

RED-HOT RUSSIAN SEX BOMBS **PLAYBOY**

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BABES OF
RUSSIA

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REASONS
TO LOVE
THE BEAR

A FILTHY
20Q
BOB
SAGET

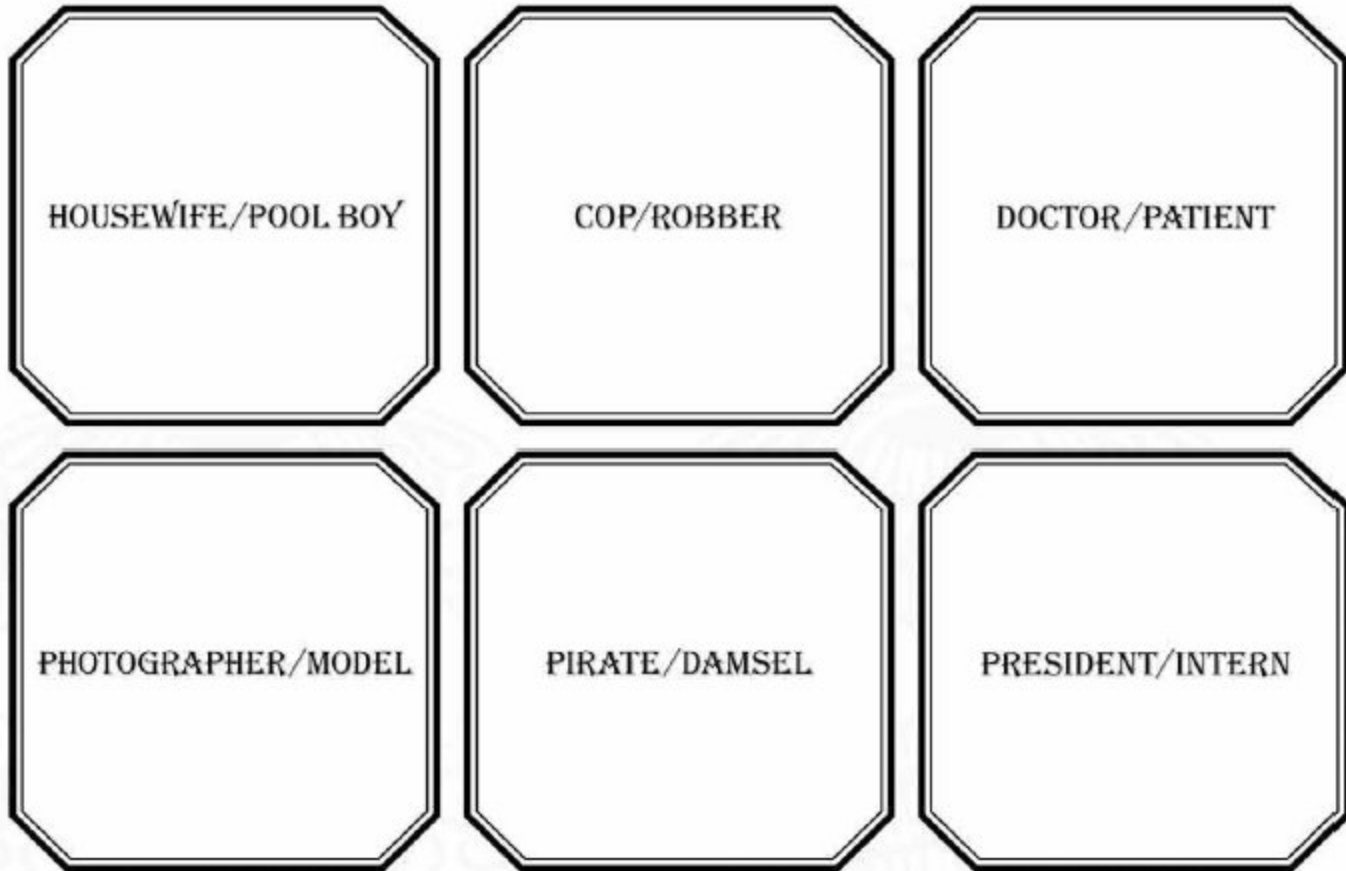
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LAST DAYS
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STORY
AN EXCLUSIVE
EXCERPT

INTERVIEW
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READS
OUR FUTURE

JENNIFER
LEIGH
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POKER

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REAL RUSSIAN
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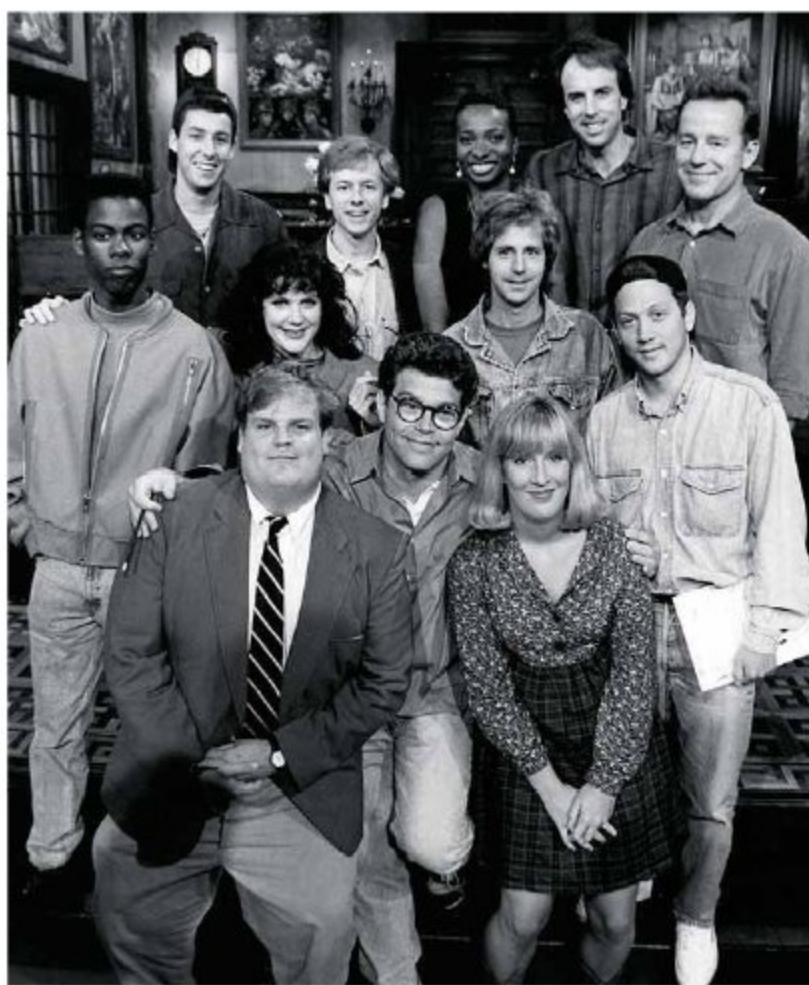
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"When we were kids he could be a real pain in the ass," says **Tom Farley Jr.**, big brother of **Chris Farley**, the star of *Saturday Night Live* and *Tommy Boy*. Over the years Tom came to admire his kid brother and was hit hard by his overdose in 1997. Farley heads up the Chris Farley Foundation, through which he uses his family's brand of humor to help kids fend off peer pressure, drugs and booze—three things that killed Chris. Now Farley has co-written *The Last Days of Chris Farley*, an excerpt from the upcoming book *The Chris Farley Show* (Viking). To tell Chris's story, Farley and **Tanner Colby** sat down with family, friends and co-stars including **Chris Rock** and **David Spade**. "Throughout Chris's life we all used to get together and tell stories about him," says Farley. "I couldn't imagine doing this biography any other way. Only this time I told people not to hold anything back."



Hillary Clinton's rocky marriage was an inspiration for **Laura Kipnis**'s book *Against Love: A Polemic*. In *The Men Who Hate Hillary* the renowned feminist defends Clinton (who has been in the public eye far longer than Barack Obama) against the right-wingers whose rants put her at a disadvantage before the primaries had even begun. "I wanted to tear apart their arguments," Kipnis says. "I'm offended by the general level of stupidity, the platitudes, the pandering religiosity that passes for political discussion these days."



Luck be a lady. Professional poker player **Jennifer "Jennicide" Leigh** shows her hand and everything else this month. But don't get the wrong idea: The star of our *Strip Poker* didn't make it to the pros on looks alone—or actually at all. Jennifer earned her chops playing as a faceless online competitor. "I was introduced to Internet poker in my computer hacking community," Jennifer says. "I am always online. I even play a great deal of *World of Warcraft*." Though Jennifer has now taken her skills to brick-and-mortar tables, she advocates against legislation that seeks to make online gambling illegal in the U.S. "I don't mind stripping out of my clothes," she says, "but stripping me out of a job is evil."



As a columnist for *The Nation* and author of *Why We're Liberals: A Political Handbook for Post-Bush America*, **Eric Alterman** makes no secret of his political leanings. But in *Forum* this month Alterman takes a Stephen Colbert-like approach, lampooning the left by playing an über-righty in his essay *Why We Loathe Liberals*. How does he really feel about the balance of power between the "liberal media" and conservative government? "The notion of a liberal media is an illusion," he says, "but a pretty darn powerful one, able to turn great minds into mush. Yet the conservative government can torture you and then destroy the evidence if it feels like it. That's pretty powerful too."



This month's *Playboy Interview*, with **Fareed Zakaria**, began at a New York restaurant. But long after that first meeting, Contributing Editor and author of *Beautiful Boy* **David Sheff** just couldn't stop telephoning the razor-sharp *Newsweek* columnist and foreign-relations expert. "Zakaria makes really complicated issues understandable without dumbing them down," says Sheff. "So much happens in the world every day that I could have kept calling him for updates until the day the interview went to press. In fact, I'd love to call him right now."

PROXIMITY.
NEW SUBTLE
FRAGRANCES
FROM AXE >>



PLAYBOY

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When greatness colors a person, it seldom stays in the lines. Great talents, great demons, great addictions—they so often seem to be of a piece. This affecting excerpt from a forthcoming biography of Farley shows a portrait of a man whose troubles withstood the best efforts of his loved ones. Chris Rock, Tim Meadows, Chevy Chase, David Spade and others recall Farley's last desperate days. **BY TOM FARLEY JR. AND TANNER COLBY**
- 64 THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE**
Not so long ago in a galaxy not that far away, a VCR and a 20-inch Trinitron were most people's idea of a high-tech home theater. Ah, progress. **STEVE MORGENSTERN** highlights the latest components that will bring the multiplex to your living room, including flat-screen TVs, home servers, superspeakers, Blu-ray players and more.
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- 100 THE MEN WHO HATE HILLARY**
No woman in American politics has been the subject of such cruel scrutiny as Hillary Clinton. In the process, she has unwittingly become a reliable diagnostic instrument for calibrating male anxiety. Cultural commentator and feminist **LAURA KIPNIS** studies Clinton's right-wing biographers and discovers their vitriolic books reveal less about the woman who would be president than about themselves.

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Looking for a quiet drink along a stretch of sorry Utah desert highway, a drifter instead finds a barroom full of wild women eager to party and an amiable stranger harboring criminal intentions. Novelist **RON CARLSON** assembles an atmospheric account of how the unexpected wakes us to life.

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We're not sure when *liberal* became a four-letter word describing the left-leaning group that, having screwed up everything, now wants to hand the country over to the terrorists. **ERIC ALTERMAN**, author of *Why We're Liberals*, punches holes in the irrational theories of conservative fearmongers.

20Q

- 68 BOB SAGET**
He kept the banter decidedly PG on *Full House* and *America's Funniest Home Videos*, but fans of his stand-up comedy know his uncensored humor is as disarmingly funny as it is dirty. The same can be said of this hilarious tête-à-tête with **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**, with whom Saget revels in his inner filthiness.

interview

- 45 FAREED ZAKARIA**
The Muslim Cary Grant and potential candidate for secretary of state is increasingly the incisive columnist and commentator to whom Americans turn to interpret a world in turmoil. In this frank and opinionated conversation with **DAVID SHEFF**, Zakaria challenges readers to question their assumptions regarding the role America plays in the world and to examine the prospects for peace.

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COVER STORY

When most people think of the former USSR, they envision a dreary, frigid place ruled by a humorless kleptocracy. But that's because they haven't laid eyes on Russia's most valuable asset: its arresting female populace. Photographer Marlena Bielinska didn't give Olga Kurbatova many clothes to wear on our cover, but thankfully Olga has a muff to keep her warm. Our Rabbit is ruffled with pleasure.



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There are Super Bowl parties, and then there are Playboy Super Saturday Night parties, like this year's bash in Arizona, plus the Game Day charity celebration at the Mansion, hosted by Brande Roderick. A stadium's worth of Playmates and celebrities broke out in pigskin fever, including Tiki Barber, Vince Neil, Marcus Allen, Jerri Manthey and many more.
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Your watch may tell you the time, but it tells other people important information about your taste, status and sense of style. It's time you paid attention to details. Here's how the right watch, shoe and necktie complete your look. **BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS**

this month on playboy.com

MAGAZINE BLOG

News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors. playboy.com/blog

QUEEN OF THE WEB

Meet 2008's perfect Cyber Girl of the Year and see new features every month. playboy.com/cybergirls

THE 21ST QUESTION

One more dirty joke from Bob Saget. playboy.com/21q

A VERY GOOD YEAR

View all of PLAYBOY's Anniversary Playmates and try to become our 55th Anniversary Playmate. playboy.com/playmates

SWEEPING UP

Want to hang with Hef at the Mansion? Enter one of our sexy sweepstakes. playboy.com/sweeps



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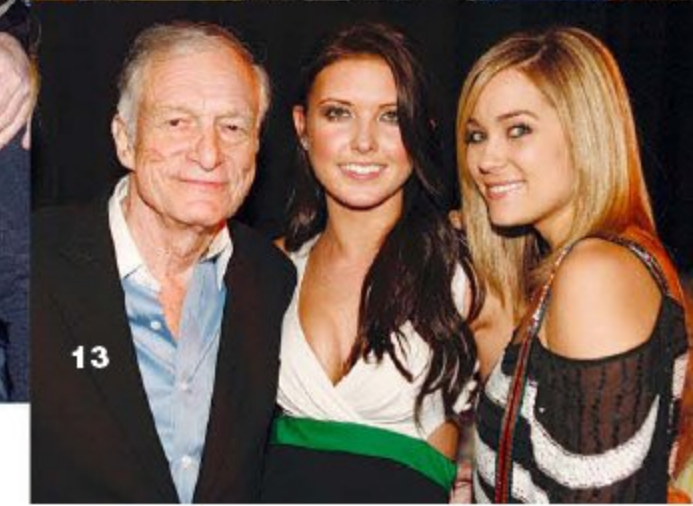
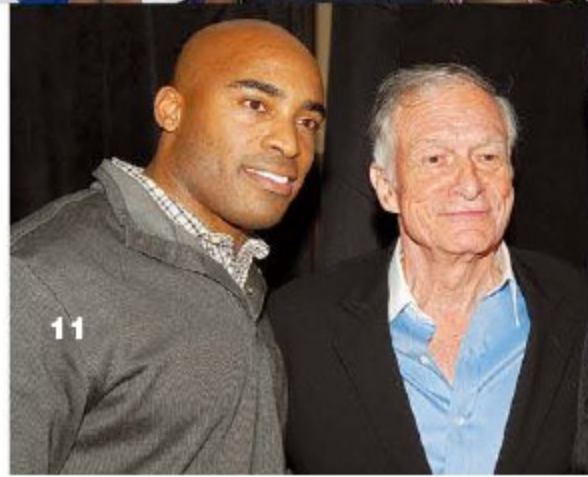
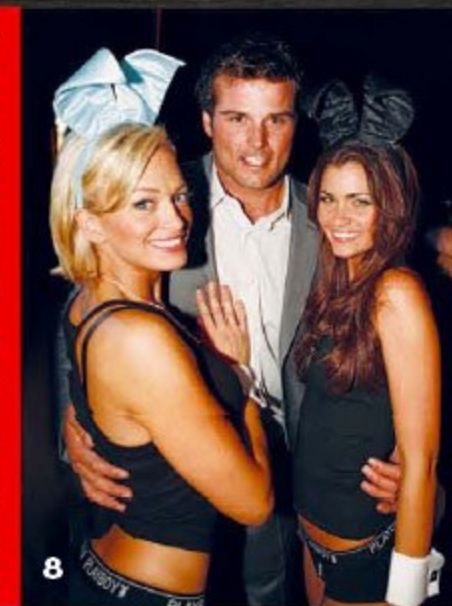
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SUPER BOWL BASH



On the eve of the NFL's big game in Arizona Hef threw the hottest party in the desert, then headed back to the Mansion to watch the Sunday showdown with friends. (1) The first half of our football fete was kicked off by the host with the most girlfriends. (2) Jet Jacob Bender, flanked by Miss July 2005 Qiana Chase and Miss March 2006 Monica Leigh. (3) Michael Rosenbaum of *Smallville* and Tom Arnold. (4) Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott with her boyfriend, Bear Adam Archuleta. (5) *Charmed*'s Alyssa Milano with guest DJ Nick Cannon. (6) These Playmate Bunnies were the hottest cheerleaders! (7) *The Honeymooners*' Gabrielle Union and Regina King of 24. (8) Raven Kyle Boller with Miss May 2003 Laurie Fetter and Miss February 2001 Lauren Michelle Hill. (9) *Heroes* star Milo Ventimiglia hanging with Bunnies. (10) Adam Rodriguez of *CSI: Miami* with Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima and Monica Leigh. (11) Hef with Tiki Barber, who now takes his handoffs from Bob Costas. (12) Two thirds of the entourage: Kevin Dillon and Kevin Connolly. (13) The king of Holmby with *The Hills* stars Audrina Patridge and Lauren Conrad.



SUPER BOWL BASH

continued



No one throws a party like Playboy. In fact, many celebrities came to Arizona just to bend an elbow with us even though they didn't attend the game. Here's more from the star-studded event: (1) Playboy's Desert Oasis and Resort guest host, rapper Common, with (far from common) Playmates. (2) The Centerfolds can't keep their hands off Christopher "McLovin" Mintz-Plasse. (3) Quarterbacks Chris Redman and Derek Anderson. (4) The hottest driver in the IndyCar Series, Danica Patrick. (5) Hot moms from *The Real Housewives of Orange County* at the Sunday Super Bowl party at the Mansion, hosted by Playmate of the Year 2001 Brande Roderick. (6) Two Los Angeles legends: Brande Roderick and Marcus Allen. (7) Angelica Bridges and Strawberry Blonde shake their stuff. (8) Eddie Steeples from *My Name Is Earl* with a Painted Lady. (9) Susie and Corey Feldman are a happy couple. (10) *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*'s Alfonso Ribeiro cozies up to Alana Curry from *Terminator 3*. (11) Former Super Bowl champ Ralph Tamm puts the squeeze on *Survivor* all-star Jerri Manthey. (12) Motley Crue's Vince Neil calls an audible.



WONDERFUL COVER

My son fell in love with Wonder Woman as a boy. It took me a little longer: It didn't happen until I saw Tiffany Fallon on your February cover.

Gary Becker
Cadillac, Michigan

That cover may have been a one-issue wonder, but there is a growing



Strong, patriotic, nude: God bless America.

audience for photo layouts, comics and fiction devoted to sexy superheroines.

John Pierce
Ramsey, New Jersey

After staring in awe at your cover for longer than my husband felt was appropriate, I am writing to beg for a pictorial of superhero Painted Ladies. You could make thousands of fanboys' and fangirls' dreams come true.

Laura Dlouhy
Memphis, Tennessee

Well, maybe. The response to our cover was not so kind online among superhero fans, many of whom blasted us for allegedly usurping the character's feminine power by making her too sexy. But we liked what blogger Bob Mitchell had to say: "Does anyone really think she wears the hot pants and bustier to facilitate crime fighting? I'm wondering what creator William Moulton Marston would make of the tribute, but given that he was a bondage nut who lived with both his wife and his mistress in polyamorous bliss, I'm fairly certain he'd enjoy flicking through the spread. As I understand it, and this may need to be taken with a large pinch of salt, Marston didn't intend the Amazon princess to be a role model for girls but a vehicle through which young boys would get used to the idea of strong women. So thumbs up to PLAYBOY." We do love strong women.

SUPERCOP

Joe Domanick is very complimentary to Los Angeles police chief Bill Bratton in *Saving Los Angeles* (February) but at the expense of trashing a lot of officers past and present. I don't know how we survived as the premier police department in the world for 40 years without outside help. The LAPD did have a few off years after I retired and before Bratton came aboard, but that was because the department became politicized and two chiefs were selected through the political process rather than intensive exams. Bratton told me before he became chief in Los Angeles that his success in New York was due to putting in place LAPD practices whereby uniformed officers could aggressively enforce the law. Naturally, I wish him the best.

Daryl Gates
Los Angeles, California

Gates, a member of the LAPD for 43 years, served as chief from 1978 to 1992.

Bratton instructs his officers to treat people with dignity no matter what their socioeconomic status. What a unique way to police a city!

Joseph DiBlanca
Highland, New York

STRIPPERS UNITE

Patton Oswalt's article about dating a stripper (*Peace Through Pole Dancing*, February) is inappropriate and offensive. Women who choose dancing as a career have tough enough lives without being stereotyped. You should have called the article *Date a Psycho*, since the girl depicted is obviously demented and not so obviously a stripper.

Brad Johnson
Fairhope, Alabama

Having married one stripper and dated several others, I'm knowledgeable on this topic. When strippers are in their 20s they are spontaneous and like to travel and participate in outdoor activities. They have great bodies, they're comfortable being naked, and they're usually good in bed. They have lots of hot friends, whom you also get to see naked. The smart ones are flush with cash and have no problem paying for dinner or buying you gifts. Having said that, once you marry a stripper, all those perks go out the window.

Eerie Von
Fairmount, Indiana

MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY

By saying he doesn't mess around with married women, Matthew McConaughey

proves in his *Playboy Interview* (February) that there are people in Hollywood with class and morality. I wish the guy who messed around with my ex-wife had the same level of fraternity. The irony of it is that McConaughey is her favorite actor.

Name withheld
Miami, Florida

Rather than spreading gossip, McConaughey keeps the discussion to travel and experiences and challenges we all can relate to. Anybody else notice that his idea of a crisis is Katrina, New Orleans and Lance Armstrong's cancer, rather than how many parties he can be seen at?

Rick Schletty
Afton, Minnesota

HOT DISH

Nichole Long's figure is a 9.9 (*The Women of Hooters 2008*, February). Y'all keep it up with the beauties.

Chad Jameson
Saint Marys, Pennsylvania

Hearty thanks for a feature that exceeded my high expectations.

John Harris
Memphis, Tennessee



Our judges say Nichole Long is a perfect 10.

Any of those women could be Playmates. And Hooters has good food. And PLAYBOY is great too.

John Green
Branford, Connecticut

GENDER BENDER

If you play as a female character in *Mass Effect*, which you name as one of the best video games of 2007 (*Games*, February), and are generally a good per-



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son, you get quite the treat in the form of alien-lesbian love. What you see is made all the hotter by what you don't.

Tessa Garner
Rapid City, South Dakota

SEX IN AMERICA

The Bradys were not the first sitcom couple to be shown in bed together (*Sex in America*, February). This honor belongs to Johnny and Mary Kay Stearns of *Mary Kay and Johnny*, which premiered in 1947.

David Way
Beltsville, Maryland

You write, "The myth of the chaste churchgoer is just that—a myth." Actually, we do exist. Republicans may be more satisfied with their sex lives, but you neglect to mention how much of this sex and satisfaction is within marriage or even what percentage of these Republicans are married.

Name withheld
Fulton, Missouri

COURTING CORRI

The antics of Corri Fetman, the attorney who introduced her overtly sexual ads on billboards and trucks in Chicago and posed for you ("Scorcher in the Court," *After Hours*, February), trivialize an important issue. Divorce is not glamorous for anyone involved, especially the children.

Jeffery Leving
Chicago, Illinois

Leving is an attorney who specializes in fathers' rights.

SEXY ADS

How can you name the 21 *Sexiest Commercials of All Time* (February) and not include Rachel Specter's? The RGX Bodyspray chick deserves more credit, not to mention a PLAYBOY pictorial.

J. Jacobs
Alexandria, Virginia

Tim Nudd of adfreak.com argues we also should have included the ad you'll find at youtube.com by searching for "Mr. Tree."

LOVE OF THE IRISH

Irish McCalla (February) is the only thing my father and I ever agreed on.

Robert Lee Hefter
Wanamassa, New Jersey

When I saw Irish McCalla's name on the cover, my memory clicked on a luscious blonde riding a zebra. Sheena, my childhood love!

Joseph Seemayer
Knoxville, Tennessee

I dated Irish for about a year in the 1950s. After I went into the Air Force she sent my TAC sergeant an autographed photo and got me out of

months of onerous duty. I was grateful for her intercession and her loyalty.

E. Conway Stratford Jr.
Torrance, California

I've always thought I was born in the wrong decade, if not century, and now I've fallen in love with Irish McCalla.

Travis Anderson
St. Cloud, Minnesota

I grew up listening to stories about my grandpa's favorite sister-in-law. Now I see why.

J.R. Mayo
Greenville, South Carolina

I enjoyed the "Big Mac" attack in February: Jenny McCarthy, Matthew McConaughey, Michelle McLaughlin



Irish McCalla a few years before Sheena.

and Irish McCalla. Did you do this in anticipation of St. Patrick's Day?

Doug Roman
Colorado Springs, Colorado

HIGH-ENERGY PLAYMATE

Michelle McLaughlin (*Michelle, Be Mine*, February) is definitely a cutie. But the sign in your coffee-shop set has a typo: Surely you meant Colombian, not Columbian, blend.

William McEwen
Carrollton, Texas

We wondered why that sign was half-price. We also wonder how you managed to see it behind a nude Playmate.

The photo of Michelle on her knees in the tub is the hottest I have ever seen.

David McDowell
Louisville, Kentucky

Has anyone else noticed Michelle's resemblance to Katherine Heigl?

Carl Hart
Cedar Hill, Missouri

Read more feedback at playboy.com/blog.





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BABY GOT BACK.

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PLAYBOY

after hours

babe of the month

Mayra Veronica

A SINGING MODEL? WE'RE BEHIND HER ALL THE WAY

Who says there's anything wrong with being a pinup? Not cover girl, calendar icon and aspiring singer Mayra Veronica. "When you get into music, you're supposed to put that aside," she says. "But being sexy and wearing revealing clothing is who I am, and I'm not going to deny that aspect of myself. I always say it would be an insult to God's creation for me to cover up." Cuban-born Mayra has never been shy about her body, which for a time was one lucky art student's inspiration. "My first boyfriend was an artist; he went to the School of Visual Arts in New York," she recalls. "I modeled nude for him all the time. I was very comfortable with it. I have beautiful paintings of myself at home—they're in the bedroom, not the living room." In 2007 Mayra joined hip-hop stars Big Boi, Young Jeezy and Ludacris (along with past PLAYBOY Babes of the Month K.D. Aubert and Melyssa Ford) in the video game *Def Jam: Icon*. As moderate gamers, we're curious: Did she get the Lara Croft treatment? (That's our term for game designers' habit of taking a realistic rendering of a heroine and boosting her breasts a few cup sizes—just because they can.) "Actually, I was thinking the opposite," she says, perturbed. "In my case I think they brought them down. When I saw my character I said, 'I thought I was larger in...those areas.' Maybe they tried to tone it down a little for the kids."

"It would be an insult to God's creation for me to cover up."



STOP STARING AT MY BOOT.

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graduate of the month

Commencement Undress

U MASS'S BRITTANY SYLVANOWICZ DONS CAP AND GOWN THIS MONTH (JUST NOT RIGHT NOW)

PLAYBOY: We hear you're graduating. Congrats.
BRITTANY: Thank you. It's been four fun years in Amherst.
PLAYBOY: Bet you can't wait to start paying off those loans.
BRITTANY: Actually, I had a full academic scholarship.
PLAYBOY: Wow. What's your next step?
BRITTANY: I want Vanna White's job. I am wicked good at *Wheel of Fortune*, and I e-mail them almost every day, asking about it.
PLAYBOY: Any fallback plans?
BRITTANY: I studied marketing, so if I get a job, it will probably be in that field. But my dad told me I could take the summer off.
PLAYBOY: What do you mean, *if* you get a job?
BRITTANY: Honestly, I just want to get married and have kids.
PLAYBOY: Do you have a guy picked out?
BRITTANY: No, but getting a boyfriend is on my to-do list.
PLAYBOY: We're sure you have many suitors.
BRITTANY: I pretty much never get hit on. I tell myself it's because I look intimidating, but I don't really get it at all.
PLAYBOY: Neither do we. How are your homemaking skills?
BRITTANY: Well, I can't do laundry, but I can cook! I watch the Food Network every day. I even have a set of pink pots and pans, pink measuring cups and a pink apron.
PLAYBOY: Nothing will discourage your man from cooking for himself like pink pots and pans. What's your signature dish?
BRITTANY: Me. I serve dinner wearing nothing but the apron.

Want to be the next Coed of the Month? Learn how to apply at playboy.com/pose.

mix and match

Sleeve Balls

If you're wearing a shirt with French cuffs, the setting likely calls for elegant, fairly simple cuff links. But once in a while you get to break out a novelty pair, and these flash card-like enamel squares by Simon Carter are ace. Combinations include DOGGY and STYLE, MELONS and JUGS, and SIXTY and NINE. Those Brits are so clever.



survivor: hollywood



Five Things Worth Living For

SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS EARTHLY DELIGHTS
FROM CALIFORNICATION'S EVAN HANDLER

You don't survive acute leukemia and a bone-marrow transplant without learning to appreciate life's risks and rewards. Twenty years after his ordeal, Evan Handler is a lot more interested in what's right in the world than all that could go wrong. Here are five of his favorite high-risk indulgences.

Father's Office burger "This highbrow chef's fascist bar food is a Santa Monica standby. Prime beef, sautéed onion, bacon, Gruyère and blue cheese, with fries: It's not the cholesterol that'll kill you; it's trying to find the ketchup or asking them to hold the cheese. They don't have any, and they won't."

I.a.Eyeworks sunglasses "I bought some at full price, then wore them on *Californication*. Now I get e-mails asking where they're from. Lethal? No. Expensive? Quite."

Bistecca Fiorentina à la Los Angeles "Season a prime rib-eye steak and grill to desired doneness. Coat both sides in a mixture of good olive oil, chopped fresh herbs (sage, rosemary, basil) and garlic. It may kill you, but you'll be in heaven 30 minutes before you die."

Treana Red wine "This is a superior California blend, as delicious as anything at any price. Drink with the above. Your taste buds will thank you. Your liver will get you later."

January in Vegas "For the gadget freak there's the Consumer Electronics Show, which happens to overlap with the Adult Entertainment Expo. Did I meet six models I'd, uh, 'seen' somewhere before? Did they invite me back to their room? To chat? I'm not saying. I've got a wife, and *she* may kill me." *Evan Handler has just published his memoir, It's Only Temporary: The Good News and the Bad News of Being Alive.*

from the horseman's mouth



Jerry the Pacemaker

THE KENTUCKY DERBY IS MAY 3. WE GOT A FEW TIPS FROM A GUY WHO WON IT TWICE

When jockey Jerry Bailey retired, in 2006, he had won six Triple Crown races (two each of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness Stakes and the Belmont Stakes) and 15 Breeders' Cup races. You want insider knowledge? It doesn't get more inside than this.

PLAYBOY: Is there any advantage to looking at the horses in the walking ring before the race?

BAILEY: Absolutely. If a horse is lathered up between his back legs—if you see a lot of white foam back there—that's not a good sign, even if it's a hot day. It means he's worried about what he's going to do.

PLAYBOY: Do bigger horses have an advantage over smaller ones?

BAILEY: No. I don't look at size; I look at athleticism and proportions. I like a broad-chested and broad-assed horse for sprints, and I like long, lean muscles for distance and grass races.

PLAYBOY: The *Daily Racing Form* will tell you whether a horse is on Lasix for the first time or at all. What's your take?

BAILEY: Lasix is a drug that prevents hemorrhaging in the lungs. The theory is that when a horse is on Lasix for the first time, you should see a great improvement. But I have always believed it's better the second time the horse is on Lasix; unless it's given at the precise time and in the exact dose, it could dull his performance. The second time, you can say, "Okay, he didn't perform; let's back it down a little."

PLAYBOY: Do all Derby winners have a good shot at the Triple Crown?

BAILEY: If a horse wins the Derby, there's no question it can win the Preakness—the Preakness is 110 yards shorter. When a jockey wins the Derby, he's thinking about the Belmont, which is a mile and a half. I had horses I felt good about going into the Derby that I knew had no chance whatsoever of winning the Belmont. You picked the Derby winner? Congratulations—but don't think it means he'll win the Triple Crown.

thank you very little

The Body Meets the Lama

EVEN THE GOVERNOR OF MINNESOTA ENJOYS A CADDYSHACK QUOTE

In Jesse Ventura's new book, *Don't Start the Revolution Without Me!*, the former gov looks back on his unique reign as Minnesota's chief executive. Here's a vignette we found particularly amusing.

"We snuck the Dalai Lama out of the capitol building. It has secret underground passageways where you can get people out if you need to. Then I went out to meet the press. By this point in my career as governor, they weren't exactly at the top of my list. I was staring quietly at them with a straight face. Of course the first question was 'Well, what did the Dalai Lama say to you?'

"What a lead-in! How could the press spoon-feed me any better? I stayed stone-faced, and I said, 'Well, the Dalai Lama said to me, "*Gunga gunga la gunga*.'" Which means when I die, I'll have total consciousness. So I've got that going for me!"

"Only one of the media picked up on the humor. That was the fellow from Public Radio. I turned around and walked back to my office. No more questions. That's the only quote I gave 'em."

drink of the month

Bit of a Fix-You-Upper

FROM THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, A SWEET AND SOUR TWIST ON KENTUCKY WHISKEY

Jeffrey Morgenthaler is our kind of guy: an obsessive practitioner of lost arts and an inventor in his own right. He toils behind the bar of the Bel Ami Restaurant & Lounge in crunchy Eugene, Oregon, mixing, remixing and improvising, and he documents his findings at jeffreymorgenthaler.com. Here's a tasty original he recommends for warm spring evenings.

Bourbon Renewal

2 oz. Woodford Reserve bourbon

1 oz. fresh lemon juice

½ oz. simple syrup

½ oz. crème de cassis

1 dash Angostura bitters

Shake ingredients over cracked ice and strain into a rocks-filled highball or old-fashioned glass. Garnish with fresh black currants. If black currants are not in season, use a lemon wedge.





Other Countries, Other Hooch

POTENT POTABLES FOR \$500 WITH ZANE LAMPREY



The Mojo channel's *Three Sheets* may be the best travel show ever. It follows thirsty everyman Zane Lamprey to exotic ports of call, then documents his often bizarre adventures with the local liquors and hangover remedies. We picked his cloudy brain for knowledge of the strange stuff the rest of the world is drinking.

Cachaça "By now you know this rum-like spirit is the main ingredient in a caipirinha, but Brazilians also take it straight, from a small glass called a

martelinho ('little hammer'). At the Academia da Cachaça, in Rio de

Janeiro, I had the heartiest drink I've ever come across: a bean stew spiked with *cachaça* and topped with bacon. Good, and good for you!"

Kaoliang "This is made from sorghum and drunk in Taiwan. *Drunk* being the operative word here: The *kaoliang* I had was 116 proof, and the people drinking it were on a mission to get loaded. For a truly weird drinking experience visit Taipei's Snake Alley, where *kaoliang* is mixed with substances from every part of the snake you can think of—including the penis and testicles."

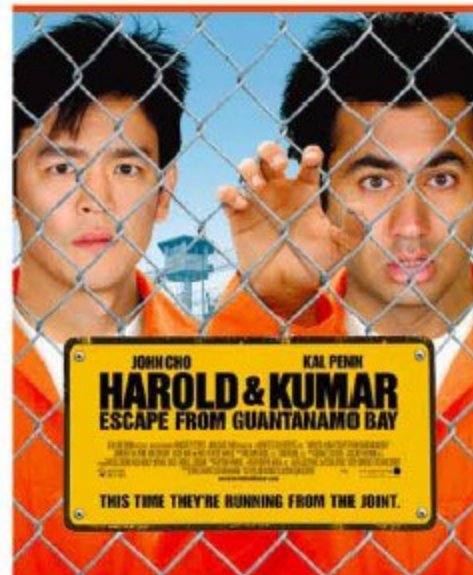
Absinthe "It tastes like Pine-Sol, and if you drink it in Prague, you're obviously not a local. If you feel you must have it, try Ernest Hemingway's invention, death in the afternoon: Pour a jigger of absinthe into a champagne glass, then add champagne until milky. It may not taste better, but at least it has that Parisian cachet."

warming up

The Cat in the Hat Comes Back

IS THERE NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN?

It used to be that no businessman would leave the house without a fedora or homburg. In some states it was the law. Today menswear designers are increasingly including hats in their spring and summer lines, and it's not merely nostalgia: The inconvenient truth is our skin needs a break from the ever angrier sun. A panama (like the Borsalino, above right) will keep you cool as a cucumber—or as cool as Terrence Howard, who is considerably cooler than a cucumber.



Sleepaway Camp

HAVING WORDS WITH ONE OF THOSE STONER DUDES

You cannot escape Kal Penn. *Epic Movie* and the *Van Wilder* flicks play endlessly on HBO. *House* is the best show on TV. And that box of Jack Bauer DVDs you got for Christmas? Penn's in there, too. This month he reprises his most famous role, in *Harold & Kumar Escape From Guantanamo Bay*. To mark the occasion, we decided to bug him with dumb questions.

What's funny about Guantanamo Bay? Not a whole lot: violation of the Geneva convention and the use of torture, which will ultimately make us less safe. Not my idea of humor, I suppose. What is your favorite item on the White Castle menu? The non-GMO free-range-turkey burger with organic spinach is delicious. Oh wait, they don't have that. After Guantanamo, where might Harold and Kumar go next? The Playboy Mansion? Why is Neil Patrick Harris in your movies? He's not. The real NPH is frozen, like Walt Disney. Did you play Harold or Kumar? Neither. I wore whiteface and played Neil Patrick Harris. Was it fun getting back together with Ryan Reynolds in *Van Wilder: The Rise of Taj*? A lot of fun. Trick question—Ryan Reynolds wasn't in that movie! How can they put *Van Wilder* in the title if *Van Wilder* isn't in it? That's a question that's easier to answer in print. Are you related to Sean Penn? Yes. Are you related to Kal-El, better known as Superman? No. Could you be in more movies? No. There's a moratorium on me. Do you believe in evil? Don't make me quote Nietzsche.

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R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

All About the Hamiltons

The U.S. military is paying some **70,000** former Iraqi insurgents **\$10** a day each to fight Al Qaeda instead of American forces.

Hawking Votes

Presidential candidates spent about **\$50 million** campaigning in the Iowa caucuses—around **\$200** a vote.

Handicap

The torque created by a proper golf swing can produce almost **1,700** pounds of pressure on the lower spine. About **90%** of injuries to professional golfers involve the neck and

lower back, and almost **80%** of professionals will miss at least **one** tournament because of back pain.

Meister Brau

When the Four Points hotel chain, a division of Sheraton, placed an ad for a CBO (chief beer officer) for its new worldwide beer program, more than **7,000** people applied. The part-time position involves visiting breweries, festivals and bars to select beers for hotel menus.

Got Tail?

In an MSNBC/iVillage survey, **69%** of women said they would hire a private eye to spy on their partner if they thought he was cheating.



Slave 4 U

According to *Portfolio*, following Britney Spears generates about **\$110 million** annually for paparazzi, tabloid journalists, K-Fed, etc.

what they're thinking



A study in *Woman's Day* magazine found **78%** of women would rather be a millionaire than have Jennifer Aniston's fit physique.

Aaaaaaaay!

Milwaukee art lovers raised more than **\$85,000** in private donations to erect a statue of the Fonz on the city's Riverwalk.

Arabian Flights

In 2007 global tourism in the Middle East rose by **13%** (to **46 million** arrivals), the largest percentage increase in the world.



The Promised Land

According to Yedioth Ahronoth, **70%** of Israeli women enjoy giving blow jobs.

price check

\$400

The cost of a bottle of Carlsberg's new offering, Vintage No. 1, the world's most expensive beer.



Giving Up for Lent

Brazil, home to the world's largest Catholic population, gave out **19.5 million** free condoms before Carnival.



Check Yes or No

Classmates.com reports that **20%** of people said they met their true love before graduating from high school.

Auto-Mobile

Drivers who talk on cell phones travel **2 miles an hour** slower than nonchaters and make others' commute times **5% to 10%** longer.

Sad Grads

From December 2006 to December 2007 the number of unemployed Americans with at least a bachelor's degree rose by **153,000**.



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REVIEWS

movies



movie of the month

[IRON MAN]

Superhero films get an IQ upgrade

By Stephen Rebello

After decades of Superman, Batman, Spider-Man and X-Men flicks and various mutations, you may think Hollywood has played out the superhero genre. But not according to director Jon Favreau, who masterminded the offbeat casting of Robert Downey Jr., Gwyneth Paltrow, Jeff Bridges and Terrence Howard in *Iron Man*, a big-screen version of the 45-year-old Marvel character. The story centers on smart, powerful industrialist-inventor Tony Stark (Downey), who leads a double life as an armor-clad righter of wrongs and uncovers a sinister plot with global implications. "The hard thing was making this movie unique among superhero movies," says Favreau. "Marvel produced *Iron Man*, and Industrial Light & Magic supervised the effects, so you know those people have lots of experience with big spectacular movies. It's surprising how seriously Robert took everything, from the casting process and preparing his body to doing such a great job on the set—which we expected—but also by lending such enthusiasm to what is his first starring role in a mainstream action movie. Robert and Gwyneth are the strongest aspect of the film because they're not a traditional love-interest duo. It's a working relationship, yet there's a lot of humor, chemistry and subtlety between them. They brought great shadings and slyness to their roles, and the film's tone and humor are as smart as its hero. That makes it unique."

"The film's tone and humor are as smart as its hero."

now showing

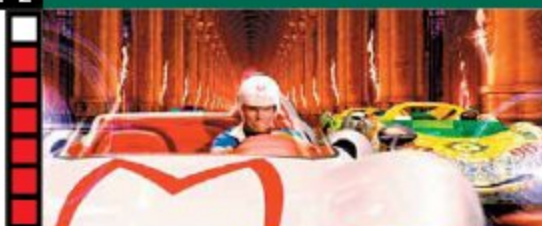
BUZZ

Speed Racer

(Emile Hirsch, Christina Ricci, Matthew Fox, Susan Sarandon)

The Wachowski brothers put a high-tech spin on this live-action version of the 1960s Japanese animated TV series. Hirsch, playing the kid born to race his family's Mach 5 car, competes in the dangerous cross-country rally that killed his brother.

Our call: Crazy action, cool gadgets, trippy special effects, psychedelic production design, Chim Chim the simian sidekick and Ricci as Speed's girlfriend spell high-octane success.



88 Minutes

(Al Pacino, Alicia Witt, Leelee Sobieski) Pacino, a college professor of forensic psychiatry, receives a death threat warning him that he has only 88 minutes to live. Racing against the clock, the professor must track down three suspects: an ex-girlfriend, a troubled student and a serial killer waiting it out on death row.

Our call: Minutes crawl like hours watching this implausible thriller marred by a see-through plot, some awful performances and a "surprise" killer who probably won't surprise anybody.



The Tourist

(Hugh Jackman, Ewan McGregor, Michelle Williams) In this erotic psychological thriller, womanizing Jackman introduces meek accountant McGregor to an underground sex club. McGregor soon becomes the prime suspect when a sexy woman and a multimillion-dollar fortune simultaneously disappear.

Our call: A strong cast, steamy sex, action, thrills and dirty double crosses make this the kind of club plenty of people will want to join for a voyeuristic walk on the wild side.



Forgetting Sarah Marshall

(Jason Segel, Kristen Bell, Mila Kunis) Segel wrote and stars in this Judd Apatow-produced comedy about a guy jetting off to a Hawaiian resort, hoping to recover from being dumped by his longtime girlfriend (Bell). Things get dicey when his ex happens to stay at the same hotel with her new rock-star boyfriend.

Our call: Segel has called his flick part romantic movie, part disaster movie, but it also delivers big laughs thanks to beauties Bell and Kunis and scene-stealing new guy Russell Brand.



Landmark, albeit not one for the squeamish. Bardem's showy turn as the blood-splattering Anton Chigurh and the otherwise flawless ensemble more than stand up to repeat viewing. **Best extra:** The featurette "Working With the Coens: Reflections of Cast and Crew." (BD) **★★★★** —Greg Fagan



Sexy ingenue **Beau Garrett** busted out as a Guess model in the 1990s before busting out of her bikini in the vacation-phobic thriller *Turistas* (pictured). See her next in the wedding-day romantic comedy *Made of Honor*.

CLOVERFIELD This visceral monster movie zooms by thanks to its handheld-camcorder POV. The audacious cinema verité storytelling will irritate some, but we'll take this over 1998's *Godzilla*. **Best extra:** Special-effects featurette. **★★★** —Buzz McClain



JUNO This surprise hit is a hipster-spun pro-life comedy about a razor-sharp teen's unintended pregnancy. Director Jason Reitman finds the poignancy between the lines. **Best extra:** Musical montage of cast and crew dancing to "Do What You Want." (BD) **★★★★½** —G.F.



FRANK SINATRA: THE GOLDEN YEARS Among the highlights of this five-film set are Ol' Blue Eyes's portrayals of a boozy writer in *Some Came Running* (pictured) and a swinging NYC single in *The Tender Trap*. **Best extra:** Running making-of doc. **★★★★** —Matt Steigbigel



games of the month

[FUN IS ON THE MARCH]

The PSP delivers serious thrills on the go. Some recent standouts:

God of War: Chains of Olympus Yes, your dreams have come true. Kratos is pocketable, and he is amazing. We're not sure how, but the sense of scale is as epic here as it is on the PS2. All the men-in-sandals bombast that makes *God of War* so great is intact. Throw on some headphones and lose yourself in the action. **Wipeout Pulse** A revamp of one of the PSP's launch titles with the benefit of all the programming tricks Sony has learned since, *Wipeout*'s fundamental concept hasn't changed much, but those seeking gorgeous hover-track racing will dig the generous assortment of new tracks and the addition (finally) of online racing. **Patapon** Resolutely strange and utterly endearing, *Patapon* puts you in charge of a tribe of tiny war-



riors as they hunt, defend themselves and conquer neighboring tribes. The twist: You control your minions entirely in the form of drumbeats tapped out on the PSP's face buttons. Shouldn't work. Does. **Silent Hill: Origins** This *Silent Hill* prequel sports exquisite graphics and the best real-time lighting we've seen on a portable. The story is straight out of the *Silent Hill* plot generator but will still scare the living crap out of you. **Syphon Filter: Logan's Shadow** This black-ops stealth shooter offers some of the headiest portable pleasures available with near-perfect controls. The single-player adventure unfolds like a great action movie, while online play lets you test your acquired execution skills on your like-minded pals. —Scott Stein

CONDEMNED 2: BLOODSHOT (360, PS3) This dark and atmospheric tale puts you back in the shoes of troubled Ethan Thomas, a down-and-out investigator recalled to duty to track down his partner. You'll do CSI-lite forensic analysis, but combat is the name of the game in this twisted thriller. Online it's okay, but single-player mode truly shines. **★★★★½**

—Marc Saltzman



ARMY OF TWO (360, PS3) In this chest-thumping romp designed from the ground up as a co-op experience, you and a partner (either on the same system or over the Net) need to make the most of each other to survive. It's not perfect but offers enough original ideas and novel, team-based gameplay to keep your finger firmly on the trigger. **★★★**

—Scott Steinberg



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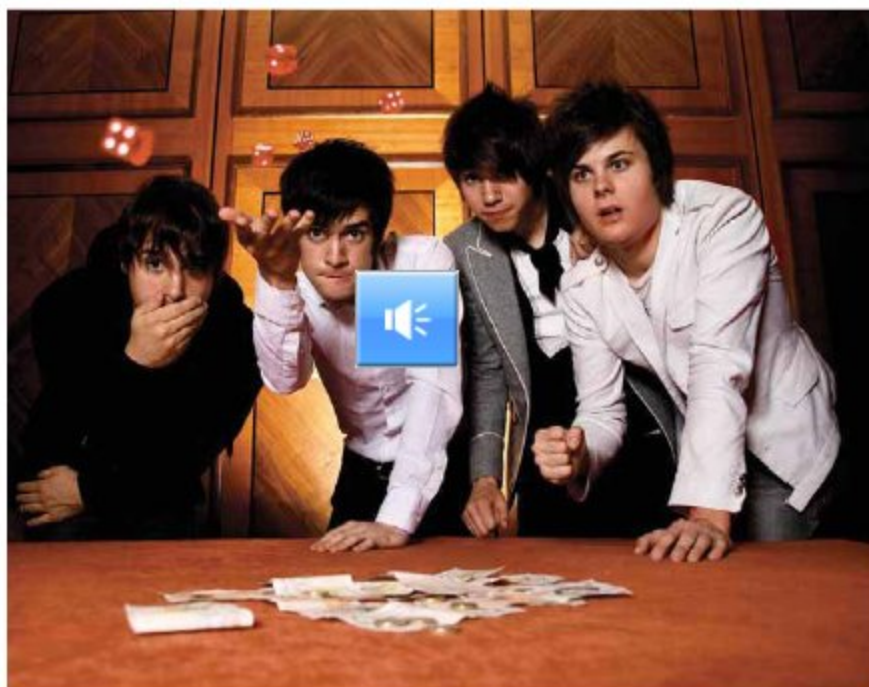
[MATURITY! AT THE DISCO]

The Sin City gloom rockers have grown up—and cheered up—on their new album

For most 21-year-olds the biggest challenge in life is finding a job or financing a new car. For Las Vegas-based Panic at the Disco it's figuring out how to build on the success of its double-platinum 2005 debut album, *A Fever You Can't Sweat Out*. The quartet has grown up physically and musically, and its follow-up, *Pretty. Odd.*, is sunny Beach Boys-inspired pop rather than the guitar-heavy drama of the debut. We spoke to songwriter and guitarist Ryan Ross (pictured, third from left) about maturing enough to both take chances musically and get into bars.

Q: Even though you were under 21 when it came out, were you able to celebrate your first album's success?

A: Getting booze is pretty much impossible in Las Vegas. The clubs out here are the strictest I've ever seen. The last time we played on tour we had an afterparty at one of the nightclubs. It was our party, but they wouldn't let us in because we weren't 21. It probably looked pretty bad from the fans' stand-



point, but the truth was they wouldn't let us in!

A: Judging by many of the new songs' upbeat nature, your mood seems to have improved since you've come of legal drinking age.

Q: We were all in a pretty positive place while working on this one, and I think that comes out in a lot of the songs. It's a big difference from the last album. There was definitely more of a negative outlook overall on that one. For whatever reason, a lot of times you're just angrier or angrier when you're 18.

A: Your band benefited from Internet-driven word of mouth. What do you say to

a fan who tells you, "I love your album so much, I'm going to download it and make 50 copies for my friends?"

Q: That's great. Record sales don't mean much anymore. It's more important to have people hear our music and make the extra effort to see us play and then tell their friends about it. The payoff is stronger than the 17 cents we would make off the album. —Jason Newman

[SUPER GROOVES FROM SUPERTRAMP]

Funkadelic they aren't, but in today's post-genre world they're sample-worthy

Back when James Brown breaks formed the basis of three quarters of all hip-hop tunes, and samples from other powerhouse funk bands like P-Funk made up the rest, it didn't take a genius to know where to look for cool clips. These days, however, eclectic is the name of the game, and suddenly soft-rock Wurlitzer electric-piano lines don't seem out of place on a hard-ass mix tape. One result? The return of forgotten 1970s hit-makers Supertramp. One of last year's biggest songs—"Cupid's Chokehold" by Gym Class Heroes—was built around a hook from Supertramp's "Breakfast in America." Now Tinie Tempah, a U.K. grime MC, has hit upon the group too, using a bit of "The Logical Song" on his "Hood Economics Room 147." Perhaps it all began in 2004 when

Fabulous sampled Supertramp's "Crime of the Century" to anchor his "Breathe," but for a British band that's often lumped—albeit unfairly—with the prog- or art-rock wankery of Yes or early Genesis and is also practically the official rock band of France, Supertramp has managed to find itself in rather cool company. "What the singer was saying—'When I was young it seemed that life was so wonderful and beautiful'—seemed really relevant to the theme of 'Hood Economics,' which is an audio scrapbook," says Tempah. "I loved the way such a melodic sample could be used within



harsh 140-beat-per-minute grime. I loved the nostalgic feeling it brought me. I was instantly returned to a time in my youth when I had no responsibilities, no bills to pay and no deadlines to meet."

backtracking

[HOT TUNES]

This spring sees the return of a lot of big bands. Here's the best of the bunch

"Going On," **Gnarls Barkley** Proves there's more to the new album than the single "Run."

"Hollow Man," **R.E.M.** This less raucous moment from the new LP could be from *Fables*.

"Couleurs," **M83** Latest LP has more rock; this is like a Flock of Seagulls instrumental.

"Hang Them All," **Tapes 'n Tapes** Suggests Arcade Fire but with more rhythmic quirks.

"It's the Love," **The Breeders** Nicks the fast bit from Dinosaur Jr.'s "Feel the Pain."

"Lassoo," **The Duke Spirit** Gritty guitar rock, yes, but melodic, too—complete with horns.

"Morning After Midnight," **Adam Green** Solo Moldy Peach goes blue-eyed Box Tops soul.

"Guilt," **The Long Blondes** Groovy and erotic New Wave from the new album *Couples*.

"Do the Panic," **Phantom Planet** Destined to be considered a classic power-pop anthem.

"Tell Me in Time," **Peter Morén** No Björn, no John and no whistling. But real nice.

what remains after

[THE KILLING IS OVER]

The first and last word on a literary giant's life and letters

It can be a morbid genre, the posthumous quilt, stitched from work the dead master presumably found unsatisfactory. Thankfully, this collection is such work from Kurt Vonnegut, whose best writing is a blur of fiction and memoir anyway and whose enduring gift—his clear-eyed, playful, decent voice—pours from this welcome book.

It's thrilling to see that voice under construction in these 10 stories and one personal essay. There's also an introduction by his son Mark, the old man's last speech and a breathtaking letter from Private Vonnegut to his parents—"Dear People:"—from May 1945, which begins to describe his experiences as a prisoner of war during the fire-bombing of Dresden, Germany: "I've too damned much to say, the rest will have to wait." Dresden did wait, another 24 years, until 1969, when Vonnegut published *Slaughterhouse-Five*, and the onetime science-fiction writer became a distinctive voice of 20th century literature. The best stories in *Armageddon* reveal Vonnegut struggling to comprehend the war and looking for a form to contain all that absurdity and horror. "It's over, the killing is all over," one of Vonnegut's characters says. "Did anyone in his right mind expect to be alive when it was over?" It's a question Vonnegut pondered for more than 60 years (one of the subtitles of *Slaughterhouse-Five* is *A Duty Dance With Death*), bewildered that the world had emerged from the cataclysm without seeming to have learned a damned thing. ★★★ —Jess Walter

Kurt Vonnegut

ARMAGEDDON
IN RETROSPECT



Introduction by Mark Vonnegut

THE SECOND PLANE * Martin Amis

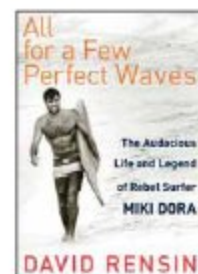
Like his *Koba the Dread*, this collection of Martin Amis's writings on 9/11 feels like a settling of accounts—not only with the death-cult demagoguery of Bin Laden but with a younger, more naive version of Amis himself. His dissection of Islamist illogic is clear-eyed and laudable, but his palpable fear of being called a moral relativist often causes him to elide the West's unwitting complicity in stoking Al Qaeda's hatred. A pitch-black, grotesquely funny satire involving a double for one of Saddam's sons sits uneasily amid the finger wagging.

★★★ —Andrew Hultkrans



ALL FOR A FEW PERFECT WAVES * David Rensin

Miki Dora hated the spotlight. But the story of the iconic surfer and scam artist who ruled Malibu in the 1950s and 1960s and spent the 1970s on the lam is too good not to be told. PLAYBOY Contributing Editor Rensin weaves quotes from more than 300 interviews with Dora's friends (and enemies) into a candid portrait of a rebel who cruised the world's best beaches on bad checks and forged credit cards. This book isn't just about surfing; it's about risking it all for complete personal freedom. ★★★ —Ben Conniff



best prison books ever

Planning on committing a crime and looking for a deterrent better than three strikes? Peruse our picks for the highlights of prison lit. **House of the Dead** is based on Dostoyevsky's nine-year exile in Siberia, and while grimly realistic and spare, it is also a humanist's tribute to man's capacity to overcome the indignities and miseries that attend not just forcible confinement but life itself. **One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich** was Solzhenitsyn's debut; it describes the grueling hours that form a day in the life of a Soviet gulag. When published in 1962 it was the first openly distributed, Khrushchev-approved novel of dissent and remains among the most searing indictments of Stalinism available. **House of Meetings**, Martin Amis's contemporary take on the Soviet gulags, shows him to be a student of the above novels and the Russian enthusiasm for punishment. His novel deftly combines memories of a love triangle between two brothers with the cruel realities of their life in the camps. **Papillon**, Henri Charrière's best-selling autobiographical novel, chronicles his bid to escape Devil's Island, something never accomplished before him. It is an engrossing paean to obsessive-compulsive behavior and the subject



of a 1973 film starring Steve McQueen. **A Bad Man** is Stanley Elkin's darkly funny story of a department-store owner jailed for eagerly providing shoppers with drugs, guns, even abortions. He endures a yearlong detention overseen by inventive sadists and comes to terms with his own irrepressible criminality. Bernard Malamud's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel **The Fixer** is based on the infamous 1913 Mendel Beilis trial and is a harrowing account of a man who, despite enduring a range of torments, refuses to confess to a crime he did not commit. Hubert Selby Jr., author of *Last Exit to Brooklyn*, took on the prison genre with his novel **The Room**, which tracks the effects of isolation on a petty felon who retreats into sadistic fantasies of rage and revenge. **In the Belly of the Beast** comprises a selection of Jack Henry Abbott's urgent letters to Norman Mailer and documents a career criminal's savage existence behind bars. Called the "great American prison novel" by Kurt Vonnegut, **On the Yard** was written while repeat offender and author Malcolm Braly was incarcerated. It features an ensemble cast, from psychopaths to martyrs, and shows prison to be a frighteningly familiar, distinctly American place.

FRANK SINATRA: THE MAN AND HIS MOVIES



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Time Machines

A slice of vintage-bike heaven touches down in northern California

IT'S BEEN 10 years since the Guggenheim Museum placed vintage motorcycles on the pedestal of high art, but bikers have wanted more. Three years ago the Legend of the Motorcycle show (\$65 a person, legendofthemotorcycle.com) began filling the vacuum. Conceived by founders Jared Zaugg and Brooke Roner as "the first *concours d'elegance* exclusively for motorcycles," the event places immaculately restored machines in a luxury setting—think Pebble Beach on two wheels. At the Ritz-Carlton in Half Moon Bay, California on the first Saturday in May, some 6,000 fans will wax nostalgic about snorting Nortons (this year's featured marque) and gawk at gleaming MV Augustas, along with more than 150 other beautifully restored one-of-a-kind, last-of-a-kind, best-of-breed pre-1978 classics. Arrive early to see the bikes emerge from the morning fog, all lined up on a fairway overlooking the Pacific. Soon racing legends (including Giacomo Agostini, who will receive a lifetime-achievement award) will rub elbows with designers, celebrities and the mechanically obsessed. There are auctions, art-gallery receptions and charity rides (the area hosts some of the best roads in the state). As for luxury, belly up to the bar for a \$20 Kobe-beef bacon cheeseburger or retire with your lady to your room for a butler-drawn bath (complete with floating rose petals). Sturgis and Daytona were never like this.



The Sun Is a Bitch

THESE HAND-POLISHED BLINDE shades (\$295, osainternational.com) work just fine for a lazy day by the pool, but they also have the strength and fit for a more active afternoon. A stainless-steel core hugs your face gently but firmly with hinges anchored by Blinde's seven-barrel, six-pin system. The lenses ward off mother nature's attempts to scorch your retinas, while five anti-reflective layers block bounce-back glare and a hydrophobic coating protects the lenses from dust and dirt. Cool.

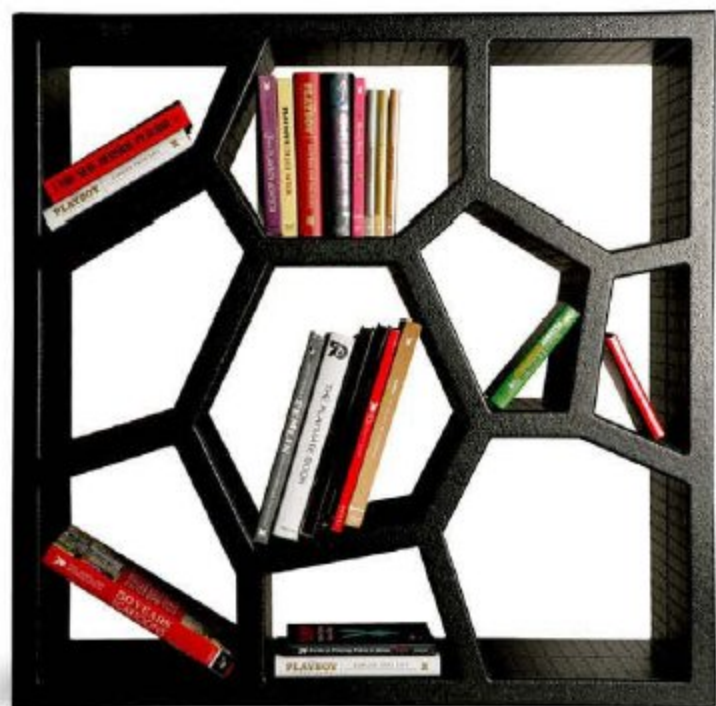
Talk Is Chic

IF YOU'RE GOING to hang something on your ear all day, know that—like it or not—you're accessorizing. Plantronics' Discovery 925 Bluetooth headset (\$150, plantronics.com) eases the sting a bit and won't make you look like the Borg's latest acquisition. Tipping the scales at just eight grams, it's comfortable for long-term use and has a minimalist design that doesn't scream "tech dork." Also, its charging case gives you an extra five hours of talk time on the go.



The Shelf-ish Gene

FOR THE LIFE of us we can't figure out why most shelves are so goddamn boring. Say good-bye to rectilinearity with the Opus Shelving System (\$495, dwr.com), whose odd angles allow you to buck tradition and compartmentalize your reading at the same time. The Opus can be placed on any of its four sides and stacked with other units to create as large a canvas as you need to express your bibliophilia.



Pole Position

WHEN THE POLISH start drinking, the smart money gets out of the way. Remember, this is a culture that developed round-bottomed shot glasses you can't set down. Belying this hard-drinking image, though, is the country's silky and flavorful U'Luvka vodka (\$58). Made from a blend of rye, wheat and barley, with subtle notes of anise and grain, it's that rare vodka that is equally appealing in a cocktail or sipped neat at room temperature. Those looking for the authentic experience are directed to the signature ice bucket, which comes with a rackful of un-put-downable shot glasses (\$350).



Grand Slam

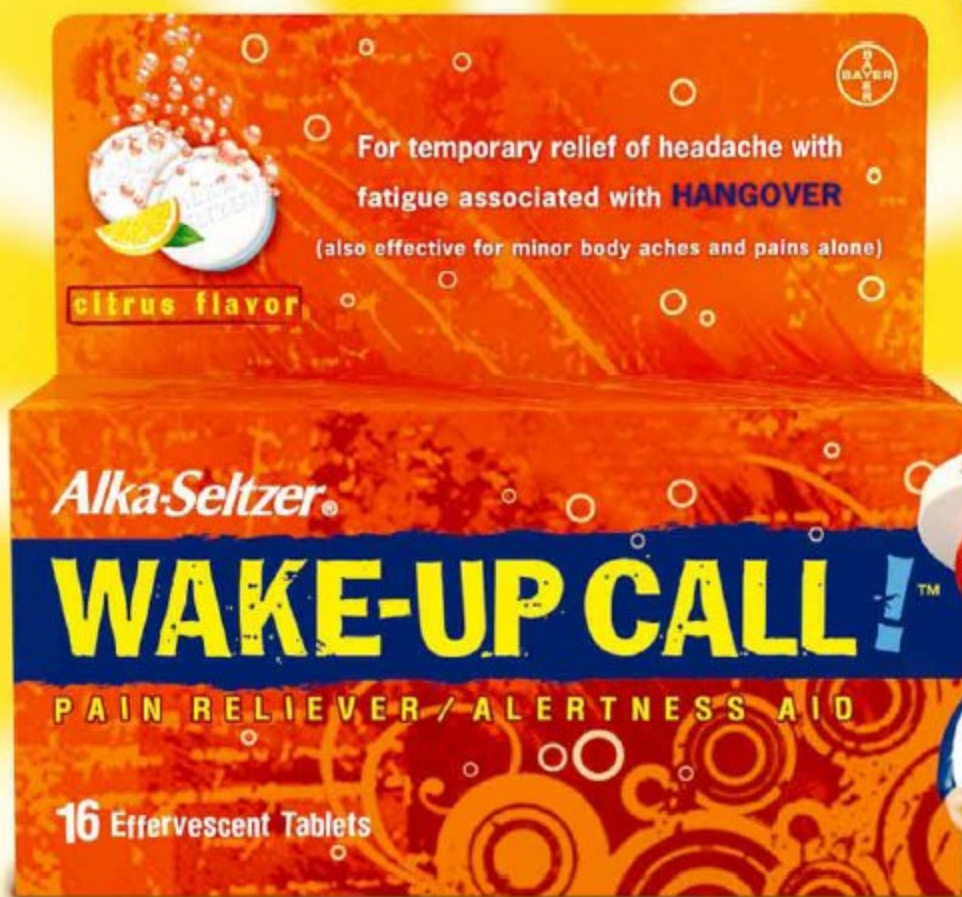
LEGEND HAS IT Ping-Pong was developed by bored British soldiers in India. In 1891 John Jaques, a London game maker, formalized the rules and table, and 1900 saw the first national championship, played on Jaques's "Prince Albert" table. Starting this month, exact reproductions of the Prince Albert (\$2,975, newyorkfirst.com) will be available in the United States for the first time. They offer the most fun per square inch of any piece of furniture that isn't a bed.





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Phones, Holmes

SAY WHAT YOU will about Apple, but its foray into cell phones has made other companies step up their game. From top: Sony Ericsson's Z555 (sonyericsson.com) is proof that an entry-level phone can be stylish and feature-rich, with its diamond-black shell and gesture controls that let you end calls with a wave of your hand. Motorola's ROKR E8 (motorola.com) transforms its entire face to suit the task at hand, whether you're browsing the web, listening to music or (heaven forbid) making a call. Finally, LG's Voyager (for Verizon, lge.com) is gorgeous and versatile, with a force-feedback touch screen outside for making calls and triggering music and a generous QWERTY keypad inside for texting.



Watch It Wiggle

IF ANY GAME needs to lighten up a little, it's chess. Add some much-needed whimsy to the ancient game of intellectual combat with Umbra's Wobble chess set (\$263, umbra.com). Each space on the walnut-and-maple board is a concave indentation, and all the pieces have Weeble-like weighted, curved chrome-plated bottoms. Thus the slightest touch sends them bobbing to and fro, but none will ever leave its proper position. Overall it creates a far more relaxing environment in which to humorlessly bulldoze your competition.

In the Sting of Things

USUALLY, IF LEATHER is submerged in salt water for years, it's useless. The exception: stingray skin, once used to protect samurai warriors in battle. These leathers of Thai origin are being revived as distinctive alternatives for men's accessories. This belt and wallet from Torino Leather (\$220 and \$140) have smooth beaded surfaces that are water-resistant and extremely durable.

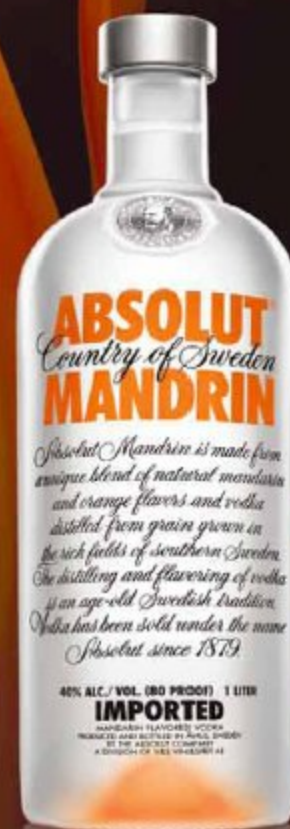


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The Playboy Advisor

I haven't had a serious girlfriend in four years. I meet girls who I think are girlfriend material, but I immediately lose interest as soon as I sleep with them. I miss being in a serious relationship but don't know how to get much further than a few dates. Is this just instinct encouraging me to spread my seed? What can I do to stop this from happening? I don't want to pass up a real relationship with a great girl because my penis is telling me, "Been there, done that, move on."—N.B., Sacramento, California

It sounds as though you're ambivalent about these women to begin with, but this becomes apparent only after you have cleared your head and your testicles. You could continue to search with the idea that you just haven't met the right girl, but we have a more radical suggestion: Quit being such a slut. The next time you fall for someone, challenge yourself to lose interest before you've had sex. That may mean keeping your clothes on for a few more dates, but if you can keep each other entertained, you may be surprised to find yourself in the early days of a serious relationship. Although your brain is pushing you to reproduce, there is no rule that says you have to sleep with a woman just because she is willing to sleep with you, especially when you're ready for something deeper.

You could have offered a more complete response to the reader who wrote in January because he fantasized about his girlfriend making out with another man but stopping short of penetration. You noted this is a common fantasy but wrote, "The challenge will be finding a masochist willing to suffer blue balls for your benefit." In fact, BDSM sites such as collarme.com (where I hang out; I'm a dominatrix) are full of ads from docile men who crave orgasm denial or cuckolding. I know of one submissive who says his wife has kept him chaste for almost two years. That's a bit extreme; a week of denial is long enough to give a man an explosive orgasm without making him grumpy.—P.A., San Francisco, California

This is the second response in a row discussing orgasm denial; we need to get this column back on track. We suppose when you've tried everything, the only thing left is nothing. We also suppose a lot of sexually frustrated husbands are reading this and thinking, I'm supposed to be turned on because she always says no? That is passive orgasm denial. In the active version the woman mercilessly teases her partner while insisting he can't come until she gives the okay. Any adventurous couple should give that a try for a week. In the past we've even suggested engaged couples abstain for a month or two before the ceremony to work up steam for the wedding night.

I'd like to lose some weight. I understand that will involve getting off my butt but am



unsure which diet would be best. Can you suggest one?—J.N., Tacoma, Washington

*Sure. It's the same one nutritionists have been recommending for 50 years: Besides exercising regularly, consume fewer calories by eating smaller portions and avoiding snacks, banish junk food and eat mostly fruits, vegetables and whole grains. Studies on twins suggest genetics may account for about 70 percent of our weight. As Gina Kolata explains in her book *Rethinking Thin*, it appears our metabolism slows down or speeds up to keep us within 20 to 30 pounds of our default weight. That may explain why it's so hard to keep the pounds off. Research also suggests overweight people experience more intense hunger. Traditionally, saturated fat has been thought to be the chief dietary culprit behind obesity. But Gary Taubes, in his history and critique of modern diets, *Good Calories, Bad Calories*, puts the blame on the introduction to the American diet in the 1980s of high levels of refined carbs, particularly sugar and sweeteners that trigger surges of insulin, which regulates fat accumulation. Taubes notes that the typical American in the early 1800s ate 178 pounds of red meat a year. We still do, but we've added 150 pounds of sugar and sweeteners. It may be, he proposes, that the low-fat, high-carb diets popular over the past 30 years "are not only making us heavier but contributing to other chronic disease as well," such as diabetes, hypertension, cardiovascular disease and cancer.*

In February you told readers buying a new flat-screen television to "choose a size and then go up one notch from that" because "almost everyone who buys a new HDTV will tell you they regret not going larger." In my experience as a professional installer, I find the opposite is

true three quarters of the time. People always tell me they regret buying such a large screen because they can see every pixel just as they could on their old set. I counsel them to go a size smaller.—C.M., Waukesha, Wisconsin

Thanks for writing. That is surprising, though we've since heard from readers who say their new TV took over the room.

This past fall a groom asked about giving his groomsmen gift subscriptions to PLAYBOY, and you advised against it, saying he would only cause problems for them by upsetting their girlfriends or wives. That is probably true—all my past girlfriends got upset when they found out I have a subscription. Here's the trick: Tell your girlfriend you will give her each issue when it arrives and she can tear out any pages she wants. Each of my girlfriends agreed to this, and without fail they all grew to enjoy the magazine so much I had to buy a second subscription for myself.—C.R., Orlando, Florida

You are a man of great and enduring faith.

I was in a class with five other gentlemen, and three wore their watch on the right wrist. I was taught that your watch always goes on the left. Has that changed?—S.B., Upper Marlboro, Maryland

It used to be the only guys who wore wristwatches on their right wrists were left-handers. But now some men do it just to be different, so you can no longer impress anyone with your powers of observation by saying, "So you're left-handed."

In January you advised a woman whose husband likes her to give him blow jobs while he surfs for computer porn. First, a woman who watches porn with her spouse and stimulates him at the same time isn't a "fluffer," as you refer to her. It adds an exciting component to a monogamous relationship. Second, if she hasn't asked him to go down on her more than three times a year, she should try talking to him. Finally, going alone to marriage counseling, as you suggest, works only for that person. If the couple needs counseling, they should go together. It sounds as if they just need to get on the same page sexually.—D.G., Morgantown, West Virginia

As usually happens, we'll stick with our advice. You misread that letter badly.

I've heard of women having multiple orgasms, but how about more than 50? I swear this woman I'm sleeping with comes within seconds of my fingers touching her clit. If I give her head, she shakes, arches her back and shoves her crotch into my face every 10 seconds. If I'm down there for 10 minutes, that has to be at least 50

climaxes. I'd love to brag about my skills, but I don't think I'm doing anything special. I know it sounds ridiculous, but why would a woman fake that many orgasms?—J.L., Albany, New York

Does she claim to be coming so often? She may just be enthusiastic. But yes, it is possible she is enjoying rapid-fire orgasms. Scientists have recorded one woman coming 134 times in an hour. Researchers are still not sure, however, if what most people refer to as multiples are actually "sequential" orgasms (with a pause of as few as 15 to 30 seconds between each) or one lengthy climax that is sustained with continual stimulation. We'd be curious how your girlfriend describes the experience. It must be exhausting to be female sometimes.

While vacationing in France I came across a wine shop that had some old, rare bottles that started at about \$500 each. How can you tell if they are genuine? It seems as though it would be easy to stick an "aged" label on any bottle, especially when you're selling to tourists.—N.F., Tampa, Florida

It would be. In fact, this is the subject of much conversation among serious wine collectors. Sometimes counterfeiters will fake less expensive bottles in greater quantities, but it's easier to knock off one \$4,000 bottle of Château Lafite Rothschild, and fewer people know what it's supposed to look like. One collector, investor Russell Frye, had the unpleasant experience of asking Sotheby's to assess his 10,000-bottle collection for auction and having the auction house decline to list about 10 percent of his holdings. "It included some of the rarest wines I owned," he says. "The problem was, when buying them, I had no resources to check their authenticity." So Frye launched a site, wineauthentication.com, to help collectors evaluate suspect bottles. Tell-tale signs of counterfeiting are usually found in the label, cork, glass and lack of provenance. "Fake bottles are everywhere," Frye says. "Some have been passed among collectors for decades, and certainly they're sometimes sold at restaurants. The classic example is having a six-liter bottle of a rare wine only to discover that the vineyard never made a six-liter bottle. I'll be drinking that one soon. The irony is that once in a while the fakes taste quite nice." They're just vastly overpriced.

I have a friend who insists he has a phobia of big-breasted women. I doubt it, but who knows? Can you actually be afraid of big breasts, or is he bullshitting?—N.S., Columbus, Ohio

You are a good friend to have because you always keep your buddies entertained. It's certainly possible to be traumatized by large breasts, but we know of only one example: the guy who sued a Florida strip club after a dancer's 40 DDD breasts allegedly gave him whiplash when she jumped into his lap at his bachelor party. If that's your friend, we would believe him.

Regarding the letter in February in which a woman claimed her husband's penis sometimes "slipped" and went into her ass unlubricated, I've had anal sex with

many women and have never slipped into their anus, even with extreme lubrication. Either the reader has an unusually large anus or she just can't admit she enjoys anal sex. Or maybe I've been doing something wrong all these years. Can slippage happen that easily?—P.P., Cleveland, Ohio

You're right to be skeptical. We assumed his "slippage" was no accident and without lube he was penetrating just far enough to make an impression.

My nephew is getting married, and the bachelor party will be in Vegas. We want him to have a great time without any trouble. Intercourse is probably not a good idea because of the risks, and he has made a major commitment to someone special. But is a hand job okay?—M.K., Ashburn, Virginia

Okay with whom? His fiancée is the only person who can provide a seal of approval, but your nephew may not want a hand job under those circumstances anyway.

I own a small professional practice and frequently replace our computers. Before giving them to charities I remove the hard drives to safeguard confidential data. What is the most secure and environmentally sound way to dispose of these drives? Something tells me there is a better way than the sledgehammer-on-the-back-patio method.—J.S., Newport Beach, California

The only totally secure method is incineration. But a sledgehammer is a close second. Most people don't go to those extremes but rely on software that overwrites their drives repeatedly with gobbledygook. This is necessary because when you delete a file on your drive it doesn't actually go away. Instead, the file is made invisible to the operating system so the space it occupies can be written over with new data. This means older data can usually still be retrieved—bored geeks often buy used drives to see what they can recover. There are a number of free Windows scrubbers available online, such as Eraser, Darik's Boot and Nuke and File Shredder 2. On a Mac choose FINDER and then SECURE EMPTY TRASH for a basic overwrite or do a seven- or 35-pass scrub of your free space via the disk utility. To add another layer of security you can encrypt your data before obscuring it. Finally, if you ever have trouble locating a charity to reuse your equipment, visit sharetechnology.org or, for recycling information, computertakeback.org.

A reader asked in February if there was a way to make his girlfriend's nipples larger. You said no; he must "play what's dealt." That is incorrect. I have used nipple suction for more than two years, and the suction cups do enlarge nipples. Start slow with 15-minute sessions twice a week. Now I can go three hours. When the cups are removed, touching my enlarged nipples causes exquisite pleasure. My wife says my enlarged nipples turn her on, too. However, I would not increase my nipple size for

anyone but myself. Biologically I am in the 20 percent of males who enjoy nipple stimulation. I kept my sensitive nipples a secret for the first 25 years of our marriage. But if I had the opportunity I would have introduced them to my wife on our wedding night.—J.L., Pomona, California

We heard from other male readers who have enlarged their nipples using clamps, clothespins or tiny suction cups sold by nipplefunwear.com. But please, guys, no more photos. We believe you. And we still think he should play what's dealt.

The other night, for the third time in my 26 years, I lost my erection as soon as my date and I were ready to have intercourse. At first I thought it was the anxiety of being with a new partner, since the second time it happened (a few months ago) I was also with a new partner. The first time it happened, four years ago, I was with someone I had been dating for a while. Another strange fact (and my two most recent partners agree) is that I've lost my erections so easily when I haven't had sex in a while. You'd think I'd be ready to go after a dry spell. Additionally, my erections have not been as intense as they were a couple of years ago. Fortunately, all three women were great sports, and eventually we got the show on the road. But even during intercourse it feels as if the intensity of my erection comes and goes.—E.L., Las Cruces, New Mexico

Everything you describe is normal. You aren't a machine. We blame porn for some of this misperception about men's bodies, due to its habit through judicious editing of showing guys continuously rock-hard. However, if you watch scenes as carefully (and cynically) as we do, you'll often see a performer stroking himself in the background during group scenes so he can stay aroused (despite having a live sex show three feet away), taking a break from penetration so he can get a quick blow job to reestablish his wood or gingerly lowering his screen partner onto his erection because it's bending like a stalk of wheat. And these guys are professionals. When this happens during sex, don't sweat it. If your erection wants to take a break, surely you can find something to do with a naked woman in the meantime.

*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

WHY WE LOATHE LIBERALS

IN TODAY'S POLITICAL ARENA THERE ARE FEW THINGS
LOWER THAN A LIBERAL

BY ERIC ALTERMAN

I think we can all agree that America would be a damn fine place were it not for liberals screwing up everything everywhere. How do they keep getting away with it? The problem is liberals are tricky. They get people to vote for their candidates and their causes despite the fact that everybody knows their naked ambition is to ruin America and then turn it over to the terrorists.

Look at Mitt Romney, for God's sake. When the Mittster gave his courageous withdrawal speech to the Conservative Political Action Committee, in February, he had the guts to congratulate the crowd for being willing "to show up, stand up and speak up for conservative principles" and tell the truth about liberals. He got no credit for this, of course, because liberals control the media. There's Rupert Murdoch—well, okay. But General Electric (which owns NBC), Viacom (which owns CBS) and Disney (which owns ABC), they're all liberals. Sure, GE tries to confuse honest Americans by building nuclear weapons and nuclear power plants, and Viacom's Sumner Redstone said in 2004 that Bush was the best candidate for the business, but we know best. Heck, Disney has been trying to undermine the American family since Minnie let Mickey kiss her without a wedding ring. (No wonder they haven't told us the truth about those Iraqi WMDs.)

The Mittmeister told it like it is: "Liberals' tolerance... of sexual promiscuity" has led to today's "grim realities." No wonder unpervverted Americans prefer leaders like Newt Gingrich, Bob Livingston, Henry Hyde and Dan Burton, who commit adultery privately instead of in the Oval Office where everybody can see them. Or Mark Foley, who liked to send the occasional gay come-on IM to a page or two but had the cojones to tell the world what Bill Clinton did was "vile," adding how "sad" he was "to see someone with such potential throw it all down the drain because of a sexual addiction." And don't forget Larry Craig, who complained that Bill Clinton was a "nasty, bad, naughty boy" but forgot to mention, well,



that's just the kind he likes. (To be fair, Craig's insistent claim of innocence is at least as compelling as that of Bob Allen, the Florida Republican representative and titular head of the McCain campaign there, who told cops he had offered to perform oral sex in a public bathroom because, as the only Caucasian in the restroom, he felt he was "in danger of being robbed.")

Okay, back to business: liberals. The Mittmobile tried to tell those smarty-pants reporters that liberals want to substitute government largesse for individual responsibility. They fight to strip work requirements from welfare, put more people on Medicaid and "remove more and more people from having to pay any income tax whatsoever." Well, he really got 'em

with that one. Sure, President Bush and the Republicans passed a Medicare overhaul that will likely cost as much as \$21.9 trillion, of which roughly \$16.6 trillion is unfunded. And they needed to break all the House rules and actually prevent companies from offering cheaper prices to consumers. But heck, did Mitt Romney mention Medicare? Nope. Smart fellow. Read the text: "Medicaid." That's the problem. Conservatives rule.

And then there's the economy. If you're anything like Mitt, I bet you're worried that if the liberals take over, "economic neophytes would layer heavier and heavier burdens on employers and families, slowing our economy and opening the way for foreign competition to further erode our lead." Of course, since 1960 the federal deficit has averaged \$131 billion under Republican presidents, while Democrats have kept it at about \$30 billion; on average a Republican year sees the deficit grow by \$36 billion, while under Democrats it shrinks by \$25 billion, blah blah blah. As the great, great, great, *great* Ronald Reagan used to say, "facts are stupid things." Yeah, yeah, national debt has increased more than \$200 billion a year under Republican presidents and less than \$100 billion a year under Democrats, but so what? Rich people sure get a lot richer under Republicans. According to the U.S.

THE GRAND OLD (INDEPENDENT) PARTY

THE LIBERTARIAN CANDIDATE TALKS FREEDOM

By Robert Levine

Internal Revenue Service, the only taxpayers whose share of taxes declined in 2001 and 2002 were those in the top 0.1 percent—Americans earning more than \$10 million a year. The following year their tax share declined by another million. These same lucky folks now pay a lesser share of their income in taxes than those who make between \$100,000 and \$200,000 a year. Meanwhile, the average chief executive of a Standard & Poor's 500 company took home \$13.5 million in total compensation in 2005, a year in which the top one percent of Americans earned nearly 22 percent of all income. Believe it or not, by 11:02 A.M. of the first day of work on the first day of the year, one of these average CEOs will make more moola than a minimum-wage dweeb on the payroll will make in the entire year. Is this a great country or what?

Don't forget the terrorists (though liberals would love it if you did). Mitt told it like it is when he tore back the curtain on liberals. They want to give the country away to terrorists. "Barack and Hillary have made their intentions clear regarding Iraq and the war on terror," he said. "They would retreat and declare defeat. And the consequence of that would be devastating. It would mean attacks on America, launched from safe havens that make Afghanistan under the Taliban look like child's play." About this, Mitt had no doubt. And why should he? The liberals plan to surrender to terror.

Of course, Mitt and his five sons, together with George W. Bush, Dick Cheney and just about everybody who planned and executed the Iraq war, managed to stay out of combat. And that war, according to our own intelligence agencies, has made us far less secure. And we've sent our boys to fight it without body armor, and we've cut their VA benefits, and we're losing soldiers even faster than Greenland is losing glaciers, and now we're accepting the ones who fail the toe-counting tests, when we're not forcing the others to stay for "stop leave" after "stop leave"—well, there I go again, getting all confused by that liberal claptrap. But hell, it's tough. After all, fully 55 veterans—many of whom served in Iraq and Afghanistan—signed up to run for office as Democrats in 2006. Imagine that: Veterans who want to "retreat, declare defeat" and invite "attacks on America." Remember: They want to surrender to terror. If Mitt doesn't scare them, maybe they'd like to go hunting with Cheney.

Eric Alterman is author of Why We're Liberals.

The Libertarian Party can sound refreshing: It favors withdrawing from Iraq, ending corporate welfare and legalizing most recreational drugs. But the party, by some measures the largest continuously operating third party in the U.S., also wants to cut taxes radically and privatize education and Social Security. William Redpath, the Libertarian presidential candidate, is critical of both major parties. "I decided if Reagan wasn't serious about

discussed the movement with Redpath, who has already secured his place on the November ballot.

PLAYBOY: As a Libertarian, what do you think is the proper role of government?

REDPATH: Government has grown so big because people are unable or unwilling to distinguish between that which is good and that which is just. Government should be an agent for justice, not an agent for good. There's an infinite amount of good to be done



cutting the size of government, no one in the two parties was," he says. He has harsher words for George W. Bush, who he believes has squandered too much money to fight a war that contributes little to national security. In his antiwar stance and belief in limited government Redpath echoes Republican presidential candidate Ron Paul. And though Redpath and Paul both offer a vision of personal freedom coupled with lower taxes (which would, of course, also mean spending less on overstretched schools and aging infrastructure), they represent divergent wings of libertarianism. Paul is associated with the populist paleolibertarianism of Alabama's Mises Institute, set up by a rebel faction that in 1982 broke with the more traditional libertarianism represented by Redpath and associated with Washington's Cato Institute. With Paul's candidacy for the Republican nomination finished, we

in this world—and if there's an infinite amount of good to be done, you're giving government license to get involved in every nook and cranny of our lives.

PLAYBOY: You have no chance of winning. Why are you running?

REDPATH: We have two dominant political parties in the United States because we don't have proportional representation. So it's difficult for minor parties to become a force. But I think people will eventually figure out what's wrong with the political process, why it's so uncompetitive, why about half of incumbents in state legislature races have no opponent, why so many U.S. House races aren't competitive. Proportional representation will come to the U.S., and the Libertarian Party will build over time.

PLAYBOY: The Libertarian Party has traditionally been aligned more with the Republicans, with whom you

agree—rhetorically, at least—on economic issues. But aren't people who are interested in civil liberties and limited government disenchanted by President Bush?

REDPATH: Absolutely. Bruce Bartlett, a conservative economic writer, was fired by the National Center for Policy Analysis for writing a book in which he excoriated Bush, saying he's no real conservative. Even Alan Greenspan—Alan Greenspan!—commented that Bush and his administration have dropped the ball on fiscal responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Republicans worry the Libertarian Party could turn races in the West, just as Democrats say Nader spoiled the 2000 election.

REDPATH: There's an easy answer to this, which is instant-runoff voting. That would do away with the spoiler effect, and Republicans and Democrats wouldn't try to marginalize and exclude smaller parties. And in defense of spoiling, the Prohibition Party spoiled two presidential elections for the Republicans—in 1884 and again in 1916, when Charles Evans Hughes would have defeated Woodrow Wilson; Hughes lost California by 3,000 votes, and the Prohibition Party got about 24,000 votes. After 1916 the Republicans got on the Prohibition bandwagon, and by 1919 the 18th Amendment had passed. Obviously, as a Libertarian I'm not in favor of Prohibition, but that party got what it wanted.

PLAYBOY: What's your equivalent, the one issue you'd want a major party to adopt?

REDPATH: The most important thing going forward is to adopt a more humble and less interventionist foreign policy. We have to maintain peace and prosperity at home, we have to maintain a strong defense of the U.S., but we can do that best by not causing other people to want to attack us. We weren't attacked on 9/11 because they hated us for our freedoms.

PLAYBOY: Why were we attacked?

REDPATH: Osama bin Laden said it: American soldiers on Muslim soil and U.S. support for Israel. The attacks were unspeakably heinous acts, but when people say, "This is why we attacked you," we should listen. I supported the war in Afghanistan and action against Al Qaeda. But there should have to be a clear threat to the U.S. to initiate a war. And the idea that Iraq was a threat was never anything more than absurd.

PLAYBOY: Let's say you get elected. What would your first 100 days look like?

REDPATH: I would pardon every nonviolent drug offender in federal prison. I would use

what executive orders I could to end federal spending for the things the federal government shouldn't be involved in, leaving more to state and local governments. And I would use whatever executive power would be prudent to reduce government spending.

PLAYBOY: It has become increasingly clear that the drug war isn't working.

REDPATH: The only drugs that should be illegal are those whose pharmacological nature would cause someone to act illegally. With many drugs, people imply that's what happens, but it's not. I have

heard politicians say the violence in the drug trade comes from the drug and not from the prohibition, which is crazy. Of course, driving under the influence should be illegal, and there should be an age of consent. But if someone smokes crystal meth, becomes a wastrel and is unable to

function, as long as they're not harming other people, that's their business.

PLAYBOY: What about government programs such as the National Park Service?

REDPATH: Milton Friedman said he saw no legitimate reason for governments to have national parks. I have a lot of respect for Friedman, but I think people won't want to do away with national parks. They should be self-funding. If you want to go on Skyline Drive in Virginia, you should have to pay.

PLAYBOY: What would you do about the FDA?

REDPATH: The Libertarian response would be something like Underwriters Laboratories, which is a private organization that helps make electrical equipment safe. There needs to be self-regulation on the part of business.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't government need to step in to protect people's rights? For example, does the right to privacy need to be protected from Google?

REDPATH: If people thought Google was going to start abus-

ing them through information gathered from their Internet usage, they could use Ask.com. Any other company could say, "Hey, if you don't like that, we're not doing it."

PLAYBOY: The Libertarian Party is small, but Ron Paul found a receptive audience for many of its ideas. Do you think your ideas are moving into the mainstream?

REDPATH: Things are going the Libertarians' way. And I think that will be more the case because if we don't have the discipline to do it internally, it will be imposed from outside. The falling dollar is the world's way of telling us we need to do better at managing our economy.

IN MY FIRST 100 DAYS I WOULD PARDON EVERY NONVIOLENT DRUG OFFENDER IN PRISON.



MARGINALIA



FROM AN INTERVIEW

on local television with Virginia state delegate Lionell Spruill, who was attempting to find a co-sponsor for a bill to ban truck nuts and anything else resembling human genitalia attached to a vehicle: "It comes to a point where there are certain things you just can't do. And putting testicles on the back of a truck is just too much. So I am trying to stop it."

FROM A BLOG

posting by Julian Sanchez about Ashlee Simpson's "Outta My Head (Ay Ya Ya)" video: "My first thought upon being sent this video was, How bizarre! This is basically just a string of visual and aural quotes from 1980s pop



culture, but it's pitched at a demographic that—unlike, say, many viewers of *Family Guy* or fans of New Wave revival bands—can't possibly be nostalgic for the 1980s. Hell, half of them weren't even born in the 1980s. Then it occurred to me that when I was a high school student in the 1990s, most of my friends and I were wearing tie-dyes and listening to the Dead and CSNY. Because you know I love coining the words—I guess if we're rocking it 1980s style, I should call them sniglets [after the Rich Hall books]—let's dub this phenomenon agnostalgia."

FROM A DESCRIPTION of the book *Leisurama Now* in the Princeton Architectural Press spring 2008 catalog: "Who doesn't dream of owning a

second home at the beach? Well, in the early 1960s it was a snap even for the working class. For as little as \$590 down and \$73 a month you could walk into Macy's and leave with a fully



furnished house. All you needed to move in was a key and some groceries. Each house came complete with furniture, appliances, a 45-piece Melmac dinner service, plastic glasses and 50 pieces of stainless-steel flatware, plus towels, napkins, place mats, beds, pillows and sheets, even toothbrushes. In *Leisurama*, author Paul Sahre uncovers the mystery of this legendary slice of architectural Americana and lovingly documents its 40-year history."

FROM A STATEMENT

by Marc Emery, the Canadian founder of the British Columbia Marijuana Party, on being sentenced to five years in prison—as a result of U.S. pressure—for selling pot seeds on the Internet, including (continued on page 43)



READER RESPONSE

PIGSKIN AND PRIVACY

Your comments on drug testing in the NFL ("Unnecessary Toughness," February) could extend to drug testing in our society as a whole. Drug testing is currently used as an element of class warfare. The majority of jobs that require drug tests are blue-collar. But doctors, lawyers, the judges who send your ass to jail for using and the congressmen and



His use of bodily fluids should be limited.

other people who run the country don't have to submit to tests. How can this be tolerated in a society in which everyone is supposed to be equal before the law?

Stan Johnson
Tempe, Arizona

It should be pointed out that 90 percent of big businesses in America test for illegal substances. The NFL should be no different. These athletes are paid ungodly amounts. When I watch a game I want the athletes to be at their best. The only reason players bitch is that there are so many pieces of shit in the NFL. As long as they are under contract they should be expected to stay away from anything illegal.

Freddy George
Brooklyn, New York

In the many years I have been a subscriber I have felt compelled to write you many times—usually to commend. This time is different. I must comment on the completely ridiculous "Unnecessary Toughness." I'm not for or against drug testing on the whole. I can't see why my mechanic needs to be tested, but I can certainly understand it if he's working on a commercial jet plane. For the most part I feel it is a violation of privacy that shouldn't have been allowed to happen in the first place. But that's like bitching about

the weather, isn't it? It's upon us, and there's little to be done about it.

J.C. Peterson
Charlotte, North Carolina

Aren't random drug tests conducted by nearly every employer in the U.S.? Why should the NFL be any different? Recreational or performance-enhancing, it doesn't matter. The bottom line is drugs are illegal. If your employer (in this case, the NFL) says you can't use drugs and work for them, then you have to choose. Do I think pot should be legal? Sure, but it doesn't matter what I or anyone else thinks. What matters is the law.

Nathan Hamilton
Dothan, Alabama

The last time I checked, the drugs listed in "Unnecessary Toughness" are still illegal.

Roger Kahler
Ocala, Florida

Why the hell does the NFL test players for recreational drugs? Because they are illegal and because the NFL says so. The NFL has the right to test or not to test its players as it sees fit, as does any employer. The NFL is a business, and players choose to work for it. What is the worst that happens to a player who tests positive? Does he go to jail, get probation or have to do community service? No. Instead of going to jail, professional athletes who do drugs are fined, suspended or banned by the league. However, if just the players are tested and not the ownership, the officials and anyone else the league employs, that is wrong and should be corrected through mandatory drug testing for everyone. By the way, does Playboy test its employees and Playmates?

C. Benjamin Whalen
Clarksville, Tennessee

Sports leagues—or any other corporate entities, for that matter—are not law-enforcement agencies. As pointed out in the piece, the NFL does not police players in other areas of the law. The Packers wouldn't ask to review Brett Favre's tax returns for bogus deductions, for example, or try to kick Donald Driver off the team for parking—but not being ticketed for doing so—in a handicapped space. Teams cut players if they don't perform; if drugs cause a drop in on-the-field productivity, a player will pay the price. Perhaps the fact that other employers

test for drugs (62 percent of them, according to a survey by the American Management Association, not 90 percent as Freddy George asserts) should be less a justification for NFL testing and more a source of grief for workers in other industries. Drug laws are not immutable. Rather than throwing up your hands in resignation or, worse yet, wishing such invasive procedures on others (these corporations are examining your bodily fluids!), George, Nathan Hamilton and J.C. Peterson should fight against testing by all companies. The way big businesses function—their rights, in the language of C. Benjamin Whalen—is dictated by society in the form of corporate charters. With sufficient political will, such charters could be modified to bar them from infringing on employees' privacy. And no, Playboy does not test its employees for drug use.

BASHING SEX CONFUSED WITH SEX ED

In February's "My Apostasy" John Banville tries to say religion focuses too much on the "sins of the flesh," and he asks, "What was it all about?" Well, since the 1980s something called AIDS is what it's all about, and those priests probably saved lives. I'm not for the Spanish Inquisition or anything even close, but religion teaches us to be careful with sex



Can willful ignorance ever be educational?

because one "fun" time can change your life forever. Be they STDs or unwanted pregnancies, misfortunes can result from sex. The church's role in this is just to make sure you know about them. If your church is too strict for you, change churches. That is freedom.

Chad Kingsbery
New Braunfels, Texas

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

NEWSFRONT



Think Outside the Bun

BERLIN—Mexico's ambassador to Germany made a formal complaint about a hit song featuring the chorus "Finger in the butt, Mexico." Ambassador Jorge Castro-Valle Kuehne wrote a letter to EMI, which released the tune by Mickie Krause, whose other hits have included "Go Home, You Old Shit" and "10 Naked Hairdressers." "As I'm sure you can understand," wrote Kuehne, "the lyric has aroused great outrage among the members of the Mexican community living in Germany, who have a right to be angry that Mexico's name is being used in this kind of disrespectful and disgusting way." Krause's response? "Onstage I also sing the lyric 'Finger in the vagina, Bosnia-Herzegovina,' and nobody has gotten worked up about that."

Friends in Low Places

BANGKOK—As part of the ongoing scandal surrounding the destruction of CIA tapes depicting potential torture during interrogations, it has been revealed that the agency maintains facilities in Thailand where prisoners are taken for extralegal questioning. In what looks to be a bad sign, Thailand is not a signatory to the United Nations Convention Against Torture. Also, former prime minister Thaksin Shinawatra's government granted a legal exemption to U.S. citizens who violated the Rome Statute of the International Criminal Court on Thai soil and agreed not to extradite Americans to an ICC-signatory third country. Another bad sign? Rights activists in southern Thailand, where Buddhist security forces are battling Malay Muslim insurgents, are seeing eerily familiar techniques used by Thai security forces with close links to U.S. military officials. According to *Asia Times*, tortures include "sleep deprivation, forced nudity, exposure to extreme temperatures, the threat to release guard dogs" and being "left naked in a meat cooler for over 24 hours."



Bad to the Bone

SENEGAL—Seeking to prove the legitimacy of an article on homosexuality his magazine had published, Mansour Dieng, editor of *Icône*,

printed photos of a gay wedding in Senegal, a Muslim country where homosexuality is illegal. Soon afterward, in February, police arrested five men pictured in the magazine (though one of the bridegrooms remained at large), and the Department of Criminal Investigations announced the launch of an inquiry into the wedding. The editor, meanwhile, has received death threats.

Walking the Walk

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In the wake of a campaign to keep Congress from granting immunity to telecom firms that provided data to the Bush administration without warrants, Democracy for America—the advocacy group started by Howard Dean after his failed bid for the White House—has started a cell phone service called DFA Wireless. It offers an alternative for people who want to stop paying companies that have collaborated with the administration. In addition to supporting a business that pledges not to submit to warrantless wiretapping, customers get 30 free minutes of calls to the White House a month. Ten percent of regular charges are donated to DFA; the wireless provider also supports the Electronic Frontier Foundation, Democracy Now, the ACLU and other institutions that fight for phone and Internet privacy.

Money for Nothing

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Citing "multiple close-up views" of female buttocks, the FCC—following a long legal battle with the ABC TV network—fined 52 ABC affiliates \$1.4 million each for an episode of *NYPD Blue* aired in 2003.

MARGINALIA

(continued from page 41)

some to American customers: "I'm really pleased and proud of what I've done. I wish I could have done more to piss the U.S. government off."

FROM AN ESSAY by world-renowned symphony conductor Daniel Barenboim, explaining why he took dual Israeli and Palestinian citizenship and why he urges other Israelis to do so as well:

"I have often said that the destinies of the Israeli and Palestinian people are inextricably linked and that there is no military solution to the conflict. My recent acceptance of Palestinian nationality has given me the opportunity to demonstrate this more tangibly. When the Palestinian passport was offered to me, I accepted it in the spirit of acknowledging the Palestinian destiny which I, as an Israeli, share. A true citizen of Israel must reach out to the Palestinian people with openness and at the very least an attempt to understand what the creation of the state of Israel has meant to them. May 15, 1948 is the day of independence for the Jews, but the same day is al-Nakba, the catastrophe, for the Palestinians. A true citizen of Israel must ask himself what the Jews, known as an intelligent people of learning and culture, have done to share their cultural heritage with the Palestinians. A true citizen of Israel must also ask himself why the Palestinians have been condemned to live in slums and accept lower standards of education and medical care, rather than being provided by the occupying force with decent, dignified and livable conditions—a right common to all human beings."



FROM AN EXPLANATION of consumption-driven GDP growth during the final quarter of 2007, titled "Flat-Screen TVs Keep GDP Growing in Fourth Quarter," released by the Center for Economic and Policy Research:

"The growth in consumption was impressive given the quarter's weak job growth, declining real wages and plunging house prices. The savings rate fell to just 0.2 percent for the quarter, bringing the rate for the year to 0.5 percent, almost identical to the rates for 2005 and 2006. Within consumption, durable goods showed the strongest gains, rising at a 4.2 percent rate. This in turn was driven by an eight percent growth rate in the category of 'furniture and household equipment.' This is most likely explained by a surge in purchases of appliances like flat-screen televisions, since the plunge in home sales is depressing the sale of furniture."



MONEY CHANGERS IN THE TEMPLE

THE BEST OF THE WORST OF CHRISTIAN CONSUMERISM

Daniel Radosh has covered evangelical culture and politics for *PLAYBOY* for more than a decade. For his new book, *Rapture Ready! Adventures in the Parallel Universe of Christian Pop Culture*, he spent a year traveling the country to

visit Christian rock concerts, comedy shows, theme parks and wrestling matches, bringing home an impressive collection of faith-based souvenirs. Each year, Americans spend more than \$4.5 billion on Christian products, including many

peculiar gift items. "Christians call it Jesus junk," Radosh says. "Apparently, there is an insatiable appetite for the timeless message of the Gospel slapped onto anything made of plastic." We asked Radosh to share a few of his favorites.

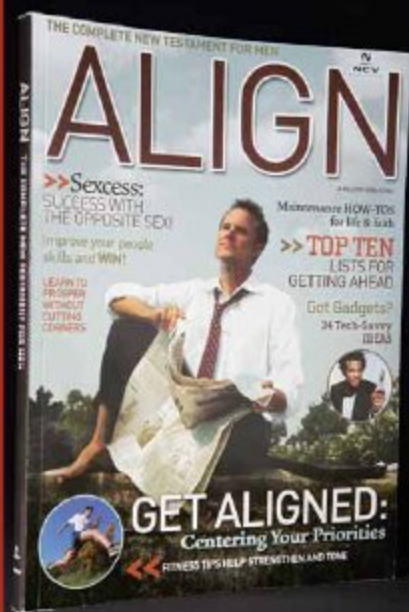
Originally played by Willie Aames, **Bibleman** is the hero of a long-running TV series. The toy version is wielding his Sword of the Spirit.



The soles of **Follow the Son Sandals** imprint FOLLOW JESUS in the sand. The verses on **Gospel Golf Balls** mean losing one may save a soul.

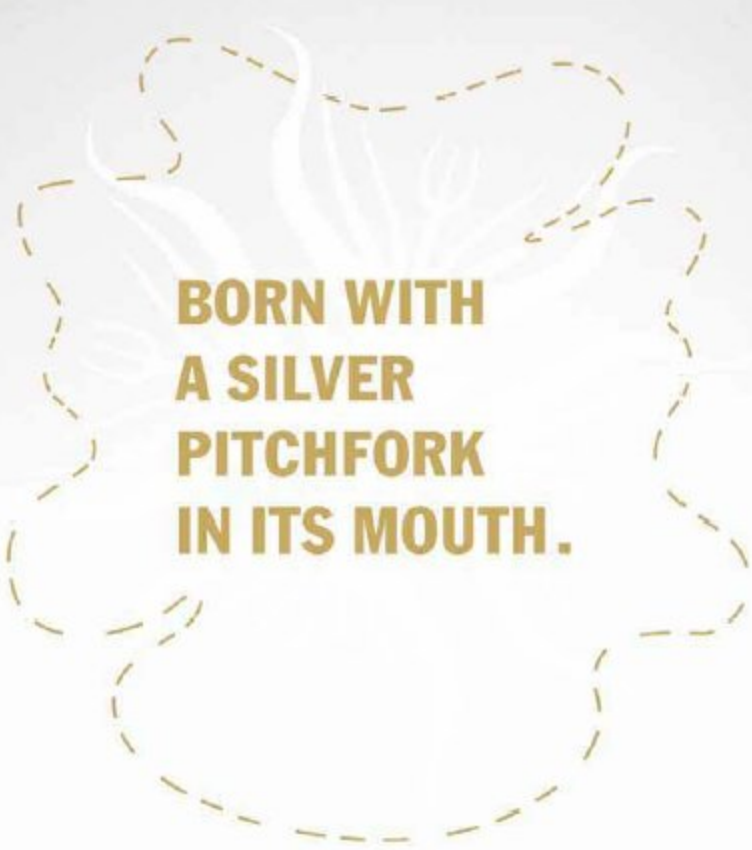


For every popular corporate logo or slogan there's a Christian parody on a **T-shirt** somewhere. Believers call it witness wear. The Jew in this twist on Mountain Dew's "Do the Dew" is Jesus, and do means to accept him as your lord and savior.



Align is a men's magazine that contains the complete New Testament. The CEO of **Scripture Candy** says the sweets allow kids to "get a Christian message into schools without getting into trouble."



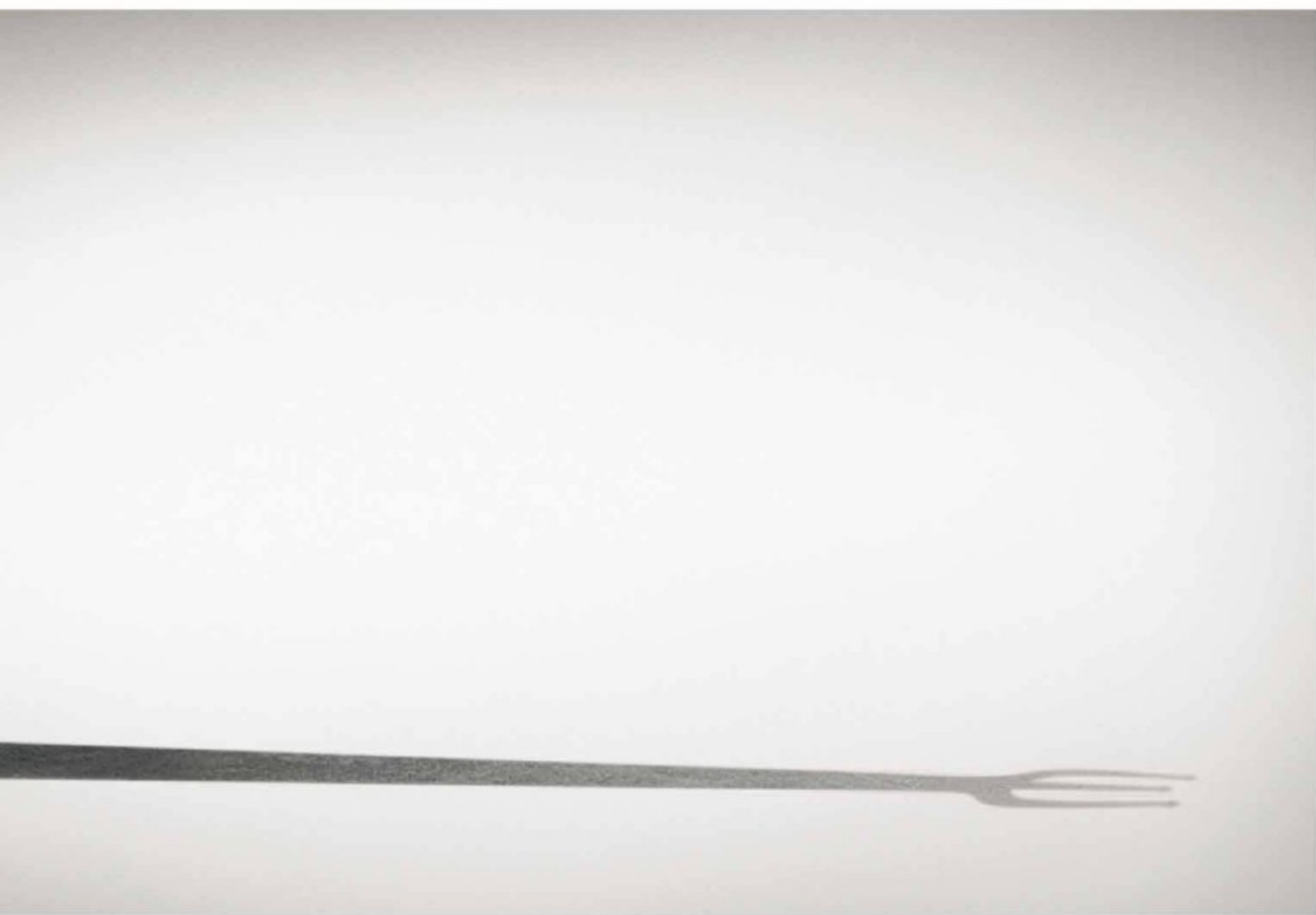


**BORN WITH
A SILVER
PITCHFORK
IN ITS MOUTH.**

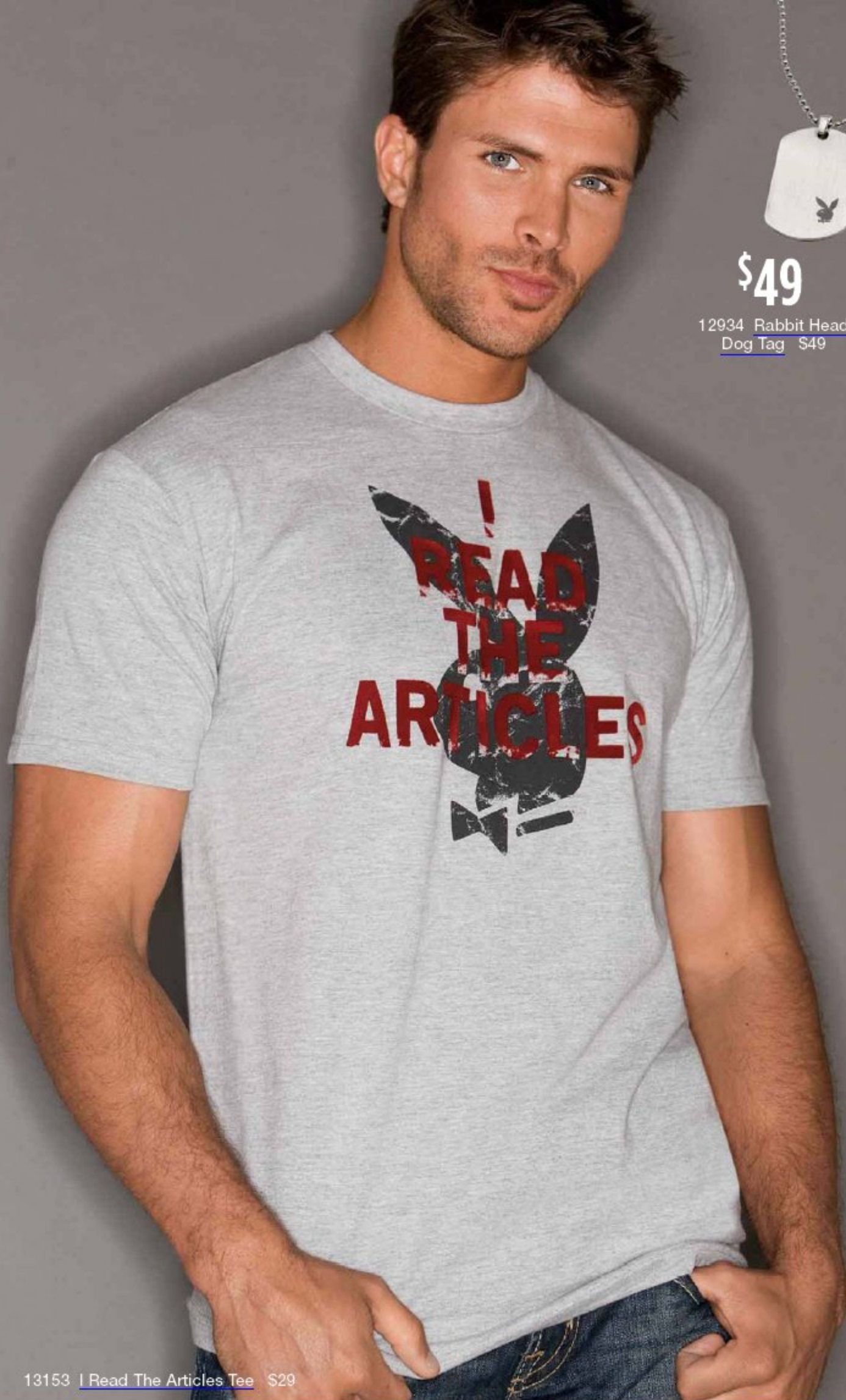




The Cayman. **Engineered mischief.**



PORSCHE



13153 [I Read The Articles Tee](#) \$29



\$49

12934 [Rabbit Head Dog Tag](#) \$49



13151 [Script Thermal Top](#) \$42







13155 [Mansion Bouncer Tee](#) \$29



13152 [Since 1953 Tee](#) \$29

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: FAREED ZAKARIA

A candid conversation with one of the smartest foreign-policy minds in the U.S. about the cost of Iraq, the upcoming election and the future of America

Fareed Zakaria has been called the Muslim Cary Grant and mentioned as a candidate for secretary of state—not the usual praise heaped on a journalist. One thing is certain: Americans increasingly rely on the articulate columnist and television commentator to interpret world events, whether they be the September 11 terrorist attacks, the assassination of Benazir Bhutto in Pakistan or the latest inflammatory ravings of Iran's Mahmoud Ahmadinejad. At a time when political discourse is often limited to sensational sound bites, whining and bloviating, Zakaria's analysis and opinions are reasoned, complex, bipartisan and coherent. No wonder his fans range from Jon Stewart, who reportedly has a "man crush" on Zakaria, to Condoleezza Rice, who has said Zakaria is "intelligent about just about every area of the world." *Esquire* named him one of the 21 most important people of the 21st century.

Before September 11 Zakaria was a rising star in the rarefied world of foreign policy; *The Nation* called him the "junior Kissinger." Then came the terrorist attacks and Zakaria's response, a seminal *Newsweek* cover story called "The Politics of Rage: Why Do They Hate Us?," a bold critique of the "dysfunctions" of Arab society. In the piece Zakaria argued for an American and international effort to help Islam enter the modern world; he was rewarded with a fatwa. Since then Zakaria has become the go-to commentator on terrorism and the Middle East, as well as

India, Pakistan, China, Russia—in fact, just about every one of the world's hot spots.

In addition to his columns for *Newsweek* and *The Washington Post* Zakaria will soon host his own weekly hour-long show on CNN. He's also the author of books about terrorism, international politics, economics and globalization, including *The Future of Freedom*, a *New York Times* best-seller translated into 20 languages. His latest is *The Post-American World*, essential reading for anyone who hopes to understand the future of the United States. America has a choice, Zakaria contends: accept and adapt to the new paradigm—the inexorable rise of the rest of the world—or suffer economically and politically.

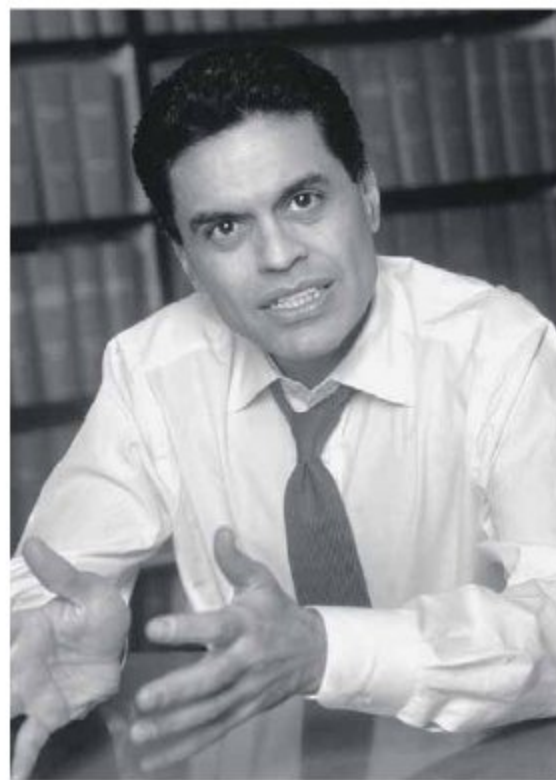
Zakaria, 44, who lives in New York City with his wife, Paula Throckmorton Zakaria, and their two children, was born in Mumbai, India, where his father was a scholar and politician and his mother a newspaper editor. He was educated in India before coming to the U.S. to attend college at Yale, where he became president of the Yale Political Union. After graduating he earned a Ph.D. at Harvard, followed by his appointment as the youngest managing editor in the history of *Foreign Affairs* magazine. Then *Newsweek* called. Along with his column and occasional features, he oversees the magazine's international editions. He's a frequent guest on talk shows, including *The Daily Show*, and an analyst

for ABC News. He also hosted the *Foreign Exchange* show on PBS.

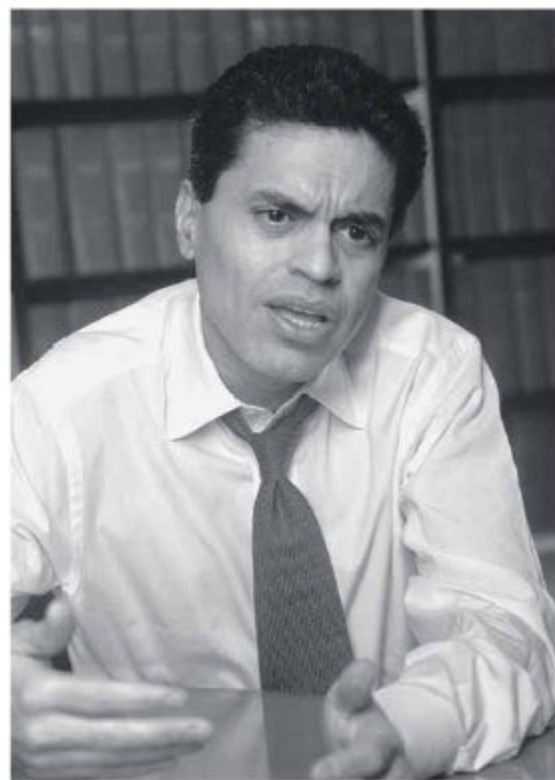
PLAYBOY tapped Contributing Editor David Sheff, who last interviewed Russian dissident and former world chess champion Garry Kasparov for the magazine, to meet with Zakaria in Manhattan. "I knew Zakaria would be smart," Sheff reports, "but I was struck by his graciousness. Even as he talks about a new world, he has old-world manners and class. That's not to say he didn't keep me on my toes. Name any place and not only does Zakaria know its pressing contemporary issues but he puts them in their historical context. It's all the more remarkable because Zakaria's beat—that is, everywhere—with its elections, coups, terrorist attacks, assassinations and wars, is a perpetually moving target. Whether about Iraq, Iran, Russia, China or the U.S., he challenged me, as he regularly does his readers and viewers, to think deeply about my assumptions."

PLAYBOY: For many of us the idea of a post-American world is unthinkable. We're too big, too significant—the world's only superpower. Are we wrong?

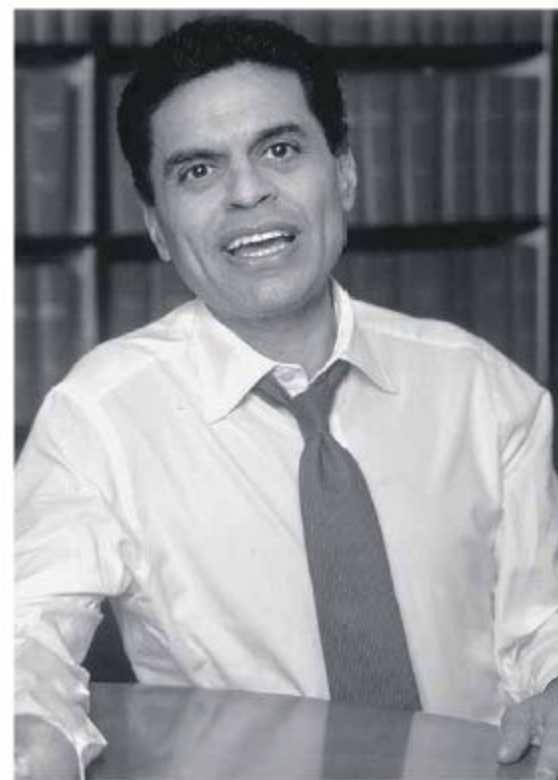
ZAKARIA: I began with the same confidence. I thought America was unstoppable too, that our position in the world was assured. But then I began noticing things that a short time ago were unimaginable. The richest man in the world lives in Mexico City. The tallest building in the world is in



"The rhetoric of Washington is absolutely pernicious—rhetoric that views the outside world as evil. Our foreign policy is trying to convert people to nirvana—that is, our way—or beating them up, humiliating and punishing them."



"We in the media have culpability. Bad news sells. We should really think about it. We have an obligation to place things in context. The truth is we are safer than at any other time in history. Where's the news in that?"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"We do live in a troubled world, but this is not Armageddon. Just because a two-bit dictator in Iran has some strange musings about religion doesn't mean he's going to end the world as we know it. Nor can he."

Taipei, and Dubai is building a taller building. The next-tallest building in the world will be built in Dubai a year and a half later. The largest factory in the world is in China, the largest casino hotel in the world now is the Venetian in Macao, and Macao just overtook Las Vegas with the largest gambling revenues in the world. Shopping, America's great leisure-time activity? The last time I was in Beijing they showed me the largest mall in the world, which has since been eclipsed by another Chinese mall. It turns out the top 10 malls in the world are all outside the United States. Just three years ago almost every category I gave you would have been topped by America. The change is fast and has only just begun. It's still true there's only one superpower, but things are changing in every dimension other than the military.

PLAYBOY: Some people would argue that our military trumps everything else.

ZAKARIA: From history we know that if a superpower relies solely on its military might, it will fall behind. At the end of their empire the British were obsessed by minor political disturbances throughout the empire, where they could go in and stabilize a situation with their military strength. It's the trap of hegemony: You begin to believe the only thing that matters is the thing you can do better than others and without others' support. It's the quick and easy path to decline.

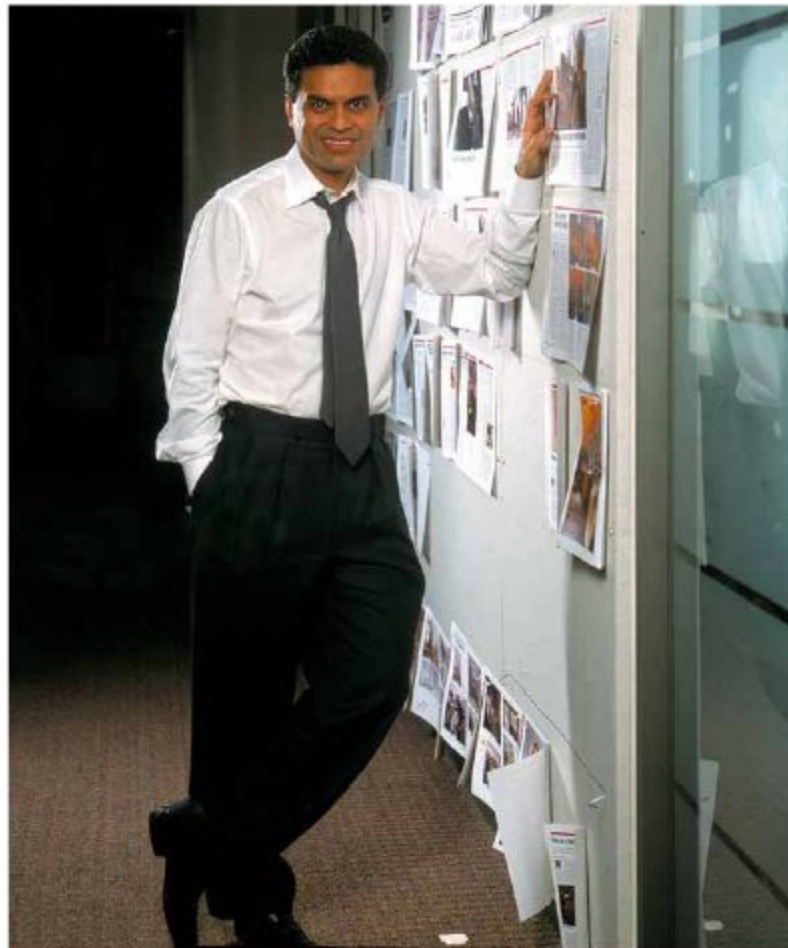
PLAYBOY: But the United States also still has the world's number one economy.

ZAKARIA: Which is in jeopardy if we don't adapt to the changing world, if we don't embrace it, if instead we dig in our heels, close our borders, close our minds and try to stop change.

PLAYBOY: How are we trying to stop change?

ZAKARIA: First, we're in denial, and there are two or three streams feeding the denial. We've always thought of ourselves as exceptional. We *are* exceptional. But this country was created in rejection of the Old World. We were the New World. We think we still are, but a newer world is being formed, newer than ours. We're also in denial about globalization. We talk about it, but more than 80 percent of the U.S. economy is domestic. Meanwhile, we react with absolute horror at the prospect that there might be Americans who speak a second language—Spanish, God forbid—as if our big problem as Americans is that we know too many foreign languages. Also, there's very little foreign travel by Americans. Our parochialism means we really haven't noticed things have changed. U.S. businesses

get it, though. It's a very competitive world, and they've had to hustle. American universities get it too. Students are coming from everywhere, and research is being done. In Washington it's all chest-pumping machismo. Our foreign policy is trying to convert people to nirvana—that is, our way—or beating them up, humiliating and punishing them. The idea of talking to them is ridiculed. There's no other country in the world where talking to people—just talking to them—is regarded as treasonous. As a result we know nothing about these places in the world that are rising and becoming vibrant and powerful.



If 1.3 billion Muslims were really trying to revolt, you would hear about it a lot more often.

We talk incessantly about Iran, and Bush demonizes the country. But we know nothing about Iran, and the administration doesn't even want to talk to Iran.

PLAYBOY: So you favor talking to a rogue nation like Iran?

ZAKARIA: Of course. Iran is a very complex country with a very complex culture. Unless we talk to them, how will we know who they are? We don't even know anything about Cuba, though it's only 90 miles from Florida. For four decades we've had a fantasy that we were achieving regime change in Cuba; meanwhile Fidel Castro, until very recently, was the longest-serving political leader in the world. You'd think those two facts would be prima facie evidence our policy hasn't

worked, but we don't go back and look. It's unthinkable we would learn from anyone else. Instead, they are all bad, and we are good. Everyone is out to get us, and we are blown way out of proportion, and we in the media have culpability here. Bad news sells. We say this blithely. We say it and kind of titter, but we should really think about it. We have an obligation to place things in context. The truth is we are safer than at any other time in history. Where's the news in that?

PLAYBOY: Safer? With Al Qaeda and similar terrorist groups still threatening us?

ZAKARIA: Al Qaeda has been very successfully defanged. Every government in the world realized it was a problem, and now it's on the run.

PLAYBOY: You charge that, since September 11, 2001, Al Qaeda has basically been a producer of bad videos. But what about the bombings in Madrid and London? What about suicide bombings throughout the Middle East?

ZAKARIA: Every motley crew calls itself Al Qaeda but has no operational or financial links to the outfit that directed 9/11 and the embassy bombings. Since 9/11 Osama bin Laden has done nothing except issue threats in videos.

PLAYBOY: Are you denying the threat of terrorism?

ZAKARIA: It's fundamentally important that we recognize terrorism and Islamic extremism as real problems, but we must put them in context. We're told the Arab world is out to get us, but it's a small fringe. Polls in every Muslim society show most people reject the message of extremism and fundamentalism. Do they reject it loudly enough? Maybe in some cases they don't, and we should push them to. The Taliban is unpopular. Al Qaeda is

unpopular. The idea of jihad is unpopular. Yet we're constantly given the message that they're all out to get us, which of course in some weird way is doing Osama bin Laden's bidding, feeding the message of Al Qaeda and giving it more power than it deserves.

PLAYBOY: How about Iran? Do you agree that Ahmadinejad and a nuclear Iran are a threat?

ZAKARIA: On one occasion Ahmadinejad said he wanted to wipe Israel off the map. There's some debate about what he actually said, but let's assume he said it. It's a horrible thing to say and absolutely deserves to be condemned, but isn't it worth our pointing out that in the 1970s every Arab leader routinely said this? The big shift in a 30- or 40-year perspective is that he's the only

guy in the Middle East saying it now. The Arabs—the Egyptians, the Syrians—have all moved to a reluctant acceptance of the reality of Israel. Now that's the big story but weapons. Bush does. Americans are basically optimistic, open-minded people, but the press and politicians have this amazing ability to convince people we're living in a dangerous world and there are people out there trying to kill us. It used to be the crazies—the Joe McCarthys of the world—who were trying to convince you nuclear Armageddon was approaching. Now the people doing it are in high office.

PLAYBOY: Is it because they believe it, or are they manipulating the public?

ZAKARIA: I've never met a politician who is unaware of the effects of his rhetoric on his poll ratings. Politicians are aware that when they talk up this rhetoric, it makes people think it's better to have tough, hawkish people in charge. We do live in a troubled world, but this is not Armageddon. Just because a two-bit dictator in Iran has some strange musings about religion doesn't mean he's going to end the world as we know it. Nor can he.

PLAYBOY: But it seems dangerous to minimize the threat of terrorism.

ZAKARIA: There's always going to be what I call mom-and-pop terrorism. It's unfortunate. What could derail us, however, is the large-scale weapons-of-mass-destruction type of terrorism—nuclear terrorism. It's a real problem, and we should be addressing it more energetically than we are. The administration hasn't put the nuclear proliferation issue in front.

PLAYBOY: What would be a more rational strategy on terrorism?

ZAKARIA: We should certainly be tracing these groups, tracking their funds, doing everything we can to obstruct and intercept them. We should also make a much more active effort to engage this struggle at cultural, political and economic levels to make these societies understand that we share their aspirations for modernity. We want to partner with them. We see our future as being linked with theirs. We shouldn't convey that we think Islam is the enemy. Look, if 1.3 billion Muslims were really trying to revolt against the West, you would hear about it a lot more often than the occasional cafe bomb in Istanbul.

PLAYBOY: What about Iran? What would be a rational approach there?

ZAKARIA: We have to come to terms with the fact that Iran is a real country and has legitimate security concerns. Look at the neighborhood: You have a nuclear India, a nuclear Pakistan, a nuclear China, a nuclear Russia and a nuclear Israel. The United States has 150,000 troops on one Iranian border, and 50,000 U.S. and NATO troops

We're Number...Huh?		
RICHEST MAN	Bnl Ghes, U.S. \$59.2 billion	Cantos Smit, Mexico \$67.8 billion
LARGEST PRIVATE YACHT	Larry Ellison's <i>Rising Sun</i> , U.S. 452 feet	Sheik Mohammed's <i>Platinum</i> , Dubai 525 feet
LARGEST BREWERY	Anheuser-Busch, U.S. \$15.7 billion in sales	InBev, Belgium \$16.7 billion in sales
LARGEST ENGLISH-LANGUAGE NEWSPAPER	<i>USA Today</i> , U.S. 2.3 million copies every weekday	<i>The Times of India</i> , India 3.7 million copies every weekday
LARGEST MOBILE PHONE PRODUCER	Motorola, U.S. 14% of the market in 2007	Nokia, Finland 38% of the market in 2007
BIGGEST GAMBLING REVENUES	Las Vegas Strip, U.S. \$6.6 billion in 2006	Macao, China \$6.95 billion in 2006
LARGEST COMPANY	ExxonMobil, U.S. estimated \$500 billion	PetroChina, China estimated \$1 trillion
LARGEST COMMERCIAL AIRPLANE	Boeing 747, U.S. more than 400 passengers	Airbus A380, European consortium more than 800 passengers
RICHEST BANK	Citigroup, U.S. \$251 billion in market capitalization	Industrial and Commercial Bank of China, China \$254 billion in market capitalization

are on the other border. You have an American president who keeps saying this is an evil regime that has to be changed. Iran is not just being paranoid. If you were in that situation, you would buy some insurance, and in the world of international relations nuclear weapons are insurance.

PLAYBOY: But doesn't a nuclear Iran concern you?

ZAKARIA: If you want Iran to denuclearize, you must recognize that it will need some assurances relating to security. The first step would be having a dialogue. Barack Obama said he would talk to them, and he was vilified, called naive, but you want to talk to these people.

PLAYBOY: The counterargument is that they want to kill us and that talking to people like Ahmadinejad is irresponsible as well as useless.

ZAKARIA: And it would be rewarding them. To which I say, "Look, we don't actually know much about them." Some people around the world have heard a lot of things George Bush has said and think he's crazy too. I would say to them, "Meet him. Find out." The reality is that Iran is a serious country. No matter who governs it, Iran has security concerns. The nuclear program was started by the shah of Iran, not the mullahs. Negotiating with them does not mean they won't be very tough. Remember that the best thing for Castro, the Iranian hard-liners and so many others has been to have the United States

as their enemy. We play into their hands. If we were to take a more sensible view of Iran and North Korea, to name two, we would recognize that time is on our side, not theirs. We in the modern world have the answers; they don't. Iran has a totally dysfunctional economy. The government isn't particularly popular. It's not a recipe for long-term success.

PLAYBOY: You argue for engagement, but doesn't China disprove that engagement leads to regime change and democracy?

ZAKARIA: We started talking to China at the height of the Cultural Revolution, when Mao, probably a certified lunatic, was running the country into the ground. It's difficult to describe how cataclysmically bad and antimodern revolutionary China was. From there we've ended up with a China that is peaceful, increasingly prosperous and modernizing. There's a rule of law, and the country is dealing with environmentalism, including global warming.

PLAYBOY: But China has no religious freedoms, and critics of the government are routinely locked up.

ZAKARIA: The Chinese haven't moved all the way, but compared with 1973? In 1973 anyone who told you China would be where it is today would have been accused of smoking dope. We move the goalposts when we say "But they're not a full liberal democracy yet." Yes, but there is more openness than you would believe. If you want to be an entrepreneur and

own things, you can. If you want to sue the government in court, you can.

PLAYBOY: What about Russia? Do you agree it's actually backsliding in its progress toward democracy?

ZAKARIA: Putin has struggled with constitutional issues relating to whether or not he can keep his position. In the old days it would have been easy. "What constitution? I am the constitution." I regard that as progress.

PLAYBOY: But isn't it a false sense of progress? In a recent *Playboy Interview*, opposition leader Garry Kasparov charged that Putin has acted as unilaterally as the Communist leaders.

ZAKARIA: It's a fair point, but Russia isn't just richer, it's freer in a hundred different ways. But yes, in five years there has been regression. Pakistan is similar. Twenty years ago it was basically a failed state going toward jihadist status.

PLAYBOY: In Pakistan what will be the long-term impact of Benazir Bhutto's assassination?

ZAKARIA: In an odd way it doesn't change things as much as if she had lived. She had the potential to change the political dynamic in Pakistan because she was the only truly national figure who was popular, modern and antifundamentalist. She was a plausible alternative to military rule. Pakistan will probably muddle through, but nothing will fundamentally change.

PLAYBOY: How about next door in Iraq? Initially you supported the war. At what point did you change your position?

ZAKARIA: One week after the invasion I wrote a column saying the occupation was going badly. I called for a much larger troop level and UN occupation.

PLAYBOY: Like Hillary Clinton and others, do you regret your initial support of the war?

ZAKARIA: I still believe the idea of creating a modern and democratic Iraq was a good one, and Saddam Hussein's incredibly brutal and tyrannical regime provided an unusual opportunity to do so. I believe we went about it in a catastrophic way that incurred enormous costs. So put me down as somebody who still believes it was a good idea but was very badly implemented. The road to hell is littered with good intentions. Perhaps my mistake was not realizing the Bush administration would be as arrogant and stupid as they were. I thought they would want to succeed. There was a legal framework to go in. I never bought the WMD rationale, but there were the 16 UN resolutions. It was a rare opportunity to get rid of an evil dictator, modernize the region and do it in a completely legitimate, sanctioned way that the international community would sign on to. What would it have required? Waiting three months so the French were onboard? At the time, Indian officials told me [if the U.S. had waited and not gone in unilaterally] they would have sent troops. If India had sent them, Pakistan would have sent them, probably Bangladesh as well. But the success of Afghanistan

turned the Bush administration's head and made them power crazy. It made them want to do it all by themselves, and it completely ruined us nationally.

PLAYBOY: Is Iraq hopeless?

ZAKARIA: If 10 years from now Iraq turns out to be a modern and democratic state, it will make a big difference in the Middle East. Will the price have been worth it? I don't know. The cost has been unconscionable for the United States. But I persist in believing that opening up the Middle East to be more modern and moderate—more democratic—is a crucial part of the answer.

PLAYBOY: Some critics of the Iraq war say America is creating a new generation of suicide bombers and terrorists throughout the region. Are we?

ZAKARIA: I think that's exaggerated. I don't think we're creating a new generation of them, but neither are we doing enough to stop the existing trends of radicalization.

PLAYBOY: How could we?

ZAKARIA: It's a very powerful thing to want to give up your own life, to kill yourself for a cause. We need to be a little bit humble about understanding that we're not the cause of all the things that go on in the

I still believe the idea of creating a modern and democratic Iraq was a good one. I believe we went about it in a catastrophic way that incurred enormous costs.

world. This is an internally generated dysfunction, but we could be part of the solution. They all think the United States is out to get them. They all think we're trying to wage war on them, on Islam. At the very least we should ask, Why do people think this way, and what can be done? The vast majority of people in these societies want modernity. Of course they want it with a certain kind of cultural dignity, but that's true everywhere, and it's particularly true in the broken cultures of the Arab world. That means there is going to be a certain anger and rage about the Westernization of the world. At the end of the day, though, they don't want the Taliban. They don't want Islamic fundamentalism. They're searching for some in-between path. Meanwhile, Islamic terrorism is a lethal problem being perpetrated by a small virulent minority. The majority is not in any way supporting it. They are victims of it; they are the ones who die in the cafes. Al Qaeda in Iraq has killed many more Iraqis than Americans.

PLAYBOY: Is much of the anti-American sentiment throughout the world based on a fear that our culture will overwhelm theirs?

ZAKARIA: Bush feeds this, but life is going to be a cultural cocktail, a strange mixture of West, East, old and new. A lot of what people describe as Americanization is actually the rise of mass culture. Because America got there first—our companies, our products, our ways of living—America has become part of what people think of as mass culture, but it's more complex than that. The Chinese are now going to Vegas-style casinos, but these people hadn't been sitting at home in their courtyard, reading Confucius. They were poor villagers who were barely surviving. Now they have a little bit of money, so they go to McDonald's. Mass culture and American culture have been fused, but what's really rising is mass culture. Some of it has overtones of Americanism, but in a lot of places it has local variations and local accents. The future is all about fusion, even in America. New York already is full of sushi restaurants. I mentioned the largest casino in the world; it's an American casino built in Macao that looks like St. Mark's Square in Venice, which is deeply influenced by Islamic and Moorish culture. That's the cultural cocktail of the new world.

PLAYBOY: Your new book is about America's place in this new world. Bottom line: Are we in trouble? Do you predict the fall of America?

ZAKARIA: No. We will still be a powerful country, but it will be a different world. Other countries are growing faster than we are, so at a fundamental level there will be a relative decline. We're still vibrant. We're still vital. We still retain a central role in every game we're playing. But China is growing at 10 percent, and we're growing at three. In 10 years China will have a slightly larger share of the global GDP than we do. We have a great hand, but we have to know how to play it.

PLAYBOY: Exactly what's in our great hand?

ZAKARIA: We have this amazing quality of still being hungry and energetic, which comes from our openness. But if we give ourselves over to fear, we move in exactly the opposite direction. We close the very doors that have kept us vibrant. What has worked for America is that we take in the best ideas and the best people, mix them all up and invent the future. This is threatened by fearmongering on both sides of the political spectrum, the us-vs.-them mentality, protectionism and those who would isolate us rather than have us embrace and collaborate with and learn from one another.

PLAYBOY: As we speak, there seem to be three serious contenders for president: John McCain, Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton. Who would make the best president in the new world you describe?

ZAKARIA: I think the Republicans have gone crazy, frankly, though John McCain is the one I admire most. He's quite old, though, and seems heavily influenced by neoconservative writings on foreign policy, which gives me pause. The Republicans in general do little but

NEW!

AXE
SKIN CONTACT
HYDRATING
SHOWER GEL.

AXE
SKIN CONTACT

HYDRATING

...MY
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...IT'S
SOMEHOW...

...TRANSFORMING!

ALL
DONE?
NOW I'M
GONNA
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READY...

LE-LAP!

THE MOMENT
OF TRUTH.
THEY TOUCH.

WHOOOSH!

HIS
SKIN...

...CAN'T
STOP...

...TOUCHING!

MAKE YOUR SKIN
FEEL IRRESISTIBLE

scaremongering on almost every issue from terrorism to immigration.

PLAYBOY: How about the Democrats?

ZAKARIA: Hillary Clinton is an impressive person, but it's tough to feel as though she's speaking from the heart. It's puzzling to try to determine what she really believes in. I admire her but can't say I am in love with her politically.

PLAYBOY: If she gets the nomination, will you support her?

ZAKARIA: I suppose so, because the Republican Party has gone insane on national security issues in general and needs to have a kind of nervous breakdown like the one the Democratic Party had—and maybe needed—15 years ago. The Republicans have lost their essential moorings and morphed into a party whose heart seems focused entirely on religion, hyper-nationalism and a kind of xenophobia. Is that what it believes in? If so, it will be condemned to be a minority party for the next generation. So I would support Clinton, but I am hoping Barack Obama wins.

PLAYBOY: What do you like about Obama?

ZAKARIA: We need to make broad changes, and Obama represents this. We need a break from the past. He has been a breath of fresh air because he has been willing to look at the world and say, in effect, "Why does every problem have to be a nail just because we have a big military hammer? Why shouldn't we be talking to these people?" I think he's right about every issue he's been criticized on. We should be talking to the Iranians and North Koreans just as we did with the Libyans, Chinese, Vietnamese and Soviets. He proposed something that didn't get much traction, but he said we should look at relaxing the embargo on Cuba. Clinton comes out in opposition to it. She doesn't want to lose the Miami and New Jersey Cubans, but what is the point of electing somebody who won't change even an obviously failed policy like that for fear that more than an incremental shift is politically risky?

PLAYBOY: In the past there has been talk that you could be secretary of state. Well? If the next president calls?

ZAKARIA: He or she isn't going to call.

PLAYBOY: If it did happen?

ZAKARIA: People who have speculated don't understand the process. They don't understand the enormous weight loyalty has in these situations. I can't be on a team; it's the nature of my profession. I have to be independent. I piss people off on all sides. Part of my job is not to be partisan. I call things as I see them, which disqualifies me for politics. Maybe I'm kidding myself, but I think I can do more on the outside, at least when it comes to shaping the agenda.

PLAYBOY: You started out in journalism at *Foreign Affairs* magazine. Would you have happily stayed in that elite world of intellectual journalism, or were you destined for the mainstream?

ZAKARIA: When I went to *Foreign Affairs* I still felt I was being true to my academic

roots. Something like *Newsweek* would have been unimaginable.

PLAYBOY: What changed?

ZAKARIA: Once I got to New York I started writing a lot for *The New York Times* and *The New Republic*. When *Newsweek* called and asked me to write a monthly column, I thought, What the hell? I discovered I enjoy writing for a much broader audience. I never enjoyed the parlor game of intellectual name-dropping and long, meandering *New York Review of Books* pieces in which you try to impress everybody with your erudition. I simply wanted to communicate about issues because they were important. Then *Newsweek* asked if I wanted to turn it into a weekly column and edit an international edition. It was a big shift. I was giving up any pretense of the world of elite highbrow journalism. I enjoy doing what isn't supposed to be possible. In *Newsweek* or on the new CNN show I talk about international issues Americans supposedly have no interest in. The CNN show, for example, will be about the other 95 percent of humanity. Think about the last time you saw something on India or Brazil or South Africa. But since 9/11 Americans have

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Episcopalian, but neither of
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I can't make my children do
things I'm not doing.*

cared. They understand that what happens in other places in the world affects us. If Pakistan is failing and careering out of control, we no longer have to explain why Americans should be interested. Not long ago most Americans couldn't have found Afghanistan on a map. But you could start at the top. Remember when Bush was campaigning for office? He was given a quiz on the radio. He couldn't answer "Who is the president of Pakistan?" and "What is the Taliban?" Two years later he knew a hell of a lot about both of those.

PLAYBOY: You once described yourself as a Reagan conservative. What changed?

ZAKARIA: I came to America in the early 1980s from a socialistic country. I knew central planning didn't work. Reagan's spirited defense of the free world and spirited anti-Communism attracted me. But then Clinton was exactly the kind of responsible pro-market politician who appealed to me because he was also compassionate, wanting to make sure issues of distribution and access for poor people were not neglected. He was pro trade, but he was also for a safety net. It was a combination I liked. Meanwhile, the Republi-

cans went mad during the Clinton years. Their attacks on him were insane. I always thought part of their rage was that he stole their best issues from them and left them with all the ugly stuff. It was around that point that I no longer considered myself a conservative. In many ways the positions I held were and are pretty much the same, but the political spectrum has shifted. The Republicans moved right; on the crucial issues of economics the Democratic Party moved to the center.

PLAYBOY: Were your politics formed when you were a child in India?

ZAKARIA: The India I grew up in was almost a different country from the India of today. It was very much an overwhelmingly poor country. My father was a politician and his constituency was outside Bombay, so we spent a fair amount of time in rural India. I saw the poverty up close. The other informative aspect of the India I grew up in was the fact that it was only a generation away from independence. My father had been involved in that struggle, and it was very much a part of his life. As a result it was part of the family's life. His cause his whole life in politics was amicable relations between Hindus and Muslims. He was one of the best-known proponents of a kind of liberal interpretation of Islam—a tolerant attitude on both sides. Meanwhile, my mother was a journalist and became editor of the *Sunday Times of India*.

PLAYBOY: Was your family religious?

ZAKARIA: My parents were observant Muslims but secular. They believed strongly in a multicultural and multi-religious society. I grew up fasting during the month of Ramadan, but we also celebrated Hindu holidays and Christmas. My uncle would play Santa Claus, put on a beard and *ho ho ho*. India was trying to be this pluralistic model, so you had to embrace every religion, every culture.

PLAYBOY: How are you and your wife raising your children?

ZAKARIA: They're aware of their heritage, and we talk about it. They ask questions. I'm Muslim and my wife is Episcopalian, but neither of us is particularly religious or observant. I can't fake it. I can't make my children do things I'm not doing. I'm trying to give them enough of a sense of it, an awareness, so when they're old enough they can make their own decisions.

PLAYBOY: Were politics discussed at the dinner table when you were growing up?

ZAKARIA: Our house was very much alive with politics and history. Also, my parents had lots of friends who were poets, architects, writers. That all influenced me, plus my father believed every common problem could be solved by the government. He spent a lot of his life founding and building educational establishments—colleges, schools and training centers—that are still in existence. Long before it was fashionable my father saw that India's great advantage was its human capital, and the key was getting poor kids into schools and colleges. There was always

an emphasis on doing something about a problem. My father passed away, but my mother now runs the schools.

ZAKARIA: I had no sense of that kind of purpose, but I was fascinated by history and politics from the start because I had this amazing front seat at Indian politics at its finest and sometimes its worst. I saw the idealism but also the duplicity, deception and corruption up close. My father had to deal with it all.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of America?

ZAKARIA: India was technically pro-Soviet during the ping-pong of the Cold War, but every Indian I knew was fascinated by America. I was. There was a government-engineered anti-Americanism, but it never worked. The government used to have these Indo-Soviet friendship festivals where it would show Soviet films, and nobody would go. Meanwhile, the American cultural center was flooded with people. American universities were flooded with applications. Indians wanted modernity, and they wanted the American dream. It's still true today.

PLAYBOY: Whereas in many parts of the world there is an anti-American prejudice, particularly since the invasion of Iraq. Is it different in India?

ZAKARIA: Yes. The polls show it. India is probably the most pro-American country in the world, with the exception of Israel. In a 2005 Pew survey, 71 percent of Indians had a more favorable impression of America than Indians do, but not by much.

PLAYBOY: When you arrived at Yale, what was your initial impression of America?

ZAKARIA: I felt it was a strange kind of homecoming. I felt so comfortable. Partly it was Yale itself. At home I was an oddball. I'd read Dickens for pleasure. At Yale there were actually other people like me. Plus I just found America so inviting.

PLAYBOY: Did you plan to return to India after college?

ZAKARIA: Yes, but I fell in love with America. I got involved in its foreign policy and politics and American society. I made friends. Toward the end of Yale I thought, I wonder if I'll ever go back.

PLAYBOY: Did you meet your wife at Yale?

ZAKARIA: I met her on a blind double date. It was 14 years ago this past Valentine's Day.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever imagine you would have an arranged marriage?

ZAKARIA: My parents didn't have one, so it would have been very odd to suggest it to me.

PLAYBOY: You have two children.

ZAKARIA: And my wife is pregnant.

PLAYBOY: How has being a father influenced you?

ZAKARIA: Being a father has been the most that ability to create an equal partnership and an honest partnership. It's rewarding work, but it's work. Parenthood, though, comes easily to me. I find it physically exhausting sometimes, but I'm thrilled.

PLAYBOY: What led to your job at *Foreign Affairs*?

ZAKARIA: After Yale I went to Harvard to get a Ph.D. in political science without a real sense of what I was going to do. [Former editor of *Time* and ex-CEO of CNN] Walter Isaacson, whom I'd met at Harvard, called me up one day and said there was a job—the managing editorship—at *Foreign Affairs*. I wasn't interested. I thought I might be in line for a job at Harvard. But then I went home and thought, Why am I doing this? I never really wanted to be a professor. The *Foreign Affairs* thing sounded much more interesting, so I tossed my hat in the ring.

PLAYBOY: Few journalists are discussed the way you are: handsome, with references to Cary Grant. Is it flattering, embarrassing or appalling?

ZAKARIA: I don't quite understand it. I've certainly never thought of myself

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in those terms. I grew up as a pretty dweeby-looking kid. But look, while I'm not trying to become a celebrity, I realize that sometimes some element of that comes with the territory, especially when you're on television. Sometimes there's an invasion of privacy—I haven't signed up for this. I'm not trying to be a movie star, but I suppose that is the world we live in.

PLAYBOY: Did you make a conscious decision to become an analyst and commentator rather than a reporter?

ZAKARIA: That was a choice. I knew where my strengths lay. I was not a reporter. I came out of an academic background, and my strengths were more analytical, historical. I could place things in context.

PLAYBOY: At *Newsweek*, after 9/11, you wrote the famous "Politics of Rage: Why Do They Hate Us?" piece. Were you surprised by the intense reaction?

ZAKARIA: It was a highly volatile time, so not really. There was one reaction from the Pat Robertson wing of the debate, people who wanted to see the situation as black-and-white, Islam is evil. I got some nasty stuff. I also got some nasty stuff from fundamentalist Muslims because I put a lot of emphasis on the dysfunctions of the Muslim world and the use there of religion for political reasons—that is, using religion to mask political failure. A preacher in one of the London mosques issued a fatwa against me.

PLAYBOY: Were you fearful?

ZAKARIA: Initially I was a little scared but also kind of proud until a friend of mine in the CIA said, "Don't be so happy. They issue these every day." Nonetheless it was taken seriously enough that we had to have some consultation with the FBI. For a while my mail was put in Tupperware containers so people wouldn't have to handle it—things like that. In the Arab world I still think a certain segment of the intelligentsia feels I betrayed them.

PLAYBOY: How much of that reaction is related to your Indian heritage?

ZAKARIA: Whenever I write something an Indian or a Muslim doesn't like, on some blog somewhere I'll be described as an Uncle Tom. There's a weird standard by which your views have to be identical to what is perceived as the proper ethnic view on any given subject.

PLAYBOY: Isn't there pride among Indians for the international success of their native son?

ZAKARIA: That's probably the dominant view. In India, succeeding in America is celebrated in an unmitigated fashion. I think the fact that I have some prominence in the world of journalism is a source of pride for India. There's reciprocity because I am proud of my heritage, and I think it gives me a unique perspective on the changing world.

PLAYBOY: In this changing world, you have described two possible paths for America: increased nationalism and isolationism, or openness and an embrace

of change. Obviously you are pushing for the latter, but which is more likely?

ZAKARIA: I'm not sure. None of the big issues, like global warming, international trade or terrorism, can be solved by one country. It's difficult to get everybody onboard because there are more and more players, and they're more and more powerful, but the need for cooperation is the need of our time. The United States could play a historic role as the coordinator of and catalyst for cooperative endeavors. The fundamental issue is whether the United States has the desire to create common ground and can place common interests above the desire to be in control. We can't say, "We want to make all these rules, and of course they won't apply to us because we're special." That no longer works in a world where everyone feels special. So it's an enormous challenge. In some ways it requires a dramatic reversal of our worldview, but I am optimistic. I'm an optimist by nature.

PLAYBOY: Given human nature and history, including the history of other superpowers like the British empire

In the Arab world a certain segment of the intelligentsia feels I betrayed them. Whenever I write something a Muslim doesn't like, I'll be described as an Uncle Tom.

and the Soviet Union, how do you justify your optimism?

ZAKARIA: For the past 20 or 30 years, while everybody's been gloomy, pessimistic and expecting the world to end—whether through nuclear Armageddon or terrorism or the collapse of the world trading system—what has actually happened? The opposite. We're doing all right. There are enormous problems, of course, but we're doing all right. If we recognize that, everywhere, human beings are trying to raise their standard of living and live in peace and prosperity, there's a powerful wave to ride. If governments align themselves with that common human aspiration, there's a hopeful place to begin.

PLAYBOY: But are you optimistic that governments can align like that in an environment of competition, limited resources and extremists?

ZAKARIA: Governments have a capacity to make corrections and to change. We've seen governments like the Soviet Union collapse. We've seen governments like India's move 180 degrees. Can the United States engage in a similar kind

of change? It's very difficult because it's the most successful country in the history of the world. In business successful companies often die because they can't change—they have too much invested in the way things have been. But there are many other examples of companies that change. America can change.

PLAYBOY: Will it take a crisis?

ZAKARIA: That's the million-dollar question. Can the United States—can the world—make the adjustments that need to be made because we know what's coming, or will it take a crisis? If it takes a crisis, it may be too late. But a famous economist once said, "Unsustainable trends tend not to be sustained." If we run out of wheat, if we run out of potable water, if we run out of oil—if these things happen, we'll have to adjust. The danger for the United States is that those shocks will probably take place outside the United States first. We're too powerful, too strong. We may keep pretending we don't have to adjust, that we're too powerful and too strong to be affected. So what's more likely is a much slower version of the British empire: a kind of slow and gradual shift in position that isn't as noticeable to us. I don't think that's where we're going to end up, though. I think America is different. I have to believe that. I have to believe this country has a kind of flexibility and adaptability. America wants to invent the future. It doesn't want to be trapped in the past. America wants to move forward. America does not want to occupy Iraq, where we're stuck. I've talked to many of the kids on the ground there. This is not the old British soldiers lording it over and loving it. This is a country that doesn't take pleasure in those satisfactions. It takes pleasure in the two-car garage and the iPod. These kids want to get back to their tract home in Kansas. I think there is a fundamental healthiness to that perspective, and it has the potential to keep the country sane and not let it fall into the kind of historical trap every other great power has fallen into.

PLAYBOY: How do you see your ongoing role?

ZAKARIA: I feel I'm the immigrant who grew up outside this country but tells Americans to be true to themselves. Be open, don't be scared. Remember what made you great: the fact that America is an open, big, generous place where the future could be invented. America needs only to continue to be willing to be bold and brave. When you hear candidates say they're going to double the size of Guantánamo, you think to yourself, They don't get it. This is not just about a prison; it's about who we are in the eyes of the world and in our own eyes. Remember who we are: We are about openness, hope and the future.



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BY TOM FARLEY JR. AND TANNER COLBY

DRUGS AND
INSECURITY,
A RELENTLESS
PERFORMER
FOUND THE
DEMANDS
OF SUCCESS
IMPOSSIBLE
TO JUGGLE

THE LAST DAYS OF CHRIS FARLEY



{ WHEN HE WAS DRINKING HE WOULD ALWAYS TALK LIKE BURL IVES AND SING OLD BURL IVES SONGS. HE'D GO, "A LITTLE BITTY TEAR LET ME DOWN, SPOILED MY ACT AS A CLOWN." }

—ERICH "MANCOW" MULLER

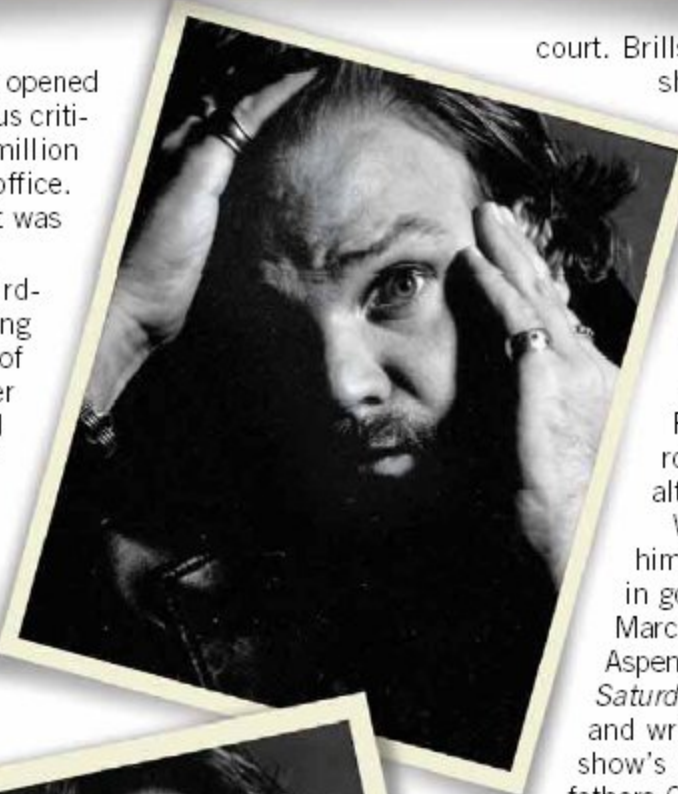


...and the success of several theatrical blockbusters, Chris Farley established himself as the new John Belushi, the contemporary king of over-size manic comedians. Like Belushi, Farley's struggles with drugs and alcohol gave him an edge that simmered under the surface of characters such as his *Chippendales* dancer and the van-dwelling Matt Foley, *Motivational Speaker*. When it came, Farley's death seemed like a sad cliché—however, it was anything but for those closest to him who watched his descent tragically, inexorably unfold. Here, in an excerpt from the forthcoming book *The Chris Farley Show* (Viking), family and friends, co-stars and colleagues recount the behind-the-scenes mayhem in the year before his fatal overdose.

On January 17, 1997 *Beverly Hills Ninja* opened in theaters nationwide. Despite a unanimous critical thumping, it earned more than \$12 million on its first outing, topping the weekly box office. Following *Tommy Boy* and *Black Sheep*, it was Chris's third-straight number one film.

That January also marked Chris's third-straight month of sobriety. After staying clean during the principal photography of *Edwards & Hunt* (the film's title was later changed to *Almost Heroes*), he relapsed again in September and, with varying degrees of failure, cycled through three separate rehab facilities over the next two months. Then, in late October, Chris showed definite signs of improvement. When he celebrated his 99th day of sobriety in Chicago with fellow *Second City* cast member Tim O'Malley, there was cause for hope.

But despite making money, *Beverly Hills Ninja* was largely an embarrassment. It bombed with critics and disappointed even hard-core fans. Chris found himself at a professional crossroads. His successful partnership with *SNL* co-star David Spade was on the rocks. They had parted ways for a time over the stress caused by Chris's drinking and the strain of a romantic triangle with a young woman, Lorri Bagley. That partnership, which played out best in the now classic *Tommy Boy*, had been one of Chris's strongest professional assets.



...ever he was called upon to do so. Fortunately, a project had arrived with the potential to take Chris in a new direction. Earlier that year producer Bernie Brillstein had brought Chris together with screenwriter and playwright David Mamet, and together they'd agreed to collaborate on Chris's first dramatic film: a biopic of Fatty Arbuckle.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle was a silent-film star bigger in his day than Charlie Chaplin. He was on the receiving end of Hollywood's first million-dollar contract. He was also on the losing end of Hollywood's first sex scandal, being wrongly accused of sexually assaulting and fatally wounding a young woman. Arbuckle watched his career implode even as his innocence was proven in

court. Brillstein was drawn to the story for its showbiz history and intrigue. Chris

was drawn to it for the man himself. After years of being made to play the crazy fat guy, Chris was being asked to play the guy behind the crazy fat guy. He was being asked to play himself, a role he rarely performed for anyone. Much like Jackie Gleason's turn as Minnesota Fats in *The Hustler*, this was the role that would have fundamentally altered the course of Chris's career.

With the Arbuckle biopic ahead of him and 99 days behind him, Chris was in good spirits. On the first weekend in March, the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival in Aspen, Colorado was hosting a reunion of *Saturday Night Live* cast members, hosts and writers. Several dozen stars from the show's history attended, from founding fathers Chevy Chase and Lorne Michaels to freshmen Molly Shannon and Cheri Oteri. For Chris to share that stage was an honor beyond anything he could have imagined growing up. It should have been one of the highlights of his career. It wasn't.

JOHN FARLEY, brother: I don't know what the hell happened. I remember everything had been fine in Chicago, but on the flight to Aspen he was acting strange. He may have relapsed that morning or the night before. I just remember sitting on the plane, thinking, Oh no.

CONAN O'BRIEN, writer, *SNL*: When we were in Aspen you could tell the trolley was barely making it around the curves.

PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER DAVIS FACTOR CAPTURES THE MANY FACES OF FARLEY (1997).

KEVIN FARLEY, brother: When I arrived he was already well into it, drinking and doing coke. From there it was just a total disaster. Spade really looked after him that weekend.

DAVID SPADE, cast member, SNL: I went to meet him in his room to go to dinner with Lorne [Michaels], and when I got to him he was already so messed up. We walked into the restaurant, and it wasn't just Lorne. It was Lorne, Steve Martin, Dan Aykroyd, Chevy Chase and Bernie Brillstein, all these people Chris looked up to at this really nice formal dinner. I said, real quick, "Hey, Chris, come over to the bathroom. I gotta tell you something." And I took him into the kitchen, out the back door into the alley, and I said, "We're getting the fuck out of here. You can't sit with these people in this condition."



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: THE SNL CHIPPENDALES SKETCH WITH PATRICK SWAYZE (1990), FARLEY AND SPADE ON THE SET OF *BLACK SHEEP* (1996), THE FARLEY FAMILY AT CHRIS'S COLLEGE GRADUATION (1986).

These strangers showed up, and he started drinking with them. I tried to stay with him, but eventually I just had to go to bed. I was at lunch the next day, and he walked in. He was with the same people and obviously hadn't gone to bed. They were all wired, and Chris's eyes were rolling back. He said, "Davy, Davy, please stay with me. Don't leave me with these people."

JOHN FARLEY: One day we had lunch at the restaurant on the top of the mountain. While we were eating, Chris started crying, saying, "I can't stop. I just can't stop." He was crying his eyes out right in the restaurant.

BERNIE BRILLSTEIN, producer: During the reunion Chris was out onstage with about 40 people from SNL. They were just telling stories, but Chris was crazed. I thought he was going to have a heart attack onstage. Finally, Dana Carvey quietly took him off.

CHEVY CHASE, original cast member, SNL: I read him the riot act that weekend. Everybody did. Chris was drunk and

stoned and, on top of that, way overweight. I sat with him, and I said, "Look, you're not John Belushi. And when you overdose or kill yourself, you will not have the same acclaim that John did. You don't have the record of accomplishment that he had. You don't have the background that he had. And you don't have the same cultural status that he had. You haven't had the chance to get that far, and you're already screwing yourself up."

He kept saying, "I'm just trying to level out." That's what he said he was doing with the drinking and the cocaine. It's so silly. It means if you took nothing, you'd be level already. Why take all this shit that's killing you? And I told him that. I said, "I've experienced this. I've seen who dies. I've seen how far you think you can go, what you can take and what you can't. You're just going to end up being an overweight guy who could fall on his stomach and had one or two funny things in his career but nothing that ever really stood out. You'll be a blip in the *New York Times* obituaries page, and that'll be it. Is that what you want?"

BOB ODENKIRK, cast member, Second City: I was at a party for *Mr. Show*. Somebody came in and said, "Chris is out back. He wants to talk to you." I go out back, and there's a limo. I go to the door and knock and the window rolls down. There's Chris, and he's packed in there with girls and hangers-on and this fucking scumbag who was pushing coke around. Chris is bloated and red-faced; he hasn't shaved. We talk for a few minutes, but there's really nothing to say at those times.

I'd seen Chris fucked up before, but this time he looked as bad as anyone has ever looked. It was a horrible thing to watch. It's one thing to shake your finger at a friend and say, "You're gonna kill yourself." It's another thing to look at him and know he's going to do it.

TOM FARLEY, brother: After Aspen his managers said, "He's going to rehab, and we're serious this time. He's going away for 13 weeks, and he's not coming back—except to present at the Oscars."

KEVIN FARLEY: Brillstein-Grey sent him back to the lockup down south, but they thought it would be okay for him to go to the Oscars, under supervision, and present an award.

TOM FARLEY: This woman who ran the facility said the only way they'd let Chris go was if he was there with someone from treatment. The next thing you know, she's the one who's going with him, and she

made him pay her extra for her time, buy her first-class airfare, buy her a dress and do the same for her daughter to accompany her. I don't think that helped. It just made him feel used.

I didn't get it. Chris's managers were the ones busting him the hardest for fucking up at Aspen, and then two weeks later they were the same ones lobbying for him to come back and present at the Oscars. It was a money thing. The Oscars are exposure, and exposure means money. I guess they thought Chris needed it to help his career.

BERNIE BRILLSTEIN: A few months earlier I'd taken him to New York to meet with David Mamet about the Fatty Arbuckle story. That story has always fascinated me, only because Arbuckle was innocent. Chris came to the meeting at a little restaurant down in the Village, and he was the good Chris, the well-behaved Chris, because he couldn't believe David Mamet even wanted to meet him. Mamet

(continued on page 120)



"That's the guy I met who said he was a TV star."





STRIP POKER

Jennifer "Jennicide" Leigh is the hottest player at the table

You finger your chips. *Stare at the table.* The dealer tosses you your hole cards. *Stare at the table.* You get rags. *Stare at the table.* You can't stare at the table. You are compelled to look at the sultry blonde. She winks, you blush, and she knows you have zilch. "I don't consciously flirt," says Jennifer "Jennicide" Leigh. "My ulterior motive is to walk away with all your money." The 24-year-old poker star received her nickname when she was in a hacking group—yes, she's an outlaw nerd and damn proud of it. "When I sit at the table I'm Jennicide," she says. "I'm there to kick some ass." Jennifer was studying pre-law when someone in her Internet community introduced her to online poker. "I realized I could make more money playing cards than I ever would as a lawyer, so I dropped out and turned pro," she says. In her young career she has already placed in the money at the World Series of Poker, and she's aiming to take home the winner's bracelet this summer. What's a bigger rush: taking a big pot or getting off? For a moment she's stumped—then she trumps us. "I'm up for trying to do both at the same time," she says. Something tells us she's not bluffing.



The face that lost a thousand chips? "I've won \$100,000 one day and given up more than that the next," Jennifer says. She plays mostly online but has begun to bring her disarming looks to the felt of the professional circuit. "I'm not yet as good a player as the legendary Doyle Brunson," she says, "but I am cuter!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG









See more of Jennifer at cyber.playboy.com.

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THE SCREEN: When it comes to flat-screen TVs, we like plasma sets for their superior color saturation and exacting reproduction of speeding race cars and running backs. Sizewise, 50 inches is big enough to show off all the glory of your high-def sources in nearly any room, but it's not so large that you look as if you're overcompensating. **Panasonic's TH-50PZ750 (\$3,500)** has a built-in HDTV tuner, plenty of digital and analog inputs and an SD memory-card

Sometimes we have to be reminded how fast technology is moving. Just 30 years ago the wireless remote control was a new invention. Twenty years ago much of the country was not wired for cable. A decade back only hypernerds had a high-speed Internet connection, and only Michael Jordans had a flat-screen TV. Ain't progress grand? Today for around \$10,000 your living room can meet or surpass the experience offered by your local 12-plex. And the content selection is unmatched—as is the food (we'll take champagne and caviar over popcorn and soda any day). The entire connected home theater you see here will run you just under \$17,000. Important note: This is not the highest-end home theater you can purchase. Buying into the upper reaches of the consumer-electronics hierarchy is usually an exercise in diminishing returns. These products all hit the sweet spot between whiz-bang and wallet-friendly. You may not find this stuff on sale at Best Buy, but each piece offers an extremely respectable price-performance ratio. So let's raise a glass to technological innovation and jaw-dropping price cuts, and let's get on with the show.

BY STEVE MORGENSTERN

slot for displaying digital photos and video clips. THE AMP: **Denon's AVR-4308CI (\$2,500)** was designed from the ground up to serve as the hub of a wide-ranging digital system. Four HDMI inputs provide pristine digital connections for your gear, plus there's an Ethernet jack and integrated Wi-Fi. On-screen menus let you browse and play audio files from networked PCs or servers. Add support for the latest high-def Dolby and DTS audio formats and even an optional iPod dock and you have about as futureproof a receiver as you're likely to find. THE SPEAKERS: **Definitive Technology's** spectacular new **Mythos STS SuperTowers (\$1,500 each)** offer sound that's at once powerful and precise, warm but never muddled, with a big bass boom courtesy of built-in powered subwoofers in each. We paired them



THE REMOTE



THE SCREEN AND SPEAKERS

with **Definitive's Mythos Three (\$500)**, for the center channel, and two **Mythos Gem surrounds (\$250 each, not shown)**. **THE REMOTE:** Built-in Wi-Fi means you don't need a PC to set up **Acoustic Research's Universal Smart Remote (\$400)** to control all your devices. It can also directly access the Internet to retrieve the latest TV listings, which you can browse on its sharp 2.2-inch color screen, along with news, sports scores and weather reports. **THE DISC PLAYER:** Blu-ray may have won the aggravating high-def-disc format war, but HD DVD stuck around long enough for there to be hundreds of excellent titles available in the format, most of which are now deeply discounted. The **LG BH200 Super Blu dual-format player (\$800)** handles all the features of Blu-ray and HD DVD like a pro.



THE SERVER



THE AMP



THE DISC PLAYER

THE SERVER: The **HP MediaSmart Server (500 gigabytes, \$600; one terabyte, \$750)** is a hard drive that sits on your network and serves music, photo and video files to any connected computer. When you're out of the house it lets you access your files from any Internet-connected computer and does automatic backups. **THE GAME CONSOLE:** The Wii may be fun, and the PS3 will eventually get some good games, but for now the **Xbox 360 Elite (\$480)** is the console of choice thanks to stunning games such as *Halo 3* and *BioShock* and the ability to download movies and TV shows (many in high def) directly to the console's 120-gigabyte hard drive. **THE COMPUTER:** The PCs made by **Okoro Media Systems** have high-def and surround-sound output for movies and TV and enough horsepower to manhandle PC games like *Crysis* and *S.T.A.L.K.E.R.: Shadow of Chernobyl*. This box has a sizzling Core 2 Extreme quad-core processor, an Nvidia GeForce 8800 GTX graphics card and optional dual CableCARD slots. The seven-inch touch screen echoes the main display so you can choose tunes when the TV is off. Starting at **\$4,600**, it's not cheap, but its aesthetics and performance made us weak in the knees.

THE COMPUTER

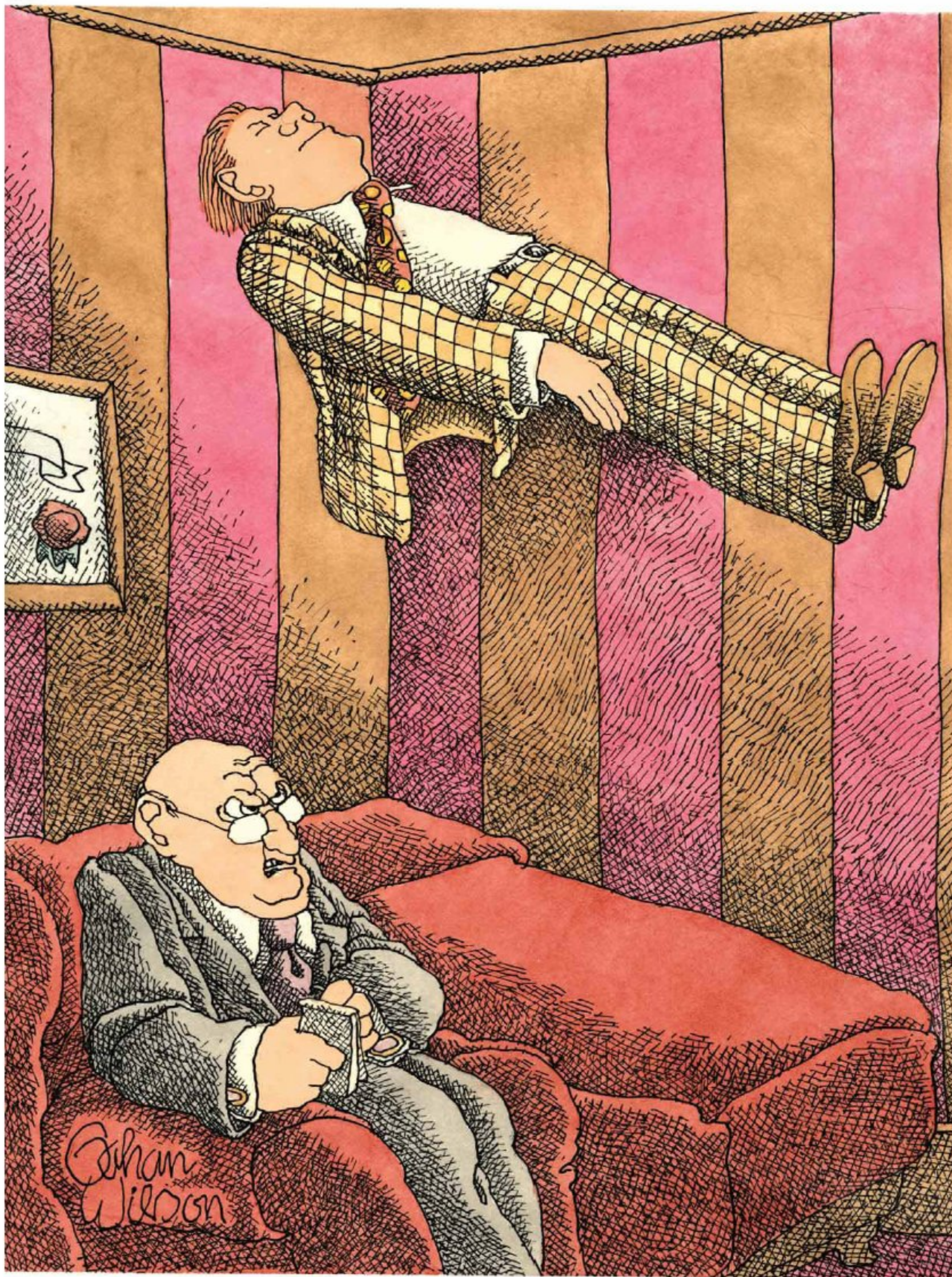


WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON [PAGE 123](#).



THE GAME CONSOLE





"Stop trying to creep me out!"





BOB SAGET

Want to discover your inner filthmonger? The host of *1 vs. 100* is happy to share stories and jokes so dirty he ends up shocking himself—and that's not easy

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're the host of the NBC game show *1 vs. 100*. Did you take the gig for the fat paycheck or because of your sincere love for trivia?

SAGET: I'd be a liar if I didn't say it's the compensation. I'm not doing it for college credit. But I'm also a fan of the quiz-show format. I'll be honest: When NBC offered it to me, I was a little confused. I saw a movie on the Internet about a woman who had sex with 100 guys, and I thought that's what they meant by *1 vs. 100*. I thought it was going to be 100 women and me. Boy, was I wrong.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Do fans of *Full House* and *America's Funniest Home Videos* still get upset when they see you perform your stand-up comedy and find out you have a dirty mouth?

SAGET: I guess it bothers some people. I've gotten positive and negative reactions. People watch my stand-up and then say things like "How can you taint your image like that? You had this wonderful family image, and then you tainted it." Well, you know what the taint is, don't you? 'Taint ass nor balls. It's somewhere in the middle.

That's where I like to be. Not literally, of course. I don't want to be anywhere near an actual taint. I mean in my career. I can be a dirty prick or a family-oriented TV guy, and in my heart I don't feel as if I'm wavering.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Are you a filthy comic who ended up on a family TV show or a family-friendly actor who discovered his inner filthmonger?

SAGET: I was always a little filthy. I had to be toned down for *Full House*, but we had a lot of fun on the set. My co-stars John Stamos and Dave Coulier and I were always getting into trouble and making loud, inappropriate comments. Let's just say there was a lot of scolding going on. We had a donkey in one of the episodes, and it took a shit onstage in front of the audience. It also got a really big erection. We started calling the donkey Pepper Mill because it had a gigantic cock. I was just amazed by it. How do you get aroused and take a crap at the same time? So things like that would happen, and I'd be sweating because of all the comments running through my head, which of course I'd never say out loud because there were children on the set.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Don't tease us like that, Bob. What is your most shameful memory from *Full House*?

SAGET: You really want to hear this? Well, on the day in question we were blocking a scene. It was just me and the camera guys; there were no children on the set. We had this four-foot-tall plastic doll that was a stand-in for my daughter when the girls were in school. So I was onstage, just me and this plastic doll, sitting on the bed, and...and then I did...some bad things to it. [laughs] This sounds terrible, doesn't it? I didn't personalize the doll or make it into anyone who existed on this earth. It was just...the doll's head spun around. Have I mentioned that yet? It was double-jointed. You could hold it by one leg and spin it. Oh God, why am I telling you this? When this interview is over I'm going to hate myself. In my defense, the doll was probably asking for it. I'm pretty sure it was winking at me. And from what I understand, it was completely of age.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What do you consider offensive?

SAGET: Genuine cruelty and lack of kindness offend me. I love (continued on page 116)





In Old **MOAB**

A DESERT ROADHOUSE CAN BE A LITTLE
BIT OF HEAVEN IN A WORLD OF HELL

by
RON CARLSON

In old Moab, long ago there was a roadhouse called the Canyon Club, which you couldn't find today with a road map. It isn't there. It isn't anywhere really. The building was used to store tires for some years after the bar failed and then was destroyed in a famous fire, and the road it was on up back of the highway is no longer a road but subsumed as part of an abandoned construction yard of which there are plenty at the south end of that town. The Canyon Club with its red and blue neon sign thrived in the years after the uranium boom in Utah had burst but before the mountain bikers had come in to make red rock country the new center of gravity sports. Moab was just a town where the road crossed the Colorado River; there were a dozen hopeful motels, all ma-and-pa deals, and two supermarkets and a hardware, and Friday nights the town swelled as the ranchers and wildcatters from up and down the line came in to recharge or discharge or just buy two weeks' groceries and take a minute and get drunk.

I was in the Canyon Club on one occasion, the kind of night that has made me look for the place every time I drive through that town, which is about once a year now. Finally, I asked the barman at the new brewery on Main Street what happened to it, and he told me the short history. I'm always in Moab in the afternoon and it's always hot, and though as I drive north I always think about jumping in the river, I have only jumped in the river once on a blistering afternoon and I let the heavy river take me downstream about 100 yards, real slowly, while I blinked at the red rocks and smelled the willows. It is a wonder to me that I don't more frequently jump in rivers; it is something that can make

ILLUSTRATION BY TOMER HANUKA

you feel more like yourself than any of your other plans. I'm a strange locked-up soul that way. I know what's good for me, and I do it about half the time. More now, but still.

Thirty years ago one October, I saw the beer lights in the windows under the dark rocky cliffs there, and I drove into the gravel lot of the Canyon Club determined, I see now, to do something I'd have to lie about. I was going to get drunk, certainly, because that was my way, and I would do whatever else was occasioned by that state. The reasons I was going to get drunk don't matter, although it would be wonderful in such a story to have some. It was what I did once a week, certainly every two, and I thought I was young and strong and could go on that way dropping the ball because I had the energy and wherewithal to pick it back up. The bullshit we live in without complaint is astonishing.

It was cold that night and crisp, and the lights of town were crisp in the new desert dark. I like a strip of roadway in a small town when the motel lights are coming on and the traffic is slowing because people are not grinding anywhere else tonight. The lot at the Canyon Club was full this early, which I thought odd, but I was determined to stand

THERE WAS LITTLE I HOPED FOR,
AND FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT IT WAS
LUCK, BAD LUCK. MY HEART WASN'T
ON STRAIGHT, BUT CHANGE IS EVERY-
WHERE WAITING; YOU CAN'T STOP IT.



it, even crowded. A roadhouse had a sort of magic for me, which is to say: I loved to drink and anyplace would do. I was divorced from my wife and daughters and I had the next morning free, which means I imagined a deeper hole than I'd usually jump into.

I see now that I was hurting, but who can see that at the time? I had been injuring myself steadily for some time, and I wanted that hurt. Isn't that strange? You look back later and you sort of see that you could have got in your car and driven on through the night, listening to absolutely anything on the radio, talk or music or a ball game from far off, and it would have healed you a little. Oh shit, I did not think in terms of healing. At all.

Inside I saw the secret to the mystery: It was 60 women all drinking and playing pool and moving through clouds of smoke with mugs of beer under the big back bar banner: DEER WIDOWS WALTZ—HALF OFF ALL WEEKEND. I mean it was crowded. I then remembered it was the first weekend of the deer hunt. All these husbands were off in the hills with their rifles. The place was a little smaller on the inside than it appeared from out, and I bumped through this assemblage and found the one seat at the end of the bar, under the television. I had to move two phone books to the floor, but I sat down, and the bartender came down, a young bald guy with an earring and blond muttonchop sideburns, and I ordered the tap pint with a glass of Jack Daniel's. It was loud in there; the women had come to whoop it up and there was literally a whoop or two every minute, and the laughter was so loud I thought they were making it up.

Seeing me squeezed in the corner like that, not talking to anyone, the bartender slid me the television remote when he brought my second round. The women were jammed in, half of them in hunting caps, orange and red, and flannel shirts, a sort of costume. They were all walking drunk. There was a big gang of them playing pool, some kind of three-ball tournament with a blackboard, and a slug of them were dancing, and there was always one of them reaching over me to get a beer. It took me a minute to see how strange it was, one of the few men in a bar full of women, but it was too late to be intimidated, and they didn't care that some tourist was sucking down his beer.

After 20 minutes, I saw there was another guy down the bar, facing forward like me, not coming and going, and he caught my eye and nodded up at the television. I forget what was on, some cooking show or the like, but the guy leaned forward obviously talking to me and he mouthed *World Series*, and made like to click the remote. I lifted it up and pointed and started going through the channels. The guy would point and I would change the channel, and then two women saw him and they were asking him

how he did it with just his finger, and the laughing women started pointing their fingers and trying it, but I would wait until he pointed and then advance the channels. It was funny there at the bar for a while. The women were bumping his shoulder and saying, *Come on, what's the magic*, like that, and he wasn't kidding around at all and wanted them to go away; and even after I showed them the remote, they wouldn't leave him alone. He was a handsome guy in a white dress shirt. You knew there was a coat and a tie in his car. Then they wanted him to dance and he was laughing, like *no no* and they were hauling at him. Meanwhile, I found the *World Series*, all green grass and bright lights, and it was a huge relief and a comfort on such a night to find the ball game. Far away

in a big city a lot of people were still up. It was early in the game. When I looked back down the bar, the women had moved off and the guy was stone still over his beer, hunched there, and I think he was crying. I guess they'd picked on him until he started crying.

Who's not lonely? When I saw him like that, I felt it all in my body and the good part of the ball game and the drinks I'd had went away for a while. It was October, and I hadn't made much of the year. It was early but it felt late, and all I could do was have another round and pretend I hadn't seen.

Crying is tough. It's tough on me, and I cry more now than I used to, but then I realized to start crying would be a big mistake because I then would need a reason to stop, and those reasons were in short supply.

I was a failure, though a man never uses that word about himself. I failed or I was a failure. You say, you're moving on or the next thing will happen. The word *failure* is for other people, and I was somebody else in those days and so I'll say it truly, I was a failure. All the things I had done I had done halfway and halfway in any league is failure. There was little I liked and there was little I hoped for, and for a while I thought it was luck, bad luck, that is, but it wasn't bad luck. My heart wasn't on straight, and I didn't think enough of my efforts as a branch manager or a sales rep to make them worthy efforts. I think a lot of people have this, and the way out is to decide you like what you're doing and you like (concluded on page 114)



"Come here, I want to show you something...!"

ALL-AMERICAN ★ AJ



Indiana's speed-loving Miss May knows how to go slow

AJ Alexander lives her life in the fast lane and has a combination of beauty and spirit that keeps our engines revved. AJ (that's right, like an expectant mother, AJ has no periods) grew up in Evansville, Indiana, just a three-hour drive (or less, if you know how to use a gas pedal) from the fabled Brickyard, where another A.J.—the legendary A.J. Foyt, you'll recall—was a four-time winner of the Indianapolis 500. One of Miss May's happiest memories is of time spent at her father's go-kart track, racing the go-karts or hanging around the arcade and playing *Pole Position*, her video game of choice (as you should have guessed). Now AJ has a new outlet for her love of racing: Notice how the fiery 27-year-old model's curves complement the streamlined Nissan 350GT Playboy Racing Team car on the following pages. (This car is only one of several hot vehicles co-sponsored by the Rabbit that have competed at speedways across the country.)

AJ also enjoys racy adventures of a different sort. "I'm not as innocent as I look," she says with

a mischievous grin. She confesses an affinity for ripped abs—and eating fruit off them. "I do love pineapple," she says, laughing. "Everyone reads me as this sweet, shy goody-goody. It's true and it's not true."

Trained to work as a dental assistant, AJ (which is short for Amanda Jane) shifted into modeling and acting a few years ago, about the time she moved to Orange County, California. After several appearances in Playboy Special Editions she won a role as a deaf DJ ("I actually had to learn sign language") in the comedy *American Summer*. On the film set AJ met Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott, who shared some advice on how to score a Centerfold. "I consider her my big sister and a good role model," says AJ, who appreciates Jennifer's generosity. "I hope to be the same for another girl someday." Meanwhile, she is enjoying what fate has brought her way. "I always wanted to model, but I thought I would live in a small town forever and have limited opportunities. Now I say, 'Thanks, PLAYBOY!' I love it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG













See more of Miss May at cyber.playboy.com.



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





rose
MONEY

Oj Alexander



SAFETY OF
ENGINES
REFUELLING

MISS MAY

MADE IN ITALY

rip se
MONEY

Alexander

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: AJ Alexander

BUST: 32C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 113 lbs

BIRTH DATE: Sept. 16, 1980 BIRTHPLACE: Evansville, IN

AMBITIONS: Furthering my career as a model and actress and at the same time enjoying family life.

TURN-ONS: Honesty, intelligence, romance, a cute smile, athleticism and good communication skills.

TURN-OFFS: Dirty shoes, poor oral hygiene, a stuck-up attitude and being insecure and disrespectful.

FIVE ARTISTS I DANCE TO: Sean Paul, Nelly, Fergie, Outkast and Britney Spears, plus many more!

ALL ABOUT MY PET: Her name is Trixi, and she is a toy pinscher. She's the cutest, smartest, best dog! ♥

ADVENTUROUS FOODS I HAVE TRIED: Oysters, squid & frogs legs.

MY DEFINITION OF TRUE HAPPINESS: Seeing the world, enjoying life and moments when I smile so much my cheeks hurt. And being a Playmate. ☺



T-ball, age five.
Yes, I was a blonde.



Always an athlete!
Age 15.



High school senior
picture, age 17.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Where must you go to find a man who is truly committed?

A mental hospital.



As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his cell phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "I just heard on the news there's a car going the wrong way on the interstate. Please be careful!"

"Heck," the man said, "it's not just one car. It's hundreds of them."

What is the number one way to drive a man crazy?

Marry him.

A man called a divorce lawyer's office and said, "I want to talk to my wife's lawyer."

The receptionist replied, "I'm sorry, but he died last week."

The next day he phoned again and asked the same question. The receptionist replied, "I told you yesterday, he died last week."

The next day the man called again and asked to speak to his wife's lawyer. By this time the receptionist was very annoyed and said, "I keep telling you, your wife's lawyer died last week. Why do you keep calling?"

The man answered, "I just love hearing that."

A 70-year-old stockbroker was pouring out his heart to his close friend. "I'm nuts about one young lady," he began. "Do you think I'd have a better chance of marrying her if I told her I was 50?"

"I think," his friend said, "you'd have a better chance if you told her you were 90."

before I can get a haircut?" The barber looked around at the shop and said, "About three hours." The guy left.

A week later the same guy stuck his head in the shop and again asked the same question. The barber said, "About an hour and a half." The guy left.

The barber turned to a friend and said, "Do me a favor. Follow that guy and see where he goes. He keeps asking how long he has to wait for a haircut, but then he never comes back."

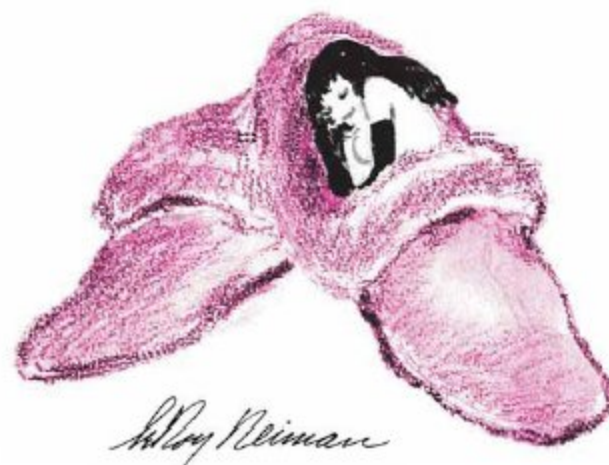
A little while later the friend returned to the shop, laughing hysterically.

The barber asked, "So where does that guy go when he leaves?"

The friend smiled and answered, "Your house."

What's the difference between sin and shame?

It is a sin to put it in, but it's a shame to pull it out.

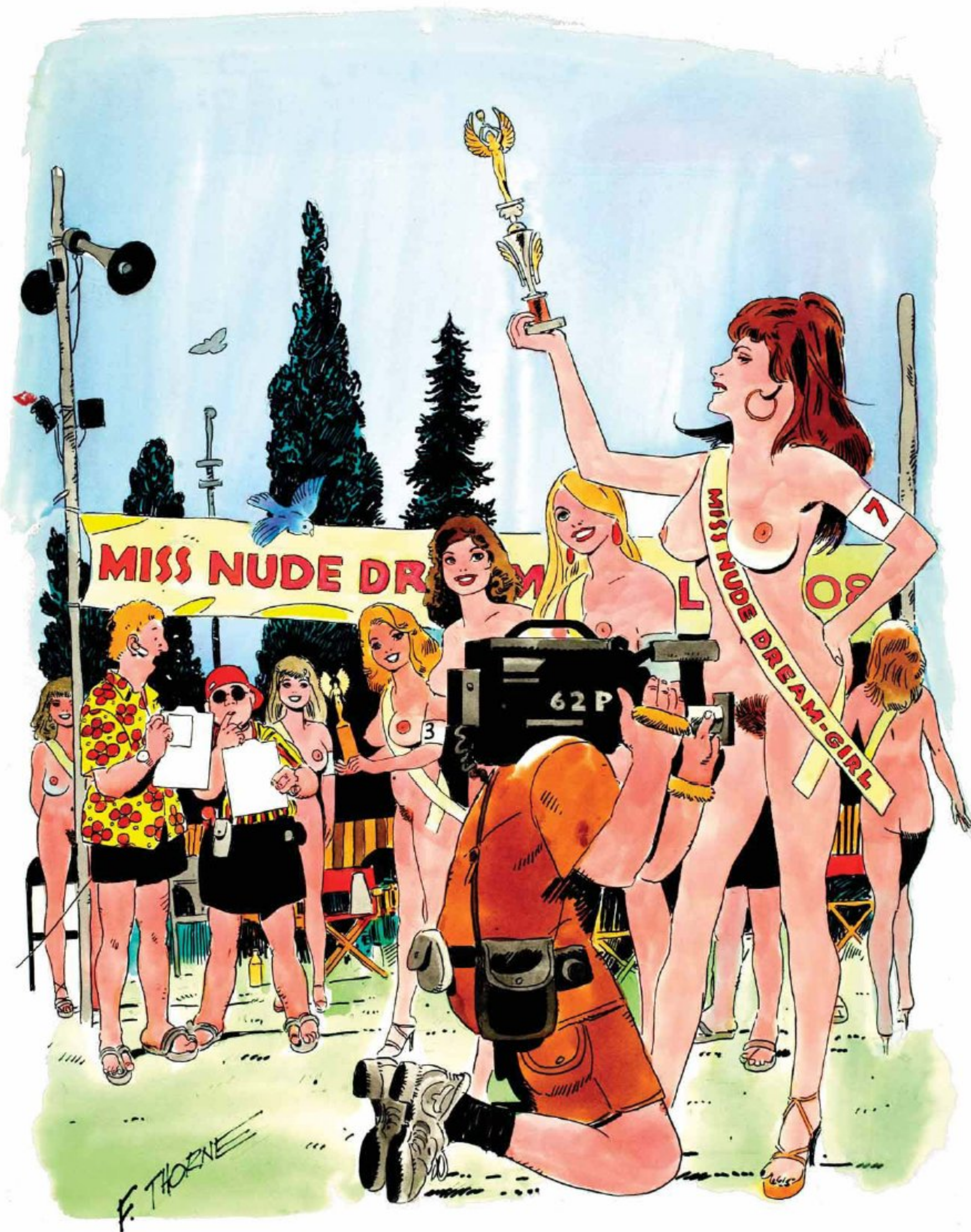


For his birthday a little boy asked for a 10-speed bicycle. "Son, we'd give you one," the father said, "but the mortgage on this house is \$280,000, and your mother just lost her job. There's no way we can afford it in our current situation."

The next day the father saw the little boy heading out the front door with a suitcase, so he said, "Son, where are you going?"

"Well," the boy said, "I was walking past your room last night and heard you telling Mom you were pulling out. Then I heard Mom tell you to wait because she was coming too. And I'll be damned if I'm staying here by myself with a \$280,000 mortgage and no bike."

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.



"Isn't it about time we did some long shots?"



A NEW ERA

IT'S TIME TO STOP WORRYING ABOUT CONGRESSIONAL HEARINGS AND PERJURY CHARGES. BASEBALL TODAY HAS AN AMAZING AMOUNT OF GREAT YOUNG TALENT

BY TRACY RINGOLSBY

When the Colorado Rockies reflect on their surprising 2007 season, they focus on June's 1-9 road trip—during which closer Brian Fuentes blew four saves—as the turning point. “We kept bouncing back, having a chance to win games but just not able to finish them off,” says manager Clint Hurdle. “The beauty of this game is that the next day, if you want to take advantage of it, you get a fresh start. There's another game.” That's what baseball is all about: fresh starts. New seasons begin, and old agonies can be forgotten. Get the hint? Forget the stuff about steroids and HGH. That's in the past. Baseball can't undo what has happened, but off the field it has tried to address the issues. And with the Players Association and ownership now working together, baseball has the most stringent drug policies of any team sport. Enjoy the game. It's filled with stars like left-hander Johan Santana. These young players are ready to become the next generation of heroes.

N L E A S T



New York

Last season: 88-74. Second place, one game behind the Phillies. The Mets led the majors with 200 stolen bases and were thrown out only 46 times—an 81 percent success ratio.

Off-season focus: The Mets worked to eradicate the ugliness of the late-season collapse that cost them a division title, and they hit a bonanza. After staying on the perimeter of the Johan Santana trade talks with Minnesota throughout the winter, they came out a winner when the Yankees and Red Sox backed out. The Twins had no choice but to accept the Mets' package, which was less than overwhelming. The team also addressed concerns about its catching, allowing Paul Lo Duca to leave as a free agent and acquiring highly regarded Brian Schneider from Washington.

In-season prognosis: The addition of Santana to the rotation gives the Mets the type of pitching depth that would lead one to expect a postseason appearance. It also frees Aaron Heilman to fill a middle-relief void, though he would prefer to start. Now the team needs to revive 1B Carlos Delgado, who reached career lows last season in RBI (87), average (.258), home runs (24) and slugging percentage (.448).

Oh, to be young: The left side of the Mets infield is promising, to say the least, with David Wright, 25, at third and Jose Reyes, 24, at short. If only Reyes could learn to play hard every day.

2008

PLAYBOY'S PICKS

NL EAST	METS
NL CENTRAL	CUBS
NL WEST	DIAMONDBACKS
NL WILD CARD	BREWERS
NL PENNANT	METS
AL EAST	RED SOX
AL CENTRAL	INDIANS
AL WEST	ANGELS
AL WILD CARD	BLUE JAYS
AL PENNANT	ANGELS

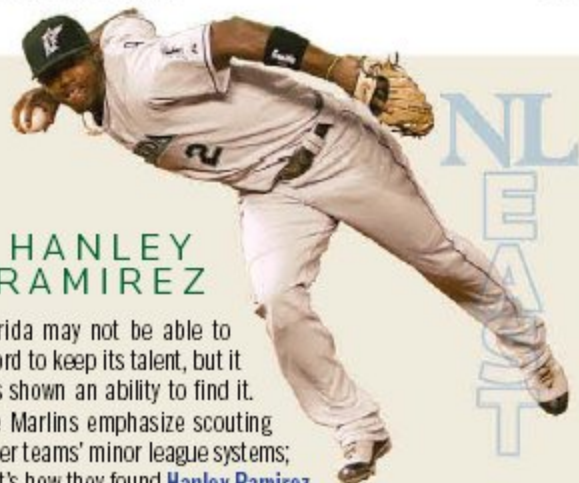
WORLD CHAMPS • ANGELS

As they say, pitching wins in October. In this case quantity will triumph over quality, as a deep Angels staff will prevail over a Mets rotation led by one extraordinary lefty.



Philadelphia

Last season: 89–73. First place, one game ahead. The Phillies were swept by the Rockies in the NL Division Series. They led the NL with 892 runs scored and 580 extra-base hits.



HANLEY RAMIREZ

Florida may not be able to afford to keep its talent, but it has shown an ability to find it. The Marlins emphasize scouting other teams' minor league systems; that's how they found **Hanley Ramirez**, a key part of the prospect package the Marlins got from Boston. Ramirez went on to earn NL Rookie of the Year honors with Florida in 2006, when he became the first rookie in NL history to score 110 runs and steal 50 bases. Not that the Red Sox can complain about the trade that brought them Josh Beckett and Mike Lowell.

Off-season focus: After a late-season charge to claim the division title, the Phillies spent the off-season fine-tuning the roster. While they lost the leadership of Aaron Rowand, they addressed bullpen problems by acquiring closer Brad Lidge from Houston and filled a void at third base by signing free agent Pedro Feliz. Lidge's arrival allows Brett Myers to return to the rotation.

In-season prognosis: The team won't fade into oblivion. It has too much offense with a lineup that not only led the league in runs scored last year but features the past two NL MVPs—Ryan Howard (2006) and Jimmy Rollins (2007)—with a potential future MVP, Chase Utley, at second base. The return of Myers to the rotation, where he joins the emerging LHP Cole Hamels, gives the Phillies a solid foundation. The key will be getting Lidge back on course after two inconsistent years with Houston and springtime knee surgery.

Oh, to be young: Hamels, 24, established himself as a key part of the division-championship rotation, going 15–5 with a 3.39 ERA in a hitter's park.



Atlanta

Last season: 84–78. Third place, five games behind. The Braves have had back-to-back third-place finishes on the heels of 14 straight division titles, a pro sports record.

Off-season focus: The Braves wanted to regain that old feeling, so they signed a key player in their former success, LHP Tom Glavine. Making their annual payroll adjustments, they allowed CF Andruw Jones to leave as a

free agent and traded SS Edgar Renteria to Detroit for the promising arm of RHP Jair Jurrjens. They filled the resulting voids by picking up Mark Kotsay to play center and promoting SS Yunel Escobar from the minors. Kotsay is a favorite of GM Frank Wren, who was in Florida when Kotsay was the Marlins' number one draft choice, but the back problems he has suffered in recent years are real cause for doubt.

In-season prognosis: The Braves are willing to write off Glavine's struggle in his final three starts for the Mets as just one of those things and not an indication he has reached the end of the line. If they are right, Glavine, along with John Smoltz, Tim Hudson and the developing arm of Jurrjens, will

let the Braves regain top-line starting pitching. The lineup is solid with Chipper Jones and Mark Teixeira, last year's in-season addition, in the middle of things. However, the team doesn't have the depth to overcome the loss of any key player.

Oh, to be young: C Brian McCann, 24, is a left-handed threat whose abilities led the Braves to give him a six-year contract last spring even though he was two years removed from arbitration.



Florida

Last season: 71–91. Fifth place, 18 games behind.

Off-season focus: Another year, another off-season of freeing up payroll. The top two players on the Marlins' roster—3B Miguel Cabrera and LHP Dontrelle Willis—were shipped to Detroit for a package of prospects that includes phenoms CF Cameron Maybin and LHP Andrew Miller. The Marlins did their usual bargain shopping and came away optimistic after landing 3B Jose Castillo and LHP Mark Hendrickson, who at \$1.5 million is the highest-paid member of the rotation.

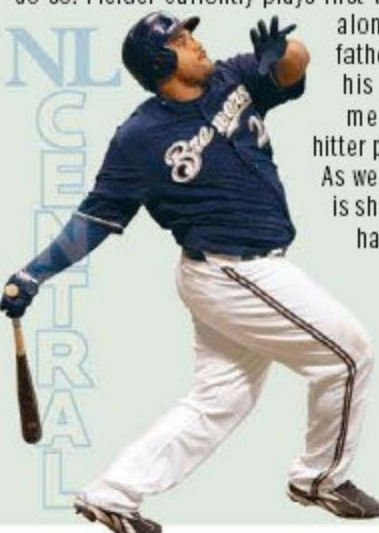
In-season prognosis: There isn't much hope for the Marlins, either on the field or off. The team has a lot of prom-

ising young talent but no veterans to help the young players get their feet wet. And everyone has to be aware that as the young talent matures, the money won't be there to keep it. The Marlins' new stadium is far from a sure thing, which adds to the suspicion that the franchise will eventually have to relocate.

Oh, to be young: RF Jeremy Hermida, 24, is a former first-round draft pick who has grown into the big-league role and is being counted on to help less experienced teammates adjust.

PRINCE FIELDER

A second-generation ballplayer with a major legacy to live up to, **Prince Fielder**, who turns 24 this May 9, appears to be more than ready for the challenge. He and his father, Cecil, are the first father and son to both have hit 50 home runs in a season, and Prince is also the youngest player ever to do so. Fielder currently plays first base for Milwaukee, but



along with displaying his father's power, he also has his father's build, which means the designated-hitter position lies in his future. As well as his baseball career is shaping up, though, Fielder has had problems off the field: He and his father had a falling out over the way the elder Fielder handled the bonus money his son received for being the Brewers' first-round draft choice in 2002.



Washington

Last season: 73–89. Fourth place, 16 games behind.

Off-season focus: Nationals GM Jim Bowden has long been enamored with raw athletic talent—and has shown little concern about off-field reputations—which was underscored again when he dealt for OFs Lastings Milledge, from the Mets, and Elijah Dukes, from the Rays. To replace C Brian Schneider, who went to the Mets in the Milledge deal, the Nationals first signed former Met Paul Lo Duca. After Lo Duca hurt his knee, the team picked up Johnny Estrada, who is headed to his fifth team in four years.



TROY TULOWITZKI

With the signing bonus he got as a 2005 first-round draft choice, **Troy Tulowitzki** went on a spending spree. He bought an Escalade. He bought his parents a home. "That was the most important thing for me, to give my parents a home," the Rockies shortstop says. "Growing up, we always rented. This was a way for me to do something special for my family." A year ago Tulowitzki broke Emie Banks's record for home runs by a rookie shortstop and became the first one in 50 years to drive in 99 runs.

The Season After

When Boston won the World Series in 2004 euphoria rained down on Red Sox Nation like manna from heaven. It wasn't hard to predict how fans would react when Theo Epstein and company immediately started making changes. How could they ship out players who had helped the team win its first World Series in 86 years? But the front office stuck to its guns. By the time the Sox entered the 2007 World Series, only seven players remained from the 2004 championship team. We know what happened next. The holdovers played a key role in the most recent World Series win, of course, with David Ortiz and Manny Ramirez making a big impact. But Boston wouldn't have won last year if not for the new guys: Josh Beckett, Mike Lowell, Jonathan Papelbon and Dustin Pedroia. The retooling of the Red Sox underscores the delicate balance every team faces when it wins a title. Standing pat usually sits well with the media and fans, but it doesn't help a team put up more banners. The two years following the 2005 World Series win for the White Sox show what can happen when a team is complacent. Chicago did make one big move for 2006, trading Aaron Rowand to the Phillies for Jim Thome. But that move merely



What's a team to do after it wins it all?
It can change direction, or it can stand pat

filled one hole and opened another. The team's weak spots the year before—shortstop and left field—became magnified. And a few players who had career years in 2005 pulled back in 2006. Chicago's 2007 season showed the bigger problems that can occur when a team hopes to recapture past glory without making changes. With six members of the team's starting nine over the age of 30, the offense regressed. Another reason for Chicago's demise is the most fickle entity in baseball: the bullpen. Dustin Hermanson, Neal Cotts and Cliff Politte posted ERAs of 2.04 or lower for the White Sox in 2005; two years later every reliever except Bobby Jenks was raked over the coals. Add it up and the White Sox won just 72 games in 2007, a 27-game collapse in only two years. All of which raises the question: How should the Red Sox have handled this past off-season? Did they make the right move in re-signing Lowell? Will Curt Schilling help the pitching staff at all? Or would a run at Johan Santana have been the better move? Maybe the Red Sox are best served by relying on their crop of up-and-coming pitchers. We'll soon find out.
—Jonah Keri

In-season prognosis: The Nationals figure to turn a profit with their move into a new stadium, but the team itself doesn't have much to fill the seats. A bullpen that led the NL with an average of three and two thirds innings a game last season figures to finally show the wear and tear of an inconsistent rotation. The offense has major holes, but it could benefit from getting out of RFK Stadium.

Oh, to be young: 3B Ryan Zimmerman, 23, was in the big leagues the year after being a first-round draft choice. He has adapted quickly, hitting 44 home runs in two years despite the vastness of RFK.

N L C E N T R A L



Chicago

Last season: 85–77. First place, two games ahead. The Cubs were swept by Arizona in the NLDS and ranked second in the league with a 4.04 ERA, regardless of Wrigley Field's reputation as a hitter's park.

Off-season focus: Having put together a quality pitching staff—and with Sean Marshall and Sean Gallagher ready to step into the rotation, along with Carlos Marmol's emergence as the projected closer—the Cubs turned their attention to offense. That involved signing Japanese RF Kosuke Fukudome. They also brought back Jon Lieber, who has battled injuries. But if Lieber is healthy, he will add depth to the rotation with a sinker that should handle the challenges of Wrigley Field. The team did, however, cut ties with Mark Prior, unwilling to wait any lon-

ger for him to mature as a big-leaguer.

In-season prognosis: This season is the 100th anniversary of the Cubs' last world championship—heck, they haven't even played in a World Series since 1945—but we have reason to expect they will celebrate the end of 99 years of frustration. With the pitching staff pretty much in place and the addition of Fukudome to go with holdover run producers Alfonso Soriano, Derrek Lee and Aramis Ramirez, the team should be primed to build off its 63–46 finish to 2007.

Oh, to be young: C Geovany Soto, 25, was MVP of the Triple-A Pacific Coast League last year. He has shown a live bat in his brief big-league auditions and allowed the Cubs to let Jason Kendall walk.



Milwaukee

Last season: 83–79. Second place, two games behind. Not only did the Brewers lead the majors with 231 home runs, they ranked second in the NL with a .456 slugging percentage.

Off-season focus: The Brews knew they had to do something to clear up the defensive mess of sweet-swinging Ryan Braun at third base. They came up short in their effort to acquire or sign

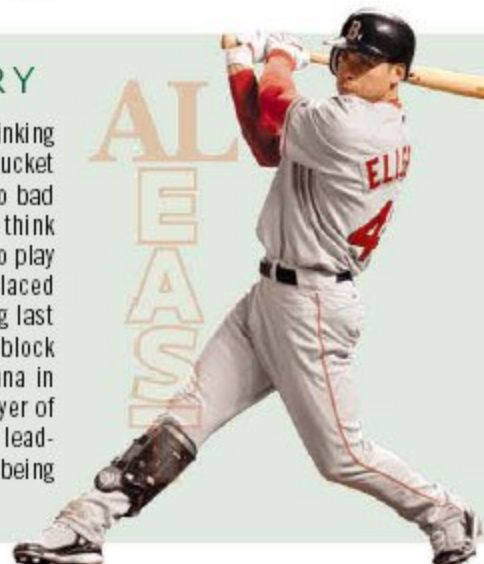
a third baseman, so they got creative. They signed CF Mike Cameron, which allows them to move Bill Hall to third after a one-year experiment in center and then put Braun in left field.

In-season prognosis: A young team made the move from afterthought to contender in 2007 and now wants to bring Milwaukee its first postseason appearance since 1982. The Brewers have the offense to do it. Prince Fielder, at 23, became the youngest player to hit 50 home runs in a season, and Braun hit 34 in only four months. The question is whether they can close out games. The team lost Francisco Cordero to free agency and took a \$10 million gamble on Eric Gagne, a pennant-stretch bust in Boston last season.

Oh, to be young: Okay, Braun, 24, was a mess at third base and is being moved to left field, but he did hit his way to NL Rookie of the Year honors. A sweet swing with power.

JACOBY ELLSBURY

Jacoby Ellsbury has forced a change of thinking in Boston: Prospects used to exist in Pawtucket solely as trade bait, but the kids aren't so bad after all. Just how special do the Red Sox think Ellsbury is? Well, at the age of 24 and yet to play a full season in the big leagues, he displaced veteran Coco Crisp in center field during last year's postseason and was the stumbling block for the Red Sox in acquiring Johan Santana in the off-season. The first major league player of Navajo descent, Ellsbury is the prototypical lead-off hitter and has the added attraction of being a Gold Glove-caliber defensive player.





Cincinnati

Last season: 72–90. Fifth place, 13 games behind. The Reds' bullpen allowed a .282 batting average, the highest in the National League. **Off-season focus:** Ongoing struggles on the field continue to feed a lack of stability in the Reds dugout. Dusty Baker, who has managed both the



GRADY SIZEMORE

Bartolo Colon's legacy lives on in Cleveland thanks to Grady Sizemore. The Indians got Sizemore as a prospect when they traded Colon to the Expos. Omar Minaya was running Montreal and wanted to make a splash in hopes of getting an opportunity with another team. Things worked out fine: Minaya became general manager for the Mets, and Sizemore became the cornerstone of the Indians' rejuvenation. He had been a third-round draft pick in 2000, but the Expos paid \$2 million to sign him. Sizemore was, after all, the top football recruit of the University of Washington when he came out of Cascade High School in Everett, Washington, and the Huskies were going to let him play baseball and football, until the Expos anted up.

Giants and the Cubs, was hired to replace Pete Mackanin. He becomes the fifth Reds manager since the start of the 2003 season. The team was able to address the glaring late-inning need in the bullpen, but it came at a price—\$46 million over four years to snag Francisco Cordero, who after two marginal years rebounded with a strong season in Milwaukee last year. That was all GM Wayne Krivsky was able to accomplish to strengthen the pitching staff, which has been a major problem. **In-season prognosis:** Baker likes offense, and he will have a run-scoring team this season in one of the more hitter-friendly ballparks in baseball. Without a major breakthrough from several young arms, however, it won't matter unless the Reds find a way to get 27 outs each game. Otherwise there is no reason to think they can finish at .500, much less contend in the weakest division in baseball.

Oh, to be young: RHP Homer Bailey, 21, a former first-round draft choice, has forced the issue. He has the potential to be a dominant arm for a long time.



St. Louis

Last season: 78–84. Third place, seven games behind. The Cardinals ranked 28th in the majors in number of stolen bases, with

56, and finished dead last in success rate, with 63 percent.

Off-season focus: Walt Jocketty was dumped as general manager and replaced by his former assistant John Mozeliak. More than that, the move showed the power of Jeff Luhnow, who is ostensibly in charge of scouting and player development but reports directly to general partner Bill DeWitt Jr. Manager Tony La Russa decided to stay for now, even though his ally Jocketty isn't around. La Russa was able to get 3B Scott Rolen dealt to the Blue Jays and obtained veteran 3B Troy Glaus in return.

In-season prognosis: Even though Luhnow has the ear of ownership, the lack of production from his areas of responsibility are starting to be exposed, and they leave the Cardinals in a fast fade from the team that won the world championship just two years ago. The payroll exceeds \$100 million and the lineup includes the National League's best hitter, Albert Pujols, but the team doesn't have much in the way of a supporting cast, particularly in pitching.

Oh, to be young: C Yadier Molina, 25, isn't overwhelming, but he's the only Cardinal 25 or younger and he's the best in the bigs at throwing out runners.



Houston

Last season: 73–89. Fourth place, 12 games behind. The Astros are coming off only their second losing season in the past 12.

Off-season focus: Former Philadelphia GM Ed Wade, who once served as the Astros' media-relations director, was hired to run the baseball side, reuniting him with Astros president Tal Smith, Wade's baseball guru. Wade then decided to skip a rebuilding program and take advantage of a weak division, acquiring SS Miguel Tejada from Baltimore. After he dealt closer Brad Lidge to Philadelphia for a package of players to fill multiple holes, he landed bullpen replacement Jose Valverde from Arizona in exchange for a package of role players who didn't fit the Astros' plan.

In-season prognosis: The acquisition of Tejada—to go with RF Hunter Pence, 1B Lance Berkman and LF Carlos Lee—gives the Astros a productive quartet that will improve with the addition of CF Michael Bourn from Philadelphia. But a team does not live by

offense alone, and the Astros will need more than a couple of unexpected pitching developments to have a chance of competing in the NL Central.

Oh, to be young: Pence, 24, was one of the few bright spots for the Astros last year. He is a bit rough defensively, but he can ignite a lineup with his speed and ability to drive the ball.



Pittsburgh

Last season: 68–94. Sixth place, 17 games behind. The Pirates' young pitching was betrayed by a deficient offense that ranked 12th in the league in runs scored.

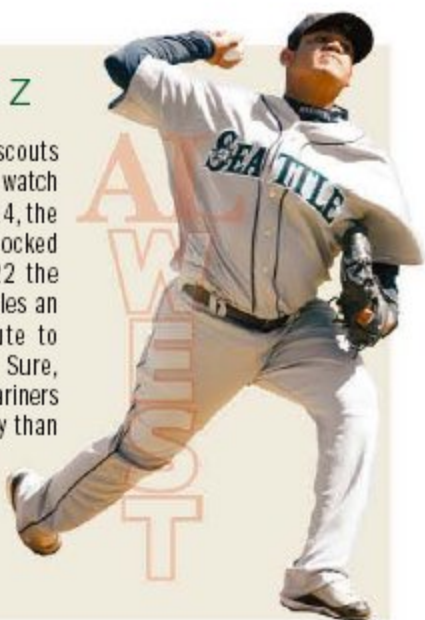
Off-season focus: It's time for another five-year plan in Pittsburgh. Gone are GM Dave Littlefield, replaced by former Cleveland front-office aide Neal Huntington, and manager Jim Tracy, replaced by onetime Pirates coach John Russell. The new regime made no pretense about its efforts in the off-season: Pittsburgh added six players to the major league roster, five of them coming on waiver claims from other teams; the sixth, Chris Gomez, is a journeyman backup infielder.

In-season prognosis: Chalk up another losing season, the 16th in a row, which would equal the big-league record held by the Philadelphia Phillies between 1933 and 1948. The Pirates have quality young arms but have done nothing to supplement their struggling offense.

Oh, to be young: LHP Tom Gorzel-

FELIX HERNANDEZ

At a young age Felix Hernandez had scouts flocking down dirt roads in Venezuela to watch him throw off the mound. When he was 14, the claim is, he threw a fastball that was clocked at 94 miles an hour. Now that he's 22 the word is he occasionally reaches 100 miles an hour. Signing Hernandez was a tribute to Seattle scouting director Bob Engle. Sure, the \$710,000 bonus helped, but the Mariners reportedly offered Hernandez less money than the Yankees, Atlanta and Houston. What made the difference? Engle put in the overtime, getting to know the Hernandez family and assuring them their son would be well taken care of in Seattle.



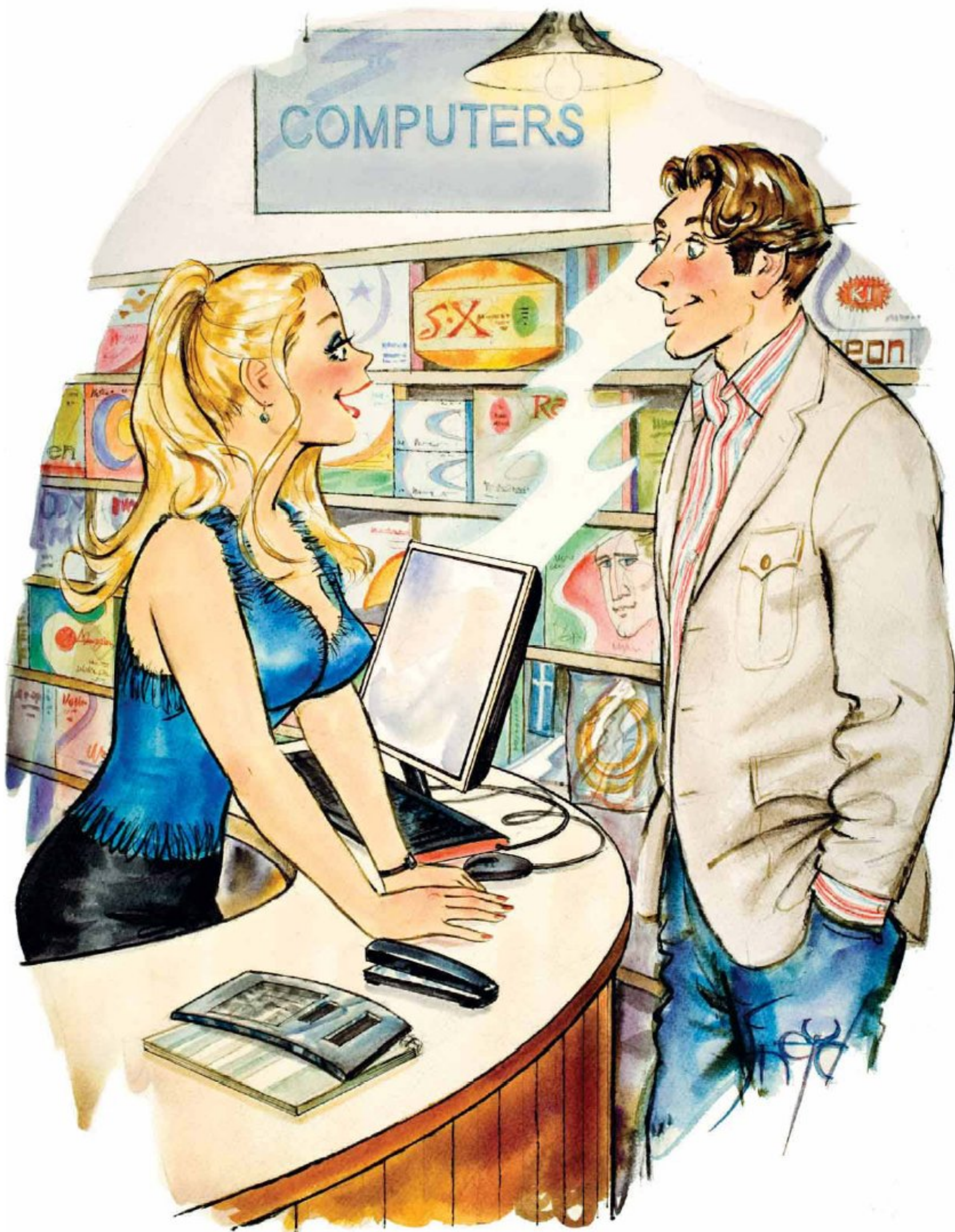
anny, 25, went 14–10 with a 3.88 ERA last season.

N L WEST



Arizona

Last season: 90–72. First place, half a game ahead. The Diamondbacks swept the Cubs in the NLDS but were swept by the Rockies in the NL Championship Series. They won the division despite a 36–36 record against NL West teams, thanks to dominating the NL East (24–9). (continued on page 130)



"If compatibility is a problem, I think you'll find me very user-friendly."

WELL TIMED

WATCH WORKS

1

The balance wheel divides time into equal intervals.

2

balance spring maintains the regular motion of the balance wheel.

3

Driven by the mainspring, the escapement sets the balance wheel in motion.

4

The minute wheel uses energy to complete a revolution every 60 seconds.



The watch (\$2,250) is by Longines.
The shirt (\$80) is by Brooks Brothers.

*A watch doesn't just tell the hour,
it says a lot about who you are*

WHY IT COSTS WHAT IT COSTS Always be suspicious when someone tries to sell you something out of a briefcase. A fake may resemble the real thing, but there is a reason fine watches fetch prices to rival the GDP of a small nation. Leaving aside the countless hours of handcraftsmanship, the components' materials make a genuine difference. The best watches are fashioned from rust-resistant metals immune to magnetism and temperature fluctuations.

TOP ROW:

ORIS Artelier Pointer Day (\$1,475).

MIDDLE ROW, FROM LEFT:

IWC Pilot Chronograph (\$13,700), TIMEX Retrograde (\$90),
BAUME & MERCIER Classima Automatic (\$1,795).

BOTTOM ROW, FROM LEFT:

BREITLING Chronomat Evolution Automatic (\$4,450),
HERMÈS H-Our Round (\$1,675).



THE WATCH AS JEWELRY Put down the gold chain and step away from the bracelet—a wristwatch is the only piece of jewelry today's man needs. It is a subtle accessory, able to make a statement without saying a word. Sure, your cell phone has a clock, but a couple of digits on an LCD screen can't convey your lifestyle the way a gold-cased, alligator-

LEATHER IS ELEGANT The shoes should match the belt should match the watch, so make sure to keep them all leather. A metal band is a sporty option, but black or brown leather better supports a suit. And though leather is great for the boardroom, be careful on the boardwalk: A sweaty day in the summer heat can be bad

SELF-WINDING OR QUARTZ? Choosing a watch movement is like deciding between a standard transmission and an automatic. A self-winding timepiece requires more attention and seems antiquated, but—as with a stick shift—it's the purist's choice. A quartz movement is a carefree alternative. Still, the Federation of the Swiss Watch Industry recommends both types

WELL HEELED

FOUR STEPS OF A SHOE

1



Before construction can begin, a wooden last dictates the form each shoe will take.

2

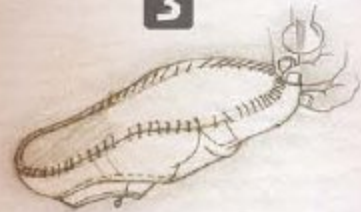


Details are added, the leather is stitched together, and the shoe begins to appear.



The shoes (\$1,700) are by John Lobb, the socks (\$8) by Gold Toe. The pants (\$895 for the suit) are by Ted Baker London.

3



The leather is pulled over the last and nailed into place in preparation for the sole.

4



Once the final touches are added, the last is carefully slipped out of the completed shoe.

Fashion starts from the ground up

WHY IT FITS (OR DOESN'T) Looking good is not sufficient consolation for pinched skin or crushed toes. All shoes are designed around a wooden model of the human foot, called a last, and the shape of the last (there are many versions) affects how a shoe feels on your foot. During the construction process the leather is wrapped tightly around the last, but you should give your foot more room to move: The inside tip of a shoe should leave half an inch of space beyond your toes.



TOP ROW, FROM LEFT:
COLE HAAN split toe (\$198), **HARRYS
OF LONDON** rubber-soled wingtip (\$450).

BOTTOM ROW, FROM LEFT:
J.M. WESTON wingtip (\$495), **GIORGIO BRUTINI**
two-tone cap toe (\$85), **JOHNSTON & MURPHY**
cap-toe oxford (\$198).

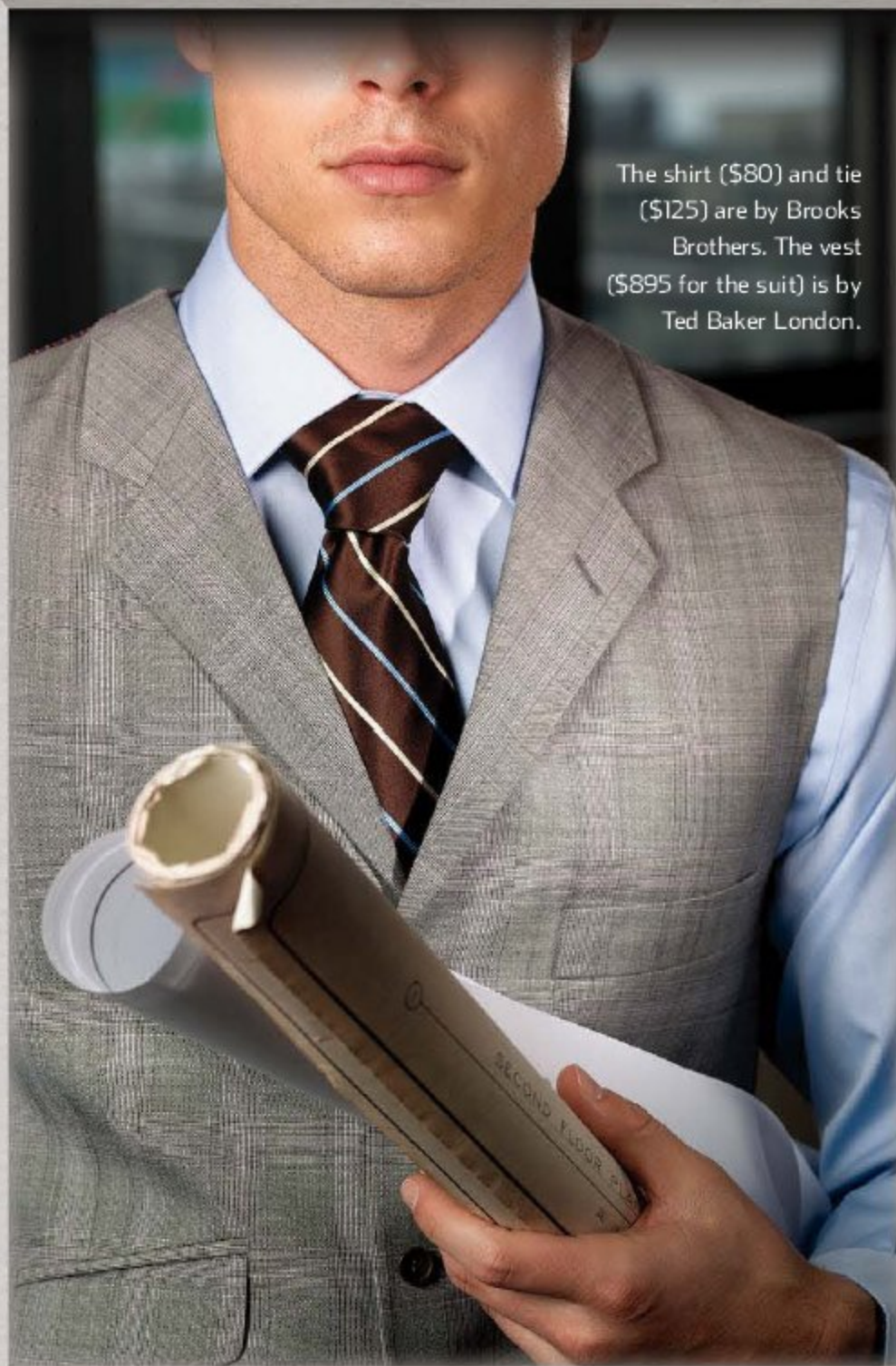
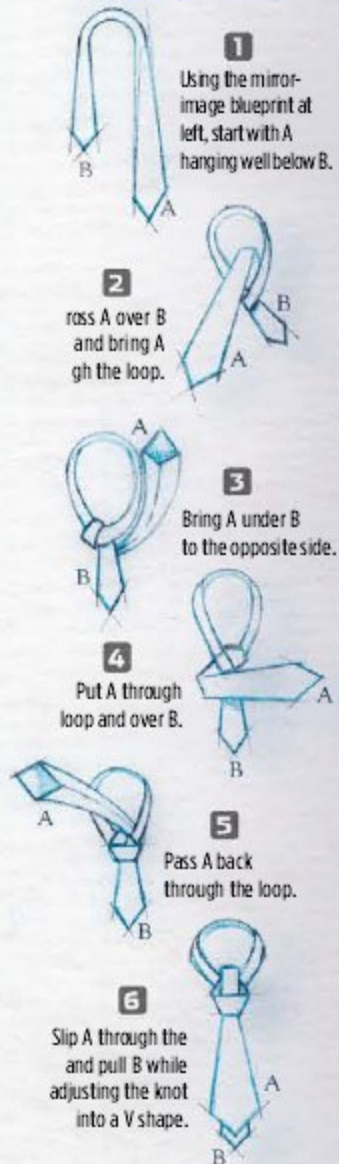
SHOE CARE 101 Everyone knows to avoid water and overuse with leather shoes, but they should have regular shines with a cream-based polish, too. Creams nourish the leather for an ever more comfortable fit; for a harder shine, use wax polish. Quality shoes have a strong structure but can easily collapse—use a shoe-horn to slip them on, and support them with

LEATHER IS ELEGANT, PART TWO Choosing between leather and rubber soles is a hard call. Let your surroundings decide for you. Rubber, with its practicality, can be fine with jeans on the weekend; it's more comfortable and longer lasting than leather. But if you're headed to a formal occasion, your ensemble should reflect that from the ground

WHAT CAN BROWN DO FOR YOU? As your suits become lighter for spring and summer, so too should your footwear. Black shoes are still the answer for navy and black suits, but shades of brown work well with cream and gray. The darker the brown, the more options you have. The basic rule: As long as your footwear is darker than your pants, the

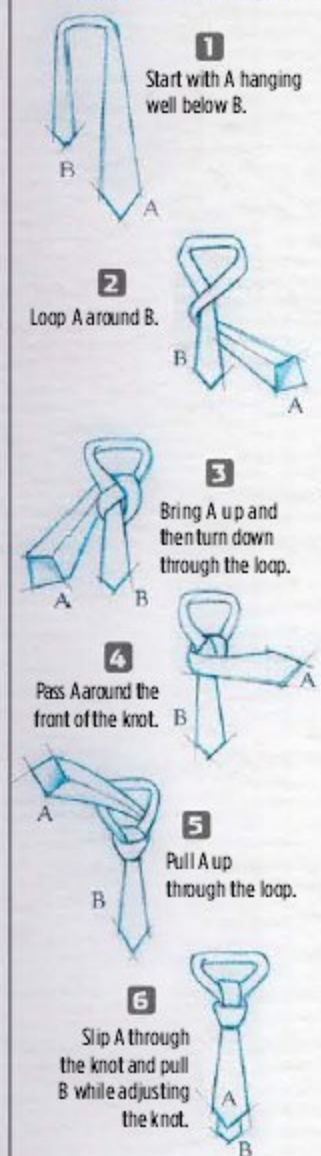
WELL HUNG

WINDSOR KNOT



The shirt (\$80) and tie (\$125) are by Brooks Brothers. The vest (\$895 for the suit) is by Ted Baker London.

HALF WINDSOR



*Sure, size matters, but so do the knot,
the pattern and the upkeep*

WHY THE RIGHT KNOT MATTERS There are three basic knots—think of them as small, medium and large. Your collar type dictates the one to wear. The bulkiest is a full Windsor, a fist-size knot often seen around the neck of Diddy. The Windsor and its little brother, the half Windsor, are both well suited to a spread-collar shirt able to showcase the knot's heft. For most occasions and shirt collars, however, the standard four-in-hand—the smallest knot—is the best plan.



FROM LEFT:
Red-and-blue diagonal by **TASSO ELBA COLLEZIONE** (\$75), light-blue-and-brown neat by **BROOKS BROTHERS** (\$95), gold-and-blue neat by **DUNHILL** (\$175), brown-with-pink neat by **HICKEY FREEMAN** (\$105), purple-and-red diagonal by **XMI** (\$125), black-and-pink neat by **ETRO** (\$125).

↓
FOR MORE KNOTS AND PRODUCTS, CHECK OUT PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 123.

SOLIDS VS. PATTERNS It's time to step beyond the solid power tie. What was once a bold statement can now seem bland. Multi-color neckwear offers more room for expression when matched with a shirt and pocket square. At about three and a half inches wide, the ties above measure a little narrower than in recent years and echo traditional rep (diagonal

NECKWEAR AND TEAR Like a shirt or suit, every tie will eventually lose the crispness in its construction. But unlike those other items, a tie shouldn't be ironed. A quick steam is a good solution. Don't have a steamer? Just hang the tie in the bathroom while you take a shower. Afterward, drape it on your tie rack or, if you're traveling, neatly coil and stow it inside

CAN YOU CLEAN A TIE? China's terra-cotta warriors, the legionnaires depicted on Trajan's Column and 17th century Croatian mercenaries asserted their prowess with neckwear. But these days gravy, not blood, poses the most peril to your tie. Some dry cleaners offer special tie services, but these treatments tend to leave the tie flat and lifeless. The best alternative is blot-



The Men Who HATE Hillary

No woman in American politics has been more vilified than Senator Clinton. A look at her recent biographers reveals why she's the object of such scrutiny, scorn and scandal

Hillary drives men wild. Well, *certain* men. You can recognize them by the flecks of foam in the corners of their mouth when the subject turns to the latest Clinton candidacy. Despise her they do, yet they're often strangely drawn to her, in some inexplicably intimate way. She occupies their attention. They spend a lot of time thinking about her—enumerating her character flaws, dissecting her motives, analyzing her physical shortcomings with a penetrating clinical eye: those thick ankles and dumpy hips, the ever-changing hairdos. You'd think they were talking about their first wives. There's the same overinvested quality, an edge of spite, some ancient wound not yet repaired. And how they love conjecturing on her sexuality—or lack of, *heh heh*. Is she frigid, is she gay? *Heh heh*. Yes, they have many theories about her, complete with detailed forensic analyses of her marriage, probably more detailed than of their own.

My point is you can tell a lot about a man by what he thinks about Hillary Clinton. Maybe even everything. She's not just

by Laura Kipnis





★ ★ ★ ★ ★

a presidential candidate; she's a sophisticated diagnostic instrument for calibrating male anxiety, which seems to be running high at the moment, and understandably, given that the whole male-female who-runs-the-world question is pretty much up for grabs. Face it, the possibility of a woman in the White House creates a certain frisson—how could it not? The historic distribution of power between the sexes is being entirely revamped, power is a vastly complicated subject, and the male psyche has to be feeling a bit embattled. Change hurts, loss rankles. So defenses are mounted, which—as any human with the usual repertoire of human emotions knows—can take various and wily forms.

Let me pause here to confess I'm not much of a Hillary fan myself. I don't like her politics, and her speeches put me to sleep (unlike Obama, who is both enticingly vague on substance and electrifying to watch). I wouldn't

arms of the GOP (the party that understands a guy's needs and fears). Or, as it turns out, skittering toward Obama. Meaning that the upcoming months will also be a fascinating reality check because, despite all the platitudes about "gender progress" and "how far women have come" and so on, a certain level of inexorable anxiety between the sexes persists, which will be on full display, and the spectacle should be quite riveting. The problem is that it's far less permissible to discuss any of this openly, precisely because of all the progress. We're too enlightened to debate whether a woman *should* be president—that would be antiquated and discriminatory. Instead, all such qualms will be displaced onto other matters entirely. Because that's how anxiety works.

I've enlisted as our tour guides into these subterranean thickets a selection of Hillary's right-wing biographers to lead the way, more specifically a selection of those obsessed

or a domestic arrangement. As Leon Edel, Henry James's biographer, recounted, "The two of us lived together for many years." For Thoreau biographer Richard Lebeaux, not only was the book like a marriage, it wasn't always the smoothest of marriages, either, "not without some stormy arguments, separations and passionate reconciliations."

The marriage comparison is especially apropos in Hillary's case. For one thing, the inescapable fact about Hillary is that she herself is a woman in an exceedingly complicated relationship with the most flamboyantly complicated man in America, and what American hasn't devoted at least a bit of stray psychical energy to pondering the mysteries of the Clinton marriage? Thus for any Hillary biographer, a certain amount of triangulation, always an intensified form of intimacy, comes with the territory (see under: Freud). As we'll see, the emotionality does run high in these books—stormy argu-

Despite all the platitudes about "gender progress" and "how far women have come," a certain level of inexorable anxiety between the sexes persists.

say I'm a full-fledged Hillaryphobe—and yes, female Hillaryphobia certainly exists, though I believe women hate her for a different set of reasons and thus deserve their own separate but equal article (which maybe one day I'll get to). The problem is I *don't* find her fascinating, which makes me all the more fascinated by the passion of the guys who get so heated up about her. Now obviously the Hillary haters will assure you they don't hate Hillary because she's a woman—they're not Neanderthals!—they just hate her because she's Hillary. By attacking her, they're just refusing to kowtow to political correctness. They'd be fine with another woman presidential candidate, particularly one who's not going to run, like Condi.

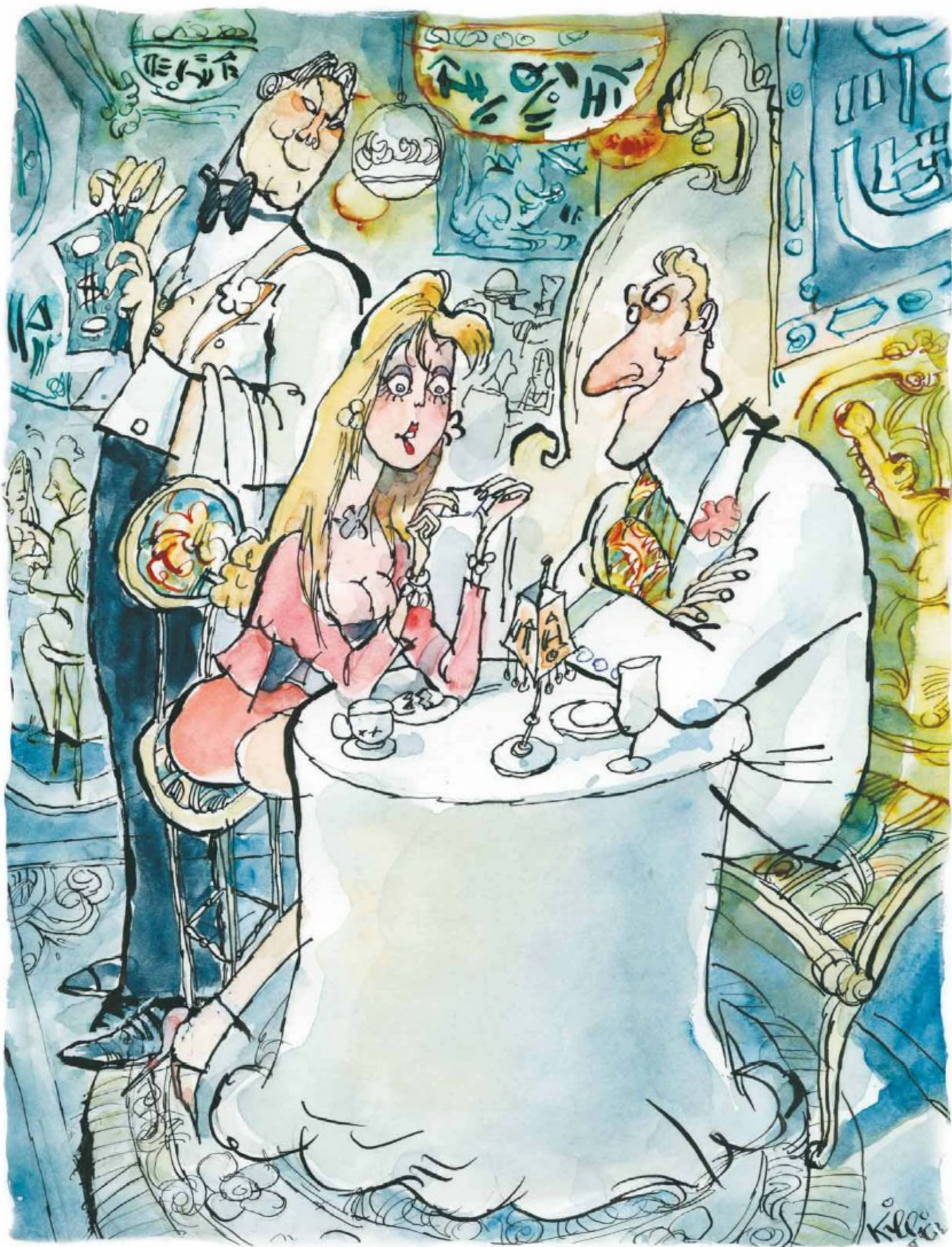
Despite the reassurances, you have to suspect there's more to it than that. Hillary's ascendancy—to the ticket or ultimately the presidency—will be proportional to how much she agitates men (however much they reassure you they're beyond all that). Meaning that the right's strategy, obviously, will be to ratchet up the apprehension levels, spinning anxiety into political capital and sending skittery male voters fleeing into the welcoming

enough to write entire books about a woman they detest while still being lucid enough to find a commercial publisher. Unfortunately, this excludes self-published works like *Hillary Clinton Nude: Naked Ambition*, *Hillary Clinton and America's Demise* by Sheldon Filger, but even the painfully repetitious title screamed for the interventions of a professional editor, and life is short.

Any biography, even a bad one, is the record of a relationship. That's the nature of the biographical enterprise. It's a two-way street, meaning that a level of interpersonal complication invariably comes with the territory, if not always fully consciously. It was frequently said about Carl Bernstein's recent *Woman in Charge* that one of the strengths of his portrait of Hillary was that, having been a well-known philanderer during his marriage to Nora Ephron (hilariously and painfully detailed in her recipe-laden roman à clef, *Heartburn*), he had an instinctive understanding of the terrain. Did he know this himself? Not entirely clear. But biographers do occasionally admit to the intricacies that can arise between author and subject: It's like a love affair or sometimes a love-hate affair

ments, passionate reconciliations, litanies of accusations of the type you frequently hear in couples with unhealthy levels of attachment. In other words, you learn as much about the authors themselves as about Hillary, possibly more. These are men with zesty imaginations, complicated inner lives and, you infer, often rather mixed feelings about the female body itself. It becomes clear that some far more baroque form of anxiety is in play.

But...what, exactly? Let's turn to R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., author of *Madame Hillary: The Dark Road to the White House*, since if Hillary's biographer foes tend to sound like embittered ex-husbands, in Tyrrell we're lucky enough to have a biographer who has also occasionally mused in print about his real-life ex-wife. And speaking of triangulation, Tyrrell, founder and editor in chief of the far-right *American Spectator*, also has a long history with both Clintons: The *Spectator* was home to the infamous Arkansas Project, funded by weird billionaire Richard Mellon Scaife to the tune of a couple million dollars to dig up damaging info on Bill and Hillary's past, especially the murders and drug running. (Hillary's infamous reference to "a vast (continued on page 126)



"It says, 'You will enjoy fantastic sex with your dinner partner tonight.'"

the *Women* of **PUTIN'S RUSSIA**



We may not like the politics, but we love the women

During the Cold War Russia was portrayed as a drab, joyless place where a drunken populace waited in line for stale bread and tried to avoid arrest by the secret police for complaining. It wasn't all capitalist propaganda—Russia really was a drab, joyless place. Then the Soviet Union broke up and we merrily peppered our cocktail chatter with imported buzzwords. Sadly, those seductive wenches glasnost and perestroika are now dead. It's increasingly clear that Russia's new boss, Vladimir Putin, has a lot in common with many of the country's old bosses. (But honestly, can there ever be another Stalin?) *Time* magazine's Person of the Year 2007 profile of the man our president calls Pootie-Poot was aptly titled "A Tsar Is Born." But enough politics. Better to turn to Russia's best asset: its women. If the beauties here don't brighten your outlook on the future, you're hopeless. Or Russian.

Russians cherish their dachas, or second homes. Like **EKATERINA YAKOVENKO** (above), we could all use a place to unwind. Unlax. De-stress. Undress? Be our guest.

Is Russia the birthplace of red hair? In the fifth century B.C. Herodotus described the Budini, a people on the Volga River, as blue-eyed redheads. Somehow we doubt they looked like **ALENA SKUBIY** (opposite).



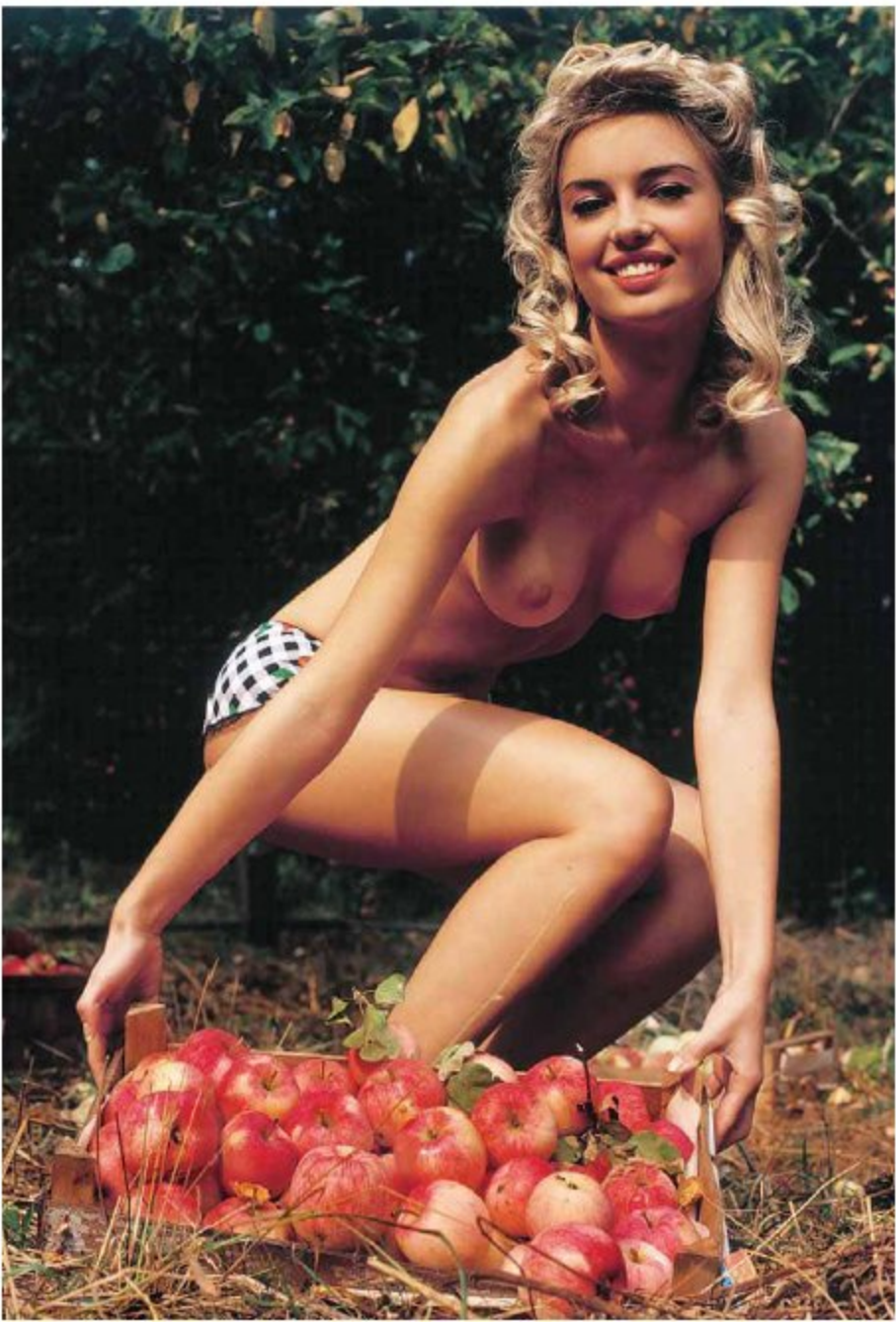


(Clockwise from above) Mind your manners around **NATALIA SAMOLETOVA**. This 28-year-old told us her biggest turnoffs are inappropriateness and vulgarity. She's not one to let you off easy; you can tell from the look in her eyes. The girl's got an enormous set of balls.

Russians always toast to something when they drink: the host, your grandparents, the weather, veal—it doesn't really matter. (If you're stumped, just say "Za vas!", which means "To you!") Raise a glass of vodka on May 28 for Muscovite **JULIA KONCHAERKAEVA**, who'll be turning 23.

Visit Russia but leave Norilsk off your itinerary. Thanks to years of nickel smelting, the Siberian city is one of the most polluted places on earth, and the Norilsk gulag was one of Stalin's worst labor camps. Historians agree the only good thing ever to come out of Norilsk is **NATALYA NAGORNAYA**.

Don't be fooled by apple-picking **OXANA AREFIEVA**. Seen here in the traditional peasant costume of gingham boy shorts and air, she looks every bit the country lass, but this Moscow flower is wild at heart. Her two favorite things are passionate men and fast cars.





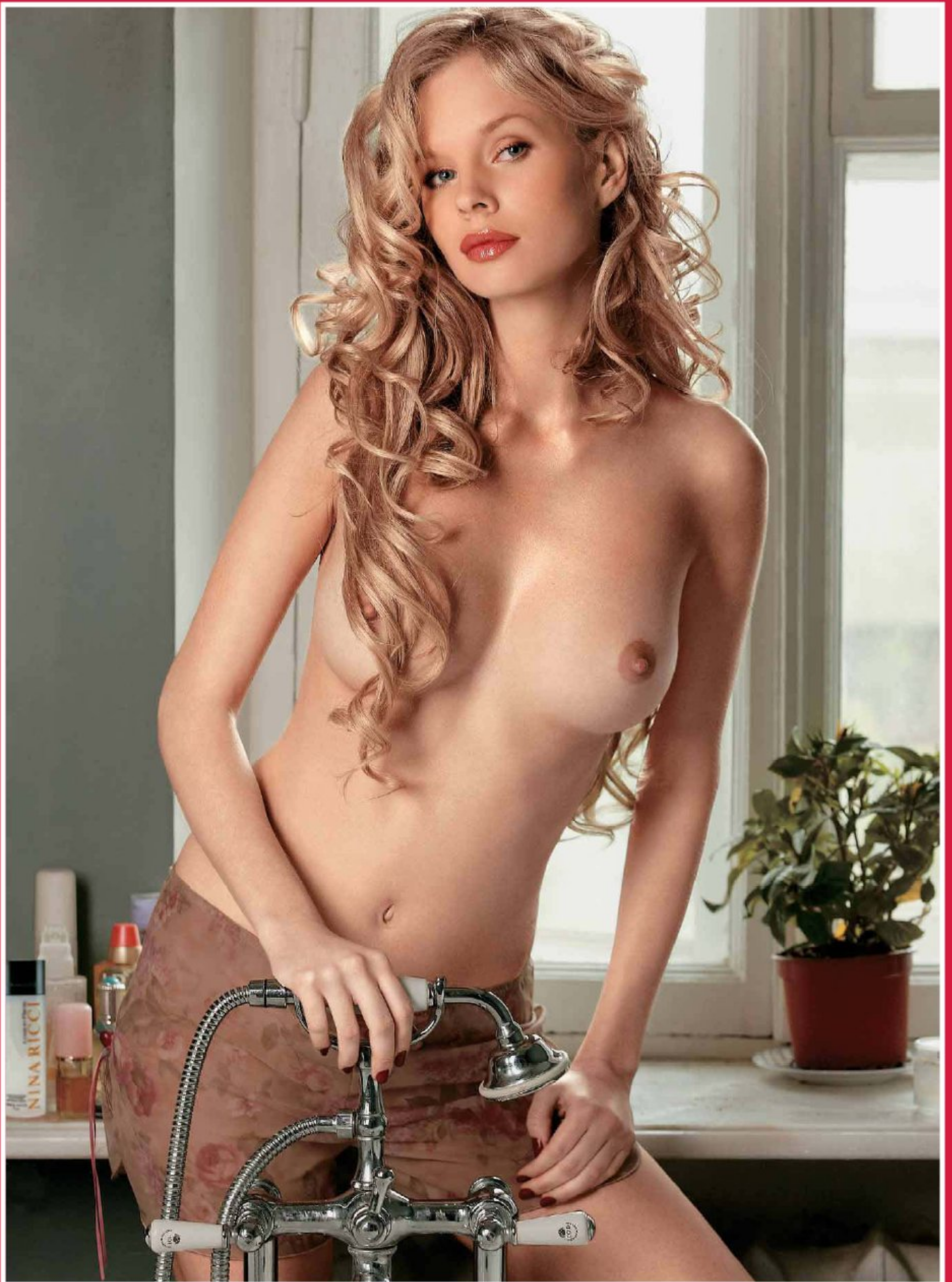
(Clockwise from left) Russians are known for their sense of humor, and you'd better have more game than Yakov Smirnoff if you want to impress **JULIA TIMONINA**. She's turned on by absurdity.

Great success! **VARIA SEROVA** was born in Almaty, the largest city in Kazakhstan, known in the days of the Kazakh SSR as Alma-Ata. *Almaty* means "rich with apples," and there is much sexy-time there.

In some American cities you can go to an authentic *banya*, or Russian bath, the kind where a burly guy scrubs you with a birch broom. Sounds delightful, but we'd prefer tub time with **OLGA KURBATOVA**.

It's no accident that we shot **NATALY PAVLENKO** in an *Austin Powers* setting. She's a swingin' chick for the 21st century. Got mojo? Fine—but the way to her heart is through good music and a perfect martini.









Outdoorsy JANNA SALIMZYANOVA (opposite) enjoys skiing and Rollerblading and likes to wind down with a massage. She admits, a bit paradoxically, that her two faults are naivete and a tendency to be suspicious. We can only guess that means she'll believe you if you say you're a professional masseur, then get peeved when she realizes you're rubbing some parts more than others.

Anton Chekhov wrote, "Going to Paris with one's wife is like going to Tula with one's samovar." Good advice, as Tula is Russia's samovar-making capital. We'd happily take JULIA SAMOVAROVA (above) anywhere. A college student, five-foot-10 Julia is a lot more fun than some squatty urn with a spigot at its base, used for making tea.



(Clockwise from above) **MARINA BELYAKOVA** is a child of the former Belorussian Soviet Socialist Republic, today the Republic of Belarus. When you look into her eyes it's clear Marina is not one to Minsk words.

Russia is inconceivably vast. Khabarovsk, birthplace of **VIKA VARFOLOMEEVA**, lies at 135 degrees longitude, seven time zones away from Moscow. As the nation's capital sits down for lunch, the ladies of Khabarovsk are already enjoying their sunset skinny-dip.

ELENA SMIRNOVA's English probably beats your Russian, but she also speaks the international language of beautiful babes: puppies! She loves puppies. If you go to Cherepanovo, pack a puppy or two just in case.

Spassky. Karpov. Kasparov. Could **OLGA VOCHMIANINA** be Russia's next chess whiz? She can take two pawns at once, and only a fool would try to stop her.





There was a noise. The man's eyes opened wide and he went down in front of me like an armful of laundry.

yourself and stop looking for big magical change. Change is everywhere waiting; you can't stop it. You don't have to run into the street and call out for it like a taxi. You'll get run over.

I liked the women in the bar. There was energy there that would go on all night. A couple even asked me to dance, grabbing my shoulder first and then putting their faces up close laughing and let's go partner, but I smiled and nodded at my drink, indicating my priorities, and they said things like, you're missing out on some very fine wild women, and I would have laughed at that, but I didn't have a laugh left.

When there was a chance, I slid down the bar in the Canyon Club, bringing along all my glassware and the ashtray, for smoking was required in there. I went five stools and pulled up next to the guy and said howdy, sliding him the clicker, and he said directly to me, "You should sit away from me, partner." I looked back the way I'd come and every seat was filled with a woman or two now, their hands out for the bartender and so I was trapped there. I had thought we'd watch the ball game in the women's party, but I had made a mistake, so I just stared up at the screen. It was easier to see the television now, not being directly over my head. It was a one-sided game, something you hate to see when you need company, but at least it was something. I felt empty again and sort of out of gas there.

After a minute, he spoke again. "Can I buy you a drink?" And he got the barman's sleeve and we had another round right there. He was drinking gin and tonic and there was a line of lemon slices on the bar, six of the things. Then he went on, "Where you from?" I told him and he said, "I just come over from Vegas tonight." I looked at him and he was neither young nor old, and he needed a haircut and there was a line of sweat up over his forehead. He was warm from the drinks but I could make out a big hangover in his face, deeply, something you don't wash off. There was the varnish of booze on him too, something at the time I didn't think was too bad.

"These women are something," I said. "You ever deer hunt?"

He looked at me with a stricken look, and I saw he didn't know what

I was talking about. I don't know why I said that about hunting. I had been out with my dad years before and I had one deer-hunting story. It just seemed like something to say. I was trying to come up with a comment about the baseball game next, when he said, "You want to help me with something?" I said I would try, and then he didn't move for five or 10 minutes. The pretzel baskets were about worn out on that bar, but I got hold of one and ate a few of the stick pretzels, and finally a woman came up and took us both by the shoulders and said, "You boys are going to dance right now, whether you favor it or not."

He looked at her and I saw his bright drunk eyes clearly two miles gone and he smiled, and he said, "Lady, we are going to. We will be right back." He tapped his hand on the bar and told the barman, "Another round. We'll be back." He turned on the seat and found his feet and I followed him through the noisy room, a forest of women, through the tiny vestibule of the Canyon Club and out the paneled door into the night. The air seized my neck instantly; fall was here double. It had been warm in there and this was a mean cold. I walked with him over to a blue Ranchero, a car that looks like a truck, and he leaned against it and started fishing in his pocket. His trousers were the ones that come with horizontal pockets and a belt built in, and I thought he was reaching for a cigarette so I offered him one of mine, but he said no. While I was lighting up, he said, "Look at this," and he squirmed a little pistol from his pants, a shiny silver .38 caliber, brand-new it looked.

I didn't have much for that, so I said, "Yeah, well." He was cold now, I could see and his face had plated up in pieces.

"I was going to rob that place."

"The hell you say," I said.

"Yeah, I saw it driving through town this evening and went all the way up to the river and back looking for another but no, this was going to be it, up here by the hill all alone."

I'd never been in such a conversation before. "And those women surprised you?" I said. "They sure surprised me. I just wanted a few drinks."

"Those women are just having fun," he said. "They came in like a stampede."

"Maybe saved some trouble," I said.

"Probably," he said.

"Did you ever have some small thing that you knew you could do, but you couldn't do it alone? I mean some deal where a little company might make it possible?"

"I feel that way about making my bed," I told him. It was true some days.

"Right," he said. "Here."

Now he reached in the change pocket of those trousers and fingered out a business card and handed it to me. "That's me," he said. "If anybody wants to know."

"Okay," I said. I couldn't read it in the dark. How much can a business card weigh, part of an ounce? I can't see the future, though I'm better with it now than I ever was, but I knew that card was trouble and it felt heavy as a book.

The man pushed the pistol back into his pocket, keeping his hand there, and then there was a noise like someone hitting a car trunk with a hammer and the man's eyes opened wide and he went down in front of me like an armful of laundry.

I knelt and he was all blood in my hands, and I didn't even try to find the injury. I went back into the Canyon Club and told the barman what had happened and he called the police.

I was not in trouble with the police, and so I stayed, and it was strange because I was alone out in the parking lot with two kitchen hands. The women never came out and made a scene or like that. They didn't even know what had happened.

He had shot himself fatally in that artery in the leg and he was dead. The one policeman who interviewed me asked if he had shot himself and I said as far as I could tell. I told them the whole story as well as I could. I showed him the business card and he took it, and I told him I was going to need it back. I've often wondered about wanting it back. Like I should have it or something. He wrote down the information and then handed me the card again, and it was still heavy.

On the card was just his name, which I won't put here, and his business address and information in Las Vegas. When I called the number, it had been disconnected. When I was in Las Vegas the following year, I didn't go by the address. I still have the card.

Places have magic, I believe. We claim the magic by acting decently or with good purpose. The Canyon Club is long gone and so is the man I met and so is the man that I was. Moab is a beautiful and severe place and in the years since, as I travel through I pay attention and work to get it back.





*"Very nice, Miss Red Feather, but we were looking for
a rain dance, not a lap dance!"*

BOB SAGET

(continued from page 69)

freedom of speech, but I'm not a big fan of freedom of action. I don't want to see any of the things I talk about in my act manifested in live action. That would be a snuff film, I guess. I don't really care for snuff films. The only thing I like about snuff is that it's all done in one take. You shoot a scene, and then everybody can go home. See, I have no problem making a joke like that, but I'd never actually want to watch a snuff film. I can't look at real acts of cruelty. And I don't enjoy watching people self-mutilate.

Q6

PLAYBOY: We take it you're not a big fan of *Jackass*?

SAGET: I think those guys are really funny, but I can't watch it. I have a Jewish mother in me. I worry too much about Steve-O and Johnny Knoxville to enjoy the humor of it. I don't want to see them get hurt. Remember that episode when Johnny was locked in an outhouse full of shit, and they rolled it down a hill? All I could think was, Can't he die that way? I can't look at anything involving bodily fluids or anything fecal.

Q7

PLAYBOY: We've all heard sexual euphemisms like *rusty trombone* and *hot Carl* and *Cleveland steamer*. Would you invent some new dirty slang for us?

SAGET: *Frowning salmon*. That's what your penis looks like when you're being taken out of any kind of surgery. It could also be the smiling salmon, depending on your perspective. The hole at the end of your penis—which, if I'm not mistaken, is called the urethra—can look like either a smile or a frown. If your penis is frowning and you want to turn that frown upside down, you could always take a Sharpie marker and, much like a puppeteer, draw a happy face on it.

Q8

PLAYBOY: In *The Aristocrats* you tell a graphic version of the Aristocrats joke, then scold yourself for going too far. Is that a pretty good reflection of how your brain works?

SAGET: Yes, that's exactly it. I'm like the 10-year-old kid who pulls down his aunt's pants in the parking lot and then everybody laughs and he feels guilty for doing it and apologizes. I'm my own worst critic, which goes along nicely with my self-loathing. When I say something terrible and somebody says "That's not funny," I'll always apologize and feel bad about it. But then a few seconds later I'll crack up and think of nine more horrible things to embellish the joke. I just don't know when to shut up.

Q9

PLAYBOY: As the longtime host of *America's Funniest Home Videos*, you've seen it all. What is the funniest way a person can endure pain?

SAGET: The best funny videos have a happy ending. If you're watching a guy fall into a manhole, your first instinct is to laugh, but then you worry he may be hurt. If he crawls out of the manhole, you get a bigger laugh because he's not dead. If he's dead, you should probably call 911. In fact, you definitely should. If he crawls out, laugh your ass off.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Since you brought it up, let's talk about interspecies romance and your now infamous joke song "My Dog Licked My Balls." What inspired you to write those lyrics, other than the obvious?

SAGET: Well, obviously it was my dog licking my balls. I would like to state for the record that he made the first move. I'm kind of the innocent one here. My dog Allen, who has since passed away, was a King Charles spaniel. He became very ill with prostate cancer, and ironically, at the same time my dad had some cancer on his nose. I started to get suspicious when my father would come over and

Allen would run out of the room. So I put two and two together. I accused my dad of sticking his nose up my dog's ass. He denied it, of course.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Speaking of animal sex, your last directorial effort, *Farce of the Penguins*, was a pseudodocumentary about penguins trying to get laid. Do you consider it a sex romp or a love story?

SAGET: It's a love story. It's about marriage and true friendship and how love can conquer all. Tracy Morgan's character really sums it up best: "It takes a big man to forgive his friend after he busts his woman's booty hole open." That line was all Tracy. I did not write "busts his woman's booty hole open." The exact dialogue was "accidentally fucks your girlfriend in the ass." Tracy cleaned it up and made it smarter.

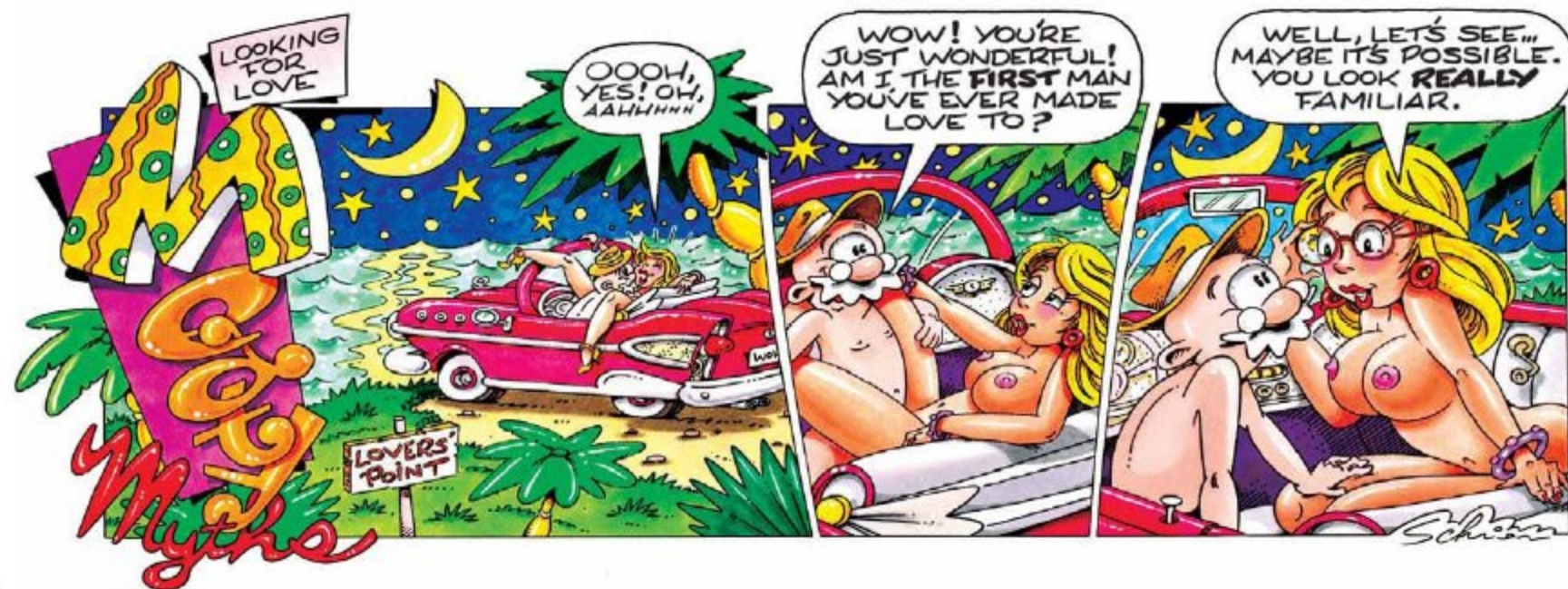
Q12

PLAYBOY: You were a contestant on *The Dating Game* in 1979 and were even picked as the winning bachelor. Is it safe to assume you didn't say something wildly offensive?

SAGET: I was actually on *The Dating Game* twice. I lost the first time, probably because I told the lady I wanted to fill a sock with meat and have her beat me with it. I'm not making this up. She didn't vote for me. She voted for the guy who was the most normal of the group. I did a lot better the second time, but I already had a girlfriend, which was kind of awkward. The girl who picked me just assumed I was available. We won a romantic vacation to Guatemala, but a week later they had a civil war there and soldiers were opening fire on people as they got off the plane.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You're a divorced man. Do you play the field, or have you given up on the dating scene?



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SAGET: I have a girlfriend, so I don't date anymore. I love women very much, and they are my biggest problem. I'm very confused by them. I desire them in inappropriate ways. I have a strong attraction to the GPS voice in my car. I'm hoping to talk my girlfriend into a three-way. Is that even possible? I just fantasize about her saying "Make a left" before her voice becomes muffled. I guess what I'm trying to say is I want to mouth-rape the GPS lady.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You had to reschedule this interview because of your colonoscopy. We would be remiss if we didn't ask if you received a clean bill of health.

SAGET: I don't have cancer of the ass. I'm 52 now, and my daughter told me it was time to go to the butt doctor. I went to the butt doctor and he said, "That's not a very nice thing to call me. Nobody goes to medical school hoping people will call him a butt doctor." I don't know if you've ever had a colonoscopy, but they basically drug you and knock you out so you can take a crap, which is how I spend most of my life anyway. Everything is fine, and I don't have to see the butt doctor again for another five years. It's kind of like doing a comedy special. You just come back with all new stuff in your bowels.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You've said your late father was one of your biggest influences. What did he teach you about comedy?

SAGET: He was just nuts, and he knew how to make us laugh during times of trouble. I remember one morning as a kid I didn't

want to go to school, and I was in a terrible mood about it. So my dad, just to make me laugh, put on a jacket and tie and underpants and black socks and shoes and walked out the door. He said goodbye to the family, picked up his keys and briefcase and walked straight out the front door. I'm glad he remembered his keys. That would've been a rough lockout. I was impressed with how he could see the humor in anything. We've had a lot of tragedy in our family, but he was always able to have that Cheshire cat grin on his face.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Is comedy a coping mechanism for you? Do you tell jokes to shelter yourself from pain?

SAGET: Sometimes, yeah, I guess it is. It definitely has been when I've lost people close to me. My dad's funeral was a laugh riot. I wish I had another dad so I could bury him, too. It was so much fun. At the funeral I gave a speech, kind of a send-off to my dad, and my friend Brad introduced me. He said, "On Ben's last day on earth"—Ben is my father's name—"he was watching Bob's movie *Farce of the Penguins*. And Ben's last words were 'For the love of God, somebody turn this off!'" Then I went up and said, "I knew my movie killed, but I had no idea to what extent."

Q17

PLAYBOY: You've claimed your daughters enjoy your sense of humor. Is that true, or do they just tolerate it?

SAGET: I think it's a little bit of both. Unlike me, my daughters are really savvy and smart. They rarely curse, and they're not

dirty at all. I've installed infrared cameras to try to catch them in the act. They never judge me for anything I say onstage, even when it embarrasses them. I'm the only hypocrite in the family. Sometimes if I hear them cursing, I'll say something like "Please don't use words like that." I really do want to be a good parent, but I know it's a double-edged sword. How can I tell them to watch their language one minute, and the next minute I'm onstage talking about diarrhea and prison sex?

Q18

PLAYBOY: Legend has it that after the birth of your daughter you told a comedian friend he could "finger her for a dollar." You didn't really say that, did you?

SAGET: I can't lie and say it didn't happen. The thing is, it was a very traumatic birth, and we almost lost my ex-wife. She was in intensive care the entire time. Paul Provenza, who directed *The Aristocrats*, came to visit me in the hospital. I was holding my baby, and I hadn't slept and I'd been crying for four days. So obviously I wasn't thinking clearly and.... [sighs deeply] I've said things I wish I could do over, and this would be at the top of the list. I guess the only thing I can say in my defense is I should've asked for more than a dollar. It should've been at least five bucks. This is my daughter, for God's sake.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Most of your fans are college kids. Do you feel like the wise elder or the male equivalent of a MILF?

SAGET: Oh, I'm definitely a DILF. At least I hope I am. I'm a wannabe DILF. I'll do a college show and thousands of kids will be there, and the girls will flash me their tits. Then I'll show them mine because my man boobs are coming in pretty good this year. I'm just getting a lot of positiveness from my audiences that I don't take lightly. I've been through so many ebbs and flows in my career; when an audience gives me any sort of positive reaction I just want to fluff 'em. I want to fluff my audience. Actually, no, that's not true. I know where they've been. I can smell them from the stage.

Q20

PLAYBOY: People either love you or hate you. Does that bother you, or is it better to be hated than ignored?

SAGET: I try to keep the negative out of my life. I'm already hard enough on myself. But I'm always curious about why people dislike me. I could have 10,000 people love me, but if just two people say "He sucks," I can get obsessive. How do I suck, exactly? I honestly want to know. When I was a kid my mom used to say to me, "You know, not everybody in the world is going to like you." And I'd just look at her and say, "Yeah, but I need names."



"No, no, Senator—he said you are a master debater!"

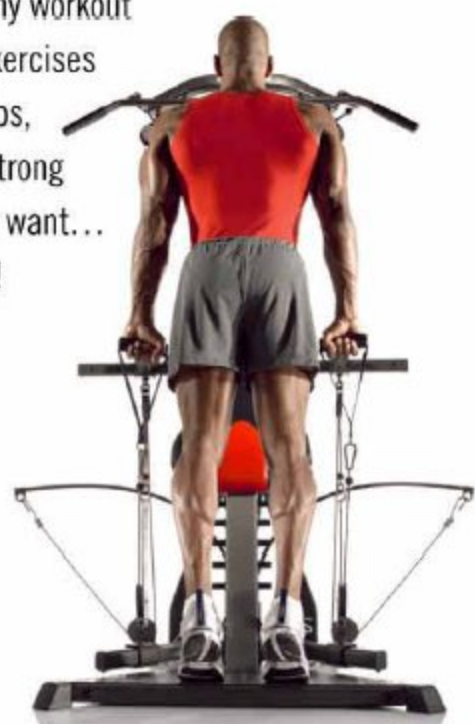


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CHRIS FARLEY

(continued from page 56)

loved him. It was a great meeting. He said yes before we got up from the table, and he wrote it for Chris. To this day I know it would have changed his career. **TOM FARLEY:** As soon as he heard little bits and pieces about Arbuckle's life, he said, "This is me." It was the whole idea that nobody understands the real person underneath. "I'm going to tell them about the real Fatty Arbuckle, and maybe they'll understand the real Chris Farley."

ERICH "MANCOW" MULLER, friend and shock jock: Chris had all these pictures of clowns in his hallway. He said that they frightened and fascinated him and that he found them sad. When he was drinking he would always talk like Burl Ives and sing old Burl Ives songs. He'd go, "A little bitty tear let me down, spoiled my act as a clown."

He'd sing that over and over and over. **FATHER TOM GANNON, S.J., friend:** He felt his career was in trouble and not just because of the drugs. Sometime that year he told me, "I can't keep this up. I can't keep falling down and walking into walls." But people wanted him to keep doing the same thing because it assured them financial success.

BRIAN DENNEHY, co-star, Tommy Boy: Myself, I never understood why you'd want to be the 20th-best dramatic actor in the movie business when you were already the best comedian in the movie business. But there is this impulse that comedians have to do serious work. Interestingly enough, I think with the right part and the right director Chris could have done it. There was a sadness and a vulnerability and a fear that existed in his face and in his eyes.

There are two ways to act, and some people are good enough to do both. One is to erect this very complicated, layered

character around you in order to hide behind it, in order to disguise and protect yourself. It's a kind of architecture. The other way to act is to absolutely strip away everything that keeps you and your soul and your mind from the audience. You rip it away and say, "How much more of myself can I expose to help the audience understand this character?" It's more difficult, and it's more profound because ultimately the real challenge of art is to understand more about yourself. And I think Chris could have done it. I think he would have done it, had he lived. But most comedians, in fact most actors, are not capable of that.

●

With *Tommy Boy*, *Black Sheep* and *Beverly Hills Ninja*, Chris had joined the ranks of elite Hollywood stars who could "open" a film—a certain core audience could be counted on to turn out for any Chris Farley movie. Even if Chris wasn't thrilled with the reigning definition of "a Chris Farley movie," it was an enviable place to be and a strong place from which to make a bold, smart career move.

But that spring Chris's dance card was strangely empty. As a rule, studios take out short-term insurance policies on their lead actors to cover any possible interruptions in the production process. Many of those insurers were refusing to underwrite Chris's films until he could once again prove his dependability. And so, while the Arbuckle project plodded along at the glacial pace of most Hollywood development deals, Chris was having trouble getting even a typical Chris Farley movie off the ground.

In this troubled time one good project did come his way, a voice-over gig for a little animated movie called *Shrek*. In 1997 computer-animated movies were still in their infancy—Pixar's trendsetting *Toy Story* had opened only 18 months before—so there was little reason to believe this fun sideline project would go on to spawn one of the most popular, highest-grossing film franchises of all time. Chris took it on almost as a lark.

Jeffrey Katzenberg, head of DreamWorks Animation, had procured the film rights to *Shrek*, a popular children's book by William Steig. Chris was his first choice to play the title role. According to everyone involved, Chris Farley's *Shrek* was one of the funniest, most heartfelt performances he ever gave. Tragically, no one has ever heard it.

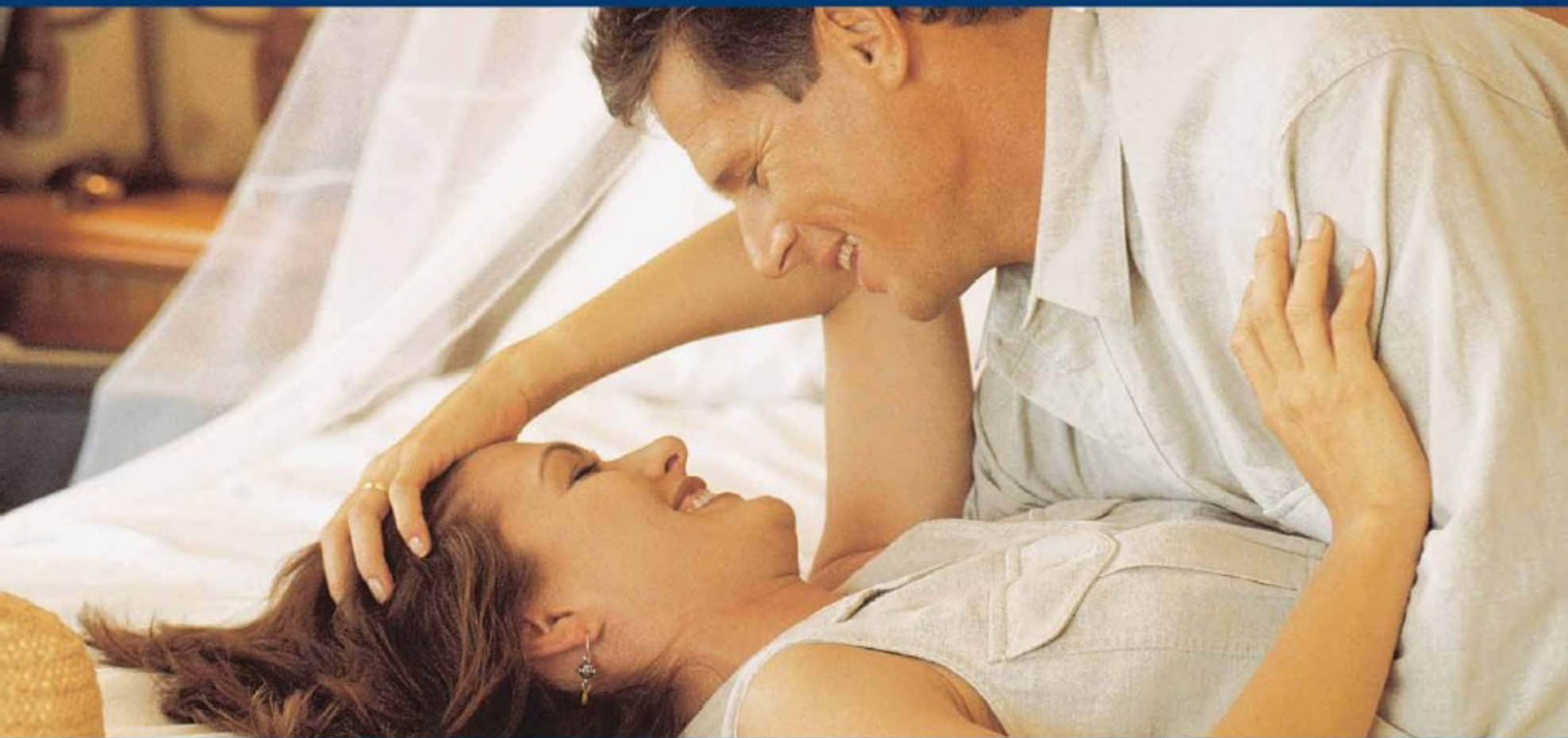
TERRY ROSSIO, screenwriter, Shrek: Chris was the number one choice, and everyone was thrilled that he agreed to the project. For an animated feature, his voice was perfect, very distinctive. Also, you know, *Shrek* kind of looked like Farley, or Farley looked like *Shrek*.

The recording sessions were essentially everybody in the booth rolling off our chairs onto the floor, laughing our asses off. I brought my daughter, who was 12 years old at the time, to one of the sessions at the Capitol Records building. It was her first time ever coming in



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with me to work, and she concluded I had the best job in the world, listening to funny people be funny.

ANDREW ADAMSON, *director, Shrek*: The character of Shrek is to some degree rebelling against his own vulnerabilities. And I think that's probably a reason Katzenberg went to Chris, because there was an aspect of that in him, covering vulnerability in humor and keeping people at arm's length. Within minutes of meeting Chris you saw his vulnerability. Sometimes he would switch on this very gruff persona, and you realized it was because he felt like he was exposing too much.

It didn't make the final film, but at one stage there was a moment in the script where Shrek was walking along, singing "Feelin' Groovy," Simon and Garfunkel's "59th Street Bridge Song." Chris was just so into it. When we were recording, I kind of got the impression that he wasn't sure whether he was supposed to be doing a comedic take on the song or a sincere, heartfelt one. He was singing and putting himself out there in a way that was very touching. It made me see the longing in him to do something more genuine with his career. It made me feel bad because we were in fact asking for a "funny" version. But that he was willing to give it to us, even though he felt so vulnerable about it, made it a very sad and touching moment.

TERRY ROSSIO: We spoke about the essence or wellspring of Chris's humor; much of it was the humor of discomfort. He would occupy a space of discomfort until it became funny. Shrek, in the Chris Farley version of the story, was unhappy at his place in the world, unhappy to be cast

as the villain. So for me, Chris's comedic persona was key to the creation of the Shrek character—a guy who rejected the world because the world rejected him.

ANDREW ADAMSON: After Chris died, we all had personal thoughts about whether we could use his voice track and find someone to impersonate him to finish the film. We definitely thought about whether that was the appropriate thing to do, but ultimately we felt we weren't far enough along in developing the story and the character. The animation process depends a lot on the actor. His death was quite devastating, both personally and to the process of creating the film. We spent almost a year banging our heads against the wall until Mike Myers was able to come on board. Chris's Shrek and Mike's Shrek are really two completely different characters, as much as Chris and Mike are two completely different people.

TERRY ROSSIO: They're both great in their own way. Mike created a very interesting character, a Shrek who has a sense of humor that's not that good but makes him happy. Chris's Shrek was born of frustration and self-doubt, an internal struggle between the certainty of a good heart and the insecurity of not understanding things.

By the time he finished voicing Shrek in early May, Chris's ability to maintain his sobriety had all but vanished. His relapses started coming randomly, suddenly and with alarming frequency. Chris, a devout Roman Catholic who attended mass several times a week, was rapidly being consumed by shame and guilt over his inability to grapple with what he felt were griev-

ous sins committed in the throes of his disease.

One of Chris's counselors described him as having the most severe addictive personality he'd ever seen—this in several decades of helping patients. As Chris surrendered his hold on sobriety, his compulsive overeating ran rampant as well. Chris had fought a constant battle with his weight since childhood. Those who knew him well knew it was the bane of his existence. Given the severe health risks of obesity, Chris was doing almost as much damage to himself with food as he was with drugs and alcohol.

After presenting at the Oscars on March 24 Chris had returned to rehab in Alabama, emerging sober to work on *Shrek* in April and early May. Following yet another relapse he returned to the outpatient program at Hazelden's Chicago location on May 19. It accomplished little. June and July were spent in and mostly out of rehab, and by August the situation was catastrophic.

Chris's relationship with Lorri Bagley, rocky and unstable in the best of times, was severely broken. It never ended, but the blow-outs got bigger and more explosive, and the separations grew longer and longer. Friends who were active in Chris's recovery, like Jillian Seely and Tim O'Malley, did their best to keep him on the straight and narrow, but their efforts were increasingly frustrated. Chris would either insulate himself from his friends in order to use or insulate himself in order not to use. He had so removed himself from his usual social networks that many assumed he was simply off somewhere else, stone sober and hard at work. Chris had never let the trappings of fame and success put any distance between him and his loved ones. But addiction finally succeeded where fame could not.

JOEL MURRAY, *cast member, Second City*: The people who loved him didn't want him to drink, so he couldn't be with us anymore. I'd invite him over to barbecues and stuff out in L.A., and I could tell he had a whole other thing going on. It wasn't a celebrity big-shot kind of thing; it was an "I gotta go do this stuff that I don't want to tell you about" kind of thing. He was the worst liar in the world, so he'd just kind of be evasive. Next thing you know, he's hanging out with nefarious types who just want to wind up the comedy toy, and that's never good.

DAVID SPADE: There's no shortage of those sorts of people. I've talked to Aykroyd about Belushi, and it's the same experience. Friends you've known for three days aren't friends I want to hang with.

I was working in TV, he was off doing his movies, and we'd just slowed down a little bit. It wasn't Lorri. That was done with, but we'd been a little bit on the outs, and because of that I got a lot of shit toward the end about "Why weren't you there for him?" But being that close, I dealt with it all the time. And in that situation, before the guy's dead, he's just kind of an asshole. Truth is, you get a junkie who's wasted all the time and moody and angry and trying to knock you around, you say, "Okay, you go do that, and I'll be over here." I think that's understandable.



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TED DONDANVILLE, *friend and personal assistant*: Chris never had any animosity toward Spade at all; he had just respected Spade's decision to walk away for a while. But after being all alone on *Ninja and Edwards & Hunt* [later titled *Almost Heroes*] Chris started to realize how much he needed his friend. It was like Mick Jagger after those first two solo albums—maybe it was good to have Keith Richards around.

TOM FARLEY: I always told Chris, "You love humor, but look around at the people you're with when you're doing these drugs. These people have no humor in their lives. You keep this up and you will end up surrounded by people who are not your friends." And that's exactly what happened.

NORM MACDONALD, *cast member, SNL*: Sometimes you'd see him with prostitutes. That was mostly at the very end, like when he hosted *SNL* [in October]. The amazing thing was how well he treated them. He really fell for them. He'd take them to dinner and treat them so sweetly. He'd treat them equal to any other person at the table. He'd introduce them to you as his girlfriend.

TIM O'MALLEY, *cast member, Second City*: Escorts and strippers are just part of the deal when you're lonely and lost. It's like phone sex, trying to reach out and talk to somebody. Every phone book has a hundred phone numbers in it; you can always dig up someone to spend time with you.

I went into his apartment one night, and he said, "Yeah, I relapsed last night. I had a pizza, and I figured since I'd relapsed on my Overeaters Anonymous program I'd have a bottle of scotch, and then I went to the Crazy Horse and I spent 11 grand."

"Jesus, you were giving the girls 500 a dance?"

"Yeah, how'd you know?"

"Because I know how it goes. You were trying to get some girl to come home with you by overtipping her, and those girls don't want anything but more money. First of all," I told him, "separate your food program from your alcohol problem. Food's not going to kill you tonight."

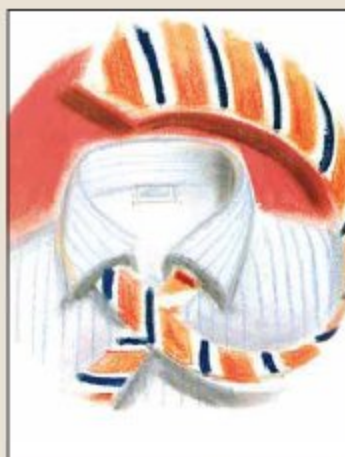
KEVIN FARLEY: For Chris, by that point every relapse meant going all the way. Some addicts will put a toe back in the water, but Chris would always dive back into the deep end. And that's what happened when he went to Hawaii.

DAVID SPADE: I was at the Mondrian in L.A., and Chris was there. He was doing an interview, and he had one of his sobriety bodyguards with him. It was kind of sad because I hadn't seen him in a while. He came over to my table—the bodyguard let him come over alone for a bit—he came over and he said, "Nobody cares about anything but *Tommy Boy*. Can we do another one? Can we do...something?"

"Of course. There's always scripts they want us to do. I didn't know if you wanted to do anything anymore."

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 26, 31–34, 64–66, 94–99 and 142–143, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



GAMES

Page 26: *Army of Two*, ea.com. *Condemned 2: Bloodshot*, sega.com. *God of War: Chains of Olympus*, playstation.com. *Patapon*, playstation.com. *Silent Hill: Origins*, konami.com. *Syphon Filter: Logan's Shadow*, playstation.com. *Wipeout Pulse*, playstation.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 31–34: *Blinde*, osainternational.com. *Jaques of London*, newyorkfirst.com. *Legend of the Motorcycle*, legendofthe-motorcycle.com. *LG Electronics*, lge.com. *Motorola*, motorola.com. *Opus*, dwr.com. *Plantronics*, plantronics.com. *Sony Ericsson*, sonyericsson.com. *Torino Leather*, greenhawsmenswear.com. *U'La'wka*, available at liquor stores. *Umbra*, umbra.com.

THE BEST SEAT IN THE HOUSE

Pages 64–66: *Acoustic Research*, araccessories.com. *Definitive Technology*, definitivetech.com. *Denon*, denon.com. *HP*, hp.com. *LG Electronics*, lge.com. *Okoro Media Systems*, okoromedia.com. *Panasonic*, panasonic.com. *Xbox*, xbox.com.

WELL TIMED, WELL HEELED, WELL HUNG

Pages 94–99: *Baume & Mercier*, available at Tourneau stores nationwide. *Breitling*, available at Tourneau stores nationwide. *Brooks Brothers*, brooksbrothers.com. *Cole Haan*, colehaan.com. *Dunhill*, dunhill.com. *Etro*, etro.it. *Giorgio Brutini*, giorgio-brutini.com. *Gold Toe*, available at Macy's and

Bloomingdale's. *Harrys of London*, available at Mario's in Seattle. *Hermès*, available at Tourneau stores nationwide. *Hickey Freeman*, hickeyfreeman.com. *IWC*, available at Tourneau stores nationwide. *J.M. Weston*, jmweston.com. *John Lobb*, johnlobb.com. *Johnston & Murphy*, johnstonandmurphy.com. *Longines*, longines.com. *Oris*, available at Kenjo in New York City. *Tasso Elba Collezione*, available at Macy's. *Ted Baker London*, available at Frank Stella in New York City. *Timex*, timex.com. *XMI*, xmi.com.

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Pages 142–143: *Ambient Devices*, ambientdevices.com. *Aqua Lung*, aqualung.com. *Bush countdown key chain*, bushtimer.com. *Caddyshack putter*, caddyshackputter.com. *Coleman*, [coleman.com. *Fluid*, \[fluidwatches.com\]\(http://fluidwatches.com\). *Mamietage*, \[mamiewine.com. *Unfiltered: The Complete Ralph Bakshi*, available at bookstores. *Woody's*, \\[mugonline.com\\]\\(http://mugonline.com\\).\]\(http://mamiewine.com\)](http://coleman.com)

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"We gotta do it, because that's the only one that matters."

"Okay," I said. "Let's find something."

Then these two cute girls came over. They said, "Hey, come party with us. We're in town with Spanish PLAYBOY." Or something ridiculous like that. Chris said, "I can't."

"Oh, c'mon," they said. "Just come up to our room for a bit."

Chris looked at me. I said, "I'll cover for you. I can buy you about five minutes."

"Thanks, Davy."

He took off, and then the bodyguard came over and said, "Where's Chris?"

"He went to the bathroom."

"Which bathroom?"

"There's one in the hotel."

"You fucked this."

"Sorry."

It was the wrong thing to do, I know. But we'd had a really nice moment together, and I liked that. It proved we were still close, could still be friends, and I wanted to help him out. But then they couldn't find Chris. He disappeared, and it just turned into chaos.

KEVIN FARLEY: *Us* magazine was doing a big feature article on him at the time, and Chris was spending his days with this reporter. Chris woke me up in the middle of the night and asked me if I wanted to come down and take a whirlpool with these girls he'd met. He'd already relapsed and started drinking. I said no and went back to bed. I figured he'd play in the Jacuzzi and then go up to his room and sleep it off. But

I got up the next morning and found out he'd relapsed hard, bought these girls plane tickets and gone to Hawaii. When that *Us* reporter showed up and there was no Chris, the shit hit the fan. Gurvitz [his manager] had to put that fire out.

When I talked to Chris about it later, he didn't even remember going to Hawaii. He just woke up there. But when he called Dad from Hawaii, Dad was like, "Hey, you're on vacation!" The level of denial at that point was just crazy.

FATHER TOM GANNON: You cannot understand Chris Farley without grappling with the relationship between him and his father. That was the dominant force in his life. He talked to his father every

day on the phone and was constantly trying to please him. And I think he *did* please him. But the family, which looked so normal on the outside, was terribly dysfunctional.

ERIC NEWMAN, *production associate, Tommy Boy*: If you were a shrink, you could retire on that family.

TOM ARNOLD, *friend and actor*: Even when he was 30 years old, Chris would literally sit at his dad's feet and tell him stories. I don't think anything made him happier than to sit at the foot of his dad's recliner and tell him stories about show business, or food.

There were a couple other times where I went with Chris to the Taste of Madison, which is this festival in the city

around the circle talking about their issues with food. His dad just stood up and said, "Let's go." They got up and went outside, and his dad said, "We're not like these people. They've got problems. That's not us. We're leaving."

FATHER TOM GANNON: They walked out, checked into a resort on an island off the coast of Florida, took out a room and proceeded to go on a binge together. With that kind of enabling, the kid didn't stand a chance. The father was in denial, but in all fairness I don't think the brothers were straight with the father either. Dad knew about the drinking but not so much about the drugs. The father never accepted that Chris was a drug addict until the very end, even though the

two of them talked every day. So there was a lot of posturing going on.

TOM ARNOLD: It's not his father's fault, what happened to Chris. It's not Chris had access to every tool in the world. He went to the best treatment centers, had the best people being of service to him, reaching out to him.

It's not like I didn't sit with him a dozen times where he looked me in the eye and knew what he had to do to stay sober. You can't blame your circumstances, and after a certain point you can't even blame your father. You can't blame him; you have to have compassion for him. It all comes down to you, and you've got to be a man about it.

ERICH "MANCOW" MULLER: That May

Chris Rock was performing in Chicago. Farley called me and said, "I've broken out of prison. I'm out. I want to go see my boy Chris Rock!" Chris broke out of rehab to go to this show. I met him at his apartment, and I was begging him not to drink. I was sitting there, going, "No. No, Chris. Please."

He said, "Just a little splash." That's how it started off, a Coke with a splash of whiskey—and I mean just a drop. Then an hour later it turned into a glass of whiskey with a splash of Coke. We went to the concert to meet Tim Meadows and his wife, and I spent the whole night fighting Chris.

TIM MEADOWS, *cast member, SNL*: We went

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square where every three feet there's a booth of a different kind of food. All the conversations Chris had with his dad that weekend were just "Hey, did you have that pork chop on a stick?" "Yeah, that was good. Did you get some of this?" You know, they were surface conversations, the kind I would have with my dad, the kind that don't really go deep. Because if you get deep, it's pretty painful.

HOLLY WORTELL, *cast member, Second City*: His dad was of a different generation. They didn't go to see "headshrinkers." Chris told me his father finally agreed to go with him to this weight-loss clinic once. They were sitting in a group therapy session, and everyone was going

backstage after the show to see Rock, and Farley was drunk, fooling around in front of these girls. We'd been talking about going out for dinner after the show, but Rock and I looked at each other, and I said, "I can't do it. I can't be around him anymore like this."

Rock said, "Yeah, I know what you mean. I'll take care of him tonight."

CHRIS ROCK, cast member, SNL: He was so fucking drunk, drunk to the point where he was being rude and grabby with girls. He would go too far and you'd call him on it, and he'd give you his crying apology, the Farley Crying Apology. We probably had about four of those that night.

I remember dropping him off at his apartment. He wanted me to come up and see his place, and I just didn't have it in me. He was so fucked up. I just couldn't go up there. And as I drove away, I knew. It had gotten to that point. I knew that was the last time I'd ever see him alive.

JILLIAN SEELY, friend:

I was waiting for Chris to pick me up for the Chris Rock show, and I got a phone call from him saying there weren't enough tickets and so I couldn't go. That was Sunday. Then Tuesday I got a call at nine o'clock at night from a nurse at the Northwestern psych ward. Hazelden had to send him to the hospital to get sober before they'd let him back into treatment.

Chris got on the phone. "I'm really scared," he said. "I totally relapsed on Sunday and went back to treatment, and they made me come here. Will you come and see me?"

So I went over to Northwestern. I went up to Chris's room, and I heard him go, "Hey, hey, in here."

He was in the bathroom blowing his cigarette smoke into the air vent. I looked down at this stainless-steel paper-towel rack, and there were lines of cocaine on it. Chris had gotten one of the hospital staff to bring him coke in the detox ward.

I said, "I'm totally telling on you." I went out into the hallway and started yelling, "Chris is doing cocaine in his room!"

They came in and restrained him. He was screaming at me, "You're a

fucking narc! I hate you!" It was like a scene out of a bad movie. It was horrible, really horrible.

KEVIN FARLEY: The fact that Chris was able to score cocaine inside the detox ward was just insane. When you're famous there aren't any rules. That's when I knew things were getting bad. He was in a mental ward. You couldn't get any lower than that.

As a kid, when he watched *The Exorcist*, he was terrified of the idea that something evil could take over your body, possess you and make you do things you can't control. Here he had this thing that was eating away at him from the inside, and he was powerless to stop it. And that scared the living shit out of him.

thing that wants you dead. And whatever was in possession of Chris certainly wanted him dead.

TIM O'MALLEY: They say you should go back to your faith when you get sober, but it's up to the individual the role that their faith plays. I don't think Chris ever got a chance to really clarify or learn properly some of the ways to sort out your life. So I think he used religion and did the best he could with it, still trying to be a good Catholic boy using the garbage we were taught by the nuns—the angel on one shoulder and the devil on the other. It's a fifth grader's view of spirituality.

FATHER TOM GANNON: The old view of spirituality was that life was like climbing a

mountain. You have to fight onward and upward, climbing with your spiritual crampons until you reach the top—and that's perfection. You pass the trial and you pass the test and you get so many gold stars in your copybook.

But that kind of faith only gets a person so far. Your spiritual life isn't like climbing a mountain, waiting to find God at the top. It's a journey, full of highs and lows, and God is there with you every step of the way. The first approach is really a whole lot of smoke and mirrors. It's only the second one that allows a person to grow.

Chris didn't feel he was worthy of God's love. He felt he had to prove himself. Well, you're never going to get very far in any rela-

tionship with that kind of belief. Imagine if you had to prove yourself to your spouse every single day; that's not the way love works. In all of our talks, that was the one thing I really tried to work with him on, adjusting to this different idea of faith, but he never really moved from one to the other. It's hard. It takes a long time to come around to that way of thinking, and Chris just ran out of time.

Chris Farley overdosed on December 18, 1997. He was 33 years old. His body was discovered in his Chicago apartment by his brother John. He was alone when he died.

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FATHER TOM GANNON: Chris thought of his addiction in terms of good and evil, that drugs were the devil's way of controlling him, and I tried to steer him away from that way of thinking because it isn't very helpful. Like many Irish Catholics', Chris's spirituality was sort of a mix between religion and superstition.

TOM FARLEY: He told me heroin was the devil. "I've seen the devil, Tommy." That's what he told me after he'd tried it.

KEVIN FARLEY: Chris would talk about his addiction in those terms because that was the vocabulary he had for it. A lot of people laugh at that concept, but I think it's as good a framework as any. What is a demon? A demon is some-



Hillary

(continued from page 102)

right-wing conspiracy" was hardly wrong, just infelicitously phrased.)

So who gets it worse—Hillary or the ex? Coincidentally, we find Madame Tyrrell and Madame Hillary share an uncanny number of similar traits—who could have predicted? Hillary's a self-righteous, self-regarding narcissist, "a case study in what psychiatrists call 'the controlling personality,'" and assumes the world will share her conviction that she's always blameless. And here is Tyrrell on his soon-to-be ex, from his political memoir, *The Conservative Crack-Up*: "She resorted to tennis, then religion and then psychotherapy. Finally she tried divorce—all common American coping mechanisms for navigating middle age." When Tyrrell worries that suburban women will secretly identify with Hillary's independence and break from their husbands' politics in the privacy of the voting booth, clearly suburban women's late-breaking independence is territory he has cause to know and fear. (Feminists have long been one of Tyrrell's favorite punching bags in the *Spectator*: "disagreeable misanthropes, horrible to behold, uncouth and unlovely...burdened by a splitting headache, halitosis, body odor and other

ailments too terrible and obscure to mention." I'm not sure what it says about me, but I confess this made me laugh.) Hillary's disposition is dark, sour and conspiratorial; she has a paranoid mind, a combative style, is thin-skinned and prone to angry outbursts. Whereas the ex-Mrs. T., we learn, was afflicted with "random wrath" and, as divorce negotiations were in their final stages, threatened to make the proceedings as public and lurid as possible. Hillary has "a prehensile nature," which makes it sound as if she hangs from branches by her feet. And while Tyrrell nowhere actually says his ex-wife hung from branches by her feet, the reference to protracted divorce negotiations probably indicates that "grasping"—the definition of *prehensile*—is a characterization he wouldn't argue with.

Threatening ex-wives, angry women, Hillary for President, property settlements—not exactly lighthearted stuff. Tyrrell at least tries to be amusing about it, in the sense that love transformed into hatred can be amusing, in a bilious, horribly painful sort of way. In contrast, Edward Klein, author of *The Truth About Hillary*, is the humorless type, though he's so venomous about Hillary and suspicious of her sexual proclivities that unintentional humor abounds: He's like an angry Inspector

Clouseau with gaydar. The inconvenient fact that there's no particular evidence of Hillary bending that way dissuades him not. Thus we learn Hillary went to a college with a long tradition of lesbianism (Wellesley) where she read a lot of lesbian literature, and two of her college friends would later become out-of-the-closet lesbians, and later some of her Wellesley classmates were invited for "sleepovers" at the White House. (Get it? *Sleepovers*.) In 1972 a Methodist Church magazine she subscribed to published a special issue on radical lesbian and feminist themes, edited by two lesbians. In college her role models were feminists who refused to wear pretty clothes and sometimes appeared mannish; her White House chief of staff was also mannish-looking. Though, according to Klein, Hillary never much liked sex to begin with and once had a fight with a college boyfriend about not wanting to go skiing—a fight that, also according to Klein, "might have been a substitute for an honest discussion about her sexual frigidity" and that ended with Hillary retreating into "icy silence." (Get it? *Icy*.) He also reports she'd had a torrid affair with Vince Foster, the deputy White House counsel (and her former law partner) who later committed suicide. This would make her a frigid, closeted, gay adulteress, for anyone keeping score.

If it's a handy truism that constant sexual innuendos mask a certain discomfort with sex, Klein is also a waffler, and neither is exactly a testimonial to his level of self-acuity. Or a very attractive trait in a man, it must be said. In his preface to the paperback edition he attempts to weasel out of some of his more incendiary allegations, claiming mysteriously that the "exaggerated rumors about my book"—that Hillary's a lesbian and Bill raped his wife—"were blatantly untrue." Huh? This is indeed the book that has Bill Clinton, on a Bermuda vacation in 1979, telling some guys in the hotel bar that he was going back to his room to "rape my wife" and this was how Chelsea was conceived. Possibly Klein means he just quoted a lot of imaginary gossip rather than saying it himself. Still, his relation to Hillary brings to mind a self-loathing consumer of specialty porn: oscillating between fixation and contempt, projecting the derision outward onto the nasty object of his fascination and denying it has anything to do with him.

On the sexual creepiness meter Klein gets some stiff competition from Carl Limbacher, author of *Hillary's Scheme: Inside the Next Clinton's Ruthless Agenda to Take the White House*, another biographer deeply fascinated with nosing out the truth about Hillary's sexuality. Limbacher comes up with an even darker picture, if that's possible: His premise is that Bill Clinton is a rapist, Hillary digs it, and this is the key that unlocks her character. Or if Hillary didn't literally hold down the victims while Bill did the deed, she was complicit nonetheless, "a victimizer who actually enabled her husband's predations," since "a woman with half the



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intellect of Hillary Clinton would understand that she's married to a ravenous sexual predator at best—a brutal serial rapist at worst." At least he compliments her intellect! According to Limbacher, who writes for the far-right news outlet NewsMax, Hillary had to suppress evidence of Bill's sex life, especially any suspicion that he liked rough sex, as some of his accusers implied, because this might "raise questions about her own private peccadilloes." It's not entirely clear what peccadilloes Limbacher is referring to, though elsewhere he mentions Foster was Hillary's "intimate friend." But "if you believed Juanita Broadrick, then you either believed that Hillary's state of denial was so extreme as to suggest some sort of psychological impairment—or you were forced to accept the possibility that she was an accomplice at some level to rape." I'd be curious to know what Limbacher imagines Hillary wearing when he fantasizes about her in the henchwoman-to-rape role—her *Ilsa*, *She Wolf of the SS* outfit or the navy-blue pantsuit.

As we see, the problem isn't that a woman is aspiring to be president—none of these books makes any argument against women as presidential candidates. No, the problem is that Hillary is a *deformed* woman; her femininity itself is a pathology. She's a sadist, a victim, asexual, a dyke—maybe all at once. (Whereas Obama, by contrast—what a *fine* specimen of a man.) On the femininity question Tyrrell is at least charitable enough to allow that she "flirts well" and has evolved into "a handsome woman," though he also spends many passages mocking her youthful appearance, down to the unplucked eyebrows that "would have collected coal dust in a Welsh mining village." She's an overly hairy woman, in addition to everything else. Her physicality does loom rather large for these men, though in Klein's case you get the sense outsize female personalities both attract and repel him (his previous subject was Jacqueline Onassis, another woman with a charismatic straying husband, speaking of triangulation). He snidely notes the cubic poundage of any oversize woman who enters the story: Monica Lewinsky (who "had gained a lot of weight" and "was bursting the seams of her thin sleeveless summer dress"), Bill's deputy chief of staff Evelyn Lieberman ("overweight"), his Arkansas chief of staff Betsy Wright ("heavyset") and, of course, Hillary herself, whom Klein refers to throughout the book by the nickname the Big Girl. (Get it? *The big girl*.) But hold on—there's a *gynecological* explanation for those lumpy legs and ankles he harangues her about; Klein quotes an "anonymous medical authority" who speculates Hillary may have contracted an obstetric infection after giving birth to Chelsea that resulted in chronic lymphedema, a condition that causes "gross swelling in the legs and feet." Forgetting that the diagnosis is speculative (and as far as I can tell, nowhere else confirmed), Klein observes Hillary covers up this lumpiness with wide-legged pants. You have to give Klein credit—it's not every

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biographer who approaches the task with calipers and a speculum. It's a dirty job, but someone had to do it.

Taking the measure of Hillary's femininity also preoccupies John Podhoretz in *Can She Be Stopped?: Hillary Clinton Will Be the Next President of the United States Unless...* Podhoretz wants to like Hillary, though he finds her tough to warm up to—she never figured out what to do with her hair and clothes, isn't a raving beauty and has a manner that's almost pathologically unsexy. Interestingly, Podhoretz thinks this antifeminine quality may actually work in her favor: Being "neither girlish nor womanly" with a "hard-to-describe style" could be the perfect blend for the first woman president, since a president has to be a little scary and not seem emotional—basically, she should be an unlikable bitch. "And Hillary is a bitch." (So firmly entrenched is this assessment among Hillary haters that when she momentarily teared up during the New Hampshire primary, this too was taken as evidence of bitchery: She cried strategically.) Feigning worry that saying this kind of thing makes him sound sexist (while admiring himself for saying it), Podhoretz's point is that a woman presidential candidate needs to show she can be manly, and if any woman politician can pass for a tough guy, it's Hillary. Which

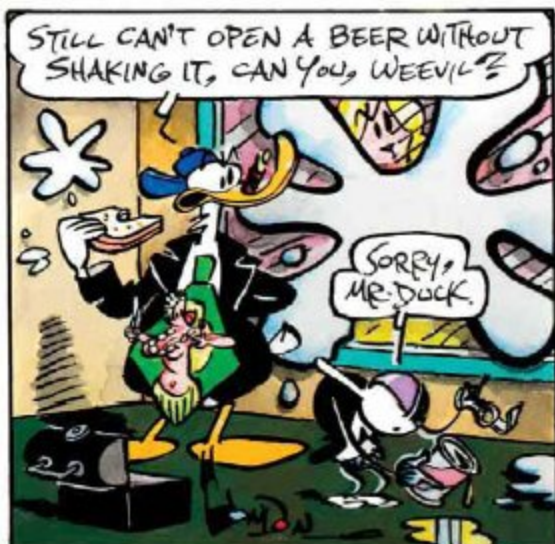
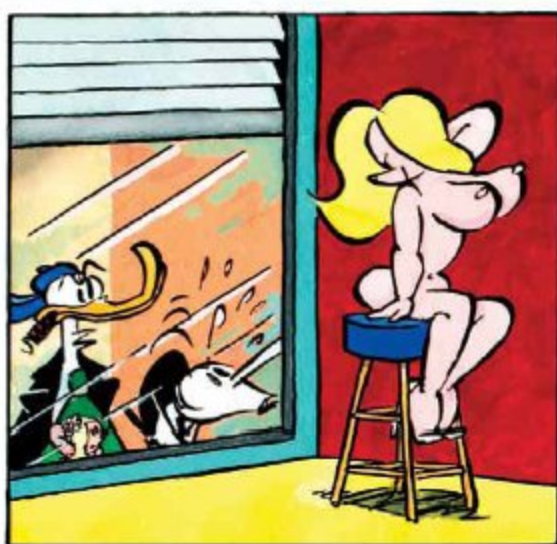
scares him, though in a fascinated sort of way. Call him Mr. Conflicted.

If Podhoretz seems to be all over the map about Hillary, no doubt he has his reasons: When it comes to women and politics, his own life has been notoriously complicated too. For one thing he's a neocon currently married to a Northern liberal, as he reveals in the book, though those who follow such things may recall his previous marriage, to a more like-minded Beltway conservative, which unraveled rather publicly after three months, following a whirlwind 10-day courtship during which Podhoretz declared his love for his new amour in his *Weekly Standard* column ("in her calm, there is the permanence I seek"). Mom is the ultraconservative doyenne and antifeminist Midge Decter, author of numerous books denouncing the women's movement and the dupes who fell for it. When Podhoretz writes, incoherently, that Hillary had an "easy path due in part to feminism," he sounds like the dutiful son, channeling Midge. What mother could ask for more? But between the maternal powerhouse, the romantic impetuosities and flip-flops, and the strange-political-bedfellows current marriage (though I'm sure they're a lovely couple), the guy has more than his share of family baggage when it comes to

love and politics. As has Hillary herself, needless to say—in a better world the two of them could have a fascinating heart-to-heart on the subject.

But all these Hillary haters seem to be carting a lot of baggage around, even if the details haven't been as well publicized. When Klein rants, "As always with Hillary, it was all about her," note the unmistakable flavor of marital overfamiliarity—he's really just *had it* with her. Or with someone. He even resents her successes, especially the massive advance for *her* Hillary book, *Living History*. When Tyrrell writes that there was an emotional side to Bill and Hillary's arrangement, with each fulfilling the other's idiosyncratic needs, as we've heard, he's been there too. When Podhoretz spends a good chunk of his book proffering advice to Hillary on how to position herself to win the election, not only is this weird, the advice itself is strange: For instance, to avoid being upstaged by Bill, Hillary should treat him "as though he were her father—there to provide her with emotional support and little else." Since Podhoretz is someone whose career has always been upstaged by his own more famous father, Norman (why the son's recent appointment to the editorship of *Commentary*, once Dad's

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



STILL CAN'T OPEN A BEER WITHOUT SHAKING IT, CAN YOU, WEEVIL?

SORRY, MR. DUCK.

bastion, was much remarked upon), how can the reader even keep her footing amid such a swirl of relatives, husbands, ambitions and projections?

By the way, Tyrrell has some free advice for Hillary too—namely that she should get herself a divorce and pronto. Since Bill is not only goatish but also “ithyphallic,” Hillary could present herself to women voters as “a victim of the male penile imperative,” then start dating again. Presumably, Tyrrell is so pro-divorce because life improved so dramatically following his own, especially on the penile-imperative front. His readers will no doubt recall his bubbly reports about life as a swinging bachelor, picking up “terrific coeds” at various right-wing think-tank shindigs and not returning home alone.

Yes, conservatives do score, Tyrrell makes sure to let us know, even as he charges Hillary with having been too self-disclosing in *Living History*. His preference is for the “soignée” and “physiologically well-appointed,” though unfortunately one of his soignée dates is mistaken for a hooker when he drops by a conservative gathering at the Lehrman Institute on his way to Au Club, a then-happening Manhattan nightspot.

Tyrrell can indeed be a hoot for those who find this kind of thing entertaining, though clearly we’re at the precipice of male hysteria, where reason and intellect go to die. But if ever a man had an overlaid relation to Hillary, it’s Tyrrell’s protégé, David Brock, author of *The Seduction of Hillary Rodham*. No, the acorn doesn’t fall far from the tree. Except that after receiving a million-dollar book advance to do to Hillary what he’d done to his previous victim, Anita Hill, in a best-selling smear job (Brock was famously the author of the “a bit nutty and a bit slutty” line about Hill), a strange thing happened when he tried to plunge the knife. Somehow he couldn’t. Sure, there was the stuff about the 1960s radicalism Hillary never really abandoned, including a catty analysis of her college wardrobe, which featured the sort of “loose-fitting, flowing pants favored by the Viet Cong.” (Just call her Ho Chi Rodham.) But for the most part it’s an intermittently compassionate portrait of a gawky, brainy, well-intentioned Midwest-

ern gal swept off her feet by a charismatic Southern charmer, who then migrated to the backwaters of Arkansas—or Dogpatch, as Brock likes to call it—to advance Bill’s political fortunes, sacrificing herself and her principles for love, and Bill repaid her by having sex with everyone in sight.

Wait—is this the same David Brock who had spent his career to date as dirt-digger-in-residence at *The American Spectator*, employed by our pal Tyrrell to compile sleazy exposés on Tyrrell’s laundry list of political enemies? In fact, Brock’s most notable victim had been Bill Clinton. It was young David who first dug up the name Paula and used it in his infamous Trooper-gate article; consult your history books for what happened next. But to everyone’s

versely drawn to the rejection implied by Bill’s philandering” and willing to accept compromises and humiliation in the sexual arena because of the greater good she and Bill could together accomplish, Brock—who had once thrown a gala party to celebrate the 100th day of Newt Gingrich’s antigay Contract With America—could be describing his own career arc, too. After all, Brock’s was a political marriage with its own share of humiliations, though by writing this Hillary biography he finally got the divorce Hillary never could, after which he penned an engraved kiss-off to his former friends and boss in *Esquire*, titled “Confessions of a Right-Wing Hit Man.” The accompanying pictorial has Brock as a modern-day Joan of Arc tied to a tree, perched atop a

pile of kindling and gazing heavenward, his billowy white shirt ripped open, one nipple exposed. Another noted apostate, David Horowitz, picking up on the gender-bending implications, commented acerbically, “The editors didn’t say whether he was waiting to be shot or to nurse.”

Gender bending, indeed. The problem was that Brock ended up identifying with Hillary when he was supposed to be vilifying her, and it turned his life upside down. The question he asks about Hillary—“What made her vulnerable to those seductive forces in the first place?”—was the same one soon to animate his own flamboyant break with the right. Some mysterious alchemy took place in the course of his writing

this book: Instead of Brock exposing Hillary, she exposed Brock to himself.

To any halfway attentive reader, the levels of psychodrama—and family drama and marital drama—played out in these books are impossible to ignore. You don’t need to know the specifics of the backstory to recognize the signs. “All biography is ultimately fiction,” Bernard Malamud wrote in *Dubin’s Lives*, his novel about a biographer, though what would he have said if he’d read this particular collection of authors: All biography is ultimately a Rorschach test? The various Hillaries that emerge are fictive enough, but they have an inner reality for their creators. Each invents his own personal Hillary, then has



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shock (including his publisher’s), the promised Hillary takedown turned out to be a big squishy valentine instead, and his own camp was livid. Alas, as Brock soon learned, unconditional love is not the prevailing emotion on the conservative fringe when faced with public defection; instead, they stopped inviting him to their parties and said scurrilous things about him in print. Tyrrell stuck by him at the beginning, but soon he got canned from the *Spectator* too.

One interesting aspect of Brock’s employment situation was that he happens to be gay and the *Spectator* regularly fulminated against gay rights, as did his yappy boss whenever given the chance. When Brock speculates Hillary might have been “per-

to slay his creation, all the while paying tribute to her with these displays of antagonism and ambivalence. They're caught in her grip, but they don't know why; they spin tales about her treachery and perversity, as if that explains it. But the harder they try to knock her off her perch, the more shrill and unmanned they seem.

What female colossus is this they're flailing at, what oversize mythic figure? A clue comes our way from Dorothy Dinnerstein, who wrote some years ago in *The Mermaid and the Minotaur* of the "human malaise" in our current sexual arrangements—namely, the one in which men rule the world and women rule over childhood, with mothers the "first despots" in our lives. To her haters, Hillary is nothing if not a would-be despot making an illegitimate grab for power. Now, I would never say men who hate Hillary are treating her like a bad mother, since it would sound like a huge cliché. But according to Dinnerstein, the psychological origin of misogyny is simply the need for mother-raised humans to overthrow the residues of early female dominion. To put it another way: Men won't give up ruling the world until women stop ruling over childhood, meaning that if political power is ever really going to be reapportioned between the sexes, child rearing would probably have to be reapportioned too. For the most part this has yet to happen, meaning that it's not hard to see why the prospect of women ruling both spheres isn't exactly a neutral question.

Power is a subject that cuts deep, psychically speaking. Anxiety reigns in these vicinities, not in geopolitical terms alone but in the very experience of being ruled,

which is what being a citizen entails. We were all once children who got pushed around by big despots with their own agendas for us. Too often it can seem as if adulthood is just one long reprise, with a slightly larger cast of characters. As to how this plays out in terms of political psychology—who's allowed to lead, how leaders secure the consent of the ruled—well, that's what's being renegotiated at the moment, in a predictably bumpy sort of way. At the moment, the polls suggest there is significantly more anxiety in this country about a woman's rise to power than about a black man's. (Historical footnote: Black men actually won suffrage long before women managed to; perhaps the same pattern will hold when it comes to presidential elections.) Of course those wishing to dispute that conclusion can find plenty of reasons to blame the extremes of Hillary hatred on Hillary herself: Something about the woman is just...[insert your own projection here].

But what is it about those Clintons? Years ago there was a wonderful book called *Dreams of Bill*; the authors ran classified ads around the country soliciting accounts of dreams, erotic and otherwise, in which Bill Clinton appeared as a character, and they compiled the results to hilarious effect. These days it's Hillary who seems to get the psychosexual juices flowing, along with hatred, ambivalence and the occasional burst of admiration. Political charisma is as complicated a subject as any on the planet, and whether Hillary's version of it is one the country will be seduced by or rebuff is still anyone's guess.



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BASEBALL

(continued from page 92)

Off-season focus: The Diamondbacks made it known they are looking to win now with no regard to the future. They packaged six players—including five of their top 12 prospects, led by highly regarded OF Carlos Gonzalez—and shipped them to Oakland for RHP Dan Haren and RHP Connor Robertson, then sent erratic but statistically successful closer Jose Valverde to Houston for a trio of players they feel can add depth.

In-season prognosis: The health of Randy Johnson, who is coming off his third back operation at the age of 44, is critical. His durability is a concern, but with the addition of Haren to go with Brandon Webb, Arizona would be happy to have Johnson fill the third spot in its rotation to make up for the loss of Livan Hernandez to free agency. The Diamondbacks still need to find offensive help for a team that won its division last year despite being outscored and leading the majors with a 32-20 record in one-run games, which historically doesn't bode well for an encore.

Oh, to be young: RF Justin Upton, 20, was rushed to the big leagues at 19 and forced to learn a new position, but he's tough enough to survive the mishandling.



Colorado

Last season: 90-73. Second place, half a game back. The Rockies earned the NL wild card, swept the Phillies in the NLDS and the Diamondbacks in the NLCS but were swept by the Red Sox in the World Series. They went 43-30 against the NL West, the best of any NL team. It was the second time in four years and only the third time ever that the Rockies have had a winning record within their division.

Off-season focus: Stability was the Rockies' priority, and they felt they found it by signing RHP Aaron Cook through 2011, getting SS Troy Tulowitzki for a six-year deal that covers his first year of potential free agency and agreeing to a two-year deal with LF Matt Holliday. The postseason lineup and rotation return, except for 2B Kazuo Matsui and fifth starter Josh Fogg.

Most career wins by active pitchers under 30 (as of Opening Day 2008): Barry Zito (113), Mark Buehrle (107), C.C. Sabathia (100), Johan Santana (93), Jon Garland (92).

In-season prognosis: A year ago the biggest question about Colorado was when the talented players would realize they could be a good team, not just good individuals. They turned that corner in the second half of last season, winning the first NL pennant in franchise history. They should build off that confidence in 2008. With Matsui gone, they won't have the speed of a year ago, but by moving Tulowitzki into the second spot in the lineup they will

have 25-plus home-run potential from the second through sixth slots.

Oh, to be young: RH closer Manny Corpas, 25, had only limited experience working the ninth inning in the minors, but when he got the chance in the majors last July he dominated.

Los Angeles

Last season: 82–80. Fourth place, eight games out. The Dodgers' offense put pressure on its pitching staff, finishing 10th in the NL in runs scored (735), despite hitting .275—third in the league—last season.

Off-season focus: Manager Grady Little became this year's scapegoat for the McCourt ownership group. He was replaced by Joe Torre, victim of the Joe Girardi power play with the Yankees, who beat the Dodgers to Girardi. The team is looking for a rebound season from CF Andruw Jones, who was signed as a free agent to a two-year deal that moves Juan Pierre to left field. L.A. also found rotation help with Japanese right-hander Hiroki Kuroda.


In-season prognosis: The Dodgers are building their hopes around their pitching staff. The bullpen is solid, and the rotation has impressive baseball cards, but what does the future hold for Jason Schmidt (coming off shoulder surgery), Esteban Loaiza (\$7 million albatross of a panicky waiver claim last season), Derek Lowe (40–37 in three years with the Dodgers), moody Brad Penny and Kuroda, who wasn't exactly a superstar in Japan? The suspect outfield defense will get a boost from Jones's arrival, but putting Pierre in left will entice runners to go from first to third on singles to left as well as right.

Oh, to be young: 1B James Loney, 23, not only has a run-producing bat but is also good enough to win a Gold Glove.

San Diego

Last season: 89–74. Third place, one and a half games behind. The Padres lost the wild-card tiebreaker at Colorado in game 163. They struck out 1,229 times—second most in the NL last year—and had three

players with 125-plus Ks: Mike Cameron, Adrian Gonzalez and Khalil Greene.

 Most career homers through the age of 31, all-time: Alex Rodriguez (499), Jimmie Foxx (464), Ken Griffey Jr. (460), Eddie Mathews (422), Mickey Mantle (419).

Off-season focus: The financially tapped Padres went bargain hunting and came away with three medical projects who could provide big lifts if healthy. But those are big ifs when the talk turns to RHP Mark Prior, LHP Randy Wolf and CF Jim Edmonds, who came from St. Louis with about \$1.5 million, which helps offset his salary and underscores how much St. Louis wanted him to move.

He made his big-league debut in Texas but found a home in San Diego, where he has hit 54 home runs in two seasons in a park that is a hitter's nightmare.

San Francisco

Last season: 71–91. Fifth place, 19 games behind.

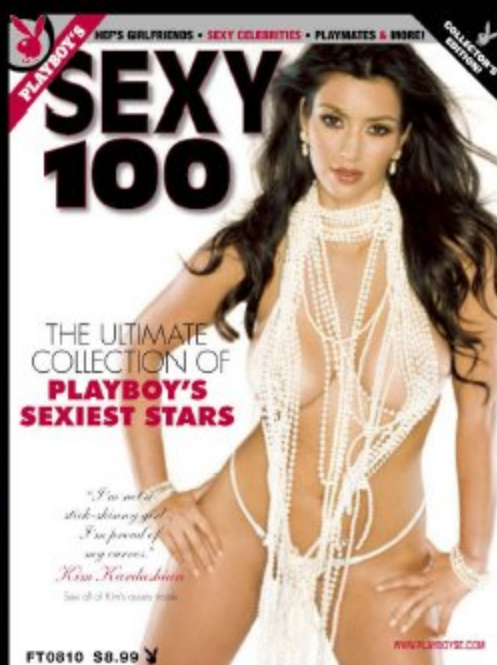
Off-season focus: It's a new world for the Giants, who bid adieu to Barry Bonds at the end of last season. That freed up about \$15 million in salary, but they couldn't get rid of the contracts for 2B Ray Durham, INF Rich Aurilia and RF Randy Winn. They signed free agent CF Aaron Rowand to a five-year, \$60 million deal, hoping his attitude would provide a spark to a lethargic clubhouse. But

going from the friendly confines in Philadelphia to AT&T Park will challenge Rowand's offensive confidence and expose his limited range in center field.

In-season prognosis: The question isn't whether the Giants will have the worst record in the NL West but whether they will be the worst team in the Bay Area. Bet on the Giants edging the A's for that dubious distinction. With the likes of Matt Cain, Tim Lincecum and Noah Lowry, they have quality young arms in their rotation, but look at the bullpen, check out the lineup and then get serious. Bengie Molina hitting fourth? They want to give Dan Ortmeier and Kevin Frandsen opportunities in the infield but never did anything to provide

protection after the loss of 3B Pedro Feliz. **Oh, to be young:** RHP Cain, 23, is a strikeout pitcher with All-Star potential.

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In-season prognosis: How Trevor Hoffman rebounds from blowing last year's final two saves, which cost the Padres a postseason berth, will give them a quick hint as to what's ahead. The rotation is solid with a big three of Cy Young winner Jake Peavy, emerging Chris Young and future Hall of Famer Greg Maddux. That's where Prior and Wolf could fit in. The offense will be a real concern, particularly in an outfield that has injury-prone Edmonds flanked by Brian Giles (coming off microfracture surgery) in right and Scott Hairston (a decent extra man being asked to assume the everyday job) in left.

Oh, to be young: 1B Gonzalez, 25, was a number one pick by the Florida Marlins.

A L E A S T

Boston

Last season: 96–66. First place. The Red Sox won their second world championship in four years, sweeping the Angels in the ALDS, edging the Indians in seven games in the ALCS and sweeping the Rockies in the World Series. They led the AL with a 3.10 ERA, working only 447 innings, the third fewest of any big-league bullpen.

Off-season focus: The Sox spent most of the winter toying with Minnesota about Johan Santana before refusing to part with CF Jacoby Ellsbury or RHP Clay Buchholz. The team had to wonder if it shouldn't have been more proactive when, the week before spring training, it made public RHP Curt Schilling's recurring shoulder problems, which may knock him out until the All-Star break and could signal the end of his career.



2007 OPS by Age
(age through June 30, 2007):

Age	OBP	Slg.	OPS
Under 26	.334	.433	.767
26 and over	.336	.420	.756

In-season prognosis: Daisuke Matsuzaka can step up his game in his second year in the big leagues, and Buchholz at this point is an upgrade over Schilling. The season figures to rest on whether Tim Wakefield's aching back can be remedied so that his innings will ease the pressure on the bullpen. The lineup was already

elite and gets better with the insertion of Ellsbury at center, where he is an upgrade in all phases over Coco Crisp.

Oh, to be young: When 2B Dustin Pedroia, 24, struggled early last year he ignored questions about his big-league ability and proved his value by season's end, earning AL Rookie of the Year honors.



Toronto

Last season: 83-79. Third place, 13 games out. The Blue Jays have finished third in the division in eight of the past 10 years, climbing to second in 2006 and dropping to last place in 2004.

Off-season focus: The Jays looked to salvage something from what had become a financial drain at third base by sending their problem child, Troy Glaus, to St. Louis for the Cardinals' problem child, Scott Rolen. They hope a change of scenery will provide relief and are banking on Rolen's legs to handle the Rogers Centre's ersatz grass better than Glaus's could.

In-season prognosis: With the foursome

of Roy Halladay, A.J. Burnett, Dustin McGowan and Shaun Marcum as the core of the rotation, the Jays' pitching is a factor. Another key is Vernon Wells bouncing back offensively, combined with Rolen having something to prove after his Tony La Russa nightmares in St. Louis. A fast start is important so manager John Gibbons's contract doesn't become a distraction.



Good Eye

Lowest swing percentage at balls out of the strike zone, 2007 (minimum 502 PA): Jack Cust, A's (15.4); Brian Giles, Padres (18.2); Bobby Abreu, Yankees (19.4); Jim Thome, White Sox (19.8); J.D. Drew, Red Sox (20.3).

Oh, to be young: The team doesn't have a 25-or-younger impact player, but RHP Jesse Litsch, 23, is ready to fill the fifth spot in the rotation. He doesn't overpower but has a curveball he can throw for strikes, and he isn't afraid of contact.



New York

Last season: 94-68. Second place, two games out. The Yankees were the AL wild card but lost to Cleveland in four games in the ALDS. The rotation ranked eighth in the league with a 4.49 ERA and used 14 different pitchers to start games.

Off-season focus: GM Brian Cashman established his power, bringing in Joe Girardi to replace Joe Torre as manager and resisting pressure to swap quality young arms in a proposed deal with the Minnesota Twins for Johan Santana. Yankee baseball folks are convinced the RHP triumvirate of Ian Kennedy, Phil Hughes and Joba Chamberlain will be the foundation for the next run of world championships in the Bronx.

In-season prognosis: Girardi didn't play well with others during his managerial debut with the Florida Marlins, and his ability to work as part of the group directing the Yankees will be under scrutiny from the season's start. The team has young pitchers who can turn heads. Ironically, offense is supposed to be the team's strength, but when it comes to sorting out Jason Giambi, Wilson Betemit and Shelley Duncan at first base it's clear all is not as sleekly in place as the Yankees want their fans to believe.

Oh, to be young: Chamberlain, 22, Hughes, 21, and Kennedy, 23, are as good as any three young arms a team can put on the mound.



Tampa Bay

Last season: 66-96. Fifth place, 30 games out. The Rays have never won more than 70 games in a season and have finished in fifth place nine times. They finished ahead of the Blue Jays in 2004.

Off-season focus: Not much seems to change, except the team name, from Devil Rays to Rays. They juggled



Roy Delgado

"A man from the IRS came by today."

players, dealing excess outfield talent in hopes of filling other voids (Delmon Young to Minnesota for RHP Matt Garza and SS Jason Bartlett) or merely clearing out clubhouse problems (Elijah Dukes to Washington).

Bad Eye
Highest swing percentage at balls out of strike zone, 2007 (minimum 502 PA): Tony Pena Jr., Royals (48.0); Alfonso Soriano, Cubs (46.6); Ivan Rodriguez, Tigers (46.0); Delmon Young, Rays (45.6); Vladimir Guerrero, Angels (45.4).

In-season prognosis: There is no reason to think the Rays will make much noise. While they have speed and athleticism in their position players, they have voids in power hitting, starting pitching and the bullpen. Moves like the signing of free agent reliever Troy Percival do not figure to make a difference in the standings. The Rays have also fostered a laid-back mentality in their farm system, and the lack of discipline and respect for the game is a concern when their prospects reach the big leagues.

Oh, to be young: For all the hype about the Rays being a young team with potential, it is worth noting that OF B.J. Upton, 23, is the only everyday player who is under 25. LHP Scott Kazmir is 24. Upton, who has power and speed, and Kazmir, who can dominate games, are already among the game's elite.

the Orioles began loading up a fallow farm system by dealing SS Miguel Tejada and LHP Erik Bedard.

In-season prognosis: The Orioles aren't looking for quick fixes anymore. To get better they will first get worse, and this season will not be fun. It will take patience to make it through, and the ownership will have to be constantly reminded about what can happen down the road. It is sometimes wiser to divert one's eyes from a disaster and dream about better times.

Oh, to be young: With the addition of CF Adam Jones, 22, from Seattle to go with RF Nick Markakis, 24, the Orioles have two big-time impact outfielders with complete skill sets. It's a nice place to start building an elite offensive machine.

his homeland, and INF Jamey Carroll, who provides bench versatility. But this is a young team that doesn't need to make radical moves. The key will be having the patience to allow players to blossom and letting the leadership of Grady Sizemore, Travis Hafner and Victor Martinez take over.

In-season prognosis: The Indians' pitching depth gives them an edge on the rest of the division. With the arrival of Aaron Laffey and Jeremy Sowers they have seven legitimate starting pitchers. With Kobayashi and the development of lefty Rafael Perez and righty Jensen Lewis, even the bullpen is overflowing. Casey Blake's emergence not only pushed out onetime phenom Andy Marte at third but

gave Cleveland the extra bat the lineup needed.

Oh, to be young: SS Jhonny Peralta, 25, provides offense from a position where defense is enough to get by.

Detroit
Last season: 88-74. Second place, eight games out. The Tigers dominated left-handed pitchers. They were 28-15 in games lefties started against them—the second-best winning percentage in the AL, behind Seattle—hitting .292 overall with a .477 slugging percentage against southpaws.

Off-season focus: It's all about winning at any cost. The Tigers have dealt eight of the organization's top 10 prospects in various trades over the past year, including

off-season deals for 3B Miguel Cabrera and LHP Dontrelle Willis from Florida and SS Edgar Renteria from Atlanta.



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Baltimore
Last season: 69-93. Fourth place, 27 games out. The Orioles' 5.71 ERA—higher than any major league team not in Tampa Bay—was the highest in franchise history despite a \$42 million spending spree on relievers prior to the 2007 season.

Off-season focus: It was a challenge for president Andy MacPhail to educate owner Peter Angelos on the value of having patience and creating a foundation instead of always throwing money at problems to make them go away. MacPhail appears to have succeeded where his predecessors had failed, and

AL CENTRAL

Cleveland
Last season: 96-66. First place. The Indians eliminated the Yankees in four games in the ALDS but lost to the Red Sox in seven games in the ALCS. They dominated the AL Central (48-24). The only other AL Central team with a winning record within the division was the White Sox (39-33).

Off-season focus: The Tribe did a lot of tire kicking, but when the team showed up for spring training not much had changed from last year, other than the addition of Japanese RHP Masahide Kobayashi, one of the top relievers in

Money Pitch
Pitchers with most called third strikes with runners in scoring position, 2007: Doug Davis, Diamondbacks (21); Miguel Batista, Mariners (18); Josh Beckett, Red Sox (18); Adam Wainwright, Cardinals (17); Erik Bedard, Orioles (15); Daniel Cabrera, Orioles (15); Rich Hill, Cubs (15).

In-season prognosis: If the stars align, Detroit could dominate, but this is an aging, brittle team that will have to build an early lead to win the division because it will wear down by September. Cabrera, 25, and Curtis Granderson, 27, are the only regulars who

haven't turned 30. While Cabrera reminds observers of a young Manny Ramirez in the way he swings a bat, his lack of conditioning raises eyebrows. MRIs are more of a concern than ERAs with a pitching staff that saw starters Kenny Rogers, Nate Robertson and Jeremy Bonderman on the disabled list last year. Power-throwing reliever Joel Zumaya is coming off shoulder surgery that will cost him at least half the season.

Almost Gone
Batters with most fly-ball outs of 380-plus feet, 2007: Khalil Greene, Padres (26); Jimmy Rollins, Phillies (19); Bobby Abreu, Yankees (18); Stephen Drew, Diamondbacks (18); Adrian Beltre, Mariners (17).

Oh, to be young: RHP Justin Verlander, 25, has already started an All-Star Game and thrown a no-hitter.

Chicago
Last season: 72-90. Fourth place, 24 games out. The White Sox stole more bases (78) than Cleveland (72), Toronto (57) and Oakland (52) but on average were the least successful AL team, being safe on only 63.4 percent of attempts and getting thrown out 45 times.

Off-season focus: The consensus is that champions are built around pitching staffs, but the White Sox go about things a little differently. When the Sox won the world championship in 2005, just six pitchers started for them. Only two, Mark Buehrle and Jose Contreras, remain. In 2006 they lost Orlando Hernandez to free agency and traded Freddy Garcia to the Phillies and Brandon McCarthy to Texas; this past off-season they shipped Jon Garland to the Angels. They did beef up the offense by acquiring CF Nick Swisher, SS Orlando Cabrera and LF Carlos Quentin.

In-season prognosis: The Sox got back strong arms when they dealt their veterans, but it's hard to see them as a key factor when the team is counting on LHP John Danks, who came from Texas, and RHP Gavin Floyd, from the Phillies, to fill two rotation spots. Danks and Floyd have only 55 big-league starts combined. And it's not as if this team will steal any games with its amazing offense.

Oh, to be young: 3B Josh Fields, 25, was a quarterback at Oklahoma State and is a power hitter in the bigs (24 home runs, 393 big-league at bats).

Minnesota
Last season: 79-83. Third place, 17 games out. So much for the Metrodome's image as an offensive palace: The Twins scored only 718 runs, third fewest in the league. The irony is the only teams scoring fewer runs were also in the AL Central: Kansas City (706) and Chicago (693).

Off-season focus: Major restructuring of the organization—from the front office to the field—started with longtime GM miracle worker Terry Ryan moving into an advisory role and Bill Smith taking over. Smith reworked the front office and began a patchwork job, losing free agents RHP Carlos Silva and CF Torii Hunter and trading potential free agent LHP Johan Santana to the Mets in a less than market-value deal because he dragged his feet when the Yankees and Red Sox came bidding. They did add a young bat from Tampa: OF Delmon Young.

In-season prognosis: The Twins need to find an identity. They still have an offensive nucleus with Young joining Justin Morneau, Joe Mauer and Michael Cuddyer, but how can a team that is recycling Houston's infield rejects—SS Adam Everett and

3B Mike Lamb—be taken seriously? The Mets' package for Santana had mixed reviews, primarily because of concern that the key player, CF Carlos Gomez, while having unquestionable athletic abilities, won't develop into an impact player.

Oh, to be young: Mauer, 25, a young player at a premium position, has already made his presence felt.

Kansas City
Last season: 69-93. Fifth place, 27 games out. The Royals, who made it to the postseason seven times from 1976 to 1985 and haven't been there since, have had only one winning season in the past 14 years.

Off-season focus: After a year of observing, GM Dayton Moore, who came from the Braves, began to make changes, including going to Japan to find Trey Hillman, who was named manager after Buddy Bell resigned over differences with upper management. Mike Sweeney, the high-priced and oft-injured face of the franchise, went to Oakland as a free agent after only minimal discussions, but the Royals did shell out \$36 million over three years to sign free agent Jose Guillen.

The Book
Never Swing at the 3-0 Pitch
Highest percentage of swings on 3-0 pitches, 2007: Phillies (13.7), Astros (12.1), Royals (10.6), Angels (10.4), Indians (9.8).

In-season prognosis: Moore brought with him the Atlanta approach, which stresses building a strong infrastructure, i.e., a good farm system. Given the state of the Royals, that means patience. Moore has been stockpiling arms, and the process will speed up with the emergence of Brian Bannister (who came from the Mets in 2006), Kyle Davies (a former Brave) and Joakim Soria (a Padres castoff). But the Royals' failings were underscored when they brought Hideo Nomo to spring training and offered a multiyear deal to journeyman LH reliever Ron Mahay.

Oh, to be young: 3B Alex Gordon, 24, has to deal with the pressure of being compared to George Brett.

AL WEST

Los Angeles
Last season: 94-68. First place, six games ahead. The Angels were swept by Boston in the ALDS. Their .417 slugging percentage ranked ninth in the league, but they still managed to be fourth in the AL with 822 runs scored.

Off-season focus: The Angels have advanced past the first round in postseason play only once, in 2002, and they won the World Series that year—the season before Arte Moreno became owner. Now he wants a ring of his own, and he's willing to pay the price. Without tearing apart the farm system, the Angels upgraded by signing CF Torii

(concluded on page 138)



"That used to be called 'The Friendly Tavern!'"

PLAYMATE NEWS



LOVE AND BASKETBALL



Trade deficit? The U.S. got model-athlete power couple Posh and Becks, then shipped Lauren (at right) and Walsh (above) off to Europe. Posh has yet to land a PLAYBOY cover.

When former NBA forward Matt Walsh signed with Ricoh Manresa in Spain's ACB basketball league, all eyes focused on him. But the fans' gaze soon shifted to the stands: Walsh's longtime girlfriend, Miss July 2002 Lauren Anderson, winner of TV's *Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*, frequently came to watch him play. She sent Manresa, a city of only 66,000, into such a frenzy that Walsh, despite leading his team in scoring, picked up the decidedly non-hoops nickname El de la Rubia, or "The One With the Blonde." Although Walsh secured the league's MVP



award, the town's civic pride swelled just as much when Lauren landed the cover of Spanish PLAYBOY's March issue. However, Manresa's joy was short-lived: Right as the magazine was hitting newsstands, Spirou Charleroi of the Belgian League swooped in and signed Walsh to a new contract. Manresa bid a tearful adios to its Playmate, and Belgium adopted a new Most Valuable Fan. Does Walsh ever get tired of playing in Lauren's shadow? "No, I feel lucky," he says. It seems he has adjusted to the fact that the arc on his jump shot will never be as pretty as his girlfriend.

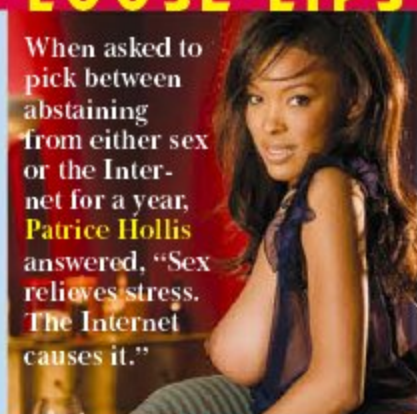
10 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

We can't believe it has already been a decade since **Deanna Brooks** was named Miss May. Back then she resigned from her buttoned-down bank job to pose. "I'm smart, I'm sexual, and I won't deny either side of me," she said. It all worked out: Deanna has become a successful model, author and actress, most recently seen in *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story*.



LOOSE LIPS

When asked to pick between abstaining from either sex or the Internet for a year, **Patrice Hollis** answered, "Sex relieves stress. The Internet causes it."



GLAMOUR SHOTS

From left: Miss January 2008 **Sandra Nilsson** at the *National Treasure: Book of Secrets* premiere; Miss February 1990 **Pam Anderson** at the Ritz-Carlton South Beach for a benefit for families and education; PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** at the Celebrity Catwalk for Charity; PMOY 1998 **Karen McDougal** at the 5W PR Soiree; Miss January 2004 **Colleen Shannon** at the Swimming Pool in Toronto.



HOT SHOT



QIANA CHASE

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By David Zayas

—from *Dexter*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss June 1980 **Ola Ray**.

I saw her in my roommate's PLAYBOY, and her look just

blew me away—so much that I ended up buying my own issue. Someone who looks so classy and then to see her naked...well, it doesn't get much better than that."



POP QUESTIONS: DONNA PERRY

Q: We still remember that sexy tattoo from your pictorial. Have you had more work done since the shoot?

A: Since then I have added nine tattoos, and I'm not sure if I'm finished going under the needle.

Q: In your pictorial you said you hated Los Angeles. Where do you live now?

A: On the island of Oahu in Hawaii. I love it!

Q: What are you up to?

A: I modeled for a while on the island and had a small part in the movie *Blue Crush*. I became the mother of twins about three and a half years ago; then I became a single mom about two and a half years ago—but no com-

plaints about that. I am healthy, and the kids are as well. There's not much more one could ask for.

Q: Do you still model?

A: I'm not modeling or acting right now. I work for the local hospital and try to enjoy time relaxing on the beach when I get the chance.

Q: It must be difficult to get alone time as a working mom. Are you able to slip out and pursue a love life?

A: Not exactly. I get only eight nights off a month from the hospital, and four of those fall during the week. I have nothing serious at the moment, though I do have a couple of boy toys who keep me entertained.



BLOGORHYTHM TO A HAPPY LIFE

Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra gives sage advice on her bilingual blog for AOL Latino: Love isn't measured by the size of the gift but rather by the size of the thought. Nothing cures a fear of heights better than skydiving. If you lapse on New Year's resolutions, restart at Chinese New Year or even Rosh Hashanah (September).



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The brewers of St. Pauli Girl beer have a history of tapping Playmates to embody their signature stein-slinging maiden. This year they've chosen wisely in Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina**. The Russian native stands nearly six feet tall, and with her soft blonde hair she's the spitting image of the friendly fräulein on the St. Pauli Girl label. She will be touring the country's taverns and beer halls, spreading good cheer and authentic German suds.... Miss USA 1995 and Miss December 2001



The new St. Pauli Girl is Irina. Prost!

Shanna Moakler starred as one of the judges on CW's *Crowned: The Mother of All Pageants*. The show pitted 11 real-life mother-and-daughter teams (with names like Daredevil



Court is now in session: Shanna (center) with *How to Look Good Naked*'s Carson Kressley and TV personality Cynthia Garrett.

Divas and—rather less enticing—Silent But Deadly) in a beauty-pageant-style competition for twin tiaras and \$100,000. Shanna, who was joined on the judging dais by Cynthia Garrett and Carson Kressley, said if she were to team with one of her daughters, they would go by *Vivacious Vixens*.... Miss May 2007 (and sometime tailor) **Shannon James** measured Playboy Passport members for custom suits at the store Groupe 16sur20 in New York City.

Shannon knows size matters when you buy a suit.

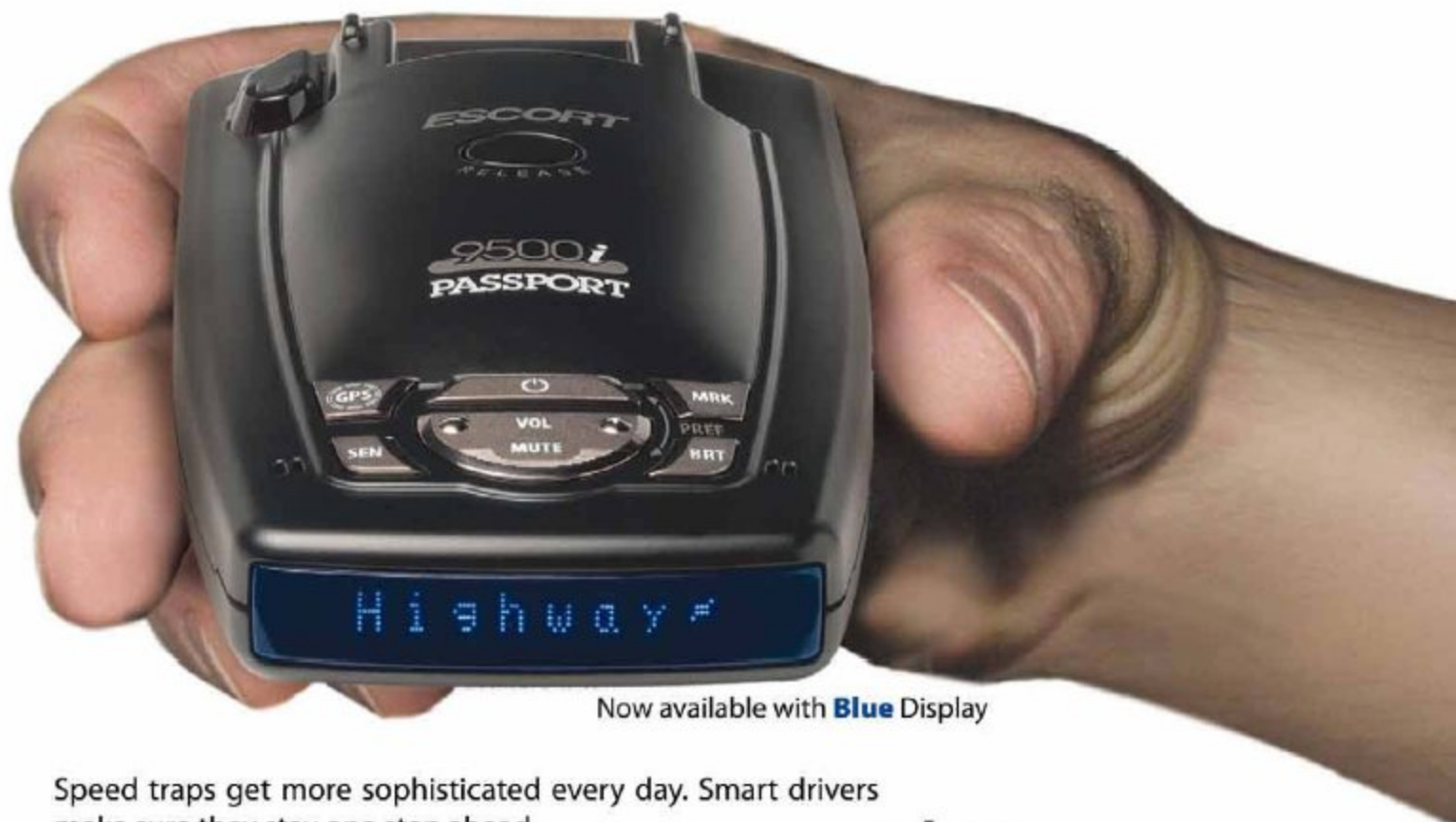


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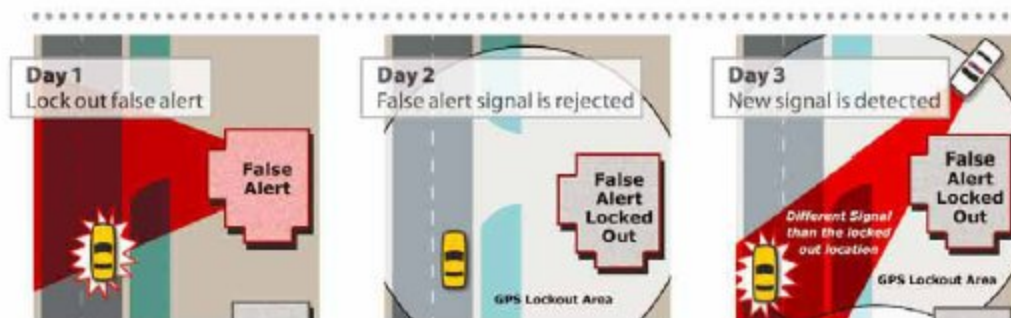
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BASEBALL

(continued from page 134)

Hunter—making it the second year in a row they landed a free-agent center fielder. They've also relied on the farm system to fill holes, trading SS Orlando Cabrera to the White Sox to get RHP Jon Garland.

In-season prognosis: The offense has sputtered at times, but Garland's addition makes this the deepest rotation in baseball. Add a solid bullpen and the Angels have the foundation for a championship: a strong-armed pitching staff. Hunter will offer some offensive help, but he's more an emotional leader than a statistical one. The Angels need their homegrown players, such as 1B Casey Kotchman and 2B Howie Kendrick, to assert themselves at the plate.

Oh, to be young: RHP Jered Weaver, 25, has established himself with a 24-9 record in his first 47 starts.



Seattle

Last season: 88-74. Second place, six games back. The Mariners had a good record in 2007 but were outscored 813-794, which suggests they were fortunate to win that many games.

Off-season focus: GM Bill Bavasi failed to meet expectations, which was apparent when he sent five top-notch prospects to Baltimore for LHP Erik Bedard. The Mariners also signed free agent RHP Carlos Silva to a four-year, \$48 million contract, giving the team two proven big-

league arms in the rotation. However, they not only failed to add offensive help, they traded away their one impact offensive prospect, CF Adam Jones, to get Bedard.



Never Use Your Closer Before the Ninth

Most saves of four or more outs, 2007: Mariners (13), Yankees (13), Reds (11), Royals (10), Athletics (9), Rangers (9), Blue Jays (9).

In-season prognosis: The Mariners have only one team to battle for the division title—the Angels. They have arguably the most dominant closer in baseball with J.J. Putz, who, thanks to the addition of Bedard, should benefit from having RHP Brandon Morrow available as his setup man. What haunts the Mariners is their stumbling offense, led by the statistical lie that is Ichiro Suzuki, who puts up quality numbers but has little impact on a team's success, and the free-agent blunder Richie Sexson, who at least is headed into the final year of the franchise's four-year mistake.

Oh, to be young: 2B Jose Lopez, 24, who arrived from Venezuela dazzling with his defense, has added offense to his résumé.



Texas

Last season: 75-87. Fourth place, 19 games back. In 2007 the Ranger rotation's ERA was 5.50, the highest in the AL and nearly a run higher than the league average of 4.63.

Off-season focus: Owner Tom Hicks likes star power, and with the team on

the field fading he brought back Hall of Fame pitcher Nolan Ryan to be president. Rest assured Ryan won't be a figurehead. He is a doer, not a watcher, and his background will have an interesting impact on a Rangers front office that has potential but lacks experience. Before Ryan's arrival the Rangers decided to take a shot on OFs Josh Hamilton and Milton Bradley. They also brought in LH reliever Eddie Guardado, whose health is a question mark but whose presence the Rangers hope will benefit C.J. Wilson in his attempt to become a closer.

In-season prognosis: The team has potential, but it is young and inexperienced—starting with C Jarrod Saltalamacchia (the longest name in major league history), 2B Ian Kinsler, RHP Brandon McCarthy and LHPs Kason Gabbard and Wilson. The Rangers have a lineup that can score runs, but it will take a couple of years to bring together a pitching staff that can contend. Of greater concern is whether veteran starters Kevin Millwood and Vicente Padilla were serving a warning when they experienced the worst season of their careers last year.

Oh, to be young: Saltalamacchia, 22, is considered the premier catching prospect in the game. He was the key to sending Mark Teixeira to Atlanta.



Oakland

Last season: 76-86. Third place, 18 games back. The A's failed to get to the postseason for the third time in eight years and haven't been to the World Series since 1990.

Off-season focus: During the off-season the A's dealt RHP Dan Haren, OF Nick Swisher and CF Mark Kotsay for prospects—13 to be exact, including five of the top 12 prospects in the Arizona system for Haren. They got impressive returns, though it will be a few years before they help at the big-league level. The A's then spent the spring looking at the value RHPs Huston Street and Joe Blanton could bring. Needless to say, no effort was put into retaining INF Marco Scutaro or C-DH Mike Piazza.

In-season prognosis: There are no pretenses in the Bay Area. The A's won't contend. The fact is the Giants may be the only team with a worse record than the A's this year. Even the veterans who remain in Oakland (RHP Rich Harden, SS Bobby Crosby and 3B Eric Chavez) have been battling injuries, which is probably why their market value wasn't enough for GM Billy Beane to engineer a steal—er, deal—like the one with Arizona.

Oh, to be young: Street, 24, is an All-Star and Rookie of the Year who has been closing out games for a good team for the past two years.

Statistical support provided by Stats LLC.



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If You Liked Keeley Hazell...

The Sun's annual Page 3 Idol contest turns a fresh-faced English lass into a pinup star. This year's winner is JENNY GRANT.



What Are You Lookin' At?

No, really, what are you lookin' at? What the fuck are you lookin' at? You're lookin' at LINDSAY LOHAN in a skintight black party dress, that's what.



Lifestyles of the Stepchildren of the Rich and Famous

When Robert De Niro married Diahnne Abbott, he adopted her daughter, known thereafter as DRENA DE NIRO. She has appeared in a couple dozen films and (says the Internet) is a former model and DJ. We'd like to see her spin.

Kind of Like *Girls Gone Wild*. Kind of Like *Cloverfield*

Spencer Pratt and ex-fiancée HEIDI MONTAG went the no-frills route filming the video for her single "Higher." Turns out you can make a perfectly entertaining clip with a handheld camera and a busty, bouncy blonde in a bikini. You don't need sets, makeup or a fancy wardrobe. You don't even need a good song.



JAMES BRIDGEMAN/GETTY IMAGES

REUTERS/GETTY IMAGES



Not Playing Water Polo

Here we see Billy Zane and fiancée KELLY BROOK rehearsing for their next movie. It's a quasi remake of *Jaws*, tentatively titled *Cheeks*.

Look What the Cat Dragged In

Here are three reasons you should have watched *Rock of Love*. Below, the brunette is KRISTY JOE MULLER (from womenofplayboy.com), and the blonde is Cyber Girl MEGAN HAUSERMAN—both from season two. At right is season one's BRANDI C., who dabbled in porn as BRITTANY BURKE.



DAVID HARRIS



GEORGE GEORGIU



COURTESY OF METRO TALENT MANAGEMENT

BATHTUB GIN

We've always maintained that it is possible—nay, preferable—to have a bar in every room of the house. The bathroom, of course, provides the trickiest challenge. Until our ice maker-medicine cabinet arrives, we'll make do with Woody's citrus shampoo and peppermint conditioner (\$30 each, mugonline.com), which come in oversize booze bottles complete with liquor-pourer caps. Delicious.



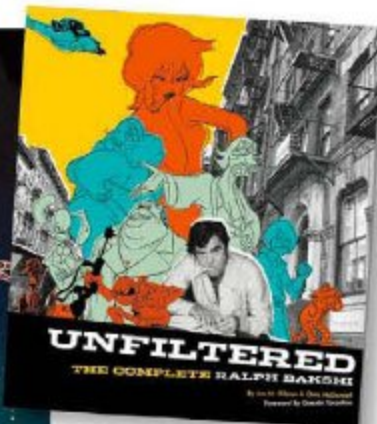
GETTING YOUR KICKS

Like a bicycle, diving fins capture your leg strength and translate it more effectively into thrust. Unlike a bike, fins haven't had gears—until now. The stretchy “power bands” in Sling-shot fins (\$220, aqualung.com) gather energy on the power stroke and release it on the upstroke for extra *voom*. Three stiffness settings (amounting to gears) let you adjust how fast you want to swim and with how much effort.



CINDERELLA STORY

As we're sure Jesse Ventura would agree (see page 20), *Caddyshack* isn't just a film about golf, it's a way of organizing your existence. Whether you're more like Carl Spackler or Ty Webb, you'll walk a little taller when wielding the Caddyshack putter (\$250, caddyshackputter.com). It comes with a talking club cover that reminds you to “be the ball.” To which we'd like to add, “Na-na-na-na-na.”



A LIFE DRAWING

Most animators find a style and stick with it. It typically becomes their most inspiring muse and biggest crutch. This is emphatically not Ralph Bakshi's problem. Although

he has created several iconic looks (the influence of *Fritz the Cat* alone could fill a book), he is also a rabid, uncompromising innovator (not to mention troublemaker). From the downtown-hipster stylings of *Fritz* to the sci-fi fantasy of *Wizards* to the collage work in *American Pop*, we can think of few animators more deserving of the coffee-table treatment. Co-written by PLAYBOY pal Jon M. Gibson and Chris McDonnell, *Unfiltered: The Complete Ralph Bakshi* (\$40) is a loving behind-the-scenes tribute to a true American iconoclast.

FOR THOSE SCORING AT HOME

Excited as we are about the start of baseball season, we can't help but feel daunted by the enormity of keeping track of 2,420 games, and that's not counting spring training and the playoffs. The folks at Ambient Devices understand. Their Baseball ScoreCast (\$125, ambientdevices.com) uses radio signals to pull in up-to-the-minute scores and stats on every baseball game, placing the entire season literally at your fingertips.



VA VA VINO

Vegetables and relationships are best when new. Alcohol and Mamie Van Doren just seem to improve as time passes. So we find it fitting that Ms. Van Doren has released a wine, Mamietage (\$130, mamiewine.com). What surprises us? The nude photo adorning one of the bottles (under a peel-away cover-up label) was taken last year, with Mamie in her 70s.



WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 123.

A MOVABLE FEAST

We have this recurring dream—no, not the one about our eighth-grade science teacher wearing nothing but a lab coat. This one is better. In this dream we are on the beach with a good, strong frozen margarita in one hand and a smokin'-hot babe in the other. There was a time when we thought this dream unattainable. That was before we became friends with Coleman's Rechargeable Portable Blender (\$60, coleman.com), which can power up from a wall jack or your car and will do 20 to 30 pitchers on one charge. Now we just have to figure out how to convince the girlfriend to wear a lab coat on the beach.



TWILIGHT OF THE CLOUDS

As pollsters keep reminding us, George W. Bush is one of the least-liked presidents in history. Which means January 20, 2009 (his last day in office) will be a day of celebration in many places. To anticipate it properly, pick up a Bush countdown key chain (\$8, bushtimer.com). It helpfully marks, to the second, how much longer we'll have Dubya to kick around.

FACE THE MUSIC

Time, as men smarter than us have noted, keeps everything from happening at once. One of those things is music. Music takes time to record, time to listen to and time to remix. To honor this connection and also to, you know, look cool, we present the Tableturns watch by Flüd (\$65, fludwatches.com), which reimagines the clock face as a spinning turntable. We'd like to think that if you scratched this thing skillfully enough, you could make fourth-dimensional hip-hop by mashing up yesterday with tomorrow.



Next Month



TAKE A WILD RIDE BEHIND THE SCENES AT CRAZY HORSE.



SECRET AGENT MAN.



SAN QUENTIN: CAUSE AND EFFECT OF AMERICA'S CRISIS.



ALL THAT GLITTERS IS GOLD ON MISS JUNE.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—FOR THOSE OF YOU DANGLING IN SUSPENSE OVER WHO WILL WEAR THE CROWN, WE'LL PROVIDE A HINT: SHE ALREADY HAS AT LEAST TWO THINGS IN COMMON WITH PMOYS JODI ANN PATERSON AND JENNY MCCARTHY.

STEVE CARELL—HE HAS BUILT AN ARK, LOST HIS VIRGINITY AND MADE SELLING PAPER FASCINATINGLY FUNNY. AS HE PREPARES TO DON MAXWELL SMART'S SHOE PHONE FOR *GET SMART*, HE DISCUSSES HIS UNUSUAL ODYSSEY IN THE INTERVIEW WITH **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**.

THE GIRLS OF CRAZY HORSE—PARIS'S SPECTACULAR NUDE DANCE-AND-LIGHT SHOW CAME TO VEGAS THIS YEAR, ALLOWING US TO CAPTURE THESE EROTIC BEAUTIES WRITHING IN LUMINANCE. TALK ABOUT TRIPPING THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.

ORGIES FROM A TO Z—DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN? SEX COLUMNIST **ANKA RADAKOVICH** NAVIGATES US THROUGH THE INS AND OUTS OF BACCHANALIA.

ALL AMERICA'S CRISIS—THE LEADING CAUSE OF DEATH FOR YOUNG BLACK MALES IS HOMICIDE. THE REASON, SAYS **JASON WHITLOCK**, IS AN OUTRAGEOUS INCARCERATION RATE. RAMPANT JAILINGS DENY THE BLACK COMMUNITY ITS FATHERS, FOSTER NO-SNITCH POLICIES AND LET GANGS BECOME DE FACTO NEIGHBORHOOD GOVERNMENTS. WHY HAS NO CANDIDATE OBJECTED?

THE FALL OF NEWSPAPERS—PRINT, WE HAVE BEEN INFORMED, IS DEAD. IF THAT'S SO, WHY IS THE SMART MONEY—FROM RUPERT MURDOCH'S TO SAM ZELL'S—BUYING NEWSPAPERS? **ERIC KLINENBERG** RESEARCHES THE FUTURE OF THE INDUSTRY. HIS HEADLINE? "DON'T BELIEVE EVERYTHING YOU READ."

PARADIGM SHIFT—PULITZER PRIZE WINNER **JANE SMILEY** OFFERS A STORY IN WHICH AN ECO-FRIENDLY WIFE USES SEX TO PERSUADE HER HUSBAND TO LIVE GREENER. EVERYTHING IS GREAT FOR THE COUPLE THAT KNOCKS BOOTS AND REDUCES ITS CARBON FOOTPRINT—THAT IS, UNTIL THE DAY SOME CUTE CRUNCHY GIRLS COME INTO THE HOUSE.

THE FUTURE OF THE INTERNET AND HOW TO STOP IT—IN *FORUM*, **JONATHAN ZITTRAIN** TELLS US CONSUMERISM WILL EVENTUALLY RESULT IN OUR BEING STRONG-ARMED INTO GIVING UP OUR FREEDOM TO USE THE WEB.

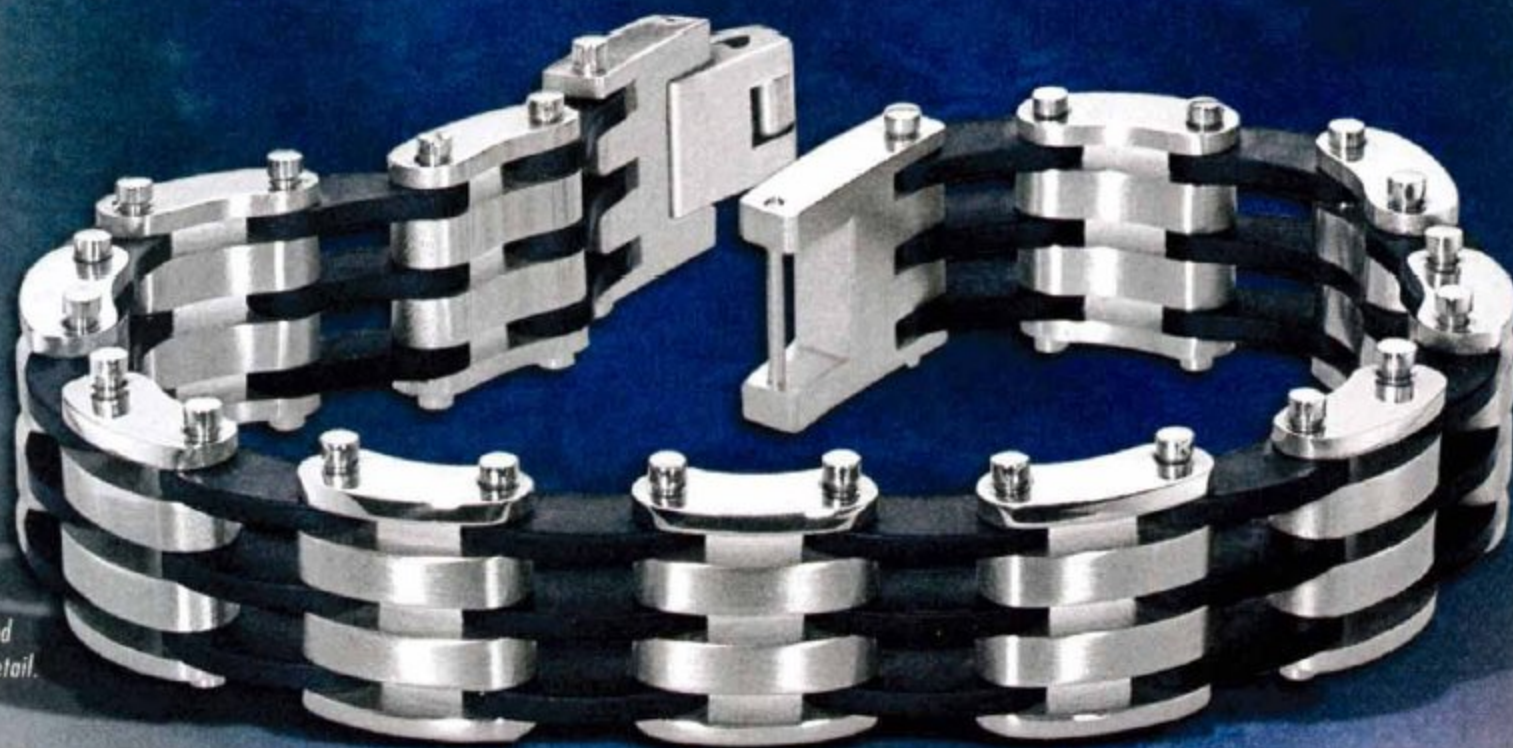
HARVEY LEVIN—THE FOUNDER OF TMZ HAS BEEN DUBBED THE SULTAN OF SLEAZE. HERE, HE TALKS ABOUT THE ETHICS INVOLVED IN PUBLISHING GOSSIP, HOW TO DIG UP GOOD DIRT AND WHY CELEBUTANTES NEVER WEAR PANTIES. 20Q BY **DAVID HOCHMAN**

PLUS: FASHION DRESSES ONE OF OUR YOUNG ASSOCIATES, AND MISS JUNE **JULIETTE FRETTE** BRINGS THE HEAT.

A men's bracelet with attitude...

THE MEN'S FLEX BRACELET

Flex your muscle
with this bold rubber and stainless steel creation.



Enlarged
to show detail.

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

Men who work out with a tension grip know rubber is a material that is strong yet yielding—designed for power and flexibility. Now, you can acquire a distinctly masculine stainless steel jewelry creation boasting genuine rubber accents. Presenting... *The Men's Flex Bracelet*, available exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

Expertly crafted; dynamic design.

Meticulous craftsmanship and a sleek, contemporary design combine to make this bracelet a standout. Rich black rubber and polished stainless steel unite in flexible links that comfortably hug the wrist. The secure clasp ensures safe wear during even the most rigorous sports activity.

(continued on other side)

the Danbury Mint

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★ ★ EVERYONE CAN DO SOMETHING. ★ ★

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THE MEN'S FLEX BRACELET

YES! Reserve *The Men's Flex Bracelet* as described in this announcement.

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*Shown smaller
than actual size of
8 1/2" in length.*

*The Men's Flex Bracelet
arrives in a
deluxe presentation case—
perfect for gift-giving,
it's yours
at no additional charge.*

(continued from other side)

A remarkable value; satisfaction guaranteed.

The Men's Flex Bracelet can be yours for \$69 plus \$7.80 shipping and service, payable in two monthly installments of \$38.40.

Your satisfaction is guaranteed. If not delighted, you may return the bracelet within 90 days for replacement or refund. *The Men's Flex Bracelet* flatters both casual and corporate attire, so don't delay. Order today!

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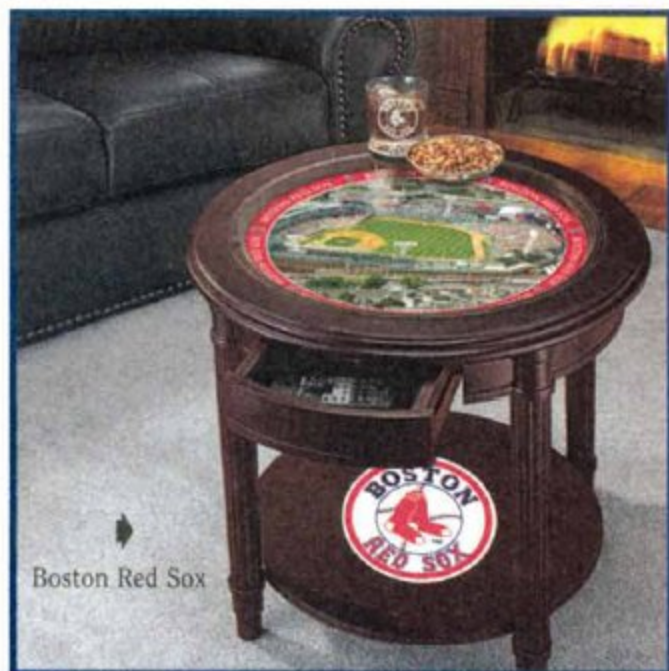
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(continued)

or logo set under a beveled glass top.

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Boston Red Sox

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Chicago Cubs | 7292-0036 | <input type="checkbox"/> Philadelphia Phillies | 7292-0119 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cleveland Indians | 7292-0077 | <input type="checkbox"/> San Francisco Giants | 7292-0101 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Detroit Tigers | 7292-0069 | <input type="checkbox"/> St. Louis Cardinals | 7292-0051 |
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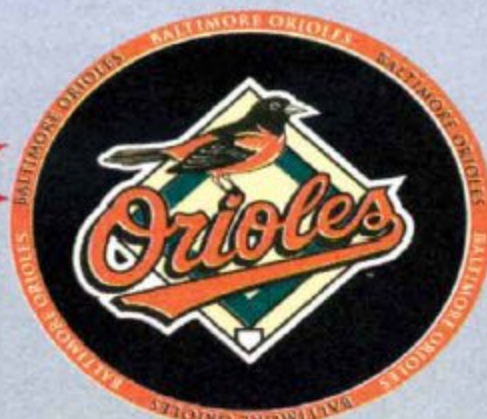
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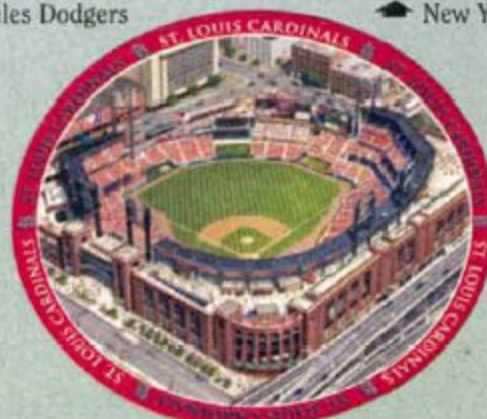
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Supplement to Playboy Magazine



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