

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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**PLAYMATE
OF THE YEAR
THE INCOMPARABLE
JACLYN
SWEDBERG**

**20Q
RHYS IFANS**

**THE MAKING OF A
BIONIC MAN
REBUILDING OUR
WOUNDED
SOLDIERS**

**THE INTERVIEW
TOM
CRUISE**

**ARMED &
DANGEROUS
HAS GUN
CULTURE
GONE TOO
FAR?**

**PLUS
VAMPIRE
FICTION FROM
CARLOS FUENTES
A CASE FOR
PLEASURE BY
SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK
A WILD
TOUR OF
UNDERGROUND
PARIS
EXCLUSIVE ART
FROM
ANDY WARHOL
SALVADOR DALÍ
LARRY RIVERS
JAMES
ROSENQUIST**



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PLAYBILL

When **Steven Kotler** sat down with Hugh Herr, a professor of bio-mechatronics at MIT who years before had lost both legs in a climbing accident, he found him to be "one of the most impressive human beings I've ever met." That's quite a compliment coming from a science writer who has interviewed hundreds of deep thinkers. And then, Kotler tells us, he had the same reaction when he met David Rozelle, who lost a leg in Iraq and, equipped with a prosthetic designed by Herr, returned to the front. "Two amazing characters in one story," Kotler says. That story is *Bionic Man*, in which the writer looks at the emerging digital tech behind modern replacement limbs. **Rhys Ifans**, who plays the Lizard in *The Amazing Spider-Man*, has no appetite for gizmos. When we ask in *20Q* what villain would suit his personality, he suggests Luddite-Man, whose power would be "delaying the adoption of new technology." Speaking of old school, what magazine would print a defense of cigarette smoking? You're holding it. In *Thy Neighbor's Life*, the philosopher **Slavoj Žižek** presents his case—can one claim to be a hedonist while banning popular pleasures? Why drink coffee without caffeine? Why bother with fat-free chocolate? Why does sex need to be good for your health? Why does anything we enjoy have to "not threaten our psychic or biological stability"? June has arrived, meaning it's time to reveal our smoking-hot PMOY in a pictorial we call **Jaclyn Swedberg** *Is Playmate of the Year*. That's the only clue you'll get. You'll also need

guidance to find the handful of discreet gaming parlors that operate in the City of Light. **Adam Levin** went behind the scenes at Aviation Club de France and other establishments for *The Underground Casinos of Paris*. In 1967 we had the bright idea of asking 11 artists to reimagine the classic Centerfold. In 2012 we had the bright idea of asking critic **Dave Hickey** to revisit the feature for *The Playmate as Pop Art*. When **Joel Stein** learned he would soon be the father of a baby boy, he freaked. Determined to be a good role model, the lifelong nerd began "man training," including three days of Army boot camp. In this month's *Men* column, he explains how nerds and jocks might find common ground. (Read more about Stein's regimen in his new book, *Man Made: A Stupid Quest for Masculinity*.) Can you believe **Tom Cruise** is turning 50? The actor, who sat down with Michael Fleming for a revealing *Playboy Interview*, seems to have regained his focus after a few years of adversity. Reports Fleming, "I'm not sure I've ever met an actor who seems as content and comfortable in his own skin." That's a good place to be, for any man.



Steven Kotler



Rhys Ifans



Slavoj Žižek



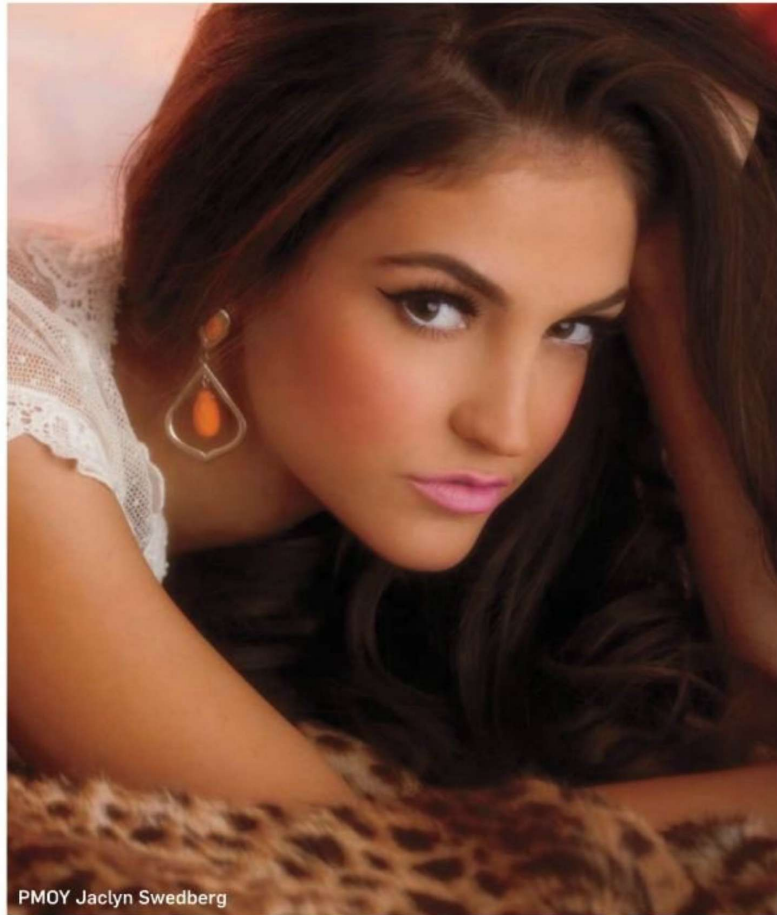
Adam Levin



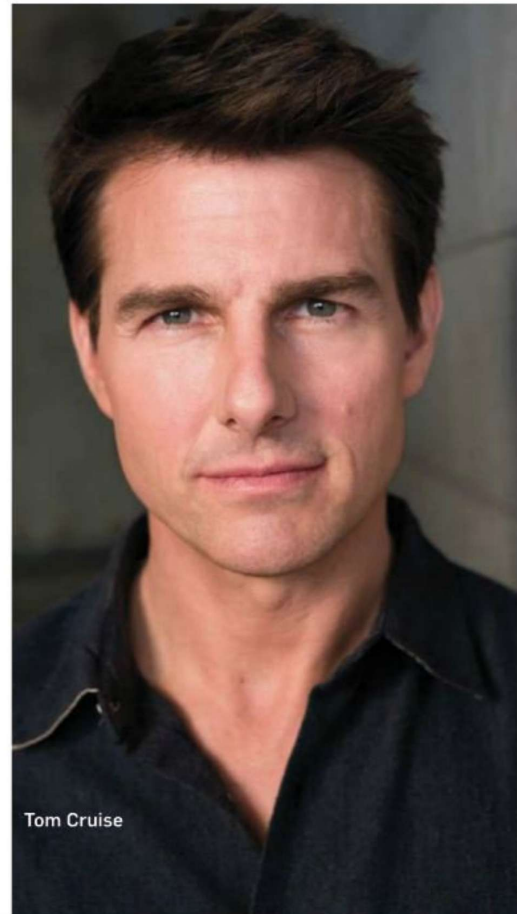
Dave Hickey



Joel Stein



PMOY Jaclyn Swedberg



Tom Cruise

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PLAYBOY

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PAT JORDAN, a pistol strapped to his hip, tests the limits of open-carry laws in towns near Atlanta. If a man walked into your workplace, a bar or shop or even strolled down the street packing heat, would you feel more secure or would you run away?



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As he turns 50, the actor and mogul opens up to **MICHAEL FLEMING** about the missteps that nearly derailed his career.

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STEPHEN REBELLO gets the wild Welshman to talk about his bad boy ways and his role in the new Spider-Man movie.

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An exiled Balkan count asks for assistance in securing a new mansion. The Mexican novelist **CARLOS FUENTES** weaves a horrifying tale of what lies within.



COVER STORY

Our Rabbit is naturally footloose and fancy free, so it's unusual to see him presenting a knotty problem for a beautiful woman such as newly crowned PMOY Jaclyn Swedberg. We knew our hare was afoot when we saw Jaclyn nearly undressed—and cool Mansion grass between the toes is how he rolls.

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JOEL STEIN tries to end the conflict between two classic male subsets.

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There's a reason beautiful people have sex on camera, says **LISA LAMPANELLI**, while you do it in the dark.

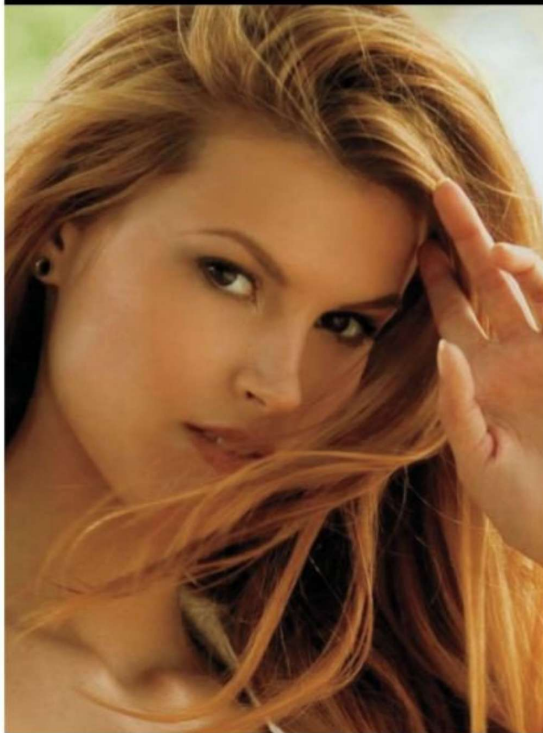
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Our fashion editor selects her favorite summer scents for men and provides insight into what each will say about you. By **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

BRUNO MARS PERFORMS AT THE MANSION

To celebrate the launch of our Sex & Music issue, Bruno Mars—the 10th male star to grace the cover of *PLAYBOY*—performed at PMW. During his set, the Grammy winner covered Michael Jackson's "Dirty Diana" and the Police's "Roxanne" for a crowd that included Hef, Britney Spears and Chris Martin.



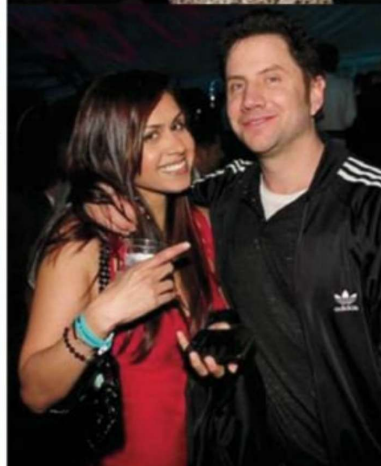
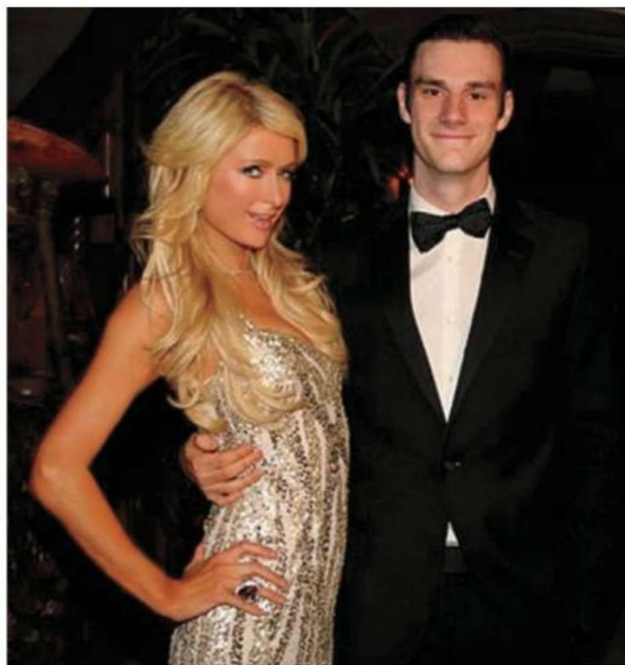
SIGN OF GRATITUDE

For his involvement in saving the area around the Hollywood sign from development, Hef was honored by the Trust for Public Land with a certificate of recognition and a plaque placed on a boulder that sits at Cahuenga Peak's trailhead.



SYMPOSIUM AT THE MANSION

The *Immortals* DVD was toasted during the Gods and Goddesses Ball at PMW. Among those who descended Mount Olympus were *MADtv*'s Orlando Jones, TV hostess Courtney Hansen and Bruce Boxleitner of the *Tron* series and *GCB*.



MUSICAL STYLE

Combining sights and sounds, Man + Machine threw a preshow party for the Grammys at the Playboy Mansion called Music Loves Fashion. The black-tie affair drew such celebrities as Paris Hilton, Cooper Hefner, Ashley Tisdale, Tia Carrere and Jamie Kennedy, who didn't get the memo about the night's dress code.



HEF AT THE MASQUERADE BALL

Even if he were wearing his party mask, Hef couldn't go incognito at the Kandyland Masquerade Ball. The three blondes on his arm—Trisha Frick, Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard and Sandrine Chelly—would have given him away.

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7

Of late we have been partying with sexy ladies to the sweet sounds of Michael Jackson, Bruno Mars and the roar of Ferrari engines. (1) VIP guests of Opus Publishing for Cirque du Soleil's *Michael Jackson: The Immortal World Tour* at the Staples Center, Playmates grooved with Jackie Jackson. (2) Cedric the Entertainer with a performer. (3) Playmates with Chris Tucker. (4) Miss March 2003 Penelope Jimenez, Quincy Jones and Miss August 1986 Ava Fabian. (5) Jenna Nicki holds *The Official Michael Jackson Opus*. (6) Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima with Taye Diggs. (7) PLAYBOY Mexico was on track at the Festival Ferrari in Mexico City. (8) The international symbol of sexy. (9) Cover girl Jackeline Arroyo. (10) Cooper and Bruno Mars at the Sex & Music issue release party. (11) Johnny Knoxville with PMOY 2012 Jaclyn Swedberg. (12) Miss November 2002 Serria Tawan, Elizabeth De Razzo and Miss November 1998 Tiffany Taylor. (13) David Arquette with "hover hands" around Hiromi and Jaclyn.



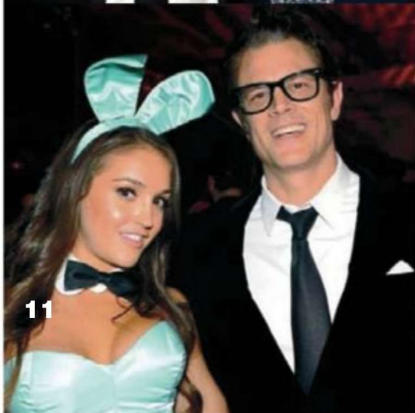
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PLAYMATES ROCK

I have a slight problem with your pictorial *Playmates & Rock Stars* (April). You feature three members of Motley Crue and four Playmates they were involved with but only two members of Kiss and three Playmates they were involved with. How could you forget Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens? She dated the second Kiss drummer, Eric Carr, as well as Enrique Iglesias and guitarist Todd Kerns. Or Miss August 1982 Cathy St. George, who dated Paul Stanley after his split in 1982 from the actress Donna Dixon? He also dated Miss April 1988 Eloise Broady. Before anyone argues that the focus was on rock stars who married Playmates, Gene Simmons and Star Stowe were not married, nor were Steven Tyler and Bebe Buell.

Bill Trepkowski
Bay City, Michigan

ELECTRIC DREAMS

Greil Marcus notes in his appreciation of the electric guitar (*The Ax*, April) that most historians agree it emerged in 1931, which is true, but the instrument itself may date to as early as 1928, the year on marketing materials for the Stromberg Electro recently discovered by guitar historian Lynn Wheelwright. Wheelwright also believes the ViviTone predated Adolph Rickenbacker's 1931 unit. A minor correction: Marcus misidentifies Robert Johnson's fabled acoustic Gibson L-1 as a steel body. (Johnson reportedly also played cheapo wooden guitars—a \$12 Stella and a Gibson budget ax called the Kalamazoo.) If I could add a seventh tune to Marcus's list, it would be Link Wray's 1958 "Rumble"—a song so unique it has been credited with marking the beginnings of both heavy metal and punk rock. Finally, it's wonderful to see a shout-out to the Wailers, the first great rock band from the Pacific Northwest.

Peter Blecha
Seattle, Washington

Blecha is author of Wired Wood: The Origins of the Electric Guitar and, most recently, Sonic Boom! The History of Northwest Rock.

ZOMBIE LOVE

I'm a huge comic book fan. As soon as I turned the page to see *Michonne's Story* (April), I geeked out. Thank you for this awesome extra from *The Walking Dead*.

Daniel Bellay
Fairmont, West Virginia

LOVE HER, LEAVE HER

Lisa Lampanelli's March *Women* column ("When Is Enough Enough?") is hysterical, especially her name-dropping. I had to put down the issue to catch my breath.

Jason Knoll
Orlando, Florida

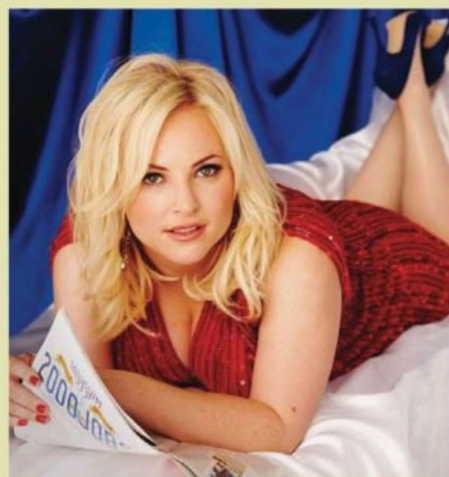
Reading Lampanelli can be entertaining, like eating a package of tart candies. But her inability to write a sentence that

DEAR PLAYBOY

The Senator's Daughter

Thank you for the entertaining 20Q with pundit Meghan McCain (April). She's a straight shooter, like her old man. I don't agree that the economy would have been better if her father had won the presidential election in 2008 against Barack Obama, but what would you expect her to say? It seems she wasn't immune to the Sarah Palin toxicity, but she is kind in how she responds to Bristol Palin's harping. And I bet she has learned more about national politics by osmosis than most pundits ever will.

Andy Tolsma
South Jordan, Utah



does not contain a simile, like an obsessive tic, is irritating, like your girlfriend's habit of speaking in baby talk.

Shari Prange
Bonny Doon, California

MORE ON MCCAIN

I had dinner with the down-to-earth and smart Meghan McCain in 2007 at my friend Jackie Martling's house. She made a great impression and has my vote if she ever decides to run for president.

Cheryl Phillips
Providence, Rhode Island

RENEWAL NOTICE

I am amazed by Playmate Lisa Seiffert (*A Moment in the Sun*, March). I'm never



Miss March Lisa Seiffert: bringing them back.

disappointed, but Lisa reminded me why I renew my subscription year after year.

Jeff Burns
Inola, Oklahoma

MAC NOT BACK

Mick Fleetwood says he wants to tour with Stevie Nicks and Lindsey

Buckingham but Nicks won't agree (*The Ghost of Fleetwood Mac*, April). Yet even with Nicks the band would be incomplete. The last Fleetwood Mac tour was not the same without Christine McVie.

Dirk Rodgers
Dade City, Florida

Fleetwood whines about not being as rich as the Eagles but fails to mention that he went bankrupt in the 1980s after consuming large quantities of cocaine and making bad real estate deals. If he had hung on to some of that money, he'd be a lot wealthier now.

Dan Petitpas
Westwood, Massachusetts

BIG-GOVERNMENT BLUES

Paul Krugman argues in the *Playboy Interview* (March) that not reining in the banks has contributed to a rightward shift in U.S. politics. He's right. It allowed the right to rally against big government, which inspired the Tea Party and gave control of the House to the Republicans. This has led the president to lean right to cater to these interests. In many ways, we are in President Bush's third term. Hopefully, Obama will heed Krugman's advice in the future.

David Doney
Chicago, Illinois

Because the investment and finance industries do not employ large numbers of workers nor contribute to the maintenance of a viable middle class, they have sucked the wealth from America's oncemighty corporations. Blue-chip companies once provided goods and employed large numbers of people who in turn became their customers. Today the name of the game is to keep investors from taking their capital elsewhere; this leads to large-scale shedding of employees, the most reliable way to raise stock prices. The industrial

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corporations are now puppets of the radical right, taking the heat for the stinginess required for survival but unable to take the long-term action that would restore their dwindling customer base.

Gerald Zuckier
New Haven, Connecticut

Krugman places far too much faith in the federal government to solve our economic problems. I retired from the federal government after 30 years and saw firsthand the inefficiencies and waste in the bureaucracy. The goal of a federal agency is not to solve problems; it is to continue to exist, which is accomplished by not solving problems. The agency can then argue that it must continue because there are still problems to be solved.

Robert Walton
Englewood, Colorado

EVOLVING POLITICS

The political scientist Larry Arnhart seems to misunderstand evolution (*The Weird World of Biopolitics*, March). Being preoccupied with your self-interest gets you nowhere unless that behavior translates into a reproductive and survival advantage. The studies cited demonstrate the connection between selfish behavior and being conservative but not how that is advantageous to social animals. I would argue that thoughtless, reactionary and selfish people who are duped into voting against their self-interest are the ones in danger of extinction.

Trevor Morrissey
Jackson, Michigan

Humans stopped evolving at least 10,000 years ago. Sociological evolution has been the story ever since. The demands of civilization are at odds with the paranoid, aggressive inclinations hardwired into us, and being out of the state of nature we have few evolutionary pressures to weed out our dysfunctional ways. Conservatives stubbornly resist anything that goes against their gut feelings. At worst, they're throwbacks who refuse to evolve socially; at best, they're being dragged kicking and screaming into their new ways, ever behind the curve.

Stephen Van Eck
Lawton, Pennsylvania

THE MIDLING MIDDLE

Chris Wallace of *Fox News Sunday* claims he is a point of balance (*Playboy Interview*, January/February), but he displays all the flawed reasoning of Rush Limbaugh, Mitt Romney, Newt Gingrich, Sean Hannity and the rest. He blames President Obama for focusing on health care reform despite the fact that it's our most important need in the long term. He dismisses statistics (i.e., facts),

apparently because, as Stephen Colbert has observed, "facts tend to have a liberal bias." Wallace could be a poster child for what is wrong with math and science education in this country.

John Gardenier
Vienna, Virginia

Wallace asks of gay marriage, "Who is it hurting?" Gay marriage is a mockery of natural law. I have been an admirer of Wallace's middle-of-the-road perspectives, but after reading this interview, I'm wondering if he, as he described his now-late father, is "mentally not okay."

Doreen Colomy
Concord, California

Supporting same-sex marriage became middle-of-the-road about five years ago.

MAN ALERT

I received my first issue of *PLAYBOY* after going many years without, only to find



Boys' club: 10 men who have appeared on our cover.

a guy on the cover (Bruno Mars, April). What the heck? It's not right.

Sam Whiting
Sarasota, Florida

SMALL IS BEAUTIFUL

Thank you for the profile of astrophysicist Neil deGrasse Tyson (*King of the Cosmos*, January/February). We need more people like him to engage the public about the mysteries and joys of science. However, I must turn a critical eye on his characterization of Pluto's demotion to dwarf-planet status. A planet should be any object that orbits the sun and is big enough that gravity makes it round. Some argue this leaves us with too many planets, but if any discipline can handle large numbers, it's astronomy.

Doug Morgenstern
Ellicott City, Maryland

COLORFUL LOAFING

In March you describe the classic loafer as brown ("Style," *After Hours*). But the Bass Weejun loafer pictured is cordovan—not flat, dull brown.

Victor Santiago
Miami, Florida

You're right, though Bass calls it burgundy. There is also a shoe leather called cordovan, or shell cordovan, made from the hide of a horse's rump—one horse per pair.



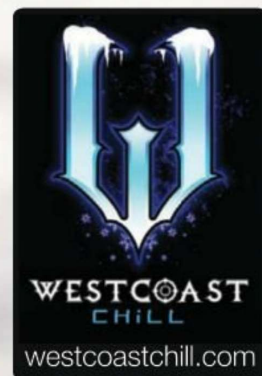
PROMOTION

Nothing makes temperatures rise like Playboy's Playmate of the Year

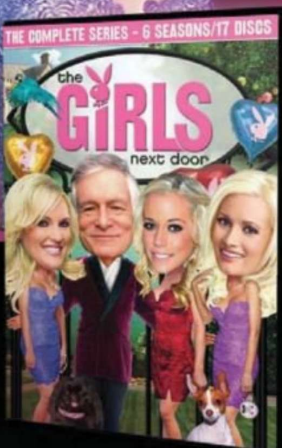
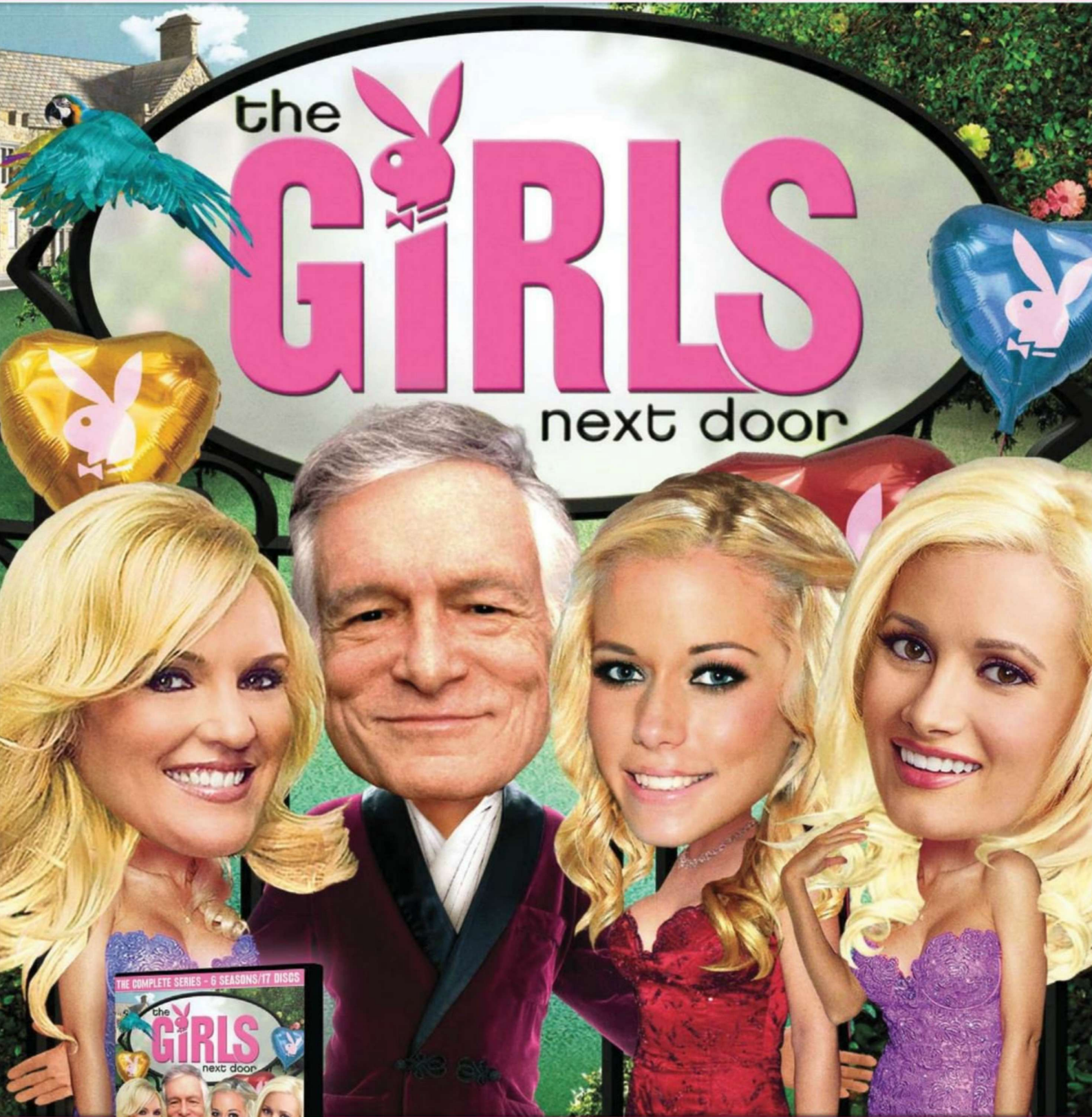
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Playboy's 2012 Playmate of the Year,
Jaclyn Swedberg 



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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

MEGAN FELIX

The power of the web? Please. While SI.com recently named Megan Felix its Lovely Lady of the Day, we prefer to offer a far more permanent glimpse of the Oregon-born, California-based model. That's right, feel free to keep this magazine and the accompanying photo of Ms. Felix for as long as you like—no broken links or denial of service here. At the very least, Megan qualifies as one of the most beautiful women we've seen this month.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
BRIE CHILDERS



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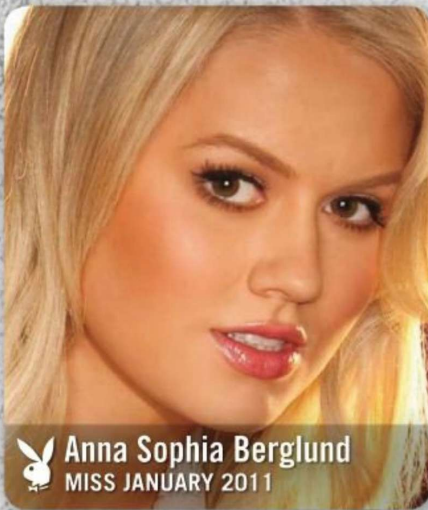


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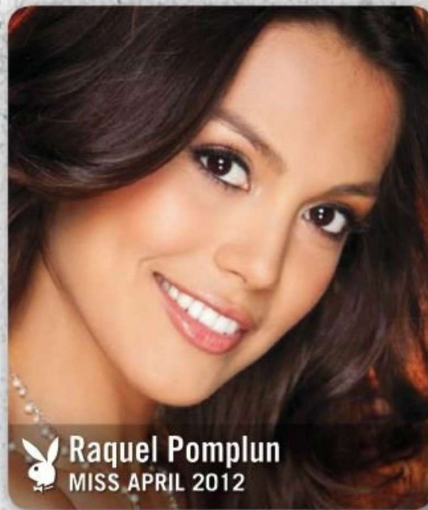
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PROMOTION

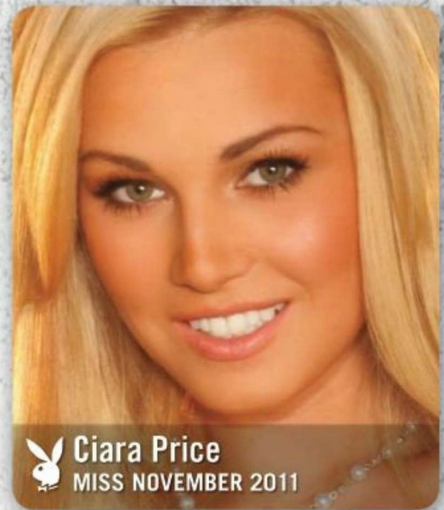
THE PLAYMATES NEED YOUR VOTE!




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MISS APRIL 2012



 Ciara Price
MISS NOVEMBER 2011

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CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

ELIOT NESS

The real Eliot Ness was a bit of a schlub. Yeah, he was tough. As a Prohibition agent working for the Treasury Department, he helped take down Al Capone, and that's saying something. But he didn't do it while hurling gems of David Mamet dialogue, as Kevin Costner does in *The Untouchables* (1987). Nor did he do it wearing Giorgio Armani suits the way Costner does in the Brian De Palma-directed noir. The truth is, Armani—who provided all the costumes for the film—wanted Don Johnson to play Ness. Johnson wore Armani on *Miami Vice*, and the designer called him his male muse. But the role went to Costner, who plays it with aplomb, looking slick and mean. To re-create the style above, see the caption.

Downs fedora, \$150, by Stetson. Jersey vest, \$475, classic-fit shirt, \$235, microfiber trousers, \$275, and silk mélange tie, \$150, all by Armani Collezione.



SUMMER NIGHTS • THAT CERTAIN SPARK

GLOBAL WARMING

Hand-cut from thick carbon steel, the Third Rock fire pit (\$1,679, firepitart.com) is a phenomenal way to end a summer's day. Take a seat, crack a beer and enjoy climate change we can believe in.

BARMATE
WORDS TO DRINK BYAMBER
PAXTON

PEOPLE ASSUME that women who drink beer are more masculine than women who don't. In fact, back when I liked only sweet drinks, I used to say, "The sweeter the drink, the sweeter the girl." But once I started bartending at Elevator Brewery and Draught Haus in Columbus, Ohio, I realized that neither cliché is true.

A BREWPUB like Draught Haus definitely attracts a different type of crowd. Our regulars savor their drinks as opposed to chugging them.

AS FOR ME, it's easier filling pints of beer than fixing cocktails. But mixing drinks does keep things more interesting.

IT'S DISRESPECTFUL to stick your gum under your chair—or to pee on the bathroom floor or to destroy the bar in any other way. You should always treat it as you would your home.

I ADMIT IT, I'm a hugger. I hug all my regulars. I like making that connection with them and letting them know I care.



DIVE IN

Not long ago, dive watches were the purview solely of men who spent their days roaming the deep sea. These days, however, anyone can wear them—whether you're 500 feet beneath the surface of the Pacific Ocean

swimming with sharks, or 36 stories in the air marking time until your mind-numbing weekly staff meeting wraps up. And for good reason. They mix fashion—their Technicolor exterior meets the color quota for today's

look—and function: Beyond telling perfect time, they are known to offer conversation-piece gadgetry such as helium valves. So feel free to get your hands wet with one of the watches shown below.



NAUTICA \$185
Yellow rubber strap NMK 650



TISSOT \$1,225
Seastar Automatic Chronograph C01 Sport Watch



CITIZEN \$350
Promaster Diver



HAUTE CUISINE MEAT THE PRESS

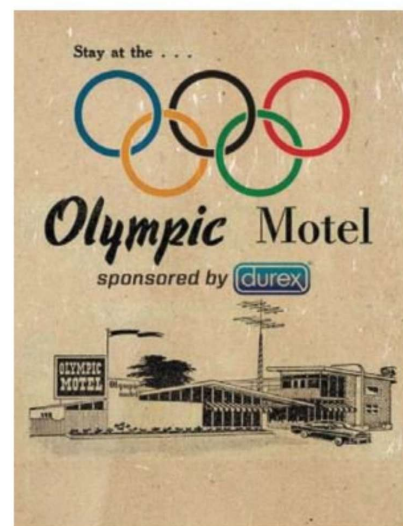
LOVE FEST

Organizers of the 30th Aspen Food and Wine Classic (June 15–17) are pulling out all the stops. Can't make it?

Here's a taste: brilliant Dallas-based chef Tim Love's bourbon-and-Coke-marinated pork shoulder.

1 gallon water
½ cup salt
2 tbs. red pepper flakes
10 lbs. pork shoulder
Your favorite pork rub
1 can Coca-Cola
1½ cups bourbon

Mix water, salt and red pepper flakes; brine pork in fridge for six hours. Heat half of grill to 220 degrees. Pat pork dry and season heavily with rub. Place in roasting pan. Pour Coke and bourbon into bottom. Cover loosely with foil. Place on cooler side of grill. Cook pork until dark crust develops and interior temperature reaches 145 degrees, about six hours, flipping halfway through. Slice and serve.

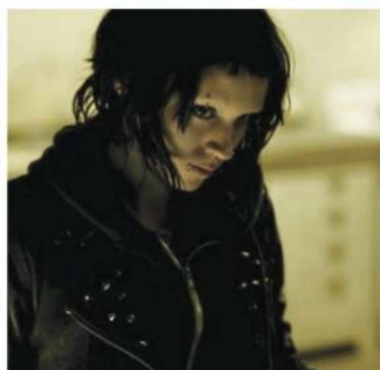


SAFE SEX • THE OLYMPICS

ELASTIC DEMAND

Protection for the most intimate contact sport between 2012 Olympians—that of the bedroom variety—has been left to Durex, the official (more or less) condom supplier of the upcoming Olympic Summer Games. The British company will reportedly donate a record 150,000 condoms to the 10,000 athletes housed in the Olympic Park's several villages. The hope is it will be enough rubber to guard against the condom shortage that occurred during the 2010 winter Olympics in Vancouver, when a mere 7,000 athletes used all 100,000 condoms that had been given to them. Oddsmakers, though, are betting against Durex. To wit: London-based bookmaker Ladbrokes already ran a promotional bet with seven-to-two odds that the Olympic athletes would run out of condoms.

AFTER HOURS



FASHION • HARLEY-DAVIDSON

HELL-BENT FOR LEATHER

The leather motorcycle jacket was originally worn to protect riders when they tumbled from their mounts. It then became an emblem of the badass, the de rigueur wardrobe piece of the man not to be crossed. Later it was appropriated by the fashion avant-garde. This month Milwaukee's Harley-Davidson Museum tells the story of "the uniform of rebellious cool" (as put by Jim Fricke, curatorial director) in the exhibition *Worn to Be Wild: The Black Leather Jacket* (June 16–September 3). You'll see Elvis's leather, the Terminator outfit worn by Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jean Paul Gaultier jackets worn on the runway and jackets of rock stars from Gene Vincent to Glenn Tipton (Judas Priest) to Joe Walsh.



TURN ON • ROUGH IT

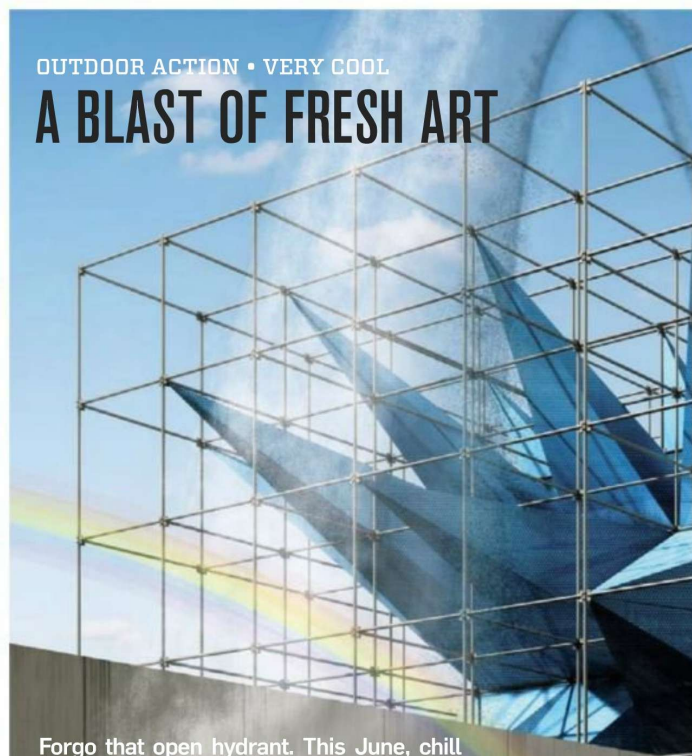
GREAT OUTDOORS



Sleeping in a luxury RV with Wi-Fi doesn't qualify as camping. For those who actually camp, these smart gadgets will put the green in their green movement: SpareOne's emergency phone (\$70, spareone.com) stays charged for 15 years on one AA battery. The BioLite camp stove (\$129, biolitestove.com) burns twigs for power; it can fry your eggs and also charge your phone. Meanwhile, the HiNation HiLight (\$300, hination.com) uses the power of the sun to recharge your gadgets.

OUTDOOR ACTION • VERY COOL

A BLAST OF FRESH ART



Forgo that open hydrant. This June, chill out in style under the spiky arms of MoMA PS1's *Wendy* (momaps1.org), a 45-foot-tall sculpture that blasts water, cold air, music and mist to keep spirits soaring. It even cleans the air. Critics agree: very wet, very cool.





SEXTYMOLOGY • STRIP POKER

WILD CARDS

Historians believe the first poker hand was dealt in New Orleans in the early 19th century, so it's hard to imagine that the first strip poker game didn't occur at a Big Easy brothel soon thereafter. It would be another century, however, before strip poker was mentioned in print. The earliest known depiction on the big screen is also one of the most influential: the 1928 silent film *The Road to Ruin*, in which a teenage girl, played by Helen Foster, spirals into depravity, felled by smoking, drinking, premarital sex and strip poker. Surviving prints include an awkward cut during a game, suggesting that Foster bares her breasts in the original. In 1972 the author of *Playboy's Book of Games* recognized strip poker as an icebreaker but ruled out eyeglasses, jewelry and bandages as valid wagers.



NEVER SLEEP • NEW YORK

BITE THE BIG APPLE

It's hot, beautiful and brimming with the absolute best of everything. Yes, we're talking about New York City. Welcome to the capital of the world.

7:30 P.M. Beat the dinner rush at Odeon in Tribeca, the Franco-chic bistro beloved by Patrick Bateman in *American Psycho*. If you listen closely, you can hear the ghosts of yuppies past blowing rails in the bathroom. Or at least we think they're ghosts.

10:05 P.M. Formerly known for its transvestite hookers and pork products, the Meatpacking District is the city's unofficial adult playpen. The posh beer garden (pictured) at the foot of the 1960s-mod Standard Hotel has Ping-Pong tables, a low-key vibe and star sightings aplenty. Challenge an aspiring actress to a game while pretending not to notice Jay-Z.

11:48 P.M. More drinks! Any dive will do, but Hogs & Heifers is a solid bet if you're looking for "New York character." A former biker bar, it's home to the world's surliest barmaids, famed for hurling insults at customers through megaphones while Irish step dancing on the bar. Buy their allegiance with a \$10 tip.

1:14 A.M. Claim your table at Le Baron in Chinatown, the undisputed club du jour. You might have to slip the doorman a benjamin, but you will see an Olsen.

3:48 A.M. Head up to the East Village for some all-night comfort food (California omelet and a bottle of Tabasco, please) at hipster haven 7A Cafe. Then take your paramour to the nearest bed. "If we can make it here," you say, "we can make it anywhere."



ISLE OF MAN TOURIST TROPHY



EURO 2012



BOI BUMBA



HARO WINE BATTLE

JUNE TO-DO LIST • EVENTS

SCHOOL'S OUT

Gentlemen, start your vacations. June marks the dawn of summer, and with it comes epic international revelry. The true can't-miss events: **ISLE OF MAN TT (MAY 26-JUNE 8)** Adrenaline junkies will find nirvana in this time-trial motorbike race that careens along the Atlantic coast at speeds of up to 190 mph. ♦ **EURO 2012 (JUNE 8-JULY 1)** The biggest

soccer tournament this side of the World Cup, Euro 2012 will decide the continent's finest *fútbol* club.

♦ **BOI BUMBA (JUNE 29-JULY 1)** A celebration of national folklore, Boi Bumba is to Brazil what Jazz Fest is to New Orleans—all the debauchery of the annual marquee event (in Brazil's case Carnival) without the tourist trappings. ♦ **HARO WINE BATTLE (JUNE 29)** Spray every Spaniard in sight with whichever vino is handy during the daylong Haro Wine Battle, a street festival that's equal parts food fight and wine tasting.



CABOT LINKS (left and above) Architect Rod Whitman's seaside layout in Nova Scotia features a killer par-five second hole and a fierce harbor-side ninth. Golf carts are not allowed; you have to earn your way to the 19th hole, where locals scarf *poutine* with Canadian Club. "This course is so outstanding and authentic," says one blogger, that golf's governing body "should invade Canada and stage a British Open there." (cabotlinks.com)



STREAMSONG RESORT A pair of courses built in central Florida by heavy hitter Tom Doak and the team of Ben Crenshaw and Bill Coore sits on an old phosphate mine. Don't let the phosphate faze you—the jagged, swooping contours left by mining make the terrain more dramatic than the surrounding flatland. Doak, the Renaissance man of back-to-Scotland course design, will open Streamsong in mid-2012. (streamsongresort.com)



TRUMP INTERNATIONAL GOLF LINKS Donald Trump's *pièce de résistance*, in Aberdeen, Scotland, has faced resistance from stiff-backed locals from the start. At press time, Trump was threatening to leave the resort unfinished if the Scottish government didn't abandon plans for a wind farm off the coast. Stay tuned, because this strip of earth may be the best setting the golf gods ever made. (trumpgolfscotland.com)

GOLF • CLUB RULES

GREENER PASTURES

This summer brings a host of stellar new golf destinations, starting with Cabot Links, the most hotly anticipated course in the nation's history. Okay, that nation is Canada, and *hotly* seldom describes the Nova Scotia coast. But golfers have been getting melty about the place since the first 10 holes opened last year. Developer Mike Keiser, the man behind the best American golf resort of the past 50 years, Bandon Dunes in Oregon, chose his site on the Gulf of St. Lawrence for its ocean views and Scottish-style dunes. (High school Latin taught us that *Nova Scotia* means "New Scotland.") The result is Canada's first true links course, with the full 18 opening right about now.



FROM THE DIGITAL ARCHIVE • iPLAYBOY

WOODWARD AND BERNSTEIN

"They were Nixon's palace guard—hardworking, loyal, self-righteous—and very nearly all-powerful, until a couple of young reporters decided to investigate what the White House called 'a third-rate burglary.'" So began our introduction to the May and June 1974 story *All the President's Men*. That third-rate burglary was of course Watergate, the scandal that changed politics forever, and those young reporters were Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, men who drove an investigation that made history and published their findings in *PLAYBOY*. In *All the President's Men*, Woodward and Bernstein lay bare that groundbreaking investigation, divulging the gritty details behind how they hunted down, gathered and confirmed every source, fact and tenuous lead. Late-night meetings with Deep Throat, unbelievably lucky breaks and close shaves with the law: Our thrilling tale of the downfall of the Nixon administration, as seen by the men who made it all happen, is better than any made-for-TV movie. Get the inside scoop for yourself at iplayboy.com.

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

PROMETHEUS

By Stephen Rebello

Although the science-fiction epic *Prometheus* was rumored to be a prequel to *Alien*, the movie creates what director Ridley Scott calls "an original mythology" and only occasionally tips its hat to his blood-freezing 1979 classic. Still, the futuristic thriller starring Noomi Rapace, Michael Fassbender, Charlize Theron, Patrick Wilson and Guy Pearce is arguably the summer's most anticipated film. Written by Jon Spaihts and Damon Lindelof, *Prometheus* throws into a savagely hostile world a team of scientists and researchers sent to explore the origins of man. They find themselves fighting for their

lives while immersed in an advanced alien civilization.

The movie, set in 2085, raises provocative questions about creation, religion and how humans came about. It's Scott's first time back to the future since 1982's *Blade Runner*. "We certainly set out to make not just a scary movie but also an interesting evolutionary story that will raise many questions that are on everyone's minds every day," says Scott. "In that journey, there are some scary moments and challenges. And the 3-D works like a son of a bitch."



meet a young version of Jones's character and save the planet, a plotline that Smith reportedly pitched to Sonnenfeld a decade ago. It turns out *Men in Black 3* went into production with

only a third of its screenplay passing muster, a daredevil move that may have contributed to the film's rumored \$215 million budget—which also apparently swelled with Smith's demand for new set designs and regular paydays for bodyguards and other members of his entourage. The three-quel does boast script contributions by such A-list writers as Etan Cohen, Jeff Nathanson and David Koepp and a cast that includes Josh Brolin and Emma Thompson. "If the movie does as well as I think it will, it was genius," says Sonnenfeld. "If it's a total failure, it was a really stupid idea." Then again, can you name the last total failure starring Smith? —S.R.

BACK IN BLACK

Why is Hollywood breaking out in a cold sweat over *Men in Black 3*? The sci-fi action comedy features Will Smith, that indestructible movie-star Godzilla whose last three films averaged \$459 million at the worldwide box office. The aliens-versus-the-world flick also reunites Smith with Tommy Lee Jones and director Barry Sonnenfeld, whose 1997 *Men in Black* bagged \$589 million and whose 2002 sequel hustled another \$442 million. Yet second-guessing and hints of doom plague the 3-D movie in which Smith's character races back through time to



TEASE FRAME

Swedish Canadian actress Malin Åkerman blew smoke around the competition in *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle* (pictured) by serving up something not on the menu. Next Åkerman rocks Tom Cruise's world in *Rock of Ages* as a journalist who beds the decadent singer Stacee Jaxx.

DVD OF THE MONTH

THE ARTIST

This year's best picture Oscar winner has virtually no spoken dialogue and smells like a French entrée for film snobs, but this is not escargots. Director Michel Hazanavicius crafts an entertaining story that picks up with a dashing silent film star (Jean Dujardin) just as talkies come in. A near dalliance with an eager extra (Bérénice Bejo) sets up the rest of the action: She becomes a star and his career falters. (BD) **Best extra:** A tour of the film's Hollywood locations. ★★★ —Greg Fagan



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PRESS TO **PLAY**



PLAYBOY 

FRAGRANCES FOR MEN



GAME OF THE MONTH

PROTOTYPE 2

By Jason
Buhrmester

All Sergeant James Heller wanted was a suicide mission. In *Prototype 2* (360, PC, PS3), the U.S. Army soldier returns from overseas duty to discover that a biological weapon has killed his family and turned New York City into a quarantine zone overrun by hordes of mutated humans. With nothing to live for, Heller heads into "New York Zero" to track down Alex Mercer, the man with superhuman powers responsible for the outbreak. What starts as average soldier-hunts-mutant action turns chaotic after Heller is infected with a virus that turns him into a shape-shifting superweapon capable of transforming body parts into razor-lined claws and flailing tendrils. Now it's mutant versus mutant as Heller goes on the hunt, looking for clues in the open-world city while the frantic action has the supersoldier slinging cars at helicopters and shredding packs of genetic freaks on a mission to bring down Mercer. ★★★



DIABLO III

HELL AND BACK

Few other games in the late 1990s kept us glued to our computer screens the way the *Diablo* series did. Now, more than a decade later, Blizzard Entertainment is releasing *Diablo III*. Rob Pardo, executive vice president of game design at Blizzard, tells us what to expect on this trip to hell.

PLAYBOY: Fans have been asking for another *Diablo* sequel for more than 10 years. How do you explain the fanaticism the games inspire? **PARDO:** People spent so many hours playing the original games, and they want to revisit that world. People spend two hours in a movie, but gamers could easily have spent 500 hours playing *Diablo*. **PLAYBOY:** Can the game-

play in the original *Diablo* stand up 10 years later?

PARDO: *Diablo* needs the pacing and the ability to progress your character, so we spent a lot of time working on those. Then we layered in new things like quests, the story and over-the-top boss fights—things you didn't have before. We also spent a lot of time on the world of the story. We wanted to make it feel more fleshed out.

PLAYBOY: This is the first *Diablo* game to feature an auction house where players can sell unique items from the game for real-world money.

PARDO: In *World of Warcraft* people play with the auction house by buying low and selling high. *Diablo* will take that to the next level.

MUST-WATCH TV

HATFIELDS & MCCOYS

was great in *Dances With Wolves* and *Silverado*; Wyatt Earp, not so much. Thankfully, the good Costner shows up on the History channel's often-gripping retelling of the fabled fallout between the Hatfields of West Virginia and the McCoys of Kentucky. The six-hour miniseries carefully chronicles how two proud families—led by "Devil Anse" Hatfield (Costner) and

Kevin Costner has a mixed track record when it comes to playing characters from the late 1880s: He

rival Randall McCoy (Bill Paxton)—wage a war with no real endgame. The first bloodshed is rooted in bitterness over the just-ended Civil War, but most of the slayings seem little more than efforts to avenge a series of real and perceived slights (including, of course, pig theft). Costner and Paxton are perfectly cast in roles that demand a stoicism that masks fierce emotion. Both stir sympathy for men who, through modern eyes at least, seem bitter and petty and whose admirable love for family doesn't mesh with their willingness to let more than a dozen of their kin perish in an unwinnable backwoods *Game of Thrones*. ★★★

—Josef Adalian



BEST COAST



ALBUM OF THE MONTH

BEST COAST'S GORGEOUS HIT

wonders if a guy loves her like he used to, she titles it "Do You Love Me Like You Used To." The same plainspoken, heart-on-her-tattoo-sleeve quality runs throughout Best Coast's gorgeous new album, *The Only Place*.

As a child, Cosentino, now 25, worked as an actress in Hollywood (you can find her in a Little Caesars ad on YouTube) but avoided the usual sad fate of mini thespians. Musically, though, she never left California.

Here's the kind of woman Bethany Cosentino is: When she writes a song in which she

(Even the name Best Coast declares love for her home state.) Her songs are smooth and lively, as you'd expect from a Valley girl who grew up listening to Fleetwood Mac and the Beach Boys, and they carry forward a similar mix of sunny optimism shaded with rueful pessimism.

Cosentino and bandmate Bobb Bruno (along with ace producer Jon Brion) tag each track with rippling or buzzing guitars that will delight any fan of the Smiths or R.E.M. Like the HBO show *Girls*, Cosentino prods at the conflicts and disappointments of being too old for college but too young for stability. The two activities she most often depicts are pining and yearning.

★★★

—Rob Tannenbaum

Jessa Hinton

PLAYBOY PLAYMATE MISS JULY 2011 JESSA HINTON



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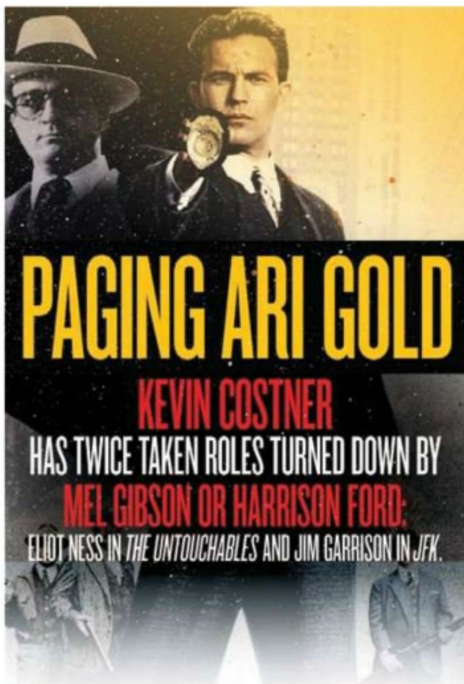
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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

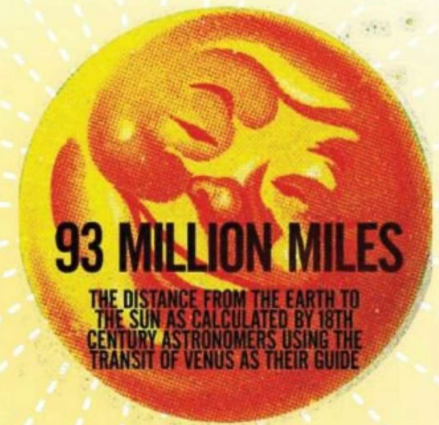


PAGING ARI GOLD

KEVIN COSTNER
HAS TWICE TAKEN ROLES TURNED DOWN BY
MEL GIBSON OR HARRISON FORD:
ELIOT NESS IN *THE UNTOUCHABLES* AND JIM GARRISON IN *JFK*.

**THE
CHANCE
OF MAKING TWO
HOLES IN ONE**
DURING THE SAME
ROUND OF GOLF IS

**1
IN
67
MILLION**


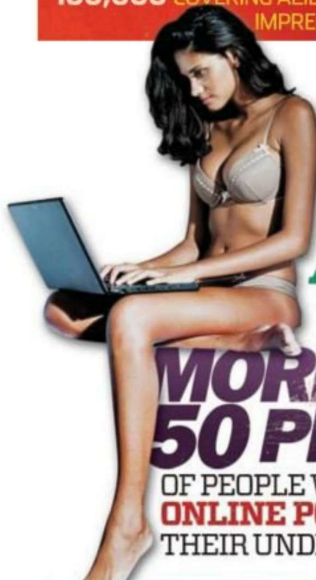


93 MILLION MILES
THE DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH TO
THE SUN AS CALCULATED BY 18TH
CENTURY ASTRONOMERS USING THE
TRANSIT OF VENUS AS THEIR GUIDE

BITTEN BY A VAMPIRE?

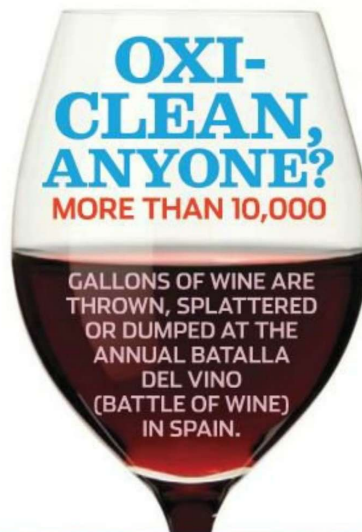
LLOYD'S OF LONDON IS THERE. AMONG ITS MANY
OUTLANDISH POLICIES, THE BRITISH INSURER HAS ISSUED:

- 250,000** COVERING YETI AND BIGFOOT ATTACKS
- 60,000** COVERING A COMPLETE TRANSFORMATION INTO A WEREWOLF OR VAMPIRE
- 100,000** COVERING ALIEN ABDUCTION, WITH A DOUBLE PAYOUT FOR ANY
IMPREGNATION OCCURRING THEREIN

**WHAT DO
YOU CALL
IT WHEN
YOU'RE
ALREADY
NAKED?**


**MORE THAN
50 PERCENT**
OF PEOPLE WHO PLAY
ONLINE POKER DO SO IN
THEIR UNDERWEAR OR NUDE.




**OXI-
CLEAN,
ANYONE?**
MORE THAN 10,000
GALLONS OF WINE ARE
THROWN, SPLATTERED
OR DUMPED AT THE
ANNUAL BATALLA
DEL VINO
(BATTLE OF WINE)
IN SPAIN.

**SURF'S UP—
AND PRETTY SAFE.**

Competitive surfing carries
a relatively low risk: **6.6 serious
injuries for every 1,000
hours surfed.** That beats most
other sports, including col-
lege soccer and basketball.



**GENTLEMEN,
WATCH YOUR BACKS.**
BY THE 2156 SUMMER OLYMPICS
WOMEN WILL BE ABLE TO RUN THE
**100-METER DASH
FASTER THAN MEN.**



SHERWOOD FOREST, URBAN EDITION

Because trees cover nearly **ONE FIFTH** of its landmass,
London is officially designated as a forest.





Jocks vs. Nerds: A Peace Plan

by Joel Stein

I have found my calling: to serve as the Jimmy Carter between nerds and jocks. For too long, our two groups have mistrusted each other. Jocks have called us dorks and dweebs and geeks. And we nerds, despite our superior facility with language, have been too scared to come up with anything other than *jocks*.

As a nerd, I panicked when I found out my wife was having a boy, since our kind is ill equipped to play sports, fight or be outside. So I started man training. And during my 24-hour shift with firefighters, I discovered the biggest challenge wasn't getting in shape or being brave. It was shutting up. Alpha males are quiet—not just around nerds but around one another. They don't have the nervous need to fill space with girlish chatter. In fact, they're oblivious to all emotional cues. That's why, when they get together, they do exactly what small children do before they're fully socialized: They play a game. And when, for some reason, it's inconvenient to play a game—that is, when they want to drink heavily—they watch other people play games. Then they turn watching other people play games into its own game by gambling on it.

Since verbal jousting was out, I figured I'd have to act tough. But when I was training with the Marines, I made a lame homophobic joke around a sergeant, and he called me on it. I'd been making lame homophobic jokes around nerds my whole life, and no one ever said anything. That's because nerds don't call people out to their face. They save their disdain for snide references on episodes of *The Simpsons*.

I wasn't sure what I needed to do until I met former major league All-Star Shawn Green. Like me, Green is a Jew who went to Stanford. He can't fix a house, doesn't watch sports, has never once been in a fight, hasn't tried chewing tobacco and doesn't even like beer. He traveled during the season with a copy of Hermann Hesse's *Siddhartha*. The only thing he could have done to be less like a baseball player was not play baseball.

And yet he got along with the other players. For the same reason anyone gets along with anyone else: He talked to them about stuff they were interested in. He showed he cared about their lives. It's that easy.

Until I spent time with soldiers, I never knew what to say when I saw them in uniform at the airport. Do I give them my seat in the waiting area out of respect, or does that seem as if I'm treating them with pity, like they're weak old ladies?

Do I thank them, or does that seem patronizing? Do they just need some downtime and don't want to talk to my disgusting wimpy self? Will they hit me?

But after doing three days of boot camp with an Army troop at Fort Knox, I find talking to soldiers is no problem. When I saw two young marines at the airport, I asked where they did boot camp and then asked them how the "crucible"—the brutal last 54 hours—was. One told me that at the graduation ceremony his sergeant told him he remembered the two times he cried and was proud of him for pushing past that. Which made my new friend cry again. All I did was mention a basic fact about the Marines that I could have looked up on Wikipedia, and suddenly I was talking to soldiers about crying. If I read a whole book about the military, I bet he would have made out with me.

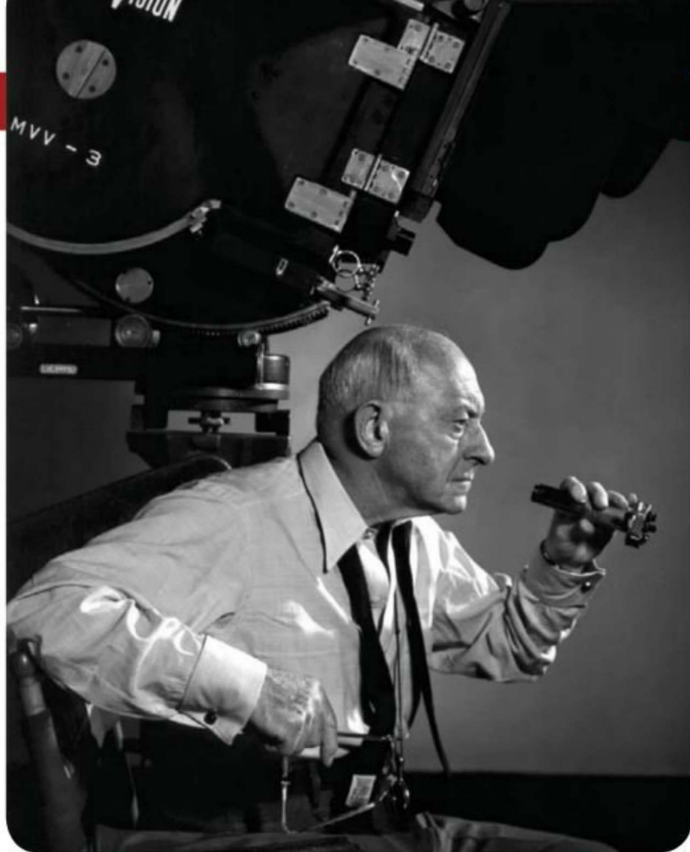
What Shawn Green taught me is that talking to jocks is about expanding, not changing. All I had to do was be open to learning, which, as a nerd, I should be doing anyway. I had cut off too many conversations with jocks by saying that I didn't like football. Instead, I just had to glance at the sports section once a week and then ask guys I met how they felt about Tim Tebow's physical limitations as a quarterback. And then hope they didn't ask me what Tim Tebow's physical limitations as a quarterback are.

But jocks also need to learn how to talk to us. When I sat down in a mess hall at Fort Knox with some officers, one asked me what my hobbies were. I'm a nerd. We don't have hobbies. We spend time with our wives. We spent so long trying to get laid, we're not taking any chances by leaving them alone for a weekend. So I told him I didn't have any hobbies. He couldn't believe me. The officers went around the table naming their hobbies: drag racing, rebuilding muscle cars, waterskiing, hunting, mixed martial arts. I asked if watching TV was a hobby. They told me it was not. We ate quietly.

Instead, they should have asked me a few simple questions about nerd stuff. Which *Lord of the Rings* movie is best? Is the posthumous David Foster Wallace novel worth reading? Where was I when I heard that Pavement broke up? Was Ira Glass too rough on Mike Daisey? Just say the word *fractals*.

And, jocks, if you can't somehow do that, talk about something we're both interested in: hot chicks. Just don't say how many you've slept with. That's what caused all this animosity to begin with.

**At Fort Knox,
an officer
asked me what
my hobbies
were. I'm a
nerd. We don't
have hobbies.**



Why Your Sex Tape SUCKS

by Lisa Lampanelli

Last night I woke up drenched in sweat, shivering in horror at the nightmare I'd just endured. No, not that dream in which I get tea-bagged by Newt Gingrich. I dreamed that my husband, Jimmy Big Balls, and I had attempted to make a sex tape. I know! Read on at your own risk.

Jimmy and I are food obsessed, so in my dream we attempted to re-create the refrigerator scene from *9½ Weeks*. The resulting video was more depressing than 9/11. There was one bright spot, though—I ate more fruit in those 10 minutes than I had in my entire life.

Sex tapes—they're everywhere! Every prospective basketball wife and every D-list celebrity who needs a boost up the showbiz ladder has one. Paris Hilton, Kim Kardashian, Mini-Me, even Amy Fisher—though we needed a sex tape from that one like Mary Jo Buttafuoco needed a hole in the head.

But just because these desperate wannabes and pathetic has-beens tape their sexual exploits, should you? Sure, sex tapes are the biggest thing in Hollywood—besides adopting black babies—but, dude, you're a plumber. So before you press RECORD, put down that camera, Sammy Spielberg, and read on.

Let's face it: Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee set the bar for sex tapes. What that means is that unless your dick is big enough to ride Space Mountain by itself, don't

bother making a tape. And, ladies, unless you can blow up an air mattress in one breath, put the camera away. There are reasons porn professionals flaunt their stuff all over the internet and you make love in the dark. You don't look like Evan Stone when you bang any more than you sound like Frank Sinatra when you sing "New York, New York" at karaoke night.

So why do so many people think making a sex tape is a good idea? Because it's gotten so much easier. Back in the day, it was a major undertaking, but nowadays anyone can make a sex tape with a cell phone—in high definition, no less! Unfortunately, however, for most of us, HD stands for "Hairly Disaster."

I know what you're thinking: Hey, it doesn't matter how I look; we're the only ones who're going to see it. Bullshit! Somebody else always sees it. Either a vindictive asshole puts it on YouPorn or a shell-shocked relative stumbles on it when they're looking for Cousin Becky's first-birthday video.

It's no surprise that most men want to make sex tapes, while most women are hesitant to do so. This could be because men, more than women, get turned on by visual stimuli. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if Thomas Edison invented the movie camera just so he could tape all the kinky things Mrs. Edison could do with a pound of lard and a butter churn.

Women, on the other hand, are usually not gung ho about capturing their lovemaking on tape. This could be due to poor body image. Hell, it takes a girl an average of three hours to get prepared for a Christmas card photo. How long do you think it will take her to make sure her vajayjay is camera ready?

So how do you bring up the subject of making a sex tape to your gal? Putting on a beret and an ascot and shouting through a megaphone, "Take off your clothes and bend over, kiddo! I'm gonna make you a star!" probably won't do it. Unless you're in a relationship with an AVN Award nominee, patience and subtlety are key to making this happen. And by subtlety, I don't mean slipping her a roofie and hiding a video camera in that pile of dirty laundry next to your futon. In fact, you may have to woo her for months as though you're the Heat courting LeBron.

If you do find a woman who'll let you film areas only her Brazilian waxer normally sees, make sure she's the right woman. For instance, if you're dating a perfectionist, videotaping your sexcapades could be a huge mistake. The last thing you want is her going over the previous evening's session, showing you where you went wrong like a postcoital Bill Belichick.

If it turns out that both of you are comfortable with the possibility of your most intimate moments ending up on a website called Hot Skanky Amateur Poontang, then go for it. But don't be surprised if you're disappointed with the results. On the cold, hard reality of your TV screen, that smooth, sensual lovemaking technique you think you possess actually looks more like a rabid spider monkey going into convulsions. And no matter how much you brag to your friends that you can do it all night, that little chronometer in the lower right-hand corner of the frame proves that you lasted exactly two minutes and 17 seconds—and that's including the time it took you to undress and stop halfway through to check the Knicks score.

At the end of the day, Hollywood hopefuls might need sex tapes to help them get ahead, but I don't see a tape of you 69ing on the dining room table helping your landscaping business. And no matter how great you feel during sex, chances are it'll still look like two walruses fighting over a mackerel. Speaking of which, I've got to go. It's mating season and I'm needed in the boudoir. Don't worry—cameras are prohibited!



King of the Road

An American icon turns 50

Fifty years ago a 39-year-old ex-racing driver with a bad heart and an empty bank account debuted a car at the New York Auto Show. The man was Carroll Shelby and the car was the Cobra—essentially a chassis made by AC Cars of England matched to a lightweight Ford V8. With a startling \$5,995 price tag and a POWERED BY FORD badge, the Cobra drew a crowd. Shelby ran his first ad in the October 1962 issue of *PLAYBOY*, and it was off to the races. Now, 50 years later, Shelby American still makes cars that are heavy on looks and light on their toes. Pictured above: the 50th anniversary Cobra. Under the hood lives a 289 Ford V8, just like the classic beauty from the 1960s. Shelby has built only 100 anniversary Cobras, so unless you have a huge grin across



The Shelby 1000 packs a thousand horses under that blue bonnet.

your face right now, you're not likely to be driving one any time soon. Pictured in the inset: the Shelby 1000, an aftermarket Mustang the company debuted at this year's New York Auto Show. The racetrack-only auto packs 1,000 horsepower. (Yes, a thousand.) You'll need a new Ford Shelby GT 500, plus Shelby's aftermarket job (shelbyautos.com), totaling nearly \$200,000. But you'll be driving a unique masterpiece that is a tribute to an American icon. Hats off to you, Shelby.



Wedding Tackle

June is the pinnacle of wedding season. You owe it to the groom to pack some heat, damn it, and we're not talking about a Glock nine. This smooth-faced Wentworth pewter flask (\$68, kaufmannmercantile.com) carries a dash of fine liquor like a sports car carries you. It'll whip up dust in style. We now pronounce you man and scotch.



Outta Sight

Whatever Tom Ford touches turns to gold. Example: his new special-edition line of eyewear. The frames (one of which is pictured here, \$2,950, tomford.com) are an homage to 1950s elegance, made of gold-plated metal and water-buffalo horn. Each comes with a leather case in a Bakelite box.

Scooter Supreme

Behold the BMW scooter, which arrives in the States for the first time this fall. The C600 Sport (about \$15,000; the C stands for "commuter") hits 60 in six seconds and gets 56 mpg. *Ausgezeichnet!*



Cracked Shells

The world's exotic beaches are littered with coconuts. It was only a matter of time before someone put them to good use. The NSP Coco Mat Fish surfboard (\$525, surfindustries.com), built from coconut husks, is the fastest board in the world. Better still, it's as handsome as it is eco-friendly. To borrow from Monty Python, just tell your surf posse you're riding a lovely bunch of coconuts.



Knives Out

You could spend a few hundred bucks on a knife set complete with a wooden block and 20 blades—15 of which you'll never use. Or you could do it the way a butcher does: Assemble your own set, forged-carbon-steel knife by forged-carbon-steel knife. Our preferred assortment (from left to right): No tool is more efficient for trimming out chicken backs than Kuhn Rikon's Ultimate shears (\$24, kuhnrikon.com). The Wüsthof Classic paring knife (\$40, wusthof.com) is Teutonic perfection, good for studding a roast with garlic cloves. The Glestain Indented-Blade Gyutou (from \$170, korin.com) is the go-to chef's knife for slicing a filet into mignon. Shun makes the best-looking sharpening steel (\$75, shuncutlery.com). A cleaver from J.A. Henckels (from \$100, j-a-henckels.com) can cut through beef bones and pound out mobster-worthy scalloppine. A boning knife from Dexter-Russell (\$17, dexter1818.com) will deftly cut the bone out of a leg of lamb without mangling the meat, and it gets bonus points for the DON'T TREAD ON ME etched into the handle.



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When my husband and I go to strip clubs, I allow him to get lap dances as long as he doesn't touch the women. During our last visit, he felt the breasts and butts of three strippers. I didn't follow him when he went to get the dances, though I realize now that I should have. He says he will do whatever it takes to win back my trust, but I don't even want him to touch me. How do we get past this?—T.S., Austin, Texas

Your husband screwed up, but you are overreacting. He should have known better than to agree to these challenging conditions, but he's hardly the first guy to overestimate his power to resist the female form. In this case, accept his apology and save your outrage for more serious transgressions.

I dated a girl for three years, including a year that we lived together. I was fresh out of college, thought I knew everything and did things I'm not proud of. As a result, the relationship ended badly. It took me about a month to realize I had been an idiot, but when I tried to win her back, she wasn't having it. It took me two years to get over her, but eventually I met my current girlfriend, and now I couldn't be happier. The other day my brother, whom I had considered my best friend, phoned to say he wanted to come over and talk. He told me that he and my ex are dating. I am outraged. My family and friends say I should get over it, but when I talk to people removed from the situation, including my girlfriend, they can't believe he would do such a thing. Am I allowed to be upset?—M.B., Birmingham, Alabama

You may feel betrayed, but you can understand why your brother likes her. Besides, what are they supposed to do—ignore their attraction because you wouldn't approve? Life and love (and family) can be messy. Obviously you're not over your ex, which is okay—she was an important part of your life—but we would approach this in a more civil manner. You can survey as many bystanders as you like about the particulars, but it doesn't matter what anyone, including you, thinks of the relationship. If anything, your brother earns points for making sure you heard it from him first. You should also forgive yourself for having been young. We all make dumb mistakes in our first relationships, but that doesn't mean it would have been happily-ever-after if we hadn't.

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



TOMER HANUKA

My wife has sensitive nipples and loves me to suck on them. Unfortunately I have only one mouth and can pleasure only one breast at a time. I've asked if she would like to invite another man to provide double sucking, but she said no, which is frankly a relief. Now I'm thinking the next best thing would be an automatic dual-breast pump. Is it safe to use one for a few minutes two or three times a week during sex? Will it induce lactation?—D.H., Toms River, New Jersey

Yes, it's safe, and it won't induce lactation. Were you hoping it would? A much better way to double your wife's pleasure is to use a suction cup, an Erector Set or a clamp (static or vibrating) on her neglected nipple. You'll find teat tools at Adam & Eve (adameve.com or 800-293-4654) and other quality sex-toy stores. Or apply a bullet vibe to the off nipple; one variety can be filled with water and frozen to provide an icy sensation (available at goodvibes.com or 800-289-8423). A mouth for each nipple is unbeatable, but if you keep your wife guessing what's coming next, she'll enjoy herself nearly as much. And sex toys don't bring their own fantasies or want to hang out afterward.

About every third time I have sex with my girlfriend, I fantasize that she is a whore who travels with a band so everyone can fuck her. Other times the reality of being with her is enough. Healthy or unhealthy?—J.M., Glendale, Arizona

The fantasy is harmless. What's unhealthy is not sharing it with your girlfriend,

especially since she has the starring role. She probably has a few fantasies of her own—you may well be servicing the Supremes. We can't guarantee her response; we're only saying it's healthy for partners to be able to share what turns them on without a lot of gnashing of teeth and bedside psychoanalysis. Both genders have an instinct for sexual adventure, and if you're committed to monogamy, the adventure must be invented.

Do you have any tips for grilling a whole fish? Whenever I try to flip the sucker, half of it ends up stuck to the grill.—P.L., Portland, Oregon

You bet. In the River Cottage Fish Book, Hugh Fearnley-Whittingstall and Nick Fisher share their "golden rules" of grilling over an open fire. First, dry each fish thoroughly before applying a light coat of olive, sunflower or peanut oil with your fingertips. ("Light" means it should not drip.) Give the grill at least 10 minutes alone with the flames so it's searing hot when you lay down the fish. (The closer and larger the bars on the grill, the fewer problems you'll have.) After you've placed the fish on the grill, resist for at least a few minutes the temptation to reposition it. Before you turn the fish, add another light film of oil to the uncooked side with your fingers or a pastry brush. Finally, when you flip, be decisive. "The moment is always a little nerve-racking," the authors note. "The best-laid, best-oiled fish can still be a bit grill-sticky. However, any adhesion is likely to be fairly superficial." If it's not, don't panic: "Slide a wide metal spatula (or a paint stripper!) along the bars toward the fish and give it a short, sharp jab or a series of them. Though you may leave the odd tiny shard of fish skin on the bars, you will largely keep fish and skin together."

A swinger wrote in March concerned that a man with a thicker penis would be able to get his wife off more easily than he could. When my wife is on top, I often slide my index fingers into her vagina to increase the thickness for her. Be sure your fingernails are trimmed, and position your nails against your shaft to avoid scratching the vaginal walls.—R.T., Excelsior Springs, Missouri

Thanks for the tip. It's a good idea to trim your nails before any digital interaction.

It appears my wife and a single male friend of mine exchange text messages. I read a few after she left her phone at

home. He wrote things like “Hi, gorgeous. You’re beautiful. I’d do anything for you, xxxooo” and “I’m cold right now, so why don’t you come keep me warm?” My wife’s only responses were “Hi.” My friend gives my wife bear hugs and slaps her ass whenever he gets a chance. I asked if this bothered her, and she said yes. Should I talk to my wife or assume the texts were sent in fun? I don’t want to lose her trust by telling her I looked at her phone.—A.M., Pueblo, Colorado

The texts sound damning, but we err on the side of caution when it comes to morons and one-sided conversations. Best-case scenario: Your wife finds lover boy amusing. Who doesn’t enjoy being thought desirable? That’s not the most likely explanation, but it’s guesswork with this evidence alone. You need to talk to your wife. She may be ticked off that you violated her privacy, especially if she’s innocent, but you already didn’t trust her or you wouldn’t have felt compelled to look at her phone.

I’m a girl who likes to masturbate to gay male porn. Is this weird? Can you explain it?—J.M., Louisville, Kentucky

It’s not weird. It’s efficient. You can watch guys in dominant and submissive positions at the same time. Why do we suspect that a guy never knows what to expect when he sleeps with you? You bring the gay porn, and we’ll bring the wine.

What’s the secret to living to the age of 100?—L.G., San Francisco, California

Cut off your balls. Living a long life without testicles isn’t worth the trade-off (ask any eunuch), but other factors being equal, the reason the average American male survives only to the age of 76 is the energy required to keep the sperm factory going. Our bodies have evolved to emphasize growth and reproduction, and the cells not involved in those two processes eventually suffer so much damage they die. Testosterone is also hard on the immune system. Notably, a German researcher who works with centenarians says that many of the men had kissed only one woman in their life. We wouldn’t read too much into that observation, but perhaps by sticking with their first love, they avoided a lot of hormonal ups and downs. In addition, the director of a research project in Boston notes that the 2,600 centenarians being studied are “generally extroverted and gregarious and have a stable social network.” That is, they are the opposite of neurotic. Let it go, and you can hang on.

My wife and I would like to experiment with a threesome. The third she wants is my ex-wife. How should I broach the subject with my ex?—J.W., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Your wife needs to ask her.

Last summer, before going on vacation, I gave myself a Brazilian. It was painful, but my wife loved it and I kind of liked it

too. My wife has been asking if I’m going to do it again, so I found a salon. However, my wife may be upset if another woman touches my penis. What should I do?—W.K., Kansas City, Missouri

You must have a fantastic penis. Tell your wife you want another Brazilian but would rather have it done professionally, and ask if she would arrange it and go with you. We’re guessing she isn’t as concerned as you think about a waxer wearing latex gloves repositioning your penis, especially since it’s for her benefit. But if she is, she can move it herself.

I usually find your responses accurate, or at least plausible, but your rum recommendations in March are weak. They all pale in comparison with Zacapa from Guatemala. It produces a 23-year-old that avoids the dry, spiced flavor I have found in most rums people swear by.—T.M., Miami, Florida

We could have listed more but needed the space to explain prostate massage. Generally rums produced in the Spanish tradition, such as Zacapa, are closer to brandy. Other reader suggestions include Ron del Barrilito from Puerto Rico, Flor de Caña from Nicaragua and (you won’t like this one) Old New Orleans Cajun Spice Rum.

A reader wrote in March because his live-in girlfriend had suggested splitting the bills based on their salaries. When my then fiancée and I moved in together six years ago, I proposed a slightly different plan that accomplishes the same goal. After we tally our shared (mortgage, utilities, food) and individual (credit card) expenses, whoever has more money left over transfers funds to the other person’s account. There is no resentment and, more important, no money issues.—R.B., Columbus, Ohio

We’re glad to hear that, though balancing the books after deducting individual credit card expenses requires a shared faith in your partner’s discretion that couples who must adopt a plan probably don’t have.

In March a reader asked about foreskin re-creation. I was circumcised at the age of 25 for medical reasons. Before I was cut, the pulling back of the foreskin during intercourse added to my pleasure. Immediately after I was circumcised, any touching of the head triggered an erection, though that sensitivity decreased over time. It seems obvious the foreskin is intended to shield and protect, and when it is removed, the area toughens up. This is why, according to some accounts, Jews require the operation so their males won’t be ruled by their cocks. I can vouch for this. I am more responsible and disciplined now, so I get more done. But....—D.K., Columbus, Ohio

We’re sorry for your loss.

Last year a beautiful young lady moved in across the street. It did not take

my bisexual wife long to get her into our bed, and for the past 10 months we have invited her over nearly every weekend. A few months ago our son happened to take a job in the same building where our friend works, and they started dating. As the relationship got more serious, we stopped playing. Our son doesn’t know his mom is bi, nor that we are swingers and were screwing his girlfriend and possible future wife. How do we handle this?—J.J., San Antonio, Texas

Delicately. You were right to stop playing but should have done so sooner. We’re curious—did your friend want to stop? There are a lot of startling secrets here (e.g., “Son, your mother and I have both fucked your girlfriend”), and he may develop a twitch hearing them all at once. We suggest you start with the relatively easy reveal: Tell him you’re swingers, and get that off the table. Leave the rest for later—or never. If your ex-lover reveals the romps, your son will freak out, but at least he’ll be less surprised by the idea. You also have a defense: It all happened before they began dating. We’ll give you a pass on that white lie; we know how hard it can be to drop a quality threesome.

The January/February issue includes a cartoon in which a woman says, “I read in a science journal that the more oral sex a woman performs, the stronger her immune system.” The joke was that scientists faked the study to get more blow jobs. But is there any science behind the idea?—R.S., Toms River, New Jersey

Some, but not enough. A 2002 study found that repeated exposure, especially oral, to a man’s sperm makes it less likely that a woman’s body will reject his proteins as foreign invaders if he impregnates her. The study involved 85 pregnant women, including 41 with preeclampsia (a condition that causes dangerously high blood pressure in late pregnancy); 82 percent of the unaffected women said they gave their partners oral sex, as compared with just 44 percent of the preeclamptic women. In addition, far more of the unaffected women reported swallowing their partner’s semen. So the short answer is that blow jobs save babies—and yes, we will stoop that low to get women to stoop that low.

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, 335 North Maple Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or send e-mail to advisor@playboy.com. For updates, visit playboyadvisor.com and follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.





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PLAYBOY FORUM

RULES OF ATTRACTION

HOW WE RELATE TO ONE ANOTHER

BY LEONARD MLODINOW

When a male fruit fly wants to have sex with a female, he taps her with his foreleg and vibrates his wings. If she's interested, she will sit there cooly, but if she's not interested she will either run away or strike him with her wings or legs. Although I have elicited frighteningly similar responses from human females, in fruit flies this ritual is completely programmed. Their actions are so directly related to their biological constitution that scientists have discovered a chemical that, when applied to a male of the species, will, within hours, convert a heterosexual fruit fly into one that is homosexual. Such robotic behavior occurs even in mammals. A female sheep, for example, after an injection of the brain chemical oxytocin, will bond with any strange lamb that approaches and raise it to adulthood. In the absence of such an injection, the ewe would have chased off the lamb with a high-pitched bleat and maybe a head butt or two.

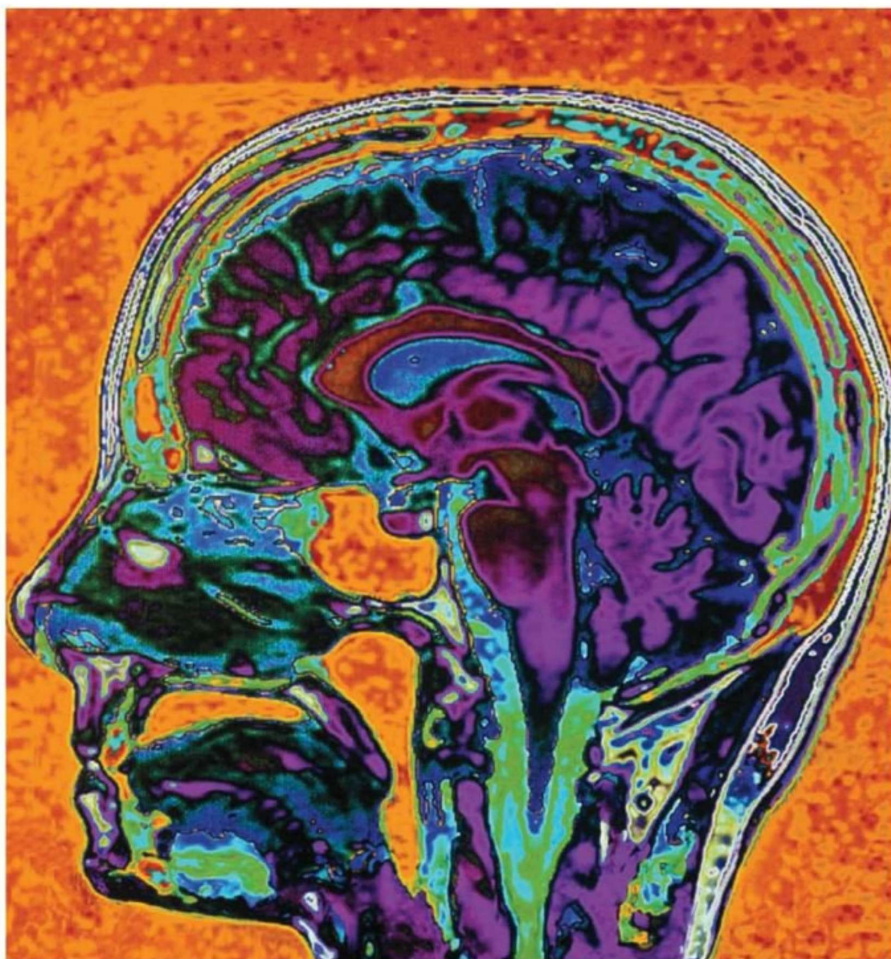
What about humans? How much of the way we relate to one another is willful and how much is automatic, based on our unconscious or on innate processes within our brains? That is one of the central questions addressed by a revolutionary new field called social neuroscience. A marriage of social psychology and neuroscience, social neuroscience originated about 10 years ago, inspired by strides in computer technology that allow the origins of human thought to be traced directly within the brain.

To get an idea of how far these technologies have progressed, look at the three pairs of images on the following

page. In each case, the image on the left is the actual image a subject was gazing at, and the image on the right is a computer's reconstruction, based on electromagnetic readings of the subject's brain activity.

One of the areas social neuroscience has illuminated is the subliminal influence of subtle touch. We all know how it affects us when a lover strokes our skin. But many behavioral studies have shown that even a brief, light touch we

hardly notice—and quickly forget—can exert a powerful unconscious influence on our behavior toward the person who touched us. In one experiment in France, three young and handsome men randomly approached young women they spotted walking alone and propositioned them. To each, they uttered exactly the same words, but with half the subjects, the young men added a light one-second touch to their forearm. When they didn't touch the women they had a success rate of 10 percent; when they touched them, their success



rate was 20 percent. When interviewed later, few of the women recalled the touch, but on an unconscious level, it had imparted a sense of caring and connection. That message has been duplicated in many other contexts: Touching has been found to increase the percentage of single women in a nightclub who will agree to a dance request, the number of people who will agree to sign a petition, the chances a college student will risk embarrassment by volunteering to go to the blackboard in a statistics class and the average tip to servers in a restaurant.

Thanks to social neuroscience, we are beginning to understand how touch works its magic: Scientists have discovered a particular kind of nerve fiber in people's skin—especially in the face and arms—that appears to have developed specifically to transmit the pleasantness of social touch. Those nerve fibers transmit their signal too slowly to be of much use in helping you do things normally associated with the sense of touch, such as distinguishing what is touching you and telling you, with some precision, where you were touched. But they are directly connected to areas of the brain associated with emotion.

This sort of research supports the notion that we are hardwired to be social animals. In fact, the more scientists learn about human social behavior, the more important a role our programmed behavior seems to play. Women, even those who are not interested in becoming pregnant, dress sexier during their fertile cycles, not because they consciously decide to but because their hormones tell them to. Men who have a genetic trait resulting in fewer receptors in their brain for a hormone called vasopressin are twice as likely to experience marital problems or divorce—and half as likely to be married—as men who have more receptors. And in humans, as in sheep, oxytocin regulates bonding. It is released during labor and delivery, during sex when a woman's nipples and cervix are stimulated and during sexual climax. It is even released during hugs, which is why casual physical closeness can lead to feelings of emotional closeness.

We humans perform many automatic, unconscious behaviors, but we tend to be unaware of them because the interplay between our conscious and our unconscious minds is so complex. This complexity has its roots in the physiology of our brains. As mammals, we have new layers of cortex built upon the base of our more primitive reptilian brains. As humans, we have yet more cerebral matter built upon those. We have an unconscious mind and, superimposed on it, a conscious brain. How much of our feelings, judgment and behavior is due to each of these brains

can be hard to say because we constantly shift back and forth between them.

COMPLEX HUMAN BEHAVIORS ALSO HAVE SUBSTANTIAL AUTOMATIC COMPONENTS.

One morning we mean to stop at the post office on our way to work, but at the key intersection, we turn right, toward the office, because we are running on autopilot—that is, we are acting unconsciously. Then, when

the optimal excuse while our autopilot unconsciously handles the proper use of gerunds, subjunctive cases and indefinite articles so that our plea is expressed in fine grammatical form. If asked to step out of the car, we will instinctively stand about four feet from the officer, though when talking with friends we automatically adjust that separation to about two and a half feet.

Once attention is called to them, it is easy to accept many of our simple behaviors (like making that right turn) as automatic. The surprise is that complex and meaningful human behaviors, with the potential to have a great impact on our lives, also have a substantial automatic component—even though we may be sure they are carefully thought through and totally rational.

How does our unconscious affect our attitude about questions like “Which house should I buy?” “Which stock should I sell?” or “Should I hire that person to take care of my child?” Or “Are bright blue eyes into which I can't stop staring a sufficient basis for a long-term loving relationship?” Philosophers of centuries past didn't have access to studies like those I have described, but as long as they have speculated about the mind, they have debated the degree to which we are in conscious control of our lives. They used different conceptual frameworks, but observers of human behavior from Plato to Kant usually found it necessary to distinguish between direct causes of behavior—those motivations we can be in touch with through introspection—and hidden internal influences that can only be inferred.

Today, with researchers' new ability to watch the brain at work, helping to understand the origins and depth of the unconscious, vague terms like *id* and *ego* have given way to maps of brain structure, connectivity and function. Sophisticated new technologies have revolutionized our understanding of the part of the brain that operates below our conscious mind, making it possible for the first time in human history for there to be an actual science of the unconscious.

Leonard Mlodinow is author of Subliminal: How Your Unconscious Mind Rules Your Behavior.

Target Images



Reconstructions



Scientists can now use data collected from your brain to tell what you are looking at. The reconstructions above were created from electromagnetic readings of brain activity, with no reference to actual images. They were accomplished by combining data from areas of the brain that respond to particular regions in a field of vision together with data from parts of the brain that respond to different themes. A computer sorts through a database to find the image that best corresponds to those readings. At left: the actual images. At right: the computer's guesses.

trying to explain to the police officer the reason for our subsequent illegal U-turn, our conscious mind calculates

THE LONG ARM OF UNCLE SAM

IN 1942 THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FINED ROSCOE FILBURN FOR NOT BUYING CHICKEN FEED. SEVENTY YEARS LATER, WILL IT FINE YOU FOR NOT BUYING INSURANCE?

BY CHIP ROWE

The Supreme Court this month is expected to rule on the constitutionality of the Affordable Care Act, which requires most Americans to buy health insurance by 2014 or pay a tax penalty. Can the government do that? Democrats say yes, citing the powers given to Congress by Article 1, Section 8, Clause 3 to “regulate commerce.” Republicans say mandating insurance goes beyond what the clause allows. What is to stop Uncle Sam, they argue, from making us exercise or eat our vegetables?

As it happens, the court’s ruling will arrive shortly before the 70th anniversary of a commerce clause decision that marks the moment many people believe the United States began to go to hell.

On November 9, 1942, by unanimous vote, the Supreme Court ordered 40-year-old Dayton farmer Roscoe Filburn to pay a fine for growing too much wheat. Filburn had planted 23 acres and harvested 462 bushels, but his quota for that year under a New Deal law designed to prevent gluts and falling prices was 11 acres and 223 bushels. The county assessed a fine and imposed a lien on Filburn’s crop. It also withheld the card he needed to sell it.

Filburn immediately challenged the law, naming the secretary of agriculture, Claude Wickard, in his suit. In *Wickard v. Filburn* he asked how the government could dictate the amount of food he grew on his own land, especially when the excess was eaten by his family or chickens and never left the property.

A decade earlier, Filburn might have had a case. Until the 1930s, writes libertarian blogger Charles Kadlec, judges interpreted the commerce clause so narrowly that prohibitionists couldn’t be confident Congress would be allowed to ban booze without amending the Constitution. By the early 1940s, however, the aversion to federal power had weakened. Jim Chen, dean of the University of Louisville Law School, calls *Filburn*, issued the same year Enrico Fermi harnessed atomic fission, “federalism’s first chain reaction” and says the ruling established “the extreme boundary of federal power.” It helped create a bureaucracy, notes Kadlec, where some 300 agencies create regulations with the force of law and a populace in which most adults can’t remember a time when the national government didn’t have vast powers. The Affordable Care Act, he says, is the most nefarious of *Filburn*’s legacies.

In its 1942 decision, the Supreme Court explained that although Filburn’s crop had a trivial effect on the market, Congress could dictate how much food he and millions of other farmers grew because their collective decisions affect the national economy. To counter Filburn’s claim that his extra wheat fed his family and chickens, the government argued that without the excess he would have had to buy wheat, increasing demand.

Filburn’s lawyers warned of dark days ahead if the decision became precedent, including “nullifications of all Constitutional limitations” (a presage of the broccoli-

and-exercise argument heard today). University of Chicago law professor Richard Epstein has written that the *Filburn* ruling “cannot pass the giggle test.”

The modern court has tried to put the brakes on federal power. In 1990 Congress cited its authority under the commerce clause while imposing a ban on guns in school zones. Five years later, in a 5–4 decision overturning the law, the court noted simply that a school gun ban didn’t involve commerce. It came to the same conclusion in 2000 when considering the Violence Against Women Act: “Gender-motivated crimes of violence are not, in any sense of the phrase, economic activity,” wrote Chief Justice William Rehnquist.

In 2005 a case came before the court, *Gonzales v. Raich*, that mirrored *Filburn*, except it involved weed instead of wheat. Proposition 215, passed by California voters in 1996, legalized the possession of small amounts of marijuana for medical use. But federal law bans possession, and in 2002 federal agents raided a home and destroyed six plants. That led to a lawsuit. The court voted 6–3 that Congress could limit the production of marijuana. Just as Filburn’s quota busting frustrated federal efforts to control the wheat market, the court reasoned homegrown weed frustrates federal efforts to control the marijuana industry (by eliminating it). Echoing Filburn’s defense, the dissenting justices in *Raich* found the majority’s definition of “commerce” so broad “it threatens to sweep all of productive human activity into federal regulatory reach.” That leaves conservatives who oppose “Obamacare” in the uncomfortable position of also supporting legalized marijuana, right?

Roscoe Filburn died in 1987. The site of his farm was converted to a shopping mall.



Roscoe Filburn with his wheat, circa 1942.

READER RESPONSE

REASON TO WORRY?

Jonathan Tasini's sweeping dismissal of our national debt crisis is breathtaking ("A Fake Crisis," April). Anyone with a basic understanding of math and current government policy can see we are on an unsustainable path. He claims we "aren't even close" to the ratio of debt to gross domestic product of the years immediately after World War II. What numbers is he looking at? He writes, "There are ways to wipe away the debt over time," but he fails to elaborate on how unpleasant those strategies might be or who in government is even discussing them. Tasini's condescending liberal "don't worry, be happy" atti-



Are we doomed to feed the beast?

tude is of no use in any honest debate regarding this country's precarious fiscal condition.

Joseph Comfort
Eustis, Florida

The national debt totaled 108.6 percent of GDP in 1946, as Tasini reported. According to the latest data from the *International Monetary Fund*, it is now 85 percent of GDP, trailing Japan, at 216 percent, and Italy, at 116 percent. (China is at 17.7 percent.) The figure is widely viewed as an indicator of the health of a nation's economy.

When will Tasini consider America to be in crisis? When the streets are burning, as in Greece? If we don't control spending soon, we will reach a point where we don't have enough revenue to pay the interest on our debt. We need a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget, and we need to dump the tax code for a national sales tax. If you tie government spending to the economy, I guarantee elected officials will make sure every American has a job.

Sean Walstad
Aurora, Colorado



With all those zeros, who would notice?

Tasini talks about "the economic good times" after World War II that were financed by large amounts of debt. Maybe so, but the rest of the industrial world was in ruins and U.S. manufacturing had virtually no competition. We cannot repay today's massive debt with taxes from service-industry jobs and certainly not with 47 percent of the population paying no federal income taxes. Tasini points a finger at the pensions and health care benefits of government workers but also urges that we increase the national debt by spending on roads and education—mostly pensioned jobs.

Greg Poltrock
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Most of the 47 percent who don't pay federal income taxes don't have much income. A study last year by the Tax Policy Center found that 87 percent of the households that don't pay taxes have annual incomes of \$40,000 or less, and 31 percent live on \$10,000 or less. The poverty level for a household of two adults and two children is \$22,050.

ALL THINGS BEING EQUAL

We have enough lowbrow commentary about the tax discrepancy between the one percent and the rest of us without PLAYBOY joining the cause ("The Inequality Machine," March). The tax rate on capital gains is lower than that for earned income because we live in a global economy in which we must keep investment from going overseas. And this lower tax rate is available to Americans at every income level.

Damon Starnes
Sherwood, Oregon

The capital gains tax may be available to everyone, but the one percent is far more likely to benefit. According to the Tax Policy Center, capital gains account for 1.8 percent of the adjusted gross income of taxpayers earning less than \$75,000, 3.6 percent for those making \$75,000 to \$200,000,

13.5 percent for those making \$200,000 to \$1 million and 39.5 percent for those making \$1 million or more.

David Rothkopf overlooks another talent possessed by those "running" America, and that is the ability to convince the masses to vote against their economic interests. I'll never understand how not allowing Steve and Frank to marry is more important to people than ensuring their health insurance is not held hostage by their employer.

Robert Prado
Irving, Texas

Attempting to achieve fiscal equality will leave everyone poor. We should reexamine how well the lower end is doing, with food stamps and subsidized health care, utilities and rent. As children, we had none of that and didn't consider ourselves poor.

Mike Stevens
Dayton, Ohio

SUPERMAN AND MAN

David Kelley of the Atlas Society claims Thomas Frank is wrong to describe Ayn Rand's beliefs as Nietzschean (*Reader Response*, April) because "her vision of individualism, including the pursuit of rational self-interest, had nothing to do with Nietzsche's vision of the superman seeking power over others." The Nietzschean superman isn't about the



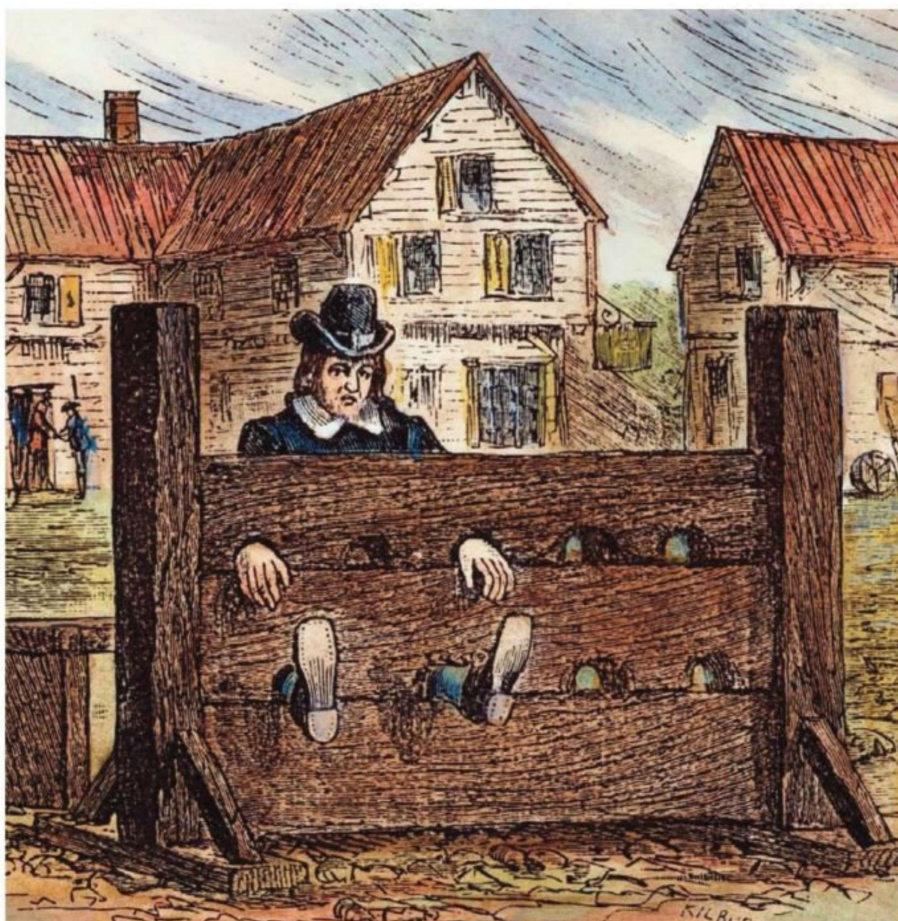
Fight Club (1999): striving for Übermensch.

will to power but about living beyond and above the morality of other men, i.e., rational self-interest. I have friends who seem to have a better understanding of Nietzsche from watching *Fight Club*.

Adam Campo
New Orleans, Louisiana

E-mail letters@playboy.com. Or write: Playboy Forum, 335 North Maple Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210.

NEWSFRONT



Facebooked

CINCINNATI—After ruling that Mark Byron had violated a protective order against his estranged wife with an angry post on Facebook, a judge gave the freelance photographer a choice: 60 days in jail or 30 days of apologizing to her on the social media site. Byron, who was upset about his pending divorce, had written, “If you are an evil, vindictive woman who wants to ruin your husband’s life and take your son’s father away from him completely—all you need to do is say that you’re scared of your husband or domestic partner and they’ll take him away!” That and other messages prompted comments such as “What an evil bitch.” Although Byron had blocked his wife from seeing the page, she found out about the post and responses and said they frightened her. Byron chose to post a daily mea culpa, written by the judge, that read, in part, “I hereby apologize to Elizabeth for casting her in an unfavorable light.... I further apologize to all my Facebook friends for attempting to mislead them.” Byron’s lawyer argued his client had done nothing more than vent and his wife “didn’t like what he had to say. That’s what this boils down to.” On day 26 Byron stopped posting the apology, saying it violated his right to free speech. The judge let it go.

Close Call

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA—When Charles Preston took a minivan he had bought secondhand to a repair shop and noted the front windows wouldn’t roll down all the way, the mechanic found 14 kilos of cocaine hidden in the doors. Preston had driven the van 6,000 miles, and police told him he was lucky he’d never been pulled over. “I said, ‘Well, it’s not mine.’ They said, ‘We hear that all the time,’” recalled Preston, who was not charged.



Tattoo to Remember

ACWORTH, GEORGIA—After his older brother Malik was hit by a car and killed, 10-year-old Gaquan Napier asked his mother if he could have Malik’s name inked on his arm as a tribute. State law bans tattoos on

anyone under 18, so when school officials saw the tat, Napier’s mother was arrested. She refuses to identify the artist. “It’s not like [Gaquan] was asking me, ‘Can I get Sponge-Bob?’” she said.

Protection Racket

ALBANY, NEW YORK—Two legislators have proposed forbidding prosecutors from introducing condoms as evidence of prostitution. Sex-worker advocates say the policy encourages hookers to practice unsafe sex because they know condoms can be used against them or because police confiscate them. Before acquitting one woman, a Manhattan judge noted, “If people are sexually active at a certain age and they are not walking around with condoms, they are fools.”

Tread Lightly

MECHANICSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA—Ernie Perce marched in a Halloween parade last year wearing a fake beard, a white turban and green face paint and chanting, “I am the prophet Muhammad, zombie from the

dead!” A Muslim bystander took offense and allegedly grabbed and choked Perce. A judge dismissed a charge of harassment, citing lack of evidence, though he told Perce he had been asking for it because the First Amendment does not protect provocateurs who “piss off people and other cultures.”

@Muhammad

RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA—Officials charged Hamza Kashgari, 23, with apostasy after he addressed Muhammad as an equal in a tweet. “I love many things about you and hate others, and there are many things about you I don’t understand,” he wrote. He also posted, “No Saudi women will go to hell, because it’s impossible to go there twice.” He could face the death penalty.



Jean Paul
GAULTIER

"LE MALE"

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TOM CRUISE

A candid conversation with the billion-dollar movie star about his impressive career comeback and the PR missteps that nearly destroyed it all

For 20 years Tom Cruise was the closest thing to a sure bet Hollywood had, shining on-screen and endearing himself to studios by working as hard promoting his films as he did making them. He surrounded himself with great filmmakers, including Martin Scorsese, Stanley Kubrick, Steven Spielberg and Michael Mann, and stood toe-to-toe with such vets as Jack Nicholson, Paul Newman and Dustin Hoffman. His movies have grossed well over \$7 billion, earning him hundreds of millions of dollars.

While not surprising that Cruise's firm grip on the leading-man crown would eventually loosen, it was shocking that he caused it to happen himself with several ill-advised TV appearances. He got into a testy encounter with Today's Matt Lauer. There to promote his film War of the Worlds, Cruise appeared to get on a soapbox for his religion, Scientology. Consistent with the teachings of his faith, he showed disdain for psychiatry and made aggressive statements about the perils of prescription drugs such as the antidepressant Paxil and the ADHD medication Ritalin. That followed a couch-jumping appearance on The Oprah Winfrey Show, a display of his exuberance for his future wife, actress Katie Holmes. Cruise was suddenly in real trouble. Never mind that other actors had endured true scandals and been largely given a pass; Cruise was forced to pay. His long-standing producing

deal at Paramount Pictures was not renewed, and chairman Sumner Redstone publicly mentioned Cruise's behavior as a prime reason. He also became fodder for parody on South Park and other shows and in Scary Movie 4. With partner Paula Wagner, Cruise moved on and raised more than \$500 million to take over United Artists, but that eventually fizzled.

Although Cruise had been on top a long time, he was no stranger to finding a way around adversity. He grew up without money, raised by his mother (his father was absent after a divorce and died in 1984). Cruise was a scrappy kid who worked to help his mother and sisters as they moved from city to city. That meant continually starting over in schools, a situation not helped by his dyslexia.

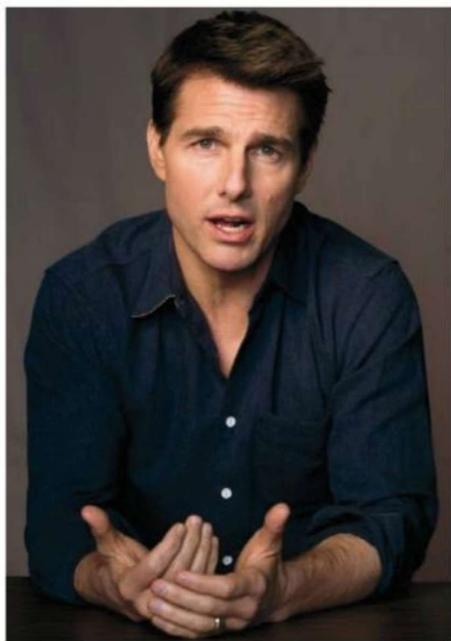
As he nears 50, Cruise has put his temporary career crisis in the rearview mirror and is once again among the handful of stars whose participation gets a movie made. Seven years after being on the precipice, Cruise is coming off the biggest box office hit of his career in Mission: Impossible—Ghost Protocol, a crowd-pleasing film he also produced. It reunited him with Redstone's Paramount Pictures, for which he just completed One Shot, an adaptation of Lee Child's popular novel built around Jack Reacher. Cruise continues to take calculated risks: In the books, Reacher is a six-foot-five, 250-pound

mass of muscle who towers over the bad guys and tears them apart bare-handed. Cruise is about five-foot-seven and maybe 160 pounds.

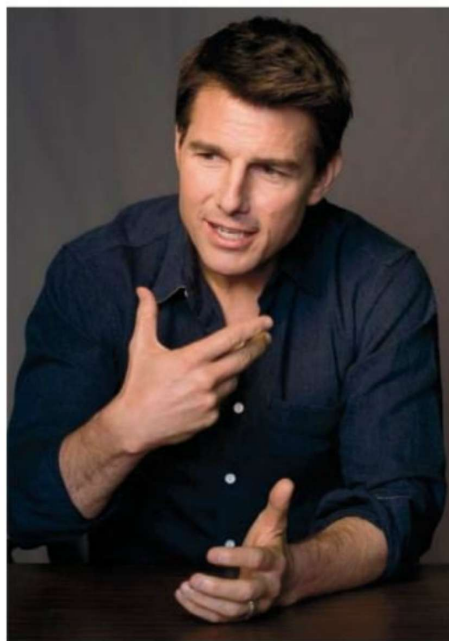
In Rock of Ages, which comes out this summer, he plays a decadent 1980s rock icon named Stacee Jaxx. It's the first movie in which he sings.

To catch up with Cruise, PLAYBOY sent Michael Fleming to the Baton Rouge set of Oblivion, a postapocalyptic sci-fi thriller that was just getting under way. Fleming reports: "For all the adversity he endured the past half decade, I'm not sure I've ever met an actor who seems as content and comfortable in his own skin as Cruise. Despite the media fixation on his life, the industry has always loved his work ethic, and his fan base is still there. His life is a lot simpler than many might imagine. He works hard and keeps his family, including his mother and sisters, close to his side. He dotes on wife Katie and his children, Bella and Connor (from his marriage to Nicole Kidman) and Suri, his daughter with Holmes. Cruise flashes his trademark smile often as he talks about what seems like a great life, but he has also learned a lot in the past few years as he rescued his own career."

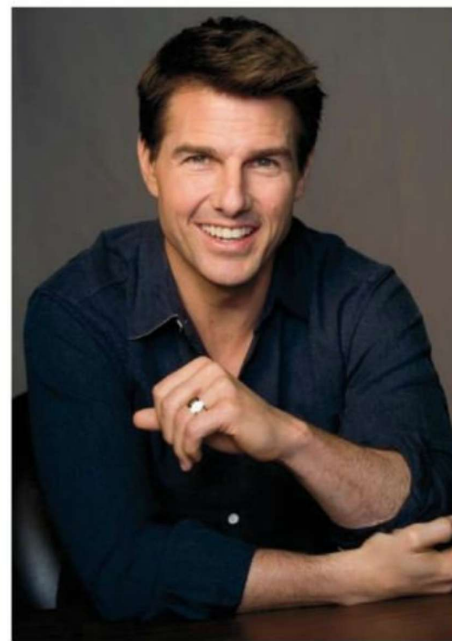
PLAYBOY: You turn 50 on July 3. It's a time most men are battling a gut, getting colonoscopies, losing their hair and monitoring



"If I don't talk about my religion, they're like, 'He's avoiding it.' If I do talk about it, it becomes, 'Oh, he's proselytizing.' Reviewing the whole thing, I decided, You know what? I take responsibility for what happened."



"When I go back and look at it, I find myself thinking, I don't feel that way. Telling people how to live their lives? I get how it came across, but I don't feel that way, and I never have. I never meant it that way."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"Does refuting things help? Not really. Here's how I've lived my life: I've never been late to a set. I make films I believe in. The other stuff? I hear it, I read it, I get it. But life is not a matter of trying to prove anything to anybody."

their blood pressure. How is it you look about half your age?

CRUISE: I honestly have no idea. [laughs] I work. I'm always with family. I train, go without sleep. I just go hard.

PLAYBOY: You're not wrinkling up like a lot of your peers. Have you had, or would you get, cosmetic surgery?

CRUISE: I haven't, and I never would.

PLAYBOY: What does this dubious milestone mean to you?

CRUISE: When I made *Taps*, really my first film experience, I remember lying at night in the hotel room, thinking, I love this so much. I'd wanted it since I was four, and there I was, thinking that if I did my best on *Taps*, maybe I could do this for the rest of my life. Turning 50, when I'm still doing this, is okay. On July 3 I'll be in Iceland, filming on my birthday. My family, my wife, they understand. It's who I am. I've spent many birthdays on a movie set, all great days.

PLAYBOY: What have you learned that you didn't know 20 years ago?

CRUISE: I've always had the same values. Family for me has always been important. When I shoot, everybody comes. When Kate's shooting, I'm there with her and the kids. We're always together. I'm always around my mother and sisters. I always wanted to be a father, a husband. And I've always had a work ethic. I've had paying jobs since I was about eight years old—cutting grass, raking leaves, paper routes, selling Easter cards and Christmas cards.

PLAYBOY: Door-to-door?

CRUISE: I went door-to-door in Canada and Kentucky. I was basically raised by women, and my mom at a certain point was paying for everything. We all had to pitch in. So work to me is important.

PLAYBOY: Where was your father?

CRUISE: He was mostly working, and then they got divorced. We moved a lot, and early on it was because he moved from job to job.

PLAYBOY: How did growing up with an absent father inform who you've become?

CRUISE: It wasn't a big conflict when I was growing up; that's just the way it was. I don't look back and feel bad. I know some people do, but it's not a burden I carry through life. It's more like, Okay, this happened. That's how he behaved, that's how he did things. He tried, but it just was who he was. Traveling has given me a broader understanding of people, and I've always been interested in the similarities we have and why people make certain choices in life. I got an introduction to that as a young child, but it never felt like a weight I carried on my shoulders.

PLAYBOY: How much of a hardship was it to have your mother supporting the family?

CRUISE: We were better off than a lot and not as well off as others. For me, it was more basic. Like, if I wanted to go to the movies as many times as I wanted to go, I had to find money to pay for it. I

learned to go get things. And we moved around a lot.

PLAYBOY: That's got to be tough on a kid.

CRUISE: I liked going to a new place. I'll never forget, there was a cardboard box they'd put in my room. You pack your stuff up, everything goes in the car and off we go.

PLAYBOY: Was it jarring to leave school and friends and start over?

CRUISE: I found it adventurous. Did it bring challenges? Yeah. You're always the new kid, with the wrong accent, the wrong shoes. You learn about people and yourself and how to deal with what was not always a safe environment. You had to figure it out. That is what life's about, change and solving problems and living it. My mother worked three jobs, but she's a woman for whom the cup is always half full. I wanted to help her and my sisters.

PLAYBOY: What else did you do with your money?

CRUISE: From as early as I can remember, I wanted to ride motorcycles and race cars. I wanted to do jumps and stunts. Every birthday I wanted only a motorcycle. By

*You're always the new kid,
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the time I was 12, I'd bought my own.

PLAYBOY: How rough is the motorcycle learning curve for a 12-year-old?

CRUISE: Very. [laughs] No one taught me. I crashed a lot, because I like to go fast. I used to do other stuff. We were living in Canada and I liked gymnastics. I would do flips off the roof. I'd climb to the highest part and see how many flips I could do before I hit the snowbank. I'd do one flip, and I'd wonder, Can I get two? [laughs]

PLAYBOY: So you were that guy.

CRUISE: I was that guy. I used to like to do stuff to show my sisters. They were always like, "Tommy, you're going to kill yourself, and then Mom's going to kill you." I'd be doing flips and the neighborhood kids would come over and look. Then I tried a double and got through only one and a half before I missed the snowbank, landed on the sidewalk and broke my ankle. I was like, "Aghhh!" I crawled to the bedroom. I've broken my leg, my nose.

PLAYBOY: How'd you break your nose?

CRUISE: The first time, I got hit by a fastball. Another time, I got hit with a

baseball bat by accident. Then I rejarred it on a motorcycle. No one thought about helmets or pads back then. When I was 18, on the set of *Taps*, I met the stunt guys. I was like, "You train for stuff like this?" Back in the day there were no videos of this stuff. I'd create ramps to try to jump over garbage cans on my bike, figuring it out on my own. When I was five years old, I'd climb the tallest tree possible, get to the top so when the wind was blowing I'd hang on as the branch swayed back and forth. Then, can I go from this tree and get to that tree?

PLAYBOY: Aside from broken bones, what did you get out of all this?

CRUISE: I learned that even in times that were challenging, you have a choice whether to let problems overwhelm you. When you're going to new schools, you're confronted by different things, but you always have a choice, and mine was to learn to handle it.

PLAYBOY: How does this translate to doing your own stunts in movies?

CRUISE: I train pretty hard. For *The Last Samurai* I spent a year training six hours a day, seven days a week to be able to handle a sword and do it on uneven terrain, because I didn't want to blow my knees out. You've got to build the body up for impact. I remember trying to put my shirt on at one point and couldn't because my forearms had gotten so big. It was the same with *Rock of Ages*—five hours a day learning to sing, three hours a day dancing.

PLAYBOY: Did you know you could sing before you took on *Rock of Ages*?

CRUISE: I knew I could hold a note. I sang in a glee club when I was 14 years old and in a high school musical. But I never had a singing lesson. No one ever taught me how to use my voice.

PLAYBOY: You had help from Axl Rose's vocal coach. How do you develop an arena voice?

CRUISE: He was an opera singer who taught me how to control my voice. It's like learning a new sport or a skill for a character. I had to find out how to move air through the vocal cords and where to place it in my head, in the chest. It's something you have to do every day to strengthen your voice.

PLAYBOY: After singing 1980s rock anthems in front of a wild crowd in *Rock of Ages*, is it more fun to be Tom Cruise or Bruce Springsteen?

CRUISE: For Bruce, I'm sure it's more fun to be Bruce. I like being me because making movies is all I ever wanted to do. But when I look at Bono, Springsteen, Bon Jovi or Axl Rose and hear the songs they wrote and how they perform them and the life they have, I have a greater appreciation. It takes so much work to get to that level.

PLAYBOY: The first song you sang in front of a crowd was "Pour Some Sugar on Me," with Def Leppard there, watching you. Pressure?

CRUISE: Yes. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Director Adam Shankman said they were eager to abuse you, but you ruined it by nailing the song.

CRUISE: I was down in Miami, recording different songs, and Adam called and said, "Def Leppard's coming by the set." I said, "Man, that's cool." Then I paused. "Wait, I'm rehearsing their song tomorrow." And he's like, "Yeah!" [laughs] So we started right in the deep end, and that was the first scene I shot in the movie. It's a great song, and I grew up listening to them. They went to the back of the Bourbon Room, and I looked at my band and was like, "Hit it." All the crew was watching them watching me.

PLAYBOY: So what did they say?

CRUISE: Well, the lead singer, Joe Elliott, points at me and goes, "Fuck you! Fuck you!" Then I saw big smiles on their faces, and I realized I'd gotten their stamp. It was a very cool moment. It was important they knew I was honoring their music and not making fun of them.

PLAYBOY: It's hard to take your character that seriously. He's prone to theatrics, and his only real friend is a baboon.

CRUISE: He's a slave to rock and roll. When he's onstage, he gives it everything. Off it, he's looking for soulful moments in odd ways, and that's where the comedy comes in. We had this sweet love song, "I Want to Know What Love Is," and I'm falling in love with this girl. But it's a sex scene, and that's where it has to be funny, because it's rock and roll. I read all this stuff about Led Zeppelin, the Stones, Axl Rose, Motley Crue and the groupies. My character has them, but suddenly there's this sweet scene that changes everything. If it works, people will laugh and it'll be emotional. This hard-rock guy is singing this romantic duet, falling in love with this woman. But since it's rock and roll, he's singing most of it to her backside.

PLAYBOY: On the other side of the spectrum, those scenes you shot running and jumping 124 floors up that Dubai skyscraper in *Mission: Impossible—Ghost Protocol* were impressive. Knowing it was you dangling by a cable, it was so—

CRUISE: It's high. [laughs] Yes, it's high. I always wanted to do something like that. It was one of those times I could build myself up to it physically, train and push myself, and have it fit the story and the character. We spent months figuring it out.

PLAYBOY: No matter how much planning, you have to get out there and look down. Way down.

CRUISE: Yes. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: You could have done it from the second floor, and they also have computers and stuntmen.

CRUISE: But it wouldn't have looked the same. As great as visual effects are, it just would not have been the same experience for the audience—especially when my director, Brad Bird, said he wanted to shoot in Imax, which I was so damn excited about. I started thinking of

Harold Lloyd dangling from the clock, and Buster Keaton, when you feel the danger. And look, if I'm at the third or the second floor, a fall will kill me anyway. [laughs] I might as well be on the 124th floor. At a certain point the height was the least of the challenges.

PLAYBOY: After a rough couple of years when some questioned your viability as a leading man, *Mission: Impossible—Ghost Protocol* grossed more money than any other film you've ever made. What did that mean to you?

CRUISE: I've always just wanted to make the movies I wanted to make, see studios make money so they'd let me do it again and see an audience enjoy it. I've tried to keep my head down and just do good work.

PLAYBOY: But we can see you are competitive. Your *Collateral* co-star Jamie Foxx told us you and Will Smith were the most competitive guys he's ever met and that you have to win at everything.

CRUISE: But I have a standard of what winning is. How do you define winning and losing? If I get beaten in a basketball game, I don't care. How a movie does is based

Here's the thing about competition. I don't think that wanting to do my best qualifies as that. I'm an all-or-nothing kind of person. I don't feel competitive.

on so many things, including release dates and marketing. I understand the box office game. I was there in the beginning when they started fixating on the number one film and the competition in that. I really came up with promoting films around the world, and studios fought me, but I mainly did it because I wanted myself and my kids to see the world. But here's the game I'm playing. I want to make great films that entertain an audience and hold up. I can control only the effort I put into it and the experience we all have making it. After that, it is what it is.

PLAYBOY: When Paramount was planning *Ghost Protocol*, they brought in Jeremy Renner, and the perception was that they were hedging bets with you. True?

CRUISE: No, because here's the thing: I had creative control and final cut on *Mission: Impossible*. I brought Renner in. So there's a separation between what's happening versus what people say. This is something I learned growing up, moving and always being the new kid. There's what people say, and there's reality, and you can't worry about stuff like that. Do you wish they wouldn't say certain things? Yeah,

you wish. Does refuting things help? Not really. There comes a point when you just have to go. You know what? Here's how I've lived my life: I've never been late to set. I make films I believe in. I feel privileged to be able to do what I love. You just have to keep going and remember that. The other stuff? I hear it, I read it, I get it. But life is not a matter of trying to prove anything to anybody.

PLAYBOY: And yet you constantly seem to be proving things to others.

CRUISE: Here's the thing about competition. I don't think that wanting to do my best qualifies as that. I love making movies. Whether it's making a film or raising my children, personally I'm striving to do the right things and to learn. I'm an all-or-nothing kind of person, and when I become interested in something, I give it my all. In life, I always wanted adventures and to learn different fields of endeavor. The great thing about being an actor is I've gotten to see what a fighter pilot's life is like and a race car driver's. I've gotten to fly airplanes, race cars, learn about motorcycles. In *Rock of Ages* I studied music, learned how to sing and see it from a singer's vantage point. I carry those interests and lessons through my own life. I guess I am always striving to be *competent*. But when it comes to working with other actors or releasing movies, I don't feel competitive. It's a group effort.

PLAYBOY: You ride bikes, drive fast cars, fly planes. If you were going to drive away for a bit and clear your head, what would your favorite mode of transportation be?

CRUISE: Each one has its different level of freedom. A fast motorcycle is wonderful, but I'd have to say it would be the P-51 Warbird. I have a 1944 Tuskegee Airmen P-51 that was part of their training squadron. When I traveled around as a kid, I had a picture of a Spitfire and a picture of a P-51. *P* means "pursuit," and you can fly hard through the canyons. It's a beautiful airplane, unlike anything else.

PLAYBOY: Could you fly when you were making *Top Gun*?

CRUISE: No, but I always wanted to fly, and that was one of the reasons I did *Top Gun*. I just never had the time to learn. Then I met Sydney Pollack. I was 19 or 20. He was editing *Tootsie*, and I'd just finished *Risky Business*. I got a meeting with Sydney that was supposed to be 20 minutes and ended up being over two hours. Outside of my admiration for him as a filmmaker, we talked about a big mutual interest that we had in aviation because I knew he flew. Sydney became a lifelong friend, and when we finished *The Firm* together in 1993 or 1994, he gave me flying lessons as a gift. He said, "I know how much you love flying. Take the time, right now, and do it, because otherwise you'll never get to it." I had two kids by then, and I worked all the time. In a few months I had my instrument rating, and

a little while after that I had my commercial rating. I trained mostly in aerobatics, because I wanted to fly the P-51. I was doing rolls, loops, all kinds of aerobatic maneuvers. My first airplane was called a Pitts, and then I flew a Marchetti. That's a third-world air force trainer they use in the Navy's TOPGUN schools for air-to-air combat. This was all in preparation to fly the Warbird, the P-51. I searched all over the world for my P-51 and found it in 2000. It's called *Kiss Me Kate*, which covers two things I love most, my wife and movies.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to have many fears.

CRUISE: It's not that you don't feel fear; it's about figuring out why and what to do with it. There are times you're doing things and the fear is there. It's not like I just jumped in a car and started going 200 miles an hour. I get the feel of the car, learn the track, work my way up to it.

PLAYBOY: What's the fastest you've gone?

CRUISE: More than 200 miles an hour, at Daytona.

PLAYBOY: How nervous does all this make the studios, with you doing your own stunts, performing aerobatics in your P-51 and driving 200 miles an hour in a car?

CRUISE: I don't ask them. When I was stunt climbing at Mojave for *Mission: Impossible 2*, Sherry Lansing was running Paramount. I held back sending them any film until we'd finished the sequence because I love her and didn't want to give her a heart attack. Then we sent the rushes, and normally Sherry would call right away to discuss them. I never heard from her on those. Finally, when I got back, it was like, "Tom, we're not even going to talk about this." But I don't go into these things in a haphazard manner. You train so if things do go wrong, you know your outs and your backups. In *One Shot*, we did a car chase, and essentially I did every stunt in every shot in the movie. When you watch, you can see that. There was tremendous preparation, and that's what people don't understand—months of figuring out the car, the tire temperatures, the handling, the temperature of the pavement. You have to be on top of all of it.

PLAYBOY: You are clearly detail oriented about your career. But you had a lapse with that testy interview with Matt Lauer, making comments about Brooke Shields, psychiatry and prescription drugs for postpartum depression. And on *Oprah* you jumped on a couch. What did you learn?

CRUISE: I agree with you, and I never meant it that way. When I go back and look at it, I find myself thinking, I don't feel that way. I get how it came across, but I don't feel that way, and I never have. Telling people how to live their lives? I saw how that came across and how pieces were edited.

PLAYBOY: Are you more cautious about how much of yourself you put out there with the media?

CRUISE: When I'm promoting a film, I'm there to promote a film.

PLAYBOY: Is it fair to say that your relationship with Scientology is now in the category of a private matter?

CRUISE: What's interesting is, if I don't talk about my religion, if I say I'm not discussing it or different humanitarian things I'm working on, they're like, "He's avoiding it." If I do talk about it, it becomes, "Oh, he's proselytizing." Reviewing the whole thing and how things can be edited and misinterpreted, I decided, You know what? Here's the deal. I take responsibility for what happened, but everyone now knows that if I am dealing with humanitarian things, I will talk about that. When I'm promoting a film, I'm not going to get caught up in anything else, and that includes all my personal things.

PLAYBOY: The aftermath of that controversy hurt your career. Were you concerned that this dream you're living of making movies had been jeopardized?

If I have to, I will sue. You start with a letter saying, "Okay, you know it's not true. Apologize." When it involves your kids, you have to go, "Here's the line."

CRUISE: No, I really didn't. But it was important to me to take responsibility, take a hard look and decide where I go from here. That time was interesting. It was that moment when the internet had really spun out. It was a learning experience for all of us, how these things go. All you can do is learn and say, "This is the way it's going to go from now on. Here is the line."

PLAYBOY: Plenty of stars have done a lot worse and gotten a pass. There's no tape of you erupting on a set, no rehab stints. Yet it seems you get a harder time than most for perceived missteps. Why is that?

CRUISE: I look at it in terms of what I can take responsibility for and being honest about that and going, "Okay, I get it." My whole life, I've wanted to take care of my family and be the person people can depend on. I feel that about myself. Do I make mistakes? Yeah. I don't care who you are, life has challenges. Whether it's as a father, as a man, in my work, you go through things. I want to look at those things for what they really are, take responsibility, make it right and

move on. How harshly I'm judged or not judged, I don't think about stuff like that. I feel lucky. I remember as a kid I wanted an adventurous life, and I've gotten it. So if someone judges me harshly, it's okay. I don't even judge them harshly for doing it.

PLAYBOY: Did that perspective come with maturity?

CRUISE: I think it's something I've always felt. I remember back as a little kid, going into a new school. Always, you know there will be a guy coming up at you, and you just wait for it. The first day someone's going to slam me against a locker, and then it's on. I don't want the fight, but it's there, it's happening.

PLAYBOY: And you have to stand up for yourself.

CRUISE: You have to. There's one thing you know with a bully. I don't care how big or mean they are. If you allow it, if you don't stand up to that.... And there are different ways to do it. There's the school yard, but sometimes just confronting them works. I learned hard lessons as a kid, and you think that once you grow up and aren't at school, it will be different. It isn't; it's just bigger. I was being evaluated by the world. You have language barriers. There are lots of ways to incite incidents through miscommunication. The internet has made it more immediate for false stuff. I've learned to just let it go or communicate where you can. Since the beginning of my career, you can find something with anyone.

PLAYBOY: You're not totally passive. You have sued over some particularly personal things that have been written about you and your family. Was it worth it?

CRUISE: Sometimes, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Why?

CRUISE: They know I mean it, that if I have to, I will sue. You start with a letter saying, "Okay, you know it's not true. Apologize." There is a point with a lot of things when you just go, You know what? I don't want to waste my time with this. I'm busy. I'd rather spend this time with my kids and my wife, at home or on our movies, creating a life together. If you have kids, it is the most important thing to create good times.

PLAYBOY: The night Princess Diana died you called CNN to talk about how the intrusiveness of the press had gotten out of hand. This phone-hacking scandal on Fleet Street has closed one major newspaper and reached all the way to Rupert Murdoch. Have you ever been hacked?

CRUISE: Maybe.

PLAYBOY: What do you make of this invasion of privacy?

CRUISE: I put that in a minor pile of things I have to handle. But with certain ones you have to go, "Okay, you crossed a line, and now you have the attention of my lawyers." [laughs] When it involves your kids, with these guys you have to go, "Here's the line, and" (concluded on page 134)

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ARMED AND *Dangerous?*

What happens when our writer struts around town with a pistol on his hip? He finds out that open-carry laws are putting an uncomfortable new spin on gun control

BY
Pat Jordan



ILLUSTRATION BY TAVIS COBURN

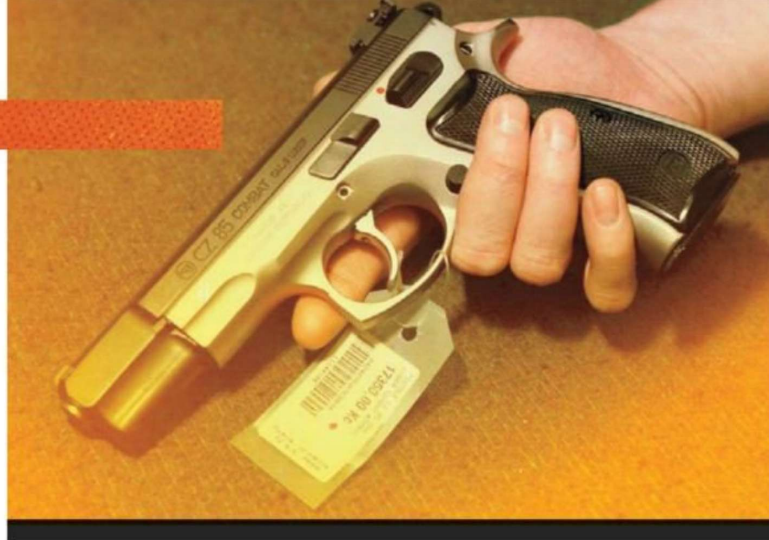


TWO WHITE GUYS, scruffy beards, nondescript, packing heat. “Butch and Sundance,” he says. I say, “Wyatt and Doc.” He’s Wyatt—somber, righteous, a straight arrow. I’m Doc—a romantic consumptive reeking of Southern charm.

My fantasy. That’s the thing about packing heat openly in public. It’s all about fantasy. Butch, Sundance, Wyatt, Doc. Gary Cooper in *High Noon*. The fair maiden rescued from the lech. Clint Eastwood in *Unforgiven*. Righteous vengeance in a crowded saloon. Clint, again, in *Pale Rider*. The beleaguered prospector saved from the evil banker on a dusty street under a blazing sun. “Behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.” Wyatt and Doc, an odd couple, upholding the law at the O.K. Corral, the law, incongruously, all about gun control.

Packing heat openly on city streets, called “open carry”—as opposed to “concealed carry,” packing heat hidden by a jacket or shirt, the way I do almost every day, in a holster built into my leather shoulder bag—is all the rage these days among the Caspar Milquetoast set, average white guys who have never been victims of a crime, never really broken the law, never had the need to draw their guns in anger or defense, self or otherwise, and yet are adamant about their right to do something even if it makes no real sense to anyone except themselves. They carry because they can. It’s their right under the Second Amendment of the Constitution (their interpretation anyway): “A well-regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed.” Their mantra: “A right unexercised is a right lost.” Gun control groups including the Brady Campaign to Prevent Gun Violence, of course, disagree with pro-gun advocates about the meaning of the amendment. Dennis Henigan, vice president of the Brady Campaign, once went even further, writing that self-defense is “not a federally guaranteed constitutional right.”

So on this sunny spring afternoon, Jerry Henry of GeorgiaCarry.org and I are walking the streets of Fairburn, Peachtree City and Newnan, small towns south of Atlanta, stopping at Starbucks, Walmart, Home Depot and the Longhorn Steakhouse with our pistols strapped to our sides in leather holsters. Jerry is short and round, with a shaved head and a Mephistophelian goatee, and still he doesn’t look menacing. He’s a blacksmith in Fairburn. His daughter gives riding lessons at his ranch. Jerry is carrying a 1911 .45 ACP semiautomatic pistol in a Galco paddle holster on his hip. It’s the gun of choice for open-carry guys. The 1911 was designed in the early 1900s by John Moses Browning, the son of a gunsmith from Ogden, Utah. The 1911 was the U.S. military’s sidearm of choice for more than 70 years, through two world wars, the Korean War and the Vietnam war, until it was replaced in 1985 by the Beretta 92 nine-millimeter, an Italian gun. “The Beretta doesn’t have the stopping power of the 1911,” Jerry says, unless it’s loaded with exotic and finicky hollow-point bullets. The 1911 doesn’t need hollow-points. Its aficionados have a saying: “They all fall with hardball.” It’s a gun for the kind of guys who have MADE IN AMERICA bumper stickers on their Ford F-150 trucks that were made in Canada or Mexico. Open carry is more about what goes on in the minds of open-carry guys than what goes on in reality. It’s not about drawing a gun to stop a robbery, rape or murder or about a shoot-out in a diner à la Dirty Harry, blasting the bad guys through a plate-glass window. It’s about the



“I’M CARRYING A CZ-85 NINE-MILLIMETER CZECH REPUBLIC MILITARY SEMIAUTOMATIC PISTOL IN A LEATHER HOLSTER. WHO AM I GOING TO SHOOT TODAY?”

fantasies of like-minded men who see themselves as rooted in America’s heroic past, the O.K. Corral, the Battle of the Bulge, even if they weren’t part of that past. Hence the 1911, an American gun. “The 1911 protected American troops for almost 100 years,” says Jerry. I ask him why the military switched to the nine-millimeter Beretta. “Who knows why our government does anything?” he replies.

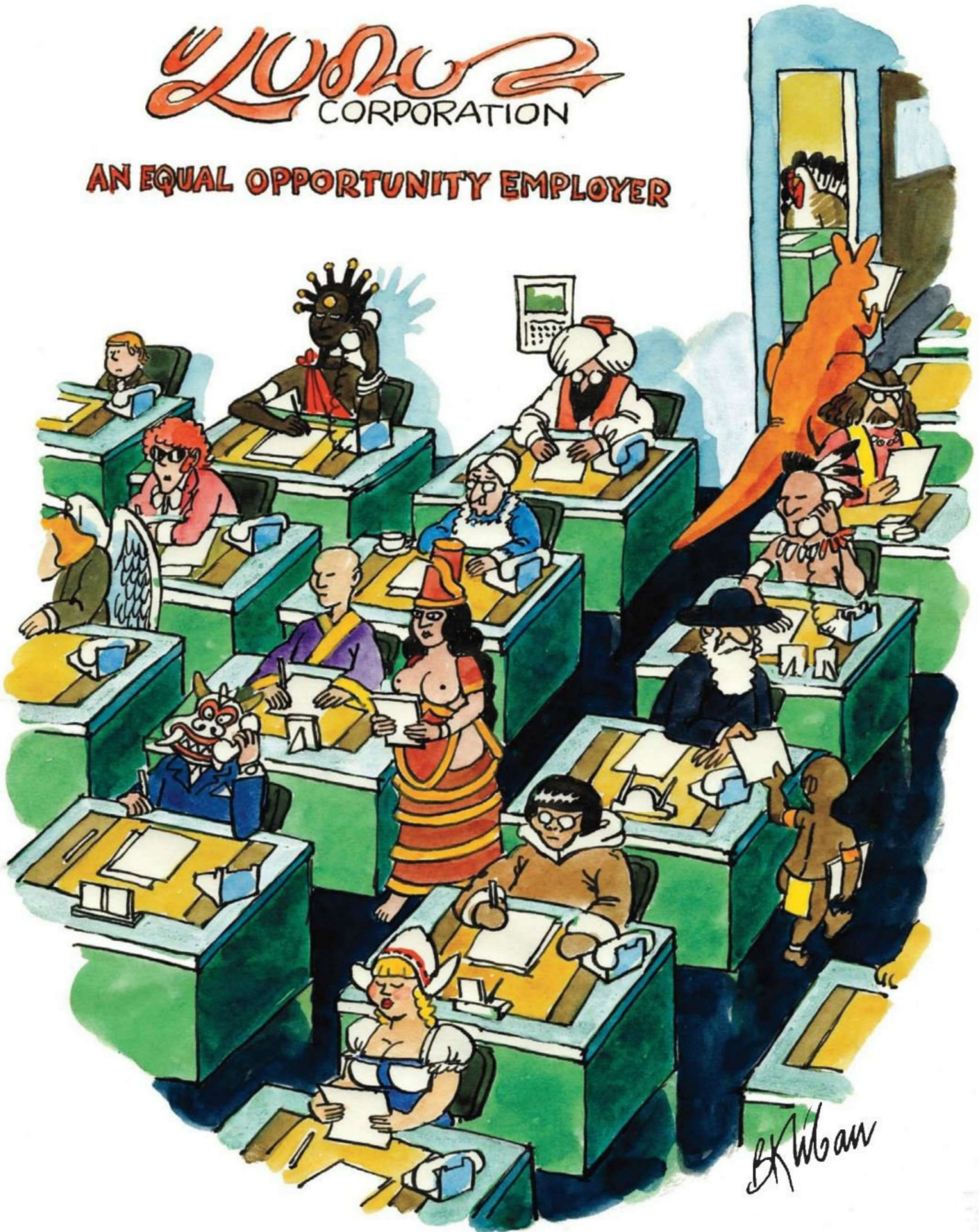
I’m tall, with a full beard and long, swept-back hair like a French diplomat’s. I’m carrying a CZ-85 nine-millimeter Czech Republic military semiautomatic pistol in a leather holster from South Africa. During the Cold War, the Czechs supplied CZs to a host of terrorists—the Red Brigade, the IRA, the PLO—so they could wreak havoc on Western Europe; they also supplied them to South Africa because Western Europe and the United States were boycotting its apartheid policies. My CZ is loaded with 16 Corbon hollow-point bullets; Jerry’s 1911 is loaded with eight. I am carrying it high on my hip for a quicker draw. Who am I going to shoot today?

Jerry and I are standing in line with our Cokes at a convenience store in Palmetto, Georgia. The white guy behind us looks down at our guns and steps back. The black guy with dreads in front of us glances over his shoulder at our guns, then gets out of line and leaves. I feel foolish with my exposed CZ-85 on my hip. Not threatening or protective or invincible. Like I’m making a meaningless statement about something no one else understands. What’s the point of a statement no one gets? When I carry my CZ in my carry bag, concealed, it feels natural. I’m seldom conscious of even carrying a gun. I am certainly not conscious of my gun disturbing people around me, as I am now.

The pretty woman behind the cash register takes our money. She kids with Jerry but seems oblivious to his gun until I ask her about it. “Doesn’t bother me,” she says. “My husband carries a gun.” Jerry says a lot of businesses like it when he’s in the place open-carrying. One owner said, “Looks like nothing’s going on here for a while.” Open-carry guys’ fantasies: They’re protecting the weak and the innocent, the timid hardware store owner, the old maid with the parasol, the bullied young boy. Some people, however, are not so understanding. One woman looked at Jerry’s gun and said, “What are you afraid of?” Jerry said, “I’m not afraid of anything, ma’am. I got a gun.” He subscribes to that old adage from the movie *True Romance*. Going into a drug deal, Christian Slater puts a .357 Magnum in his belt and says, “It’s better to have a gun and not need it than to need a gun and not have it.” (Aphorisms are *(continued on page 123)*)

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Fox



YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN

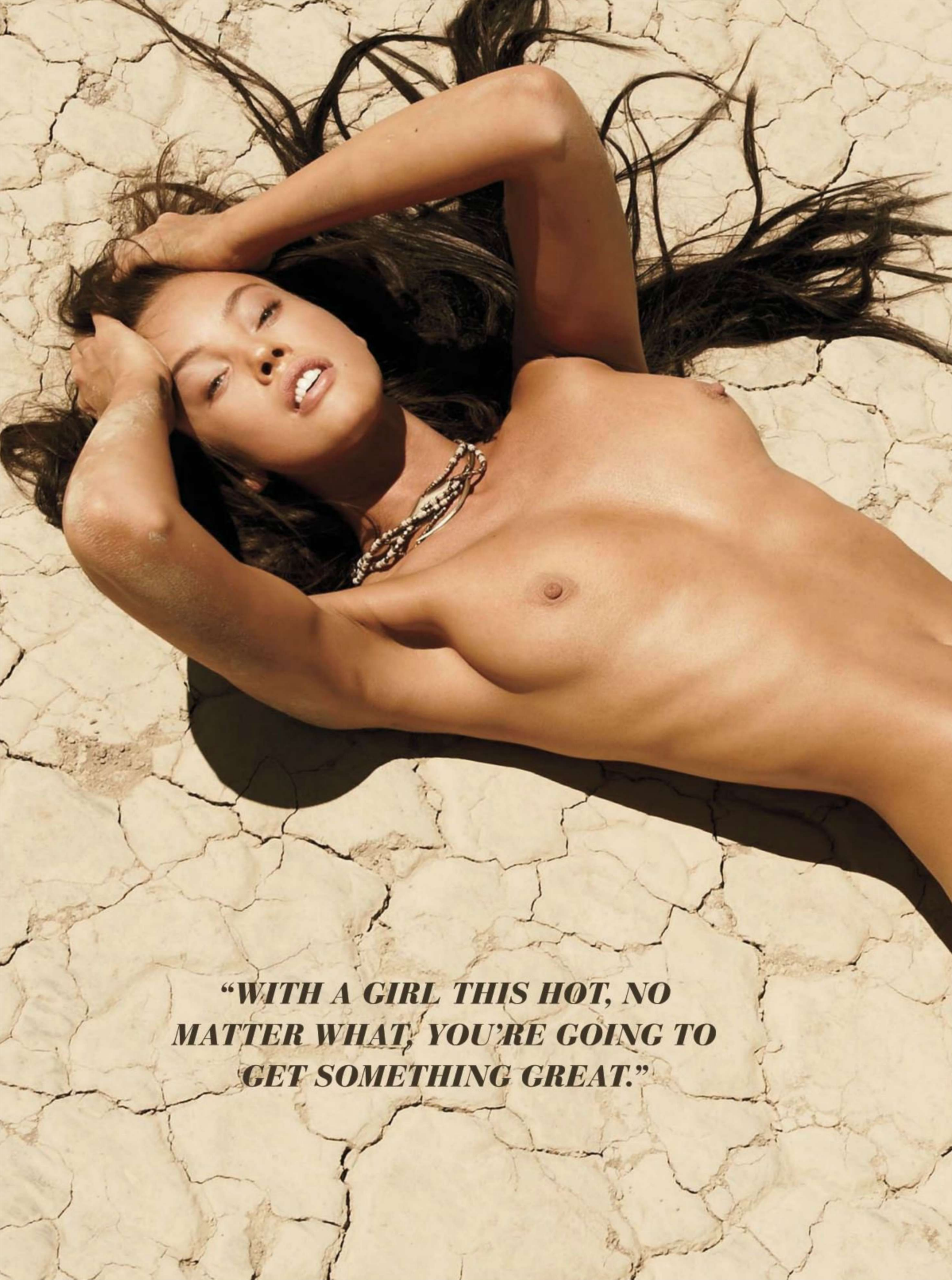
Brian Bowen Smith's work. The Los Angeles-based photographer shoots celebs for magazines, movie posters—the works. When he deals with clients, Smith doesn't have much creative control. So every now and then he grabs a crew and goes in search of something truly wild. "Making art," he says, "is why I got into photography in the first place." Here we join Smith at El Mirage, a dry lake bed in the Mojave Desert, where racers invented the hot rod movement back in the 1930s. "We drove out there and winged it," he says. "Just jammed it out. The day started nice, but then it got super windy, almost like a dust storm. But we used the wind to our advantage." Pictured is Smith's friend Danish model Stephanie Corneliussen, otherworldly sexy, eyes like pools you can dive into, a body that comes alive as an organic image against a desiccated landscape so stark it appears almost apocalyptic. "Her spirit and personality match her body," Smith says of his muse. "It's a gift to have a beautiful model who is that open, unafraid and excited about what we're doing. That's rare in this world. She's one great package—everything comes together. With a girl this hot, no matter what, you're going to get something great." Feast your eyes on the desert fox.

MAKEUP BY JO BAKER FOR LAURA MERCIER @ ATELIER MANAGEMENT
HAIR BY RICK GRADONE @ ATELIER MANAGEMENT
STYLING BY BREA STINSON, BREASTINSON.COM

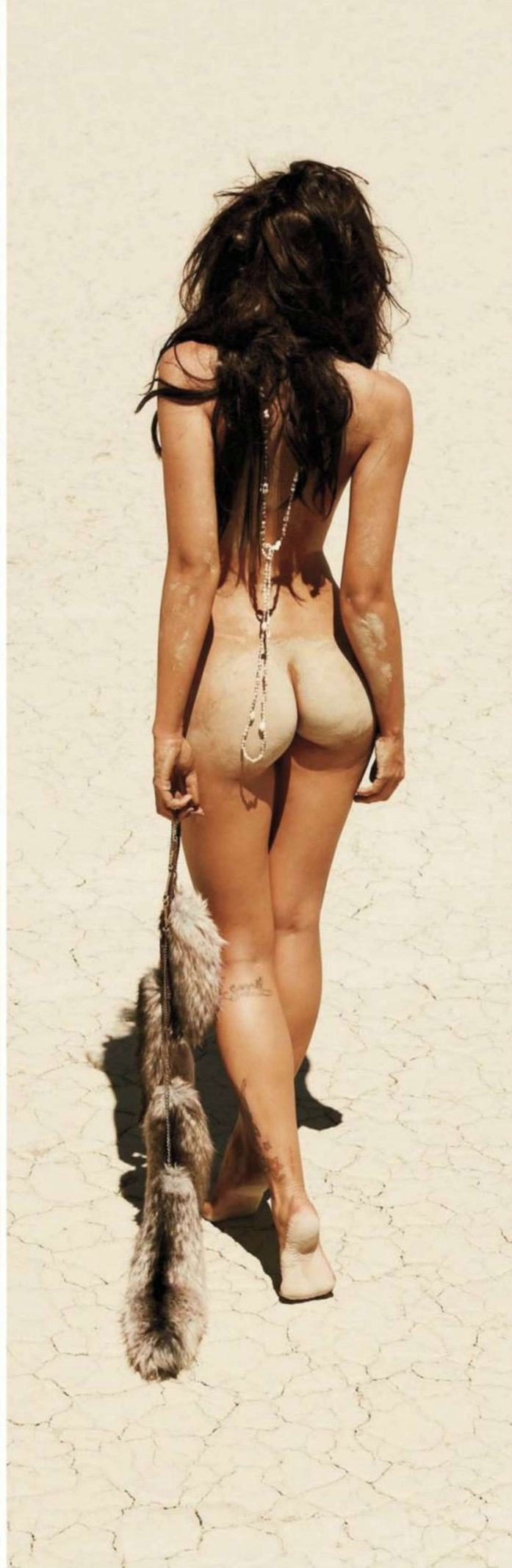








***“WITH A GIRL THIS HOT, NO
MATTER WHAT, YOU’RE GOING TO
GET SOMETHING GREAT.”***



THE
UNDERGROUND
CASINOS
OF
PARIS
BY ADAM LEVIN

CORSICANS RUN VARIOUS
GAMBLING SPOTS
IN THE CITY OF LIGHT. THE
WOMEN ARE ALLURING,
THE CHAMPAGNE IS SWEET AND
THE CLIENTELE IS TOUGH

ILLUSTRATION BY SAM WOLFE CONNELLY





THE AVIATION CLUB DE FRANCE IS SITUATED ON THE CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, NEAR THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

The facade of the Aviation Club de France seems to be under construction. So seem to be the facades of the buildings to its right and left, buildings whose likely retail-oriented occupants (I'm on the Champs-Élysées) I fail to note. There are lots of things I'm failing to note, at least as many things as I'll fail to inquire about, let alone receive clarification on. I don't really know

how to do this. I'm in Paris to write a nonfiction article for *PLAYBOY* about my experiences in the city's numerous underground gambling clubs, and less than 40 hours into the trip I've learned that the clubs are neither underground nor numerous. Nor, truth be told, am I really in Paris to write about my experiences in underground gambling clubs. I'm in Paris to see about a girl. Her name isn't Hortense, but that's what I'll call her since it resembles her name less than any other French girl's name that comes to mind, and she's a little bit famous, and she has a boyfriend. Not that I'm afraid of him. He plays marimbas or something. Fuck that guy.

I was saying about the facade, though. In front of the Aviation Club de France's facade, there is some kind of scaffolding. By the time I've gotten through the doorway of the scaffolding, I have forgotten the color of the canvas stretched across it, but the club's logo sticks—the letters *ACF* with a fighter jet's silhouette across the center of the *C*. I want to say that the name of the club derives from its having opened after World War II, when its membership was composed exclusively of British and American airmen—that's what I'd heard, or thought I'd heard, but according to Wikipedia the club opened in 1907. Then again, according to Wikipedia the games at the ACF are poker, baccarat and backgammon, but once I get inside, though I'll see three rooms of poker tables, there'll be no evidence of backgammon, and besides baccarat, it will have punto banco, which *might* be

considered a kind of baccarat, but it depends on who you ask, and I don't know who to ask.

My first novel was published at the end of 2010, and it received some positive attention. A few months later, *PLAYBOY* took me to lunch and asked me to pitch them nonfiction. Except for school essays, though, I'd never considered writing nonfiction.

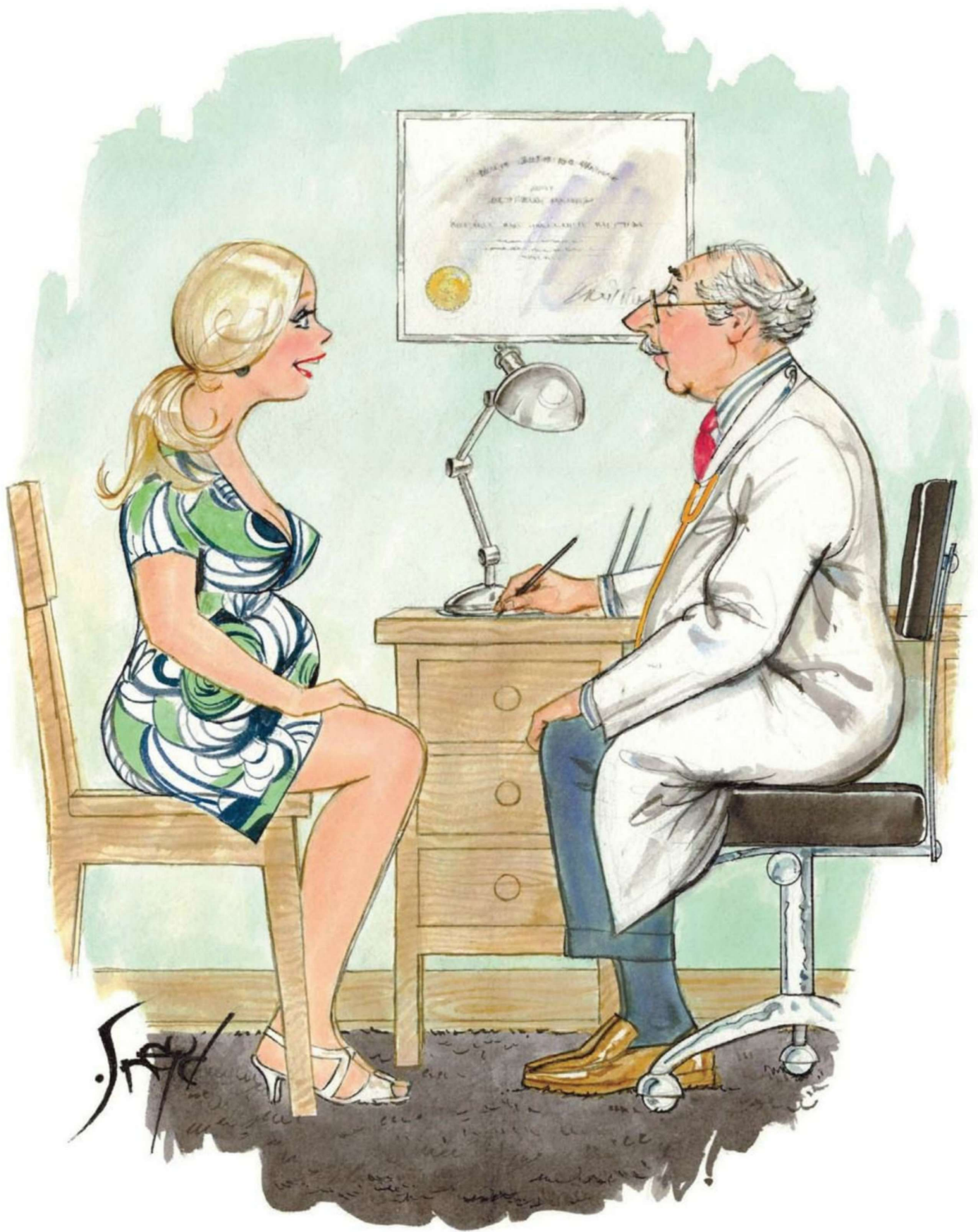
No rush, *PLAYBOY* told me. Then we ate meat.

At the end of the summer of 2011, I headed to Paris to promote the French edition of my novel. There I drank a lot (a lot for me, at least at that time, was two and a half drinks an evening, mostly hypermasculine vodka Perriers *avec lime*), hung out a lot with Jerome Schmidt—professional gambler and head of Éditions Inculte, my French publisher—and met Hortense, who, despite having a long-term boyfriend, caused me some kind of pre-mid- or late-quarter-life crisis that saw me coming home to break up with my girlfriend of six years, a deeply sweet, brilliant and beautiful person.

Upon returning to Chicago, I continued to drink a lot, to carouse and walk around a lot and to long for Hortense. One night in fall, I was drunkenly walking somewhere to carouse while missing Hortense aloud when a friend of mine said, "Dude. Fucking *PLAYBOY*. Figure out how they can send you to France. You've gotta get back to that girl." My friend was right. She often is.

I facebooked Jerome and asked if he'd be willing to take me around Paris to the gambling clubs he frequented. As noted above, I was at the time under the mistaken impression that the clubs were underground and semilegal and that there were scores of them, when in fact they're legal, right out in the open and, all told, there are five of them. (Why this mistaken impression? I can't say. I'd like to blame it on a language barrier, but Jerome's English is top-notch. The more likely explanation: I'm a spaz. I don't pay attention to what I'm supposed to.) In any case, Jerome was enthusiastic (continued on page 135)

THERE'LL BE NO EVIDENCE
OF BACKGAMMON,
AND BESIDES BACCARAT, IT WILL
HAVE PUNTO BANCO,
WHICH MIGHT BE CONSIDERED A
KIND OF
BACCARAT.



"He asked me to be his valentine, and one thing led to another."

THE NEW CLIENT,
AN EXILED BALKAN
NOBLE, HAD MADE A
SERIES OF BIZARRE
REQUESTS. YET NO
ONE WAS PREPARED
FOR THE HORRORS
INSIDE THE MANSION
IN LOMAS HEIGHTS

Mad

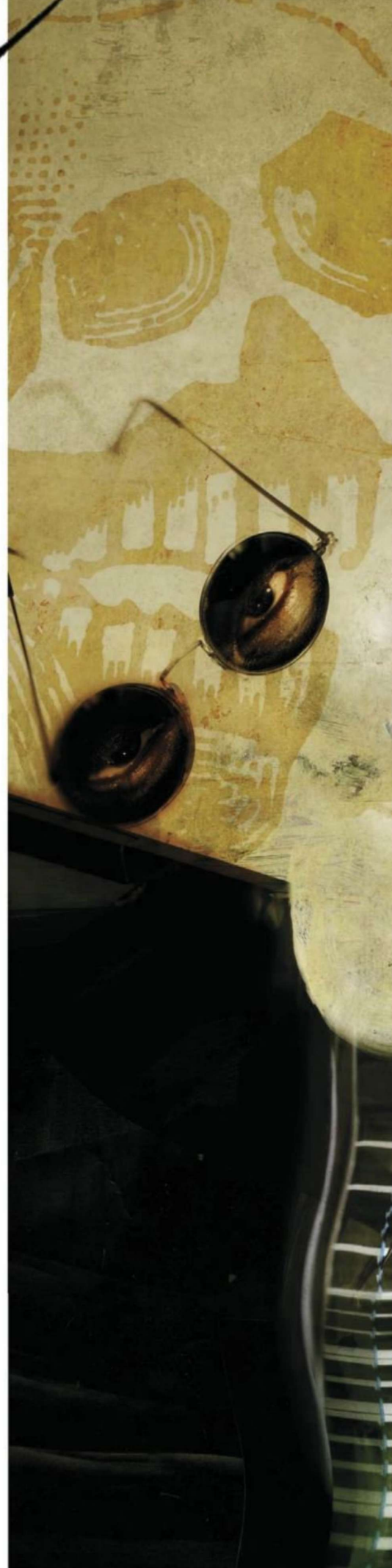
FICTION BY CARLOS FUENTES

The steps for finding our client a home were duly undertaken. My wife, Asunción, located an available house matching the client's specifications in the mountainous neighborhood of Lomas Heights. I drew up the contracts for the transactions and presented them to our firm's founder, Don Eloy Zurinaga, who in turn—and contrary to his usual practice—took charge of ordering the furniture for the house in a style that was the opposite of his own antiquated taste. The Lomas mansion evoked a modern monastery, all right angles and views without clutter. Large empty spaces—floors, walls, ceilings—and comfortable, svelte chairs and couches in black leather. Opaque tables of leaden metal. Not one painting, photo or even a mirror. The house was built for light, in keeping with the principles of Scandinavian design, designed though for environments where great openings were required to let in even a little light but out of place in the sunny reality of Mexico. No wonder such a great Mexican architect as Ricardo Legorreta builds into his houses protective shade to allow for the cool inner light of color. But I digress: My boss's client had exiled natural light from this glass palace. He had walled himself in as though in one of his mythical Central European castles of which Don Eloy had spoken.

(continued on page 116)

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE MCKEAN

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH BY ETHAN SHASKAN BUMAS AND ALEJANDRO BRANGER





LE
CARNIVAL
MEXICO

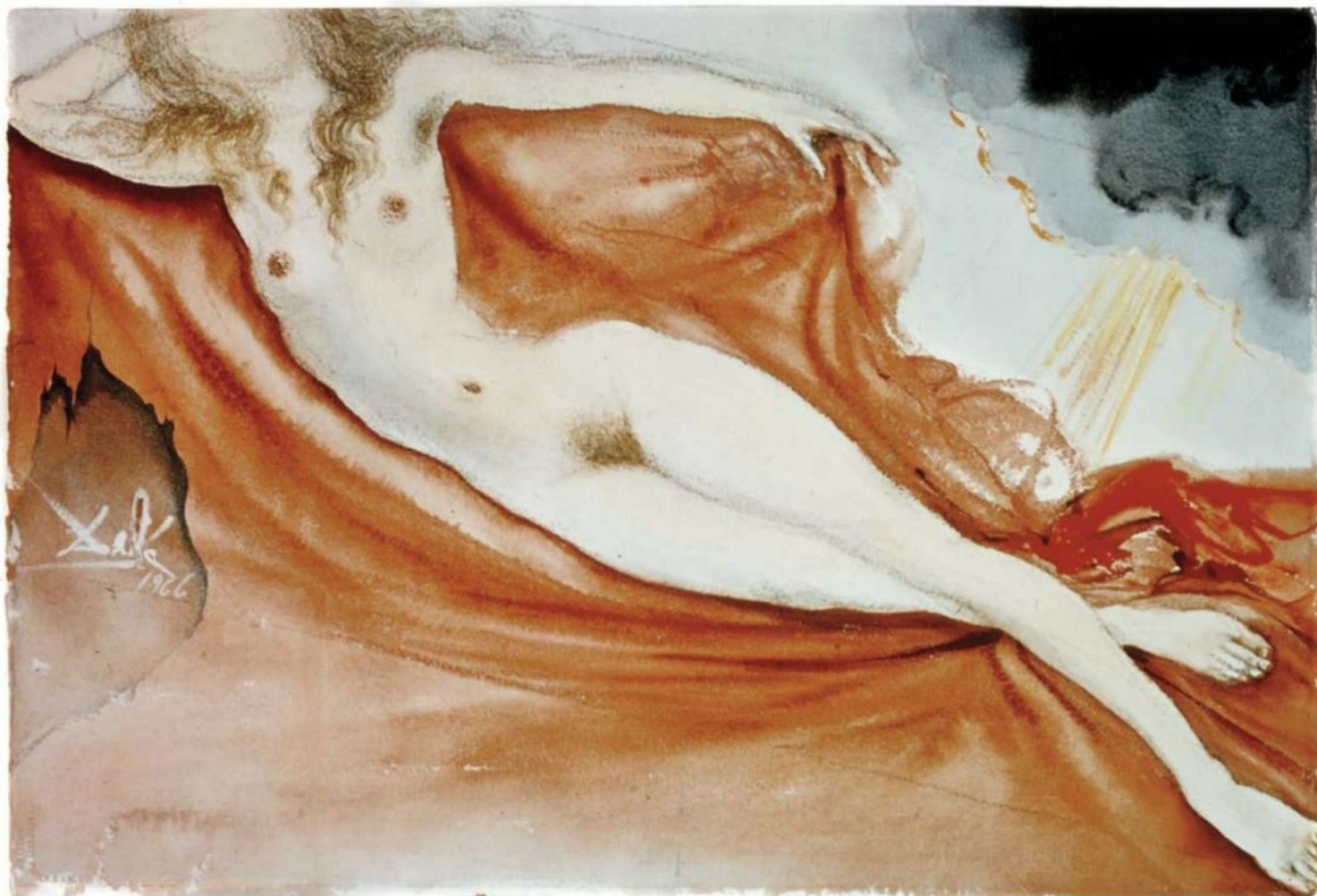
THE PLAYMATE AS POP ART

FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, **PLAYBOY** ASKED 11 ARTISTS TO INTERPRET THE CENTERFOLD. WE REVISIT THEIR WORK TO DETERMINE HOW TASTES HAVE CHANGED **BY DAVE HICKEY**

In the middle of the 1960s, Hugh Hefner began collecting fine art in the “Playmate mode,” of which there was no shortage at the time, since the odalisque, in full or in part, was making its debut on the American art scene. Hitherto everything had been pretty much splashed paint, but now things were changing. Hefner bought the work of senior provocateur Salvador Dalí and old-school troublemaker Larry Rivers. He also acquired younger pop art stars including Andy Warhol, George Segal, James Rosenquist and Tom Wesselmann. Hefner himself, of course, was not totally innocent in this resurgence. He had sexualized the suburbs, and now these artists were sexualizing “pure art” SoHo in a perverse and poly-

morphous manner appropriate to the underground context.

So Hef had his influence. It took **PLAYBOY**’s Playmates to remind Wesselmann that the previous three centuries of American art had been amazingly chaste—there had been no “fine art” nudity of consequence. There was an occasional official icon of Justice or Liberty and Thomas Eakins’s painting *The Swimming Hole* (1885), which portrays luscious naked boys cavorting around the water, and that was it. Early on, it seemed, American artists had opted for painting real estate rather than pulchritude, and having detected this deficit, Wesselmann proceeded to paint hundreds of ironically titled “Great American Nudes,” most of



SALVADOR DALÍ (1904–1989)

Salvador Dalí, that naughty old man, paid homage to the Playmate by looking over his shoulder and creating a belle-epoque odalisque complete with tiny breasts and flouncy turn-of-the-century flourishes. Except for the nudity, nothing

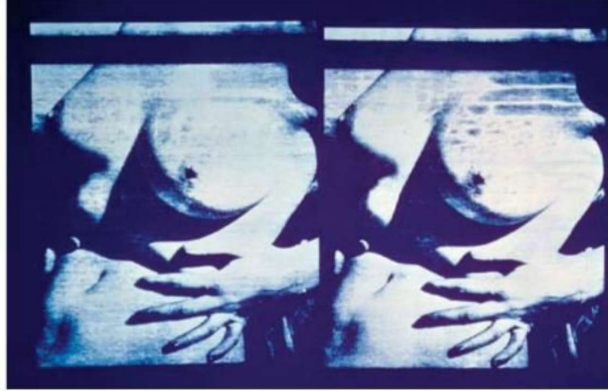
could be less Playmate. This maneuver, I assume, was the artist’s peculiar way of honoring **PLAYBOY** while implying that he was there first, that he was the quintessential playboy *avant la lettre*, and don’t you ever forget it.

which he sold in Europe, where the market for naked babes was strong. Hefner and Wesselmann differed in their intentions, of course. Hef's point was that the girl next door was sexy; Wesselmann's was that painting itself was sexy. The response of their detractors remained fairly uniform.

In January 1967, for the 13th-anniversary issue of *PLAYBOY*, Hefner included examples from his collection in an article titled *The Playmate as Fine Art*. As one reads through that magazine today, one's first impression is how seamlessly these artists fit into the population of the issue's other writers and illustrators. There are contributions by Lenny Bruce, Allen Ginsberg, Ray Bradbury, Harvey Cox, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Julian Huxley, P.G. Wodehouse, Robert Graves, H. Allen Smith and Jules Feiffer. There is also an interview with Fidel Castro. It would be fair to say that this issue of *PLAYBOY* took a pretty fat cut out of America's reading appetite at the time: writing about freedom, shopping, gambling, sex and the outrageous lack thereof in certain quarters. This high-low harmony reminds me of a morning in the 1980s when I received a book about John Milton. Milton is no minor

poet, and his contribution to vernacular English is astounding. That academic text, however, argued that (*Paradise Lost* notwithstanding) Milton was a very bad and thoughtless husband. I gave the book to my wife to remind her that I was, at least, a better husband than John Milton. That afternoon, at the supermarket, I saw a *National Enquirer* exposé about Burt Reynolds and Loni Anderson that argued, with "visual evidence," that (*Smokey and the Bandit* notwithstanding) Burt Reynolds was a very bad and thoughtless husband to poor Loni Anderson. At this point it occurred to me that America, from top to bottom, is always more temperamentally in tune with itself than we imagine.

Here's a short list: After the war, heroes like Dwight Eisenhower and Jackson Pollock, along with other artists like Thomas Hart Benton, Norman Rockwell and Ben Shahn, celebrated one brand of domestic heroism or another. On the dark side, Robert Mitchum and the Hells Angels stood pretty much alone. Then, as the media stylized American life, there were superheroes like Jack Kennedy and Neil Armstrong, and cool movers like Hef and Andy. Then, following them, as we lost a war, we had ominous antiheroes like



ANDY WARHOL (1928–1987)

Andy Warhol's version of Art Paul's Rabbit is classic Warhol: just Art Paul's Rabbit on a red background (above). As always in Warhol's art, there is a lot more death than heterosexuality. His black-light Playmate boobies (top), in fact, must qualify as the most disinterested depiction of women's breasts in the history of contemporary art. Warhol liked women, just not those jiggly things.

LARRY RIVERS (1923–2002)

Larry Rivers—who, like the writer Terry Southern, was half a generation ahead of his time—took his commission seriously and made a lively icon of Playmately, on which he declined to comment. Rivers's great virtue and vice throughout his career was his own facility. He could do anything—quick and dirty to a high finish. In the case of this Playmate sculpture, his facility pays off. Good Bunny!



Dick Nixon, Imelda Marcos and Keith Richards, and we got scared. Cars went from dangerous and splendid to safe and ugly. Oppressive patriarchy was rampant. Bad white guys abounded. Bad husbands like John Milton and Burt Reynolds were excoriated, and all my friends died of AIDS. Today the bad guys are congressmen, senators and bankers. The blood panic over the AIDS plague has segued into a teenage blood panic over svelte vampires.

Even today, it seems, these rhyming moments of good guys and bad guys, love and hate, optimism and dread, are still pretty much pervasive. They suggest that steady emotional tides and fashions drive American culture, and that they still exist. Unfortunately, the middle has disappeared, and the points at which the extreme left over-

laps with the extreme right are casually suppressed by niche marketing and internet cabals. So *PLAYBOY* of the 1960s and 1970s was, I think, the last magazine that, like *The Saturday Evening Post*, tried to please everyone. It did so under the legendary aegis of Hefner and his consigliere, Art Paul, the art director of *PLAYBOY* for its first 30 years and the man who designed the Playboy Rabbit, which Warhol later mimicked in a painting. Paul rejected any distinction between high art and low art, between high design and low design. He was celebrated by *Print* magazine as the father of the "Illustration Liberation Movement" and served as a trustee of Chicago's Museum of Contemporary Art. As a matter of principle, Paul would seek out anyone from Saul Bass to Robert Rauschenberg



ART © ESTATE OF TOM WESSELMANN/LICENCED BY VAGA, NEW YORK, NY

TOM WESSELMANN (1931–2004)

Tom Wesselmann's giant profiled lips exhaling cigarette smoke do not imply a giant woman. Roy Lichtenstein's giant brushstrokes imply a giant painter, but Wesselmann's lips are the incarnation of sin, intimacy and tumescent desire. Like an image on a pagan temple, they bear the iconicity of sleek, desperate longing. As the pagan priest might tell you, the lips suck you in; they say it all.

to do anything. While *Mad Men* hucksters were running the fine art business, Paul, a Bauhaus advocate and student of Moholy-Nagy, was designing a racy magazine, and there couldn't have been a more benign opportunity. My favorite Art Paul design fiat was to print a photo spread of a nude Anita Ekberg on matte paper, to give it that "fine art" flavor—the perfect middle option. On his deathbed, the actor David Garrick purportedly remarked to a friend, "Dying is easy; comedy is hard." To this I would add that, in publishing, the edges are easy; the middle is damned hard.

As proof it can be done, one should consider the cultural impact of that 1967 issue's contributors. Did Ray Bradbury have more influence on *Star Trek* or on Raymond Carver and Thomas Pynchon? Did Warhol have

more influence on the future of fine art or on the windows along Madison Avenue and the couture they display? Did Lenny Bruce have more influence on Richard Pryor or on the chocolate-smearing Karen Finley and a million other performance artists? Did Allen Ginsberg have more influence as a Beat poet or as a flagrant prophet of gay liberation? Did Jules Feiffer have more influence on the "new comics" or on the snarky banter of haut bourgeois Manhattan? My point is that there was a middle then, and Hef and Paul nailed it. America was like a jelly doughnut—crispy on the outside, sexy jelly on the inside.

It's hard to deny that most Americans woke up one morning in the early 1950s exhausted with the vestigial heroism of World War II. They were feeling very horny and a little bit guilty



GEORGE SEGAL (1924–2000)

George Segal was an old softy. He made plaster-cast sculptures of working people, so his Playmate is a working model, tired and resting in a chair between takes. Since the plaster cast adds 30 pounds and the camera adds another 30, Segal's Playmate looks a bit chubby in photographs (she's enceinte, actually). She is best seen in person, where the plaster is evident and the model's exhaustion palpable. Of all the works in the Playmate suite, Segal's has the biggest heart.

about it, as well they should have. Warhol noted that his silk-screened Playmate breasts could be seen only under black light “to keep the cops away,” which was no joke in Warhol’s day, especially if you were a swish homosexual. In any case, the bond between Hefner and the pop artists is tighter and more symbiotic than one might expect. In Hefner’s eyes Dalí must have represented the gifted imposter he himself aspired to be and ultimately became. Larry Rivers was a jazz pal. Hef and the younger popsters invented and shared a zeitgeist—and, if one believes the gossip, an obsession with work, sex, freedom, jazz, glamour and amphetamines. There was so much work to do, so many beautiful girls and boys to boink, so much cool furniture to arrange in one’s penthouse and so little time—an attitude to which I attribute the longevity and enormous productivity of these exotic creatures high and low. They all kicked butt.

None of this, however, takes Hefner’s covert agenda into account or acknowledges the fact that Hefner, from the

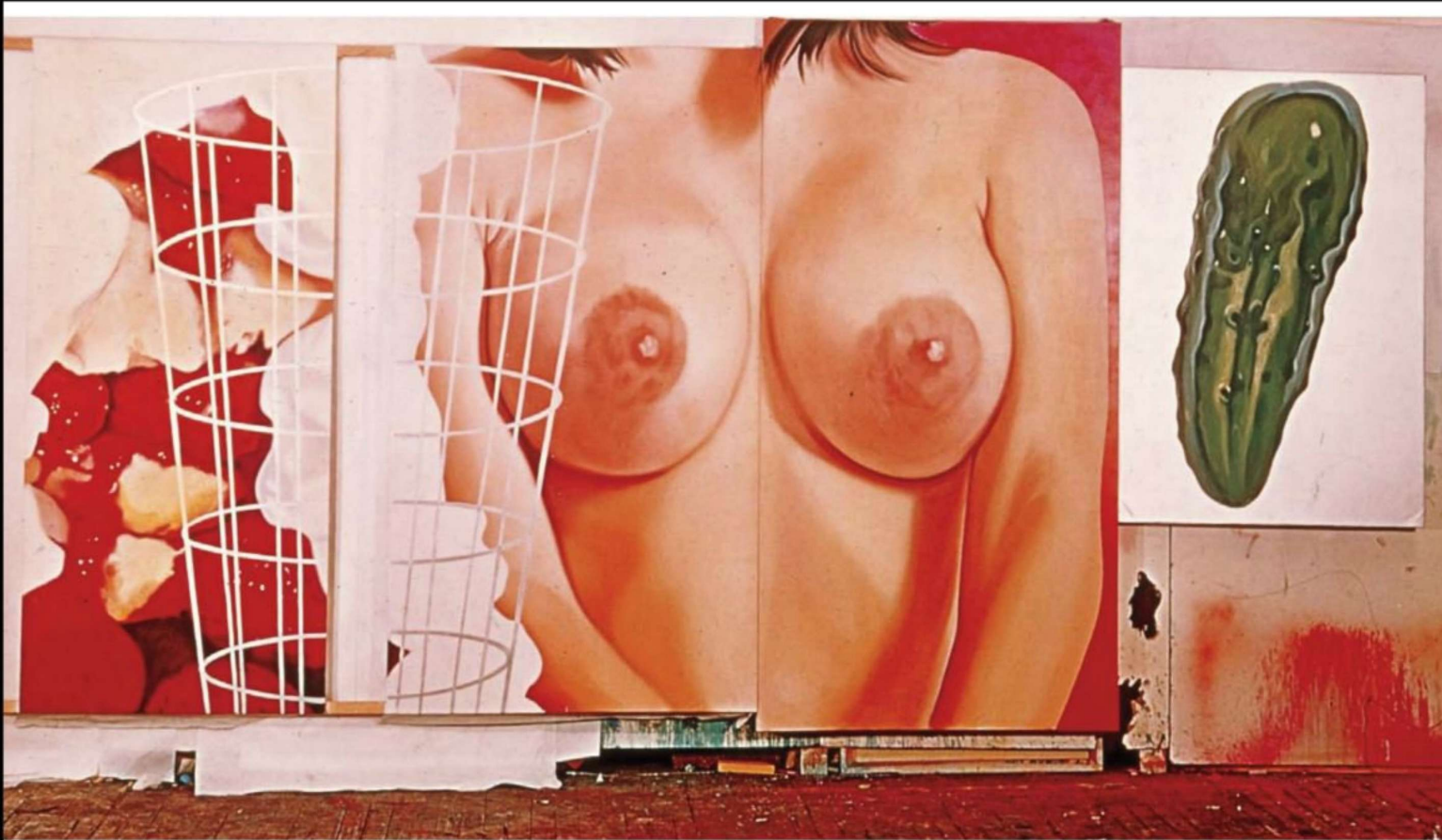


In the 1980s, as the nuts and bolts of PLAYBOY’s oil-paint illustrations passed out of kitsch-land and into “historical popular culture,” it was inevitable that young artists would pick up on this newly traditional way of painting. John Currin (above left) and Lisa Yuskavage do the best job of it, transforming the traditional PLAYBOY illustration style of Martin Hoffman into high art images that are at once sexy and drenched in nostalgia for a more permissive time.



beginning, set out to civilize himself and in the process civilized America’s youth. He encouraged foreplay before the assault. He offered tips on upgrading one’s bachelor pad. West Coast pop artist Edward Ruscha credits Hefner with introducing him to Knoll and Eames and the design stars of that generation. A friend of mine who is a professor at an Ivy League college credits Hefner with moderating the sexual combat of late adolescence. “They still hit on you,” she said, “but first there would be dinner, wine and jazz.” Today I regard these pop artists as the bastard children of Hef’s agenda and Art Paul’s education, still hipsters but further out there, one token over the line. Without Hefner and Paul, however, it’s unlikely such foolishness would have flourished

or that pop art would have been so embraced. Somehow, in the tides of culture, as Hefner was moving up and the popsters moving down, they met in the middle. They deserve one another in the best possible way.



JAMES ROSENQUIST (b. 1933)

Jim Rosenquist’s Playmate painting can be read as a little story from left to right. One turns the strawberry shortcake into an equally delicious well-breasted female torso that makes one’s pickle glisten.

The wire basket, I assume, is where the bad photos were tossed in the process of this transformation. It ain’t rocket science. It’s not even hard reading, but it’s first-class Rosenquist quirky.

WHY ARE WE SO CONCERNED ABOUT
THE PLEASURES OF OTHERS?

XXXXXX THY XXXXXXXX
NEIGHBOR'S
XXXXXX LIFE XXXXXXXX

BY SLAVOJ ŽIŽEK



TO LOVE ONE'S NEIGHBOR MEANS, WHILE
REMAINING WITHIN THE EARTHLY DISTINC-
TIONS ALLOTTED TO ONE, ESSENTIALLY
TO WILL TO EXIST EQUALLY FOR EVERY
HUMAN BEING WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

- SØREN KIERKEGAARD



During a recent visit to California, I attended a party at a professor's house with a Slovene friend who is a heavy smoker. Late in the evening, my friend became desperate and politely asked the host if he could step out onto the veranda for a smoke. When the host (no less politely) said no, my friend said he would step out onto the public street. Even this was rejected by the host, who claimed such a public display of smoking could hurt his status with his neighbors. What really surprised me was that, after dinner, the host offered us (not so) soft drugs, and this kind of smoking went on without any problem—as if drugs were less dangerous than cigarettes.

Such impasses of today's consumerism illustrate our failure to cope with the deadly excesses of enjoyment. We seek to reduce it to pleasure that is by definition moderate and regulated by a proper measure. We thus have two extremes: On the one hand we have the enlightened hedonist who carefully calculates his pleasures to prolong his fun and avoid getting hurt, and on the other hand we have the *jouisseur* who is ready to consummate his existence in a deadly excess of enjoyment. In terms of our society, we have the consumerist calculating his pleasures—well protected from all kinds of harassments and health threats—and we have



WHAT HISTORY? EXCESSIVE AND RISKY ENJOYMENT MUST BE MONITORED AND—IF NECESSARY—REMOVED FROM PUBLIC VIEW, MUCH AS THE IMAGES OF NIKOLAI ANTIPOV, SERGEI KIROV AND NIKOLAI SHVERNIK WERE ERADICATED FROM OFFICIAL STALINIST HISTORY.

the drug addict (or smoker) bent on self-destruction. Enjoyment is what serves nothing, and the great effort of our contemporary “permissive” society is to incorporate this un(ac)countable excess into the field of (ac)counting.

What lesson should we draw from this? The basic strategy of enlightened consumerist hedonism is to deprive enjoyment of its excessive dimension, of its disturbing surplus, of the fact that it serves nothing. Enjoyment is tolerated, solicited even, but only on the condition that it remain healthy and not threaten our psychic or biological stability—chocolate, yes, but fat free; Coke, yes, but diet; coffee, yes, but without caffeine; beer, yes, but without alcohol; sex, yes, but safe sex. Recall the reports in popular magazines that advocate sex as something good for your health: The sexual act is like jogging—it strengthens the heart and relaxes tensions. Even kissing is good for your health.

There seems to be one (or rather two) exception(s) to this happy universe of healthy enjoyment: cigarettes (and, up to a point, drugs). For different (mostly ideological) reasons, it proved impossible to sublimate the pleasure of smoking into a healthy and useful one. Smoking remains a lethal addiction, a feature that obliterates all its other characteristics (it can relax me, it helps to establish friendly contacts). The strengthening of this prohibition can be discerned in the gradual change of warnings on cigarette packs. Years

ago we usually got a neutral expert statement like the surgeon general’s warning: “Cigarette smoking may be hazardous to your health.” The tone gets more aggressive over time: “Smoking can kill you”—a clear warning that excess enjoyment is lethal. Furthermore, the warning gets larger and larger and is eventually accompanied by color images of open lungs black from tar.

No wonder, then, that this prohibition on smoking has expanded so rapidly. First, smoking was banned in offices. Then airplanes were declared smoke free, then restaurants, then airports, then bars, then even private clubs. When this proved insufficient, smoking was banned within 50 yards of the entrance to a building. In a unique case of pedagogical censorship reminiscent of the Stalinist practice of retouching photos of *nomenklatura*, the U.S. Postal Service removed cigarettes from images used for stamps of both Robert Johnson and Jackson Pollock. Such prohibitions target the Other’s excessive and risky enjoyment, which is embodied in the act of “irresponsibly” lighting a cigarette and inhaling deeply with unabashed pleasure (in contrast to Clintonite yuppies who smoke without inhaling or have sex without penetration or eat food without fat). As Jacques Lacan put it, after God is dead, nothing is anymore permitted.

The best indicator of the new status of smoking is, as usual, Hollywood. After the gradual dissolution of the Hays Code from the late 1950s onward—when all the taboos (homosexuality, explicit sex, drugs, etc.) were suspended—one

taboo not only remained but was newly imposed as a prohibition: smoking. Smoking became a replacement for the multiplicity of the old Hays Code prohibitions. Back in the classic Hollywood of the 1930s and 1940s, on-screen smoking was not only totally normal, it functioned as one of the great seduction techniques (recall, in *To Have and Have Not*, Lauren Bacall asking Humphrey Bogart for fire). Today, the rare people who smoke on-screen are Arab terrorists, other criminals and antiheroes. One even considers the option of digitally erasing cigarettes from old classic movies. This new prohibition indicates a shift in the status of ethics. The Hays Code focused on ideology, on enforcing sexual and social codes. The new ethics focus on health: What is bad is what threatens our health and well-being.

Consider the ambiguous role of the electronic cigarette, which functions like sugarless sugar. This electrical device simulates the act of tobacco smoking by producing an inhaled mist that bears the physical sensation, appearance and often the flavor and nicotine content of inhaled tobacco smoke—though without its odor. It is intended to omit the health risks associated with cigarettes. Sometimes e-cigarettes are prohibited on planes because they show addictive behavior. An e-cigarette is difficult to classify and regulate: Is it itself a drug? A medicine?

But who is this Other whose “addictive behavior”—in short,

whose display of excessive enjoyment—disturbs us so much? It is none other than what, in the Judeo-Christian tradition, is called the neighbor. A neighbor by definition harasses us, and *harassment* is another word that, though it seems to refer to a defined fact, functions ambiguously. At its most elementary, the word designates brutal facts of rape, beating and other modes of violence that must be condemned. However, in the predominant use of the word *harassment*, this elementary meaning slips into a condemnation of any excessive proximity to another human being, with his or her own desires,

fears and pleasures. Two topics determine our tolerant attitude toward others: the respect of otherness and the obsessive fear of harassment. The Other is okay if his or her presence isn't intrusive, if the Other isn't really Other. My duty to be tolerant toward my neighbor means I shouldn't get too close to him and shouldn't intrude into his space. I should respect his intolerance toward my overproximity. This may, in fact, be the central human right in late-capitalist society: the right not to be harassed, to be kept at a safe distance from others.

Courts in most Western societies now impose a restraining order to prevent someone from harassing another person (e.g., stalking or making unwanted sexual advances). The harasser can be legally prohibited from approaching the victim and must remain at a distance of more than 100 yards. Necessary as this measure is, there is something in it of the defense against the Other's desire: Isn't it obvious that there's something dreadfully violent about displaying one's passion for and to another human? Passion by definition hurts its object. Even if its addressee agrees to occupy this place, he or she can never do so without a moment of awe and surprise. Or to vary yet again Hegel's dictum "Evil resides in the very gaze which perceives Evil all around itself," intolerance toward the Other resides in a gaze that perceives everywhere intolerant intruding others.

We should be particularly suspicious of men who are obsessed with the sexual harassment of women. After barely scratching the "profeminist" politically correct surface, we encounter the familiar male-chauvinist myth about how women are helpless creatures who should be protected not only from intruding men but from themselves. The problem is not that women can't protect themselves but that they may start to enjoy being sexually harassed—that the male intrusion will set free in these women a self-destructive explosion of excessive sexual enjoyment. We should focus on the kind of subjectivity that is implied in this obsession with different modes of harassment: the narcissistic subjectivity for which everything others do (address me, look at me) is a potential threat. With regard to woman as an object of disturbance, the more she is covered, the more our (male) attention focuses on her and on what lies beneath the veil. The Taliban not only forced women to appear in public completely veiled but also prohibited them from wearing shoes with noisy heels. Women were ordered to walk without making too loud a sound, which could distract men

and disturb their inner peace and dedication.

This is why the ultimate PC sex is cybersex. Since we deal only with virtual partners, there is no harassment in cybersex. This idea of a space in which nobody is harassed and we are free to fulfill our dirtiest fantasies finds its ultimate expression in a recent proposal in the U.S. to "rethink" the rights of necrophiliacs. Why should necrophiliacs be deprived of the right to have sex with dead bodies? The idea was formulated that, in the same way people give permission

for their organs to be used for medical purposes, one could also allow people to grant permission for their bodies to be turned over to necrophiliacs. This proposal exemplifies how perfectly the politically correct anti-harassment stance realizes Kierkegaard's old insight into how the only good neighbor is a dead neighbor. A dead neighbor—a corpse—is the ideal sexual partner of a "tolerant" subject trying to avoid harassment. A corpse cannot be harassed. At the same time, a dead body does not

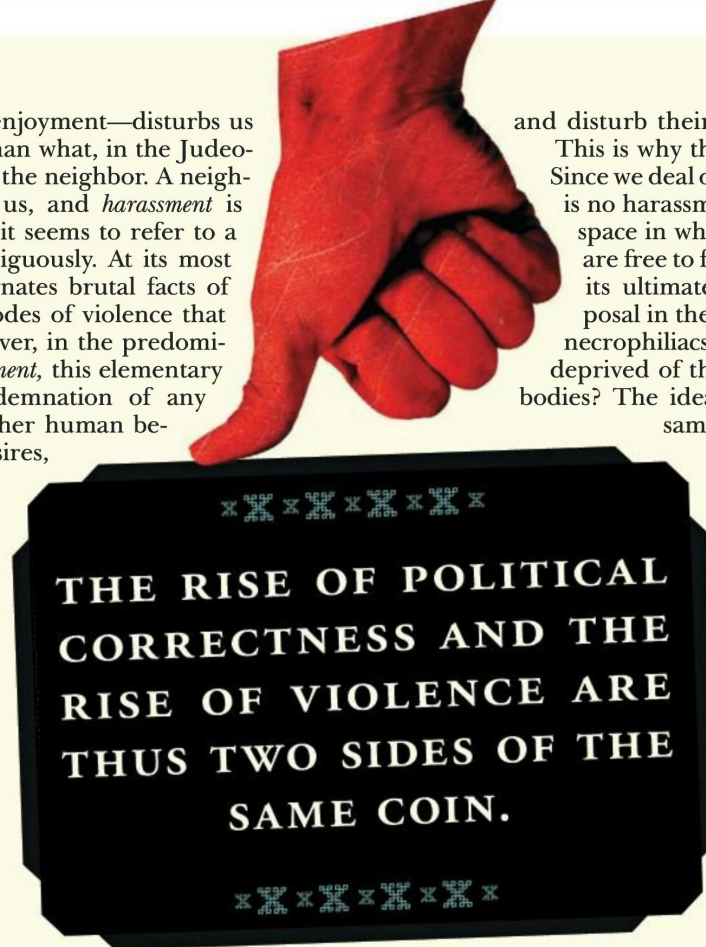
enjoy, so the disturbing threat of excess enjoyment to the subject playing with the corpse is also eliminated.

However, this unexpected return of death in the heart of the PC domain signals that it isn't easy to get rid of violence. Violence returns in the attempt to get rid of it. What is the inner logic of what we perceive as sexual harassment? It is the asymmetry of seduction, the imbalance between desire and its object. At every stage of an erotic relation, only contractual reciprocity with mutual agreement is allowed. Sexual intercourse is desexualized and becomes a deal in the sense of an equivalent market exchange between equal free partners, where what is being exchanged is pleasure. The explosive expansion of pornography in the digital media contributes to this desexualization of sex. It promises to provide "always more sex," to show it all, but all it delivers is the endlessly reproduced void and pseudosatisfaction, i.e., more and more of the raw real, from extreme fisting up to direct snuff.

The rise of political correctness and the rise of violence are thus two sides of the same coin. The basic premise of political correctness is the reduction of sexuality to contractual mutual consent. The gay rights movement unavoidably reaches its climax in contracts that stipulate extreme forms of sadomasochistic sex (treating a person like a dog in a collar, slave trading, torture). In such forms of consensual slavery, the market freedom of contract reaches its climax and cancels itself: Slave trade becomes the ultimate assertion of freedom.

One thing is sure: If today Thomas de Quincey were to rewrite the lines of his famous essay "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts," he would undoubtedly replace the last word (which is *procrastination*): "For if once a man indulges himself in murder, very soon he comes to think little of robbing; and from robbing he comes next to drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and from that to incivility and *smoking in public*."

PS: I don't smoke (and never did), and I am totally in favor of the prohibitive taxing and punishing of tobacco companies.





Summer FLAME

MISS JUNE BRINGS THE HEAT

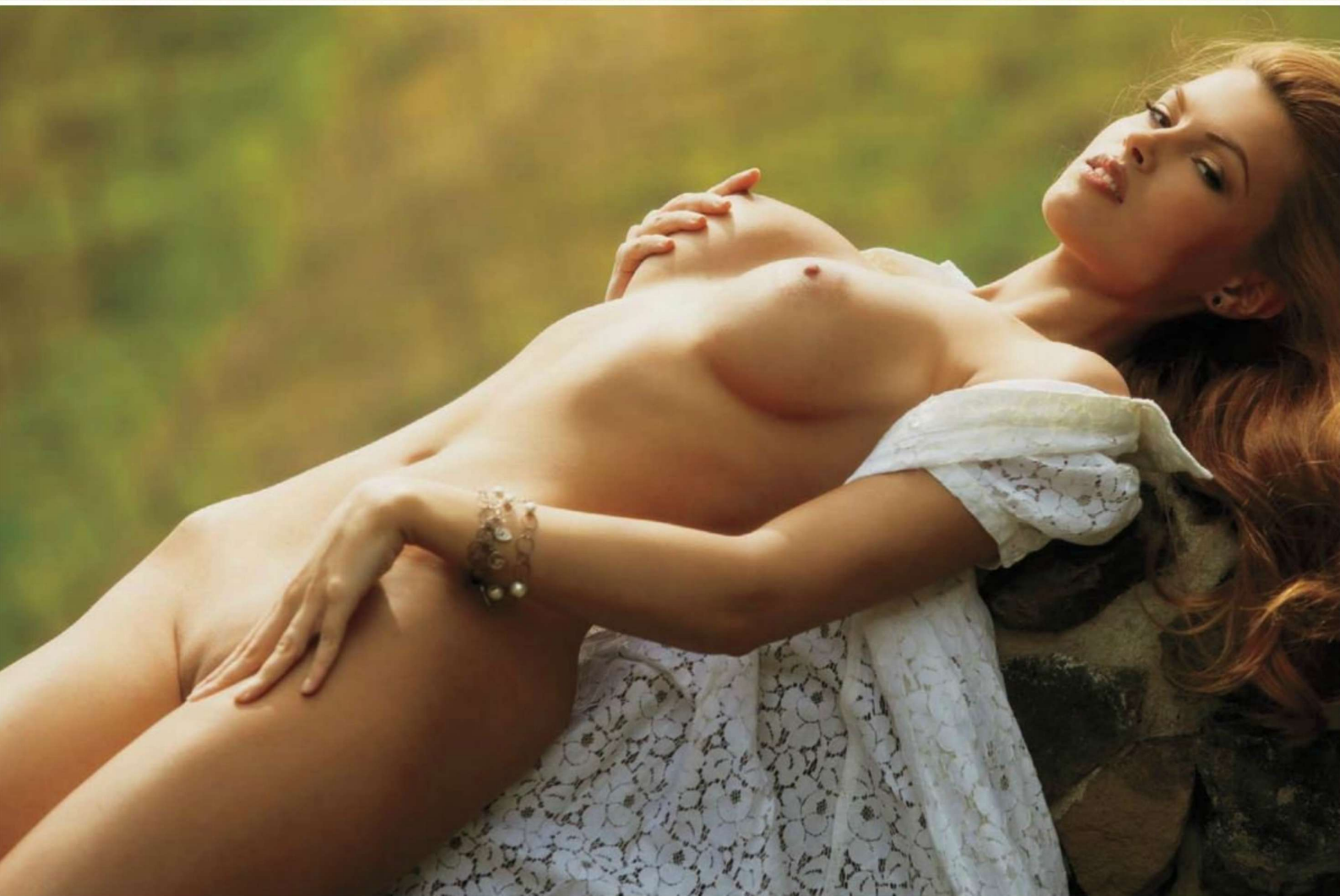
With a gift for gaming as sharp as her name, Amelia Talon has been “pwn-ing noobs” (that’s gamer speak for “conquering newbie players”) her whole life. “I have a Pokémon Poké Ball tattoo on the nape of my neck—that’s how committed I am,” says our Miss June, a *World of Warcraft* master and fervent *Call of Duty* zombie slayer. Her ultimate mission? To reverse the stereotype of the basement-dwelling gamer. “Gaming has always been viewed as a boy-nerd thing,” she explains with a laugh. “I want to prove that gamers can be both female and cool.” Amelia’s surprisingly calm, collected in-person demeanor comes from her Pacific Northwest upbringing. A native of Washington state, she spent innumerable days as a kid hiking in the Olympic Mountains and rafting down the

Dungeness River. That said, she wasn’t always so easygoing and adventurous. “It wasn’t until I was 15 that I started dating and reaching out to people,” she says. “Before that, I was really shy, and I worried a lot about being classified as a nerd. I wore trench coats and black boots and hung out with the goth kids.” After graduating from high school, Amelia considered a career in (what else?) game design, but instead she decided to pursue modeling. “It’s an art form too,” the 22-year-old declares. Modeling is also something that has begun to rival her passion for gaming. “It’s fun turning guys on—maybe because I wasn’t sexy when I was younger. I was the artsy goth girl in the corner. But now look at me: I’m a successful model and Playmate. I feel like the ugly duckling who has turned into a swan.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA







A close-up photograph of a person's legs and lower back. They are lying on a bright yellow sheet. A hand is resting on the person's right hip. To the left, a pair of light blue shorts with drawstrings is visible. The background is softly blurred, showing more of the yellow sheet and a white pillow.

Amelia Talon



MISS JUNE PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Amelia Talon

BUST: 32D WAIST: 24" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 1-5-90 BIRTHPLACE: Port Angeles, WA

AMBITIONS: I want to continue to create gorgeous pictures and become a spokesmodel who is a household name.

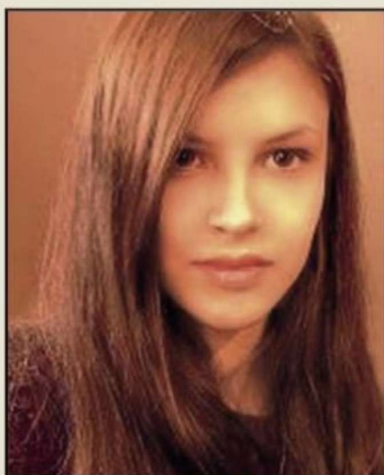
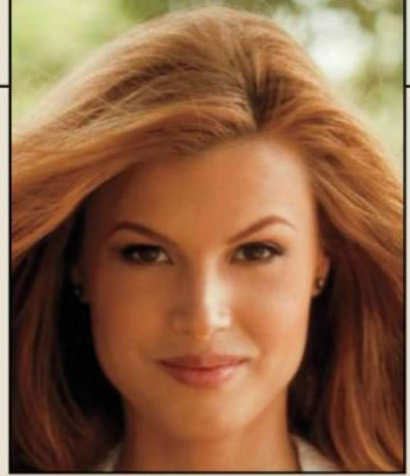
TURN-ONS: Guys with a great sense of humor who can lie back with me and enjoy life. I need someone to laugh with.

TURNOFFS: Someone who is self-involved and a negative Nancy. Please don't rain on my parade!

I'M KIND OF ONE OF THE GUYS BECAUSE: Other girls seem to have cute, tiny toy dogs for pets. I must be a freak, because I'd love to have a huge Great Dane.

FURTHERMORE: I have a passion for muscle cars. My first was a purple 1966 Ford Mustang named Amethyst.

I'M QUITE DOMESTIC: Give me a pair of awesome headphones and good beats like Skrillex, and I'll gladly clean the house. If I had some strobe lights you could watch me rave-clean!



Sweet 16! ♥



Pink-haired wild child.



My first pro shoot.





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

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What would you do if I won the lottery?" a woman asked her husband.

"I'd take my half of the money and leave you," he answered.

She replied, "I won 12 bucks. Here's six—now pack up and get out."

A man was driving home when he saw a guy jogging in the nude. He leaned out the car window and asked the naked guy, "Why?"

The man in the buff answered, "Because you came home early."

How is visiting a prostitute like bungee jumping?

If the rubber breaks, you're dead.



My shrink said I should take an interest in my husband's affairs," a woman told her co-worker.

"So you took up golf?" the co-worker asked her.

"No," the first responded. "I hired a private detective."

Why don't heavyweight boxers have sex before a title fight?

Because they don't like each other.

One day, a mother was cleaning her son's room, and in the closet she found an S&M magazine. She showed his father and asked what they should do. He responded, "Well, I don't think you should spank him."

A young couple, on the brink of divorce, went to see a marriage counselor. The counselor asked the wife, "What seems to be the problem?"

"My husband suffers from premature ejaculation," the wife answered.

The counselor turned to her husband and inquired, "Is that true?"

"Well, not exactly," the husband replied. "She's the one who suffers—not me."

Why, when your wife becomes pregnant, does everybody rub her stomach and congratulate her, but nobody strokes your balls and lauds you?

A woman nagged her boyfriend into getting a circumcision. As he nervously awaited the operation at the hospital, a nurse approached him and said, "It won't be long now."

One day a girl decided to buy some crotchless panties to surprise her boyfriend. When the boyfriend came home, he found her spread-eagle on the bed, wearing only her panties and bra.

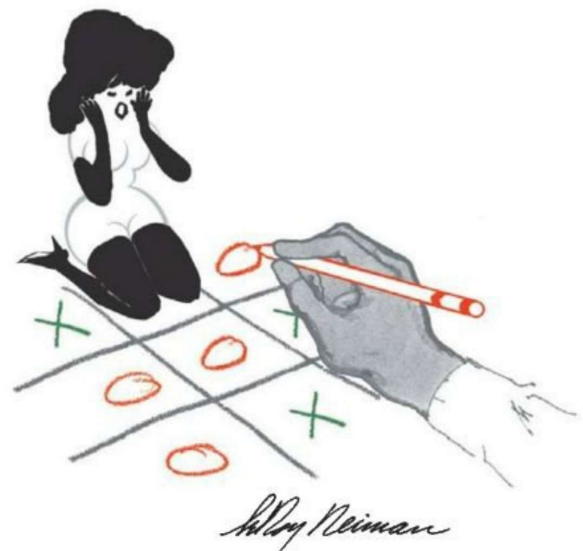
"Come over here, baby," she said.

The boyfriend backed away and said, "If your pussy can do that to your panties, I'm not going anywhere near it."

A woman, pregnant with her first child, paid a visit to her obstetrician's office. After the exam, she shyly said, "My husband wants me to ask you a question...."

The doctor cut her off. "I know, I know, I get asked this all the time: Sex is fine until the third trimester."

"No, that's not it," the woman said. "He wants to know if I can still mow the lawn."



A man was nervous about having his prostate examined. To put him at ease, his doctor said, "At this stage of the procedure, it's quite normal to get an erection."

"I don't have an erection," the man said.

"No," the doctor replied, "but I do."

Some men were bragging about their sexual exploits. One of them said, "My old girlfriend liked to take it in the ear!"

In disbelief, the second guy said, "What?"

"Yeah," the first guy said, "every time I tried to put it in her mouth, she turned her head."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *stalemate* as "a wife not willing to try new tricks."

Send your jokes to *Playboy Party Jokes*, 335 North Maple Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"Would you like to take a ride on my rubber ducky...?"

20Q

BY STEPHEN REBELLO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JULIAN BROAD





HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE BAD BOY DOESN'T BACK DOWN. THE LATEST AND TOUGHEST EXPORT FROM WALES TAKES ON SPIDER-MAN, SPECIAL EFFECTS, HARRY POTTER, THE PAPARAZZI, MARGARET THATCHER, IPADS, DEBBIE HARRY, RAQUEL WELCH AND POLITICS—AND COMES OUT ON TOP

Q1

PLAYBOY: You play the Lizard in *The Amazing Spider-Man*, but if it were up to you, what kind of supervillain would best suit your personality?

IFANS: I would be Luddite-Man. I am not gadgety at all. It's not that I'm appalled by technology, but I've taken my time acquiring any of it. I just learned to drive last year. I've had an iPhone for only maybe two years, and I just recently acquired an iPad. As Luddite-Man, my superpowers lie in delaying the adoption of new technology.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You once admitted you'd never read a single Harry Potter book, yet you were in *Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part I*. Would you admit the same of the Spider-Man comics?

IFANS: No, but what I like about my character, Curt Connors, is that he isn't a purely evil, megalomaniacal villain. He's a broken, troubled man who starts off wanting to do good, a geneticist who wants to save the world. He's also a man who has lost an arm, wants it back and wants to help others who are limbless. He loses his way and becomes (continued on page 132)



BIONIC MAN

DAVID ROZELLE IS THE FIRST AMERICAN SINCE THE CIVIL WAR TO RETURN TO BATTLE AFTER LOSING A LIMB IN COMBAT. THE AMAZING STORY OF A SOLDIER AND THE SCIENTIST WHO REBUILT HIM



BY
STEVEN
KOTLER

The first thing David Rozelle did after the insurgents put a price on his head was up the ante. After all, this was Captain David Rozelle, the one they called Iron Man or Killer 6 or Kowboy 6—the 6 being short for “six-shooter,” as in gunslinger, ass kicker, take your pick. His head for a measly thousand bucks? It was insulting.

This all went down in the summer of 2003 in a police station in the city of Hit (pronounced “Heat”), Iraq. Rozelle and the 139 men under his command, the Army’s Third Armored Cavalry Regiment K Troop, had already battled their way from Kuwait to Syria. They had followed the men of Thunder Run and scrapped beside the marines in Fallujah, and when they were done there, the brass had told Rozelle to secure a town in northwestern Iraq. What town? It didn’t matter. Everything was a bloody mess up there.

Rozelle started looking at maps. Hit caught his eye. There were no CIA data on the place. Aerial reconnaissance photos showed lots of fancy cars—Mercedeses, Rolls-Royces—but no major industry. All the earmarks of a significant Sunni stronghold. “Major bad guys for sure,” is how Rozelle describes it.

So Rozelle and K Troop took Hit. In two months, they restored order. Under Rozelle’s command, the members of K Troop taught themselves counterinsurgency tactics: tracking snipers, putting money back into the banks and restoring the electricity. Rozelle even put a woman on the city council, a fact he likes to brag about: “We were going to be the first town in Iraq to have equal rights for women.”

Then, in the sticky weather of early June, at roughly 6:30 P.M., Rozelle arrived at the new police station—new because insurgents had already burned down the old one in an attempt to scare off the police force Rozelle had built—for his nightly pre-mission briefing. Something was wrong. There was tension in the room, people talking in whispers. Demanding an explanation, Rozelle was told that Sunni insurgents had put a price on his head. He was not surprised. But he was curious—how much was he worth?

“I asked my translator,” says Rozelle. “It was this big moment. The room got quiet. He turned to me and said in a stage whisper, ‘One thousand dollars.’”

Rozelle knew there were spies in that room. He knew whatever he said would get back to the insurgents.

“That’s bullshit!” he shouted. “Tell those sons of bitches I’m worth way more than that. I’m worth \$10,000. Tell them I’ll pay the bounty myself.”

No one claimed Rozelle’s bounty that first night. Or the next. No one got close



THE EXPLOSION SHOT THE HUMVEE’S FRONT END FOUR FEET INTO THE AIR.

for almost two weeks—but that only exacerbated the situation. The insurgents started burying land mines on frequently traveled roads, including the one just outside the soccer stadium. On June 21 Rozelle was leading a convoy down that road. Unwilling to subject his men to dangers he would not face himself, Rozelle had his Humvee take point. He rode shotgun. As was his custom, he held a pistol out the window in his right hand, his left staying firmly atop the Bible his father had given him before he departed for Iraq.

Up ahead, the road looked disturbed, like something had pushed the dirt around. Rozelle halted the convoy and surveyed the area. He told the driver to proceed slowly. Seconds later all hell arrived. The truck hit a land mine. The explosion shot the front end of the Humvee four feet into the air. Doors and windows blew out, scattering debris more than a hundred yards. Rozelle’s flak jacket saved his life. He took shrapnel to the face and arms. His left foot was pinned between the ground and the engine block. His right foot? His boot was still on, but blood and bone oozed out of the side. When he tried to step

on it, he drove his tibia and his fibula straight into the ground. Wow, did that hurt like a motherfucker.

The first surgery took place in a dusty tent outside Baghdad. The setup looked like something out of *MASH*. Rozelle couldn’t believe anyone would operate under such conditions. Operate they did. Doctors are trained to salvage as much of the limb as possible, so they performed a tricky ankle-joint amputation known technically as a Syme’s.

Amputation is one of the greatest possible shocks. Children cannot help staring at amputees, as psychologists have said, because losing a limb is literally the worst thing a child can imagine. Adults may have better manners, but the internal damage is no less severe. The patient must endure a period of heavy grief, as if the mind cannot tell the difference between a lost limb and death itself. “When I woke up from surgery without my foot,” says Rozelle, “I had no frame of reference. I had never known an amputee before. It was like being completely reborn.”

Not long afterward, Rozelle was loaded onto a transport plane for Ramstein Air Base in Germany. Before departure, his commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Butch Kievenaar, paid a visit. He’d come to deliver a message, telling Rozelle that if he got himself patched up, he could come back to Iraq and be given another command.

Rozelle was pissed. Maybe this was motivational bullshit, something the shrinks dreamed up to keep him from killing himself. But Kievenaar was a straight shooter, so perhaps the offer was good. Either way, at that point, with the bedsheets pressed flat where his foot should have been, all Rozelle could think was, I have given enough.

•

Twenty-one years before anyone put a price on David Rozelle’s head, during the winter of 1982, Hugh Herr, then 17, and Jeff Batzer, then 20, left their homes in Lancaster, Pennsylvania for an adventure in New Hampshire’s White Mountains. Both were experienced rock climbers, Herr already something of a legend. Known as Boy Wonder, he had been the youngest to ascend several North American mountaineering classics, including Mount Temple in the Canadian Rockies, which he scaled at the age of eight.

Herr and Batzer had their sights on Odell’s Gully, an ice-climbing route atop Mount Washington, one of the world’s most dangerous destinations. Since 1849 more than 135 people have died on this mountain and its surrounding peaks. Freezing temperatures, frequent avalanches. The average wind speed is 35 mph, but in 1934 a weather (continued on page 127)



"First global warming and now this!"

FASHION: Jennifer Ryan Jones
PHOTOGRAPHY: Greg Slater



**BOSS
BOTTLED
SPORT**
\$67

Grapefruit, lavender, vetiver. Who it's for: "Tramps like us, baby, we were born to run!"



A*MEN PURE SHOT
\$85

Mint, juniper, white pepper. Who it's for: "Ladies and gentlemen, we've reached our cruising altitude of 35,000 feet."



**EAU DE LACOSTE
12.12 ROUGE**
\$62

Iced red tea, mandarin, black pepper. Who it's for: "We'll start with a couple of bottles of the 1995 Krug."



**MONTBLANC
LEGEND**
\$72

Bergamot, lavender, verbena. Who it's for: "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Vice President, members of Congress, distinguished guests, fellow Americans...."



CK ONE SUMMER
\$48

Mint, cucumber, lime, bergamot. Who it's for: "I'd like you to meet my girlfriend, Kate Moss."



**BURBERRY BRIT
SUMMER**
\$62

Italian lime, green mandarin, cedar. Who it's for: "Trim that jib. Thirty degrees to starboard. And for God's sake, get me another beer."



GIVENCHY PLAY SPORT
\$75

Bergamot, mint, ginger, black pepper. Who it's for: Justin Timberlake (he's the brand spokesman).

Message **IN A** **BOTTLE**

WHAT THESE SUMMER FRAGRANCES WILL SAY ABOUT YOU



«
**L'EAU D'ISSEY POUR
HOMME SPORT**
\$79

Bergamot, grapefruit, smoky vetiver. Who it's for: "Ah, the Grand Casino of Monte Carlo, my old stomping ground."



»
PERRY ELLIS AQUA
\$60

Bergamot, aqueous marine, musk. Who it's for: "I just want to thank my coach. Without him, I never could have won six golds in London."



»
Z ZEGNA
\$73

Cashmere, patchouli, rosemary. Who it's for: "I would like to thank the Academy...."



»
**ROCKS BY ORIGINAL
PENGUIN**
\$65

Crisp apple, cypress tonic, tonka bean. Who it's for: "Then me and Mick are going to wing on over to London and jam with the Stones!"



»
MERCEDES-BENZ
\$73

Cedar, bourbon pepper, patchouli. Who it's for: the man who makes his living at 200 miles an hour.



»
**CURVE APPEAL
FOR MEN**
\$48

Lavender, coumarin, oakmoss. Who it's for: "Brady drops back to pass, looks right...and he's got Welker open down the sideline!"

\$OUTLAW ECONOMISTS

BY TIM SCHULTZ



ILLUSTRATION BY NATHAN FOX

THESE ROGUES OF THE DISMAL SCIENCE HAVE BEEN VINDICATED BY THE ECONOMIC CRASH. HOW MUCH LONGER CAN MAINSTREAM ECONOMISTS IGNORE THE HETERODOX?

It was the kind of conference hall that makes you sleepy, with sound-absorbing walls and rows of plush chairs. William Black, a short, bearded man, wriggled the microphone free from the lectern. He wanted to wake up his audience. "Let me tell you all a story," he said, "about my former nemesis." Professors of economics don't usually have nemeses. But Black, now an associate professor of economics at the University of Missouri-Kansas City, hadn't always been a professor. In his former life as a leading bank regulator, he did battle with one of the most destructive white-collar gangsters in American history.

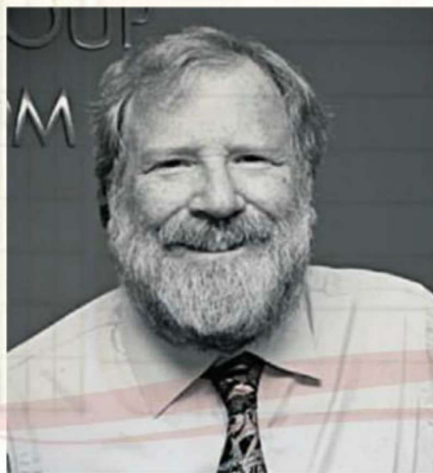
"Charles Keating," Black began, "loved to cheat little old ladies." Black described how one of Keating's frauds was to sell worthless junk bonds to elderly women who visited the "family-friendly" branches of Lincoln Savings and Loan. During Keating's trial, a victim told the jury she'd bought the bonds in order to purchase a special van for her handicapped daughter. These crimes had been documented adequately only after a criminal investigation of Lincoln Savings. Black explained that these kinds of stories helped convict Keating because they painted a vivid picture for the jurors. But such stories are uncovered only through criminal investigations.

"THE OUTLAWS ARE ABOUT TWO PERCENT OF ACADEME AND ABOUT ZERO PERCENT OF FINANCE," SAYS ONE DISMISSIVE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO FINANCE PROFESSOR.

Inquiries? Stress tests? Accounting investigations? They ignore these stories. Without criminal investigations, the criminals always go free.

It was here that Black smiled and asked the audience a question: How many criminal investigations of major bank executives had taken place as a result of the crash of Lehman Brothers, the biggest financial crisis in the history of the world? The answer: not a single one.

In the religion of economics, Black is a heretic. He has no faith in the holy spirit of the market. He puts no emphasis on



PROFESSOR WILLIAM BLACK: HERETIC IN THE RELIGION OF ECONOMICS.

the true word of the math. His grand heresy was to demonstrate that financial markets are not efficient (i.e., self-corrective). Mainstream economists saw his recommendations for stricter regulation as "unrigorous" because he used the tools of a criminologist: historical precedent, common sense and an understanding of human failings.

Black is not alone. He is a leading voice among a small group of economists who believe modern economic science simply doesn't understand the real world. Members of this loosely organized group call themselves, a bit dramatically, the heterodox. Many of them had predicted the financial crisis before

it occurred and are now calling for real reforms in order to avoid an even bigger one. Like Black, they are ignored or belittled by most in their profession. Yet reality has issued a wake-up call. The financial crisis and ongoing recession have largely validated many of the heterodox positions on fraud, deregulation and debt. Could the mainstream still refuse to publish, cite or listen to them? I went to Denver last year to find out if the rogues of the dismal science were finally going to have their day.

It was the first night of the American Economic Association's annual convention, the biggest economics conference in the world. An hour before Black spoke, thousands of economists from all over the world were arriving at the Sheraton to collect their badges and schedules. I walked through the throng of the thin and the smart, taking in the economist vibe. The lobby vibrated with expensive eyewear and sensible laughter, healthy Ivy Leaguers greeting one another in complete, well-constructed sentences.

I have to admit I had come to the conference with a bit of an attitude. I grew up in the 1980s and 1990s, when economists were depicted as the high priests of money. Alan Greenspan, Ben Bernanke, Robert Rubin: These men were above politics; they were scientists. Who could argue against their proof? It was permanent boom time, the "end of instability." And then everything unraveled. The high priests turned out to have been Tartuffes. Their science was more Venkman than Egon. After the Lehman crash, the queen of England said it best when she asked one of London's economists point-blank: "Why did no one see it coming?" His stammering response was that of an entire profession called to task. I had expected some of that penitence to be on display at the conference. The atmosphere in the lobby that night seemed to imply

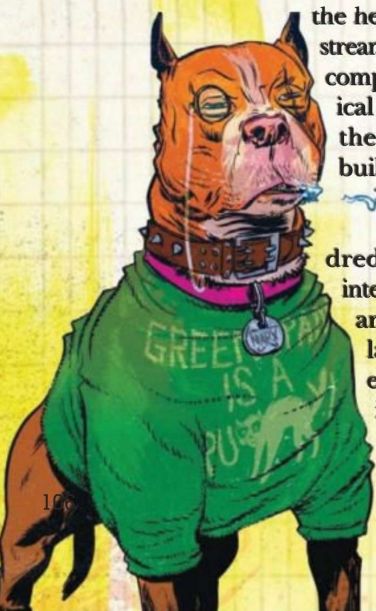
otherwise. Why was everyone in such a goddamn good mood?

I walked to the nearby Hyatt to attend the conference's opening panel, presented by the Association for Social Economics. I had assumed that being on the first panel of the conference was a big deal, a triumphant "keynote" moment for Black. But I was wrong. The conference hall was half empty, the crowd different. I took a seat in front of a man with a goatee longer than his face. My old olfactory enemy from college, patchouli, wafted through the air. As Black walked to the podium, I realized the well-dressed smarties back in the lobby weren't coming.

"I mean, every now and then there's an excluded subgroup that turns out to be right," said John Cochrane of the University of Chicago. Cochrane speaks proudly for mainstream, also known as neoclassical, economics. Talking with me over the phone before the conference, he made clear that his condemnation was general: "I haven't read their specific work. I'm busy, and I try to read what is considered interesting and valid." His position on heterodox economists was unambiguous: They're kooks. "They are about two percent of academe and about zero percent of finance." He was dismissive of their prediction of the credit-bubble collapse. "Beware those who predict nine of the last two crashes, okay? They're just not rigorous and don't use modern mathematical tools. This business is a wide-open meritocracy. You have to distinguish between closed minds and a lack of quality. The perception is that this is 1969 stuff. Give me new data and new ideas."

Cochrane's use of the word *rigorous* was something I'd heard from other mainstream economists when they dismissed

the heterodox. Mainstream economists use complex mathematical models to test their hypotheses, building elaborate scenarios with hundreds of variables interacting with one another to simulate real-world events. If a theory is not "proved" in such a simulation, it's not valid.



As Yves Smith describes in her hilarious book, *ECONned*, economists fell in love with such models in the 1970s. Instead of analyzing history as social scientists, economists became soothsayers who could predict outcomes using models. Want to know the effect of a new rule on creditors of a bankrupt airline? Build a model of a bankruptcy and see how the rule affects it. Curious what impact a local Head Start program could have on property values? Build a model of an Alabama county and see.

The heterodox reject mathematical modeling as the ultimate proof, point-

in their own groups. Instead of four days of debate and discussion, conferences have become institutional echo chambers. The only time you might meet somebody with whom you disagree is on the airport shuttle.

I was on my second drink ticket when I met Kellin Stanfield, a college professor who provided a different reason people might not want to attend heterodox panels: him. Under 40, his long goatee not yet gray, he had the well-fed look of a coffee shop manager who would get high with you before work. He explained he was presenting



BEN BERNANKE AND ALAN GREENSPAN: THEIR ORTHODOXY DIDN'T WORK.

ing out that the assumptions of any simulation dictate the results. Instead, many use mathematical tools to analyze existing data, a practice much older (and mathematically simpler) than modeling. A famous heterodox theory based on such analysis is Hyman Minsky's financial instability hypothesis, which observed in the 1970s that financial markets are inherently unstable because of the staggering amount of debt during bubbles. If today's regulators had used Minsky's model to guide policy during the credit bubble, they would have anticipated the financial fraud that brought about the collapse. Instead, regulators and academics in the early 2000s were busy making models that made risk disappear.

After Black finished speaking, the crowd drifted back to the reception buffet. As we gathered around the cheese and cold cuts, I learned that economists have a group and an opposing group for just about every opinion. The ASE is a heterodox group that believes economics should be used to promote social equality. Most panels at the conference were organized and attended only by people

a paper advocating slavery reparations for African Americans. I asked if he was using any mathematics in his paper. He scoffed. The guy standing next to him nodded with approval.

As I wandered from group to group, I heard discussions about community farming co-ops in Philadelphia, the merits of the German model of union participation and a rambling diatribe about "the collapse of the capitalist model." From across the room, Black motioned that he was leaving. I quickly followed him out, a little disillusioned. His writings on financial fraud and deregulation were what had brought the heterodox to my attention. He offered real-world, commonsense solutions for industry and government in a time of ongoing crisis. Yet it seemed the only people listening to him were the ones who could do the least.

The next day I went back to the other side. At a panel simply titled "Financial Crisis," more than 400 people filled every chair in the room, with the front row taken up by reporters from the *Financial Times* and *The* (continued on page 140)



"Say, weren't you supposed to carry me over the threshold?"



JACLYN SWEDBERG IS
Playmate
of the
Year

**OUR FAVORITE DAREDEVIL
PULLS OFF HER MOST
IMPRESSIVE FEAT YET**

Photography by Stephen Wayda



When we last checked in with Jaclyn Swedberg, for our January Playmate Review, she made us a big promise: "If I win Playmate of the Year, I will show up at every event in my teal Bunny suit." Well, Jaclyn, dust off that suit, because Hef and our readers have made your dream come true.

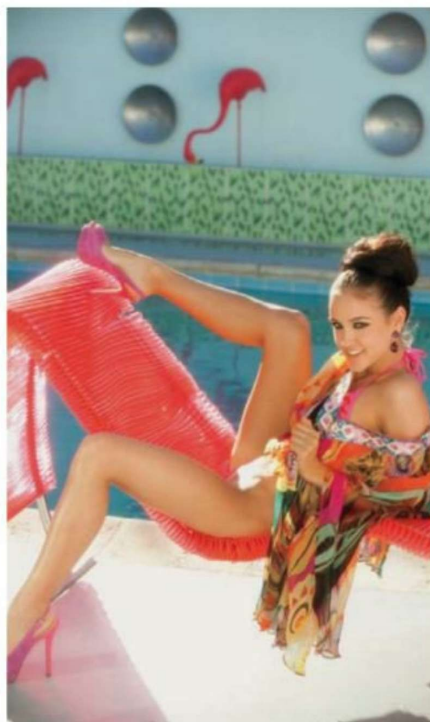
In hindsight, her ascent seems almost predestined. It was two years ago this month that Jaclyn overcame what she calls a "brutal shyness" and showed up at a Playboy Mansion casting call, where Playboy TV producers immediately selected her to appear on a special about the experience. "I



couldn't believe something so exciting happened to me on the very first day," she recalls with a jubilant laugh. Within weeks she had become a Playboy TV mainstay—playing nude war games on *Badass*, interviewing celebrities such as LMFAO on *Beach House* and rappelling down Argentinean mountains on *Playboy Trip: Patagonia*. "The mountain climbing in South America got a bit dicey," Jaclyn admits. "Everyone was yelling at me in Spanish as I dangled there, and since I don't know the language, I was like, Are they totally saying I'm about to die?"

A few months later we played up her daredevil TV persona in her April 2011 Playmate pictorial, styling the southern California native as a biker chick and placing her atop a gleaming Harley-Davidson motorcycle. Our little white lie? Jaclyn, who spends her spare time snuggling with a Kindle or baking peanut-butter-and-chocolate brownies, didn't actually know how to drive such a vehicular beast. "Because of the pictorial, I had a big biker-guy following on Twitter," she says. "They all thought I could ride. Luckily, over the past few months I've learned how, which is great because I don't feel like a liar anymore!"

When not riding her new 2012 Harley Sportster Forty-Eight, Jaclyn can be found on the MMA Blackbelt TV network—under the nom de octagon Jujitsu Jac—as an on-screen fight jock and celebrity interviewer. So far she's spoken with the likes of *Warrior* leading men Nick Nolte and



Tom Hardy, and there are more starry assignments on the horizon. "It's been a fantastic experience, especially because I want to be a broadcast journalist."


Equally memorable—though much more somber—was a February trip to a Los Angeles VA facility. "Miss September 2011 Tiffany Toth and I went to sign issues of the magazine on Valentine's Day. A lot of the guys were wounded or homeless. It was both an eye-opening and a humbling experience. I plan on visiting there more often in the future."

As for what Playmate-hood has taught her about herself, Jaclyn says, "I learned that it's okay to put yourself out there. When I went to my first casting call—that was so not me. Or the first time I went to the Mansion alone on a Sunday afternoon for Fun in the Sun without knowing anyone else there—that so wasn't me either. But I'm so much more outgoing since becoming a Playmate, which is an amazing feeling. I think it proves that if you do something with enough heart, integrity and passion, good things will happen. Honestly, I couldn't ask for anything else. That's why, to me, being named PMOY is simply the sprinkles on my cupcake."









“I’m so much more outgoing since becoming a Playmate, which is an amazing feeling.”



See more of our Playmate of the
Year at club.playboy.com.

(continued from page 74)

Coincidentally, the day that Zurinaga ordered the windows blocked, a veil of clouds had left the house in shadows, and the sparseness of the furnishings was revealed as a necessary deprivation to allow a person, without tripping over and bumping into everything, to walk around in the dark. A strange detail caught my attention because it seemed to compensate for such simplicity: There were a great number of drains running along the walls of the ground floor, as though our client expected a flood any day now.

A tunnel was dug from the back of the house to the steep gully, in accord with the resident's instructions, the latter's slope stripped bare, harvested of its ancient willows and Montezuma cypresses.

"In whose name should I make out the contracts, sir?" I asked Don Eloy Zurinaga.

"In my name," he said, "as proxy."

"The power-of-attorney document seems to be missing."

"Then draft it, Navarro."

"Fine, but I'll still need the name of the legal tenant."

The lawyer Eloy Zurinaga—so forthright but so cold, so courteous but so distant—for the first time since I met him hesitated. But no sooner had he lowered his head involuntarily than he collected himself, cleared his throat, tightened his grip on the armchair and in a calm voice said, "Vladimir Radu. Count Vladimir Radu."

•

"All my friends call me Vlad," said our client, smiling, one night a month later when, already settled into the house in Lomas, he had summoned me for our first meeting.

"I hope you can excuse my eccentric schedule," he went on, courteously extending a hand, inviting me to sit down on a black leather sofa. "In wartime one is forced to live by night and to pretend that nothing is happening in one's own dwelling, Monsieur Navarro. That it is uninhabited, that everyone has fled. One must not attract attention."

He paused reflectively. "I understand that you speak French, Monsieur Navarro."

"Yes, my mother was a Parisian."

"Excellent. We will understand each other all the better."

"But as you say, one must not attract attention...."

"You're right. You may call me *señor* if you like."

"Mexicans find the *monsieur* pretentious and annoying."

"I see your point."

What did he see? Count Vlad was dressed more like a bohemian, an actor or an artist, than like an aristocrat. He wore all black: black turtleneck shirt, black pants and black moccasins without socks. His ankles were extremely thin, as was his whole body, but his head was enormous, extra large but

strangely undefined, as though a hawk had disguised itself as a raven, so beneath his artificially placid features, one could make out a deeper face that Count Vlad somehow managed to obscure.

His mahogany-colored hairpiece slid sideways, so he constantly had to adjust it. His overflowing ranchero-style mustache—drooping, rural, shapeless, obviously glued on his upper lip—concealed our client's mouth, depriving him of those expressions of joy, anger, mockery, affection, that the corners of our mouths betray. But if the mustache was a disguise, the black sunglasses were the true mask. They completely covered his gaze; they did not leave the slightest opening for the light; they wrapped mercilessly around his tiny, childish and scarred ears, which gave the impression that Count Vlad had been the victim of several botched face-lifts.

He moved his hands with disagreeable elegance, he closed them with sudden strength and he didn't attempt to conceal the strange abnormality of his long, glassy nails, as transparent as his windows before he'd had his house sealed.

"Thank you for agreeing to meet with me," he said with a deep, manly and melodic voice.

I nodded to offer him my service.

"Can I get you something to drink?" he added right away.

"Perhaps a little red wine," I accepted out of politeness, "if you'll be joining me."

"I never drink," said the count with a theatrical pause, "wine." As he sat on a black leather ottoman, he asked, "Do you ever get nostalgic for your ancestral home?"

"I never knew it. The Zapatistas burned down the haciendas, and now they're fancy hotels, or *paradores*, as the Spaniards call them."

He continued as if he were not paying attention to me: "I must tell you that, above all, I feel the need for my ancestral home. But the land has become impoverished, there have been too many wars and there are no resources left to survive there. Zurinaga told me a lot about you, Navarro. Haven't you ever lamented the misfortune of old families, made to endure and to maintain tradition?"

"No," I said, allowing the hint of a smile to help shape my words, "not really."

"There are some types of families that become lethargic," he went on as though he hadn't heard me, "and they settle all too easily for what they refer to as modern life. Life, Navarro! Does this brief passage, this instant between the womb and the tomb, even deserve to be called life?"

"You're making me nostalgic," I said, in an effort to be amusing, "for the good old days of feudalism."

He tilted his head to one side and adjusted his toupee. "Where does our inexplicable sadness come from? It must have a reason, a cause, a source. Do you know? We are an exhausted people: so much internecine warfare, so much blood spilt for nothing.... Such

sorrow! Everything contains the seed of its own ruin. In things, that ruin is called decay. In people, it is called death."

My client's digressions made conversation difficult to follow. There was little opportunity for small talk with the count, and metaphysical statements about life and death have never been my specialty. As though to illustrate his morbid point, quick-witted Vlad (as in "Call me Vlad" and "All my friends call me Vlad") walked over to the piano, where he played Chopin's saddest prelude, providing a bizarre type of entertainment. I was amused by the way his wig and glued-on mustache stumbled with the movements of his performance. But I couldn't laugh when I looked at those hands with their long, translucent fingernails caressing the keys without breaking.

I had no desire that his eccentric character and the melancholy music hypnotize me. When I lowered my head, I noticed something else exceedingly strange. Even the marble floor was flecked with countless drains, distributed throughout the living room.

Outside it began to rain. I heard drops hitting the covered windows. Nervous, I sat up and granted myself permission to stroll through the house while listening to the count playing piano. I meandered from the living room to the dining room, which had once overlooked the ravine. Here too the windows were blocked off. In their place, a long painted mural of a landscape—using the technique of *trompe l'oeil* to trick a viewer into seeing a three-dimensional reality—stretched across the length of the wall. An ancient castle arose in the middle of the desolate landscape, where birds of prey circled a dry forest and wasteland occupied by wolves. On the castle's terrace, minutely depicted, a woman and a little girl stood, terrified and imploring.

I had thought there wouldn't be any paintings in this house.

I shook my head to shoo away that image.

I took the liberty to interrupt Count Vlad.

"Count, sir, I just need you to sign these documents. If you don't mind, could you do it now? It's getting late, and I'm expected for dinner."

I held out the papers and a pen to the tenant. He sat up, adjusting his ridiculous wig.

"How fortunate!" he said. "You have a family."

"Yes," I stammered. "My wife was the one who found this house for you."

"Ah! I hope she'll come visit me one of these days."

"She is very busy, you know, with her business."

"But I'm sure that she knew this house before I did, Mr. Navarro. She walked through these hallways. She stood in this living room."

"Of course, yes, of course...."

"Tell her she left her scent behind."

"Say again?"

"Yes, tell—is her name Asunción?"



"How would you like to be a founding member of the 2,200-foot Club?"

Asunción, that's what my friend Zurinaga told me she's called. Like the Feast of the Asunción? The Assumption? Tell Asunción that her scent still lingers, suspended in the air of this house."

"Why not? Your gallantry—"

"Tell your wife that I am breathing her scent...."

"Yes, I will. How gallant," I said. "Now, if you'll please excuse me, good night. And enjoy your stay."

"I have a 10-year-old daughter. You do too, don't you?"

"Yes, Count, that's right."

"I hope that they'll meet and like each other. Bring her around, so she can play with Minea."

"Minea?"

"My daughter, Mr. Navarro. Let Borgo know."

"Borgo?"

"My servant."

Vlad snapped his fingers with the sound of a rattle and a castanet. His glass fingernails shone. Then a small, twisted man appeared, a small hunchback with the most beautiful face I have ever seen on a man. He was a sculptural vision, one of those ideal profiles from ancient Greece, like Cellini's Perseus. Borgo's was a face of perfect symmetry brutally set above a deformed body, both disparate aspects united by his long mane of feminine, honey-colored curls. His expression was sad, ironic and coarse.

"At your service, monsieur," said the servant in French, with a distant accent.

I hurried my good-byes, trying not to be rude but without success: "I believe everything is in order. I suppose we won't be seeing each other again. Enjoy your stay. Thank you...I mean, good night." I regretted, in an instant, having offended my client.

I could not parse, beyond so many layers of disguise, his look of disdain, scorn and glee. I could superimpose onto Count Vlad any expression I chose. Borgo the servant, on the contrary, had nothing to hide, and I admit that his transparency frightened me more than the truculence of the count, who bade me good-

bye as though I had not said a word.

"Don't forget. Tell your wife—Asunción, right?—that the little girl is always welcome."

Borgo brought a candle near his master's face and added, "We could play together, the three of us."

He cackled and slammed the door in my face.

On a storm-filled night like this, the boundary between dream and life becomes porous. Asunción sleeps beside me after a round of intense sex that I urged—all but imposed—aware that I needed to compensate for the mournful mood of my visit with the count.

When I try to convey my love life with Asunción, discretion restrains my descriptions. But tonight, as if my will—to say nothing of my words—did not belong to me, I surrendered to such intense erotic pleasure that, as the afterglow fades, I find myself wondering if I've forgotten anything.

The tried-and-true question that a man puts to a woman—"Was it good for you?"—becomes very soon senseless. She will always say yes, first with words and later with a nod, but if after a while we insist on an answer, the yes will be tinged with irritation. I now ask myself the same question. Did I satisfy her? Did I give her all the pleasure she deserves? I know that I was satisfied, sure, but to be so selfish as to consider only my own pleasure would degrade me and would degrade my wife. I believe a man obtains only as much pleasure as he gives to a woman. Asunción, I wonder, does the pleasure that satisfies me also fulfill you? Because I cannot ask her, I must deduce the answer, take the temperature of her skin, detect the rhythm of her moans, gauge the force of her orgasms. I must contemplate her, take reckless pleasure in rediscovering her sex, the depth of the occluded spring of her navel, the maypoles that are her erect nipples in the midst of the sweet, pillowy, maternal softness of her breasts, her long neck out of a Modigliani, her face covered by the bend of her arm, the suggestive angle of her open legs, her pale thighs, her ugly feet, the delicious

quivering of her rear end. And I notice the contrast between her long, black, lustrous, straight hair and the wild tangle of her short hair covering the grimace of her sex, the hair crouched like a panther, indomitable like a bat, that forces me to penetrate her if only to save myself from her, to lose myself in her in order to conceal the wild jungle that grows between Asunción's legs, ascending over the mound of Venus and then climbing the ivy along the womb, longing to graze the belly button, that fountain of life....

I got out of bed, on that night, with the feeling I forgot to say or do something.

I kissed her again, as if expecting that, from our joined lips, the truth of who we are and what we want would be given voice.

I watched her sleep for a long time that early morning.

Then, extending my hand under the bed, I felt around for my slippers.

I always left them there, but now I couldn't find them.

I stretched my arm farther under the bed. I patted around, then retracted my hand in horror.

I, my hand, had touched another hand, a hand under the bed.

The cold hand had long, smooth and glassy fingernails.

I took a deep breath and closed my eyes.

I sat up on the edge of the bed and put my feet to the carpet.

I steeled myself so I might begin my daily routine.

Then I felt that frozen hand grab me tight by the ankle, dig the glass fingernails into the soles of my feet. I heard a whisper in a deep voice:

"Sleep. Sleep. It's still too early. Go back to bed. There is no rush. Sleep, sleep."

Then I had the feeling that someone had left the room.

In my dream someone was in my bedroom, but then that someone walked out of it. From then on, the bedroom was no longer mine.

I woke with a start. I looked at the clock with disbelief. It was noon. I touched my temples. I rubbed my eyes. I was overcome by a feeling of guilt. I was late for work. I had failed in my duty. I hadn't even called in with an excuse.

I grabbed the phone and instead called Asunción at her office.

I asked about our daughter, Magdalena. Asunción told me that today was a holiday at the Catholic school. "The Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, her ascent to heaven just as she was in life. Not a legal holiday. And since it's the same day as Chepina's birthday—you remember Chepina, Josefina Alcazaga, the daughter of Alcazaga the engineer and his wife, María de Lourdes?—there's a party for the kids, and I took Magdalena there early. While I was there, I collected the engineer's invoices for the tunnel he built at your client's house, the count."

I made the connection and announced, "Asunción. If today is the Feast of the Assumption, then it's your saint's day."

"Well, you and I don't follow the religious calendar...."

"Sorry, love."



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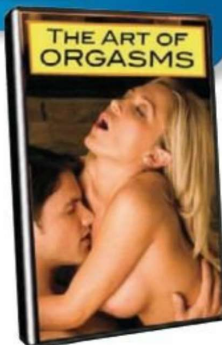
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"Yves, sorry for what?"

"I didn't congratulate you in time."

"Don't be silly. Think about last night's celebration. I was sure that that was your way of celebrating with me. And it was. And I thank you."

I listened to her quiet laugh.

"Okay, darling. Everything's in order," Asunción concluded. "I'll pick up Magda this afternoon, and we'll see each other at dinner. And if you want, later we can celebrate the Assumption of the Holy Mother, the Virgin Mary, again."

I had barely hung up when the phone rang. It was Zurinaga.

"You were on the phone for a long time, Navarro," he said impatiently, not in keeping with his habitual courtesy. "I've been trying to reach you for hours."

"Ten minutes at the most, sir," I replied firmly and without further explanation.

"Forgive me, Yves," he said, returning to his normal tone. "But it's urgent. You must go to Count Vlad's tonight."

"Why doesn't he call me himself?" I said, letting him know that being an errand boy was in keeping with neither Don Eloy Zurinaga's character nor my own.

"They still haven't installed his phone."

"And how did he get in touch with you?" I asked, now a bit annoyed.

"He sent his servant."

"Borgo?" I asked.

Without saying a word, Zurinaga hung up the phone.

The hunchback opened the door and brought his face much too close to mine, staring with an insolent look. When he recognized me, he gave a fawning bow.

"Come in, Licenciado Navarro. My master is expecting you."

I entered and searched in vain for the count in the large living room.

"Waiting where?"

"Go on upstairs to the bedroom."

I climbed a semicircular staircase that had no banister. On the upper floor, all the doors to what I reckoned were bedrooms were shut, except for one. I approached that one and entered a room with a wide bed. By that time it was already nine o'clock at night, but I noticed that the bed was still covered with black satin and had not been turned down for the master's evening retirement.

There were no mirrors in the room, but below where a mirror might have gone stood a vanity with all sorts of cosmetics and a row of wig stands. While he combed his wig and applied his makeup, it seemed, the count would have to imagine himself. A light steam billowed from an open bathroom door. I hesitated for a moment; I felt as though I was invading my client's privacy. But he said from within, "Come in, Mr. Navarro, come on in. Don't be shy."

In the bathroom, steam emanating from the shower filled the air. Count Vlad washed himself behind a dripping lacquer door. I looked away. Still, curiosity got the better of me. Through the fog, I noticed the bathroom lacked mirrors. The bathroom also lacked the usual tools of hygiene: shaving brush, comb, razor, toothbrush, toothpaste. Instead, as in the rest of the

house, there were drains in every corner.

Vlad opened the door and emerged from the shower, showing himself naked before my discomfited gaze.

He had shed his wig and his mustache.

His body was as white as plaster.

He did not have a single hair anywhere—not on his head, not on his chin, not on his chest, not in his armpits, not around his genitals and not on his legs.

He was totally smooth, like an egg.

Or a skeleton.

He looked as though he had been flayed.

But his face was still wrinkled like a pale lemon, and his gaze remained hidden by those dark glasses that were almost like a mask.

"Ah, Mr. Navarro," he said with a wide red smile. "At last we see each other as we really are...."

At the edges of his affable smile, now without the fake-mustache disguise, two sharp canines glinted, yellow like the lemon color suggested by the pallor of his face.

"Excuse my indiscretion. Please, hand me my robe. It's hanging over there," the count said as he pointed to the distance. "Let's go downstairs," he said hastily, "for dinner."

"Pardon me. I have dinner plans with my family."

*I opened the door to find
there was only a single
garment in the closet, an
old, heavy brocade robe,
a bit threadbare, its collar
made of wolf fur.*

"Your wife?"

"Yes. That's right."

"Your daughter?"

I nodded. He let out a cartoonish laugh.

"It's nine P.M.," he deadpanned. "Do you know where your children are?"

I thought of Magdalena, who had gone to Chepina's birthday party and who should be back home by now while I remained like an idiot in the bedroom of a naked, hairless, grotesque man who was asking me at nine P.M. if I knew where my children were.

"May I call home?" I asked, a bit confused.

I had taken the precaution of bringing my cell phone. I took it out of my pants pocket and speed-dialed my house. I brought my hand up to my head. There was no answer. I heard my own voice tell me to "leave a message." Something kept me from speaking, a feeling of increased uselessness, of a lack of freedom, of being dragged against my will down a slope like the one that plunged behind this house into the domain of pure randomness, the realm without free will.

"She must be at the Alcayagas' house," I muttered to reassure myself.

"The Alcayagas? You mean the kind engineer who designed and built the tunnel behind this house?"

"Yes," I said in my muddle, "that's him."

"Yves—is it all right if I call you by your first name?"

I nodded without thinking.

"Yves, my robe, please. Do you want me to catch pneumonia? There, in the armoire, the one on the left."

I approached the closet like a sleepwalker. I opened the door to find there was only a single garment in the closet, an old, heavy brocade robe, a bit threadbare, its collar made of wolf fur. It was a long robe that reached down to the ankles, worthy of a czar from a Russian opera and embroidered in antique golds.

I took the garment and tossed it over Count Vlad's shoulders.

"Yves," the count said, "don't forget to close the armoire door."

I looked back at the closet (a word obviously unknown to Vlad Radu), and only then did I see, stuck with thumbtacks to the inside of the door, a photograph of my wife, Asunción, with our daughter, Magdalena, sitting on her lap.

"Vlad. Call me Vlad. All my friends call me Vlad."

I have no idea what possessed me that night, but against my better judgment, I stayed for dinner with Vlad. At best I can rationalize why I didn't return home. There was nothing to worry about. My daughter was fine, sleeping over at the Alcayagas'. My wife was simply running late; she would come for me right here at Count Vlad's, and I would drive her home. In any case I called my wife's cell phone and, when she didn't answer, left the usual message.

I didn't mention having discovered the photograph. That acknowledgment would give this suspect individual the upper hand. The only defenses I had against him were to keep calm, to ask for no explanations and to never seem surprised. What else could a good lawyer do? Zurinaga must have given pictures of me, of my family, to the exiled Balkan nobleman so that he could see with whom he would be dealing in this faraway and exotic country, Mexico.

That explanation calmed my nerves.

The count and I sat at either end of a strange, nonreflective lead table, unlikely to stimulate one's appetite, especially if the meal consisted—as this one did—only of animal organs. Livers, kidneys, testicles, stomachs and slack skins were all smothered in sauces of onions and herbs that I recognized thanks to the old French recipes my mother enjoyed: parsley, tarragon, of course, and others whose taste I did not recognize. But my mother always used garlic.

So I asked, "You have any garlic?"

"We use pork dust, Maître Navarro. From an old recipe that Saint Eutychius prescribed to expel a demon that a nun had swallowed up without noticing."

Vlad seemed amused by my look of skepticism.

"According to a well-known legend in my country," Count Vlad continued, "the unsuspecting nun sat herself above the devil, so he defended his action: 'What else could I do? She crouched over a bush, and the bush was me.'"

I concealed my disgust well.

"Les entrées et les sorties, Maître Navarro."

That's what life comes down to: 'Entrances and exits' sounds better in this barbaric tongue. From the front and from the rear. What goes in must come out. What comes out must go in. The habits of hunger vary. What is disgusting to one culture is a delicacy to another. Imagine what the French think of Mexicans eating ants and grasshoppers and worms. But don't the French gourmets themselves savor frogs and snails? Show me an Englishman who appreciates *mole poblano*; his stomach turns at the thought of that mixture of chilies, chicken and chocolate."

He laughed in that characteristic way of his, forcibly lowering his upper lip as if he wanted to hide his intentions.

"You have to be like the wolf, Mr. Navarro. We can observe such wisdom in the old Latin *lupus*, my Teutonic *wulfaz*. We find natural and eternal wisdom in wolves—harmless in the summer and in the fall, when they are sated—who only hunt when they're hungry, in the winter and in the spring! When they are hungry."

He made a commanding gesture with his pale hand, intensified by its glazed nails.

"I am deeply grateful to you for accepting my invitation, Maître Navarro. I usually eat alone and, *croyez-moi*, that gives me very sad thoughts."

Borgo poured me some red wine but offered none to his master. I shot Vlad a quizzical look as I raised my glass to propose a toast.

"I told you..." the count said, staring at me with good-natured sarcasm.

"Yes, you don't drink wine," I said, trying to keep things light and friendly. "Do you drink alone?"

Following his habit of ignoring what had just been said and then continuing on some other subject, Vlad said, "Telling the truth is unbearable to mortals."

I pressed him for an answer. "It was a simple question. Do you drink alone?"

"Telling the truth is unbearable to mortals."

"I don't know about that. I'm mortal and I'm a lawyer. That sounds like one of those syllogisms they teach us at school. All men are mortal. Socrates is a man. Therefore, Socrates is mortal."

"Children don't lie," he went on, ignoring me. "And they can be immortal."

"Say what?"

"That's why I love children," Vlad said without touching his food but inviting me to eat with a gesture of his hand and those long, glassy fingernails. "You know, a child is like a small, unfinished god."

"An unfinished god?" I said, surprised. "Wouldn't that be a better definition of the devil?"

"No, the devil is a fallen angel."

I took a gulp of wine to steel myself for a long, unwelcome exchange of abstract ideas with my host. Why hadn't my wife come to my rescue?

"Yes," Vlad resumed his discourse. "God's abyss is his awareness that he is still unfinished. But if God were finished, his creation would end with him. The world cannot be the simple legacy of a dead god. A retired god, collecting a pension. Imagine the world as a circle of corpses, a heap of ashes. No, the world must be the endless work of an unfinished god."

"What does any of that have to do with kids?" I asked, realizing as I spoke that I was a little tongue-tied.

"I believe that children are the unfinished part of God. God needs the secret life force of children in order to continue to exist."

"I, ah..." I muttered with a voice now faint.

"You don't want to sentence children to old age, do you, Mr. Navarro?"

I protested with a helpless gesture, slamming my hand down, spilling the remains of my glass on the lead table.

"To abandon a child to old age," the count repeated impassively, "to old age. And to death."

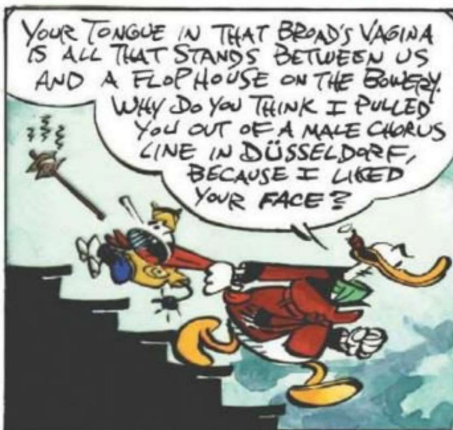
Borgo picked up my glass. My head fell to the metal table.

While I was still conscious, I heard Count Vlad continue, "Didn't the Unmentionable One say, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto me'?"



I didn't know where I was. This displaced

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London



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feeling was one I'd experienced before on long trips. I didn't recognize the bed or the large room in which I found myself. When I checked my watch, it was 12 o'clock. But was it noon or midnight? I didn't know that either.

I was still dressed in the same clothes as at that execrable dinner. So what happened? The count and his servant had drugged me. My head was a maelstrom, and the profusion of drains in the count's house made my body feel like a liquid that was losing its shape, flowing away, spilling into the ravine.

The *ravine*.

Sometimes one word, just one word, gives us an answer, restores our reason or inspires our action. And more than anything, I needed to think and to act: I walked out of the bedroom on the top floor of the house and opened the doors to the other bedrooms, one after the other, taking note of each room's perfect order, the perfectly made beds, and in each one discovering no sign that anyone had spent the night there. Unless, I reasoned—and was grateful that my lost logic had returned from its long nocturnal exile—unless everyone had gone out and the industrious Borgo had made the beds.

One bedroom caught my attention. I was drawn to it by a distant melody, which I recognized as the French lullaby "Frère Jacques."

Frère Jacques, Frère Jacques

Dormez-vous? Dormez-vous?

Sonnez les matines! Sonnez les matines!

Ding-dang-dong. Ding-dang-dong.

I walked into the room and approached a chest of drawers. A small music box played the song, while a little shepherdess, dressed in the style of the 18th century, holding a hooked staff and with a lamb next to her, turned in circles.

Here everything was pink: the curtains, the backs of the chairs, the nightdress carefully laid out next to the pink pillow. The short, girl's nightie trailed ribbons from its embroidered hem. There was a pair of pink slippers too. No mirrors. A perfect but unoccupied room. It was a room that was waiting for someone. And all of a sudden I noticed there were half a dozen dolls reclining against the pillows. They were all blonde and all dressed in pink. But none of them had legs.

I left the room refusing to allow myself any thoughts about it and went downstairs to silent sitting rooms. I entered the kitchen, messy and nasty smelling, clouded by the steam coming off heaps of entrails strewn across the floor and from the remains of a huge, indescribable animal I could not identify, drawn and quartered on the tiled table. Beheaded.

The blood of the beast was still running to the drains on the kitchen's floor.

I covered my mouth and nose in fear. Taking small steps backward, half fearing the animal would come back from the dead to attack me, I bumped up against some kind of leather curtain that gave way when I leaned against it. I drew the curtain aside. It was the entrance to the tunnel.

I recalled Vlad's insistence on having a passage connecting the house with the ravine. It was too late to turn back. I entered, groping at the dark space between the walls. I moved with extreme caution, unsure of what I was

doing, looking for the way out, some guiding light in the dark tunnel, with no luck.

I reached for my cigarette lighter. I lit it and saw what I feared, what I should have known I would see. Unadulterated horror. The heart of the mystery.

Coffins and more coffins; there were at least a dozen coffins lined up along the tunnel's length.

I had a strong impulse to run from that awful scene, but my will to know, my foolish and detestable curiosity—an occupational hazard among investigative lawyers—drove me along on this reckless mission even as I opened one coffin after another, unable to find anything but dirt inside each one, until I opened the coffin in which my client, Count Vlad Radu, lay in perfect peace, dressed in his turtleneck shirt, his pants and his black moccasins, with his glass-fingernailed hands crossed over his chest and his bald head resting on a small silk pillow as red as the cushioned interior of the box.

I stared at him intensely, unable to wake him and demand an explanation, paralyzed by the horror of this encounter, hypnotized by my situation, having Vlad before me, prostrate, at my mercy, but in the end, I was ignorant of the possible acts that I could perform, subject as I was to the legend of the vampire, to the defenses proclaimed by superstition and science, inextricably joined in this case. *The garlic necklace, the cross, the stake.*

The intense cold in the tunnel drew fog from my open mouth, but it also cleared my head and allowed me to observe closely certain phenomena: Vlad's ears—too small and surrounded by scars, which I attributed to a series of facial surgeries—had grown overnight. I saw them struggle to spread out like the wings of a sinister bat. What did this damned being do—trim his ears every evening before going out into the world to disguise his mimicry of a nocturnal chiropteran?

A drop of some nasty liquid splattered on my head. I lifted my gaze. Bats hung upside down, holding on to the tunnel's rock ceiling by their claws.

An unbearable stench emerged from the corners of Vlad's coffin, where bat guano—vampire shit—had collected....

Vampire shit. Count Vlad's ears. The phalanx of blind rats hanging over my head. These were insignificant next to the most sinister detail.

Vlad's eyes.

Vlad's eyes without his dark, ever-present sunglasses.

Two empty sockets.

Two eyes without eyes.

Two lagoons incarnate with crimson shores and depths of black blood.

His black sunglasses were his real eyes. They allowed him to see.

I don't know what affected me the most when I quickly shut the lid of the coffin in which Count Vlad slept.

I don't know if it was the horror itself.

I do not know if it was the surprise, the lack of tools to destroy him right then and there, my threatened, empty hands.

From Vlad by Carlos Fuentes, available from Dalkey Archive Press in July.



ARMED

(continued from page 62)

big with the open-carry set. They're what passes for truth.)

Like most open-carry guys, I have never drawn my gun in defense during a violent crime, though I did get my first gun and my concealed-weapon permit in Fort Lauderdale because of a crime. My wife and I were restoring an old house in a seedy neighborhood 20 years ago when our car was broken into. We called the cops. The cop who arrived looked around and said, "Only an asshole would live in this neighborhood without a gun." Even cops, it seems, are in favor of law-abiding citizens having guns, by a margin of almost three to one. They know that a number of courts have ruled the public has no inherent right to expect the police to protect them from crimes. As gun advocates put it, "When seconds count, the police are minutes away."

After the cop left, we went to the Dixie Gun Range, shot a few nine-millimeters, bought two, took a CWP course, went to the police station, were fingerprinted and had our prints sent to the FBI. Then we applied for our concealed-weapon permits. Florida was one of the first states to issue CWPs, in 1987. Since then all but a few states have passed some form of concealed- or open-carry laws, most of them with some restrictions. Such permits are denied convicted felons, domestic abusers, addicts, alcoholics and people with mental problems.

Once Florida passed its CWP law and other states followed suit, the Brady Campaign and other anti-gun groups immediately predicted bloodbaths on city streets from itchy-fingered gun toters. But according to separate studies by John Lott, then a fellow at the University of Chicago, and Gary Kleck, a criminologist at Florida State University, just the opposite occurred. Gun violence and serious crimes decreased in those states that allowed their citizens to be armed. In five years Florida's murder rate dropped 23 percent. In all states with CWP laws, murders decreased 8.5 percent. And as far as CWP holders being trigger-happy gunslingers, well, only 167 of the 1.7 million CWPs Florida has issued since 1987 have been revoked. It seems that people who willingly send their fingerprints to the FBI are disinclined to commit gun crimes. Nor are they inclined to brandish their guns as an

act of bravado or even to stop crimes from being committed. However, two such prominent instances occurred in south Florida after the passage of the CWP law. A barmaid was accosted in the parking lot of her condo late at night by a man pointing a gun at her. She quickly turned over her purse and her car keys, but when he had another thought and told her to get into her car with him, she pulled her .38 snub-nosed revolver from the back of her jeans and shot him between the eyes. Another man, in his 70s but very fit and muscular, was eating dinner at a Subway restaurant when two robbers entered, waving guns. They took the customers' wallets, then—another afterthought—began to herd them toward the bathroom. That's when the 71-year-old reached behind his back, pulled out his .45 caliber handgun and shot

an unprovoked attack. There is a good reason the law now allows a person to use lethal force in self-defense without the obligation to flee. Many such innocent people are old, infirm or just not physically fit and would not be able to outrun a younger, fitter thug, one possibly trying to shoot or stab them. The worst thing a person can do is turn his or her back on an attacker. But the question in any Stand Your Ground case is, Who is acting unlawfully? For instance, even if Zimmerman aggressively confronted Martin first but did so within the letter of the law, he would be considered an innocent bystander if Martin responded by attacking him.

We go outside and get in Jerry's big Ford F-350 four-door dually truck with the horse-

shoeing rig on back. He says, "One time a woman asked me if she could borrow my gun. She said, 'I wanna use it on this guy's been stalking me.' I declined." Jerry drives through rolling fields toward a shopping mall and the Longhorn restaurant. He tells me about a state representative who wanted to ban the sale of guns near a school because "it was in a pretty tough neighborhood." Jerry says, "Then you need more guns, not less." He says that one of the most crime-free cities in Georgia is Kennesaw, where the town council passed an ordinance some years back requiring every household to have a gun. If people didn't want a gun, they had to get an exemption from city hall.

Jerry had little history with guns until a few years ago. As a boy growing up in

the tiny Texas farm town of Bells, he never hunted with his father the way a lot of the other country boys did. He never really had firearms until he was a grown man and his brother convinced him to go hunting deer with him. "I bought a rifle and hunted for three or four years," Jerry says, "but I quit. It's no sport if they can't shoot back. But I did enjoy the camaraderie of hunting—you know, sitting around the campfire at night with the guys." When Jerry began carrying his 1911 a few years ago, it wasn't because he'd had any experiences with crime. It was just that he had a perception that "the world was a lot rougher today, with no respect for life like when I was a kid." This is a common thought among open-carry guys, a romantic yearning for a more innocent past that may or may not

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have existed. Jerry joined GeorgiaCarry.org and began carrying his 1911 openly. He carries concealed only on rare occasions—winter weather, dinner at friends' homes. "Some friends don't like it," he says. "Some it don't bother because they know I'm not totally crazy." He even carries openly to his chiropractor, who says each time, "I see you got the same old gun, Jerry."

Jerry was "very much on edge" and extremely conscious of his gun on his hip until he learned to carry it "like it belongs there, so people don't question me." He even carries in his house. His wife doesn't mind. When Jerry first started carrying, she noticed "how civil everyone is to you now." Jerry told her, "Yeah, and panhandlers don't bother me anymore either."

Jerry says he carries openly because "if I walk in some place and a bad guy sees me, he'll leave." Then he adds, "Look at me. Do I look tough? I've got a bad back, I can't run or fight, and I'm not going to take an ass whipping. There's crime everywhere."

I have carried a concealed weapon for almost 20 years, as has my wife, and we have had only two gun incidents between us. In the 1990s I went to the airport to meet a friend, forgot that my gun was in my carry bag and was arrested at the X-ray detector by two Broward County sheriffs. I spent 12 hours in a felony tank, where the other felons couldn't have been nicer to me once they found out that I was in the slammer for a gun crime. Eventually, the charge against me was dropped, adjudication withheld and my gun returned to me, though the whole sordid episode cost me \$3,000 in legal fees.

Another time, my wife, Susie, was returning to her car at the far end of the mall parking lot when she saw three seedy-looking men walking quickly toward her. She turned and faced them, reached into her handbag and pulled up her nine-millimeter until it was halfway out, and the three men ran off.

I carry a gun because, like most gun advocates, I'm determined never to become a victim. I often drive late at night while researching a story. I have no intention of getting stuck with a flat tire on some dark two-lane blacktop without protection. It's a mind-set a lot of people who are not from the South or West don't understand, the concept that an armed society is a polite society.

What protects law-abiding citizens from crimes in CWP states is not just their guns but the perception among bad guys that *anyone* might have a gun. It's a deterrent, like nuclear missiles during the Cold War. A nuclear war between the U.S. and the Soviet Union was avoided precisely *because* both sides had nuclear weapons. Liberal anti-gunners in cities like New York and L.A. are loath to admit this. Such cities have restrictive gun laws, so only the bad guys in those cities carry guns. Therefore, their citizens' perception of guns is always negative. This fact was driven home to me when I wrote a story about Steve Carlton, the Hall of Fame pitcher and survivalist who had many guns buried around his Durango, Colorado mountain retreat. Carlton and I talked a lot about guns. I wrote about those conversations, and when the story was published it was somewhat controversial. The *Today* show taped an interview with me. I was prepared for the most obvious question. "And do you

carry a gun?" the interviewer asked. I said yes. She asked why. I said, "Because it's my constitutional right, just like your right to vote." Needless to say, my response to that question was not aired.

Jerry and I have lunch at the Longhorn. Nobody much notices our guns as we walk to our table, except the hostess, who says nothing. We order from our waitress, a big, pretty woman named Shannon. There's a table of eight off to our left, a mother and father with their grown children, eating and laughing, oblivious to us.

Jerry says open-carry guys are a fraternity of sorts, like the Shriners but without the fezzes and tiny cars, men of various ages and backgrounds with one common interest. "We get together for carry lunches," says Jerry. "But we call the restaurant owner first to see if he has a problem with 10 guys carrying guns openly." (Although it is legal in Georgia and 30-odd other states to carry openly, some areas are off-limits: federal buildings, courthouses, schools, public buildings, churches, bars, sports events and any business that has a sign prohibiting guns. A violation of that sign is a criminal trespass, a misdemeanor, not a weapons felony.) At their lunches open-carry guys drink sweet tea and tell horror stories about crimes—an old lady robbed in a parking lot—but, curiously, not about crimes from their personal experience. Jerry says, "One of our members did have some guys coming toward him in a threatening way until they saw his gun and left."

Then there's the Waffle House story. Open-carry guys like to tell the Waffle House story. A couple of them were sitting in a Waffle House having breakfast when a man came in to case the joint. The man saw them, then went back to his buddies in the parking lot and told them to drive around until the two open-carry guys left. But before they did, a cop in a cruiser noticed the crew in their car acting suspiciously. He searched their car, found ski masks and shotguns and arrested them.

But mostly, Jerry says, "carry guys just compare their guns—you know, 'Mine's nicer than yours'"—like teenage boys comparing their souped-up cars at a drive-in or farmers around a cracker barrel bragging about the size of their tomatoes.

Open-carry advocacy is a relatively new phenomenon. It became a prominent issue in July 2004 after Virginia passed a law mandating that localities could not regulate anything firearm-related except for discharge. Since Virginia state law had never addressed open carry one way or the other, this meant it was now allowed across the entire state. After that, gun advocates across the country searched the laws and discovered more than 30 states had allowed open carry for years. A majority of those laws harked back to the 18th century, when most men carried long rifles for self-defense and hunting. But they made no distinction between long rifles and semiautomatic pistols. Since the Virginia mandate, open-carry advocates have been pushing the envelope



"She needs something that won't wrinkle when she stuffs it into the glove compartment."

of their states' laws at coffee shops in Washington and restaurants in California and in a host of other states. Since this is a new phenomenon, there are no studies yet to determine whether open carry deters or causes crime, as there are with concealed carry. Of course gun control advocates warned that Virginia's open-carry law would have everybody, as Kristen Rand, legislative director of the Violence Policy Center, put it, "packing heat and ready to engage in a shoot-out at the slightest provocation." Both sides in the gun debate, it seems, are determined to shoot themselves in the foot at the slightest provocation. Which is why they have done dueling studies, each trying to destroy the other's credibility.

John Lott, who has been called "the gun crowd's guru" by *Newsweek*, was criticized by anti-gunners for his methodology, but when these critics performed their own research, their results weren't much different from his. At best, they claimed that the decrease in violent crimes in CWP states was not as great as Lott said, but even they had to admit that the "massive bloodbath [gun opponents] feared" never happened. Some anti-gunners, like Kleck, even praised Lott's work. In his own research, Kleck came up with numbers similar to Lott's. He discovered that more than 2.5 million violent crimes are avoided each year by law-abiding citizens brandishing guns at attackers. In fact, when Kleck began his research, he told me he expected to find that violent crimes would increase with the advent of Florida's CWP law. He told me he was shocked at the

results of his own study. As for Lott's, it has been praised by John O. McGinnis, a professor at Northwestern University School of Law, and the late Milton Friedman, a Nobel laureate, who said, "John Lott has few equals as a perceptive analyst of controversial public policy issues."

During lunch Jerry says that ordinary-looking "white guys carrying openly are less threatening than younger black guys carrying openly. Hell, we could be cops. In DeKalb County blacks carrying openly don't fare too well. The cops tackle them first and take their guns away." There is an element of racism in the perception of open-carry guys. If blacks carried openly in south L.A. or Harlem, cops would immediately perceive them as a threat and throw them in the slammer, no questions asked.

Jerry admits this is true: "Every gun control law ever written was for a particular group. During Reconstruction in the South, gun control laws were intended to keep guns out of the hands of blacks. Gun control is what the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral was all about: Keep guns out of the hands of the Ike Clanton gang."

I get up to go to the bathroom. As I pass the table of eight, a girl in her 20s looks up, her eyes fixed on my gun, and I can see a look of apprehension in her eyes. In the men's room I stand at the urinal. I have to unbuckle my belt and hold my heavy gun with one hand while trying to keep my pants from falling to my ankles with the other. When I start to pee, my gun begins to slip down my leg. I grab at it with both hands and piss down my pants leg. My pants leg

kill people, people do." Jerry hands her his GeorgiaCarry.org card and says, "You might want to join." Shannon looks at it and says, "I just might."

GeorgiaCarry.org is similar to a national organization called OpenCarry.org, founded in 2004 by Mike Stollenwerk and John Pierce. Pierce is 44, married with three kids. He's a software engineer and newly minted law-school graduate who grew up in a "very, very rural part of southwestern Virginia," he tells me. "It was the kind of little town where no one locked their doors and everyone had 10 guns in the house. I never realized there was such a thing as gun control until I went to college." Pierce has been an NRA member since his 20s. He got his Virginia CWP in 1998 and began to carry openly in 2004. "People weren't aware of open-carry rights until the past few years," he says.

Like most open-carry guys, Pierce has never been the victim of a crime in the United States. (A mugger once robbed him, with a knife, when he visited London.) The only time he has drawn his gun was to shoot a raccoon that was killing his chickens. "I don't fit the anti-gunners' stereotype," he says. "I'm not very macho. I'm classically liberal. I'm pro-immigration and pro-gay rights. We are not a political movement like the Tea Party. We have only one issue. Our lifestyle is being attacked when we are not allowed to carry guns openly. If we could, we'd go away. I'd gladly have my taxes doubled if every state let every law-abiding citizen carry

openly without government permission. We want to normalize open carry."

Pierce says there are two negatives to concealed carry: The bad guys don't know who has a gun, and concealed carry is considered a privilege granted by the state. Virginia, unlike Georgia, does not require its citizens to have a permit to carry openly, though it does require a CWP to carry concealed. Pierce thinks carrying openly is more a deterrent to crime than concealed carry is. He points, as proof, to the time one OpenCarry.org member was in a bank. He was making a transaction with a teller when he saw her eyes suddenly get wide. He turned to see what was terrifying her. A man in a ski mask had run into the bank, then skidded to a halt when he saw the open-carry guy's gun and ran back out.


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is soaking wet. I dab at it with paper towels. It helps only a little. So I go over to the hand dryer, raise my leg as high as I can and blow-dry my pants. A guy walks in and stops. He stares at me straddling the dryer like I'm trying to hump it. He shakes his head and mutters, "Jesus, they're everywhere," and leaves.

When I get back to Jerry and tell him what happened, he laughs and says, "Taking a piss is the hardest part of carrying a gun on your hip."

I pay our bill, but before the waitress leaves, I ask her if she had any problem with our guns openly displayed. Shannon says, "I didn't bat an eyelash. I never heard a customer complain. My father and grandfather are lifetime NRA members." Then she adds, "It's our constitutional right. Guns don't

Before I get off the phone with Pierce, he makes a point of telling me, "You have to understand, I am a single-issue guy. This issue is the focus of my ideological life."

After lunch Jerry and I wander around Walmart for a while. We buy some ammo from a friendly saleswoman. I try to impress her. I make a big deal of checking the velocity of each box of bullets, showing off, being gun cool—what most men want, an expertise of their own that separates them from the placid herd. Then we go to the check-out line. The guy behind us sees our guns and moves to another line. "Walmart is a gun-friendly place," says Jerry. Like Home Depot and Best Buy and Starbucks. "I'm working on a list of gun-friendly places for GeorgiaCarry.org," he says. "Atlanta is a tough place to open carry because there are schools everywhere. You could be walking through a school zone and not even know it and get arrested." Georgia's carry laws are somewhat schizophrenic. The state legislature passed a law allowing open carry in Atlanta's Hartsfield-Jackson International Airport, so people will be able to carry a pistol openly on their hip but will have to take their shoes off to prove they don't have a hidden weapon. In fact, open carry is allowed in many places in Georgia where people congregate, such as on Marta, Atlanta's mass transit system. However, it is against the law to eat on a Marta subway train.

The police chief of Fairburn is James McCarthy. "I'm not a typical police chief," he says. "I'm a bigger gun nut than most police chiefs." McCarthy respects open-

carry guys, of whom he says, "I've never had a complaint. I'm not opposed to open carry. I just think they're inviting trouble. They could be perceived as guys looking for trouble, which is not true. I think the more armed decent citizens we have, the better it is. If everybody wore a gun, it wouldn't matter." But since everybody doesn't wear a gun openly, he says, all open-carry guys are doing is inviting unwanted scrutiny. "Why tell everyone you have a gun?" he says. "Someone might just want to shoot your ass. But I never heard a negative comment about open-carry guys. I suppose it could be a deterrent if you already know somebody's armed."

McCarthy says that in his 30 years as an officer, he has never had a problem with a permitted gun carrier. In fact, he can only recall hearing about one crime involving a legally permitted weapon, and that involved a machine gun. Then he says to me, "Did you ever shoot a machine gun with a suppressor?" I say no. He says, "Man, machine guns are cool. The next time you come to Fairburn, let me know. I'll take you out shooting machine guns." I tell him I'd like that.

Jerry and I are taking a walk in the hot sun around the square in Newnan on a sleepy, uneventful day. A yuppie couple at an outdoor table at the Redneck Gourmet stare at us and our exposed guns, whisper to each other, then go back to their food. Jerry's back is beginning to bother him. All those horses he's shod, bending over, his back aching. So we find a bench in the shade and sit down. I'm tired too, and drained from all the tension. Jerry says open-carry guys just want to go through

an uneventful day. For them, maybe. But not for others. Not for me. This day has been anything but uneventful for me. All day I've felt this unbearable pressure while wandering around with my gun exposed, looking everywhere for disapproval or fear or a challenge or maybe just a police officer who doesn't give a shit about the Second Amendment and was going to run us in just for the hell of it to teach us a lesson.

Jerry says, "If the laws were changed tomorrow, we'd all just go back to what we been doing. OpenCarry.org probably would no longer exist. We're not like the NRA. If the NRA doesn't have gun control opposition, there's no way Wayne LaPierre [executive vice president of the NRA] would be getting that huge salary each year to fight gun control. The NRA needs an enemy. We don't. We're independent from the NRA. They don't listen to us." In fact, the NRA is ambivalent toward open carry. The organization tries not to criticize it, but it doesn't like the unwanted attention it draws to the NRA agenda. Alan Gottlieb, founder of the Second Amendment Foundation, calls open carry "flaunting" because "it scares people." Open-carry advocates have scared people by walking around Salt Lake City International Airport with their guns. They've scared people on picnic outings at Silverdale Waterfront Park in Washington state. But mostly they have scared people by openly carrying guns at venues where President Obama was speaking. On August 11, 2009 William Kostric took his loaded handgun to a town hall meeting hosted by Obama in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, under the watchful eyes of the Secret Service. On August 16, 2009 about a dozen people carried openly outside the Phoenix Convention Center, where Obama was speaking. Kostric carried a sign that read IT'S TIME TO WATER THE TREE OF LIBERTY. What he left off the sign were the last words of that sentence, which Thomas Jefferson wrote more than 200 years ago: "with the blood of patriots and tyrants." Which is why open-carry advocates have been called a "liability" to the NRA and a "wild card." OpenCarry.org is the redheaded stepchild of the NRA. It's an organization that doesn't police itself, doesn't do background checks on its members, doesn't separate the ordinary, peaceful citizens like Jerry Henry from the lunatic fringe who make threats about the blood of tyrants. That lunatic minority taints everyone who open carries in a way that concealed carriers aren't tainted. CWP holders are screened by their local police and the FBI, which solidifies their law-abiding-citizen bona fides. I feel righteous when I carry concealed, but I feel a little bit dangerous when I carry openly.

Jerry and I get back to his ranch outside of Fairburn late in the afternoon. His wife, daughter, granddaughter, sister and a neighbor woman are feeding the horses. Jerry introduces me to the women. I say, "How can you handle all these women, Jerry?" The women laugh. Jerry says, "I know how to handle women." His wife says, "Yeah, that's why he has to carry a gun, because he can't handle us."



"You're probably wondering why I invited you all here...."



BIONIC MAN

(continued from page 100)

station on its summit clocked 231 mph—the strongest recorded blow in history.

Herr and Batzer knew all this but still decided to leave their extra backpack—containing food, clothes and sleeping bags—at the base of the climb. Herr figured that without the added weight they could make it up and back more quickly, an important consideration, as a big storm was heading their way.

They did make good time, climbing four pitches of ice in less than an hour and a half, reaching the top of Odell's before 10 A.M. But the top of Odell's is not the top of Mount Washington. The apex lies some 1,000 feet higher. Not many climbers, at least not in winter, make a summit bid. Herr and Batzer decided to give it a try.

The storm arrived soon after. Temperatures fell far below zero; the wind gusted over 70 mph. Maybe they made it to the summit, maybe they turned back early; in those whiteout conditions it was impossible to tell. What we know is that they never made it back to their planned descent route, instead trekking into the largest ravine in the White Mountains, a vast icy wildlands known as the Great Gulf.

When nightfall came and they hadn't returned, a search-and-rescue effort was mounted. Over the next three days dozens of people fanned out over Mount Washington. Some went on foot, others by snowmobile. Helicopters canvassed the area. It was a brutal effort. An avalanche caught two

members of the North Conway Mountain Rescue Service, Michael Hartrick and Albert Dow. Hartrick walked away from the incident. Dow wasn't so lucky. The slide swept him into a tree: his back snapped, his chest crushed, his death nearly instantaneous. He was 28 years old.

Herr and Batzer, meanwhile, were still lost in the wilderness.

They spent three long days wandering through the Great Gulf, three longer nights huddled in prayer. The temperatures stayed below freezing. In the beginning, they hugged each other for warmth. Later, when they could no longer stand it, they let go of their embrace, wanting the cold, the frozen relief of a quicker death.

On the fourth day, with a turn of fortune that in other times would have been

called divine providence, a snowshoer found them hidden beneath a boulder, barely alive. They were medevaced to a hospital that specialized in frostbite and hypothermia, then transferred farther afield. But the gangrene was too severe. Two weeks later, Batzer's doctor amputated his right thumb and four fingers down to the first joint; three days after that they came back and took his left foot and the toes from his right. Herr was in worse shape. Both his feet were black, the skin ragged, his toes fused together. In just over a month's time, he had seven surgeries. None did much good. His feet could not be saved. For his last surgery, doctors performed a pair of standard below-knee amputations—six inches below the knee, to be exact, long

to active combat duty was during the Civil War. But the Army was Rozelle's life.

He was born in Dallas in 1972 and grew up as the child of patriots. His father served with the Air Force, raising him on stories of duty, honor and the importance of American freedom. But as with so many other Americans, it wasn't just these values that drove Rozelle into the military—it was the need for a paycheck.

Rozelle went to Davidson College in North Carolina on a football scholarship. Unfortunately, he was also working three jobs and barely making ends meet. A good friend, meanwhile, was in ROTC and having no such trouble. So Rozelle went to talk to the recruiter, who sent him to Fort Benning's Airborne School. "This guy knew his job," says Rozelle. "Sending a 19-year-old to go jump out of airplanes? Of course I fell in love with the Army."

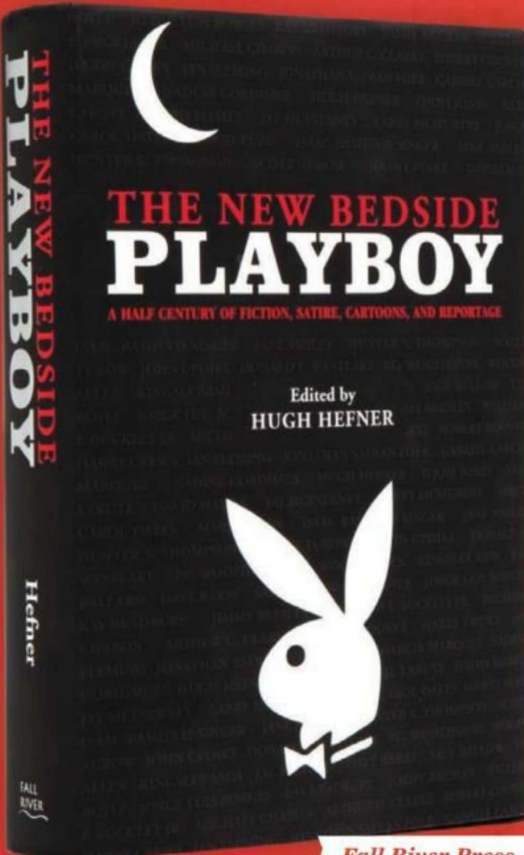
After graduation Rozelle went to Fort Knox to train as a tank commander, spent the early years of his career working at Fort Hood and saw his first operational deployment in 1999, in Kuwait. Afterward, it was on to Korea for top-secret war planning and a second life playing semipro rugby. He finally made it back home to a dream job at Fort Carson in Colorado, close to the mountains and the skiing he loved.

On 9/11 that dream ended. Rozelle reported for duty. And then, after more than a decade in the military, he killed his first man. "As a Christian," he says, "killing went against everything I believed. But this was war and it was either him or me. It was like living a nightmare."

There would be other nightmares.

Morphine is just about the only workable shield against the pain of amputation, but opiate addiction is a frequent side effect. After eight excruciating surgeries, a quarantine at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center and phantom pains as severe as those he experienced when he'd first been blown up, Rozelle kicked a morphine habit cold turkey. Now that was a fucking nightmare.

He replaced the habit with another: physical therapy. Rozelle had deployed for Iraq weighing 220. Now he was down to 175. The mirror was not his friend. He wanted his body back, his life back. His wife was about to give birth to their first child; he needed to set an example. Plus, President Bush had told Rozelle that he could come down to the Crawford ranch for a run whenever he was ready.



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considered the right length for plugging stumps into prosthetics.

Herr woke from surgery screaming—his physical pain otherworldly, his psychological torment even worse. He had been an awkward child, shy, not very good at school; his self-worth, his self-image, his entire being was tied to stone. He needed rock climbing like most people need air.

While Herr's fear of never climbing again was overwhelming, even worse was his remorse over Albert Dow's death. Mountaineers live by a strict code: Never endanger another's life. Herr had violated this rule. The guilt was crushing.

The last time an American soldier with injuries as extensive as David Rozelle's returned

Rozelle decided to get ready. Half an hour after being fitted with his first pair of prosthetics, with his stumps still raw, Rozelle was outside: running, jumping, doing push-ups.

Still, reality was settling in. "Ever since my injury, I was waiting for this magic prosthesis that would make me feel healed. I was ready to be healed. But then I got my first leg and realized how wrong I had been. There was no quick fix. The prosthesis sucked. I had lost my foot and was going to be like this forever."

And herein lies the rub. While prosthetic devices are among mankind's earliest inventions (they date back to Egypt circa 1069 B.C.), progress has been exceedingly slow. "At the time I got hurt," says Rozelle, "there was no major difference between the prosthetic limb I was using and the ones soldiers got coming back from Vietnam."

All this, though, was starting to change. "For the first time in history," says Rozelle, smiling and quoting the opening monologue of *The Six Million Dollar Man*, "we can rebuild him. We have the technology."

And the reason we can rebuild him?

There are several. One is the more than 1,400 men and women who have lost limbs in the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan: a sad parade that reinvented our national conscience and sent research dollars flooding back into the field. Additionally, over the past decade, revolutionary breakthroughs in a bevy of whiz-bang technologies—robotics, nanotechnology, tissue engineering, machine-brain interfaces, to name but a few—have begun leaking into the medical arts. Money and technology alone did not close this gap. To understand how this really came together, you need to start some 21 years ago, with a 17-year-old boy named Hugh Herr and his very big debt to pay.

Ten days after surgery, Herr couldn't wait any longer. He had to know if he could climb. He began sneaking out of his hospital bed, dragging himself over to the window, trying to do pull-ups on the ledge. A letter arrived from President Reagan. "I know you are a young man with a very brave heart," it read. The president didn't know the half of it.

Five weeks after surgery, Herr got his first set of legs. Called pylons, they were made of plaster and attached by straps above the knee. The first two times Herr left the hospital, his doctors refused to let him take the pylons along—for fear he would try to climb. The third time, less than 10 weeks after Herr had lost his legs, his brother and frequent climbing partner, Tony, drove him to a Pennsylvania crag called Safe Harbor.

Herr had come to attempt a 60-foot intermediate route that, before the accident, he could have done blindfolded. Maybe he could do so again, but first he had to make it up the long hikers' trail that led to the bottom of the cliff. Herr stumbled along on his canes. Then his brother carried him piggyback. When the ground steepened further, Herr got down on all fours and dragged himself up the path.

At the base of the climb, Tony scampered off to set a top rope, leaving Herr alone at the bottom, staring upward. Here, at last, was the

stone test he was desperate to pass. He had no idea what would happen next; he only knew that his whole life depended on it.

Herr made his first move. One good hold led to another and then another, and his legs didn't cause much trouble. He rose higher. Getting to that climb had kicked his ass, but as soon as he made his initial moves, he came to a startling realization: He could climb better than he could walk.

It was the first of a series of startling revelations. Herr still had to finish his senior year of high school. He spent much of that time climbing, much of it working in a machine shop at school—building his own prosthetic legs. Lifelike aesthetics play a role in normal prosthetics, but Herr had a different goal in mind. "I realized that I didn't need human feet," he says. "I needed climbing tools. If I could build the right kind of appendage, one customized for a vertical world, I could erase my disability with technology."

Herr built a huge assortment of vertically customized prosthetics: climbing legs with crampons for feet, short legs for certain routes, longer ones for others. One early masterpiece was a pair of bladed, beveled feet, narrow at the toe, wider at the heel, perfect for fitting into cracks.

"I realized that I didn't need human feet," Herr says. "I needed climbing tools. If I could build the right kind of appendage, I could erase my disability with technology."

With these tools, Herr earned himself a new nickname: Mechanical Boy. It wasn't long before he was climbing at his previous level. Pretty soon, he was better than before. In August 1983, in conjunction with a trio of other professional climbers, Herr helped establish one of America's first legitimate 5.13+ climbs—on homemade prosthetic limbs.

In the history of the world, no other disabled athlete had ever performed at this level. Herr's success on the rock was merely a proof of concept: "It's where I learned that people aren't disabled," he says. "Technology is disabled." So Herr decided to improve the technology, to devote his life to building better bionic limbs. He had finally figured out a way to pay his debt.

"Climbing taught me to focus," recounts Herr, "to distill problems down to critical components and stick with them until they were solved. So while I wasn't the brightest student, I had a good toolbox and could learn hard subjects."

He excelled at physics at Millersville University in Pennsylvania and displayed genius as an inventor, earning his first patent—for a much more comfortable limb-socket interface built around inflatable bladders—before the end of his senior

year. He went on to earn a master's in mechanical engineering from MIT and a doctorate in biophysics from Harvard. Somewhere in between, he stumbled upon the puzzle that would occupy his next 15 years: human motion.

"Human motion doesn't seem like it should be a puzzle," says Herr. "We've been studying it for a very long time, but it's really a black hole. We can't even give sophisticated answers to simple questions. What does a muscle do? Well, we're not exactly sure."

First as a graduate student and later, in his current role as head of the biomechanics research group at MIT's Media Lab, Herr decided the best approach was to mimic nature's designs. He started with "embodied intelligence." Amputees had been making do with dumb prosthetics, but our natural limbs are incredibly smart. When your leg moves, all your nervous system needs to do is increase or decrease muscle stiffness, because every other decision is made automatically by the limb's internal design. Herr decided it was time to apply similar principles to prosthetics.

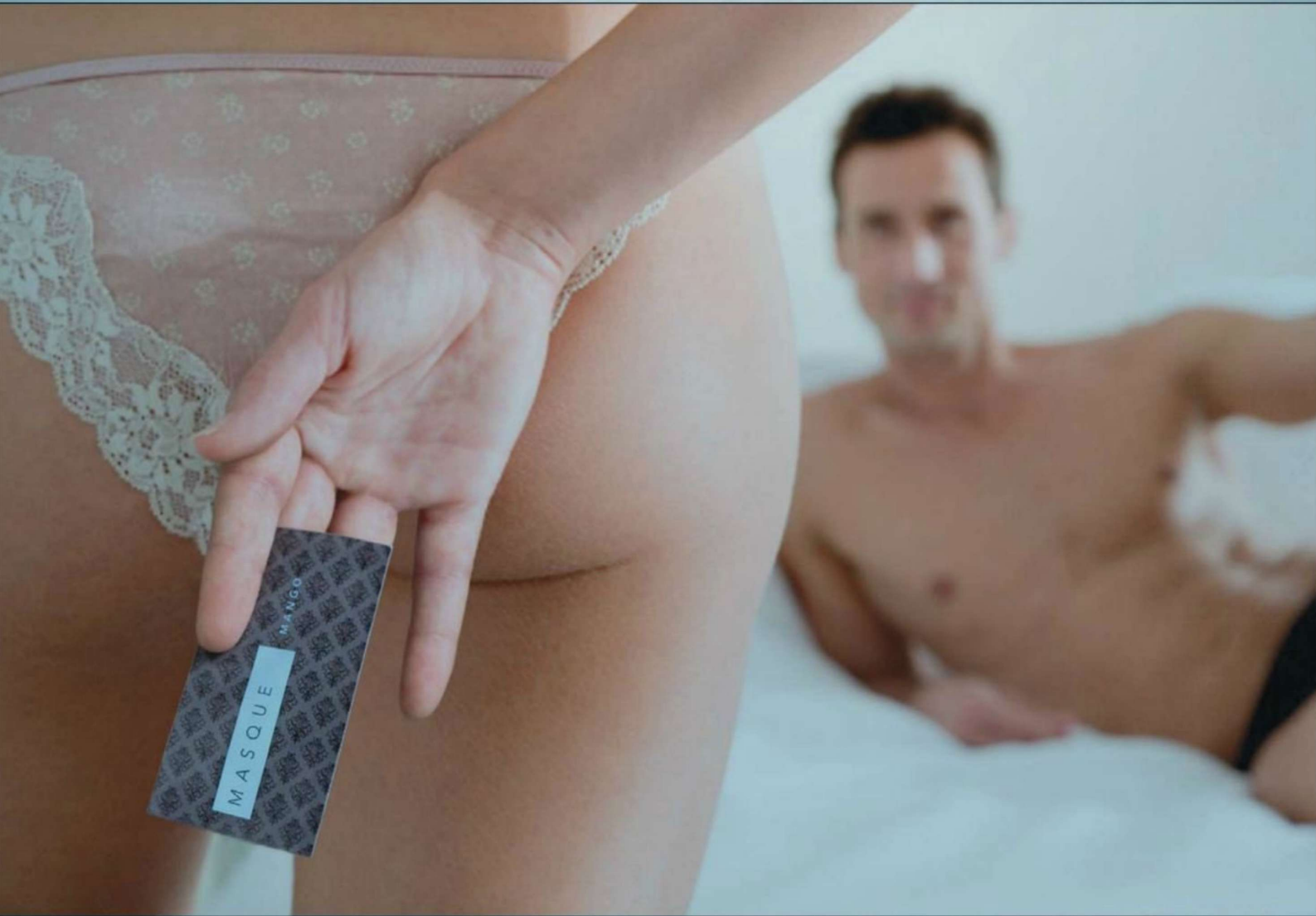
In the late 1990s he began working on a smarter knee. He packed it with microsensors capable of measuring joint angle and load at a rate of a thousand times per second. The data were then fed into a computer chip that regulated a magnetic field that impacted iron particles floating in an oil mixture surrounding the knee joint. The result was the world's first artificially intelligent prosthetic—a knee able to adjust dampening on the fly. Even better, the knee could learn, so performance improved over time.

The prosthesis was brought to market as the Rheo Knee by the Icelandic firm Ossur. *Time* named it one of 2004's best inventions, and *Fortune* called it one of the best products of the year. "Using artificial intelligence to control the Rheo Knee was a major step forward for the industry," says Dr. Richard Satava, professor of surgery at the University of Washington Medical Center and former program manager for advanced biomedical technology at the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA). But Herr was only getting started.

In the fall of 2003, Rozelle started swimming and began to excel in the weight room. Pretty soon he was bench-pressing 300 pounds. In February, Rozelle did two minutes each of push-ups and sit-ups and swam for 800 yards—passing the Army physical-training test in the top 19th percentile for his age group. He took the next step at Vail. Skiing turned out to be no problem; so did snowboarding. By the end of that week in Vail, Rozelle had taken to heart the motto of Disabled Sports USA—"If I can do this, I can do anything."

Top among the things Rozelle was interested in doing was finding a way to provide better support for returning wounded soldiers. At the start of the second Gulf war, there was little in the way of follow-up psychological care. He started visiting wounded soldiers at Walter Reed, began to work with the U.S. Olympic Committee

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Paralympic Military and Veteran Programs and became a representative for Disabled Sports USA. But as a national spokesman for disabled soldiers, Rozelle knew the best way he could help was to set a great example. Maybe it really was time to take Kievenaar up on his offer.

This was the Army, so of course there was paperwork. What with the forms and the letters and the meetings, the process to get cleared by the medical evaluation board took time. But Rozelle pushed, and on March 4, 2004 he was declared fit for duty.

Rozelle spent the next few months working at Fort Carson and was given a new command on June 17, 2004, four days before the first anniversary of his injury. Two weeks later, Rozelle was back in Iraq, commanding troops on the same field of battle where he'd sustained his injury.

During his first tour back, Rozelle broke three prosthetic feet. His life was never seriously endangered, but that was mostly a matter of luck. Rozelle was frustrated. In the coming years he wrote dozens of articles about this issue, all of them containing the line "We can send an astronaut into space, but we can't build a better prosthetic device?"

After completing work on the Rheo, Herr set his sights on a much more ambitious challenge: to create an artificial ankle that perfectly mimicked the fluidity of the normal human gait. A lot was at stake. Most amputees walk with a limp. Over time, even the smallest deviations in motion can compound into enormous problems. The constant chafing destroys flesh, nerve and bone, often requiring surgeries to repair.



"Well, so much for the tall dark stranger."

Around 2002, Herr went to work on a radically new bionic body part. It would be far smarter than anything ever designed. The Rheo's one computer became five in the new device. He also added a battery pack, more sensors and Bluetooth. Robotics were used to replicate the action of the foot, Achilles tendon and calf muscle—creating what Herr calls "powered plantar flexion."

Herr also started rethinking the design. As a climber, especially after his accident, Herr had a flamboyant style. In a sport then dominated by earth tones, he favored dyed red hair, dangling feather earrings and neon blue tights. Add to that his customized climbing prosthetics—essentially daggers protruding from his legs—and the effect was startling. Herr wanted something similar from his prosthetics. "People kept making devices that were ugly, that screamed *disabled*. I wanted to make devices that were sexy and scary and powerful, man-machine hybrids that replace the notion of disabled with the healthy reverence we feel for the Terminator."

In 2005 word started leaking out that Hugh Herr was building the world's first bionic ankle. By then, Rozelle was back from his second tour in Iraq, living in Washington, D.C. and helping Walter Reed build a better center for amputees. He definitely heard about Herr's work. "Cyborg limb replacement," he says. "Oh yeah, I knew all about Herr's dream. We all did."

The following year, in June 2006, at a No Limits Foundation event in Lake Tahoe, Nevada, Rozelle met Herr for the first time. They hit it off, sitting poolside, drinking beer. "I gave him a rash of shit about progress on the ankle," recounts Rozelle. "I wanted one. He kept saying it wasn't ready."

Fabricating a bionic body part for a guy like Rozelle was no small matter. Between 2005 and 2007, mostly wearing a carbon-fiber running leg that operated at a 30 percent energy deficit, Rozelle finished more than a dozen sprint- and Olympic-distance triathlons, five marathons, seven half-Ironman events and his first full-scale Ironman triathlon (2.4-mile swim, 112-mile bike ride and 26.2-mile run); his time was fast enough to qualify for the world championships in Kona, Hawaii. There, Rozelle covered the fabled Ironman course in 12 hours and 46 minutes. He saluted as he crossed the finish line, placing in the bottom third of the field but still ahead of dozens of able-bodied competitors. "It's pretty strange to see guys with two legs looking at me with jealousy," says Rozelle, "but that's what happened."

Meanwhile, with all the wounded soldiers returning from battle, the military continued to fund bionic research. In 2006, DARPA contracted inventor Dean Kamen, who specializes in revolutionary medical devices, to develop a new kind of arm.

As Kamen put it, "DARPA wanted me to build an arm-hand combo that could pick up a grape without breaking it, which requires very fine haptic sensing; lift a raisin without dropping it, which requires fine motor control and wrist, elbow and shoulder flexibility; be entirely self-contained, including the power supply; weigh less than nine pounds; and fit on a 50th-percentile female

frame, 32 inches from the long finger to the shoulder. And even better, I had to finish the job in two years. So you know, I told them they were completely nuts."

But Kamen's conscience got the better of him and he took the job. He completed the beta version right on schedule, naming the device the Luke Arm after that fabled *Star Wars* amputee, Luke Skywalker. (The Luke Arm is now undergoing clinical trials.)

"It was an exciting time," says Rozelle. "There was finally some hope for real progress."

In 2007, Herr finished the beta version of the BiOM, as his bionic ankle is now known. Five computers and 12 sensors give the BiOM sufficient intelligence to read and react to differences in terrain and slope—meaning it's the first robotic foot that can be used to walk uphill. Unlike traditional prosthetic devices, to which a person must adapt his walking style, the BiOM gathers gait data to attune itself to the wearer. This is what the Bluetooth is for: The world's first true bionic limb is programmable by means of an Android phone.

Time named the BiOM one of the best inventions of 2007. Other accolades followed, but there was significantly more work to be done before the device was ready for the general public. "The dominant challenge was durability," says Herr. "I was building a prosthetic leg. It's a transportation device. It can't fail. But if it's going to last five years, then it has to be capable of taking 6 million steps—because that's how many the average person takes in that period. Look, there's nothing like the human body. There are versions that can walk without failure for 80 years. I was trying for just five—but this was not a trivial problem in robotics."

By late 2010 Herr felt the BiOM was durable enough for human trials. Because the military was funding much of the work, soldiers were the obvious crash-test dummies. Plus, Rozelle had challenged Herr to build a device for guys like him—so who better to try it out?

In January 2011 he got his shot. Rozelle became the world's second official bionic man (one other soldier had been fitted before him). As soon as the BiOM was attached, Rozelle went in search of the toughest terrain he could find. "The prosthetists were so happy," he says. "They were used to seeing guys just walk up and down the hallway. I went outside and found a hill to walk up and down at an angle. It was pretty amazing. I immediately felt I had my real foot back."

Over the next year, Rozelle and a couple dozen other veteran amputees put the BiOM through its paces. "It was an incredible process," recalls Tim McCarthy, the CEO of iWalk, the company that builds the BiOM. "Over the past 20 years I've introduced dozens of new products—none like this. People put on the BiOM and burst into tears." Herr had seen it too: "Grizzled truck drivers, guys who haven't shed a tear in 20 years, just sobbing."

But the biggest deal—what many think the BiOM's real legacy will be—is a massive reduction in health care costs. With less pain and exhaustion, amputees don't stop

moving around. They lose weight (tens of pounds), reduce their pain meds (some by up to two thirds) and return to work (for the first time in years). The real proof is that the device costs about \$60,000, yet workers' compensation agents are requesting it, feeling that the savings in medical costs later will more than cover the high price tag. "Beyond changing lives," says McCarthy, "this has a huge economic benefit. Over time, it's going to save millions of dollars."

Herr, meanwhile, isn't close to being done. He's beginning to work on an above-the-knee version of the BiOM and is finishing work on the world's first true bionic exoskeleton, a revolutionary kind of knee brace for able-bodied people that he hopes will be commercially available by 2015. "Right now," he says, "one of the worst parts of growing old is losing the ability to move around. So imagine taking the bionics in the BiOM and turning it into a strap-on device, something that can restore strength and function to the elderly or anyone with a bum knee."

Over the past 30 years, Hugh Herr became the first disabled athlete to outperform able-bodied ones at an expert level. He then helped bring prosthetics into the modern age; next he became the first to forge ahead into the bionic era. Already he has bettered thousands of lives. In light of all this, the assumption might be that his debt to Albert Dow—the rescuer who perished so many years ago on Mount Washington—would be paid. But Herr would disagree.

"If you ask me if I've done great things in my life, well, I'm very self-critical, so the answer is, 'Not yet,'" he says. "But that's almost beside the point. Has that debt been paid? I would say no, never. That debt can never be repaid."

On a rainy day in February 2012, David Rozelle and a couple of friends approach the curb of a busy three-lane street in Denver. Rozelle, wearing his BiOM, is lost in conversation, not really thinking about what he's doing. There's a momentary break in traffic, and he decides to make a run for it. Leaving his friends behind, he bounces off the curb and darts across the first lane, freezes midstride to let an oncoming car pass, then dashes across the next lane, pausing to make sure he's still clear, and across the final lane, even jumping over a puddle as he hops back onto the sidewalk. Rozelle didn't even realize that he'd jaywalked until it was pointed out later.

Herr smiles when he hears this story. "Everything I've done has been to copy nature. That's the true definition of bionics—using technology for the emulation or extension of natural biological function. And we humans are spinal animals. To hear that David could pull off this kind of ballet without thinking about it—that's exactly a spinal animal phenomenon. It worked. Somehow we captured lightning in a bottle."

"Yeah," says Rozelle, "but the mad scientists who designed the jet pack, they're never remembered. The crazy son of a bitch who flew it? He'll be celebrated forever."



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RHYS IFANS

(continued from page 97)

greedy by stopping at nothing to regain his arm. In that pursuit, I become a large, scaly, strong, sexy creature.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Even good actors can be overshadowed by special effects, CGI and motion-capture technology. How do you avoid that fate?

IFANS: What can be done now with motion capture is fucking incredible, right down to facial movements and tics, so there are a lot of effects and CGI for my character. While many superhero movies are kind of operatic in their performances, this one is very human and surprisingly intimate and small. Somehow, the 3-D makes it even more effective by putting those understandable human characters into this big, fantastic world.

Q4

PLAYBOY: We've been saturated with superheroes in movies and have already had a trilogy of Tobey Maguire *Spider-Man* flicks. How does *The Amazing Spider-Man* stand out?

IFANS: Whereas Superman is a godlike guy from another planet and Batman is this mysterious, unknowable billionaire, everyone in *Spider-Man* is human and flawed. Peter Parker is an awkward, bullied high school kid going through the changes of puberty. There's a universal and appealing aspect to that story.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're a long way from your hometown in Wales. Were you an awkward kid?

IFANS: No, any teenager in a small town in Wales is going to get into a modicum of trouble. As a youth, there were drugs and drinking; it's a prerequisite. I was a regular, badly behaved teenager—chastised and punished but always supported, unlike most kids. I was also very political, as were my parents and younger brother. It was a fiery, embattled time in Wales in the mid-1980s. We were suffering under the Thatcher government, and she was decimating the mining industry and the unions. She turned a generation selfish and greedy. As a young

man who spoke Welsh, a language that wasn't even spoken on television then, you could not help but be politicized.

Q6

PLAYBOY: As a Welshman, which of your countrymen meant more to you, Tom Jones or Dylan Thomas?

IFANS: Hearing Tom Jones sing shakes me to the bones, but Dylan Thomas was more present in my upbringing. Growing up, I was entrenched in his relationship with language. Before I performed *Under Milk Wood* at the National Theatre in 1995, I went back to Wales, to this small village where Dylan wrote the vast majority of his work, and to Browns Hotel, where he drank the vast majority of his drink. I finished my jug and got the idea to spend the night on his grave, a very Thomas-esque thing to do. I was hoping for some osmosis, and it kind of worked.

Q7

PLAYBOY: The tabloids widely reported your former relationship with actress Sienna Miller and your friendship with model Kate Moss, and you're currently in a relationship with Anna Friel. Have you always been surrounded by beautiful women?

IFANS: Well, it's never been housewives for me. I like strong, independent women—as any strong, independent man should. As a pre-pubescent I watched a lot of Tarzan movies, and then suddenly along came this Jane in the form of Raquel Welch in *One Million Years B.C.*, with those beautiful tits and that voluptuousness. My God, you don't get bodies like that anymore. She was a real woman.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Did Raquel Welch's status as an erotic fantasy figure last into your puberty?

IFANS: Yes, but my first masturbatory icon was Debbie Harry from Blondie. I was besotted. I can't remember which video it was in, but she had on this asymmetric dress and had bleached hair in front. What really turned me on was this black bit she had in her hair. Oh man.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Did you ever write Raquel Welch, Debbie Harry or anyone else a fan letter?

IFANS: When I was 18 or 19 I wrote letters to Howard Marks when he was in prison. It was just astounding to me that this guy, who was also a Welshman, had traveled the world and at any given time was possibly responsible for the trafficking of one third of the world's marijuana. So what's a young, pot-smoking punk-rocker kid from north Wales going to do? You write to him and say, "Don't worry. There's somebody thinking about you. And by the way, thank you for all the pot." We met up when he came out of prison and became great friends, and of course I played him in the 2010 movie *Mr. Nice*. That's the best bit of networking I've ever done.

Q10

PLAYBOY: How do you recall your first real-world sexual experience?

IFANS: It happened in Wales, and as far as I can remember, I didn't do too badly. Before that I had pretty much seen naked women only in magazines an older boy brought to camp from his dad's garage. The magazines were full of women with vaginas with big Fidel Castro beards, which was kind of overwhelming.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Raquel Welch's breasts and Debbie Harry's streak of black hair. Did you find you were a breast man or a leg man, or do you have some other particular turn-on?

IFANS: I learned early that I'm not a tit man or a butt man. I don't view women in that way. If I'm anything, I'm a smile man, but I like the whole package in all its cacophony.

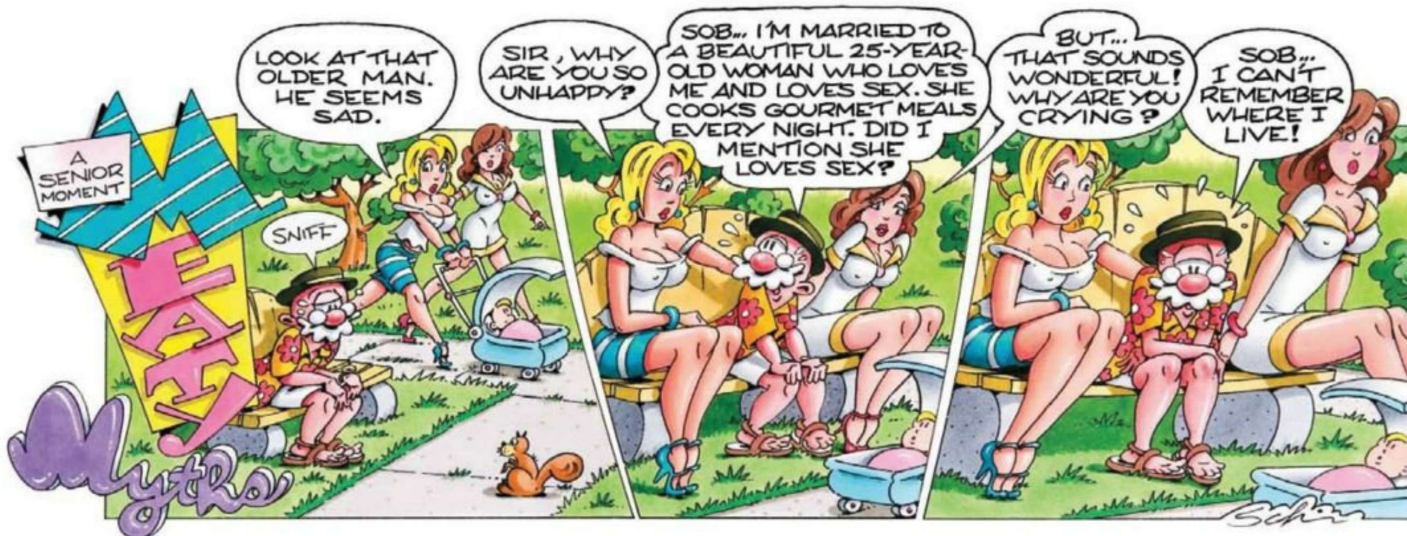
Q12

PLAYBOY: What do you think are the best qualities you have to offer a woman?

IFANS: Beyond my three penises, a sense of humor goes a long way. I'm also kind of unaware of myself. I don't find beauty intimidating. I never run away from a sunset.

Q13

PLAYBOY: When you decided to pursue acting professionally, how motivated were you by the chance to be around the incredible-looking women who tend to be attracted to the business?



IFANS: I was 16 when I went to Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. I remember walking into the school and being presented with reams of women who had these fucking huge love bites on their necks. Either mentally or physically, I actually rubbed my hands together like a slobbering wolf, thinking, This is gonna be tremendous. I realized after a couple of days that these women weren't actually rampant in their sexual acting out but were violinists who would play and practice so hard on a daily basis that the fiddle would leave a love bite. Once I figured that out, I got off on a sexual-romantic thing that their instruments actually gnawed them every day. At the time, it was a huge letdown.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Even though you did stage and TV work in Great Britain, many of us saw you first as the hilariously primal, slovenly flatmate of Hugh Grant in *Notting Hill*. How did the posh Grant and Julia Roberts take to your decision to omit showering, brushing your teeth and other hygienic niceties during filming?

IFANS: They were both very gracious, but Julia never saw me as I normally look so she probably thought I was some guy they found in the street. It wasn't so much a Method acting approach I was taking; it was quite simply that we were filming at Shepperton, a studio that can take several nightmarish hours to get to and from. I thought, How am I going to get around this torturous journey? So I got a tent and a sleeping bag and camped near the studio, which sort of helped with the whole unkemptness of the character. Due to insurance and liability issues, a limo still had to show up to drive me to the studio. So every day this guy who owned the campsite would watch me walk across the field, get into a limo and be driven away.

Q15

PLAYBOY: In the early 1990s you were involved with the Welsh psychedelic-electronic rock group Super Furry Animals and more recently have been part of the group the Peth. Do you feel a tug-of-war between acting and music?

IFANS: I was in an embryonic version of Super Furry Animals. It was seductive, and I felt comfortable in a rock-and-roll band, as

any young man would. My guitar playing is punk rock and atrocious, but then, for me as a lead singer, it was easy. That was early in my acting career, and I was presented with the prospect of spending a large part of my life either making music, singing and recording with good friends or navigating this vast unknown, overpopulated ocean that is the film industry. It took me a while to decide until I did a 1997 movie set in South Wales with my brother Llyr called *Twin Town*. There weren't a lot of cool movies around, but that one was.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Coming from a tough, working-class area of Wales, did you get grief from your friends for becoming an actor rather than a full-time rocker?

derful, wonderful people, and they were always loving and supportive.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Last July you were arrested and cited for misdemeanor battery for reportedly shoving a female security officer at the Comic-Con panel for *The Amazing Spider-Man*. This past February in London, a man at a party in a hotel suite accused you of slapping and verbally abusing him. Are the tabloids dogging you, or are you misbehaving?

IFANS: In most situations you can defend yourself. This is one of those situations where to say anything just feeds the beast. It's horrible, but I've made my peace with it. There's nothing I can do about it. What makes me emotional is when I see my parents affected. They're just wonderful, wonderful people, and they're not young anymore. Being doorstepped by the press and photographers is awful and upsetting to me. They didn't ask for any of this.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Since the press had a field day when you and Sienna Miller were romantically involved, why has there been less to-do over you and Anna Friel?

IFANS: We stay in a lot. I don't have a place in the U.S., but my girlfriend has a house in Los Angeles. We like the same things. We laugh a lot. We love music. We don't need to go out to have a good time. We really enjoy each other.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Considering your reputation, do people expect you to be a wild man on the set?

IFANS: If so, they're disappointed. When you go to your workplace, you are not late; you are prepared, thankful and gracious to the people in every department, who are also working at the top of their game. What younger actors sometimes don't realize is that when a car picks you up in the morning, it doesn't mean you're royalty. It means they want to get you to work without a hitch, on time. You're a factory-floor worker, a deckhand, and we're all sailing in the same ship to the same fucking place, so start pulling some ropes. I've experienced bad behavior only a few times. I think it's appalling, and I've made that very clear—sometimes kindly, sometimes not so kindly.



IFANS: It wasn't seen as girlie by any stretch because of the tradition of Welsh actors who've made it, like Richard Burton and Anthony Hopkins—working-class boys who made a great decision in leaving an impoverished industrial community. So my mates and everyone wished me well even if the attitude toward my career was somewhere between shock and pride.

Q17

PLAYBOY: How did your parents react when you decided to pursue acting?

IFANS: Words, drama, poetry—especially Welsh poetry—were very much prevalent in our household. There was always this respect for language. My mother was a nursery-school teacher and my father taught young kids in primary school. Won-

TOM CRUISE

(continued from page 58)

anytime you cross it...." But there are lots of times when you just have to say, "Please don't cross that line. Be decent. Let's not do this."

PLAYBOY: The press makes much of your marriage to Katie Holmes. How does she respond?

CRUISE: She is an extraordinary person, and if you spent five minutes with her, you'd see it. Everything she does, she does with this beautiful creativity. When she becomes interested in something, she doesn't talk about it, she does it. One week I said to her, "You've been up in the middle of the night. Is everything okay?" She smiled and

then threw this thing on my desk and said, "I wrote this script." She wanted to try it, and she did. She wanted to try designing clothes, and now her line is wonderful and, to me, an example of how she just creates beautiful things in her life. She has a voice and warmth as an artist, as a mother. She's funny and charming, and when she walks into the room, I just feel better. I'm a romantic. I like doing things like creating romantic dinners, and she enjoys that. I don't know what to say—I'm just happy, and I have been since the moment I met her. What we have is very special.

PLAYBOY: You just starred in and produced *One Shot*, based on Lee Child's best-selling novel about the brutish ex-MP turned

drifter Jack Reacher. When you signed to star, there was an outcry from loyal readers who said, "Wait, Reacher's six-foot-five, 250." No offense, but you are not—

CRUISE: No. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: When you starred in *Interview With the Vampire*, Anne Rice was publicly critical until she saw the movie and changed her mind. What would you say to readers who might be thinking, Well, here goes Hollywood screwing with my favorite book series?

CRUISE: I learned from the Anne Rice scenario. I should have called and sat down with her first, like I did for *Born on the Fourth of July*. I sat with Ron Kovic and said, "I've been offered this. How do you feel about it?" It was really a job interview. I wouldn't have done *One Shot* if Lee Child had said no, but Lee was the one who convinced me to do it. And he created such a great character.

PLAYBOY: Reacher is an oversize badass. What do you bring to the table that compensates for the fact that this guy towers over everybody, is the roughest guy in the room and kicks ass constantly?

CRUISE: Well, I bring all of that but the height. [laughs] It's a visual thing. There are some ass beatings in this. They'll see that it delivers what I love about the Reacher series: the visceral action, those ass beatings and the humor of Lee Child's novels. And the women are fantastic.

PLAYBOY: You've been on top longer than most actors, and you're still pushing at an age many actors start slowing down. How much of your good fortune do you attribute to your faith?

CRUISE: I have respect for what other people believe. What I believe in my own life is that it's a search for how I can do things better, whether it's being a better man or a better father or finding ways for myself to improve. Individuals have to decide what is true and real for them. I'm fortunate in the life I have. I just played the rock-and-roll guy, and my appreciation and understanding of what they do grew. I've gotten to travel to different places all over the world, to see the commonality of the human experience. It's something I look for. Whether it's in Canada, France, India or Russia, even though people have different color skin and they believe in different things, there is a commonality of the human experience that is very real for me. I try to look to the future and look at life in a way that, no matter how tough something can be, I don't go in blindly but step back and try to understand it. To me, that's the search. It applies to racing cars and to playing different characters. There has to be a level of understanding. I hope that answers your question. That's what I want, and the search never ends. You always have a choice. You can let something overwhelm you, or you can take one step at a time and figure it out. Because life is problems. We've all got problems. We like problems, do you know what I mean? [laughs] And getting to that place where you ask how you can solve these problems to better handle life and survive, that is the place I want to be in my life.



"Shhh, your wife is sleeping...!"



(continued from page 72)

about showing me around the casinos.

I pitched *PLAYBOY* in the morning. By evening the magazine was in. A \$5,000 expense cap. A couple of nights later I sent this message to Hortense, with whom I'd been maintaining increasingly sporadic e-epistolary contact:

Hortense LaFauxnom,

*I am very drunk right now, and thinking of you. This isn't an uncommon occurrence in Chicago—get drunk, think of Hortense LaFauxnom—but tonight it's especially poignant because I just learned that *PLAYBOY* magazine is sending me to Paris to write a feature. I pitched Paris to them because I want to see you more than I want just about anything else lately. Is that too intense? If so, forget I said it and pretend I said, "Hortense LaFauxnom, I happen to be coming to Paris to write an article for *PLAYBOY* magazine. My hope is we'll bump into each other somewhere and have a drink." Whatever works better for you.*

Yours,

Adam

Hortense did not respond for five days, at which point she wrote something about friendship, something else about confusion, then reminded me about the fucking marimba guy, but also mentioned the possibility of us maybe getting a drink.

With my \$5,000 expense cap, I bought a ticket to Paris for January 2012 and booked a 10-day stay at a hotel in the 11th Arrondissement with rooms I could smoke in. This left me roughly \$2,300 for gambling, food and taxis.

The day I arrived, Jerome met me at the hotel around six P.M., and we walked to a bar around the corner from his office. We made our plans. We'd head to the ACF the next night, check the place out and maybe gamble a little. Later in the week we'd go to the Cercle Cadet (the middle-class gambling club to the ACF's upper), and some time after that, if I really wanted to, we'd check out Cercle Central. I would not, Jerome explained, want to gamble at Cercle Central and should never go there without him. "Many Marlos at Cercle Central," he said.

"Marlos?" I said.

"Stanfield. Dealers from the suburbs. Maybe not as tough as Marlo, but you are not Omar and I'm no Bodie."

Once François and Mathilde—two friends from the last trip, employees of Inculte—showed up at the bar, Jerome took off to meet his girlfriend. Hortense knew François and had told him she'd be coming, but I wasn't optimistic (I'd left her a voice mail earlier "to test my iPhone's coverage in Paris" and hadn't heard back), so I started to drink a little faster. François's new girl was supposed to be there too, but she'd told him she needed a nap first. This aroused François's suspicion that the girl was blowing him off, the French term for which translates to "putting a rabbit upon him," as in, "She says she needs a nap first, but I think maybe she's putting a rabbit upon me."

Increasingly frequent and diminishingly lighthearted cracks were made about my rabbit spending time with François's rabbit, rubbing their furry little paws together

and laughing at us, until Hortense appeared around 10. And once she was before me, I realized she had become so legendary a figure in my mind that I couldn't understand her as someone in possession of a body. We did the French face-kissy thing and embraced, but it felt as if I were imagining it.

A few drinks later and we were on a couch in a kitchen in a small apartment—a little before midnight François's girl had been awakened by friends, decided it was a party and invited us over—while some dude in a fedora, to whom I'd explained what I was doing in Paris, was telling me, "Adon, you must make your article like Ownter Thompson. Genzo!" By then I'd swallowed enough champagne and vodka to realize that Hortense did have a body, so I leaned in a little and told her I wanted to take her somewhere and kiss her a lot, and asked her if she wanted me to take her somewhere and kiss her a lot. She said she didn't know, but she thought I should get back to my hotel and suggested I probably didn't know how to get back to my hotel. I told her I thought she was probably right, so she walked me to my hotel, and somewhere along the way I started kissing her a lot.

We did more kissing a lot at the hotel, but Marimbas kept calling and sending texts, and Hortense left around four. Anyway, she said, she had to be somewhere in the morning, plus it seemed that maybe I liked her a bit more than she liked me and maybe I shouldn't keep being so sweet to her.

The following morning, which is really afternoon, I—despite my jet-lagged hangover and the increasingly powerful sense that Hortense is never going to leave her boyfriend, let alone return to Chicago with me—find that I'm feeling mostly pleasant. All the colors are bright and slightly oversaturated, but there isn't an unblurry edge in sight, and I write Hortense an e-mail saying as much, an e-mail in which I talk about how I enjoy being sweet to her and hope that I'll get to see her tonight when I return from the casino so I can be sweet to her some more.

By evening, having left my hotel room only once—to buy a yogurt, a sandwich and half a dozen croissants for some reason (in case Paris ran out?)—I've still heard nothing back.

At 9:17 P.M. I get a text from Jerome: "Downstairs in 5 min? Don't forget your passport :)"

It is a testament to my affection for the man that his emoticon usage isn't just unembarrassing to me but cheering. The cab's at the curb when I come through the door. Tonight at the ACF, Jerome tells me, there's something going on called a cabaret soiree—a fun, cornball promotional event targeted at the punto banco players. There's food, dancers and a prize drawing. He tells me that, via punto banco, the ACF will earn the cost of the soiree back in under an hour. Punto banco is the casino's most profitable game, and a single table—the ACF has three—earns more dough than the rake on all the poker tables combined.

Jerome knows these things because he's friends with the men who run the ACF—has been for years—and he does some kind of consulting work for them, of which I never quite understand the real nature. Jerome knows a lot of gambling folk. He goes to Vegas for a month each summer, stays in

high-roller suites and earns a minimum of two grand a day playing Omaha.

I ask him how he does it—how he doesn't only stay above water gambling, but also earns a living. I don't know if he deliberately dodges the question, misinterprets it or really believes that it's all about persona, but he answers, "I play educated white guy. It makes people angry. Sometimes they threaten me and I have to call the floor. I'm the nice Jewish boy in a jacket and scarf who knows everything. And I am always correct, and I'm always polite. I always address people formally. 'You have nothing in your hand, sir.' 'You behave like a prick, monsieur.' 'I would like to pay you 10 euros, mademoiselle, for permission to come on your face.' Like that, yes? What?"

I'm laughing.

He is a nice, educated Jewish boy in a scarf. That's the thing. Doctors for parents, a lover of books. But he's also a broad-shouldered six-foot-six, and I've been to parties with him. I've seen the trail of broken-hearted women he leaves in his wake on his way to see his girlfriend and the way the literati whose hands he doesn't shake bend their necks and wilt as he passes them by.

"You have a faraway look," Jerome says. "Last night was very good? She was as *bee-you-tee-ful* as you remember? You will see her tonight, after we play?"

"I'm dead. She'll ruin me."

"You love her."

"Jerome."

"You do. I can tell. You have feelings. It's gay. That's good. It's really good, man. I'm happy to hear it. I have many gay friends. I admire your gay feelings."

When the cab arrives at the ACF, Jerome tries to pay. I tell him it's on *PLAYBOY*.

"It's a pleasure to say that?" he asks me.

"Big-time."

Once we've passed through the scaffolding of unremembered color, we head through a glass door and up a staircase to a set of two more glass doors. You have to let the first one close to get through the second, and the guy behind the second—a man in a suit to whom Jerome nods—has to buzz you in. We get buzzed. We're in.

To the man, Jerome says something in French, something that I'd guess was "He's with me." The man gives me a nod, then fattens his lips while pointing to his head. I see he's talking about my ski cap, and I remove it. Then I try to figure out where the ski cap goes. I try the front pocket of my jacket, but that feels wrong. I'm all turned around sartorially. Since I was 11, my wardrobe—mostly black T-shirts and blue jeans—has been basically the same as Louis C.K.'s but with a slightly heavier emphasis on hoodies. This jacket is my one and only such jacket, my job interview/wedding/bar mitzvah/funeral gear. Jerome told me I'd need it to get into a couple of the clubs—that's the only reason I even thought to pack it. I stick the ski cap in my Levi's, rear right pocket.

"I need to smoke," I tell Jerome.

He says, "First we must give some money to this lovely cashier."

There's a lovely cashier behind a counter to our right. I'm supposed to give her 150 euros 135

to become a member of the ACF. Jerome has to pay too, because it's January 17 and he hasn't been here since before the new year.

No sooner do we pay than a floppy-haired man in a suit and tie walks up to Jerome and they kiss each other's cheeks. I can't remember his name, so we'll call him Danilo. Danilo is the floor manager, Jerome tells me. I'm not sure if I'm supposed to shake his hand or kiss him, so I kind of lean in with my hand in position, and he grasps it. Two pumps, no kissing. He says something to the lovely cashier, and she hands Jerome back his 150 euros, and then Jerome says something to Danilo, and Danilo, again, says something to the cashier, and she hands me back my 150 euros.

"We've been invited," Jerome tells me, "by the house."

My picture gets snapped, my forefinger scanned, and I'm handed my ACF membership card. We walk around the club, looking at stuff. Here is the poker, three warmly lit rooms of it, 20-some tables, Omaha and Hold'em, Limit and No, blinds ranging from two-four to 50-100. The tables are filled, but it's remarkably quiet.

And here is the punto banco room. It's jammed—three big tables surrounded by dressy, mostly middle-aged Asian folks standing three and four deep—but again, remarkably quiet. How is that? And why do I have the sense that I need to behave, yet feel no resentment? Why do I keep touching my lapel to make sure I still have one? Why does it seem that any number of faux pas are just within reach?

This is why: no slots. Not a single one. Nor video poker. There are, in one poker room, some flatscreens that, during tournaments, tell you the blinds and how much time is left in the round, but apart from those and the poker queue sign-up computer, there's no conspicuous tech in sight.

When I've had my cigarette—there's an area off the poker rooms—we sign up for No Limit Hold'em with two-four blinds. The guy at the sign-up computer says it will probably be an hour before he calls us. We head back toward the punto banco room but go right instead of left and arrive at the bar.

We watch punto banco players, drink a round, then order another, and I get up to piss. When I return from the bathroom, a young woman is there, bearing a clipboard. She's signing people up for the soiree prize drawing. Jerome introduces us. We kiss each other's cheeks and I forget her name instantly, as five or six dancing girls in shiny updos and heavy makeup, wearing tall leather boots, fishnets and bustiers, blow right past us into the punto banco room.

"Le cabaret!" Jerome reminds me and winks.

The dancing girls do a high-kicking, hip-grinding thing to some music that moves from manic and smiley to purse lipped and dirty and back again twice. We members all clap, and the girls run away.

"Very French," Jerome says, rolling both r's excessively, along with both eyes.

"Schmidt!" exclaims a man who has appeared behind Jerome.

Jerome stands, hugs the man, kisses his cheeks, and within a few seconds, though I don't know who he is, I understand he's not just anyone. This man, whose name is Jean-Phillipe, is wearing a suit and tie that I want, and I have never wanted a suit, let alone one with a tie. Plus, I'm introduced to the man not merely as Adam but as "Adam Levin, one of the writers we publish." After he and Jerome exchange some short paragraphs in French, Jean-Phillipe suggests we join him at his table

in the restaurant and then makes his exit.

"It's okay, yes?" Jerome says. "We will miss our opening, I think, if we go there, but I think it's better if we go there. For your article. We can always play later. We can sign up again."

"Who is that guy?"

"He is the main collaborator of ACF."

"He's the owner?"

"No."

"The manager?"

"Nearly. Somewhat. He manages. It's tricky to explain. And boring to explain. I will say it like this: We have been invited to drink champagne at the bosses' table. Not many people are invited to do this. I do not think any American with a net worth less than—a net worth less than much more than yours, let us say—has been invited to do this in a very long time."

"Good enough for me."

"Good man."

Bottoms up.

The bosses' table is round and is situated next to the restaurant's dance floor. A tuxedoed waiter hands me a glass of champagne. I take a sip. It tastes good. I take another sip. Great, actually. It tastes great, possibly better than anything I've had to drink, ever. Apparently my face indicates this. "It is good Cristal," Jean-Phillipe tells me, "but there is better Cristal. We will have some later."

Apart from Jean-Phillipe, myself and Jerome, there are four other people at the bosses' table. Two of them, like Jean-Phillipe, wear gray suits with black ties, each of which is at least as good a suit as Jean-Phillipe's. One of the suits is a three-piece deal, and the man who's inside it, who's a bit older than the rest of us and whose name I never catch, smiles a lot, holds his hands clasped at chest level and speaks in low, *counseling*-type tones directly into the ear of the man inside the third suit—Xavier. Xavier carries an aura of power even bigger than Jean-Phillipe's. (That doesn't quite cover it. I don't like the word *aura*.) Is Xavier handsome? Sure. He has a kind of bright-eyed Don Draper thing happening. But he could kick Don Draper's ass, this Xavier, and if the need arose, he would do so, I'm sure, with some artful, judo-type throw to prevent any blood from spraying his suit. Then probably offer Draper a hand in getting back up. It's hard to imagine someone disliking Xavier, even fat-lipped, limping Draper.

To Xavier's right is a man called Bully—his driver or something. He's a large man, this Bully, his suit isn't gray and he doesn't have a tie. I wouldn't tangle with Bully either. Not that there are many with whom I would tangle. But even if I were a big tangler, I think I'd draw a line at Bully. First off, they call him Bully. Second, he seems comfortable with that.

The girl to Bully's right, a knockout blonde to whom I'm never introduced, is falling out of her dress. She's touching and kissing Bully on the arms and neck in such a conspicuous way that I actually start thinking about the meaning of the word *shameless* and how maybe it shouldn't have such negative connotations. She's young and pretty and seems really happy, like she's in love with Bully and wants everyone to know. And what's wrong with that? I think. And where the fuck is Hortense? I check my phone slyly, under the table, to see if she's responded to my e-mail yet (she hasn't).



"Stop blaming everything on global warming."

Xavier stands up. "Adam," he says. "This guy here"—he's pointing to Jean-Phillipe—"grew up in the village next to mine on the beautiful little island of Corsica. Do you know about Corsica?"

I think about saying, "I've seen that movie *A Prophet*," but given its portrayal of Corsicans as ultraviolent mafiosi, I bite my tongue, figuring it would probably sound something like the way "I've seen *The Merchant of Venice*" would in response to the question "Do you know about Jews?"

"I've heard of Corsica," I say.

"France's greatest leader was from Corsica. Napoléon Bonaparte," says Xavier. "And where are you from?"

"Chicago."

"Ah, Chicago. Jordan. Blues. Jazz. Al Capone."

"Yeah," I say. "All that stuff."

"And the skyline," Jerome adds.

"I'd like to see it. I've never been to Chicago," Xavier says. "You know," he says to me, "Al Capone—he was Corsican."

"Well...wait. No," I say. "Al Capone was Italian."

"Yes, Adam, of course. But you understand what I mean, right?"

How do you respond to that? You wait for a signal from the speaker, that is what you do. You wait for a cue. You look at the other faces around you. They seem to be waiting on a cue as well. Then you find yourself picturing Wile E. Coyote for some reason. The edge of the cliff has just disappeared beneath him, but the fall hasn't started yet. What does Wile E. Coyote do? He gulps. But this isn't a cartoon, and so you don't gulp. What you do is you remember you're just some lucky, schlubby writer from Chicago who no one expects to know how to behave. Smiling, you lift your flute of champagne, and you do that salute-y thing one does when one is making ready to offer a toast, but you offer no toast, and Xavier, who has raised his glass in turn, cracks a big smile, says, "*L'chaim!* Yes?" and the whole table laughs, and you slug the Cristal back.

Then you gulp.

Xavier smokes. He wants one. So does Bully. Jean-Phillipe can take it or leave it. So we take it, the lot of us, minus three-piece, who heads for home. We get up for a smoke. I trip on the carpet, recover before falling.

Jerome's got my elbow. "We are going to the office," he says.

"I thought we were smoking."

"We are smoking in the office."

"*L'office*," I say.

"No one gets to go to the office," he says. "And you will now get to go to the office."

"And smoke in the office."

"And smoke in the office!"

The door to the office is set behind a wall panel just off one of the poker rooms. To get inside involves all kinds of code punching and key twisting. I take out my phone. It's a little past midnight, and I'm not hoping for much, but—there's an e-mail from Hortense. She will not come out but hopes to see me the day after tomorrow and notes that it's fine if I'm determined to be sweet to her but that it's important to her that I know that although she likes me, she is not "crazy about" me the way that I am "crazy about" her.

"Hortense?" Jerome asks.

"Yes."

"She will not meet up with you tonight."

"No."

"You are dead. You are wrecked. You are dying from love."

"Yes."

"But you will drink champagne and you will also drink cognac, and then you will gamble with PLAYBOY's money."

"Yes."

"Not so bad."

"No."

The office is large. I couldn't say how large. I'm bad enough at estimating size as it is, but I'm particularly thrown off here because the office is hung with golden silk, one enormous sheet of golden silk.

"What do you think of this place?" Xavier asks me. "My grandfather, he designed it in 1951."

"Don't change it," I say.

"You understand what it's supposed to be, yes?"

"A war tent."

"Napoléon's."

He gestures to a painting of Napoléon, and as he takes a step back to remove a framed photograph from a shelf near the desk, I note no fewer than four statuettes of Napoléon on the same shelving system.

The photograph is an old black-and-white of immaculately dressed men and knickered children in Corsica: Xavier's grandfather, great-uncle, father and father's brothers.

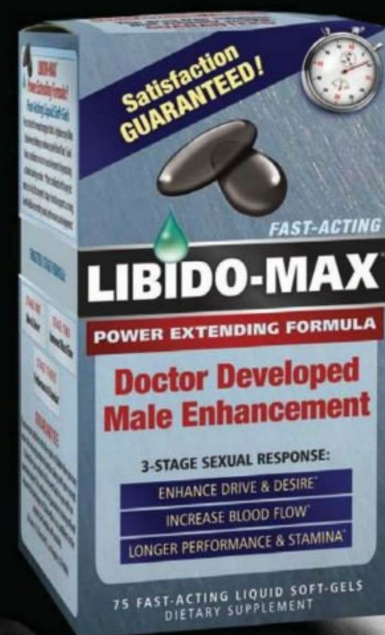
"They really knew how to dress back then," says Xavier.

Xavier isn't showing off. He's just showing. It reminds me of being 15. Of going to the home of a new friend who wants to turn you on to a new band. No sooner does this occur to me than Xavier heads to the stereo—one of those new-fashioned blatantly analog ones with lots of wood and big glass tubes exposed—and puts on a record of Serge Gainsbourg doing reggae. Halfway into the first song, a waiter enters the room bearing bottles of champagne and a bottle of cognac with a silver cork that outweighs my iPhone. We sit on the couches.

And so the next few hours proceed: Xavier playing DJ, telling tales of Gainsbourg, the waiter pouring the "better" Cristal Jean-Phillipe mentioned earlier and opening a second bottle of cognac called Louis XIII that's worth more than my car and tastes that way too. I get drunk(er), dear reader. I hear about the casino business, about buying and selling casinos, and Bully's girl's hands are all over Bully until Xavier sends them home to fuck. We're served heaping plates of gourmet Chinese brought in by the waiter from the ACF restaurant, pastries of the best-ever variety. Soon it's four in the morning. It's time to go, and we bid good night to Xavier, thank him for his hospitality and head out the doors with Jean-Phillipe, down the stairs, out more doors, up the street and...home? Not home. To Xavier's other club. To the Cercle Gaillon.

An annual membership at the Cercle Gaillon is 250 euros, and the cashier is just as lovely as the one at the ACF, but this time there's no exchange of money at all—we're invited

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from the get—and Jean-Phillipe takes us to the bar while we wait for our memberships to be processed.

Cercle Gaillon, at least as it seems through my sleepy, drunken eyes, is one giant room with vaguely purple, dreamlike lighting and hardly any sound. There are far fewer people here than there were at the ACF. It's a much smaller, more exclusive club, plus it's four in the morning.

Jerome asks if I want to play. There are four tables going but only one with two—four blinds, which are as high as I can reasonably work with, given my budget. The problem with that table is it rotates between Omaha and Hold'em, and I'm scared of Omaha. Not that I'm particularly unafraid of Hold'em, but I know it well enough to at least understand what moves I *think* I'm making. Beyond that, I'm just too tired.

And yet I've come here, to Paris, to write about gambling clubs. I've been given money that I'm supposed to gamble. I've been given money that if I don't gamble won't be mine anyway. So I say, "Let's do it."

We each buy 150 euros in chips and sit at the Hold'em-Omaha table.

An exciting blow-by-blow of even one single hand is beyond my powers of description. I do remember Jerome causing two players he didn't like (one slow-played him in an overly stagy chin-stroking, hemming-and-hawing fashion; the other was an angle-shooting geek who kept calling the floor over and losing the arguments) to cash in and vacate the premises, but all that went on between them went on in French. And I remember the older man seated between us, who I believe drove cabs, was extremely friendly, but all that went on between us went on in pantomime. Did Jerome propose marriage to all the female dealers? He did. Did they seem to mind? They seemed to enjoy it.

Over the next eight days, I returned to the ACF for a Hold'em tournament, bounced out honorably in the second round and then, hungry and on tilt, lost 300 euros in 10 minutes in a cash game. A similar thing happened at the middle-class club, Cercle Cadet. Jerome joined me in that tournament and got to the final table, and while I, after bouncing out honorably in the third round, waited for him to finish, I became again hungry, again went on tilt and lost 250 euros in 10 minutes in a cash game.

Would I have played any differently had the gambling money been mine? I don't think I would have; not, at least, on a hand-by-hand basis. Poker, to me, is an aggressive thing. That's the fun of it: cowing people who would try to cow you, forcing the need to make choices on others who lack the information to make those choices too confidently and making such choices—taking risks—yourself. And doing all that in a sanctioned way, a way that everyone around you agrees is fair. It almost has nothing to do with money. Almost.

But that's on a hand-by-hand basis. What I would not have done the same, had the money been mine, was play on tilt. Nor would I be likely to have played until I busted.

I never saw Cercle Central. We'd planned to go there two days before I left, but Jerome caught a nasty flu and insisted again that

Cercle Central was too fucked-up a place for me to go alone. So I never got to see any Marlos in action.

When Jerome and I left the Gaillon, it was a little past six. Jean-Phillipe had bid us farewell shortly after we'd sat down to play. We walked up the street in search of a cab. The sun was coming up, and there was a surprising lot of people out, heading home from dance clubs.

"It was a good night, yes?" Jerome said.

I agreed it was and thanked him for showing me around.

"I think you have your story, man," he said. "I think nothing crazier than this evening is going to happen while you are here, and you have had experiences that few others have. You sat at the bosses' table. You smoked in the bosses' office. You lost some money—or did you win?"

"I'm up 50."

"You won 50 euros!"

"Yeah," I said. "It was an amazing night, but I don't know what to make of it."

"What do you have to make of it?"

"Something meaningful. I don't know. I don't know how to write nonfiction. I've barely read any. I think you have to have a thesis."

*A couple of police cars
roared up to the curb right
next to us. Cops jumped from
the cars—three from one and
two from the other—all hold-
ing cans of pepper spray.*

"It is fun to drink 4,000-euro bottles of cognac at the ACF, with the bosses."

"I don't know."

"It is fun to drink 4,000-euro bottles of cognac at the ACF with the bosses, even as one pines for a girl who puts rabbits upon him while having a boyfriend."

"Maybe," I say. "But then, what, I bring Hortense up?"

"Yes. There you go," Jerome says. "You just name her Elise or Geneviève or something. So what?"

"Meh."

"What will you call the article?"

"Corsicans Like Napoléon?"

"Not bad."

"Ten Euros to Come on Your Face, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, that's perfect. See, no worries, man. Seriously. What? Why the long face? The long face? That is right? Yes. Why the long face? You think they sent you here to discover the meaning of life?"

"No. Of course not. But I think I'm supposed to have something more to say. I'm supposed to have something analytical to say. All I'm thinking is I had fun. I drank expensive stuff, I gambled with someone else's money, I met *les bosses*. But what's it mean, though?"

"It doesn't have to mean anything."

"I'm supposed to be critical, maybe? Say something about gambling's power to destroy the human blah-blah-blah? Or something about vastly wealthy men? Or Paris? Compare love to poker? Courtship to betting? How I Went All In and Then Busted, or some shit? I have no opinion that I value regarding these matters, let alone an original thought. I don't think I believe all too strongly in anything, Jerome, much less anything having directly to do with this evening. It all seems meaningless."

"You are drunk."

"No arguing that, but—"

"And I think it is all meaningless."

"We're getting deep now?"

"You started. I think it is all meaningless and I think you think it is all meaningless—you're a fiction writer. That is what it is to be a fiction writer, no? To professionally find it all meaningless. To mourn the incapacity of narrative to encompass reality while simultaneously rejoicing in the creation of an illusion that suggests narrative can encompass reality. The point I'm trying to make, Adam, is this: This evening was interesting. Why not just attempt to describe what happened this evening in a way that conveys how it felt?"

The truth is that the conversation described above actually ended around the point at which Jerome said "It doesn't have to mean anything." It ended because, just across the street from us, outside a dance club, two groups of black youths, six or seven to a group, all dressed to the nines, started shouting at one another, and we wanted to watch.

Within a minute, two or three from each group were colliding and falling.

The rest rushed forward, following suit.

Doormen from two clubs joined the fray, presumably attempting to split it up.

A couple of police cars roared up to the curb right next to us. Cops jumped from the cars—three from one and two from the other—all holding cans of pepper spray. They shouted through their turtlenecks, crossing the street, brandishing their cans.

The shouting didn't work.

The cops sent the spray downward, into the brawl. Within a few breaths, the youths flew apart. Then the cops stood back to back and sprayed in opposite directions. Each group of youths went back the way it came, except for one kid who held his ground and yelled at a cop. The cop gave him a shove and the kid shoved back. The cop blasted at his face; the kid fell and crawled away.

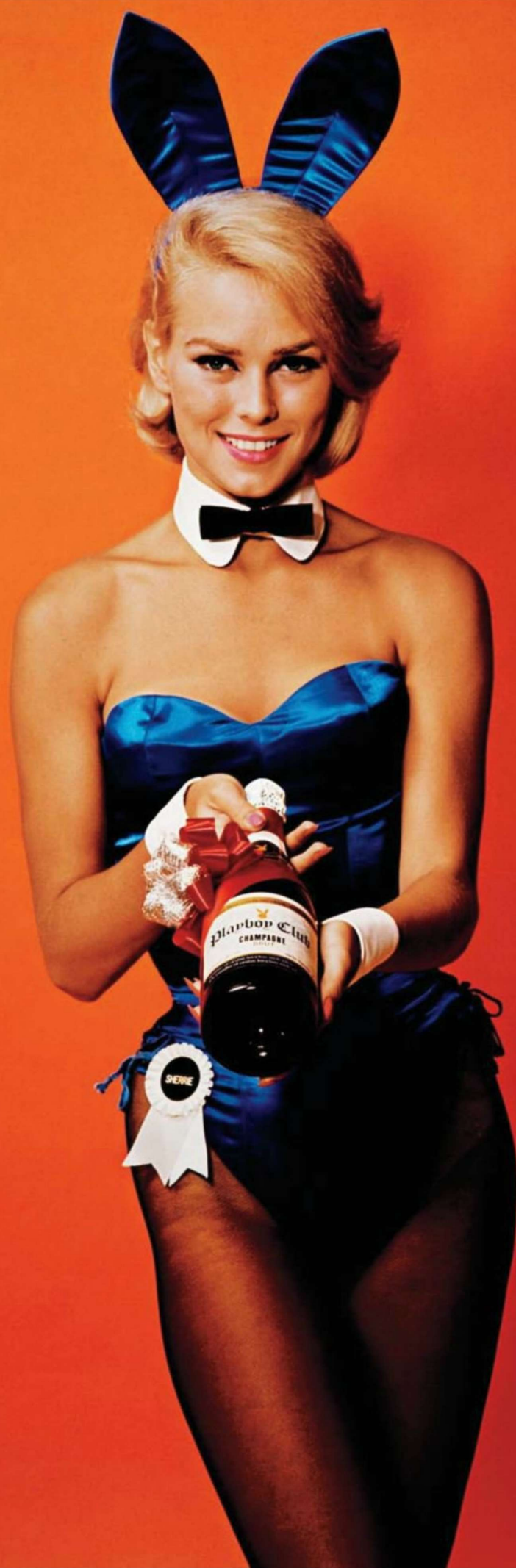
I started to sneeze. Jerome kept trying to clear his throat. It wasn't that bad, but it was bad enough that we had to get out of there, away from the mist.

After a couple of blocks and 17 sneezes—I counted—we caught a cab.

"So what was it we were saying before that madness?" Jerome asked me.

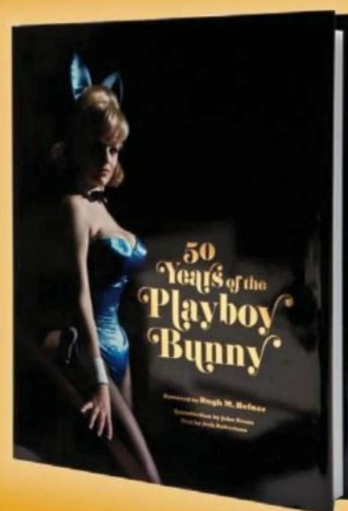
"I don't know," I said. And I was about to say something about how hungry I was—I was really hungry—and ask Jerome where I might find some food so early on a Sunday, but then I remembered the bag of croissants in my hotel room, so I didn't say anything.





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OUTLAW

(continued from page 106)

Wall Street Journal. Apparently I wasn't the only person hoping these men had a plan to fix everything. But I didn't see anyone from last night's panel. The goatee-to-tie ratio was a nonstatistical element.

The panel featured prominent economists from prestigious institutions. Instead of disagreeing with one another, they all seemed to be competing to make the same point in slightly different ways: The major banks had become dangerously big after the financial crisis. Five years ago most of these guys had been cheerleaders for deregulation. Now they had ditched their pom-poms for warning bells.

"We have not conquered risk. We need more fear," pronounced Myron Scholes, a Nobel laureate. "We need light regulation across the board. But we are not demonizing finance," said Raghuram Rajan, a professor at the University of Chicago. "We need to regulate how bankruptcy unwinds derivatives, but derivatives are still a good thing," said an enthusiastic John Cochrane. One of the

panelists—Simon Johnson of MIT—even used the word *financialization*. He asked a rhetorical question: Why should finance be earning 40 percent of our GDP? What are the social gains? When he said this, the other members nodded and said nothing. Apparently it was easier to view it as a rhetorical question.

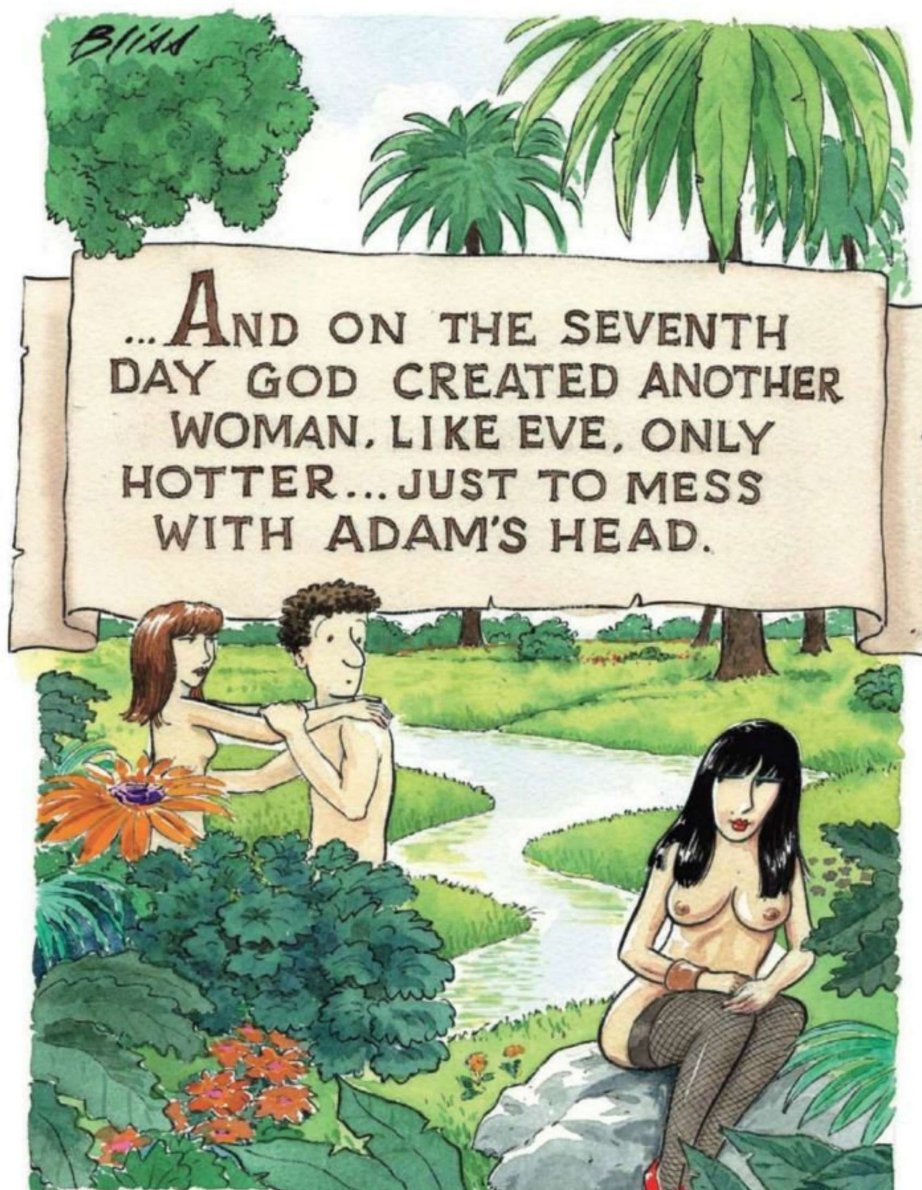
After the session ended, most of the participants were hustled from the stage for interviews and the next panel. Johnson stayed behind, taking time to talk with audience members who approached him. I asked him if mainstream economics was becoming more like heterodox economics. He glanced down at my media badge and looked me in the eye a little defensively. He quoted John Maynard Keynes, a patron saint of economic science. "Keynes said, 'When the facts change, my opinion changes.' How about yours?" He shrugged, clearly wanting to end the conversation. "The facts changed." He walked away quickly after giving me his card.

Mainstream economists' fear and loathing of government regulation are based on two cornerstone assumptions: that people are

always rational and that people always act in their own interests. Therefore, any marketplace is a self-correcting entity, made up of informed sellers and buyers whose competition and self-interest enforce fairness and create total efficiency. These assumptions also allow human beings to be easily modeled mathematically.

Heterodox economists think these assumptions and models are hooey. To them, humans are social creatures who often fail at self-promotion because of things like stupidity, culture and niceness. Markets are therefore fundamentally destabilizing, inefficiently lurching toward monopoly, bubble or crash, desperate for the mitigating force of government or other institutions. With their focus on poverty and acknowledgment of class, the heterodox are the intellectual grandchildren of Marx. Perhaps that's why the family tree includes so many goatees.

Even with the ghost of old Karl lingering, it seems obvious which worldview is more accurate: How many perfectly selfish, rational people do you know who don't work at an investment bank?



The next panel I attended was also about the financial crisis. But this one was organized by the ASE, with Black acting as a moderator. Instead of a packed conference hall filled with press passes, this panel resembled an AA meeting, with fewer than 15 people present. I arrived to find a long-haired Australian professor in his 50s wearing a tracksuit, presenting his paper. Instead of statistics, he was quoting Thorstein Veblen, who coined the term *conspicuous consumption*. The Australian's thesis? Since financial traders like to show off their money, they take more risks. Wow. No wonder *The Wall Street Journal* didn't make it over.

But it got better. I attended a presentation by the only African American person I heard speak at the conference, a straight-talking doctoral student named Aisha Meeks. She embraced a principle of heterodox economics—an interest in the poor. She had studied mortgage defaults in one of the poorest parts of Mississippi, establishing that the chance of default increased with the proximity to a payday lender. "Nobody has ever bothered to study these communities," she said. "Which means nobody can disagree with me." The next paper illustrated a second principle of heterodox thought—using existing data instead of creating theoretical data. The speaker had analyzed payroll data to show how the financial crisis increased the pay of specific racial groups within finance (turns out Hispanic women were big winners; black men, not so much).

Finally, as the moderator, Black spoke. "Why are we having more and more extreme crises? Why do we call it a subprime crisis when it was liars' loans that caused the problem? Institutions typically classified their liars' loans as prime. The industry's favored euphemism for a liars' loan—*alt-A*—would lead one to believe that such loans were prime. Why? They wanted to issue them so badly, 49 percent of 2006 loan originations called subprime were liars' loans. One third of total mortgage loans made in 2006 were liars' loans. Why would any institution do this? Because it

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wasn't risk. It was fraud." He then advised those presenting their papers on this crisis to examine the role of fraud. For traders influenced by conspicuous consumption, was their behavior truly risk taking, with the fear of losing? Or were they gambling without fear, dishonestly inflating the short-term results to increase their bonuses? Were the racial groups not promoted during the crisis more culturally resistant to fraudulent activities and therefore less likely to succeed? For the payday lenders in Mississippi, how many are subsidiaries of major banks or tied to subprime lenders? Black was demonstrating the most relevant principle of the heterodox today—the belief that modern finance is a culture of institutional fraud that can be corrected only through criminal prosecution.

To say fraud is a blind spot within mainstream economics would be an understatement. Black had explained earlier: Fraud is not a rational action because getting caught is too large a price to pay for the gains. Even worse, a CEO who trashes his own financial institution, like Keating (or perhaps Jamie

Dimon or Ken Lewis), actively distorts the metrics of his institution's success in order to receive personal bonuses. Mainstream economists don't study this kind of fraud because it is hard to model and shatters the illusion of market correction. In the 200-page schedule that listed every panel and event at the conference, the word *fraud* was mentioned only once—when Black was speaking. After the Lehman crash, which was driven by perverse incentives within banks, that doesn't seem like blindness. That seems like willful exclusion.

L. Randall Wray is a provocateur of the heterodox group. He is Black's younger, feistier colleague at the University of Missouri—Kansas City, appearing as the heterodox voice at panels and conferences around the world. Unlike Black, who became a professor after being a regulator, Wray chose his path as a heterodox economist while a graduate student. I asked him why. "Neoclassical economics doesn't make sense when you first learn about it," he said. "But it makes even

less sense the more you study it and try to use its tools. I was lucky to have been taught by a man who was one of the original dissenters." Wray's mentor was Minsky, who had made it his life's work to disprove the efficient-market hypothesis. Minsky was ignored for 20 years, working without tenure when he first taught Wray. "When I met him," Wray recalled, "he was pretty depressed. He shuffled into our classroom, all hunched over, wild gray hair. The first thing he said was, 'What I want is the last person who comes into the classroom to always close the door. I don't want anyone to know what goes on in here.'" Describing his mentor's path, Wray said, "He had been predicting instability and crisis starting in the 1950s, and nobody listened. The entire science of economics had become an argument to leave markets alone, that regulation was only getting in the way. By the mid-1960s he could no longer publish in the top journals. There was a period of 20 years when he considered himself a total failure. Then in the 1980s he suddenly became popular again because of the S&L crisis. People were desperate to understand what had happened, so they dug up his old papers and started citing him again. This happened when I was his student. It was great to see him finally vindicated, if only briefly."

I asked him what being a heterodox economist meant today. Wray shook his head. "It still means you will never be published. You'll probably never teach graduate students. I was lucky because I got into UM-KC, which is one of the only programs in the country that supports heterodox thought." I asked if he ever hoped to have an influence on government regulation or monetary policy. "The neoclassical guys already have their answer to the crash—too much government regulation."

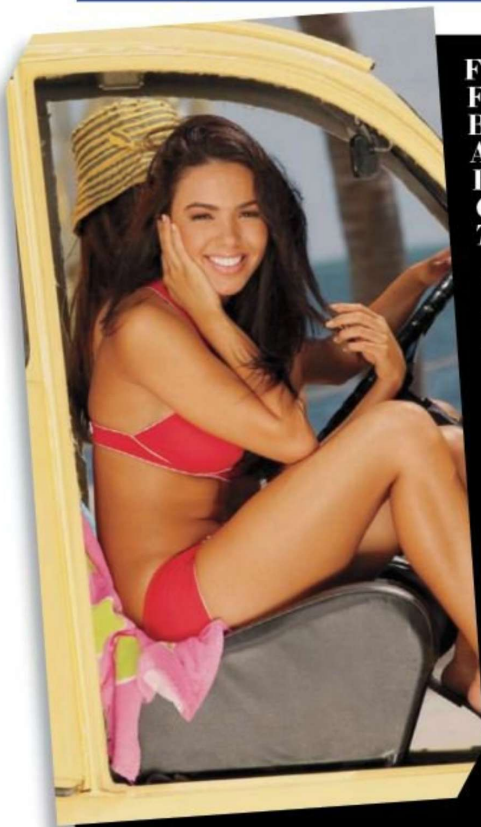
If it was such a hopeless cause, why fight the battle? Isn't there a middle ground?

Wray grinned. "The first conference I ever attended, I saw on the schedule there was a panel on suicide. I went to see what it could be about. Here was their thesis: Suicide must be a rational behavior. The conclusion was that suicidal people have a high rate of something called a 'time discount,' which means they are able to delay gratification for a future reward. They enjoy flying through the air so much that the three seconds of flight offsets the rewards that come during the years remaining in their lives." Wray laughed. He had the mad look of a lifelong dissenter. "They presented this with a straight face, with mathematical models that proved their thesis. And people applauded." He stopped laughing. "So follow the same logic into finance: Borrowers never lie. Markets set the perfect interest rate. This mass delusion allows for mass fraud. Because the so-called true believers are also careful to flee the markets they claim are so efficient before these markets crash. Their superiority and sophistication are part of the efficiency. Everyone in finance and academe knows the macro model of today is really just pump and dump on a grand scale. The orthodox approach says you can always sell. But only the sophisticated players know when. Everyone else—low-wage workers, government, pensions, our families—are the ones who pay." There was no middle ground. To Wray, it didn't matter that in 20 years it could be him shuffling into that classroom. (concluded on page 145)



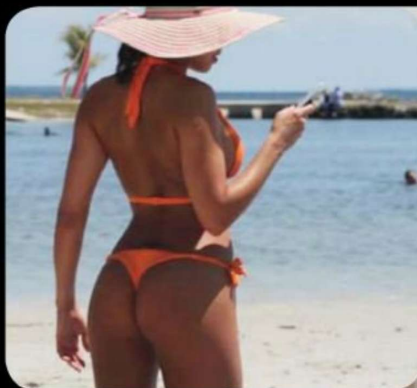


PLAYMATE NEWS



FRANCESCA FRIGO DRAWS BIG SMILES AND LAUGHS IN INDIE COMEDY *TASTE IT*

When producers cast Miss August 2010 Francesca Frigo in *Taste It: The Movie*, they didn't know what they would be getting. "I filmed for a few days as Lindsay, a girl from Spain with a touch of a Spanish accent, but after they got to know me they decided to change the name of the character to Francesca, have her be from my hometown in Colombia and exaggerate my accent quite a bit," she says. The result is a charming character akin to a younger, sexier version of *Modern Family*'s Gloria Delgado-Pritchett. *Taste It*, set in Florida during spring break, is "a comedy about the recession." Yes, Francesca's Miami heat can lighten up even dark economic times.



MATCH PLAY

It takes the best approach to find love on Miss May 2006 Alison Waite's Back9Network golf-themed dating show. Starting out with a foursome, *Hole Lotta Love* gives a single guy or girl the chance to get to know three members of the opposite sex over the course of three holes, eliminating one duffer a hole. "You learn a lot about someone by how they behave on the golf course," Alison says. "You'll see some red flags."



FLASHBACK



Fifteen years ago this month journalism major Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens** first appeared on our pages. The blue-eyed beauty from Buffalo gave television a shot with appearances on *Beverly Hills 90210*, *Days of Our Lives*, *Jake in Progress*, *Two and a Half Men* and *Wild On!* before picking up the pen again. She wrote for *Hot Moms Club* magazine and edited her own *Envi-Image*, an eco-friendly online fashion magazine. Recently she's focusing on charity work and raising her son.

DID YOU KNOW?

PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** beat Kate Middleton to win *Esquire*'s Hottest Woman of 2012 bracket.

Miss September 1986 **Rebekka Armstrong**, who is HIV positive, talked with Indiana University students about safe sex.

Business Insider featured Miss September 1994 **Kelly (Wearstler) Gallagher**'s \$39 million mansion.

"I love a man's chest and arms, and I don't mind a beer belly, because I like real



men," says Miss December 2006 **Kia Drayton**. "I also love a woman's physique."

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

TOWANDA BRAXTON

—of WE tv's *Braxton Family Values*

"My favorite Playmate is, and will always be, Miss December 1953 Marilyn Monroe. I've

always admired her for having complete confidence even though she was a full-figured woman. I've used her attitude as my own motivation, and I hope one day to play her in a movie about her life."



BRANDE RODERICK IS YOUR DATING COACH

Do you need help finding love? Log on to HotSpot4Dates.com and you can select PMOY 2001 Brande Roderick as your matchmaker. She'll personally help set you up—and set you up for success. "One of the major benefits to meeting online, as opposed to in person, is that you can really weed out the people who aren't right for you before stepping foot out the door," Brande says. Her biggest pointer is not to be shy. "Believe it or not, girls don't get asked out enough."



JORDAN MONROE IN *BIRDEMIC II: THE RESURRECTION*

It's a flight of fright for Miss October 2006 Jordan Monroe in the B movie *Birdemic II: The Resurrection*. In the sequel to the flick *Entertainment Weekly* called "our new, crazy movie obsession," Jordan enjoys a beautiful day on the beach. "I was frolicking in the water, having a good time," she says. Then disaster strikes, again, but this time in 3-D.



PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The connection between Playmates and breasts is undeniable. While most of the references to women's chests in our pages are whimsical, our Centerfolds remind us that breast cancer is serious. To do their part, a group of Playmates including Miss



January 2001 **Irina Voronina**, Miss July 2011 **Jessa Hinton**, Miss December 2010 **Ashley Hobbs** and Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima** launched Bunnies 4 the Cure in conjunction with the Los Angeles County Race for the Cure. Bunnies 4 the Cure put out a call for donations in October, and by race time in March it had surpassed its goal, raising a total of \$10,167.20.... Miss February 2001 **Lauren Michelle Hill** was



spotted with Sean Patrick Flanery (of *The Boondock Saints*, *Powder* and *Saw 3D* fame) at Norby Walters's 22nd annual Night of 100 Stars Oscar-viewing gala.... Miss June 2009 **Candice Cassidy** welcomed a baby

girl, Kya, into the world on December 15. "She grows more beautiful every day," Candice says. "She was in her first dance production at my studio when she was five weeks old: She played baby Simba and baby Kiara in our *Lion King*. She loves being held, bouncing in her Cadillac walker and going for walks in her Bugaboo stroller. She's very spoiled. Her room is decorated in a Victorian style and accented with ballerina bunnies."... **Irina**, Miss July 2003 **Marketa Janska** and **Hiromi** honored the men and women who have put their lives on the line for us when they spread their love on Valentine's Day at the West Los Angeles VA Hospital. This soldier is out of uniform, but it's quite a good look for him.



WANT TO SEE MORE PLAYMATES?

Or more of these Playmates? You can check out every one of them in the full magazine archives at iplayboy.com.

OUTLAW

(continued from page 142)

He would continue to fight to stop economics from being the science of the bubble.

That night I wandered around the receptions and social events in the hotels. Most economists look like perfect dinner guests and speak with eloquence. I thought it would be easy to get these talkative people to talk to me. But I made a mistake. I kept using the word *heterodox*.

I spoke with three good-looking young guys as we walked between hotels. They were in their early 30s, friends from their grad program, walking briskly in their standard-issue long black overcoats. The blond one was the leader. Harvard had given him an air of aggressive, instant appraisal, and he didn't want to talk to me. When I asked if they were heterodox economists, they all laughed. "Those guys are kind of weird. We don't have any teaching in our department," said the friendly Asian one. Did they ever read anything by heterodox economists? Before he could answer, the blond decided to walk faster and ignore me. The three of them walked on, the Asian waving apologetically. This pattern of conversation was repeated with different groups throughout the hotels: the young Russian American guys who worked in government and thought heterodox economists were "complaining about the way things naturally are." The two Canadian women who weren't sure if heterodox economists were "relevant." The drunk 60-year-old in a tuxedo who laughed and called heterodox economists "journalists, not economists." I was ready for people to start spitting on the ground and making the sign against the *malocchio*. It was that bad.

Later that night I found myself with a man who was what I had assumed every economist was: a curious intellectual who used statistics and an understanding of commerce to solve problems. We sat at the hotel bar for a final drink. "What is a heterodox and what is an orthodox?" he asked. "These terms do not really mean much. I've done papers statistically proving racial bias, which is a quite heterodox inquiry, but I used conventional neoclassical methods and mathematical formulas to prove it. Does that make me a heterodox guy? Who cares, right?" I brought up how heterodox economists define themselves by renouncing rationality and market efficiency. He laughed, waving my comment away. "That is stuff you discuss at three in the morning back at your dorm. It's too big or philosophical; it is not part of day-to-day inquiries. How efficient are markets? I don't know. But my inquiries are still valid. Neoclassical mathematics has given me too many great tools to say otherwise." His agnostic approach was one of the most hopeful things I heard at the conference. It also underlined one of the heterodox's biggest, self-imposed weaknesses. By refusing to acknowledge mathematical modeling as valid, many heterodox economists were missing tools that could help quantify their own theories. More vigorous mathematics

would also perhaps raise the bar and keep some of the undesirables out of the party.

Black had explained how mainstream economists' blindness to fraud had helped create the recession. James Galbraith told me something positive: Such a blind spot wouldn't last much longer. But not for the reasons you might hope.

Galbraith, one of the leading heterodox economists of his generation, is a big, serious-looking man. His recent book, *The Predator State*, describes how wealthy individuals and corporations have taken control of government institutions in order to enrich themselves. Sitting in the fading light, the hotel room growing darker around him, he tried to summarize more than 30 years of work in opposition to the mainstream.

"The history of neoclassical economics is one of a long retreat from indefensible positions. Different economists—call them heterodox if you like, though I don't personally like that term—have sat at the fringe, disagreeing with the entire neoclassical premise of equilibrium and rationality. Every 10 years or so, the mainstream will acknowledge their mistake on a certain issue of the day and work to contain the damage so that their acknowledgment doesn't contradict their fundamentals. This isn't good. It would be better if they admitted they keep making mistakes because their underlying assumptions are wrong—but it does mean that they can adjust." Galbraith then listed some examples of the mainstream co-opting heterodox opinion. "In the 1980s, they mostly abandoned the belief in rational expectations, changing their mathematical models. In the 1990s, it was the disproven belief of a natural level of unemployment. In the 2000s, the law and economics movement argued that laws and enforcement were not as efficient as markets in punishing wrongdoing, a concept now totally disproven."

I asked him what was next. Could it be fraud? "The next big mea culpa could be their acknowledgment of the much bigger role of fraud in finance. But so many things this crisis has highlighted contradict their point of view, it is hard to predict which ones they will be forced to acknowledge."

I thought of the panel I had attended earlier in the conference, where the neoclassical stars were so fearful of the megabanks their policies had helped create. Galbraith sighed in the dim light. "They never cite our writings in their papers or lectures. They discover something we've been saying for years because they've built a mathematical model that supports it. That's how they control the conversation and maintain their control on their academic and policy institutions. When we say it, we're 'not being rigorous' or we are 'politically biased' or whatever. Only when they say it does it become true."

One of the last panels I attended featured actual regulators from the Bank of England and the Korean government, sharp non-academics who described their attempts to understand and regulate financial markets. The fear of the big banks was here too but in much starker terms: One speaker presented

different methods of how the Korean government might insure an institution that had accrued debt the size of his country's GDP.

I couldn't help feeling that it all seemed too little, too late. From their positions as leaders of the IMF, the U.S. Treasury and the Federal Reserve, a generation of mainstream economists had created the most fragile, crash-prone system of finance the world has ever known. No one onstage mentioned the words *fraud* or *prosecution* or *criminal investigation*. If huge players control everything through the threat of their own collapse, isn't it time for more radical ideas?

The day before, I had asked Black if he ever wanted to be a regulator again. His quiet answer didn't surprise me. "Yeah. There are a bunch of folks just like me. We're all in our prime now." He laughed, eyes glinting. "We were kids before, making it up as we went, pretty successfully, but still. Now we have the benefit of hindsight. We've studied all this stuff and have the benefit of all these life experiences, and yet still nothing. Why wouldn't they want to talk to someone who had experience successfully responding to a crisis involving massive fraud, deregulation and desupervision?" The answer seems obvious. Black is famous to historians of the S&L crisis. But he is famous for the wrong reasons. The people he would put in jail today are the ones controlling the regulators, not fearing them.

I had come to the conference hoping to see a thriving resistance movement. The world was in crisis. There would be urgency and questioning and new directions found. I had imagined the heterodox economists engaging and challenging their colleagues, with policy wonks being asked hard questions and professors renouncing their past positions. Instead, I had seen a conference almost entirely free of dialogue, with the two sides segmented in their own separate receptions, panels and dinners. The big stars from Yale and Chicago calmly puzzled over the chaos and loss their mathematical models had helped create. Down the hall the heterodox economists shook their fists and pulled on their goatees. How long until the ones with the math and the influence started listening to the ones with the history and the real-world ideas?

Walking through the busy lobby of the Sheraton, I noticed the crowd of departing economists was so large it had spilled out onto the sidewalks of downtown Denver. The clusters of long black overcoats, laughing and talking, would part automatically for the everyday residents of Denver to pass through. A young Hispanic family walked by, the burly father in a Broncos jacket, his kids holding his hands. His wife glanced around, uncomfortable: Who were all these rich white people? A little behind them, a man in his 50s who might have been homeless walked through. Had the industry that had once employed him been reorganized because of one of the men in the crowd? Had his unemployment benefits been cut because of someone else's mathematical model? He paused amid the hubbub and peered into the crowded lobby the way homeless men will do. The laughing and the talking continued in the cold Denver air. To the economists around him, he was invisible.





JENNY IS BACK—AND BETTER THAN EVER.

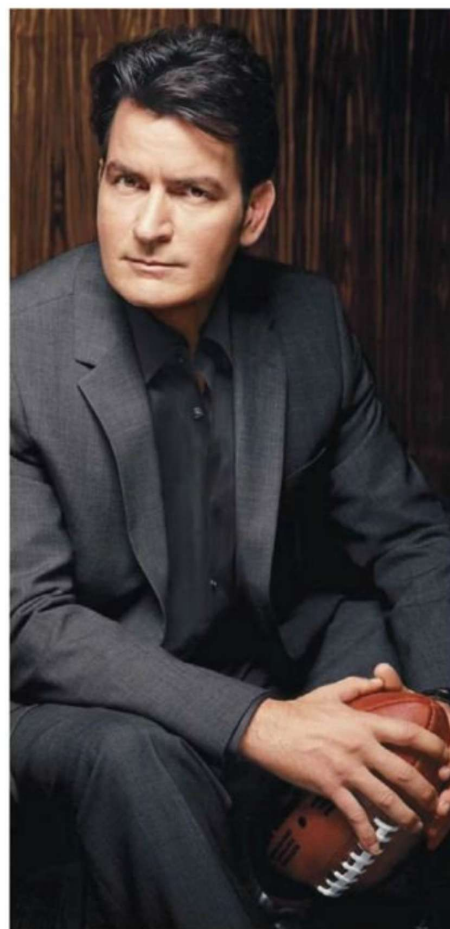


ANDY SAMBERG: YES, HE'S UP TO SOMETHING.



KEROUAC BY FRANK: LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

NEXT MONTH



CRAZY LIKE A FOX.

JENNY—TO KICK OFF OUR SPECIAL DOUBLE SUMMER ISSUE, PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, COMIC ACTOR, HOST AND NEW YEAR'S COP KISSER **JENNY MCCARTHY** RETURNS FOR A GLORIOUS PICTORIAL.

LIVE BY NIGHT—STANDING WITH HIS FEET IN A TUB OF CEMENT, ABOUT TO BE TOSSED OVERBOARD, JOE COUGHLIN REALIZES "ALMOST EVERYTHING OF NOTE THAT HAD EVER HAPPENED IN HIS LIFE" WAS SET IN MOTION THE DAY HE MET A WOMAN NAMED EMMA GOULD. IT'S OUR EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW OF A NEW NOVEL COMING THIS FALL FROM **DENNIS LEHANE**, AUTHOR OF *MYSTIC RIVER*, *SHUTTER ISLAND* AND *GONE, BABY, GONE*.

THE RETREAT—AFGHANISTAN WAS SUPPOSED TO BE THE GOOD WAR, REPORTS **SHASHANK BENGALI**. BUT WHAT WE'RE LEAVING BEHIND DOESN'T LOOK LIKE VICTORY. WHAT WENT WRONG?

JACK KEROUAC, REBORN—IN 1959 WE ASSIGNED PHOTOGRAPHER ROBERT FRANK TO SHOOT THE AUTHOR OF *ON THE ROAD*. **GORE VIDAL** EXAMINES THE ARTISTIC LEGACIES OF TWO ICONS.

THE MAN, THE MATH—GRIGORI PERELMAN SOLVED THE POINCARÉ CONJECTURE, WHICH HAD FRUSTRATED THE BEST MINDS FOR 100 YEARS, YET HE TURNED DOWN THE \$1 MILLION PRIZE AND DISAPPEARED. **BRETT FORREST** STAKES OUT THE RECLUSIVE RUSSIAN'S APARTMENT AND CONVINCES HIM TO TALK.

GAMER NUMBER ONE—NOLAN BUSHNELL CREATED *PONG* AND ATARI, LAUNCHING WHAT IS TODAY A MULTIBILLION-DOLLAR GAMING INDUSTRY. SO, ASKS **DAVID KUSHNER**, WHY ISN'T HE AS WELL-KNOWN AS BILL GATES? THEREIN LIES A WILD TALE.

ARE WE ALONE?—WHILE ONE TEAM OF SCIENTISTS WORKS TO CUT THE TIME IT WOULD TAKE US TO TRAVEL TO ALPHA CENTAURI FROM 70,000 TO 100 YEARS, OTHERS AT SETI AND THE JET PROPULSION LAB PURSUE THEIR OWN STRATEGIES TO FIND LIFE IN THE STARS. **ROB MAGNUSON SMITH** GOES ALONG FOR THE RIDE.

THE TALENTED MR. K.—RUDY KURNIAWAN IS A BIG-TIME WINE DEALER ACCUSED OF RUNNING A BIZARRE COUNTERFEITING SCHEME. **WENDY GOLDMAN ROHM** PROVIDES AN INSIDER ACCOUNT. WAS IT SIMPLY GREED, OR IS THERE MORE TO THE STORY?

ANDY SAMBERG ON THE BOX—IN 20Q, THE *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* CAST MEMBER BEHIND THE YOUTUBE SENSATIONS "LAZY SUNDAY" AND "DICK IN A BOX" EXPLAINS TO **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** WHY PUTTING TOGETHER IKEA FURNITURE MAKES PEOPLE HORNY.

PLUS—THE MOST VICIOUS POLITICAL ATTACK ADS EVER MADE, AMERICA'S BEST BARS, THE PERILS OF DADDYBLOGGING, THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH A REASONABLY NORMAL **CHARLIE SHEEN**, HANGING WITH DIRECTOR **WES ANDERSON**, MISS JULY **SHELBY CHESNES** AND MISS AUGUST **ALANA CAMPOS**, AND MORE.

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