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**DAVID
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20^Q

THE UFC'S
**BRITTNEY
PALMER**

PLUS

**2012
MOTORCYCLE
PREVIEW**

**ARE YOUR
POLITICS
GENETIC?**

**THE PLAYBOY
CLUB IN SPACE**

**RED-HOT
IN RIO**

**YOUR TICKET
TO THE WILDEST
PARTY ON EARTH**
CARNIVAL

**THE
INTERVIEW**
**NOBEL PRIZE-
WINNING
ECONOMIST**
**PAUL
KRUGMAN**





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A full-page advertisement for Smirnoff Whipped Cream Flavored Vodka. The central figure is Amber Rose, a woman with short blonde hair, wearing a highly ornate, white and gold sequined dress with a wide, ruffled collar and a large floral tattoo on her right arm. She is holding a glass of pinkish liquid with ice in her left hand. The background is a rich, gold-colored wall with intricate floral patterns and a large, ornate chandelier hanging from the ceiling. The text "I CHOOSE" is written in white, bold, sans-serif capital letters across her chest.

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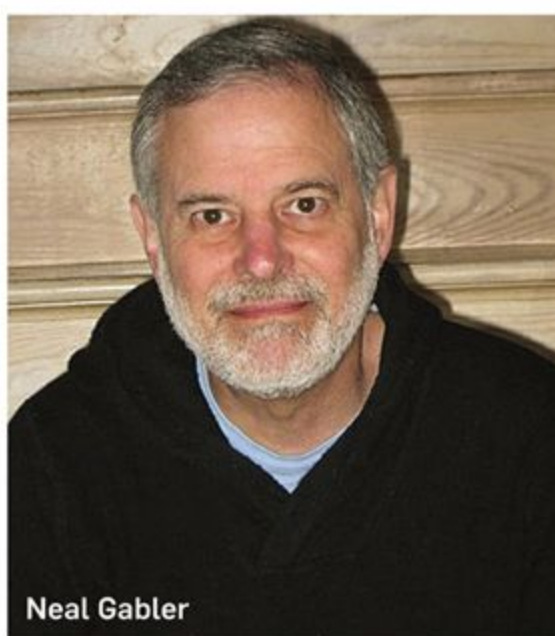
Ever had one of those moments, whether swinging a golf club, nailing a three-pointer or acing a serve, when you found yourself in the zone? How about while jumping off a cliff wearing skis and a parachute? In *Superhuman*, **Steven Kotler** examines the extreme athletes who pursue 15-second bursts during which they are supremely focused and flawless and expanding human limits. The downside? The margin for error is so small those few seconds may be their last. The North Korean kidnapper Pak Jun Do also plays with small and potentially deadly margins. In *The Orphan Master's Son*, from his engaging new novel of the same name, **Adam Johnson** takes us along as the newly trained agent snatches Japanese talent, this time an opera singer who has caught the ear of a party official. As you might suspect, she doesn't go quietly. Another group that often raises its voice is political conservatives. As the primaries continue to unfold, a new science called biopolitics is helping researchers understand where political predilections come from. It turns out people are born liberal or conservative, just as they're born gay or straight, shy or outgoing. **Neal Gabler** examines in *The Weird World of Biopolitics* the surprising facts behind why we believe what we believe. There's no debate about the essence of **Brittney Palmer**—she's a winner. The art student and UFC Octagon Girl bares all for photographer **Steve Shaw** in *Fight Club*. Speaking of putting up a fight, **Paul Krugman** is showing his dominance. The Nobel Prize winner in economics and influential *New York Times* columnist discusses in the *Playboy Interview* why the days after 9/11 were the closest we've come to McCarthyism, whether the U.S. will become a banana republic and what has to be done to get the country moving again. One method certain to put a fire under your ass is to climb aboard any of the bikes profiled by **James R. Petersen** in *Power to the People*, including our Motorcycle of the Year. We were saddened in November when Joe Frazier died but heartened to learn that **Katherine Dunn** had spent time with him in Philly during his final weeks. In *Smoke* she recalls following the well-loved heavyweight champ, a happy man despite the low blows thrown at him by opponents and also by the press during his prime. Many fans believe **David Cross** has never been funnier than in his latest gig, playing an American office temp in London on *The Increasingly Poor Decisions of Todd Margaret*. The innovative comic actor talks in 20Q about his childhood as a poor boy in Georgia, his ongoing feud with Jim Belushi and the return (finally!) of Tobias Fünke and *Arrested Development*.



Steven Kotler



Adam Johnson



Neal Gabler

PLAYBILL



Brittney Palmer and Steve Shaw



Paul Krugman



James R. Petersen



Katherine Dunn



David Cross



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COVER STORY

As is his habit, the Rabbit has chosen a perch that gives him an unobstructed view—in this case, of the Octagon, where UFC ring girl Brittney Palmer appears every five minutes to remind fans of the current round of battle. Our bunny is a lover, of course, so he stays above the fray. Gotta protect those million-dollar ears.

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Professional snowboarders Danny Davis, Mark Sollors and John Jackson bring their sartorial style to the slopes.

By **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**

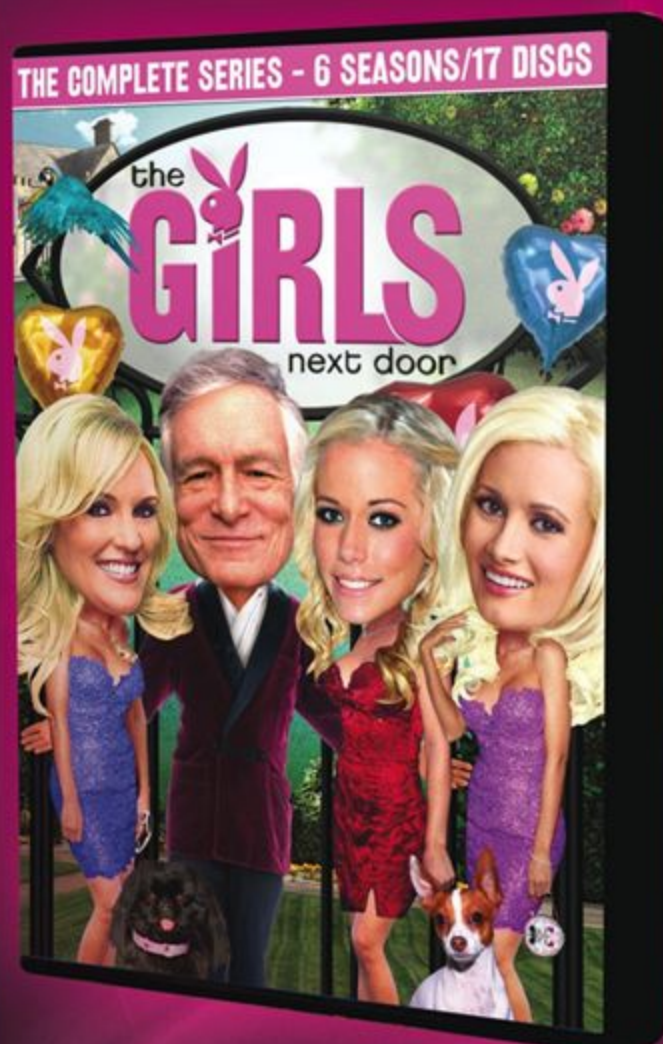


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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

L.A. PRESS CLUB HONORS HEF

The Los Angeles Press Club bestowed upon Hugh M. Hefner its Lifetime Achievement Award for having "championed First Amendment rights for ordinary citizens as well as journalists."



A GIFT FOR THE TROOPS

Leeann Tweeden, our December cover model and host of *Poker After Dark*, visits with the former host of *Playboy After Dark*, Hef, and then spreads some holiday cheer to the troops at Base Lewis-McChord in Washington state. Leeann, who has been on more than a dozen USO tours, says, "It's the least I can do to give back to those who give so much."



PLAYMATES AT GLAMOURCON

Six decades of Playmates attended Glamourcon 52 in Long Beach. The traveling show is one of the few events where fans can meet their dream girls. Hef's girlfriends Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard and Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund shared a photo-signing booth, while others, such as Miss September 2010 Olivia Paige (in black tank top), participated in Shoot the Centerfold—a rare opportunity for amateur shutterbugs to snap glamour photos of a Playmate.



Also in attendance were Miss December 2010 Ashley Hobbs, Miss May 2010 Kassie Lyn Logsdon, PMOY 2001 Brande Roderick, Miss August 2000 Summer Altice, PLAYBOY pinup artist Olivia and PMOY 2011 Claire Sinclair, to name a handful.

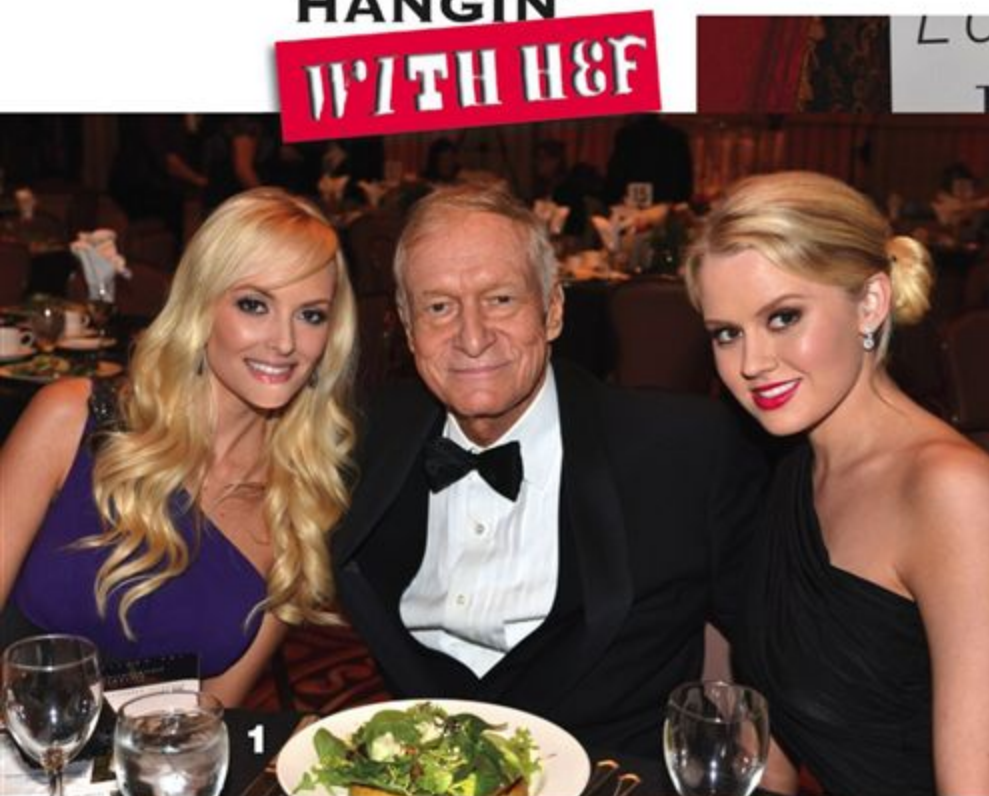


COOPER'S INSIDER TOUR OF THE MANSION

Cooper Hefner welcomed *The Insider's* Brooke Anderson into his boyhood home, where he described his life as normal (to him), with pets (spider monkeys and African cranes), a swimming pool (the Grotto) and a loving father (Hugh Hefner). When Hef happened upon the two he joked, "I understand Cooper was in the Grotto and now I know why."



HANGIN' WITH H&F



Coming from the man who has it all, Hef says, "The most important thing in life is love." Here are some of the friends, girlfriends and family with whom he shares his love. (1) Hef, SHERA and Anna at the L.A. Press Club Awards. (2) Dick Gregory flew in from the East Coast to see Hef honored. (3) James Caan filming for *How Playboy Changed the World*. (4) Hank Baskett and his father film *Kendra* at PMW. (5) Heavy metal's Ronnie James Dio threw an event at the Mansion that drew Slash from Guns N' Roses, as well as Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima and Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips. (6) *LA Ink*'s Kat Von D with Olivia Paige and Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins at Dio's event. (7) Hef and German PMOY 2009 Michaela Grauke at the Mansion. (8) The Reverend Jesse Jackson tapes for *How Playboy Changed the World*. (9) Kiss's Paul Stanley and Lita Ford from the Runaways host Rock and Roll Fantasy Camp at PMW. (10) SHERA, Hef and Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young exemplify the rock star lifestyle. (11) SHERA's mother, Renee, drops by for a visit. (12) Hef's three sons—Cooper, Marston and David—share Thanksgiving at the patriarch's home.



DARK HONEY vs. STONE CHERRY



7 HAS NEVER BEEN SO LUCKY

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PLAYBOY AT ART BASEL



When the international art set descends on south Florida for Art Basel Miami, the plumage comes out and the parties don't stop. The exposition, which has become a jet-set Mardi Gras, doesn't close until Playboy throws its annual affair. This year we gathered with moguls, models, socialites, celebrities, rockers, designers and DJs at the Electric Room, a pop-up club atop the Dream hotel. (1) Bewigged performance-art troupers the Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black wailed their heads off in a spirited salute to our beloved Femlin, LeRoy Neiman's iconic cartoon vixen that has graced every issue of the magazine since 1955. (2) Conceptual artist Cyril Duval and DJ Honey Dijon. (3) Supermodel May Andersen. (4) Photographer Simon Pugh and web private equity kingpin Sam Gupta. (5) DJ Matt Stone. (6) DSquared designers Dan and Dean Caten. (7) Art photographer Spencer Tunick. (8) Val Kilmer's daughter, Mercedes. (9) Music producer Nellee Hooper and Dream honcho Vikram Chatwal. (10) Tech titan James Gardner, New York City socialite Fabiola Beracasa and Salem frontman Jack Donoghue.



GONZO MATH

You might want to check Hunter S. Thompson's math in the invoice he sent in 1969 (*Dead Letter File*, December). First, he subtracted only \$200 of his \$300 advance. Second, his sum is off by \$2.20 in your favor. So you overpaid him by \$97.80, or \$603.38 in today's dollars.

Mark O'Neill
Helena, Montana

We're sure our crack accountants caught the errors. But if not, it was still a bargain.

BACK AND FORTH

I am disappointed to discover not only that modern science has pretty vague ideas about the construction of time machines (*How to Build a Time Machine*, December) but also that it puts strict limits on what we may eventually be able to do with them. (What fun is time travel if you can't go back to before the machine was built?) A compelling objection to the idea of time travel takes a form similar to Enrico Fermi's objection to the existence of extraterrestrials capable of space travel: If it's possible, where are they? There are also philosophical problems, including the paradoxes that arise from backward causation and closed causal loops. For instance, can you build a time machine, travel into the past and tell your earlier self how to build it, thereby accounting for why you have a machine to begin with? These paradoxes may account for why time travel to the (distant) past is impossible and why it is fiendishly difficult to write good time-travel fiction. In that regard, I recommend *Doctor Who*—whose time-travel police box is, of course, bigger on the inside.

Massimo Pigliucci
New York, New York

Pigliucci is a professor of philosophy at City University of New York and author of Nonsense on Stilts (rationallyspeaking.org). In November physicists in Geneva reported they had twice measured neutrinos traveling faster than the speed of light, which if confirmed would violate Einstein's special theory of relativity and open a door for time travel.

HOW TO CHOP WOOD

As both my grandmother and my in-laws heated their homes with woodstoves, I feel I should clarify two points about preparing firewood ("Getting Wood," *After Hours*, November). First, you should never split wood on concrete. A manly man will drive straight through softer woods and destroy the ax. Another section of the tree does nicely as a backstop. Second, anything you can split with an ax will become kindling if you divide it into eight pieces. It will impress your date, but you will be getting up every five minutes to feed the inferno. If you want the fire to last until dawn in your cabin on the slopes, four pieces is good and half is better. It's not as pretty, but it is warmer.

Micah Tice
Griffin, Georgia

DEAR PLAYBOY

The Drug Religion

Craig Ferguson calls people stupid for believing the world is flat but fails to see the stupidity of believing in a god and judging himself more moral as a result (*Playboy Interview*, December). For addicts, religion replaces drugs. The other Christians and/or Republicans in the issue show this isn't an isolated belief. Herschel Walker was going to shoot someone over a lack of "respect" (*The Fighter*), and Andrew Breitbart shows he's delusional, including in his belief that he's not delusional (*Krassner vs. Breitbart*).

Erin Hoffman
St. Paul, Minnesota



SIGNS OF THE TIMES

The December *Party Jokes* has a good one about a New England eatery advertising LOBSTER TAIL & BEER. It reminded me of a store here that for years displayed a marquee that read COLD BEER. AMMUNITION. WEDDING DRESSES.

Anders Benson
Kingfield, Maine

INSPIRING BEAUTY

Sila Şahin (*Turkish Delight*, November) embodies the delicate Eastern beauty that has inspired Western poets, musicians and artists from the troubadours of



Sila: a goddess who makes her own rules.

the Middle Ages through Edgar Degas and James McNeill Whistler. In a world where there is so much strife between East and West, we need more people like her, with her uncompromising love of personal freedom.

Brian Cooper
Jackson Heights, New York

The images of Sila Şahin are incredible. She is what I imagine the goddesses of Egypt looked like and is my mind's vision of Hathor, deity of beauty.

Shaun McClure
Salem, Oregon

COMING UP ACES

When I saw the December cover with a gift-wrapped Leeann Tweeden (*The Queen of Hearts*), I knew Christmas had arrived. Please thank her for dealing us the pictorial we'd all been waiting for.

Malcolm Sutherland
Mechanicsville, Virginia

Any man who encounters the exquisite Leeann Tweeden must suffer hormone-induced paralysis. My blood pressure shoots up just looking at her photos.

Daniel Perez
Silex, Missouri

KRASSNER VS. BREITBART

While I find Andrew Breitbart a repugnant figure in the conservative movement, I am impressed with how he handles himself against the legendary Paul Krassner. The exchange reminds me of the debate between Norman Mailer and William F. Buckley in the February 1963 issue. Both are great reads.

Brett Lambert
Edmonton, Alberta

Leaving Breitbart's ideological conceits aside, he's so careless and reckless with the facts that one can hardly take anything he says seriously. One telling assertion is the claim that Bill Ayers ghostwrote Barack Obama's *Dreams From My Father*. As it happens, I was editorial director of Times Books when we acquired Obama's proposal. Henry Ferris worked closely with Obama throughout the book's writing. Obama was the sole author of his own autobiography. End

FATALITY LIVES

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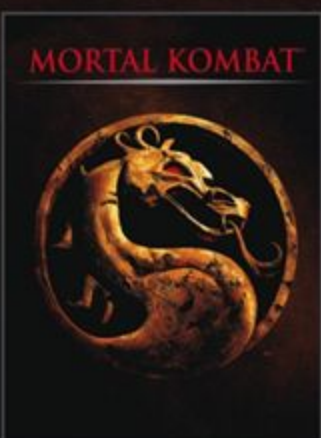
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of story. It's a pity Breitbart has such contempt for actual reporting that he finds it "more compelling" to cling to a canard. That he thinks his shtick is somehow an homage to Krassner's imperishable satirical take on America adds insult to injury.

Steve Wasserman
New York, New York

Krassner is an ass with his nonsense about an Eliot Spitzer-George W. Bush cabal—Spitzer was critical of the president in a newspaper op-ed, so Bush needed to get him out of the way? And whether Michael J. Fox took his medications before making that shaky 2006 campaign ad for Claire McCaskill isn't the point; Rush Limbaugh and others were skeptical because he was using his illness to manipulate emotions in the debate over stem-cell research.

Perry Reel
Redondo Beach, California

Having grown up in the 1960s, I was an early fan of Krassner's. Breitbart is the right's Krassner. I hope you will do this again, but next time let them submit topics to each other ahead of time so they can come armed with facts.

Greg Sheldon
Jupiter, Florida

CRAIGYFERG

Craig Ferguson is quick and intelligent, but *The Late Late Show* meanders endlessly and is often too cute by half. Interesting guests are pushed to the 35-minute mark, and it's often not worth the wait.

Colin Rutheford
Los Angeles, California

Ferguson is right—atheists do need a sense of humor. Who doesn't? But I disagree with his assertion that "atheism is a stance. It's a position, it's an opinion." When evidence, or lack of evidence, leads to a conclusion, you don't choose to believe it or not.

Dave Koehler
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

INDIANA JONES OF SEX

Sir Richard Burton had a knack for self-promotion, so some of the stories he told about himself are probably apocryphal (*The History of Sex, Part One: Sir Richard Burton*, November). He spent his career as a soldier, explorer and diplomat not only to satisfy his curiosity but to advance British interests. And he was a product of his times—a racist and a militarist who disdained democracy. Even his sexual adventures, which seem so at odds with Victorian prudery, were not uncommon for men of his class and circumstances: He was part of a bohemian underworld that enjoyed pornography, and his translations of exotic sex manuals like the Kama Sutra attracted small but appreciative audiences. While we

might want to see him as a rebel, we should not exaggerate his alienation from his own culture.

Dane Kennedy
Washington, D.C.

Kennedy, a professor of history at George Washington University, is author of *The Highly Civilized Man: Richard Burton and the Victorian World*.

FIGHTING SHAPE

I was a Herschel Walker fan during the dubious 1989 trade from Dallas to Minnesota that wrongly defined his pro-football career. It's a shame he spent so much time fighting personal demons in his post-NFL life when he could have been battling Chuck Liddell



Can this football great be a kickboxing champ?

and Randy Couture for UFC spoils. The sport seems made for him, albeit a much younger version.

Josh Smith
Taneytown, Maryland

EAT ME

You note in "Dinner Is Served" in November (*After Hours*) that the ancient Greeks made cakes in the shape of breasts, which inspired me to share my modern creations using Bundt cakes, Rice Krispies treats and mini marshmallows. The Rice Krispies are for filling in the center area and mimicking the braille quality of areolae. The marshmallow nipples are patterned after a close friend's. The icing on the cake is getting to lick the icing off the cake.

Jessica Shaw
Lexington, South Carolina

GREAT READS

Three recent anthologies include reporting from *PLAYBOY*: Julian Sancton's "The Apostle of Indulgence" appears in *Best Food Writing 2011*, Craig Vetter's "Icarus 2010: The Man Who Can Fly" in *Best American Sports Writing 2011* and Chris Sweeney's "The Dynamics of Sexual Acceleration" in *Best Sex Writing 2012*.



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



BEST FIGHTING GAME

PIXEL JUMPERS

BEST OF 2011



THE BEST FIGHTER IS NOW COMPLETE

MORTAL KOMBAT™

KOMplete EDITION



PlayStation 3



PlayStation Network



MATURE 17+

TM



Blood and Gore
Intense Violence
Partial Nudity
Strong Language

ESRB CONTENT RATING

www.esrb.org

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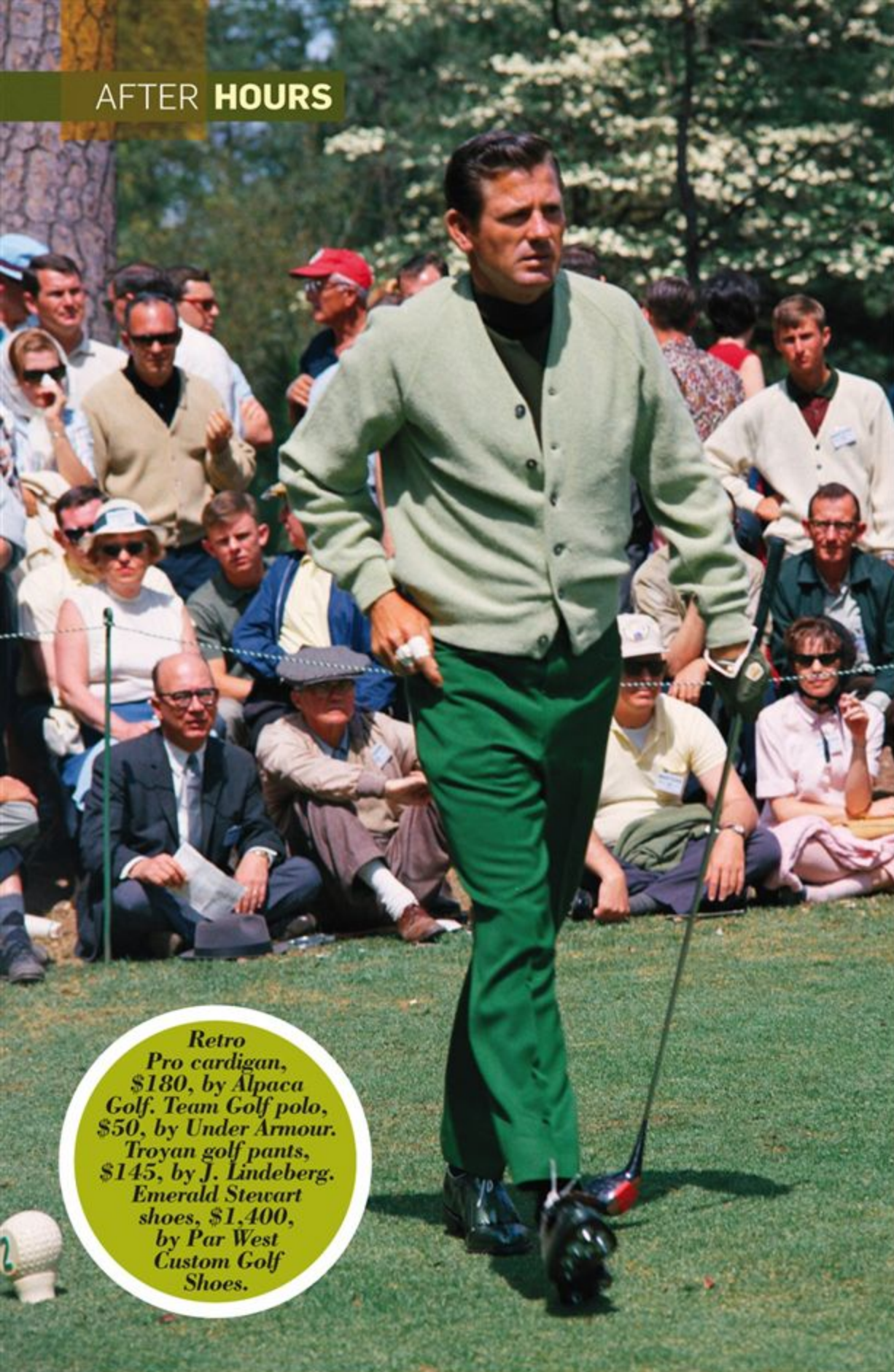
PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Jaque Faria

Carnival, the annual festival designed to bid farewell to bad times, provides the perfect spring escape. Consummating 46 days before Easter in Rio de Janeiro, Carnival draws millions of people from around the world to Brazil's sandy beaches and parade-lined streets, where curvy, sun-drenched beauties dance to the samba beat. Our current Brazilian beauty of choice is the woman at right—Jaque Faria, a model and former contestant on *Big Brother Brasil*. But given the sultry ways of her countrywomen, it wasn't an easy decision, which is why another six pages of Carnival excitement await, starting on page 62. Book your tickets now.





Retro
Pro cardigan,
\$180, by Alpaca
Golf. Team Golf polo,
\$50, by Under Armour.
Troyan golf pants,
\$145, by J. Lindeberg.
Emerald Stewart
shoes, \$1,400,
by Par West
Custom Golf
Shoes.

CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

DOUG SANDERS

HE WAS NEVER the greatest golfer on the tour, or the nicest, but man, could Doug Sanders swing a look. The Peacock came out of nowhere in 1956. The 22-year-old insurance salesman and self-taught player from Miami became the first amateur to win the Canadian Open. He went on to win 20 PGA tourneys, but his closet drew as much fanfare as his stroke. Sanders had a wardrobe of shocking complementary colors. He had a personal valet lay out his Technicolor options each morning, designed a golf bag with a removable pocket so it would always match his outfit and even had his T-shirts and underwear dyed different shades. Sometimes it takes an extremist to lead a revolution. As we pull out our pastel V-necks and hit the links this spring, we should all give thanks.

EXPERT APPROVED • GARDENING

SEED MONEY

Tim Magner is a farmer without a farm. Part of a new wave of urban agriculturalists, he grows his crop in the bed of his Ford F-250 pickup as director of Truck Farm Chicago (truckfarmchicago.org). To start a garden amid your concrete surroundings, he suggests planting High Mowing organic seeds (highmowingseeds.com): "I guarantee these will blossom into beautiful plants. Our High Mowing radishes were great, and our carrots were excellent too. Because the seeds aren't genetically modified, they produce outstanding food."



COLLECTIONS • EROTIC ART

FAMILY JEWELS

We all have obsessions. Naomi Wilzig started collecting erotic art in 1992. The wife of an Auschwitz survivor who made a fortune in banking, Wilzig now invites you to see the largest collection of erotic art in America at her World Erotic Art Museum in Miami Beach (weam.com). Pictured above: one of her most interesting pieces, the rocking phallus by artist Herman Makkink that's used as a murder weapon in Stanley Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange* (1971).

BARMATE
WORDS TO DRINK BYCARA
COSTILLO

HERE'S A foolproof way to get my attention on a packed Saturday night at my bar, Coyote Ugly in Oklahoma City: Flash a \$100 bill and yell "Keep the change!" I promise it will make you my number one priority the rest of the night.

THAT SAID, I'll still respect you if you tip at least a dollar a drink.

MY RESPECT for you, however, goes out the window if you order a drink that is the color pink. I mean it: Don't order anything pink! It takes a real man to wear a pink sweater or shirt, not to drink a cosmo or grass skirt.

BAD PICKUP lines are an occupational hazard. The worst one I've heard? "Is that a keg in your pants? Because I'd sure like to tap it."

YOU KNOW a bartender is legitimately into you if she keeps talking to you after you've paid the tab. All that talk before you get the check? It's flirting in the name of the best possible tip.



STYLE • LOAFERS

FOOT PATROL

You there, Biff. Love the pink polo. Yeah, keep the collar up just like that. That look would've appeared off two years ago, but the winds of fashion have blown preppy back into style. Here, we kick off spring with a loafer

tutorial. You'll see lots of them in your local shoe store, only this time around designers have taken the classic and spun it. You'll find loafers with wild patterns like camouflage (see the Sperrys, below left) and colors that will add zing

to a summer suit (like the Cole Haans, below middle). And of course you can still wear the classic brown leather loafer (like the original Bass Weejuns, below right). Yeah, you're looking sharp, all right, Biff. Take care.



SPERRY TOP-SIDER PENFIELD WOODLAND PENNY LOAFER (\$90).

COLE HAAN AIR MONROE PENNY (\$198).

BASS WEEJUN LEATHER LOAFER (\$99).

THE PREP SQUAD

Like anything else, there are all types of preppies. Take, for instance...



The preppy in complete denial of his preppy ways—Ryan O'Neal in *Love Story*.



The batshit-crazy preppy—Matt Damon in *The Talented Mr. Ripley*.



The ironic preppy—Luke Wilson in *The Royal Tenenbaums*.



The inadvertent preppy—Vince Vaughn in *Wedding Crashers*.



PATHFINDER SOLAR AIRCRAFT

TURN ON • SOLAR ENERGY

SUN KISSED

NASA's latest Pathfinder solar-powered aircraft is proof that science continues to unlock the power of the universe. Here are two examples that hit closer to home.

HUSQ-VARNA AUTO-MOWER



Behold the world's first solar- and battery-powered hybrid automatic lawn mower (\$3,000, husqvarna.com).

QUIRKY RAY SOLAR CHARGER



Attach the suction cup to a car, airplane or office window and charge a phone with the power of the sun (quirky.com).



HAUTE CUISINE MEAT THE PRESS

WILD BEEF

Chef Homaro Cantu of Moto and iNG in Chicago specializes in foods "you've never seen or imagined before." So we asked him and his team to create a spin on the classic St. Paddy's Day dish of corned beef and cabbage. Here it is: A cube of corned beef sits on a bed of handmade cardamom noodles (created without utensils according to a 2,000-year-old Asian technique) swimming in a Guinness broth with brussels sprouts and microherbs. Up top is soda bread frozen with liquid nitrogen and shattered onto the plate. The dish will hit iNG's menu this month (ingrestaurant.com). See you there.



SPACE WEAR • BODYSUITS

VIRGIN GALACTIC

MIT's new Bio-Suit may alter space travel by employing "second skin" technology, which in layman's terms means it looks like a formfitting bathing suit. But MIT certainly didn't pioneer the idea of revealing space garb—especially as it pertains to the fairer sex. The space vixen began to populate our fantasies when Fritz Lang unveiled his fembot Maria in the 1927 film *Metropolis* (top right). Ever since, incarnations have come and gone—from Flash Gordon's love interest Dale Arden in the 1930s (top left) to the pulp sci-fi magazines of the 1940s and 1950s (above right). The trend culminated with the 1968 film *Barbarella*, in which Jane Fonda bested her space-babe competition by light-years (above). A parody unto itself, the trope returned with full force in the 1987 spoof *Amazon Women on the Moon* (right). Here's to not fighting the future.



OUTDOOR LIVING • ARCHITECTURE

CUBE-INN EXILE

Who says tree houses are for kids? Not the Swedish creators of the Mirrorcube (\$377,000, mirrorcube.se), a 21st century tree house for adults. With features such as infrared film on the exterior to deter birds from flying into the structure, it has everything you need to carve out a peaceful, simple existence among nature: enough room for a queen-size bed, a study, a bathroom and a rooftop balcony. The great outdoors never looked so good.

IMBIBE • IRISH EYES

SIPPING WITH ST. PADDY

BEER The American brewing scene is hopping. Instead of Guinness, try one of these seasonal beers: Boulevard Irish ale (Kansas City), Lakefront Snake Chaser stout (Milwaukee) or Harpoon Celtic ale (Boston).



WHISKEY Jameson (founded in 1780), the top-selling Irish whiskey, is from Dublin. Bushmills (1608), the second-best seller, is from north of Belfast. Which tastes best? The answer is at the bottom of the bottle.

SHOOTER Casey's Irish Pub hosts the largest St. Patrick's Day bash in Los Angeles, with 12,000 people in attendance. Its signature drink: the pickle back, a shot of Jameson followed by another of pickle juice.





SKYACTIV TECHNOLOGY



2013 Mazda CX-5

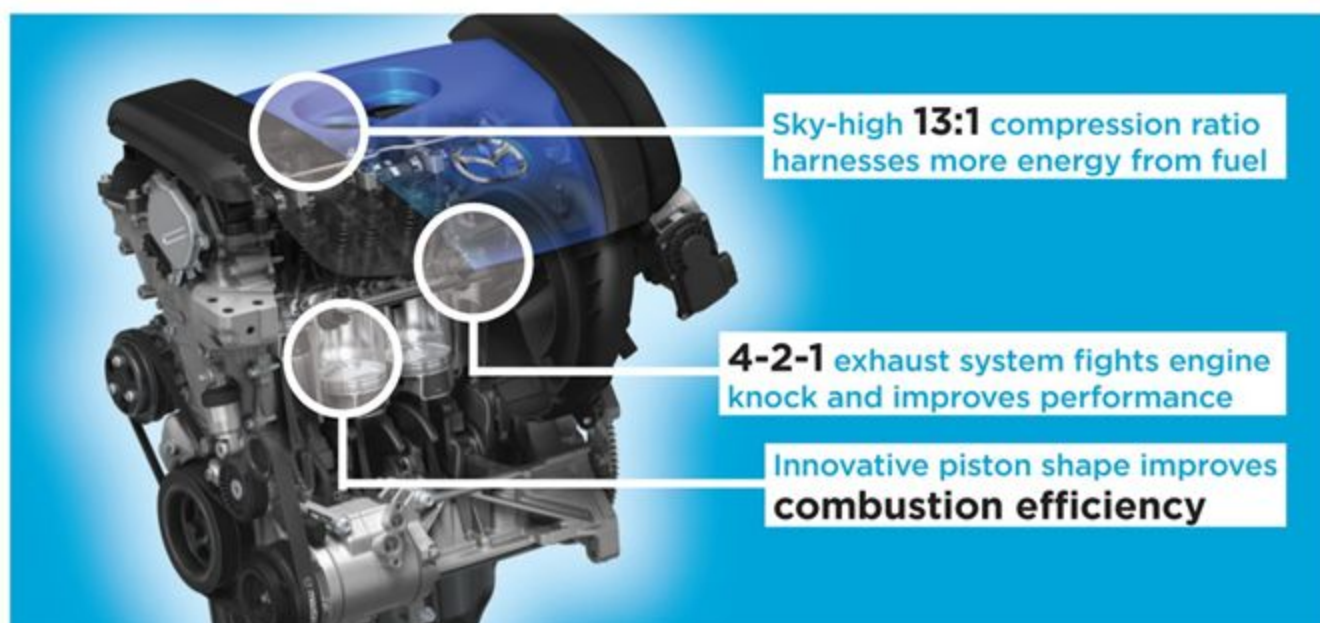
Brains and Beauty

At the wheel of a whole new kind of car

Mazda's philosophy is that if it's not worth driving, it's not worth building. So in their quest for better environmental performance, the goal was to reduce fuel consumption and emissions without compromising driving performance.

Under the SKYACTIV® TECHNOLOGY program, engineers tossed commonly accepted limitations of car building out the window in pursuit of new, powerful engines; more efficient transmissions; smarter body construction and more responsive chassis designs aimed at delivering an affordable car that would outdrive any car in its class, including electrics or hybrids.

By refusing to settle for accepted engineering standards, Mazda has reimagined how far a gas-powered car can be pushed, how efficiently it can run, and how much fun it can be to drive.



Sky-high **13:1** compression ratio harnesses more energy from fuel

4-2-1 exhaust system fights engine knock and improves performance

Innovative piston shape improves combustion efficiency

Power and Precision

A new world under the hood

Traditional engineering wisdom dictates that it's impossible to run a 13:1 compression on any kind of pump gas — even premium. Mazda's powertrain team rejected this wisdom. Instead, they flexed their engineering muscle to develop a web of interconnected technologies that overcome this issue.



Hot Body

- Optimized suspension and steering
- Uses high-tensile steel
- Enhanced manufacturing methods

The entirely new bodies are 220 pounds lighter, yet stiffer, stronger, and more durable in the event of a collision than their forerunners.

Classy Chassis

- Better low-speed agility
- Greater high-speed stability
- Built with 14% lighter components

Driving quality creates an overall sense of oneness between car and driver with improvements in comfort and security.

(Sexy) Drive

- Manual transmission-caliber efficiency
- Quick, direct shifting of a DCT
- Smooth, seamless shifting

The automatic transmission is intelligently engineered to rev-match downshifts faster than a dual-clutch transmission.



MAZDA DATA

2

Number of **PLAYMATES** who race Mazdas competitively

1

Number of Mazda MX-5 Miatas sold to date, the **BEST SELLING** roadster sports car of all time.
Source: Guinness Book of World Records

30%

Improved fuel efficiency on all Mazdas by 2015



ONE

Number of Japanese car manufacturers that have won the 24 hours of LeMans... Mazda



3

Number of wheels on the first Mazda vehicle

84

hours

Duration of the first race the Mazda rotary engine ever competed in... and it came in fourth.

On any given weekend nearly

50%

of the cars road raced are powered by Mazda





John Schussler
Senior Engineer
Mazda North American Operations

IF IT'S NOT BROKEN... FIX IT.

For over 90 years, an obsession has pushed us to keep improving how our cars look, how they drive and how they make you feel behind the wheel. It's in our DNA. It drove us to successfully engineer our revolutionary rotary engine, and it's driven us to reimagine the automobile as a whole today.

Our goal? Ultimate efficiency. Achieve the unheard of, where fuel economy, low emissions and outstanding driving performance coexist in cars accessible to everyone. Pulling it off meant starting with a clean slate, not just carrying over old parts—and old ideas. It meant starting from the ground up and rethinking everything to work together in unprecedented harmony. We call it SKYACTIV® TECHNOLOGY.

Imagine an engine that pushes the boundaries of engineering, delivering 15% more low end torque, yet 15% better fuel efficiency, by running the compression ratio of a Formula 1 race car, all while sipping 87 octane fuel. Imagine an automatic transmission so smart it perfectly rev-matches downshifts faster than a dual-clutch transmission, while also improving fuel economy by an additional 4%. Imagine entirely new bodies 220 pounds lighter, yet stiffer and stronger than the bodies they replace. We imagined it all and more, and then we made it a reality.

Experience the first step of this reality with the new SKYACTIV®-G engine and SKYACTIV® transmissions in the new Mazda3, then look for the evolution of SKYACTIV® TECHNOLOGY with every new Mazda going forward.

Reimagining the automobile wasn't the goal, it just ended up that way. But that's who we are, and that's what we do. Because for us, if it's not worth driving, it's not worth building.

Learn more about SKYACTIV® TECHNOLOGY at MazdaUSA.com/skyactiv

Meet our engineers and experience more Mazda stories at facebook.com/mazda

We build Mazdas.

What do you drive?

zoom-zoom



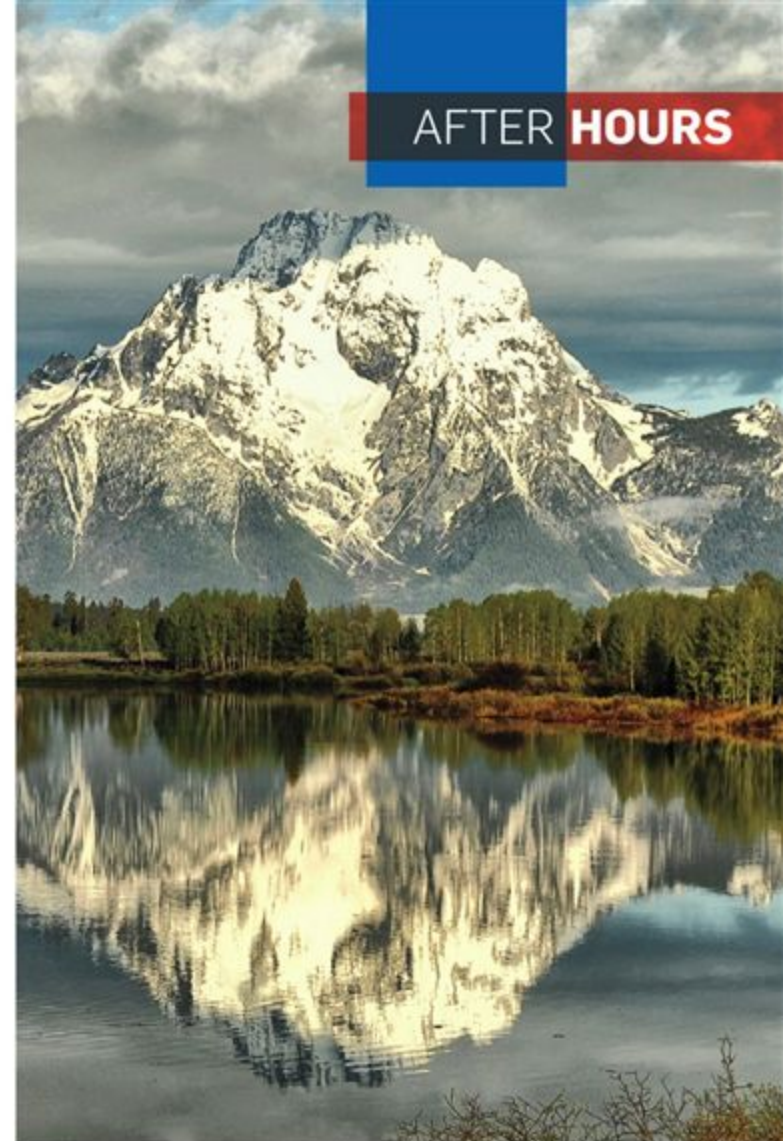
mazda



SEXTYMOLOGY • MILE-HIGH CLUB

LOVE IN THE AIR

The first attempt at airborne sex likely occurred in the 1790s when the French aces of the Compagnie d'Aérostiers took ladies for tethered balloon rides. But it didn't become mechanical until autopilot inventor Lawrence Sperry and a New York socialite took to the sky in 1916. Sperry and his female pupil were flying over a Long Island bay when his plane plunged into the water. Per Sperry's biography, "Duck hunters paddling to their rescue were surprised to find a lady and gentleman stark naked. The impact of the crash, Lawrence said, had divested them of their clothing." *The New York Times* ignored this fact, but it became an open secret after a tabloid ran the headline AERIAL PETTING ENDS IN WETTING.



AFTER HOURS

NEVER SLEEP • JACKSON HOLE

ACTION JACKSON

There are great ski towns, and there are great ski mountains. But few places bring the two together like Wyoming's Jackson Hole, an epicenter of culture and sports in a state where antelope outnumber humans.

1 P.M. Amid mountainscapes that evoke the steppes of Central Asia, make like a Mongolian nomad and arrange for a yurt lunch at the Jackson Hole Mountain Resort. Inside this circular portable dwelling, a chef will prepare a gourmet midday meal that should provide the requisite fuel to spend the rest of the afternoon skiing in the Bridger-Teton National Forest.

4:30 P.M. It's tempting to laugh at a bar called Mangy Moose, but the tastemakers at *Forbes* herald it as "one of the 10 hottest après-ski bars in the world." We promise the Moose's heart is in the right place. Plus, it's après-ski time.

5:45 P.M. Upon shuffling into Jackson, get yourself over to the town square and wander through the four large arches made from hundreds of elk antlers. When you gaze into the lattice formed by these artfully stacked specimens, you'll realize you're forever in nature's grasp.

7:30 P.M. The ease with which the crisp, superhoppy Hopium IPA smooths each bite of the spicy, basil-flecked *pad kee mow* at Thai Me Up Restaurant & Brewery makes you wish every Thai restaurant brewed its own beer and every brew pub kept a kitchen full of curry.

9:10 P.M. No trip to Jackson Hole is complete without a visit to the Million Dollar Cowboy Bar. While taking in the joint's unrivaled collection of Western memorabilia—including cowboy murals and saddle bar stools—try a glass of its namesake MDCB beer. Then it's time to relax with your snow bunny. After all, there's a big mountain to ski in the morning.



ART • VIDEO GAMES

INTERACTIVE PLAYER

Is *Super Mario Bros.* the new *American Gothic*? The Smithsonian thinks so. This month the museum debuts its new exhibit, The Art of Video Games, which elevates the 40-year-old

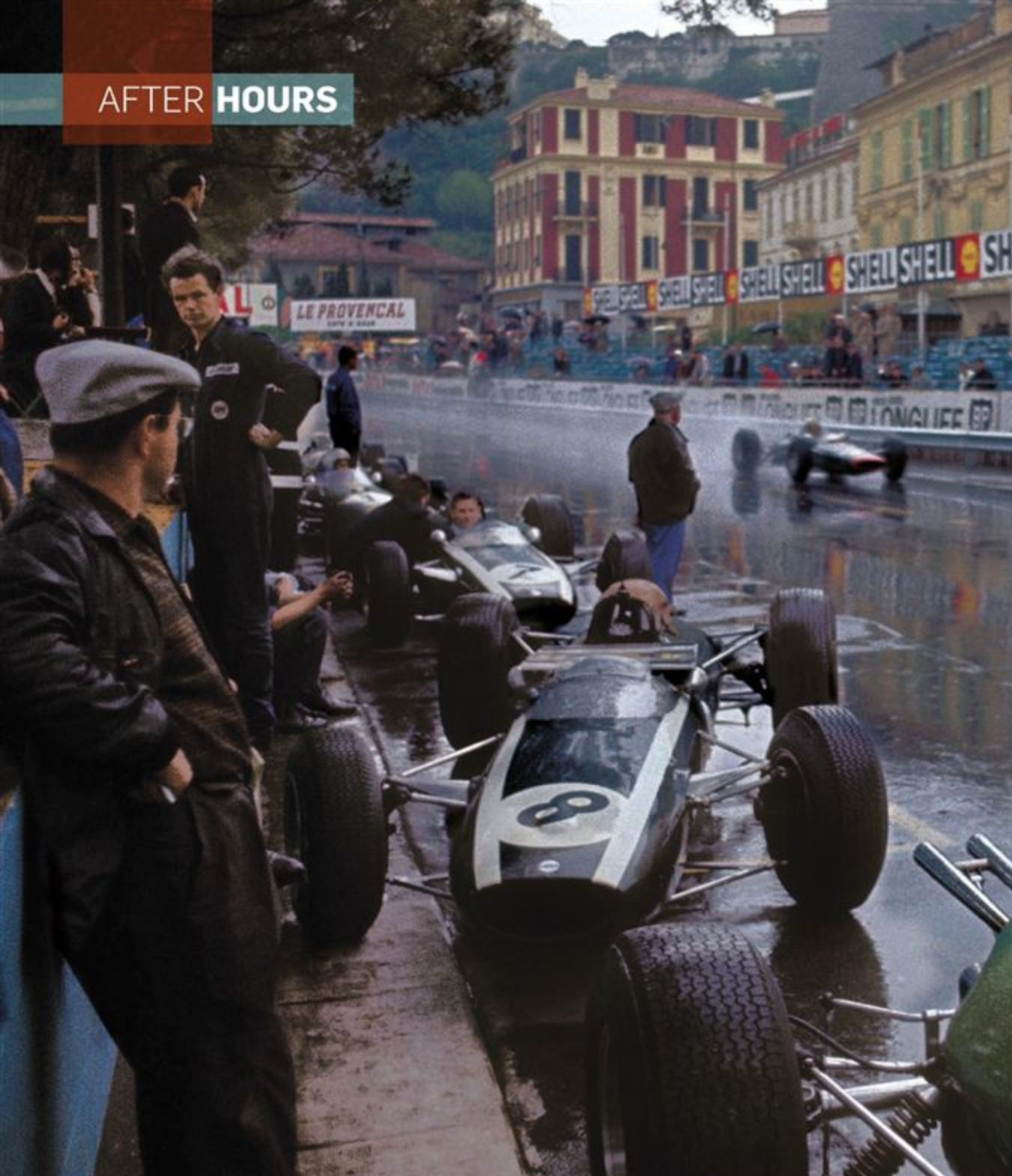
medium from adolescent time waster to legitimate artistic pursuit. (A companion book will also be released.) The games on display (see two of them below) were selected by developers, designers and journalists. But the exhibit is also interactive, allowing visitors to determine whether the visuals from such games as *Halo 2* (above) are worthy of the title "art."



DOOM II "Doom proved there's beauty in technological prowess," says Mike Mika, who wrote the companion book's intro. "Beneath its veneer lies a simple game of infinite complexity that, to quote Megadeth, is a symphony of destruction."



DONKEY KONG "Its unprecedented rich colors, comedic animations and pitch-perfect sound inspired future game designers," says Mika. "Shigeru Miyamoto, the game's creator, had a flair for exploration that rivaled Walt Disney's."



AROUND THE CORNER Argentina's international superstar Juan Manuel Fangio steers his Mercedes Silver Arrow to yet another victory in 1955, at the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa-Francorchamps. Fangio won the Formula One world championship that year. "I was standing at the apex of a turn called La Source," Alexander remembers. "You could walk right up and get a close shot. Fangio was 44 years old and yet he was still in his prime. We had such respect for him."



FEAR FACTOR This shot captures the intensity in the cockpit moments before a start. François Cevert was born in Paris during World War II, the son of a Jewish French Resistance fighter. Notice the helmet: French colors. "The picture was taken at Watkins Glen in 1971," Alexander recalls. "Cevert won his first and only Formula One victory that day. Two years later he was dead, killed at this same track." He was 29 years old.



SEEING RED Two Germans (at right, wearing ties) stand by the Mercedes-Benz 300 SL gullwing they purchased to compete in the 1956 Monte Carlo Rally, a race along the hilly ancient roads of the French Riviera. "The shot was taken after the race was over on Sunday," Alexander says. "This is right behind Monte Carlo's casino." The rally was conceived by Prince Albert I in 1911 and is still held today.

PHOTO • ART MOVEMENT

SHUTTER SPEED

There never was, nor will there ever be, any sport as glamorous as Grand Prix motor racing was in the 1950s and 1960s. The machines—race cars at the dawn of the space age—looked as if they could beat the Americans and the Russians to the moon. The death of drivers was routine, and these handsome young gladiators raced not for money (they didn't get paid much) but for passion. Fans wore ties and fedoras to the track. As bloody as racing could be, it was the sport of gentlemen. All of it was recorded by the premier photographers of the day, among them Jesse Alexander, whose Leica captured the collision between the glamorous and the gritty. Now Alexander has rereleased his first book, the cult favorite *Forty Years of Motorsport Photography*, as an e-book for the iPad, iPhone and iPod with added video and voice-over (\$20, itunes.com). Pictured above are the pits of Monaco in 1966. "The shot was taken during practice," Alexander says. "What makes the picture is the color and the mood. Everyone's so relaxed." The race that Sunday was won by a young hotshoe named Jackie Stewart.

FROM THE DIGITAL ARCHIVE • iPLAYBOY

PAR FOR THE COURSE

Don't say we didn't warn you. In the July 1989 article *By Golf Possessed*, we predicted that golf would become the new national pastime and cause a mass exodus from American boardrooms. Nothing, it seemed, could get in the way of making tee time. But even we underestimated the sport's addictive appeal. "These days, if you don't play golf, you can't talk to the guys, you can't conduct your business, you can't learn life's important lessons," our August 1991 follow-up, *The Golf Crisis*, explained. "Because of golf, we're neglecting the S&L scandal and we're not meeting any women. It's driving us crazy." *The Golf Crisis*, of course, only made matters worse—providing pages of insight into the game from the likes of Lee Trevino and swing guru Phil Ritson. To see more of both articles, go to iplayboy.com.

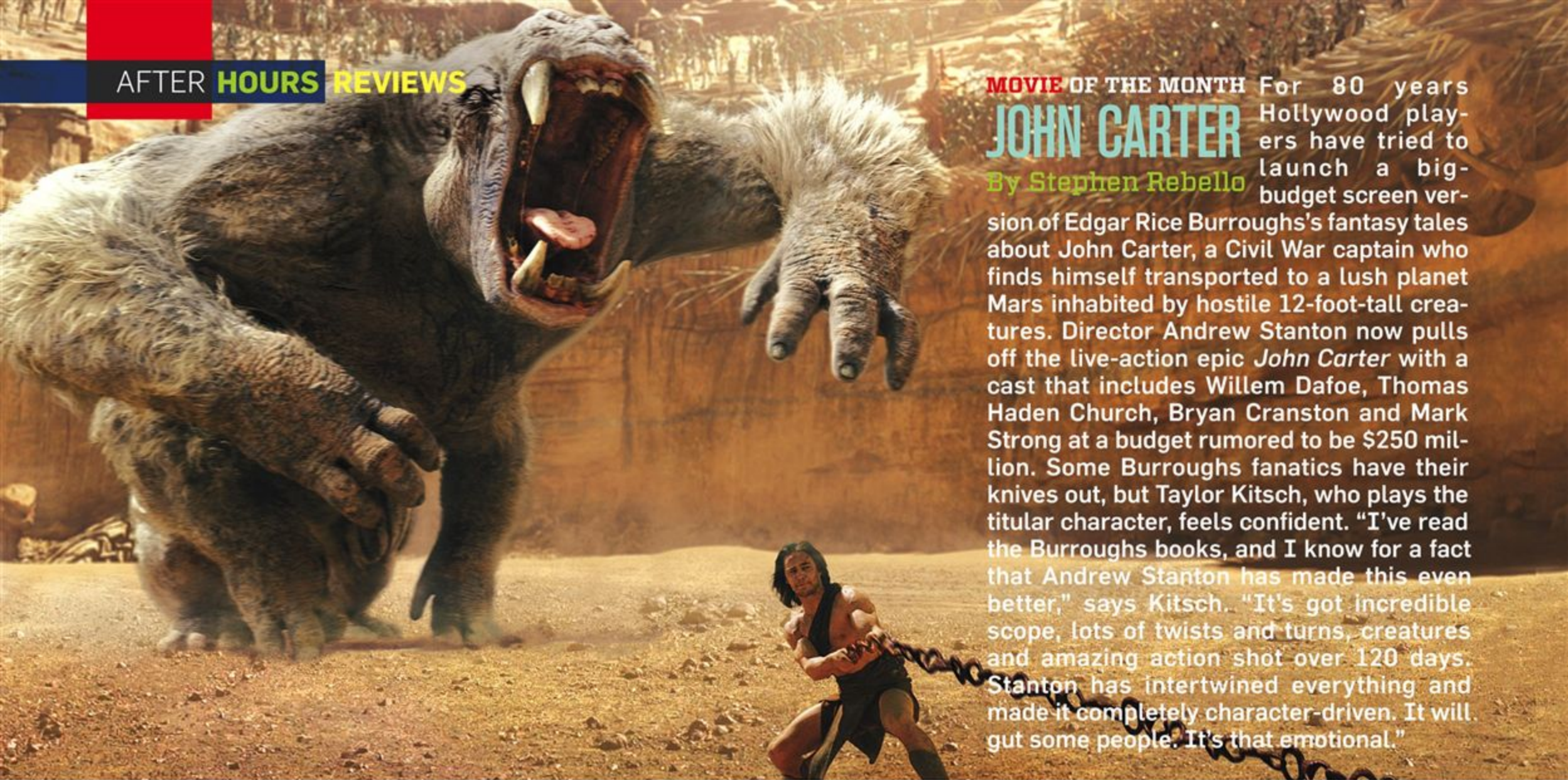




*Make any time a great time
with the just-right taste of Bud Light.*

IT'S THE SURE SIGN OF A GOOD TIME

HERE WE GO



MOVIE OF THE MONTH For 80 years Hollywood players have tried to launch a big-budget screen version of Edgar Rice Burroughs's fantasy tales about John Carter, a Civil War captain who finds himself transported to a lush planet Mars inhabited by hostile 12-foot-tall creatures. Director Andrew Stanton now pulls off the live-action epic *John Carter* with a cast that includes Willem Dafoe, Thomas Haden Church, Bryan Cranston and Mark Strong at a budget rumored to be \$250 million. Some Burroughs fanatics have their knives out, but Taylor Kitsch, who plays the titular character, feels confident. "I've read the Burroughs books, and I know for a fact that Andrew Stanton has made this even better," says Kitsch. "It's got incredible scope, lots of twists and turns, creatures and amazing action shot over 120 days. Stanton has intertwined everything and made it completely character-driven. It will gut some people. It's that emotional."

NOW PLAYING

Act of Valor blurs fiction and fact with a cast of real-life active-duty Navy SEALs and reel-life hottie Roselyn Sanchez teaming up to foil a terrorist attack....



ACT OF VALOR



THIS MEANS WAR

Nicolas Cage returns as Johnny Blaze with his skull blazing brighter—and in 3-D yet!—after his self-imposed exile in *Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance*, the sequel to 2007's *Ghost Rider*.... John Cusack, starring as Edgar Allan Poe in James McTeigue's *The Raven*, must track down a multiple murderer who com-

mits copycat crimes from the suspense writer's poems and stories.... Rival CIA spooks Chris Pine and Tom Hardy go head to head for the love of Reese Witherspoon in the action comedy *This Means War*, directed by McG....

The Heitor Dhalia-directed thriller *Gone* has Amanda Seyfried as a former abductee who sets out to trap the psycho killer who terrorized both her and her newly missing sister, Emily Wickersham....

21 Jump Street, Johnny Depp's career-launching 1980s TV show about older cops going undercover in a high school, gets a (mercifully) spoofy movie version directed by Phil Lord and Chris Miller and starring Channing Tatum and Jonah Hill.... Will Ferrell

pays homage to Westerns and telenovelas as Armando Alvarez in *Casa de Mi Padre*, a tongue-in-cheek Spanish-language comedy directed by Matt Piedmont in which Armando and his brother (Diego Luna) find themselves at war with Mexico's most-feared drug lord (Gael García Bernal). —S.R.

DVD OF THE MONTH

MELANCHOLIA



With his audacious *Melancholia*, Danish provocateur Lars von Trier inverts R.E.M.'s classic song: It's the end of the world, and nobody feels fine. The disjointed spectacle begins with a slow-mo overture—complete with a planet-crash money shot—set to Wagner. The two acts that follow

form a melodramatic prequel: First a wedding at an elegant estate goes elaborately off the rails; then the deeply depressed bride (Kirsten Dunst) returns to the scene to join her sister's family and await the apocalypse. Dunst wowed Cannes judges last year with her fearless turn, but Von Trier fared less well on the Côte d'Azur when he blithely joked that he qualified as a Nazi because of his German heritage, which led French authorities to consider bringing charges against him. (BD) **Best extras:** No Nazi talk here—just behind-the-scenes features. $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ —Greg Fagan

TEASE FRAME

Italian actress-singer *Violante Placido* is her country's most intoxicating creation since Chianti. She appeared in several Italian movies before playing the alluring prostitute George Clooney falls for in *The American* (pictured). Her next role is as Nadya opposite Nicolas Cage in *Ghost Rider: Spirit of Vengeance*.



sears

PRESS TO **PLAY**



PLAYBOY 

FRAGRANCES FOR MEN

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GAMES OF THE MONTH

UFC UNDISPUTED 3

Breathe easy, young fighters. While past UFC games required a mastery of button tapping that made it tough to survive the Octagon, *UFC Undisputed 3* (360, PS3) includes a setting to simplify controls for beginners. Flick the joystick during a ground-and-pound session on the mat and your fighter will reposition whether he's delivering the beating or taking it. Fans will also love the addition of Pride, the classic Japanese league that launched Rampage Jackson, Wanderlei Silva and others. With 150 fighters and full TV-style presentation, it's close to the real thing, without the cauliflower ears. ★★★



THE DARKNESS II

If ever a character existed to create maximum video game violence, it is Jackie Estacado, a demonically possessed mafioso. After using his otherworldly powers to earn his spot on the throne in the original game, in *The Darkness II* (360, PC, PS3) the Franchetti family don finds himself at battle with the Brotherhood, a mysterious organization that hopes to harness those powers.

Players unleash Estacado's abilities, including two demon arms that extend from his back and shred foes while the crime boss fires guns. For backup Estacado can summon a Darkling, a tiny, wisecracking demon servant. Think Joe Pesci with claws. ★★★

CURT SCHILLING'S NEW GAME

Playboy: What's different about *Kingdoms of Amalur: Reckoning*, the first game from your 38 Studios?

Schilling: If you're an action person, the combat system has hundreds of hours of depth. If you're an RPGer, you can mash buttons, get cool gear and max your stats.

Playboy: Did you think about games on the mound?

Schilling: Games were how I entertained myself on the road. They're the top reason I was never the lead story on ESPN for anything other than pitching.

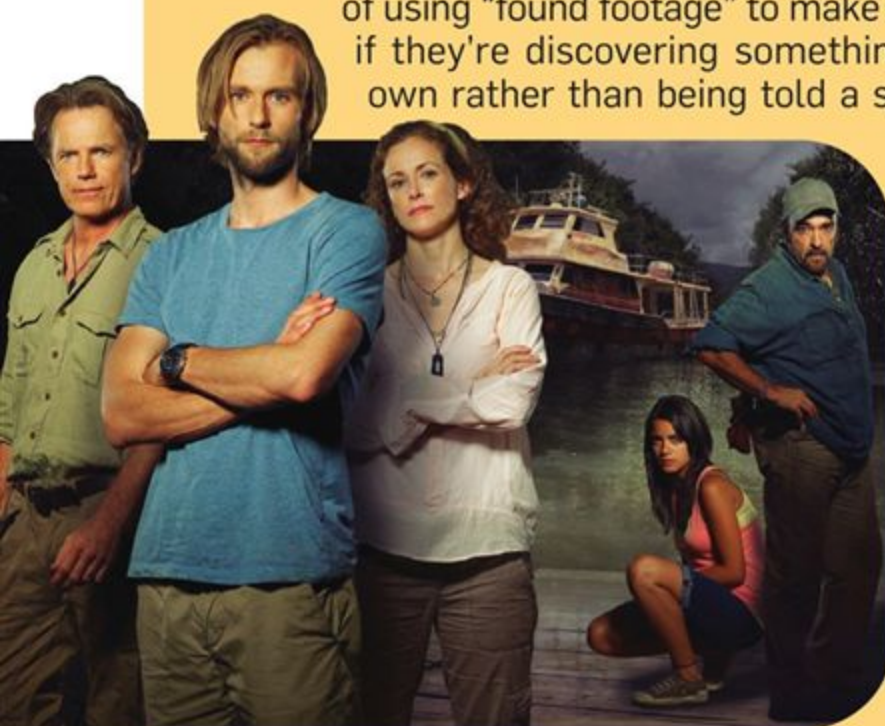


MUST-WATCH TV

IS THE RIVER THE NEW LOST?

By Josef Adalian

Lost fans still in mourning may find solace in ABC's genuinely scary thriller *The River*, though the newcomer is a much more intimate journey into fear. Credit that to producer Oren Peli, the *Paranormal Activity* director who's made an art out of using "found footage" to make audiences feel as if they're discovering something scary on their own rather than being told a spooky story. *The River* adapts Peli's documentary technique to chilling effect as it chronicles the hunt for Emmet Cole (Bruce Greenwood), a Steve Irwin-esque adventurer who went missing six months earlier.



His wife (Leslie Hope) and son (Joe Anderson) team with his colleagues to embark on a seemingly doomed Amazon rescue mission: Before the first hour is up, they're already under attack from an unseen river creature (or is it a ghost?) with a thirst for blood. But we're betting it's the human creatures on the boat who will end up posing the biggest threat. ★★★



ALBUM OF THE MONTH

STEW AND THE NEGRO PROBLEM

By Rob Tannenbaum

It takes balls for a black man to name his band the Negro Problem, so in comparison maybe it wasn't difficult for Stew to write *Making It*, a bunch of prickly songs about a breakup that he recorded with his ex, bassist Heidi Rodewald. All breakups are the same, and you'll identify with the way Stew switches between self-pity, rage, remorse and humor; his cleverness makes these boy-loses-girl stories feel fresh. The music is spare, somber and sophisticated, like Paul McCartney without the high-fructose corn syrup. And Stew mixes in a few joyful diversions: "Black Men Ski" mocks stereotypes, and in "Speed" he declares his love for meth, which gave him energy and distracted him from his sorrow. ★★★



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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

HIGH VOLTAGE:



Emergency-room visits involving the use of energy drinks have **INCREASED TENFOLD SINCE 2005.**

'Tis the season.

According to a study of Facebook status updates, couples are most likely to break up

2 weeks

before Christmas or during spring break.

CHOOSE CAREFULLY—OR NOT.

The odds of assembling a perfect March Madness bracket are

1 in

9,223,372,036,854,775,808



WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT SEX?

According to a recent survey, nearly 50 percent of college students plan to study or do homework on spring break.



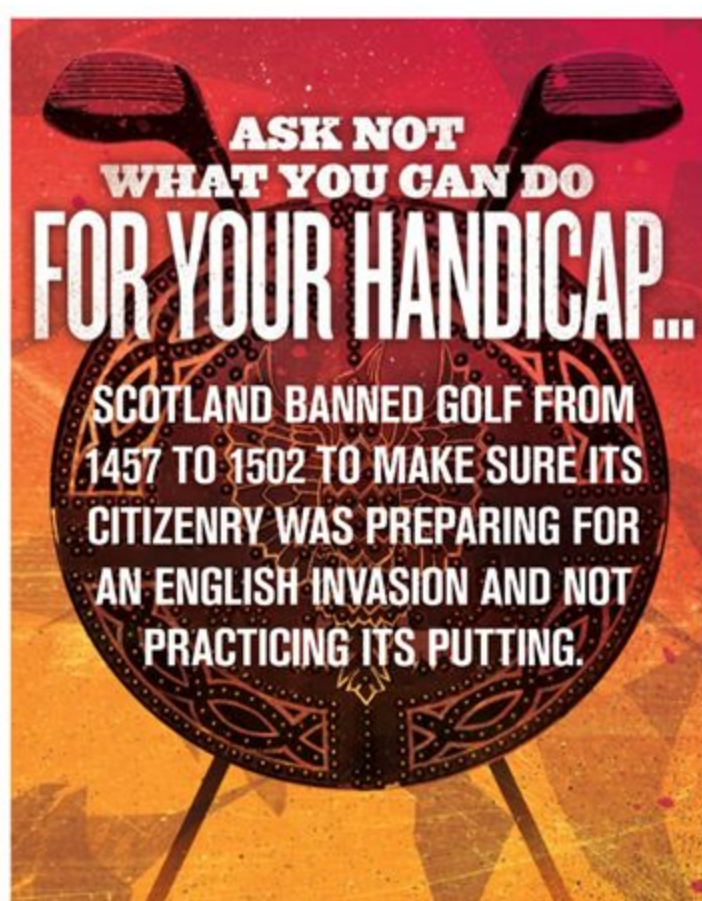
A coroner's physician brewed the first pint of green beer in 1914, when he mixed his hops **WITH A DROP OF BLUE DYE.**

EACH YEAR, SPRING TRAINING GAMES IN FLORIDA ATTRACT ABOUT
1.6 MILLION
BASEBALL FANS—OR NEARLY 3 TIMES THE POPULATION OF WYOMING

FLYING THE CHASTE SKIES



Singapore Airlines publicly asks passengers aboard its A380 planes to refrain from engaging in sexual acts while airborne.



ASK NOT WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR YOUR HANDICAP...

SCOTLAND BANNED GOLF FROM 1457 TO 1502 TO MAKE SURE ITS CITIZENRY WAS PREPARING FOR AN ENGLISH INVASION AND NOT PRACTICING ITS PUTTING.



IT'S A...BLOKE THING?

On average, British men spend 81 minutes per day on personal grooming, compared with 75 minutes for women.

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WHERE CAN I GET SOME MORE?

BY JONATHAN AMES

In 2000, I was living in the Midwest for a year, teaching fiction writing at a college. I had taken the job because I was broke. So, sadly, I had left New York and my beautiful young girlfriend. We were supposed to do the long-distance thing—just for two semesters—but a few weeks after I got there she broke up with me instead, and I took it bad. I couldn't stop thinking about her, and I lost my mind.

I was supposed to be on the wagon, but I fell off, and in addition to drinking, I took to smoking a lot of pot, mostly with this graduate student who befriended me. Later, I made it all the way back to the crack pipe—the thing that had compelled me to get sober in the first place—but in the Midwest it was just alcohol and marijuana.

One night, my grad student friend and I were fellating a bong in his fetid, student-loan-funded apartment, when he put on a videotape of Richard Pryor's *Live on the Sunset Strip*, which was filmed in 1982. The concert was part of Pryor's comeback after supposedly having set himself on fire while freebasing in 1980.

I had never seen Pryor doing his stand-up—I had only seen his movies—and I was mesmerized. It was the funniest thing I had ever seen—a wild alchemical mix of life force, charisma, comedy and trag-

edy. He used the word *motherfucker* the way the Three Stooges used the eye poke. It always came at the right hilarious moment.

It's been more than a decade since I last saw the tape, but one moment really stands out in my memory, which due to various marijuana phases of my life may be faulty—at one point in *Sunset*, Pryor plays an old man who has just encountered "Richard Pryor." As the old-man character, he describes how "Richard Pryor" had been wanting to buy some coke from him, that all "Richard Pryor" kept saying was "Where can I get some more? Where can I get some more?"

My friend and I watched the Pryor video at least three more times (always after sucking on his teatlike bong), and I thought it was more and more brilliant with each viewing. One night, I got the idea of trying to exactly recreate the whole performance—every gesture, every light of the cigarette, every movement.

I thought if I studied the tape over and over I could do it and there would be some kind of racial message in a white man perfectly re-creating Richard Pryor's act. What that racial message would be my cannabis-soaked mind couldn't figure out... but there would be a message! I could even envision the *New York Times* review: "White man becomes Richard

Pryor. Should the role have gone to an African American?"

Needless to say, I never undertook the project; it was a stoner's fantasy—something that requires a lot of work, so it never happens—and in the spring of 2001, I returned to New York City. I saw the girl I was still mad for and we did make love one more time. I remember her saying, somewhat dismissively, "This is what you want, isn't it?" And she was right. I did want to sleep with her again, but what she said somehow trivialized my love and adoration for her, and I felt like a fool.

Then a few weeks later, still hopelessly pining for her, I ended up with a crack pipe in my mouth, though, thankfully, it was the last time (knock on wood). I should mention that the first time I did crack, in 1992, when it was quite the scourge, I was with a tranny prostitute in a flop hotel. We had just put on her little radio so we could dance, when she unexpectedly presented the little white rocks for us to smoke. I exclaimed nervously and nonsensically, betraying my middle-class upbringing, "I can't smoke crack! What about all the crack babies?"

"It's just smoking cocaine, baby, like freebasing," she calmly replied, and when she said it was like freebasing, this made me think, even back then, long before I'd seen *Sunset*, of Richard Pryor. And I thought that since *he* had smoked cocaine—and *he* was a comedic genius—it was okay for *me* to do it. You know, the old notion of a role model. So I did it, and the crack erased me and elated me, and it was off and on a horrific pain in my ass for the next nine years, because I was always thinking, Where can I get some more?

And I needed *more* to quiet and numb the lifelong existential wail in my head. It's embarrassing, but my existential wail is of the standard-issue, clichéd variety: that we never figure anything out, that our lives are one long, sleepwalking stumble of stupidity that culminates in our death and in the deaths of everyone we love, and that man's capacity for stupidity and cruelty seems greater than his capacity for intelligence and kindness. In short, life often feels so meaningless—while still managing to be very painful even for privileged clowns like myself—that I'm insulted.

There is also tremendous beauty and silliness in life, just enough to keep one going, I think. In fact, I very much want to watch *Sunset* again. We all need to laugh, and I know as I watch the film that Richard Pryor will kindly say "motherfucker" with just the right timing, such that the old existential wail will thankfully go away, like a teakettle coming to rest. At least for a little while.

FLEX YOUR ENGINE





WHEN IS ENOUGH ENOUGH?

BY LISA LAMPANELLI

Like most couples, when Jimmy Big Balls and I first met we were bumping uglies like we were the last two people on earth and the future of mankind depended on us for survival. We were on each other constantly, like the smell of weed on Snoop Dogg.

And like most couples at the start of a relationship, the sex was *always* good! Sex in the beginning is like unwrapping a present on Christmas morning. Even if all you get is a pair of argyle socks, the excitement of tearing off the wrapping paper makes the whole thing worthwhile.

Eventually, much like Regis Philbin's testicles, the amount of weekly sexual activity started to drop. We've all been through it, and it's perfectly natural. You've seen your girl in flannel pajamas without makeup, and she's gotten a whiff of you after a workout, smelling like the Dumpster behind Red Lobster. Trying to find a time when both of you are in the mood is harder than finding an evening gown in Ellen DeGeneres's closet.

So what's a couple to do? Two people trying to figure out the correct amount of sex is like Charlie Sheen trying to find just the right crack pipe—it's hard. Some people want it all the time, and some would rather wait for a special occasion—like leap year or when the Cubs win the World Series. Waiting can feel as if it's never going to happen—like a funny moment in a Rob Schneider movie. If you're the type who wants to have orgasms as frequently as Lady Gaga changes costumes but you're dating someone who wants to get laid only as often as Keith Richards brushes his teeth, you're going to be more out of sync than the dialogue in a Bruce Lee film.

To a guy, having less sex is like being pulled out of the majors. One minute you're swapping high fives with Derek Jeter and A-Rod, dreaming about the Hall of Fame, and the next minute you're somewhere in Ohio, sitting next to the clown mascot.

But take it from Coach Lisa, guys. Over time women get more particular about when and where they have sex, so don't take it personally. After a while it seems no time is a good time, and you find yourself marking off days on the calendar like a death-row inmate. But remember, your relationship is like your car engine: It needs maintenance every 3,000 miles or the gears start rubbing and friction causes a breakdown. So when you start smelling smoke, get your dipstick ready and tell your partner it's time for a lube.

But, guys, you're just as guilty sometimes. You're busy watching sports, you're

busy working, you're busy partying with your friends, and even if you want it, your longtime friend Drunky McWhiskeyDick might end up cock-blocking you.

Some people have the opposite problem: a partner who wants *too much* sex. Morning, noon and night, she's trying to mount you like a prized steed at Belmont. Meanwhile you're popping Viagra like Chaz Bono swallows testosterone pills, just to keep up. Your noodle is barely al dente, your sack is emptier than Chelsea Handler's liquor cabinet, and yet your girl keeps coming back for more. After a while your penis feels as if it just went 10 rounds with Manny Pacquiao. And we all know it's really hard to do the deed when your Dick Cheney feels like it has rug burn.

I know what you're thinking: Hey, Lisa, where's the compromise?

If your partner's coital clock runs a bit slower than yours, it's time for negotiation. And as in any negotiation, start your demands high and be willing to come down. If you "ask" for a blumpkin, two Cleveland steamers, a dirty Sanchez and a ménage à trois to be named later but "settle" for regular intercourse, three BJ's and a ball rub under the table the next time you're at Applebee's, who's really the winner? You!

One of the bigger compromises in a relationship isn't just the amount of sex but the length and quality of the sex—and by "length" I mean minutes, not inches. (By the way, if the woman is interested only in inches, either she's a Kardashian or she's had her cervix removed.) Everyone agrees the amount of intercourse should be as long as possible, but it's the amount of foreplay and postplay that causes arguments. The greatest invention for cuddling is TiVo—women get their extra five minutes of happiness and you guys don't miss the kickoff. And by the way, ladies, if your man is going the extra mile to bask in the sexual afterglow, be nice enough to give him some real sex. Handies don't count. They're like greeting cards with no money in them—a nice thought but useless after the age of 16.

As for Jimmy and me, we have reached a happy compromise. Like cleaning the cat's litter box, we do it at least once a week whether we need to or not. And I always refuse to get down on my hands and knees and do it all myself. After all, I'm nothing if not a team player.



Calling 911!

The brand-new seventh-gen Porsche flagship

In the early 1960s, before the brown acid and Haight-Ashbury, a new generation sparked a different revolution—the golden age of sports cars. Most of those cars have come and gone: Jaguar's E-Type (unveiled in 1961), Ferrari's 250 GTO (1962), the Corvette Sting Ray (1963). But the Porsche 911 (first shown at the 1963 Frankfurt Motor Show) sticks with us, making it without a doubt the greatest sports car of all time. For nearly 50 years German engineers have perfected this automobile, crafting it into a technical marvel and a thing of beauty at the same time. This month sees the arrival of the seventh-generation 911 on our shores.

What's new? It's 2.2 inches longer and .2 inches lower, with an added 3.9 inches in wheelbase and an airier cabin.

With the Carrera S (stats above), you get 188 mph at your



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service and the choice of Porsche's seven-speed PDK manumatic or a new seven-speed manual. Engineers have debuted electronics that interact in nanoseconds to filter out road roughness and virtually eliminate body roll, making this the smoothest-driving 911 ever. If you want edgier steering feedback and old-school racy suspension, buy a used Porsche. The ignition is still on the left of the steering wheel, a nod to 1960s Le Mans running starts. This 911 is modern and magical, but it hasn't lost its hip DNA.



Right on the Nose

In the movie *The Lonely Guy*, Larry Hubbard (Steve Martin) tries to lure women by spraying himself with the branded fragrance of Boston Celtic Larry Bird, which comes straight out of a can. Science hasn't gotten us there yet, but here's some spray news: Axe, which bills itself as "the smell the ladies love," has just released a fragrance for women. Get Axe Anarchy as a his-and-hers set (\$5 a bottle).

Happy Feet

Socks are the most overlooked part of a man's wardrobe. Enter Alfredo Gonzales, a tequila-gulping Mexican skateboarder who started as a grunt in a sock factory and now runs the only "lifestyle sock brand" in the world. Gonzales's latest: the Alfredo Box (\$54, alfredogonzales.com). Slip 'em on.





Light Up Your Life

With some pairings, the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. Tango and Cash. Tuna and mayo. Now comes this marriage made in heaven: the new Dalmore Cigar by Alec Bradley (alecbradley.com) and the Dalmore Cigar Malt Reserve (\$125, thedalmore.com), a great Highland single malt—each made specifically for the other.

On the Road

As the J.J. Cale tune goes, “See the sun come up in Georgia, go down in New Orleans / Never get to know a woman, ‘cept to get in her jeans / Sometimes we make money, sometimes we don’t know / Thirteen days with five to go.” That’s life on the road, playing the blues. Go in style with these guitar (\$215) and LP cases (\$105, brixton.com) made by Brixton in partnership with Fender. Like J.J., they’re eternally cool.



Shell Game

Want to eat the same oysters served at some of the finest kitchens in the world (Per Se in New York, the French Laundry in Napa Valley, even the White House) while watching the Final Four in your underwear at home? Island Creek will ship you beauties grown by the best farmers, mostly in the Cape Cod area. This bag of 100 goes for \$150 at islandcreekoysters.com.



Motor City Loses Its Engine

Thanks to some fin de siècle tinkerers and their internal combustion engine, Detroit was the city where the age of coal and steam ended. Now Steven Bock is taking Motor City in a different direction by ditching the motor. Bock founded the Detroit Bicycle Company in 2010, producing hand-made bikes with high-end parts and vintage add-ons and naming them after Detroit roads. Pictured: the Madison Street (\$3,600, detroitbicyclecompany.com). Henry Ford would be proud.



THE MEEK INHERIT NOTHING

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

I am a healthy, attractive woman with one characteristic that sets me apart—I am bald, from top to bottom. I developed alopecia as a teenager and for the past nine years have dealt with a variety of reactions, from “Why did you shave your head?” to “Wow, that’s hot!” How do I handle this, especially when dating? Sometimes I wear a wig and sometimes a bandanna. How do I tell a hot guy at a bar the cute redhead he’s been hitting on all night is sporting a Kojak?—W.S., Atlanta, Georgia

Forget the wigs and the head scarves. You are, as they say, naked from the neck up. If a guy points out the obvious or asks why you shaved your head, respond with “Do you like it?” or “Would you like to touch?” A great many will. It’s a natural icebreaker. How do you think bald guys get laid?

My wife and I have been seeing another couple sexually. It’s going well, but the other male is larger than I am, not in length but in thickness. My wife says she doesn’t prefer his size but admits her orgasms with him are different and possibly stronger. It seems his thickness more easily stimulates her clit. Is this possible?—T.K., Sedalia, Missouri

Yes, and probable too. Your wife isn’t concerned about the natural variations in the vulvas you lick or the vaginas you penetrate, and you need the same attitude if you want to have any fun. No matter what pleasures your wife experiences while swinging, she’s going home with you. That’s all that matters.

I love to visit Vegas, and once in a while I indulge at the craps table. Why does a hard six or eight pay nine to one, while a hard four or 10 pays only seven to one? It seems to me the odds of rolling two of any number are equal since each number appears only once on each die.—M.T., Arroyo Grande, California

You’re right—there’s a one-in-six chance on any throw that you’ll see a pair and a one-in-36 chance you’ll see a specific pair. But you’re not making that bet. If you throw a seven or a pair that totals whatever you bet on (four, six, eight or 10) that isn’t a double, you lose. Because there are four ways to get a nondouble six (1+5, 5+1, 2+4, 4+2) or eight (2+6, 6+2, 3+5, 5+3) but only two ways to get a nondouble four (3+1, 1+3) or 10 (6+4, 4+6), you have two fewer ways to lose if you bet on a hard four or 10. That accounts for the difference in the payouts. The hardway bet is a long shot, though, and it’s smarter for a beginner to stick with

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



Is it normal to get an erection in an airplane during descent and landing? This happens to me every time I fly.—D.B., San Diego, California

Where are you sitting? We like the rows over the wheels. This isn’t unusual; any good vibration that tickles your balls, whether from a plane, train or automobile, can trigger arousal, and of the three a plane looks most like a massive sex toy. To avoid embarrassment, lay your coat or newspaper across your lap and let everyone else get off first (the plane, that is). Some argue that adrenaline contributes to air arousal, which occurs in both men and women, but we suspect anticipation also plays a role as the earth rushes toward you. As in sex, anticipation plus vibration equals foreplay—with the ground. Before you ask, unless your erection is inside your seatmate you don’t qualify for any honorary memberships.

the pass-line bet. As Michael Shackleford, author of Gambling 102 (wizardofodds.com), explains, don’t make this basic bet except on the “come out” roll, which occurs when the dealer has placed a black laminated marker on the table that reads “off.” If the roll is seven or 11, you win. If it’s two, three or 12, you lose. Any other roll is called “the point.” The dealer will flip the marker to the white “on” side and place it near the point number on the table as a reminder. The shooter then fires the dice until the point or a seven appears. If it’s seven, you lose. If it’s the point, you win even money.

While hugging female friends, I can’t help but notice (and enjoy) their breasts pressing against me. Directing the hug to the shoulders or the waist is clumsy and awkward, not to mention impossible with one friend who has 34DDs. I don’t want anyone to think I’m coping a feel, but women must expect some chest-to-chest contact. Do women object if their boobs squish against you during a hug, and given that answer, what etiquette should a man employ when embracing female friends?—B.D., Hershey, Pennsylvania

Is hugging the only action you’ve been getting lately? Because you’re thinking about this far too much. Women have boobs. It’s hard to avoid that. Your friends (and your mom, for that matter) will decide how tightly and closely they want to hug. If they’re not comfortable pressing the flesh, they’ll give you the old lean-to.

My girlfriend of three years and I live together. She is proposing that instead of splitting the bills 50-50 we pay a percentage based on our salaries. For example, I earn \$60,000 and she makes \$40,000, so the split would be 60-40. I am hesitant only because we use the apartment and utilities equally. What does the Advisor think?—C.M., Madison, Wisconsin

Rather than means testing, we suggest you continue to contribute half the rent, utilities and groceries but offer to take care of more discretionary costs, such as internet, cable and dining out, so the split is effectively what she suggests. Roommates don’t share costs based on salary, but you are more than roommates. You don’t say why your girlfriend wants this, but it may be she doesn’t have much spending money after contributing her share. That’s frustrating because anything she wants to do or buy depends on you.

In December the Advisor described getting caught while masturbating as “not an experience you forget.” A friend told me that as a teenager he was lying on his bed about to come when his mother walked in holding a pile of clean laundry. Startled, he jumped up just in time to shoot his load onto the laundry. If anyone can top that, I don’t want to hear about it.—P.S., Middletown, Connecticut

Good thing she had that laundry.

A reader asked in the December issue why he doesn’t get aroused at strip clubs, and you suggested he was looking

for an emotional connection that wasn't there. As it happens, I collect e-mails at lettersfromstripclubs.blogspot.com from men who visit clubs. Although they give lots of reasons for going—they don't want to go home, they're introverts, they like fake boobs, they think of it as revenge on women who have rejected them, they're bored—the chief motivation is loneliness. Strip-club patrons want to be touched, to be entertained or to converse, and lap dances and small talk with a living, breathing naked or half-naked woman give them what they came for—a human connection. It sounds as if the reader prefers being alone with his fantasies, which allows him to fill in the blanks and be ruthless about what he wants, with no harm done. He wasn't looking for an emotional connection and so he didn't find one.—S.B., Chicago, Illinois

And yet, even men who are looking for an emotional connection don't find it—only the appearance of one. That's fine, as long as they are savvy consumers. Although strippers and customers hook up on occasion, most of the time it's a fun-house mirror.

What are the medical benefits of prostate massage?—J.H., Goshen, Indiana

*Twenty years ago many clinicians suspected gentle prostate massage combined with antibiotics might be the cure for chronic prostatitis, which causes pelvic pain, pain during and after ejaculation and similar ailments. The thought was that massage caused tiny sacs in the gland to drain bacteria. That led some men to vigorously prod their prostate—which lies next to the anterior rectal wall and so can be reached by placing a lubed finger into the anus—leading in some cases to blood poisoning, hemorrhaging, gangrene and other nasty consequences. Now some researchers wonder whether the organ is really to blame. Dr. Rodney Anderson, a urologist at Stanford University, and psychologist David Wise argue that persistent pelvic pain is nearly always caused not by infection but by chronic contractions or spasms of the muscles in the pelvic floor. The pain causes tension and anxiety, creating a cycle of continued discomfort. They developed a treatment involving relaxation techniques and prostate massage outlined in their book *A Headache in the Pelvis* (pelvicpainhelp.com). As for nonmedical benefits, gentle massage by a woman while she blows you feels terrific, and many men enjoy inserting prostate massagers such as those sold at aneros.com. The gland, which has been referred to affectionately as the male G-spot, is sensitive enough that some men are able to come from prostate stimulation alone.*

My brother and I have started a home bar and would like to find rums of such high quality that we can drink them neat or straight. Any suggestions?—N.S., Fishers, Indiana

There are tons of them. Try the buttery Bacardi 8, Rhum Clement VSOP, Appleton Estate 12 Year Old or two favorites of our liquor editor—Mount Gay Extra Old and Mount

Gay 1703. Rum gets a bad rap because most people associate it with the white and silver varieties used as mixers in drinks with umbrellas. Sipping rums tend to be darker (some appear almost black) and have rich tastes that might include nuts, vanilla, chocolate, coffee, butterscotch, honey—you name it. They usually aren't aged as long as a scotch or whiskey because the portion known as the angel's share evaporates more quickly out of the barrel in humid climates. "Age matters in a lot of things, but don't get hung up on the age of your rum," writes Edward Hamilton of the Ministry of Rum (ministryofrum.com).

My girlfriend of many years passed away six months ago. I have many explicit photos of her, and they still turn me on. Is it morally, emotionally or ethically wrong to masturbate to them? Sometimes it seems ghoulish.—T.H., St. Louis, Missouri

Not at all. You own your fantasies. And you can't help remembering her fondly in a number of ways, including as a lover.

Whenver I am stressed, I am overcome by an urge to be dominated. The urge subsides only when I give money to women. I saw a therapist, but it didn't help. This behavior, which I learned online is called "money slavery," can be quite expensive. Any ideas?—S.S., New York, New York

How about a financial planner with power of attorney? That probably won't resolve your need to be dominated, but perhaps it will compel you to find forms of submission that don't involve an ATM. Or you could seek balance by getting married, which involves unwillingly giving money to a woman.

A reader wrote in November asking why porn stars' scrotums seem to disappear right before they come. You were right to say this is normal, but with male performers another factor is at play. Many use steroids to beef up, and it makes their testicles shrink like raisins. Take it from a former juicer, I am glad to have my balls back. When I was using, I became alarmed the first time one of them tucked inside as I neared orgasm.—D.C., Fayetteville, Arkansas

Good point.

There is a girl in my close group of friends who is gorgeous but also one of the guys—she loves a good ball game, farts with pride and can drink anyone under the table. But it is another habit that piques my interest. Whenever she heads to the bathroom, she announces to us if it's number one or number two. The other guys laugh or give her a hard time, but I become aroused to the point where I have to conceal an erection. Am I weird? What can I do?—C.J., Tempe, Arizona

You're not weird. Your friend has no idea, but there are multiple penises stirring when she announces her intentions. She's a beautiful woman and a naughty girl—that's

an appealing combination. It's much like the reaction you might have to a gorgeous woman telling a dirty joke, cussing, pounding a shot or doing anything that indicates a chink in her moral armor, which prompts fantasies about what other debaucheries she might consider. On a cruder level, you know she's about to pull down her panties. That's all it takes for us.

I respect a man who appreciates that there are proper watches for certain times. Many men wear a dive watch every day. As a surgeon, I don't need 3,000 meters of water resistance; however, my Montbrillant Datora and its 24-hour bezel come in handy. So, I ask the Advisor, is it uncouth to wear a chronograph as your daily timepiece? If you could include a list of PLAYBOY's favorite chronos, I'd be grateful.—A.A., Royal Oak, Michigan

It's fine for a surgeon to wear a daily diver but not for a concert pianist. Watches, like shoes and cuff links, are attire-specific. For example, a tux requires a dress watch, while a stainless-steel sports watch works with jeans. Our resident timekeeper, Aaron Sigmond, says his five favorite chronos, in no particular order, are the A. Lange & Söhne Datograph, the Omega Speedmaster Professional, the TAG Heuer Monaco, the Zenith El Primero and the Rolex Daytona in anything but yellow gold. That's a good starting point, but the joy of buying a watch is searching for your own.

A friend just finished a 14-month stint wearing a tigger to re-create his foreskin, which was removed shortly after his birth (as was mine). He says his orgasms are now more intense and, despite being more sensitive, he has more control. His wife told my wife that he now strokes differently and is a better lover. Is this a common experience for men who try to restore the foreskin to their circumcised penis?—J.V., New York, New York

Hard to say; few guys finish the program. We suspect the improvement is in his head, which is fine. It's still a reality, and he has the penis he hoped for. (This is a controversial subject, but at least one study has found no difference in the sensitivity of the exposed glans of intact and cut men.) Your friend's experience sounds typical, if you can call it that; a tigger routine involves months of stretching the skin, using either tape or weights. Faced with that, most circumcised guys are content to work with what they have.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. For updates, visit playboyadvisor.com and follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.



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Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

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

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



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

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

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PLAYBOY FORUM

THE INEQUALITY MACHINE

WHAT IS AMERICA GOOD AT?

BY DAVID ROTHKOPF

To figure out where America can go as a country, we need to understand what we're good at. Given recent events, this is best achieved through a process of elimination. For example, one thing we're not good at is creating jobs—the past decade is the first in modern U.S. history during which we failed to create net new jobs. We're also not so good at building bridges or roads or airports. Not that we can't, but we haven't really tried since Dwight Eisenhower was president.

What about education? There we've fallen behind to the point that we're in the middle of the pack in international rankings of student performance in math, science and language. What about innovation? After all, this is the land of Steve Jobs. But look at the top 10 inventions of modern times: the phone, computer, television, automobile, cotton gin, camera, steam engine, sewing machine, lightbulb and penicillin. Of these, the one with the strongest U.S. claim is the cotton gin. The primary roots for all the others are elsewhere.

So what have we excelled at recently? Well, we seem to be good at inequality. In the past several decades we have seen inequality in America rise to the point that the 400 richest people in the country have a net worth roughly equivalent to that of the poorest 150 million combined. Today the top one percent of earners rake in more than a quarter of all U.S. income, and the top one percent in wealth hold more than a third of all assets. What's more, in a recent international study, the U.S. was found to have one of the largest gaps between the top and bottom of any country in the developed world.

How did we become so good at this? What has made America a world leader in creating chasms between the rich and everyone else? Is it a quirk of history, or is something else at work? Have the richest citizens in our society promoted views and agendas that have ul-

timately made inequality a by-product of our system?

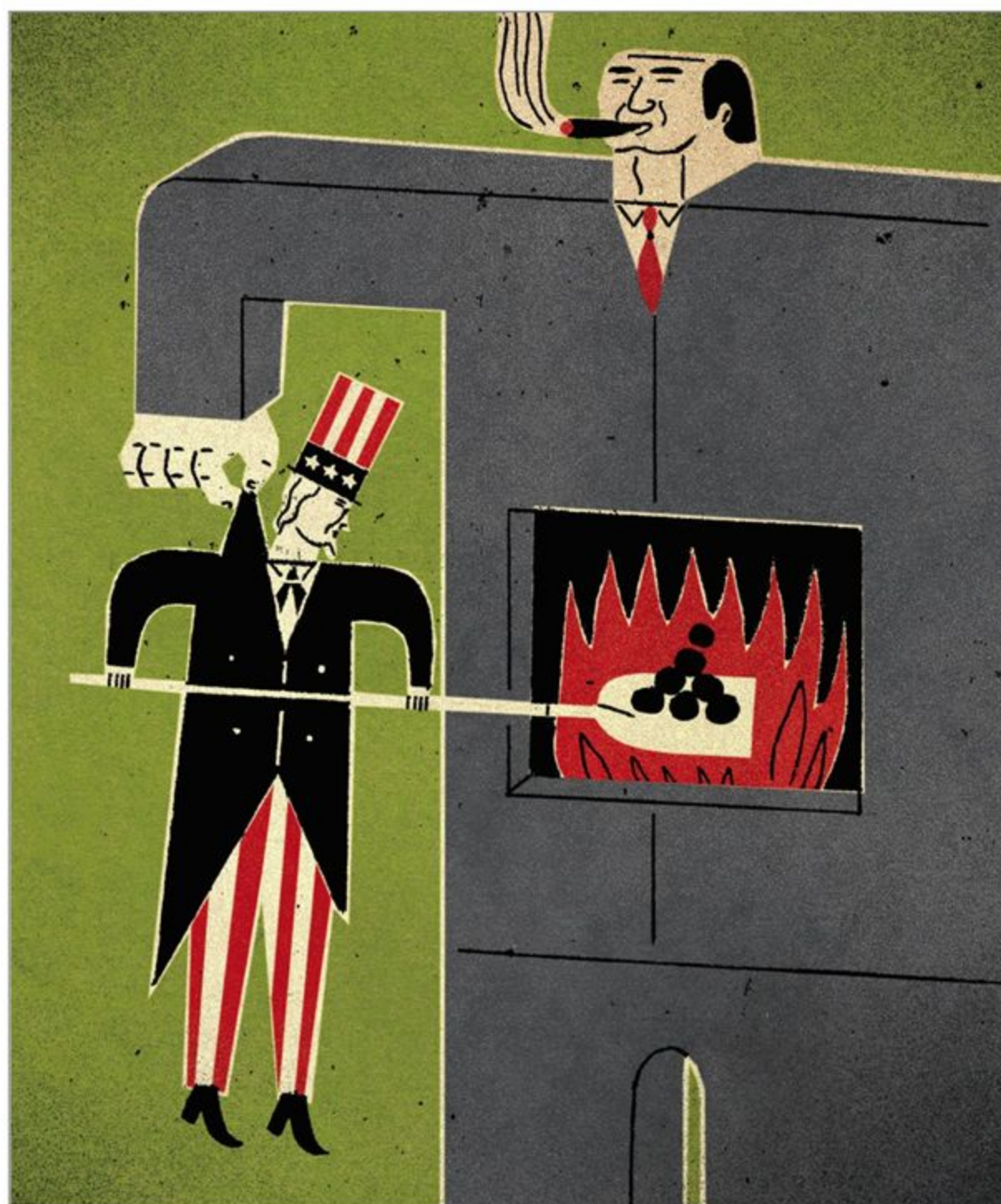
There is plenty of evidence to suggest our recent accomplishments in the field of inequality are the result of the applied efforts of America's elite. Indeed, if you look at U.S. tax policy, Supreme Court decisions that equate spending money on campaigns with free speech, Congress's inaction on campaign finance and financial service reform, the swiftness with which the government bailed out big companies but not individual homeowners, and the litany of "leave it to the market" policy judgments made

by governments since the Reagan years, you shouldn't be surprised that the incomes of Americans in the middle have gone down in the past decade and those of rich Americans have burgeoned. Between 1979 and 2007, for example, the top one percent saw their incomes rise 277 percent, while the bottom fifth's grew only 18 percent. And executive compensation has risen to the point that CEOs who three decades ago made 30 times the salary of an average worker now make 300 times—without any serious measures to reverse the trend.

We've never in our modern history had such low taxes on the richest Americans. The government never before invested in preserving the interests of the richest citizens as it did during the Wall

Street bailout. And the poorest Americans have simultaneously seen setback after setback as social programs have been cut, public schools have failed, infrastructure has crumbled and trade policies promoting the export of middle-class jobs to other parts of the world have been championed by big companies over the protests of average citizens.

It's not a phenomenon seen just in the U.S., by the way. For the past couple of centuries, the powers of nation-states to do things such as print money, control borders, enforce laws and project force have been



DAVID PLUNKERT

MANAGING DESPAIR

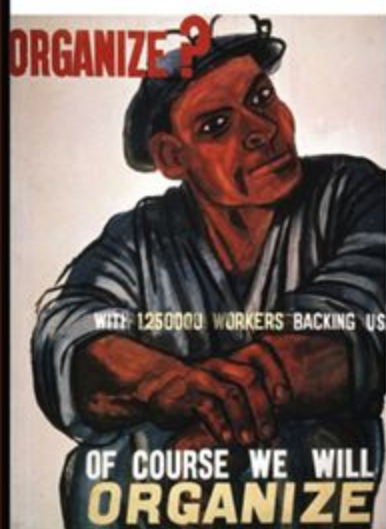
WHY AMERICA NEEDS LIBERALS

BY CURTIS WHITE

After an electoral beat-down like the one Democrats suffered in 2010, there is always hand-wringing over the “future of liberalism.” The anxiety behind such hand-wringing, obviously, is the possibility that liberalism might not have a future, that this time conservatives might have succeeded in returning us to the days when titans of industry roamed the earth and workers sank beneath their heels.

someone ought to ask. “Are we something that deserves a future?” I propose to help liberalism understand itself even if self-understanding turns out to be something it wishes it didn’t have.

First, liberalism is not about Rachel Maddow or Michael Moore. It is not an expression of sympathy for ordinary folk and disdain for the rich coming from a certain kind of person, a “liberal.” Nor is liberalism the cre-

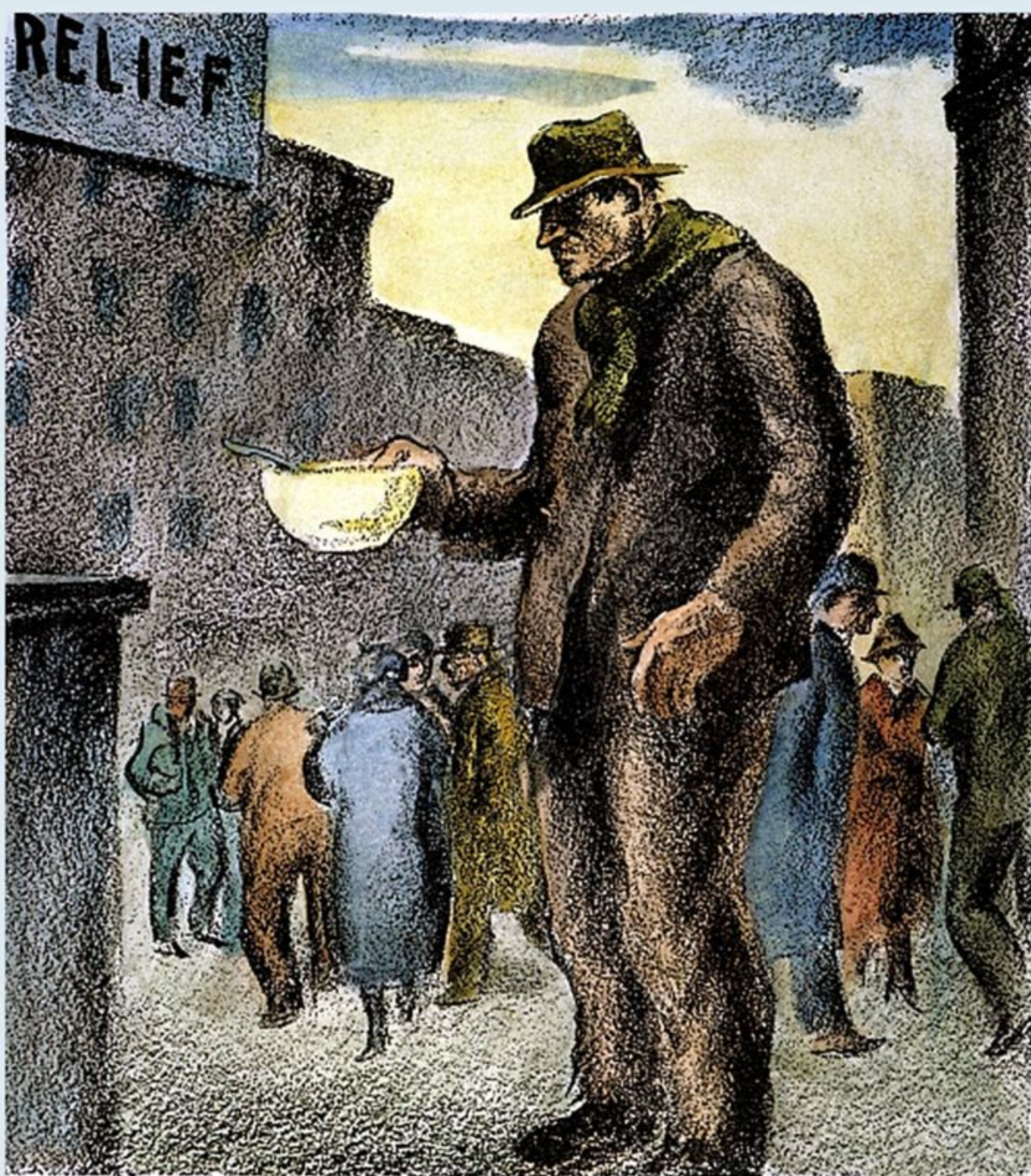


a consequence, we doubled down on deregulation, cutting taxes on the wealthy and focusing on things such as growing GDP even as other indicators of our performance (e.g., social mobility, educational performance, quality of life, and inequality) headed in the wrong direction.

Our inequality is seen elsewhere in the world as a sign of what’s wrong with our system. It has helped fuel a new successor contest to what we saw during the Cold War. This one is between competing forms of capitalism. In each of the other systems—those found in Asia, Europe, small entrepreneurial countries and big developing giants—there is a greater role for government to counterbalance the power of markets to ensure more equitable outcomes. We’re seen as an outlier, and our influence is diminishing.

But it’s not too late. We need to recognize we have built a system that promotes inequality. We can begin to change it and reset our priorities. We need to refocus on creating opportunity and empowering all Americans to achieve that and to stop accepting blindly the insupportable nonsense that cutting taxes on the rich helps create jobs for the rest of us. Only then can we go back to an America in which we all grow together and in which what we do best actually serves all of us.

David Rothkopf is author of Power, Inc.: The Epic Rivalry Between Big Business and Government—and the Reckoning That Lies Ahead.



Unfortunately, the liberal response to this anxiety is never much more than “Compromise the hell out of what you claimed were your values, hope the Republican dummies overreach, and try to win the next election.” What’s pathetic about this response is that no one seems to feel the need for self-analysis. “What are we exactly?”

ation of a popular movement rooted in the labor struggles of the 1880s to the 1930s. Working people did not create liberalism, even though the labor reforms that came out of President Franklin D. Roosevelt’s New Deal greatly benefited them by protecting their right to collective bargaining and providing national standards for

wages and the length of the workweek (all accomplished through the National Industrial Recovery Act).

The creation of liberal social policy between 1933 and 1975 was the work of oligarchs: a small class of people of unwholesome and vastly disproportionate wealth (the notorious one percent). FDR and the majority of people who helped him shape the New Deal were a liberal coalition within the oligarchy.

This coalition did not create the liberal state out of kindness. They constructed the New Deal because they didn't have a choice. What the oligarchs were forced to acknowledge between 1880 and 1930—forced not by the powerful opposition of the people but by a stark reality of their own making—was that their proud creation, capitalism, had magnificently failed. Beginning with the Great Depression of 1873 (which lasted nearly 25 years!) and culminating with the stock market crash of 1929, free market capitalism died. It dug itself a deep hole and threw itself in.

The failure of capitalism was a problem for oligarchs because they still depended on financial markets, property and the exploitation of labor for the continued maintenance of their wealth, privilege and social authority. Unfortunately, left to itself capitalism (or “the business community,” as we are now instructed to say) had no idea how to restore markets or to resist frightful workers and their awful slogans such as “Kickin’ ass for the working class.” The architects of the New Deal had no choice but to create a new economic system more or less from scratch.

The implementation of this system saved large portions of capitalist property, production, finance and authority but also forced capitalism to do something it abhorred: cooperate with a much more intrusive federal government and with federally protected unions. (The 2008 bailout of the auto industry, accomplished with the full participation of corporate boards, the federal government and the UAW, is only one example of the strategic planning that has defined our economy since the 1930s.)

From that point forward we no longer had a capitalist economy; we had a planning economy. Important decisions were no longer made by the owners of industry but by a vast sys-

tem of bureaucrats in boardrooms, government offices and union halls. Capitalism became the management state, and conservatives have never gotten over it.

In the end, what the liberal state sought to manage was something human: despair. In the 1930s the most pressing form of despair was that of abused workers, the unemployed and the poor. The growth of organizations representing these people—especially the Industrial Workers of the World and the Congress of Industrial Organizations—was threatening to blow the lid off the country. In response, the New Deal created laws (especially the Wagner Act) that protected the right of workers to organize. No more lynching union organizers and no more massacres of workers by company goon squads (as in John D. Rockefeller Jr.’s infamous Ludlow Mine Massacre of 1914).

But this freedom came with plenty of government oversight, so there was

and will justify my privileges. Let there be blood in the streets!”

The primary liberal tool for managing this despair is market regulation. Consider the earnest attention given to banking regulation after the collapse of the financial system in 2008. Was it concern for the unemployed, the bankrupt and the foreclosed that pushed this reform? No. It was the self-interest of the powerful after witnessing yet another multibillion-dollar bonfire fueled by their wealth. Think of stockbrokers’ fear when they imagine that the Tea Party’s simian economics might actually run the place.

The one despair liberalism has no intention of addressing is the despair created by work itself. Just like its conservative counterpart, liberalism speaks of jobs only in the most opaque terms. From President Barack Obama to Sarah Palin, they all say, “We must create jobs for working people.” But what do they mean by jobs? Most work

in the United States is an expression of contempt for the people who must perform it. Most work is humiliating, stripped of worthy skills, destructive and tedious. Even the most sought-after jobs are places of real human misery: boredom.

The despair of work, because it is a despair all oligarchs depend on, is never seriously addressed by liberalism. Even for unions, it’s off the table. If it weren’t, they’d never have gotten a seat at the table in the first place. Instead, we hear “You’re lucky to have

a job.” In the meantime, what Karl Marx’s son-in-law, Paul Lafargue, called the “dogma of work” holds sway, physically and spiritually impoverishing those who kneel before it.

This is liberalism’s genealogy. But even this pallid thing is too much for those who fondly remember the blood-fung-at-the-wall mayhem of the good old days. For conservatives, the ignominious, whining life that capitalism endures when it is run by liberal management is a shameful thing. Conservative oligarchs and their minions reserve for themselves the right to triumph or catastrophe, taking everyone else with them if that’s the way it works out. They will be all-conquering or they will be nothing at all.

The shrewd market player would be wise to hedge that bet.



Americans are supposed to be grateful they have jobs.

a payoff for the oligarchs as well: They could stop worrying about the Wobblies, the commies and the threat of broad social unrest. Conservative oligarchs no longer needed to sully their image by using violence; the government was now responsible for managing worker grievances.

The second despair that liberalism has managed for the past three quarters of a century is the despair of the oligarchy itself when it is punished by the natural destructiveness and instability of laissez-faire capitalism. The oligarchy needs liberal managing because the logic of the capitalist is this: “There may be depressions, people may suffer, the corpses may pile high, but I bet that in spite of all this I will profit. In fact, I look forward to the challenge. My survival will be the mark of my superiority

READER RESPONSE

EYES IN THE SKY

The Miami-Dade Police Department is not the only law enforcement agency to have received approval to operate drones ("To Protect and Observe," December). For example, the University



A U.K. police drone buzzes the neighbors.

of North Dakota created a government-authorized pilot program called the Red River Regional Air Support Unit for four agencies in three counties in two states. There are also at least 10 agencies using unmanned aircraft systems, in violation of FAA rules. So what you describe as "the future of law enforcement" is here, and the FAA was expected in late 2011 to allow police to use small drones at low altitudes without special permission. Further, though you highlight the Supreme Court's 1986 decision supporting the right of police to spy on a citizen's backyard from a private plane, it's just one in a line of rulings that clearly define airborne searches as constitutional, as long as the area is in open view from a legal altitude and the technology is in general public use and does not penetrate the roof or walls of the home. So could the cops legally orbit a drone equipped with visual and infrared cameras over your house 24/7? Absolutely. Would we tolerate it as a society? Probably not.

Joseph Vacek

Grand Forks, North Dakota

Vacek is an assistant professor of aviation at the University of North Dakota.

BLACK AND WHITE

Sometimes people are their own worst enemy, such as the reader who wrote in December to protest a photo in *Forum* that shows a black inmate with his daughter. As a 29-year-old white woman, not once while looking at that photo did I think that all black men must be criminals and bad fathers. Nor have I ever tightened my grip on my

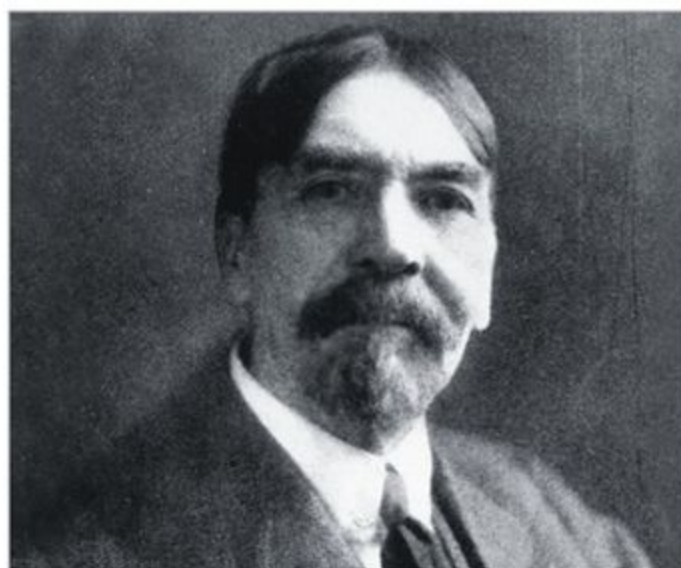
purse when passing non-Caucasian men or assumed any male stranger, black or otherwise, is on parole. I'm not denying racial discrimination is a problem. But if the writer has been a reader for 30 years, why would he assume the editors intended to perpetuate racial stereotypes? Hef would never allow it.

Bonnie Burgess

Ponca City, Oklahoma

BUSINESS AS USUAL

John Summers's "The Cult of the Boss" (November) is a terrific reminder of Thorstein Veblen's sorely underestimated value as a critic of finance capitalism. In *Absentee Ownership* (1923) Veblen illuminates the "union of interests" among bankers, businessmen and the state that tailors both public policy and opinion to fit its needs. Though pessimistic about the chances for a democratic upsurge against the interests, Veblen believed Americans harbored a latent "spirit of insubordination" and that working people's patience as "good losers" in the "great American game" was not inexhaustible. Perhaps Occupy Wall Street signals that American democracy still burns with some unruly fire in its belly. But alas, to Lincoln's famous observation that you can't fool all the people all the time, Veblen adds, "In a case where the people in question are sedulously fooling themselves all the time, the politicians can come near achieving that same result." Were he still around,



Veblen: The working man grows impatient.

the astute social scientist would surely love to be proven wrong.

Sidney Plotkin

Poughkeepsie, New York

Plotkin, a professor at Vassar College and president of the International Thorstein Veblen Association, is co-author of The Political Ideas of Thorstein Veblen.

THE NEVER-ENDING STORY

Thank you for the commentaries in October about terrorism and military spending ("The Price Is Not Right" and "Sacred Cow"). It's nice to see an honest account of the situation from somewhere other than Reddit. I hope someday we wake up to the fact that the interests of big business are outweighing those devoted to our well-being.

Ian Pollard

Austin, Texas



A model of the freedom-loving Black Bunny.

It is shocking to see the Rabbit Head on the tail of a remote-controlled Navy jet replica that a suspected terrorist planned to use in a bomb attack on the Pentagon. How did it get there?

Robert Allen

Berkeley, California

The plane Rezwan Ferdaus (using the all-American alias Dave Winfield) purchased online for his comically inept plan happened to be a scale model of the famous Black Bunny—the F-4J Phantom II. Ferdaus apparently didn't realize the Rabbit Head represents the anti-jihad. Or he's one of those rare Islamists with a sense of irony. As the story goes, in the early 1970s an F-4J was being painted black to disguise it on night flights when the maintenance crew, inspired by Hef's DC-9 (the Big Bunny), added the icon.

Ten years later, the terrorists have done what they intended—scare the hell out of us and compel us to waste billions of dollars on false security. This war is as unwinnable as the war on drugs. The latter began in 1971. Any idea how long the war on terrorism is going to last? The only way the terrorists could not have won was for us to continue to operate on 9/12 as if it were 9/10.

Craig Hocevar

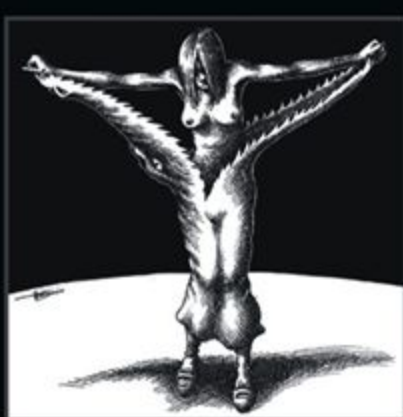
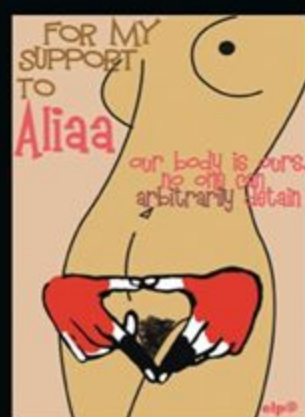
Bozeman, Montana

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

A Beautiful Truth

CAIRO—A 20-year-old university student who posted a nude photo of herself online elicited angry responses from both extremes of the Egyptian political spectrum. Aliaa Magda Elmahdy said she added the photo to A Rebel's Diary (arebelsdiary.blogspot.com) to protest continuing sexism and hypocrisy in postrevolutionary Egypt. Writing in English, she encouraged those who would condemn or silence her to first "undress and stand before a mirror and burn your bodies that you despise to forever rid yourselves of your sexual hang-ups." In a country where public nudity is rare, even in artwork, conservatives claimed the photo was an example of what would happen to public morals under liberal rule. A coalition of outraged lawyers urged prosecutors to charge Elmahdy with "violating morals, inciting indecency and insulting Islam" by promoting "foreign and unacceptable customs" such as sexual freedom. Progressives, meanwhile, feared the image would inflame fundamentalists and prevent a moderate secular government, prompting a prominent activist group to disavow Elmahdy as a member. A number of people have e-mailed Elmahdy with supportive messages and artwork, such as those at left.



"I WOULD RATHER GO
NAKED IN SOLIDARITY WITH
ALIAA MAGDA ELMAHDY
THAN BE SILENT"

Battle Flags

MORGAN HILL, CALIFORNIA—A federal judge sided with a high school principal who sent home five students who had refused to turn their "incendiary" American flag T-shirts inside out on Cinco de Mayo. (A Mexican American classmate compared it to wearing a Mexican flag shirt on the Fourth of July.) Three students sued, but the judge said the school's concerns were not unreasonable.

Need a Job?

Farmers in Georgia and Alabama left an estimated \$115 million in crops rotting in the fields because new laws that make it tougher to hire undocumented workers left them shorthanded. When Georgia implemented its law, it had 11,080 open farming jobs. A few months later, despite 10 percent unemployment, 46 percent of farmers said they couldn't find enough pickers, and 30 percent said the physical demands were too much for most people who applied. In Alabama, strict new

immigration laws led to the arrest of a Mercedes-Benz executive from Germany who had left his passport at his hotel; the situation prompted concerns for the state's nascent auto industry. Proponents of the laws cite savings in education and medical care provided to illegal workers.

Neutral Ground

GRINNELL, IOWA—About 50 universities in the U.S. allow men and women to be roommates, but Grinnell College is the first to have unisex locker rooms for "students who don't identify with the binary," as one professor put it. A transgender student says classmates often apologize for sexual stereotyping by saying "Sorry I gendered you."

Hot Persian Sex

TEHRAN—The best-selling DVD at city pharmacies last year was an officially sanctioned sex-ed video, *Ashenaye Mahboub*, or *Beloved Companion*. Its most explicit moment is an animation of two flowers embracing;

the remainder is filled with talking heads such as a dour university psychiatrist. Some tips are right-on (e.g., "Use your tongue to touch her"), but others are ridiculous, such as the claim that a woman who has reached orgasm will be heavier after sex.

Yale Pulls Out

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT—A committee assigned to find ways to prevent sexual misconduct on campus said Yale should end its sponsorship of Sex Week at Yale because it includes too much porn. The event, founded in 2002, will now be called just Sex Week. In a statement the university president implied organizers were getting kickbacks from the adult-film industry.



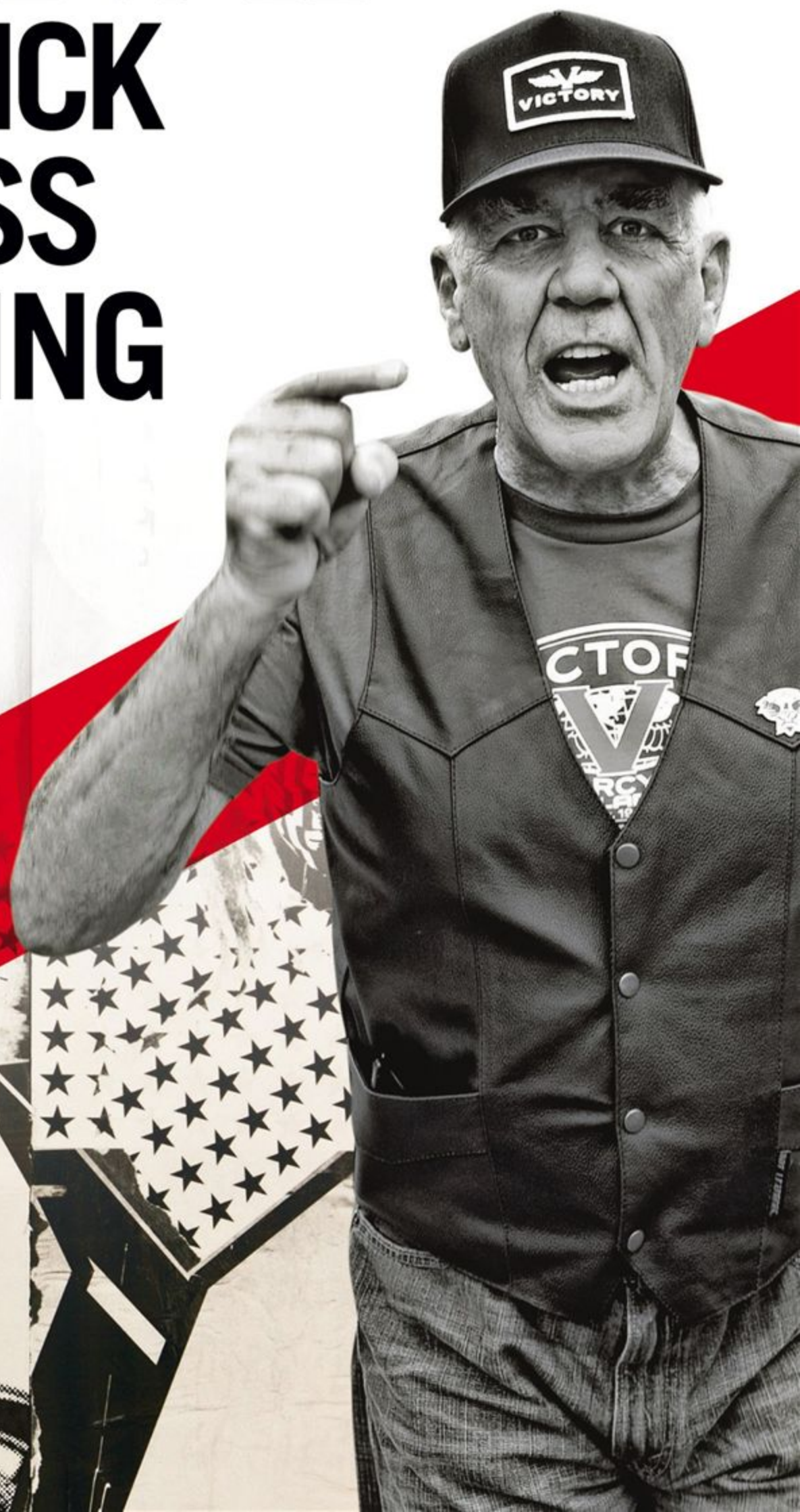
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL KRUGMAN

A candid conversation with the Nobel Prize–winning economist and controversial columnist about how the economy went crazy and whether it can be fixed

How can winning a Nobel Prize in economics seem like it's no big deal? Well, if you've already won the John Bates Clark Medal—an honor bestowed biennially on the American economist under 40 who has made major contributions to his profession—you've already taken home a piece of hardware considered by many economists to be slightly harder to win than a Nobel. Only 12 people have won both, including Paul Krugman, who collected the 1991 Clark and then snagged the Nobel (and its \$1.4 million check) in 2008.

While Krugman's elite status within the economics profession rests on his groundbreaking theory of international trade and his expertise on a host of international financial crises, his broader national influence comes from the media real estate he occupies on the op-ed page of *The New York Times*, a column he began writing in 1999.

Pointing to his relentless attacks on the Bush administration—which usually included creative ways to say “liar”—conservatives fume that Krugman is a partisan Democrat. The current occupant of the White House may politely disagree with that accusation, as Krugman has also directed withering criticism at Barack Obama. Krugman is not hitting a man when he's down: While many of his peers in intellectual circles were swooning, Krugman was blistering candidate Obama during the 2008 Democratic primaries.

But there is a difference between the Bush years and now: This administration frets about what Krugman says, partly because of his ideas but mainly because his voice is listened to by legions of liberals disappointed with what they perceive to be the president's failures. The administration courts him—he has dined on roast beef with the president at the White House, along with such other critics as fellow Nobel Prize winner Joseph Stiglitz. Krugman's tone of “I knew it first” and “If you had listened to me...” can be annoying to some politicians. But the problem is that he has more often than not been right.

PLAYBOY sent noted economics writer **Jonathan Tasini** to find out Krugman's thinking about the current economic crisis, the Obama administration's handling of the financial meltdown, the politics rippling through the country as the 2012 presidential election looms and whether anything can be done to drag us back from the abyss. After many hours of conversation in New York and in Krugman's Princeton University office, Tasini says, “Krugman is a man who made his reputation, in part, on his fascination with and intellectual work on financial panics and collapses. So he is in his element now because he loves a good crisis. As he admitted candidly, he is not a bright-eyed, slap-you-on-the-back, optimistic cheerleader. Quite the opposite. The

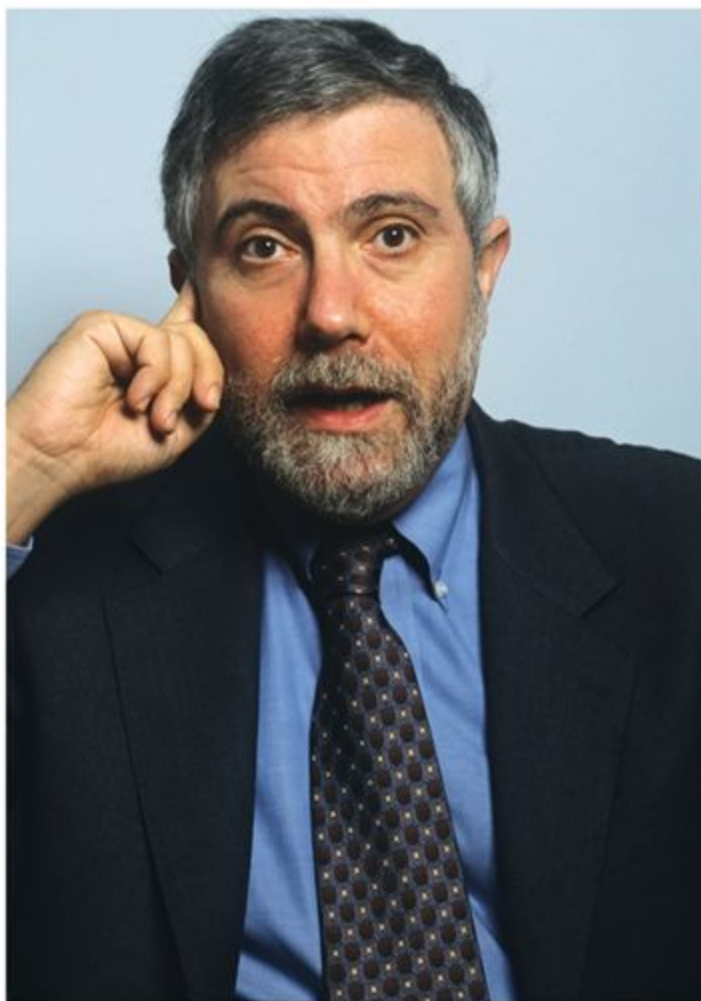
global economy is giving him a great canvas to draw a depressing picture, but he's also agitating for action that he says can get us out of the mess we're in.”

PLAYBOY: It seems every month various people debate whether we're in a depression or a recession. Where are we—recession, depression? Or is it something else?

KRUGMAN: The recession officially ended in June 2009 because that was the point when some things—industrial production, GDP, but not employment—started to go up again. But I say we're still in a depression. I've taken to calling what we're in the Lesser Depression. It's not as bad as the Great Depression, but it's like the Great Depression. It's a prolonged period. We're now four years into high unemployment and lousy economic prospects for most people. If you've lost your job, your chance of getting another is small. The number of people who've been unemployed for long periods is at a level we certainly haven't seen since the 1930s. What we're experiencing is an economy that probably feels in a lot of ways like the U.S. economy in 1937, when, almost everyone now agrees, policy makers were way too complacent and



“I've taken to calling what we're in the Lesser Depression. It's not as bad as the Great Depression, but it's like the Great Depression. We're now four years into high unemployment and lousy economic prospects for most people.”



“This doesn't have to be happening. We actually have the tools to make most of this go away. If we could throw aside political prejudices and bad ideas, we could be back to something that feels like a much better economy.”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

“It's probably true that the union movement was a big factor in our having a largely middle-class country. The destruction of unions is an important factor in our no longer being a middle-class country.”

should have kept on pushing for more employment. It's lousy.

PLAYBOY: In 2002 you wrote that you were worried about the unemployment rate—and it was only 5.7 percent. You also made the point that people had been out of work for longer periods than before, that people had given up looking. Now we're almost double that rate.

KRUGMAN: It really is catastrophic. If you include people who aren't actively searching for a job and people who are working part-time even though they want full-time work, we're up to about one in seven. That means the unemployment rate is 16 percent. I live in a fairly rarefied social class now and so probably hear a lot fewer personal horror stories. But I do hear them: people my age, 58-year-old guys who've lost jobs and see no chance of ever getting another one; young people out of college with good qualifications who can't find anything, who can't get their lives started. The human damage is enormous.

PLAYBOY: Some of that debate is irrelevant to the average person. All they know is they don't have a job or they don't have a job that pays enough.

KRUGMAN: The point is there's a tremendous amount of suffering. A lot of America is much worse off than it was four years ago. I think the main reason you should be angry about it is that it's gratuitous. This doesn't have to be happening. We actually have the tools to make most of this go away. If we could throw aside the political prejudices and bad ideas that are crippling us, in 18 months we could be back to something that feels like a much better economy.

PLAYBOY: So people in America today are suffering when they don't have to be because of policy makers who won't do the right thing?

KRUGMAN: That's right. I've gotten some grief for my remark that if it were announced that we faced a threat from space aliens and needed to build up to defend ourselves, we'd have full employment in a year and a half. But that's true. Why couldn't we do that to repair our sewer systems and put an extra tunnel under the Hudson instead of to fight imaginary space aliens? Everybody in the world except us is doing a lot of investment in infrastructure and education. This is the country of the Erie Canal and the Interstate Highway System. The Erie Canal was a huge public infrastructure project financed with no private or public-private partnership. Can you imagine doing that in 21st century America? We really have slid backward for the past 200 years from the kinds of things we used to understand needed to be done now and then. And all of that because we are shackled to the wrong ideas.

PLAYBOY: Many people still believe efficient financial markets exist. Did that blind many economists to the biggest financial bubble in history?

KRUGMAN: Environmental regulations could actually be creating jobs right now,

but people say, "Oh, that's crazy. How could that be true? Regulations add to costs." My answer is this: Does the story about the world that underlies what you guys are saying allow for what we see all around us? Do your theories explain nine percent unemployment and this monstrous economic collapse?

PLAYBOY: Is the United States becoming a banana republic?

KRUGMAN: In some important ways, yes. We used to talk about the classic problems of typically Latin American countries where the inability to achieve political consensus made it impossible to have effective economic policies. Well, that's us. And, of course, there are the levels of inequality. In a lot of ways, America now looks like the classic Latin American problem.

PLAYBOY: During the financial crisis and particularly in the aftermath, many pundits blamed regular Americans for buying houses that were too expensive. Is that the cause of the financial crisis, people buying big houses?

KRUGMAN: No, it's not. They did that because they believed the prices would continue to rise, and the lenders believed

*It's hard for me to believe
there were no crimes. Given
how many corners were
cut, some people must have
violated laws. Nobody has
been held accountable.*

the prices would continue to rise. It's not an evil thing to buy a house in the belief that if things go well, you will be able to afford it or sell it and pay off the mortgage. Of course, as always, people are trying to make it into "those people" being irresponsible and doing in the financial system. But it's not that story. It's just a classic bubble, but it's an enormous one.

PLAYBOY: What about Wall Street's role?

KRUGMAN: If you're asking why people were buying those houses, it's because the money was being made available. Why was the money being made available? You had a whole machine making it seem as if dicey loans were actually safe, and a fair bit of predatory stuff was also going on. People were being pushed into mortgages they were told they could afford because they didn't understand the fine print. Of course there was the slicing and dicing and tranching and making subprime toxic waste appear as triple-A bonds.

PLAYBOY: Were there people who knew what they were doing was wrong and yet kept doing it?

KRUGMAN: Yeah, exactly. Money was flowing easily. Regulators were largely absent on both sides of the Atlantic. In the United States it was more systematic deregulation and nobody willing to say, "Hey, wait, this doesn't make sense." I doubt that many of them really understood just how bad it was going to be. But there were certainly people who understood they were cutting corners and taking risks that were much bigger than anyone was acknowledging. We have a situation in which people in the financial industry are very much "Heads I win, tails someone else loses." The whole way compensation works is that if you can create even the illusion of high profitability for a few years, then when the thing collapses you can walk out of the wreckage a very rich man.

PLAYBOY: Were crimes committed here, and should people be in jail?

KRUGMAN: It's hard for me to believe there were no crimes. Given the scale of this, given how many corners were being cut, some people must have violated laws. I think people should be in jail partly because I'm sure crimes were committed and partly because the lack of accountability is a serious problem. Something terrible happened and nobody has been held accountable. The public is angry, and a lot of the anger is being directed at the wrong targets.

PLAYBOY: Many complain that the Occupy Wall Street movement doesn't have a clear message. What do you think?

KRUGMAN: I think OWS has done a great service. We didn't need 10-point proposals. We needed someone to declare that the emperor was naked. The conversation has shifted since the protests began, and that's good.

PLAYBOY: Are we undermining the political structure and our society if we're not holding people accountable?

KRUGMAN: My sense is that in the face of this catastrophe, people needed some sign, a kind of symbolic sense of who was to blame. Obama helped create a political monster that's now come and bitten him. If you're not going to point fingers at the people who actually caused the problem, then those fingers may end up pointed at you. But we're doing only minimal reform. One of the big differences in the 1930s was genuine hearings. There was a genuine attempt to say who the evildoers were. This time around the powers that be are desperately afraid that Wall Street might be mad at them.

PLAYBOY: Should reform hurt bankers? Is what's bad for Wall Street good for Americans?

KRUGMAN: We know that finance got hugely bigger, right? Finance as a share of the economy doubled in the couple of decades before the crisis. What used to be a fairly slow, boring industry became gigantic. I think it's hard to say that was good for America, that those people were doing something productive. The story was that they were directing the nation's

savings into productive uses, but somehow subprime lending doesn't fit that description. Something that made finance less profitable, less attractive would probably have been a good thing. The people's sense is that all this money was given to the banks and the people got nothing in return—which is wrong, actually. Not much was lost in all that. But things would be a lot easier to explain if the U.S. government had in fact temporarily taken ownership of Citibank and/or Bank of America. It would have been a lot clearer, and Wall Street would be a bit less arrogant than it is now because it would know that if you require taxpayers to save your business, it won't be your business anymore.

PLAYBOY: You've said that the 2009 stimulus to create more jobs was one thing and the bank bailouts were another, but people conflated the two. Did Obama fail to get that message across?

KRUGMAN: I'd say there was certainly a lack of conviction. Obama's inaugural speech in 2009 did have a bit of Keynesian rhetoric, but then he also said we all have to be prepared to make sacrifices. A lot of people ridiculed [then House minority leader John] Boehner for saying that if people have to tighten their belts, the government should tighten its belt too. And it was right to ridicule, because that's completely wrong in this kind of downturn.

PLAYBOY: That notion of shared sacrifice comes up a lot. CEOs have gotten huge riches, and yet it seems the people who had almost nothing to do with the crisis are asked to share in the sacrifice.

KRUGMAN: To the extent that sacrifices need to be made, shouldn't the people who've made out like bandits this past generation be first in line? The problem with getting out of the slump is that we need to spend more. It's not that somebody needs to spend less. We have idle workers who have the skills and the willingness to work. We have idle factories. Dealing with this is not about saying somebody needs to suffer. It's saying that we need to be prepared to open the taps. We should not be using the language of sacrifice to

talk about how we deal with the current slump. It's a little shocking that that short-hand rhetoric about "shared sacrifice," which is what people say when they want to sound serious, infiltrated the rhetoric from the beginning, even with a Democratic president. That's a major part of the reason we're still in this slump.

PLAYBOY: So rather than talk about shared sacrifice, should the slogan be "Let's spend more and aid the people"?

KRUGMAN: How about "Let's get this country moving again"? I'm as prepared as anybody to preach root-canal economics under the right circumstances, but this is not the time for it. The problem with our economy is people would like to buy stuff, but they don't feel they have the income.

way America is right now. I want America, at least in income-distribution terms, to go back to 1973. But I want employment, at least at first, to get back to 2007.

PLAYBOY: You perhaps more than anyone expressed surprise and disappointment in the president when he failed to champion a much larger stimulus in 2009.

KRUGMAN: Obama is very much an establishment sort of guy. The whole image of him as a transcendent figure was based on style rather than substance. If you actually looked at what he said, not how he said it, he said very establishment things. He's a moderate, cautious, ameliorative guy. He tends to gravitate toward Beltway conventional wisdom. He's a certain kind of policy wonk, the kind that looks

for things that are sort of centrist in how Washington defines centrist. He was talking about Social Security cuts during the 2008 primary. That's how you sound serious in our current political culture. He wasn't sufficiently distanced to step back and say that a lot of our political culture is completely insane.

PLAYBOY: Of the three main political candidates in the 2008 primaries, Hillary Clinton and John Edwards had more progressive plans on health care than Obama.

KRUGMAN: Right. And we might notice that the really big debate, which was furious and screaming, was about whether we needed a mandate on health care reform. And the answer is of course we did.

Obama was just wrong and, I have to say, demagoguing a bit during the primary by pretending you wouldn't need it and by using that as a stick with which to beat Hillary. A lot of people who were normally like me didn't like me because I was saying, "Obama's really not the progressive you think he is." And now they're all saying, "He's not the progressive we thought he was." He came in prepared with the wrong set of instincts, and it's taken a while to get past that.

PLAYBOY: On the 10th anniversary of the September 11, 2001 attacks, you wrote, "What happened after 9/11—and I think even people on the right know this, whether they admit it or not—was deeply

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I try to make a distinction between the inequality in justice, which has been a problem for 30 years and is certainly part of what has gone wrong with America, versus the Lesser Depression, where the core issue is to get spending to take place.

PLAYBOY: So you separate the immediate problem of how to get out of the Lesser Depression from how to equalize America again.

KRUGMAN: That's right. We could conceivably have a full economic recovery that would just put us back where we were in 2007, which would be a shame. But it would be a lot better than not having a recovery. In 2007 America was not a happy story, but it was not a catastrophic story the

shameful. The atrocity should have been a unifying event, but instead it became a wedge issue. Fake heroes like Bernie Kerik, Rudy Giuliani and, yes, George W. Bush raced to cash in on the horror. And then the attack was used to justify an unrelated war the neocons wanted to fight, for all the wrong reasons." You lit a fire with those comments, but you didn't back down. You followed up by recalling your previous attacks on the Bush administration's decisions post-9/11, saying, "And there's nothing I've done in my life of which I'm more proud."

KRUGMAN: It just seemed I couldn't let this 10-year anniversary go by without reminding people of what actually happened and saying, "Hey, you know, I haven't forgotten." It was a truly terrible time, with bad behavior by a lot of our political class, and we should not white-wash it. We need to remember that.

PLAYBOY: Back then people were being told they shouldn't speak up. Did you get a lot of hate mail?

KRUGMAN: Oh, yeah. It was an odd period, all made tougher because the mail from the *Times* was being steamed open for the anthrax stuff. I'd get these big envelopes full of sticky pieces of paper, and many of them, of course, were vile attacks. It was a pretty awesome time. There's a certain sense that if I got through that, then I'm certainly not going to be intimidated by anything now.

PLAYBOY: You pointed out it's the closest we got to the McCarthy era.

KRUGMAN: For the most part, after the initial shock, people behaved pretty well. There were no lynchings of Muslims—or hardly any, not enough to make a lot of noise. There were no purges of people who were critical. The public seemed to get back on an even keel pretty quickly. It actually spoke well for the American people but not at all well for our political class.

PLAYBOY: In 2006 the Democrats had a big election victory. They took back the House and Senate, and then in 2008 they got control of the White House. You believed the country was moving left. How do you explain what happened in 2010?

KRUGMAN: If the economy turns bad and you're the incumbent party, you get punished. FDR had the great good luck to run in 1932, when the economy was collapsing, and then to run again in 1936, when the economy, though still depressed, was on the upswing. Primarily, 2010 was what happens when you have a lousy economy. The incumbent party gets hit hard.

PLAYBOY: The Tea Party emerged as a major force. Why?

KRUGMAN: There's an internal dynamic within the Republican Party, which is that the extreme right is gaining power through sheer enthusiasm. And in a general election, people tend to vote the bums out when the economy's lousy. When I saw that the stimulus was likely to be way

inadequate, I was worried that bad things would happen electorally to the Democrats, and they did.

PLAYBOY: Was the president right to focus on health care at that time?

KRUGMAN: Why are they in conflict? If he's reelected, or if at least the Democrats have a strong enough showing in the congressional elections and health care survives, then something important will have been achieved. The goal in the end is not to win elections. The goal is to change society. I would still give Obama even odds of being reelected. He's holding up a whole lot better in the polls than he should be, given the state of the economy.

PLAYBOY: When did he start going wrong as president?

KRUGMAN: His inaugural speech was not the speech of somebody who understood that these aren't our usual problems. It was not the speech of somebody who understood we were in a replay of the early years of the Great Depression.

PLAYBOY: You've been fairly easy on the Clinton administration, but Bill Clinton had similar Wall Street people surrounding him. It was under Clinton that the

It's a very American thing to believe that education is a panacea. But the idea that if only we had a better educational system the problem of jobs would be solved is wrong.

Glass-Steagall Act, which heavily regulated banking, was repealed.

KRUGMAN: It's one thing to buy into this notion in the 1990s and something else to buy into it in the aftermath of the greatest financial crisis since the 1930s. The really big financial deregulation moves were made in the early 1980s. It was still not the right thing to do, and it was possibly a contributing factor.

PLAYBOY: Obama wanted to be seen as a transformational figure. His courting of and reliance on the financial sector of Wall Street were no different from the Clinton administration's. Former Treasury secretary and Citibank executive Robert Rubin and all those acolytes still seem to have influence with the White House.

KRUGMAN: In some ways maybe even more so. During Obama's fight for the Democratic nomination, a lot of Wall Street was behind him. After the 2008 crash, he should have said, "Wait, maybe I need a different set of people advising me." But at that point he'd been relying on essentially the Rubin crew. Certainly on the Democratic side, they have dominated the economic policy area for so

long that it's hard to find anyone with actual policy experience who isn't part of it. Obama could have turned to the progressive think tanks. I'm still surprised he didn't.

PLAYBOY: Is he not a progressive person?

KRUGMAN: The fact that the Obama administration for a long time talked to [JPMorgan Chase chairman and CEO] Jamie Dimon and seemed to regard him as a source of wisdom suggests they didn't get it. Dimon may be a wonderful, warm human being, but people like him are part of the problem.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of high-profile economic voices, you were pretty harsh about former Federal Reserve chairman Alan Greenspan and his role in the financial crisis. Should we be listening to him anymore?

KRUGMAN: No. I mean, how wrong do you have to be to get written out of the debate? He assured us that deregulation was making the system more stable. He was repeatedly wrong as the crisis unfolded. Look at Paul Volcker, whom I disagree with on some stuff but who is certainly an incredibly upstanding human being. When he left the Fed, he deliberately went silent to leave the field clear for Greenspan. Greenspan instead raced out to cash in personally on his role. He's been so completely wrong at this point that the idea that some people still listen to him as a source of wisdom is awesome.

PLAYBOY: Was the auto-industry bailout the right thing to do?

KRUGMAN: Yes, and I'm more convinced now, even though I supported it from the beginning. This is a big, important industry. Lots and lots of people. Economic devastation if it fails. It was clear you had to make a decision. Are we prepared to liquidate these companies? It seemed to me there was a pretty good argument that you should not.

PLAYBOY: And it's not just the jobs in the industry itself; it's the jobs around it, the communities, the supermarket where the wages are spent.

KRUGMAN: There are a lot of linkages. This is a regionally concentrated industry that supports all kinds of subsidiary things. If General Motors goes under, then a lot of suppliers go under, which then takes the rest of the auto industry down with it. It was as good a case as you could have for government intervention.

PLAYBOY: Is it accurate to simplify our modern economy as a choice between working for a high-wage General Motors model versus the low-wage Walmart strategy?

KRUGMAN: I think the choice we made, really without understanding that we were making the choice, was to make Walmart jobs low paying. They didn't have to be. In a different legal environment, a megacorporation with more than a million employees might well have been a company with a union that resulted in decent wages. We think of Walmart jobs as being low (continued on page 121)

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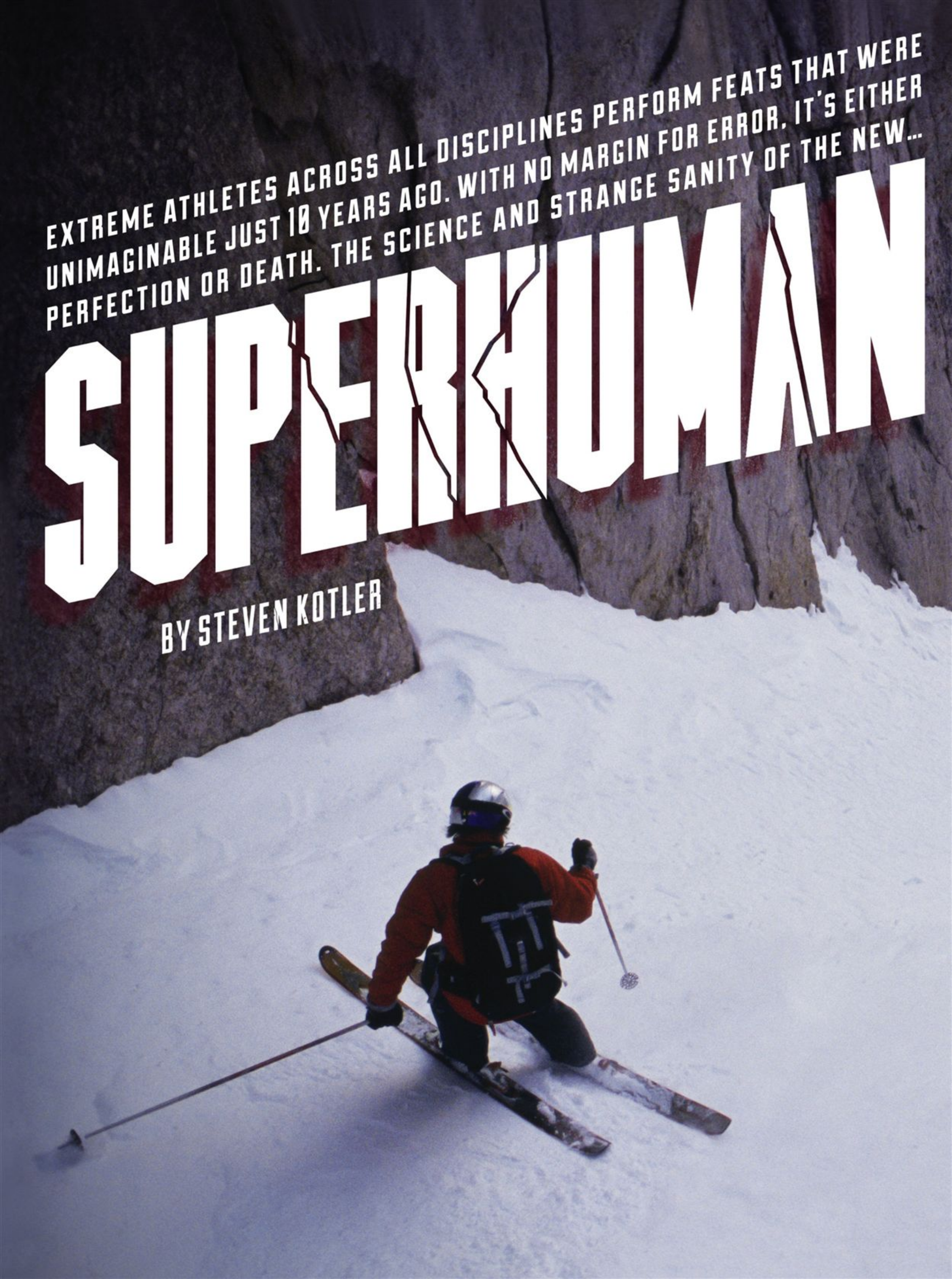
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SUPERHUMAN

BY STEVEN KOTLER



+ WE LIKE OUR GENIUSES + A CERTAIN WAY HERE

in America. If they are scientifically minded, we prefer them wild coiffed, calculation spouting, so far beyond the confines of standard intelligence that only exotic metaphors apply. If they are artistic, we like them exiled on Main Street, melancholy and misanthropic, occasionally drug addled, often drunk. If they are rich geniuses, we prefer them to have begun poor. If they are poor geniuses, we want them once rich and now, having lost it all, ferociously staging a comeback. What we don't desire is genius naked, spread-eagled and 40 feet off the ground—but that is where this story begins.





+ SHANE MCCONKEY
HERE AND ON THE
OPENING PAGES,
MCCONKEY DEM-
ONSTRATES HOW
HE CONQUERED
MOUNTAINS—ON
SKIS AND WITH
WINGS.

Shane kept demanding a second shot at the double backflip. We kept trying to talk him out of it—saying the cliff’s not big enough, he didn’t have the trick down, there was no way to get enough speed.”

McConkey wasn’t hearing any of it. He stomped off and hiked up. Winter stayed below. He had a bad feeling in his stomach. Above him, out of sight, McConkey got ready. Winter heard the countdown. That’s when it happened: McConkey blazed off the cliff wearing nothing but his skis and boots. He did not throw a backflip. He threw what would soon become his signature: a giant, naked spread eagle.

“What can I say?” says Winter. “It was fucking genius.”



Genius? Really? According to the dictionary, *genius* is defined as “an exceptional natural capacity of intellect, especially as shown in creative and original work in science, art, music, etc.” But that doesn’t help us much in athletics, especially when the sports in question are of the action-adventure variety. What does genius look like when snowboarding? What does creativity mean for a skydiver? How can we tell if a particular surfer is doing original work when the proof of that work vanishes with the crashing of a wave?

We can at least agree that genius begins with feats of mental greatness. The thinking needs to be novel, so the results need to be beyond what most can envision. Because it takes courage to push past the confines of culture, the thinking must also be brave. Because athletes’ canvases are nothing more than their bodies moving through space and



The year is 1993. A 23-year-old skier named Shane McConkey put on quite a show at the Crested Butte Extremes. Steve Winter, who runs the ski-filmmaking company Matchstick Productions, was impressed enough to invite McConkey to film with Matchstick after the event. During that session, the first thing they did was hike out to a cliff band in the Colorado backcountry. Winter set up a camera below a large cornice. McConkey hiked to the top. There was a countdown—“Three, two, one, dropping”—and McConkey dropped, all right. His goal appeared to be a double backflip, but two things should be mentioned: The first is that back in 1993 no one was throwing double backflips and certainly not off 40-foot cornices. The second: Neither was McConkey.

“Shane did one and a half rotations and landed on his head,” says Winter. “We were all thinking the same thing: Holy shit, this guy’s gonna kill himself.”

A lot of things can help a big-mountain skier’s career—being stupid in the backcountry is not among them. “There are a lot of unexpected risks out there,” says Winter. “The last thing we want is some kook going crazy for the camera. But



+ LEFT: SHANE
EXECUTES A
MCCONKEY TURN
IN BRITISH COL-
UMBIA. ABOVE:
STANDING ON HIS
HANDS, HE SMILES
AT HIS BABY GIRL,
AYLA, IN HAINES,
ALASKA.

+ ACTION SPORTS ARE WORTH DYING FOR.
+ MORE AND MORE, THAT’S WHAT’S HAPPENING.
+ MORE AND MORE, THAT’S WHAT’S HAPPENING.



+ JT HOLMES
OFF A 160-FOOTER IN UTAH, HOLMES THROWS A ROUTINE BACKFLIP. "I JUST NEEDED TO DO SOMETHING IN THE AIR," HE SAYS OF THE JUMP.

time, then an act of genius must also be defined as an act of redefinition—redefining what is possible for the human body. Thus, in the world of action-adventure sports, the easiest way to hunt genius is to look for athletes betting their asses on the impossible.

And this is where things start to get strange—because quite a few asses have been on the line these past few years. Not too long ago the idea of anyone jumping a motorcycle over a bunch of school buses was so incredible that the whole world tuned in every time Evel Knievel gave it a go. These days, on any given weekend, in arenas all over the world, you can watch dozens of riders jump similar distances—backflipping as they go. Go back 25 years in skiing and the 360 was the hardest trick anyone could throw. These days, six-year-old kids pull it off routinely. Last season Bobby Brown threw the world's first triple cork 1440—three spins, two flips, all off axis.

World records are being broken, then broken again. And many of them are ones no one thought should even exist: records that were beyond the pale, beyond the possible. Kayakers paddling straight-drop waterfalls are a good example. In 1999 Tao Berman dropped 98 feet four inches off the Upper Falls of Johnston Canyon in Canada's Banff National Park—a Guinness world record. That official record stood for nearly 10 years—an eternity in today's game—but then Tyler Bradt battled the number up to 107 feet, only to be fought off in 2009 by Pedro Olivia's 127-foot launch on the Rio Sacre in Brazil. Olivia entered the water at 70 miles per hour, which was far beyond what most thought a kayaker could survive. This record too was believed unbreakable. That thinking lasted mere weeks; Bradt reclaimed the record by plunging 186 feet off Washington state's Palouse Falls. He marked the occasion with a short video of his own, which tells audiences, "This is a major step up from what anyone has done before. It's kind of an unknown realm for kayaking and what the human body can take off of a waterfall."

As competitive ball sports have become less dangerous (example: the NFL's illegal-hits rule to protect "defenseless players," which more and more seems to include anyone wearing pads), action and adventure sports have become increasingly harebrained. In rock climbing, skydiving, snowboarding, skiing, motocross, mountain biking,



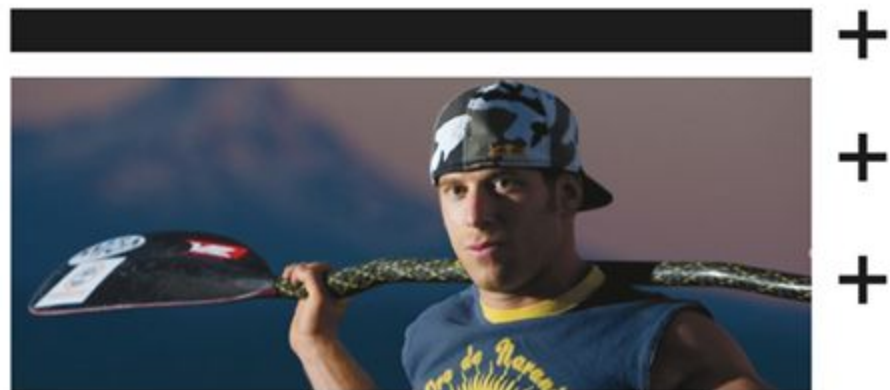
+ IAN WALSH
MAUI-BASED WALSH IS ONE OF THE FEW SURFERS BRAVE ENOUGH TO PADDLE IN AND SURF JAWS (SEE NEXT PAGE).

skateboarding, surfing, windsurfing, kitesurfing, caving, free diving, the list of onetime impossible feats continues to shrink. "In this day and age, the upper echelon of adventure-sport athletes are grappling with the fundamental properties of the universe: gravity, velocity and sanity," says Micah Abrams, programming director of Network A, the new action-sports channel. "They're toying with them, refusing to accept there might be limits to what they can accomplish."

The great irony is that most people don't even consider them athletes. They're the poster children of the slacker generation, the ones marked with an X, who still, some two decades after the fact, continue to smell like teen spirit. But somehow they have become so much more. As Michael Gervais, one of the world's top high-performance psychologists, says, "There's a natural urge to compare athletes to athletes, but trying to compare a guy like Shane McConkey to a guy like Kobe Bryant misses the mark entirely. It's almost apples and oranges. McConkey's got more in common with



+ TAO BERMAN
BERMAN'S LAUNCH OFF A 300-FOOT SHEET OF GRANITE AT LACY FALLS IN CANADA IS THE STUFF OF LEGEND.





+ **IAN WALSH** THE WAVES AT JAWS, OFF THE COAST OF MAUI, ARE SOME OF THE BIGGEST IN THE WORLD. WALSH CRUISES AS THE TEETH SLAM SHUT.

15th century explorers than with anyone playing on hardwood. You want to compare these athletes to someone, well, you've got to start with Magellan."

+

In the years after McConkey flew naked off that cliff, he became a dual-sport threat: one of the greatest skiers to have ever lived and one of the most innovative skydivers in history. Ingrid Backstrom, herself one of the greatest skiers in

the world, spoke for many when she said, "Pretty much it's always a dumb idea to try to do something Shane can do." To this day, skiers use the phrase *McConkey turn* to refer to a giant, high-speed power slide turn, made in some nosebleed-steep, sometimes rock-strewn, cliff-laden spot that—through the radically transformative capacity of the maneuver—has suddenly become a playground.

While very few athletes have McConkey's athletic prowess, it was his ability to "see lines" that further set him apart. "Seeing lines" refers to the capacity to (continued on page 123)

THE IMPOSSIBLES

THEY SAID IT COULD NEVER BE DONE. BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

RECORD CLIFF DROP ON SKIS: "It was supposed to be a warm-up run," Norwegian freeskiier Fred Syversen later said. "Such an easy face." In 2008, with cameras and helicopter following (YouTube it), Syversen took a wrong turn and hucked accidentally off a cliff, dropping three and a half football fields of rock face into the snow. He walked away with barely a scratch.

THE 90-FOOT WAVE: This past November, Hawaiian Garrett McNamara became the first to surf a 90-footer, off the coast of Portugal. (The previous record was 77 feet.) The curl surprised everyone when it rose out of the sea like a barreling skyscraper. "Somehow, by the grace of God I made it," McNamara said. Is he nuts? "Half the people think I'm out of my mind, and half are just.... I think they all think I'm crazy, actually."

THE 900: Skateboarders had conquered the Ollie 540, the kickflip 540 and the varial 720. Only the elusive 900 remained—a 900-degree (2.5-turn) aerial spin on a skateboard off a ramp. "We've all been trying it and killing ourselves,"



STAR RIDER TRAVIS PASTRANA PERFORMS THE FIRST-EVER DOUBLE BACKFLIP ON A MOTORCYCLE IN COMPETITION TO WIN THE MOTO X BEST TRICK EVENT DURING THE X GAMES 12 IN 2006.

Tony Hawk said of the jump. Then, at the 1999 X Games, Hawk landed the holy grail.

MOTOCROSS DOUBLE BACKFLIP: Most believed it aerodynamically impossible—two

backward flips while traveling forward on a motorbike. Travis Pastrana pulled it off at the 2006 X Games. His celebration afterward—with tumbles, arm thrusts, hugs and tears—probably set a world record for endurance. The commentator: "Get out the history books!"

RECORD BASE JUMP: It took Aussie husband-and-wife team Glenn Singleman and Heather Swan 22 days to hike in subzero temperatures up the Meru Peak in the Himalayas so they could hurl themselves off the 6,604-meter cliff face at 2:04 P.M. on May 23, 2006. They flew 90 seconds at breakneck speed in wingsuits before deploying their chutes. Now, that's a marriage made in heaven.

RECORD WATERFALL KAYAK DROP: Tyler Bradt set the mark of 107 feet in whitewater off Alexandra Falls in Canada in 2007. When the record was snatched away, Bradt returned in April 2009 with a shocking launch of 186 feet at Palouse Falls in eastern Washington. Said Bradt, "The only limits that exist are the ones you create."



© 1990 Olivia

"In this game, everybody wins...!"





A collage of images related to Rio de Janeiro Carnival. It includes two photographs of women in elaborate, bejeweled carnival costumes. One photo shows a woman in a gold and red costume, and the other shows a woman in a silver and white costume. The collage is set against a background of vintage postcards and stamps, including one from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, dated May 1930, and another from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, dated May 1930. The text "Red Hot Rio" is written in large, stylized red letters across the collage. Below the title, the text "PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO CARNIVAL, THE GREATEST BACCHANAL ON EARTH" is written in green and white letters. At the bottom, there is a paragraph of text about the carnival and a credit line for the photography.

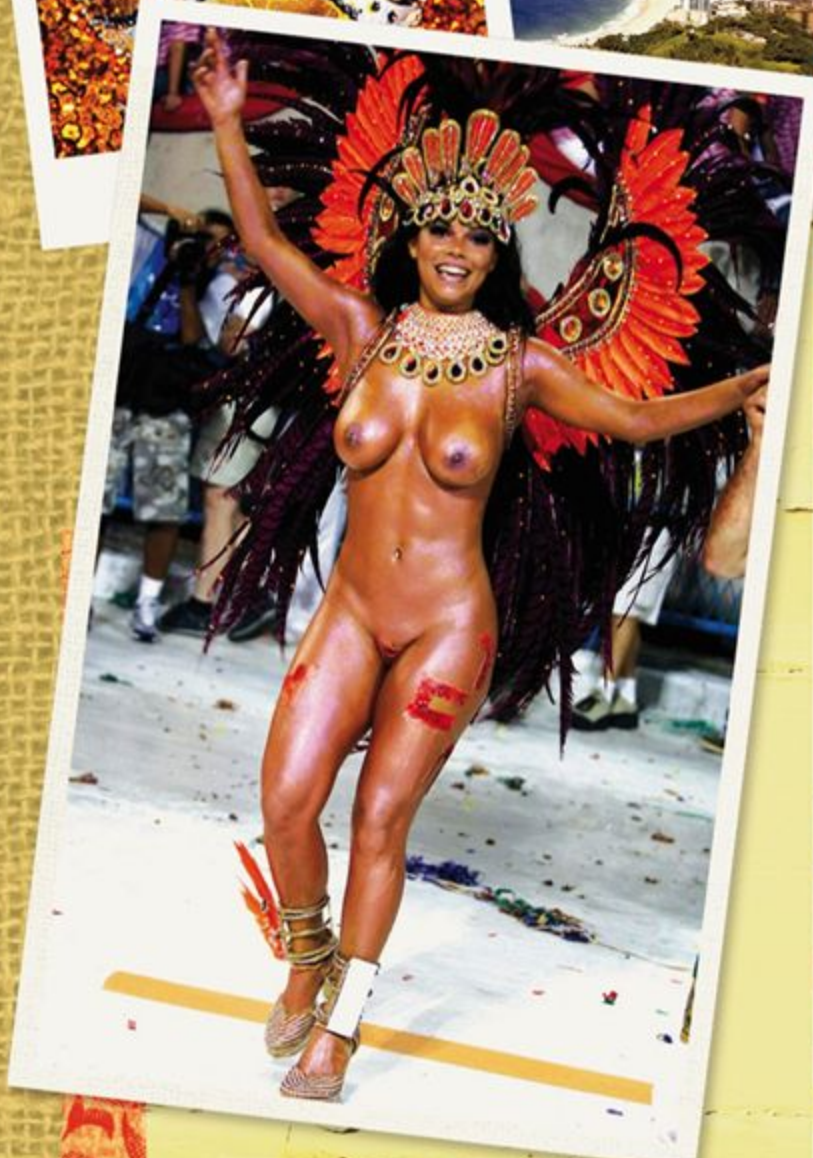
Red Hot Rio

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO
CARNIVAL,
THE GREATEST BACCHANAL
ON EARTH

The date is Friday, February 17, and you're at your office, wrapping up the week's work. "What are you doing this weekend?" asks the guy from IT. "Nothing much," you lie. "See you later." Then you grab your bag and head for the airport.

When you arrive in Rio de Janeiro on Saturday morning—an easy overnight flight with little time difference, so no jet lag—Carnival has begun. The world's greatest bacchanal, Carnival has taken place 46 days before Easter every year dating back centuries. It was first held by slaves who arrived from Africa with their sensual dance traditions and huge drums. Carnival marks the end of summer (in the southern hemisphere), and it also has religious origins, a celebration of pleasure on the eve of Lent, when Brazilians abstain from just about everything. (The name comes from *carne vale*, "farewell to flesh.") Locals embrace tourists, of whom half a million attend each year. Although Carnival takes over the entire nation, Rio is ground zero.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARLOS BAKKER



THE PARADE
IS AN
ORGASMIC
EXPRESSION
OF
BRAZILIAN
CULTURE



You spend Saturday with your toes in the surf. In summer the city revolves around its perfect white-sand beaches, with a beautiful skyline of mountains and rain forests in the distance. Ice-cold beer all day long. Beautiful near-naked bodies. Music everywhere. You cannot be alone. Groups of young people pull you in. When late afternoon comes, you hit the town—legendary seaside neighborhoods like Ipanema and Copacabana. Impromptu samba bands pop up everywhere, the drums booming. Samba is all in the hips. Imagine a shapely woman with a small but powerful V6 engine in her panties and you'll get a feel for the dancing that goes down in these streets. There are nearly a dozen Brazilian Portuguese words for *ass*. Now you know why.



One of the goals of Carnival is to kiss as many people as you can. If you make eye contact with a woman, she expects you to kiss her. Don't ask for her name or phone number—she won't give them to you. But her mouth is yours for a moment's respite. If you talk to a woman for 10 minutes, she'll wonder why you didn't kiss her five minutes ago. "*Beija*," she will say ("Kiss"). Statistically, Brazil is home to more women than men. At Carnival, they are on the hunt.

The party picks up speed all weekend. You might have a bite here or there—salty pork served in broth, collard greens, *moqueca capixaba* (traditional fish and tomato stew). But mostly the caipirinha—Brazil's national cocktail, a sweet mix of *cachaça* (sugarcane rum), sugar and lime—keeps your tank full. You spend hours dancing lip-locked, splashing off your morning hangover in the ocean. (It's best to book a hotel in advance, if only to drop off your bag; see rio-carnival.net.)

Sambodromo is Carnival's climax. A parade of dancers and samba bands travels

through the city like a writhing snake. (You need a ticket; book ahead at rio-carnival.net.) Women dancers are garbed like wild angels erupting in flames, their faces and bodies painted, glittered, feathered. The drums beat on. The parade is an orgasmic expression of Brazilian culture—sensuality and hedonism at their absolute apotheosis, onward into the night.

When you wake on Ash Wednesday morning after a couple of minutes of sleep, you find yourself in the arms of a woman whose language you can't understand but with whom communication seems crystal clear. You go for a walk on the beach. It is entirely deserted. All you hear is the crashing of waves. Then you grab your bag and taxi back to the airport.

Twenty-four hours later you're back at the office, having had the five-day weekend of your life. You're exhausted, but you feel like a god. You can still hear the pounding of drums. The guy from IT swings by.

"How was your weekend?" he asks.
"Not bad," you say. "Not bad at all."







THE ORPHAN MASTER'S

SON



**TO SURVIVE IN THE WORLD'S MOST
MYSTERIOUS TOTALITARIAN STATE
A MAN MUST FIND COMFORT
IN DOING WHAT HE'S TOLD**

BY ADAM JOHNSON

Jun Do's mother was a singer. That was all Jun Do's father, the Orphan Master, would say about her. The Orphan Master kept a photograph of a woman in his small room at Long Tomorrows. She was quite lovely—eyes large and sideways looking, lips pursed with an unspoken word. Since all beautiful women in the provinces get shipped to Pyongyang, that's almost certainly what had happened to his mother. At night, the Orphan Master would drink, and from the barracks, the orphans would hear him weeping and lamenting, striking half-heard bargains with the photograph.

As the oldest boy at Long Tomorrows, Jun Do had responsibilities—apportioning the food, assigning bunks, renaming the new boys from the list of the 114 Grand Martyrs of the Revolution. Even so, the Orphan Master took care to show no

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL HALE



favoritism to his son. When the rabbit warren was dirty, it was Jun Do who spent the night locked in it. When boys wet their bunks, it was Jun Do who chipped the frozen piss off the rungs.

Occasionally, a factory would adopt a group of kids, and in the spring, men with Chinese accents would come through to make their selections. Otherwise, anyone who could feed the boys and provide a bottle for the Orphan Master could have them for the day.

In the year Juche 85, the floods came. Three weeks of rain. Terraces collapsed, earth dams gave, villages cascaded into one another; yet the loudspeakers said nothing. The army was busy trying to save the Sungli 58 factory from the rising water, so the Long Tomorrows boys were given ropes and gaff poles to try to snare people from the Chongjin River before they were washed into the harbor. The water was a roil of timber, petroleum tanks and latrine barrels. A tractor tire turned in the water alongside a Soviet refrigerator. A young woman rose from the water, and the orphan called Bo Song gaffed her arm—right away he was jerked into the current. Bo Song had come to the orphanage a frail boy, and when they discovered he had no hearing, Jun Do gave him the name Un Bo Song, after the 37th Martyr of the Revolution, who'd famously put mud in his ears so he couldn't hear the bullets as he charged the Japanese.

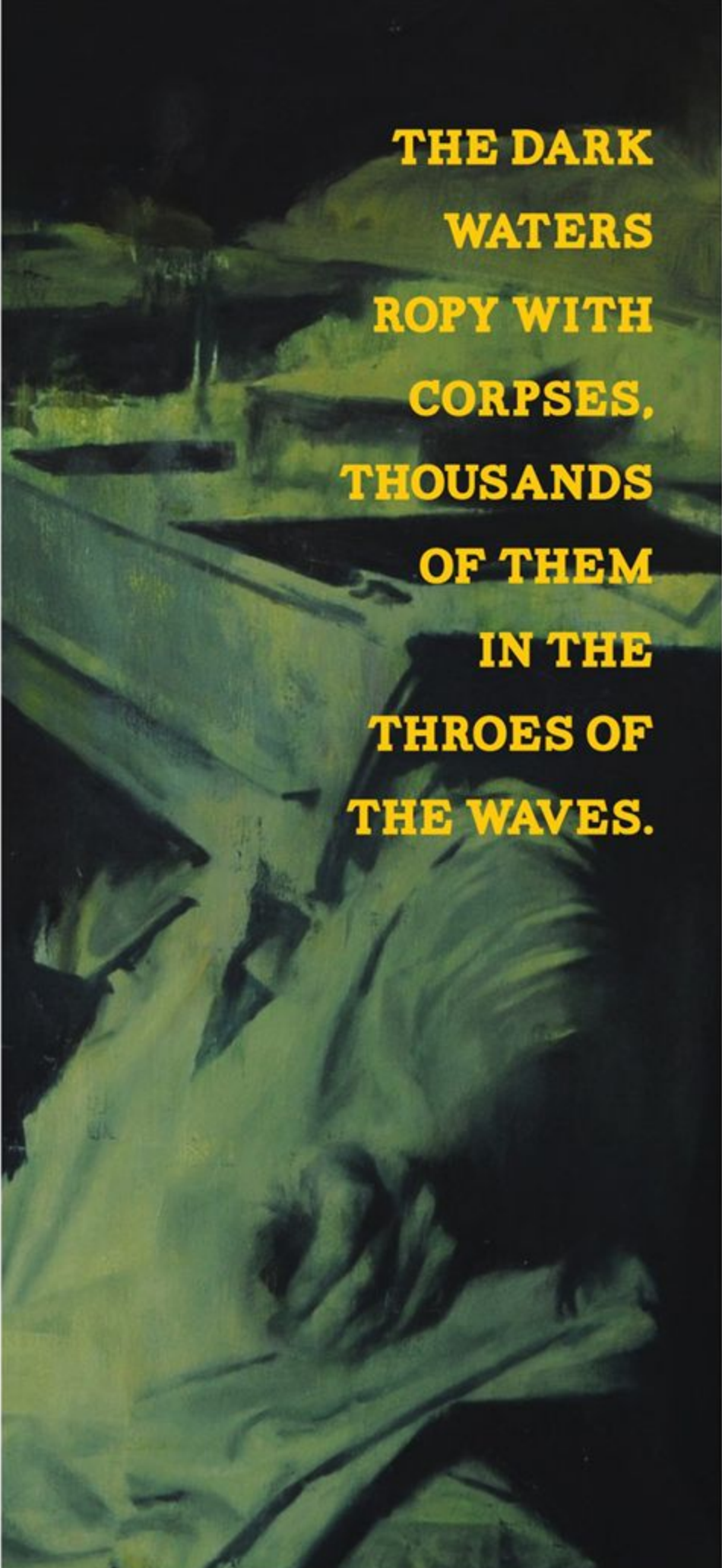
Still, the boys shouted "Bo Song, Bo Song!" as they ran the riverbanks, tracing the patch of river where Bo Song should have been. They ran past the outfall pipes of the Reunification Steelworks and along the muddy berms of the Ryongsong's leach ponds. The boys stopped at the harbor, its dark waters ropy with corpses, thousands of them in the throes of the waves.

Though they didn't know it, this was the beginning of the famine—first went the power, then the train service. One day the fishing fleet went out and didn't come back. With winter came black finger, and the old people went to sleep. These were the first months. The loudspeakers called the famine an Arduous March, but the voice was piped in from Pyongyang. What was happening to them didn't need a name—it was every fingernail you chewed and swallowed, every lift of an eyelid, every trip to the latrine, where you tried to shit out wads of balled sawdust. When the Orphan Master burned the bunks, the boys slept around a potbelly stove and knew it was their last night. In the morning, he flagged a military truck and piled them in. There were only a dozen boys left. All orphans are eventually destined for the army, and this was how Jun Do, at 14, became a tunnel soldier, trained in the art of zero-light combat.

A tunnel was where Officer So found him, eight years later. The old man actually came underground to get a look at Jun Do, who'd spent the night in an underpass that went 10 kilometers beneath the DMZ, almost to the suburbs of Seoul. When exiting a tunnel, they would walk out backward to let their eyes adjust, and Jun Do almost bumped into the officer, an older man whose big rib cage showed he had come of age before the Chollima campaigns, in the good times.

"Are you Pak Jun Do?"

When Jun Do turned, a circle of light glowed behind the man's close-cropped white hair. The skin on his face was darker



**THE DARK
WATERS
ROPY WITH
CORPSES,
THOUSANDS
OF THEM
IN THE
THROES OF
THE WAVES.**

than that on his scalp or jaw, making it look like he had just shaved off a beard. "That's me," Jun Do said.

"That's a Martyr's name," Officer So said. "Is this an orphan detail?"

Jun Do nodded. "It is," he said. "But I'm not one."

Officer So tossed him a sack. In it were blue jeans, a yellow shirt with a polo pony and shoes called Nikes that Jun Do recognized from long ago, when the boys of Long Tomorrows were used to welcome ferryloads of Japanese Koreans who had been lured back from Japan with promises of Party jobs and apartments in Pyongyang. The orphans waved welcome banners and sang Party songs so that the perfect boys with their new sneakers would descend the gangway,

despite the horrible state of Chongjin and the transport trucks that were waiting to take them all to the camps.

Jun Do held up the yellow shirt. "What am I supposed to do with this?" he asked.

"It's your new uniform," Officer So said. "You don't get seasick, do you?"

They took a train to the eastern port of Kinjye, where they commandeered a fishing boat, the crew so frightened they wore their Kim Il Sung pins all the way across the sea to the coast of Japan. Officer So had also recruited a man named Gil, a sour, starch-faced translator just older than Jun Do who had previously worked in the minefields. They were going to get someone and bring him back.

"So what's this job that's worse than disarming land mines?" Jun Do said. The white foam of the breakers was sweeping into the boat.

"Mapping them," Gil said.

"What, with a sweeper?"

"Metal detectors don't work," Gil said. "The Americans use plastic mines now. We made maps of where they probably were. When a tree root forces your step, that's where we assume a mine and mark it down. After a while, it gets pretty easy to figure out a popping gallery." (continued on page 131)



"Sorry, sir, but we've run out of mints for your pillow...."



THE PLAYBOY CLUB IN SPACE

BY A.J. BAIME & JASON HARPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS TENERY

IMAGINE THE WILDEST
PARTY ON EARTH.
NOW IMAGINE THAT PARTY
JUST BLASTED OFF OF IT.

WELCOME TO HEAVEN
IN THE HEAVENS

THE SCENE: Spaceport America, Virgin Galactic's headquarters in the windswept desert of New Mexico. The time: a few minutes past noon on a fall day in 2010. A gathering of some 500 people—including Buzz Aldrin (the second man to walk on the moon) and a couple dozen future Virgin Galactic customers—sat listening to the company's billionaire founder, Sir Richard Branson, speak of the new space frontier, when a vision appeared in the sky. At first it was a mere glint, a metallic speck reflecting

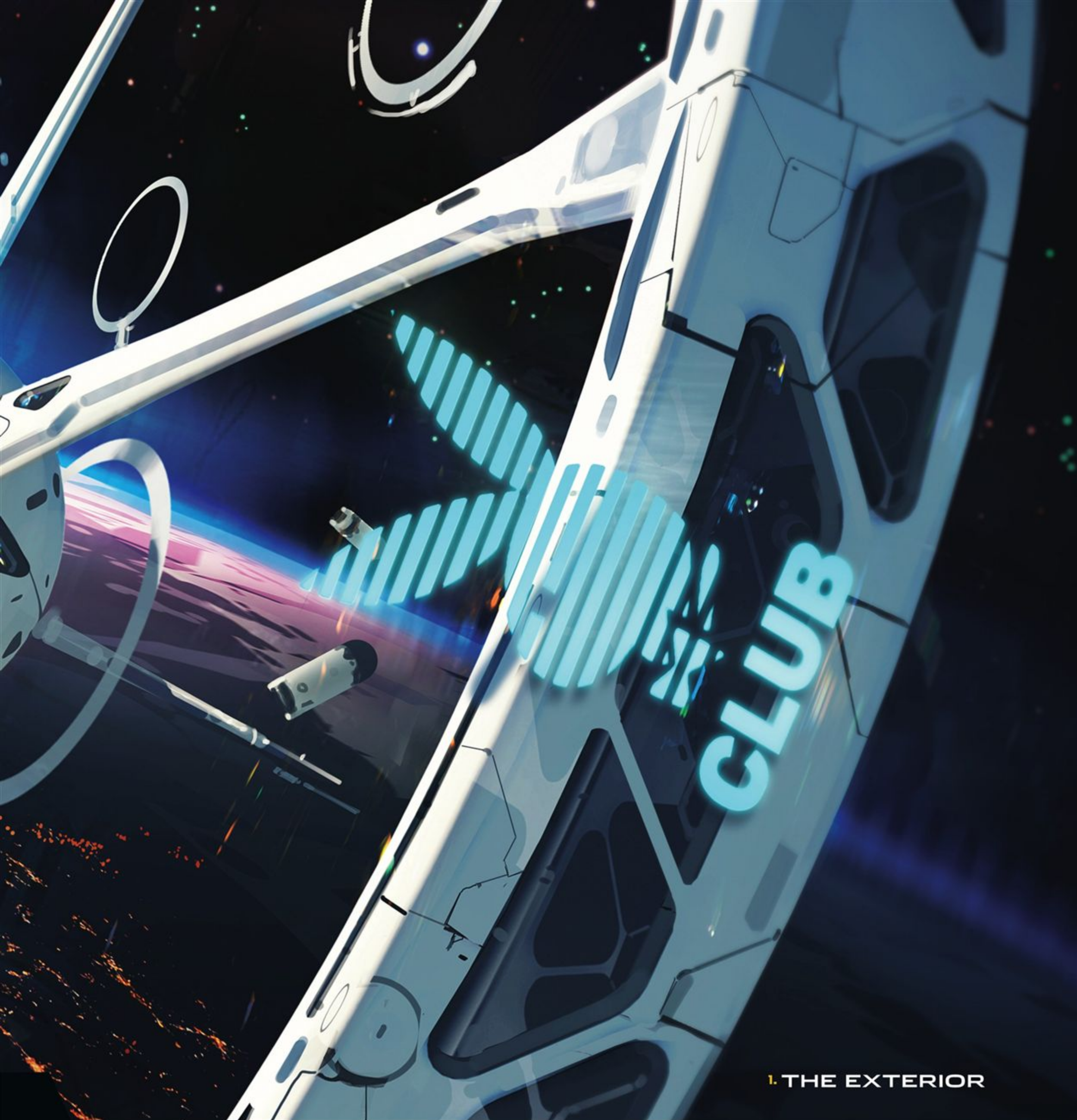
sunlight thousands of feet up. Then, as it descended like some great ivory bird, it revealed itself: Virgin Galactic's *WhiteKnightTwo* spaceship, three fuselages joined by a long, arced wing that seemed to go on and on, much like the smile on Branson's face.

"This is history," he said. "We're making it right here, right now."

When the ship landed, the first civilian spaceport was christened.

At the beginning of the first space race, in the early 1960s, Hugh Hefner

started opening Playboy Clubs and publishing the magazine's iconic "pad" features. So at the dawn of the new space race, as corporations rather than governments vie to be the first to launch pleasure-seeking civilians into the heavens, we created the first renderings of a new celestial mecca. With the help of futurists and rocket scientists—including Virgin Galactic's head designer, Adam Wells—we imagine a Playboy Club in space. Here's your exclusive ticket to a party that's out of this world.



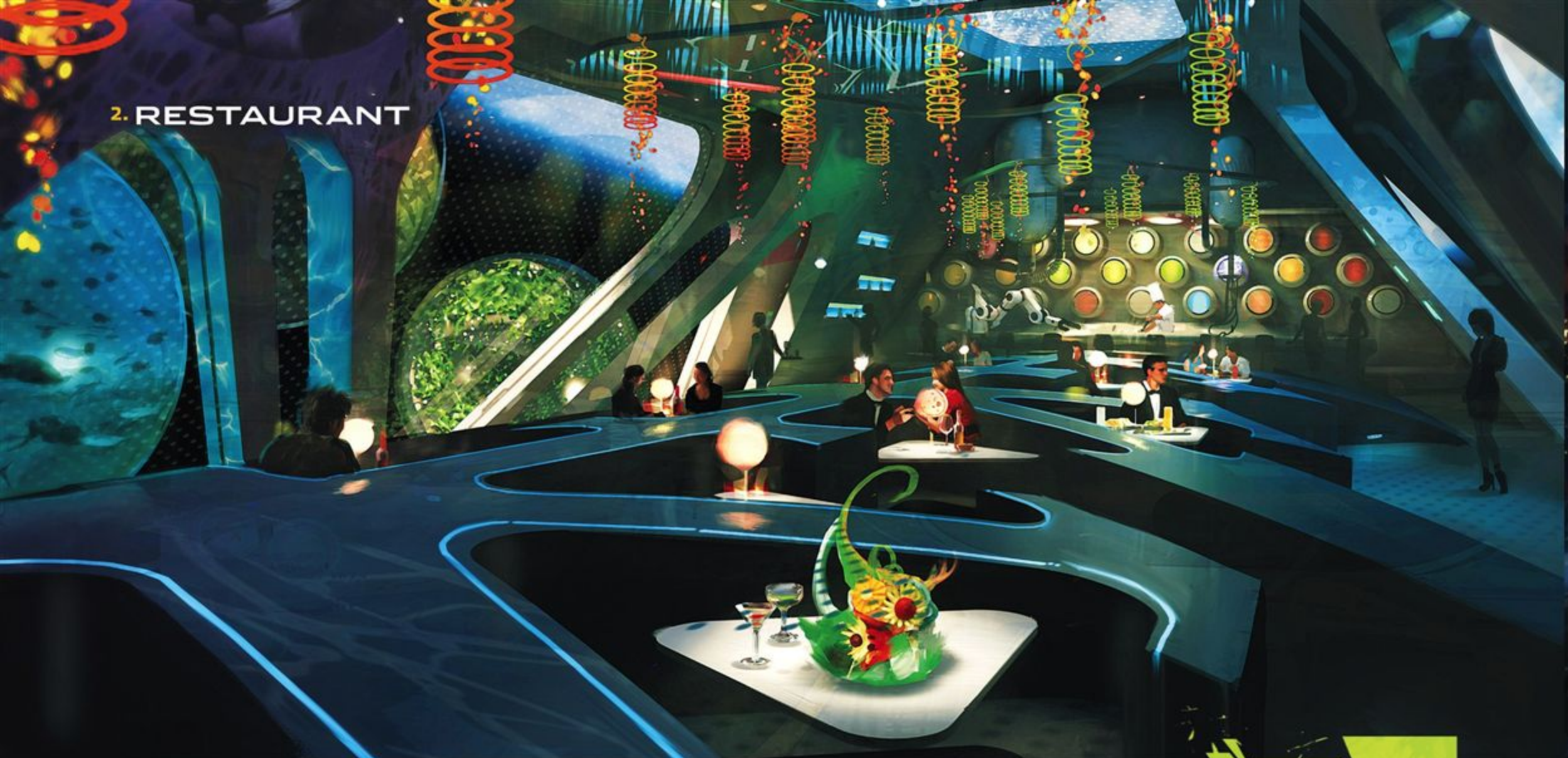
1. THE EXTERIOR



THE PLAYBOY CLUB in space will be on a station in orbit, like a cruise ship. Orbiting Earth is one idea, but it could also travel around other celestial bodies. "You could literally swing around the dark side of the moon," says Virgin Galactic's Wells. The ship will consist of a stationary and thus zero-gravity superstructure, along with an outer ring that spins centrifugally, creating artificial gravity. Humans will

get to the club by rocket, but cargo will likely arrive by machine gun. Says Thomas Frey, director of the DaVinci Institute, a futurist think tank, "We might create guns big enough to shoot things into space." (See the cargo bullets behind the Rabbit's ear above.) "Humans couldn't withstand those g-forces, but it would be ideal for supplies." Naturally, windows will abound to provide views of the heavens.

2. RESTAURANT



3. THE CLUB



Ⓐ

WE IMAGINE the restaurant has gravity, to prevent chaos. “A big turnoff for most people in space is cold interiors,” says Frey. “They don’t find the *Star Wars* look inviting.” These interiors are warm and elegant. According to Frey, organic printers will produce food: “Attached to the printers are vats of organic material,” he says. Stan Kent, a rocket scientist formerly with NASA and now with Boeing’s satellite division, says, “Hanging off the restaurant are zero-gravity transparent bubbles [top left]. That’s our space farm.” One bubble holds plants, all growing toward the center, with light fed by the sun and mirrors. Inside the other are fish. No need for gravity underwater.

Ⓢ

THE DANCE CLUB is the one room on board with no windows. It is a totally encompassing zero-gravity psychedelic experience. Frey envisions trampolines on the walls “so you can ricochet around, bouncing into one another like in a three-dimensional mosh pit.” Wells imagines “gossamer webbing, like spiderwebs,” hanging from the walls so people can take a break and watch the action. Bunnies with jet packs will serve globules of floating liquids as drinks, according to Kent. The DJ will rock from center stage, and the lighting will be stellar.

4. HOTEL SUITE



④

SPEAKING OF celestial bodies, personal quarters will serve as the first zero-gravity sex suites. Kent uses the term *POD*, or “pleasure orbital dome.” The entire Kama Sutra will have to be reimagined according to the rules of zero-gravity physics. Huge windows will offer views of Earth. Frey suggests digital wallpaper that changes according to your mood. But coitus in space will take some practice. Kent points out that “for every action there will be quite an opposite reaction. If you thrust into someone and aren’t holding on, they’re going to fly across the room.”

⑤

LAST, WE REACH the gaming room. Of course it will have 3-D video games. But what about a mutant roulette wheel on which the player himself is the ball that bounces around the numbers (see rendering below)? How about a launching pad for bungee jumping through space at thousands of miles an hour (ditto)? And then there’s the bar. Says Frey, “Instead of ordering drinks, you put your hands on the bar and a field takes over your body and changes your perspective. It could hyperdose your brain so you become superintelligent. Rather than the dumbing-down process with alcohol, you’d go the other way—you’re a sudden Einstein.”

5. GAME ROOM



THE WIDE WORLD OF BIOPOLITICS



WHY ARE YOU A REPUBLICAN OR A DEMOCRAT? BEFORE YOU ANSWER,
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
 TAKE A LOOK AT A BURGEONING NEW SCIENCE THAT CLAIMS IT'S
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
 MOSTLY IN YOUR GENES. AND THANKS TO DARWINISM, THAT'S
 ★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
 GOOD NEWS FOR CONSERVATIVES AND BAD NEWS FOR LIBERALS

BY NEAL GABLER

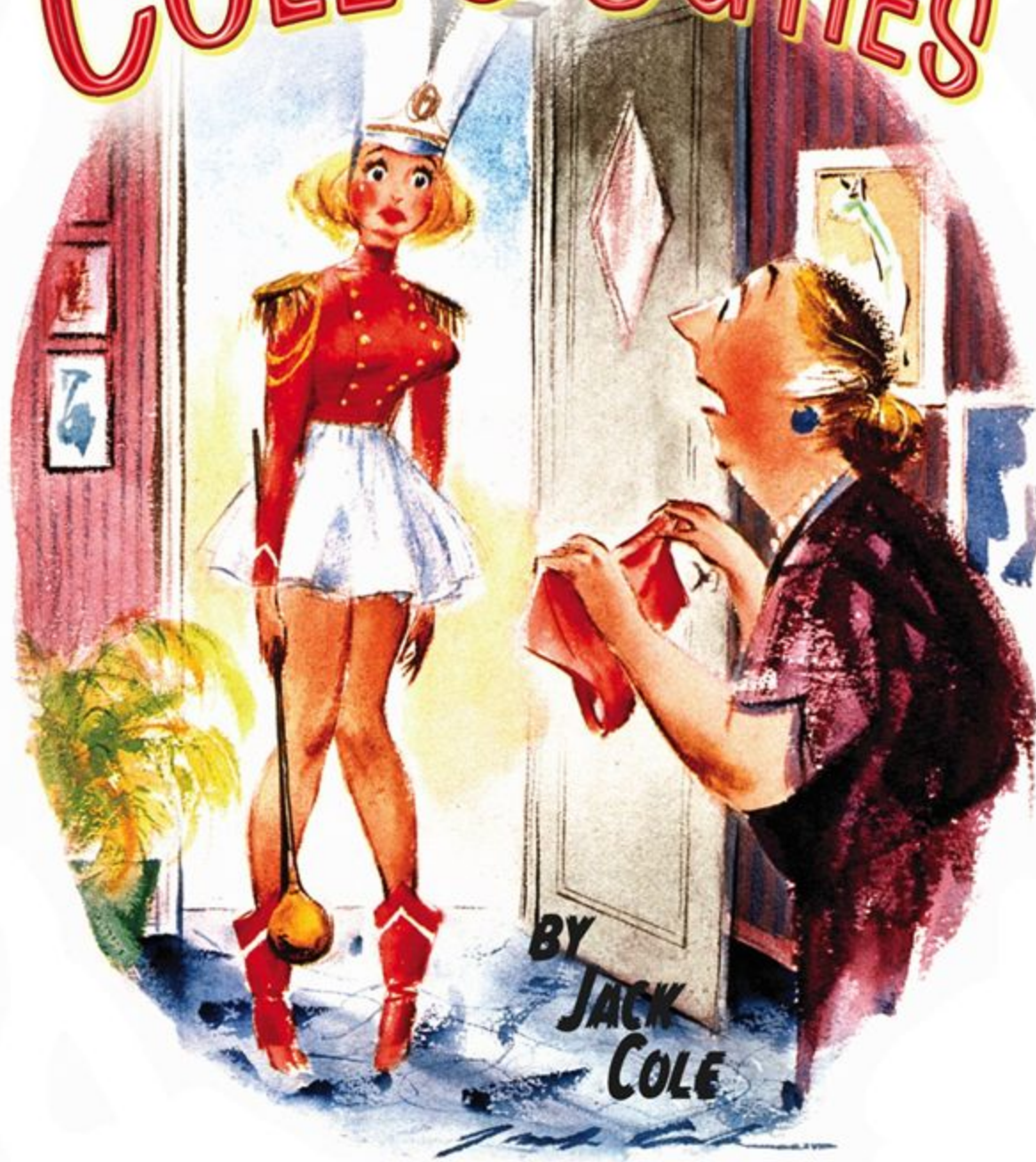
arry Arnhart has news for you, and depending on your politics, you may not like what he has to say. Arnhart is a middle-aged, Texas-born, University of Chicago-educated political science professor at Northern Illinois University and, his beard notwithstanding, a dyed-in-the-wool conservative whom many creationist conservatives nonetheless loathe, even though his message is effectively a death knell for liberalism. That's because Arnhart believes

that conservatism isn't just another political ideology. As he sees it, conservatism is the expression of self-interested survival and self-perpetuation, which are the two hallmarks of Darwinian evolution. As such, he says, it is the political view most consistent with human nature, which gives it a kind of inevitability. "It's generally going to prevail," Arnhart says.

Which leads to the question: If conservatives seem to dictate America's political agenda even when they don't occupy the White House or control both houses of Congress, and if the country lists to the right on (continued on page 127)



COLE'S CUTIES



"You mean all the way from 23rd Street to Central Park?"



"I ain't got no bod-eee..."



"I have it: Let's swap wives."



"I could swear I smell burning rubber!"



"Fake it."





A MOMENT IN THE SUN

MISS MARCH SHINES BRIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN

I'm notorious in the fashion industry for taking my clothes off," says Lisa Seiffert, Australian supermodel cum Miss March. "I didn't plan it that way; it's just that I'm always pushing the envelope." Lisa's geographic boundaries first expanded at the age of 16, when she moved to New York City from her oceanside village of Bowen, Queensland to become a full-fledged Ford model. "It was overwhelming to come from my small hometown and move in with Katie Ford's family. I started meeting stars like Leonardo DiCaprio. I felt as if I was on an episode of *Seinfeld*." Today, having strutted the world's premier catwalks and starred in Victoria's Secret and Guess ad campaigns, Lisa finds herself in even headier circles. "Puffy is a dear friend of mine. He calls me



his go-to white girl. I was one of two girls in a suggested ménage à trois in his Sean John Unforgivable fragrance commercial," she says of the steamy ad. "It was banned in the U.S." Despite the glamour that surrounds her, Lisa considers herself a "bohemian beach girl" at heart. "I'm from the beach. It's where I grew up. Give me some sunscreen and a pair of sunglasses, and I'm good to go." (Her preferred beach attire? Nothing, of course.) Although she hopes to use her Playmate status to bring attention to the causes close to her heart—particularly deforestation in the Amazon—her main priority is to thrill. "When I'm posing nude, I'm doing it because I want to make men lick their lips. It has to turn them on." Then she whispers, like a sultry March breeze, "I love doing that."









MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





100% Cotton
Leigh



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lisa Seitter

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'11" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 8/30/82 BIRTHPLACE: Bowen, QLD, Australia

AMBITIONS: Publishing children's stories, working with charities (from helping children to the environment) and having a family.

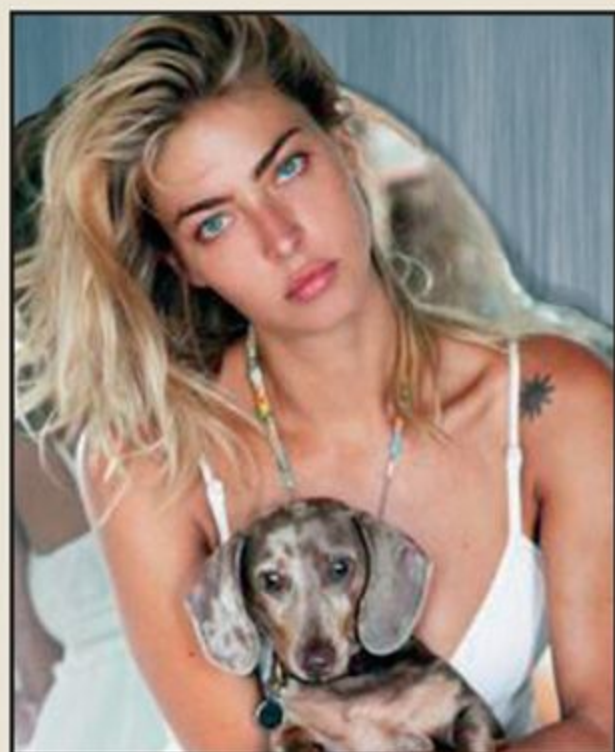
TURN-ONS: Assholes (but I'm working on that). Must have good shoes and nice hands and be funny, brainy and full of drive!

TURNOFFS: Immaturity, not knowing what you want, out-of-control egos, liars... and BAD SHOES!

BOOKS I ADORE: Geek Love by Katherine Dunn (it makes my imagination run wild) and Moonchild by Aleister Crowley.

MOVIE OBSESSIONS: Buñuel's Belle de Jour, Fellini's La Dolce Vita, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof, 9½ Weeks, Picnic at Hanging Rock. And Frances Farmer is an idol of mine.

PERFECT BLISS: Being on a secluded tropical beach with my man, chef, masseuse and dog while swimming, fishing, diving, tanning, being nude... and making love. :3♡



With my dog, Atlas.



Sporting Shades.



Mischievous me.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

At a St. Patrick's Day party, a midget dressed as a leprechaun approached a tall blonde woman and slurred, "Hey, honey, whaddya say to a little fuck?"

She looked down at him and promptly replied, "Hello, you little fuck."

In the tough economy, an educated woman was forced to apply for a job in a lemon grove. After the foreman had reviewed her résumé, he frowned and said, "I must ask, do you have any actual experience in picking lemons?"

"As a matter of fact I have," she answered. "I've been divorced three times and I voted for Obama."



Two private detectives were sneaking around their client's house and spotted his beautiful wife in the embrace of another man.

"Let's go in after him," one whispered to the other.

"Great idea," the other replied. "How long do you think it'll take this guy to finish?"

What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt?
If it's a good day, lipstick.

When ordering at a fancy restaurant, a man asked the waiter, "How do you prepare your chicken?"

The waiter replied, "We don't warn them at all; we just lop their heads off."

What do your girlfriend and your bank account have in common?

In the case of both, you lose interest on withdrawal.

People in glass houses shouldn't throw stones—they should throw parties with strippers!

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *home cooking* as where husbands think their wives are.

What becomes easier to pick up the heavier it gets?

A woman.

Is it wrong to commit the act of sex before you're married?

Only if it makes you late for the ceremony.

Yesterday scientists in the United States revealed that beer contains traces of female hormones. To prove their theory, they gave 100 men 12 pints of beer and observed that by the end of the study 100 percent of them talked nonsense and couldn't drive.

The problem with encouraging certain people to follow their dreams is that they can get arrested for stalking.

Two drunks were sitting in a bar when one pointed to two weathered men sitting across from them and said, "That's us in 20 years."

The second replied, "That's a mirror, you lush."

What do tight pants and a cheap motel have in common?

No ballroom.



According to archaeologists, for millions of years Neanderthal man was not fully erect. That's easy to comprehend considering how ugly Neanderthal woman was.

What's the worst part of being a priest?

You give up your sex life, and then once a week people come in to tell you the details of theirs.

I can't find a cause for your illness," a doctor said during a consultation. "Frankly, I think it may be due to drinking."

"In that case," replied his patient, "I'll come back when you are sober."

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



"Really? You don't miss coaching in the NBA?"



CHAIRMEN OF THE BOARD

HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS AT VAIL, WE
LAUNCH INTO SPRING WITH BRIGHT
SUITS AND THREE BURTON
TEAM FREESTYLERS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY TONY KELLY
FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
TEXT BY CHRISTOPHER TENNANT
STYLED BY MICHAEL FISHER FOR
STARWORKSARTISTS.COM

DANNY DAVIS

If geography is destiny, this adrenaline junkie never had a chance. Hooked on the half-pipe by his early teens, Davis,

23, spent his high school years carving out the genre-bending freestyle technique that would make him famous on the frozen hills of Alpine Valley, Michigan. Since storming the sport in 2005, he has bagged just about every honor it can bestow—and too many injuries to count. The worst one wasn't even on the slopes. "Two years ago I broke my back and pelvis being an idiot," he says of the ATV accident that kept him out of the 2010 Winter Games in Vancouver.

Judging by this photo, he seems to have recovered.



*

ABOVE: JACKET, \$555, BY SURFACE TO AIR. PANTS, \$155, BY HUGO BOSS. SHIRT, \$820, BY BOTTEGA VENETA. SUNGLASSES, \$120, BY DRAGON. TIE, \$125, BY ETON. BELT, \$8, BY AMERICAN APPAREL. SOCKS, \$18, BY RLX RALPH LAUREN.

*

LEFT: SHIRT WITH CONTRASTING COLLAR, \$175, BY BOSS BLACK. FISHBOWL GOGGLES, \$160, BY VONZIPPER. BOW TIE, \$60, BY THOMAS PINK.

JACKET, \$2,180, AND PANTS, \$680, BY BOTTEGA VENETA. SHIRT, \$185, BY SURFACE TO AIR. SUNGLASSES, \$109, BY ELECTRIC. TIE, \$125, BY BOSS SELECTION. SOCKS, \$18, BY RLX RALPH LAUREN. PROCESS SNOWBOARD, \$420, MALAVITA EST BINDINGS, \$290, AND IMPERIAL BOOTS, \$280, BY BURTON.



SUIT, \$1,125, BY LUCIO CASTRO. RIP-STOP JACKET, \$425, BY STONE ISLAND. SHIRT, \$200, BY ACNE, AVAILABLE AT BLOOMINGDALE'S. BLVD SUNGLASSES, \$120, BY DRAGON. TIE, \$95, BY HUGO BOSS. BELT, \$8, BY AMERICAN APPAREL. SOCKS, \$18, BY RLX RALPH LAUREN. EASY LIVIN' SNOWBOARD, \$530, MALAVITA EST BINDINGS, \$290, AND DRIVER X BOOTS, \$370, BY BURTON.



SUIT, \$795, BY HUGO BOSS. SHIRT, \$88, BY A/X ARMANI EXCHANGE. TIE, \$105, BY THOMAS PINK. WATCH, \$110, BY G-SHOCK. SOCKS, \$18, BY RLX RALPH LAUREN. SHERLOCK SNOWBOARD, \$500, DIODE EST BINDINGS, \$400, AND ION BOOTS, \$430, BY BURTON.



SUIT, \$995, BY SIMON SPURR. EXPEDITION CHECKED THERMAL LAYER, \$70, AND ION BOOTS, \$430, BY BURTON. SHIRT, \$175, BY BOSS BLACK. DECCO SUNGLASSES, \$90, BY VONZIPPER. SOCKS, \$20, BY WE LOVE COLORS.




JOHN JACKSON


The nattiest dread in snowboarding keeps his locks loose and his game tight. Higher, faster, farther, longer—these are the words he lives by. A two-time TransWorld snowboarder of the year, the Mammoth Mountain-based 28-year-old has been at the bleeding edge of the sport since the early days and has the scars to prove it: “The tricks now have extra spins and flips, the jumps and rails are bigger and the consequences are much heavier. At this point, we’re at the edge of what’s humanly possible.”



73



JACKET, \$2,180, AND PANTS, \$680, BY BOTTEGA VENETA. SHIRT, \$185, BY SURFACE TO AIR. KNOXVILLE SUNGLASSES, \$109, BY ELECTRIC. TIE, \$125, BY BOSS SELECTION. WATCH, \$450, BY HOME. SOCKS, \$18, BY RLX RALPH LAUREN.



MARK SOLLORS

"Fashion and style have always been part of snowboarding," notes the sport's all-terrain renaissance stud, a 25-year-old British Columbian who sledded out of nowhere in 2010 to show the Yanks how it's done. "It's a way for people to express themselves and sometimes even stand out. But it's really about comfort—when you feel good, you look good." Needless to say, he's had a pretty sick ride so far, acclimating quickly to a life on tour. The best perk? "Traveling for free and experiencing things I never imagined," he says diplomatically. "The fun answer I'll keep to myself."

*

JACKET, \$198, BY A/X ARMANI EXCHANGE.
PANTS, \$680, BY BOTTEGA VENETA. PRINTED
SHIRT, \$165, BY HUGO BOSS, AVAILABLE AT
BLOOMINGDALE'S. KNOXVILLE SUNGLASSES,
\$109, BY ELECTRIC. VINTAGE TIE, STYLIST'S
OWN. WATCH, \$450, BY HOME. SOCKS, \$18, BY
RLX RALPH LAUREN.





"Oh, it's you. For a moment there, you gave me quite a scare!"



Q1

PLAYBOY: Let's see if we've got this straight: You're an American comic who went to London to make a TV show called *The Increasingly Poor Decisions of Todd Margaret*, about an American office temp who goes to London to sell energy drinks, and the show was picked up in the U.S. by a cable network devoted to independent films. Is there not an easier way to get on TV?

CROSS: [Laughs] I guess I did choose the more roundabout way. I totally bypassed being a YouTube sensation and signing an eight-digit contract with one of the big four networks. Well, it's not like I went looking for it. I was in London doing stand-up, and a

U.K. production company asked if I'd be interested in developing a show that could potentially be sold back to the States. It wasn't just about an American idiot in a foreign land: "Gee, I'm in Britain and things sure are different!"

Q2

PLAYBOY: After shooting *Todd Margaret* in London, do you feel it's more like home than New York, where you've lived for more than a decade?

CROSS: In the beginning I vacillated wildly about whether I liked London or (continued on page 136)

DAVID CROSS

THE STAR OF *TODD MARGARET* TALKS ABOUT HIS OWN INCREASINGLY POOR DECISIONS:
SNORTING COKE NEAR OBAMA, TERRORIZING JIM BELUSHI, GETTING NAKED IN PUBLIC AND,
WORST OF ALL, STARRING WITH THE CHIPMUNKS

POWER PEOPLE



NOTHING YOU'VE BEEN TOLD ABOUT POWER will prepare you for this year's crop of motorcycles. Manufacturers have broken the gas ceiling, offering ready-to-ride 200-horsepower bikes. In some cases they've rediscovered the power of cool—the subtle and the sexy. Want a ride?

HERE ARE OUR PICKS FOR 2012



BY JAMES R. PETERSEN



BEST RETRO

TRIUMPH BONNEVILLE STEVE MCQUEEN ▶ \$9,999

WHEN TRIUMPH ROSE from the ashes in the 1990s, it refused to capitalize on its past as the hip bike of the 1960s. Instead, the company made kickass, thoroughly modern motorcycles. When the Brit brand finally decided to go retro, it did so with style. Steve McQueen rides a Triumph TR6 Trophy—painted to look like a Nazi bike—in *The Great Escape*. That movie is probably the reason you're reading this article and why Triumph issued this signature model. The Steve McQueen special is a Bonneville T100 painted matte khaki green with black frame, headlight and mirrors, spoked wheels and a solo seat with a luggage rack. Only 1,100 signature models will be released. Barbed-wire fence optional.

ENGINE: 865 CC PARALLEL TWIN

POWER: 67 BHP @ 7,500 RPM

TORQUE: 50 FT.-LBS. @ 5,800 RPM

WEIGHT: 506 LBS.

BEST SPORT BIKE

MV AGUSTA F4 RR CORSACORTA ▶ \$25,000

CLAUDIO CASTIGLIONI was a design genius, a giant in the industry. He bought struggling Ducati in 1985 and revived the brand. Today it's a powerhouse. He purchased MV Agusta in 1991 and performed similar magic, eventually selling the company to Harley. Before his death in August, Castiglioni reacquired Agusta and launched mind-boggling models like the Brutale and the F3. The brand continues its comeback story with the money-is-no-object 185 mph bike seen here. The manufacturer boasts of "maniacal care of every detail"; the result is near perfection. Aerospace alloys abound. The bike has race-ready Öhlins shocks, Brembo monoblock radial brakes and Traction Control MKII with eight levels of adjustability. Riders can switch between two engine maps. Bonus: a 4-2-1-4 exhaust system that makes the tailpiece look like the *Millennium Falcon*. Beauty has never been this fast.

ENGINE: 998 CC 16 VALVE IN-LINE FOUR

POWER: 201 HP @ 13,400 RPM

TORQUE: 86 FT.-LBS. @ 9,200 RPM

WEIGHT: 449 LBS.



BEST NAKED

DUCATI STREETFIGHTER 848 ▶ \$12,995

ENGINE: 849 CC L-TWIN

POWER: 132 HP @ 10,000 RPM

TORQUE: 69 FT.-LBS. @ 9,500 RPM

WEIGHT: 439 LBS.

IN THE BEGINNING, all bikes were naked. Then came fiberglass and streamlined, swoopy fairings. No one did bikes as sculpture, art you could ride, better than Ducati. But now the company is known for its bare-to-the-bone beauties—naked once again. The original Streetfighter (2009) was generally considered the sexiest motorcycle on the planet: all the naughty bits of the Superbike 1098, nude and on display. Now Ducati offers the same treatment on its midsize powerhouse. The younger brother of the Streetfighter offers radial-mount Brembo brakes, Marzocchi adjustable forks, a steel trellis frame and Ducati Traction Control—all the bells and wolf whistles you need.

BEST BUDGET ADVENTURE BIKE

BMW G 650 GS SERTÃO

▶ \$8,650



ENGINE: 652 CC SINGLE

POWER: 50 HP @ 6,500 RPM

TORQUE: 44 FT.-LBS. @ 5,000 RPM

WEIGHT: 426 LBS.

BMW DOMINATES the adventure-touring market with the iconic 1200 GS and the purebred F800. How many times can you watch *Long Way Round* before you succumb to the BMW bug? (Recognizing the market, Triumph and Honda both introduced big-brute adventure tourers last year.) For 2012 BMW offers two new versions of its 650—a street model and the purpose-driven Sertão for off-road addicts. Both are powered by a modest but muscular single cylinder. The Sertão will be called a beginner GS—but trust us, there is no such thing as a beginner's motorcycle. Around town or lost in the outback, this is affordable fun.

BIG GUN

KAWASAKI NINJA ZX-14R

▶ \$14,900



ENGINE: 1,441 CC IN-LINE FOUR

POWER: 200-PLUS HP @ 9,500 RPM

TORQUE: 113 FT.-LBS. @ 7,500 RPM

WEIGHT: 584 LBS.

KAWASAKI set out to regain the crown of most powerful production bike ever, and it looks as if it succeeded. The ZX-14R—stock, right out of the box—clears a quarter mile in 9.71 seconds. Like the road itself, the fun never ends. With power comes great technology: ram air, a slipper clutch (no wheel hop) and KTRC traction control. For a decade, motorcycle companies have limited top speed to 185 mph—part of a gentleman's agreement with European manufacturers. Most people who buy this bike will remap the engine, get rid of the speed governor and wet themselves. To hell with the euro.



BIKE OF THE YEAR

HARLEY-DAVIDSON NIGHT ROD SPECIAL ▶ \$15,300

WHEN HARLEY introduced the V-Rod in 2002, it rattled cages. This was not your grandfather's Harley. This was a Euro bike, a sport bike in cruiser togs. It was water cooled, the ultimate heresy. Unleashed five years ago, the Night Rod Special—the most sinister looking of the V-Rod family—took the oomph of a Porsche-designed engine and harnessed it to a Michelin Scorchier rear tire. To celebrate the 10th anniversary of the V-Rod in 2012, Harley added better suspension, lighter wheels and beefier braking to a new Night Rod Special. The real treat is the subtle styling cues—a slender fastback rear fender, a trick LED taillight and enough black to move the night.

ENGINE: 1,250 CC DOHC 8-VALVE V-TWIN

POWER: 125 HP @ 8,250 RPM

TORQUE: 85 FT.-LBS. @ 7,000 RPM

WEIGHT: 670 LBS.

G A R A G E ROCKS

A SHOPPING LIST FOR THE GEARHEAD

1. Leather: Pictured at right is the Classic Racer 141 from Schott (\$590, schottnyc.com), which made jackets for Peter Fonda and Marlon Brando. 2. Tunes: Yamaha's PDX-11 (\$100, usa.yamaha.com) isn't the fanciest iPod dock, but it's loud, and no worries if it gets dinged in the garage. 3. Lube: Bel-Ray's V-Twin synthetic motor oil (\$233 a case, bel-ray.com) is perfect for our Bike of the Year, above. 4. Helmet: Arai's Signet-Q state-of-the-art racing helmet (\$740, araiamericas.com) looks awesome and has memory foam for added comfort. 5. Tools: Need to prepare that Fetzer valve with 3-in-One oil and some gauze pads? Remline's Red Rally 26-inch steel tool chest (not pictured, \$547, jcwhitney.com) will keep your gear in order. Bonus: It's Ferrari red.





SMOKE



HE WAS HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD AND ALI'S GREATEST FOIL,
BUT JOE FRAZIER WAS MORE THAN JUST A LEGENDARY BOXER

BY KATHERINE DUNN

On a summer day the year before he died, I sat with Smokin' Joe Frazier at a big table in his Philadelphia apartment. He picked at a plate of grapes and thought about growing up in the 1950s. "We all wanted to be men quick, 'so I can do whatever I want to do.' That's how we thought at the time. And then we got old and said, 'Doggone, I'm getting old.' You get too old and you think,

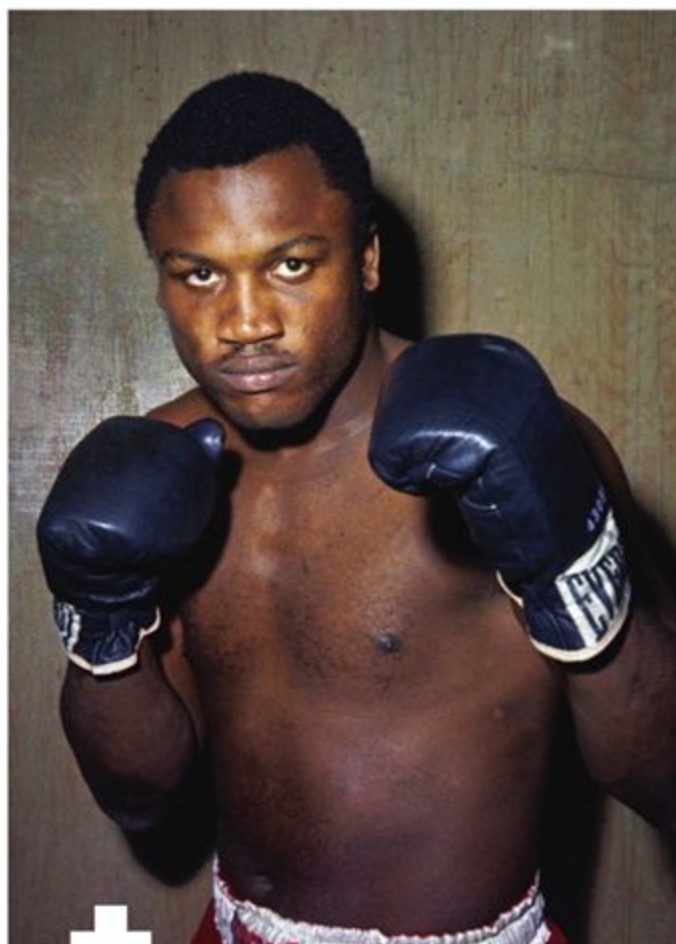
PAINTING BY STEVE HUSTON



Joe Frazier moved north from South Carolina to Philadelphia (above) at the dawn of the 1960s. Over the course of the next half a century, Frazier would become a legend, a favorite son, in the City of Brotherly Love.

How long have I got to live?" He grinned and shook his head. "We're never satisfied. All we can think about is doing things that are crazy and trying to get away with them. I'm not sure if there's a heaven or a hell. We have to find out for ourselves when we take our last breath."

Joe Frazier took his last breath November 7, 2011 at the age of 67. He was heavyweight



Smokin' Joe in 1969 (top) and in Madison Square Garden versus Muhammad Ali in 1971.

of an apartment building. He nods to his doorman and tacks toward a gleaming Escalade. As he passes a bar, out of the door bursts a pack of lawyers, or maybe bankers or brokers, yelling, "It's Smokin' Joe." The leader, a silverback in immaculate pinstripes, says, "I was at ringside when you beat Jerry Quarry." The Armani-clad pack yips, "My dad worshipped you," and "I've got all your fights on DVD."

Frazier's spine, bent by a car wreck a decade earlier and multiple surgeries since, straightens reflexively. The panama takes a rakish tilt; the cane becomes a swagger stick. Notebooks and bar mats and napkins reach toward him. Frazier grins and jokes and signs everything. The Escalade's driver informs Frazier's friends in the rear seats that they'll be a little late for an event

FIGHTERS ARE DEFINED BY THEIR OPPONENTS.

NO BOXER IS GREAT UNLESS HE HAS BATTLED GREAT FOES.

champion of the world and a presence on any list of all-time greats. He gave his title belt to ex-boxer Nelson Mandela and framed the thank-you note. He had 11 beloved children by several beautiful women, and enough grandchildren and great-grandchildren to fill the bleachers. He did a lot of good for some people and some good for a lot of people. He made friends and he kept them. He danced and sang every chance he got. Like any mortal, Frazier had regrets, grief, catastrophes and the occasional rage. But in general he was a happy man. He woke up every morning eager for what the day would bring.



On a sweltering night in Philadelphia's city center, the natty gent with the panama hat and cane taps his way out

that night at which Smokin' Joe is an honored guest. Frazier never turned his back on a fan. "You've got to respect the fans," he would say.



Fighters are defined by their opponents. No boxer is considered great unless he has battled great foes. The three historic fights between Frazier and Muhammad Ali in the 1970s formed the most significant sports rivalry of the 20th century. Boxing was still a mainstream force. Major bouts were broadcast by the three national networks, and it was a golden age of heavyweight talent. But Frazier and Ali meant more than the sport.

Their collisions grew out of an era boiling in racial clashes, civil rights, Vietnam war protests and the explosion of free sex, psychedelic drugs and rock and roll.

AGE: 27 WEIGHT: 205 LBS. HEIGHT: 5'11½" REACH: 73½" CHEST NORMAL: 42"

15

CHEST EXPANDED: 44" WAIST: 34" BICEPS: 15" THIGH: 26" CALF: 13" FIST: 13"

FIGHT CLUB

**WE JOIN THE UFC'S
BRITTNEY PALMER
FOR A HOT SESSION
IN THE GYM**

**CARE FOR
ANOTHER
ROUND?
BRITTNEY
ROCKS THE
OCTAGON
AT ROGERS
ARENA IN
VANCOUVER
LAST
SUMMER.**



**PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEVE SHAW**

**STORY BY
GAVIN EDWARDS**





Anything goes in the Octagon, the eight-sided cage in which the martial artists of the Ultimate Fighting Championship do battle: punching, kicking, backflip body slams. But eye gouging is not allowed—nobody wants to run the risk of not being able to see the UFC's vivacious ring girl Brittney Palmer sashay across the Octagon in a bikini between rounds.

Brittney grew up in Las Vegas, another place where almost anything goes. "I had a high school sweetheart," she remembers. "His mother was so into the UFC she would throw pillows at the TV set. When I was 18 I worked out front at UFC events, handing out free beer. And now I'm actually in the Octagon, which is crazy." After high school graduation, Brittney got a job as a magician's assistant and danced in a burlesque show at the Flamingo Hotel. What she learned: "The show must always go on. Even if you don't have your outfit on, the music is still starting at 10." What she did when not pursuing enlightenment through burlesque: "You'd get off at 11, go out for drinks, party till the sun came up and then do it again."

As time went on, Brittney longed for thrills that didn't involve buying shots for everyone in the bar. "I'd wake up the next day and think, Really, Brittney? You just spent \$500 on shots for people you'll never talk to again?" So now she snowboards in the Alps. She paddleboards in Hawaii. She goes off-trail backpacking with friends in Colorado—which was lots of fun until they woke to discover bears had invaded their camp. "One friend climbed a tree," Brittney says. "I just hid in my tent." She plans to go surfing in Indonesia: "But I'll probably never come back."

At the age of 24, Brittney is a globe-trotting dynamo with Shakespearean poetry tattooed on her back. (She chose two lines from his first sonnet, "But thou contracted to thine own bright eyes" and "Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel"—a reminder to herself that narcissism is a form of cruelty.)

In addition to her work with the UFC, she recently enrolled in art school at UCLA. She already has a thriving business as an artist, selling paintings through her website; she specializes in acrylic renderings of classic rock album covers and musicians ranging from Led Zeppelin to Sammy Hagar.

"I'm no longer just this Vegas showgirl," she says. "I want to be an artist, and I'm really lucky to have a passion like that." Brittney taught herself to paint by watching YouTube videos and built up enough of a portfolio to get into UCLA. "I've been learning about composition and colors and negative space," she reports. She knows that someday she'll probably have to broaden her subject matter beyond rock stars. "But I love painting those pictures, and people love putting them on their walls," she says. "Would you rather have a portrait of somebody you don't know or a portrait of Jimi Hendrix?"

Art school is what inspired Brittney to pose for *PLAYBOY*. "I take figure-drawing classes all day, every day," she explains. "Ninety-nine percent of the time there's a nude model in your class—it's beautiful, and it's art. I'm really good at drawing nudes. I think women's bodies are fantastic, and I work my ass off for my body. I have such appreciation for being in *PLAYBOY*—it's like being a model for an elite figure-drawing class." Who knew school could be so much fun?



BRITTNEY (MIDDLE RIGHT) WITH FIGHTERS AND FELLOW OCTAGON GIRL ARIANNY CELESTE.











Contracted to
bright eyes.
thy foe, to thy
self too cruel.

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

SMOKE

(continued from page 107)

The death threats came by phone and letter. Insults spouted from radios and televisions. Accusations erupted from the crowd jamming Frazier's Philadelphia gym to watch him train. It was early 1971, still winter, and the 27-year-old Frazier was preparing to defend his title in what would eventually be labeled the greatest fight of the 20th century. But Frazier was already under siege.

His tires were slashed. His manager's car was stolen. His dog was run over and killed. Each fighter would get a purse of \$2.5 million, but Philadelphia police had to guard the Frazier family home night and day. Cops surrounded Frazier through the icy miles of his predawn roadwork. "I felt like a jailbird," he said. "I worried about my family. But it didn't keep me from doing my job."

The fight was set for March 8, 1971. Every ticket to Madison Square Garden sold within hours. In closed-circuit theaters and on televisions around the globe more than 300 million people would watch it. Frank Sinatra arranged to photograph the fight for *Life* magazine so he could get a ringside seat. Actor Burt Lancaster did color commentary for the broadcast. Political and social ramifications aside, it was a battle between two great undefeated heavyweight champions in their prime. In stylistic terms alone it was natural magic—Frazier, the small but ferocious slugger, versus Ali, the tall, dancing boxer.

Their opposing physiques and styles reflected diametric personalities. Frazier was an old-school Spartan, an admirer of Rocky Marciano and Joe Louis and a staunch proponent of fair play. He was a blue-collar warrior. Ali was something else—a golden boy, a comic braggart whose rhetoric was scripted by the Nation of Islam. He had the grace and skill of Sugar Ray Robinson but took his theatrical cues from pro wrestling's most flamboyant heel, Gorgeous George. People hated him or adored him. There was no in-between.

Joseph William Frazier was born January 12, 1944 in Beaufort, South Carolina, a pretty town deep in the Jim Crow South. There were separate schools, restrooms, water fountains, entrances and expectations for black people and white people.

Joe was the 12th child of fiery Dolly Frazier and her philandering one-armed bootlegger husband, Rubin. The handsome, cheerful Fraziers taught their children to play cards and checkers and to love parties, fish fries and sitting around the table swapping jokes and stories for hours at a time. They owned 10 acres, two mules, some chickens and pigs, and a serious work ethic.

They had no electricity until after Joe, the youngest, reached school age. Light came from kerosene lamps. Water came from a pump in the yard. The long walk to the

outhouse on starless nights made the young Joe afraid of the dark. Sixty years later he still was, and he gave me a sideways glare that said anybody who wasn't scared of the dark was dangerously ill informed.

Dolly Frazier worked dawn to dusk as a field hand on a local plantation. After Rubin lost his left arm at the elbow in a shooting incident, he spent a lot of time at home, where he had his own enterprises.

From the time Joe was a toddler, Rubin took him over the fields to the mossy woods where the still was hidden. Rubin had learned to make moonshine from his father, and he passed the skill on to his son. In his later years Joe could still recite the ratios of corn, water and sugar in the mash that stewed in sunken 50-gallon barrels until Rubin shifted it, a gallon at a time, to a tight kettle on the fire.

Joe learned to drive sitting on his father's lap as they delivered moonshine to customers. At 12 he made the deliveries alone. Frazier told me Rubin "was my hero. My heartbeat. He taught me a lot of things, some good, some bad. But nothing vicious."

When electricity came to the Frazier house Rubin brought home a television, and the men of the clan gathered to watch boxing matches. Joe was a sturdy eight-year-old on the night one of his uncles looked at him and said he might be the next Joe Louis.

That same year a hog got loose and chased him until he fell, breaking his left elbow. It healed, but it was never entirely straight after that. What would become his most dangerous weapon, his left hook, grew out of a partially fused elbow that was thicker than his right and slightly flexed.

He quit school in sixth grade and went to work. At 14 he was man-size and drove his own rattletrap car. Like his father, Joe loved the ladies, and he liked older girls. He fell hard for two 16-year-olds, Rosetta and Florence. He lied to both girls about his age, among other things. By the time he reached 15 he'd made them both pregnant.

Then one day he had an argument in the street with a white man. The words turned into a fistfight and attracted an audience. Joe was the last man standing, which terrified his parents. They had to get him out of town.

Dolly and Rubin hustled the boy onto a Greyhound bus and sent him to his brother Tommy in New York City. It was 1959, and he was 15 years old. It was the end of Joe Frazier's childhood.

In Harlem, Joe had problems finding work. He was 17 when he headed for Philadelphia. His older sister Martha, there with her husband and children, was happy when he moved in because he was a good babysitter. "The kids loved him," she says. He got a rough job hosing blood and shoveling guts at a slaughterhouse.

Frazier was disappointed in himself. He'd plumped up to 220 pounds and he hated being fat. "I began to feel those stirrings

again to be more than just an ordinary guy," he said later. "I hated being ordinary, hated having a job that was just a job. Two years out on my own and what did I have to show for it? A big butt and no life to speak of. It was time to get serious."

He found a local Police Athletic League boxing gym. In January 1962 Frazier turned 18 and plunged into his dream of boxing. Being a handy street scrapper didn't count when he first sparred with skilled opponents. He got hurt and humiliated, but he kept trying. He was, he said, "just a short-armed, overweight boxing wannabe." But he meant to become a champion.

At the gym, Joe met Yancey "Yank" Durham, a lively black man who was a boxer turned railroad welder. Yank trained and managed fighters. He and Frazier took a liking to each other and agreed to work together.

A boxer's style is as unique as a singer's voice. It is dictated by his physique, his training and his character. Frazier was a born heavyweight, dense of bone and muscle, but he was small for the big-man's division. He's often listed as five-11 and a half or even six-one, but standing beside him I'd agree with the scholars who say he was around five-10. In fighting trim he weighed around 205 pounds, and he had short arms. Many of his opponents would top six feet, outweigh him by 20 pounds and have six inches of reach on him. Unless he did something to shift the equation, they could stay outside and pick him to shreds with their longer arms. Like the similarly built Rocky Marciano, Frazier had to make his offense his defense. He had to slip in close and throw a barrage of punches. His power was important, but it had to be intelligently schooled.

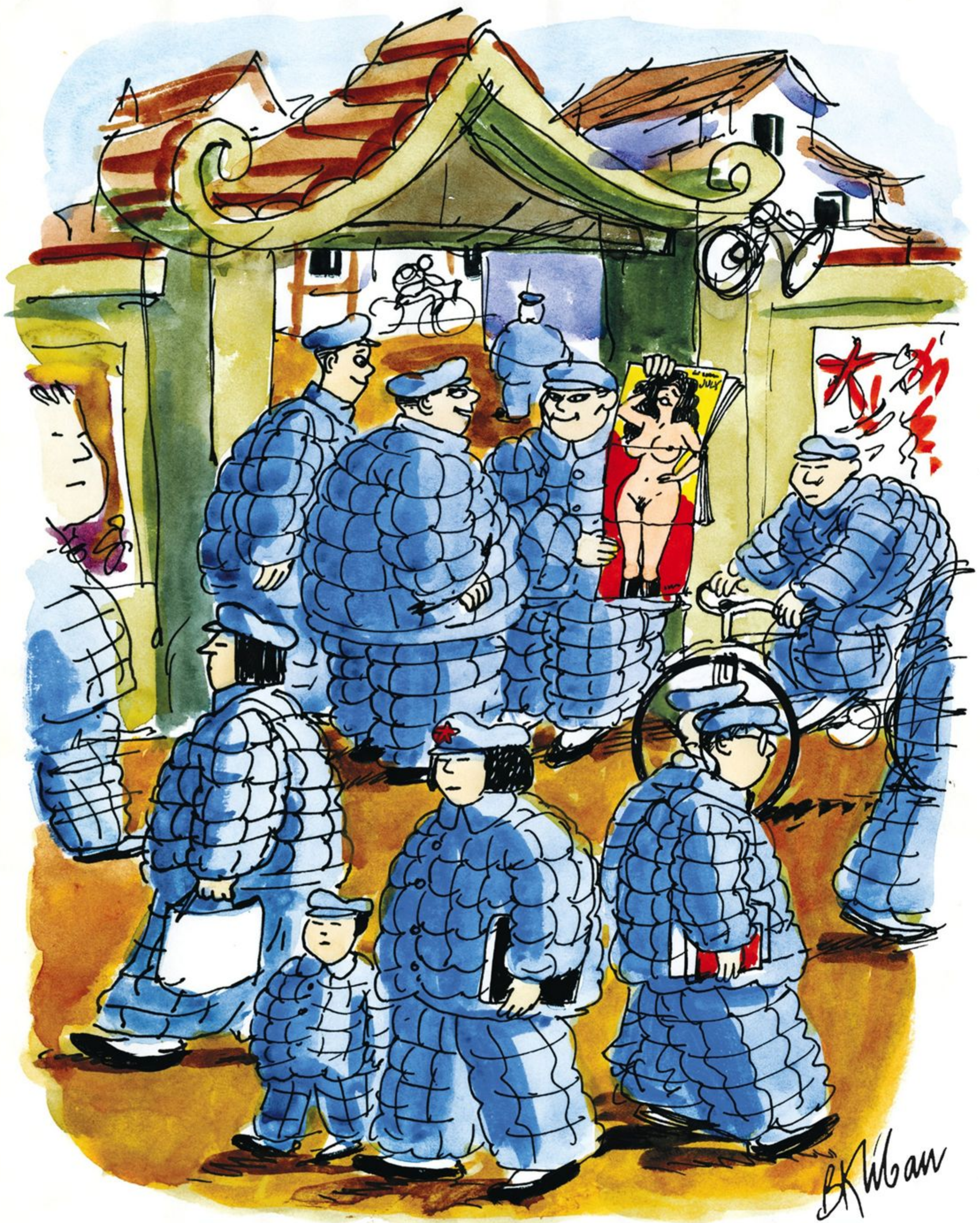
Yank said he wanted to see smoke coming off Frazier's gloves in the ring. When he threw a lot of hard punches, Yank yelled, "Now you're smokin'." So Frazier became Smokin' Joe and Smoke to his friends.

Frazier had been making quick visits to South Carolina. Between his 16th and 19th birthdays he had four children, two each with Florence and Rosetta. He sent what he could to both families, but money was tight.

Florence came north with their two children and moved in with Frazier. She went to work at a Sears store. In September 1963, the 19-year-old Joe and 21-year-old Florence were married at Philadelphia's City Hall.

The slaughterhouse often kept him until after the gym closed, but he had a key so he could go in and work out alone. Boxers train in three-minute intervals with a brief rest between, like the rounds of a fight. Frazier brought in a cheap record player and a stack of 45s. Each side ran about three minutes, so he'd work out with James Brown, Otis Redding, Sam Cooke, the Drifters and Aretha Franklin to keep him company and mark the time.

Frazier went to the 1964 Tokyo Olympics as the heavyweight for the U.S. team. He



"Hey, that's beautiful! What is it?"

was thrilled to be there, and he was determined. He knocked out two men to get to the semifinals. There he met a six-foot-four, 230-pound Russian and stopped him in the second round. In the process, Frazier broke his left thumb.

The gold medal bout was the following day. Afraid of being scratched, Frazier iced the hand and told no one about the injury. The next day he fought a taller, heavier German and won. He was the only American boxer to take home a gold medal from the 1964 Olympics.

Back in Philadelphia doctors found Frazier's thumb dislocated with multiple fractures. It required two surgeries months apart. The slaughterhouse fired him. Florence's job at Sears did not cover the family bills. Christmas that year was looking grim. Then a newspaper story about the hurt gold medalist triggered a charitable flood of cash and gifts for the children. Joe never forgot that kindness.

Frazier had also injured his left eye while preparing for the Olympics. He was hitting a speed bag when the steel swivel broke and a piece of shrapnel flew into his eye. The lens was damaged, the vision clouded. No boxing commission in the country would have allowed Frazier to fight as a pro if word got out. He kept it secret.

All these years later he laughed like a naughty kid, explaining how he got through dozens of commission eye exams by memorizing the eye chart and switching hands instead of eyes when the doctor said "And now cover the other one."

By spring his hand had healed, and Frazier was ready to turn pro. Potential backers thought he was too small to be a serious heavyweight. Frazier and Yank went ahead on their own.

On August 16, 1965, Frazier won his professional debut by first-round knockout. Instead of pay, the Philadelphia promoter gave him a handful of tickets and said, "Whatever you sell you can keep." Frazier ended up with \$125. He blasted through three more wins that year.

Meanwhile, a Baptist minister introduced Frazier to an influential Philly businessman who created a syndicate of 40 investors, black and white, to support his career. Each investor bought shares in a new corporation dubbed Cloverlay. They gave Frazier \$100 a week and a \$60-a-week job with a maintenance company.

The public image of Frazier as a serious, Bible-reading family man was true enough, but he was complicated. He was meticulous about obligations. Before each fight he went into strict training for six to eight weeks. No pie, alcohol or sex. By the time he set foot in the ring he was a cranky man. But in the free time between fights, he phoned his friend Butch Lewis to meet him.

"That guy is free-spirited," said Lewis. "We would go out to nightclubs and party all night. The biggest party in the room. Smoke is always a ladies' man. He couldn't go anywhere without ladies all over him. I'm like, 'Let's call it a night.' His wife would be thinking that's Butch Lewis keeping him out. But I'm trying to get his ass home. She don't know. He's blaming it on me, and I take that bullet."

The government coup that dethroned Ali in 1967 threw the boxing world into

a frenzy. Within weeks the World Boxing Association launched a heavyweight elimination tournament, with seven contenders vying for the vacant title. Frazier could have been the eighth man in that tournament, but Yank Durham had a different idea.

Frazier stopped the 243-pound Buster Mathis on March 4, 1968 in Madison Square Garden to win the New York title, which had clout despite its state limitations.

Two years later, on February 16, 1970, Frazier met the winner of the WBA title tournament, quick and tall Jimmy Ellis. The fight was also sanctioned for the vacant World Boxing Council title.

Ellis didn't stand a chance. The unified world title was Frazier's. George Foreman fought on the undercard that night. Years later Foreman said, "I was afraid of Frazier. I thought as long as Joe Frazier was around there would be no chance for me. I hoped he'd die."

But Ali was still out there, and for many people he was the only legitimate champion.

On the night Frazier flattened Buster Mathis, another important thing happened. At a party after the fight, the 24-year-old Frazier met Denise Menz, the spunky 19-year-old from New Jersey who would be his lover, friend, office manager, interior decorator,

*George Foreman later said,
"I was afraid of Frazier.
I thought as long as Joe
Frazier was around there
would be no chance for me.
I hoped he'd die."*

supply clerk, nurse, historian, jokester and companion off and on for the rest of his life.

The laughing, redheaded Menz welcomed me into the apartment she'd been sharing with Frazier since his last spinal surgery, in 2008. She said, "I have a Ph.D. in Frazierology." In addition to running the popular Menz Restaurant near Cape May, New Jersey with her family, Denise is an interior designer. The big front room was full of comfort and grace all the way to the glass wall looking onto the terrace.

She had designed and furnished the luxurious 5,000-square-foot penthouse in the building that housed Joe Frazier's Gym, on Philadelphia's North Broad Street. That's where Frazier lived for decades.

She and Frazier moved to this apartment when the last surgery on his spine meant he could no longer manage the three flights of stairs to the penthouse. He shut down the gym at the same time, ending its 40-year history as one of the best places on the planet to learn to box.

Joe Frazier made millions back when a million meant something. At the end he was not rich, but he was far from destitute. He had a pension from a trust fund socked away while he was boxing, and he augmented

that income with personal appearances and merchandising.

Over the decades, when Denise got mad at Frazier, it was usually over women. The first time, she said, she was devastated. "I was so naive. I knew I was the other woman, but I didn't know there were others."

She told a painfully funny story of being in a hotel with Joe only to find out he had three other women in the same hotel. At one point his infidelity prompted her to storm off and join her sister and brother in starting their family business. Its success kept her busy, but Joe would always finagle a way to lure her back.

Joe's wife, Florence, knew about the two children he had with Rosetta, but he kept her from knowing about the other women and the other children born outside their marriage. His daughter Weatta remembers how the news broke. One day Florence answered the phone at home and it was a woman wanting to talk to Joe because their little boy was sick. Florence divorced Joe in 1985.

Denise called it quits a few times, but there she was. Though she still tended to her business, she found and furnished the apartment, then stayed by Frazier's side throughout his time in the hospital and during his recovery. Denise never had children, but she talks about Joe's as if they were her own.

"I couldn't find any to replace her," said Frazier.

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Cloverlay bought a warehouse on North Broad Street and carved JOE FRAZIER'S GYM in stone on the front. The gym was the center of Frazier's life for the next 40 years. Frazier and Yank arranged the workout area and showers. On the second floor, they built bedrooms and a kitchen for boxers. Sparring partners and other fighters flocked in. Frazier hired coach Val Colbert to teach anybody who wandered through the door. There were no gym fees. Frazier paid all expenses, from heat and lights to medical and pension plans for Colbert and other employees. Yank Durham recruited trainer Eddie Futch to work with Frazier full time.

In camp Frazier battered his sparring partners and then atoned by deliberately losing money to them at cards or dice. He could crack the ribs of even the great Larry Holmes, because, says Holmes, "I was young and he was Joe Frazier." His doctor was worried about Frazier's high blood pressure, but Joe hushed it up and kept on. Harold Weston, longtime matchmaker for Madison Square Garden, met Frazier in a training camp. Weston was amazed by Frazier's work ethic. "Talk about dedicated. I said, 'Oh my God. Well, if that's what it takes to be him, then that's what I've got to do.' Then I heard Joe Frazier say, 'I'm willing to die in this ring to win.'"

Frazier invested money and bought a handsome seven-bedroom home on a few acres in a posh Philly suburb. His kids were delivered to good schools every morning by limousine.

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It's dark and late and Frazier is in the Escalade's shotgun seat while his manager, Les Wolff, drives. Behind them are Denise's niece

Leslie, her friend Diane and Diane's husband, Jim. Joe and Les debate which bar to go to. Joe says, "I want to be with black people." Les shrugs and says, "Okay." None of the five white people in the car are offended. We're on Hook Road, and Joe guides us to Dixon's, a little blue-collar juke joint with a gravel parking lot carved out of the dark. "When I want to get lost," Joe says, "this is where I come."

The music is loud and the lights are dim. The instant Frazier opens the door a shout goes up: "It's Smokin' Joe." He leads us down the bar, grasping hands that reach for him. We slip into a big booth and the bartender asks Joe who his friends are. "This is my family," he says, waving an arm to include us all. The bartender smiles at us and says, "Really? You're his family?" All our moon-pale faces nod and say, "Yes, indeed."

Joe sends a handful of coins to the juke-box with instructions about which buttons to push. When his music comes up it's old and hot and hard. Joe leaves his cane in the booth and invites Leslie to dance. Soon the bartender joins in, then others.

And there's Joe Frazier, bent but grooving, surrounded by women, dancing the night away.

Frazier was set to fight Ali on March 8, 1971. Two days before, Philadelphia police escorted Frazier to New York City. In his gold Cadillac the usually friendly fighter was so silent and grim that the cops joked about taking an order for his last meal.

In Manhattan a contingent of New York cops met the Cadillac and guarded his hotel room. When fight time came the police smuggled Frazier into Madison Square Garden through an underground tunnel to avoid the mobs outside. Inside, the Garden was crammed with high rollers, glittering with excitement.

The bout can be seen in many formats, from DVDs to the internet, and the images sear through time. It was ferocious and close. Frazier's left hook, which Ali privately called "that evil thing," put Ali on the deck in the 15th round. He survived to the final bell, but the spell was broken. Frazier deserved the decision and he got it.

As soon as he got back from having his swollen jaw x-rayed, Ali announced that

Frazier hadn't really beaten him, later adding that it was a "white man's" decision. But everyone who saw it knew the truth.

Over the decades since, Frazier has been quoted forgiving Ali for the nastiness almost as often as he's said bitter things about him. In Frazier's many public appearances, he told me, "they always want me to talk about him, though I don't want to." Naturally I asked him too: Are you still mad at him? He said, "Sitting here relaxing? No, not at all. But if I get to thinking about it? Yes." Maybe the best part of forgiving is forgetting. But we never let Frazier do that. We kept bringing it up.

After the fight Frazier was sick, his blood pressure spiking. He didn't want the world to think Ali had hurt him, so Yank drove him back to Philadelphia, where he checked into a hospital secretly. He stayed for a month, being treated and visiting with family during the day but sneaking out at night to party.

Now he was the indisputable champion of the world, and he had fun. He bought his contract from Cloverly and bought the gym. He bought a plantation outside Beaufort for his mother. He was invited to address the South Carolina legislature, the first black person ever to do so.

Frazier defended his title twice, and then, in January 1973, he fought George Foreman in Jamaica. "George bounced me like a yo-yo," Frazier told me. He went down six times before the referee stopped the fight. It was gone. The world championship now belonged to Foreman. Frazier made no excuses. He told me Foreman was just too strong for him.

On August 30, 1973, Frazier's friend, teacher, partner and protector Yank Durham died of a stroke. Frazier fought on with Eddie Futch in his corner. In January 1974, Frazier and Ali met again in Madison Square Garden. Neither of them owned a title, and compared with their first fight it was a drab affair. Ali got the decision.

Then came October 1975 and the Thrilla in Manila, in which the two men nearly killed each other. With both Frazier's eyes blinded at the end of the 14th round, Futch wisely stopped the fight, though Frazier wanted to continue and Ali himself was on the verge of collapse. A win for Ali.

Later Frazier tried Foreman once more, with the same result. And that was it. His

career as a fighter was over at the age of 32.

But it was not the end of Frazier. The gym was busy and attracting talent. Professionals wanted Frazier to manage and train them. Excellent trainers such as Futch and George Benton worked there with their fighters. The gym's amateur team was thriving.

In the 1990s Frazier's brother Tommy was running a limousine service and promoting fight cards, and Joe's daughter Jacqui Frazier-Lyde opened her law office on the second floor of the gym. A wall-size photo of Ali landing on his butt in the 1971 bout rose above the sparring ring. Michael Spinks, Bernard Hopkins and Meldrick Taylor worked out there. Frazier set the tone, demanding hard work and respect for the sport, the gym and everyone in it. Anybody who didn't want to do it Smoke's way could find the door. As many as eight fighters at a time were living on the second floor.

Frazier was divorced and living in the penthouse. Days began with Frazier knocking on the fighters' doors at five A.M., saying, "Time to go running." In his 40s and 50s Frazier ran a mile or two with the fighters, then followed them the rest of the way in his Cadillac. He got them a healthy breakfast, then back to the gym for a rest before the hours of gym work began. Smoke kept them out of trouble at night with fight videos, television, cards, Ping-Pong and music.

"Smoke kept his private life private," says one boxer who trained there. But at 11 P.M., after the fighters were all in bed, they'd hear the Cadillac pulling out and know he was on the town. Still, he'd be there at five A.M. to go running again.

Joe Frazier supported all his children as they grew up and wanted them to have good educations and careers. "If I'm man enough to make them, I'm man enough to pay for them," he said. All his children are successful, except Hector.

Hector got into trouble in his teens. Frazier took him into the gym and Hector fought under the name Joe Frazier Jr. He had talent, but he was drawn into drugs and crime and is currently serving a long sentence in prison.

In his apartment the aging Frazier talked about his brothers and sisters, how they all



had good jobs and good kids. Then he stopped for a moment. "I guess I'm the only one with a kid in the clink." It hurt him.

Frazier regretted not having an education. The management of his finances by his business partners irked him. Maybe that added to his reluctance to look like a softy or a sap. Butch Lewis, for instance, insisted that during Ali's exile Frazier occasionally gave Ali money. Frazier denied it flatly.

Once while remembering the switch his mother used on him, Frazier told me he was a strict disciplinarian with his kids. Spanked them good. I asked his daughter Weatta about that, and she laughed. Never happened. Well, she recalled, there was once, when they were all little and Marvis punched Jacqui. Her dad marched Marvis to the basement, saying they were going "to put on the gloves." He was a loving dad, according to his kids. But his

daughter Renae said he could give you "that look, like he could send you back to Jesus." Then you'd know you'd crossed the line.

Frazier took out his neat black pistol to show me, then slipped it back into its hidden holster. He said he'd been licensed to carry in Pennsylvania for more than 40 years. Has he ever had to use it? No. Has he ever pulled it? No. Never any call for it. I asked him if he'd had any private fistfights. He said, "Not since I became a man."

Joe Frazier was never afraid of any man in a boxing ring. But he was afraid of heights, worms, the dark, ghosts and bad drivers.

Frazier and I were alone at his table. Denise was running an errand. They had been house hunting, and he was talking about the kind of place he wanted. "Room

enough for the office and the kids and the grands. And more doors. I don't like living in a place with only one way out." He nodded at the windows, which were covered with drapes so he wouldn't have to look out at the balcony or the 20-floor drop to the street below. "Here there's only one way out unless you want to take the long, wrong way." Then he talked about his bedroom.

"Sometimes it gets cold in there. I'd bet against Daddy and Mama, Granddad and my brothers, all in the graveyard, that somebody died in that room. I can see her between sleeping and waking. A lady comes in there, and she never turns around. I don't see no face. And I say, 'Why you coming in here?' But she don't say nothing, and she walks out. I need to move out of this place, because I'm afraid of her. I never was afraid when that bell rang. Never. I'll drive anywhere I want to go. But I don't like staying inside that room. Somebody lost their life in there, and they're not happy. Something went bad in there." I asked if he'd seen spirits before. "No," he said, "but I can dream death and bad things. Remember when the plane crashed with all the Olympic kids? Marvis was supposed to go. The coach wanted him to go. I told him he was not going to get on that plane. I had a bad dream that the plane crashed. And it happened. I told him, 'You can't go. Something bad's happening.' And he didn't go and it saved his life."

Frazier was referring to the March 14, 1980 plane crash in Poland. Seventy-seven people died. Twenty-two members of the U.S. amateur boxing team were killed on their way to an international tournament.

Marvis Frazier confirms his father's story. He and two other members of the gym's amateur team were scheduled to compete in Poland. The 20-year-old Marvis obeyed his father and stayed home. His teammates Tyrone Clayton and Lonnie Young were killed in the crash.

In late summer 2010 Denise was unwell, and Frazier insisted she see a doctor. When she needed surgery he stayed with her, sleeping in her hospital room on a folding cot. When he was hospitalized with liver cancer in fall 2011, she slept on a cot in his room until she took him home.

Earlier, they had moved out of the haunted apartment into two adjoining apartments. One was set up as an office with a little gym where Joe could hit the bags. He'd escaped the ghost, and he had two exits.

It was there, with Denise beside him, that Joe Frazier died.

His white coffin lay in state at Philadelphia's Wells Fargo Center for two days as thousands of people stood in line to pay respect. Thousands more crammed his funeral service at the Enon Tabernacle Baptist Church. The great boxers came, and politicians and the press. Word of his death fired around the world. In his time Joe Frazier was one of the most recognizable faces on the planet, and his death was global news because of the three amazing hours he'd spent in the ring decades before with Muhammad Ali. But there was always more to Joe Frazier.



"Your husband is exhausted and needs complete bed rest, with no strenuous activities. I, on the other hand..."



PAUL KRUGMAN

(continued from page 54)

wage with 50 percent turnover every year because that's the way we've allowed it to develop. But it didn't have to be that way. If the rise of big-box stores had not taken place under the Reaganite rules of the game, with employers free to do whatever they wanted to block union organizing, we might have had a different result. Part of the hysterical opposition to the auto-industry bailout was the notion that we were bailing out well-paid workers with union jobs.

PLAYBOY: How does this affect the American tradition of a strong middle class?

KRUGMAN: What we know is that the New Deal era produced a big leveling; it basically turned us into a middle-class country, and it stuck. The question is not why it happened but why it stuck. It was unions. The thing about unions is they don't just negotiate higher wages for their members. They also have an effect on people who are not unionized. It's probably true that the union movement was a big factor in our having a largely middle-class country. The destruction of unions outside the public sector is an important factor in our no longer being a middle-class country. People say, "Oh, we can't maintain unions in the modern globalized economy." But then you see advanced countries where it works—Canada has had some decline in unionization but nothing like ours. It was a political decision. The best generation of economic growth we've ever had was the 25 years or so after 1947, which was a period of high unionization and high marginal tax rates. This is just an excuse for what amounts to pushing down the standards of U.S. workers.

PLAYBOY: Instead we now have a growing rich elite. CEOs used to make only 35 times what the average worker did. Now it's 243 times. Are you shocked that we've made gods out of these corporate executives?

KRUGMAN: It's happened too gradually to be shocked by it. These days if you just say "the wealthy," you get denounced for class warfare, because you're supposed to call them "job creators." What's really awesome is that a large proportion of the really high incomes are Wall Street related. The fact that those guys still consider themselves the driving force behind our economic success is awesome.

PLAYBOY: Companies can't be successful in this country without the roads, the bridges, the educational system—all the things that government builds for them.

KRUGMAN: Even some very wealthy people, like Warren Buffett, are more or less saying that. Bill Gates Sr. used to say this: Suppose you were given the choice of being born in America or in Ethiopia. What proportion of your eventual fortune would you be willing to give to be born in America? Given the great good fortune of getting to live and run a business in this country that has all the advantages an advanced country with a decent system provides, how can you think it's all you? And then, how can you feel you don't have any obligation to pay it back?

PLAYBOY: You have written that a country is not a company and that business executives

really don't know how to run an economy. Why do many people, particularly elected leaders, bow down in reverence to whatever a business executive says?

KRUGMAN: My parents had a relative who was fairly wealthy, and people in the family would go to him for advice on their marital troubles, figuring he must be a wise man because he was a shrewd businessman. If you're rich and successful, people think you must know. But the skills involved in running a business are mostly about holding down costs and taking customers away from other businesses. Knowing how to run a business, even a big business, tells you very little about how to run an economy.

PLAYBOY: You have written that race is central to why people vote for Republicans against their economic interests. Is the Republican Party a racist party?

KRUGMAN: I don't think it's that simple. There's certainly a racist aspect to it. It's not explicit, and the code has gotten increasingly subtle over the years. You know, it was "the bums on welfare." Now "big government" in general becomes a kind of code for taking your money and giving it to "those people." There's a fair bit of crude racism still, but that's changed. We're actually a better country in that respect.

PLAYBOY: Just looking at the demographics of this country, we're becoming far less white and far more diverse. It's certainly true in the states that make a difference in presidential elections, like Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, Florida. If the Republican Party is using a not so subtle appeal to racist feelings, isn't that a doomed long-term strategy?

KRUGMAN: Unless the Republicans can manage to convince both Latino voters and their white base that Latinos are actually white, then the trends are against them. But that could take a long time.

PLAYBOY: George W. Bush tried to privatize Social Security. More recently Rick Perry called it a Ponzi scheme. Is it?

KRUGMAN: It's a pay-as-you-go system. Each generation pays in while it's working and then collects when it's retired. There's no reason that ever has to stop. It's not going to run out of customers. End of story. It's a social insurance program run on a pay-as-you-go basis. No Ponzi scheme has ever lasted for 75 years. Let's put it this way. We've upped the ante. Bush was saying untrue things about Social Security in 2000, but they were nowhere near as untrue as the things Perry is saying now. Mitt Romney goes around saying that Obama has been touring the world apologizing for America, which is a flat falsehood. So you have to ask: Are the Texas lies bigger than the Massachusetts lies? But it's not as if Perry is being uniquely dishonest among the Republican contenders.

PLAYBOY: When we talked last time, you said you thought that at least on macroeconomics there wasn't a big difference between Obama and Romney. Romney is for cutting the corporate income tax down to 25 percent, eliminating the estate tax and extending the tax cuts for the wealthy that Bush pushed through. He proposed a 10 percent cut in the federal workforce and a \$200 billion reduction in Medicaid. That doesn't sound like anything Obama would support.

KRUGMAN: I'm not saying the values are the same. I have no idea what Romney would do if he got to the White House. Before he developed presidential ambitions he was a reasonable, centrist Republican. I suspect that guy is still inside there. His big problem is that lots of other people suspect that too. The insincerity shines through. It's possible that in the White House Romney wouldn't be all that different, at least on macroeconomic policy, from Obama. We don't know. Romneycare and Obamacare are the same thing. There are differences in detail, but the fundamental structure is the same. Of course if Romney is elected, his party may require him to do all the wrong things. Even if the man hidden inside Romney is not that different from the man hidden inside Obama, Obama's base is always trying to pull him at least a little bit to the left. Romney would be facing a Republican Party that is trying to pull him into the twilight zone.

PLAYBOY: One of your favorite things to talk about is what you call the "confidence fairy." We hear that we need to cut the corporate tax rate and roll back all these regulations that are stopping businesses from investing, all to create confidence.

KRUGMAN: If you actually ask the businesses, not their lobbyists, "Why are you not expanding?" they will say it's because they don't have enough customers. They lack confidence. But they don't lack confidence because they're afraid of what Washington is going to do or afraid of the taxes they're going to pay. They lack confidence that they can actually sell more stuff if they try to produce more stuff. The rest is a fantasy world. We should go to Mark Zuckerberg and ask, "How much did you think about the capital gains tax rate when you were starting Facebook? Did you even know what the capital gains tax rate was when you were starting Facebook? Do you know what it is now?" This is a psychodrama that people imagine is playing out in the heads of businesspeople, and it's not happening. It's all in the minds of the political flacks.

PLAYBOY: When did Republicans start to fixate on government regulation and start believing that cutting the corporate tax rate is a panacea for the economy?

KRUGMAN: This has always been the line. They're using it now because if that's not the problem, then the slump we're in shows that the whole low-regulation, low-taxes, trust-the-markets thing has failed. They can't admit that, so it has to be too much regulation that's causing it. When the economy's in trouble, the political defenders of the wealthy claim it's because the government is failing to instill confidence that it will stay out of the way of business. Once you concede that the government can actually do things to assure full employment, then they lose their favorite argument that you have to be nice to business to instill confidence.

PLAYBOY: Is there an economic rationale for the level of CEO pay, or is it just cronyism?

KRUGMAN: We know that actual pay setting is done by captive board of directors committees. It has every hallmark of being a situation in which there is cronyism. If you look at the really high pay, it's not CEOs

of big corporations. It's wheeler-dealers on Wall Street. What are they doing exactly, and are they really earning that pay? I think over the past 15 years you'd want to shift your focus to the runaway financial system, which has made it possible for some people who are probably reducing the nation's wealth to make a lot of money in the process.

PLAYBOY: When you look at the Bureau of Labor Statistics figures, a large number of the jobs of the future don't require a college degree. Yet many people run around arguing that we have to educate everybody, that the problem is a lack of education.

KRUGMAN: It's a very American thing to believe that education is a panacea. It's always good. But we're not all going to be Ph.D.s doing technical stuff. The task is to create a society in which hardworking ordinary people can earn a decent living. But the idea that if only we had a better educational system and invested more in education the problem of jobs and inequality would be solved is wrong.

PLAYBOY: Vice President Joe Biden recently wrote that "a successful China can make our country more prosperous, not less." Is China an ally or an enemy from an economic point of view?

KRUGMAN: It's not that simple. Normally if a country decides to keep its currency artificially weak and buys lots of our Treasuries, it's a double-edged thing. You could say that hurts our manufacturing. On the other hand, it keeps interest rates low, and then we keep the cost of living low. But under current circumstances, with mass unemployment and a complete absence of policy levers to do anything about it, China is hurting

us, period. There's no ambiguity about it. Chinese policy right now is our enemy.

PLAYBOY: Should we be more concerned now about companies like Walmart that are happy to have deep relationships with China because of the access to low-cost labor?

KRUGMAN: No, because that's different. Companies do use China for cheap labor, but the problem is not that China is a low-wage country; it's that China is running an artificial trade surplus, and that's very different. If China were willing to let its currency float, Walmart would probably still buy a lot of stuff from China. But the substantial drag on the world economy would go away.

PLAYBOY: Greece and Italy are in financial chaos. Are the euro and the European Union dead? Is that a good thing or a bad thing, or should we even care?

KRUGMAN: It's on the edge. They need drastic action—basically printing a lot of money for the time being—and it looks highly doubtful that they'll do it. I now think a breakup of the euro, with major players, not just Greece, being forced out, is up to more or less even odds. That doesn't kill the European Union, which is not identical with the euro, but it wounds it. And yes, we should care. We want a strong, successful democratic Europe. They are, in terms of fundamental values, our best friends in the world. Europe's failure leaves us isolated and weaker ourselves.

PLAYBOY: No wonder people dismiss you as gloomy.

KRUGMAN: I don't do uplift well. Have I ever written a feel-good column? I don't know. Maybe a couple of times. Maybe the eulogy I wrote for [columnist] Molly Ivins. I don't do it well myself, and I don't respond to it much in

other people. I seem to be missing that particular piece of my emotional makeup.

PLAYBOY: Is that the way your parents were?

KRUGMAN: Oh sure. There are things I believe in and things I want to see happen. And I can be stirred and all that, but most of the time it's more of a skeptical approach. It's who I am. Unfortunately, in current times it has served me pretty well in terms of analysis if not so well in terms of persuading people to do what I think they should be doing.

PLAYBOY: On the other hand, just mention Arcade Fire around you and you light up.

KRUGMAN: That's an interesting thing. There are a lot of great bands out there, which I'm busy discovering. Thank God for YouTube. The thing about Arcade Fire is the absolute lack of cynicism. Sometimes I wish I could be like that. But if I can't, at least I can watch other people being like that.

PLAYBOY: It's fascinating. You write about these things on your blog. Is this a sort of midlife crisis for a baby boomer discovering new bands?

KRUGMAN: I was pretty much listening to the golden oldies station with 1960s and 1970s music, Fleetwood Mac being about as modern as I got. And then for some reason after Arcade Fire won the Grammys, I said, "Gee, what is this?" I was shocked. Oh my God, there's music being made now that is really good. It didn't all go away around the time I turned 35. And so that opened me up a lot. Arcade Fire is just the one that provides the most solace. It's gorgeous stuff.

PLAYBOY: You like Feist too.

KRUGMAN: Feist. The New Pornographers are probably technically better than Arcade Fire. But what the hell? It's all good.

PLAYBOY: It sounds like it gives you some hope and uplift.

KRUGMAN: Yeah. And to be honest, I have a crush on the women in Arcade Fire.

PLAYBOY: Arcade Fire delivers hope, but Wall Street failed us. The Rubin crowd failed us. Greenspan failed us. Who are the nonmusical heroes we can look forward to? Who's going to save the United States of America?

KRUGMAN: Heroes who could be in a position to move stuff any time soon, I don't see. The fact is the Great Depression ended largely thanks to a guy named Adolf Hitler. He created a human catastrophe, which also led to a lot of government spending. As you know, I'm famous for worrying about space aliens. It looks like it has to be some forcing event. Obviously you don't operate on that basis, so what people like me will do is keep hammering on this stuff and hopefully it will eventually break through. The safety net has been enough to avoid mass suffering, to muffle it. People are exhausting their savings. This is where you start to wonder how much individuals really do matter. Maybe there is somebody on the political scene who will emerge. I don't know where that comes from. But the big lesson I've taken from 10 years of punditry is that the story is never over. Who knows where we might be in four or five years?



COCHRAN!

"I have a confession, Adam. I'm seeing someone else."



SUPERHUMAN

(continued from page 60)

link two points in a creative and unusual way. This may not sound like much, but McConkey saw lines where others saw only death.

A 150-foot cliff may not be skiable, but McConkey didn't see the cliff. He saw six tiny patches of snow—each about 25 feet below the last—and imagined a way to connect the dots, hopping and dropping and making his own ski technique now known as “billy goatting.” “Shane loved trying to find the hardest way down the mountain,” says ski filmmaker and one of McConkey's closest friends, Scott Gaffney. “It was almost a compulsion: Seek out impossible spots and dream up ways to navigate further. In that way he was literally a visionary—he just saw things other people didn't.”

“Once Shane decided a line was possible, he felt that it had to be done,” says fellow professional skier-skydiver and another of McConkey's closest friends, JT Holmes. “But he also felt he was one of the best skiers in the world, so if anyone was going to do it, he should be the one. That was the way his mind worked. That was Shane being logical.”

This is also where skydiving comes in. McConkey began tossing himself out of airplanes in 1995. By 1999 he'd become a proficient enough BASE (building, antenna, span and earth) jumper to begin considering his childhood dream—reenacting the ski-off-a-cliff-and-deploy-a-parachute-to-evade-the-bad-guys scene from *The Spy Who Loved Me*. It took a few years to work out the technical details, but in 2003 he went Bond off a 400-footer in Lover's Leap, California. Most people thought it was a stunt. McConkey claimed it was the way forward: evolution, progression, what was next. No one believed him. In 2004 he ski-BASE'd off the 13,025-foot Eiger in Switzerland.

Then they started to believe him.

For McConkey, ski-BASE gave him a way to start seeing really different lines. He had a phrase for aesthetically enticing terrain that had forever been off-limits because of gargantuan cliffs at the run's end: *close-out lines*. With ski-BASE, these closeout lines were finally open for business.

Pretty soon other skiers began seeing those lines as well. In 2007 McConkey and Holmes went to Norway to try the next iteration, wingsuit ski-BASE jumping, wherein he and Holmes skied close-out lines, tossed triple backflips off 2,000-foot cliffs, opened their wingsuits, flew the face of the mountain and then, finally, deployed parachutes. During the time they sailed down those mountains, McConkey and Holmes tried “proximity flying,” or soaring a few feet from the rock at terminal velocity, where the slightest change in trajectory—mere inches—could send a “pilot” into a catastrophic spin. To give you an idea of the difficulty involved, Jon DeVore, one of the best wingsuit flyers in the world, says that “flying a wingsuit is like piloting an F-16 while wearing a straitjacket.”

Moreover, unlike a typical ski-BASE, which can be accomplished with skis attached, the addition of a wingsuit—which cannot be

steered with skis on—required McConkey and Holmes to invent a release system that involved a pull cord attached with Velcro to the hip. “That was a big deal,” Holmes says. “Wingsuit ski-BASE jumping didn't come from a Bond film; it came from our imagination. No one had done it before. So when Shane had to try it out for the first time, yeah, we were all pretty nervous.”

Ski-BASE was the furthest anyone had taken either of those sports, but then McConkey and Holmes set their sights further: the double-ski-BASE. In March 2009 they flew to Italy's Dolomite range because McConkey believed they'd find what they needed there: a radical new ski line that ended in a 1,000-foot cliff that was perched atop a second radical new ski line that ended in another 1,000-foot cliff. The plan was to ski the first line, BASE jump off the cliff, land on the second, cut away the chute, ski that line, launch off the edge and deploy a second chute. There you have it: the world's first double-ski-BASE, what McConkey and Holmes called “the next chapter.”

The next chapter in surfing arrived on February 8, 2011. Early morning, crisp wind, sunny skies, and Jaws—one of the most ferocious surf spots on the planet, off the northern edge of Maui—was booming. The swell had popped up on radar a few days earlier. It was big and growing bigger. When morning dawned Ian Walsh took fellow professional wave riders Mark Healey and Greg Long to Jaws by Jet Ski. The waves were colossal: 50 feet, maybe 55. The wind was nuking. The surf was so choppy it took Walsh 45 minutes to anchor. In all his years of tow-in surfing at Jaws, Walsh had never needed to set an anchor before, because he'd used the Jet Ski to ride the waves. But today Walsh, Long and Healey hadn't come to Jaws to tow-surf in on Jet Skis. They'd come to paddle.

To understand how mind-bending this proposition is requires a little history of surfing. Since the early days of the sport's modern incarnation, at the beginning of the last century, wave faces in excess of 25 feet had been the outer limits of possible. As author Susan Casey explains in *The Wave*, “Anything bigger is simply moving too fast; trying to catch a 60-foot wave by windmilling away on your stomach is like trying to catch the subway by crawling.”

To get around this problem, in the early 1990s Laird Hamilton, Buzzy Kerbox, Dave Kalama and a handful of other mavericks invented the sport of tow-in surfing. Instead of paddling into monster waves, these surfers, using boards with straps on them, would hitch a ride on a towline hung behind a Jet Ski. The vehicle could then whip the surfer into the wave with exacting precision and more than enough speed to keep him moving. The results were akin to McConkey's invention of the wingsuit ski-BASE: Once off-limits waves were suddenly open for business.

Jaws had been off-limits for decades. People had been staring at it since the 1960s. It was hard not to. When powerful North Pacific storms blast down from the Aleutian Islands, the results travel thousands of miles



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unhindered, only to run smack into a fan-shaped reef. Two deepwater channels on either side of the break increase the upward pressure. The combination creates perfect monsters: waves that can reach 80 feet and that crash with so much force the sound has been compared to the explosion of an atomic bomb. Surf legend Gerry Lopez is known for his fearlessness in heavy surf, but back in the 1960s he said he got nauseated just looking at the place.

Walsh had been thinking about paddling Jaws for a few years. He talked about it with friends, and he spent time at heavy paddle spots such as Mavericks and Todos Santos. He had thought about it carefully, and he hoped he was ready. "It's a different kind of commitment," he says. "With a Jet Ski you have to hold the line and get pulled into the wave—and that can be a gut-check moment. But to paddle into one you have to hang on the ledge. You have to wait until the moment the wave is about to break before you can get into it."

Surfers use landmarks to triangulate the spot in the water where they want to take off. Pick a spot too far out and the waves will pass you by. Pick one too close in and you can accidentally find yourself in the impact zone. The launch point for tow-in surfing was easily 150 feet beyond where Walsh wanted to sit, but where he wanted to sit was another question. Nobody paddled Jaws on monster days, so it took some trial and error for Walsh to get it right.

Then he got it right.

He had found a tree on the shore to line up with, when a huge set appeared on the horizon. He spun his board around and started paddling. His goal was to take off as late as possible, letting the wave rear

toward vertical before he popped to his feet. But even with the wave near vertical, when Walsh finally popped to his feet... nothing happened. He was hung up on the ledge, perched above a chasm. "I was really late," he says. "When I jumped to my feet the wave looked already beyond vertical. The wind was ripping up the face with so much force that I had to grab the edge of my board with my right hand just to try to keep myself in it."

Then his nose dipped and his board followed. He dropped straight down—a ferocious drop, full of free fall and bounce—down, down, down, board chattering, nose bouncing, Mach speed. At the last instant Walsh got his weight forward, stabilized the board and took control. He dove deep into his bottom turn, dragging his right hand across the wave, then made a few quick cuts to get into position for the tube. That curtain closed. Walsh spent a second inside before getting tossed from his board. The jaws of Jaws snapped shut.

By then it didn't matter. Walsh had inverted a century of surf wisdom and had done the impossible. He'd paddled into a wave so off-limits to paddlers that an entirely new sport had to be invented. Here's another thing about doing the impossible: The view is different from the inside. For Walsh it didn't feel impossible, it felt normal. Like eating breakfast.

Miles Daisher, one of the best BASE jumpers in the world, explains it like this: "Ever since you were a little kid, you always have a dream about what you can accomplish. As soon as you get close to that dream, there's another. There's always a desire to keep learning, to keep evolving. Here's the line. Let's tickle it a bit. And then you figure out

that's not actually the line. The impossible is actually a little farther out, so let's go over there and tickle it again. You do this for long enough and you just get used to it."

This is what athletes mean by the term *progression*. Walsh had been surfing at Jaws since he was a kid. There had been days, weeks, months and years of pushing himself into 10-foot, 20-foot, 30-foot surf, of slowly discovering what he was made of by testing his limits, of nearly dying, of pushing past injury and fear, and of honing skills, getting stronger, getting smarter—a self-taught, near graduate-level education in hydrodynamics, meteorology, body mechanics. "It's a different kind of education," says Andy Walshe, the head of athletic performance at Red Bull. "It's informal. The environment is the teacher. It's really a process of guided discovery."

Of course spectators don't notice much of this. We can't see progression. When we see a surfer riding Jaws, the tableau is neurologically unfathomable. The brain's pattern-recognition system is built to lump like with like, but when in most of our lives have we put ourselves in the path of Godzilla? There are no grounds for comparison. So we look at Jaws and feel fear, dread and awe—because that's what evolution designed us to feel. But that's not what Walsh felt.

"Mostly," he says, "it felt like another day at the office."

●

March 26, 2009 was another day at the office for Shane McConkey. He'd spent his morning with JT Holmes. They took a cable car to the top of the Sass Pordoi, a 9,685-foot mountain in the Dolomites. There's a restaurant up there and a nice lookout spot. They had a cup of coffee at the former and spent some time at the latter hunting a spot to launch the double-ski-BASE. They found one but decided to save that jump for another day. Instead there was a 2,000-foot cliff up there. McConkey had jumped off of it the previous summer. Today—if the damn wind would die down a bit—he wanted to give it a go in a wingsuit.

Daisher tells a story about a time McConkey clipped a house on a BASE jump gone bad and screwed up his back. When he went to the doctor, the doc asked how it happened. "Shane told him what he did for a living," says Daisher. "He'd mashed a vertebra, and it was serious. The doctor told him there was no way he could ski or skydive anymore. Shane looked at him and said, 'Basically you're telling me I should go home, get out my .45, put it in my mouth and pull the trigger.'"

There is this to consider about the upper edge of action and adventure sports: They're worth dying for. More and more, that's what's happening. Trevor Petersen, Mark Foo, Peter Davi, Doug Coombs, C.R. Johnson, Sion Milosky, Ryan Hawks, Michael Reardon—there have been quite a few fatalities lately, and the athletes are aware of this. A few days before McConkey stood atop the Sass Pordoi in Italy, he was standing with Daisher back in Idaho. "He was giving me a lecture," Daisher recalls. "What do we do for a living? We both have families. You



need to tighten up your ends. You have to have a will."

Atop the Sass Pordoi the wind calmed down. McConkey and Holmes hiked out to the cliff and roped down to a spot just below the edge. McConkey threw rocks and counted seconds. Ten, maybe 12 seconds before impact. Plenty of time, he figured, for everything that needed to be done on the way down. Their launch point would be critical. They built a kicker at the cliff's edge, but the snow was crappy and something wasn't quite right, so they started over.

They got into their flying gear, and Holmes went first. He pointed his skis toward the edge, took a couple of slight turns on his way down and launched a perfect double backflip off the cliff.

McConkey was left alone. He had a GoPro camera on his head and was miked up. "Oh yeah," he said into the mike, "here we go, another ski-BASE." He exhaled deeply, just once, and pointed his tips toward the cliff.

Considering the odds, the risk and the escalating body count, you have to wonder what drives these athletes forward. Sure, in recent years sponsorship dollars and media attention have increased, and the heights of fame that are achievable have skyrocketed. But for most athletes, their core motivation runs much deeper.

Take kayaker Tao Berman. When he first spotted Lacy Falls, in 2007, it was just a 300-foot bone-dry ribbon of granite rolling down a mountainside into the Pacific Ocean. But Berman also saw lines, so he imagined what this ribbon might look like when the mountains above were covered with snow and the falls were flush with runoff. He imagined a river. He imagined what it might feel like to jump into his kayak and push into that torrent and blast off down this mountainside. Perhaps, he thought, if everything went exactly as planned, if every paddle stroke and body tilt and every other split-second decision was faultlessly executed, he might be able to come out the other end alive. He'd hit speeds close to 50 miles per hour. Top to bottom was what, maybe 15 seconds? The question: Could he be absolutely perfect for 15 seconds? Could he be flawless?

Berman wasn't certain, but he was certainly curious.

"In our daily lives," Berman says, "when do we achieve perfection? And how do we know? There's always a gray area. Was that a perfect date? How can you tell? Did I do a perfect job at work? Hard to say for certain. On Lacy Falls, if I make a bad decision, there's a reasonable chance I'm going to die. But if I come out the other end and am still alive, well, then I know, for those few seconds, I was perfect.

"We don't really learn what's most important unless we're threatened with losing it," he says. "I think being alive is what's most important. That's the real point. But most people don't willingly and consistently put their life on the line, so they miss that. When you risk everything, you get very clear very fast about how grateful you are to just be alive."

Toward these ends, Berman paddled Lacy

Falls in early spring 2008, about a year after he'd first considered it. The run was trickier than expected. Kayakers need water depth to control the descent, but the snowpack was light that year, so there wasn't much snowmelt that day. The water depth was less than four inches. So much for 15 seconds of flawless. Berman went top to bottom in 11 seconds. Former Olympic kayaker turned badass river guide Chris Spelius summed up the journey: "Tao Berman, Lacy Falls—patently crazy."

Eleven seconds of patently crazy—all of them perfect.

There is a final piece in this puzzle, a bit of technical information that makes the picture complete. It's time to talk about the biology of the rush.

For starters, the term *adrenaline junkie* is something of a misnomer. In fact, a great many athletes don't want anything to do with that particular chemical. "If I'm feeling adrenaline," says Berman, "it means I'm feeling fear. It means I'm not prepared to do what I'm about to do and it's time to back off." But that doesn't mean these athletes aren't chasing a high. Besides adrenaline, risk taking releases into the brain a bevy of feel-good neurochemicals, including endorphins, naturally produced painkillers that are a hundred times more powerful than morphine. Dopamine, another neurochemical that shows up during extreme activity, is what cocaine releases into the brain, making it one of the most addictive substances on earth. There are also anandamide, the body's version of THC; norepinephrine, our natural version of speed; and perhaps serotonin, which is why all those rave kids love ecstasy so much. Oddly, if you tried to cocktail these drugs on the street, the result would be an overdose. But the brain can do this naturally—without risk of overdose—if the conditions are right.

All these chemicals show up in what athletes call "the zone" or, as scientists prefer, a "flow state." The former term was coined by baseball wizard Ted Williams, the latter by psychologist Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, who used it to describe "being so involved in an activity that nothing else seems to matter. The ego falls away. Time flies. Every action, movement and thought follows inevitably from the previous one, like playing jazz. Your whole being is involved, and you're using your skills to the utmost."

Scientists describe flow states as exceptionally heightened performance accompanied by exceptionally heightened pleasure. Temple University sports psychologist Michael Sachs, who has also done an extensive study of flow state—defined it as an "increased sense of well-being, an enhanced appreciation of nature and a transcendence of time and space." According to his research, flow states vary from pleasant highs to nearly unbearable bliss, the latter akin to a god-like sense of power and invincibility.

Flow states are common in almost any activity that requires intense concentration and produces a perfect balance between the challenge ahead and one's skill set. This challenge-skills balance—also known as the sweet spot between anxiety and boredom—is

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where the zone is found. And anyone can find it. Flow states show up in surgeons, artists and chess players, and in each case the states are described in terms of the very meaning of life. "There are moments that stand out from the chaos of the everyday as shining beacons," write Csikszentmihalyi and sports psychologist Susan Jackson in their *Flow in Sports*. "In many ways, one might say that the whole effort of humankind through millennia of history has been to capture these fleeting moments of fulfillment and make them more a part of everyday existence."

This is not just their opinion. Over the past half century almost every scholar who has examined this question has reached similar conclusions. Flow states are what we're all seeking, all the time. But here's the missing ingredient that brings adrenaline games back into the picture: Because of the depth of concentration required, because of the cascade of neurochemicals released, because of a thousand other reasons too complicated for this story, action-adventure sports may be the fastest way to reach the goal, the easiest path toward producing a flow state.

And once you're in a flow state, the real magic happens. The zone is so treasured because it is where the impossible becomes possible. Michael Sachs believes flow states are "at the heart of every championship ring

that's ever been won." Former St. Louis Cardinals linebacker Dave Meggyesy called them "the essence of the athletic experience," and coach Jimmy Johnson thanked Csikszentmihalyi for the Dallas Cowboys' Super Bowl victories.

Just because the chemicals released by a flow state are produced naturally doesn't make those states any less addictive. Csikszentmihalyi says people will go to great lengths to get into a flow state, even at tremendous personal expense, and for this reason he calls flow states autotelic, meaning an end in themselves. Psychologist Michael Gervais points out that "if you look at the chances these athletes are taking, the amount of poor judgment that can be exercised, yeah, it's pretty clear you're looking at addictive behavior."

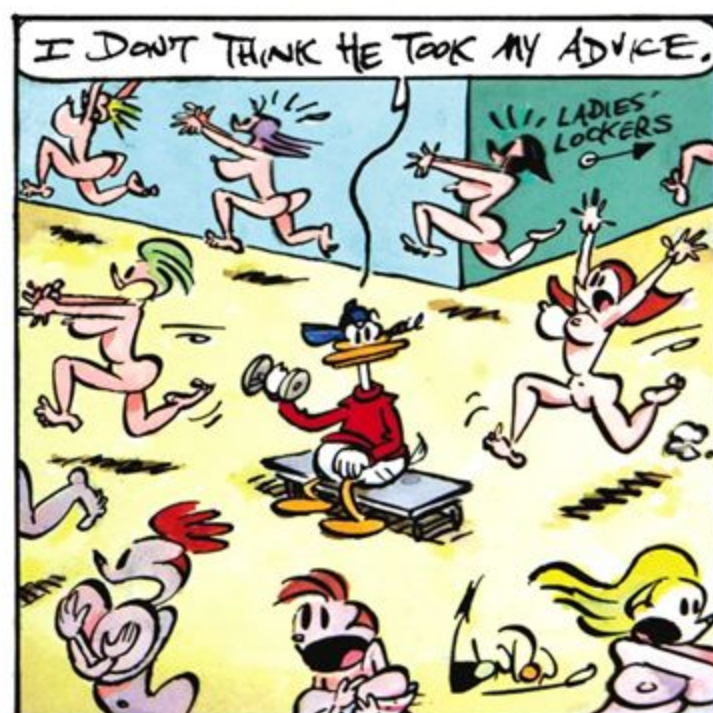
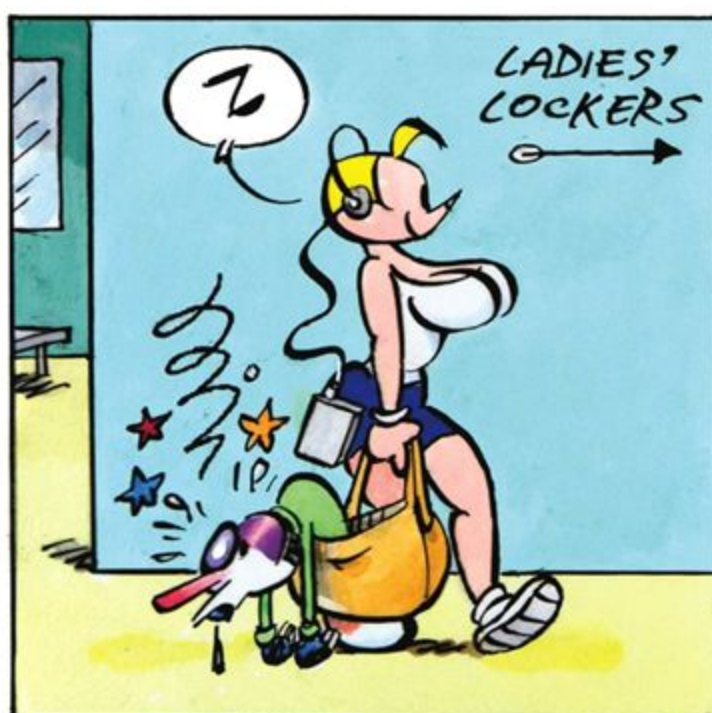
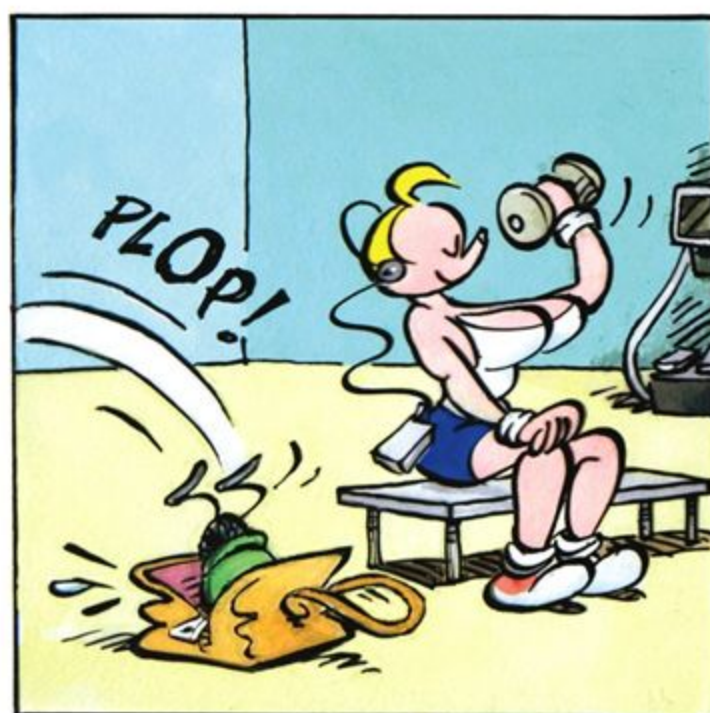
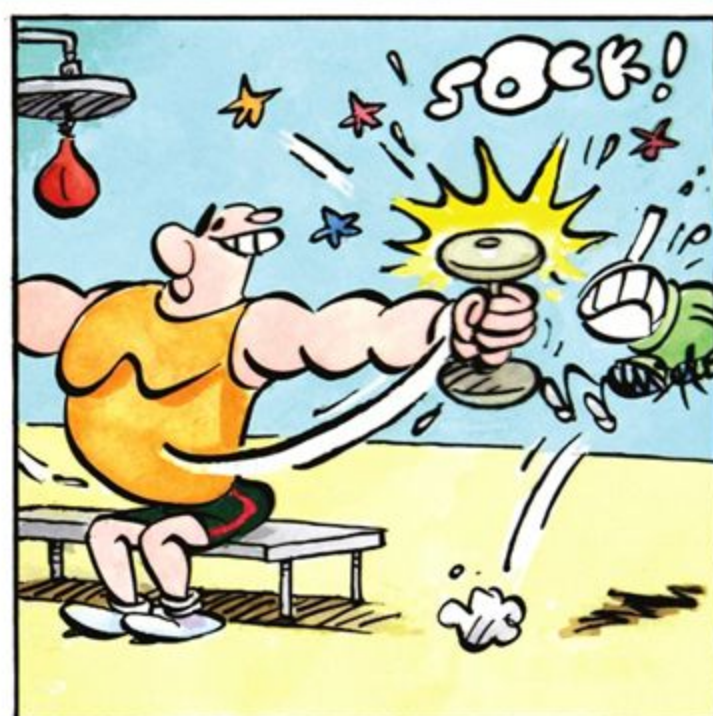
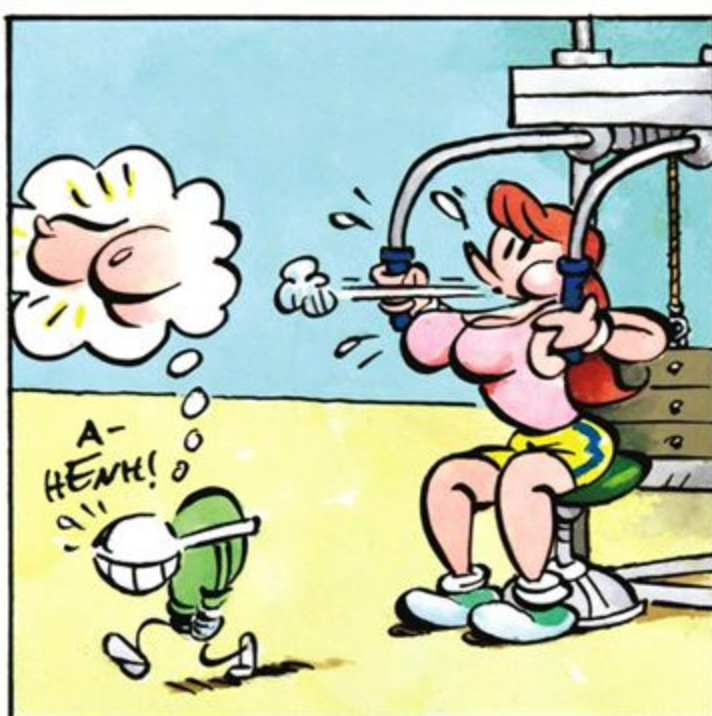
On March 26, 2009 McConkey hit the jump perfectly. He sailed off the Sass Pordoi and did what he could not do back in Crested Butte so many years earlier: a perfect double backflip. It was the last time something in his life went right. A moment later he reached down to release his skis, but only the right one popped off. It got tangled with his left. He reached down to manually release the binding, but the move flipped him upside down—which meant he

could neither see the ground approaching nor deploy his parachute for fear of further entanglement. Some people, including Daisher, believe you should throw the chute anyway, but McConkey had long argued for the need to release the skis first, get into a stable position for flight and then throw the chute. He did in fact manage to release his ski and get into a stable position. "It was an amazing recovery," Holmes said afterward, "but he was already too late."

McConkey died on impact. He left behind a wife, a three-year-old daughter and a 15-year legacy that, despite the startling rate of progression in these sports, will most likely remain unmatched for a considerable time. As former *Powder* magazine managing editor Leslie Anthony writes in his book *White Planet*, "The ski world's superman was gone." The double-ski-BASE remains, though, the chapter yet unwritten. Holmes says it's only a matter of time, and if he doesn't do it, someone else will. That's the tradition. That's how these things get done. That's really why McConkey was considered a genius. He did what all geniuses do: He shifted the paradigm. He opened our eyes. He gave his life so that, maybe, we could reinvent ours.



Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



BIOPOLITICS

(continued from page 77)

most issues, even when the economic self-interest of many Americans seems to lie with the left, could it be because we are, as Arnhart claims, hardwired conservative in our genes and because liberalism is some sort of aberration? And more to the point: Whether or not evolution pushes us rightward, could it be that we really don't control our political proclivities, that we are born either liberal or conservative, that we are just playing out our genetic predispositions and there's not much we can do about it? Needless to say, if so, it would have a revolutionary impact on our politics and our nation.

Arnhart is more of a theoretician than a social scientist, but he is a member of a new and rapidly growing movement in political science that is attempting to investigate these very questions. It is called biopolitics, and even though its practitioners vehemently deny that any single gene determines our political propensities and just as vehemently insist that genes interact in complex and as yet mysterious ways with one another and with culture, they believe that human behavior, whether we like it or not, is a product of biology as well as of culture and individual will. Biopolitical scientists have already studied the extent to which our political attitudes and our political intensity, including the likelihood that we will vote, are inherited from our parents. (The extent is large.) They have looked at the way different physiological responses seem to signal different political attitudes, the way different hormone levels influence our political involvement, the way politics instinctively affects the mate we choose even when we don't know his or her politics directly (the answer is "a lot") and not only whether we are born liberal or conservative but whether we are born Democrat or Republican. (We aren't.) Some biopolitical scientists are even scouring the human genome to see if they can find distinct markers for our ideological leanings. We have always thought of ourselves as free agents when it comes to politics. These scholars are saying, "Not so fast."

Before this new crew entered the scene, the source of our political leanings was considered pretty simple. As a prominent group of political scientists at the University of Michigan stated in their 1960 landmark study, *The American Voter*, the vast majority of voters shared their parents' politics, but this was definitely not a matter of genetic inheritance. It was a matter of upbringing. You had your politics pounded into you. As one biopolitical scientist put it about the state of the old political science, "It was all environment, environment, environment."

As early as the 1970s, the other social sciences began doing all sorts of interesting things in all sorts of new biological areas—among them, looking at the genetic components of behavior; using brain scans to see how people reacted to various situations, images and words; looking at physiological responses to stimuli and trying to draw conclusions about why individuals reacted differently; and correlating

hormone levels to actions. Among the things they concluded was that a lot of human behavior had a fairly large genetic component—everything from alcoholism to neurosis to sociability. It may seem old hat to us now, when genes are widely regarded to be the source of many behaviors and predilections, including being gay, but it wasn't until a 1980 study that a Swedish team of psychologists, using data on twin pairs, determined that what they called "psychosocial instability" and "psychosocial extraversion," basically neurosis and gregariousness, were significantly genetic in origin and that the genetic contribution to these types had actually increased in the post-World War II period. But this wasn't true just of extreme personality traits; it seemed to be true of *all* personality traits. More surprising, analysts found "there is little evidence that shared features of the environment such as parental attitudes, education and SES [socioeconomic status] play a significant part in the determination of personality." In effect, we're born with our personalities.

And even that wasn't the whole story. Social scientists discovered that what was true of personality was also true of social attitudes—that is, some of these attitudes were heritable. This was especially true, they said, of attitudes toward religion and the treatment of criminals, which appeared to have a genetic factor of around 50 percent. The conclusion was that what we believe, as well as who we are, is in some measure genetically endowed.

But if personality and social attitudes are at least partly a product of biology, what about politics? In 2003 John Alford of Rice University and John Hibbing of the University of Nebraska, who had been classmates in graduate school and had been practicing conventional political science for two decades, decided to see if they could find an answer to the political question. Other social scientists had used studies comparing dizygotic (fraternal) twins, who share 50 percent of their DNA, with monozygotic (identical) twins, who have virtually identical DNA, to tease out hereditary factors; the differences in agreement between the first and second groups constitute the hereditary component. This had become such a popular technique that there were tens of thousands of twin pairs in various databases around the world. Alford and Hibbing got their hands on one large database in Virginia with the hope of fingering a genetic component for political ideology from surveys the twins had taken.

What Alford and Hibbing discovered was that all the old poli-sci formulations about how political attitudes were primarily shaped early in life or by proximate occurrences such as life experiences, conversations or the media were wrong and that inheritance played at least as large and probably even larger—actually twice as large—a role as environment. They found that the estimate for the heritability of conservatism was 43 percent, while shared environment constituted 22 percent and unshared environment (the individual twins' unique experiences) was 35 percent. The heritability component was even higher, 53 percent, when one factored

out parental political agreement. In short, upbringing didn't matter for politics any more than it did for personality—not how autocratic a parent was, how close children felt to their parents, how often the family discussed politics or how important politics was to the family. Issues didn't matter either. What mattered most was genetics.

Getting down to particulars, Alford and Hibbing found that people tended to be either "absolutist" (suspicious of groups that challenged the prevailing social order, seeking unity for their own particular group, desirous of strong leadership, unbendingly moral, willing to tolerate inequality and pessimistic about human nature) or "contextualist" (tolerant toward those challenging groups; less focused on rules; suspicious of hierarchies, certainties and strong leadership; and optimistic about human nature). As Alford and Hibbing put it, "All of these vexing perennial dichotomies are related cultural expressions of a deep-seated genetic divide," and "the prospects for eliminating this divide are not promising." In effect, part of the nation's political polarization then and now was and is a result not of rationally argued philosophical differences but of genetics.

A new study, employing a database of 20,000 twins from various countries, populations and periods, has confirmed and elaborated on those findings. It announced what it called "definitive evidence that genetic heritability has some role in the formation of political ideology," and it concluded that the influence of these genetic factors on ideology remained uniform over places and periods, while the influence of environmental factors varied. So not only was genetics a factor in our political attitudes, it was a constant factor.

This, however, was just the beginning. Other studies, conducted by James Fowler at the University of California at San Diego with a graduate student named Christopher Dawes, indicated that the likelihood of voting was partly inherited and traced it to an individual gene that helps the brain synthesize molecules needed to reabsorb serotonin, which is released by stress. The idea is that people who can handle stress better are more likely to withstand the stresses of political participation. A later study by the same researchers indicated that political intensity was also partly genetic, in this case traceable to a gene that enhances the flow to the brain of dopamine, which has been found to affect group attachments such as the attachment one might have to a political party.

Yet another study, by John Hibbing, used a \$50 skin-conductance gauge, which measures moisture levels, to test people's reactions to various stimuli and see if there were any political correlations. Hibbing hooked his subjects up to the machine and flashed them a total of 33 images, including three disturbing ones: a large spider on a frightened person's face, an individual with a bloody face, and an open wound crawling with maggots. He and his associates also startled the subjects with a loud noise. They discovered that there was a correlation between the nature of the subjects' reactions to the images and sounds and

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their political attitudes. The subjects who reacted most demonstratively were more likely to be “conservative,” and those who reacted less dramatically were more likely to be “liberal,” though the study didn’t use those terms. The researchers surmised that people who are more sensitive to frightening stimuli are also likely to be more sensitive to threats, as conservatives generally are, and those who are less sensitive to the stimuli are likely to be less sensitive to threats, as liberals generally are.

Still another study shows that people whose skin conductance bounces up and down rather than staying steady are more likely to become involved in politics. Another shows that people who are more easily stressed than others, as measured by their levels of the hormone cortisol, are less likely to participate in politics, including voting. Yet another physiological study comparing people who are stimulated by certain “hedonic” (pleasant) images to those who are stimulated by “aversive” (disgusting) images found it makes sense that “people more attentive and responsive to hedonic stimuli would support tax dollars being spent on the arts and national parks just as it makes sense that people more attentive and responsive to aversive stimuli would advocate policies promoting moral purity and harsh treatment for norm violators.” In short, liberals are attracted to hedonic images, conservatives to aversive ones.

In one of the more bizarre recent studies, one set of subjects perspired and another set smelled the sweat and indicated whether they found the particular odor appealing. It turned out conservatives were far more likely to find the odor of other conservatives appealing than they were the odor of liberals. But the same was not true of liberals. Rather, liberals were far more likely to be attracted to the *voice* of other liberals, while conservatives evinced no difference in aural appeal. The researchers surmised that there must be some biological attraction between conservatives and other conservatives and liberals and other liberals—olfactory in the first case, aural in the second. Moreover, conservatives are more likely than liberals to detect the odor of the steroid androstenone, which is associated with preserving social order. Bottom line: Conservatives may have a better sense of smell than liberals, though according to one new study, odor seems to be an important indicator of politics generally.

Other studies show that political orientations correlate with all sorts of things, among them “baseline neural structures,” “neural activation in response to unexpected stimuli,” “sensitivity to threat,” “the tendency to perceive threat in faces” and “sensitivity to disgust.” MRI studies of the brain have even shown that liberals and conservatives evaluate information using different neural pathways. Looking at brain chemistry, Fowler and Dawes have found that a gene affecting the amount of dopamine in our brains may give a person not only a nudge toward political participation but also a nudge toward liberalism. One scholar, Rose McDermott, is even working on the relationship of testosterone to political conflict.

Then there is the matter of what political scientists call “assortative mating,” which is their term for the nonrandom factors that attract mates to one another. Citing previous studies that found “mate pairs that are politically similar will produce a much different next generation than mate pairs that are politically dissimilar”—a fact that they trace partly to genetics—a study of twins and their spouses concluded that mates “tend to be positively but only weakly concordant on most personality and physical traits, but, James Carville and Mary Matalin aside, spousal concordance in the realm of social and political attitudes is extremely high.” Put simply, men and women seem to be more attracted to one another’s politics than to their looks or personalities. (Only religion scored higher.) Political opposites don’t attract. Liberals marry liberals, conservatives marry conservatives—a circumstance that tends to perpetuate these political orientations in the next generation.

Which brings us to the notion that conservatives dominate American politics—indeed all politics—because we are hardwired conservative in our genes. According to the argument, evolutionary genetics is basically about selfishness—about making sure we survive and reproduce ourselves—which, as Northern Illinois’s Arnhart says, is pretty close to the modern conservative philosophy of individualism, self-sufficiency and enlightened self-interest. Furthermore, as Oxford animal behaviorist Richard Dawkins has written, that desire for survival is confined to the survival of our kin and those closest to us, which may explain the conservative hostility to immigrants. It does not extend to the entire species, which if it had may have led to some form of liberalism as expressed in various programs to help others outside our kinship circles. Dawkins cites a “selfish gene,” meaning that all genes really want only to reproduce themselves. Altruism is thus limited to two situations: those in which we are willing to sacrifice ourselves for our kin in order to keep our genes going and those in which we are willing to risk sacrificing ourselves for someone who may return the favor in order to keep ourselves going. Harvard biologist E.O. Wilson suggests it could go further. It’s possible that because “people governed by selfish genes must prevail over those with altruistic genes,” he writes in *On Human Nature*, “there should also be a tendency over many generations for selfish genes to increase in prevalence and for a population to become ever less capable of responding altruistically.” In evolutionary terms, this doesn’t leave much room for liberalism.

So why then aren’t we *all* conservative? Well, culture has something to do with that. Even if culture is no longer the single defining characteristic of politics, there have been all sorts of cultural pressures that are designed to curb the worst excesses of selfishness and protect those who would otherwise be on the losing side of evolution: the poor, the weak, the ill, the outsiders. Culture shames us into being better than we have to be. And there is another mechanism, this one Darwinian, that evolutionary geneticists refer to as “hawks and doves.” According to this theory, if everyone in a

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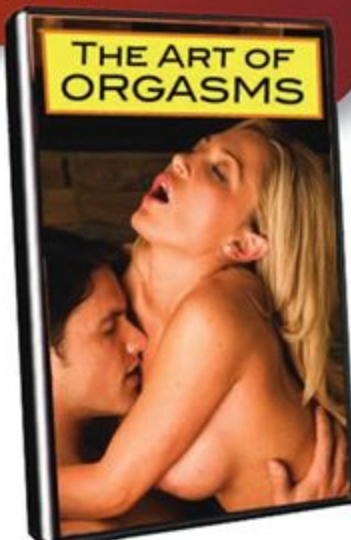
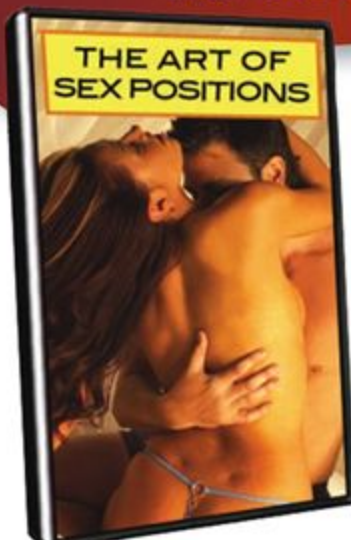
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society were a hawk, they would wind up killing one another off—not a particularly effective adaptive strategy. By the same token, if a society were composed entirely of doves, it would take the introduction of only a single hawk to kill off the doves, which makes being a dove not a particularly effective adaptive strategy either. The upshot is that diversity—a combination of hawks and doves—is most likely to sustain individual hawks and individual doves, and theorists have calculated the ratio between the birds that would maximize their overall survivability.

But people, while they may be hawkish or dovish, are not hawks and doves, and political survivability is not the same thing as physical survivability. It is possible that since even genetic adaptive strategies vary by situation, we may have had to temper our hawkishness as an adaptive strategy in a physical sense while making fewer concessions in a political sense, not only when it comes to war but when it comes to social welfare. In this view, hawks ride roughshod

over liberals, who may exist only because those hawkish conservatives often overplay their hand and threaten their own survivability. In that case, dovish liberals then become the alternative, which is why theorist John Maynard Smith said that survival strategies will always oscillate between hawks and doves. But Smith aside, if Wilson and Arnhart are right, it may be only a matter of time before conservatism, which is the natural state, reasserts itself, even more so as the cultural prohibitions against selfishness seem to be declining and selfishness is considered a social good. In other words, liberalism is some sort of vestigial response to those times when conservatism screws up, but as Arnhart and others see it, conservatism is the default ideology. In the end, it wins.

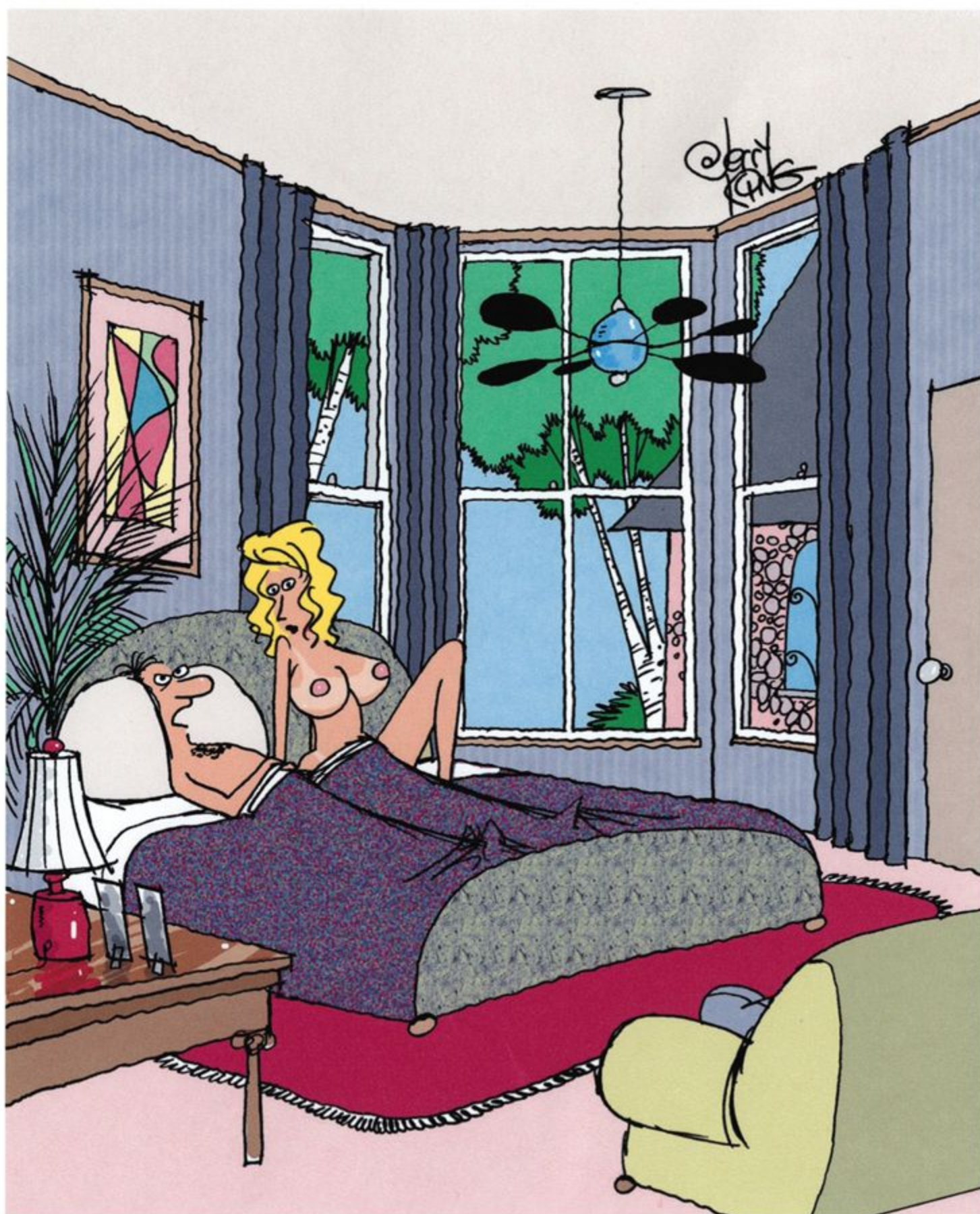
The theory sounds plausible, especially since American conservatism does seem to be the baseline ideology even as our politics oscillate, but there is plenty of disagreement about the evolutionary basis of conservative dominance, and most biopolitical scientists have their doubts. Fowler believes hardwired

conservatism is a misunderstanding of evolution. It is possible, he admits, that there is an advantage to being a conservative and that not enough time has passed for conservatism to evolve into an unassailable position, biologically speaking, but it is also possible that enough time *has* elapsed and that diversity indicates we need both conservatives and liberals to survive. “We should have a mix of liberals and conservatives in order to be able to meet environmental challenges,” he says. Hibbing agrees, though he also admits the possibility that liberals may be an “evolutionary dead end” or a “luxury” in a modern society that may not have the same need for diversity as our ancestors did to combat immediate threats.

Pete Hatemi, a pathbreaking political scientist at Penn State University who is examining the human genome for ideological markers, thinks that Arnhart is wrong. But he thinks that Princeton bioethicist Peter Singer is also wrong when he argues that cooperation is just as powerful a force as selfishness in Darwinian evolution and that this should give some hope to liberals. As Hatemi sees it, “Having an attitude, just having one, that’s where evolutionary psychology comes in, not which direction it is. If [liberalism or conservatism] were adaptive, then everyone would be liberal or everyone would be conservative,” which is obviously not the way things are. Yes, he says, people may have conservatism or liberalism in their genes, but evolution doesn’t necessarily favor one over the other. The only proof of the evolutionary superiority of conservatism or liberalism would be a society that was ideologically uniform and had been that way for generations. He doesn’t think the United States is that society. Arnhart thinks it may be close.

Whoever is right, studies show conclusively that the answer is now at least partly in biology and no longer exclusively in society, which doesn’t mean that everyone is finally convinced. Old-line political scientists still think the methodology of biopolitics is crude. Confirmed leftists are still skeptical because they think ideology is economically governed, and confirmed right-wingers are equally skeptical because they don’t want to give up the idea of free will and because they’re afraid of how they’ll be characterized in biological terms. (One study indicates that liberals have higher IQs than conservatives.) Political consultants haven’t shown much interest either, because they are paid to convince people to vote for candidates and biopolitics suggests their efforts may be futile. Indeed, as Hibbing puts it, the fact that the political divide may be unbridgeable could actually lead to more tolerance in precisely the way genetic theories about sexual preference have led to greater tolerance for gays. You can’t blame someone for being born with a different belief system than the one you were born with.

One thing is certain. Hardwired conservative or not, we have seen our political future, and it is not in voter surveys, improved political messaging, increased contributions or better political ideas. We have seen the future, and it is in the genes.



“I hate when you start a sentence with ‘Don’t take this personally’ right after sex.”



ORPHAN MASTER'S

(continued from page 70)

Jun Do knew who got the worst jobs—tunnel recon, submarines, mines, biochem. “So you’re an orphan,” he said.

Gil looked shocked. “Not at all. Are you?”

“No,” Jun Do said. “Not me.”

They could see the lights of a town, but the captain would go no farther. “This is Japan,” he said. “I don’t have charts for these waters.”

“I’ll tell you how close we get,” Officer So said to the captain.

There was a little skiff attached to the side of the boat, and when they were nearer the shore, Officer So directed the fishermen to lower it. To the west, the sun was setting over North Korea, and it was cooling down now, the wind shifting directions. It was Jun Do’s first time on the water, and he had liked the two-day voyage across, the motion of the ship and that it had no loudspeaker. But the skiff was tiny, Jun Do thought, barely big enough for one person, let alone three and a struggling kidnap victim.

Gil kept trying to get Jun Do to repeat phrases in Japanese. Good evening—*Konbanwa*. Excuse me, I am lost—*Chotto sumimasen, michi ni mayoimashita*. I have lost my cat—*Watashi no neko ga maigo ni narimashita*.

Officer So pointed the nose toward shore, pushing the outboard motor, a tired Soviet Vpresna, way too hard. The boat would lean shoreward when lifted by a swell, then rock back toward the open water as the wave set it down again.

Gil took the binoculars, but instead of training them on the beach, he studied the tall buildings of the city’s neon downtown.

“I tell you,” Gil said. “There was no Arduous March in this place.”

Officer So said to Gil, “Tell him what ‘How are you?’ is again.”

“*Ogenki desuka?*” Gil said.

“*Ogenki desuka?*” Jun Do repeated. “*Ogenki desuka?*”

“Say it like ‘How are you, my fellow citizen?’ *Ogenki desuka?*” Officer So said. “Not like ‘How are you? I’m going to pluck you off this fucking beach.’”

•

Gil fixed on something. He wiped the lenses of the binoculars, but really it was too dark to see anything. He handed them to Jun Do. “What do you make out?” he asked.

A lighter blur against a darker blur: a male figure moving along the beach, near the water.

Back in Panmunjom, Jun Do’s squad swept every tunnel under the DMZ once a month. They worked without lights, jogging for kilometers in complete dark, using their red lights only when they reached a tunnel’s end and needed to inspect its seals and trip wires. They worked as if they might encounter the South Koreans at any point and trained daily in zero-light hand-to-hand. It was said that the ROK soldiers had infrared and American night-vision goggles.

Something fluttered at the edge of the lens: an animal racing down the beach toward the man, a big dog the size of a wolf. The man did something and the dog ran away.

Jun Do turned to Officer So. “There’s a

man. He’s got a dog with him.”

Officer So sat up; he put a hand on the outboard engine. “Is he alone?”

Jun Do nodded.

“Is the dog an Akita?”

Jun Do didn’t know his breeds. Once a week, the orphans cleaned out a local dog farm. Dogs were filthy animals that would lunge for you at any opportunity—you could see where they’d attacked the posts of their pens, chewing through the wood with their fangs. That was all Jun Do needed to know about dogs.

Gil said, “The Japanese train their dogs for little talents. Say to the dog, ‘Nice doggie, sit.’ *Yoshi Yoshi. Osuwari. Kawaii desu ne.*”

“Enough,” Officer So said. “It’s time to get that language school a new Japanese teacher.”

They were close enough now to see the man watching them from the shore. When Jun Do felt the boat start to go over, he leapt out to steady it, and though it was only waist deep, he went down hard in the waves. The tide rolled him along the sandy bottom before he came up coughing.

The man on the beach didn’t say anything. It was night now, with just enough glow to the sky that a dog could still locate a yellow ball.

Jun Do took a deep breath, then wiped the water from his hair.

“*Konbanwa,*” he said to the stranger. “*Odenki kesuda?*”

“*Ogenki desuka,*” Gil said.

“*Desuka,*” Jun Do repeated.

The dog came running back with its ball. For a moment, the man didn’t move. Then he took a step backward.

“Get him,” Officer So shouted.

The man bolted, and Jun Do gave chase in wet jeans, his shoes caked with sand. The dog was big and white, bounding with excitement. The Japanese man ran straight down the beach, nearly invisible but for the dog moving from one side of him to the other. Jun Do ran for all he was worth. In the tunnels, he had developed a sense of people he couldn’t see. He focused only on the heartbeat-like thumps of feet padding ahead in the sand.

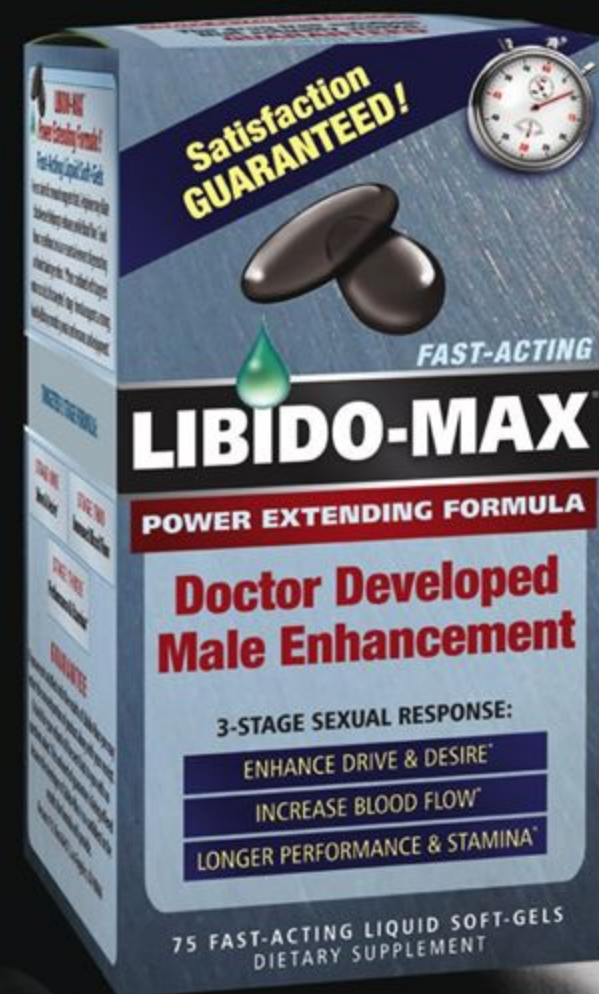
From ahead came the body thud of someone falling in the dark, a familiar sound. Jun Do came to a rest where the man was righting himself. His face was ghostly with a dusting of sand. Their joined breath was white in the dark.

The truth was that Jun Do had never done very well in tournaments. In the dark, maximum extension was what mattered—haymaker punches and great, whirling roundhouse kicks. In a tournament, though, judokas could see moves like that coming from a mile away. But a man on a beach at night, standing on the balls of his feet? Jun Do executed a spinning back-kick to the head, and the stranger went down.

The dog was filled with energy, pawing at the sand near the unconscious man. Jun Do wanted to throw the ball, but he didn’t dare get near its teeth. Near the ball he saw a glint in the dark sand—the man’s glasses, it turned out. He put them on, and the fuzzy glow above the dunes turned into crisp points of light in people’s windows. Instead of huge housing blocks, the Japanese lived in smaller, individual-size barracks.

Jun Do pocketed the glasses, took up the

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man's ankles and began pulling him like a sled. When Jun Do looked over his shoulder, the dog was growling in the man's face and using its paws to scratch his cheeks and forehead. Jun Do lowered his head and pulled.

When finally he found the boat in the dark, he let the deadweight fall into its aluminum cross members. The man opened his eyes once and rolled them around.

"What the hell did you do to his face?" Gil asked.

"Where were you?" Jun Do asked. "That guy was heavy."

"I'm just the translator," Gil said.

Gil and Jun Do spun the boat to face the waves. They got battered while Officer So pulled the motor. Over the outboard, they could hear the dog barking on the beach.

•

They stayed at a Songun base, not far from the port of Kinjye. It was surrounded by the earthen bunkers of surface-air missiles, and when the sun set, they could see the white rails of launchers glowing in the moonlight. They'd locked the Japanese man in one of the hot boxes in the drill yard, and Gil was out there, practicing his Japanese through the slop hole in the door. Officer So shook his head, like now he'd seen it all.

Because they'd been to Japan, they had to bunk apart from the regular KPA soldiers, in the infirmary. It was a small room with six cots, a lone cabinet filled with blood-taking instruments and an old Chinese refrigerator with a red cross on its door. There was one patient, a small soldier of about 16, bones knit from the famine. He lay on a cot, teeth chattering. Their cigarette smoke was giving him coughing fits. They moved his cot as far away as possible in the small room, but still he wouldn't shut up.

There was no doctor. The infirmary was just a place where sick soldiers were housed until it was clear they wouldn't recover. If the young soldier hadn't improved by morning, the MPs would hook up a blood line and drain four units from him. Jun Do had seen it before, and as far as he could tell, it was the best way to go. It took only a couple minutes—first they got sleepy, then a little dreamy looking, and if there was a last little panic at the end, it didn't matter because they couldn't talk anymore, and finally, before lights out, they looked pleasantly confused, like a cricket with its antenna pulled off.

The camp generator shut down—slowly the lights dimmed, the fridge went quiet. Officer So and Jun Do took to their cots.

Late in the night, Gil stumbled in. He opened the fridge, which was forbidden, and placed something inside. Then he flopped onto his cot. Gil slept with his arms and legs sprawled off the edges, and Jun Do could tell that as a child, Gil must've had a bed of his own.

Jun Do and Officer So stood in the dark and went to the fridge. When Officer So pulled its handle, it exhaled a faint, cool breath. In the back, behind stacks of square blood bags, Officer So fished out a half-full bottle of soju. They closed the door quickly because the blood was bound for Pyongyang, and if it spoiled, there'd be hell to pay.

They took the bottle to the window. Far in the distance, dogs were barking in their

warrens. Behind them, Gil began gassing in his sleep.

Officer So laughed. "I don't think old Gil's used to a diet of millet and pumpkin-rind soup."

"Who is he?" Jun Do asked.

"The spoiled kid of some minister. Or so they tell me. Sent him here to toughen him up. You know—the hero's son's always the meekest." Officer So drank. "But forget about him. One mission, and we'll never see him again."

Jun Do drank, his stomach clutching at the fruit, the alcohol.

"What's the mission?" he asked.

"First, another practice run," Officer So said. "Then we're going after a special someone. The Tokyo Opera spends its summers in Niigata. There's a soprano. Her name is Rumina."

The next drink of soju went down smooth. "Opera?" Jun Do asked.

Officer So shrugged. "Some big shot in Pyongyang probably heard a bootleg and had to have her."

"Gil said he survived a land-mine tour," Jun Do said. "For that, they sent him to language school. Is it true—does it work like that? Do you get rewarded?"

*The tunnels always ended
with a ladder leading up to
a rabbit hole. His men would
slip out and wander South
Korea for a while. Jun Do
wanted no part of it.*

"Why, you got your heart set on something?" Officer So asked. "You even know what you'd want?" Jun Do shook his head. "Then don't worry about it."

Officer So walked to the corner and leaned over the latrine bucket. He braced himself against the wall and strained for a long time. Nothing happened.

"I pulled off a miracle or two in my day," he said. "I got rewarded."

He came back and drank the rest of the bottle, saving only a swish in the bottom. This he poured, a dribble at a time, over the dying soldier's lips. Officer So clapped him good-bye on the chest, then he stuffed the empty bottle in the crook of the boy's sweat-soaked arm.

•

They commandeered a new fishing boat, made another crossing. Over the Tsushima Basin, they could hear the powerful clicks, like punches to the chest, of sperm whales hunting below, and nearing the island of Dogo, granite spires rose sudden from the sea, white up top from bird guano and orange below from great gatherings of starfish.

There was a famous resort on this island, and Officer So thought they could catch a tourist alone on the beach. But when they reached the lee of the island, there was

an empty boat on the water, a black Avon inflatable, six-man, with a 50-horse Honda outboard. They took the skiff over to investigate. The Avon was abandoned, not a soul upon the waters. They climbed aboard, and Officer So started the Honda engine. He shut it down. He pulled the gas can out of the skiff, and together they rolled it in the water—it filled quickly, going down ass-first with the weight of the Vprensa.

"Now we're a proper team," Officer So said as they admired the modern boat.

A diver surfaced.

Lifting his mask, he showed a look of uncertain wonder to discover three men in his boat. But he handed up a sack of abalone and took Gil's hand to help himself aboard. The diver was larger than any of them, and fit.

Officer So spoke to Gil, "Tell him our boat was damaged, that it sank."

Gil spoke to the diver, who gestured wildly and laughed.

"I know your boat sank," Gil translated. "It almost landed on my head."

Then the diver noticed the fishing vessel in the distance. He cocked his head at it.

Gil clapped the diver on the back and said something to him. The diver stared hard at Gil's eyes and then panicked. Abalone divers, it turned out, carried a special kind of knife on their ankles, and Jun Do was a long time in subduing him. Finally, Jun Do took the diver's back and began to squeeze, the water wringing from his wet suit as the scissors choke sunk in.

Officer So had caught a pretty good gash in the forearm. He closed his eyes at the pain of it. "More practice," is all he could say.

•

They put the diver in the hold and continued to the mainland. That night, offshore from the town of Fukura, they put the Avon in the water. Next to Fukura's long fishing pier there was a summer amusement park, with strung lanterns and old people singing karaoke on a public stage. Here Jun Do and Gil and Officer So hovered beyond the beach break, waiting for the monkeyish organ music of the midway to stop, for the neon piping on the roller coaster to go dark. A solitary figure stood at the end of the pier. When they saw the red of a cigarette, they knew it was a man. Officer So started the engine.

They motored in on idle, the pier towering as they came astern of it. "Use your Japanese," Officer So told Gil. "Tell him you lost your puppy or something. Get close. Then—over the rail. It's a long fall, and the water's cold. When he comes up, he'll be fighting to get in the boat."

Gil stepped out when they reached the beach. "I've got it," he said. "This one's mine."

"Oh, no," Officer So said. "You both go." He turned to Jun Do. "And wear your damn glasses."

The two of them crossed the tide line and came to a small park. Here were benches and a little plaza, a shuttered tea stand. There was no statue, no way to tell what the square glorified. The trees were full with plums, so ripe the skins broke and juice ran in their hands. It seemed impossible, a thing not to be trusted. A grubby man was sleeping on a bench, and they marveled at it, a person sleeping any place he wished.

Gil stared at all the town houses around them. They looked traditional, with dark beams and ceramic roofs, but you could tell they were brand-new.

"I want to open all these doors," he said. "Sit in their chairs, listen to their music."

Jun Do stared at him.

"You know," Gil said. "Just to see."

The tunnels always ended with a ladder leading up to a rabbit hole. His men would vie to slip out and wander South Korea for a while. They'd come back with stories of machines that handed out money and people who picked up dog shit and put it in bags. Jun Do never went up. He had wanted no part of it.

Jun Do threw away his half-eaten plum. "I've had better," he said.

On the pier, they walked planking stained from years of bait fishing. Ahead, at the end, they could see a face, lit blue by a mobile phone.

"Just get him over the rail," Jun Do said.

There were empty bottles on the pier, cigarette butts. Jun Do was walking calmly forward, and he could feel Gil trying to copy him. From below came the throaty bubble of an outboard idling. The figure ahead stopped speaking on the phone.

"Dare da?" a voice called to them. "Dare na no?"

"Don't answer," Jun Do whispered.

"It's a woman's voice," Gil said.

"Don't answer," Jun Do said.

They were upon her. She was small under the coat. When she opened her mouth to scream, Jun Do saw she had fine metalwork all along her teeth. They gripped her arms and muscled her up on the rail.

"Zenzen oyogenain desu," she said, and though Jun Do could speak no Japanese, he knew it was a raw, imploring confession, like "I'm a virgin."

They threw her over the rail. She fell away silent, not a word or even the snatching of a breath. From below came a splash and the gunning of an outboard.

"Where is she?" Jun Do asked.

Gil was staring into the water. "She went down," he said.

Jun Do turned to Gil. "What did she say?"

Gil said, "She said, 'I can't swim.'"

"She can't swim?" Jun Do asked. He imagined her down there with her big coat like a sail in the current, her body rolling along the sandy floor. "She said she couldn't swim and you didn't stop me?"

Gil said, "Throwing her over, that was the plan."

That was the end of their practice. It was time to get the opera lady. Officer So was to cross the Sea of Japan on a fishing vessel while Jun Do and Gil took the overnight ferry from Chongjin to Niigata. At midnight, with the singer, they would meet Officer So on the beach. Simplicity, Officer So said, was the key to the plan.

It was late morning when they entered Bandajma Port—the customhouses displaying their international flags. With forged documents, in polo shirts, jeans and Nikes, they descended the gangway into downtown Niigata. It was a Sunday.

Making their way to the auditorium, Jun

Japanese. When finally she sang in Korean, it became clear why Pyongyang had chosen her. Her voice light now, she sang of two lovers on a lake. The girl had a white *hanbok*, the boy a soulful stare.

After the concert, they walked the city in a trance. For fun, they operated a vending machine and received a bag of orange food neither would taste.

They asked a man pushing a cart if they could borrow it, and he told them they could get their own at the supermarket. Inside the store, it was almost impossible to tell what most of the packages contained. The important stuff, like bushels of radishes and buckets of chestnuts, were nowhere to be seen. Gil purchased a roll of heavy tape and, from a section of toys for children, a little watercolor set in a tin. Then they paused before a store

that sold equipment for undersea exploration. In the window was a large black nylon bag made to stow dive gear. The salesperson showed them how it would hold everything needed for an underwater adventure for two.

Darkness fell, storefronts lit suddenly with red-and-blue neon and the willows were eerily illuminated from below. Car headlights flashed in his eyes. Jun Do felt exposed, singled out. Where was the curfew? Why didn't the Japanese respect the dark like normal people?

They stood outside a bar, time yet to kill. Inside, people were laughing.

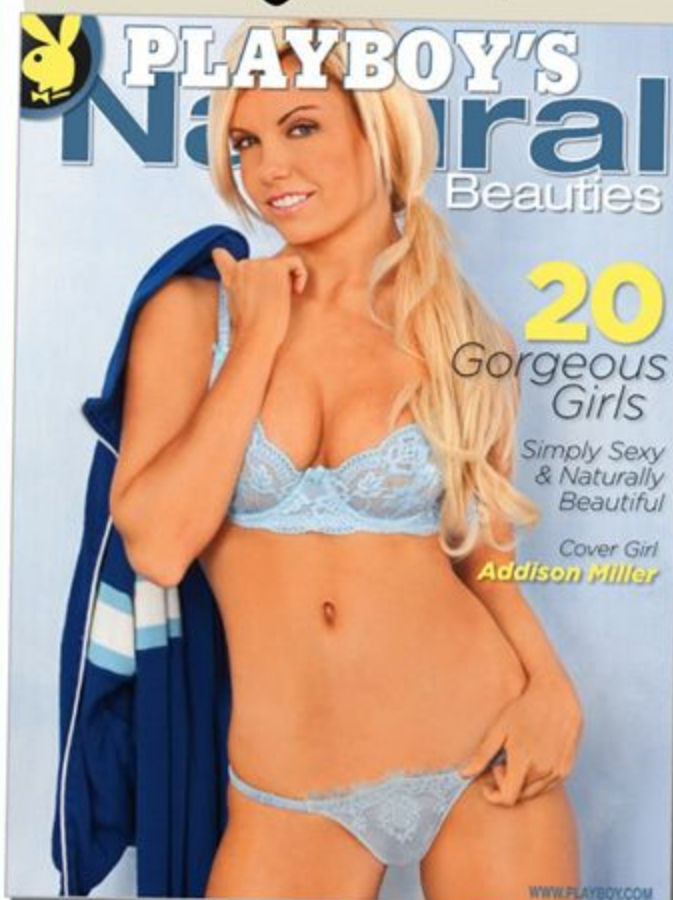
Gil pulled out their yen. "No sense taking any back," he said. Inside, he ordered whiskeys. Two women were at the bar as well, and Gil bought their drinks. They smiled and returned to their conversation.

"Did you see their teeth?" Gil asked. "So white and perfect, like children's teeth." When Jun Do didn't agree, Gil said, "Relax, yeah? Loosen up. I'll get the singer into the bag tonight. You're not the only guy capable of beating a woman, you know."

Rumina lived in an artists' village behind a series of cottages ringing a central hot spring. They could see a stream of steaming water, mineral white, running from the bathhouse down bald, bleached rocks to the sea.

They hid the cart, and Jun Do boosted Gil over the fence. When Gil came around to open the metal gate for Jun Do, Gil paused a moment and the two regarded each other through the bars before Gil lifted the latch to let Jun Do in.

Sexy Spring Fling



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Do saw a passenger jet crossing the sky, a big plume behind it. He gawked, neck craned—amazing. So amazing he decided to feign normalcy at everything, like the colored lights controlling the traffic or the way buses kneeled, oxenlike, to let old people board. Of course the parking meters could talk, and the doors of businesses opened as they passed. Of course there was no water barrel in the bathroom, no ladle.

The matinee was a medley of works the opera troupe would stage over the coming season. All the singers took turns offering brief arias. Gil seemed to know the songs, humming along with them. Rumina—small, broad-shouldered, with dark eyes under sharp bangs—mounted the stage in a dress the color of graphite.

She sang in Italian and German and

Tiny cones of light illuminated the flagstone path to Rumina's bungalow. Above them, the dark green and white of magnolia blocked the stars. In the air were pine and cedar, something of the ocean. Jun Do tore two strips of duct tape and hung them from Gil's sleeves.

Gil's eyes were thrilled and disbelieving. "So we're just going to storm in there?" he asked.

"I'll get the door open," Jun Do said. "You get the tape on her mouth."

Jun Do pried a large flagstone from the path and carried it to the door. He placed it against the knob, and when he threw his hip into it, the door popped. Gil ran toward a woman sitting up in bed, iridescent by the light of the television. Jun Do watched from the doorway as Gil got the tape across her mouth, but then in the sheets and the softness of the bed, he lost the upper hand. She got his collar, which she used to off-balance him, and pulled out a clump of his hair. Finally, he found her neck. They went to the floor, where he worked his weight onto her, the impact making her feet curl. Jun Do stared at her toes: The nails had been painted bright red.

At first, Jun Do had been thinking, *Grab her here, pressure her there*, but as the two rolled, he could see that she had wet herself, and the rawness of it, the brutality of what was happening was newly clear to him. Gil was bringing her into submission, taping her wrists and ankles, and she was kneeling now as he laid out the bag and unzipped it. He pressed the fabric of his pants against his groin so she could see the outline of his erection. Jun Do took off his glasses.

Quickly, they stole through her possessions. Gil pocketed yen and a necklace of red-and-white stones. On a table were medicine bottles, cosmetics, a stack of family photos. Jun Do didn't know what to grab.

"What the fuck are you doing?" Gil asked.

"I don't know," Jun Do told him.

The cart, overburdened, made loud clacking sounds at every crease in the sidewalk. Bundles of cardboard lined the streets. Dishwashers hosed down kitchen mats in the gutters. A bright, empty bus whooshed past. Gil's shirt was torn. It looked like he was wearing makeup that had smeared. A clear yellow fluid had risen through the scab where his hair was missing.

Gil told him to turn left, and there, down a steep hill and across a parking lot, was the beach. The cart wanted free—Jun Do doubled his grip on the handle. He had to lean back; his feet skidded. "Gil, help me here."

"Gil!" he yelled as the cart broke away. He ran after it as it barreled downhill, wobbling with speed, and struck the curb. The black bag was pitched onto the sand.

Jun Do ran onto the beach, passing the bag and noting the odd way it had settled. Down at the waterline, he scanned the waves for Officer So. He checked his pockets—he had no map, no watch, no light. Hands on knees, he couldn't catch his breath. No Gil.

He went to the bag, rolled it over. He unzipped it some, heat pouring out. He pulled the tape from her face, which was abraded with nylon burns. She spoke to him in Japanese.

"I don't understand," he said.

In Korean, she said, "Thank God you rescued me."

He studied her face. Raw and puffy—how babylike it was.

"Some psychopath stuck me in here," she said. "Thank God you came along."

Jun Do looked again for any sign of Gil, but he knew there wouldn't be.

"Thanks for getting me out of here," she said. "Really, thanks for setting me free."

Jun Do tested the strip of tape with his fingers, but it had lost much of its stickiness. A lock of her hair was fixed to the tape. He let it go in the wind.

He zipped her back in and dragged the bag to the waterline. The ocean, frothy cold, washed over his shoes as he scanned the waves for Officer So. When a wave reached high upon the sand and licked the bag, she screamed. He had never heard such a shriek.

Past the shore break, they motored into swells sharpened by the wind. Everyone held the lifeline to steady themselves. Rumina sat in the nose, fresh tape around her hands. Officer So had draped his jacket around her—except for that, her body was bare and blue with cold.

*Everything had been stripped
for fuel—even the picture
frames of the Dear and
Great Leaders had been
burned. The roster on the
wall was the only thing left.*

Jun Do and Gil sat on opposite sides of the raft, but Gil wouldn't look at him. He had been found in the same whiskey bar, laughing with the bartender, and retrieved with a noose made from fishing line. When they reached open water, Officer So backed off the engine enough that he could be heard. "You're soldierly," he told Jun Do. "When it comes time to dispense, you dispense."

"I gave Gil my word," he told Officer So. "I said we'd forget how he tried to run."

Rumina's hair was turbulent in her face. "Put him in the bag," she said.

Officer So had a grand laugh at that. "The opera lady's right," he said. "You caught a defector, my boy. Start thinking of your reward."

"You don't know how Pyongyang works," Gil said. "Once the other ministers see her, they'll all want one."

"You don't know anything," Officer So said to Gil. "You're soft and weak. I fucking invented this game. I kidnapped Kim Jong Il's personal sushi chef. I plucked the Dear Leader's own doctor out of an Osaka hospital, in broad daylight, with these hands."

Jun Do felt Rumina glaring at him. He suddenly wondered if she didn't mean him—that he, Jun Do, should go in the bag. It was as if she knew everything he had done. That it

was he who'd picked which orphans ate first, he who assigned the bunks nearest the stove. He who had chosen the boys who got blinded by the arc furnace and the boys who were at the chemical plant when it made the sky go yellow. He who'd sent Ha Shin, the boy who wouldn't speak, who couldn't say no, to clean the vats at the paint factory. It was Jun Do who put the gaff pole in Bo Song's hands.

A cold, white spray slapped them. It made Rumina inhale sharply, like every little thing were trying to take her life.

Jun Do was charged with transporting Gil to the military base at Rason. They took the afternoon train from Chongjin. At the station, families were sleeping under cargo platforms, waiting for darkness so they could make the journey to Sinuiju, which was just a swim across the Yalu River from China.

They had walked from the Port of Chongjin on foot, passing the Reunification Smelter, its great cranes rusted in place, the copper lines to its furnace long since pilfered for scrap. Apartment blocks stood empty, their windows butcher-papered. All the trees had been cut during the famine, and now, years later, the saplings were uniform in size, trunks ankle-thick, their clean stalks popping up in the oddest places, one tree bursting from an outhouse where a human skeleton had shit its indigestible seed.

Long Tomorrows, when they came to it, looked no bigger than the infirmary.

Jun Do shouldn't have pointed it out, because Gil insisted they go in.

Everything had been stripped for fuel—even the picture frames of the Dear and Great Leaders had been burned. The roster of the 114 Grand Martyrs of the Revolution, painted on the wall, was the only thing left.

Gil didn't believe that Jun Do had named all the orphans.

"You really know all the Martyrs?" he asked. "What about number 11?"

"Ha Shin," Jun Do said. "When he was captured, he cut out his own tongue so the Japanese could get no information from him. There was a boy here who wouldn't speak—I gave him that name."

Gil ran his finger down the list.

"Here you are," he said. "Martyr number 76, Pak Jun Do. What's his story?"

Jun Do touched the black spot where the stove had once been. "Even though he killed many Japanese soldiers," he said, "the revolutionaries in Pak Jun Do's unit didn't trust him because he was descended from a long line of royals. To prove his loyalty, he hanged himself."

Gil stared at him. "You gave yourself this name? Why?"

"Because his blood was pure," Jun Do said. He took Gil by the arm. "Let's go."

First, though, Jun Do leaned his head into the Orphan Master's room. The space, it turned out, was no bigger than a pallet. And of the portrait of the tormenting woman, Jun Do could find only a nail hole.

From The Orphan Master's Son: A Novel of North Korea by Adam Johnson, currently available from Random House.



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DAVID CROSS

(continued from page 98)

not. It can be frustrating and lonely, but that's no reflection on London. I guess New York is about as close to London as you're going to get in the States, even though the two cities are very different. They're both condensed, conducive to walking and aesthetically beautiful. They also both smell like urine, but New York pee has more of an asparagus quality and in London it's like sour clotted cream and broken enamel.

Q3

PLAYBOY: You've been an avid recreational drug user until very recently. Is there anything in which you still dabble?

CROSS: Not really. I still get curious about whatever new drug comes down the pike. I remember somebody giving me meow meow at a party in London last year, but I didn't get anything out of it. There was a long period when I indulged in drugs, but I don't think I was ever addicted to any of them. I do think crack is addictive. I smoked it once, and it was a huge wake-up call. It was pretty amazing. I totally get the hype on it. But when it came time to get some more, I knew very clearly that if I stayed there—and I wanted to—my life would change right then and there for the worse. I never touched crack again.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Rumor has it you did cocaine at a White House Correspondents' Dinner, just 40 feet from President Obama. How the hell did you not get busted by the Secret Service?

CROSS: Maybe 40 feet is a bit close. It was probably more like 65 feet. And it wasn't even that much cocaine. It was literally the

size of, I don't know, a tick. It was a tiny granule of coke that I put on my wrist and said, "Watch this. I need a witness." And then I ducked under the table and did it. It wasn't like I got high. The jolt was similar to licking an empty espresso cup. It wasn't about that. It was just about being able to say that I did it, that I did cocaine in the same room as the president. I'm not proud of it, nor am I ashamed of it. My one regret is that I got my girlfriend [actress Amber Tamblyn] in trouble by association. I was her date, her plus-one, and she got dragged through the mud because of what I did. She had nothing to do with it. She didn't know I was going to do it. And because of that she'll never be invited to the White House again. That's not cool.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're a big supporter of political protests, and you took part in several big demonstrations against the Iraq war. What's your take on Occupy Wall Street?

CROSS: I rode my bike down there about a week ago. I have mixed emotions, and I did from the very beginning. My fear, which is born out of experience, is that the majority of the people will be well-meaning but ultimately feckless and perhaps may do more harm than good. I hope I'm wrong, but it feels as if not a whole lot is going to come of this.

Q6

PLAYBOY: There's a popular YouTube video of you being dragged off the stage by bouncers at a Jim Belushi concert. What happened exactly?

CROSS: I had a very unpleasant experience with Jim prior to that. We were working on a movie together [1995's *Destiny Turns On the Radio*], and his behavior was repre-

hensible, shitty and awful. I don't want to rehash what he did, but from that point on he was fair game. My girlfriend and I were visiting friends on Martha's Vineyard, and I saw in the local paper that Belushi was performing. We went to the show, and it was like \$45 to see his shitty cover band, which is basically just a vanity project. I decided to hop on stage and dance with him. I got kicked off, and then I hopped on again. I thought it was hilarious that I got kicked out of the club. Jim Belushi is such a cock.

Q7

PLAYBOY: *Arrested Development*, the short-lived but beloved TV series, is finally returning in 2013 with a final season on Netflix and a movie. Is there a part of you that's worried you'll ruin the show's legacy?

CROSS: It is going to be 3-D CGI, so we're already off to a bad start. No, based on what was described to me, it seems to be a very smart, original, interesting idea. I have high hopes for it. I'm definitely more confident than I was before, but that's not to say I'm 100 percent confident. I will not be 100 percent confident until it's completely made.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Tobias Fünke, your character on *Arrested Development*, had an obsession with joining the Blue Man Group and often wore blue makeup. Was putting on all that blue paint a pain in the ass?

CROSS: It was a huge pain in the ass. It took a long time to get completely made up, and then you couldn't touch anything. The paint is fairly greasy, and if you touched anything at all, even just a finger to your nose, it'd smudge and you'd have to go back to makeup. So I'd be sitting there for hours, trying not to touch anything. At the end of the day I'd have to take a minimum of two showers and quite often three before I'd get it all off and could go to bed. There was no jerking off without serious colorful repercussions. Then in the last season the real Blue Man Group was on the show, and George senior [played by Jeffrey Tambor] had become a member. They were putting the blue makeup on him, and the Blue Man guys were like, "No, no, no. What are you doing? We don't do it that way." Apparently they just wear a big blue unitard with an oval opening for the face, and their face is the only part they actually paint blue. Makes sense if you think about it, but I wish I had fucking known that two years earlier. It would've saved me a lot of misery.

Q9

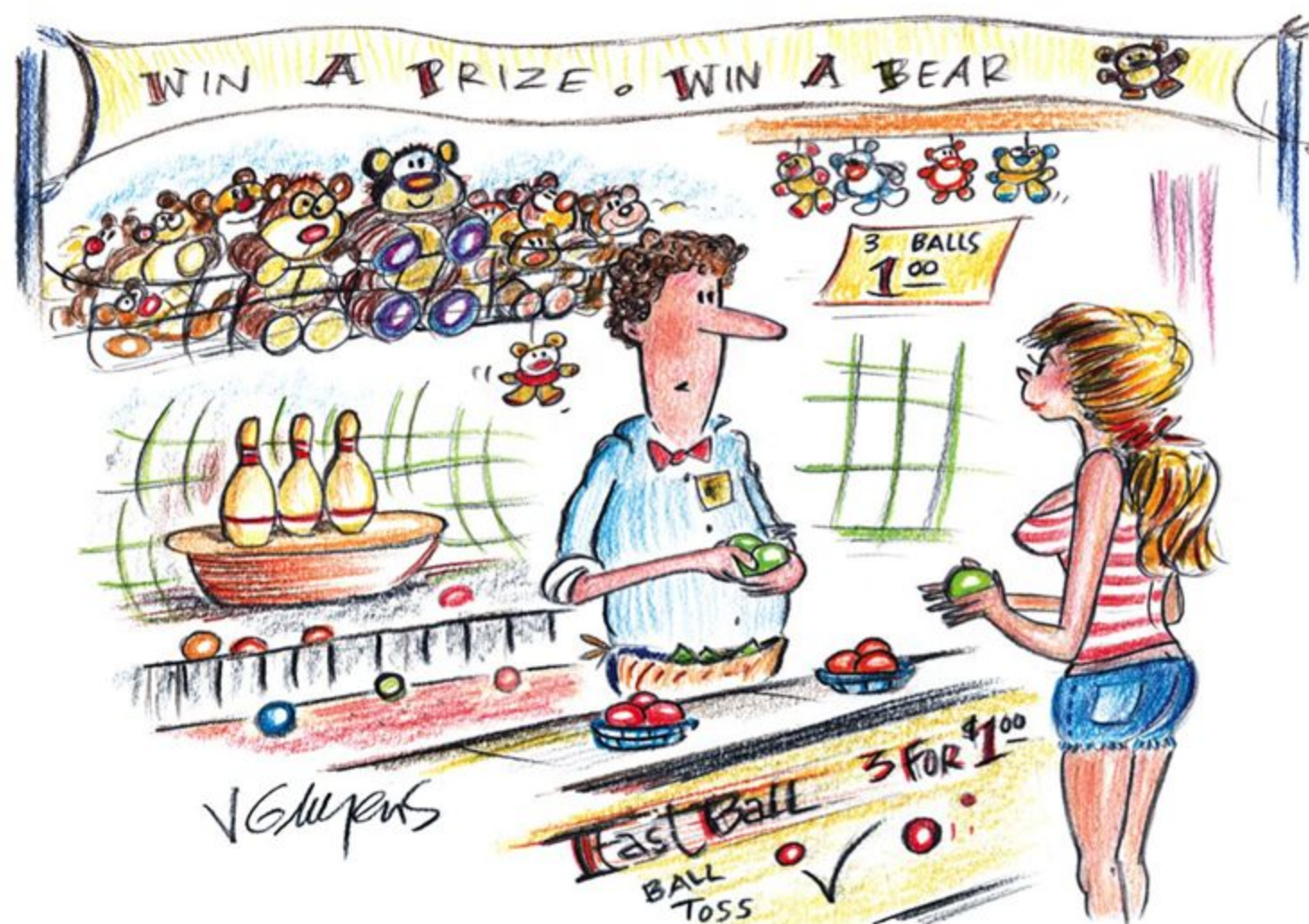
PLAYBOY: Tobias suffered from "never-nude" syndrome, a fictional disorder that made him extremely uncomfortable with being naked. But there's a real phobia called gymnophobia, a fear of nudity.

CROSS: Gymnophobia—that's going to be my new rap name. I'll be Jim, spelled J-I-M, No Phobia, two words. Jim No Phobia. That's my Christian rap name. [laughs]

Q10

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to be the kind of guy who's bashful about his body. When was the last time you were naked in public?

CROSS: I've been (concluded on page 139)



"...One pin gets a small bear, three pins gets a large and a bad throw that hits me in the nuts gets you a chance to kiss it and make it better."



PLAYMATE NEWS

IT'S A SWEETER SCIENCE WITH JESSA HINTON

Boxing hasn't seen anyone as smoking as Miss July 2011 Jessa Hinton since Joe Frazier. While hosting, reporting and interviewing the likes of Sugar Shane Mosley for Top Rank Boxing, Jessa outshines the ring card girls. "I've had boxers hit on me, so I have to prove I'm knowledgeable enough that they'll take me seriously," she says. And she definitely knows her stuff. We asked her opinion of the Manny Pacquiao–Juan Manuel Márquez decision: "The judges had a different angle from ours, so maybe they saw something we didn't. Pacquiao's long hair can make it look as if he's taking a strong punch, when he actually wasn't being hit that hard."



NEAR AND DEAR TO THEIR HEARTS

Last year 40,000 American women died of breast cancer. More than 20 Playmates are helping bring that number down as part of the Bunnies 4 the Cure campaign.

Centerfolds including Miss September 2011 Tiffany Toth (pictured), Miss June 2010 Katie Vernola, Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard, Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund and Miss February 2011 Kylie Johnson are committed to the project of raising money and consciousness about the disease. Along with their Centerfold sisters, they will take part in the Susan G. Komen Race for the Cure in Los Angeles later this month. "I love supporting the cause," Tiffany says. "I know so many people who either have family members or are themselves dealing with breast cancer." Help them in their fight by donating at ply.by/bunnies4thecure.

bunnies
4 THE CURE



FLASHBACK



Thirty years ago this month we found Miss March 1982 **Karen Witter**, a pretty blonde sorceress from the city they call Long Beach. Karen is a fan of alliteration (she listed among her turnoffs politics, pomposity and powerboats) and has demonstrated a love for performance. She jumped off the Centerfold to appear on such TV shows as *Cheers*, *NYPD Blue*, *Malcolm in the Middle* and *The X-Files*. Her starring role as Tina Lord on *One Life to Live* earned her a Soap Opera Digest Award nomination.

DID YOU KNOW?

Miss May 2009 **Crystal McCahill** is working on a swimsuit line called Hunny Bunny for this spring.

GoldenPalace.com hosts an **Anna Nicole Smith** (PMOY 1993) slot machine that features tiny dogs, shoes and diamonds.

Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** played the Virgin Mary on Canadian TV's 2011 *A Russell Peters Christmas*.

PMOY 2010 **Hope Dworaczyk** holds to the theory that women's thighs serve as an economic barometer. "In fashion, when hemlines go down it's a sign the economy is stalling," she says. "Hemlines going up means the economy is heating up."



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY **MICHAEL ROOKER**

—actor, *The Walking Dead*

"I'm a Chicago boy by way of Alabama, so I like the earthy and natural look. I definitely dig the long hair of the 1970s,



like Debra Jo Fondren's and Ellen Michaels's. But there's something about Miss November 1963 **Terre Tucker**. That bouffant bob, that no-nonsense glare! She looks like someone who's been repressed her whole life and just burst at the seams. She's definitely got that *Mad Men* thing going on."



A TAN FOR ALL SEASONS

Watch out, Snooki and JWoww—there's a new face of tanning and she is PMOY 2002 **Dalene Kurtis**. Hollywood Tans recently tapped the California girl to serve as its ambassador. As part of her duties Dalene will show off her bronze body and teach people how to tan responsibly. "While I don't think your skin should be an odd shade of orange and leathery, a little color makes you look good and feel confident," she says. Dalene also makes a great spokeswoman because, as a model, designer and mother, she can relate to not having time to lie around poolside. "Tanning isn't as time-consuming as other activities, such as going to the gym. Ten minutes a week is all it takes to make you feel sexier."



REMEMBER CYNTHIA

The beloved Miss December 1968 **Cynthia Myers** died in November. Her pictorial—called *Wholly Toledo!* in a nod to her hometown in Ohio, as well as to her abundant charms—was a favorite of our boys in Vietnam and was immortalized in celluloid in *Hamburger Hill*. Her image also orbited in space thanks to NASA employees who hid her PLAYBOY photo on *Apollo 12*. Cynthia herself appeared to great acclaim in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Who could ever forget Cynthia?



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Most women turn 30 a few times in their life, but Miss November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo** reached her actual milestone in October. Alluring as ever, Lindsey was toasted by fellow Playmates Miss February 2005 **Amber Campisi**, Miss May 2003 **Laurie Jo Fetter** and Miss May 2007 **Shannon James** at the Hurricane Club in New York City.... Club kids and house-music fans have wondered for some time now, Who is that sexy kitten on the arm of Deadmau5? The DJ's girlfriend is none other than Miss October 2009 **Lindsey Gayle Evans**. They met when Deadmau5 served as house DJ for the MTV VMAs back in 2010. Their bond is strong—check out the mouse head on Lindsey's back.... During the Muscle Cars at the Mansion event, gawkers were privy to some of America's most well-built chassis. Two attendees who got an eyeful were *Entertainment Tonight* correspondent Chris Jacobs and Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima**.... Almost everybody could use an extra million dollars, so we teamed with Macanudo Cigars to make that happen. John Muirhead, a military veteran who served in Iraq, won the third annual Macanudo Millionaire Contest. He was whisked off to Las Vegas, put up at the Palms and staked for a chance to take home \$1 million in poker winnings. He fell a few cards shy but didn't seem too crushed as he was showered with an embarrassment of riches—including but not limited to dining with Miss March 2009 **Jennifer Pershing**, Miss May 2006 **Alison Waite**, Miss March 2003 **Pennelope Jimenez** and **Shannon James**.



WANT TO SEE MORE PLAYMATES?

them in the full magazine archives at iplayboy.com.

Or more of these Playmates? You can check out every one of

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Curves to Remember

ROSIE HUNTINGTON-WHITELEY plays Carly Spencer in *Transformers: Dark of the Moon*. When the Burberry and Victoria's Secret model was growing up in England, the mean girls teased her because she had big lips and no breasts. Whose luscious lips are laughing now?



Taylor Momsen Officially Grown Up

The child star who played Jenny Humphrey on the CW series *Gossip Girl* and Cindy Lou Who in *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* is now 18, fronting the *Pretty Reckless* and winning the hearts of boot fetishists everywhere.

Short Dress, High Step

The problem with walking up is that you have to walk down. The Disney Channel star and singer SELENA GOMEZ leaves a West Hollywood salon before flying to Belfast to host the MTV Europe Music Awards. After the show she partied with her boyfriend, bubblegummer Justin Bieber, who is coming over to kick your ass for looking at this photo.

KEN SETTLE PHOTOGRAPHY



Good Clean Fun With Melissa

On *The Slap*, an Australian television series based on Christos Tsiolkas's best-selling novel, MELISSA GEORGE plays Rosie, mother of a boy whose slapping sets off a chain of events that somehow leads to Rosie removing her clothes. We hope next time no one has to get hurt.

Hollywood Buzz

MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL takes to the red carpet at the Rome Film Festival for *Hysteria*, her romantic comedy about the 19th century invention of the vibrator. It's coming soon.

FOTOSTORE/SPLASH NEWS



Instant Promotion

When KIM LEE applied for an internship at a modeling agency, scouts took one look at the French Vietnamese beauty and sent her straight to the runways of Paris.



© SCOTT McDERMOTT/CORBIS

The \$2.5 Million Bra

MIRANDA KERR models a brassiere at the annual Victoria's Secret Fashion Show in New York stitched with 279 carats of precious gems. No matter its value, the fancy sling blocks a priceless view. Meanwhile, a model shakes her tail feathers and shows a little tail.



From Izhevsk With Love

Say *pryvet* to IRINA SOTNIKOVA, a native of Izhevsk, the Russian city best known (until now) as the birthplace of the AK-47. Irina was discovered by a local modeling agency at the age of 15. Four years later she settled in Sydney, Australia, where the g'days became even better.



HENRYK LOBACZEWSKI/PICDESK.COM



WHAT THE DEVIL GAVE NIKKI SIXX FOR HIS SOUL.



JON HAMM—THE MAN BEHIND A MAN WITH SECRETS.



MICK FLEETWOOD OR ENGLISH BARON?



BRUNO MARS BRINGS COOL TO HAWAII.

SEX AND MUSIC—IN OUR ANNUAL TRIBUTE TO THE TWO IRRESISTIBLE RHYTHMS OF LIFE, **ROB TANNENBAUM** INTRODUCES THE HIT MAKERS YOU'LL BE HEARING FROM, INCLUDING LANA DEL REY, WHO HAS CALLED HERSELF THE "GANGSTA NANCY SINATRA," AND TEXAS BLUESMAN GARY CLARK JR., AND CELEBRATES SUCH SOUL AND FUNK GREATS AS THE METERS AND DENNIS COFFEY.

ROCKIN' PLAYMATES—WANNA DATE A CENTERFOLD? IT HELPS TO BE A BAD BOY WITH A SNARL, A THICK MANE AND A MONSTER HIT. FROM SHANNON TWEED TO BRANDI BRANDT TO PAM ANDERSON AND EVERY LYRICAL PLAYMATE IN BETWEEN, MEET THE GIRLFRIENDS AND WIVES OF ROCK HEAVIES.

BRUNO MARS—INSPIRED BY THE ELVIS CLASSIC *BLUE HAWAII*, WE PUT THE NEW SPRING FASHIONS ON THE GRAMMY-WINNING CROONER AND NATIVE HAWAIIAN WHOSE ALBUM *DOO-WOPS & HOOLIGANS* SHOULD ALREADY BE ON YOUR PLAYLIST.

MICK FLEETWOOD—THE DRUMMER IS A CHARACTER. FLEETWOOD MAC'S LEADER HANGS IN MAUI WITH HIS POTBELLED PIG ON A LEASH AND A SURFER CREW THAT PROVIDES CUSTOM WEED. **ANTHONY BOZZA** VISITS FLEETWOOD'S STUDIO-PAD ATOP A VOLCANIC CRATER, WHERE EVERYONE FROM DYLAN TO WILLIE STOPS TO JAM.

SWING THAT AX—THE ELECTRIC GUITAR PRODUCES "THE SOUND OF GOD HITTING THE WORLD AND THE WORLD HITTING BACK,"

WRITES **GREIL MARCUS**, WHO PROFILES SIX MASTERS: HENDRIX, JOHNSON, THE STONES, PERKINS, YOUNG AND...WHO?

A RUSSIAN PICNIC—IN A PROVOCATIVE SHORT STORY NEWLY TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH, WRITER AND DISSIDENT **ZAHAR PRILEPIN** SETS A SCENE IN RURAL RUSSIA DURING EARLY SPRING: AS AN EX-SOLDIER, A COLLEGE DROPOUT AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER ARE HIKING, A TOWN COMES INTO VIEW—AND A WOMEN'S DORMITORY! THE MEN WILL PREPARE A SEDUCTION FEAST. BUT FOOD IS SCARCE. WHAT TO COOK? A THOUGHT OCCURS....

WHALE WARS—THE SEA SHEPHERD CREW ARRIVED IN THE FAROE ISLANDS HOPING TO SHUT DOWN A CENTURIES-OLD INDUSTRY THAT KILLS A THOUSAND WHALES A YEAR BUT ALSO KEEPS THE LOCALS ALIVE. THE PRODUCERS OF *WHALE WARS* WERE THERE. BUT DID THEY CAPTURE REALITY? **ANDY DEHNART** INVESTIGATES.

MEGHAN MCCAIN—IN A SPIRITED *20Q*, THE COLUMNIST, AUTHOR (HER CAMPAIGN MEMOIR IS CALLED *DIRTY SEXY POLITICS*) AND DAUGHTER OF FORMER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE JOHN MCCAIN DISHES TO **DAVID HOCHMAN** ABOUT SEX, BEER, CLEAVAGE PROBLEMS, LEATHER BOOTS AND WHY SHE LOVES RACHEL MADDOW, BILL O'REILLY AND DANCING WITH GAY GUYS.

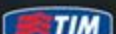
PLUS—THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH **JON HAMM** OF *MAD MEN*, MISS APRIL **RAQUEL POMPLUN** AND A PIECE OF *THE WALKING DEAD*.




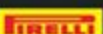
The new Streetfighter 848:
Its naked beauty will stop them in their tracks.
Its Testastretta 11° engine will leave them in yours.

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