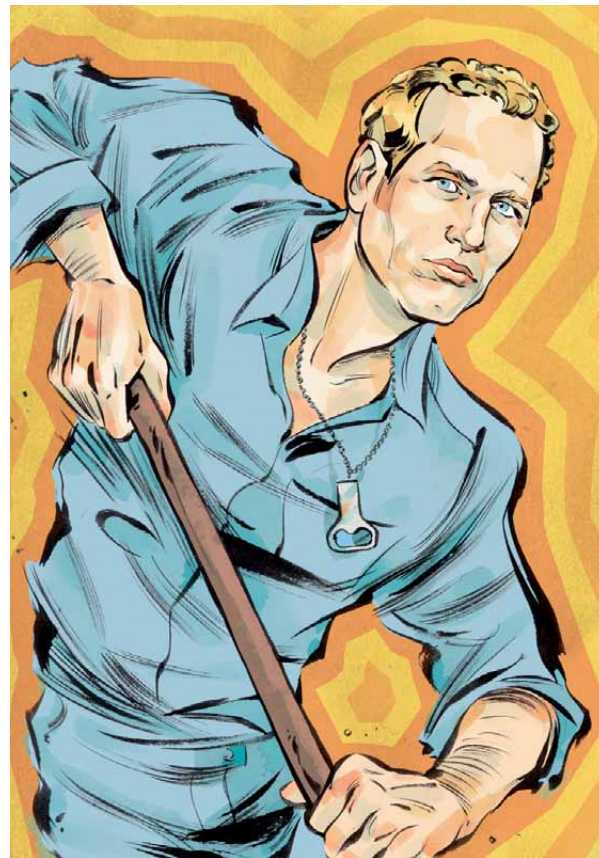
## Tease Frame

Michelle Williams has grown up in all the right places since we watched her kicking around with the rest of the cool kids on *Dawson's Creek*. She was even nominated for an Oscar for her role opposite then-beau Heath Ledger in *Brokeback Mountain* (pictured), in which she plays a frazzled wife struggling to cope with her husband's duplicitous sex life. Will Michelle cause temperatures to rise again in Martin Scorsese's *Shutter Island*? It's up to you, Marty.



## DVDs of the Month

Women wanted to be with Paul Newman; men wanted to be him. And why not? The actor known for his legendary performances, his car-racing career, his amazing salad dressing and his philanthropy is gone, but his legacy lives on in **Paul Newman: The Tribute Collection**, released in honor of the 40th anniversary of the classic *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*. That film gets the special-edition treatment, as do *The Hustler*, *The Verdict* and *The Towering Inferno*. The 13 movies in this 17-disc boxed set give Newman newbies an introduction to a few of his lesser-known gems and longtime fans a chance to remember some favorite films (*The Long Hot Summer*, *Rally Round the Flag, Boys!*, *Exodus* and *Hombre*). **Best extra:** an impressive 136-page coffee-table book with never-before-seen photos, movie excerpts and quotes from the man himself. ★★★★★



—Stacie Houglund

►Read more at [playboy.com/entertainment](http://playboy.com/entertainment).

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## Game of the Month

# The Beatles: Rock Band

The Beatles' journey from "I Want to Hold Your Hand" to "Let It Be" in seven years is legend. Now you can experience this transformation from the inside without leaving your living room. *The Beatles: Rock Band* (\$60 to \$250, 360, PS3) sets new standards for authenticity and visual representation thanks to never-before-heard in-studio banter among the Fab Four, as well as CG fantasies that depict the band's early years and psychedelic explorations, with audio mixed by Giles Martin (son of legendary Beatles producer Sir George Martin). In addition to playing drums, guitar and bass, you can plug in three mikes to re-create the band's signature harmonies. Here comes the fun. ★★★

—Scott Alexander



## Music

# Alice in Chains Reloaded

Alice in Chains sold 17 million records with Layne Staley, the frontman who died of a heroin overdose in 2002. Now the band returns with *Black Gives Way to Blue*, featuring new vocalist William DuVall (pictured) harmonizing with guitarist and songwriter Jerry Cantrell. "What the fuck do you get into a band for," says Cantrell, "if not to make great music and take it as far as you can? That's the goal, or at least it was for me. But in Seattle, being successful was like a bad thing. If you look at the reality, it was a bad thing for some people, including Layne—and Kurt Cobain and Andrew Wood. I'm proud of what went down, but I miss all those guys. But that's part of life: People die. We have a finite existence. It's also important for us to remember we're still here, and we have a lot of great



music in us." Proof of that is on the LP. Churning, seasick guitar riffs alternate with contemplative *Jar of Flies*-like sounds; lyrics explore death, self-doubt and isolation; Elton John turns up to play piano on the title song, a Staley tribute. In short, *Black*

*Gives Way to Blue* is Alice in Chains's *Back in Black*. For those about to rock—again—we salute you. ★★★

—Tim Mohr

## TV

# Brick City

In the new Sundance Channel series *Brick City*, filmmakers Marc Levin and Mark Benjamin merge documentary with the narrative structure of scripted TV to come up with a five-episode show that uses real people in real high-stakes drama. Newark mayor Cory Booker (pictured) tries to resurrect Brick City from a gang-infested disaster area to a model of urban renewal. Other characters include Newark police chief Garry McCarthy; Jayda, a pregnant Bloods gang girl; and her boyfriend, Creep, a Crips member. Says executive producer Forest Whitaker, "South Central, East St. Louis, West Memphis—it's all the same. This is the forgotten America, and it's time to tell their story." ★★★

—Richard Stratton



## Rockin' on Heaven's Door: How Replacement Singers Fare

### SUCCESSSES

When Mother Love Bone's Andrew Wood died in 1990, the core members found a fit with new singer Eddie Vedder (pictured). They changed the band's name to **Pearl Jam**, and the rest is history.



Bon Scott of **AC/DC** died in 1980 after the release of the breakthrough LP *Highway to Hell*. With Brian Johnson on the mike, the band returned with *Back in Black*—the best-selling rock album of all time.

### FAILURES

After frontman Phil Lynott's death in 1986, **Thin Lizzy** (pictured) retooled itself as a glorified tribute band, at times sharing a stage with actual tribute bands such as Ain't Lizzy and Limehouse Lizzy.



Even a reality-TV competition to find a new lead singer couldn't drum up interest in a version of **INXS** without Michael Hutchence, whose fame had transcended the band's music by the time of his 1997 death.

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## Playboy TV King of Clubs

Many have daydreamed about owning their own strip club, but it happened to Adam Gentile. He convinced his father, Dominic, to give him the reins of the declining Palomino in Las Vegas. One of Dominic's conditions was that Adam had to run it with his mother, Michelle. Playboy TV partnered with Leslie Greif (the executive producer of *Gene Simmons Family Jewels*) to get it all on video. Follow Adam, his family and employees (that guy on the right is the lucky bathroom attendant) as they try to turn an old Rat Pack hangout into the sexiest joint on the Strip. *King of Clubs* airs Friday nights on Playboy TV.



## College Fiction Contest

Are you in college and fancy yourself a fiction writer? Do you intend to become the next Norman Mailer or John Updike? If so, we're giving you a shot at \$3,000 and a chance to be published in the same pages we printed those legendary authors. The 2010 PLAYBOY College Fiction Contest is accepting submissions. Go to [playboy.com/cfc](http://playboy.com/cfc) for details.

## Uncovered

Tune in on Playboy.com

Perhaps nothing tells you more about a musician than his record collection. So we asked some of our favorite artists to choose one song that influenced them—or that they just really dig—and perform an exclusive acoustic cover of it for Playboy.com's

Uncovered video series, presented by Southern Comfort. Artists range from Dinosaur Jr. and Drive-By Truckers to Jet and Hoobastank. Above, **3 Doors Down** performs Bon Jovi's "Wanted Dead or Alive," a classic the band has rocked a million faces with on its own. On a steel horse they ride? Try three tour buses. Look and listen at [playboy.com/uncovered](http://playboy.com/uncovered).

## A Playboy Home Companion



No radio variety show is more time-honored than NPR's *Prairie Home Companion*, and the time is ripe for parody. Playboy Radio's new show *A Playboy Home Companion* will feature a drama with Deanna Brooks, a duet with Broadway star Michael Lee and a Playmate, Playboy Radio host Tiffany Granath re-



creating the tap routine that got her hired for a Beach Boys tour, the Shannon twins reciting the poem "The Song of Hiawatha" and the debut of the Playmate Dance Team. Lake Wobegon never looked better. Tune to Sirius Channel 99 for exact dates and time.



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UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND	9/9 - 9/13
FLORIDA STATE UNIVERSITY	9/14 - 9/18
BOISE STATE UNIVERSITY	9/28 - 10/2
NORTH DAKOTA STATE	9/28 - 10/2
UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS	10/5 - 10/9
PENN STATE UNIVERSITY	10/5 - 10/9
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN	10/7 - 10/11
UNIV. CALIFORNIA BERKELEY	10/14 - 10/18
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS	10/14 - 10/18
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA	10/14 - 10/18
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY	10/26 - 10/30
SWEEPSTAKES WINNER'S CAMPUS	10/30 - 10/31
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI	11/2 - 11/6
UNIVERSITY OF FLORIDA	11/2 - 11/6
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# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

## THE PLAYBOY POLL

WHICH ACCENT IS SEXIEST ON A WOMAN?

WHAT WE'RE THINKING:

RUSSIAN 25%  
SPANISH 20%  
ITALIAN 20%

FRENCH 15%  
BRITISH 10%  
AUSSIE 5%

LONG ISLAND 5%  
IRISH 0%



NEXT UP: GO TO [PLAYBOY.COM/WWW](http://PLAYBOY.COM/WWW) FOR OCTOBER'S QUESTIONS, INCLUDING:

WHAT IS THE SEXIEST HALLOWEEN COSTUME A WOMAN CAN WEAR?

FRENCH MAID  
POLICEWOMAN  
PLAYBOY BUNNY  
GREEK GODDESS

ANGEL/DEVIL  
SCHOOLGIRL  
REFEREE

## ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

People swear at an average rate of 0.3% to 0.7% of their overall speech. Frequently used personal pronouns (*I, you, he, she*) occur at a rate of approximately 1%.



**7 OUT OF 10**  
MEN USE A BEAUTY PRODUCT MEANT FOR WOMEN DURING THEIR EVERYDAY GROOMING ROUTINES.

**OF AMERICAN MEN AGE 18 TO 60**  
**44.8% HAVE WORKED A VIBRATOR.**



Married men who satisfy their wives' expectations of completing chores around the house have sex about once a month more often than men whose wives feel their husbands aren't doing their part.



**\$250**

Cost of a Baby Face facial at Townhouse Spa in New York City. It uses Spermine, a synthetic antioxidant modeled after human sperm that supposedly diminishes wrinkles. In your face.



WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

ACCORDING TO WOMEN'S HEALTH, **2 IN 5** WOMEN "FANTASIZE ABOUT BEING HANDCUFFED TO THE HEADBOARD."



So far **241** convicted criminals in the United States have been exonerated through DNA testing. Of those, **17** had served time on death row.



THE NUMBER OF STATES THAT REQUIRE "NEUTRAL FACIAL EXPRESSIONS" AND PROHIBIT EXCESSIVE SMILING IN DRIVER'S LICENSE PHOTOS: **4** (ARKANSAS, INDIANA, NEVADA, VIRGINIA).

## PRICE CHECK

**\$19,600**

The winning bid at a Berlin auction house for *Carla Bruni in Bed*, a nude photograph of France's first lady lounging in an unmade bed. The image was shot by fashion photographer Pamela Hanson in 1994.



## THIRTY PERCENT

ABOUT 30% OF ALL MEN—MARRIED AND SINGLE—WHO TAKE DNA PATERNITY TESTS DISCOVER THEY ARE NOT THE FATHER OF A CHILD THEY THOUGHT WAS THEIRS.

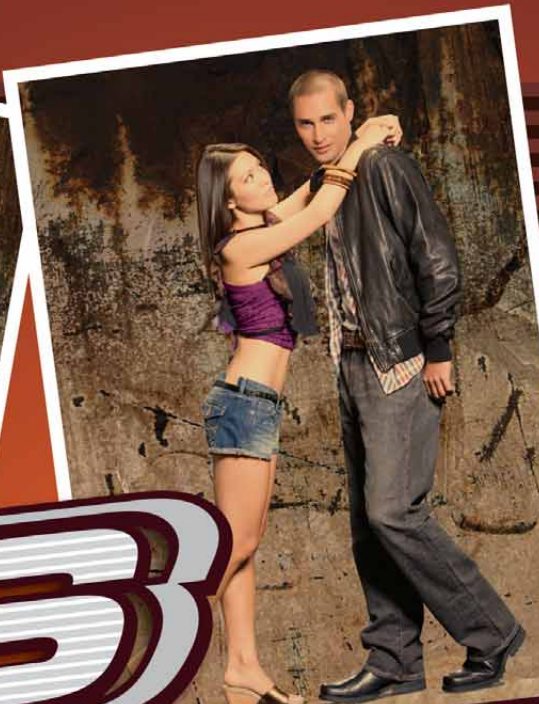
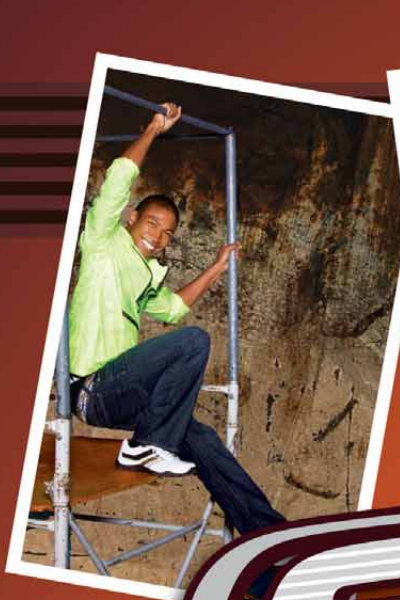


**80%** OF PEOPLE WHO USE SWIMMING POOLS SUSPECT OTHER SWIMMERS OF PEEING IN THEM.

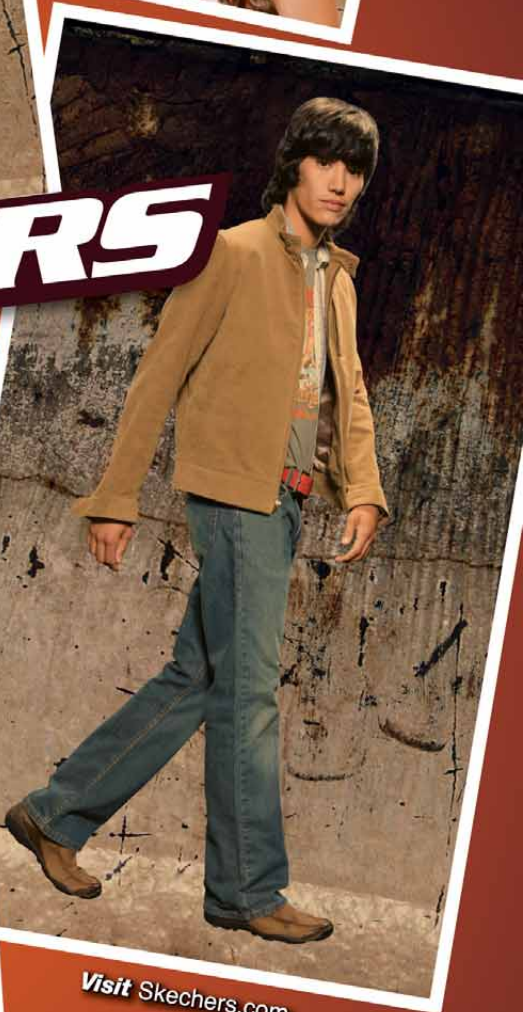
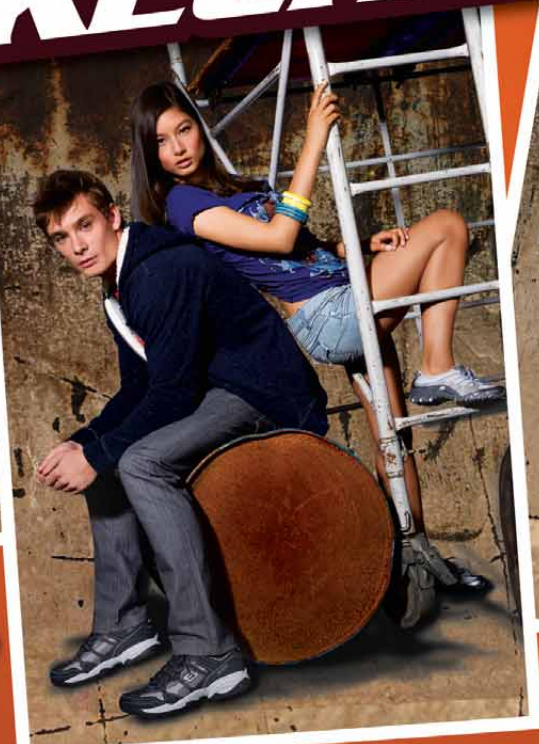
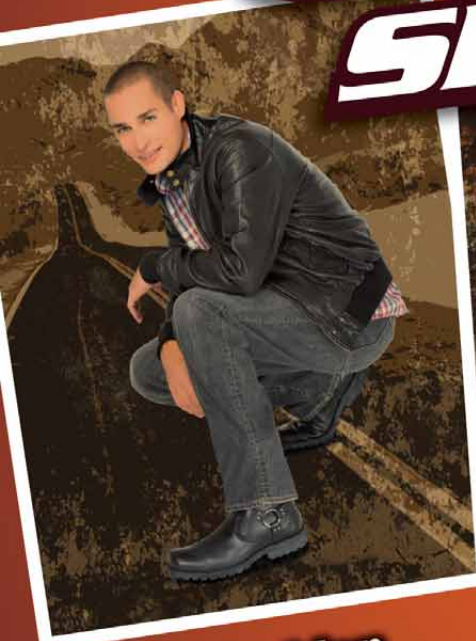








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## Quick Thinker

Imagine an automobile that's smarter than its driver

Ever since *Knight Rider's* Knight Industry 2000 (a.k.a. KITT), we've been waiting for a car with artificial intelligence. Mercedes-Benz's new E-class coupe comes the closest thus far, making it the smartest thing on four wheels. After driving it you feel as though it could lecture you on Goethe and perform surgery. The base model E350 has a 3.5-liter V6, but you should opt for the E550 with a 5.5-liter 382 bhp V8 (about \$58,000). Tested on Nevada roads, the 2+2 cornered savagely and sprinted to 60 mph in 5.3 seconds. Here's a blow-by-blow of its brainpower: (1) Blind Spot Assist: Radar alerts you to cars in your blind spots after you hit your blinker. (2) Attention Assist: Sensors monitor steering, brakes, etc., to tell if you're asleep or driving erratically (i.e., drunk) and warn you with an alarm and a coffee cup icon on the dashboard. (3) Lane Departure Warning System: Cameras detect line markings and recognize unintentional drifts, cautioning you with a steering wheel vibration that mimics pavement rumble strips. (4) Night View Assist: A night-vision-like system spots hidden hazards and pedestrians even when it's pitch-black or raining. (5) Adaptive High Beam Assist: High beams automatically adjust if radar detects oncoming cars. How far off are we from a fully robotic automobile that drives itself as you sip champagne? Stay tuned.

## Eau de Couture

It's really no surprise to find that Ermenegildo Zegna's impeccable taste extends to fragrance as well as threads. Zegna Colonia (\$50 to \$70) melds a classic bergamot base with a bright citrus front note and cardamom on the back end to calm things down. Slap some on your wrists, and she'll want to smell you a second (and a 17th) time.



## Time Machine

Fact: Most objects can be improved by making them look more like the dash of a 1970s muscle car. Proof: Urwerk's UR-CC1 (urwerk.com). But while it may look funky on the outside, this time teller is no gimmick—behind the scenes it runs with the self-winding precision of a Rolex. Which may go some way toward explaining its \$278,000 price.





## Shooting Star

In 1959 Olympus put our jaw on the floor with the Pen, a great-looking and affordable compact camera that produced pro-level results. Fifty years later the company has done it again. The Pen E-P1 (\$800, [getolympus.com](http://getolympus.com)) uses Olympus's new Micro Four Thirds lens system to cram a full-size digital SLR (with interchangeable lenses and the ability to shoot 720p video) into a camera the size of a sleek, classically styled point-and-shoot. Our jaw can't take much more of this.

## Rock Classic

It's hard to beat the 1957 Fender Champ guitar amp for rock cred. Johnny Cash and Keith Richards both used one, it's name-checked in Frank Zappa's "Joe's Garage," and it's responsible for Clapton's squall in "Layla." Great workmanship and distinctive sound made it an icon of rock's early years. Now Fender is reissuing the model, hand building new Champs (\$1,300, [fender.com](http://fender.com)) to the exact specs behind some of rock's greatest moments.



## Hack Your Life: Internet Anywhere

If you live in Minneapolis or Philadelphia, you're familiar with the joys of citywide Wi-Fi. The rest of us, not so much. Smart phones can surf the Net, but for us a three-inch screen just doesn't cut it. For laptop-level Internet wherever you go, first check if your phone and provider allow cell-phone "tethering," which lets your computer piggyback on your phone connection. Many BlackBerry and Nokia

models offer this service. Or keep your phone dumb and ask your carrier about plug-in USB devices that enable 3G Internet (these typically come with a hefty data plan). One of the slickest solutions is Verizon's MiFi (\$150, [verizon.com](http://verizon.com)), a battery-powered gadget that pulls in a 3G Net connection and turns it into an instant Wi-Fi hot spot, making you the most popular guy in Starbucks.

## Have Deck, Will Travel

A skateboard will get you around town, but it isn't much help if you're trying to get to, say, Shanghai. When you need to make an intercontinental ollie, you're better off packing Incase's Skate Bag (\$260, [goincase.com](http://goincase.com)). Designed in association with skate pro Paul Rodriguez, it has room for a fully assembled skateboard, plus individual slots for extra decks, space for spare trucks and bearings, a slide-out tool holder and separate compartments for dirty and clean clothes. If backpacks are more your speed, the Skate Pack (\$140) lets you carry a laptop and a board so you can surf or skate at will.



In 1780, I was turned down  
by the Navy. They said I could  
better serve Ireland if I kept  
making my whiskey.

*John Jameson*

**JAMESON**

TASTE ABOVE ALL ELSE



ALL BETS  
ARE OFF



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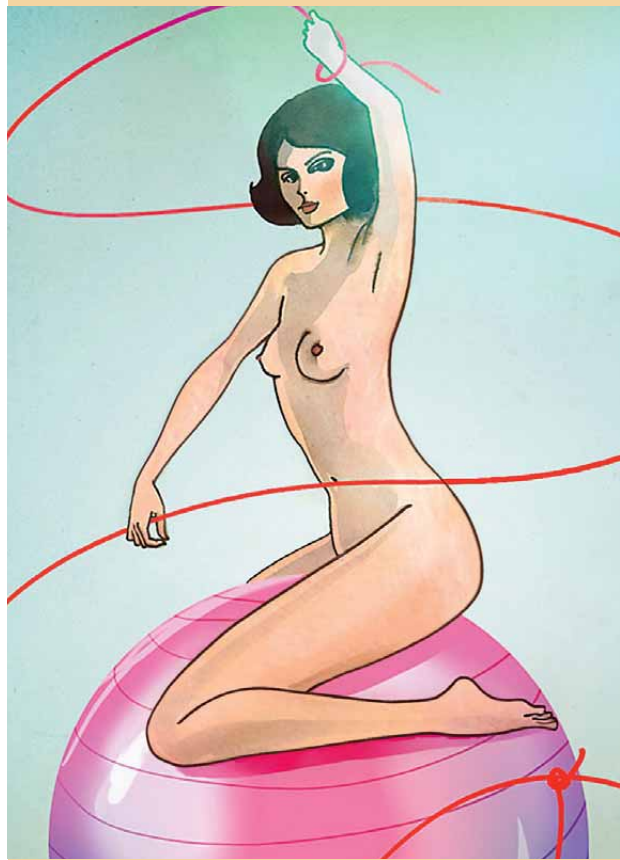
# PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In the June issue you note “erection, orgasm and ejaculation are separate physiological functions, which is why it’s possible to ejaculate without an erection or have an orgasm without ejaculating.” But I have a different problem: I ejaculate without having an orgasm. It’s as though I woke up one morning about 10 years ago and the pleasure was no longer there, even during masturbation. Have you heard of this?—V.M., Stamford, Connecticut

What you’re describing is known as *ejaculatory anhedonia* or *anorgasmic ejaculation*. It sucks. The sexologist Helen Singer Kaplan has described a related condition she labels “*partial ejaculatory incompetence*” in which the semen dribbles and orgasm occurs but is weak. There are only a handful of scientific papers on anorgasmic ejaculation, all of them case studies with no suggestions for treatment outside of seeing a shrink. Yet it’s easy to imagine a physiological cause, especially as scientists learn more about the central nervous system’s control over the ejaculatory reflex, which can operate independently of the brain. Nerve damage could prevent the signals created by the muscle contractions of ejaculation from reaching the brain. Or the brain could have excess serotonin (which inhibits orgasm) and too little dopamine (which enhances it). It’d be interesting, first, to observe the brains of anorgasmic men during ejaculation and, second, to know if men such as yourself can experience orgasm through stimulation of the prostate gland, which communicates with the brain through a different nerve than the penis. In the meantime, writing in the *Handbook of Sexual Dysfunction*, one psychiatrist advises his colleagues that “the most ethical way” to treat a patient is to inform him the condition is rare, its cause is unknown, “psychotherapy has no guarantee for success” and “drug treatment is as yet not available.” (Have a nice day!) However, it can’t hurt to see if you can eliminate any potential causes with the help of a neurologist and/or urologist.

Last year, when my husband and I were on our honeymoon, I asked him when we could have a baby. He said, “Maybe next year.” I hang around relatives and friends who are new parents as a way to scratch my baby itch, but unfortunately it has done nothing but fuel my desire to start a family. I’ve gone back to school for a degree, which will take three years, and my husband says he wants to find a better-paying job. I would also like

to own a house. I know having a child isn’t ideal now, but I’m driving the poor man crazy. I wouldn’t dare secretly stop using birth control, but I still want a baby. What can I do?—C.D., Oklahoma City, Oklahoma



**M**y wife and I received an exercise ball as a gift, and we used it to stretch before working out. One day while I was screwing around on it, she and I started making out. Before long we were having sex as I sat on the ball and my wife yelled “Ride ‘em, cowboy!” Has anyone tried this athletic position before? I recommend putting a towel on the ball to keep the rubber from sticking to your butt and her legs.—M.G., Chicago, Illinois

Who doesn’t like to play with their balls? We’d like to introduce your new guru, Wallace Rios, a personal trainer in Australia by way of Brazil, who a few years ago discovered for himself the joy of sexercise. “My apartment was empty except for my training equipment, and my girlfriend came over for a last good-bye as she was moving to Italy,” Rios writes. “Since then I can’t think of any other way to have sex.” Inspired, he created a manual with more than 40 exercise-ball positions, including ones for threesomes, along with information about the muscles used and calories burned. “Just remember to select a correctly sized ball,” he notes. Rios’s plans include developing a ball with a vibrator attached or a lover’s face superimposed on the rubber. His book, *Sexy Balls*, is about \$30 postpaid from [bookworm.com.au](http://bookworm.com.au). For links to a video and sample pages, visit [playboyadvisor.com/sexyballs](http://playboyadvisor.com/sexyballs).

You brought this up on your honeymoon? Can a guy get a break? This is normal. The baby switch in your brain has flicked to the ON position, and there’s no way to turn it off. Your husband needs to understand that. You will not be able to rationally enjoy any aspect of your life together unless you are knocked up. Does he ever want a child? Talk to him about setting a date and making a goal—otherwise you’re going to continue to drive him, yourself and everyone around you crazy.

Is it okay to bring my own steak knife to dinner, even during a date? My friends all say no, that any woman would be freaked out. I also bring a small pepper grinder and a bottle of Tabasco, so I was hoping the ensemble might come across as more eccentric than serial killer.—S.W., Baton Rouge, Louisiana

We wouldn’t bring any of these items to a restaurant, though you may be able to get away with hot sauce if it’s home brewed or available only at a mom-and-pop store in the bayou. If quality cutting utensils are your thing, why not cook her dinner?

What a hypocrite you are! In the July/August issue you chastise readers who say they would reject a woman who has shaved genitals or fake breasts. You take them to task for viewing women as commodities to be weighed and judged by their physical attributes. Yet PLAYBOY has been marketing that consumerist mind-set toward women for decades. My uncle’s friend told me he suffered from “Centerfold syndrome” for years, and not until his fifth decade was he able to see that most women have a beauty all their own. Before then he had believed these images told him what he was due.—H.F., Fort Collins, Colorado

Actually, we took them to task for being boors. Despite your uncle’s friend’s claim that stylized nudes kept him in a state of retarded sexuality, most readers know better: Women are present in the magazine in many ways, including as sexual beings but not exclusively so. The men and women who write us certainly understand they are in relationships with people who sometimes get pimples and aren’t always bathed in soft light. And yet they still find their partners irresistible.

How can that be? The reason your uncle’s friend didn’t feel he could finally appreciate the feminine mystique until he was in his 50s is because the testosterone that fuels his insatiable sex drive has been dropping by about one percent a year. It reaches a tipping

point for many men in middle age, when the haze of lust that influences so many of their youthful decisions clears a bit.

**I** am disappointed in your response in the July/August issue to the man whose wife complained of stomach problems after giving him a blow job. Although her claim that semen caused her to gain weight is ridiculous, she may well be feeling sick. I feel nauseated if I swallow, so I spit to avoid discomfort. Can you explain why this happens? I get great pleasure from draining my husband.—A.W., Chico, California

*You may be right, but we're still skeptical, given she waited 13 years to let him know. As we've reported in the past, some women may be hypersensitive to the prostaglandins found in semen, which are known to cause contractions of smooth muscles, possibly leading to nausea and/or diarrhea. A woman may also suffer from what is known as human seminal plasma hypersensitivity, though her lips and mouth would likely swell if that were the case. Spitting seems to us a fine compromise; we doubt your husband has any complaints.*

**T**hat reader says his suddenly reluctant wife has given him a total of 600 blow jobs in 13 years, which is an average of less than one per week. I feel sorry for him.—P.H., Portland, Oregon

*Based on the mail we receive, most guys don't feel that way. And their semen doesn't even make their wives puke.*

**S**hould the second, smaller cuff buttons on a men's dress shirt be fastened? I think leaving them open makes a guy look lazy.—S.Q., Atlanta, Georgia

*Yes, they should be fastened. Those buttons are designed to help you get your arm out of a fitted shirt, so leaving them unfastened makes you appear half dressed.*

**I**'m a young, lean straight guy who loves the sophistication of a pair of fine women's shoes. I've worn them around the house for years. My wife is open-minded and encourages it. Recently I started wearing my lady styles to the grocery store, post office, barber, dentist and other public places. When I'm out, I wear slingbacks, leather pumps or dance slippers with jeans. I haven't had any blatantly negative comments, just a few whistles and leers. Most men who notice just stare. Some women have commented on how nice they look. I don't wear women's clothing other than the shoes, and I don't put them on if the outfit doesn't benefit. I'm not sexually aroused by it; I just love walking in heels. Am I dysfunctional or avant-garde?—T.R., Lovettsville, Virginia

*You sound okay to us. If we knew as much as you do about women's footwear, we'd get laid more often.*

**M**y son and I make small wagers with each other on the NFL, and we differ on how the over/under falls when the total score equals the bet number. Can you

clarify?—C.S., Trenton, Maine

*In the event of a tie, everyone gets their money back. That's why you should make this bet with a half point, e.g., over/under 34.5.*

**P**lease publish a feature for all the men (such as my boyfriend) who need to learn what not to say to a woman. Me: "Do you like boobs in movies more than you like my boobs?" Him: "If you had movie-quality boobs, you would be in the movies." Correct answer: "Those girls have nothing on your smoking rack."—S.C., Stamford, Connecticut

*Sure, he played that poorly, but why are you asking? Even if they do have better boobs, he doesn't have access to them, and more important, they aren't attached to you.*

**I** have always heard the mantra "Liquor before beer, you're in the clear. Beer before liquor, never been sicker." Is there any truth to this, and if so, why?—G.A., Jacksonville Beach, Florida

*No truth to it. A more important factor in how quickly you become intoxicated and its effects the next day is whether you eat at the same time, because food slows the absorption of alcohol. Also, most people who start the night with liquor don't move on to beer, so they tend to have drunk less when the festivities end.*

**W**hy is pussy called pussy?—T.B., Aurora, Colorado

*It's not clear how this shout-out got started, but it may have originated with the Old Norse þüss (pocket or pouch) or the Low German püsse (vulva). The word puss first appeared in English in 1530 as a generic name for a cat, perhaps mimicking the sound used to get the animal's attention as it continues to ignore you. This was followed in 1578 by pussy, again in reference to cats. Soon after, puss was used to refer to women and then to their genitals (a toast from the late 17th century: "Aeneas, here's a health to thee, to pusse and good company"). Perhaps it dropped below the waist because, like a feline, the vulva is soft, warm and furry, with less bite than, say, a beaver. According to Lawrence Paros, author of *Bawdy Language*, this was followed in the 18th century by scandalous banter such as expressing the desire to "give her pussy a taste of cream." Our favorite Old World slang for vulva that didn't catch on: quim, teazle and motte.*

**Y**ou offer questionable advice in the June issue to the reader who asked whether he should take a daily multivitamin. True, little scientific evidence links this practice to good health. But the idea that a "balanced diet" provides all the nutrients you need is a myth. Even if you eat fresh fruits and veggies, your body absorbs only some of the goodies. A targeted combo or individual bottles of the right supplements address absorption and availability problems. High doses of folate may occasionally have negative side effects, but lower doses encourage better brain function, especially in men.—Dr. David Newsome, St. Petersburg, Florida

*We heard from a number of nutritionists and doctors who say they recommend multivitamins because processed foods don't contain enough nutrients. Some say adults should take many times more vitamin D daily than suggested in the Institute of Medicine guidelines we shared, while others make the case for vitamins C and E. As usual, a few cited a government conspiracy to keep the miracle of supplements from the public or claimed any study that casts doubt on the value of vitamin boosters must be "sloppy, incomplete or run by those having a conflict of interest." We have more discussion at [playboyadvisor.com/vitamins](http://playboyadvisor.com/vitamins).*

**A** friend suggests I increase my success rate by pursuing less-attractive women than the gorgeous ones I chase now. He also says success will boost my confidence so I can return to hitting on babes. Yet the pickup artist Mystery says you must have standards. He says a woman "expects that a guy with potential will be selective." So who's right?—D.C., Edmonton, Alberta

*Based on the research we've seen (and written about—see "The Look of Love," March 2008), a person generally ends up with someone with about the same level of attractiveness, intelligence, wealth and social status. Mystery and other PUAs rely on the fact that hot women aren't used to being gently ignored, so the average guy creates a sense of mystery about what he has to offer. But there is more to a relationship than having a woman on your arm who turns every head in the room. You want to find a partner you find attractive from several angles. That doesn't mean you can't pursue someone who is universally hot, only that you should also be open to finding beauty in unexpected places. Bottom line: There are millions of women we'd love to sleep with but far fewer we'd like to sleep with a lot.*

**M**y mother-in-law is attractive, outgoing and not at all shy about discussing sex—so naturally I think she's hot. One reason for my attraction is her large breasts. It's not that I want a relationship; I'm just infatuated with seeing her topless. Is there anything I can do to make this fantasy come true? If I could get a glimpse of her tits I think I could move on.—L.S., Detroit, Michigan

*You'd move on, all right—to a much more detailed daydream about fucking her. Get hold of yourself, man. There are 6.5 billion other breasts in the world to think about. Doesn't anyone fantasize about their wives anymore?*

*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. Write the Playboy Advisor, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting our website at [playboyadvisor.com](http://playboyadvisor.com). Our greatest-hits collection, *Dear Playboy Advisor*, is available in bookstores and online; listen to the Advisor each week on Sirius/XM 99.*





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# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: WOODY HARRELSON

*A candid conversation with the free-spirited actor about the good life in Hawaii, fighting sexual temptations and why he's not the poster boy for pot (as he smokes a joint)*

Who would have predicted that Woody Harrelson would emerge as the biggest personality to come out of *Cheers*? Yes, Kelsey Grammer is probably richer from *Frasier*, Ted Danson hangs with Hillary Clinton, and Kirstie Alley has graced more tabloid covers. But nobody from that classic sitcom, which wrapped in 1993 after 11 years on NBC, has tackled challenging movie roles or lived a free-spirited existence the way Harrelson has.

Fit as a Texas fiddle at the age of 48, the actor, whose movies include *Natural Born Killers*, *The People vs. Larry Flynt* and *No Country for Old Men*, is married with three kids, but that makes him sound conventional. He lives with his family on Maui, where he owns a scrappy up-country farmhouse that runs on solar power. Renowned for backing patchouli-scented causes like veganism, biodiesel technology and world peace, he's also an outspoken advocate of a popular Maui plant called cannabis, for reasons both practical (see his extensive wardrobe of hemp clothing) and recreational (in 1996 he was arrested for marijuana possession).

Harrelson ended a five-year work hiatus around 2001 and picked up with the same gusto he gives his hard-core yoga practice. This year he has five new films, most notably *The Messenger*, opening this month, in which he plays a soldier charged with notifying Army families about casualties of war; and 2012, a Roland Emmerich sci-fi disaster flick

about the end of the planet. It opens November 13.

Woodrow Tracy Harrelson was born in Midland, Texas in 1961 but grew up in Lebanon, Ohio after his parents divorced. His mother, Diane, was a devout Presbyterian who taught young Woody to fear God and preach the Word. His father, Charles, was a professional gambler who spent most of his adult life in jail. In 1982 he was sentenced to two life terms in federal prison for his role in the assassination of U.S. District Judge John H. Wood Jr. The actor lobbied for years to have his father's case retried, claiming that his dad did not commit the murder, but Charles died in the Colorado Supermax prison in 2007 at the age of 69.

Harrelson began acting onstage, serving as an understudy in 1985 in Broadway's *Biloxi Blues*, only to end up marrying (briefly) the playwright Neil Simon's daughter. That same year he landed the role of the dopey but lovable bartender Woody Boyd on *Cheers*, a show that earned Harrelson international fame and big-screen parts in such films as *White Men Can't Jump* and *The Thin Red Line*. With success came a reputation as a wild and crazy partyer with a hot temper. In 2002 Harrelson was arrested for vandalizing a London taxi, and this past April he got into a brawl with a TMZ paparazzo, later explaining he mistook the photographer for a zombie.

PLAYBOY dispatched Contributing Editor David Hochman to Hawaii for a meeting of the

minds. Says Hochman, whose last interview was with Shia LaBeouf, "This was an old-fashioned interview of the *Almost Famous* variety. Woody opened his world—and his mind—for days of uninhibited conversation and fun. We swam together, played Ping-Pong, ate raw foods, hung with the family, drove around in his biodiesel VW Bug and spent time with his island pal Willie Nelson. And yes, there was quite a bit of inhaling."

**PLAYBOY:** It's unusual for a celebrity to smoke marijuana during an interview. Are you trying to make a statement of some kind?

**HARRELSON:** Not especially. I don't know that it's a helpful thing as an actor to be the poster boy for the marijuana movement. Certainly the media uses it a lot to marginalize. It also does a disservice to those who are actually on the front lines for the legalization cause. I've seen it printed that I'm a marijuana activist, and I understand that, but it's really just something I enjoy.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you like about it?

**HARRELSON:** Oh you know, some folks may have a drink. I think it's okay to have your alternatives. People may want to pop a pill before going to a party—that's not for me. Cocaine freaks me out. That's a drug with some crazy PR behind it. I don't know how it became so popular. It just makes you rant



"Some folks may have a drink. People may want to pop a pill before going to a party—that's not for me. Cocaine freaks me out. But I like the mellow vibe of herb. Since we're all drug addicts, I don't think it's a bad choice."



"Marriage and monogamy are kind of interesting. If you look at animals, some mate for life and some don't. Dogs and dolphins don't seem to think much about monogamy, and I've always tended to side with them."



"Fox is bad news. I do not like Rupert Murdoch. He's like Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda guy. Murdoch is waving the flag not because he gives a shit about it but because he just wants to make money."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

and rave. But I like the mellow vibe of herb, its uninhibiting effect. For me, it's a better drug than any of the others, and since we're all drug addicts, I don't think it's a bad choice.

**PLAYBOY:** We're all drug addicts?

**HARRELSON:** I believe that, yes. Whether your drug is sugar, coffee, sex, exercise or religion—everybody has something. The biggest drug problem we face is pharmaceuticals—prescription pills for everything. It's weird how fast you can get a bottle of pills these days. "Doctor, I'm depressed." "Doctor, my kid can't concentrate." In many schools if a kid is unruly a couple days in a row, the teachers can demand that parents put him on prescription drugs. Man, that pisses me off! Same with antidepressants. You lose your mind on that stuff. You lose touch with who you are, with your emotional state. I was two years on Ritalin; my brother was eight years on it. If you didn't have a drug addict before, you had one after. You have someone who's forever chasing the dream.

**PLAYBOY:** Looking at your life in Maui, one would think you've found the dream.

**HARRELSON:** I do love Maui, that's for sure. I was determined that once *Cheers* was off the air and it wasn't a matter of necessity, I would move out of L.A. and find *the* spot. I mean, we went *everywhere*. We lived awhile in Costa Rica until I realized some things in the jungle—snakes and frogs—can kill a child. Then we went to New Zealand, Australia, Ireland. But after Willie Nelson, who has a house here, introduced me to the wonders of Maui, I've been here ever since.

**PLAYBOY:** Describe a typical day in paradise.

**HARRELSON:** No two days are ever alike. Some mornings I'll get up, do yoga, go for a swim, go out to the garden. We grow all kinds of fruits and vegetables, so we're mostly eating off our own land. Lately I've been doing a ton of kite-boarding. Other days I'll take the girls [Harrelson and wife Laura Louie, his former assistant, have three daughters—Deni, 16, Zoe, 13, and Makani, three] and go find a waterfall. I like to relax and do nothing. An excellent day is when I get to pet the dog for half an hour without interruption. Oh and lots of time with friends and lots of movies. We don't have a TV, but we have one of those cheap projectors, and we put a sheet up on the wall. It's like you're in your own theater. I never could get my head around living in Los Angeles, and Maui is like a reality check for me. People have a false image of the Hollywood lifestyle, and I definitely fell for it. It's the image of a crazy, fun, money-and-sex-saturated existence you think will somehow bring happiness, but that's not the case.

**PLAYBOY:** So you mean to say that money can't buy happiness?

**HARRELSON:** Listen, I have a photo from when I first moved to Los Angeles. I guess it was when I started doing *Cheers*. I had just turned 24 and was living in corporate housing in the San Fernando Valley because it was close to Warner Bros. My brother took a picture of me in a Jacuzzi, holding a bottle

of champagne and a joint, and I think there was a bunch of money lying around. All this materialistic imagery because that's what we thought life was about—drugs, money, sex. Soon enough I was living that life for real. A mobile party, a whirlwind. Chasing girls, limos, groupies. My buddy Michael J. Fox used to call it the circus, and that's what it was, but I think I needed to experience that extreme hedonism to show me the truth. Like the quote goes, the road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom.

**PLAYBOY:** Any regrets?

**HARRELSON:** I don't have any regrets, no. Well, fuck, I have tons of regrets, but I was a kid. I was an adult, but I was still a kid. When you're famous you can remain a kid for as long as you want. Everybody's giving you what you want all the time, everywhere you go. Why say no? It's the sugar wheel. You just want more and more because it tastes good, it looks good, it feels fucking unbelievable. John Lennon once summed it up in a word: *Satyricon*.

**PLAYBOY:** And the problem would be?

**HARRELSON:** [*Laughs*] No problem. Hey, I did have a frickin' ball! Loved it! Had some fan-fucking-tastic unbelievable times that any young man would trade his life for. You honestly wouldn't believe it if I told you. But I feel I wasted something. I mean... you take those hours—not to mention the money—I spent and apply it toward something meaningful. Christ, I could've learned 12 languages! I could've learned several martial arts. I mean *mastered*. I could've become an engineer and still had time to study acupuncture and the guitar, the flute and the ukulele. I had a good fucking time, but did it help me or anyone around me?

**PLAYBOY:** Just for oral history purposes, please share one standout moment from those circus days. What's one of the wilder scenes that springs to mind?

**HARRELSON:** Well, I don't know. It was a long time ago, and I'm a father now. This will be on the public record, and my kids might read this someday. Put a little bookmark on that topic, and come back to it later.

**PLAYBOY:** Fair enough. Let's talk about *The Messenger*. People are saying great things about that movie.

**HARRELSON:** I think I may be prouder of that one than anything I've been associated with. The main character is a guy just back from Iraq who gets put together with my character in what they call the Angels of Death squadron. We're the guys who notify the next of kin if someone dies. Toughest job in the Army. What's so heartbreaking is the emotional toll this task takes on the officers. Usually you think about the families, but this is the untold story of these casualty-notification officers. It's a very touching and powerful project, and what's interesting is that it's a war movie completely set in America.

**PLAYBOY:** How are you feeling generally about America these days?

**HARRELSON:** [*Sighs and laughs*] Yeah, America the beautiful. I would compare America right now to that person who says, "Oh yeah, I'm definitely going to change! I'm

going to start exercising. Gonna do heavy shakes in the morning and then I'll jump on the trampoline and meditate afterward." You know? There's a great level of awareness now that change needs to happen fast, but we need to see actual change. It's nice to have one of our own in the White House—a Hawaiian, I mean—and also a man of integrity. But to be a truly great president, he needs to implement real fixes in Iraq, in Afghanistan, at Guantánamo, on the economy. My feeling is there's never been a president who didn't bend to the will of corporate America. Our society is built on all these industries that are raping Mother Earth daily. They've been getting huge subsidies—billions and billions of dollars every year—to continue these atrocities. Can Obama be the first to stand up to them? We'll see. I'd like to see it happen.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you and President Obama compared Hawaii notes?

**HARRELSON:** Just before he was president, I met him on Oahu. He caught me off guard because he said, "You just come over from Maui?" It put me on my heels. I said, "How did you...," and he goes, "Well, I met Willie Nelson once, and he invited me onto his bus, and it was reeking at the time, if you know what I mean." He was so funny about it. I started laughing. "Anyway, Willie told me, 'If you ever come to Maui, let's go golfing with my buddy Woody.'" He remembered that. I said, "Well, you really should, man." And he laughed and said, "Oh, I think that might get me in trouble." [*laughs*] He's a genuine guy, Obama. At least I hope he is. What we need in our society is a radical change. We have to get off the dinosaur tit.

**PLAYBOY:** Interesting choice of words.

**HARRELSON:** We have to change our antiquated mind-set as a society. To me the most egregious of all man's activities, after these stupid fucking oil wars, is mountain-top removal. Talk about corporate greed! Mining companies used to drill to find a vein and then extract. Now? They freaking blow the top off the mountain! The biggest machines you've ever seen then come along, dig up the earth and pull it out. Glorious mountains go from this [*makes the sign of a mountain peak*] to that. [*makes the sign of flat land*] And everything around—the streams, the soil—gets loaded with all kinds of toxic chemicals and metals and nasty shit. This is particularly in Appalachia. Hundreds of mountains have been removed, and thousands of small communities are affected. It's an atrocity, and nobody's doing anything about it. Bobby Kennedy Jr. and I are working on a film about it now.

**PLAYBOY:** You talk a lot about corporate greed, but do you ever feel a conflict working for giant corporations as an actor? Your other big new movie, *2012*, is a gargantuan Sony product.

**HARRELSON:** Yeah, there's definitely a conflict, though I don't look at Sony as a terrible corporation the way, for example, Fox is. Fox is bad news. I do not like Rupert Murdoch. He's like Goebbels, Hitler's

During my lunch break, I like to go to the gym, but after working out and taking a shower I can sweat for up to an hour. This happens even if I spend 20 minutes cooling down. Is there a trick to get my body to stop sweating?—J.C., New York, New York

A part of the brain, the hypothalamus regulates sweat glands and the temperature of the body. When you are hot, the body will release heat through sweating. When you are cold, the body will release heat through shivering. When you finish your workout, your body temperature is high, which means blood is circulating through the surface as quickly, so it may take longer than you expect to cool down. Drinking water before, during and after your workout—don't use thirst as a guide—will help you end your shower by gradually cooling your water cooler and finish by soaping up.

I am 62 with a 47-year-old wife. She has two grown children and I want any more kids. We need a pill, but she won't take the pill. Is there any fun, and neither of us want surgery. Trolling around the net, I came across a method that involves using ultrasound to the testicles. It supposedly provides six months of fertility. Although everyone says it works, there are conflicting reports where it stands in the FDA. I have a chiropractor but he says an ultrasound he's happy to use. Is he needs is a frequency setting. How do I proceed?—D.M., Fort Collins, Colorado

With great caution. During a study, Mostafa Fahim of the University of Texas used ultrasound to temporarily sterilize cats, monkeys and eight human men. He reported that, using a standard transducer, the ideal setting is a frequency of 1.5 megahertz and a power of one watt per centimeter. If that doesn't work, you can use a smaller transducer. Fertility returns gradually, so if you're willing to make a self a guinea pig, Elaine Lissner of the Contraception Information Project ([www.contraception.org](http://www.contraception.org)) suggests using a home test or microscope to regularly check your sperm. It would also be wise to use backup contraception, at least initially. Don't expect this technology to be on the market anytime soon; it has yet to undergo the long-term clinical trials necessary for FDA approval, and a number of questions are still unanswered, such as how many times a man can safely be zapped. It would be much easier to get a vasectomy—despite our quip in February about swollen balls, these days a no-scalpel procedure takes less than 10 minutes and has few, if any, side effects.

My girlfriend has me doing my part to save the earth: We use compact fluorescent lightbulbs, I weatherproofed the windows, and we recycle and reuse. Is there such a thing as "green" sex toys? I thought

it would be a surprise. I like to go to Portland, Oregon. If she's on her on, a number of sex-toy stores like EarthErotics.com and Babeland.com offer everything from phthalate-free vibrators to a seven-inch flogger made of bicycle inner tubes. Rechargeable batteries out of landfill. Antimicrobial condoms accept clean used sex toys (see [recycleyoursextoy.com](http://recycleyoursextoy.com)). We support them by giving every woman we love a gift of some orgasm.

I am 30 and a five-day sex marathoner. I am a man. He has an amazing creative. He also has a obsession with my armpits. I bit from behind while he was a total turn-on for me. I guess I don't have a question to ask 50-year-olds; don't they have the same quality as the rocks.—B.M., California

Thank you for your kind words, especially if you're a 50-year-old guy with an armpit fetish.

I'm looking to buy a new HDTV. The person is pushing a \$250 model. I want to know if there is anything other than adjust basic brightness, color and tint?—A.S., Texas

You can hire a professional tuner for detail (see [imaging.com](http://imaging.com) for a referral), but most people can get their own. New HDTVs are typically available to stand out in a showroom, not just on the television. They have preset modes for sports and movie. You can adjust those or tweak further. First, lower the contrast or black level, until black is a darkening details. Do the same for the level (contrast or picture) until you see halos around the edges, usually at about 50 percent brightness. This is more subjective; you may have to change this much. Finally, if the brightness is too high, you'll see halos around the edges of objects. You can usually turn the brightness to zero when watching DVDs.

Regarding the December letter from the reader who suffers from paruresis and can't urinate when anyone is in the room: I am one of those guys who have had jobs and relationships because of a shy bladder. Then I discovered a simple cure: Hold your breath. I can now pee in restrooms no matter how crowded they are. I hope this helps other men who are struggling.—J.G., Chicago, Illinois

With practice, this technique can get the job done. In 2001 psychologist Monroe Weil reported that it had worked for three of his patients; he hypothesizes that increased CO<sub>2</sub> levels in the blood lead to relaxation of the sphincter muscle that inhibits urination. Before you attempt this, practice in a comfortable setting until you can hold your breath calmly for 45 seconds, which is

how long it will take the stream to start. Take a big gulp of air—breathe normally, about 75 percent of your breath.

and I sometimes role-play in my scenarios vary (cheerleader, maid), she always asks me if I'm a rapist. At first I found it disturbing to disturb me. Some women want to be Overland Park, Kansas

raped. This common theme is described as forceful sex or rape. The woman always remains silent if your wife asks you to stop. Since her protests may be part of the scene ends. As you've found, it's to play the perpetrator role. Encourage your wife to be more creative, for example. Instead of cheerleader, maybe a job interview (the economy is desperate), a real estate show.

Are you a January asking how to prevent hair on his neck. I am surprised you didn't mention a straight razor. What solved the problem for you, Quebec

Thank you—that—our response could have been

Three years ago, my wealthy, twice-divorced brother-in-law told me the news of his sudden engagement to a much younger divorcee with children. I replied with congratulations and gently asked about a prenup. He outlined the precautions he was taking. Two years later my brother's wife died through his e-mail and found out she had changed. She responded with an angry letter copied to the family, about privacy and invasion of privacy. My brother now says my inquiry was inappropriate. What do you make of this?—B.K., New York, New York

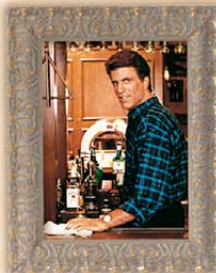
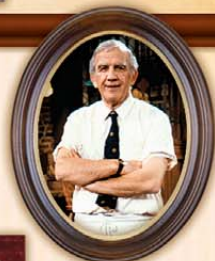
Your sister-in-law seems to know a great deal about invasion of privacy. Given your brother's two divorces, your question reflected only your concern for his well-being. He's covering his ass now because he fears his wife's wrath more than the loss of your goodwill. That doesn't bode well, and before long he may well be thrice divorced—but thankful that prudence runs in the family.

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



# Everybody knows their names

EST. 1982



**F**ROM HUMBLE BEGINNINGS (CHEERS PREMIERED DEAD LAST IN THE RATINGS) TO AN UNHEARD-OF 117 EMMY NOMINATIONS (AND 27 WINS), THE BOSTON BAR WAS A FUN PLACE TO SPEND THURSDAY NIGHTS. FOR THE STARS, IT WAS FUN WHEN IT ENDED, TOO. WITHOUT THE OPPORTUNITY TO PLAY WOODY THE RUBE BARTENDER, WOODY HARRELSON WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN IN NATURAL BORN KILLERS, THE PEOPLE VS. LARRY FLYNT OR NUMEROUS OTHER HITS. RHEA PERLMAN, THE CONSUMMATE CRASS COCKTAIL WAITRESS, WENT ON TO COLLECT 37 MORE ROLES. THE GINGER VS. MARY ANN DEBATE GAVE WAY TO DIANE VS. REBECCA IN THE 1980S. SHELLEY LONG PAID A PRICE FOR QUITTING THE SHOW EARLY, WHILE HER REPLACEMENT, KIRSTIE ALLEY, BECAME THE MOST FAMOUS PLUS-SIZE ACTRESS EVER. KELSEY GRAMMER BANKROLLED HIS ENSEMBLE

PART OF DR. FRASIER CRANE INTO ONE OF TV'S MOST SUCCESSFUL SPIN-OFFS: HIS SHOW FRASIER WON 37 EMMYS, BEATING CHEERS IN TOTAL WINS IF NOT NOMINATIONS. NICHOLAS COLASANTO (COACH), THE HEART AND COMEDY GOLD MINE OF THE SHOW, DIED IN 1985. TED DANSON, WHO PLAYED BAR OWNER AND LOTHARIO EX-BALLPLAYER SAM MALONE, LATER STARRED IN SEVERAL MOVIES AND TV SERIES AND BECAME CLOSE FRIENDS WITH BILL AND HILLARY CLINTON—AND LARRY DAVID. NOR-R-M! GEORGE WENDT WILL ALSO BE REMEMBERED AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE CLASSIC SNL SKIT "BILL SWERKSKI'S SUPER FANS." JOHN RATZENBERGER IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST BANKABLE ACTORS OF ALL TIME, THANKS TO HIS VOICE-OVER WORK (PIXAR LOVES HIM), BUT BEFORE THAT HE WAS CLIFF CLAVIN, MAILMAN AND KNOW-IT-ALL. AS THEY SAY, GOOD THINGS CAN HAPPEN AFTER CLOSING TIME. —ROCKY RAKOVIC

propaganda guy. Murdoch is waving the flag not because he gives a shit about it but because he just wants to make money. It seems to be tried and true for him, though now I guess his empire's taken a bit of a hit. But you're right. I have to figure out how to balance all that. I try, though. I see people do commercials I think are absolutely immoral. I mean, an athlete doing a McDonald's commercial? Come on! You're going to pretend this is good solid fuel here? I know it's hard. I want to walk my talk as much as possible, but I confess to being a hypocrite in a number of ways.

**PLAYBOY:** If you met the man you are now when you were a teenager, what would you think of yourself?

**HARRELSON:** Whoa, heavy. [laughs] It's interesting. I definitely would have thought I'm a sinner and I probably am not going to heaven. [laughs] I was so religious in a really judgmental way. The church was everything to me growing up.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a true believer.

**HARRELSON:** The truest. You gotta be. Religion was drilled into my head for so long. I can remember being around 20 years old, working construction in Urbana, Ohio at the time, and I asked my aunt if I could

go and stay with these girls I knew. She said, "Well, just make sure to talk to them about the Lord and *don't* spend the night with them." And I said, "Oh absolutely." Probably in the back of my mind—or in the front—I'm thinking, I definitely want to hang out with these girls all night.

**PLAYBOY:** Did they break you down?

**HARRELSON:** No, I went over and started preaching to them. [laughs] They just wanted me to let it go. I can remember them shaking their heads like I was the lost soul, and of course I was. Back then I had massive guilt about every part of sex—just, masturbation, all of it. It's like Larry Flynt says, the church gets its hand on your sexual apparatus and the next thing you know they're in control. It's all a quest to make us feel guilty about what can be the greatest thing. It's a shame so many people grow up with that kind of guilt.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get past it?

**HARRELSON:** Who said I got past it? [laughs] "Honey, let's turn off the lights. I don't want to see your body naked." Can you imagine? I did turn a corner, though I might have been a good minister had I stayed at it. I was getting into theology and studying the roots of the Bible, but then I started to dis-

cover the man-made nature of it. I started seeing things that made me ask, "Is God really speaking through this instrument?"

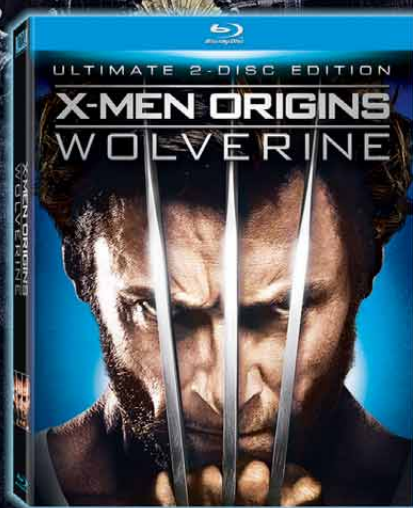
**PLAYBOY:** Versus someone making it all up?

**HARRELSON:** Yeah, and making it up for the worst reasons—so that wives would be more devoted to their husbands, things like that. My eyes opened to the reality of the Bible being just a document to control people. At the time I was a real mama's boy and deeply mesmerized by the church. I didn't smoke or drink or anything.

**PLAYBOY:** And a virgin, of course.

**HARRELSON:** I didn't say I was without sin. [laughs] I lost my virginity when I was 17. I'd been exchanging letters with a girl at a church camp in Ohio and somehow concluded she was the one willing female soul on planet Earth, so I drove out to see her in a purple Gremlin. I kid you not. We took a walk to find a secluded place and ended up in a hayloft. Neither of us knew what we were doing, but we went at it feverishly—until her parents showed up, with doors opening, bright lights, them screaming, me stuffing my underwear and her bra down the back of my pants. "We weren't doing nothing," she told her dad. "Oh, yeah? Then why is your shirt on inside out?" A couple of

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**AXE  
INSTINCT**  
PRESENTS

**PLAYBOY'S ROCK STAR BRUNCH**



Axe Instinct and Playboy took Chicago by storm during Lollapalooza 2009 with the debut of the first ever Playboy Rock Star Brunch. Rockers, revelers and beautiful women gathered to take a break from the heat and enjoy stellar spinning by DJs Jayson Rose, Mom Jeans and Diplo. (1) The Builders and the Butchers. (2) Diplo grooves with the Playmates. (3) Playboy VJ Allison Hagendorf gets down. (4) Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima and Miss May 2008 AJ Alexander with LA Riots. (5) Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill with Kevin Devine and band. (6) The leather scent of Axe Instinct is a big hit with guests. (7) Miss July 2005 Qiana Chase with Mano of He Say, She Say. (8) DJ Mom Jeans. (9) The Playmates with Axe brand manager Mandy McCarthy and husband Kevin. (10) The Playmates unleash the power of leather. (11) Crystal McCahill channels her inner "instinct."

For more videos and photos, visit [playboy.com/rockstarbrunch](http://playboy.com/rockstarbrunch)







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years later I started distancing myself from all that religion-based morality, and my eyes opened to a superhighway of possibilities. At the age of 21 or 22 it hit me that I didn't need to be guided by these rigid morals. The timing couldn't have been better.

**PLAYBOY:** Cheers.

**HARRELSON:** Thank you.

**PLAYBOY:** No, we mean that's just before *Cheers* started. But how did you go from Jesus camp to Hollywood?

**HARRELSON:** I did a play at church when I was a junior in high school. I played a drunk in a nativity scene. Great fun. Then I did more in college and was awestruck by how a little change in your voice or demeanor onstage could get a massive reaction from an audience. It was thrilling enough to get me to move to New York to really make a go of it. But things didn't go as well as I'd hoped. I had 17 jobs my first year and couldn't get an agent or acting work. Severe depression sank in, and I slept all day. One afternoon a roommate of mine burst in and said, "Get the fuck out of bed. Some agent is on the phone." The agent told me, "I saw something in your face. Will you come in and meet with me?" She ended up being my agent for years and was the one who got me the *Cheers* audition, not that I knew it was an audition at the moment. The day I had my meeting with the producers was before I learned I should give up dairy. I'm lactose intolerant, you see, and I was very mucousy that day. At the audition I was brought through a series of doors until I got to the room where all the decision makers were. I didn't know who they were, so I just stood there blowing my nose. The whole place starts laughing, and I start laughing too, but that only makes me have to blow my nose even more. I had no idea the director, Jimmy Burrows, and the other producers were the guys laughing. For some reason they said, "Yeah, this is the guy to play Woody Boyd." I had 24 hours to decide whether to move my whole life from New York to L.A. Everybody in New York told me to do it, and I damn well did it.

**PLAYBOY:** What were those first years in Los Angeles like?

**HARRELSON:** Outrageous as shit. God, it was fun. First of all, going to work with those guys—Ted Danson and everybody else—was like going to the playground every damn day. And you have to remember that was a time when audiences actually gathered to watch TV. It wasn't like now, when you have a million distractions. Television sitcoms were something people would plan their schedule around. Very quickly I'd be places, and total strangers would behave as though they knew me. There was a situation once when being famous actually saved my life.

**PLAYBOY:** How so?

**HARRELSON:** Well, this was years later, but I was in Dubrovnik, Croatia, not long after the Bosnian war. I was on the beach with a couple of girls I knew, just me and them, swimming. I can remember one of them said something, and I laughed. I some-

times have this tendency to have a kind of high-spirited girlish laugh. I heard someone mocking me, so I started mocking back. They mock, I mock. Pretty soon these guys were coming down from the hillside. They were the toughest-looking motherfuckers you ever saw. Some kind of Croatian judo gang or something, and they were coming down basically to kill me for being with these red-hot girls. They were ready to tear me apart, and it got mind-blowingly tense. But then one of those fucking guys recognizes me from American TV, so we end up going out for drinks with them instead. I swear if I hadn't been on *Cheers*, I'd have died right there on that beach in Croatia.

**PLAYBOY:** So there you go. Being famous rocks!

**HARRELSON:** Most of the time, but it was very stressful at first. You go from nobody paying attention to everybody telling you "You're great, you're great. I love you." It doesn't matter whether they mean it or not. You believe it. At one point I had kind of a nervous breakdown. I had just finished with *Cheers* and was in the middle of doing a play, starting to do press for *Indecent Proposal* and going straight into *Natural Born Killers*, which was its own special kind of insanity. Fifty-six of the craziest working days of my life. All of it was messed up. I remember I had to shave my head, and I had just started to sink into the character. Very dark. I remember walking into the Joliet prison where we were shooting, and these guys would scream at me—killers!—and I'd scream back at them, "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!" I mean it was weird, man. Around that time I just remember losing it. Just crying and crying all the time and thinking, I can't go on. But I pushed myself through and managed to come out the other side. I think it's important to wallow in your depression sometimes. People rush to get on these meds, make themselves happy. I've faced depression several times in my life, and while it's never enjoyable, I do think it serves its purpose. You need your bad memories and your good memories to make you a complete person.

**PLAYBOY:** How's your memory these days?

**HARRELSON:** Long term's okay. Short term? What was the question again? [laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** Any roles you regret turning down over the years?

**HARRELSON:** There have been a few, definitely. *Jerry Maguire* would have been interesting. I kicked myself for years after not taking that one. But one road leads to another, and I wouldn't be the same guy if I'd said yes to everything. You learn as you go.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you learn from your hedonistic circus period?

**HARRELSON:** You won't drop this, will you? All right, since this is PLAYBOY I'll share one or two images, if only to illustrate how superficial we are as a society. At one point I was involved in... let's just say I was hanging with three amazing gals, each one more amazing and beautiful than the next. We met at some type of Hollywood party. The music was jamming, and I just kind of walked up and put my arm around one of them but

said to all three, "I have a dream." Just saying it made them laugh, and two hours later we were back at my place having the most fun one man can have in a sexual capacity with three of the most phenomenal-looking women you could imagine.

**PLAYBOY:** Whoa.

**HARRELSON:** Whoa is right. And it went on and on. Other nights, other women. I was monumentally lucky. Girls would come up to me in bars and say, "You want to take a walk on the wild side?" And we'd just go into the bathroom. Crazy shit. But here's the thing, and it's hard to comprehend if you're outside looking in, but the truth is it was kind of meaningless. First of all, it wouldn't have happened if I wasn't famous. Mr. Joe Schmo walking up to these three girls just wouldn't work. But I'm the guy from *Cheers* or *Natural Born Killers* or *Larry Flynt*, and suddenly I'm some great Casanova.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you learn about how life really works?

**HARRELSON:** Great fucking question. First of all, you're never going to get real fulfillment from sexual or monetary pursuits. That's part of the reason I'm reluctant to revel in my glory days, so to speak. If we didn't have the tape recorder on, I still wouldn't revel, because it was just a vain pursuit. It's not bad. I don't have any negative judgment. I'm very happy with everything that happened, but my head space is so different now.

**PLAYBOY:** You finally married your longtime partner, Laura Louie, last year after being with her for 20 years. What took you so long?

**HARRELSON:** I guess you can never be too sure. [laughs] But marriage and monogamy in general are kind of interesting. If you look at animals, some mate for life and some don't. Dogs and dolphins don't seem to think much about monogamy, and I've always tended to side with them. I'm kind of torn on it. I never thought monogamy should be the rule. I always thought it was just an absurdity. It creates these hard boundaries that ultimately become more important than even.... [pauses] It's weird. A guy could go out and sleep with another woman and come home, and his wife could chop his balls off, kill him, so to speak, and it would seem justified. Meanwhile that same guy could go out and murder three people, come back and she'll take him and find a place to hide him and bring him food. It's just weird how the mentality of monogamy is that pervasive. It's the subject of every talk show, every movie, every song. The heartbreak, the betrayal. But it's been destructive because it's such a rigid construction, and that rigidity makes you want to stray.

**PLAYBOY:** How have you dealt with it?

**HARRELSON:** [Laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** It's been a struggle?

**HARRELSON:** I don't know. Like I say, philosophically I've always thought of monogamy as an absurd idea, but honestly, right now in my life I don't know what I think. I don't know what's right, and I don't know what's wrong. I just know that I want Laura to be happy, and I want us to have a happy family.

**PLAYBOY:** And how do you feel?

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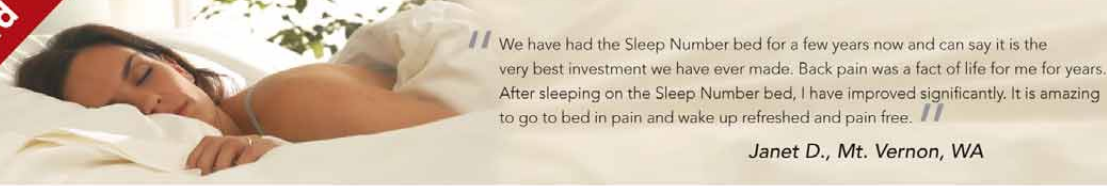
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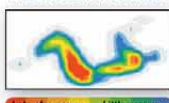
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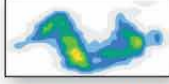
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**HARRELSON:** Well, I think in my life I've certainly allowed myself a lot in terms of my physical proclivities. I've had the kind of life you could just say, "What a lucky guy," purely on that level, you know? It's like I've had my quota. Paul McCartney has a song on his album *Off the Ground* with the line, "Best thing I ever saw was a man who loved his wife." I love the album, and I remember puzzling over that. It's one of those lines that he probably wrote in a second, but it just stayed in my head. I really came to feel the truth of that. Me loving Laura as much as I do has led to all the greatest things in my life. Laura's an amazing gal. Regarding my wavering and adolescent behavior, she's been incredible. Like in London a few years ago, when it came out in the news that I had an experience with three girls.

**PLAYBOY:** The three girls you were talking about?

**HARRELSON:** [Laughs] No, three different girls. It seems my downfall is multiples. Again, a wild, wild time, but it turned out one of the girls was connected to the paparazzi. Next thing you know, there's a three-page spread in some tabloid. Well, Laura heard about it, and you know what she said to me? She said, "I can't imagine how hard it is for you to have to deal with that kind of thing." She immediately went to compassion for me, as opposed to how almost any other woman would have reacted, with outrage and screaming. That's the component of her nature I find so transcendent. It transcends what's going on in the world and everything she's supposed to be. I've learned that's what love means on its deepest level. I've been around the corner, and I've met many great gals, but I would say Laura is a genuine goddess. Compassionate, understanding, beautiful. It's just overwhelming. [pauses to smoke marijuana]

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think you could live sober?

**HARRELSON:** I experience sobriety every day. Long chunks of it. [laughs] Never is a long time. I admire that straight-edge philosophy, and the times I've experienced sobriety for extended lengths of time have been very rewarding. But don't presume I'm always fucked-up, because I'm not. Certainly when I'm working I'm very focused and very un-fucked-up.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you think pot will be legal in the U.S. in 10 years?

**HARRELSON:** Well, if the will of the people was able to express itself through politics, then of course it would be. But seeing how that's rarely the case, and it's really the will of corporations that drives our society, the war on drugs will continue. It's a big fucking money-maker. Billions and billions of dollars a year go into fighting drugs, and that keeps many, many people employed. You also have to include incarceration in that. So much attention is focused on pot because it's a drug that makes you think outside the box. It's a drug that gets you to start questioning authority, and the state doesn't want that out there.

We call ourselves a free country, but America legislates morality. The federal government was designed both to protect

us against foreign enemies and to help in terms of commerce between the states. Now it's way out of bounds. It may make a hell of a lot of sense for me to put on my seat belt when I'm driving down the road, but if I choose not to, that should be my prerogative. Just like it should be my choice whether I want to wear my helmet on my motorcycle or not. The logic of keeping marijuana illegal is that it will keep people from using it. Guess what. People are using it anyway. It's just like Prohibition. There were alcoholics before Prohibition, during Prohibition and after. But legalizing alcohol took away a lot of the violence that sprung up because it had to be locked away before that. I think people are smart, and I think people in a country ought to make their own decisions. As long as I don't hurt you or your property, I should be allowed to do what I want. Since that's not the case, we have a lot of people sitting in prison, serving time for victimless crimes.

**PLAYBOY:** What did it mean for you to see your father die in prison?

**HARRELSON:** [Pauses] Well, that was difficult. That was very difficult. I was never convinced he committed the crimes he

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*I started distancing myself from all that religion-based morality, and my eyes opened to a superhighway of possibilities. I didn't need to be guided by these rigid morals.*

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was accused of committing, and I always thought somehow I'd get him out. The government had a long history of wrongdoing, I think, in his case. And like a lot of other atrocities, they got away with it. On the other hand my dad was no saint, so I don't know. I think I reached a level of not judging him for certain things I might judge your average person for. Above all, I really did love him. I thought he was an extraordinary guy, a brilliant guy, actually.

**PLAYBOY:** He must have been very proud of you and the work you've done.

**HARRELSON:** It's interesting. They used to have a TV in prison, and every night the guys would make a group decision on what to watch. Dad would vote for *Cheers* every night, and he'd always get voted down. They would watch baseball or whatever. You see, my dad didn't talk about who his son was, but eventually someone figured it out, and once word got around, *Cheers* would be on that TV every single night.

**PLAYBOY:** He went to jail for the first time when you were seven. Did you grow up resenting him for not being around?

**HARRELSON:** [Pauses, turns frosty] Look, I guess I was resentful about certain things.

I would have liked my dad around to sit and talk like this or to go hiking with or to the movies. My mom and I had a very close relationship, to the point where I was probably too good a boy growing up and could have used my dad around to show me how to expand my horizons a bit. That's not to say he didn't influence me. I feel him inside me. They say in Japan that when you're born on your father's birth date, as I was, that you *are* your father. I certainly think about that. Certain habits I have, certain tendencies, definitely came from him.

**PLAYBOY:** Is violence an issue for you? You recently got into a scuffle with a TMZ photographer and ended up breaking the guy's camera.

**HARRELSON:** [Grumbles] Yeah, well, I think all men have violence inside them, and I've certainly had my issues with anger management or the lack of anger management. But I found an outlet, a way to handle it. Mostly that's through acting, though at times it erupts like that. Yoga and meditation help.

**PLAYBOY:** Incidentally, what was the deal with your official explanation that zombies made you do it?

**HARRELSON:** Oh, that was Paul's idea. I had just come from the airport in New York after this TMZ situation and was feeling awful about it, and I ran into Sir Paul McCartney. We've been friends for a long time through our shared passion for veganism and many other issues. He's got such a great capacity for happiness. Anyway, I told him what happened and also that I'd just finished this movie called *Zombieland*, and Paul said, "That's it, man! Just tell the press you thought the cameraman was a zombie." So that's what we went with. [laughs but suddenly turns serious] But getting back to your question about whether I resented my father. The thing with him was he couldn't figure out a way to control his behavior, and that's what I most regret, more than resent, in his case. He had a chance to turn his life around, but he couldn't manage it. I remember he was released from prison at one point, and he came up to visit me at college. Drove up in this great big Lincoln Continental. I thought to myself, Maybe now he'll have the life he wants and turn things around. But sure enough, he landed back in prison, and that's where he remained. Sad, sad story. [pauses] I think he really struggled with life and made some colossal mistakes. But I also think the U.S. government committed some atrocities in his case and did things to him that were completely and utterly unfair.

**PLAYBOY:** Like...? [Harrelson looks away, remains silent and motionless for four minutes and 27 seconds.]

**HARRELSON:** [Brightens, smiles] Hey, how's it going?

**PLAYBOY:** Not bad. How are you?

**HARRELSON:** [Laughs] Good, good. What else do you want to talk about?

**PLAYBOY:** Um, got it. Let's see. We hear you do a mean Elvis impression.

**HARRELSON:** [Singing "All Shook Up," sounding (concluded on page 110)]

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# PIRATES OF SOMALIA

It's the biggest crime wave in modern times. But when you talk to the pirates and their victims, you realize it's not the story we've been told

BY SHASHANK BENGALI





During the first half of 2009 Somali pirates attacked more than 140 ships, netting millions of dollars. But at best, the ragtag crews are successful only a fraction of the time.

**F**ARAH ISMAIL EID CAN'T REMEMBER EXACTLY WHEN HE FIRST SAW THE BIG SHIPS. HE WAS BARELY INTO HIS 20S THEN, EKING OUT A FEW DOLLARS A WEEK AS A LOBSTERMAN IN A DESOLATE FISHING VILLAGE IN NORTHERN SOMALIA.

One day, standing on the naked beach, staring at the Indian Ocean and the inky horizon beyond, he made out the distant shapes of vessels he had never seen in all the years he and the other men in his family had plied the seas for fish. *Invaders*, he thought—and he was right.

It was the early 1990s, the start of Somalia's two-decades-long-and-counting civil war, and the ships that had appeared out of nowhere were fishing trawlers from faraway countries: France, Spain, South Korea, Indonesia. They had trained crews, expansive nets and modern radar equipment, and they systematically began to run the locals out of business. "They fished everything—shark, lobsters, eggs," Eid recalled. "They collided with our boats. They came with giant nets and swept everything out of the sea."

With Somalia's police force and coast guard swallowed up in conflict, it was open season along Africa's longest coastline. International environmental groups estimate that unlicensed trawlers sucked hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of tuna, mackerel and other prized catches out of the Somali sea. Experts also believe foreign companies illegally dumped huge amounts of toxic waste in drums that later washed ashore when ripples of the 2004 Asian tsunami reached the eastern tip of Africa. About seven years earlier Eid had seen a large number of dead, seemingly poisoned lobsters appear on the beach in the town of Garacad, littering the sand like big seashells. "Ladies just walked onto the beach and picked them up," he told me in April. When he put one in a freezer, the shell turned to rubber.

Somalia's waters were a colossal crime scene, and to hear Eid tell it, no one was around to take action but the Somalis themselves. "Our community took a meeting, and we decided to fight against the foreigners," he said. This was his simple explanation for why hundreds of impoverished men like him launched one of the greatest and most improbable crime waves of modern times: They became pirates.

By sheer force of desperation and daring, the pirates of Somalia have turned the treacherous waters of the Indian Ocean into their personal criminal playground. Starting as a vigilante coast guard and morphing into a ruthless mafia at sea, they have captured scores of ships, pocketed tens of millions of dollars in ransoms and defied a fleet of warships sent by some of the most powerful navies in the world. At any given moment they're holding at least a dozen vessels and more than 200 crewmen hostage in the tiny nowhere ports of their homeland.

These pirates, however, are not who you think they are.

For every successful heist, every breathless report of a seized cargo ship or astronomical ransom, there are an untold number of failures. Engines sputter, skiffs capsize, men become discouraged or drown. When I saw Eid I began to understand why. Thirty-eight years old, soft-spoken and sunken-cheeked, he invested and plotted and tried for four years—but never actually captured a ship. Last year he was arrested, not on the high seas, mid-heist, hero-style, but in a crummy guesthouse on Somalia's barren north coast, where he was planning a hijacking. Inside the bleak desert prison where he and four co-conspirators are serving 15-year sentences, he walked with a distinctly unimpressive shuffle. He wore a fraying mesh T-shirt that was at least one size too big, and his bony arms seemed to swim in the sleeves. He looked almost like a teenager, not the father of two.

We met about two weeks after a group of pirates seized the captain of an American cargo ship, the *Maersk Alabama*, and held him hostage for five days in a lifeboat hundreds of miles off the Somali coast. The standoff ended when U.S. Navy snipers, perched on a destroyer floating 30 yards away, picked off three of the pirates simultaneously and hauled away the fourth to face trial in the United States. Eid, locked inside his bare brick cell, had heard few details of the year's most dramatic pirate failure, but he seemed indifferent. Falling short, even spectacularly, was part of the job. His view was typical of Somalis: *What else do you expect starving men in a dead-end country to do?*

"If 20 pirate groups go to sea, one will succeed," Eid said. "Nineteen may fail, but they'll keep trying. They have all the equipment and support they need."

## PIRACY CAN THRIVE IN TODAY'S SOMALIA. THE ONLY LAW HERE IS THE LAW OF THE GUN.



A big part of the fascination with men like Eid is the word itself: *pirate*. It belongs to another era, before strong governments, advanced navies and international law enforcement. This is why piracy can thrive in today's Somalia. The only law here is the law of the gun.

Somalia is the big crooked elbow at the eastern edge of Africa that juts into the Indian Ocean. On a continent carved up haphazardly by colonial powers, the country is remarkably homogeneous: Its people are of the same ethnicity, speak the same language and observe the same religion, Sunni Islam. But their fatal fault line is clan. The roughly 10 million Somalis divide themselves into a Byzantine array of clans and subclans, differences that have made them both incapable of



Farah Ismail Eid (right) is a typical pirate. He failed miserably and was arrested. Pirates attack from skiffs (top left) with second-rate weapons (bottom left). Jurgen Kantner (top right) was a lucky victim: He lived. One of the sailors on another yacht (bottom right) was killed.



governing themselves and deeply suspicious of outsiders. The country hasn't had a functioning central government since 1991, when a coup toppled General Mohamed Siad Barre, an iron-fisted nationalist who ruled for two decades. Since then the country has been one vast conflict zone, fought over by an endless succession of warlords and militias who have reduced cities and towns to bullet-chewed shells.

In 1993 a U.S.-led international relief mission fell apart after militiamen shot down two Army Black Hawk helicopters over the seaside capital, Mogadishu. Eighteen servicemen were killed, and hordes of gun-toting young Somalis poured out in T-shirts and plastic flip-flops to drag the American bodies through the sandy streets. The incident, which journalist Mark Bowden meticulously captured in *Black Hawk Down*, was Bill Clinton's first major foreign-policy blunder as president, and it haunted his administration for years. The Pentagon remains chastened by the experience; it was the last time the U.S. military put boots on Somali soil.

Today Somalia has a government in name—the 15th attempt at one since 1991—but it controls only a few buildings in Mogadishu and is under constant fire from Islamist militias. The militias, some of which claim fidelity to Al Qaeda, are the real authority; even United Nations relief trucks pay them protection money. One in five Somalis has fled to another country, and any foreigner who steps foot in Mogadishu these days risks almost certain kidnapping—or worse. On my last visit, in late 2007, the UN relief mission I traveled with wouldn't enter the city limits. We had just a few hours on the ground and were escorted everywhere by our own mini-militia—a dozen-odd young Somalis with AK-47s who rode ahead of us in the beds of Toyota trucks that bounded wildly along the cratered tarmac. We called our protectors the “blue shirts,” though many of them looked as though they could have been in high school.

Compared with the dystopian hell of Mogadishu in the south, northern Somalia remained quiet for years. After the coup the fishermen of Puntland, the semi-autonomous region that forms Somalia's northeastern tip, fished the waters as they always had, setting off with nets in tiny fiberglass boats and returning in the evenings to villages perched atop some of the most pristine beaches in Africa. For a while you might even have called the place pleasant. I was surefire kidnapping bait in Mogadishu, but just two years earlier I had flown on a commercial jet directly into Bossasso, a ramshackle port in northern Puntland. For a week I rode around town without

a security detail, wandered through the markets and sat in restaurants to devour plates of grilled fish with lemon, all with minimal fear of ending up in the trunk of someone's car.

The calm on the surface, however, masked a culture of criminality that has reached full flower with piracy. Bossasso's simple concrete storefronts are notorious for gunrunning and counterfeiting, and the remote beaches on its outskirts have long been the base of one of the most dangerous human trafficking operations in the world. Last year more than a thousand Africans drowned trying to cross the Gulf of Aden to reach Yemen, aiming for better lives in the Middle East. The passage is horrific: Smugglers cram migrants by the score into fishing boats for a blood-boiling 30-hour journey, and when the waters get rough they routinely toss some passengers overboard into shark-infested seas.

Many of those same boats, Somalis say, are now being used for piracy, and Puntland too is all but off-limits to foreigners. I floated the idea of traveling there earlier this year to Ahmedou Ould-Abdallah, the UN special envoy to Somalia, whose offices—like those of every diplomatic mission and relief agency that works on Somalia—are housed outside the country in Nairobi, the capital of neighboring Kenya. Unfailingly solicitous, the veteran diplomat turned cold when I brought up Puntland. “I'd advise you not to consider that,” he said. “I'd prefer you to stay alive.”



It was in Bossasso that Eid got his start as a pirate. For years he continued to trawl for lobsters for a small commercial fishing company, eventually saving up to buy three boats of his own. But catches rarely seemed to come. In 2005, living in a one-room shack with his wife and two children, he decided he could no longer stomach the sight of fishermen like him, men he knew, coming home with big ransoms. He traveled to Bossasso and traded in his fishing equipment and some savings for pirate gear: a couple of Kalashnikov rifles and rocket launchers. He rounded up five other fishermen, and they made a plan to set off in one of his boats to capture a ship. “In Puntland,” he said, “it doesn't take long to organize.”

Bruno Schiemsy, former head of a United Nations panel that investigated illegal weapons flows in Somalia, believes men like Eid are merely the foot soldiers for vast, transnational crime networks run by Somali businessmen who live abroad, in places like Europe and the Persian Gulf, while overseeing shady dealings back home. “Those (continued on page 58)



*"It can get rather boring on a planet populated by nothing but little green men."*



Jennifer Lynn—MARYLAND

## The East Coast's best student bodies

**T**he Atlantic Coast Conference is looking great as of late. The ACC pilfered the power football schools from the Big East (Boston College, Miami, Virginia Tech) a few years ago, North Carolina won the NCAA basketball tourney in April, and Miami became our top party school in May. And then there's the current crop of stunning students. "Man, I love college," musician Asher Roth raps on his single, capturing today's campus zeitgeist. "Do I really have to graduate, or can I just stay here the rest of my life?" Well, you do have to grow up, but you can always come back to PLAYBOY every fall and relive those salad days you spent on campus.

**Jennifer Lynn has quite the tail feather. She's a competitive person, especially in flag football. How about two-hand touch? Having earned a criminology degree, Stephanie Christine is now in law school. She enjoys tennis, travel and penguins. Clearly she's well-rounded.**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
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# GIRLS OF THE ACC





Stephanie Christine—NORTH CAROLINA



Alexandra Ford—MIAMI



Alyssa Omlie—VIRGINIA TECH



Shayne Devereux—GEORGIA TECH

Here are some crib notes on how to approach these college girls in the library: If you want to strike up a conversation with marine science major Alexandra Ford, you must love manatees. She says of attending our top party school, "Our motto is, Work hard, play harder. You only live once!" Shayne Devereux doesn't look crunchy but hopes to become an environmental lawyer; she believes in going green and a guy who does the same. "If you take care of yourself, then I know you can take care of me," she says. Alyssa Omlie aims to become a sportscaster. Look out, Erin Andrews! You need to like football and the outdoors if you want to hang with Alyssa. Sydnee Stone grew up in a small conservative town in the Bible Belt. Now this Tiger has ditched the Belt, along with her dress and bra. If you are lucky enough to take Candice Maria on a date, bring her to a Dixie joint with a mechanical bull. "It's all about the thighs and arching your back," she says. An example is to the right. And talk about figures—Shayna Taylor, an accounting major, tells us she's really into calculators. Seriously.





Sydnee Stone—CLEMSON



Candice Maria—DUKE



Shayna Taylor—FLORIDA STATE



Connie Du—MARYLAND



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Carson  
WAKE FOREST

"My best feature is my ability to see the bright side of every situation," says business major Connie Du. "Oh, or my calves." Noël Simone had to quit cheerleading for the Terrapins because she was too busy with school—minus one point for Maryland. Her family is from Nigeria; they came to America for school and made it their home. Nigeria O, America! Carson digs theme parties. Judging by her shirt, she just got back from a *Wizard of Oz* soiree and is in the process of shedding her Dorothy costume. Mya Matthews demurely tells us she was a nerd before going to college. Clemson should put her before and after shots in its brochure. Ashley Smith took the words out of our mouth: "I have a sweet Georgia peach of a bum." Sorority girl Jenna Arianna is a linguist who eschews Greek for Latin. It's always better to communicate in a Romance language. Ashley Nicole is a public relations major who has a great image.







Ashley Smith—GEORGIA TECH



Jenna Arianna—VIRGINIA



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Ashley Nicole—NORTH CAROLINA STATE

# Pirates

(continued from page 50)

are the real pirates,” Schiemy told me. That big money is splashing around Puntland is apparent in New Bossasso, a collection of custom villas on the city’s outskirts that looks like a shabby, dust-colored American suburb, a low-rent Orange County of the desert.

Thanks to these silent backers, the pirates are equipped with automatic rifles and fleets of motorized skiffs. Most have GPS-ready satellite phones with spare batteries and money-counting machines not unlike those at your local bank. The best-funded pirates use mother ships—usually other seized vessels—to direct attacks and resupply men after long, blazing-hot days at sea. There are pirate trainers, including many former Somali naval and marine officers, who lost their jobs after the government collapsed. In the largest groups, anywhere from 50 to 100 men—from the trainers down to the cooks—staff a single heist, and payment is merit based: The more days you work and the more dangerous your job, the bigger your share of the ransom.

“They have a good communications system, and no one can walk into a ship and order a captain around without knowing something about navigation,” said Twalib Khamis, a senior official at the Kenyan port of Mombasa. It was a warm day in April, and we were sitting in Khamis’s tidy air-conditioned office overlooking the port, the biggest in East Africa. In the first six months of 2009 pirates attacked more than 140 ships, more than the previous year’s total. Shipping costs in the Indian Ocean have soared, and Khamis said traffic at the port was beginning to suffer.

In 1990 Khamis was a young chief officer aboard the *Kota Ratna*, a Singaporean container ship. In those days Southeast Asia was the world’s major piracy hot spot—especially the Strait of Malacca, the narrow waterway that separates Malaysia from Indonesia, where pirates could rob ships and swiftly return to shore. The *Kota Ratna* was steaming through the strait toward Singapore harbor when Khamis, from inside his cabin, heard a scuffle on deck. Half a dozen men armed with knives and machetes had boarded the ship and tied up the captain. After a long, nerve-racking hour, the bandits made off with radios, walkie-talkies and big handfuls of the crew’s cash and belongings.

Thinking back on those knife-wielding thugs, Khamis, now 50, described the Somali pirates in awe-struck terms. Days earlier, pirates had attacked a vessel off the Seychelles, an archipelago nation 1,000 miles east of the Somali shore. “How they get there, I don’t know,” he said, staring out his window at a silent harbor. “They’re becoming more daring every day.”

Daring, yes—but not always success-

ful. When Eid and his men set off one day in late 2005, they thought they were prepared. The plan was to identify a target, pull up alongside it and prop their metal ladder against the hull of the ship. One of the men would climb onto the deck while the others trained their weapons on the crew, giving him cover. Once the pirate had boarded, they’d toss him his weapon and clamber aboard after him. They even got their hands on some secondhand camouflage outfits just to look official.

But when they got about 100 miles out into the water, the problems began. Eid’s motor might have been serviceable for fishing, but it was too weak to catch up to ships cruising in the open sea at 20 to 30 knots. “We saw some, but we couldn’t get to them,” he said. They bobbed along for five fruitless days before heading back to shore.

Eid went back to Bossasso and found a stronger engine, a used German model imported via Dubai. The following year the group set off again, and this time they managed to pull up alongside an empty cargo ship. As they tried to hoist the nine-foot ladder, some of the crew members locked eyes with them from the deck. They must have been a strange sight, this collection of skinny men in camouflage, brandishing their rusting guns. In the dim evening light Eid could make out the crew’s faces clearly. “They were white people,” he said.

This time, however, the team couldn’t get the heavy ladder in position. The choppy waters tossed them around for what felt like several minutes until finally the ship steamed out of reach. Then the would-be pirates had bigger troubles. Eid’s vaunted new engine cut out suddenly, and they found themselves stranded in the middle of the ocean. They floated in the sea for two days and two nights. They were out of water, out of food and—because Eid couldn’t afford a satellite phone—completely out of touch. “I thought we might die of hunger,” Eid said.

The waters in which the pirates operate run over the equator, and the sun is merciless year-round. Many have perished at sea. But miraculously for Eid, the wind picked up on the third day of the journey. They were able to raise a sail and maneuver back to shore. When they reached dry land, Eid said a prayer of thanks. That was the end of the line for his luckless pirate gang. They disbanded, and Eid struck off on his own.



For all the investment, piracy remains a decidedly ad hoc operation—only as sophisticated as the poor, illiterate men who do the work. Not all the money is well spent. One morning earlier this year in Harardheere, a notorious pirate den, an unusual shipment arrived by road from

one of Puntland’s main towns. Ali Abdinur Samo, a former member of the pirate group, told me the boxes contained used scuba gear, a jumble of ratty-looking rubber tubes and scratched-up masks—but no oxygen tanks. A trainer showed the men how to fit the masks over their heads, but the tubes dangled uselessly at their sides.

“They didn’t work without tanks,” Samo said when we met in Nairobi earlier this year. “So no one used them.”

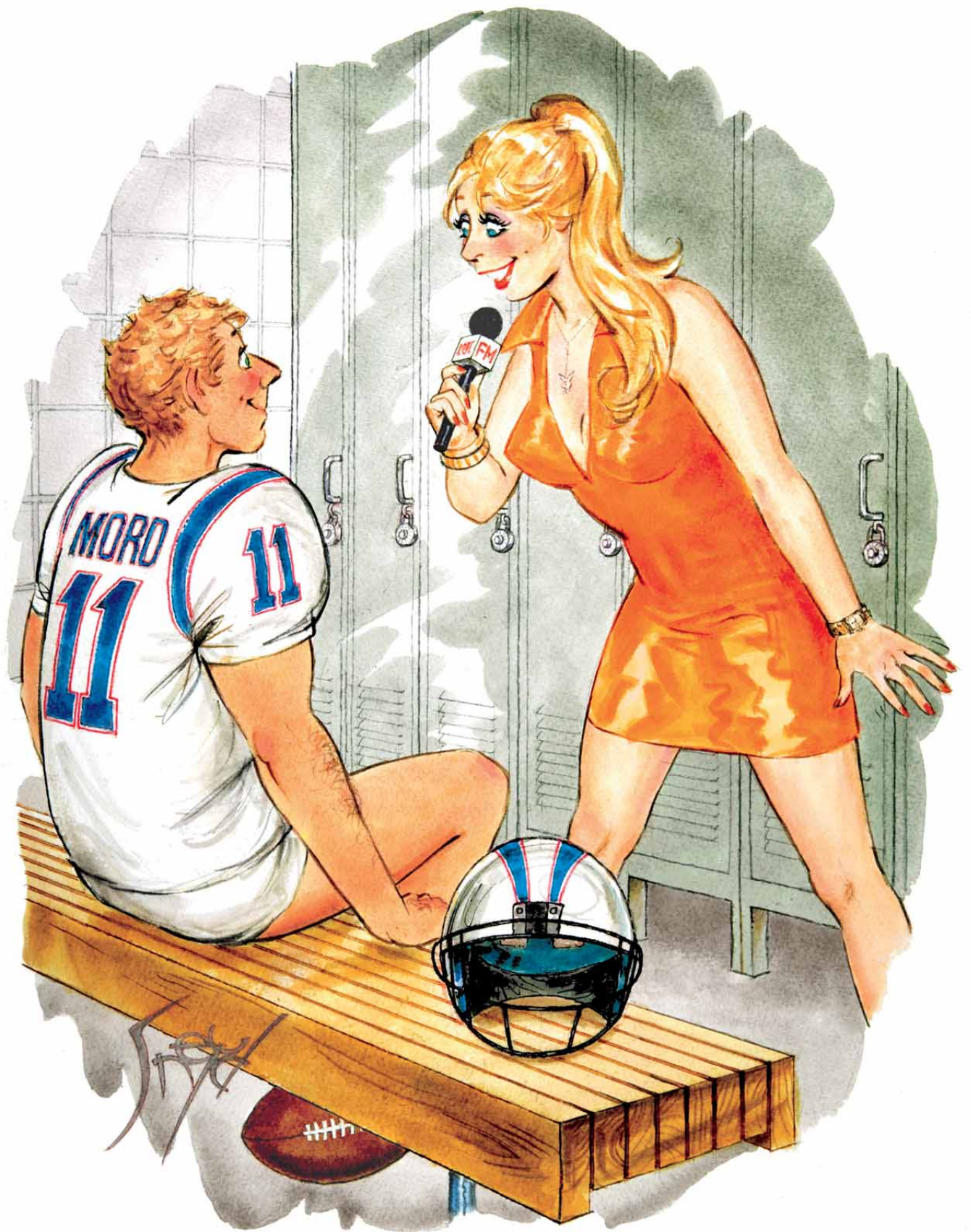
Samo is a slight man whose neatly trimmed goatee fringed a constant scowl. He said he was 26, but he looked much older; lines creased his brow and his close-cropped hair was flecked with gray. As we sat in a shopping mall cafe in Eastleigh, an immigrant enclave of teeming apartment blocks and raucous traffic circles, Samo explained how he had been recruited into piracy last fall. He was working at the port of Bossasso, hauling sacks of grain and beans under a searing sun for a few dollars a day, when a fisherman he knew spotted him. “My friend said, ‘Why are you doing this hard work for such little money?’” Samo recalled. There was easier money to be had.

The fisherman brought Samo to one of Puntland’s largest pirate groups, which called itself the Central Regional Coast Guard. He looked like he could swim, so he was handed an old AK-47 and appointed to a team guarding hostages aboard the pirates’ biggest haul of the year: the *Sirius Star*, a Saudi Arabian oil tanker laden with 2 million barrels of crude, or roughly one quarter of all the oil the kingdom produces in one day. In January the ship was freed for a ransom that Kenyan maritime experts estimated at \$3 million. The U.S. Navy released a photograph that showed a large crate, apparently carrying the money, dropping toward the tanker by parachute.

From his post in a speedboat alongside the ship, Samo watched the crate fall harmlessly into the ocean. “We didn’t know if there were explosives inside,” he said. Two of the group’s most experienced pirates went to retrieve it in case it was rigged. It wasn’t. That was an eye-popping payday; Samo walked off with \$80,000. A loader in Bossasso would have to work more than 60 years to earn that kind of cash. “I was amazed it happened,” he said. “I realized that this was real.”

In a few months as a pirate, Samo said, he pocketed about \$116,000. He returned to Bossasso to propose to the young woman who had borne his first child. Their wedding ceremony cost about \$5,000 and was everything his parents could have hoped for—goats slaughtered, a line of sand-spattered Toyotas in the procession, relatives trooping in from faraway villages. He bought two houses for his family and gave most of the cash that remained to his father. “If you have

(continued on page 112)



*"Something just came up, folks. I'll get right on it. More at 11."*



# **BAD TO THE BONE**

**PUMPED FULL OF HORSE  
TESTOSTERONE, "RAT TURDS,"  
VODKA AND NICOTINE, THE  
OAKLAND RAIDERS OF THE 1970S  
WERE THE HELLS ANGELS OF  
FOOTBALL. AN UNCENSORED  
ORAL HISTORY OF THE MEANEST,  
DIRTIEST, CHEATINGEST TEAM  
EVER TO WIN THE SUPER BOWL.**

**BY  
KEVIN COOK**

*They were football's Klingons, a rowdy, hairy bunch who played hard and sometimes dirty. They lived the same way. Their boss was and still is Al Davis, a sly New Yorker the rest of the league hated. Their coach was a former offensive tackle who threw hair-pulling tantrums on the sidelines. Originally named the Oakland Señors in a newspaper contest—rigged, of course—the team traded its sombrero logo for one of a helmeted pirate and became the most feared, loathed and envied team in sports.*

**DAVE NEWHOUSE**, columnist and reporter, *The Oakland Tribune*: I started in 1964, the year after Al Davis got there. Even then there was an atmosphere of paranoia, a feeling that the league was out to get the Raiders. That helped them; they were the renegade team. I mean, who else could even match their nicknames—Dr. Death, the Assassin, the Snake, Ghost, the Mad Stork? Police cars would line up

going to shave, aren't you?" So I found some clippers the trainer used to shave our ankles before he taped them—not the most sanitary clippers. I used them to shave everything but my handlebar mustache.

**JIM OTTO**, center, 1960–1974: Ben thought quarterbacks wore skirts. He got a bad rap for being a dirty player, mainly for breaking Joe Namath's jaw. We prided ourselves on hitting harder than anybody, even after the whistle.

*Coach John Madden gave the players game-day schedules. In the spot reserved for the kickoff were four words: "We go to war." Other teams wore sports coats on the road, but the Raiders sported jeans, leather jackets—whatever the players wanted.*

**NEWHOUSE**: They were the first NFL team with no dress code for road games. They hung out together, drank with fans, drank with reporters, and

but the Raiders way had already been set. My rookie year I looked up and there was a sign on the wall: RAIDER RULES. Rule number one was "Cheating is encouraged." Rule number two was "See rule number one."

**OTTO**: Madden's second year, 1970, was historic. The AFL and NFL merged. We went 8–4–2, which would have been 5–9 without George Blanda's magic.

**GEORGE BLANDA**, kicker and quarterback, 1967–1975: It wasn't magic. Daryle Lamonica got hurt, and I went in.

*The crusty Blanda was 43 years old. He had broken in with the 1949 Chicago Bears, playing behind Sid Luckman. When quarterback Lamonica went down in 1970, backup Blanda went into the huddle. "Shut the hell up," he said. "We're going to kick their ass." Davidson speared Chiefs quarterback Len Dawson after the play was over, triggering an on-field brawl. Blanda then kicked a 48-yard field goal to salvage a tie.*



**Opposite page: Raiders center Jim Otto in the early 1970s. Otto required so many surgeries on his right knee that doctors eventually decided to amputate all of the leg beneath it. "I understood the risks when I played," says Otto. "It was worth it." Left: Coach John Madden after Super Bowl XI—Raiders 32, Vikings 14. Above: Otto Sistrunk sacking Fran Tarkenton in that same game.**



after practice, waiting for the players just in case a war broke out.

**BEN DAVIDSON**, defensive end, 1964–1971: In the first football game I ever played, in junior college, a guy clipped my legs and I thought, Man, I could've gotten hurt. I reached into his helmet and felt his eye. And I gouged it. He screamed and ran off the field. I thought, Here's the game for me.

**NEWHOUSE**: Davidson helped set the style with his big menacing mustache.

**DAVIDSON**: I showed up at camp in 1965 with a full beard. In those days a beard equaled hippie equaled communist. To his credit Al Davis didn't say "Shave that." He asked "You're

on Sunday they'd beat people up. And they weren't just mean; they were great football players. Otto, George Blanda, Gene Upshaw, Art Shell, Ted Hendricks, Willie Brown, Fred Biletnikoff, Dave Casper and coach Madden—they all went to the Hall of Fame. This was a once-in-a-century sports franchise.

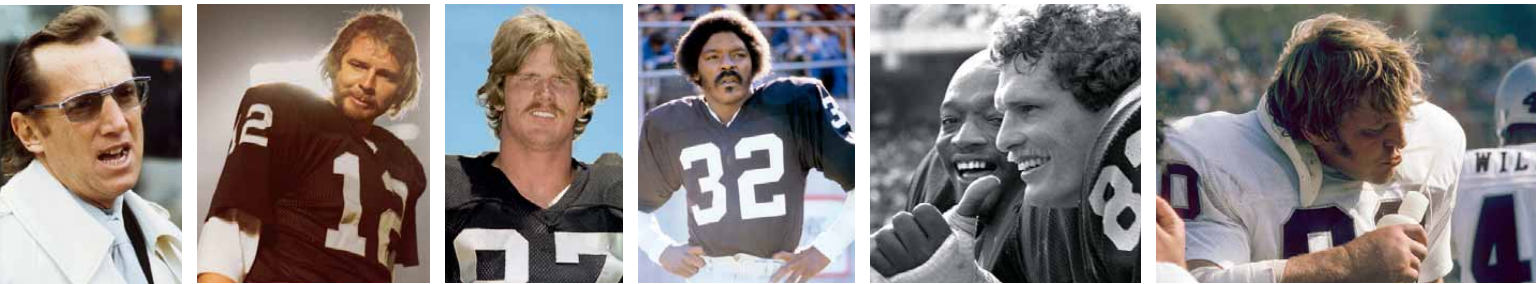
**MATT MILLEN**, linebacker, 1980–1988: It all goes back to Al Davis and John Madden. People who see John as the video-game guy don't know what a great coach he was. John wanted a big offensive line and a strong running game with a halfback who would block—tough, straight-ahead football. Al fostered an us-vs.-them attitude. I came along later,

*He won the next game with a 52-yarder, then won the next two with a last-gasp touchdown pass and another field goal.*

**BLANDA**: Quarterbacks called their own plays in those days. I'd call a pass to a guy I knew could get open: Fred Biletnikoff. People say Biletnikoff wasn't fast. Bullshit. Fred was no burner, but he had great ability to fake and get a defender's feet crossed. Quick's better than fast in football.

**KEN "THE SNAKE" STABLER**, quarterback, 1968–1979: Fred was intense. He'd chew his fingernails and smoke a pack of cigarettes before a game. And he kept sticking all over his hands, which was legal then. I'd tell the center, "If Biletnikoff

## MURDERERS' ROW



**Top row from left: team owner Al Davis in 1974; hard-drinking QB Ken “the Snake” Stabler; wide receiver Dave Casper; Jack Tatum, one of the most legendary hitters in NFL history; Ted “Kick ‘Em in the Head” Hendricks (foreground); Jim Otto in 1972. Bottom row from left: lineman John Matuszak, who later posed for *Playgirl* and played Sloth in the movie *The Goonies*; defensive lineman Otis Sistrunk; Fred Biletnikoff, one of the greatest wide receivers of all time; the team outside the Bamboo Room, a favorite after-practice bar.**

catches a pass, ask the official for a new ball.” You don’t want to throw a ball with that goo on it. Freddy was sneaky fast—if the DB sat on him, we’d beat ‘em deep.

**TOM FLORES**, assistant coach, 1972–1979; head coach, 1979–1987: In the early 1970s our quarterback Daryle Lamonica beat man-to-man coverage with deep passes and in-routes. But then the defenses all started playing zone, and Snake Stabler was better against that. Kenny’s arm wasn’t that strong, but he was much more flexible as a thrower and a leader, with a quick delivery. He could beat you deep or dink three short ones in a row.

**MILLEN**: A major part of every team’s character had to do with the quarterback’s guts. Back then you had to practically maim the passer to get called for roughing. So the question was, How much beating could your QB take and still deliver? John Unitas had that toughness. Blanda had it. Snake too. You could knock the piss out of him and he’d come right back.

**STABLER**: We got Cliff Branch in 1972, and Cliff could outrun the cars in the parking lot. Now I had him on one side and Freddy on the other.

**FLORES**: When we got Branch I told Snake, “Just fling it as hard as you can; Cliff will run under it.” And he’d throw so hard he spun around like a discus thrower. What a competitor! Snake would come off the field with snot running out of his nose and down his

beard, with that look in his eye—like he would not tolerate losing.

**NEWHOUSE**: A lot of that Raiders attitude goes back to Jim Otto, who loved the blood and guts—a true warrior. One time Otto tore five ligaments in his leg on one play. They flew him to Los Angeles for surgery. We heard he was out for the year, except he sneaked out of the hospital, flew back to Oakland, drove his little Volkswagen Bug to practice and limped to the field. Madden threw a fit. “Get out of here!” Jim’s leg was black. He said, “Let me practice. If I can’t do the job, I’ll leave.” He played the whole season and made the Pro Bowl.

**OTTO**: I’m not a complainer. You don’t want to be a burden to the team, so you endure.

**DAVIDSON**: We used to say, “Welcome to Oakland, home of the Hells Angels, Black Panthers and Oakland Raiders—sometimes all three in the same person.”

**PHIL VILLAPIANO**, linebacker, 1971–1979: Madden treated us like men, and he knew we’d run through a wall for him. His rules were “Practice hard, be on time and play your butt off on Sunday.”

**OTTO**: He got so worked up during games, pulling his hair and yelling, turning bright red. We called him Pinky behind his back.

**DAVIDSON**: John had some unusual sayings.

**JOHN MADDEN**, head coach, 1969–1978: *Don’t worry about the blind mule; just load the wagon.*

**DAVIDSON**: Nobody was sure what he meant by that. We were full of strange dichotomies—thinkers and shouters, craziness and discipline.

**GEORGE CARLIN**, comic and Raiders fan: *I root for the Oakland Raiders because they hire castoffs, outlaws, malcontents and fuck-ups, because they have lots of penalties, fights and paybacks, and because Al Davis told the rest of the pig NFL owners to go get fucked.*

**VILLAPIANO**: It was geared toward winning, and that came right down from Al Davis. You do what it takes. Al may not have bugged the other team’s locker room, but they thought he did. Oakland has great weather, but the grounds crew would turn our field into a swamp and we’d come out in long cleats. If the Steelers won the flip, we’d start the game with a football that was half out of air. Al would slide up

*(continued on page 122)*



**Quarterback Ken Stabler scores again!**

# 2009 NFL PREVIEW

THE TOP 10 STORY LINES THAT WILL SHAPE A SEASON TO REMEMBER

BY RICK GOSSELIN

**SPORTS ARE ABOUT STORIES. THE HUMAN DRAMA, THE MAKING OF HEROES AND GOATS ON A PUBLIC STAGE BEFORE MILLIONS—THAT'S WHAT MAKES US TUNE IN.**

We think of it as theater played out in real time, the greatest reality-TV show on earth. So what are the story lines for this NFL season? To name a few: (1) **Brady is back...**and so are the Patriots. When Tom Brady was carted off with a knee injury in the 2008 season opener, the Patriots' hopes of capturing a sixth consecutive AFC East title left the field with him. Despite winning 11 games with a backup, New England missed the playoffs for the first time since 2002. Now Brady is back, and so is the swagger. The Patriots have won 24 of their last 26 games with Brady taking snaps. This season he'll be aiming to join Hall of Famers Terry Bradshaw and Joe Montana as the only quarterbacks to win four Super Bowls. (2) **One-year wonders.** The Atlanta Falcons have never posted back-to-back winning seasons in their 43-year history. The Arizona Cardinals haven't done it in 25 years. The Cardinals are the defending NFC champions, and the Falcons are 11-game winners. Arizona needs to keep an old quarterback (Kurt Warner) healthy, and Atlanta needs to continue the development of a young one (Matt Ryan). Our prediction? See below; we're picking both to win divisions. (3) **Drafting arms.** Chicago has tried and failed to draft a championship quarterback, using first-round picks over the years on Jim Harbaugh, Cade McNown and Rex Grossman. This season the Bears will try to win a Super Bowl with another team's

first-rounder—Jay Cutler, acquired from Denver. (4) **Cold hands.** Terrell Owens has caught TD passes from a procession of Pro Bowl quarterbacks: Steve Young, Jeff Garcia, Donovan McNabb and Tony Romo. He also has inconsistent hands. His 93 dropped passes this decade are tops in the NFL. Having been banished to Buffalo in 2009,



Owens will be colder, the footballs will be harder—and the task of catching passes will be compounded by severe snow and wind and an inexperienced QB. T.O.'s reality show will get more attention than his action

on the field this season. (5) **Arrow pointing up:** the Houston Texans. (6) **Arrow pointing down:** the Carolina Panthers. (7) **Lions in hibernation.** Compared with the Lions, the auto industry is thriving in Detroit. The Lions became the first NFL team to finish a season 0–16 in 2008. Can a new coach (Jim Schwartz) and a new quarterback (Matthew Stafford) make a difference? (8) **Lords of the rings.** The NFL loses Super Bowl championship coaches Tony Dungy, Jon Gruden, Mike Holmgren and Mike Shanahan from the sidelines in 2009. They leave behind giant shoes to fill for Jim Caldwell (Colts), Raheem Morris (Bucs), Jim Mora (Seahawks) and Josh McDaniels (Broncos). The 11 coaching changes in 2009 tie an NFL record. (9) **Money matters.** If the NFL can't reach an agreement on a contract extension with the Players Association this fall, there will be no salary cap in 2010. That means no ceiling (\$128 million in 2009) on what a team can spend on talent—but also no floor (\$108 million in 2009). This will completely change the dynamics of the NFL. Parity will disintegrate and a caste system of the haves and have-nots will evolve, as it has in baseball. The Cowboys could become the New York Yankees and the Buffalo Bills could become the Pittsburgh Pirates. (10) **The class of rookies.** As always it's a thrill to see how the heroes of the college game will fare in the NFL. We have the aforementioned Stafford, who should start at QB in Detroit; receiver Hakeem Nicks, who'll take over for Plaxico Burress in the Giants offense; and defensive phenoms Aaron Curry (Seahawks) and B.J. Raji (Packers). You have to pull for the young guns, the future of the game.

## AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE



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**NEW ENGLAND**  
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**INDIANAPOLIS**  
**NEW ENGLAND**




Can Brady take home his fourth Super Bowl ring?

**NFC EAST**  
**NFC NORTH**  
**NFC SOUTH**  
**NFC WEST**  
**WILD CARDS**  
**CHAMPION**

**NY GIANTS**  
**CHICAGO**  
**ATLANTA**  
**ARIZONA**  
**PHILADELPHIA**  
**NEW ORLEANS**  
**NY GIANTS**

**SUPER BOWL CHAMPION: NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS**



# ANDY RICHTER \* \* \* GROWS UP

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL




**SIDEKICK IS NO ONE'S FIRST CHOICE FOR A CAREER, ESPECIALLY A COMIC GENIUS LIKE RICHTER. BUT AFTER NINE YEARS ON HIS OWN, HE'S BACK BY CONAN'S SIDE...AND DAMN HAPPY TO BE THERE**



Andy Richter is standing at the summit of Mount Hollywood, looking out at the vast Los Angeles basin. Despite his doughy exterior—or maybe because of it—Richter loves to hike the trails in the Hollywood Hills. And he knows the area well. The view is spectacular from up here, the city laid out before him in an amazing panorama. He takes a deep breath, admiring the view. Then he unzips his pants and starts to take a leak.

“From a distance this town can be quite beautiful,” Richter says as he pisses over a nearby ledge. I can’t tell if he’s being ironic. His urine stream is aimed squarely at the Hollywood skyline, which may be symbolic of something—maybe his feelings about the industry and how it has treated him over the years. Or it could be just a coincidence. Probably the latter.

Richter is trying to explain his role on the new *Tonight Show*, which Conan O’Brien took over as host in June. Not surprisingly, he’s having difficulty explaining exactly what he does. “I’m an announcer-y, sidekick-y cast-member kind of thing,” he says. “I don’t know how else to describe it. It’s a fucking talk show, and he’s the host, and he talks



to me, and I talk to him, and I do comedy bits. I’m kind of there to lighten the load. Otherwise it’d be all about Conan, and *nobody* wants to see that.”

You can’t blame Richter for being uncomfortable about the word *sidekick*; it has too many negative connotations. Everybody knows *sidekick* is just a polite way of saying “second banana.” The sidekick isn’t the star. The sidekick stands in the shadows, clapping like a monkey and laughing at the host’s jokes. The sidekick is always Robin, never Batman; Tonto, never the Lone Ranger; Chewbacca, never the Leia-banging Han Solo. Sidekicks don’t get the respect they deserve. Frodo got all the credit for saving Middle Earth in *Lord of the Rings*, but his hobbit sidekick Sam did all the heavy lifting.

Talk-show sidekicks have an especially difficult road, often stuck in that frustrating limbo between semicelebrity and wingman anonymity. Ed McMahon spent 30 years on *The Tonight Show*, and his sole claim to fame was being an appreciative audience for Johnny Carson. Does anybody really want his or her legacy to be a throaty chuckle? Before McMahon, Peggy Cass served as Jack Paar’s frequent sidekick on the show, almost







FROM LEFT: RICHTER FIRST GAINED FAME AS THE SIDEKICK ON LATE NIGHT WITH CONAN O'BRIEN IN 1993; SEVEN YEARS LATER HE STRUCK OUT ON HIS OWN. HIS FIRST SITCOM, *ANDY RICHTER CONTROLS THE UNIVERSE* (2002), WAS LOVED BY CRITICS BUT ULTIMATELY DIDN'T CONTROL THE RATINGS; IT LASTED TWO SEASONS BUT STILL HAS A LOYAL CULT FOLLOWING. HIS NEXT SHOW, *QUINTUPLETS* (2004), AIRED FOR 22 FORGETTABLE EPISODES ON FOX. IT WAS FOLLOWED BY THE UNDERRATED AND INVENTIVE *ANDY BARKER, P.I.* (2007), CO-CREATED BY O'BRIEN, WHICH RAN ON NBC FOR A TOO-SHORT SIX WEEKS.

eclipsing her career as an Oscar-nominated actress and game-show mainstay. Regis Philbin is one of the few who managed to cast off his sidekick shackles—in his case, a two-year run on *The Joey Bishop Show* in the late 1960s. But he had to storm off the set in a snit during a broadcast before anybody took him seriously.

Richter is anything but remorseful about his return to late-night TV, even if he won't use the S word. "I've been shitting solid turds of relief ever since getting this job," he says. "Especially now in this economy, I'm just so fucking happy to have a regular job." That means returning to a post he technically retired from nine years ago and maybe eating a little humble pie. When news broke that he would be reuniting with Conan on *The Tonight Show*, one celebrity website ran the snarky headline *CONAN O'BRIEN REHIRS POOR, FAILED ANDY RICHTER*. Richter doesn't have a problem with that.

The past decade has been hit-or-miss for Richter. Since leaving *Late Night*—the talk show that launched

**"I DON'T HAVE ANY REGRETS," SAYS RICHTER. "WELL, GENERALLY I WISH I'D BEEN MORE PRODUCTIVE."**

him into stardom and on which he could still call himself a sidekick without wincing—in 2000, he hasn't had the best luck as a leading man. He starred in critically lauded but largely unwatched sitcoms such as *Andy Richter Controls the Universe* and *Andy Barker, P.I.*, as well as what-the-hell-was-he-thinking fare such as *Quintuplets*. He was also in the Olsen twins flop *New York Minute*. His fans adore him, though—the blogosphere is filled with frothing-at-the-mouth declarations of Richter's comedic brilliance—but apparently not enough to watch him on his own prime-time sitcom.

"I don't have any regrets," he says. "I'm disappointed

some of the sitcoms weren't more successful, but I wouldn't have done anything differently. Well, just generally I wish I'd been more productive. I should've tried to write more of my own material. Most of the things I've done, usually somebody else built it and said, 'Hey, come in here and help us run this ship.' I didn't do enough of it myself. I didn't design any big ideas from scratch, which I think was because of garden-variety insecurity and fear.

"I had a lot of ambitions when I left the show," he continues. "I wanted to do my own things and try something different. Now I feel, Okay, I gave all that a shot, and it was great, but I miss the smallness of doing a late-night show."

I point out that he's probably the first person ever to describe *The Tonight Show* as small.

"I don't mean small in terms of scope," he says. "I mean the immediacy of it. Anywhere else, if I have an idea, I have to go out into the world and try to sell it. But here, if I have an idea, I can put it on TV *tonight*."

When he finishes pissing we continue our hike until we come to another ledge. It's an unusually clear day for Los Angeles; the smog has been beaten down (at least temporarily) by rain, and we can see the entire city from the Valley to the coastline. Richter gives me a guided tour of his adopted hometown, pointing out various neighborhoods and providing bite-size factoids about them.

Silver Lake, he says, is filled with "fucking hipsters in their fucking fedoras, riding around on bikes without brakes." Hancock Park, where he lives with his wife and two kids, is "the second stop on the white-flight trail." He visits downtown L.A. frequently "because for some reason my children love all things Japanese." And don't forget Beverly Hills, which apparently is populated by "strange lizard creatures and creepy old women with huge, tight tits."

Ed McMahon—who died in late June, only a few weeks after Richter made his *Tonight Show* premiere—will be a shadow looming large over Richter. McMahon was his only real predecessor on *The Tonight Show* and the man whom, for better or worse, he will be compared with and judged against.

Richter is humble and complimentary—and almost apologetic—when McMahon's name comes up. "I definitely admire him," he says. "He was the ultimate big affable lout, and I'm certainly of that school. At least I hope I am. I've got people working day and night on it. He sort of imprinted himself on this job. I could only hope to leave as much of a mark as he did." *(concluded on page 111)*



*"Ja, the beer here is wunderbar...but personally I come here for the strudel."*



# VENUS

by

LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

ON THE

photography by

JAMES IMBROGNO

# HALF SHELL



# THE PLAYBOY GOURMAND HAS A DATE WITH DESTINY IN THE BIG EASY: HUNDREDS OF OYSTERS AWAIT

**P**acific Northwest oysters have their place, as do the delicate oysters of Maine. Japanese oysters—kumamotos—are among the best. And French oysters—belons, for example—are delectable. Every oyster is a unique reflection of the seabed in which it grows. To me, there's nothing better than Louisiana oysters. What they lack in delicacy they make up in vigor. They're usually big and salty and sweet. But it doesn't matter much how they vary from other oysters, because they all taste like the sea. And New Orleans is the place to go if you want to eat oysters.

At P&J Oyster 10 shuckers work from 4:45 A.M. till 11 A.M., opening 30,000 oysters a day. They stand at an elevated counter, slipping knives through shells with a rhythmic click. Or so I'm told. This being New Orleans, I arrive too late to see any shucking.

Only a couple of men remain, washing down the walls and floors.

Sal Sunseri, vice president of P&J, greets me in the company office on Toulouse Street, where he is finishing his day's work with his sister and nephew. His own office is filled with maps and various paraphernalia (hand-painted oyster shells, photos, toys). He's a fourth-generation oysterman, one of seven kids. Sal says he drank oyster juice out of a bottle as a baby, and if he got to where he is today because of his diet, he's a good argument for oysters. Nearly all the oyster bars and fine restaurants in New Orleans buy their bivalves from him. Leah Chase, legendary proprietor of Dooky Chase restaurant, says she has never in 65 years used an oyster from anyplace other than P&J.

New Orleans is the nation's oyster capital, and P&J is ground zero.

About half the fresh oysters Americans eat come through the Crescent City, and the lion's share of those are distributed by P&J, founded in 1876 by John Popich and Joseph Jurisich. Oyster farming in Louisiana has traditionally been the province of Croats, who raised oysters in the Adriatic.

Sal probably knows more about oysters than anybody else in the U.S. He tells me an oysterman can distinguish by taste or appearance between a Caminada Bay and a Pumpkin Bay oyster. He will also tell you oysters are good year-round, but it's in his interest to have everybody eat them every day. Oysters lose much of their sharp mineral flavor and become milky and undistinguished in warm weather. But with the arrival of cooler temperatures, they take on a lot more flavor.

Sal shows me around the shop. The walk-in cooler at P&J has burlap sacks

**OPEN FOR BUSINESS:** Ten shuckers work at P&J Oyster, opening more than 30,000 of the bivalves a day. It's hard work, but a good shucker can make a decent living in New Orleans. Louisiana oysters are robust but are still great on the half shell. That's Sal Sunseri at right with a sack of oysters.





**CASAMENTO'S** has been a New Orleans landmark since 1919. C.J. Gerdes has worked in his family's restaurant since he was a kid. Using a basic setup, he dredges oysters in corn flour and cooks them in lard. They're the best fried oysters in the world.

of oysters piled on pallets. It smells invigoratingly of the sea and of minerals. I'm ready for a dozen right there.

H.L. Mencken disapproved of frying oysters, claiming it destroyed the flavor. But Casamento's is a temple of oysterdom, and co-owner C.J. Gerdes makes the finest fried oysters in the world. Since the restaurant's founding, in 1919, its white clapboard front, classic neon sign and brisk white-tile interior have been an uptown landmark on Magazine Street. New Orleans has other oyster joints, of course. Bozo's in Metairie is worth a visit, and Drago's is famous for its garlicky char-grilled oysters. But nobody tops Casamento's. C.J. is a broad-shouldered 52-year-old who has worked in the family business since he was a teenager. He's the grandson of founder Joe Casamento, and he and his wife, Linda, run the place. When I go to visit C.J. on his birthday, he's wearing a sleeveless Under Armour shirt and a close-trimmed beard. His restaurant is closed for the summer, and C.J. is on vaca-

**"NO CIVILIZED MAN,  
SAVE PERHAPS IN  
MERE BRAVADO,  
WOULD VOLUNTARILY  
EAT A FRIED OYSTER."**

**—H.L. MENCKEN**

tion. We sit at a table and talk.

C.J. has fried millions of oysters in his day, all in cast-iron pots on an old six-top stove. He works with two shuckers, then dredges the oysters in corn flour. His secret is frying them in lard at a high temperature (450 degrees). He tells me he can judge the oil's heat by the way a pinch of corn flour spreads or how the oysters sound when they go into the pot. Such knowledge derives from experience. "I've had people tell me they tried to fry oysters at home," says C.J., "but most home stoves don't get hot enough. Even if you get the oil hot, it becomes too cool when the oysters go in." Not much has changed at the restaurant since the 1920s, and that's

one reason Casamento's is so extraordinary. It's a small place, and sometimes you have to wait to eat at one of the 12 tables. But it's always worth it.

There are two camps in New Orleans: those who prefer to eat oysters at Acme and those who prefer theirs across Iberville Street at Felix's. I am in the latter camp, primarily because Felix's has a better feel and a majestic marble oyster bar. Lee Harvey Oswald is said to have worked as a numbers runner out of there. Nothing is better than to stand at the rail at Felix's and have the shucker open a dozen—remember to tip him well—to accompany a cold Abita Amber.

And there's the matter of aphrodisiacs. Casanova, it is said, ate 50 oysters for breakfast whenever he had a chance. Maybe it's symbolic, maybe it's real. Some people will tell you oysters are high in zinc, and zinc is one of nature's most fertile nutrients. Who knows? But one thing is certain: Few things are more promising than a woman who has an appetite for oysters on the half shell.



### OYSTER STEW

- |                          |   |
|--------------------------|---|
| ¼ lb. good butter        | with liquid                               |
| 1 cup chopped onions     | 4 cups whole milk                         |
| 3 cloves garlic, chopped | salt                                      |
| 1 cup chopped celery     | white pepper                              |
| 1 sprig thyme            | ½ cup finely chopped parsley, for garnish |
| 2 tsp. flour             |   |
| 2 pints oysters,         |   |

In a large, heavy pan, melt butter on a low flame. Add vegetables and thyme (but not parsley). Sauté for five minutes, stirring well. Add flour, and sauté for another two minutes. Add oysters (with liquid) and milk. Cook on medium flame for 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add salt and white pepper to taste. Garnish with chopped parsley. Serve hot.



### P&J'S OYSTER CEVICHE

- |   |                        |
|---|------------------------|
| 2 dozen oysters, shucked                    | any color              |
| 1 large tomato, skinned, seeded and chopped | ½ cup chopped parsley  |
| 1 Vidalia onion, chopped                    | ½ cup chopped cilantro |
| 2 jalapeño peppers, seeded and chopped      | ½ cup vinegar          |
| ½ cup chopped sweet peppers,                | ½ cup orange juice     |
|   | salt                   |
|   | black pepper           |
|   | juice of 2 limes       |
|   | juice of 1 lemon       |

Strain oysters. Prepare marinade by combining all ingredients except oysters in a large bowl. Add oysters to marinade, cover and refrigerate overnight, mixing occasionally. *All recipes (except shooter, below) adapted from Kit Wohl's wonderful P&J Oyster Cookbook (Pelican Publishing).*



### CHARBROILED OYSTERS

- |   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| 1 lb. butter                            | ½ cup grated        |
| 3 cloves garlic, minced                 | pecorino cheese     |
| salt                                    | parsley for garnish |
| black pepper                            | 1 dash              |
| 3 dozen shucked oysters, on half shells | Tabasco sauce       |

Fire up the Weber grill. Melt butter in a pan; stir in garlic, salt and pepper. Lace each oyster in its shell with the garlic-butter mix. Add a pinch of cheese. Grill over hot coals until oysters puff up and begin to curl. Garnish with parsley and a dash of Tabasco. Serve immediately.



- |  |                           |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1 tall shot glass                          | 1 shucked oyster          |
| ½ ounce vodka (cucumber flavor works well) | 2 dashes Tabasco          |
|  | 3 thin slices of jalapeño |

- |                           |  |
|---------------------------|--|
| 1 shucked oyster          |  |
| 2 dashes Tabasco          |  |
| 3 thin slices of jalapeño |  |

*Oyster shooter recipe from Michael Farrell, executive chef at Le Meritage at the Maison Dupuy.*

## WHAT TO DRINK WITH OYSTERS

Perhaps more than any other seafood, oysters shine when accompanied by alcohol. There are plenty of ways to go. If you're eating a dozen on the half shell, a cold beer is hard to beat. Pilsners are great, but fried oysters with Guinness are also special. If you're in the mood for something fancier, try a glass of champagne. The classic French accompaniment is Chablis (the 2006 Boudin Chablis is a bargain), but any minerally white Burgundy will work. Stay away from oak.

## HOW TO EAT OYSTERS

It was a brave man who ate the first oyster. But after the first, it's a cinch. Don't be afraid to be sloppy. The best way to open an oyster is to have someone show you how. It's easy to cut yourself when shucking, so use the right utensil (try a Dexter Russell Sani-Safe oyster knife), and wear gloves or hold a towel. The biggest mistake home shuckers make is not washing the outside of the shells. Don't be reluctant to buy oysters already shucked—they'll do fine if you're cooking or making a stew. If you can, shuck your oysters immediately before consuming them.

## ACCOMPANIMENTS

Sebastian Cabot, it is said, ate his oysters with black pepper and nothing else. The Southern standard is cold oysters on the half shell with cocktail sauce or a dash of Tabasco. If you want to go the French route, try a mignonette of shallots and vinegar. Or just a squeeze of lemon.

## COCKTAIL SAUCE

Mix half a cup of ketchup, half a cup of horseradish, the juice of one lemon and a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce. Saltine crackers are an optional accompaniment.

## MIGNONETTE

Finely dice two shallots, add a lot of fresh black pepper and soak in half a cup of red wine vinegar.



### OYSTER COOKERY:

*Cassotrea virginica* is extraordinarily versatile and lends itself to a wide variety of preparations. Classics such as oysters en brochette and oysters Rockefeller are always welcome, but oyster lovers can also delight in new, creative pairings. Chef Michael Farrell (right) has been opening eyes in New Orleans with his innovative cuisine. Check out his imaginative oyster dishes at Le Meritage at the Maison Dupuy.



## A RIDE ON THE MISSISSIPPI WITH MISS OCTOBER

It was exactly a year ago that 2008's reigning Miss Louisiana Teen USA, Lindsey Gayle Evans, was—as they say in her home state—up shit creek. The Northwestern State University broadcast-journalism major from Blanchard, Louisiana had involved herself in a dine-and-dash at a restaurant, only to realize she had left behind her (oops) pink wallet containing her ID and (oops) a nickel bag of pot. She ended up in the back of a cop car, “bawling my eyes out,” Lindsey remembers. She knew this one would make the news. “I said to myself, Attitude adjustment time, girl. Fuck the crown. Turn the frown upside down and smile for that mug shot.” Score one for Team Evans: The tabloid press could resist neither Lindsey's deliciously blonde saga nor the beaming mug shot that accompanied it. Pageant officials weren't as charmed; Miss Louisiana Teen USA was stripped of her title. “For a long time I was a competitive goody-goody girl who sang in my Baptist church choir and made good grades. Then one night I found myself on Playboy.com, and I sent a message that went something like ‘Hey, this is Lindsey Evans. I'm a former Miss Louisiana Teen USA, and I'm tired of being good. Are y'all interested?’” Indeed we were. What's next for Miss October? “I want to go as far as I can with PLAYBOY. I want to be the next Pamela Anderson. Why not? I'm a girl who likes to have a good time, just like she does. So let the good times roll: *Laissez les bons temps rouler!*”

# RIVERBOAT QUEEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA













See more of Miss October at  
[club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com).



MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

*Lindsey Gayle Evans*







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: ♡Lindsey Gaule Evans♡

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 12/9/89 BIRTHPLACE: Paris, Texas

AMBITIONS: I want to be rich and famous, plain and simple - a good old American sex symbol!

TURN-ONS: Super-sweet, smart and sexy men with goals, manners and money, and they've got to be FUNNY!

TURNOFFS: Controlling, judgmental and boring guys.

A SONG THAT DESCRIBES MY LIFE: From my fellow Louisianimal Britney Spears, "If U seek Amy."

CELEBRITY CRUSH: Mmm... Shia LaBeouf!

SOMEONE I LOOK UP TO AND WHY: My mommy!! She has taught me how to live life to the fullest and always be the brightest shining star in the sky.

DREAM HOME: A Louisiana plantation home with a wraparound porch and lots of land and animals.

FAVORITE COLORS: Pink, pink, pink, yellow and pink!



Christmastime, nine years old.



Ha-ha! Freshman cheerleading pic.



Winning the title that got taken away.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**D**id you hear about the coed who had two chances to get pregnant?

She blew it both times.

**T**he closest many fraternity members ever get to a 4.0 is their blood alcohol level.

**W**hat is the definition of a lady?

Someone who doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and curses only when it slips out.

**A**limony is a deal that enables a woman to profit from her mistakes.

**W**hat happens when a lawyer takes Viagra?

He grows taller.



**A** woman who was in labor started screaming profanities at her husband.

"Hey, don't blame me," he shouted back. "I wanted to put it in your ass, and you said *that* might hurt."

**T**he cure for love at first sight is often to take a sober look.

**A** teacher was trying to broach the subject of sex with her grade-school students and asked them if they had ever seen anything related to it.

A girl raised her hand and said she'd seen a movie about a woman having a baby. "That's a good example," said the teacher.

Then another raised her hand and told the teacher she'd watched a TV show about people getting married. "Well, yes, that has to do with sex too," said the teacher.

Then a boy raised his hand and said he had once seen a Western in which savage Indians come riding over a hill, and John Wayne shoots half of them. The teacher said, "Well, that really doesn't have anything to do with sex education."

"Yes it does," the boy replied. "It taught those Indians not to fuck with John Wayne."

**W**hat has 75 balls and screws old ladies?  
Bingo!

**W**hat's the best way for a woman to ensure her husband remembers their anniversary?

Get married on his birthday.

**A**n American college student backpacking through northern Europe picked up a blonde at a bar and brought her back to his hostel to have sex. After he'd climaxed he asked her, "So, you finish?"

"No," she replied, so he started up again.

He came a second time and then asked, "You finish?"

Again she said no.

Once more he went at it, and after coming again, exhausted, he asked, "Now you finish?"

"No," she answered. "I'm Swedish."

**W**hat should your first move be after you rear-end a car on the freeway?

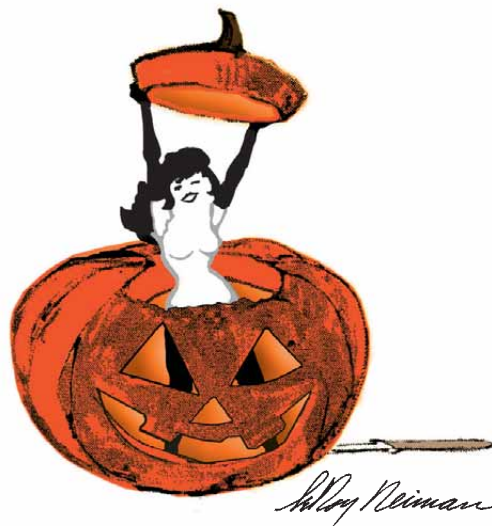
Hang up the phone.

**A** man was walking by his friend's place when he noticed him exiting his house dressed completely in orange. "Where are you going dressed like that?" he asked.

"I'm going hunting," the man shouted.

"But hunting season is over," his friend replied.

"Yes," the man whispered, "but my wife doesn't know that."



**A**fter paying for a wedding, all a father has left to give away is the bride.

**T**wo college students were walking down the street when a beggar approached them and asked for a handout. The first rejected the man, but the second took out his wallet, removed some money and handed it over with a smile.

"What did you do that for?" asked the first. "You know he's only going to use it on drugs or booze."

The second replied, "And we weren't?"

**O**n some women, stretch pants have no choice.

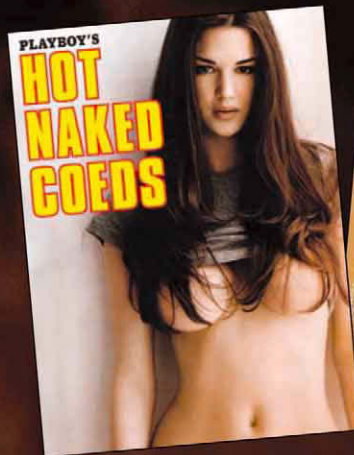
Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail through our website at [jokes.playboy.com](http://jokes.playboy.com). PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



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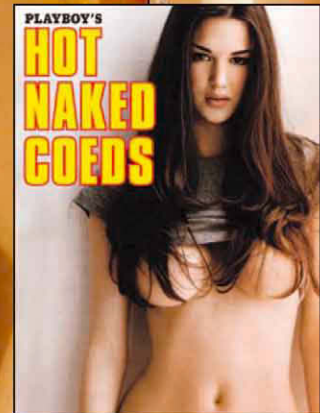
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*"Will you please stop saying 'cut'...!"*

PLAYBOY'S  
COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER

# LIGHTS SWEET CRUDE

It's the age of peak oil.  
Losing money on a trade means  
the other guy knew more than  
you did. Meet the other guy

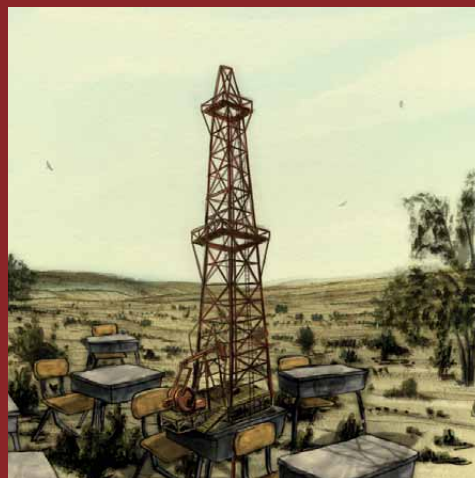
by Christopher Feliciano Arnold

In downtown Houston, energy capital of the world, nobody bothers to turn out the lights. Even now, at four in the morning, the skyline glares outside my apartment window. I towel sweat from my face, mile 10 on the stationary bike, and watch Bloomberg's update on the overnight commodities trade. Crude is heading lower, testing resistance at \$80.03 a barrel. Refineries have been humming at top capacity for weeks, and tomorrow's EIA report will show stockpiles at record highs. There's simply no reason to buy oil this morning. Unless you know something.

One thing I know is that 400 miles west, in Ozona, Dad is probably awake in bed, a heating pad on his back. Thirty years as a roustabout in the oil fields, maintaining pipelines, repairing drills in the noon heat, and lately Mom says he's too sore to sleep. Sore is how I remember him, coming home at dusk with black hands, aching joints. He'd swallow two Advils and a beer before tossing the football with me under the light in the driveway while the pumps rose and fell on the horizon. That's the curse of the West Texas oil worker: In country so flat, the fields are never out of sight.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL MARSICANO





The freeway is bright and empty. Above the city, heat lightning turns clouds into flashbulbs as I drive through the Whataburger for coffee. By the time I park downtown crude has fallen another 15 cents. It's going to be a steep slide today. At this moment I own 500 October futures contracts, each representing 1,000 barrels. Every penny counts, and as the price breaks the \$80 floor, I picture all that oil—three tankers' worth—making its way across the Atlantic, losing value by the second. But daydreaming is for rookies. Over the next six weeks I'll buy and sell these contracts dozens of times, and when those tankers come to port, the crude in their hulls will just be data in my trading log.

Technically that money belongs to Centaur Global Energy Resources Fund. Our clients pay Centaur to make big bets with their money. I make the biggest bets and almost always win. Thirty-two years old, a certified rainmaker, authorized for 200 million. But in eight years behind the trading desk I've never held a position this big. Blow \$40 million and I can say good-bye to my allowance.

But the bosses trust me. The NYMEX market for light sweet crude is the most liquid in the world. Information is priority one. If you're losing, it's because the other guy knows what you don't. That other guy is me. The corner of the global market where I am not to be fucked with is the Niger Delta—home to some of the purest, most easily refined crude on the planet. New patch being drilled? I already knew that. Pipeline shutting down? Knew that too. What other traders hear as fact, I know as rumor. What other traders hear as rumor, I know as fact. A mosquito can't suck a drop of blood in the Delta without me hearing.

The sun won't be up for an hour and already I'm boiling in my suit. Entering the air-conditioned building is like walking into an ice age. Behind the security desk Terrence snores. The terminal beeps when I slide my card, and he jolts awake with a snort. I hand him a cup of coffee.

"Just what the doctor ordered," he says, peeling the lid open. "You giving up on sleep entirely, Mr. Hunter?"

"We're supposed to do that every day?"

"Some of us try to."

"I'll have to remember that," I say and step into the elevator, hit the button for the 61st floor.

At 5:30 A.M.—11:30 A.M. West Africa time—I call my friend Isaac in Waterside. Isaac is my eyes and ears in the Delta.

*(continued on page 126)*

AMONG THE STUDENTS WHO ENTERED THIS YEAR'S WRITING CONTEST, PAUL KEILANY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE AT CHATTANOOGA RECEIVED SECOND PRIZE FOR "INSTANT RELIEF." THE THREE THIRD-PLACE WINNERS ARE JAMEY BRADBURY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT GREENSBORO FOR "WOMEN AND CHILDREN," JEREMY LAKASZYCK OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS BOSTON FOR "USEFUL THINGS" AND JOHN TALAGA OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SAN FRANCISCO FOR "THE HUNTING PARTY." STUDENTS IN THE ILLUSTRATION CLASS AT NEW YORK'S PRESTIGIOUS SCHOOL OF VISUAL ARTS COMPETED TO ILLUSTRATE THE FIRST-PLACE STORY. THE WINNING ENTRY, BY MICHAEL MARSICANO, IS ON THE PREVIOUS TWO PAGES. THIS PAGE FEATURES ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE RUNNERS-UP. SHOWN ABOVE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, IS THE WORK OF STUDENTS DONG YUN LEE, RAY JONES, ERIC LOSH, JOHN MACCONNELL, YURIKO KATORI AND MARTIN WITTFOOTH. FOR NEXT YEAR'S CONTEST, VISIT PLAYBOY.COM/CFC.





*"I can see why you're captain of the pole-vaulting team!"*





BY JASON BUHRMESTER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
ROBERT SEBREE

# SHAWNE MERRIMAN

THE SAN DIEGO CHARGERS' MEANEST SOB IS REBUILT,  
RECHARGED AND READY TO HIT ANYTHING THAT MOVES

**Q1**

**PLAYBOY:** You missed nearly all of last season to have surgery on two torn ligaments in your left knee. How tough was the decision to take the season off?

**MERRIMAN:** It wasn't hard once I played the first game. I knew physically I wouldn't be able to play through a full season. If I was going to get surgery, I had to get it done right then or it would have been lingering the following season.

**Q2**

**PLAYBOY:** Was the decision entirely yours, or did you have people pulling you in different directions?

**MERRIMAN:** My family said, "Boy, you are crazy." They told me to get it done and sit out the season. My coaches wanted me to make the best decision for myself. It came down to just me and my doctors, which is why I took so long to make a decision. If I felt I couldn't go out there and play, I would have gotten the surgery before the first game. I pushed and scrounged to try to get one game in. I thought I had a chance to go out there and perform well.

**Q3**

**PLAYBOY:** How dangerous is the rebuilt Shawne Merriman?

**MERRIMAN:** I'm so dangerous right now I scare myself. I'm 100 percent healthy for the first time since entering the league. My first year I tore my posterior cruciate ligament. People didn't know I had a torn PCL throughout my whole career. My knee had never been 100 percent. Now I'm the strongest I've ever been.

**Q4**

**PLAYBOY:** Has your nickname always been Lights Out?

**MERRIMAN:** I've always had a nickname everywhere I've played football. I played four years with the Boys and Girls Club, and they called me Big Moose because I'd run people over like a moose. Then it changed from Big Moose to Pepco, which is a gas-and-electricity company back on the East Coast. During my sophomore year I knocked four guys out of one game, so I became Pepco until my junior year. They kept calling me that, and I said, "I don't like that name because if that company goes out of business, I go out of business." I changed it to Lights Out. Every level I've played—high school, college and even in the pros—I've been able to knock somebody out to prove I deserve that name.

**Q5**


**PLAYBOY:** What is the hardest hit you've delivered in the NFL?

**MERRIMAN:** When I knocked out Priest Holmes. That was probably the hardest hit, and from what I've heard, it was one of the loudest hits anybody has ever heard. That's coming from teammates of his and coaches I saw in the off-season. They said, "Look, man, I was on that sideline when you hit Priest, and that was probably the worst thing I've ever seen."

**Q6**

**PLAYBOY:** That hit injured Holmes's spinal column, sidelined him for the 2005 and 2006 seasons and is said to have led to his retirement. Some critics claim it was an illegal hit.

**MERRIMAN:** They said a bunch of stuff. When I was in high school parents sent letters complaining that I shouldn't be on the field with their sons, that I was *(continued on page 115)*



AS SCHOOL  
GETS BACK  
IN SESSION,  
*PLAYBOY*  
TAKES AN  
INSIDE LOOK  
AT THE SECRET  
SEX LIVES AND  
STEAMY SIDE  
JOBS OF SIX  
ALL-AMERICAN  
COLLEGE GIRLS.

**PLUS:**  
DOES HE  
SEXT? SHOULD  
SHE WAX?  
THE RESULTS OF  
OUR CAMPUS  
SEX SURVEY

interviews  
by **Stinson  
Carter**

# sex on campus 2009

photography  
by **Richard  
Kern**

## Role-Playing 101 LEA, 22, University of Illinois

It was my freshman year, my scholarship money was running out, and I didn't want to live in my parents' basement for the summer. I had a friend back home who had made good money as a phone-sex worker, so I thought I would give it a try. I quickly learned that fetish hotlines provide the best compensation. You don't have to audition; you don't even have to fake an orgasm—you just have to sign up for it. I was 19, and I'd had sex with only two guys when I started doing phone-sex work.

You get paid by the minute based on the average length of your phone calls, so I had a technique to draw them out longer. I would answer as an operator and ask, "What kind of fantasy would you like? Would you prefer a younger girl or a girl with more experience? Someone submissive or someone dominant?" Then I would put the caller on hold for about 30 seconds, clear my throat and answer the phone as whomever or whatever they'd asked for. Usually the guys were ready to go and just wanted to have someone on the other end when they came. Part of the job of doing the operator's voice was to talk them down so the minutes would keep adding up.

I kept a diary with descriptions of my different characters. The three I did most were Tiffany, my college bimbo; Natasha, my dominatrix; and Electra, my she-male character. I didn't know I'd need a she-male character, but one day this guy—without any hesitation in his polite voice—said, "I would like to speak with a she-male, please." And I thought, Am I allowed to do that?

There are rules about what you can and cannot pretend to be. You're not allowed to pretend to be an animal. You're not allowed to pretend to be a minor. And you're not allowed to pretend to be related to the caller—that's incest. But there's nothing in there about pretending to have a penis. So I ran into my living room, where my gay roommate was hanging out, and I said, "I need help." He came into the

room and started coaching me.

If every caller had been like the guy who wanted to talk to a mother-and-daughter pairing, it might have changed my opinion of men—negatively, obviously. But the guy who wanted a she-male was a perfect gentleman. He even said thank you after he was done. The job completely

sors was 28, and I was 18. A couple of weeks into class he asked each of his students to come to his office for a one-on-one meeting to get to know him. So I went, and we hit it off. He was pretty cute, and I got the feeling I wasn't the first student he'd had a relationship with.

Gonzaga has a strict policy about that. Professors aren't even supposed to be close friends with students. Maybe that's why I was interested—knowing it was bad. I promised him I wouldn't tell, and I lied to my roommate and to the other students on my hall in the dorm whenever I would go out and have coffee or dinner with him.

One night when he was drunk he said things that made it clear he was interested in me, but I didn't know what to do about it. I was only 18, and I kind of freaked out. One night a week later we were e-mailing back and forth, and he asked if he could come get me at my dorm. "Nothing has to happen," he said. "I just want to spend the night with you." So I was like, Fuck it, sure. He came to my dorm and walked me back to his apartment. While we were having sex that night he jokingly told me I was getting an A. I'm not stupid. I didn't buy that "nothing has to happen" line.

I most definitely got straight A's in his class after that. I would like to think I earned my A's, but I had been failing the class before anything physical happened, and I ended up with an A, so...

At the time I had real feelings for him, but I also think I had a romantic notion of that kind of thing—I wasn't thinking that I was impressive or young or that he

had taken advantage of me.

He moved to the East Coast after that semester, but I still talk to him every couple of months, even now. It turns out he was dating another girl at school the same time he was seeing me, and he's with that other girl now in New York. I'm glad I'm not her and that I let it be just a college fling: the freshman girl who had a secret affair with the cute professor. I don't regret it at all.



## Playboy College Sex Poll 2009

WE SURVEYED MORE THAN 5,000 STUDENTS—MALE AND FEMALE—ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS ON CAMPUS. HERE'S HOW THEY GET DOWN:

**% OF STUDENTS WHO:**

- HAVE SEX DAILY: 15%
- DO IT WEEKLY: 43%
- ARE VIRGINS: 17%
- HAVE HAD MORE THAN SEVEN PARTNERS: 20%

**HAVE MET A HOOKUP ONLINE: 25%**

**HAVE USED A WEBCAM FOR SEX: 26%**

**HAVE VIEWED PORN ON A LAPTOP IN CLASS: 29%**

**ARE IN A NUDE PIC ON SOMEONE'S CAMERA PHONE: 34%**

**HAVE SEXTED: 49%**

**HAVE GONE ON DINNER-AND-A-MOVIE DATES: 73%**

**COEDS WHO:**

- LEAVE AFTER SEX: 17%
- HAVE DONE WALK OF SHAME: 47%

**41% OF SOMEONE (IN SOME CASES THEMSELVES) WHO HAS SLEPT WITH A PROFESSOR OR A TEACHER'S ASSISTANT. WE NEGLECTED TO ASK THESE STUDENTS TO GRADE THEIR TEACHERS IN THE SACK.**

changed my perspective on having a partner with fetishes or kinks. It doesn't make him a pervert.

The most frightening thing anybody ever said to me? "Now let me talk to your mom."

## Extra Credit

KATHRYN, 23, Gonzaga University

It was the first semester of my freshman year. One of my profes-



## PayPal Panties

SARA, 24, University of Washington

I was in my last year of college, and I had zero money in the bank. But I had a drawer full of underwear I hadn't worn in years, so I posted a classified ad on Craigslist. I called myself Sadie and said I was a 19-year-old college student. I was actually 23.

I sold the panties for \$20 for the first pair and \$5 for any additional pairs. To me it was all profit; it was underwear I hadn't worn in a long time, or it was ripped or dirty, whatever. I didn't tell my boyfriend about it, but I thought, What he doesn't know can't hurt him.

I was expecting it to be much seedier than it actually was. It cracked me up. I would sit in front of the computer for hours and laugh my ass off. Lots of the guys were really into full-back white cotton panties, which is strange because as a girl I think those are the least sexy underwear I own. It turns out these guys wanted to wear them. When I ran out of panties, I just got more.

There were a lot of questions about what sizes I had. Most guys didn't want thongs because it's more unnatural for a guy to wear them, I guess.

I never sent pictures, and I never met any of the guys in person. Some of them were really pushy. One offered me \$250 to stand on a street in downtown Seattle and pass him the bag of

underwear when he walked by. Mostly I mailed the panties, but sometimes I would wrap them in a little package with a bit of pink tissue paper, spray some perfume on them and leave them in a parking lot or some other public place. Then I would e-mail the guy about where they were.

Somewhere along the line it started to feel wrong. I thought, I feel dirty, and I don't want to feel like this. So I canceled everything and said to myself, I'm done. I would say to anybody who ever thinks about doing this: As long as you do it safely, it's a pretty funny way to make money during college, and you can make a lot. I'd say 70 percent to 75 percent of the guys were total gentlemen—aside from the fact that they were buying a 19-year-old's underwear online.



## Tri Delts Make a Porno

JENNIFER, 22, Stephen F. Austin State University

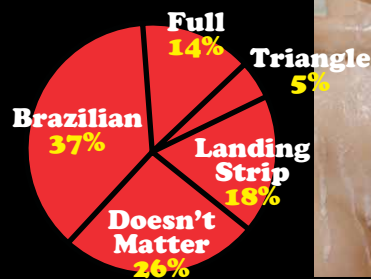
I'm a Tri Delt, and I was recruiting this really cool girl, Mandy, to join the sorority. We were at a fraternity party, and she and I started talking. It turned out we were dating the same guy. Let's call him Tom. She'd been his girlfriend for a while, and I'd been hooking up with him for only a few weeks. But once we realized he was a total dirtbag, we weren't jealous of each other at all; we actually hit it off as friends.

So we put our heads together. What can we do to nail this guy? He'd lied to both of us, telling her he was with only her and telling me he didn't have a girlfriend. And he'd sworn up and down that each relationship was exclusive.

## Sex Poll cont.

**HOW COEDS THINK A GUY SHOULD BE GROOMED:** BARE 20%, NATURAL 21%, TRIMMED 59%

**HOW MEN PREFER A WOMAN TO BE GROOMED:**



47% HAVE HAD ANAL SEX, 17% TRIED IT ONLY ONCE, AND 13% ROUTINELY DO IT IN THE BUTT.

**A DAMN GOOD REASON TO WEAR FLIP-FLOPS IN THE DORM BATHROOM:**

**18%**  
**OF GUYS ADMIT TO MASTURBATING IN THE COMMUNAL SHOWER.**



That night we left the party kind of drunk, went to Walmart and bought the cheapest camcorder there. Then I called Tom and made plans to go out. Mandy came over to my apartment with the camcorder before I left to meet him. Her plan was to hide in the closet, videotape us hooking up and then jump out with the camera to bust him.

Tom and I had some drinks, and I texted Mandy that we were going back to my place. She parked her car around the corner, hiding it from his view. Then she went inside my closet and cracked the door wide enough to videotape us.

Tom and I went back to my apartment. I took him to *(continued on page 116)*

# DRESS SENSE

HOW ARE THINGS WITH YOUR NEW GUY?

WELL, HE JUST LOVES MY WARDROBE.

THE BRA IS HIS FAVORITE COLOR, HE SAYS.



HE GOES CRAZY WITH THAT JACKET I BOUGHT WITH THE RIBBED CUFFS AND NECK.

I BOUGHT MYSELF A NEW GARTER BELT, AND HE LOVES IT.



AND LET'S NOT EVEN MENTION THE LEATHER MINISKIRT....

IN SHORT, HE LOVES EVERYTHING I HAVE.



WELL, HE WON'T TAKE THE DAMN STUFF OFF!



THAT DOESN'T SOUND SO BAD. WHERE'S THE PROBLEM?



JUAN IVARREN JORGE



1

COAT: TRY BURBERRY, \$487.

JACKET: TRY FRED PERRY, \$264.  
DENIM SHIRT: TRY CARHARTT, \$30.

# THE KIDS ARE ALL RIGHT

## FOR THE LOOK OF TOMORROW, LOOK TO THE STREETS TODAY

**PROTEST IS A RITE** of passage for youth. And with each new generation comes new ideas about music, political ideology and style. The tradition of postwar modern style stretches back to the Days of Rage and the Weathermen, the streets of Paris in May 1968 and the radical chic stylings of Angela Davis, Huey Newton and Bobby Seale.

The boulevardiers you see here—all of them captured in acts of street protest by photographers—represent the vitality of change today. What is seen at the forefront of social change is also at the vanguard of style. Here are the ideas and the styles of tomorrow, with captions that explain how you can replicate these looks on a street fighter's budget.



2

PLAYBOY  FASHION

JACKET: TRY G BY GUESS, \$70;  
DIESEL, \$230.  
HOODIE: TRY AMERICAN APPAREL, \$41.

CHUCK TAYLOR ALL STARS  
BY CONVERSE, \$45;  
DESIGN YOUR OWN CHUCKS, \$70;  
CHUCK TAYLOR BY JOHN VARVATOS, \$145.



JACKET: TRY GAP, \$68;  
BARACUTA, \$290;  
COACH, \$328.

JEANS: TRY UNIQLO, \$50;  
JOE'S, \$158;  
D&G DOLCE & GABBANA, \$235.

SNEAKERS: TRY DRAVEN, \$50;  
PF FLYERS, \$114;  
GUCCI, \$535.

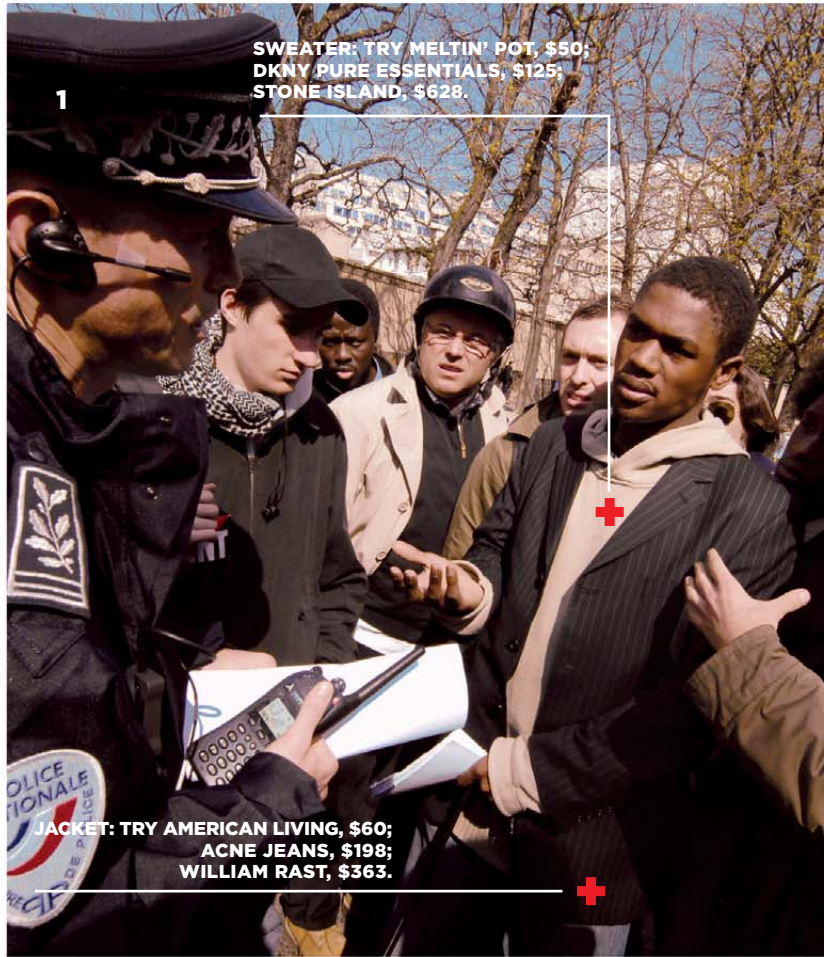
**1. MARSEILLE, MARCH 19, 2009 « 2. ATHENS, DECEMBER 9, 2008 « 3. LONDON, APRIL 1, 2009 «**

Students demand that French president Nicolas Sarkozy do more to fight the economic crisis.

Thousands take to the streets to protest the shooting of a young man by a police officer.

Protesters charge through London and clash with riot police during this year's G20 economic

summit, smashing bank windows in the city's financial center. Their message: The system has robbed the poor to benefit the rich.



**1**  
SWEATER: TRY MELTIN' POT, \$50;  
DKNY PURE ESSENTIALS, \$125;  
STONE ISLAND, \$628.

JACKET: TRY AMERICAN LIVING, \$60;  
ACNE JEANS, \$198;  
WILLIAM RAST, \$363.



**2**  
COAT: TRY JOS. A. BANK, \$595.  
SHIRT: TRY LUCKY BRAND, \$69.  
GLASSES: TRY EYEBOS, \$65.



**3**  
COAT: TRY HOPE, \$190;  
MARC NEW YORK, \$295;  
PRADA, \$1,017.

SCARF: TRY BASILE, \$98.

**1. PARIS, APRIL 7, 2009 «**

Students block traffic outside a prison to demonstrate against a government employment contract.

**2. PARIS, MARCH 31, 2009 «**

Marchers crowd down the Rue de Rivoli to protest high unemployment among French youth.

**3. PARIS, MARCH 31, 2009 «**

The protest continues, forcing riot police to take to the streets in an attempt to gain control.

**4. PARIS, MARCH 16, 2009 «**

Angry students hurl garbage and beer bottles at police near the Place de la Concorde.



SWEATER: TRY FRENCH CONNECTION, \$92;  
PAUL & JOE, \$188;  
POLO RALPH LAUREN, \$248.

JACKET: TRY AMERICAN RAG, \$80;  
G-STAR RAW DENIM, \$260;  
MARC BY MARC JACOBS, \$388.

SNEAKERS: TRY NIKE AIR MAX, \$160.

JEANS: TRY HOLLISTER, \$70;  
LEVI'S, \$80;  
HELMUT LANG, \$225.

**DISCLAIMER:** We are firm believers in personal freedom, including the freedom to alter your brain and body chemistry in whatever way pleases you, as long as you're not hurting anyone. However... We are journalists, not white coats. Take this story to your doctor and tell him what you want. If you order these pills off the Internet and they arrive from China, you're on your own. Two things are clear: (1) For the past decade, big pharma has been set on fast-forward, and (2) we are living through a golden age of

pills. There is now a concoction to treat just about every emotional or physical problem, often with negligible side effects. Americans spent \$235 billion on prescriptions last year. People are still getting high, of course, but the trend in prescription-drug use today is performance enhancement—at work, at the gym and in the sack. Still more magic bullets are in the pipeline—pills to boost your cognitive abilities, male birth control pills, a sunless tanning pill—but here's what's out there on the market right now.

# THE GOLDEN AGE OF PILLS

TAKE ONE TABLET BY MOUTH DAILY

DESK DRAWERS AND POCKETS FULL OF YELLOW ONES, GREEN ONES, BLUE ONES...

RX 07312009-243

QTY 30 6 REFILLS BEFORE 04/13/10

Pharmacy

Take This Medication at Least 4 Hours Before Taking Antacids, Iron or Vitamin/Mineral Supplements.

Use This Medicine Exactly As Directed. Do Not Skip Doses or Discontinue Unless Directed By Your Doctor

BY SCOTT ALEXANDER AND ROCKY RAKOVIC

*You want to:*

**STAY AWAKE FOR DAYS**

*You should take:*

**PROVIGIL (MODAFINIL), NUVIGIL (ARMODAFINIL)**

*What you need to know:*

If you have to pull an all-nighter, Provigil is your friend. The Air Force feeds it to fighter pilots to ensure they're alert after 40 hours without shut-eye. In business circles Provigil is often referred to as "the entrepreneur's drug of choice." The new pep pill on the block is Nuvigil, which Cephalon (the company that also makes Provigil) is up front about positioning as mind candy for suits. Got a business meeting after a red-eye? Nuvigil. Have to drive some "cargo" overnight from Tijuana to San Francisco? Nuvigil. Kick ass today and sleep it off tomorrow.

*You want to:*

**BOOST ATHLETIC PERFORMANCE/ REMEMBER WHERE YOU PARKED**

*You should take:*

**ERYTHROPOIETIN (EPO)**

*What you need to know:*

This drug has caused its share of sports scandals. It turns you into a bit of a superman but doesn't shrink your nuts (anabolic steroids) or cause the bones in your face to grow abnormally (HGH). Essentially, EPO

stimulates the production of red blood cells. The more red blood cells you have at a given time (say, during the Tour de France), the more oxygen your blood can carry. The more oxygen your blood can carry, the better your muscles perform. Scientists have noted a side effect in patients who use EPO legitimately to combat anemia and kidney failure: It enhances memory.

*You want to:*

**SLAY STAGE FRIGHT**

*You should take:*

**INDERAL (PROPRANOLOL)**

*What you need to know:*

You know how you need a few drinks before you approach that blonde at the bar? Think of Inderal as a magic pill that gives you beer balls. It's referred to as a beta-blocker, originally crafted to treat high blood





pressure, but because it blocks adrenaline, it also cures stage fright. Concert cellists have been known to pop this stuff before performances. “In the past two or three years I’ve had more people come to the office wanting beta-blockers for things like PowerPoint presentations, primarily people giving in-office talks when their boss is there,” says Dr. William Walton, a Dallas-based physician.



*You want to:*

**HUH? OH YEAH, FOCUS**

*You should take:*

**RITALIN (METHYLPHENIDATE),  
ADDERALL (AMPHETAMINE AND  
DEXTRAMPHETAMINE)**

*What you need to know:*

These pills are forms of amphetamine that big pharma produces to make hyper kids (and adults) calm down. For people without ADHD it acts as a mild stimulant, giving them laserlike focus. Adderall tells the brain to amp up the activity of norepinephrine and dopamine, which essentially accelerates brain-cell efficiency. As a result its usage has reached epidemic proportions on college campuses. “It’s the drug your parents want you to take,” one college student tells us. It also has a come-down, which gives it a high potential for addiction in those who overindulge to stave off the refractory period.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIN SALAMUNIC

*You want to:*

**RELIEVE  
ANXIETY**

*You should take:*

**KLONOPIN  
(CLONAZEPAM),  
ATIVAN  
(LORAZEPAM),  
XANAX  
(ALPRAZOLAM)**

*What you need to know:*

These fellas make up the antianxiety wing of the storied benzodiazepine family, which has replaced barbiturates for the treatment of anxiety and insomnia. The first benzodiazepine (Librium) was discovered in 1955, and since then its family has blossomed into more than 15 unique flavors that vary primarily in how quickly they act and how long they last. Klonopin came into vogue recently, as did Ativan, a fast-acting drug for immediate relief of anxiety. It’s important to note the older you get, the slower your body will process some benzodiazepines, meaning the effect can be prolonged.

*You want to:*

**STAY HARD ALL  
NIGHT**

*You should take:*

**CIALIS  
(TADALAFIL),  
LEVITRA  
(VARDENAFIL), VIAGRA  
(SILDENAFIL  
CITRATE)**

*What you need to know:*

These all work similarly, by increasing blood flow to your member. But bear in mind the differences: Viagra and Levitra take half an hour to start and last four and five hours, respectively. Cialis takes 15 minutes to take effect and lasts up to 36 hours. While on these, you won’t be hard all the time, but you should be able to achieve an erection when you want. These drugs affect the circulatory system, so if you have heart issues, talk to your doc. Oh, and if you end up with a 12-hour erection, find someone to share it with.

*You want to:*

**GO TO SLEEP**

*You should take:*

**AMBIEN (ZOLPIDEM),  
LUNESTA (ESZOPICLONE),  
SONATA (ZALEPLON)**

*What you need to know:*

These drugs are classified as sedative hypnotics. They don’t knock you out like old-school sleep aids; they suggest to your mind that it’s time for sleep. They wear off after two to three hours, by which point you’re asleep, so when you wake up you don’t feel as though the inside of your head is coated in carpet lint. People have been known to get up and do all kinds of things on Ambien, especially if they’ve been drinking or taking other substances. The most notorious effect is sleep driving, though there have also been reports of sleep eating and sleep sex. For the record, we oppose sleep driving.

*You want to:*

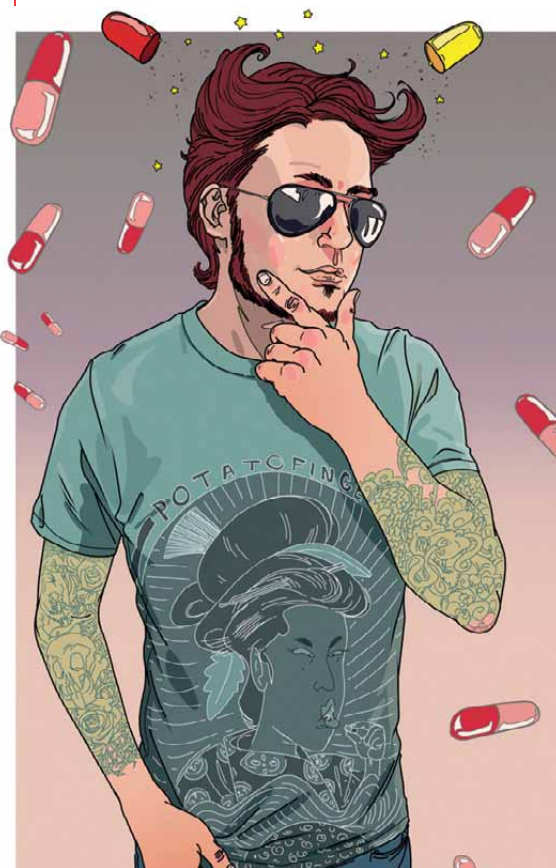
**STAVE OFF BALDNESS**

*You should take:*

**PROPECIA (FINASTERIDE)**

*What you need to know:*

Most people who take Propecia don’t advertise it. In fact, you’d be surprised to learn how many guys are on this drug. It makes hair grow on bald men’s heads by blocking a hormone that kills hair follicles. Propecia is the only treatment on the market that reverses frontal receding; most other cures take care of just the bald spot on the back of your dome (and don’t work nearly as well). Bear in mind once you start on Propecia you’re stuck popping it until you’re ready to give in to nature’s depilatory bulldozer. Dr. Marc Avram, director of the cosmetic surgical unit at New York–Presbyterian Hospital, warns, “If you quit, you lose the hair you’ve grown.” We’d rephrase that to “the hair that it grew.”





# LOVEBITES

Vampire lovers turn fear into fantasy

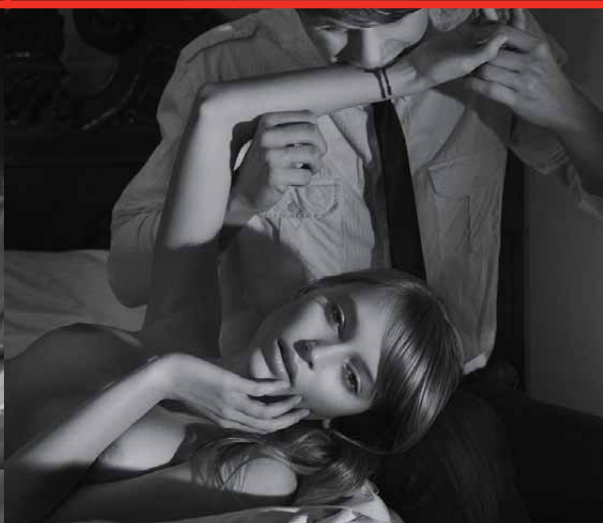
TEXT BY LESLIE KLINGER

Since the Victorian era modern audiences have come to relish vampire tales as stories of great passion, and the current fascination with all things vampiric is no different. In fact, at times it's hard to see the blood for all the sex simmering below the surface. These days one can argue that the hottest fantasies in pop culture almost always feature fangs.

Yet many first-time readers of *Dracula* who come to it fresh from vampire movies are surprised to learn that the book describes Dracula as an old man with long fingernails, bushy eyebrows, white hair, a heavy moustache, hairy palms and bad breath—in short, not Bela Lugosi. Lugosi—and before him Raymond Huntley onstage in England—portrayed a different version of the Transylvanian count, one

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SZYMON BRODZIAK









that has since informed most modern interpretations of blood-sucking fiends. First on Broadway and then in the 1931 Tod Browning-directed film, Lugosi transformed the vampire into a seductive creature dressed in tails and an opera cape, with glossy slicked-back hair and a distinguished manner. Although the notion of a nobleman preying on weak-willed women wasn't new to vampire stories, the walking corpse had changed to a man about town, a dangerous playboy who is a threat to the women he meets.

Subsequent portrayals—such as those by Christopher Lee (1958), Louis Jourdan (1977), Frank Langella (1979), Gary Oldman (1992) and Gerard Butler (2000)—cemented the public's view of Dracula as a charismatic, compelling and romantic figure. Jourdan and Langella seduce their victims, reserving physical attacks for their male opponents. Oldman's Dracula is shown having sex with one of his victims. Other vampire characters on film have been just as sexual. For example, Tom Cruise appeared in 1994 as Lestat, the Anne Rice-created rock-star vampire who preys only on evildoers. Lestat lives with a male adult vampire (played by Brad Pitt) and a five-year-old vampire girl (a very young Kirsten Dunst), simultaneously projecting homosexuality and pedophilia. William Marshall's dignified vampire in *Blacula* (1972) kills ruthlessly to protect his relationship with his reincarnated wife. Catherine Deneuve's Egyptian vampire in *The Hunger* (1983) has bisexual relationships with younger vampires. Lauren Hutton's vampire countess in the comedic *Once Bitten* (1985) gets it on with a young Jim Carrey, and David Boreanaz's Angel and James Marsters's Spike (*Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, 1997 to 2003, and *Angel*, 1999 to 2004)—soul-endowed vampires who fight bad vampires—each in turn falls prey to the charms of Buffy. CBS's *Moonlight* (2007 to 2008) and most recently HBO's *True Blood* (2008 to present) contrast the sexual relationships of a romantic, lonely gentleman vampire and beastlike rogue vampires.

All signs point to the hot-blooded trend increasing in  
(text continued on page 118)

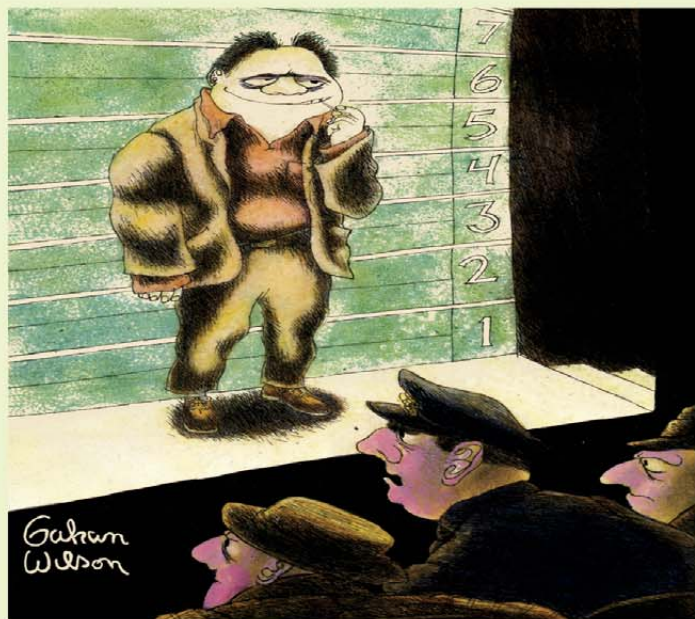




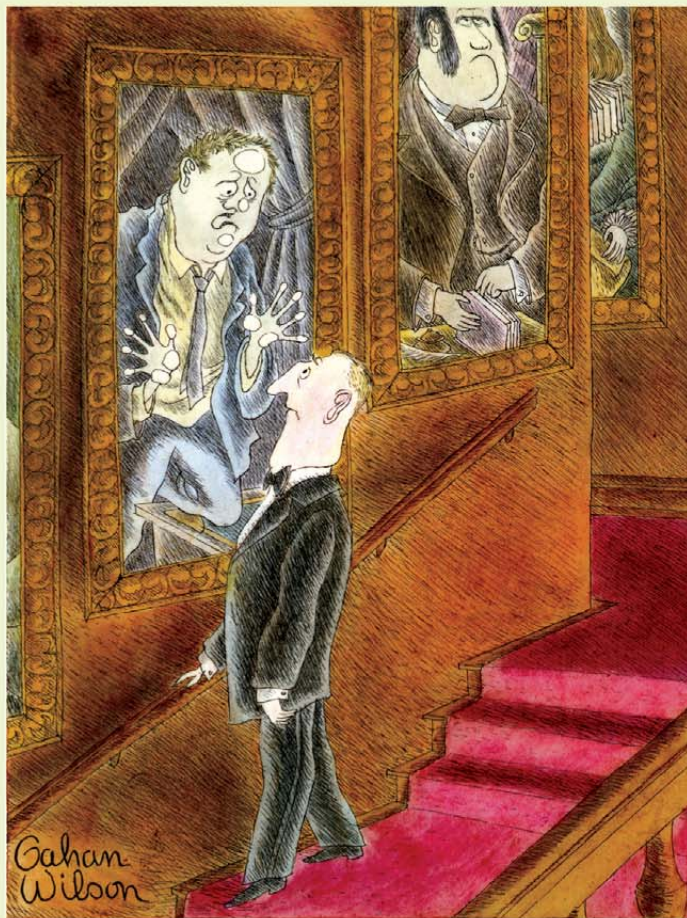




# THE WEIRD WORLD OF WILSON



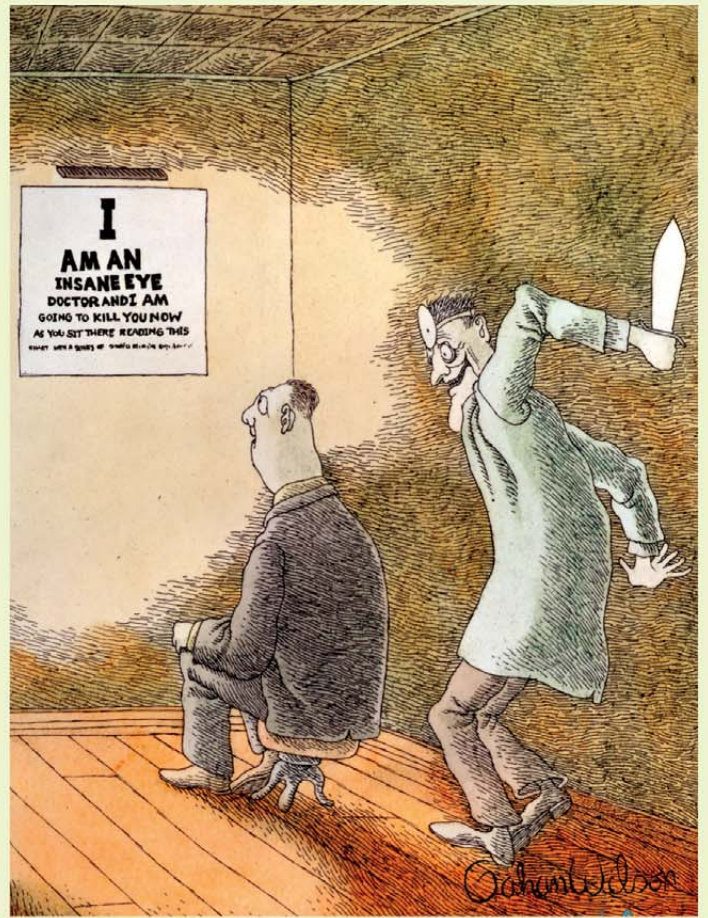
"Where are the others?"



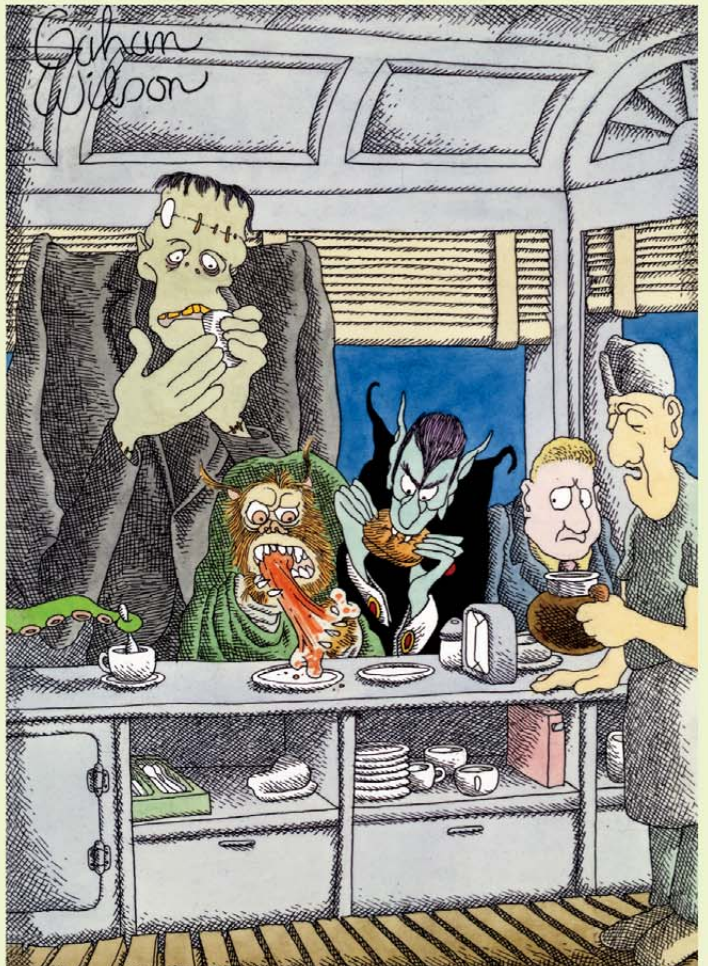
"I'm sure of it, Harry—it's that nice Mr. Bently we met on the tour!"



"Accursed Daylight Saving Time!"



"On the other hand, people always remember my name...."



"It's the kind of trade you get in a 24-hour-a-day joint."

# HARRELSON

(continued from page 46)

*exactly like Elvis*] “A well I, bless my soul/What’s wrong with me?/I’m itching like a man on a fuzzy tree....” Just after Elvis died, I sent away and got one of his records—*Elvis’ Golden Records*, I think it was called. I used to sing songs from it in high school, and soon enough people started saying, “Do your Elvis.” I remember doing it one time in the school library. I started off quietly, but pretty soon people were gathering around and clapping, and I’m getting louder, and pretty soon the whole library’s gathered around clapping along with it.

**PLAYBOY:** How old were you?

**HARRELSON:** About 16. And then I jump up on the table and finish it, and even the librarians are cheering! It was just before Christmas, a time that’s festive. It was a good thing I did that because Robin came over afterward. She was this gorgeous sophomore who went out with this senior from the football team. Anyway, she came up and said, “Did you ever think about joining the theater?” She worked in the theater club or whatever. I had never even thought about acting, but since Robin was acting, I said, “Well, maybe so.” Next thing I knew I was acting and going out with Robin.

**PLAYBOY:** It’s funny how one person can change your whole life.

**HARRELSON:** So true. Or changing one habit. I remember when I stopped drinking Coke and started drinking Sprite because I thought that looked clearer and cleaner. It was just a mental thing, but it started my

evolution toward a healthier lifestyle. Soon it was, “I don’t do soda pop.” That simple shift in diet, in controlling what I ate, gave me more energy. From there everything shifted in terms of being easier. That led me to think of other ways to increase energy, and soon I tried veganism. Not out of compassion for animals at first—that came later—but because of how good it made me feel. Before I knew it my whole diet had changed. But it all started with one small step—not drinking Coke.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you worry about aging? You’re nearing 50.

**HARRELSON:** I feel the approach, that’s for sure. It seems like once you get to a certain age, people constantly want to tell you how old you are. Especially people who have that blessed gift of youth. “Oh, I wasn’t even born when you did *White Men Can’t Jump*” or whatever. But I remember being 21 and thinking how old 30 was. Forty was grandpa territory. The other night I went to the graduation party of a kid we’ve known since he was six. I met a lot of his high school classmates, and they were just great. I ended up challenging the class champions at a game of beer pong.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you play Maui rules?

**HARRELSON:** No, it was pretty standard. You get six cups in pyramid formation and try to get a Ping-Pong ball into a cup. If you sink it in their cup, they drink. We were undefeated through the night. It was incredible. Finally I had to crawl into bed at four in the morning. But I was up bright and early doing hard-core yoga, which cures any hangover.

**PLAYBOY:** We noticed a yoga swing over your

bed. Is yoga helpful in that department, too?

**HARRELSON:** Yoga is the best thing for your sex life! It keeps you limber in all kinds of ways. It teaches you to love your body and your partner’s body. But more than anything, it keeps your mind liquid, and nothing’s sexier than that. Mind and body open to possibilities. I read this quote from Bruce Lee, one of the greatest quotes ever. He said, “Be water.” We can become so rigid in our beliefs, in our thinking, and I think yoga is a great way to force you outside of your mental and physical rigidity. My mind was rigid growing up, as I’ve explained, but so was my body. Super tight. Yoga started curing the chronic pain I had, but it also released my mind along with it.

In many ways I feel I’m battling to stay liquid, to be like water. I don’t want to be a superficial guy, you know? I want to get out from under all the superficiality of our culture and live free of the strictures our society places on us. I want to be a sensory person but not be controlled by the senses. I want to live a spiritual life but not be controlled by religion. I want to live free but also devote myself to family and the love of the great woman I share my life with.

What’s great is that for the first time I’m finding that balance. I still have a long way to go in some areas, but that’s part of what keeps things interesting—figuring it all out. But in general, man, I wake up every morning asking, “What the fuck did I do in my last life to deserve the amazing fucking life I got in this one?”



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# ANDY RICHTER

(continued from page 66)

He asks if I've read McMahon's 1998 autobiography, *For Laughing Out Loud*. "When I left *Late Night*, Sarah Vowell wrote an essay about me for an online magazine," he says. "She talks about McMahon's book and how the first line was something like 'I will never forget when I met a young man named Johnny Carson.' That was the *very first line*. Of his life story. That says so much. He was basically acknowledging that Johnny is the alpha male of his particular clan. It's just another way of saying 'co-dependence.'"

He doesn't mention Vowell's other observations, such as how McMahon's autobiography would have "scared me silly" if she was in Richter's shoes, or that Richter was smart to leave *Late Night* while he still had the chance. If Richter has any doubts about returning to sidekick territory, he doesn't share them. He believes he and McMahon are from two different worlds, with very different experiences. None of that sad co-dependence between McMahon and Carson is apparent when Richter talks about his relationship with O'Brien. But there are hints of protectiveness.

He describes their partnership this way: "When people transport a show horse, like the kind that's trained to perform in a circus or rodeo, they frequently put another animal in the horse trailer—like a dog or an old goat—something nobody cares about, to make the horse feel calm and secure. I kind of feel like that's my job. I'm the old goat that keeps the star horse company so he doesn't get agitated and kick the door off his stall."

It's a joke but a joke with a grain of truth. "He does tend to worry," Richter admits of his TV partner. "He gets so wound up sometimes he needs to be told to have a good time. There's something about Irish Catholic guilt, second only to Jewish guilt, that's pretty strong. It's so free-floating and doesn't even have a point. I used to have conversations with him where I was like, 'Please, enjoy this! My God, the fruits of your labor are bountiful!'"

O'Brien isn't the only one who finds Richter a calming presence. Although Richter is dressed like a prepubescent boy (wearing a baseball cap, shorts and a T-shirt with a cartoon character drawn across the chest), I feel safe letting him assume the role of hiking guide. He exudes an air of confidence even when he obviously has no idea what he's talking about. He explains the realities of L.A.'s wilderness: "It's all built on risers," he says. "If the bank crisis should deepen, all of this will be rolled up and taken away." And he points out the predominance of single male hikers: "Is this the place in the park where a fella goes if he wants a blow job from another fella?"

He's such a natural leader it's a wonder he never considered getting his *own* talk show. "I have no interest in that," he says without hesitation. "I've never had the talent for interviewing people like Conan does. He's just innately more curious about humanity than I am. I like people well enough but, well, not everybody.

Okay, hardly anybody. Conan really seems to enjoy asking questions and finding out things about people. He's very personable. I'm more of a recluse."

And pleasant conversations with strangers, Richter explains, are the *best-case* scenario. "I used to watch Conan sweat bullets over somebody who didn't know how to talk or was just a jackass," he says. "My most disliked guests are the stars of some new drama or sitcom that nobody's watching, and they walk out with this cocky confidence that's just like [he assumes the timbre of a smarmy TV announcer] 'The love affair with America has begun! Hello, everybody. What's up? That's right, I'm Chase Danford, the chiseled hunk from *Tucker Country*, M.D.'"

Richter is unconcerned with the high expectations surrounding *The Tonight Show*. He seems to understand that, unlike his seven years with O'Brien on *Late Night*, this will be a very different type of show. With an earlier time slot comes a slightly older and more conservative audience that may not be as entertained by the masturbating bears and vomiting muppets of the *Late Night* era. Richter probably won't be as inclined to streak across the *Today* show set as he did so memorably on *Late Night*, or predict his eventual crossover into gay porn with a movie called *69 on the Richter Scale* or cheat during a staring contest by convincing his

competitor's grandparents to strip.

"We'll still be relatively weird," he promises. "But at a certain point it's an issue of politeness. I can't go out there and say 'Screw the establishment' or 'Suck on this, old man!' That's not *The Tonight Show*. It should be funny. I have no intention of working on something where I feel like we're not even trying. But you have to realize who you're talking to. You don't drop the *F* bomb when Grandma comes over."

I ask if he's planning any future surprises on *The Tonight Show*, something that will satisfy his longtime fans. "I can't make any promises," he says. "But there's a pretty good chance I'll have a better parking space at the Universal Studios lot soon. That's gonna make a *big* difference to the quality of the show. Maybe not necessarily in visible ways, but it will matter. There will be a certain lightness and contentedness to me."

Richter says this with such deadpan sincerity that it almost seems as if he's being serious. Maybe a good parking spot and a dependable paycheck is all he really wants anymore. But look closer and you'll see a devilish glint in his eye, like a teenage kid who doesn't want his parents to know his backpack is filled with fireworks and porn.



"But I told you just to remove plaque."

# Pirates

(continued from page 58)

money, everyone likes you," he said. "No matter what your shape is, what you look like, women want you. It doesn't matter if you got that money by being a pirate."

It wasn't long, however, before Samo started to question the whole business. One day he learned that four members of his group had died on a mission, their empty skiff discovered floating hundreds of miles out at sea by another team of pirates. (That wasn't the only misfortune to befall the men behind the *Sirius Star* heist. Another five pirates reportedly drowned trying to make off with their share of the loot; one of them washed ashore with more than \$150,000 stuffed into a plastic bag in his pocket.) Samo resented that a few leaders were taking the lion's share of the ransoms, and he worried about the risk if he were ordered to go into the deep water. His mother called him constantly, begging him to come home. After about six months he decided to go AWOL, faking an illness and decamping to Kenya.

He'd been left with about \$15,000, not an insignificant sum for Somalia but hardly the kind of cash you can retire on. As he sipped from a cup of milky tea, he was renting a room in a shabby guesthouse in Eastleigh with three other ex-pirates. His new plan, as he explained it to me, was to apply for refugee status and try for a visa to the United States. I wanted to tell him that the list of Somali refugees wanting to get to America is nearly two decades long, not to mention that a man with his background might have trouble securing asylum. But he kept talking, and his flight of fancy grew more outlandish.

"As you know," he told me, "there's an African man who has become president of the United States. It's someone we feel like, well, he is one of us. He might consider helping us if he knew our problems."

He had crossed the line into the surreal, and I began to feel sorry for him. I shook his hand, ending the interview, and he seemed relieved when I paid for his tea. We walked down to the street, into the workday African multitude of men pulling rickety handcarts and brightly clothed women balancing sacks on their heads, and Samo turned and faded into the crowd.



The pirates aren't the only high-seas cowboys in this story; some of the sailors they come across are unrepentant gamblers themselves. Florent and Chloé Lemaçon, a young French couple, ignored multiple warnings from the French navy and sailed through Somali waters in April aboard their 41-foot yacht, the *Tanit*. They were dreamers, traversing the globe with their three-year-old son and two friends and chronicling their experiences on a blog. In one entry Chloé downplayed the pirate threat. "They're mainly after money," she said. "The danger exists, and it has no doubt increased in recent months, but the ocean is huge. The pirates cannot destroy our dream." On April 4 the *Tanit* was captured, and six days later the French military tried a risky commando mission to free the hostages. The boat was released, but the pirates shot back, and in

the crossfire 28-year-old Florent was killed.

Ten months earlier Jurgen Kantner, a 62-year-old German yachtsman, had been on a similar voyage with his longtime companion, Sabine Merz, sailing from France to Singapore. Kantner was another inveterate seaman; he'd lived on his aging yacht, the 53-foot *Rockall*, for more than half his life and had sailed four times across the Indian Ocean. He didn't own a home and frankly didn't care much for being on land; even when docked he preferred to sleep on his boat. Though he had the salty personality to show for a lifetime at sea, along with a sun-scorched complexion and a head of wild gray hair, he was not sanguine about the prospect of a pirate attack. When he set sail from the port of Aden, in Yemen, he charted a course that hugged the Yemeni coastline, 150 miles north of Somalia. But the powerful summer winds pushed them south until finally they were snared by nine pirates off the Somali port of Lasqoray.

Immediately Kantner killed the engine. "Start it," one of the pirates ordered. "We're going to Somalia." When Kantner insisted the engine was busted, they tied a rope around his neck and the leader of the group pointed a pistol at him. But the engine required two keys to start, and unbeknownst to the pirates Kantner had removed one of them. The yacht was stuck. They drifted in the ocean for two days while the pirates waited for reinforcements.

"I just kept hoping for a military boat to appear," Kantner told me nearly a year after the hijacking. "No one came."

Two pirate skiffs eventually arrived, and they slowly towed the *Rockall* to shore. When they made landfall Kantner was stunned to see, in the midst of a dense tangle of brush and palm trees, a jungle lair that must have looked like the set for an extremely low-budget pirate movie. About 150 men were living in a clearing, sleeping on mats under the sky. Women and children traipsed through from time to time, perhaps from a nearby village. There were a couple of clapboard shacks but little else to suggest the place was fit for human habitation.

One pirate announced a ransom of \$2 million. Kantner then watched as the men proceeded to relieve the yacht of about 50,000 euros in cash—nearly his entire savings—as well as 40 gallons of whiskey and wine and about 200 bottles of beer. "Drunkards," Kantner sneered. These guys might have been raised Muslim, but now the party was on. They polished off the booze in a couple of days and then set upon Kantner, harassing him for the ransom.

"Give us the money or we'll fuck your wife," one said. "We know you have the money. Why won't your government pay?"

When foreign nationals are hijacked off the coast of Somalia, their governments typically negotiate with pirates, often with the Puntland regional government as an intermediary. Kantner spoke by satellite phone to German authorities, but they were noncommittal. Weeks passed, and the pirates grew impatient. Once, when a German official was on the phone discussing the ransom demand, a pirate squeezed off an AK-47 round that whizzed over Kantner's head. The pirate grinned.

Another time Merz went missing for sev-

eral hours. "Now we shoot the girl," one pirate told Kantner, and for good measure a gunshot rang out through the trees. After a few hours, however, Merz returned, apparently unharmed. The hostages were worth far more to the pirates if they were alive.

If these pirates were flush with ransom money, it wasn't evident to Kantner. They often went three or four days without food until a slaughtered goat would materialize and they could have a couple of meals. There was no water, so they drank from a stream. Merz, a trim woman in her 40s, fell ill and shriveled to less than 100 pounds. Kantner's stomach, perhaps conditioned by decades at sea, held up better. He took a liking to camel's milk, a favorite of Somalis, and as he drank alongside them he got to know his captors better.

"Many of them didn't want to do what they were doing," Kantner said. Where the loot went seemed a mystery to the young pirates just as it was to him. "They were complaining that they get only a little money, maybe a few thousand dollars. The big money goes to the big boss, and he's not even in the camp." A neatly dressed young man, who was new to the group and identified himself as the cook, befriended Kantner and told him which of his comrades to fear and which were merely acting tough. By the end the young man asked Kantner if he could help him get to Germany.

On their 52nd day in the jungle a soldier from the Puntland government appeared with the ransom. Governments don't publicly release the details of ransom deals, but Kantner's pirate friend told him that the suitcase contained \$600,000 in cash, paid by the German government. They were released on the spot into the custody of Puntland authorities and flown to Kenya and then to Germany, where they were briefly a media sensation. But after more than three decades on his boat, Kantner had no place to call home. He was sleeping in a spare room in his mother's house, and he hated it. He wanted to retrieve his boat.

He hadn't seen the *Rockall* since the night they reached land in Somalia, but he understood from government officials that it had been towed several hundred miles to the west, to the quiet port of Berbera. When I traveled in April to the sweltering dock, where the air hung so heavy I barely wanted to breathe, I found Kantner crouched on a narrow wooden jetty, wearing a baseball cap and a pair of ratty shorts fastened loosely at his bare, bulging middle, trying to repair his lifeboat.

The yacht had been damaged when Somali authorities towed it to Berbera, he explained. The hull also needed to be patched up, and his engine had gone missing. The ordeal seemed to have taken a toll on Merz, who remained on the yacht and said little while Kantner focused on his repairs with the determined quietude of a man who has little else in his life. On most days he was the only foreigner in this remotest of African ports, a muttering figure who donned a shirt only when he ventured into the local market for a glass of sweet tea. Behind his back the Somalis in town called him "the crazy white man," but Kantner didn't care. When the repairs were finished, he and Merz would try again to get to Southeast Asia—pirates be damned.

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"They already took all my money," he said. "Now it's just us and this old boat."



After the debacle with the German engine, Eid had to regroup. He figured his chances of corraling a ship were better to the west of Puntland, where the Gulf of Aden narrows to less than 20 miles before touching the Red Sea. He sent his boat and weapons by road to Berbera, rented a room in a guesthouse and got a job as a mechanic while plotting his next move.

But within weeks police were watching Eid. He hadn't counted on the anomaly that is Somaliland, the northwestern region where things actually seem to work. Formerly known as British Somaliland, the colonial occupation here, unlike in the formerly Italian-controlled south, was relatively light-handed and left local institutions intact. When Mogadishu fell in 1991, Somaliland declared independence, and while no country has recognized its status, the territory has governed itself admirably well. It has an independent judiciary, an underequipped but feisty coast guard and a bitter rivalry with its neighbor to the east, Puntland, which Somaliland officials blame for allowing piracy to thrive.

"A lot of bad things are coming from over there," Admiral Osman Jibril Hagar, commander of Somaliland's coast guard, told me. He unfolded a map of the territory's 530-mile coastline, which his men were patrolling with two aging speedboats (a third was being repaired) and a small fleet of motorized skiffs. Last September Eid and his four comrades were arrested at the guesthouse along with his boat, a few automatic weapons, a collapsible ladder and what officials describe as hijacking plans. Officials said they were tipped off by Eid's neighbors. It goes to show what a little bit of government can do in a place like Somalia.

When I visited Somaliland in April, 26 men were in custody for piracy. Not all of them were willing to admit to being pirates, however. One morning at the jailhouse in Berbera, nine men who had recently been stopped while attempting to hijack a Yemeni ship sat sullenly in the prison yard, their skinny ankles chained together and tied to a metal stake. Through my translator I asked why they had become pirates, but they only glared at me through rheumy eyes. Several were wearing the patterned sarongs favored

by Somali men, their colors badly faded. "We are fishermen," one said. "No questions." Another man nearly spat at me. "Go away," he growled, "or maybe I'll eat your mother."

We drove an hour south to the town of Mandhera, little more than a dusty constellation of tin shacks and mud huts, with stick-legged children in raggedy clothes emerging from every crevice to gawk at me, the strange-looking visitor. The prison housing Eid and his comrades loomed suddenly over the scrubland. A fortress of stone and biscuit-colored brick, it was built by British forces to house Italian soldiers captured back when this was one of the remotest battlegrounds of World War II. The POWs are long gone, of course, as is the sign that welcomed visitors to BIG HELL. I simply banged on the metal gate to rouse the bored-looking guard in camouflage and electric-blue flip-flops, who let me inside.

Eid walked into the warden's office and took his place on a rough wooden bench. His eyes were glassy, his hands fidgety. The warden, a copper-skinned man with a mat of silver hair, saw the classic signs of withdrawal from khat, a leafy green plant that when chewed produces a mild, amphetamine-like high. Many people say pirates take bundles of khat with them when scouting the sea for prey and that the high is what gives them their daring.

Eid squinted at the sunlight beaming through the window. "Now the international community is shouting about piracy," he said in a flat, throaty voice. "But long before this we were shouting to the world about our problems. No one listened."



It seems unlikely that Somalia's fishermen will ever be compensated for what they lost starting in the 1990s. Global Witness, a London-based watchdog group, estimates that unlicensed fishing robbed Somalia of \$90 million in catches in just a two-year period, from 2003 to 2004—one of the worst examples of illegal fishing in recent history. As for the claims of toxic waste dumping, no thorough investigation has been done, although Bashir Hussein, a Somali environmental researcher, has photographs that show drums that look like the rusted shells of large rockets, some as tall as a person, lying on the empty beaches of Puntland. Until the country patches itself together politically, everyone

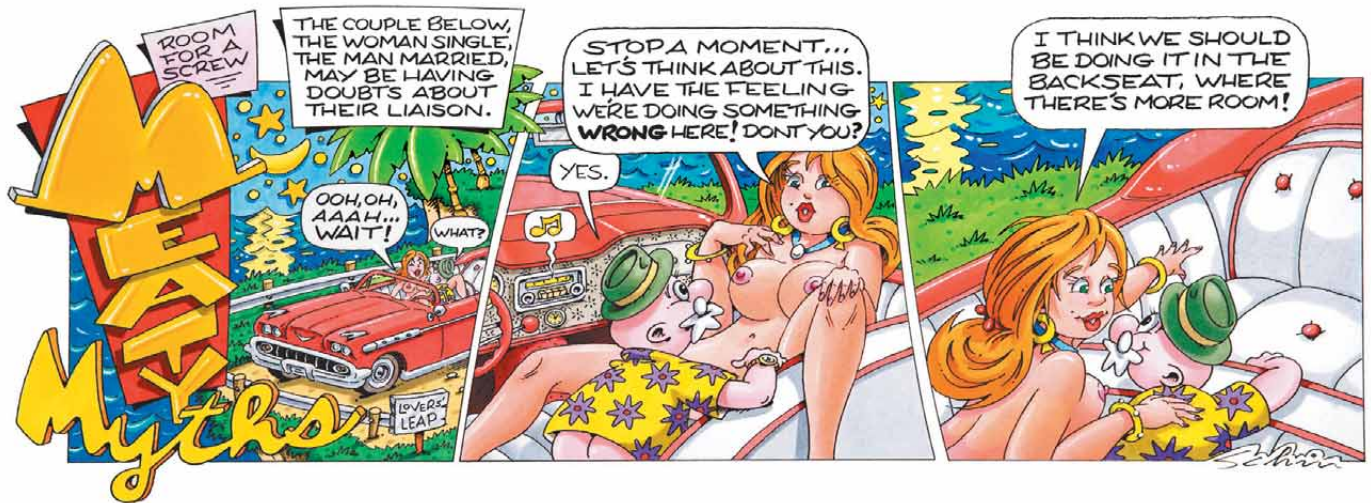
in Somalia will continue to fend for himself.

"A country without a government is exposed to all kinds of illegal activity," said Ould-Abdallah, the UN envoy. "All these allegations are credible. Those drums that washed onto the coast, I don't think they came from far away." Still, he said, "all that these pirates are doing in response, it cannot be justified. No one buys the idea that these people are Robin Hood."

Through our rambling hour-long interview Eid voiced only one regret—abandoning his wife and two children, ages seven and 14. They were the reason he had turned to piracy, he said, and the idea of spending his middle years in prison, leaving them without their sole breadwinner, seemed to weigh on him.

Seated a few feet away, Yousuf Essa looked on gravely. The vice minister for justice in the Somaliland government, Essa had escorted me to the prison and then listened silently to Eid throughout the interview. When he finally spoke up, his take was remarkably sympathetic for an officer of the law. "When these people lost their livelihoods, they became pirates," Essa said, leaning back in his chair and resting his hands on his round belly. "This has become the new way of life." Then, with no prompting, this government official fished into his pants pocket, pulled out a faded \$10 bill and pressed it into Eid's calloused palm. The prisoner bowed his head in silent thanks. Essa said later that Eid would no doubt spend the money on khat—but there was nothing else to buy in the prison anyway, no dreams of pirate treasure in that grim bastion.

Of the 590 prisoners in Mandhera that day Eid and his men might have been the most infamous, but they were hardly the most wretched looking. Nearly all the men, in fact, wore sullen expressions and clutched ratty sarongs to their skinny waists. Given slightly different circumstances, perhaps any of them could have been pirates. With their country collapsed, their livelihoods eviscerated and their bellies all but empty, it wasn't hard to see why the able-bodied men of Somalia chase anything—cargo ships, cruise liners, yachts, oil tankers—for a decent payday. Even Eid, in retelling the long story of his failures, spoke with an unmistakable tinge of pride. At times he let loose a smile. He would do it all over again, he said, because he had nothing to lose.



# MERRIMAN

(continued from page 89)

an animal. It was hilarious. They stopped letting me hit in practice. Whenever we had contact drills, they'd send me over to another field, where I would practice hitting dummies.

## Q7

PLAYBOY: Has Holmes ever said anything to you about the hit?

MERRIMAN: It was awkward, because I saw him two years ago at—all places—the Playboy Mansion. He was standing beside me, and I didn't know who he was until one of my boys tapped me and said, "Hey, isn't that Priest?" I looked over and said, "Oh shit, it is." It was awkward, because on the field I'm a beast and a killer. I'm going to try to get you by any means necessary. But off the field I'm not like that. When I saw him I didn't even know what to say. I said, "What's up?" I tell all the players, "On the field I'm going to try to knock you out, but during the off-season, call me and I'll show up at your charity event." That's just the way I am.

## Q8

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to maintain that intensity for every game?

MERRIMAN: I got one speed all the time, and I have only one mentality for myself on that grass. When I'm out there, man, it's like a different Shawne. Sometimes I look back and say, "Damn, why did I do that?" I must have split personalities. Somebody might ask me about a game, and I'll look back on the film and say, "Damn, I really did that?" I'm just a totally different guy on the field.

## Q9

PLAYBOY: Two of your homes burned down when you were a kid in Baltimore. What happened?

MERRIMAN: The first time, when I was 11, my babysitter had witnessed a murder, and the murderers bombed our building. The second time, my mother lit a candle and it burned through the TV in my room. The first one, I was there. The second time I was at my friend's house, and I found out later, like 5:30 in the morning, that the house was burning. Everything was gone—trophies, pictures, everything. We stayed in motels on and off. It was tough. I had a really troubled upbringing, and some of the unfortunate things that happened are why I'm able to do what I do now. I'm built for everything that's taking place now.

## Q10

PLAYBOY: How much of your life is spent in the gym?

MERRIMAN: I'm a gym rat. You can't get me out of the gym. I just love working out. In high school I worked to get a weight set to put in my garage, and I used to lift until two or three in the morning. If my friends saw the light on in my garage, they knew exactly what I was doing. I'd get somebody knocking on my garage at 1:30, two in the morning, and I'd be in there working out.

## Q11

PLAYBOY: How important is the Hall of Fame for you? Do you think about it?

MERRIMAN: I do, because people don't often talk about the Hall of Fame this early in a career, and it's an honor even to be considered. But I don't feel it's right until you prove yourself in your game. Anybody can have one or two good years. Do I want to be considered the best that ever played the game? Of course. But at no point in time do I want to come across as being disrespectful.

## Q12

PLAYBOY: During the 2006 season you were suspended for four games after failing a steroid test. Do you worry the suspension will affect your Hall of Fame chances?

MERRIMAN: I don't think so at all. That's something that maybe I'll have to deal with one day when I get there. I'm just going to go out and play and show you what I'm able to do. I'm not a big talker about what I'm going to do. Baby, look at the paper and the game reel. Look at some of the things I've been able to accomplish. That's not going to change, and if anybody's expecting it to, it's not.

## Q13

PLAYBOY: As a competitor, how did you mentally deal with the suspension?

MERRIMAN: It was just like I was on a path. I got ridiculously focused. I thought, Okay, people believe this, and they're entitled to their opinion. That's fine, but they don't understand. They don't know, especially with all the shit going on around it. It just got blown up out of proportion. I don't have to prove anything to anybody but myself and to people who watch and love the game of football, because that's who I do it for. What I love the most is when guys who are in the Hall of Fame or coaches from other teams pull me aside before games and say, "Man, you're one of the most amazing players I've ever seen play this game." That shit brings a tingling in my body. I get a rush.

## Q14

PLAYBOY: A big deal was made after Maurice Jones-Drew from the Jacksonville Jaguars blocked you and knocked you down during the 2007 season. What happened?

MERRIMAN: When I first started playing football I used to call out older guys all the time. They'd say, "One day everybody gets older, and everybody has to deal with it." I told them, "I'm Lights Out. Nobody's ever going to do nothing to me." Everybody gets caught at least one time, they always say. Sure enough, I didn't see the little guy. He came out of the blue when I was looking at the quarterback, and Maurice is about eight inches shorter than me. The guy leveled my ass. A fucking bowling ball is what he is, man. It wouldn't have been such a big deal if it wasn't me. You know, "Lights Out got lights out." It was just one of those things.

## Q15

PLAYBOY: How much grief did your teammates give you for that?

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MERRIMAN: Every time somebody gets hit or blown up or something, I'm the first one to give you shit about it. When somebody gets floored, intercepted or hit, I'm the first guy running up to them. So you best believe everybody got on me.

## Q16

PLAYBOY: Did any of the Chargers try to haze you your rookie year?

MERRIMAN: I had to take the whole team out for dinner. The tab was about \$32,000. Cristal bottles everywhere, all the best things you could think of were ordered. I felt sick. I talked to nobody for three or four days.

## Q17

PLAYBOY: You've been a judge at a Miss USA pageant. Is that as great as it sounds?

MERRIMAN: I loved it. I made a joke about Donald Trump twisting my arm to get me to go there, but I probably would have gone out there for free—flown myself out, put myself up in a hotel for that one. You're around 50 hot chicks, and I'm single. It was fun for me.

## Q18

PLAYBOY: Who are the hardest guys to shake up on the field?

MERRIMAN: Tom Brady and Peyton Manning. They're great quarterbacks, but they're also very hard to get to. They get rid of the ball

quick; they make the right decisions. It's not always about your athletic ability. There are some guys in the league who have more athletic ability than both of them, but Brady and Manning are so good. It's really hard to hit them.

## Q19

PLAYBOY: During your time off you appeared in Keri Hilson's "Knock You Down" video with Kanye West and Ne-Yo. How did that happen?

MERRIMAN: Chris Robinson, who directed the video, is a friend of mine, and I also know Kanye. I hadn't met Keri, but Chris told me Kanye had this part and it would be great if I could shoot a quick cameo. I told him, "I've never done a video. I can show you how to hit a quarterback, but I don't know about videos." He said, "All you have to do is stand there and be Lights Out." So I just stood there, and it worked. It was a hot video.

## Q20

PLAYBOY: Now that you're back on the field, is anyone on your hit list?

MERRIMAN: I'm going after anyone in a different-colored helmet. Period. If you're wearing a different-colored helmet than me, you're in trouble.



# campus

(continued from page 92)

my bedroom and started making out pretty heavily. I got him on my bed. I was pretty close to naked, and so was he. Then I started rubbing on him, and he prematurely ejaculated! Like *done*, in no time—with his boxers on. Mandy walked out of the closet and said, "You son of a bitch. I'll show the entire campus so everyone will know you suck at sex."

Mandy posted the video on the Internet, and we texted a link to all our friends. For the rest of college Tom was known as that guy on the video who came before he got his underwear off. He never had a date again—at least not at Stephen F. Austin.

## "Dear Jenna Jameson..."

JORDANA JAMES, 24, Lincoln Land Community College

When I was 19 I befriended Jenna Jameson on MySpace. I grew up in a small Illinois town, and I would look at these girls' pictures and think, Wow, they're having fun and making great money. I wonder if I would like it. So I e-mailed Jenna on MySpace and got a response with a link to an adult talent agency. Five months later I flew out to L.A.

I'd been with only four guys, and the relationships had all been monogamous. I'd never had a one-night stand. I let everybody know from the beginning that I was there to make money for my education. I was focused. I had a goal, and I achieved it. I couldn't have done that by hooking up and partying all the time.

The kinkiest thing I ever did: I was all dressed up—heels, makeup, hair done. It was really glamorous, and I was trying to look sexy. Then the photographer said, "Now squat, and pee in this cup." And I was like, "What? Are you serious?" He was, so I did it.

In the two years I worked in the industry I never had an orgasm with a guy. I did one time with a girl. For me it has to do with knowing the person and being comfortable with him, and I never was because I would know him for only an hour—if that—before we had sex. It gave me a greater appreciation for my personal sex life. I don't have to be told where to put my leg or which boob to grab. I have the freedom to do what I want without 50 people watching me.

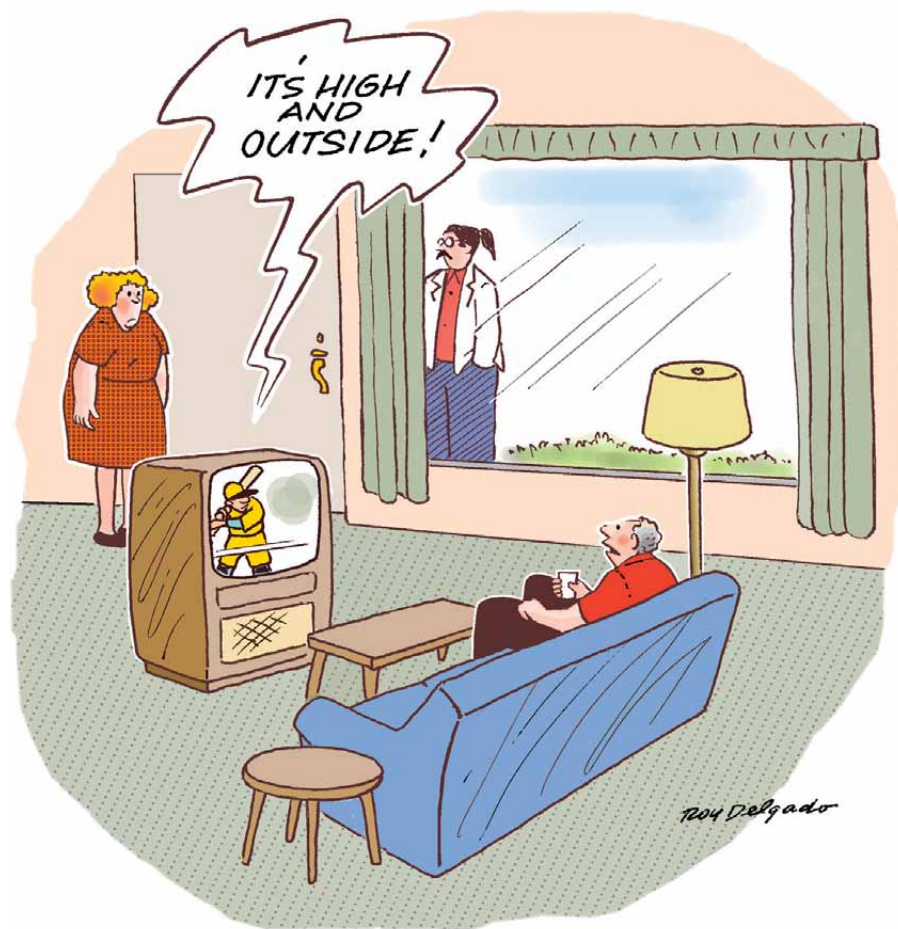
Everyone in my family knew from the get-go. My father's response was "I believe there's a better job for you out there. However, if you're going to do it, you need to make the most of it." My mother didn't say much. My sisters bragged around town about it. My hometown has an adult video store, and it has a shrine to me. They ordered all my movies and put up a sign by them that says LOCAL GIRL.

I'm studying premed now. By the time I'm done with school, hopefully I'll be long forgotten in the porn business—because every day a new 19-year-old is just dying to take her clothes off.

## Magna Cum Lesbian

BETH, 22, American University

I study feminist philosophy. Freshman year, my favorite female professor had a



"Speaking of high and outside, your brother is at the door."



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girlfriend, but she didn't seem at all dykey. She alluded to the fact that she'd had male lovers, and I wanted to know her story, to find out when and why she'd turned to women. And I had a funny kind of crush on her, too; I wanted her to want me.

Then I met Katherine. She was everything. She was round with fleshy strawberries-and-cream breasts that trembled when she laughed. One night six of us girls locked ourselves in the bathroom at a party. These girls were all of the thinking sort, the searching sort, and when Katherine and I kissed, they cheered us on. The fact that there were no men in the room made it feel honest and pure. I always hated girls who were bi only when boys were around. Katherine and I kissed, and her lips were so soft. She kissed me the way I like to be kissed: slowly and quietly, with just a whisper of tongue. I touched her body. I touched her breasts; they were weighty.

We talked all night about what it was to be a woman, how men find us so enchanting and then get bored with the exact things that had enchanted them. We talked about

how we'd had it all wrong and how our mothers had had it all wrong: The enlightened woman knows that to be truly loved is to be understood and that men will forever see us as the second sex, the lesser sex.

Katherine and I went on that way for several months, musing over every detail of the soft, fluid sculptures that were each other's bodies. And then I got bored with it. I knew her inside and out, and frankly, it just wasn't hot enough. It was sensual, it was delicious, it was divine—but it wasn't steamy. As a woman, the thing that really gets me hot is the idea that a penis, a real live penis, could be plunged into me.

I was at a loss. I felt the largest part of my identity was my femaleness. A man could never truly understand what that meant to me. How could I reconcile my desire and my devotion to my female identity? I spent the next year of college engrossed in my studies, looking for the answer. I suppose I would still call myself bi, but I'm definitely not a lesbian.



## Vampires

(continued from page 104)

fervor, last year's *Twilight* film notwithstanding. (Apparently vampires were getting too heavy for Mormon mom Stephenie Meyer, the author of the books behind the film franchise, who seemed to have deliberately set out to remove all sex from the vampire mythology and replaced it with lust-free—even blood-free—romantic love, making vampires safe for teens.) TV and film will continue to feature dangerous vampires, with *True Blood* renewed on HBO, *The Vampire Diaries* (described as *Twilight* with sex) on the CW and a sequel to Steve Niles's *30 Days of Night* in development. An official sequel to Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, Dacre Stoker and Ian Holt's *Dracula: The Un-Dead*, will be published this month. Given all this well-founded interest, can a film of Guillermo del Toro and Chuck Hogan's shocking *Strain* trilogy be far behind?

Still the question remains: Why are people attracted to vampires? And if they existed, would they actually make good lovers? To answer the question, one must consider the facts. Technically, a vampire is a creature that ingests blood to exist. Nice ones skip humans and get by on animal or synthetic blood. Not-so-nice ones don't give a crap.

A secondary characteristic is that they're dead. Or *undead*, a term popularized in the 19th century (Stoker's *Dracula* was originally to be called *The Un-Dead*) to apply to vampires, zombies, mummies and their ilk, who find themselves in an embarrassing state between dead and alive. If you're undead, then you can't die, of course, except by very special means, and folklore has lots of suggestions for those. Also according to folklore, vampires have superpowers (the strength of 20 men, shape-shifting abilities, telepathy, supersensitive hearing, etc.).

This seems to lend itself to hot sex. The catch, however, is that—according to that same folklore (and to one Dom Augustin Calmet, writing in the 18th century)—these undead are essentially soulless. While this may be helpful to criminals, IRS agents and real players, for most would-be lovers this poses a serious handicap toward building trust and mutual affection.

In the beginning vampires weren't all bad. They were merely a fact of life, like wolves or termites. According to the Greeks, the *lamia*, part of the triple goddess Hecate's entourage, were female creatures who seduced young men. Many of the victims appeared to have wholeheartedly enjoyed the experience. Philostratus, among others, wrote about Apollonius's encounter with one of these girls, who drinks his friend's blood or energy or life force—it's not quite clear—while having a very, very good time of it.

Only later did vampires get scary. In the 16th and 17th centuries people claimed numerous "official" sightings, often attested to by a cleric or military officer. Here's my version of a typical visitation: The village is having problems, maybe failing crops, dying cattle or mysterious deaths. Some bright lad remembers that Uncle George, who stopped going to church, died a few



"I'd like you to meet your treat from last year's trick."



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weeks earlier. Maybe he's a vampire, says the lad. So he and his pals troop out to the graveyard to check on Uncle George. Inside his coffin they find he has bloody lips, his nails and hair have grown out, his face is flushed, and groaning sounds are coming from his body. Maybe the body even moves. Now, having seen *CSI*, we know this is normal decomposition, the result of shrinking tissues and swelling gases. To the villagers, however, these are sure signs George has turned into a vampire. Fortunately, they are prepared for just this discovery, so with the help of a cleric or military officer they stick an iron or wooden stake through Uncle George's heart, stapling him to the coffin. For good measure they shove a brick into his jaws or cut off his head or stuff his mouth with garlic—or maybe all of the above. And sure enough, things get better in the village, validating the diagnosis.

In the first vampire tales written in English, by Mary Shelley's friend and Lord Byron's doctor, John Polidori (*The Vampyre*, 1819), and later by James Malcolm Rymer (*Varney the Vampyre*, 1847), the vampires are English nobles who resemble corpses. Lord Ruthven, the titular *Vampyre*, has a "dead gray eye" and "a deadly hue to his face." Sir Francis Varney is a "tall gaunt figure" with cadaverous features and long fingernails. However, they have a certain attrac-

tion about them—they are nobles, after all—and their victims are impressionable young girls and society ladies. The next great vampire tale, *Carmilla* (1872) by Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, doesn't fit this mold. His vampire is a woman, the Countess Mircalla Karnstein, and the story centers around a transparently lesbian love affair.

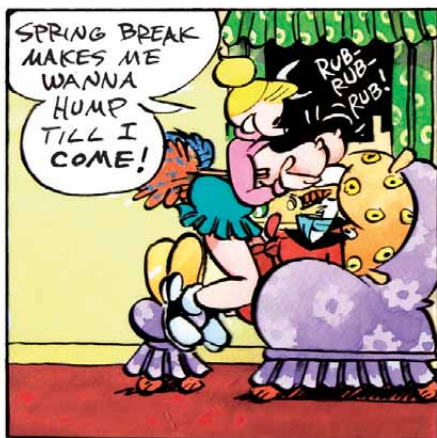
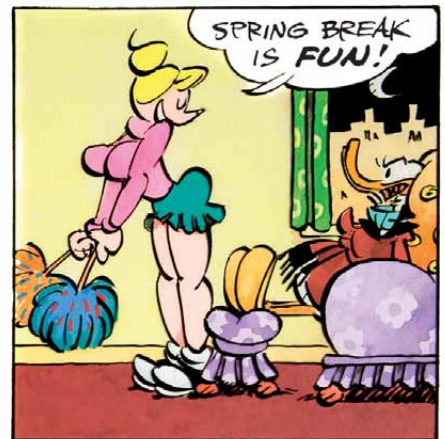
When Abraham "Bram" Stoker's *Dracula* was published in 1897, critical reception was mixed. *The Daily Mail* called the book "powerful and horrible.... The recollection of this weird and ghostly tale will doubtless haunt us for some time to come." The literary arbiter *The Bookman* remarked, "A summary of the book would shock and disgust; but we must own that, though here and there in the course of the tale we hurried over things with repulsion, we read nearly the whole thing with rapt attention."

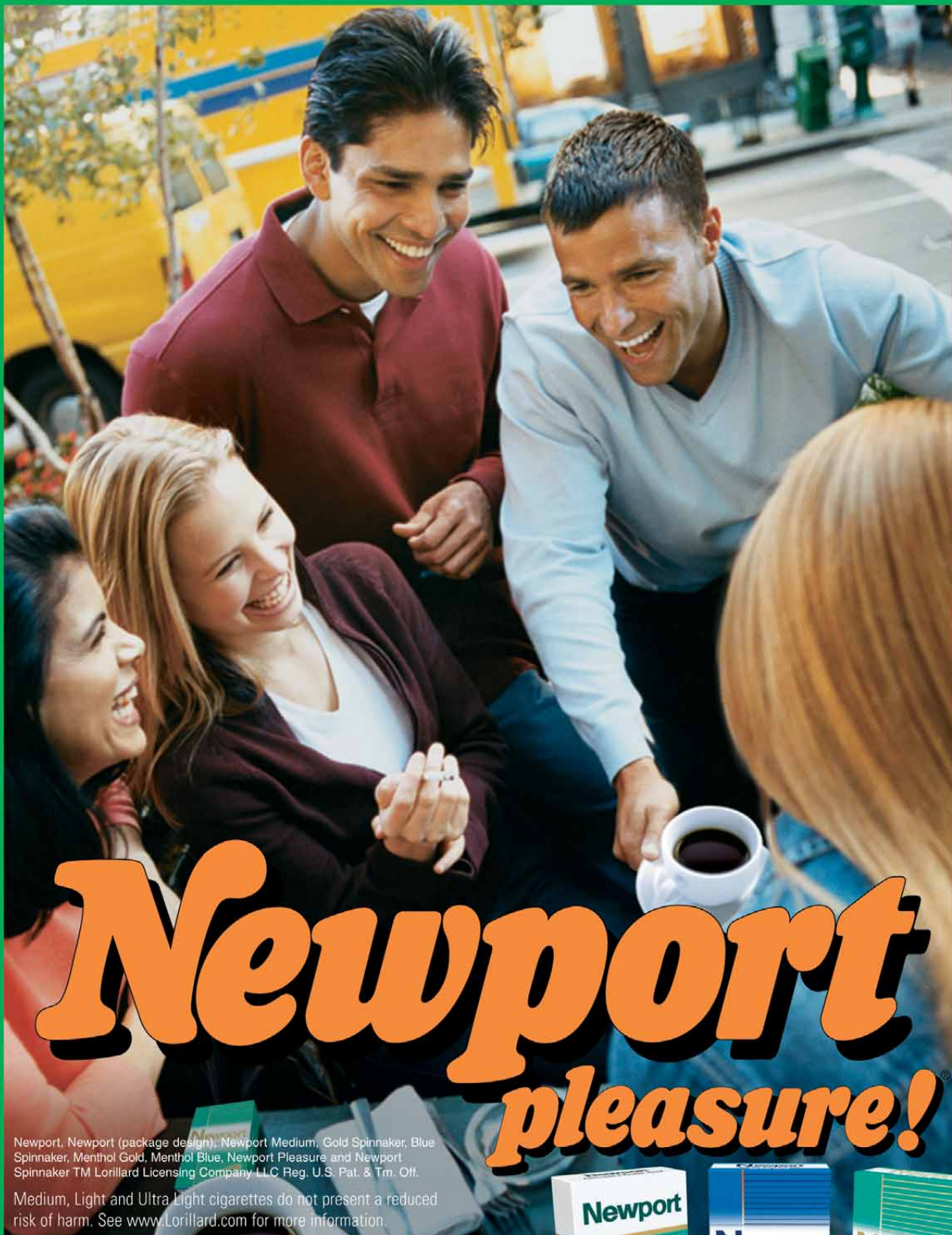
The book quickly found an audience among sensation seekers, and over time it became so popular that sales were said to surpass those of the Bible (an erroneous assertion, as it turns out). *Dracula* offered the Victorian reader steamy scenes reeking of sex and sexual tension while avoiding the outright pornographic approach of works like *Autobiography of a Flea* or *The Romance of Lust*. In 1959 British critic Maurice Richardson termed *Dracula* "a kind of incestuous, necrophilius, oral-

anal-sadistic, all-in wrestling match." Later vampire scholar James Twitchell called the action "sex without genitalia, sex without confusion, sex without responsibility, sex without guilt, sex without love—better yet, sex without mention."

Whether cast in the modern romantic image or as the old, well-bred monster, the vampire always seduces, coerces, hypnotizes and compels his or her victims to succumb to the vampire's needs. For example, in *Dracula* Lucy Westenra is first bitten on a bench in the moonlight and then nearly drained of blood during repeated visits to her bedroom by the vampire count. Victorian readers would not have missed the point when poor Lucy is saved from becoming a vampire by the insertion of a large wooden stake into her body by her noble fiancé. As the young solicitor Jonathan Harker admits as he is attacked by three women vampires, "There was something about them...some longing and at the same time some deadly fear. I felt in my heart a wicked, burning desire that they would kiss me with those red lips. It is not good to note this down, lest some day it should meet [Harker's fiancée, later wife] Mina's eyes." *Carmilla*, mentioned earlier, has long drawn-out scenes of the titular female vampire lovingly nursing a younger woman, who slowly realizes her

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caring older companion is actually the cause of her blood loss.

Later in *Dracula*, Mina has her own weak moment. The count engages in what can be seen only as a form of oral sex with her while Harker lies in a faint on the neighboring bed. Mina, forced to explain herself to Harker and friends, confesses, "I was bewildered, and, strangely enough, I did not want to hinder him. I suppose it is a part of the horrible curse that such is, when his touch is on his victim." Varney's victim suffers much the same fate: "Her bosom heaves, and her limbs tremble, yet she cannot withdraw her eyes from that marble-looking face." How convenient for these victims that they cannot resist. "The devil made me do it" or "I couldn't help myself" have always been useful excuses for indulging in illicit passions.

But do vampire-mortal connections involve sex? Or love? Or just blood drinking? When one reads the literature carefully, it's sometimes hard to tell. Some bodily fluids are certainly exchanged. *Varney* explicitly records gushes of blood, and the *Vampyre's* encounters aren't much less animalistic. But as vampire tales mature, the blood becomes less obvious. Fred Saberhagen points out in his novel *The Dracula Tape* that *Dracula* contains not a single scene in which we actually see Dracula drinking blood. While that may be literally true, when Dracula calls Mina his "bountiful winepress," it hardly suggests a chaste relationship. The romantic 1978 BBC production of *Dracula* captures the love-blood ambiguity perfectly with a scene in which Dracula explains to Mina that human kissing originated as a substitute for nourishment.

What about love? *Dracula's* female companions accuse him of never loving, but he retorts, "Yes, I too can love; you yourselves can tell it from the past. Is it not so?" Certainly countless other writers imagined vampires in love, from the characters in *Carmilla* and Chelsea Quinn Yarbro's fine

Le Comte de Saint-Germain novels, to Buffy and Angel (or Buffy and Spike—she got around) and Charlaine Harris's Sookie Stackhouse and Bill Compton, as well as virtually every post-1931 screen *Dracula* (well, maybe not the Christopher Lee films). Anne Rice's Lestat has incestuous feelings about his mother and loves a handful of other women, as well as several of his male friends, over the course of a long life.

The attraction of a vampire lover appears simple. Vampires, as the stories go, are incredibly needy and can't exist without at least one human food source. This need offers potential partners an opportunity for a fulfilling relationship. It's perfectly clear to these people that their vampire lover can't live without them and in fact depends on their willingness to be intimate and provide nourishment. And what more could one ask for in a lover than someone who lives forever, never becomes sick or old, has to stay home during the day and is always ready for action at night?

For others the appeal lies in the possibility that a vampire lover can be reformed, made over into someone who doesn't bite. The powerful attraction of this idea is clear in various vampire stories. Mina has this hope for poor Count *Dracula* and rejoices when she sees "a look of peace" on his face in death. Film after revisionist film of *Dracula* lets us in on how he is not really a bad sort, in most cases just hung up on a woman. Anne Rice's vampires are filled with regret and longing for their lost mortal relationships, and both Angel and Spike struggle to be "good" vampires so they can pursue love with the human Buffy.

It's not surprising, then, that vampires have captured the attention of some as love objects. The once monstrous creature has been transformed in books and film into one with great possibilities as the ideal partner. Truly, for the vampire lover, love sucks.



## RAIDERS

(continued from page 62)

to Joe Greene and say, "We want to trade for you," to soften him up, make him think we're going to be teammates. The guy who ran the clock at our home games sped it up when we were ahead. Any little advantage....

**DAVIDSON:** Our reputation was as thugs, miscreants and degenerates. But we'd out-work you, too, and come from behind in the fourth quarter—things that took character.

*The Raiders won six division titles in the 1970s and became the envy of the league. They were also a band of brigands who stuck together on and off the field.*

**OTTO:** We drank together. Madden had bed check around 11 o'clock—the assistant coaches would go around and look in our rooms at the El Rancho Tropicana, this quadrangle motel in Santa Rosa. They might skip Stabler's room. They didn't want to find he wasn't there. Then it'd be, "Don't tell Madden. He'll blow his top!"

**STABLER:** Sure, we had our nightlife. We were a rockin' group of bearded longhairs, just like the A's, who were baseball's world champions. But we were ready to play on Sunday, weren't we?

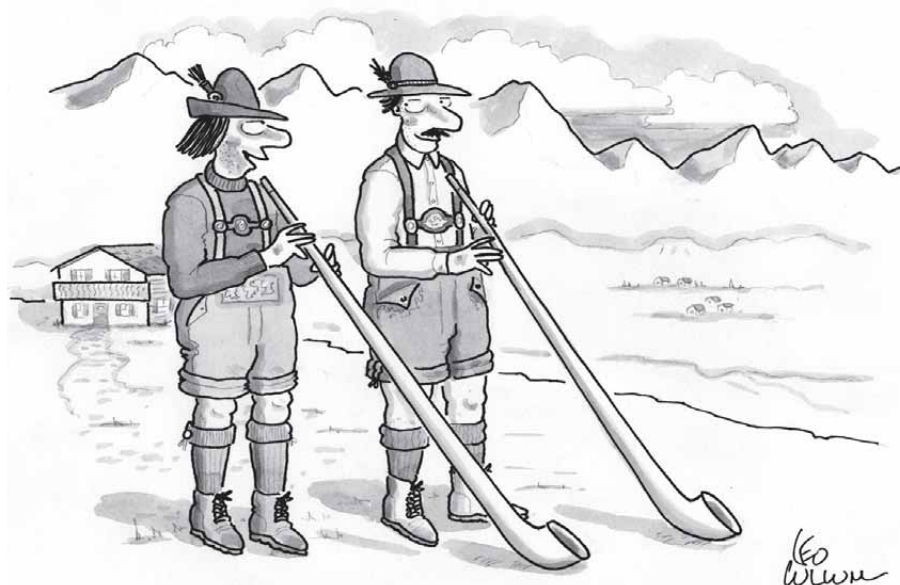
**OTTO:** They called me Pops or Company Man because I was a good citizen—never got fined, never missed a bed check. So one night we were drinking at Melendy's Lounge in Santa Rosa, and the rookies decided to get Pops fined. They picked up my VW and plugged the bar's front door with it—the only door. I crawled out the bathroom window, picked up the front of the car, moved it a little, went around, picked up the back and moved it till I could drive away. And I made bed check.

**FLORES:** One day a nude woman streaked practice. She was sprinting. Everyone was cheering, but she didn't realize how long the field is. Around midfield she started running out of gas, like a lineman running back a fumble. Finally she staggered away.

**GERALD IRONS,** linebacker, 1970–1975: We were a bunch of guys who loved the game and each other, not like the players today with their laptops and BlackBerrys. We didn't even have cell phones. Everything was face-to-face.

*Tackle Dan Birdwell had set the tone by coming off the field with blood and bits of the enemy's skin under his fingernails and popping his blisters at his teammates. Once, after polishing off half a gallon of vodka the night before a game, he took his stance and puked on the ball. At parties, the players sucked expensive substances from female fans' navels. Stabler and his roommates festooned their suite at the El Rancho with bras and panties, and fought crabs with Pyrinate A-200 ointment. Under a sign in their bathroom they stuck a Pyrinate label that read COMBAT YOUR ENEMY.*

**VILLAPIANO:** One year Biletnikoff talked Carol Doda into being queen of the air-hockey tournament, held on the last day of preseason at Melendy's. The famous stripper with the enormous breasts—she was a major Raiders fan.



"Did you bring the weed?"

**CAROL DODA**, exotic dancer, 44-25-35: Everybody loved the Raiders. I dated Fred Biletnikoff and got in on some of their wild times. As queen of their air-hockey tournament, I exposed my upper extremities. They were well received.

**VILLAPIANO**: We had her block the goal with one of her breasts. There was no way the other guys could score.

*For all their success the Raiders couldn't get over the hump. They had the Pittsburgh Steelers beaten in the 1972 AFC play-offs until they were screwed by a miracle: the Immaculate Reception.*

**FLORES**: It was a cold, cold day in Three Rivers Stadium. Snake ran 30 yards for a touchdown to put us up 7-6. On fourth and 10, with 22 seconds left, Terry Bradshaw threw toward Frenchy Fuqua. Jack Tatum hit Fuqua, and the ball went flying end over end.

**OTIS SISTRUNK**, defensive end, 1972-1978: I was chasing Bradshaw. Almost got him.

**VILLAPIANO**: I was covering Franco Harris. Bradshaw sprinted out to the left side. Franco and I were on the right. I left Franco when Bradshaw threw the ball. Now I was going toward Fuqua and Tatum. They collided, and the ball bounced right back over my head.

**OTTO**: I saw Franco Harris reach down for the ball and thought, Where'd he come from?

**FLORES**: It's one of those times when you're not sure what the hell you're seeing. Franco ran into the end zone. Our guys were stunned. Madden was going crazy. The fans were going crazy. The rule at the time was that two offensive players couldn't touch the ball without a defender touching it in between.

**OTTO**: It should have been no catch.

**VILLAPIANO**: A replay would have shown that Jack never touched the ball. And if you know Jack Tatum, you know he didn't want to knock the ball down. He likes to hit. But the officials saw thousands of Steelers fans swarming the field, out of control.

**OTTO**: Those fans were about to riot. I was looking for a place to hide.

**FLORES**: The official went to the sideline and talked to somebody on the phone. I still don't know why he did that. There was no instant replay in 1972. Then he signaled touchdown. So the ruling was that Tatum touched the ball. It's hard to tell—and some of us have watched that play 100 times. But Fuqua later admitted he had a bruise on his biceps—where the point of the ball hit.

*Oakland reached three straight AFC title games from 1973 to 1975 but lost each time. The snarling, self-styled Team of the 1970s hadn't been to a Super Bowl since the second one, in 1968. But the pieces were coming together.*

**VILLAPIANO**: We got Ted Hendricks from Green Bay because he hated the Packers. But somebody had to go to Green Bay for him. Well, he was a Pro Bowl linebacker, and so was I. I kept hearing it would be me. I was waiting for the shoe to drop, playing like shit, when Madden called me in. He said, "Phil, what the fuck's wrong with you?" I told him I didn't want to go to Green Bay. He said, "If you go, I'm out of here too. But you didn't hear me say that." John was a real player's coach. He wouldn't

talk about your fucking footwork—you're a pro already—but he was a master at the psychological side of the game.

**FLORES**: Hendricks was six-seven and fast—the most dominating defensive player I ever coached. His arms and torso were so long that blockers couldn't get to his body to block him. He was so tall he could see over them. He'd wait for a ballcarrier to get close, then throw his blocker aside.

**STABLER**: He came to his first Raiders practice riding a horse. We looked up and saw Hendricks in full uniform, waving a traffic cone as if it were a lance. He rode up to Madden and said, "Coach, I'm ready to play some football."

**TED "THE MAD STORK" HENDRICKS**, linebacker, 1975-1983: That kind of stuff didn't faze the Raiders. We were a team of individualists.

**DAVIDSON**: I was retired by then, but Ted asked permission to wear my number, 83. He came to me with his head down, as if he were a kid, as if he needed my blessing. I said, "I can't think of a better guy to wear it."

**STABLER**: His nickname was the Mad Stork, but we called him Kick 'Em—Ted "Kick 'Em" Hendricks, short for Kick 'Em in the Head. Before one game he smashed his own head into a locker and caved it in—the locker.

**FLORES**: Otto had retired—the original Mr. Raider. Here was the center who had made the snap on the franchise's first play in 1960, when I was playing quarterback. Nobody was tougher than Jim. He'd get so dinged up he didn't know where he was. We'd prop him up in the huddle till the cobwebs cleared.

**OTTO**: I did every snap for 308 games in a row. Long snaps, too. I practiced those till I could get the ball to the holder in seven tenths of a second, spinning just right so when he caught it the sweet side of the ball—the side away from the laces—was facing the kicker. I made every snap for 15 years. I played with broken fingers, ribs, a broken jaw, kicked-in teeth and pneumonia, and I broke my nose more than 20 times. I've had more than 50 surgeries, 12 knee replacements, two artificial shoulders. I broke my back twice and then, in 2007, had my right leg amputated. But I understood the risks when I played. It was worth it.

**SISTRUNK**: Otto was so tough. You've got to play nicked up—I'd play after getting 125 cc of blood drained out of my knee—but after seeing Otto, you wouldn't complain.

**FLORES**: Before Otto retired he wanted one last play, so Madden put him into a pre-season game. Now, Otto had a huge head; his helmet was size 8½, the biggest on the team. He snapped the ball and just labeled the guy across the line—drove the label on the front of that big helmet right through him. Then he hobbled off the field with a smile on his face. One last hit.

*Oakland went 11-3 and made the play-offs again in 1975. During a regular-season blow-out of Denver, Madden got the only penalty of his coaching career. "You blind bastard," he yelled at a line judge who had flagged free safety Jack Tatum for a hit on running back Floyd Little. When the official asked who he was calling a blind bastard, Madden shot back, "You're the only one here!" The ref hit him with a 15-yard penalty for unsportsmanlike*

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conduct. Madden said he was the only man ever penalized for answering a direct question. In the play-offs, his Raiders lost another AFC title game to the Steelers, who went on to win their second straight Super Bowl.

**VILLAPIANO:** Madden was so pissed we lost to Pittsburgh again. The next year at camp, he gave a speech. He wanted everybody to hear what we were going to do. "We're gonna play a cover-three"—a rotating zone toward the weak side. "And a cover-one." That's a man-to-man. "We're going to trap block and run the ball down their throats," he said. "This is our year."

**MADDEN:** *This is our year. Let's not get fancy. Let's just kick ass.*

*During that 1976 season the Raiders signed John "the Tooz" Matuszak—a hulking head case who helped anchor their defensive line.*

**VILLAPIANO:** We had some guys hurt, so I told Al, "You gotta get us a defensive end." He signed Matuszak, a lunatic. The next day Al said, "Phil, I got you your fucking defensive end."

**NEWHOUSE:** The Tooz came from Kansas City, where he'd overdosed on drugs and booze. Paul Wiggin, the Chiefs' coach, was with him in the ambulance when Matuszak's heart stopped. Wiggin pounded on the Tooz's chest until it started up again.

**FLORES:** We went to a three-man line that year because we had more quality linebackers than defensive linemen. Matuszak and Sistrunk at DE gave us an awesome front. Tooz bench-pressed close to 400 pounds. Off the field he required some handling. I remember waving my finger up at this monster of a man and talking to him as if he were a two-year-old: "John, you've got to behave." He was hanging his head, saying, "Aw, I'm sorry, coach."

**VILLAPIANO:** Davis rented a house for Tooz, and it was my job to look after him. We'd go straight from practice to the bar at the Hilton. The bartender knew what to pour: left sides for Tooz and me, since that was our side of the defense, and right sides for Sistrunk and Hendricks. Left sides were giant triple scotches; right sides were giant triple Crown Royals. We'd have three or four of those to get warmed up for a night out.

One day Art Thoms and I went over to Tooz's house. No Tooz. We moved all his furniture—put the bed in the kitchen, all the kitchen appliances in the bathroom. We took his record albums and lined the yard with them, gave the yard and the house a border of record albums. We came back a week later, and the albums were back in the house—Tooz loved his tunes—but the furniture was still where we left it. "I like it," he said. He thought it looked unique.

*With Stabler completing 67 percent of his passes, Oakland went 13-1 in 1976. On defense, Matuszak and Sistrunk stuffed the run and chased quarterbacks while four linebackers, including Hendricks and Villapiano, filled holes or backpedaled into coverage. But the heart of the best Raiders team yet was the Soul Patrol: fast, ferocious defensive backs George Atkinson, Willie Brown, Jack "the Assassin" Tatum and Skip "Dr. Death" Thomas. (When Tatum bowled over a Raider-*

*ette on the sideline, he sent her a note reading, "You've got a nice booty.")*

**CEDRICK HARDMAN,** defensive end, 1980-1981: I was with the 49ers in 1976. Everybody in the league thought Oakland was devastating on defense and sometimes dirty. Atkinson hit the Steelers' Lynn Swann with a forearm smash when Swann was nowhere near the ball. Knocked him out. That's when Chuck Noll, the Steelers' coach, called Oakland the league's "criminal element."

**OTTO:** It's a man's game. But Swann was a crybaby. He didn't have the guts to catch a pass over the middle.

**MILLEN:** Tatum set the standard for what a Raiders defender was supposed to be.

**VILLAPIANO:** Tate lived to hit. We all liked to. Some of us wore special pads on our forearms. They were similar to a plaster cast. You hit a guy with that and he feels as if he got clocked with a brick. I had a smaller one for the base of my hand that I'd hide under a black glove. We wouldn't wear this stuff in warm-ups because the referees would check, but after warm-ups we'd go get our special pads.

*After taking revenge on Pittsburgh in the AFC championship, the Raiders went on to*

*"The Vikings play football like a guy laying carpet.*

*The Raiders play like a guy jumping through a skylight with a machine gun."—Jim Murray, Los Angeles Times*

*Super Bowl XI against the Minnesota Vikings. The nation's top sports columnist saw the matchup as a collision of opposites.*

**JIM MURRAY,** *Los Angeles Times:* *The Vikings play football like a guy laying carpet. The Raiders play like a guy jumping through a skylight with a machine gun.*

**STABLER:** We were tough. We were free spirits. And we had a monstrous offensive line. Our center, Dave Dalby, was the lightest at 255. We had Art Shell, 290, blocking Jim Marshall, 225. We had Upshaw, 265, on Alan Page, 235. That shows you how the game has changed. Look at college football: Last year Alabama's offensive line went 348, 310, 315, 320, 318—all of them fast. But I felt good behind that line of ours.

**FLORES:** In our last practice before the Super Bowl, Snake threw pass after pass, dozens of throws, with the defense trying hard, and not one ball hit the ground. It was eerie. It was making John and me nervous. Finally John claps his hands: "Okay, that's enough!" We were ready.

**STABLER:** In the Super Bowl we moved the ball our first two possessions but got only three points. Madden's running his hands through his hair, bitching and moaning that we haven't scored enough. I said, "John,

don't worry. There are more points where those came from." We got touchdowns our next two drives.

*In the second half, Assassin Tatum hit Vikings receiver Sammy White so hard White's helmet flew five yards. Tatum looked disappointed that White's head wasn't still in it. Biletnikoff ran a Stabler pass 33 yards, then ran out of steam like the training-camp streaker. Back in the huddle he said, "I was looking for a gas station along the way." Final score: Raiders 32, Vikings 14.*

**HENDRICKS:** We should have won three straight Super Bowls. Not that I'm complaining. You should see our rings. Did you know the diamonds in Super Bowl rings have meaning? Ours had 10 little ones on the outside, representing the Raiders' 10 years in the AFL. Sixteen bigger diamonds were inside those, for the 16 games we won that season, and a really big diamond was in the middle because we won the big one.

**STABLER:** The counterculture longhairs got 'er done.

**FLORES:** I'll never forget watching the Tooz dance at our Super Bowl party. For a huge man, he had great rhythm. If you'd seen him play you wouldn't believe you were standing in a hotel ballroom after Super Bowl XI, watching John Matuszak do the jitterbug. When everyone else got tired he was still out there—the Tooz on the dance floor by himself, jitterbugging.

*Every Thursday night was Camaraderie Night, when the players got drunk together. But Stabler and Matuszak made every night Camaraderie Night. They rented a house and set a team record by packing the hot tub with seven naked women. Matuszak asked, "If I put two more on my shoulders, will that count as nine, Snake?" When a team staffer drove him to a party, the Tooz kept asking the staffer to put his hand in his girlfriend's crotch and tell him how it smelled. Prodigious drinker Matuszak also loaded up on cocaine, steroids and speed.*

**FLORES:** Tooz wasn't destructive to the team, just to himself. He wore his body out.

*In 1963 the San Diego Chargers became one of the first professional football teams to systematically use steroids. The team kept them on the training table. Growth hormones came later—including a potentially deadly black-market GH made from pooled cadaver brains. By the 1970s players were grabbing gray amphetamine pills called "rat turds" from a jar in the Raiders' locker room. According to a team doctor, some were low-dose amphetamine users, "and those guys were called crop dusters. Others indulged more heavily. They were called 747s. The Tooz was called John Glenn."*

**OTTO:** You could tell who took uppers from their dilated eyes. I took prescription pain medication and muscle relaxers. Growth hormone was there too—even horse testosterone.

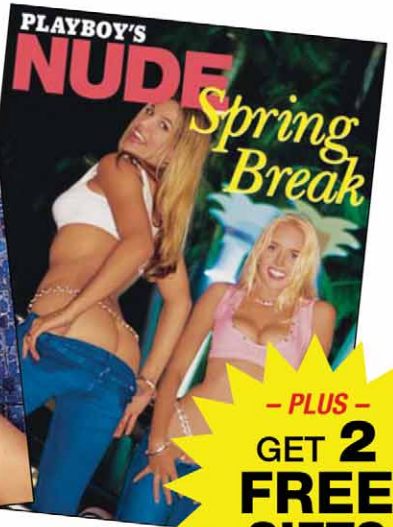
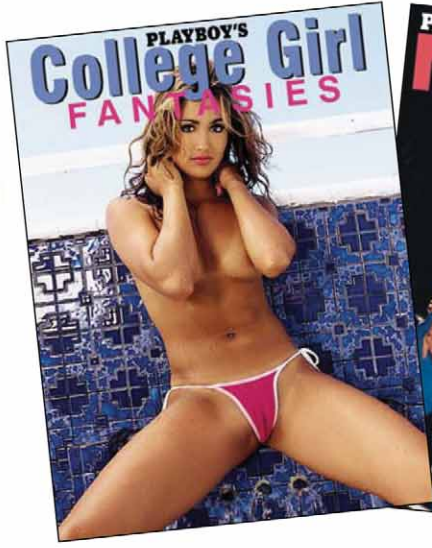
**ROB HUIZENGA, M.D.,** team physician, 1983-1990: Horse testosterone is very similar to the human kind, except for the picture of a horse on the label. Did they take less than a 1,000-pound horse would get? Maybe not. Football



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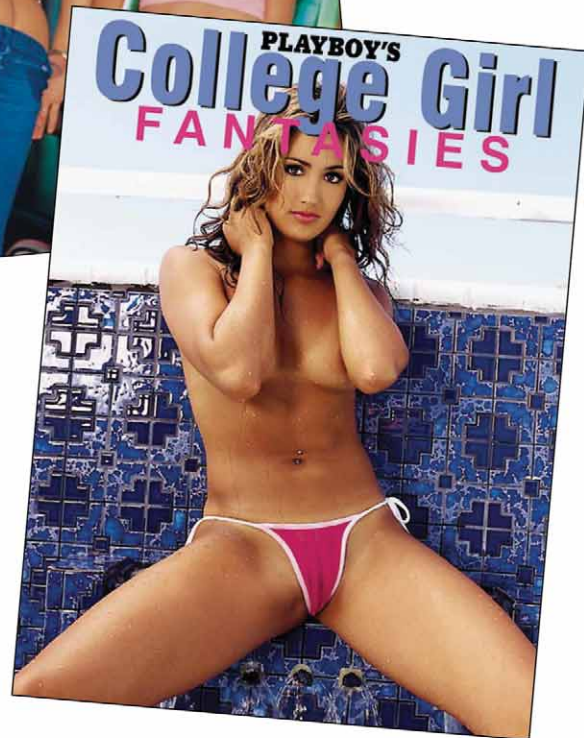
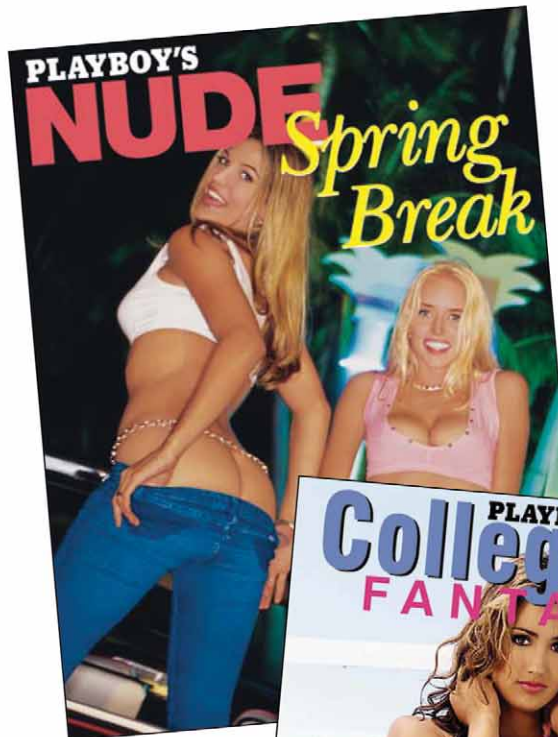


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players think that if one is good, three is better. Sure, you can say they were out of their minds, but if they didn't take drugs their performance could suffer, they could lose money and their teammates would look down on them. The bigger problem was doctors who were out of their minds, thinking of Super Bowl rings. In some positions half the players in the league were taking steroids, which were legal with a prescription. There were "steroids teams" and "growth-hormone teams."

**STABLER:** It sure wasn't modern corporate football. Our fullback Marv Hubbard got so hyped up when we played the Chiefs, he'd tell them the play. He'd point at Willie Lanier, a great, great linebacker, and yell, "Comin' right at you, Willie! Here I come!" I could have changed the play, but I'd hand Marv the ball and let him get killed.

**HARDMAN:** Guys put petroleum jelly on their jerseys to be slippery. Lester Hayes, the cornerback, was the opposite. He used more stickum than Biletznikoff. You didn't high-five Lester or you'd literally bond with him. I saw him pick up a football with the back of his hand. One pass hit the inside of his arm and stuck there.

**DAVIDSON:** Some of our fans were pretty crazy too. There was Dirty Ed, a roller-skating pro who'd been a POW in the Korean War. There was Mexican Guy in a Cape. We spoke Spanish with him. When one fan's dog bit him, we had the team trainer patch him up, then a bunch of us stormed out to the parking lot. "We're gonna kill that dog!" He thought we were serious.

**HUNTER S. THOMPSON,** gonzo Raiders fan: *Every game was a terrifying adventure, win or lose, and the Raiders of the 1970s usually won. Raider Nation is beyond doubt the sleaziest, rudest and most sinister mob of thugs and wackos ever assembled in such numbers.*

**DAVIDSON:** The closest we got to real war off the field was when the Hells Angels beat up Phil Villapiano.

**VILLAPIANO:** It happened outside a bar. This Hells Angels guy was sitting on the hood of my car. I said something, he said something, and you know what? Those guys don't fight fair. His buddy comes up behind me, bang. I took a hammer to the head. Then it got ugly. I was laid up for a month.

**NEWHOUSE:** Now, you do not mess with the Hells Angels, but the Raiders decided to go after them. Jack Tatum, Art Shell and Gene Upshaw formed a war party.

**DAVIDSON:** But Madden defused the situation. He said, "Phil's all right. He played a couple of ball games all at once, but he'll be okay." So the Raiders didn't go to war with the Hells Angels.

**VILLAPIANO:** We had a game to prepare for. I said, "Guys, I'll heal."

*In the 1978 preseason the Assassin smashed Patriots receiver Darryl Stingley on a play that left Stingley paralyzed from the neck down.*

**NEWHOUSE:** It wasn't the hit that did the damage, a legal hit. It was when Stingley hit the turf. What always stuck with me was that the Patriots were going to fly home and leave him in the hospital alone. Madden caught their team plane before it took off. He said, "You've got to leave somebody with him." So a PR guy stayed. But do you know who spent

as much time as anyone in that hospital? Madden. He and his wife, Virginia, became real friends with Stingley's family. John would get back from a road game exhausted, go to the hospital and sit with Darryl Stingley.

*Early in 1978 Oakland trailed the Chargers 14-20 with 10 seconds on the clock. San Diego's Woody Lowe hit Stabler for a game-ending sack—but Stabler fumbled the ball forward, triggering the game-winning Holy Roller stunt.*

**STABLER:** For me, that's the play that defines us. It was a drop-back pass. Standing over center I was thinking, Don't get trapped with the ball. Lowe sacked me, so I just rolled the ball out there. Now it's bouncing around. Pete Banaszak bats it toward the end zone. Then Dave Casper *inadvertently* kicks it. Three times. Casper finally picks it up for a touchdown. We just wouldn't accept *not* getting to the end zone. That's the Raiders way: You find a way to win.

*The 1978 Raiders went 9-7 but missed the play-offs. Madden was burned out. For years Stabler saw him vomit pregame, halftime and postgame. According to Matuszak, the coach was "living on Maalox and Roloids, but his ulcer wasn't responding." Madden left coaching for the TV booth in 1979, retiring with a career record of 112-39-7.*

**FLORES:** I took over from John as head coach. He was colorful, and I was boring, but I'd played with some wackos. After seven years as an assistant I knew our guys. Todd Christensen, who joined us that year, was the philosophical type. I was trying to get him to huddle up when he quoted Thoreau. I said, "Get your ass in the huddle—that's a quote from Tennessee Williams." Todd said, "Touché!"

**VILLAPIANO:** We were Raiders, and we made that mean something. Guys on other teams told Raiders stories. They wanted to join us. Lyle Alzado used to call me and say, "Phil, can

you get me on the Raiders?" By the time Al finally got Lyle, he'd traded me to Buffalo. A lot of things changed in 1979.

*Davis sent Stabler to the Oilers after another 9-7 season. Other stars of the 1970s teams would retire or play out the string elsewhere. The 1980 Raiders bounced back to win the Super Bowl with Flores as head coach, Jim "Chunky" Plunkett at quarterback and Cedrick Hardman joining the defense.*

**HARDMAN:** I'd played in the 49ers flex defense. It was complicated: a four-man front with the other defenders near the ball in four-point stances, the middle linebacker calling the basic defense, options for the outside linebackers and tackles. Then I came to Oakland, where we had more freedom. We had a basic run defense called Orange, with a three-man front. In our free-form pass rush, Pirate, the basic idea was "Go get the quarterback."

**FLORES:** That Super Bowl was a great way to start the 1980s, but it wasn't the same old Raiders. We had only 11 guys left from the 1976 Super Bowl team.

**NEWHOUSE:** Their top draft pick in 1980 was Marc Wilson from Brigham Young. Wilson wore Mormon underwear, a two-piece white temple garment. It had to test his faith to look around the locker room at the wild men around him—the ones who were left.

*The Raiders won another Super Bowl in 1983, but by then they were the Los Angeles Raiders. Davis had moved the franchise the year before, leaving behind fans in T-shirts reading OAKLAND TRAITORS. The Raiders returned to Oakland in 1995, but their gory glory days were long gone.*

Today Al Davis, 80, still runs the Raiders. John Madden, 73, retired from broadcasting this year. His EA Sports video games have earned more than \$2 billion.



*"I'm the only one left. They've outsourced, downsized or offshored everyone else."*

Ben Davidson, 69, went on to movie roles in *MASH* and *Conan the Barbarian* and had a cameo as a bouncer in the porn classic *Behind the Green Door*.

Jim Otto, 71, made millions running Burger King franchises in California. He walks on a computerized right leg "with a hydraulic piston in it. I can hit a button and go faster, but it won't get me back on the field."

Tom Flores, 72, went 97-87 as a head coach, with two Super Bowl victories. He now broadcasts Raiders games on San Francisco's KSFO radio.

Ted Hendricks, 61, runs charity golf tournaments and sells NFL merchandise on his website, tedhendricks.com.

John Matuszak died at the age of 38 after overdosing on a painkiller.

Matt Millen, 51, one of the most reviled NFL executives ever during his 2001-2008 stint as CEO of the Lions, has returned to the TV booth.

Jack Tatum, 60, never spoke with Darryl Stingley after the 1978 hit that paralyzed him. Stingley died in 2007. Tatum, a diabetic, lost the lower part of his left leg in 2003.

Legendary stripper Carol Doda runs Carol Doda's Champagne and Lace Lingerie Boutique in San Francisco.

Raiders fan George Carlin died in 2008, though not before making this prediction: "Someday the Raiders will be strong again, and they will dip the ball in shit and shove it down the throats of the wholesome white heartland teams that pray together and don't deliver late hits."

Phil Villapiano, 60, is vice president of a shipping company in New Jersey. In 2001 he gave his 1976 Super Bowl ring to a fan who was disabled by a broken neck, saying, "Give it back when you can walk again." With help from Villapiano and a grueling Raiders rehab program, the fan walked across a room and handed the ring to Villapiano.

Ken Stabler, 63, whose grandchildren call him Papa Snake, works with a team that runs a silver-and-black car in NASCAR races.

**STABLER:** You know, a writer once read me a Jack London quote. It went, "I would rather be a meteor, every atom in me a magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The function of man is to live, not exist." The writer asked what that meant to me. I thought about it, then I said, "Throw deep."



# Crude

(continued from page 86)

Finding a contact like him is not easy or cheap. But if you're willing to pay, there is always someone willing to talk. Isaac knows what I need to hear, and he speaks good English. The call goes straight to voice mail. Cell coverage in the Delta leaves something to be desired, but Isaac will get back to me when he has a signal.

I sip coffee and check my screens: crude testing \$79. In a couple hours when my staff arrives, I'll sit behind the turret, barking buy orders into the phone bank while everyone watches crude slide, wondering if I'm off my fucking rocker. Kyle, our red-eyed intern, will scratch his head and jot notes on his yellow legal pad, thinking this isn't what he learned in technical analysis class. Then there's Jake Riley, a salty-haired prick who's been in the oil business as long as I've been alive. He'll quietly fill orders, salivating, hoping today is the day I go bankrupt and he regains his place at the top of the lineup. Jake used to sit behind the nice granite desk, and he wants it back. I know because he told me, a drunken confession in the restroom at the company Christmas party.

"Trust me, Hunter, you lucky fuck," he said, leaning against the urinal. "Luck runs out."



Dad is driving to Houston today, six hours from Ozona, to see the Astros retire Jeff Bagwell's number at Minute Maid Park. Bags is Dad's favorite player of the modern era. Fifteen years, an entire career, with the same team. "You don't see players with that sense of loyalty anymore," Dad tells anyone who wants to argue over it. He has the tickets already, first baseline, third deck. Maybe with binoculars we'll be able to see. Dad will pay for his own parking, his own beer and peanuts. He won't accept a dime from me.

Last time we went to a game together, during the NLCS two seasons ago, we sat in Centaur's luxury box. Panoramic view. Plasma televisions. Open bar and seafood buffet. At the bottom of the fourth, while Clemens was pitching shutout baseball, Dad left without shaking any hands. "He's feeling a little under the weather," I told my bosses.

You'd think a father would brag if his son landed him in a skybox for a play-off game. But not Dad. To him it's not an honest living, end of story. A thousand times I've offered to pay off the mortgage so he can retire before his back quits on him. A millionaire for a son and he's eating Hamburger Helper three nights a week, canceling Mom's magazine subscriptions so he can scrounge a dollar here, a dollar there.

When Dad looks at me he sees the men in suits who drive around the oil fields in Ozona, peering at the pumps, taking notes on their clipboards. "Playing with oil" is what he calls my line of business. Traders, bankers, wildcatters—they're all the same crooks to him. He doesn't understand what it means to create wealth. Last year I contributed \$600,000 to the federal tax coffers. Nine thousand in property taxes. Roads were built with my money. Schools were improved. I donated \$30,000 to charities. Tax deductible but \$30,000 nonetheless. Children in West Africa are sleeping under mosquito nets that I paid for.

Dad's aching back keeps him awake, but



*Art by [Signature]*

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I stay up too, considering winter weather projections, Atlantic trade routes, the next Hurricane Katrina, energy reform in Congress, bombings in Iraq, pipeline disruptions in Waterside. Knowledge is capital. Seventy-hour weeks. Sleepless nights. Skipped vacations. Being too exhausted on Friday nights to go out and meet someone.

We're more alike than he knows. I'd tell him so, but we never get further than the Astros or the weather before he passes the phone to Mom.

At seven A.M. my staff assembles for the pre-analytics meeting. Fifteen people clutching coffee cups. I write the day's objective on the whiteboard: DOUBLE DOWN UNDER 78! I explain how I want the orders spread. Kyle scrapes a dry pen on his notepad, afraid he'll miss something. "Sir," he says, "the EIA number is going to be big tomorrow. It might be a good idea to hedge our bets."

"There's a million fucking pens in this office, Kyle," I say. "Throw that one away."

"Yes, sir," he says, putting the dry pen in his pocket. "I guess what I mean is that if we hedge—"

"Let me worry about that," I say. "That's what they pay me for."

"Don't sweat it, kid," Jake says, digging something from underneath his fingernail. "If the big dog says we're covered, we're covered."

Afterward they wait at their desks for the NYMEX to open in New York. At eight A.M. the screens take off. They reach for their phones. The floor erupts in a flurry of voices, the sound of energy coursing around the globe. From my office window, everywhere I look, I see the age of peak oil. Planes streaking across the sky. Expressways clogged with cars. Construction workers spreading hot, black asphalt. Even here in the office, Kyle hurrying past with a tray of plastic foam coffee cups.

By 10 A.M. short sellers smell blood, and crude is testing \$78. I get my call back from Isaac, four P.M. his time.

"Soon," he says, voice echoing in the shaky connection. "Exactly when I do not know."

"Does 'soon' help me, Isaac?"

"No, sir."

"I need to know a time. I need to know as soon as you know. Understand?"

"Of course, sir."

"Good," I say, checking my screens. "Then call back when you can help me."

"Yes, sir."

I turn to the turret, call out an order for 500 more contracts. Everyone freezes, peering through my office window. I get up from my desk and stick my head out the door: "Did I stutter? Five zero zero!"

They get moving.

Isaac and I have never met. He oversees an offshore platform for Shell in the Delta. He has a wife and three daughters. I hear their voices, sometimes, in the background during our calls. Someday, he tells me, he wants them to visit the Grand Canyon.

I visited Nigeria once, toured the creeks via helicopter, taking notes as we swooped over platforms and barges. On the water below, oil executives zipped around in speedboats. The executives are from dozens of different countries, but they all want the same thing—to finish their inspections and get back to their hotels in Abuja for a massage and a buffet before the flight home.

The pipelines are vast, pumping over a million barrels a day of sweet, low-sulfur crude. Compared with the Niger Delta, West Texas is a sour, used-up prom queen. You'd think Nigeria would be enjoying a golden age, but no. A classic case of the resource curse. Here they are, sitting on 36 billion barrels of dinosaur juice, and instead of

nationalizing and using the revenues to diversify their economy, they take the quick payday from companies like Shell, Korea National Oil, Willbros. And by "quick payday" I mean millions in the pockets of select politicians who retire early in Europe. Long story short, less than one percent of the oil revenue finds its way into the hands of the local citizens. Corruption in Nigeria is a part of life, like breathing. Isaac tells me an ambulance will not pick up victims of a car accident unless someone at the scene pays cash.

But there are always Robin Hoods in a story like this. Case in point, MEND, the Movement for the Emancipation of the Nigerian Delta. Depending on who you ask, they are heroes, patriots, rebels or terrorists. In reality they are members of the Ijaw ethnic community who've figured out that with guns and speedboats they can fuck with the global oil trade. They fund operations with proceeds from stolen oil. Cold War-era firearms, \$3 cell phones and they're in business, sabotaging pipelines, kidnapping Western oil workers for ransom, demanding millions for environmental cleanup and school projects. The oil companies pay up to avoid having to halt production. When it comes to kidnapping, MEND is efficient and exceedingly nice. One German oil worker held for three weeks was allowed to watch his favorite soccer matches. Unfortunately, without his pills, he caught malaria and almost died. When he finally returned home, MEND sent him \$2,000 U.S. and a letter apologizing for the inconvenience.

When the NYMEX closes at 1:30, I get a call from Steve Finney. Finney works for the Department of Homeland Security, a liaison between the CIA and the SEC. He monitors the markets for unusual trading that might indicate a potential terror attack.

"Oil's sinking," he says. "But my screens show big buy orders. Tell me what you know."

Steve Finney wouldn't know a big buy order if it hit him in the nuts. He's a bright guy, but last I heard his annual budget is about equal to what Centaur spends each month on printer paper. With a four-person staff monitoring \$6 trillion of global assets, Steve is a sea turtle hunting a great white shark.

"Volatile market," I say.

Steve can barely scratch the surface of our trades. His screens show him only what's happening on the open market. At Centaur we spread orders over three Alternative Trading Systems—Liquidnet, Posit, Turquoise—take your pick. The SEC calls them dark pools. We call them privacy. In this business, if your left hand knows what your right hand is doing, too much information has leaked. If anyone sees big money moving on October contracts, the market reacts, and we don't get the price we want. You can't make money that way.

"People are talking about you, Hunter," Finney says.

"Only believe the good stuff," I tell him. "Now get back to your homework, Steve-O. I've got a meeting."



"Oh, excuse me. I had no idea the meeting was going so well."

On my 16th birthday Dad let me drive his truck out to the field office of Pioneer Natural Resources where he picked up his paycheck. I remember taking every turn carefully. When

we pulled into the gravel parking lot, Samuel J. Allen III pulled his Cadillac in right beside us, a shiny red hardtop with sun-bleached longhorns affixed to the hood. Mr. Allen, one of the original Texas wildcatters, built Pioneer from the ground up. His name came up frequently in the *Ozona Stockman*, on the evening news and at our dinner table. Even the dogs in Ozona knew Mr. Allen on account of the Milk-Bones he kept in his suit pocket.

"Well, looky here," Mr. Allen said. "You're behind the wheel already?"

"Yes, sir."

He looked at my dad. "Time flies, don't it, Richard?"

"It does, sir."

"Well, listen," Mr. Allen said, reaching into his pocket. "I want you to take this card. And come summer vacation you decide you'd like to earn a little money like your old man here, you just come see me."

"Thank you, sir," I said.

"You have a dog at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here," he said, pulling a Baggie from his other pocket. "Feed him one of these."

I took a Milk-Bone and said thank you. He straightened his bolo tie and walked inside. Dad followed to get his check. I sat in the driver's seat, looking over Mr. Allen's gold-embossed card. When Dad came out he told me to slide over. He got behind the wheel and backed out slowly, careful not to hit the Cadillac. When we pulled onto the expressway he stomped the gas, engine straining under the hood.

"Let me see that card," he said.

"Do you think he meant what he said?"

Dad rolled down the window, let the card flutter away.

"Hey!"

"I'll tell you everything you need to know about Mr. Allen," he said. "He strikes a new patch and strolls down to the tavern to buy everyone a round of bourbon."

"What's wrong with that?"

"What's wrong?" Dad said. "He makes another million, maybe more. Rest of us keep our nine bucks an hour. You understand what I'm telling you? A man dressed like him offers you a job, you walk the other way."

"He offered you a job."

"That's different. Ozona was different back then. And you're different. You've got something between your ears, son, so use it. I don't care if you sell pink panties so long as you stay out of oil."

And so I listened. Picked up my grades. Went to UT Austin. McCombs School of Business. Took an internship with Centaur running risk analytics. Dad was proud of me, waking up early every day, riding high. After graduation the only full-time spot Centaur could offer was at the oil desk. I hadn't forgotten what Dad told me, but I knew why he didn't want me rising in the oil business. He thought I'd think less of him if I saw the fields from higher on the ladder. He'd spent 30 years pulling crude out of the desert. He'd lifted me on his back. Now it was only fair for our family to get some of those profits.

"Now I guess I'm an oilman too," I said when I took the job.

"No," he said. "You're not."

staff is gone, coffee cups tipped over on their desks. Only Kyle remains, straightening out his little area by the copy machine. Checking my screens, I'm startled by the phone. Isaac. The connection is scratchy, but I can hear him whispering.

"Today, sir," he says.

"Today, as in tomorrow for me?"

"Yes. Tomorrow for you."

Like every other person with access to oil in Nigeria, Isaac is trying to get his share. Not by stealing oil directly but by letting MEND know where it should strike and when. I pull up a map. Bonga field is the largest in the Delta, pipelines running along the shore and up the creeks like veins.

"North Bonga?" I say. North Bonga, we could be looking at a 250,000-barrel-a-day drop in output.

"I'm not sure, sir."

"Southwest?" Southwest Bonga, maybe 50,000 barrels.

"I cannot say."

Being intelligent, Isaac doesn't trust white people. He knows when and where MEND will move tomorrow, but he'll only supply the when. If word gets out he's sharing information he could be in trouble with Shell or with MEND. Hard to say which would be worse. But I've told him 100 times there's no reward without risk.

"Isaac," I say. "You're not being a friend here."

"I really must go, sir. My house is sleeping——" I listen for the sound of his girls in the background, but there's nothing.

"I have other friends, Isaac."

His breath mixes with static on the line. "I can only say, sir, that this will be very, very big. They are serious now. They have declared war now."

North Bonga it is. "Good, Isaac," I say. "I'm proud of you."

"Thank you, sir. You too, sir." Last week I wired him \$750. This week I'll send double.

"Okay then, get some sleep."

The ball game starts in an hour. North Bonga. If I'd known earlier, I would have snatched up a thousand more contracts. Fear and speculation alone will pop oil over \$80. But the ATS systems are closed now. I log in to my FOREX account, key in the order and stare at the screen, finger suspended over the ENTER key. But I can't do it. I'm not about to place a \$75 million order on the open market where everyone can see it. I save the order, log off and lock up the office. Kyle strolls along the desks, making a big show of cleaning up everyone's coffee cups.

"You know we have a janitor," I tell him. "He gets paid to do that."

"I know," he says. "It's just that my advisor tells us extra effort is what leads to a job."

"Have it your way," I say, stepping into the elevator. On the ride down I put my hands on the rail and stretch my legs, loosen up after a long day at the screens.

Somewhere in Waterside speedboats are being fueled, rifles cleaned and loaded. Men are painting themselves with white chalk, winding amulets around their necks. Isaac tells me they believe it makes them bulletproof.

The sun sinks behind the downtown skyline, a warm orange glow through the glass

Six o'clock, midnight in the Delta, and my

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enclosure at Minute Maid Park. Dad and I sip beer, drop peanut shells at our feet. From our seats you can barely make out the number five, in honor of Bags, branded on all three bases.

"When are they going to retract the roof?" he asks. Dad doesn't think much of air-conditioned baseball.

"After the seventh," I say.

Before the opening pitch the Jumbotron plays highlights from Bagwell's career. Bags and his ridiculous stance, left arm hanging over the plate. His hand was broken three times by inside pitches and still he refused to change that stance. They show a clip of his 400th career home run and Dad whistles as if he were watching it for the first time. Bags would have hit 600 if it weren't for his shoulder. After the highlight reel Bagwell takes the field with his wife and two daughters. The crowd erupts, his little girls clapping harder than anyone in the stadium. Nolan Ryan introduces them. Other teammates tell stories. A teenage girl next to us cries, a kid not old enough to remember a time when Bagwell wasn't on the Astros. Finally, Bags steps to the microphone.

"This is an amazing day," he says. "To have your number retired, I really can't believe it."

"You'd think he would have prepared something better," I say.

"Quiet," Dad says. "His actions speak for themselves."

After the ceremony and a standing ovation, the Astros take the field for the opening pitch. The crowd is on its feet the entire

first inning, a flurry of inflatable bats and foam fingers cheering Houston to an early lead, but by the end of the third the Pirates are up by two runs and the fans are slumped in their seats, their energy spent during the pregame. Dad squints at the scoreboard, takes it all in silently. I can't help but look at the Centaur luxury box.

"Let's go on over," I say. "Bags is supposed to walk through for a meet and greet."

"No thanks," Dad says, cracking a peanut.

"Nolan Ryan too, probably. We can get a ball signed."

"I'm sure they don't want to be there any more than I do," he says.

"Fine," I say, and for the first time in my life I want Dad's team to get their asses kicked. I want the day spoiled for him. He drives all the way over here like maybe it's time to start fresh, but then he sits back like I'm the one who's supposed to be doing the talking, like whatever froze up between us, it's my job to thaw out. I check my phone, 8:30. Crude is down to \$77.60 on the FOREX. Fuck me. I finish my beer and get up from my seat. "I'll be back in 20 minutes," I say.

"Say hello to Mr. Bagwell for me," he says. He crushes a shell with the tip of his shoe.

I hustle down the corridor, and the crowd cheers for a big hit. I find a quiet corner near the restrooms and dial the office, hoping to Christ that Kyle is there washing windows or whatever the fuck he does this late.

"Centaur Global Energy, this is——"

"Kyle," I say, "grab a pencil."

"Yes, sir."

"Have Ernesto let you into my office. Log on to my terminal. Open the FOREX host—are you getting this?"

"Yes, sir."

I walk him through the entire order. I tell him my password, tell him that if he utters one digit of that password to anyone, I'll skewer his nuts and hang them above the copy machine like mistletoe.

"Now," I say, before he hits ENTER, "I want you to read back to me what you see on the screen."

"Okay," he says. The kid is nervous; you can hear it in his voice as he confirms the details. Reminds me of my first big order. "Are you sure you don't want to come here yourself?"

"I can't," I say. "I'm with someone. Just make sure you've done everything I've told you, to the letter. If not, Kyle, I guarantee you'll be lucky to find a job dishing biscuits and gravy at the Whataburger, understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay. Now press ENTER."

"I did it."

"Good," I say. "Now go home and forget about it. Take tomorrow off. Call someone up. Take her someplace nice. It's on me. You deserve it."

When I return to our section it's the top of the seventh. They've retracted the roof. The skyline is bright against the dusk. I stand for a second in the breeze, scanning the rows for our seats. The Astros are down by a run and facing the top of the Pirates lineup. Between pitches, that nervous blend of cheering and chatter that only happens in close games. Dad sits with an empty beer cup in his hand, peanut shells scattered at his feet. He pulls off his cap, adjusts the bill, puts it on again.

"I wondered if you were coming back," he says. "I'm going to get out of here. Beat the rush."

"Are you kidding? It's a one-run game," I say. "Let's grab some more beers. Talk."

"If you wanted to talk so bad you'd of sat here with me instead of heading over to meet your friends."

"That's not where I was," I said. "We have a new kid at work. He was having some trouble."

"Well, I've got work to do at home tomorrow," he says, getting up.

"Where you going?"

"I saw what I came to see."

"Hold on a second."

I follow him up the steps and down the corridor, but he keeps walking, hands in his pockets, sliding his way through the crowd. He doesn't stop until we're in the parking garage. He climbs into his truck, a Dodge Ram, the only thing he's ever let me buy for him and only because I had it delivered to his driveway. He didn't drive it for a year. Coming out to Ozona for Thanksgiving and Christmas, I'd check the odometer. He'd put only 30 miles on it. Mom made him drive it here tonight, probably, because his old rig couldn't take the August heat.

"It's hard on him," Mom told me. "After 30 years in those fields, certain attitudes are tough to shake. But he worries about you. He tells me so."

But I can't understand how he isn't proud of a son who's outdone every other kid from Ozona. A son who sometimes imagines buying Pioneer Natural Resources, having every



"Well, that was a big waste of money."



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pump dismantled so that his dad could watch the sunset without a time card on his mind.

"Why in hell would you drive home tonight?"

"Cup of coffee and I'll make it just fine."

"It's not about making it," I say. "It's about seeing where I live for once."

"Your mother's told me all about where you live."

"You've made your point, all right? I'm an asshole, everyone I work with is an asshole. But give it a rest for once. For one night."

He starts the engine. "Have it your way," he says.

I unlock my apartment door. Dad takes a look around. Hardwood floors. Granite countertop. Plasma TV. Stainless-steel appliances. Part of me wants him to see all of it, to know what sort of life can be his if he wants it. Part of me wants to cover everything up.

"It all looks expensive," he says, peering out the picture window at the traffic below, streams of lights flowing in and out of the city.

"I think I can afford it," I say.

"I didn't say you couldn't afford it," he says. "I said it all looks expensive."

This from a man who never once in 30 years rewarded himself for a job well done, whose idea of a vacation is watching a football game in its entirety. He takes a place on the couch and removes his cap. Underneath on his forehead are the last places the sun hasn't touched. I bring him a beer and we watch *SportsCenter*. The leather squeaks as he shifts in his seat. Houston shines through the windows, office lights checkering the buildings.

"You could use a woman's touch in here," he says.

"No time for that."

"Some things you make time for."

We finish our beers, yawning. I bring him a towel and show him to the guest bedroom. In the living room, I take a seat on the couch, open my laptop, tune the TV to Bloomberg. I look around the apartment, eyelids heavy, head swimming in beer. In my father's mind none of this is earned. A fortune made by playing with numbers on a screen. For my father oil is a black mess rising from the earth. But pulling West Texas sour from the desert is a dead man's business. There's a reason why it only fetches \$50 a barrel. He hates that fact of capitalism. But I wish he

could see that my job just means that he did his job right. Isn't that how it's supposed to work in America? Your kids do better—that's the dream. Our family, we did it.

I watch my screens, thinking of Isaac and his family in Waterside, what he'll do with the money I send. Jewelry for his wife, new clothes for the children. Savings for a trip to the Grand Canyon. I think about MEND skimming the surf in speedboats, hungry for what's theirs. The overnight trade flows in waves across my screen, orders racing past, millions of dollars a minute. A little before two o'clock the price spikes across the board, my 200,000 barrels instantly worth \$80 a pop again. Bloomberg can't explain it. Right now traders across the world are scrambling for their phones, trying to figure out what I knew yesterday.

Usually a win this big would leave me sweat-

ing, his pussy way of flipping me the bird. Kyle will sleep in for once, wake up and tune into CNBC, start jotting notes on his little pad. Steve Finney will call, wondering how I knew to place an overnight order for 1,000 contracts on the open FOREX. I'll tell him it was our intern's research. Even the blind squirrel finds a nut now and then. I'll offer the kid a job on our staff.

I put coffee on, fix some hot cereal and spread my papers and notes out on the kitchen table. It's not even three A.M., but Dad will smell the grounds, pull himself out of bed and find his son eating the same old oatmeal for breakfast, still working. He'll see the discipline I learned from watching him.

Bloomberg runs an update. Nigerian output cut by 17 percent. MEND. Live video. Something's not right. This is no

friendly kidnapping. This is four explosions. Six oil workers hanging from the rafters of an offshore rig. A message: LEAVE OUR COUNTRY OR DIE IN IT. I examine the men on the screen. The images are grainy, bodies swinging in the wind, police waiting in the sun for orders. MEND wouldn't kill Isaac. They couldn't know that he was talking to me. They need him. He's their friend. But the video cuts out, and I realize I wouldn't know Isaac if I saw him.

An analyst comes on screen, predicting \$90 crude. He says \$100 isn't out of the picture. The price keeps ticking up—\$83.15... \$83.34... \$83.60. Nobody saw this coming. Steve Finney will call today. Not me but my bosses. He'll want an explanation for how Centaur's chief oil trader knew

to grab a thousand contracts after hours. Homeland Security will be curious to know why I didn't hedge that bet.

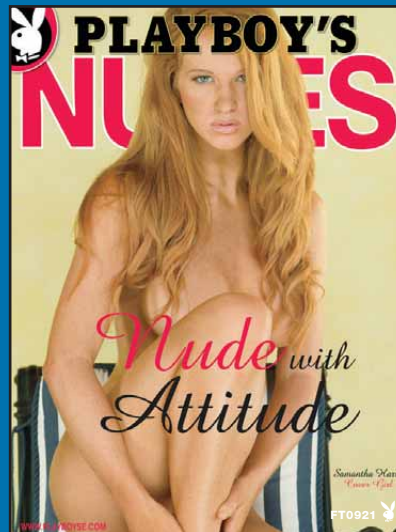
A light comes on. Dad walks down the hallway holding his back. He squints at the clock, at me with my oatmeal. He pours a cup of coffee, sits at the table, looks over my shoulder at the laptop. I close the screen.

"You don't have to put that away," he says. "Go ahead. Let's see what you've gotten yourself into."

I turn off the television. "Nothing, Dad," I say, spoon trembling in my hand. "Just work."

*Christopher Feliciano Arnold is currently a third-year fiction writer in the MFA program at Purdue University.*

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ing, restless. But tonight I can barely keep my eyes open. I check on Dad. It's the first time anyone's used the guest room since Mom visited months ago. Dad's on top of the covers in his clothes, boots set neatly at the edge of the bed. He's on his back, mouth open a little, and I listen carefully for his breathing to see if he's awake or sleeping. Leaving the door open, I hop on the exercise bike, turn up the volume on the television, hoping maybe he'll come out here, see the reality of this business. Outworking the sun. Digging for what the next guy doesn't know. Taking heads. I want him to see how I've fought to bring us here, to bring us a piece of the profits.

Soon Bloomberg reports oil at \$81.54 and climbing on supply chain disruptions in the Niger Delta. Victory. This morning old Jake Riley will skip the pre-analytics meet-





# PLAYMATE NEWS



**THE HILLS RETURNS. WHO KNEW HOLLYWOOD WAS FULL OF DRAMA?** PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole and her friends, enemies and frenemies return for season five of *The Hills* on MTV. Jayde made an impression on the reality show earlier in the season after a feud with Audrina Patridge over boyfriend Brody Jenner. "Just from what we've filmed so far, this season is going to be insane," Jayde says, "I think maybe even one of the best. I've learned always to stay conscious of the cameras, because it's easy to forget they're filming. But so many funny and crazy things happen on the show. You can't make this stuff up."

## ROCK-AND-ROLL FANTASY

Cameron Crowe claims one of the women who inspired him when he created the Penny Lane character in *Almost Famous* was Miss November 1974 Bebe Buell. Muse to legendary musicians such as Iggy Pop, Elvis Costello and Steven Tyler, and



an artist in her own right, Bebe has returned to the rock scene with a newly released single, "Air Kisses for the Masses." It's one of 12 songs featured on the forthcoming album *Mus-esque*, her first recording in 10 years. She plans to tour Europe, Australia and Japan before hitting the road here in the States.

## FLASHBACK



Ten years ago this month Oregon State grad and former Miss Oregon Teen USA **Jodi Ann Paterson** became Miss October 1999—in an issue devoted to girls of the Pac-10 conference, appropriately. The response was so overwhelming that it led to her becoming PMOY in 2000. She was then cast in Zebrahead's music video for "Playmate of the Year," appeared in *Dude, Where's My Car?* and commented for VH1's *The Greatest: 100 Hottest Hotties*. In 2006 she married CART driver Michael Andretti.

**Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates?** Check out the Club at [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com), access the mobile-optimized [playboy.com](http://playboy.com) and find more news at [playboy.com/pmblog](http://playboy.com/pmblog).

## DID YOU KNOW?

The mayor of Ottawa tried to officially declare July 15 **Shannon Tweed Day**, but red tape thwarted the effort.

Miss February 2003 **Charis Boyle** piloted a Freightliner in the Gumball 3000 Rally, a race from Santa Monica to Miami.

Boxers or briefs? Here's PMOY 2009 **Ida Ljungqvist**: "Briefs, actually. I want to see everything!"



"I love a guy who is athletic and has a lot of positive energy," says Miss February 2008 **Michelle McLaughlin**. "The way he treats other people is a big reflection on how he would treat me. I like the old-fashioned type who opens doors for me and likes to hold my hand. Oh, and he has to like baseball."

## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY GREG ELLIS

—actor, *Star Trek* and *Trust Me*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss January 2006 **Athena Lundberg** because she's not just a pretty face. She appreciates good food and wine and is named after the Greek goddess of wisdom and war. I'd play Zeus opposite her any day of the week."



## IT'S A BIRD! IT'S A PLANE! IT'S JENNIFER!

Miss March 2009 Jennifer Pershing is the face and body of Bryn Tilton in the new comic *Daddy's Little Girl* by Rough Sketch Studios. "Jennifer is perfect for the part—beyond her beauty, she has intelligence, a good sense of humor and self-awareness that helps make Bryn more than just your typical hot babe who battles monsters," says writer Mark Poulton. "It's *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* meets *CSI*." The story follows Bryn's adventures juggling a normal life in Atlantic City with her secret gig: gatekeeper of a "morgue of monsters."



## OUT AND ABOUT WITH...

Miss May 2006 **Alison Waite** and Miss June 2009 **Candice Cassidy** hit the PLAYBOY June issue release party, which was hosted by cover model America Olivo at Foxtail in West Hollywood. Candice spent her June in airports and parties across the country, promoting PLAYBOY during the month her issue was on stands. She began at the Indianapolis 500, raced off to Tampa for a pool party at the Hard Rock, holed up in Washington, D.C. and Boston for Playboy Golf events



and then wrapped up her tour by bringing the Playboy Mansion Experience—a bash involving body painting, a Playboy Fashion Show and tunes by DJ and Miss January 2004 **Colleen Shannon**—to Baltimore.... Miss November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo** walked the carpet at an event hosted by Kim Kardashian for Three-O Bubble



Vodka's launch at Greenhouse in New York City... A girl who is swiftly taking over Las Vegas, Miss July 2008 **Laura Croft** chilled at Vegas magazine's sixth-anniversary party at Pure nightclub, hosted by Heather Graham.... Miss July 2009 **Karissa Shannon** and Miss August 2009 **Kristina Shannon** took Miss May 1998 **Deanna Brooks**, Miss August 2004 **Pilar Lastra** and Miss February 2001 **Lauren**



**Michelle Hill** to Fort Irwin, California to boost troop moral. The girls signed Centerfolds and head shots, toured the fort and learned how to salute.



## MONACO IN KENYA

*General Hospital* actress and Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco traveled to Kenya with fellow soap stars for the relief organization Feed the Children. A full-length documentary of their journey, which included a visit to local schools and delivering food to those in need, received airplay during the Daytime Entertainment Emmy Awards. The trip will (somehow) be worked into a plot on *General Hospital*.

PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** stars in Pop Evil's music video for "100 in a 55." She plays lead singer Leigh Kakaty's sexy girlfriend.

Miss March 2000 **Nicole Marie Lenz** plays Gloria in this past summer's big tearjerker *My Sister's Keeper*.

DID YOU KNOW ?



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# PLAYBOY FORUM

## THINK AGAIN

AS WE UNDERSTAND HOW WE THINK, WE HAVE TO THINK ABOUT WHAT IT MEANS TO BE HUMAN

BY STEVEN PINKER

Every era has a conception of who we are. In classical times it was the doctrine of Political Man, which defined humans in terms of their place in the social order. In the Christian Middle Ages we had Religious Man, defined by his relationship with God. The Enlightenment brought us Economic Man, who organized his life around the rational pursuit of self-interest. And then, according to the critic Philip Rieff, the 20th century brought us Psychological Man—Sigmund Freud's conception of a complex psyche balancing its instinctual origins with the demands of civilization.

Rieff was wrong in designating psychoanalysis as the official theory of the Psychological Human (as we might call it today). Few scientists believe that little boys have an unconscious desire to copulate with their mothers. But he was ahead of his time in noting that we increasingly understand ourselves in terms of the inner workings of our minds, their origin in the natural world and their interplay with culture and civilization. Advances in cognitive neuroscience, evolutionary biology and genetics are being brought into psychology and are illuminating human nature in breathtaking ways.

The result will be insights into spheres of life that may not have seemed psychological at all. Take the three spheres that defined our self-concept in earlier eras: politics, religion and economics. Political ideologies, we now know, are partly heritable—people are genetically predisposed, in part, to left-wing or right-wing worldviews—and they embrace different conceptions of what counts as moral (fairness to individuals, for liberals, versus loyalty to a community, for conservatives). Religion emerges from a brain predisposed to see disembodied spirits everywhere and to ask “why” questions of

everything in sight. Economic behavior—and, we now see, misbehavior—is shaped by cognitive illusions about risk, loss and probability. Also under the microscope are beauty, sexuality, reasoning, language, social relationships, violence and the other human obsessions.

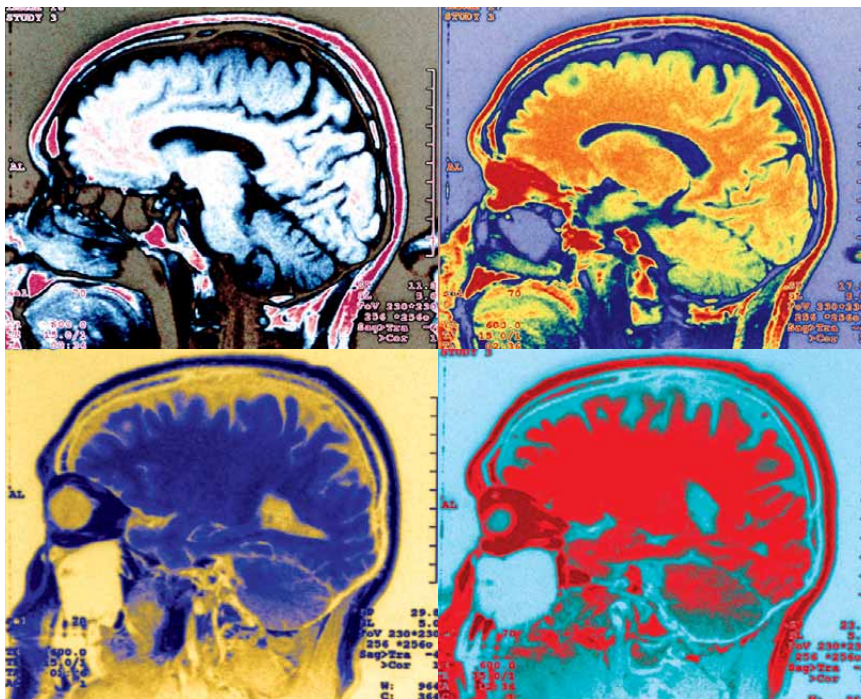
Our understanding of ourselves in terms of evolved neural software is bound to deliver huge bonuses. Our policies in education, economics and conflict resolution, in particular, can only benefit from a more realistic understanding of what makes people tick. How can we overcome children's naive conceptions of life and matter and get them to understand the very

different world described by science? How can risk be communicated to investors in a way that resonates with human intuition? Can diehard enemies be enticed into a peace agreement with rational incentives and sweeteners, or must their moralistic passions and taboos be indulged as well?

The new conception of humans' place in nature will also deliver shocks to our sense of the ultimate

purpose and value of life. The idea that every human is equipped with a soul that exercises free will, finds meaning from God and is rewarded or punished in an afterlife is hard to reconcile with the idea that the human mind is a product of evolution. It is also hard to reconcile with the idea that humans are infinitely malleable, and hence ultimately perfectible, by social engineering or political reform. None of this sentences humans to live a life without meaning or morality, but it does urge us to do some hard thinking about what they are.

*Steven Pinker is a professor of psychology at Harvard University and author of seven books, including *How the Mind Works* and *The Stuff of Thought*.*



# BIG BOOM THEORY

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT WE'RE LIVING IN A PERIOD OF EXTRAORDINARY CHANGE

BY BILL MCKIBBEN

**H**ere's the question: Will the world that comes next look more or less like the one we're used to, with modifications designed to, say, keep economic bubbles from inflating or mortgages from turning into weapons of mass destruction? Or will it be really different, an abrupt break with the decades we've known since World War II?

The odds are always against rapid change—the world happens slowly—but in this case I think the odds are wrong. And the reasons have less to do with our flood of economic woes

ing fossil fuel, so we would need four more Saudi Arabias just to keep burning oil at the same rate through 2030, never mind the growing demand from

**WITHOUT CHEAP FOSSIL FUEL, THE LOGIC OF ENDLESS GLOBALIZATION GETS LESS OBVIOUS.**

all those Indians and Chinese who would like to drive too.

it was the background for the human drama. It will soon be the foreground, and much of the drama will be in our scrambling to limit the damage by shutting off the carbon that drives the process. We would need to shut down our coal-fired power plants by 2030 to have a decent chance, but they provide half of America's power, and China opens a new plant every few weeks.

I think those forces—a kind of ecological debt far more troubling than the economic debt with which we're now grappling—will reshape the world in fundamental fashion. For instance,



**A melting glacier in Greenland:** For the first time we're starting to run into limits imposed by climate change.

than with deeper currents obscured by the flotsam tossing on the surface. Two things in particular will determine the future:

First, we're starting to run out of the oil that has powered our economy for 150 years. When the International Energy Agency announced last November that the rate of production in our major fields will be declining seven percent annually for the foreseeable future, it was breathtaking. We are flesh-colored devices for consum-

Second, we're starting to run into the limits imposed by climate change, which is the single biggest thing humans have done. So far we've raised the temperature of the planet about one degree. This has been enough to set the arctic melting, deserts spreading, oceans rising. The best guess for this century unless we act with incredible speed: another nine degrees Fahrenheit or so—in other words, a completely different physical world. We have never had to think much about the physical world;

without cheap fossil fuel, the logic of endless globalization gets less obvious. On the East Coast each calorie of supermarket lettuce we consume requires about 70 calories of fossil-fuel energy to grow and transport. That's not a ratio to boast about—forget the olive oil in the dressing; that salad, and indeed our whole national menu, has been marinating in crude oil.

But with new economies come new attitudes. The local farmers market is the fastest-growing part of our food

economy, which is great news for the environment, but it's also good news for the neighborhood: The average shopper at the farmers market has 10 times as many conversations as at the supermarket. The hyperindividualism that has

In general the world will move toward the local. But given our current global trouble, we can't turn our back on international action. At 350.org, for instance, we're coordinating a last-ditch global drive to push for a powerful new

air. We're already at 387, which is why the arctic is melting. Which is why we're in an emergency.

On the other side of emergencies, things look different. You may survive the heart attack, but you live differently



**Farmers markets** (left) are one way to reduce carbon dioxide, since less fuel is spent in transporting food. **Long gas lines in India** (right) will only increase in the coming years. Growing demand for energy will force us to address the ecological consequences of our fossil-fuel-based economies.



marked postwar American culture, and left us remarkably unsatisfied, will start to break down in the face of the new reality. Right now our economy is calibrated to ensure you never need your neighbor for anything. This will change.

treaty on carbon emissions later this year. It's essentially conservative; the scientists tell us that if we want to preserve a world anything like the one we've known, 350 parts per million of carbon dioxide is as much as we can have in the

from then on. This strange stretch we're living through isn't a cold—it's a stroke. It will have consequences.

*Bill McKibben is author of Deep Economy and co-founder of 350.org.*

## GLOBAL WARMING: TRUTH AND CONSEQUENCES

As members of Congress debate cap-and-trade legislation to rein in greenhouse gas emissions, the magnitude of the problem seems lost on them. Here's what awaits us as temperatures rise.

### A global increase of up to three degrees Fahrenheit

- Higher ocean temperatures "bleach" coral, imperiling the survival of reefs and thus threatening marine biodiversity.
- Increased temperatures exacerbate droughts in the Great Plains, leading to possible dust bowl conditions in Nebraska, Oklahoma and other states in the region.

### An increase of three to six degrees

- Increased ocean acidity threatens plankton, the foundation of the marine food chain.
- Europe faces regular heat waves similar to the one in 2003 that killed 30,000.
- Storms temporarily flood the New York metropolitan area.
- Melted snowpacks decrease the water supply in California by up to 75 percent.
- Drying Amazon basin accelerates problems.

### An increase of six to nine degrees

- Between 40 percent and 70 percent of all species have become extinct.
- Southern Europe, the Middle East and northern Africa are uninhabitable to humans.
- London experiences summer highs of 105 degrees.
- Permafrost in Siberia melts, releasing huge amounts of methane, a powerful greenhouse gas, which further speeds warming effects.

### An increase of more than nine degrees

- Widespread desert conditions and coastal flooding limit human habitation to highland areas and poles.
  - With up to 90 percent of all species gone and most marine life dead, Earth faces the worst mass extinctions since those of the Permian-Triassic period 250 million years ago.
- Brian Cook



# READER RESPONSE

## DEATH TRAP

I noticed that the *Newsfront* piece on capital punishment ("The Good With the Bad," June) overlooks one major assumption when assessing the costs associated with various types of



Does the death penalty cost too much?

prosecution: crime deterrence and the resultant savings on investigation and prosecution. Many people claim the death penalty does not deter crime, pointing to states without it that have lower murder rates. But such people blindly assume all states are alike. They forget to track the murder rate with the execution rate over time. My home state of Florida had 700 to 800 murders a year before the U.S. Supreme Court suspended the death penalty in 1972. During the suspension the number of murders gradually increased to more than 1,000 a year. After the death penalty was reinstated, in 1976, that number dropped back to its current 700 to 800 murders a year. The state could have prevented hundreds of murders, not only saving lives but saving hundreds of millions of dollars. The writer is trying to put a price tag on justice. Economics should not be an issue when deciding the death penalty. I support it not because it saves money but because I believe it is the only punishment that suits kidnappers, rapists and murderers. If any state abolishes the death penalty, it should be because the people of that state feel it is morally wrong—not because they feel its price tag is too high.

Sean Gravel  
Pensacola, Florida

## DESERT STORM

The responses to the article about Joe Arpaio ("Start Making Sense," March) seem as though they were written by members of his family. As a former Arizona resident, I can

tell you that Arpaio is not the savior many people think he is. He has made the state a living hell for those of us who aren't lucky enough to earn six-figure incomes. Arpaio has created an environment in which my Puerto Rican husband—a legal resident with a college degree—can't even drive through town without being pulled over, cuffed, searched and eventually released with a warning instead of an apology. Everyone I know has been in Arpaio's jail at some point, most of them for ridiculous charges that were later dropped. Whether they are citizens or illegal residents, Arpaio sees them as all the same. The rich snowbirds love him, but average desert rats born in Arizona hate him. He is in fact the reason we left the state.

Carol B.  
Henderson, North Carolina

The problem with the debate about illegal immigration is that it shouldn't be a debate. I have yet to hear a single argument to justify protecting these criminals. If their countries are so bad, they should stay and fix them instead of running away. They want to skip the work and still have a better life. When our ancestors were being treated unfairly, they worked to create a new system and make their new home a better place.

Jason Mohn  
Boyetown, Pennsylvania

You guys are missing the big picture on illegal immigration. The reason no one will do anything about it



Joe Arpaio chased one reader out of Arizona.

is because illegal immigration is good business. School boards can complain and get bigger budgets if they have more kids in the classrooms. Same with the police department. If

you ran illegal aliens out of the country, soon you wouldn't need nearly as many jails, courtrooms, liberal judges, court reporters or patrol cars. Smaller budgets would mean layoffs, and the last thing government employees want is for the government to become smaller and more efficient. No, the police love Mexicans because they are simple, easy to catch and make the police look as though they are doing something. Then you have the politicians, both Democrats and Republicans, tripping over themselves



Immigrants aren't at fault.

to pander to this new bloc of voters. Only in America do you need identification to rent a video and none at all to vote. The only way you will fix the illegal-immigration problem is to take the profit out of it.

Dean Potts  
Claremont, California

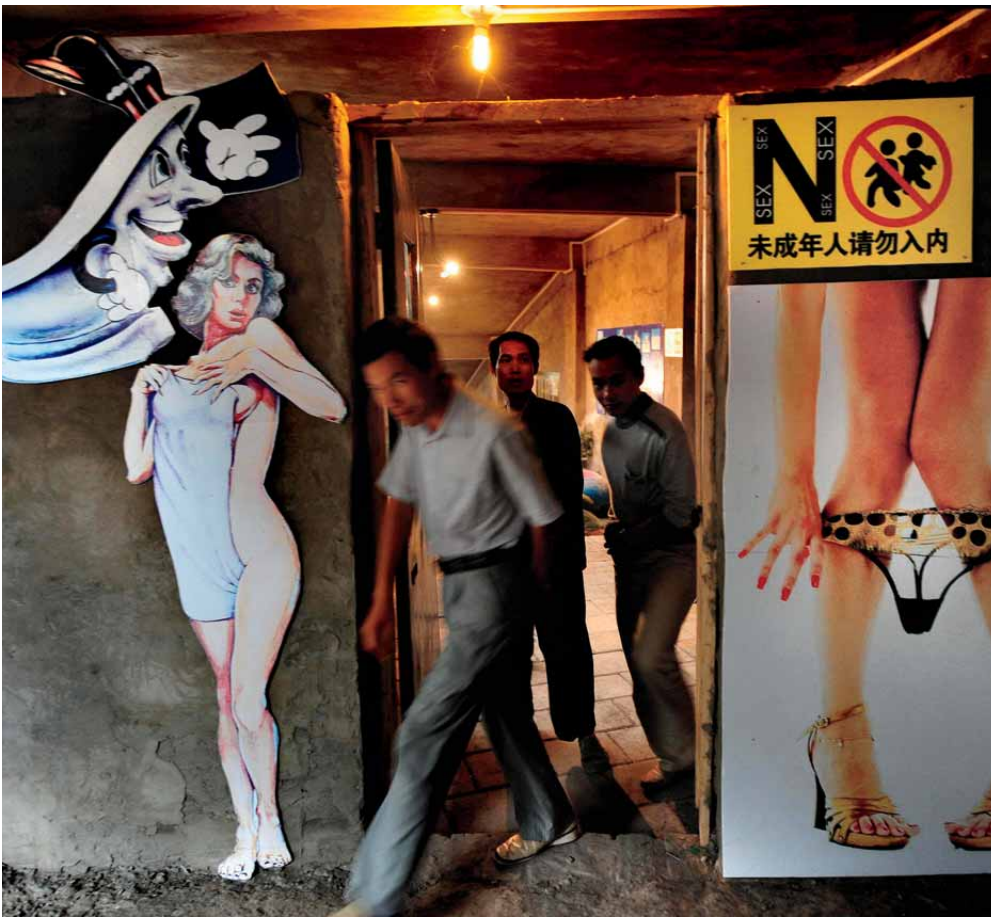
I'm surprised by the letters on the immigration debate. Once again some Americans are putting the blame on the wrong people. Aside from the fact that very few of these immigrants are taking jobs Americans want and most are paying taxes from which they cannot derive future benefit, my main question is why these readers aren't holding their state representatives accountable for blocking attempts at minimum-wage reform for low-skilled workers. The common myth these politicians perpetuate is that raising the minimum wage will hurt small businesses. The reality is the politicians are terrified of offending corporate donors who gain from paying wages so low that they are attractive only to immigrant labor.

Robert Dee  
Los Angeles, California

*E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*



## NEWSFRONT

**Unhappy Ending**

BEIJING—Chinese authorities are busy censoring information on sex and sexuality on several fronts. Early this summer they ordered the demolition of a partially complete sex-themed amusement park (pictured) set to open in October. Love Land, as the park was to be called, planned to display nude sculptures, replicas of genitalia and a pictorial history of sex. Lu Xiaqing, the park's manager, explained, "Sex is a taboo subject in China, but people really need to have more access to information about it. We are building the park for the good of the public." The government disagreed, according to the state-run *China Daily*, claiming the park was "vulgar, ill-minded and misleading." Meanwhile, as part of a crackdown on pornography, the government is also forcing medical and research websites to block sexual material from view by the general public. Such sites had been one of the few sources of information on sexuality and STDs.

**Piece Be With You**

LOUISVILLE—The New Bethel Church sponsored an "open carry" service this summer, inviting congregants to bring their guns, enter a raffle for a free handgun and listen to presentations by shooting ranges and gun shops. Pastor Ken Pagano said he was "trying to think a little outside the box." Some others were not impressed. Jerry Cappel of the Kentuckiana Interfaith Community, a coalition of regional churches, said, "Even if I were perfectly comfortable with open-carry handguns or gun rights, it seems to me a completely whole other thing to connect those rights to Jesus Christ, who explicitly called us to put down the sword and pick up the cross and love our enemies."

**Pluck of the Irish**

DUBLIN—Ireland drew up the legal framework for granting key marital rights to same-sex couples as part of nationally recognized civil unions. Although the Civil Partnership Bill of 2009 falls short of extending marriage equality, it does grant tax, inheritance and pension rights. "Now the onus is on those who, for religious or other reasons, still believe it is acceptable to discriminate against people on the basis of their sexual orientation to explain why their prejudice should be reflected in the law," says Mark Kelly of the Irish Council for Civil Liberties.

**Lawyers in Love**

ST. LOUIS—Social networking sites such as Facebook and MySpace have become treasure troves for divorce lawyers looking for an advantage in disputes over money and child custody. "It's now routine for us to

go over with clients whether they have an active presence on the web," says Joseph Cordell of Cordell & Cordell. "We had a custody case in which a mom assured the court she hadn't been drinking, but her MySpace page had actual dated photos of her drinking." Lawyers also scour Twitter posts from the girlfriends of husbands involved in divorce cases, looking for references to gifts from the soon-to-be-divorced men. Consider yourself warned.

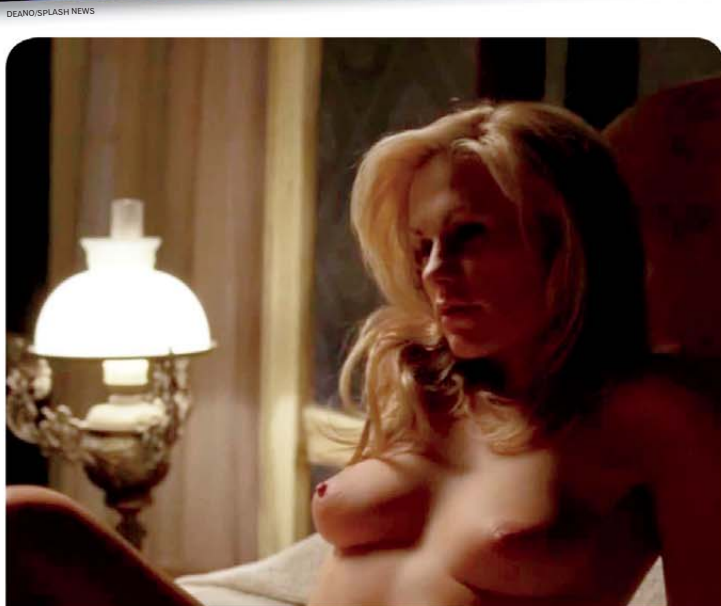
**Double Standard**

SAN FRANCISCO—With Iranian political protesters using technology to evade state media blackouts and China trying to force computer makers to preinstall censorship-enabling programs on units sold there, the subject of freedom and technology is relevant. Ironically, the situation here at home is largely ignored. When Hottest Girls tried to add topless photos to its iPhone app, Apple reiterated its policy on restricting material accessible via its phones—not only for adult content but also for divisive political content.



## Carmen Electra Electrifies

When CARMEN ELECTRA joined *Crazy Horse Paris* in Las Vegas, the show's rep told us, "She's not going topless." What's the opposite of getting your money back?



## Ah, Sookie Sookie Now

ANNA PAQUIN made fanboys' hearts flutter when she won the role of ultra-unattainable Rogue—a girl who kills with her touch—in the *X-Men* films. Now, as Sookie Stackhouse in *True Blood*, she is free to touch and be touched and is ripe to be bitten. Sookie also has telepathic powers. We think Anna channeled our thoughts when she filmed this scene.

## PMOY 2011?

This is ERIN JANSEN, whom *FHM* Australia voted the sexiest "girl next door." But Erin has her beautiful eyes on a bigger prize: "Playmate of the Year—fingers crossed," she says. Well, first things first, Erin, and *Grapevine* is a good start.

MICHAEL FURBERG FOR HAREN.COM.AU



## The Queen of Hearts

TINA WALLMAN, a spokesmodel for an online poker site, never thought she would become a model: "I wanted to be a travel consultant or a photographer. Modeling combines both those childhood interests." Poker and Tina are a couple of our adult interests.



MICHELLE FOURBIE/RE FOR HANLEY.COM.AU

## Solid Gold Dancers

KANYE WEST and some gold diggers bring the Midas touch to a Hyde Park (U.K.) concert. "I like the idea of nudity because I realize it's society that told us to wear clothes at a certain point." Ahh, well, umm... whatever you say, Kanye.



NICK SADLER/STARTRAKSPHOTO.COM

## America's Next Topless Model

On *America's Next Top Model* LONDON LEVI told Tyra Banks she spent her weekends walking around advocating the Gospel to whoever would listen. Alas, London didn't win. We hate to be preaching to the Tyra, but she made a mistake eliminating this doll.



MICHELLE J. LADDINI



ROD WOODHUSH

## A Really Good Show!

HAYDEN PANETTIERE wore this while walking into the Ed Sullivan Theater for *The Late Show With David Letterman*. She was promoting her film *I Love You, Beth Cooper*. (If she keeps dressing like this we'll plug any project she does.)



OKAY, MS. PUSCAU, NOW LET'S TRY SOME WITHOUT THE SUIT.



THE MAN, THE MYTH, THE BULL.



WHO'S ADORABLE? TRACY MORGAN IS ADORABLE.

## NEXT MONTH



FARRAH: WE'RE STILL HOPELESSLY IN LOVE.

**ALINA PUSCAU**—HOW DO YOU GET ONE OF THE WORLD'S TOP SUPERMODELS TO POSE NUDE FOR *PLAYBOY*? EASY—HIRE HER BOYFRIEND, **BRETT RATNER**, TO DO THE SHOOT.

**STEPHEN KING**—IN THE TRADITION OF COLERIDGE AND KIPLING, THE HORROR MASTER OF MAINE OFFERS UP **THE BONE CHURCH**, A NARRATIVE POEM FILLED WITH MADNESS AND MAYHEM.

**BENICIO DEL TORO**—WE SENT **STEPHEN REBELLO** TO SPEAK TO THE MERCURIAL ACTOR. HOW DOES HE FEEL ABOUT BEING RACIALLY PROFILED? DOES HE GET TURNED ON BY SEXY CO-STARS? IT'S ALL IN NOVEMBER'S *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*.

**THE HILLIKER CURSE PART IV**—IN THE FINAL INSTALLMENT OF HIS SERIALIZED MEMOIR, **JAMES ELLROY** TRIES TO PICK UP THE PIECES AFTER A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN AND A FAILED MARRIAGE. IN THE ASHES OF HIS LIFE, THE MASTER OF MODERN NOIR FINDS SOME ANSWERS.

**TRACY MORGAN**—IN *200* **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** TALKS TO THE 30 ROCK STAR ABOUT HUMOR AS A SURVIVAL SKILL IN THE SLUMS OF BROOKLYN—AS WELL AS THE JOYS OF UNREPENTANT BUTT SEX.

**THE CASE OF THE THINKING ORGASM**—ONE OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST ORGASM RESEARCHERS MEETS THE FEMALE SPECIMEN OF A LIFETIME.

**FARRAH FAWCETT: A LOOK BACK**—ON THE OCCASION OF HER PASSING, *PLAYBOY*'S EDITORS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS OFFER THEIR RECOLLECTIONS OF WORKING WITH THIS FEARLESS AND EARTH-SHATTERINGLY SEXY ICON.

**PLAYING FOR KEEPS**—VIDEO GAMES ARE FUN, BUT WITH HUGE TECHNICAL CHALLENGES, A FICKLE PUBLIC AND BIG MONEY ON THE LINE, MAKING ONE IS NO JOKE. AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE CREATION OF ONE OF THE FALL'S BIGGEST RELEASES.

**FASHION: THE AFFAIR**—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A MAN MEETS HIS KINKY PARAMOUR IN A HOTEL ROOM FOR AN AFTERNOON OF ILLICIT FUN AND STYLISH CLOTHES (BOTH ON AND OFF)? OUR TITILLATING NOVEMBER FASHION PAGES.

**POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL**—*BRIDGET JONES'S DIARY* MEETS *THE WIRE* IN **FRANK OWEN**'S INVESTIGATION OF THE DEATH OF A HOT WEALTHY BLONDE WHO BECAME A COCAINE KINGPIN.

**DR. DREW PINSKY**—THE AUTHOR AND *LOVELINE* HOST EXPLAINS HOW HE FOUND SUCCESS TURNING A MAJOR PERSONAL LIABILITY (CO-DEPENDENCY) INTO A CAREER ASSET (EMPATHY).

**PLUS**—CIGAR MAVEN **AARON SIGMOND**, A VISIT FROM THE HOTTEST MAMA ON TV, PLAYMATE **KELLEY THOMPSON**, A SEX COLUMN FROM THE DELICIOUS **SUZY MCCOPPIN** AND MORE.

# DIAMOND EMBRACE *Ring*



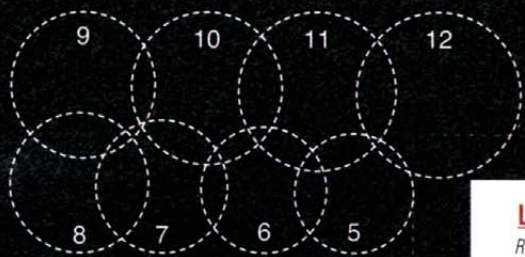
Hand-set with  
**GENUINE** Diamonds

Hand-crafted in Solid  
Sterling Silver with 24K  
Gold-plated Accents



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presentation case

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*Personalization!*  
Engraved with Your Names



To find your ring size, place one of your rings on the guide, matching a circle with the inside of your ring. Whole & half sizes 5-12 are available. If your ring size falls between two circles, order the half size in between.

Over, please

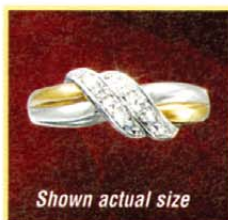
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Playboy Magazine

[www.bradfordexchange.com/embrace](http://www.bradfordexchange.com/embrace)

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## LIMITED TIME OFFER

Reservations will be accepted on a  
**first-come, first-served basis**  
Respond as soon as possible to  
reserve your  
"Diamond Embrace Ring."



\*Plus a total of \$7.98 shipping and service. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery of your ring after we receive your initial deposit. All sales subject to product availability and order acceptance.

## RESERVATION APPLICATION SEND NO MONEY NOW

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**YES.** Please reserve the "Diamond Embrace Ring," as described in this announcement, engraved with the 2 names indicated below.

Ring Size \_\_\_\_\_ Maximum of 10 characters each

Name #1

Name #2

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Mrs. Mr. Ms. \_\_\_\_\_  
Name (Please Print Clearly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

01-06810-001-E30201



Odds of a child becoming a top fashion designer: 1 in 7,000

Odds of a child being diagnosed with autism: 1 in 150

Some signs to look for:

No big smiles or other joyful expressions by 6 months.

No babbling by 12 months.

No words by 16 months.



To learn more of the signs of autism, visit [autismspeaks.org](http://autismspeaks.org)



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## Your Engraved Names Together Forever

The two of you have a connection that's like no other... your hopes... and your hearts joined together in a beautiful embrace! Now you can express that everlasting love with a sparkling new jewelry creation—the *Diamond Embrace Ring*.

*Sparkling with diamonds...  
Gleaming with silver and gold*

Hand-crafted in sterling silver, this stunning ring features two shining bands, one shimmering in silver, one plated in gleaming 24K gold. Twin pavé "ribbons" embrace the double

bands—each one glittering with 2 genuine diamonds. And the final touch—your names finely engraved on the inside!

*Exquisite craftsmanship ...  
Exceptional value*

Your ring arrives, along with a Certificate of Authenticity, in a presentation case that is perfect for gift-giving ... and it's remarkably priced at just \$99\*, payable in 4 convenient installments of \$24.75 and backed by our 120-day guarantee. To reserve yours, send no money now; just fill out and mail the Reservation Application today! Don't forget to indicate your ring size and the two names you would like engraved.



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SKIN CONTACT  
SENSITIVE  
SHOWER GEL

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...MY SKIN...

...IT'S SOMEHOW...

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NOW I'M  
GONNA GET  
READY...



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THEY TOUCH.



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...TOUCHING!



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