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12

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PLUS

AN OIL-RICH
T. BOONE PICKENS
INTERVIEW, AN
ANATOMICAL
20Q WITH ELLEN
POMPEO, JIMMY
BRESLIN ON
IMMIGRATION,
ROBERT STONE
ON STARTING
OUT AND NEAL
GABLER ON
OUR COVER MODEL

THE
PASSION
OF
PAM
FEEL THE
HEAT

KEITH
OLBERMANN

DAN
PATRICK

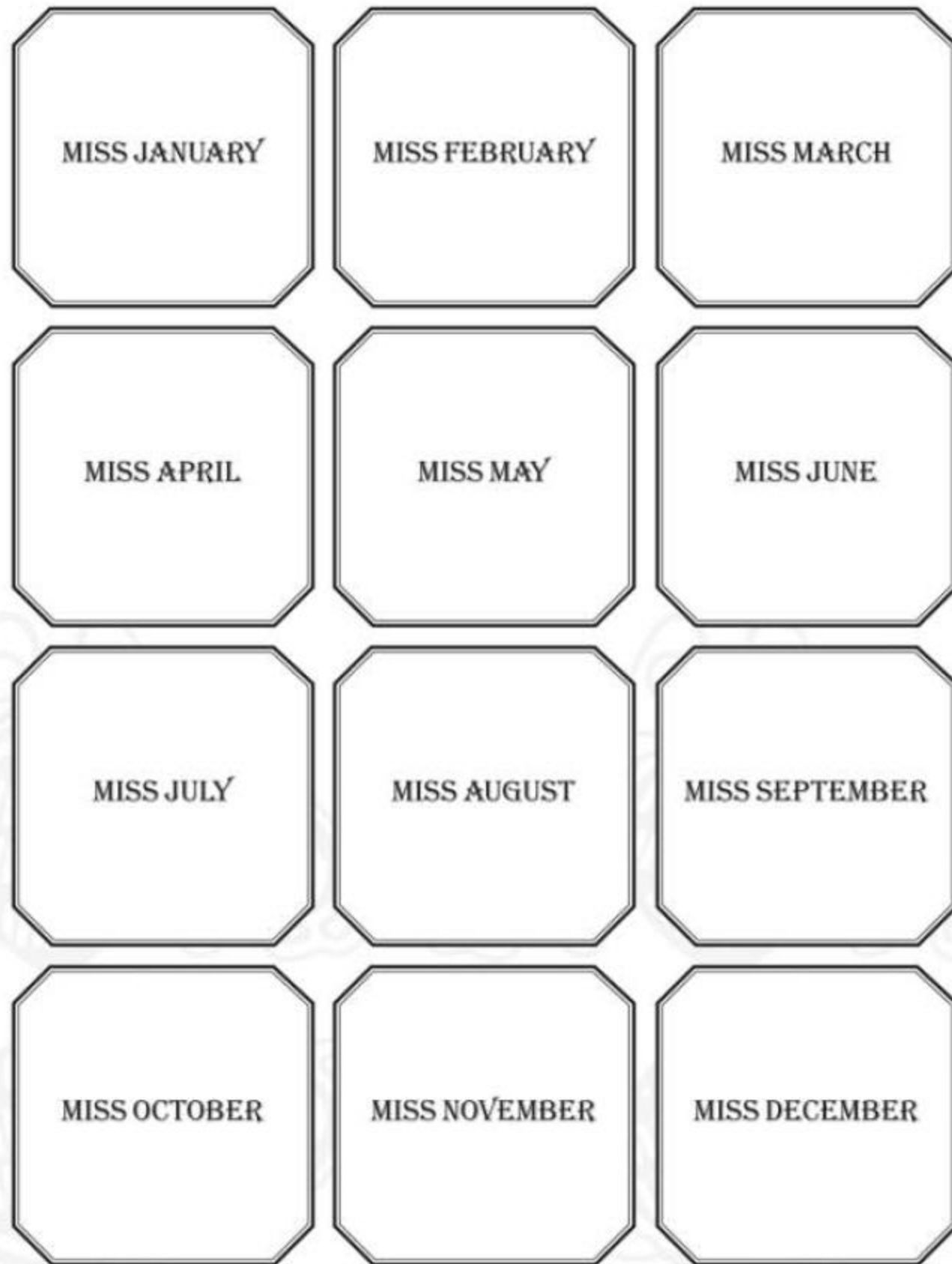
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BY WALTER MOSLEY





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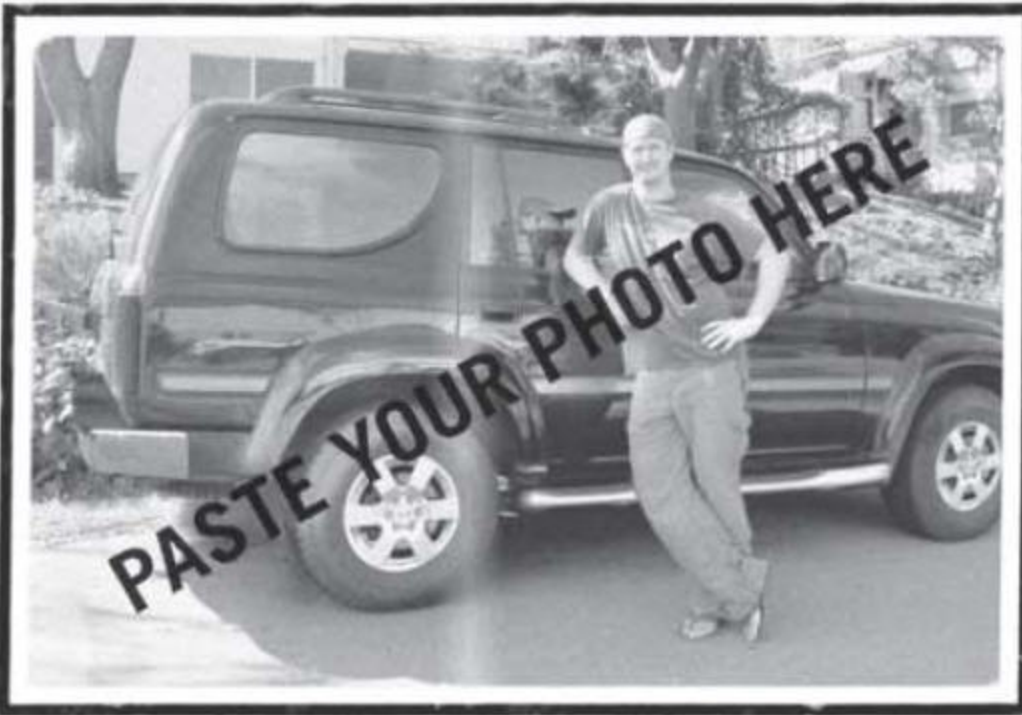


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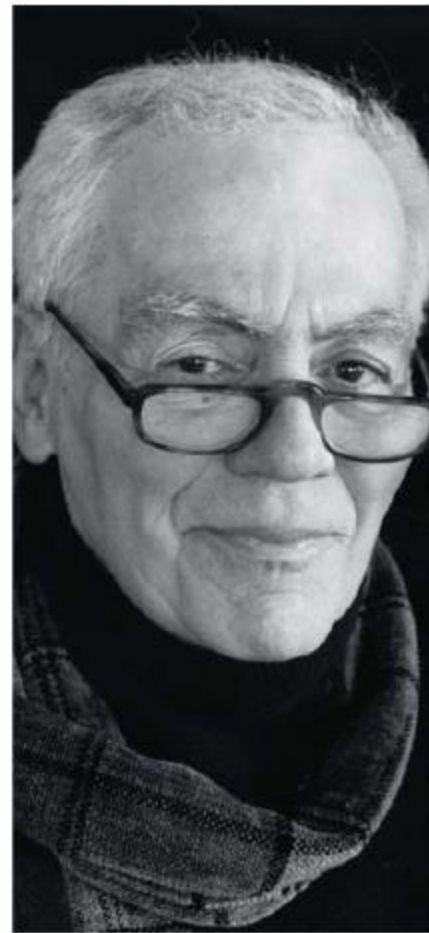
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P I a y b i l i t



After his highly successful shows at prestigious museums, we are pleased to present **Sante D’Orazio’s** photos in *The Passion of Pam*. “Anyone can take a picture; it was the connection between **Pam Anderson** and me that made these photographs breathtaking,” D’Orazio says. “I never try to pose the subject. I create the atmosphere and then capture genuine moments that make for such beautiful pictures. Besides Pam’s flawless looks, her natural generosity and lovingness are why the public has embraced her and why there is a tremendous amount of depth in her photos. I have had plenty of giant-breasted girls say to me, ‘I can be the next Pam Anderson if you shoot me.’ I tell them, ‘No. There is only one Pam.’ Like the *Mona Lisa* and Marilyn Monroe, Pam has come to symbolize the divine beauty of femininity in contemporary culture.”



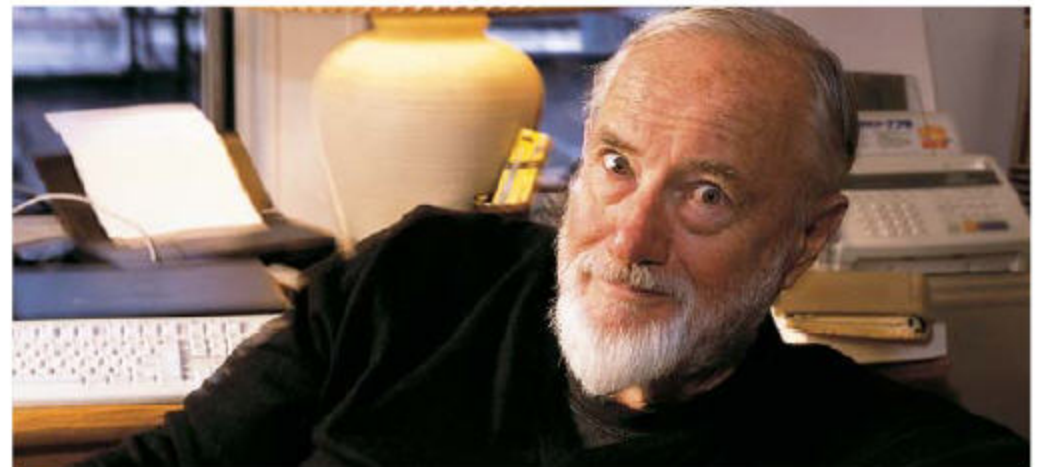
Pulitzer Prize–winning journalist **Jimmy Breslin** traveled to the U.S.-Mexico border for *The Immigration Mess*. “I had to go out to the desert to see for myself where they are putting up this ridiculous fence,” Breslin says. “Then I came back to New York, and while I was sitting in a coffee shop I learned all I needed from an immigrant who was working the counter. Who wouldn’t want these people in the country? A cup of coffee would cost 10 bucks. If you don’t let them in, who will do all the dirty work? Not white people. If the government shuts down the border and kicks these people out, there won’t be one hotel chambermaid from New York to San Francisco.”



Before Oprah had a book club, Bill Clinton named the then somewhat obscure writer **Walter Mosley** as one of his favorites. No longer obscure, Mosley has since won an O. Henry Award and published more than 20 books. The American master gives us a taste of his new novel, *Killing Johnny Fry*, with the excerpt *The Myth of Sisypha*. The work is a departure for the author, as he tries his pen at eroticism. “The book has the subtitle *A Sexistential Novel* because it uses sex as the medium for the transition of the character,” Mosley says. “I have never written a book so highly erotic, but I am very excited about it and proud of it.”



“*Da-da-da, da-da-da*. When you hear that, you know the best hour of sports in the world is about to begin,” says **Kevin Cook**, who interviewed **Chris Berman, Dan Patrick, Keith Olbermann** and other *SportsCenter* anchors from over the years for *The Greatest Show in Sports*. “Bristol was very excited to do this, as were the anchors who had left. Even though Olbermann is establishing himself as a serious political commentator, he was eager to talk about *SportsCenter*, which was fun because I feel he and Patrick had one of the great love affairs of our time.”



“I don’t think we will see another community like that again,” **Robert Stone** says of the Big Easy. The award-winning novelist offers a vignette of his New Orleans in *Marriage & Magazine St.*, from his memoir *Prime Green: Remembering the Sixties*. He reminds us that cities aren’t made of brick and mortar alone. “While Hurricane Katrina did not level the famous tourist areas, it wiped out the neighborhoods that provided the depth of the district. All the life, the music, the character of the city has been washed out. The soul of New Orleans is dead.”

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This legendary oil tycoon and corporate raider made a fortune from black gold. Now the \$2.7 billion man gives a gloomy forecast for oil, predicts a bright future for water and talks candidly about his battle with depression. **BY DAVID SHEFF**



COVER STORY

Pam Anderson has graced our cover more times than anyone else in history, and it's easy to see why. Cultural historian Neal Gabler says, "She is a sex symbol without apologies or complications or affectations, which means there is no one else quite like her." Top glamour photographer Sante D'Orazio captures pure Pam in never-before-published photos worthy of a goddess. Our Rabbit gets tangled up in the moment.



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THE PLAYBOY.COM A-LIST
Where will you hear the next big band? We name the top 10 rock clubs.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR
Cast your vote for the sexiest Centerfold from the class of 2006.

CARS OF THE YEAR
Get revved up with exclusive coverage of the sweetest new rides.

THE BEST OF BUBBLY
As the holiday party season starts to pop, check out our guide to champagne toasts.

THE 21ST QUESTION
Get a final diagnosis from *Grey's Anatomy* babe Ellen Pompeo.

THE PLAYBOY BLOG
News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY's editors.



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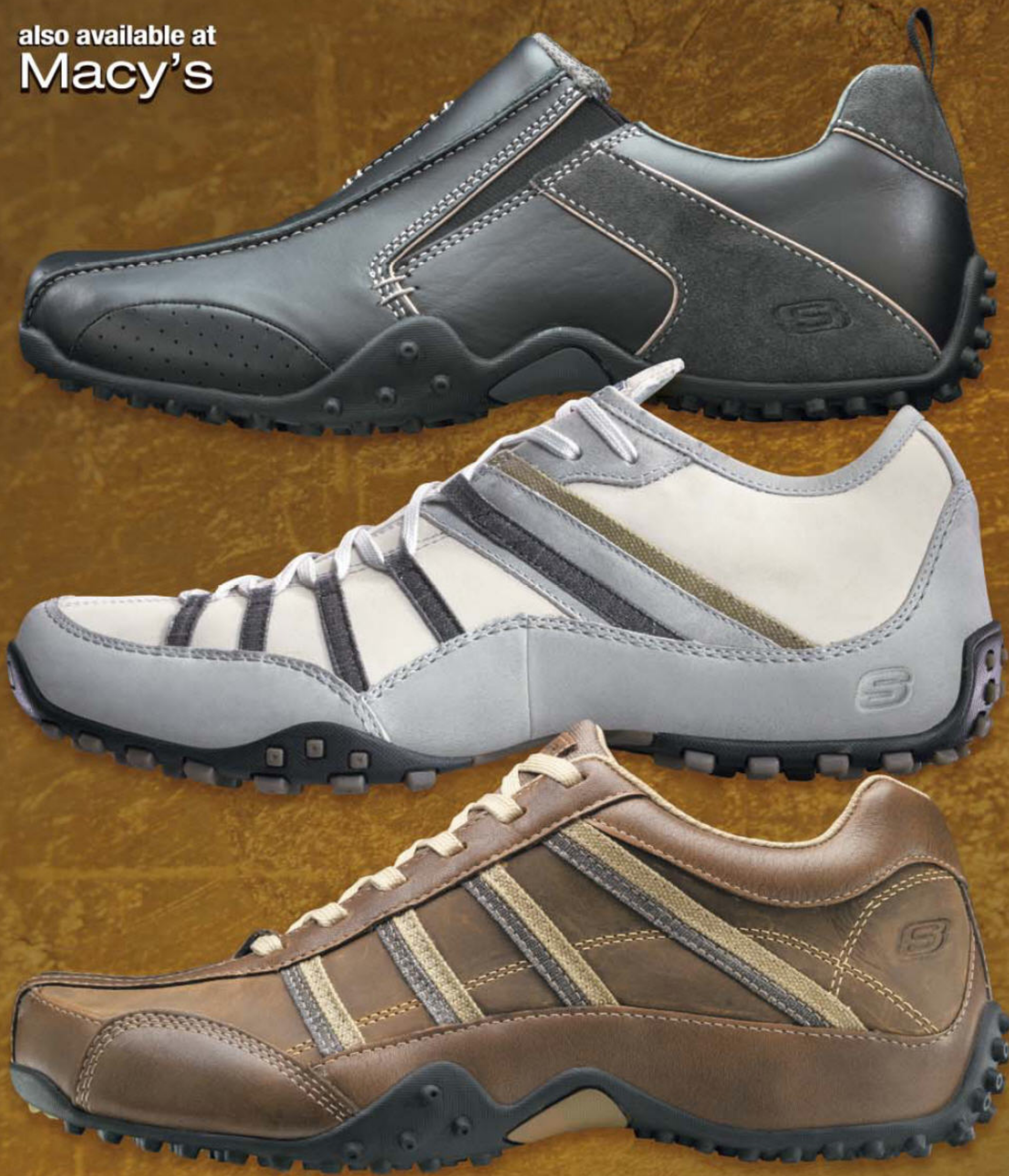
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



THE BIG BUNNY HUNT

The Playboy Club is back and with it a new generation of delectable Bunnies. When Hef set about staffing the exclusive Vegas venue in the Palms Fantasy Tower, he held poolside castings (left and below) for the swank lounge and casino that drew beauties from across the country. The sky-top spot's new Bunny brigade is outfitted in signature costumes updated by fashion designer Roberto Cavalli.



SUMMER SPLASH

Holly Madison, Bridget Marquardt and Kendra Wilkinson joined shock jock Tom Leykis on the air for his Summer Splash at the Mansion (below), a rollicking pool party packed with Playmates and Tom's own bikini-clad babes.



THE ANSWER IS YES

How do you know you've made it? When your likeness is reproduced as a bobblehead, of course. Commemorating the success of *The Girls Next Door*, Kendra, Holly, Hef and Bridget were cast as bobblehead statuettes (below). The figurines are available at playboystore.com.



SCARED STIFF

No one does spooky-sexy like Elvira. The frighteningly well-endowed small-screen scream queen made her name by scaring the pants off many a late-night TV viewer as the hostess of *Elvira's Movie Macabre*, which first aired in the Los Angeles area in 1981. The Mistress of the Dark haunted the Mansion, bearing her new DVD, *Hef's Halloween Spooktacular*, a revealing look inside the Man's annual costume bash.



HANGIN' WITH H&F



Celebrity bashes, television appearances and Mansion events keep Mr. Playboy and his girls hopping. (1) Hef with Kendra, Bridget and Holly at the *Girls Next Door* issue launch party at Social Hollywood. (2) Playmate of the Year Kara Monaco welcomes big-screen tough guy Danny Trejo to the soiree. (3) Michael Vartan of *Alias* with Playmates Deanna Brooks and Lindsey Vuolo in their Bunny best. (4) Roger Cross from *24*. (5) Mansion regular Bill Maher with Bridget and blogger Perez Hilton. (6) Hef backstage with Sammy Hagar at *The Late Late Show With Craig Ferguson*. (7) Hef and his party posse at Paris Hilton's record-release party. (8) Hanging with the dentally enhanced DJ Paul and Juicy J of Three 6 Mafia. (9) Director Oliver Stone at a Mansion screening of *World Trade Center*. (10) The gang takes a field trip to the Los Angeles Zoo. (11) Rocking out with Dave Navarro at the Mansion. (12) Hef and the girls on the set of *Best Damn Sports Show Period*. (13) The Man chats with Cameron Diaz at the record-release party for Justin Timberlake's hit CD *FutureSex/LoveSounds*.



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DEATH IN A FRAT HOUSE

As legal counsel for the family of Matt Carrington, who died in February 2005 at Chico State following a fraternity hazing, I find Jonathan Littman's article (*The Basement*, October) right on point. The only shortcoming is his soft treatment of fraternities. It is true that athletic teams and other groups haze, often viciously, but frats have a



A dangerous place for a pledge to be.

monopoly on killing. Most fatal cases of hazing involve the misuse of alcohol. When a pledge dies, the perpetrators often claim they are not to blame because the victim consented to being hazed, i.e., nobody put the bottle to his lips. That has prompted many states to revise their laws to prevent the victim's alleged consent from being raised as a defense. All states must criminalize any group initiation that threatens or is likely to cause serious physical or psychological injury.

Douglas Fierberg
Washington, D.C.

Carrington's mother, Debbie Smith, urged me to read your account of her son's death. I share her hope that college students who read the graphic, unsettling details will think twice before hazing anyone. However, I am concerned that the passages detailing the long history of this behavior do not credit my book *Wrongs of Passage* as a source. The figures about the number of young men who have died also originate with me. I carefully track hazing injuries and deaths with the goal of forcing universities to acknowledge and investigate all incidents. Between 1970 and 2005 at

least one death annually in the U.S. has been attributed to fraternity hazing. I commend PLAYBOY for exposing the details of Carrington's death and possibly saving lives as a result.

Hank Nuwer
Franklin, Indiana

I read *The Basement*, which was forwarded to me, with great interest. As a professor of education who has studied hazing for more than 12 years and co-founded StopHazing.org, I am acutely aware of how this behavior can spiral out of control. I am currently leading a national study of student hazing. In its initial phase we surveyed 1,789 students and conducted 90 interviews at four schools. So far the data confirm that hazing occurs in many kinds of campus groups, not just fraternities. The study has also found that young women haze as often as men do, although the little research available indicates they are generally not as violent. However, the general tone of *The Basement* seems to imply that violent hazing is best explained by biology: Boys are naturally more aggressive. Rather than just being "politically correct," this explanation for hazing among men is just as likely to simply reflect cultural expectations of what it means to be male. Hazing and being hazed are presented to young men as ways to prove their masculinity, to show they are strong, courageous and solidly heterosexual. The more a young man fears being seen as weak, the more likely he is to participate in dangerous practices. This aspect of hazing explains why you see such strong resistance to eliminating these so-called traditions.

Elizabeth Allan
Orono, Maine

It's not fair for you to describe Chi Tau as a fraternity. Legitimate fraternities are heavily regulated by their national organizations. Even the slightest violation of the restrictions on hazing results in punishment.

Brandon Moore
Gainesville, Florida

Thank you for giving space to the horrors of fraternity hazing. During my junior year my roommate pledged and was forced to drink himself into a near coma. He came back to the room vomiting until he bled; I stayed up to make sure he didn't choke to death. The next day I reported the incident to the dean of students. Within a week members of the fraternity were threat-

ening me. At one point in a lengthy conversation, the dean said, "Someday, we know, a student will die during the pledge process, but there's nothing we can do about that." I thought that was a terribly apathetic and careless response. I, for one, would like to see the Greek system made more accountable.

Name withheld
Kinston, North Carolina

MASCOT ENVY

In the October *After Hours* you list mascots you claim are not fearsome, including the Claim Jumpers of my alma mater, Columbia College. Since about the only way a gold-rush claim jumper could steal another man's spot was to kill him, a claim jumper is definitely someone to fear, unlike, say, a buckeye or a duck.

Thomas Turner
Copperopolis, California

LUDACRIS

Congratulations to Ludacris for showing that a performer can come up through the rap scene without being a thug (*Playboy Interview*, October). Now



Does the bawdy Ludacris get a bad rap?

he knows how heavy-metal bands felt in the 1980s when their music was being vilified by the religious right and the media. As musicians, we must all stick together to protect not only the music we make but all music.

Tim Przybyszewski
Elkridge, Maryland

I READ IT FOR THE RECIPES

I am a gay man in my 60s who has subscribed since my college days. Most

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of my friends think I'm crazy, but your writing, advice, fiction, fashion and interviews keep me coming back. The recipes in October (*My Place at Eight?*) are the final jewel. They're delicious.

Tom DeSimone
Palm Springs, California

I had wanted to prepare the crispy sesame chicken salad, but the spinach E. coli outbreak thwarted my plans. I thought that without spinach the recipe would do well with fish, so I marinated snapper fillets in the vinaigrette for an hour, then coated them with the crumb mixture and fried them in olive oil. I would love to see more food articles in PLAYBOY. The babes are nice, but don't forget the way to a man's heart.

Jim Brock
Brookings, Oregon

ODE TO OATES

Ozark Lake (October) asks if there is anything more dangerous than a teenage girl; that question was answered in *Where Are You Going, Where Have You Been?*, by Joyce Carol Oates. I'm surprised you didn't list her 1966 story as Nick Connell's obvious inspiration, as there are many similarities, including writing style, 15-year-old protagonists, older villains and characters named Connie. That aside, Connell's story is as compelling as Oates's original.

Christopher Wilson
Seattle, Washington

Sharp eye. In fact, Connell's story is meant as an homage to Oates's classic.

GERMAN IMPORTS

Miss September Janine Habeck says she's the second German Playmate to immigrate to the U.S. edition, after Ursula Buchfellner in October 1979. But Elke Jeinsen (May 1993) and Nadine Chanz (October 1996) also first appeared as Playmates in the German edition.

Hinrich Weder
Hamburg, Germany

That's our mistake. We'll try to get them all together for Kaffee und Kuchen.

DIGGING DEEP

As a longtime PLAYBOY subscriber, a native of Appalachian Kentucky, a son of a coal miner and an attorney representing disabled miners, I was delighted to read *Inside Deep Mine 26* (September). However, I would like to make a correction. At one point a miner refers to a Bill Jim seam; it's actually Blue Gem. Most of my Blue Gem clients have permanent injuries (crushed foot, broken back, broken hand) but can't win federal benefits because they can't prove they have black lung. If you need an example of the dedication of these men, I had a case in which a judge asked a 90-year-old retired miner who

appeared in court in a wheelchair and with an oxygen tank if he felt he could still do his job. The old miner took a minute and then replied, "Well, I could try."

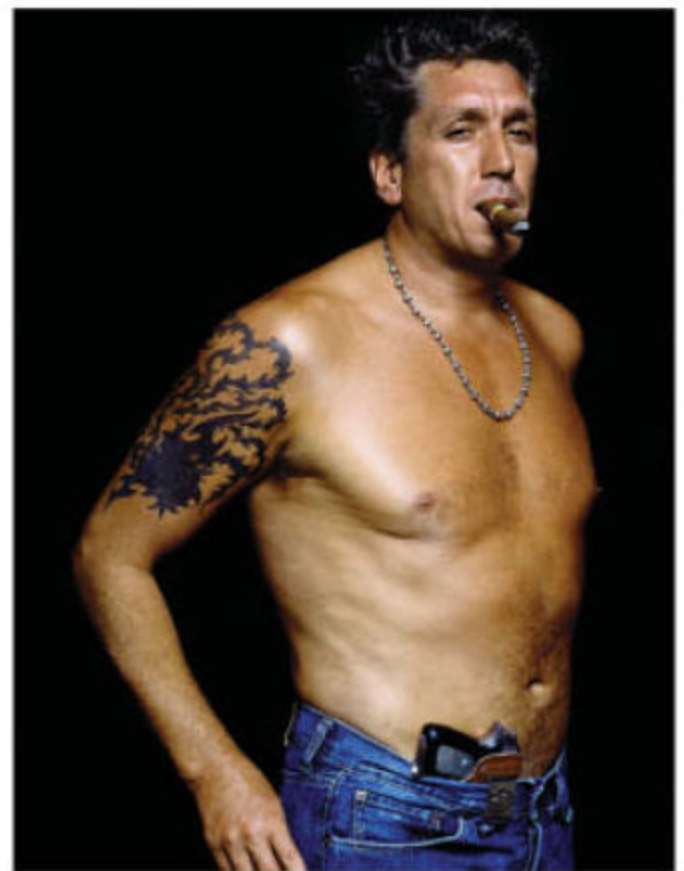
John Grigsby
London, Kentucky

STEVE JONES

Knowing she shares my fondness for the Sex Pistols, I showed my wife your profile of Steve Jones (*Jonesy*, October). She took one look at the shirtless, pistol-packing, tanned and tattooed Jones and blurted, "Damn, I wish you looked like that!" I took no offense because, though she loves me and my looks, I'm no Steve Jones. Thank you for the great photo, article and issue.

J.J. Eberly
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Despite founding the Sex Pistols and instigating many key moments—it was he who swore at television host Bill Grundy in 1976 and caused a scandal in the U.K., and he who named *Never*



Steve Jones survived fame and prospers.

Mind the Bollocks—Jones has rarely received the recognition he is due. It is heartening to read how the bitterness that has surrounded the band for 30 years is beginning to recede, at least on his part. There is life after early fame, or rather, in the Sex Pistols' case, notoriety, but it demands courage and tenacity to discover what that exactly may be. Jones has both. Long may he continue to delight and confound.

Jon Savage
Beaumaris, Wales

Savage, a music journalist, is the author of England's Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock and Beyond.

Read more feedback at blog.playboy.com.



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QC2 headphones (left).
New QC3 headphones (right).

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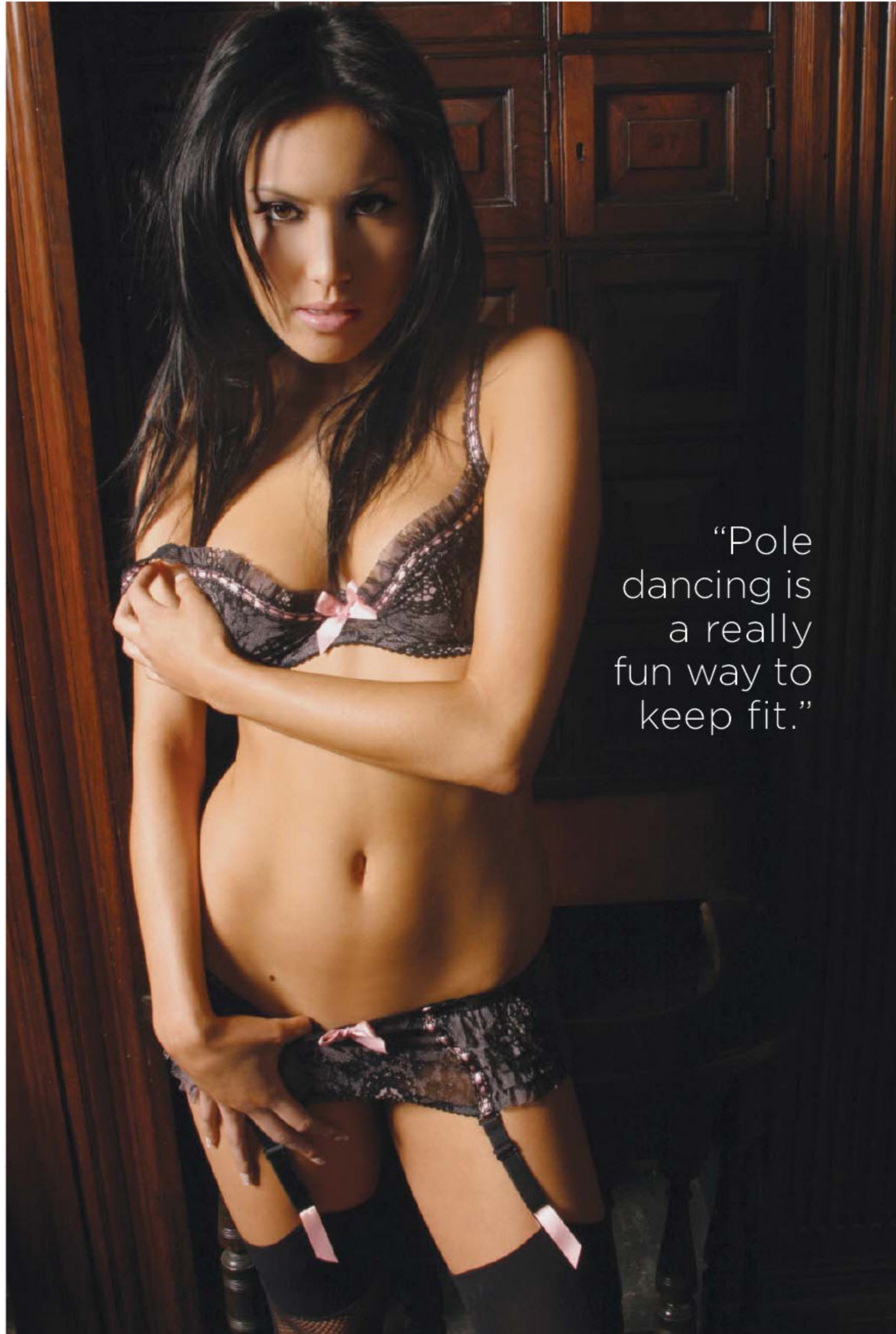
a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Jade Gallagher

THIS FOLKY CHICK ROCKER PULLS NO PUNCHES

Jade Gallagher, who cites Alanis Morissette and Jewel as influences, plays sensitive songs your girlfriend will probably love. She doesn't do glam—or so she claims. “I'm a low-maintenance dresser,” she explains in Liverpoolian, the variety of British accent that *turns every sentence into a question?* “I feel best in jeans. To be honest this is my first underwear shoot.” And it's not just any underwear: This is Agent Provocateur, the brand Kylie Minogue wore while riding a mechanical bull in a scandalous telly commercial. Would Jade saddle up if the company asked her to? “My record label might have other ideas, but I'd be tempted to say yes,” she coos. “What girl wouldn't?” We can think of a few girls we knew in college who wouldn't—and they listened to a lot of Alanis Morissette, come to think of it. They'd also never have put a punching bag and stripper pole in their living room, as Jade has. “I started boxing after I saw *Million Dollar Baby*,” she says. “And I take a pole-dancing course with my friend. It's a really fun way to keep fit.” As we're thinking what a shame it is to hide such a figure under plain-folk duds, Jade says something promising: “For my second album I want to record more R&B. My influences may be Sheryl Crow and Jewel, but the people who made me want to get onstage were Britney Spears and Christina Aguilera.” That settles it, then—play that funky music, white girl.



“Pole dancing is a really fun way to keep fit.”

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THE LEGEND REBORN

what is it now?



2007: A Look Back

A MONTH-BY-MONTH GUIDE TO THE COMING YEAR'S TOP STORIES

JANUARY: Congress institutes rule that pages must wear a shirt at all times. **FEBRUARY:** Stephen Hawking appears on *Deal or No Deal* and wins \$75; he complains show is rigged. **MARCH:** In light of immigration flap, House of Representatives cafeteria substitutes “freedom wraps” for burritos. **APRIL:** At conference in Darfur, Sudan, leading genocidal dictators (known as the GD8) ratify Kyoto Protocol. **MAY:** Nicolas Cage fathers twins and names them Peter Parker and Bruce Wayne. **JUNE:** Kim Jong Il wins 13th consecutive Pyongyang Pro-Am golf tournament, scoring his customary final round of 18. **JULY:** Tony Blair resigns; Rowan Atkinson defeats Hugh Grant to become new prime minister of U.K. **AUGUST:** Osama bin Laden detained at LAX and made to pour out half-empty can of Pepsi before boarding plane. **SEPTEMBER:** Mel Gibson and Kellogg’s launch Sugar Tits cereal. **OCTOBER:** Lindsay Lohan poses for *PLAYBOY*. Thank you, Jesus. **NOVEMBER:** TV show *Who Wants to Marry Condoleezza Rice?* boosts Bush administration’s popularity. **DECEMBER:** The Rapture occurs on New Year’s Eve, and it’s really no big deal. Kind of like the Y2K scare.

drink of the month



Don’t Drop the Ball

DRINK OUT THE OLD, DRINK IN THE NEW

December 31, 11:55 p.m. You and 15 acquaintances are gathered in someone’s living room. Hilary Duff sings, live from Times Square, on the TV, which is thankfully on mute. Wouldn’t want it competing with Abba’s “Dancing Queen,” which a drunk girl named Susie keeps playing on the stereo. A bowl of popcorn sits on the coffee table, two people wear plastic glasses shaped like the number 2007, and too many lights are on. It’s not the best New Year’s Eve party you’ve ever been to (that’s on page 90), but it’ll have to do. The host is topping up flutes of champagne—like the party, traditional but uninspired. You have five—make that four and a half—minutes to do something a little clever and impress the girl you’re aiming to kiss at midnight. Mix lively.

Midnight Express

- 1½ oz. dark rum
- ½ oz. Cointreau
- ¾ oz. lime juice
- Splash of sour mix

Shake all ingredients with ice in a cocktail shaker and serve on the rocks in an old-fashioned glass.

here, there and everywhere

Covering the Globe

143 (AND COUNTING) REASONS WHY PAMELA ANDERSON IS THE WORLD’S BIGGEST SEX SYMBOL



Yes, Pamela Anderson’s record of 12 *PLAYBOY* covers is impressive, but throw in our international editions and her tally rises to at least 143, according to the online archive at pbcovers.com. At left is the August 2005 cover of *PLAYBOY* Hungary; at right, clockwise from top left, are Bulgaria (August 2002), Australia (January 1991), Mexico (June 1993) and Australia (December 1997).



out of africa

A Rift Valley Home Companion

JET-SETTING PLAYBOY'S LIFE BECOMES AN OPEN BOOK

Photographer Peter Beard is one of those men other men want to be. His story, in case you're not familiar: Born in 1938. Attended Yale. Published several books on man's mistreatment of Africa. Photographed beautiful women, naked or nearly so, in exotic locations for fashion magazines. Discovered Iman on the streets of Nairobi. Stole Cheryl Tiegs from her husband. Hung out with Andy Warhol and Mick Jagger at Studio 54. Watched countless sunsets over the Kenyan plains. Nearly died when an elephant gored and sat on him in 1996. Beard documented his life in giant collage- and doodle-filled diaries; this month Taschen publishes large chunks of them in a 576-page volume that will run you \$2,500—or \$6,500 for the deluxe version, which comes with an original gelatin silver print. Damn, this guy is good.



vita brevis, ars longoria



Décolletage Profundis

LINES COMPOSED ON LOOKING INTO EVA'S CLEAVAGE

You're a man-killing minx, fair Miss Eva Longoria,
We could not if we tried (which we don't) to ignore you.
It's no strange thing that *PLAYBOY* should eyeball your cans,
But could you explain why these ladies are fans?
At red-carpet events the gals hover, impressed
By the beauty and bounty that spills from your dress.
Even you seem entranced by your chestal physique.
Are they really all that? All we ask is a peek.

self-defense

The Undesired

THE BOSTON PHOENIX RECENTLY NAMED COMEDIAN GILBERT GOTTFRIED THE WORLD'S UNSEXIEST MAN. WE THOUGHT IT ONLY FAIR TO LET GOTTFRIED RESPOND

Don't women say a sense of humor is sexy? **Did you ever see a woman knock over Jude Law to get a piece of Buddy Hackett?** That's not a fair comparison. Buddy Hackett died three years ago. **I don't care.** Are men intimidated by intelligent women? **Stop flattering yourselves, ladies.** If a guy wants to fuck you, he doesn't care if you're Einstein smart. **Speaking of penis size, mine is 36 inches long.** We weren't speaking of penis size. **A blow job counts as sex.** Ask yourself, **Would I do this with a family member?** Thanks for your views on that subject. **I'm sick of guys telling me they went out with a hot broad and got "only" a blow job.** Shut up. And if you're a hot broad who likes giving blow jobs, call me. Care to leave a phone number? **Women should experiment with lesbian sex.** But if a man does it once, he's a homo. You realize this tape recorder is on, don't you? **I don't like to see two guys kissing.** Two girls kissing I pay extra for. Are you talking strippers or hookers? **Let me tell you something about Barbie.** Barbie is the perfect woman. She doesn't talk or put up a fight when you undress her. Last chance, Gilbert: How does it feel to be the unsexiest man in the world? Please say something we can print. **Sometimes when I pee it comes out in two streams, one going in the bowl and the other on my pants.** Why is it we can put a man on the moon but I still have this problem?

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employee of the month

Warm Reception

WON'T SOMEONE REACH OUT AND TOUCH LONELY CELL-PHONE TEMPTRESS JO GARCIA?

PLAYBOY: What do you do?

JO: I'm an account executive for a major cell-phone company. I liaise between the corporate office and stores like Best Buy.

PLAYBOY: So you go from store to store?

JO: The road is my office. I live out of my car. But I am always reachable on my BlackBerry—I call it a CrackBerry.

PLAYBOY: Do you like electronics?

JO: I was the ugly duckling when I was younger. My sister was a model. The ugly thing kept me at home, playing video games, fixing computers and even working on cars.

PLAYBOY: There's something sexy about a woman with skills.

JO: So I've heard. When I meet guys and we discuss hobbies, they don't believe I'm into technology and gaming. Then if they hang out with me, they're blown away by my toys.

PLAYBOY: Blown away by your...toys. Right.

JO: I have had people I don't know just flat-out ask me if my boobs are real. They are. I'm not a big fan of them because they're too big for my frame, but everyone else seems to be.

PLAYBOY: We're still skeptical about the ugly-duckling story. You must get a lot of attention from men these days.

JO: Actually, it's been four months since a guy asked me out. I go to the movies by myself a lot.

Employee of the Month candidates: Send pictures to Playboy Photography Department, Attn: Employee of the Month, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Must be at least 18 years old. Must send photocopies of a driver's license and another valid ID (not a credit card), one of which must include a current photo.

no context

Unfamiliar Quotations

INTERESTING SENTENCES TAKEN FROM THE MEMOIR OF AN ONLINE SEX COLUMNIST

"Once detached from my body, my genitalia seemed much more impressive."

"She reemerged wearing a dildo harness over her pajamas, which were covered in little cartoon penguins."

"Attendees had to be dressed from head to toe in white and have some kind of fake hairpiece. The clothes had all come off hours ago; the wigs had stayed on."

"By 3:45 a.m. I had watched Fiona have intercourse with four men and orally service another three and two women. She looked happy but exhausted."

"For a few weeks in July, I was the scourge of everyone who'd ever donned a gimp suit, brandished a bullwhip or attached electrodes to a pair of testicles."

"Two 50-year-old women in stars-and-stripes T-shirts checked our credentials. 'Let's see yer dicks!' one of them yelled."

"Zane's main claim to fame is that he 'invented' the idea of throwing luncheon meat at naked girls."

"I saw a large meadow dotted with several crucifixes. Attached to each was an individual being whipped, flogged and/or beaten. It was just like in *Life of Brian*."

"'Hey! Fuckin' take it easy, pal,' said Paul, understandably protective of his wife's vagina."

—from *Working Stiff: The Misadventures of an Accidental Sexpert*, by former Nerve.com columnist Grant Stoddard

rub a dub dub



Houses of the Rising Sun

A NEW BOOK REVEALS THE DISCREET CHARMS OF THE JAPANESE SEX TRADE

Got a thing for nurses? Does the subway make you horny? Want to fondle three women in a tub of green gel (see above)? In fetish-happy Japan the best sex often involves costumes and elaborate theme rooms, and all it costs is money. Learn about it in *Pink Box: Inside Japan's Sex Clubs*, a picture book by photographer Joan Sinclair.

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R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



Working Hard or Hardly Working?

From February 2004 to May 2006, vice-unit detectives in Tampa, Florida received **92** lap dances while working undercover. Additionally, the detectives spent **\$6,400** on drinks, entry fees and tips.

price check

\$520

Winning bid on eBay for the vacuum-sealed remainder of a meal partially eaten by Britney Spears and Kevin Federline. Britney had an egg salad sandwich, and K-Fed nibbled at a corn dog, from which Britney also took a bite.

Money in the Hand

Among American men with a college degree, left-handers earn **21%** more than righties.

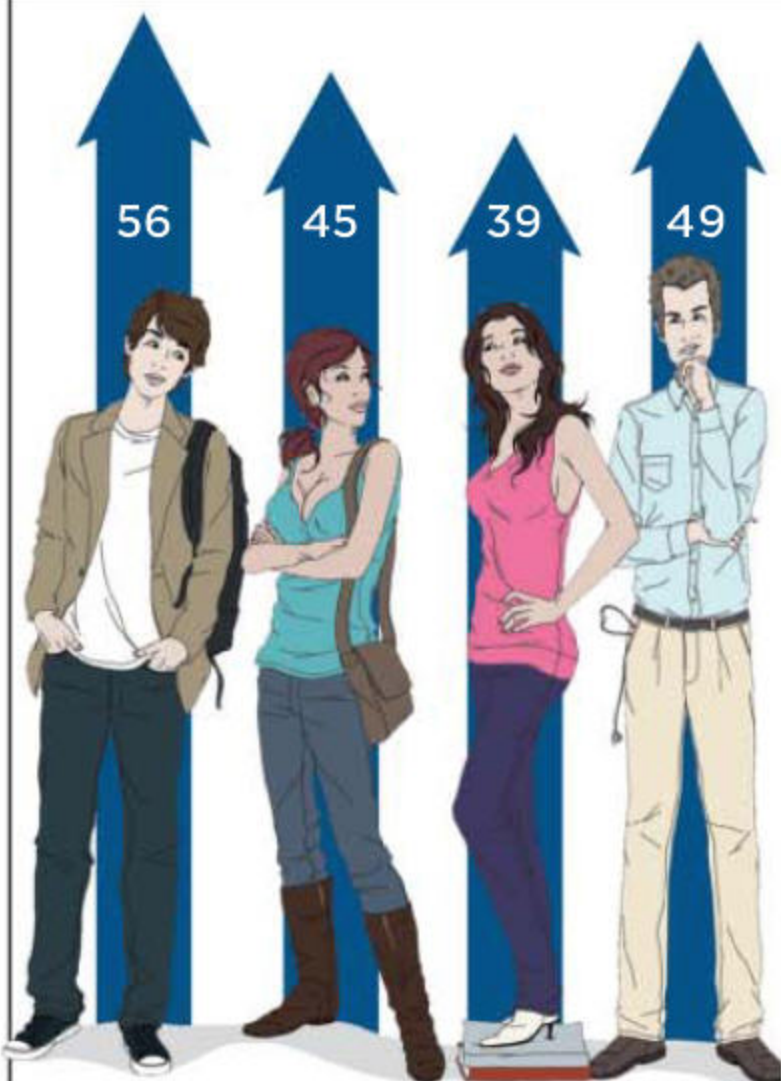
Sharp Decline

A study of men aged 45 to 59 by the U.K.'s University of Bristol found that even when the researchers controlled for occupation, marital status, smoking and other risk and lifestyle factors, men who don't shave regularly are **24%** more likely to die and **68%** more likely to suffer a stroke than men who shave daily.



RIP Itchy & Scratchy

The world's first hypoallergenic cats are selling in the United States for **\$3,950** apiece. The waiting list is 15 months long.



Ethics 101

Percentages, by field, of graduate students who plagiarize or cheat, according to a survey by professors at several universities:

- 56%** of MBA students.
- 45%** of law students.
- 39%** of social-science and humanities students.
- 49%** of medical and health care students.

Nonprofiteers

A study of 332 large charities and foundations by *The Chronicle of Philanthropy* found that CEOs of nonprofit charitable organizations earned an average of **\$327,575** in 2005.



Unnatural Disaster

About **2 million** tires were dumped off the coast of Fort Lauderdale in the early 1970s in an attempt to make a reef. It failed, and the pile of rubber, which covers **36** acres of ocean floor, has choked the entire habitat. The Navy is contemplating a three-year plan to remove all the tires.

what they're thinking

Lying in Bed

41% of women polled by romance-novel publisher Harlequin said they've told someone they were dating that they loved them, hoping it would result in sex.

Still Smokin'

From 2002 to 2005 illicit drug use among young people aged 12 to 17 decreased from **11.6%** to **9.9%**, while for baby boomers aged 50 to 59 it increased from **2.7%** to **4.4%**.





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R E V I E W S

m o v i e s



movie of the month

[THE GOOD SHEPHERD]

Robert De Niro gives Matt Damon a new identity

Don't go to the new spy drama *The Good Shepherd* expecting to see Matt Damon pull secret-agent-type stunts as he does in his *Bourne* thrillers. This Robert De Niro-directed film, co-starring Angelina Jolie, Billy Crudup, William Hurt and De Niro himself, concerns weightier matters—namely, the early decades of the CIA as viewed through the eyes of one dedicated yet increasingly isolated spook. Damon plays a privileged, Yale-educated straight arrow who becomes a covert CIA operative just after World War II. As the decades and dirty deeds pile up, his single-minded obsession with the Company destroys his personal life. The movie has a *Godfather*-style scope and sweep and a much talked about script by Eric Roth (*The Insider*), which required six months of filming in the Dominican Republic, the U.K. and New York. De Niro admits he has “always been interested in spies” but even “more interested in the Cold War.” Damon's character is loosely based on espionage master James Jesus Angleton, the controversial director of the CIA's counterintelligence staff who was convinced the KGB had infiltrated the agency and influenced such leaders as Henry Kissinger. Even super-secret agent Jason Bourne never got that paranoid.

“I've always been interested in spies and the Cold War.”

now showing

BUZZ

Rocky Balboa

(Sylvester Stallone, Burt Young, Antonio Tarver) Stepping into the ring for round six, Stallone reminds us what made *Rocky* such a crowd-pleaser as he plays a burned-out middle-aged widower alienated from his son. His fighting spirit is revived when he decides to go up against the reigning heavyweight champ.

Our call: Stallone taps into his underdog vulnerability and, trading blows with a seemingly unstoppable opponent (Tarver), proves there's still some juice left in the role that made him.



Alpha Dog

(Emile Hirsch, Justin Timberlake, Ben Foster, Sharon Stone) This is a spin on the true case of a hard-partying, high-living suspected L.A. drug dealer (Hirsch) who made the FBI's most-wanted list for allegedly kidnapping and killing the teenage half brother of a guy who owed him money.

Our call: We've seen spoiled, druggy Hollywood rich kids in big trouble on-screen before but seldom this irritatingly slow and shallow. Still, Hirsch and Timberlake are surprisingly good.



The Pursuit of Happyness

(Will Smith, Thandie Newton, Jaden Christopher Syre Smith) Big Willie guns for serious acting cred again in this real-life up-by-the-bootstraps saga of a man who finds himself living out of a train-station bathroom with his kid. Determined to start over, he bucks the odds to become a successful stockbroker.

Our call: Expect lumps in the throat whenever Smith battles the world to make a decent life for his boy (played by Smith's son), but a little schmaltzy up-lift goes a long, long way.



Dreamgirls

(Beyoncé Knowles, Jamie Foxx, Eddie Murphy, Jennifer Hudson) Catchy Motown-style numbers could spell Oscar for this screen version of the Broadway musical. The titular girls are part of a sexy singing trio (think the Supremes) who battle personal demons, men and each other on their way to the top.

Our call: So you loathe musicals? Try to resist Murphy's best performance in years, *American Idol* loser Hudson's star-is-born debut and Knowles's most assured screen showing yet.



dvd of the month

[LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE]

Its title may be bright, but this comedy is tar black

At first, being stuck for 800 miles in a worn-out VW van with the singularly dysfunctional Hoovers as they race to enter seven-year-old Olive (Abigail Breslin) in a beauty contest does not sound promising. Dad Greg Kinnear is a motivational speaker who can't inspire anyone, mom Toni Collette stresses over finances, teen son Paul Dano refuses to speak, uncle Steve Carell is a gay Proust scholar who's suicidal over a breakup, and grandpa Alan Arkin is a decrepit heroin addict. Worse, pudgy Olive has zero chance of winning. You may not feel the same loving, caring kinship the Hoovers develop, but they're a hoot anyway, and this surprise box-office hit is a superb example of smart-not-smarmy independent filmmaking. **Best extra:** "Dinner With the Hoovers" featurette.

★★★★½ —*Buzz McClain*



CRANK (2006) A rival thug injects a hit man, played by Jason Statham, with a poison that will kill him if he doesn't keep his pulse rate at speedcore level—as it is after he has sex on a busy Chinatown street.

This action gem is visually inventive and frequently funny. **Best extra:** Watch the high-octane version, called *Crank'd Out*. ★★★ —*B.M.*



TALLADEGA NIGHTS: THE BALLAD OF RICKY BOBBY (2006) Will Ferrell's NASCAR satire has enough numskull humor to keep it from skidding into the wall, but it feels as if he's laughing at NASCAR aficionados instead of with them.

Best extras: Interviews with Ricky Bobby, Cal and Carley. ★★ —*B.M.*

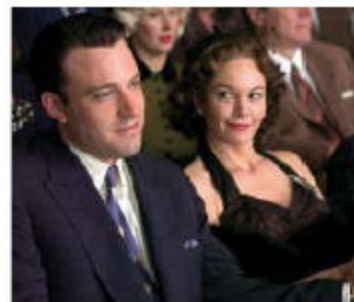


PANDORA'S BOX (1929) Cinema's first femme fatale was expat Ziegfeld showgirl Louise Brooks. Constrained by the tame roles Hollywood offered, she decamped to Europe and exploded onto the screen in this lurid silent thriller as Lulu, a woman whose rav-



ishing yet innocent sexuality destroys every man who tries to possess her. Her final encounter is with Jack the Ripper. **Best extra:** A documentary, *Looking for Lulu*, produced by Brooks's biggest fan, our very own Hef. ★★★★ —*Matt Steigbigel*

HOLLYWOODLAND (2006) This neo noir uncovers the elusive truths about what ultimately brought a gunshot into TV Superman George Reeves's cranium in 1959. It soars in flashbacks as Reeves (Ben Affleck), a kept man of the studio boss's wife (Diane Lane), ambles toward his date with aspeeding bullet. **Best extra:** A fact-versus-fiction featurette. ★★★ —*Greg Fagan*



THE ILLUSIONIST (2006) In Neil Burger's mystical period piece, a working-class magician (Edward Norton) takes on a vicious prince for the love of liberty and a beautiful princess-to-be (Jessica Biel). As much about the illusion of class as the art of illusion, this gorgeously shot film sucks you in with Norton's stunning tricks and its tragic romance. **Best extra:** The winner of the YouTube "Show Us Your Best Illusion" contest. ★★★ —*Bryan Reesman*



SCANNER

THE DESCENT (2006) This claustrophobic spelunking shocker about six thrill-seeking women trapped underground with carnivorous creatures will have you praying for daylight. It is easily the best horror film in years. ★★★★

WORLD TRADE CENTER (2006) Oliver Stone's 9/11 movie about the struggle to free two transit cops buried under 20 feet of rubble is deeply sentimental. Still, it has that TV-event feel—moving yet intellectually inert. ★★½

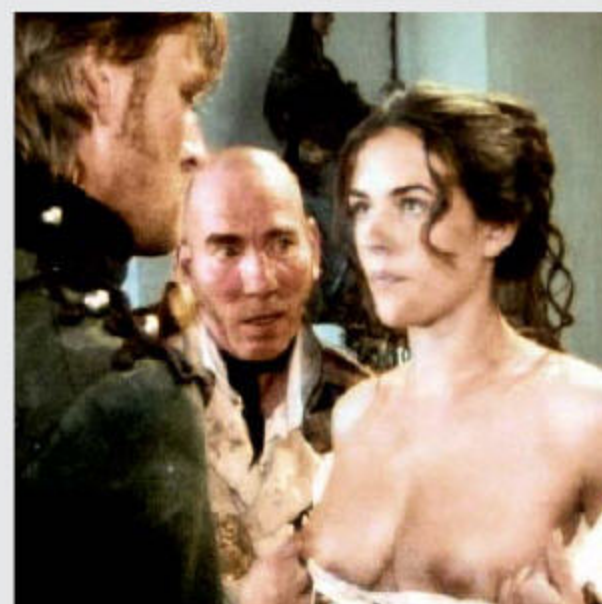
BONES: SEASON ONE (2005) Emily Deschanel stars as the titular forensic anthropologist, and ex-Angel David Boreanaz is Booth, the FBI hand who finds new cases for her. The big question: Will Booth bone Bones? ★★½

IDLEWILD (2006) What does OutKast plus jazzy jams plus hot honeys plus Prohibition period piece equal? A well-intentioned retro gangsta movie that's superstylish but a muddled mess. ★★

STACKED: THE COMPLETE SERIES (2005–2006) This aptly named show finds Pam Anderson in a family-run bookstore amid a colony of inept nerds. Jenny McCarthy and Carmen Electra do amusing guest stints. ★★½

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

tease frame



British minx **Elizabeth Hurley** portrays a hostage concealing two deadly weapons in this scene from *Sharpe's Enemy*. We hope she plays seductive on-screen again soon; her model behavior on the U.K.'s *Project Catwalk* is the kind of restraint we do not expect from the shagadelic *Austin Powers* knockout.



It's already devising ways to kill you.

The PlayStation.3 system can perform nearly two trillion calculations per second. And its Cell Broadband Engine™ with its one Central Processing Unit (CPU) plus 8 Synergistic Processing Units (SPU), is capable of processing a multitude of tasks in parallel. The result of all this digital horsepower? A.I. becomes smarter. Everything becomes more real. And your untimely demise becomes that much more believable.

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beauty and the beat



[GOLDFRAPP]

This sultry electropop duo oozes glitz and glam

Alison Goldfrapp is the face of one of the sexiest sounds around. Now, following the success of their *Supernature* LP, she and fellow Frapper Will Gregory have just released a remix project called *We Are Glitter*, featuring *Supernature* songs as reenvisioned by DFA, Benny Benassi and the Flaming Lips, among others.

PLAYBOY: What's the secret to an effective remix?

ALISON: When we remix other people's songs, we try to make them very different from the originals. If it's a fast track, our instinct is to slow things down. We also lean toward stripping things back.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever uncomfortable with what a remix has done to one of your songs?

ALISON: No, I think that's the whole point of a remix. It's someone else's reinterpretation of your work, and it doesn't in any way infringe on the original. Whether you like it or not is a different matter.

PLAYBOY: Do you collaborate with your remixers?

ALISON: There is rarely any collaboration unless the remixer asks what we think. Then we may have some suggestions, or we'll reject it if we don't like it.

PLAYBOY: Boomer rockers used to get sanctimonious about licensing their music for ads. Was there any hand-wringing when you first had the opportunity to do it?

ALISON: In our early days our music wasn't played on the radio at all, so why not use other means to get it heard? As long as it's not for something awful like a bank or an arms trader, I don't think an ad necessarily devalues music.

PLAYBOY: What makes a great live show for you?

ALISON: A receptive audience, a great atmosphere and a fucking theremin that works.

THE SHINS * *Wincing the Night Away*

On their first two LPs the Shins made music possessing what might be called an off-kilter beauty. On this album the emphasis is fully on the beauty portion of that description. The high-pitched fragility of singer James Mercer's voice brings, as on past records, a sense of immediacy but also of intimacy. And the musical backdrops mirror that breakable, crystalline quality, with woozy synth and organ pulses added to acoustic and electric guitars. Sublime pop. (*Sub Pop*) ★★★½ —Tim Mohr



NICOLE WILLIS AND THE SOUL INVESTIGATORS

Keep Reachin' Up

We couldn't let this pitch-perfect homage to late-1960s soul, released in Europe last year, pass without mention. The Finnish combo behind the project is tight, funky and fluid, augmenting gritty breaks with strings and horns. Willis sings from just the right point between belting and cooing. Some tempos cruise at speeds above the Stax or Motown norm—all the better to soundtrack a Northern Soul all-nighter. (*Timmion*) ★★★ —T.M.



TAHITI 80 * Fosbury

Parisian and *pop* are not words many Americans care to see in the same sentence. Of course, a track by Phoenix on the *Lost in Translation* soundtrack altered that view a bit; if you're willing to test the waters, Tahiti 80 is similar to—and even better than—Phoenix. On its third LP Tahiti continues to ramp up the bass, beat and grooviness. Think of it as a *mélange* of 1970s soul and late-1960s soft rock: Curtis Mayfield meets Harpers Bizarre. Great. (*The Militia Group*) ★★★½ —T.M.



DECADE DANCE

To celebrate the 10th anniversary of its ESL label, Thievery Corporation describes its 10 favorite ESL tracks.

"Lebanese Blonde," Thievery Corporation

"Signaled we could actually play instruments."

"Warning Shots," Thievery Corporation

"Rapid-fire lyrics, lush strings, block-rocking beats."

"Exploration," The Karminsky Experience

"Our top DJ track of all time."

"Diario de Viaje," Federico Aubele

"The vocals by Sumaia simply blow you away."

"See the Light," Sofa Surfers

"Deep, haunting and revolutionary. An ESL classic."

"I Really Want You," Arkestra One

"Nina Miranda's vocals are sensual, eerily beautiful."

"Golden Touch (Connie Price mix)," Blue States

"Price uses a live band with a brass section. Brilliant."

"Here Comes Tomorrow," Ursula 1000

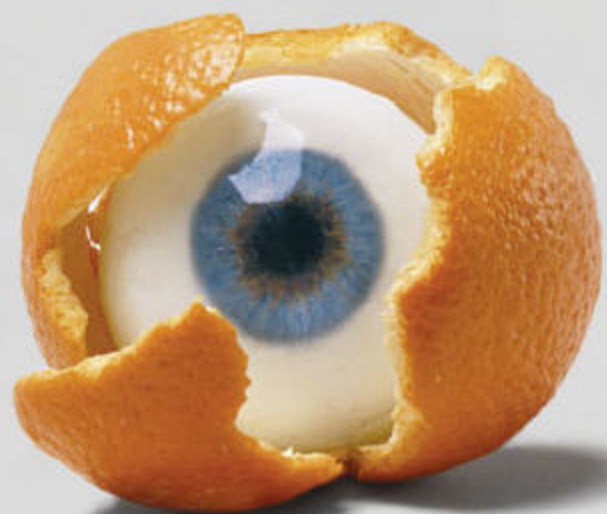
"A bit of Britpop from this genre bender."

"Vai Vai," Thunderball

"Drum and bass, punching horns and drifting vocals."

"Cleopatra in New York," Nickodemus

"The Far East meets NYC's Lower East Side."



It dreams in Blu-ray.

With 10 times the storage capacity of standard DVDs and true 1080p image potential, you'll see levels that are truly massive, environments that are more complex and movies that are absolutely dripping with vibrant detail. Kind of makes you wonder what its nightmares look like.

Video output in HD requires cables and an HD-compatible display, both sold separately. Copy-protected Blu-ray video discs can only output at 1080p using an HDMI cable connected to a device that is compatible with the HDCP standard. HDMI cable not included. Additional equipment may be required to use the HDMI connector. "PlayStation" and the "PS" Family logo are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc. Play B3yond is a trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. All names, brands and associated imagery featured are trademarks and/or copyrighted materials of their respective owners.

game of the month

[HEAVY DUTY]

Fight them on the beaches one last time—it's worth it

The famous Normandy Breakout of June 1944 is the *Iliad* of first-person shooters, a scenario compelling enough to be retold ad infinitum through successive generations (though not always with success—we're looking at you, *Troy*). This time out, *Call of Duty 3* (PS2, PS3, 360, Wii, Xbox) opts to travel the war's most worn path and has crafted a Normandy game for the ages (or at least the next few years). High-intensity missions see American, British, Canadian and Polish grunts storm burning barns and clear Nazi-infested tunnels. But it's not all shooting: You'll run recon through staccato gunfire and mark bombing targets as walls crumble around you. Branching objective paths let you flank adversaries or directly confront them, while the constant visceral loss of squad mates reminds you of the stakes. The 360 version's 24-man team-based multiplayer skirmishes will knot your stomach quicker than a month of K rations. ★★★—Scott Steinberg



STAR WARS: LETHAL ALLIANCE (DS, PSP) Secret plans don't steal themselves. This portable *Star Wars* romp tells the story of sultry Twi'lek mercenary Rianna and her faithful droid, Zeeo, as they navigate scenarios both familiar (Mos Eisley, Mustafar, the Death Star) and new (Danuta, Despayre, Alderaan) to spirit away the Empire's Death Star schematics and set the stage for *Episode IV*. Rianna shoots and fights, Zeeo hacks doors, you twitch and grin. ★★★



—Chris Hudak

SUPERMAN RETURNS (DS, PSP, PS2, 360, Xbox) In the past, video games have been kryptonite to the man of steel, but he's found an antidote in this 80-square-mile open-world Metropolis. You'll soar through 100-plus missions using your powers to battle villains from the DC Comics universe, as well as foes from the summer flick of the same name (with original cast voice acting). Finally, a chance to punch Kevin Spacey and save the world at the same time. ★★★½



—Marc Saltzman

THE SOPRANOS: ROAD TO RESPECT (PS2, 360) With *The Sopranos* heading into the sunset on HBO, gamers get the chance to earn T's respect mano a mano. An original story set between the events of seasons five and six, the game introduces a new rival crime family from Philadelphia. You play Joey LaRocca, Big Pussy Bonpensiero's illegitimate son. For us, hanging out at the Bing and Satriale's is its own reward, but voice acting by the original cast sweetens the deal. ★★★



—John Gaudiosi

NFL STREET 3 (PSP, PS2) Okay, honest time. *Madden* takes work. Luckily, football freaks who find Big John's game too complicated can take solace in this arcade-like version of the sport. The third time's the charm for the controls, which have been simplified and work smoothly. Over-the-top improved game breakers let you perform outlandish maneuvers such as 10-foot-high jumps, off-the-wall flips and lock-on tackles. This is the most fun and accessible football game going. ★★★—J.G.



retro scene

[OG (ORIGINAL GEEK)]

Finally, a way to keep track of the present, using the eight-bit past

Dork powers, activate! Filled with gorgeous women playing retro games, the *Nerdcore* calendar is marked with dates for Comic-Con and Talk Like a Pirate Day. (totally nerdcore.com)



The original Game Boy rocks her socks.



Now that's what we call foreplay.



We've always been fans of multiplayer.

SIXAXIS™
WIRELESS CONTROLLER



Tilt. Pull. Thrust. Pray.

The SIXAXIS™ wireless controller utilizes sensors that are designed to read when a player angles, tilts, thrusts or pulls. Which means it feels more like an extension of your body, allowing for a more intuitive and immersive experience. Something to ponder the next time you're in a tailspin, one second from hitting the ground.

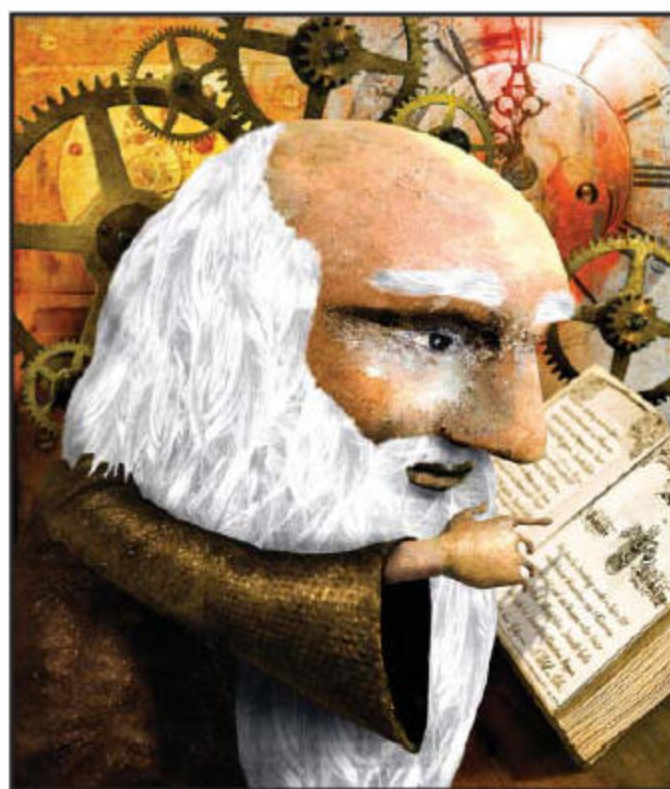
editors' picks

[THE BEST OF 2006]

Twenty volumes you need to read

Nonfiction: **RIDING WITH RILKE** by Ted Bishop. This account of a road trip on the back of a Ducati is also a tribute to literature, life and landscape. **THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME** by Greil Marcus. What is our national story? Marcus answers using art, pop culture, history and rhetoric as his tools. **THE GHOST MAP** by Steven Johnson. This medical detective story about a London epidemic is a tale worthy of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. **THE GREATEST STORY EVER SOLD** by Frank Rich. The most potent book out there about a White House gone madhouse. **THIS HAS HAPPENED** by Piera Sonnino. An amazingly human testimonial by an Italian survivor of the Nazi death camps. **CRIME BEAT** by Michael Connelly. A strong collection of the novelist's reportorial work on the homicide detail. **POINT TO POINT NAVIGATION** by Gore Vidal. The second volume of Vidal's memoirs sparkles with wit and alacrity. **GOD'S WAR** by Christopher Tyerman. Looking to brush up on the Crusades? This one's for you. **THE SACK OF ROME** by Alexander Stille. Our favorite chronicler of Italian culture takes on Silvio

Berlusconi. **WATCHING THE WORLD CHANGE** by David Friend. Friend reclaims the images of 9/11 by sifting the stories behind the sights and scenes. **PRISONERS** by Jeffrey Goldberg. A Muslim and a Jew share their experiment in friendship and hope. **THE PLACES IN BETWEEN** by Rory Stewart. The author walks across post-Taliban Afghanistan.



But he's more than a Scotsman with a death wish; he's an acute observer. **LETTER TO A CHRISTIAN NATION** by Sam Harris. A slim volume that packs an anticlerical punch. **Fiction:** **THE ROAD** by Cormac McCarthy. This postapocalyptic novel may be his best—and that's saying something. **THE ZERO** by Jess Walter. A novel that re-creates 9/11's aftermath better than nonfiction accounts. **CRITIQUE OF CRIMINAL REASON** by Michael Gregorio. You wouldn't expect a philosopher to deliver a whodunit. That he makes Immanuel Kant a character only adds to the fun. **THE ECHO MAKER** by Richard Powers. A masterful saga of loss and memory in Nebraska. **PRIDE OF BAGHDAD** by Brian K. Vaughan, art by Niko Henrichon. This prescient graphic novel follows a pride of lions escaped from an Iraqi zoo. **ALL THE KING'S MEN** by Robert Penn Warren. Don't let the movie scare you; this is still the best political novel in American literature. **THE LAY OF THE LAND** by Richard Ford. The last of the Bascombe trilogy. Bar fights, lesbians and explosives—who could ask for more?

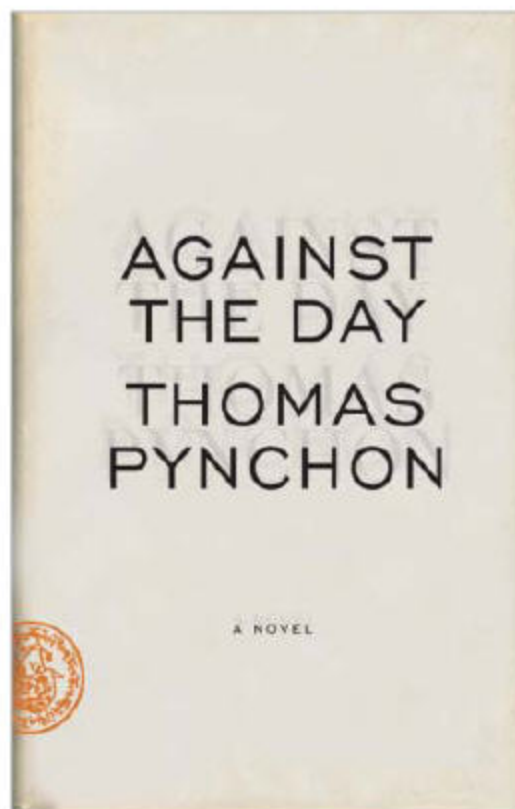
novel of the month

[PECULIARLY PYNCHONIAN]

Against the Day is Thomas Pynchon's latest doorstop

One thing becomes immediately apparent in reading Thomas Pynchon's monumental new novel, *Against the Day*: No one else writes as he does. *Pynchonian*, like *Gogolian* or *Kafkaesque*, denotes a sui generis world, a place unique to the designs of its author. And what a grand place Pynchonia is. In a literary market increasingly defined by the diktats of moral fiction, Pynchon's playful caprice, intellectual vitality and exuberant imagination shine like beacons. It's as if he alone composes full, majestic Mahlerian symphonies while the remainder of contemporary writers go along composing plainsongs—affecting songs, perhaps, but still monophonic and limited in scope. Novels for Pynchon are not just sad stories or compelling characters, though his work embraces both. His books stand as elaborate surveys of human folly and human loss. What is Pynchon's sixth novel about? A lot. Over the course of 1,085 pages, it spans the period from the 1893 Chicago World's Fair to the years just after World War I. Yet he has not written just a historical novel about the

mauve decade, for that isn't how things are done in Pynchonia. "It is not the world," writes Pynchon of *Against the Day*. "It is what the world might be with a minor adjustment or two. According to some, this is one of the main purposes of fiction." If *Gravity's Rainbow* is about the fatalism of trajectory and *Mason & Dixon* about the indeterminacy of the straight line, *Against the Day* is about the arrow of time. For all its Melvillean grandeur and shaggy-dog digressiveness, *Against the Day* is a cipher, a puzzle the reader must solve. When Pynchon writes about Leadville dynamiters and lapsed Pinkertons, perhaps he is offering a discourse on what our republic has become. He ponders the irreversibility of time and the missteps we have taken as a nation. As such, the book can be read as both a critique of modernism and a parable for our present times. In its implicit renunciation of contemporary America, it is a work that stands against the day we each inhabit. And it is a damn funny page-turner to boot. Could this be the best novel Pynchon has yet written?—Leopold Froehlich





PLAYSTATION.3

When you combine the blistering processing speeds of the PlayStation®3 system's Cell Broadband Engine™; the massive storage capacity and higher-definition capability of Blu-ray, you get the future of gaming. And that future is now with over 20 titles—spanning a wide range of genres—available in the coming weeks. Of course, games aren't all this machine plays. It also plays music CDs, DVDs and, of course, higher-def Blu-ray movies. Add to all this its "built-in" online connectivity, and you can see why the PlayStation®3 system is, well, beyond any console you've ever experienced. **Learn more at playb3yond.com.**

PLAY BEYOND™



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A Quick Study

Nothing makes a better classroom than the cockpit of an Aston Martin

“DRIVING A CAR at high speed is an art,” the late Denis Jenkinson wrote in his seminal 1959 book *The Racing Driver*, “one demanding as much theoretical study, learning and practice as any of the classical arts.” We couldn’t agree more. The only difference is, constructing a sonnet will never deliver the thrill of hurtling into a turn at 120 miles an hour. If you’re up for a study session, Aston Martin’s Performance Driving Course is top-notch for this reason: It matches the inimitable Vanquish S (pictured, center)—the fastest Aston road car ever, with a six-liter V12 that delivers a jaw-clenching 520 bhp—with one of the country’s top testing facilities, the Michigan Proving Ground in Romeo, just outside the Motor City. During your daylong tête-à-tête with an instructor, you’ll work on steering mechanics on the twisty road course, speed into controlled spins on slick pavement and pull a host of other maneuvers that would land you in the pokey if you tried them on public roads. For a finale, you’ll hit the five-mile oval to build speed. Screaming into a banked turn in the queen of English supercars? That’ll get the engine in your rib cage racing. You’ll walk away with a hell of a tale and skills you can use in your morning commute—i.e., an understanding of how to safely demand the most from a car. Sign up at any Aston dealer (\$2,000, astonmartin.com). Or better yet, buy a Vanquish S and take the course for free. See playboy.com/magazine for video of Astons at speed.



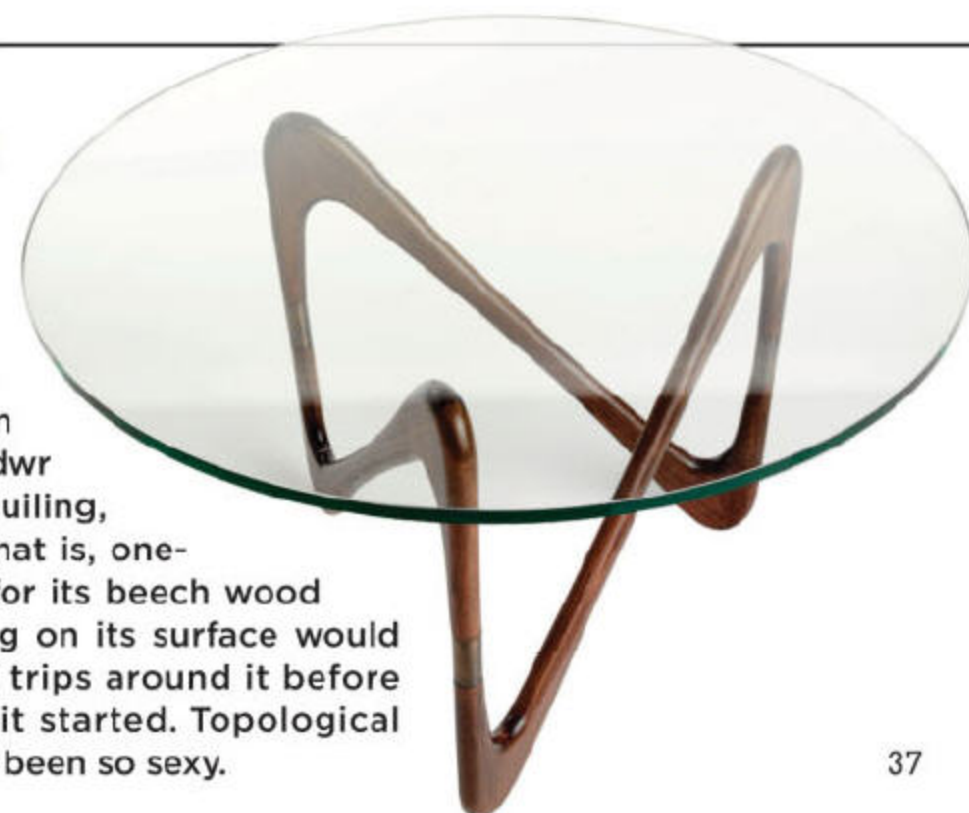
Things to Do This Year

Rather than resolutions, we have New Year’s aspirations. Think of it as a sexed-up to-do list.

1. Receive oral sex from under the table at your favorite dimly lit restaurant.
2. Return the favor.
3. Join the mile high club while stuck on the tarmac.
4. Have a threesome with a pair of bridesmaids.
5. Repeat number four, only this time at a wedding you’re invited to.
6. Bang your high school crush in the boys’ room during your high school reunion.
7. Bang your college crush in your old dorm room during alumni weekend.

Tabled Motion

THE CLASSIC Möbius strip is a surface with only one side. (Think about it for a second.) The Moebius Table from Design Within Reach (\$448, dwr.com) is no less beguiling, using a four-sided (that is, one-sided) Möbius form for its beech wood base. An ant crawling on its surface would have to make four full trips around it before arriving back where it started. Topological geometry has never been so sexy.



Back to the Future

ORIGINALLY DESIGNED FOR Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*, the Hamilton X-01 (\$1,195, hamiltonwatch.com) is how watches looked six years ago, in 1968. (Think about it.) It features a titanium case with a black rubber strap. The piece keeps track of five time zones, which is almost as cool as floating in space. Now all you need is a smooth-talking, murderous supercomputer to accompany you on long trips to oblivion.



The White Stuff

SKIING, SEX—SAME THING. Sometimes the groomed trails are heaven on earth, and other times you're hell-bent on exploring the backcountry. Unlike sex, however, skiing requires equipment. We scanned this season's skis in search of the best. Here's what we came up with (from top): The Seth from K2 Skis (\$630, k2skis.com), named for fearless freeskiing freak Seth Morrison, is a pro-model big-mountain backcountry ski that blows through powder like Tony Montana. Salomon's Dumont (\$625, salomonski.com), as in champion freeskiier and noted bone breaker Simon Dumont, is great for pulling backflips in the terrain park. Völkl's AC4 (\$1,115, volkl.com) is a fantastic all-condition resort ski for when you want to take it easy on the blues or push it hard on the blacks. Safety first, though. Ski bunny turnoffs include spinal-cord injuries and comas.



Getting Wood

WE'LL GIVE A pass to the awful PC design of the past 20 years as a trade-off for rampant technological innovation. But if we're going to stick a box in our home today, it darn well better be pretty. With handsome chassis made from your choice of hardwoods, Suissa's line of computers (suissacomputers.com) provides an antidote to the beige box. You can customize the machine's guts to your needs. The Yasuko, shown here in walnut and zebrawood, starts at around \$6,000.



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Just 20 minutes a day, 3 days a week is all it takes to get a sculpted chest, chiseled abs, and powerful arms & legs... *in as little as 6 weeks.* Best of all, results are guaranteed – or your money back (less shipping and handling) – with our 100% Satisfaction Guarantee!†



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Sound Thinking

MUSIC IS MEANT to be shared with friends. Of course, that's why the original Napster was shut down. But there's a way to share music that the man hasn't figured out how to stop (yet): playing it out loud. Which is what rocks about Samsung's K5, an MP3 player with slide-out speakers mounted on its back. Available in two- and four-gigabyte flavors (\$210 and \$260, samsung.com), it has a bright OLED screen, sleek buttonless touch-pad controls, an FM tuner and support for music subscription services. Plus it doubles as a travel alarm clock that wakes you with your favorite tunes.



The Hole Truth

YOU CAN MEASURE a community by how it treats its waste—with refinement or with resentment. Nothing reveals this more clearly than manhole-cover design. Now downtown meets uptown in these stylish manhole-cover cuff links (\$65 a pair, cufflinks.com). Covers from Paris, Rome, London, Chicago and Boston are also available.



That Holiday Spirit

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING IS a time-honored drag. So be a man about it—blow it off until the last second, then head to the liquor store. Here's a single-malt scotch cheat sheet (from left): The Glenlivet Nàdurra (\$60) is a 16-year-old cask-strength bottle of gold with hints of vanilla, honey and toasted oak. This Highland Park single cask, a 23-year-old beauty with a nutty, chocolaty sweetness, is bottled specifically for the Park Avenue Liquor Shop in New York (\$200, parkavenueliquor.com). For ultimate scotch bragging rights, Glenfiddich will sell you a Private Vintage cask (ours is a 1974) so your whiskey will be unlike any other in the world. Each cask holds between 200 and 500 bottles. Pricing varies; visit glenfiddich.com for more info.

WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 155.



Cordless Solo S2



Passport 8500 X50

This year, give the perfect gift to every driver

The perfect gift is one that pays for itself over and over again. The Passport 8500 X50 and the cordless Solo S2 radar and laser detectors are exactly that—perfect gifts. Both have unbelievable range, giving the driver plenty of time to take notice before it's too late.



The **Cordless Solo S2** is the ultimate in convenience. Its sophisticated design and battery operation make it the perfect choice for the daily commuter who doesn't want the hassle of a power cord, or who moves frequently between vehicles. Battery operated. Full protection.



The **Passport 8500 X50** is the ultimate in protection. Designed for the driving enthusiast, the Passport 8500 X50 delivers the best protection, period. In test after test, the Passport 8500 X50 comes out on top! In fact, one reviewer called the Passport 8500 X50 "The World's Best." It's truly in a league of its own.

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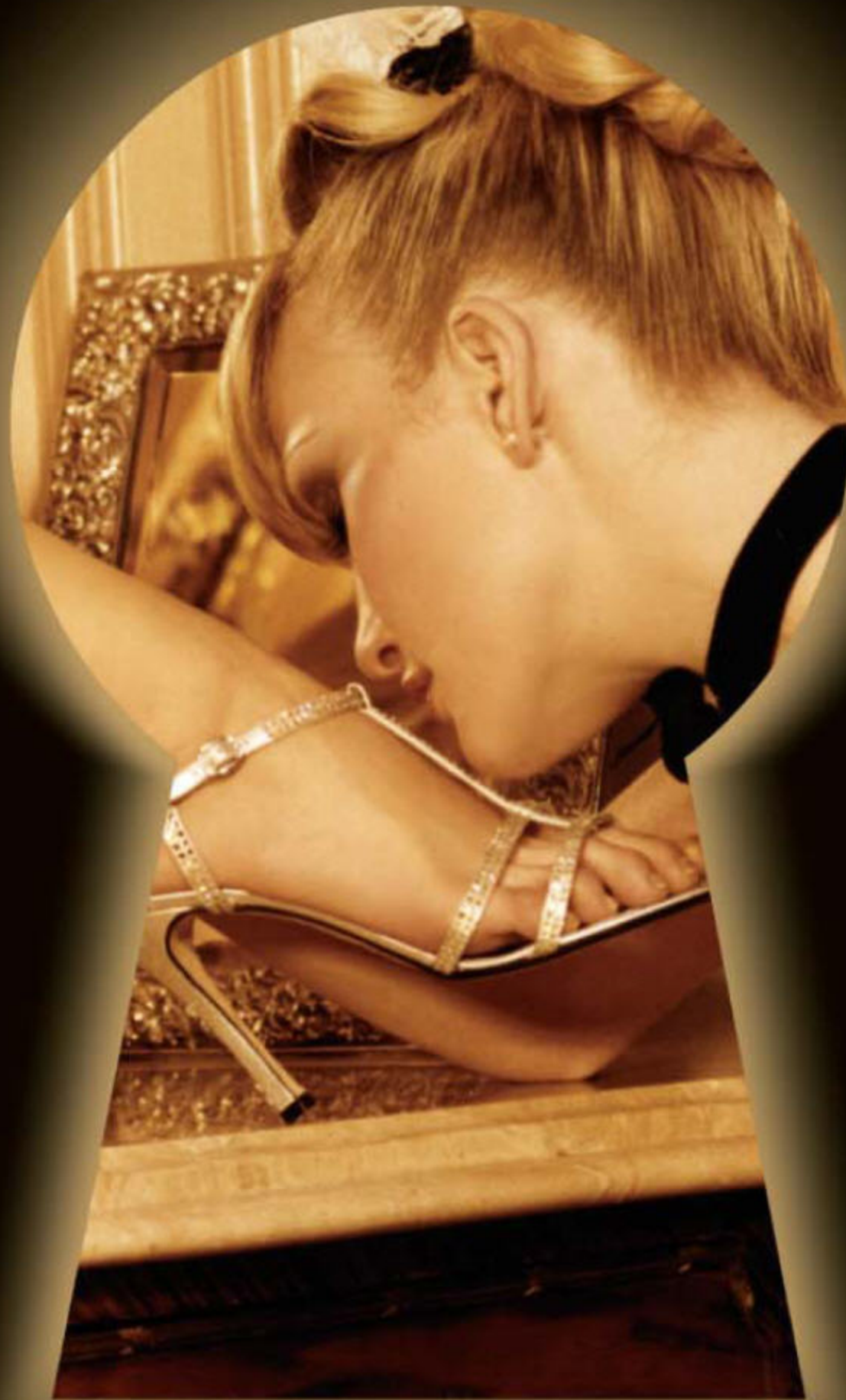


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The Playboy Advisor

My ex-girlfriend told me I need new sheets and bedding. I trust her judgment because, frankly, I miss her nice bed more than I miss her. She insisted that I also buy pillowcases with little frames, called shams. I don't mind so much that they cost \$110, but I'm pretty sure they're for chicks, gay guys and maybe hotels. I don't think my ex would sabotage me by planting lady repellent, so what's up with these things? Do women really like them?—T.R., New York, New York

Yes, because they make a bed look pretty. The shams a woman sees in your bedroom will not tell her you have a soft side; they'll tell her you have a girlfriend.

Iwould like to buy a watch in the \$1,500 to \$2,000 range. What should I look for?—A.L., Sudbury, Ontario

*You'll find a large selection of great timepieces at that price. Go with a mechanical movement rather than quartz—it's not as accurate but much more fun. For starters, it ticks. It's also nice to have something in your life that isn't run by a battery. You'll want an automatic movement—which winds itself using a small weight that moves when your arm does—and straps rather than a bracelet. Matthew Morse, publisher of the U.S. edition of the luxury-watch magazine *Revolution*, says you should never pay retail but instead shoot for a price 20 percent less than what the salesperson tells you. "The best time to buy is in the summer or right after the holidays," he says. "Bring cash, shop only at authorized retailers, and play them against each other. You can also ask about secondhand pieces." If you haven't purchased a watch in a while, you'll notice the style these days for men is increasingly large faces.*

According to my girlfriend, giving me a blow job makes her mouth come. While sucking me, she groans and quivers just as she does when she climaxes from my fingering or licking her clitoris. Is she faking for my benefit? She says this never happened before she turned 40. I don't want to ruin a good thing by questioning her.—J.O., Warren, Ohio

Wise man. Even if she is faking, it's a great line. The idea of a mouth orgasm is less startling when you consider that sex scientists have documented women climaxing while having only their nipples, shoulders or other areas of their body caressed or with no stimulation at all.

Because of the bad vibes he's been giving off lately, I thought I would put my boyfriend to the test. He is constantly on MySpace, so I created a fake profile and added photos of a model. Then I wrote him through the profile, and he responded saying he wanted to meet. My heart is broken. He failed my test of trust



and love. I sent a response asking when we should get together. Should I see if he follows through? I have been with him for 10 years and am totally depressed now.—A.A., Orlando, Florida

Your boyfriend needs to be as suspicious as you are. After all, how often does he get hit on by models in any space? Your test is the online version of the face-to-face sting run by investigators such as Sandra Hope of Mate Check Private Investigations. For \$850 she will throw herself at an engaged or married man to see how he responds. So far, not a single target has turned down her invitation for dinner or drinks, which speaks to Chris Rock's belief that a man is only as faithful as his options. Nevertheless, Hope says, 90 percent of the women who hire her stick with their partner. "They realize I wasn't a real woman," she says. "It wasn't a natural situation. They just want to know if, given the opportunity, he would pick someone up." The confrontation often leads the couple to have a brutally frank discussion about why they are dissatisfied with the relationship. With any luck, you and your boyfriend will end up in the same place. Since you already don't trust him, there's no need to continue with the charade; just tell him what's going on.

My husband and I have rented a modern home from a man who seems secretive and, frankly, gives me the creeps. I know it sounds paranoid, but with all the concern about video voyeurism, I'm reluctant to move in. Is there an easy way to check for recording devices?—T.B., Binghamton, New York

You could hire a specialist, but that will cost a fortune. James Atkinson of Granite Island Group, who sells debugging equipment and trains bodyguards and other professionals in

its use, says the easiest way to find a hidden camera is to attempt to make it glint by creating a reflection off the lens. "The most sophisticated inspector uses his expensive detection equipment to tell him where to look with his flashlight," Atkinson says. When conducting a search, draw detailed maps of each wall, floor and ceiling in suspect rooms (e.g., bathrooms and bedrooms), showing the furniture, clocks, artwork, light switches, power outlets, etc. Use different-colored pens for the various elements to keep things straight. The map will help slow you down; a thorough search of a single room should take hours.

A reader wrote in September to ask how to get a good night's sleep. There is one factor you didn't mention: Sharing a bed can mess you up. I haven't had a good night's sleep since my girlfriend moved in with me. I'm not going to suggest to her that we get twin beds, but I've thought about it.—K.L., Albany, New York

This is an often overlooked aspect of sleep disorders. Studies have found that people tend to sleep better alone because they aren't woken up repeatedly by their bed partner's movements. So why don't more couples sleep apart? Sociologist Paul Rosenblatt interviewed 42 couples about the subject. Most said losing sleep was worth the trade-off of the increased intimacy. They didn't necessarily mean sex but simply being close on a daily basis and having a quiet time to talk. According to one survey, only about 12 percent of couples end up in separate beds, and that often occurs when the husband's snoring drives the wife away. The others compromise, just as they work out other conflicts in the relationship. If you don't have one already, a king-size mattress may be the first step. The fancier models come with conforming foam that can reduce tossing and turning or are adjustable for firmness on each side.

Iwent to a strip club and got a lap dance. On my way home I stopped at a grocery store. I swear the female shoppers were checking me out. Were they picking up pheromones I emitted during the lap dance? If so, is getting a lap dance a good way to meet women later?—G.D., Hartford, Connecticut

Wouldn't that be great? Unfortunately, there is no evidence women can sense pheromones unless they have their nose in your armpit. However, that doesn't mean they can't smell anything. Maybe you reeked of the stripper's perfume. Or perhaps some yet undiscovered scent signal tells a female that another woman has been close to you, i.e., you're not a total loser. Earlier this year scientists documented this phenomenon for the first time in mammals. Female mice showed a preference for the odor of a male mouse mixed with that of a female mouse over that of the male mouse alone. The females seemed

to trust the fact that another female thought this guy was okay. Notably, when the scientists removed from the female mice a gene that helps create oxytocin, a neurotransmitter associated in humans with bonding and sexual attraction, they no longer showed a preference for the male-female odor mix.

My wife and I have talked about finding a woman for a threesome. She often checks out women when we go out and, if she's had enough to drink, occasionally even hits on them. During sex she loves to talk about what she would do with another woman. But if I bring the idea up when we aren't being sexual, she seems hurt and tells me I must not love her completely if I want another woman so badly. What is going on?—D.J., Indianapolis, Indiana

It's a fantasy. Work with it, but don't expect miracles.

Some of the responses from readers in September regarding infant circumcision are frightening. To say that boys are not capable of keeping themselves clean is insulting. It's encouraging that most parents in the world do not cut their sons or daughters.—B.D., Enfield, Connecticut

We received many comments on this subject. A few more are below.

I'm 42 and uncut. I've never had an infection or any trouble. I have had women comment that they've never seen an uncut penis before, but that usually prompts them to examine it more closely, which is fine by me. I have to assume that circumcised men lose sensitivity in the head of their penis or they wouldn't be able to stand having their underwear rub against it. That's the one problem I have.—C.A., Phoenix, Arizona

I was mutilated as an infant but am doing something about it through nonsurgical tissue expansion. It is arduous but possible.—K.T., Lexington, Kentucky

Arduous is right. It is sometimes possible to stretch the skin over time with tape, tugging or weights to create something that approximates a foreskin. Many people feel so strongly about this that they have formed groups such as the National Organization of Restoring Men (norm.org). Its belief is that circumcised men don't know what they're missing.

It's always interesting to hear women argue for circumcision because it allegedly makes the penis more attractive. Can you imagine that argument being used to justify snipping an infant girl's labia?—G.L., Los Angeles, California

Actually, the equivalent would be removing the clitoral hood.

Among the proponents of circumcision who wrote in September are an over-protective mother, a man who was never taught to wash his penis properly and a person who thinks the zipper scene in

There's Something About Mary is a common occurrence. It's no surprise that so many women believe a cut penis is more attractive; that's all most have ever seen, even in porn.—A.G., Seattle, Washington

At 17, after my foreskin started splitting and bleeding, I had it removed. It took four weeks to heal, and every hard-on was excruciating. Don't talk to me about your bullshit studies. Circumcision forever!—G.P., Chicago, Illinois

It is important to remember that Jewish infants have been circumcised for more than 3,000 years. Who are we to question the collective judgment of our ancestors? We know the act is not mutilation. My grandson's ceremony was quick and very beautiful.—H.B., Cleveland, Ohio

We recognize the importance of this practice in the Jewish faith, but isn't there something else you could do for the boy?

My wife and I went to dinner with several friends. One received an undercooked meal and sent it back. What should the other guests do in this situation?—W.H., Rockford, Michigan

Dig in, but take your time. Usually it's no big deal; the fix takes a few minutes, and equilibrium is restored. It's difficult enough for most people to return a meal without also worrying they will keep their friends waiting. If the situation is more dire and the entrée is rejected, usually the server can suggest an alternative that can be prepared quickly. But the tricky logistics are why most dissatisfied diners suffer in silence when out with a group.

You wrote in September that a tie should hit the top of the belt buckle, "no exceptions." As the editor of Tie-a-Tie.net and creator of the Tie Knot video series, I would amend that to say, as a general rule, the widest part of the tie should hang at the same height as the upper edge of the belt, with the tip extending slightly below it.—Caspar Isemer, Ingolstadt, Germany

Duly knotted, although that's more precise than we've ever been able to manage.

I've noticed that whenever I talk to a particular woman, she rests her foot slightly askew on something so that she spreads her legs a little. The first two times we were in the gym, and she put her foot on an exercise machine. The third time we were outside, and she put it on a windowsill. Should I read anything into this?—T.M., San Jose, California

No. Even if this were some sort of social signal, we would need to see a few more before we read it as sexual interest. Anthropologist David Givens and other scientists have documented many flirtations that appear across cultures, including hair preening, blushing, rapid blinking, widened eyes, the eyebrow flash and the forward lean. But he suggests men watch in particular for upraised palms ("you may approach"), an involuntary shoul-

*der lift and/or head tilt ("I'm interested") and full lips, because a woman who rolls her lips into a thin line would like you to go away. Givens's book *Love Signals* has more details. The problem, he says, is that men tend to get so distracted by a woman's face and figure, they interpret just about anything she does as flirting, even when she's sending off so many negative cues that she would look to Givens's experienced eyes like a flashing red stoplight. No matter how this particular woman positions her feet, it's probably safe after three conversations to ask her to continue the next one over coffee.*

In September a reader wrote to say his wife had discovered toilet paper stuck to his penis, concluded he had masturbated and began to weep. The Advisor suggested he explain to her that his habit of touching himself has nothing to do with his desire to sleep with her. I doubt that approach would work. Instead, it would be more effective for him to say something like, "Baby, I was thinking about you and how hot you looked the other day in that dress, and I got a little too excited and took matters into my own hands." He could also note that after a man comes, it generally takes him longer to have his next orgasm, which means she gets more time to have hers. In other words, it's a win-win situation.—B.H., Logansport, Indiana

This is one reason we always make a mental note of what she's wearing. It may be useful later when you're in bed and she's looking you over, trying to decide whether to fuck your brains out or get an extra hour of sleep. "I know you're tired, honey, but that outfit you wore today—wow. You know, the blue jeans and white top..." etc. "And yesterday, when you were wearing..." In our experience, being able to describe the shoes she had on adds 10 minutes to the blow job during foreplay.

That reader might also have explained that when a man urinates, it's difficult to get that last drop, so you blot it with toilet paper, which sometimes sticks. Of course, the better answer is to have a relationship with your spouse in which you can discuss this topic.—B.J., Nashville, Tennessee

That's true, of course. Even if the last-drop excuse works, it's still difficult to explain away the scent of her hand lotion.

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



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

WE'RE WATCHING YOU

THE PROCESS OF SURVEILLANCE HAS ASSUMED
A PRIMACY IT NEVER HAD BEFORE

BY JONATHAN RABAN

This past summer, driving around Britain, the spy-cam capital of the world, I became a grudging fan of the anonymous designer of the speed-camera warning signs that have proliferated on roads minor and major since 2000. The signs depict in stylized form an antique bellows camera with knurled knobs to wind the film, thus sending two conflicting messages at once. One is hostile (“We’re watching you”), the other warm and cozy (“It’s just Grandpa’s old Kodak”). Together they nicely catch the riddling ambiguity of surveillance, blessing and curse of the post-9/11 electronic age, which simultaneously robs us of privacy and supposedly keeps us safe from criminals and terrorists.

Since September 2001 there has been an intense acceleration of the boundary shift between public and private. Acts most of us would instinctively have considered private before then—picking up the phone, borrowing a book from the public library, logging on to the Internet, going on a road trip—have become increasingly public. That call may be monitored by the National Security Agency; that book title may be demanded by the FBI; those visits to web pages will be tracked by spyware and commercial enterprises such as Yahoo and Amazon, which are constructing an elaborate profile of you. As for the road trip, if you make it in the United Kingdom, you should be aware that the Association of Chief Police Officers is in the process of building a database whose ultimate aim is to record every journey made by every vehicle countrywide and store those teeming terabytes and petabytes of information for up to five years. If you’re heading up to Scotland or the Lake District, remember the ghostly chief constable in the backseat.

But not just government agencies and corporations surveil us. We surveil each other, for the personal computer has made spies of us all. Before I meet you for lunch, I’ll Google you, find your address on the Internet and then Google Earth your house to inspect the state of your roof

and your yard. Microsoft is currently beta testing a new program named Windows Live Local, which goes one better than Google Earth by surveilling streets from a 45-degree angle, “the point of view of a low-flying plane.” So I should soon be able to see inside your sock drawer. We’re now equipped to find out more about one another in a few minutes at our laptops than weeks of laborious

research and gumshoeing would have produced less than 20 years ago. Data mining by governments and individuals has become a universal obsession; it is the great gold rush of our peculiar times, this rage for information in which traditional privacies go by the board.

In the scramble to reach the diggings, the U.K., which has no written con-

stitution and no unified law on privacy, is at present a few steps ahead of the United States. By American standards Britain’s police and security services enjoy an extraordinary license to snoop freely without warrants on private citizens. Surveillance cameras are everywhere; more than 4 million are said to be in operation. The Blair government has led the way on data retention in the European Union, requiring phone companies and ISPs to keep records of e-mails, cellular and fiber-optic calls and Internet traffic for two years. That’s an almost inconceivable volume of files that must make surviving agents of the Stasi, the notorious East German security agency, gaze at the enterprise with wonder and envy, for the Stasi, in its grim heyday, had nothing on this. Pre-electronic surveillance had to make do with neighborhood informers and box files crammed with yellowing papers. Electronic surveillance—what General Michael Hayden, the head of the CIA, referred to in his Senate hearing as “nontraditional operational platforms”—enjoys unlimited storage in the infinite vacancy of cyberspace, where no personal detail is too trivial to earn its keep. Glorified search engines such as the National Security Agency’s Echelon interception system can sift effortlessly through this mass of stuff,



identifying giveaway keywords. Suppose I type *Seattle*, *shipping container* and *jihad*. Do I catch Echelon's ever-attentive eyes and ears? Quite possibly.

The argument for data retention hinges on the idea that for a war on terror to be effective, the police and intelligence agencies should be as well equipped as possible to predict the atrocity that hasn't yet happened. What appears innocent today may look deeply sinister in six months' time, when the dots, as they say, begin to connect—the phone call to a brother, the bank draft from a source in Pakistan, the download of photographs and architectural drawings of a multi-story office building, the purchase (made on the Internet from an inner-city apartment) of a large quantity of lawn fertilizer... Such data, said Charles Clarke in September 2005, when he was Britain's Home Secretary, are the “golden thread” in terrorist investigations and should therefore be preserved as vital evidence, no matter how inconsequential they may seem at the time.

With our present fixation on future evildoing, we're building a world that looks more and more like an airport security area: Every citizen is a potential suspect; nothing, not even the baby's milk, is innocent until thoroughly inspected and proved harmless. This process is making devastating changes to our relationships with one another and with our governments.

As a non-American, I'm continually struck by the way the Bill of Rights insistently equates the body politic with the body personal. Just as Jefferson, drafting the Declaration of Independence, asserted the new nation's right to privacy from Britain's tyrannical interference in its affairs, so Madison, drafting the Bill of Rights, asserted the individual's right to privacy from interference by his or her own fledgling government. Woven through all 10 amendments, especially the first, third, fourth and fifth, is a comprehensive vision of privacy, whether from unreasonable searches and seizures or the nightmare of having troops quartered on one's property (a bitter complaint against the British in the Declaration). The entitlements of the state and individual are nearly identical, as if the American household were a model in miniature of the American nation and

the nation a magnified projection of the household.

There have been notorious breaches of the Bill of Rights in the past century, as when Franklin D. Roosevelt interned American citizens of Japanese descent in the 1940s and Joseph McCarthy enjoyed his brief, inglorious reign of fear in the 1950s. Where the Bush administration's “long war” or “global war on terror” breaks new ground is in its invocation of its own right to extraordinary privacy, to act in secret as it intrudes on the privacy of its citizens in order to keep them safe.

Five days after 9/11, Vice President Dick Cheney told Tim Russert on *Meet the Press*, “We also have to work sort of the dark side.... We've got to spend time in the shadows in the intelligence world. A lot of what needs to be done here will



Echelon monitors communications through listening posts in the U.K.

have to be done quietly, without any discussions.... It is a mean, nasty, dangerous, dirty business out there, and we have to operate in that arena.” Four days later President Bush described to Congress the shape of the new war as one of “covert operations, secret even in success.”

This has turned out to mean that much of the enormous, sophisticated machinery of government surveillance, once trained almost exclusively on the activities of rival nation-states such as Soviet Russia, has been wheeled around to focus on our own domestic scene, both in the U.K. and the U.S. The NSA, for instance, which traditionally performed only foreign searches, has lately been sifting through the e-mails, phone calls and bank transfers of American residents in its efforts to identify the enemies within. The first axiom of the war on terror is that government must have the liberty to

spy on its own citizens, to work on the dark side, in the arena of shadows.

So our governments have become more secretive than ever before, more protective of their privacy from judicial, congressional and parliamentary scrutiny, let alone the scrutiny of upstart journalists. Earlier this year, when the ACLU sued the NSA over its warrantless wiretapping program, the administration's first response was to argue that the case had to be dismissed because to mount a defense would involve the revelation of “state secrets.” When *The New York Times* outed the NSA's monitoring of bank transactions made through the SWIFT system, President Bush called the paper's action disgraceful, and the chairman of the House Homeland Security Committee labeled it treasonous.

On mass surveillance, as on Guantánamo Bay, lawyers for the administration have argued that the Authorization for Use of Military Force, which was rushed through Congress on September 14, 2001 and gave the president the right to use “all necessary and appropriate force” in the pursuit of terrorists past, present and future, effectively trumps the U.S. Constitution by granting the president powers that the Constitution may appear to deny him. AUMF—even more than the 9/11 attacks themselves—has changed our world, turning the presidency into a fortified redoubt, armored against

the insolent intrusions of meddling judges, lawmakers and reporters.

The effect of this on the press has been predictable. Surveillance begets surveillance, so journalists have turned spies, not so much reporting on the White House as surveilling it through infrared night-vision binoculars. In the absence of hard news from inside the Bush administration, what we get increasingly is intel—much of it soft and dubious, as intelligence always is. Those who have been sacked or have chosen to leave the administration are given the same treatment once accorded Soviet defectors: They are placed under intensive interrogation and milked for whatever secrets can be squeezed out of them. Like all defectors, such informers tend to airbrush their stories to present themselves in the best possible light and settle scores

against old enemies. Their White House tales are inherently unreliable.

So former treasury secretary Paul O'Neill and former head of the CIA George Tenet sang for Ron Suskind in *The Price of Loyalty* and *The One Percent Doctrine*; Richard A. Clarke, former antiterrorism czar at the National Security Council, wrote his own debriefing in *Against All Enemies*, as did Michael Scheuer, CIA analyst (and formerly Anonymous), in *Imperial Hubris*. James Risen, an investigative reporter for *The New York Times*, has written an electrifying account of relations between the Bush White House and the CIA in *State of War*, but his book is unsourced and without footnotes. In his acknowledgements he writes, "I want to thank the many current and former government officials who cooperated for this book, sometimes at great personal risk." The frustrated reader, faced with strings of "Bush administration officials say" and "According to a former senior CIA official," quickly realizes that what he holds in his hands is a mass of unverifiable intel. Interesting intel, certainly. Good intel, quite probably. But intel is intel; it is not news. And this in the United States, which was once the envy of Europe for the exemplary transparency of its government.

In five years we've gone a long way down the road to becoming a full-blown surveillance society in which governments spy on their people and people spy on their governments and one another. Rumors, leaks and hearsay pass for established facts. Conspiracy theories abound. Bloggers with paranoid imaginations flourish while the mainstream media are derided as supine hacks of either the administration (Fox News) or the agenda-pushing left wing (*The New York Times*). The prevailing mood is one of deep, promiscuous mistrust, which has spread to include our elected rulers, our neighbors, our newspapers and TV networks and the strangers within our midst.

For surveillance—with its relentless focus on crimes as yet uncommitted, dots as yet unconnected, evidence as yet unincriminating, persons as yet unidentified—is a contagious habit of mind and brings

out the secret policeman who lurks inside us all. I won't easily forget the morning when, after reading in *The New York Times* that the NSA's Western headquarters are situated on a military reservation a few miles northwest of Yakima, Washington, I logged on to Google Earth and zoomed in low over the complex of one-story buildings and dish and dome antennae, covertly surveilling the instruments of surveillance that were covertly surveilling me. A childish gesture, I agree, but one in keeping with the distempered spirit of these times.

We're moving fast into the world of the Panopticon, the ideal prison

terror daily reminds us of the administration's visible and unverifiable power. In surveillance societies people wake up one fine morning to discover they're not so much citizens as inmates, kept in a kind of voluntary subjection by the mere existence of the watchtower.

But it's for our own good, as the benevolent logo for British speed cameras proclaims, and it would be hard to quarrel with Peter Clarke, the head of Scotland Yard's antiterrorist branch, when he said this past August that "the threat from terrorism is real. It is here, it is deadly, and it is enduring." Yet there are better ways to combat terrorism than to infect all of

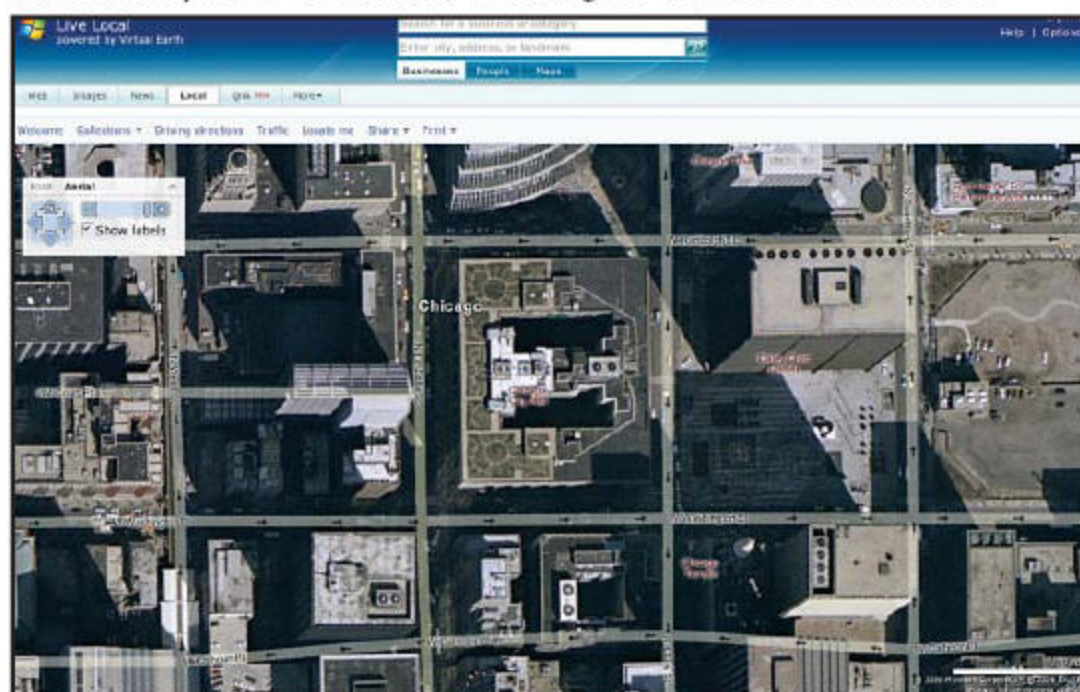
society with the untargeted and indiscriminate suspicion and anxiety that mass surveillance provokes. (Targeted and discriminating police work would be one; protecting our rickety networks of trade, services and communications, as recommended by Stephen Flynn in his sober and thoughtful book *America the Vulnerable*, would be another.)

Somewhere—perhaps in a remote mountain village in the tribal territories between Pakistan and Afghanistan—a jihadist is smiling. Logged on to the Internet via a satellite dish and portable electric generator, he clicks from site to site—CNN, the BBC, *The Washington Post*. He sees our new urban architecture and street furniture: concrete blast shields, bollards, Jersey barriers, banks of CCTV cameras, BioWatch sniffers, razor wire, the security checkpoints and magnetometers in the lobbies of our buildings—the ubiquitous daily

reminders that we should be afraid. He reads of the running feud between the executive branch and the judiciary; the ceaseless sifting of random information in search of clues and portents; the obsession with domestic espionage, plots and plotters; the cloak-and-dagger secrecy of this "wartime" presidency. It not unreasonably occurs to him that we ourselves are systematically unpicking, thread by thread, the delicate fabric of privacies and liberties that is the vital substance of a liberal democracy—which is exactly what he and his cronies have been planning all along.



This military base in Yakima, Washington houses NSA facilities.



Microsoft's Live Local surveils streets from an airplane's perspective.

designed by English utilitarian philosopher Jeremy Bentham in 1787 and famously riffed on by Michel Foucault in his 1975 book *Discipline and Punish*. As Bentham sketched it, the Panopticon was to be a circular honeycomb of illuminated cells with a watchtower at its center, allowing an inspector to observe all the prisoners without the prisoners knowing when or if they were being watched, thus inspiring in them "a sentiment of an invisible omniscience." For Bentham power should be visible and unverifiable.

The new architecture of the war on

READER RESPONSE

ROCK THE PLAYBOY VOTE

I spent four years as treasurer of the Utah Young Republicans before I realized the religious right had taken over my party, so I left. Your October article on the PLAYBOY voter shows that many of your readers have not yet noticed. Readers who voted for President Bush apparently did not understand that



His base chips away at our rights.

those who form his base are waging war on freedom of speech and other civil liberties. This is especially true of their attempts, with full support of the president, to appoint federal judges who will cut back the Bill of Rights, the backbone of our freedom.

Andrew McCullough
Midvale, Utah

Here's something for conservative readers to consider: Do you think there's too much sex in the media? Do you resent people who have a sexually open lifestyle? Do you support abstinence-only education? Do you think women should dress more modestly? Do you think strip clubs are a public nuisance? Well, if you answer yes to these questions, you need to know who feels the same: Islamic radicals. When you agree with them about their sexual phobias, you're just playing into the hands of terrorists.

Stephen Van Eck
Rushville, Pennsylvania

YOU HAVE THE POWER

I'm so glad I got my husband a subscription to PLAYBOY. Finally a writer, Mickey Edwards ("Power Play," September), lays much of the blame for our overindulgent president at the feet of our lapdog Congress. Thanks to PLAYBOY for getting this message out there: Stop complaining about the

overreaching president if you are not willing to change your congressional representatives. They are the ones responsible for keeping the executive branch in check.

Mandy Roudebush
Chicago, Illinois

MAP QUEST

This letter isn't in response to a specific article in the past issue. It is about a continuing theme of PLAYBOY and of our daily lives in the USA: our involvement in Iraq and the current Iraqi civil war. The League of Nations formed Iraq out of several nations, city-states and tribes. Some of the borders reflected administrative provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Before World War I Iraq did not exist as we know it today. It is a country only in as much as foreigners (to the Iraqi people) have determined it should be. Why does the U.S. government feel compelled to protect Iraq's current status as a single country? The solution to the ongoing civil war, the solution that would likely be easiest to secure, is to return the borders to their more natural state. Dividing the country into several states, each representing more appropriately the cultural and racial makeup in each region, may be the only way to resolve the conflicts. If left alone to solve their governance issues, the Iraqi people may prefer this solution. It worked in the Balkans. The stability of the nation of Yugoslavia once depended on a strong dictator. Without that dictator the country went



The British imposed Iraq's borders.

to war with itself until the various sides could work out more realistic borders, borders that more appropriately represented the region's demographics. We have an opportunity to truly help

these people avoid what will otherwise likely be a slow and bloody transition leading to the same result.

Davis Cloward
Greensboro, North Carolina

WOMB WITH A VIEW

Thank you for the article "Abortion and You" in the September issue. I've been extremely vocal about *Roe v. Wade* being a concern for everyone, not just



Abortion cases have broad implications.

women. I was ecstatic to see the reasoning in the article and hope more men take an interest and a stance because of the piece. It is difficult to get freedom back once it's gone.

Aisha Thomas
New York, New York

Let's start a brand-new movement to set the record straight. From this day forth let's call the "pro-life" crowd by its correct name: pro-birth. These people are certainly pro-birth, but where are they after a child is born? Are they there to see that a child gets the medical care he or she needs? No. That a child gets the education he or she needs? No. That the child is safe? No. Let's start to label them for what they are, not what they claim to be.

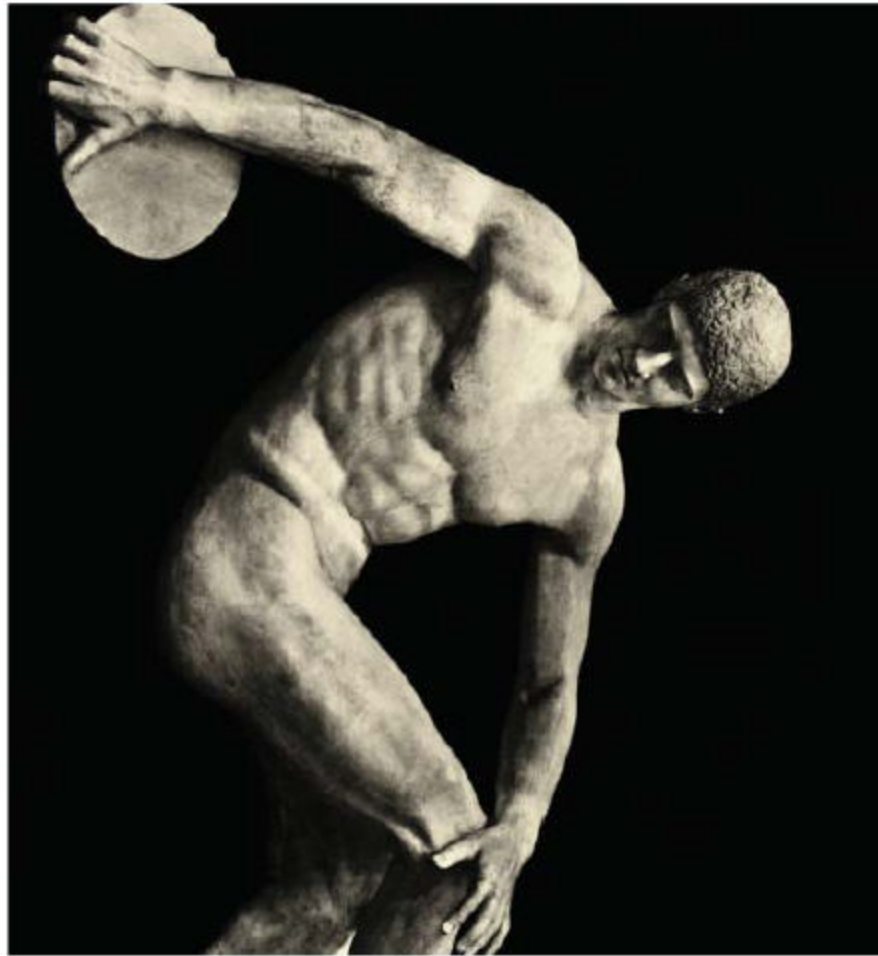
Chuck Connell
Princeton, Minnesota

If we want to be serious about our rights, we have to elect officials who are equally serious. But that means you may have to vote for someone who will defend even those parts of the Constitution you don't like all that much.

Roy Wells
San Ramon, California

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

NEWSFRONT



Art Attack

FRISCO, TEXAS—Sydney McGee, an art teacher with 28 years of experience, was let go this fall in response to a complaint stemming from a school-approved field trip last April, during which she took her fifth-grade classes to the Dallas Museum of Art. One pupil told a parent about nudity in some of the artworks on display, and the parent complained to the school. In the wake of the complaint McGee was first reprimanded and then fired. Sound far-fetched? McGee has a memo from principal Nancy Lawson, who wrote, "During a study trip that you planned for fifth-graders, students were exposed to nude statues and other nude art representations." The Texas State Teachers Association, which has come to McGee's defense, says the incident is "the first nudity-in-a-museum case we have seen."

Sea Weed?

RIO MONDEGO, PORTUGAL—Seeking to bring fishing in line with Olympic standards ahead of a bid to get the sport into the Games, organizers of the 2006 World Angling Championships subjected competitors to drug testing for the first time. The move surprised some fishermen. As the U.K.'s Sean Ashby reports, "At first I thought it was a windup. There are one or two jokers in the pack, and I was convinced someone was having a laugh. My first thought was, What drug could possibly help anyone catch more fish?" But experts contend stimulants such as cocaine and amphetamines could quicken reflexes and enable fishermen to set the hook more quickly when they detect a strike.

Bully Pulpit

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Members of the Ohio state senate and house voiced no opposition to a significant change in the rules governing the registry of sex offenders. Approved by a legislative panel at the behest of the state attorney general's office, the change allows citizens to be publicly identified as sex offenders—adding their name, address and photo to an Internet database and subjecting them to registration, tracking and community notification—even if they have never been charged with a crime. Instead, a county prosecutor, the state attorney general or even an alleged victim can petition a judge to add a name to the list. People registered in this fashion, i.e. without being charged with a crime or given a trial or hearing, can apply for deregistration after six years. The rule change, it turns out, was suggested

by the Catholic Church. A group of bishops came up with the civil registry as a way to avoid agreeing to a onetime window for the filing of sex abuse suits against it.

Oiled Again

CARACAS, VENEZUELA—By putting \$7 billion behind his populist rhetoric, President Hugo Chávez has initiated the biggest antipoverty program ever undertaken in a developing nation. But his largesse is not limited to the slums of Caracas.



Venezuela has committed \$10 billion to antipoverty projects abroad, including an electrification plan for Havana and a hospital for Uruguay. This winter Chávez is also expanding a program begun in 2005 to provide cheap heating oil to poor Americans. Citgo, the U.S. subsidiary of Venezuela's oil company, will sell about 40 million gallons of fuel at a 40 percent discount to 450,000 families in 18 states. This represents a doubling of the program since last year.

The Nude Bomb

SHELBY, MISSISSIPPI—The Kentucky National Guard is investigating whether to punish female members of the 410th Quartermaster unit who are believed to have posed for nude photographs. The photos surfaced 10 days before the unit's August departure from Camp Shelby for Iraq. The Uniform Code of Military Justice, the basis for any action against the women, prohibits conduct discrediting the service.

MARGINALIA



FROM AN EDITORIAL

by Phillip Longman: "What's the difference between Seattle and Salt Lake City? There are many differences, of course, but here's one you might not know. In Seattle there are nearly 45 percent more dogs than children. In Salt Lake City there are nearly 19 percent more kids than dogs. This curious fact might at first seem trivial, but it reflects a much broader and little-noticed demographic trend that has deep implications for the future of global culture and politics. It's not that people in a progressive city such as Seattle are so much fonder of dogs than are people in a conservative city such as Salt Lake City. It's that progressives are so much less likely to have children. It's a pattern found throughout the world, and it augurs a far more conservative future—one in which patriarchy and other traditional values make a comeback, if only by default."



FROM THE BLOG

Den of the Biting Beaver, discussing attempts to get emergency contraception in September after it had been approved for over-the-counter sale but before pharmacies in Ohio began stocking it: "I start looking through the telephone book, dialing hospitals from counties all around me. It seems that nobody will prescribe it to me. Almost none of the hospitals are willing to touch me, and the ones that will prescribe it ask a series of questions to 'screen' me before I come to the hospital. The screening results aren't good: I'm not married and wasn't raped, so there's very little they can do for me. But I can try, the nurses tell me uncomfortably. 'But if I go through all this and I can't get it, will I still be charged the co-pay?' 'Well...ummmm...yeah. I'm afraid so, ma'am,' comes the reply. I called every hospital in every surrounding county and none of them would prescribe me EC. Not one. Of the two that said they sometimes will prescribe it, their 'criteria' was clearly not my situation."

FROM A NATIONAL

Institutes of Health description of a male contraceptive device it is recruiting patients to test: "The IVD consists of a tubular silicone plug that is inserted into the lumen of the vas deferens to block the flow of semen. IVD implantation does not require the need to sever or permanently damage the vas deferens, as the ligation/excision, clip devices, cautery techniques or fascial interposition requires."



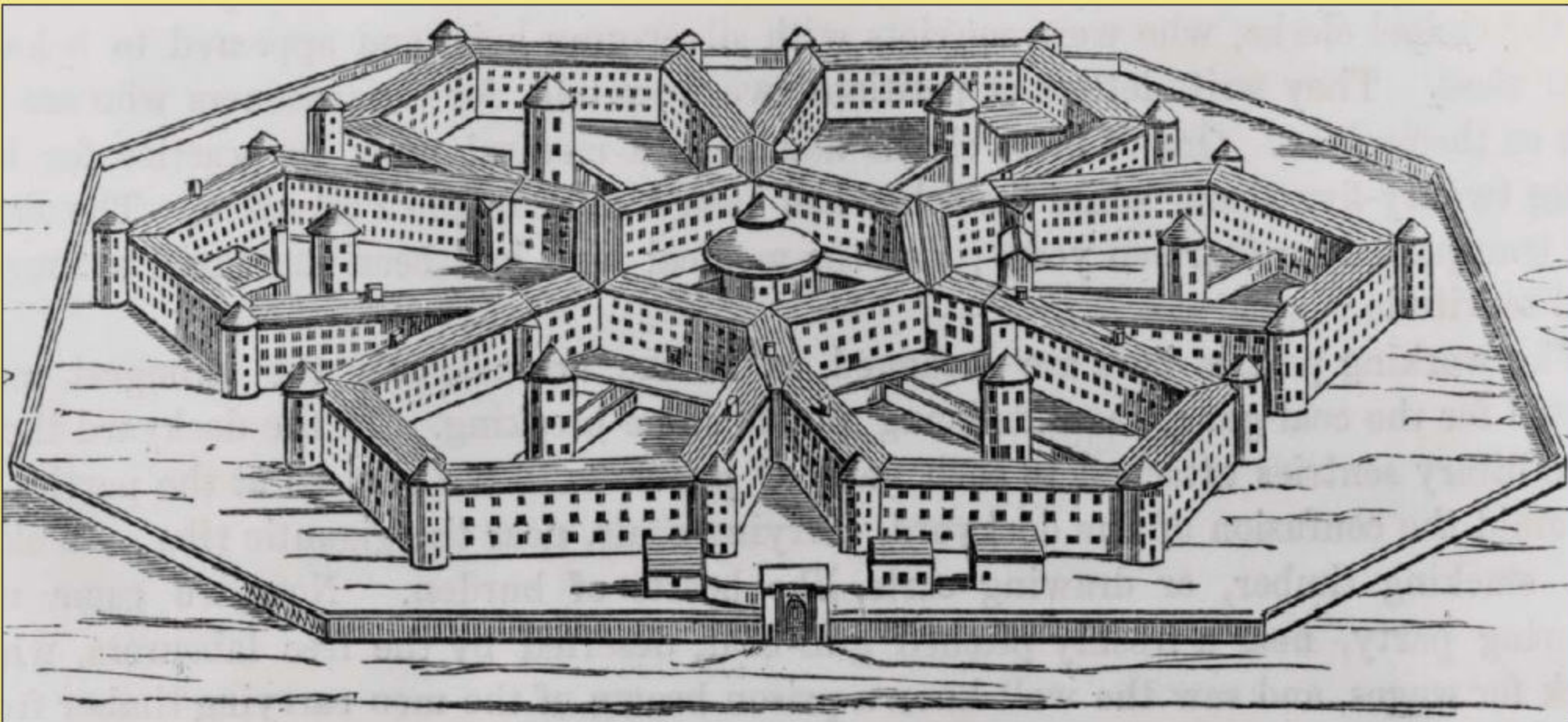
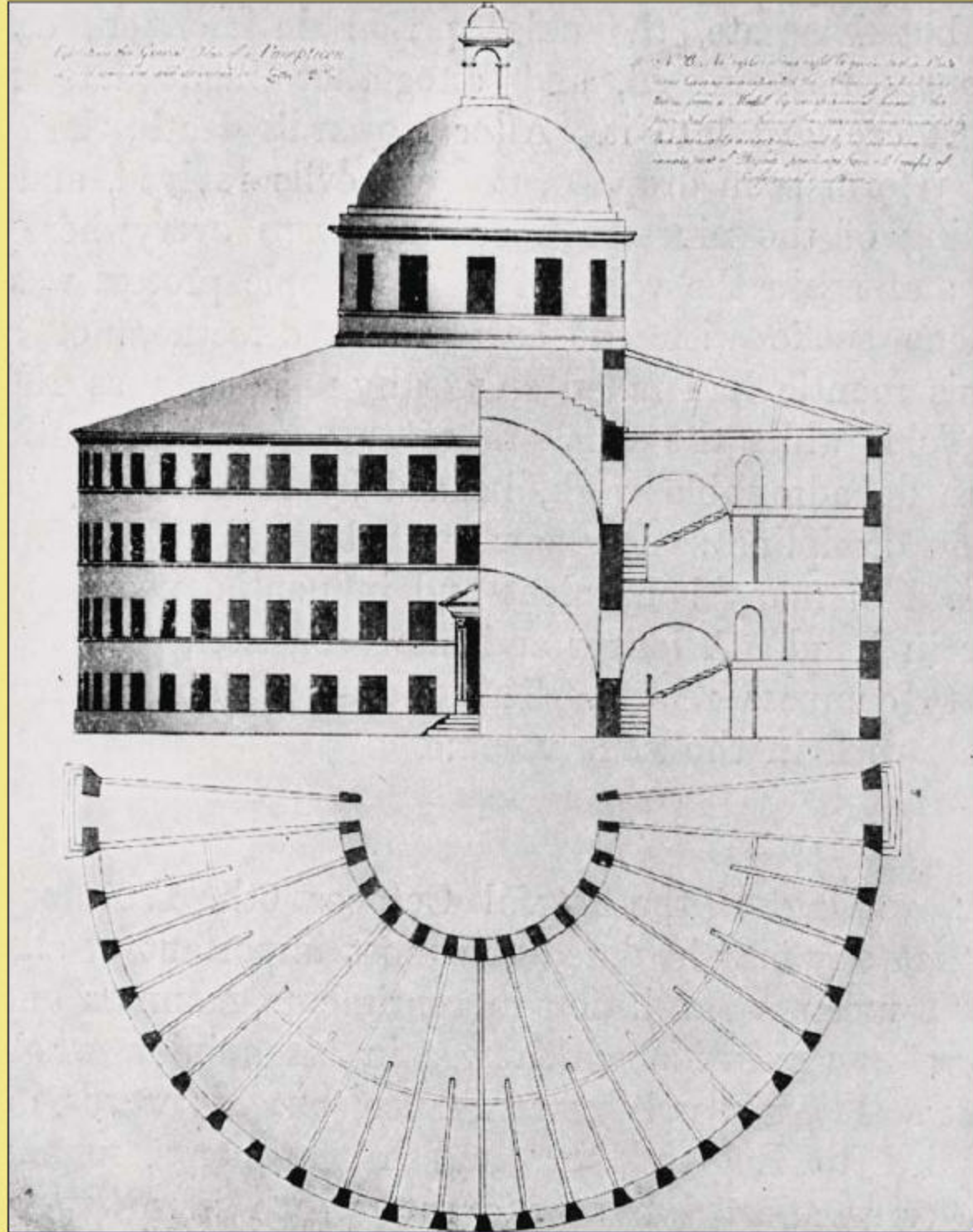
OUR PANOPTICON SOCIETY

AS UNIVERSAL SURVEILLANCE BECOMES A WAY OF LIFE, WE INCH EVER CLOSER TO A CULTURE THAT RESEMBLES A PRISON



English philosopher Jeremy Bentham (left) conceived the idea of a prison system he called the Panopticon in 1787. In *Discipline and Punish*, from 1975, Michel Foucault wrote its most famous exegesis: "The major effect of the Panopticon is to induce in the inmate a state of conscious and permanent visibility that assures

the automatic functioning of power. So to arrange things that the surveillance is permanent in its effects, even if it is discontinuous in its action; that the perfection of power should tend to render its actual exercise unnecessary; that this architectural apparatus should be a machine for creating and sustaining a power relation independent of the person who exercises it; in short, that the inmates should be caught up in a power situation of which they are themselves the bearers. To achieve this, it is at once too much and too little that the prisoner should be constantly observed by an inspector: too little, for what matters is that he knows himself to be observed; too much, because he has no need in fact of being so. In view of this, Bentham laid down the principle that power should be visible and unverifiable. Visible: The inmate will constantly have before his eyes the tall outline of the central tower from which he is spied upon. Unverifiable: The inmate must never know whether he is being looked at at any one moment, but he must be sure that he may always be so."



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: T. BOONE PICKENS

A candid conversation with the legendary tycoon about the gloomy future of oil, the bright future of water and his successful fight with depression

T. Boone Pickens, dressed in an army-green hunting jacket with fluorescent orange patches, raises a shotgun to his shoulder. A pair of bright-red clay pigeons shoot skyward and Pickens blasts one, exploding it into a million pieces. The preeminent corporate raider and oilman is warming up with guests before they head out for the morning's quail hunt.

After shooting, Pickens, hiking along a stone path at his Texas panhandle ranch, is literally walking on his next fortune—that is, if he turns out to be right, as he has so often been in his life. “The hydrocarbon era is ending,” the 78-year-old tycoon says. The hottest commodity of the next century? Water. Pickens not only owns the abundant groundwater under him, but he controls the rights to 320,000 acre-feet of it in the area.

*Water may be his latest venture, but Pickens's enormous (and growing) fortune comes mostly from energy. In 2005 BP Capital—his private investment firm, which invests billions of dollars in alternative energy, energy-related companies and oil, natural-gas and petroleum product futures—did so well, claims Pickens, that his staff of 25, including 10 traders and analysts, split \$50 million in bonuses. According to *Forbes* magazine, Pickens's personal worth has reached \$2.7 billion.*

*Pickens has been a business legend since the 1980s, when he became notorious as a corporate raider. *Fortune* called him “the most hated man in corporate America” during the period when his former company Mesa Petroleum made hostile takeover bids for Gulf Oil, Phillips Petroleum, Unocal and other companies. His efforts often turned his quarry around and in the process made Pickens rich.*

*A Republican, Pickens twice explored running for governor of Texas. In the most recent presidential election he gave more than \$5 million to conservative groups, including the one behind the infamous Swift-boat ads against John Kerry. Pickens has recently emerged as a leading philanthropist, ranking fifth in the nation in 2005 in individual generosity, according to *The Chronicle of Philanthropy*. He made one of the largest individual donations to Hurricane Katrina relief.*

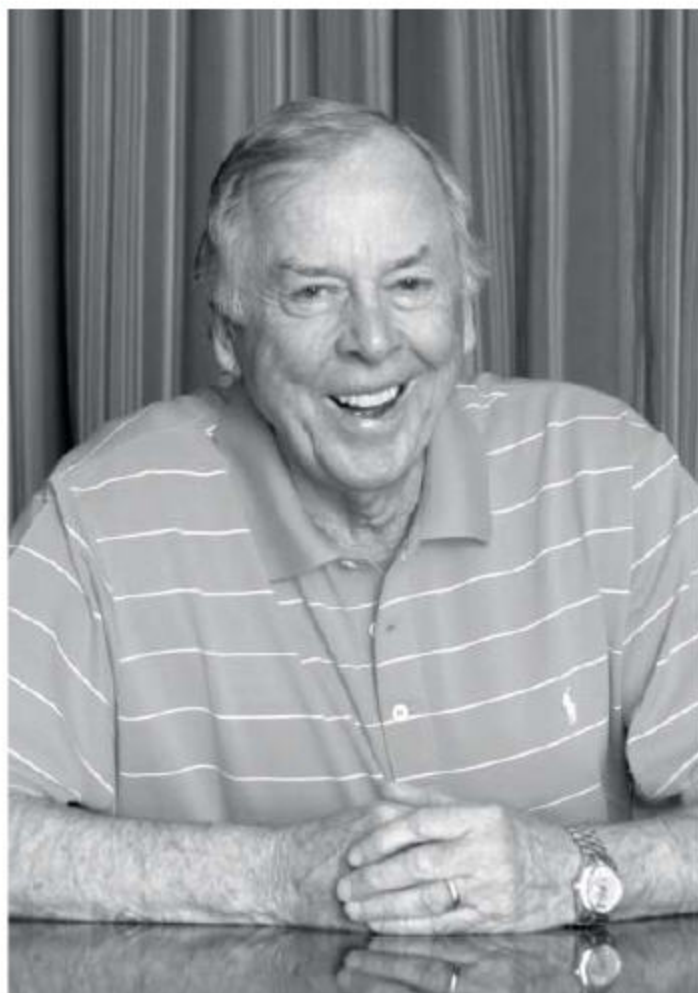
Pickens is from Holdenville, Oklahoma, and his father gambled on oil leases. The family moved to Amarillo, Texas, where Boone was a high school basketball star. In 1951 he graduated from college with a degree in geology and went to work for Phillips Petroleum. In 1956, with \$2,500, he started Mesa.

Thrice divorced, Pickens has five chil-

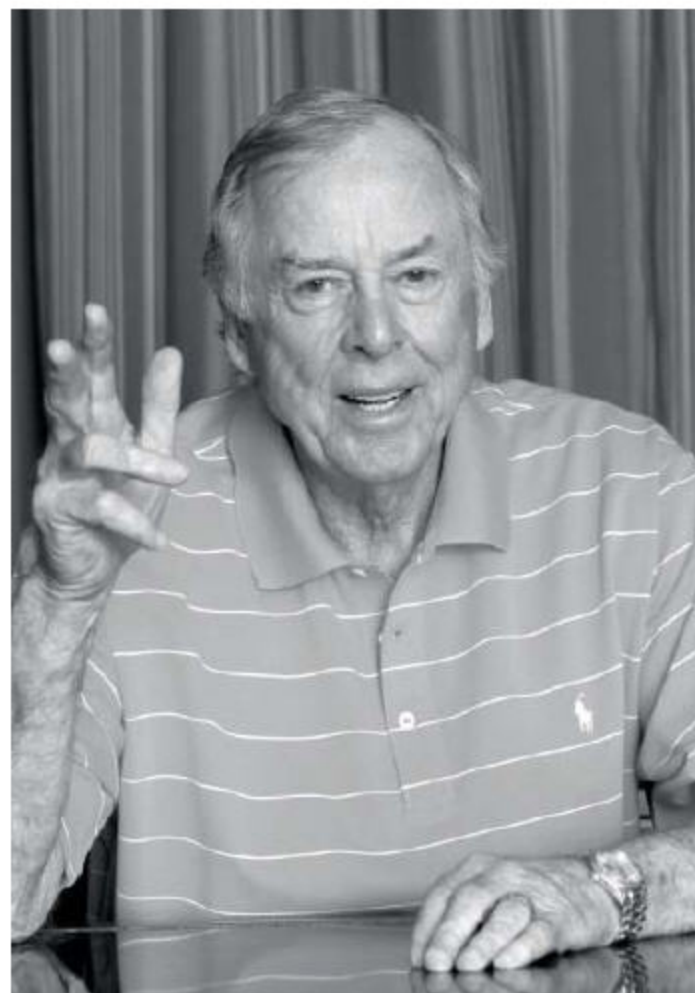
dren. In 2005 he married Madeleine Paulson. In November it was reported that Pickens's son Michael, 52, had pleaded guilty to stock fraud and was facing jail time. Though in our interview Pickens agreed to generally discuss his relationships with his children, he declined to comment about the incident.

*With gasoline prices hovering around \$3 a gallon and oil passing \$50 a barrel—which Pickens predicted when most analysts said it was improbable—we sent Contributing Editor **David Sheff** to meet with the tycoon. Sheff reports, “The interview took place in Pickens's Dallas office, on his jet and at Mesa Vista Ranch. He gave a tour of the place, which includes seven miles of lakes and streams he has dug, a pair of mansions (one incorporates a hunting lodge), two gyms and roaming deer, quail, elk, turkeys and antelope. During construction, Pickens didn't like seeing a road from a porch so he diverted it with a \$1 million bridge, yet as we left each room he was preoccupied with turning out the lights.*

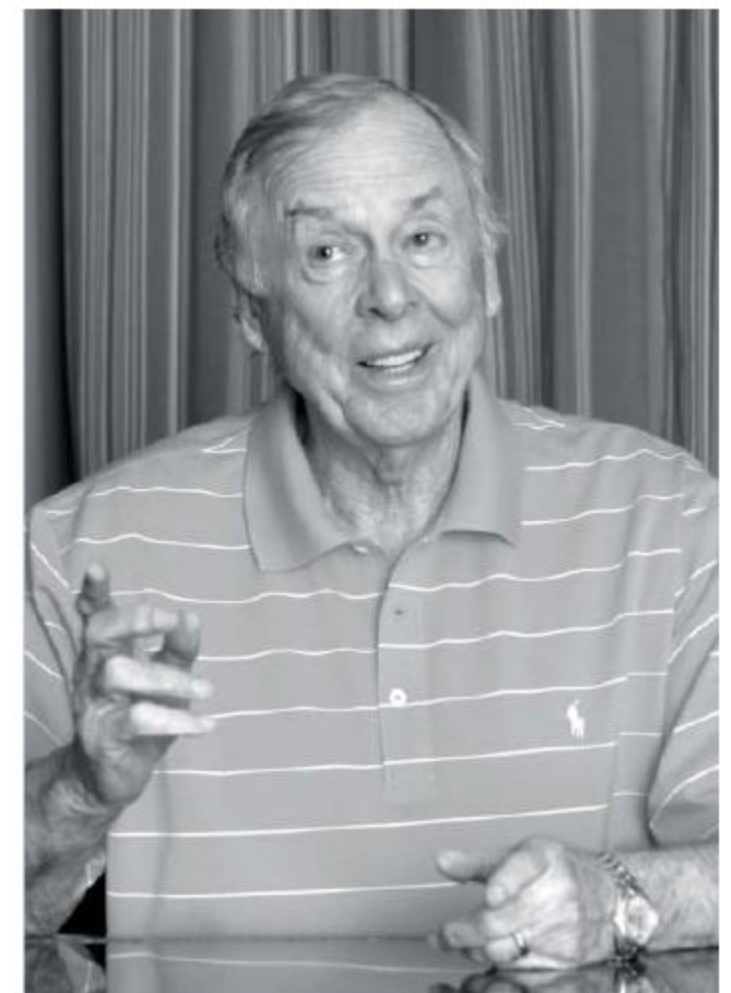
“A fitness nut—he often travels with a personal trainer—Pickens, though silver haired, looks a decade or two younger than his years and maintains a schedule that would exhaust most teenagers. Throughout the interview he frequently checked a nearby



“If you take Iranian oil off the market—or Nigerian or Venezuelan or Saudi—anything of that magnitude could send the price to \$100 a barrel. The price will just get higher and higher until it chokes the demand, which is a good thing.”



“I didn't think my being depressed was something my grandmother would go for. We're not complainers. So I wasn't admitting anything was wrong. My lawyer said, ‘You need to go see somebody.’ I thought it would clear up.”



“We will have lived in the hydrocarbon era, and oil will be pretty much gone by 2100. Look at what we have done to the atmosphere—the greenhouse gases. It may be that the ultimate cleanup is just to run out of it.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RIC MOORE

computer monitor flashing with his company's equity and commodities portfolio."

PLAYBOY: Overall, how are you doing this year?

PICKENS: [Checking the computer screen] The equity fund is up 24.23 percent. We have made \$243 million. The commodity fund is up 124.97 percent. That's up \$492 million. Of funds of more than \$500 million we're probably number one in the United States in the hedge-fund business. We've been in business for more than five years, and we're up 687 percent.

PLAYBOY: Do you invest only in energy?

PICKENS: We're 100 percent energy. Our commodities are all oil, gasoline, natural gas and heating oil. The equities are all listed high- and mid-cap energy companies. Energy is what we know. We're about five feet wide and 50 feet deep.

PLAYBOY: Are you currently bullish on oil?

PICKENS: Uh-huh. We have capped out on the oil supply. Meanwhile the market continues to grow. If the market grows, the price goes up. I'm not an economist, but I can understand that much.

PLAYBOY: But are we capped out? What about untapped reserves?

PICKENS: What untapped reserves? We're currently getting 85 million barrels of oil a day worldwide and using it all. We won't be getting more.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying there are no new sources of oil?

PICKENS: You'll find more oil, but you'll also have declines in older fields. Eighty-five million barrels is about it.

PLAYBOY: Where is the price of oil going?

PICKENS: I don't think we'll ever see \$50-a-barrel oil again.

PLAYBOY: How high will it go?

PICKENS: I have said we'd see \$80-a-barrel oil before the end of this year. If you take Iranian oil off the market—or Nigerian or Venezuelan or Saudi—anything of that magnitude could send the price to \$100 a barrel.

PLAYBOY: But are you predicting \$100?

PICKENS: At some point. Even without a dramatic event, even with normal growth, at some point our demand will be greater than the supply. We have a lot of oil in storage right now, so we'll pull that out. But 85 million barrels a day is all the world can produce.

PLAYBOY: What happens when we run out of stored oil and the world needs more than is produced?

PICKENS: The price will just get higher and higher until it chokes the demand, which is a good thing. I'm amused when I hear politicians say they want to get

the price of gasoline down. No, you want to get it up.

PLAYBOY: Most people, not only politicians, want cheaper, not more expensive, oil.

PICKENS: High prices will get us to stop using so much. Then we will transition to alternative fuels.

PLAYBOY: If oil were to reach \$100 a barrel, how much would a gallon of gas cost at the pump?

PICKENS: At \$60 it was \$2.50. At \$100 gas would be about \$4.50 a gallon.

PLAYBOY: At what point will people use less?

PICKENS: Some people are already using less. I was amused last year when the price first got up to \$3. In *USA Today* a woman said, "I'm going to start cutting

to think price will slow our consumption? A large part of the economy runs on oil.

PICKENS: There's no question we're addicted to oil. We're using more than 20 percent of the oil produced every day in the world, and we have less than five percent of the population. We're importing 60 percent of our oil right now.

PLAYBOY: As an oilman, however, don't you want people to use as much oil as possible at the highest price?

PICKENS: I want us to find alternative fuels. I want us to be oil independent. I like the corporate average fuel economy standards. I support all that. I support hybrids.

PLAYBOY: Do oil companies want people driving Priuses?

PICKENS: Maybe not, but there's no question there will be more and more of them. In 2005, 200,000 hybrids were sold in the United States. Who would have predicted that? Hybrids are just one of the things on the way.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of hybrid cars?

PICKENS: They're fine, but I don't want one.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

PICKENS: I'm just not interested.

PLAYBOY: At our current rate of use, when will we run out of oil?

PICKENS: We're halfway through all the oil in the world. We have produced about a trillion barrels, and there are probably about a trillion barrels to go. We will have lived in the hydrocarbon era, starting in 1900 with the automobile, and oil will be pretty much gone by 2100. Look at what we have done to the atmosphere—the greenhouse gases. Look at the emissions we put out in the first hundred years of the hydrocarbon era. It may be that the ultimate cleanup is just to run out of it.

PLAYBOY: You sound like an environmentalist, yet most environmentalists would consider you one of the bad guys.

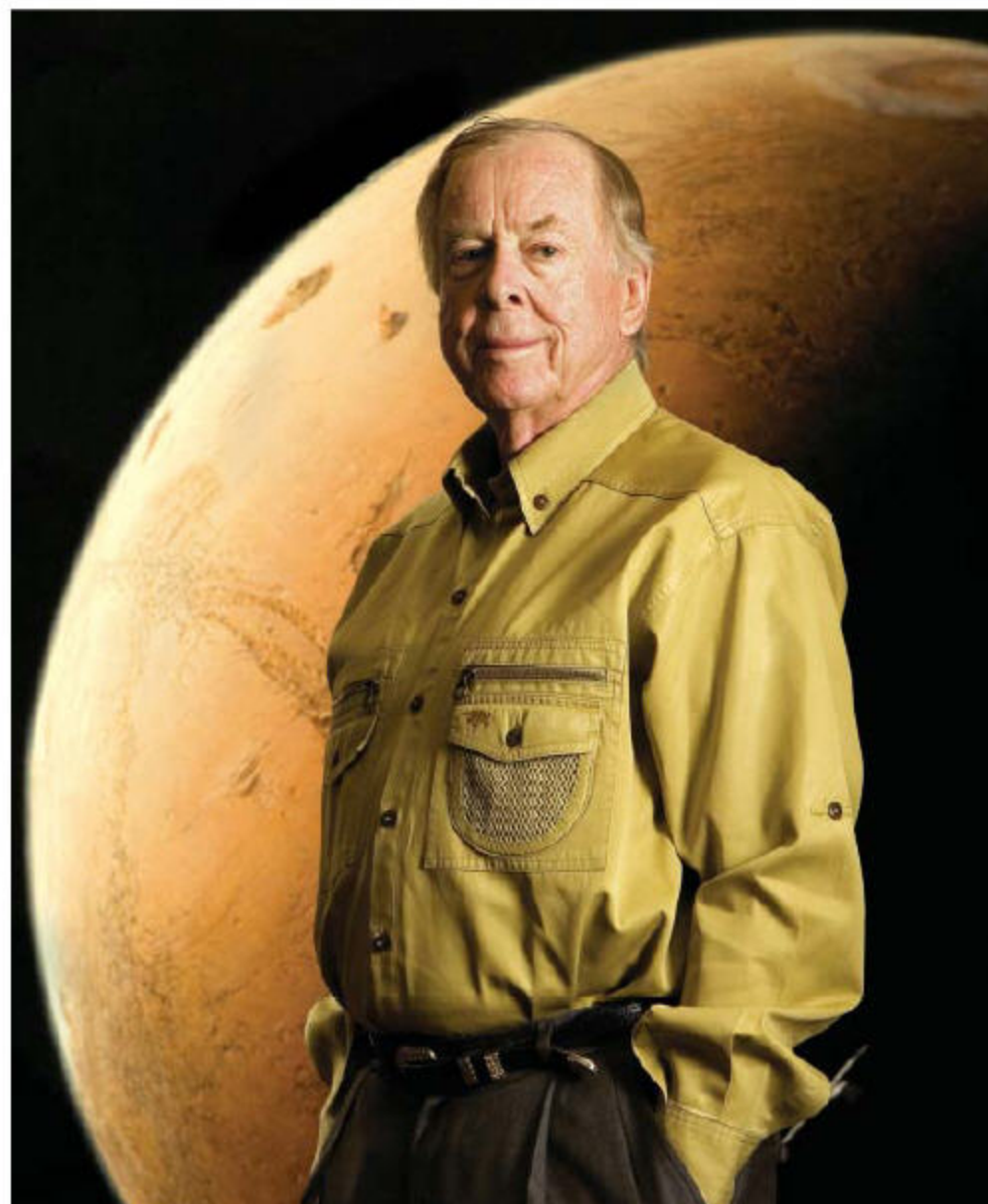
PICKENS: Why am I a bad guy?

PLAYBOY: Even as you're pushing alternatives, carpooling and hybrids, you're invested in oil, and you have been in the oil business most of your life.

PICKENS: I consider myself an environmentalist, but I can still be an oil producer. As dependent as we are on oil, we can't just shut it all down. That doesn't mean I don't practice protecting the environment. At the same time, I don't complain about environmentalists, though they're a bit strong sometimes.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the charge that oil companies have been gouging consumers?

PICKENS: I don't stump for major oil



We didn't go to Iraq for oil. We don't get that much oil out of Iraq. I don't even think it was a factor.

my trips to the grocery store down from five a week to three." I thought, Bully. That's good. You don't want to be wasting. The way you cut out waste is to get the price up so people start to conserve.

PLAYBOY: Won't many Americans be hurt if they have to pay \$4.50 a gallon for gasoline?

PICKENS: When you look around, we still have the cheapest gas in the industrialized world. Cheap gasoline encourages use. If the price gets up, people will carpool. When they do they cut out pollution and they're not so dependent on foreign oil.

PLAYBOY: In his most recent State of the Union address, President Bush said, "America is addicted to oil." Is it realistic

companies, but they don't sit down and try to figure out how to gouge consumers. That isn't their business.

PLAYBOY: Yet pump prices soar and they make record profits—some would say obscene profits.

PICKENS: They make a lot of money, no question about it, but go back and look at all the money they've lost at different times, when oil prices were \$10 a barrel instead of \$60 a barrel.

PLAYBOY: The oil companies pushed to open the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge to drilling. Do you support that?

PICKENS: I'd be real surprised if ANWR produced a million barrels a day, so it doesn't do that much for us.

PLAYBOY: But would you open it?

PICKENS: My problem with that is the people in Alaska should have the right to say what happens to their state. I would let the Alaskan people decide what they want to do.

PLAYBOY: What are the most feasible alternatives to oil? Are you optimistic about liquid hydrogen?

PICKENS: It won't be hydrogen. People have about quit talking about that. We're in the natural-gas fueling business. We're the biggest in the business. Within the next two years the company will probably have a market cap of something like \$1 billion. It's growing about 25, 30 percent a year.

PLAYBOY: What makes natural gas better than gasoline?

PICKENS: On average it's 30 percent cheaper. It's domestic. On key pollutants it burns up to 86 percent cleaner than gasoline. It's cleaner at a time of global warming. There are no oil spills with natural gas. You have no underground tanks that could leak.

PLAYBOY: Do you predict a time when we'll drive our cars on liquefied natural gas?

PICKENS: You can now. If I lived in California, I'd be on natural gas in my personal car because you can drive in the carpool lane with just one person in a car when that runs on natural gas. Same with hybrids. I'd do it just for that reason.

PLAYBOY: Are you trying to convince people to convert?

PICKENS: We're starting with things like trash trucks.

PLAYBOY: Why trash trucks?

PICKENS: One regular trash truck has the same emissions as 325 cars, so this is a fabulous use of the fuel. Of the nearly 2,500 buses in the L.A. transit authority, more than 2,100 of them are on natural gas.

PLAYBOY: If it's cheaper, cleaner and domestic, what's preventing it from replacing gasoline for cars?

PICKENS: The infrastructure isn't in place yet, though we have more than 750 refueling stations for public use.

PLAYBOY: Can we currently drive across the country on LNG?

PICKENS: You could. You'd have to know where to fuel. We don't recommend it at this point.

Black-Gold All-Stars

Mixing oil and business has given us our most outrageous tycoons



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Silver spoon: Dad was a middle-class traveling shyster. **Résumé builder:** First job was apprentice bookkeeper at a small firm where he earned \$25 a month. **Reckoning:** Donated approximately half his wealth to philanthropies on his death. **Words to live by:** "The way to make money is to buy when blood is running in the streets."



LEE RAYMOND

Silver spoon: Leaped from ExxonMobil in 2006 under a \$400 million golden parachute. **Résumé builder:** Ph.D. in chemical engineering. **Reckoning:** The Exxon Valdez dumped 11 million gallons of crude during his watch. **Words to live by:** "The freedoms people have that flow from all civic institutions fundamentally come from the success of a market system."



J. PAUL GETTY

Silver spoon: Wildcatter's son who was born into the business and graduated from Oxford. **Résumé builder:** Worked in Daddy's Oklahoma fields before launching his own company with family money. **Reckoning:** His art collection became Los Angeles's Getty Museum. **Words to live by:** "If you can actually count your money, then you're not really a rich man."



JERRY JONES

Silver spoon: Attended the University of Arkansas on a football scholarship. **Résumé builder:** Purchased an oil-and-gas-exploration business in Oklahoma and later the Dallas Cowboys. **Reckoning:** Terrell Owens. **Words to live by:** "I am a risk taker. That's why the people who are making the play calls are making the play calls."



H.L. HUNT

Silver spoon: More like a wooden spoon: Hunt left home at 15 and worked odd jobs before following wildcatters to east Texas. **Résumé builder:** Dirty hands. **Reckoning:** A radical conservative, Hunt helped finance Joseph McCarthy's anti-communist campaign. **Words to live by:** "Education, I think, is for refinement and is probably a liability."



J.R. EWING

Silver spoon: Inherited Ewing Oil from his dad, Jock. After a stint in Vietnam, J.R. was appointed vice chairman and later CEO. **Résumé builder:** High Nielsen ratings for almost 14 years. **Reckoning:** Nearly assassinated in 1980 by his sister-in-law. **Words to live by:** "The road is littered with the bodies of people who tried to stick it to old J.R." —David Pfister

PLAYBOY: For driving mostly in urban centers, does LNG make more sense than an electric car?

PICKENS: Electric is a lot more expensive than gasoline, diesel or natural gas, and the battery life has not been very long. You turn on the windshield wipers and the air conditioner at the same time and lose 20 miles an hour.

PLAYBOY: Is it expensive to convert a car to natural gas?

PICKENS: It's expensive, but you can also buy new vehicles. In the United States, Honda makes a Civic that runs on natural gas. You can also get a wide range of new GM and Ford vehicles converted to natural gas through the dealers. Around the world, almost every major vehicle manufacturer offers natural-gas models.

PLAYBOY: If we come to rely on natural gas, aren't we simply setting ourselves up for another disaster because natural gas is limited too?

PICKENS: Overnight you could have LNG vehicles in people's hands. Oil imports would go down. But yes, though the initial supply is domestic, 20 years from now we would be importing LNG and be dependent again. So what do we do? In the coming years we'll continue to develop alternatives and learn to conserve. We have to. In the meantime, if we develop a second infrastructure, we will be using cheaper and cleaner domestic fuel.

PLAYBOY: From which you would profit handsomely.

PICKENS: The reason I'm into it is I think it's the way to go. I have thought so for a long time. Currently, of all the oil produced daily, about 75 percent goes for transportation. Natural gas can have a big impact on that. About 50 percent of today's power generation in the United States is from coal. That's going to get higher—and it should. Coal can be burned more cheaply, and we have a lot of coal in the United States. About 20 percent of power generation is nuclear, and that should grow too. Twenty percent is natural gas, and that's the most expensive power generation you have. It's getting squeezed out of the market, as it should. It will go into transportation fuel.

PLAYBOY: With increased reliance on nuclear power, would you worry about accidents like those at Chernobyl and Three Mile Island?

PICKENS: No one that I know of has been lost in a nuclear accident in the United States. I'm not concerned about it. I think the Chinese have 15 to 20 nuclear plants in development or under construction right now. They're working hard to compensate for what they believe to be a scarcity of energy. I'm not so sure we're working nearly as hard on the problem as the Chinese are.

PLAYBOY: Are you investing in other alternative energies?

PICKENS: We were in wind for about three

or four years, but I was never really enthusiastic about it.

PLAYBOY: Are you invested in ethanol?

PICKENS: No. It never seemed realistic to me because it has to be so heavily subsidized. I don't know whether you can raise corn crops and turn them into ethanol without subsidies. Anyway, I'm an oilman. I've been in it for 50 years, and it's hard for me to make a switch.

PLAYBOY: What about biodiesel or solar technologies? Are you investing in any of those businesses?

PICKENS: No, but people will move more and more into those.

PLAYBOY: Would you simply let the market raise prices or would you do something else to encourage people to convert to alternative fuels?

PICKENS: I'm not sure it isn't a good idea to put a tax on gasoline to push the price up and kill the demand.

PLAYBOY: That's the last thing a Republican administration would do.

PICKENS: No, I don't think it's in the cards. But you asked what I would do.

PLAYBOY: But a gasoline tax is regressive, hurting the poorer people.

*I just think the price
for gasoline should be higher.
Demand should be killed
and conservation enforced.
It's not something politicians
like to talk about.*

PICKENS: I just think the price for gasoline should be higher. Demand should be killed and conservation enforced.

PLAYBOY: Is this an issue on which you diverge from the majority of Republicans?

PICKENS: It's not something politicians like to talk about—Republicans or Democrats. You yell "tax" and everybody runs under the table.

PLAYBOY: If we don't cut down on use, do you predict more gas shortages, along with the high prices? Will there once again be lines at gas stations?

PICKENS: I'm not predicting that's going to happen, but the ingredients are all in the mix. The lines before were caused by an unusual shock. We're talking about a gradual transformation now. If there were a worldwide recession in 2007, it would kill the demand for a period of time, but recovery would come, and demand would come with it. I'd rather get everybody prepared before we have a crisis.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the charge that oil companies have stopped the innovation that would lead to the creation of alternative fuels?

PICKENS: I think it's true. I don't think the major oil companies want to see a second infrastructure developed for transportation fuel, meaning natural gas competing with gasoline and diesel.

PLAYBOY: But like you, aren't they heavily invested in natural gas?

PICKENS: The major oil companies probably own 60 percent of the gas reserves in the United States.

PLAYBOY: Then why would they resist?

PICKENS: I've had a hard time understanding that. The current system works, and the oil companies don't want it to change. You're talking about careers built on oil. They don't want a new infrastructure. They're doing fine with the one we have. They have a lot of control now.

PLAYBOY: How powerful are the oil companies when it comes to U.S. foreign policy? How do you respond to people who are convinced we attacked Iraq for its oil?

PICKENS: We didn't go to Iraq for oil. We don't get that much oil out of Iraq. I don't even think it was a factor.

PLAYBOY: But as you point out, we need all the oil we can get.

PICKENS: People can come up with all kinds of theories. I've found that many people know very little about what they're talking about. They're conspiracy types.

PLAYBOY: How is the world market for energy changing?

PICKENS: There's going to be a greater demand. China is very aggressive in the market right now. The Chinese are buying oil reserves around the world. I first thought they were nothing more than tire kickers, but they're much bigger than that.

PLAYBOY: What are the implications of a joint China-Russia energy collaboration that would include pipelines for natural gas and one for oil?

PICKENS: We don't have a state-owned oil company. Seventy-five percent of the oil reserves are now held by state-owned oil companies, and we don't have the reserves for something like that. We're left out because we have produced most of our oil reserves. The Chinese will deal with anybody and everybody to nail down oil. If it's good business for them, they should do it. How will it impact us? We'll see. It probably just means a more competitive market for energy—higher prices and all that. It all means we should do what I'm advocating: conservation and alternative sources of energy.

PLAYBOY: Were you concerned when a company largely owned by the Chinese government tried to buy Unocal?

PICKENS: It was meaningless.

PLAYBOY: Obviously many Americans, including legislators, disagree that it was meaningless.

PICKENS: It was a question for stockholders, not politicians. The stockholders

(continued on page 166)

EVIL KNOWS NO BOUNDARIES

THE HELGHAST ARE BACK



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Blood
Language
Violence

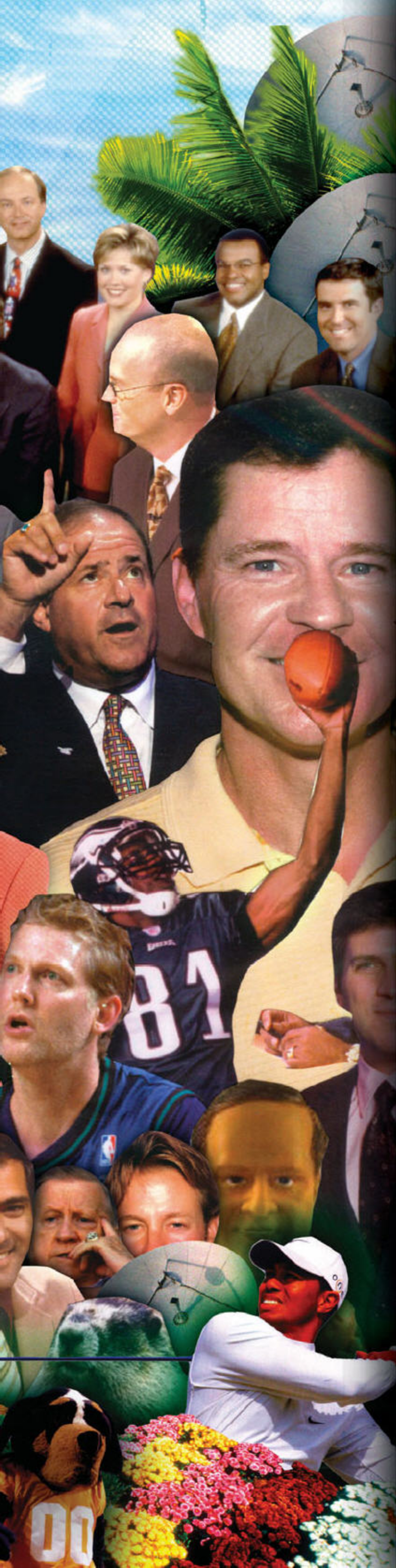


PlayStation Portable



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★ THE ★ GREATEST SHOW IN SPORTS

SPORTSCENTER

A FOND LOOK BACK AT ALMOST 30,000
EPISODES OF THE BEST REASON
TO WATCH TELEVISION, AS TOLD
BY THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED IT



BOOM: The Greatest Show in Sports was born at seven p.m. Eastern time on September 7, 1979. That night the networks were showing *Fantasy Island*, *The Rockford Files* and *Dallas*. Only 1.4 million households got ESPN, and well under a million viewers saw Lee Leonard and George Grande, the original *SportsCenter* anchors, launch the Entertainment and Sports Programming Network.



More than 27 years and nearly 30,000 *SportsCenters* later it's an ESPN world, with ESPN.com, ESPN Zone restaurants, a magazine and a radio network. ESPN's eight TV channels beam sports from 27 dishes (the smallest is slightly less than 12 and a half feet across, the largest more than 36 feet) in sleepy Bristol, Connecticut to a satellite approximately 22,000 miles up and from there to more than 92 million households, plus every bar across the sports nation.

But it all began back in 1979 when Leonard looked at a lens in a ramshackle studio and said the words that kicked off *SportsCenter*: "If you're a fan, if you're a fan, what you'll see in the next minutes, hours and days to follow may convince you you've gone to sports heaven."

GENESIS: IN THE BIG INNING...

LEE LEONARD, anchor, 1979 to 1980: That line about sports heaven wasn't planned. It just came out. I didn't prepare anything because I had no feeling ESPN would be a success. Talk about chaos....

GEORGE GRANDE, anchor, 1979 to 1988: Lee and I drove to Bristol from New York and found a muddy, unpaved parking lot. There was a trailer with no glass in the windows and mosquitoes and flies buzzing around. Lee said, "What have we gotten ourselves into?"

BY KEVIN COOK

LEONARD: I took it as an interim job. Cable was new, and ESPN was below the level of a local TV station. The audience was minuscule. George was serious about sports, but I was irreverent—to me athletes are all a bunch of big guys in funny pants.

GRANDE: I came from CBS, where they couldn't believe I'd go into the woods of Connecticut to join a cable network. A creek ran past the studio, which was unfinished. Woodchucks would rustle through our trash cans. Just before we went live I told Lee, "Strap yourself in, buddy." There was a football game that night—Colorado vs. Oregon. We had a live interview with Colorado coach Chuck Fairbanks, but we lost the audio. No sound. Then two satellite feeds went down.

During that first SportsCenter broadcast a bulldozer rumbled outside the trailer where the anchors sat. It collided with the show's production trailer, knocking it over and sending technicians flying. The trailer came to rest right side up, and the techs got back to work. After the show's half-hour debut

the new network went to a college-sports preview followed by a live slow-pitch softball game between the Kentucky Bourbons and the Milwaukee Schlitzes.

GRANDE: *SportsCenter* was filler at first. Its purpose was to keep the network on time. If we had live programming till 9:45, we'd do 15 minutes of *SportsCenter* to get to the top of the hour. But some of us thought we were doing something special. The networks would talk down to the viewer as if they were the gods of sports. Not us. We were real fans, and now we had time to talk sports on the air. If you were a local sportscaster, like most of us, you were used to doing three minutes on the six o'clock news and three minutes on the 11 p.m. show—six minutes of sports. On *SportsCenter* we'd do that much before the first commercial.

DAN PATRICK, anchor and all-around face of ESPN, 1989 to the present: I was watching *SportsCenter*, lying in a sleeping bag in a house my college buddies and I rented on the University of Dayton campus. Beer was cheap, but we had

to choose between heat and cable TV. So we were in our sleeping bags, freezing. We could see our breath. We managed to convince our dates to come over, and it was so cold they had to get into the sleeping bags with us. So it was a twofold proposition—cable and cuddling. But that night, watching ESPN, I wasn't thinking about cuddling.

GRANDE: Remember those ugly orange blazers we wore? Getty Oil, our prime investor, made us wear them. We had to pin the ESPN patch on the blazer. Sometimes we'd be reading a score and the patch would fall off.

LEONARD: What those Getty guys knew about television you could stick in your eye and you wouldn't have to blink.

BOB LEY, anchor, host of *Outside the Lines*, 1979 to the present: I joined on the third day. *SportsCenter* was Flintstones television—Fred and Barney pedaling as fast as they can. Our mandate was simple: stay on the goddamn air as long as we could. Never mind the lights blowing out and the flies in the studio. Huge flies.

CATCH THE PHRASE

SINCE LEE LEONARD AND GEORGE GRANDE SIGNED ON IN 1979, *SPORTSCENTER* ANCHORS HAVE UTTERED AN ESTIMATED 150 MILLION WORDS ON THE AIR, BUT ONLY A FEW HAVE BECOME CLASSIC CATCHPHRASES. CAN YOU MATCH THE ANCHOR TO THE PHRASE? GET 'EM ALL AND WIN KEYS TO THE CITY OF BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT—IF DAN PATRICK CAN FIND THEM

1 "iEn fuego!"	2 "Your puny ballparks are too small to contain my gargantuan blasts."	3 "BACK-BACK-BACK-BACK...."
4 "Boo-yah!"	5 "Howzit!"	8 "LIVE FROM ESPN WORLD HEADQUARTERS, IT'S THE BIG SHOW!"
6 "Say hello to my leetle friend."	7 "Jumanji!"	



A. CHRIS BERMAN



B. STUART SCOTT



C. NEIL EVERETT



D. KEITH OLBERMANN



E. KENNY MAYNE



F. STEVE BERTHIAUME



G. DAN PATRICK



H. CRAIG KILBORN

1: G; Patrick also coined "the whiff" and "Just call him butter 'cause he is on a roll." 2: E; 3: A; another Berman classic is "He could go...all...the...way!" 4: B; not to mention Scott's "cool as the other side of the pillow" and "Live from ESPN World Headquarters, it's the big show!" 5: C; "Howzit" is Hawaiian for "Good evening and welcome to the show." 6: F; 7: H; 8: D.

VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE ESPN CATCHPHRASE AT PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE.

GRANDE: One horsefly knew which camera was on. He was on my ear, and then we cut to Jim Simpson, another early anchor, and the fly went to his nose. Cut back to me, and the horsefly left Jim's nose and landed on my forehead.

LEY: The day they paved the parking lot a Minicat was grading the dirt while I was on the air. I heard a panicked shriek in my earpiece: "I think we took a torpedo!" The Minicat had backed into our remote trailer and knocked it over. The techs were in there sitting on the wall, working sideways, like something out of *Das Boot*.

Leonard was by far the best-paid anchor, making more than \$2,000 a week. He left for CNN in 1980, but by then a new voice was booming in Bristol.

GRANDE: Chris Berman was this big, big kid with long hair and a mustache—the kid sportscaster from Brown University.

Berman, then 24, had done radio play-by-play for Brown's sports teams, given traffic reports while driving around the campus and spent summers as a toll collector on the Connecticut Turnpike. In October 1979 he was hired to anchor the late-night SportsCenter, airing at three A.M. Eastern.

CHRIS BERMAN, elder statesman, anchor, 1979 to the present: The show was basically a night-light. I signed for \$16,500, which seemed like a lot because I'd been doing local TV on weekends for \$23 a show, the union minimum. I used to spend hours editing clips and writing my script; then the weatherman would come in five minutes before airtime, move a couple of clouds around and get his \$23. At ESPN we put on whatever the hell highlights we could get. If we got two minutes of tape from the Angels-Mariners game, we'd run all two minutes.

GRANDE: ESPN was more regional then, by necessity. I would cover a game in New York or Boston and bring the tape back in my car. Our Canadian football highlights literally came on a bus from Saskatchewan. That led to the line everyone would say when a tape hadn't arrived: "It's on the bus from Saskatchewan."

BERMAN: One lowlight was the



GEORGE GRANDE (LEFT) AND LEE LEONARD ON THE ORIGINAL SET IN 1979.

skunk. The studio had big garage doors we needed to leave partly open so the cables could run in and out. One night a skunk came in and let fly. He probably thought the show stunk. The smell lasted two weeks. I was trying not to hold my nose on the air.

During a blizzard in 1986, Berman drove from Hartford, Connecticut to Bristol on slick icy roads at 70 miles an hour to deliver an NFL highlight reel. His claim to fame, however, is the Bermanism, a wacky sort of nicknaming that began in 1980 when he blurted out the name of the Royals' John Mayberry as "John Mayberry RFD." Other Bermanisms include Bert "Be Home" Blyleven, Jeff "See-Through" Blauser, Rick "See Ya Later" Aguilera and Todd "Which Hand Does He" Frohwirth.

BERMAN: People ask where I got my style. I guess it's from sitting around in college, sipping bottled water—okay, it was Schlitz. But my secret, if there was one, was enthusiasm. I liked sports. You used to hear TV people, even sports people, say, "Oh, the Royals are playing Seattle. Who cares?" Well, Royals fans and Mariners fans care, and baseball fans and just sports fans care too. The real fans trusted us with their passion, and we thought, Damn it, we better live up to that.

In 1985 executive producer Jack Gallivan told Berman to knock it off with the nicknames because they were undignified.

BERMAN: I couldn't believe it. No nicknames! So I started referring to Mookie Wilson as William Wilson and

Babe Ruth as George Herman Ruth. People supported me. George Brett led the charge. I was friendly with him, and one day when he was surrounded by reporters he said, "If my man Chris Berman can't do his thing anymore, I'm not watching." By spring training 1986 that producer was gone and the nicknames were back.

LEY: We're the one network with fans, and it's because we talk to viewers the way we'd like to be talked to. Later we got the heinous, cancerous crap called focus groups. If you do this job for a while, your gut's more accurate than any focus group. It's our duty to stay true to that gut feeling.

We also have a duty to the athletes. These are incredibly skilled, proud people. If you want to feel humbled, go stand by the cage at a big-league batting practice. You think, I could hit a fastball, or I could go out there and pitch. Wrong. Come on, you couldn't throw a ball 65 miles an hour.

One night on the show I said, "Dave Winfield, zero for four tonight. He's struggling out of the gate, hitting .072 on the season." A few days later at Yankee Stadium Winfield pulled me aside. Now, I'm five-foot-11 and pudgy; he's six-foot-six and sculpted. "I haven't lost it," he says.

"Dave, I didn't say you'd lost it. I just reported the stat."

He went on to have a fine season, and that moment made an impression on me. You can imagine how much damage a cheap shot can do.

GRANDE: We started to get noticed in the 1980s, but ESPN was still a low-cost operation. When ABC Sports



TIME MARCHES ON: DAN PATRICK (LEFT) AND FRED HICKMAN IN 2006.

exec Don Ohlmeyer came on as a consultant he asked what we'd spent to cover the Olympics. I said \$240,000, and he laughed. He said, "Our limo bill was more than \$250,000."

In 1989 NBC offered Berman \$800,000 to leave ESPN. Berman, who was making \$185,000, asked his bosses if they could "get within a nine iron" of the NBC offer. The best they could do was \$600,000. He stayed.

BERMAN: I loved my job. One night fellow anchor John Saunders and I had a 10-minute "Sunday Conversation" with Jack Nicklaus coming up on tape. We were pretty hungry, so we rolled the tape and Mike McQuade, a producer, and I zoomed to McDonald's. It's only 500 yards down the road, but this was tight timing. We bombed through the drive-through, got our Quarter Pounders, sped back and ran into the studio. After one bite, we were on—out of the tape to a live two-shot, showing both anchors—and we said, "Yes, that was quite a 'Sunday Conversation' with Jack Nicklaus," as if we'd been sitting there the whole time. If that tape had broken, we would have been dead!

In 1987 ESPN executive Steve Bornstein made a fortuitous visit to a Norwalk, Connecticut liquor store.

CHARLEY STEINER, anchor, 1988 to 2002: I'd been a radio guy in New York for 10 years. Then WABC lost its contract with the Jets. I was let go in the subsequent purge but with nine months' pay. So I disappeared. I was living with a woman in Woodstock, playing tennis, still getting

paid. I considered myself a professional tennis player. Then Steve Bornstein went to the liquor store, and Larry the liquor guy said, "My favorite sports announcer got fired. You should hire him." When they tracked me down I said, "I know nothing about television." They said that was fine.

ESPN wasn't a monolith yet; it was a crapshoot. But instead of going to a UHF station in Altoona, I went to the cable station in Bristol. My agent said I was crazy. My first day on the job, one of my new colleagues saw me in the newsroom. "You're the new guy," he said. "You're from radio, right?" I said I was. He said, "This fuckin' place!" and walked away. He was sure ESPN was going to hell.

Steiner was one of a slew of hires made by John Walsh, a longtime magazine editor who brought a sharp, news-oriented approach to SportsCenter.

CHRIS LAPLACA, ESPN executive: SportsCenter turned out to be the best thing we had. All our brand extensions—ESPN.com, ESPN Zones—are really driven by SportsCenter. But it took a lot of tinkering. The thinkers behind that were John Walsh, ESPN exec Steve Anderson and Steve Bornstein. Anderson knew TV, and Walsh had a great journalistic pedigree. Walsh saw what the show was doing. We would run through all the American League highlights first and then the National League; he said, "Why don't we lead with the most important story?"

THE BIG SHOW: SPORTSCENTER EN FUEGO

JOHN WALSH, ESPN executive and SportsCenter guru: The ballsiest thing anybody did here was commit to a daily sports-news show in the first place. After that the question was, What form should it take? One thing was already established: We would do highlights differently. The difference between *Sports Tonight* on CNN and *SportsCenter* on ESPN rested on one rule: Don't give away the result of a game until you have to. CNN told you the final score before showing the highlights. But we treated the highlight as a form of drama.

We also hired good reporters. Jimmy Roberts had been a producer at ABC; to get a job here he reshot his ABC pieces with himself in the stand-ups. Andrea Kremer came from NFL Films. We hired beat reporters for particular sports: Chris Mortensen for the NFL, Peter Gammons for baseball. And then, of course, there were the anchors.

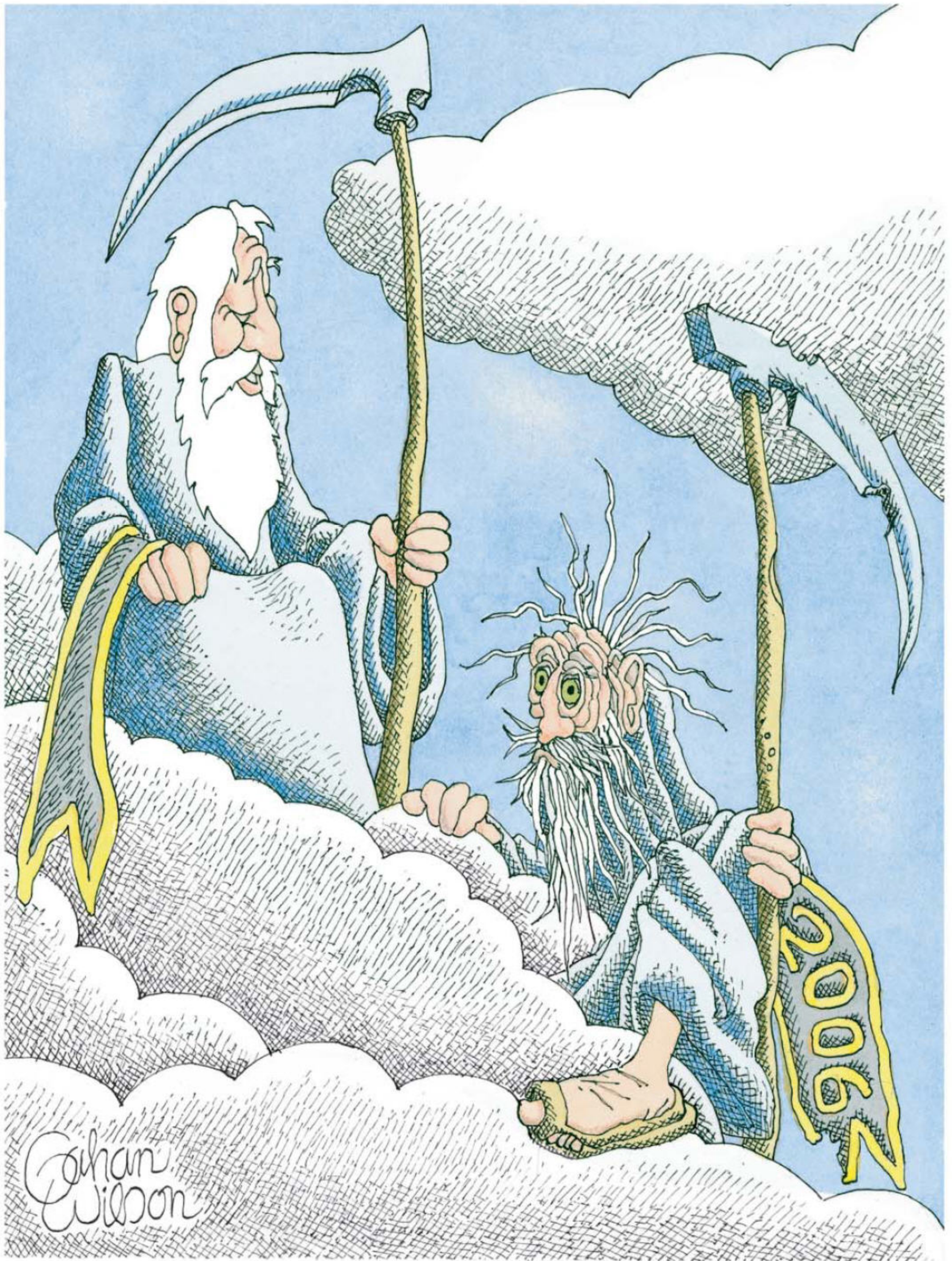
I was one of several people hiring them. Al Jaffe, an ESPN recruiter, should get more credit for that; he's the one who found them. Steve Anderson and I had to okay any new anchors, but if you interview Dan Patrick or Robin Roberts, it's pretty obvious you should hire them.

In 1988 Patrick decided to leave his job at CNN after the network rejected his request for a \$5,000 raise.

PATRICK: I thought *Sports Tonight* on CNN was better than *SportsCenter*, but CNN didn't acknowledge its sports guys; it's a news network. I called John Walsh and said, "Do you know who I am?"

WALSH: As a sports fanatic, I watched CNN's *Sports Tonight* with Fred Hickman and Nick Charles; the backup guys were Dan Patrick and Gary Miller. Dan belonged at ESPN. He had a good writing style and great camera presence. Best of all, he knew when to be serious about sports and when to be whimsical.

PATRICK: I flew up to Connecticut on a Monday. John was looking for a journalistic infusion. "We're gonna break stories and write better," he told me, "and do the best highlights." That was his vision, and it's why he hired me. I told (continued on page 157)



"Hate to say I told you so!"

THE PASSION OF PAM

THE ULTIMATE BLONDE
OF THE 21st CENTURY—
PURE SEX WITH
NO APOLOGIES

By **NEAL GABLER**

Even before her mysterious death in 1962 created a cottage industry in martyrdom, Marilyn Monroe, the quintessence of the blonde American sex goddess, had already begun turning her distinction into a less than unalloyed triumph. With feminism on the horizon as Marilyn's star soared, she became the poster girl for female victimhood—a victim of the men who used and abused her; of Hollywood, which exploited her and then tossed her aside when she asserted her independence; of the disjunction between the dumb-sexy image she was forced to purvey for her fans and the sensitive soul within. Where Marilyn led, others followed. Ever since Marilyn, sex bombshells have generally had to languish in the same tragic backwash of broken relationships, drugs and alcohol, enforced bimboism and self-abasement, as if one needed to be punished for being alluring.

But there has been one glaring exception to this pattern of sexual retribution, one woman who seems to embrace her sexuality and image without also seeming cursed by them, one woman who marches boldly where others slunk. Pamela Anderson is Marilyn without the tragedy, Jayne Mansfield without the accident, Madonna without the whirling gears and reinventions, Paris Hilton without the publicity machine and Britney Spears without Kevin Federline. She is a sex symbol without apologies or complications or affectations, which means there is no one else quite like her.

One could make the claim that if Marilyn Monroe was the tremulous sex goddess of the anxiety-ridden late 20th century, Pamela's transparency makes her the reigning sex goddess of the less inhibited 21st, *the* blonde of our times, though even in the past century she ranked eighth in this magazine's poll of the top 100 sex stars and E! called her the ultimate blonde. From September 1995 to September 2005 Pam was the subject of more searches on Lycos.com than any other person. She has launched a line of women's apparel, co-authored two

















steamy best-selling novels and starred in three television series, an action movie titled *Barb Wire* and a widely circulated (if surreptitiously obtained) home video of a sex-filled vacation with onetime husband Tommy Lee. Pam is a major fundraiser for People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals and such causes as AIDS and hepatitis C, the latter of which she suffers from herself, having contracted the disease, she believes, by sharing a tattoo needle with Lee. To certify her status as the regnant sex symbol, she graces the cover of this magazine for the 12th time, more than any other woman has.

Typically this sort of attention is the result of driving will, hard work and clever machinations. But not for Pamela Anderson. Anderson was born to two teenage parents—her father a furnace repairman, her mother a waitress—in the small town of Ladysmith in British Columbia, where her birth was noted as the first in the area on Canada's centennial, July 1, 1967. By her own account, hers was an uneventful childhood and generally a contented

(text continued on page 144)





See more of Pam at cyber.playboy.com.



THE Immigration Mess

From the border in Nogales to the streets of New York, some people are willing to risk everything—including life itself—for the American dream. Here are their stories

The monument is at the entrance to the world's largest mental institution. The government is going to put up a fence right where we are standing now, way out from Nogales and Douglas, on the southern border of Arizona. It is the last stop out of America and the first stop in America. The plans are for a 700-mile fence along a 2,000-mile border with Mexico. How you seal a border by having 1,300 miles without a fence is math by cuckoos. In some places it will be almost impossible to erect any fence. Near San Diego there is a 230-foot-deep canyon.

What are you worrying about? The great government says it can handle that sensibly. It will dig up enough dirt from a mountain to fill 70,000 dump trucks and fill in the canyon.

Beautiful! How do you like it? How do you like this? How do you like paying taxes to people this demented?

The monument commemorating the first European to set foot in Arizona stands a few steps from a hut with a sign proclaiming U.S. CUSTOMS. The place is closed for the day or the week or whatever. The customhouse is alongside a school-yard chain-link fence with a gate that opens to Mexico. It is closed now, which makes no difference. I can bring a Mexican grammar school class out here to the fence on a day excursion and watch them scramble over and drop to our holy soil.

Read this monument here to the friar and learn from the past:

BY THIS VALLEY OF SAN RAFAEL

FRAY MARCOS DE NIZA

VICE COMMISSIONER OF FRANCISCAN ORDER

DELEGATE OF THE VICEROY IN MEXICO

ENTERED ARIZONA THE FIRST EUROPEAN WEST OF THE ROCKIES, APRIL 12, 1539.

I believe I am the only one who can report on this monument and its significance, for I have been the only human being around here for the past two days. The monument is of tremendous significance. Nobody sees it, yet it is about the excitement and dash of coming to this country that has no fear of you—no fence, no barbed wire, just a clear way for a marvelous act: walking confidently into a place where nobody has gone before.

That notion of living is lost in a cloud of mental illness. The fence site is under a silent sky that covers field after field of identical knee-high green bushes bristling with small thorns. The bushes sit close together on the red sand; at a distance they turn into liquid to the eye and spill across the first rising rock of the Patagonia Mountains, which are so laced with copper that their reflection at dusk turns the sky burgundy. The mountains have elbows of sheer rock. Mist floats across the many miles of desert, thickening into a thin fog in some places in the low sky.

I am here with Tom McAlpin, who retired as a mailman in Nogales two years ago and knows every house in town and the fields around. He has a quite distinguished light-hued mustache and comes from the McAlpin Hotel family of Manhattan. McAlpin lives a few miles out of Nogales in a house on a hill, and behind it down a path he has a studio where he paints for pleasure. The first time I met him, I was on

By Jimmy Breslin

Short Street in Nogales, a place of silent houses and a high hideous fence made of the mesh used on landing strips in Vietnam. Right now he gazes at empty country land where he could go 10 years and never have a letter to deliver.

This is the first of desert land that runs hundreds and hundreds of miles without a person, house or shed to be seen. No, we passed one broken house somewhere in the two hours of driving. It had a sign stating the policy of its dog: MY NAME IS I LIKE TO BITE.

A sign on a post in the sand says it is the town of Sycamore, but there is only a rutted road into Sycamore Canyon, along Sycamore Creek. Then the jarring road trip ends at the monument standing alone under a burgundy sky.

If we put up a fence on this land, the only things it could turn back would be clouds.



“Before this, flag burning had me all excited,” McAlpin is saying. “Then I was told that gay marriages would interfere with my lifestyle. But immigration hit a chord. They brought out the armed forces for this one.”

Still, there will be a great fence of steel—enough steel to revive Gary, Indiana—designed to keep these little dusty people on their side of the border. The fence will have cameras and sensors and buzzers and lights that will alert the country: The Mexicans are coming!

Stan, from Stan’s Fences in Bisbee, Arizona, says wistfully, “They asked me about supplies. We have a steel cable that can be very good in a fence like this. I’ll hear from them, but I can’t get the contract for the actual building. That’s gone.”

It sure is. Boeing has the contract. It is worth \$67 million to begin with. Just by watching television, you can tell Boeing has a contract to build the fence. In the early evening hours a Boeing commercial appears that says the company makes great sensors. This is an absolutely marvelous home product to sell to the housewife in Winnetka. Then the commercial fills the screen with this big name, Boeing. Remember the name. Boeing builds fences. You would expect to see a commercial for Boeing with a great big plane with its bomb-bay doors open to bomb the freaking enemy. Instead we have an ad saying Boeing hears Mexicans best.

The *Arizona Daily Star* in Tucson lists the types of fences that could be built with all the money from the congressional bill. The fences could be 10-foot-high corrugated steel or 15-foot-high steel mesh slanted in at the top. As of now \$1.4 billion is taken out of your pay for fencing and 10,500 border patrol agents. Also National Guard troops, which is only the start.

We are not putting up this fence because we don’t like Mexicans.

We will have a fence of sheet metal and steel bars that will allow water to cross and sister-city residents to see one another.

A coyote with a gun pushed the three women into a room in the old house and told them if they screamed when they were raped, he would kill them. He said they could moan and remain alive.

He jabbed the gun at the 10 men and made them go into one room. He pushed the three young women into another.

The girl standing near Santo clutched his arm. “Help me,” she said. “Help me or I will die here.”

Santo remembers holding her tight. Faviana. He had never seen her before that night. They were in a group of 13 from around Puebla. They had slept in holes on top of rocks. He was 27; she was 18. Two long, large snakes had been slithering into the holes.

Santo throws his arms out as far as they can go. “They were this long. We had to kill them with sticks. This long!” The girl, Faviana, remembering with him, cries out, “Yes.”

But in the room there was danger. The gunman said if Santo didn’t let go of the woman, he would be shot.

Santo felt the girl against him. Trembling.

He remembers he told the coyote that she was his cousin and that they came from a big family. If anything happens to her, they will all come and get you.

The coyote believed what he was saying. He let Santo take her into a corner, where they stayed through the night. They heard the other young women wailing and sobbing as they were gang-raped by the coyotes.

He didn’t know how she got there. He knew his own tale. He was nine when he left elementary school in the third grade in Puebla and went to work to help get



food for his nine brothers and sisters. He went up in the mountains and grabbed rabbits and chickens and brought them down as if he had gone to a butcher. He did this and then worked in a bakery for \$6 a day. He heard that in America he could earn \$6 an hour. He and his cousin were trying to build a house to give them something more than the crowded floor they had to sleep on. They did wonderfully well as long as their young backs were all they needed. But then the building suppliers wanted money. Santo knew he couldn’t earn enough in Puebla to buy a bucket of nails.

There was an old man in the square who told stories of America to the young. “In New York you must try to save the dust when you scratch the gold in the streets. This dust is gold dust, and it can make you rich.” (continued on page 148)



"Pace yourself—you won't last till midnight."

PARTY OF THE YEAR!

Forget the feuds, the injured feelings, the backbiting and the broken hearts—just get there at eight, dressed to the nines, to be with the ones who count. Yes, it's the party of the year, and all the famous and infamous of 2006 are back for a final blast!



Counterclockwise from lower right: 8:05 P.M. Oh no, are you wearing a baby this year too? **Tomkat** displays **Suri** with the fringe on top, while **Brangelina** does a drop-in (must be cheaper than flying everybody to Zambia) and **Britney Spears** interrupts little **Sean's** driving lesson to remind **K-Fed** to behave at the grown-ups' table. 8:34 P.M. Senator **George Allen** shouts, "Hey, macaca!" to **Samuel L. Jackson**, who replies, "Get these motherfucking snakes off these motherfucking canapés!" 9:53 P.M. Headbangers **Zinedine Zidane** and **Ben Roethlisberger** argue over who is the biggest lunthead. "I am, dude!" "Non, mon Américain merde-tête. C'est moi!" 10:22 P.M.



ILLUSTRATION BY JANET WOOLLEY

Johnny Depp believes his **Jack Sparrow** gear gives him the feyest act in the house, until he spies honeymooners **Elton John** and **David Furnish**, while **Sacha Baron Cohen** implores, "Want show you my yearnings for beautiful American prostitutes?" 10:41 P.M. A game of cutthroat musical chairs erupts. Video doyennes **Barbara Walters** and **Joy Behar** hold their seats, **Katie Couric** and **Meredith Vieira** snag new ones, and **Star Jones** is odd girl out. 11:03 P.M. Bike or car? Steroids or booze? **Floyd Landis** and **Mel Gibson** debate vehicular humiliations. 11:51 P.M. After **Stephen Colbert** roasts **Incurious George**, **Dick Cheney** asks him to go hunting. 11:59 P.M. Boom! Did Cheney fire? No, it's just **Baby 2007**, kicking in the door.





THE MYTH OF SISYPHA

FICTION
BY

WALTER MOSLEY

It all started on the day I had lunch with Lucy Carmichael at the Petit Pain Café on Amsterdam near 80th Street. Lucy wanted to show me her portfolio because she hoped that I could get her connected with Brad Mettleman, an art-gallery agent who loved to take advantage of straw-haired, blue-eyed young women. She had just come back from Darfur, where she had taken photographs of suffering children.

Her blue eyes were severe and her face was stern, which, on a beautiful girl like her, gave the impression of passionate intensity.

"Politics and art are inseparable," the young woman was saying as I thumbed my way through the pages of death.

"It's powerful work," I remember saying. "I'm sure Brad would be very excited about it."

"Do you think so?" Lucy asked, putting a hand on my bare wrist.

I looked down at the almost porcelain-white fingertips pressing against my brown skin.

My breathing became shallow, but my heart was thumping hard. I leaned forward three inches. Lucy did not retreat. I had the definite feeling that she wouldn't have turned away from a kiss right then.

I was twice her age, minus a year, but she didn't move her hand or her face. She kept smiling and staring.

I exhaled through my nostrils, quite loudly it seemed to my ears, and all sorts of serious thoughts entered my mind. And then there was Joelle, my girlfriend—hell, we might as well have been married. I stayed at her place every weekend, and we'd been together eight years—longer by far than both my marriages put together.

I had already strained my agreement with her by telling her I was going to Philadelphia that noon, when really my train didn't leave until five. Actually my reservation had been for noon, but I'd asked my travel agent to get

**AN OPEN
DOOR. A
SEXUAL
BETRAYAL.
AN ENDING
AND A
BEGINNING**

me a first-class ticket and she couldn't get first-class before the five o'clock train. By the time I realized I was leaving later I'd already told Jo that I was slated to leave at midday. It was after that that Lucy called, following up on my promise to connect her with Brad.

Lucy's hand remained on my wrist through that long train of thought. Her smile had not dimmed.

I pulled my hand back and poured another glass full of sparkling water. I drank it down in one thirsty swig.

The blue eyes across from me shone brightly, and Lucy's shoulder came forward an inch or so. *Too bad*, the gesture said. *Maybe next time*.

After lunch I walked her down to the street and put her in a taxi. Just before she got in I promised to call Brad. She kissed me on the lips quickly and then gave me a brilliant smile. I stood there on the corner of 80th and Amsterdam, watching Lucy's taxi wend its way eastward through heavy traffic. I remember thinking that I could keep up with the cab on foot. I had to stop myself from following her.

When she was finally gone I realized I had to go to the bathroom, all that mineral water I downed while watching the curve of Lucy's violet blouse with lime-green buttons. I had the key to Jo's apartment. The doormen knew me by sight. She was across the river, meeting with a boutique-jeans distributor from Newark. I'd go upstairs, do my business and then call her phone and ask her to guess where I was. That would assuage my guilt by letting her know I was still in town.

Robert, the day man, wasn't at his post at her building on 91st and Central Park West. I loped down the hallway toward the third bank of elevators and took car number 16 to the 23rd floor.

Jo had inherited this apartment from her grandmother who'd died 12 years before, when Jo was just 20. It was a big place. The entrance area led to a hall that came upon a sunken living room that had large windows that looked out over the park. I loved staying at her place.

I was happy I hadn't made a move on Lucy.

They were so silent that I almost walked in on them. Jo was sitting on the top part of the back of the couch. Her black blouse was pulled up to her armpits, above her breasts, and her black pants were almost off—except for a bottom leg that somehow clung to her left ankle. John Fry wore only a gray silk T-shirt. He was standing there between her legs, teasing her sex with his erection.

She was staring into his eyes, her copper-brown hands gripping his pale white chest and left shoulder. He looked as if he were concentrating on something inside him. Maybe he was holding back. Maybe he was playing with her.

They kept at that game for some time.

I noticed that he was wearing a condom, a red one. For some reason the color made me angry. At times he'd enter her deeply. These were the only moments that she made any sound. A kind of moan that came out as "oh" and now and then a "please, don't."

I wondered, almost idly, if she would tell me later she had tried to stop him, that she'd told him no.

After a while I turned away because I couldn't seem to think while watching them.

Looking down the hall toward the door, I knew that I should go. There was no benefit in confronting them. John Fry was twice my size (in every way), and I had no weapon with which to hurt him. And, after all, Joelle was not my wife.

I decided to leave.

As I was walking out of the building, I was thinking that by now Jo was probably shouting upstairs, and I realized with a mild shock that I had not closed the door to her apartment. Would she and Johnny Fry laugh at the open door? Would they imagine her neighbors stopping to listen to her moans of ecstasy?

I headed south on Central Park West and kept going, down past Columbus Circle, down Eighth Avenue with its delis, electronics shops, hotels and tourist stores.

Somewhere between 50th Street and 42nd I passed an adult-video store. I walked past the door and then turned back. I went in and strolled up and down the aisles of DVD pornography. There was black, interracial, amateur, Asian, BDSM, anal, come shots, bi, chicks with dicks, animal, gay, lesbian, and then there was a broad area of straight, nonviolent, generally white sex. Just beyond the vanilla I found a DVD in a small section titled *FEATURES*.

I'd never bought a film like that before. It's not that I didn't want to, but I was always too ashamed to bring something like that up to the cashier. But I wasn't afraid that day, not at all.

I came out of the door into the bright light of the sun. I looked around furtively to see if anyone had marked my exit from the sex store. But no one was looking at me: not the housewives or the kids out from school, not the homeless man pandering for change or the French tourists reading their map of the city.

No one saw me with the triply wrapped *Myth of Sisypha* dangling from my left hand, the same hand that held my briefcase filled with the photographs of dying African children.

It was a long walk to my apartment in Tribeca. When I crossed Canal at Washington I remembered how Jo had told me that we lived the perfect distance from each other. "This way we can never take each other for granted," she'd said, a wisp of her straightened hair bisecting her gray-brown eye. "We have to work to get to each other."

Maybe she was seeing Johnny Fry way back then. But no. Fry came later. She met him for the first time at a party given by Brad Mettleman at his place in Brooklyn Heights. I'd done some translation work for Brad—a series of letters that he'd received from Spain and Paris over the years. I brought Jo to the party because I brought her everywhere. I remembered that she complained of a headache and wanted to go home alone. Was that *(continued on page 88)*

THEY WERE SO SILENT THAT I ALMOST WALKED IN ON THEM. SHE WAS STARING INTO HIS EYES. HE WAS STANDING THERE BETWEEN HER LEGS, TEASING HER.



"I'll bet I can guess your New Year's resolution...!"

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE
ACETIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARK
PLATT
STYLING BY
JENNIFER
RYAN JONES

SOFTWARE

1



THE KEY TO SMART FASHION IS IN MINDING THE DETAILS. HERE ARE THREE FINISHING TOUCHES



//KENNETH COLE
SIGNATURE \$63

A luxurious, spicy scent you can apply sparingly in the morning and count on its lasting into the after hours and well beyond.

//LUCKY NUMBER 6 \$55

Sold in a bottle that resembles an Asian apothecary's ancient vessel for elixir, this subtle woody fragrance has hints of plum, pineapple zest and nutmeg. It will make her mouth water.

//JOHN VARVATOS
VINTAGE \$70

Made for real men, this scent has accents of tanned suede and Turkish tobacco.





//AXE LAB \$28
If you don't feel like misting yourself seven times a day but still want to enjoy the benefits of Axe, this eau de toilette nets the same results as the body spray.



//PHAT FARM ATMAN \$55
Taking a cue from the wilderness, where the scent of the male deer attracts the doe, this musky *fougère* drives women wild.

//CALVIN KLEIN EUPHORIA \$62
With a kiss of patchouli, this rich fragrance could ignite your personal sexual revolution.

//SEAN JOHN UNFORGIVABLE \$55
A strong aroma that says its wearer wants to be noticed and is as bold as his fragrance. You may do something unforgivable by the end of the night, but you never believed in confession anyway.



WETWARE

2

THE MOST IMPORTANT THING YOU PUT ON IN THE MORNING ISN'T AN ARTICLE OF CLOTHING



//JOHN VARVATOS SKIN
FACE SCRUB \$30
Cleans your pores and sloughs off dead skin. It's so effective that you need to use it only twice a week.

//ZENTS ORE
CONCRETA \$32

This balm is a two-sport athlete: It restores dry skin on your face and can be used as a pomade in your hair.

//ZIA men HYDRA CLEAN
FACE WASH \$10

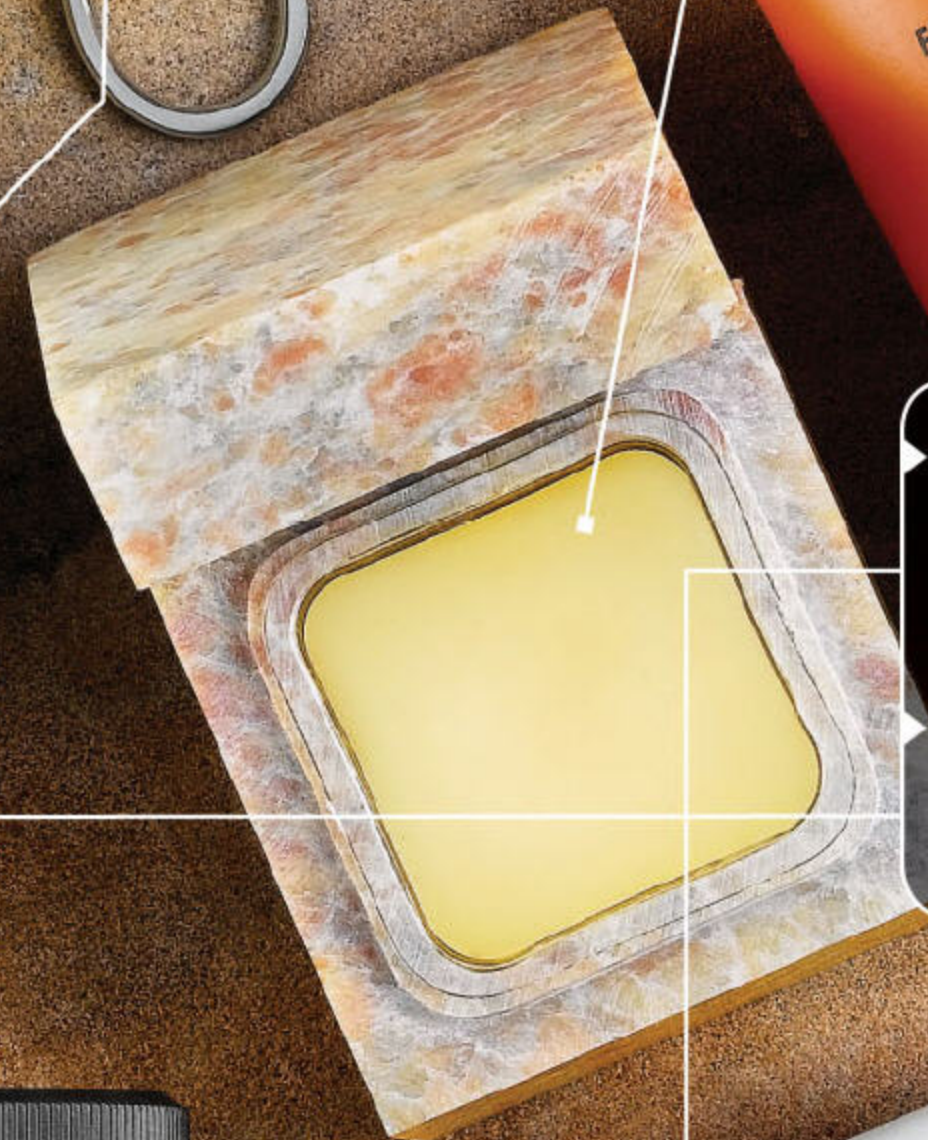
A gel with vitamins A and C, chamomile, sea algae and aloe, it cleans your skin without drying it out. And it's fragrance-free, so she won't know your secret.

//DERMALOGICA MEDI-
CATED CLEARING GEL \$35

Your little helper after a night of sweaty fun. Apply it before you doze off; its overnight treatment destroys bacteria and regulates oil production.

//DEP M GROOM POLISH-
ING PASTE \$5

Lets you have a midafternoon romp with no evidence of bed head.





//LAB SERIES POWER WASH \$17

While this gel cleans, it also conditions skin and softens hair for an easier shave. Time to lose the neck beard.

//NIVEA FOR MEN ACTIVE FIRING LOTION \$11

Women have been using skin-tightening creatine products for years. Now Nivea has made one specifically for men. This lotion, with SPF 15, is a home run.

//TRUE GENTLEMEN AFTER SHAVE BALM \$35

Even if you don't consider yourself a gentleman, this unguent will care for your skin after a close shave. Save face with this salve.



//JOHN VARVATOS SKIN EYE CREAM \$58

Didn't get much sleep last night? We're proud of you, but your boss probably won't be. Cover your ass—or literally the bags under your eyes—with this cream. Apply again later when you hit the town. No one wants to hook up with a guy who has baggage.

//TRUE GENTLEMEN MADISON SHAVE SET \$225

You might as well lather it on thick with this valet. Foam shaving cream isn't cutting it; you need a badger-hair shave brush. The set also includes an ergonomic handle for your Gillette Mach 3 blades and adds some class to your vanity.



HARDWARE

3

a WATCH WITH a TIMELESS DESIGN ALWAYS ATTRACTS ATTENTION. BE THE MAN OF THE HOUR.



//LOCMAN LATIN LOVER
\$1,790

The Lover has a bold white face and an elegant black iguana-skin strap. A great watch regardless of your nationality.

//SEIKO RETROGRADE
DAY INDICATOR \$350

This timepiece displays a calendar and has a 24-hour hand that can be useful when timing your girlfriend as she gets ready for a big night out.



//PULSAR men's ALARM
CHRONOGRAPH \$185

Whether you're wearing jeans or a three-piece suit, the octagonal Pulsar will be the star of your outfit.

//OMEGA DEVILLE
\$5,780

Ready for your close-up? The Deville has a domed face cover made of scratch-resistant sapphire crystal with an anti-reflective treatment on both sides.





//TAG HEUER LINK AUTOMATIC WATCH \$2,195

Its textured brown dial with luminescent markers is the classiest thing ever to grace your arm—unless of course you've dated Lauren Bacall.

//SWATCH BIG IN BLACK \$150

Though cell phones and MP3 players have become increasingly miniaturized, televisions, breasts and this watch prove "Bigger is better" still holds for some things. And at this price the hit on your wallet won't be big, which is always best.

//TISSOT PRS 516 RETROGRADE \$345

This is the first quartz-movement watch whose second hand doubles as a 30-second timer by sweeping counterclockwise from the nine o'clock position. The dial resembles the gauges of high-performance sports cars.

//BLANCPAIN \$15,700

A soigné ticker with a face so breathtaking, your girlfriend will be jealous.



SISYPHA (continued from page 80)

All the while Sisypha moaned and Ari grunted like a big dog warning off an intruder.

when it began? How long ago? Six months, no more. Did he bring her red condoms that first night?

Thinking about those questions was enough to make me swing my fist into a brick wall to my left. An elderly woman walking a boxer that was too big for her to control said, "Oh my."

The dog started barking at me, but the pain in my fingers was louder. I grabbed my fist and went down to my knees while the elderly woman, clad in a cranberry housedress, struggled and pleaded with her dog.

"Axel! Stop!" she shouted. "Heel! Axel!"

I finally got to my feet and jogged the last two blocks home. It was just a door in another brick wall. I hunkered down against it, and for the next five minutes I concentrated on opening my injured fist. The middle fingers were beginning to swell, and the pain radiated up to the middle of my forearm. Every fraction of an inch hurt more than the last. When I finally got the hand open I was afraid to close it again. But I did it. After 10 minutes I had opened and closed my fist three times.

Nothing was broken—I was pretty sure of that. But my hand would be useless for a while.

I laughed at myself as I tried with my left hand to get the keys out of my right side pants pocket.



I took three ibuprofen tablets, choking them down with three two-finger shots of cognac. I was sweating and cold and my hand ached, but if you asked me I would have said I was feeling no pain.

My one indulgence is my television. It's a 63-inch plasma screen with DVD, TiVo, full cable, CD player and computer and satellite-radio connections. It's set up against the windowless wall of my living room, and more nights than not I fall asleep on my futon couch watching a movie or late-night cartoons meant for adult audiences.

After the painkillers began to kick in I closed the drapes and put *The Myth of Sisypha* into the DVD player.

I hadn't seen many pornos. The only time I'd ever sat through one was at the rare stag party I attended. What I remembered was lots of genitalia, garish makeup and disinterested men and

women going through the motions. But this one seemed different.

In this film a bronze-hued black woman, Sisypha, and her husband, Mel, a rather paunchy white man, started out sitting at a dinner table. The meal had been served, and they were eating. There were no opening credits, no soundtrack other than noises that people make. The effect was that you felt the cameras were spying upon actual people just living their lives.

The couple talked about their day and seemed very close. At one point Mel asked Sisypha if she was unhappy because they hadn't been able to conceive. Her response was that they loved each other and that was the most important thing.

Later on, lying in bed, they kissed good night and embraced as if they were about to make love, but then the scene was switched to morning.

At this point I began to wonder whether or not a mistake had been made at the sex shop. Maybe they gave me the wrong disc. Maybe there were R-rated versions of their XXX-rated movies. Maybe I had gotten one of these by mistake. I thought I'd have to bring it back. But the story was still interesting to me. It was a lot like my story with Joelle. She always said that she loved me, that she was satisfied with our situation. She was still young enough to have children but said that she wasn't interested.

The next morning Mel left for work and Sisypha went about her day. Sometime in the afternoon, a workman knocked at the front door. He was young and Mediterranean, muscular in his overalls and T-shirt. His aquiline nose and perpetual sneer gave the impression of an ugly nature, but Sisypha seemed to like him.

"Hi, Ari," she said. "Have you come about the pipes?"

"Yes, miss," he said in a definite Greek accent.

By now I knew what would happen. They'd kiss once or twice, the scene would flip away and then come back to find them lying naked under the blankets. I was about to turn it off when the worker tore off her skirt, got down on his knees and began teasing her clitoris with the tip of his very large and pointed tongue.

Sisypha's breathing was laced with her orgasm. The way her legs

twitched and her eyes gorged themselves on the vision of Ari's tongue proved that she was either a consummate actor or that she really loved having sex with this man. Her passion was at least as convincing as Jo's when Johnny Fry teased her.

The sex between Sisypha and Ari escalated over the minutes. His erection was long, hard and crooked. It bent downward and then turned upward toward the head. She rode him almost carelessly, rubbed his cock between her well-formed, light-brown breasts, took half of his enormous member down her throat. All the while Sisypha moaned and Ari grunted like a big dog warning off an intruder.

In all this time there wasn't the obligatory come shot: the man ejaculating on the woman's breasts or ass. But Ari was getting more and more excited. His hands were shaking, his eyes were pleading for something. Sisypha began smiling at him.

"Do you want me to make you come?" she asked.

"Yes." The word tore from his throat.

She grabbed his erection, sneered and then slapped it hard. He screamed in pain.

"Still?" she asked.

"Yes," he replied in a subdued tone.

She slapped the erection again, this time with even more force.

"Still?"

I unzipped my pants with my left hand and the thick, squat erection sprang forth.

"Please," Ari begged.

"Sisypha, what is this?" someone said.

For a moment I believed that it was Ari trying to reassert his dominance. But the camera shifted and I could see Mel standing at the door, carrying his briefcase, wearing his wrinkled suit.

Mel was a stocky guy with a receding hairline and a slightly protruding belly. He was white with gray ears. We looked nothing alike, but certainly I saw him filling my role in this fiction.

Mel began yelling and gesticulating wildly. He kept saying that he was going to call the police, which of course made very little sense since no crime had been committed. Sisypha tried to stop him, but he pushed her down and picked up the phone. At that point Ari slapped Mel, knocking him to the floor. And, with his penis still more than half erect, he used a conveniently placed roll of electrical tape to lash Mel to a chair. Before Mel was aware enough to scream, Ari used the tape to cover his mouth.

(continued on page 164)



"Hey, you two—you're missing all the excitement!"



CHAMPAGNE
KRUG

Sterling
CLASSIC
CAVIAR



RINGING IN THE NEW YEAR

YOUR RESOLUTION? THROW A PARTY TO REMEMBER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

JANUARY 1. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY WHAT TIME IT IS, BUT IT FEELS LIKE MORNING. THROUGH A LIGHT HAZE, YOU REALIZE A NEW YEAR HAS ARRIVED, SURE TO BE FULL OF SURPRISES. SPEAKING OF WHICH, HERE'S YOUR FIRST—AND, PRAISE HEAVEN, IT'S A PLEASANT ONE. AS THE WOMAN LYING NEXT TO YOU COMES INTO FOCUS, YOU SIGH, REALIZING SHE'S THE ONE YOU HOPED WOULD BE THERE. SHE HEARS YOU STIR, AND HER LIDS BLINK OPEN. SHE RUBS HER FISTS INTO HER EYE SOCKETS AND SMILES.

"YOU KNOW WHAT?" SHE ASKS, ARCHING HER BACK IN A CATLIKE STRETCH.

"WHAT?"

"THAT WAS THE BEST PARTY I'VE EVER BEEN TO IN MY LIFE."

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED. YOU'VE STARTED OFF 2007 WITH A BANG. IT'S TRUE; YOUR GUESTS WOULD HAVE NEEDED CROWBARS TO PRY THE SMILES OFF THEIR FACES LAST NIGHT. OF COURSE, THAT MUCH FUN DOESN'T HAPPEN BY ITSELF. YOU STARTED PREPARING MORE THAN A MONTH AGO, AFTER SUFFERING THROUGH A SOUL-CRUSHING THANKSGIVING PARTY. THE HOST IS A FRIEND OF YOURS, BUT IT WASN'T HIS FINEST HOUR. THE MUSIC WAS TAME, AND THERE WAS TOO MUCH FOOD, NOT ENOUGH BOOZE AND TOO MANY PEOPLE WEARING SWEATERS. WHILE DISCREETLY SPITTING OUT A MIDLING PIECE OF PUMPKIN PIE, YOU VOWED TO SHOW THEM ALL HOW IT'S DONE. YOU WOULD THROW A NEW YEAR'S PARTY FOR THE AGES. IT WOULDN'T BE EASY. NEW YEAR'S EVE IS A NIGHT BURDENED BY EXPECTATIONS THAT ARE SELDOM FULFILLED. BUT YOU HAD THE TASTE, THE STYLE AND THE GUEST LIST TO MAKE IT WORK. HERE'S HOW IT ALL WENT DOWN.

FOUR WEEKS OUT A party lives and dies by its guests, and compiling a great list is an art unto itself. You invited 35 and expected to get 25, the magic number at which a party remains intimate enough that you can talk to everyone yet big enough that many guests will be meeting for the first time. You made sure you had the basics covered: (1) more women than men, (2) a few talented raconteurs of the Truman Capote school to regale people with stories of love, leisure and deceit and (3) a decent age spread for generational cross-pollination. Once the list was nailed down, you had the invitations printed. You wisely intuited that Evites are for toddlers' birthdays and karaoke night. A mailed invitation tells people this will be no half-assed affair.

TWO WEEKS OUT The menu came together. This being the holidays, orders had to be placed in advance to make sure plenty of caviar and Krug would be on hand. The name of the game was simple: decadent delicacies that require no silverware, elegant yet carnal. Eating with fingers stirs the primal instinct in anyone—think asparagus entering painted lips.

ONE WEEK OUT You chose your outfit for the evening. Good thing you did: Your jacket needed a trip to the cleaners.

THREE DAYS OUT You bought the rest of the food and stocked the bar, leaving yourself a few days of slack in case you forgot something—which you did (bags of ice). Sure, you overbought a little for the bar, but better too much than too little: liquor and wine don't rot. A mixed case of medium-bodied red (say, a nice Valpolicella) and a white (Pouilly-Fumé), plus three bottles of bourbon (Maker's Mark), scotch (Chivas) and vodka (Stoli) and two of tequila (Patrón Silver), rum (Bacardi Superior) and gin (Beefeater). Beerwise, it was a case each of lager (Heineken) and dark brew (Negra Modelo). The champagne was a budget buster; you went with six bottles of the Krug Brut Grande Cuvée.

THE DAY BEFORE Stocked up on ice, toilet paper and candles, then got to work on the music playlist. It took a couple of hours to shape the perfect accompaniment, building gradually from background music to full-on bumpage, but once you were done, you could feel your party in advance. And you liked it.

THE MORNING OF Put on a pot of coffee, cranked *Quadrophenia* and spent two hours cleaning your place. Tossed the champagne, beer and white wine into the fridge.

12:00 P.M. Quick drive to buy fresh French bread, then home to start prepping the food. Once the menu (see right) was moving, you set the place up, rearranging chairs, plants and ashtrays into a more crowd-conducive configuration.

3:00 P.M. Set up the nonperishable bar fixings.

3:30 P.M. An hour-and-a-half disco nap, followed by a fresh pot of coffee and a few minutes with the Panthers and the Saints in week 17 of the NFL.

5:15 P.M. Showered. Cleaned the pipes. Brushed the teeth. Shaved the mug. Dressed.

7:00 P.M. Three friends showed up with takeout. Music went on the stereo, the bar was sampled, and they helped with hors d'oeuvres prep.

9:30 P.M. The first guests arrived. And ah, there was Katje—a model from Russia who works part-time as a private detective, just for grins. Julia wasn't looking half bad either, in hip-hugging leather pants. Anna, Bridgett and Raquel.... "Feel free to leave your coats in the bedroom," you began, then added to no one in particular, "along with the rest of your clothes."

10:00 P.M. You started with liberal helpings from your bottomless well of charm and ambled about the scene with a tray full of cigars and a dozen Havana cocktails (a shot of light rum, a shot of pineapple juice and two teaspoons of lime juice, shaken and strained into a chilled cocktail glass).

10:45 P.M. "You're a Truffaut fan, Katje? No way. My favorite is *Shoot the Piano Player*, from the David Goodis novel. You like *The Soft Skin*? I've seen that one too, but...."

11:00 P.M. Strolled the premises again, with a dozen margaritas on a tray (one shot of silver tequila, half a shot of Grand Marnier and the juice of half a lime, plus a splash of water, over ice in a rocks glass with a wedge of lime dropped in).

11:45 P.M. Time to distribute the champagne glasses. And then the champagne.

11:58 P.M. Turned down the music to get everyone's attention. Positioned yourself next to Katje and breathed deeply. She smelled like an English rose garden in spring. You swore you saw a drop of sweat disappear into the valley of her cleavage.

12:00 A.M. Led the countdown, took in the roar of the crowd and, after rinsing your mouth with bubbly, planted your lips on Katje's.

12:01 A.M. Cranked the music to 11. Fatboy Slim will make anything with a pulse shake its groove thing.

12:06 A.M. Made the rounds. Did a quick lap around the joint to make sure there were no fires. Found a bed for Eric and Jess (people's coats were getting wrinkled). Found a bucket for Guy.

12:50 A.M. "No, no, I like *The Soft Skin*, too, but there's something about *Shoot the Piano Player* that kills me. Marie Dubois just inhabits Léna, and...."

1:00 A.M. Another round of cigars and Havana cocktails for the guests. You had trouble remaining on your feet when Katje winked at you with a Cuban in her mouth. Whoa! A check of your watch—time to toss the cookie dough into the oven and get the sweets out.

2:30 A.M. Threw on the wind-down music—Astrud Gilberto followed by early Miles Davis followed by Chet Baker.

3:30 A.M. With Katje stashed in the bedroom, you told your guests you hated to call it a night and couldn't believe they had to go—but they really had to go.

3:50 A.M. "Your audience with the Dalai Lama sounds amazing, Guy. Now get the hell out of my apartment."

3:55 A.M. Katje emerged from your bedroom wearing one of your dress shirts and a pair of your boxers. You poured her a glass of champagne and put on Ella's "You Do Something to Me." After a brief slow dance, she was ready to rock, but a gentleman knows when to slow pedal. It was breakfast time, for goodness' sake.

4:00 A.M. The smell of portobellos and tomatoes filled your kitchen, perfectly complementing Katje's rose garden.

4:15 A.M. Dessert.

SOMETIME THE NEXT DAY It's impossible to say what time it is, but it feels like morning. Through a light haze, you realize a new year has arrived, sure to be full of surprises. Speaking of which, here's your first—and, praise heaven, it's a pleasant one....

SPREAD FOR 25

HORS D'OEUVRES

5 LOAVES FRENCH BREAD, SLICED	2 LBS. FRESH GRAPES OF YOUR CHOICE
2 LBS. GENOVA SALAME (FROM VOLPIFOODS.COM)	3 30-GRAM TINS STERLING CLASSIC CAVIAR (FROM STERLINGCAVIAR.COM)
3 LBS. PROSCIUTTO, WITH FINE SLICES BALLED	3 LBS. CHILLED COOKED FRESH SHRIMP (PLUS A BOWL FOR TAILS)
1 LB. EACH OF CRATER LAKE BLUE, MONTGOMERY'S CHEDDAR, FROMAGE DE MEAUX AND HUMBOLDT FOG GOAT (ALL AVAILABLE AT ARTISANALCHEESE.COM)	COCKTAIL SAUCE (2 CUPS KETCHUP, 2 TSP. JARRED HORSERADISH, 1 TSP. WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE, JUICE OF ONE LEMON, HEINZ CHILI SAUCE AND TABASCO TO TASTE)
3 LBS. CHILLED BLANCHED ASPARAGUS, SALTED TO TASTE	ENDLESS WATER CRACKERS
2 LBS. RAW BABY CARROTS	

LOBSTER PÂTÉ

2 FRESH 1 1/2 LB. LOBSTERS, BOILED
1 CUP CELERY, DICED
6 TBSP. MAYONNAISE
2 TSP. LEMON JUICE
1 DASH CELERY SALT
1/2 TSP. WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
4 TBSP. DRY SHERRY

Remove meat from the lobsters and cut into quarter-inch cubes, then toss into a Cuisinart. Add the other ingredients, pulse for 30 seconds, season to taste and serve chilled next to the French bread.

TWO A.M. DESSERT

3 LBS. FRESH STRAWBERRIES WITH STEMS
BOWL OF CRÈME FRAÎCHE
PLATE OF FRESHLY BAKED COOKIES

LATE-NIGHT BREAKFAST FOR TWO

(recipe courtesy of *Food 911* host Tyler Florence)

EXTRA-VIRGIN OLIVE OIL	1 LARGE TOMATO, CUT IN HALF
4 STRIPS SMOKED BACON	1/2 CUP CANNED BAKED BEANS
2 SPRIGS FRESH THYME	2 FRESH EGGS
2 CLOVES GARLIC, MINCED	2 TBSP. CHOPPED CHIVES
1 LARGE PORTOBELLO MUSHROOM	2 SLICES THICK-CUT TOAST

Heat a large cast-iron pan over medium heat. Add olive oil and bacon strips. The fat will render a little (if there's too much, remove some with a spoon). Add thyme and garlic. Place mushroom facedown on top of fat in the pan and add tomato halves facedown. Shake pan and season vegetables with salt and pepper. Cook for 3 minutes until bacon is crisp and mushroom is tender. Turn the bacon, tomatoes and mushroom over and add baked beans to one quarter of the pan. Gently stir them. Move it all over to make space in one quarter, then crack eggs into the pan. Cook for 1 to 2 minutes. When eggs are done, remove pan from heat and garnish with chopped chives and freshly ground black pepper. Serve in pan (don't let Katje burn herself on it!) with thick-cut toast on the side.



"It's someone we knew in 1977. Do we want to get involved in a 30th anniversary wife swap for auld lang syne?"

Girl From the North Country



Anyone who has traveled north of the border into Canada knows this chilly outback possesses a certain undeniable magic. We think of it as a mysterious muse that produces great composers (Neil Young, Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell), fine liquor (Crown Royal), crisp-tasting beer (Molson) and a unique feminine charm and beauty. Mix all those ingredients together, add a blazing fire (ideally in a fireplace) and you've got everything any man could ever ask for.

As for Canada's brand of beautiful women, Jayde Nicole is the perfect example. The intoxicating 20-year-old professional model from Ontario is herself a little mystery. "Both my parents were adopted, so neither has any idea where we come from," she says. "People have guessed that I'm everything: Asian, French, Hawaiian, American Indian. I don't know—I guess I'm just Canadian."

Jayde knows what it means to give everything to the camera. She once did a lingerie shoot outside when the temperature felt like -40 degrees Celsius. "They smeared glycerin all over my body to keep me warm," she giggles. "It turned out to be a cool picture." She also started her own modeling company to show off the local talent. "I look for models who are really polite," she says. "Pretty, natural girls. I wanted to put together a classy group of girls from my area so we could all work together." And when she's not working? "I take my teacup Chihuahua Pumpkin with me everywhere and spend as much time as possible with my friends, most of whom are men. I'm like one of the guys." We beg to differ.



O Canada! Meet Miss
January Jayde Nicole

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG





Above: Beautiful Jayde Nicole on the job. She created and manages a Canada-based modeling agency called A Touch of Class. Below: We love the tattoo. It reads RESPECT. Jayde has ours for sure. Right: The 20-year-old Ontario native is so sizzling, she doesn't need clothes, even in the winter.













respect

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



respect

Jayde Nicole

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Jayde Nicole

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 117



BIRTH DATE: Feb. 19, 1986 BIRTHPLACE: Scarborough, Ontario

AMBITIONS: To continue modeling while saving money for university. I want to earn a business degree.

TURN-ONS: Intelligence, honesty, politeness, hopeless romantics and someone who is really into music. And nice eyes help.

TURNOFFS: Liars, rude people, arrogance, people who are fake, bad hygiene and anyone who is mean to animals.

REASON WHY ONE SHOULD VISIT CANADA: So people can see that we have more to offer than hockey and beer.

ALL ABOUT MY PET: I have a long-haired teacup Chihuahua named Pumpkin, who I love to pieces. I bring him everywhere.

JOBS I HAD BEFORE MODELING: I worked as a salesperson at Guess and in the pro shop at Mill Run Golf & Country Club.

GOOD FIRST-DATE IDEA: Going to the Zoo would be awesome!

I WILL NEVER: Say never...because it only holds you back.



Crawling through a dog door.



My eighth-grade graduation.



Dancing at my friend Chris's house last Easter.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why don't Republicans use bookmarks?
They just bend the page over.

My man is hung like a horse," a woman bragged to her friend.

"Mine's hung like a baby," the other said.

"Really, that small?" the first asked.

"Not really," the second replied. "It weighs seven pounds and four ounces."

Did you hear about the guy found with his dick stuck in a vacuum cleaner?

Apparently he wanted to have sex without attachments.



The only people who listen to both sides of an argument are the neighbors.

My marriage isn't as much fun as it used to be," a man told his shrink. "My wife is always tired."

"Do you still enjoy sex?" the psychiatrist asked.

"As much as the next fellow," replied the man.

"Well," the shrink offered, "maybe between you and the next fellow, she's exhausted."

There's a new radio station on the airwaves called WPMS. It has a monthly programming cycle that gives you three weeks of the blues and then one week of ragtime.

Where do you get virgin wool?
From ugly sheep.

Tired of her husband coming home drunk every night, a woman decided that the one way to keep him home and sober was to reintroduce sex into their marriage. When he staggered in that night he found her wearing extremely sexy lingerie.

"It's getting late, baby," she purred. "Why don't we go to bed?"

"Might as well," he slurred. "I'm going to be in big trouble when I get home anyway."

A guy was telling a bartender that he met his wife in a brothel.

"You shouldn't be so unhappy about that," the barkeep said. "It's actually kind of romantic."

"Oh yeah?" responded the guy. "Well, I thought she was home taking care of the kids, and she thought I was bowling."

What's the best thing about dating a homeless woman?

You can drop her off anywhere.

After an operation, a man came out of the anesthesia to find his wife sitting by his bedside. He opened his eyes and murmured, "You're beautiful."

Flattered, she continued her vigil after he drifted back to sleep.

He woke up again and said, "You're cute."

"What happened to beautiful?" she asked.

"The drugs are wearing off," he replied.

A female Olympic swimmer was talking with one of her teammates about steroids. She claimed she was going to quit taking them because she was growing hair in scary places.

When her friend asked where the hair was growing, she replied, "On my balls."



After years of wondering why he didn't look like his siblings, a man finally got up the nerve to ask his mother if he was adopted.

"Yes, you were adopted, son," his mother said as she started to cry softly. "But it didn't work out, and they brought you back."

A couple was on safari in Africa when the woman was abducted by a gorilla. Two weeks later she was found alone, naked and crying.

Her husband asked, "Did that ape hurt you?"

"He sure did!" the wife sobbed. "Four days ago he disappeared, and he hasn't called once."

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



"Sorry we're so late. There was a game at the Colosseum and you wouldn't believe the traffic."



MARRIAGE & MAGAZINE ST. **BY ROBERT STONE** **THERE COMES A TIME IN LIFE WHEN YOU HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN LOVE AND ADVENTURE**



Janice and I arrived in New Orleans in 1960, shortly before Mardi Gras. We found an apartment in the French Quarter on St. Philip Street between Bourbon and Royal. The apartment was cheap and functional. We thought it looked like the place Elia Kazan had located Stanley and Stella in the film version of *Streetcar*; with an interior patio and a balcony over the street. The proprietor of one of the French Market stalls on Decatur gave us a striped kitten.

On Friday and Saturday there were a lot of fights on the street. Saturday night lasted from dusk until dawn, when bars closed for an hour to sweep. Every once in a while you could hear a pistol discharge and see the welter of blue police lights reflected on stucco walls down the street.

A.J. Liebling at that time described New Orleans as a cross between Paterson, New Jersey and Port-au-Prince, combining as always exquisite observation with rich

imagination. Still the most self-referential city in the country, New Orleans sat at the far end of the post-Faulknerian small-town Deep South, by which I mean the far end from me. It did not really represent the surrounding region, which nevertheless separated it from the rest of urban America.

An immigrant entrepôt, a seaport, a city with strong Latin and Catholic fabric, New Orleans never seemed totally alien to me. Its accent had elements of Brooklyn speech. The city and its people seemed deeply urban, more like Boston or Philadelphia in some ways than like Atlanta or Dallas. Those latter places were bigger but in those days were very much a part of the Southern Calvinist society around them.

At the same time, New Orleans never imagined itself as other than Southern. Its relatively tolerant ways and the presence of a black and mixed-race cultural tradition had earned it the nickname of Big Easy. As statutorily race-minded as the rest of the South, it managed somehow to seem less ornery about it, at least to outsiders. When Janice and I arrived, just a few years after *Brown v. Board of Education*, Southern identity was still strong, but its moral self-conscience was reacting to a national repudiation of what the politicians called its way of life. The South of course was famous for its politicians. Like contemporary pols leading the struggle for values, Southern politicians knew there was no cause like a lost cause to keep the discontented voters in a state of offended outrage. Big Easy or whatever, New Orleans was a tough city

a siren. There was half an hour for lunch, plus a break in midmorning and another in midafternoon. Breaks consisted of 10 minutes at a plywood table in a green-and-yellow room, mainly to let people have a smoke, forbidden on the line. The break room was also equipped with coin machines that contained things that could be swallowed.

After being banished by the Janus-faced pairing in the booth, I found the second assembly-line job under circumstances essentially identical. My dismissal, by an undead foreman, was less polite. The cashier presented me with a pink slip and a work schedule for the following week. My schedule read, "Terminated." It had boxes as on a speeding ticket, and two were neatly checked in. One check keyed the word *Attitude*. The other indicated "No incident of theft of material property or cash prior to termination." Since the last line on the document told me I might submit the thing to prospective future employers, I understood it was a qualified recommendation.

"I never said a word to anybody," I told the cashier.

"Y'all come back," the cashier said.

I passed through a number of off-the-books, cash-only positions. The next recorded employment I found was in the service of *Collier's Encyclopedia*, a set of thick, handsomely bound volumes I suppose was as useful as any other. Each morning the chief Collier's salesperson picked us up at a designated meeting place and drove us to one of the towns

NEW ORLEANS WAS AS INTEGRATED AS ANY CITY I HAD EVER SEEN. I HAD NEVER SEEN PEOPLE OF DIFFERENT RACES, POOR PEOPLE AT THAT, LIVING IN SUCH PROXIMITY.

for Yankees to find jobs in. It was also basically a poor one, especially dependent on the oil industry's fortunes.

The demonstrations against segregation had started in North Carolina in 1960, but when we settled in just before Lent of that year things had a long way to go. The Mardi Gras celebrations I had sort of dreaded were disarmingly cheerful and sweet, observed by both whites and blacks. We were surprised at the number and extent of racially mixed neighborhoods. At the time, I thought New Orleans was as residentially integrated as any city I had ever seen. What most surprised me were the two-story buildings of the public housing projects, many of which consisted of 20 apartments, 10 up, 10 down. These buildings were segregated in that their tenants alternated white-black-white-black. I had never seen people of different races, poor people at that, living in such proximity. This of course would go. In the 1970s New Orleans witnessed the most thoroughgoing white flight anywhere in the country, creating the modest suburbs of St. Bernard Parish and Jefferson Parish, which sent Klansman David Duke to the statehouse.

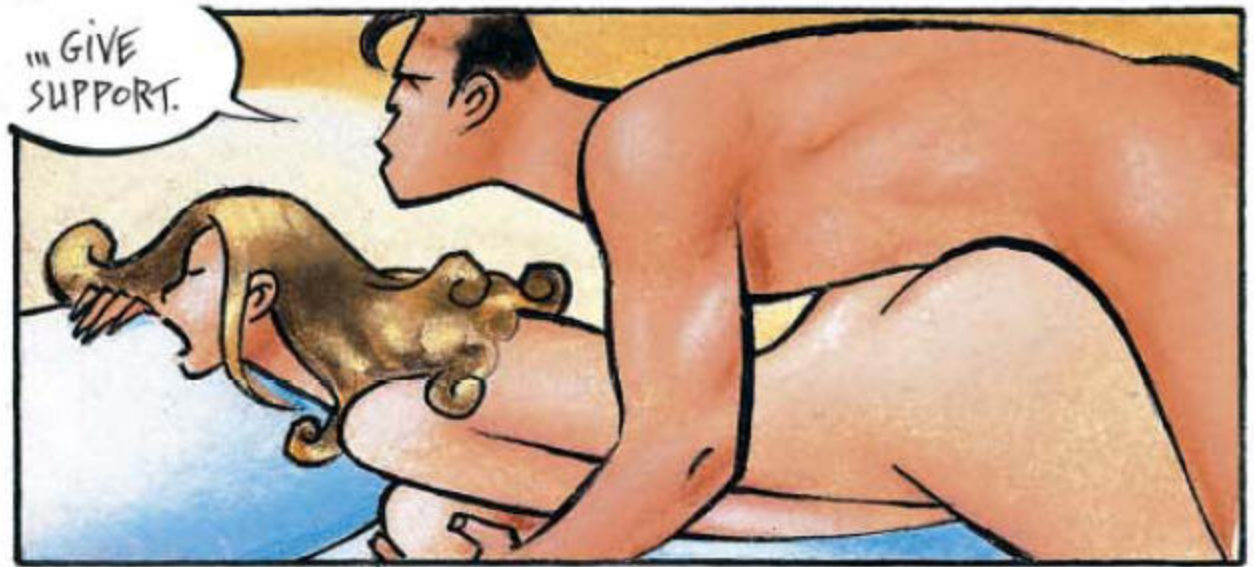
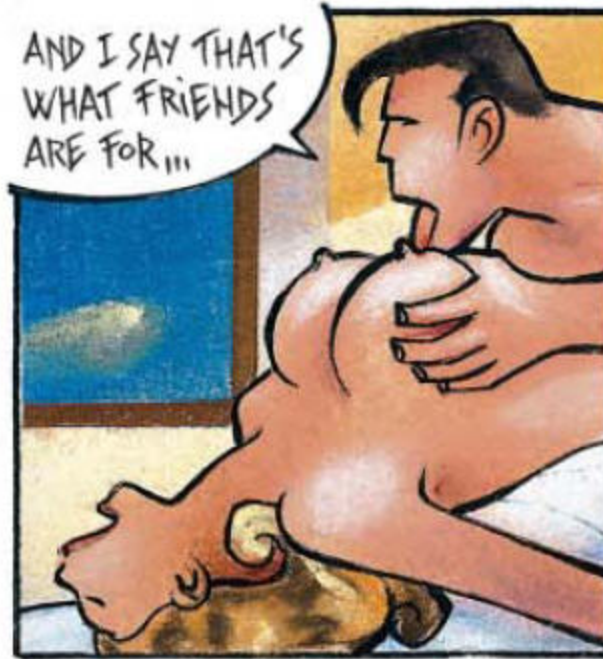
The first jobs I found were two temporary gigs on local assembly lines. Up until then I had missed out on the mass-production experience in America. First at an instant-coffee plant and then at a local liquid-soap factory, I became acquainted with labor discipline as it was practiced in mid-century. In both places people got fired as the day lengthened. The irrepressibly social went first, for talking on the line. At mezzanine level a railed catwalk led to a small glass booth from which two observers watched the line below. One faced left, the other right. Every time one of the temporaries or new hires was dismissed, the pace of the assembly line slowed slightly and then gradually sped up. It was impossible in these circumstances not to feel a trifle jerked around, if not totally dehumanized. Sometimes there was what seemed to be an arbitrary speedup, announced by the sounding of

within an hour or so of New Orleans. A town in St. Tammany or Washington parishes would be likely, Covington or Bogalusa, or we might work across the state line in Pearl River County, Mississippi. Many of the towns had ordinances that outlawed door-to-door selling. Voter-registration drives were in action all over the South. In many towns Northern volunteers had come to the deepest South for the first time, assisting local initiatives that were sometimes creating an African American constituency where none had existed since Reconstruction.

One night just after sunset we were working the poorer white quarter of a burg on the Mississippi side. By then I had found that the Mississippi Gulf Coast had some things in common with New Orleans. Most obvious was a degree of ethnic diversity that eased the pressure of what W.J. Cash called the proto-Dorian bond, the obsessive pursuit of white supremacy as a form of religion that tormented the dreams and threatened the lives of so many. The Greeks of Pass Christian and the Croatians of Biloxi had inherited a few ethnic concerns that went back beyond institutionalized memories of the Confederacy. But the Mississippi town we were selling in that evening was not on the coast; it was far enough north in the state for the sultry wind to carry the scent of pine and tupelo and to encounter mule-drawn wagons on the shoulder of dirt roads. The town had been famous for the rough turp camps where Huddie Ledbetter had worked between jolts, and it contained the headquarters of an international logging company that took longleaf pine. The land was flat, but there were sizable Indian mounds around town, some with houses built over them, approachable by wooden steps.

First door I hit was opened by a sharp-eyed man with a little brush mustache. Was that a gun in his hand? Yes it was, by God. Some kind of revolver. He put it back in a shaving kit he was holding. At some point in (continued on page 154)

Party Pooper



JUAN IVAREZ • JORGE G

CARS OF



Some time back, on a delightful summer night, bottled up in traffic, we pulled up behind the dramatic rear deck of a red Ferrari Testarossa. The license plate read SWTNSS. We maneuvered alongside at the next stoplight. The legendary Bears running back Walter Payton—a.k.a. Sweetness—was at the wheel. He was impeccably dressed for a summer evening, and his crimson car was a knockout. We said hello. He responded warmly. We asked, “Isn’t it frustrating to drive that car through city traffic?” He looked over and answered quietly, “When I want to race, I go to the track. When I need a ride, this is the car I want to ride in.” That about gets it, doesn’t it? When you think about the car you aspire to drive, it’s as important to think about sitting in it stopped at a traffic light as it is to think of its challenging a narrow, twisting highway above the Pacific. The team of automotive writers that chooses PLAYBOY’s cars of the year is obsessed with style, performance and innovation. Every year we travel the globe, test-driving every new model we can get our hands on, covering thousands of miles of the world’s windiest, steepest, most challenging roads to sort the best from the rest. For 2007 new traction devices abound, as do hotter engines and deft transmissions. But aside from the best-in-class performance that separates these cars from the pack, you’ll feel you’re seated in the right place if you’re fortunate enough to make one of these beauties your own.

THE YEAR

BY KEN GROSS



THIS YEAR'S MODELS INCLUDE A PACK OF STREET-LEGAL SPEEDSTERS: A BLAST FROM THE PAST, A HYPER-QUICK HYBRID, A CROSSOVER SUV THAT THINKS IT'S A SPORTS CAR, AND MORE

○ BEST BANG FOR YOUR BUCK If you aren't a believer before you climb behind the wheel of the Ford Shelby GT500, just wait until you turn the key. Ford's high-performance team stiffened the suspension and goosed the stock Mustang's V8 from 4.6 liters to a supercharged intercooled 5.4. Horsepower jumped from 300 to 500. Work the six-speed short-throw shifter and you'll see 60 miles an hour in 4.5 seconds. Jazzy bodywork—with wide-mouth upper and lower grilles, an old-style front air dam, twin hood scoops and a rear spoiler—recaptures the Shelby muscle-car magic. The interior is sumptuous leather with satin nickel trim. On city street or open road the GT500 is the precision version of the American muscle car. It's the result of the first Shelby-Ford partnership in 35 years, with Cobra badges to make the point. You can take a snake home for just over \$42,000 at retail. What are you waiting for?



○ BEST SUV The Cadillac Escalade features a muscular 6.2-liter, 403 hp V8 and smooth six-speed automatic that can be shifted up and down via a button on the shift lever. The interior is laced with enough ornamental styling to please the toughest NFL locker-room jury. Of course if you want to be the king of bling, opt for the multispoke dubs and tall 285/45R 22-inch wheels seen here. The Escalade offers a tremendous list of standard equipment: traction control, antiskid brakes with rollover sensors, shock absorbers that automatically adjust to road conditions, leather upholstery, side curtain air bags, heated front- and second-row folding seats for third-row access and a power liftgate. We test-drove the Escalade in the D.C. area, and more than a few people said, "Yeah, baby!" Dressed up in Cadillac formalwear and with its Bose stereo booming, it is presence and performance. Get yours loaded for about \$60,000.



○ BEST TWO-WAY PLAYER A four-seat convertible with a folding metal top is a great idea reborn. Volvo's entry is the C70; Pontiac's is the G6. But our vote goes to VW's Eos. Named for the Greek goddess of dawn, the Eos has a great trick up its sleeve—the wondrous way the fully automatic five-piece roof opens and closes at the touch of a button. We drove the Eos on snakelike roads outside Pebble Beach and bowed as bystanders cheered whenever the acrobatic top performed its aerial tricks. A turbocharged two-liter, 200 hp four cylinder is standard. Naturally we preferred the more powerful 250 hp V6 with a six-speed direct sequential gearbox. Shifts were quick, precise and very smooth. The Germans have ways of making even relatively low-priced cars (the base Eos starts at \$28,000; the V6 is \$36,850) seem bank-vault solid, with cornering prowess and high-speed stability. Inside, quality leather and aluminum appointments say this is a class act.



○ **BEST SPORTS COUPE** The 2007 Porsche 911 Turbo is not just a great car; it is a supercar. It's equipped with a new all-wheel-drive Porsche Traction Management system and other sophisticated electronic goodies. You can stomp on the accelerator and stay planted to the road as the Turbo sprints from zero to 60 in 3.7 seconds. (It's 0.3 seconds faster with Tiptronic S, making it the first Porsche with an automatic that's quicker than the manual version.) There is something dynamic and essential about this car. It is riveting to drive, but only in Germany, where autobahns allow its staggering 193 mph top speed, will you understand its true magic. Standing still (if you can find a 911 in that mode) the 2007 model can be recognized by its wider wheel arches, flared tailpipes and supersize side-air intakes. Price: about \$125,000. Hey, that's way less than a Ferrari.



○ **BEST PICKUP** Toyota has been threatening to build a full-size he-man pickup for decades. Now the Japanese powerhouse has gone and done it. The new Tundra comes in three cab sizes with several bed options. It is five inches taller, four inches wider and 10 inches longer than its puny predecessor. You can choose from three engines, including a 5.7-liter double overhead cam V8 that means business, with enough horsepower to easily tow more than five tons. Standard: rear seats that fold flat and a hydraulically assisted tailgate that can be raised and lowered with about two fingers' effort. Optional: a rear backup camera that makes trailer hookups a breeze and a six-speed auto trans (standard on the 5.7 liter). We tested the new Tundra outside Louisville, Kentucky, home of the Thoroughbred. A manufacturer's embargo forbids us to tell you how impressed we were with this bad boy on the road, but would the Tundra be our pick for truck of the year if we didn't love it?



○ BEST ROADSTER The Saturn Sky Red Line is rock solid and easy on the eye, with impressive steering, excellent suspension, plenty of stopping power and a turbocharged 260 hp double overhead cam engine. The most desirable performance goodies are standard: traction control, a limited slip differential, antiskid technology and a hefty leather-wrapped steering wheel. If you must have a spoiler, it's just \$275. Inside, you get quality materials, excellent seats and a great driving position. The shifter's feel and the pedal positions are on the money, encouraging spirited motoring even in just a headlong rush down a curvy off-ramp. Okay, the top is a tad more of a chore to put up than it is on other models, and there's no room behind the seats and just a smidgen of space in the trunk. Best to travel light. About \$28,000 gets you a fully equipped Red Line. The General deserves a salute.



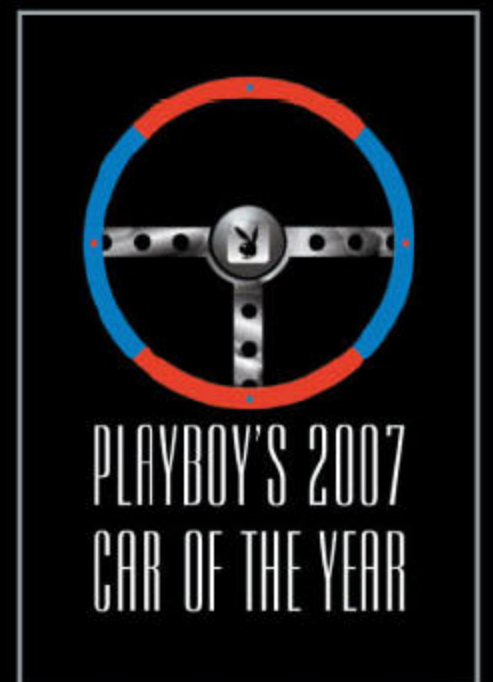
○ **THE AL GORE SPECIAL** Under the hood of the Lexus GS 450h luxury sport sedan hybrid is a 3.5-liter V6 coupled with a high-output electric-drive motor. Combined, they deliver 340 hp—the power of a 4.5-liter V8 but one that gets nearly 30 miles a gallon in city driving. The zero-to-60 time is less than six seconds, so it's a hybrid jackrabbit. When you apply the brakes, the electric motor recharges the 240-cell nickel-metal-hydride battery, located behind the rear seat. When you stop, the gas engine shuts off to save fuel. The interior is luxurious, the car is whisper quiet, and the mileage is remarkable. It's a Lexus, so the driver inputs lean toward luxury rather than sportiness. But when we drove it on the back roads of Hawaii's big island, it impressed us with its capable cornering, thanks to driver-adjustable shocks. Ecological self-satisfaction has a price; figure on spending about \$55,000 for a GS 450h.



○ **BEST CROSS-DRESSER** Mazda's claim that it injected the "soul of a sports car" into its crossover CX-7 is not hype. The wedge-shaped hatchback, with its knife-edge grille, 18-inch wheels, raked windshield and chopped roofline, will swallow all the gear you want to stash. A lively turbocharged 2.3-liter, 244 hp four-cylinder power plant paired with a six-speed automatic trans will thrust you to 60 mph in less than eight seconds. ABS and traction control come standard. More essential, the CX-7 is a ball to drive. We carved up marshland back roads at high speed while test-driving it in Delaware and came away ready to say we had just spent the afternoon in a four-door Miata. A nicely equipped CX-7 goes for about \$25,000. The all-wheel-drive GT runs to \$29,000. Add a thumping Bose stereo, voice-activated navigation system and keyless remote start and you're knocking on \$35,000.

CAR OF THE YEAR Squeeze into the BMW Z4 M coupe's formfitting seats, grip the fat racing-inspired steering wheel, reach for the stubby shifter and hammer the throttle. The first thing you notice, besides the g-force, is the shrill of the variable valve gear. The second thing you notice: What a car! The M coupe rockets to 60 mph in 4.9 seconds and hits 105 in the quarter mile. We tore our M coupe through challenging switchbacks in the Blue Ridge Mountains where they cross from Virginia into West Virginia and we looped over high-altitude humps and dashed at speed into the valleys, loving every minute. The superb new BMW boasts a 3.2-liter, 330 hp high-performance in-line six cylinder coupled with a six-speed shifter. Beemer builds the best straight sixes in the world; this one revs seamlessly to 7,900 rpm. The M coupe benefits from dynamic stability control, dynamic traction control, cornering brake control (it applies the brakes asymmetrically when the car corners hard), ABS and a brake standby function that preapplies the brakes when you step off the gas, so stopping power is delivered in a snap. There's more: razor-sharp electromechanical power steering, oversize four-piston front-disc brakes, adjustable sport suspension, twin-tube gas shocks, double-spoke light-alloy 18-inch wheels and tuning that's just better than the other guys'. The alloy-accented flat-black cockpit with big readable dashboard dials is racy, and the short-throw shifter is a joystick indeed. Two-stage front- and door-mounted side air bags are standard. In the \$50,000 range, nothing else we've driven combines BMW's race-bred reputation with as much usable on-street jazz. That's why the BMW Z4 M coupe is PLAYBOY's 2007 car of the year.







"I gotta tell you, I look forward to this stop all year long."

Centerfolds On Sex



VIEW TO A TELL

I used to work for a dating service, so I've heard thousands of first-date stories and have come up with some guidelines. Always put your best foot forward and dress appropriately. Don't discuss negative topics or say bad things about exes. As for location, a good first date would be to go out for drinks or dinner or do any kind of activity that lets you talk to and find out about each other. You can't talk at the movies or in a theater. Last, though I think you should avoid sex on the first date, I am a big proponent of kissing, because I know if you kiss well, you're going to be good in bed. I went out on a date once with a guy I was really hot for. We went to a romantic restaurant with a great view of L.A., and then in the car on the way back we started making out. He was such a gross kisser. After that it was like, "Oh, sorry. I'm busy."



TOY STORY

Sex toys are a woman's friend. Do you think I like latex more than a real man? Of course I don't. It's just that sex toys are fun. A man who isn't afraid of them proves he is comfortable with himself and his sexuality. That's a huge turn-on. The fact of the matter is a huge percentage of women cannot come while having sex, and they have to use toys for the extra stimulation. I like older men because they are experienced enough to know this. When I hear a woman turn down a guy just because he's older than she is, I laugh. Older men are better than guys my own age.

COAT CHECK

16-3



THE YE A

All the desire, debauchery, silliness and shenanigans we

NUDE CELEBRITIES

For more than half a century, PLAYBOY has featured nude celebrities in its pages, starting with Marilyn Monroe in the first issue. Now it seems everybody is getting into our act. Check out (1) *Sports Illustrated's* swimsuit issue, in which Molly Sims and others traded bikinis for body paint and bejeweled dental floss; (2) *Vanity Fair*, with designer Tom Ford, Scarlett Johansson and Keira Knightley on the cover and Angelina Jolie inside—where *VF* editor Graydon Carter promised not to “toy with Ms. Jolie’s butt crack;” (3) *Vibe*, starring Janet Jackson; (4) *Bazaar*, with a preggo Britney Spears; (5) *W*, featuring Kate Moss as Marilyn; (6) *Allure's* layout of Jaime Pressly, Elizabeth Perkins and other famous ladies au naturel; (7) British *Esquire*, with Heidi Klum in gloves and little else; and (8) *GQ*, in which—in another MM tribute—Christina Aguilera had nothing on but the radio. Pardon us, we’re blushing—you know what they say about imitation and flattery.



The Naked Truth

Five Hollywood actresses glisten under the lights as they bare their bodies—and a bit of their souls. By Patricia Tortolani

Every woman has a bag of hang-ups about her body that she carries around and doesn't really deal with," said actress Aisha Tyler. "And every once in a while, they blow up on you." For Tyler and the other brave celebrities who posed naked for *Allure*, the moment of contribution came when they dropped the robe. "I felt confident and I had to take it off," confessed Chloë Sevigny. Even Jaime Pressly, who proclaimed, "I don't have a problem with nudity" upon arriving at the shoot, had a



SEX SELLS THE STRANGEST THINGS, PART ONE

They're betting that if you want to be the razor, maybe you'll buy it. But what are we really looking at—a Brobdingnagian Schick or a Lilliputian chick?



ANOTHER BLOW FOR BLAIR

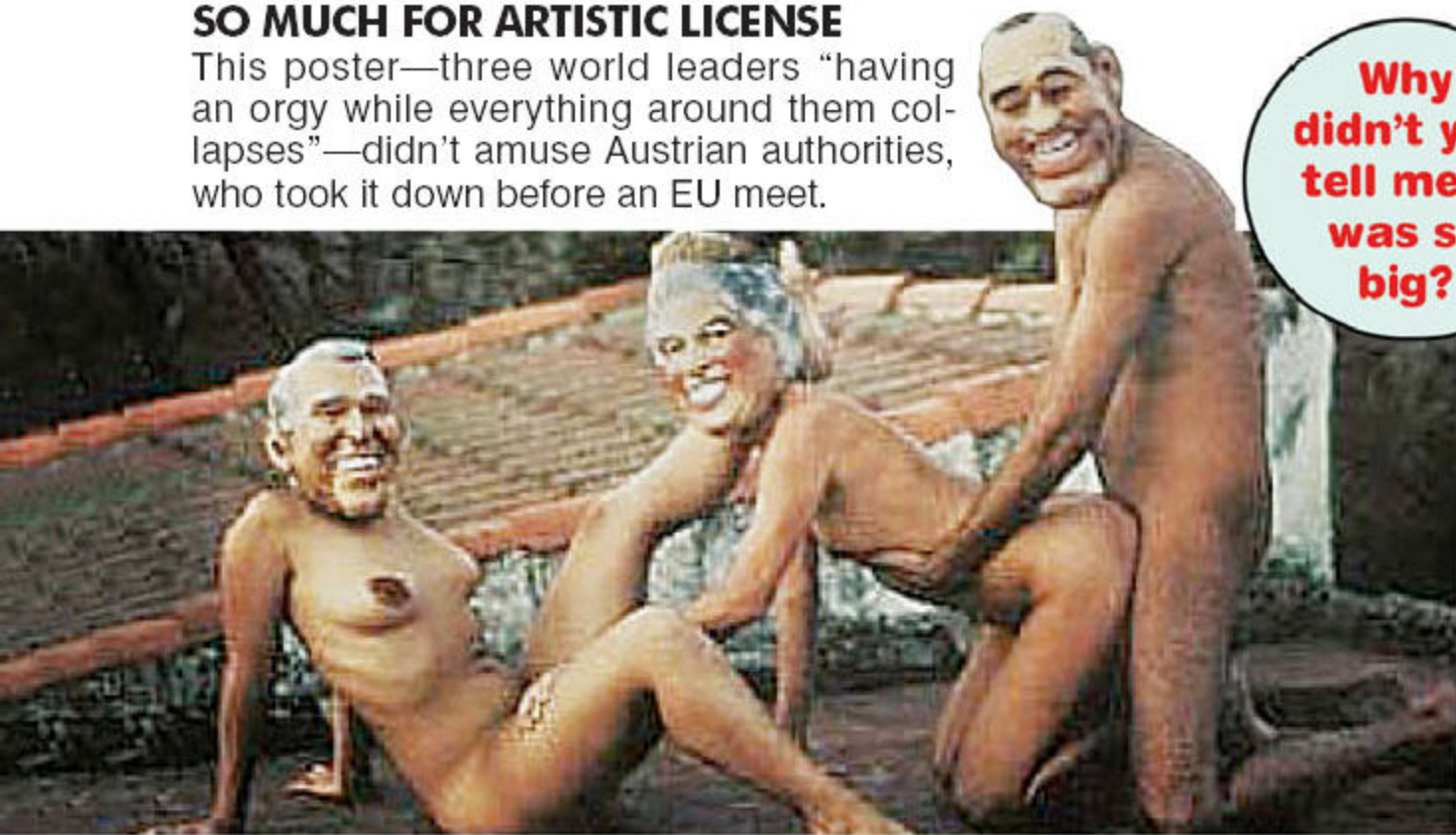
In case he needs another line of work, beleaguered British PM Tony Blair practices his technique on a lung-function test.

RINSE SEX

could stuff into seven hot pages. Settle down, Congressman Foley

SO MUCH FOR ARTISTIC LICENSE

This poster—three world leaders “having an orgy while everything around them collapses”—didn’t amuse Austrian authorities, who took it down before an EU meet.



Why didn't you tell me it was so big?

SIZE QUEEN

Kim Cattrall's racy TV spots for the Nissan Tiida breathily touting the car's ride, body and size were driven off the air by New Zealand viewers.



THE COURSE OF TRUE TV LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH

As if one were needed, here's a reason not to put your marriage on TV: imminent divorce. Carmen and Dave, Jessica and Nick, Shanna and Travis—they all split in 2006. Luckily, perhaps, *Family Jewels* stars Gene Simmons and 1982 PMOY Shannon Tweed never tied the knot.



THE YEAR IN SEX



BURLESQUE'S CHEEKY COMEBACK

Dita Von Teese took her niche nostalgia mainstream with a book of photos and a slew of public performances—including one at a Paris fete for Hef's 80th birthday.



SEX SELLS THE STRANGEST THINGS, PART TWO

A web-based viral ad campaign featured hot Brooke Burke and the creepy Burger King.



BAD CALL

In Aloha, Oregon Lonely Lorna Du-dash dialed 911 to reconnect with a cute sheriff's deputy who had visited her house on a noise complaint. He returned but only to bust her for misusing the emergency system.

Why didn't you tell me it was illegal?

Lovelorn woman gets probation, not cute cop

A woman who called 911 in hopes of getting another look at "the cutest cop I've seen..."

HABEAS CORPUS

Former L.A. gumshoe and current felon Anthony Pellicano has been implicated in all kinds of improper behavior, including running an illegal background check on Linda Doucett of *The Larry Sanders Show*. Here's a foreground check we ran on Linda in 1993.



RED CARPET BOMBER

On E!'s pre-Golden Globes coverage, designer Isaac Mizrahi terrorized celebs, asking Eva Longoria how she groomed her pubic hair; Queen Latifah, Jessica Alba and Keira Knightley if they were wearing any underwear; and a purseless Natalie Portman where she'd carry a cell phone, credit card or condom if any were necessary.



Just when it seemed he couldn't get more tasteless, he groped Scarlett Johansson's boobs, claiming he was checking her gown's construction.



DRY RUN

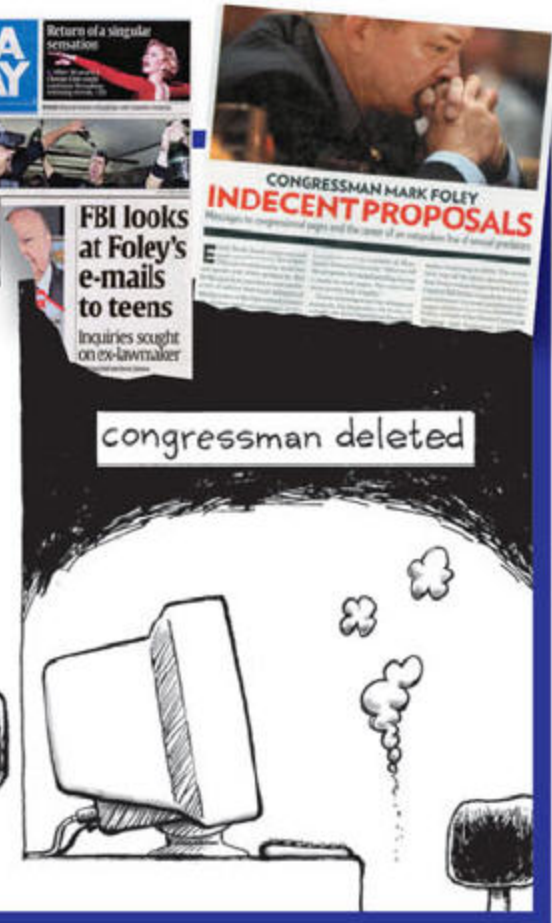
Italian prime minister Silvio Berlusconi swore off sex before the election—and lost anyway. Reports didn't say whether the vow earned or cost him the vote of his wife, actress Veronica Lario.

I said it, and I'm sorry.

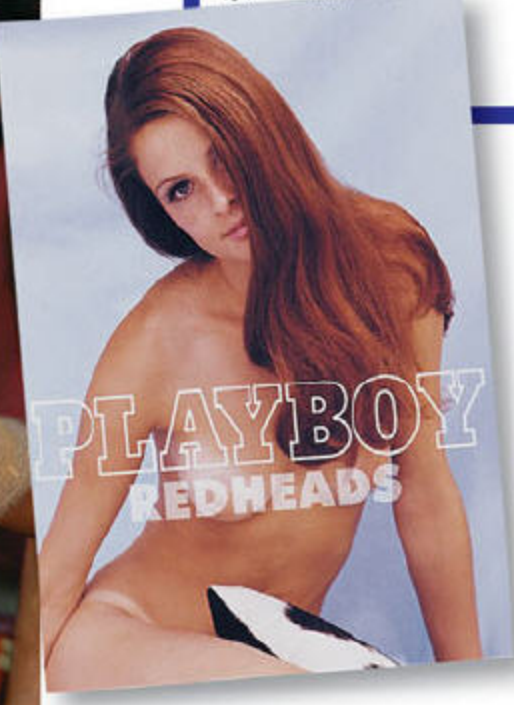


I said it, and I'm sorry.

THAT'S RICH
Paris Hilton announced she was giving up sex for a year in order to rediscover herself.



INSTANT MESSAGES FROM A BOTTLE?
Florida representative Mark Foley gave the GOP leadership fits when he abruptly quit his seat after steamy e-mails and IMs he'd sent to teenage male pages unexpectedly surfaced. A spokesperson offered a buffet of explanations for the congressman's improprieties that included (a) alcohol, (b) abuse by a clergyman as a child and (c) Foley's homosexuality.



FROM KAZAKHSTAN WITH BULGE
On the beach at Cannes, "Kazakhstani journalist" Borat (a.k.a. Sacha Baron Cohen) wore a shoulder-mounted Speedo that reminded us—and yet didn't—of the skimpy gym attire sported by Miss November 1984 Roberta Vasquez.



HOT PANTS

Oil heir and Paris pal Brandon Davis called Lindsay Lohan a "fire crotch." Citing our *Redheads* book, Lohan preferred to put it thusly: "Redheads are more sexual than girls with other hair colors."



HOW ABOUT THEM APPLES?

To raise money for their church youth group, German evangelicals created an erotic biblical calendar. Meet Mr. and Mrs. October, Adam and Eve.



THE YEAR IN SEX



HOT TREND: BODY PAINTING

It was a clever cover story for PLAYBOY nearly 40 years ago (1), but in 2006 body painting was everywhere. Among the publicly pigmented: (2) models at the World Cup; (3) a New Zealand pol who vowed to run naked if his party lost, which it did; (4) human canvases at an art event in Belgium; and (5) another World Cup fan.



I said it, and I'm sorry.

This is a great idea!



Hey, guys, size does matter!

OLD ONE-EYE

A new Ava Gardner biography has her saying 19 of husband Sinatra's 119 pounds were cock, but a recent Sinatra book claims, oddly, that she said, "There's only 10 pounds of Frank, but there's 110 pounds of cock."



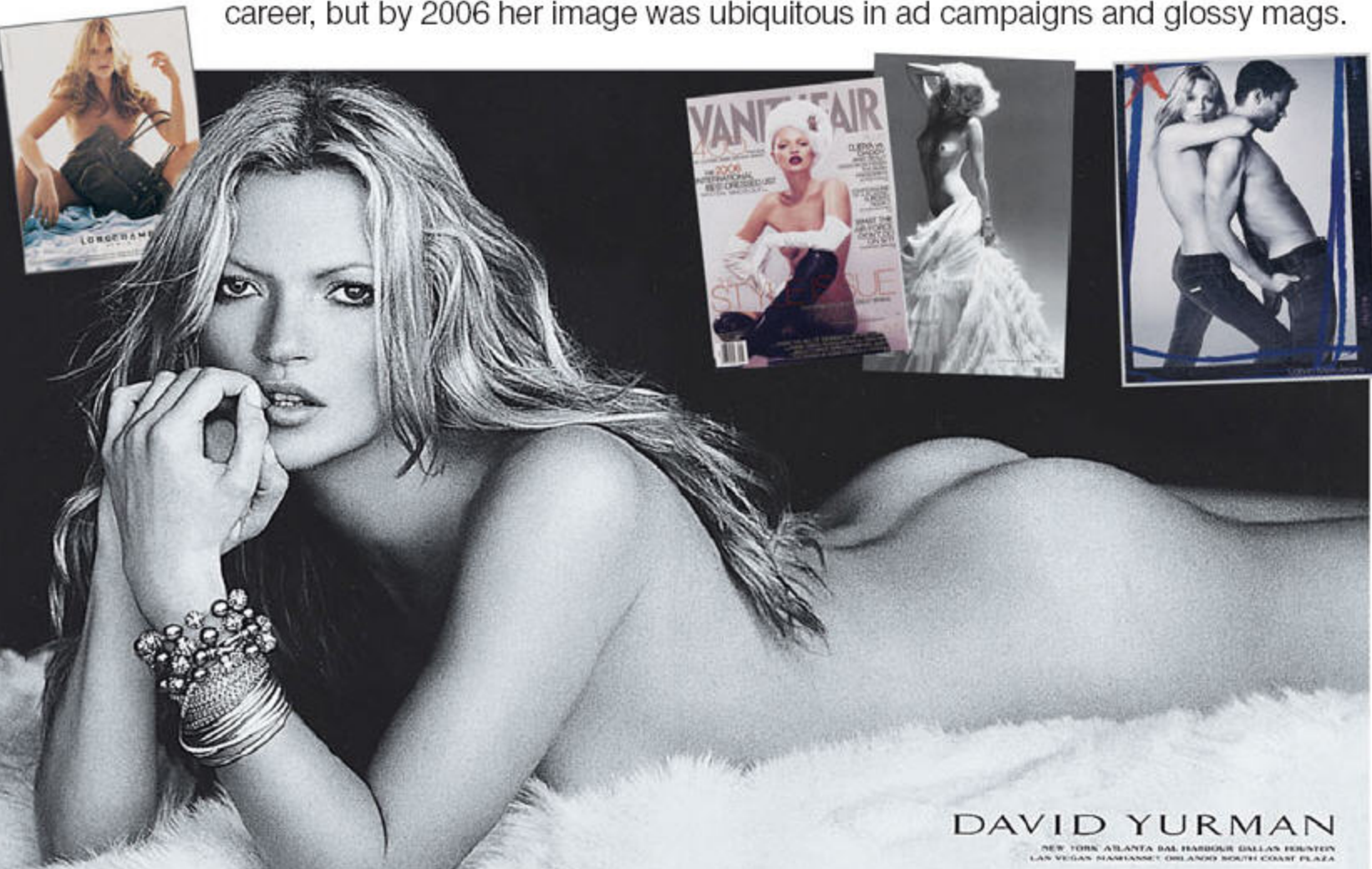
BUBBLIES

These squeezable Shower Breasts will dispense shampoo, lotion, beer—whatever you're into. Guaranteed to prolong bachelorhood, from boysstuff.co.uk.



WHO SAYS SCANDALS RUIN YOUR REP?

Those 2005 tabloid photos of Kate Moss seemingly doing blow threatened to derail her career, but by 2006 her image was ubiquitous in ad campaigns and glossy mags.



AND SHE THOUGHT BOBBY BROWN WAS A HANDFUL

A book by Kola Boof, purportedly Osama bin Laden's former mistress, alleges the Al Qaeda chief lusts after Whitney Houston.





PETER PAINTER

In other body-painting news, Aussie Tim "Pricasso" Patch makes art with his penis—but admits "there's a limit to how long one can paint for."

DROP THE PIPE, KID

A study in the journal *Pediatrics* reports that teens who listen to lyrics depicting horny males have more sex.



STRAIGHT FLASH

Even losers were winners at the World Strip Poker Championship, held in London.

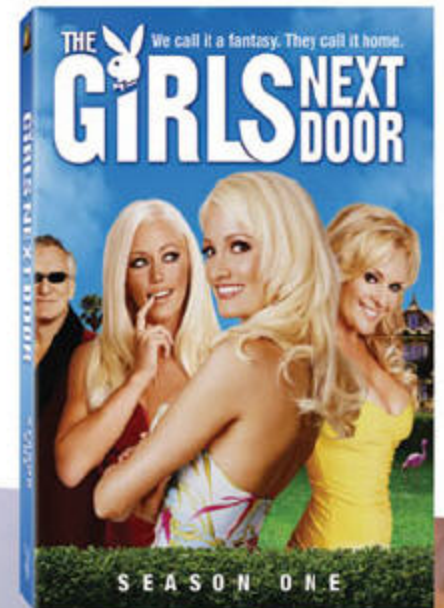


HERE COMES THE SUN

The Heather Mills–Paul McCartney divorce turned uglier when *The Sun* ran photos from a sex manual she made for a German publisher in the 1980s.

YOU CAN'T SEE THIS ON TELEVISION!

The Girls Next Door returned to the E! network; fans frustrated by the occasional pixelations saw more of Holly, Bridget and Kendra on the uncensored season one DVD.



FAKE, BUT FUN, FOOTY PHOTO

World Cup foes and Man U teammates Cristiano Ronaldo and Wayne Rooney make nice in this wildly popular Photoshopped image.



THE YEAR IN SEX

But wait... there's more!

PENIS PUMPS: DOING SWELL

BRISTOW, OKLAHOMA—

Ex-judge Donald Thompson got a four-year prison sentence for exposing himself and using a penis pump during trials. His court reporter was distracted by the swooshing sounds issuing from the bench.... CHICAGO—When a female airport security agent at O'Hare questioned Mardin Amin about an unusual object in his backpack, he allegedly told her it was a bomb. He didn't want his mother, who was traveling with him to Turkey, to know it was a penis pump.... BRATISLAVA, SLOVAKIA—After a driver crashed into a bus at an intersection, police found him unconscious with head injuries, his pants off and a pump attached to his penis.



NET BALLS

Dutch DJ Sander Lantinga made an unusually acrobatic Wimbledon stalker. Maria Sharapova, who was in the middle of her match with Elena Dementieva, turned

her back. "I didn't want to look at all the details," she explained.

NUKED DICK

A Pittsburgh convenience-store employee freaked out when he thought he'd microwaved someone's severed penis. Turns out it was a dildo filled with urine that a job applicant was warming to body temperature for a drug test.

LUSTING AFTER INANIMATE OBJECTS: FOR THE BIRDS

MÜNSTER, GERMANY—A lovesick swan has fallen for a swan-shaped paddleboat five times its size. Perhaps it read Eve Bunting's children's book *Swan in Love*, which has a similar plot.... GLOUCESTERSHIRE, U.K.—In the Forest of Dean a peacock named Mr. P. has devoted the past three years to romancing a gas pump from 6:30 A.M. to 10 P.M. daily. Neighbors are upset over his raucous mating calls.



It's downright amazing what can happen when one is wearing the right brand of sneakers.

TUBES TIED

Italian sexologist Serenella Salomoni found that couples who have a TV set in their bedroom make love half as often as those who don't.

ANIMAL LOVERS: DIDDLING ON THE HOOF

ENUMCLAW, WASHINGTON—Kenneth Pinyan died from internal injuries after having sex with a horse. No charges of animal cruelty were filed because there was no evidence of injury to the horse.... MALAKAL, SUDAN—A gentleman named Tombe, caught flagrante delicto with a goat, was forced by village elders to marry the animal—and pay its owner a dowry.

BITS AND PIECES: WORTH HOLDING ON TO

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA—A man severed his penis to prove his faithfulness to his wife. He was reportedly recovering after being rushed to the hospital for reattachment surgery.... VALALTA, CROATIA—When Mario Visnjic took a naked dip in the cool sea, his testicles naturally shrank. Afterward, he sat in a wooden chair to bask in the sun. Unfortunately, his testicles slipped through the slats, then returned to normal size, trapping him. Rescuers ended up sawing the chair in half.

POLYGAMY: QUANTITY-OF-WIFE ISSUE

Viewers loved the fictional suburban harem on HBO's hit series *Big Love*, but in real life, polygamy didn't fare so well. In Nevada the FBI finally caught up with most-wanted fugitive sect leader Warren Jeffs, estimated to have more than 40 wives.

SEX SELLS THE STRANGEST THINGS, PART THREE



AH, THE ROMANCE OF TRAIN TRAVEL

This sign greets passengers on the platform at Penrith, U.K. New marketing tool for Amtrak?



NO BUSINESS FOR SEX BUSINESS

German entrepreneurs, hoping to score some euros during World Cup matches, opened impressive brothels. Unfortunately for them, few customers showed up. "Football and beer go well together," a Cologne police spokesman observed. "Football and prostitution are apparently not as great a combination."

ACRONYM OF THE YEAR

The U.K.'s National Health Service has set up a counseling organization for teens, the Sexual Health Action Group, or SHAG. "We've talked about changing the name," said one NHS official, "but it describes what we do so well."



SHE HAS A WAY WITH CORKS

Natalie Oliveros, a.k.a. porn star Savanna Samson, has become a vintner. Wine critic Robert Parker gave her 2004 Sogno Uno a rating of 91.



“So if there are 12 days of Christmas, why are we settling for a one-night stand?”



ELLEN POMPEO

DR. MEREDITH GREY TALKS ABOUT HER ANATOMY, DATING OLDER MEN, THE PAIN OF ENDING UP ON THE CUTTING-ROOM FLOOR AND WHY MEAN WAITRESSES GET THE BEST TIPS

Q1

PLAYBOY: Lots of us know you for roles in *Catch Me If You Can* and *Old School*, but playing a surgical intern on *Grey's Anatomy* has brought your biggest fame. When did you first notice guys wanting to play doctor with you?

POMPEO: I didn't have any confidence as a young girl, because all the other girls had boobs and hips. I was always thin, always called the stick or the pencil. I didn't have a boyfriend until I was 16, and he was eight years older. My father was furious about this 24-year-old, and I had to hide the relationship.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Was Dad any better with your younger boyfriends?

POMPEO: When my boyfriend slept with my best friend and I was playing the field a little, I dated some boys my age, but my father intimidated everybody. He'd wait at the window, and when they would drop me off in front of my house, he'd fly out the door and rip them out of the car by their neck. He didn't want me in cars with boys, and they would never come back. My father is a big, scary sort

of guy. He ruined my social life. For me, guys and sex and everything came after money, though. It was about survival, how to make money to better my life and get myself out of that town.

Q3

PLAYBOY: That town was good, solid, working-class Everett, Massachusetts, where you were the youngest of six kids. How did you first start making your exit money?

POMPEO: At 14 and 15 I sold slush outside Fenway Park in Boston for wiseguys. Back then I didn't know they were wiseguys, but I do now. They just seemed like nice guys who were willing to give me a job when I wasn't old enough to work. There were probably 10 other slush carts on the street, but mine was the only one with a line of people waiting down the block for my "special" slush. I was given this giant cleaned-out ketchup bottle, and for a couple of dollars extra I would squirt one or two shots into the slush. The cops never bothered me, so I eventually figured out that these guys were connected and I could sell as much special slush as I wanted. Those streets of Boston will defi-

nately teach you the art of the hustle, and I learned it very young.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You must also have learned the art of survival very young, since your mother died when you were four.

POMPEO: I don't want to talk about that. But because of what happened to me as a child, we had different babysitters every day; all these characters in my life would babysit me. I have so many different influences. My mother came from an Irish family of 11 kids and, of course, had a sister who was a nun, so I spent time at a convent and with an aunt and uncle who lived in New York and took me to the theater. It was the 1970s, and all my brothers and sisters were hippies. They were smoking pot and watching *The Three Stooges*. When I was small it seemed chaotic, but now, as an older woman looking back, I think, My God, it's so much to draw on.

Q5

PLAYBOY: In the early 1990s you were a cocktail waitress in Miami and then worked as a bartender in New York. The way you

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look, your tips must have been huge.
POMPEO: My father was a salesman, so I guess the art of the hustle was always in me. Miami happened so fast. There were all these beautiful girls, models the rich guys wanted to meet. These playboys had absolutely no game, so I made big money by getting them to send champagne and drinks to these girls' tables, because the guys were so desperate to meet them. I worked the door at a couple of clubs, and that was very lucrative too. People will do anything to get in, and "anything" is throwing more money at you.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Did you do the same thing in New York?

POMPEO: I got a job bartending in SoHo right away. I always worked in super-busy places, and that's hard work. My way of dealing was "If I have to put up with you and your drunkenness, you're going to have to pay me to listen to you babble and say how beautiful I am. If I have to listen to you and all your nonsense, you better make it worth my while." And they always did.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Did you have any bartender moves or specialties like, say, those women in *Coyote Ugly*?

POMPEO: I wouldn't say I was a good drink maker, but I was a very good hustler. I'd abuse the customers, yell and scream at them and make them wait. If they put money down on the bar and it wasn't enough, I'd go wait on someone else who was giving me enough money. If they put another five down and I made them wait longer, pretty soon there would be \$20 on the bar. Then I'd come over and give them a drink. It's not that I wasn't nice. It was just "These are my rules, and you either play this way or try to find a drink from someone else." I wasn't there to make friends. My way worked brilliantly.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Did you use those skills to launch your acting career?

POMPEO: I met an agent at the bar I worked in and went to see her the next day in her office. She sent me on three auditions for national commercials. I told her, "Listen, I know I said I was an actress, and I am, but I'm really not. I've never been to an audition, and I might make you look bad or something." But I got all three jobs that same day, and the agent called me and said, "You can quit the bar." I thought, Wow, I'm 25. Maybe I should have pursued this earlier. I gave myself until 30 for acting to work out, though.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You got there just in time.

POMPEO: I made a lot of money doing commercials. Literally one year to the day after I got my first commercial, I got my first legitimate job, an episode of *Law & Order*, and pretty soon I was getting work in series and independent movies. My agent was moving to Los Angeles and said, "Come with me," so I did. I hated it. I was depressed. I didn't understand the whole miniskirts-and-boobs mentality. Even now I'll walk the streets of Manhattan until four in the morning, but not in L.A. There are coyotes—not that they're going to hurt you, I know, but it's their eyes. I'm chicken.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Despite the miniskirts-and-boobs mentality in L.A., you were cast in the 2002 flick *Moonlight Mile*, for which you won star-is-born reviews by playing the girlfriend who helps Jake Gyllenhaal deal with his fiancée's death.

POMPEO: Weeks before I auditioned for that, I had met Jake by chance on the street. He wasn't Jake Gyllenhaal then. He came over and said, "Hi, how are you?" We talked, he said I was beautiful, and I said I was an actor. He kind of didn't want to say he was an actor. Then it got awkward. I wasn't going to ask for his phone number, and he wasn't going to ask for mine. I didn't know what else to say, because he'd come over with these compliments and he's much younger than I am. I just said, "Well, maybe we'll work together someday," and that was it. But two weeks later I walked into this audition and he was there. It was clearly meant to be.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Does it bug you that more people didn't see you in the movie, especially considering the good reviews you received?

POMPEO: It was a fantastic lesson. Nothing in life should be about end results. That's too self-serving. *Moonlight Mile* was about the experience I had with Jake, Dustin Hoffman and writer-director Brad Silberling. I worked for five days on *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, and all my scenes were with Jim Carrey because I played his ex-girlfriend, from before he meets Kate Winslet's character. I was cut out of the movie completely, but I got to work with Carrey, who was phenomenal, so who gives a shit what happens?

Q12

PLAYBOY: When you were making *Old School*, did you ever wish your character would cut loose the way Will Ferrell's or Vince Vaughn's did?

(concluded on page 173)

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

Cast your vote for the 2007 Playmate of the Year

Last year you decided that the stunning Kara Monaco was the Playmate with the best looks and the most intoxicating je ne sais quoi of the class of 2005. Now it is time to reacquaint yourself with 2006's 12 curvy contenders who hope to become Playmate of the Year. Thousands of hours were put into creating this collection of photography, with each girl bringing her own unique energy to the camera. So who will it be? The aspiring pop singer from Alabama? The well-engineered German import? How about the model with a master's in gerontology? One of these beauties will receive \$100,000 and be showered with valuable prizes, most notably a blowout Playmate of the Year pictorial to appear in June. Go to playboy.com/pmoy and vote for your favorite girl. Or send a text message with the two-digit code that appears under your pick's pic to PLBOY (75269) and, for a \$1.99 charge, receive a wallpaper for your phone.*

PICK YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE AT PLAYBOY.COM/PMOY.



MISS JANUARY—01



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03



MISS APRIL—04



MISS MAY—05



MISS JUNE—06



MISS JULY—07



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS AUGUST—08



MISS NOVEMBER—11



MISS DECEMBER—12

*Available on Cingular, Verizon and Sprint wireless networks. Your cellular account will be billed \$1.99 per image, though standard or other text messaging charges may apply. Go to playboymobile.com for more Playboy models. See terms and conditions at playboymobile.com/terms.



Miss June

STEPHANIE LARIMORE

Not until 2006 did a Miss June become Playmate of the Year, and Stephanie is relieved the June jinx has ended. Now she's hoping for a streak. "Let's keep the tradition going," she says, "and vote for Miss June two years in a row!" Stephanie recently moved from Indiana to Washington, D.C., where she is taking in the sights ("I just visited the White House. I'm such a tourist") and loving the attention she gets from fans. "It's very flattering, so I always reply to all my fan mail," she says. What's in the future for this gorgeous brunette? "Expect to see me at more Playboy events because I'm very ambitious. I want to get out there and do as much as I can."

Miss February

CASSANDRA LYNN

Whether or not Miss February gets your vote for Playmate of the Year, be sure to support her on the reality show *Bombshell*. "It's like *America's Next Top Model*. People watch and vote for the winner," she says. "The camera crew followed me around to my PLAYBOY issue release party and to Puerto Rico, where I was scuba diving. I did more dives for the show *Playing in Paradise*. I got to hug and kiss dolphins, which was totally cool." Now Cassandra is prepping for the Lingerie Bowl (on pay-per-view during the Super Bowl halftime) and shimmying into her Bunny outfit for other Playboy events. "I'm dedicated to the magazine," she says. "I hope I get a chance to prove myself!"





Miss April

HOLLEY ANN DORROUGH

Beautiful Holley is making a pop record, but those waiting to hear if Miss April sounds as good as she looks will have to be patient. She promises the wait will be worth it. "I've been writing songs and working on everything, so slowly but surely the album is coming along," she says. "I recently left Los Angeles and am living in San Antonio. I drive back and forth between there, L.A. and back home in Alabama." After the bags of mail that arrived praising Holley's pictorial (readers loved the sudsy shot of her washing a vintage muscle car in the nude), we're thinking this luscious blonde has a good chance to become the 2007 Playmate of the Year.

Miss December

KIA DRAYTON

Miss December says she is not the typical Southern woman—but you knew that when you met her last month. "I have a lot of qualities guys can relate to and gravitate toward," she says. "I'm the cool chick they can hang out with." As for the newfound fame her pictorial has brought, Kia says she loves the spotlight. "Fans write me letters and I always respond." And those fans aren't just men, either. "On MySpace I get so many messages from girls, saying, 'I'm so glad you're an African American female and you're out there representing us in a positive light.' It lifts my spirits and makes me feel good to know that people enjoy what I'm doing and support me."

Miss July

SARA JEAN UNDERWOOD

After appearing on the October 2005 cover, becoming Miss July and guesting on *The Girls Next Door*, fresh-faced Sara has been hit with a sudden dose of stardom. The Oregon native, however, is still as sweet as she looks. "I like the genuineness of shy guys," she says. Of course, not too shy. Although she has become quite recognizable, "no one comes up and says hi in everyday situations. I was hoping maybe one guy would throw me a bone!" We'll dodge that metaphor and simply say Sara has taken time off from school to devote to Playboy, so show her some love. "I have four classes left, and I can taste my degree," she says, "but I just couldn't pass up this opportunity."





Miss October

JORDAN MONROE

Jordan is a junior studying family science in Nebraska. Since she became Miss October 2006, she's noticed her classmates now approach her for more than just lecture notes. "I saw the difference at the first football game after my issue came out," she says. "Guys came over and took me by the hand to pose for pictures. It is flattering. Unfortunately, I haven't had a chance to meet a lot of the other Playmates because I'm so far away from Los Angeles." So what would she do with the \$100,000 prize money? "I just want to graduate and pay off my loans. Then I'd do something fun." Sounds like a plan.

Miss May

ALISON WAITE

Miss May never realized how many friends she had on campus at San Diego State until she appeared on the cover of PLAYBOY. "Friends I didn't even know I had came out of the woodwork," she laughs. "I think people were really excited that San Diego had been put on the map for being not just a party school but a fun, cool place to attend college." Alison has since graduated with her master's in gerontology and currently rooms at the Playmate House. "It's such a prestigious honor to be on the cover and to be a Centerfold as well," she says, her hazel eyes twinkling. "It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity I never imagined for myself. I lucked out."





Miss August

NICOLE VOSS

Miss August has been working for Playboy full-time, traveling to such places as Chicago, Colorado, Las Vegas and her hometown of Boca Raton, Florida to represent the magazine. "Each promotional trip I take is still really exciting. It's a new experience every time," she says. Nicole wants to stay in Athens, Georgia—"The local newspaper ran a nice article on me when my issue came out, so now we have a lot more PLAYBOY subscribers in the area"—but she is considering a part-time pad in the City of Angels. Who knows? We may see her on the silver screen sometime soon. "I definitely have the Hollywood bug now," she says.

Miss March

MONICA LEIGH

As exciting as it was for Monica to become Miss March, she got even more attention after filling out the golden swimsuit for our August cover story on the bikini's 60th anniversary. "Everybody loved that cover, and I feel flattered and honored when strangers ask to have their picture taken with me," the Long Island native says. "Now I'm a full-time Playboy-aholic." To get her fix Monica has moved to the Mansion for a few months to try to jump-start her singing and acting career. "This is the only shot I'll ever get to do it," she says. "I worked as an extra on *Spider-Man 3* and *CSI: Miami*. They were small parts, but I almost have my SAG card. One more and it's mine!"

Miss January

ATHENA LUNDBERG

There is something magical about Miss January's silky platinum hair and luscious smile. Her pictorial attracted plenty of attention, and since then Athena has discovered an unexpected perk of being a Playmate. "I walked into an AmPm store, and everybody knew me," she says, that sexy smile beaming. "I even got free gas! I feel special." Athena is now fired up about tackling the competition in the Lingerie Bowl. "I may look sweet, but I'll do anything," she says. "I went on *Fear Factor Live* at Universal Studios and dangled from four stories, grabbed flags out of an eel tank and even drank blended bugs. It was such a rush. The only thing I cared about was winning."





Miss November

SARAH ELIZABETH

Let's dispel any notion that Playmate of the Year is a catty competition. Hear Miss November's thoughts on the subject: "Everybody from the Playmates to Hef's girlfriends has been so welcoming," she says. "I may be back home in Panama City, Florida, but I've honestly put everything aside for Playboy and am waiting to see what happens. I didn't tell anyone I was in the November issue because I wanted it to be a complete surprise. And was it ever! I'm a people person, so I'm anxious to have fans and be able to respond to as many as I can." We find sultry Sarah to be utterly intoxicating, body and soul. Will she be our next Playmate of the Year? Stay tuned.

Miss September

JANINE HABECK

Following her photo shoot, Miss September left her home in Berlin to live in the States for a year. "I missed Hef, the girls and all the Playmates so much," she says. "I want to learn more English, and it helps me a lot to speak with Holly, Bridget and Kendra. They are now like my second family." Janine says the reaction in her home country has been more than enthusiastic, and the German press asks her everything about life at the Mansion. "It was my dream to be a Playmate in the USA," she says. We're glad we could accommodate her—Janine is a bit of a dream herself. As for the Playmate of the Year competition, we think she has the right attitude: "I wish all the 2006 Centerfolds could win!"



PAM ANDERSON *(continued from page 69)*

Unlike other sex symbols, she is fresh rather than glamorous: a vegetable-fed organic beauty.

one. There were tensions with her father, who Pamela later admitted was a verbally abusive alcoholic, but even this she didn't regard as traumatic. He "mellowed out," she would say. After she graduated—her high school prophecy was that she would be a California beach bum—she worked as a personal trainer with no higher ambition than to marry as quickly as she could and have children, as her teenage cousins did.

But her life took a very different turn when, as Pamela's fans know, she attended a British Columbia Lions football game wearing a tight Labatt brewery T-shirt and her picture was flashed on the stadium's JumboTron. That arena became Pamela's Schwab's. During the game fans demanded to see the curvaceous blonde with the gleaming smile again, so she was escorted to the field. Her brief appearance led to her becoming the Labatt Blue Zone girl in the company's advertisements. Still, she might have been nothing more than a local sensation had a PLAYBOY scout not spotted her and asked if she would be interested in appearing in the magazine. She did her first cover for the October 1989 issue and then, after augmenting her breasts, became a Centerfold in February 1990. She parlayed that into a role as the tool girl on the hit sitcom *Home Improvement*, which in turn led to a starring role on *Baywatch*, for which she squeezed her voluptuous body into a snug red bathing suit. By the time she left *Baywatch* to star as a fashion-conscious private eye in a series she executive produced, *V.I.P.*, she had become a national icon. It had taken her barely five years and not much sweat.

Yet while it sounds like the typical career trajectory for a beautiful woman, it isn't, in part because it was so serendipitous and in part because Pamela was so casual about it. Marilyn Monroe's entrée to Hollywood also came through modeling, but she worked hard to gain respectability as an actress and move from small roles to large ones, and when she achieved icon status it was because she had achieved stardom first. Whereas Pamela would be the first to admit she didn't work hard; she essentially played herself, and her career is the product of her celebrity as a PLAYBOY model and sex symbol rather than the cause. That career isn't even as an actress. Pam's job essentially is to be an open, happy, friendly and

rambunctiously funny girl, which is why she sees her celebrity as an end in itself rather than an impediment to some larger end the way so many other sex symbols did. As she puts it, she is her very own brand: just plain Pam.

In some quarters this has made her the target of criticism. She has been accused of being someone who, in historian Daniel Boorstin's famous formulation for celebrity, is "known for his well-knownness." Like many beautiful and voluptuous women who rose to prominence on their looks, she is also charged with being an image of artifice, a confection of too much hair, too large breasts, too small a waist for any natural human being, too sensual lips and way too much blonde. Indeed, the most common adjective applied to her has been *pneumatic*, in acknowledgment of her breast implants. Following that line, one critic called her a constructed goddess and said she was "cheesecake served up straight from the lab." Pamela certainly looks that way, so much a paragon of sexuality that she is practically a parody of it, as she herself well understands.

The problem with these criticisms is that they are not only inaccurate, they miss what may be the very essence of Pamela's appeal: her complete *lack* of artifice. Pamela, in truth, isn't enhanced save for her breasts, and those only slightly. Far from being plastic, what you see with Pamela Anderson is pretty much what you get. At five-seven and 105 pounds, she is practically a waif rather than an Amazon, and that nose, that waist, those lips and teeth, that hair are all hers, which means that when she poses she is *au naturel* in two senses—not just naked but unadulterated. Indeed, the striking thing about her is that unlike virtually every other sex symbol, including Marilyn, she is fresh rather than glamorous: a vegetable-fed organic beauty.

This is not merely a function of her looks. What is true about her physically is also an integral component of the personality that she projects and is so appealing to her admirers. With previous bombshells such as Marilyn or Mansfield, one assumed there was a distance between the persona and the person. This made these women seem larger than life, but it was also a source of the alleged tragedy they suffered, forcing them either to reconcile

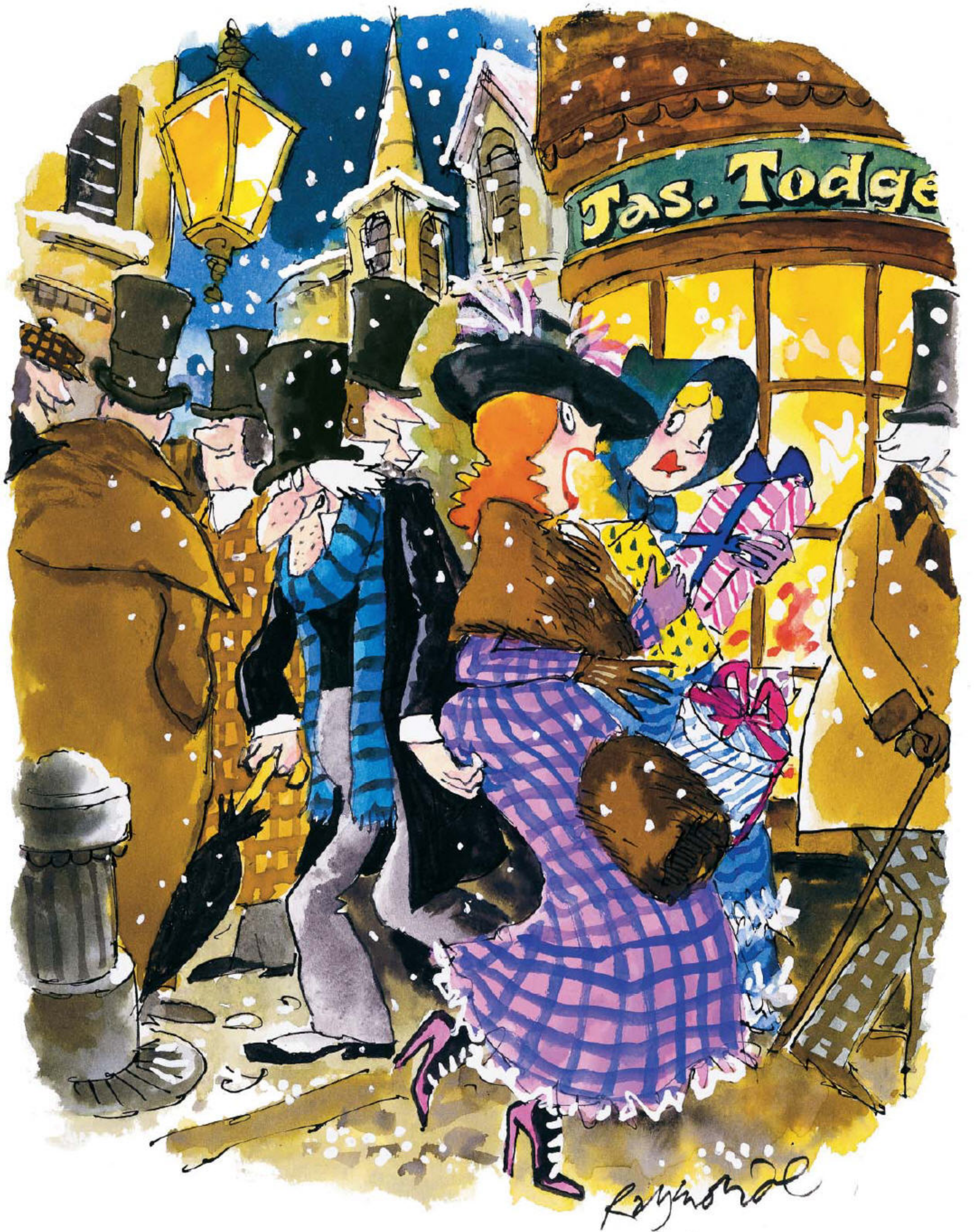
the image with the life or to deny the latter as the image subsumed the life. None of this applies to Pamela because there is no distance between the person she is and the person she purports to be, no dichotomy to resolve, which not only makes her less complicated but also closes the gap between fantasy and reality. She's the kind of girl you may actually meet in a bar.

Pam has never taken herself seriously, and she seems bemused that anyone could. Instead she is self-deprecating and without illusions about herself—an attitude that has turned her from a putative actress into a comedienne scoring points off her own dearth of talent. "When you have nothing to live up to, you can't disappoint anybody," she once joked to a group of television critics. As for her endowments, rather than huff that audiences refuse to see past them, Pamela has referred to them as "these things I'm just tagging along with." She is not only in on the joke, she is usually the one telling it.

If Pamela has no illusions, neither does she have aspirations. Marilyn studied the Method with the great acting teacher Lee Strasberg and clearly hoped that becoming a serious actress would allow her to escape from the image that had imprisoned her on-screen. Pamela is different. Not feeling imprisoned, she has nothing from which to escape.

Yet if Pamela hasn't had or seemed to want a conventional career as an entertainer, what she has had is a life that seems more entertaining than just about anything she could possibly have done on television or film. Her life certainly reinforces the idea that her sexuality isn't just an image; it is a choice. First there were the boyfriends, a seemingly endless skein of them: producer Jon Peters, surfer Kelly Slater, actor Scott Baio, *Baywatch* co-star David Charvet, Sylvester Stallone, model Marcus Schenkenberg and actor Stephen Dorff. Then there was the marriage to Tommy Lee, whom she met at a 1995 New Year's party in Los Angeles when she bought the room Goldschlager and Lee thanked her by licking her face. When Pamela left for a photo shoot in Cancún soon after, Lee followed, staking out her hotel until she finally consented to see him. They were married on the beach four days later—Pam wearing a skimpy white bikini, Lee in shorts and shirtless to expose his tattoos. Instead of rings they had each other's name tattooed on their finger.

In many ways the marriage came to define her. Lee was a notorious womanizer with a reputation for having an oversize organ and insatiable lust. Pamela, with her own publicly



"Yikes! I've been humbugged!"

declaimed voraciousness, seemed the perfect mate. The Abelard and Héloïse of hard rock, they lived with sexual abandon, only underscoring further how little of Pamela's sex appeal was designed for public consumption, and they were frank about their hunger for each other. When someone stole their vacation video from their Malibu home and put it on the Internet, Pam did not seem embarrassed about being viewed during intercourse, performing fellatio or pleasuring herself. She and Lee were angry only that the tape had been taken without their consent and that someone was profiting from it. When asked about the tape in interviews, Pam guilelessly acted as if everyone recorded themselves having sex. In any case, the tape, which came to serve as a metaphor for Pam's frankness, as well as an example of it, only added to her legend as a blithe sybarite.

Of course the marriage wasn't all sex. There was also drama. To hear Pam tell it, Lee was a self-absorbed man-child and alcoholic who became resentful when the couple had a son, Brandon, in 1996. Pam filed for divorce in November of the same year, then reconciled with Lee. But in February 1998, with another new baby, Dylan, Pam said Lee had gotten violent again and kicked her during an argument. Lee provided only a feeble defense. He was convicted of spousal abuse and spent four months in the Los Angeles County jail. By the end of the year, Pam had been granted a divorce. But that still wasn't the end of the Pam-Tommy saga. They reconciled yet again in April 1999 (for the sake of the children, Pam said) and stayed

together until March 2000, when they broke up, though both of them kept saying they reserved the option to get back together even as Lee began a relationship with Prince's ex-wife Mayte and Pamela began seeing Kid Rock.

In the swirl of alcoholism and abuse that surrounded her marriage and divorce, it may have sounded as if the obligatory bombshell tragedy had at long last arrived: the violent man abusing his beautiful wife who just didn't have enough confidence to make a clean break and, when she finally did, couldn't live without a man. But once again Pamela has a different analysis. Even as she engaged Lee in a long, torturous custody battle, she never acted as if her situation were tragic or she had problems, and she always insisted she wasn't a victim. On the contrary, she turned the failed relationship into an object lesson of the evolution she was undergoing—not from sexpot to star, like most of her forebears, but from notorious to normal, like most of her fans. In effect, what Pam has done in her post-Lee phase is to close the distance between herself and her audience in the same way she long ago closed the distance between her image and herself. She even removed her breast implants (temporarily) and cut her hair.

Of course Pamela isn't the first sex queen to talk of wanting to be a good mother and have a normal home life. One of the real tragedies of Marilyn Monroe's life was her desire for a child and her inability to have one. But Pamela is one of the first sex queens to publicly undergo the transformation from a wild

thing into a homebody, and in this, as in everything else, she seems totally sincere. "I used to say, 'If you're gonna do it, overdo it,'" she told one interviewer. "But I'm changing my theory on life. Things need to be done, not overdone." Significantly, when she divorced Lee, she had her ring tattoo converted from TOMMY TO MOMMY.

And Mommy is what she became and what she remains. "I'm an über-mother," she boasts. "I'm involved in everything." She prides herself on taking her sons to preschool, doing playground cleanup duty, attending their sports matches, even teaching their Sunday-school classes, and she bristles at the notion that anyone would think her unfit, successfully suing *Globe* for libel when the tabloid accused her of being a heroin addict. "I'm a healthy person," she says. "I'm not this drunk, drug-addicted, raving crazy person. That's just an image created by the media, and it's crap." In fact, the *Globe* story was something of an aberration. The media have seldom besmirched Pam as out of control; they have simply recounted her sexual exploits, which she has gladly confirmed. But since Lee she has been on a normalcy kick, and in the same way that her life had been her career in her pre-mom libertine phase when she was cavorting with Tommy, her life is her career in her domestic phase as she tends to her two boys—though obviously without the melodrama. She describes herself now as ordinary, gibing that if anyone were to do a reality show of her daily existence, it would be boring. And she says she is trying to close one final gap, too—the gap between lust and love. "I'm trying to learn to be friends with someone and care about him instead of trying to hold on to somebody so intense," she told an interviewer.

That Pamela has been able to effect this change without also desexualizing herself is as much a tribute to her openness as to her body. This isn't a different Pam; it is just a different side of Pam that co-exists with the sexual Pam. Indeed, she never intended to jettison her sexiness for some sort of matronliness. That became clear last July when she suddenly renewed her old romance with Kid Rock—not exactly the picture of white-picket-fence domesticity—and wound up marrying him on a yacht in St.-Tropez in her traditional bridal bikini. With Kid Rock she is both vixen and hausfrau. Her life has simply expanded, and she is sharing it with her fans as she has always shared it before.

And that is precisely what makes Pamela Anderson the sex symbol of the new century at a time when people seem to want simplicity rather than complexity, the straightforward rather than the phony. Yes, she is gorgeous. Yes, she is hypersexual. Yes, she has



"I want a girl just like the girl that married dear old Dad.
The fourth one."

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Dear Steffanie,

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As much as I hate to throw him under the bus, my boyfriend's sexual performance was less than adequate when it came to "timing". He tried hard to please me and I can tell that he believed he was doing a great job, which is why it was so difficult for me to tell him the truth.

We've been together for about a year but last month, after what he thought was a "strong effort" for a Saturday afternoon, I couldn't help but be disappointed and I let him know there could be a bit of a gap between his perception of his sexual performance and our SEXUAL REALITY.

I told him that I love him but when it came to the "duration" of our lovemaking, I was often left feeling extremely frustrated - he always "got his" and that if he could "hold out" just a little longer, maybe I could "get mine".

He said he always thought that when he "punched the clock," he was pulling a "full shift". Of course, he was shocked by this huge blow to his ego but after some serious sulking and a whole lot of denial, he realized his sexual stamina really could use some improvement.

"I know he feels great knowing I'm completely satisfied and HE'S the reason why."

He was serious about improving his performance so he did some research and spoke to a doctor friend of his. His friend told him about a number of cheap desensitizing creams on the market that might help him last a little longer but were known to possibly hurt erection quality and worse, they tend to numb a woman - which as far as I'm concerned, defeats the whole purpose! Great - so now he'd be able to last longer but I'd be numb too! That was the last thing our relationship needed!

His doctor friend also told him that if he really wanted to improve his control and performance and still maintain maximum firmness, he should try a new product called **Vivaxa™** from the makers of **Maxoderm™** (the #1 topical male enhancement product that instantly improves erection quality). The ingredients in this new "sex stamina secret" make it different from other products because it contains a clinically tested ingredient that is unlike anything else on the planet! It actually HELPS erection quality and firmness. And best of all, the formula absorbs

super fast upon application so it won't numb a woman! Improved erection quality AND enhanced stamina - it seemed too good to be true!

My boyfriend got a sample and that weekend we tried it. From the very first application, he felt more firm and full than ever before - by the time we'd finished making love, I'D GOTTEN MINE TWICE! Needless to say, this has been a record breaking month for us. I know he feels great knowing that I'm completely satisfied and he's the reason why. And trust me, his confidence wasn't the only thing that shot through the roof!

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a long personal saga that appeals to the voyeur in us all. But what Pamela Anderson has above everything else is a complete lack of inhibition both physically and emotionally. She seems congenitally unable to dissemble, which provides an intimacy fans do not enjoy with any other sex star. "People respond to the fact that she never tries to hide anything," says Steven Levitan, creator and producer of her canceled sitcom *Stacked*. "If something happens, she just comes out and talks about it." Pamela lives uncensored. Her face, which isn't designed for pensiveness, isn't designed for concealment, either. She is unashamed, uncomplicated, unapologetic, oblivious. If Marilyn Monroe was the Freudian sex goddess,

a seeming bundle of neuroses, at least as she was characterized, Pamela Anderson is the Cappian sex goddess, after *Li'l Abner* cartoonist Al Capp, a veritable Daisy Mae. She can be impulsive, but she is not psychotic, disturbed, difficult, deluded, divided or deep. She is just a big, happy, buxom girl—a sex goddess who hasn't paid any price for her sexiness and demands no price from us. She is a girl who somehow, despite it all, has managed to avoid the anxieties that have always entangled sex queens and the tragedies that have always befallen them.

And that is why we love her—because Pamela Anderson just *is*.



Immigration

(continued from page 74)

Santo went to a businessman for whom he had worked many odd jobs. The businessman lent Santo \$2,000 to pay a coyote. Santo left his house in the morning, with a schoolbag on his back and a bottle of water. He took the bus to the Puebla airport and then a plane to Chihuahua, where two coyotes met him and the others and took them into the desert nights. They had no idea where they were when the coyotes took them to this house and left them.

In the morning they were jammed into an old van. They rode for three days. They could not stop, the driver said, because the police would see that they were immigrants and detain them. Santo remembers their stopping in Louisville and giving everybody a small piece of fried chicken.

The van took them to an Italian restaurant in the Bronx. Each of them got something to eat and then was immediately pulled into a back room—a coyote stood guard. When the coyote left the door, Santo slipped up and listened. Inside, one of the coyotes was yelling into the phone—to Mexico, Santo was sure. The coyote was saying that they had not arrived yet, that they were lost and each family had to send more money for the search.

Santo grabbed Faviana by the hand and rushed her out of the place and down a couple of blocks to the subway going to downtown Manhattan. At a pay phone she called her sister in New Jersey, who said she would meet Faviana at a big station, 168th Street. There she said good-bye and got off the train; Santo stayed on. When he came up the stairs to his brother's house, the banister was lined with six small faces. They laughed at him. There were three more in the rooms, which had mattresses on the floors. A small boy of six pulled himself along the floor. One of his legs was missing—the prosthesis was on a shelf. He had been in a major hospital with a small leg injury. They had committed inexcusable errors and the leg was amputated. A court settlement of \$25 million was made, but the child can't get the money until he reaches 18. The child's father and mother get \$5,000 a month but don't talk about it, for people will turn them in to immigration. "They say that if they get deported, they will not be near the money and it will be stolen," says Santo.

The room shook as an elevated train passed close enough to be reached from the second-floor window.

Santo considered his position. He could get a job in a warehouse, separating knives and forks for \$6 an hour. Faviana wrote him, "You are my guardian



angel." Then she called him. She wanted to see him.

"I like the girl I saved," he says.

"When is Fernando coming back?" the bread deliveryman asks one morning.

"Soon he will be here," Angelo says.

He stares at the crowded street from behind the counter of a coffee shop on the west side of New York. Today he is anxious. He has a counterman sick, the grill man is off, and the one running the dishwasher and mashing potatoes has the flu.

The top counterman, Fernando, who can do everything from scramble eggs to handle purveyors, is not back from Mexico yet. He went there with his wife and son to see their family.

Right now Fernando is out there in that desert outside Douglas, going through the low bushes, looking out at mountains far away, and for the first time he is worried about getting back to America, to New York, where he earns a salary at the coffee shop that he cannot conceive of at this moment because he is broke and in the desert.

New York needs him and all his kind as much or even more than they need New York. They are the picture and sound of poverty. They come from dust and houses with no running water and no sure meals, and money is something the storekeeper wants from you—a rumor. When they can find work, there are no hours, and the pay is too small to discuss. They leave school in the early grades and then must struggle painfully to learn to read and write in their own language. Then they leave this and place their lives in danger in a desert, relying on the most desperate of criminals to get them through to America. They come to a place like New York, unable to read or write Spanish or do much more than use a smile to speak English. But they are here, and they work. You see them at dawn, one standing in the doorway to a restaurant, holding the tall paper bag of bread and rolls left by the bakery. He holds them until the owner opens the door and lets him come in and start working right away. You see the woman in the hotel hallway, starting on the first beds, raising the mattress and putting a sheet on it, then doing another and one after that as pain stabs through her arms and her shoulders ache. You see them in the morning outside their houses, waving their arms in an exercise, any exercise, to loosen them up for another day of work that hurts.

Yes, these Mexicans come to emergency rooms with no money when they are sick. The women have babies all over the city, the city has to serve them, and the bills are not paid. These children crowd schools and don't do

that well, because their parents never bothered with schools.

But they work. And working people improve. The ones who oppose them say Mexicans are taking jobs from Americans, but Americans don't do this work anymore, particularly in the cities. So if you don't hire a Mexican, you won't get the work done. Nonunion construction jobs are filled by blacks, Mexicans and others from Central America.

"Our city's economy would be a shell of itself and would collapse if they are deported," the mayor of the city, Michael Bloomberg, said one day. He couldn't understand why anybody should be surprised to hear this. Yes, these people use our benefits and in some cases use them to the straining point.

Still, not only do they work, but we need their work.

You see best how whites show their weaknesses when they say these immigrants could be terrorists, sneaking across the border with bombs, crawling through a tunnel with maybe the lives of everyone in your office building or on your commuter train folded in their arms as they wriggle into America. This is why we must have fences and troops and searching instruments, for it is only natural that these brown people would come here to blow us up.

It did not go that way when 15 Saudi Arabians out of 19 true terrorists crashed planes on September 11.

I saw Mexicans there. I was running up Vesey Street when, halfway down the block, the second tower blew up and collapsed and debris flew onto the street and put death in everyone's minds as they ran desperately, including Mexican busboys from the hotel in the World Trade Center and delivery boys from coffee shops. Up a block and around the corner a Mexican in kitchen whites said, for no reason except to tell why he was so frozen with fear, "I saw a lady's head on the sidewalk."

Fernando is 36, and with him in Mexico are his wife, who is the same age, and his son, 18. They left New York and flew home to Puebla for a visit that could ease a wife's ache at wanting to see her family, fulfill Fernando's need to see his parents, sisters and brothers and also let them just return to their beginnings.

Then they started back to New York, and this had to be done on foot, for they didn't have a slip of paper that would get them past a maintenance man at the airport. They came the established way, by bus to Agua Prieta, which looks across the red sand at Douglas. They were collecting in groups in the hotel lobby and paying coyotes \$2,500 each to guide them across the border. Fernando got into a group that was crossing the next day in daylight. Once, years before, he had come across at night, and there were snakes he couldn't see until they were at his ankles. Border patrol searchlights

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caused the people to flatten between bushes for hours, living with the snakes.

This time there would be no fright or reptiles; Fernando and wife and son would walk only in the daylight.

They had fabulous luck. They came out of the empty desert and started walking, Mexican style, single file along the side of the highway. Nobody else could be seen. The coyote had assured them that cars and a van would come and live up to their \$2,500 agreement to take them to the airport in Los Angeles.

They were so busy walking that nobody saw the guns. Big guns held out there by patrolmen in camouflage.

Fernando remembers his brain turning to ice.

He and his wife and son raised their hands and then got into the van. They were thrown back into Mexico like minnows.

The coyote had disappeared, but he was in the lobby in the morning, ready to help them cross the desert again, this time for \$500, seeing that he had failed so miserably the day before. This time, he said, I can show you the way to Los Angeles and New York, and you will not take a wrong step.

They did very well. They lasted 10 hours and were back on that highway walking nice in single file. The guns this time seemed to be true cannons.

Fernando called his brother in New York and said he had been delayed and his brother should tell Angelo.

Angelo stands in the coffee shop and explains immigration as only somebody who has had to get up in the morning and work at immigrants' jobs can.

"If they stop Fernando and all the immigrants from coming to work here," he says, "then we will pay \$18 an hour for a counterman and \$7 an hour more in benefits. That will make me charge \$10—no, \$12—for bacon and eggs. You will not pay, and I will close my store."

On his third try Fernando broke out of the desert at dusk and into an America with no lawmen in sight, and it remained that way until the ride came. By morning Fernando was back where he belonged, behind the counter.

When Mexicans first came to southern Arizona, the people of Nogales turned the place brown by marriage. Their descendants are not worried about a fence. But since the lone Franciscan from Europe stepped into Arizona, large populations of European whites have settled in the area, and several million Mexicans have crossed the border into Arizona. In their home area of Douglas, many European inheritors want a fence and fresh troops with field artillery. A small pamphlet distributed to Douglas churchgoers reads, "Immigration is deliberately out of control as Catholics pour through our southern border."

The feeling becomes more intense as you get farther from the sand.

James Sensenbrenner, a congressman from Wisconsin who started the rally

against the Mexican horde about two years ago, is so agitated that if he ever sees one of these Mexicans standing in the snow in Green Bay, he will call for an armored division.

One night on television an old Iowa congressman, Leonard Boswell, had people trying to bite his throat open because he favored giving food stamps to immigrants—illegal immigrants—who were hungry. Just by standing they break the law, thus becoming the only people who commit the crime of being. When Boswell was asked about treating immigrants in our hospitals, he said they should of course be treated if they need it. The crowd wanted him assassinated.

•

"Open the door?" L.A. Gonzalez says. "They'd be gone. I would be."

Gonzalez, an immigration officer, stands by a white Rocky Mountain Tours bus in an empty corner of a restaurant parking lot. The bus driver is inside the restaurant; 40 Mexicans sit silently inside the bus. The Mexicans are not going to

*"If they stop all the immigrants,
we will pay \$18 an hour
for a counterman. That will
make me charge \$10—no,
\$12—for bacon and eggs.
You will not pay."*

a ski resort. They are being deported to Mexico, deep into Mexico.

The bus door is closed and another officer stands in front of it. Immigration doesn't want anybody getting out. The Mexicans inside were picked up during the night and are exhausted from a bus ride that took hours.

"Where are they from?" Gonzalez is asked.

"From Yuma now," he says. "They were picked up last night. We fly them out of here on Aeroméxico to Mexico City. Buses take them to their towns. If you just put them back across the line here, they are returning tomorrow. This way they get let off where they live. They're not going to be coming back soon."

Gonzalez is from the South Bronx, the Catholic parish of St. Luke's, an old parish of cops and Irish tunnel workers that has since turned Latino. Once there were saloons on every corner; now nobody there is born in America, and Latin music screams from corner bodegas.

"You are here for one of the last trips," Gonzalez says. "They aren't going to do this anymore."

"It doesn't work?"

"It is very expensive. It costs, oh, I don't know, somebody said \$1,500 for each person you deport. They are going to try something else."

Marisol Arce, another agent, says, "I only don't like that they bring kids through the desert."

"There was one I remember," Dr. Oscar Lopez says later, closing his eyes. "There was a woman and her baby the other day." He sits in a bare room of El Centro de Salud, a Red Cross center of sorts in the Mexican town of Seasa, a place with virtually no telephones outside of pay stations. If you're sick, you crawl on your arms and legs to get help. The first place you go is the Cruz Roja, or Red Cross, a one-story building with a couple of rooms for people to flop down in while waiting for something to help them or to be taken by one of the young guys at the desk to El Centro de Salud, a couple of blocks away. It is where they brought the woman after they found her dazed in the desert, clutching her six-month-old baby. "She got lost from a group," Lopez says. "Two days and nights, she held the baby. They had no food or water. The mother was very sick when she got here. The baby—this is a surprise. The baby was all right. Why, I don't know. The mother was very sick."

"What did you do for her?" someone asks.

"Gave her an IV for two days. Then we sent her to Caborca. That is 120 miles to the south."

"Where is the baby?"

"A social worker cares for her."

Asked how many have died on his side of the border, Lopez says he has figures of 50 and 75 but seems unsure, except that many die. On the American side you must rely on the border patrol, and its figures are as low as it can make them, so there is no sense in repeating them. One thing is certain: Hundreds die, many with no identification.

Half a dozen National Guard soldiers in camouflage uniforms are in front of an Indian gambling hall on the highway running through Tohono O'odham lands on a Sunday afternoon. They are stopping before the drive to a motel where they are quartered.

"Where you from?" one of them is asked.

"Virginia."

"How long have you been here?"

"Two months. We're going home next week."

"How did it go for you?"

"Oh, we were out there."

"Could you stop many?"

"A few."

"When do you think they'll be stopped for good?"

"In about 500 years. They're coming here for money. How are you going to stop that?"

The presence of guardsmen and the



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millions of border patrol and immigration cops ends the idea of the Minutemen. We have enough badges and therefore need no old, preposterous vigilantes.

Now as you read this number—\$340 a week—it tells you everything there is to know about immigration. In Puebla or Cholula they make nothing: \$6 a day at construction, \$3 selling soda in the street. Maybe literally nothing anytime else. You then tell these people it is possible to make \$340 in a week. Their minds stop. Reason assumes command. Of course, this cannot be. Oh yes, somebody says, my cousin says he earns \$400 a week in New York. That's right. He came here with his wife for Christmas, and they told us. You heard them. The streets of New York are covered with money. You just bend over and pick up what you need.

This is the kind of story that built the place I know, the city of New York. They sat without a shilling in the emptiness of west Ireland, with rock glinting through the sparse grass in the sun. To New York they came, those farm Irish. Large numbers worked on building the Brooklyn Bridge for \$3 a long day. The contractor, a heartless Irish named Crimmons, contracted with another purveyor of misery in Palermo, Sicily to send over boatloads of Sicilians to work for \$2 a day. Tell a man starving in a sulfur mine in Lercara Friddi, in the hills outside Palermo, and he comes pounding down the slope to the ship in the port. This is the story of all those who came to New York. The dream of the money in New York was a stronger impetus than a saber in causing the Jews to get out of Odessa.

Pietro DiDonato's great American novel *Christ in Concrete* is about an Italian in Brooklyn who drowns in concrete while working in construction. He works for the lowest of money. I was rereading the book when my newspaper office called and told me of a young Mexican, Eduardo Gutiérrez, who had drowned in a concrete lake in the basement of a collapsed construction site in Brooklyn. Sixty years separated the tales. Through all the weeks there were stories of workers dying. Then one Sunday in fall 2006, I stood under the el on a street in Queens with a somber group of Mexican laborers who stared up at workers being carried from the top floor of a construction job that had been bent into a V by poured concrete. One worker, Daniel Basilio, was crushed to death. Only hours earlier his wife had given birth to a baby girl in their home village of Tasquillo, north of Mexico City. Some of the laborers were saying in Spanish that no one knew how to call the wife and tell her that her husband was gone. She would know soon enough, one of them said, when the money he sends home does not come in the mail.

Though immigration is so chilling and disheartening in this case, it had always been honorable, the strongest point of the life that made America. We were a people who through it all regarded immigrants as the relatives who needed a hand. We didn't have to love them. We just told ourselves we had to live with them no matter where they were from. Have you been in a place with all these Irish? Stupid unmannerly slob. Can't understand a fucking word. The Italians in Brooklyn are the worst greasy bastards. Only blacks are harder to put

up with than Mexicans. They can't read; they can't write. They wear rage.

Those who came here understood something about this. They were out on the deck of the arriving steamer in their best clothes. They regarded this as most important, the dress a woman wore on the thrilling day she came to America. Sarah Jastrow arrived in Washington Heights and was in wonderment at this can in her hand—soup. No boiling bones and putting scraps into the pot for the slow job of producing soup. We are in America; they have soup in cans. She walked around for two days trying to open that can, until a neighbor noticed and came out with a can opener, which Sarah would use for life. She always thought of this small street kindness as the heart of America.

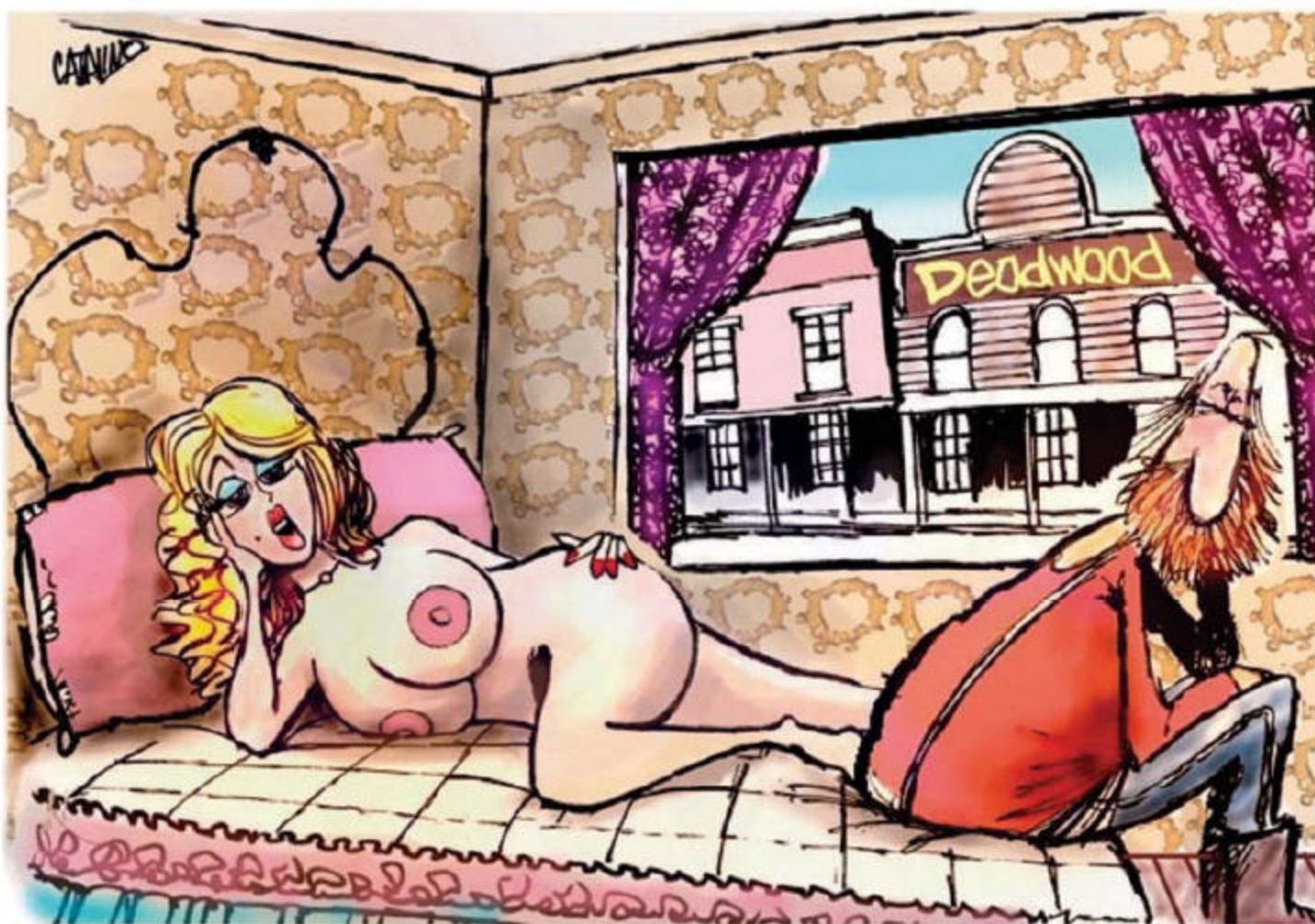
But now we have a different standard in this country. For some, the willingness to assist has been replaced by selfishness and greed, and the great thrill of immigration has become the grubby nastiness of turning Mexicans away because of their skin color. Keep them outside like the mutts they are.

We stand and look at people who are supposed to be our friends, people with no army threatening us, people to whom we are supposed to be good neighbors, and in their faces we put up the most expensive spite fence anyone has ever seen.

Nogales, Arizona has a population of 20,878. Sixteen feet away, Nogales, Mexico has an estimated population of 300,000. The traffic coming through the customs plaza is a river of molten metal. Looking down from Terrace Avenue are many loungers with cell phones who are obviously waiting for a truck or van carrying hidden immigrants. There are fewer waiting, though, than the last time I was here, a couple of years ago. Now there are so many National Guard and border patrol agents that they get in one another's way. The tightening at this entrance only sends the immigrants farther out into the desert. It does nothing for the life of the twin cities. Two uniformed officers hold on to two small young people carrying their clothes in paper bags and walk them into headquarters.

The streets of Nogales are uglier because of the fencing. Up Nelson Avenue, in an alley of some sort off Short Street, is a high fence. The fence turns the alley into a dark slum. Later, banks of lamps on towers will shine bare white light on the ugly fence. The people living here have no say in their surroundings.

Down a couple of blocks at the pedestrian gate, the fence starts up a hill and then goes over it and beyond for a distance—not as great a distance as it will soon cover but enough to keep a couple of families on the Mexican side living with a fence in their face. I look up at a frame house that is virtually flush against the fence. On the porch is a guy in a



"Judging by your performance, the town must've been named after you."

red shirt, walking back and forth. Two others come out of the house and pace. They appear to be one good leap from sailing through the air and into Arizona. I know in the past, people would climb the fence and drop to the street. Once a man had a baby on a rope and asked someone on the street to hold the baby while he came down. The person said sure, and the guy on the fence lowered the baby into the other guy's arms, then jumped off the fence and landed on a leg that instantly gave way. He writhed, and they had to get an ambulance for him. The stranger on the street looked at the bundle in his arms and took the baby home with him.

The trouble with the story is that it happened.

To stop such atrocities and other crimes such as coming to America without papers, the great new spite fence will go up with the support and enthusiasm of those elected to stand in Congress and uphold America.

Here are the words of a couple of politicians in Congress during the debates that led to the wildly enthusiastic vote for a new fence.

Charles Bass (R.-N.H.): "Mr. Chairman, I rise in support of the Norwood Amendment, which will provide state and local enforcement the necessary authority, resources and intelligence needed to apprehend and detain illegal immigrants that they encounter during their routine duties.

The president, in his recent comprehensive immigration strategy, has called for an elimination of catch and release at our national border, and it is essential that this be expanded to include incidents within the interior of the country.

"Over 400,000 alien absconders and more than 85,000 criminal illegal aliens are in our country. Illegal immigration is a national problem. Throughout the country, state and local law enforcement are confronted with the problem. Recently my district has been in the national spotlight concerning the strategies that local law uses in place of federal guidelines that force the illegal immigrants to be released when

police detain them in the course of their normal duties. Tragically, many of these criminal aliens remain loose within our borders. Therefore, I urge my colleagues to vote yes on the Norwood Amendment."

Nathan Deal (R.-Ga.): "My state is one of the fastest growing in terms of population of illegal aliens in this country. Two of the five fastest-growing populations of illegal immigrants are in my congressional district.

"You heard Congressman Norwood say there are 500,000 criminal aliens in this country who are waiting to be apprehended. I am told we have only three enforcement agents. In our adjoining state of Alabama, they have only one.

zona, calling for the return of Operation Wetback, an armed program that would deport 1.4 million Mexicans. Pick up a paper and read about Tucson city councilman Steve Leal, who used city money to buy video recorders for constituents to tape these brown aliens and their drug peddlers, of which there were many, in his area.

On the road back from Tom McAlpin's, there is a small shrine, a cement altar with a curved top and two large candles on it. On every roadside there seem to be small altars like this, built as memorials for accident victims. Most are for immigrants who died trying to get to Tucson and then on to Los Angeles and New York. On the road from Lukeville

is an altar with a boy's backpack on it. A sign reads, ANEMO ANTONE JR. 8/2/83-5/22/04. They brought him north for a future. These memorial altars are many, as are the deaths. They have also become the Old North Church and the torches of the underground wherever there have been undergrounds and, here in the desert, the successors to smoke signals. On a lonely road with one of these small altars on its edge, a man who lives in a house there tells me that frequently at dusk somebody comes from somewhere, lights the two candles and leaves. The candles burn at the start of night. He says that on many nights he hears the rustle of bushes and the

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Why not tap into the 700,000 state and local law enforcement officers who are available and trained to enforce the law? Let me just point out that if you wish to vote against this bill, you are basically saying that you want to allow 500,000 criminal aliens to stay on the street, because 2,000 federal officers simply are not going to remove them."

Any sheet of the high-piled sheaves of paper regarding this bill calling for the fence could show how it would pass, as it surely did at the end of September 2006. The new law reflects the part of the community that doesn't like browns. Drop down a level and you have a state senator, Russell Pearce of Mesa, Ari-

padding of people suddenly coming to the shrine. Then he hears car doors slamming. Several of them. He doesn't hear cars pulling up or leaving, just doors slamming as people crowd into the cars—crowded with more people than you'll ever see. At dusk tonight, tomorrow, the candles will be lit again, little lights in the night. These altars, from San Diego to El Paso, are beautiful lights to see. A government is going to try to stop them with a fence that reflects its own ugliness.

Here's what the past has taught us: You should always bet on the light.



Through the shafts of light I could make out the badge on the sheriff's work shirt. I was being arrested.

the pitch I asked, jovially, if the revolver was loaded. He looked at me with mild disgust. "Gun wouldn't do you no good wasn't loaded, now would it?"

"Ha ha," I replied. (A good jest, Montessor.)

At one point he offered me what he called a coldrink. I accepted. The man told me he was a long-distance bus driver. He said he drove 18-wheelers, too, but I didn't believe that part. He began asking depressingly dumb questions. He asked if there was anything in the encyclopedia about evolution or the mixing of the races. I assured him there wasn't. It wasn't my finest hour. I was desperate for a paycheck. He signed up. He seemed a little angry.

We walked outside, and he turned on his front-door light. His house was on

top of one of the Indian mounds, with wooden steps leading to the door.

"You say you're sure nothin' in it about evolution or the mixing of the races?"

"That's right," I said. He had signed the goddamn thing. I was heartily tired of my own song and dance.

A million gnats, moths and mosquitoes spun around the lighted tin carriage lamp beside his front door. One after another, little insects singed their wings against its flyspecked glass casing and fell into the ruined spiderweb at its base. The light was dazzling me. But when I turned away there was still light in my eyes. The wooden steps were steep, and the rail beside them was flimsy. I had my hand in front of my face, and I realized there was light in front of me and below. Someone was shining a power torch

beam into my eyes. A voice heard only in dreams (or bad movies) said, "Come down them steps real slow."

It was the sheriff. Through the shafts of light I could make out the star-shaped badge on his work shirt. He had a Stetson and stitched cowboy boots; he was leaning one foot forward on the wooden steps. He had a gut over his gun belt and a holstered pistol. I was being arrested.

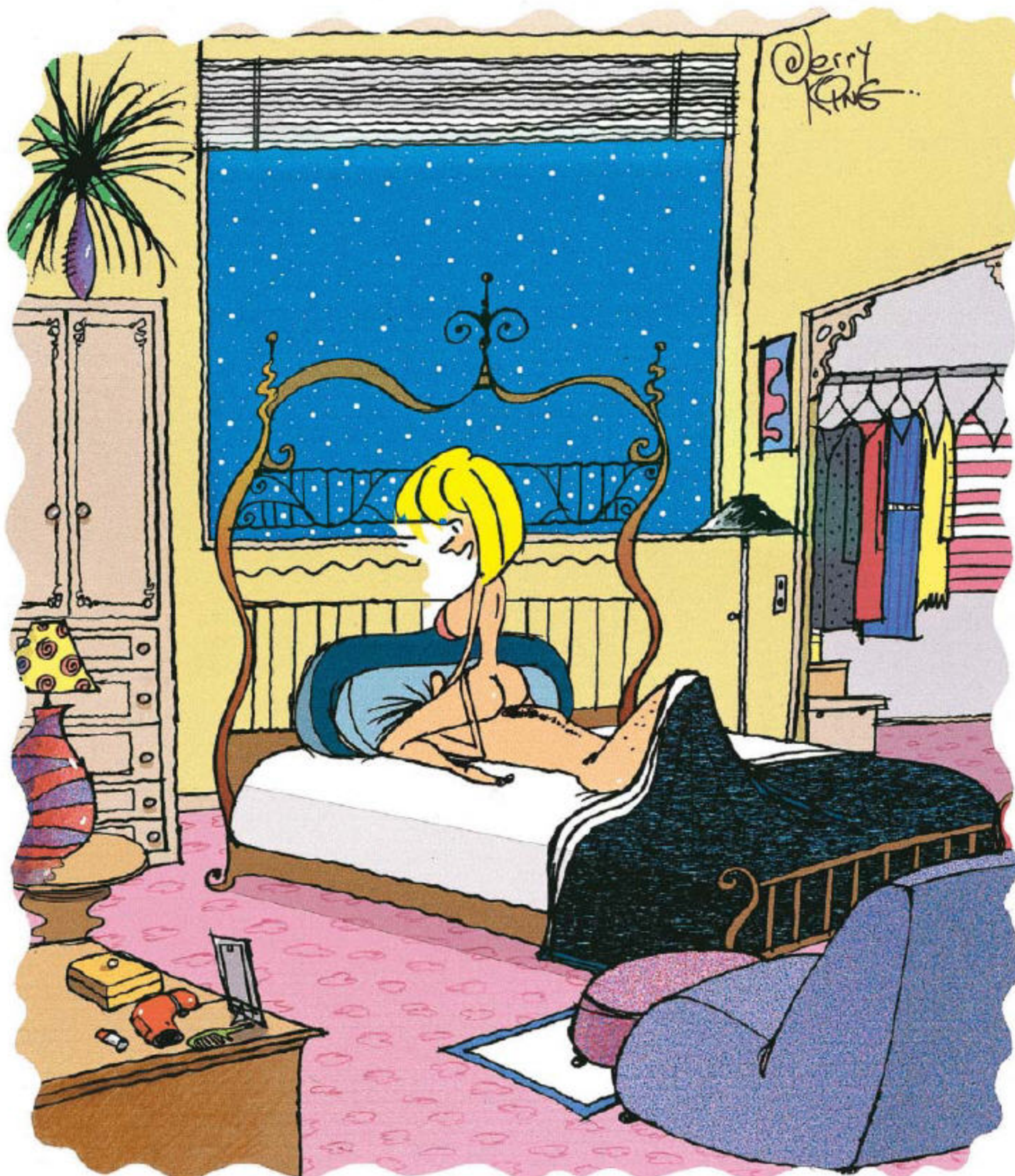
They rounded up the whole team, which included quite a few non-Southerners, and took us to jail. There we remained until a local lawyer was retained by Collier's to spring us. Over coffee with the deputies we learned our Yankee inflections had brought the sheriff. Townsfolk, including the 18-wheeler-jock wannabe, were afraid history had come for them in the form of outside agitators. Not quite, but it was coming.

A couple of weeks after I was liberated from my Mississippi imprisonment I saw a strange sign on the wall of a Royal Street coffee shop. It was printed in a kind of liturgical script with a cross and what looked like upraised spears. The largest drawn figure was of a metal chalice, and the title of the production was *The Cup*. There was what appeared to be a photograph of Jesus Christ in the middle of the sign. Closer inspection revealed it to be a photo of an actor in costume, a melancholy long-faced man with an actorish name who, according to the sign, portrayed "the Christus." The sign was soliciting apprentice actors for a traveling passion play, which it said was "North America's most reverent and moving commemoration of Our Lord's sacrifice." The show seemed to move from town to town, sponsored by local churches. I wrote the telephone number down, along with the particulars of the next few performances.

I didn't know what was on my mind; at 75 cents and \$1.50, the tickets were in excess of our entertainment budget. At that time we were surviving through our discovery of an old New Orleans amenity, the friendly beanery waitress. The friendly beanery waitress could slip you a slice of white bread and redeye gravy to keep you whole until the next opportunity came to borrow a quarter. Public assistance was not available.

I mentioned the odd joint to Janice, who politely told me she didn't think she'd like to go. Then I called the number of the operation and pretended to be an applicant for a role in the reverent commemoration. Anyway, I thought of myself as pretending.

The show's local operation was in a small suite of rooms at a barely respectable hotel on Canal Street. A tall slender woman with long silky hair opened the hall door. She had the unsound blue eyes of an Ibsen leading lady, magnified by wire-framed glasses. *Gorgeous* was the word for her. Hers had been the voice that responded to my telephone call. I



later learned she was one of the Christus's lovely daughters. In fact, I never got to see the other one, but of her comeliness I had no doubt. The sisters had various clerical and organizational duties with the group. They also performed onstage, bits like Pilate's wife and the serving girl who denounces Peter.

The man himself, the Christus, was pale and fine featured, with a high forehead and a bald dome. The fringe around his skull made him look tonsured. He wore very dark aviator sunglasses and a lightweight black suit. His voice was cultivated and, inevitably, somewhat affected. His name, I had noticed, was unlikely and resonant. All at once I recognized it as the name of one radio actor or another on one or another of the radio dramas I had listened to.

"Attitude," he told me, "is the key. People feel as though they're at a church service. They're open and worshipful. Sensitive. They may not identify a bad attitude, but they are aware of it. Something will trouble them."

I nodded thoughtfully. Was attitude catching up with me again? As a youth I was as innocently bad-attituded as I could get away with.

"You cannot disdain the story. You cannot disdain your character. Of course you can't despise the audience."

The audience, he told me, would consist of small-town folks all over North America, and the outfit was called the International Gospel Theatre [*sic*]. It worked its way like a wheat-harvesting combine, rolling up from the Texas plains to the edge of the muskeg in northern Manitoba.

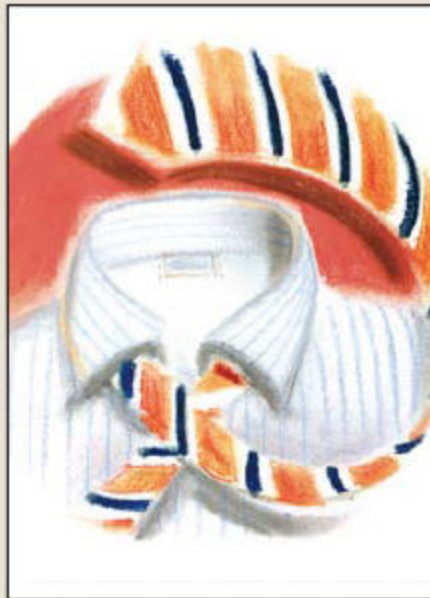
The character I would compete to portray was the chief temple guard, although I would have to learn several parts. As CTG I would command a corps of teenage Bible school students, always locally recruited, who would serve as Herodian spear-carriers. It was also the guards' responsibility to put up and break down the sets under the supervision of their chief.

The audiences, the Christus informed me, were unlikely to have seen a live show before, unless it was perhaps a previous year's performance by the International Gospel Theatre. He said his group had been offered money to perform on tape. But the Christus believed in live performance. It was the only way to bring out the sacramental quality of a passion play. Did I grasp this? I said I did, but he told me anyway, about the Thirty Years' War and the plague and the burghers of Oberammergau. I had always mixed up the town with the half-timbered village that hired the Pied Piper. He had me do some readings from the King James Bible. Job and Ecclesiastes. Revelation. I asked if I would have to read such stuff on the road. He said he liked my readings. He said from time to time we would open the show with a little scripture.

WHERE &

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 32, 37-40, 82-87 and 178-179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



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Page 32: *Call of Duty 3*, activision.com. *Nerdcare calendar*, totallynerdcare.com. *NFL Street 3*, easports.com. *The Sopranos: Road to Respect*, thq.com. *Star Wars: Lethal Alliance*, ubi.com. *Superman Returns*, ea.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 37-40: *Aston Martin*, astonmartin.com. *Cuff links*, cufflinks.com. *Design Within Reach*, dwr.com. *Glenfiddich*, glenfiddich.com. *Glenlivet*, available at fine liquor stores nationwide. *Hamilton*, hamiltonwatch.com. *Highland Park*, parkavenueliquor.com. *K2 Skis*, k2skis.com. *Salomon*, salomon-ski.com. *Samsung*, samsung.com. *Suissa*, suissacomputers.com. *Vökl*, volkl.com.

FASHION

Pages 82-87: *Axe*, available at retailers

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Pages 178-179: *Canon*, canon.com. *DreamAuthentic*, dreamauthentic.com. *Dyson*, dyson.com. *Fettered Cock Pewters*, fetteredcockpewters.com. *Marilyn, Joe & Me*, amazon.com. *Robby the Robot*, the-robotman.com. *Segway*, segway.com. *SkyScout*, celestron.com. *Sub-Zero*, 800-222-7820.

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I saw the comely daughter who took phone calls looking at me. She had listened to me wail about the seven seals and the beast from the sea and so on. The Christus noticed me return her look.

"You have folks?" he asked. "Married?"

"No," I heard myself say, "not me."

"Yeah, well," he said, "it's no spot for a family man."

The last thing I could endure to be at that moment was a family man.

The Christus said he thought well of my work and might decide to hire me. He had a few other men to hear. For some it was just a courtesy; they were past it.

"So you want to play chief of temple guards!" he said. He had the kind of smile called vulpine. In his pictures with a Jesus wig he looked like Rasputin. He told me to check back in person at the end of the day. I thought of going home to the Quarter, but I didn't want to see Janice. I was contemplating an unspeakable treachery. Or at least I thought I was. I went to the public library on Federal Square, where it was cool, and read the city histories. There was an entire room filled with genealogy. I settled down in fiction and read all of *The Plumed Serpent*. I admired Lawrence very much then. From time to time the bottom fell out from under my stomach when I remembered what I was contemplating and I said, "Oh God," which was enough to turn the other readers in my direction. When the time came, by my cigarette-coupon watch, I replaced the book and went into the glaring heat of downtown.

Back on Magazine Street the Christus's lovely daughter smiled without looking at me as she let me pass.

"Well," Mr. Christus said solemnly, "you may join us if you choose."

For a second I didn't get it.

When I understood, I said, "Can I bring someone along?"

"You certainly can't."

"Ah," I said. "When will we be back here?"

"I wouldn't think for the best part of a year. If we get any gigs in this state at all. Problem?"

I shook my head, feeling even fainter. "No problem."

"Can you come with us to Lake Chickasaw?" he asked. "We're there tomorrow night."

"Can you make it?" he said when I didn't answer. "We'll book you a room in this hotel tonight. You won't even have to share. This time."

"We'll buy you dinner," his young daughter said, "if you can get back here."

"Sure," I said. I felt as though I must be trembling. The thought of their dinner made me ill. I wanted the crazy life I was looking at more than anything. The last trace of gypsy life on the continent. I did not want to be stuck in New Orleans with my pregnant wife.

I wanted feverishly to clamber aboard this absurdity, and I wanted the ruthlessness and sangfroid to try. I don't know what I saw shining there. Maybe just the chance to change the life I was making for myself and start a new one.

I walked back through the hot streets, across Canal and down Royal to St. Philip, through the patio and up the inner stairs. Janice was on the balcony, leaning back on her chair, resting her feet. Naturally slim, she was showing seven months' pregnancy. She looked radiant and lovely, a loose lock of brown hair over her eye.

"Where've you been?" she asked me.

"The library. And pursuing this phantom job."

I wanted a drink. I took a few dollars, which I could ill afford, from our pathetic money stash and went down to the corner saloon. I had a couple of twofers at the bar and took a jug of plonk home with me.

"What was the phantom job?" she asked. I was sitting a couple of feet away from her, looking down toward the river. I was thinking of towns like Chickasaw, of the whole continent disappearing into times past. There was no chance an experience like performing in *The Cup* would ever come my way again. I was too young to be tied down this way. A world of adventures awaited, across continents and oceans. A world of beautiful and available women of which the Christus's daughter, who indeed seemed to like me, was only the first.

I looked over at Janice. And I thought, She's done it to herself, committed to all this too young. She was just a kid. Committed to a louse like me, she'll find out what a selfish creep I am. She could pass the baby to her parents; they could help her and she could have a life. And in turn I could have a life and cross those continents and oceans to where life was richer. To embrace fate, to live out the cruel rituals of life at the core of the flame, to do and see everything. Oh wow! To have the courage to be brutal and to reject convention and compromise. Chief temple guard was only the beginning.

I snuck another look at her, and indeed she looked beautiful. And being so young, she looked innocent and trusting. She looked as though she loved me.

So. At that moment I knew I was not going anywhere. I loved her, and that was fate. If I stood up to leave, my legs would fail, my frame wither, my step stumble forever. All my strength was subsumed by this rash, so unwise, too early love. There was no hope except in this woman. She would give birth, and the new life would assert itself and take over our center and prepare to replace us. Instead of far continents it was boring parenthood; we would just roll down the old biology road like every other sucker. Trapped by nature's illusion, like a bug by a predator's coloration.

I felt infinitely relieved, happy for a moment as I would hardly ever be. I thought, This rejoicing shows my mediocrity. Just another daddy Dagwood bourgeois jerk. Because if I had been destiny's man, I thought, I would have walked—strode away with my bus schedule and my backpack, ready to ride from Lake Chickasaw to the Great Slave. But I was not, I could not, not anymore than I could fly. I guess I also knew at about that moment that I would never leave her, not ever, that this thing was forever.



"It's amazing what you go through to get a table in this place."

Your great soul, your world-historical figure, would have walked. Not Bob. Not your daddy, children. Leave your mother? No. So like the original Christus and the young man who could not leave the life he knew, I turned my back on the wager and went my way.

The hospital where my daughter was born was Huey Long's gift to his private tinhorn republic. It was segregated, which meant everything had to be done twice, replicated. Only the poor went there. Fathers were not allowed in maternity. Doctors and nurses were condescending and sarcastic. It seemed only the black nurse's aides were kind. We had a girl, and we called her Deidre.

Just as the unimaginable summer heat began to subside, we started north. Janice traveled on the train with the baby and the French Market cat. I planned to hitchhike. Rides were so bad through Mississippi that I tried a freight train, the one and only time in my life I've ever done so. The yardmaster at Picayune, Mississippi was friendly. He advised me not to ride. Then he reminded me to always put a two-by-four in the freight car door to keep it from slamming shut forever. He taught me a little of the number system that keyed the destinations of freight cars. I made it to Birmingham, Alabama, not very far. I was quite happy to get out. Hitchhiking over the mountains, hassled by police, threatened and occasionally befriended, I headed for the Apple and Janice, wanting nothing so much as to see her again.

Drifting through the rich, strange, brutal fever dream that was New Orleans 50 years ago, I was astonished to learn some things I hadn't known. As married kids in the middle of the French Quarter, our new baby hidden from the insect hordes under an old prom-night crinoline of Janice's, we found ourselves surviving. Nor was our poverty a game of *la vie bohème*; there were no well-off parents to save our skins, no prospect of refugee status and rescue to call on. I doubt either of us then knew what a trust fund was; we might have guessed it was the value of the quarter you owed someone for your most recent slice of white bread and red-eye gravy. The city of New Orleans had not required us, neither us nor our new daughter, born with the grudging assistance of Huey Long's Charity Hospital.

It's so long ago now that I have only fragments of recollection—river mists, magnolias, gardens enclosed in old stone. Also police sirens and shouts in the street, tambourines and the notes of a clarinet in the twilight at the end of a blazing day.



SPORTSCENTER

(continued from page 60)

my wife, "You're going to like Bristol. It's...autumnal."

Another Walsh hire was Robin Roberts, a former college basketball star and the daughter of one of the Tuskegee Airmen, the first black Air Force unit in U.S. history.

ROBIN ROBERTS, anchor, 1990 to 2002: We all came from local stations where sports was the redheaded stepchild. A 24-7 sports network was a dream. I was coming from an Atlanta station, so central Connecticut was a cultural shift. One day in a mall I saw another black person—we waved to each other.

ESPN is a mostly male place. Women have to prove themselves, and it helped that I had played ball. A lot of the guys haven't played anything since they were cut from their Little League team. A bunch of us played pickup basketball at the local Y. There was longtime anchor Tom Mees—a teeny guy—and Dan Patrick, of course. Dan is a fierce competitor. He thinks he can really shoot. I wanted no piece of guarding him, so we played a lot of zone.

PATRICK: Yeah, I can shoot. I played high school ball. One night when the Suns' Dan Majerle and Cedric Ceballos were having a pregame three-point-shooting contest, they said, "You want in?" Well, sure. I beat Ceballos, but Majerle crushed me. Then came the 1993 NBA finals, Suns vs. Bulls. I was at a Suns practice with former NBA coach Dr. Jack Ramsay, and Majerle went, "You want a piece of me?"

I said, "I've got a suit and tie on."

"Oh," he said, "you're scared."

Then Phoenix coach Paul Westphal stopped practice. All the Suns were watching. I loosened my tie and gave Dr. Jack my coat. Majerle made 11 out of 15 threes. I'd made 10 of 14 when he stopped me. "If you make the last one, you only tie," he said, "but if you bank it in, you win." So I banked it—and made it. The ball went through and the Suns just erupted, all of them laughing, deriding Majerle. Charles Barkley was just killing him.

The next night Majerle hit six three-pointers in the finals, tying a record. He said it helped make up for the low point of his career—losing to me.

I told Michael Jordan, "One day I'm gonna get a piece of you, Michael. One-on-one." This was after an interview. He undid his microphone and looked at me like, Oh really? You think so? I thought, Wow, I just saw the Look. Part of me was joking about playing him, but another part knew I could do something to score on Michael. It's that shooter's mentality. Maybe I'd start crying and get a sympathy basket off him.

On April 5, 1992 Patrick teamed for the first time with another new guy, former Los Angeles sportscaster Keith Olbermann. Their

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11 P.M. edition of *SportsCenter*, a.k.a. the *Big Show*, took ESPN to a new level.

KEITH OLBERMANN, anchor, 1992 to 1997: On my first *SportsCenter* I did the same ratio of jokes to minutes as I'd done on L.A. newscasts, on which the sports segment was much shorter. By the end I'd done something like 90 jokes. Dan sat there quivering. He said, "I'm gonna need some time to adjust."

WALSH: Really talented anchors always overdo it at first. It takes about six months before they find their rhythm.

PATRICK: Keith and I were symbiotic. It got a little creepy when we started finishing each other's sentences. I won't say he started to look better, but we clicked. He's a great writer, a quick study and a team player who'll set you up for a line and laugh at what you say.

OLBERMANN: Dan and I always listened to each other. If your partner's looking over only periodically to make sure you don't have a bullet in your head, you're in trouble. We were together in the no-man's-land of live TV—the two guys in a trench in World War I, with bullets coming at us. Sometimes the bullets came from behind us.

PATRICK: One night I was about to do a Tigers highlight when a production assistant came in with news of the game that had just ended. I had 17 seconds to consume this information. I looked down and saw the name Ben Blowdoll.

OLBERMANN: Production assistants were quickly disabused of the notion that bringing us a highlight was a time for discussion. After about a week they'd hand us the page and clear out. But this PA, a gal named Shannon, stood there, saying, "This is important, Dan. The Tigers brought up a youngster with a very unusual name: Blowdoll." I saw sweat forming on Dan's forehead.

PATRICK: Keith was next to me, working his computer. He said, "There's no Blowdoll."

OLBERMANN: If there had been a Blowdoll in Triple-A baseball, I'd have heard of him. So we had to find out who he really was. I was yelling, "Get the Red Book," the American League guide. "Get the Green Book," the National League guide. "Get the Tigers' media guide!" Nothing. I told Dan we should just skip it. That's when our PA very sweetly added, "You can't skip it. I'm showing him coming into the game."

PATRICK: The director was in my ear, saying, "Back in five, four, three...." I was yelling, "What's the guy's name?" Then we were on, and I started the highlight, saying, "Tigers in Cleveland, blah blah...." Suddenly Keith whispered, "Blomdahl! Ben Blomdahl."

OLBERMANN: Thus saving the day.

PATRICK: And I said, "Ben Blomdahl, making his major league debut."

Tigers rookie Ben Blomdahl (pronounced "bloom-doll") began and ended his big-league

career in 1995, going 0-0 with a 7.77 ERA in 24.1 innings. By then on-air snafus were a part of SportsCenter lore. Tom Mees once referred to the Los Angeles "Leakers," and Greg Gumbel announced that tennis star Chris Evert had "won in straight sex." Then there was Maurice Hurst....

STEVE LEVY, anchor, 1993 to the present: I was doing a Monday-night *SportsCenter* with Keith. In those days we'd go to a commercial when *Monday Night Football* ended, figuring a lot of people would switch over from ABC to us. We'd say, "Welcome to those who've been watching *Monday Night Football*," then do a riff on NFL injuries. The Patriots' defensive back Maurice Hurst was suffering from a bulging disc. I had it spelled right in my script, but I said, "Maurice Hurst of New England is suffering from a bulging dick in his neck." We went straight into video of injuries—some awful career-ending injuries, guys tearing their ACL—but we were getting hysterical. Keith was laughing, the research and camera people were laughing, the camera was shaking, and I was trying to keep it together. We came back, and Keith was on camera. He knew he'd lose it if he saw me, so he took off his glasses. Then he couldn't read the Teleprompter. He said, "Steve, do we have any video of that?" Brought the house down.

NORBY WILLIAMSON, ESPN executive: People like Berman, Ley and Mees established *SportsCenter* in the early days, but the show turned the corner with Olbermann and Patrick. I produced it when they started. That was really *SportsCenter's* middle age, when the level of sophistication and reporting went up.

WALSH: We were becoming a source for important stories. The first was Pete Rose being banned from baseball. We covered that aggressively in 1988 and 1989. We had reporters in Cincinnati, Coopers-town and Washington, D.C. attacking the story from a multitude of angles. When the judgment came down we did 42 consecutive minutes on the story; at the time, *SportsCenter* ran for only half an hour. Later in 1989 when the earthquake hit during the World Series in San Francisco, ABC had no generators, but we did and we stayed on. [For more than 30 minutes only ESPN had live footage from the scene; ratings quadrupled.] We had Magic Johnson announcing he was HIV positive. We had Charley Steiner in the courtroom during Mike Tyson's rape trial in 1992.

STEINER: The Tyson trial was the best journalism I've been a part of. It got 90 seconds everywhere else, but we gave it five to six minutes, and we were the first with the verdict.

Tyson and I had a good relationship before the trial—15 to 20 sit-down interviews, even some socializing. There was a lot to like about Mike, but there was also a devilish component, a street curse. He surrounded himself with bad guys.



"I'm expecting Santa."

At the trial, he felt I should defend him instead of reporting that he was getting his ass kicked in the courtroom.

Years later I was at a fight, ringside at the Staples Center, when the crowd murmured. I walked Tyson with his entourage. I was thinking, Oh God, his seat's right next to mine. He gave me a long look, then hugged me and said, "Even with all the shit between us, it's good to see you, man." Mike Tyson—a cross between Sybil and the Mormon Tabernacle Choir.

PATRICK: In 1993 or 1994 we started to get feedback from viewers and athletes. We thought, Holy shit, there are people watching! Jerry Seinfeld once said, "Dan, I use your home run call when I leave the set: 'I'm... gone!'" Once after Bill Murray and I had dinner in New York, he ran into a boutique, bought me an orange tie and said, "You were talking about that on *SportsCenter*." I'd said something about covering Tennessee football and how hard it was to find an orange tie in Knoxville.

We had gone from the *Wayne's World* feeling of doing a show in a basement to the jaw-dropping idea that we had an audience.

CRAIG KILBORN, anchor, 1993 to 1996: After four months on the job, I walked into the newsroom and saw Steve Levy, who knows his hockey but wouldn't know comedy if it hit him over the head with a stick. Steve and Karl Ravech were saying

Chevy Chase was funnier than Bill Murray. Now, all respect to Chevy Chase, but this was inflammatory. They were totally unfamiliar with Bill's early work on *Saturday Night Live* as the lounge singer, when he dominated. Dan and I said, "You guys are crazy. Bill is God." So Dan, who knew Bill, called him and said, "Kilborn and I were defending you." Later I got a call from Bill—the first time I ever spoke to him. He said, "You—you're funny. And thanks for sticking up for me."

LEY: Pretty soon you couldn't walk into a bar without seeing *SportsCenter*. One day I went into a Home Depot, sporting four days' growth of beard and a baseball cap. One of the greet-

ers said, "Hi, Bob." I thought, Shit, I'm just here to buy paint!

ROBERTS: I knew something was happening when guys started shouting, "Da-da-da, da-da-da!" at me in airports.

The SportsCenter theme music, with its famed "Da-da-da, da-da-da" finish, composed by Grammy winner John Colby, debuted in 1989 but didn't take over the world until the mid-1990s.

PATRICK: I've got the topper. During the birth of my daughter, a young doctor, an intern, kept talking about the New England Patriots. My wife was in the throes of labor, and this guy was asking me about the Patriots' backup center. I was trying to answer quickly, thinking, My wife had better not hear this. Finally

Al Michaels had one: "Do you believe in miracles?" John Madden has catchphrases; Cris Collinsworth and Troy Aikman don't. You've got to be who you are. Don't be Dick Vitale. He's already Dick Vitale.

Catchphrases are like Stupid Pet Tricks. We're having fun. That's where "en fuego" came from. If I'm doing the Brewers against the Indians, I've got to have a little fun! But I'll admit I hear the criticism. One night I watched the show after I got home, which I hate to do. It felt forced, so I backed off.

KILBORN: Catchphrases? Forced? Not when I did them.

Kilborn, whose catchphrases included "Spank me!" and "Lay it in, you technically sound spark plug, you," went on to host The Daily Show on Comedy Central. He joined ESPN just before another joker.

KENNY MAYNE, anchor, commentator, gadfly, 1994 to the present: I was in Seattle, making garbage cans—literally assembling them outdoors in the rain. But one day I had made all the cans they could use. The garbage industry had passed me by.

I got some sports-TV work. There isn't limitless variety in that because there really are only three kinds of stories. There's the "he's good" story, the "he's not good" story and the "he overcame something" story.

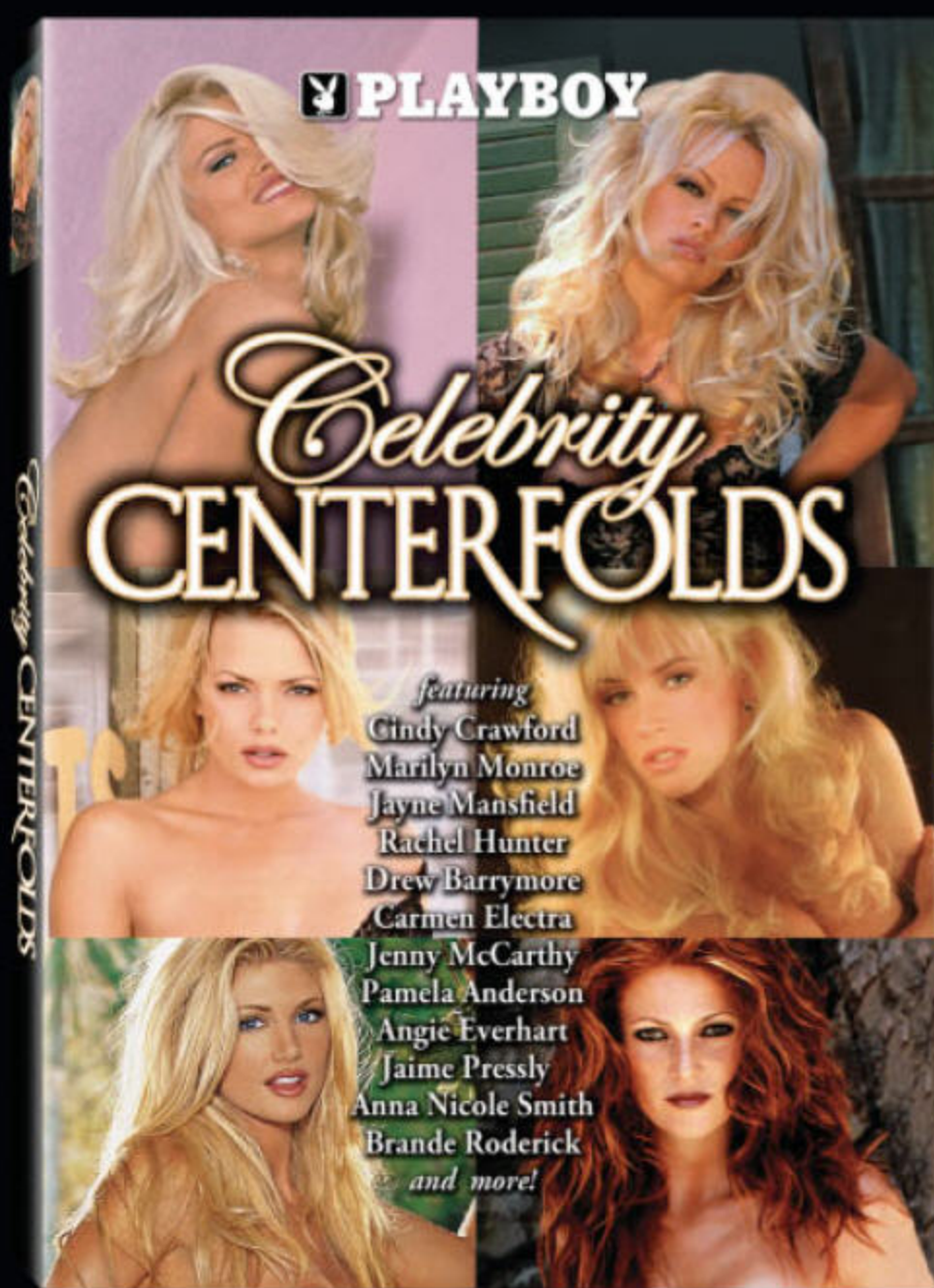
After contributing some bits to ESPN—mostly stand-ups with Ken Griffey Jr.—I got a tryout in

1989. When I was interviewed and they asked about the Rangers' middle relievers, I said, "I believe they'll be coming in after the starters."

Five years later, in 1994, I sent a letter to the Wizard, John Walsh. "Dear John," it read. "Please mark the appropriate box and return." One box was next to the line "Contract on the way—stand by your mailbox." The next was "We'll be in touch if we need you," and the last was "We'll consider hiring you about the time ESPN5 hits the air."

AL JAFFE, ESPN executive and chief recruiter: Kenny was a controversial hire. Some people didn't appreciate his dry wit. Finally we had an

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my daughter Grace was born, and the intern said, "Da-da-da, da-da-da. There's your *SportsCenter* highlight!"

LEY: ESPN used to be the kid on the rise, the little guy with the chip on his shoulder. Then it became a behemoth. Now we're an easy target.

SHOTS HEARD ROUND THE WORLD

PATRICK: The backlash said we were just entertainers. We weren't. We knew our sports. Did we go too far sometimes? Yes. Did everyone start thinking that to get into our business you needed a catchphrase? Yes. But as I still tell people, Bob Costas never had a catchphrase.

opening, and someone said, "Al, what about that Seattle guy?"

MAYNE: Catchphrases? "Yahtzee!" was one of mine. People still yell that to me. And to illustrate a highlight of guys jumping up and down after a game-winning home run, I said, "The players are gay." It's the first meaning of the word in the dictionary, you know. I was told not to reprise that one.

One night I was watching a silent movie, and the screen read, "I am Gofar. What have I to fear from Rome?" I thought, That sounds almost like a home run call.

CHRIS HARRIS, webmaster of top fan site SportsCenter Altar: I get about 25,000 visitors a month. According to our SportsCenter Altar voting archives, the most popular catchphrase is Kenny Mayne's "Your puny ballparks are too small to contain my gargantuan blasts! Bring me the finest meats and cheeses for a clubhouse feast."

LEVY: Mine is "Good evening and hi, everybody." Actually, I do have a couple. There's my home run call, "Get outta town." Or for a grand slam, "Get outta town, and he means it." But I'm more of a nuts-and-bolts guy. I try to get the score right.

ROBERTS: I had one: "Go on with your bad self." But English teachers complained, so I retired it. I've used it a few times now that I'm on *Good Morning America*, but it tends to draw blank stares.

LINDA COHN, anchor, 1992 to the present: It's a man's world. When I got there Dan Patrick was skeptical. "There were a few women before you,"

he said, "and they weren't that good"—almost like a warning to come in and kick some butt. He wouldn't say that to a guy, but I heard him. Once Dan and Keith and all the guys saw I knew my stuff, they gave me the key to their mental locker room.

I was a girl who played high school hockey on the boys' team. I'm as hardcore sports as anyone. Male viewers give me a great compliment. They say, "Linda, I never took my sports from a woman before you."

Doing *SportsCenter* live, winging half of it, is a thrill a minute. I'd like to say I've had a wardrobe malfunction, but that hasn't happened yet.

LEY: One night I said, "We'll be right back," but the control room couldn't get us back on the air, so the rest of the show was 17 straight minutes of commercials. And the humbling thing was the ratings went up.

COHN: In 1994 Gary Miller and I were supposed to do *SportsCenter*, but O.J. Simpson took off in his white Bronco. ESPN stayed with the O.J. coverage. Gary and I huddled over the TV monitors on the set. It was tragically funny; if our mikes had been on, you'd have heard us making bets. We figured three things could happen: O.J. would get stopped, O.J. would keep driving, or O.J. would blow his brains out. We tied because we both bet he'd wind up dead. So Gary and I were losers, and O.J. was the winner.

KILBORN: On the air, your partner would usually finish his bit and toss to you by saying your name: "...Bulls win. Craig?" During the O.J. trial one of my

partners used my nickname accidentally, but it kind of worked.

"...Bulls win. Killer?"

"In the O.J. Simpson trial today...."

HARRIS: Our second and third most popular catchphrases are "boo-yah!" and "cool as the other side of the pillow," both by Stuart Scott. People either love him or hate him.

STUART SCOTT, anchor, 1993 to the present: I was working in Orlando, not long out of college. One night I said, "Boo-yah," and the news director told me, "Save that for ESPN." I never had a real jones to be on *SportsCenter*, but they called when ESPN2 started. So I sent a tape to Al Jaffe.

JAFFE: When we have an opening we look at a lot of candidates on tape, then bring in three or four finalists for an audition. They have to write and perform a 15-minute mini-*SportsCenter*. So we find out: Can they write under pressure? How clever are they? Do they have a phony style?

Afterward we talk sports. That's the job interview. A lot of sportscasters know their local market but don't have the national knowledge we need. So if you're coming to us from a San Diego station, I won't ask much about the Chargers. I may ask about the AFC East.

SCOTT: You've got to prep for your Al Jaffe interview. I'd heard you needed to know at least five players on every major league team, so I studied the rosters. Sure enough, Al asked, "Can you name five players on every team?" I said yes. He gave me a couple of teams and I named six or seven guys. Finally I caught myself—"Wait, is he still with the Royals?" Al said, "I have no idea."

PATRICK: Nobody knows every detail. That's why the unseen heroes are the PAs and researchers, kids who watch a two-hour game and give you the Cliffs Notes version in 45 seconds. We'll yell, "I need A-Rod's stats on Thursdays at night in cities that begin with M." And they'll find it. They're down below rowing the boat while we're on deck, sunning ourselves.

There's enormous competition for anchor jobs because sports got glamorous. Bob Costas made TV sports look easy, Chris Berman made it look fun, and Keith Olbermann made it look interesting. You have to factor in Stu Scott, too—a completely different angle and voice.

Shortly after Scott was hired an ESPN higher-up reportedly told him not to "talk so black."

LAPLACA: Stuart's not for everybody, but he speaks to a big part of our audience. And if you think he's all style, listen to his writing. Stuart challenged me once: "Watch my highlights and see if I don't always tell you something you didn't know."

SCOTT: It's not all cute phrases. It's not just "LeBron James with a crazy dunk like bunnies with a bazooka" or "Yeast,



"I don't mind not getting what I want, just as long as nobody else gets what they want either."

rise!" I'll also say, "He had 38 points; he's averaging 37 this month. He's only the fifth player ever to average 27 points, seven assists and seven boards in a season. Jordan did it, Bird did it, Havlicek and the Big O did it." That's the job—putting things in context.

People talk about my catchphrases. "Boo-yah" is one, but if I say, "Allen Iverson ran an okey-doke on that boy," that's not a catchphrase. That's just part of my lexicon. If I watch a game at home, I'll say, "LeBron James is straight freakin' kids on the court." It's another way of saying he's having an extraordinary game. Everybody has his own background, and one of the best things about this place is that our bosses let us bring that to the job.

WALSH: After humor became more a part of *SportsCenter* we had a spate of hires who thought there was a formula.

KILBORN: Bob Costas told me, "You started this, sports guys trying to be funny." I apologized. "My bad, Bob." Now when I watch TV sports I'm yelling, "Just give me the score!"

OLBERMANN: I heard Yankees outfielder Bobby Abreu learned English by watching ESPN and HBO. Maybe somewhere today there's a guy who speaks only three words of English: "From downtown—bang!"

We had fun. For every broadcast team—from Bob and Ray to Huntley and Brinkley—one goal is to break the

other guy up. Dan and I liked the prison scene in *JFK*, when Kevin Bacon says to Kevin Costner, "You not a bad-lookin' man, Mistah Garrison. When I get out I'm gonna visit you." So we had a Cubs highlight of a shirtless, hefty fan. Dan said, "You're not a bad-lookin' man, mistah!" And I lost it.

WALSH: Everyone ranks the Olbermann-Patrick show number one. I'd be hard-pressed to say it wasn't, but Stuart Scott and Rich Eisen had a special partnership. Linda Cohn and Steve Levy on the overnight show too. And I would remind people of the Bob Ley-Dan Patrick pairing, before Keith. Dan was able to counterpunch Bob in much the

same way he counterpunched Keith, and *SportsCenter* got its highest ratings with Bob and Dan.

I think Robin Roberts, Bob Ley and Charley Steiner on the early-evening show were really special, but they flew a bit under the radar because they didn't get many highlights. Everyone loves the highlights.

ROBERTS: We had a healthy rivalry with Keith and Dan. We saw ourselves as the true journalists. But we were always dying for highlights. If there was an afternoon game, Charley and I would fight over that one highlight.

STEINER: Keith and Dan got all the attention and called their show the Big Show, but our ratings were the same. We were pretty damn big too.

PATRICK: For all his brilliance, Keith could be difficult, quirky. He sent out a memo saying one researcher's shoes were too loud and researchers shouldn't eat popcorn in the studio because the noise of their chewing bothered him. I blocked it out. Keith's idiosyncratic ways were what made him great. We did butt heads when he was getting ready to leave ESPN, though. I said, "You're gonna miss this. You can get more money, but you'll never have a partner like me."

OLBERMANN: When there was talk that Dan might go to *Good Morning America* he told me it wouldn't happen. He said, "I couldn't stand all the questions about why I left *SportsCenter*." Hmm....

In 1997 Olbermann bolted for MSNBC, then Fox Sports, only to return to MSNBC. ESPN ran a series of candidates through the Big Show, which would never again be called that.

SCOTT: I got a surprise on a show with Dan. We were on a break, when my contact lens rolled up in my eye. I couldn't see. So I took my mike off and Dan looked over like, What are you doing?

"My contact lens just went up in my head," I said. I gave him my scripts and went to the men's room. The show came back on, it was just Dan, and it was my segment. He had to read a script that wasn't his. So Dan was out there saying, "Allen Iverson's been torching kids," while I was in the men's room with two editors, one of them a

woman, working on my eye.

The funny thing was, I got calls that night from two or three of my boys. "I watched the show," they said, "and that wasn't even right. They didn't even show you. They just had the white dude on for like 15 minutes. Keepin' the brothers down again!"

The surprise successor to Olbermann: Kenny Mayne.

MAYNE: I was nervous. The company had me do 500 interviews, as if it were a Mars mission. I'm sure it was weird for Dan.

PATRICK: Olbermann leaving threw me off. What role did I play now? With Bob or Kenny I found myself having to

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Tensions were growing in Bristol. In August 1996 popular anchor Tom Mees drowned in his neighbor's swimming pool.

BERMAN: I still carry a picture of him in my wallet. We were in each other's weddings, saw each other's kids grow up. I'll never forget one of my final shows with Tom. It was a hell of a show, everything clicking. Shit, we were having a good time that night. With 20 seconds left we shook hands, and I said, "*SportsCenter*—the way God intended it."

Feeling "creatively stagnant," Kilborn left for Comedy Central in 1996, while Olbermann dueled with ESPN management about contracts and other matters.

think about what used to just flow. I lost my compass a little.

MAYNE: But ESPN goes on. Keith is great, but there were no protests in the streets when he quit. If I quit or Dan or even Chris quits, ESPN will go on and thrive. And believe me, they let us know that.

PATRICK: Keith called me and said, "I'm making more money than you and Berman combined." I think he was missing the point. Was he happier than we were? The story goes that when he got to Fox he tried to convince them to pay me a million dollars to sit out the rest of my contract. I said, "Are you kidding? I'm gonna kick your ass!" I loved the challenge.

In 2004 ESPN hired an old colleague of Patrick's.

FRED HICKMAN, anchor, 2004 to the present: Back in 1980, when I was on CNN, Nick Charles and I watched *SportsCenter*, and the ESPN guys watched us—with mutual respect. [*Many ESPNers*

thought "Nick 'n' Hick" had the better show. Now Sports Tonight is gone, defeated by ESPN.] It was primitive for all of us then. Sometimes we would put a game on our studio TVs and call play-by-play right off the screen.

I happen to be king of the office hot-foots. I almost got Ted Turner once, but I chickened out. Here's how to do it: You sneak under someone's desk and plant the incendiary device, a wadded-up piece of paper, in the shoestring. Light it—just the tip, so it acts like a fuse—and then run to the other side of the room to watch. I haven't struck while we've been on the air...yet.

NEXT: WHAT 2 WATCH 4

With a changing cast of new and old anchors, SportsCenter rolls on, drumming "Da-da-da, da-da-da" into a new generation of jockheads.

WILLIAMSON: It's still evolving—the look, the graphics, the anchors, the amount of opinion versus straight news. Those are always in flux. Three

or four years ago we tweaked things a little toward humor and the unexpected. It's not as though we turned the whole show into free association, but fans go a little crazy: "Oh my God, how could they change *SportsCenter*?" The past couple of years we've twisted it back a little toward hard news, but we still take chances.

NEIL EVERETT, anchor, 2000 to the present: I was an assistant athletic director at Hawaii Pacific University, going from there to being a TV sports guy on KGMB-TV in Honolulu in the afternoon. Then, in 1998, I got a tryout in Bristol. I was god-awful. If they'd focused on surfing or sumo, I would have been fine, but I didn't know enough national sports. I went back to Hawaii with my tail between my legs.

Two years later I got the call and brought "Howzit" to *SportsCenter*. It's sort of a slang "aloha." That's a good thing about this place—representing the folks back home.

You know what's bad? The spray-on makeup. They actually spray it onto your face. It gets all over your shirt, and you worry that if you blow your nose your makeup will fly all over the studio. But our makeup ladies do fine work. I don't look nearly as good in real life.

LEY: The *SportsCenter* you see tonight looks and sounds nothing like the show we did 10 years ago and nothing like what you'll see in five years. The show is constantly adapting to the marketplace and TV technology.

JAY LEVY, senior coordinating producer, a.k.a. Graphics Guy: Highlights keep evolving. The new stuff comes from video games. Last year we did a new highlights thing with catchers' mitts, made them blink and glow to attract the eye. Ten years ago we would have used an arrow. The arrow evolved into a spot shadow—when the screen goes gray except for the player, mitt or race car you want people to watch. The new blinking effect doesn't have a name yet; call it a reverse spot shadow.

WALSH: *SportsCenter* worked in the first place because there was no established model for it. In that way, it's like Jon Stewart's *Daily Show*, which also made up its own model.

Did you ever wonder why none of the networks could start a cable news outfit that worked? It's because they already had a model: the network newscast. It must be killing them that Comedy Central created the next evolution of the news and that Stewart will be more influential than Walter Cronkite or Peter Jennings.

SportsCenter is now the model of its form, so maybe it's time to change. We've got no specific plan, but the show will evolve in light of the role the Internet plays in sports, the explosion of sports talk radio, the way people get blips of television from iPods, iTunes and cell phones.



"Miss Crabtree, you didn't get the promotion or the raise, but maybe I can get you a larger desk."

HIGHLIGHTS: PLAYS OF OUR DAYS

LEONARD: The tongue-in-cheek attitude so many of the anchors use? I brought that with me, but some of them are too cutesy. Keith was good at it. Dan too. I was in CNN's New York bureau when Dan got his first job in the big city. He was a peppy kid with a lot of pizzazz.

BERMAN: One time in the early days I held an ESPN mike up to a ballplayer, and he said, "Oh yeah, ESPN—that's the Spanish station."

STEINER: I was lucky to get to ESPN when it was still a mom-and-pop store and to ride this unbelievable satellite into space. I run into young ballplayers, even not so young ones, who grew up with *SportsCenter*. When Mark Teixeira was a rookie, he said, "Mr. Steiner, I started watching you when I was seven."

I said, "Mark, it's lucky you're bigger, stronger, faster and younger, or I'd kick your ass."

COHN: What I love is that we're still sports fans. I was at the 2006 Super Bowl, sitting in the media section, rooting for Seattle because I had spent some years there. An NFL representative said to me, "You're a bit too loud." So much for objectivity.

STEVE LEVY: To this day people come up and say, "You're the bulging-dick guy." And still no props from Maurice Hurst.

MAYNE: I can't listen to sports talk radio; there's a lot of hate mongering. "That guy sucks! The manager's an idiot." A lot of hating the athletes. We never did that.

I haven't done *SportsCenter* for two years. I don't miss getting home at 2:30 in the morning, and I don't miss the meetings about whether the Mets have improved their infield, but I miss the hour of live TV. That's a lively hour.

SCOTT: I like tweaking perceptions. If a black player is on *SportsCenter*, I might say, "The guy's a gym rat." If he's a white player, I might say, "He's got a whole lot of athleticism," because it's always the other way around. One anchor who used to be here was calling a pass from Chris Mullin to another white guy to a black guy and said, "Mullin, he's a gym rat, over to so-and-so, another gym rat, to so-and-so and—whoa, there's some great natural ability!" I asked him how he knew the last guy wasn't a gym rat.

He wasn't being racist, just ignorant. But that's what racism is: ignorance. Another thing you hear is "He reminds me of a young so-and-so." If he's a white guy, he's always compared to another white guy. So I switch them. Inevitably you'll hear, "Adam Morrison is a young Larry Bird." Well, he also plays like Dale Davis. Is J.J. Redick a young Mark Price? I don't know—Price could never move without the ball like Redick. Why not a young Dennis Scott? It's subtle, but it can use some tweaking.

KILBORN: Of all my former shows, *SportsCenter* is the only one I still watch. It's the best-produced show I've been on and arguably the most important program in television history. There's *All in the Family*, *Monty Python* and *SportsCenter*. Honorable mention to *Fernwood 2Nite*.

ROBERTS: And the next time *PLAYBOY* does a *SportsCenter* story, I'm ready to do the cover.

SIGN-OFF: GOOD NIGHT, DAN. GOOD NIGHT, KEITH

OLBERMANN: After I left I'd be coming off the field at the World Series with a Fox microphone and wearing a Fox jacket, and a guy would yell, "ESPN!" I had a tough time dealing with it. Even now 10 people on the street a day will say to me, "Why'd you leave ESPN?" or "When are you going back?"

You get defensive. For a while I tried to explain. When I was in New York, I'd say, "Do you know where ESPN is? Take a left, drive two and a half hours and abandon all hope."

What changed it for me was talking with, of all people, Elizabeth Montgomery. [*The sitcom actress starred as the nose-twitching witch Samantha on Bewitched.*] She was a huge sports fan and knew me from my time in L.A. One day we were on the same flight from JFK to LAX, and while we talked every man on the flight came up to her and asked, "Could you do that nose thing?" After hours of this I said, "The next guy who asks I'm going to strangle with my bare hands." But she said, "Oh no, that's the highest compliment someone in our business can get. It means that something we said or did, even 10 or 20 years ago, stayed with that person. It means we've transcended time." She paused and then said, "And if it's not that, they saw it on cable and we're gonna get a residuals check!"

That helped. I also realize that every dollar I've made since has been doubled by my being on ESPN.

PATRICK: Keith made the best TV of anybody I ever worked with. If you have one symbiotic relationship like ours in a TV career, you're lucky. MSNBC may be as close to TV nirvana as it's going to get for him, but he does miss this place, begrudgingly.

I'm glad I'm still here. And our audience seems to be everywhere. I keep waiting for the day I'll go into the confessional and say, "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," and hear the priest say, "Da-da-da, da-da-da!"

When you do sports 12 hours a day, five days a week, there are times when you need something else. At home I'll watch *American Idol*, *Monster Garage*, *The Simpsons*, *Malcolm in the Middle*. People find that amazing. "Did you watch the game last night?" they want to know.

"No," I say, "I watched the highlights."

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SISYPHA (continued from page 88)

She hadn't meant to hurt him—she would never have exposed him to her wanton nature on purpose.

Sisypha tried to calm Mel, but he just struggled against his bonds, making muffled screams.

Then Ari placed a stool before the chair Mel was tied to and sat, pulling Sisypha onto his lap. He positioned her so that she was facing her husband and entered her with his enormous erection.

I decided now that Sisypha was indeed an exceptional actor. Every time that Ari thrust into her she gasped and responded with a groan of pleasure. But at the same time she would look into her husband's eyes with shame just as convincing. Finally Ari lost control and fucked her with abandon. She couldn't keep from having a powerful, uncontrolled orgasm. When Ari was ready to come he made her get down on her knees to lick the

thick white fluid as it flowed down the hard snakelike veins on his erection.

I tried to stroke my own erection, but my hand hurt too much, and so I couldn't bring myself to orgasm even though I wanted to in the worst way. My breath was coming fast, and when I looked into Mel's pleading eyes I wanted to cry along with him. After all, wasn't I in the same position as he? Forced as I was to see my lover groaning and writhing in the embrace of another man?

When Ari had experienced his last spasm of ecstasy Sisypha fell away from him and begged Mel to forgive her. She hadn't meant to hurt him—she would never have exposed him to her wanton nature on purpose.

But Ari got between them and sneered at her entreaties.

"He likes it, Sissy," Ari said. "Here, look." And with that he ripped the buttons off Mel's pants.

A stubby erection poked out.

"See," Ari said. "He likes it. He's excited to see you get fucked by my big cock. He wants you to get down on your knees and do to him what you did to me."

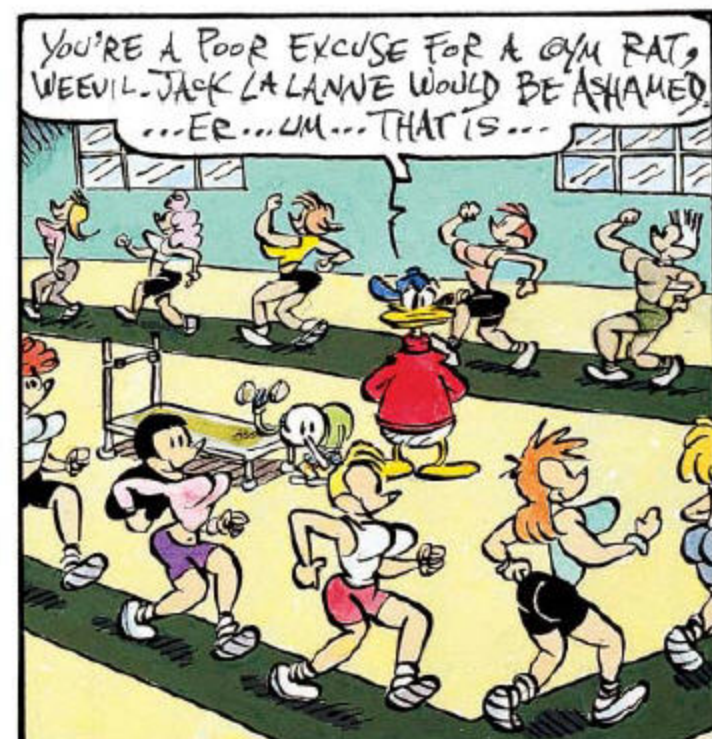
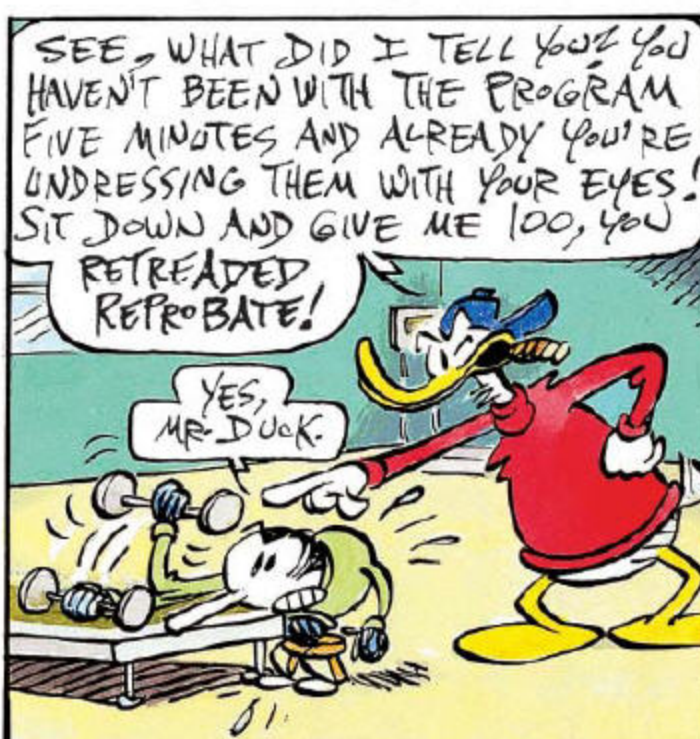
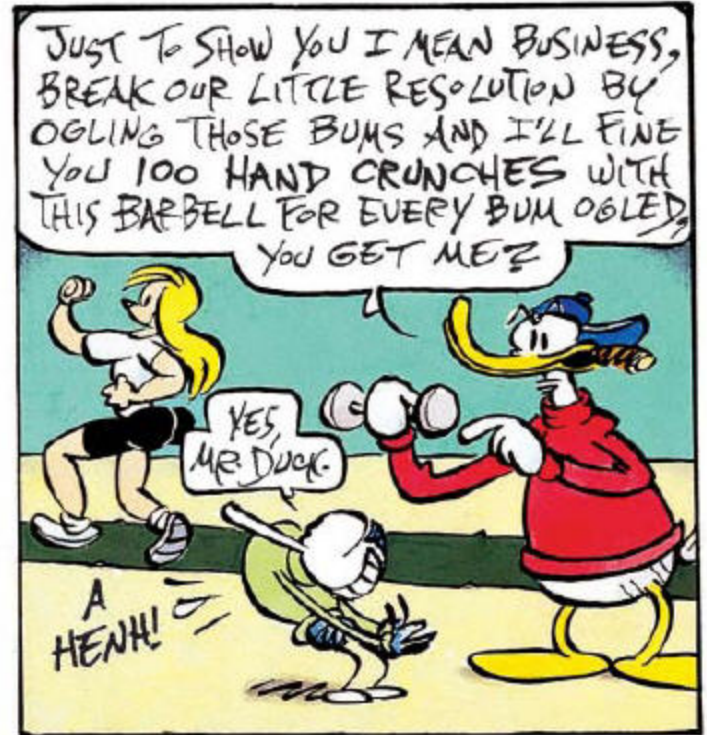
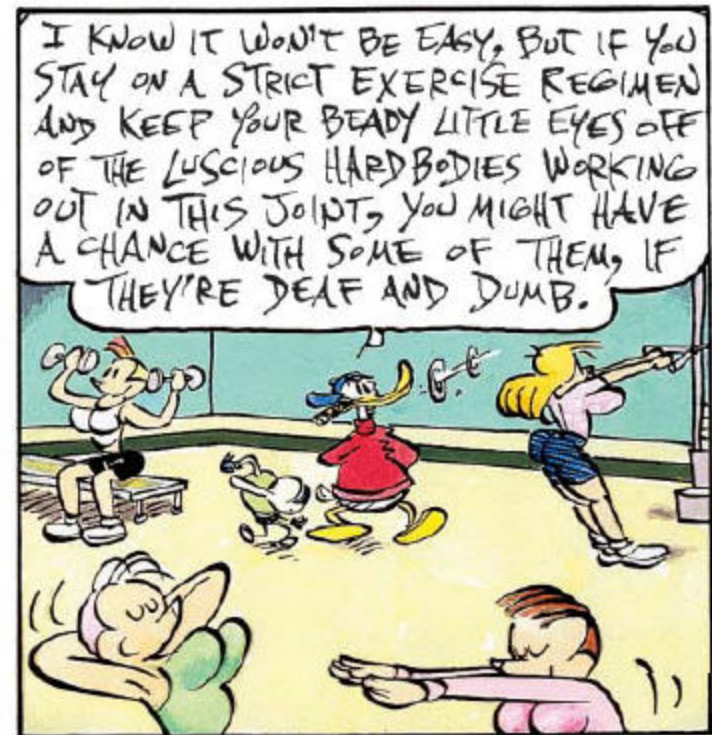
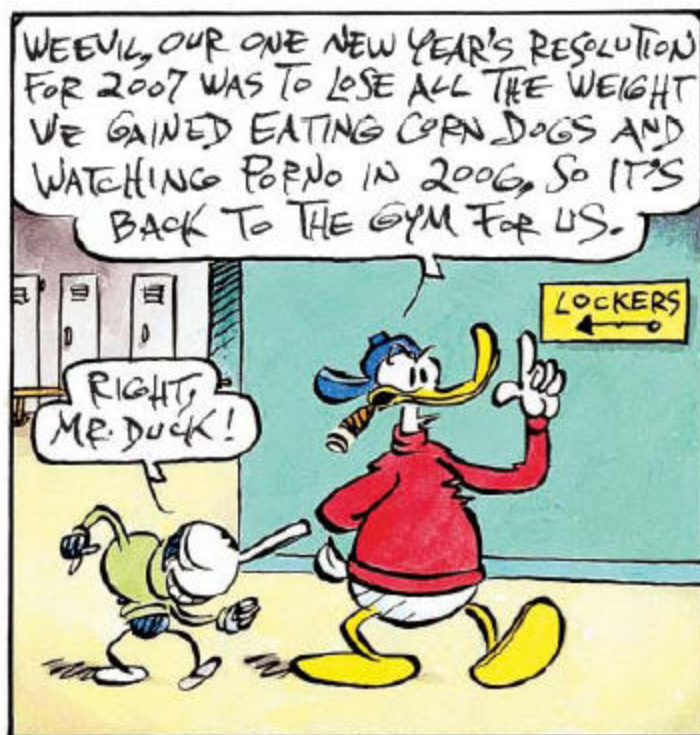
Sisypha gazed into Mel's eyes. His stare was frightened and unsure. Tentatively Sisypha got down on her knees before him. As she began sucking and stroking his stubby erection he stared at her with a tender gaze and bucked his hips to show how good it felt.

I poured myself another glass of cognac, drank it down and poured another. I was Mel. I was Mel. Impotent, restrained, submissive.

But at least he was loved by her. At least she had come back to him.

Then Ari got down on his knees behind Sisypha. When he entered her she let out a passionate groan that made me try, even with my injured hand, to stroke my erection. The pain was too great, though. I couldn't pleasure myself, and so I watched helplessly

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



while the big Greek stud hammered away at Sisypha. She twisted and pressed back toward him. Now and then she'd raise her lips from her captive husband's erection and yell, "Fuck me! Fuck me harder!"

Tears were streaming from my eyes. My erection strained so hard that the tight skin shone brightly in the plasma glow, like dark glass.

Then the big Greek stood up from behind the dark-haired girl. His erection was so hard that it tilted upward despite its crookedness, great length and girth. It was literally dripping with the juices of his lover. Ari stood over the woman, dangling the erection in Mel's face.

"You smell her pussy on my cock?" he asked the man. "Does that get you excited?"

Mel tried to move his head away, but at the same time Sisypha started whimpering and working her hand and tongue very fast. Mel couldn't help himself; he had to come while Ari waved his erection in front of his face. And even though there were tears in his eyes I could tell that Mel was having a very powerful sexual experience.

In that moment I imagined his life. He woke up every day and took a bus to work. He came home and laughed at the same stories, watched the same TV shows, had sex once a week in the same position, congratulated himself for being liberal and liberated, when actually he wasn't any different from any

anchovy sealed with a dozen others just like him into a flat tin. His wife loved him the way she'd love a six-year-old boy, smiling at his innocence while he pretended to be a man.

Ari was still laughing at Mel's weakness when Sisypha jumped up and pushed him away. Her anger was palpable and a little scary. The big man knew that he'd crossed a line and so he put his clothes on.

"You know my number when you need a real man," he said, buttoning his shirt and going out the door.

I was so relieved to see him go that I actually sighed. I poured another shot and drank it down in one gagging swallow.

My erection was waning.

I expected to see Sisypha untie her husband, for them to realize they loved each other and then to make love.

Or maybe, I thought, the camera would now follow Ari to some other hotbed of sex at his home or some club.

I wasn't concerned because even though I had been unable to have an orgasm, I felt spent, as if I had had some kind of transcendental experience. I had seen many brilliant movies in my time, but nothing ever moved me as much as that first sex scene of *The Myth of Sisypha*. Not *The Bicycle Thief* or *The World of Apu* or *Tokyo Story*. No movie had ever talked directly to me before. No movie had ever pulled

"You will scream?" she asked again to make sure.

He nodded again.

"If I untie you, will you try to hurt me?" she asked then.

After a moment's hesitation he nodded, a bit sadly.

"Do you love me, Melvin?"

Nod.

"Do you hate me, too?"

Nod.

"What can we do?"

Melvin hung his head and shook it slowly. Whereupon Sisypha got up and walked from the room. Mel looked after her, and for a long time there was no action at all, just Mel looking at the doorway through which his wife had gone.

And then Sisypha appeared at the door, carrying a small baby-blue suitcase. She knelt down in front of him and closed up his pants, a loving gesture.

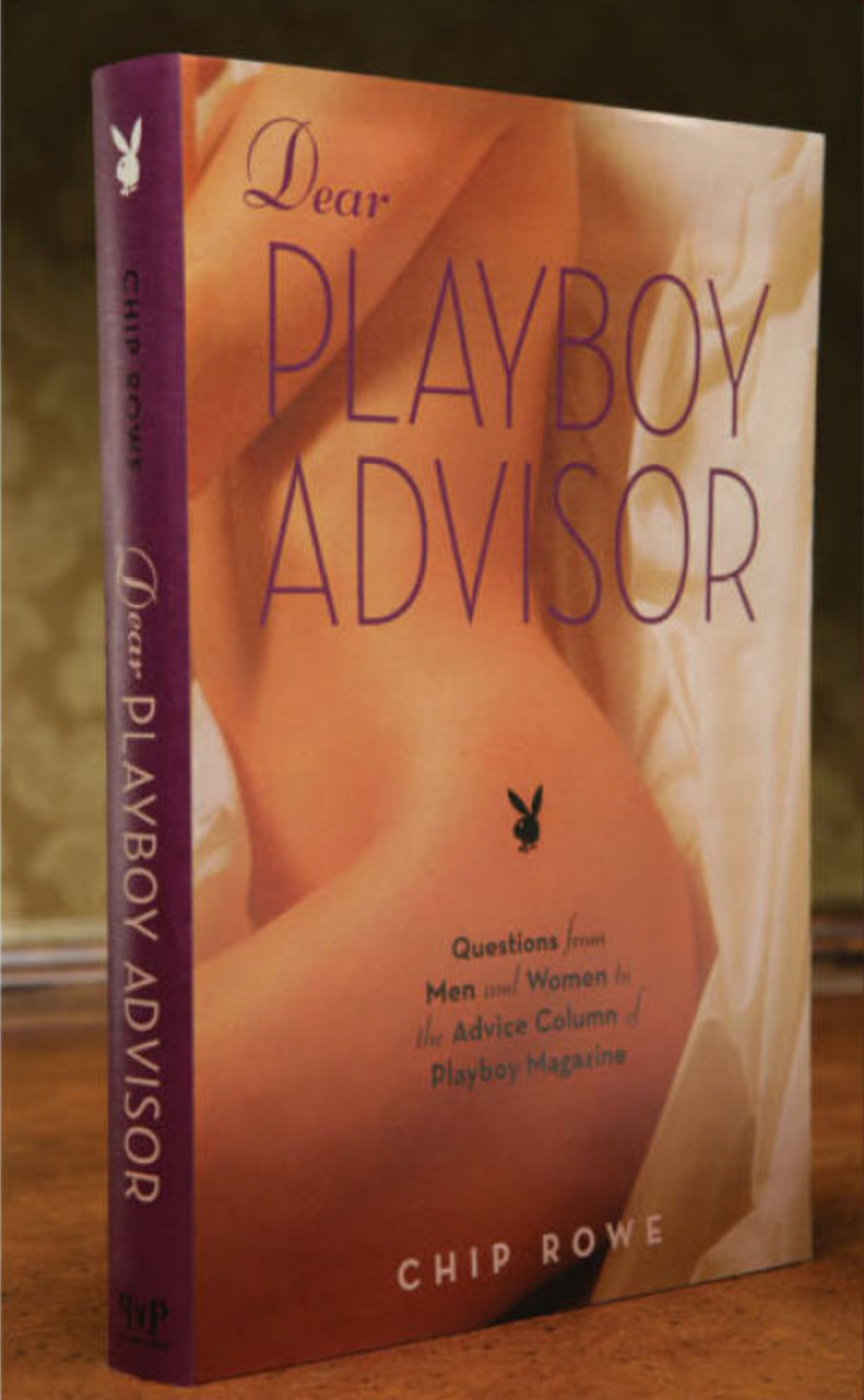
"I'll call Yvette and tell her to come untie you," she said. "I'll get in touch in a few days to see what you're thinking."

That was it for me. I started crying and couldn't stop. I fell from the futon onto the floor and sobbed. Mel's impotence struck a chord at my center. He didn't want to hurt his wife, but he would hurt her. He didn't want to scream, but he had no choice. The choice was not his to make. Sisypha was the one in charge, the one making decisions. Through her passion, through her clear eyes, she made her choices and followed them.

I punched the ALL OFF button on my universal remote. The room went black, and I stayed down on the floor. Somewhere in between bleats I drifted off to sleep.

I meant to get up early and take a taxi to Penn Station, but I didn't set an alarm or anything, and I was pretty drunk. When I woke up it was still dark and I thought I had made it in time, but it was just that the shades blocked out the midday sun. It was 11:30 in the morning. I had already missed my meeting.

When I went into the living room I realized that one of the pillows from the



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the heart out of my chest and laid it beating at my feet.

I was finished with this film. Mere sex could not move me as much as Mel's demolition at the hands of his wife and her lover.

But the next scene had nothing to do with sex. Sisypha pulled the stool even closer so that she was sitting only inches from her husband. For a long time she stared into his eyes. I noticed that the right side of Mel's face was red and slightly raised, as if Ari had really struck him.

"If I take the tape from your mouth, will you scream?" she asked him.

He nodded, and I wondered if he understood the question.

futon had fallen on the phone; when it rang earlier in the morning the ringer had been muffled and I hadn't heard it from my bedroom.

There were four messages on the answering machine. All of them were from Jerry Singleton, my main translation agent.

"Cordell," the first message started. "I got a call from Norberto down in Philly. He says you're late for the meeting. What's going on?"

By the fourth message he was threatening to cut me off, saying that I wasn't the best or the cheapest translator he could find. He told me to call him before the end of the day or he'd make sure that I never worked for anyone in New York or anywhere else again.

He was so angry that it made sense in an odd way that my hand had swollen to almost twice its normal size. The knuckles were spread painfully apart, and that reminded me of Jo and Johnny Fry, him spreading her with his wide erection.

I erased everything. It felt good to have a clean slate.

I logged on to AOL and went into my bank accounts.

I had saved \$51,000 in the past two decades, \$2,500 a year. There were also two \$10,000 T-bills and \$8,600 in my checking account.

My rent was \$1,350, and my expenses were no more than a thousand a month, probably less. I didn't buy clothes often, nor did I take many vacations or own a car. I could live for at least two years without making a dime. That felt very good.

I left my house at three and went to my favorite little Italian bistro on Avenue of

the Americas near Houston. I sat outside in the hot sun, eating fresh mozzarella, eggplant, avocado and fried calamari. I had hours to kill.

I was in no hurry. I realized at some point during the day that my relationship with Jo was over. I wasn't upset about it. I didn't even plan to tell her that I knew about her and Johnny Fry.

Everything was new. I would quit my job—I had at least two years in which I didn't have to earn a dime.

I laughed out loud. Johnny Fry's big red dick had set me free.

I didn't feel a thing for Joelle anymore. I didn't even want to see her, but I figured that I should go to her house and tell her so. I'd tell her the truth: *I just don't love you anymore.* That's all I had to say.

"A glass of red wine, please," I said to the waiter.

He smiled at me, and I smiled back. It was a new life. I was free for the first time that I could remember. I sat there watching women go by dressed in the scanty clothing they put on for the summer heat. I was thinking about Sisypha. She could be any woman walking down the street, and no one would ever guess what she was like or what she was doing at home. You'd look at her and think, There goes a nice-looking woman. Wedding ring. Probably has two kids and no orgasms.

I decided that one day I'd meet Sisypha and ask her something that would catch her attention.



"Why, thank you. You've got a pretty nice rack yourself."

T. BOONE PICKENS

(continued from page 54)

made the investment. If the Chinese were willing to pay more for Unocal than Chevron was, the shareholders should have decided, not some guys in Washington.

PLAYBOY: Many people felt that a Chinese company shouldn't own an American oil company or that a Dubai company shouldn't run America's ports. Do you disagree?

PICKENS: I think it's meaningless. In the case of Unocal, 60 percent of its production is in Asia. It doesn't make any difference, and people are demagoguing in speeches that all this and that is going to happen to us. Nothing is going to happen to us. When China backed out of the Unocal deal, I think the shareholders may not have gotten the best price.

PLAYBOY: Which is more important: the shareholders' interest or the national interest?

PICKENS: This had nothing to do with the national interest. It's business. These companies are owned by shareholders.

PLAYBOY: Your other major new business is water. Is water the next oil?

PICKENS: I don't see it that way. It's a resource.

PLAYBOY: Then how is it unlike oil?

PICKENS: Oil isn't renewable. Water is. Our project has a life of 200 or 300 years. It will be a \$2 billion to \$2.5 billion project.

PLAYBOY: The plan is to pipe panhandle groundwater—which is under your and your neighbors' ranches—to water-hungry cities such as Dallas. What are the major obstacles?

PICKENS: We just have to find our first customers. It's a project that will happen, but I'm not in any big rush. As with natural gas, the longer you wait without selling it, the more valuable it becomes.

PLAYBOY: At some point, however, are there pressures to cut your losses?

PICKENS: I always say, "Don't rush the monkey and you'll see a better show."

PLAYBOY: Can you understand how some people would resent that you or another individual owns a resource such as water?

PICKENS: If you own the surface, you own the groundwater. That's just the way it is.

PLAYBOY: Within the greater scheme of your businesses, how significant is water?

PICKENS: To date I've got \$80 million in the project. I consider it to be a long-term investment. It's only one of our businesses but an important one. I think it'll do pretty well for us.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your management style?

PICKENS: I would have been a good coach. Here you get it thrown at you fast. You're in on so many deals, it's

like putting an 18-year-old on a battlefield. If he can survive 90 days, he's a veteran. All it takes is somebody shooting at you. Here you eat what you kill. Everybody has to produce.

PLAYBOY: Why would you have made a good coach?

PICKENS: I think I'm inspirational.

PLAYBOY: Would you have made a good politician?

PICKENS: I looked at running for governor in 1990 and 1994. I wasn't cut out for it. I'm not one for consensus in decision making. I operate by committee now, but it's a select committee. I can sit down with people who I know are working in the same direction, but it becomes so political. Then come the demagogues. I don't believe I could handle that.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret not running?

PICKENS: I don't look back and think, Oh gosh, I wish I'd have done that. I look back and think, Thank God I didn't.

PLAYBOY: It didn't stop you from being involved in politics.

PICKENS: No, I do my bit. I'm always interested.

PLAYBOY: Who do you consider the greatest president of your lifetime?

PICKENS: Ronald Reagan. After Jimmy Carter we didn't have a good opinion of ourselves. Reagan came in and restored that pretty quickly. He made speeches that gave me goose bumps. He played to the entrepreneur in every American. What is it we have going on around the world today? Just exactly what Reagan promoted: democracy, entrepreneurship, free markets. Those are things he stood for, simple values that mean so much to people.

PLAYBOY: Critics cite the enormous debt he left.

PICKENS: The debt he ran up was from winning a war with the Russians. We rebuilt our military. The Russians couldn't stand the pace. We put a heck of a lot of money into the game, but we won and we didn't lose any people.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about the administration's domestic spying?

PICKENS: It doesn't bother me. If it helps stop terrorism, I say have at it.

PLAYBOY: How close are you to the Bushes?

PICKENS: I have known them for quite a while. I met the first president Bush, 41, back in the 1950s when he lived in Midland. I'm not a close friend. I'm not in the inner circle, but I'm a friend and supporter.

PLAYBOY: Are you closer to the father or the son?

PICKENS: George W.—I was a big supporter.

PLAYBOY: In this past election, along with supporting Bush's campaign, you gave millions of dollars to the group that made the controversial Swift-boat ads questioning John Kerry's record as a hero in Vietnam. Why?

PICKENS: John O'Neill, a member of Swift Vets and POWs for Truth, came to see

me. He knew Kerry. He served with him in Vietnam. He said, "I know too much. I can't let this man be president."

PLAYBOY: Looking back, do you acknowledge that the Swift-boat ads were misleading and unfair?

PICKENS: All we did was put on his 1971 testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. We didn't edit anything. "Here he is. How do you like him?"

PLAYBOY: Many people who served with Kerry said the attacks were unmerited. Even John McCain stuck up for Kerry against those ads.

PICKENS: McCain surprised me. I think they were pals. Kerry let his fellow soldiers down. The POW wives I know are convinced Kerry cost their husbands one more year in the Hanoi Hilton because of his testimony.

PLAYBOY: Whether they support your view or the opposite side's, do you agree with the tactics of political action committees that operate on soft money?

PICKENS: I don't think they ought to have it. But you play the hand you're dealt. George Soros was pouring money in on the other side.

PLAYBOY: Would you support campaign-finance reform?

PICKENS: Yeah, go ahead and shut it down. I don't like it. But for now, just tell me what the game is, throw the ball up in the air, and I can play that game.

PLAYBOY: How do you describe the difference between George W. and his father?

PICKENS: Forty-three makes up his mind and he pulls the trigger. Forty-one had to have everything under study.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as if you prefer the current Bush.

PICKENS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Is your relationship with him such that if there's something going on in the country you feel strongly about, you would get him on the phone?

PICKENS: Can I just pick up the phone and call the White House and get him on? "You know, he is taking a nap." "Wake him up and put him on the phone." No. But I could talk to him if he knew I was calling.

PLAYBOY: You have hunted with Vice President Dick Cheney; what was your reaction to his hunting accident?

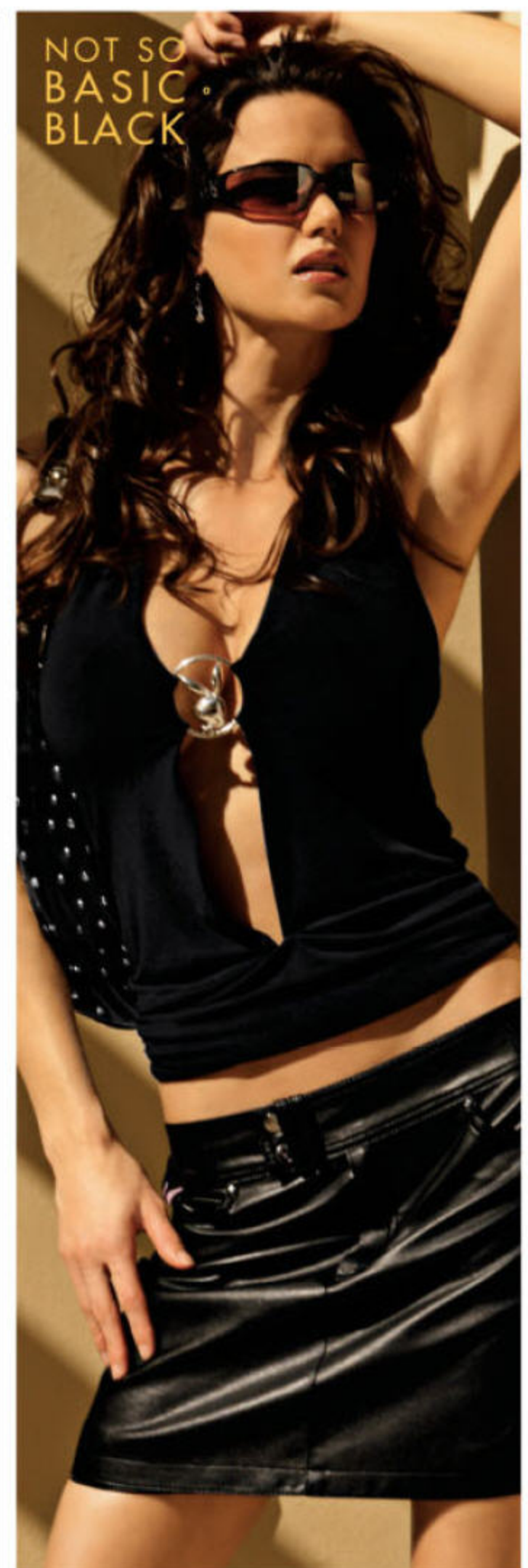
PICKENS: It could have happened anywhere.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been in a situation in which an accident like that happened?

PICKENS: I haven't, but I've seen people get some shot in them. It can happen. It's not that far-fetched.

PLAYBOY: A long list of companies have ended up on the wrong side of the law, including Enron, Tyco and WorldCom. In the 1980s you railed against corruption and mismanagement in corporate America. Is it any better now?

PICKENS: There will always be crooks, but most chief executives in corporate America aren't trying to take advantage of anybody.



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PLAYBOY: How would you solve the problems in corporate America?

PICKENS: You just need boards of directors that answer to shareholders instead of management. How do directors get on the board? Management picks them, so they're beholden to management. I think that's bad. Still, boards of directors today are a lot more responsive to shareholders than they have been in the past. There are plenty of laws; just carry out the laws we have. If you have the right directors, they'll keep the deal running straight.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised by the Enron trial verdicts?

PICKENS: I wasn't. But it's important to remember Enron was an exception. Things in general are better at most companies. Most companies are run to maximize the return for shareholders, which is how it should be.

PLAYBOY: You haven't always been popular for pushing shareholders' interests.

PICKENS: I was praised by the shareholders. It was the managers who didn't like me. They called me a raider.

PLAYBOY: You were a raider.

PICKENS: A raider? I changed the value of these companies, which management couldn't do. Take Gulf Oil: When we started buying stock in Gulf Oil, it was \$33. It had been \$33 for 10 years. When we sold our shares back, it was \$80 a share. At \$40 the market cap was \$6 billion. At \$80 it was \$13 billion.

PLAYBOY: With Gulf and other so-called raids, did you actually want to take over and run the companies, or did you make, as some charged, a hit-and-run, a tactic designed to escalate the value of the stock so you could then sell out at a profit?

PICKENS: I just thought Gulf should be managed better, and there was no question in my mind that I could do a better job running the company than the guys who were doing it. I'm capable and qualified. I've been a builder all my life. I really thought I could take over Phillips and Unocal. I was wrong.

PLAYBOY: At Phillips, for example, what would you have done? One big fear is that corporate raiders will break companies up.

PICKENS: Why is it bad if we break them up? Our motive with Phillips was only to take out the assets that were not core, like real estate in Florida. The management had no business being in that. They had a golf course down there, and they were constantly using the company plane on Friday afternoon to entertain themselves on the company's dime. You get rid of those kinds of things. I never had those kinds of perks at Mesa. When I used the company aircraft for something personal, I paid for it at \$1,500 an hour.

PLAYBOY: Initially, when you went after companies in the 1980s, you were viewed as a David fighting against Goliaths, but soon you were considered a pirate, and you became, as *Fortune* magazine said, "the most hated man in corporate America." Did a group of companies band together and launch a campaign to discredit you?

PICKENS: There is no question about that. There was a roundtable with 200 of the largest corporations in America represented. You had to be the chief executive or the chief operating officer of a company to get in. They each paid \$50,000 to see the plan. One of the people who attended told me, "They're coming after your ass." After that, you saw stories in the media about my being a raider and greenmailer.

PLAYBOY: Well?

PICKENS: I never greenmailed anybody.

PLAYBOY: You were accused of wanting to destroy these companies, though.

PICKENS: Why would I be stupid enough to put my money in and then destroy the company?

PLAYBOY: Why did you finally stop trying to take over companies?

PICKENS: I couldn't ever win.

PLAYBOY: Do you invest at all in the Internet? Did you participate in the bubble?

PICKENS: It didn't make any sense.

Something would come out at \$40 and go to \$100. That's not real and not going to last. I didn't lose anything on it. It's hard for me to see how long anything that doesn't make money is going to stay up in the air.

PLAYBOY: How about now? Overall, are you bullish or bearish on the stock market?

PICKENS: I don't know. Tell me what's going to happen in the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any stock picks for us?

PICKENS: Suncor Energy and Canadian Oil Sands Trust, oil sands companies. We're big shareholders in both of them. I like them because I don't have to deal with declining production.

PLAYBOY: Are you concerned about the lavish perks chief executives have at some companies? In your takeover bid for Unocal you went after CEO Fred Hartley for having an exorbitantly priced piano on a corporate jet.

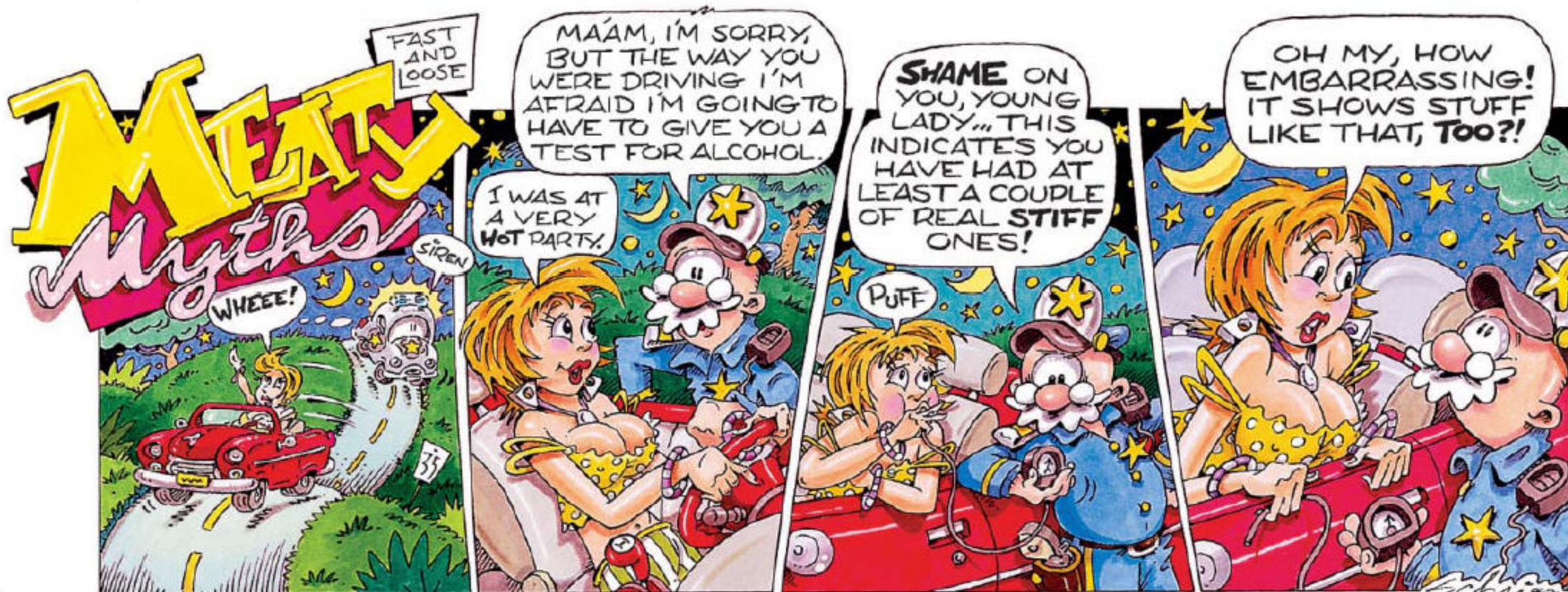
PICKENS: Somehow I wouldn't think playing a piano on an airplane would be a productive way to spend your time when you're supposed to be running a company. It was a waste. It wasn't something easy for him to explain, either.

PLAYBOY: Were you ever tempted by perks like that?

PICKENS: I always felt temptations were dangerous. I just didn't go where I would be tempted to do anything I shouldn't—and I'm talking about going out, partying, girls, all that.

PLAYBOY: What has tempted you since you have been able to buy anything you want—if not women, jewelry? Cars?

PICKENS: In the past three months I've bought 16,000 more acres out here. The ranch is now 50,000 acres. I realized I would get a lot more pleasure out of that than I would from 100,000 shares of Exxon. The land really needs help. We'll restore it. We won't have any cattle on it. What else? More houses? I have the money if I want them, but what can I do with another



house? Neither my wife nor I like to be anyplace for very long, so we go to the Four Seasons. It's three or four nights, you pay the bill and leave. If you buy a place, you have responsibility for it. I don't want that. My life is pretty streamlined. I have all the bird dogs. We're buying some more Labs. Do I spend a lot? Yes, but I don't shop.

PLAYBOY: We won't see you at a mall?

PICKENS: No. I do my clothes a couple of times a year and wrap it up pretty quick. We own a G4.

PLAYBOY: What do you drive?

PICKENS: My wife ragged me on that something terrible. For years I drove an old BMW. I wouldn't spend 15 minutes to go look at some jewelry or a car. My wife was absolutely frantic to get me a new car. She finally got me a new Mercedes.

PLAYBOY: Besides the new car and improving and expanding the ranch, what else do you spend money on?

PICKENS: It's not like I have lots of hobbies. I try to keep in good shape.

PLAYBOY: What's your exercise regimen?

PICKENS: I've got a trainer, and I do weights and the aerobic deal on a treadmill.

PLAYBOY: You have said, "I don't want to grow old and feel bad."

PICKENS: We practice what we preach. Mesa won first place in the nation—the most physically fit company—from the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports.

PLAYBOY: You have said you've suffered from depression. Do you still?

PICKENS: No, but in the 1990s I couldn't get anything to work.

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult to admit?

PICKENS: I didn't think my being depressed was something my grandmother and mother would go for. We're not complainers. If you were sick—"I can't go to school today"—the first thing my mother would do was stick a thermometer up your ass. "Do you have a fever? If you do, you can stay home." "No, I'll go." So I wasn't admitting anything was wrong. My lawyer said, "You need to go see somebody." I read in *The Wall Street Journal* that four

things can cause depression. One is the death of a family member. Well, I lost my best friend; he was killed in a car accident. Second is your business not doing well. I admit that. The third one is moving from your home. And I did that. The list may have had divorce, too. I had every one of them.

PLAYBOY: Before your lawyer told you, did you sense something was wrong?

PICKENS: I knew something was peculiar. I didn't know what it was. I thought it would clear up.

PLAYBOY: What happened when you went to the doctor?

PICKENS: He asked a lot of questions, and I was fitting the pattern. "Do you sleep well?" "No." "And are you tired

retire. He said, "Boone's doing what he wants to." He said, "The way I'd retire would not suit Boone at all. He would be bored to death." I thought, Well, that guy has watched me pretty closely.

PLAYBOY: Why *are* you still working? You could be off playing golf. You could be shooting quail.

PICKENS: What I'm doing is saving my life. I love to work. I never have a boring day. I don't get so wrapped up in any one project that it just shuts out everything else. I must have ADD. I really think I do. I switch from one thing to another with ease.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any health problems?

PICKENS: I took this physical, and my doctor called and said, "I've got some good news and bad news." He said, "You're going to live to be 114, but you won't be able to hear or see."

PLAYBOY: Would you want to keep going if you couldn't hear or see?

PICKENS: No, probably not.

PLAYBOY: How do you shoot quail with poor vision?

PICKENS: I see double, but I've adjusted. I don't think about it.

PLAYBOY: You married again at the age of 77. Were you reluctant to?

PICKENS: I didn't think I'd ever get married again. If I hadn't met Madeleine, I'm not so sure I would have.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you wrote to your children and admitted that you were not always the best father and you would like to have a

better relationship with them?

PICKENS: At Christmas 1999. I saw time escaping and relationships not building. So I thought, Let's see if we can get the ball moving.

PLAYBOY: Do you regret not being a better father?

PICKENS: I think I was a good father. I coached the kids' teams and took them to the slopes and skied with them. But I wasn't perfect. I required a high level of performance and all the other things that were tough on them.

PLAYBOY: How did your children respond to your letter? Are you closer now?

PICKENS: Some responded and hopefully some maybe still will. It's not

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all the time?" "Yeah." "Do you enjoy being with people?" "No, not really. In fact, I don't want to be with people," which is not my personality. I just think I hit a bad spot and couldn't get out of it—sort of like running into a mud hole, sticking, and you can't get moving.

PLAYBOY: What helped?

PICKENS: I did antidepressants for about 30 days, and everything started clearing up in my life. The things I felt I couldn't change were starting to change. I think one thing that kept it less severe was the fact that I exercised.

PLAYBOY: Did you consider retiring?

PICKENS: A friend was asked if I would

what you wanted, but you feel as if you did everything you could to make it right and maybe it would have been one big, happy family, and it didn't work out that way.

PLAYBOY: Will you pass along your wealth to your children?

PICKENS: My estate will basically go to charity.

PLAYBOY: Why won't you give your money to your children?

PICKENS: It doesn't do them any favors. If my kids are going to be rich, they're going to make the money. It won't be because of an inheritance.

PLAYBOY: How do you choose the charities to which you give?

PICKENS: I've got people who work on that. They screen requests. Then I'll say, "Okay, have a meeting." If they jump that hurdle, I'll meet with them. We want to know how much of the money goes to what they say it does. We screen them and follow up.

PLAYBOY: When Ted Turner pledged \$1 billion to the United Nations, he called on the wealthiest Americans to follow his lead and give more money to charity. Did he inspire you to give more?

PICKENS: I know Ted, and I couldn't agree with him more, but I didn't need to be inspired. If I've got it, I'll give it.

PLAYBOY: You gave nearly \$7 million to Hurricane Katrina victims and \$165 million to your alma mater. How do you reconcile those two figures? Didn't Katrina victims need that money more than a college did?

PICKENS: It's what I wanted to do with my money. That's my answer. I thought I made a nice gift to Katrina survivors and a nice gift to my university. I went to school at Oklahoma State. I want it to be competitive. If the athletic program is competitive, it helps the academic programs, too.

PLAYBOY: When you gave the money, *The*

New York Times reported that no cash actually changed hands—you still have the money.

PICKENS: It did change hands. It was wired to Oklahoma State University, and they wired it, plus \$35 million, back to us 24 hours later to put into our hedge fund. We take no fees on that money. That's an important point—we manage the money for them and take no fees. It's all the school's money. There wasn't anything strange about it. George Soros was generous to the school he founded, Central European University, and the funds he gave went right into his Quantum fund. It's not uncommon. There is one big difference: He does take out fees, as far as I know. If I had taken fees, they would have been \$8 million to \$10 million this year.

PLAYBOY: Famous billionaires such as William Randolph Hearst and Howard Hughes became isolated and increasingly eccentric at least partly because their every whim was catered to. Could that happen to you?

PICKENS: I think I'm the opposite. I get around a lot. I'm with people. I'm not isolated, and it's not like everybody's telling me what I want to hear.

PLAYBOY: We assume that paying the electric bill is not a problem, yet you seem obsessed with going around the house and shutting off lights.

PICKENS: I was staying with my grandmother one time, and she said, "Sonny, next month I'm going to give you the electric bill." I didn't know what she was talking about, and I said, "What do you mean?" She said, "Well, apparently you don't care about the cost of electricity, because you leave lights on in the room you leave." It made all the sense in the world. Why waste power? I'm sensitive to that.

PLAYBOY: What does it mean to you that you have made more money in your 70s than you did in the first 69 years of your life? Do you attribute it to your attitude, your physical health, luck or talent?

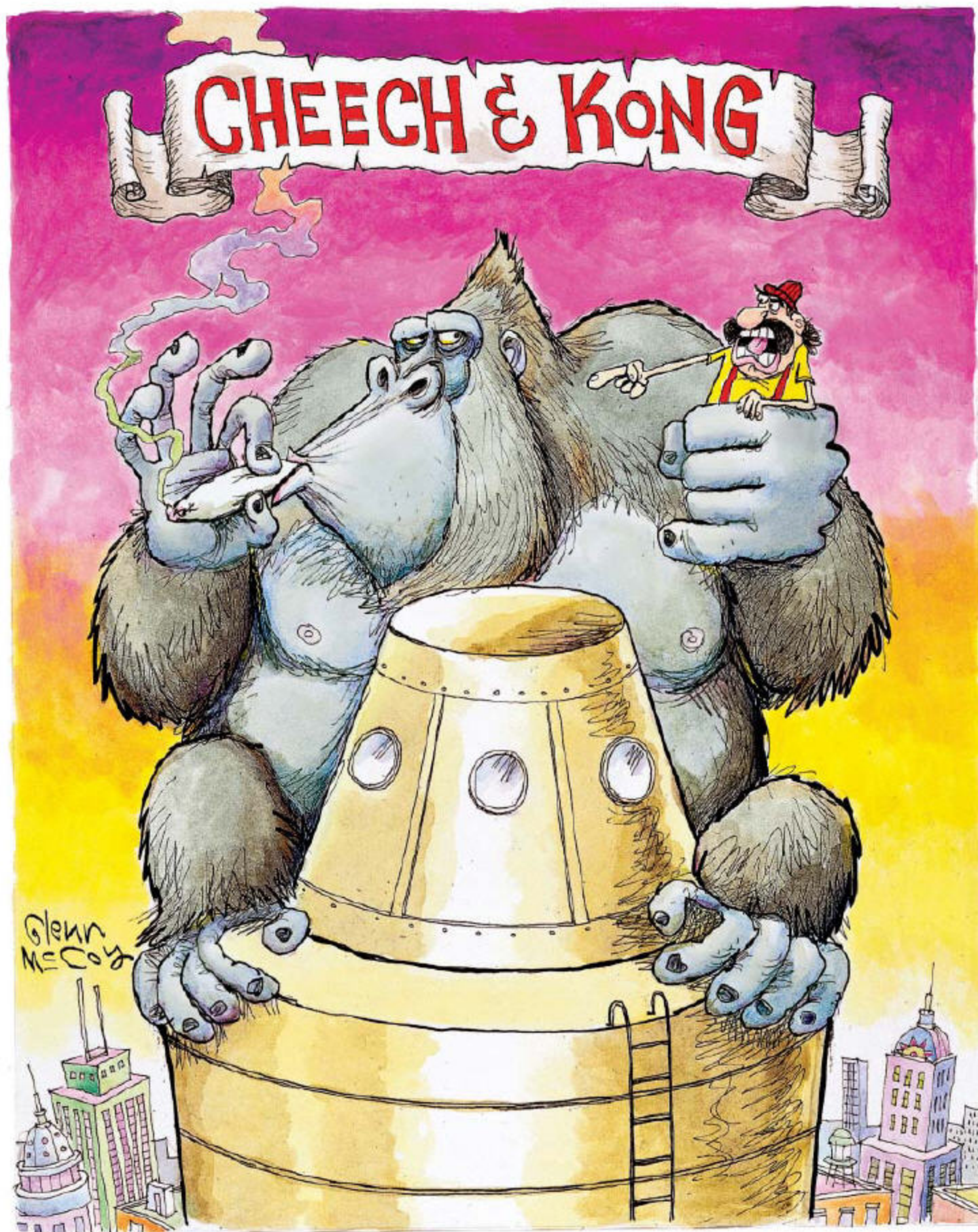
PICKENS: Some of all that. I stay on top of things.

PLAYBOY: What do you read?

PICKENS: I don't see as well as I used to, so my reading is not as fast. It takes me longer. But I read *The Wall Street Journal* and *The Dallas Morning News*.

PLAYBOY: Do you use the Internet?

PICKENS: Can't do it. I enrolled in a class five years ago, and then something happened and I never even made the first meeting. Fine. I'm very well satisfied with what I do, what my production is. I'm never stressed, and I have a low heart rate. I feel I've been lucky enough to be given all these things, so it'd be a shame if I didn't make use of them.



PLAYMATE NEWS



KARA'S BIG YEAR

When she first heard she would be named Playmate of the Year for 2006, Kara Monaco couldn't believe the news. "I honestly think I was in a little bit of shock and denial. It didn't feel real until my luncheon was approaching. Then I was like, This is really happening." Kara says her primary responsibility as Playmate of the Year is to be an ambassador and spokesperson for Playboy. After being bestowed with the honor in May at the Mansion luncheon, which her supportive family attended, Kara was thrown right into the role when she stepped onto a plane that night to go host Playboy's Kentucky Derby blowout. "That was my absolute favorite event," she says. "I don't know if it was because it was my first as Playmate of the Year, but it was so much fun. I had never been to the Kentucky Derby or even seen a horse race, and it was a cool experience. I'm definitely going



back." She also took her first crack at playing the ponies when she picked up a few tips from a gentleman gambler and placed a bet on Barbaro, the winning horse.

Kara looks to PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon as a kind of big sister and credits Tiffany with orienting her to the PMOY role. "She took me under her wing completely and helped me out with everything. She told me what to expect and what was going to happen. I was with her for four days doing media appearances and interviews, and it was great to have her

guide me through the process."

Soon Kara will be hosting one of the biggest Playboy events of the year, our Super Saturday Night party in Miami on the eve of Super Bowl Sunday. "I was there last year, and it was so much fun," she says. Now, with a little less than half a year left in her reign, what are Kara's plans for the future? "Next year I'd like to do more modeling work and maybe even some acting. We'll see. But right now Playboy is my priority, and I'm just trying to live for the moment and take it all in."

25 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

Back in 1982 Miss January Kimberly McArthur charmed us with her manic enthusiasm for goofing off and acting out skits in public—and with the



way she filled out her "Dallas Cowboys Cheerleader Finalist" T-shirt. Kimberly never made the cut, but the Cowboys' loss was our gain when the Fort Worth, Texas native plied her 37-22-34 assets in one of the decade's more memorable spreads.

LOOSE LIPS

"I'm always suspicious of men who want to meet Bunnies."

—Cara Zavaleta



TENS FROM THE NINETIES



From far left: PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt strikes a chord at the MTV Video Music Awards at Radio City Music Hall in New York; Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens at the Mansion for Urban Health Institute's Casino Night and Celebrity Poker Tournament; Miss July 1997 and soap star Daphnee Duplaix at Mood in L.A.; Miss December 1992 Barbara Moore at Grauman's Chinese Theatre in Hollywood; an angelic PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy at the Hotel Angeleno.



HOT SHOT



LISA MARIE SCOTT

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By John Landis

—director

My favorite Playmate is Miss September 1963 **Victoria Valentino**.

It has to do with the fact that I was 13 and she was

extremely sexy, tan, beautiful and voluptuous, with dark hair. She had a really cute face and looked very Mediterranean.



POP QUESTIONS: ANGELA MELINI

Q: You run marquismodels.com, an erotic website. How did the business get started?

A: After I became a Playmate I was a cocktail waitress in Las Vegas for five years. My friend Paul owned a modeling agency called Marquis Models, and he wanted to do a website. As a Playmate I had some great contacts, so we became business partners.

Q: What is your role?

A: I produce everything on the website: I pick the wardrobe and models, and I do the makeup and all the Photoshop work.

Q: How long is your typical day?



A: I'm pretty busy for two weeks prior to a shoot and for a week after. The shoots are really long, from about nine in the morning to six in the evening. Then I come home and edit the photos until about midnight. The hardest part is managing my time. The best part is having the freedom to do what I want.

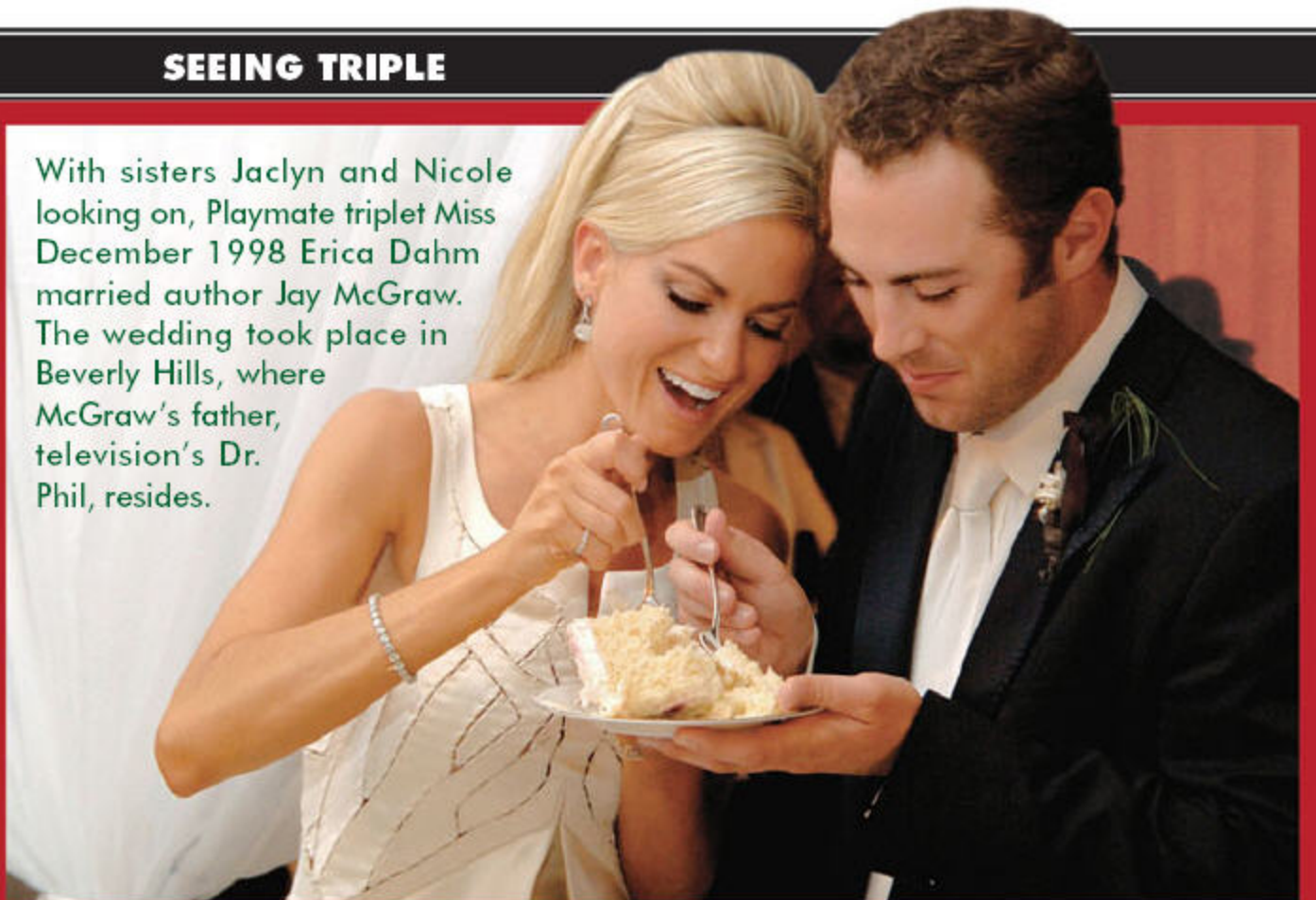
Q: Where would you like to see this go?

A: I'd like Marquis Models to become a name brand so it becomes more of a product than a website. Oprah is my idol, and I'd like to meet

her and get on her show. I don't know how, but I'll come up with something.

SEEING TRIPLE

With sisters Jaclyn and Nicole looking on, Playmate triplet Miss December 1998 Erica Dahm married author Jay McGraw. The wedding took place in Beverly Hills, where McGraw's father, television's Dr. Phil, resides.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson is working with the company Bed Head on a line of hairstyling products that will not be tested on animals.... PMOY 1994

Jenny McCarthy presented Megan Mullally with three live sheep during the debut of Mullally's new talk show, remarking, "It's an old wives' tale that if you meet sheep, it's good luck on your journey. I didn't know that, but as soon as I heard I said, 'Give me three sheep.'"... Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo and Miss October 2001 Stephanie



Get your motor running.

Heinrich (pictured above) rubbed shoulders with Indy champ Buddy Rice and the Playboy Racing Team's Tommy Constantine at the Rolex Series Grand Am race at Infineon Raceway in Sonoma, California.... Several Playmates donned their best bikinis with matching Bunny ears for an NFL Alumni of Northern California fund-raiser at the Mansion (pictured below)....

P M O Y
2 0 0 4
Carmella DeCesare

bought a \$2.8 million home with her fiancé, quarterback Jeff Garcia, in Manhattan Beach, California. The house features five bedrooms, four and a half baths and an elevator.... A script called *X-Girls*, the story of a team of three Playmates who compete on *Eco-Challenge*, is currently making the rounds in Hollywood.



Tiffany, Cassandra, Marketa, Amanda, Shalan, Sara and Pilar hop to it.

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com, or download her to your phone at playboymobile.com.

We use real brains—I think they're lamb or cow or something. Intestines smell. Brains don't really smell.

POMPEO: I would have been too self-conscious. Making that movie was great because I didn't have a lot of responsibility but still had the joy of seeing all those guys carry on and have so much fun. I took *Grey's Anatomy* because I felt I was getting strictly girlfriend and wife roles. I was ready for something more.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Everybody now knows you for playing the complicated, lovelorn intern on that show. In real life would you hang out with someone like your character?

POMPEO: I don't believe in judging people. Nobody's perfect. Some of the choices my character makes are a little off, but you know, the girl's in love, and that's what love does to you. I don't have any influence over what the character says or does, but the writers clearly know what they're doing, because the show is a hit. So who am I to challenge them?

Q14

PLAYBOY: What's it like working long hours under hot lights with the various body parts you use in the surgical scenes?

POMPEO: It's gross. We use real brains—I think they're lamb or cow or something. Intestines smell. Brains don't really smell, but what's amazing about the brain is that it's almost like scrambled eggs or soft tofu, almost like a gel. The brain controls so much of what we do, but you could put your finger right through it.

Q15

PLAYBOY: *Grey's Anatomy* is such big news that the paparazzi watch you like hawks now. The tabloids have you battling everything from a serious eating disorder to a case of diva-itis.

POMPEO: I have absolutely nothing to hide. If I could gain five to 10 pounds, it would probably go straight to my boobs and ass. I would be the happiest girl in Hollywood, trust me. I'd have this sick bod because I'd be the skinny girl with big boobs and a cut butt. Instead I'm paying a trainer \$1,000 a week to torture me with weights so I can get bigger. Oh, excuse me, I have to go throw up now. *[laughs]*

Q16

PLAYBOY: Does the scrutiny ever get under your skin?

POMPEO: The trap is when you start to pay attention to that stuff and care, because in six months they're going to be looking at someone else. You know how fickle

everyone is. They love it, then they hate it, then they love it. So I'm going to enjoy it because it could be over at any minute.

Q17

PLAYBOY: What famous woman would you like to make out with?

POMPEO: Ooh! Angelina Jolie. She's gorgeous. Or Sandra Oh. *[laughs]* I'd be too afraid of Isaiah Washington's Dr. Burke, though. I don't want to be on his bad side.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Why do so many people find nurses and doctors hot?

POMPEO: Because nurses and doctors are smart. But let's be real here. We don't go to a hospital and think doctors are sexy; Patrick Dempsey playing a doctor is sexy. People ask me, "Have you ever had a crush on a doctor?" Well, no, but I've never had a doctor who looked like Patrick Dempsey.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You have the distinction of being one of the most famous victims on *Punk'd*. A sexy waitress at an L.A. restaurant came on to your boyfriend so strongly that you jokingly threatened to gouge her with a fork. Then you found out your boyfriend tipped her \$200 on your credit card. When did you catch on?

POMPEO: It smelled funny from the begin-

ning. My boyfriend, Christopher, is definitely a lady-killer, but 10 minutes in, the waitress was calling him baby and honey. She also had makeup like a Vegas showgirl's. I caught on halfway through, but they edited that out. I said to Chris, "Are you punking me right now?" and he said, "Ellen, you're not that famous. Sorry, darling." If Chris hadn't been so good, I would definitely have known, but he played it right to the last minute. What's so funny is that people have said terrible things about me because of that show. I don't read a lot of Internet stuff, because it's not healthy, but from what I hear, a lot of women have called me names, saying, "Oh, she was such a bitch." Like what they're saying about me is any better than what I did to that waitress? And they don't watch *Grey's Anatomy* because I was such a terrible bitch to that waitress? That's so hypocritical.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Has doing *Grey's Anatomy* brought you a lot of movie offers?

POMPEO: I've been offered a few things but nothing that remarkable. I'm sure I don't get as many offers as big movie stars like Angelina Jolie. I'm seriously considering working during our next hiatus, but I don't need to work for the money. If there's something with an unbelievable cast and director, I'm going to jump at it. But I did this TV show so I wouldn't have to do shitty parts in shitty movies, so I'm not going to start now. I'm not that desperate.

Read the 21st Question at playboy.com.



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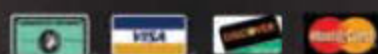
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Playboy On The Scene

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN



Gonzo but Not Forgotten

A fascinating new book opens a window into the life of Hunter S. Thompson

As things stand now," a 21-year-old Hunter S. Thompson wrote in June 1959, "I am going to be a writer. I'm not sure that I'm going to be a good one or even a self-supporting one, but until the dark thumb of fate presses me to the dust and says, 'You are nothing,' I will be a writer." Of course, you know how the rest of this story goes. What you may not know: This month Ammo Books is releasing *Gonzo* by Thompson, a scrapbook of photos and documents that piece together a captivating portrait of a man who spent a lifetime chasing his muse beyond the barriers of conventional

wisdom and political correctness. A visual biography of sorts, the book includes Thompson's press card for *The Jersey Shore Herald*, where he got his first writing job after leaving the military; notebook scribbles that later turned into *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*; endless photos of and by the master; plus various and sundry bits of Thompson lore. The only thing missing from this celebration of the man is the good doctor himself. (Following his suicide in 2005, his ashes were fired from a cannon on his property in Woody Creek, Colorado.) The book is available at ammobooks.com for \$300.



Signs of the Times

With his new exhibit, Julian Opie is the unapologetic pop art avatar of the digital revolution

Iam a bit bored of interviews," British artist Julian Opie explains. "I communicate better through pictures." Given his accessible style, we're inclined to agree. Seldom is an artist's work so communicative to both art cognoscenti and ordinary people in every part of the world. Many of Opie's pieces, developed using computers, are bold pictographic icons that pull from and play on information-age logos and international signage that have become elements of everyday life. Having had recent shows in the global capitals of New York, London, Shanghai and Tokyo, he stretches to the Midwest with an extensive public exhibit in Indianapolis called *Signs*, comprising 11 pieces dropped on street corners and into green spaces throughout the city. On display until September 2007, it includes the work shown here, *Bryan Plays Guitar*, standing more than 16 feet tall, in White River State Park. Who knew the Instant Messenger icon rocked so hard? Check indyarts.org for more info.



What's That? Speak Up

CATHERINE ZETA-JONES grew up in the Welsh village of Mumbles. It's near the town of Stutter, in the Lisper region, not far from the hamlets of Slur and Drawl. Trains leave daily from Swansea.

©NINA WOODCOCK/FILMMAGIC.COM



HERVÉ LEWIS

What's-Her-Name

Photographer Hervé Lewis takes stunning, elegant pictures of anonymous French models. Let's hope his DVD *Les Plus Belles Inconnues de Paris* has an American release soon.



HERVÉ LEWIS



Double Czeching

She's KATHY on the website watch4beauty.com, but Czech PLAYBOY subscribers know her as Miss Září (October) KATEŘINA STAŇKOVÁ.



©GPTALIA/FILMMAGIC.COM

Thereby Hangs a Tail

Coverage of the 2006 World Cup introduced us to the acronym WAGs, which stands for Wives and Girlfriends. VICTORIA BECKHAM was England's alpha WAG—until David got the boot.

WATCH4BEAUTY.COM

Budding Bombshell

SOPHIE MONK is truly a classic blonde—she started out in a pop group called Bardot and has played Marilyn Monroe on TV.



Elle Est Belle

From Queensland-raised Sophie Monk to Sydney-born ELLE MACPHERSON, the Grapevine festival of awe-inspiring Aussies rolls on. Here the legendary model from down under—whose record of four *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit-issue covers may never be broken—shows she's still looking good up top.



WWW.GAVINONILL.COM



A Writing Moss

She's not just a statuesque model; TARA MOSS is also Australia's top-selling crime novelist. Her books *Fetish* and *Split* are available now in the U.S.; look for *Covet* and *Hit* later this year.

Potpourri

THE OLDEST JOKES IN THE BOOK

In Key West they sell ass-shaped postcards of bethonged rear ends that read "Fighting my way to the bottom!" for you to send your Uncle Barry. Well, they had Uncle Barrys in the Middle Ages, too, but the printing technology sucked. The bawdy expressions of the time were cast as metal brooches. Fettered Cock Pewters makes faithful reproductions of these ancient nudge-nudge jokes, as seen below (\$5 each, fetteredcockpewters.com). Our favorite: Pilgrim Pussy (lower right). Pick one up for you know who.



COOLER HEADS PREVAIL

Perfect for apartment-bound sommeliers, Sub-Zero's freestanding wine "cellar" (\$2,800, 800-222-7820) stores 46 bottles and has two temperature-controlled compartments, one for reds, best stored at 55 degrees, the other for whites, best stored at 45. But what to stock it with, you ask? For serious special occasions, Mark Mendoza, wine director at award-winning Sona in L.A., recommends the 2001 Château de Beaucastel Châteauneuf-du-Pape and the 2002 Domaine Ramonet Bienvenues-Bâtard-Montrachet. Drink up.



SPY ME TO THE MOON

The second-best reason for a night hike is stargazing. But while few things compare to the majesty of the night sky, few things are more thoroughly confusing. If you're like us, after the Big Dipper and Orion it all gets a little fuzzy. Unless you're toting a SkyScout (\$400, celestron.com), a one-pound hunk of astral magic. Look through its viewfinder, target any heavenly body (the lady at left doesn't count) and, using GPS and three-axis sensor technology, the SkyScout will tell you what you're looking at.



ALL-DAY SUCKER

A wise man once said, "If there's dirt on the floor, she's out the door," which is why every man needs a good vacuum cleaner. Dyson's sweepers suck really hard (if you'll pardon the expression) and have a masculine, tech-forward design. Now the company has released its first handheld, the Dyson Root 6 (\$150, dyson.com). It may look like a Buck Rogers ray gun, but it's meant to clean your car rather than blow it to bits. Like its upright brethren, the Root 6 uses Dyson's Cyclone technology to keep it from losing suction even as it starts to fill. A bagless design with one-touch emptying means you never get your hands messy, and the lithium ion battery recharges remarkably fast.

ELECTRIC SLIDE

The first Segway scooters had an ask-me-about-the-stick-up-my-butt styling that begged passersby to knock you down and steal your lunch money. Well, look who's been hitting the gym. The Segway x2 (from \$5,000, segway.com) is beefier and sportier and features a

new lean-steering system. Though it's touted as being "off-road ready," we foresee it getting as much mud time as most SUVs. It will, however, roll up a New York City curb with impunity.



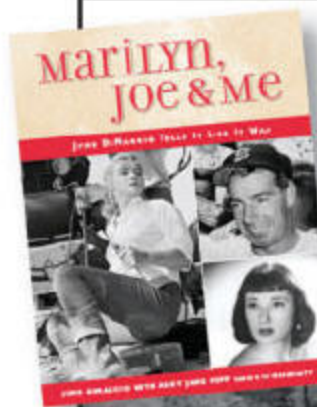
DOMO ARIGATO

The 1956 movie *Forbidden Planet* marked the debut of one of film's most memorable characters, Robby the Robot. He was at the time among the most expensive props ever made; at seven-foot-two, Robby was large enough for an actor to get inside and had 2,600 feet of electrical wiring. The charming metal man was ripped off for roles in *Lost in Space*, and detailed replicas (from \$17,000, the-robotman.com) are now available to play the part of your quirky yet lovable robot roommate. We smell a sitcom.



GOOD-BYE, NORMA JEANE

Historians will forever debate the truth about Marilyn Monroe. Who was the woman behind the myth? Now a new book by June DiMaggio (niece of Joltin' Joe, Marilyn's second husband) offers a vital portrait—the first memoir on the topic from anyone in the DiMaggio clan. June DiMaggio's stories and rare photos reveal a tender side of the silver-screen goddess you won't find elsewhere. After reading *Marilyn, Joe & Me* (\$20, amazon.com), we were more in love with the iconic beauty than ever.



SHARPSHOOTER

HD camcorders hit consumer-level prices a couple of years back. Now they've hit consumer-level size. Canon's HVI10 (\$1,300, canon.com) weighs less than a pound, shoots at resolutions of up to 1080p, takes three-megapixel stills and has a 10x optical zoom. Bonus: If you're weary of modern-day whizbang, you can also record in good old-fashioned standard definition.



GAME ON

Multiplayer gaming has changed over the past few decades to encompass *World of Warcraft* and online co-op, but we're still fans of taking turns in front of a machine bigger than your entire body. DreamAuthentics makes full-size game cabinets (from \$3,000, dreamauthentic.com) just like the ones you played *Rampage* on back in the day, only their guts are packed with a PC capable of emulating thousands of classic games. Arcade-quality joysticks, buttons and trackballs complete the experience, and you can hook up a modern game console if you suddenly get a *Splinter Cell* craving during your *Ms. Pac-Man* binge.



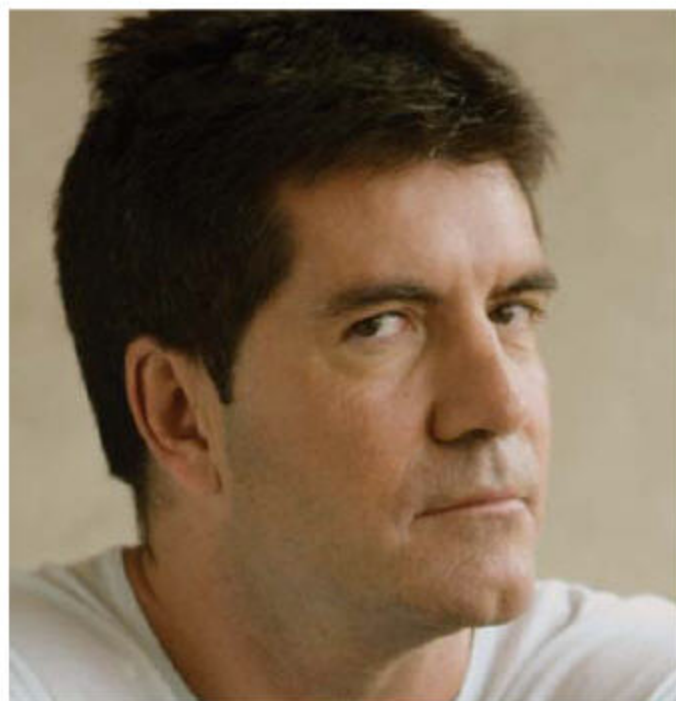
Next Month



NATIONAL VICTORIA'S SECRET DAY, A.K.A. VALENTINE'S.



FICTION: LETTER OF THE LAWLESS.



HE'S SILENTLY JUDGING YOU AS YOU READ THIS PAGE.



SEXY CYLON TRICIA HELFER.

SIMON COWELL—*AMERICAN IDOL*'S ACERBIC JUDGE DREAD SPEAKS HIS MIND (SURPRISE, SURPRISE) TO **ROB TANNENBAUM** IN THE SNARKIEST *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW EVER.

WE LOVE FAMILY GUY—CONTRARY TO WHAT THE CREATORS OF *SOUTH PARK* THINK, FOX'S MOST POPULAR ANIMATED SERIES SINCE *THE SIMPSONS* IS NOT WRITTEN BY A POD OF MANATEES.

DAVE ITZKOFF HANGS OUT IN THE BULLPEN TO WITNESS AN EPISODE OF *FAMILY GUY* COMING TOGETHER AND TO PICK THE BRAIN OF COMEDY GENIUS **SETH MACFARLANE**.

TRICIA HELFER—ON *BATTLESTAR GALACTICA* SHE'S KNOWN AS NUMBER SIX, BUT WE CAN'T THINK OF HER AS ANYTHING LESS THAN A 10. THE LEGGY FORMER TOP FASHION MODEL MAKES LOVE TO OUR CAMERA IN QUITE THE SPREAD.

THE STARLIGHT ON IDAHO—THROUGH A SERIES OF LETTERS WRITTEN TO HIS FAMILY AND LOST FRIENDS, A MAN IN REHAB GIVES INSIGHT INTO HIS CHILLING BATTLE WITH SUBSTANCES AND SATAN. FICTION BY **DENIS JOHNSON**

LOVE—IT'S IN THE AIR. VALENTINE'S DAY IS COMING, AND WE PROVIDE ROMANCE ADVICE FROM PLAYMATES, MATING TIPS FROM THE ANIMAL KINGDOM, A LOOK AT THE BIOCHEMISTRY OF SEDUCTION, HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST SEAL-THE-DEAL LINES AND PLAYLISTS TO HELP YOU SET THE MOOD ON

THE 14TH. **PLUS:** OUR LIFESTYLE EDITORS SHOW YOU HOW TO BUY LINGERIE FOR YOUR VALENTINE. THINK OF IT AS A GIFT FROM US THAT BOTH YOU AND SHE CAN ENJOY.

BETTIE PAGE—PINUP QUEEN AND MISS JANUARY 1955 TELLS **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT BEING TAKEN ADVANTAGE OF BY HER FATHER AND A CERTAIN PHOTOGRAPHER, IN 20Q.

THE SEXUAL MALE: THE FLIGHT OF THE SPERMATOZOON—THIS YEAR OUR ADVISOR, **CHIP ROWE**, WILL TAKE YOU THROUGH AN IN-DEPTH INVESTIGATION INTO THE SCIENCE OF MALE SEXUALITY. FOR HIS FIRST INSTALLMENT HE STARTS, NATURALLY, AT THE BEGINNING, WITH THE SEMINAL FLUID OF MANHOOD. **ALSO:** A LOOK AT THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MALE CONTRACEPTIVE PILL AND TIPS ON HOW TO CONCEIVE A BOY.

DESIGNER OF THE YEAR: OSWALD BOATENG—FASHION DIRECTOR **JOSEPH DE ACETIS** AND PHOTOGRAPHER **HARRY BENSON** TRAVEL TO THE U.K. TO VISIT THE STYLE HOUSE OF THE "BESPOKE COUTURIER" AND PREVIEW HIS DAPPER NEW DUDS.

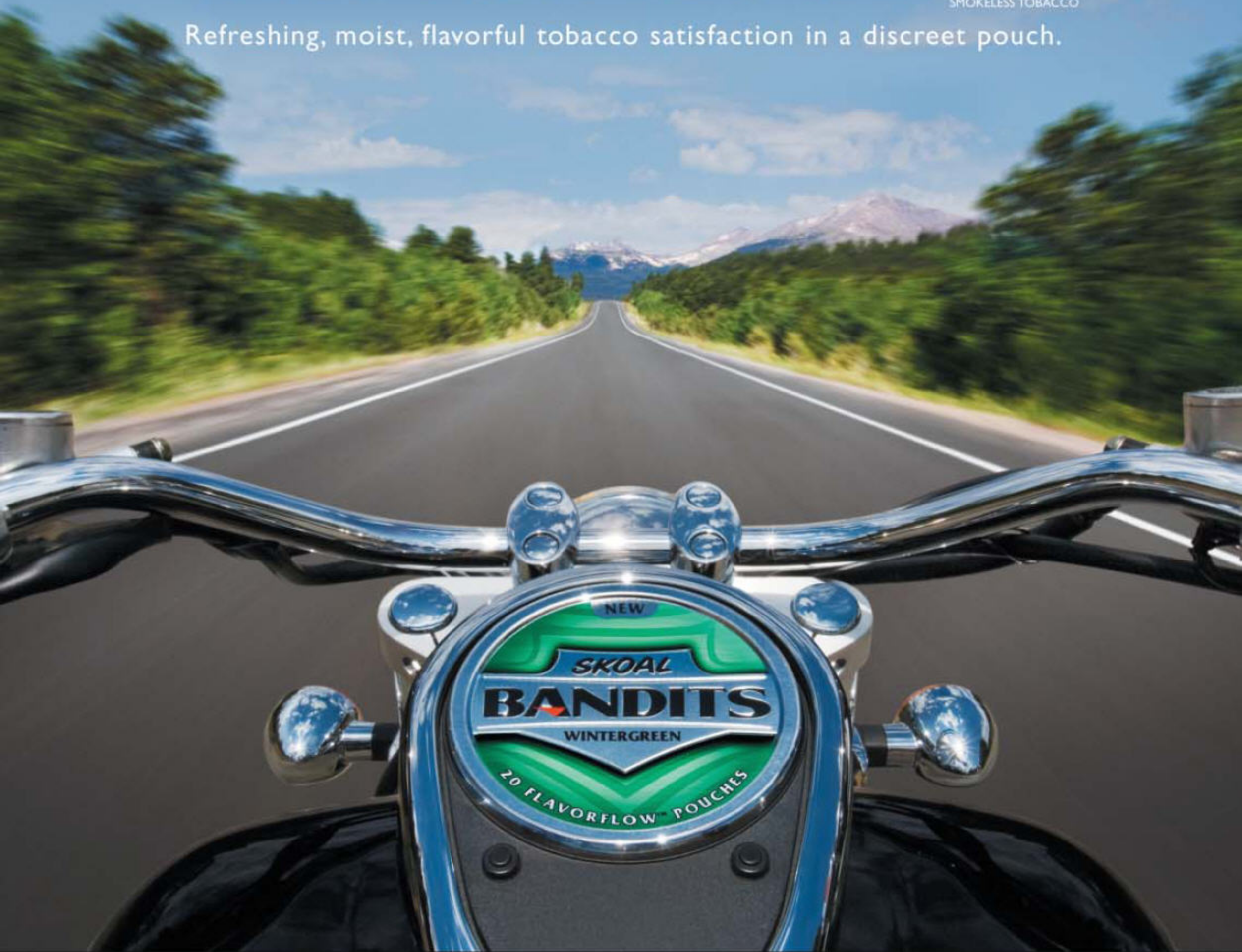
PLUS: MEDITATIONS ON BREAKING UP BY WORDSMITHS INCLUDING **GARY SHTEYNGART** AND **SUSAN MINOT**, A TOUGH-LOVE PICTORIAL (WE'D TELL YOU MORE, BUT IT'S CLASSIFIED), **ERIC KLINENBERG** ON THE FUCKING FCC, AND SWEETHEART MISS FEBRUARY **HEATHER RENE SMITH**.



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