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QUEEN OF
HEARTS

**LEEANN
TWEEDEN**

**POKER'S
BIGGEST
DRAW
UNDRESSED**

**20^Q
KALEY
CUOCO**

**HERSCHEL
WALKER**
WANTS TO RULE
THE OCTAGON

SCARFACE
AND THE
MAKING OF
A MODERN
GANGSTER EPIC

**JOHN
HODGMAN**
AND HIS
DRUG-ADDLED
DREAMS

PLUS
**HUNTER S.
THOMPSON**
**WILLIAM
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THE INTERVIEW
CRAIG FERGUSON



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A hundred years in the past, physicist Robert Millikan announced he had measured the charge of an electron, a discovery that may someday allow us to see into the future. Albert Einstein explained how time travel would happen, writes **Brian Clegg** in *How to Build a Time Machine* (from his new St. Martin's Press book of the same name), but not how we'll ever produce enough energy to do it on a grand scale. Turns out, the writers of *Star Trek* may have been right about how we can move in time. Chalk up another one for the *Enterprise*. Another exciting event took place a century ago—the birth of future bombshell Jean Harlow. In *The Original Blonde*, **Neal Gabler** explains why the sex symbol—once called “the tart with a heart”—left such a lasting impression. **Richard Powers** provides his own solution to the challenge of time travel in *Dark Was the Night*, his riveting short story about a retired engineer on the Voyager space program who leaps backward by way of a memory enhancer. You'll never forget *The Queen of Hearts*, our incredible pictorial of **Leeann Tweeden**, host of NBC's *Poker After Dark*. The photographer is the talented **Odette Sugerman**. Many politicians have been calling for bipartisanship. Forget that!

We want intellectual fireworks, so we put **Paul Krassner**, the 79-year-old liberal satirist, in a room with 42-year-old conservative blogger Andrew Breitbart for *Krassner vs. Breitbart*. Speaking of hard hitters—who won the Heisman Trophy in 1982? You're right, it was the tree trunk known as Herschel Walker. In *The Fighter*,

Steve Oney follows the former NFL tailback as he attempts to establish himself as a professional kickboxer. “To get greatness,” Walker says, “you've got to almost get crazy.” **Craig Ferguson** has been on that runaway train. The host of *The Late Late Show* went from drunken loser contemplating suicide to unwavering optimist who loves America because “it's where all the cool stuff is.” He talks in the *Playboy Interview* about his tattoos, his punk drummer days and what he does when guests annoy him. You know what's irritating about **Kaley Cuoco**? In *20Q*, the sexy neighbor on *The Big Bang Theory* claims she would rather stick a pencil in her eye than pose nude. Kaley, we'll stick a pencil in *our* eye if that's what it takes. Cuoco also announces she's going to marry a funny nerd. Find out how to apply. Finally, **John Hodgman**, the humorist and “resident expert” on *The Daily Show*, shares in *The Ancient and Unspeakable Ones* his vision of a future in which horrific creatures will show up and make all life's other irritations seem a lot less important. It's a clever and funny rant from his new book from Dutton, *That Is All*. That is all.



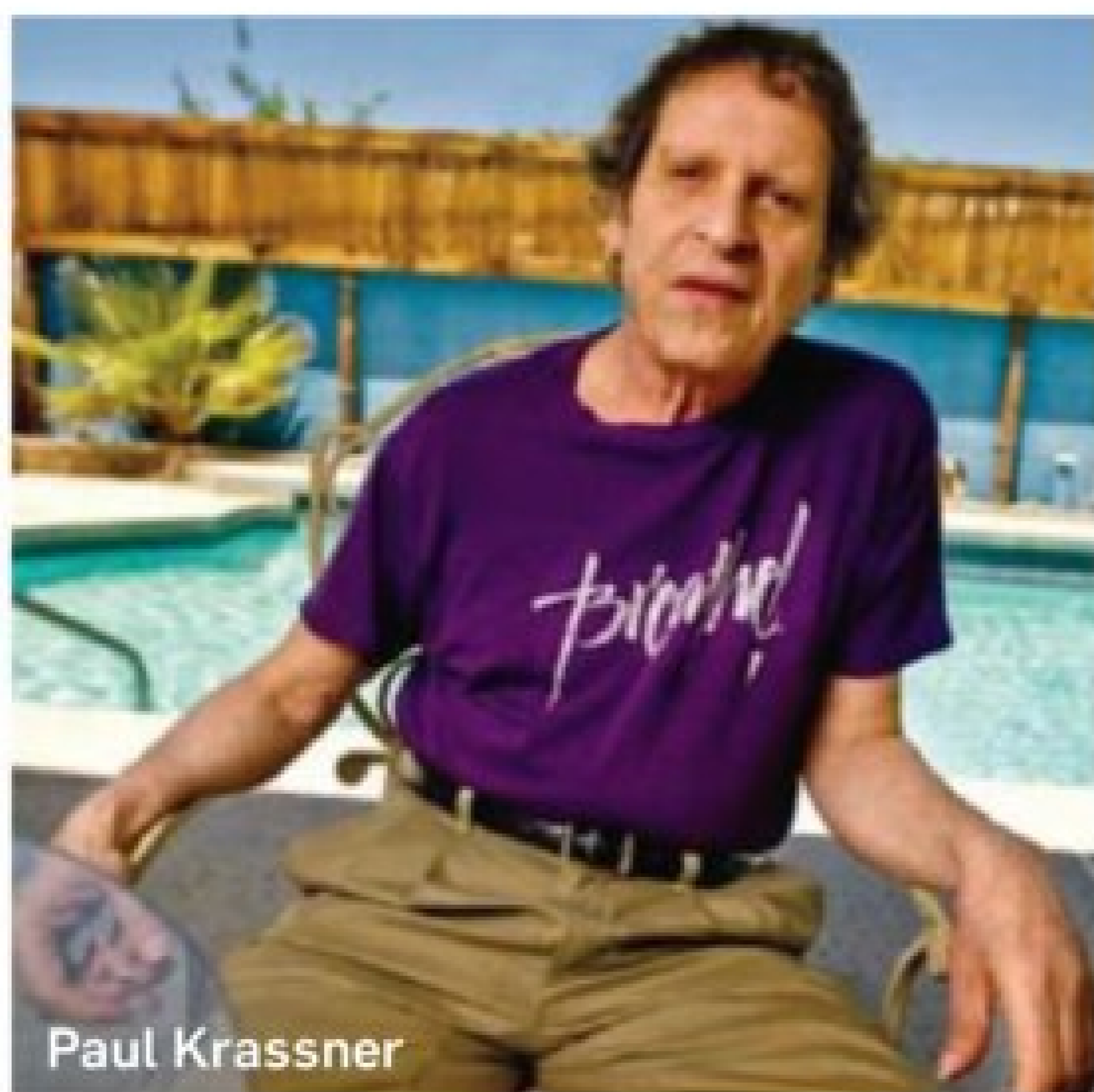
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Neal Gabler



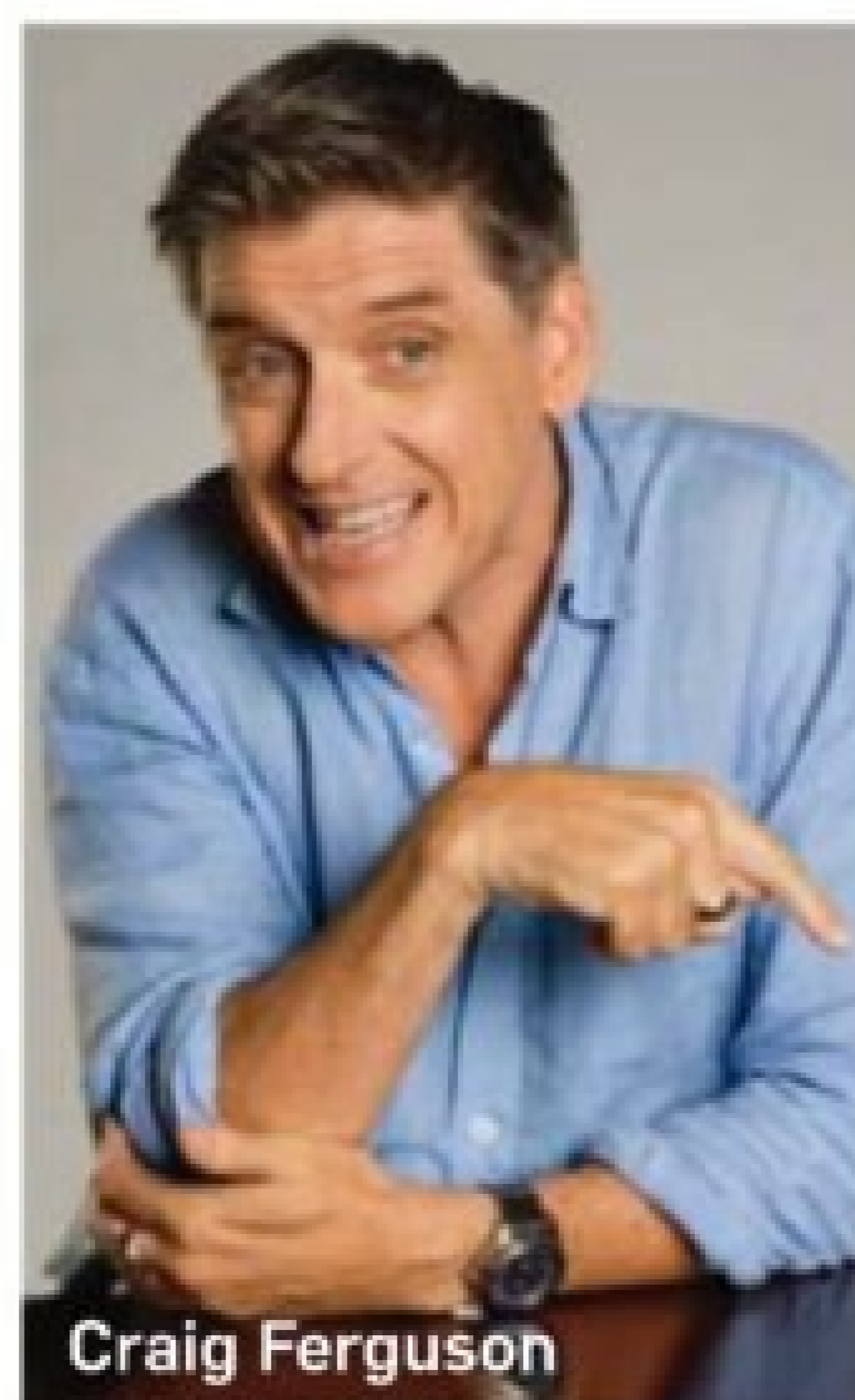
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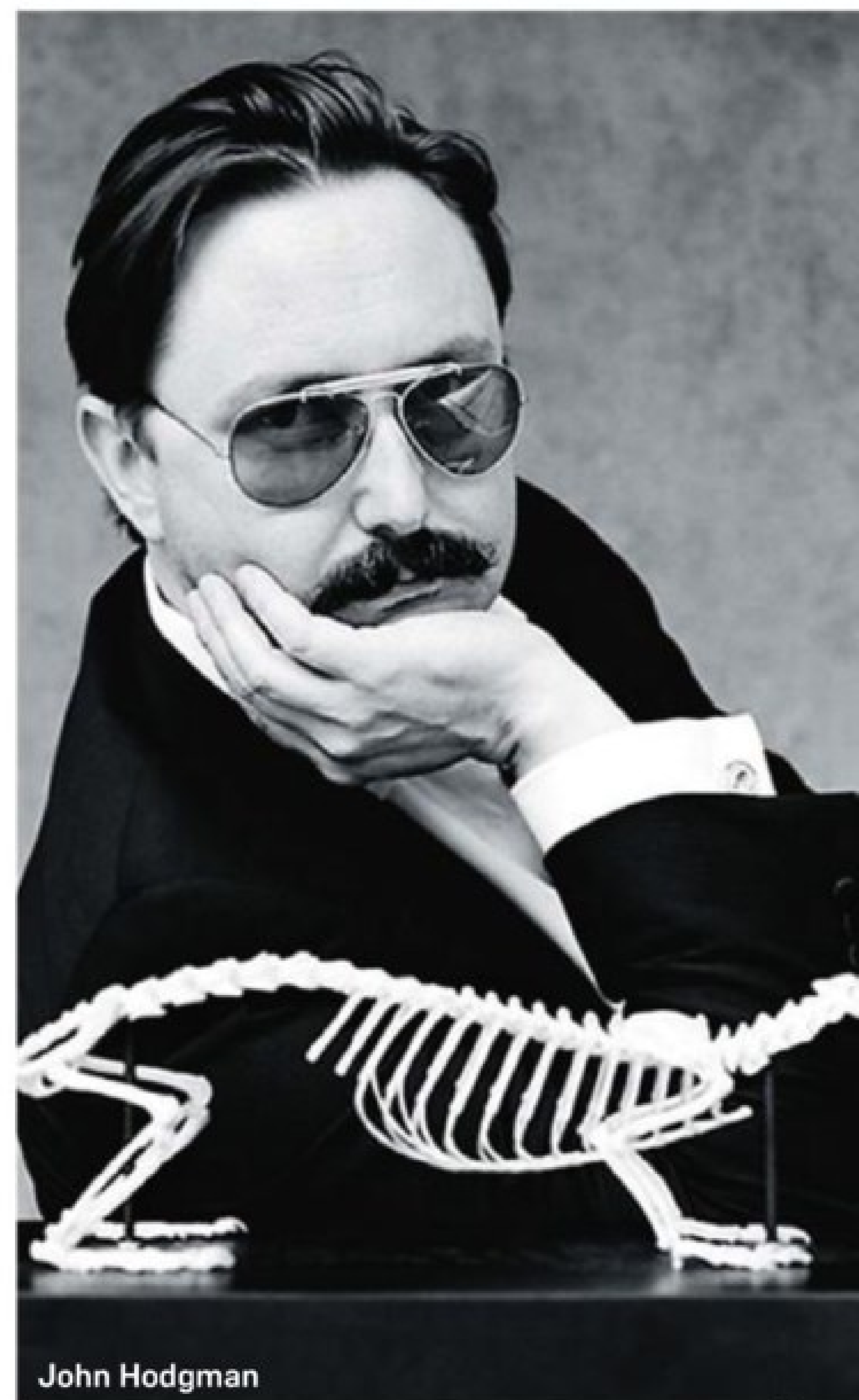
Craig Ferguson



Kaley Cuoco



Odette Sugerman and Leeann Tweeden



John Hodgman

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PLAYBOY

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A retired aerospace engineer risks everything to go back in time. By **RICHARD POWERS**



COVER STORY

We've never wanted to open a holiday present more, and you can bet this one will be memorable. The cover photograph of Leeann Tweeden, former correspondent for Fox's *Best Damn Sports Show Period* and current host of NBC's *Poker After Dark*, has our Rabbit in knots. Our gift to you was shot by Odette Sugerman.

PLAYBOY

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THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

DAILY EYE CANDY The sexiest photos and videos from around the web.

ODDITIES FROM THE VAULT Looking back at truly surreal pictorials starring clowns, aliens, elephants, horror film monsters and bird women.

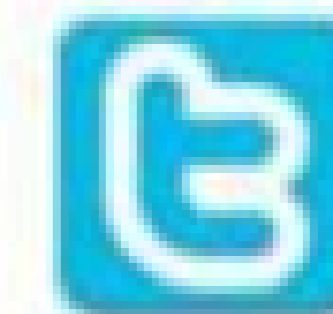
CYBER GIRL OF THE MONTH Meet Leanna Decker, small-town Kentuckian. Plus: Vote for future Cyber Girls.

SEXY BREWSKI The five sexiest television beer ads ever created.

WORKOUT WEDNESDAYS A new fitness blog from personal trainer and PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole.

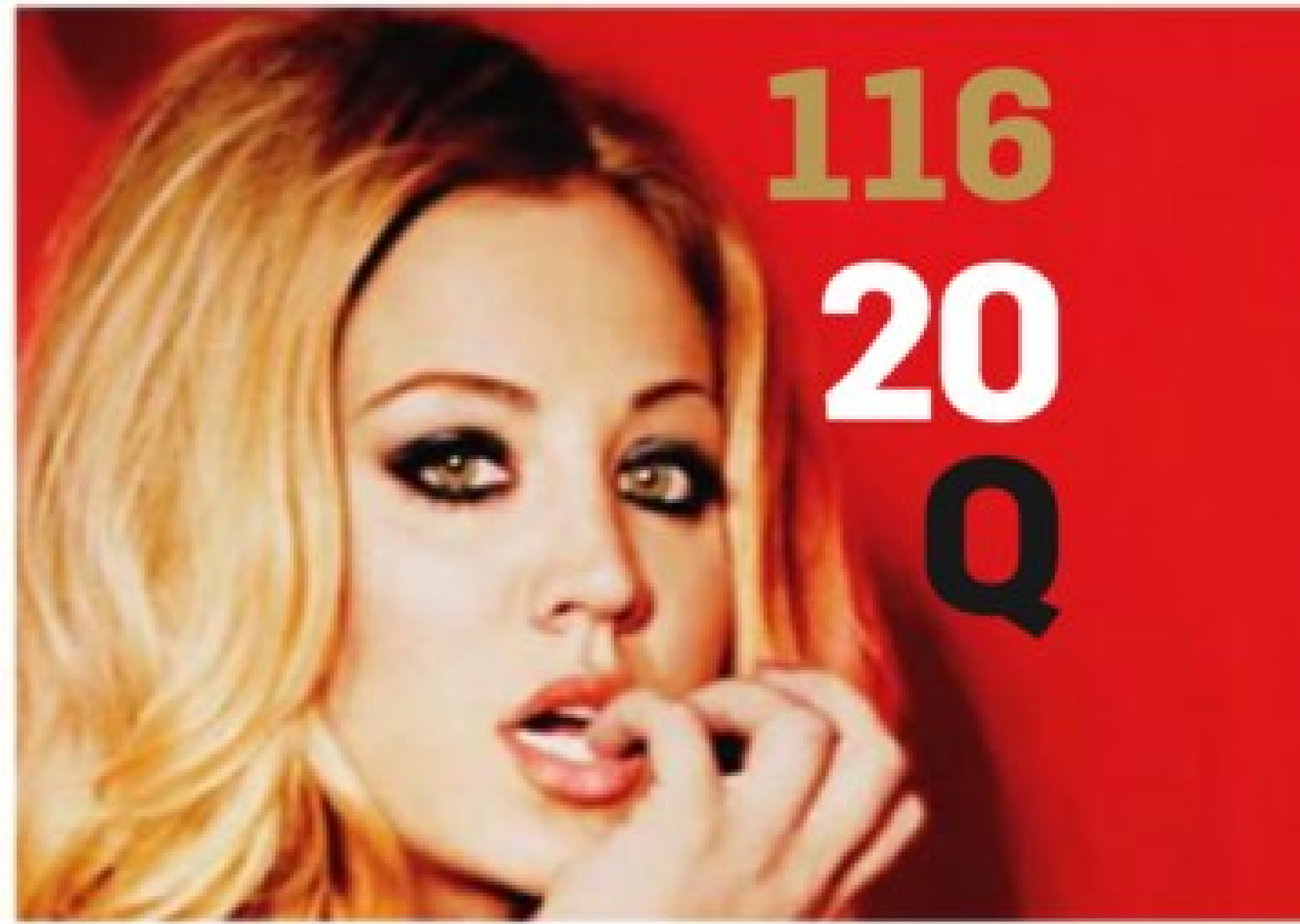


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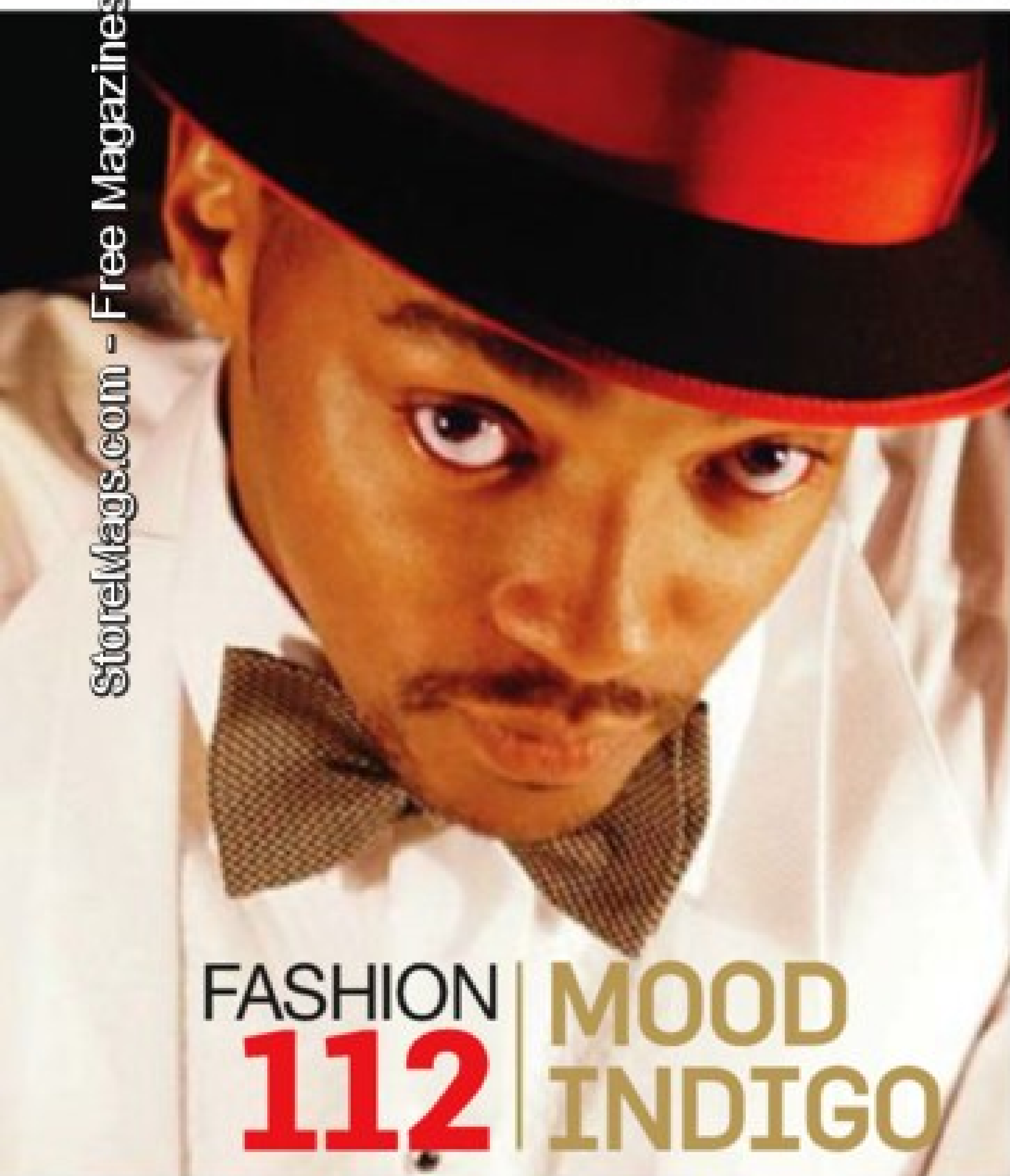
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The actor Anthony Mackie, son of New Orleans, channels Duke Ellington and the Big Easy. His motto? "Crisp, fresh, ironed." By **STEVE GARBARINO**

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



THE BLONDS' FASHION SHOW

The Playboy Bunny has inspired fashion designers for more than 50 years. This season the Blonds use her as a muse for their new line by creating modern, quirky twists on the very costume that personifies elegance and sexiness. The runway show drew celebrities such as *Jackass* star Bam Margera and singer Porcelain Black, seen at top right with designers Phillippe (blond in drag) and David Blond (holding our collaboration T-shirt). Playboy Licensing Creative Director Rebecca Szymczak and Olympic skater Johnny Weir also witnessed the melding of Playboy culture and couture.



EDDIE CIBRIAN'S ET INTERVIEW

Nancy O'Dell used Playboy Mansion West as the setting for her *Entertainment Tonight* interview with Eddie Cibrian, star of *The Playboy Club*, just before the show was canceled. Here they are with Cibrian's wife, LeAnn Rimes, and Hef.



GO, KENDRA! GO, KENDRA!

Kendra Wilkinson didn't disappoint fans with *Being Kendra*, the follow-up to her best-selling bio. The *Philadelphia Daily News* noted that judging from the line at her signing, "you'd have thought she was Michelle Obama."

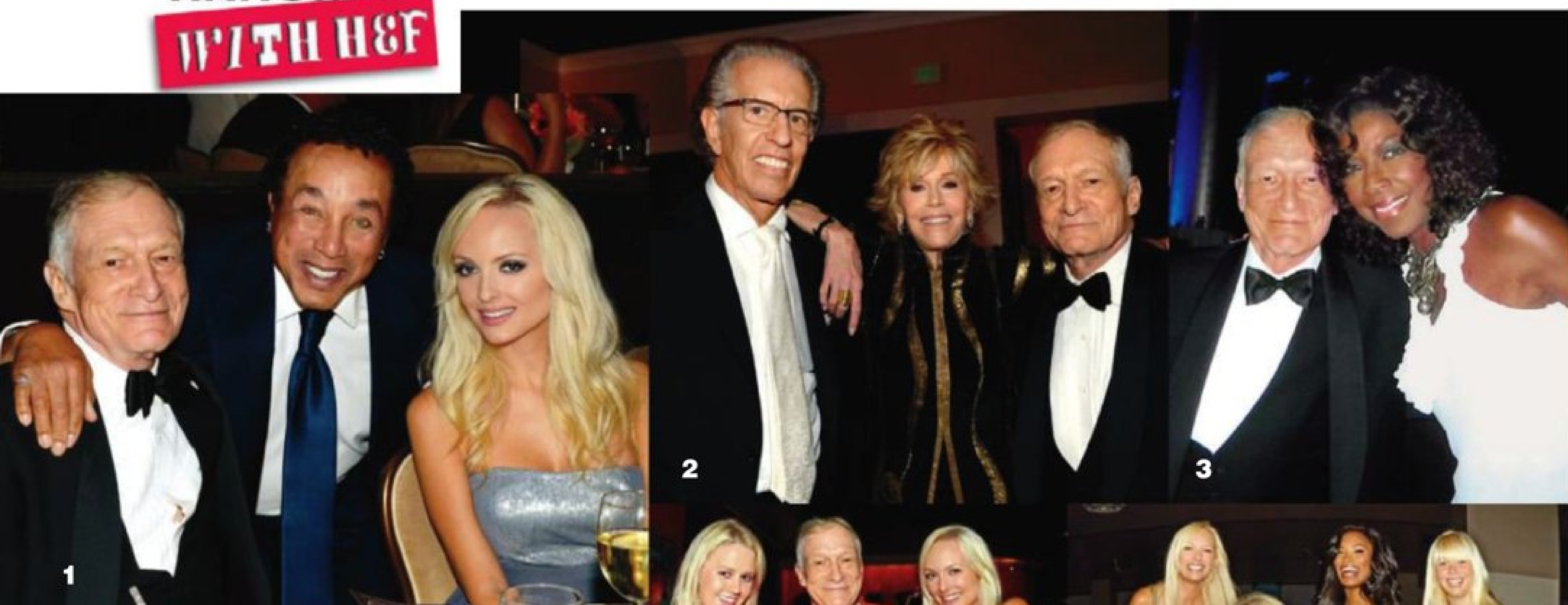


FIGHT AND ROCK NIGHT AT THE MANSION

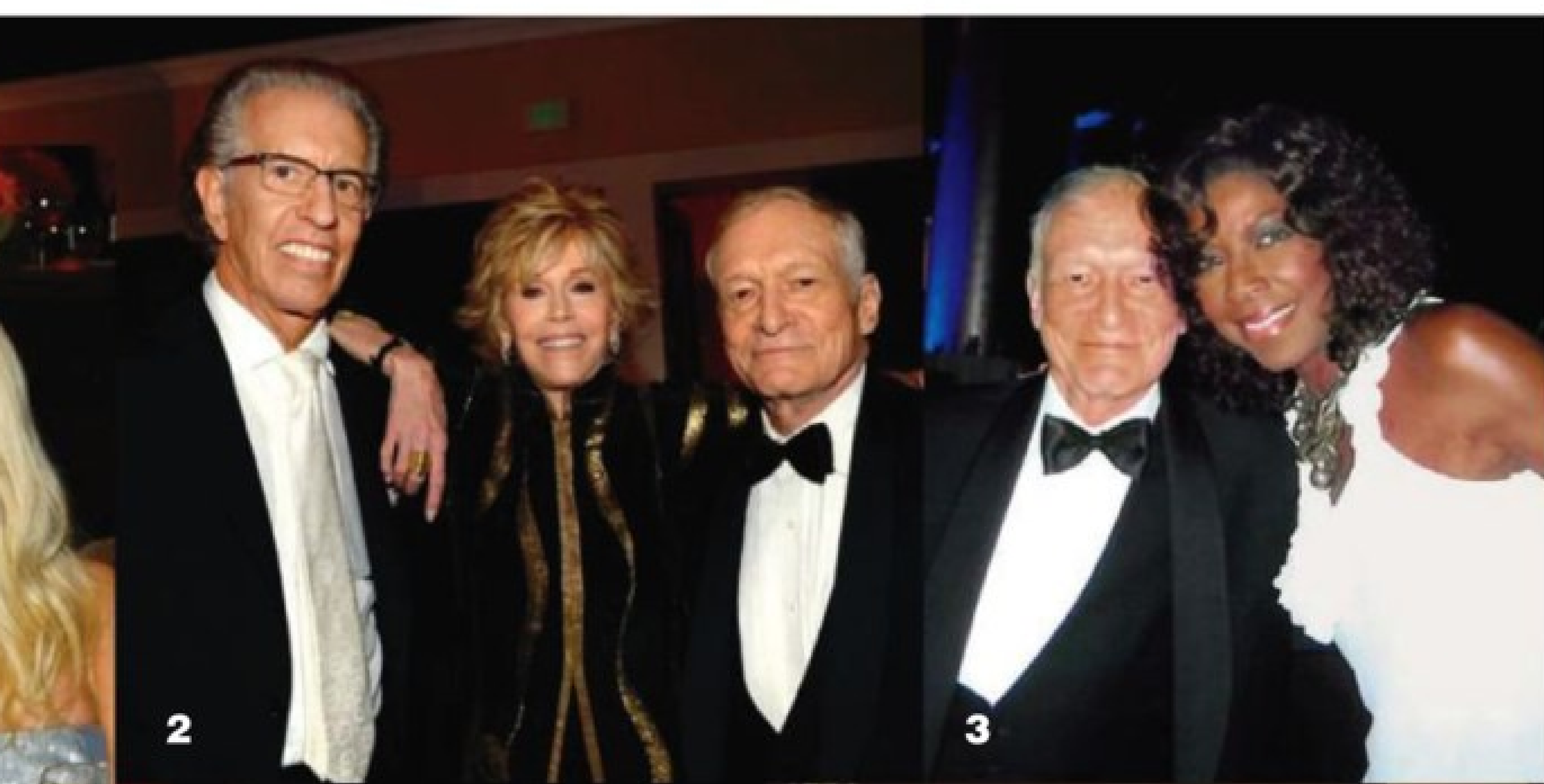
In late summer Hef invited fight fans to rock out with knockouts. Fight Night and Rock the Mansion were combined to feature boxing and MMA bouts, as well as a show by glam metal act Steel Panther. The musical headliners covered 1980s bands and performed their own throwback sound, all enjoyed by Bunnies and *Chelsea Lately* star Chuy Bravo. Bridget Marquardt glammed up to serve as host for the evening and was joined by PMOY 2009 Ida Ljungqvist, Miss May 2010 Kassie Lyn Logsdon, Miss September 2007 Patrice Hollis, Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins and PMOY 2011 Claire Sinclair.



HANGIN' WITH H&F



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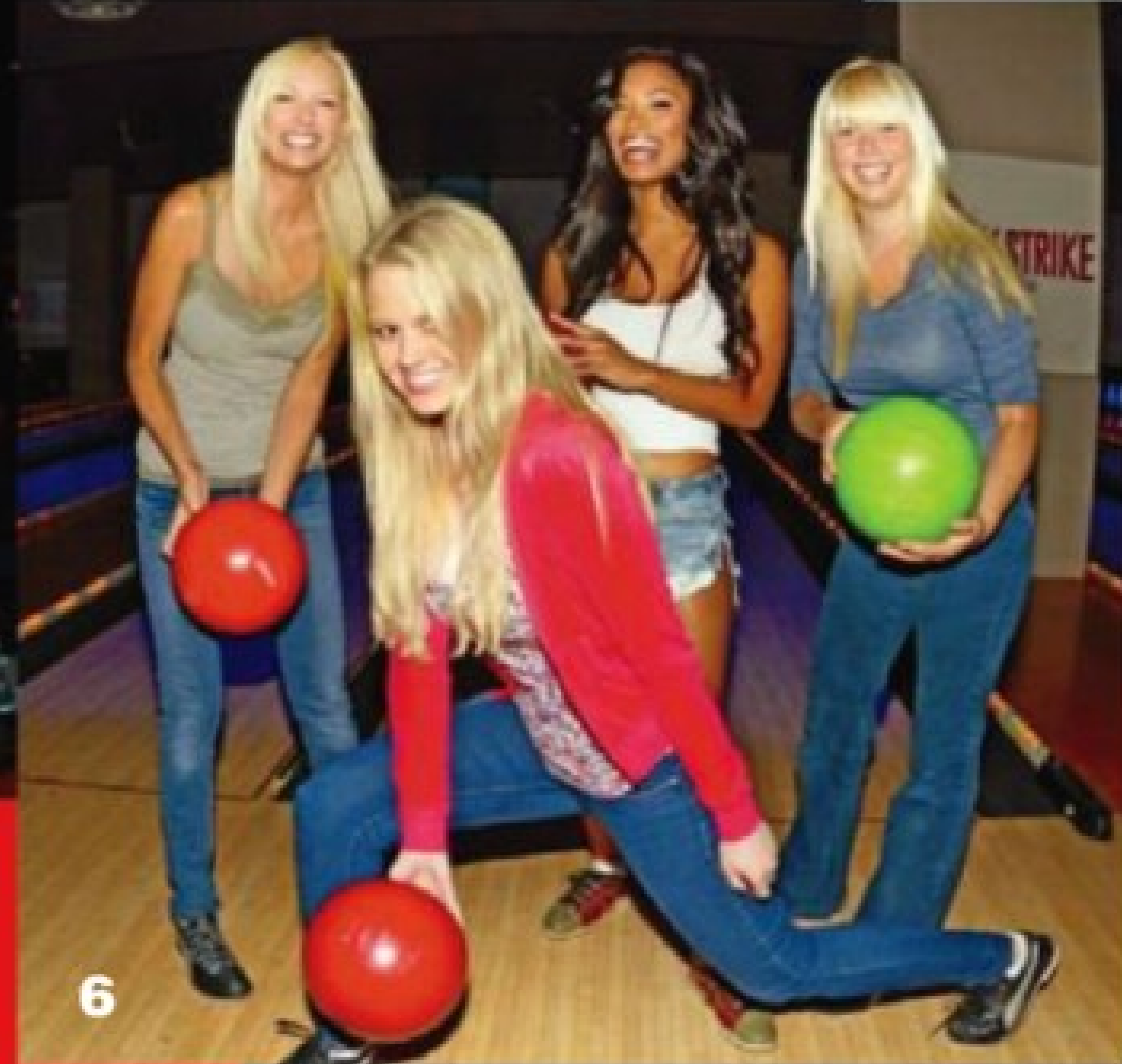


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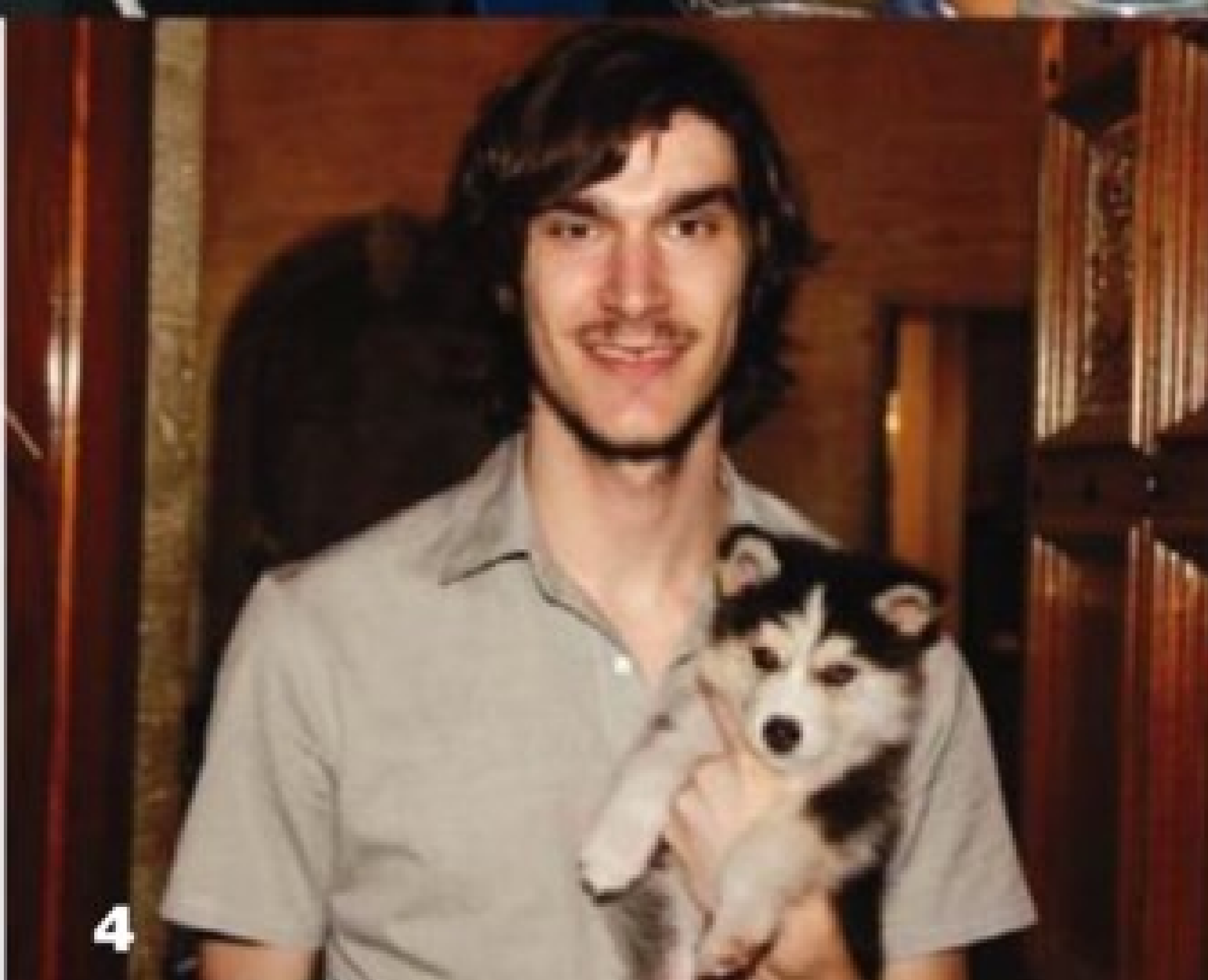
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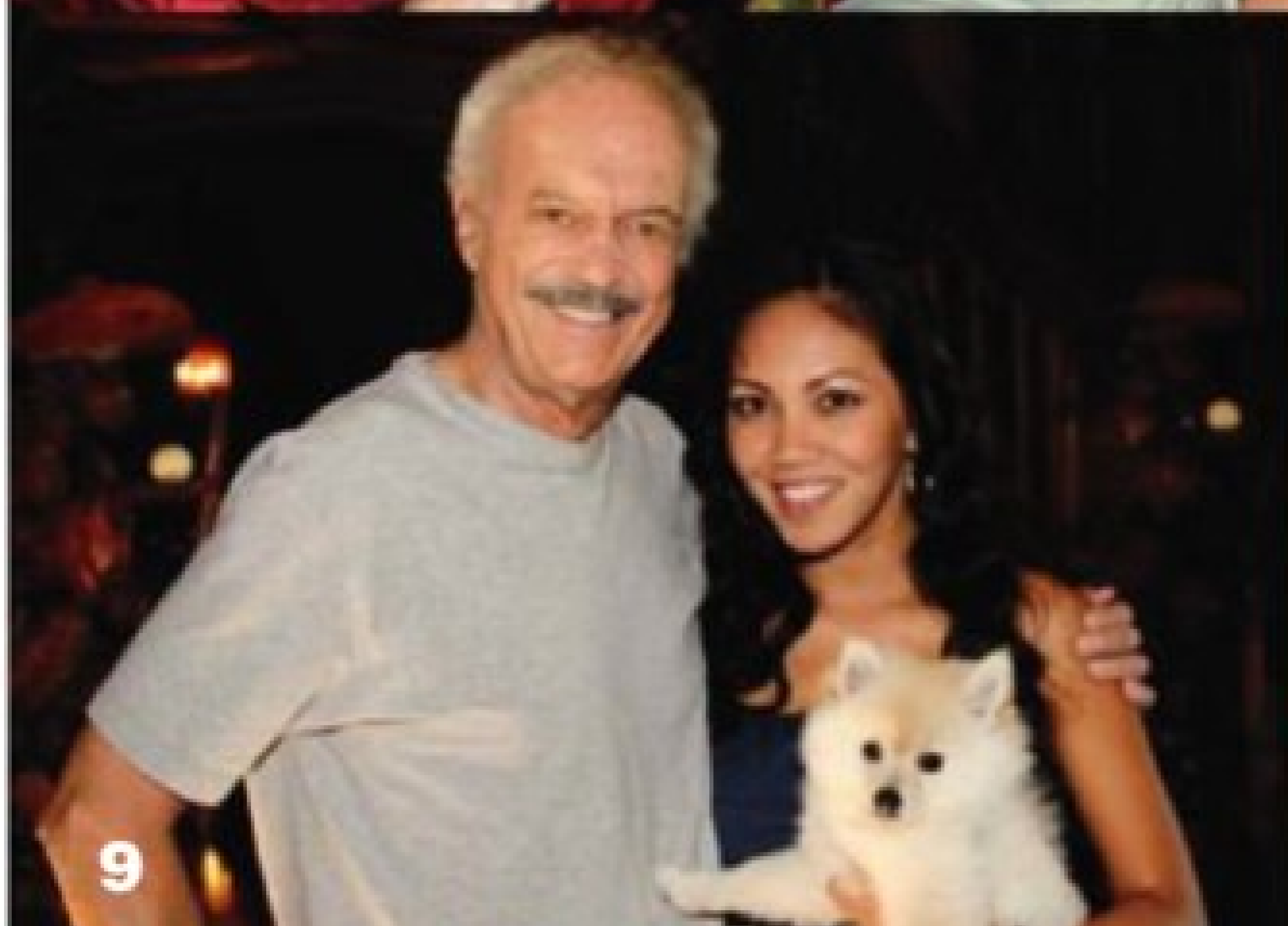
"I think that doing what you love, in work and play, is what keeps you alive," Hef told Billy Bush on *Access Hollywood*. Here's a glimpse of what keeps Mr. Playboy alive. (1) Hef and Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard celebrate their friend Smokey Robinson receiving an Ella from the Society of Singers. (2) Hef with music producer Richard Perry and Jane Fonda at the Ella Awards. (3) Hef with Natalie Cole. (4) Marston Hefner with his new pet wolf-dog Balto, at Movie Night. (5) Uh-oh, Hef. Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund and Shera are showing. (6) Shera, Anna, Leola Bell and Trisha Frick goof around at Lucky Strike. (7) Hef and Bush during the *Access Hollywood* interview. (8) Hef and daughter Christie Hefner on Movie Night. (9) Keith Hefner and girlfriend Caya Ukkas with their new puppy, Angel Bear. (10) Hef with Playmate Promotions' Pat Lacey, Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young, PMOY 2011 Claire Sinclair and Miss April 2010 Amy Leigh Andrews. (11) The girls in the Grotto at Fun in the Sun are Brittini Tribbett, Kate Youngling, Raquel Pomplun, Leola, and Janet Klinkhachorn. (12) Hef gives girlfriend Shera a special personalized cake for her birthday.



7



8



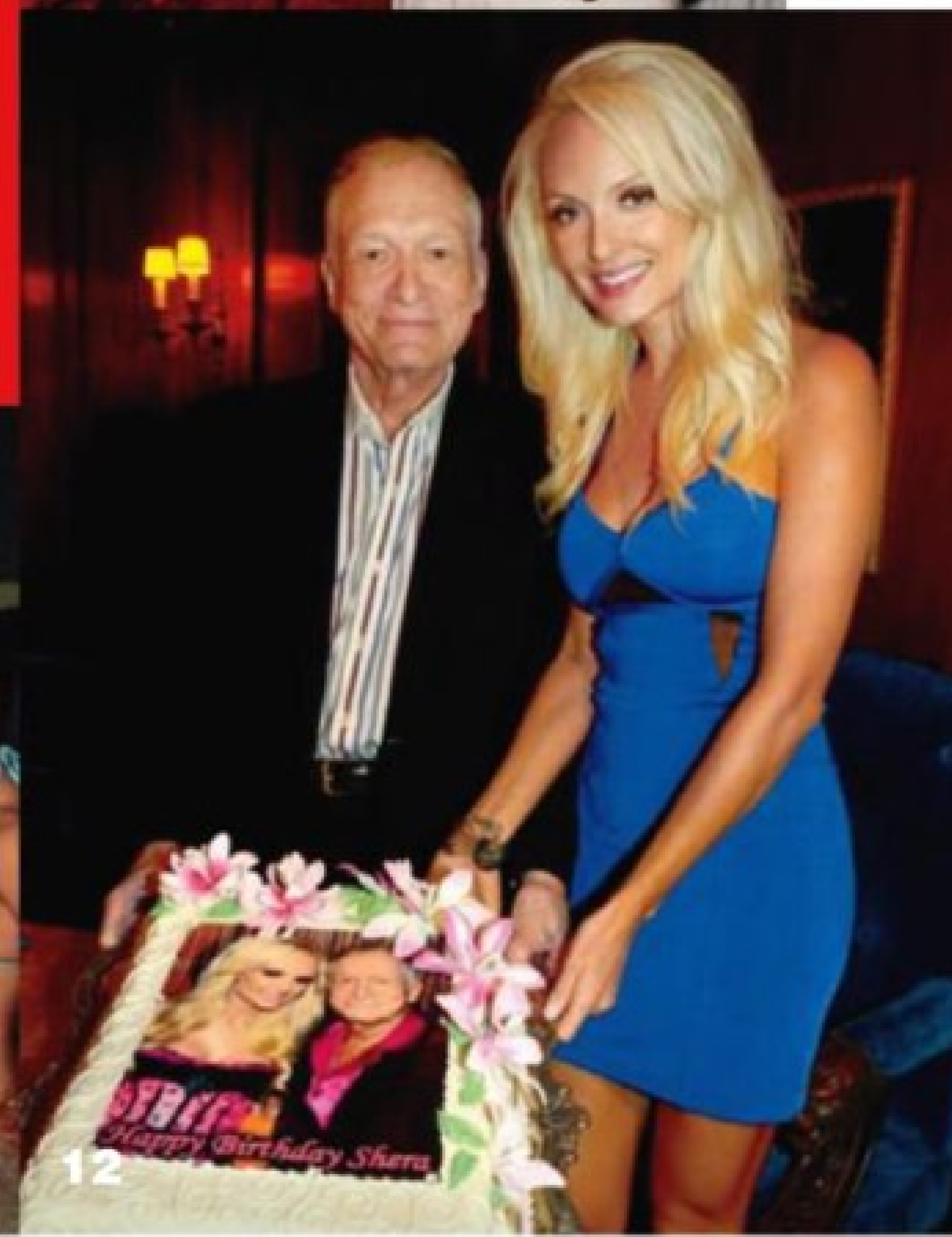
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WHERE DOWN HOME MEETS DOWNTOWN

A COLOGNE BY TIM MCGRAW



“Could I be in a better place and happier than I am today? I don’t think so,” Hef recently told *The Hollywood Reporter*. “In my wildest dreams I could not have imagined a sweeter life.” (1) Bikini-clad Bunnies Miss September 2007 Patrice Hollis, Claire, Shera and Miss February 2009 Jessica Burciaga with the Man at the Mansion’s Epic BBQ. (2) Miss February 2007 Heather Rene Smith with Lady Macbeth. (3) Jessica and Patrice are hula girls. (4) Hef with documentarian Brigitte Berman during Fun in the Sun. (5) Bandleader Ray Anthony with Claire, Shera and her dog Willa. (6) Hef and Miss December 1958 Joyce Nizzari at Movie Night. (7) Miss May 2010 Kassie Lyn Logsdon, Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips and Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson at the Summer Solstice party. (8) Hef and Anna on Movie Night. (9) Hef with Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens and her son Jaxon. (10) Photographer Sasha Eisenman, PLAYBOY Deputy Photo Director Patty Beaudet-Francès and Guess model Lisa Seiffert. (11) Cooper Hefner and girlfriend Samantha Crawley. (12) Hef surrounded by blondes Addison Miller, Shera, Miss December 2010 Ashley Hobbs, Anna, Miss November 2011 Ciara Price, and Miss March 2009 Jennifer Pershing on Movie Night.



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DEAR PLAYBOY

READING BETWEEN THE LIES

I am a 24-year-old female who lives with my boyfriend, and I have never had a problem with PLAYBOY sitting on our coffee table. However, I am outraged to see THE GENTLEMAN'S GUIDE TO HAVING AN AFFAIR on the October cover and the article *How to Run a Mistress* inside. How can you claim to care about women while advising men how to cheat? I am so disappointed.

Mary Kate Vetter
Spartanburg, South Carolina

How to Run a Mistress is the most honest article about dishonesty I've read. Let's face it: If a woman denies her mate sex for an extended period without arranging alternatives, she deserves to be cheated on. She's denying a basic need of a person she supposedly loves. How often does a report of a celebrity caught with his pants down mention his wife's crossed legs or that she likes it only in the missionary position with the lights off? And when do other men publicly offer solace to someone who acted as nature intended? Men and their sexual appetites—their love of women—have been demonized for too long. The scientific consensus is that men are not hardwired to be sexually exclusive, yet the bashing continues. By not speaking out against lifetime monogamy, men appear to be ashamed of their sexuality. We are living in an age of truthful enlightenment. It's time to negotiate infidelity with your spouse. It's not just about the sex—it's about the emotional well-being that comes with not having to lie. If women can burn their bras, men can break their leashes.

Holly Hill
Sydney, Australia

Hill is author of the memoirs *Sugarbabe* and *Toyboy* (hollyhill.net.au).

Are men so stupid they think they won't get caught? As a woman who is not naive enough to believe her partner is incapable of cheating, I would be immediately suspicious of the behavior you describe. If a man wants to let his dick run his life, he shouldn't commit. This very lame article makes you guys look like pigs.

Allie DeStefano
Worcester, Massachusetts

Don't think for a moment we endorse sneaking around. The article is not to be taken seriously, and we didn't expect it would among PLAYBOY readers, who know better. But after all the headlines about cheaters (e.g., Anthony Weiner, John Edwards, Tiger Woods, Jesse James, Dominique Strauss-Kahn, et al.), we thought it would be entertaining and informative to get inside the mind of a repeat offender.

MONKEY WARRIORS

Rob Magnuson Smith spins a great dark tale in *The Island of Doctor Ivanov* (October), but behind all the qualifiers ("reportedly," "purportedly," "Is it possible?"), the fact is the Soviets never

Golden Amber

Thank you to Amber Heard, star of NBC's *The Playboy Club*, for doing her part to save the curves of yesteryear and for being proud and happy to have her own (20Q, September). The modeling and media industries are obsessed with anorexic women, but there is nothing sexy about looking hungry.

Garrett LaBoda
Asheville, North Carolina

Because there are so many possible answers, I've always thought it ridiculous to ask anyone to name the most beautiful woman in the world. After seeing your photo of Heard, I may reconsider. Wow.

Sal Balestriere
Matawan, New Jersey



considered creating a soldier-worker by breeding apes and humans at the primate center in Sukhumi or anywhere else. The story originated in the late 1990s with science-fiction writer E. Parnov, who claimed to have found previously classified government documents. His rhetoric fed a lot of sensational reports. The biologist Ilya Ivanov proposed cross-breeding experiments to determine the degree of genetic similarity between apes



George and Dr. Zira, sitting in a tree....

and humans, but there was never any absurd thought to create a "new breed of human." His ill-fated African attempt to establish whether humans and apes are biologically distinct ended before the Sukhumi center existed. The implication that Ivanov or any of the scientists you name were sent to the gulag for failing to fulfill a Stalinist order to produce a cross-breed of soldier-worker is fantasy and an insult to the memory of the actual victims

of Stalin's purges. The Sukhumi center deserves to be known not for this hokum but for its work on antibiotics and vaccines that have saved millions of lives.

Douglas Bowden
Seattle, Washington

Bowden is a researcher at the Washington National Primate Research Center at the University of Washington. No living person knows what actually transpired, and the details of Ivanov's arrest are obscure. In 2008 Vladimir Barkaya, director of the Sukhumi center, told *The Independent of London*, "Professor Ivanov started these experiments in Africa and continued them here in Sukhumi. He took sperm from human males and injected it into female chimpanzees, although nothing came of it."

I thoroughly enjoyed *The Island of Doctor Ivanov*. I find it amusing that in the final paragraph, in which Smith hints he may have found the reclusive hybrids' living quarters, he mentions objects that look like Christmas ornaments. It would be interesting to see the reaction of our beloved scientists if their creations chose to worship God over science.

Paul Pruitt
Tarpon Springs, Florida

TIES THAT BIND

Margaret Atwood speculates that *Li'l Abner* cartoonist Al Capp might have seen 1930s pulp artist Margaret Brundage's mostly uncovered damsels in *Weird Tales* (*The Weird Art of Seduction*, October) and been inspired to draft his funnies fatale Wolf Gal. I'm sure that's true of Capp and many other artists. In my research for *Secret Identity: The Fetish Art of Superman's Co-Creator Joe Shuster*, I found conclusive evidence that Shuster and Jerry Siegel were avid readers of *Weird Tales*.

The sci-fi pulps that the geeky Cleveland teens devoured led them to create the Man of Steel. No doubt Brundage's visions inspired Shuster when he stopped drawing Superman breaking chains and started drawing women bound in them.

Craig Yoe
Peekskill, New York

Yoe is a comics historian (yoebooks.com).

WOMEN TROUBLE

I love the magazine, but Lisa Lampanelli is an idiot (*Women*). I read her column every month, hoping it will be insightful or at least humorous, and every time I cringe. You guys can do better.

Chelsea Harlan
Portland, Oregon

Lisa replies: "I'm the idiot? She's the one who keeps reading me every month."

BABE ON FILM

Commenting on *The Pride of the Yankees* (1942), Joe Buck asks rhetorically, "And what other movie classic has Babe Ruth appearing as himself?" ("Five Film Home Runs," *After Hours*, October) There is one: *Speedy* (1928), with Harold Lloyd.

Richard Bann
Los Angeles, California

The program for the Bambino Film Festival would also include the 1920 silent film 'Headin' Home' and five shorts released in 1932.

FINDING A PULSE

George Gurley writes in *Weekend in Wasilla With Mercedes Johnston* (September) that he hoped to "take the pulse" of Wasilla. Isn't that done by placing your fingertips on the neck or wrist? I live in the neighboring town, and Gurley seems to have inserted his fingers into Wasilla's anus by hanging out in a sleazy, washed-up bar and interviewing morons and burnouts with cartoon-character names.

Kyle Drasky
Palmer, Alaska

BRUSH WITH FAME

A cartoon by Victoria Fuller appears on page 101 of the September issue. Is that the Victoria Fuller, Miss January 1996?

Brett Lambert
Edmonton, Alberta

One and the same. You can see more of her paintings at victoriafuller.net.

SLIGHTLY BIG LOVE

In the September *Playmate News*, PMOY Claire Sinclair says she thinks muscles on a man look vain and she prefers "pudge" because "it's cute." God bless her. If only there were a dating site for gorgeous women who share her taste in men.

John Borkowski
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DEFENDING NIC

For shame, using one of our finer actors as a punching bag (*How to Go Broke the Nic Cage Way*, July). Taking him to task for this or that role (and box-office performance)

is silly. Plum roles are hard to come by and even trickier to identify on the page. Is a script about a broken man who goes to Vegas to kill himself with booze and dies in a dingy motel screwing a hooker one to avoid or an Oscar winner? As for his taste in big houses, lavish parties and exotic animals—are you seriously taking Cage to task for coveting Hef's lifestyle?

David Crane
Monterey, Massachusetts

BUNNIES FOREVER

I could easily determine the date of the photos in *The Original Playboy Club Bunnies* (October) from the hairstyles and sets. The only shots that appear to have been taken yesterday are those of Avis Kimble and Claudia Jennings. What timeless beauties they are!

Michael Flourde
Edmundston, New Brunswick

The October issue brought back many great memories. I visited the Chicago club so often I was usually allowed to



The bubbly Bonnie Jo Halpin offers a refill, 1961.

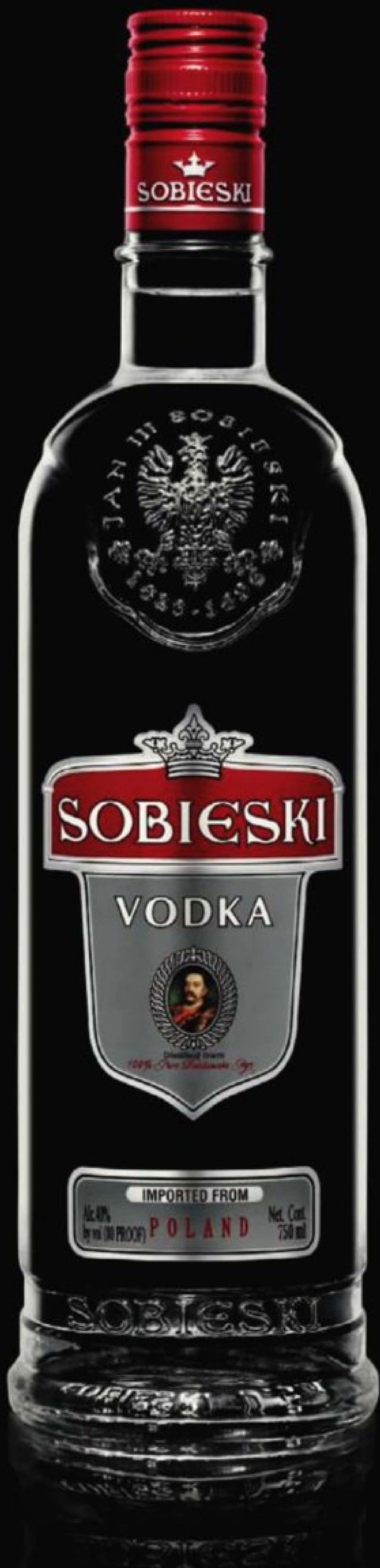
avoid the line and enter through a side door. Bunny Helene would use my first name to embarrass me, because in those days it was scandalous (wink, wink) to be a member. One afternoon I met Sammy Davis Jr.—you never knew who would show up. My last visit to a club was at Century City in Los Angeles, where we'd always stop before going to a show at the Shubert Theatre. Gwen Wong was usually my Bunny, and I'm surprised she wasn't in the pictorial.

Clay Granacki
Tucson, Arizona

The Bunnies of the 1960s are gorgeous, with natural breasts in all shapes and sizes, unlike the majority you see today, which seem to have been purchased at Boobs R Us. Keep showing the past and the present, and maybe the present will be inspired.

Bob Jusko
Forked River, New Jersey





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BECOMING ATTRACTION

Doda

Each month, PLAYBOY's photographers circle the globe in search of pulchritude. Case in point: Dorota Rabczewska—or Doda, as she is known in Europe—Poland's most famous and scandalous singer. Her 2007 album *Diamond Bitch* went double platinum, and another, *The Seven Temptations*, out this year, went platinum. She received four EVMA nominations (including best European artist) in 2011. It's all part of her plan to captivate Poland and the world. "I love being Poland's It girl," says Doda, "and I don't intend to resign my position."



SEXTYMOLOGY • MISTLETOE

READ MY LIPS

It's unclear how the custom of kissing under the mistletoe began, but who cares? Making out is festive. When locking lips, forget that the druids considered the sticky juice of the berries "oak sperm." Later, in the 1800s, men would pluck one every time they kissed a woman. "When the berries are all plucked," Washington Irving wrote, "the privilege ceases." No berries, no cherries.

PASSIVE
AGGRESSION
HOLIDAY
PARTIES

SAY WHAT?

There's no better time to tell your co-workers what you really think than during the office holiday party. While personalization is key—how else will they know it comes from the heart?—we enlisted Nick Mamatas, editor of *Insults Every Man Should Know*, to get you started.



"IT'S GREAT TO HAVE A CONVERSATION WITH SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T FEEL THE NEED TO SHOW OFF HIS INTELLIGENCE ALL THE TIME."

"MERRY CHRISTMAS, NEARLY EVERYBODY!"

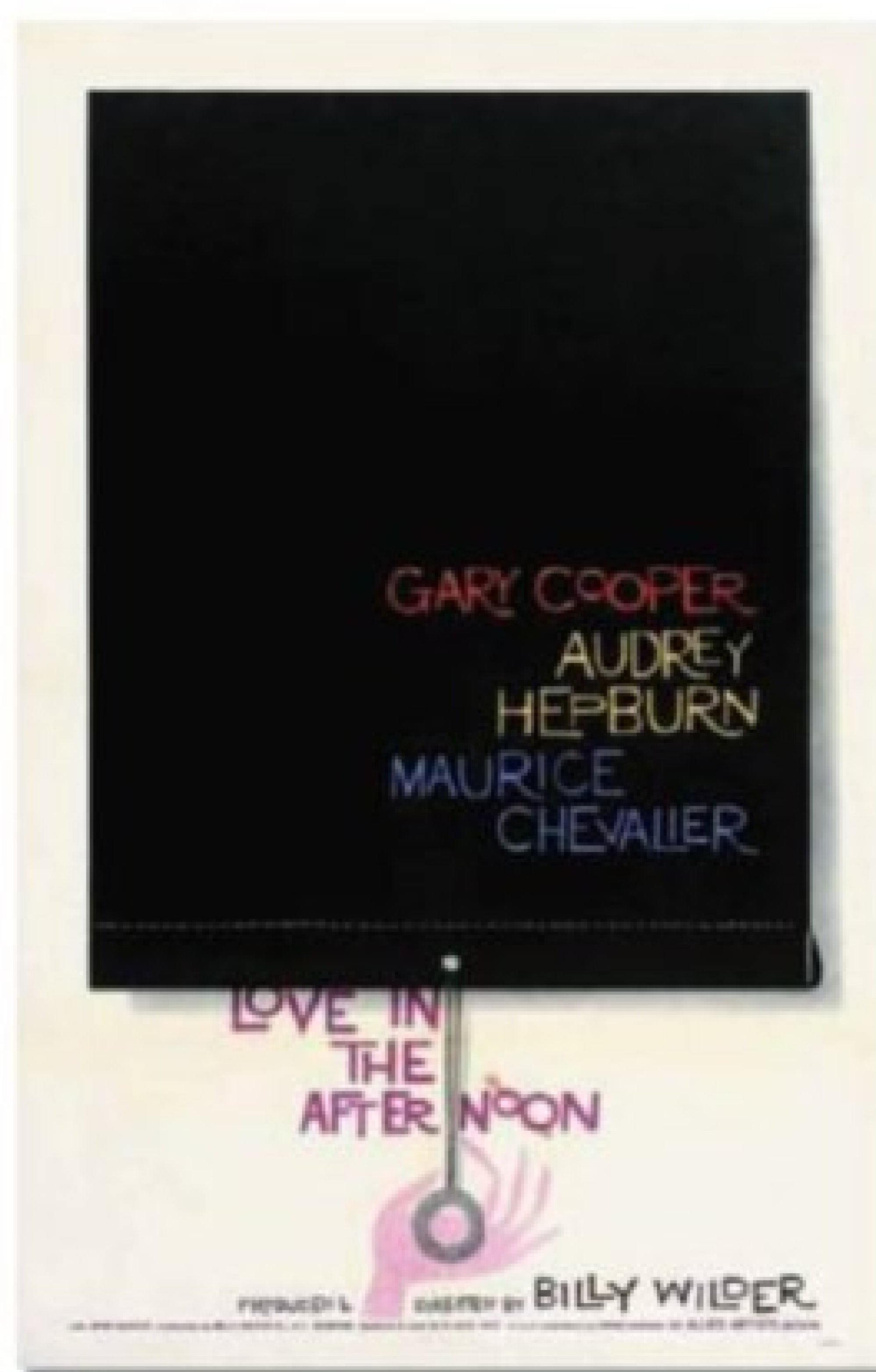
"HE'S A SEAGULL OF A MANAGER: FLIES IN, MAKES A LOT OF NOISE, SHITS ALL OVER EVERYTHING, THEN LEAVES."

"IT'S GOOD THE COMPANY HAS LEARNED TO BE CAUTIOUS. FAILURE HAS TAUGHT US THAT MUCH."

AFTER YOUR 10TH DRINK: "I DON'T KNOW WHAT MAKES YOU SO STUPID. BUT WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S WORKING."



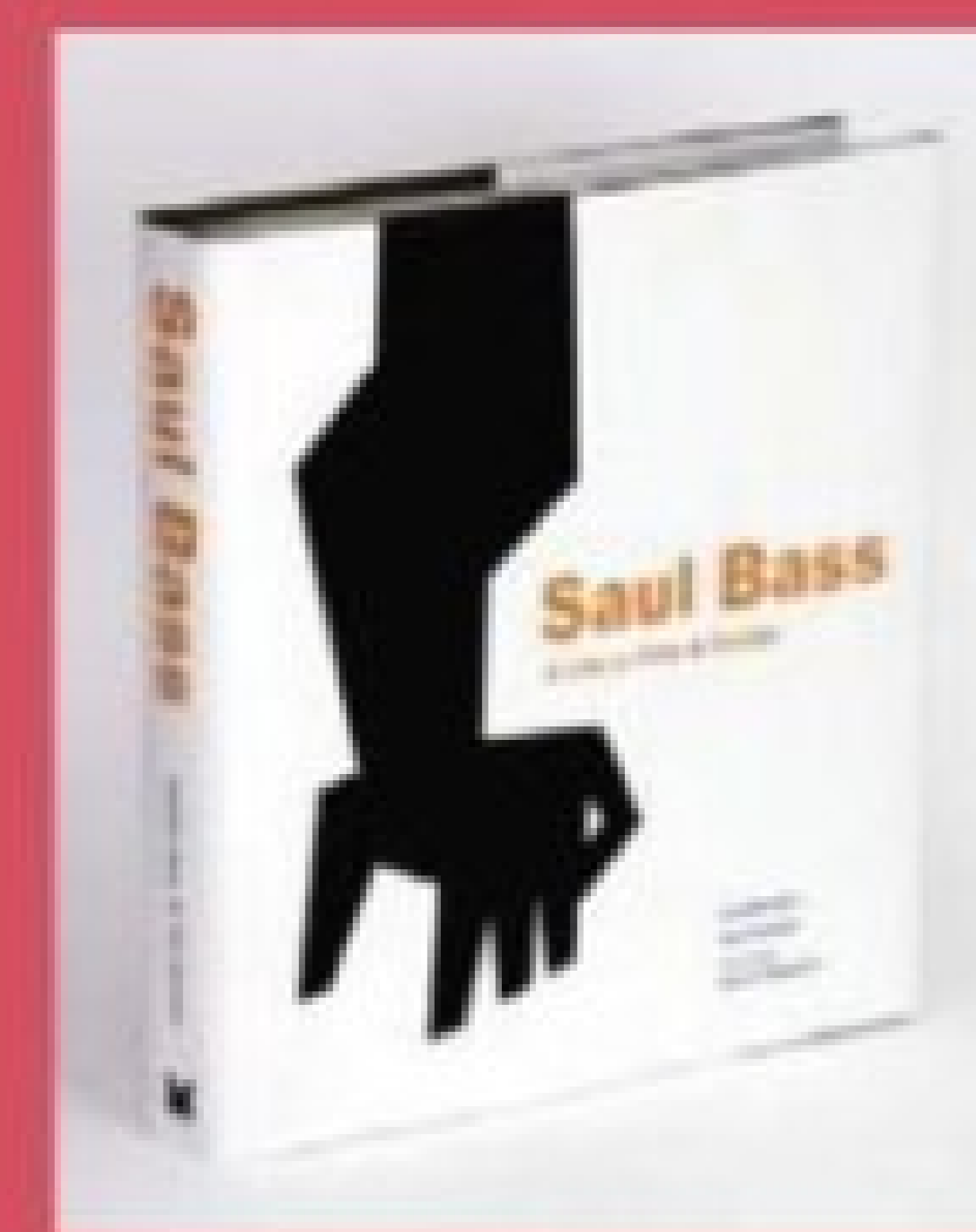
ROY KNIFE



DESIGN • SAUL BASS

SUPER GRAPHIC

You may not recognize the name Saul Bass, but you will definitely recognize his work. His visual creations include indelible company logos (AT&T, United Airlines, Quaker Oats) and movie title sequences (*Vertigo*, *The Man With the Golden Arm*, *Spartacus*). Nearly all the Bronx native's work is on display in the new art book *Saul Bass: A Life in Film & Design* (\$75, laurenceking.com)—a collaboration between designer Pat Kirkham and Bass's daughter Jennifer. (Bass died in 1996.) As Martin Scorsese, who tasked Bass with conceiving the title sequences for *Goodfellas*, *Cape Fear* and *Casino*, writes in the book's foreword, "[Bass's designs] found and distilled the poetry of the modern, industrialized world. They gave us a series of crystallized images, expressions of who and where we were and of the future ahead of us. They were images you could dream on. They still are."





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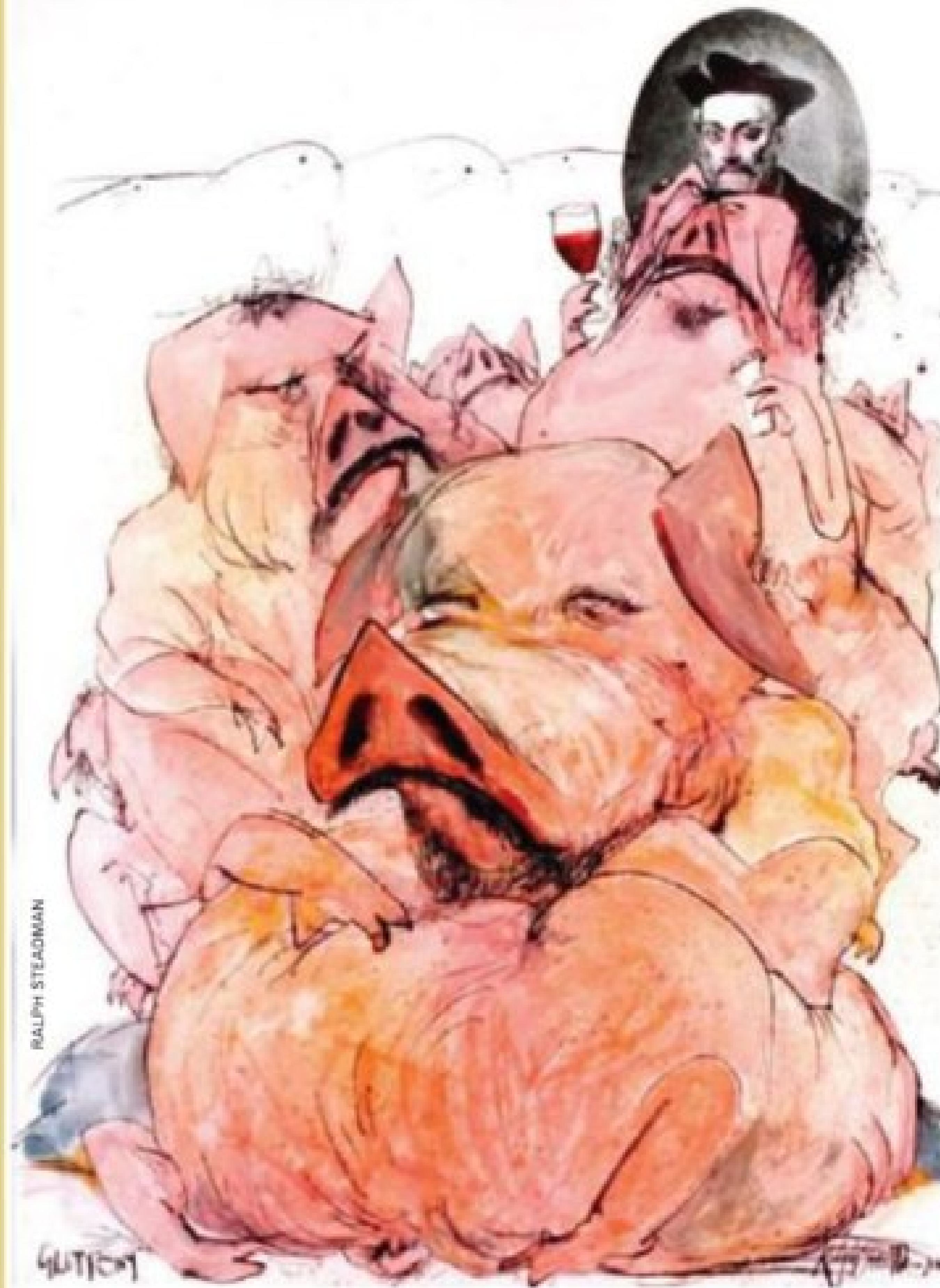


Lift here
to discover
Play For Him
Eau de Toilette

GIFTS • FOR HER

WHAT WOMEN WANT

Who better to ask than the editors of Refinery29, the online fashion authority for the fairer sex? Among their picks: a Talford necklace from Dannijo (left, \$420, dannijo.com); a massage from Bliss (\$165, blissworld.com); a Match Point pullover sweater from Madewell (\$72, madewell.com); and a subscription to the foodie magazine *Lucky Peach* (\$28, mcsweeneys.com).



NEVER SLEEP • MONTREAL

FRENCH TWIST

As Canada's sin city, Montreal is a playground for overindulgence with a carefree heart, fine wine legs and Euro flare. Temples of hedonism await on every corner. **5 P.M.** Every neighborhood has a *dép*, or convenience store where it's legal to buy one beer at a time. (We suggest local brews Belle Gueule and Fin du Monde.) **6:15 P.M.** During happy hour, take refuge inside the wine bar La Buvette Chez Simone. Low-slung lights and ingenious *Tetris*-like wooden tables are designed to squeeze patrons together in the art of *têtes-à-têtes*.

7:30 P.M. *Le puck drop* is sacred in Montreal. Anthropological proof is on parade at Chez Serge—even the TV on the men's washroom ceiling is tuned to hockey.

9 P.M. With eight months of winter to contend with, Montreal's finest eateries conjure northern hunting lodges and serve outrageously artful food. Try meaty, syrup-soaked "French Canadiana" at Martin Picard's Au Pied de Cochon, Quebecois delish kitsch at Joe Beef or wild surf and turf at Le Club Chasse et Pêche.

11 P.M. The Whisky Café is your best shot for a late-night scotch run or pull on a cigar.

3 A.M. Consider the after-hours club Stereo your morning sound bath. With one of the most powerful audio systems in the world, star DJs never sounded so good.

6 A.M. At Les Princesses Super Sexy, night and day dirty dance together as topless waitresses serve breakfast to a bustling crowd of workmen, couples and families. Its *le Camionneur* ("the Trucker") breakfast comes with three eggs, three meats, french toast and beans in pork fat and molasses—plus your choice of coffee or beer.



THE \$1.2 MILLION PAGANI HUAYRA

CARS • MONEY ROLLS

WHEELS OF FORTUNE

It seems fancy automobiles can drive right over a rocky economy. Sales of high-priced cars are on the rise. Rolls-Royce sales doubled in the second quarter of 2011, and

Ferrari's net profits were up 23.5 percent from January to July. Which leads to the question, If money were no object, what new ride would you buy? Here are three on our list. The Pagani Huayra (above), just reaching our shores, goes for \$1.2 million. The Italian-crafted, Mercedes AMG-engined car packs 700 horsepower. Top speed: 230 mph.

MERCEDES MCLAREN SLR STIRLING MOSS An update of the Mercedes-Benz SLR racer that conquered the world in 1955 in the hands of Sir Stirling himself, this silver arrow comes with a 641-horsepower V8 in its nose, not to mention a \$1.01 million price tag. Mercedes made only 75 of them. Top speed: 217 mph.

MAYBACH EXELERO The Exelero coupe you see at left is the only one ever built. Price: \$8 million. Although German in design, it was built in Italy. Upon seeing this muscular black-bodied automobile, one writer proclaimed, "For that kind of money it should come with an all-you-can-eat buffet—of caviar." Top speed: 218 mph.





IT'S A WONDERFUL LOOK: Wool flannel suit, \$1,495, by Hickey Freeman. Cashmere V-neck sweater, \$295, by Vince. Irish linen handkerchiefs, \$65 for three, by Brooks Brothers.

CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

JIMMY STEWART

EVERY YEAR at Christmas *It's a Wonderful Life*, a movie with enough holiday spirit to turn tough guys into blubbering sentimentalists, goes into heavy rotation on cable. The film has come to define the career of one of Hollywood's great leading men—Jimmy Stewart. Known for his soft-spoken delivery and romantic conquests (Ginger Rogers among them), Stewart became an influential arbiter of men's style, a classic prep with well-cut suits and an ever-present tie. Few knew, however, that he had another life outside his silver-screen persona. He was in fact a closeted ass-kicker. During World War II Stewart was the first cinema star to wear a military uniform. A skilled aviator, he flew missions as a command pilot, bombing the hell out of the Nazis. Twice he received the Distinguished Flying Cross. Today he is remembered not as a war hero but as George Bailey, a sad small-town man who is visited by an angel on Christmas Eve. When you catch *It's a Wonderful Life* this year, raise a toast to Stewart the actor, the style icon and the ass-kicker.

EXPERT APPROVED

TREE TIME

This Christmas at the White House the presidential presents will sit under the presidential tree, which Schroeder's Forevergreens (schroedersforevergreens.com) in Wisconsin will provide. For your nonpresidential Christmas tree needs, Sue Schroeder suggests a Fraser fir. "Fraser firs are fast becoming best-sellers. They look traditional and retain their needles longer than just about any other tree out there," she says. "Plus, they have heavier branches, meaning they can support a lot of decorations."



HOLIDAY DINNER • SHELL GAME

A LOBSTER TALE

CHEF JACOB KENEDY was just 28 when he opened Bocca di Lupo ("Mouth of the Wolf")—one of the most sought after reservations in London—three years ago. "My tongue is still singing," raved a *Times* of London reviewer. Now Kennedy has released his *Bocca Cookbook* (\$45, Bloomsbury USA). Here's his roast lobster with bread crumbs, a Sardinian dish that's perfect for the holidays.

2 live 1½ lb. lobsters	1 anchovy filet, finely chopped
1 cup bread crumbs	Pinch of hot red pepper flakes
1 garlic clove, chopped	¼ cup chopped flat-leaf parsley
½ cup extra virgin olive oil	½ cup dry marsala

Fry bread crumbs and garlic in three tablespoons of oil until lightly browned. Add anchovy and pepper, remove from flame after 30 seconds and add marsala and two thirds of the parsley. Split lobsters from head first with a sharp knife. Cover insides with bread crumb mixture, pressing lightly. Drizzle remaining oil and bake in preheated oven at maximum heat for about 13 minutes. Sprinkle remaining parsley. Serve with salad and a lemon wedge.

BARMATE WORDS TO DRINK BY

KARIN NOELLE

I LOVE meeting new people. That's why I love where I work, Champions Sports Bar in Highspire, Pennsylvania. It's close to an airport, so I never know what kind of crowd to expect.

BIG TIPS are better than bad pickup lines. A guy once handed me \$300 for two beers. That got my attention.

DRUNK MEN think they can win you over by starting a fight with another guy. Trust me, it never works.

EVERY BARTENDER judges a man by what he drinks. No matter how good-looking you are, we'll laugh at you if you order something too girlie.



THE OUTER LAYERS

Weave some personality into your winter sweater rotation. While solids are always a solid choice, a Fair Isle sweater will punch up your

khakis, jeans or wool trousers with a pattern all its own. Like kilts and single malts, the Fair Isle knitting technique is a Scottish innovation,

originating in the 1800s from the country's Shetland Islands. Today, however, it is popular with several major designers (see below).



Tommy Hilfiger mock turtleneck (\$95)

BOSS Orange Abrasion cardigan (\$325)

WeSC shawl-collar sweater (\$132)

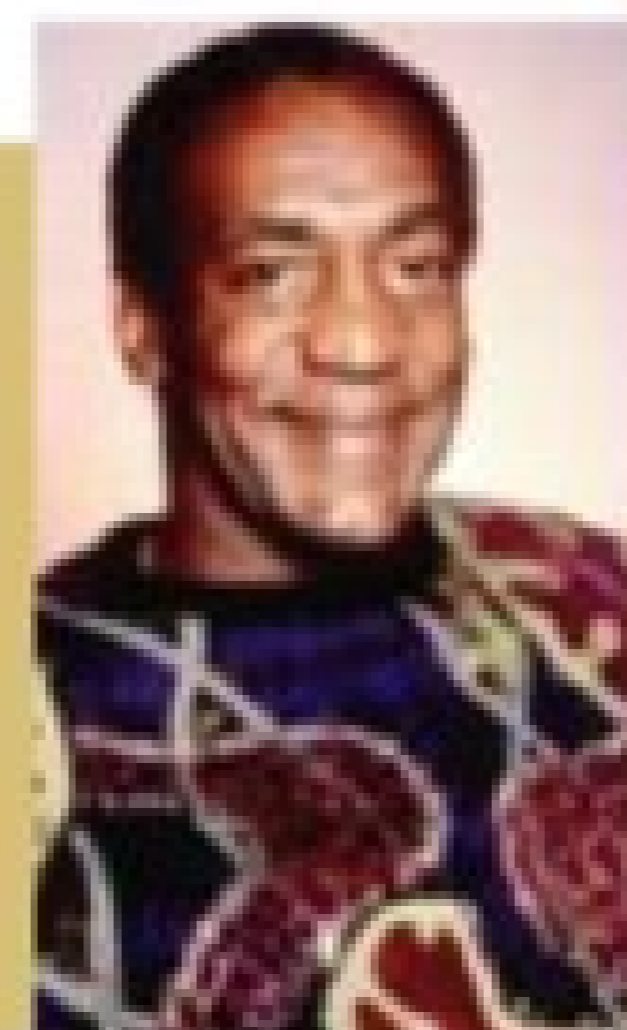
KNIT-WITS



The zip-up cardigan now on display at the Smithsonian, thanks to Mr. Rogers.



The dickey (a.k.a. faux turtleneck), seen here in *Christmas Vacation*.



Technically, a Coogi—though it's best known as a Cosby sweater.



The garish Christmas reindeer sweater.



THE GOOD LIFE FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER & A MOVIE



Coming soon to a theater near you: the lap of luxury. In recent months a new breed of high-end movie theater has sprung up across North America. One of the first—and certainly one of the best—is Cinetopia (cinetopia.com), with locations in Vancouver, Washington (above) and Beaverton, Oregon. Both spots feature iPad menus filled with craft beers, fancy wines and gastro-pub entrées. As if that weren't enough, Cinetopia also offers an array of other diversions: live music, a movie-themed arcade and cocktail lounges. How's that for a double bill?



PHOTOGRAPHY MICHAEL DWECK LIVE FREE

The black-and-white images contained in PLAYBOY contributing photographer Michael Dweck's latest book, *Havana Libre* (\$65, damianieditore.it), were shot in contemporary Cuba. But what they really capture is the country's post-Castro future waiting to happen. That future: intertwining circles of artists, musicians and writers, who, for the moment at least, take to Havana's underground for secret gallery shows, private basement soirees and impromptu club performances—all on display in Dweck's 290-page visual exploration of the city's hidden cultural renaissance. Of special note are photos and interviews with the sons of Che Guevara and Fidel Castro.

GANT RUGGER

Distressed Denim Shirt

\$185.00 »



VINTAGETRENDS.COM With one of the largest vintage T-shirt collections on the internet, this site specializes in all things retro: authentic military garb, hard-to-find belt buckles, old-school lighters and ties. There's also an endless assortment of vintage denim organized by brand and size; each item is photographed so you can see how distressed it is. Don't worry: All items are cleaned and sanitized before shipping.



MJOLK.CA What is this, some kind of mjölk? Exactly. With its humble yet beautifully curated flagship store in Toronto, Mjolk has spread worldwide over the web. On sale: an eclectic mix of Scandinavian and Japanese furniture, handcrafts, kitchen and bath gear, etc. Nowhere else will you find a selection of scissors so strange and fascinating. Left: concrete soap dish (\$35) and concrete shaving kit (\$98). By the way, Mjolk is pronounced *mi-yelk*.



MRPORTER.COM This pristinely designed site offers wares from the best of men's luxury designers: Ralph Lauren, Burberry, Gucci, Lanvin and Bottega Veneta, to name a few. Its Wardrobe Manager tool helps you sort out your shopping needs, and the style directory has expert video manuals on how to pull together the look you desire. Wanna resemble David Bowie? Steve McQueen? Mr. Porter's got you covered.

STYLE • E-COMMERCE

SHOP TALK

Like you, we enjoy nothing more than shopping malls during the holidays. Road rage in the parking lot, your hair turning gray as you wait in line...after line.... Another nip off that flask? You know it. This year the promise of the internet is fulfilled again with new retail sites tailored to the masculine man with a sense of style. Example: parkandbond.com. This e-shop offers exclusive merchandise, a complimentary personal shopping service, a selection of unusual grooming products, vintage watches at good prices and even its own mini-magazine to give you sartorial suggestions. "We built the site to specifically target the needs and wants of the American male luxury customer," says Park & Bond president John Auerbach. Hey, that's us! And you too. So this holiday season, shop from your couch while sipping fine scotch in a rocks glass like the gentleman you are. That's more like it.

TURN ON • HEAT

HOT STUFF

Melt Old Man Winter's icy touch with this trio of technological wonders that eradicate the cold like an industrial-strength blowtorch. No matter where you are, swaddling yourself in heat has never been simpler—or more futuristic.



HOME Set the temperature with your iPhone during your evening commute or from the comfort of bed with the Ecobee Smart Thermostat (\$468, ecobee.com).



BODY There's no need to winterize your sports gear. The Breath Thermo 1/2 Zip (\$80, mizunousa.com) harnesses the body heat you generate while working out.



KITCHEN Why leave the La-Z-Boy to pre-heat the oven? The touch-screen Aga Total Control stove (\$15,500, agaliving.com) can be operated with a forthcoming app.

TRAPPED INSIDE BARREL WOOD FOR YEARS. WE'RE OVERDUE FOR A NIGHT OUT.


A BOLD, NEW BOURBON WITH FLAVOR
UNLOCKED FROM INSIDE THE BARREL WOOD.

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

SHERLOCK HOLMES: A GAME OF SHADOWS

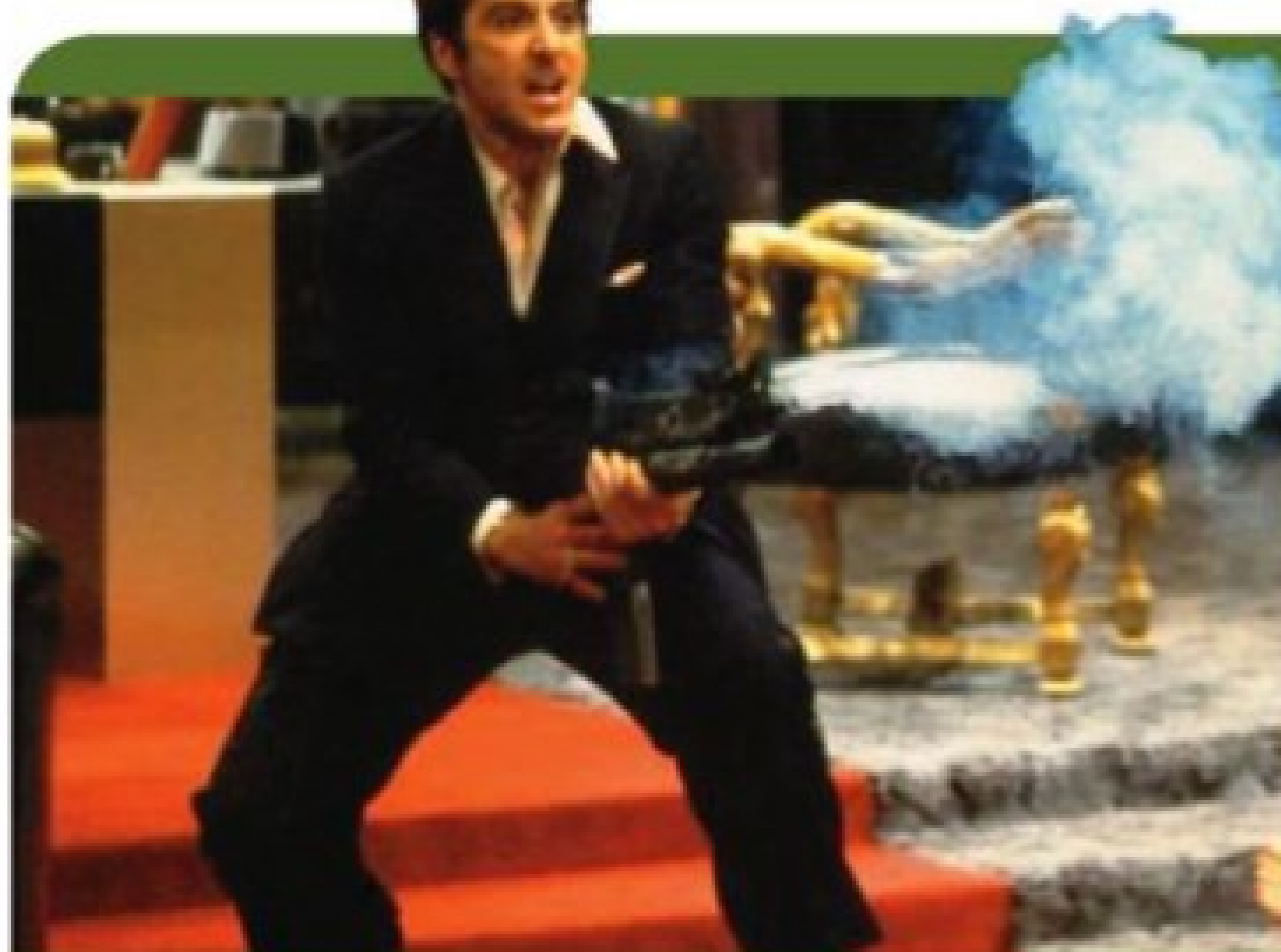
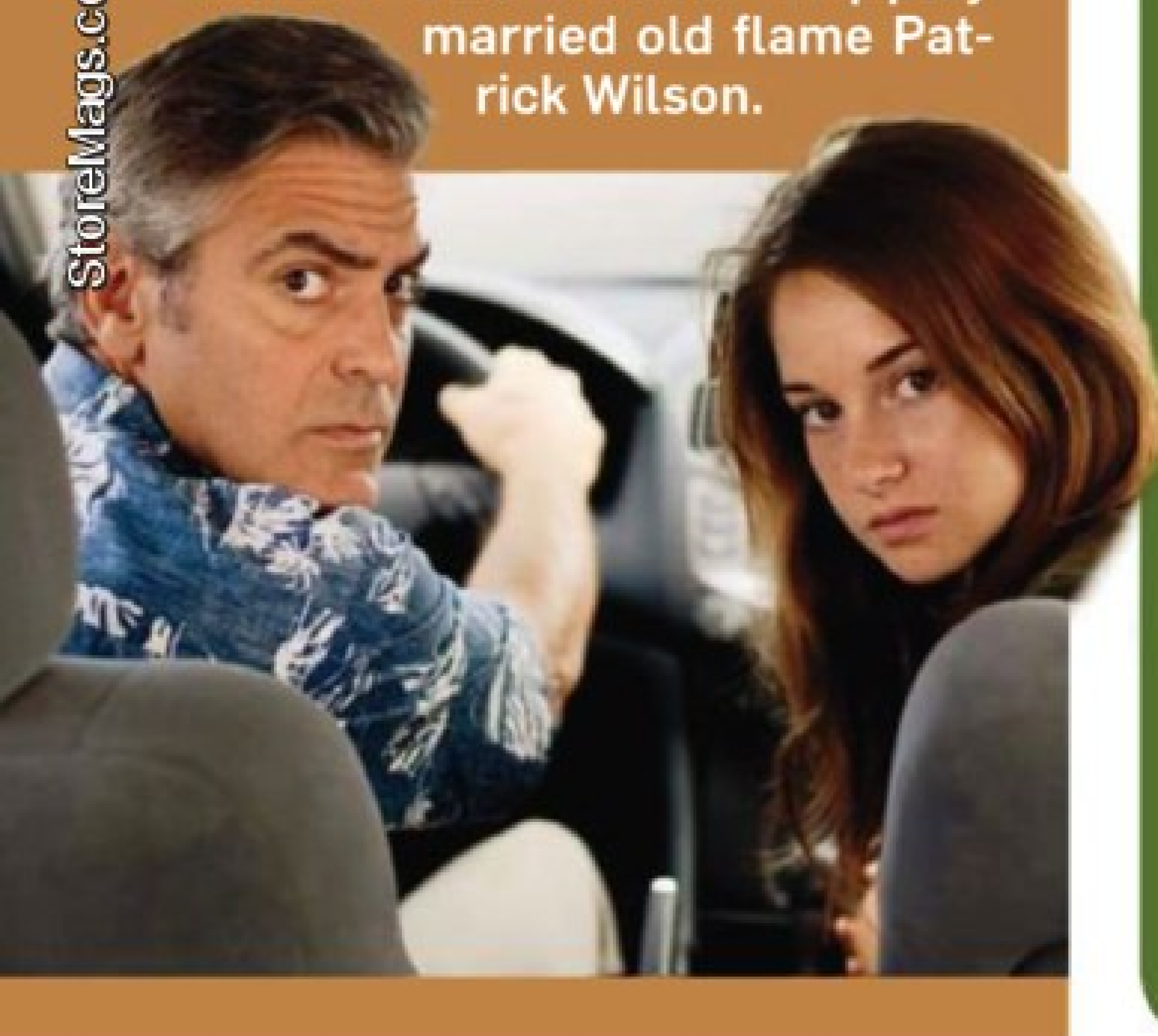
By Stephen Rebello

A hunt for Professor Moriarty tightens the screws in director Guy Ritchie's second adventure mystery starring Robert Downey Jr. as Sherlock Holmes and Jude Law as Dr. Watson. A gypsy (Noomi Rapace) and Holmes's brother (Stephen Fry) are also part of the action, and Jared Harris plays Holmes's fiercest foe. "Guy Ritchie would say, 'What if your character was standing on one leg juggling while reciting Nietzsche in German?'" says Harris. "I'd say, 'I can't do that,' and Guy would say, 'Well, Robert can.' I had to be on my toes or Robert would wipe the floor with me. The way I played Moriarty is like watching a stripper. You want them to take off their clothes, but you lose interest when they do, so we used Moriarty teasingly. You're sure he has more cards up his sleeve."

NOW PLAYING

In *The Descendants* (below), emotionally distant Hawaii real estate tycoon George Clooney gets life lessons and grapples with his two rebellious daughters as he learns that his comatose wife was unfaithful.... Deadly spy games entrap Gary Oldman, Colin Firth and Tom Hardy in *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier, Spy*, based on the gritty, muted 1970s-era John le Carré espionage thriller.... *The Iron Lady* showcases Meryl Streep in full Oscar-bait mode playing aging, controversial Brit prime minister Margaret Thatcher looking back on her life.... In the black comedy *Young Adult*, *Juno* screenwriter Diablo Cody and *Juno* director Jason Reitman send boozey, cynical novelist Charlize Theron back to her hometown, where she stalks happily married old flame Patrick Wilson.

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Say hello to the choicest gift in video history, the *Scarface Limited Edition Humidor*, for a cool \$1,000. It keeps 100 cigars at the perfect moisture level and includes the handsomely remastered Blu-ray edition of the 1983 Al Pacino gangster classic, as well as a DVD of the 1932 original. Still smokin' but cheaper: the new Ultimate Collector's Edition Blu-rays celebrating the 70th anniversary of *Citizen Kane*, the 50th of *Ben-Hur* and the 40th of *Willy Wonka & the Chocolate Factory*. Each comes in a deluxe case with a book and bountiful extras, though *Wonka's* pencil-case kit breaks fresh ground. So does the T. rex figurine that's bursting through the gate of



the *Jurassic Park Ultimate Trilogy* gift set—a very welcome high-def debut that includes a meaty new documenta-



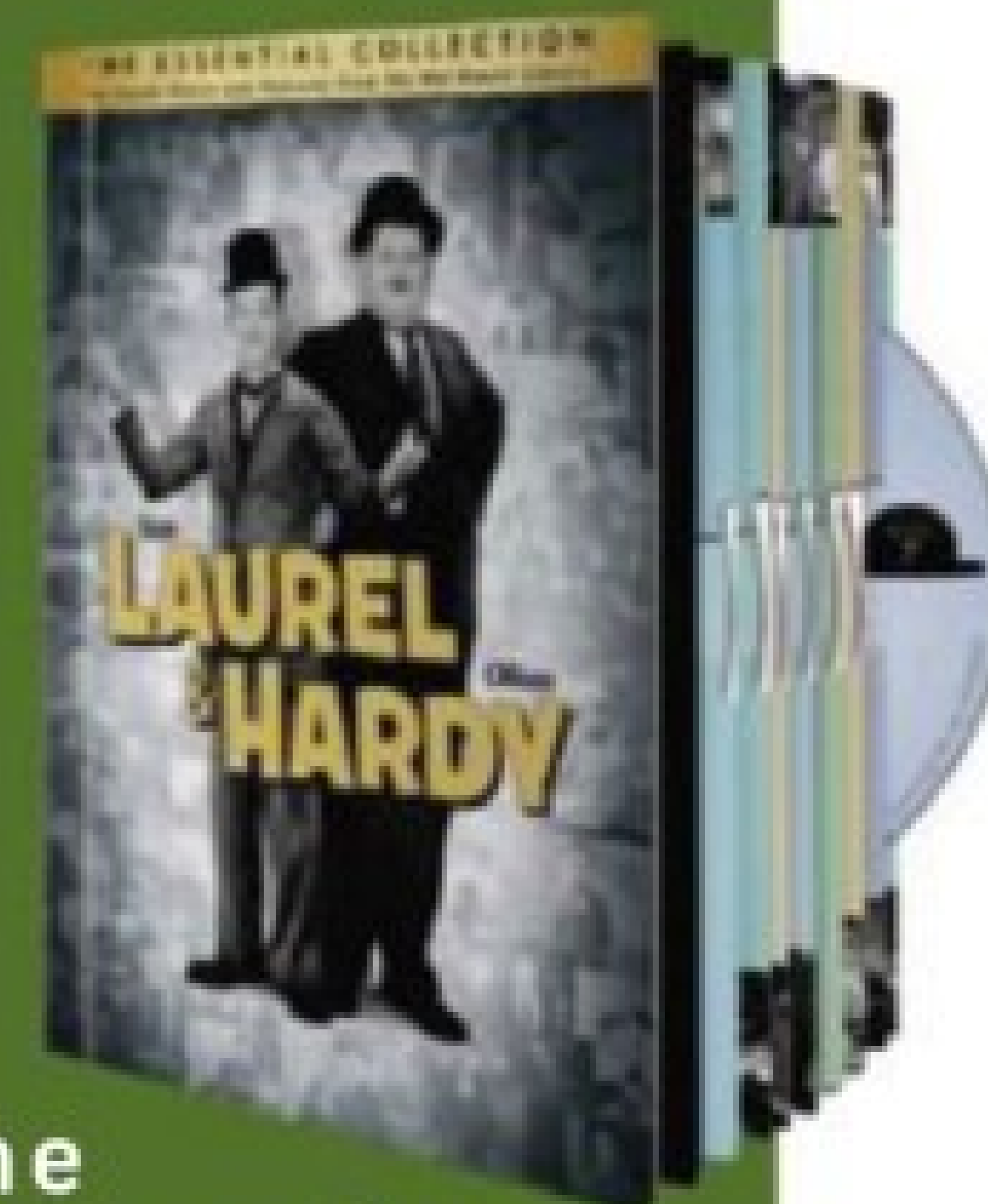
DVDS OF THE MONTH

GIFT GUIDE

By Greg Fagan

ry. Disney packs its *Pirates of the Caribbean Four-Movie Collection* into an impressive treasure chest—the better to hold its 15-disc bounty—including a Blu-ray and digital copy of each film, as well as the Blu-ray 3D of *On Stranger Tides*. The year's most essential Blu-ray set, *Star Wars: The Complete Saga*, has three discs of all-new extras; the *Original Trilogy* and *Prequel Trilogy* sets

deliver the movies minus those bonus discs. Vintage film fans will love *Laurel & Hardy: The Essential Collection*, which presents the bulk of the brilliant duo's 1929–1940 output remastered from superior 35-millimeter prints. *Treasures 5: The West* has 40 eye-opening rarities made between 1898 and 1938.



Finally, two must-have TV collections: *The Girls Next Door—The Complete Series* preserves all six seasons of the E! hit on 17 DVDs with deleted and extended scenes, as well as commentary tracks on every episode, and *Planet Earth: Limited Edition* also ups the ante from earlier releases with extensive new background material. The globe packaging holds a world of wonder.

The globe packaging holds a world of wonder.





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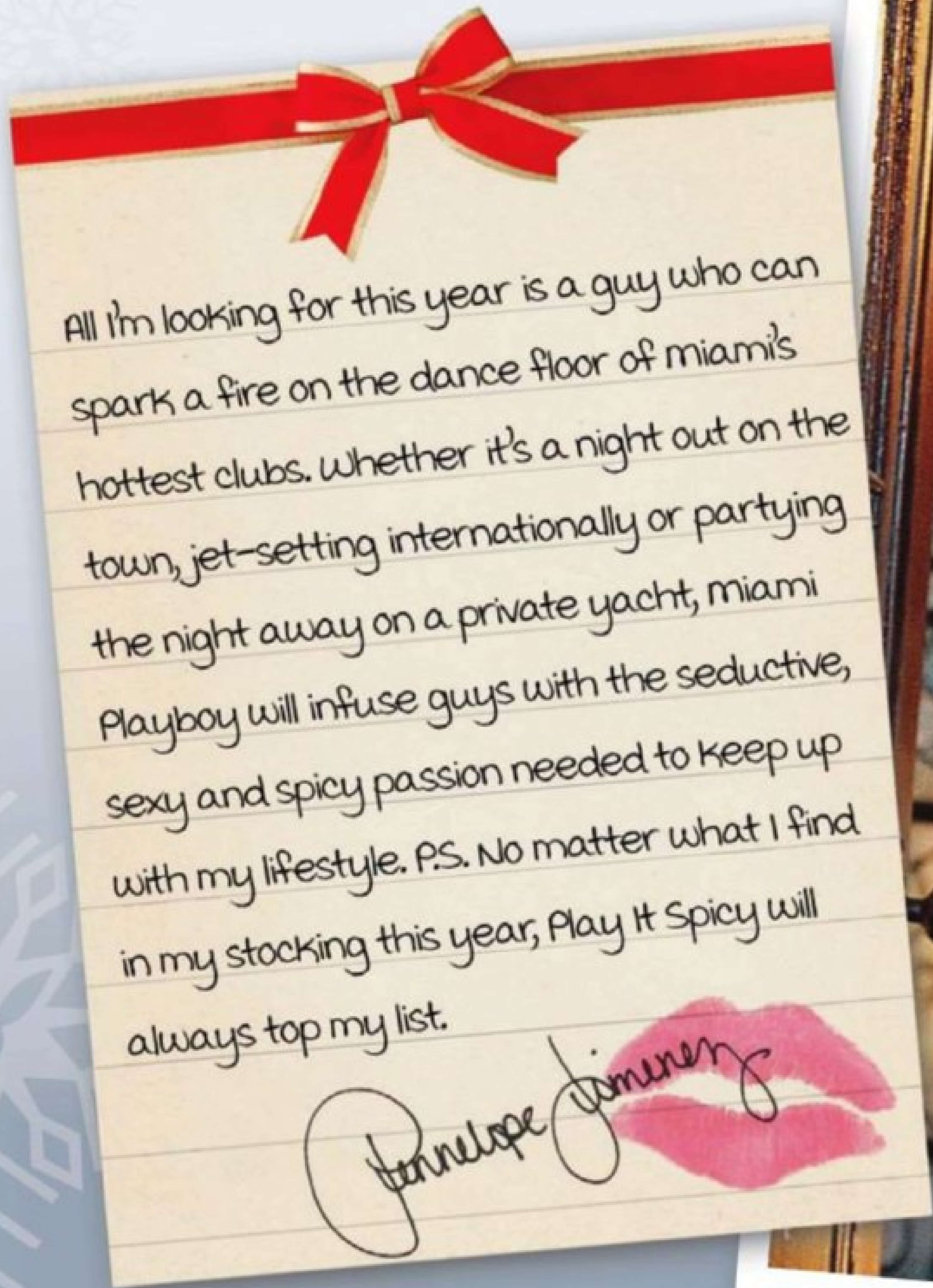
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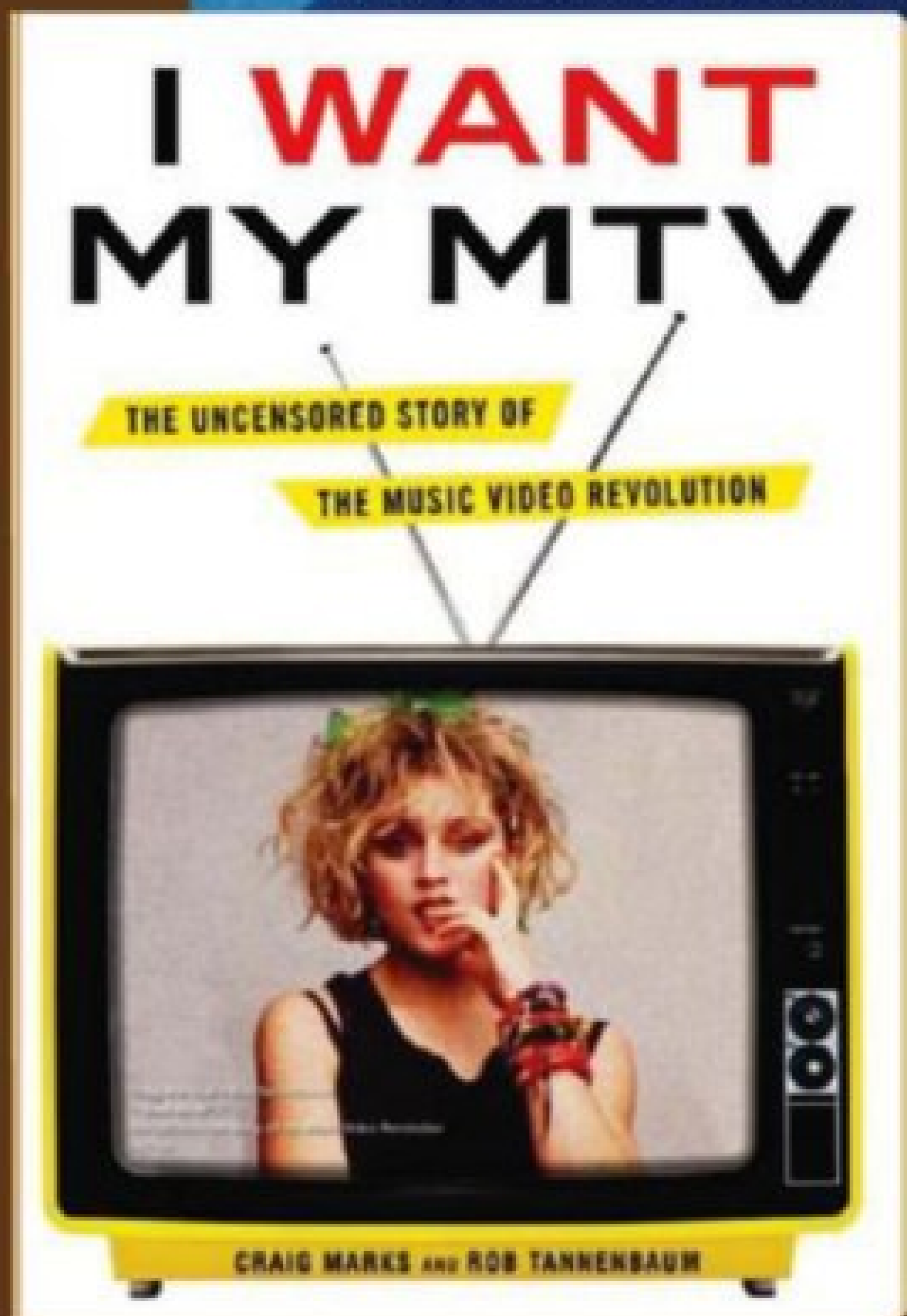
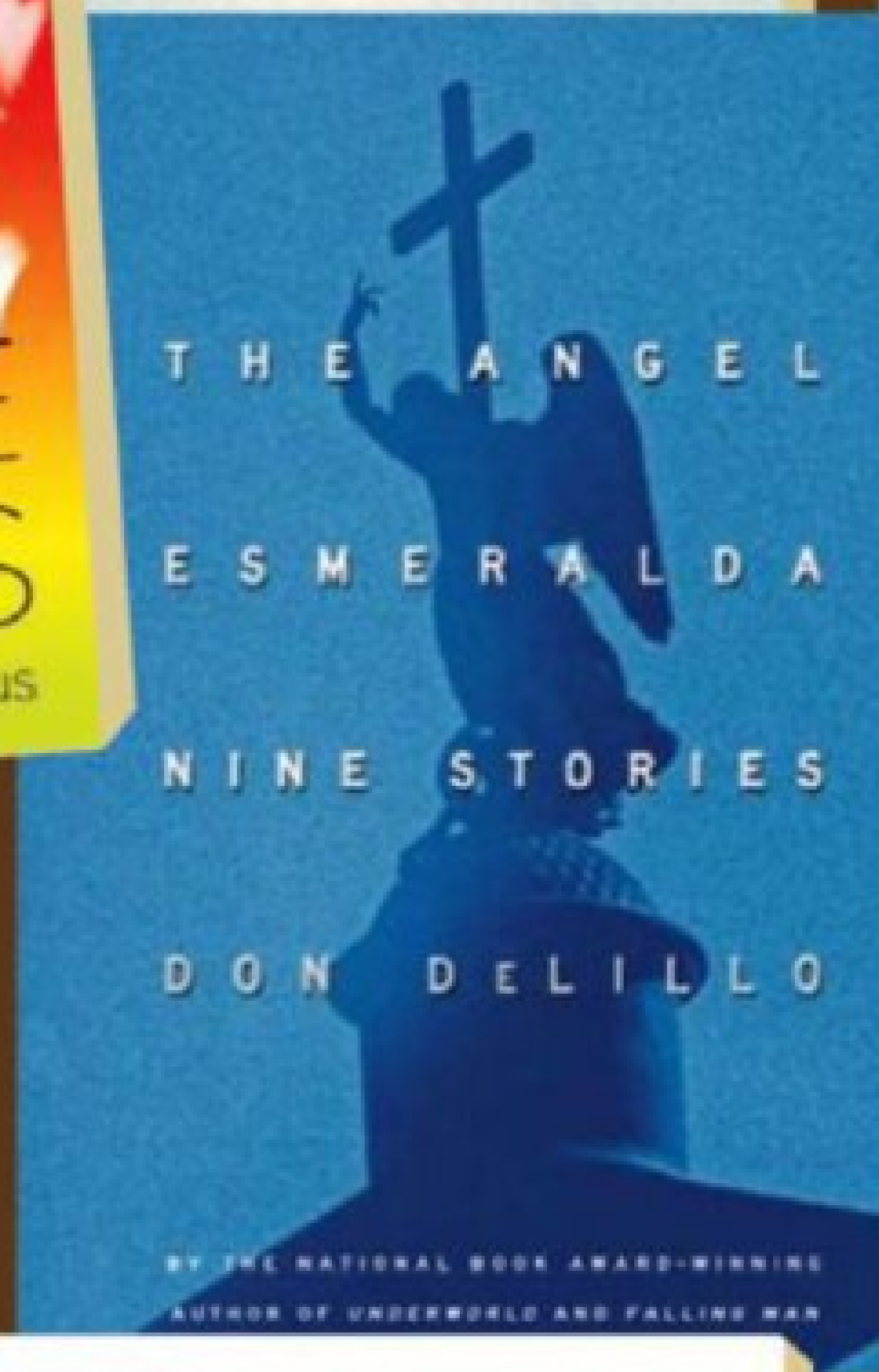
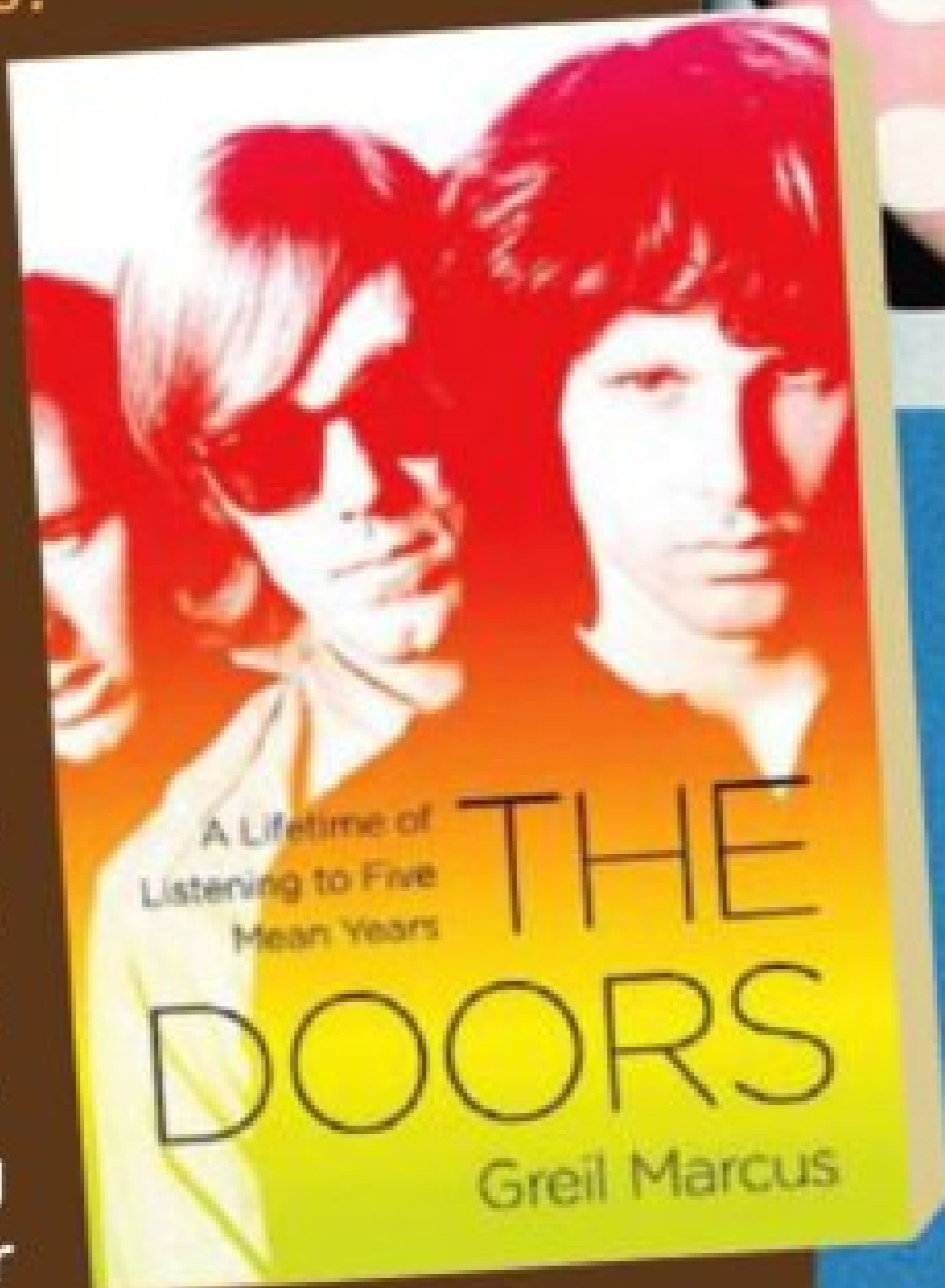
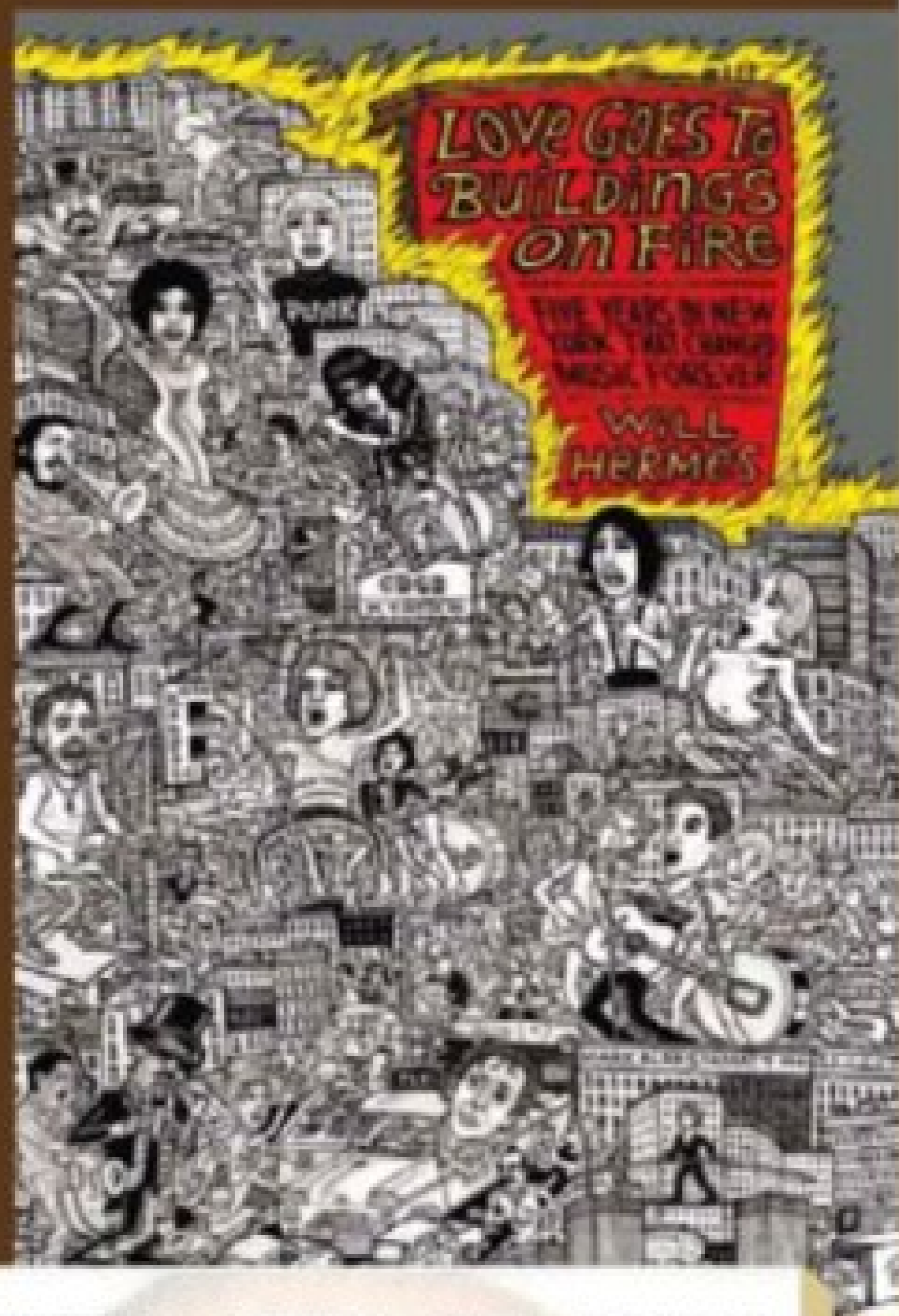
WINTER READING

BOOKS WORTH WRAPPING

Sometimes your bedside reading mixes like a great cocktail. Start with two parts hallucinatory fiction: Haruki Murakami's opus *1Q84*, a lucid dream about a sexy murderess descending into an Orwellian underworld, and the domestic conceptual cool of Don DeLillo, whose first book of short stories, *The Angel Esmeralda*, compiles three decades of B-sides written while he was composing the most influential fiction in America. Then blend in three parts nonfiction takes on a single theme, say, music: No one embeds rock in the culture like the sublime critic Greil Marcus, who rescues Jim Morrison from the FM-overplay list with his lithe *The Doors: A Lifetime of Listening to Five Mean Years*.

It's what Marcus does best, *listens*, to Ray Manzarek's keyboard coming in like "a green river in the cave," to the band bravely anticipating the "terror of freedom."

You can almost smell the smoke, sweat and smack in *Love Goes to Buildings on Fire*, Will Hermes's loving ramble across New York's epochal mid-1970s music scene. Hermes drops in on Latin salsa and loft jazz, but punk is where he really wants to hang—at Max's Kansas City and CBGB. In *I Want My MTV* Craig Marks and Rob Tannenbaum craft a smart, decadently entertaining oral history in the tradition of *Live From New York*, 2002's *Saturday Night Live* epic. Heavy on 1980s bemused reflection (Michael Stipe: "I was this 23-year-old with acne and a bad haircut.... It felt like a sellout to lip-synch"), it has candy on every page (page 324: "Bobby Brown dropped his coke vial onstage"). —Jess Walter



AFTER HOURS REVIEWS

ALBUM OF THE MONTH MYLO XYLOTO

By Rob Tannenbaum

Every rock star who's ever lived has had more fun and fewer anxieties than Chris Martin. On *Mylo Xyloto*, Coldplay's horribly titled new album, the yoga-practicing, fair-trade-promoting singer is still exploring the inner torment of wounded souls, and each majestic, tear-soaked song seems destined to play over the closing credits of a Hollywood blockbuster. But Coldplay also freshens its sound by adding some welcome cheap tricks: synthesizers, drum machines and a cameo by Rihanna. It's the equivalent of seeing Martin with a lamp shade on his head. ¥¥¥



MUST-WATCH TV

ANGRY BOYS

By Josef Adalian

If Tracey Ullman and Michael Scott had a love child, it would be Chris Lilley, the Australian comic-writer who made a stateside splash in 2008 when HBO imported his comedy *Summer Heights High*. Now the network is bringing us Lilley's latest, a mockumentary series on which he once again plays multiple comic creations: teenage identical twin brothers, one of whom is deaf; a bogus black rapper named S. Mouse; an aging former surf champ. Plot threads loosely connect Lilley's personas, almost all of whom suffer from varying degrees of self-importance (bordering on buffoonery). But *Angry Boys* exists largely as a series of sketches designed to showcase Lilley's brilliant chameleon act. While early episodes aren't as outrageously funny as you'd expect, they're still awfully amusing. Lilley, meanwhile, is simply amazing. ¥¥¥





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2012
VIDEO GAME
BLOWOUT

BEST OF THE BEST

GAME OF THE YEAR

By Jason Buhrmester

Few entertainment experiences equal playing a new *Elder Scrolls* game. Rereading every *Lord of the Rings* novel back-to-back or starting *The Wire* over at season one, episode one comes close. *Elder Scrolls* games are just that big, and technology has only made them bigger since the series launched in

1994. See a mountain peak in the distance? Stock up on supplies and hike there, though it's possible you won't make it back. The wide-open world of *Skyrim* means a wrong turn could leave your fledgling warrior cornered by trolls or, in the case of *The Elder Scrolls V: Skyrim* (360, PC, PS3), a dragon. With the High King murdered, warring factions fight over the throne, and dragons, long thought lost, return to lay waste to entire cities. As the Dragonborn, a prophesied hero, you can slay dragons and absorb their "shouts" (powerful attacks that slow down time), bombard enemies with ice, and more. A new combat system emphasizes balance, and a heavy blow with a battle-ax or sword can cause creatures to stagger before you finish them off. You'll need those skills and some help from the game's hundreds of weapons and spells to survive the journey. See you on the other side.

NOW PLAYING



Saints Row: The Third (360, PC, PS3) aims to step over the line with action and humor as gangs fight it out with guns, tanks and even sex toys. Run wild in the city of Stilwater as you lead the Third Street Saints in turf warfare against the Syndicate. **Assassin's Creed: Revelations** (360, PC, PS3) follows master assassin Ezio as he travels to Constantinople on the path of his legendary mentor. Use stealth and cunning to take down targets with new weapons including a hook-blade and homemade bombs.



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SYSTEM UPDATE: THE FUTURE

WII WILL ROCK YOU

The Nintendo Wii changed the way we play games, from sitting on the couch to standing in the middle of the living room, waving invisible tennis rackets and cranking on imaginary steering wheels. Wii games were goofy and interactive.

Suddenly your girlfriend wanted to play.

Now Nintendo hopes to make the party bigger with its upcoming system, the

Wii U. This time the center of the action is

the new controller, a lightweight handheld that incorporates a 6.2-inch screen, buttons, a

joystick, a camera, a microphone and a sensor strip and stylus for drawing and writing. Even

better, the new controller displays information not shown on the TV screen, a concept that

radically changes gameplay. In a demo called Chase Mii, one player uses the

new controller to run and hide, playing on the built-in screen to keep other

gamers from seeing his or her hiding spot. The other gamers then use the Wii

remote controls to navigate a maze on the TV screen in search of the player. In the Battle Mii

demo, two users in space suits attempt to take down a ship piloted by another player using the

new controller's built-in screen and controls to navigate. It's silly, fun and the best way to get your girlfriend into gaming.

Pricing and release date have not been announced.



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2012
VIDEO GAME
BLOWOUT

2012 PREVIEW

REPLAY

The recent wave of stellar games can mean only one thing: sequels. Count on 2012 to be filled with follow-ups to some of gaming's best new titles. Here's what we're looking forward to next year.

BioShock Infinite (360, PC, PS3), the third game in the series, puts the player on the floating city of Columbia as an investigator sent to rescue a young woman trapped there since childhood. Daring battles among the clouds and some of the best story writing in gaming make this a must-have title.

Borderlands 2 (360, PC, PS3) picks up the *Mad Max*-meets-*Looney Tunes* style of the original as players return to Pandora to fight other vault hunters for loot. The wild weapons will take on a bigger role as characters finally leave the desert badlands for the planet's other deadly environments, including arctic wastelands and rocky highlands.

Diablo III (Mac, PC) restores the action role-playing game to prominence nearly a dozen years after the release of *Diablo II*. Create a character from one of five classes ranging from barbarian to demon hunter, and take on the armies of the Burning Hells while exploring the world of Sanctuary. Nobody does wide-open worlds and frantic action better.

Mass Effect 3 (360, PC, PS3) is the Hollywood blockbuster of gaming, a series with deep story lines and evolving characters. Lead Commander Shepard across the galaxy as he builds an arsenal, recruits a crew and takes on alien forces on distant worlds. Multiple endings mean every decision you make affects the outcome.

Far Cry 3 (360, PC, PS3) follows Jason Brody, a tourist trapped on an island in the Indian Ocean overrun with violent rebellion. Use the jungle as cover while taking down enemies with guns and stealth. Think Jason Bourne meets *Survivor*.



CONNECTED SPORTS FANS

GAME TIME

Sports junkies are sprinting to the PlayStation 3. This season Sony added NFL Sunday Ticket (\$340) to the PS3, giving users access to up to 14 NFL games every Sunday in streaming high-definition. Subscribers who already have the package through DirecTV can use the PS3 as an additional receiver at no additional charge. Hockey fans can follow their favorite team with NHL GameCenter Live (\$169) and access NHL Vault, with more than 500 classic games, for \$5 a month, while baseball junkies get every game with MLB.TV for \$100, or \$120 for the premium package with live DVR controls and home and away broadcasts.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF

TEN YEARS OF HALO

In honor of the 10th anniversary of *Halo*, a few facts about the beloved shooter: **1.** Developer Bungie originally code-named the game *Monkey Nuts*. **2.** Designed as a real-time strategy game, *Halo* became a shooter after an engineer dropped the game's camera on a soldier. **3.** *Halo* spawned nine novels, including six *New York Times* best-sellers. **4.** A SWAT team arrived at Bungie after a security guard walked a life-size replica of the 50-caliber *Halo* sniper rifle from one building to another.



BioShock Infinite



Borderlands 2



Diablo III



Mass Effect 3



Far Cry 3

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POCKET POWER

VIVA THE VITA

Cell-phone games are fine for killing time in waiting rooms, but serious gaming on the go requires more muscle. The new Sony PlayStation Vita cranks out graphics close to PS3 quality on a crisp five-inch touch screen. Two joysticks, a D-pad and a series of buttons provide the controls, along with a built-in gyroscope that lets players tilt and angle the Vita



for motion-controlled games. Want to add a row of mountains to a custom racetrack you're building in *Wipeout 2048*? Drag your finger across the touch pad on the back of the Vita and watch a mountain range pop up on the screen in this wild hovercraft-racing game. The Vita also packs front- and rear-facing cameras, Bluetooth and a memory-card slot, and lets gamers text and voice-chat while playing a game or using the internet browser. Pick up the Wi-Fi ver-

sion for \$249 or the 3G-capable version on AT&T for \$299. The 3G version includes GPS and will allow players to gift in-game items such as weapons and treasure by dropping them in a real-world location and requiring other gamers to go there to collect. For games, start with *Wipeout 2048* and *Uncharted: Golden Abyss* (left), the latest entry in the hit adventure series. Trust us, they're better than *Breakout*.

WAR MACHINE

ANSWER THE CALL

Earning your stripes in *Call of Duty* takes skill. For *Call of Duty: Modern Warfare 3* (360, Mac, PC, PS3, Wii), developers launched a new service that helps you train and track your performance. The Elite membership (\$50 a year) includes downloadable content and competitions for real prizes. We asked Beachhead Studios project director Noah Heller and studio head Chacko Sonny for tips on staying alive. **1.** Every time you pull the trigger, you light up on enemy radar.

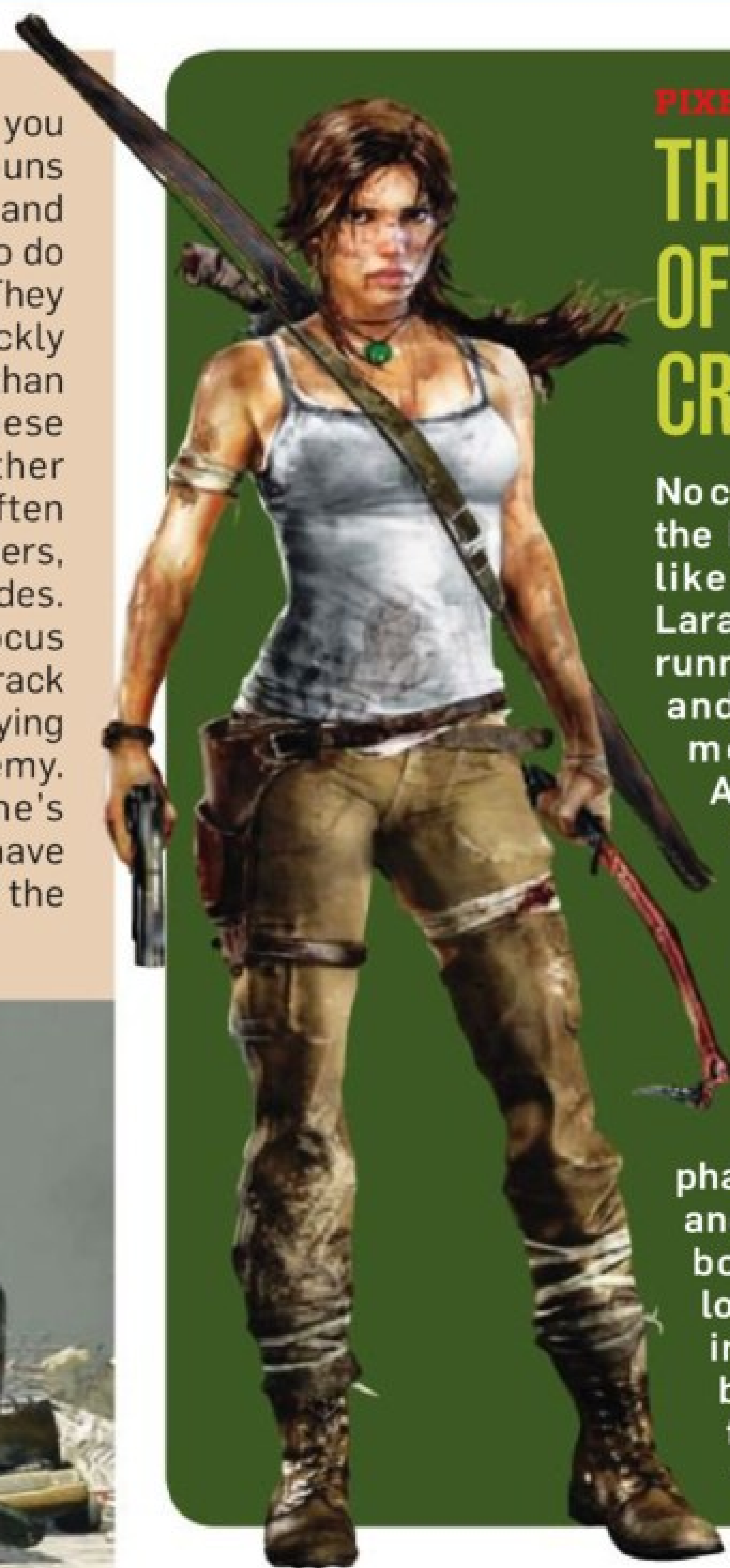
Don't fire until you're sure you can kill the other guy. **2.** Guns with slower rates of fire and those with burst fire tend to do more damage per bullet. They also use bullets less quickly and tend to kick back less than other guns. Start with these and then advance to other weapons. **3.** Track how often you die while climbing ladders, sprinting or throwing grenades. It happens a lot, huh? Focus on shooting first. **4.** Also track how often you die while trying to draw a bead on an enemy. While you're aiming, he's shooting. As long as you have the enemy somewhere in the crosshairs, open fire.



PIXEL PINUP

THE RETURN OF LARA CROFT

No character captured the hearts of gamers like *Tomb Raider's* Lara Croft. The long-running game series and a pair of hit movies starring Angelina Jolie turned the curvy adventurer into a modern pinup. Developers plan to reintroduce Ms. Croft in 2012 with a game that emphasizes her origins and focuses on her book smarts and love of archaeology instead of on her bikini bod. We'll take her any way we can get her.





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2012 BETTER YOU

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS SOLVED BY VIDEO GAMES

Every year countless New Year's resolutions get chucked in favor of more time on the couch playing video games. Don't worry. This year several games can help you fulfill those promises. **Learn to play guitar:** *Rocksmith* (360, PS3) is the game aspiring musicians always dreamed of—one that teaches them how to play guitar. Plug a real ax into your 360 or PS3, tune up and play along to hits by Nirvana, the Rolling Stones, Oasis and others as the game instructs you in hand placement, notes and chords. Intuitive mini-games teach scales and fingering exercises. **Reduce stress:** Even Deepak Chopra digs video games. In *Leela* (360, Wii) the best-

selling author and mind-body expert guides gamers through meditations based on the seven chakras. The

game uses the Kinect motion sensor to monitor breathing and posture and teach yoga-inspired poses. **Drive the Top Gear race-track:** Any man who has ever watched an episode of the hit BBC show *Top Gear* has longed to take a few laps around its test track in a sports car. *Forza Motorsport 4* (360) gives drivers access to hundreds of vehicles, from Alfa Romeos and Ferraris to Koenigs eggs and McLarens. Take one for a spin with the Xbox Kinect motion sensor, which lets you drive without a handheld controller on tracks ranging from Germany's Hockenheimring to the *Top Gear* test track. Even better, *Top Gear* host Jeremy Clarkson narrates.



FORZA MOTORSPORT 4



LEELA

ROCKSMITH

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XBOX EVERYWHERE

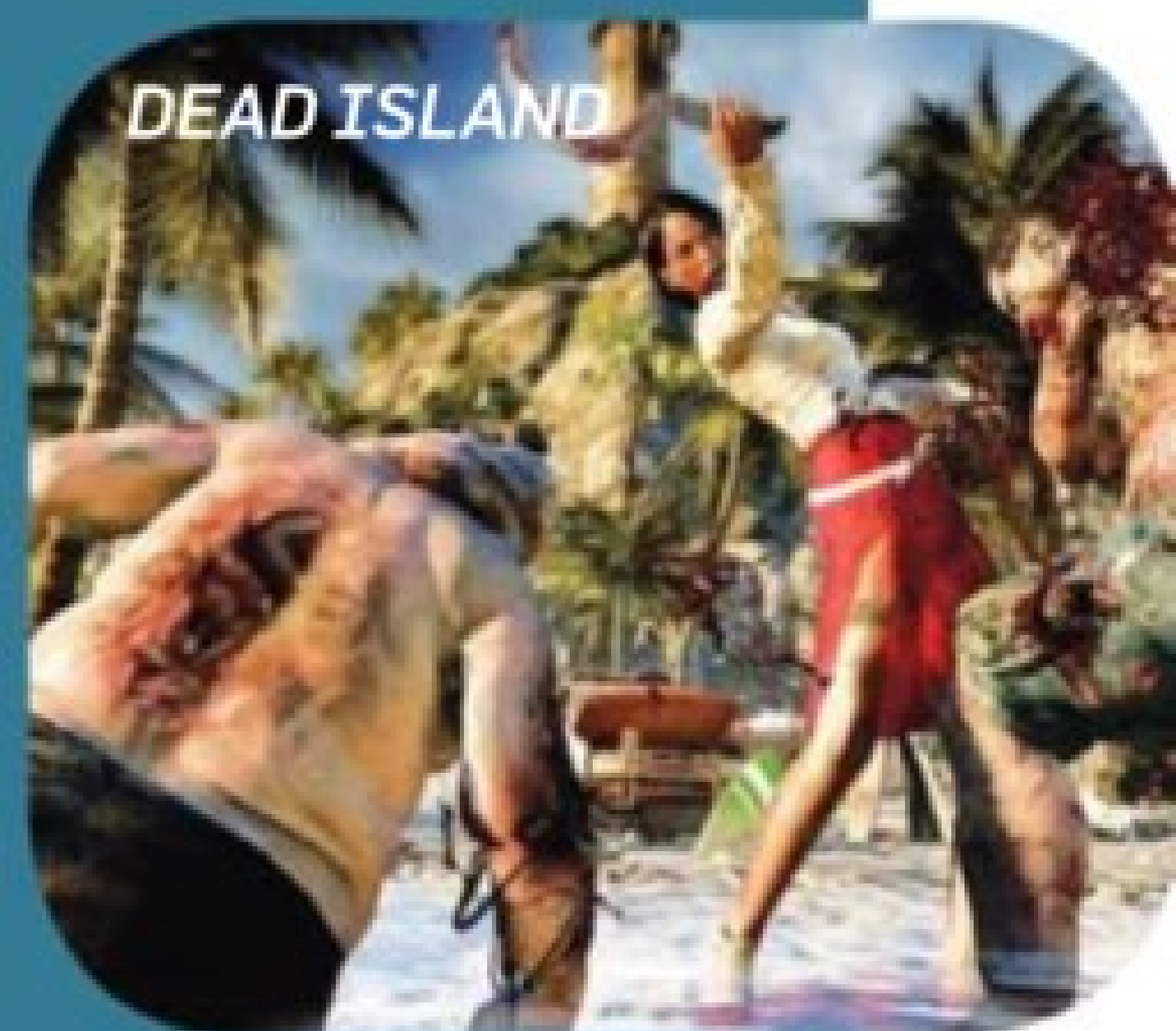
Watch for the Windows Phone to become the go-to cell phone for gamers. The under-rated operating system pulls Facebook, Twitter, news and other content right to the home screen. It also connects to Xbox Live to let you see if friends are online, read messages and answer friend requests. Try it on the HTC Radar on T-Mobile, with a 3.8-inch touch screen, five-mega-pixel camera and one-giga-hertz processor.



INVASION ZOMBIES

UNDEAD UPRISING

Pop culture is suffering a zombie epidemic. In *Dead Island* (360, PC, PS3) the undead overrun a resort island, and a crew of survivors attempts to escape with crowbars, machetes and other weapons. Think of *Dead Rising 2: Off the Record* (360, PC, PS3) as a reimagining of the original. This time, hero Frank West is an overweight semi-celebrity who signs up for a zombie survival reality show. *Resident Evil: Operation Raccoon City* (360, PC, PS3) puts you in the boots of the Umbrella Corporation as you clean up a virus outbreak in a plot that runs parallel to the original games.



DEAD ISLAND



DEAD RISING 2

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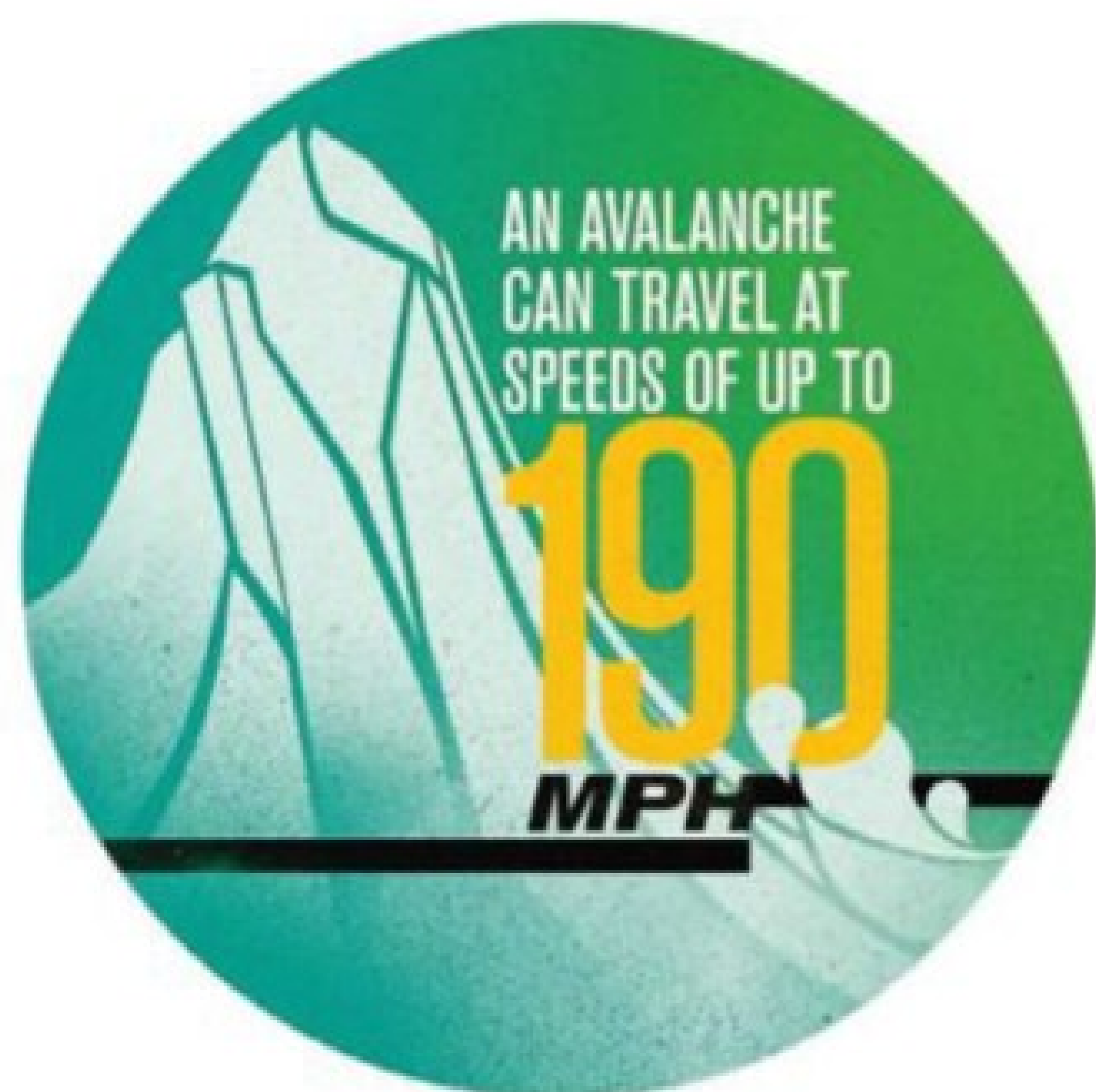
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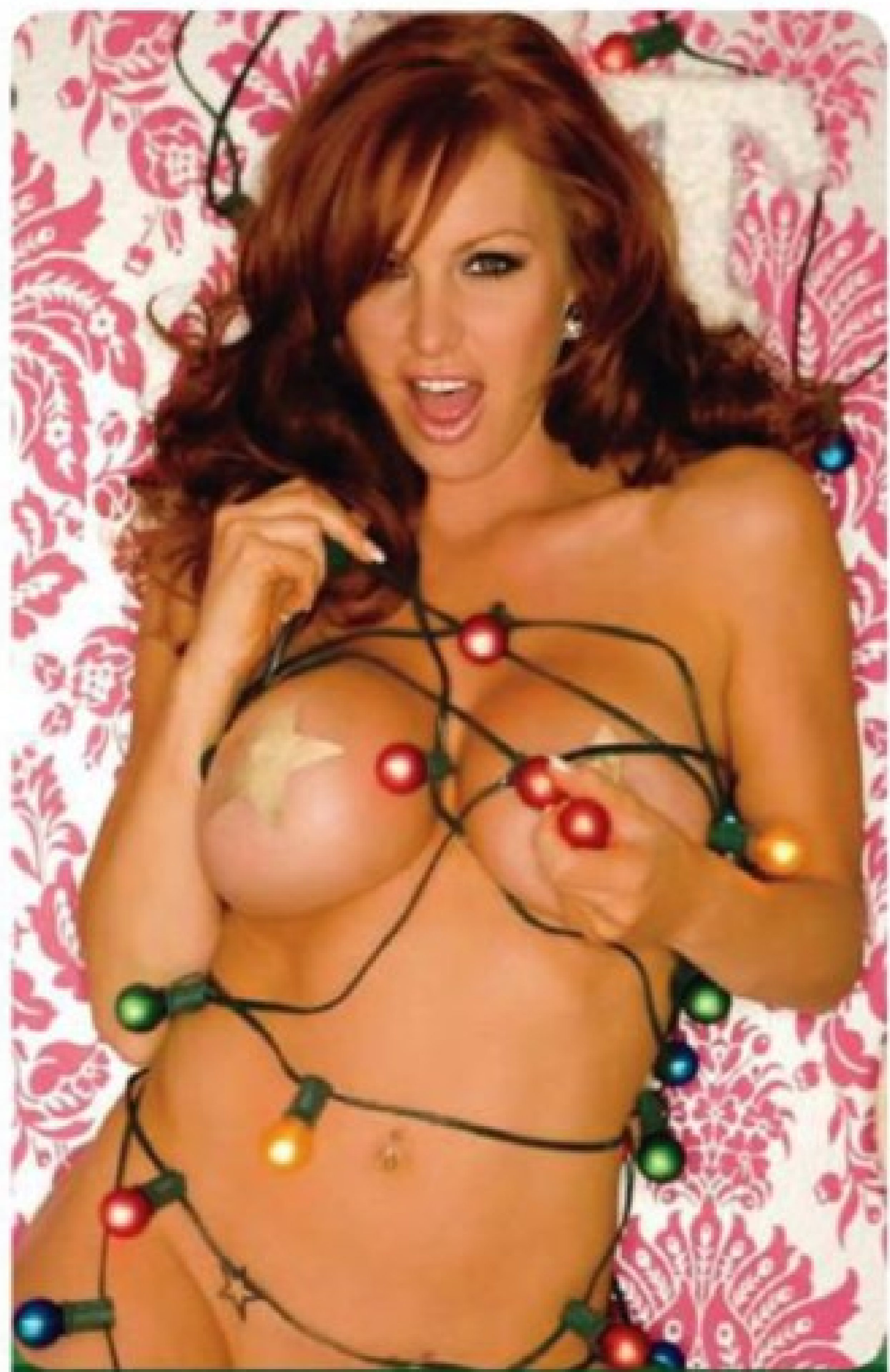
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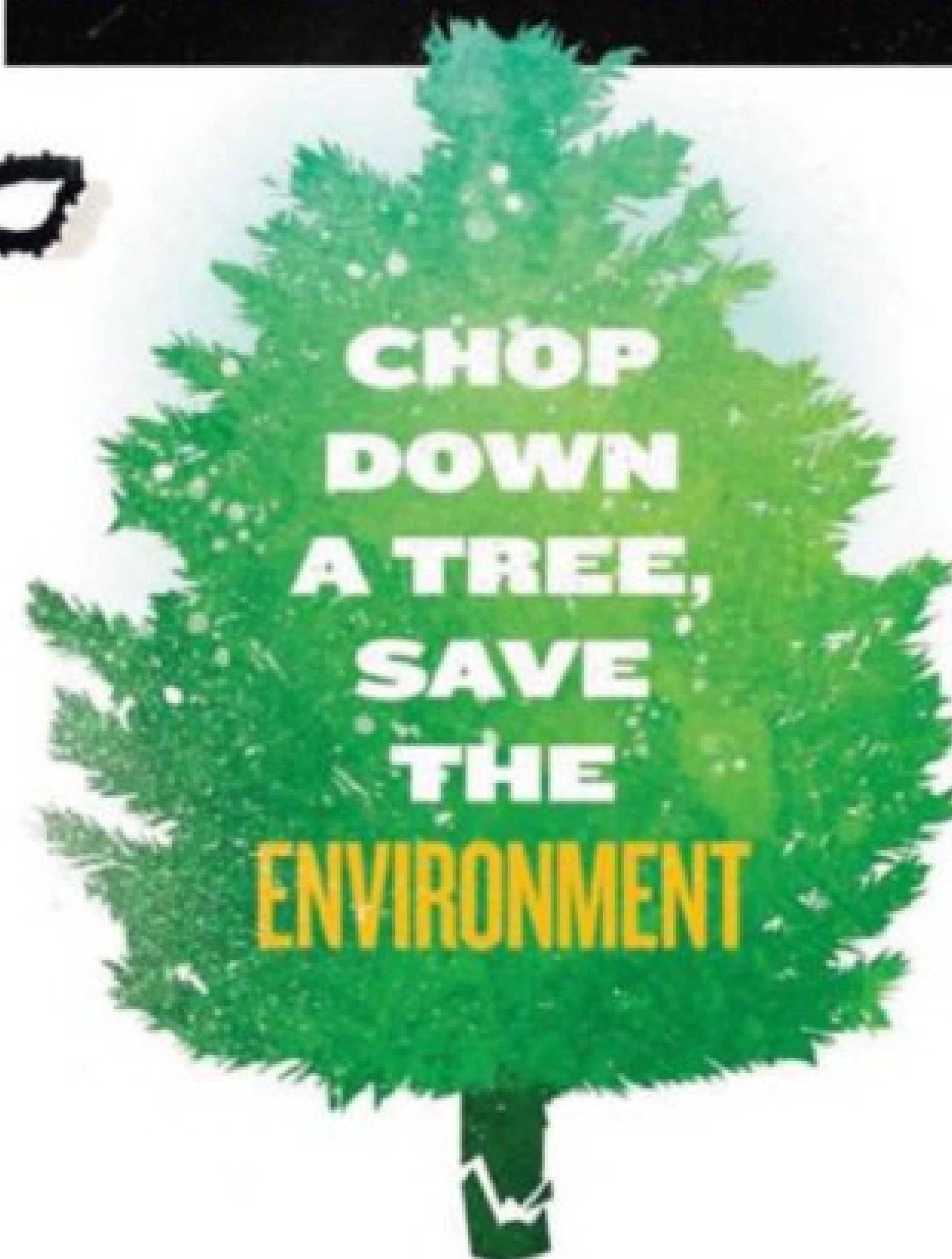
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THE FRIENDS YOU CAN'T SEE

By JONATHAN AMES

I'm one of those people—a malformed loner—who falls in love with the characters in novels. These make-believe people become my friends, not unlike the way a strange child has invisible companions.

In fact, as a child, *I* had an invisible friend. His name was Ghostie, and he was kind of a spectral presence who would hover in the crack of yellow-gold light from my barely opened door and speak to me as I fell asleep at night. He would tell me the things that were really going on, the information that the adults were trying to hide from me.

Then I would have a dream that my father was unconscious under a tree in our front yard. What's odd is that we didn't have a front yard in real life, just some scrubby bushes going up a small hill.

But in the dream my father was on a square bit of lawn, prostrate by this thin, sickly tree, and it wasn't dark but approaching dark. And I had to drag him inside because a monster, whose pounding footsteps could be heard, was always coming. But my father was too heavy; I could barely move him, and the monster was always coming, relentless and terrifying.

So I could never save my father, but I also couldn't abandon him, like a coward, and run inside to safety. Instead, I had to resign myself to dying, to both of us dying. Yet the monster never appeared, and I had this dream every night for years.

It seems to me that as a child I took on my father's fears—he was a traveling salesman, a Willy Loman type who was always on the verge of ruin. He was a good man but a fearful man, and I am very much his son, at least when it comes to being scared. You see, I'm still waiting for that unknown monster—my own inevitable ruin?—and this is why I love Parker, my most recent invisible friend. He's a professional criminal, the antihero of 24 novels written over the course of 40 years, starting in the 1960s, by Richard Stark, and I love



Lee Marvin in *Point Blank*.

Parker because he's the monster and not the victim.

I've read the 24 books twice now over the past year. I started at the beginning, on the suggestion of a friend, went through to the end and then restarted. I now only want to be with Parker. I prefer him to real people. I also don't want to read any books that don't include him. But unfortunately, Richard Stark is dead.

I should mention that Stark isn't a real person either. He was a pseudonym for the author Donald E. Westlake, who took Stark and Parker with him to the grave in 2008. So there won't be any more Parker novels, which leaves me with only one option—I've begun my third pass of the books.

To understand my devotion, I'll try to describe my friend for you. First of all, he goes by only one name, Parker. He's a large man, probably about six-foot-two, 220 pounds. His hands are enormous, thickly veined. He's able to kill people with a single blow to the throat, but he only kills when necessary. He's a noble sociopath and a professional "heister," robbing only institutions—banks, jewelry stores, stadiums, that sort of thing.

His eyes are gray and cold, and he once got his face changed because the Outfit (the Mob) was after him. But he didn't care. He knows that our faces are masks, interchangeable. Then, annoyed by the Outfit's continuing pursuit, he went after them directly until they left him alone.

He works two or three times a year, earning enough so that the rest of the

time he's with his woman, Claire, living the good life at hotels and resorts or at their small home on a lake in New Jersey. For the first eight books, he didn't have Claire, so he would just go from woman to woman. When not working, he's a satyr, but eventually sex and the easy life begin to bore him and his money starts to run low. So then he wants to work again, like a lion who is hungry, a lion who only exerts himself when he needs to.

When Parker works, his focus is singular and unstoppable. He's the ultimate professional. Everything is planning and execution. Each novel is about a heist or multiple heists, and something invariably goes wrong because the world is populated by flawed and unpredictable people (idiots, primarily), and Parker has to adapt. In fact, he's the epitome of the Marines' unofficial motto—Adapt, improvise, overcome.

What I love and admire most about Parker is that he exists off the grid. He's free and he's feral. He's not part of our world; he only takes from our world. And he has no fear, because he's the ultimate rationalist—either you win or you lose, you live or you die. So there's no fear because you accept this black-and-white and ultimately fair principle of the universe.

And Parker knows that there are no invisible monsters. There's only what's in front of you, blocking your way, and if you're Parker, you push it aside and take what you need. You get the job done or you don't. And Parker, my hero and my friend, always gets it done.

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ALONE AGAIN, NATURALLY

BY LISA LAMPANELLI

'T'WAS THE NIGHT before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring—not even the bedbugs.

The place was New York City and the day was Thursday, December 24, 2009. My husband-to-be, Jimmy Big Balls, had moved into my place seven days before, and we were giddily looking forward to spending the rest of our lives together. After waiting nearly 50 years to find our soul mates, we were basking in the warmth of love finally found and the anticipation of our first Christmas together. I looked at Jimmy that Thursday afternoon and could think of only one phrase, one solitary sentence that expressed the heartfelt emotions I was feeling. I turned to him and said, “Why the *fuck* are you always here?”

Okay, I didn’t say it—I screamed it. I screamed it like Gordon Ramsay tasting a rancid soufflé. But I had an excuse: Jimmy and I worked together on the road *and* we lived together. Translation: 24-7 togetherness. And if we didn’t do something about it fast, we were going to kill the relationship, then each other.

We all remember the early intoxicating stages of love, when everything the other person does is interesting, funny and sexy. He drinks his orange juice right from the carton? How manly and rugged! She watches *Dirty Dancing* every time it’s on TV and recites the dialogue right along with the characters? How quirky and adorable!

Fast-forward 12 months and she’s screaming at him to get a goddamn glass and drink like a human being, and he’s contemplating which window to throw the TV through so he doesn’t have to hear “Nobody puts Baby in a corner” ever again.

Do these two lovebirds still care for each other? Of course they do. But they’ve spent so much time together, they’re getting on each other’s nerves more than they’re getting it on. It’s the natural progression of a relationship. In the beginning you need those crazy 72-hour sex marathons and weeklong bonding sessions. But when you finally lift your head up for air, you’re going to want some space—not just in your bed but in your life.

How much togetherness can two people take? How do you decide how much



time should be Together Time and how much should be Alone Time? After all, you’re a couple, not Siamese twins.

Let’s be real: If you’re in close contact with *anybody* long enough, there are going to be problems. Familiarity breeds contempt, and absence makes the heart grow fonder. There’s a reason these sayings have been around even longer than your old bag of an aunt who spouts them every Thanksgiving after sipping too much cooking sherry. It’s because they’re true. Togetherness, like tequila shots, is better if you know when to say “when.” In both cases, when you overindulge, something nasty is going to come flying out of your mouth.

There are, of course, times when you absolutely want your partner there with you: while viewing a breathtaking sunset, while attending the funeral of a loved one, while having sex. In fact, most things in life—other than explosive diarrhea and hypodermic needles—are better when they’re shared. And those moments are the reason we put up with a partner’s irritating flaws and irksome habits.

But what if one of those flaws is that the someone you’re with is impossibly needy? Then, dude, I’ve got five words for you: Run for your freakin’ life! You know all the signs: She always has to be with you, gets upset if you don’t include her in your every activity and desperately clings to you like Janice Dickinson desperately clings to her youth.

I am, of course, describing the Tag-Along Girlfriend: the chick who has to go *everywhere* you go. If you want to

stop by the sports bar to watch Sunday football, she’s right next to you like a Secret Service agent on Obama. Planning to take a trip to this year’s Summer Slaughter show? She’s got her bag packed and is flashing the devil horns as though she’s Henrietta Headbanger.

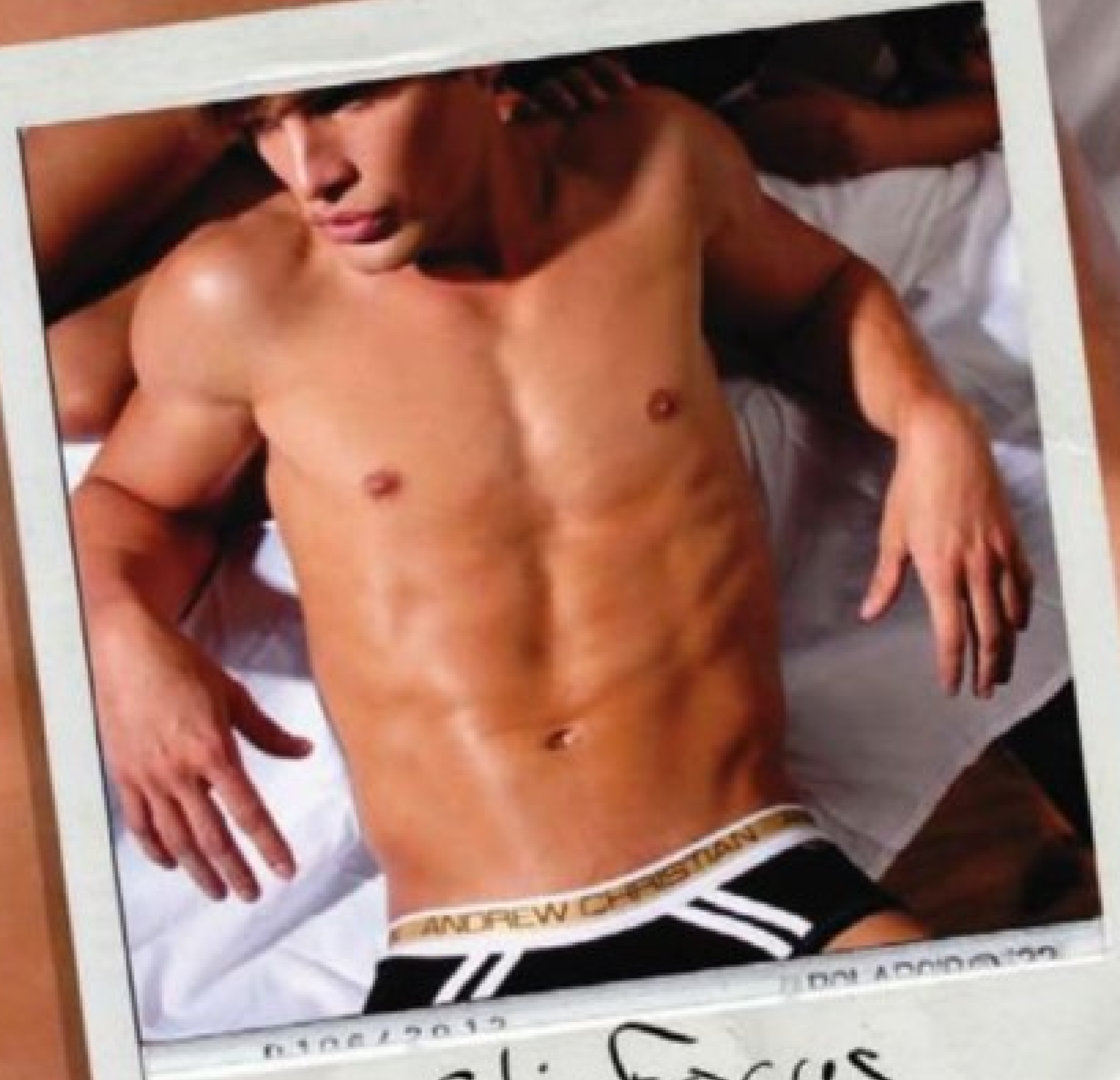
This is one of the few relationship areas where men are more intuitive than women. Guys know that couples need separate interests so their relationship doesn’t get stale. That’s why a husband or boyfriend never asks a woman if he can join her weekly book club and never gets snippy when she announces she’s going to see the newest *Sisterhood of the Traveling Uterus* movie without him.

Odd as it seems, however, some guys love having a smothering girlfriend. These men are weak, co-dependent little freaks. (No offense, Kris Humphries.) You may think it’s great that she’s into you and only you, but how long can you stand being her only form of entertainment? You’ll be her personal Xbox with one game she’s already mastered.

As for Jimmy and me, we did the right thing. We continued to work together on the road, and we got each other the Christmas gift that keeps on giving—a second apartment. I use it when I want to watch an all-night marathon of *Sex and the City* with my gaggle of girls and gays, and Jimmy uses it when his relationship barometer senses that Hurricane Lisa is about to blow. And you know something? It works for us. It might be the trust we have in each other, or the security cameras I had installed in the bedroom, but either way, it works.

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The Greatest Snow on Earth

Our pick for 2012's best ski destination in America

No matter where you live in North America, you can fly to Salt Lake City, drive a rental car half an hour and be on the slopes at Alta or Snowbird by afternoon. These two resorts, which sit side by side, get our nod for the best skiing locales in the U.S. at the launch of this season. Three reasons: (1) Snow. Skiing Utah's premium brand of powder is so exhilarating, as one happy snowballer recently said, "it's like gliding through waist-deep cocaine." (Pictured above: a bowl called Peruvian Cirque.) About 500 inches dump on Alta and Snowbird each winter—one of the most reliable snowfalls of any resort in the country. (2) Terrain. Alta (opened in 1938) is old-school—no snowboarders allowed! Snowbird is younger (1971) and more on the scene.

Together they offer 4,700 acres, about 5,000 vertical feet of casual blues and some of the most challenging double black diamonds on earth. Test your nerve on Zone Five, a freakishly scary steep off Mount Baldy that opened last season. (3) Liftoff. Powderbird (powderbird.com), a top-notch heli-skiing operation at the base of Snowbird, uses an Astar AS350 B3 Eurocopter—the only chopper ever to land on the peak of Everest—to plop you in the endless sea of virgin terrain that is the Wasatch Range. A day of heli-skiing starts at about \$1,000, including steaks and cold beers after the last run. Where to stay: Alta and Snowbird have lots of ski-in, ski-out condos. Search vrbo.com. Après: Drinks at the Goldminer's Daughter at the base of Alta, then hit the Steak Pit at Snowbird.

Packing Heat

Norway is known for its cutting-edge furniture design and frigid temperatures. So who better to handcraft stylish winter wear? Dale of Norway, the 132-year-old outfitter, has rolled out a collection of wool hats (\$49, dale.no) and scarves (\$79) that will keep you warm no matter how drastically the mercury drops this winter.



Safety First

If Dale of Norway protects you from the elements, then Giro, the Cadillac of high-performance gear and accessories for action sports, will guard you from the inevitable lumps you'll take on the slopes. For instance, its Omen snow helmet (\$200, giro.com) molds to the contours of your head while cushioning your skull with antibacterial padding.



The Cherry on Top

Put a little love in your cocktail with these stocking stuffers: bottles of Bittercube bitters (\$10 a flavor, bittercube.com); Luxardo maraschino cherries from Italy (\$17, kegworks.com); Lehmann Farms olives (prices vary, Lehmann Farms.com).



Ice Queen

Ronnie Scott's in London is one of the world's great jazz clubs. Can't make it? Pay homage while you mix drinks. Brit designer Nick Munro's Trombone barware was inspired by the aforementioned club—slick, deco and as cool as a Sonny Stitt solo.

The stainless steel cocktail shaker goes for \$75 (ahalife.com), the bucket and tongs for \$125.

The Punch Line

Nothing gives a holiday party impact like a nice stiff right hook. Sorry, we mean punch. Here's a favorite of ours adapted from a recipe in the original *Playboy Bartender's Guide* (1971) by the great Thomas Mario—Cape Cod Cranberry Punch. In a large chilled bowl, mix the following: two quarts plus six ounces of cranberry juice, one quart of Absolut

vodka, six ounces of Grand Marnier, 24 ounces of orange juice (preferably freshly squeezed) and half a teaspoon each of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg. With a sharp knife, slice two limes into the thinnest wheels possible and let them swim at the top. Dump in a few handfuls of ice, stir and voilà. This punch is a knockout.

Christmas Spirit

Around the globe in six drinks! From left: Jefferson's 10-year-old Canadian rye (\$35) is just the thing to make that manhattan sing. Looking for a unique gin for a special martini? Oxley Classic English dry gin (\$50) is a crisp sipper made by cold distillation. Mackinlay's Rare Old Highland malt (\$160) is a re-creation of the scotch Shackleton brought with him to Antarctica in 1907. Don Julio 70—an aged clear añejo tequila—marks the 70th anniversary of this distillery. You wouldn't mix Carpano Antica (\$35) in a cocktail; this Italian vermouth stands on its own. Collingwood whiskey (\$22) is another gem from Canada, with hints of vanilla and caramel.



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Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principles of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequalled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dashboard gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

The Stauer 1930s Dashtronic deftly blends the modern functionality of a 21-jewel automatic movement and 3-ATM water resistance with the distinctive, retro look of a jumping display (not an actual



True to Machine Art esthetics, the sleek brushed stainless steel case is clear on the back, allowing a peek at the inner workings.

jumping complication). The stainless steel 1 1/2" case is complemented with a black alligator-embossed leather band. The band is 9 1/2" long and will fit a 7-8 1/2" wrist.

Try the Stauer 1930s Dashtronic Watch for 30 days and if you are not receiving compliments, please return the watch for

a full refund of the purchase price. If you have an appreciation for classic design with precision accuracy, the 1930s Dashtronic Watch is built for you. This watch is a limited edition, so please act quickly. Our last two limited edition watches are totally sold out!

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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I play in a shit-talking, foul-mouthed, supercompetitive fantasy football league. Our general manager invited his wife to join. Typically when I face an opponent, I taunt him. Can I call his wife an ugly-ass, dick-sucking cunt when her quarterback throws for five touchdowns against my team? Also, should trades be allowed between spouses? I'm afraid she'll be able to work out spectacular deals if she tosses in sexual favors.—R.P., Vacaville, California

We wouldn't throw profane language at someone we didn't know well, whether male or female. Let her set the tone. As for the trades, it's better for spouses to co-own a team or compete in separate leagues for the same reason they shouldn't play poker at the same table. Some couples have found co-ownership helps their marriage by giving them something to do together and converse about. Others get divorced.

Please settle a bet. What's the correct way to pronounce *clitoris*? My girlfriend says it should be *kli-TORÉ-us*. I say it's *KLIT-uh-rus*.—T.R., Omaha, Nebraska

*The Greeks said *kleitoris* and gave the word to all the modern Romance languages, but the more common pronunciation is *KLIT-uh-rus*. Its origins aren't clear, but it may have derived from an ancient Greek word that means "key," "latch" or "hook of a door," or from another word that means "the side of a hill" and has the same root as the word for climax, i.e., a little hill that climaxes. The anatomist Mateo Renaldo Colombo (1516–1559) claimed to have discovered the organ, christening it the *amor Veneris, vel dulcedo*, or "the love or sweetness of Venus." But as Douglas Harper correctly notes in his *Online Etymology Dictionary*, "it had been known earlier to women." The proper use of the word would be "Would you mind if I licked your clitoris for the next half hour?" Improper usage would be "Boy, I'd love to be licking your sister's clitoris right now." That's why, when it comes up in dinner conversation, we just say "clit."*

How can I stream music from my laptop to my stereo without spending \$1,000? I have a PlayStation 3, which is mostly reliable but won't let me play the songs on an album in the intended order. I have a Roku that can't make it through a song without buffering. Both devices are hardwired into my N-type router. Most of my collection is saved as uncompressed WAV files for



Why don't I get aroused at strip clubs? My friends took me to one, but even a lap dance didn't make me horny. I thought it might be because I'd been drinking, so the next time we went to the club I didn't drink. After three lap dances, nothing. Yet the next day I got aroused looking at a PLAYBOY pictorial. Why does this happen? A girl grinds in my lap and I don't get hard, but looking at nude photos makes me horny.—R.K., Bloomington, Indiana

We've never understood the appeal of strip clubs. We can be frustrated at home for free. Rather than lose ourself in the fantasy that she's dancing only for us, we want to interview the woman about how the fates brought us together. (According to strippers, this is a common reaction from nonregulars, and each woman has a cover story prepared, e.g., she's an art student.) This reflects, we think, an unacknowledged need by most men to have an emotional connection even in casual encounters—it's unusual for a woman you just met to grind on your crotch. We also suspect you would have a different reaction if you weren't sitting with your buddies. Looking at a Centerfold is pure fantasy; you can weave any backstory you want. But with a real live nude girl in your lap, you're dealing directly with another human being. It may be your fantasy, but you know it's not hers.

maximum quality. Any suggestions?—J.F., West Chester, Ohio

It's hard to impress a woman by playing Barry White on computer speakers. Uncompressed music files are huge, which is why you're having problems. You can upgrade

your equipment, but that's expensive. Instead, says Scott Alexander, who talks tech every Tuesday on the Playboy Morning Show (SiriusXM 102), convert a few files to the best current lossless compression format, known as FLAC. Test those files across your network; if they work, you can batch-convert the rest. Alternatively you could park a network-attached storage (NAS) hard drive next to your PS3 or Roku. For those who don't already own the hardware, there are a number of options. You can run a cable from the audio-out port of a Roku 2 (starts at \$59) or Apple's AirPort Express or Apple TV devices (\$99 each) to your stereo or powered speakers, then add the device to your wireless network. You could install Airfoil software (\$25) for use with an AirPlay-enabled receiver or speaker; the software distributes whatever is playing through your browser. If you want music in multiple rooms, you'll need more devices and powered speakers. Or, for \$299, you could get a Sonos Play:3. It has its own speakers, or you can add accessories to stream to a receiver or powered speakers. One advantage is that you can send different music to each room in which you have a Play:3.

Because I read the Advisor, I know it's important to establish ground rules before a threesome. But is it unfair to ask your partner not to engage in vaginal sex with the other woman? Does that defeat the purpose of the threesome, from a man's perspective?—M.A., Albuquerque, New Mexico

The purpose of a threesome is to say you've had a threesome. Your husband may be disappointed, but if he's smart, he'll do everything he can to make you the center of attention. As you become more comfortable with the idea that, no matter what occurs, he's going home with you, the ground rules may change.

My wife has been seeing a therapist for a year now. She refuses to tell me why, only that it has nothing to do with me. I've told her I'm not comfortable with that response, but she brushes me off with "Don't worry about it." Should I worry? Why does she keep this such a secret?—C.G., Chicago, Illinois

If she hasn't been talking about you, she will be now. Does your wife interact with anyone besides you and her therapist? Does she have a mother, sisters, co-workers, girlfriends, children? There's a large cast of characters capable of driving a person insane. And it might be a worse sign for

your relationship if you never come up. Of course, your fear is that your wife has a guilty secret. But you probably wouldn't know about the sessions if they were about her cheating. Trust her until she gives you reason not to, and that includes while she's talking to her shrink.

When I took delivery of a Porsche Boxster S, the sales manager warned not to use cleaning products such as Armor All on the interior leather because they will clog the pores of the material. He said to apply clear-coat shoe polish instead. Is there any truth to this logic? I don't want my baby to suffocate.—J.K., Boulder, Colorado

He's right on the first count but wrong on the second. "Leather, having once been used to keep the insides of a cow from falling out, is designed to pass moisture through tiny pores," explains Larry Reynolds, owner of Car Care Specialties (carcareonline.com, 877-796-8300) and a 1990 Porsche Cabriolet. "The pores absorb your perspiration. When it evaporates, it leaves behind salt that absorbs oils from the leather, causing it to shrink and crack." To prevent that, clean your leather seats and door panels at least twice a year and your leather dash even more often, as it is more directly exposed to the sun and rests on a metal backing that acts like a frying pan. Avoid products that promise to clean both leather and vinyl. Reynolds recommends Lexol-pH Cleaner and Leather Therapy Wash. Apply a small amount to a damp applicator pad or damp cotton cloth and work up a lather using gentle pressure. Rinse with a damp sponge, squeezing out the excess until there is no more foam from the cleaner. Wipe with a fluffy towel and allow to air-dry for about an hour. You can condition leather as often as you want, Reynolds says, because like a sponge it eventually won't absorb any more of the emollient. Apply a thin, even coat, allow it to penetrate for a few minutes, and buff off the excess.

A reader wrote in September to say she was so ticklish in the groin she would burst out laughing when her husband went down on her. I also suffer from this and have to stop myself from laughing when women go down on me. I work around it by placing my hand over the area that is the most sensitive. As long as I have a few fingers touching there, the woman can work around the rest and I'm fine.—G.G., San Juan, Puerto Rico

I'm ticklish along the front of my waist, so if a girl reaches into or starts to unfasten my pants, I lose my erection. After this happened a few times, I began to release myself. Unfortunately this is always awkward. A woman's hair brushing against the area during oral sex has the same effect. I have discovered some women don't like it when I hold their hair back because it makes them "feel like they're in a porno." What can I do?—J.G., Jersey City, New Jersey

Guys, these are women who like you enough to have sex with you. Why not explain that,

for some reason, you're sensitive in that spot? "I'm sorry. I'm ticklish right there." It's only a risk if the woman turns out to be a sadist and has brought handcuffs.

I have been a cigarette smoker since the age of 16. I am 30 now, smoke a pack and a half a day and am feeling the effects. I have attempted to quit, trying everything from cold turkey to the patch, which made me sick. I have friends who managed to quit by taking a pill. Any ideas on how to end this once and for all?—T.R., Omaha, Nebraska

There is no magic pill, largely because some people are more addicted than others. For example, an Italian study found that people who are heavily dependent on the "behavioral pattern" of smoking find it easier to quit with a fake cigarette. You likely got sick because the patch was providing more nicotine than your cigarettes—an overdose. You might try nicotine gum, nasal sprays, inhalers or lozenges. Prescription pills include Zyban, Wellbutrin and Chantix. All must be started before your quit day. Few people are able to stop cold turkey without assistance, and by some estimates only a quarter to a third of smokers can quit using medication alone, without therapy. Every state offers free phone counseling; call 800-784-8669. And willpower isn't a solution: One study found that people who try to stop thinking about smoking actually smoke more. If you need any more motivation, between two weeks and three months after your last cigarette you'll start having harder erections.

I understand why a person would be unhappy after getting dumped, but why does it feel as though you've been punched in the chest?—P.F., Orlando, Florida

Emotional stress can cause muscle tightness in the chest, increased heart rate, a churning stomach and shortness of breath. Why that happens isn't clear, but it appears to involve the anterior cingulate cortex of the brain, which regulates emotions, and the vagus nerve, which connects the brain stem to the neck, chest and belly. When you get dumped, the brain appears to stimulate the vagus, and the result is heartache. At its extreme, emotional stress can kill you. One small study of people who had suffered cardiac arrest found that 40 percent of the 20 women and 16 percent of the 102 men said they were suffering psychological stress rather than physical exertion at the time. Knowing why you feel that punch won't make it more tolerable, but before long, heartache dissipates to mere disappointment. And then you meet someone else.

I bumped into an acquaintance on a freezing night, and he took off his glove to shake my hand. Is that customary?—M.F., Lynbrook, New York

Yes, unless you're king. We're forgiving if both parties risk frostbite.

A reader wrote in September to boast that he and his wife have had sex on more than 800 consecutive days. My husband and I have not missed a day since March

2, 2007, and we usually have sex two or three times. Can anyone top that?—D.J., Marinette, Wisconsin

We can think of one guy.

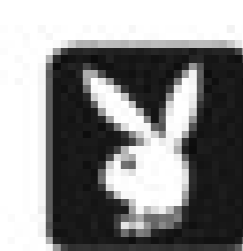
What's your policy on unibrows? Should you pluck or shave? I don't have a unibrow, but I do have light hairs that are visible on inspection. My fiancée insists I shave. Also, should hairy knuckles be trimmed?—B.L., Edmonton, Alberta

It sounds as though you've been functioning well enough with your blond brow and Neanderthal knuckles. If you start to groom for her benefit, you're going to lack motivation to continue, especially after the wedding. If she feels you'd be perfect if only the hair were gone, that's cause for concern, because surely she will find other imperfections.

I can't help but wonder what my husband does when he masturbates, what he's thinking about or watching, and I often fantasize about spying on him. When I ask him about his habits, he gets embarrassed and defensive. I have suggested mutual masturbation, but he's not interested. Why doesn't he want me to watch?—A.C., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

We'd guess it has something to do with his mother. Most guys start masturbating during puberty and quickly learn that it's a "sinful" activity that's supposed to be kept private. That's changing, but it wasn't long ago that doctors claimed it led to mental illness, when the opposite is more likely true. Guys develop elaborate methods of concealment (and, sometimes, premature ejaculation from training themselves to come quickly) but occasionally are caught, which is not an experience you forget. That can make it difficult for a guy to recognize his habit as a teachable moment. Frankly, it feels odd to touch yourself in the presence of a naked woman—the whole point of getting her naked is so you don't have to masturbate. Perhaps your husband would be more comfortable if you sold this to him not as masturbation but as a way to watch how he turns himself on, or some such propaganda. You could masturbate for him to encourage compliance. Once he's hard, promise him a lick each time he strokes himself. Or put your hand around his cock, then have him put his hand over yours and move it as he would while pleasuring himself. That's not masturbation; it's driver's ed.

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 to advisor@playboy.com. For updates, visit playboyadvisor.com and follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CRAIG FERGUSON

A candid conversation with the TV talk show host who breaks the mold about beating addiction, the appeal of puppets and robots, and why it's a great day for America

On Christmas morning 1991, Craig Ferguson was ready and determined to end his life. After an all-night bender, he woke up in the storeroom above a London pub, covered in vomit and piss, and decided he couldn't take it anymore. "I was a drunk, a loser and a disaster of a human being," he writes in his 2009 memoir, *American on Purpose*. So the then 29-year-old Ferguson came up with a plan: He would walk down to the Tower Bridge and take a swan dive into the Thames River. On his way out he ran into a drinking buddy, who offered him half a pint of sherry for the road. Ferguson ended up getting so drunk he completely forgot to kill himself.

What a difference 20 years can make. The raging alcoholic who once thought suicide was his only option is now clean and sober—Ferguson went into rehab shortly after his near suicide attempt—and the host of CBS's critically acclaimed late-night talkfest *The Late Late Show With Craig Ferguson*. The show has jockeyed for first place over the years with the competing *Late Night With Jimmy Fallon*, and Ferguson is widely considered to be the brainiest host in late-night television, thanks to his stream-of-consciousness monologues and unscripted interviews. Forget the Emmys: Ferguson is the only talk show host who's won a Peabody. He's upbeat and inventive. In a cynical world, he begins every show by announcing

to the audience, with nary an ironic wink, "It's a great day for America."

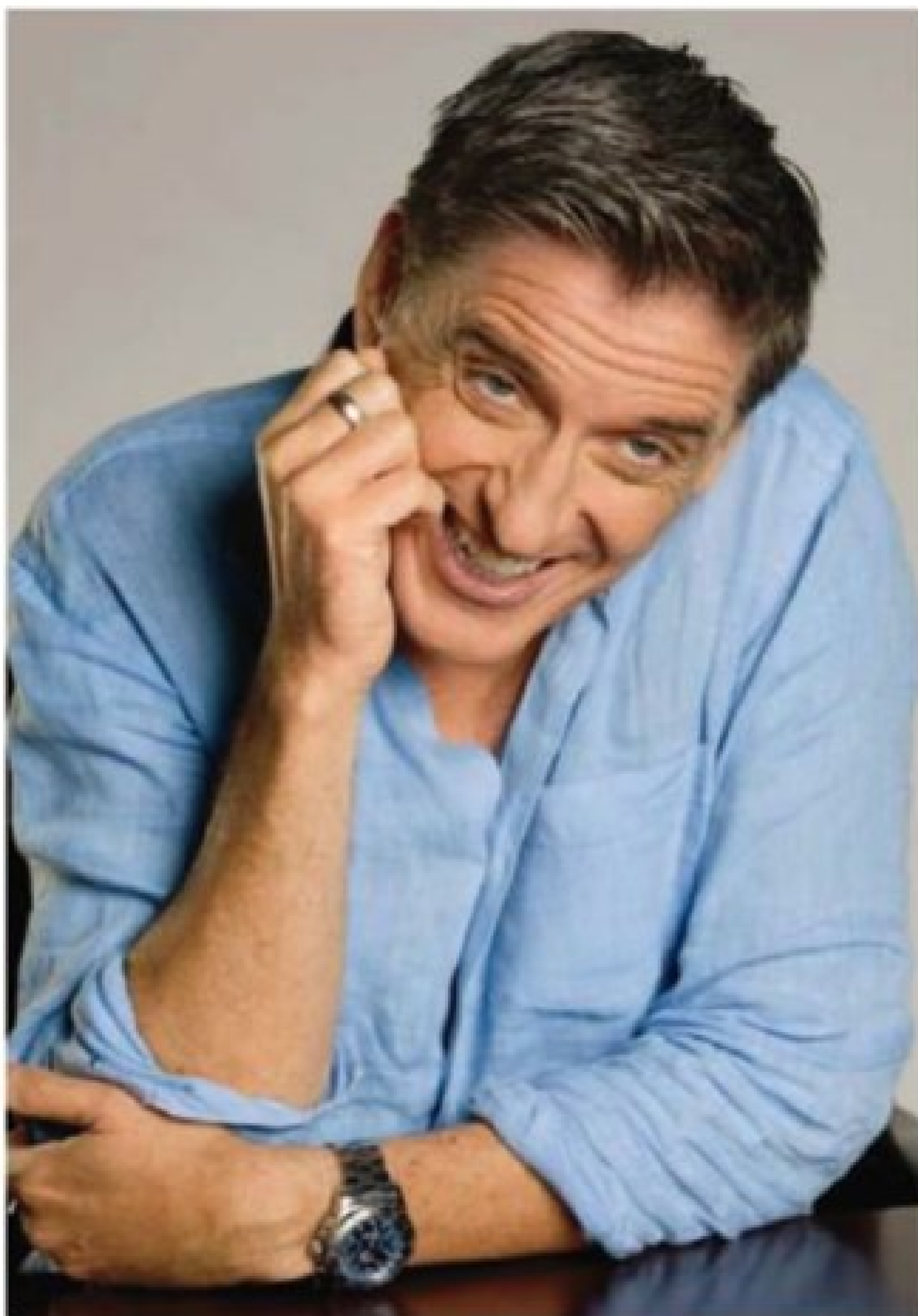
That kind of unwavering optimism doesn't happen overnight, especially for a guy with Ferguson's troubled backstory. Born in Glasgow and raised in a working-class town 15 miles to the north called Cumbernauld, he had a relatively happy home life with his postal worker father, schoolteacher mother, two sisters and a brother. But Ferguson's early education, both at school and on the streets, consisted almost solely of drugs, booze and fighting. He eventually discovered punk music but soon moved on to comedy, doing stand-up or small TV roles in Scotland and abroad, before moving to Los Angeles and getting cast as the pompous British boss Nigel Wick on *The Drew Carey Show*. Since then he's tried his hand at almost everything, from animated-movie voice-overs (*How to Train Your Dragon*) to novels (*Between the Bridge and the River*) to screen writing (*Saving Grace*).

His true calling came in an unlikely place, when he was picked to replace Craig Kilborn as host of *The Late Late Show* in 2005. Almost immediately Ferguson demonstrated that he wasn't interested in doing another by-the-numbers talk show. Some nights he's thoughtful and contemplative, explaining his pride in becoming a U.S. citizen, eulogizing his deceased father or inviting Archbishop Desmond Tutu on

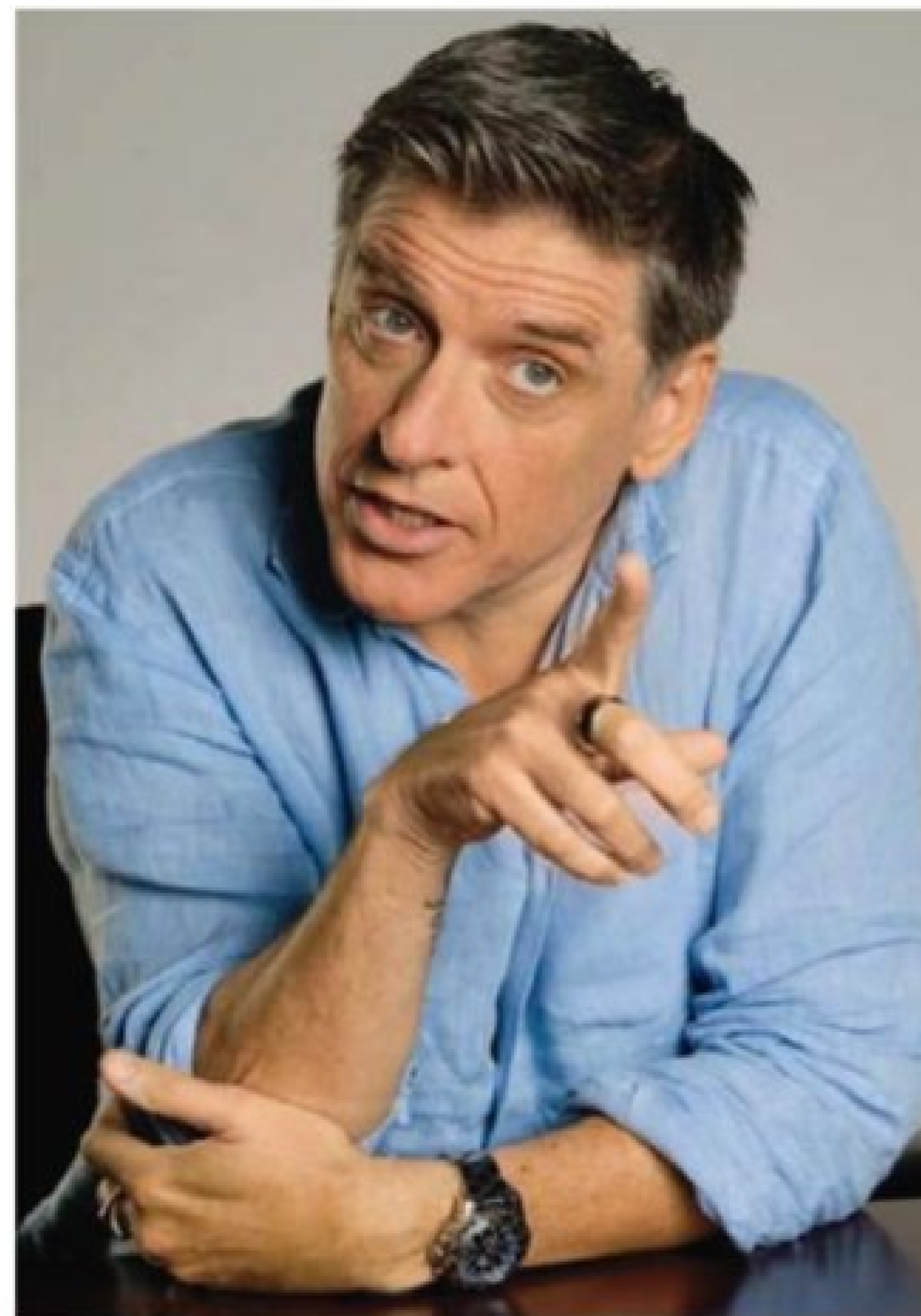
to talk about South Africa and apartheid. Other nights he's divinely silly, putting on skits with a repertory ensemble of hand puppets, including a foulmouthed bunny and a pig who pontificates about swine flu, or exchanging bons mots with his robot skeleton sidekick, Geoff Peterson. Sometimes he can be both at the same time, as he was so expertly this past summer after receiving an envelope filled with a white substance briefly thought to be anthrax. He addressed the subject frankly on that night's show and then turned it into a game, grilling two of his interns to find out who had reacted the most cowardly.

We sent writer **Eric Spitznagel**, who interviewed Paul Rudd for *PLAYBOY* in October, to meet with Ferguson at his *Late Late Show* studio office in Hollywood. Spitznagel reports, "From the moment I walked in, Ferguson was outgoing and gregarious. Of course, putting strangers at ease is pretty much his job description. We talked for most of the afternoon on his office couch, and wedged between us was a small throw pillow with the phrase *TICK FUCKING TOCK* hand-stitched on the front. Ferguson told me that he'd had the pillow made shortly after his father's death, as a reminder that life is fleeting."

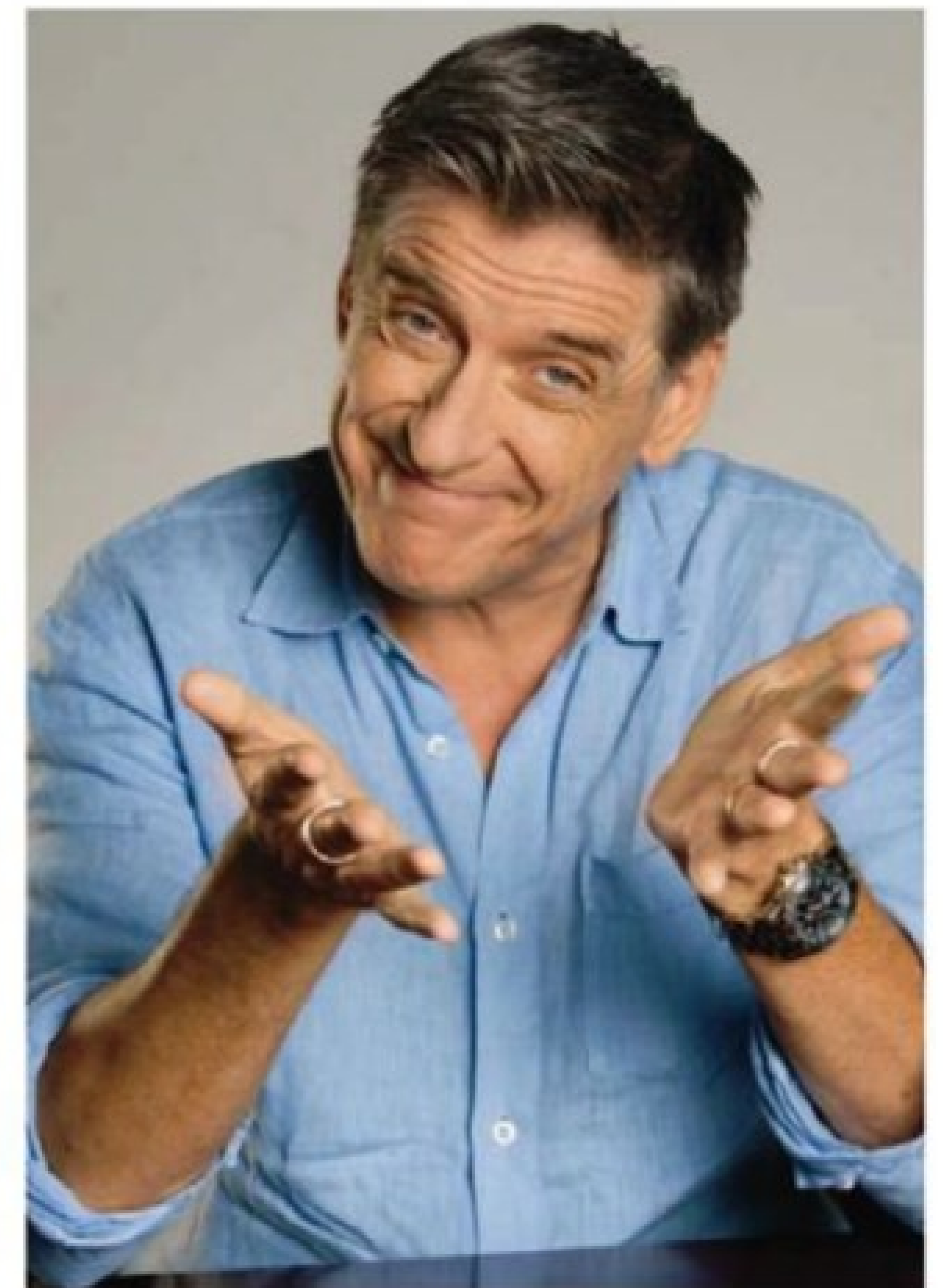
PLAYBOY: You seem to legitimately enjoy every guest who comes on *The Late Late Show*. That can't be true, can



"If smart people think you're smart, that's great. If dumb people think you're smart, what's the fucking point? Millions of people thought the earth was flat, and it isn't. So when it comes to validation from the mob, I just don't care."



"The paradox of alcoholism is that the very thing that's killing you is the only thing keeping you going. It's like having an allergy to air. It's a complicated condition, and it gets misrepresented in the media all the time."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Twitter is like Stalin without all the death. If I don't like you, I just get rid of you. That's the most fantastic thing about Twitter. I want to read only good shit about me. I already think enough bad shit about myself."

it? There must occasionally be people who annoy you.

FERGUSON: Oh sure, I fake it all the time. But it's not like I see them for that long. *Host* really is the perfect description of my job. It's a party, and you have to be a good host. Some nights I feel like a host at a restaurant. I'm the guy in a monkey suit standing next to a podium waiting for the next fat cat to come in. It's a service position. Not that I'm being subservient, but you kind of have to be nice to people even when you don't feel like it. They're your guest.

PLAYBOY: You sometimes start an interview with "Where are you from?" Do you think geography tells a lot about a person?

FERGUSON: It's just something to say when I can't think of anything. Everybody's from somewhere. I've never really thought of myself as someone with any kind of deliberate strategy for interviews. I like to be spontaneous. I don't do any research on people before they come on the show. I don't care. I'm doing a little comedy show, not investigative journalism. I just want some laughs.

PLAYBOY: That may be true most of the time, but you devoted an entire show to Archbishop Desmond Tutu. Obviously you didn't invite him for the hilarious banter.

FERGUSON: No, not really. [laughs] Although that would be funny. "Keep it light, Desmond. This is a bad room for apartheid." As you probably saw, in the course of a conversation with Desmond Tutu there are a lot of silly moments. There's a lot of horror too, certainly, but you've got to take it all.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever worry that you might be in over your head?

FERGUSON: I knew he was a charismatic speaker. Maybe it's a weird kind of arrogance, but I thought, It's going to be all right; I can do this. Because if I screwed up, this is the man who headed the Truth and Reconciliation Commission. He's not going to come down hard on me for fucking up an interview. I kind of felt the gift of the Desmond Tutu interview was Desmond Tutu. There's no need for me to compete with Desmond Tutu, so why not just enjoy the luxury of being able to talk to someone who has been so influential in the world?

PLAYBOY: You displayed a similar humility with Cornel West earlier this year when you invited him on the show to talk about Black History Month. You began by confessing that you don't know a lot about American history in general.

FERGUSON: I'm not afraid of someone knowing something I don't, because a lot of people do. Probably most people know something I don't. Maybe it's a product of age, but I care less about whether people think I'm smart or not. If smart people think you're smart, that's great. If dumb people think you're smart, what's the fucking point? Why should I care what they think? Why should I care what most people think?

There's no endorsement in numbers as far as I'm concerned. Millions of people thought the earth was flat, and it isn't. So when it comes to validation from the mob, I just don't care.

PLAYBOY: There was a time when getting *The Tonight Show* was every talk show host's dream. Is that still the ideal?

FERGUSON: I can't speak for anybody else, but it definitely isn't for me. I don't want it. I don't understand why anyone would want it. Clearly it's not a route to happiness. I think I have the advantage over other guys who do late-night shows in that I didn't grow up with Johnny Carson. I respect and admire him, but I didn't grow up watching him on *The Tonight Show*. I can appreciate his genius, but I don't want, and I never wanted, to become him. It just comes with too many compromises.

PLAYBOY: That could be true. When Conan O'Brien got *The Tonight Show*, some of his more salacious characters, such as the Masturbating Bear, disappeared.

FERGUSON: I know it would alarm me if I got an earlier time slot and some executive said, "You can't have the robot

You're in charge of what makes you laugh. You're the expert. But people forget that it's still subjective. People say, "That guy's not funny." Oh shut up.

sidekick anymore." I'd be like, "What the fuck are you talking about?"

PLAYBOY: "We need you to get rid of the puppets."

FERGUSON: No puppets? Fuck you. No puppets, no me. I don't like it when people tell me how to do my job or think they know what works and what doesn't. I'm always amazed when a writer pitches a joke and says, "This will get a big laugh." Oh really? How the fuck do you know? Anybody who's worked in comedy for any length of time will tell you that the best-case scenario is every joke has a shot. That's all. You get no guarantees beyond that.

PLAYBOY: There's so much improvisation on your show. What do your writers actually do?

FERGUSON: There's not much written material. Most of it's spontaneous, and I come up with it while we're taping. But we write the monologue in advance, and occasionally they do bits and pieces for other ideas.

PLAYBOY: What was the genesis of the puppets? Did you come to work one day and say, "Puppets are funny. Let's do something with puppets"?

FERGUSON: That has a complicated backstory. It started with a buddy of mine named Steve Jones, the guitarist with the Sex Pistols. He had a radio show in Los Angeles called *Jonesy's Jukebox*, and he'd play all these records from his collection. I was driving to work one day, listening to his show, and he was playing "The Lonely Goatherd" from *The Sound of Music*. [sings] "High on a hill was a lonely goatherd/Lay ee odl lay ee odl lay hee hoo." It just made me laugh. So I came to work and said, "You know what? I'm going to lip-synch that 'Lonely Goatherd' song on tonight's show." There were these hand puppets lying around the office, and we used them for the bit. That was kind of the beginning of it.

PLAYBOY: What appeals to you about puppets?

FERGUSON: I like things that are different and weird. When I was first trying out for the show, I remember thinking, If I ever do this, I want it to be something fucking different. There are too many of these shows already. I don't want to be like everybody else. Let's fuck with people's expectations. If there has to be a sidekick, then let's make it a robot skeleton.

PLAYBOY: Geoff Peterson.

FERGUSON: Geoff, right, though that's an odd thing. Geoff is emblematic of my failure to deconstruct the genre. We created Geoff as a protest against the idea of a sidekick, but Josh Thompson, the guy who operates him, is so fucking good, he's become a really good sidekick. So we're back to fucking square one. But that's all right. He makes me laugh. That's the number one rule. If it makes me laugh, it's in.

PLAYBOY: What's the story behind Geoff? Where did he come from?

FERGUSON: It started with the movie *Ghost Rider*, which I really liked. Any movie that has a skeleton on fire riding a motorcycle—I mean, fuck, what else do you fucking need? Come on! If you don't fucking like that, you probably live in a cave in fucking Bora Bora. That was part of it. And then I used to say this thing to annoy Milo, my oldest son. He's 10 now, but he was about eight at the time. I would pretend to be a villain and say, "I'm going to get my own robot skeleton army and take over the world." He'd go, "Dad, you can't do that!" "No, I'm going to do it!" Then I started to say it on the show, because the line between your private life and your TV life begins to blur after a while. And then Grant Imahara, one of the guys on [the Discovery Channel show] *MythBusters*, said to me, "I'll build you a robot skeleton as a sidekick if you get me 100,000 Twitter followers." I tweeted that, and he got 100,000 followers in about two days, so he had to build it.

PLAYBOY: Do you spend a lot of time on Twitter?

FERGUSON: Not really. I come and go with it. Sometimes I love it and sometimes it makes me angry.

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PLAYBOY: How does it make you angry?

FERGUSON: I remember someone on Twitter gave me a hard time for doing an anti-atheist joke in Nashville. Because it's such a religious town, apparently he thought it was pandering. He wrote something like "What's next, an anti-Arab joke in Israel and an antiwoman joke is Saudi Arabia?" Hey, atheism is a stance. It's a position, it's an opinion. Being a Jew and being a woman are just things you are. But if you have an opinion on something, be prepared to defend it. And by the way, if you're an atheist and you can't take a joke, you're not a proper atheist.

PLAYBOY: Everybody thinks they're an expert when it comes to comedy.

FERGUSON: And they are! It's the one area in which everybody is legitimately an expert. You're in charge of what makes you laugh and what doesn't make you laugh. You're the expert. But people forget that it's still subjective. People say, "That guy's not funny." Oh shut up. Why, because he doesn't make you laugh? So if Steve Martin doesn't make me laugh, he's not funny? *[makes buzzer sound]* No, wrong. Of course he's fucking funny. It's like when people say, "I don't like rap music." Well, don't worry, Grandpa. It's not for you.

PLAYBOY: Do you just tolerate the "experts" when they criticize you on Twitter?

FERGUSON: I block them. Anything remotely negative, I block them. That's the most fantastic thing about Twitter. It's like Stalin without all the death. If I don't like you, I just get rid of you. It's funny. People always tell me, "If you read the good reviews, you've got to read the bad reviews." No you don't. I want to read only good shit about me. I don't want to read bad shit. What do you think I am, insane? I already think enough bad shit about myself.

PLAYBOY: You're not curious why someone dislikes you?

FERGUSON: I'm really not. I used to be curious. I used to want to know what I did that made them so angry. Now I'm pretty sure they were already angry long before me. They were mad before the joke turned up. They were heckling before they got to the club. They were just doing it in their mind.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's what happened this summer when somebody sent you a package with white powder that resembled anthrax?

FERGUSON: The cornstarch killer from Belgium? *[laughs]* I don't know. Probably. Anyone who sends powder to this show was angry long before they ever heard of me. But I don't like to dwell on it or wonder what might have set him off. It doesn't do you any favors as a comedian to think you might be annoying some psycho. Psychos are going to be annoyed. Unfortunately, that kind of thing happens from time to time. Personally, it didn't bother me much.

PLAYBOY: It didn't change your behavior at all—how you get to work, what kind of jokes you make on the show?

FERGUSON: It didn't change my behavior in the slightest. It did change the behavior of the security around here a little bit. It's strange. There's plenty of stuff that could make me skittish, but not that.

PLAYBOY: What could make you skittish?

FERGUSON: Anything that would frighten or impair the life or enjoyment of my children. That would frighten me. But angry people who are like, "I don't like your comedy!" Okay, fine, watch another channel. I really don't care. For some reason, it just didn't register as legitimately dangerous to me.

PLAYBOY: You've been close enough to actual death a few times to probably tell the difference.

FERGUSON: *[Laughs]* You know what? You're right. Maybe that's what it was.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of that, you have a big anniversary coming up. On Christmas day it will be 20 years since you almost committed suicide.

FERGUSON: That's true. It's been 20 years since the big nonevent.

Adrenaline in comedy is not your friend. It's certainly not for me. You can be excited, sure, but when you're in fight-or-flight mode, that's not good.

PLAYBOY: Does it still scare you to remember how close you got to doing it?

FERGUSON: What still scares me about it, what I find especially chilling, is that there was no emotion involved. I just woke up and decided, This is it; I have to end it today. I also think about that glass of sherry, the one I drank instead of going out and jumping off a bridge. I have never tasted anything better in my entire life, in all my years of drinking. It was just fucking sherry, but it was unbelievably good. I remember thinking, even at the time, If alcohol tastes and feels this good, there's probably something wrong with me, because it shouldn't feel that good. It should feel like, Yeah, that's nice. Have a beer and relax. But this stuff was like the nectar of the gods. It was rocket fuel.

PLAYBOY: There's a weird irony in setting out to kill yourself because of alcohol but forgetting to do it because you drank too much alcohol.

FERGUSON: The paradox of alcoholism is that the very thing that's killing you is the only thing keeping you going. It's like having an allergy to air. It's a

complicated and tricky condition, and it gets misdiagnosed and misrepresented in the media all the time.

PLAYBOY: Couldn't you get out there and help set the record straight?

FERGUSON: I am leery of doing that. I won't go on those doctor panel TV shows and talk about alcoholism. I'm quite happy to talk about my story, but I'm not an expert and I'm not foolish enough to think that because I'm on television it's given me some sort of medical degree. It hasn't. I don't know how it is for other people; I only know how it is for me.

PLAYBOY: How would you define your alcoholism?

FERGUSON: *[Pauses]* If I'm going to drink, I'm going to get drunk. Good and drunk. And if I can't do that, I'm not interested. You know when people are drinking and they say, "Oh I'm starting to feel it. I better stop." No, no, no. Starting to feel it is the start of drinking. That's the point of drinking. That's my perspective. And I would suggest that that perspective is probably unhealthy. It certainly was for me.

PLAYBOY: Do you acknowledge the anniversary of your near suicide every Christmas?

FERGUSON: Acknowledge it how?

PLAYBOY: Do you pause and reflect on that day, just to remember how far away it is in your rearview mirror?

FERGUSON: Not really. I think about it on the anniversary, but I also think about it at various times during the year. Let's say I do a bad show. There's a quick escape route from the feeling of "I did a bad show." In that sense it becomes a useful piece of perspective. I think everyone does that in their life. But you said something that resonated with me. You asked if I reflect on it just to remember how far away it is in my rearview mirror. I don't see it like that. I see it out of the corner of my eye. It's still right there. I don't understand it when people say, "Oh, you conquered your fear." I have never conquered a fear in my life. I have only altered my perspective on that particular emotion.

PLAYBOY: How do you alter your perspective? Give us an example.

FERGUSON: I used to have a terrible fear of flying. To combat that, I took flying lessons. I became a pilot, bought a small airplane and flew it around for a bit. I wasn't flying it enough, so I sold it. That's a fear I confronted by running straight at it.

PLAYBOY: And you didn't conquer it?

FERGUSON: Oh no, not at all. If you get me on the right day, I still have the same fear of flying I had before I became a pilot. Which is insane.

PLAYBOY: So the experiment didn't work?

FERGUSON: No, the experiment always works. There's no such thing as an experiment that doesn't work. There are only results, but results may vary. Here's what I learned: When I'm flying

the plane, I'm fine. When you're flying the plane, I'm not as good. So the experiment yielded results. What I'm afraid of is not, in fact, flying. It's you. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: There's a lot of fear wrapped up in alcohol as well, especially for comics. Did you ever worry that without the booze you wouldn't be as funny?

FERGUSON: Yeah, sure, because you don't know where the comedy comes from. You think, If I take that away, will it just disappear? But you eventually learn that your talent is not really your business. You have no control over it. There are nights I go out there with nothing. Sometimes I can sell the shit out of it, and sometimes I can't. The difference for me, how I'm comfortable doing it without the alcohol, is I'm quite happy to fail. Failure is always an option. That's why I fell in love with *MythBusters*. When those guys took two big rigs and spray-painted FAILURE IS ALWAYS AN OPTION! across the sides and then crashed them into each other, I thought, These are my people. I like these guys.

PLAYBOY: When pop star Britney Spears was having a very public meltdown a few years ago, you announced on *The Late Late Show* that you wouldn't be making jokes about her. Why did you single her out?

FERGUSON: It wasn't really about her. What happened was, the same weekend she shaved her hair and was clearly having some kind of bipolar episode, I was 15 years sober.

PLAYBOY: It was the anniversary?

FERGUSON: That's right. I'd been troubled for a while by the material we'd been doing on the show. So much of it was about pop culture and attacking celebrities. Then the Britney thing happened. I came into work on Monday morning and the writers were just salivating. They couldn't wait to write jokes about Britney Spears. I was like, "Get out, all of you! I'm going to do this one myself." I wanted my monologue to explain why I wasn't going to make fun of this individual at this point in her life. In order to do that, I told the story of my failed suicide attempt.

PLAYBOY: It almost seemed as if Britney Spears wasn't the point; it was just an excuse to get this stuff off your chest.

FERGUSON: That's exactly it. It wasn't about Britney Spears at all. It was about where my head was at during that time and why I didn't feel right making fun of her. It could have been any celebrity who had a meltdown at the time. I was trying to be clear that it wasn't a manifesto for other comedians. I wasn't making a moral judgment about what anybody else should or shouldn't do. It's not necessary for everybody to do the same thing. But I felt it was necessary for me to make a foot stomp, to declare what I was going to do on this show and who I was going to be.

PLAYBOY: Have you stayed true to that? Have you managed to avoid making

any jokes about celebrities struggling with addictions?

FERGUSON: There are a couple of things I regret. I made a couple of gags about Lindsay Lohan here and there, and I probably shouldn't have. When you do a show every night, you can't catch them all. And let's face it, weird behavior is sometimes funny. It's attractive as a comedy target. But the writers know I'm not interested in those kinds of jokes, so they don't bring them to me. There are no Amy Winehouse jokes, there are no Charlie Sheen jokes, there are no Lindsay Lohan jokes. If people are in trouble and you attack them, that's not funny. But if people are in power and you attack them, that's funny.

PLAYBOY: You didn't attack George W. Bush when you met him at the 2008 White House Correspondents' Association dinner.

FERGUSON: I didn't, no. I thankfully didn't fall victim to my own adolescent huffiness.

PLAYBOY: Adolescent huffiness?

FERGUSON: If you want to get unsolicited advice, tell someone you're going to be speaking at the White House

I don't think that cynicism is a lack of belief in America. It doesn't have anything to do with the belief in what this post-Enlightenment country is and can be.

Correspondents' Association dinner. Boy, will they show up. "You tell him this, and you tell him that!" Look, you don't think the opposition Bush faced in the Senate every day would probably have done a better job than me at a cocktail party in the fucking Hilton? What's he going to say? "You know what, Craig, I hadn't thought of that. Thanks for the idea. Cheney, get in here. You've got to meet this guy." What ridiculous arrogance that is. So I decided to treat the moment like the moment it was, to treat the human like the human.

PLAYBOY: Do you have an opinion on his presidency?

FERGUSON: Do I agree with the job he did? Quite frankly, no I don't. But that's not what that moment was about. My feelings about George W. Bush don't matter in this story. What mattered to me at the time was, here I am standing in a room on my own with the president of the United States. I wasn't being formally introduced to him; it was just two guys talking backstage, like two comics at the Chuckle Hut. "You ready to go?" "Yeah. Hey, you know

that guy?" He's an easy conversationalist and a funny guy.

PLAYBOY: Had you become an American citizen yet?

FERGUSON: Yeah, just two or three months earlier I'd taken the test and signed the forms. I was in.

PLAYBOY: So maybe you were still in the honeymoon period of new citizenship.

FERGUSON: [Laughs] Maybe so. The glow of new patriotism? That could explain it.

PLAYBOY: You have a charming lack of cynicism when you talk about being an American. Most of us who were born here find it too easy to be cynical.

FERGUSON: I don't think that cynicism is a lack of belief in America. That cynicism is despair at the complications of process and government. It doesn't have anything to do with the belief in what this post-Enlightenment country is and can be. This is a great idea, and if you mishandle a great idea, you could end up in a lot of trouble. But it doesn't mean it's not a great idea. It's still a great idea. We may disagree on how to handle that idea, and that's unfortunately part of the great idea.

PLAYBOY: Give us your sales pitch for the United States. Why do you love this country so much?

FERGUSON: It's where all the cool stuff is. [laughs] It's America!

PLAYBOY: It has to be about more than that.

FERGUSON: To me, America is like baseball. If I swing at a pitch and miss, what am I going to do, give up the next two pitches? If I swing and miss at this pitch, that's just a swing and a miss. There's no morality attached to failure. Failure morally has a moral component, but failure in a creative or professional sense is just information. That's one of the big things for me about the U.S. Our kids, by the time they're five years old, know that if they can hit a ball three times out of 10 pitches, they'll go to the Hall of Fame. They know that seven misses or seven failures are no disgrace. That's just playing the game. Beat that attitude!

PLAYBOY: That's an infectious argument.

FERGUSON: It's the core of my patriotism. And it's a patriotism that has nothing to do with geography or even history. It's a philosophical patriotism. It's about "Okay, we screwed up. Let's try it again."

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the tattoo on your forearm. It says JOIN, OR DIE with a drawing of a snake cut into eighths.

FERGUSON: That's right. It's a Ben Franklin cartoon from 1754.

PLAYBOY: It was originally a battle cry for American colonists to unite. What's the significance for you?

FERGUSON: Stephen Fry is fond of a quote by W.H. Auden that he uses all the time: "We must love one another or die." "Join, or die" is a similar belief system for me. There has to be cooperation or we're (continued on page 166)

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THE RESURRECTION

OF TONY MONTANA

How *Scarface* went from box office pariah to cultural icon in 28 years. Al Pacino, Oliver Stone and the cast and crew relive the making of the influential gangster classic

BY STEPHEN REBELLO / ILLUSTRATION BY KENT WILLIAMS



The World is Yours





IT'S DECEMBER 1, 1983 and even for a private party at Manhattan's celebrity-magnet eatery Sardi's, the wall-to-wall flesh pressing, ass kissing and backbiting could make your nose bleed. A handpicked list of stellar invitees—Eddie Murphy, Lucille Ball, Cher and Dustin Hoffman among them—have streamed in from a private screening of *Scarface*, a blood-soaked, foulmouthed, corpse- and bullet-ridden gangster epic directed by Brian De Palma about a brutish, ice-cold Cuban émigré's tumble from badass king of the cocaine world to doomed, addicted zillionaire. Amid the funereal arrangements of wild lilies, the guests scarcely make a dent in the buffet of seafood Newburg, beef bourguignon, pasta and desserts. They're waiting to pay respects to the movie's star, Al Pacino, who is at that moment appearing in a revival of *American Buffalo* and will soon make his way through the Broadway theater district to the party.

Before the actor's big entrance, though, rent-a-car mogul Warren Avis tells *Scarface* producer Martin Bregman, Pacino's tough, old-school New York manager who had branched out into film production with *Serpico* and *Dog Day Afternoon*, "You've got a smash-smash." Cher enthuses, "I really liked it. It was a great example of how the American dream can go to shit." But the praise isn't unanimous. Writers Kurt Vonnegut and John Irving both bailed from the screening, carping about the blood and gore. Supermodel Cheryl Tiegs calls it "the most violent film I've ever seen," adding, "It makes you never want to hear the word *cocaine* again."

The movie's then record-breaking 226 uses of the word *fuck* and its variants—one every 1.33 minutes of

its 170-minute running time—prompts Lucille Ball to declare, "We thought the performances were excellent, but we got awful sick of *that* word." Martin Scorsese cuts straight to the heart of the matter when he warns Steven Bauer, the young Cuban American actor making his movie debut as Pacino's best bud, "Prepare yourselves, because Hollywood's going to hate this film. It's about *them*."

Toward midnight Pacino shuffles in to polite applause, and then Liza Minnelli, who hasn't seen the movie, rushes up and quips, "Al, what did you *do* to these people?" Pacino, who might still be wondering 28 years later, recalls, "The crowd looking at me coming into Sardi's was a lot like that audience watching 'Springtime for Hitler' in Mel Brooks's movie *The Producers*. They were frozen like in a wax museum. At least Eddie Murphy came over and was just full of the film. He got it. But let's say that in certain circles it was not at all appreciated." Although Bauer whispered naive

encouragement to Pacino ("They liked it!"), he admits today, "When the movie opened a week later, most reviews said it was a piece of shit, an insult, an outrage with an over-the-top performance from Al. We were devastated."

But wasn't *Scarface*—Universal Pictures' fat, shiny, gritty 1983 Christmas present to moviegoers—pretty much designed to devastate? With its ominous synth-disco score by Giorgio Moroder, its deliberately excessive über-1980s visual design by Ferdinando Scarfiotti, its lush John A. Alonzo cinematography and flamboyant stylist De Palma's fever-pitch attack on Oliver Stone's gritty, sprawling screenplay about greed, power and hubris, *Scarface* was deliberately and defiantly off the chain. It updated but followed the major contours of the seminal 1932 gangland classic *Scarface: The Shame of the Nation*, conceived by director Howard Hawks and screenwriter Ben Hecht as "the Borgias set down in Chicago." Freely adapted from a 1930 Armitage Trail novel about an Al Capone-like thug, the ferocious movie starred Paul Muni as Tony Camonte, an arrogant, vain, ruthless and utterly compelling gangster. The film was produced by billionaire eccentric Howard Hughes and filmed in 1930, but it ignited a two-year battle with censorship boards across the country for its brutality and glorification of Mob types such as the ones played by Muni and his henchman best friend, the coin-flipping, reptilian George Raft.

In the hands of Bregman, De Palma and Pacino as the swaggering, loutish, ruthless Tony Montana—named by San Francisco 49ers fan Stone after quarterback Joe Montana—Hecht and Hawks's swift, deadly original ballooned into a long, loud, gargantuan black comedy, as much an assault as an entertainment. Stone variously saw *Scarface* as *Richard III* with cocaine or Tony Montana as a throwback to Fred C. Dobbs, the ruthless money-grubber played by Humphrey Bogart in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*. But unsuspecting movie audiences





► Clockwise from above: Brian De Palma confers with Steven Bauer and Al Pacino on the Cuban immigration detention center set; and with Michelle Pfeiffer at the dealership where Tony Montana has his new car bulletproofed; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio played Tony's sister; Pfeiffer beat out Glenn Close for the role of the girlfriend.

saw the film as a blight on the Christmas entertainment of the day as typified by, say, the John Travolta–Olivia Newton-John supernatural comedy *Two of a Kind* or the spy thriller *Gorky Park*. “We didn’t get reviewed, we got eviscerated,” says Pacino of the film in which he famously shoves his nose into a mountain of cocaine and then staggers through an entire scene like a drugged-out Pinocchio. “The reviews stunned me,” admits Bregman, who had particularly called out Hollywood for being, at the time, the town “where so many executives had a dish of the white stuff at the entrance to their homes. Either they didn’t understand the movie or hated that we did it.”

A few intrepid souls got it. *Time* magazine’s Richard Corliss called it “a big, bloody entertaining tragicomedy,” and *The New York Times*’ Vincent Canby proclaimed it “the most stylish and provocative—and maybe the most vicious—serious film about the Ameri-

can underworld since Francis Ford Coppola’s *Godfather*.” *L.A. Times* critic Sheila Benson wrote it off as “one of the largest empty vessels to float on an ocean of celluloid.” Even the *New Yorker* review by Pauline Kael—usually a De Palma booster—lambasted Pacino as “a lump at the center of the movie...a star whose imagination seems impaired” and the film itself as “limp.”

Although Pacino today insists the \$23.5 million–budgeted film didn’t fail at the box office, when Hollywood’s bean counters tallied the 1983 year-end takings, *Scarface* ranked at number 16, just below *Jaws 3-D* and way below top earners *Return of the Jedi*, *Terms of Endearment*, *Flashdance*, *Trading Places*, *WarGames* and *Octopussy*. Oscar nominations? Not a one. Hollywood, and white America, weren’t buying. Says Oliver Stone, “Hollywood

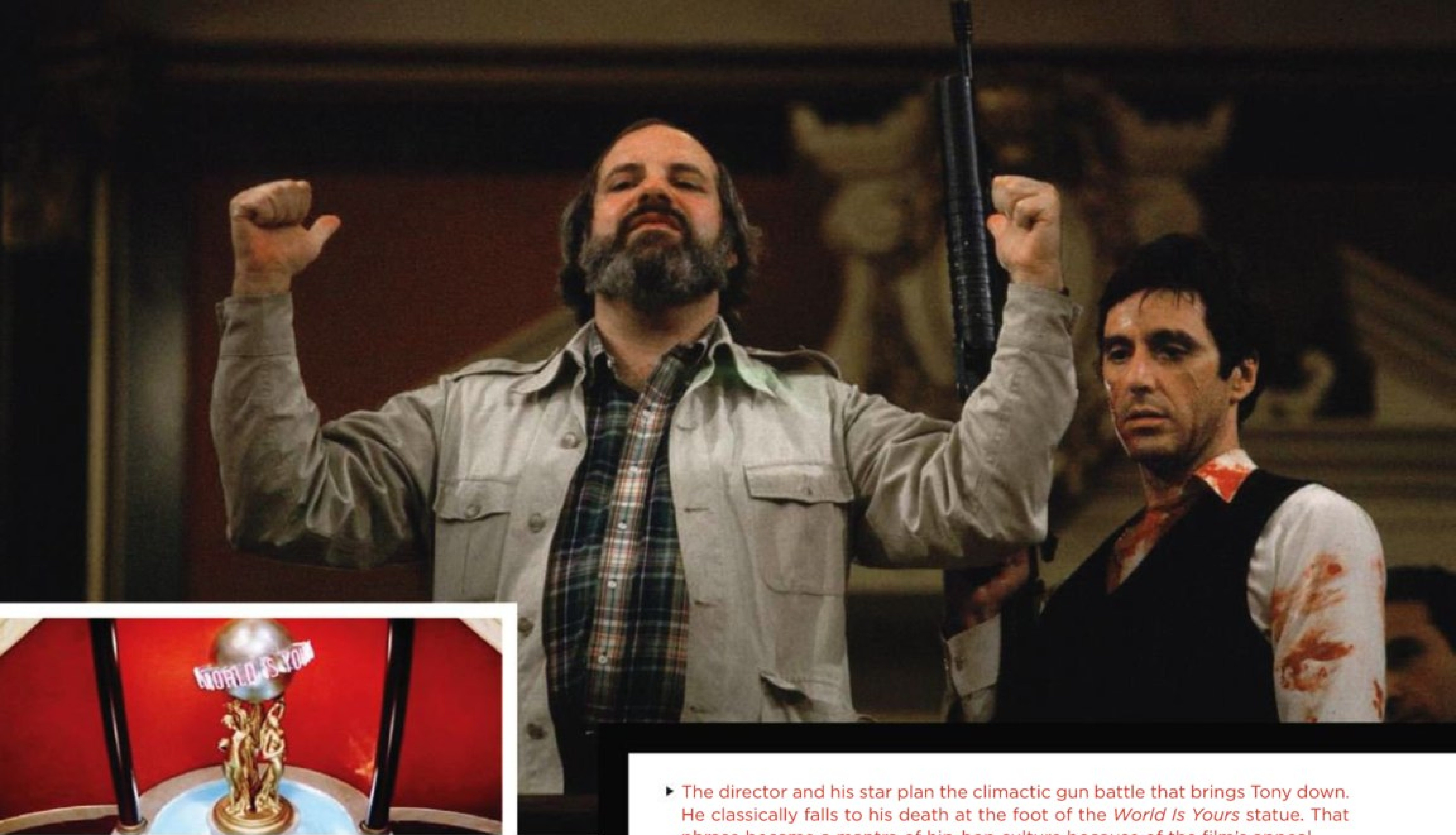
people would say to me, ‘It’s a desecration. It’s violent. It’s vulgar. How could Pacino do such a thing?’ We know it connected with Puerto Ricans and blacks in New York. People on the street got it—especially 42nd Street. It hit a niche, but it definitely wasn’t a white middle-class or upper-class movie.” Observes movie critic Armond White, “The mainstream media concentrated on the profanity and violence rather than on what De Palma and Stone were saying about social mobility, crime, money, drugs. Not being ready for it, they responded like blue-haired old ladies. But what’s on-screen is an extravagant, beautiful, operatic and fairly original take on ethnicity, drugs, crime and ambition. It gets at sociological truth by revising the gangster genre, which is a big achievement, and it’s got a fascinating, daring performance from Al Pacino and an equally daring one from Michelle Pfeiffer, who, frankly, has never been better.”

When it comes to films, time has the damndest way of settling scores. Some monster hits of the 1980s look silly and

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO WALK INTO A COLLEGE DORM WITHOUT SEEING AT LEAST ONE TONY MONTANA POSTER.

► Great moments (from far left): Tony faces a chain saw; Tony gets revenge; Elvira and Tony; the protagonist with his famed “little frien’,” a grenade-launching rifle.





► The director and his star plan the climactic gun battle that brings Tony down. He classically falls to his death at the foot of the *World Is Yours* statue. That phrase became a mantra of hip-hop culture because of the film's appeal.



hopelessly irrelevant today. Yet *Scarface* is a bona fide global pop culture phenomenon, a virtual survivalist and lifestyle bible in the rap and hip-hop world and certain ethnic communities. It's such a broad-based phenomenon that references and shout-outs crop up everywhere, from episodes of *The Simpsons*, *South Park*, *Family Guy* and *Curb Your Enthusiasm* to billboard ads for Lady Gaga's HBO concert; from music videos by 50 Cent, Jay-Z and Gwen Stefani to Montana Management, the name of *Scarface* fan Saddam Hussein's reported

"WE DIDN'T GET REVIEWED, WE GOT EVISCERATED," SAYS AL PACINO.

money-laundering front. A merchandising bonanza—"Wanna buy a T-shirt, poster, water globe, bedsheet, beach towel, video game, billiard cue, DVD, action figure, Halloween costume?"—the movie had a long hard slog fighting its way out of the Hall of Shame to full-on triumph. To invoke a now signature slogan from both versions of the film, for *Scarface* these days "the world is yours."

If the old axiom that success has many fathers and failure is an orphan holds true, that goes double for virtually everything to do with *Scarface*, starting with the question of who officially proposed the idea of remaking the 1932 movie in the first place. Says Pacino, "I had heard so much about *Scarface* throughout my life but had never seen it. I was on a rare visit to L.A., and it was playing at a revival theater on Sunset Boulevard. I was stunned, knocked out by the film and by Paul Muni's performance. That made me want to do the film. I found out later that Scorsese and De Niro were also trying to find a way in, to find how to make it work in the 1980s. As soon as I got out of the theater, I called Marty in New York and said I thought we should remake it. Marty looked at the movie and agreed."

The Marty in question isn't rival *Scarface* enthusiast Scorsese but Martin Bregman, the New York talent manager of Woody Allen, Faye Dunaway, Bette Midler and Alan Alda. Bregman says, "I know Al thinks it was his idea to remake *Scarface*, and somebody at Universal also thinks it was his idea, but it was

mine. When I told Al about the idea, he wanted to go to Sidney Lumet. I thought it needed somebody with edge, someone more contemporary than Sidney."

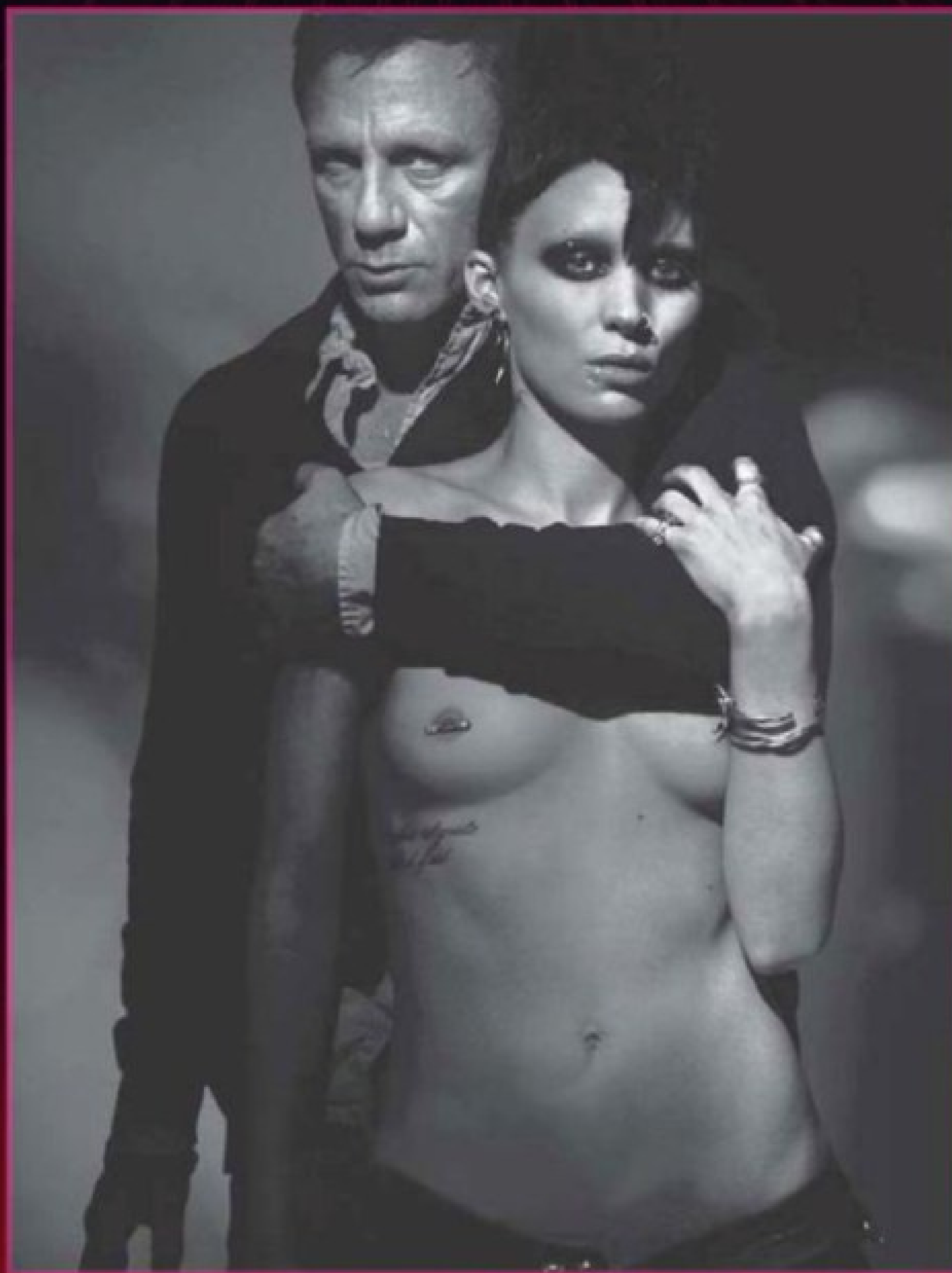
For Bregman, edgy and contemporary meant the critically polarizing Brian De Palma, best known for the counter-culture quirk *Greetings* and the baroque thrillers *Carrie* and *The Fury*. De Palma and playwright David Rabe began attacking a *Scarface* period remake but gave up and moved on. Next up was Lumet, respected as the politically progressive, craftsman-like director of *12 Angry Men* and *The Pawnbroker*, who, according to Pacino, "came up with the brilliant idea of setting the movie against the booming drug trade in Miami and making the main character one of the rejects brought out of Cuban prisons and asylums and sent to Miami during the Mariel boatlift [of 1980]."

Stone, whom Bregman wanted to hire, says, "I passed on it when it was originally offered to me as a straight remake, but I was intrigued when Sidney suggested we do it Marielito style. I was bored with all that Italian gangster stuff. It was never going to be a *Godfather* kind of movie; it was always going to be a street movie." Stone badly needed an attention grabber. His *Midnight* (continued on page 160)



“Well, Virginia, I think I can fulfill all of these wishes—including the one with the two elves.”

Sex in Cinema 2011



ARE WE ENTERING A NEW GOLDEN AGE OF GROWN-UP SEX ON THE BIG SCREEN? YOUR LOCAL MOVIE THEATERS ARE FINALLY LEARNING LESSONS FROM THEIR ADVENTUROUS FRIENDS ON CABLE TV

Judging from what and who went down on movie and TV screens last year, Hollywood may finally have driven a stake into that old taboo against “serious” actors showing some flesh, let alone some healthy erotic abandon. In fact, in 2010 scenes of oral copulation seemed almost to be a prerequisite for getting Oscar love. Nominees Michelle Williams and Annette Bening received oral stimulation in *Blue Valentine* and *The Kids Are All Right*, respectively, as did Natalie Portman in *Black Swan*, for which she waltzed home with an Oscar.

Even romantic comedies took a turn for the raunchy, with

Anne Hathaway and Jake Gyllenhaal having gymnastic sex in *Love and Other Drugs* and Emma Stone and Ryan Gosling laughing their way through sex in *Crazy, Stupid, Love*.

But it was still cable TV where grown-ups hung out to enjoy the sexual high jinks of dysfunctional families such as those on Showtime's *The Borgias* and *Weeds*. Meanwhile, HBO's *True Blood* slaked our thirst for insanely over-the-top couplings of every possible persuasion.

Are moviegoers and TV watchers in the midst of a golden age of sense and sexuality? A year-end review of what sizzled on-screen should answer that question.

BY STEPHEN REBELLO



Tattoo You

Rooney Mara playing an edgy bisexual in *The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo* (opposite) keeps Daniel Craig on pins and needles.

Devil in Miss Jones

The icy blonde hotness of January Jones as telepathic mutant Emma Frost in *X-Men: First Class* could make mad men of us all.

Don't Laugh in Bed

One funny night of sexual escapades with Emma Stone is enough to tame slick ladies' man Ryan Gosling in *Crazy, Stupid, Love* (top right).

Tough Love

Amy Adams, playing boxer Mark Wahlberg's Boston barmaid girlfriend, packs her own sexy two-fisted punch in *The Fighter*.

Slow Vamp

With that HBO smolder, *True Blood*'s Anna Paquin doesn't need telepathy to arouse the beast in vampire Alexander Skarsgård.

Chasing Marilyn

In *Nobody Else but You*, a writer obsesses over the death of a small-town Marilyn Monroe look-alike, played by Sophie Quinton.



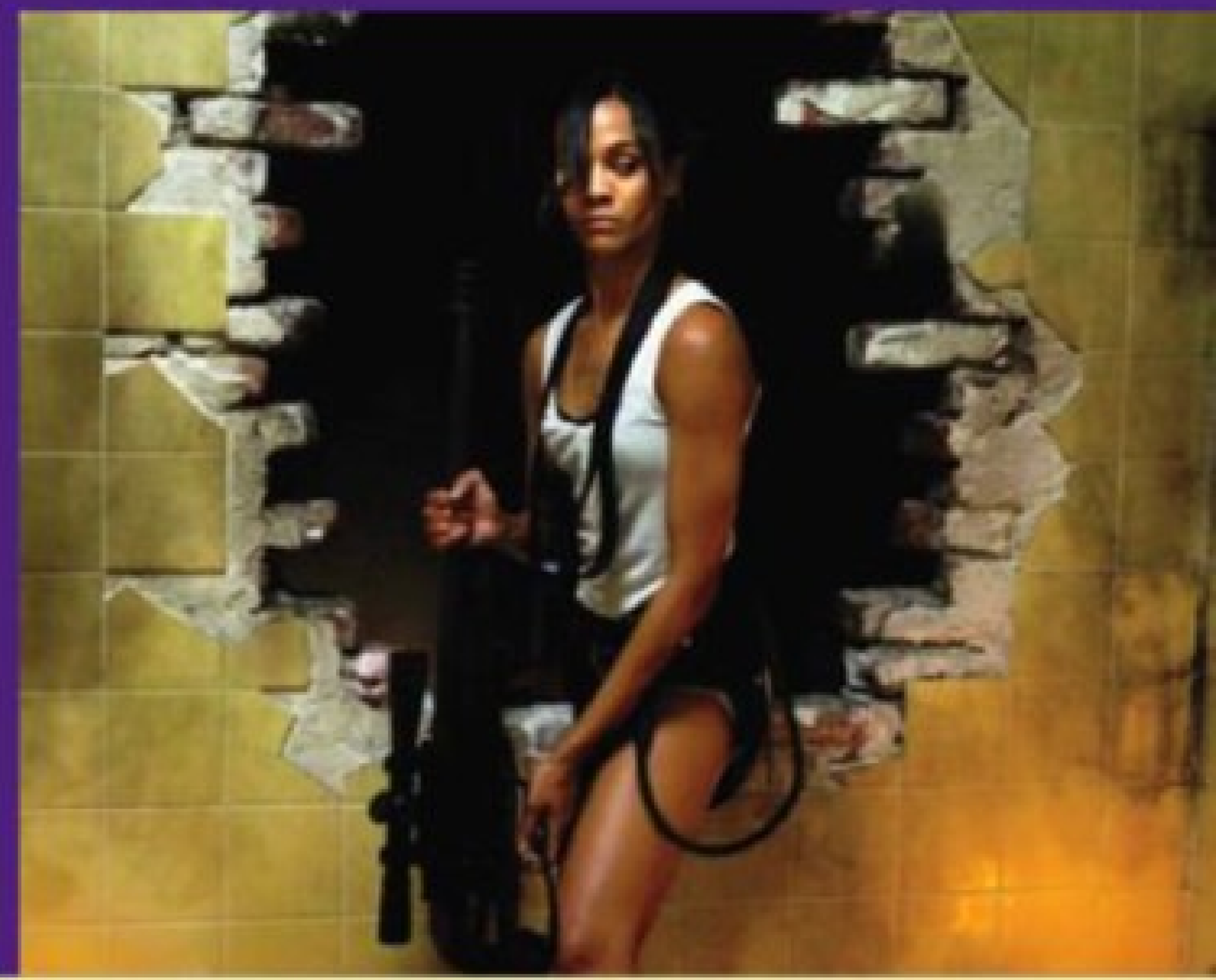
The Italiana

Violante Placido's blowtorch sexiness as a prostitute in *The American* ignites a meltdown in professional assassin George Clooney.



Smokin'

Drug-dealing mama Mary-Louise Parker on *Weeds* enjoys a hair-pulling, booty-biting, backdoor throw-down with Mark-Paul Gosselaar.



Undressed to Kill

Colombiana's Zoe Saldana may be a lethal assassin, but her catlike moves in lingerie, hot pants and skivvies are equally deadly.



Room Service

Lovely German actress Saralisa Volm is a very satisfied guest in *Hotel Desire* as co-star Clemens Schick provides a special kind of four-star service.

I'm Not in Love

Natalie Portman goes commercial after her *Black Swan* Oscar by starring in *No Strings Attached* with Charlie Sheen wannabe Ashton Kutcher. Can the two friends keep their relationship purely physical, with no emotional attachment? Only Mila Kunis and Justin Timberlake, stars of the not so surprisingly similar (for Hollywood) *Friends With Benefits*, know for sure.





Hell-Raiser

On Showtime's *The Borgias*, Jeremy Irons, as the corrupt, diabolical Pope Alexander VI, shows his fondness for courtesans and prostitutes.



Gladiator Good Times

There's nothing like a raucous Jaime Murray striptease to light a Roman's candle on Starz's fleshy, bloody, campy *Spartacus: Gods of the Arena*.



Moon Child

Kirsten Dunst in *Melancholia* seems convinced that a runaway planet is about to collide with Earth, so why not spend her final hours naked?



Start Your Engines

Julianne Hough as the daughter of a Bible-thumping preacher in *Footloose* ranks as the hottest hood ornament in any recent movie.



Wet and Wild

No pirate could lust after booty more tempting than the sirens in *Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides*. That's why it's a Jolly Roger.



Yoga Bare

Plastic surgeon Antonio Banderas's experiments drive his mysterious captive Elena Anaya to physical and mental extremes in *The Skin I Live In*.



We'll Guess Wood

Doe-eyed Amanda Seyfried in the *Twilight-y Red Riding Hood* looks ready to find out exactly what's under wolfish woodcutter Shiloh Fernandez's hood.



Women in Love

Rebellious Iranian teen beauties Nikohl Boosheri and Sarah Kazemy in *Circumstance* defy their country's rigid restrictions by falling in passionate love.

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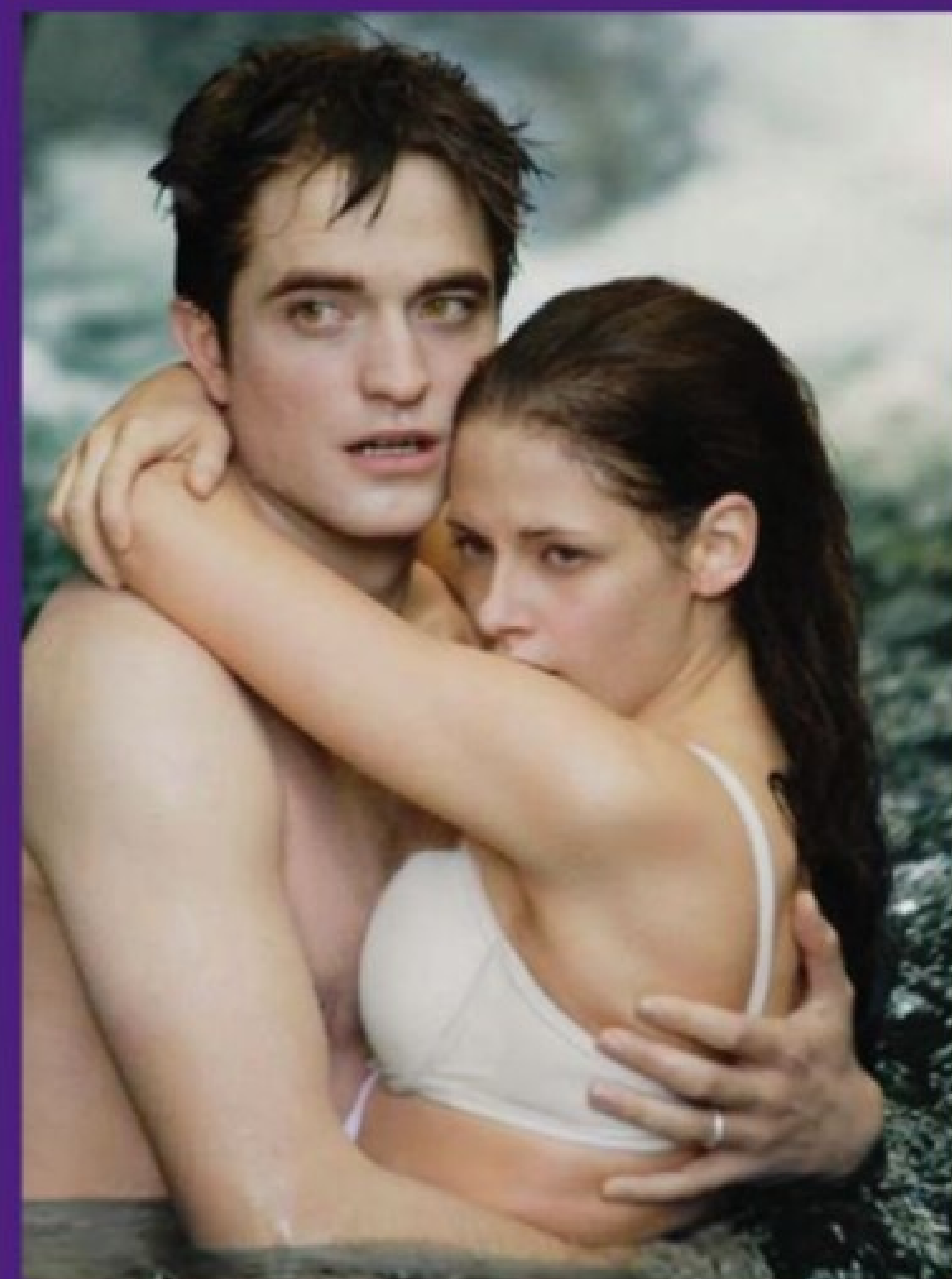


Dance Fever
Of the many dance sequences in *Black Swan*, none compare with Natalie Portman dancing with herself (left).

Darkness in Paris
In the French import *House of Tolerance*, a fancy turn-of-the-century Parisian brothel becomes a house of intolerance when a client slashes a Jewish working girl (Alice Barnole).

In Cold Blood
On their honeymoon, Kristen Stewart warms up Robert Pattinson with her sexually healing mojo in *The Twilight Saga: Breaking Dawn—Part 1*.

Floored
The bored heroine of *Turn Me On, Dammit!* (Helene Bergsholm) satisfies her erotic itch by pleasuring herself to sweet nothings from a phone-sex worker (opposite).



That's Why They Call It the Blues
Not even a coed shower can save Michelle Williams and Ryan Gosling's bad marriage in *Blue Valentine*.

Sacked
Ticked-off Maria Bello settles the score with her co-worker lover in *The Company Men* by firing him.

Open Wide
In *Our Day Will Come*, Vincent Cassel enjoys a sexy threesome that involves gorgeous Camille Rowe.



Comin' at Ya

3D Sex and Zen: Extreme Ecstasy features a hero (Hiro Hayama) whose donkey-penis implant makes him very popular. No subtitles needed.

One Pill Makes You Larger

Health-challenged Anne Hathaway in *Love and Other Drugs* finds symptom relief—and rafter-shaking sex—with ever-ready Viagra rep Jake Gyllenhaal.



Luck o' the Irish

Laura Ramsey straightens the shillelagh of her 1970s-era Irish mobster boyfriend in *Kill the Irishman*.

Bi the Way

In *The Kids Are All Right*, bisexual Julianne Moore takes in restaurateur Mark Ruffalo's specialty of the day.

Skin Game

On HBO's *Game of Thrones*, lusty medieval prostitutes like Esmé Bianco exist only to service aristos.



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For a retired
engineer on the
Voyager space program,
the past may be
more alive than the
present, but no one
can save him
from oblivion

DARK WAS THE NIGHT

By Richard Powers ⁷⁷

Illustration by Gérard DuBois

From high above the earth, Bruno Kranick watches himself, as a boy of 11, chop off the first two fingertips of his left hand. Little Bruno, in Crawfordsville, Indiana, a year after the war, building an orgone accumulator with the Isotalo twins. None of them had a clue what an orgone accumulator was, other than that it made you feel good in probably illegal ways. That's what Bruno was after, anyway: a feeling that would change life's rules. The twins were ripping a piece of sheet tin with a hacksaw when Bruno, the project manager, decided they were taking too long. An ax was the right tool for this job, at least until he reached out to steady the wiggling tin.

Thanks to the cognitive enhancement drug he's volunteered to test, Bruno, at age 75, watches his childhood self once again trot to the back door of the Kranick bungalow, his mauled hand wadded tight in a T-shirt to stop the spurting. He holds his hands high over his head, like he learned in the Scouts, his Lincoln Log arms waving as if God had a question and Bruno had the answer, one that started out white but was quickly turning red. The boy was dead calm, so thick with shock that even this catastrophe seemed perfectly manageable. Born an engineer.

He had forgotten how nuts his folks went when he stood on the back porch behind the kitchen and showed them his chopped-off digits. They rushed him into the Pontiac Torpedo and, with his father at the wheel, backed down the long, blind drive. Meanwhile, Uncle Bob, his mother's undraftable brother, had run back to the accident site and found the delinquent pieces of finger lying in the dirt. He tore back across the driveway and banged on the hood with one hand, waving the tips in the air with his other. *Take these! They can sew them back on!* At the sound of something smacking the car, Bruno's father jerked the wheel and wrapped the Pontiac around the ancient oak at the driveway's mouth.

His mother begged a car off the neighbors—Samuelson?—and between them, his parents got the boy to the county hospital, where the surgeons saved Bruno but not his distal phalanges. His mother took it hard; as soon as Bruno regained consciousness after surgery, she started mourning the piano lessons. On the third day, the Isotalo twins showed up at Bruno's bedside. They were sorry, they told him; they hadn't meant to run away after he chopped his fingertips off, but they'd heard their mother calling them for dinner.

For Bruno's convalescence, his father bought him a ham radio, with dials even a maimed kid could manipulate. Bruno

The Silence of the Universe: That phantom pain would plague him all the way to the grave.



would never pitch in the majors, but he could talk to New Zealand. It was the trade-off of his dreams. He got a ticket and a call sign—Whiskey two niner Lima Zulu Alpha—and three years later logged his hundredth country. He talked with thousands of airwave explorers, egging one another on from their dank, equipment-crammed lairs across the face of the globe.

But something bothered young Kranick. All those signals flying through the atmosphere and not a single one from anywhere more interesting than Earth. He asked his father. Where was everybody?

His father, a bright man for an actuary, needed Bruno to spell the problem out.

The galaxy is big, right?

More stars than a boy could hope to count.

And the universe?

More galaxies than a boy would ever know.

So it should be an endless party out there. But it's quieter than a deaf person's chess club.

His father smiled. You'd need a stronger receiver.

But enormous radio telescope arrays were hearing no messages either. Young Bruno asked the Fermi question the same year Fermi did. And for an answer,

all either one of them got was the *silentium universi*, the Universal Silence.

As it turned out, Bruno's clipped fingers proved no great handicap. They didn't even keep him out of the service. The ham rig got him into the Signal Corps in postarmistice Korea, where he met Min Jee, and that Army stint paid for his Caltech education, once he returned stateside with his bewildered war bride. Hacking off his fingers led Bruno to his career. And it left him with two fewer arthritic joints, at day's end.

But the Silence of the Universe: That phantom pain would plague him all the way to the grave.

1962

The consolidol comes out each evening before dinner, in a nasal mist that tastes like the murky lakes of his childhood. To participate in this Phase I clinical trial, end-of-life Bruno has flown out to an otherwise pointless Midwestern city in late autumn 2010 and joined a group of 36 foggy geriatrics who gladly risk a stroke for a chance at this memory enhancer that has worked miracles in rats. It's his last shot to contribute to any project, and while he has no love for big pharma, a stroke seems merciful, given the other endgame he's been dealt. The field trials are looking for Goldilocks candidates: not too demented yet but not too sharp anymore—just fuzzy enough. Though he misplaces his condo keys daily, Bruno has not yet misplaced his condo. He's still lucid enough to know that the drug can't hurt him any more than another year will.

In his monk's cell at the inpatient testing facility on the night of the third dose, he looks out on a thick copse at a squirrel casting paranoid looks over his shoulder while burying a black walnut. He feels a wave of excitement and envy, with no idea where either sensation comes from. He can't decide which feeling is more absurd in a body as old as his. Then, on nothing but what the consolidol does to his neurotransmitters, he's sitting in the cafeteria at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, June of '62, eating a grilled cheese (the era's miracle health food), gossiping with one of the brilliant old founding farts who four years earlier put *Explorer 1* into orbit and discovered the tremendous torus of plasma ringing Earth. Not even consolidol can retrieve the old guy's name anymore. The man was a Da Vinci of early cosmic ray detectors, one of millions of pioneering engineers whom the world would never remember. And on this spring day, over lunch, the man broke news to Bruno that changed the race's destiny.

Bruno, at 27, had come to a land of freakish endless summer thick with the scent of (continued on page 148)



"Honey, have you seen the wreath I bought for the...never mind."

HEREWITH, A FEW PIECES OF
INTERESTING CORRESPONDENCE
FROM THE PLAYBOY FILE CABINETS

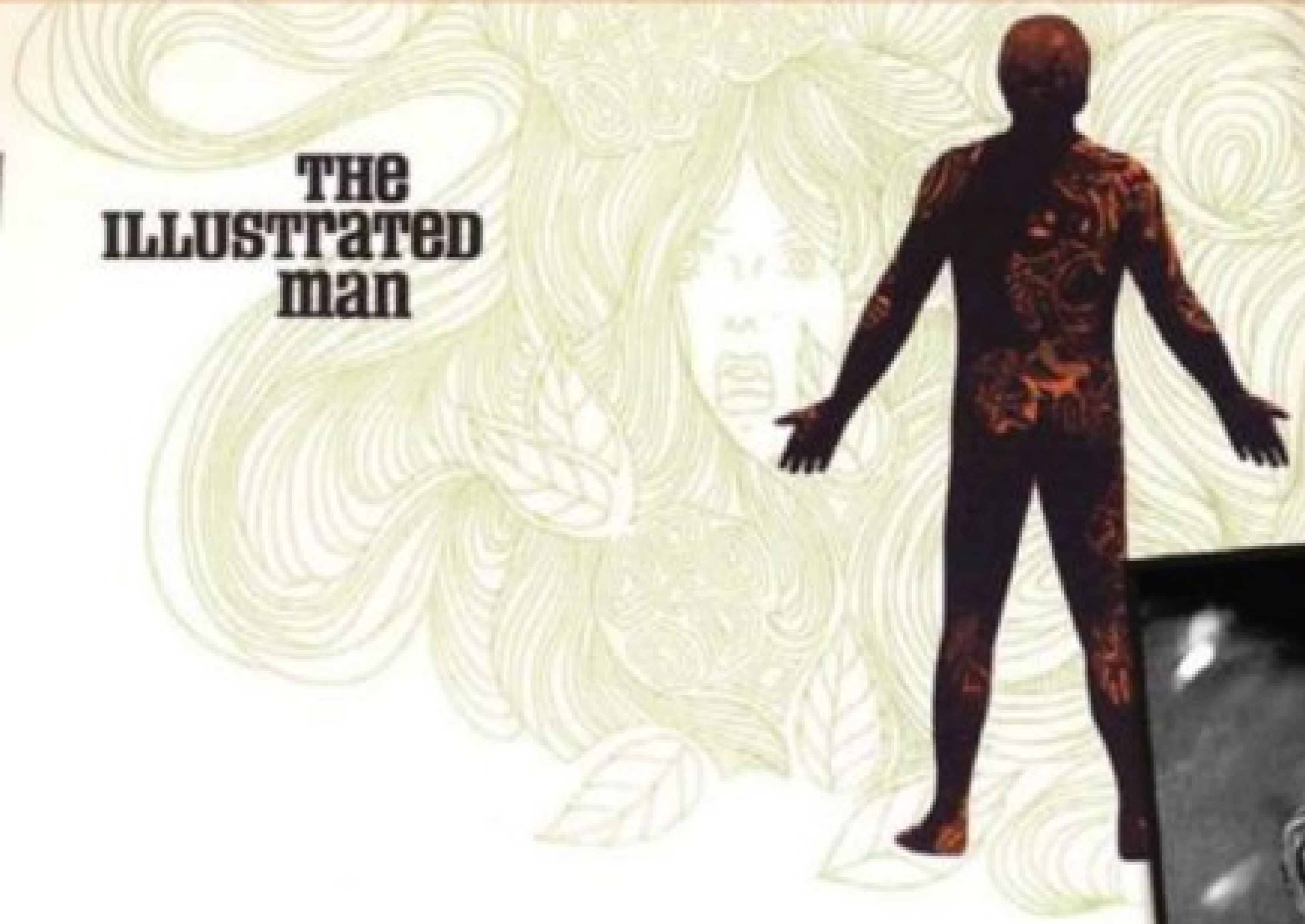
DEAD

LETTER FILE

RAY BRADBURY

Ray Bradbury

THE ILLUSTRATED man



Denk MURRAY -

Just a note to thank you for the fine day in Chicago, the good picnic on the beach, the lovely chat all around your good company...deeply appreciated by the girls and by me.

I am writing a new story, which you will see soon. Meanwhile, friend, could you possibly have your honorable secretary send me 20 tear-sheet sets of my DOWN WIND FROM GETTYSBERG? I am in dire need.

Again, thanks!

Yours, as ever,

Ray

AUG. 22, APOLLO YEAR ONE.

W WARNER BROS.-SEVEN ARTS STUDIOS/BURBANK, CALIFORNIA



AYN RAND



AYN RAND

36 East 36th Street
New York 16, New York

March 14, 1964

er
r
East Ohio
Chicago 11, Illinois

Dear Mr. Fisher:

Thank you for the tear-sheets of my interview and for the photographs which you sent me. I am very pleased with the interview in its final form. I believe it justifies the difficulties of our efforts.

Mr. Toffler told me that you wanted copies of our agreement. I am enclosing a copy of your letter of November 11, 1963, and of your telegram of December 2nd.

I am enclosing also the legal form which you sent me and which I have signed.

I would like to ask you a favor, if it is not too late. Would it be possible for you to send me a copy of one of the photographs of me taken by Mr. Yulman, which was not used in the article? It is the laughing photograph which I mentioned to you on the telephone. If the negatives have not been destroyed, I would like very much to have it.

With best regards,

Cordially,


Ayn Rand

Ayn Rand

HUNTER S. THOMPSON

HENRY MILLER

OWL FARM



May 21, 1969

EXPENSE STATEMENT

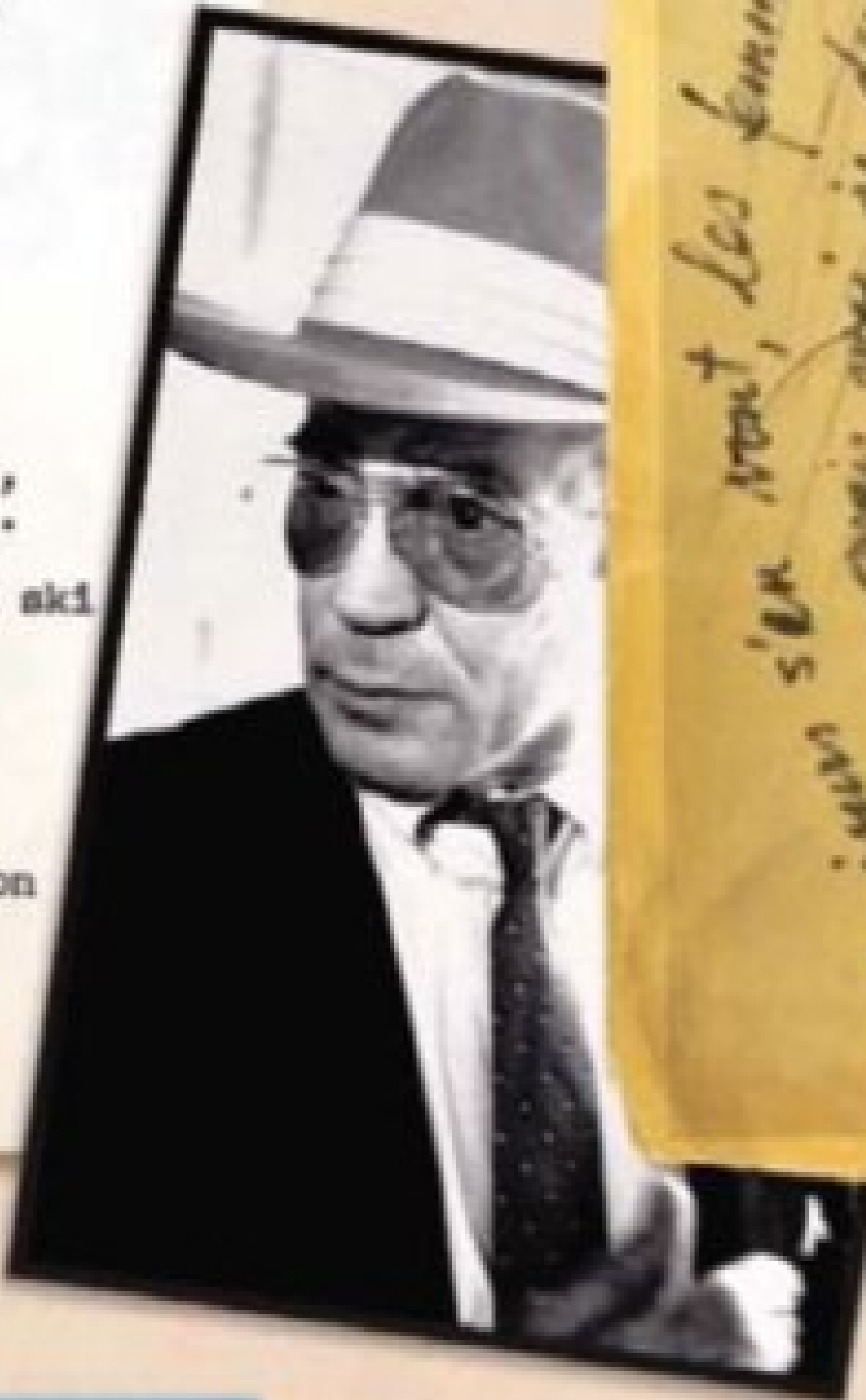
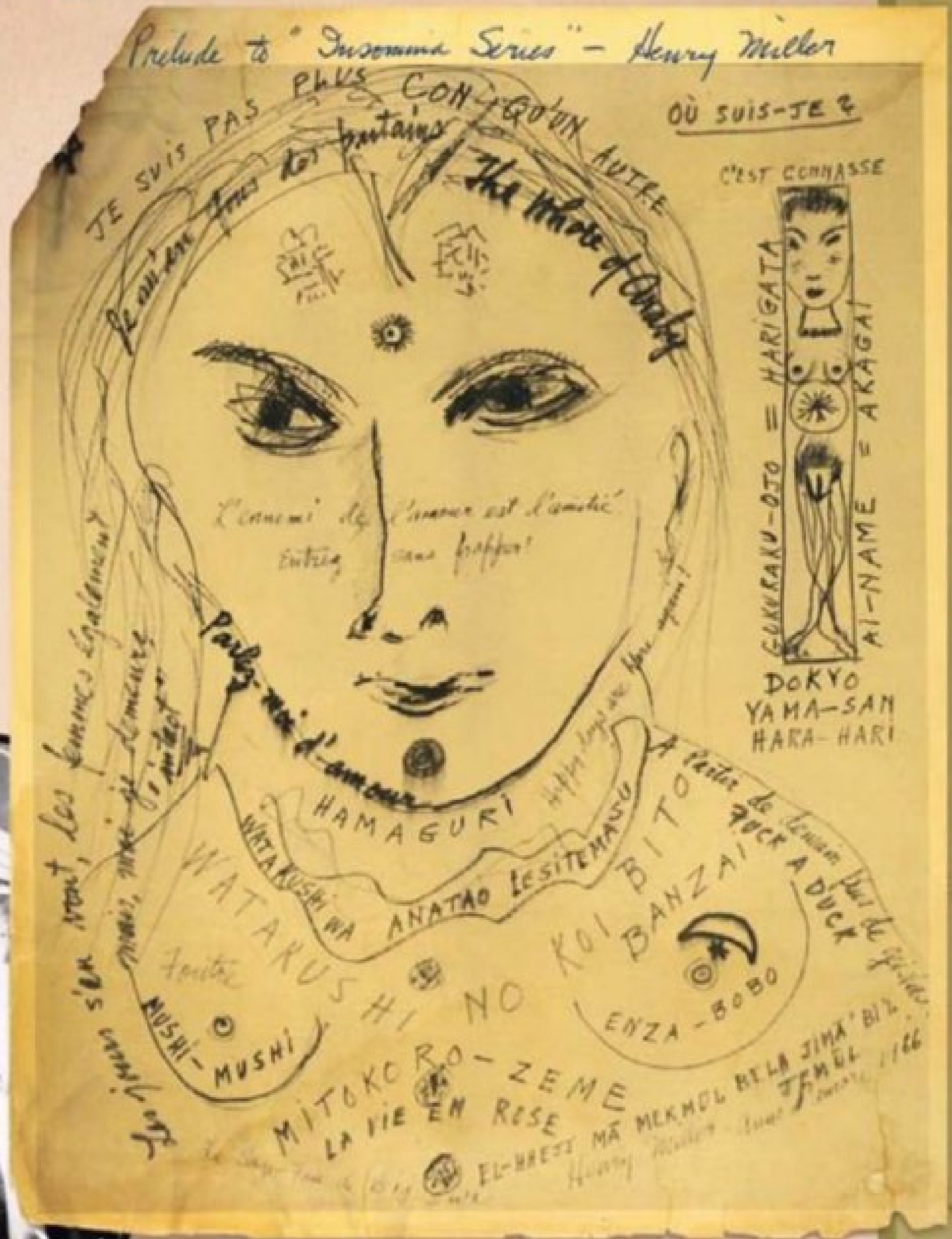
Out-of-pocket expenses incurred by Hunter S. Thompson during research on Jean-Claude Killy profile for Playboy....

- \$198.45 ... Aspen-Chicago RT for Auto Show and 2 days for initial Killy contact -- air-fare.
- 48.46 ... Calls to Killy and Bud Stanner (Head Ski) from Aspen to Sun Valley... and other calls, 3/10 -- 3/17
- 220.50 ... RT airfare Aspen, Salt Lake, Chicago, Denver, Aspen for airborne interview with Killy, 3/13
- 10.40 ... Holiday Inn lodging 3/13 (Denver)
- 9.65 ... cabs to & from Denver airport & one meal, 3/14
- 27.65 ... one nite Charter House, Cambridge Mass. 3/19
- 66.36 ... car rental for 3-day Killy-ski scene at Waterville Valley, N.H. -- 328 miles
- 268.80 ... RT airfare, Aspen-Boston-Aspen (Killy N.H. gig)
- 15.50 ... cabs in Chi. -- 3 RT Stookyards trips
- 9.90 ... two tape cartridges
- 4.50 ... meal for Killy & self, SLC airport
- 30.00 ... Misc. expenses, figured at \$5 per day for six days, including food & drink at Auto Show, all tips, etc.
- 35.00 ... total expenses for 2 days at Waterville Valley N.H. ski resort -- receipts not available.

\$942.97 ... Total
 -300.00 ... paid
 \$742.97 ... Due

Thanks,
 Hunter S. Thompson

Woody Creek, Colorado



GRAHAM GREENE

A. C. SPECTORSKY
 APR 3 1961

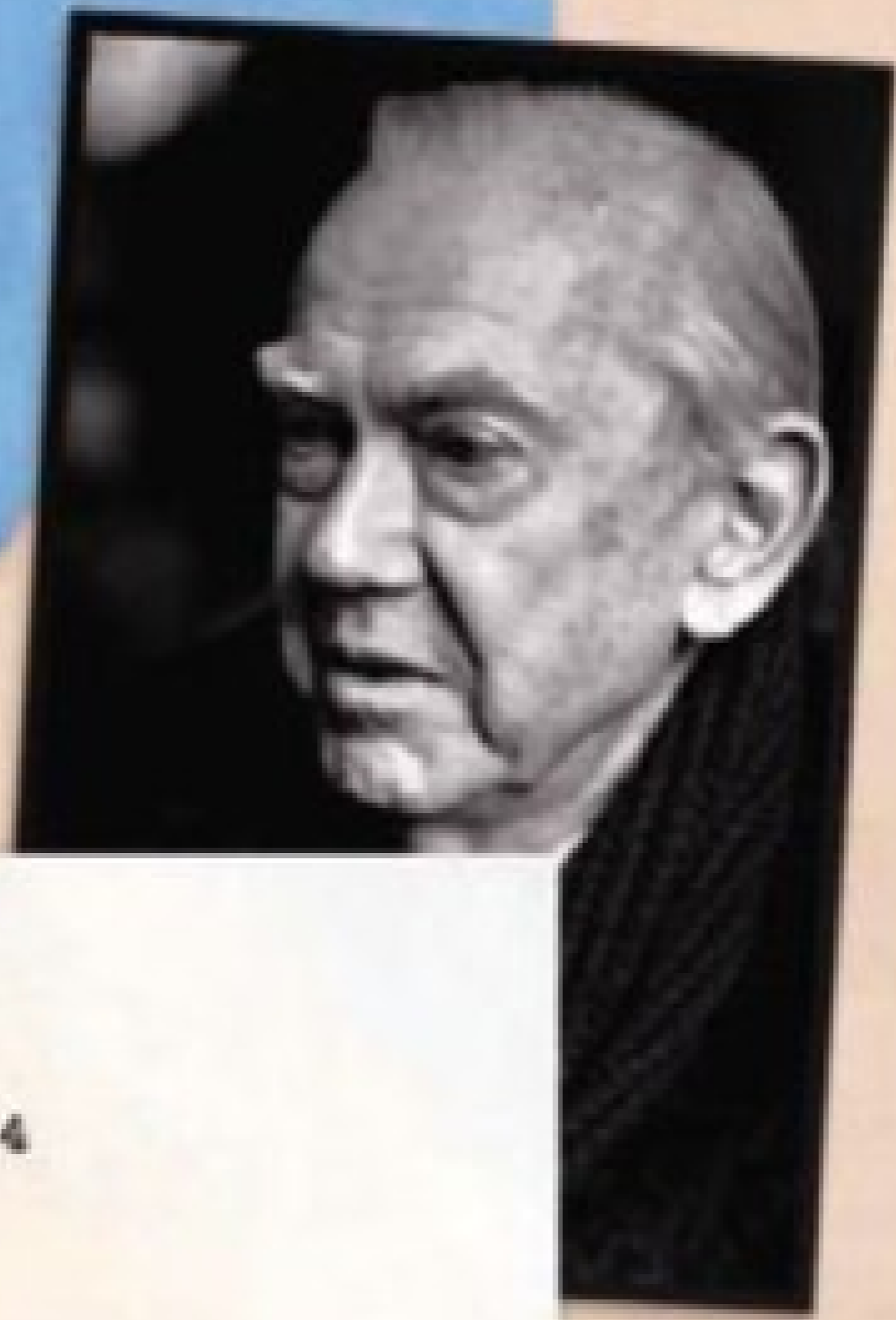
06 Albany,
 London, W.1.

29th March 1961.

Dear Mr. Spectorsky,

Many thanks for sending me your amusing copy of PLAYBOY with the article by Girodias. I've really nothing to say for publication, but the facts he gives are as far as I am concerned quite accurate.

Yours sincerely,
 Graham Greene.



WILL EISNER

Will Eisner
 PRODUCTIONS

212 PARK AVENUE SOUTH NEW YORK
 Tel: 212 686-5678

January 21, 1966

THE EDITOR
 PLAYBOY MAGAZINE
 232 East Ohio Street
 Chicago, Illinois 60611

Dear Sir:

I refer to the exchange of letters in your current issue of Playboy in which a discussion of my existence was raised.

Normally, the question of whether I'm dead or alive would leave me in a bemused silence - after all, how many of us could answer that unequivocally. The "Spirit" however, is another matter. As for the "Spirit"??? Whell!!!

Sincerely,
 Will Eisner

Will Eisner



WILLIAM BURROUGHS

c/o U.S. Consulate
 Tangier, Morocco

August 12, 1964

Dear Dave Solomon,

As regards an article for Playboy, I am prepared to write an article either on my advice to young writers or on my experience as a drug addict.

Please let me know if you can get a \$250 turn-down guarantee on either subject and what length the magazine would prefer for the article. I understand on the basis of your previous letter that in case of acceptance the price would be \$1500.

If these figures and these subjects are acceptable, I should appreciate your sending me confirmation.

I remain
 cordially yours,
 William Burroughs



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A HUNDRED YEARS AFTER THE BIRTH
OF THE BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Jean Harlow

WE LOOK AT WHY WE ARE FASCINATED
BY THESE FAIR-TRESSED SIRENS

THE
Original
Blonde

By NEAL GABLER







Jean

Harlow, who would have celebrated her 100th birthday this year, was so original a sex goddess that she invented a whole new style in cinematic seduction. When Harlow burst onto the Hollywood scene in the early 1930s, there had been vamps and sirens and floozies and hussies and slatterns and It girls and nice girls next door. But there had never been a bombshell. As the word implies, being a bombshell meant that you detonated. Harlow was certainly that kind of ordnance. She didn't just appear on-screen, she exploded. Novelist Graham Greene wrote, "She toted a breast like a man totes a gun." She was brassy, sassy, no-nonsense, tough, self-possessed, carefree, wildly extroverted and, of course, buxom. Her hair was the color of platinum, her skin the color of alabaster. Though she was a tiny woman, there was always something outsize about her, a sexual too-muchness that made her the perfect antidote to the parsimony of the Great Depression. Other actresses frowned. Harlow always wore a giant smile to signal just how much fun she was having. Inevitably, Harlow's style became a national style. Women peroxidized their hair and painted their lips in a Cupid's bow the way Harlow did so they could not only look like Harlow but attempt to *be* like Harlow. She was a force untamed.

What made Harlow original wasn't the type of dame she played. Marlene Dietrich once described her as a "tart

with a heart," and her basic persona was the familiar one of a cynical, hard-boiled broad on the outside hiding a sentimental, decent girl on the inside. Her originality was in her attitude—in the way she flaunted herself as her own aesthetic object. Her characters are not only outré, they cultivate that quality. They luxuriate in it. They are highly conscious of the effect it has, especially on men. In some ways it makes Harlow the first postmodernist sex symbol. One part of her, the mental part, was always measuring the other part of her, the physical part. No sex symbol has ever been as brainily self-aware.

That physicality was also like no other actress's before her. If Harlow on-screen seemed to be loose figuratively, a good-time girl who threw herself at men, she was also loose literally. Where her major screen rivals, Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Bette Davis, were all thin, hard, bony and aristocratic, Harlow was soft and uncorseted—the kind of woman a man wanted to squeeze and bury himself in. Her softness was accentuated by the silky gowns she often wore draped lightly over her luscious body so you could see the contours underneath. This wasn't sex by suggestion; this was the real thing. The fact that Harlow never wore a brassiere was almost as much a trademark as her hair. When she moved, she jiggled—not just her ample breasts but her whole being. It was as if, in freeing herself from her undergarments, she had also freed herself from the restraints of her age.

Harlow's (continued on page 181)

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: JEAN HARLOW AND EXTRAS IN A 1927 PUBLICITY SHOT; POSING FOR *FILM FUN* MAGAZINE; WITH MARINO BELLO (LEFT) AND DOOMED HUSBAND PAUL BERN AT THE MARRIAGE LICENSE BUREAU; ON HER WAY TO BERN'S FUNERAL; WITH LOVER WILLIAM POWELL AT THE COCONUT GROVE; POSTER FOR *BOMBHELL*.



"Nonsense, darling, you know you don't believe in Santa!"



Stella Stevens



Jean Harlow

GENTLEMEN prefer **BLOWNDES**

**PLAYBOY'S DEFINITIVE COMPENDIUM OF
ICONIC BLONDE BEAUTIES**

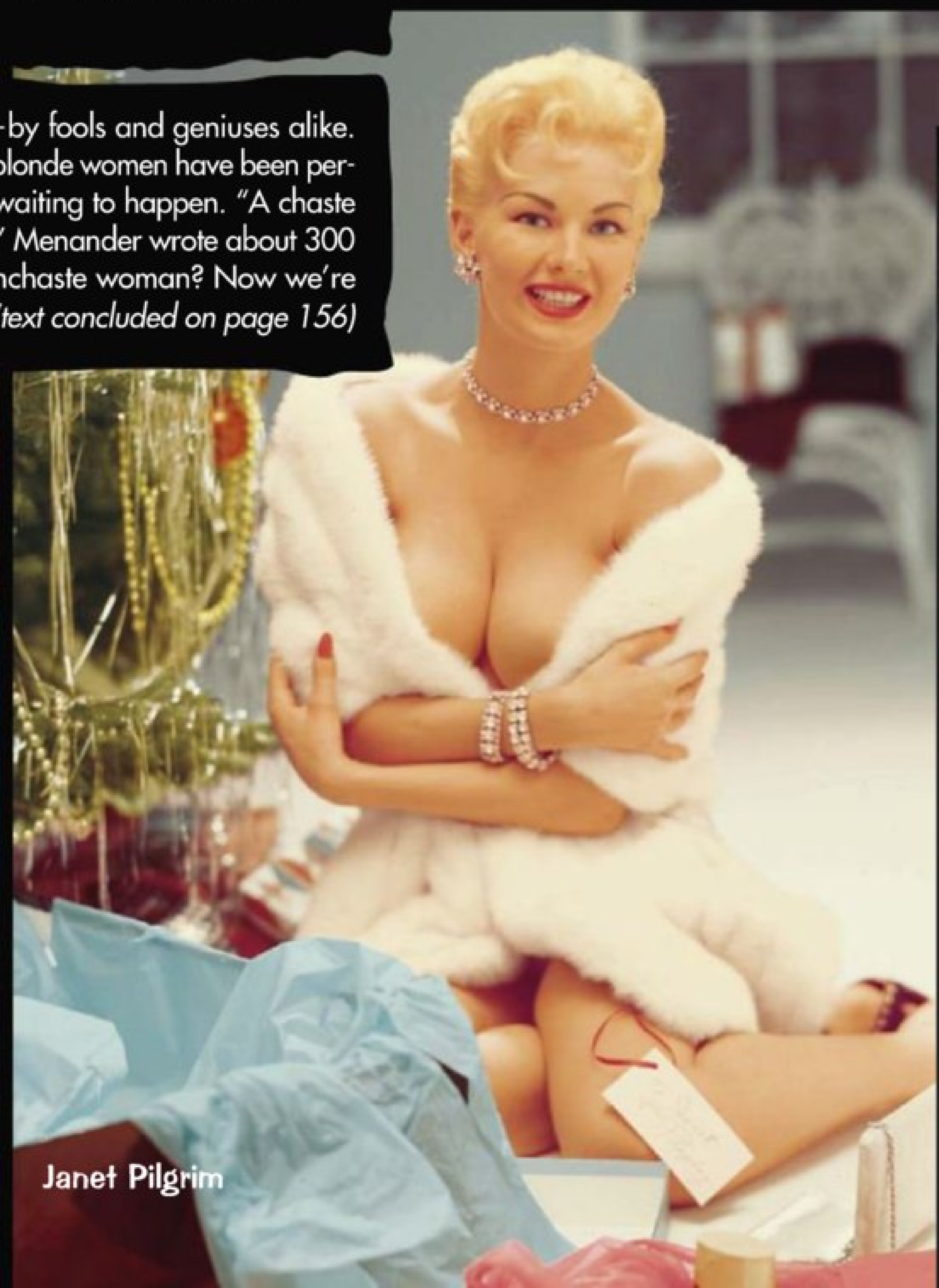
So much has been said about blondes—by fools and geniuses alike. Why? Going back to ancient civilization, blonde women have been perceived as sexually voracious, a scandal waiting to happen. "A chaste woman ought not to dye her hair yellow," Menander wrote about 300 years before Christ was born. But an unchaste woman? Now we're talking. To some degree, blonde (text concluded on page 156)



Mamie Van Doren



Brigitte Bardot



Janet Pilgrim

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



Jayne
Mansfield



Sharon
Stone



Toby
Wing



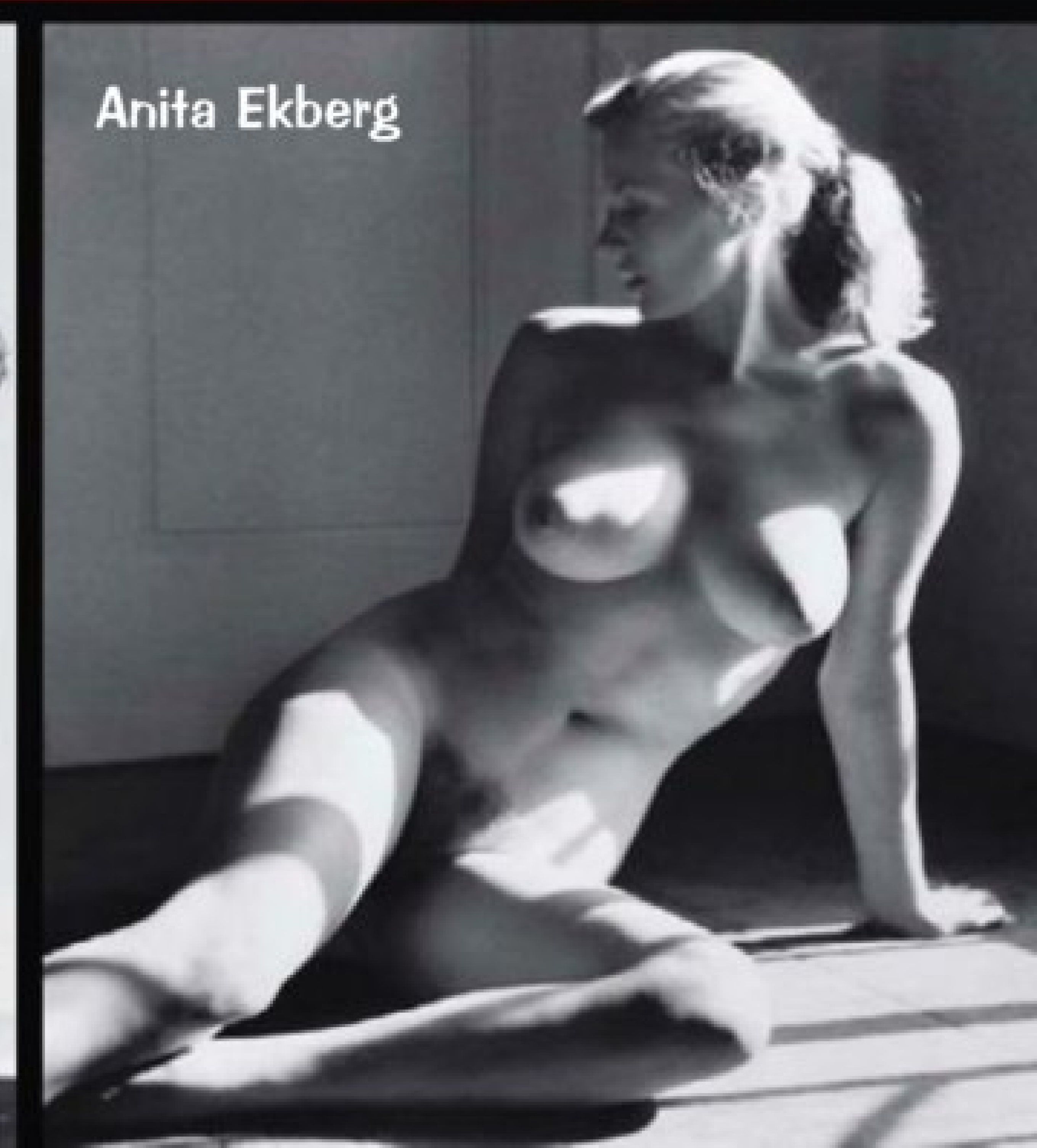
Marilyn Monroe



Marilyn
Chambers



Mae
West



Anita Ekberg



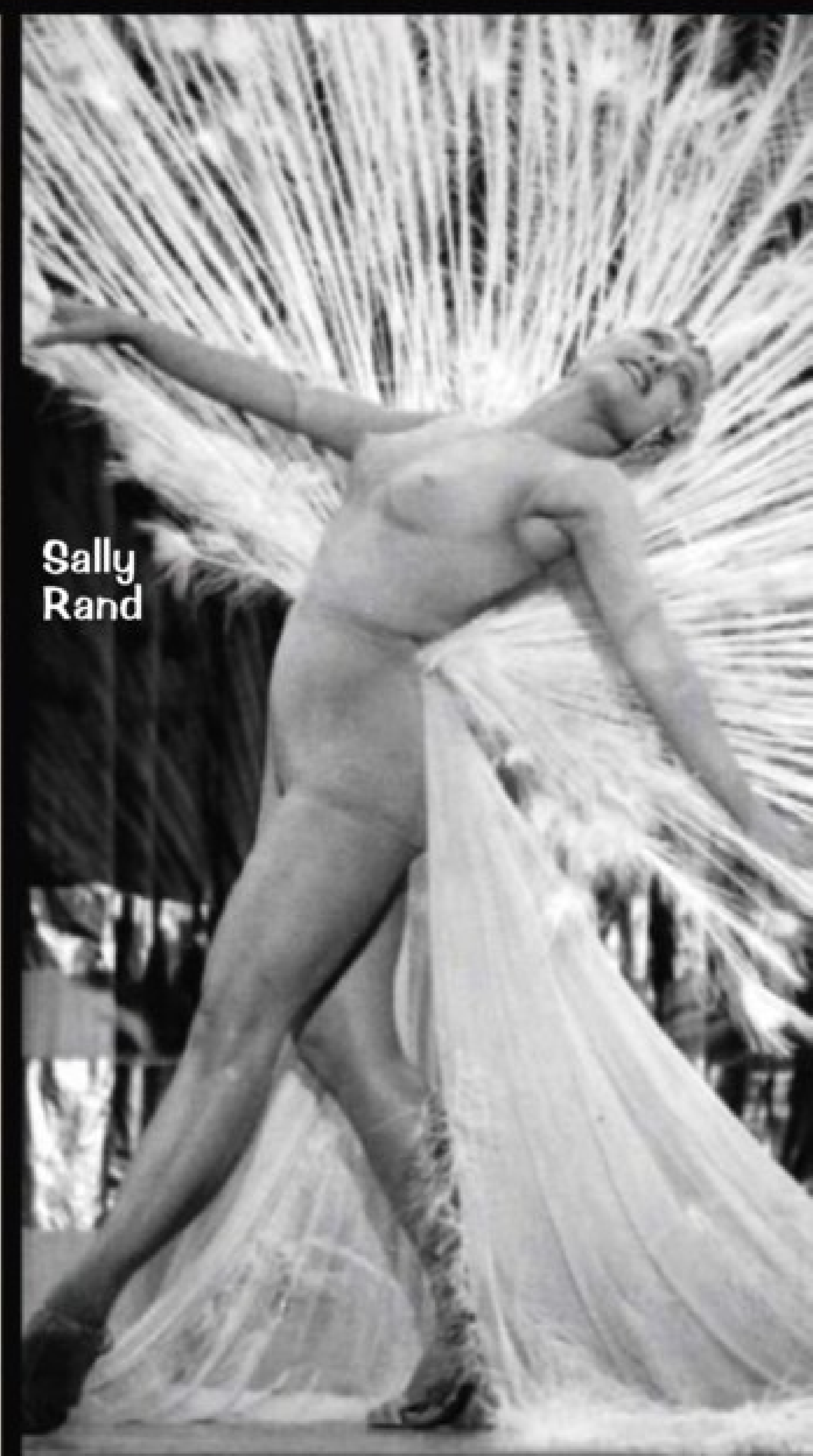
Jenny McCarthy



Carroll Baker



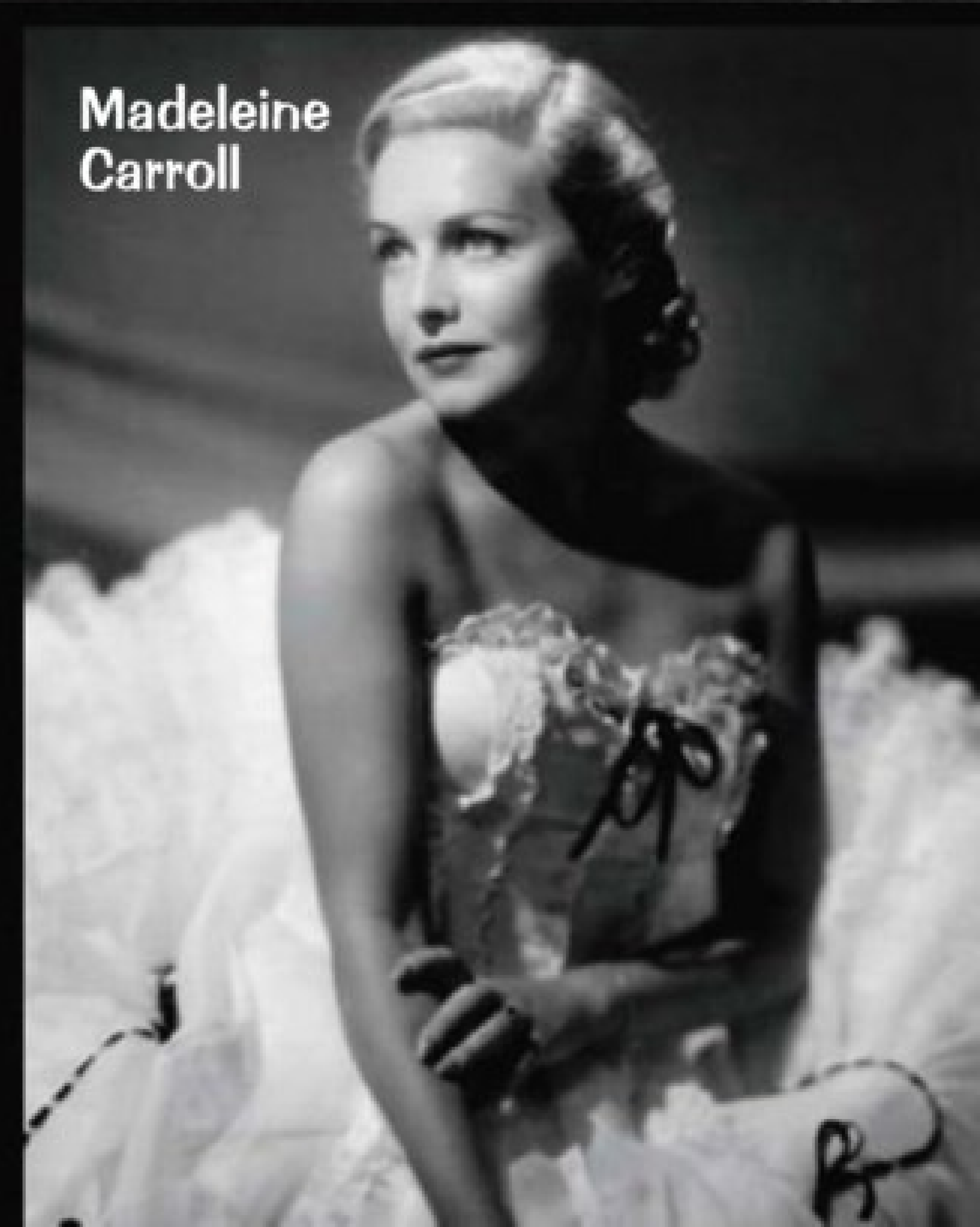
Candy Barr



Sally Rand



Christie Brinkley



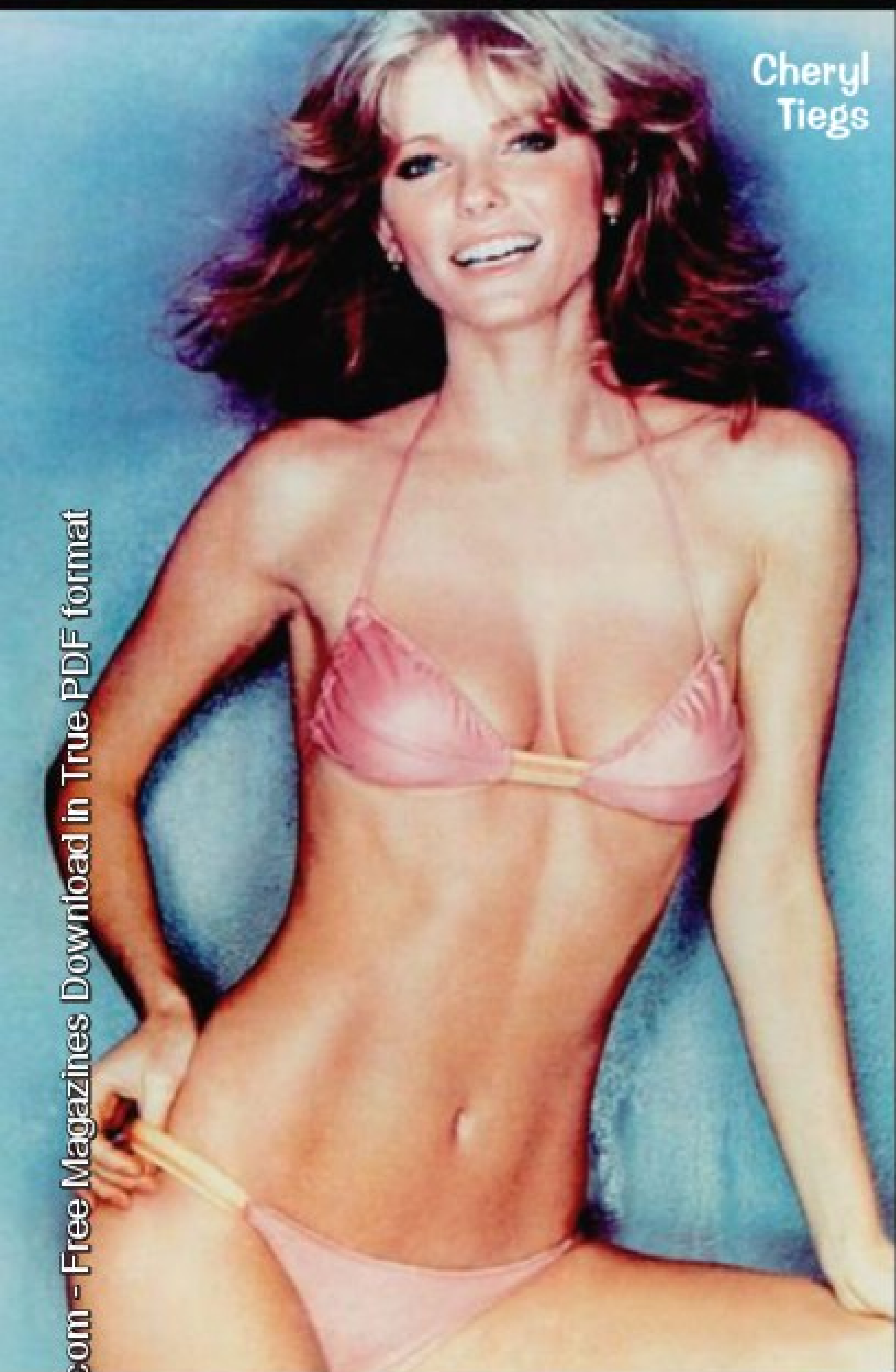
Madeleine Carroll



Victoria Silvstedt



Linda Evans



Cheryl Tiegs

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Donna D'Errico



Alice Faye



Terry Moore

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Dorothy Stratten



Betty Grable



Farrah Fawcett



Anna Nicole Smith



Debra Jo Fondren



Barbara Eden

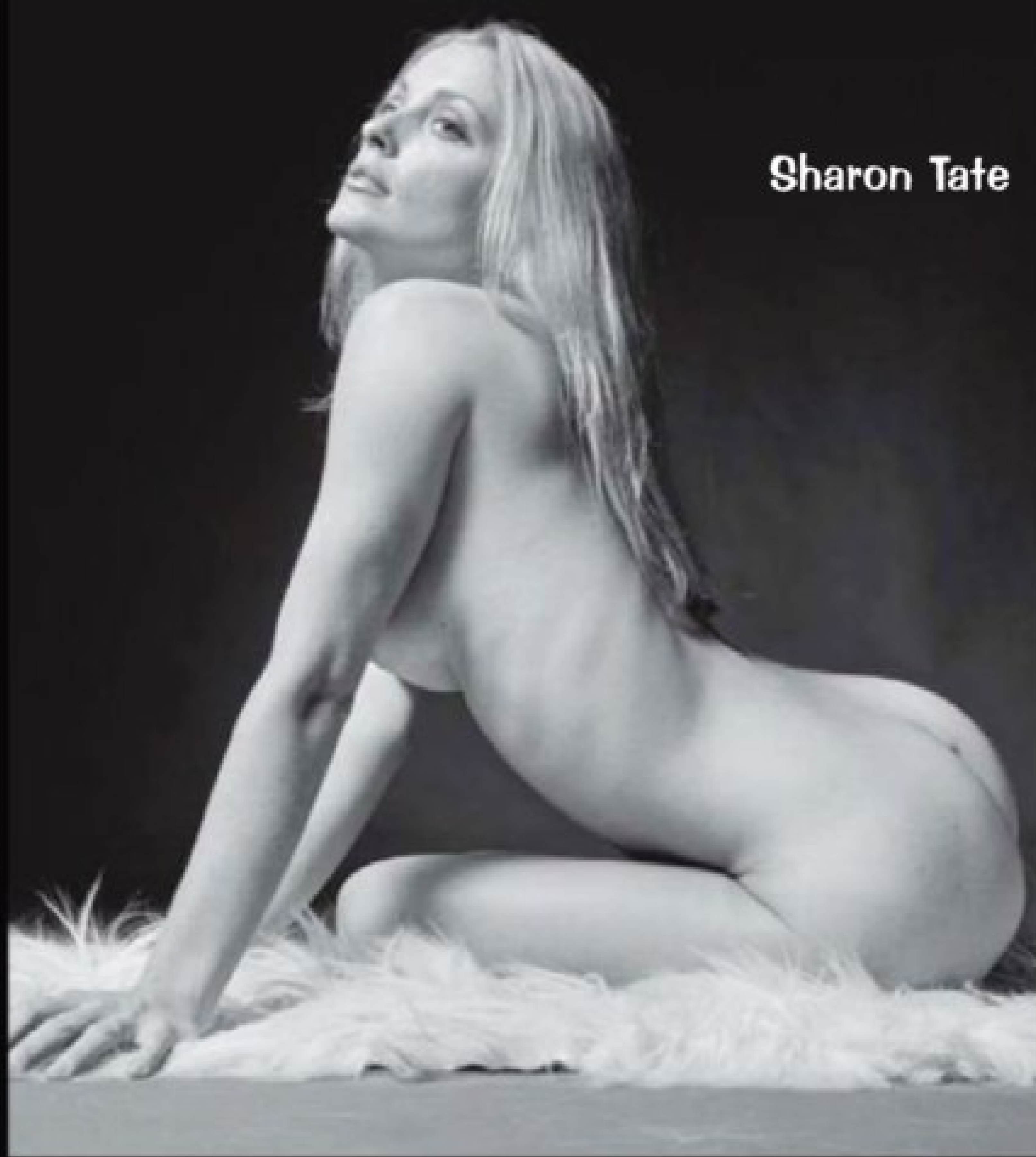


Jaime Bergman

StoreMagz.com



Lana Turner



Sharon Tate



Grace Kelly



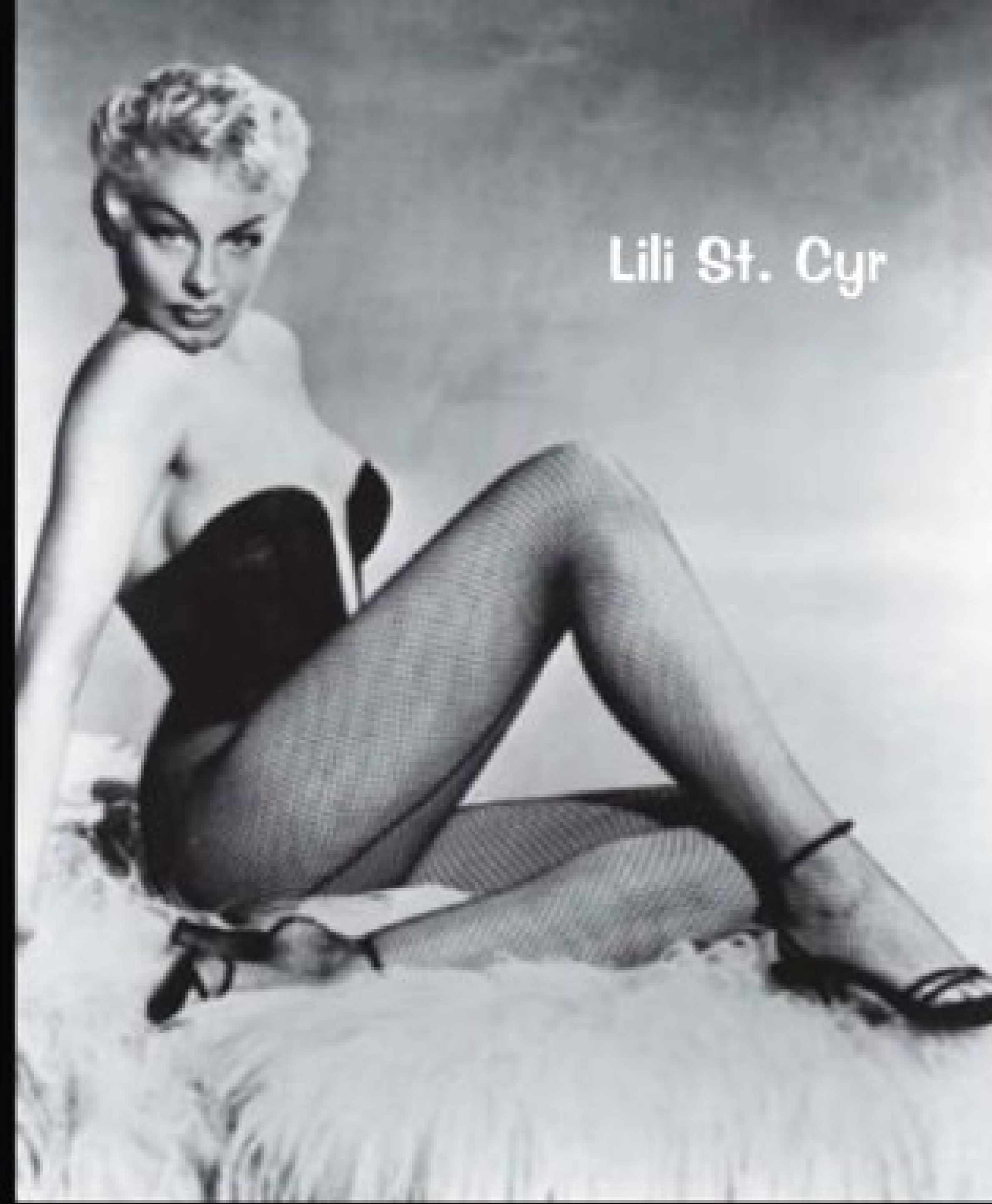
Ursula Andress



Suzanne Somers



Fay Wray



Lili St. Cyr



Bo Derek



Diana Dors



DeDe Lind



Irish McCalla



Shannon Tweed



Elke Sommer

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See more blondes at playboy.com/blondes.



Catherine Deneuve



Pamela Anderson



Jenna Jameson



Lillian Müller



Marlene Dietrich



Liv Lindeland



★THE★
FIGHTER

HERSCHEL WALKER fought his way to the top in football. He fought his way out of mental illness. And now—at nearly 50—he wants to conquer the Octagon. Makes sense

BY STEVE ONEY



On a hot summer afternoon, Herschel Walker, wearing a *Best Damn Sports Show* T-shirt and Clinch board shorts, strides into the 2,500-square-foot main room of the American Kickboxing Academy in San Jose, California. At six-foot-one and 219 pounds, he is, in a word even his friends use to describe him, a freak—a magnificent physical anomaly. Walker's trapezius muscles flare above his shoulders like the wings of an avenging angel—one who happens to have a 21-inch neck, a 48-inch chest and just 2.4 percent body fat. His 33-inch waist, the result of the 3,500 sit-ups he has done each day since he was a teenager, is essentially nonexistent, a mere transition to his 25-inch thighs. Open-faced and handsome with an easy smile, strong nose and tiny ears set far back, Walker appears to be ageless. That, however, is not so. In a few months he will turn 50.

Between 12 and two every Monday through Friday, the red tatami-mat-textured floor of the kickboxing academy is the scene of a mixed martial arts workout that Walker, who knows something about the subject (1,000 push-ups have also long been part of his daily regimen), calls “without a doubt the hardest training I’ve ever done.” MMA demands excellence in half a dozen disciplines—among them boxing, wrestling, jujitsu, judo and Muay Thai boxing. The sport likewise requires absolute cardiovascular fitness, and sessions conclude with set after set of sprints and bear crawls. First and foremost, however, it is about fighting, and fighting is what this temple to MMA stresses above all else.

As Walker squares off against a light heavyweight named Kyle Kingsbury, he is surrounded by the best of the best. In one corner Cain Velasquez, MMA's premier heavyweight, grapples with up-and-comer Mark Ellis, a 2009 NCAA Division I wrestling champion. In another corner Josh Thomson, a standout MMA lightweight, rolls with the highly ranked Josh Koscheck. Elsewhere Daniel Cormier, an erstwhile Olympic wrestler, and Luke Rockhold, a vaunted contender, practice holds and parry blows. In this arena the most dangerous fighters in the world regularly butt heads.

Walker, the former tailback who led the University of Georgia to the NCAA football championship in 1980, won the Heisman Trophy and went on to a storied 15-year pro career (mostly with the Dallas Cowboys), first walked into the American Kickboxing Academy just two years ago. “He came to the gym very accomplished in other areas,” says Bob Cook, who has trained Walker from the start and stands at the edge of the room, watching him work. “But he had a beginner's attitude. He got here early, stayed late and mopped the floors afterward. Never has there been a time he has taken the easy route. If we run sprints, box five rounds and wrestle 30 minutes, he never opts out. Some people come in and say, ‘Don't punch me in the face.’ Herschel came in with a fighter's attitude. He's been punched plenty in the face.”

“I'd rate Herschel today at a midrange pro level, and that's a high compliment,” adds AKA founder and proprietor Javier Mendez, who kneels alongside Cook. “He's the strongest man I've ever worked with, and his striking and



grappling were always good. But his wrestling and jujitsu are now at another level. He's worked hard to learn them."

Walker has also worked hard to dispel doubts expressed by some in the MMA hierarchy. The sport, though not officially organized until 1993 (until then it was little evolved from the unregulated "tough guy" matches of an earlier era) and not sanctioned by a state athletic board until 2000, has quickly developed a fierce, well-informed following and a proud lore. Dana White, president of Ultimate Fighting Championship, MMA's top promotion company, scoffed, "He's too old for football but thinks he's young enough to fight? Fighting is a young man's sport. You need speed, agility and explosiveness—all that goes with age." For Walker, such cracks, in a friend's words, "were like lighter fluid."

In his professional MMA debut in 2010, Walker defeated the relatively untested Greg Nagy in three rounds by a technical knockout. In January 2011, against the far tougher Scott Carson, who boasted a 4-1 record and who is a protégé of UFC stalwart Chuck Liddell, Walker scored a more impressive victory. After absorbing a vicious kick to the face in the contest's opening seconds, he took Carson to the ground with a ferocious left and then pummeled him with a flurry of knees to the ribs and punches to the head that caused the referee to call the contest before the first round had concluded.

Skeptics still abound, pointing out that Walker's fighting style is basic and safe. "He's not the alpha male yet," says one. "He's about controlling the opponent and staying out of trouble." Still, those who have followed his progress believe he is becoming an undeniable force. "It's crazy to see how good he's gotten," says

"THE STORY PEOPLE WANT TO HEAR IS THAT I'M OUT OF WHACK."



Velasquez, who bested the formidable Brock Lesnar in 2010 to win the UFC's heavyweight belt. Although 20 years younger than Walker, Velasquez has functioned as the older man's mentor, teaching him how to plot strategy and avoid the brutal knee and arm bars that can prompt even the greatest to submit, or tap out. "He's picked up the game fast. He just has to keep building."

Now, in the stultifying steam bath that is July in central California, Walker is preparing for a third fight. His opponent has yet to be named, but the unanimous opinion is that the match will present a huge step up in difficulty. "They'll pick somebody tough," says Mendez. "They'll elevate the level of competition. He's going to face someone much more experienced than the last guy. It's going to take Herschel being here every day for three months to get ready, but once he makes up his mind, that's what he'll do. He doesn't mess around."

Even so, Walker acknowledges how unlikely it all is. "What am I doing in there running around with those 20-year-olds?" he asks as he emerges into the AKA lobby, sweat pouring from his face, brow furrowed. For a serious man, the soft-spoken ex-NFL star is not without a sense of absurdity. "Am I really 50? It's weird."

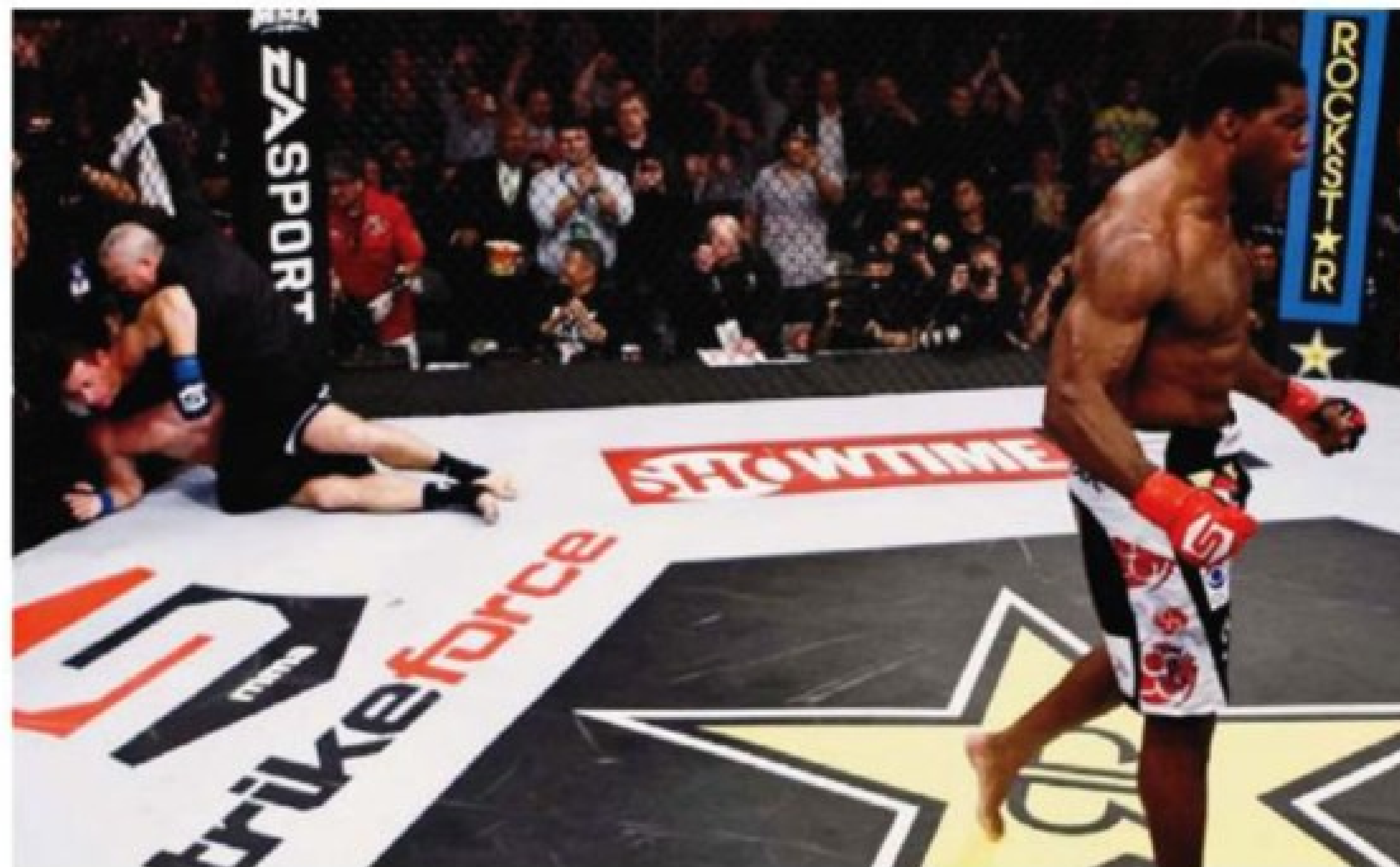
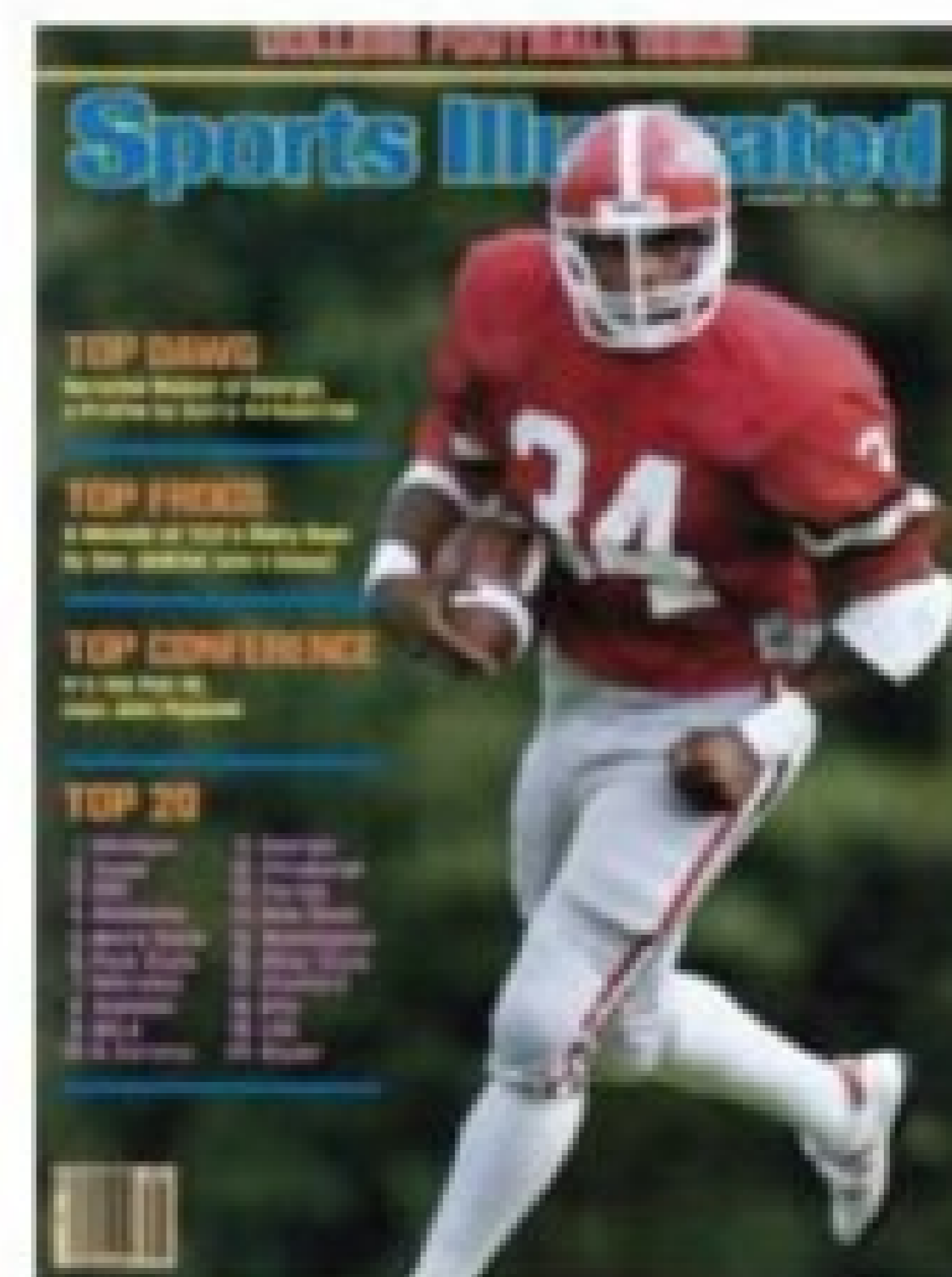
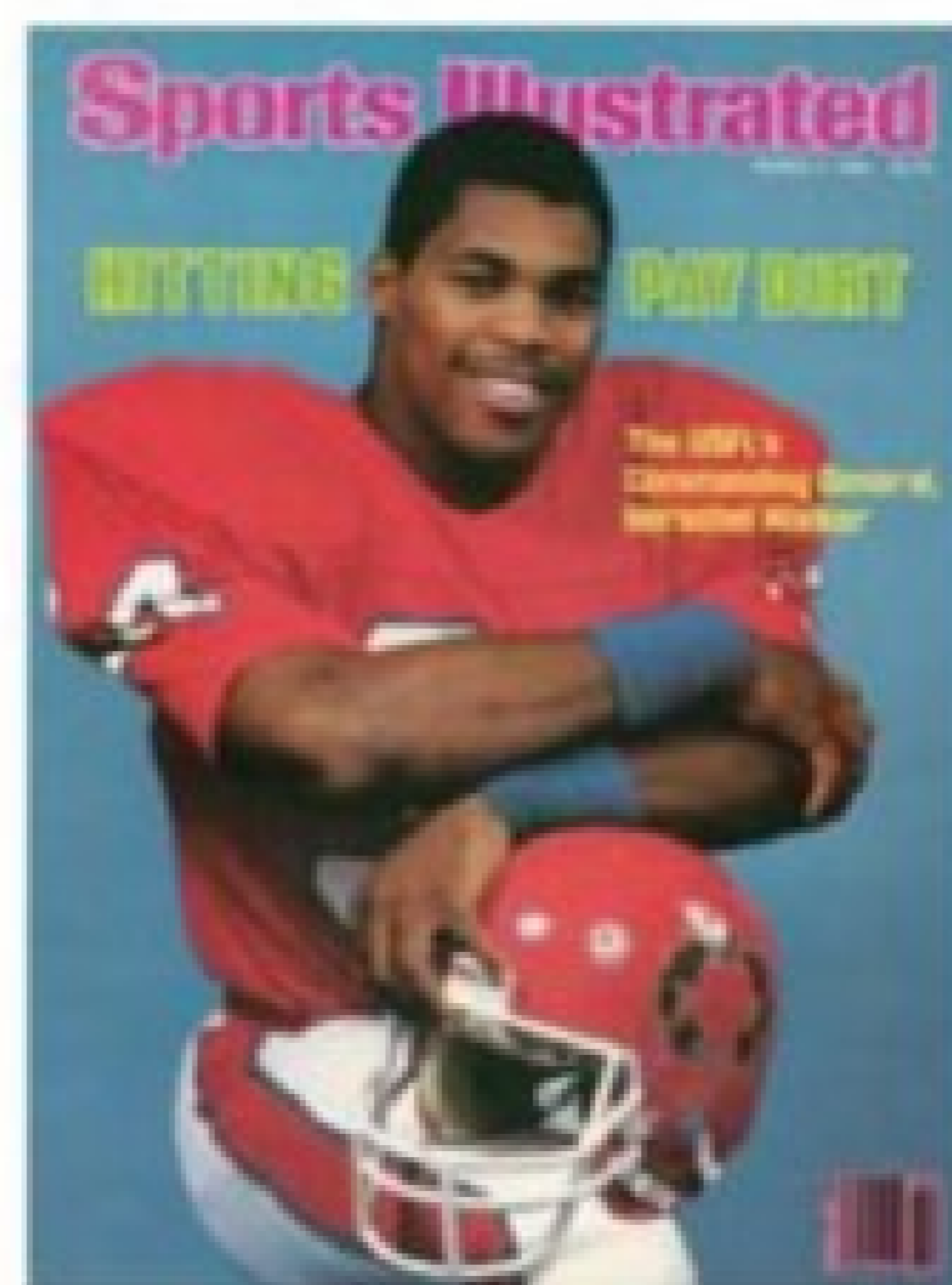
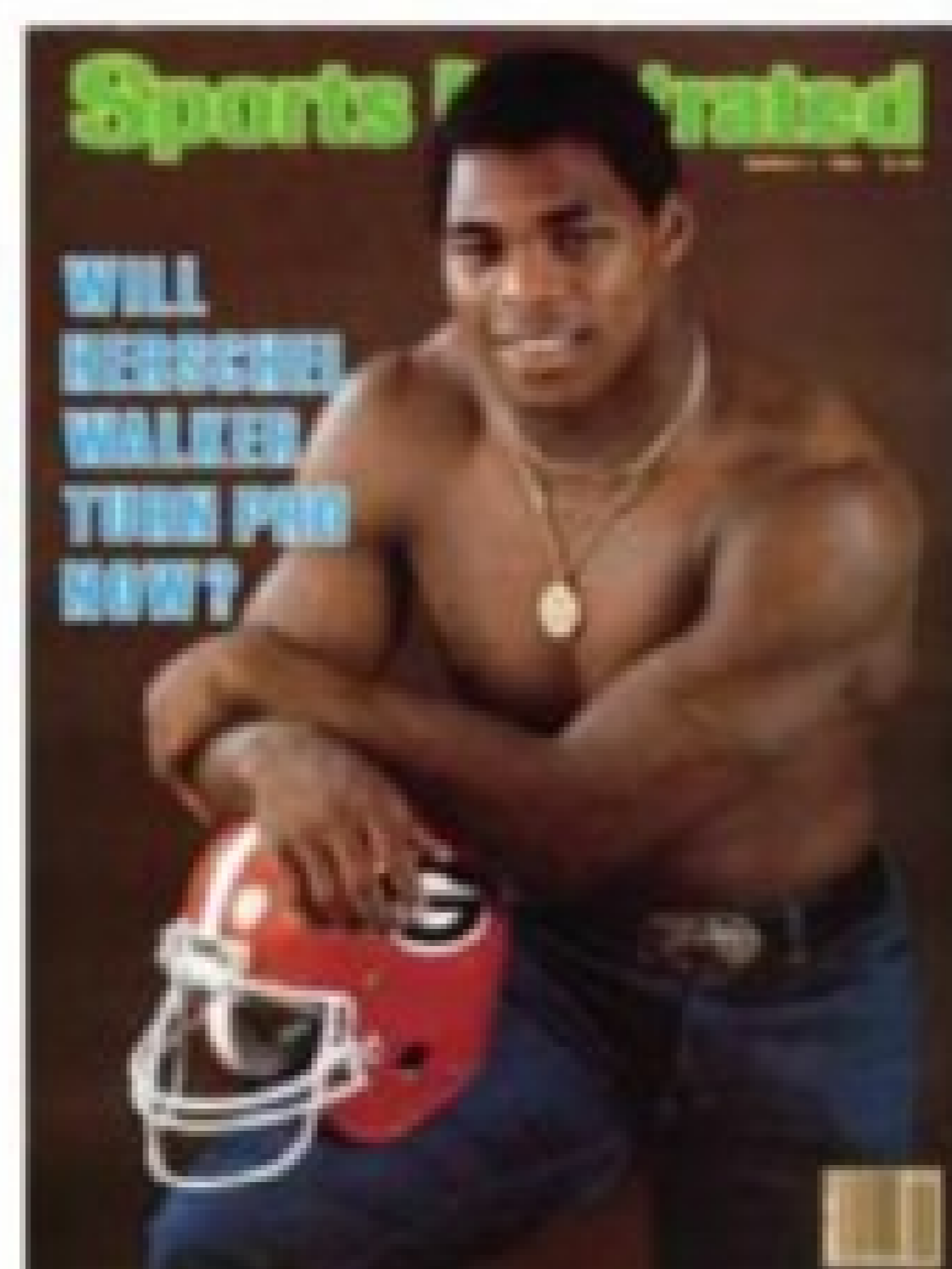


To those who have known Herschel Walker through the years, it is not surprising he has decided to plunge into a sport in which there are no pads, pain can be inflicted in a dizzying number of ways and the playing field is an unforgiving fenced enclosure known as "the cage." Vince Dooley, Walker's coach at the University of Georgia, recalls that on Sundays during the college football season, a day when most players were

too sore from Saturday's game to crawl out of bed, Walker would attend taekwondo classes. "I've never seen anything like it," says Dooley. Michael Irvin, Walker's Dallas Cowboys teammate and now an analyst for the NFL Network, says, "When Herschel was the baddest motor scooter on earth, he'd say, 'I want to fight Mike Tyson.' I'd say, 'Herschel, do you know what that guy does to people? Let's just beat the Redskins next week.' But he believed he could beat Tyson. MMA is par for the course for him." Troy Aikman, the Cowboys quarterback during Walker's final seasons in Dallas and now a broadcaster for Fox, also believes his former teammate's latest incarnation is apt. "When Herschel decided to get into it," he says, "an acquaintance of mine involved in MMA told me he didn't give him a chance. I replied, 'I've seen enough of this guy over the years that I wouldn't bet against him on anything.' He's highly driven. He doesn't take on anything halfheartedly. He runs a heck of a lot hotter than people realize. He's a killer."

Walker's rationale for entering the world of MMA is not what many may imagine. "People think I'm doing this for the money," he says, "but I say, 'Guys, I don't need the money. The businesses I've built since I got out of football provide a bigger payday than any fight can bring me.'" (Walker donated the purse from the Carson bout to his Dallas church, Oak Cliff Bible Fellowship.) Nor, he adds, is he mentally unbalanced. In 2008 Walker made news by revealing that he suffered from dissociative identity disorder—what would once have been called multiple personality disorder. In *Breaking Free*, his book about his battle to come to terms with the condition, he writes that in its throes he had experienced fits of murderous rage. But after years of therapy, he says the problem is now under control. "The story people want to hear is that I'm out of whack. But that's not me. I have not become an MMA fighter because I have an anger issue." The truth, he adds, is both simpler and more complex.

Few successful American athletes have enjoyed as varied a career as Walker has. Even as he was leading Georgia to a national football title, he was competing on the collegiate track circuit, running a 9.1-second 100-yard dash and briefly holding the world's record in the 60-yard event. Before the start of a senior year that would almost surely have seen him break nearly every NCAA rushing mark, he became the first collegian to bolt not just to the pros but to the fledgling USFL. The



One of *Sports Illustrated's* favorite cover boys, Walker also appeared on *Celebrity Apprentice* with Brande Roderick (left). In January he scored his second MMA victory, beating Scott Carson.

New Jersey General (soon to be purchased by Donald Trump) signed him to a multimillion-dollar contract. When the upstart league folded after three seasons, Walker joined the NFL's Cowboys. In Dallas he not only played football but, to prove he could, danced with the Fort Worth Ballet. In the 1992 Olympics he competed on the United States' two-man bobsled team, finishing seventh.

As Walker sees it, MMA is simply a new challenge. "One night I was watching *The Ultimate Fighter* on Spike TV," he says, "and someone said, 'We're the best athletes in the world.' I thought, That's a bold statement. I thought, I'm not trying to be arrogant, but I've always thought of myself as being one of the best athletes in the world. I've always wanted people to say, 'Herschel Walker wasn't just a great running back but a great athlete.' So I said, 'I'll give it a shot.'"

Thus began Walker's pilgrimages to San Jose, where he spent four months living in a hotel room before his first fight and six months prior to his second. This was indeed a new challenge, and for Walker challenges are not to be taken lightly. "I don't see in between," he says. "I see only the white and the black. You win or you lose. There's no such thing as just playing well. You do the job or you

don't do the job. I don't want to be just a fighter. I want to be a great fighter."



As Herschel Walker and Julie Blanchard, his fiancée, jog through his Dallas neighborhood, Texas-size manifestations of ostentatious wealth loom everywhere. Vaquero is a gated enclave of spanking-new châteaux and palazzi, sculpted lawns and country-club amenities (a meandering golf course, jewel-like tennis courts, even stocked ponds with fishing poles at the ready). It has been home to celebrities (the Jonas brothers), major leaguers (the Texas Rangers' Josh Hamilton) and CEOs too numerous to name. "You can order room service at your house," says Walker, who a mile into the run speaks with the effortlessness of someone who could do this for hours. Indeed, it is only 7:30 on a summer morning, but he has been up since 5:30, already knocking out 2,000 sit-ups and 500 push-ups and then answering e-mails. As far as Walker is concerned, two and a half miles of roadwork before his business day starts is a form of cooling down.

In contrast to some of the larger estates on his street, Walker's 7,300-square-foot, \$2.5 million Mediterranean villa is relatively modest, (continued on page 178)

CLASSIC CARTOONS OF CHRISTMAS PAST



"Young man, you should be asleep!"



"Oh, don't be an old Scrooge—it's for my Christmas card."

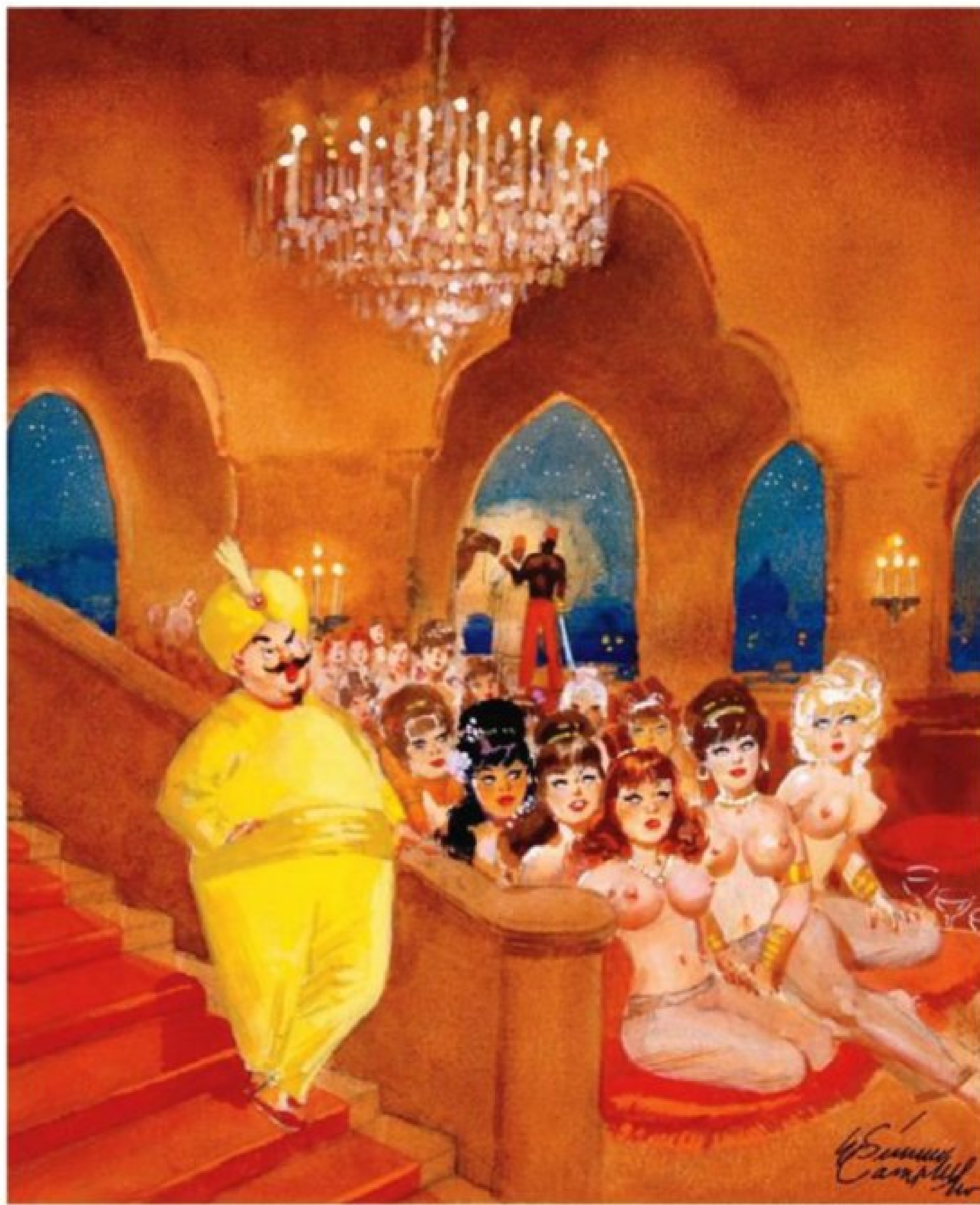


98 *"You've been bringing me presents for more than 20 years. When are you going to make your move?"*

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



"Hubert...."



"Mm-mm-mmm—Santa's been up there a mighty long time finding out what Mandy and Christine want for Christmas...!"



"I've just decided to disinherit everybody for Christmas!"



RAINY DAY WOMAN

THE SUN IS ALWAYS SHINING
ON MISS DECEMBER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA

Miss December Rainy Day Jordan's name is a misnomer as big as her home state of Texas. "It's totally ironic, because everyone knows me as this ridiculously sunny gal," the 20-year-old beams. How, then, did she wind up with that name? "For good luck," she explains. "My mom says we were in a big drought, and she thought she could make it rain by calling me Rainy. Honestly, it isn't that unusual a name in my family. My mom is Windi, my aunt is Dusti, and my great-aunt is Sandy. It's a farm thing." The granddaughter of farmers, Rainy revels in the small-town life offered by her west Texas stomping grounds. Her summers are filled with horseback riding, and her winters are spent plotting how to steal the local Christmas parade. "One year my sister and I strapped moose horns and a Rudolph nose on my dad's four-wheeler," says Rainy. "We won the award for best float, and a reporter from the local paper interviewed us for an article." A third-year nursing student, Rainy has long had her heart set on remaining in the Lone Star state, yet also on becoming a Playmate. And so she waited for us to come to her, lassoing her dream at a Dallas casting call. "I was never nervous about getting naked for my test shoots," she says, laughing, "because that's why I wanted to pose in the first place. Anybody can look pretty with their clothes on, but not everybody can take pictures with their clothes off." Though Rainy is now Miss December, her life forecast hasn't changed. "Becoming a Playmate wasn't ever about a gateway to other things; it was simply a goal. I still want to be a nurse and raise a family in Texas." Then she smiles like a ray of sunshine. "But this is the best Christmas present a girl could ever receive!"







MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





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Romy Day Jordan

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Rainy Day Jordan

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 4-8-91 BIRTHPLACE: Abilene, TX

AMBITIONS: To represent Playboy with plenty of pizzazz and personality but to always stay true to my small-town Texas roots.

TURN-ONS: I'm a sucker for clean-cut guys with light eyes and huge muscles!! Squeeze me, baby. 😊

TURNOFFS: Guys totally lose me when they think they are too grown up to cut loose and laugh! Let's dance and giggle and GET ROWDY!!

MY INSPIRATION: My mother - she is honest, realistic and a provider. Every man wants to marry someone like her, and every woman wants to have a mother just like her. ♡

MY OBSESSIONS: Dallas Cowboy Miles Austin... and ALL things Harry Potter.

MY DREAM DATE: To cuddle up by the fire with my man and a bottle of wine, eat a little dinner and then get frisky and make our own movie. 😊



Bad hair day! My graduation invite.

A blonde me going to the prom.



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

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

One evening a little girl walked past her parents' bedroom and saw them having sex.

"Daddy, what are you doing to Mommy?" she asked.

"Don't worry, sweetie," the father replied, "I'm just planting you a baby sister."

The next evening when the father arrived home after work, he found his little girl sitting on the doorstep, crying.

"What's wrong, honey?" he asked.

"Remember how you planted me a baby sister last night?" she said, sobbing. "Well, when the mailman was here today, he ate her."

Why do nice guys make great lovers? Because they always finish last.



One Christmas a man bought his wife a cemetery plot as a gift. The next year he didn't buy her anything. When she asked him why, he replied, "Because you still haven't used the gift I bought you last year!"

A man journeyed to a far-off land to find a wizard who could remove a curse that had been plaguing him for the past 40 years.

"It's possible," the wizard replied, "but I'll need you to tell me the exact words of the original curse."

"No problem," the man said. "They were 'I now pronounce you man and wife.'"

After marrying a beautiful young woman, a 96-year-old man informed his doctor that he and his new wife were expecting a baby.

"Let me tell you a story," the doctor said. "An absentminded fellow went hunting, but instead of a gun, he accidentally brought his umbrella on the trip. When he was in the woods, a bear charged him unexpectedly. The man whipped out his umbrella, pointed it at the bear and shot and killed it on the spot."

"That's impossible!" the elderly man exclaimed. "Someone else obviously shot the bear."

"My point exactly," the doctor replied.

What is the difference between parsley and pussy? Nobody eats parsley.

If you don't enjoy masturbating, you have only yourself to blame.

A man and his friend were driving through a New England town in the country when he saw a sign by a small establishment that said LOBSTER TAIL & BEER!

"We have to stop there," he said to his friend. "Those are my three favorite things!"

Why is natural breast milk better than formula? Because it comes in much nicer containers.

A man was walking through a crowded street fair when he decided to stop at a palm reader's table to hear his fortune.

"For \$15 I can read your love line and tell you your romantic future," the mysterious old woman said.

Intrigued, the man agreed and allowed the woman to look at his palm.

"I can see that you do not have a girlfriend," she said.

"That's true," he replied.

"Oh my," she said as she examined his hand further, "you are an extremely lonely person, aren't you?"

"Yes," he admitted sadly. "You can tell all of this from my love line?"

"No, not from your love line," she said, "from the calluses."



What do karaoke and sex have in common? The more you drink, the better you think you are at it.

A man woke up one morning, turned to his wife and said, "I had a wet dream about you last night."

"You did?" his wife replied. "That's actually kind of flattering."

"Yeah," the man said, "I dreamt that you were hit by a bus, and then I pissed in my pajamas laughing."

What is the definition of a Freudian slip? When you say one thing but mean your mother.

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.



"Look what's waiting for you under the tree...!"

RIVINO



Vest, \$185, studded-front tuxedo shirt, \$250, and bow tie, \$55, by **ETON**.
Fedora, \$350, by **BORSALINO AT J.J. HAT CENTER**.
Cuff links, \$225, by **RAZ**.

SILVER-SCREEN STAR ANTHONY MACKIE CHANNELS DUKE ELLINGTON

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES ★ PROFILE BY STEVE GARBARINO

A lot of who I am and what I do as an actor has to do with New Orleans," says Anthony Mackie, a 32-year-old child of the Big Easy. "The aliveness, the music, the attention to formality and tradition, the laid-back, easy demeanor."

Thus we took this rising Hollywood star and bedecked him in modern threads with a vintage New Orleans feel. The scene: the McKittrick Hotel in New York, designed to be the grande dame of hotels at the peak of the Jazz Age and currently a sort of interactive stage for an experimental version of the sold-out Shakespeare-influenced play *Sleep No More*. Mackie is fast becoming known as cinema's calm in the storm. From his recent role opposite Matt Damon as a futuristic angel in *The Adjustment Bureau* to his turn as a mediating mine dismantler in *The Hurt Locker*, Mackie brings controlled emotion to his disaster-entrenched characters. This fall he got some comic relief in *What's Your Number?*, in which he plays "the black guy all the white girls dated in college, the one who's going to be the first black president."

The son of a hardworking New Orleans roofer who helped build the city's Louis Armstrong Airport, Mackie had his first taste of dress-up

Part of a three-piece suit, \$3,900, by **DOMENICO VACCA**. Plaid shirt, \$265, by **ETON**. Bow tie, \$55, by **HUGO BOSS**. Watch, \$1,195, by **FREDERIQUE CONSTANT**. Shoes, \$598, by **BROOKS BROTHERS**.



ABOVE: Sports jacket, \$3,900, by **DOMENICO VACCA**. Checked shirt, \$98, and ascot, \$89, by **J. PRESS**. Watch, \$1,195, by **FREDERIQUE CONSTANT**.

on Sunday mornings in church. When he was a kid, his pants were always ironed even if they were blue jeans. “We didn’t roll out of bed and leave the house,” he says. “And that has carried over to my work today.”

Mackie defines his offset look in a word: crisp. A devotee of Brooks Brothers and Calvin Klein, he takes his suits to Ernest, a highly regarded tailor in the actor’s hometown (to which Mackie returns for every Saints home game if he’s not filming in some exotic location).

“I’m a three-piece-suit guy,” says Mackie. “I love a nice tailored suit—not tight but fitted. I like crisp, fresh, ironed.” The term *old-school* certainly applies. He is no

fan of Twitter, and he favors actual broadsheet newspapers to Gawker. He has no time for today’s man who “shops at the Kanye West school of fashion.” He adds, “You gotta look back to what used to work to develop a style of your own.”

When it comes to his profession, as with his style, the greatest asset, Mackie says, “is character observation, watching people’s mannerisms in places like strip clubs and bars. It’s the ability to watch human nature and how it plays out.”

Observe this brilliant actor in a world we’ve created just for him, a *mise-en-scène* we call *Mood Indigo*. Listen closely: You can almost hear the jazz playing.

LEFT: Tuxedo, \$950, by **BOSS BLACK**. Shirt, \$125, by **HUGO BOSS**. Plaid tie, \$70, by **J. PRESS**. Shoes, \$560, by **FRANCO SERRA**.



Sports jacket, \$1,300, by **CANTARELLI AT BLOOMINGDALE'S**.
Shirt, \$490, by **DOMENICO VACCA**. Bow tie, \$125, by **ETON**.
Pocket square, \$350, by **BROOKE DAVID**. Cuff links, \$125, by **RAZ**.
Watch, \$1,195, by **FREDERIQUE CONSTANT**.

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“THE GREATEST ASSET FOR AN ACTOR IS CHARACTER OBSERVATION, WATCHING PEOPLE’S MANNERISMS IN PLACES LIKE STRIP CLUBS AND BARS.”

—ANTHONY MACKIE

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20

BY STEPHEN REBELLO

KC

Kaley Cuoco

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ODETTE SUGERMAN

THE WOMAN WHO PUTS THE BANG IN *THE BIG BANG THEORY* TALKS ABOUT SEXY NERDS, DATING YOUR CO-STARS AND GOING TO THE PROM WITH ASHLEY TISDALE

Q1

PLAYBOY: We know you best for starring on two hit TV series that cast you as a hot, funny girl who can twist almost any guy around her little finger. On *8 Simple Rules* you were John Ritter's teen-heartbreaker daughter. On *The Big Bang Theory* you're the sexy neighbor of Sheldon and Leonard, two brainy, socially inept, lovable sci-fi-addicted mathematicians who worship you. Does art imitate life?

CUOCO: From what I've been told and what I've observed, men seem to be intimidated by me. So I have to take the reins. I'm a bitch—like, the boldest person ever—so I'll go up to anybody and say, "You're absolutely friggin' adorable. Let's go out." They usually look at me with giant scared Ren and Stimpy eyes. But what's the worst that can happen if I ask them? I have to be honest; I don't think they're going to say no.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You and your co-stars were on a panel at this year's Comic-Con. Did any real-life Sheldons or Leonards approach you, thinking they had a shot?

CUOCO: People ask me, since I'm on a nerd show, if I like nerds. Obviously, I don't have a high IQ, but I've always liked nerds and quirky guys. At Comic-Con I told my cast mates, "I'm gonna find my future husband here." I want a guy who has balls enough to come up to me and be as bold as I am. It's sexy if a guy's in control. The jock type lasts only so long, though. I go for the musician or the writer every time, but I'm deeply, truly attracted to the funny guy. I'm always like, "Can you make me laugh? Because I will make *you* laugh."

Q3

PLAYBOY: What if he's funnier than you?

CUOCO: I don't want him to be funnier than me, but the men I've dated have all been pretty silly. The moderator for our Comic-Con panel was Chris Hardwick, and I had the biggest crush on him. *The Big Bang* guys all stared at me, like, "What the hell? You're the strangest girl." But Chris was so funny, which I find sexy. And Seth MacFarlane? Huge crush.

Q4

PLAYBOY: It's not like *Big Bang* was a big old hit right out of the gate. The ratings weren't great, and the critics didn't pile on the praise.

CUOCO: The first season of any show, let's be honest, can suck. Look back at the first season of *Friends*, *Seinfeld*, *Frasier*. We had eight episodes filmed for our first season, and when the writers' strike happened we thought we were done for. But they kept airing those eight shows. And the most genius thing was they started showing us on planes, where you're stuck unless you hate something so much you want to jump off. To get another chance, to keep getting picked up, is a dream come true. It doesn't happen much anymore.

Q5

PLAYBOY: After working so closely for four years, when do you and your fellow actors get on one another's nerves the most?

CUOCO: When you do a series, you're in a family. We fight, we bicker, but every Tuesday night when we film, the five of us get into a little circle—even when we don't want to—and say, "I love you." I try to keep everyone together because they get a little scatterbrained. I feel like Wendy to the Lost Boys. I tell them, "Ten years from now, we're not going to be here and we'll wish we were. These little moments are important."

Q6

PLAYBOY: So far, your character has bedded two of the show's rocket-scientist types. On-screen or off, is it a good idea to hook up romantically and/or sexually with a neighbor?

CUOCO: I'm not one to talk, because a co-star definitely counts as a neighbor, right? When I fell for Johnny Galecki [her co-star], we both knew immediately that we had this connection, and that was it. Even though in the back of your head you're like, Oh my God, this might end really bad, you don't give a shit. You're just in it. When that fire, that attraction is there, no one's going to tell me no. I love being a girlfriend, and I've had a lot of long-term relationships, but this whole dating thing is new to me.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Which of your co-stars, ex-boyfriend Johnny Galecki included, might give you the most grief about doing this interview?

CUOCO: Johnny and I are best friends. We're great. Actually, I haven't told any of the guys from the show that I'm doing this interview, but I think he might give me the most shit about it. I think they're all going to be mortified. I don't think any of them will be able to look at this issue.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You're often admired for your curvaceous body. Do you consider yourself sensual?

CUOCO: I hate almost everything about my body, but I'm pretty proud of my abs. I'm insane about spinning, yoga, horseback riding. With other women or in private, I walk around naked all the time. I don't care. But as open and sensual as I am, when it comes to getting waxed or even spray-tanned, I leave my bikini bottoms on. I'm a freak about it. I would rather stick a pencil in my eyeball than be naked.

Q9

PLAYBOY: When you were growing up, what was your role in the family Cuoco?

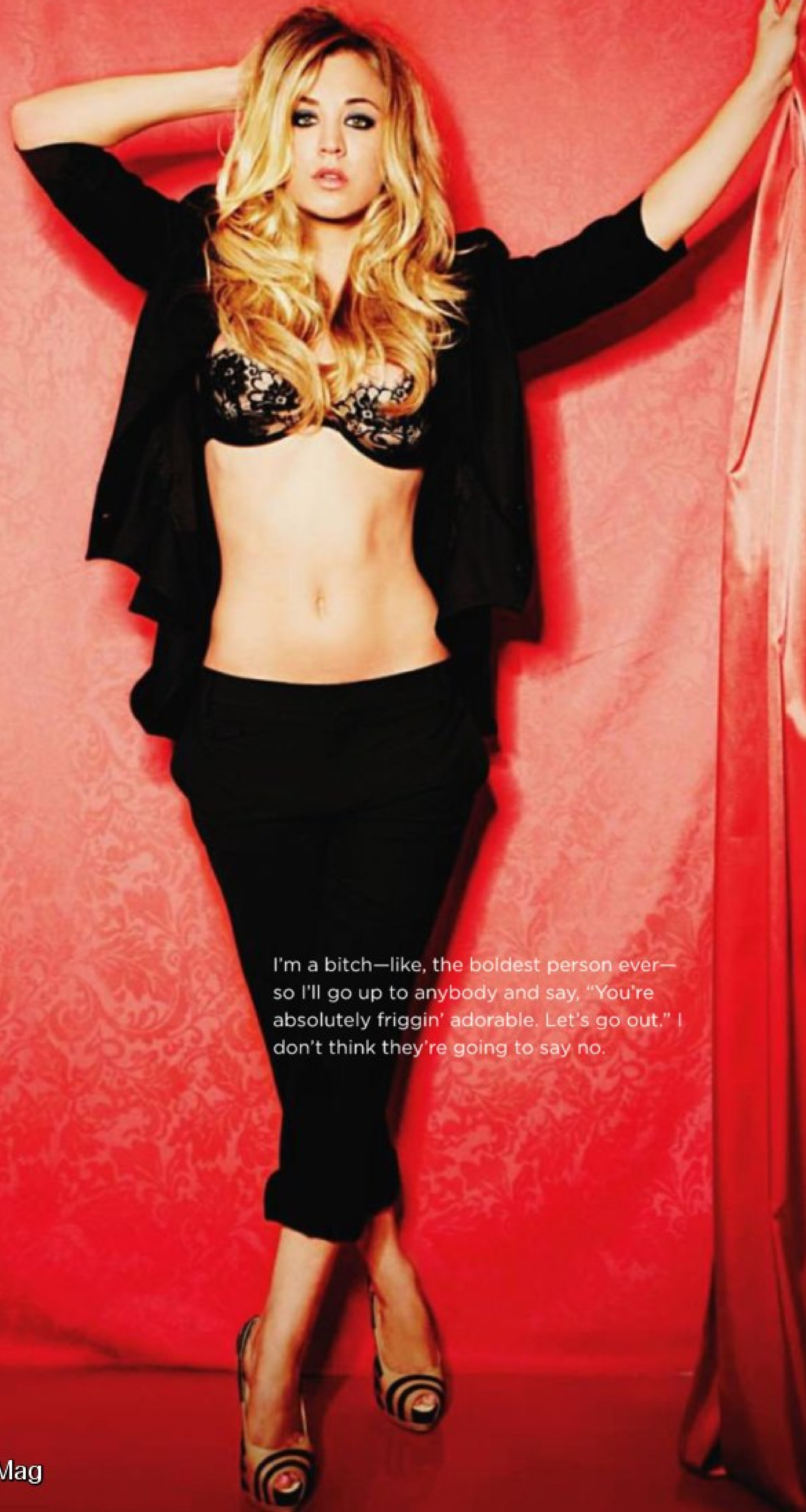
CUOCO: My mom is Irish, and my dad and the majority of the family are Italian, so there's lots of food, insanity

and yelling. I have a sister who is three years younger than I am, and she, my parents and I were just watching home videos. Even at the age of five, there I am like a friggin' idiot, dancing around and getting in everyone's way. My dad was like, "Kaley, back up, back up," but you couldn't get my big fat face out of the camera. I couldn't get enough attention.

Q10

PLAYBOY: How did you most shame the family name growing up?

CUOCO: For all the noise in our house, I come from a conservative family with a lot of values and dinner at the table every night. I was such a goody two-shoes. I never touched a drug in my life. I was afraid to drink before I was 21, and though I did drink a little, I had constant guilt in my head. I got a tattoo at (concluded on page 176)



I'm a bitch—like, the boldest person ever—so I'll go up to anybody and say, "You're absolutely friggin' adorable. Let's go out." I don't think they're going to say no.



PLAYBOY'S
TIP-OFF
2012
COLLEGE BASKETBALL
INSIDE VIEW

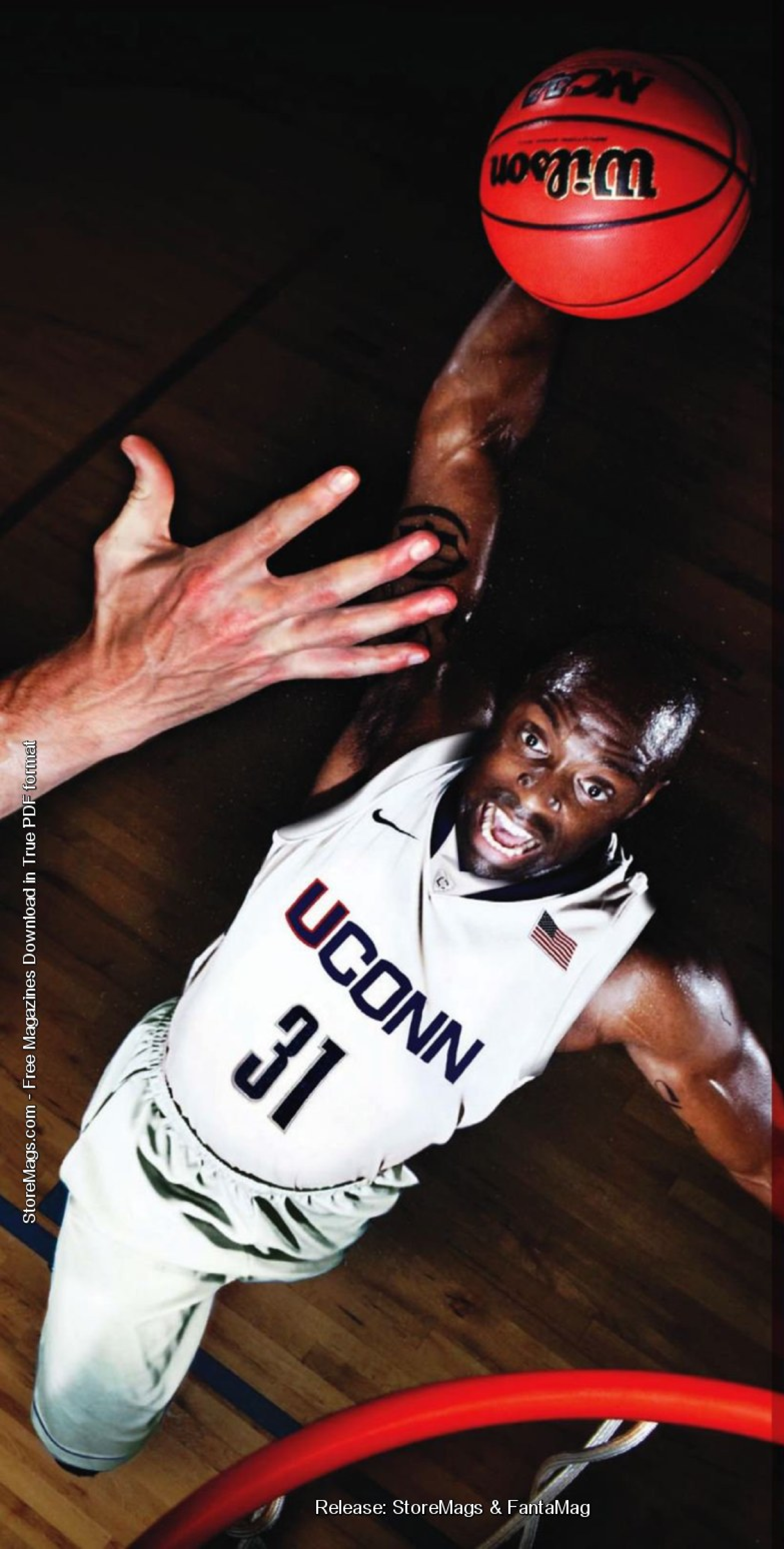
By John Gasaway

THE GAME OF COLLEGE BASKETBALL, A BASTION OF TRADITION, IS ABOUT TO TRANSFORM BEFORE YOUR EYES. HERE'S THE SCORE

Seventy years ago Jorge Luis Borges strung together the following words: "I have known what the Greeks did not: uncertainty." These days, Borges's

sentiment would be far more fitting coming from University of Kansas head basketball coach Bill Self or NCAA president Mark Emmert. For a

sport filled with staunch tradition, college hoops is currently facing some unexpected changes. To start with, the game's power structure is in flux; the



TOP25

1. NORTH CAROLINA
2. OHIO STATE
3. KENTUCKY
4. DUKE
5. VANDERBILT
6. SYRACUSE
7. LOUISVILLE
8. KANSAS
9. PITTSBURGH
10. CONNECTICUT
11. XAVIER
12. MEMPHIS
13. MICHIGAN STATE
14. FLORIDA
15. WISCONSIN
16. GONZAGA
17. TEMPLE
18. PURDUE
19. BAYLOR
20. ALABAMA
21. MISSOURI
22. BYU
23. MICHIGAN
24. WASHINGTON
25. BELMONT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON

push to realign the “major” conferences is disrupting classic basketball rivalries and creating all sorts of strange bedfellows. Meanwhile, it seems likely that the sport’s biggest stars—the so-called one-and-done freshmen—may be allowed to once again bypass school for the NBA. Most fundamentally, however, the tenuous premise of amateurism that the NCAA has so long sought to uphold is being threatened as never before. In 2012 college basketball and uncertainty will go together like March and madness. In a season filled with question marks, these 12 story lines will produce the defining answers.

12. Will the Big East dominate, or is it doomed?

The 2011 calendar year has already been a wild ride for the Big East. In March, the conference received an unprecedented 11 NCAA tournament bids, and the Connecticut Huskies did the league proud by winning the national title in April. More good news arrived in August: UConn scored a coup when it persuaded six-foot-10-inch all-everything recruit Andre Drummond to forgo a final year of prep school and report directly to Jim Calhoun’s office. Yes, the Big East seemed to be on a roll...until September, when Syracuse and Pittsburgh announced they will leave the league to join the Atlantic Coast Conference—exact date to be determined. Speaking of conference realignment...

11. How many times can the Big 12 cheat death?

Bill Self and his Kansas Jayhawks represent one of the sport’s most storied programs. The only problem is they’re storied in the wrong sport. Football is driving conference realignment, and each year KU has to wonder if its conference, the Big 12, is about to go the way of Pan Am, American Motors and the Whig Party. Last year Nebraska (Big Ten)



The team to beat: the University of North Carolina Tar Heels.

and Colorado (Pac 12) headed out the door, and Texas A&M (SEC) recently followed. Someday soon Kansas may have to take comfort in the example set by Butler—i.e., come tourney time, you don’t need to be affiliated with a supposed power conference to win games.

10. Will Butler ever lose a tournament game besides the NCAA Final?

Amazingly, Brad Stevens’s Bulldogs have reached the national championship game in each of the past two seasons—making the team more successful in March than any other program in Division I basketball, at least in terms of total tournament wins (10). Repeat: Butler, a Horizon League school with a total enrollment of about 4,000 students, has won more than twice as many tournament games in 2010 and 2011 as North Carolina, UCLA and Louisville combined. Can the Bulldogs make it back to the national championship game in 2012? Probably not. The core of the team is too young—particularly in the backcourt.

9. Is Mike Krzyzewski the best coach of all time?

As far as stats and tallies go, Coach K will soon be considered the greatest. With 900 career wins, he will definitely pass Bobby Knight’s record of 902 this season—and he may do it against Tom Izzo and Michigan State at Madison Square Garden on November 15. Krzyzewski played for Knight at the U.S. Military Academy in the 1960s, but unlike his mentor, Coach K has often shown a willingness to change his strategies according to his personnel. This stylistic flexibility is reminiscent of the situational genius displayed by another legend, former UCLA coach John Wooden. If Krzyzewski isn’t as good as Wooden, he’s close—and he still has a lot of years left to add to his already-sterling résumé.

8. When will the SEC get some love for its hoops?

You may have heard that the Southeastern Conference is pretty good at football—as in five-consecutive-national-titles good. But it’s not too shabby at basketball, either. The league’s standard-bearers, Kentucky and Florida, are always among the top teams in the country. Meanwhile, don’t sleep on Vanderbilt, as Jeffery Taylor, John Jenkins and Festus Ezeli are perhaps the SEC’s finest three-headed scoring monster. Or Alabama’s Crimson Tide, which last year held conference opponents to the lowest per-possession scoring figure the league has witnessed in years.

7. Which First Four team will be the next to make the Final Four?

The 2011 NCAA tournament marked the rollout of the new 68-team field, whereby eight teams collide in the tournament’s opening four games, known as the First Four. No one could have predicted, however, that the new bracket would have such an immediate impact. Somehow Virginia Commonwealth played its way from the First Four to the Final Four, beating USC, Georgetown, Purdue, Florida State and Kansas in the process. In theory, the teams that play in



Vanderbilt forward Lance Goulbourne provides senior leadership.

the First Four are the lowest-seeded at-large entrants in the tourney, so it may be a long time before another team repeats VCU’s journey.

6. Is the West Coast about to return as a hoops power?

Since UCLA reached its third consecutive Final Four in 2008, the Pac 12 (formerly the Pac 10) has seen its star dim. In 2011 the conference received just four tournament bids, putting the league on near equal footing with the likes of the Mountain West Conference. And when the Pac 12 sneezes, West Coast basketball catches a cold. Saint Mary’s College of California made a nice tournament run in 2010, and Arizona reached the Elite Eight last year, but that’s been about it from programs west of the Mississippi. The times may be changing, however. With Arizona, Oregon and Washington all bringing in strong freshman classes, the Pac 12 may be back sooner rather than later.

5. How good can Jared Sullinger be?

Since the NBA changed its eligibility rules following the 2006 season, more or less forcing the nation’s best prep players to spend at least one season dominating college basketball, no player as good as Ohio State’s Jared Sullinger has ever returned for his sophomore season. But he did, so watch



The other man: Jared Sullinger’s running mate at Ohio State, guard William Buford.

out. Many freshmen who didn't return to school—Kevin Love and Derrick Rose come to mind—starred immediately upon their arrival in the NBA. Following that logic, the guess here is that Sullinger will be a man among boys this season.

4. Is one-and-done done? About those pesky NBA eligibility rules: You may have noticed they're up in the air at the moment. A point of contention—albeit a minor one in the ongoing labor battle between team owners and the players association—is the one-and-done rule by which players are required to reach the age of 19 before they can enter the NBA draft. The players association doesn't like the rule and wants high school stars to be permitted to proceed directly to the NBA. While it may be an afterthought in the heated negotiations between the players and owners, it will have huge implications for the college game.

3. How many more Ponzi-scheme scandals are looming? This year has already seen two. First, before killing himself in July, Houston-area AAU coach J. David Salinas reportedly bilked millions of dollars from college coaches such as Texas Tech's Billy Gillispie, Baylor's Scott Drew and Gonzaga's Mark Few in return for either big financial gain, an inside track on future all-conference selections or both. (As yet, neither has materialized.) Then in August Yahoo! Sports published a report alleging that University of Miami booster Nevin Shapiro used his Ponzi funds to shower Hurricane football players—and, reportedly, at least one basketball recruit—with cash, gifts and favors. Which begs the question...

2. Is the notion of amateurism dead? With such scandals, talk of reforming college sports is as rampant as ever. So rampant, in fact, that the NCAA has joined the conversation. In August 50 university presidents met in Indianapolis for a special meeting about the future of college sports. Meanwhile, interested onlookers have suggested a raft of reforms, the most popular of which is to pay college athletes. That could work but only if the salaries don't come from the universities, many of which are strapped for cash. The big money is in TV rights, and that money is big because networks can turn around and make even more money from advertisers. Therefore, the biggest college stars should be allowed to sign endorsement deals with those advertisers. Now, thankfully, back to basketball.

1. Will North Carolina be as good as everyone expects? Roy Williams's Tar Heels are the consensus favorites to win the 2012 national title. With a front line anchored by Tyler Zeller, John Henson and Harrison Barnes, UNC has a veteran nucleus that excels at both scoring and preventing points. Of course, nothing is certain—just ask Kansas how it fared the past couple of times it was given a top seed. But with UNC's talent, this much is certain: The Tar Heels will win a lot of games in 2012.



Nolan Smith may be gone, but Duke should still contend.

THE PLAYBOY 2011-2012

PRESEASON COLLEGE ALL AMERICA TEAM

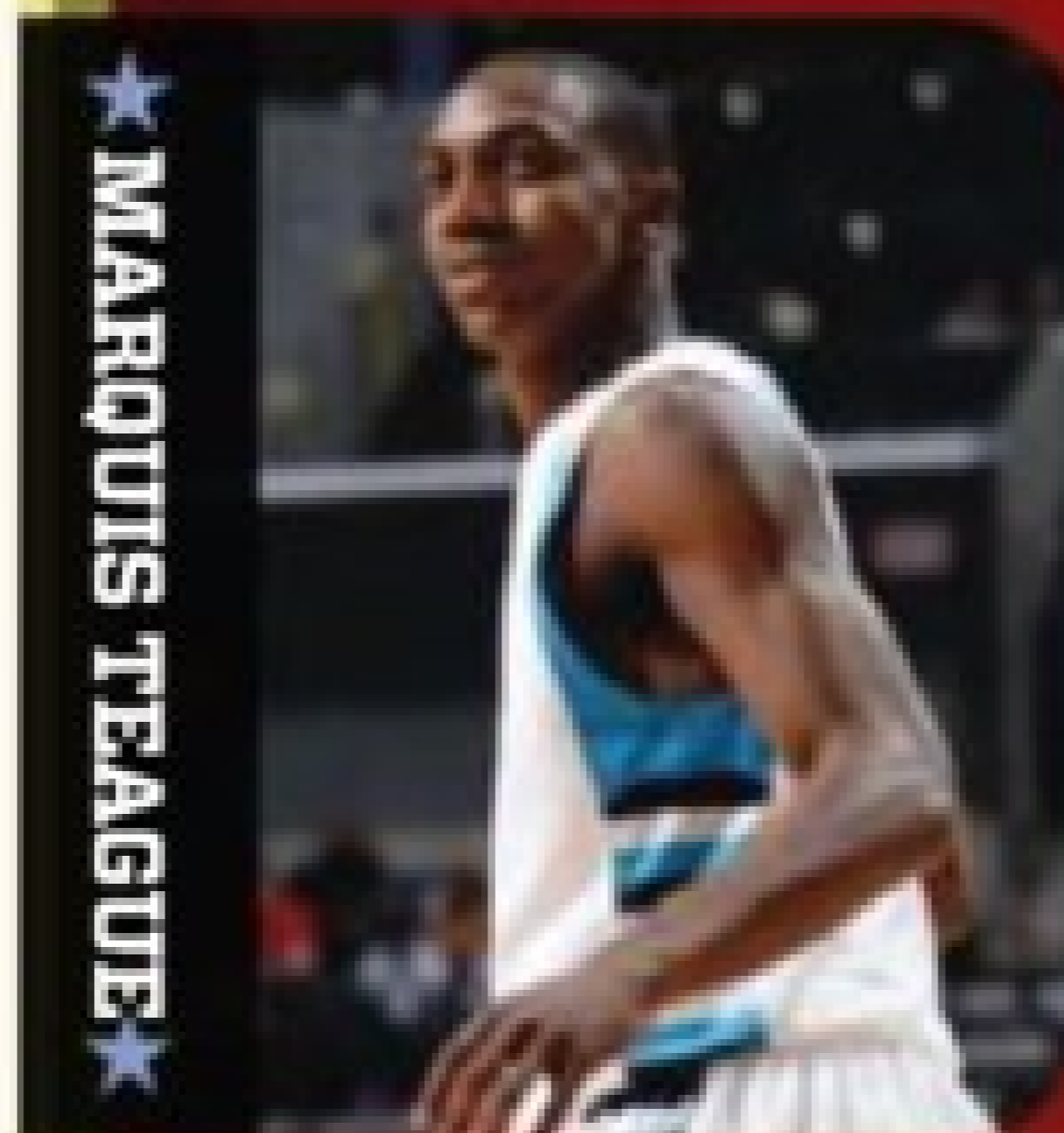
THE FINEST AMATEUR BASKETBALL PLAYERS IN ALL THE LAND

★ ★ ★ GUARDS ★ ★ ★

JEREMY LAMB—CONNECTICUT, Sophomore, 6'5", 180 pounds. Despite being just a freshman last year, Lamb started nearly all the Huskies' games, averaging 11.1 points and 4.5 rebounds. He increased that average in the NCAA Tournament to 16.2 points and 4.8 rebounds per game, while shooting 58 percent from the floor.

WILLIAM BUFORD—OHIO STATE, Senior, 6'6", 220 pounds. A mainstay for the Buckeyes over the past three seasons, Buford, who averaged 14.4 points per game in 2011, is considered one of the strongest, most physical guards in the country.

AUSTIN RIVERS—DUKE, Freshman, 6'4", 200 pounds. Rivers led his high school team to a 109-18 record during his four-year prep career. All that winning helped earn him the Morgan Wootten Player of the Year award as a senior. He was also the West team's high scorer in the McDonald's All-America game.



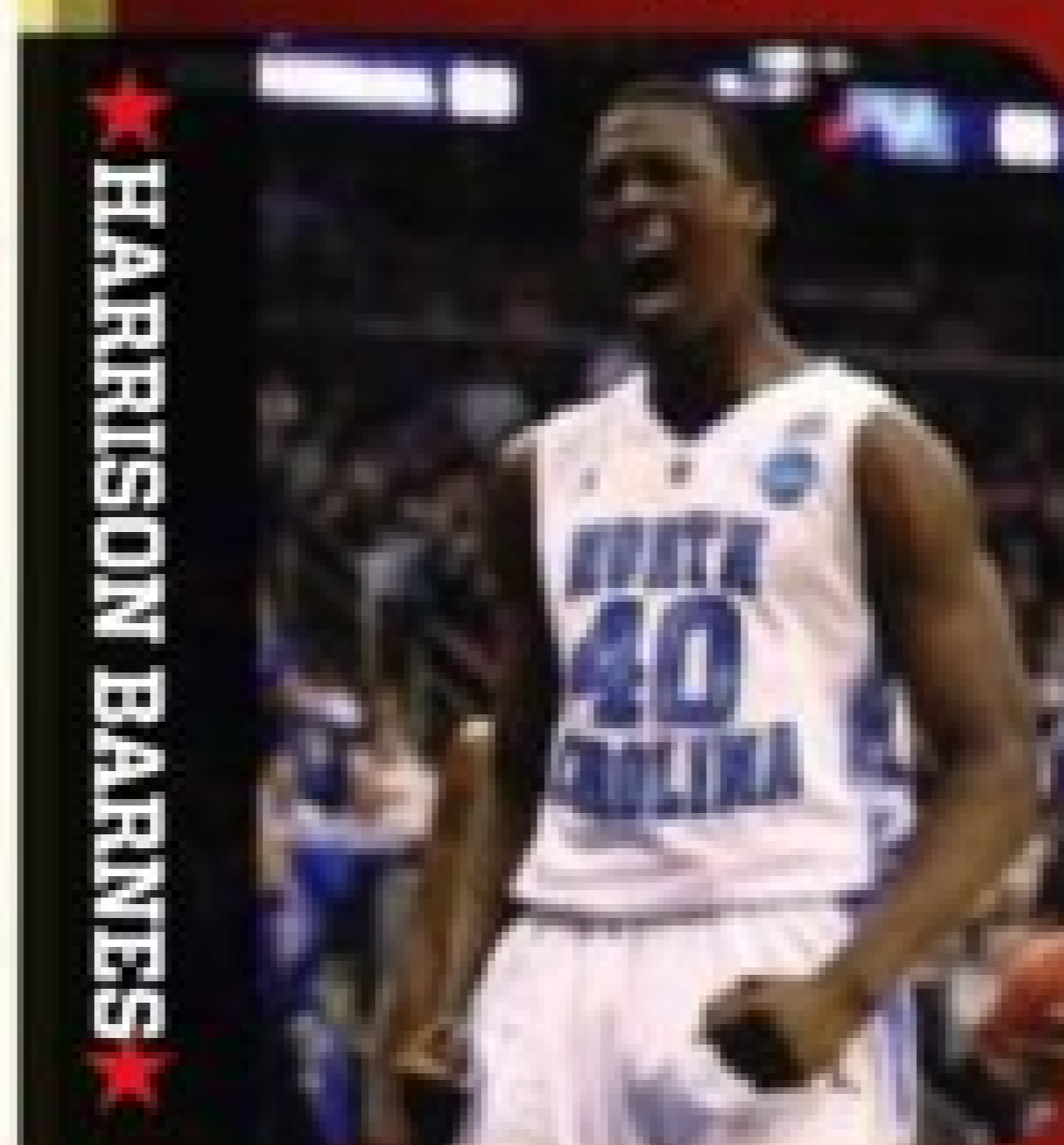
★ MARQUIS TEAGUE ★

MARQUIS TEAGUE—KENTUCKY, Freshman, 6'2", 189 pounds. Rated by most scouts as the number one high school guard in the nation, Teague played his prep ball for Pike High School in Indianapolis. He is strictly an up-tempo point guard with superior ball-handling skills and tremendous court vision.

FORWARDS

JARED SULLINGER—OHIO STATE, Sophomore, 6'9", 280 pounds. The Big Ten Freshman of the Year averaged 17.2 points and 10.1 rebounds per game in his first season in Columbus. As a high school senior he led his Northland High School team in Columbus to a regular-season record of 21-0 and a number one ranking in the nation.

HARRISON BARNES—NORTH CAROLINA, Sophomore, 6'8", 215 pounds. Barnes averaged 15.7 points per game in his first collegiate season, the fifth-highest scoring average ever by a UNC freshman. He shot 34.4



★ HARRISON BARNES ★

percent from three-point range and 75 percent from the free-throw line. He also scored 40 points to lead the Tar Heels over Clemson in the ACC tourney.

PERRY JONES III—BAYLOR, Sophomore, 6'11", 235 pounds. As a freshman, Jones averaged 13.9 points and 7.2 rebounds for the Bears, good enough numbers to score him a spot on the Big 12 All-Rookie team. Already listed as the number five prospect on the NBA draft board, Jones will sit out the first five games of the 2012 season for receiving improper preenrollment benefits.

TERRENCE JONES—KENTUCKY, Sophomore, 6'9", 252 pounds. Jones, a two-time Oregon Player of the Year, provides an intimidating inside presence for the Wildcats. Numbers-wise, he averaged 15.7 points and 8.8 rebounds in his first season in Lexington, while also blocking 72 shots.



★ JARED SULLINGER ★

CENTERS

FESTUS EZELI—VANDERBILT, Senior, 6'11", 255 pounds. Born in Nigeria, Ezeli came to basketball later than most college players, but he has turned into one of the best big men in the nation. Last season his numbers improved once again—to 13 points and 6.3 rebounds per game.

TYLER ZELLER—NORTH CAROLINA, Senior, 7', 250 pounds. Proving himself as a big-game player, Zeller averaged 25.8 points and 8.8 rebounds in the 2011 NCAA Tournament. He was also selected for Capital One's Academic All-America first team.

BY GARY COLE



HOW TO BUILD A TIME MACHINE

TIME TRAVEL IS POSSIBLE. EINSTEIN AND THE MINDS BEHIND *STAR TREK* SHOW US THE WAY / BY BRIAN CLEGG

I NEVER THINK OF THE FUTURE. IT COMES SOON ENOUGH.
—Albert Einstein (1879–1955), interview given on the liner *Belgenland* (1930)

There is a fundamental flaw in nearly every time machine you see in fiction. It's true of the Time Traveller's device in H.G. Wells's *The Time Machine*, it's true of Doctor Who's TARDIS—and yes, it's true of Dr. Emmett Brown's time-traveling DeLorean in *Back to the Future*. The mechanisms these time machines use for traveling through the temporal dimension are the same for past or future. You just set the dial to a particular date and go. Yet the reality of time travel, based on what we know today, is unlikely to be like this.

Einstein might have unified time and space, but there is a fundamental difference between the two. In space there is no

distinction between traveling forward and traveling backward. This may not seem true if you try driving against the flow on a busy highway, but that's a special case. If I show you a single car driving along an open road with no landmarks, there's no way to tell whether it's going in the "positive" or "negative" direction. Time, though, is not like this.

Traveling forward in time is the easiest thing imaginable. It's a form of travel that involves no exertion of energy. No effort. No fancy time machine. No activity whatsoever. Just sit back and wait. We are all on a conveyor belt through time. Since you started to read this piece, you have already shifted a good few seconds forward in time without the least effort. It happens at a solid, unchanging pace.

But it's not really what we envisage (continued on page 156)

Few people have more street cred with American liberals than Paul Krassner. He published the groundbreaking satirical magazine *The Realist* (1958–2001). People called him the father of the underground press. (He immediately demanded a paternity test.) He was a co-founder of the Youth International Party, or Yippies. He received the Feminist Party Media Workshop Award for journalism and the ACLU Uppie (Upton Sinclair) Award for freedom of speech. He was inducted into the Counterculture Hall of Fame at the Cannabis Cup in Amsterdam, and in December 2010 the writers organization PEN honored him with its Lifetime Achievement Award. “I want to say how happy this award makes me,” he concluded his acceptance speech, “and the only thing that makes me happier is that it’s not posthumous.” At the age of 79 he runs PaulKrassner.com and is working on his first novel.

Andrew Breitbart is 42, and his goal is “to take down the institutional left,” a job he attacks with gusto and much success. He describes himself as a Reagan conservative with libertarian sympathies. He has written for *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Washington Times*, was an editor of the Drudge Report and a researcher for Arianna Huffington and helped create the Huffington Post. He currently oversees a group of his own controversial online blog sites, Breitbart.tv, Breitbart.com, BigHollywood.Breitbart.com, BigGovernment.com, BigPeace.com and BigJournalism.com—“to hold the mainstream media’s feet to the fire”—and he plans to launch BigEducation.com, which will take on the academic establishment. He has been a commentator on Fox News and is the author of *Righteous Indignation: Excuse Me While I Save the World!* In February 2010 he was honored with the Reed Irvine Accuracy in Media Award at the Conservative



PAUL



KRASSNER



**THE
LEGENDARY
LIBERAL
TROUBLEMAKER,
WICKED
SATIRIST**

**AND THE
MAN
WHO
HELPED
INVENT THE
COUNTER-
CULTURE**



**WELCOME TO A TYPICAL ELECTION YEAR
FULL OF BITTER, VICIOUS, NO-HOLDS-BARRED
POLITICAL ANTAGONISM. WE'RE DOING OUR
PART, INVITING TWO OUTSPOKEN IDEOLOGICAL**

ANDREW

BREITBART

THE
BLOGGING
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FOES TO SIT DOWN AND DUKE IT OUT OVER
THE HOT-BUTTON ISSUES OF THE DAY. IT'S
SMARTER THAN CABLE NEWS AND COOLER
THAN SUNDAY MORNING TALK SHOWS

Political Action Conference in Washington, D.C.

Krassner thought it might be fun if he rang up his long-time cultural adversary and invited him to sit down and discuss their differences and similarities. Breitbart wanted to meet at Applebee's, says Krassner, but the actual location remains a secret. The result, we think you'll agree, is one hell of an interesting dialogue.

KRASSNER: I was surprised to learn you consider my work to be one of your inspirations. You also claim that the mainstream media had a double standard and didn't criticize me the way they do you and the conservative movement that you represent. That's not true, though. I've been excoriated in papers from the *Los Angeles Times* to the *Chicago Tribune* to *The Washington Post*. My favorite headline was GIVE THIS MAN A SALIVA TEST. You've also praised Abbie Hoffman and the Yippies and Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters as heavy influences. Both those men were close friends of mine and remain my touchstones, and yet you're at the other end of the social and political spectrum. What I want to know is, how do they fit into the context of your personal mission?

BREITBART: Well, at the time you were doing what you were doing, trailblazing and causing mischief and mirth and effecting the type of political and social change you were attempting, there's no doubt you were being challenged by others. What I'm talking about is the current order of the media in the 21st century and how history now looks on the Merry Pranksters, Abbie Hoffman, Ken Kesey and Hunter Thompson with great reverence. It's as if they've been given their own wing of the journalism school. I don't want to simplify history. I understand that, at the time, you went through hell, and the same could be said of Matt Drudge.

From 1995 until about 2002 the same forces were trying to claim that Matt Drudge had no right to be doing what he was doing, which everybody now accepts as commonplace and accepted practice—AOL just purchased the Huffington Post for \$315 million for replicating, on a left-of-center bent, what Matt Drudge does. So the trailblazers, while they're trailblazing, can have slings and arrows hurled at them, and I'm not trying to diminish the peril you went through. I'm stating that right now, when I'm reporting truths on Wednesday and causing mirth on Thursday, the press has a problem with that. I'm saying no, you're not going to define me; I'm going to define what I do, and you're going to have to deal with it. I gained my inspiration from the knowledge that you guys went through the same process, and I'm using you as models.

KRASSNER: In your book you write, "Man, how I long for the days of Sam Kinison, Richard Pryor, Abbie Hoffman, Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, George Carlin and Lenny Bruce, and today the only people upholding their free-speech legacies are conservatives like Ann Coulter and Rush Limbaugh." At first I thought you must be kidding. What about Louis C.K., Chris Rock, Sarah Silverman, Lewis Black, Margaret Cho, Marc Maron, Rick Overton, Harry Shearer, Kathy Griffin, Wanda Sykes, Richard Lewis, Bill Maher, Jon Stewart, Stephen Colbert, Larry David, Rachel Maddow, Paul Provenza? The place is overflowing with liberals upholding their free-speech legacies.

BREITBART: I would say that they exist within a protected class for the most part. As long as they adhere to liberal orthodoxy, they're protected and can say anything against anyone at any time. It's the conservatives who are challenged by the reigning order of political correctness. There's nothing transformative or dangerous about a liberal in Hollywood or a Sarah Silverman or a Chris Rock being offensive, because they know they're granted a "get out of jail free" card, whereas Rush Limbaugh and Ann Coulter exist outside that comfortable order. So I'm rooting for those people over the ones like Jon Stewart, who are in a protected class.

KRASSNER: By the way, I was once on a TV panel with Ann Coulter, and during a commercial break I suggested to her that the labels "conservative" and "liberal" had become obsolete. I asked her what she thought might be appropriate substitute labels. "Americans and cowards," she said.

BREITBART: I love Ann Coulter to the core of my being. Nobody humors me more. If there's anyone I want to have a dinner with and who can have me on the floor laughing—and her laugh is infectious, and to anybody who knows her, she is just a star. Anyone on the left who would spend five minutes with her would be laughing, and in puddles of their own urine laughing, even when she's making fun of them. Leftists have an inability to have a sense of humor about their sanctimony.

KRASSNER: But humor is totally subjective. You've said that Bill Ayers probably wrote Barack Obama's memoir *Dreams From My Father*, but to me that's an obvious joke. Ayers has said, "I wrote that book, and if you could help me prove it, I'll split the royalties with you." On the other hand, those billionaire Koch brothers, the notorious oil merchants who

oppose reducing air pollution, when they claimed that smog prevents skin cancer, I thought that was a joke. But they had actually hired a think tank that somehow managed to come up with that conclusion.

BREITBART: I believe Bill Ayers is a moral relativist, and I think he's protecting his intense and long-standing relationship with Barack Obama. The history of Bill Ayers and Bernardine Dohrn with the Obamas—they helped usher Barack Obama into his political origins, which started in their house, in essence. Of course the media are going to downplay his relationship with Ayers, an unrepentant radical domestic terrorist. Of course they're going to protect Obama. They protected him from Reverend Jeremiah Wright, who was his spiritual mentor for 20 years, and from his relationship with Father Michael Pfleger. The most controversial thing they could glean from my book on the left was that I believe, based on his writing on *Dreams From My Father*, that Jack Cashill makes an incredibly compelling argument that Ayers performed the mundane task of ghostwriting a politician's memoirs. It's what everyone does. Every politician has a ghostwriter, and I believe to the core of my being that Ayers was the logical writer of *Dreams From My Father*. If you don't think it's compelling, then don't think it. It's just what I happen to think. I don't think it's even a controversial point. One is allowed

to draw conclusions based on well-argued writing.

KRASSNER: In your capacity as Tea Party protector, you must be aware of the blatant disconnect between its plea for small government and its desire for social issues to be controlled by the government.

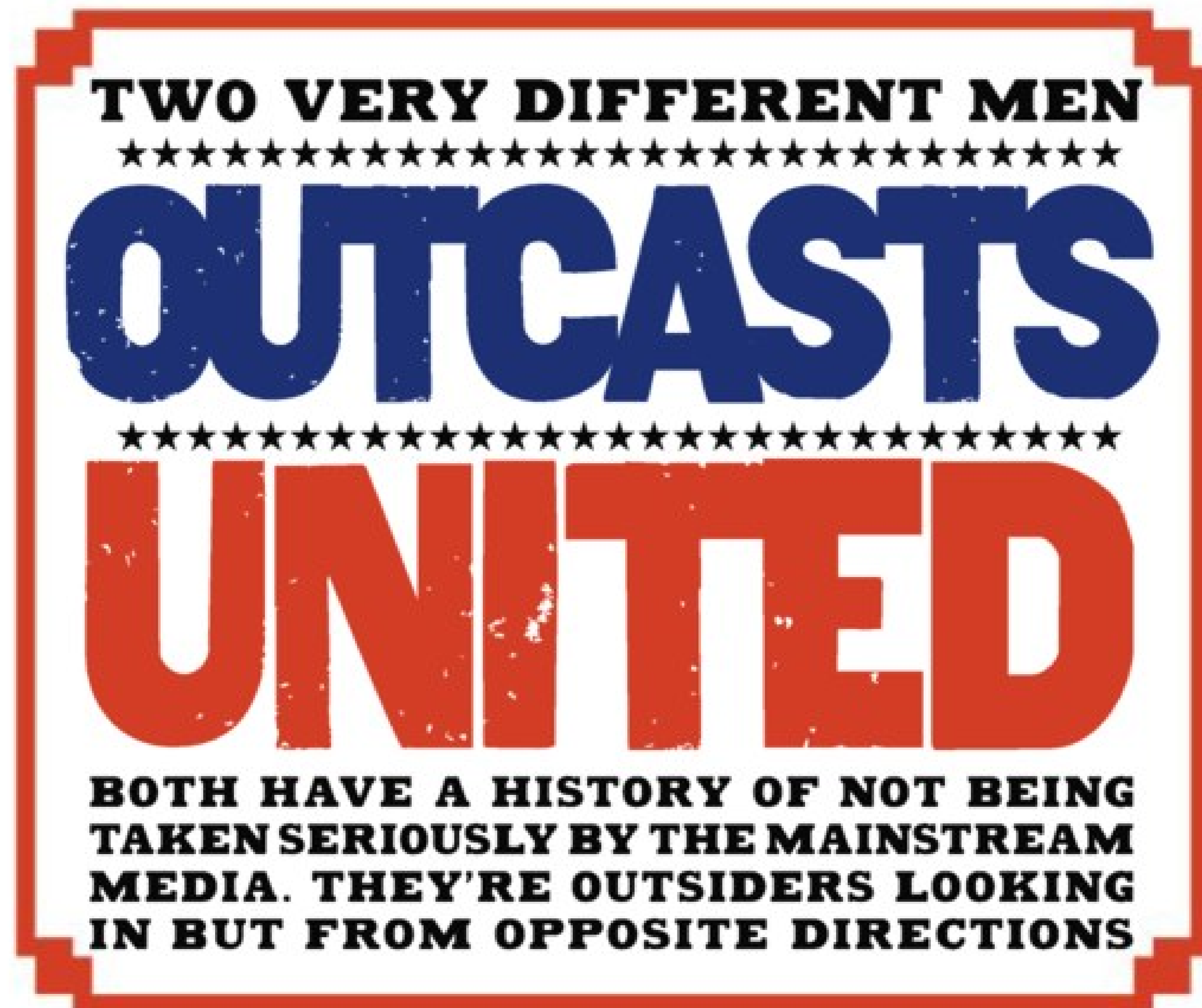
BREITBART: I don't know what you're talking about.

KRASSNER: I'll give you a few examples related to my own experience. One would be abortion rights. During the 1960s, when abortion was still illegal, if a woman was a victim of botched back-alley surgery and went to a hospital, they

were required to call the police, who would not allow a doctor to give her a painkiller before interrogating her. I ran a free underground abortion-referral service and was subpoenaed by district attorneys in two cities, but I refused to testify. Two, marijuana decriminalization. My position is that as long as any government can arbitrarily decide which drugs are legal and which are illegal, then anyone behind bars for a nonviolent drug offense is a political prisoner. I started smoking pot in 1965, and I still do, only now it's medical. And three, gay rights, from "don't ask, don't tell" to same-sex marriage, which is not the slightest threat to heterosexual marriage. I mean, take Arnold Schwarzenegger, Bill Clinton, Newt Gingrich, John Edwards, David Vitter—please! In 1979 I covered the trial of Dan White for *The San Francisco Bay Guardian*. He had killed progressive mayor George Moscone and openly gay supervisor Harvey Milk.

BREITBART: Dan White was a Democrat, and Harvey Milk was a libertarian.

KRASSNER: I'll put those labels aside, though. When White was sentenced to only seven years for a double political assassination, I got caught in the





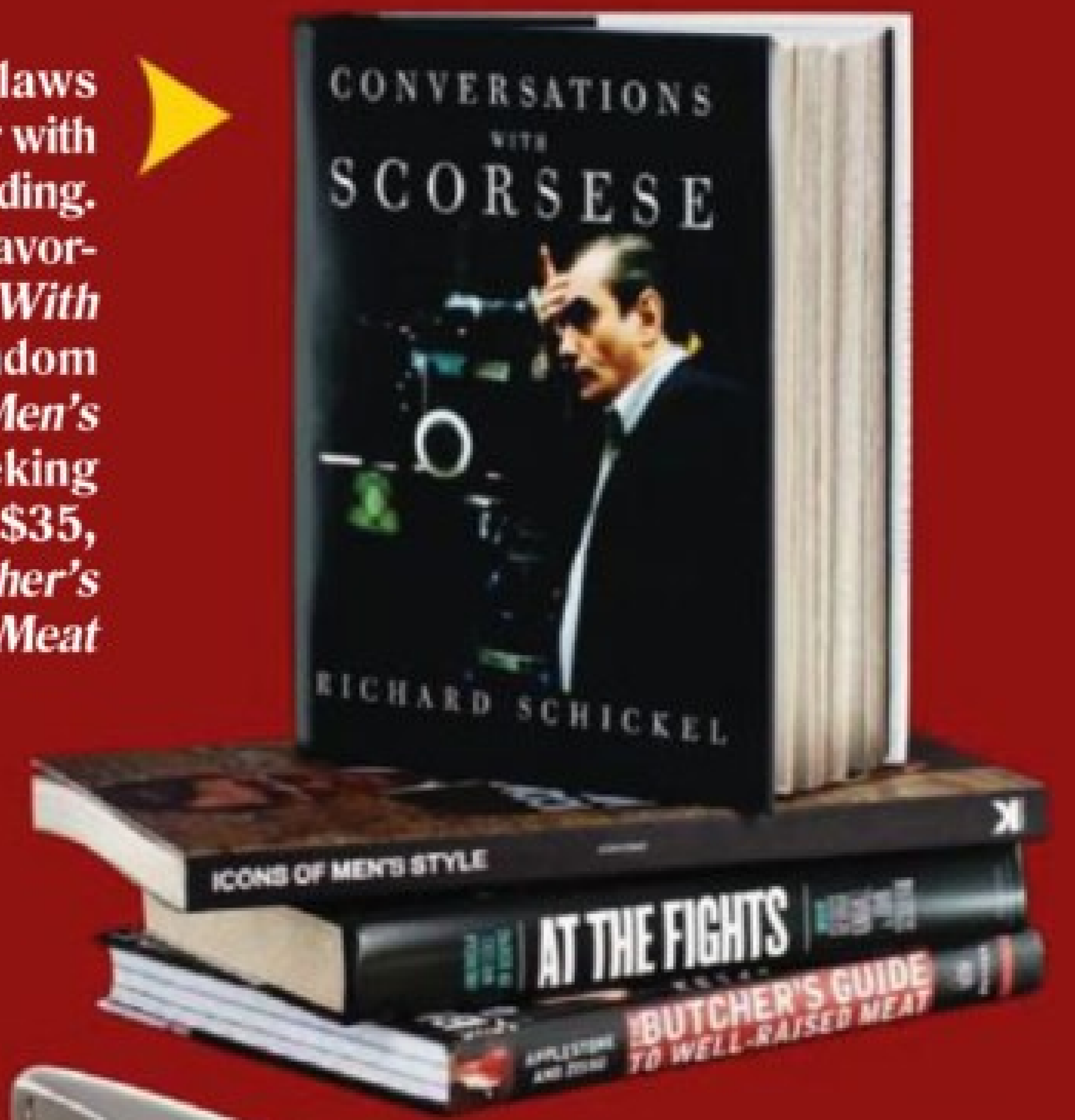
"I don't think my boyfriend cares what I wear tonight. It will all come off later anyway."

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

Who needs GPS? Garrett Wade's Fishing Dory Rescue compass (\$83, garrettwade.com) recalls a time when men were able to find their way in the world without having their exact coordinates beamed into their hands via satellite. So try to get lost—we dare you.



Drown out your in-laws after the holiday dinner with some red-blooded reading. A few of our recent favorites: *Conversations With Scorsese* (\$30, randomhouse.com), *Icons of Men's Style* (\$30, laurenceking.com), *At the Fights* (\$35, loa.org) and *The Butcher's Guide to Well-Raised Meat* (\$28, fleishers.com).



Proof that the world revolves around you: Dunhill Spinning Earth cuff links (\$368, dunhill.com). The natural green markings of these azurite beauties make them look like little globes. In fact, each has a unique pattern.



THE PLAYBOY

Holiday Gift Guide

THIS YEAR, SHOP FOR THE ONE YOU LOVE MOST: YOURSELF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GREG SLATER

Go back in time with the Seagull 1963 Air Force watch (\$389, seagull1963.com), an official re-creation of the timepiece worn by the MiG-17 pilots of the Vietnam war-era People's Liberation Army. The hand-wound multifunction chronograph is distinguished by a fabric strap and a set of Chinese characters that mean "China—Tianjin Watch Factory."

Inspired by the classic sheen of early Leica handheld cameras, Fujifilm takes digital photography to new levels of chic with its X100 Finepix (\$1,200, finepix-x100.com). With a chassis cast from magnesium alloy and enveloped in a leather-like laminate, the X100 will bring you closer to taking photographs like the pros.



It's in the bag. In this case, the leather weekender (\$1,360, basilracuk.com) from northern California bagman extraordinaire Basil Racuk.



Worldknives.com specializes in blades made by artisans worldwide. Pictured: pocketknives from France's Coutellerie Chambriard (\$100) and Germany's Hartkopf (\$90).



Let there be light. The Classified Moto vintage motorcycle lamp (\$200, classifiedmoto.bigcartel.com) illuminates a room with the help of repurposed motorcycle parts.



How about a nice rack for the holidays? The Stags Leap Appellation Collection (\$1,450, stagsleapdistrict.com) features one bottle of the 2007 vintage from all 18 wineries in Napa Valley's vaunted Stags Leap district—every one of them a gem. As for the rack itself, it's called Flow (\$48, black-blum.com), and it mounts to whichever wall is most handy.

You say, "I can't believe it! You got me a Porsche!" She says, "It's the all-new seventh-generation 911 [\$82,100, porsche.com]*—faster, sleeker, more efficient than ever.*" You say, "Shall we go for a ride?" She answers with a smile, "You bet. And after that, let's take out the Porsche."





What do you get for your coffee-enthusiast better half? The Espressione Cafe Retro (\$400, electra-craft.com), replete with a coated metal housing, chrome accents, a temperature gauge, a lever-style steam valve and toggle switches. Pep up.

Cuban cigars are hard to come by. However, Joyas de Panama has found a way around government sanctions: Its cigars are made with organic Cuban seed tobacco (prices vary, joyasdepanamacigars.com). Spark yours with an Xikar EXII Havana Collection lighter (\$100, xikar.com).



Just in time for the NFL playoffs comes Sharp's 70-inch LCD Aquos Quattron (\$4,800, sharpusa.com). It's the largest 3-D TV on the market, and it's thinner than Kate Moss. Now that turns us on.



Midcentury modern is in again. And so, behold the Oviedo chaise from Restoration Hardware (\$2,525, restorationhardware.com). Its leather-cushioned curves atop a sleek chrome base and woven leather suspension system comfort the body, making this lounge chair a gem in any era.



The Germans are known for their frothy brews, fast cars and engineering feats. You can add straight-razor cutlery to the list as well. The Dovo Solingen (\$145, nashvilleknifeshop.com) is a high-carbon, hollow-ground 6/8 blade with decorative etchings and a black handle with a hidden center pin.



Celebrating its 50th birthday this year, the McIntosh 275 vacuum-tube amplifier (\$4,500, mcintoshlabs.com) came out the same year as John Coltrane's *My Favorite Things*. Some true audiophiles claim the rich and silky sonics of this 75-pound beast have yet to be topped. One of our favorite things indeed.



You're not being the ball, Danny. That's because you are not using Sweet Wood Golf's hickory-shafted iron set (\$3,000, sweetwoodgolf.com). The heads are made of soft carbon steel for serious power. Got wood? Now you do.



Drinks by the Dram offers 30-milliliter samples of expensive rare single malts on the cheap (prices vary, masterofmalt.com). Pair yours with a Glencairn crystal glass (\$13, scotchwhiskyglass.com).



As the saying goes, water is wet. Stay above it in a gorgeous Guillemot hand-made canoe or kayak. Boat builder Nick Schade offers custom boats and DIY plans so you can craft your own ark. Pictured here: the Nymph (price varies, guillemot-kayaks.com).

The Swann Sports-Cam (\$100, swann.com) is waterproof, can mount on just about anything and captures great video—no matter how fast you're moving.



What once seemed a far-fetched futuristic idea from an H.G. Wells novel is now reality: Recon Instruments has produced the world's first GPS device for ski and snowboard goggles (\$400, reconinstruments.com).



This Turms redwood shoe-care case (\$700) is from Montegrano, a tiny town in Italy known for its shoemakers. The boot is Tricker's C-Shadow Gorse Elastic (\$505). Both are at thebureau Belfast.com.



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BY
JOHN HODGMAN

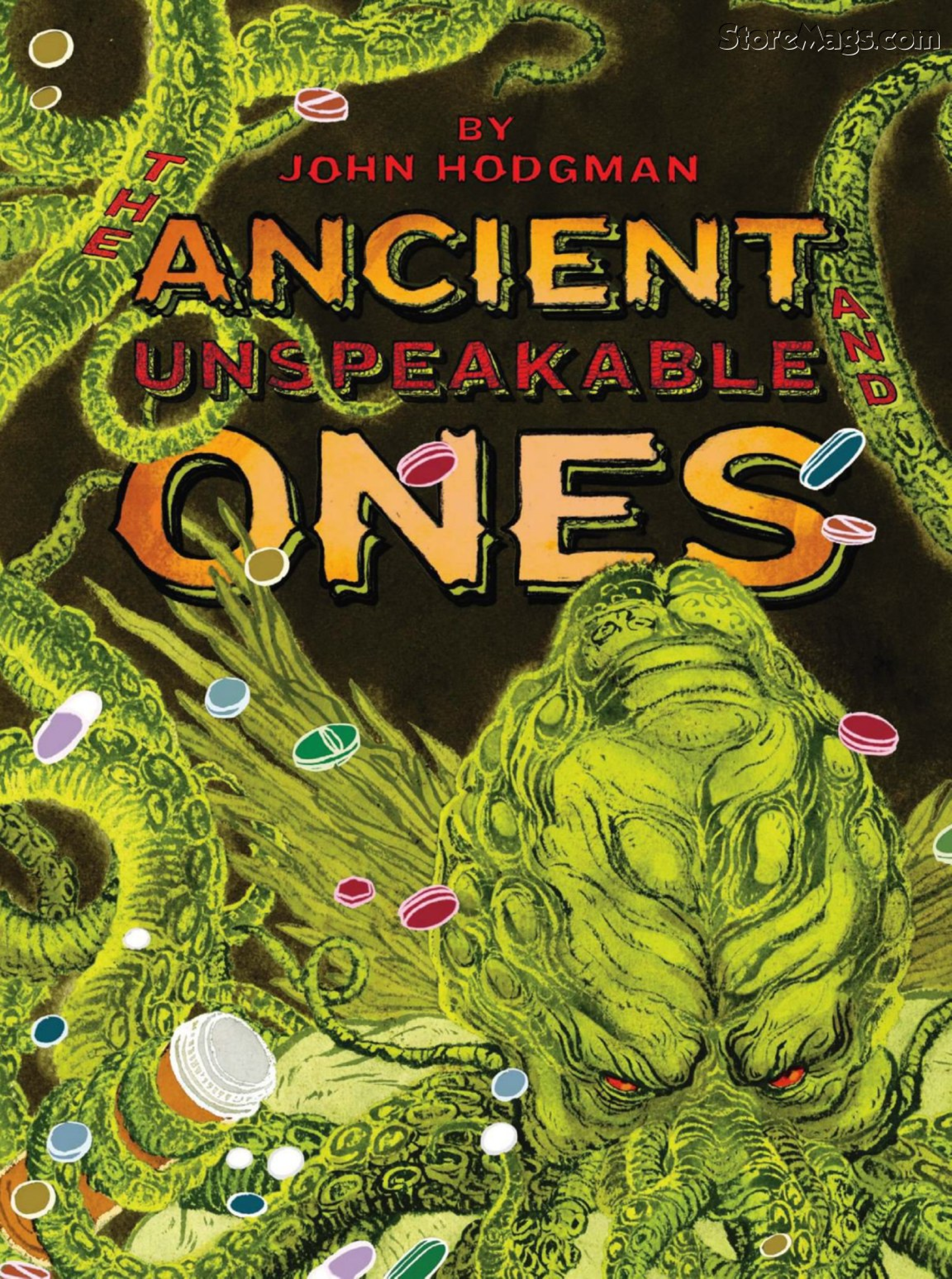
THE

ANCIENT

UNSPEAKABLE

AND

ONES





ASTHMATIC H U M O R WRITER AND THE DAILY SHOW'S "RESI- DENT EXPERT" ON THE FREAK- ISH AND THE ANTIFACTUAL SHARES HIS DRUG-ADDLED DREAMS

A

As you know from my previous writings, I am an asthmatic, and I have been all my life. But I have never considered this a curse.

For one, it excused me from countless gym classes, thus instilling in me a love of OBSERVING LIFE FROM THE LITERAL SIDELINES and A LIFELONG FEAR OF THE HUMAN TOUCH.

And for two, it gave me the opportunity to experiment with many lung-altering drugs that opened not only my bronchial tubes¹ but also MY MIND.

Many a night I have spent sleepless, my mind and heart quickened by heavy doses of albuterol, various inhaled steroids, my cache of long-off-the-market antihistamines, two humidifiers and a medicinal tumbler of a special smooth-muscle relaxant called gin. This potent cocktail attuned me to the old ways and ancient rituals that our modern society has largely forsaken in the name of "PROGRESS" and "NOT SACRIFICING HUMANS." And at times, I have even become INTOXICATED with visions of a world that remains unseen to you, the normally breathing person.

¹ THE LITTLE SNAKES THAT LIVE IN YOUR LUNGS AND BREATHE FOR YOU.



Indeed, it was under the influence of a massive dose of prednisone that my inner eye first opened to many invisible truths, such as:

- DOGS CANNOT SPEAK, no matter what the Nazis claimed.
- WALLPAPER IS FOOLING YOU into thinking that it does not change its pattern.
- WATER DOES NOT BOIL BECAUSE OF “SCIENCE”; it boils because the fire puts a BUBBLE CURSE on it.
- IF YOU STARE AT TREES LONG ENOUGH, you can get the wind to blow through them with your MIND.
- ALL OF US SHARE A GROUP CONSCIOUSNESS and also the same exact memory of eating in the Heath School cafeteria in Brookline, Massachusetts while the kid who got to see R-rated movies gave a scene-by-scene description of *THE FOG*.
- FROGS HAVE HALLUCINOGENIC SKIN, but you can’t activate it unless you first TEAR THEM APART WITH YOUR HANDS.
- YOU HAVE TO GROW A MUSTACHE. YOU HAVE TO GROW A MUSTACHE. YOU HAVE TO GROW A MUSTACHE.

And of course I became aware of THE ANCIENT AND UNSPEAKABLE ONES.

Perhaps you have heard whispers of them or read of them in ancient Babylonian texts in the forbidden rooms of the university library. There are some old fairy tales where you may still see reference to their dreadful names—the unedited European fairy tales that are not afraid to deal candidly with child mutilation. Or perhaps you heard them invoked in the whispers of the adult dinner party conversations that you snuck down the staircase to hear as a child. Perhaps your parents were planning to sacrifice you to one of them. This happened a fair amount at dinner parties in the 1970s.

I will explain as best I can.

THE ANCIENT AND UNSPEAKABLE ONES are not gods precisely, nor are they precisely demons. But they are creatures so old, fierce, uncaring and powerful that many called them those names. They are avatars of our deepest fears, monstrous intelligences from the far-flung outer dimensions of the many-verse or perhaps dimensions that exist WITHIN OUR VERY OWN MINDS.

Whatever the case, they were the First Ones in this universe, and they will be the last, their deathless lives a pair of slimy parentheses around the pathetically brief cosmic aside that is humanity. And they once ruled this world.

A number of them built great cities that some called Atlantis and some called R’lyeh and some called Detroit, and they were worshipped there by fanatics and madmen and art students. And then they killed those worshippers and cursed those cities or hid them beneath the crashing waves, because THE ANCIENT AND UNSPEAKABLE ONES crave destruction as much as they crave creation. Or sometimes they just messed up and built the cities too heavy for the pontoons. Their hideous, hideous pontoons.

FROM *THAT IS ALL* BY JOHN HODGMAN, AVAILABLE FROM DUTTON IN NOVEMBER.

Others of their kin dwelled alone, secretly, not just in the deep places of the earth, as chose the Century Toad², but also in the banal, forgotten places that are all around us: in your half-memories, in the crisper drawer in the refrigerator, in that space just beyond your vision, attached with its little teeth to the part of your back that you cannot reach. THERE IS PROBABLY ONE SLEEPING IN YOUR CAR RIGHT NOW. THE HIGH DOSES OF PREDNISONE ARE TELLING ME SO.

And there, in time, they were forgotten. And over eons, forgetting even themselves, they fell asleep, to wait until the signs emerged, the omens and portents aligned and the conditions were right for their return.

The *Americanomicon* tells us that this will happen on June 3, 2012.

What will happen when they come?

Some will be destroyers, full of a fathomless rage that you cannot quell, even with MONEY.

Some will be tricksters, who will come to you kindly with offers of power and gifts³ before they enslave you.

Others are just snobs, full of bitterness at a world that refuses to worship them and their self-consciously esoteric preferences in music, film, technology and other dimensions.⁴

All of them will be pretty hungry, unfortunately.

What do they look like? They are almost indescribable to the sane.

What can I tell you of Ath-Masticath, the Mouth Cloud? You will not see him until his 10 million mouths are EATING YOUR EYES!

(Also, his 10 million mouths have NO LIPS. GROSS.)

What can I tell you of Juggoth, God of Atheists Who Is Himself an Atheist? What good will it be to explain that he does not believe that even HE is a god but simply a flesh-and-blood creature from another time-space? You cannot reason with him. YOU CANNOT EVEN TELL WHICH IS THE FLESH AND WHICH IS THE BLOOD.

What can I tell you about Solomon Deadfist, the Corpse-Handed? I THINK THAT HIS NAME PRETTY MUCH SUMS IT UP.

I mean, if you were to force me, I guess I’d say they more or less look like crazy snakes or giant squids wearing graduation robes. BUT I DARE SAY NO MORE, LEST YOU GO MAD.

All that you need to know is that it will be terrifying to behold them, and not merely because they are disgusting.

What is terrifying is to contemplate a life in which there are things that do not care about you and that will last long past all forgetting of you and everything you have done.

In this way, they are as unsettling as human children, only with tentacles.

But once you have accepted their reality, things get easier somehow. You will embrace darkness. Or perhaps be put into a cocoon of dread silk and human scabs and saved for later consumption. Either way, you tend to get a lot calmer about the little things.

² PLEASE SEE PAGE 569 OF MORE INFORMATION THAN YOU REQUIRE UNDER THE HEADING “ANSWERS TO YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT THE MOLE-MEN.”

³ ONE WAY TO SPOT AN ANCIENT AND UNSPEAKABLE ONE, ASIDE FROM THE FANGS AND THE DOZENS OF EYES THAT FILL YOU WITH NAUSEATING DREAD, IS THAT THEIR “GIFTS” ARE TERRIBLE. USUALLY IT’S SOMETHING LIKE AN ORANGE OR A GIFT CARD OR A CARD WITH “IOU ONE BACK RUB” WRITTEN IN BLOOD.

⁴ EVERYONE KNOWS THAT DIMENSION 29 IS PLAYED OUT.



“Gee, Santa, when you said you’d shower me with gifts, I imagined Tiffany or Cartier, not Toys Я Us.”



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

LEEANN TWEEDEN—MODEL, PATRIOT AND THE FURIOUSLY HOT HOST OF *POKER AFTER DARK*—LAYS DOWN HER CARDS

If you're a professional poker player, you know not to chase an inside straight and are careful not to get bluffed out of a pot on the flop. But some dangers will blindsides you—like appearing on NBC's *Poker After Dark* and finding yourself completely distracted by the vision of



your hostess, Leeann Tweeden.

"A lot of the poker players are math whizzes, MIT grads with multiple doctorates," Leeann reports. "They're brilliant, and they're cool people, but a lot of them are not socialized. They spend their time online." So when she interviews the players, she says, the

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ODETTE SUGERMAN

TEXT BY
GAVIN EDWARDS







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reaction is often hormone-induced paralysis: "Ooohhh, pretty girl."

Leeann may not have advanced degrees, but she was smart enough to graduate high school early, at the age of 16, in Manassas, Virginia. She then won a model-search contest and moved to Hollywood. "I never had to be a waitress or a call girl," she says. Instead, she became a model for Frederick's of Hollywood, a regular on ESPN2's *Fitness Beach* and, for nearly seven years, a correspondent for Fox Sports' *Best Damn Sports Show Period*. On segments for that show, Dontrelle Willis taught her how to throw a curveball, Jeff Gordon instructed her on the fine points of driving 200 mph, and the Golden Knights (the Army's parachute team) let her jump out of an airplane with them. "I'm definitely a daredevil," she says with a winning grin.

Leeann's latest thrill: posing for *PLAYBOY*. It's not her first time. Back in 1996 she appeared on an Olympics-themed cover but declined to do a pictorial. "Growing up, I was sort of prudish about being nude," she explains. Now, at 38, she's ready: "I'm secure in who I am now. I've always been a goody-two-shoes girl, but I'm making a choice to shake things up. Posing for *PLAYBOY* is iconic. All these women I look up to have done it, like Cindy Crawford, Elle Macpherson and Bo Derek."

One person Leeann hasn't told yet about her *PLAYBOY* adventure: Sean Hannity, the Fox News host. She frequently appears on his show. "I don't know if he'll look at me differently now when I'm sitting next to him, talking politics," she says. Leeann is fiscally conservative and socially liberal and a full-on American patriot. "I'm more libertarian than anything," she says. "Gay marriage is fine with me, and I think women should have a right to an abortion. But I would like to have more accountability for the welfare system, which is really breaking the bank."

Leeann would love to have her own talk show one day. Other goals: hosting a travel show, writing a book, visiting Tasmania. She's dated sports stars Josh Beckett and Dale Earnhardt Jr., but a year ago she married a JetBlue pilot. "When we started dating, he was still in the active-duty Air Force," she says. "He has flown me over Iraq with Robin Williams, John Elway and the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff." That sounds like the setup for a joke, but it was actually during a USO tour, one of 16 Leeann has done.

Her most memorable one involved flying into Baghdad two weeks after the statue of Saddam Hussein had been pulled down. She sang backup vocals with Rebecca Romijn on "Sweet Home Alabama," with Kid Rock on guitar and vocals. "We were the first civilians in," Leeann says.

The celebrities stayed in Kuwait, a dry country—which didn't stop Kid Rock ("Bobby" to his friends) from sneaking in some liquor. "I was thinking, We're going to get kicked out of this country," Leeann says. "But the boy just has a good time." She laughs. She doesn't have to say it: The girl has a good time too.



“POSING FOR *PLAYBOY* IS ICONIC,” SAYS LEEANN. “ALL THESE WOMEN I LOOK UP TO HAVE DONE IT, LIKE CINDY CRAWFORD, ELLE MACPHERSON AND BO DEREK.”





DARK WAS THE NIGHT

(continued from page 78)

jacaranda. The halls he haunted teemed with hundreds of the brightest people alive. His team was perfecting a vidicon camera that might one day look back and snap the globe it left behind. The future shone stupidly bright. Nothing did more for progress than a good arms race, and the globe's two mortal foes between them had launched a couple dozen spacecraft in half a dozen years. JPL had smacked one into the Moon two months earlier, and they were sending one to Venus in August.

But that heady rush was sobered by one massive catch. The pitiless laws of physics bricked in humanity behind a wall that nobody from Pasadena to Moscow could see their way around or under. *Mariner* had already pushed the limit of how much combustion you could squeeze through a thruster. Bigger rockets were coming, but even the fastest would take half a lifetime to putz their way to any moderately ambitious target, by which time their payloads would be long expired. Mankind was trapped in the inner planets for as far into the future as any instrument could peer.

The cosmic-ray Da Vinci played with the strings of melted cheese oozing from his sandwich, toying with the momentous news. With a dazed smile, he said that a new kid at JPL, a mathematician grad student named Minovitch, no older than Bruno, seemed to have come up with something big. The revolving planets themselves could impart massive amounts of energy to a probe, simply by pulling it along in their wakes.

Bruno pictured a payload, as small as a mid-range U-Haul, coming in along the plane of Jupiter's orbit, sucked toward the Jovian surface even as that surface raced breakneck in its own solar loop. Then the craft skidded off tangent to the planet at just the right moment, flung outward by a slingshot 10 times the size of the earth.

Bruno was skeptical. He asked: How much would we gain?

Cosmic Ray da Vinci poked Bruno in the sternum with a greasy finger, forever staining Bruno's best tie.

For a planet the size of Jupiter and a vehicle the size of *Mariner*? Tens of thousands of kilometers an hour.

Two feelings washed over Bruno at once: bitter jealousy that he hadn't thought of something so obvious, and gratitude that someone else had. A brightness out of nowhere left him with a helpless, shit-eating grin too big for his face to contain, much like the ones that had ached for days after the births of his sons.

We're free, he said.

Da Vinci tipped his head into the breeze of the evidence.

On the ride home on Route 66 that evening, Bruno aired out the radio, one ridiculously buoyant tune after the other. A girl named Little Eva sang, *So come on,*

come on, do the Loco-motion with me—music so vital and innocent it sounded like enlightenment or brain damage. America waking up, taking off its clothes, ready to cut loose. The tune made its way outward from the planet in all directions at 300 million meters per second. Before long, the stars would hear it.

Whether because of the consolidol or a powerful placebo effect, old Bruno retrieves that distant evening with surprising resolution: the starter hacienda on South Allen waiting for him as if he still lived there. Min Jee at the door, still alive and frightened by all his needless smiling. Number One son tackling his calves even before Dad can get across the living room, babbling in that mix of human and prelapsarian tongues. Bruno recalls it all in agonizing detail, everything except for what he and this woman could have been thinking, playing house and building spacecraft and having kids as if they weren't still children themselves.

He watches the two-year-old tug him to the bedroom where the newborn lay cackling in his crib. And while Min Jee sat in the front room, doing freelance calculations for the lab on an electronic adding machine the size of a suitcase, Bruno and Number One son played with the newcomer, chattering to him in a dialect that met the infant's otherworldly hubbub halfway. Bruno bobbed a toy orrery mobile just above Number Two son, as if fishing, while the infant grabbed at the colored felt balls with squeals of delight and rage as the globes slipped in and out of his grasp. And Number One son, laughing like a banshee—*He's gonna grab it! He's gonna do it! He can't! He will!*

The felt planets spun and the tiny arms reached, and *Oh my boys*, still-young Bruno thinks while old Bruno listens in from deep space, *my lucky, lucky boys: You will go to the Moon.*

1965–1969

Old Bruno settles into the daily ritual of a clinical trial. Every morning, one of three different PAs pokes and prods him, taking his vitals and his less than vitals. They rap him with a rubber tomahawk and shine a penlight into his eyes. Every day he must reassure them that the drug isn't making him feverish. He has run hot—100.1—his whole life. He explains his pathological fear of the arm cuff and what it does to his blood pressure, but they write the spikes down anyway. Every little anomaly makes them nervous. And it should, with millions in R&D on the line. If the drug works, it'll be a gold mine, outgrossing all the erection drugs put together. But if one of these 36 test rabbits kicks off while no one is looking, it will set the race for dementia preventatives back by a decade.

They test his balance, reflexes, muscle strength: things impossible to fake. A tech draws two vials of blood for a full blood count. And every other morning, a pleasant but guarded psychologist takes him through a gauntlet of timed

cognitive tests. *What month will it be half a year from now? Repeat this sentence, backward: Everyone enjoys a walk in the park on a sunny day. Find four things that are different between these two scenes.*

In the afternoons he walks, although there's nothing but suburban mixed commercial scrubland for miles in every direction. In the evenings, after dinner with the other subjects, when the only conversation consists of who is feeling what mental effects, he sits under the trees, sneaks a cigarette and tries to remember the names of his colleagues from half a century ago.

The guy who realized that humanity had a once-in-176-year chance staring it in the face was named Flandro. Gary. Another damn summer intern; half the crucial contributions to the third great age of exploration came from 20-somethings. In '65, Flandro pointed out that in another dozen years, all the outer planets would line up. Humans had one fleeting shot to put together a Grand Tour that would pay a visit to every stop between here and the edge of the solar system.

By then, *Apollo* ruled. The only thing the politicians could talk about was getting to the Moon and fortifying it before the Reds could steal it out from under us. To Bruno, the Moon was nothing but a lifeless Azores, good only as a first stepping-stone to the real prizes. Half the wizards at JPL resented manned flight: too costly and risky, too pathetically tethered to near-Earth. A bumbling human could do nothing that a fault-tolerant robot couldn't do better. Bruno dined with genius systems guys who figured that earthlings ought to spend a few lifetimes flinging around better and better probes in all directions, just to get a feel for the place. Unfortunately, the systems guys would never run the country; that job belonged to the Innies, those who could not think much beyond the stratosphere. And the Innies knew that for most people on Earth, an adventure needed heroes at the helm. The only dramas worth heavy funding had to involve some chance of someone dying.

But Flandro's discovery—that one shot for a Grand Tour—did something, even for the Innies. Miss that tiny window, and wait another two centuries. Now there was a dare worth a few hundred million. It promised great returns in national prestige, even long-range security—a race that both the Innies and the Outies could love. JPL's group of mixed specialists, 5,000 people strong, had a bit over a decade to pull off the most spectacular journey in history.

The vidicon team took a fair amount of shit along the way. The slow-scan cameras they assembled were not, perhaps, the sexiest instruments on the sensor list. The craft would carry low-field and high-field magnetometers, a charged-particle detector, a plasma spectrometer, a cosmic ray subsystem, ultraviolet and infrared spectrometers and, oh: a couple cameras with



"On, Dasher! On, Dancer! And Prancer—get off Vixen!"

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a spinning filter wheel, to snap some pretty pictures for the crowds back home. The ribbing got old, but the cameras got increasingly brilliant. Bruno worked on controlling the things through the flight-data subsystem. That meant bridging two different teams, and he soon became the messenger that both cultures wanted to kill. The days filled with impossible problems and miserable setbacks. But the months were glorious in their returns.

The years, for their part, went by like a two-minute drill. Another child. Two chaotic moves into new houses. A couple thousand trips back and forth to work. A quick journey back to Korea after the death of Minnie's father, to a split country of hardscrabble people who spooked his suburban SoCal boys, raised on the *Romper Room* pledge of allegiance. Bruno camps on the oak deck behind the inpatient facility, estimating: three kids, five years, 500 grams of hair and nail clippings, 400 kilos of diapers, 12,000 kilos of food, 30,000 kilos of fuel.... Crossing the universe in a small, closed boat....

The calculations take forever. He's fuzzy and unsure. Simple arithmetic trips him up, and his guesses waver. The drug may be doing something, but not enough. The cloud is swallowing him.

Bruno outdoors, underdressed, watches a freak early snowfall hit the hairs of his arm. The spectacular kaleidoscopes of crystal—each uniquely assembled from the fixed vee of water's covalent bonds—touch the flaming sun of him and vanish. One by one the white specks surrender to clear half globes, gelid on his papery skin. But there's strength in numbers. The scattered flakes in the air start to thicken. The pellets hit him and linger a little longer, cheeky, taunting. Soon they veil him.

At dinner he sits next to an ex-nun and onetime schoolteacher who still seems pretty sharp. She's curious about him. You worked for NASA?

Well, he explains, it's complicated. JPL: its own federally funded, private-university-affiliated rogue state.

Were you involved with the Moon landing?

They only ever want to know about the Moon. Before he can think of something sardonic, a former bond trader asks: So where were you all when the *Eagle* landed? The stories pour out. Everyone wants to take their drug-tuned cortices out for a test spin.

Two things bother Bruno:

1. Too many people in this group report good results. A 36-participant trial should have several controls. But almost everybody in the facility says they feel brighter than they did last week. It maddens him to think that life may offer no better antidote than a mix of hope and placebo.

2. He himself has no strong memory of the Moon landing. He must have been busy. He does remember the waves of collective euphoria, the next season's sudden collapse of interest and the quick fall of the ax.

So why don't we have colonies on Mars by now? the bond salesman teases. You guys promised.

Everyone turns to Bruno. He wants to flip Bond Boy the bird. The two-phalange version has great startle value. We got you to

Neptune, he says. And you know what it cost you? Eight cents a year, per person.

Embarrassed silence falls over the whole table. Bruno scratches his head, ruffling his last few wisps of hair. This drug makes me cranky, he says. He points to the bond salesman's plate. You gonna finish those fries?

1971

Sleep is an aborted mission tonight. Older fields of cosmic debris must be navigated first, thanks to the nootropic that he now can't believe he has volunteered to take. He'd drop out, but he can't bear to screw up the sample. Would the field-testing docs take his anxiety flare-ups seriously if he told them? Fat chance. They will bury in a heartbeat anything short of thrombosis. It would take far worse side effects to derail their next blockbuster.

He lies in bed, hearing his pulse pound in his ears. The Ghost of Christmas Past sits on the foot of Bruno's bed, hustling him back into earthly politics. Nineteen seventy-one, the holiday party at JPL: a gathering as cheer-filled as a child's funeral. The Grand Tour project managers, huddling around the punch bowl, slugged back paper cups of wassail in volume sufficient to numb the insult and sterilize their injuries. Bruno recalls most of their names now, but he doesn't need to. They're a single person, raging against President Lazy Shave—Tricky Dick Nixon himself, handing out pink slips from the White House.

That asshole. It's still 1960 for him. He's doing this to stick it to the Kennedys. First he kills the ERC in Cambridge....

And Fletcher doesn't do squat to fight back....

Now the bastard wants to starve us to death.

Still a little money for the shuttle, though.

The shuttle? Piece of flimsy crap. I've seen better spacecraft given away free inside cereal boxes.

Not even a spacecraft. Low orbit. What can you do in low orbit? And it'll run five times the price of a probe, every time they launch it.

Bruno made the rounds. The room was full of carnage. Pasadena's Tet. Lots of folks threatening to bail out into industry or higher ed. The Soviets were beaten; the Innies had seen Americans golfing on the Moon, and now they were bored. The party was over. The Grand Tour was dead. The budget included a meager sum for a trip no farther than Saturn. Most of the rest of the money was for military satellites, even while America's wire-guided troops in Nam were being beaten by bamboo *punji* stakes.

Bruno found the imaging team leader in a quiet corner, eating *Weihnachtsstollen* and listening to Jim Nabors Christmas songs.

You're the only one in this room who isn't traumatized, Bruno said.

It's a bloodbath, his boss conceded. His voice hedged.

But...?

The man turned to Bruno with a deniable grin visible from 40 years away.

But we still have our once-in-a-lifetime alignment. You think anyone around here is going to stop at Saturn? Washington doesn't have to know, until years from now

and a billion kilometers too far to call the puppy back.

The imaging leader looked out the louvered window, and Bruno followed his gaze. Somewhere in the empty blue, the Grand Tour was rising from its own ashes, in bits and pieces added discreetly onto the official mission. And to the sound of "O Holy Night" sung by America's most beloved country bumpkin, Bruno feels himself dropping into a lovely unconsciousness that looks a whole lot like deep space.

1977

Two craft, each the size of a motel room, a decade in the making, would sit atop gargantuan Roman candles and be jacked into outer space. The mere thought of entrusting his life's work to anything so iffy as a rocket corroded Bruno's stomach. He'd always been a miserable gambler, and years of exploring all the ways a machine could go wrong had left him a total coward. And yet: His cameras in space, snapping pictures like the most shameless of tourists, a billion clicks from home. Never such godly excitement again.

Voyager 2 would launch first, on August 20. *Voyager 1*, set for tighter trajectories, would follow two weeks later. Both were hopeful monsters, ungainly hodgepodes of 65,000 parts all talking to one another. Antenna dish, polygonal instrument bus and gawky booms, the whole kludge crammed with as much miniaturized computing power as would fit, all wrapped in thermal blankets and powered by thermoelectric generators nibbling on precious radioisotopes that, with luck, would carry the robotic vessels up next to the giant outer planets, then out of the system, beyond the solar winds and into interstellar space. But before anything else, each would have to break through the atmosphere on a pillar of fire.

The checkout process racked up 3,500 significant problems and failures. The last months built to a wild crisis of swap-outs and ad-libs, what the punch-drunk crews took to calling "critical late activities." Fumes from a distant paint job wiped out a bank of delicate sensors. The 10 final weeks were a hell of continuous emergency shifts. On a rare trip home one night, Bruno mistook Number Three son for Number Two. Min covered for him—told the boy it was just Daddy's joke.

The craft launched from Florida while thousands of JPL personnel crouched around screens in the giant control room in California, munching on peanuts. They'd honored the ritual since the Ranger missions in the '60s, when peanut eating was empirically proven to determine the difference between disaster and success.

The *Centaur* rocket did its job. But the trauma of launch sent *V-2* into a nervous breakdown. Its onboard computers responded to the underestimated vibrations by curling up like a hedgehog. During the dozen recovery attempts, Bruno was sure that the whole enterprise was lost. When ground controllers at last coaxed the stunned creature back to life, he checked himself out for three days of medical leave.

Bruno had opposed the two items of extra-

aside from the designers could decode the instructions. Noncarbon life-forms that relied on remote taste and thermal hearing were going to struggle.

And once the aliens smacked their reptilian foreheads with their tentacles and figured it out—*Ach, we need a spindle! And some speakers!*—the real lesson in bewilderment would be just starting. Ninety minutes of music, heavy on the Teutonic: It was like the Nazi rocketeers were still running the program. An hour of Sagan's future wife's brain waves. Then the photos: Sand dunes. A supermarket. The Golden Gate Bridge. A water hole. A gymnast. One hundred and fifteen images in all, selected for total incoherence. Of course, the designers didn't dare include a photo of any naked bodies. Wouldn't want extraterrestrials to see any

glossies of our front private parts.

No Vietnam? Min Jee asked. No Holocaust, Bruno? No nuclear stockpiles?

No Sex Pistols? Number One son asked. Three tracks of Bach? You guys are liars.

Bruno told his family that the whole stunt was a waste of payload that could have been used for more interesting things.

I don't know, Dad, Number Three said. They'll be out there for a while. A lot could happen in a billion years.

The engineer cuffed his cub and challenged him to a death match of *Pong*.

1978

The psychologist tests his memory with a handheld app that reminds Bruno of his boys' ancient favorite game, Simon. His numbers rise slowly over the course of a week. At first he can

handle no more than five consecutive flashing colors, at best. By week's end, with some effort, he's back on par with what he could do before the start of his mental falloff. Getting old, as an actress whose name he forgets once said, is not for sissies.

His focus seems to strengthen too, although that may be from quitting the internet cold turkey.

A sexy young researcher in her late 50s trains the test subjects on something new every day. She records their anagram exercises with a stopwatch, a notebook and a camera the size of a joy buzzer. She drills them in vocabulary lists. She has them read a dense article about homeland security, then asks for details a day later. She teaches them a European board game with a million

neous baggage that each craft carried. The aluminum plates engraved with the names of 5,400 contributors to the project struck him as fulsome. Millions of people had built *Voyager*, across the centuries. Why launch just these few names into deep space? He pictured aliens reading the plaque millions of years on: Kranick—what is that, Hungarian?

The Golden Record made him laugh. Sagan had come up with the starry-eyed scheme: a record, with stylus attached, to be played by any space-faring civilization that found the 12-inch-wide message in a bottle in an empty ocean countless light-years wide. The record cover showed instructions for playing, complete with a handy diagram of the transition states of a hydrogen atom, to help with the timing. No human on Earth

little colored pieces of cardboard and wood. Bruno plays with the former nun, a retired insurance agent and a crippled musician who mutters sardonic things to himself as he makes his moves. None of them could have managed the game without the drug. The game takes three hours, and it traces the arc of civilization from first flowering to final collapse. Humanity loses in the end, but it's a footrace.

The drug is definitely juking him up. Everything reminds him of something else. He can sit for long periods of time, his mind circling a single idea, like a pilgrim winding around the flagstone labyrinth at Chartres. Just by sitting still for an hour, he can re-create, as if on silent Super 8 film, the Kranicks' single-file hike up on a ridge trail in the Sierras, summer of '78, a year after launch. He has taken the family up north on the vacation he's promised Min since before the birth of their surprise fourth child, eight years earlier.

The trail pitches and rises, through scrub oak, madrone, Douglas fir, ponderosa pine. The route gains a few hundred feet on a switchback, then loses them again as the hikers press on. The youngest boy fades but insists he's fine. Bruno keeps to the rear of the parade, nursing him along, sometimes carrying him on his shoulders. Min and the older boys are 50 yards down the trail, dipping down toward a ravine, when they turn smack into a mountain lion. Any one of them could reach out and scratch its ears.

The animal is so beautiful it's unreal. Before Bruno can credit it, the boys go into the drill—that bit of nature-boy lore he taught them to add color to their camping experience. They're magnificent. They make themselves big, arms out wide, claws down to their wrists, teeth bared. They back slowly up the path toward Bruno, who has snagged the little one to keep him from running down to the puma for a better look. He wills Min Jee to make herself big and fierce. Big has always been a problem for her; fierce isn't going to happen in this lifetime. He's afraid to yell at her, for fear of spooking the cat. But the woman isn't even trying. She's just staring,

perfectly happy to get maimed or worse, for a close-up glimpse of something so perfect. She stands and looks, memorizing every muscle, and the animal stares back, bewildered by this crazy little human female. They stand locked in that glance for an eternity—at least two whole minutes—until little Sam, still in Bruno's grip, bleats, *Mom?* His tiny voice sliding upward, at last breaks the spell. The puma decides all six of them are rabid. It turns on its haunches and slips down into the ravine.

Bruno shoots down the path in a flash, grabbing Min, shaking her. She just looks at him, much as she looked at the mountain lion. *Did you see it, Bruno? Alien intelligence. Right here.*

That night, back at camp, they make a fire. They cook a stew Bruno learned how to make in the Army. Min Jee plays her uke and they all sing. Fire and song—some atavistic legacy it will take another million years of evolution to shake. The afternoon's encounter is already just a scrapbook thing. The two oldest boys huddle up to a portable radio and listen to the Dodgers bungle the series, until their batteries die and put them out of their misery. Bruno sets up the telescope, and the five boys and their woman mascot have a star party. The blackness above them splits open like a pomegranate. Seeds everywhere.

Sam asks, *Can we see the Voyagers?*

No, Bruno says. But we can see where they're going.

The boys take turns, bickering over the IDs and accusing one another of hogging the scope. Next time Bruno looks, they will be gone, disappeared down some wormhole into jobs at Northrop Grumman, HP, UPS and GE, with kids of their own, from another planet, raised on social networking and digital growth hormones Bruno can't begin to grasp. But for a moment they're here, around the fire, and loving the long view this night affords them.

Even Min has a look, although without her glasses she can barely find the eyepiece. It's very beautiful, she admits. But when she lifts her head from the scope, he hears her murmur. *Why go anywhere, Bruno? Everything's right here.*



"Monkeys show affection by picking bugs off each other. I'd settle for that."

1979

Past Mars, through the asteroid belt, whipping through the frozen black at unthinkable speeds for a year and a half. But the real dangers were all on Earth. The probes needed weekly tending. Data had to be downloaded from the eight-track, and new routines fed to the computers across the swelling emptiness. Too many uneventful months and the brain goes slack. Routines relaxed; maintenance slipped. A week went by when the minders simply forgot. Abandoned to silence, *Voyager 2* dropped into standby, as programmed. Controllers scrambled to switch it back and couldn't. Small failures cascaded across the shaky loops of systems that connected humans, code and hardware. Two weeks of frantic fire drill managed to burn out the primary receiver. But the reawakened craft plunged on, one frail component away from being lost forever.

Endless boredom punctuated by frenzied bursts: Bruno needs no cognitive enhancer to retrieve from his brain the brutal cycle of those months. But lost until the sixth day of the consolidated trials is that late afternoon in a greasy spoon in West Hollywood with his youngest son, the day when the first Jupiter close-ups hit the news. He and Sam were having purple cows, playing chem lab with the booth's condiments, when a pair of outrageous punks took the booth next to theirs. Sam couldn't get enough of the spiked hair, the first he'd ever seen on any earthling. Bruno, more intent on the skull pendants and Magic Marker swastikas scribbled across the pair's forearms, was trying to get the boy to stop gawking.

Then Jupiter came down to Earth. Mosaics from *V-1*'s narrow-angle camera splashed across the hulking TV above the fountain bar. Everybody in the franchise stopped to look, even the cook and waitresses. The giant planet zoomed in to fill the frame. Bright, sandy, hallucinogenic bands swirled across the gaseous surface, and in their midst spun a cyclone the size of three Earths, a storm that had raged for centuries and would still be raging centuries after everyone on Earth was dead. Something new had entered human thought; nothing in history compared with it. The overthrow of Pol Pot, the fall of the Shah, the French tanker catastrophe in Ireland, snow in the Sahara, China's invasion of Vietnam, the kid who shot up that San Diego elementary school because she didn't like Mondays: All the urgencies of this year would vanish, while humanity's next adventure was just getting started.

The punks in the next booth watched, hypnotized. *Fucking fuck!* the green one said. *Would you look at that?*

Sam sat smirking, sipping, watching, beaming, the kind of adulation no parent gets from a child after the age of 10. You did that, Dad. You.

Me and a million others, Bruno told the boy.

2010

The ex-nun has a spell in the night. It comes on like a heart attack, and the second-shift medical staff go into their emergency drill. Three dozen people in their pajamas, awakened by panic, cower in the hall, wondering

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which of them will go next. The only thing that Bruno wants consolidol to help him remember now is what in creation ever prompted him to squirt the untested stuff up his nose in the first place.

After a nightmarish hour, the nurses gather them all into the large common room and announce that Lisa Keane has simply had a bad reaction to MSG, which slipped into the dinner's salad dressing by accident.

The reprieve only intensifies the drug's effects. The dinnertime debates—on every pretty trinket topic imaginable—grow faster, sharper, hungrier. Bruno's fellow test rabbits start a series of evening lectures. Old crusts who two weeks ago could barely work the *USA Today* crossword puzzle rehearse and perform a very funny read-through of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

On night eight, he's awakened by terrible groans coming through the wall. The guy in the next room, having the massive seizure that so good a drug must necessarily extract as payment. Bruno rushes into the hall, calling the nearest night nurse. He throws open his neighbor's door, ready to do his 1980s-era first aid. In the dark, two startled voices shriek, then giggle. He mumbles an apology and withdraws in shame.

1980s

Jupiter flings the probes outward at twice their approach velocity. Even with that crazy boost, the probes are another two years getting to Saturn. When the pictures come back this time, they're insane. Odd-shaped moons with massive craters. Methane oceans with ridiculous surface densities. Shepherd moons that stabilize the rings. A thousand unexpected ringlets. Rings filled with spokes, kinks and braids that defy explanation. There's data enough for scientists to dine out on for decades.

The public watches, briefly entranced again. But the world itself has grown vastly more interesting in the years since Jupiter. Your basic arcade *Donkey Kong* has more raw power than both *Voyagers* put together. The Innies are on the ascendant, Bruno can feel it. But he has more immediate anxieties. The Saturn flyby sends *Voyager 2* into a fit. First, the pictures turn blurry. Then shot after shot beams down to the monitors at JPL, one after the other, photos of empty space.

He drops into a span of hellish frenzy. The last good chance to look beyond Saturn that humans might get for 176 years slips away as the drunken tourist keeps taking pictures of his fingertips and shoes. For three days Bruno doesn't see his family, or remember he has one. The dream of the outer planets disintegrates by the minute.

Those few days become Bruno's life's work, the peak of the arc leading up from his lost fingertips and downward again into oblivion. He and a handful of colleagues work at the rescue, methodical, panicked, until they can no longer see. Even simple commands take an hour and a half, at the speed of light, to reach the crippled machine. At last they trace the problem to overdriven gears on the scan platform. They've been pointing the camera too quickly at too many objects for its lubricant to handle. Half of Saturn is lost. But with

forced rest and physical therapy, Uranus and Neptune can be saved.

Another planetary slingshot; another four and a half years, hurtling through the dark. Everything on Uranus is new. Magnetic poles more than halfway down to the equator. Ten new moons and mind-boggling weirdness on the old ones. Ariel, with bizarre cryovolcanic terrains. Miranda, the ice moon, covered in chevrons and inexplicable race-track grooves, chunks mashed together like a jumbled plum pudding. Every world rewrites the rules.

But the public is done with space. The news keeps coming back, each fact more fantastic and desolate than the last. We're here alone. We're not going anywhere. Every place that humans might visit is infinitely bleaker than home. Four days after the nearest approach, on the day of the press conference to introduce Uranus to Earth, the *Challenger* explodes. And with it explodes all Bruno's hopes for humanity's real adventure in space.

He passes 50, then 51. The Wall comes down, and the web goes up. His youngest son gets accepted to Princeton. Somewhere along the three-year trip to the outermost planet, the *Voyager* team is gutted. There's

*Ariel, with bizarre
cryovolcanic terrains.
Miranda, the ice moon,
covered in chevrons and
grooves. Every world
rewrites the rules.*

no more cash. They trim to a skeleton crew, then trim again. Bruno sees his own end coming, long before he sees the thousand-mile-an-hour winds of Neptune and its geyser-riddled, minus-390-degree Fahrenheit moon, Triton.

1990s

Twelve doses of consolidol, and he stands helpless in the bedroom of his last real home, watching his wife pack. He's supposed to stop her. He marvels at her efficiency, her method. She works from a rigorous mental checklist: things to take with you when you leave forever. She works as if he's become invisible, which he has.

He's supposed to say something, at least ask why. But he knows why. He even knows where, within a margin of error: a new start, in one of the world's cities that his sons have colonized. Start again, someplace unknown, near one of the four boys with their three wives and five happy, computer-savvy kids, none of whom yet see that the joyride is over, that we will cook the earth, poison the oceans and kill the atmosphere, right at the moment when we've started to figure out how the whole system works.

Min Jee packs two enormous cases, each heavier than she can hope to lift. She sees him

eyeing the bags, doing the load estimate.

Wrong again, Bruno? I've done it wrong again?

You're doing fine, he says.

I can't do anything right, can I? Can't even pack a bag.

Who told you that?

Her voice is quiet, factual—Mission Control. You, Bruno. Every day for 40 years.

Insufficient fault tolerance: guilty as charged. He does not defend himself or ask for lenience. Words are worthless, promiscuous liars. He can think of no reply to her ancient accusations, the theme song of their life together, but the old fail-safe. The Great Silence.

That's all I get? Silent treatment? Everyone's a fool except you?

More silence. *Silentium universi*.

Then she is yelling at him, bursts of high-pitched Korean. His chopped-off fingers tremor against his bare skull, like a wasp batting a screen. How strange and cold, to think that he knew more Korean on the night he went to meet her parents in Namwon than he does now. How he loved learning Hangul, those perfect, artificial symbols of sound, a clean code all its own.

Faster than it came, her anger vanishes to wherever it has always hid, these 40 years. She sits on the foot of the bed, wiping her nose on her sweatshirt. She jerks up again and grabs one of the bags with both hands. It lifts an inch and thumps back to the floor.

Min, he says. Stop. You'll hurt yourself. Let me.

Worse than silence. Her mouth twists and opens in a hideous gash, but no sounds come out. Her face reddens and her eyes squeeze shut. She sits on the suitcase, struggling to breathe. He takes a step toward her, but her arm thrusts out. Their four decades have been just this: long periods of empty peace, crossing the vacuum together in a frail boat, followed by the catastrophes of close approach.

Minnie, he says. Please.

Her words skitter out of her, the cackle of someone receiving a life sentence. Oh God, Bruno. You should have married a robot.

He does not say what she has known forever, what she knows now, what she will remember again next year, over breakfast, wondering why she didn't leave again, this time. You should have married someone who understood humans.

2000s

When planetary exploration fizzled out at last, Bruno went to work for Kodak. He worked for a decade and a half, making digital SLRs. It was a living. The kind of video cameras he had built were as crude as ancient artifacts, replaced by shiny new charge-coupled devices he didn't really understand. He was always one step behind, the person the team had to carry. They gave him an \$8,000 digital camera the day he retired. He'd be lucky to get a couple of hundred for it now on eBay. In the first 24 hours after he retired, people uploaded more raw data to personal scrapbook sites than existed in the world on the day he joined JPL. Glass half empty or half full? To an engineer, the damn glass was twice as big as it had to be.

One day in the third week of the trials, he walks to the pet superstore in a nearby big-box ghetto. There, in the aquarium department, he buys some pH strips and a cheap handheld refractometer. That evening, when the nurses hand out the consolidol before dinner, he palms his dose. He tests it that night. From everything he can guess about the likely chemistry of nootropics, he concludes that what he's been squirting up his nose these past 10 days is probably saline.

He goes to bed relieved that the images will now stop. But he wakes up in a sweat, the same way Min did. And with a pounding headache like the one she complained of, apologetically, bewildered, a minute before dying of a burst aneurysm. He tries to slow his heart down but can't. He tries to remember how many years ago Min died, and the simple math eludes him. Then he pegs it to the one timeline he knows better than his own. She went three days after *Voyager 2* crossed Termination Shock, into the heliosheath. September 2007. Make it three years.

In the morning, he's beyond wired. After breakfast and a nostril full of salt water, he paces around the large common room, looking for something he can't identify. Two dozen people sit around the room training their newly focused brains on one another, their net pages, desperate flame wars, handheld role-playing games, the private bubbles of music enveloping them in bliss. Dementia will be conquered, all minds returned to the runaway pleasures of the day. The race needs no richer exploration.

Think this stuff will make us grateful?

The question comes not from his own brain but from Lisa Keane, the erstwhile schoolteacher nun, at his elbow.

He wants to say: Lasting gratitude is not an option. Instead, he says: How do you feel about walking?

They check out at the front desk. Lisa fills in the log sheet. For *Destination?* she prints, *Unknown*. Under *Time Out?* she writes *Yes*.

They walk for a long time. She does the talking—her teenage religious experience, a stupid decision at 19, her fight with the abbess just when the whole world was defrocking, the decades spent teaching 10-year-olds how to make baking-soda volcanoes and pinhole cameras.

I'm sorry, she apologizes. It's the stuff. It gives me that awful, first-day-of-school feeling.

Bruno nods.

She asks: You think it's really a cure?

Bruno shrugs, but even his two shoulders disagree. No final cure for what people have.

They end up in an ice-cream parlor, undoing anything good the walk might have done them. The problem with consolidol, she says, is that I can now remember what ice cream tasted like when I was seven.

A tune plays over the sound system, dark Delta blues. He has heard the song before, and it maddens him that he can't say where. This is how things will go, from here on: the lights blinking out all over, until they all go dark.

What's that song? he asks.

Her eyebrows fall; she hasn't noticed it.

She listens long enough to know that it's alien. She pulls a phone out of her shoulder bag, taps an app and holds the device up in the air, toward the music's source. The sound enters the phone, turns into bits, floods a processor thousands of times more powerful than anything onboard either *Voyager*. The patterns fly up to a geosynchronous satellite, get beamed back down to massive server farms across the continent, where they're matched against a database of every song ever recorded. Who needs to remember anything? She brings the device back down and shows him the screen. Blind Willie Johnson. He closes his eyes: It's a track on the Golden Record, making its way into interplanetary space.

He holds out his hand, and she puts the phone in it. He whisks his amputated fingertips back and forth, pinching, twisting, tapping virtual keys, calling up pages from across the planet. He hands the device back.

A picture, mostly black, with pale aberrant bands angling top to bottom. The *Voyagers'* parting shot.

What's this? she asks.

He indicates a single bright pixel

floating in nothing. Earth, he says. From 4 billion miles away.

2029

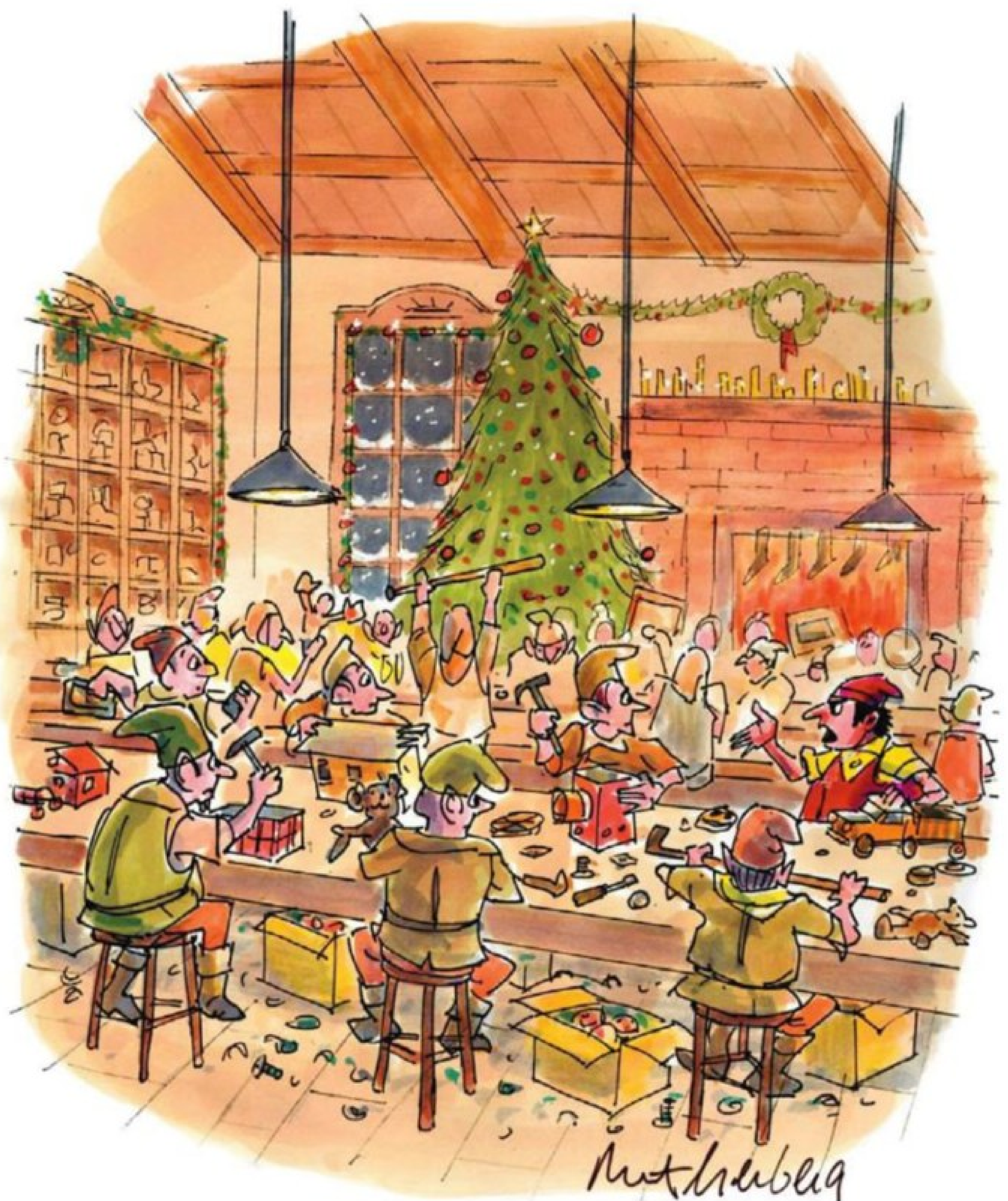
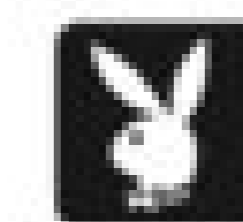
The *Voyagers* keep sending back essential data, measuring the change from solar to interstellar winds. Then the fuel runs out, and the last remaining project member shuts down all systems. The lab becomes a sarcophagus that will not rust or decompose or wear away but will coast forever in the void.

294231

Voyager 2 sails four light-years from Sirius, the brightest star in the sky. Earth has long gone dim.

577256880

Craft found. Instructions decoded. Though pitted with micrometeorites, the disc plays. A Balinese dancer. Monument Valley. "Jaat Kahan Ho." Old man with dog and flowers. C Major Prelude. An hour of human brain waves. "Dark Was the Night, Cold Was the Ground."



"How come every year we spend our time making dopey toys while everyone else is getting laid?"

BLONDES

(continued from page 86)

stereotypes have persisted through the centuries, and for one reason: Whether or not the blonde is more likely to be libertine, the idea of her as such is spellbinding. There is nothing more enthralling—to men, women, gays or straights—than the libidinous female, especially if she is beautiful. So why the blonde? Why not the brunette? The redhead? Is it because the blonde is a relative rarity, making up less than 20 percent of the U.S. female population? Or could the answer be that the stereotype of the sexually aggressive blonde has a foundation in physical reality?

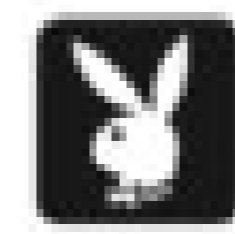
Let's take a closer look at these stereotypes. There is the blonde joke, which presupposes that a woman with a golden mane has sacrificed something for her silk tresses, namely her intellect. As Dolly Parton put it so brilliantly, "I'm not offended by all the dumb blonde jokes because I know I'm not dumb...and I also know that I'm not blonde." Or Pamela Anderson: "It is great to be a blonde. With low expectations it's very easy to surprise people."

There's the catty blonde. "Gorgeous hair is the best revenge," said Ivana Trump. We'll bet her ex-husband agrees. There are many rich blondes (Ivana among them). According

to a recent study, blonde women earn salaries roughly seven percent higher than those of nonblonde women. We adore the incisive blonde sex symbol who can turn the tables, such as bombshell Mamie Van Doren. "It is possible that blondes also prefer gentlemen," she once said.

The examples go on and on. But why? Perhaps the greatest bombshell of them all can solve this riddle for us. So, Marilyn Monroe, do blondes (even if they're dyed blondes) have greater libidos than their darker-haired sisters? How do you feel about blondes? "I like to feel blonde all over," Marilyn once said. There, you see? That solves everything.

This much we know: Blonde women trigger something in men. Whether they like it or not, blondes can possess great seductive powers. Perhaps that's why the stereotype of the blonde bombshell has persisted: because we want it to. Perhaps she is simply a myth of our creation, reverse-engineered by men's desire. Stated simply, blondes drive us wild. As Raymond Chandler once put it, "It was a blonde. A blonde to make a bishop kick a hole in a stained-glass window." Or even better yet, Rona Jaffe: "A blonde in a red dress can do without introductions—but not without a bodyguard."



TIME MACHINE

(continued from page 125)

when it comes to time travel. We want to get to our destination quicker. Perhaps surprisingly, this is also something you have done. On a regular basis you have sped up your experience of progressing into the future.

Assuming you didn't have a sleepless night, the chances are you passed through the past 24 hours at a rate of more than one objective second per subjective second. I don't need to invoke the way time drags if you are bored or compresses when you are interested—this is a more solid block of high-speed time travel. Because when you were asleep, you did not experience the hours ticking past. If you had seven hours sleep, you got through the past day and night in just 17 subjective hours. Yet can you really say you got through a day in 17 hours if it included sitting through a meeting that was, say, 45 minutes but felt like hours? Less fickle, less variable is the leap into the future provided by prolonged unconsciousness, as a few rare individuals can attest.

In 2003 Arkansas man Terry Wallis recovered consciousness after spending 19 years in a coma. At the age of 20, in July 1984, Wallis had been a passenger in a devastating car crash. He awoke to discover a whole new world. He had missed the *Challenger* accident and the Chernobyl nuclear reactor explosion. The Pan Am Lockerbie bombing and 9/11. Nelson Mandela coming to power in South Africa, and the Clinton administration at home. Although Wallis was not in a deep coma during most of the period, his experience of those 19 years was compressed into a much shorter space of time.

Comas can be medically induced but only for days or weeks. And even if a coma could safely be produced for, say, 20 years, would you really be happy to be in a state in which you were totally at the mercy of others for years at a time? Worse, being in a coma does not prevent the body from aging. Yes, you would wake up 20 years in the future but with a body 20 years older. Ahead of you would be 20 fewer years of your life to live—hardly ideal.

For some time now there has been a commercial route that is supposed to get around this: cryogenic storage. The idea here is that your body will be preserved at extremely low temperatures until the technology exists to defrost, revive and cure you of any illness you were suffering from, including old age—provided the essence of "you" was preserved in the frozen corpse: There is no certainty that a human body (and particularly a human brain) could be restored in the future. Nor do we know if the brain will retain the memories and personality of an individual indefinitely.

This approach has limited appeal for time travelers, as you have to be dead before you can start on your journey through time. (To be more precise, it would be legal only if you were dead before you used it—you could in principle undergo freezing while still alive.) For most this is too high a price to pay.

There has to be a more controlled way to get into the future—and there is, provided for us by Einstein's relativity. Special relativity tells us that the time on a clock that is moving toward or away from Earth is slower than time experienced on the planet. Here is a first



"And when I woke up she was gone, along with my bag of toys, my sleigh and all of the reindeer!"

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

hint of painless time travel into the future. All we need to do is send someone off in a spaceship at high speed, and her clock will get further and further behind the time on Earth. She is moving into Earth's future.

That's the simplistic view. But special relativity is trickier than this. From Earth's viewpoint it's true that the astronaut is traveling away at high speed and that the astronaut's clock is falling behind. But from the astronaut's viewpoint, everything is the other way around. She is stationary. For her it is Earth that is moving away at high speed—and it is Earth's clocks that are running slow. If she had some way to transport herself instantly to Earth, she would arrive not in Earth's future but in Earth's past.

Yet relativity experiments have been undertaken using two incredibly accurate atomic clocks. One clock was flown around the world and ended up a tiny fraction of a second slower than its duplicate on the ground. Forty years of weekly crossings of the Atlantic leaves a frequent flier one thousandth of a second younger. And to establish the impact of relativity more dramatically, we have the evidence of the twins paradox.

Meet 25-year-old twins Karl and Karla. Karl stays on Earth while Karla travels off at high speed in a spaceship. When she returns home, perhaps 10 years have elapsed for Karla—but she discovers that Karl is celebrating his 75th birthday. The twins are now very different ages. Say Karla left in 2050. By her clock it is 2060 when she gets back to Earth. But on Earth it is the year 2100. Karla has traveled 40 years into her future.

The trick that makes the paradox work (and it does work) is in the details. Karla's spaceship accelerates up to a high percentage of the speed of light and travels away from home for five years. At the end of the journey it turns around and accelerates again to high speed but this time in the Earth-bound direction. After another five years of traveling, 35-year-old Karla returns to Earth to find her 75-year-old twin waiting for her.

The reason the twins are no longer the same age is that something has happened to Karla that didn't happen to Karl. A force was repeatedly applied to her ship to accelerate it up to speed and to slow it down. This force was not applied to Karl and Earth. The symmetry of their position was broken—the spaceship underwent acceleration that Earth did not. It's the acceleration that resets the Earth clock for Karla. She really has aged less than her twin who stayed at home—and she really has traveled into the future.

To make a twins-paradox trip work effectively, you would need to move at significantly more than half the speed of light. Exactly how fast depends on how long you want the trip to take. Get very close to light speed and you can achieve practically any time jump into the future with a relatively short journey time. But this ability comes with a weighty price tag. It's easy enough to get close to the speed of light. Particle accelerators have pushed protons to better than 99.9999 percent of light speed. But doing this to anything more massive than a particle takes a whole lot of energy.

We know this from the way a car uses gasoline—the more acceleration you need, the more energy it takes. Energy is measured in joules. To keep a 100-watt lightbulb running

for a second takes 100 joules. For practical reasons we'll have to switch to scientific notation, using 10^n , where n is the number of zeroes after the 1, so 10^2 is 100, 10^6 is 1,000,000 and so on. To get a 100-ton spaceship (the weight of a shuttle) to 90 percent of the speed of light requires 1.2×10^{22} joules.

This isn't a number that means a lot on its own. But let's look at how much energy all the power stations in the United States generate. Around 450 gigawatts. A massive 4.5×10^{11} watts or joules every second. Impressive stuff. However, we need nearly 100 billion times this much energy to get our ship to 90 percent of the speed of light. We would have to run the power stations for 830 years. And we'd need a very long cable to connect all those stations to our ship.

When it comes to real spacecraft, the power produced by the biggest rocket motors ever built, those on the Apollo program's *Saturn V* rocket, was around 1.5×10^{11} watts. Just how vast that is can be seen when we realize that it's about a third of the output of all the power stations in the U.S. But these engines, which had only enough fuel to run for a few seconds, would have to burn for 2,500 years to reach 90 percent of light speed.

So although traveling forward in time is simple and entirely achievable with today's technology, we need a phenomenal amount of energy to make a sizable jump. If we used gasoline to power our time ship, it would take around 60 billion tons of gas. But our calculations assumed we were moving a shuttle weighing only 100 tons. Just to move the gasoline would require nearly a billion times as much energy...which would require vastly more gasoline. And so on.

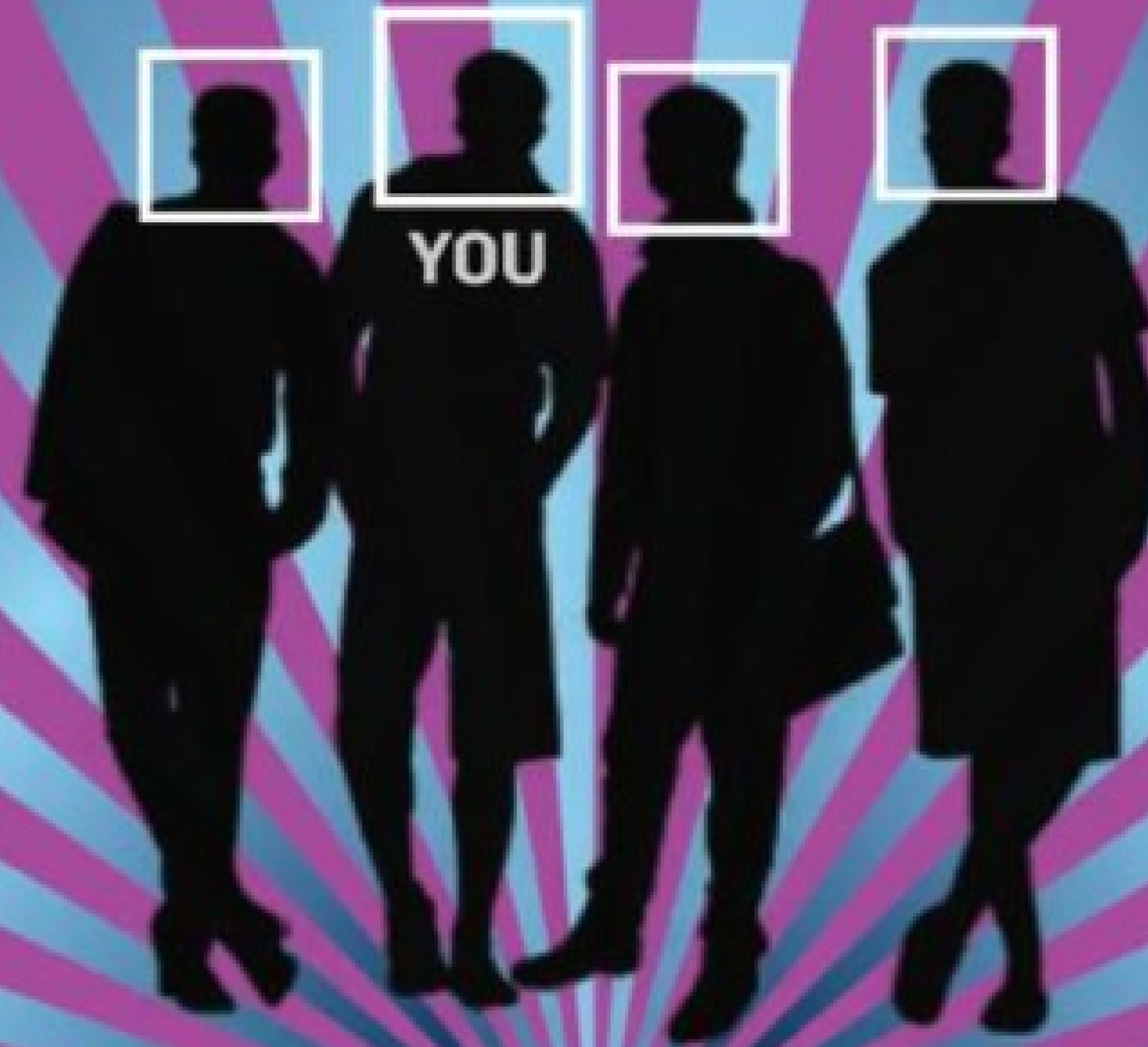
The only way to make it practical would be to follow in the footsteps of *Star Trek*. The *USS Enterprise* is powered by the most phenomenal source of energy in existence—antimatter—and this is the only hope if fuel is to be carried on the ship. Antimatter engines sound like science fiction, and the mechanism the *Enterprise* uses is fictional, but antimatter itself is real enough. Antimatter is the same as ordinary matter, but the particles that make it up have the opposite electrical charge to those in everyday atoms.

Where, for example, an electron has a negative charge, the antimatter equivalent, the *antielectron* (better known as a positron), has a positive charge. When matching matter and antimatter particles are brought together, they are attracted, smash into each other and are destroyed in an explosive flash. The particles' mass all goes to energy, and though electrons are light, Einstein's famous equation $E=mc^2$ tells us that the energy produced will be equal to the mass of the particles multiplied by the square of the speed of light. That's a big number.

A pound each of matter and antimatter would generate the equivalent of a power station running for more than five years and offers the most compact way to store energy.

To take our ship up to 90 percent of the speed of light we would need 31 tons of antimatter. That's a manageable weight to carry onboard, though we have to bear in mind that at the moment the whole world's annual production of antimatter is less than a millionth of an ounce, so we aren't going to get to 31 tons in a hurry.

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HANGOVER PART II

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To make matters worse, we have no good way to convert the raw energy of the anti-matter annihilation—which produces an intense burst of gamma rays—into movement. It's not a magic solution. Even if there were some way to harness that power, the mechanism involved would probably be extremely bulky and heavy. But at least it's merely a technology problem.

In practice there are more difficulties still. What happens when the ship gets to the end of its voyage and turns around? Ideally it should be able to turn the kinetic energy of its flight back into antimatter, but if that isn't practical, the alternative would be to use that much energy again to stop the ship, and even more for each part of the return journey. In all, four times as much energy.

The alternative is to find some way to power the ship without carrying the fuel. One possibility is to use solar sails. Imagine tacking across the solar system powered by the small but inexorable pressure produced by the Sun's vast electromagnetic wind.

We know that solar sails work, but the Sun alone wouldn't get a time ship up to speed. By the time you get to the outer reaches of the solar system, our Sun is no more than a bright star, giving far too little power. The sails would have to be boosted by a huge space-based bank of lasers. And this doesn't help with the return journey. There won't be any lasers to bring the ship back.

So how about picking up fuel as the time ship travels? A piece of technology dreamed up in the 1960s could do just this—the Bussard ramjet. Even the name sounds like something out of a space opera. A Bussard ship scoops up hydrogen from space and uses the pressure of the ship's speed to compress the gas until it undergoes nuclear fusion, releasing energy to power its journey. This is a great idea in principle, but all the known data on the quantities of hydrogen available and the potential for compression suggest that it's highly unlikely to work.

For that matter, fusion is a nightmare to control. Fusion power would be incredibly useful on Earth. It's the mechanism of the Sun, a form of nuclear power that uses cheap fuel and doesn't produce high-level radioactive waste. Yet despite researching nuclear fusion for 50 years, we have yet to produce a sustainable fusion reaction. Balancing the intense temperatures and pressures is incredibly difficult, as is keeping the fuel from touching anything else and blasting it out of existence. It would be a big step indeed to get it to work in a spaceship engine.

Even if we did get our ship up to speed there would be other problems. Navigation would be a nightmare, and there would be plenty of hazards that simply couldn't be avoided. There would be the constant danger of collision with dust—at this speed, the tiniest particle of matter would crash through pretty much anything. And as the time ship blasted into clouds of gas or, even worse, high-energy cosmic rays, the collisions would produce floods of deadly radiation, requiring extreme shielding.

Using special relativity to travel into the future is easy. We do it every time we take a plane journey. And it would be simple enough to make jumps of hours or days. The problem here is making the scale of the leap into the

future big enough to make the effort worthwhile. Getting into the past, though, is a whole different ball game. But it is not impossible.

A theoretical physicist will tell you it's just a matter of engineering. All you need is to make a wormhole—a tear in reality that links two points in space-time—keep it open with antigravity and fly through it. Or take a string of neutron stars, each the result of a stellar collapse producing matter so dense that a piece the size of a sugar cube weighs around 100 million tons. Form the stars into a cylinder and spin them at near the speed of light. Fly around the cylinder and you have a time tunnel into the past. These are feats that are millions of years beyond today's technology, but one man believes he can create the same effect as those spinning neutron stars.

He's Ronald Mallett, and his life has been dedicated to time travel. Mallett was just 10 when his father died unexpectedly in 1955. As he grew up he devoured science fiction and became convinced that if he could only build a time machine he could go back and warn his dad to see a doctor before it was too late. It's the kind of fantasy many a teenager in the same position might have. But Mallett wasn't any teenager. He purposefully set out to gain

Should the human race survive long enough, time travel seems an almost inevitable part of our future.

the expertise to make this possible.

Mallett is now a professor of physics at the University of Connecticut. Most of his time in science has been focused on general relativity. This was Einstein's crowning glory, building on special relativity's revelations to explain the workings of gravity as a warp in space-time. General relativity, Mallett knew, offered the best chance of building a time machine to travel into the past. If you can warp time enough, you can loop back into an earlier moment.

Over the years, Mallett's work has seemed like regular research on Einstein's great theory. But as he grew in experience, Mallett was in fact searching out a mechanism to make time travel practical with today's technology. He would eventually identify a mostly ignored phenomenon called frame dragging. When Einstein formulated general relativity he discovered that whenever a massive object is moved it produces a small sideways gravitational pull. This pull is known as frame dragging, and it gets even more interesting when that massive object is rotated.

Imagine twisting a spoon in a jar of thick honey. As the spoon rotates it pulls on the nearest honey, dragging the gooey substance around with it. Einstein's sideways gravitational pull means that a massive rotating object will drag space and time into a vortex,

just like the spoon pulls the honey. This isn't just theory. It was recently demonstrated by NASA's longest-running project. Gravity Probe B was embarked on in 1962, and just this year it finally produced data that confirm the existence of frame dragging.

Mallett bided his time. It is only in the past few years that it has become respectable for physicists to talk about time machines. Earlier in Mallett's working life it would have been career suicide to have mentioned the possibility. But by the time he was in his 50s, science had caught up. Big names in the field such as Kip Thorne and Stephen Hawking openly talked about time travel (though they often spoke of "closed time-like loops," the equivalent technical term, which sounds less crazy). It was time to go for broke. For more than 10 years, Mallett has been working on a mechanism that would make use of frame dragging to produce a time tunnel.

Instead of spinning impractically heavy objects such as neutron stars, Mallett plans to use insubstantial light. Like matter, light produces a frame-dragging effect, and using experience gained in industry working with lasers, Mallett could see a way to stack thousands of tightly rotating rings of light that he calculated should produce enough of a twist in time to allow anything traveling through the rings to shift back into the past.

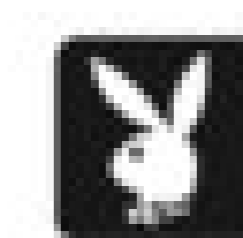
In a Hollywood movie, Mallett would triumph at the 11th hour and get back to see his father one last time. He knows that isn't going to happen. The theory has taken many years to develop, and it could be years more before a working model is built—even then the shift in time is likely to be very small. Mallett is 66 now. There is a real race against time if he is personally to complete the project. And even if he does succeed, he knows he can never use his time machine to meet his father.

All time travel into the past based on relativity hits a brick wall. The furthest back you can get is the point when the machine was first created. Such time machines are more like trains than automobiles. They can't travel everywhere and anywhere at will. They can only move down the track of the warp they create in the fabric of space-time. And that track starts when the machine is first switched on. Mallett has long known this—but it has not blocked that intense drive that came from his wish to see his father again.

Whether or not Ronald Mallett achieves his dream, the amazing fact remains that time travel is a reality, and on a small scale we can do it today. Frame dragging has the potential to provide a gateway to the past, while special relativity makes every frequent flier a time traveler and, even with today's technology, enables us to travel hours or days into the future. So next time you see a time-travel movie, don't sneer. It may be a technical challenge, but time travel is no fantasy. Should the human race survive long enough, it seems an almost inevitable part of our future. And if that doesn't inspire a sense of wonder, nothing will.

In the end, only time will tell.

From How to Build a Time Machine: The Real Science of Time Travel by Brian Clegg, available from St. Martin's Press in December.




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TONY MONTANA

(continued from page 68)

Express script had won an Oscar in 1979, but his 1981 directing project, the horror movie *The Hand*, had flopped; two projects optioned by Bregman, *Platoon* and *Born on the Fourth of July* (both meant to star Pacino), had stalled out and were made only years later with other producers and other stars.

For *Scarface*, Stone spent months in deep research mode, investigating narcotics trafficking and prosecution in Ecuador, Bimini and Miami, the last of which he recalls as being "like Casablanca then. It was a new world coming. You danced with the Latin girls in the clubs. Beautiful people were coming up from Latin America, spending big bucks. I got to know the Florida prosecutors, the defense attorneys dealing with narcotics, but I was playing both sides because I was under the influence of cocaine, and my activities and the research reflected that. I got into some dangerous situations. There was a chain-saw murder I was told about that was worse than [what you see in *Scarface*], and as you can imagine, drug-war crimes are brutal. But I was pissed off at pouring so much energy and money into cocaine, which I felt had hurt me. I felt that doing *Scarface* was my taking a form of revenge on cocaine."

Stone cut off his L.A. connections, took a Paris apartment and wrote the screenplay "stone-cold sober." He says, "I never went back to cocaine. I wanted out of that world and stayed out of the U.S. for about eight months, writing about this delusional paranoid Tony Montana, this tough guy with a heart who was an amalgam of Paul Muni in the original *Scarface*, the Bogart character in *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and real guys I ran into in Miami. I wanted to do something more like the gangster movies of the 1930s." Stone's script was epic, muscular, grimy and realistic—white-hot with anger and social indictment and brimming over with lines of dialogue that, as uttered by Pacino's Scarface, would become chapter and verse for some:

"This town, like a great big pussy just waiting to get fucked."

"In this country you gotta make the money first. Then when you get the money, you get the power. Then when you get the power, then you get the women."

"Me, I want what's comin' to me...the world, chico, and everything in it."

"Say hello to my little frien'."

And what about the lines uttered by, respectively, the main character's gangland mentor and eventual rival Frank Lopez and his (and later Tony's) gorgeous, druggy bed-mate Elvira Hancock?

"Lesson number one: Don't underestimate the other man's greed."

"Lesson number two: Don't get high on your own supply."

Bregman brought the project to Ned Tanen, president of Universal Pictures. Bregman says, "Within three minutes Ned said, 'Go make it.' That was the easy part. The hard part was Sidney Lumet." Lumet wanted *Scarface* to indict the Reagan administration for its role in international drug trafficking. Says Bregman, "Sidney's take on the material was totally political, incorrect and unfair to the president. He felt there was something sinister happening. I said, 'Sidney, you want to make a different kind of film. I suggest you go make it.' We came to a parting of the ways, which I don't think he ever forgave me for."

Stone, never one to shirk politics, recalls the circumstances much differently, saying, "I was given to understand that Sidney thought the script was too rough for him. If politics was the reason Sidney Lumet got fired, then I disagree with Bregman, because the government was up to no good, as had been documented since the 1970s, and the whole Iran-Contragate was starting to build. When Reagan came to power, word went out not only in Latin America but the whole world that the U.S. was open again for the old dirty business. Bregman is typically running away from the truth." Pacino suggests another possible reason for Lumet's departure: "Sidney

wanted final cut, but I never talked any of this over with Sidney, even years later when I wanted him to do *Carlito's Way*." (De Palma would go on to direct that 1993 film.)

De Palma returned to the fold and signed to direct *Scarface* after his 1981 John Travolta thriller *Blow Out* died at the box office. De Palma had also exited the police-corruption drama *Prince of the City* (Lumet replaced him) and fled after a few weeks of working on *Flashdance*. *Scarface* arrived in the nick of what De Palma once called "a very bad time." Bregman scheduled the film to begin shooting largely in Florida in the fall of 1982, and New York casting sessions began primarily at the West 47th Street Puerto Rican Traveling Theater founded by Puerto Rico-born actress Miriam Colon. Colon, who had appeared on TV Westerns such as *Gunsmoke* and with Marlon Brando in *One-Eyed Jacks* and *The Appaloosa*, was eventually cast in *Scarface* as Pacino's mother, despite only a four-year age difference.

Although Bregman rode herd on the protracted casting process, Pacino voiced definite opinions. For the role of Manny Ribera, the hero's fellow Cuban émigré and eventual victim, De Palma hoped to land John Travolta. But Pacino refused to consider contenders until he had secured a screen test for little-known actor James Hayden, who had been praised in a 1983 Broadway revival of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*. Hayden would go on to act in director Sergio Leone's big-screen gangster saga *Once Upon a Time in America* and was set to co-star with Pacino in the Broadway revival of David Mamet's *American Buffalo* that would open on October 27, 1983. Pacino, who had declared Hayden "the best young actor that I've seen," says today, "He was a talent so rich. He had the gift of acting, and he had that *other thing*." But Hayden's audition failed to convince, and on November 8, 1983, less than two weeks after Pacino and Hayden had celebrated their Broadway opening in *American Buffalo*, the promising actor lost his life to a heroin overdose at the age of 29, an event Pacino calls "utterly devastating."

All along, though, producer Bregman had been trying to hook up Pacino with Cuban American Steven Bauer, who had starred on the bilingual PBS comedy *¿Qué Pasa, USA?* and had appeared on the 1980 TV miniseries based on James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*. Bauer, who along with wife Melanie Griffith was studying under Stella Adler at the time, recalls, "Everyone knew Brian wanted his pal John Travolta, but the casting director called Brian and said, 'This boy is Manolo,' and sent me immediately to One Fifth Avenue to see Brian, who told me, 'You're really right for the part.' On his desk was Danny Sugerman's stupid book about Jim Morrison, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, and everyone knew he wanted Travolta for that project, too. I said, 'I should play Jim Morrison,' and Brian said, 'Let's do one thing at a time.'" Despite screen tests by Eric Roberts, A Martinez and Erik Estrada among others, Bregman remained most impressed by newcomer Bauer, of whom he says, "Steven had that life experience. He was perfect, and a strong actor." At Bregman's urging, Pacino finally met with the actor. Says Bauer of his private meeting with Pacino, "It was



"What if I released a sex tape?"

love at first sight. He asked if I could teach him Spanish, and I said I could and also teach him the sense of humor of a people who've lost their country and who, like the Jews, laugh at our fate. He wanted to know about the mind-set of being an exile."

Pacino's casting fixations for Elvira Hancock, the icy, cokey arm ornament passed from one powerful man to another? Meryl Streep, Jodie Foster and top choice Glenn Close, who may seem odd considering the final choice but less so considering that Stone recalls, "My original concept of that role was that she was a rich New York girl who was slumming." Bregman called Close "a wonderful actress who could probably have played it, but that would have been a mistake. Al wouldn't let it go; there was always a struggle. We tested everybody in town." Among those reportedly eagle-eyed by casting executive Alixe Gordin were Courteney Cox, Jamie Lee Curtis, Isabelle Adjani, Marg Helgenberger, Camryn Manheim, Sharon Stone, Debra Winger and Stephanie Zimbalist.

The very dark horse was Michelle Pfeiffer, a 24-year-old stunner desperate for a ticket out of TV series such as *B.A.D. Cats* and movies such as *Grease 2*. "Al at first wasn't too happy with Michelle because he felt she was too inexperienced," Bregman says. "She read for me and Brian and was marvelous and very intense." The actress survived months of auditions she later called "brutal" and finally agreed to test with Pacino in a volatile confrontation scene that sent glassware and china flying, hitting Pacino and drawing blood. Admits Pacino, "I was

up in the air about the casting. Michelle Pfeiffer, well, I didn't understand who she was or what she was doing, but Marty wanted her. In the end I just deferred to him and Brian, and they were right." Admits Bregman, "I'll never know what made Al change his mind. Boy, it took a lot." The casting required script tinkering from Stone, who comments, "I dumbed down the dialogue, which worked. Michelle Pfeiffer definitely does not seem like a rich New York girl, so she had to be rewritten as more of a typical American girl from Miami with good looks."

The final casting hurdle was the choice of who to play Pacino's beautiful, much-protected younger sister, Gina. Pacino lobbied for Sandra Santiago, a 25-year-old actress who had played opposite James Hayden in the *View From the Bridge* revival and would

later go on to play a detective on *Miami Vice*. Again producer Bregman prevailed, Bauer recalls: "After Sandra and I read together, Marty Bregman came over and, just like an old studio mogul, pointed out another beautiful, fresh and genuine dark-haired girl and said, 'See that girl right there? She's Gina. You two are beautiful together. Fall in love with her. Make it work.'"

Italian American Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, whose theater credits included a 1981 Broadway revival of *West Side Story*, had yet to be cast in a film. Of what Bregman called Mastrantonio's "sensational" audition, the actress says, "I remember Marty Bregman saying, 'Don't fuck this up. This movie is going to be big.' That kind of language, unfortunately, makes a lot of sense to me. I looked young and innocent, but I don't

age difference between us, I wore one of my mother's dresses and tied back my hair in a bun to add 10 or 15 years."

In November 1982, on the Universal lot, the *Scarface* team held about two weeks of cast rehearsals. Abraham says, "They don't like to spend that kind of money when you're making movies, but we rehearsed pretty intensely, and when we later came to shoot our scenes, that gave everything such a sense of urgency." Colon recalls the rehearsals as "people in love with what they were doing—excited, committed. There was a beautiful energy. Pacino seemed in control."

Privately Pacino harbored concerns. After the early career highs of *The Godfather* and *Dog Day Afternoon*, he had been pummeled for his more

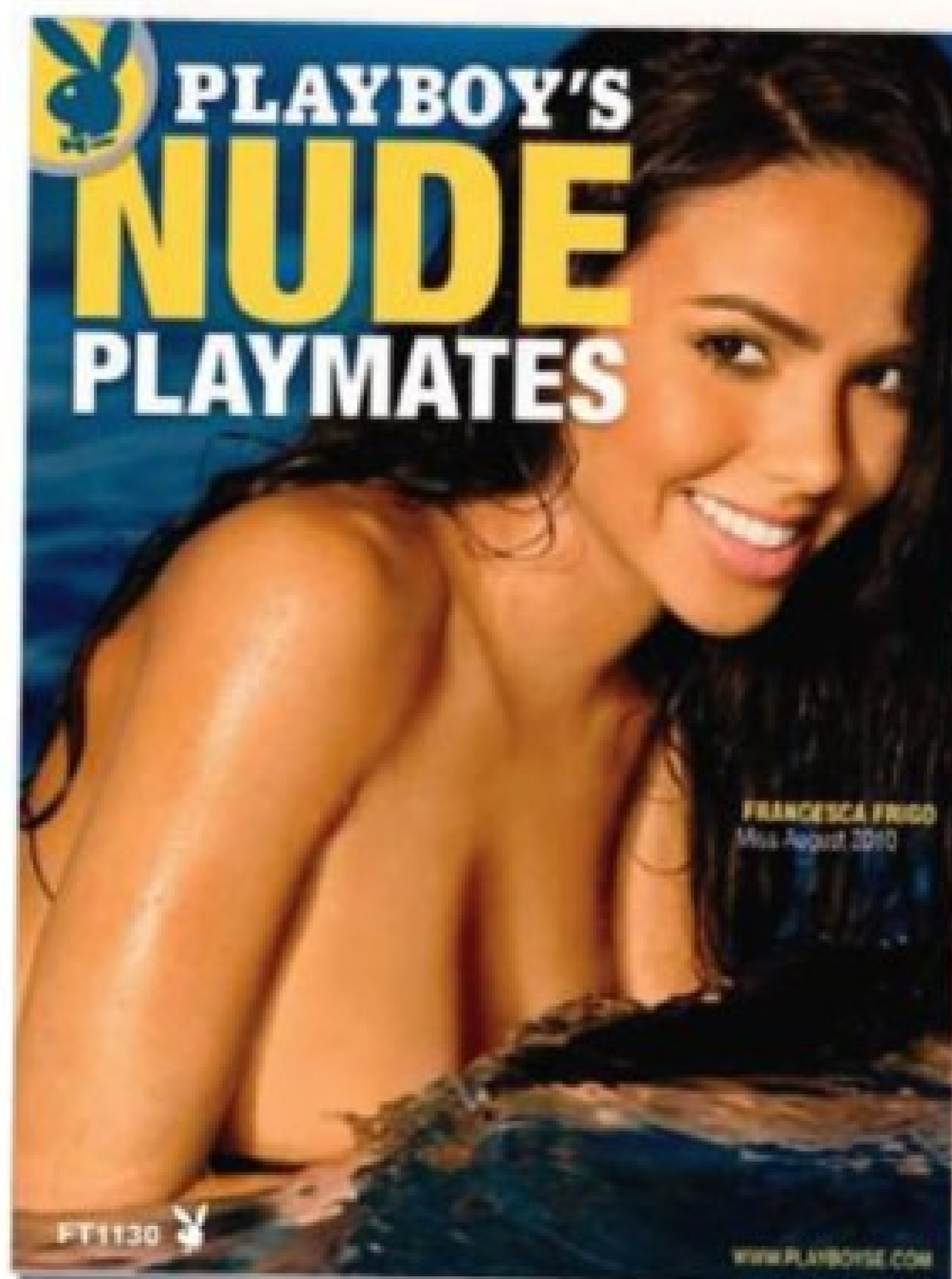
recent efforts, including *...And Justice for All*, in which he gives a florid, bellowing performance of the kind that had critics whiffing the distinct aroma of a ham. Pacino confided to co-workers, "A lot of naysayers are talking about how I'm going to do this like an Italian. I need to get the Cuban thing right." Actor and dialect coach Robert Easton was hired to assist Pacino in getting that Cuban thing right. For additional ethnic authenticity—and to get the drug thing right—he turned to Steven Bauer, who says, "One of the first things Al came to me with was, 'Hey, I've never done cocaine and I'm supposed to know what it's like. Have you done it?' Yeah. 'But you're not doing it anymore, are you?' No. But I taught him all the nuances, the rituals, and when-

ever he did any scenes involving drugs, I'd be standing right by because he asked me, 'Watch me and make sure I look real.' And that's where I was the whole shoot."

Pacino admits of his preparation, "At first I just wanted to mimic Paul Muni, I was so inspired by that acting. But I did all the things one does for a role, going out and finding the look, right down to the body parts, the voice, the gestures. I was just digging and trying to gather a character. It wasn't random; it had a sort of form and a style to it. Steven was so helpful. He's an authentic Cuban; he *knows* it. We were together almost six months before we started shooting. It was completely wonderful to hang with him and to work with him."

Once *Scarface* began filming, though, alliances were made and broken and tempers boiled over. De Palma and company began 161

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think Marty realized he was dealing with a tougher broad than he thought."

Other major supporting-cast positions were filled out with formidable character actor Robert Loggia to play the powerful, aging drug dealer; a pre-*Amadeus* F. Murray Abraham as Loggia's weaselly second in command; and Colon as the title character's ferociously resilient mother. Says Loggia, "My parents, who were born in Sicily, were very proud people who believed in the American dream. When I saw the original *Scarface*, all us kids played cops and robbers, but I was also deeply embarrassed that other people would think this film showed what Italians were really like." Colon found it nerve-racking to audition multiple times, she says, especially knowing "Pacino had casting approval. Because of the small

pre-production in summer 1982. Miami-area locations included the Atlantis Condominiums on Brickell Avenue (used for the exterior of drug king Frank Lopez's home), 728 Ocean Drive (the movie's Sun Ray Motel, where Tony Montana watches his friend get chain-sawed to death) and the Fontainebleau Miami Beach (the pool area where young Manny teaches Tony how to pick up women). Major troubles erupted—and fast. Producer Bregman explains, “Some people in the Cuban community and in the larger community in Miami complained that we were making a movie with a Cuban drug dealer as the main character. According to them, there were no Cuban drug dealers. Without ever reading a script, they assumed the movie would be anti-Cuban, pro-crime, maybe both. They resented that we were doing this movie at all, let alone in Miami.” Angry editorials and nasty articles clogged Miami newspapers, and the production was hit by bomb threats. Miami commissioner Demetrio Perez Jr. hoped to persuade the city council to deny the movie-makers access to filming anywhere in the city unless the script was rewritten to portray Montana as a Communist infiltrator sent to Miami on a special mission by Fidel Castro.

Bregman says, “Someone from the Cuban community called and said, ‘Mr. Bregman, you are making a big mistake—and a *dangerous* one. We know your wife is pregnant, and we don't want to see anybody hurt.’ I grew up a pretty tough kid, so I knew a serious threat when I heard one. I was advised by experts not to let my wife or anyone in my family come to Florida. From then on I started to carry a weapon.” Universal's brass took none of this lightly. After the crew spent less than two weeks on Florida locations, studio overlord Lew Wasserman relocated the shooting to California, a step that delayed an already behind-schedule production and added an estimated \$200,000 to the budget. In California, interior scenes set in the garish Babylon Club were built on a soundstage on the Universal lot, and other sets were built on location beneath the Santa Monica and Harbor freeways (for the immigration internment camp scenes) and at a historic Santa Barbara estate (for the wedding of Tony and Elvira). Pacino was quickly reestablished as alpha dog, with the assertive Bregman not far behind. Colon recalls, “Pacino was ready, together and *there*. I was fascinated watching the scrupulous attention he gave to every detail—clothing, accent, attitude and gestures. When Pacino was a youngster in New York, he knew guys like Tony Montana very well and observed them. He was never on the set just hanging around. He never took over the set, but he was focused all the time.”

But as the L.A. shooting proceeded torturously slowly, some believed the situation cried out for someone to take over a production that was falling further and further behind schedule. Explains Stone, “Brian moves at his pace, which is a sluggish one. There was tension. There wasn't the communication between Al and Brian that one would expect. Al likes being talked to, but Brian is from the Spielberg school, where it's all about the setup and getting the shot—and the shot takes fucking *forever*. Making the movie became painful. What should have been at most a three-month shoot became a

six-month shoot. The energy kept flagging because everything was taking so long.”

Loggia likens the on-set atmosphere to *Mutiny on the Bounty*, saying, “It's fair to say that, with the powerful personalities involved, De Palma was in way over his head. Pacino and some of the other actors had to steer the ship.” Observes Abraham, “I got along with Brian very well. Who doesn't? Mr. De Palma was the boss, but nothing went forward without he and Al hammering things out in the trailer, sometimes for quite a while. But when they came out of that trailer, they really came out with *something*.”

De Palma's work method was tougher on certain actors than others. Says one of the film's stars, “Brian wasn't there for Michelle Pfeiffer and manipulated her brutally. He's obsessed with women but in a very creepy way.” During two days of filming the explosive scene with Pacino and Pfeiffer at the old-school Italian restaurant Marino on Melrose Avenue, Bauer says, De Palma “made Michelle feel like a scared, lonely little girl in a world of men. He did the right thing, but it was hard to watch. That poor girl was always alone, always on edge, very vulnerable, brave but alone in her performance. She lived on the phone with her acting coach Peggy Feury.

Considering the orgy of drug use and the hard-edged sexual tone of Scarface, it isn't surprising that rumors abound of rampant on-set sex and drugs.

She needed some kind of lifeline.”

Considering the orgy of drug use and the hard-edged sexual tone of *Scarface*, let alone the druggy decade in which it was made, it isn't surprising that rumors abound of rampant on-set sex and drugs. “There were zero drugs on that set,” insists Bregman. “The cocaine people saw on-screen? Powdered sugar.” Pacino, for his part, says, “If that was going on, I wasn't privy to it. I didn't drink at the time. Still don't. I didn't imbibe any of that. I stopped a while ago. I'm oblivious to that stuff. I can't act and do that kind of thing.” Bauer, who spent years overcoming substance abuse, concurs: “Druggies are always let down when they hear that Pacino didn't use drugs during the movie. He wasn't interested.”

Sex, on the other hand, was commonplace and never more so than when hundreds of female extras were brought in for two weeks of filming the big Babylon Club disco sequence. The set was a deliberately bizarre, glitzy masterpiece of Greco-Roman meets Renaissance design by the film's masterful visual consultant, Ferdinando Scarfiotti (*The Conformist*, *Death in Venice*), who had intended it to be a “bright, brittle, glaring” playground for the rich and the damned. The sequence was shot on Universal's largest soundstage, Soundstage 12, built in 1929 and used for

movies from *Frankenstein* in the 1930s to *Back to the Future* and beyond. Bauer recalls, “Three hundred extras—100 of whom were great-looking girls—and I had a little dressing-room rendezvous once a week, at least. I've never been a dog or a misogynist. I'm obsessed with feminine beauty. With these women *wanting* to, why would I be aloof when there's a naked woman around?”

As for his magnetic co-star Pacino, who had been associated offscreen with such actresses as Jill Clayburgh and Kathleen Quinlan, Bauer says, “Every day on the set I would have to go to Al and say, ‘Listen, there's this girl over there who's really beautiful and wants you.’ He'd ask, ‘Have you been with her?’ I'd tell him, ‘No. Just let her into your trailer.’ But he'd whisper, ‘I can't do that. She'll talk.’ Then he'd ask, ‘Is she really beautiful? Don't let her see me.’ He might say, ‘Bring her over while we're on the set’ and then say hello, but that was all. Al was really careful, really old-school. In subsequent years I hear he relaxed a little in that area.”

Pacino kept his sights solely on portraying Montana in a no-holds-barred, flamboyant performance that danced on a knife edge of bravery, brilliance and foolhardiness. Abraham compares watching and working with him to being up close to “an intelligent, dangerous fucking animal.” Mastrantonio recalls, “When I didn't know what I was doing—i.e., *always*—I looked to Al, thinking, Man, he's daring to go that far and in that depth with all these people watching. I'm going to do that too. He set the bar so high. It was exhausting.”

“I threw it to the winds,” Pacino admits with a self-conscious laugh. “There was something in that role that I was, in my own way, saying or at least trying to. I'm not the way Tony Montana is at all, but who doesn't want to be fearless? Living that character 14 hours a day for all those months of shooting, I was so lucky and relieved to be in love with a woman I'd come home to and get away from that intensity. One night we went to the house of a friend who had a dog who didn't like men. I love dogs, and this one leapt straight at me, but I had no fear. The vein I was in because of playing Tony meant a strain of fearlessness was running through me. That fearlessness left, of course. I wish I could get it back.”

Maybe that fearlessness helped provoke confrontations between Pacino and his collaborators, one of the more dramatic of which saw the star refuse to play the incestuous undertone to his character's relationship with his sister, an element that Stone's screenplay carried over from the first *Scarface* film. In one scene Mastrantonio's stoned, grief-ravaged character angrily confronts him for killing her new husband, Bauer, accusing him of wanting her for himself. According to Bauer, Pacino, calling De Palma “a pervert,” reported a volatile meeting at which “Oliver kept going, ‘Al, I wrote it that way because I feel your love for her is unhealthy,’ and Brian said that he thought it made the story more sick and complicated. Al said, ‘It's not already sick and complicated enough that this guy wants everything? He wants to protect and control his sister. Look, I'm playing a monster, but not *that* kind of monster.’” Pacino today insists, “I didn't see it as incestuous at all. How Tony felt for her was coming from a need to preserve something separate and



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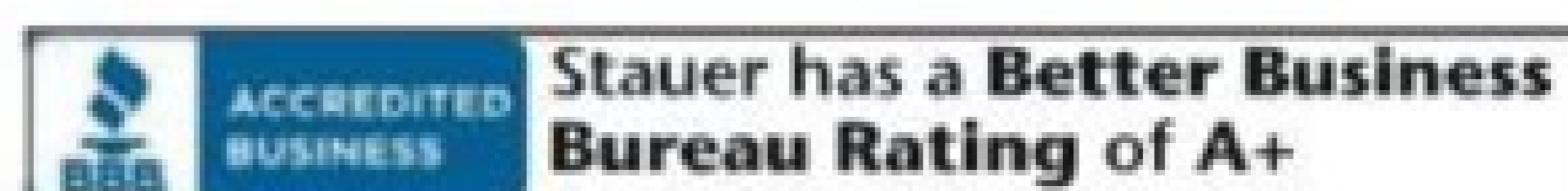
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pure in his life," Mastrantonio, claiming to have no idea what De Palma or Stone had in their heads, says, "I assumed that Tony was Gina's hero and that she was a virgin until she met Manny. But it's an interesting, ambiguous thing. Film can be edited any way." Interesting, yes. Ambiguous, less so, especially to the many critics who would go on to comment on the movie's incestuous undercurrents.

Says Stone, who would soon clash bitterly—and irrevocably—with the film's producer, "Bregman was always worried about Pacino. He loves Al, but he referred to him as a madman, a nutcase. Al is a very sweet guy, creative, intelligent, and yeah, we're all a little crazy in this business, but I certainly don't see him the way Bregman does. Bregman was afraid that Al would go off the deep end by having crazy ideas or refusing to do something. Universal was putting enormous pressure to cut things out, to get the movie finished. They were banging on De Palma's door, but the energy on the set was slowing all the time. There wasn't the energy to complete the movie. It was horrible."

Some on the crew believe that Stone's conflicts with the production began when he learned early in the filming that Universal had cut from his screenplay a lengthy opening sequence that took Scarface and Manny raft trip to the U.S. Recalls Bauer, "Once Oliver learned that whole scene had been cut,

he was always crazy and mad on the set. He finally got in Brian's way and became a pain in the ass. But he was right. The sequence had a semi-retarded kid falling overboard, and Tony Montana jumps in and saves his life. It established he's not just a monster. We never shot any of it. Right away they cut at the heart of the movie." Recalls Bregman, "Anything that was cut was because we didn't want to make a four-hour movie." Today Stone agrees that economics dictated the cuts, but adds, "My problems were with Bregman, a forceful individual and tough man to get along with. Our relationship ended badly. We had other things we were developing but never worked together again."

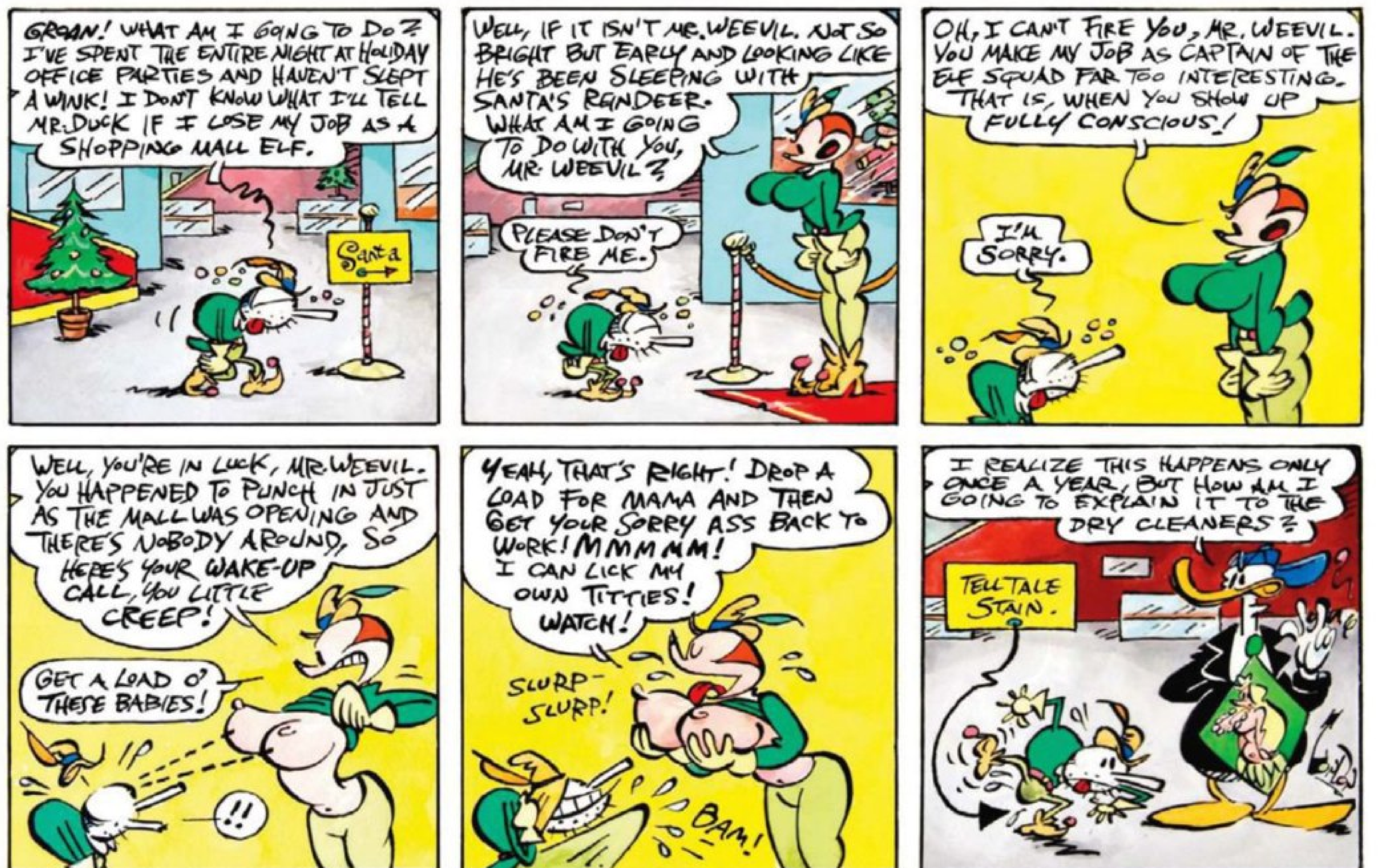
As if the shooting had not already become tense enough, the production lost Pacino for more than a week when, filming the final hit on Montana, the actor's left hand landed on the scorching-hot barrel of a gun, leaving him with second-degree burns. Stone recalls, "The assassination of Tony Montana in the script involved just a few people. Brian added what seemed like 100 assassins. Brian was glamorizing that world to a large extent. He isn't interested in reality. Things got bigger, which isn't necessarily a bad thing, but it's a Hollywood thing."

Scarface finally completed principal photography on May 6, 1983 after 24 weeks of filming

that had dragged on so unexpectedly long that Loggia had to reschedule his wedding. Mastrantonio, being paid on a weekly basis, wound up with what she called "a lovely bank account." De Palma skipped the wrap party because, according to Stone, "he couldn't stand being around the movie anymore." Editing the film consumed the summer. Stone inadvertently wrote his own exit music when he shared his concerns with Pacino about a rough cut he was shown: "Al told me my notes were very effective and wanted to implement them. He really weighed in. Giving feedback would have made sense in a healthy collaboration, except Bregman is not interested in any kind of healthy collaboration. I guess Al must have said something to Bregman, and also probably to Brian, that pissed them off, and suddenly I was persona non grata after I'd worked so hard on the script and spent six months on the set. It was heartbreaking."

With Universal gearing up for a Christmas release, the studio held several audience screenings, at which, Bregman says, "the response was always good, although they reacted negatively to some of the language, especially the *fucks*." But Marc Shmuger, a former Universal Pictures executive, has said, "Even in our test screenings the movie wasn't playing well. I was just stunned. I didn't know how to take it. *The Godfather* had seemed so perfect and proper, but *Scarface* just felt so aggressive." If a studio chairman

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



thought the movie was aggressive, that was small potatoes compared with the reaction, in October 1983, of the seven-member ratings board of the Classification and Rating Administration of the Motion Picture Association of America, headed by Richard Heffner. Viewing the movie's hangings, knifings, dismemberments and gunfire—let alone hearing the profanity—the board slapped it with an X rating. With the film set to open in roughly 1,000 theaters, many owners of which would certainly refuse to show an X-rated movie, Bregman, calling the MPAA's decision "all bullshit," immediately launched an appeal that, in the end, saw the ratings board walk back their decision and give *Scarface* an R.

But even rated R, the movie unleashed a furor in theaters. Recalls Pacino, "Oliver came up to my apartment because he had seen *Scarface* in a movie house, and when I asked what he thought, he said, 'It's anarchy, Al. The theater was exploding. The audience was in the aisles.' I remember going on a live morning television show, something I rarely do, and the first thing the host did was shake his head and say, 'How could you do a picture like this?' I got pounded. It was a pretty tough time for me. It affected me to the point that, after *Scarface* and *Revolution*, I didn't make a movie again for four years." The movie crushed the hopes of others as well. "I was embarrassed and self-conscious," admits Bauer, who had received predictions of John Travolta-level stardom before his screen debut. "It was so depressing that Al and I couldn't even talk about the movie. In 1985 I met Bono, who said, 'You're great, but I fucking hate *Scarface*. Everything in that movie is what's ugly about America.' I have hundreds of experiences like that. I had to carry around the taint from *Scarface* for years." Says Stone, "The movie worked to the degree it worked. I was happy. But it was trashed. It was not a hit. I couldn't get arrested. I had to fight my way back with *Salvador* and *Platoon*. Brian's turnaround with the critics and public came only when he did the clean, sanitized gangster picture *The Untouchables*."

Yet 28 years after its release, *Scarface* has gone more than legit. It's practically impossible to walk into a college dorm without seeing at least one Tony Montana poster plastered on an undergrad's wall. A 2003 20th-anniversary showing of a restored *Scarface* drew the four principal stars and the producer (though not Stone or De Palma); shortly after, the film's DVD debut sold 2 million copies its first week of release and went on to break existing records as Universal's fastest-selling DVD. Today *Scarface* swag is available in every conceivable permutation, and this past fall marked the movie's debut on Blu-ray, an event deep-pocketed fans can celebrate with a \$999.99 limited edition that features a hand-painted cedar humidifier. But how did all this happen?

The answer is that, by the mid-1990s, *Scarface* had morphed from original gangster to original gangsta. Back in the day, the movie's reputation rose exponentially as it ran constantly on TV and cable and was watched repeatedly on VHS. Its raw energy, violence, ethos and celebration/exploitation of possessions—bling, cars, clothes, dope, cribs,

beautiful women—helped it ascend to the status of "ghetto classic," as Kevin Liles, former executive vice president of the Island/Def Jam Music Group, described it, also calling it "the movie we all watched 100 times," one of the few that could "inspire people for that American dream." The movie won mad love from the rap and hip-hop culture, with artists including Snoop Dogg, Method Man and Sean Combs hailing it as a creative touchstone. The Notorious B.I.G. canonized the movie in his "Ten Crack Commandments," Mobb Deep messed beautifully with Giorgio Moroder's iconic theme music for his hit "It's Mine," and the movie's look and style have influenced dozens of other music videos. In 2006 Shaquille O'Neal threw himself a \$300,000-plus *Scarface*-themed 34th-birthday bash in Miami that featured Elvira Hancock look-alike models and rooms that replicated settings from the movie, including the Babylon Club.

It got so you couldn't watch MTV's *Cribs* without the featured star giving the movie props with a tour of his *Scarface* collection or doing a Pacino imitation. Geto Boys rapper Brad Jordan went so far as to rename himself Scarface and called Tony Montana "my hero for life." Actress Miriam Colon says she understands why people, ethnic kids especially, relate: "Pacino's character is truly fascinating, especially to people in minority communities, because they see a minority person who learns how to survive, no matter what, things so many of them face in their neighborhoods. They idolize and cherish the movie, memorize and repeat it again and again like a rosary. The movie paints an ugly picture of Tony's grossness and violence, but unfortunately they love his violence and ignore the way the character ends up."

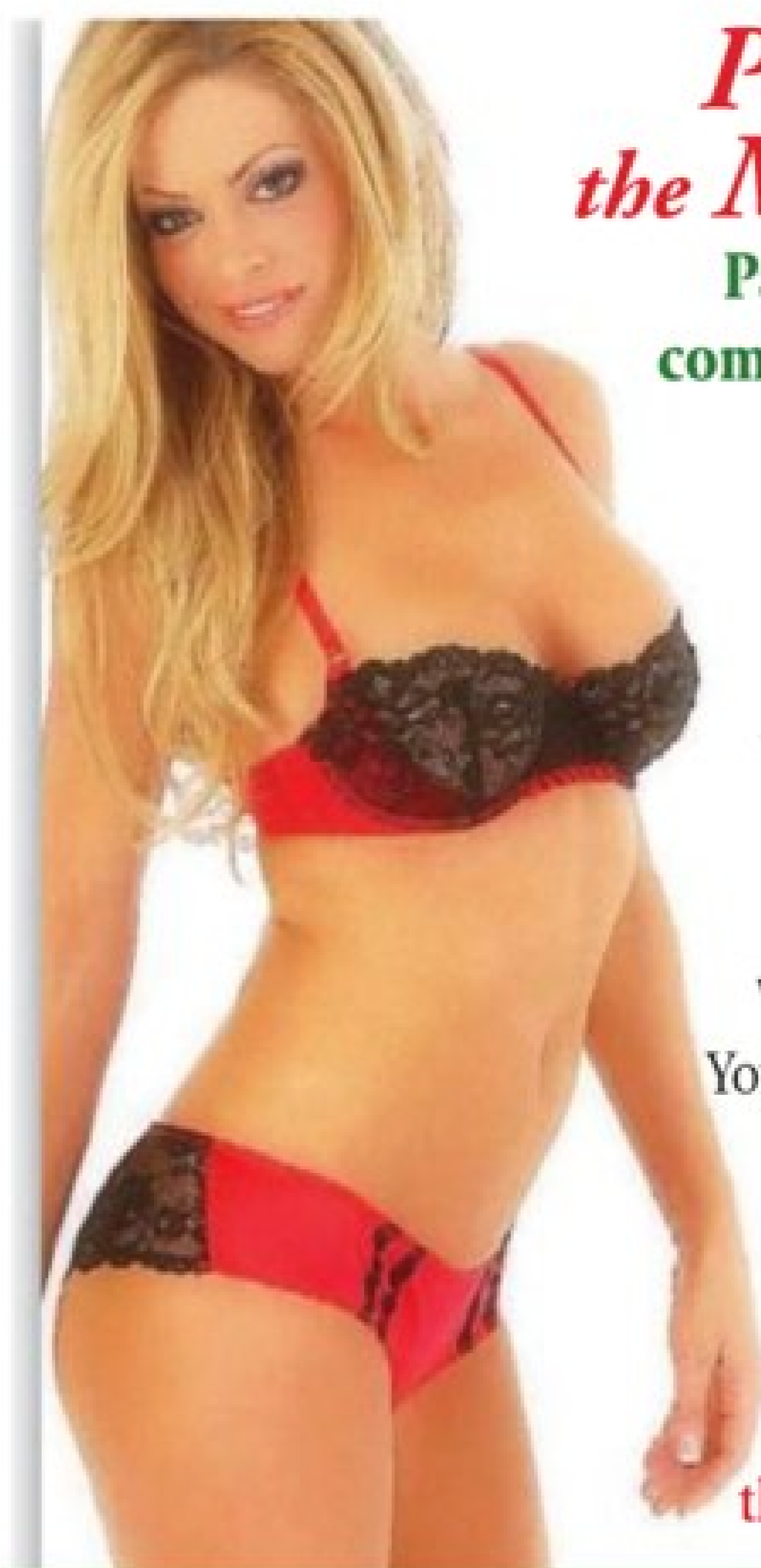
In fact, the Geto Boys' Jordan was, until recently, incarcerated for four cases of failure to pay child support. And just this past June the NYPD busted alleged East Harlem cocaine ringleader Ceferino "Papo" Perez, who apparently kept on his nightstand a framed photo of Tony Montana with his own face superimposed. But as film critic Armond White points out, the movie's appeal goes way beyond urban viewers: "The film spoke very strongly to people, who responded to it openly and fairly, and not just the hip-hop community. The underclass or the working-class people could catch it better than the middle class could." No wonder there's current Hollywood talk about producers Martin Bregman and Marc Shmuger taking a new whack at *Scarface* using many of the same dramatic elements but with a different ethnic slant and backdrop.

Says Stone, who a few years later saw his "Greed is good" *Wall Street* line become an affirmation instead of the indictment he intended, "Our society is fucked. Our culture is fucked. We don't even know right from wrong, everything is so upside-fucking-down. Maybe people think, If I'm going to go down with a bad guy like Tony Montana, at least the bad guy is telling more truth than the good guy."

"But anyone who wants the American dream at that price?" He shakes his head. "That's insanity."



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CRAIG FERGUSON

(continued from page 62)

fucked. There has to be dialogue, there has to be interaction, there has to be—and I know everybody hates this word—compromise. If you can't compromise, you can't do anything. And for me it also has an undertone of.... [pauses] It's kind of what I do to counteract my alcoholism. If I'm separate and apart, it's probably not going to end well. I need a support system. Plus, I think it looks cool. [smiles and slaps tattoo]

PLAYBOY: You have a few other tattoos, right? A family crest?

FERGUSON: I have the Ferguson family crest right up here [pulls down shirt to expose upper right arm], and my mother's up here [exposes upper left arm], and I'm going to put my kids' names here. [points to biceps] I don't think I'll go much beyond that. I'm not interested in getting a full sleeve, but I like dabbling in them.

PLAYBOY: You've said your dad hated tattoos.

FERGUSON: It's the Celtic paradox, isn't it? A tattoo to remember a man who hated tattoos. It's interesting, though. The tattoo I got after my father died—that was my first—I had done by Ami James, and it went on very quickly. It took him about an hour and a half and it was relatively pain-free. It wasn't a big deal at all, just like my relationship with my father. When my mother died, I got another tattoo on the other arm. Two fucking days! Excruciating pain! And I went, "Yep, there you go." That was pretty much our relationship in a nutshell.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in a town called Cumbernauld. How would you describe your hometown to somebody who's never been there?

FERGUSON: If you imagine Scotland as a beautiful woman—and Scotland is one of the more beautiful and wonderful places on earth. Everybody's got an ass, and at one time or another everybody's had a pimple on their ass. The town I grew up in is the pimple on the ass of a beautiful woman.

PLAYBOY: So you don't look back on it with rose-colored glasses?

FERGUSON: Not at all. It was a terrible fucking town. I hated it. Not Scotland, not Glasgow—Cumbernauld. Glasgow is a tough town, but it's a nice town. Cumbernauld, the area I grew up in, was a fucking cesspool. I love Scotland. I go back whenever I can, and I own a house there. But I won't be nostalgic for Cumbernauld. It's a shit hole, but I do sometimes feel nostalgic about the scars I have from living there.

PLAYBOY: You played drums in various punk bands around Scotland, including one called the Bastards From Hell.

FERGUSON: Yes, lovely name, wasn't it?

PLAYBOY: What appealed to you about it? Was it the self-destructive aspect of punk music?

FERGUSON: Punk burst onto the scene when I was 15 years old, and however long I live, I think it will inform everything I do. A lot of my identity is wrapped up in that. It was a small subculture. It's not what it is now. It was reviled. To be a punk was to be

an outcast. It wasn't "I shop at Hot Topic. I'm a punk." There was no Hot Topic. I can still remember the first punk rock song I ever heard. It was a double-A single by the Damned, with "Neat Neat Neat" on one side and "New Rose" on the other. A friend of mine had it, and we listened to it in his bedroom. The moment I heard that opening bass riff on "Neat Neat Neat"—doom-didda-doom-didda-doom—well, that just changed everything.

PLAYBOY: What felt different about it?

FERGUSON: It sounded like a fight, and at that time I enjoyed that sort of activity. Listening to that song was literally the turning point in my life—one of them, anyway. If there are staging posts in your life, hearing "Neat Neat Neat" was one of the big ones for me. I was like, Whatever this is, I'm going this way. Not just the Damned but this type of music in general. Punk rock, for me, was the beginning of everything. I think it was John Lennon who said, "Before Elvis, there was nothing." I understand that thinking. I feel the same way about punk rock. Before punk, there was nothing.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite memory from those years, when you really felt as though you were living the punk rock dream?

FERGUSON: There was a night in Glasgow when I was in the Rock Garden pub. The Clash was playing in town, and Joe Strummer and Paul Simonon came into the bar. Me and a few other guys in my band at the time were standing at the bar, and they came up and said, "Hello, boys. What's going on?" We were like, "Fuck, it's the Clash!" We got to talking to them, and we ended up drinking around Glasgow with them all night. They left with some girls, and I got a girl, and everyone went their separate ways. When Strummer died 10 years ago, or whatever it was, I remember thinking, Did that really happen to me? That was bizarre. It seems like somebody else. Guys like me don't hang out drinking all night with the Clash.

PLAYBOY: Do you wish you could go back?

FERGUSON: Sometimes, sure. I don't miss all of it, but there was a weird freedom about it. I heard a guy speak at a [makes air quotes] "meeting" that I [air quotes] "attend" on a fairly regular basis. [laughs] This group has a tradition of not talking to the media about what we do, and I'd like to honor that. But I did hear a guy at one of those informal gatherings of friends that I like to go to who said that just before he got sober, he'd been living out of a van and had nothing—no wife, no kids, no job, no money—and that's how it was. And now here he was, 30 years sober, with a wife and kids and grandkids and a big house in the Palisades, and he said, "I've got to be honest with you. Sometimes I miss waking up just me in a van." I kind of understand that. Being a poor kid in a punk rock band was gnarly and dirty, but I was 18 and it was fun. I sometimes miss being 18. Usually before coffee in the morning.

PLAYBOY: After *The Drew Carey Show* ended, in 2004, you said you were thinking about giving up show business. Would you have gone back to drumming or tried something else?

FERGUSON: I wasn't really serious about that. I just didn't know what I wanted to do next. I ended up writing a novel, which was the right thing to do.

PLAYBOY: Was it just a transitional thing, or would you do it again?

FERGUSON: No, I'll do it again. [groans] In fact, I've started work on another book, but it's going to take a while.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem happy about it.

FERGUSON: I'm happy, but it's fucking hard work. You just have to put your head down and focus on the page in front of you. Fuck, just thinking about it is making me sick. I don't know where it's going. I don't know how long it is. I know it's a book; that's all I know for sure. I've written enough of it to know it's a book, so now it kind of has me.

PLAYBOY: You don't have to finish it, you know. Failure is always an option.

FERGUSON: [Laughs] Very nice, yes. Used that one against me, didn't you? I suppose you're right, but from my experience, writing a novel is like having sex with a gorilla. You ain't done till the gorilla's done. You might think, Well, when I'm done, I'll be done. But you're not done. The gorilla's still going.

PLAYBOY: Your first stand-up gigs were at a dance club in Scotland. Was it as horrible as it sounds?

FERGUSON: It really was, yeah. There were no comedy clubs, so the only place you could perform comedy was at a disco. They'd stop the music, and the DJ would say, "And now here's some guy who thinks he's funny." They'd be heckling before you reached the microphone. The first time I did it, I was wearing a kilt. It was a big Scottish punk festival. I walked out there and my knees were shaking, and these girls standing near the front of the stage saw it and started chanting, "Iz knees are knockin', iz knees are knockin'!" When you're faced with that much hostility, you develop a certain aggressive style. It thickens your skin. It's a great boot camp in a way, though it didn't feel like it at the time.

PLAYBOY: Are those skills still applicable today? You never seem particularly aggressive on *The Late Late Show*.

FERGUSON: I try not to be. No, it's not the same thing anymore. Back then it was a job or it was something I was trying to make a job. Today it's just who I am. My pulse doesn't change from talking to you to taping a show. Adrenaline in comedy is not your friend. It's certainly not for me. You can be excited, sure, but when you're in fight-or-flight mode, that's not good.

PLAYBOY: What about your home life? You have two sons, Milo and a newborn named Liam. What type of dad are you?

FERGUSON: On our refrigerator door we have something called the Swear-O-Meter, which my son Milo came up with and constructed himself. He doesn't swear at all, and he doesn't like it when I do, so he put a tariff together. Depending on the cussword, you have to pay a certain amount.

PLAYBOY: What's the price scale?

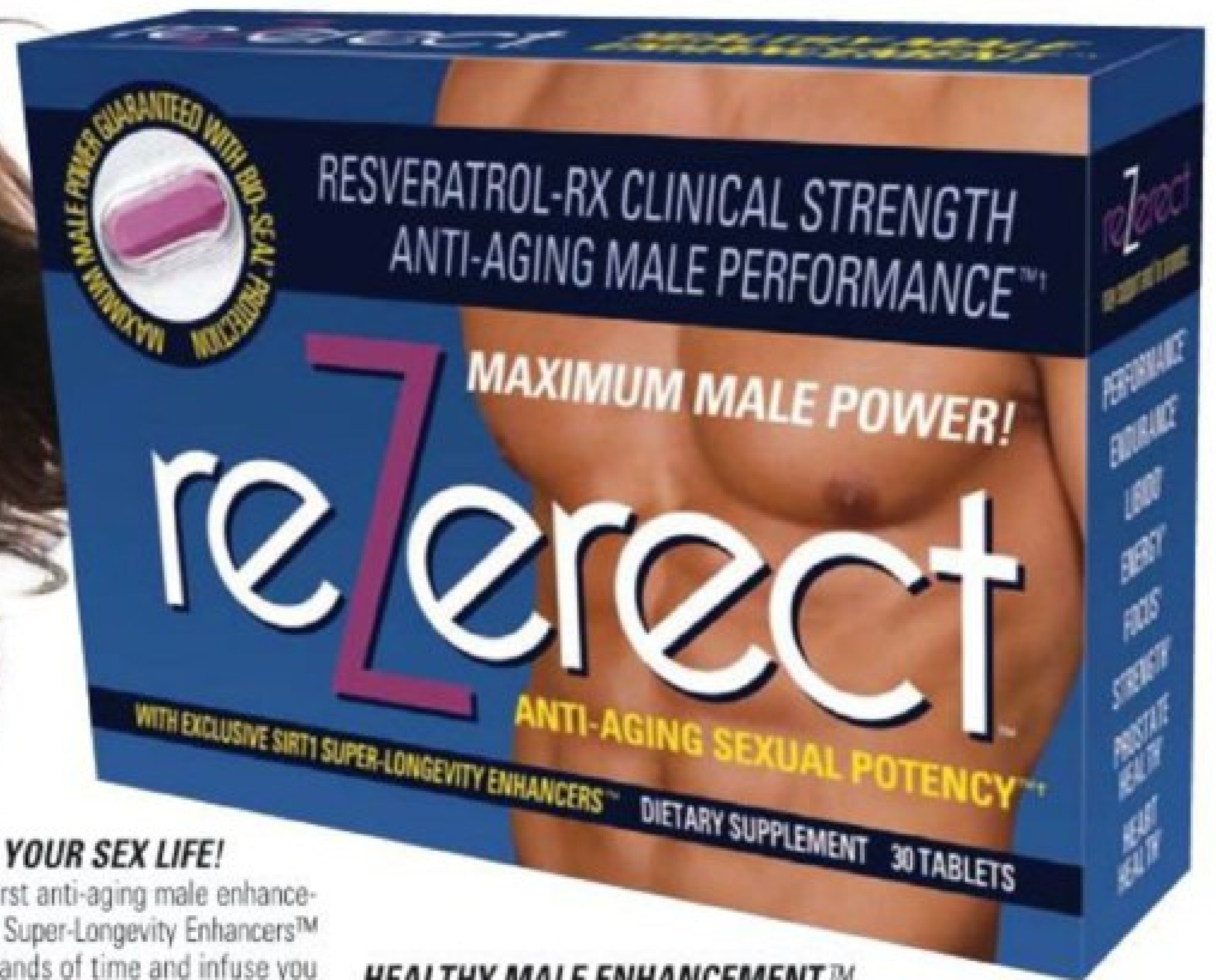
FERGUSON: *Motherfucker* is at the top. It's a \$2 cussword in my house.

PLAYBOY: Is that because it has *mother* in it?

FERGUSON: I don't know. You'd have to ask Milo; he invented the tariffs. So it's

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\$2 for *motherfucker*, a buck for a *fuck*. And after that I think it goes down through *shit, asshole*, all that. *Retard* is a swearword. You can't say that. And then H-E double hockey sticks is 50 cents. That kid is making 20 bucks a week out of me right now. And that's just what he hears. I used to cuss a lot more than I do now. I try not to cuss at all around him if I can help it.

PLAYBOY: Because you can't afford it?

FERGUSON: No, not just that. Because he doesn't like it. It's a mark of respect. If he doesn't like it, I don't do it. In all my life, all the teachers and TV executives and publicists, everybody who tried to get me to stop cussing, the only one who could do it was my son.

PLAYBOY: You're on your third marriage. Why does this one work while the others didn't? Have you changed, or have you finally found the right woman?

FERGUSON: I think it's a little of both. My wife, Megan, and I know it's corny to say this, but she's my best friend. We have an open communication. I'm not hiding anything from her. If I'm away from home, I

can call her and say, "I need you to go into my desk drawer and find something for me." The freedom of that is fantastic.

PLAYBOY: She's not going to find any phone numbers scrawled on matchbooks?

FERGUSON: She might have if she was married to me 10 or 20 years ago, but not today. I think until I met Megan I wasn't at a place in my life where I was capable of being with a woman like Megan. She's a spectacular individual. And besides, I'm too old to date. I don't want any part of that. "Hey, do you like puppies? I like puppies. Do you like cheesy biscuits? I like cheesy biscuits!" Fuck that. If Megan ever leaves me, I'm done.

PLAYBOY: Is it just dating you don't like or all social situations?

FERGUSON: All of it. I don't care for being out in public if I can help it. It's a product of being happily married, I think. The only reason I ever went to parties was to get laid, so what's the point of going? If I go home, I'll get laid. This is just wasting time.

PLAYBOY: What about dinner parties?

FERGUSON: Only if I absolutely have to. Success has encouraged in me a certain social

isolation. I partied for a long time when I was younger. I feel I hit that spot pretty hard. Chris Rock has this great bit in his stand-up routine when he says, "You don't want to be the old guy in the club." I totally agree with that. I don't want to be one of those guys driving up and down Sunset Boulevard in a convertible with dyed eyebrows.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of growing old?

FERGUSON: Not at all, but I want to get George Carlin old or Pablo Picasso old. You know what I mean? That's the way to grow old.

PLAYBOY: That's not as easy as it sounds. You're in an industry that's very youth-centric.

FERGUSON: Not to me it ain't. It's youth-centric if you let it be youth-centric. It's youth-centric if you buy into it. I don't give a shit. I don't give a shit about who the Kardashians or Lady Gaga of the moment is. It doesn't matter to me. I don't care if the people watching my show are 16 years old or 65 years old. I don't make the show for any particular age group. I was very clear on that when they gave me the show. I told them, "We're not going after a demographic." The first thing I did when I got the job, I said to the writers, "Don't give me any jokes that will make middle-aged women feel bad about themselves."

PLAYBOY: Why?

FERGUSON: Because I watched my predecessor and all he did was rag on middle-aged women. I don't understand that at all. Why is it a bad thing to be a middle-aged woman? Some of the best times of my life have been spent with middle-aged women.

PLAYBOY: How many more years do you want to host *The Late Late Show*?

FERGUSON: I don't know, man. That's a good question. That's one I'm asking myself.

PLAYBOY: How much longer do you have on your contract with CBS?

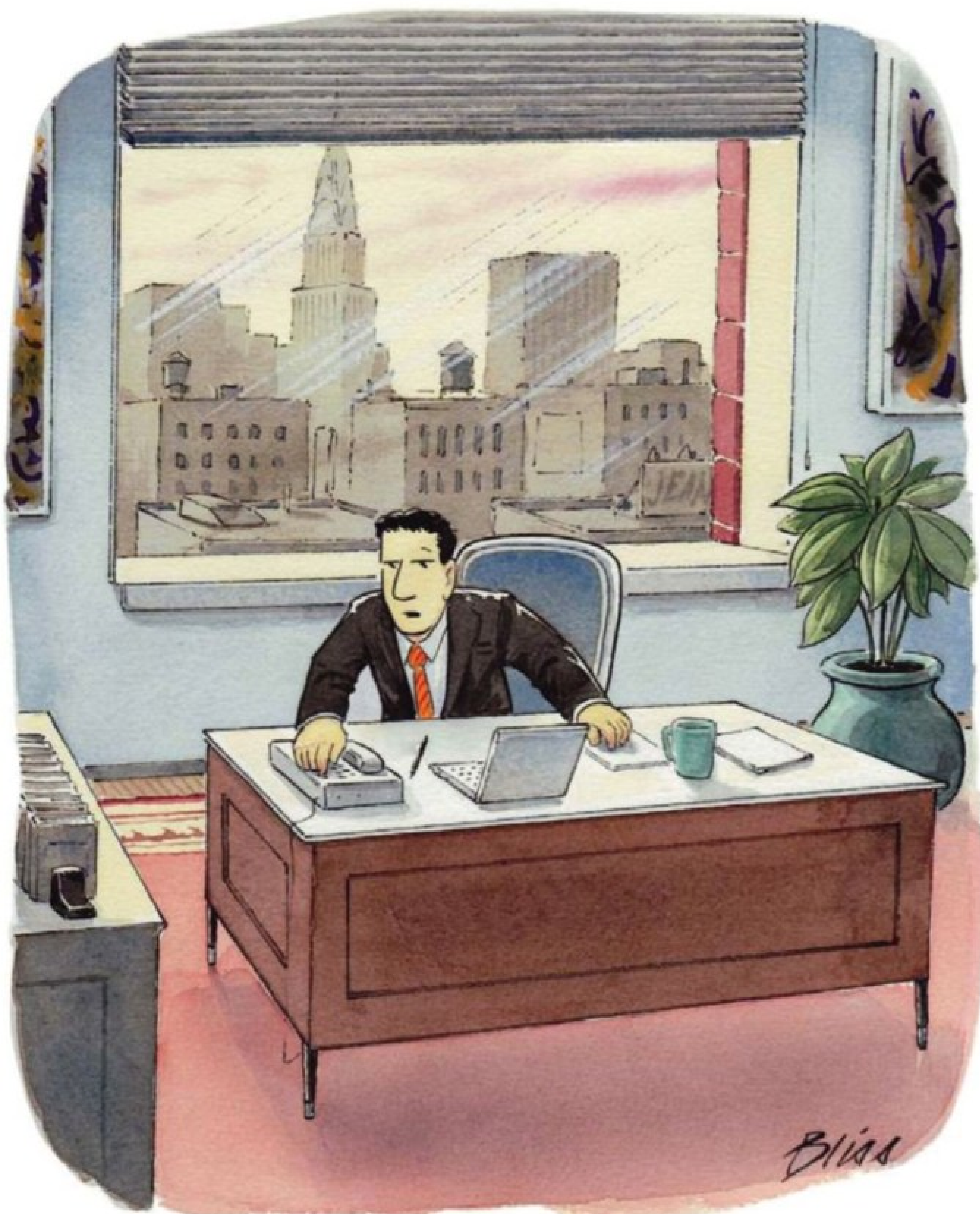
FERGUSON: I've got a few more years, so it's nothing immediate. It may not even be my choice whether I keep the job. So there's always that. [pauses] I don't see the show as being the only career option for me. I'll do it a little longer, and then maybe I'll do something else. It's not the be-all and end-all for me, and it never has been. At least for now I'm really enjoying it. You were asking me before whether I'm afraid of growing older. I don't dwell on it a whole hell of a lot, but there are things I like to do that I'll miss when they're over or I'm too old to do them anymore or I'm dead. And that's the whole point of living, isn't it?

PLAYBOY: You've come a long way from that guy who wanted to jump off a bridge 20 years ago.

FERGUSON: I don't understand that guy anymore. I don't relate to him. I don't understand the desire to not experience what you're experiencing. "I don't like my life. I'll jump off a bridge." "I don't like getting older. I'll dye my eyebrows." Well, you can do that, I suppose, or you can just deal with it. What was that great quote by Bette Davis? "Getting old is not for pussies."

PLAYBOY: We're pretty sure she said sissies.

FERGUSON: Was it sissies? Well, I think she meant pussies. That seems more accurate.



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KRASSNER VS. BREITBART

(continued from page 128)

middle of a postverdict riot at city hall. I was beaten by two cops shouting homophobic epithets—it made no difference to them that I was straight—and as a result I now have to walk with a cane. Anyway, how do you react to the conservative movement's inconsistency about less government in their lives?

BREITBART: I don't know what evidence you're offering that the Tea Party is focusing on any of those issues. The Tea Party is a bizarre amalgam of independents, conservatives and libertarians who have surgically excised the social issues from the table, and the people in those crowds have diverse opinions on all the things you mentioned. I happen to be pro-marijuana, certainly marijuana decriminalization, but I'm not asserting myself and my social views in this current environment. If you can't see and if the media don't want to see that the Tea Party is about financial restraint and has nothing to do with social issues—nothing, nothing, nothing—to the consternation of the social conservatives. I've had rifts and schisms with social conservatives over my stances on these issues. They can call me a libertarian if they want. I don't care what labels they call me. But the Tea Party is abused by the mainstream media, which misinform the public of what their rights are. Their rights are specific to the expansion of government and the inability to rein in budgets. And by spending money on things that don't work, we're putting our children in economic peril, period. It has nothing to do with marijuana, it has nothing to do with abortion, it has nothing to do with gay marriage. There are gay people in the Tea Party. There are people of all different social stripes within the Tea Party who have a singular focus on restraining government debt and applying constitutional principles.

KRASSNER: When *Who's Who in America* invited me to fill out a form for inclusion in the book, where it asked for my political affiliation I wrote "Independent Dupe," and that's how it has me listed. It's interesting to see how in America the free-enterprise system has become intertwined with democracy, and in the process *socialism* has become a dirty word.

BREITBART: It is a dirty word.

KRASSNER: It's revealing that Norman Thomas ran for president six times as the Socialist Party candidate, and though he was defeated in each election, over the past several decades every one of his platform planks has been adopted by both Republican and Democratic administrations. The laws they passed just weren't labeled socialist. Now, I have no economic ideology, but I realize there is something wrong with capitalism. I realized it as I read the business section all those years before the recession was officially declared. I noticed day after day these news items about hundreds of employees being let go by different corporations, and yet their shareholders were pleased because the value of their stocks went up. There's something wrong with that. In the insurance industry especially, greed became a preexisting condition.

BREITBART: Well, I think I lean more toward being an independent conservative, in that I see problems with the Republican Party, with

its lack of consistency in its point of view and its unwillingness to fight for conservative principles. I controversially support people like Sarah Palin, Michele Bachmann, Allen West and Rick Perry, people who are either sort of in the Tea Party sphere or in the more independent sphere of the conservative movement, who feel less represented by the Republican Party. I've come to appreciate the emancipation of that independence. If anybody came to me with a scandal that involved blatant wrongdoing by a Republican, I would be blissful to report it. But when the mainstream media are so naturally left of center, people can go to ABC, CBS and NBC with those types of stories and they will get maximum coverage. So people end up coming to me only when they have stories that perhaps hurt liberals or Democrats, because they know that if they go to ABC, CBS or NBC the door will be closed on them. I wouldn't recommend that a person who knows of a scandal involving a Republican come to me, because they can simply go to *The New York Times* and it will be exposed. But somebody should test me, because I would be happy to report on corruption within the Republican Party. I would like to think that my team, the people I relate to ideologically, hold themselves to a higher standard.

KRASSNER: Do you mean that if somebody sent you photos of Rick Perry that were like the Anthony Weiner photos, you would publish them?

BREITBART: No doubt. Would I have the same level of enthusiasm? No, because I expected nothing from Anthony Weiner, and I respect Governor Perry. But he has further to fall. It would be more disappointing and more worthy of exposure, because he's supposed to represent a higher standard.

KRASSNER: I want to get to the topic of religion. As an atheist and an absurdist, the most absurd thing I could do is to develop an ongoing relationship with a deity I don't believe exists. So as a stand-up comic, before a performance I would say, "Please, God, help me do a good show," and then I would hear the voice of God bellow, "Shut up, you superstitious fool." Actually, I stopped being a militant atheist in the 1960s when I realized that Martin Luther King Jr. was a Christian whose actions I admired, whereas George Lincoln Rockwell, the head of the American Nazi Party, was an agnostic whose actions I disdained. So I no longer care what anybody believes instead of what they do, whether they're kind or cruel to others. I call myself a secular humanist, and you call yourself a secular Jew. I'm curious as to how that informs your views on controversies from circumcision to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. For example, as a baby I was circumcised against my will, and now, when San Francisco considers outlawing circumcision, I'm torn between—

BREITBART: Torn between?

KRASSNER: Yeah, that's a poor verb. I'm trapped between—

BREITBART: Ripped apart.

KRASSNER: Yeah, that'll do it. I'm ripped apart between freedom of religion and genital mutilation as a form of child abuse. As for the Middle East, I said to God, "You're supposed to be all-knowing, and so you knew

in advance that designating Palestine as the promised land for Jews would have devastating consequences." And I heard the voice of God boom out, "I never *promised* land to the Jewish people; I only said, 'I'll see what I can do.'" But getting back to what being a secular Jew means to you—

BREITBART: Well, first of all, from first-hand experience, I love my perfectly crafted bell end. [laughs] I think penile sculpture as religion is above my pay grade. I wouldn't equate it with clitorectomies and the depravities you see in Islamic culture and what they do to women for punitive purposes. Given the fact that I have a circumcised penis, it's too damn sensitive, quite frankly.

KRASSNER: I thought it takes away from sensitivity.

BREITBART: Well, if it does, I'm still too sensitive. I may need a shot or an extra cut. Here's how I look at it. I used to be an atheist, and I became an agnostic, and now I exist in a place where I say I bat third on the Judeo-Christian softball team. I've had too many things happen in my life that, as my father-in-law, Orson Bean, says, there's no such thing as coincidences. I'm starting to doubt my doubts. But I would still say I'm an agnostic who, when watching the debate between Dinesh D'Souza and Christopher Hitchens, I'm usually laughing and slapping my knee with Hitchens but rooting for D'Souza. I'm desirous of moving toward the Judeo-Christian side. In the past I took solace in my agnosticism. One reason is that, during my agnostic years—I call them my nihilistic years—during which I lived in a world of moral relativism and not believing in objective truths, I didn't sleep well at night. I was living in a world of moral chaos. The more I started to listen to people like Dennis Prager and rational people who were religious—not fly-by-nights like Tammy Faye Bakker, Jimmy Swaggart and Benny Hinn. When you get past the hucksters and get to people like David Mamet, who now speaks of Judeo-Christianity, and Dennis Prager, it makes a hell of a lot more sense than the nihilism I embraced. I now find myself fighting alongside many Christians and Jews who believe Judeo-Christianity is the backbone of American culture. Until somebody gives me a better replacement than Judeo-Christianity, I'm not going to be part of the team that's trying to tear down that pillar and replace it with nihilism and cultural and moral relativism.

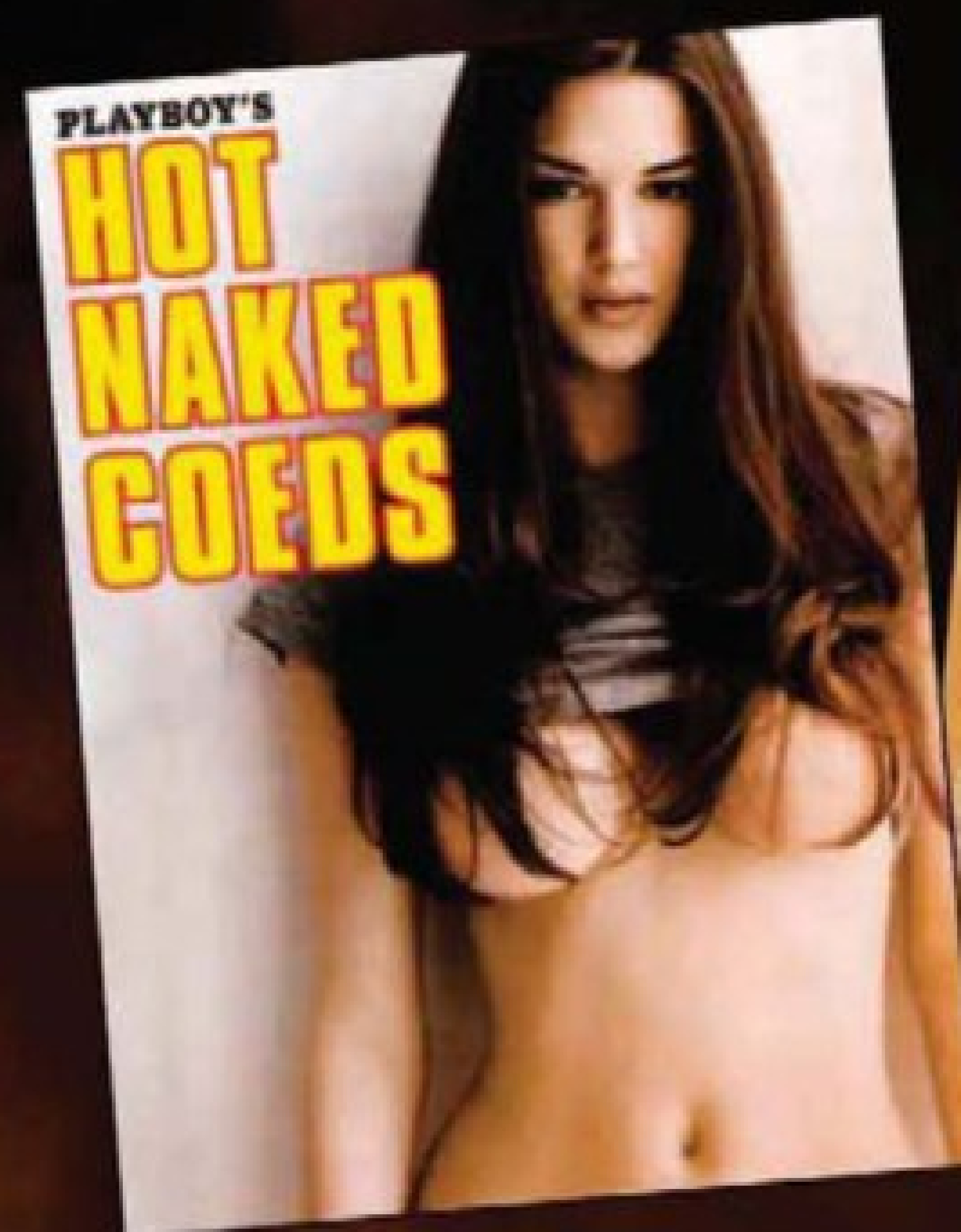
KRASSNER: I know you feel strongly about people succumbing to political correctness. As a performer I'm a living paradox. Irreverence is my only sacred cow, yet I try not to let victims become the target of my humor. There was one specific routine I stopped using in 1970. It called for a "rape-in" of legislators' wives—most legislators then were men—in order to impregnate them so they would then convince their husbands to decriminalize abortion. My feminist friends objected. I resisted at first because it was such a well-intentioned joke, but I reconsidered. Even in a joke, why should women be assaulted because men make the laws? Legislators' wives were the victims in that joke, but the legislators themselves and their laws should have been the target. For me to stop doing that bit of comedy wasn't censorship,

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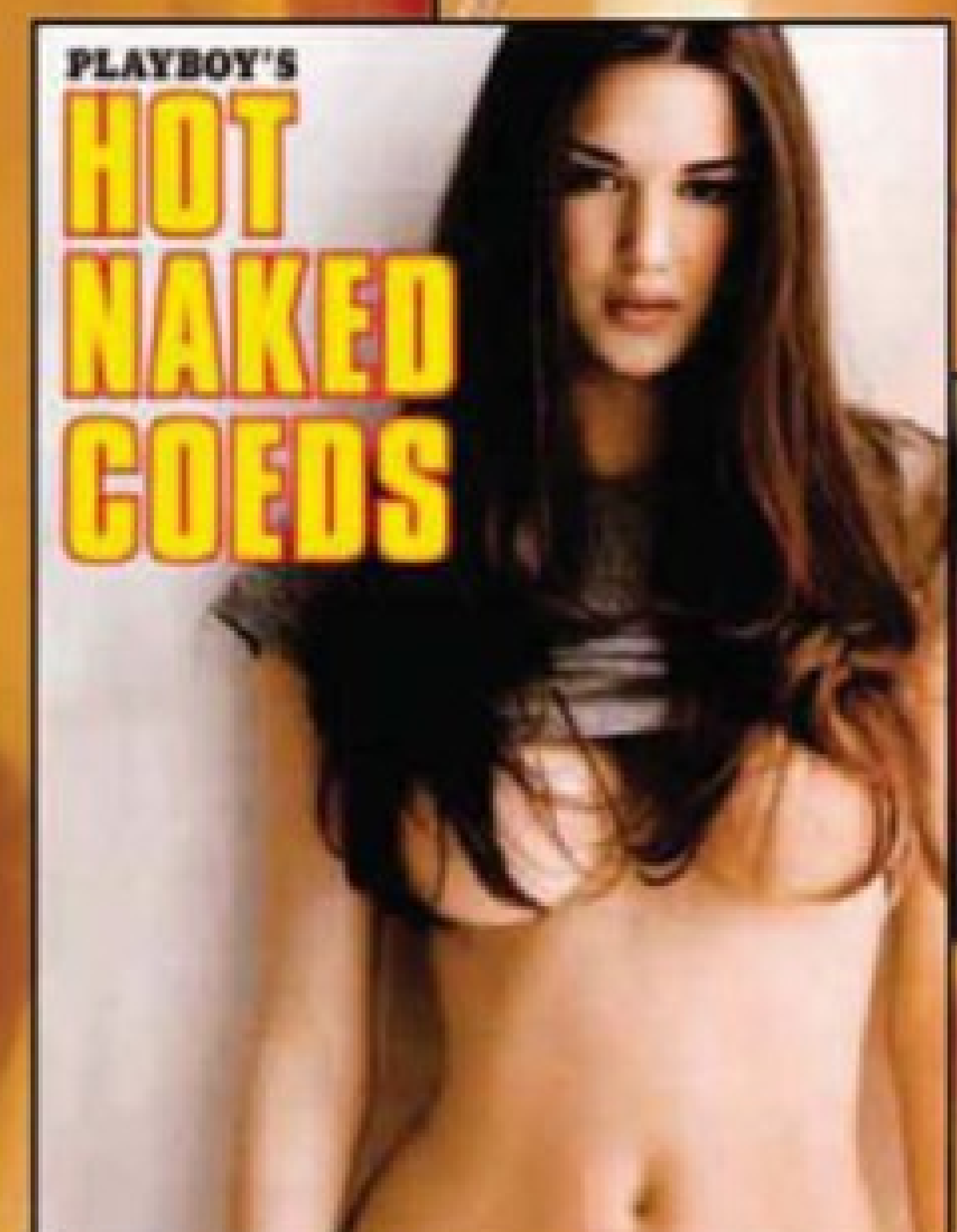
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it was conscious evolution. It wasn't political correctness, it was simple respect. However, in 1982 the Radical Humor Festival at New York University sponsored an evening of radical comedy. The next day my performance was analyzed by an unofficial women's caucus. Robin Tyler, who said, "I am not a lesbian comic; I am a comic who is a lesbian," served as the spokesperson for their conclusions. What had caused a stir was my reference to the use of turkey basters by single mothers-to-be who were attempting to impregnate themselves by artificial insemination. Tyler explained to me, "You have to understand some women still have a hang-up about penetration." But freedom of absurdity transcends gender difference. "Yeah," I said, "but you have to understand some men still feel threatened by turkey basters."

BREITBART: First of all, there's a difference between political correctness and human kindness. I have a specific definition of what political correctness is, and you sort of touched on it by the reference to a lesbian comedian having to differentiate her cultural identity: "I'm a comic who happens to be a lesbian." That's the problem: Cultural Marxism is political correctness, and political correctness is the translation of Marxist economic theories from the battle between the haves and the have-nots into the battle of the oppressor versus the oppressed. And so, given the oppressor-oppressed model, the oppressed get to maintain a permanent place of judgment against the oppressors, and blacks get to judge whites and say, "You're not allowed to say that," but whites aren't allowed to say to blacks, "Chris Rock, you're not allowed to make that joke at the expense of white people, because you're the oppressor. It's okay for us to make fun of you." This double standard has created a huge quandary in our country—that somehow there's a type of affirmative action whereby one group is allowed to castigate, excoriate, demean and defile the other as some form of cultural reparations. All it does in my mind is exacerbate the underlying social rifts, and I reject it wholly. I love Chris Rock, I love Sarah Silverman, but I also think Sam Kinison and Andrew Dice Clay should be afforded the same rule book. I remember watching back in the late 1980s when political correctness

started to take over the comedy world, and the Sam Kinisons and Andrew Dice Clays were marginalized and excoriated for their routines, and today Sarah Silverman and Chris Rock get away with much harsher cultural criticism. I want to exist in a world where comedy functions as an exhaust system so that all members of our society can go into that comedy room, into the Improv, and let it all hang out. When Tracy Morgan is forced to go to a reeducation camp because he's offended gay sensibilities, I don't think it does anyone in the gay community any favors that they show they don't have the ability to laugh at themselves. I love Caucasian jokes, I love Jew jokes. All I can say is, I like equal opportunity offenders. It is not political correctness to be outraged when somebody goes after Trig Palin because he's mentally challenged. That's just pure crudeness and beyond inappropriate. I guess it's sort of like the Supreme Court definition of obscenity—you know offense when you see it, and there is a difference between political correctness and saying something that's just beyond the realm of propriety.

KRASSNER: Wouldn't you apply that standard to Rush Limbaugh when he made fun of Michael J. Fox?

BREITBART: No, I wouldn't. Rush was making a political point.

KRASSNER: Which was?

BREITBART: From what I recall, and I think it was proved to be true, he chose not to take the medicines that calm his symptoms of Parkinson's so that when he did his ad, he was shaking more than he ordinarily would in order to rev up the volume of the issue, to pour oil on the fire over the issue of stem cells—to create the perception that if you are for stem cell research, you're for stopping this shaking. That was my perception of it. Accusing Hollywood and liberals of using emotionalism to push an intellectual argument is incredibly fair game.

KRASSNER: I understand that the epiphany that caused you to make a political right turn occurred while you were watching the hearings about Clarence Thomas's nomination to the Supreme Court. You were genuinely convinced that the treatment of him was racist. I thought he was lying when he testified under oath that he had never discussed the subject of abortion, because in response to

a question by Senator Hank Brown, Anita Hill testified that she had disagreed with Thomas in a discussion about *Roe v. Wade*. But then-senator Joe Biden quickly interrupted her, saying, "That is not the subject of these hearings."

BREITBART: I was upset because it was clear the left and the Democrat media complex—that's my description for the natural alliance of the Democratic Party, liberal interest groups and the mainstream media—chose to put on a show trial by accusing Clarence Thomas of sexual harassment and then had absolutely nothing to back it up. The pretense of this show trial was clearly abortion rights, but they were willing to embarrass him as much as possible, and the mainstream media allowed this to go on without challenge. He's sitting there and they're asking him whether or not he's rented pornography starring Long Dong Silver, and the point is? The point is, I guess, to make this conservative look like he's a hypocrite because he enjoys sex. But if the whole point of *Roe v. Wade* is a right to privacy, these people invaded his privacy and publicly embarrassed him by flaunting what they found out about his private life. I found it to be utterly hypocritical. To watch cads and manslaughter and human sexual harassment machinery like Ted Kennedy sitting in judgment of him was beyond the pale. And one year later, to watch the same crowd that had I BELIEVE ANITA bumper stickers, that had said the threshold for sexual harassment is so low that if you mention you see a pubic hair on a Coke can it's sexual harassment—for those same people, the same Democratic Party, the same Democrat media complex to anoint Bill Clinton as their standard-bearer, I couldn't take the hypocrisy. I was writhing in pain. It didn't mean I immediately went to the supermarket and signed up to become a Republican. I just started to challenge the media narrative that was being handed to me, because I saw how disingenuous that complex was.

KRASSNER: As a Supreme Court Justice, Thomas has declared that the Constitution gives states a right to establish an official religion, that prisoners have no constitutional right to be protected from beatings by guards, that a school official is allowed to strip-search a 13-year-old girl to look



for two extra-strength ibuprofen pills, that a key part of the Voting Rights Act giving blacks political power in the South should be struck down, that an American citizen could be held as an enemy combatant with no charges and no hearing. He announced a decision that threw out a verdict in favor of a black man who had been convicted of murder and nearly executed because prosecutors hid evidence that could have proved his innocence.

BREITBART: I don't know the answers to these things. If you had given me this detailed information, I could have come back with my detailed response. This is like the Sarah Palin "gotcha" question on Paul Revere. I'm not able to answer this because you are coming to me armed with data, and I don't have the ability to see whether there is a rational argument to defend it or not.

KRASSNER: Well, it's all a matter of record. Recently a campaign-finance watchdog, Protect Our Elections, asked the FBI to investigate Clarence Thomas and his wife, Virginia, seeking his disbarment. It alleges that he falsified his financial disclosure forms, that he engaged in judicial corruption by receiving \$100,000 from Citizens United during his nomination and then in 2010 ruled in favor of Citizens United without disclosing that fact or disqualifying himself, and that he engaged in judicial insider trading to enrich his wife by providing her with information about that decision prior to its issuance, which she then used to launch a new company to take advantage of that decision.

BREITBART: Do you believe in innocent until proven guilty?

KRASSNER: Do I believe in that? Yes. [chuckles] Okay, you know that Eliot Spitzer

was nailed for spritzing around with a call girl in the same Washington, D.C. hotel room where he had just written an opinion piece for *The Washington Post* about the subprime loan disaster. He wrote, "Not only did the Bush administration do nothing to protect consumers, it embarked on an aggressive and unprecedented campaign to prevent states from protecting their residents from the very problems to which the federal government was turning a blind eye.... When history tells the story of the subprime lending crisis and recounts its devastating effects on the lives of so many innocent homeowners, the Bush administration will not be judged favorably." In fact, the reason Spitzer had flown to Washington was to launch a campaign to attack the Bush cabal and the arrogant corporations that empower them. There was speculation that this was the real motivation for Spitzer's arrest. And then blogger Joy Reid wrote a few months ago that Clarence Thomas "has never been held to account by the Justice Department, Congress or the media for 20 years of false financial-disclosure forms related to his wife's six-figure salary from a Tea Party organization dedicated to undoing health care reform, an issue Thomas will almost certainly be called upon to rule on.... But what's interesting about the media's latest obsession [Anthony Weiner] is Breitbart's timing. This is a guy who understands news cycles and how to manipulate them, hence his veritable role as CNN's assignment editor, replacing Matt Drudge. Did the timing of the [Anthony Weiner] 'scandal pic' release have something to do with Breitbart's obsession with protecting Clarence Thomas?"

BREITBART: Who is alleging that I timed Congressman Weiner's publicly tweeting his junk? He is the one who instigated it by his behavior on Friday night, May 27. It's such an illogical question that it speaks to a fevered conspiratorial mind-set that I think dominates the left. Nobody, including Weiner, contests that he tweeted that thing on Friday night. How could I have preordained or have had preknowledge that that would occur? It goes beyond being illogical; it's wishful thinking.

KRASSNER: But you have to admit it was great timing.

BREITBART: Did it time with Congressman Weiner attacking Clarence Thomas? Yes, it did. That would be called a coincidence, and there's no logical or metaphysical way to make the argument that I was able to convince him to mis-tweet a picture of his erect penis to a woman in Seattle with whom he'd had online communications.

KRASSNER: Since you pressured Anthony Weiner into publicly apologizing to you for pretending you'd hacked his Twitter site, I would think that, conversely, you owe an apology to Shirley Sherrod. You publicized, out of context, a two-and-a-half-minute clip of her talk before the NAACP in which she told about the time 24 years ago when she didn't help a farmer as much as she could have because he was white, which resulted in a scared administration hurriedly forcing her to resign as the Georgia director of rural development. But you insist that she wasn't your target, that the NAACP was, for applauding what she'd said. Well, I've watched the entire 43-minute speech, and they did not applaud.

BREITBART: They nodded and they murmured.

KRASSNER: They nodded and they murmured?

BREITBART: Yes. Look, if you heard somebody give that speech to a white audience, talking about how they'd stuck it to a black farmer, and the audience was going along with it and audibly applauding—and by applauding I mean affirming the narrative. When she was talking about how "I took him to one of his own" and "I didn't give him the full force of what I could do," they were like, "Uh-huh," just like it was church. They were nodding in agreement. The whole point of this was, the week before, Ben Jealous of the NAACP was going on ABC, CBS and NBC to defame and defile the Tea Party, claiming it was racist based on the false narrative that the N-word had been hurled at congressmen André Carson and John Lewis. And I had proof, not just through the \$100,000 reward that went unmet. Nobody came to me with any evidence that it had been said once, in a group of 400 people. There was no audio or video that showed it had happened even once, let alone 15 times. I was also able to produce four videos from the exact moment the incident allegedly occurred, and they prove beyond a reasonable doubt that the incident didn't happen, that it was made up. Yet Ben Jealous of the NAACP resurrected that falsehood as a means to propagandize against the Tea Party, to politically destroy it, to try to make it appear to be racist when it is not racist. So the Thursday before the Monday when the two videos and the 1,400-



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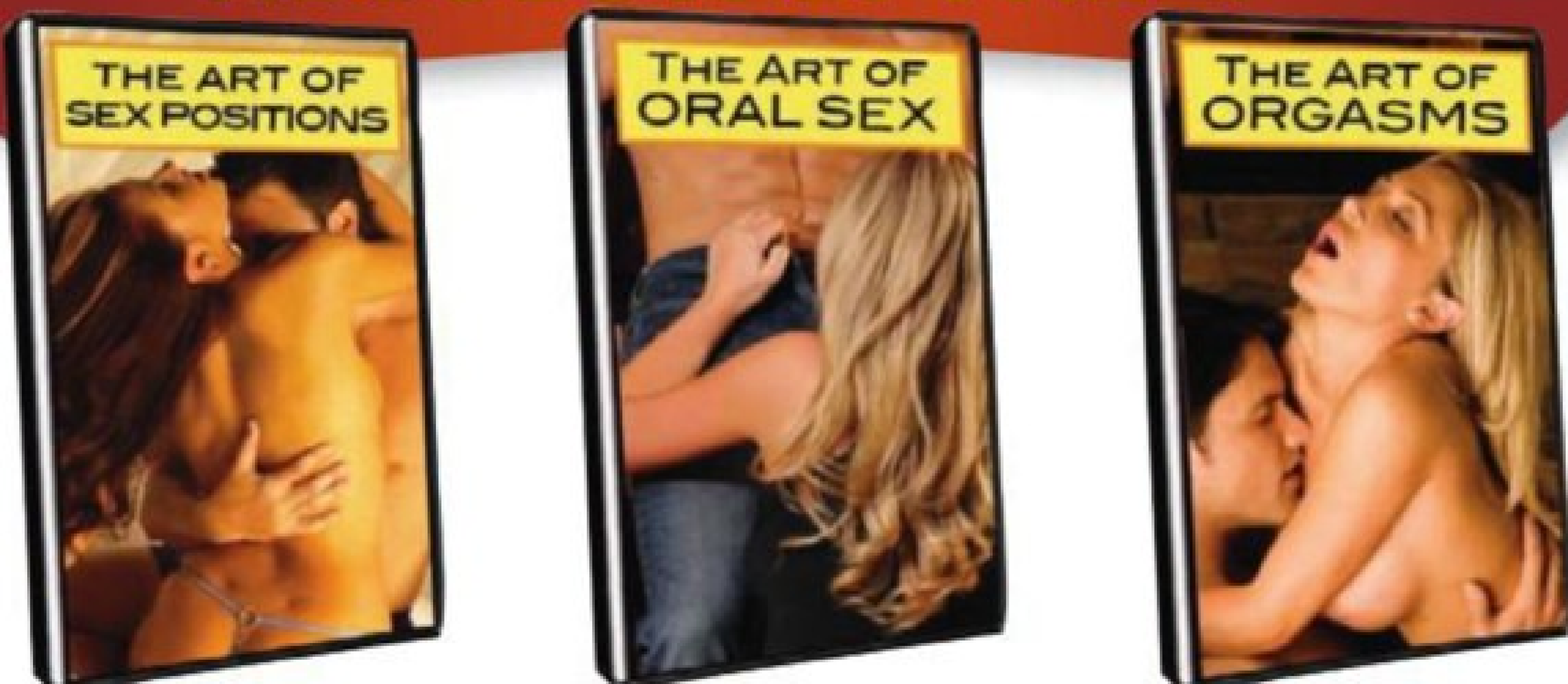


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word article came out, I said, "Ben Jealous, you can go to hell. You're trying to split this country on the schism of race. How dare you?" I said, "I have evidence that shows your group acting in a racist manner." And I stand by that. If the NAACP gets to go on ABC, CBS and NBC and falsely claim that the Tea Party is racist but doesn't have any audio or video evidence and is able to propagate a provable falsehood, I said, "Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones." So when you have a video of an NAACP-sanctioned event at which Shirley Sherrod is getting nods and then murmurs of approval, it is far greater evidence of the NAACP acting racist than anything the left and the NAACP have been able to collect of the Tea Party behaving racist. And my point stands—those who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

KRASSNER: But getting back to Sherrod's speech, after making her point that it wasn't about black and white, it was about haves and have-nots, that she had overcome her own racial prejudice stemming from the fact that when she was 17 her father had been killed by a white man, later in the video she says, "What we have to do is get that out of our heads. There is no difference between us. The only difference is that the folks with money want to stay in power, and...whatever it is, they'll do what they need to do to keep that power." And that's when they did applaud.

BREITBART: But they had reacted in a positive fashion that caused the NAACP to acknowledge it and say it was going to investigate the audience's behavior at the point in the actual speech that I had pointed out. On day one, Sherrod blamed the NAACP. She said it had gotten into a battle with the Tea Party, and the NAACP said it was going to investigate the audience for its behavior.

I had hit the target perfectly and shut up the NAACP. It could no longer go on ABC, CBS or NBC, because it had been exposed. But when Sherrod said to the administration, "But I helped the white farmer," they still stood by the firing. If that is such an important crux, that she was allegedly fired because she discriminated against a white farmer, why is it that they stood by the firing even after she said she'd helped the white farmer? The two-and-a-half-minute video includes the redemptive part of the narrative. Who is my number one defender on that, not once but twice? Chris Matthews on MSNBC, a guy who does not agree with me on anything, said to Joan Walsh and Howard Dean, "I've looked at the video. Breitbart included the part where she talks about 'It's not about black versus white, it's about rich versus poor.'" In addition, my 1,400-word piece, which everybody ignored, mentions the NAACP 17 times and Sherrod four times. It says, "Eventually her basic humanity informs her to help the white farmer." The redemptive part that you just talked about is included in the video. Chris Matthews defends me on that critical point.

KRASSNER: Just to balance Chris Matthews, ironically Glenn Beck discredited you on Fox News and said you needed to apologize. You responded, and this is the quote: "Next thing I know, I'm under complete attack without the support of Glenn Beck, who I thought was somebody I could count on. He threw me under the bus." And it wasn't the Merry Pranksters' bus. Maybe Beck should apologize to you.

BREITBART: I agree with that. I was able to find out why Beck threw me under the bus. He had used so much of my content to build up his name, and why was he throwing me under the bus? Well, it's pretty interesting,

because the president's team fired Sherrod too quickly, without due process, because they were fearful it was going to be on the Glenn Beck show. So when Beck went on TV to talk about it for the first time, he took the stance "I didn't touch this because I knew there was something wrong with the video. I saw the video in my office, and I knew something critical was missing, so I didn't go with it." Well, wondering why he would state that given what Chris Matthews had to say on the issue, we found out later that he didn't do it on the TV show, but he did do it earlier in the morning on his radio show, before more information started to come out that granted greater context. He was the one who cut the two-and-a-half-minute video into 15-second clips that isolated and eviscerated Sherrod and removed the NAACP angle entirely. So he screwed the pooch on his radio show, then found out that she had been fired based on the administration's fear that it would be on the Glenn Beck show, so he went on his TV show and pretended he had not touched it on his radio show. He was doing damage control for Glenn Beck's brand, period.

KRASSNER: I've said that "truth is perceived through the filter of an agenda," and you've said that "truth has no agenda." I'd like to apply our slogans to the ACORN scandal that you produced, which, because it was believed, resulted in Congress defunding the agency. But a Congressional Research Service report commissioned by the House Judiciary Committee says that ACORN didn't violate any federal regulations in the past five years, that there were no instances of individuals who had been improperly registered to vote by ACORN employees, that the undercover video makers who allegedly caught ACORN employees breaking the law may themselves have violated state law in their filming operation. The Brooklyn district attorney, Charles Hynes, announced that his office had found no criminal wrongdoing by ACORN. Another law enforcement source said that James O'Keefe and Hannah Giles had edited the tape to meet their agenda. Former Massachusetts attorney general Scott Harshbarger's report states, "The videos that have been released appear to have been edited, in some cases substantially, including the insertion of a substitute voice-over for significant portions of Mr. O'Keefe's and Ms. Giles's comments, which makes it difficult to determine the questions to which ACORN employees are responding. A comparison of publicly available transcripts to the released videos confirms that large portions of the original video have been omitted from the released versions." And California's then attorney general, Jerry Brown, said, "The evidence illustrates that things are not always as partisan zealots portray them through highly selective editing of reality. Sometimes a fuller truth is found on the cutting-room floor." O'Keefe admitted he was out to make a point and to damage ACORN. In the sensational San Diego video that featured Giles discussing prostitution by underage girls 13 to 15, human trafficking from Mexico and cheating on taxes in the U.S., the ACORN worker acted as if he would help them. But when they left, he immediately called the police with the misinformation he had solicited from this couple

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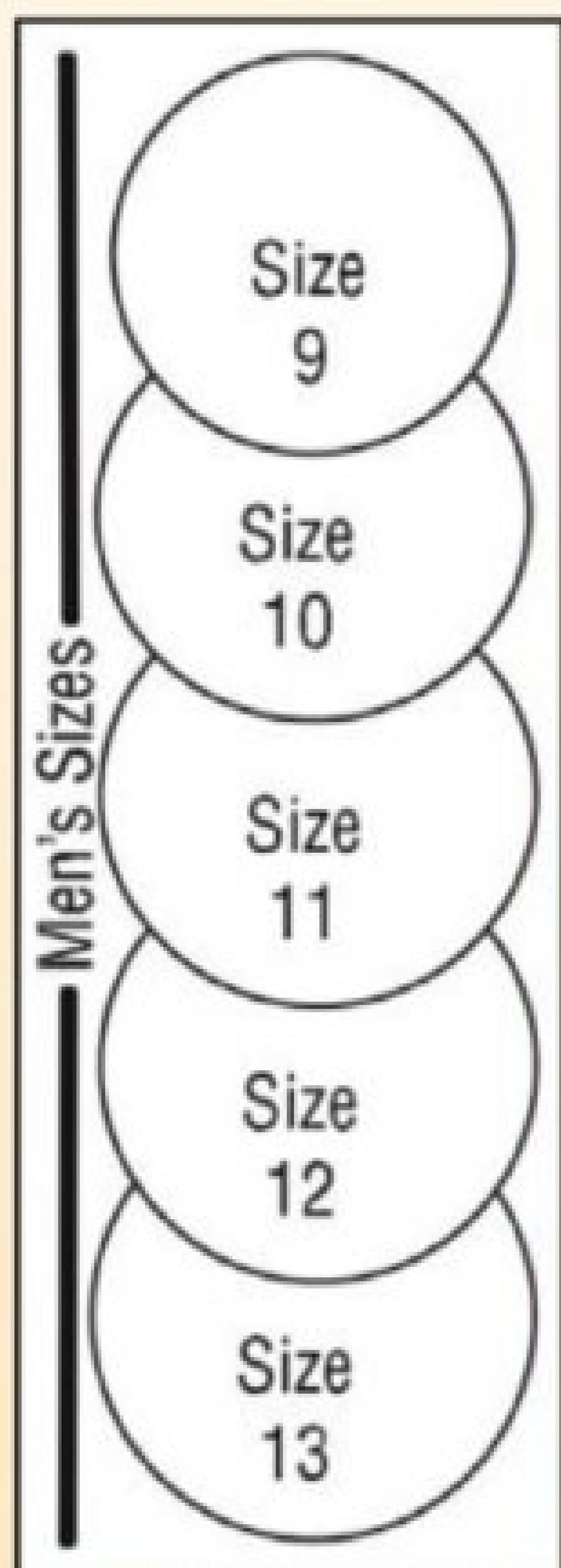


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of propagandists. And so the question is, did you ever share the fact that he called the police with your readers?

BREITBART: There's so much propaganda in that collection of data that I don't even know where to begin, but I'll start at the beginning. When Hannah and James came to me with their edited video—which is what all news services do; they take raw footage and create a narrative that allows the story to be told so one doesn't have to watch hours and hours of footage—I said, "Even though ABC, CBS and NBC truncate time and selectively edit video and we just trust implicitly that they're telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth and not manipulating the narrative, you're going to be held to a higher standard, not just by the public but by the mainstream media, which is going to challenge you by virtue of your avowed conservative politics." So when they came to me with those videos, I said, "If I'm going to help you get this story out, I'm going to ask that we simultaneously release the full transcripts and the full audio so nobody will be able to claim that words were put into these people's mouths and that the context of your edited videos makes it perfectly clear that you did not manipulate the situation." For you to cite Scott Harshbarger as a resource when John Podesta and Andy Stern of SEIU were the ones who hired Harshbarger to allegedly investigate ACORN's behavior on the case.... I said immediately, "You're going to tell me that John Podesta's going to investigate ACORN? They're going to investigate James, Hannah and me and come up with an 'independent investigation' to place us on the defensive." And that's precisely what they did by looking at the selectively edited videos. And to come up with sound bites such as "selectively edited" doesn't mean anything, because we provided the full content for everyone to see from day one. Congress voted to defund ACORN because those who looked at the full tapes and the full transcripts saw there was no explanation other than absolute insanity that so many people in so many offices would offer service with a smile when a pimp and a prostitute walked through the door stating that they wanted to create an underage-sex-slave operation. Political hacks like Scott Harshbarger and Jerry Brown are apparatchiks whose careers are dependent on organizations like ACORN. I would think that your skepticism of government and government officials would cause you to go, "Wait a second. Let's look at the full tapes." I have said to Harshbarger, Brown, Podesta, Stern and Media Matters, "Let's sit down once and for all and watch, in front of an auditorium of people, for all the world to see—we'll film it—the full, unedited videos. And at the very end, you're going to tell me that the selective editing changed *anything*?" It's laughable garbage, and I am willing to put my name and my reputation on all of those ACORN videos.

KRASSNER: Okay, Andrew, thanks very much for this.

BREITBART: I thought it would be funnier.

Kaley Cuoco

(continued from page 118)

17, and back then, that felt badass. But I already had a career. That was my real focus.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You were modeling by the age of six and acting on TV by seven. Given your personality and income, you probably challenged your parents a time or three.

CUOCO: I don't think I made their lives too bad, but I always felt I had one up on them. Even at 15, if they said I couldn't do something, I was like, "Well, I make my own money. I just did a movie. I just did a TV thing." I knew I was going to get out soon, and I knew my career was happening.

Q12

PLAYBOY: On *8 Simple Rules* you played a character described as "the hottest girl in high school" who toys with the love and lust of a bunch of boyfriends. Were you the hottest thing on your campus?

CUOCO: The minute I started getting a little popular in school, I didn't like it. I hated school more than anything. I told my parents when I was 16, "I'm gonna be an actor for the rest of my life, and I want to homeschool, graduate early and do what I want," which I did. Ashley Tisdale and I grew up together, and she asked me to be her date to her high school prom when I was on the show and had started to get some public attention. I picked the simplest black dress so I wouldn't make a scene, and these mean girls kept coming at me: "Oh, you think you're so classy you couldn't wear a prom dress? Do you think you're at the Academy Awards?" It was the worst night ever. I don't think I missed anything being homeschooled.

Q13

PLAYBOY: How were you affected by the unexpected death in 2003 of John Ritter, your father on *8 Simple Rules*?

CUOCO: It's the biggest loss of my life and always will be. He touched me more deeply than anyone ever has. He was so insane, incredible and lovely. When I feel hotheaded or exhausted, I think about the time John, Katey Sagal, the rest of the cast and I wanted to go on the rides at Disneyland and it took us an hour to walk 10 feet because people wanted to meet John, hug him, get his autograph. He was always the same with everyone—never annoyed, with a giant smile.

Q14

PLAYBOY: When do you feel his influence the most?

CUOCO: Whenever there's a dark joke in my head or I want to make fun of someone, I laugh because I know he's sitting right there on my shoulder like a devil-angel egging me on.

Q15

PLAYBOY: How does your family handle your fame?

CUOCO: My parents are beyond awesome. They've been married more than 30 years and are totally outside of show business. When I told them I was hosting the *Teen Choice Awards* this year, my mom was like,

"That's nice. I miss you. When am I seeing you again?" To me, doing that show was a big deal, and I had a blast, like it was my own little concert. I really want to do *Saturday Night Live*. I've now said it publicly—I want to work with Kristen Wiig. Of course, if I do *Saturday Night Live*, my mom will probably say, "That's nice. When are we seeing you again?"

Q16

PLAYBOY: Are you addicted to anything on TV the way fans are addicted to *The Big Bang Theory*?

CUOCO: My addictions are disturbing. After being on TV my whole life I can't dive into sitcoms or anything else, because I'm always looking at hair, makeup, lighting, the timing, how the show works. I love *Hoarders*, which is so unbelievably gross, but I just cannot get enough.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Being someone audiences have watched grow up on TV, do you have eight simple rules for keeping yourself out of rehab and the tabloids, unlike so many other actors who started young?

CUOCO: I've been doing this job for 20 years, and I've learned that if you're having lunch every day at the Ivy or any place where 8,000 or so paparazzi are out all the time, don't bitch and complain, "Oh my God, no photos." Another tip is to live in the San Fernando Valley, where it's more private. Learn to like to stay home, enjoy your great friends and have a million rescue animals, like I do. Also, when you go out, always wear underwear. It helps when you're doing things like getting out of a car.

Q18

PLAYBOY: *Cuoco* is Italian for "cook." If the way to a guy's heart is through his stomach, what's your go-to recipe for seduction?

CUOCO: I'm not a very good cook, but I don't think you can go wrong with strawberries and whipped cream. Whipped cream can go anywhere and end up anywhere. It's extremely sensual.

Q19

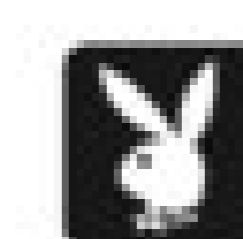
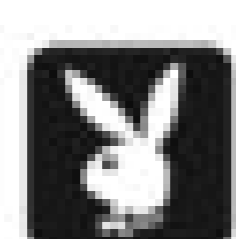
PLAYBOY: What's the craziest, most aggressive thing you've ever done for love?

CUOCO: I leave it to men to do the craziest things for me. Someone I've been dating recently traveled cross-country just to have dinner with me and then had to leave the next day. That was so nice and such a huge turn-on. I showed my love and appreciation in *many* ways. Let's just say that he might be doing that again sometime soon.


Q20

PLAYBOY: What recharges your batteries, sensually speaking?

CUOCO: Getting into my incredible Jacuzzi with a glass of wine and listening to Sinatra or Etta James is very sexy. I also like to get into a man's T-shirt, be with my animals and watch TV, again with a glass of wine. Then there's my incredible shoe closet, which is just beyond words, where I can put on my sexy shoes and skinny jeans. That's what I love about my job. I can be a mess all day and then get all dressed up for an event at night and look amazing.



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FIGHTER

(continued from page 97)

but it is far beyond the budget of most of the fighters who train at the American Kickboxing Academy. "I'm a different kind of MMA guy," he says matter-of-factly. "My life is different." Walker's stone driveway abuts a koi pond and fountain. Spanish arches grace the facade of his house. Inside there's a wine cellar and a screening room. Upstairs a gym is under construction.

Walker has lived here for only several months. During the previous 10 years he was ensconced in a sleek downtown Dallas penthouse. But with Christian, his 12-year-old son by his marriage to ex-wife Cindy, approaching the age when a big yard seemed mandatory, it was time to move. "Christian is my little man," he says.

Breakfast finds Walker and Blanchard, a dark-haired woman who is a vice president at CBS Outdoor Advertising, seated in Vaquero's well-appointed clubhouse. Walker's diet is more idiosyncratically Spartan than his idiosyncratically Spartan fitness routine. He eats only one meal a day, dinner, and is particular even then, limiting himself to lentil soup, salad, bread and an occasional chicken cutlet. He cheerfully admits to washing down Kit Kat bars with Coca-Cola. "Nutritionists say that's bad for you," Walker concedes but then demands, "If that's so, why am I doing okay with it?" (Walker's physique is so flawless that he appeared nude in *ESPN The Magazine's* 2010 "Body" issue.) Still, he loves the ritual of dining. Even over an empty plate he relishes the give and play of conversation between friends amid the clinking of glasses and silverware. After the waiter brings Blanchard her eggs and bacon and Walker a solitary glass of iced tea, he takes her hand and says a simple prayer: "Dear heavenly

father, please bless this food that nourishes our lips, and bless our family."

For all his ferocity in the MMA cage, Walker is an inherently sweet-natured, deeply religious homebody. He does not drink alcohol, and he does not curse. His idea of fun is to romp around his back porch with Christian and Cheerio, a golden retriever puppy that has the run of the place, or to plop down in front of any of his several televisions, all of which are permanently tuned to DVRred episodes of *Judge Judy*. A criminal justice major in college, he agrees with her no-nonsense verdicts and finds her acerbic worldview amusing.

Not that Walker allows himself much time for relaxation. Most days he is flying to New York, Las Vegas, Detroit or Fort Lauderdale. If he is in Dallas, he is tied up in endless rounds of conference calls. Although he made his first fortune in football, he has made a second one in the food business, and running it is an all-consuming affair. Walker launched Renaissance Man Food Services 12 years ago as "a little family concern" with just one offering—home-style chicken tenders prepared from his mother's recipe. In the following decade he appeared at thousands of culinary trade shows across the country. "I always say to ex-athletes, 'Guys, your name will get the door open, but unless you've got some substance you can't get a seat.'"

Today Walker's company consists of two divisions, including a recently purchased hospitality unit, and employs 300 people. Corporate offices are in Georgia. From three plants in Arkansas he distributes chicken sliders, chicken wings, chicken breast fajita strips and a host of other food items to clients that include the MGM Grand, Caesars Palace, the Hard Rock Cafe and McDonald's. Last year his sales topped \$80 million. "Somebody told me we're the largest minority-owned

chicken company in the United States," he says, adding after a deadpan pause, "I don't know if that means anything, as we may be the only minority-owned chicken company in the United States."

Walker has achieved the dream of every famous jock, trading on his notoriety to create an enterprise that has paid for expensive toys (his 63-vehicle custom-car collection features a \$250,000 Shelby KR) and should enable him to take care of himself and his family into perpetuity. He estimates his fortune at \$25 million. If he wanted to he could coast from here on out. Yet Walker does not know how to coast.

"I think what people don't realize is that we all have to get up and fight it every day," he says during an afternoon lull in his schedule. "Life isn't easy. Life is *not* easy. People think things ought to be given to you, but nothing is given to you. You gotta go out and earn it. Sometimes you gotta take it. Every day I get up and fight. Every day I've got to fight."

Jerry Mungadze was in his office in the Dallas suburb of Bedford one evening several years ago when he picked up the phone and heard Herschel Walker say, "I'm in trouble." A psychologist who specializes in post-traumatic stress disorder, Mungadze met the football legend in the building's lobby. "Herschel was very distraught," he says. "He was crying. He was in pain. He was hurting emotionally."

Walker sought out Mungadze, whom he'd known casually since the 1980s, because a few days earlier he had armed himself with a handgun and driven to a meeting with the intention of killing a man whose sole offense had been to keep him waiting for the delivery of a custom automobile. According to Walker, an insistent voice inside his head said, "You don't disrespect me. I've spent too much time with people disrespecting me." He believes he would have committed murder had he not seen a SMILE, JESUS LOVES YOU bumper sticker on the rear of his intended victim's hauling van. The familiar maxim broke the spell. Still, he had come shockingly close to shooting someone—and not for the first time. On several occasions he had pointed a gun at his wife's head, and more than once he had played Russian roulette. "I was on my way to prison," he says, "or being dead."

Mungadze met with Walker for weeks and arrived at a controversial diagnosis. Many psychologists believe that dissociative identity disorder, or DID, as it is better known, is not so much a bona fide condition as hysteria born of depression. This view holds that for every Sybil, the character suffering from a genuine split personality in the Sally Field film of the same name, there are thousands who contend with something less dramatic. But Mungadze was convinced that Walker had DID. "His was not one of the depressive syndromes. He was not clinically depressed."

People close to Walker were incredulous. "I know him better than anybody," his father told a reporter from *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, "because I raised him. This is my first knowing about that." In an attempt to make light of the revelation, Vince Dooley, Walker's college coach, said, "I like the personality he had when he ran the football."



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Initially Walker was also uncertain. Seeking a second opinion, he entered a California psychiatric hospital for three weeks as an outpatient. "For the first couple of days," he recalls, "you say to yourself, 'I'm not like these people here. I'm not like these people.' Then, all of a sudden, it hit me. I was just like those people. The diagnosis was right—is right. That's what it was. That's what it is."

As Walker came to understand, the source of his disorder could be traced to childhood. Although he grew up in a large, supportive churchgoing family in the rural Georgia town of Wrightsville, he had been a frightened boy (he was terrified, for instance, of entering his darkened home alone) who was dealt two of youth's cruelest cards. "I was chubby, what my parents called big boned to keep from having to call me fat," he says, "and I had a terrible speech impediment. I'd have to slap myself repeatedly on the arm just to get a word out." By way of illustration, Walker takes a breath and with consonants catching on the back of his teeth mumbles, "I c-c-c-could not s-s-s-say w-w-what was on m-m-my mind."

An overweight stutterer gripped by a resulting lack of self-esteem, Walker was, in his words, "a doofus" who in elementary school was so unpopular the only way he could get fellow students to talk with him at recess was by bribing them with his lunch money. Schoolmates called him Herschel the Girlshul. "By eighth grade I'd been beaten up 15 times," he says. "On the last day of eighth grade I got beat up again. I went home and watched *Gilligan's Island* and said, 'That won't happen to Herschel again.' I was tired of it. I said, 'Let's do something about it.'"

In 1975, which he calls his "year of independence," the 13-year-old Walker began forcing himself to stay up alone in the house at night and started reading books aloud in front of a mirror. "I read *Cowboy Sam* over and over to give me confidence," he says. Walker also inaugurated his exercise program. Not only did he begin doing the thousands of sit-ups and push-ups that still sustain him, he started running barefoot along a lonely country railroad right-of-way and over a course his father plowed for him with a tractor in a field near their home. With the help of the high school football coach, he also invented a piece of brutal but effective training equipment. From an old harness, an oversize tire and a number of 10-pound shots, he built a weighted sled. After school, while his classmates wiled away their afternoons, he hitched himself to the sled and pulled it around the school track at top speed. "In eighth grade," he says, "if anyone had asked if I'd be a good athlete, it would have been a big fat no with a laugh. By ninth grade I'd gone from a joke to one of the fastest kids in Georgia."

Walker's athletic feats at Johnson County High School are the stuff of legend. In his senior year he won state championships in the 100-yard dash and shot put and was the most highly recruited football player in America. But the triumphs, he says, came at an enormous cost. To survive the isolation that was his lot and the rigors of his singular pursuit, Walker developed an array of personalities that soon dominated his inner life. Some, like "the sentry," were intended to ward off the taunts of schoolmates. Others,

like "the enforcer," were charged with punishing, at least in his fantasies, those who had done him wrong. "The hero" summoned him to ever greater gridiron achievements, while "the warrior" prepared him for combat with opponents. According to Walker, these alters, as therapists who treat dissociative disorders call them, were not just aspects of self but distinct characters with joys, needs, grievances and aspirations. Day in and day out he heard their clamoring voices.

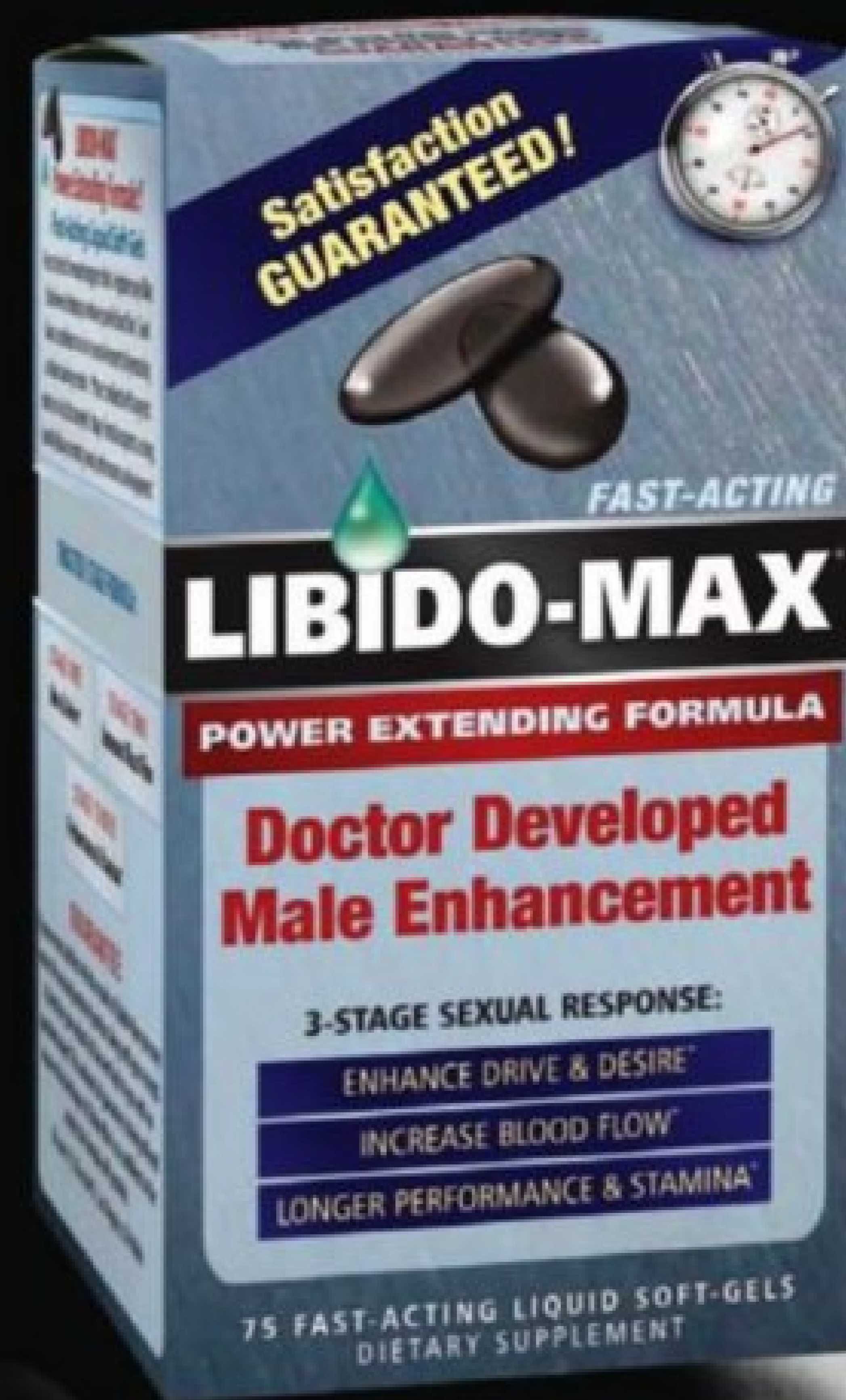
For a long time it all somehow worked. As Walker writes in *Breaking Free*, his alters usually functioned in concert, transforming him into a veritable athletic superman. At the University of Georgia he overwhelmed huge linemen and sprinted past swift safeties. In his Heisman Trophy-winning year Walker averaged 159.3 yards rushing per game. Few could tackle him, and almost no one could catch him. "I think as a pure running back he's the best there's ever been," says Dooley. "He had world-class speed, strength, toughness and discipline. He broke so many long runs for us. Even today he's among the top 10 rushers in collegiate history. Most of the other guys in that group played four seasons. He played only three."

Walker's professional career also produced remarkable highlights. He is the only player in NFL history to have scored touchdowns in a single season on a run from scrimmage of 90 yards or more, a pass reception of 90 yards or more and a kickoff return of 90 yards or more. Because Walker spent his first years in the USFL, however, some of his greatest achievements—among them 2,411 yards rushing in 1985—go unacknowledged by the football establishment. Moreover, while he had spectacular seasons for both Dallas and the Philadelphia Eagles, he was not everyone's idea of a classic NFL back. The pro game values finesse. Walker featured power. "Herschel was a bruising runner," says Nate Newton, a retired Cowboys offensive lineman. "He wasn't elusive. He didn't have the shakes of an Emmitt Smith." Then there was "the trade," a still hotly debated deal that sent Walker from Dallas to the Minnesota Vikings in return for five players and six draft picks—an unheard-of ransom. The trade was supposed to turn Minnesota into an instant competitor, but due to internal squabbles, the Vikings underused Walker and went nowhere. The Cowboys, meanwhile, parlayed their influx of talent into the foundation of three Super Bowl championship teams. "The trade hurt Herschel," says Michael Irvin. "But I say to him, 'Look at what people think of you. Look at what they were willing to give up.'" Walker is satisfied to let his career numbers tell the final story. If record keepers took into account his combined USFL and NFL yardage—13,787—he would be the fifth leading rusher in pro history, ahead of Jim Brown, O.J. Simpson, Eric Dickerson and Ricky Williams.

In 1998, after returning to the Cowboys for his last two seasons, Walker retired. It was then that his dissociative disorder revealed its dark side. "Herschel really went through a hard time after retirement," says Blanchard. Jerry Mungadze observes, "He began acting in ways inconsistent with who he thought he was, and it was devastating. He had personalities that had minds of their

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own. They felt differently, acted differently and used language differently.”

For Mungadze, Walker’s condition was anything but academic. “Once, he, his wife and I were in the office,” says the therapist, “and he threatened to kill her, myself and himself. I called 911, and the police came. That incident ended with him hitting the door and breaking his fist.”

Slowly, however, Walker made progress. “By resolving the traumas his alters resulted from,” says Mungadze, “the alters started listening to him and following his directions. I think he has now integrated his personalities and is a healthy guy.” The odds of Walker exploding in anger today, declares the psychologist, are “practically zero.”

“Only over the past couple of years have I been able to look at myself and say I love who I am,” says Walker, who is now such a believer in therapy that he has endorsed two mental-health outreach programs directed at people suffering not merely from dissociative disorders but from a full spectrum of emotional problems. Through Freedom Care, a division of Ascend Health Corporation, an operator of psychiatric hospitals, Walker speaks regularly to American armed forces members returning from combat in Iraq and Afghanistan. “I go to a lot of bases and say, ‘There’s no shame

to admit you have a problem.’” Since 2009 the ex-NFL star has appeared at 31 military installations, helping initiate care for more than 6,000 troops. Walker’s other program, Breaking Free, is aimed at patients at Ascend facilities, where he helps lead weekly group therapy sessions. “What I’m trying to do,” he says, “is tell people there’s hope. There are people who’ve struggled so long they think there is no hope. But there is.” For Walker the programs offer an added benefit. “I get a lot of therapy by getting up and sharing and being brutally honest.”

Mungadze believes Walker’s entrance into MMA is the greatest evidence of his emotional well-being. Although the therapist says his patient’s warrior alter—“the one that supports him in his fighting”—is still active, he contends that Walker’s more troubling personalities have been silenced. If he were still hearing voices, Walker could not survive in the cage, where the very real threat presented by the fists, feet and knees of opponents would make such distractions deadly.

Walker’s love of MMA is unequivocal. The companionship of his fellow fighters at the American Kickboxing Academy and the attention he has received (his first two bouts aired live on Showtime and drew huge ratings) are gratifying. Even the money, whether

he keeps it or not, is a form of respect. Promoters are dangling a \$1 million payday for his third fight. “They’re making me an offer I can’t refuse,” Walker says. Most of all he relishes the competition. Since his teens, that is what has kept him sane. For Walker to thrive in the world, he must keep pushing himself to do things others regard as on the edge.

Those who care about Walker are now urging him to walk away from MMA. “We all feel scared,” says Blanchard. “His family does not approve. He’s done it. He’s proved it.” Walker hears them but says he will finish on his own terms. After this last fight, he says, “I can guarantee you there will be no more. It really won’t make sense for me to continue to fight after this year.”

Punk Carter’s Cutting Horse Ranch, 30 miles north of Dallas, is an unadulterated slice of old Texas. From its barn, bunkhouses and stables to its rustic ranch house, the place exudes Western authenticity. On a storm-threatened summer night, Herschel Walker has driven here to discuss an opportunity.

The proprietor, Punk Carter, spends most of his days teaching would-be cowboys how to ride and rope, but like a lot of country boys he is also a superb cook who augments his income with a line of spicy ranch hand ketchups and barbecue sauces. He and Walker are both in the food business. Along with a couple of partners they are developing a nutritional supplement, believing that a marketing campaign that capitalizes on Walker’s vaunted physique and his NFL and MMA pedigrees will get their product on store shelves. This evening potential investors have flown in from California.

As chicken and ribs sizzle on a grill, Walker, dressed in a TapouT T-shirt and faded jeans, strolls back to the barn, where Carter’s 14-year-old grandson, Brock, is performing rope tricks. Soon enough the boy has his famous visitor atop a mechanical device Carter devised to help instruct greenhorns. At the push of a button, a steer on wheels roars down a narrow-gauge track and the student tosses his lasso. After several tries, Walker gets the hang of it, and the boy graduates him to a more difficult task—bringing down a live calf. This job demands not only precise roping but also expert footwork. It is no easy thing to upend and control an animal that weighs 250 pounds. Again and again Walker tries. Again and again the calf breaks free. Eventually, however, Walker gets it right. With one leg wedged against the calf’s flank, he flips it over, ties its hooves and flashes a broad smile. He had come to Carter’s place to expand his culinary empire, but something entirely different is now on his mind.

“You know,” he says as he returns to the main house for his meeting, “a lot of the original cowboys were black. There’s no reason I can’t be a cowboy. I just might become a cowboy.” His grin suggests that while MMA may soon be behind him, he will still be game for just about anything. “To get greatness,” he says, “you’ve got to almost get crazy.”



“Give him his holiday blow job or we’ll be marooned on the 14th floor all winter.”

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Harlow

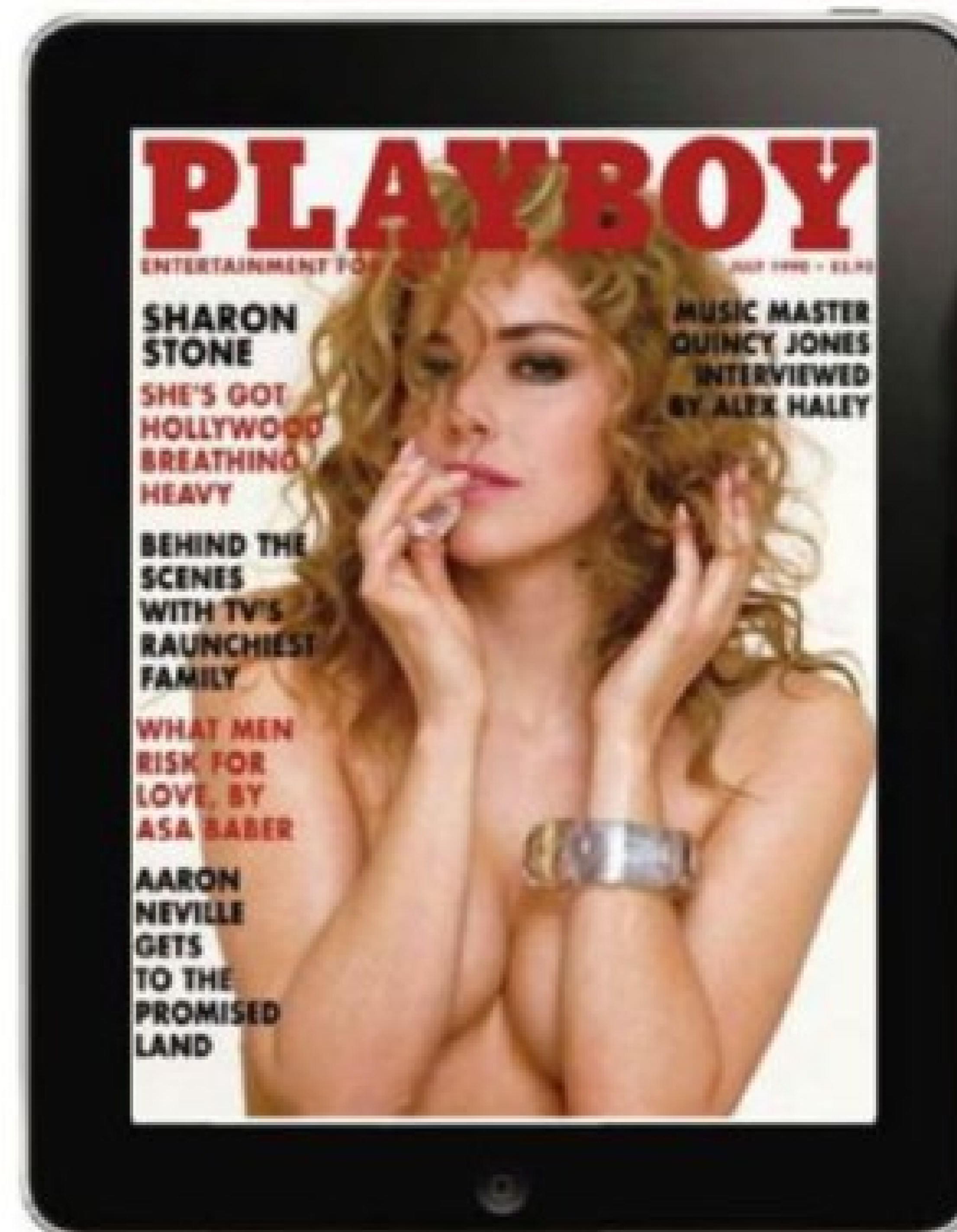
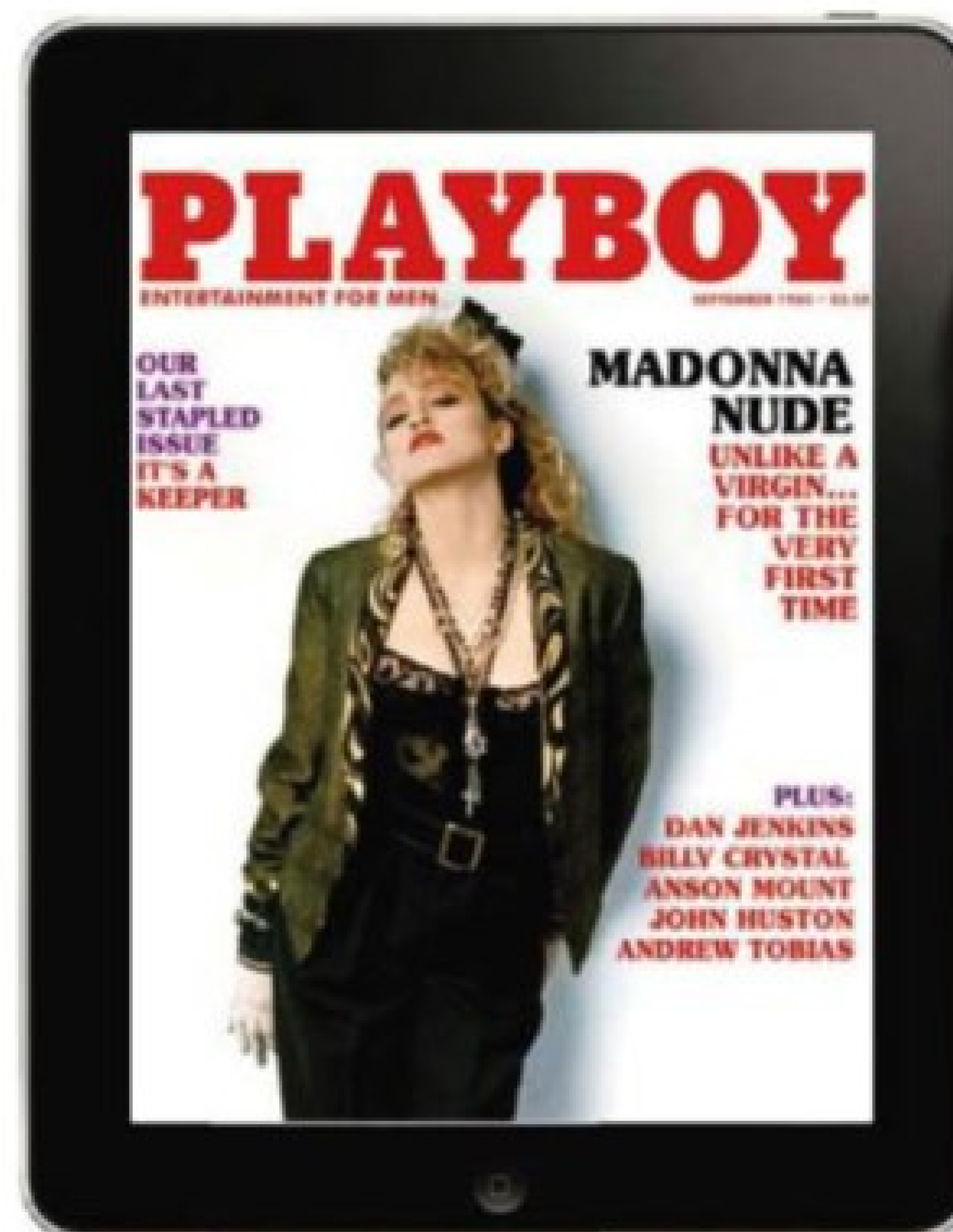
(continued from page 84)

flouncy freedom made a lasting impression, one of the most iconic of Hollywood, and it is all the more remarkable when we consider how young she was and how short her career was. She was born Harlean Carpenter in Kansas City, Missouri to an erstwhile-dentist father and an overbearing, social-climbing mother whose family had come into wealth through real estate. The mother, named Jean, had acting aspirations herself. She divorced the dentist and took her daughter to Hollywood. When her career didn't pan out, she slunk back East. It was that summer, while dining at the Sherman House hotel in Chicago between trains, after Jean had picked Harlean up from camp, that they met an ambitious con man named Marino Bello, who was so smitten with Mama Jean that he got a divorce and married her. Meanwhile, Jean enrolled Harlean in boarding school in Lake Forest, Illinois, where a classmate introduced her to a young man whose parents had died in a boating accident, leaving him their fortune. The two decided to elope. Harlean was only 16. Both couples then headed back to California.

Despite the fact that she was already fetching, Harlean had no Hollywood ambitions. She was happy to be a teenage housewife. But as the story goes, she was hosting a luncheon for some friends when one of them said she had to leave for an appointment with a casting director at Fox Studios. Harlean offered to drive her, and naturally she caught the casting director's eye. He gave her a letter of introduction to the Central Casting Bureau, which hired extras. Harlean filed it away until another friend dared her to go. She took the dare, signing the register as "Jean Harlow," her mother's maiden name, and thus began her film career.

It wasn't much of a career at first. She was just an extra, but she was a noticeable extra. Eventually producer Hal Roach signed her to a five-year contract, mainly playing eye candy in two-reel comedies. While working as an extra in a ballroom scene in a feature comedy, she came to the attention of actor James Hall. Hall invited her to shoot a screen test for his next picture, a World War I epic titled *Hell's Angels* that young millionaire Howard Hughes was producing and directing. Hughes had begun the film as a silent with Norwegian actress Greta Nissen in the female lead, but when he decided to convert it to a talkie, he needed an English-speaking actress to replace her. Hence Harlow's screen test. Hughes gave her the part and a contract.

You could say the rest is history, except it wasn't. Harlow got brutal reviews playing the trampy girlfriend of a British flier in the picture. And though she was certainly an eye magnet, critics ridiculed her acting abilities in movie after movie, even as her roles grew. "It is unfortunate that Jean Harlow, whose virtues as an actress are limited to her blonde beauty, has to carry a good share of the picture," said one critic of her performance in *Iron Man*. "The acting throughout is interesting, with the exception of Jean



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Harlow," opined the *New York Times* critic of her performance in *The Public Enemy*. "Miss Harlow, as the society girl, is competent but not much more," wrote another critic of her performance in *Platinum Blonde*. This was the consensus. Perhaps no other major star had been flagellated by the critics as much as and for as long as Harlow was. It was almost as if they resented her man-taunting routine—or at least the obviousness of it. That may have been because Harlow hadn't evolved into Harlow yet. She hadn't learned how to make that routine her own.

The tide began to turn when MGM, the biggest and most glamorous of studios, purchased her contract from Hughes and cast her as a wanton working girl who seduces her rich boss into marrying her in *Red-Headed Woman*, made under the supervision of production wunderkind Irving Thalberg. Part of the critical reversal may have been the change in hair color so that Harlow couldn't be accused of acting with her perm. But a larger part of it was almost certainly the abandon with which she approached the role—the scale of her performance. Harlow finally gave a performance large enough to match the extremes of her sexy appearance. She wasn't acting to type as she had in her earlier pictures; she was creating a new type: a woman with a liberating lust and appetite and a certain degree of calculation about how to use them. She was a happy conniver.

The tide turned further when MGM paired her with one of its biggest male stars, Clark Gable, in *Red Dust*. The two had appeared together in a crime melodrama, *The Secret Six*, when both were bit players, but stardom liberated them, made them bigger, matching Gable's hyperbolic male with Harlow's hyperbolic female. Their screen romance is based not on great professions of love or treacherous sentiments but on mutual toughness, on a lack of conventional romance. They are both hard-bitten cynics, people who have been around the block and know the score,

and their relationship is a battle of wills that in some ways helped reinvent the whole idea of love. For them, love isn't lofty. It is both primal and practical—a deal.

These MGM pictures softened the critical whippings Harlow had received, but what catapulted her into the first rank of stars was a discovery she made early on, one that the studios were slow to recognize. Harlow knew she wasn't a great dramatic actress. She realized as well that playing gun molls, tramps and hookers was a dead end. More to the point, she understood how ridiculous the exaggerated sexuality she projected was—from the hair to the makeup to the gowns to the lipstick. She realized that the lusty, wisecracking girl she typically played wasn't a tragic figure but a comic one and that she herself was basically a comedienne who appreciated just how much fun (and how funny) sex could be. As *Time* wrote in 1934, "Instead of becoming Hollywood's number one siren, she has become its number one comedienne." In truth, she was both.

Mae West had already made the same discovery about sex and humor, turning herself into a parody of the man-eating woman. The difference between West and Harlow was not only one of degree—Harlow was soft and accessible, while West was like a fortress—but also one of self-consciousness. West was a joke, and her movies were basically occasions for her to make wry, suggestive comments, mutter innuendos and issue ripostes. They are cold because West shows us only one side of herself. Harlow was less a joke than she was jokey. Her movies, though not necessarily any funnier than West's, are more human and even occasionally touching because Harlow had that self-regard—that postmodernist ability to stand back and view her own image—that West didn't have. West was all one thing: a sexual omnivore. Harlow was several things at once, not least a body and a brain.

Harlow wasn't just a simple floozy. As she moved more deeply into comedy,

contradictions emerged in her screen persona, many of them having sprung from her own life. She was both a sophisticate and an innocent, both cagey and obtuse, both hard-boiled and tenderhearted. All these qualities no doubt contributed to her appeal, since they gave her a breadth few previous sex symbols had. But the biggest of these contradictions may have been the one between woman and child. For all intents and purposes, Harlow was a child. She was still in her early 20s when she began to achieve stardom, and in some ways she was even younger than her years. Her mother had called her Baby from birth and continued to use the nickname even as Harlow ascended Hollywood's ranks (in fact, everyone in Hollywood called her the Baby). She also treated Harlow as if she were a baby, forcing Harlow to live with her and managing her business affairs along with Bello, a sharpie who never saw an angle he didn't want to exploit.

The great irony of America's greatest sex symbol of the time is that she might have preferred her mother's company to that of her husbands and lovers. Mama wrecked Harlow's first marriage to the young heir with whom she had eloped as a teenager, forcing her to get an abortion for fear that a baby would ruin her career. She later forced her daughter to get a divorce. Mama disapproved of Harlow's second marriage, to MGM producer Paul Bern, a man 21 years Harlow's senior. When Bern died of a gunshot wound—either suicide or murder—Harlow returned to Mama. Mama effectively destroyed Harlow's third marriage too, to cinematographer Harold Rosson, even demanding that he sign a postnuptial agreement. Observing the family dynamic when Mama and her husband visited the set as he directed Harlow in *Platinum Blonde*, Frank Capra said, "I could tell the whole story right there. She was dominated. She wanted her mother, she loved her mother and she wanted to be near her mother." In short, Harlow had a lot of men, but no man could have her. She belonged to Mama alone.

This wasn't just a personal peculiarity. Harlow managed to incorporate her infantilism into her work. On-screen as well as off, she was a beautiful, vivacious, randy woman—but also an emotional child prone to demands, outbursts and tantrums. Her characters kept oscillating between the two. Similarly, her on-screen lovers seemed to be torn between wanting to bed her and wanting to take care of her. That way Harlow covered both bases. And in doing so, just as she led the way in creating the bombshell and the unromantic romance, she led the way in creating the child-woman too. Marilyn Monroe (who so admired Harlow that she got Harlow's hairdresser to dye her locks platinum), Jayne Mansfield, Barbara Nichols, Goldie Hawn and scores of other blondes owed a debt to Harlow as they played the child-woman bit, though most of them did so less tempestuously than Harlow did.

But it was a tough image to maintain, this larger-than-life sexual predator who was also something of a babe, and Harlow herself was ambivalent about it. There were times she seemed to encourage the conflation of woman and persona. Like her characters, she had numerous affairs and not always



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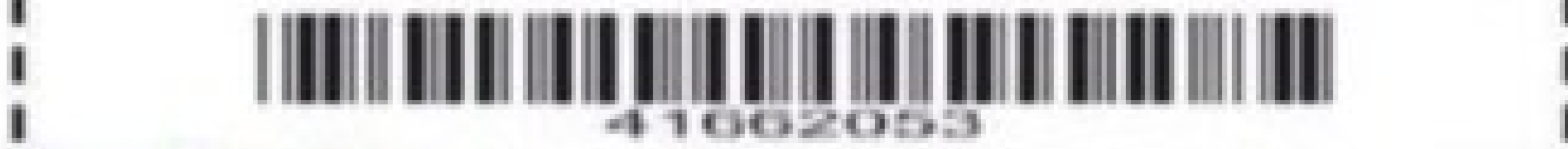
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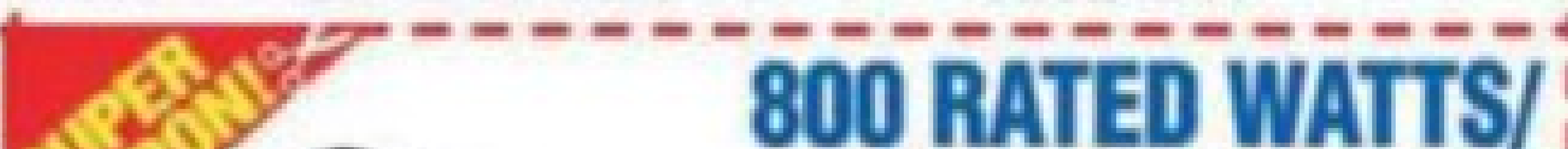
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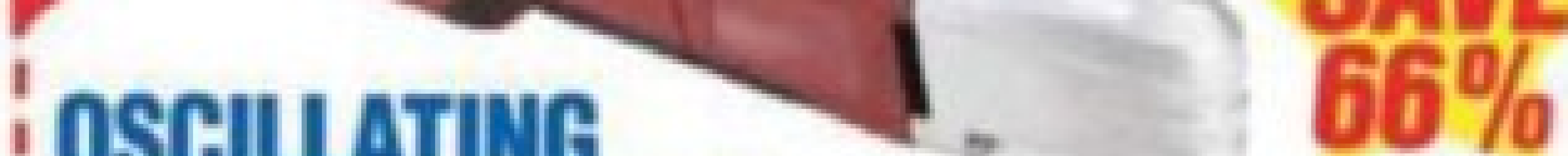
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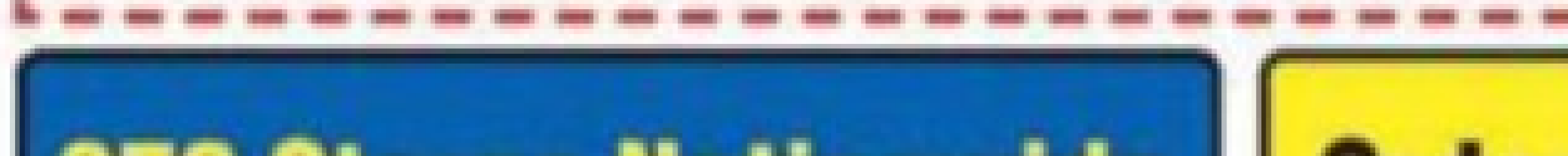
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with the most savory of men. Among her conquests was the notorious gangster Abner "Longy" Zwillman, whom, according to one account, she had met alongside Al Capone. She also bedded director Howard Hawks, writer Thomas Wolfe and boxer Max Baer. Her best and most diligent biographer, David Stenn, says that she suffered from venereal disease, and another biographer claims that she gaily revealed her vagina to reporters to show that her pubic hair had also been dyed platinum, and that once, in despair, she walked the streets, trying to pick up men. She also liked to cozy up with a bottle of Graves gin. And beyond the romances, the alleged promiscuity and the boozing, the mysterious death of her second husband, Paul Bern, dragged her into scandal and real-life melodrama and made her seem more like her screen persona.

By the same token, she often lamented that she was constantly being confused for the characters she played and practically begged the studio to give her a role as a good girl for once—a role, as she put it, "in

which I wouldn't have to speak bad English and slink up to 'my man.'" She complained that she spent so much time developing her characters on-screen that she never had time to develop herself. "If I could put on the Harlow personality like a mask while I was working and take it off when the day was done," she said, "that would be heaven. I can't ever be myself." In reality Harlow was well-read and well-spoken and had even written a novel. This was the intellectual Harlow—the brainy screen superego who regarded and sometimes manipulated the Harlow id. All too often, though, the super-e go seemed to be subordinated to that id.

Harlow wasn't the only one protesting her image. The forces of censorship were none too happy with the loose, liberated, sexy, uninhibited Harlow. In 1934, when they successfully pressured the studios to enforce a production code that legislated screen behavior, Harlow was a primary target. She complied—gladly, she said. Part of the makeover was getting rid of her platinum hair. "I've always hated my hair," she

proclaimed, "not only because it limited me as an actress but because it limited me as a person." Another time she said, "I'm tired of playing second to a head of hair," and the platinum blonde became a "brownette." She was less flouncy too, her great uncorseted wardrobe replaced by dresses that covered more than they exposed. If she had begun her career tumbling out of the era, she was now being held in. It was more than a professional strategy to appease the censors; it seemed to be a way for Harlow to get back to herself—to rediscover the woman she believed was hidden under the old image.

But try as she might to change it, that image continued to haunt her. It haunted her when she began a long romance with the suave star William Powell, who had recently been divorced from another sexy comedienne, Carole Lombard. Harlow confessed she loved Powell, and he, for his part, kept squiring her, but he also refused to marry her, because, he said, Hollywood marriages didn't work. He had Harlow's own record to prove it. Brownette hair and cotton dresses notwithstanding, the bombshell couldn't domesticate herself enough for Powell.

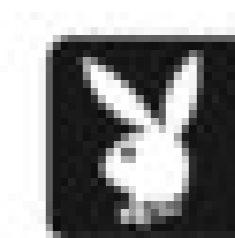
But the image had an even more dire consequence. In the end she may have died because of the expectations with which it burdened her. It was clear while she was making *Saratoga* with Clark Gable that she was feeling fatigued and out of sorts. She even collapsed on the set. One suspects that had this been fragile Greta Garbo, the studio would have hospitalized her immediately and halted production on the film. But this was Harlow—young, bouncy, bawdy, wild, hard-bitten Jean Harlow. It was difficult to imagine Harlow being out of commission for long. She was too much of a life force for anything to repress her. But that wasn't the only reason she didn't get the proper ministrations. By one account, her personal doctor refused to tend to her because his wife was afraid he might succumb to Harlow's temptations. Instead he sent an older colleague, who misdiagnosed Harlow's condition and hydrated her when he should have been administering diuretics. Harlow was in renal failure, possibly the long-delayed result of damage to her kidneys during a bout of scarlet fever in 1925 that was followed by a severe infection. By the time she was transferred to Good Samaritan Hospital, the prognosis was hopeless. She died the morning of June 7, 1937. She was just 26 years old.

It was a short life and a short career with some fabulous movies. Those are clearly her legacies, but she left another legacy too, a cultural one. It was in how she helped shape romance and sexuality for generations to come. In inventing the blonde bombshell, Harlow practically invented the idea that sexuality could be big, tough, daring and as outlandishly obvious as her whitish hair and slinky gowns. And that it could be very, very funny if you didn't take it too seriously. Harlow's bequest, then, is not just a glamorous look but a whole sexual sensibility of ticklish joy that is so natural to us now that we assume it must have been that way all along. But it began with Jean Harlow.

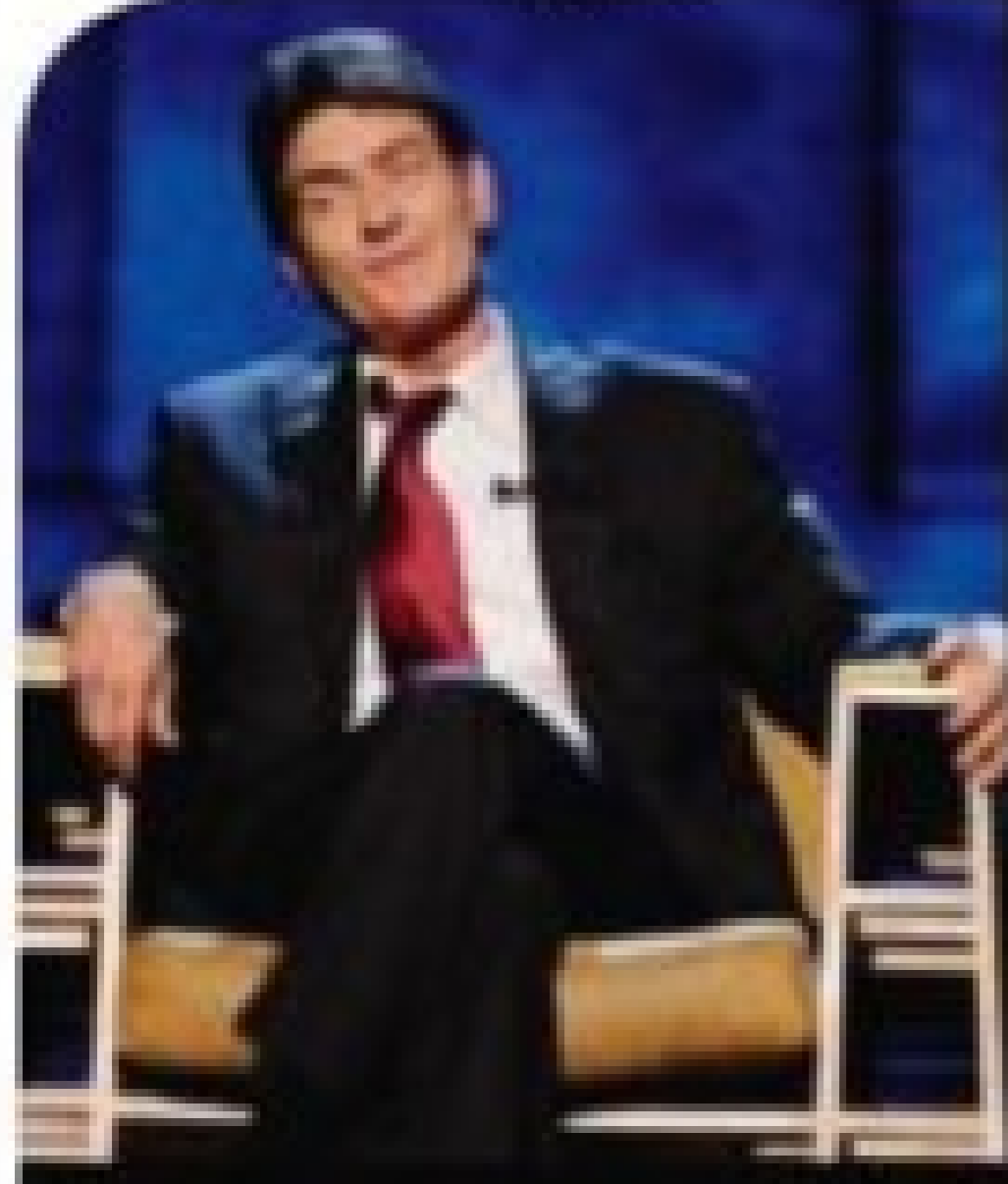


—DAVE COVERLY—

"I hear tell you're a very good girl."

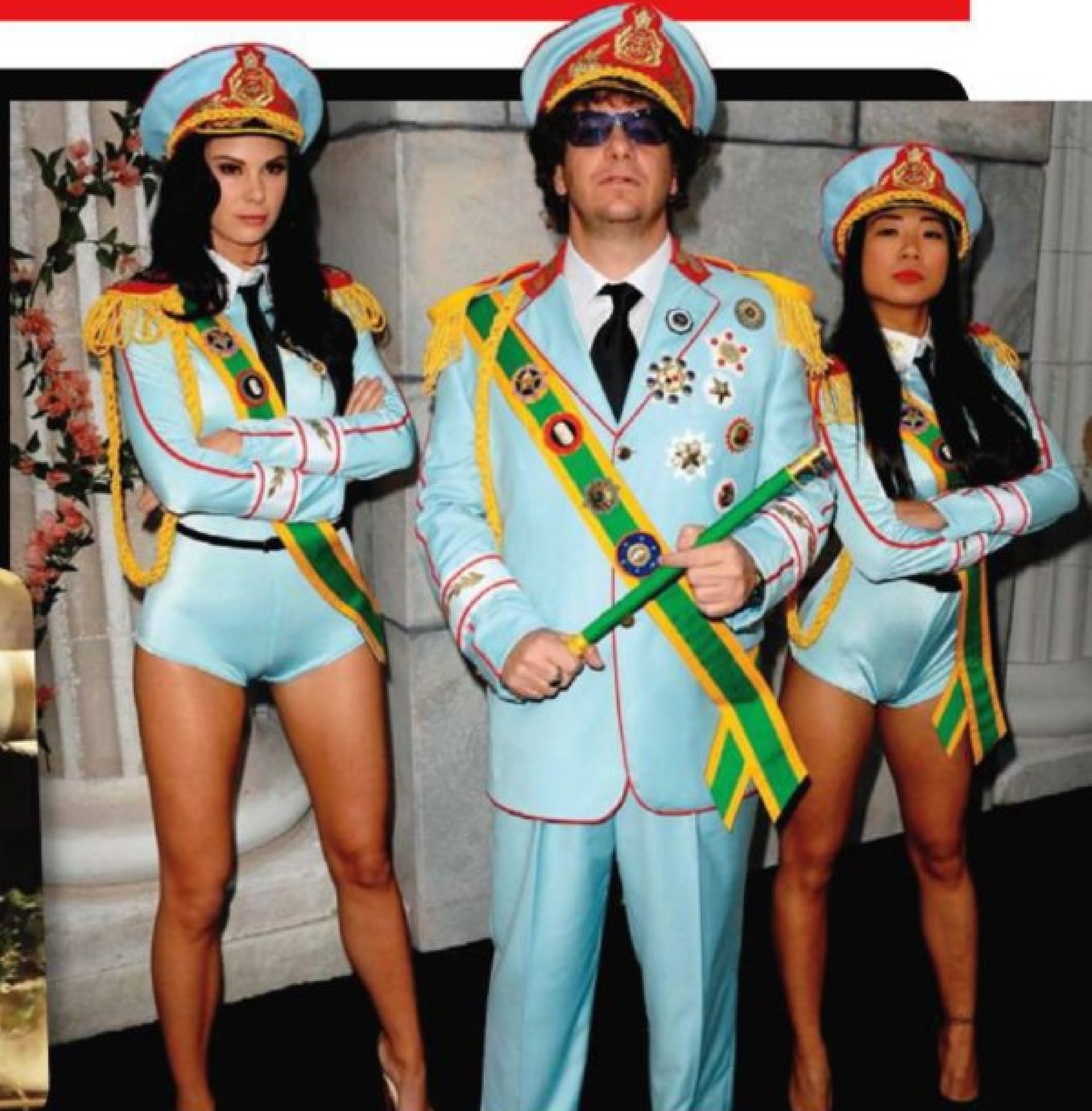


PLAYMATE NEWS



CENTERFOLDS GET IN ON THE CHARLIE SHEEN ROAST

What's three times better than a Charlie Sheen goddess? Three Playmates. A few of our Centerfolds got into the action for Comedy Central's *Roast of Charlie Sheen*, the network's highest-rated show in years. Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins (below right) appears in the program's trailer, in which Sheen pretends his hot tub is the set of *Apocalypse Now*. During the event PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole and Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima dressed as sexy sentinels for Jeff Ross's high-stepping Muammar el-Qaddafi. Winning!



PAM BRINGS BACK SEXY NYLONS

Now here's a dramatic pair of Christmas stockings. Most contemporary women have ditched nylons, but Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson teamed with Secrets in Lace to put out the Pamela Anderson Couture Stockings collection and remind us

how beautiful a pair of legs can be when they're enhanced by exquisitely sheer material. "We are excited to work with Pamela Anderson because she brings a balanced blend of propriety and sexiness to the design studio," says the president of Secrets in Lace. The nylon stockings come in four delectable patterns, and all of them retail for less than \$40. "I love every one of the styles because they cover every fashion occasion," Anderson says. They make a perfect gift for the long-legged women in your life, and with a little luck you'll be able to enjoy them too.



FLASHBACK



Ten years ago this month **Shanna Moakler** took off her Miss USA tiara and everything else and became Miss December 2001. Shanna dazzled PLAYBOY fans and wooed the likes of Billy Idol, Dennis Quaid and Oscar De La Hoya. Her relationship with Blink-182 drummer Travis Barker—including their two-season MTV show *Meet the Barkers*—received the most attention. Among her other credits are *Pacific Blue*, *Entourage* and *Dancing With the Stars*. She currently hosts *Bridalplasty* on E!, produces regional Miss USA pageants and is a doting mother of three.

DID YOU KNOW ?

PMOY 1982 **Shannon Tweed** and longtime lover Gene Simmons finally tied the knot on October 1.

Miss February 2011 **Kylie Johnson** and her Playmate sisters are fighting breast cancer at #bunnies4thecure.

Miss January 2010 **Jaime Faith Edmondson** says her favorite things, in rotating order, are food, sex and sports.

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY PAUL POPE

—Eisner-winning comic-book writer, graphic novelist and artist

“My favorite Playmate is PMOY 1979 **Monique St. Pierre**. I did a Playboy- and Kidrobot-licensed figurine of her. She was not your typical model; she was more of a pinup type. There was something powerful about the way she presented herself. She was the 1970s PLAYBOY image of female sexuality.”



“I can assure you that not all models are dumb,” says Miss April 2011 **Jaclyn Swedberg**. “I just went



back to school and was on the dean’s list before I left. I love to read, mostly horror books. Jack Kilborn is an author I’m crazy about.”

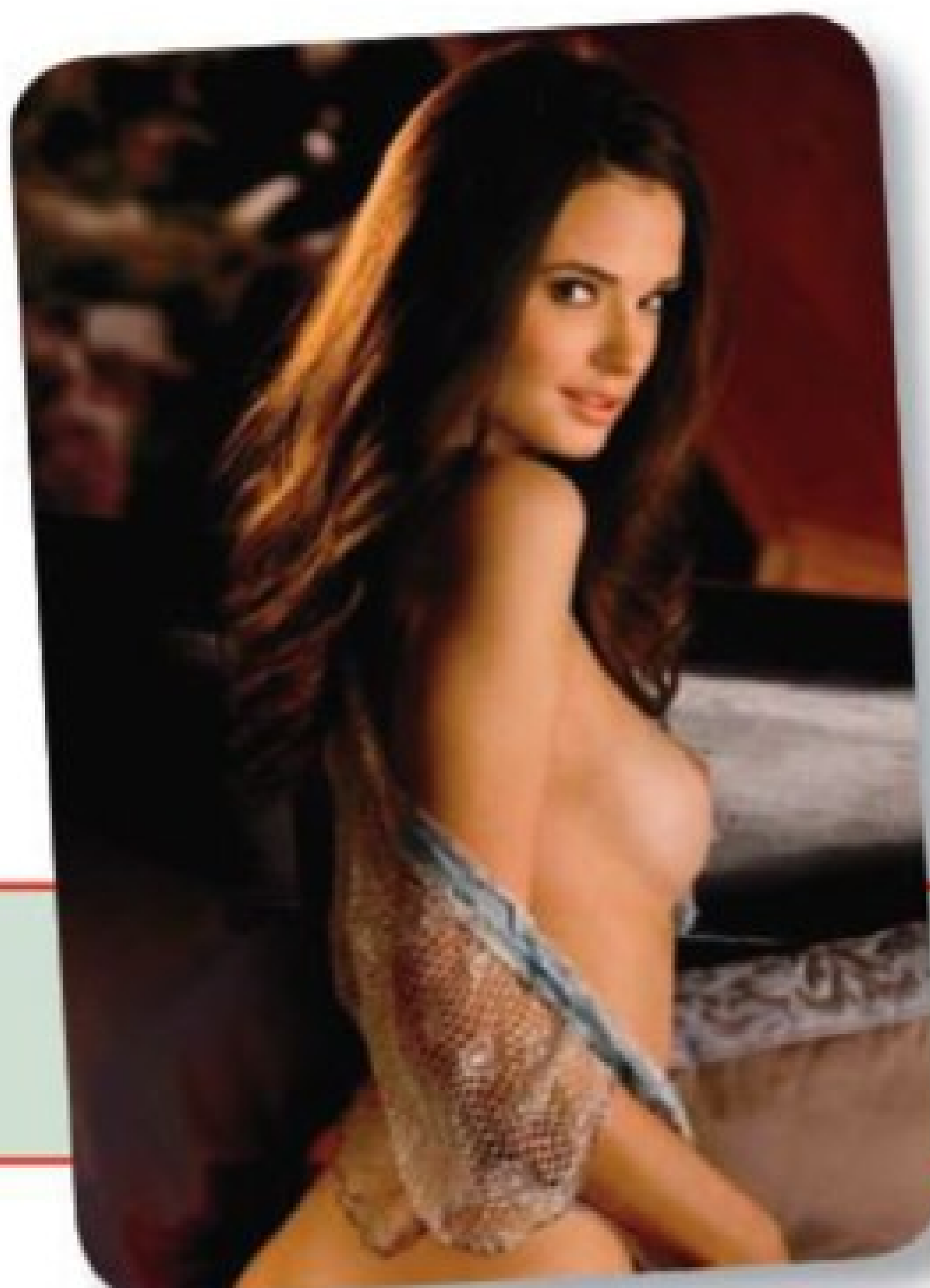
HOW TO PARTY IN VEGAS LIKE LAURA CROFT

At last, a finishing school for party girls. The Excalibur Hotel in Las Vegas tasked Miss July 2008 Laura Croft with creating a program for bachelorette parties—and girls who need help letting their hair down. Night School 4 Girls offers 70-minute sessions that give women a chance to unleash their wild side through instruction in burlesque and pole dancing, as well as party advice. One of Laura’s helpful tips: “When you’re out on the town, all you need are the necessities. For me, it’s my iPhone, my lip gloss and a wooden spoon.”



A SURREAL LIFE

Eccentric auteur David Lynch tapped the effervescent Miss May 2010 Kassie Lyn Logsdon and Miss April 2011 Jaclyn Swedberg to help release his first solo album, *Crazy Clown Time*, by announcing the tracks at a Soho House event. “There was an amazing energy surrounding David in the room,” Kassie says. “You can experience it through the album.”



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Boston is a beautiful city (Chestnut Hill, Fenway Park, the women), and it was up to Miss June 2011 **Mei-Ling Lam** and **Chanty Sok** (Christian Bale’s girlfriend in *The Fighter*) to judge the prettiest tattooed Bostonians during the Miss Boston Ink Beauty Contest at the Boston Tattoo Convention.



It’s a shame they couldn’t enter (we’re suckers for women of Asian descent), but neither of the two is a Lydia-esque tattooed lady. Mei-Ling commented that the tattoos she saw were “amazing.” Speaking of Mei-Ling and judging, when she’s not discerning good tattoos on taut bodies, she lives by this maxim: “On a daily basis I open my heart, my eyes and my mind before judging anyone.”... At Glamourcon Chicago the good people at O’Neill’s Auto-

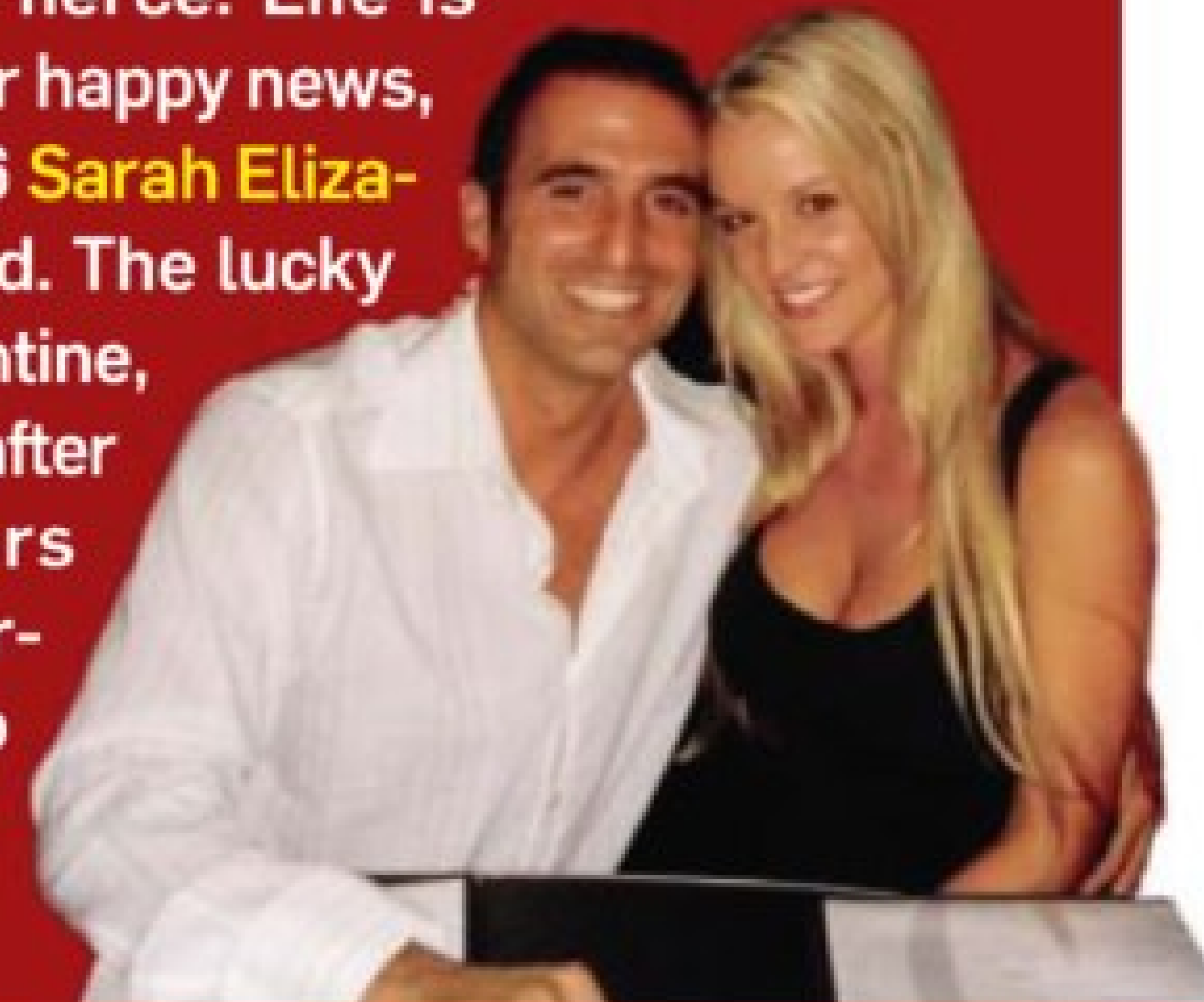


graphs had an interesting request for PMOY 2011 **Claire Sinclair**. “We’re big Packers fans, so I asked Claire if she would don the famous cheese bra for a quick picture,” B. Johnson of O’Neill’s says. “When I wear the bra it’s aged cheddar, but when Claire has it on it’s baby Swiss. This is how we like our cheese up here in Wisconsin.” We’re certain the cheese-heads will go out of their minds over



this photo.... We live in a time when birth announcements are first made through Twitter. Case in point: Dr. Phil McGraw tweeting about his son Jay McGraw and Miss December 1998 **Erica Dahm** having their second child. “[Mother] and baby [are] doing fine. They barely made it to [the] hospital in time!... We are so blessed.” London Phillip McGraw was born September 1 and weighed in at seven pounds, 13 ounces. Jay’s mother, Robin, complimented one third of the Dahm triplets, also in a tweet: “Erica McGraw is my hero! [She] had London Phillip without an epidural. Wow! She is fierce. Life is fabulous.”... In further happy news,

Miss November 2006 **Sarah Elizabeth** just got engaged. The lucky man, Tommy Constantine, popped the question after four and a half years of dating. The overjoyed couple plans to enjoy their nuptials next summer.



WANT TO SEE MORE PLAYMATES?

Or more of these Playmates? You can check out the Playboy Cyber Club at club.playboy.com and access the mobile-optimized site playboy.com from your phone.

PLAYBOY FORUM

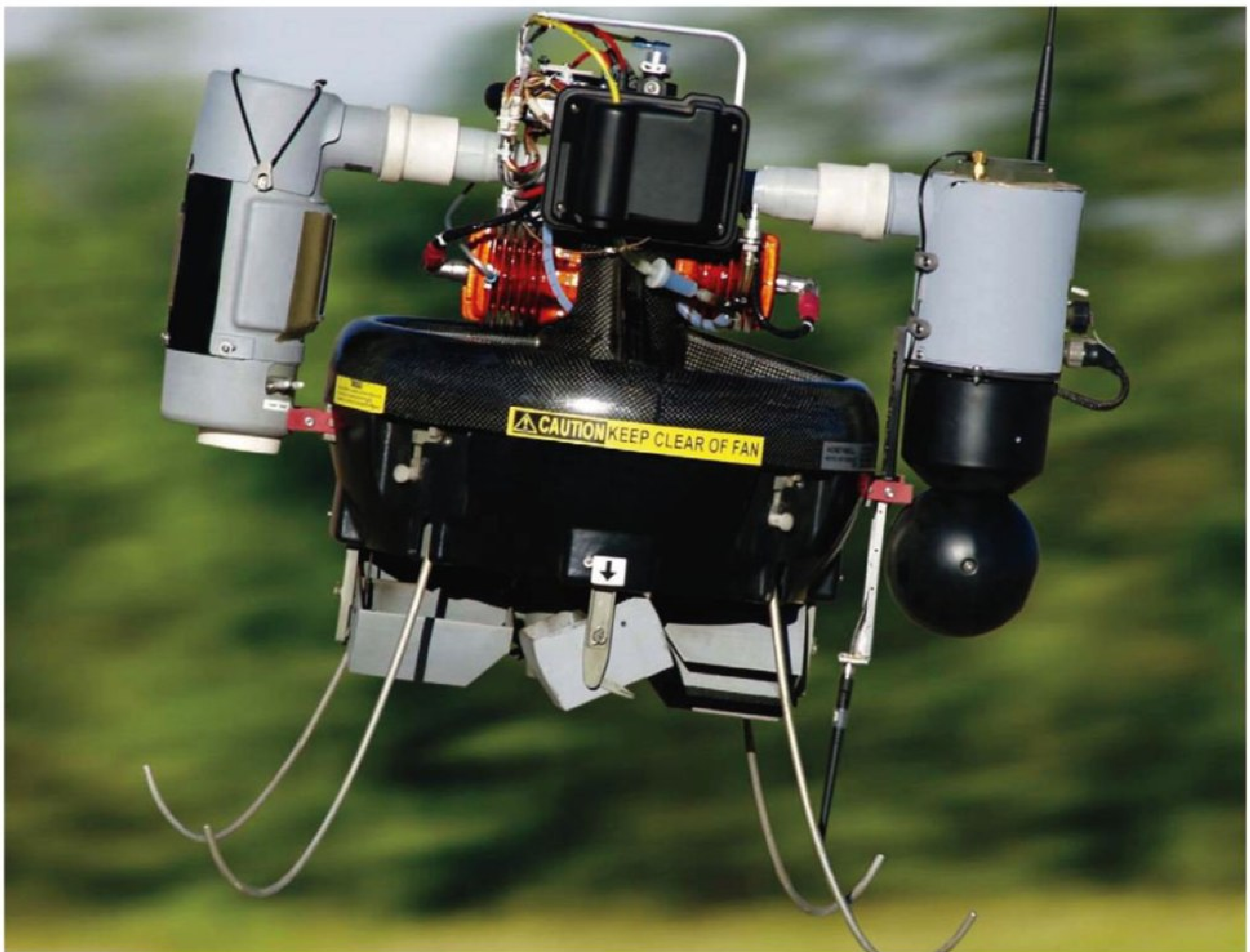
TO PROTECT AND OBSERVE

THE SQUAD CAR IS SO 20TH CENTURY. BEHOLD THE POLICE DRONE

BY SPENCER ACKERMAN

The future of law enforcement sits in a hangar at Kendall-Tamiami Executive Airport in Florida's Miami-Dade County. A bulbous pile of cylinders and kickstands that shoots into the air, it weighs less than 20 pounds and costs virtually nothing. Its official name is the T-Hawk Micro Air Vehicle, but it's better known as a drone—you know, the unarmed baby brother of the

won't search for terrorists. Equipped with cameras and sensors and able to hover autonomously over the city, it will record the movements of ordinary American citizens. The MDPD isn't alone, either. Police departments in Maryland and Colorado have also begun the process of adding drones to their forces. In some ways, it was only a matter of time. Drones are merely the latest



The Miami-Dade Police Department's latest top cop: the battle-tested T-Hawk Micro Air Vehicle (a.k.a. a drone).

missile-packing pilotless planes tasked with killing Al Qaeda operatives in Yemen and along the Pakistan-Afghanistan border. In fact, the T-Hawk earned its stripes in Iraq, where soldiers carried it into battle, pressed a few buttons on a laptop to launch it and observed the real-time visuals it transmitted back to them.

Soon the men and women of the Miami-Dade Police Department will be doing the same—except their T-Hawk

example—alongside night-vision goggles, Kevlar vests and the internet—of how military technology quickly migrates from camouflaged to civilian hands and of the logical evolution of the red-light cameras so prevalent in U.S. cities today.

Cops, of course, think drones such as the T-Hawk are the perfect complement to traditional police work. Particularly during hostage crises, SWAT teams need

FORUM

vital tactical intel: For instance, is there another criminal team in the vicinity? Not to mention that the T-Hawk is easy to fly. Special software allows officers to control the drone's dashboard from their laptops and also provides streaming video from its cameras. "It flies itself," explains Andrew Cohen, the MDPD sergeant who runs the aviation unit at Kendall-Tamiami. "You're just manipulating it in the air—go left, go right."

Better still, drones keep police officers far from dangerous situations, thereby saving lives—exactly why the military loves spy drones so much. The Justice Department is bullish on them too. It more or less underwrote the MDPD's T-Hawk, awarding the department a grant that shrank the cost of the drone to \$1. (Usual retail price at Honeywell, the T-Hawk's manufacturer: \$220,000.)

It appears, however, that the Justice Department has given significantly less thought to the cost to civil liberties. "The concern is that the skies will fill with robotic flying video cameras, and we will end up with a whole new layer of surveillance over American life we've never had before," explains Jay Stanley, a surveillance expert at the American Civil Liberties Union. (Full disclosure: My wife works for the ACLU.) Yet the stumbling block to police-drone deployment has nothing to do with privacy violations and everything to do with bureaucratic intransigence; namely, the FAA is wary of allowing pilotless robots into U.S. airspace—and for good reason.

Currently, the FAA's air traffic control system is based on communicating with actual human pilots so as to better handle congested air traffic and to deal with other problems. Last year, a bureaucratic panic ensued when a Predator drone flown by the Department of Homeland Security over the Mexico border lost contact with the personnel overseeing the mission. Until contact could be reestablished, no one had any way to stop the drone from ramming into aircraft or falling out of the sky if it ran out of fuel. Thus, before any drone takes off in the United States, it must acquire

something called a Certification of Authorization from the FAA, a time-sensitive license that allows the drone to fly at a specified altitude. And so far the FAA has been stingy about handing them out. The MDPD is the only police department to receive approval from the FAA to fly nontraining drone missions, and that approval came after a two-year wait.

Sadly, the FAA is the most potent ally you and I have against a fleet of T-Hawks snooping on us, because privacy laws regarding police use of drones are nearly nonexistent. The sole precedent is a 25-year-old Supreme Court case, and it's not a promising one.

In the 1980s, Dante Carlo Ciraolo grew marijuana in the backyard of his Santa Clara, California home. The



An example of the type of images the T-Hawk can record from the sky.

local police received an anonymous tip, but they didn't have probable cause to investigate. So they improvised. The private plane they hired to fly over Ciraolo's house spotted the crop, helping them secure a search warrant for the property. An angry Ciraolo appealed his case all the way to the Supreme Court—only to learn that the justices, by a 5-4 vote, believed the Fourth Amendment came with a height limit. "The mere fact that an individual has taken measures to restrict some views of his activities [doesn't] preclude an officer's observations from a public vantage point where he has a right to be and which renders the activities clearly visible," Chief Justice Warren Burger wrote in the majority opinion.

But what happens when that "public

vantage point" becomes a drone that hovers over a city for hours, snapping photos and streaming real-time video back to the police? The law hasn't even imagined such a question could exist. In Iraq and Afghanistan, however, it's an everyday reality. "You have aerial surveillance that lasts significant periods of time and opens up whole new avenues for determining patterns of life," says the ACLU's Stanley. "You're dissecting the precise daily movements and habits of individuals, recording them and automatically noting deviations from the routine."

The MDPD swears that those it is paid to protect and serve don't need to worry about being continually spied on. For one thing—no matter the finding in the Ciraolo case—the MDPD is cognizant of the fact that Americans have a different set of constitutional protections than Iraqis and Afghans. For another, the T-Hawk presents some technical challenges to constant surveillance—e.g., it can't fly for longer than 46 minutes and it's as loud as a lawn mower, meaning it's not exactly stealth-like. I should point out, however, that dozens of more advanced drone designs are at the ready—including ones that can spy on whole cities at once—and that, as the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan wind down, cops are the next big market for drone makers.

But perhaps the biggest reason Miami-Dade cops are pledging restraint is that they fear the FAA will repeal their T-Hawk's hard-earned Certification of Authorization—or jeopardize another police department's chance at receiving a certificate—if they use it frivolously or mistakenly crash it into a local news helicopter. "One person can really make a negative impact and set the program back several years," says the MDPD's Cohen.

Cohen certainly doesn't want to be that one person. With drones becoming the rage in police work, he knows all eyes will be on him to see whether the T-Hawk can be used responsibly. Which is to say that how he flies his drone over Miami will go a long way toward determining if all the robotic eyes of the drone revolution will soon be on you as well.

COPS AT WAR

OUR POLICE DEPARTMENTS EMULATE THE MILITARY. POLICE DON'T SERVE THEIR COMMUNITIES—THEY'RE AT WAR WITH THEM

Amount of grant money the Department of Homeland Security hands out each year to boost anti-terrorism efforts: **\$3 billion.**

Value of military equipment given to 17,000 domestic police agencies by the Law Enforcement Support Program between 1997 and 2005: **\$727 million.**

Increase in SWAT teams from 1985 to 1996 in towns with populations between 25,000 and 50,000: **157 percent.**

The sheriff's department in Boone County, Indiana was given an amphibious armored personnel carrier by the federal government. Distance of Boone County from the Atlantic Ocean: **700 miles.**

Between 2006 and 2009, percentage of delayed-notice search warrants served under the expanded powers of the Patriot Act that were for drug investigations: **92.**

Percentage applied to counterterrorism investigations: **0.009.**

Number of M-16s obtained from the federal government by the Jasper, Florida police department: **7.** Number of stoplights in Jasper, Florida: **3.**

Number of police trained per year at four Federal Law Enforcement Training Centers: **25,000.** Percentage of SWAT teams trained by "active-duty military experts in special operations": **46.**



Law enforcement with an armored personnel carrier.

Number of military-grade infrared cameras mounted on patrol cars in Memphis for the purpose of automated license-plate recognition: **70.**

Number of surplus bayonets provided to law enforcement agencies by the Defense Logistics Agency between October 1, 1996 and September 30, 1997: **more than 6,400.**

Number of terrorism prevention and response facilities—known as fusion centers—used to spy on American citizens: **at least 72.**

As of November 2010, sole function of the M113 armored personnel carrier (cost: \$525,000) owned by Lenawee County, Michigan: **appearing in parades.**

Cost of the 2010 Lenco BearCat armored vehicle provided to the Santa Barbara, California police department by the Department of Homeland Security: **\$242,909.95.**

Estimated number of SWAT team deployments per day in the U.S.: **160.** Percentage of those deployments used to serve warrants in drug investigations: **75 to 80.**

Of 487 police departments asked about deployment of police paramilitary units, percentage that said their tactical teams were used for community patrols: **more than 20.**

Minimum number of police departments with anti-aircraft capability: **1, the NYPD.**

"THE MIND-SET OF THE WARRIOR," WRITES PROFESSOR SAM WALKER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, "IS SIMPLY NOT APPROPRIATE FOR THE CIVILIAN POLICE OFFICER CHARGED WITH ENFORCING THE LAW."



Snooping in Memphis.



Police in Wisconsin respond to the shooting of an officer in March 2011.

READER RESPONSE

PRISONER PARENTS

I have been reading *PLAYBOY* for 30 years, and only now have you published a photo that offends me—the black prisoner with his daughter in September's *Reader Response*. Was it necessary? If so,



An imprisoned Ohio dad with his daughter.

why that image? Is there a dearth of photos of prisoners with their children? Must America's iconic men's magazine perpetuate the stereotype that black males are criminals and bad fathers? It is already tough out there for black males. I'm still young enough not to have the status of revered elder statesman, so I probably must endure another 10 years of women clutching their purses. I may have another 15 years of being profiled. In the vernacular of the kids, can *PLAYBOY* help a brother out? I've never been in jail and have tried to be a good citizen and good father to my daughter, who is now 25 and married. When I'm seen in public with my grandchildren, I'd prefer not to have people assume I'm on parole.

David Williamson
Lenexa, Kansas

In fact, there aren't many photos of prisoners with their children—that was the point of our response. We liked the image because it clearly shows the joy of both father and daughter at seeing each other.

THE 12 STEPS

Professor Keith Humphreys's claim in Melba Newsome's commentary on Alcoholics Anonymous ("Twelve Steps to Nowhere," September) that AA is "a remedy designed for the population that does not have good judgment" is a careless reiteration of the hokum found in the *Big Book*: In short, alcoholics are defective and their only hope is a spiritual awakening. The idea that addicts are any more dishonest or unwise than anyone else is asinine. Yet this idea is part of the gold standard of addiction treatment.

Doctors solemnly recommend AA, and judges order people to attend meetings, which is clearly unconstitutional. Professional associations and employers hold people's livelihood hostage to AA attendance. The latest research demonstrates AA is worse than nothing at all and results in higher rates of binge relapse than quitting without therapy. A lot of people make a lot of money on the perpetual relapse machine. Humphreys says AA has "evolved," but I think the word is *metastasized*.

Ilse Thompson
Portland, Oregon

Thompson is co-founder of stinkin-thinkin.com, which critiques 12-step programs.

Five years ago the quaint, old-fashioned, cultish, evangelical fellowship of AA helped me exit the vodka highway. I didn't care how it compared statistically with other treatments, but I had tried them all: counselors, religion, antidepressants and willpower. The members seemed more amused than scandalized by my low state and called me on my bullshit. I liked that they talked about God only "as you understand him." AA can seem peculiar, but if you need a second chance, it gives them away for free.

A.J. Adams
Colorado Springs, Colorado

Adams is author of Undrunk: A Skeptic's Guide to AA.

The core idea of AA hasn't changed, but its view of the steps has. After 15 years of sobriety, most of the 100 original members wrote *Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions*,



An AA meeting circa 1950.

which includes a chapter on the importance of addressing character defects. The steps allow people who have become sleazy out of necessity a chance to change: to pay off their debts, find joy in helping others and live a fulfilled life. It is also now

understood that many people who join AA have other serious problems, including depression. That's why co-founder Bill Wilson took LSD. It comes down to what a doctor friend told me: "AA's recovery rate is terrible, except when you compare it with anything else."

Fritz Ptasynski
Torrance, California

Any article that begins with a Charlie Sheen quote must be farce. Not every



AA today claims some 2 million members.

chronic disease requires medication. Diabetes, for example, can often be managed via a lifestyle change, so why not alcoholism? Many addicts don't need medically supervised detox or an extended stint in rehab. The author notes that AA has up to a 30 percent success rate, so for those people, the program is sufficient.

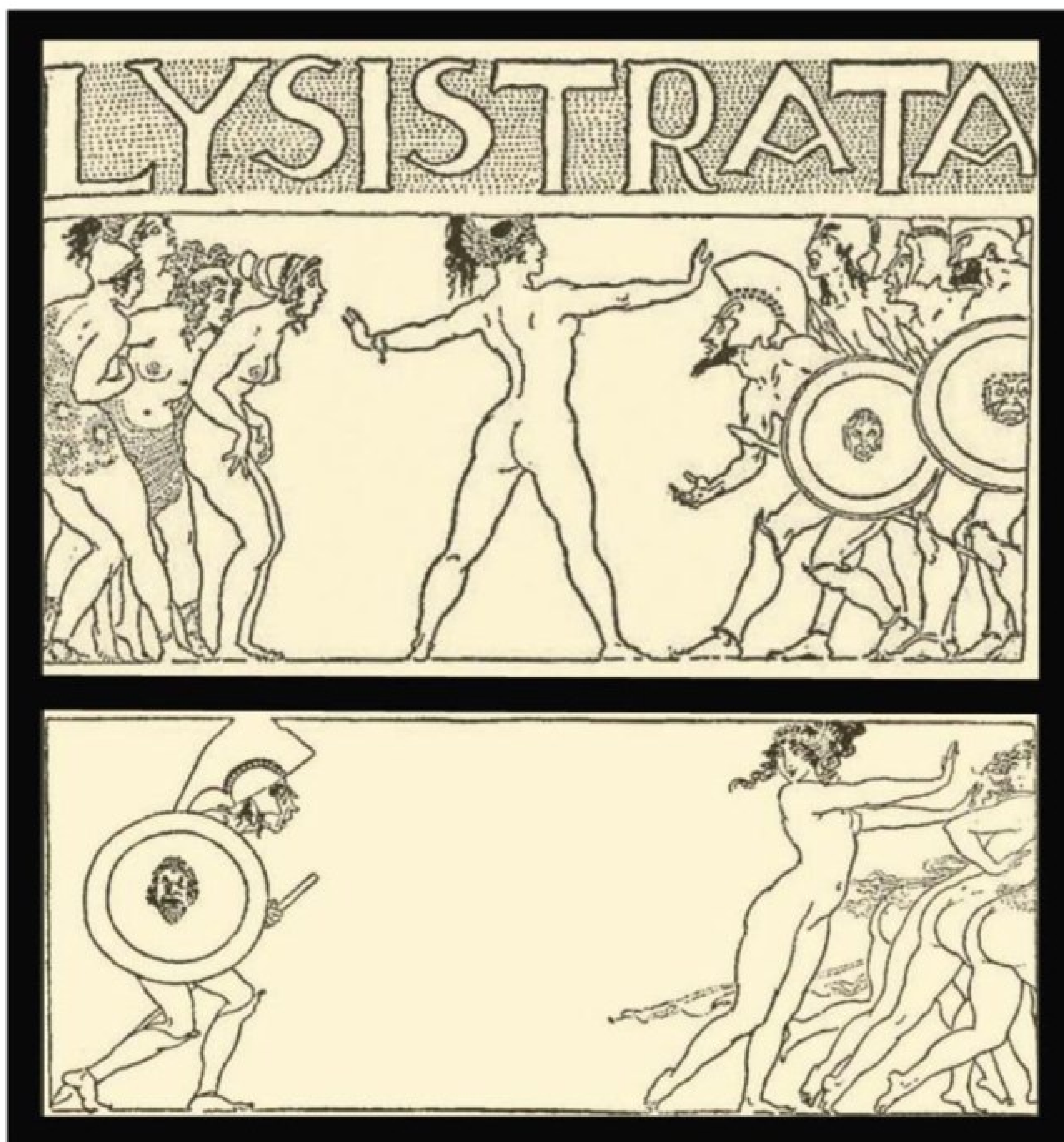
Gwendolyn Nash
Yakima, Washington

SQUEEZING THE CARTELS

Mark A.R. Kleiman argues that the war on drugs has only made terrorists richer and more powerful ("Material Support," September). He's right. I know a person who operates on the other side of the law, and his business has suffered greatly since dispensaries became common in California. Here in Arizona voters approved medical marijuana, but the state won't allow dispensaries. So patients and caregivers grow their own or buy on the black market, which is easier but puts money into the hands of the Mexican cartels. In California the money stays in the state.

Jonny Schnaible
Surprise, Arizona

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Clamping Down

BARBACOAS, COLOMBIA—About 250 women in this remote village near the Pacific coast announced *la huelga de las piernas cruzadas*, or “the strike of crossed legs,” after repairs to a flood-damaged dirt road that is the only route into and out of town were repeatedly delayed. At least one woman died, along with her unborn baby, after an ambulance became stuck. The women hope that, in the tradition of Lysistrata, denying the menfolk sex will compel them to put more pressure on the central government. The sex strike organized by the protagonist of Aristophanes’s play, which premiered in Athens in 411 B.C., has inspired other women in Colombia and elsewhere. In 1997 the nation’s army chief urged the partners of leftist guerrillas, right-wing paramilitary fighters and drug traffickers to just say no to force a truce. In 2006 the women of Pereira, Colombia withheld sex to pressure local gangs to disarm. In 2009 Kenyan women organized a strike to get the country’s co-rulers to stop bickering, even offering to compensate hookers for lost income. In 2003 the women of Liberia shut down to protest an ongoing civil war. The human rights activist in Barbacoas who organized the sex strike also called for a hunger strike, which drew four times as many participants. That did not surprise her, she said, because many men told her they’d rather go without food than sex.

Last Men Standing

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA—When an advocate for the homeless noticed a number of men in a city park with black eyes, split lips and limps, he asked what was going on. Their replies led to a civil lawsuit against She fights.net, a fetish site that paid the men to be assaulted by scantily clad or topless women. The going rate for a 12-minute beatdown was \$25 if whipped and \$50 if punched; advocates want the site to pay for the men to receive medical and psychiatric treatment for what a lawyer said the state boxing commission might view as unlicensed amateur bouts.



Gluteus Maximum

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY—A state court confirmed that a pair of 14-year-old bullies

convicted of criminal sexual conduct after they sat with bare buttocks on the faces of two 12-year-olds will be placed in the sex-offender registry for the rest of their lives, as required by Megan’s Law. State law forbids intimate contact designed to “degrade or humiliate,” but defense attorneys said the incident amounted to horseplay, which other courts have excluded from the registry requirement.

Hard Evidence

TACOMA, WASHINGTON—A judge allowed a convicted child pornographer acting as his own lawyer to view the videos he made of himself abusing boys. Weldon Marc Gilbert, who is serving a 25-year federal sentence, is being tried in state court on related charges. He argued he has a constitutional right to review the evidence against him as often as he wants, which he did in a room set aside in the prison for that purpose. But Gilbert also proved the adage that a man who acts as his own lawyer has a fool for a client, telling a local TV reporter from jail

that the content of the tapes was “a lot of fun,” though perhaps “shameful.”

Tortured Souls

EDISON, NEW JERSEY—A state court ruled that a group of 16 vegan Hindus can sue a restaurant that served them meat samosas. The group wants the take-out joint to fly them to India so they can purify their souls in the Ganges. However, a local Indo-American activist noted, “God is not going to punish you for doing something unknowingly.”



Woo-Hah! Busty Rimes

LEANN RIMES, country singer and wife of actor Eddie Cibrian, responded to internet haters who criticized her weight fluctuation by draining a drink in a bikini.



What a Wonderful World

Did you know that bra sizes differ around the globe? Take for instance SAM COOKE (the British model, not the soul singer). She wears a 30F, which translates to an American 30DDD—well, when she wears a bra.



Donckers-versy

Extraordinary controversy rages over PLAYBOY Belgium model JESS DONCKERS's involvement with Madonna's lingerie line. Is she or is she not the official model for the Material Girl? Who cares?



The American Beauty

Lighting up the Venice Film Festival premiere of *The Ides of March* was VIOLANTE PLACIDO, the Italian actress who plays opposite George Clooney in *The American*. Look for even more of her in next year's *Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance*.

STEVE TORRES

Geek Love

Meet ELIZA BOYKIN, who admits, "I'm a total nerd. If the TV is on, it's more than likely to be on the History Channel or National Geographic."



Intelligent Design?

Fashion designers send avant-garde pieces down the runway to get people looking and talking about their clothes. Case in point: During the Liverpool Fashion Fest, MIRANDA KERR walked in a dress that left little in the front and to the imagination.



Mrs. T Party

During time off from taping *Ice Loves Coco*, Ice T's top-heavier half, COCO, was galivanting in Miami Beach when she slipped out of her top. Note to celebs: Water is slippery.



INF PHOTO

Dutch Treatise

BIRGIT, a PLAYBOY Netherlands model, was a flight attendant but quit because her colleagues were oppressively catty. Since leaving she has promised never to gossip again and mainly keeps the company of men.



RENE DE HAAN/PATRICK KAAKS

LANDOY



VOTE FOR PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR.



MEN OF LETTERS: PELECANOS AND LEONARD.



WANNA BUY AN A-BOMB?

NEXT MONTH



NICK OFFERMAN POUNDS OUT THE LAUGHS.

DANGEROUS WORDS—PALADIN PRESS WILL TEACH YOU HOW TO MAKE A BOMB OR OTHERWISE SPREAD MAYHEM. IS THAT OKAY? **JOHN H. RICHARDSON** FOLLOWS PALADIN'S FIREBRAND OWNER, PETER LUND, ON A TYPICAL DAY AT THE OFFICE AS HE FILMS SNIPERS EXPLAINING HOW TO KILL.

PLAYMATE REVIEW—TWELVE GORGEOUS WOMEN, ALL IN ONE PLACE. DON'T YOU WISH WE COULD DO THIS EVERY MONTH?

CHRIS WALLACE—THE ANCHOR OF *FOX NEWS SUNDAY* SITS WITH **DAVID HOCHMAN** FOR THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* TO DISCUSS THE CROP OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES AND HIS RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS LEGENDARY DAD, MIKE.

FIGHTING BACK IN SOUTH BEACH—PHILADELPHIA WEATHERMAN JOHN BOLARIS WAS AN EASY MARK FOR TWO GORGEOUS ESTONIAN CON ARTISTS. AFTER HE WAS DRUGGED AND FLEEDED, HE SHOULD HAVE KEPT QUIET. INSTEAD, AS **PAT JORDAN** REPORTS, HE DECIDED TO RAISE HELL. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED BY WHAT HAPPENED.

THE NIGHT STEVE JOBS MET ANDY WARHOL—IT WAS OCTOBER 9, 1984, SEAN LENNON'S NINTH BIRTHDAY PARTY, WRITES **DAVID SHEFF**. STEVE JOBS BROUGHT A NEWFANGLED GIFT. SEAN AND GUESTS—INCLUDING ANDY WARHOL AND KEITH HARING—ALL TOYED WITH A MACHINE THAT WOULD CHANGE THE WORLD.

SECRETS FOR SALE—A.Q. KHAN, THE ROGUE PAKISTANI NUCLEAR SCIENTIST, SOLD DEADLY SECRETS TO A COUNTRY WHOSE IDENTITY HAS NEVER BEEN CONFIRMED. **JOSHUA POLLACK** REVEALS THE SHOCKING TRUTH.

NICK OFFERMAN—THE BOSS MAN ON *PARKS AND RECREATION* TALKS ABOUT HOW TO GET GOOD WOOD, HIS BUDDY RAINN WILSON AND THE PLEASURES OF SNAGGING AN OLDER WIFE.

ELMORE LEONARD—THE NOVELIST BRINGS BACK HIS POPULAR HERO RAYLAN GIVENS, A U.S. MARSHAL FROM KENTUCKY AND THE INSPIRATION FOR THE FX SHOW *JUSTIFIED*. IT'S A TALE OF BONNIE-AND-CLYDE KIDNEY THIEVES, WITH A FEMME FATALE WHO'S NOT AFRAID TO CUT DEEP.

WHAT IT WAS—SUMMER IN THE CITY, 1972. D.C. DETECTIVE FRANK VAUGHN IS IN PURSUIT OF A KILLER WHO'S SHOOTING FOR FAME, NO MATTER HOW MUCH BLOOD HE HAS TO SPILL. AN EXTRA-HARD-BOILED EXCERPT FROM CRIME WRITER **GEORGE PELECANOS**'S LATEST.

SAIGON CONFIDENTIAL—FRESH OFF A VACATION IN IRAQ, **PAULA FROELICH** VISITS A PLACE U.S. CITIZENS ONCE COULDN'T WAIT TO COME HOME FROM. A BIZARRE INDUSTRY OF WAR TOURISM HAS AMERICANS GOING BACK TO VIETNAM.

PLUS—THE YEAR IN SEX, OUR CARS OF THE YEAR AND MORE.

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Diamond Cross Pendant

A 23kt gold-plated pendant featuring brilliant diamonds, mother-of-pearl and an inspirational message of love.

From the moment she was born, she has filled your heart with love. Now, show your daughter just how dear she is to you with this breathtaking pendant engraved on the back with the words: "My little girl yesterday, my friend today, my daughter forever."

Exquisitely crafted.

The pendant features five radiant diamonds set in a cross, centered on lovely mother-of-pearl and surrounded by a stunning 23kt gold-plated heart pattern. A matching 18-inch chain is included to perfectly display the pendant. She will treasure this symbol of faith and love for years to come.

(continued on other side)



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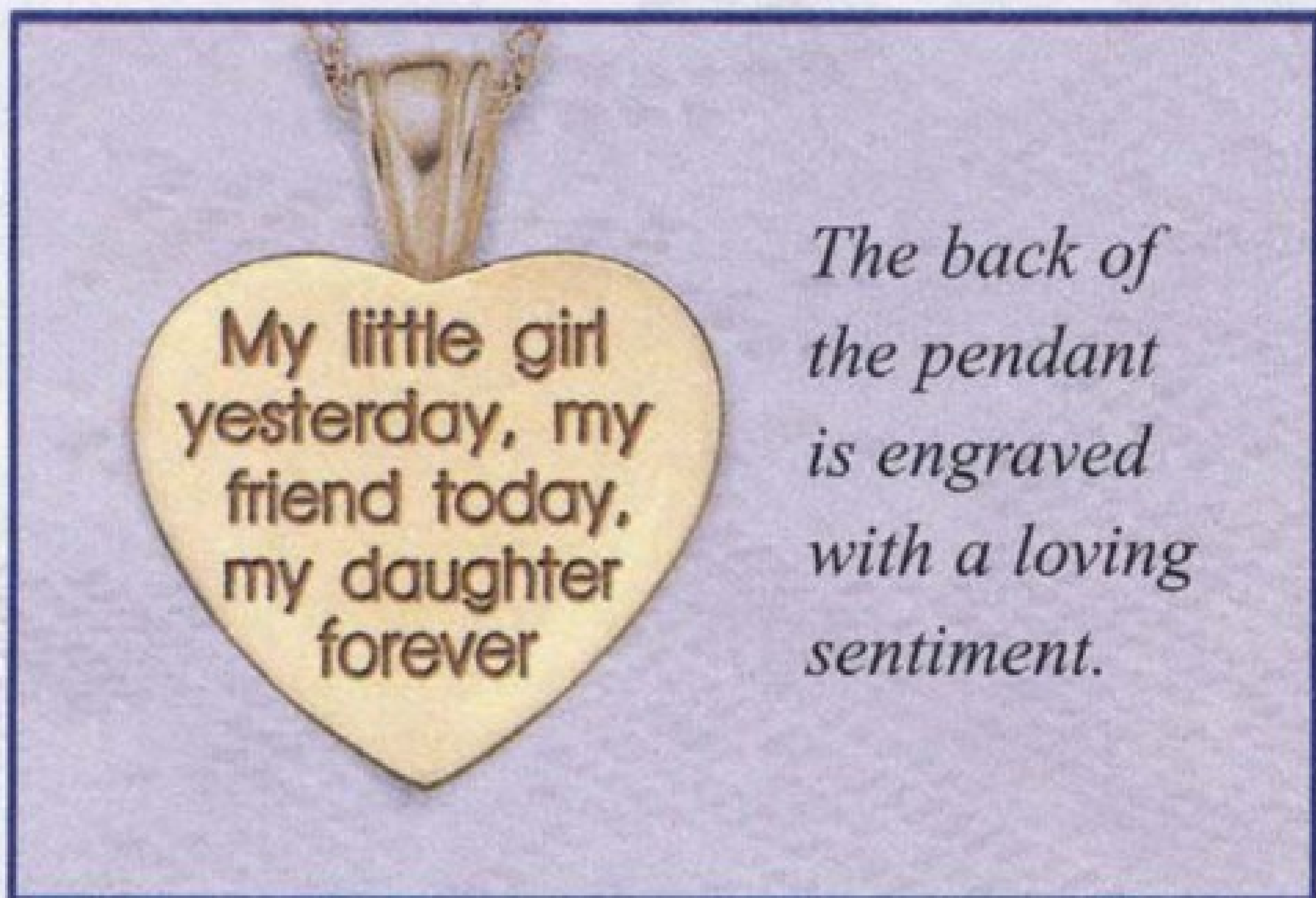
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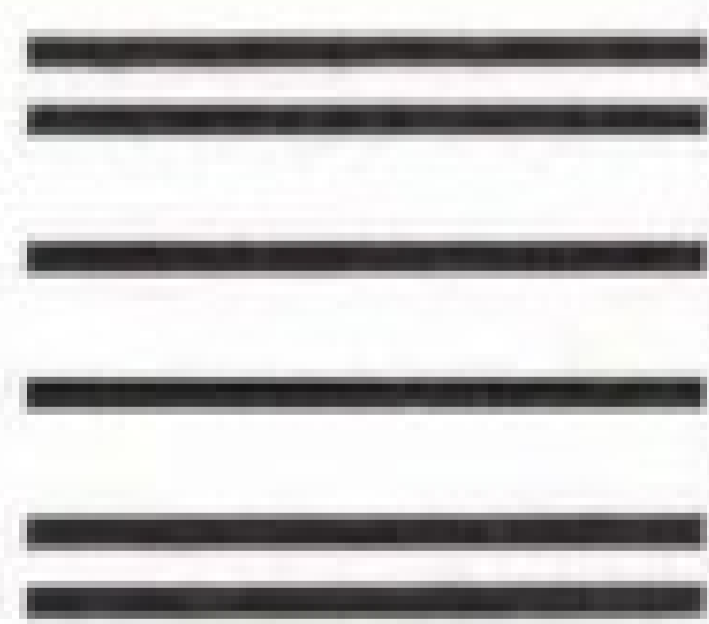
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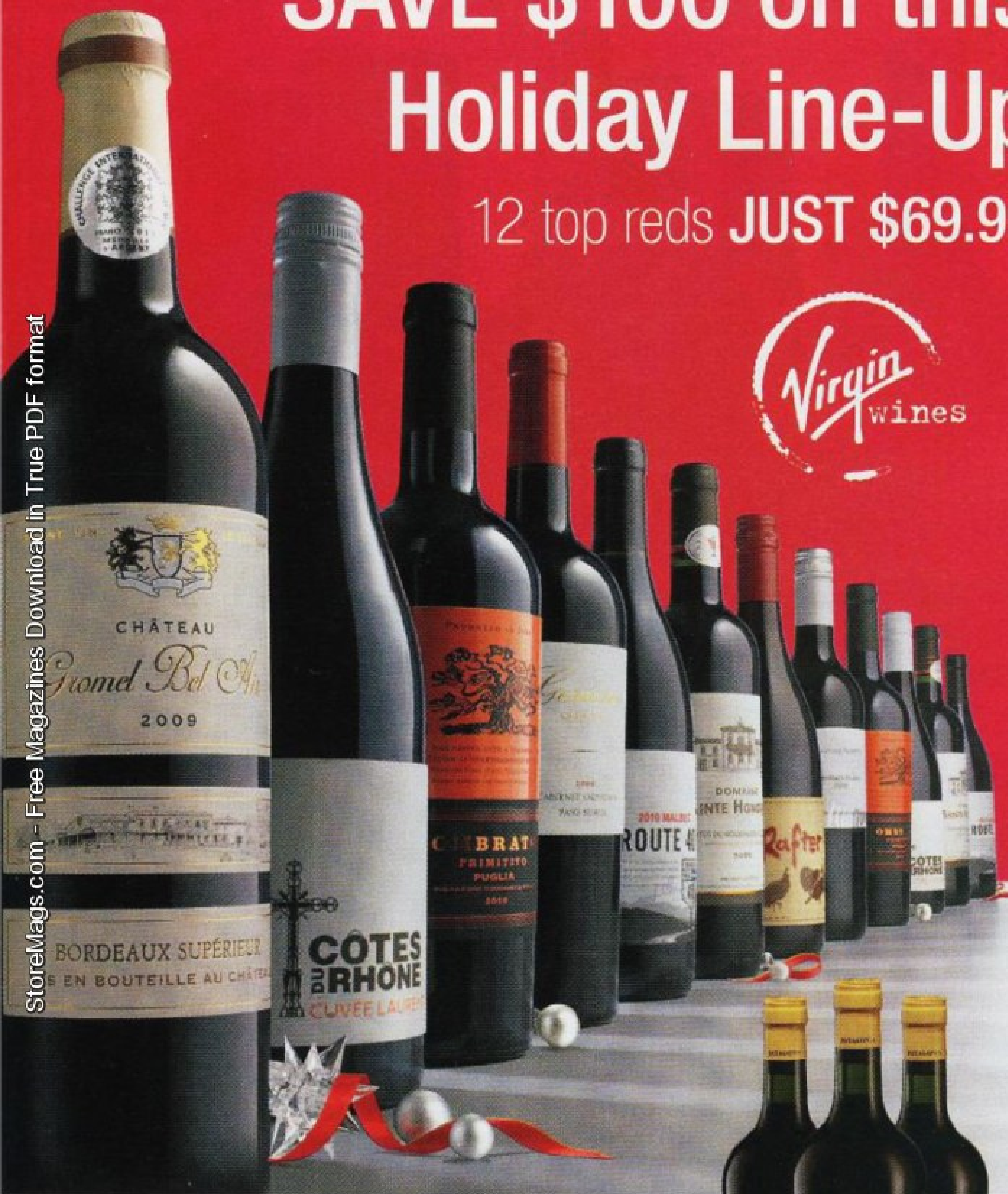
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12 Outrageously Good Holiday R



2009 Bordeaux — A Holiday Essential!

This currant-packed *Challenge International du Vin* medalist has it all. From “best ever” 2009 (*Decanter*), it’s classified “Supérieur” (exactly what it sounds like.) Cheers!

Ch. Gromel Bel Air 2009,
Bordeaux Supérieur

Big Trophy Winner's Deep, Dark Malbec

Everybody's talking about Argentina's plummy signature red. Opi Sadler does it best. Evidence: he won the 2008 Malbec Trophy at the national show. Made for steak.

Route 40 2010
Mendoza

A Southern Italian with Soul

Sunny Puglia, Italy's stiletto heel, is THE region for luscious reds “with real soul” (Parker). Like Zinfandel? Primitivo is its cousin — and made for sipping with appetizers.

Ombrato 2010,
Puglia

Some Couples Just Make Sense ...

Cabernet and Shiraz make Australia's iconic wines, like \$300 Grange. Save your hundreds; try this Reserve. Complex berry and chocolate, with a cool minty edge.

Coorong Sounds 2008,
Adelaide Hills

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**Oregon Pinot Noir
for Your Turkey**

Oregon's Willamette Valley is making soft, fragrant Pinot to rival Burgundy's best. Follow this red fruit-laced gem's label instructions: drink it like you stole it!

*The Rafter 2009,
Willamette Valley*

**Gold-Medal Southern
French Charmer**

Made with premium old-vine Syrah and Grenache, this BIG national award winner explodes with sun-baked cherry and wild herb flavor. Sip with your holiday roast beef.

*Domaine Saint Honorine 2009,
Coteaux du Languedoc*

**Celebrate with
California's Hottest Cab**

Paso Robles is nipping at Napa's heels as a top spot for chocolaty, oak-aged Cabernet. Don Brady leads the team at Robert Hall, 2010 California State Fair 'Winery of the Year.'

*Geneseo 2009,
Paso Robles*

**Could Pass for
Great Châteauneuf**

Laurent Espinasse's black-fruited 'Region of the Year' (*Wine Enthusiast*) gem tastes like its most hedonistic wine. Same grapes, same flavor-boosting galets.

*Cuvée Laurent 2010,
Côte-du-Rhône*

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1. Your Details *(please print clearly)*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Daytime Phone: _____ Evening Phone: _____

E-mail: _____

By providing us with an email address, we can inform you about the next wine shipment and new products, promotions and services.

2. Where to Deliver To the address above

Preferred shipping address: (if other than address given above; no P.O. Boxes please)

Name _____

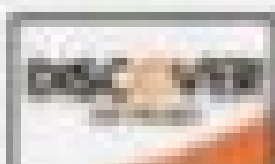
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Please note: All shipments are delivered by FedEx or private courier and the signature of an adult is required at the time of delivery.

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Credit Card # _____ Exp. Date _____

Signature required for all orders. I certify that I am at least 21 years of age.

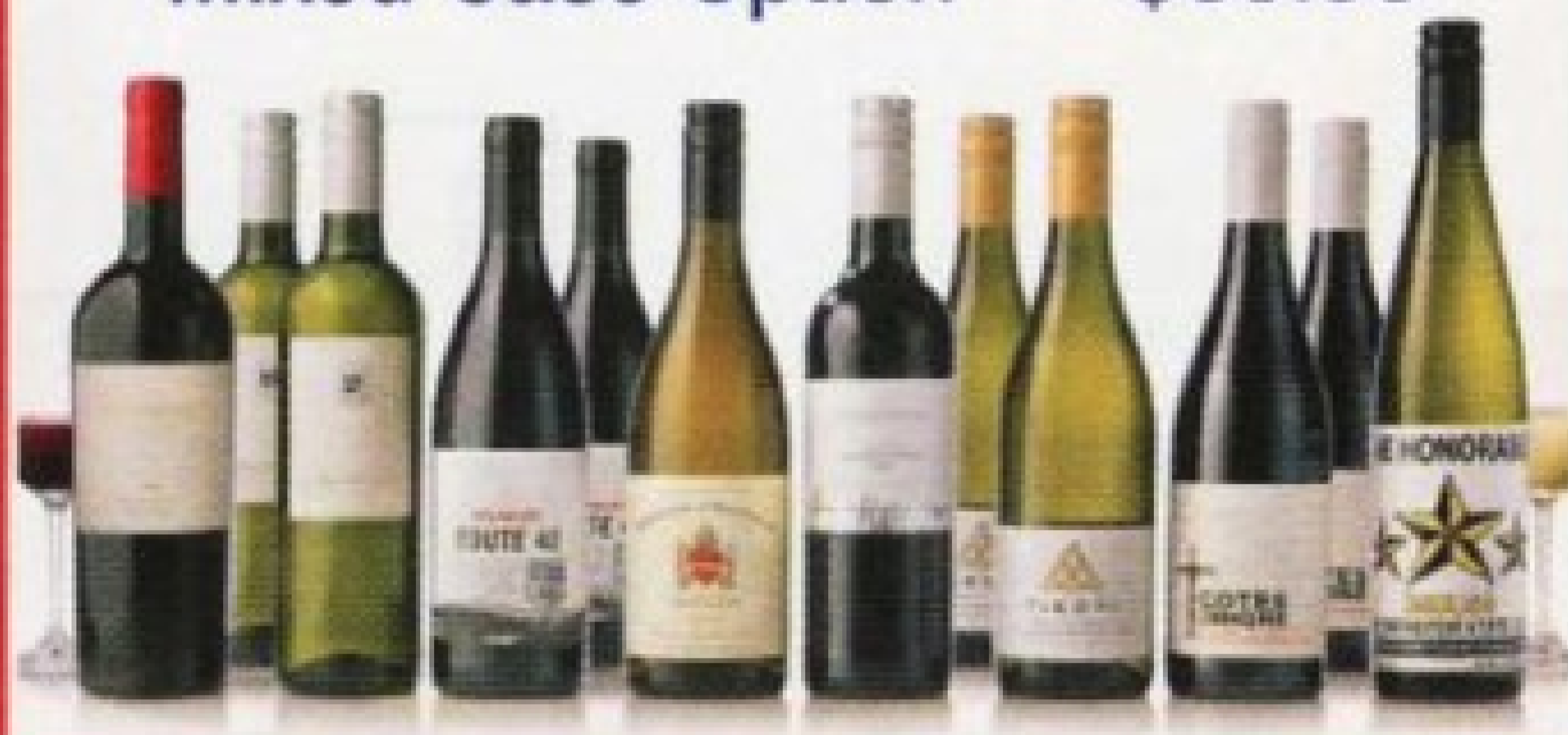
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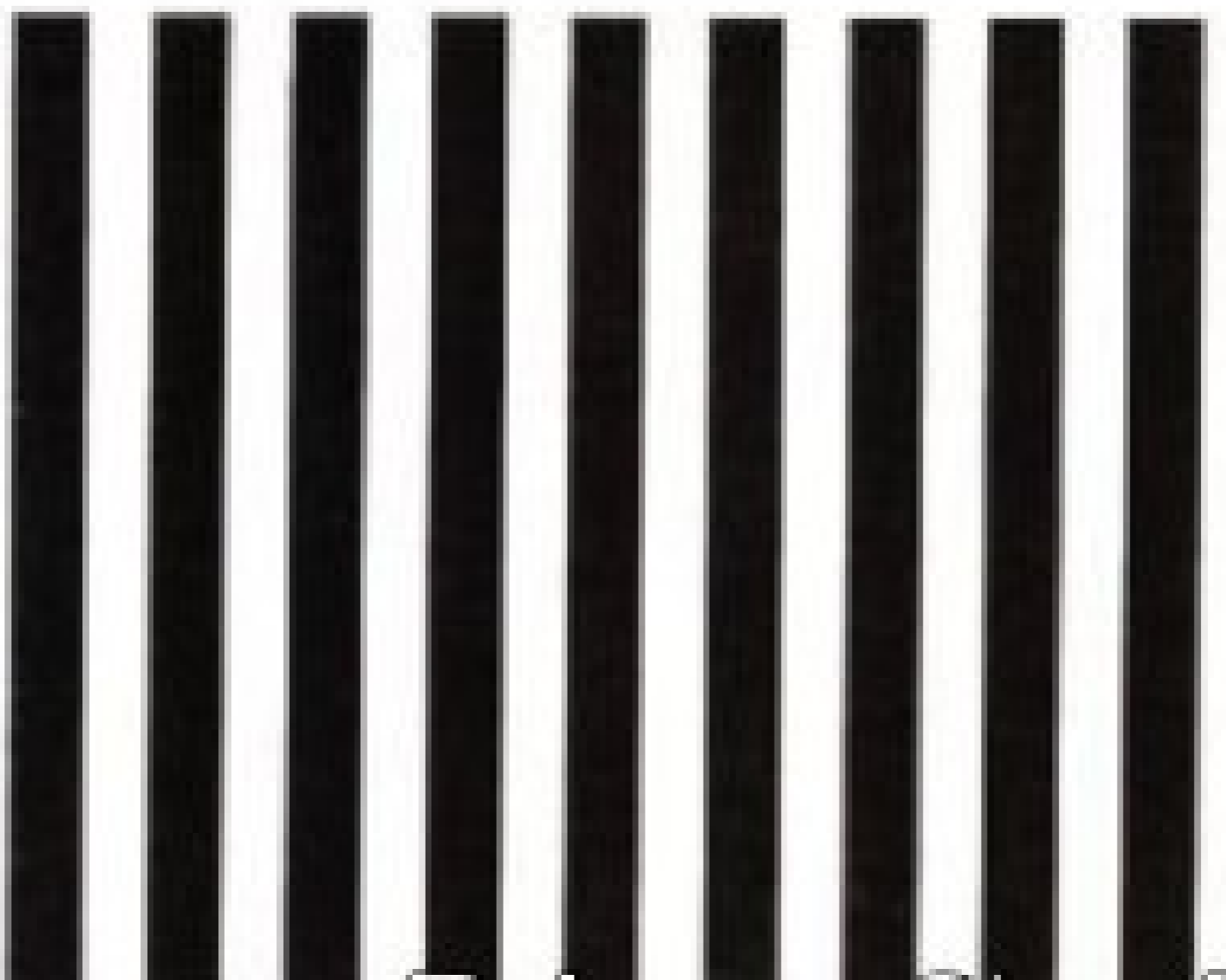
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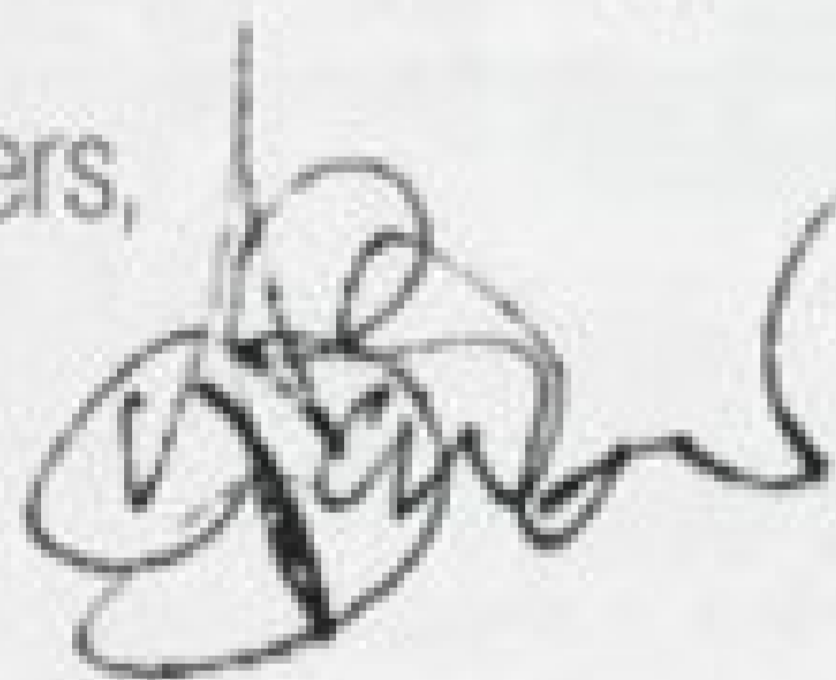
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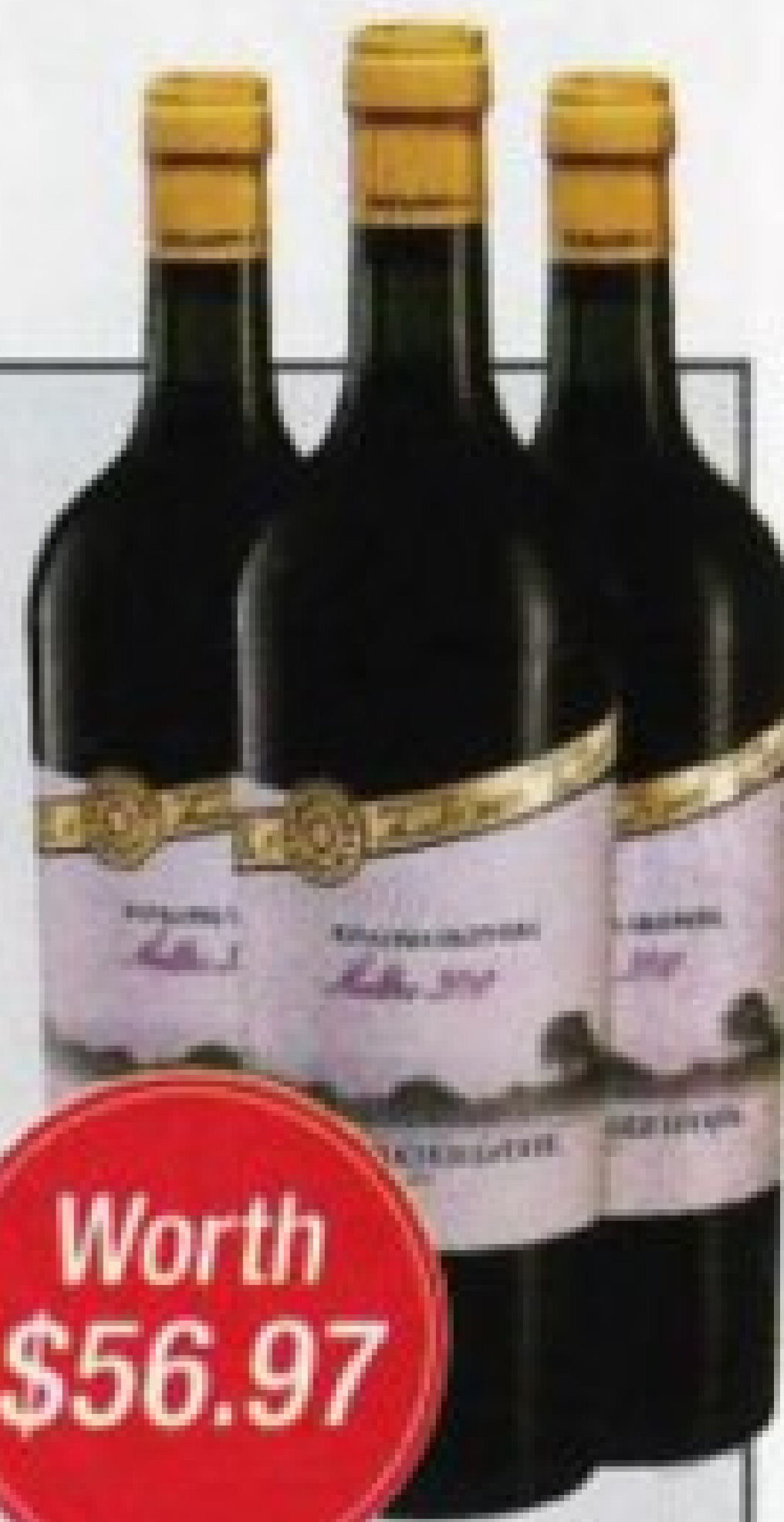
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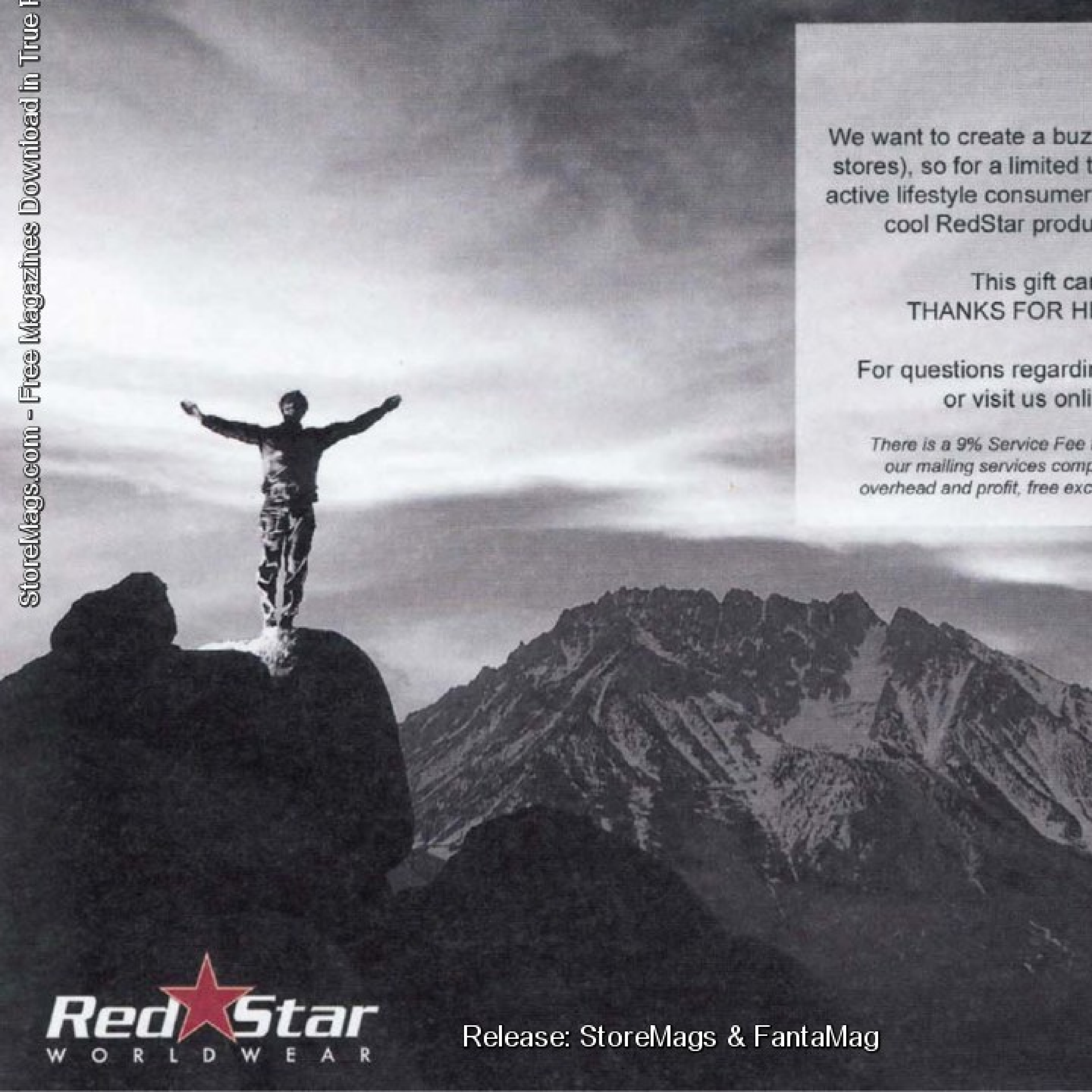
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