

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

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EARTH:
A VISITOR'S
GUIDE
BY JON
STEWART

ENTOURAGE'S
SASHA
GREY

THE NOTORIOUS
STAR BARES
MORE THAN
HER SOUL

GIRLS
OF THE
PAC
10

UNDRESSED
IN THE WEST

THE
INTERVIEW
JOSH
BROLIN

20Q **THE**
UNSTOPPABLE
SHATNER

SEX, DRUGS AND
COSELL

THE UNAUTHORIZED
ACCOUNT OF
MONDAY NIGHT
FOOTBALL

PLUS OUR
2010 NFL PREVIEW





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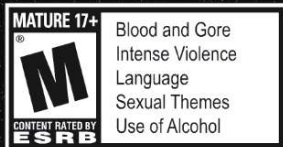


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PLAYBILL

The Irish poet William Allingham described autumn as “the mellow time.” Leaves change color, the days become shorter, and this year, in California, voters will decide whether to legalize the mellowest of illicit drugs. In his *Playboy Forum* report, “California’s Joint Session,” **Paul Krassner** examines the alliances that have formed over the upcoming ballot initiative that could put an end to reefer madness in the state. While Krassner covers the politics of weed, **Richard Stratton** and **Rob Hill** follow the money in *Grown in the USA*, deconstructing the booming economy that’s fueled by what is, according to one estimate, the biggest cash crop in America today. We suggest you keep a clear head when viewing the visions of **Gahan Wilson** in *The Weird World of Gahan Wilson*—his cartoons are trippy enough. You’ll find more in the three-volume *Gahan Wilson: 50 Years of Playboy Cartoons*. You may remember **Sasha Grey** as the lead in Steven Soderbergh’s 2009 film, *The Girlfriend Experience*, or from our

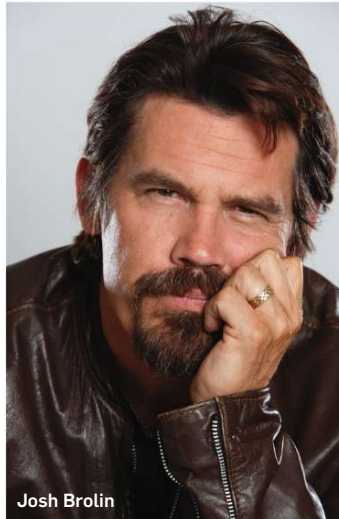


Paul Krassner



Gahan Wilson

December 2009 pictorial *Lolita* or from her former day job having sex on film. Now she plays herself as Vince’s new girlfriend on *Entourage*, a plotline inspired by Charlie Sheen’s early-1990s relationship with Ginger Lynn. The photos in *Grey’s Anatomy* are by our man **Stephen Wayda**. In the *Playboy Interview* **Josh Brolin** talks about his tough-guy image, his day-trading and his bill of new films. The first words out of his mouth are “I don’t fuck around on my wife.” Great news for her! The actor is down-to-earth, as is our exclusive excerpt from *Earth (The Book)*, by **Jon Stewart** and the staff of *The Daily Show*.



Josh Brolin

Our selection is about two vital topics: the rise of man and reproduction. No one expected *Monday Night Football* to make money when it debuted 40 years ago. In *The Biggest Gamble in Sports History*, **Kevin Cook** recounts the early days of what is now the longest-running show on TV. Cook also contributes *The Unstoppable Roach*, a profile of boxing trainer—and one fierce hombre—Freddie Roach, the man responsible for Manny Pacquiao. We’re pleased to announce the winner of this year’s College Fiction Contest, **Meaghan Mulholland**, and share with you her entry, first among thousands, *Woman, Fire & the Sea*. Finally, **William Shatner**, starring in his first sitcom, *\$#*! My Dad Says*, sits for *20Q*. He still graciously takes questions about *Star Trek* (a show that, like *Monday Night Football*, nearly failed) in the autumn of his life.



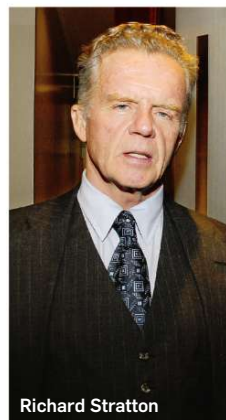
Jon Stewart



Kevin Cook



Sasha Grey and Stephen Wayda



Richard Stratton



Meaghan Mulholland



William Shatner

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Stoli
LEAD ON

PLAYBOY

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Marijuana generates more wealth in America than wheat and corn combined, and next month it could become legal in the state of California. **RICHARD STRATTON** and **ROB HILL** break down the complex economy surrounding our biggest cash crop.



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How *Monday Night Football* defied the odds and became one of the longest-running shows on TV. By **KEVIN COOK**

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A brooding chauffeur cavorts with the niece of his boss. By College Fiction Contest winner **MEAGHAN MULHOLLAND**



COVER STORY

Sasha Grey has achieved the impossible: She has successfully crossed the formidable barrier between the adult-film world and mainstream Hollywood. But the *Entourage* star showed photographer Stephen Wayda she is still her lovely, uninhibited self, while our Rabbit enmeshes himself in her personal affairs.

PLAYBOY

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Sasha Grey is leaving adult films to go mainstream, but the notorious beauty is still perfectly happy to let the world enjoy all

her naked splendor.

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98 GIRLS OF THE PAC 10

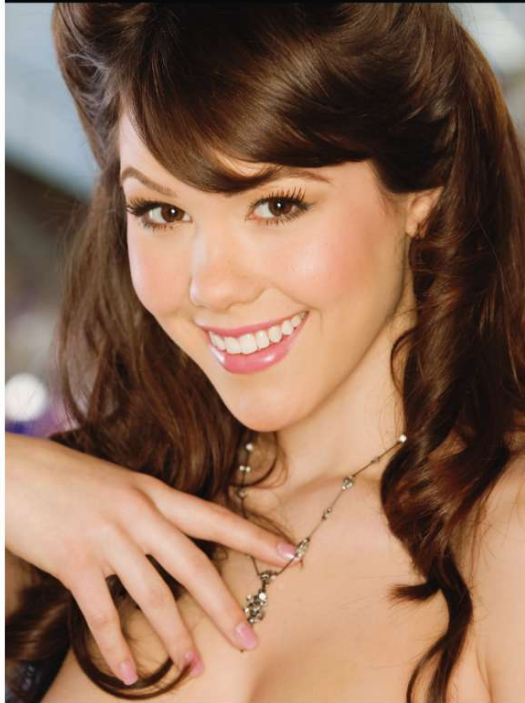
Who needs football? These lauded conference schools are home to something even better: some of the hottest college women in the West.

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THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

GIRLS OF THE PAC 10 Want more? Check out our pics and videos of the West's finest student bodies.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM Our models take you on a tour of the biggest Mansion party of the year.

PLAYBOY'S BACK TO SCHOOL GUIDE From Cologne 101 to dorm room essentials, we have everything you need to be the coolest guy on campus.

THE SMOKING JACKET Girls, gear and the funniest stuff on the Internet.



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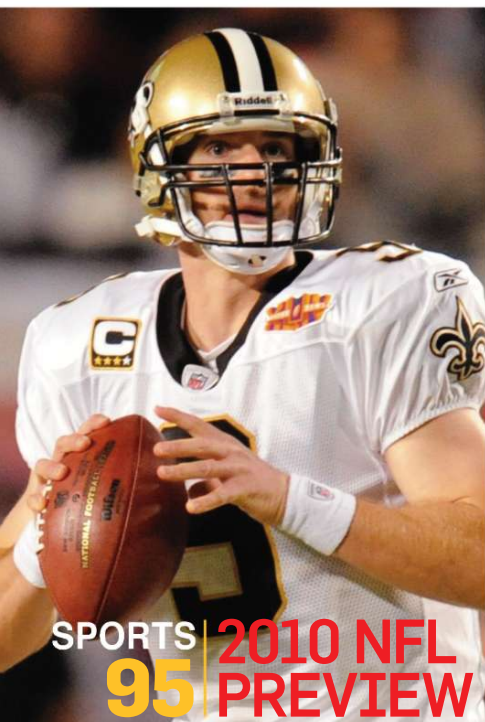
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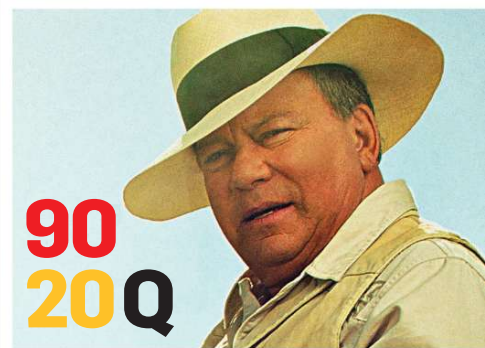
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SPORTS 95 2010 NFL PREVIEW

Pigskin fever is upon us. **RICK GOSSELIN** breaks down everyone and everything you need to know about the new season.



90 20Q

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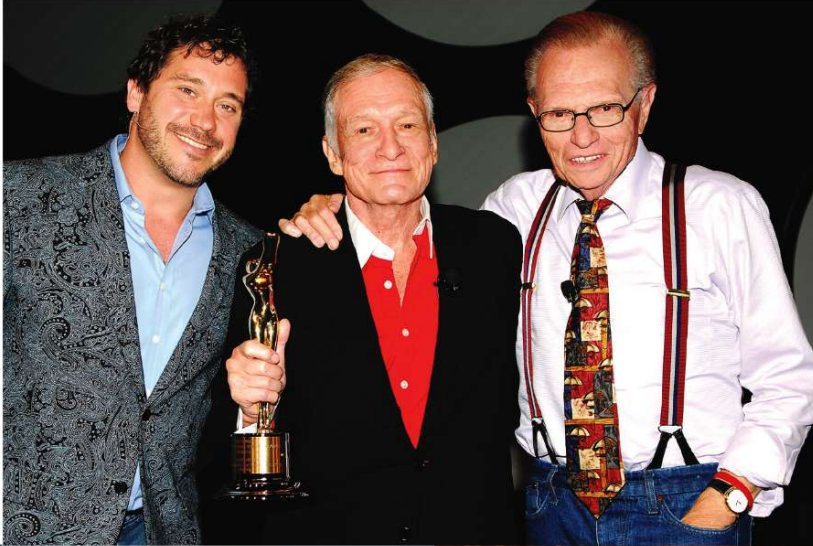

PALMS

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

KINGS OF MEDIA

PromaxBDA is an organization that brings together the smartest people in media to discuss the state of the industry and share ideas on how to improve it. During its annual conference, president Jonathan Block-Verk bestowed Hugh Hefner with the PromaxBDA Lifetime Achievement Award for his work in shaping the media landscape. Larry King interviewed Hef during the ceremony, and guests were privy to the two industry giants discussing journalism and how PLAYBOY's art and design influenced American culture.



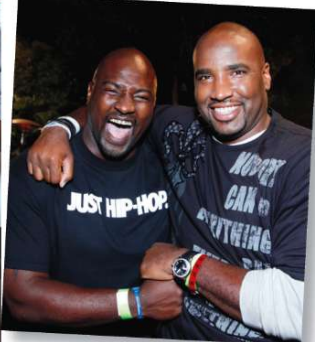
PLAYMATE POP

"Making the album has proved to me that I can do anything I set my mind to," Crystal Harris said when announcing her fall release with Grammy-nominated producer Michael Blakey. Crystal calls her brand of music Playmate pop. She concluded, "Music is another way for me to express myself."

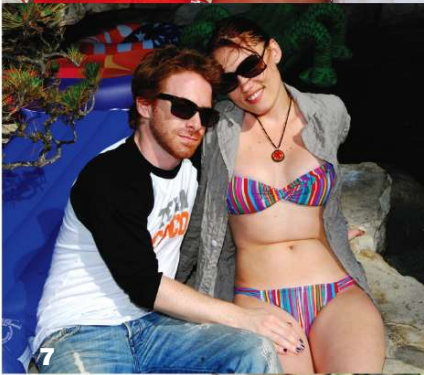
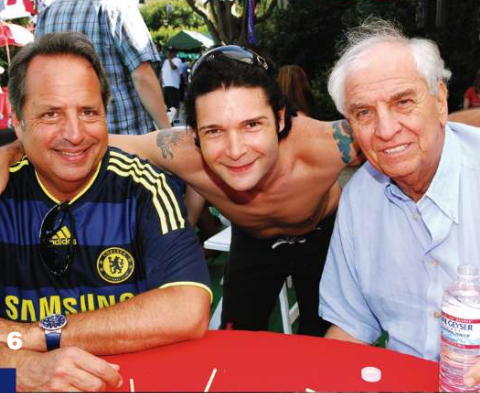


ESPYs GET SEXY

GBK threw the ESPY (ESPN's sports awards) preparty at the Playboy Mansion. Stars and players with stats comparable to .300 batting averages mingled with models and Playmates with stats like 36-24-36. The standouts were (clockwise from top) NFL Hall of Famer Warren Moon and the Knicks' Amar'e Stoudemire, Redfoo and Sky Blu of LMFAO, boxing announcer Michael Buffer and gold medalist Apollo Ohno, DJ Irie and Oscar winner Jamie Foxx, NFL Live's Marcellus Wiley and Houston Texan Ephraim Salaam and *The Blind Side* actor Quinton Aaron.



STAR-SPANGLED PARTY



On Hef's happy Fourth of July at the Mansion he saw the rockets' red glare and Playmates bouncing in air. What a country. (1) Anna Berglund, Hef and Crystal Harris. (2) Smokestack frontman Doyle Bramhall II and Steve Bing, film producer and owner of the business group Shangri-La Entertainment, with Hefner at his Shangri-la. (3) Flying Old Glory. (4) Hef with Miss February 2008 Michelle McLaughlin and her fiancé, F.P. Santangelo. (5) Brigitte Berman, director of *Hugh Hefner: Playboy, Activist and Rebel*, with her subject. (6) Jon Lovitz, Corey Feldman and Garry Marshall. (7) Seth Green with his wife, Clare Grant. (8) Gene and Nick Simmons with Miss October Claire Sinclair and Marston Hefner. (9) Berry Gordy and girlfriend Eskedar Gobeze. (10) Sam Crowley, Cooper Hefner and his dad. (11) Comedian Hal Sparks with Miss March 2009 Jennifer Pershing. (12) Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips makes the Rabbit Head sign before riding the Mansion's gigantic slip-and-slide. (13) Hef and the lovely Bridget Marquardt. God bless America.




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ATLANTIC CITY, 1920

When alcohol was outlawed,
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EMPIRE SM

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OH, THAT SCENT!

Refreshing is probably the wrong word to describe *La Chatte* (August), given the topic. But I would challenge any hot-blooded male to deny he has enjoyed the delicate whiff of female fragrance on his fingers after a passionate encounter. After reading Maureen Gibbon's essay I feel liberated to enjoy my own fragrance on a hot summer's day, perhaps even letting it waft in the breeze.

Najila Edom
Sparta, New Jersey

CORNEL WEST

Your *Playboy Interview* with Cornel West (August) moved with the same rhythm as the man himself—broad in scope, candid and fearless. He juxtaposes ideas like a jazz performer. Critics have misinterpreted West's intellectual passion and scope as being nothing more than flash and mediocrity, but human existence is messy and refuses to be mapped by a single perspective. West is a free black man living within an empire, but he is also a prisoner of hope, believing in the possibility of transcendence.

George Yancy
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Yancy, a professor of philosophy at Duquesne University, is editor of Cornel West: A Critical Reader.

West is correct—there is not and will never be a “postracial America.” However, that is partly the fault of West and people like him. When you earn your living by making race an issue, as West, Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton have done, you have no motivation to see an end to racism. These self-appointed spokesmen for the “black community” are a bit out of step. As more black Americans attain wealth, they are adopting more conservative views, which is why you are seeing more black Republicans. Although this is a natural development (it happened to the Irish and the Italians, as well), in this case, other black Americans denounce them as insincere or Uncle Toms.

Yevgeni Stepanov
Pleasanton, California

West says of Tiger Woods, “Man has all the money in the world, all the success, and yet he never displayed an ounce of political concern, never showed any real interest in the problems of poor people.” In fact, the Tiger Woods Foundation supports an average of 100 charities annually with millions of dollars, and Woods funded the 35,000-square-foot Tiger Woods Learning Center in Anaheim, California. Say what you want about his personal life, but Woods has helped thousands of underprivileged kids.

Art Casper
Houston, Texas

When West says white fear of black sexuality was “always a basic component of white

DEAR PLAYBOY

Mad About Crista

I had been so mesmerized by Christina Hendricks and January Jones on *Mad Men* that I overlooked the adorable and funny Crista Flanagan (*It's a Mad World*, August). Never again.

Peter Gareffa
St. Clair Shores, Michigan

You've made Crista into an icon.
Dan Petitpas
Boston, Massachusetts

For the love of...she is beautiful.
Ray Kodani
Forbestown, California



racism” and “one of the major forms of mobilizing white citizens,” what he's referring to is sex between white women and black men. The fact is, sex between white men and black women has not historically been “the central anxiety of white America.” Indeed, when West says that “during slavery, the only control we Africans had was over our voices and our bodies,” he overlooks the sexual exploitation of slave women. Nor are white anxieties about white women and black men a timeless phenomenon; before emancipation, whites often tolerated such liaisons. Writing in the era of lynching, Frederick



Cornel West: Whither the angry black man?

Douglass—whom West summons so beautifully in his discussion of President Obama's politics—connected newly fabricated accusations of rape to the advent of black male political power. “It is only since the Negro has become a citizen and a voter,” Douglass wrote in 1892, “that this charge has been made.” West gives an inspiring and invigorating interview, but when we talk about black people, white people and sex

in America, we need to talk specifically about men and women, and we need to examine our history more carefully.

Martha Hodes
New York, New York

Hodes, a professor of history at New York University, is author of The Sea Captain's Wife: A True Story of Love, Race and War in the 19th Century.

While the *Playboy Interview* is one of my favorite features, I sometimes don't read it if I'm not familiar with the person. I was ready to skip West but read his first few responses, and before I knew it I was at the end—and wanting more. I didn't always agree with him, but he has some unique and intelligent views. It makes me wonder what other great interviews I've skipped, which I certainly won't be doing anymore.

Josh Neidus
Cleveland, Ohio

THE CORRECT CRAB

With all due respect to chef Mike Price, when I read “Summer Flavor: Chesapeake Blues” in *After Hours* (July), I had to shake my head when I saw vinegar in his recipe. Maybe it is used elsewhere, but not here and not in any crab house I've ever been to. As far as condiments go, licking the Old Bay off your hands is about it, unless you care for the “mustard” (fat inside the shell). In addition, Price makes no mention of Silver Queen corn steamed on top of the crabs. Here in Harford County, where the Susquehanna River feeds into Chesapeake Bay, we take our crabs seriously. Beer, Old Bay and corn—period.

Linda Childers
Bel Air, Maryland

MEXICAN GUNS

Your colorful report *Mexico: The Inside Dope* (August) claims Mexican gangs procure their weapons from the U.S. Like any large terrorist organization, drug

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dealers in Mexico have plenty of money to buy weapons on the international market. The number of guns stolen in this country and taken over the border is so small as not to register, but reports like this, fueled by bullshit from Obama and Mexican president Felipe Calderón, make the two nations out to be co-bad guys.

Robert Thomas
Pendleton, Oregon

THE ORIGINAL MAD MAN

For George Lois to say the producers of *Mad Men* can't create an entertaining and factually accurate show without his direct involvement (*It's a Mad World*) is like saying you can't make a decent movie about World War II without the active participation of Hitler.

Geoffrey Mandel
Los Angeles, California

DISAPPEARING ACT

In her August pictorial (*Latin Heat*), Playmate Francesca Frigo has tattoos on the inside of each hip, but in the Centerfold they have disappeared. Were they Photoshopped out or washed away by the water?

Steve Hunt
Austin, Texas

What's Photoshop?

NATURAL GAS

In *Drill!* (August), you report that "a well produced 10 billion cubic feet of natural gas, a billion dollars' worth." A thousand cubic feet currently sells for about \$4.50, so 10 billion cubic feet would gross \$45 million.

Noel de Nevers
Salt Lake City, Utah

You're right. In fact, the well produced a billion cubic feet of gas in its first 90 days, worth about \$4.5 million.

IS THE TEA PARTY ALL WET?

It speaks volumes that the anonymous consultant to the Tea Party and his colleagues feel their candidates can win only through dirty tricks and childish media manipulation (*Rogues of K Street*, July). This is because the Tea Party "movement" is bereft of solutions to the perceived problems that make its followers so angry. The majority of thinking Americans understand this and will make their feelings clear in the next election cycle. Tea Party officials can scream all they want, but until they come up with viable answers, the movement will never rise above the fringe, nor should it.

Donald Vaughan
Raleigh, North Carolina

Despite the assertion by your anonymous author that he has "never heard a racist word uttered" at a Tea Party rally, he appears to take smug satisfaction in the right-wing takedown of the Association of Community Organizations for Reform Now. Since ACORN's primary goal was to register disadvantaged black citizens to vote, perhaps your writer could explain how the undermining of that organization

by Tea Party sympathizers' dirty tricks wasn't motivated by racial bias.

Rick Schroeder
West Yarmouth, Massachusetts

BAKED TO PERFECTION

The made-by-the-sun tan lines in *Endless Summer* (August) are so sharp they



Marcella Matos, as etched by the Brazilian sun.

almost gave me a paper cut. The contrast is delightful.

Lyle Beck
Jacksonville, Florida

The key to the perfect tan is to not have tan lines. Kelly Amorim takes honors.

Jamie Meade
Palmetto, Florida

We love tan lines. And to prove it, we'll share the incredible set on Marcella Matos (above), an import from the sun-splashed beaches of Brazil. Consider it your summer bonus.

WOMEN WITH KICK

As a soccer fan, I enjoyed *Girls of the World Cup* (July). But I can't seem to find Kim Jong Il in the photo of the North Korean model. Isn't that a breach of protocol?

Clint Muhlenberg
College Station, Texas

It's nice to see beautiful women from unexpected places such as Cameroon, Ghana, Uruguay and North Korea. And the women from Mexico, Slovenia and Japan are stunning.

Christopher Scarber
La Grange, Kentucky

Like many Americans, I find soccer unwatchable. But seeing beauty in all shapes, sizes and colors is a treat. The Japanese, German and Uruguayan models are breathtaking, and the young lady from the Ivory Coast has the most beautiful eyes and smile I've ever seen.

Brett Kenschaft
Denver, Colorado



E-mail via the web at LETTERS.PLAYBOY.COM Or write: 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611



KING OF THE BOARDROOM



KING OF THE BEACH



KING OF THE BEDROOM

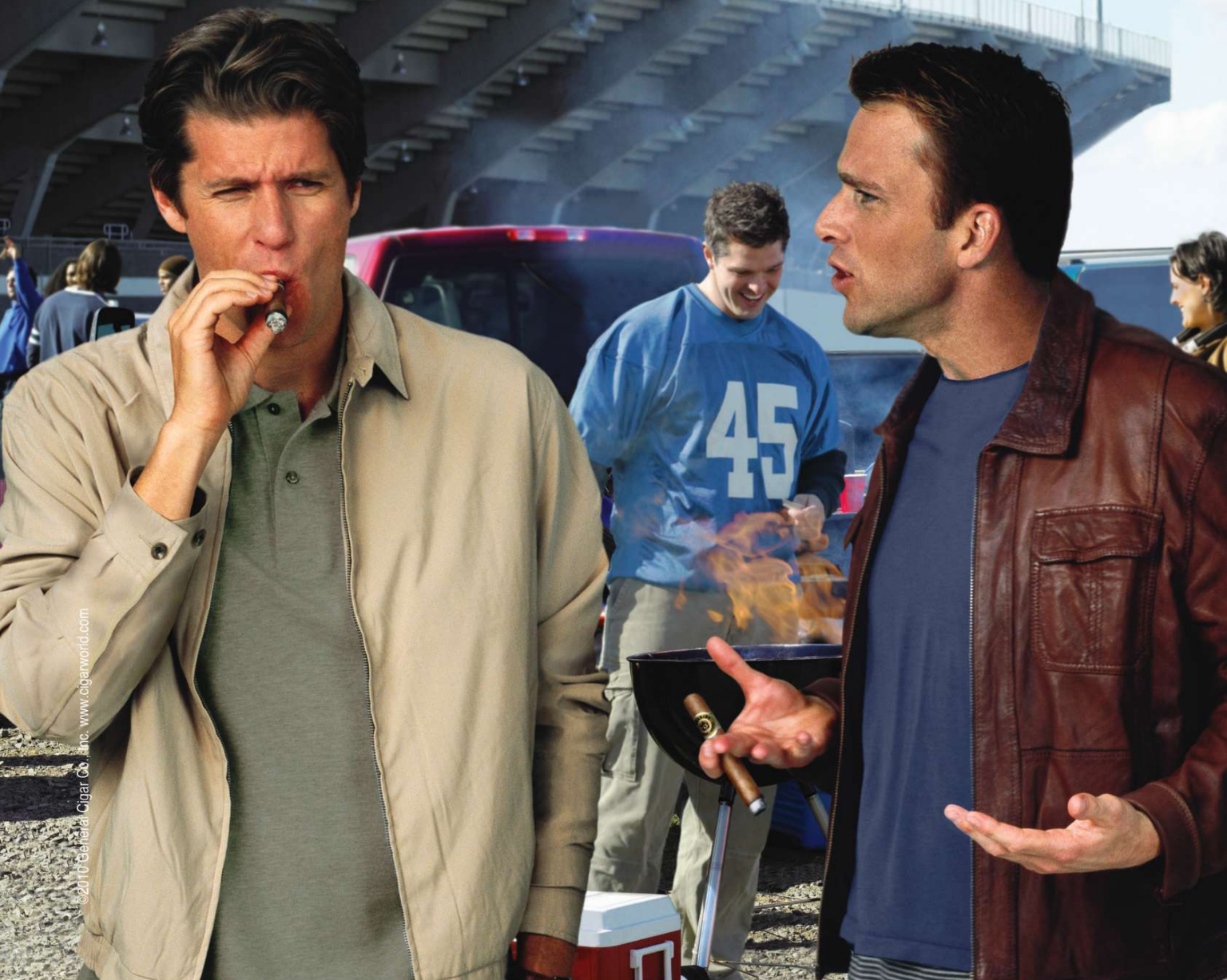


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“I like the new rules that protect the quarterback today.”

“Oh, come on. You can’t hit him high, you can’t hit him low, if you wrap him up, that’s ‘in the grasp’ — why don’t they just change the name of the position to ballerina?”

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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Rosie Huntington-Whiteley

Yes, as the sign says (on her panties no less), Rosie Huntington-Whiteley is a perfect 10. Dubbed "the new Megan Fox," the 23-year-old Victoria's Secret model has been tapped by director Michael Bay to replace Fox in the new *Transformers* movie (parts of which were shot down the street from the Playboy offices in Chicago). A distant relative of Britain's royal family, the aerodynamically shaped vixen was first nicknamed "the new Kate Moss" when she originally made it on the international modeling scene. We can't wait to see who eventually earns the moniker "the new Rosie Huntington-Whiteley." But for now, a rose is a rose is a rose. What a beautiful blossom.

Rosie has been hailed as "the new Megan Fox."



The Italian poster for *The Wild Angels: Drugs! Sex! And the long legs of Nancy Sinatra.*

Classic Look of the Month Peter Fonda

Films by Roger "King of the B Movies" Corman have been rereleased en masse on DVD in 2010. Our favorite Corman flick? *The Wild Angels* (1966), a Peter Fonda-Nancy Sinatra vehicle that spawned the genre of outlaw biker movies and introduced biker-chic style to the mainstream. See caption below to re-create this timeless look.

WELL WORN: Denim Jimmy jacket with leather sleeves and patches (\$396) by True Religion, black mock turtleneck (\$16) by ArmyNavyShop.com, boot-cut jeans (\$29) by Harley-Davidson, cross necklace (\$400) by Scott Kay, Carrera Master 2 aviator sunglasses (\$120).

Vintage Beauty Red Hot

Vino critics went nuts for California's cabernet crop in 2001. "The finest young vintage I have ever tasted," said Robert Parker, the most influential wine critic in the world. Another called it the "vintage of the century." Now those cabs are making news again as they reach peak drinkability—velvety, full-bodied, exuberant. Pictured: Charles Krug Vintage Selection Napa Valley Cabernet Sauvignon, a perfect accompaniment to the boar on page 22.



Urban Legend Bring the Noize

Boom boxes are having a renaissance, with reissues of ghetto blasters (fitted with iPod hookups) being introduced to the Internet generation. In the new coffee-table book *The Boombox Project* (\$25, Abrams Image), photog Lyle Owerko tells the whole story with crisp still lifes and an oral history of an era when graffiti and antigentrification ruled, with Kool Moe Dee and LL Cool J. The foreword is by Spike Lee, naturally.





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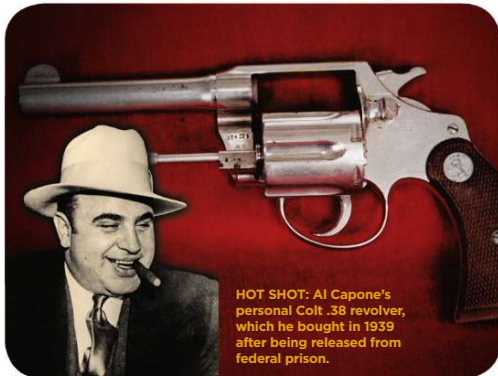
WILD BOAR PASTA
SERVES 4

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2 LBS. WILD BOAR (OR PORK SHOULDER), CUT INTO 1/2-INCH CUBES | 3 BAY LEAVES |
| 1/2 CUP FLOUR | 1 SPRIG ROSEMARY, CHOPPED |
| 1/2 CUP EXTRA-VIRGIN OLIVE OIL | 1 SPRIG SAGE, CHOPPED |
| 3 CUPS EACH OF FINELY CHOPPED ONIONS AND CARROTS | 3 CUPS VEGETABLE STOCK |
| 4 CUPS FINELY CHOPPED CELERY | 3 CUPS CANNED WHOLE SAN MARZANO TOMATOES, DRAINED AND PUREED |
| 3 CHOPPED GARLIC CLOVES | 1/2 CUP UNSWEETENED COCOA POWDER |
| 1 1/2 TSP. CRUSHED RED PEPPER FLAKES | 1 LB. PAPPARDELLE |
| 4 CUPS STRONG RED WINE | 1/2 CUP GRATED PARMESAN CHEESE |

(The best place to buy wild boar is at dartagnan.com.)

Hot Pork Made in Italy

Chef Cesare Casella of New York's awesome Salumeria Rosi started as a preteen in his mom's trattoria in Tuscany. His (adapted) wild boar pasta is a hit. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper. Dredge in flour, shake off and brown in a large pot with half the oil. Set meat aside. Add rest of oil and sauté vegetables, garlic and red pepper flakes for 10 minutes. Return meat to pot, add wine and reduce by three quarters. Add herbs, stock and tomatoes. Stir in cocoa. Cover and simmer two hours. Puree half in processor, return to pot and simmer 20 minutes. Add al dente pasta and parmesan, and serve.



HOT SHOT: Al Capone's personal Colt .38 revolver, which he bought in 1939 after being released from federal prison.

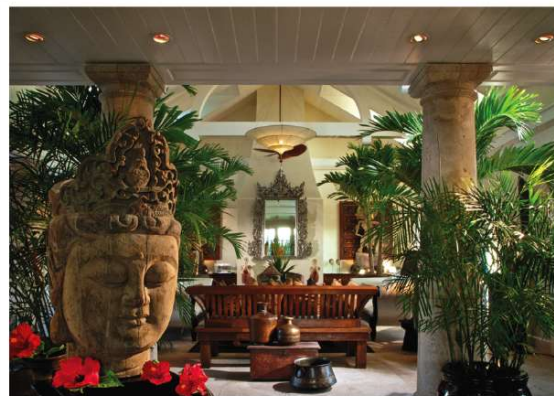
Mantiques Shop Talk

Moments in Time is the mantique company du jour. The outfit specializes in the sale and auction of rare manly documents (the signed unconditional surrender of the Third Reich, for example, dated May 7, 1945, 2:41 A.M.), autographs (Meyer Lansky, Sigmund Freud) and artifacts such as Al Capone's .38, which the company recently put up for sale for \$95,000. Pick it up at momentsintime.com.

Great Escape Celebrity Vacation

The latest trend in travel for the rich is to stay at villas owned by celebs. You probably can't date Bruce Willis's

model wife, nor Mick Jagger's groupies. But you can sleep in their beds if you have the cheddar. Pictured: David Copperfield's Bahamas getaway, \$37,500 a night for 12 people (mushacay.com).



BARMATE
Angie Blauch



IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST BARTENDERS

PLAYBOY: So this is the Downtown Lounge in Lebanon, Pennsylvania. It looks like a cool sports bar.

ANGIE: It is. We have 27 TVs, and the walls are covered with autographed photos of athletes.

PLAYBOY: Is this place an Eagles or a Steelers bar?

ANGIE: Very much an Eagles bar.

PLAYBOY: Then why are you wearing a Steelers T-shirt?

ANGIE: The Steelers are the best.

PLAYBOY: Gotcha. Do you have fun working here?

ANGIE: Tons. We have dance contests and weight-lifting contests among the girls who work behind the bar.

PLAYBOY: Wait—we get the dance part, but weight lifting?

ANGIE: I haven't participated yet. I don't want people to be scared of my guns.

PLAYBOY: What other extracurriculars do you ladies partake in?

ANGIE: I get us all cute costumes for special occasions.

PLAYBOY: Halloween is coming up. What are you thinking?

ANGIE: I want all the girls to dress up like Playboy Bunnies.

PLAYBOY: Let's drink to that. But with what?

ANGIE: You've been so sweet that I want to give you a kiss.

ANGIE'S SWEET KISS SHOT

1/2 oz. Godiva chocolate liqueur

1/2 oz. Absolut

1/2 oz. Kahlúa French Vanilla

Shake with ice and strain into a shot glass.
SEE MORE OF ANGIE AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM. APPLY TO BE BARMATE AT PLAYBOY.COM/POSE.

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Movie of the Month

The Social Network

By Stephen Rebell

Director David Fincher's latest, *The Social Network*, dissects how nerdy Harvard sophomore Mark Zuckerberg avenged himself after being dumped by his girlfriend by inventing Facebook and how, after making billions, he was exposed as a sex-driven lightning rod for controversy. Based on Ben Mezrich's book *The Accidental Billionaires*, the movie tracks the falling-out of Zuckerberg (Jesse Eisenberg) and his best bud and Facebook co-inventor, Eduardo Saverin (Andrew Garfield). "For the movie's first 115 minutes, Zuckerberg is an antihero, by the last five minutes he's a tragic hero, and by the end you want to give him a hug," says Aaron Sorkin, whose screenplay also provides a juicy role for Justin Timberlake. "For all that we've gained from the Internet, it's hard to escape the feeling that it has made us dumber and meaner. David embraced the idea that this is a movie about language and people, not machinery. Its themes of loyalty, betrayal and loss would have intrigued Aeschylus or Paddy Chayefsky."



Lip Service With Emily Blunt

“I'm going to become a gay icon,” says the *Adjustment Bureau* actress. “Have I ever flirted with that side? No, never, but I do remember girl crushes on other girls in my year group at school. There are these girls who are magnetic and beautiful and sooo cool. You just feel yourself shrink in their presence.”



Blu-ray of the Month

King Kong (1933)



“The whole world will pay to see this,” says Robert Armstrong of the giant ape he christens the Eighth Wonder of the World in Merian C. Cooper's timeless classic *King Kong*. Nothing compares with this original beauty-and-the-beast blockbuster, featuring Fay Wray as the lovely damsel in distress. Now the film has been remastered in its entirety—including the censored

scenes originally thought to be too risqué—for its Blu-ray debut. The disc comes packaged in a handsome 32-page book featuring rare photographs and trivia. Some 77 years later, this *Kong* is still king. **Best extras:** A Cooper doc, a making-of featurette and commentary with stop-motion master Ray Harryhausen.

—Robert B. DeSalvo



What's in Your Netflix Queue?

Thomas Haden Church was an Oscar nominee for *Sideways* and a memorable villain in *Spider-Man 3*; he can be seen next as a teacher in *Easy A*. Here are four movies he's waiting for in the mail.

The Godfather: “It may be the truest of masterpieces of the 1970s and beyond.”

Coraline: “I found it wildly entertaining because that is my favorite type of animation.”

Crazy Heart: “I'm waiting for a special edition because a lot of those guys are my buddies.”

Alien: “It's probably my favorite movie of all time. If I could order the prequel, I would, but it hasn't been made yet.”

Book of the Month

Kendra Slides Into Home

The ascent of Kendra Wilkinson, Hef's special lady turned best-selling author, is not really about the company she kept at the Mansion, whether that company was Hef himself or any of his other Girls Next Door (Holly, Bridget, et al.). Instead it is evidence that the most compelling people on television are the ones who are the most honest. Kendra always kept it real on *The Girls Next Door*—and continues to keep it real on her own E! spin-off, *Kendra*—and in the process has become eminently lovable.

All of which brings us to Kendra's memoir, *Sliding Into Home*, wherein, per her trademark appeal, candor spills forth effortlessly. It is, in fact, the purest blast of Kendra yet. For instance, she reflects unsparingly about her early teenage despair (a personal low rife with drug use, cutting and attempted suicide): "Most days I didn't shower. I just rolled out of bed, went to the living room and did a few lines." Her nadir: "Nothing can describe my pain during that time more than the fact that I tried to overdose on toothpaste." (At the time she resided

in a San Diego psychiatric hospital—on her high school's recommendation, no less.)

The book's core truth, however, is about her unbreakable spirit. Her stay at the Mansion, she writes, helped set right the past and open up the future—televised domesticity with NFL receiver Hank Baskett and their newborn son. Or as she puts it as only she can in *Sliding Into Home*, "I set a dinner table every night instead of dancing on one at a club. I wake up at five A.M. instead of passing out at that hour after a long night of partying. And if I'm whipping out a boob, it's probably because Hank Jr. is hungry." After all, domesticated or not, she is still Kendra. ♡♡♡♡—Josh Schollmeyer



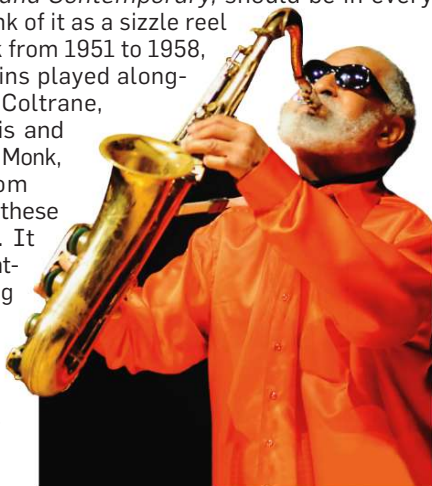
Album of the Month

Sonny Rollins's Best

By Rob Tannenbaum

Recently, Rolling Stones drummer and jazz authority Charlie Watts recalled the awe he felt seeing saxophonist Sonny Rollins at a bygone club: Rollins "used to start playing in the dressing room with no band, then walk out and go around the stage, using the room to bounce the sound off. It was amazing. I'd never seen anyone do that." Casual, surprising, ebullient—the anecdote contains all the elements of the 80-year-old's musical genius. A new compilation, *The Definitive Sonny Rollins on Prestige, Riverside and Contemporary*, should be in every home. Think of it as a sizzle reel of his work from 1951 to 1958, when Rollins played alongside John Coltrane, Miles Davis and Thelonious Monk, all of whom appear on these two discs. It was an eight-year winning streak even the New York Yankees have never equaled.

♡♡♡♡



Game of the Month

Halo: Reach

By Jason Buhrmester

Hail to the Master Chief! The badass space marine who saved humanity from alien forces known as the Covenant ended the last *Halo* game in cryogenic hibernation. It was the last we saw of him. *Halo: Reach* (360), the prequel to the *Halo* saga, takes place just before the start of Master Chief's mission and serves to explain how humans got into this mess. Gamers join the battle as the newest recruits to Noble Six, a six-member squad fighting to defend Reach, a

military outpost and the last line of defense for Earth. New to the *Halo* arsenal are the Focus Rifle and the deadly Plasma Launcher; you can also suit up with Armor Abilities, a feature that equips soldiers with advantages such as speed bursts, powerful camouflage or jet packs. Fully customizable online multiplayer modes allow you and a crew of friends to take on wave after wave of Covenant soldiers. Set the time limit to infinity and cancel all weekend plans. ♡♡♡♡

Playboy TV Playboy's Coeds

A new school year is under way, and to celebrate, Playboy is paying tribute to the girls of the Pac 10 and other babes of higher learning in a multitude of ways. In conjunction with our college issue, Playboy TV gets into the school spirit with the premiere of its brand-new series *Playboy's Coeds*. In these sexy college specials, Playboy cameras visit America's top conference schools and keep up with the hottest student bodies in the country as they hit the wild parties and Playboy events on and around their campuses. Get to know "Girls of the Pac 10," "Girls of the ACC," "Girls of the Big 12" and

"Girls of the Big 10" as Playboy documents these beautiful coeds discussing their extracurricular activities: from what they like to do for fun to what turns them on in the bedroom. Past college-issue Playmates also join in the fun, including 2007 Playmate of the Year Sara Jean Underwood, who first appeared in the *Girls of the Pac 10* pictorial in PLAYBOY's 2005 college issue, Miss October 2005 Amanda Paige, Miss October 2006 Jordan Monroe and Miss October 2009 Lindsey Gayle Evans. Going back to school has never looked so appealing. Visit playboytv.com for air dates and to see the full schedule.



BIG 10



PAC-10

ACC

Playboy Licensing Super Sexy Halloween

Halloween—that wonderful time of year when beautiful women everywhere don barely there costumes, and fantasy-worthy French maid uniforms and cheerleading outfits abound—is just around the corner. To support this magical night of scantily clad revelry, Playboy offers its own line of sexy costumes. Whether you want a sassy witch dress or the "hers" version of Hef's robes, Playboy has you covered—or not so covered, as the case may be. Available at partycity.com and buycostumes.com.



The Smoking Jacket

Bored? Visit Playboy's new safe-for-work site, The Smoking Jacket (thesmokingjacket.com). It's updated daily with hilarious and sexy content. Just don't let your boss catch you. It's not *that* safe.



College Fiction Contest

Are you in college? Do you write fiction? If you intend to become the next Norman Mailer or John Updike, we want to see what you've got. PLAYBOY is giving you a shot at \$3,000 and a chance to be published in the same pages as those legendary authors. PLAYBOY's 2011 College Fiction Contest is accepting submissions. Go to playboy.com/cfc for details.

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ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

A RECENT STUDY FOUND THAT MEN WHO CONSUMED AT LEAST 1 LITER OF SODA A DAY PUMPED OUT 30% FEWER SPERM THAN MEN WHO DIDN'T DRINK ANY SODA.

DEAD BODIES ARE CRUCIAL FOR STUDY AND THEREFORE A COMMODITY IN THE WORLD OF MEDICINE. HERE'S HOW MUCH VARIOUS BODY PARTS ARE WORTH ON TODAY'S LEGAL MEDICAL MARKET:



| | |
|----------------|--------------|
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| \$900 | \$600 |
| HAND, FOREARM: | KIDNEYS: |
| \$385 | \$300-\$500 |
| SHOULDER: | INTACT HEAD: |
| \$500 | \$6,000 |
| HEART: | KNEES: |
| \$500 | \$650 EACH |
| CORNEAS: | TENDONS: |
| \$6,000 A PAIR | \$1,000 EACH |

WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

56% OF WOMEN SURVEYED SAID THEIR PET IS MORE AFFECTIONATE THAN THEIR PARTNER, AND 45% SAID THEIR PET IS CUTER THAN THEIR PARTNER.



PER ONE ONLINE REPORT, THE MOST POPULAR CATEGORIES ON CRAIGSLIST NEW YORK:

1. EROTIC SERVICES
2. CASUAL ENCOUNTERS
3. WOMEN SEEKING MEN
4. CAR SALES



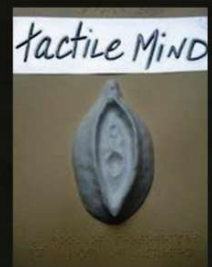
IN A RECENT SURVEY, 40% OF WOMEN SAID THEIR LAST ORGASM OCCURRED DURING FOREPLAY.

A RECENT STUDY FOUND THAT 1 IN 4 AMERICAN HOUSEHOLDS HAS A CELL PHONE BUT NO TRADITIONAL LANDLINE.



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PRICE OF TACTILE MIND, THE FIRST PORN BOOK WITH RAISED IMAGES INTENDED FOR THE BLIND.



THE 5 HOTTEST LIVE MUSIC EVENTS, BASED ON FIRST-HALF 2010 TICKET REVENUE:

1. Bon Jovi
2. James Taylor/Carole King
3. TAYLOR SWIFT
4. Paul McCartney
5. George Strait/Lee Ann Womack/Reba McEntire



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AUGUST 2009

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On the Fly

Build your own airplane—piece by piece

Discover the DIY project of man-size proportions—Zenith Aircraft's Zodiac CH 650 kit plane (\$50,000, zenithair.com). Although the plane is delivered to your doorstep in 600 individual parts, full assembly does not require a degree in aeronautical engineering. In fact, simple mastery of everyday tools (hammer, screwdriver, wrench, etc.), lots of patience (think in terms of hundreds of hours) and the requisite space (a typical two-car garage) should suffice.

The Zodiac flies with a variety of 100-horsepower engines, seats two passengers and features a tinted bubble canopy system that allows for nearly 360 degrees of visibility. For a personal aesthetic, most pilots like to customize the plane's paint job. Of course, becoming airborne requires the proper licensing—namely, online ground school and about 20 hours of flight training to secure an FAA Sport Pilot Certification (an additional cost of \$3,000). Once you're among the clouds—whether night or day—you can fly up to 600 miles without touching down. Conduct your own test flight by attending Zenith Aircraft's monthly workshop at its Missouri headquarters, where prospective buyers are encouraged to fly off with the merchandise.



Drive Time

The mystique of European auto racing endures state-side. The latest evidence? TAG Heuer's reissue of its Silverstone timepiece (\$6,500, tagheuer.com). Back in the 1970s, Formula One champions Emerson Fittipaldi and Clay Regazzoni strapped the watch to their wrists for good luck before taking to its namesake—the track where the British Grand Prix is held.



Sticky Fingers

You don't need to read his new memoir, *Life*, to know you'll never be as cool as Keith Richards. But if you want to emulate the rock god's style, skip the head scarves and go straight to the essence of his insouciance: his skull ring. Its creator, London's Courts and Hackett, recently crafted a new version (\$485, courtsandhackett.com) modeled from the same human skull it sized for Richards's finger.

Snap Pops

Oh, Snap! Taking inspiration from a Pennsylvania Dutch recipe dating back to the 1600s, Snap (\$33, artintheage.com)—a new 100 percent organic spirit that borrows its flavor from *lebkuchen* (gingersnap, more or less)—could be your elixir for autumnal nights. Invented by

Steven Grasse, a former Quaker State ad guru who'd returned to his roots (poetically, the artisanal liqueur Root was the first booze he concocted), Snap tastes slightly of molasses, though it's spicy rather than gooey sweet. While it mixes well with bourbon, be sure to try it with Wild Turkey rye (a refashioned old fashioned) or rum and ginger beer (a dark and stormy of sorts). Feel free to dunk an actual gingersnap in it, too.



The Almighty Power Nap

Put down that 11th cup of coffee immediately. Antifatigue futurist MetroNaps rents its EnergyPod (\$750 a month, metronaps.com) to clients such as Google and Procter & Gamble to help employees beat the mid-afternoon fade. Slumber is unavoidable once the pod's privacy shield descends from its fiberglass dome and its Bose headphones mute the outside world. (The EnergyPod uses NASA technology; it looks as though it belongs in the Death Star's sleeping cabin.) Eschewing the typical alarm-clock wail, the pod uses gentle vibrations to slowly rouse you after 20 minutes or so. It certainly beats passing out in your car at lunch.



Unbreakable

Where there was once endless onstage guitar sacrifice, there is now the Aluminum Deluxe (\$4,400, specimenproducts.com), an ax impervious to rock-and-roll debauchery. In all, Specimen Products handcrafts about 20 different aluminum instruments (including basses, ukuleles and mandolins). Each is built for rock—and actual—immortality, per the edict of post-hard-core punk band Tar, which first requested that Specimen devise an indestructible guitar in 1990. Rest assured: Its sound is far from tinny, as its strings can unleash monster noise.

How to Buy Wine Futures

Want to purchase high-end wine at low-end prices? Invest in wine futures—also called *en primeur*—and procure wine while it's still fermenting in barrels and roughly 18 months before it's bottled for mass consumption. The practice began during the 18th century in Bordeaux and for the next 200 years was limited mainly to wine sellers—a bourgeois practice that has become much more democratic. Today, futures of wine from a myriad of countries (France, Australia, the United States) can easily be had by all via wine-exchange sites such as winex.com. One of the largest barrel-tasting events in the U.S. takes place every spring in northern Sonoma County, California, giving investors and enthusiasts alike the opportunity to sample future vintages from more than 100 local wineries for a mere \$20. (Futures themselves cost anywhere from \$8 a bottle to \$14,000 a case.) Experienced tasters can help discern which barrels will mature into the best wines. Two basic tips: (1) Develop a relationship with an experienced winemaker who won't overhype his handiwork, and (2) invest in limited-production vintages (200 to 300 bottles at most).



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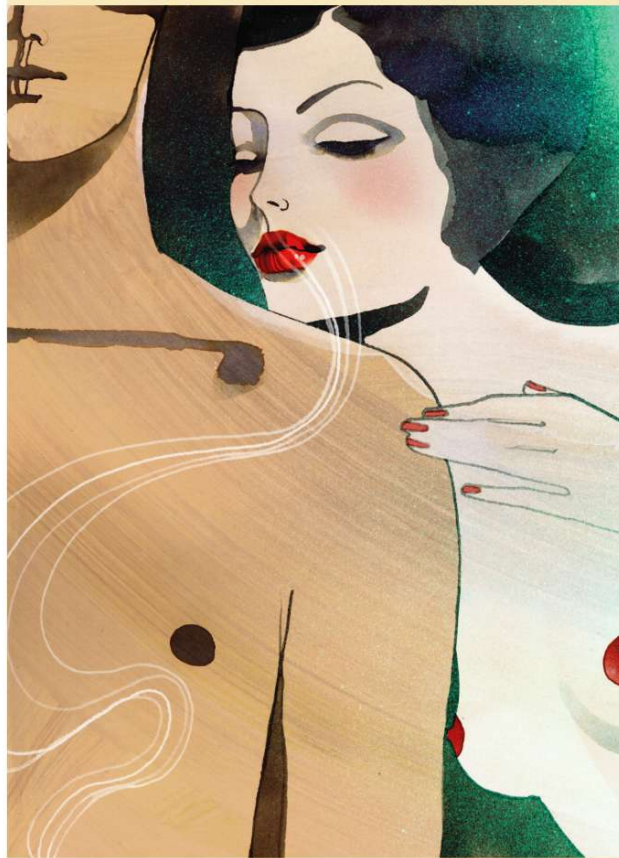
A reader wrote in July to say he was turned on knowing his wife was cheating on him. It sounds as though this man is a cuckold or a “hot-wife husband.” An organization of people in this lifestyle is at ourhotwives.org. I have a dear friend of 24 years who is a hot wife. She fucks men and then shares the adventures with her husband.—P.B., Arlington, Virginia

The reader in July certainly has the potential to change his wife into a hot wife, assuming she values her husband more than her lovers. Troilism (being aroused by imagining or watching your wife with another man) is a form of swinging: The woman swings and the husband pushes. A 1990 study that analyzed letters written by troilists suggests the practice is best explained as a way for a husband to resolve his anxiety about the possibility his wife will cheat on him. By giving her permission to be with other men, as long as she keeps him involved, he takes charge. In his book *Insatiable Wives: Women Who Stray and the Men Who Love Them*, psychologist David Ley recounts a story posted on ourhotwives.org in which a husband describes how he discovered his wife’s promiscuity. Three months after their wedding, she was brought home late one night by two black men. Her clothes were in disarray and stained with semen and her neck covered with bite marks. “Aroused beyond his belief, the man and his wife had sex all night,” Ley reports. For the next 25 years the husband kept a diary of his wife’s encounters, which to that point had totaled 372 men, including nine men in a single week and 17 men during a weekend stag party. It takes a devoted husband to keep up with that.

My father dashes his Guinness with pepper. He says it’s “an Irish thing.” But every time I ask an Irish bartender for a pepper shaker, I receive a strange look. Have you ever heard of this?—R.M., Oakland, California

No, and—bad sign—neither has Fergal Murray, the master brewer at Guinness. “That is indeed a very, very unusual way to enjoy a Guinness,” he tells us. “I have heard of ‘pepping up’ a pint by giving it a kick with a shot of whiskey, so perhaps this is a recipe that got lost in translation.”

I have slept with two women, but I dated them only after they told me they were virgins. It is essential my partners be virgins. It’s as though I don’t want anything impure. It’s bizarre, I know, and



TINA BERNING

I masturbate a few times a week while my girlfriend is at work. Without fail, she knows when I’ve done it. She says she can smell it on my face and neck, behind my ears and in the creases of my nose. This makes her horny, and she usually spends the rest of the night with her nose buried in my neck. Does she have a hyper sense of smell, or do I give off an abnormal amount of pheromones?—N.G., Woodstock, New York

We hope your girlfriend also gets horny when you haven’t masturbated, because otherwise you have a conflict of interests. We suppose it’s possible an aroused or recently aroused man sends out more signals, since testosterone is involved in the manufacture of the pheromones given off in male sweat from the underarms and genitals. But your girlfriend could also be taking in other clues, such as the “sex flush” most people experience during and after orgasm or the porn you left in the DVD player. The more important question: If this makes her horny, why is she spending her evenings sniffing you? Help a girl out. Even if your penis hasn’t recovered, your tongue works.

I’m afraid as I get older (I’m 22) I’ll have a harder time finding a woman to marry. Have you heard of this before?—J.W., Orlando, Florida

This is a silly pursuit. Since there’s no way to verify virginity, you can’t know for certain anyway. We’re happy to help any stragglers lose their cherries but much prefer women with experience specific to our needs.

I am an exotic dancer and happily married. I don’t wear my ring when I dance, but my husband feels I should. If I wore it, I would feel vulnerable because it tells customers more than they should know. But I also feel the illusion dancers create about their availability is bullshit, and men don’t care either way. If they do care, I’m better off not dancing for them. What do you think?—C.M., Las Vegas, Nevada

Most customers won’t notice, and the rest won’t mind. A ring also gives you an easy

Are some women physically incapable of reaching orgasm? My girlfriend says yes, but I find it hard to believe.—M.F., Kansas City, Missouri

The idea that some women may be asexual or unable to become aroused is controversial. Given that paralyzed women can masturbate to climax and some women get off by fantasy alone, it’s hard to believe every woman doesn’t have the potential. When a woman can become aroused but has never experienced orgasm, she is said to have primary anorgasmia. (Secondary anorgasmia is when a woman had the ability to climax but lost it due to illness, medications or psychological trauma; situational anorgasmia is when a woman can climax by masturbation but not with a partner.) Researchers have found most anorgasmic women can be treated by educating them about their genitals and erotic response, teaching them to focus during masturbation and/or strengthening the taint muscle. It also helps, say three scientists who co-authored *The Science of Orgasm*, for women to remember they can have an orgasm but no one can “give” them one. “Women,” they write, “have to take responsibility for their own pleasure and satisfaction.”

Can you legally warn oncoming drivers of a speed trap? I usually alert people by flashing my high beams. I don’t speed, but I don’t think police should be able to hide.—M.R., Atlanta, Georgia

In Georgia there is no specific violation, but an officer could cite you for “failure to dim lights” if he saw you flashing them for no apparent reason—or no reason you’d admit to. In other locales you might be ticketed for “interfering with a police officer in the performance of his duties,” “obstructing a police operation” or “improper use of high beams.” However, courts in some states have ruled that flashing your brights does not obstruct police because an officer has no way of knowing if drivers coming from the other direction were speeding before they were warned of his presence.

way to discourage dweebs with delusions of going home with you. But this should be your call. Of all people, you'd think a guy who marries a stripper would need to have more confidence in her commitment.

Experience has taught me that after a one-night stand, a woman usually wants to shower or at least brush her teeth. So I bought disposable toothbrushes and travel-size bottles of shampoo and body wash. Does this come off as considerate, or does it signal to a woman that I do this often?—B.L., Kansas City, Missouri

Forget the travel sizes. You aren't running a hotel. Visitors can use your toothpaste and shampoo, but you should be able to offer a new toothbrush and a fresh towel.

For as long as I've been lifting weights the left side of my upper body has always been more defined. What can I do to balance it out?—N.H., Houston, Texas

*This is common. Unless you are a model of concentration and balance your strong arm is going to take on more weight, and that side will get stronger and bigger. Some trainers suggest unbalanced loading as a first step—you make the barbell or dumbbell slightly heavier on your weak side. Be careful with this, however, and don't go overboard. You should also do more flexibility exercises before lifting. Trainer Phil Wharton, co-author of *The Whartons' Strength Book*, suggests bringing your arms behind and locking your elbows, then lifting your clenched hands. This will help "wake up" your weak side neurologically and allow better communication between the muscles and brain. "If one side is asleep, your dominant side will do everything," he says. You see this with machine weights, which are balanced for you; the strong arm does the lifting and the weak side comes along for the ride.*

I am so shy that I have a hard time talking to women. Do you have any suggestions?—H.T., Pasadena, Texas

You're shy because you see every attractive woman as a potential girlfriend and feel you have 15 seconds to make a dazzling impression. Are we right? Placing that kind of expectation on encounters with the opposite sex would turn anyone into a wallflower. Most guys don't meet women during cold calls; they date after the women have had a chance to get to know them, such as through friends or at work. We read an interesting take on shyness recently. David Foster Wallace, who during his life was crippled by it, observed, "I think being shy basically means being self-absorbed to the point that it makes it difficult to be around other people. For instance, if I'm hanging out with you, I can't tell whether I like you or not because I'm too worried about whether you like me." Richard Avedon, the photographer, once said, "Charm is the ability to be truly interested in other people." Taken together, those two bits of wisdom can inform your ability to meet people. First, get to parties early so you can meet other guests who will later introduce you to new arrivals. Second, chitchat is easier than most people realize. Introduce

yourself and ask questions. Even if you don't do anything else, the other person will remember it as a great conversation.

My wife gives great blow jobs—to a point. Just as I start to climax, she pulls away and finishes with a hand job. We've been together 16 years, and this has always been a conflict. We've tried condoms, but they're either too thick to allow sensation or covered with spermicide and taste bad. Are there any condoms you can suggest?—R.A., Turlock, California

*If forced to choose, we'd take a hand-job finish over a condom. But if you want to go that route, you'll need nonlubricated, non-ribbed, ultrathin condoms such as *LifeStyles Kiss of Mint*, *Trojan Non-Lubricated* or *Okamoto Beyond Seven* or *Crown*. They're all available at condomania.com.*

Is there any correlation between the size of a woman's inner labia and the number of partners she's had or how often she masturbates?—S.B., Park Hills, Kentucky

Of course not. Is there any correlation between the size of your dick and how often you tug it?

My husband and I take a shower together before bed. It's a great way to loosen up and keeps the sheets from getting sweaty. I also found it an opportune time to ask him to fulfill a fantasy I've had for years: to receive a golden shower. He was reluctant at first, but eventually it became routine. Once some pee went inside me. It was kinky and surprisingly pleasurable, but afterward I was concerned. I also wonder about small amounts that get into my eyes and mouth. Are there risks?—P.J., Redlands, California

So your husband can pee in the shower but only if you're there? Urine is sterile but may pick up bacteria in the urethra, so there is some risk of infection. However, that seems remote in these circumstances. Tell your husband to be more careful with his aim—he's been doing it for years and shouldn't need any more practice.

My girlfriend recharges her cell phone every night. I recharge mine when only one bar is showing. She says her way is better for long-term performance. Who's right?—B.S., Chicago, Illinois

Most phones use lithium ion batteries, which should be charged often and never allowed to fully discharge. A phone with a nickel metal hydride (NiMH) battery can be recharged at will but should be discharged fully every three months.

A recent college grad asked the Advisor in July for books he should read to be well-rounded. Every title you suggested was written by a man (and a white man, at that). Perhaps you have forgotten women have more to offer than fake double Ds? Here's my list: *The Little Stranger* by Sarah Waters, *The Color*

Purple by Alice Walker, *Roots* by Alex Haley, *Anil's Ghost* by Michael Ondaatje, *Selected Poems of Langston Hughes*, Orlando by Virginia Woolf, *Invisible Man* by Ralph Ellison, *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë, *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Harper Lee and *The Shipping News* by E. Annie Proulx.—S.C., Portsmouth, New Hampshire

We'll stick with our 10. In our defense, the authors on our list are of varying heights.

My girlfriend has started lovingly grabbing my crotch through my clothes, even in public. I've asked her why she does it, but she can't explain. What gives?—K.S., Richmond, Kentucky

Whatever happened to nibbling on an earlobe and talking dirty? Your girlfriend may find your shocked reaction to be funny or cute. She may enjoy dominating you. She may be staking a claim for any woman who cares to notice. Or she may like your package. That's all fine, but if you feel embarrassed, she needs to cease and desist. Like breasts and vulvas, penises need time off. If your girlfriend doesn't get it, start wearing an athletic cup.

For several years, with my blessing, my wife has been making custom bondage porn. There is no sex, just knots, a struggle to get free, spanking and paddling and sometimes the gentleman's fingers inside her. She has four clients and each has been scrupulous about his promise not to distribute any of her work. I come home at night to a woman who is incredibly worked up. My wife enjoys herself during the sessions, but she charges \$250 an hour. Is this prostitution?—J.K., Richmond, Virginia

Sounds like it. Local and state laws vary, but typically if you're allowing someone to penetrate you with a finger, penis or toy in exchange for cash, a prosecutor will have a strong case. Even if a judge or jury disagrees, your name will have already been in the newspapers. Your wife should make immediate changes. First, there can be no sexual contact, including fingering and hand jobs. Spanking is a gray area. Second, the sessions cannot be recorded. The assurances of a horny submissive client and a dollar will buy you a cup of coffee, and your wife has no control over where the footage ends up now or years from now. Her clients will have to be satisfied with the memories.

*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 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: JOSH BROLIN

A candid conversation with the tough-guy actor about his run-ins with the law, his double life as a day trader and his man crush on Ryan Reynolds

“Who do you think you are?” According to Josh Brolin, that has been the one question most often leveled at him by Hollywood ever since he appeared on the scene in 1985 as the 17-year-old who played Sean Astin’s older brother in the Steven Spielberg–produced kiddie adventure *The Goonies*. Then, as now, Brolin’s roguish charm, swagger and brash confidence could easily be mistaken as bratty arrogance. After all, he is the son of venerable actor James Brolin and the late TV casting director turned animal activist Jane Cameron Agee; since 1998 he has been the stepson of singer-actress-director Barbra Streisand. He grew up with his younger brother, Jess, on his parents’ 100-acre horse ranch in rural Paso Robles, California, where he rode motorcycles and horses and helped with the livestock. When his parents grew estranged (finally divorcing in 1986), he moved to Santa Barbara with his mother, started a punk-rock band and took up with the legendarily badass, trouble-prone surf gang the Cito Rats. After being sent to live with his father in Los Angeles, he began acting professionally and, from the start of his career, earned a cowboy-style rep for feisty, two-fisted independence, spurning film and TV roles that others jumped at and, more than once, challenging a director to step up his game.

For that, there were consequences. Married in 1988 to actress Alice Adair, with whom he has

son Trevor, 22, and daughter Eden, 16, Brolin lost to Johnny Depp for the undercover cop lead role on TV’s late-1980s smash *21 Jump Street*; despite good reviews for series work on *Private Eye* (1987–1988), *The Young Riders* (1989–1992) and *Mister Sterling* (2003), Brolin couldn’t seem to catch the big break perennially predicted for him. On the big screen, things didn’t exactly cook either. Often a standout in low-impact, less-than-stellar movies of the 1990s like *The Road Killers*, *Bed of Roses* and *My Brother’s War*, he’d turn up in higher-profile movies like *The Mod Squad* (1999) or the sci-fi thriller *Hollow Man* (2000), but the movies underwhelmed.

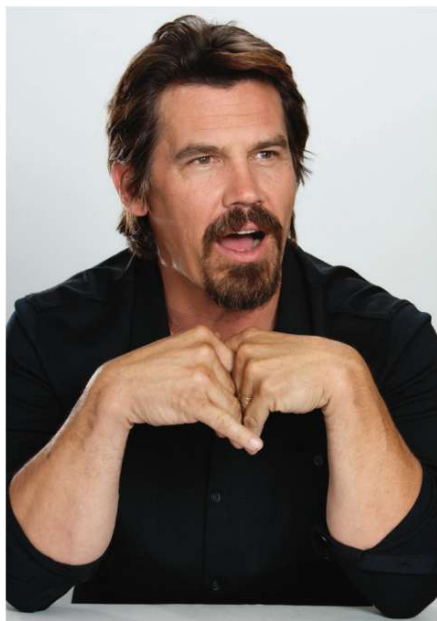
Offscreen, his marriage ended in an apparently amicable divorce in 1992, and his six-month engagement to actress Minnie Driver went kaput in 2001. In 2002 he began dating Oscar-nominated actress Diane Lane. They wed in 2004 and their relationship looked golden. But only months later, Brolin was arrested for spousal battery after Lane called the cops. Although Lane publicly dismissed the incident and the couple reconciled, the press has been on the lookout for domestic problems ever since, often casting suspicion on Brolin’s fidelity.

Starting in 2007 Brolin’s career fell into place. Given a leg up by directors Robert Rodriguez, Joel and Ethan Coen, Paul Haggis, Ridley Scott, Oliver Stone and Gus Van Sant, he delivered

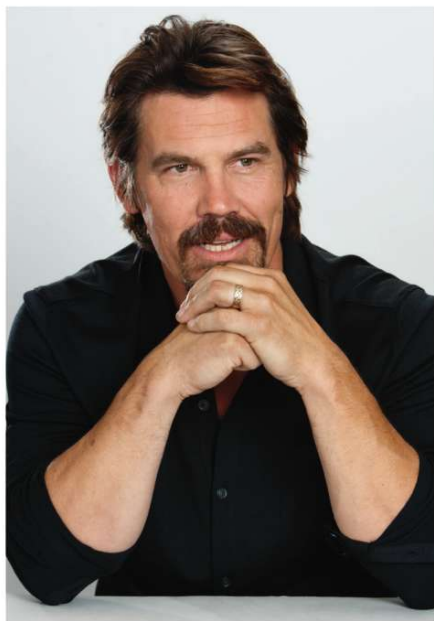
career-redefining performances in such impressive movies as *Grindhouse*, *No Country for Old Men*, *In the Valley of Elah*, *American Gangster*, *W.* and *Milk*, the last of which finally earned him best supporting actor citations from the New York Film Critics Circle and the National Board of Review and a best supporting actor Oscar nomination. The 42-year-old may have broken his winning streak this past summer with the critically mauled box-office dud *Jonah Hex*, but with solid upcoming roles in Oliver Stone’s *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps*, Woody Allen’s *You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger* and the Coen brothers’ *True Grit*, nobody’s asking Josh Brolin “Who do you think you are?” anymore.

We sent Contributing Editor **Stephen Rebello**, who last interviewed Cameron Diaz for *PLAYBOY*, to Santa Monica, California to interview Brolin in his production office, a short walk from the beach. Rebello reports, “Josh Brolin looks every inch the surfer, race car driver, martial arts-practicing big-time movie star that he is. Smart, straight shooting, likable, this guy with the face of a brute and the soul of a poet is one of the very few celebrities I’ve ever encountered who seems far more interested in the world outside than the one he’s created in his own head.”

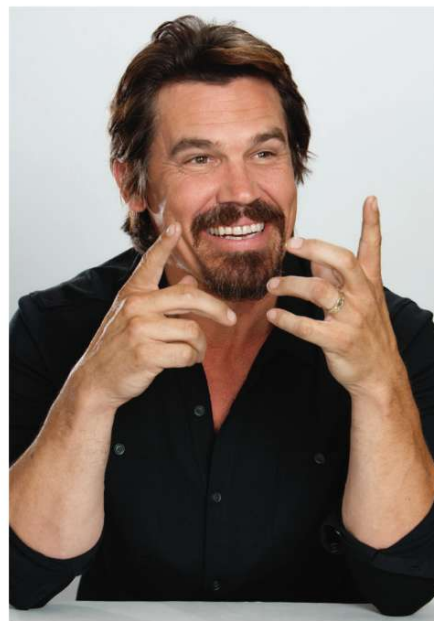
PLAYBOY: You play a writer eager to cheat on his wife with a younger woman in



“The paparazzi thing is always crap. They throw shit out, but I don’t get wound up about it. I don’t talk to them. I don’t smile. My wife and I are perceived as boring, which is okay. Better that than our work being perceived as boring.”



“I got picked on a lot. I was a complete geek in school. I had braces. I didn’t have the hot girlfriend. I was a stocky, awkward kid who got laughed off the tennis court. Football? Forget it. I was too sensitive for that.”



“When the embargo of Cuba began, the Cubans were already self-sustaining, with gardens on their roofs. We don’t have any organic, self-sustaining survival mechanism. That’s how spoiled we’ve become.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

Woody Allen's new movie, *You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger*. Do you worry your role could fuel rumors of infidelity to your beautiful actress wife, Diane Lane? In May 2009, for instance, the press reported you were getting cozy with a woman in a New Orleans bar, and this past May there were photos of you kissing actress Marley Shelton in public.

BROLIN: I don't fuck around on my wife. I mean, check her out, man. My relationship with my wife is fantastic. Marley is my wife's and my great friend. I'm an extremely affectionate guy. My wife and I love Italy, the affection displayed there, the touching, holding, kissing. I kiss my dad on the cheek. People should be more affectionate, and I refuse to change that just because it's the opposite of what our country embraces.

PLAYBOY: So being a touchy, holdy, kissy, affectionate guy explains the PDA with Marley Shelton, with whom you've made three movies, including *Grindhouse*?

BROLIN: Marley and I were out together, turned around and saw there were cameras. That's it. Next time I see that camera guy, I'm going to give some guy a good smack on the lips and then hopefully it will be "Josh Brolin is gay" instead of that I'm fucking around on my wife.

PLAYBOY: Obviously your heightened public profile means heightened public scrutiny.

BROLIN: I get it. I even got a lot of shit because I couldn't wear my wedding ring for seven months after I finished *Jonah Hex*. I had jammed all my fingers doing a scene, and my knuckles were so swollen, I had to keep my ring off. It doesn't get past me that I'm a pretty fucking lucky guy who's with an incredible woman who doesn't just like me, she's crazy about me. And I'm crazy about her.

PLAYBOY: A few months after you and Diane Lane got married, in 2004, you were arrested for spousal battery. Lane later cited a "misunderstanding."

BROLIN: I'll be honest with you: I feel rage about that. I feel I've gotten to a point where I can't explain it, defend it or compensate for it. I can't say, "No, I'm actually a really good guy and that didn't happen." Everybody knows what happened because it's all out there. I talked big, she said "Fuck you" and called the cops, and somebody had to go to jail. This will be there for the rest of my life. That fucking sucks. It's been so disruptive to our lives. It's also post-O.J., and that horrifies us both. It kills me, man. It kills me.

PLAYBOY: Do the paparazzi bait you now?

BROLIN: They throw shit out to try to get me going, but I don't get wound up about it. The paparazzi thing is always crap. They do what they do. I don't talk to them. I don't smile. We keep our heads down. I'm not actually going to get mad if they take a picture and get out; it's when they keep following you I don't like. For the most part, people seem extremely respectful of my wife and kids—and even me. My wife and I are perceived as

boring, which is okay. Better that than our work being perceived as boring.

PLAYBOY: Have you had to up the ante on your arsenal of paparazzi deflectors?

BROLIN: Look at this crazy-ass beard I grew, man. For some reason, I've found this look helps. It's almost an intuitive thing, like when I was younger and it was about pot and there was a look someone had that made you go, "Okay, that's the guy. I know he's holding." It's all about a look.

PLAYBOY: Higher levels of fame always bring more attention from women. How are you dealing with that?

BROLIN: The attention is definitely different, and how my wife deals with it is amazing. But I'm much more jealous than she is. She's working right now on an HBO movie with my good buddy Tim Robbins, and she'll say, "I'm going out with Tim," and when she gets back, I'm like, "What did you do? Where did you go?" There are a few "looks" I recognize when I get them from women. But if I do actually talk to one of them, it usually turns into "Oh God, I loved your wife so much in *Unfaithful* or *Under the Tuscan Sun* or whatever." Really sad for me, huh?

I'm much more jealous than my wife is. She's working with my buddy Tim Robbins. She'll say, "I'm going out with Tim," and I'm like, "What did you do? Where did you go?"

PLAYBOY: In the summer of 2008 you and actor Jeffrey Wright were filming Oliver Stone's bio movie *W*. You and Wright, who was playing Colin Powell to your George W. Bush, were pepper sprayed and jailed after a bar fight in Shreveport, Louisiana. What went down?

BROLIN: Going to jail that time was for an excellent reason: Jeffrey Wright didn't do anything. He's a great guy and, white or black, it just shouldn't matter. I don't like bullies. I don't like when people are mistreated.

PLAYBOY: The details of the incident never fully came to light, but are you suggesting that Wright was being mistreated at least partially due to race?

BROLIN: There was a bartender and other people, and I said to these guys, "You have to be able to look me in the eye and acknowledge that it's wrong that this guy's going to jail. I want you to have some integrity around your own fucking decision. I'm a big guy. You get scared and want to put me down? I get it. Pepper spray my face and I get confrontational; I don't get violent." I got slammed on the ground at that point.

PLAYBOY: A number of others from the movie crew were also busted, right?

BROLIN: My assistant was arrested just for asking too many questions. She was more assaulted than anybody else. The back of her head was slammed on the ground. I heard this melon-like squish and she wound up with a baseball-size swelling on her head. I freaked out because I kept saying, "She didn't do anything."

PLAYBOY: You and Diane Lane have a home in Los Angeles, but you've also got this luxurious setup near Santa Monica beach that's part production office, part luxury pad. How do you divide your time?

BROLIN: Diane was really worried when I got this place, saying, "It's not an office, it's a fucking house." She was rightfully worried, like, "Does he want to get away from me?" I either go up there to our house or she comes down here. It's fantastic, man. It's just lifted everything to another place. We both love movies and spend a lot of nights in our screening room downstairs. Last night we watched *The Lion in Winter*.

PLAYBOY: Katharine Hepburn and Peter O'Toole as 12th century British monarchs verbally shredding each other. Outside of *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* it's one of the most savage portraits of a marriage.

BROLIN: I kept cracking up watching it. Diane was like, "Why are you laughing? It's just tragic." I said, "I absolutely understand it. There's this uncomfortable heat to it that feels like home."

PLAYBOY: Home as in the way you grew up with your father, James Brolin, and your late mother, Jane Cameron Agee, a TV casting director who became an animal activist?

BROLIN: Yes. My mom was a very loud, volatile, tough, extremely funny woman from Texas. My parents were married 12 days after they met, and the decision was made over their second huge scorpion. My mother was a drinker, and she met my dad, who was also sauced, when he was just coming off another relationship. My mother just said, "So, are we going to do it or not?" My father said, "Do what?" She said, "Get married," and they did. My mother was a very off-the-cuff person. My wife is very much like that.

PLAYBOY: That sounds anything but dull.

BROLIN: There was a lot of yelling and drama at home, which was a horse ranch in Paso Robles, California in San Luis Obispo County, about 200 miles from L.A. The yelling was not necessarily bad, though.

PLAYBOY: What word best describes your upbringing?

BROLIN: Feral.

PLAYBOY: Because your father was away working on TV shows like *Marcus Welby, M.D.* which ran from 1969 to 1976?

BROLIN: My dad was working a lot, yeah, and went back and forth to L.A., but honestly, Paso Robles was an unsettling place, out in the middle of nowhere, seven miles from town and a mile and a half from the nearest neighbors. When you have the

temperament that my mother, my younger brother, Jess, and I especially did—and my father has a little bit of that, too—you create drama just to make experiences more substantial. There were a lot of those dramas.

PLAYBOY: Was it your father's idea to raise you far away from Hollywood?

BROLIN: I don't know if that was my dad's or my mom's idea. She had run away from home when she was 17. She came out to California, and Clint Eastwood and his wife of more than 30 years, Maggie, took her under their wing. He was always coming up to the ranch, but it was more about visits from Johnny Cash, Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson, Jessi Colter—real country-and-western stars as opposed to what they have now.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from them?

BROLIN: I loved that they were all incredible characters whose fame never overwhelmed or penetrated their character. It's a romantic notion that I try to hold now. The minute you start believing your own bullshit, all the creativity goes downhill. It's funny that directors I now work with are like that, too. Joel and Ethan Coen are the gurus of that philosophy; Gus Van Sant and Woody Allen are like that.

PLAYBOY: Did kids treat you better or worse because of your father's fame?

BROLIN: My father was perceived as a celebrity, even though he's a great down-home, meat-and-potatoes guy. I got my ass kicked pretty badly on the school bus once when I was getting hit with spitballs. I said, "Do you know who my dad is?" and it was like, "Okay, that doesn't work." My reaction toward fame and celebrity from that point on was "This is meaningless." It's the belief I raised my own kids on.

PLAYBOY: Most people might imagine you as a swaggering, cheerleader-dating high school jock, not a target for spitballs.

BROLIN: I got picked on a lot. I was a complete geek in school. I had braces. I didn't have the hot girlfriend. I wasn't ever sought after. I was a stocky, awkward kid who got laughed off the tennis court when I tried that. Football? Forget it. I didn't have that thing inside me where I wanted to smash against somebody and watch them break. I was too sensitive for that and disliked being that sensitive.

PLAYBOY: What were your days like as a kid?

BROLIN: My brother and I had to feed up to 65 horses in the morning. There was a lot of work involved. I'd ride motorcycles and horses. Paso Robles became wine country after we left, but it still feels very much in the middle of nowhere, very Republican. It's not me, but I love it there.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever find your crowd?

BROLIN: Of the two guys I grew up with, one became a fugitive, man. I don't even know if he's alive or not. The other guy committed suicide. They were kind of fucked-up guys.

PLAYBOY: When did your cool quotient rise?

BROLIN: At 12, when we moved to Santa Barbara, I shaved my head into a Mohawk and started a punk band, and that was attractive to some people. I had a really pretty, nice girlfriend then.

PLAYBOY: Was she your first?

BROLIN: Well, I had my first French kiss at the age of six in summer camp. She was much older than I was. I remember I liked the sensation of that kiss so much that I would roll my tongue in my mouth because it felt almost the same. In Paso Robles, though, a girl named Gretel had been my first real girlfriend.

PLAYBOY: When did actual sex enter the picture?

BROLIN: Well, I never had sex with the horses or sheep on the ranch. *[laughs]* The first time was with my girlfriend in Santa Barbara. I was about 13. The punk-rock thing had started, and one time a bunch of people were hanging out in the house and she and I just went off somewhere. It was awkward. It wasn't horrible. You have an orgasm and then suddenly you go, Wow, what do I do with that? Is it going to be like that every time? Should we try this again? Why did it happen so fast?

*I had my first French kiss
at the age of six in summer
camp. I liked the sensation of
that kiss so much that I would
roll my tongue in my mouth
because it felt almost the same.*

PLAYBOY: Your mother, whom your father divorced in 1986, died in a car crash in 1995. She had been a TV casting director, but for most of the time when you were growing up she was an animal activist.

BROLIN: My mother dealt with animals much better than she dealt with people. She started working at the California Department of Fish and Game and then became somebody who would have people jailed for illegally taking animals out of the wild and trying to domesticate them.

PLAYBOY: Did you do that work with her?

BROLIN: I would go with her a lot. She didn't fly but she drove 65,000 miles a year. If the animals had been defanged or declawed, she'd find the most habitable zoo, like a great one down in Baton Rouge, Louisiana. My dad is a good, not great pilot, and in his small plane we'd take off from this dirt airstrip in Paso Robles with coyotes in plastic boxes in the back, land in the Mojave Desert, release the coyotes and come home.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin acting?

BROLIN: I only took a high school acting class because there was no other class I wanted to take. I loved it, but I was always

against acting as a profession. I didn't like the monetary fluctuations I saw.

PLAYBOY: Aside from his long-running TV series, your father was starring in movies like *Westworld*, *The Amityville Horror* and *Capricorn One*.

BROLIN: My parents spent money as it came in. We'd have a house, then suddenly we'd have to go live in somebody's guesthouse, and then we'd get another house.

PLAYBOY: How did high school acting morph into a career?

BROLIN: When my parents got divorced and I was living in Santa Barbara with my mom, she asked me to please go live with my father.

PLAYBOY: Were you getting hard to handle?

BROLIN: I was hanging out with the surf gang the Cito Rats, 80 percent of whom are now dead. They were the impenetrable group that you always hoped for, romanticized, wished for when you were a kid. But the dysfunction was on a massive scale.

PLAYBOY: Did the dysfunction include major drugging?

BROLIN: Everything. Even though I was one of the main guys, I could never lend myself to being one of the guys who would do drugs every day all day. I needed more input, more diversity. These guys were really comfortable just drinking Jägermeister every day and listening to Black Flag and Circle Jerks.

PLAYBOY: Did you do any jail time?

BROLIN: Around the age of 17, 18, 19, yeah, for just doing shit, never for anything horrible. I loved the idea of mixing it up. I got sent down to live with my father and ended up on a couch in his place. I got situated in school and got a job cooking at a restaurant. I think my pop brought acting up, and I was like, "Yeah, I want to see if I can do that." I just did my own thing, making up a résumé entirely of bullshit, having a buddy take some head shots and going from agent to agent, handing out my résumé.

PLAYBOY: How did your first break, *The Goonies*, happen in 1985?

BROLIN: This agent started sending me out, but I was so bad, I was told I probably shouldn't do this and that just because my dad was an actor didn't mean I was going to make it. It was horrible. On probably the 300th interview, this thing happened with [director] Richard Donner and Steven Spielberg.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it weird that no matter how much good work you've done since, people keep asking you about a *Goonies* sequel?

BROLIN: People refuse to let go of this film. They watch it with their kids and regress to even younger than their kids' ages as they're watching. It's gotten so I've told interviewers, "We're all planning the sequel and I'm meeting with Meryl Streep about it," and the next day, I've actually seen it reported as exclusive news.

PLAYBOY: Still, *The Goonies* was *Citizen Kane*

compared with your sophomore feature, *Thrashin'*, a "seminal" skateboard movie, according to at least one Internet site.

BROLIN: [Laughs] Down here at the beach, dude, that movie is a big deal with the skateboarders. I was so terrible in it. That was one of the movie experiences—along with *Hollow Man* a lot of years later—that made me question whether I should be doing something else. I don't want to watch myself in something like that. It's a travesty.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you turned down the high school undercover cop role that made Johnny Depp a star when the TV series *21 Jump Street* debuted in 1987?

BROLIN: I wanted any job at that point. They had fired the initial guy and auditioned three other guys, and it came down to Johnny and me. The network wanted me, the producer wanted Johnny. He and I were at his apartment hanging out; our girlfriends were best friends at the time. Johnny had just finished a small part in *Platoon* and was talking about what it meant for him to work for this great director Oliver Stone. The phone rings, it's Johnny's agent. He listens, hangs up, stuffs his clothes into his *Platoon* duffel and just walks out. The next time I saw him I was doing a guest role on the fourth episode of *21 Jump Street*.

PLAYBOY: Did you get why he landed the show and you didn't?

BROLIN: He was special and very charismatic. We're loose friends today, but I have more respect for that guy than for most people out there because he, very differently than me, has done it his own way. He's found whatever his niche is, and it's a big one. What a fucking talent, man. Every movie I watch him in, I just thank God he exists.

PLAYBOY: The same year Depp's career took off you starred on the 1987 potential hit series *Private Eye*, set in 1950s Los Angeles.

BROLIN: The best guys were involved—Michael Mann was executive producer with [producer-writer] Anthony Yerkovich, who wrote for *Hill Street Blues* and later created *Miami Vice*. I think it was one of the most expensive series done at that point. It was hip, had a great look and was really interesting. It should have worked.

PLAYBOY: The show bit the dust in its first season, but your good personal reviews helped lead to the Western series *The Young Riders*, which ran from 1989 to 1992. Didn't you meet your first wife, Alice Adair, around this time?

BROLIN: We met when I was doing *Private Eye*. She was this new actress who came on and did a couple of episodes on that and on *The Young Riders*. She was loud, funny, and I liked her a lot. We just started hanging out. We moved in together, and within a month and a half she was pregnant with our son, Trevor. We just said, "Let's do this."

PLAYBOY: Your contemporaries Johnny Depp, Robert Downey Jr., Charlie Sheen

and River Phoenix, among others, were famously hitting the cool clubs and getting high. You were already a father. Did you avoid that stuff, or did you just not get caught?

BROLIN: I was never invited to that stuff, man. I wasn't a guy people wanted to particularly hang out with. I didn't have that special thing. That's fine. I also would never put myself in a position where it was like, "Hey, I'm on the list and I know Johnny Depp. Can you let me in or at least tell him I'm here?" I didn't want to be sent back home being told, "Johnny doesn't know who you are." I didn't want his or anyone's acceptance or rejection to mean something to me. I did stuff, though.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

BROLIN: I pushed the limit as much as I possibly could, right up until I was about 20—like seven, eight months into our having kids. Finally I said, "Okay, I've got to get serious here."

PLAYBOY: Did you do hard drugs?

BROLIN: I could never get into them because I knew that would be it. There was a little dabbling early on, but that's what most of my friends died of. Again, I

I could never get into hard drugs because I knew that would be it. There was a little dabbling early on, but that's what most of my friends died of. I was too much of a pussy.

was too sensitive, too much of a pussy. I was never into the mentality of wanting to die by the time I'm 30 or whatever that shit was. I was interested in having a very long life, and I always wanted kids.

PLAYBOY: In the 1990s through the early 2000s you only rarely got to show how good you could be in movies, like in David O. Russell's 1996 comedy with Ben Stiller, *Flirting With Disaster*. While some of your competitors were nabbing good roles for top directors, it had to hurt that you got stuck doing a lot of minor stuff like *Bed of Roses*, *My Brother's War* and *Best Laid Plans*, let alone higher-profile misfires like *The Mod Squad*.

BROLIN: What was depressing to hear again and again was "Wow, you were great in that movie. Too bad about the movie." And "You're really talented, and given the right movie, you'd really hit, man." It got to the point where I was on the verge of being resentful.

PLAYBOY: Was it a matter of saying no to roles you should have done, or were you picking the best of what was offered?

BROLIN: I had bills to pay. I had bought a ranch in Paso Robles; I had my second

child, Eden, in 1994. It was a whole fucking exhausting process to even get the parts I got. I had to fight to get this movie *Into the Blue* so Dean Cain wouldn't get it. "I'm Josh Brolin, man," but the studio was like, "Goonies was 20 years ago. We want Dean Cain." Nothing against Dean, a smart guy who knows a lot of people, but they wanted him instead of me because of *what*? So I get the movie, but the director didn't appreciate that I ask a lot of questions, that I want to try to tweak things, so it was, "Whatever, man, do whatever you're going to do. We should have gotten Dean Cain."

PLAYBOY: Were you a handful?

BROLIN: I wanted to work, but I wanted better parts with good directors. I remember saying no when a TV network wanted to give me a holding fee while it came up with another show for me. I got so much shit from my agent, everybody, including my family. *Why are you turning this down? Who do you think you are?* I'd just go off and hang out with my kids more or go do theater, which I liked but which didn't pay anything. I've heard "Who do you think you are?" so many times in my career for the sole reason that I just didn't want to do what somebody else thought I should do.

PLAYBOY: What movie of that era made you gnash your teeth with jealousy?

BROLIN: I remember looking at Russell Crowe in *The Insider*—the perfect contemporary film—and thinking, That's the kind of work I want to be doing.

PLAYBOY: You once credited your day-trading with helping you make far more money than movies ever had up to that point. How and when did you begin day-trading?

BROLIN: I was always good with numbers. Around 2005 I had to sell the ranch, which was sad. I had done a little part in a Spielberg miniseries called *Into the West* and met a real financial expert, Brett Markinson, on a plane trip, and we talked the whole time about stock trading. On his advice I put some of the profit from the sale of the ranch into secured investments, apartments, and the rest I traded.

PLAYBOY: So this expert coached you?

BROLIN: I read every book there was to read on the subject. I was willing to ask a million questions. Brett liked that I was willing to listen and that I knew he had something to offer as a great teacher. From 5:30 A.M. every day, I'd be ping him, saying, "I'm looking at this graph. What do think about this stock?" He'd say, "Why would you pick that stock, you fucking moron?" and he'd explain things. Finally, something clicked. I realized that a majority of the experts, Brett excepted, had no idea what they were doing and only followed the market trends.

PLAYBOY: So you started learning for yourself.

BROLIN: I found you can hit pretty much every time or you've overlooked something.

(continued on page 120)

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ON THE EVE OF THE MARIJUANA LEGALIZATION VOTE

IN CALIFORNIA, WE DECONSTRUCT THE BOOMING

UNDERGROUND ECONOMY SURROUNDING

AMERICA'S BIGGEST CASH CROP





GROWN IN THE USA

story by
RICHARD STRATTON AND ROB HILL
illustration by
ALEX VARANESE

NEXT MONTH

Californians will line up to cast their votes in a historic election. For the first time since the 1937 Marijuana Tax Act effectively outlawed cannabis, voters will have a chance to legalize the sale, use and taxation of pot. Already,

for the past 18 months, a mainstream pot industry has emerged in America. Today, according to *The Bulletin of Cannabis Reform*, grass is the biggest cash crop in this country, generating more wealth than corn and wheat combined. Even the most conservative estimates (say, Harvard economist Jeffrey Miron's) call cannabis a \$14 billion market.

California was the first state to legalize medical marijuana, in 1996. Thirteen states and Washington, D.C. have followed, and eight more have legislation pending. Cannabis remains illegal by federal law. The "Green Rush" picked up speed in 2009 when the Obama administration

announced it wouldn't focus raids on medical marijuana dispensaries that conformed to state laws. Between 2000 and 2008 Colorado issued about 2,000 medical marijuana cards to "patients." That number has since grown to over 60,000. ("This industry is like a bolting horse running out of a stable that's on fire," said one dispensary owner.) From September 2009 to May the number of legal smokers in Montana tripled, to 14,000. Some 350,000 Californians are buying their cannabis legally today. "I ask kids all the time, and they'll tell you it's easier to get marijuana than a six-pack of beer," said one former state prosecutor who supports legalization.

The Green Rush has created a wave of entrepreneurs—marijuana millionaires, mostly farmers and middlemen. Industry workers in Oakland have unionized. Pot businesses now have access to traditional insurance programs. Law firms such as California's Cannabis Law Group have sprouted to service the industry. An emerging pharmaceutical company, Cannabis Science Inc., is now traded publicly on Nasdaq. Three universities have launched to educate cannabis workers and entrepreneurs: Colorado's Greenway University, California's Oaksterdam and Michigan's Med Grow.

CannBe, an Oakland-based marketing firm, seeks to bring corporatization to the industry, envisioning "the McDonald's of marijuana." In July the Oakland city council approved a plan to license four pot production facilities (continued on page 60)

GREEN GROSSERS

The top 10 pot-producing states with their highest-grossing cash crops

Marijuana Production in the United States (2006)
Average Values 2003-2005



| Rank | State | Cash Crop | Value |
|------|----------------|------------|------------------|
| 1. | CALIFORNIA | Marijuana | \$13.85 billion |
| | | Vegetables | \$5.67 billion |
| | | Grapes | \$2.61 billion |
| 2. | TENNESSEE | Marijuana | \$4.79 billion |
| | | Soybeans | \$277.86 million |
| | | Hay | \$252.37 million |
| 3. | KENTUCKY | Marijuana | \$4.47 billion |
| | | Hay | \$421.04 million |
| | | Tobacco | \$410.55 million |
| 4. | HAWAII | Marijuana | \$3.82 billion |
| | | Sugarcane | \$64.95 million |
| | | Macadamias | \$40.13 million |
| 5. | WASHINGTON | Apples | \$1.15 billion |
| | | Marijuana | \$1.03 billion |
| | | Wheat | \$507.22 million |
| 6. | NORTH CAROLINA | Marijuana | \$672.25 million |
| | | Tobacco | \$539.87 million |
| | | Cotton | \$306.32 million |
| 7. | FLORIDA | Vegetables | \$1.29 billion |
| | | Oranges | \$1.05 billion |
| | | Marijuana | \$593.80 million |
| 8. | ALABAMA | Marijuana | \$569.41 million |
| | | Cotton | \$198.39 million |
| | | Hay | \$120.26 million |
| 9. | WEST VIRGINIA | Marijuana | \$494.33 million |
| | | Hay | \$63.91 million |
| | | Corn | \$7.64 million |
| 10. | OREGON | Marijuana | \$473.97 million |
| | | Hay | \$346.75 million |
| | | Wheat | \$195.02 million |

© SOURCE: 2006, THE BULLETIN OF CANNABIS REFORM

LEGALIZE IT?

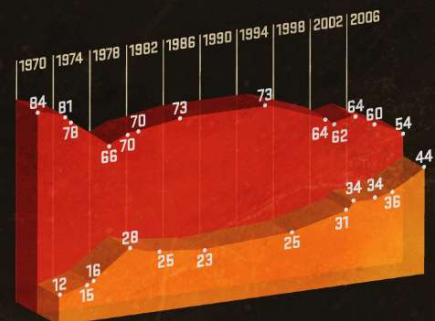
A look at who supports cannabis reform

Support for Legalizing Use of Marijuana—
% Should be legal

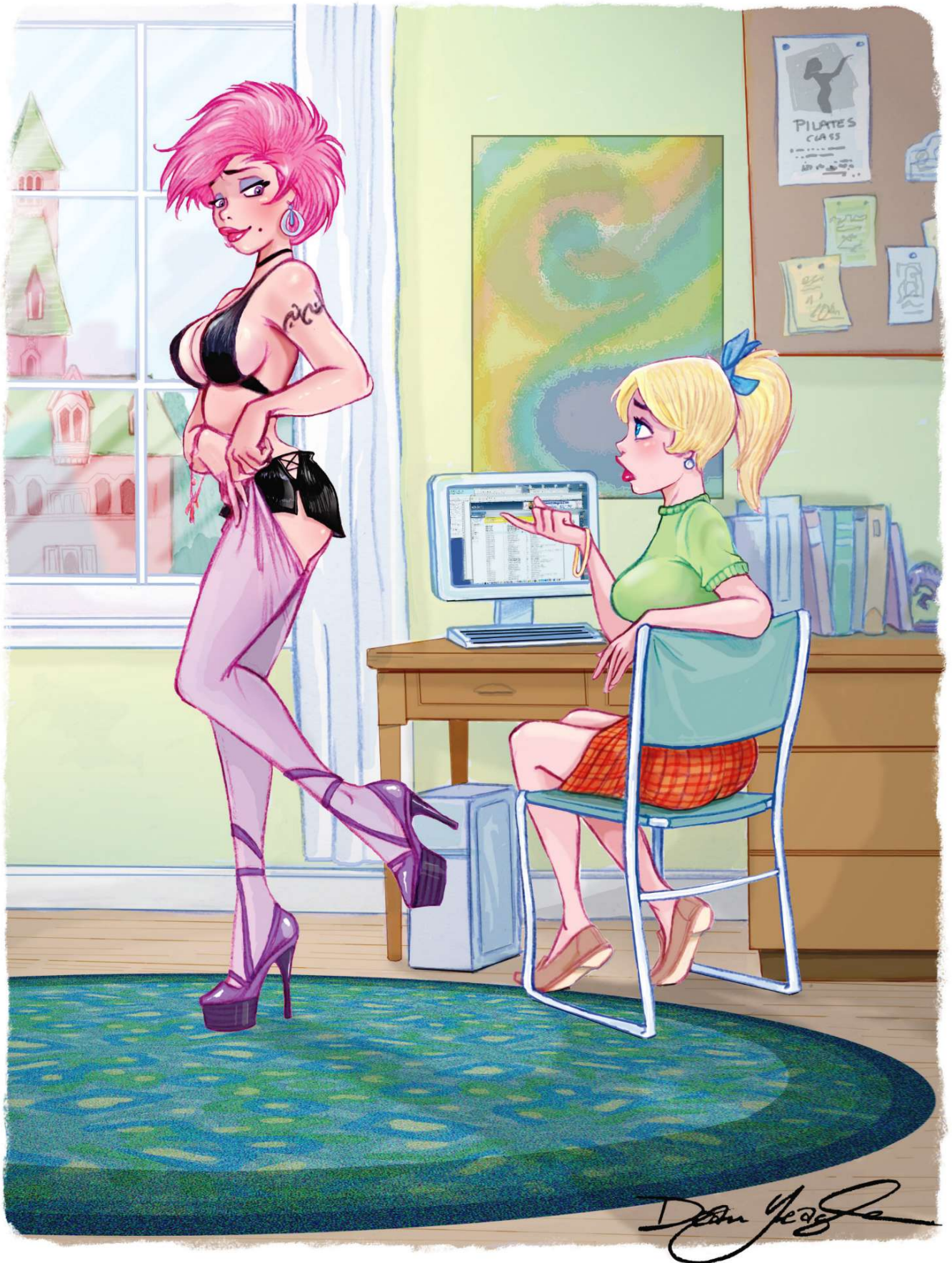
| | 2005 % | 2009 % | Change Pct. pts. |
|-----------------|-----------|-----------|---------------------|
| National adults | 36 | 44 | +8 |
| Men | 41 | 45 | +4 |
| Women | 32 | 44 | +12 |
| 18-49 | 39 | 50 | +11 |
| 50-64 | 37 | 45 | +8 |
| 65 and older | 27 | 28 | +1 |
| Democrat | 41 | 54 | +13 |
| Independent | 46 | 49 | +3 |
| Republican | 21 | 28 | +7 |
| Liberal | 63 | 78 | +15 |
| Moderate | 35 | 46 | +11 |
| Conservative | 24 | 27 | +3 |
| West | 40 | 53 | +13 |
| Midwest | 32 | 42 | +10 |
| South | 35 | 40 | +5 |
| East | 40 | 46 | +6 |

© SOURCE: 2009, GALLUP POLL

Do you think the use of marijuana should be made legal?



© SOURCE: 2006, GALLUP POLL



"Tell me more about your plan to pay off your student loan."

Sasha Grey, a woman who is more than her parts

GREY'S ANATOMY

BY ELIZABETH KAYE

I'm driving on Sunset Boulevard, heading east, passing thickets of scarlet bougainvillea. I'm on my way to meet Sasha Grey, the 22-year-old star of countless adult films who doesn't have breast implants, blonde hair or collagen in her lips and doesn't look like a porn star. Here's what I know about Sasha: She reads William S. Burroughs and Anaïs Nin and likes the



films of Michelangelo Antonioni. I know that she gave an intriguing performance last year in Steven Soderbergh's *The Girlfriend Experience*, that she's currently playing herself on *Entourage* and that she's going "mainstream," as she puts it, by abandoning the porn industry she broke into in 2006 with her singular mix of calculation and rashness. "Make it ridiculous," she told

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN
WAYDA







Los Angeles magazine after making her first films. "Make it disgusting; make it loud and filthy—that's what I want to do on film. That's why I'm in the business."

I also know that despite her in-your-face methods, something about her is divinely elusive. Even when she filmed hard-core she came across as just out of reach, a woman who can be had but never possessed. I know that she named herself after Oscar Wilde's *Dorian Gray* and that there's deftness in that choice, given Dorian's insatiable pursuit of pleasure, and that *gray*—the color of clouds—is a word suggestive of veils, mystery, distance.

I've come to talk to Sasha about desire, and my thoughts veer reflexively to a long-ago summer when I was so ensnared in desire that my insides felt molten. It was a season of fitful sleep, when unassuming breezes traveling over me felt like caressing hands, when I would feel elated and tearful, ravenous and lost, all within the course of an hour. It ended badly, of course. By autumn I regarded desire as the First Trespasser, a condition that materializes abruptly, unbidden, summoned by the prospect of a kiss, the glimpse of a breast or thigh. A state best suited to fools and poets, it is, I decided, for those who can tolerate fierce, insistent longing for something you desperately need and have to have.

It was the need that did me in, for on the list of irredeemably unsexy traits, neediness is up there with borrowing money and bad hygiene. Neediness robs you of pride, of self, of personal power, and for years after that summer I remained convinced that desire is toxic, a danger to be averted. As I pull up to the hotel where I'm meeting Sasha, I'm thinking that another thing I know is that she never cedes her power and that the essential difference between her and me—and possibly you—is that Sasha refuses to allow desire to make her a victim.

She is prettier and more delicate than she appears on film, with mahogany-hued hair framing round pink cheeks and skin as white as Irish linen. Her smile suggests that she knows a secret she isn't telling. Yet she's devoid of secrets, having long since admitted to herself and everyone else that she's driven by desires that others spend a lifetime denying, even to themselves. "I'm very open," she says. "No pun intended." She's also surpassingly calm and so in command of herself that she's kind of regal, provided you can be regal in a laid-back way. Were I casting her in a movie I'd cast her

as Anne Boleyn, who teased and tormented Henry VIII for years, refusing to yield to him until she knew for a certainty that he'd make her his queen and apprehending all the while that desire is the ultimate sexual weapon.

Clearly Sasha wields that weapon too, although what she has mastered isn't 16th century desire driven by pinning but contemporary, rapacious desire that demands immediate satisfaction. I'll never convince her of my view: that the old school was better, that what we seek is more perfect and grander than anything we can actually get, and thus, desire fulfilled is disappointment found. Now, sitting across from her I find myself wondering, Which of us is the romantic, and which is the cynic?

Sasha would be *persona non grata* in many American towns, but as a self-created original she embodies the archetype America loves best. Her readiness to assay every conceivable mode of sex prompted *Rolling Stone* to dub her "the dirtiest girl in the world," yet you'd look long and hard to find another porn star who views her work as "performance art" and an opportunity to "learn about the human condition." She was raised in Sacramento, in what she describes as a "disenfranchised neighborhood," an enclave quickly abandoned by any young person with a dream or a spark. Even at 13 she was what she calls "business minded," buying candy bars for a quarter and reselling them for a dollar. At 16, the year she lost her virginity, she wanted to own a restaurant; at 17, studying dance and acting at a junior college while busing at a steakhouse, she was beset by the certainty "that I could be doing something bigger and better."

When she became involved with the steakhouse's cook, a 25-year-old who liked S&M, she found that bigger, better something where she'd not thought to look for it: in bed. For a Catholic, schooled in the vagaries of sin and "very uncomfortable with my fantasies," sex was deliverance and revelation. It was also a yardstick that measured her willingness to give and capacity to receive. Sasha's yardstick soon revealed that she had no limits.

She wanted to go deeper into S&M; the cook refused. They parted, leaving her wondering how to find others who shared her interest. How do you bring that up? thought the girl, who until lately had been taking communion.

(text concluded on page 127)





See more of Sasha at
playboy.com/sasha.

“I love the scent
of laundry,”
says Sasha.
“Every place
I’ve lived I’ve
not had a real
laundry room.
I want to have
sex on top
of a washing
machine.”



PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE:

A Letter to the Aliens

In this excerpt from their new book, *Earth (The Book): A Visitor's Guide to the Human Race*, Jon Stewart and the writers of *The Daily Show* aim for the darkest corners of the universe

IMAGINE our world after the apocalypse. Aliens land on our planet only to find the remnants of our civilization—a festering “hellscape.” They might wonder, What happened? Who were these creatures? This après-Armageddon primer for the alien on the go provides everything a sentient being needs to know about the species formerly known as *Homo sapiens*, its variety and contradictions, absurdities and appetites.

—THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY



The work of Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519) revolutionized the study of anatomy and ultimately led to the development of the buzzer-based method of surgery.

Man

IT'S 11:59 P.M., New Year's Eve. The door swings open and in walks—that's right, bitches, walks—the most incredible creature anyone has ever seen. Upright, hairless, with a frontal lobe that screams high cognitive functioning, this strange being moves in, redecorates the joint and eats half the guests before the ball drops. Yeah, *Homo sapiens* is in the house.

If the chronology of life on Earth were compressed into a year, humanity would have been around for only that final minute. But in that time we managed to domesticate dogs, clone sheep and kill off more species of arthropod than we could shake a stick at—you know, the stick we were holding in our now free-to-grasp hand. So how 'bout a nice round of applause for man, the evolutionary *wunderkind*? Good morning, Earth's creatures, and top o' the food chain to ya!

Yet though our intellectual and spiritual prowess far outpaced that of all other organisms, we weren't perfect. Our abilities could be exercised only within the confines of our **bodies**. On the off-chance you exist as amorphous vapors floating immaterially in space, bodies were portable, individual-sized carrying cases for the soul. Every human being was given exactly *one* such body at the moment of conception, so you can see why we would encase them in a thick protective layer of fat.

Our bodies had their virtues: **durability**, the capacity for **self-healing** and extraordinary pieces of bioengineering like the **hands, eyes and upper left quadrant of the clitoris**. But for the most part they were our weak spot. We were neither the fastest animal (that was the cheetah), nor the largest (the blue whale), nor the tallest (the giraffe), nor the prettiest (tie: butterflies/well-groomed cocker spaniels). Yet we ruled over all of them. Why? Perhaps this riddle will shed some light: What has three pounds, four lobes and just came up with the idea for guns?

Yes, the **brain** was our big dog. A dense collection of neurons and their transmitters, it allowed for a level of

functioning other fauna could only respond reflexively to direct stimuli about. Its relationship with the body could at times be fraught. Often, no sooner would the mind begin to scale the heights of Mt. Knowledge than it would receive a frantic call from body base camp, demanding it return to oversee "Operation Masturbate." We actually devoted the majority of our time and energy to satisfying our bodies' needs, wants, whims, tantrums and crippling addictions. To the mind, the body was the loud, leaky, high-maintenance apartment it was forced to live in simply because it had nowhere else to crash.

But consider it from the body's perspective. From the neck down the human animal would just as soon have been left alone with its instincts. Eating, sleeping, copulating, immediately sleeping again—these were natural functions that needed no input from "upper management." Yet to justify its job, Mr. Thinksalot had to constantly butt in with his doubts and diets and insufferable quest for meaning. To the

body, the mind was a totalitarian dictator monitoring every aspect of its personal life: its eating, its breathing, its sexual habits, even when—and in what room of the house—it could defecate.

This **mind-body tension** was the maddening core of our existence. But it was also remarkably productive. In some ways, their relationship was like that of the mismatched pairs of law-enforcement officials whose misadventures constitute a significant portion of the televisual artifacts you will soon be finding. Yes, they were different; but it was those very differences that led them to success, and ultimately, a kind of grudging mutual respect. *Homo sapiens* may have been set apart from all other life on Earth by its intelligence, but only in conjunction with our physical selves was this intelligence able to adapt to its conditions, change its environment and bend the world to its will for the greater good of everyone.

The end result is the now lifeless hellscape before you.



The word man was used to designate all members of our species, including this "wo-man," a bizarre genetic mutation comprising over half the human race.

The Rise of Man

ALTHOUGH WE SHARED 98.4% of our DNA with chimpanzees, that last 1.6% was what was known in anthropological circles as a “game changer.” Who knew that a slightly shorter ilium and a reduction of the supraorbital torus would be the difference between dressing in a suit and tie for work, and being dressed in a suit and tie for our amusement?

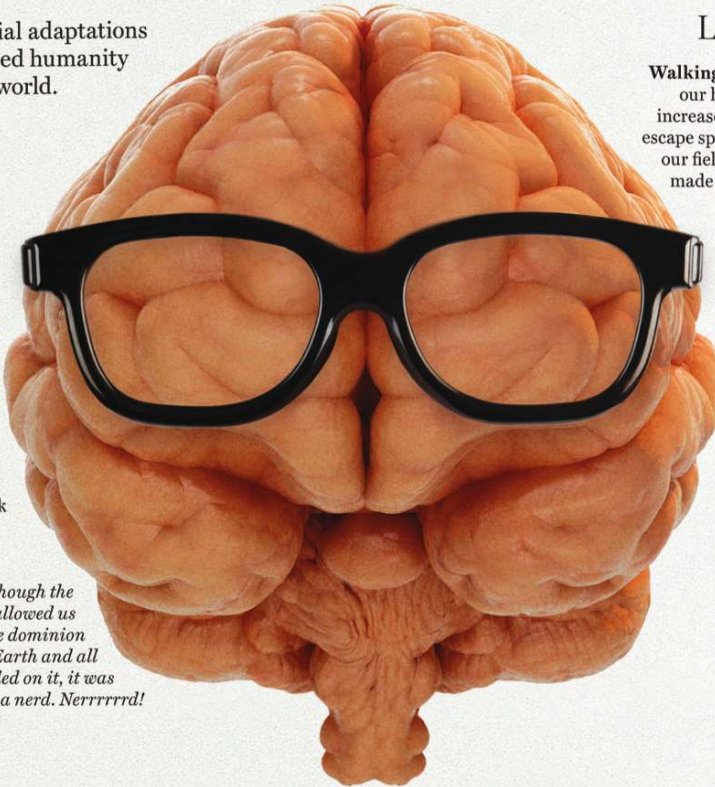
Why We Ruled

A series of crucial adaptations gradually enabled humanity to conquer the world.

Brain Size

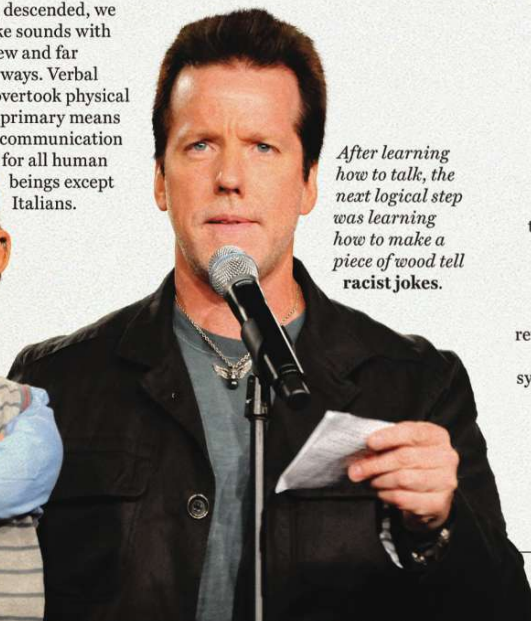
This was the most critical factor. Over time our brains increased from 400 milliliters—barely enough to feed a large family of baby spiders—to a zombie feast-sized 1,400 milliliters. These bigger brains allowed us to engage in **abstract thought**, which is a cool idea if you think about it.

Although the brain allowed us to achieve dominion over Earth and all that dwelled on it, it was still a nerd. Nerrrrrrd!



Language

As our **larynxes** descended, we were able to make sounds with our mouths in new and far more expressive ways. Verbal **language** soon overtook physical gesturing as the primary means of communication for all human beings except Italians.



After learning how to talk, the next logical step was learning how to make a piece of wood tell racist jokes.

Bipedal Locomotion

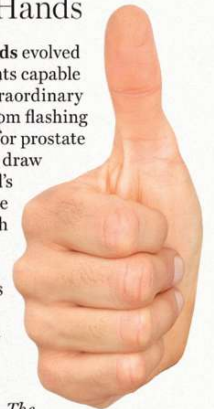
Walking on two feet freed our hands for carrying, increased our pursuit and escape speed and improved our field of vision. It also made us no longer able to **lick our own testicles**. It was probably worth it.



Without bipedalism this magazine's readership would have been nothing more than a pathetic collection of torso fetishists.

Manipulative Hands

The newly liberated **hands** evolved into fine instruments capable of performing an extraordinary range of tasks, from flashing gang signs to testing for prostate cancer to helping us draw turkeys. The hand's project manager was the **opposable thumb**, which maintained an excellent working relationship with the other fingers but remained aloof from them in its private life.



The thumb, seen here approving of itself.

Tools

Greater intelligence and dexterity allowed us to fashion and use **tools**. These were artificial extensions of ourselves that were harder or longer or grippier than we were. Naturally we began to resent them, so we gained a level of revenge by making their name synonymous with “douchebag.”



Primitive tools. From left: A chopping thing; a smashing thing; and a rock, possibly used as a smasher/chopper.

DUSTBIN OF HISTORY
NEANDERTHALS



For a few hundred millennia, Earth was home to two distinct hominid species: *Homo sapiens* and Neanderthals. The Neanderthals were a great group—fun at parties, adept at lice-grooming, and total saber-toothed tigers in the sack. But they went extinct around 30,000 B.C. No one quite knows why we made it and they didn't, but comparative analysis reveals subtle differences that help account for their status as the Betamax of humanity.

Homo Sapiens

- "Wise man"
- Hunted, gathered
- Teamed up to hunt prey
- Planted, irrigated, harvested crops
- Domesticated dogs
- Used fire for cooking

Homo Neanderthalensis

- "Nice guy"
- Scrounged, mooched
- Teamed up to hunt MILFs
- Yelled at seeds, wondered where plant was hiding
- Domesticated rocks
- Used fire for bathing

LEARNING CURVE
BECOMING HUMAN



Our conquest of fire made it possible to safely consume meat and commit insurance fraud.



With fire under our collective belts, we spent the next 200 millennia in a quest for pointiness.



The emergence of burial rites reflected our growing awareness that dead people smelled.



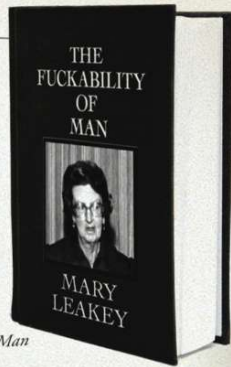
With the manufacture and trade of shell beads—a commodity with no practical use—the modern economy is born.



Though ochre was our first pigment it would take another 70,000 years to grasp that if you called it "Harvest Wheat" you could charge twice as much for it.



The oldest known musical instrument is this 35,000-year-old vulture bone flute, which must have sounded just awful.



Pioneering archeologist Mary Leakey (1913-1996) revolutionized the study of hominid evolution with her landmark 1964 publication, *The Fuckability of Man*.

The Fuckability of Man



Fig. 1

Australopithecus afarensis (Fig. 1) was an extraordinary breakthrough in terms of brain capacity and dexterity. But he was no reputable female archeologist's idea of a fun Friday night. Squat, hairy, hunched over, and less than 1.3 meters tall, one would not have tapped this if the future of the species depended on it. But females back then had not yet developed self-esteem, so they continued banging *Australopithecus* for the million years needed for the far sexier *Homo habilis* (Fig. 2) to emerge. This transitionally fuckable figure was a strangely charismatic "bad boy," with a taller stature, more human-like face, and a larger rib cage that recently unearthed fossil evidence suggests could have supported rock-hard pecs. While there is still some debate as to precisely how drunk he'd have to get you, serious bioevolutionists agree that after four beers you'd be at his place, on your back and loving it.



Fig. 2

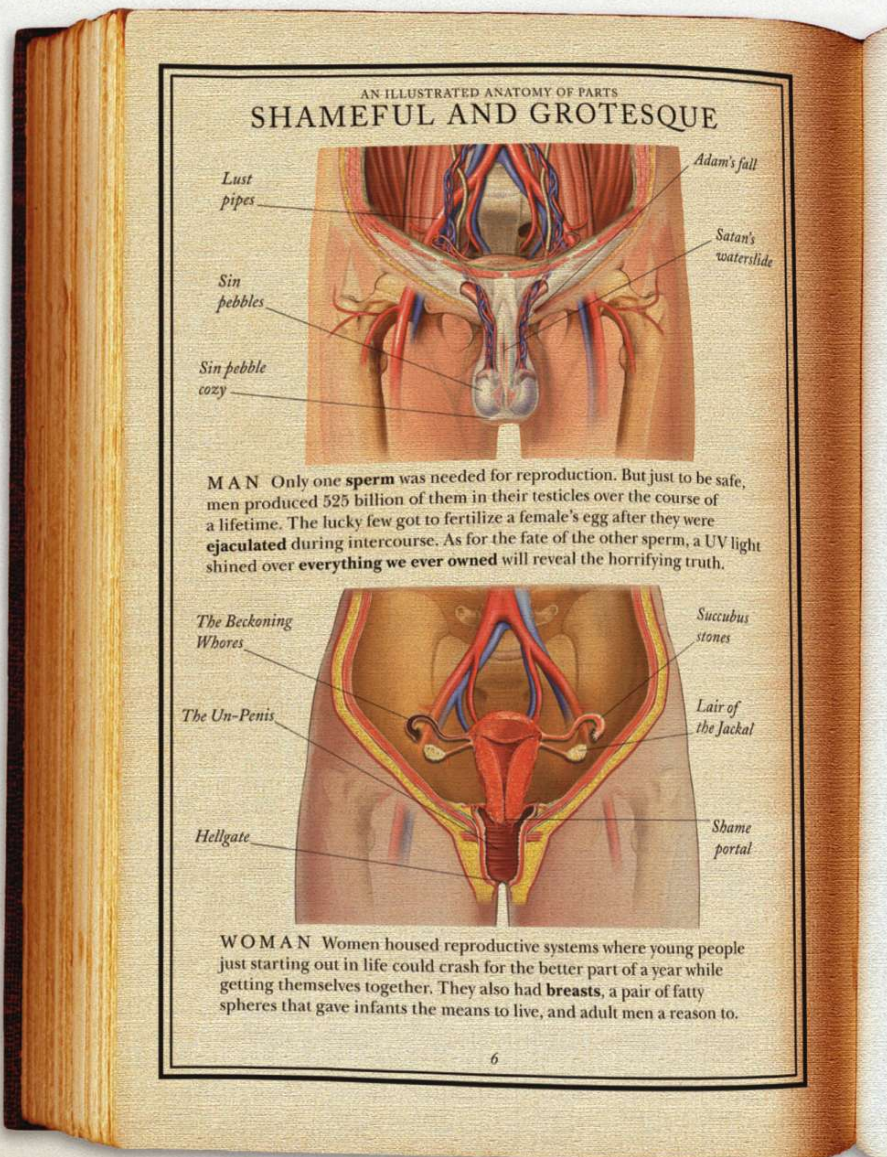
Yet even he cannot compare, on the do-ability scale, to *Homo erectus* (Fig. 3). He was the pivotal moment, the "threshold" when man – and I do mean "man" – passed from "why not?" to "right now!" To observe the reduction in postcanine dentition and vertical shortening of the face is to feel your honeypot start to flow. Plus he had the dexterity to use "diverse tools," if you know what I (and the other ladies of the London University Neolithic Research Department) mean. Oh, if I only were born 1.5 million years ago, I'd have banged him like a shinbone on an antelope skeleton!



Fig. 3

Reproduction

LIKE MOST MAMMALS, humans were made up of two sexes, **men** and **women**. This made sexual reproduction possible and eased traffic congestion patterns in public restrooms. Strictly speaking, the differences between the sexes were purely anatomical. But in reality their ongoing disconnect formed a deep vagina of misunderstanding seldom filled by the penis of knowledge. We will discuss the societal implications of this later; for now, just know that the images of the body parts you are looking at, while natural, are **shameful**. If we were alive today, we would never allow this type of trash to be sold in any of our finer enormous, low-wage, bulk-sale, discount chain superstores.



Many early anatomy textbooks were written by the clergy.

Third Sexes

Over the millennia, the two-gender system successfully beat back numerous challenges.



Eunuch



Threemale



Metrosexual



Junkless

NAILED IT / ORGASMS



Imagine the best thing that ever happened to your body. Double it. Double it again. You're now 1% of the way to understanding what **orgasms** were like for us. These involuntary muscular contractions were our body's way of making us feel really really really really good, and once you understand that, you're a long way toward understanding why we did 99% of the stuff we did.

How Babies Were Made

We used to make up stories for our children to explain where they came from. But an advanced race like you can handle the truth. What follows is a candid excerpt from the 1955 filmstrip *Reproduction: As Much As You Need to Know*.

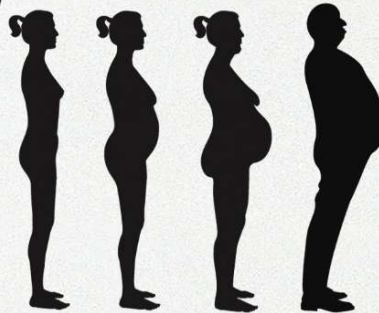
"Sometimes, when a man and woman love each other very much, they decide to create another human being to fight the creeping Communist menace."

"With their clergyman's blessing, they go to the soda shop and exchange sips of chocolate malted."

"The fertilized malt makes its way down the Mommy's throat to her tummy, where it can be more easily concealed by loose clothing."

"Nine months later, God punishes the Mommy for sipping the forbidden malt by nearly ripping her vagina in two."

"This is J. Edgar Hoover, and I approve of this baby-making method."

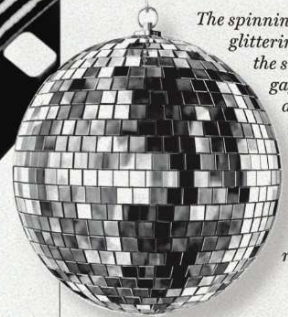


As pregnancy progressed, the suspense built masterfully.

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WHITE PICKET FENCE
PRODUCTIONS
No. 128791

Homosexuality

Within all human populations there existed a certain percentage of people who were attracted to members of their own sex, and a smaller percentage of people willing to acknowledge it. **Homosexuality** prompted much debate between those who believed it was innate and genetic, and those who believed it was an impulse that—due to religion or upbringing—they were not allowed to act on.



The spinning of this glittering orb was the signal for all gays within a ten-mile radius to gather for an emergency boogie, with or without roller skates.

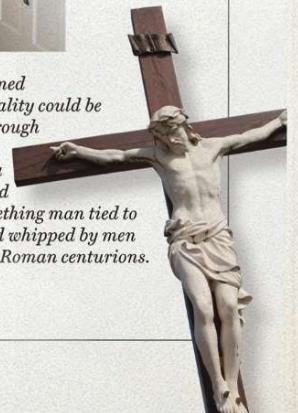
Ten percent of all Renaissance depictions of the Garden of Eden featured Adam and Steve.



Many homosexuals stayed "in the closet," which they therefore spent a lot of time furnishing with impeccably stylish wardrobes.



Some claimed homosexuality could be "cured" through fervent prayer to a semi-naked thirtysomething man tied to a cross and whipped by men dressed as Roman centurions.



GROWN

(continued from page 46)

where tens of thousands of pounds can be grown, packaged and processed annually. The industry even has its first employed critic, William Breathes, who writes about pot strains for the Denver alt-weekly *Westword*.

In short, America is having a love affair with cannabis. From seed to smoker, this is the story of a new thriving mainstream industry and an underground economy that has elbowed its way into the spotlight.

SEED MONEY

Aaron, the *A* in DNA Genetics, splits his time between Amsterdam and Los Angeles, but as a medical marijuana seed geneticist, he has found that L.A. is the place to be these days. In his early 30s, he resembles your typical IT office worker. His company, which he launched in 2003 with his partner Don—the *D* in DNA Genetics—and which now has nearly a dozen employees, creates cannabis strains and sells the seeds to farmers and home growers.

“What we do is completely legal,” Aaron says, sitting in his office in downtown L.A. “We do trades with collectives and patients that cover our costs—power, water, nutrients, rent, soil, employees—and strictly follow the nonprofit model. We are just looking to recover our costs.”

Seed geneticists have emerged as key figures in the new pot economy. They’re responsible for the high quality that consumers today demand; good American-grown pot has roughly 20 percent tetrahydrocannabinol, or THC, the chemical that causes the high, as opposed to yesteryear’s Mexican schwag, which contained about seven percent. Geneticists also create and name the strains of cannabis in the industry’s first attempts at branding. Apollo 13, Sour Diesel, Purple Kush—these are the Dr Peppers and Whoppers of the pot trade. In this regard, DNA Genetics has become a prolific force.

“DNA has created a sort of seed dream team,” Aaron says. He started growing pot as a hobby. When he realized this was his calling, he and his partner moved to Amsterdam to learn the trade from the best, but in recent months the Green Rush has lured them home. Today they spend most of their time in the lab, white coats on, breeding tomorrow’s strains—say, crossing an African male strain with an Afghan female strain. They cultivate breeds for months, then test the product on themselves. Geneticists can breed products with great specificity, focusing on flavor, odor, visual beauty and of course the high, which varies from strain to strain. DNA charges anywhere from \$40 for its cheapest package of six seeds (Connoisseur’s Cannabis) to \$110 for its most expensive (Kandy Kush). The company’s strains have won multiple Cannabis Cup awards, the Super Bowl for pot growers.

“At center is L.A. Confidential,” Aaron says, pointing to a jar of crystal-coated buds, “a great medicinal strain. Chocolate, a great-tasting and pleasant sativa that really helps with nausea and everyday

use, is at small forward. Lemon Skunk, a tasty and mild strain, is at power forward. OG Kush is our shooting guard, one of the world’s most sought-after medicinal strains. And Martian Mean Green runs the point but is currently sold out.”

Aaron and his partner have been called seed gods by industry insiders, a moniker that makes him laugh. “I’m no god. But we joke that it can sometimes feel like playing God. I’m just really good at what I do.”

Should prohibition be lifted, DNA Genetics could turn its operation into a multimillion-dollar company overnight. But Aaron has more lofty goals: “Some day I hope to teach the craft to the next generation of geneticists.”

DOWN ON THE FARM

On any given day in the Emerald Triangle of northern California—Mendocino, Humboldt and Trinity counties—you can stand in the sunshine, lift your nostrils to catch the breeze and smell millions of horny female pot plants yearning to be pollinated.

Val (not her real name) is a second-generation hippie-chick farmer. She’s a lady outlaw with 15 cell phones and a briefcase full of \$100 bills, a gorgeous California girl who moonlights as a fire-eating belly dancer when not supplying weed for her Venice dispensary and a nationwide underground clientele. Both her parents, now divorced, grow weed for a living and taught Val everything she knows. It’s a family operation.

Val lives on her mother’s farm in Mendocino County. High wooden fences surround the property. Two muscular Dobermans and a pit bull roam outside at night to discourage thieves. There is a long wooden shed that looks like it could shelter farm equipment; inside is an indoor growing operation with thousands of dollars’ worth of high-tech lighting that produces a rotating harvest of hundreds of pounds of cannabis year-round. Next to the shed, enclosed by electrified fencing, is a half acre of stately female plants that have been allowed outside to luxuriate in the sun. A single plant will yield roughly a pound of super-high-grade weed.

Both Val and her mother are licensed by the state of California as caregivers, which allows them to grow an indeterminate amount of cannabis for their patients—supposedly not more than is required to supply the card-carrying clientele of their Venice dispensary. But who is counting? Farms like Val’s operate on the legal frontier. According to federal law, the entire operation is illegal. And any transaction that involves profit or that is conducted with anyone but a licensed dispensary is illegal in California.

On a good year, with minimal busts and rip-offs, Val clears around \$300,000, tax-free. She has had her setbacks—loads lost on the road, middlemen busted with the goods and ratted to the man; hence the alias and the disposable cell phones.

“It’s changing day to day,” she says about her operation. “That’s the only way to stay one step ahead.” And as in any other business, Val says, “it’s hard to find good help. That’s why I try to keep it all in the family. At least I

know I can trust my mom.... People are growing pot in their closets, in their basements. It’s all over the place. There’s no way the heat can control it. So many people I know, without the income they get from growing weed, would be on welfare. The sad part is, people still get busted and go to jail.”

Val was arrested once on a cross-country jaunt, moving product from the growing fields to the lucrative markets back East. Her attorney got the case thrown out on a technicality, but she lost her load and spent another hundred grand fighting the case. Now she’s a lot more careful. Too many people, she says, have mistaken the changing legal situation for an opportunity to get sloppy.

And then there are the thieves—Mexicans and biker gangs prowling the countryside. As one local farmer recently put it, “The woods up here are dangerous. There are mountain lions, Mexicans...and the Mexicans will *kill* you.” Two recent incidents in Washington involving burglary of pot plants left one man beaten to death and another with a gunshot wound. Other pot-related killings occurred in Montana and Los Angeles this year. In late July cops busted 97 people, most of them Mexican nationals believed to have contacts with drug cartels; the arrests netted \$1.7 billion worth of plants from industrial-size plantations in California’s Sierra Mountains.

“I deal almost exclusively with people I have known for years,” Val says. “People get popped, they roll over and give up their friends. It can be an ugly business. For all the good times, honestly, I’ve seen as many harsh scenes.”

For the bulk loads going out of state, Val deals exclusively with three middlemen. “I know if they were to take a fall, they’d stand up and protect me,” she says. “The big issue is always putting it on the road. Once your herb comes out of the closet or out of the field, your exposure is 10 times as great. That’s why the price jumps so much from the grower to the consumer.”

ON THE ROAD

On a hot Saturday night in June 2009, a vigilant Illinois state trooper was on stationary patrol, sitting in his cruiser in the center median crossover on Interstate 80. The trooper was positioned 10 miles east of the Mississippi River. He was watching traffic on the route known to cops as the main northern corridor for loads of reefer headed from California to market on the East Coast.

A white Ford F-150 pickup pulling a large trailer in the eastbound passing lane caught the cop’s eye. He clocked the pickup doing 62 in a 55 mph zone—hardly a major speeding violation but reason enough to investigate. “I observed the white Ford pickup change lanes from the passing lane to the traveling lane and dramatically decreased [*sic*] its speed,” the trooper recorded in his field report. He made what appeared to be a routine traffic stop.

“As I exited my squad car and walked past the white enclosed trailer, I noticed three large, high-security, bolt-type locks,”

(continued on page 124)



olivið

"I'm looking for a big bad wolf...!"



THE PLAYBOY BAR



BOURBON

ALL THE JUICE ON THE GREAT AMERICAN SPIRIT

BY TERRY SULLIVAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

Born in the USA. The Turks have raki, the Kazakhs have fermented mare's milk, and America has its own native spirit. Bourbon first appeared in the 1780s in Kentucky, where old boys raised on rye whiskey in Pennsylvania found limestone-filtered water and corn in abundance. Turned out to be just the thing for a country with a sweet tooth. The law: Straight bourbon must be at least 51 percent corn, distilled to less than 160 proof and aged in new, charred-oak barrels for at least two years. But most of it's aged for a minimum of four years, and most mash bills (recipes) call for about 70 percent corn, 10 percent malted barley (for the enzymes) and either rye or wheat as "flavor grains." Wheated bourbons are lighter and smoother: Maker's Mark, Old Fitzgerald, Van Winkle. High-rye bourbons are spicy and peppery: Wild Turkey, Old Forester, Old Grand-Dad. There's really nothing to do but try them all.



FOR HIM

Booker's (\$50) is the biggest boy in town, just like Jim Beam's grandson Booker Noe, who created it. It comes straight from the barrel, uncut, unfiltered, six to eight years old and at 121 to 127 proof, depending on the barrel. Booker himself drank it "with as much ice as I can get in the glass."

FOR HER

Basil Hayden's (\$37) is the prettiest bourbon around, we think. A light whiskey heavy on the rye, it's flowery, even peachy, with a sort of spearmint tingle. Bottled at eight years and 80 proof, it's an easy sipper. Some folks have called this the perfect breakfast bourbon. We're just saying.

FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY

Pappy Van Winkle's Family Reserve (\$100) is bottled at 20 years old and 90.4 proof. No, it's not just a cute name but an actual distiller, Pappy, from the actual and revered Van Winkle family. This whiskey is cognac-like, with vanilla, fudge and roasted nut notes. It's a liquid adult Snickers bar.

FOR EVERY DAY

The basic Evan Williams (\$13)—five to seven years old, 86 proof, with a middle-ground mash bill (10 to 13 percent rye), a hint of spice, mint notes and a very dry finish—is a bargain made by Parker and Craig Beam for Heaven Hill. Their annual Evan Williams Single Barrel (\$29) is an even bigger bargain.

Some FAQs: (1) No, bourbon doesn't have to be made in Bourbon County, Kentucky. It can be made anywhere in the U.S., but most is from Kentucky. Bourbon County today is home to exactly zero distilleries. (2) Yes, most bourbon is younger than scotch, but it lives harder.

Due to seasonal temperature spikes and drops in Kentucky, the whiskey interacts with the wood of the barrel faster than it does in Scotland and thus ages more quickly. (3) Jack Daniel's is not bourbon. It's Tennessee whiskey, which means it's pretty much bourbon poured through a

pile of maple charcoal, which makes it even sweeter. (4) America's first cocktail? Very likely the old fashioned. Place one teaspoon of sugar in a tumbler. Saturate it with three dashes of Angostura bitters. Add one teaspoon of water, and muddle. Add several cubes and fill the glass

with bourbon or rye, about two ounces or so. Rub the glass's rim with a lemon twist and drop it in. This is the original. The acceptable update is to add one half slice of orange to the sugar, water and bitters before you muddle, and drop a maraschino cherry in at the end.

WOMAN,

FIERCE

& THE SEA

BY
MEAGHAN
MULHOLLAND

ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA SOME DANGERS CAN'T BE AVOIDED,
NO MATTER HOW STRONG THE WARNING

THE

GIRL STANDS IN THE

crowd outside the terminal beside two matching Louis Vuitton suitcases, wearing a red straw hat with a wide floppy brim and talking on a cell phone. Fortunato spots her right away and knows without needing to ask that she's the one he's scheduled to retrieve.

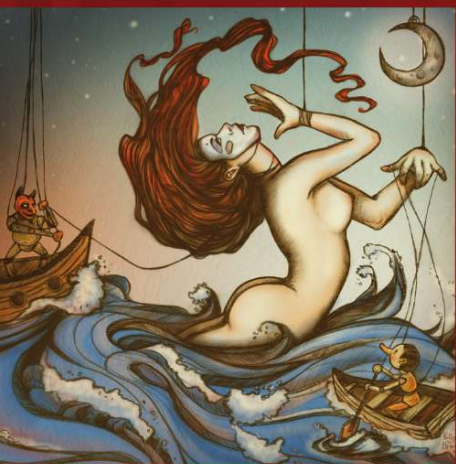
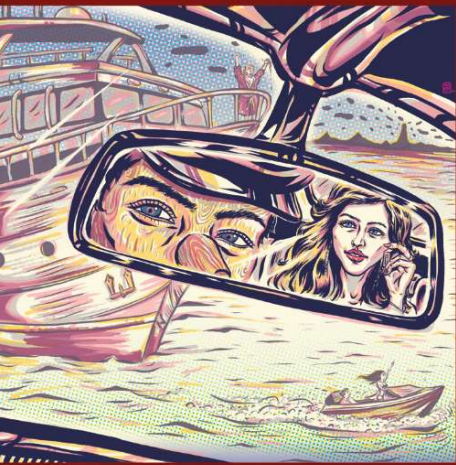
"Mademoiselle," he says and reaches for her bags. "For Mr. Watts? If you will follow me?" She nods, still on the phone, and trails him across the parking lot.

He's learned over the years to observe the characteristics that distinguish each of Richard's women: With the London swimwear designer, sunglasses—she

wore them even in the rain. With the New York actress, clove cigarettes. Their looks alone aren't enough to distinguish them, for they are all svelte and striking, their names impossible to remember; Fortunato has more important things to worry about, anyway, than whether at any given moment he's chauffeuring a Helen or a Sophia.

PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER





This one is tall and gorgeous like the rest but quite young, even for Richard. And she has a sort of trusting, wide-eyed happiness that contrasts with the cool detachment of the others. Fortunato recognizes her and assumes he's retrieved her before, though she offers no sign of recognition. They exchange brief pleasantries and are soon driving along the Promenade des Anglais toward the harbor in silence. The buildings of Old Nice look grimy in the harsh morning light. A few tourists rollerblade the sidewalks, but the pebbly beaches are mostly deserted. The girl removes her hat and loosens her hair; it falls around her shoulders, thick and dark. She stares out the window as Fortunato steers to the left, following Quai Papacino along the port.

Presently a tinkling melody rises from her purse, and she brings out the phone again. He concentrates on the road as her voice grows louder.

"Fine, Claude." Her accent is American, her inflection like a teenager's; she can't be more than 25. "I've heard your opinion, and I don't want to discuss it anymore, okay? I'll be back in two weeks." She shuts the phone and sighs, dropping it back into her purse.

Fortunato meets her eyes in the mirror. "People will suck your blood!" she says and smiles.

Unsure how to respond to this, he asks, "Have you been to Côte d'Azur before?"

"Yes." Her eyes travel back to the window. "Many times. Are you from Nice?" He shakes his head. "Sicily."

They stop at a traffic light. On the sidewalk a boy has dropped his ice cream and stands, wailing, as his mother scolds him, wiping his mouth with a handkerchief.

Fortunato continues. "My family had a puppet theater there. My father, my grandfather, my great-grandfather—all puppeteers." The words flow from his mouth of their own volition. "Our theater—the Teatro dei Castelletti—was famous once."

"Really?" she says. "How'd you end up here?"

"How did I end up here?" he repeats her question, the question of the day. "I followed a girl. Years ago."

He acknowledges, now, that it was a passionate and foolish thing to do. He met her on the ferry from Palermo, his first trip to the mainland. She taught him French phrases, laughing and slapping his arm when he mispronounced a word. He made love to her that night on the ferry's deck, against stacked life jackets, behind heavy coils of rope.

When she invited him to follow her to France he accepted without hesitation, convinced his life was already changing for the better. Her parents were in Switzerland, (continued on page 115)

Each year for the past two decades and more, hundreds of students have competed for the honor of winning PLAYBOY's College Fiction Contest. This year, Timothy Tau of the University of California, Los Angeles received second prize for *Land of Origin*. The three third-place winners are Eva Langston of the University of New Orleans for *Clicker*, Brian Trapp of the University of Cincinnati for *The Best Man*, and Sarah Pearlstein-Levy of Swarthmore College for *The Last Cannonball*. Students of Marshall Arisman at the School of Visual Arts in New York competed to illustrate the first-place story. The winning illustration, shown on the preceding two pages, is by Clay Rodery. On this page, clockwise from top left, are illustrations by runners-up Jungyeon Roh, Philip Cheaney, Andrew Robert, Jonathan Bartlett, Kelley Hensing and Pat Kinsella. For information on next year's contest, visit playboy.com/cfc.



"She has fur coats and jewels. I have nothing but my ass."



VINTAGE MODEL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

MISS OCTOBER EPITOMIZES
THE CLASSIC PINUP GIRL

If you follow Claire Sinclair on Twitter, you will find such bons mots as “The new *Sex and the City* movie should be called *Abstinence in the Wilderness*.” And if you talk to the alabaster-skinned 19-year-old, you will discover she is a whirling dervish who worships Stevie Nicks, counts *Pink Flamingos* among her favorite movies and checks out 10 books from the library at a time. “I like all things vintage, and I devour information,” Claire says in a voice that summons the throaty tones of Scarlett Johansson. (Her face and figure echo her idol Bettie Page, one of the greatest pinups of all time.) A year ago Claire—then a burgeoning lingerie model known as Clairissa Irene—began trailblazing her own pinup path when she accompanied her father on a trip to the home of painter

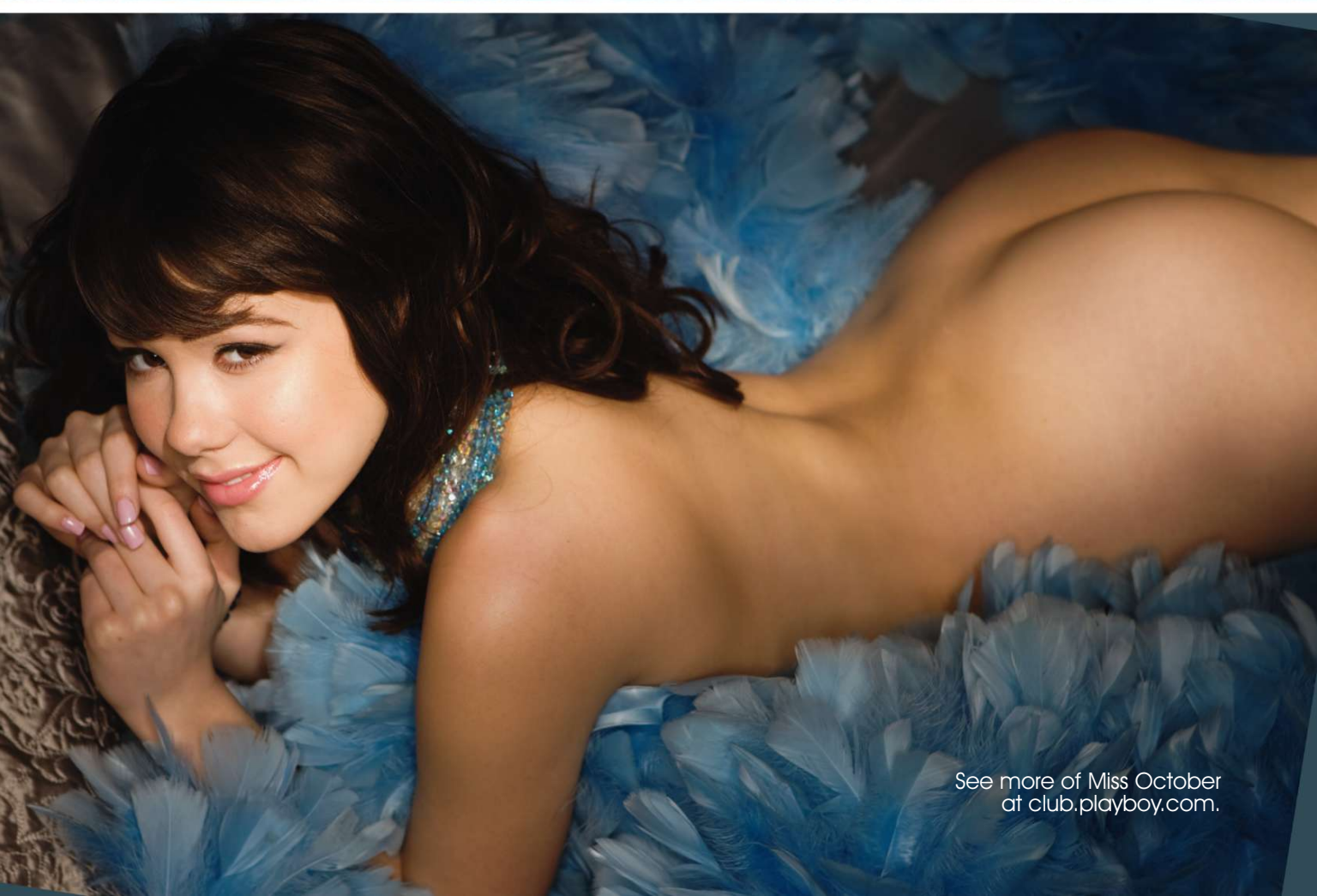
Olivia De Berardinis, a monthly *PLAYBOY* contributor. “My dad is a huge Olivia fan, so our house has been decked out with her paintings my whole life,” says Claire. “Personally, I’ve wanted to be painted by her for as long as I can remember, so when I went to her house, I dressed exactly like a pinup.” Her charming subterfuge worked to perfection; the next day Olivia asked if Claire would model for her. Soon thereafter they cooked up the modeling moniker Claire Sinclair. “It’s a name you’re going to remember!” Claire explains. Not long after that, she was testing to be a Playmate—another dream-come-true moment. “Playmates are quintessential works of art,” she says. “I couldn’t be more honored.”











See more of Miss October
at club.playboy.com.





MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Qairé Simclain



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Claire Sinclair

BUST: 36D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 5-25-91 BIRTHPLACE: Los Angeles

AMBITIONS: To own and manage a teen/preteen nightclub and to work somewhere in the entertainment industry.

TURN-ONS: Boyish men or, as I like to call them, man-boys (slightly awkward guys with adorable laughs and eccentricities).

TURNOFFS: Men who smell.

MY SECRET: I'm a closet Justin Bieber lover. ♡

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: Well, at the very least, a vagina!

MY MOTTO: Hakuna matata! What a wonderful phrase.... It means no worries for the rest of your days.

THE IDEAL DATE: I'm simple - just dinner and a movie ... with Xavier Samuel, Angus T. Jones, Taylor Lautner or Michael Cera!!

WHAT EVERY MAN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WOMEN: There is a place you can touch a woman that will drive her crazy... her heart.

I'LL KNOW I'VE MADE IT: When I see my ass in PLAYBOY !!!



From a photo shoot set in 1966.



A 1970s look, age 17.



Doing my best pinup imitation.

MISS OCTOBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Claire S.



Sinclair

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As two women ate lunch together, they discussed the merits of cosmetic surgery.

"I have to be honest with you," one woman said to the other. "I'm getting a boob job."

"Oh, that's nothing," her friend replied. "I'm considering having my asshole bleached."

"Wow," the woman replied. "I just can't picture your husband as a blond."

What is the biggest crime committed by transvestites?

Male fraud.

A man needs a mistress just to break the monogamy.



A husband and wife were having dinner at an upscale restaurant when a stunning young woman walked over to their table, gave the husband a long, openmouthed kiss and then told him she'd see him later as she strolled away. The wife glared at her husband and said, "Who the hell was that?"

"Oh," the husband said casually, "that's my mistress."

"This is the last straw!" his wife exclaimed. "I've had enough. I want a divorce."

"I can understand that," the husband said. "But if we get a divorce it will mean no more shopping trips to Paris, no more wintering in Barbados, no more summers in Tuscany, no more Porsche in the garage and no more yacht club. The decision is yours."

At that moment, a mutual friend entered the restaurant with a beautiful young woman on his arm.

"Who is that woman with Eric?" the wife asked.

The husband replied, "That's his mistress."
"Ours is prettier," she said and resumed eating her dinner.

A young girl asked her mom to buy her a Barbie doll and a G.I. Joe, and the mother told her that Barbie actually comes with Ken.

"No, Mom," the girl said. "She comes with G.I. Joe. She just fakes it with Ken."

An executive had to lay off one of his staff members and was in a major quandary as to who it should be. He had narrowed it down to two people, Elizabeth or Jack, but couldn't make up his mind because they were equally qualified and did the same work. He finally decided that the person to use the watercooler first the next day would be the one he would let go. Elizabeth came in early the next morning, hungover after partying all night. She went to the watercooler to get a drink so she could take an aspirin, and as she was filling her cup, her boss approached her.

"Elizabeth," he said, "it's very difficult for me to say this to you, but I have to lay you or Jack off."

"Do you think you could just jack off?" she asked. "I have a terrible headache."

Virginity is like a balloon: One prick and it's gone.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Australian kiss* as a French kiss but down under.



I just bought a new hearing aid," an older man told his neighbor. "It's state-of-the-art and it's amazing."

"Really?" the neighbor said. "What kind is it?"

"It's 1:30," the man replied.

A blonde was having lunch with an acquaintance when she started to complain that her sex life had deteriorated since she'd gotten married.

"I hate marriage," she said. "James hasn't made love to me in two months."

"Well," the friend replied, "you can always divorce him."

"How can I do that?" the blonde asked. "I'm not married to James."

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. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"I told you—we should've gone to Las Vegas!"



THE PLAYBOY

HONOR ROLL

MEET 20 PROFESSORS
WHO ARE REINVENTING THE CLASSROOM.
COLLEGE WILL NEVER BE THE SAME

BY LING MA, TIM MC CORMICK AND JOSH SCHOLLMAYER

ANTHONY AMSTERDAM

LEGAL LEGEND,
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF LAW

As a wunderkind attorney in the 1970s, Amsterdam convinced the Supreme Court to suspend the death penalty. Today, as a sage law professor, he continues to advise about 30 ongoing capital punishment cases—with his students serving as co-counsel. “My teaching gives students an environment in which they can think reflectively about their involvement in my work and about how lawyering relates to life.”

DAN ARCHER AND ADAM JOHNSON

GRAPHIC PIONEERS,
STANFORD UNIVERSITY

Welcome to the new *new* journalism: graphic novels. Each year comic artist Archer and novelist Johnson, along with author Tom Kealey, task students with producing one full-length nonfiction narrative in comic form. Previous student work from their Stanford Graphic Novel Project has chronicled acid attacks on Cambodian women and environmental issues in Congo. Says Archer, “What we’re seeing is a rise in what graphic art can do as a type of activism and as an educational tool.”

ARTHUR ARON

LOVE DOCTOR,
STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW
YORK, STONY BROOK

Here’s what social psychologist Aron knows about love: It’s as addictive as cocaine, it rekindles with the slightest thrill and it turns longtime partners into mirror images. For empirical evidence Aron ignores the heart and goes straight to the besotted brain, which he observes by MRI in his Interpersonal Relationships Laboratory. “Love is such a powerful drive in human beings—in many ways it’s even more powerful than our sex drive.”

MARK-EVAN BLACKMAN

CLOTHESHORSE WHISPERER,
FASHION INSTITUTE
OF TECHNOLOGY

Although Blackman teaches style—menswear to be exact—it comes with plenty of substance. The collegiate Tim Gunn, he readies his nascent

Opposite: The “musical chandelier” set piece from Tod Machover’s new opera *Death and the Powers*.

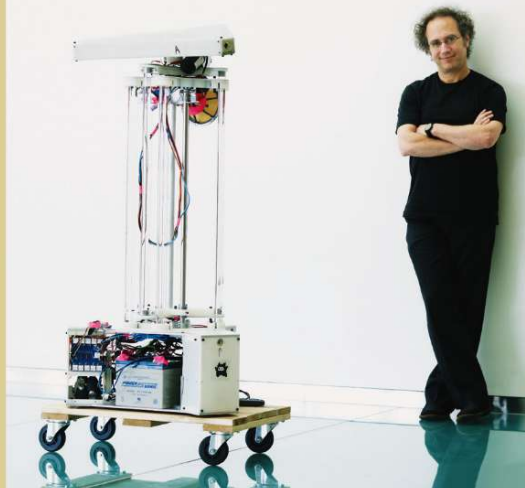
YOU

SHOULD ALWAYS learn from the best. And so here they are—an assortment of the country’s most brilliant college professors. From their lecture halls and laboratories they will be determining the next 100 years—everything from how we communicate to how we power our homes to how we dress. And though they often work in areas we don’t totally understand yet (the semantic web?), their discoveries can quickly become ubiquitous (*Guitar Hero!*). All the while, they spend each school day imparting their wisdom to the next generation of young minds, which they permanently shape. By design, the big brains assembled here come from every geographic corner and every type of U.S. school (big and small, public and private, with reputations emerging and long established). The only real rule? No **PLAYBOY** contributors. (We didn’t want to play favorites.) Still, trust us: The future is bright.



TOD MACHOVER MUSIC FUTURIST, MIT

If music makes the world a better place, what about the man who makes music better? To that end, Machover creates technological instruments with a broader range than their acoustic counterparts, composes science-fiction operas scored with robot choruses and writes computer programs that can turn anyone into a budding musician. (*Guitar Hero* originated from his research group at the MIT Media Lab.) As he says, “Music has a wider definition than we give it credit for.”



designers for the fashion industry by demanding flawless technical skills—there will be sewing!—and by submitting their work for unsparring critique by design directors at Patagonia, Nike and Louis Vuitton, among others. “The kids studying menswear at FIT feel that not only are they in the Navy but that they’re Navy Seals.”

IAN BOGOST

INDIE GAMER,
GEORGIA INSTITUTE OF
TECHNOLOGY

The deep thinker within a supposedly childish realm—video games—Bogost refuses to view his medium as mindless entertainment. And so his games—e.g., *Killer Flu* (“a game about how seasonal flus mutate and spread”)—play more like wry documentaries than *Grand Theft Auto*. “The wonderful thing about working in a developing field such as video games is that I’m constantly coming up with ideas I’m sure haven’t been fully explored yet.”

WENDY DONIGER

KAMA SUTRIST,
UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

“What I find exciting,” says religion professor Doniger, “is that out of all religions, Hinduism stresses its ideas to the furthest extremes of imagination.” Those ideas include godly devotion, violence and of course sex. Most famously Doniger’s translation of the Kama Sutra upended stereotypes of the ancient text as an archaic sex manual into something else—a woman-friendly, gay-accepting lifestyle guide to pleasure. “And everyone thought it was a picture book of people with legs behind their heads.”

MAHMOUD ELSOHLY

MASTER OF MEDICINAL
MARIJUANA,
UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI

Weed heals—for real! Just not by bong or bowl. From his federally licensed marijuana farm, ElSohly is developing a pot patch for cancer patients who could use a hit of THC to dull pain or kick-start their appetites. “There’s no question about the potential for the cannabis plant to produce medicinal agents. But using it in this way doesn’t involve smoking.”

Left: The chandelier, a large robotic musical instrument designed at the MIT Media Lab, prior to showtime.

JAMES HENDLER

INTERNET VISIONARY,
RENSSELAER POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE

Web 2.0 doesn't have anything on Hendler. His vision of the Internet involves its intuitive understanding of our needs and the complete obliteration of our current expectations of search results. Let's call it Web 10.0. "Say you have an idea about how to lower crime in your town. You can test it out on Facebook, but that's talking to your friends. Instead, what if a simple web search for that idea immediately connected you with a city in India that tried something similar and helped you communicate with the person who started it?"

DAN KAMMEN

ENERGY TROUBLESHOOTER,
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,
BERKELEY

To mend our energy woes, Kammen suggests

we look to the sky. He promises enough sunlight and wind exist there to power our lives without choking the atmosphere with carbon emissions—particularly if we're equally bullish about energy efficiency. As Kammen, who is also an advisor to the Obama administration, told *Frontline* last year, "Clean energy and renewable power are the next opportunities to reinvent our economy and jump-start innovation."

GLENN LOURY

PUBLIC PROVOCATEUR,
BROWN UNIVERSITY

Predicting Loury's opinions on matters of race—his grist as a noted, if controversial, public intellectual—is a near impossibility. An economist by trade and a freethinker by nature, he spent the 1980s on the conservative side of racial tempests only to move left in recent

years. But mostly he defies categorization. To wit: "When everybody was on the Obama trip, I was saying, 'Wait a minute!' I like to think I'm being proven right. Nothing against the president—he's a good man, and I'd vote for him again. But I didn't drink that Kool-Aid."

JOHN MUELLER

TERRORISM NAYSAYER,
OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY

Let the terrorists win? Such a victory would be impossible, claims Mueller, a calm voice in the post-9/11 fear culture. Mainly he provides perspective, pointing out that despite the tragedy of the Al Qaeda attacks, statistically speaking terrorism poses no greater physical threat than an errant lightning bolt. "The idea that terrorists present an existential threat to the country is ridiculous," he says. "In fact, every story about

POP QUIZ:

MATCH THE PUBLIC
FIGURE TO HIS OR HER
COLLEGE MAJOR

PUBLIC FIGURES

1. CHUCK LIDDELL
2. SPIKE LEE
3. JARED FOGLE
4. ELISABETH HASSELBECK
5. WILL FERRELL
6. BILLY GRAHAM
7. SUZE ORMAN
8. TOM DELAY
9. VERA WANG
10. YOUNG MC

MAJORS

- A. COMMUNICATIONS
- B. ACCOUNTING
- C. FINE ARTS
- D. ANTHROPOLOGY
- E. SOCIAL WORK
- F. BIOLOGY
- G. SPORTS INFORMATION
- H. ART HISTORY
- I. ECONOMICS
- J. INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS

ANSWERS: 1-B, 2-A, 3-J, 4-C, 5-G, 6-D, 7-E, 8-F, 9-H, 10-I

WHAT'S IN A NUMBER?

IN THE CUTTHROAT WORLD OF ACADEMIA, TRACKING COLLEGE RANKINGS HAS BECOME AN ANNUAL BLOOD SPORT. BUT WHAT DO THE NUMBERS REALLY SAY? WE LOOK AT THE 2010 RANKINGS ASSIGNED TO ONE RANDOMLY SELECTED COLLEGE, THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY.

U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT

21

Initiated in 1983, *U.S. News's* Best Colleges is arguably the most established college-rankings report. Its formula gives most weight to "peer assessment," in which college officials are asked to rate schools other than their own. The practice has been criticized for stoking professional rivalries rather than providing an insider critique. Other factors weighed include faculty-to-student ratio and per-student spending, meaning that public schools like Berkeley will generally compare unfavorably with private institutions.

FORBES

75

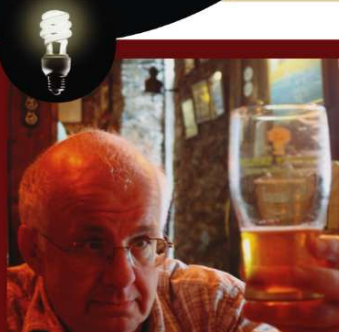
Pointing to the tendency of colleges to inflate their statistics, *Forbes's* list considers several third-party sources. Its gauge of student satisfaction is partially derived from RateMyProfessors.com, and its ratings of postgraduate success incorporate salary data from Payscale.com and alumni inclusion in *Who's Who in America*. Critics question the substance of these sources, but *Forbes* defends its methodology as "difficult to game." Reputed to be one of the nation's best public schools, Berkeley ranks surprisingly low here, several notches behind lesser-known institutions such as Kalamazoo College.

PRINCETON REVIEW

BEST
371

The Princeton Review declines to rank schools in one all-encompassing list. "We think such lists are not useful for the people they are supposed to serve," it states. Instead, the selections in *The Best 371 Colleges*, based primarily on "our own college knowledge" and independent college counselors, are listed alphabetically. Additional "ranking lists"—categorical judgments across 62 topics ranging from "Most Accessible Professors" to "Great Financial Aid"—are culled entirely from student-reported data. Touting its listings as the most reflective of undergrad experience, the company says, "We're just the messengers."

CHARLES
BAMFORTH
BREWMASTER
GENERAL,
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA,
DAVIS



Bamforth is to the alchemy of hops, barley and yeast as Louis Pasteur was to hops, barley and yeast (or didn't you know of the Frenchman's *Études sur la bière*?). When not lordling over the malting-and-brewing science program, Bamforth gives heady lessons to industry behemoths and micros alike. Meanwhile, one of the most popular classes on campus is his *Intro to Beer and Brewing*, during which he offers a favorite mantra: "All beer is good beer."



NALINI NADKARNI
SCIENCE POPULIST,
EVERGREEN STATE COLLEGE

Nadkarni spends most days hanging from trees, studying the surrounding plants and animals. But once she climbs down, she strives to make what she's learned relatable. For guys, she helped create specially designed skateboard decks ("They're made of wood, which provides a link to trees"); for girls, she conceived of Tree-Top Barbie ("It's an alternate role model—one of strength and academic interests"); and for the spiritually inclined, she highlighted Bible passages about conservation ("I emphasize the universal spiritual symbolism of trees").

terrorism should mention that your chances of being killed by an international terrorist are one in 80,000."

P.Z. MYERS

**IRASCIBLE INTELLIGENT-
DESIGN CRITIC, UNIVERSITY
OF MINNESOTA, MORRIS**

Myers's scripture? The laws of biology. The self-professed "godless liberal biologist" proselytizes the tenets of his faith in evolution while gleefully knocking down the dogma of creationists on his popular blog (scienceblogs.com/pharyngula) and on Twitter (@pzmyers). "The first day of class I tell my students they should always ask a magical question. And that question is 'How do you know that?'"

ROBERT THOMAS
REFORM SCHOOLER,
UNIVERSITY OF
MONTANA WESTERN

"College is often like war—long periods of boredom punctuated by short periods of terror caused by exams," Thomas jokes. War, of course, is hell, so Thomas has brought peace and prosperity to his tiny campus by overhauling its curriculum. His students now take classes in 18-day blocks that meet far from the typical university setting (e.g., Thomas teaches his geology courses at Yellowstone National Park—roughly a two-hour drive from Montana Western). "They're learning their discipline by actually doing it."

BENJAMIN SHEPARD

**STREET THEORIST,
NEW YORK CITY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY**

Human-services professor Shepard doesn't just study the role of performance and play in social activism—he tests it out for himself. Inspired by the far-out spectacle of the 1980s and 1990s queer scene, Shepard has donned feather boas over skintight silver lamé pants during Critical Mass bike rides and marched in illegal nighttime parades supporting gay rights. "The point of activism," the former social worker says, "is to make the conversation of democracy an interesting one."



JENNIFER RICHESON

**BIAS HUNTER,
NORTHWESTERN
UNIVERSITY**

Bias and prejudice may be out of sight, but they are never out of mind. Via brain imaging and clever mental exercises, Richeson measures how white minds strain to achieve impeccable political correctness when in the presence of African Americans. "People today generally understand that prejudice is a bad thing," the social psychologist has said. "But they still don't know how to converse or behave with people different from themselves."

EUGENE VOLOKH

**FREE-SPEECH PITBULL,
UCLA SCHOOL OF LAW**

When discussing the First Amendment, Volokh, a legal analyst, first offers a fact: Speech in the U.S. has never been freer. But there's a caveat: The push for inoffensive speech has begun to suppress that freedom. Though Volokh sees the virtue in antiharassment policies that sterilize workplace behavior ("If these policies ban unwanted touching, it's about time"), he believes their vagueness is troublesome. "You can call overheard political statements harassment, but they're constitutionally protected speech."

SOLE ASYLUM

FASHION BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GEORGE GEORGIU

Playboy's Guide to the Well-Heeled Man

CAP-TOE BALMORAL \$295

Brogued cap-toe shoe by Allen Edmonds.

WINGTIP \$465

Waxed long-wing blucher by Alden for J. Crew.

DESERT BOOT \$95

Crepe-soled suede desert boot by Clarks.

CUSTOM Shoemaking

FROM MANHATTAN TO NORTHAMPTON, the U.K.'s shoemaking capital, a custom pair of shoes can still be had in these disposable times. Here's how it's done. **(1)** The feet are measured from heel to toe off outlines made while the customer is sitting and standing. **(2)** Wooden lasts in the shape of the feet are carved and chiseled, a process that often takes weeks. **(3)** Lasts are kept on file for future orders. **(4)** The customer chooses a style from thousands of patterns. Personal details can be requested. **(5)** The cost of the skin determines the shoes' price. Some shops carry kangaroo, bison, lizard and even stingray. **(6)** The customer selects color. **(7)** The lining is sewn together with the upper. **(8)** The insole is attached to the last. The upper is pulled over the last and attached to the insole. The welt is attached to the insole and then the sole is attached to the welt. **(9)** The customer tries on shoe for adjustments. **(10)** Break in new shoes slowly, wearing them a few hours a day until leather softens. —Steve Garbarino

PENNY LOAFER | \$125

Dover penny loafer by Bass.

MONK STRAP | \$1,285

Hand-stitched one-buckle Ashill shoe by John Lobb.

SADDLE SHOE | \$295

Tonal saddle shoe by Duckie Brown for Florsheim.

PLAIN-TOE BLUCHER | \$525

Cordovan shoe by Allen Edmonds.

MAKE 'EM LAST

GOOD SHOES DESERVE CARE. HERE ARE TIPS TO KEEP YOU ON YOUR TOES:

- You get what you pay for. Quality shoes will outlive your designer suits.
- Don't wear your favorite shoes every day. Give them a day off.
- Don't drag your feet. It

- weathers a shoe.
- Buy only quality inserts.
- Store your finer shoes in their original boxes.
- Use a shoe tree. In a pinch, stuff shoes with newspapers to maintain their shape.
- Moisture kills shoes. Polish them with wax before you go outdoors. Dry them with a


- chamois. Do not put shoes under a radiator, which will crack and shrink the leather.
- Fine shoes should be put on with a horn and removed with patience. Kicking them off with your other foot ruins the stitching.
- Baking soda will keep your shoes smelling fresh. —S.G.

★ ★ ★

The

UNSTOMPABLE

ROACH



BOXING'S HOTTEST TRAINER—THE MAN IN MANNY PACQUIAO'S CORNER—IS ONE FIERCE HOMBRE. FREDDIE ROACH, WHO ONCE BIT OUT THE EYE OF A STREET THUG, KEEPS IT REAL AT HIS GRITTY GYM IN HOLLYWOOD DESPITE DROP-INS FROM THE LIKES OF MARK WAHLBERG AND MICKEY ROURKE

Freddie Roach runs a skanky gym on a ratty block in Hollywood. The Wild Card Boxing Club shares a stucco low-rise with a laundromat and the local Alcohólicos Anónimos. It used to be a strip joint. That was almost 20 years ago, when Mickey Rourke hired a punchy, broken-down extender to turn the place into a gym and the actor into a boxer. Roach had to knock down a couple of stripper poles to make room for the ring where he trained Rourke, who absorbed so many punches in eight pro fights that his face was

on its way to becoming the plastic-surgery poster it is today.

But he went undefeated. And before he quit boxing, Rourke signed a picture of himself that still hangs in the gym, writing, "To the best goddamn trainer on the planet."

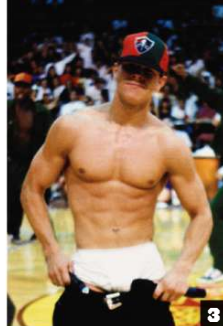
It wasn't true then, but it is now.

These days Roach, 50, owns the gym. "It ain't pretty, but it's mine," he says. A scrawny, graying pug who could almost make the lightweight limit of 135 pounds, he sports a ragged goatee and a pair of Clark Kent specs known to boxing fans worldwide. In the

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ *by Kevin Cook* ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

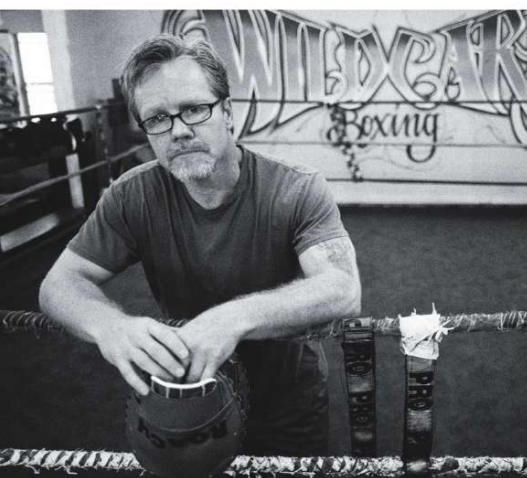
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ESTEVAN ORIOL





Nobody beats the reach of Roach. **1.** Trained by Roach, Virgil Hill (left) made it to a world cruiserweight title bout in 2004. **2.** Manny Pacquiao (right) last defended his WBO welterweight title this past spring by defeating Joshua Clottey. **3.** Mark Wahlberg turned to Roach to help him throw a better punch. **4.** Actor turned boxer Mickey Rourke compiled a decent record as a pro under Roach.

years since Rourke went back to acting, his old trainer has tutored 27 world champions, including welterweight champ Manny Pacquiao, currently the best fighter in the world. Roach's cut of the purse for a proposed megabout between Pacquiao and Floyd Mayweather Jr. looks to be between \$2 million and \$5 million, but Roach isn't talking. Not bad for a guy from the projects who grew up getting pummeled by his own family.



GET INTO FIGHTING TRIM FAST

You'll never throw a punch like Manny Pacquiao, but at least you can try to match him crunch for crunch in your workout. Here's how he does it.

(1) WARM-UP. Stretch for 15 minutes.

(2) JUMP ROPE. Ten minutes without a break. "Ten minutes of jumping rope equals 30 minutes of jogging," Roach says. "The great thing about a jump rope is you can take it anywhere. You can get a good workout in a hotel room."

(3) HEAVY BAG. Three three-minute rounds with one-minute rests

in between. "Shift your weight from right foot to left and back. Punch *through* the target, not at it. If you want to work like Pacquiao, skip the between-round rest."

(4) SPEED BAG. Ten minutes, no break. "The speed bag is frustrating at first. Take your time—you'll get the hang of it."

(5) SIT-UPS. Four sets of 25. "When that seems easy, hold a 25-pound plate to your chest. Pacquiao does 1,000 sit-ups with weights twice a day."

(6) JUMP ROPE. Five minutes. "It's the best warm down you can do."

Roach came out of Dedham, Massachusetts, where his father, a small-time pro boxer, built a ring in the dirt behind the housing projects where they lived. Freddie's dad and big brother took turns knocking him around. He got no help from his mother, New England's first female boxing judge, who told him, "You'll never be much of a fighter."

"Tough household," he calls it. "She broke up one of our fights with an aluminum baseball bat. Hit my brother over the head with it twice—*clang, clang!*"

He turned pro while still in his teens, a baby-faced lightweight promoters called the Choir Boy. In 1979 Choir Boy Roach moved to Las Vegas, where he lived in a trailer and bused tables at the Golden Nugget while legendary trainer Eddie Futch schooled him in the ring. Roach went on to win 41 of 54 pro bouts, scrapping with lightweight champs Greg Haugen and Hector "Macho" Camacho. His loss to Camacho was the biggest payday of his career. "I got \$13,000, but there was an IRS agent in the locker room who took my check as soon as I signed it. I'd been forgetting to pay taxes."

By 1981 he was 27-1 and ranked number seven in the world. Matched against super-bantamweight contender Mario Chavez, with the winner to get a title shot, he broke his hand on Chavez's skull. Roach was never the same after that. He fought for five more years despite Futch's warnings that he was risking his future. "I was too bullheaded to listen," Roach says, "thinking with my fists. And what else was I gonna do, be a schoolteacher?" Not likely—in high school his response to strict teachers was "You wanna step outside?"

Thrashed in five of his last six fights, he took several hundred head shots that most likely caused the disease he fights today: pugilistic Parkinson's, the punch-drunk condition that afflicts Muhammad Ali and too many other ex-boxers. When Roach walks, his left foot drags. When he points at a boxer thumping a speed bag in the gym's dusty light, his hand shakes.

After finally retiring in 1986 he cast about for something to do and found it. "I got drunk. Not punch-drunk, just drunk. For a year and a half. I was mad at the world."

You never want to fuck with Freddie Roach, but during that postretirement stretch when Mickey Rourke was his lone client, you really, really didn't want to fuck with him. One night three knife-wielding goons tried to mug him on Melrose Avenue. Roach dropped the biggest one with a left hook. The others were in the process of stomping him when he bit one of their eyes out. Spat a chunk of eyeball right out in the street. "I had eyelashes in my mouth," says Roach, who himself had four busted ribs, a dislocated shoulder, dislocated hip and gashes all over his head as he watched the goons run off. Once boxers heard the Choir Boy was in town, he landed a few more clients.

One new client was a celeb friend of Rourke's. "Marky Mark. He'd just gotten to Hollywood. Mark Wahlberg was a cocky kid—thought he had the world by the balls." Like Roach, Wahlberg had spent his formative years as a street brawler in Boston. His idea of going Hollywood was decking Madonna's bodyguard. "The bodyguard gave him some lip, and Mark dropped him with one punch, a solid left," recalls Roach, who soon shifted from playing personal trainer for actors to training light heavyweight Virgil Hill, his first world champ. Then, in 2001 Pacquiao rolled into the Wild Card Boxing Club with his six-man entourage and worked a couple of rounds with the proprietor, who caught flurries of Pacquiao's blows with his punch mitts. Roach stepped out of the ring, saying, "That guy's strong and fucking *fast*." Pacquiao, who had been too quick to go all out in practice with other trainers, said pretty much the same thing in Filipino about Roach. He told his flunkies, "I've got a new trainer." Since then, with Roach in his corner, Pacquiao has demolished 18 opponents and won world titles in a record seven weight classes. His only rival (concluded on page 130)





"I don't care if you are coming as Eve. Go home and put some leaves on."

Q1

PLAYBOY: What memorable \$#! did your dad say to you?

SHATNER: "Don't go into showbiz, son. You'll be a hanger-on." He lived to see the beginning of *Star Trek's* success. Up until then he was very worried, as well he might have been.

Q2

PLAYBOY: \$#! *My Dad Says* is your first sitcom. Still going where you haven't gone before, we see. Why?

SHATNER: They came to me and said, "Twitter. The kid and his father, a million and a half followers. CBS and Warner Bros. The guys who did *Will & Grace*, Max Mutchnick and David Kohan. Legendary director Jim

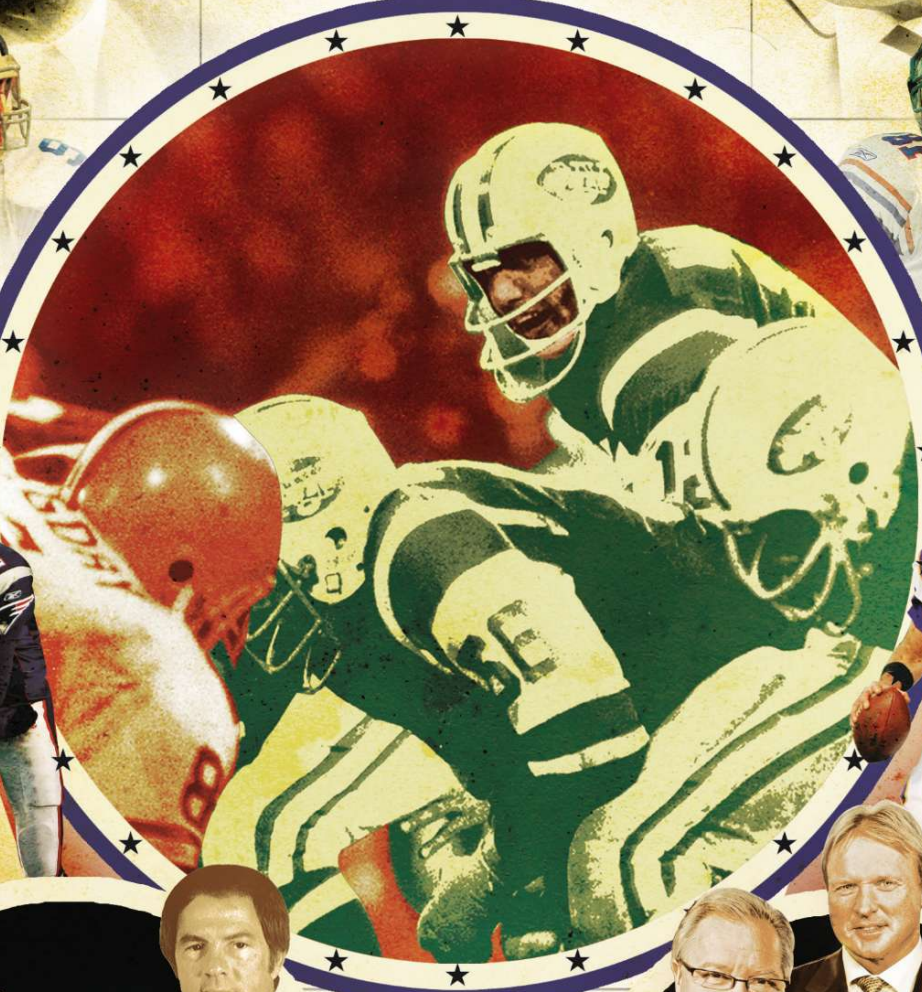
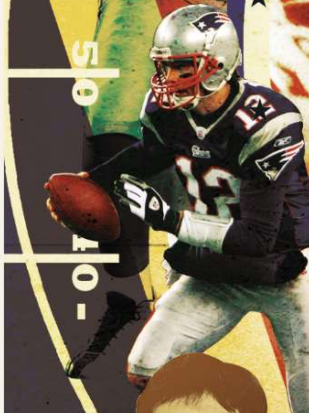
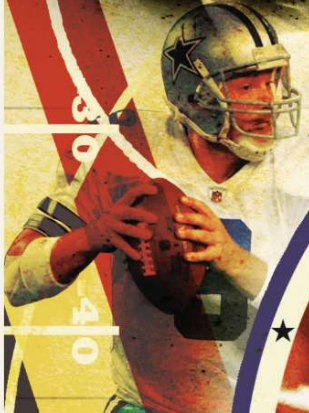
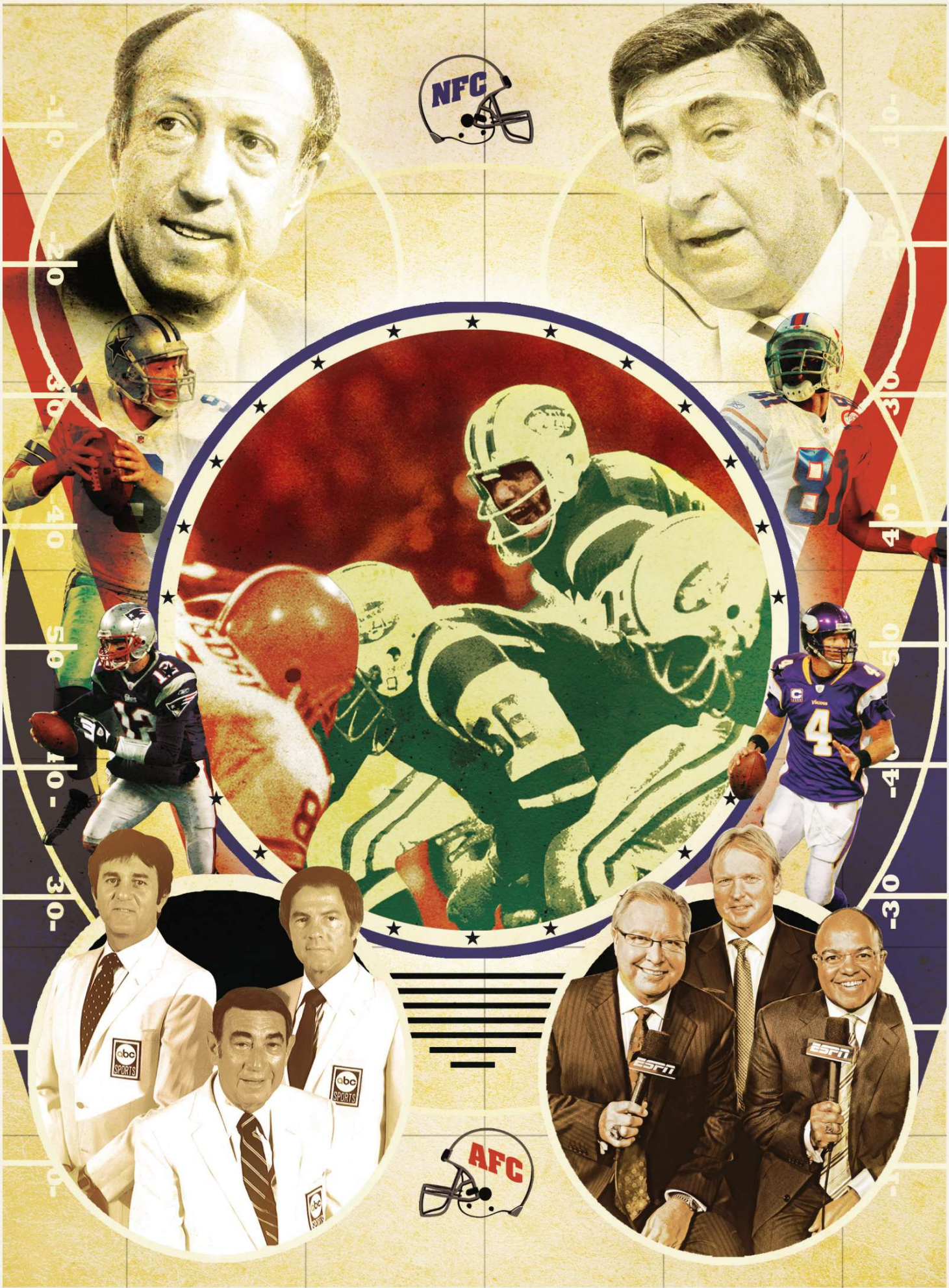
Burrows." I was seduced. On the other hand, I jealously guard my time, so I was iffy. I said, "I've got to ride my horses, and there are all these other projects I want to do." They said, "Hey, this is a situation comedy. You read it, you go away, you come back. Tuesdays we'll block cameras. Wednesdays we'll shoot. You'll have a good time." I thought, Wow, if it's as easy as they say, this could be the answer to everything. Besides, it's the son's show. I'll be in the background. Well, they fired the first son and so I'm alone doing the publicity thing. Now it's my show, which is okay because I got funny for the pilot. I love to make people laugh. There's a precision to the laugh that is the equivalent of making a watch. Then (continued on page 122)



← WILLIAM →
STARBUCKS JR

EVERYONE'S FAVORITE ICONIC ACTOR TALKS \$#! ABOUT HIS SHOW, THE STRANGENESS OF *STAR TREK* FANS AND THE WONDERS OF BETTY WHITE



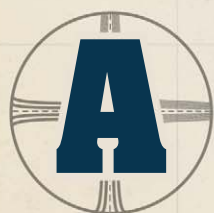


★ THE ★ BIGGEST GAMBLE IN SPORTS HISTORY ★

WHEN *MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL* DEBUTED 40 YEARS AGO

this month, experts thought it was the most ill-conceived and doomed show ever. Today it's one of the longest-running programs on TV. A history of the little show that could, starring Howard Cosell, Boone Colman, Al Michaels, John Madden, O.J. Simpson and a host of others

★ BY KEVIN COOK ★



hot night in Cleveland, 1970. CBS rules Mondays with *The Doris Day Show* and *The Carol Burnett Show*. NBC runs second with potboiler movies censored for television. And down in the cellar of TV's big—and only—three networks is ABC, a.k.a. the

Almost Broadcasting Company, rolling out a show the others didn't want.

Monday Night Football isn't daisy-fresh like Doris Day. Director Chet Forte, calling the shots for the show's debut, sits in a cramped, smoky production truck strewn with candy wrappers, soda cans, pizza boxes, ashtrays, stat sheets and paper cups. Facing a bank of blurry monitors, fiddling with his headset, Forte has to pee something fierce but there's no time, so he unzips his fly, fills a paper cup and stows the cup in a corner.

"Nobody drink that," he says. Then Forte points at a monitor. "Take one—Howard."

Screens from coast to coast show a tall, jowly man in a purple blazer, holding an ABC microphone to his chin. His hand is shaking. Howard Cosell, 52, a lawyer turned sportscaster with the voice of a goose, looks nervous.

Beads of sweat dot the edges of his black toupee.

"It is a hot, sultry, almost windless night here at Municipal Stadium in Cleveland, Ohio," Cosell reports.

The riskiest gamble in sports-TV history is on the air.

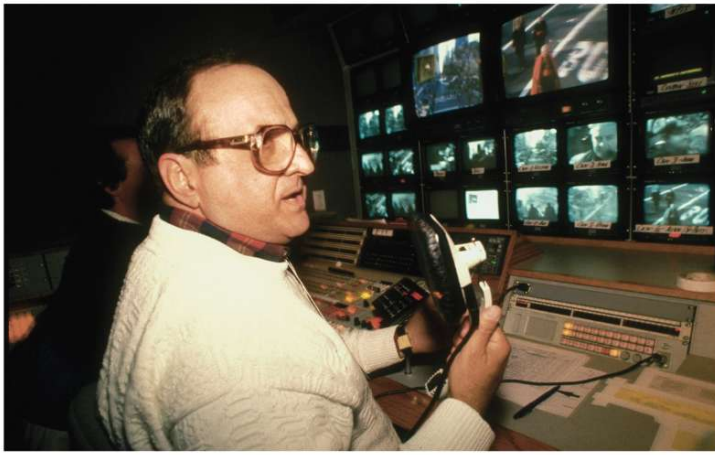


HOW IT BEGAN: ON SEPTEMBER 21, 1970 THE NEW YORK JETS PLAYED THE CLEVELAND BROWNS. THE JETS LOST.

Forty years and 626 games later, *Monday Night Football* is one of the longest-running shows in TV history. Many of its hosts are household names: Howard, Frank and Dandy Don; Broadway Joe and O.J.; Miller, Madden and Michaels; Chucky and Jaws. *MNF* ranks second behind *60 Minutes* in all-time

ratings but first in total viewers because football games last longer. It's first in surprises, too, since its hosts have been known to croon country tunes, get drunk

OPPOSITE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: NFL COMMISSIONER PETE ROZELLE WATCHED *MNF* CHANGE THE GAME. HOWARD COSELL, THE MAN WE LOVED TO HATE. RON JAWORSKI, JON GRUDEN AND MIKE TIRICO, ESPN'S CURRENT CREW. DON MEREDITH, COSELL AND FRANK GIFFORD, THE DREAM TEAM.



CHET FORTE, THE SHOW'S ORIGINAL DIRECTOR (TOP LEFT). AL MICHAELS AND JOHN MADDEN RETURN TO THE YELLOW BLAZERS FOR THE 500TH BROADCAST (TOP RIGHT). BRETT FAVRE IN 2003 (BOTTOM LEFT). FORTY YEARS AGO MNF'S TECHNOLOGY WAS STATE-OF-THE-ART, WITH NINE CAMERAS INSTEAD OF THREE. ABC'S ROONE ARLEDGE (ABOVE) WAS THE GENIUS BEHIND THE SHOW, DRESSING IT UP WITH TONS OF SIZZLE.

on the air and throw up on each other, and that was all in the first six weeks. It would be 24 years before one of them got arrested for murder.

The show was supposed to be doomed from the start. In the late 1960s executives at all three networks—everyone except ABC's Roone Arledge—believed women would never watch football, and while men might tune in during a tight game between such popular teams as the Cowboys and Colts, nobody would sit through a blowout. Who would ever watch the New Orleans Saints, a team that had gone 12–29 in its woeful three years of existence? For CBS and NBC, turning a thumbs-down on *Monday Night Football* had been the no-brainer of 1969.

"I'm *How-ard* Cosell and welcome to ABC's *Monday* night prime-time National Football League television series."

That Monday-night kickoff between the Browns and Joe Namath's Jets, four decades ago, took place 50 years after the NFL was founded in a Hupmobile dealership in Canton, Ohio. At its inception the league had been a loose association of leather-helmeted head-knockers hoping to turn their sweat into beer money. Half a century later pro football was still scuffling. Baseball was more popular. Namath, the first TV-era sex-symbol jock, was earning \$400,000, but the average NFL salary was \$23,000. Most players still held off-season jobs. They didn't have entourages; they had teammates. On the road they bunked in skanky motels, two men to a room—except when it was two men, Jim Beam and a groupie or two. John Madden's Raiders jogged from the practice field to a bar, where they would each knock back three triple scotches as warm-up for a night of drinking and skirt chasing.

★
“ ‘I’M TIRED OF FOOTBALL BEING TREATED LIKE A RELIGION,’ SAID ARLEDGE. ”

Linebackers tried to break Namath's gimpy knees. Safeties coldcocked receivers with forearms "bandaged" in plaster casts. Guards and tackles gouged and bit. "We mugged each other," one player remembers. "We gouged eyes at the bottom of the pile, elbowed guys in the balls. You had to *dismember* a guy to get fined. The game was primitive."

It was about to evolve, starting on Monday nights.

Prime-time football was Pete Rozelle's idea. The NFL commissioner, a former Rams PR man, had shopped the concept for years before ABC's Arledge said yes. A redheaded dynamo who got his start producing a kids' show starring ventriloquist Shari Lewis and her sock puppet Lamb Chop, Arledge told his bosses he was

going to revolutionize sports TV. "I'm tired of football being treated like a religion," he said. "We're going to add show business to sports!"

He did it with the showiest show yet. Nine cameras instead of the usual three or four, including one on the roof of a souped-up golf cart that sped back and forth along the sideline.

Handheld cameras caught tight sideline shots. (In those days a handheld camera was a guy with a 90-pound pack on his back, followed by a cable puller lugging an antenna, dragging wires along the ground.) Shotgun mikes for picking up grunts and collisions in the trenches. Split-screen images. Slow-motion replays. Halftime highlights set to music. Most crucial of all: the shadowy magic of football *at night*, under lights that made every play more dramatic than anything that happened on Sunday afternoon. Then Arledge added the final ingredient: pro football's first three-man broadcasting team. For the show to work, he said, "our *Monday Night* commentators have (continued on page 106)

2010 NFL PREVIEW

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW BEFORE YOU CRACK YOUR FIRST GAME-TIME BEER

★ BY RICK GOSSELIN ★

HOME SWEET HOME:

No team has ever played a Super Bowl on its home field. The Dallas Cowboys expect to become the first this February when the game is staged in the \$1.15 billion palace Jerry Jones built for America's team. The Cowboys won the NFC East last season and took out the Super Bowl champion Saints in New Orleans last December, ending the Saints' pursuit of perfection at 13-0. So the Cowboys know they can beat the best. Dallas was one of only four teams to finish in the top 10 in both offense and defense last year and drafted a potential NFL Rookie of the Year in wide receiver Dez Bryant. **J-E-T-S...Jets, Jets, Jets:** After reaching the AFC title game last January, the New York Jets loaded up on marquee names in the off-season, trading for former Super Bowl MVP Antonio Holmes and veteran Pro Bowl cornerback Antonio Cromartie, and signing NFL all-decade selections LaDainian Tomlinson and Jason Taylor in free agency. If Mark Sanchez can take

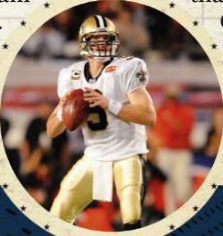
the next step at quarterback in his second season, the Jets could find themselves in the big game. But that's a big if.

Fleeing North: Pete Carroll left behind a mess at Southern Cal—a college program that was placed on four years' probation, banned from bowls for two years, stripped of 30 scholarships and forced to forfeit 14 victories. He inherits a Seattle NFL team

that has won only nine of its past 32 games. Carroll left more talent behind at Southern Cal than he inherits in Seattle. **No Ben:** Problems off the field will keep

Ben Roethlisberger off the field for a spell this fall—and that will jeopardize Pittsburgh's chances of winning a third Super Bowl in six years. The NFL suspended the Steelers quarterback for at least the first four games of the season for conduct detrimental to the league. He'll miss games against Pittsburgh's archrival Baltimore plus playoff contender Atlanta. **Parity underscored:** There were 108 playoff teams from 2000 to 2008. Only 51 returned to the playoffs the following season. There were 68 division champions from 2000 to 2008. Only 26 repeated the following season. That's what the salary cap has wrought in the NFL—the good teams don't stay good, and the bad teams don't stay bad... except in three cases. The Buffalo Bills, Detroit Lions and Houston Texans were the only NFL teams that failed to qualify for the playoffs during the entire 2000s decade. Expect another year of drought for the Bills and Lions. **Need to know:** Mike Shanahan takes over in Washington with Donovan McNabb as his QB; Indy stars Bob Sanders and Anthony Gonzalez are healthy, making the Colts once again

the AFC team to beat; and the clock is ticking on coach Lovie Smith and quarterback Jay Cutler in Chicago. **No limit on spending:** There is no salary cap this season—and possibly no football in 2011. The NFL owners opted out of the collective bargaining agreement with the NFL Players Association this season, which eliminated the \$123 million salary cap for 2010. If no agreement is reached on an extension, the players expect to be locked out by owners in 2011. Surprise, surprise—the two sides are bickering over money.



NFC EAST:
Cowboys

NFC NORTH:
Packers

NFC SOUTH:
Falcons

NFC WEST:
49ers

WILD CARD:
Saints, Vikings



AFC EAST:
Patriots

AFC NORTH:
Ravens

AFC SOUTH:
Colts

AFC WEST:
Chargers

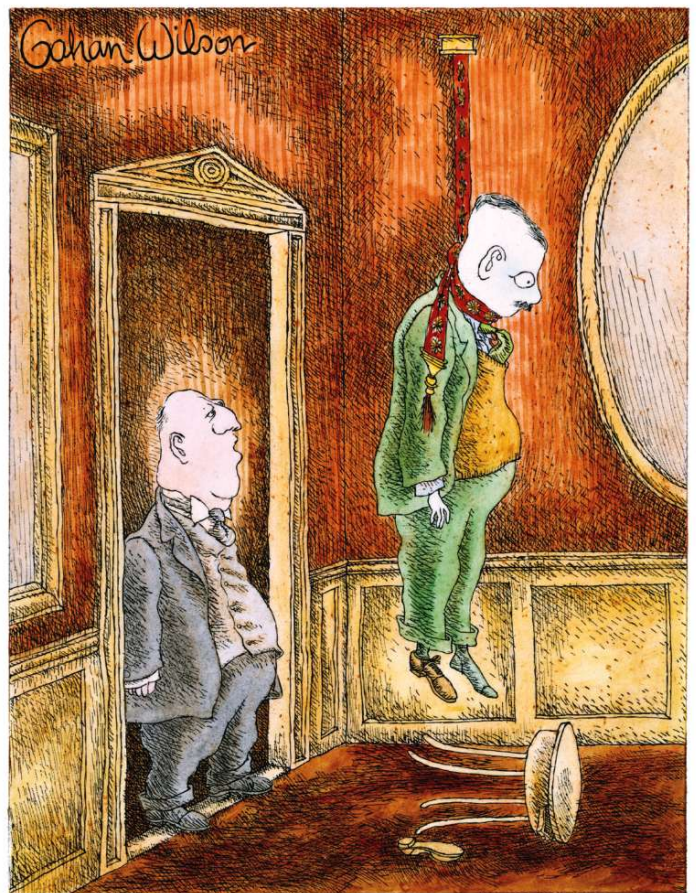
WILD CARD:
Texans, Jets



THE WEIRD WORLD OF GAHAN WILSON



"How much for just the ring?"



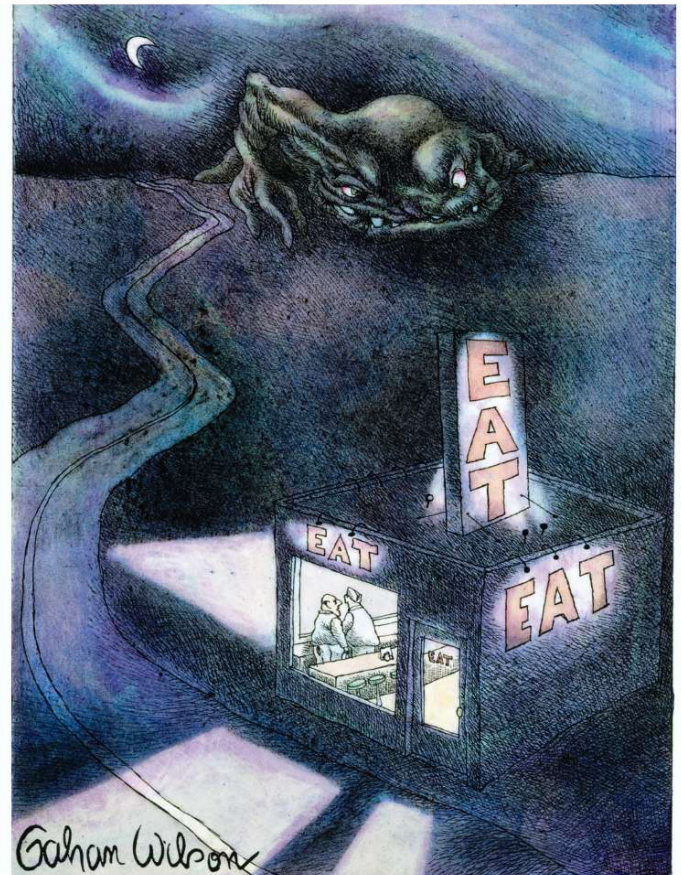
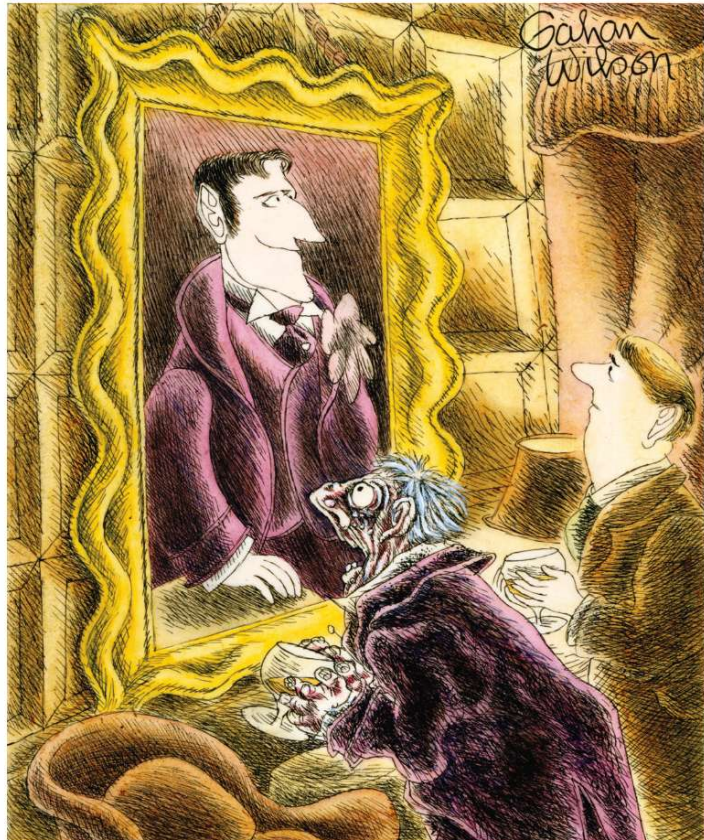
"You rang, sir?"



"I've told you not to do that!"



"All right—what's the trouble this time?"



"I kept hoping the picture would get old and repulsive looking instead of me, but it didn't work out that way."

"My God—do you suppose it can read?!"

GIRLS *of the* PAC 10

OUR INTREPID
LENSMEN
JOURNEY INTO THE
WILD WEST

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
GEORGE GEORGIU & JARED RYDER



OREGON STATE

Audrianna Lynn, Laura Lynn,
Natalia Lombardi, Adrianna Fae

WELCOME, SPORTS FANS, to the final edition of *Girls of the Pac 10*. For 32 years these two handfuls of schools have supplied America with more than its share of highlight reels and beautiful women. With great California schools on its roster, not to mention Oregon, Arizona and Washington, the

Pac 10 has been *the* place to score your touchdowns. Will the future Pac 12, with new members Utah and Colorado, prove as strong? Only time will tell. For now, let's enjoy this go-round. We'll start with Joey Lin, a gorgeous Duck (opposite), and the bevy of Beavers you see above.





WASHINGTON - Joi Hollie



USC - Sarah Vita



OREGON STATE - Laura Lynn



WASHINGTON - Hayden Hayes



OREGON - Layc Nichole



Clockwise from top left: "I hate being cold, and I hate flying in airplanes," says University of Washington coed Joi Hollie. Book a private jet with extra blankets and you're all set. We have a latte love for Washington's Hayden Hayes, a coffee aficionado who has lived in Italy. More grounds for celebration: Layc Nichole from the University of Oregon works as a barista at Dutch Bros. Coffee. Caution, extremely hot! How's this for the best a man can get: Laura Lynn of Oregon State enjoys boys, showers and freshly shaved legs. Sarah Vita is a trouper. This smiling Trojan loves French culture and hates fast food. Posing with a basket of fries must have been torture.





ARIZONA STATE - Chrissa Carolyn



STANFORD - Kristen Elizabeth Gura



CALIFORNIA - Ophelia Shalott

Clockwise from above: A double major in journalism and psychology at Arizona State, Chrissa Carolyn wants to be a newscaster or to catch serial killers. Why not do both? "Stanford students are generally nerds trying their best to look like they're not trying," Kristen Elizabeth Gura admits. "Your roommate may say she's going to play sand volleyball, but she's really headed straight for the library." Katie Carroll of UCLA happens to be a brand ambassador for Hef squeeze Crystal Harris's makeup line. A literature junkie (as you might have guessed), California's Ophelia Shalott tells us she likes "pointless puns, superfluous synonyms and excessive assonance." Sounds like she's been studying her Longfellow.





UCLA - Katie Carroll



ARIZONA - Julia Diane Lange



UCLA - Rachel Lorraine



WASHINGTON STATE - Michelle Wittenberg



Clockwise from top left: Julia Diane Lange studies criminology and forensics at the University of Arizona—*CSI: Tucson*, anyone? The Bruins' campus is less than a mile from the Mansion, which gives UCLA babes like Rachel Lorraine a leg up in Playboyland. "Arizona girls get so much sunshine and spend so much time outdoors," says ASU's Jamie Bradford. "And we can take the heat: A native girl like me can handle any 120-degree day. I just need a pool close by and a drink in my hand." Whoa! Washington State's Michelle Wittenberg is an avid dancer who made the Seattle Seahawks cheerleading squad last year. Too bad the Hawks won only five games.



See more college babes
at playboy.com/pac10.

ARIZONA STATE - Jamie Bradford

FOOTBALL

(continued from page 94)

to be so strong that people watch regardless of the score."

THREE FOR THE SHOW

Cosell spent the first season upstaging Keith Jackson, a traditional play-by-play man. (Too traditional, thought Arledge, who had a replacement in mind. "Roone was hell-bent on hiring his buddy Frank Gifford," says staffer Dennis Lewin, who would later produce *MNF*.) The third man was former Cowboys quarterback Don Meredith, who retired at the age of 30 because he detested Dallas coach Tom Landry and couldn't hack losing in the playoffs year after year. A free spirit who dressed in pink pants and a suede cowboy hat for network meet and greets, Meredith got his tele-baptism when director Forte rolled a blooper reel showing him fumbling, stumbling, tossing interceptions and getting sacked.

"Dan-dy Don Meredith," Cosell asked, "how does it feel to review the glories of yesteryear?"

"Aw, Howard...I didn't know ya'll were gonna do that." Meredith's wincing smile won over an audience of millions. Just as Arledge expected, he was a perfect foil for Cosell.

What nobody expected was how loose the rookie color man would be. During that first game the Browns' Fair Hooker caught a pass, and Meredith observed, "Isn't Fair Hooker a great name? Fair Hooker—I haven't met one yet."

Halftime brought the first of *MNF*'s soon-famous highlights with Cosell's nasal narration. Footage of Sunday's games had to be flown to NFL Films in New Jersey—though a blizzard in Buffalo or Green Bay would mean a brave PR man might have to drive it there—and from there the footage would be fed to the *MNF* crew. The best plays from four or five games made the cut. "Howard was brilliant with the highlights," says Bob Goodrich, a gofer who rose to producer a decade later. "As production assistant, it was my job to bring him notes on which plays were coming up. He'd say, 'Young man, I don't need that. Just show me the footage.' And he'd narrate it in one take." When a runner broke a tackle Cosell said, "He could...go all...the way," a line Chris Berman now quotes to fans who think it's Berman's. "Howard was...well, he was Howard," says Goodrich. "One night I made some little mistake, and he told me I had single-handedly destroyed *Monday Night Football*. The next week he put his arm around me and told everyone how brilliant I was."

Later in the first *Monday Night* game, with the Jets starting a last-minute drive, the Browns flushed Namath from the pocket. He escaped but forced a pass. Linebacker Billy Andrews snagged it and rumbled past Namath, who appeared too stunned to move. Pick-six, game over.

Most directors would have cut to the happy Andrews or the cheering crowd. Forte switched to the golf-cart cam—a shot of Namath, head hanging, beaten. It was the image of the week, capping a vivid debut for Arledge's experiment. He and Forte shook hands with the announcers and thumped them on the back. Then they all went out and drank like Raiders.

"People were calling the network before the game ended," says Lewin. "Half of them blasted Howard for being biased against Cleveland. The other half hated him for being biased against Namath and the Jets." After the game Henry Ford II, who owned the car company that was the show's main sponsor, demanded Cosell be fired. According to legendary producer Don Ohlmeyer, "Roone Arledge said, 'Go screw yourself. Nobody tells me who to put in the booth.'"

According to *Sports Illustrated*, the broadcast "wasn't too bad." *The Washington Star* ripped Cosell's "retching prattle." *Newsweek* called the show "erratic, indisputably controversial, seldom dull."

Cosell sulked. "Retching prattle?" Play-by-play man Jackson, unmentioned, said he felt like "Charlie Anonymous."

Then the ratings came in. The opener had tripled the previous year's Monday-night slate on ABC. More than a third of all the TV viewers in America tuned in. Fans, including 10 million women—40 percent of the audience!—were buzzing on some chemical reaction catalyzed by the announcers, the camera work, the music and the sheer drama of seeing pro football at night.

One viewer, a 14-year-old quarterback for Finleyville Middle School outside Monongahela, Pennsylvania, stayed up past his bedtime, sitting in the glow of a brand-new color TV. "*Monday Night Football* was it," says Joe Montana. "You could feel the momentum—this game's gonna leave baseball and basketball behind. I thought, If I could just get on there..."

Everyone, it seemed, liked the show's cutting-edge camera work, and fans male and female, young and old, die-hard and brand-new, agreed on one thing:

EVERYBODY HATES HOWARD

The least likely TV star since Gumbly, Howard Cohen began life in 1918. By middle age he was a stogie-smoking, Smirnoff-guzzling egoist who called himself the smartest sportscaster alive. He was probably right. No doubt he was the bravest. A lone goose honking Muhammad Ali's praises when the champ was stripped of his heavyweight crown for refusing to fight in Vietnam, Cosell got a flood of hate mail calling him "Jew bastard" and "nigger lover." He owned a dozen toupees, one of which flew off during a scuffle after an Ali fight. A consummate New Yorker who never learned to drive a car, Cosell rode in ABC limousines, stayed in plush suites and indulged a growing thirst for vodka before and during games.

"Howard could booze like nobody else, but sometimes he lost track," an insider says. In the middle of the first season, after downing a few drinks at a pregame party in Philadelphia, he welcomed a Philly fireman to the *Monday Night* booth. The fireman, dispatched by Eagles owner Leonard Tose, left an ice bucket beside Cosell's chair. The bucket held a jug of vodka martinis. Soon the jug was empty and Cosell was mumbling on air, mispronouncing the home team's name. "The Phladuff...Phullada..."

Whereupon he leaned over and vomited on Meredith's cowboy boots.

Cosell staggered out of Franklin Field and hailed a taxi for the 95-mile drive home to New York. The next day he denied he'd been drunk, blaming "a virulent virus." Arledge could have fired him then and there. A *Family Feud* test survey asking Americans "Who do you hate?" resulted in this top three: Richard Nixon, Howard Cosell and Satan.

Arledge loved it. With villain Cosell, good ol' boy Meredith and the best sports telecast in TV history, the show galvanized millions of football fans and created millions more. Never mind that according to Goodrich the show was "a circus. I had covered two Olympics, but this was real pressure." Director Forte and producer Ohlmeyer waged war in the truck. Forte was "a genius," says Lewin. "And a wild man." One game found Forte shouting at Ohlmeyer, "Jesus Christ, get with it!" As Ohlmeyer recalls it, "We're yelling back and forth, and in the midst of this chaos I put all six cameras on Tom Jackson, who proceeds to intercept the next pass. I pointed at Chet and said, 'Okay, you fuck, now replay it.'"

During the first two years of *Monday Night Football*, the sport passed baseball as the country's most popular game, the new national pastime. Restaurants and movie houses saw their crowds thin out on Monday nights. Some X-rated theaters shut down that night. Crime fell as criminals stayed home to watch the game. And the fame Cosell wanted so much—and knew he deserved—boomeranged on him. Some fans mooned him. Others organized "I Hate Howard" nights in sports bars, where they heaved bricks at his face on the screen. A stadium banner showed Howard being flushed down a toilet. Another showed a bulging penis stuck in Howard's mouth.

Cosell was baffled. America hated him but loved Dandy Don, whose easy charm masked what Cosell saw as the laziness of a spoiled ex-jock.

The show's dirty secret was that neither of them liked NFL football. Meredith's signature song when one team put the game away—"Turn out the lights, the party's over"—was the relief of a man who couldn't wait to leave the booth. Earning \$33,000, feeling underpaid and underappreciated, he barely bothered to prep before games. One night, when Meredith praised the wrong player for a tackle, Forte ripped him over the IFB—the "interrupted feedback"

THE NYMPHO



line only the crew could hear: "You stupid son of a bitch! Don't talk till Howard asks you a question."

Now Meredith sulked. The most popular member of the top team in sports TV, he squeezed ABC for a \$7,000 second-season raise while the network boosted its ad rates from \$60,000 to \$100,000 a minute. Soon *Monday Night Football* was the most profitable program in TV history.

By then Keith Jackson was gone. Jackson was so smooth, he hadn't missed a beat the night Cosell's cigar ashes fell into the cuff of his pants, starting a fire. With his pant leg burning, Jackson coolly called a play and went to commercial. It wasn't enough to save his job when the word came down on the one-way phone Arledge used to call the truck: Charlie Anonymous was out, Frank Gifford was in.

HIGH TIMES

Gifford, 41, was football's aging golden boy. A former USC and Giants star, the only

player ever to make All-Pro on offense and defense, Gifford was catnip to the women Arledge saw as the key to ratings.

"He was the reason my mom watched," recalls Jon Gruden, who was nine that year. "My brothers and I had to go to bed at halftime, but we'd sneak downstairs in the third quarter. We wanted to play quarterback like Dandy Don, and we imitated Howard: 'This is *How-ad Co-sell*, witnessing the precocity of *Tampa towhead Jonny Gruden*.' But my mom watched because she had a crush on Frank."

Abrasive Cosell, country charmer Meredith ("the coolest guy in the world," one staffer says without irony) and golden Gifford—three men in canary-yellow blazers the network introduced in 1971—would make *Monday Night Football* a national habit.

"Howard, Frank and Dandy Don, those guys were pretty dang entertaining," Montana says.

Meredith, who called the president Tricky Dick, joined Cosell in sipping vodka in the booth. By 1973 Arledge feared he was smoking pot pregame, particularly after he welcomed viewers to Denver with a jolly "We're in the Mile High City, and I really am!" Gifford completed the dysfunctional trio by blowing more lines than Tony Montana. He called Detroit's Lem Barney "Mel Barney" and Atlanta coach Leeman Bennett "Leeman Beeman." He turned fair catch into *care fatch* and opened a broadcast by saying, "Hi, Frank, I'm everybody."

Cosell, rolling his eyes, gave Gifford a sarcastic nickname. To him Faultless Frank and Dandy Don were members of the "jockocracy," lunkheads peddling "redundant jargon the public accepts as mystic insight." He thought they were teaming up against him, and sometimes he was right. Before one game Gifford and Meredith told Ohlmeyer, "We're not talking to Howard tonight."

The producer couldn't believe it. "What if he asks you a question?"

"We won't answer," said Gifford.

"Yeah!" Meredith said.

Ohlmeyer talked them out of it, "but there was nonstop tension" in the booth, he says. When Cosell ripped Baltimore's tackling, Gifford mumbled, "Howard, I wish Baltimore would play with your butt for a while." When Cosell gloated during a dull Giants-Cowboys game, "Gentlemen, your respective teams are performing a comedy of errors," Meredith spoke for both of them:

"At least we *have* respective teams."

Meanwhile the show was flying high. "The whole country was talking about it," recalls All-Pro linebacker Phil Villapiano. "The league picked the good teams for *Monday Night Football*. It was like a Super Bowl every week." Villapiano's Raiders dominated the first decade, going 10-3 on Monday nights. Coach Madden reminded his men of their record, and they taunted other teams: "You'll never play on Monday night."

Villapiano was player of the game in his Monday debut. "That's when I really saw the power of the Monday night game," he says. "People kept coming up to me, saying my name like Howard did. *Vil-la-pi-annno!* La-Z-Boy was one of the sponsors, and the show sent me a La-Z-Boy chair. When we didn't play I stretched out and watched." For teams that had played on Sunday, Monday was recovery day. Players gutted out game after game with broken bones and torn muscles with help from steroids (still legal), speed, hormones (including horse testosterone and primitive black-market human growth hormones) and lots of painkillers. "Monday morning wasn't so bad; you still had some painkillers in you. But that night you felt *everything*. I'd lie there with some provolone and wine, moaning and trying not to move, yelling, 'Tell it like it is, Howard!'"

Behind the scenes, director Forte played shrink for what he called "three very delicate and emotional people." For him at least there were perks beyond the limos, hotel suites and police escorts to the stadium that came with working on ABC's top-rated show. Cosell funneled *MNF* groupies his way by telling them, "Come to my hotel room, darling," and giving them Forte's room number. Forte, who was known for his between-play



"Fred! How much longer are you going to be carving out that pumpkin?"

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“honey shots” of gorgeous female fans, also used production assistants to recruit the girls for dates with the director—until one honey mouthed “Hi, Chet” for all America to see, including Forte’s wife.

In Dallas in 1973, Forte and Ohlmeyer welcomed several beauties into the truck—moments before Arledge arrived unannounced. “Roone turned around, went to the airport and flew back to New York. Chet and I thought we were toast,” says Ohlmeyer. Arledge forgave them, “but he never let us forget it.”

TURN OUT THE LIGHTS?

Meredith jumped to NBC in 1974, signing a \$200,000 deal that stated he could never be called Dandy Don or Danderoo. To replace him, Arledge considered NFL heroes Paul Hornung, Sam Huff and Bart Starr, as well as former college players Burt Reynolds and Bill Cosby. He chose Fred “the Hammer” Williamson, a Chiefs cornerback turned *Playgirl* centerfold and blaxploitation actor. “I’ll bring some color to the show,” joked Williamson, who lasted three weeks. To replace him, Arledge turned to ex-Lion Alex Karras, best known for being suspended for betting on NFL games and punching a horse in *Blazing Saddles*. Karras at least had wit. After serving his suspension he was asked to call a pregame coin flip and said, “Sorry, I’m not allowed to gamble.” In the *Monday Night* booth he took one look at Oakland’s baleful, shaved-head Otis Sistrunk and said Sistrunk was “from the University of Mars.” Karras lasted three seasons, but ratings skidded. He was no Meredith. In 1977 Karras was booted in favor of...Don Meredith.

Rejoining what he called “the Monday night traveling freak show” made him Dandy Don again, but if Meredith was selling out he got a fair-hooker price: \$400,000 a year. With Howard, Frank and Don reunited, the show rejoined the Nielsen leaders with more than 13 million viewers a week. Commercials were selling for a record \$125,000 a minute. Less than a decade after ABC paid the league

\$34.5 million to televise the first four years of *Monday Night Football*, the price rose to \$592 million for another four. And the revolution was on. During the 1970s the NFL became the first sports league to draw most of its revenue from television. Soon, thanks to TV rights that would sell for \$2 billion in 1982, every team in the league turned a multimillion-dollar profit before selling a single ticket, parking spot, pennant, hot dog or beer.

Other sports work better watched in person: the leisurely pace of a baseball game, NHL skates slashing ice, a hoops crowd on its feet for a last-second shot. Only football is better on TV. Seen live from all but the best seats, NFL action has always been a muddle. Who’s got the ball? Half the fans don’t know. “In the stadium, a four-yard gain is a four-yard gain,” said Cowboys owner Jerry Jones. “On TV it seems like Armageddon.” No wonder he put the world’s biggest JumboTron in his stadium.

Cosell’s Armageddon came suddenly. It wasn’t sucking Smirnoff bottles dry during games that brought him down or publicly calling Meredith and Gifford “the imbecile and the mannequin.” It was a sentence he uttered on September 5, 1983. When the Redskins’ five-foot-seven Alvin Garrett, who is black, nabbed a pass, Cosell cried, “That little monkey gets loose, doesn’t he?” He was no racist—Ali’s longtime champion and a close friend of Jackie Robinson’s, Cosell even called his children little monkeys. Garrett said he considered the line a compliment. But it was too late. Hounded by critics who called him a bigot, betrayed—he thought—by O.J. Simpson, whom he brought into the booth only to have Simpson join the jockocracy and rip him on the air (“Howard, you have a firm grasp of the obvious”), Cosell said to hell with it. He quit the show—the first media star sacked by political correctness.

TURNAROUND

“The mid-1980s sucked,” says an ABC source. “Without Howard, it wasn’t special

anymore.” The year before Cosell left, *MNF* ranked 10th in the Nielsen ratings. The year after, it fell to 25th. The show’s early success had led all three networks to supersize their football coverage; they were now running 20 hours of NFL and NCAA games a week. By Monday fans had seen enough football. *MNF* was running last in its time slot, trounced by *Cagney & Lacey*. A 1984 matchup of the big-market Giants and glamorous Niners set an unexpected record: the show’s lowest ratings ever. As a reward for its earlier triumphs the *MNF* team got to call that year’s Super Bowl; the show set production records with 40 cameras, 50 mikes, 17 video machines, a blimp, a helicopter and the first million-dollar commercials in TV history. But Meredith seemed bored. Simpson spouted clichés. Gifford was as stumble-tongued as ever, referring to the Dolphins’ Mark Duper and Mark Clayton as “the two Dupers.”

“Don and Frank were still special,” says Montana, that year’s Super Bowl MVP, “but the show had lost some luster.” Its low point came the following season, with Meredith gone for good and a worst-yet trio of Gifford, Simpson and newcomer Joe Namath in the booth. It would take two more years and two more substitutions to save the franchise.

“By then I was head of production at ABC Sports,” says Lewin. “I told my boss, Dennis Swanson, ‘*Monday Night Football*’s a little stale with Frank and O.J. and Namath. We keep trying to recapture the magic of Howard, Frank and Don, but it’s not working.’ I suggested putting Al Michaels on play-by-play, making Frank the color man and maybe adding another guy later. That third person would be Dan Dierdorf, and Al, Frank and Dan would have the longest run of any booth team ever—you can look it up.”

According to sportswriter Bud Shrake, “If you joke with Gifford about football, you will be the only one joking.” In 1986 Gifford accepted what he saw as a demotion—from straight play-by-play to color man—to make room for the most focused play-by-play man alive. Al Michaels, then 41, best known for calling the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team’s “Miracle on Ice” (“Do you believe in miracles? Yes!”), prepped for every game as if he were cramming for final exams. Michaels was thrilled to join *Monday Night Football* but worried he was arriving too late. On the day he got the job an ABC executive said, “Congratulations. You got invited to the orgy after the girls went home.”

After a solid season in a two-man booth Michaels and Gifford were joined by 290-pound Dan Dierdorf, a six-time All-Pro tackle who dwarfed the other announcers. “Dierdorf is boarding a leaking boat,” *Sports Illustrated* cracked. Instead he helped right the ship, pairing Cosellian barbs (“Andre Waters is the NFL’s cheap-shot artist”) with a schoolboy’s love of the game. When the 1987 players’ strike led to owners fielding teams of “replacement” players, Dierdorf ripped both sides. Years later, in Denver, John Elway’s four-yard touchdown run gave the Broncos a 28–24 lead with 1:29 left. Montana, now with the Chiefs, led them 75 yards as the clock ticked to 00:08. Sore-shouldered, 38 years old, Montana took a last snap and found Willie Davis,



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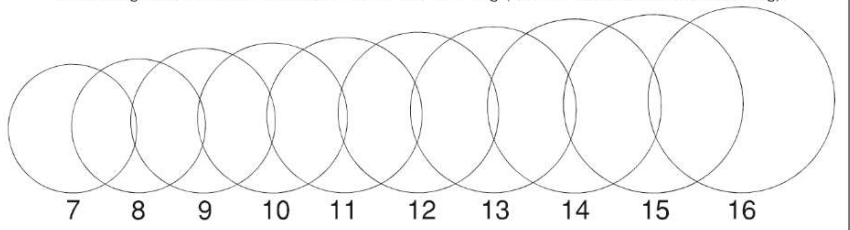
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who stretched as he fell and touched the ball to the pylon. In the booth Dierdorf shouted, "Lord, take me now because I have just seen it all!"

Montana remembers that game too. "Maybe *Monday Night* was getting its luster back," he says.

"Getting the magic back," Dierdorf says. "We still had Frank, our tie to the 1970s glory. But we were more of a sports broadcast. Nothing against jokes or songs, but we were all about the game. And our ratings went up and up."

Michaels makes the same point. "Everyone talks about the glory days of *Monday Night Football*. But that was a different era," he says. "You had three network affiliates, a local VHF station or two and a UHF station you could get if you put tinfoil on the rabbit-ear antenna on top of the set. By the time we dominated our era we had Animal Planet, the Weather Channel and 15,000 others to beat. What really frosts me is lazy critics saying the old *Monday Night* was a raging success when it was about 20th in an environment of 54 shows a week. We were fourth out of 150!"

While Michaels, Gifford and Dierdorf surfed the ratings into the show's third decade, the industry was changing. Production costs for the weekly on-location extravaganza had risen faster than ad sales could cover. When Dierdorf came aboard, *MNF* was losing \$1.5 million a week. Capital Cities Communications, a conglomerate known for pinching pennies, had bought ABC for \$3.5 billion. The days of limos and luxury suites were long gone. Michaels found himself riding to games in a rented Ford Taurus, humming a theme song that he, like everyone else, loved the first thousand times he heard it.

"Monday Night Football Fanfare," the show's brassy *bup-bup-bup-bummm*, came first. In 1989, after a first try at a long-form theme

fell flat, an ABC producer phoned Hank Williams Jr.'s manager, Merle Kilgore.

"Does Hank know anything about football?" the producer asked.

"Does Hank know football? Hank's an American," Kilgore said. "You bet he knows football."

Williams adapted his country hit "All My Rowdy Friends Are Coming Over Tonight" and was soon duetting with Bon Jovi, Big Bird, Bill Clinton, Snoop Dogg, Steven Tyler, Britney Spears and several million others, all celebrating the return of Monday night as a national holiday. By the mid-1990s *Monday Night Football* was again the top-rated show on ABC.

"A lot of good it did us," an insider says. "We got sold to Mickey Mouse."

MONDAY NIGHT MENACE

In 1996 the Walt Disney Company bought Capital Cities/ABC for \$19 billion. Since Disney already owned ESPN, some media watchers warned that the cable stepchild might eat the network, but Michaels and Dierdorf weren't worried. They had the top-rated sports show. They no longer had their tie to 1970s glory, though, not after Suzen Johnson got through with Gifford. In 1997, after 25 years of televised boners, Gifford met Johnson for a series of trysts at a Manhattan hotel. It was a trap. The busty blonde flight attendant had been hired by a tabloid that installed secret cameras in the room. After some TV porn and oral sex, the 66-year-old Gifford told her, "You're so perky!" His wife, Kathie Lee, offered sexual healing. ("Each time you make love, that person feels forgiven," she perked to *People*.) The network, less forgiving, used the scandal as an excuse to shift Gifford to the pregame show, where he split time with Chris Berman's booming "Monday Night Blast" from the ESPN Zone in Baltimore—an early sign of things to come.

A couple of months later Michaels and Dierdorf were watching the premiere of *Sunday Night Football* on ESPN when they heard Hank Jr.'s *MNF* anthem.

"They took our music!" Michaels said.

Dierdorf still can't believe it. "That was the eye-opener. When ESPN management took what was unique to *Monday Night* and gave it to Sunday, we knew ABC Sports was on its way out. It was all ESPN from there."

Says Michaels, "There is synergy that's helpful and synergy that's garbage."

Into an unsettled booth jogged Norman "Boomer" Esiason, the NFL's 1988 MVP, who bristled when Michaels urged him to "go past the rudimentary—people want to hear more than what you'd do on third down." Bounced after two seasons, Esiason blamed Michaels, claiming he'd been backstabbed at "Al's Broadcasting Company."

ABC Sports president Howard Katz was frantic. "We've got to make *Monday Night* special again," he said. Producer Don Ohlmeyer considered Jimmy Johnson, Sterling Sharpe, Tom Jackson, Robin Roberts and Billy Crystal. He was about to offer Chris Rock a seat in the booth when Rock's opposite came through the door.

Rush Limbaugh auditioned for Ohlmeyer in a cramped Hollywood studio, sounding off to a tape of the Titans-Bills Music City Miracle playoff while Michaels called play-by-play and new hire Melissa Stark faked sideline reports. Limbaugh wowed them all. He could have been football's whitest color man, but NFL commissioner Paul Tagliabue nixed the idea. Limbaugh, who went on to lose an ESPN gig when he called Donovan McNabb an overrated quarterback, implying that McNabb benefited from reverse racism, returned to radio, and Ohlmeyer picked another wild card.

Same studio, same Music City Miracle, take two: In one frenzied factoid-filled hour, *Saturday Night Live* alum Dennis Miller ("Cletidus Hunt? That's not a player; that's a raid on a sorority") won the Dandy Don chair in the *Monday Night* booth. Before his first show in 2000 he told Michaels, "A year ago I was sitting in my underpants, eating peanuts, watching the game. Now I'm announcing it!" Ohlmeyer restored the limos, hotel suites and expense accounts of the glory days. Michaels, quarterbacking an all-new team featuring Miller, Dan Fouts and sideline speed bump Eric Dickerson ("Al, when it's muddy, football players use cleats"), settled in for what he calls "two enjoyably bizarre years."

Miller's chatter made news at first. He said the Chiefs' 44-year-old Warren Moon was "older than the cuneiform in Nebuchadnezzar's tomb." He implied that the 49ers were gay: "Is it just me or are they doing an awful lot of ass patting?" He spewed lines that would get him fired today: "Ouch! Marino goes down quicker than his Boone's Farm-infused sister in the back of my '68 Cutlass!" But even at his best he sounded scripted. At his worst, Miller sounded like the obnoxious guy on the next bar stool.

"I've seen women pee standing up with better aim!"

In the end one of the few highlights of 2000–2001 was the pregame fireworks show



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that set Melissa Stark's sweater on fire and left Stark, unlike Miller, unscathed.

LAST OF THE BOOM YEARS

John Madden couldn't stomach Miller's act. "I thought the game was the entertainment," he said. Two years later he got a chance to prove his point.

In 2002, 17 years after Cosell said Madden was "past his peak," the former Raiders coach took a pay cut to join Michaels in what ABC billed as a two-man dream team. ABC signed him for four years at \$5 million a season, and on his first night at work a wicked hit drew his patented gravely "Boom!"

"Let it be duly noted—the first Monday night boom," said Michaels. He wasn't counting two booms on the "tough-actin' Tinactin" commercial that had just aired, and that was part of the problem. At 66, the same age as Gifford when Gifford was put out to stud, Madden was mentally sharp, but his shtick was getting stale. He and Michaels may have been the best booth team since the show's first season, but ratings continued a seven-year slide into the red. With NFL rights fees and production costs rising, the show was losing \$150 million a year.

When Stark got pregnant, producers hired a curvy turducken named Lisa Guerrero, a former Rams cheerleader who knew her demographic. "If some 18-year-

old thinks I'm hot, then I embrace that," said Guerrero. If the party wasn't over, it was winding down. The network's next brainstorm was a halftime feature in which NFL players got punked, Ashton Kutcher-style. Welcome to the new *Monday Night Football*: Torry Holt tricked into wearing a tiara and tutu.

In 2004, with the show entering its 35th season, the landscape changed again. The NFL re-upped with CBS and Fox for a total of \$8 billion through 2011. That was more than the combined TV rights for the Olympics, MLB, NBA and NHL. It left Sunday and Monday nights for ABC and ESPN—if Disney met the league's asking price. The price, unreported until now, was \$1.5 billion. Disney said no. The NFL's negotiators warned that there was another bidder in the mix. Disney, apparently thinking the league's warning was a bluff, didn't see NBC blitzing from the blind side.

In 2005 Disney boosted its offer to \$1.55 billion—\$50 million more than the league had asked for. Too late. The league announced that NBC had landed Sunday nights. "Sunday is now the better night," said Tagliabue. Now only Monday night was left, and if ABC kept Monday night, ESPN would have no prime-time football. That couldn't happen, because Disney based its

sub fee, the rate it charged cable subscribers, on ESPN carrying NFL games in prime time. And that, in turn, is why ABC lost *Monday Night Football*. Thirty-five years of TV history lost out to sub fees.

Michaels and Madden's penultimate game drew 12 million viewers, the lowest-rated *Monday Night* game in 15 years. The final week's meaningless Jets-Pats cluster fumble wasn't much better. Sideline reporter Michele Tafoya, a new mom, channeled Cosell by vomiting moments before kickoff. The Jets lost by the same 31-21 score by which Namath's Jets had lost the first Monday game. The *MNF* era ended just after midnight with a clip of Meredith singing "Turn out the lights..." fading into Hank Williams Jr.'s mournful "...the party's over."

OR IS IT?

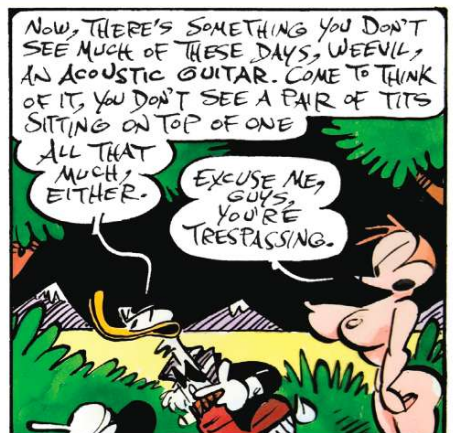
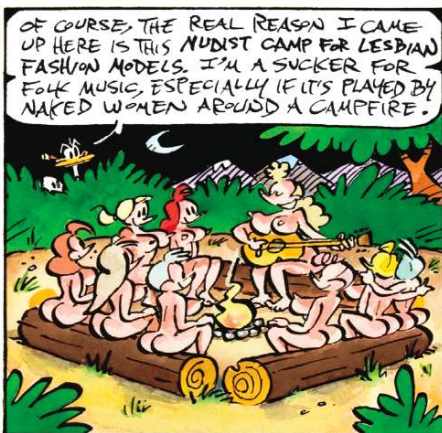
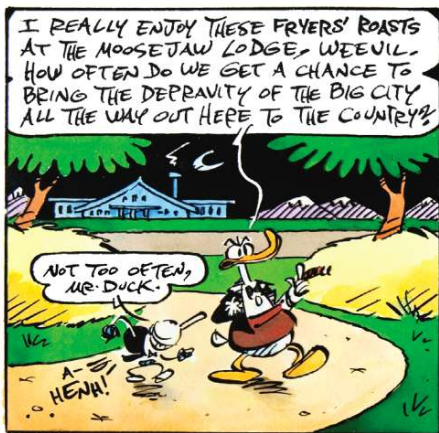
So who's the joker on there now?

"Me!" says Jon Gruden, who sported a Joker mask to make the point that some players are versatile, like wild cards.

He's no Dandy Don or even a Tony Kornheiser, the announcer he replaced last year. "He's better," says a colleague. "ESPN's had a good broadcast since it gave it to the football guys."

Since taking over *MNF* in 2006 the cable colossus has put its own stamp on the show.

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



Last summer Gruden, Ron Jaworski, Mike Tirico and producer Jay Rothman spent a week on an ESPN bus, rolling into Pittsburgh for a Steelers preseason game and from there to Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, New Jersey, eating and sleeping football. "That was our training camp," says Gruden, who's as amped offscreen as on. The former Raiders and Bucs coach, who won Super Bowl XXXVII with Tampa Bay, had no trouble with Xs and Os but fought butterflies. "I had stage fright—and Rothman was no help!" The producer was prepping his stars for their first live broadcast when he mentioned the show would be seen by more than 10 million viewers all over the world. "Gruden, don't screw it up," he added.

Gruden choked on the air more than once. "I stuttered. I froze up." When an early-season game ended with a last-gasp interception, "I got all excited, cut in and started doing play-by-play."

"Gruden, that's Mike's job," said the voice in his earpiece.

"Sorry!"

Gruden still needs to cool his inner Chucky, and Jaworski sometimes spews helmet-head jargon ("It's big to allow the jack linebacker to go sideline to sideline"), but with Tirico playing traffic cop, the football guys made *MNF* worth watching in 2009.

Immediately after each Monday game the announcers get iPods with the audio so they can listen to their work as they fly home. Next morning a package arrives—CDs of the game and of the teams playing next Monday. Jaworski screens his video at the New Jersey headquarters of NFL Films, where he has a private Jaws cave. Gruden watches his while running on a treadmill in Tampa. Each Thursday they kick ideas around by conference call. On Saturday morning they fly to the game site to watch the home team practice and meet with its coaches and key players. Ditto for the other team on Sunday, plus a production meeting. Two Monday meetings and hours of last-minute cramming lead to a pregame speech from Gruden.

"I get fired up," he says. "Last year in Green Bay I said, 'This is Lambeau Field, men. Hallowed ground. Let's deliver a championship broadcast in a championship setting!'" The game drew 21.8 million viewers—the most ever to watch a cable-TV program and several million more than *MNF* averaged in its last year on ABC. Afterward Jaworski and Gruden handed out game balls to the crew. By the end of the season the seven highest-rated shows in cable history were all *Monday Night Football* on ESPN.

On the eve of its 40th anniversary, sports TV's riskiest gamble is a hit again. But what kind of hit? A basic-cable imitation of a once-proud franchise or something new and improving?

"All I know," says Gruden, "is that when I was coaching, people stopped me in the grocery store to gripe. 'You blockhead, throw it to Galloway!' Now they come up and do the music. 'Bup-bup-bup-bummm!' Women, teenagers, little kids. Every form of life likes *Monday Night Football*."



WOMAN

(continued from page 66)

so he took a room in their palatial oceanfront estate seated on a regal hilltop over Saint-Jean-Cap-Ferrat. She threw endless parties, a stream of artists and aristocrats constantly flowing in and out. After only two months Fortunato grew frustrated by her moodiness, and she grew jealous of his flirtations with other women. That's all they were—flirtations—and she was a vixen in her own right, but after increasingly vicious arguments, at last she threw him out.

"How long ago?" the passenger asks.

"Long," Fortunato says. The light turns green. "My first time away from home."

The girl's phone hums in her purse; she retrieves it and reads the message, smiling to herself. They drive in silence for a while. Fortunato waits until she's put the phone away again before announcing, "Today is my birthday." A lie, and a strange one—what does he think it will get him? All he knows is, he woke this morning thinking of Maria; that he could probably drive the streets of Nice backward with his eyes closed. He needs something to happen.

"Happy birthday. How old are you?"

"Forty." Might as well shave a few years off, too.

"You don't look it."

"Thank you."

"How are you celebrating?"

"Working."

"That's it?" She frowns, and he shrugs.

"Are you married?"

"Separated." It's the first time he's spoken the word since leaving Berlin six months ago.

They fall into silence again, and his thoughts drift back to Genevieve, the French girl from the ferry. Sometimes he still regrets how things ended. Long after she threw him out, they carried on with drunken trysts and spectacular arguments, until finally, during an off period, he followed her to a bar and made a scene, smashing her glass on the floor. The owner threw him out, and he spent the remainder of the night walking the boulevards alone, too depressed to return to his hot attic apartment. In the first morning light he found himself on a hillside at the city's edge, looking out to the harbor, where Genevieve's villa loomed above everything like some monument to her expensive tastes. He watched as the sun rose behind it, the palm-lined terraces and pink stucco grottoes he'd wandered so freely now as elusive as the Garden of Eden.

Fortunato drives down a row of pastel villas and turns onto the main street of patisseries and postcard shops. He rounds a curve and slows through the open plaza, rimmed by cafés, facing the harbor of Saint-Jean. Sailboats and yachts line the jetty walls, the foothills of the mountains rising beyond.

The car rolls up to the marina entrance, where the guard recognizes Fortunato and opens the electronic gate. When they near the 40-footer *Little Star*, Richard Watts steps out onto the rear deck and waves. He is shirtless, sun-browned, holding a glass of scotch.

"*Bonjour*, Fortunato!" he shouts when the car stops. Richard is clearly in a cheery mood and clearly feeling the effects of the scotch. Lurching down the gangplank and

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onto the pier, he calls, "Who've you brought to see me this time?"

"A lovely young lady," Fortunato calls back and winks at her. He opens her door, and she steps out into the sunlight.

"Hi, Uncle Richie."

Richard hops barefoot across the hot pavement, grabs her by the shoulders and kisses her on each cheek. When he releases her he gazes so intensely at her face that he almost looks angry. "How are you, darling Chloe? Good flight?"

"Fine."

Fortunato reaches for her luggage, feeling foolish: *Uncle Richie*.

Richard watches him place a bag on the ground. "Fortunato treat you well? No problems?"

He puts the second bag on the pavement and answers for her, "No problems. She was right where you said she'd be."

"Very good, very good." Richard lifts one bag onto his shoulder, then stoops for the other. His liquor splashes on the ground. He considers the situation, lets the bag drop and announces, "I'll send Louis down for these." Then he turns to Chloe: "All right, my dear." He faces Fortunato, pressing a few bills into his palm as they shake hands. "Thanks, mate."

"Can Fortunato come," Chloe asks, startling them both, "for dinner tonight?"

Richard sputters for a moment. Fortunato

is embarrassed too and starts to protest.

"Today's his birthday!" she says.

"Is that right?" Richard grins. "It's about time we had a drink, Fortunato. Can you come at nine?"

Fortunato knows he should decline, say he has plans for the evening—but the thought of another quiet night fills him with panic. "All right," he says. "I'll bring wine?"

"Brilliant." Richard strides toward the boat, with Chloe trailing behind. Just before Fortunato starts the car, she glances over her shoulder and smiles at him.

That evening he studies himself in the mirror—jaw shadowed with stubble, hair and eyes dark and shining like the harbor at night—and wonders how much older he would look to the relatives back home. He leans in closer to his reflection and decides he doesn't look *old* as much as he looks tired.

"The theater is closed," he said when Chloe asked about it. He wonders now why he felt compelled to speak of the *teatro* at all, let alone with such reverence—he'd never had much interest in it, really. When he was a child, fear had tinged his fascination with the marionettes that hung in the workshop and behind the stage. They seemed too numerous to count, suspended in rows from the dark rafters and staring forward as though captivated

by the dust motes that swirled around their wooden shapes. Some were taller than Fortunato was then, in gleaming suits of armor and plumes of bright silk. There was a dragon with its sharp teeth bared, the whites of its eyes painted to look as though they were rolling back in its head.

His father took one of the knights—Oliviero, with the sunburst on his shield and across his breastplate—down to show Fortunato the work that had gone into him, the skill with which his armor had been shaped, his intricately painted face and the way his knees could bend and his sword could be unsheathed.

"Oliviero battles the Saracens," Papa said, "and sometimes he's damaged in the fighting, and we need to fix him quickly offstage—hammer a dent from his armor, mend a broken wire. This one's 50 years old, and look at him, eh? Beautiful!"

Fortunato had reached out to touch Oliviero's dangling leg, and his father maneuvered the puppet to lunge forward, its defiant face swooping toward him. The boy gasped, and his father laughed.

"When you grow," he said, after returning Oliviero to his proper place in the rafters, "you'll learn to build the *pupi* too, the Castelletti way. You'll learn our family secrets with your brothers and carry them on to teach your sons." Putting his hand on Fortunato's head, he looked at the space around him, crowded with lifeless bodies, and inhaled deeply, proudly, as though he could smell his artistry in the air.

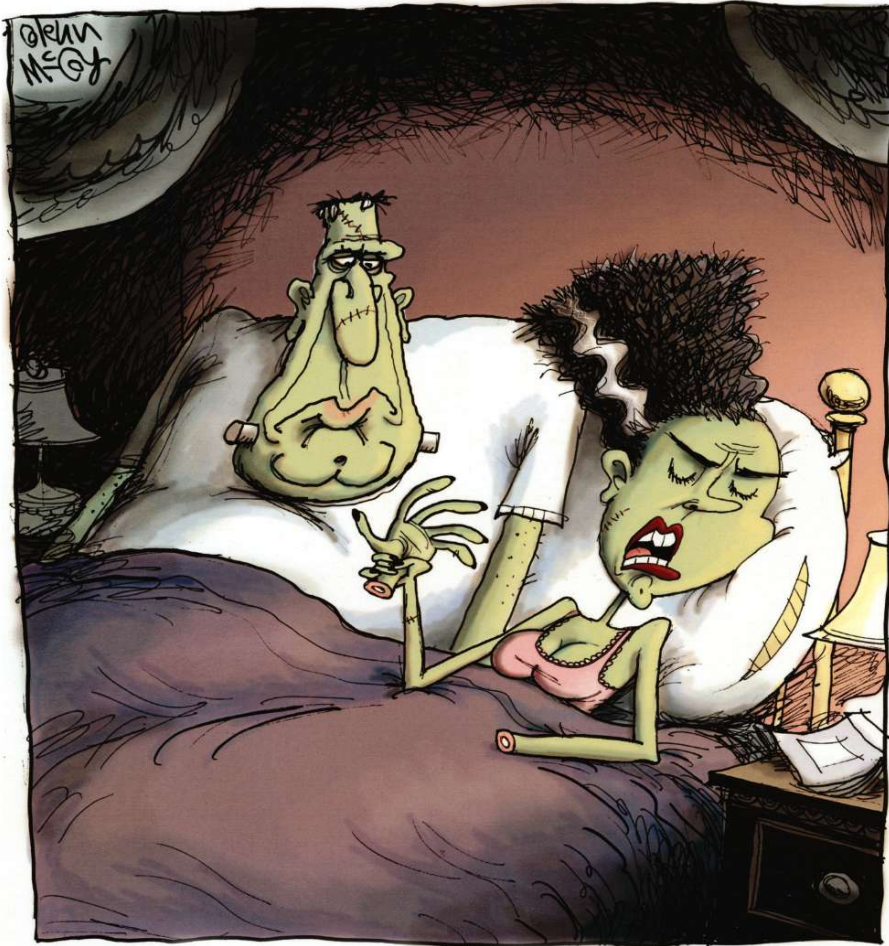
Fortunato was too young to remember it, but Papa told stories of the raucous crowds that once filled the theater, shouting and cheering and hissing at the puppet villains, sometimes even rushing the little stage—so beloved were the characters, so convincing the Castelletti's performances.

His brothers were stronger and more skilled than he, and maneuvering the marionettes came easily to them, while Fortunato's efforts were never quite satisfactory. When he was a boy the knights and sorcerers haunted his dreams: their furious, unblinking gazes; the frightening clank of their armor as they clambered across the stage; the clash of their swords in battle. The chivalrous hero Orlando had a stubborn, unwavering honesty that always struck Fortunato as somewhat foolish. The passionate pursuit of justice, in the face of misfortune and against all odds, had seemed unrealistic—almost dangerous—to him, even then.

So at the age of 20, when he should have been working in the *teatro* like the others, he boarded the boat to Naples and didn't look back, convinced his father's passion was an outdated piece of folklore, a symbol of Sicily's backwardness and nothing more.

Now Papa's dead, and Fortunato hasn't been home in 10 years. The last he heard, his brother Antonio was attempting to revive the theater as a tourist attraction there.

He shaves, puts on a clean linen shirt and brushes his hair back. As a young man he was considered handsome, and many local girls had hoped he'd choose them. On the Riviera, beautiful girls are everywhere—sprawled on beaches, bicycling along boardwalks, sitting in little dresses at cafés with their long legs crossed. Since returning from Berlin he's toyed with the idea of pursuing someone—but the very idea exhausts him. He never



"I'm tired—here."

expected this, but finds himself now longing for the life he once scorned—to have married a sweet, simple girl from the island, someone to feed him, tend to him and grow old beside him, to make the sign of the cross when he antagonized her but love him anyway, just as his mama had done. Even better would be to have patched things up with Genevieve and live in luxurious leisure like Richard. Instead, the fates sent him Maria, and the best he can hope for is a moment's peace.

She blames him for everything, and the ridiculousness of this blame makes him angry. Everything in his life, it seems, has happened independently of what Fortunato would have chosen or wanted, so how can anything be his fault? He loved her; they were happy together. That should have been enough.

But though he committed himself to Maria and swore off other women, he wasn't ready to be a father. Should he have lied, told her he was happy about the baby, promised they would all live happily forever? Instead, he told the truth; he admitted his fear. And when the unborn baby died—an act of the universe, independent of what either of them would have chosen, or wanted—she blamed him. As though his words had somehow reached the still-closed ears of the fetus, floating there in fluid oblivion; as though the misgivings he had dared to voice aloud pierced Maria's womb, destroying it, delivering their child back to the other world.

Fortunato stands gazing at his cramped room, the boxes still unopened and the clothes strewn across the rug. In spite of everything, he misses her.

Mama told him once that he had been born under a blood-red moon. He'd complained about having to wake early to unload fruit crates at the market, while his brother could carve in the workshop with Papa. She said he was destined for dissatisfaction unless he learned to change his outlook.

"You complain, you argue, you don't accept things as they are," Mama said. "You'll need to work hard, Fortunato, to be happy in this life."

Now he glances once more into the hallway mirror, grabs his keys and leaves the stifling apartment for the summer evening.

Richard and Chloe are sitting on the yacht's rear deck, looking out to the sunset, when he arrives.

"Welcome aboard," Richard calls as Fortunato climbs the ramp. Chloe kisses him on each cheek. She wears a light summer dress, and he can see her bikini straps tied beneath it; he realizes the dinner is to be more casual than he anticipated and for a moment feels uncomfortable. But soon Richard and Chloe are giving him a tour of the boat, dragging him downstairs to the living quarters, introducing him to the chef in the galley. The interior is beautiful, all teakwood, but less ostentatious than Fortunato imagined. It looks like an expensive, minimally decorated bachelor pad. Glancing around at the clutter of magazines and the lack of any apparent feminine influence, Fortunato feels a renewed kinship with Richard. He is relieved.

Not long after they return to the deck and

he grins, grabs the bottle and puts it on the sideboard beside Fortunato's.

A short time later, over bread and olives, Ulu turns to Fortunato and asks, "How do I know you? Do you live in Saint-Jean?"

"Monte Carlo," he says. "I worked for Mr. Watts some years ago. I've recently come back from Berlin."

"Call me Richard!" Richard cries. Then, turning to Ulu and Nicholas, he adds, "Fortunato is the single most dependable man I've ever known. I can't say what I'd do without him."

"Then who am I—the second most?" Nicholas asks.

"Dependable." Ulu snorts. "We weren't sure you'd even show up tonight, Nicholas."

"He's a Brit in the Riviera," Richard says to Ulu. "You must excuse him. The sun's

disorienting to a man like Nick—he's out of his element."

Then Chloe says, "Fortunato was telling me this afternoon about his family's puppet theater."

They all turn to him expectantly. Fortunato glances at the darkening sky, the lights of the cafés twinkling across the harbor. "Yes," he says. "It's true. Once the Teatro dei Castelletti was famous there, in Sicily."

"Is that right?" Richard regards him with interest. "Fortunato, I had no idea!"

Fortunato isn't sure if he's being mocked. "Yes," he continues carefully. "My father was respected for his skill with the marionettes. It's not easy to make them, or to make them come to life. Sadly, I know as much about it as I do about yachts—not a lot."

"You'd still do better at the helm than old man Watts after he's had a couple, am I

right?" Nicholas jokes, glancing at Richard.

"Why not?" Chloe asks.

Fortunato shrugs. "There's a saying with the *pupi siciliani* that the skill must be in your fingers even before you are born. I don't have it."

The stewards emerge then, to the guests' murmurs of approval, carrying plates of risotto. Attention shifts to the meal; they scrape chairs closer to the table, unfold napkins, lift their forks. Richard rings a bell and a man reappears with white tapered candles.

"That's right," he laughs, addressing the steward through a mouth already full of food. "The meal deserves to be seen as well as tasted!" Then he adds, "I want to propose a toast—to my lovely niece Chloe, my little miracle, in celebration of her return to us in Nice." He stands, raising his glass to the sky. "To good friends, and good times. And

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their wineglasses, the others arrive, pulling up in an antique cabriolet convertible. The car sputters to a stop and a tall, gangly man climbs out of the driver's side, followed by a petite woman in a strapless dress.

"Sorry we're late, Watts," the man calls as he jogs up the plank, arms swinging. He wears a pink polo shirt and Bermuda shorts, and grips a wine bottle by its neck. He smiles greetings to Fortunato and Chloe. "Ulu was fixing her hair."

"He's lying," the woman says without a trace of a smile as she ascends the gangplank behind him. "Nicholas was absurdly late, as usual. Lord knows what was keeping him." She has a German accent and her hair is cinched back in a bun.

"So nice of you to come," says Richard, bowing with exaggerated formality. Then

to Chloe, the sweetest girl ever to brighten the deck of this boat. Cheers.”

“What have you been up to in London, then?” Nicholas asks, turning to Chloe, when Richard takes his seat again.

“I saw the *Vogue* pictures,” Ulu adds. “Really lovely.”

“You should see her schedule!” Richard exclaims. “Globe-trotting isn’t the word. We’re lucky to have her for even a moment.”

“Stop it, Uncle Richie.” Chloe looks at the table.

“Think how proud your mom would be,” Richard says in a tone Fortunato has never heard him use before. “She’s proud of you, you know.” He bends and kisses her forehead, and silence falls across the table. Embarrassed by this private moment, Fortunato looks out to the cliffs rising beside the harbor. The lights of secluded villas glow in the darkness like galaxies, like a picture he’d once seen of the distant universe.



After the dessert dishes are cleared, Chloe turns to him. “Take the dinghy out with me?”

Fortunato falters and glances at Richard.

“She loves that thing,” Richard says, winking at him. “Go on—take a spin so she’ll shut up about it for a while.”

It’s not clear if Richard’s wink means tacit approval of whatever might happen on the boat—even so, the thought of being intimate with the man’s young niece makes Fortunato more uncomfortable than aroused.

Chloe grabs his arm and pulls him toward the bow. The voices of Nicholas, Ulu and Richard drift from the far end of the boat as she hoists herself over the railing onto the floating dinghy, which is large enough to seat six people. She straddles the bench by the outboard and smiles up at him. “Coming?”

He climbs over and drops onto the dinghy like a bag of stones. The vessel wobbles and Chloe whoops with laughter.

“I’m driving,” she announces then, yanking the starter cord. The motor hums to life and she steers around the smooth flank of the yacht, chugging down the lanes of evenly spaced boats.

After a few moments they clear the breakwater and head into the open harbor. Chloe revs the motor and Fortunato looks out at the black horizon, the sparkling lights of the coast falling away behind them like a curtain. If she tries to seduce him, should he resist her on principle? Or does Richard’s consent to the voyage mean Fortunato is now expected to do whatever the girl demands if he wants to keep his job? The wind is cold against his face and he turns to see Chloe beaming at him, her hair whipping behind her.

When they’ve looped past the farthest yachts she lets the motor splutter out and they float, rolling on gentle swells.

“Gorgeous, isn’t it?” She breathes. “I love it out here. Just sea and sky.”

Fortunato agrees. The heat from their bodies is an almost visible aura hovering in the air around them.

Chloe leans over and trails her fingers through the water. “It’s warm.” Then she sits up and slaps the side of the dinghy, breaking the stillness. “Let’s have a swim!”

Fortunato frowns. He isn’t a good swimmer and has been trying not to think about the

creatures that are surely moving in the depths beneath their tiny craft. He guesses that not far below the surface, the water is very cold.

“Aren’t you content to sit with me?” he jokes, trying to coax her from the idea.

“Oh, you haven’t lived till you’ve swum in open water, under the stars! It’s really thrilling. You’re one with the elements.” Chloe stands and the boat lurches. Fortunato grabs both sides, trying to steady them, and she laughs.

“We’re far from shore,” he continues, trying to hide his nervousness. “What if something happened—if the dinghy floated away? I couldn’t swim all the way back.”

“Can’t you swim?” She shakes her head. “Weren’t you born on an island?”

“I can swim,” Fortunato says, bristling, “but it’s been a long time.”

She reaches forward, ruffles his hair. “Oh, Pinocchio. What are you afraid of? Becoming a real boy?”

This attempt at flirtation only annoys him further. “I’m not afraid,” he says. “I’m responsible.”

She shrugs. “Suit yourself.” In a single, fluid motion she pulls her dress over her head and tosses it at his feet. Fortunato can’t help taking in the lithe length of her body, the swells of her breasts covered in black bikini.

*She swims closer, and
he feels the clammy
smoothness of her leg
against his, beneath the
water. “See?” she says.
“Now we’re both wet.”*

“Stay in the boat and I’ll tell you the story of Pinocchio,” he says, trying to stall her. “It’s a dark story, really.”

“After,” she says—then turns and dives, making hardly a splash, reappearing at the surface after a moment of horrifying silence. Fortunato sits in the bobbing boat and watches, trying to stop the scenarios flooding his mind. If she hurts herself, can he save her? If he leaves the boat, they might be stranded. Richard will kill him if anything happens to the girl—as it is, he might kill Fortunato anyway, assuming the two have undressed together in the little boat. Or will Richard congratulate him? There’s no way of knowing.

“Exhilarating!” Chloe sighs, kicking into a back float. He keeps his eyes riveted on her head, slick as an otter’s, for fear she might disappear beneath the dark water again. The only sound is the breeze against his ears and the small splashes of her limbs cutting the swells.

“Come on, Fortunato! You don’t know what you’re missing!”

He turns to look back at the glimmering harbor lights; it seems they are drifting farther from shore. “Do you think we should head back?” he asks.

“Come on! I won’t bite. What are you afraid of?”

Maria asked the same question: *What are*

you afraid of? Chloe is calling him a coward too, taunting him—*You haven’t lived!* Why are women compelled to throw his weakness in his face? Fortunato has an urge to start the motor, drive off and leave her floating there, alone. *Who’s afraid now?* But the moment passes, and his impulse is weighted by defeat.

What the hell. He stands and pulls off his shirt, then steps out of his trousers and lowers himself over the edge, careful not to propel the vessel too far as he drops into the water. It’s not as cold as he expected. When he slips beneath the surface, the world below in its muffled darkness feels strangely familiar. He lets himself sink, until the thought of the fathomless depths, the long way he has yet to go before hitting bottom, gives him pause. Then he pulls up, emerging at the surface with a gasp.

Chloe laughs and splashes his face. “See? It’s good, right?”

“Yes. Refreshing.”

She swims closer, and he feels the clammy smoothness of her leg against his, beneath the water. “See?” she says. “Now we’re both wet.”

Her face is inches away; he feels too tired to resist. *What happens will happen*, Fortunato thinks. He reaches for her. Then the girl laughs, pressing against his chest and pushing away.

“You’re funny,” she says. “Say something in Italian.”

“Something in Italian,” he repeats, growing annoyed. “What do you want me to say?” Then comes the whine of a motor in the distance, and Fortunato follows her gaze to the horizon. “What’s that?”

“I don’t know,” she says. “Somebody out for a joyride. Like us. Tell me something sexy in Italian. I’ll guess what it means.”

Again he feels the weight of his weariness. Then the words come, as if by divine inspiration: “*Donna, focu e mari fannu l’omu piculari.*” Something his father used to say.

Chloe giggles. “Pee-ree-coo-lah-ree...I have no idea. What does it mean?”

“It’s Sicilian, and it means ‘Woman, fire and the sea are dangerous for a man.’ I’m getting back in the boat.”

She pouts, splashes him again, cries, “Wait!” But Fortunato is already paddling toward the dinghy. Then he sees the speedboat coming, slicing like a shark’s fin through the water. It’s headed straight for them, invisible as they are in the vast darkness of the harbor.

Chloe treads water, staring in wonder at the approaching boat.

“Come here!” Fortunato shouts. The revving grows louder.

“No,” she says, flashing a child’s naughty grin. “Relax.”

He has one arm slung over the edge of the dinghy, the other waving at her, imploring her to return.

“Come and get me,” she says.

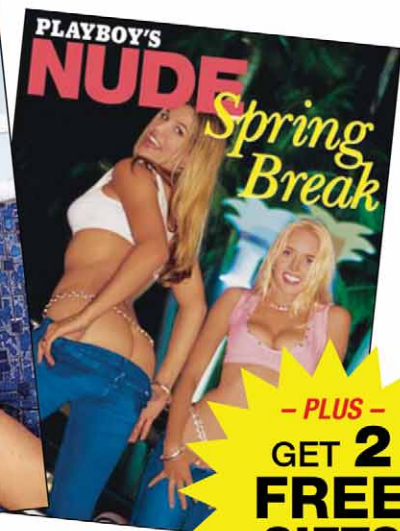
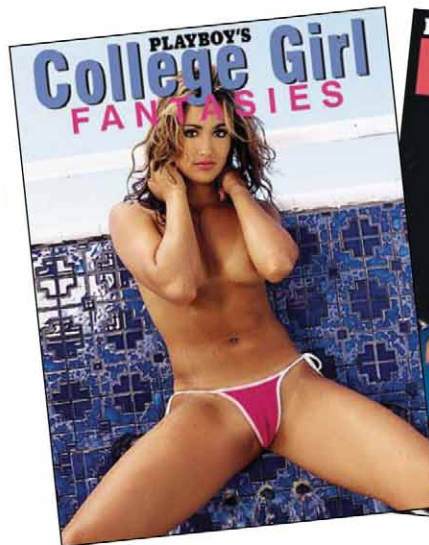
For an instant he considers swimming back—then the boat bears down on them. Heaving himself into the dinghy Fortunato clings to the motor-bench, shouting a warning—but his voice is drowned in the roar. Within seconds the boat has come and gone, zooming so close he can see a flash of the passengers’ faces and hear their shouts of surprise before they whoosh past and are gone.

He grips the bench, pressing his eyes shut as the dinghy lurches across the wake. When the rocking subsides somewhat he sits up, scans the undulating water. “Chloe!” he cries.

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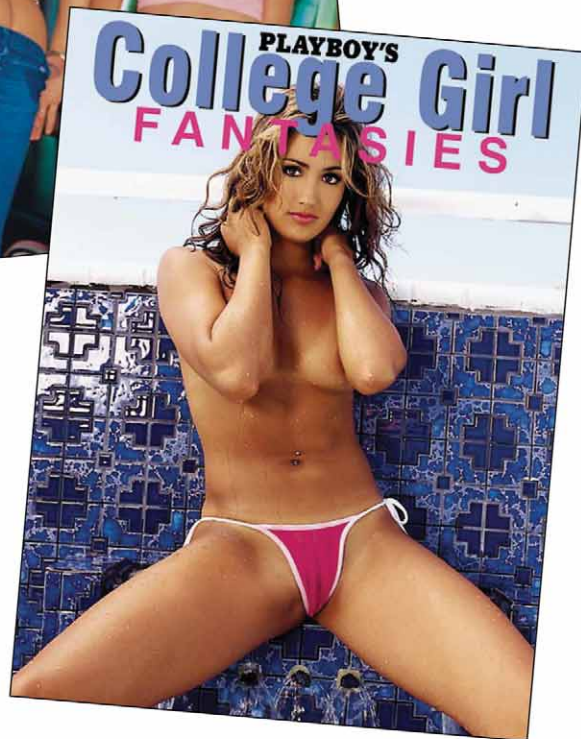
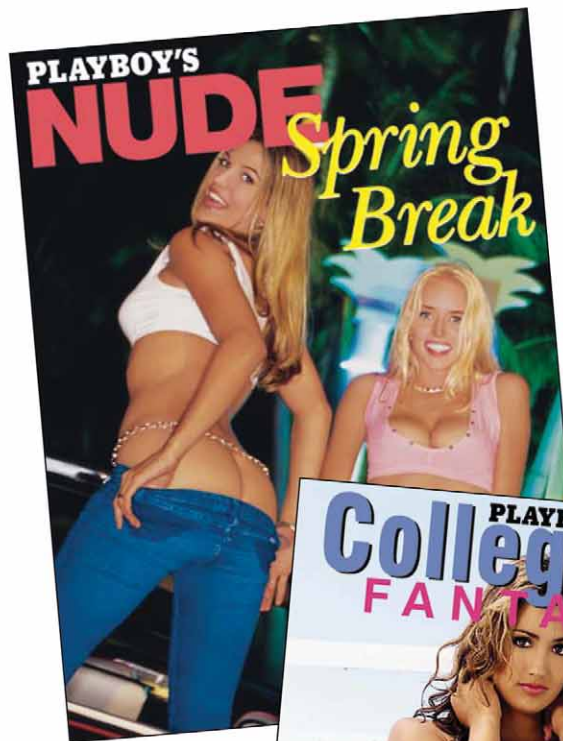
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Nothing. Then he sees her—shocked and coughing, struggling on the crest of a wave. “Are you all right?” he cries. Her eyes are rolling, panicked. She dips into a depression and he dives from the dinghy, cutting toward her across the swells.

“Are you all right?” he calls again. He catches her gaze and tries to hold it, to calm her. She nods rapidly up and down, her breath coming in shallow bursts.

Pulling her arm across his neck, Fortunato grabs her waist and begins to kick, paddling with his free arm. “Hold on, okay? Hold on to me.”

She nods, her teeth chattering. The little dinghy looks far away, bobbing on a lonely swell, but Fortunato kicks steadily toward it. Every stroke only seems to push it farther, but at last the craft looms beside them. He takes a breath and heaves himself up over the side, then on his knees scoops the girl out of the water, sliding her over the wet rubber and into the boat. They slump together onto the floor, gasping.

After a few minutes, when his breathing has slowed, he sits up. Chloe climbs onto the bench beside him, wrapped in his damp shirt. She looks innocent like that, the shirt too big on her even with the sleeves rolled up, a tendril of sodden hair sticking to her cheek and beads of water glistening on her eyelashes.

“Bella,” he says. “That means ‘beautiful.’” “I know what it means.” Her voice is flat, with a touch of hardness behind it, but when Fortunato kisses her she doesn’t resist.

He’s flooded then with the memory of the ferry to Naples, the feverish excitement of his union with the French girl on the ship’s deck so many years ago. He thinks of Maria, of the union they have forged and broken. He thinks that this girl could be the start of something.

Back on *Little Star* the deck lights have been shut off and the dinner table is deserted. “Nick’s car’s gone,” Chloe says, squinting out at the parking lot. “They’re probably up the road, drinking at Orléans.”

“Should I go find them?” Fortunato asks. “Are you all right?”

“I’m fine.” She shivers, and they embrace again, amid the forest of dock posts and ship masts, the black water gleaming around them. “Thank you for saving me,” she says.

Fortunato feels light and strange; no one in his life has ever said such a thing to him. He takes her hand and pulls her toward the bedrooms, in the direction he remembers from the tour earlier that evening.

Then Richard appears from the darkness below deck.

“Jesus,” Chloe says. “Richie, you startled us.”

Her uncle staggers toward them, bleary-eyed. “What in the bloody hell,” he breathes, “is going on here?” At first they think he’s joking; then when he reaches the top step he lunges with an angry cry and trips, falling into Fortunato instead of striking him. After a moment’s scuffle he rights himself. “What in the bloody hell,” he says again, “are you doing with my niece?”

“Richard,” Fortunato says. “I——”

“Mister Watts! You call me *Mister Watts!*” Fortunato has seen him this drunk before, though never quite so agitated—and never as the target of his wrath. The man’s face is twisted with fury.

“Nothing happened,” Chloe says.

Richard looks wildly at her, this half-naked girl in Fortunato’s now-sodden shirt, her hair still dripping.

“This is how you repay me?” he says, turning back to Fortunato. “After all we’ve been through! I don’t take bullshit, and this is bullshit. This is absolute bullshit!”

“I’m sorry,” Fortunato says. “I didn’t——” “Get out of here.” Richard stumbles, swaying backward. “Get off my boat!”

Fortunato obeys, striding bare-chested toward the gangplank with his shoes and undershirt in his hands. He knows this will blow over, that Richard will wake up sober tomorrow. Richard follows, calling after him, “And you’re fired! Don’t come back!”

Richard has never fired him before; still, Fortunato says nothing. He stops beside the Volkswagen and bends to put on his shoes. Then the final blow comes, the words ringing out across the water: “That car is mine, goddamn it!”

Fortunato straightens up to look at Richard, who leans over the yacht railing, leering at him, and asks in the calmest voice he can muster, “How will I get home?”

Richard laughs. “Fuck if I know! You can walk, for all I care!”

Fortunato hesitates just a moment before turning and hurling the car keys as far as he can across the water. He watches them hit with a dull splash and sink. Then he walks—across the private parking lot, out through the gates and up the hill to Saint-Jean, as Richard’s shouts fade behind him. He walks through the village, past the lit-up bistros where the sounds of merrymaking spill onto the cobblestones. He passes the sweeping, sculpted lawns of the walled estates, where patrolling guards eye him with suspicion. Eventually he walks all the way to the boulevards of Nice, where people roam the glittering sidewalks, disappearing into taxis and restaurants and casinos and reappearing again in a steady, blurring stream.

Chloe’s calling him Pinocchio reminded him of the fairy-tale stories his mama told, and he thinks now of her solid bulk on the

edge of the bed he shared with his brothers, how each night they recited together the final transformation scene. Fortunato was always thrilled by the magical conclusion, the redeeming moral of the story—that even the wickedest little puppet could be saved.

His mama, as the Blue-Haired Fairy, would ask, “Have you thirsted, Pinocchio?” to which he would reply, “Yes.”

“Have you hungered, Pinocchio?”

“Yes.”

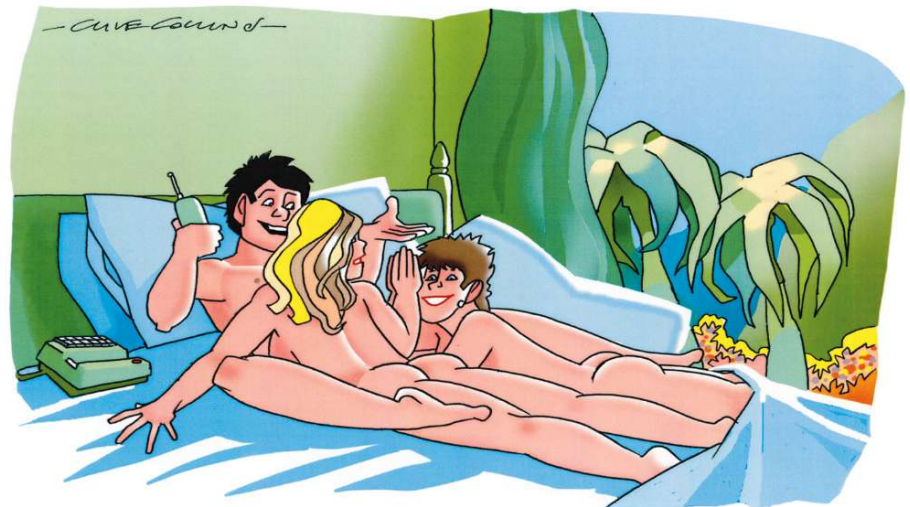
“Have you wept, Pinocchio?”

“Yes.”

Have you laughed, have you disobeyed, have you lied, have you grieved? Have you repented? And to each question Fortunato replied fervently, “Yes, yes, yes,” and then she kissed his forehead, casting the good-night spell. “*Sleep, sleep, and when you wake, be a real boy for goodness’ sake,*” and then he would sleep, in hopes of a different life, with dreams of his own awakening.

He walks on, glancing up at the waterfront hotels with their glowing windows, each with somebody living behind it, a life full of stories and regrets too numerous to be recounted. After a while he leaves the Promenade and the downtown lights and travels through the outskirts of the city, where the buildings are smaller and more run-down and the streets are dark. He turns toward the highway to Monaco, walking along the shoulder as the rain begins to fall, and the sea disappears behind him in the distance. He thinks of Maria, of the apartment in Berlin where she might be waiting for him, wanting him to come back to her, willing to forgive. It’s only life—his own, ordinary life, to ruin or repair at will. Then he thinks of Sicily, of the sheep herded right through village streets and the one pair of shoes his father and uncles shared when they were children—not even to be worn at school, but only when someone most needed them.

Meaghan Mulholland just received her graduate degree from the MFA program at the University of Arkansas.



“Good heavens, I’m forgetting my manners—Annie, Marie, Marie, Annie!”

JOSH BROLIN

(continued from page 42)

It taught me absolute, total discipline. You have to be okay with wins and losses. You can't just be looking for the wins, and when the losses happen, you can't buy more and more because you're sure it's going to bounce. We call that revenge trading.

PLAYBOY: Did you learn about revenge trading the hard way?

BROLIN: I lost probably \$15,000 in 15 seconds one time on Google, the dumbest bet I ever made. I saw it going down and I'm screaming, "No, my God, no, no!" But I couldn't work my fingers fast enough on my computer to put a stop to it. When the big stock fall happened recently, we had taken out all our money. We lost nothing. I don't mention this stuff much because a lot of people are unhappy at having lost a lot of money, most of it because of revenge trading. But in the past few years, I've made well over 100 percent on my investment from my stock trading.

PLAYBOY: Who are your financial heroes?

BROLIN: I'm a huge Donald Trump fan. I

love who he is, what he's about. He's hated like any other celebrity is—like he's got the comb-over, he's an asshole, he's a capitalist, and capitalism is bad, right? I've met billionaires whose spirit is so dirty, their souls are so soot, shit and muck that it was mind-blowing to be in their presence. But that's not Donald Trump. People think I'm a left, left, left-leaning Democrat, but I'm a very conservative Democrat, more libertarian than anything.

PLAYBOY: Do people offer you money to help them trade smart?

BROLIN: A couple of people offered me a lot of money when they saw what I was doing and what I was doing with Brett, but I said no. I lose somebody's money, that's the end of the friendship, so forget it.

PLAYBOY: Okay, we won't ask for trading tips, but do you think we have what it takes to survive another major economic crash?

BROLIN: I've been thinking about how we are going to survive and whether we are true survivors. When the embargo of Cuba began, the Cubans were already self-sustaining, with gardens on their roofs. We don't have any organic, self-sustaining

survival mechanism we can resort to right away. That's how spoiled we've become. I'm not going to shit on the country. Everybody's doing the best they can, and they don't need advice from a guy who sits in front of a computer for two or three hours a day.

PLAYBOY: Did your financial savvy make it easier to understand the polished, powerful, manipulative Gordon Gekko—like billionaire you play in *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps*?

BROLIN: Oliver and I always spoke about my role in a Gordon Gekko way. The movie is more formulaic than anything Oliver's ever attempted before but in the most beautiful, Oliver-esque way. He's putting his stamp on a typical format and structure, which he can't help but do. What I love about Oliver as opposed to the Coens is that every film he does is absolutely different in every way—lens choice, pace, subject matter.

PLAYBOY: Having worked twice now with Oliver Stone, does he live up to his manic, driven, wild and woolly reputation?

BROLIN: My whole thing, man, is—director, actor, whatever—you don't shit on people. Oliver had a reputation that I haven't seen a hint of. He's great.

PLAYBOY: What did you make of Shia LaBeouf, who in the movie plays a crafty Wall Street whiz kid hired by your character?

BROLIN: I think he's really young, is what I think. The arrogance makes me laugh. The arrogance is something I absolutely think is needed at this point. He's a talented guy, for 24. Oliver's right. He has that Tom Cruise thing—let me try to think of the word—*incredible enthusiasm*. That's not the word, really, but he's got that thing. People trust him onscreen.

PLAYBOY: Did you give any advice to LaBeouf, who has told reporters that, preparing for the movie, he turned his investment of something like \$20,000 into roughly \$500,000?

BROLIN: Shia started trading and doing well, but it was during an upward trend. But he knows a lot about it, probably more than I do about it.

PLAYBOY: Like the first *Wall Street*, this movie is a bit of a father-son, father-daughter parable. One of your showiest moments features the disturbing Goya painting *Saturn Devouring His Son*. As a son and a parent, do you think parents devour their young? Or is it more like the saying "Parents are the bones on which children cut their teeth"?

BROLIN: Neither. I have a great father. My kids, Trevor and Eden, are everything to me. They're amazing, incredible, hardworking people. They both deal with eccentricities on a massive scale. I know what it was like not to fit in, and that was never okay with me when it was happening either. The only thing I can try to instill in them is that, in retrospect, it becomes all right. They're way more inspiring than anybody I know, except probably the Coens.

PLAYBOY: You play a low-life thief and killer who is pursued by Jeff Bridges and Matt Damon throughout the Coen brothers' *True Grit*. Did the fact that the Coens also directed you in the career-changing *No Country for Old Men* create extra pressure to do right by them?

BROLIN: I've now done two movies for them, and after I finish doing the young Tommy



"I really love this stuff, but I still have a lot of trouble with sushi."

Lee Jones role in *Men in Black III* in New York this winter, I'm going to act in four one-act plays in New York that Ethan wrote. We get along very well. I think they like that I'm willing to be completely and totally humiliated, to put my ego and vanity on the line to fill a part in the most dynamic and interesting way. Like I've said a million times, acting is professional humiliation.

PLAYBOY: As the Coens' friend and collaborator, have you experienced any of their legendarily offbeat behavior?

BROLIN: Ethan came to dinner one night. It's just the two of us and we're sitting across the table from each other, and he just picks up the book he brought and starts reading to himself, humming. I'm like, "Dude, come on, don't do that," and he just goes, "Oh, sorry." None of this is an affectation, you know. It's just him.

PLAYBOY: Woody Allen is quite a character too. How did it go making *You Will Meet a Tall Dark Stranger*, your second movie for him after the 2004 comedy with Will Ferrell, *Melinda and Melinda*?

BROLIN: I play an unlikable character—a writer who is a lazy, frustrated, untalented kind of victim. The character was a little normal for me; I like playing extreme versions of people but with a lot of humanity. I remember writing Woody a long letter about how I kept imagining my character in a wheelchair, thinking that it would add some more contrast, depth and humor and coerce a few mothering types out there who want to "fix" me. Woody wrote back one word: "No." I don't want to say anything bad about Woody because I don't have anything bad to say. I love him and I value my friendship with him. That process was so satisfying and fun.

PLAYBOY: Did you intentionally get heavier for the movie?

BROLIN: Almost 16 pounds heavier. I'm at 185 now and got there doing 30-minute intense workouts, biking and running on the beach. Surfing is the one thing I do consistently. Between doing Woody's and Oliver's movies, I went to Indonesia on a boat with seven of my buds, and we didn't hit land for 14 days. We just surfed the whole time.

PLAYBOY: Could you see yourself doing one of Woody Allen's—or anyone else's—romantic comedies?

BROLIN: I wouldn't know how to do it. I don't like the genre, and comedies are not fun to do. Everybody on the set gets so serious trying to figure out how to make the

timing and jokes right. Ryan Reynolds is one guy who I think nobody can do that better than, and he doesn't get any fucking credit for it. I went back to see him three times in *The Proposal*. [covers eyes, laughs] I'm so gay.

PLAYBOY: One thing you and Reynolds have in common is that you've both hosted *Saturday Night Live*.

BROLIN: He did the really bad skits and still did a fantastic job. For years I'd thought about that show—could I actually do it—but then you do it and realize everybody's up all night writing the thing and you're given 60 scripts. You sit around a table trying to be good, but the more you want to be good the worse you are. A great experience but really, really tough.

PLAYBOY: What moved you to do the narration for the gut-wrenching documentary

unhappy and lonely. She's always like, "Come over. We'll have cake or cocktails or soup or ice cream." I love her and I love what they've created together. I say thank God for her. I grew up with country and western, not her music, so I think she loved it when I said, "So you're a singer, huh?" When she invited me to her first concert in more than 20 years and she opened her mouth, it was unearthly, from a different galaxy, like Billie Holiday, like Sarah Vaughan.

PLAYBOY: Although you took some knocks when *Jonah Hex* tanked at the box office, your co-star Megan Fox got slammed even worse. Does she deserve the bad press?

BROLIN: What Megan has done is confuse everybody thoroughly. To me, she's doing something more interesting than what a lot of other young people in movies are doing.

I don't want to see her fight, rebellion, energy and confusion get turned into self-loathing. Katharine Hepburn, one of the most appreciated actresses today, was hated back in her heyday. She was box-office poison. She was outspoken. She wore slacks and "men's clothes" and she made some people uncomfortable. They didn't understand her. Yet now we all look back and go, "Okay, she was incredible." And so you look at Megan Fox and what she has done to confuse people in her time; you have to consider that people's perceptions change. With my production company we're developing a lot of good projects, and maybe it sounds like megalomania, but I would love to be the person who puts Megan in a film in which she can actu-

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The Tillman Story, about how and why the U.S. Army covered up the facts about football star Pat Tillman's death by friendly fire in Afghanistan?

BROLIN: I was filming Oliver Stone's movie, and they sent me a rough cut. I was like, "I'm really busy right now," but I watched it in my hotel room and cried so hard, not just because of Pat but more because of his family's loyalty, heart and integrity. I love and believe in this country. I'm very concerned about bringing back our country as one of integrity.

PLAYBOY: You haven't talked much publicly about Barbra Streisand, whom your father married in 1998.

BROLIN: The fact that he got together with her and found this solace is such a coup and so wonderful. The guy was so frigging

ally do something interesting.

PLAYBOY: What other big items remain on your to-do list?

BROLIN: I love storytelling. I love movies. We have wonderful things coming up with this production company. And I've become comfortable enough in my own skin not to try to dominate everybody else's creative viewpoint.

PLAYBOY: What about in your personal life?

BROLIN: Man, it's a tough transition time right now because my son, Trevor, is 22 and Eden is 16. From the age of 19, I've experienced adulthood only with my kids, whom my life has revolved around. Honestly, it's a very different time for me. See, people think I'm tough, but I'm still too sensitive.



SHATNER

(continued from page 90)

it's instant gratification. You couldn't orgasm faster.

Q3

PLAYBOY: What do you sing in the shower?
SHATNER: I keep trying to remember the words to the national anthem. At least I'm standing. Erect.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Gotten your hands on any new tech gadgetry lately?
SHATNER: I got an alarm clock. It's so good that I didn't know how to turn it on. When I was shown how, I couldn't turn it off. And I don't know how to program it. Then I saw an ad in an in-flight magazine for a \$19 alarm clock that you can speak to: "Wake me at eight tomorrow morning." I got that, too. An actor needs to get up on time, so it's always good to have a backup alarm clock. That's another thing you have to remember, along with the pills you have to take.

Q5

PLAYBOY: As a bona fide TV pitchman, what ads speak to you these days?

SHATNER: What about those sexual potency ads? The guys in them are what, 25, 26—a year or two past the full bloom of youth, so they need the pill? One thing confuses me: those ads with the couple in the bathtubs. When it comes to sex, hot water is the antithesis of what you want. It kills everything. All the blood vessels relax. You'd think you'd want to sit in a bucket of cold water just before meeting that girl.

Q6

PLAYBOY: In the Priceline ads you're known as the Negotiator. What have you tried to negotiate for yourself in life that you've failed to secure?

SHATNER: Love. All my life—except with my current wife. I won at that negotiation: "I'll give you my life if you give me your love," and she gave me more love than I gave her. That was my greatest negotiation. Is that because I learned something from my previous marriages? It's more what I've learned from the past 70 years: Walk up stairs carefully. Be even more careful

coming down. That's my sound advice to anybody over 25.

Q7

PLAYBOY: You'll be 80 next year. Betty White will be 89. What can a classy babe like Betty teach a young whippersnapper like you?
SHATNER: Did you have to mention my age? Did you *have* to remind me? [pauses] She's really old. I think of her as an old friend. I mean an *old* friend. But listen, she's got moves you wouldn't believe. She's totally flexible in the hip area. Her arms are stiff, but the hips? Totally flexible.

Q8

PLAYBOY: On your interview show, *Raw Nerve*, you and your guests sit on an S-shaped couch. Does that stand for *Shatner*?
SHATNER: I designed the couch, but I didn't think of it as an S. You could also look at it as an infinity sign, and if you put a line through it, it would be a dollar sign. There's so much you can do with that shape. To me, it's a light wave. It's an oscillation. No, it's really all about the positioning of our bodies just shy of the cultural definition of that bubble of personal space. I want to be right on the edge. I don't want to make the guest uncomfortable, but I want to listen to everything he or she has to say.

Q9

PLAYBOY: What have you learned from being an interviewer that throws light on all the times you've been grilled?
SHATNER: I recently read a magazine story about Tom Cruise. He was explaining the famous moment when he leapt on Oprah's sofa. I'm paraphrasing: "I wanted Oprah to feel the joy that I was feeling about this love I felt. I just bounded up on the sofa and I bounded back." Afterward I thought, What is all the fuss about? He leapt onto a sofa. It was quite athletic. And so what? Everybody made like he had gone crazy. That's what every person I know who has been interviewed tries to avoid, that moment when they say, "Yeah, I did that, but what I meant was..." and people try to harm you or find something sensational in it. When I interview, I don't want any of that. I didn't ask Jon Voight about his daughter, Angelina Jolie, deliberately. I didn't ask Jenna Jameson about fucking, deliberately.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Do you ever read any of that slash fiction about Kirk and Spock?
SHATNER: The erotic stuff? No. I've seen some references to it and some cartoons. [smiles] Wishful thinking.

Q11

PLAYBOY: What *Star Trek* question do you never want to be asked again?
SHATNER: It's been 40-odd years since I was on the show, and I've been asked every question. I am fascinated by its continuous allure. It's a multifaceted jewel, some of which glimmers. I just came back from a convention in Vancouver, where six-year-old children would come by and the daddy would say, "Here's Captain Kirk!" Then of course there are those who ask, "Would you say 'Beam me up, Scotty'?" while I've got spaghetti in my mouth. And so it



"Well, we can't go on calling it a flat screen."

goes on. The *Star Trek* questions are okay with me most of the time. I both get it and don't get it. Why are you still interested? But if you are, I get it, and here's the answer.

Q12

PLAYBOY: On *Star Trek*, when you were younger you took off your shirt a lot. As Denny Crane on *Boston Legal* you dropped your pants a lot. Which is more satisfying? SHATNER: I lifted weights for a while when I was on *Star Trek* and built a good body. And I've always been an athlete. Lately I haven't done what I should do, but I'm still in good shape and have terrific endurance. I can ride more horses in a day, in competition, than anybody. But that said, the muscles of my chest and arms when I was 25 have dropped to become rigid and beautifully formed muscles around my waist and rear end.

Q13

PLAYBOY: In *Boston Legal* you and James Spader share cigars, scotch and man-love on the balcony in one of the greatest love affairs on television. Can you give us the short course on bromance? SHATNER: When I'm available, which is fairly often, I have *Monday Night Football* at my house. I have an 11-foot screen. I order in good food, and 20 or 30 guys come over. We all yell and scream at *Monday Night Football*, eat the food and drink the beer. That's man-love. My wife, who's the great wife, will join us. In a certain way, in a fond nod in her direction, she's part of my man-love. I wished for it and got it, by some odd act of will.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Careerwise you've gone from being promising to, sometimes, a punch line, to priceless. You're a master of self-parody. Is camp better when it's intentional or unintentional? SHATNER: If it's not intended then it's unfortunate. That means you're totally unaware of the forces around you. There's something pitiful about that. I may have gone from promising to pitiful, but I don't think so. I think for the most part I've been aware of what I'm doing. I know sometimes people laughed at me, but if they were laughing at, say, the songs or the singing, I don't know why. I never presented myself as a singer. What I was—am—is a lover of poetry and the lyrics of poetry. You can take that as you will. I'm acting a song. If you don't get it, you don't get it. I get it, so I don't see the parody there. As for my way of speaking, which everyone parodies, that's not really me, as you may have noticed. The pausing was half acting, half desperately trying to remember the next line.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You recently read excerpts from Sarah Palin's book on *The Tonight Show*. If you were Captain Kirk and you met Sarah Palin on another planet, would you hit on her? SHATNER: She's a very attractive woman. Absolutely. Under very different circumstances.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Tell us about your first cowboy hat. SHATNER: I can't be specific, but I can give you an impression. I went to make a Western

early in my career because of how much I loved horses. I thought, My God, if I could get paid for being on a horse and being in a Western! So I got to be in a Western, and they handed me a hat. I remember looking at myself in that Western hat and thinking, This is ridiculous. I still looked like a Jewish kid from Montreal. It wasn't working. Until recently I didn't think Western hats and I went together. Now that I've been riding a lot of Western horses, my Stetsons have become sort of beaten up. As such, they've become part of me. And my face has broadened. I think you need a broad, Irish-looking face to look good in a Stetson. If you have a narrow little Jewish face, you just look like a dick with a big hat.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Of what are you most proud? SHATNER: Other than my wife and kids and grandchildren, I may be most proud of the fact that as a horseman I've begun to win. To win. I won a belt buckle as the top amateur in my skill on the West Coast, and two weeks ago I won a saddle as the top competitor—the top, the one who's made the most points, which means I've won or come in second or third more times than any other amateur on the West Coast. I'm proud because it means I'm starting to see the results, the aggregation of all I've learned and practiced.

Q18

PLAYBOY: How would you like to be remembered? SHATNER: It's an empty wish, whether it's next week, next month or a maximum of five years, because there are people walking around now saying "Who's Cary Grant?" "Gandhi? What was he?" The great human beings who contributed so much to our knowledge of any adventure the human mind has gone into have long been forgotten except by those few people who study them—and even they don't think of them as real. But if you take a mere entertainer who hasn't made a good movie, they're gone before they're dead.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What has slowed you down that you wish hadn't? SHATNER: My legs don't work the same way. I can't run like I used to. I dream about running. That's what the horses do. When I'm right with the horse, the horse is running for me. I've had a hip replacement, and my legs are a little weak. That's what has slowed me down. Nothing else. My blood pressure is incredible. I had an examination this morning for an insurance policy, and I'm great.

Q20

PLAYBOY: At the end of your autobiography, *Up Till Now*, you write briefly about the great mysteries of life, including the question of whether you wear a toupee. Without saying if it's true or not, tell us: What instructions have you given for preserving the mystery after you're gone? SHATNER: [Laughs] None. But since there's no mystery, I don't need to leave instructions. How's that for an answer?



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SUMO

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GROWN

(continued from page 60)

the trooper wrote in his report. The woman behind the wheel produced a Virginia driver's license identifying her as Tamara Louise Geagley, age 26. When the cop asked Geagley if she knew why she was being pulled over, she seemed nervous. She said she was headed to New York for "work."

Backup and a K-9 unit arrived. Inside the trailer police found 334 pounds of premium grass, valued at \$5,000 a pound, vacuum sealed in plastic bags. Geagley immediately rolled over and gave up her boss, a former mountain-biking champion named Melissa "Missy the Missile" Giove. When the DEA conducted what is known as a "controlled delivery" of the weed, agents seized roughly another 40 pounds of cannabis, a money-counting machine, statements from foreign banks and \$1.4 million in cash from a home in upstate New York. Another \$800,000 was discovered at a different location.

Herein lies the rub when it comes to the Green Rush: Licensed farmers may be allowed under state law to grow marijuana, and

licensed dispensaries may be allowed to sell it. But transporting it is a legal gray area, and moving it across state lines is illegal.

On any given day in the U.S. hundreds of tons of marijuana are on the road or in the air, being trucked or flown from guerrilla growers to distributors and consumers around the country. FedEx, UPS, the U.S. Postal Service, tractor trailers, motor homes, horse trailers, Grandma and Grandpa's SUV packed with what looks like luggage, moving vans, private planes, boats, even snowmobiles: Domestic smugglers use whatever means necessary to get the product to the marketplace.

Eric Canori, the alleged distributor of the weed seized from Missy Giove's trailer, is represented by Michael Kennedy, the dean of dope lawyers. Kennedy has been fighting cannabis prohibition for more than 40 years. The legal team he has assembled is using this case to challenge the current classification of marijuana as a Schedule I drug (meaning no medicinal value, the same as heroin and crack) under the federal Controlled Substances Act. It could end up being the case that forces the federal government to confront the fact that 14 states (with more on the way) have

declared that pot does have medicinal value.

Eventually, proponents envision, cannabis will be transported in branded vehicles like Budweiser trucks. Until then, the highways and mail systems will serve as the most critical battlegrounds between the American government and its pot-smoking public.

THE KIND DOCTOR

On the bottom floor of a leafy courtyard in Marina del Rey, California sits Green Bridge Medical, one of the dozens of new cannabis-physician offices cropping up around Los Angeles. Sandwiched between a yoga studio and real estate offices, Green Bridge looks like an acupuncture clinic. Enter Dr. Allan Frankel. Wearing jeans, an Izod polo and tennis shoes, the 60-something Frankel looks every bit an M.D. He has been a board-certified internist for more than 27 years, with big chunks of that time at UCLA Medical Center.

"Five years ago, when I first told my colleagues and friends I was leaving to open a cannabis practice, not one supported it," he says with a smirk. "Now my colleagues refer patients to me weekly and I'm a leading lecturer on this subject."

To buy medical marijuana legally a patient needs a doctor such as Frankel to provide a "recommendation"—not a prescription, as cannabis is not an FDA-approved medicine. Frankel didn't try pot until his mid-40s, and it was not until eight years ago, when a vicious virus in his chest attacked his heart, that he began to smoke regularly. But as a doctor he has believed in marijuana's medicinal value for a long time.

"For years at UCLA I worked with chemo and oncology patients," he recalls. "They were in so much agony that I would wheel them out into the garden and give them a joint. And every single one of them would feel better. I never saw it as a moral issue but a human issue."

So after suffering a fate similar to his former patients' and being told he had less than a year to live, Frankel began to smoke heavily, and, well, here he is. According to Frankel, the lion's share of cannabis doctors are not smokers; they're in it for business reasons and will, for a fee, offer a cannabis card after a 10-minute consultation for anything from insomnia to back pain. The majority of patients in Los Angeles, for example, are in their 20s and 30s, hardly a demographic of ill people.

A large portion of voters who will weigh in on legalization next month believe the doctor-patient system is a scam, an excuse for smokers to get high and doctors to earn money. A *Washington Post* blogger recently called the medical marijuana movement "an insult to our intelligence." Justin Hartfield, who started the company weedmaps.com to help people find dispensaries, has a doctor's recommendation for pot to ease anxiety. "I'm fine. I don't really have anxiety," he recently told *The Wall Street Journal*. "The medical system is a total farce. It just needs to be legal."

But not all doctors are in it for the cash. Even the American Medical Association has reversed its 72-year antipot policy and urged the federal government to do the same, suggesting that "marijuana's status as a federal Schedule I controlled substance be reviewed."

No matter if doctors themselves smoke or not, they all face the same issue of dosage.



"I used a silencer for that one."

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How can you give a proper dose of a medicine when no definitive studies have been done and the medicine itself is a plant, not a pill created to exact specifications in a lab?

"This is a gray area for sure," Frankel admits. "A lot of doctors use edibles, but since those are absorbed through the stomach and must go through hepatic metabolism, which turns the cannabis molecules into a much longer-lasting and very stoney medicine, it is almost impossible to quantify dosage, and too much can cause psychotic reactions." He continues, "Smoking has some of the same issues, plus the possible harmful effects on the lungs. Vaporizers definitely have less tar, but again, it's very hard to define dosage."

The solution? Tinctures, liquid THC doses that are dispensed under the tongue through a dropper. The medicine is absorbed through the sublingual veins, a reliable delivery conduit. The method is not yet widely used—most doctors recommend vaporizers—but Frankel is a tincture pioneer.

"I was told by colleagues and my lawyer not to be involved with tinctures," he says. "But I believe in the Hippocratic oath, in serving your patients first and making them well."

By placing three drops under the tongue twice a day, Frankel claims, no matter how old you are, how much you've smoked or how much you weigh, your pain or anxiety will be alleviated for up to six hours. Says the good doctor, "I treat lawyers, doctors, executives, and it almost always has the same results for every patient."

THE DRUG STORES

"Medical marijuana isn't a cure-all medicine," says Barry Kramer, who runs the medical marijuana dispensary California Patients Alliance. "This is a quality-of-life medicine."

Kramer's office, on Melrose Avenue in Los Angeles, is strangely futuristic and antiquated at the same time, as if it were pulled from the set of Stanley Kubrick's 2001: *A Space Odyssey*—clean white walls, shadowy cool lighting, spick-and-span floors and an incubator room in the center for growing plants, its windows slightly clouded. The medicine is kept in neat glass cases, numbered, named and organized.

Serving patients since 2007, CPA is a pre-ICO collective, meaning it was established, licensed and had been "following protocol" before the Los Angeles city moratorium on new dispensaries.

"The city really screwed up," says Kramer, 50, a former actor from Chicago. "Because they were too lazy or scared or whatever to act four years ago and create meaningful, regulated, logical laws around medical marijuana, there are now hundreds of illegal dispensaries operating. They went from not enforcing protocol at all to overly enforcing it to the point that it is completely irrational and hurts patients."

After dragging its feet, L.A.'s city council created an ordinance and began serving eviction notices to dispensaries in June. So many had opened—more than 800 of them—that city officials began to force most to close, capping the number at 135. To stay in business a marijuana wellness center must not be within 1,000 feet of a school, public park, place of worship or residential neighborhood.

"Even though we anticipated this when we were looking for a space four years

ago and found this place, we now have to move," says Kramer. "We comply with it all but the residential part. Where in L.A. are you going to have places for rent that are 1,000 feet from a residential area, clean, nice and functional and with a landlord interested in having a medical marijuana dispensary as a tenant?"

Critics argue that the majority of dispensary owners are financial opportunists. Says Bob Hagedorn, a former Colorado state senator and currently public affairs officer for the Colorado Wellness Association, "I've visited about 80 dispensaries in the Denver area. I'd say 10 percent are serious about the wellness side of things, 50 percent are interested in moving product and the other 40 percent are a balance of those two."

While Kramer admits that many opportunists have raced to open dispensaries ("Hey, it's America"), a solid number are "in it for real medicinal values and helping patients get their medicine safely, properly and with compassion."

Kramer's patients are typically between 28 and 40 and mostly male—actors, businessmen, creative professionals. Their number one complaint is anxiety (with chronic pain a close second). Which of Kramer's strains is best for anxiety? "A sativa-dominant strain such as Chocolope, Trainwreck, LCD or Haze seems to work best."

Lately Kramer himself has been suffering anxiety. Along with the stress of having to move his business, he also has to deal with the everyday, though small, possibility of being raided. The feds have backed off raiding dispensaries ("unless the place of business has other motivations or is tied to something bigger," says Kramer), but there's always that chance.

In February the Los Angeles County district attorney's office made an example of Jeff Joseph, proprietor of the high-profile West L.A. dispensary Organica Collective, charging him with 24 felonies, including selling, transporting and possessing marijuana. Joseph pleaded not guilty. "I've seen too many people suffer and die from cancer and AIDS not to try to help them," says Bryan Epis, a former dispensary owner now serving a 10-year stint in California for growing pot.

"Sure, I get mildly worried," Kramer admits. "But I know I'm following every procedure there is. I run my dispensary very professionally and by the book."

CPA works as a functioning co-op and typical nonprofit. Employees are paid (CPA has fewer than 10), and if there is any profit after payroll, rent and expenses, the money is donated to causes or charities.

"I know people out there think we are making millions," Kramer says, gesticulating. "But so far we haven't had the good fortune of being able to have profits, which we would love to donate."

Like any arena for survival of the fittest, there will be a core of survivors when the dust settles. One key factor and point of debate is how the dispensaries obtain their medicine safely and legally.

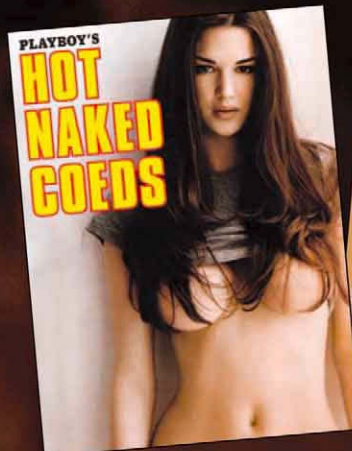
"We are a private member co-op, and we obtain our medicine only through members and in-house patients we know intimately," Kramer explains. "They get compensated for their time and expenses, but again, it's a nonprofit." And what



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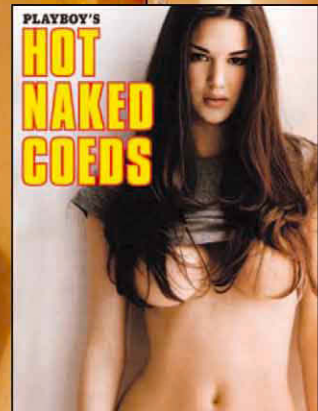
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about the black market and drug cartels that have L.A. residents worried?

"Of course a lot of the fringe dispensaries obtain their medicine through questionable means," he says. "There's no debating that. But I'm in this for the long haul, so I follow protocol. CPA is going to survive and thrive and serve our patients for a long time."

Although the so-called protocol for obtaining the medicine is still blurry, Kramer thinks that in the near future the medicine will be largely grown by the wellness centers themselves, tested and regulated like any medicine.

"We'll be growing our own medicine soon," Kramer acknowledges. But, he adds, "I think it will be a combination of members cultivating as well, because, to be honest, if we had to grow all our own medicine right now, I'd need an 8,000-square-foot warehouse, not this 800-square-foot office."

Oh, and don't forget to indulge in the bowl of chocolates and candies on your way out.

THE CONSUMER

In many parts of America today cannabis is more socially acceptable than tobacco, especially considering tobacco kills 400,000 people every year and there's no evidence marijuana causes cancer or any other disease. The stigma once attached to grass among the middle class is disappearing.

As opposed to the old "I didn't inhale" days, today politicians speak openly about marijuana. Did Obama inhale? "That was the point." New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg? "You bet I did, and I enjoyed it." Fourteen-time Olympic gold medalists smoke marijuana, as we learned from Michael Phelps and the bong hit heard around the world. CEOs such as former Bear Stearns chief James Cayne have been reported to light up with regularity. On the *Today* show Matt Lauer did a segment on "stiletto stoners"—educated career women with impressive social lives and a taste for kind bud.

According to the federal government's Substance Abuse and Mental Health Data Archive (statistics from 2001 to 2007), more than half of all adults in the U.S. between the ages of 18 and 49 have smoked pot in their lifetime. Almost 40 percent of annual marijuana users smoked more than 100 times a year, meaning there are more than 8 million regular users today. Whites are more likely to smoke than blacks, and men are much more likely to smoke than women. Pot smoking among teens and the elderly is on the rise.

Advocates of legalization put forth the argument: If all these smokers paid taxes on their cannabis, what might that do for our ailing state budgets, especially in California, where the government is setting prisoners free and cutting school programs due to a nearly \$20 billion budget shortfall?

Leading up to the election, depending on the poll, voters are roughly split down the middle on the legalization issue. However it turns out, the vote won't stop the Green Rush from moving forward. Cannabis use and support has reached such a critical mass, it's out of the hands of politicians now. Legal or not, the kush doctors and dispensaries are here to stay.



SASHA GREY

(continued from page 51)

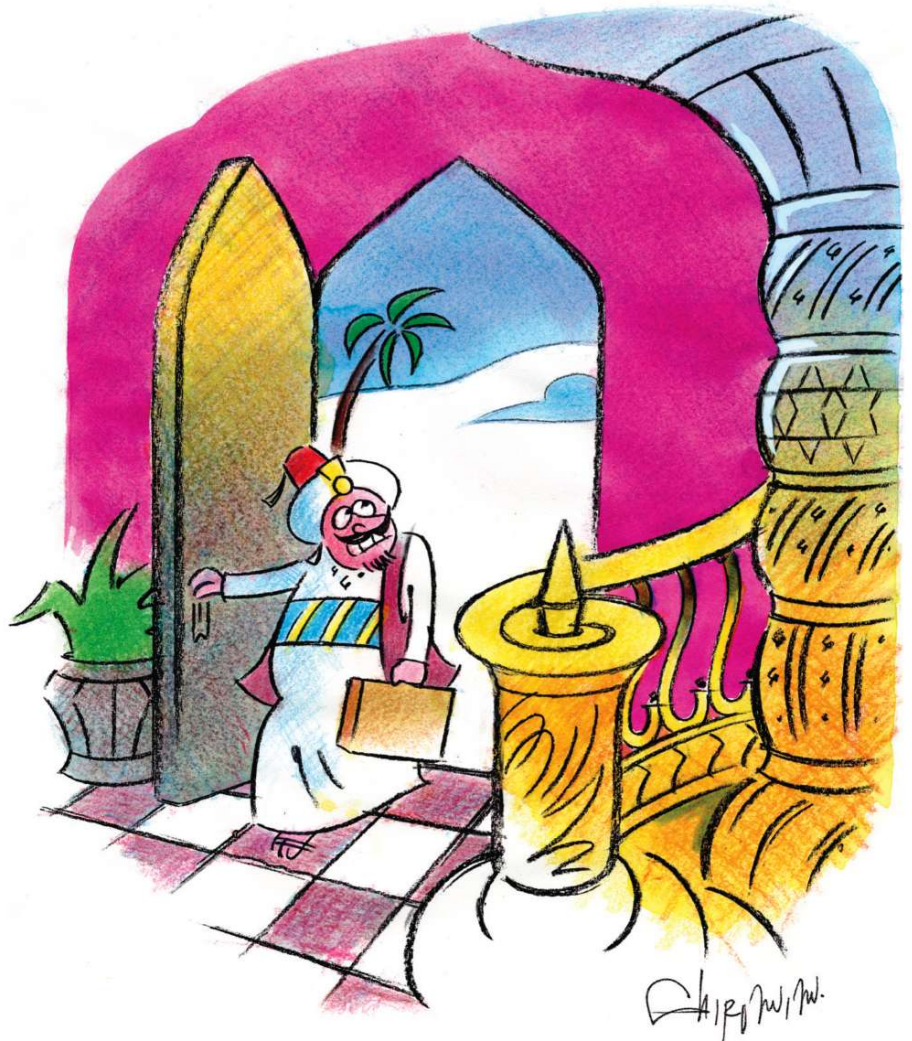
While watching porn it dawned on her that making such films could connect her to her desires in a safe environment. She arrived in L.A. at the age of 18, old enough, she determined, to know her own mind. "We send kids to war at 18," she says flatly. Soon, carrying to work a suitcase filled with lubricant, enemas, dildos, douche, disinfectant, Orbit gum and hand sanitizer, she began a career that was, essentially, an enactment of the marketing dictum "Find a need and fill it." But they were her needs, her desires. Thus, she could do anything and maintain her luminosity because you cannot degrade a person who wants to be degraded. "Rule number one," she says, "is if you don't like something in real life you shouldn't be doing it on camera."

In *The Girlfriend Experience*, Sasha plays a call girl who develops an interest in a prospective client. They set up a tryst, but he calls and says he can't deal with it; he's going home to his wife. As she weeps, betraying emotion for the first time, the scene affirms a truth Sasha lives by: that sex, even the wildest sex, is safer than the uncharted realm of emotion.

Her own emotions are invested in her husband, whom she married nearly a year ago and who is her best friend. When I ask if there's anything she wouldn't do on film and saves for him, I'm anticipating an answer about orifices and positions. Instead she says, "They wanted me to spend the night with someone, and they would shoot for 24 hours. There's a point at which if you're there for 24 hours it really does become real, even though there's a camera running." She refused, reserving for her husband the vulnerability that accompanies the transition from day to night, night to day, and its hazy intimacies.

I also wonder if the girl known for doing "everything" has any unanswered desires. "I love the scent of laundry," she says. "Every place I've lived I've not had a real laundry room. I want to have sex on top of a washing machine."

Lest you assume this is some Freudian fantasy signaling a subconscious wish to cleanse herself, let me assure you that shame has no place in Sasha's lexicon. Consider, too, that desire has its own unique logic, its own imperatives. If you don't believe that, you haven't been paying attention.



"Honeys, I'm home!"



PLAYMATE NEWS



GUITAR HEROINE

“Growing up in the South, I always wanted to be in a country music video,” says Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson. Her dream recently came true when she was cast in the video for Trace Adkins’s “This Ain’t No Love Song,” wherein she scintillates while writhing around with a guitar. Later, she shows off her quirky personality when she accidentally catches her hair on the guitar pegs and chuckles into the camera.

APOCALYPSE NOW—THE PLAYMATE EDITION

Some of the more risqué scenes with Playmate of the Year 1974 Cyndi Wood from *Apocalypse Now* have been restored and remastered for the Blu-ray release of *Apocalypse Now Redux*—the extended version of director Francis Ford Coppola’s 1979 classic about the Vietnam war. In the original, Cyndi and Miss August 1976 Linda Beatty are evacuated by helicopter from an American base because of the frenzy they cause among the war-weary soldiers. In *Redux*, deleted scenes featuring the Playmates making out with G.I.s have been added back to the film.



FLASHBACK



Fifteen years ago this month we introduced you to Miss October 1995 **Alicia Rickter**. Our 500th Playmate later made a splash on shows such as *Baywatch Hawaii* and *The Young and the Restless*. But on her Playmate Data Sheet she explained that her true ambition was to become “a good mom.” Mission accomplished. These days she spends most of her time raising two beautiful daughters with her husband, former major league catcher Mike Piazza. Together they make perfect battery mates.

Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates? You can check out the Club at club.playboy.com and access the mobile-optimized site playboy.com from your phone.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Chynna Dolls tapped Miss February 2009 **Jessica Burciaga** to model its new line of scrunch-bottom bikinis.

Our 50th Anniversary Playmate **Colleen Shannon** will guest deejay at the French nightclub VIP Rooms on October 8.

Miss August 2008 **Kayla Collins** appears in a K-Swiss ad with fictional spokesman Kenny Powers.



PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole tweeted sound fashion advice from Marilyn Monroe: "Your clothes should be tight enough to show you're a woman but loose enough to show you're a lady."



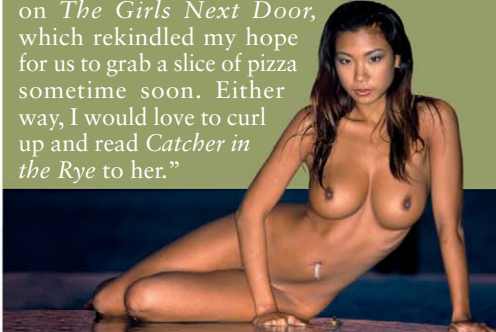
MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY JORDAN BRADY

—Showtime's *I Am Comic*



"My favorite Playmate is Miss June 2004, the adorable **Hiromi Oshima**. Besides her infectious smile, we share a love of Snoop Dogg, J.D. Salinger and pad thai. In my fantasies I call her Omi for short, which is unnervingly kinky because it's almost German for 'grandma.' I recently caught Omi on *The Girls Next Door*, which rekindled my hope for us to grab a slice of pizza sometime soon. Either way, I would love to curl up and read *Catcher in the Rye* to her."



POKER FACE

Whatever the wager, when you're sitting across the poker table from smoking-hot Playmate of the Year 2007 Sara Jean Underwood, you can't lose. The female face of virtual card room Victory Poker (victorypoker.net), Sara is now an avid cardplayer herself. Her interest in poker was piqued during a Texas Hold'em charity tournament, after which she joined Team Victory, a collection of poker all-stars. In her first tournament she placed fourth and has continued to do well ever since. Except during the game below, of course—that time, she lost her shirt.



WAKEY WAKEY

How would you like to wake up every morning to Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson? Now you can—with the aid of her new iPhone app, Wakey Wakey. When it goes off, a video appears of Pam cooing, "Honey, wake up! Good morning, sweetie! Come on, baby! Wake up, sexy!" Talk about starting your day off right.

Miss May 2008 **A.J. Alexander** hosted the Brickyard Beach Bash during NASCAR's Brickyard 400 weekend.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

We are forever indebted to all of the enlisted men and women who risk their lives every day to keep us safe. As a small token of gratitude for this selfless service, Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima**, Miss December 2005 **Christine Smith**, Miss February 2007 **Heather Rene Smith** and Miss January 2010 **Jaime Faith Edmondson** autographed a Wounded Warrior (woundedwarriorproject.org) car that is currently crisscrossing the country to raise money for American soldiers injured on the battlefield.... All eyes were on Miss October 2008 **Kelly Carrington** as she walked the red carpet before the 2010 NHL Awards. The June ceremony, which honors hockey's elite, was held at the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas. Vancouver Canucks center Henrik Sedin won the Hart Memorial Trophy as the league's MVP, and Kelly took home the award for the best set of teeth.... Full-bodied Playmates Miss



November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo** and Miss May 2003 **Laurie Fetter** greeted fans at the Meadowlands Racetrack in New Jersey to promote Playboy Cigars.... In early July, Miss January 2004 **Colleen Shannon** and Miss September 2007 **Patrice Hollis**



interviewed rapper Yung Berg for their Playboy Radio program *The Playmate Club*. (Playboy Radio can be heard on Sirius/XM channel 99.) During the guest spot, Berg talked about producing Diddy's new album, *Last Train to Paris*, and what happened when his parents sent him to military school. On a more personal tip, Colleen and Patrice mentioned they had spotted him at the Mansion's Kandyland Party. Berg simply shook his head and remarked that Playmates can be beautiful but also have a propensity for "breaking hearts."



Miss November 1998 **Tiffany Taylor** shot a poster for the new alcoholic beverage Twisted Around.

DID YOU KNOW ?

ROACH

(continued from page 88)

for the title of best pound-for-pound fighter alive is the unbeaten Floyd Mayweather, who ducked a showdown early this year by claiming Pacquiao used performance-enhancing drugs. Mayweather demanded blood tests—unprecedented in pro boxing—knowing his superstitious foe would refuse. “He was buying time,” says Roach. After tune-ups against lesser fighters, Pacquiao and Mayweather are expected to square off within the next year in the biggest, richest fight in history.

“Manny can win. He *will* win,” says Roach, who expects the megabout to go the distance. Both men are brilliant technical boxers, not knockout artists. “But Mayweather’s fragile,” continues Roach. “He’s had rotator cuff surgery. My plan is for Manny to break him down, hit him on that shoulder, *bang, bang, bang, bang, bang.*” Roach may work on Mayweather’s mind, too. Three years ago, while training Oscar De La Hoya for a bout against Mayweather, Roach was in the enemy locker room before the fight, watching the champ get his hands taped. It’s a tradition that goes back to the Dempsey days, when trainers cheated, hiding brass knuckles in their men’s gloves or wrapping their hands in plaster of paris that hardened like a plaster cast. Now it’s a formality. But when Roach saw Mayweather’s trainer tape one of the champ’s hands a hair above the knuckle, he called him on it. “You better do it over again.” This irked Mayweather’s friend 50 Cent, who called Roach a few parental-advisory names.

“50 Cent,” said Roach, “what the fuck do you know about boxing?”

Today Roach is working his usual 12-hour shift at Wild Card—eight in the morning till eight at night—answering the phone when he’s not schooling one of his fighters in the wood-framed ring he built himself. The walls are festooned with flags, inspirational sayings (YOU GOTTA HAVE BALLS TO CONQUER THE WORLD) and fight photos showing his champions in action: Pacquiao, De La Hoya, Hill, Mike Tyson, Bernard Hopkins, James Toney, heavyweight champ Wladimir Klitschko, light welterweight Amir Khan, even the UFC’s Anderson Silva. “I don’t mind working with MMA guys. They’re fighters too,” he says. “But I worry about the future. There are a lot of 18- and 19-year-olds who think MMA’s all there is.”

He nods toward a photo of Sylvester Stallone. Like a lot of fight folk, Roach hated the *Rocky* movies because of their telegraphed punches and clodhopping footwork. But he kept that to himself when a mutual friend, Governor Arnold Schwarzenegger, invited him to lunch with Stallone. They dined and smoked cigars in a back room at the Caffé Roma in Beverly Hills, where Stallone and Schwarzenegger, wearing shorts and T-shirts, sounded off on pumping iron and pugilism. “I wasn’t sure what to call Stallone. I said, ‘Sly, how ya doing?’ Sly fancies himself a boxing expert, so mostly I listened.”

The onetime Vegas busboy is now Hollywood’s trainer. Roach tutored Wahlberg and Christian Bale for the upcoming film *The Fighter*. He works with singer Aimee Mann and paperweight *True Blood* actress Anna Paquin (“Don’t laugh—she can move and punch,” Roach says). And he has become sort of famous himself. Thanks to Pacquiao and *24/7*, the HBO reality show that documents their lives in and out of the ring, Roach is the third-most-famous

person in the Philippines, after Pacquiao and the president. Often recognized in Vegas, L.A. and New York, he wishes fans would focus on his friends instead. Friends such as his one-eyed sidekick Shane Langford, an ex-boxer whose left eye was destroyed during his final fight. Langford was sleeping in the streets when Roach made him the janitor at Wild Card.

“Now I’m training guys,” Langford says. “And thanks to *24/7* I got laid like three times!”

Roach says he’s no longer mad at the world or even at the sport that made him rich while giving him the disease that slowly robs him of the ability to speak without stuttering or move without trembling. “The worst thing about Parkinson’s is the foot,” he says. “People look at me dragging my heel like a cripple. I want to say, ‘What the fuck are you lookin’ at?’” One of his doctors says he won’t get much worse; another says he will. Meanwhile his meds include Botox injections in his neck (to fight muscle spasms) and multiple Parkinson’s drugs (side effects: drooling and possible addictive behavior). But Roach refuses to sweat the prognosis. He plans to train his fighters until the disease kills him or makes him quit working, which amounts to the same thing.

And there’s something weird about his Parkinson’s. When he’s in the ring it disappears. The shuddering, foot-dragging Roach steps through the ropes and becomes the world’s quickest 50-year-old. His draggy foot straightens up. He bobs and weaves, blocking Pacquiao’s lightning jabs with lightning hands. His doctors can’t explain it—it’s a mystery, like the odd fact that actors don’t sneeze onstage—and Roach doesn’t question the mystery. He just inhabits it. The other day he worked 70 rounds without a break, looking as quick and fit as the Choir Boy Roach of 1979. Then he left the ring, and his foot began to drag. He answered the phone with a shivering hand.

“Hello? Who? What’s his record? Sure, I’ll talk to him.”

He gets calls every day from boxers’ agents, backers, mothers, brothers or girlfriends, all dreaming that the four-time trainer of the year might add their man to his stable. Sometimes a boxer himself will work up the courage to phone Roach, who says yes to one in 100. There’s no time to take on more than that, not with *24/7* camera crews trailing him, reporters calling Wild Card for Roach quotes, fans stopping by for autographs, Pacquiao flying him to the Philippines for workouts. With the Pacquiao-Mayweather blockbuster coming up, promising to make him richer and more famous than ever, the old Choir Boy is on top of the planet.

Is he happy? “I don’t know. I used to be happier,” he says, shouting to be heard over the voices, punches and radio music filling the gym. “You know when? When I was 19, in Vegas, in my prime. Twenty-seven and one, voted prospect of the year. Living in a trailer park. Working with Eddie Futch all day, sparring with Alexis Arguello, helping Ray ‘Boom-Boom’ Mancini get ready for a title fight. No distractions.”

No Parkinson’s either.

“Yeah, but that’s not why it was the best time of my life. The why of it is...I was still a fighter.”



“We’ve analyzed Dr. Jekyll’s secret formula. It’s a vodka martini!”



PLAYBOY FORUM

CALIFORNIA'S JOINT SESSION

THE EFFORT TO LEGALIZE POT HAS ITS STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

BY PAUL KRASSNER

Fifty years ago Lenny Bruce predicted, "Pot will be legal in 10 years. Why? Because in this audience probably every other one of you knows a law student who smokes pot, who will become a senator, who will legalize it to protect himself. But then no one will smoke it anymore. You'll see." It took longer than Bruce expected, but his premature ejaculation may finally become a reality on November 2, when California voters consider a ballot initiative to legalize and tax marijuana for personal use.

Tom Ammiano, a California legislator who has introduced a bill that would accomplish the same goal, believes legalization would not only address California's dire finances but also ignite discussion about how best to regulate the state's principal cash crop. "This is landing in the hottest places," he told me. "Milton Friedman and all these conservative economists and *The Wall Street Journal* said this needs to be done. There's a big libertarian streak here too. So it might be the perfect storm: There's a political will, bipartisan populist economic concerns, and the feds are lightening up. The best scenario would be to make it a states' rights issue."

"Ah yes," I observed, "states' rights—it's not just for racists anymore."

The state Board of Equalization estimates the \$50-an-ounce sales tax Ammiano has proposed could raise \$1.3 billion a year. It's a matter of doing the right thing for the wrong reason. Nevertheless, lame-duck governor Arnold Schwarzenegger has said it's "time for debate" on whether California should legalize and tax weed. That debate is now in full swing, with unexpected partnerships on both sides.

For example, here's loose-cannon reactionary Glenn Beck: "We have to make a choice in this country. We either put people who are smoking marijuana behind bars or we legalize it. This little game we're playing in the middle is not helping us, it is not helping Mexico, and it is causing massive violence on our southern border. We need to—how can I say this?—do something or get off the pot." That sounds a lot like the stance of the National

Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, which says medicalization and decriminalization "fall woefully short for many Americans." Legalization and regulation, it says, are "the only way to fully protect our citizens from abhorrent police raids."

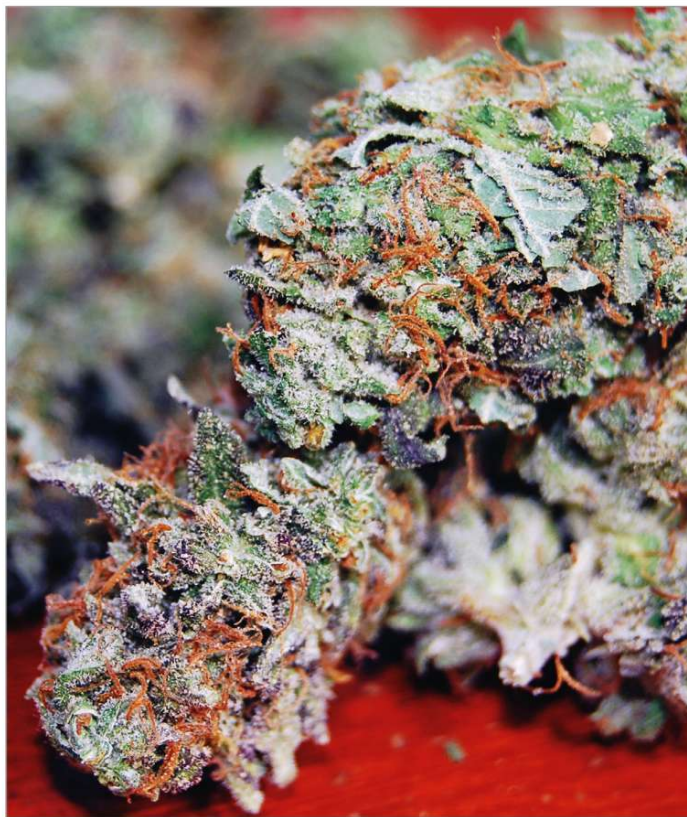
Conversely, in Humboldt County, whose only cash crop is its superb weed, growers have been displaying KEEP POT ILLEGAL bumper stickers, concerned that legalization would drive prices down. Rumors abound about corporate cannabis copyrights, about Philip Morris and other firms buying up

cropland, about Walmart getting on the bandwagon. John Lovell, a lobbyist for the California Narcotics Officers Association, whose members would not benefit from having fewer people to arrest, says he can't understand why "any sane person" would want to add another mind-altering substance to the available legal array of alcohol, tobacco and prescription drugs. It's no accident the Partnership for a Drug-Free America received early funding from the alcohol, tobacco and pharmaceutical industries.

Our priorities are insane. Cigarettes are legal—subsidized by the government, in fact—yet 1,200 smokers die every day in this country alone. The worst that can happen from consuming marijuana, which is illegal but not addictive, is a severe case of the munchies. The rehabilitation industry says

otherwise, but that's a profitable scam based on the practice of giving convicted pot smokers the "choice" of jail or rehab, a factor never acknowledged in the official statistics.

I was surprised to learn from Dennis Peron, co-author of Proposition 215, which legalized the use of medical marijuana in California with a doctor's recommendation (though federal raids on dispensaries have continued), that he opposes legalizing "recreational" use. His argument is that there is no such thing. "Marijuana provides efficacy to such a broad spectrum of human maladies and conditions, from anxiety to HIV infection, that one can safely say all marijuana is medical," he says. Thus, he argues, recreational use is a myth, and the passage of Ammiano's bill or the ballot initiative would perpetuate that myth.



Activists in two other Western states also pushed pro-pot initiatives this year, with far less success. Philip Dawdy, co-author of the campaign in Washington, which fell short by 40,000 to 50,000 signatures of the 241,000 needed to get it on the ballot, explained that because the state has a “single-subject rule” for initiatives, organizers couldn’t propose a measure that would legalize and tax pot. If an initiative does ever get on the ballot and pass, that could be advantageous. “Since we’re not doing any taxation and regulation, it would be kind of difficult for the feds to come in” and argue they have jurisdiction, he says. “All we’re doing is repealing state [criminal] laws.” He notes that “in the conservative eastern half of the state, in an area that sends Republicans to Congress and the legislature, legalization polled at 52 percent in favor. It’s a cross-cultural thing, a cross-racial thing, a cross-class thing.”

Paul Stanford, primary author of the Oregon Cannabis Tax Act,

which never got close to the 100,000 signatures it needed, says his group looked at taking legalization a step further by providing amnesty to anyone convicted of a felony for possessing or growing marijuana. (Nationally, one in 18 felony convictions is the result of a pot bust.) But with amnesty on the table, support among Oregon voters for legalization fell by 15 percent. “As a past marijuana felon myself, I would like nothing better than to let our people go and maybe grow, but politically it’s not going to fly right now,” Stanford says. “Hopefully, once marijuana is legal, parole boards will look at it in a different light.”

Meanwhile, a report by the American Bar Association Law Student Division claims that “chronic use of marijuana allows the user to block out pain, frustration and confusion. The THC affects the brain’s pleasure center, providing the illusion of feeling good.” What the fuck were they smoking? Obviously these weren’t the same law students Lenny Bruce had in mind.

Paul Krassner’s memoir, *Confessions of a Raving, Unconfined Nut: Misadventures in the Counter-Culture*, is newly reissued.



Lenny Bruce being busted for pot.

BLOWING SMOKE

WILL THE NOVEMBER BALLOT MEASURE CHANGE CALIFORNIA’S POT PARADOX?

BY MARK A.R. KLEIMAN

California’s current marijuana policies make a lot of sense—if you’re very, very, very stoned. Otherwise they can be a little hard to wrap your head around.

There are two cannabis markets in California; the line between them con-

Medical marijuana is just like real marijuana, except...well, there is no “except.” The majority of legal outlets are supplied by the same growers, concentrated in the Emerald Triangle of Mendocino, Trinity and Humboldt counties, who also supply the strictly



sists of little more than smoke and mirrors. There’s the illegal market, in which growing and selling are felonies and possession for personal use is a misdemeanor. Then there’s the medical marijuana market, in which buying and using marijuana is as legal as church on Sunday—as long as you pretend to be a patient. Anyone with \$75 who can pronounce the word *anxiety* can easily get a “recommendation” from a doctor to buy pot—albeit at full dope-dealer prices—from readily available medical marijuana dispensaries.

Medical marijuana is big business. There are more cannabis dispensaries in California than there are “coffeehouses” in the Netherlands. By some estimates the legal dispensaries have a bigger total gross—about \$1 billion a year—than the strictly illicit trade. While the law specifies that medical marijuana dispensaries must be cooperatives, most are in fact for-profit businesses.

Growers, as opposed to dispensary operators, remain subject to both federal and state enforcement efforts. With rare exceptions dispensaries sell by brand name rather than telling their “patients” about the content of active chemicals in what they sell.

If all that seems reasonable to you, your dealer (or dispensary) is treating you right. (Maybe that really was genuine

Purple Hindu Kush, just like it said on the label.) But if you find the whole thing completely bonkers, then you’re looking for a different set of policies. Given that California voters aren’t about to tell cancer patients they can’t have pot to deal with the

nausea that accompanies chemotherapy, theoretically there are two obvious ways out: make cannabis a normal prescription medicine or explicitly legalize it for nonmedical use.

In November a measure regarding nonmedical use, the Regulate, Control and Tax Cannabis initiative, will appear on the ballot. The new initiative wouldn’t



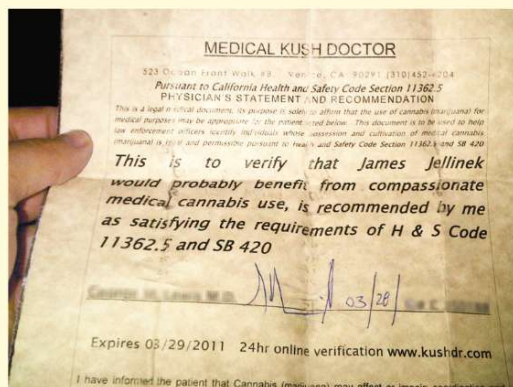
just repeal the laws against growing and selling cannabis, it would permit a commercial market that would be overseen by local governments.

There's a good case for legalization, though I for one would prefer legalization without commercialization, on a grow-your-own or co-op production basis. Otherwise we'll get to see how effective Madison Avenue is at persuading a large number of young people to become chronic zonkers. (There's no money in developing occasional smokers; they're more numerous than serious potheads, but 80 percent of cannabis is used by the wake-and-bake crowd as opposed to the Saturday-night-party crowd.)

The downside of a noncommercial approach would be no revenue for the state. And California, due to its stunningly dysfunctional political process and political culture, is chronically broke. With the new initiative, friends of cannabis legalization are trying to convince California voters that legalizing pot means being able to plug the hole in the state budget without having to raise taxes or cut services. An early survey of 800 voters shows 51 percent support the initiative, 40 percent oppose it and nine percent are undecided (though later surveys have shown the measure to be losing ground).

There is, however, a little problem. California can't in fact create a legal cannabis industry. It can repeal its own criminal laws and leave enforcement entirely up to the federal government, but no California proposition can repeal the Controlled Substances Act. Under the Obama administration the feds have been willing to stand aside as long as the "medical" subterfuge is maintained, but

they almost certainly won't hold still for the development of a flagrant commercial cannabis industry. (For one thing, it would violate a couple of treaties.) "Regulation and taxation" sounds like a good idea until you remember that any business paying the tax or submitting the regulatory paperwork would be



The pretense of "compassionate" medical marijuana may soon be obsolete.

confessing to felony violations of federal law. Ain't gonna happen.

So on Election Day, what's a California voter to do? On one hand, passage of the law—no matter how nonsensical its sponsors' promises may be—will send a powerful signal to politicians nationwide that voters are no longer buying *Reefer Madness*. That would be a useful nudge; we don't really need 30,000 pot dealers behind bars or hundreds of thousands of possession arrests each year.

On the other hand, the anti-prohibitionists have already fooled California voters twice. The first time was with Proposition 215, the original medical marijuana law, which somehow morphed from allowing cancer patients to grow their own weed to allowing a billion-dollar-a-year industry that serves

the sick and the well indiscriminately. The second time was with Proposition 36, which purported to replace prison with mandatory treatment for drug offenders. In fine print, Proposition 36 guaranteed that "mandatory" treatment would be voluntary in practice. After finding that barely a quarter of

Proposition 36 clients actually complete their treatment, the legislature attempted to toughen sanctioning provisions, only to be blocked in court by Proposition 36 sponsors.

If I wake up the morning after election night in November to find drug warriors have persuaded California voters to maintain the prohibition of what may well be the world's safest recreational intoxicant, I'll be depressed. On the other hand, if I wake up to find voters have allowed themselves to be swindled again by cannabis con men, I'll be disgusted.

I voted for both Proposition 215 and Proposition 36 knowing full well how dishonestly they were written, on the theory that California politicians were like Missouri mules and needed a good whack across the head with a two-by-four to draw their attention to the fact that existing drug laws were pointlessly cruel. That theory wasn't wrong. But am I really prepared to fall for the same trick *again*? Fool me once, shame on you. Fool me twice, shame on me. If you fool me three times, I must have been asking for it.

What will I do when I step into the voting booth? If I knew, I'd tell you. But I don't know and probably won't know until Election Day. It's a rotten choice to have to make.

Mark A.R. Kleiman is professor of public policy at UCLA and author of Against Excess: Drug Policy for Results.

WHY PHARMACEUTICAL CANNABIS IS A PIPE DREAM

Instead of the current medical marijuana industry, what about *real* medicalization—making marijuana a normal prescription drug that patients could access with a prescription rather than a permission slip? The drug would be distributed by pharmacies instead of dispensaries.

In principle, a company that wanted to offer some form of cannabis as a pharmaceutical would conduct two large-scale clinical trials showing it to be safe and effective in treating some disease or condition (appetite loss and nausea in chemotherapy, for example, or the muscle spasms that sometimes accompany multiple sclerosis) and submit the results to the FDA for approval. The trials, of

course, would have to be run using the same medicine that would be sold to patients.



Could a dispensary become a pharmacy?

Here's the catch-22: There is no legal way to produce marijuana for use in those clinical trials. That requires a license from the DEA, and the DEA administrator, overruling the agency's own administrative law judge, has refused to issue such a license. (The British company GW Pharmaceuticals has received permission to test its cannabis-extract oral spray, which has been approved in the U.K.)

The irony? If cannabis were a real medicine requiring a real prescription, it would be harder for Californians to get than it is now. —M.K.

READER RESPONSE

THE NATURE OF NAZIS

In the July commentary on America's early use of the gas chamber ("Killing Machine"), you refer to Adolf Hitler as "a right-wing radical." Since when is a National Socialist right wing?

Wilfred DeVoe
Salem, Massachusetts

I realize calling conservatives "Nazis" is a favored pastime of modern liberals, but let's look at the facts. *Nazi* is derived from the German term for National Socialist German Workers' Party. It was a labor party. Nazis called themselves socialists, which is a left-wing ideology. On the policy front they believed in a living wage, gun control and social welfare. They were pro-union and anticapitalist. All these things are liberal. The only real difference between them and modern liberals is the addition of racism and nationalism. I can see why a liberal might jump to the conclusion that because Nazis are racist and like wars they must be conservatives. But we've gone to war under Democrats as often as under Republicans, and calling conservatives racists because they don't like programs that treat people differently because of skin color, such as affirmative action, is another ad hominem attack that ignores



Hitler in Landsberg Prison, circa 1924.

the fact that most opponents of the Civil Rights Act were Democrats. I consider myself a staunch libertarian, and I would think PLAYBOY would find the libertarian attitude a better fit. We don't pretend to support freedoms, we actually do so. Fortunately I won't have to read more junk like this because I won't be renewing my subscription.

Chris Beasley
East Lansing, Michigan

This strange rebranding of Hitler as a progressive originated with a 2008 book by



Are liberals Nazis?

Jonah Goldberg called *Liberal Fascism* and has since been promoted by Sean Hannity, Michael Savage and Glenn Beck. Ian Ker-shaw, author of the definitive biography of Hitler, says this: "It is pointless to try to fit Hitler's ideas into the context of present-day American ideologies. He and his party were certainly on the extreme right of the spectrum in post-First World War Germany, and he was vitriolic in his denunciation of liberals as well as the avowedly left-wing Socialists and Communists. He was not conservative but was prepared to enter into a coalition government in January 1933 with German conservatives." A number of other historians echo this description, including those at George Mason University's History News Network (hnn.us/articles/122469.html). Robert Paxton, professor emeritus of history at Columbia University, whose most recent book is *The Anatomy of Fascism*, writes that while fascism and conservatism are not synonymous, "they have historically found essential interests in common." He notes how Goldberg in his polemic repeats fascist rhetoric but ignores how the movement functioned in practice. For example, "a closer look would show the Nazis' anticapitalism was a selective affair, opposed to international capital and finance capital, department stores and Jewish businesses, but nowhere opposed to private property per se or favorable to a transfer of all the means of production to public ownership." Businessmen "were delighted with Hitler's abolition of independent labor unions and the right to strike, unmentioned by Goldberg," Paxton notes. "All of them would have found ludicrous the notion that the Nazis, once in power, were on the left. So would the Socialist and Communist leaders who were the first inhabitants of the Nazi concentration camps, a fact also unmentioned by Goldberg."

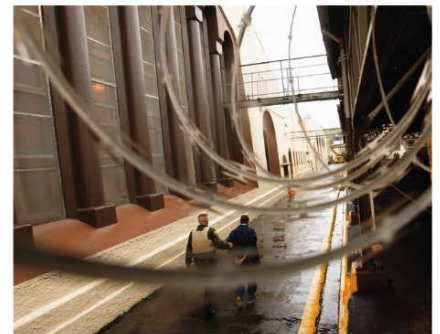
SMART ON CRIME

In "Tough Is Dumb" (July), Mark A.R. Kleiman states that "an African

American male who doesn't finish high school has a better than even chance of doing prison time before he turns 30." There is no "chance" involved; you wind up in prison by personal choice.

Frank Holmes
Raleigh, North Carolina

At the age of 21 I was convicted of aggravated assault. I served two years of an eight-and-a-half-year sentence before being released on probation. I did my best to build a respectable life. I had the same job for the next six years and was with the same woman for almost as long. We had a son, who is now five. I hadn't committed any new crimes, though I did twice test positive for marijuana. In April 2009 I was caught drinking and in possession of two joints (a civil offense in my state). I begged the judge to send me to treatment, but he sent me back to prison to serve the entire six and a half years left on my sentence. My "crime" had been "use and possession of intoxicants." I made a mistake, but what's the point of sending me away for nearly seven years



Barbed wire can't cure what ails us.

and tearing apart my family? I'm hardly a dangerous criminal.

John Gray
Machiasport, Maine

As a public defender in Cook County, Illinois in the early 1990s I saw how effective alternative sentencing can be. Judge Michael Getty created his own drug court and fast-track probation for nonviolent offenders. It was a great success. While some people criticized the program as being soft on crime, I always viewed it as being smart on crime.

Bill Gallagher
Cincinnati, Ohio

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**A Hard Act to Follow**

ST. PETERSBURG—It took 23 seconds for members of a subversive art group called Voina (“War”) to pour paint in the outline of a 213-foot-tall “giant galactic space dick” on a bridge that, when it rose at 1:40 A.M., stood in clear view of the local office of the Federal Security Service, a successor to the KGB. As a blogger for *Russia!* magazine observed, “Bad politics breeds good reactionary art.” Bridge workers detained one artist as he outlined the right testicle; a judge convicted him of disorderly conduct and levied a fine of 500 to 1,000 rubles (\$16 to \$32). Formed three years ago by philosophy students at Moscow State University, Voina held its first performance in 2008 at the Timiryazev Museum of Biology in Moscow, where it staged a five-couple orgy under a banner that read FUCK FOR YOUR HEIR THE LITTLE BEAR, a pun on the surname of newly elected president Dmitry Medvedev, which is similar to the Russian word for bear. Last year police were called to a Moscow museum to remove Voina’s contribution to an exhibit of radical art: a photo taken at the orgy. Says Andrei Monastyrsky, the leader of an early Russian performance art group called Collective Actions, “If not for Voina, contemporary Russian art would be terrible, provincial, a commercial fuck-off.”

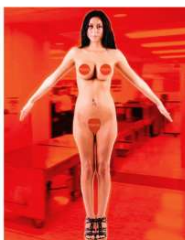
A Batty Ruling

CORK, IRELAND—A professor at University College Cork’s school of medicine accused a colleague of multiple incidents of sexual harassment. Investigators dismissed every complaint but one—that he shared a 2009 study entitled “Fellatio by Fruit Bats Prolongs Copulation Time.” The researcher, who teaches behavioral science, said he gave her the study as part of their “ongoing debate about the relevance of evolutionary biology to human behavior, and in particular about the dubiousness of many claims for human uniqueness.” The university ruled that sharing the “smutty” study had been like telling a dirty joke and assigned him to two years of “monitoring and counseling.”

What Are You Reading?

NEW YORK—The ACLU filed suit on behalf of six Amazon.com customers after North Carolina officials demanded the retailer provide details of state residents’ purchases going back to 2003 so it can collect sales taxes.

The plaintiffs argue book titles can reveal private details about relationships, health problems, political leanings and religious beliefs. Amazon has so far refused to comply with the state’s request.

Airport Cover-Up

LAS VEGAS—An online firm introduced a product it says relieves the embarrassment of digital strip searches at the airport (see “Invasion of the Body Scanners,” May 2010). FlyingPasties.com

sells rubber shields that can be placed inside underwear to obscure genitalia and nipples. The firm advises you to remove the shields without protest if a security screener asks what they are, though you’ll still be able to make your point: The pasties are available with peace signs or slogans such as ONLY MY HUSBAND SEES ME NAKED.

Women as Meat

MONTREAL—City officials shut down an appearance by Pamela Anderson on behalf of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, ruling an ad in which she appears tagged as if by a butcher is sexist. “In a city known for its exotic dancing and for being progressive and edgy, how sad that a woman is banned from using her own body in a political protest over the suffering of cows and chickens,” Anderson said. A city official said the ad “goes against all principles” of gender equality.





Net Gains

About her flawless backside RIHANNA has bragged, "It makes my clothes look good." And while we can't speak for the rest of her wardrobe, it definitely rocks a pair of fishnets. Not to be outdone, PINK recently strutted about the stage in fishnets, flashing some skin of her own.



LiLo Redux?

Let's count the similarities between *Gossip Girl*'s LEIGHTON MEESTER and Lindsay Lohan: (1) They both act, (2) they both sing and (3) they both pop up often before the paparazzi.



Over The Hills

Now that her MTV reality series *The Hills* is no more, KRISTIN CAVALLARI must trendset all by her lonesome. Her inaugural look? Evening wear for drum majors.



Figure Study

Lithuanian supermodel AGNE, the face of Laguna Beach Swimwear and L.A. cocktail destination Clear Lounge, spends her free time painting. As an artist, she is most inspired by the female form. We can certainly relate.

Mark Ruffalo's Better Half

MARK RUFFALO, who has been cast to play the Incredible Hulk in Joss Whedon's *The Avengers*, is definitely the movie star in his family, but his wife, actress SUNRISE COIGNEY, isn't exactly camera shy either.



INSIGHT NEWS AND FEATURES, INC.



JENSTED/POSTSTAR PICTURES

Hot Dish

Here's what we know to be true about model JESSICA JAY: She originates from Sunderland, England and stands five feet five inches tall with a conspicuous interest in the fine points of *boulangerie*. And while we don't know if she can cook, she certainly would do well on *Topless Chef*.



©WILL BINNS/PACIFICCOASTNEWS.COM

Hawaii Oh No!

The following wardrobe malfunction has been brought to you by mother nature. During a spring trip to Maui, rough surf laid waste to the swimsuit of model JENNA BENTLEY, inadvertently exposing her to the elements. Take that, Janet Jackson.



Under-hand Service

At this year's Wimbledon, MARIA SHARAPOVA, once the best female tennis player in the world, advanced to the fourth round, which is when things got cheeky.

KARWAI TANG/ALPHA PRESS/LANDOV



ARIANNY CELESTE MAKES US SEE STARS AND STRIPES.



THE SUPREME LEADER...OR DEADLY BOSS?



HEF'S *BIG BUNNY* JET WAS A TRUE MILE HIGH CLUB.

NEXT MONTH



HOLLYWOOD'S BEST COMEBACK KID: ROBERT DOWNEY JR.

ARIANNY CELESTE—ULTIMATE FIGHTING'S HOTTEST OCTAGON GIRL STEPS OUT OF THE RING—AND HER CLOTHES—TO REVEAL ALL OF HER CELESTIAL CURVES.

HOW TO DESTROY A BANK—BLURRED LINES BETWEEN WALL STREET AND MAIN STREET AND MASSIVE SCREWUPS BY INVESTMENT BANKS HAVE COST US DEARLY. **TIM SCHULTZ** CONSIDERS A PLAN THAT TAKES REVENGE ON THE CULPRITS.

ZACH GALIFIANAKIS—IN *20Q* **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** TALKS TO THE DISHEVELED FUNNYMAN ABOUT *DUE DATE*, BABY BJÖRNS AND MASTURBATING IN THE COMPANY OF A FRENCH BULLDOG.

THE BLIND PHOTOGRAPHERS PROJECT—THEY MAY NOT BE ABLE TO SEE, BUT THEY HAVE VISION. TWO OF THE LENS MEN FROM HBO'S *DARK LIGHT: THE ART OF BLIND PHOTOGRAPHERS* APPLY THEIR ARTISTRY TO MISS JUNE 2004 HIROMI OSHIMA.

THE DEATH AND REBIRTH OF KIM JONG IL'S PERSONAL SHOPPER—SIXTEEN YEARS AGO KIM JONG RYUL FAKED HIS OWN DEATH TO ELUDE HIS BOSSES. NOW HE HAS REEMERGED AND PENNED A MEMOIR THAT MAY GET HIM KILLED.

ROBERT DOWNEY JR.—AS COMEBACKS GO, HIS IS NONPAREIL. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THE ACTOR OPENS UP TO **MICHAEL FLEMING** ABOUT THE SECRETS OF HIS REINVENTION.

BIG BUNNY—PART *STUDIO 54*, PART *AIR FORCE ONE*, PLAYBOY'S FAMOUS PRIVATE PLANE TOOK ITS FIRST FLIGHT 40 YEARS AGO. A LOOK BACK AT THE HISTORY OF THE MOST SWINGING BACHELOR PAD EVER TO FLY THE FRIENDLY SKIES.

WE'VE BUILT A MINIMUM-WAGE GILDED CAGE—WHO CARES ABOUT THE TRIVIAL TRIALS OF RICH WHITE GUYS? **ADAM CAROLLA**, FOR ONE. IN AN EXCERPT FROM HIS NEW BOOK, THE COMEDIAN LAMBASTES LOW-INCOME, POWER-DRUNK LACKEYS FOR KEEPING THE PRIVILEGED ELITE DOWN.

HOW THE OUTFIT KILLED JFK—LEE HARVEY OSWALD DIDN'T ACT ALONE—HE WAS WORKING FOR THE CHICAGO OUTFIT. NEARLY 50 YEARS AFTER KENNEDY WAS KILLED, A GROUP OF RETIRED FBI AGENTS HAVE CONNECTED THE DOTS OF HISTORY'S BIGGEST MURDER. **HILLEL LEVIN** SHARES THE DETAILS.

THE PETTING ZOO—A PIECE OF VEAL, A PHOTO OF BARBRA STREISAND AND THE DEATH OF A PRESIDENT CAUSE A BOY'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT SELF-PLEASURE TO BECOME HIS LAST. BY THE LATE **JIM CARROLL**, CELEBRATED AUTHOR OF *THE BASKETBALL DIARIES*.

PLUS—TURN UP THE HEAT WITH CHILI PEPPERS, FASHIONABLE SCOTTISH TWEED AND MISS NOVEMBER **SHERA BÉCHARD**.

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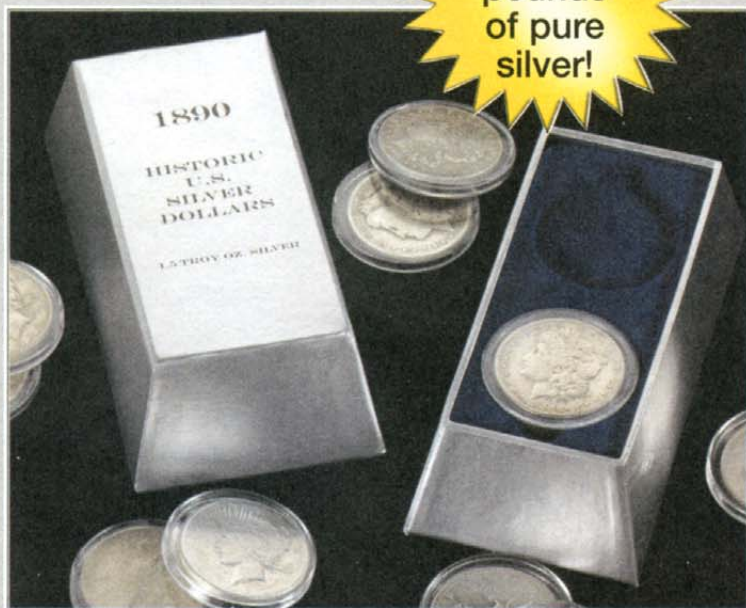
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