PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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SUMMER DOUBLE ISSUE

THE INTERVIEW: SEAN HANNITY

AMERICA'S BEST BARS

THE MAKING OF *ENTER THE DRAGON*

FICTION BY T.C. BOYLE

20Q WITH ARMIE HAMMER

DEPORTED WARRIORS


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On May 10th, live from the legendary backyard of the 5 acre, 22 room Playboy Mansion, and in support of Operation Gratitude, Jack Daniel's Live at the Landmark concert with Delta Spirit rocked the house for a night that will go down in history.

Photos by Eric Reichbaum, Ilya Savenok and Christopher Victorio



Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima with Miss May 2012 Nikki Leigh



Miss October 2012 Pamela Horton, Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima, Playmate of the Year 2013 Raquel Pomplun, and Miss May 2012 Nikki Leigh with guest



DJ D-Wrek



Playmate of the Year 2005 Tiffany Fallon with husband Joe Don Rooney of Rascal Flatts



Miss May 2012 Nikki Leigh with Miss October 2012 Pamela Horton

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Actor Stephen Dorff



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JACK DANIELS

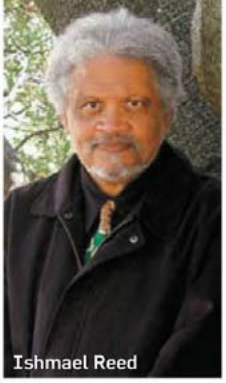
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PLAYBILL

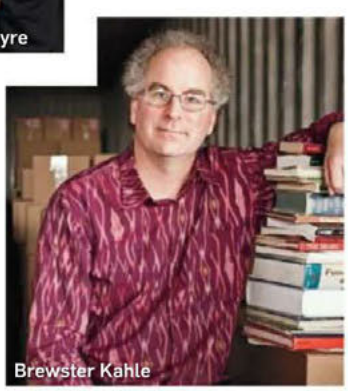

Ishmael Reed


Matthew Polly

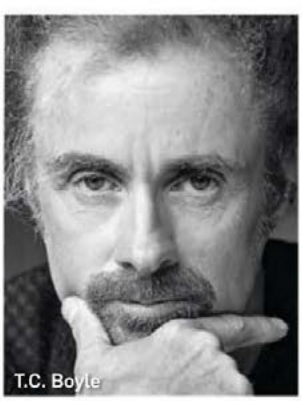

David Bellemere and Liza


Luis Alberto Urrea


Erin Siegal McIntyre


Brewster Kahle


Sean Hannity


T.C. Boyle


James Rosen


Armie Hammer

Welcome to our special summer 2013 double issue, filled with stories and ideas that collectively paint a portrait of the here and now. For starters, we've reached a watershed moment in gay rights in this country. Poet, novelist and all-around Renaissance man **Ishmael Reed** turns the debate on its head in *Who's Next?* Asks Reed, "Should the issue of gay marriage be front and center when the situation of other groups is more desperate?" Interesting question, and he's only getting started. This summer marks the 40th anniversary of the release of *Enter the Dragon*—and the death of the film's star, Bruce Lee. In *Chasing the Dragon,* **Matthew Polly** brings us behind the scenes of this seminal kung fu film, with original reporting from Hollywood and Hong Kong. Got your passport? From there we head to Tijuana. In *Deported Warriors,* **Luis Alberto Urrea** and **Erin Siegal McIntyre** introduce us to immigrant vets who've been kicked out of the U.S. by our government. "They taught me it was easy to kill," says one. "Then they threw me away." We're pleased to have Parisian photographer **David Bellemere** back in our pages. In *La Beauté,* Bellemere captures French model **Liza** in all her glory at the Sheats-Goldstein house, John Lautner's architectural masterpiece in Beverly Hills. Nice house, but wait until you see Liza. Next up: **T.C. Boyle**'s new short story, *The Marlbane Manchester Musser Award.* A funny thing happened to Riley on his way to collect an award. "Sometime later," Boyle tells us, "he found himself in a desperate place, a place even the wildest of his wild years couldn't have begun to prepare him for." Speaking of literature, **Brewster Kahle** is the ultimate bookworm, intent on amassing a superlibrary. "Our goal is one copy of every book," he says, "in every language. Every book in the world." Why? The answer will surprise you, Rob Magnuson Smith reports in *Brewster's Ark.* **Sean Hannity** sits for the *Playboy Interview* this issue. The Fox News commentator and best-selling author has plenty to say about what's wrong with America. "We're robbing our kids blind, because it's their money we're taking, and they're going to spend their lifetimes paying it back," Hannity says. True? You be the judge. Another Fox newsman, **James Rosen,** follows our 68th secretary of state, John Kerry, on a tour of Europe and the Mideast for *Secretary of Stagecraft.* Kerry's legacy has yet to be defined, but this much is for sure, reports Rosen: "It's just not a fun time to be secretary of state." Which brings us to **Armie Hammer,** who takes aim in *20Q.* Hammer, the star of this summer's *The Lone Ranger,* riffs on his co-star Johnny Depp (who plays Tonto) and his own obsession with knots. So there you have it: Just about everything worth talking about in summer 2013. Shall we get the party started?


KICK-ASS 2
AUGUST 2013
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ALYSSA ARCE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN



Laird Hamilton
Pioneer of Tow-in Surfing

YOU'RE ONLY CRAZY IF YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE TO DO IT.

Not long ago, monster waves were literally too fast to catch. Then, with the aid of a personal watercraft and a piece of rope, Laird Hamilton pioneered a way: tow-in surfing. And conquered the surf at Maui's ultimate big wave spot, "Jaws." This kind of conviction, creativity and courage is how Mazda has revolutionized the modern sports sedan. Later this year, Mazda will be the first Asian automaker to launch a diesel in North America. We dared to test our technology on racing's ultimate proving ground: the Rolex 24 at Daytona. Now, just four races into the Grand Am Rolex Sport Car Series, Mazda's SKYACTIV®-D* clean diesel has taken the checkered flag at the GX class race at Road Atlanta. Proving our technology on the track is how we engineer the highest quality into every vehicle we build. This is the Mazda Way. What do you drive?



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mazda

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BODY OF WORK

"There are always cultural icons that mean a lot to a lot of people, the Playmate being one," said Neville Wakefield (lower right), Playboy's creative director of special projects. And PMOY Raquel Pomplun serves as a muse for artists to "refract that iconography through a more contemporary lens." Aaron Young, Alex Israel and Malerie Marder displayed their Playmate-inspired art at a Chateau Marmont soiree.

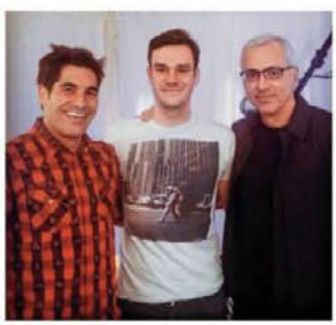






MISS SOCIAL

We don't just like Playboy's Miss Social of the Year, Ashley Salazar. We love her. Meet her on our iPhone app.



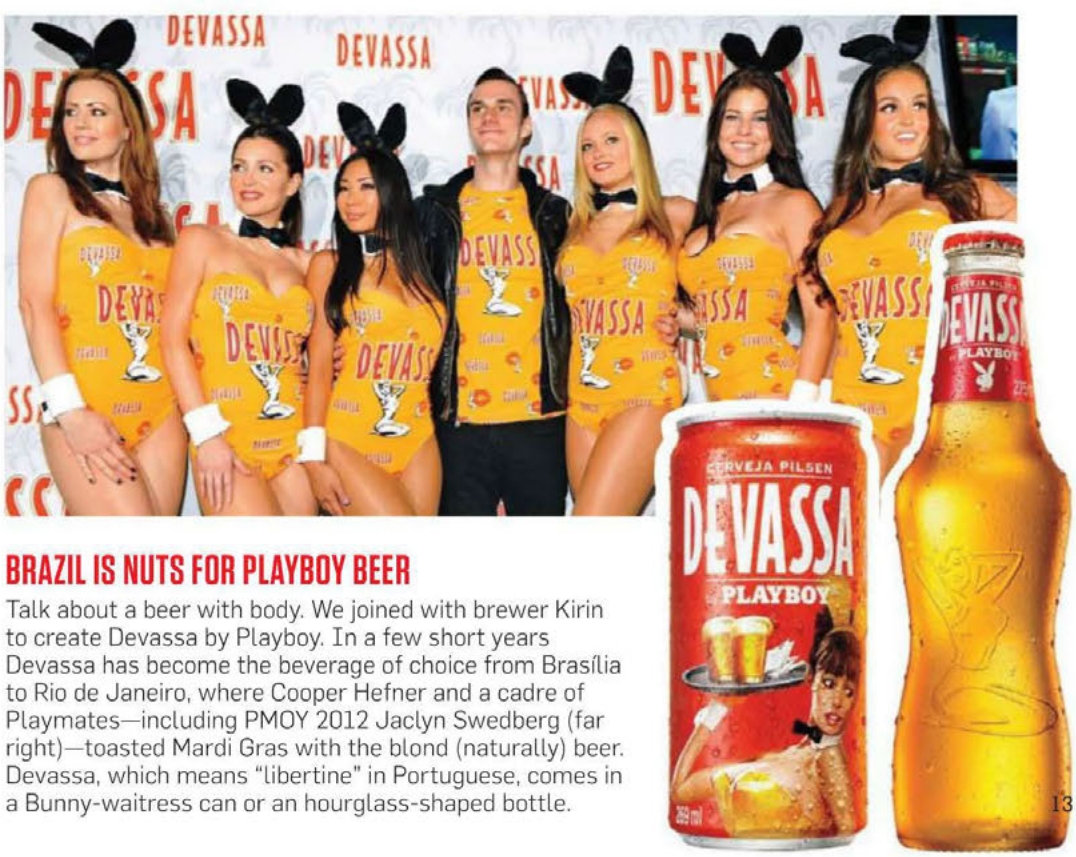
LOVELINE

Cooper Hefner sat in with Mike Catherwood and Drew Pinsky on the venerable sex-advice radio show *Loveline*.

THE GOOD LIFE AT PLAYBOY

The life of a PLAYBOY editor: You might guess we spend half our day sifting through photos of potential Playmates and enjoying a fine scotch while reading literature, but once a month we interrupt such duties to bring in a staff barber. In preparation for the PMOY celebrations, Brian Girgus of the New California Barbershop gave our staff fades and touch-ups.





BRAZIL IS NUTS FOR PLAYBOY BEER

Talk about a beer with body. We joined with brewer Kirin to create Devassa by Playboy. In a few short years Devassa has become the beverage of choice from Brasília to Rio de Janeiro, where Cooper Hefner and a cadre of Playmates—including PMOY 2012 Jaclyn Swedberg (far right)—toasted Mardi Gras with the blond (naturally) beer. Devassa, which means "libertine" in Portuguese, comes in a Bunny-waitress can or an hourglass-shaped bottle.

HANGIN' WITH HEF

RAQUEL POMPLUN IS PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

"This Playmate of the Year is a winner in every way," Hef said as he introduced the first Mexican American PMOY and gave her the keys to a Jaguar F-Type. Raquel Pomplun thanked Hef and her Playmate sorority during a sunny luncheon at the Playboy Mansion.







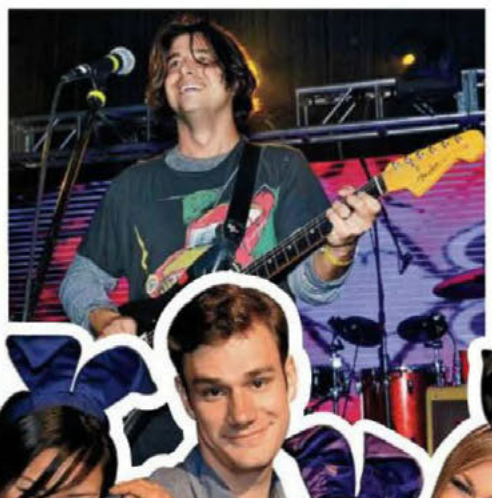


HEF'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT

At Hef's *Casablanca*-themed birthday party, wife Crystal Hefner gave him an amazing mosaic portrait. Artist Jason Mecier created Hef's image using a collection of his favorite things: PLAYBOY, his pipe, Jack Daniel's and Häagen-Dazs ice cream.









JACK ON THE ROCKS

Jack Daniel's Tennessee Whiskey hosted a bash at PMW to benefit Operation Gratitude, which sends care packages to those serving in our military. Attendees included actor Shane West and Cooper Hefner, who rocked out to a live performance by Delta Spirit.

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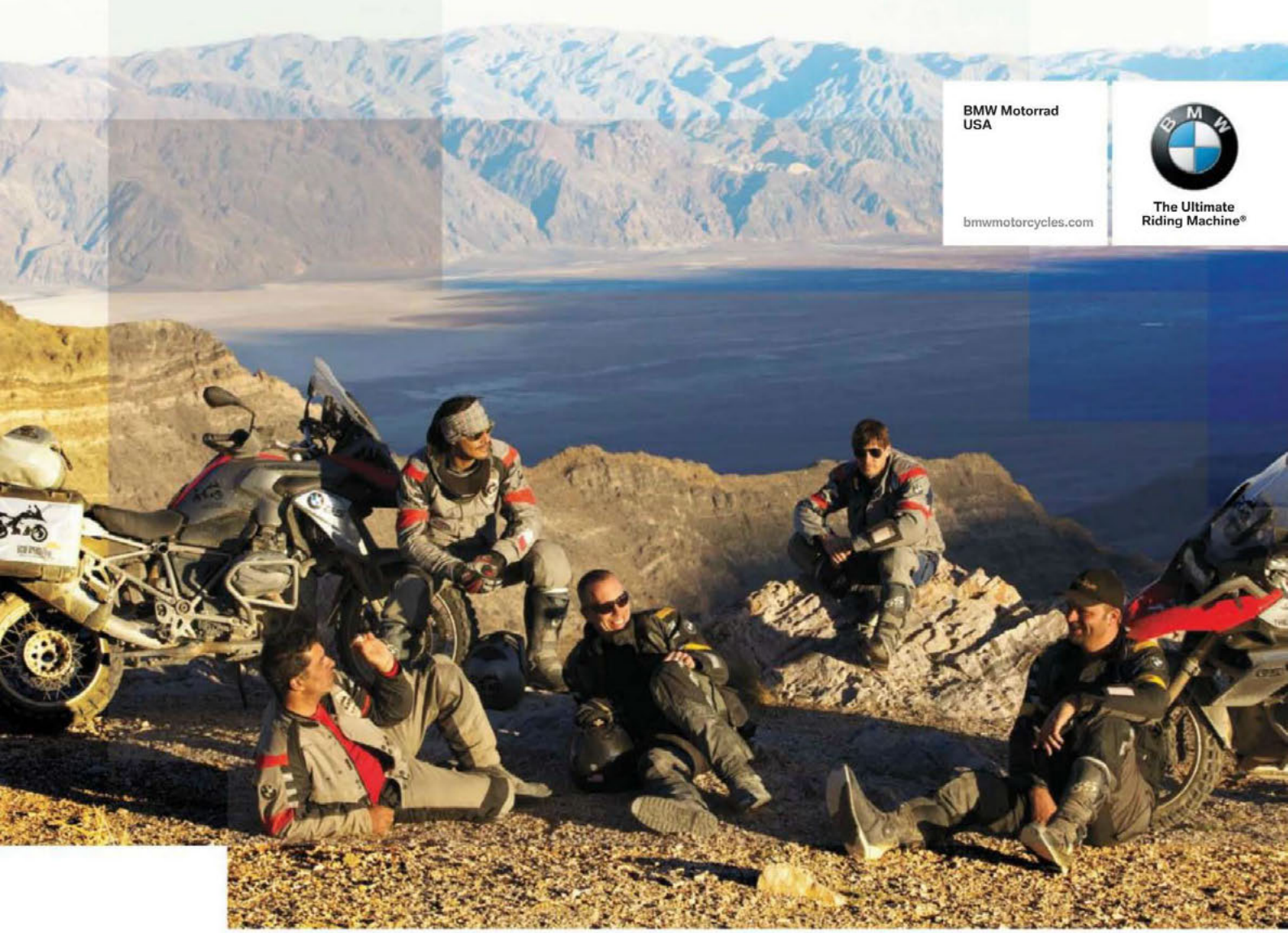
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DEAR PLAYBOY

HOUSE OF CARDS

Matthew Cox, the real estate fraudster, deserves a special place in con man hell (*Sale of the Century,* May). He is undoubtedly gifted, but he also happens to be a sleazeball who took people's money and property and destroyed lives. And all because he'd been slighted by his father? The irony is that Cox's dad, while visiting Cox in prison, complimented him only on having "lived an incredible life."

Ron Thuemler
Tampa, Florida

MUSIC NOTES

In "Rock Relic" (*After Hours,* April), Adam Baer laments the dearth of new guitar gods. I recommend he listen to Orianthi's *Heaven in This Hell,* though technically it could be called blues. Orianthi is only 28, but Carlos Santana says he's ready to pass her the torch.

Dave Smith
Winston, Oregon

As a lifelong reader and metalhead, I'm disappointed to see the hands holding the headphones in "Metal Heads" (*Mantrack,* April) aren't throwing the horns but signing "I love you." Somewhere in England, Lemmy sheds a single tear.

Mike Lyon
Edina, Minnesota

Rob Tannenbaum misses the mark in *The 38 Best Songs About Sex* (April). How could there not be a single mention of AC/DC? He should have put more thought—or rock—into his list.

Sandy Besemer
South Haven, Michigan

"You Suck" by Consolidated featuring the Yeastie Girls should have been listed among the best songs about women demanding cunnilingus.

Michael Pampell
Houston, Texas

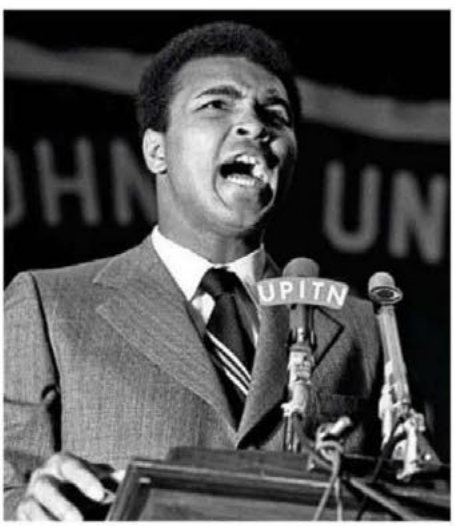
I'm surprised "Lola" by the Kinks isn't on your list of best songs about being a deranged male prostitute. Ray Davies's lyrics tell a tale of finding out the hard way that things aren't always what they seem… or are they? "She walked like a woman and talked like a man." Anyone who knows the song will always wonder, Did they have sex?

Dave Powell
Sparks, Nevada

THE GREATEST INTERVIEW

I was one of those enthusiastic white college students Muhammad Ali spoke to (*Playboy Classic,* May). When he visited Virginia Tech in 1971, he was well versed, told great stories, showed a great sense of humor and didn't preach. At the end of his talk, he took questions. Everyone wanted him to do the Ali shuffle, but he said he would need an opponent. The crowd started chanting, "Charlie! Charlie!"—referring to a basketball player, Charlie Lipscomb, known for his long arms. After dancing around with the champ, Charlie took a swing—and connected. Ali felt his mouth. He had a split lip! The audience was hushed until the champ showed why he was and is the greatest. He reached behind the lectern, pulled out an eight-by-ten photo of himself, signed it, added a smear of blood, handed it to Charlie and shook his hand. "Tell your kids and grandkids this blood came from Ali after you hit him," he said, "though they probably won't believe you."

William Reid
Corvallis, Oregon



Ali shares the love at St. John's University, 1971.

Some readers may be surprised by the content of your 1975 interview with Ali. Much of the media has presented him as a champion of liberal social policies for so long that it's easy to forget he had a more complicated message. As a young man Ali was attracted to the Nation of Islam because, he said, it gave him a sense of historical pride and religious discipline. Unfortunately he was expected to promote its divisive rhetoric. Since this sort of intolerance was at odds with his personality, it oftentimes led to such statements as "We'll kill anybody who tries to mess around with our [Muslim] women." But they should be viewed more as pious platitudes than sincere discourse.

Paul Corning
Madison, Wisconsin

After winning, in 1970, the appeal for his suspension, Ali never "went on" to defeat Sonny Liston. He fought Liston in 1964 and 1965. He also wasn't "the only boxer in history to defend the world heavyweight championship 19 times." Joe Louis retired in 1949 with 25 title defenses.

Earl Flaherty
Whitneyville, Maine

THE GREATEST PHOTO

The March cover photo of Liza Kei on a sheet, wearing a diamond choker and thigh-high stockings, is the epitome of, well, everything. It's the picture to end all pictures. It took PLAYBOY 60 years to get this one, and I doubt you'll be able to top it in the next 60 years.

Wayne DeBarr
Phoenix, Arizona

What can we do but try?

ROUGH AND READY

The columns by Joel Stein and Lisa Lampanelli in April hit on an important trend, the pussification of America. Although I agree with Stein's confusion and disgust at being told by a supposed friend that his wine selection might get him punched in the testicles ("You Are What You Eat," *Men*), if a friend said that to me, he'd be the one in danger of injury. Anyone who thinks a wine is too dry or hasn't matured enough doesn't understand why a man drinks. I also like what Lampanelli says about what she would like a man to be ("Man Up!,"

Diamonds Are Forever

Thank you for the great pictorial of Tamara Ecclestone (*The Diamond Heiress,* May). Seeing the exquisite Tamara is just one of the many reasons I enjoy PLAYBOY month after month.

Andrew Bejarano
Las Cruces, New Mexico

I love the March cover, but May is the best yet. As you've shown, a great cover does not need a lot of words. I also enjoy your classic *Playboy Interviews.* Any chance you'll throw in some classic pictorials?

Wylie Hnat
Coralville, Iowa





Playmate Kylie Johnson, Miss February 2011

JEWELRY UNLOCKS MORE THAN JUST HEARTS

Playboy jewelry by Addison Taylor.

Exclusively on the new

PLAYBOYSTORE.COM

Women). Somehow women's liberation has been misunderstood by a generation of girlie men who fail to realize males and females can be equals but also different.

Andrew Pastewski
Miami Beach, Florida

Lisa Lampanelli's *Women* column is my first read every month. It is insightful and provides a guaranteed laugh. I'm sorry it will no longer appear in every issue. How about every other?

Howard Hinderleider
Columbus, Ohio

I read "Why Money Makes Us Squirm" (*Men,* January/February) in the hope of discovering insights into the psychology of money. What I got instead were sexist comments such as "Women make new friends continually at every stage of their lives because most of their conversations are about shoes and handbags." I hope in the future PLAYBOY will hire more socially conscious writers.

Domingo Canizales III
Santa Cruz, California

IN THE BEGINNING

Thank you for James Franco's interview with filmmaker Sam Raimi (*Francofile,* April). Sam was a grade or two ahead of me, but I recall the morning talk show he and a classmate played over the intercom in the mid-1970s at West Maple Junior High in West Bloomfield, Michigan. It always began with a Bachman-Turner Overdrive song. Then we'd hear "Hi, Steve!" "Hi, Sam!" and laughter. And they were off. It was clear even then he was a talented guy.

Amy Patterson Quinn
Marquette, Michigan

CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?

John Gray's essay "Atheism Wars" (*Forum,* April), in which he argues there is little reason to think our world would be a better place if no one believed in God, is so full of non sequiturs and inanity it's difficult to know how to respond. Theists live in a fairy-tale world where, if they're good, they'll go on to "heaven" and spend eternity with the deity. What a riot. Pull the other one.

Johnny Cummings
Boston, Massachusetts

"In fact, atheism has little to offer anybody," Gray writes. The truth is never a little thing.

Isaac Shumard
Wichita, Kansas

Some New Age teachings fit perfectly with the science we have. They promote love and understanding and claim we are evolving physically and spiritually. Maybe the more established religions can't keep up with the human race.

Al Merkel
Sleepy Eye, Minnesota

Religion is not some sort of primitive science. Being a de facto "truth," it cannot correct its own errors. At best it's inaccurate history mixed with mythology and used as a method of controlling populations. It's a problem because it pushes ideas not grounded in evidence.

Patrick Elliott
Lake Havasu City, Arizona

For more responses to Gray, see page 63.

BLACK AND WHITE

I would have loved to study the plans for your urban bachelor pad (*Retro Renovation,* May), but there were too many distractions, such as the chessboard set up the wrong way, with the black queen on a white square.

Steven Emmott
Givrins, Switzerland

You mean the chessboard next to the three nude Playmates?

WALL CANDY

In your report on great barbershops (*Fade In,* March), you show a rack filled with classic PLAYBOYS. That required reading also makes great office decor.



A reader's home office, filled with distractions.

Joe Reale
Raleigh, North Carolina

A MODEST PROPOSAL

It seems to me that if players have only a 15-year window to get into the National Baseball Hall of Fame, sportswriters should have to give up their vote after 15 years as well ("What the Hall?," *After Hours,* May).

Tony Iamurri
Las Vegas, Nevada

TRAIL OF TEARS

Leave it to Chuck Palahniuk, with his short story *Cannibal* (May), to ruin cunnilingus for the rest of us.

Lynn Johnson
Beachwood, Ohio

We suggest you not read Chuck's story Guts (March 2004).

LIFE IS WORTH
LIVING
WITH A LITTLE
STYLE



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BECOMING ATTRACTION

VALERIE AZLYNN

"*RUNNING AROUND* your apartment in your underwear is a lot of fun," says Valerie Azlynn, lounging at home in Los Angeles. She plays Melanie, the smoking-hot beer-chugging paramedic in the tight uniform on TBS's *Sullivan & Son*. "I grew up a trombone-playing, opera-singing goofball," she says, "but I learned to love my body." Although she's "one of the guys" on TV, that's not the case off-screen. "In real life I'm a girlie girl."

Photography by **MICHAEL EDWARDS/ MEINMYPLACE.COM**

MAN OVERBOARD

THE PLAN TO RESCUE MEN FROM THE SUPERMARKET IS AS DUMB AS IT SOUNDS



• There is, naturally, the whole having-a-penis thing, which is important and difficult to miss. But in innumerable other, less strictly anatomical ways, men are different from women, with different tastes, inclinations and degrees of tolerance for longish conversations about the NFL draft. But it's tough not to wonder, when considering all the explicitly dude-centered new consumer products on the market—the 10-calorie diet soda with the tagline "It's not for women," say, or the cups of male-oriented yogurt—if we're different enough to need our own brodas and (sorry) brogurts.

The short answer, which doubles as a pretty solid final answer, would seem to be "Of course not, and stop saying 'brogurt'—it sounds terrible." But as the recent boomlet in light-beer ads that define "manliness" as scrupulous brand loyalty and terrified conformity throws off some seriously sketchy gay-panic vibes, we must assume the ads work at least to some extent. Still, attempts at a fear-based organizing of the male consumer's brain must have limits. Any man who has avoided diet soda or yogurt because it seemed insufficiently masculine is not likely to be convinced by a brand of soda that superswears it's not some lame she-beverage or by eight ounces of yogurt packaged to look like little Arena Football League uniforms. And besides, it's kind of insulting. We are secure and competent enough as humans to buy groceries without needing a Man Aisle—the one at New York City's Westside Market features beef jerky, condoms, hot sauce and beer—to tell us which foodstuffs and low-calorie sodas are appropriate for us men. Right?

> *Any man who has avoided yogurt because it seemed insufficiently masculine is not likely to be convinced by yogurt packaged to look like little Arena Football League uniforms.*

"Seventy percent of shopping is done by women," says Stephen Hoch, professor of marketing at the Wharton business school. "But that means 30 percent is done by men, so you're a valuable demographic. And with men doing more shopping, and some of them maybe not confident about it, it makes sense to target them specifically." He pauses. "Now, do you need a Man Aisle? I don't know. I mean, what the fuck?"

Finally, though, this may not be all that complicated. In 2006 the chief marketing officer of marketing-communications giant JWT told *Advertising Age*'s Larry Dobrow what must have been a hard truth. "We don't know [men's] passions and interests," Marian Salzman said, "so we assume they're beer and babes." Not a bad assumption, really, but it's not any less of a guess now than it was before.

You don't need to watch *Mad Men* to know what happens next. These men-only sodas and guy-gurts are new, but the ideas that gave them to us are old. Long before there were Man Aisles in the supermarket or these dude-oriented products to fill them, there was marketing's fundamental principle: create a grievance (what is up with all these girlie yogurts!) and then sell its solution (bro, try this). The amazing part, in retrospect, is that it took brogurt this long to get here.—*David Roth*

ILLUSTRATION BY BRUCE HUTCHISON



Johnny Ramone, ladies' man.

STRIKE A CHORD

→ *Picking up a guitar helps you pick up women, according to two recent studies. In a French study, a subject introduced himself to 300 women; 31 percent gave him their number when he was carrying a guitar, compared with nine percent when he had a gym bag. Students at Tel Aviv University found 14 out of 50 people accepted a Facebook friend request if the photo showed a guy holding a guitar. Grab your ax, man.*

HOW NOT TO GET ROBBED LIKE A CELEBRITY

CELEBS FROM MEGAN FOX TO KANYE WEST HAVE BEEN CLEANED OUT BY CROOKS. HERE ARE TIPS FOR YOU—AND THEM—TO AVOID A POLICE REPORT

1.

ACCESS DENIED

→ "There are many ways to handle access control, and a key is the worst," says Alon Alexander, president of Kent Security. Try more sophisticated technology such as fingerprint scanners and facial recognition. "Any building I work for, rule number one is I remove the key." Because when your face is your key, no one can duplicate it.

2.

FIRE AWAY

→ Hangers-on are as much a staple of celebrity life as tanning beds, and when things go missing, they're often the people to look at. "When it's time for those people to get fired, they take it personally," says private investigator Dennis Bridwell. "I met a guy who made a copy of a client's credit card. Six months after the guy was let go, he bought a car with it."

3.

ROLE CALL

→ Don't employ anyone who will blab your secrets over a round of mai tais. Also, keep track of your home's foot traffic and know who has access codes. "It's not just Tom Cruise going in and out of his house. He has staff and other people who work for him," says Richard Sedivy of DoorKing. "It's almost a small business."

4.

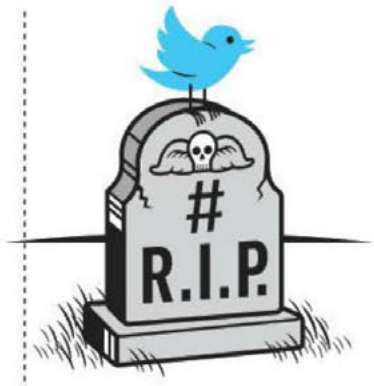
STATUS UPGRADE

→ As shown in *The Bling Ring,* Sofia Coppola's movie about real-life Hollywood thefts, someone is always watching celebs. Coming to grips with his or her new status can be a star's trickiest adjustment. "You don't change the person; you just change how they do certain things," says Bridwell. That means locking windows and keeping an eye on potential ne'er-do-wells. Better safe than sobbing over stolen diamonds.—*Jeremy Gordon*



Tip: Don't employ anyone who will blab your secrets over a round of mai tais.

Photography by **DAN SAELINGER**



DEAD MAN TALKING

STAYING SOCIAL FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE

• *For the garrulous among us, one of the more troubling aspects of shuffling off this mortal coil is the prospect of doing so unexpectedly, having left important things unsaid. Now, however, thanks to several new "digital legacy tools," when you give out, your yap won't. Simplest of the bunch is If I Die (ifidie.net), a Facebook app that allows you to leave a message for the world to be triggered by three designated trustees after you croak. Deadsoci.al allows you to schedule tweets and Facebook posts for certain dates so you can rickroll people from beyond the grave. Most ambitious is _LivesOn (liveson.org), which promises that "when your heart stops beating you'll keep tweeting." The service monitors your feed and creates posts based on what it thinks you'll like. You improve its accuracy by telling it what you would and wouldn't post. When you die, an executor activates your account, unleashing tweets that will either comfort or freak out your followers. The service, scheduled to launch this year, already has a waiting list. But is it ghoulish? "It doesn't seem too absurd that this could constitute some sort of afterlife," says Dave Bedwood, one of _LivesOn's founders. "No more absurd than the one religion has sold for centuries."—Dan Dunn*

PROP STYLIST: DOMINIQUE BAYNES. ILLUSTRATION BY TODD DETWILER

Best Summer

IF YOU SPENT JUNE LOAFING ON A COUCH, DON'T LET THE NEXT TWO MONTHS GO TO WASTE. FROM CONCERTS AND POOL PARTIES TO ART EXHIBITS AND SWANK HOTELS, THIS LIST WILL SAVE YOUR SUMMER.



1
ALL-STAR GAME
AT CITI FIELD
July 16

• The holy trinity of summer is baseball, beer and burgers. Nirvana is worshipping all three at once when you begin your journey at the All-Star game at Citi Field (mlb.com). Grab a legendary Shake Shack burger and watch Prince Fielder crush homers into the New York streets.



3
PITCHFORK
FESTIVAL
July 19-21

• Make your way to Chicago to celebrate the lovely women (onstage and off) at the Pitchfork Music Festival ($50–$120, pitchforkmusicfestival.com). This year's lineup includes bad girl M.I.A., vampy model and songstress Sky Ferreira, Solange—the other, funkier Knowles sister—and your not-so-secret crush Björk. If Belle and Sebastian kill your buzz, watch Killer Mike and R. Kelly instead. Or just grab a beach towel, plant yourself in the middle of the three stages and work on your tan and your impending hearing loss.



2
MADERO GUATE VANS

▸ *Summer requires a pair of kicks that can keep up. The Madero Guate Vans ($60, vans.com) work everywhere from barbecues to bars. Bright colors ensure they won't get lost during late-night dips at the beach.*

4
MONTELOBOS MEZCAL

▸ *Skip the margarita mix and drink like a man. Order a bottle of smoky Montelobos mezcal ($50, montelobos.com) and sip it neat while discussing your philosophical concerns about the RoboCop remake.*



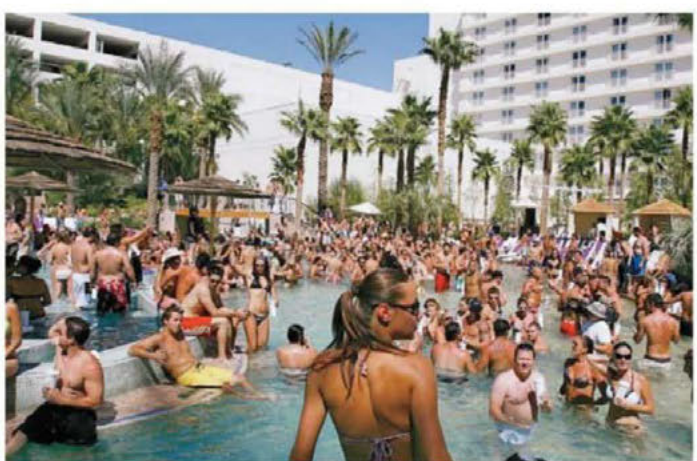
5
ANDRE BERTO VS. JESÚS SOTO KARASS
July 27

• Catch one of summer's best brawls by heading to Carson, California for Andre Berto vs. Jesús Soto Karass (homedepotcenter.com). The welterweight slugfest promises to be the year's most action-packed—unless Floyd Mayweather Jr. finally agrees to fight Manny Pacquiao.



6
LAS VEGAS
POOL PARTIES

• Las Vegas pool parties are debauched even by Sin City standards. Don your swimsuit and dive in. Rehab at the Hard Rock Hotel is the granddaddy of 30-ounce vodka lemonades and underwater hand jobs, Encore at the Wynn nabs the biggest DJs (Diplo, David Guetta), and the Boulevard Pool at the Cosmopolitan features the best live acts, including Twin Shadow (July 4) and Weezer (July 27).



Ever

WHERE THE WILD THINGS ARE, PLAYBOY STYLE

By Nora O'Donnell

7



METALLICA
PINBALL MACHINE

▸ Take a break and blow a night at the bar, playing Metallica...pinball. The latest model (visit sternpinball.com for locations) includes an animated electric chair, a ball-eating snake and illuminated grave markers. Ride the lightning, indeed.

LOLLAPALOOZA
August 2-4

• Return to Chicago for a second helping of killer music, overpriced bottled water and quality MDMA, at Lollapalooza ($75–$235, lollapalooza.com). Impress the ladies with your knowledge of Cat Power and Lana Del Rey after Nine Inch Nails and Queens of the Stone Age blow what's left of your brains.

8



9
TRILLIUM
GRAPHIC NOVEL

▸ *Book a direct flight from Chicago to London. Detox on the plane while reading Trillium, the new science-fiction series about the end of the universe from Vertigo Comics (V for Vendetta, The Sandman) and acclaimed creator Jeff Lemire (Sweet Tooth).*





10
LONDON
SHARD HOTEL

• You're pumped on sci-fi, so stay at London's new Shangri-La Hotel at the Shard (shangri-la.com/london). The 1,016-foot skyscraper (the tallest in the E.U.) pierces the clouds like something out of *Star Trek*. Room prices are TBA, but the bar on the 52nd floor provides a holodeck-worthy view.

11



BOWIE EXHIBIT
AT V&A LONDON
until August 11

• Catch the David Bowie exhibit at the Victoria and Albert Museum (www.vam.ac.uk) before it closes. The show includes more than 300 objects from the Thin White Duke, including original costumes, instruments, handwritten lyrics and set designs.

12

ELECTRIC ZOO
NEW YORK
August 30–September 1

• End your adventure back in New York at the Electric Zoo music festival ($330–$1,200, madeevent.com/electriczoo). Sweat it out to turntable superstars Tiësto and Steve Aoki. Then, hydrate, hydrate, hydrate. This summer has depleted you.





INSIDER IBIZA

TOP TASTEMAKERS TELL HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE FANTASY ISLAND'S LUXE LIFE

• The Spanish party island of Ibiza has always attracted a certain breed of well-heeled hippie. Named for Bes, the Egyptian god of music and dance, the island has been a playground for the gypsy jet set since as far back as the 1960s—with everybody from Frank Zappa to Kate Moss having made the pilgrimage over the decades. But recent years have seen the boho bolt-hole smarten up its act, making this the best summer to visit yet.

International restaurateur Giuseppe Cipriani, who opened his latest restaurant, Downtown Ibiza, in the heart of Marina Ibiza last summer, explains why he picked this beachy paradise for his expanding empire: "Ibiza is attracting a much more international crowd now. All our customers are coming here." Last year also saw private-jet traffic to the island double, and this summer Cipriani ups the ante again—with Bomba Ibiza, a nightclub he opened in May with superstar DJ Luciano.

Where to party? Take the advice of Serena Cook, who set up her high-end concierge company, Deliciously Sorted, in Ibiza in 2002 to cater to just a handful of wealthy hedonists. Her business has burgeoned in the past decade, and she now has more than 6,000 clients on her books. Cook charts the rise of Ibiza's VIP scene by the venues that have opened to cater specifically to the glitterati. Among the top spots: the **Blue Marlin** beach club **(1),** a Vegas-style daytime party palace; the Ushuaïa Beach Hotel; and cabaret restaurant Lío.

Skip the raver-ready hotels and book a room at one of the island's newest five-star accommodations, such as the adults-only Ushuaïa Tower and Pacha's Destino (see "Haute Hotel" at right), new this summer.

If you want to hang with the high rollers, be ready to spend. The infamous Pacha nightclub renovated its DJ booth last year to accommodate the ever-expanding VIP section—where tables start at 400 euros for two people but the average nightly spend is well into the thousands.

Ben Turner, one of the men behind Ibiza's International Music Summit (a dance-music conference that was also held in L.A. in April), thinks an influx of American royalty is behind the Ibiza clubs' deepening love affair with bottle service. "People like Andrew Sasson, Noah Tepperberg, Jason Strauss and Dave Grutman—the kings of U.S. nightlife—have become the tastemakers," says Turner. And guess who comes with them—private jets full of models. Need we say more?
—Ruby Warrington



1.



2.



→ *Dancers make the scene at the SuperMartXé party at Ibiza's legendary club Privilege.*

HAUTE HOTEL

→ **Destino (2),** a swish new resort hotel and the latest jewel in the Pacha crown, is situated on the outskirts of Ibiza Town atop the cliffs of Cap Martinet. The action centers on a giant cherry-shaped swimming pool complete with 20-seat VIP Jacuzzi. Add a 200-seat "Mediterrasian" restaurant and daytime sounds from leading international DJs to create an oasis of sheer indulgence.

NEVER SLEEP

HOW TO DO IBIZA, FROM DUSK TO DAWN

9:00 PM

BAR 1805
> Pregame at this bohemian absinthe bar from expert mixologist Charles Vexenat.

1:00 AM

ENTER. AT SPACE
> DJ Richie Hawtin's "sake bar" concept at superclub Space has a reputation as a party for music lovers.

2:00 AM

BOMBA IBIZA
> Giuseppe Cipriani has lured Europe's top DJs to his hotly anticipated after-hours venue.

6:00 AM

THE CAVE
> Make it your mission to get on the list at this dark-and-dirty after-party hidden away in the hills of San Juan.


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PRAWN STAR

PIMP YOUR SHRIMP WITH OUR SPICY GRILLED SPIN ON SHRIMP COCKTAIL

• Shrimp cocktail, that mainstay of the country club dinner and the wedding reception buffet, doesn't need to be relegated to proper affairs. And summer's parade of hastily assembled cookouts could use an injection of sophistication. To address these two issues simultaneously, we turned to the countries of Asia as the inspiration for a bolder, better version of shrimp cocktail, grabbing sweet hoisin sauce from China, the peppery-lemony spice blend *shichimi togarashi* from Japan and the ubiquitous *sriracha* hot sauce. Boost the heat of the cocktail sauce with a quarter teaspoon of wasabi powder if you like it superspicy.

STICK TRICK

Soak bamboo skewers for 30 minutes in cold water to keep them from burning on the grill.

1.

Hoisin Grilled Shrimp
(serves four)

In a large mixing bowl, combine first four ingredients and stir well. Add shrimp and mix to coat with marinade. Refrigerate for 30 minutes. Heat a grill to medium heat. Spear shrimp on bamboo skewers and grill for two minutes per side.

- *2 tbsp. hoisin sauce*
- *2 tbsp. mirin*
- *1 tbsp. vegetable oil*
- *1 tsp. shichimi togarashi*
- *1 lb. medium shrimp, peeled*
- *6 bamboo skewers*

2.

Sriracha Cocktail Sauce

Place ingredients in a small mixing bowl and stir to combine. Serve as dipping sauce with shrimp.

- *4 tbsp. ketchup*
- *4 tbsp. sriracha hot sauce*
- *3 tbsp. fresh lemon juice*
- *½ cup horseradish sauce*

Photography by **CHARLES MASTERS**

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NICE CANS

BIGGER IS BETTER THIS SUMMER THANKS TO ARTISANAL TALL BOYS

• The allure of the 16-ounce tall boy is pretty simple: It has more beer in it. Why drink a normal 12-ounce beer when you can drink four ounces more? The answer used to be because only crappy macro lagers came in big cans. No longer. The past year has seen several great American craft breweries opting for the big-can format. Cans keep beer fresher than bottles do, they're lighter and more portable, and of course they're more fun to crush on your head. The 16-ounce can offers another upside: It fills a pint glass perfectly.—*Lessley Anderson*

POUR IT ON

Hardcore beer nerds would never be caught drinking straight from a can. A beer's aromas blossom in a glass.



DALE'S PALE ALE
Oskar Blues Brewery
→ Artisanal canned-beer pioneer Oskar Blues now offers its classic pale ale in a supersize 19-ounce can.

SWEET ACTION
Sixpoint Brewery
→ A little sweet, tasting slightly of orange and peach, dark in color but light on the palate, this unique cream ale grows on you with each sip.

SHIFT PALE LAGER
New Belgium Brewing Company
→ A damn fine lawnmower beer. Crisp and light, it's zested with earthy hops and anchored by a good malt backbone.

TORPEDO EXTRA IPA
Sierra Nevada Brewing Company
→ Craft beer master Sierra Nevada killed it when it created this perfectly balanced IPA. It delivers crazy-bold hops without being undrinkably cloying.

G'KNIGHT IMPERIAL RED ALE
Oskar Blues Brewery
→ A dangerously strong (8.7 percent ABV) hoppy beer with a nice malty finish. It's named in honor of a local brewer and Vietnam vet who died fighting a fire.

Photography by **GORMAN STUDIO**



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→ *When it comes to clip-ons, a classic metallic navigator style keeps it looking dashing, not dorky.*

CLIP ART

THEY'RE BACK! GLASSES WITH CLIP-ON SHADES ARE A ONE-TWO PUNCH THIS SUMMER

• It was bound to happen. With NBA stars and rock stars alike wearing geek-chic horn-rimmed frames and military-style aviator and navigator shades, it didn't take long for designers to meld the two. Convertible sets of specs and clip-on sunglasses give you cool convenience while avoiding the nerd factor. But don't just slap clip-on shades on any old frame: These are matched sets that are scaled just right and use gold and colored accents for subtle flair.

HORN FREE

→ These horn-rimmed glasses go from bookish to bold with a gold wire clip and a nod to traditional Danish design.

Timeless by Han ($198)

ALL CLEAR

→ Inspired by the low-key cool of James Dean, these glasses pair clean, clear acetate frames with gray clip-on lenses.

JD by Michael Bastian X Randolph Engineering ($285)

MIRROR MIRROR

→ L.A. designer Garrett Leight collaborated with French designer Thierry Lasry for this set that pops thanks to blue-wire mirrored shades.

Number 1 by Garrett Leight X Thierry Lasry ($445)

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

BACK IN BLACK (AND WHITE)

WELCOME TO THE CLASSIC-ROCK T-SHIRT RENAISSANCE

• One of these days, that threadbare Def Leppard (or Ramones or Hüsker Dü or Bob Dylan) T-shirt is going to give up the ghost. Instead of trolling eBay and bidding on someone else's hand-me-down nostalgia, you can start fresh but still rock the vote for your favorite band with a tee from one of the many designers who collaborate with musicians. (Street-style pioneer Supreme has a Misfits line; Hurley had a Weezer series.) The best of the bunch are graphic and black-and-white, avoid the bombastic rock T-shirt clichés and go with anything you'll wear this summer. Here's how to get in on the act.

1



1 LED HEAD

→ Pay tribute to Led Zeppelin's true genius, drummer John Bonham (apologies to Jones, Plant and Page), with this supersoft T-shirt from audiophile fashion designer John Varvatos. *($98)*

2



2 BOWIE LIFE

→ Paul Smith designed this official T-shirt for Bowie's new album, *The Next Day*. *($145)*

3



3 GO BLONDIE

→ Dolce & Gabbana meets Debbie Harry with this tee. Available at mrporter.com. *($265)*



Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

KNOCKED OFF

→ The smart take on the rock T-shirt came from the streets. Fans with access to design software and silk screens took rock imagery and stripped it down to its most basic, graphic elements. A few classics (from left to right): The first names of the Ramones spelled out in Helvetica spawned countless imitators; pop ska legends the Specials' checkerboard design can't fail; Black Flag's four bars have become the punk rock aesthetic benchmark; the New York City tee says John Lennon without saying "John Lennon"; Joy Division's ethereal *Unknown Pleasures* album art is art in itself.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HARKNESS

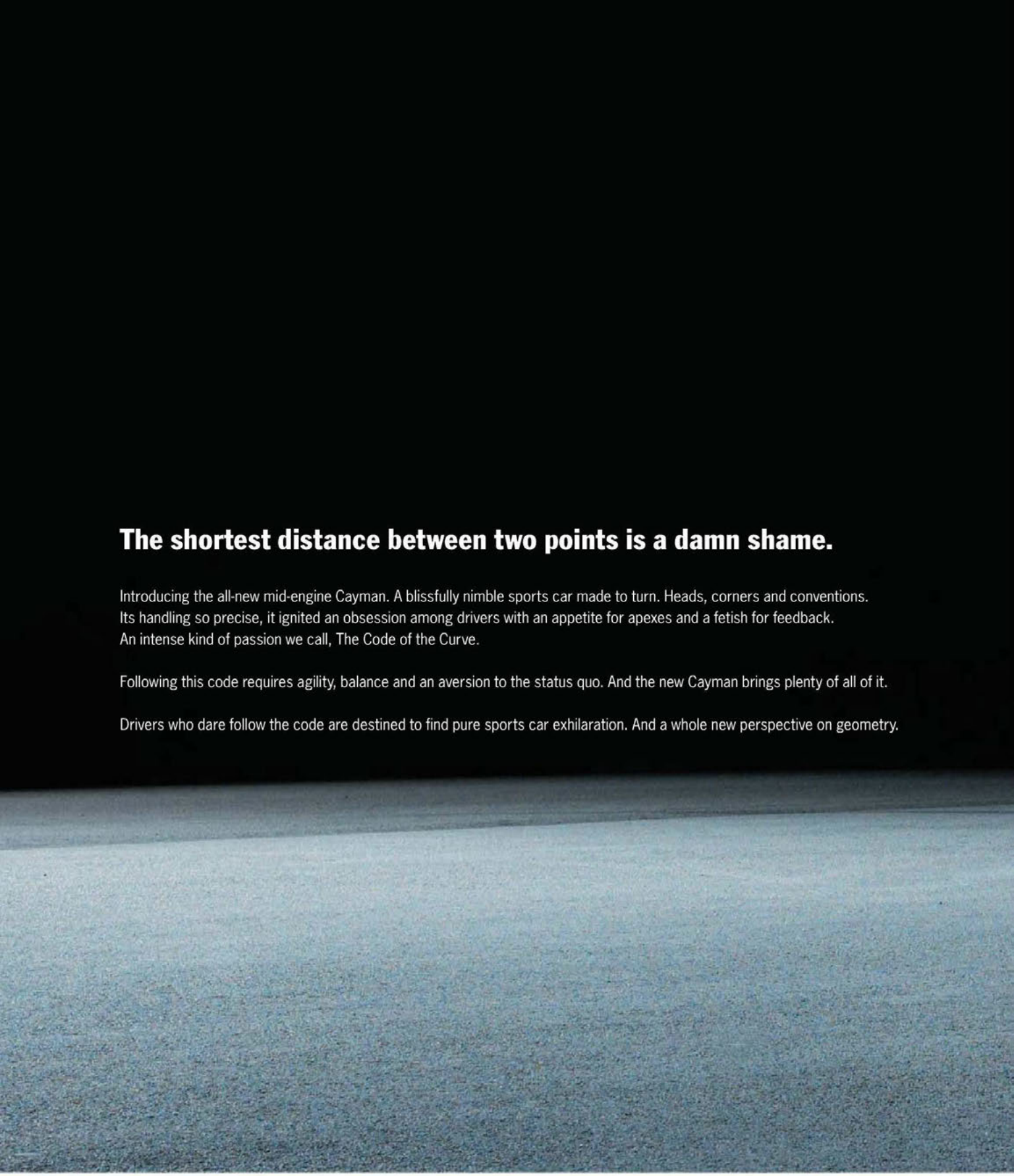

Your geometry teacher was wrong.

Contact us at 1-800-PORSCHE or porscheusa.com. ©2013 Porsche Cars North America, Inc. Porsche recommends seat belt usage and observance of all traffic laws at all times.









The shortest distance between two points is a damn shame.

Introducing the all-new mid-engine Cayman. A blissfully nimble sports car made to turn. Heads, corners and conventions. Its handling so precise, it ignited an obsession among drivers with an appetite for apexes and a fetish for feedback. An intense kind of passion we call, The Code of the Curve.

Following this code requires agility, balance and an aversion to the status quo. And the new Cayman brings plenty of all of it.

Drivers who dare follow the code are destined to find pure sports car exhilaration. And a whole new perspective on geometry.

The 2014 mid-engine Cayman. Exhilaration takes a whole new turn.

Visit CaymanCode.com for exclusive videos, a downloadable app and more.





PORSCHE





MOVIE OF THE MONTH

PACIFIC RIM

By Stephen Rebello

• Huge destructive beasts called Kaiju rise from beneath the sea and spark an all-out war with human-piloted robots called Jaegers in the future envisioned by director Guillermo del Toro in *Pacific Rim,* his self-described "beautiful poem to giant monsters." Despite the presence of mega-robots, any comparisons to *Transformers* are way off the mark, says Ron Perlman, who stars in *Pacific Rim* along with Charlie Hunnam, Idris Elba, Rinko Kikuchi and Charlie Day. "Guillermo has taken something that in the hands of others could have been superficial," he says. In his fifth film for del Toro, Perlman plays an opportunistic black marketer who might have been at home in a tough-talking Humphrey Bogart flick. Del Toro "is a poet, a filmmaker with old-school movie wiring, and you see it in my role, which is almost comic relief in contrast to the rest of the movie," Perlman says. "Guillermo has made an epic, engaging and consequential film that, frankly, I didn't see on paper. It's very unconventional, but it's also very human. When I came on to film my stuff, they were 80 percent done after weeks of long hours and huge scenes of the kind that require physicality, travel and time and that chip away at major pieces of your life. I've been on long, unwieldy tentpole movies before with Guillermo, but on this, I have never seen him look better or be in a better mood. You can see why. Making it was joyful, and the movie is really fun and resonant. Whether or not you're into technology, you just get swept up in it."

DVD OF THE MONTH

THE PLACE BEYOND THE PINES

By Greg Fagan

• Sins of fathers and the destinies of their sons play out in three successive stories to form this multi-generational drama that announces director Derek Cianfrance's arrival on the A-list. The opening segment finds Ryan Gosling in *Drive* mode, in this case as a carnival-performing motorcyclist who turns to robbing banks to support his ex-girlfriend (Eva Mendes) and kid. Bradley Cooper takes the lead in the second portion, tracing his journey from a young cop to a man compromised by years of rationalization. The third act picks up 15 years later, as the sons of these two men face choices that echo the earlier acts. At once a work of great restraint and nuanced performances, *Pines* plays with big archetypes. (BD) **Best extra:** *Going to the Place Beyond the Pines,* a making-of featurette. ¥¥¥ ½



MORE SUMMER CINEMA

SEVEN REASONS TO SIT IN THE DARK, EAT POPCORN AND ENJOY THE AIR-CONDITIONING



THE LONE RANGER

→ Gore Verbinski gives the Old West adventure a blockbuster-style do-over. Johnny Depp plays Tonto, the Indian companion of Armie Hammer's titular hero.



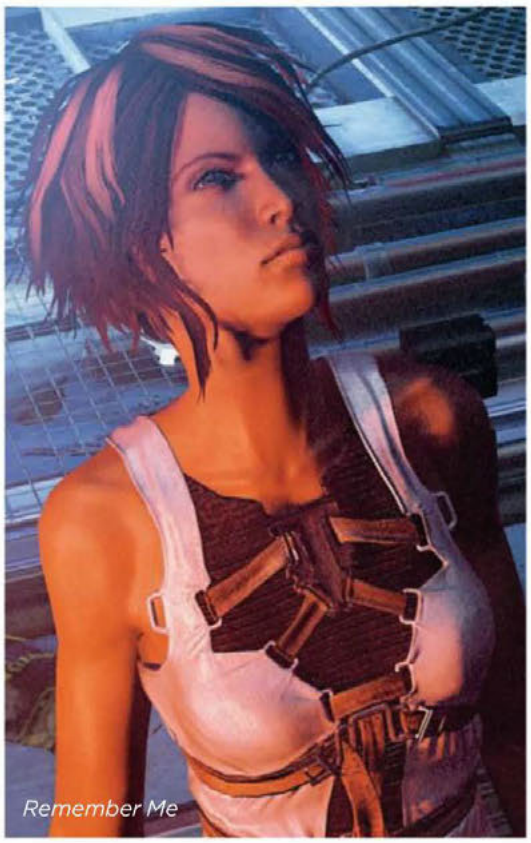
THE WOLVERINE

→ Hugh Jackman's clawed mutant faces his nemesis in a showdown in modern Japan. The film's neo-noir trappings have our *X*-pectations piqued.



ELYSIUM

→ In Neill Blomkamp's dystopian sci-fi film, the elite live on a floating man-made paradise while millions, including Matt Damon, fight for crumbs on a ravaged Earth.


Remember Me

GAME OF THE MONTH

REMEMBER ME

By Jason Buhrmester

• Forget Facebook. In 2084 memories aren't shared online, they're digitized to be bought, sold, traded and even stolen. *Remember Me* (360, PC, PS3) really kicks off when former elite memory hunter Nilin wakes up in a coffin adrift in the sewers, her mind erased by authorities. In a smart mash-up of *The Bourne Identity* and *Inception,* Nilin scurries through a cyberpunk version of Paris while being pursued by robotic guards and Leapers, mutated humans who have tinkered too much with their memories. To survive, Nilin will need to remember the combat skills that made authorities fear her. Unlocking them leads to bigger combos in rapid-fire martial arts battles. Nilin's greatest weapon—and the game's most ingenious feature—is memory manipulation, which she can activate by accessing nodes built into the necks of everyone in Neo-Paris. Once inside their minds, Nilin can alter their memories and, if done correctly, turn them against one another and over to her side—or to even more sinister outcomes. In one scenario Nilin raids an officer's memories and convinces him he murdered his girlfriend in a drunken rage. In another she swaps a bounty hunter's memories with that of the hunter's deranged husband. These memory tweaks require a delicate touch—knock over a bottle here, unlock a gun safety there—but make *Remember Me* one of the year's most intriguing games. ¥¥¥¥



COMPANY OF HEROES 2

• Some of WWII's most savage battles took place on the Eastern Front, where the German and Soviet armies faced off in frozen conditions. *Company of Heroes 2* (PC) puts Monday-morning military leaders in command of the Soviet army to strategize against Nazi forces in the war's most historic battles. Call in air strikes, maneuver sniper squads and order engineers to blow up a bridge. Resource management is key, especially in the heat of battle, when you need to reequip and realign your forces before a blizzard rolls in and kills all your exposed troops.



NCAA FOOTBALL 14

• Football games are always facing fourth and long. Fans demand improvements every season, but if the game is tweaked too much it isn't football anymore. The biggest improvements come when attention is paid to pigskin's toughest part—tackling. *NCAA Football 14* (360, PS3) uses new physics mechanics to let you flatten receivers with savage tackles or stumble and recover as an agile running back. Thirty new options open up the playbook, and quarterbacks will highlight defenders to alert you when to hand off so they don't get crushed in the backfield.



TEASE FRAME

Mary-Louise Parker

She was smoking for eight seasons on Showtime's *Weeds* (pictured). Now **Mary-Louise Parker** lights up the big screen by reprising her *RED* role as Sarah Ross, in *RED 2.*



WHITE HOUSE DOWN

→ Channing Tatum plays a Capitol policeman and Jamie Foxx is a U.S. president taken hostage by terrorists in Roland Emmerich's latest.



R.I.P.D.

→ This *Ghostbusters* callback has Jeff Bridges and Ryan Reynolds as dead cops sent from the other side to hunt evil spirits trying to end the world.



KICK-ASS 2

→ Kick-Ass (Aaron Taylor-Johnson) inspires Jim Carrey to stand up to the aptly named Mother Fucker (Christopher Mintz-Plasse).



2 GUNS

→ It's nonstop bullets and bromance when agents Denzel Washington and Mark Wahlberg smash a drug cartel, rob a bank and become fugitive buddies.



MUSIC

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE
JOSH HOMME

By Rob Tannenbaum

Queens of the Stone Age badass Josh Homme (rhymes with "mommy") talks about his new album, stupidity, drugs and sandwiches.

Q: If Queens of the Stone Age were a movie, what movie would you be?
A: I think we're the original *Mad Max* movie—but we're all the characters. Because we're trying to do the right thing, but on the inside, we're accidentally the rogue biker gang that's trying to destroy ourselves.
Q: Is there a *Mad Max* influence on your new album, *...Like Clockwork*?
A: Our music is a kind of reminder to keep it simple. I'd say stupidity is what I have to offer. I love boneheaded movements in music, like the Cramps. I'll be damned if everything the Cramps did is not a deliberate extension of primitivism.
Q: One of your best-loved lyrics goes "nicotine, Valium, Vicodin, marijuana, ecstasy and alcohol." Which of them is your favorite?



A: I love the social experiment of that song, even down to the title, "Feel Good Hit of the Summer." It's neither an endorsement nor a denouncement of drugs. Some people say to me, "You have two children. How are you going to explain the song to them?" I dunno. How are you going to explain the word *sandwich* to your kids?
Q: That is a great analogy.
A: [*Laughs*] The song felt like a soft and gentle poke into a discussion. I love having an audience just so we can poke each other together. Isn't that what PLAYBOY is all about? Gently poking your neighbor?







MUST-WATCH TV

ADHD

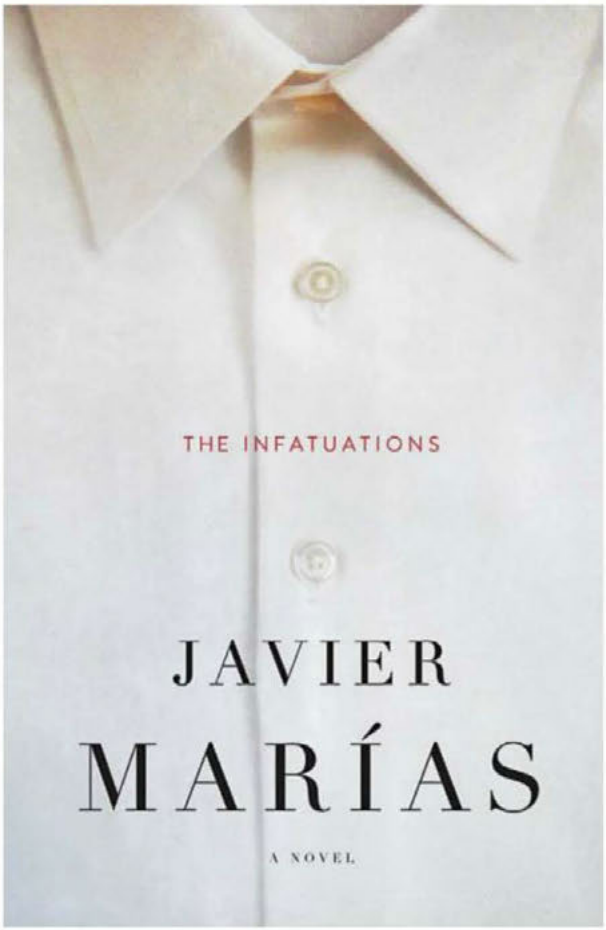
• *Saturday Night Live* is in reruns all summer, but that doesn't mean late-night TV is completely barren. Fox is launching ADHD, a 90-minute block of twisted toons designed to appeal to those who think *Family Guy* is too tame (or too tired). Four different animated mini-shows will be spotlighted, including *Axe Cop* (pictured), in which a superhero lawman (who sounds a lot like *Parks and Recreation*'s Nick Offerman) battles various villains. One of the bad guys is (literally) a piece of shit named Dr. Doo Doo. It's completely silly, totally immature and very, very funny.—*J.A.* ¥¥¥¥



THE STEPHEN KING MINISERIES
UNDER THE DOME

By Josef Adalian

• Television has a mixed track record when it comes to adapting Stephen King's novels, striking out (*Bag of Bones, The Langoliers*) far more than it has scored (*The Stand*). It's too soon to say whether CBS has found a winner with its take on King's 2009 *Under the Dome*, but the 13-part miniseries gets off to a promising start. The title gives away the central premise of the show: A small town suddenly finds itself shut off from the rest of the world after being enveloped by an invisible barrier. Neither the residents nor the audience knows whether it's the work of aliens, the Almighty or something else, but it's safe to assume producers will take their sweet time revealing the mystery force behind the dome. In the meantime, we get to follow about a dozen main characters as they cope with their bizarre new circumstances. Two immediately stand out: a mysterious out-of-towner (Mike Vogel, the deputy in *Bates Motel*) introduced to us as he's burying a body, and an Alexander Haig–like politico (*Breaking Bad*'s awesome Dean Norris) who doesn't want to waste this crisis. If it keeps up the tension and mystery, *Under the Dome* could be a fun summer diversion. ¥¥¥¥



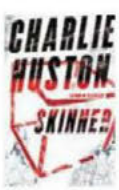
BOOK OF THE MONTH

JAVIER MARÍAS
THE INFATUATIONS

By Leopold Froehlich

• Javier Marías is one of the world's great novelists. In his latest book—ably translated from the Spanish by Margaret Jull Costa—Marías investigates the seemingly random stabbing of a man on a sidewalk in Madrid. But the truth is more elusive. As we learn about the various parties involved, what at first appeared to have been random turns out to be part of an elaborate and entangling plot. Don't expect the typical whodunit; what Marías does here defies most of the conventions of the mystery genre. This is more a narrative work than a procedural one, and in the course of its telling we discover more about the elegance of the human soul than we do about the sordid crime itself. *Infatuations* is a murder mystery of a higher order. ¥¥¥¥

SUMMER READING



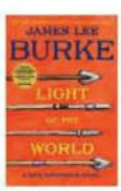
SKINNER
→ Charlie Huston writes crime fiction for a new century but does so in the tradition of the masters. Skinner specializes in "asset protection," and his skills are tested here to their fullest.



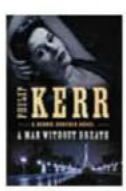
A DELICATE TRUTH
→ In his 23rd novel, John le Carré considers our post-Cold War world with his typical perspicacity. Was Operation Wildlife a success or a cover-up? The answer is complicated.



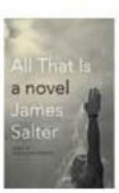
THE LAST TRAIN TO ZONA VERDE
→ Paul Theroux has made a career of travel writing. In his final trip to Africa he goes from Cape Town to Luanda, yet gives up in disgust. Smart, world-weary and profane.



LIGHT OF THE WORLD
→ James Lee Burke chronicles the continuing adventures of Dave Robicheaux. In this one, our favorite homicide detective encounters an escaped murderer in Montana.



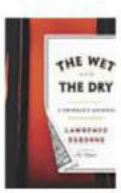
A MAN WITHOUT BREATH
→ Bernie Gunther—Philip Kerr's tough-guy Berlin cop—travels to the Eastern Front to investigate a war crime. It's easy to see why Gunther is often compared to Philip Marlowe.



ALL THAT IS
→ With his first novel in more than 30 years, James Salter delivers an elegiac tale of a man's life. The writing is as beautiful as one would expect, but it's the characters that carry the day.



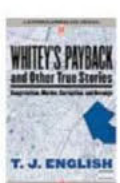
CLAIRE OF THE SEA LIGHT
→ Edwidge Danticat returns with yet another magical novel about Haiti, this one about the adventures of a young girl who disappears from her fishing village.



THE WET AND THE DRY
→ Lawrence Osborne journeys to the Islamic world to contemplate the culture of drinking. He sets up a profound meditation on the role of alcohol in our lives.



PACIFIC
→ We can rely on Tom Drury to construct a collision of disaffected youth from Los Angeles and Iowa. We know where Drury's heart is, but L.A. in this case isn't much different from Iowa.



WHITEY'S PAYBACK
→ No one writes about the real-life workings of crooks as well as T.J. English. This volume collects some of his best reporting. Essential reading for criminal minds.



COLUM MCCANN

THE NATIONAL BOOK AWARD WINNER TALKS ABOUT HIS NEW NOVEL, *TRANSATLANTIC*

Q: *Had you avoided writing about the Troubles in Ireland before?*

A: *I hadn't consciously avoided it. It's one of the great stories I've wanted to tell since I was a child. I just wasn't ready to fully talk about it until now.*

Q: *Did winning the National Book Award for Let the Great World Spin change the way you approached this book?*

A: *Yeah. It completely terrified me. I could either come quickly out of the gate and try to get another book out and cure the nerves, or wait three or four years, which is what I did.*

Q: *TransAtlantic has an interesting structure.*

A: *It has three nonfiction narratives, three male narratives set up in the real world. And they fold over onto three female fictional narratives. There's a mirror in the middle of the book. One side of the male experience looks at the female experience. They're inextricably linked.*

Q: *Who's your favorite Irish writer?*

A: *This is going to sound completely pretentious, but I love James Joyce. He's absolutely incredible.*

Q: *What will you be reading this summer?*

A: *Bill Cheng's Southern Cross the Dog, a novel that takes place in Mississippi in the late 1920s during a flood.*

Q: *What's the worst thing about publishing a book?*

A: *The worst thing is the author's photograph on the back that makes you look like you have a stick up your ass.*

▸ Most-wanted celebrity sex tapes, according to a survey by XCritic.com:

Jennifer Aniston 15%

Jennifer Lawrence 22%

Anne Hathaway 17%



Run for the Border



▸ Four in five Border Patrol drug busts involve U.S. citizens.

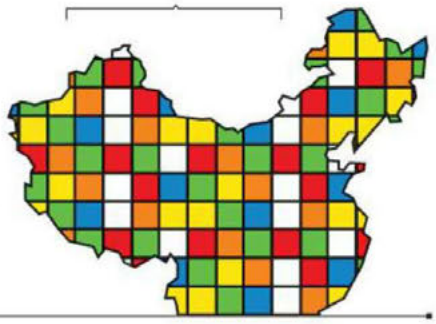


▸ 16 percent of the questions people ask Google every day are original.

▸ Location of world's largest Rubik's cube mosaic: Macao, China.

220 feet wide

13 feet high



Got Game

▸ From a poll of 1,747 sexual partners of avid gamers:

Highest Score	Lowest Score	Bonus
22 percent	**3** percent	**21** percent
		
of Xbox users were rated "excellent" in bed.	of PC gamers were rated "excellent" in bed.	of the respondents wanted "more sex, less gaming."

▸ The first handheld mobile phone is now

40 years old

▸ Its maximum talk time:

30 minutes

▸ Its weight:

2 pounds



Scratch That

35%



of married adults have dinged their car and told their spouse someone else did it.

25%



have hidden a traffic ticket from their spouse.

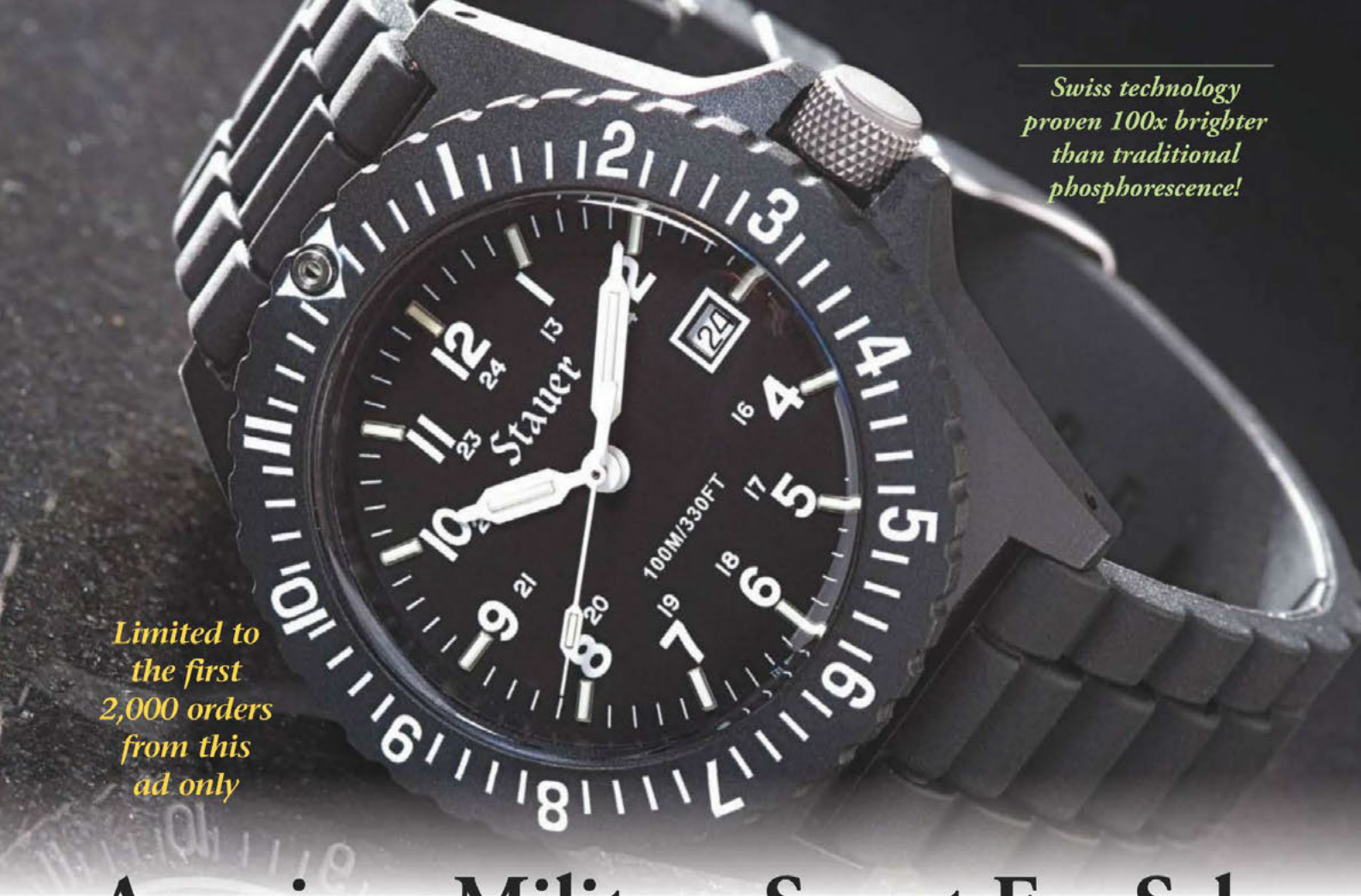
▸ Number of bacteria a Clemson University study found on beer-pong balls used in outdoor games:

3 million

▸ In indoor games, on carpet:

200





American Military Secret For Sale

Once used exclusively by the U.S. government's most covert operatives, the top-secret tactical technology of the Stauer Recon Tritium Watch is finally available to the general public

You have a mission. Get to the drop point immediately. Your man leaves the country in four hours. "Now or never," he tells you. So you agree on a swap. You skip the underground parking garage and do your business in broad daylight. Two men. One black box. And a firm handshake to seal the deal. "Watch your back," he says. "This is a serious piece of hardware and plenty of people are going to come looking for it."

The secret is out. Not long ago, a timepiece like the ***Stauer Recon Tritium Watch*** was restricted to America's most elite fighting forces. If you wanted to wear one, you literally had to earn it. But now, the formerly classified tactical technology inside the ***Recon*** has been cleared for civilian service. And today you can put one on your wrist for ***three covert payments of only $99!***

Darkness doesn't stand a chance. Powered by a precision Swiss quartz movement, the ***Recon*** is like no watch you've ever worn before. The GTLS (gaseous tritium light source) technology inside was used in advanced military equipment and watches for years, making it almost impossible to find for civilian use. Even though it's more available today, you rarely find quality for under $600. Only Stauer can deliver a tritium watch for this price without compromising a millimeter on the integrity.



Self-powered micro-gas lights don't need to be "charged" by an external light source. Even after days in the field, the face stays remarkably bright.

A military classic in black and white. Designed for stealth operations, the high-contrast markers are bound to attract attention. The easy-to-read dial also features a rotating bezel, with a light source at the 12 o'clock spot. Its lightweight polycarbonate case is crafted from a nearly unbreakable acrylic used in bulletproof glass. The ***Stauer Recon*** secures with a textured black silicone band and is water-resistant to 10 ATM.

Your satisfaction is 100% GUARANTEED. Bring home the Stauer Recon Tritium for 30 days and if it doesn't measure up, send it back for a full refund of your purchase price. Stylish in the daylight, Always lit in utter darkness, The best kept secret of military timekeeping is out!

WATCH SPECS: GTLS technology on board - Lightweight polycarbonate case - Textured black silicone band fits wrists 7 1/4"–9 1/4" - Water-resistant to 10 ATM

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RED HOT

HOP ON DUCATI'S PANIGALE R—THE FASTEST PRODUCTION MOTORCYCLE OF ALL TIME

• When you push a serious sport bike to its limits, you can experience depths of emotion you didn't know existed. Lust, terror, the apotheosis of excitement—the machine brings it out in you. Pictured here is Ducati's new $29,995 1199 Panigale R, which the company built to race in the World Superbike Championship. The rules state that for a motorcycle to race in the World Superbike, it must be available to customers. Which means you can buy this machine—the fastest, most powerful production bike ever. The R's 1,198 cc L-twin produces 195 bhp and 100 foot-pounds of torque, and at just 364 pounds, the bike is amazingly lightweight. How can it be so svelte? It's the first "frameless" production motorcycle (see "Freeze Frame" at right for explanation). The result is violent acceleration that doesn't taper—even at 185 mph. Atop this monster we hit the 202 mph limiter at Austin's new Formula One track, the Circuit of the Americas. In one emotion: adoration.

GONE WITH THE WIND

→ A tall screen redirects wind over your helmet and back while you're in full racing tuck. Holes on each side break up turbulence so you can relax at 200 mph.

BRAKE DANCE

→ The Brembo M50 radial brake calipers can bring the bike to a dead stop from 200 mph all day long but are probably too sensitive for everyday road use.



HANDS ON

→ Not only does the bike come with anti-lock braking and stability control, but the rider can alter the settings on the fly to take weather conditions into account.

WELL ADJUSTED

→ The swingarm pivot adjusts to four positions, allowing the rider to tweak the bike's stability and grip levels. The Öhlins forks and shocks are also fully adjustable.

FREEZE FRAME

→ The world's first "frameless" production bike uses the airbox to attach the forks to the front cylinder and the swingarm directly to the rear. The L-twin tucked inside redlines at 12,000 rpm.



FORD'S AMY MARENTIC

SMALL WORLD

FORD BRINGS THE COMPACT INTO FOCUS

• Despite all the drool caused by sports cars, the roads are packed with compacts. In fact, of the top 10 best-selling automobiles worldwide, six are compacts or subcompacts. King among them is the Ford Focus. The Detroit automaker sold 1,020,410 last year, making it the best-selling car of 2012, according to research by R.L. Polk. (Toyota's Corolla came in second, with 872,774.) Ford engineered this by building a car with universal appeal and pushing it with a universal message. Companies typically tailor cars to specific markets, but Ford's new "One Ford" campaign appeared the same around the world. "If a customer chooses a Focus over a Corolla, that's a win. If a customer chooses a Focus over a Civic, that's a win," says Amy Marentic, the global-marketing guru behind the Focus. The plan is working. Sales in China shot up 50 percent last year; sales in the U.S. were up 40 percent. What's next for the Focus? See below.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT HARKNESS

FOCUS, PLEASE

The new king of performance compacts

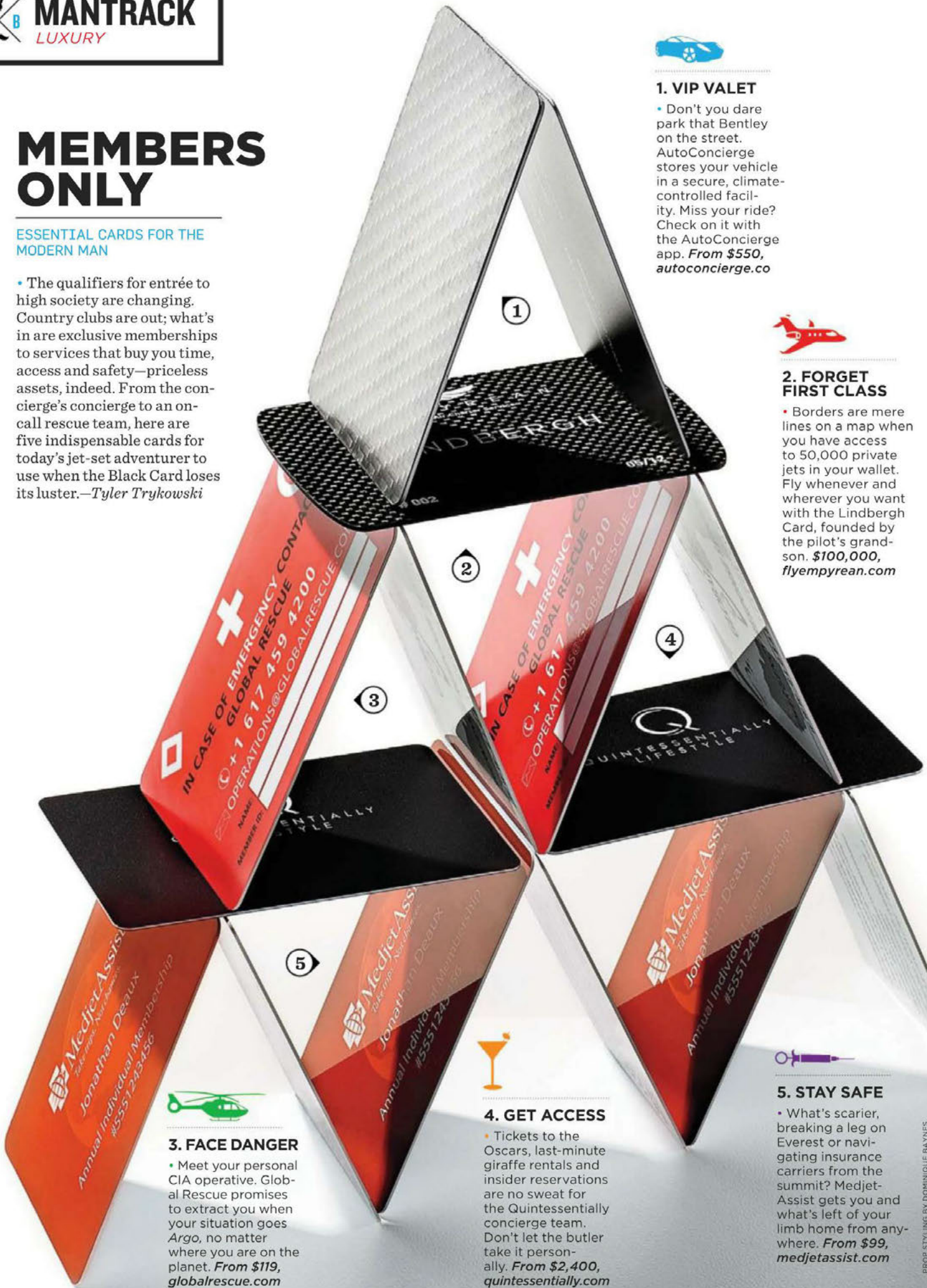
• How did the Ford Focus become the world's best-selling car? It's easy on the eyes, easy on the wallet (starting at $16,200) and easy on fuel (the 2.0 in-line four gets 40 mpg on the highway with a standard transmission). Upgrade to the new Focus ST (right), the most muscular of the line. The performance compact packs in 252 bhp and a 154 mph top speed. All that power is handled by bigger front brakes, a lower suspension and finely tuned dampers. Prices start at $23,700, but budget another $2,385 for the ST2 package with Recaro racing seats. Trust us.



MEMBERS ONLY

ESSENTIAL CARDS FOR THE MODERN MAN

• The qualifiers for entrée to high society are changing. Country clubs are out; what's in are exclusive memberships to services that buy you time, access and safety—priceless assets, indeed. From the concierge's concierge to an on-call rescue team, here are five indispensable cards for today's jet-set adventurer to use when the Black Card loses its luster.—*Tyler Trykowski*



1. VIP VALET

• Don't you dare park that Bentley on the street. AutoConcierge stores your vehicle in a secure, climate-controlled facility. Miss your ride? Check on it with the AutoConcierge app. ***From $550, autoconcierge.co***

2. FORGET FIRST CLASS

• Borders are mere lines on a map when you have access to 50,000 private jets in your wallet. Fly whenever and wherever you want with the Lindbergh Card, founded by the pilot's grandson. ***$100,000, flyempyrean.com***

3. FACE DANGER

• Meet your personal CIA operative. Global Rescue promises to extract you when your situation goes *Argo*, no matter where you are on the planet. ***From $119, globalrescue.com***

4. GET ACCESS

• Tickets to the Oscars, last-minute giraffe rentals and insider reservations are no sweat for the Quintessentially concierge team. Don't let the butler take it personally. ***From $2,400, quintessentially.com***

5. STAY SAFE

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PROP STYLING BY DOMINIQUE BAYNES

Photography by **DAN SAELINGER**


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HORNITOS® SUMMER

Take your hot summer nights to the next level





BITTER PASSION

3 parts Hornitos® Plata Tequila
1 ½ parts Passion Fruit Puree
1 ½ parts Agave Nectar
1 part Aperol
Dash of Fresh Lemon Juice
1 Blood Orange Slice

Combine ingredients in a shaker, shake and strain over ice. Garnish with a slice of blood orange.



FIRE & ICE

3 parts Hornitos® Plata Tequila
1 ½ parts Fresh Lime Juice
1 part Agave Nectar
3 Pineapple Chunks
5 Sprigs of Cilantro
2 thin Habañero Pepper Slices

Muddle all ingredients together, add ice, shake well and strain into an old fashioned glass over fresh ice. Garnish with a habañero slice.



CLASSIC MARGARITA

2 parts Hornitos® Plata Tequila
1 part Agave Nectar
1 part Fresh Lime Juice

Shake and strain. Serve on the rocks.

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COCKTAIL GUIDE

with these refreshing Hornitos® cocktails.



STARS & STRIPES

STARS

1 ½ parts Hornitos® Plata Tequila
½ part Agave Nectar
½ part Fresh Lime Juice
6-8 Blueberries

Muddle blueberries and lime juice in a glass. Add tequila and agave nectar. Add ice and shake vigorously. Strain into shot glass.

STRIPES

2 parts Hornitos® Reposado Tequila
1 ½ parts Bloody Mary Mix
½ part Fresh Lime Juice

Shake and serve in shot glass half rimmed with a salt, pepper and cayenne mixture.



LIME SHOT STRAIGHT UP

1 Shot Hornitos® Lime Shot, chilled
6 Lime Wedges
6 Pinches of Salt

Pour Lime Shot in the shot glass. Then enjoy. That's it. No lime or salt needed. The entire tequila ritual, in one easy shot.



MONEY MAKER

3 parts Mint-Infused Hornitos® Plata* Tequila
½ part Raspberry Liqueur
¼ part Branca Menta
1 ½ parts Fresh Lemon Juice
½ part Simple Syrup
1 Egg White
Fresh Mint Sprigs

Combine ingredients in a mixing glass. Shake, without ice, to combine. Add ice, shake well and strain into an old fashioned glass over fresh ice. Garnish with a mint sprig.

*For the infusion: Combine 4 oz of washed mint with 500ml of Hornitos Plata. Cover and allow to infuse for 1 hour. Strain off tequila and enjoy.



Your Personal Nightlife Concierge

"Don't forget to start the night off right with a chilled shot of Hornitos® Plata Tequila." —Francesca Frigo

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UPPER CUTS

CUTTING-EDGE DESIGNS UPGRADE THE CHEF'S KNIFE TO FIRST CLASS

• Part of the appeal of cooking is looking cool while doing it (just ask Michael Voltaggio or any cook working the line at a hipster restaurant with an open kitchen). And thanks to the food revolution, there are more opportunities to strut your stuff with a badass chef's knife. But it's not all about appearances: The design details on these knives all serve a purpose. With knives like these available at every price point, it's high time for a knife swap.



THE TRAVELER

With a plastic sheath and red blade, this is one knife you won't leave behind at the summerhouse.
Kai eight-inch chef's knife, $20, williams-sonoma.com

THE WORKHORSE

This series of professional knives has color-coded handles to prevent cross contamination in restaurant kitchens.
Dexter-Russell eight-inch chef's knife, $39, dexter1818.com

THE ARTISAN

This handmade beauty is exquisitely balanced. Plus, the G10 laminate handle is as grippy as it is handsome.
Cut Brooklyn nine-inch Prospect 240, $575, cutbrooklyn.com

THE JAPANOPHILE

The dimpled surface on this surgically sharp German-influenced Japanese knife prevents food from sticking to the blade.
Glestain eight-inch dimpled blade gyutou, $170, korin.com

STEEL THIS KNIFE

• *Even routine chopping can crimp the edge of a knife blade, which can hurt performance and lead to slipping. Buy a honing steel and use it every time you get out your knife.*

Photography by **JOSEPH SHIN**

LAST CHANCE AT $99

Limited Mintage Striking...

WORLD'S FIRST

The 2013 $100 SILVER PROOF



Collectible 2013 date | Mirrored proof background | Larger Franklin portrait | Liberty Bell, quill pen & July 4th date | Minted in one Troy ounce of pure silver bullion | Actual size is 6" x 2 ½"

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This extraordinary piece of pure silver bullion has a surface area that exceeds 15 square inches...and it contains *one Troy ounce of pure silver bullion*!

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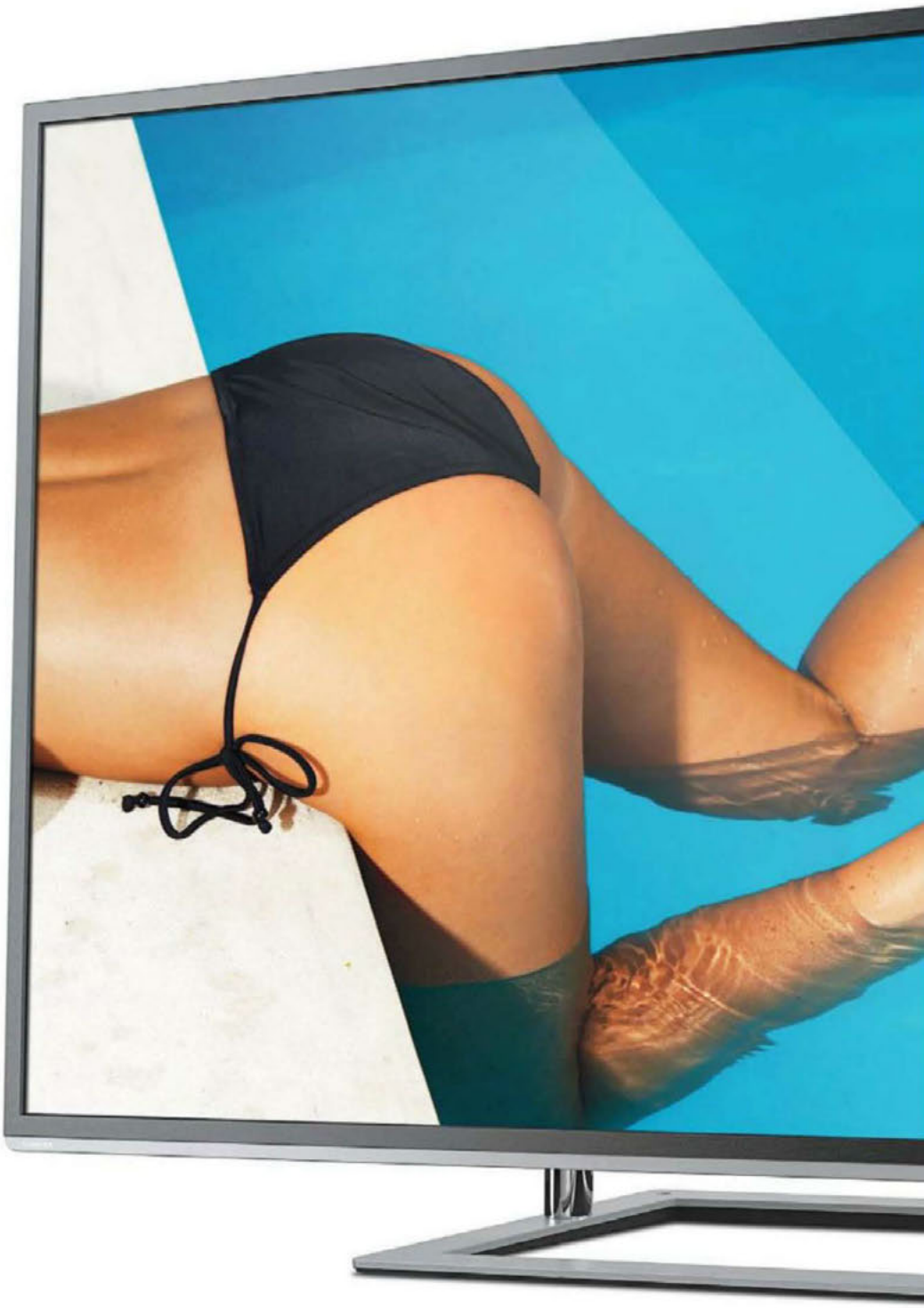
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HIGHER DEFINITION

TELEVISIONS ARE ABOUT TO GET BIGGER AND BETTER. AGAIN

• TV junkies barely had time to warm the couch cushions facing their big screens before electronics companies announced plans to pull the plug. Plasma and LCD technologies are on the way out. OLED (organic light-emitting diode) is on the way in. The new screen technology, already found in the latest smartphones, produces brighter colors and deeper blacks. OLED screens are flexible (watch for curved versions, coming soon) and light enough that a 55-inch model weighs only about 16 pounds. LG's 55EM9600 (about $10,000, lg.com) has a thin, 55-inch screen capable of contrast ratios 50 times greater than an LCD's. Plasma and LCD aren't the only things being phased out. High-definition television as we know it is on the verge of being replaced by UltraHD. Also known as 4K, UltraHD produces four times as many pixels as your current flatscreen. To upgrade to UltraHD, pick up an OLED TV or an UltraHD set, such as the 84-inch Toshiba L9300 LED TV (pictured at right). The problem? Sets sell for around $20,000 and there isn't much UltraHD programming to watch yet. TV fanatics are better off waiting while UltraHD prepares for prime time.



CUT THE CABLE

DITCHING CABLE TV DOESN'T HAVE TO MEAN THE END OF LOUNGING ON THE COUCH WITH THE REMOTE. HERE'S HOW TO SURVIVE

• Part one is groaning that there's nothing on TV. Part two is wondering out loud why you bother paying for cable in the first place. The answer used to be that it offered just enough channels you would actually watch to justify paying for another hundred that you wouldn't. (Hallmark Channel, anyone?) Save serious channel-surfing time and money by sending your cable box off to the land of landline phones, and try these suggestions.



PLUGGED IN
→ The Roku 3 ($99, roku.com) streams HD programming from Hulu Plus, HBO Go, Netflix, Amazon and more, all without an additional service fee. Plus, it's smaller than a beer coaster.



TV TIME
→ Catch new episodes of network shows on Hulu Plus ($7.99 a month). Then keep up with *Mad Men*, *The Walking Dead* and *Justified* with a season pass from Amazon or iTunes ($2.99 per episode).



RAISING THE BAR

SOUND BARS DELIVER EARTHSHAKING SURROUND SOUND MINUS THE WIRES

• *For all the satisfaction of watching Band of Brothers on blitzkrieg volume, the tangle of surround sound cables tucked under the rug is a drag. To ditch the wires and still deliver serious sonic boom, audio engineers at Yamaha allegedly used submarine sonar technology to calibrate the audio timing in their new sound bars, ensuring that the bullets will seem to whiz behind your head even without rear speakers. The Yamaha YSP-4300 ($1,900, usa.yamaha.com) uses 22 tiny speakers and a wireless subwoofer to precisely bounce sound to your ears and re-create 7.1-channel surround sound. Vizio's S4251w-B4 (pictured below, $330, vizio.com) is the best and most affordable model we tested. The 42-inch sound bar uses a wireless subwoofer with two wired rear speakers. Drop the subwoofer to the side of the couch, position the rear speakers and built-in Dolby Digital, and DTS technology will have Iron Man rattling the windows.*



MOVIE NIGHT
→ A Netflix streaming subscription ($7.99 a month, netflix.com) provides access to a giant movie library. For pay-per-view, rent new releases online in high-def from Amazon for about $4.99.

SUPERFAN
→ You need sports. Seasonal subscriptions to MLB ($114, mlb.com), NBA ($179, nba.com) and NFL ($299, directv.com) get you nearly every game streamed to your laptop and game console.

WE'RE LIVE
→ Controversial service Aereo ($8 a month, aereo.com) offers live TV streamed to your devices. Until Aereo clears legal hurdles, try the Mohu Leaf ($39), a paper-thin HD version of your old rabbit ears.



Talking With Wim Wenders

by James Franco

One of the most celebrated German film directors working today, Wim Wenders is known for both fiction and documentaries, from his classic The American Friend to Pina, which uses 3-D technology to capture dance in a way never seen before. He talks with PLAYBOY *Contributing Editor James Franco about how a cold apartment got him his start, how he inadvertently saved Dennis Hopper's life and what's next in his career.*

FRANCO: How did you become a filmmaker?

WENDERS: I was 19, in Paris, a painter's assistant in a tiny room without heat. That's how I found the Cinémathèque Française. You paid one franc, and it showed six films daily. I saw Japanese, African and German classics. A retrospective of Anthony Mann's work taught me what filmmaking was all about—and I was there only to spend time in his warmth. After a while that was it. Painting was only half as interesting as film. I sold my Selmer saxophone to buy a camera and never touched the saxophone again, out of sheer sorrow.

FRANCO: What did you shoot?

WENDERS: Mostly landscapes and cityscapes, without actors. Music provided the story. I recklessly used Hendrix and Coltrane without regard for rights. The editing was exhilarating, and that kick made me become a filmmaker, seeing how music could make sense of the imagery.

FRANCO: How did your film *The American Friend* come about?

WENDERS: I read Patricia Highsmith religiously. I decided to write her to ask for the rights to my favorite book. I wrote letter after letter, and she kept replying, "Sorry, young man, an American studio has the rights," for film after film. So I visited her. She wanted to know why I was so desperate to film her stories. I guess I checked out, because she brought me a manuscript even her agent didn't have yet, *Ripley's Game*. I wrote the script and cast Dennis Hopper.

FRANCO: Was this during his wild time?

WENDERS: It was his worst time. He shot *Apocalypse Now* before we filmed. I picked him up from the airport with an open wound on his leg, on every drug imaginable, not recognizing me or why he was there. We were shooting three days later. He forgot lines, but he knew scenes and played it damn good. It was one of the first American films for Bruno Ganz, a theater actor par excellence, and this drugged-up asshole was farting and making up his lines. Bruno was horrified. He didn't speak English well, and on the second day Dennis gave Bruno an answer he didn't understand, so Bruno hit him in the face right there. They were on the floor, with blood and ripped costumes. I was so pissed I said, "Let them fight outside. I don't give a fuck." They arrived the next morning piss drunk, arm in arm, and something amazing happened. Dennis became a serious, sober actor. Bruno improvised. They became best friends. Dennis said it himself: We saved his life. And he was damn good. But Patricia disagreed. I showed her the film, and she looked at me afterward, shook my hand and left. That was one of the worst moments of my life. The film was successful, though, and she later wrote me, saying she had gone to a packed theater on the Champs-Élysées, and apologized: "I understand what you did now, and your Dennis Hopper is closer to any Ripley on screen ever before."

FRANCO: How did you approach your documentary *Pina* to capture a dance performance on screen?

WENDERS: Before I saw Pina Bausch perform *Café Müller,* I found dance boring, but that night I wept like a baby. I couldn't believe dance could touch me so deeply. We became close friends. She asked me to make a film with her dance, and I said, "Of course—but fuck, how?" Every dance film I saw had the same problem: The dance wasn't the best part. I told her I wasn't ready, and our gag for 20 years was that I needed a little more time. Then I saw a 3-D film in 2007, and that was the tool I'd been missing. It was too late, though. We took too long to get our cameras and crew, and she passed away shortly after we began filming. I sent everyone home, in shock, but the dancers came back: "Shouldn't we do this in spite of everything? Pina would have wanted you to go on." And we did it as an homage to her.

FRANCO: What films are you interested in making going forward?

WENDERS: I'm 67. Choices about what I make are more urgent now. I'm questioning the films I made spontaneously, asking myself how I should spend my remaining time. I'm drawn to reality-driven film now. Fiction is beautiful, but I enjoy fiction rooted in what I can feel and know. Film is generally becoming more fantastical, which doesn't interest me. I find myself asking, What is real? What are we here for? What are we doing?

FRANCO: We'll be working together on your next film, *Every Thing Will Be Fine,* which will use 3-D in a realistic way. Why does 3-D appeal to you?

WENDERS: I'm convinced 3-D can immerse audiences in the real world, even in intimate stories like this film. It brings audiences closer to actors, to how we deal with pain and life. We're creating new realms of intimacy and presence with this technology. But the volume of the actors is more present in 3-D; their figure becomes a landscape in itself, so actors must find a new kind of acting. It's untapped wealth. Many are looking for the secret formula. I'll give it a shot, and eventually we'll crack the code. ■

ILLUSTRATION BY RAÚL ALLÉN



THE CASE OF THE MISSING SHIRT

When did men start forgetting to dress from head to toe?

By Joel Stein

You used to need an excuse to take off your shirt. Bathing. Swimming. Mining. Plowing a field. Working on a chain gang. Seeing a doctor. Getting a particularly large tattoo. Swinging a pickax in the summer between the Tropic of Cancer and the Tropic of Capricorn. Writing a green *A* on your chest to help spell *Spartans*. Getting so drunk you appear on *Cops* or so high you attend a Grateful Dead show. Spilling a large quantity of poison on your shirt in a lab that does not store spare shirts.

Being bare-chested, as it was once called, was never a comment on the man but merely on his situation. The only men who routinely walked around shirtless were those who were beyond caring about society's judgment: the homeless, people who live near the beach and really fat men. There's a Shirtless Man Twitter feed that runs headlines involving the phrase *shirtless man;* on a recent day these included "Shirtless Man Damages Large Riverboat, Says He Was Angered by the Way It Was Looking at Him," "Shirtless Man Barges Into Stranger's Home With Stolen Samurai Sword and Blind Cat" and "Shirtless Man Bites Cops for Interrupting His Nap on the Floor of a McDonald's."

Now no one is bare-chested. They are shirtless. Even Shirtless Man is shirtless. The shirtless lifestyle is chronicled on blogs that feature metrosexuals, waxed all shiny, walking the streets, shopping for groceries and going clubbing. Shirtless men first appeared in Calvin Klein ads, expanded to Abercrombie & Fitch catalogs and are now used to sell everything. Once confined to the covers of *Muscle & Fitness,* these men began to lose their shirts right in the middle of airport newsstands, thanks to *Men's Health.* Now they're in lots of men's magazines, which are magazines meant for men, many of whom are straight. U.S. congressman Aaron Schock, who is a U.S. congressman, unbuttoned his shirt for *Men's Health* despite the fact that he's a U.S. congressman. This year the MTV Movie Awards added a category for best shirtless performance. And *Magic Mike* didn't even win.

Not long ago, to be topless on TV, on stage or in movies required an excuse: Ronald Reagan was lifeguarding; Burt Lancaster was about to bodysurf; Bruce Lee couldn't afford to get tangled up during a fight; Johnny Weissmuller didn't know better because he was literally raised by apes; Iggy Pop needed quick access to his veins. Now there has to be a reason for a guy on a reality-TV show to put a shirt *on.* There is no easier job on the sets of *Big Brother, Survivor, The Real World* or *The Bachelor* than men's stylist. It is half a job.

Even in normal life actors walk around shirtless. I'm fairly certain a photo of Matthew McConaughey's closet would reveal it contains nothing but pants. Justin Bieber went through the security check at an airport in Lodz, Poland without a shirt. This was in March. When it was below freezing.

Not only do I wear shirts at airports, I wear them hiking, at the beach, by the pool and, when possible, during sex. Even when I take my shirt off it's like I'm wearing one since I have tan lines in the perfect shape of a shirt. There is absolutely nothing pretty about the sight of me without a shirt: In some quirk of evolution that I assume had to do with my ancestors sleeping on their sides in cold caves, I have more chest hair on the right side than the left. I have fat in places only women should have fat. I have nipples, which, in my opinion, is super girlie.

Which is exactly the problem with the new shirtlessness. It's fine to reveal your chest and have women swoon. It's fine to be psyched that your particular chest makes women want to sleep with you. It's not okay to be turned on by your own hotness. That was solely for gay men, and that was fine. They looked good, so they deserved it.

Without getting into feminist film theorist Laura Mulvey's 1970s theory of the male gaze, let's just say that straight male humans, unlike straight male peacocks, do the looking and not the trying-to-be-looked-at. Is that fair? Is it good for men? Is it good for society? Ask a 1970s feminist film theorist. When you do I'm pretty sure she'd rather you did it with your shirt on.

The mixing of gay and straight cultures has been good for everyone except the people who own the rights to the old *Hollywood Squares.* But that doesn't mean straight guys should be forced to adopt everything from gay culture. Those of us who don't want to indulge in the shirtless lifestyle, and in fact want to go back to a time when being in shirtsleeves was considered casual, should not cave. We do not need more things to feel insecure about in addition to our body hair, body shape, body size and body.

So for those of you who are not competing for the kinds of women who go on television dating shows, keep your shirt on. When I asked my lovely wife, Cassandra, if she would have married someone in the shirtless lifestyle, she said no. "You just don't have those abs naturally," she said. "That guy is probably at the gym a lot and staring at himself in the mirror a lot. And that seems like a silly way to spend your life." And this is from a woman who thinks spending your life writing words in PLAYBOY isn't a silly way to spend your life. Imagine how badly the rest of them want us to wear a shirt. ■

Why She Hates Your Gifts



IT'S GENETIC. MEN BUY BAD PRESENTS. LUCKILY, THERE'S A CURE

By Deborah Schoeneman

One of my closest friends considered dumping a guy who got her a fuzzy pink bathrobe for Christmas. She's the nicest, most mellow person I know, but she never, ever wears pink. She's not really into bathrobes either. Over a few too many drinks she lamented that he wasn't as great as she had thought. He didn't get her at all. A decade later, they're happily married with two adorable kids. More important, she picks out her own presents.

Other women are far less forgiving. But don't worry—you have my Girl's Guide to Buying Girls Presents.

If you're with the right girl, it really is about the thought. Throwing money at the problem may have the unintended effect of making you look like a selfish asshole. Expensive presents will appeal to gold diggers, so go for it if that's what you're after. If not, don't be afraid to make her a photo album. (Snapfish is easy and cheap.) Girls love that sentimental shit. Or just make her a nice dinner and do all the dishes and let her pick the movie.

Wander into her closet and take notes. Check her sizes and favorite brands. Women love buying what they already own. If you get her a pair of shoes in her size from a store she likes, it won't matter at all if she ends up swapping them for another pair she likes more. She will still brag to her friends about the great shoes her boyfriend bought her, and they will think you have magical powers.

Research. Does she wear gold or silver? It matters. Does she like to get pedicures or massages at a certain place? I'm sure it sells gift certificates. What kind of flowers does she have planted in her yard? What's her favorite store? Women are not subtle about their needs. If you can't figure it out, ask her most stylish friend, who probably works in the fashion business and is kind of annoying. She may even be able to get you a discount.

When in doubt, go for the experience. Particularly at the start of a relationship, opt for a weekend getaway. Just remember the golden rule that it's not where you are; it's whom you're with. You can stay at the most luxurious hotel in the world, but it will be brutal if you're not into each other. Start off mellow. Go somewhere you can drive to. Save the passports for when you're sure the relationship is going in the right direction. An experience can be anything from a show to skydiving, as long as it's what she wants to do and not something you used to love doing with your ex. That means you can't ship her off to ski school or hire a surf instructor and pretend you're doing her a favor.

Presentation matters. Even if you're just giving her a used paperback, wrap it and include a card. You can make the card. You can wrap the gift in old newspaper. It's the concept that you're really trying here that matters. Throw a flower on top and you're a hero.

Beware self-improvement presents. You may give a woman a present like yoga classes or a shrink appointment only if she specifically asks for it. Even cooking classes can be dicey, and I'm not talking about what she'll do to your fingers if she thinks you're insulting her culinary skills. I once got a guy boxing gloves and a free session at a cool gym where Manny Pacquiao trains. The guy went once, and I still feel bad about trying to trick him into working out.

Never get a girl a pet. Sure, it's cute when a guy on television gets his girlfriend an adorable puppy, but those actors go home alone at the end of the day. An ex once gave me a kitten he'd rescued from a cardboard box at a construction site. For months I tried to convince myself that my allergies were acting up because of the changing season. I developed a major Sudafed habit before we broke up and the cat was shipped off to my parents' house in the suburbs. Of course they adore him, but I think they were mostly relieved he wasn't a higher-maintenance dog.

Never get a girl sex toys. It's gross. Besides, do you really want to get her something that makes you less important?

Ask her what she wants. It doesn't sap romance out of the gift if you get a girl exactly what she asks for. She doesn't have to send you the web link for the bag she likes—though I have been known to do that—but she can give you a few options to work with. The more important the gift, the more you want to get her feedback before you buy it. Can you guess where I'm going here? The ultimate gift is an engagement ring. Do not do this on your own. Do not seek the counsel only of your mother. Do not buy her any kind of consolation ring once the two of you are serious enough that she'll want the real thing. Go ring shopping together. You don't need to prove how well you know her by reading her mind about the ring she wants, because she's not going to marry you for being a great stylist or a psychic. She's going to marry you because you make her happy, which the right ring from the right guy will do. Plus, she's going to wear it a lot more than a pink bathrobe. ■

PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend wants to take me to a strip club for my birthday. I'm not sure it's the best idea to mix those two worlds. If I go, should I act like I normally do at strip clubs and risk making her jealous?—J.P., Columbus, Ohio

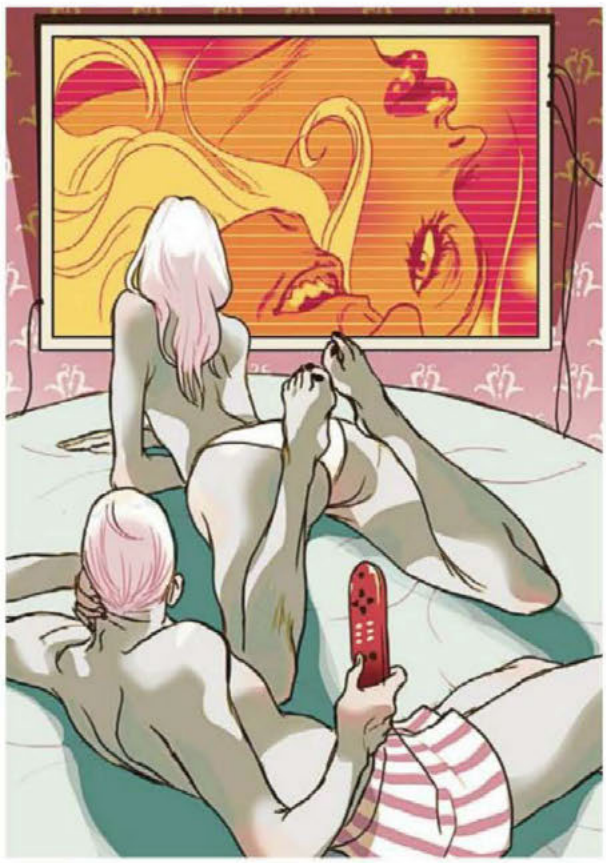
Actually, your girlfriend wants you to take her to a strip club for your birthday. See the difference? She'll be the center of attention, and the sex afterward will be great, so enjoy yourself. We do suggest, however, that you find a place you don't normally frequent. Although most dancers know better than to greet a regular customer with a big hello if he shows up with a date, it will help you relax.

When I dream about my wife, it is always a younger and hotter version of her. She feels this means I don't like how she looks. I tell her this dream vision must be how I view her mentally and emotionally. Who is correct?—R.D., Dallas, Texas

This would be easier to resolve if you were dreaming about someone else. How did this come up? Did your wife ask if you dream about her, and you said yes but then had a frontal-lobe freeze and felt compelled to add, "when you were younger and hotter"? You dug a deep hole and then made it deeper by channeling Sigmund Freud. If this comes up again, don't characterize it as a dream. These are recollections that just happen to occur while you're asleep. The key is, you must be younger and hotter in the dream too, so it becomes "I dreamed about the time we…." For the record, we don't put much stock in dreams as representative of anything, so don't get caught up in that. They're a mash-up created from your memories and experiences of the day.

Whenever I argue about politics with a friend, she accuses me of using "logical fallacies." It sounds like a cop-out. Is she saying this because she doesn't have a good counterargument?—K.R., Seattle, Washington

Could be. You might call it the "logical fallacy" argument, though it would also qualify as a red herring, or changing the subject. Ask her to be more specific about her charge, because a reasonable discussion can turn into endless obfuscation thanks to various logical fallacies, including the ad hominem attack ("You're an idiot"), appeal to ignorance ("You can't prove God doesn't exist, so he must exist"), appeal to tradition ("We've always done it this way"), bandwagon ("Everyone does it this way"), circular reasoning ("The Bible says God exists, and God wrote the Bible"), confirmation bias (ignoring negative evidence), slippery slope ("If we allow gay people to marry, everyone will marry their pets"), straw man (making a false statement about your opponent and attacking that) and many others, which makes it a wonder people argue at all. We should also mention the Advisor fallacy, which is disagreeing with anything we say. Many readers have fallen prey to that.



TOMER HANUKA

My girlfriend claims women who act in adult films are doing just that when they reach climax—acting. I say at least some of the time the women enjoy the sex and have orgasms. I hope you know of a study that proves this, because my girlfriend said she'd watch porn with me if she knew the women's arousal was genuine.—B.R., Louisville, Kentucky

Do you enjoy your work? It can be a grind, but it has its moments, right? It's the same for porn performers, no matter what they claim in interviews. We hope your girlfriend will watch with you despite her doubts, because every guy should be so lucky as to have a woman at his side to explain what makes an on-screen orgasm appear genuine. Foremost, if the woman's clitoris is not being stimulated, be skeptical. It's hard even for actors in non-adult films to portray an emotional connection, i.e., intimacy. In her autobiography, Jenna Jameson notes you can see porn stripped of its artifice when an actor performs with her husband or boyfriend: "She'll start saying things like 'Don't go that deep, you know that doesn't feel good,' or 'You know I don't like that,' or 'Don't treat me like that—I'm your wife!'" It'd be fun to see more of that.

My girlfriend's husband abandoned her several years ago, and now she has no idea where he is. She wants a divorce. What can we do?—J.R., Raleigh, North Carolina

Try to find him. If you make a good-faith effort and take steps outlined by state law (in North Carolina the "affidavit of diligent search" requires that you use the internet and phone directories, as well as check with his relatives, friends, employers and landlords), a judge should allow you to serve the papers "by publication." That means publishing a notice about the divorce for a set period of time (e.g., weekly for 30 days) in a newspaper that serves his last known address. If he doesn't respond, the judge can grant a divorce by default. This could also happen if her husband is served but refuses to sign and then fails to show up in court to explain himself.

A few years ago I took my then wife deer hunting so we could spend more time together. She got cold, so I offered to warm her up. While we were having intercourse, I spotted a buck through the window of the stand. I whispered to her that I had spotted a deer and pulled out to take a shot. The deer went down, and I returned to our activity. My friends say they've never heard of a hunter killing a deer this way. Do you think this might be a first?—J.T., Little Rock, Arkansas

Congratulations on the shot, but your wife had nothing to say about you looking out the window during sex?

I like to think I'm fairly knowledgeable about sex, but one question has eluded me. What is a gimp? I saw one in the film *Pulp Fiction,* but what does he do?—P.M., Columbus, Ohio

Anything he's asked. In BDSM a "gimp suit" is a full-body restraint that limits a bottom's ability to move, whether through restraints or stiff fabric such as leather.

I like this girl, but she drinks and parties a lot and I'm more of a chill kind of guy. I'm not sure it's the right fit. What should I do?—M.H., Boise, Idaho

You won't find out if it's a good fit by contemplating if it's a good fit.

A friend said he wanted to take me out for my 21st birthday, but at the end of

the night he asked for separate checks and even split the tip. Am I missing something?—B.R., Alpharetta, Georgia

No, that is unusual. If money is tight, he can say so and at least pick up the tip. When his birthday rolls around, demonstrate by example how it's done, without further comment. He'll get it or he won't.

What's the best way to cook crawfish?—M.A., Las Vegas, Nevada

In a crawfish pot, with friends. Fill the pot with enough water to cover the crawfish, which you'll add later. Add seasoning (about five pounds for a 60-quart pot; Zatarain's is a popular choice) and the juice of six lemons, and bring to a rolling boil. Add side dishes to the wire-basket insert, e.g., onions, sausage, mushrooms, potatoes, corn on the cob. Cook these at a boil for about 10 minutes. Add the live crawfish to the basket and continue the rolling boil for four or five minutes (most crawfish come purged, but if not, first soak them in salt water). Turn off the flame and let the crawfish soak for 15 to 30 minutes, testing periodically for desired spiciness. To eat, twist the head away and suck the juices from it—but you may find this to be an acquired taste. Remove a few shell sections from the tail, pinch at the top to release the meat and pull it out. You can buy live crawfish year-round, but the fattest and easiest to peel are harvested in the spring and early summer. Plan on three to five pounds per guest. Be sure to chill your leftovers; don't leave them sitting in the sun.

A reader wrote in April that his wife wanted sex only in the dark. You suggested a low-watt colored bulb. They should definitely experiment with red light. It's flattering and somehow magical.—M.R., Orlando, Florida

That's why it has its own district.

I'm trying to help my divorced brother draft a response to a thank-you note he received after a recent date. Does this sound okay as a rejection letter? "This awesome, incredible, sexy lady I'm sitting with is trying to help me compose a polite note to tell you I have absolutely no interest in further interaction with you. When she completes it, I will forward ASAP"?—L.F., Albuquerque, New Mexico

Is everyone in your family an ass or just you two? We'll put aside your note as a poor joke. It's always best to be honest, as in "It was great to meet you, but I didn't feel a connection." And it's best to express this before any notes are written. Rejection stings, but why also waste her time?

If a man is paralyzed, can he still have an erection, and if so, can he feel it?—M.J., Chicago, Illinois

It depends on the location of the injury. The mechanics are explained well by Barry Komisaruk, Carlos Beyer-Flores and Beverly Whipple in their book, The Science of Orgasm. Our "genital outflow" nerves leave the spinal cord at the midrib and tailbone. If an injury is above the midrib, erotic impulses from the brain to the genitals are blocked, meaning the man may get turned on but it won't make him erect. However, since the nerves between the spinal cord and genitals are intact, he has the ability to become erect, climax and ejaculate if his penis is stroked. But because the impulses from his penis can't reach his brain, he won't feel any of it. If an injury occurs at a lower point, the man can get erect but won't be able to ejaculate, because the impulses aren't able to ascend to the nerves at midrib that control that function. There is hope, however. Some women with spinal-cord injuries are able to feel vaginal stimulation and reach orgasm. The likely explanation is the vagus nerve, which connects the genitals and brain while bypassing the spinal cord. Further, a fair number of women and what Kinsey estimated to be three or four men in 5,000 can "think" themselves off. So perhaps someday soon people with spinal-cord injuries will be able to enjoy orgasms produced directly in their brains—and there will be a place for us to sign up.

I walked in on my girlfriend while she was on the toilet using a douche. She asked me to leave, but I found myself very turned on. When we had sex afterward, she asked what made me so energetic. The fact is, I was fantasizing about what I had seen. How should I go about asking her if I can watch the next time?—S.W., Las Vegas, Nevada

We doubt this is going to happen. If your girlfriend is douching, she has the mistaken idea that her vagina is dirty. In fact, douching is unnecessary—the vagina is an amazingly efficient self-cleaning organ; all a douche does is upset its pH balance and contribute to yeast infections. But the point is, your girlfriend views this as a toilet habit, which makes it hard for her to understand its appeal to you. It's not that complicated—you caught her in an intimate, uncouth act no one else was meant to see. We've had similar reports of guys being aroused by seeing women pick their noses, shave their legs, clean their earwax, pop a zit, pluck their eyebrows—you name it. You will have to be satisfied with this one encounter, though we hope bringing it to mind is not the only way you can now become aroused. You may have to give your girlfriend a sponge bath to reset your libido.

My girlfriend and I have been together for three years. Lately I find it difficult to stay interested. I couldn't care less about her anecdotes from grad school, I rarely find myself aroused, and her fashion sense is bland. We never go a day without seeing each other. That's half the story. The other half is that a few months ago my brother died, and I suspect I've been depressed. How can I tell if this is a bad relationship or depression?—C.M., Toledo, Ohio

That's an age-old question. It could be both. The chemical high that drove the romance for the first year or two has worn off, and now you must decide if this is someone you want as a long-term partner. It doesn't sound like it, and your brother's death may have sent the message that life is too short. Make the breakup clean, with no lingering. You haven't had a chance to miss her, so if you do, you have your answer. The risk is that she'll move on, but anything worth keeping comes with that risk. Besides, for all you know, she's having the same lukewarm feelings about your role in her future. Most long-term relationships reach a crossroads two or three years in, so the timing isn't unusual.

I read in the *Style* section (April) about nixing the undershirt with slim-cut dress shirts. But how do you keep the sweat from showing? Even after a modest spring walk, it will show through the shirt.—C.L., Albuquerque, New Mexico

As a practical matter, if you're ruining your shirts, do what you have to do. On the other hand, an undershirt traps and retains moisture, and not wearing one will give your pits a chance to dry. There are also products that may help, including snug "sweatless" undershirts, pit shields and strong deodorants such as those sold by kleinerts.com (800-498-7051).

I found a tick on one of my balls. Should I be concerned?—H.T., Atlanta, Georgia

Depending on the type of tick, there is a risk of Lyme disease, which is why we stopped mowing the lawn in the nude (that and the misdemeanor charge). Remove the tick gently with fine-tipped tweezers, being careful not to leave any of its mouth parts behind. As you found, ticks prefer underarms and groins. They must usually be attached for at least 36 hours to transmit the bacteria, which is why it's wise to do a body scan after working or playing outdoors. About 70 or 80 percent of people who are infected will develop a red, expanding "bull's-eye" rash, usually about a week after the bite. With or without a rash, common symptoms are fatigue, chills, fever, headache, muscle and joint aches and/or swollen lymph nodes. Lyme is treated with antibiotics, the sooner the better.

I love when my husband comes on my tits. We've been on this kick every night for the past two weeks, even when we don't have sex. I swear my tits are as smooth as a baby's butt. Does his ejaculate have any properties that make them feel so smooth?—L.P., Norwalk, Connecticut

We can't rule it out, nor would we.

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, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. For updates, follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.


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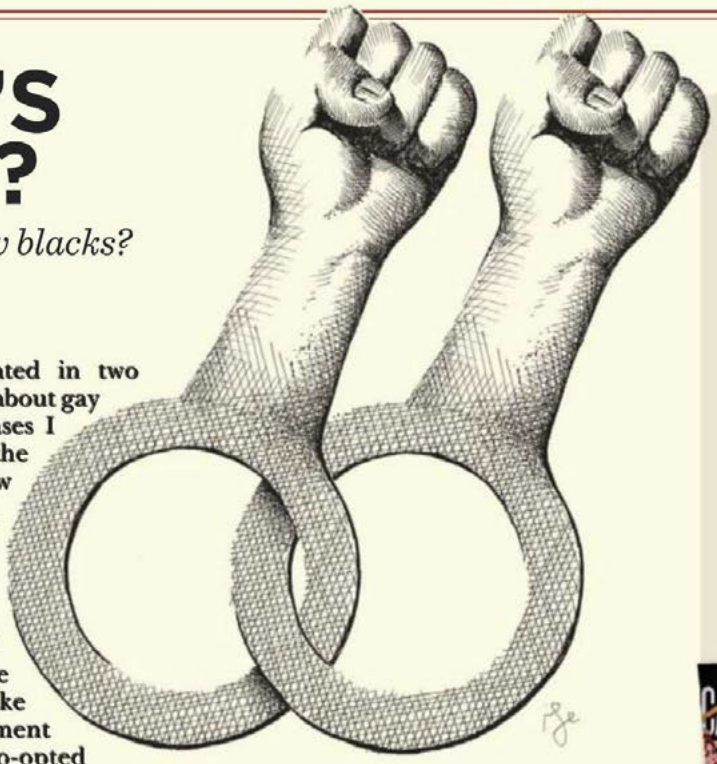
StarStreet



WHO'S NEXT?

Are gays the new blacks?

BY ISHMAEL REED



I recently participated in two panel discussions about gay rights. In both cases I was portrayed as the heavy. My fellow panelists—bright, young, black and gay—concluded that I was dwelling on the wrong side of history.* Their language and style indicated that the LGBT movement, like the feminist movement before it, had been co-opted by the middle and upper classes, even though it was working-class blacks and Puerto Rican drag queens who were the trailblazers for gay rights. They were the ones who fought the vice squad on two historic occasions: in 1966 at Compton's Cafeteria at Turk and Taylor streets in San Francisco, and in 1969 at the Stonewall Inn in Manhattan, an event that was the turning point in the struggle for gay rights. Nevertheless, when *Time* magazine decided to mainstream gay marriage, it wasn't working-class or underclass types who appeared on the cover. It was two middle-class white women.

The LGBT movement, like the feminist movement, has been co-opted.

The first panel focused on whether gay studies should be taught at Morehouse College, a black all-male college in Atlanta. Morehouse boasts such distinguished alumni as Julian Bond, Spike Lee and Martin Luther King Jr. I argued that instead of a course on gay history, Morehouse should begin a course about the labor movement or business, since banks have been hostile toward black development since Reconstruction.

I also argued that because Morehouse has a course on the Harlem Renaissance, a movement of black intellectuals and artists of the 1920s, it already has gay studies, as prominent members Langston Hughes, Countee Cullen, Wallace Thurman, Richard Bruce Nugent and others—including Alain Locke, who defined the term *New Negro*—were gay. They shot down that idea, but I made out better than an alumnus who said he was opposed to gay studies. He pointed out that in its history Morehouse has had gay students without any problem. Boy, did they jump on him! He was banished to the wrong side of history, which reminded me of the old Sunday school pictures in which a giant hand points to the exit from the garden for an embarrassed Adam and Eve.

The topic of the second panel was whether gays were the new blacks. I said that before I could cast gays as the new blacks, I'd have to know whether the Montgomery bus company discriminated against white gays. I would also need to know the percentage of white gays on death row. Who had a better chance of getting a mortgage

READER RESPONSE

THE RAP ON GOD

John Gray claims in "Atheism Wars" (April) that "most of the leading Nazis" were atheists. This is highly suspect. Adolf Hitler repeatedly refers in *Mein Kampf* to his Catholic faith as a source of his views. He also received the support of most Protestant and Catholic churches in Germany. Many leading Nazis dabbled in paganism, but the Reagans dabbled in astrology and were still



Christians. Today there are organized atheists in Pakistan, Indonesia, Malaysia, all over Africa, Latin America, the Caribbean, etc. It could be the day is coming when religion is severely challenged by nonbelievers.

Norm Allen
Buffalo, New York

Allen is director of international programs for the Institute for Science and Human Values.

Gray pushes the limits of semantics when he describes Lenin as a secular humanist. He also sets up a straw-man argument about proselytizing "militant atheists." Every field has its outspoken

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JUSTIN PAGE

READER RESPONSE

authors; Richard Dawkins and Christopher Hitchens do not represent all humanists, nor have they ever claimed to. I am an active member of several freethinker communities. They are small, informal and lack the hierarchical structure to organize proselytizing efforts. Most of my participation involves community service, such as donating blood and volunteering in soup kitchens. If we are proselytizing, it is with our actions, which I hope send the message that you don't need God to be a good person. As for Gray's claim that abolishing religion would not make the world a better place, I suggest he read *Infidel* by Ayaan Hirsi Ali, *Under the Banner of Heaven* by Jon Krakauer, *Going Clear* by Lawrence Wright and *Jesus Land* by Julia Scheeres. And I guess you could also throw in all of recorded human history.

Michelle Allred
Kansas City, Missouri

Neither atheism nor faith has improved the human condition.

Rinaldo Pilla
Des Moines, Iowa

One thinker Gray does not mention in his fine essay is Albert Camus [below], for whom humanity trumped all ideology. Camus's



vision of existence, best presented in *The Plague,* is that we all live under a sentence of death in an uncaring, indifferent universe. As such, we have only one another to rely on to build a tolerable civilization.

Michael Pastorkovich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

in San Francisco—a white gay or a black heterosexual? This question was inspired by the gentrification of San Francisco's Fillmore District, which forced blacks out of the neighborhood but benefited affluent gays.

I also pointed out that black gay writers including Audre Lorde, Marlon Riggs and Barbara Smith had written about racism in the LGBT world and that David Brock had outed powerful right-wing gays.

When confronted with these arguments, my fellow panelists rebutted me with such slogans as "Oppression is oppression," which means their end of history, unlike the Marxist one, will resemble that of *Downton Abbey.* The upper class will be oppressed upstairs and the working class will be oppressed downstairs. And since the LGers have problems with the *B* and *T* parts, maybe the transgender folks will get jobs in the stables.

I don't believe white gay history and black history are interchangeable.

The smiley face that MSNBC attaches to same-sex marriage also conceals these fractures in the LGBT movement. Ardel Thomas, who has studied the culture more than talk-show hosts have, calls it a "chasm." Some gays see gay marriage and gays in the military as an attempt to normalize or assimilate gays. One study reveals discrimination against bisexuals by both gays and straights. Others want to remove the *T* from LGBT. There was no transgender person among the participants on either panel.

I support gay marriage. But I don't believe white gay history and black history are interchangeable. Gays should stop comparing their condition to the condition of blacks. Gay icon Oscar Wilde respected Jefferson Davis and the Confederacy. Should the issue of gay marriage be front and center when the situation of other groups is more desperate?

When blacks and Hispanics see well-groomed gay presences such as MSNBC's Rachel Maddow and Thomas Roberts or Ellen DeGeneres as the faces of gay marriage or the gay movement, why wouldn't they say, "What the fuck? We have more problems than those three." Thirty-six percent of Hispanic children live in poverty, and the black unemployment rate is 13 percent.

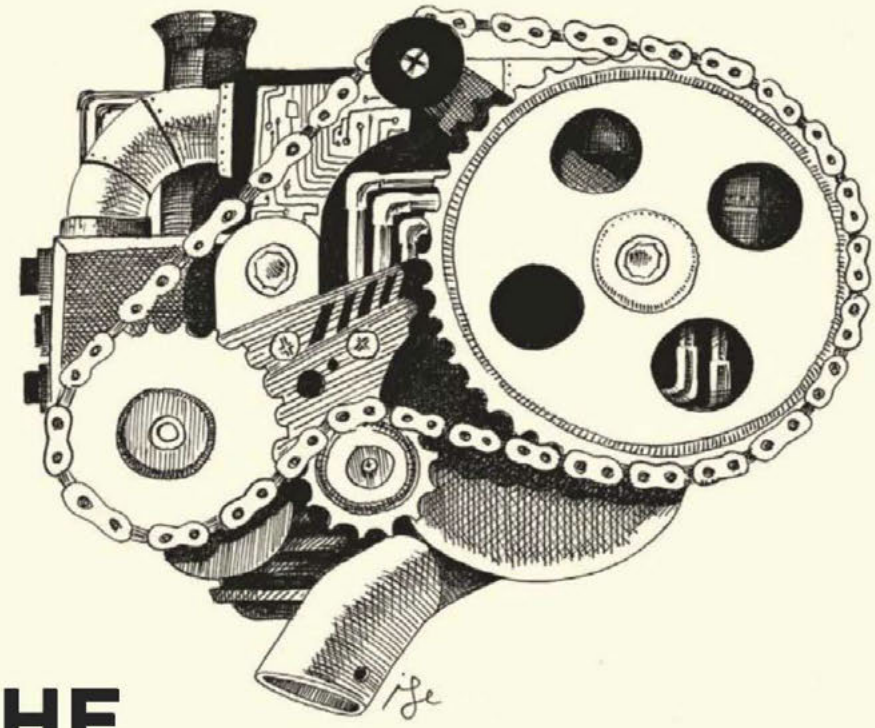


IN THE VANGUARD OF LIBERATION: DRAG QUEENS FIGHT FOR THEIR RIGHTS AT A SAN FRANCISCO DEMONSTRATION IN 1969.

As a result of 1996's welfare reform, people from all groups are rummaging through garbage for food. So what happens if the bisexuals and the transsexuals break away from the lesbian and gay parts of LGBT on the grounds that the *L* and *G* parts discriminate against them?

Who will be on the wrong side of history then? ■

** In its original meaning, the "wrong side of history" meant that socialism (a concept first tested in America, incidentally) would lead to the inevitable triumph of communism. Those who denied this eventuality were on the wrong side of history. I suspect Marxist terms such as "political correctness" and "the wrong side of history" entered the mainstream by way of neocons who, as young people, belonged to various factions of the Communist Party.*



THE THINKING MACHINE

We don't really know how our brains work

BY CURTIS WHITE

President Obama announced in April that hundreds of millions of dollars would be spent over the coming decade to map the brain's neurons. According to the White House, this research could lead to treatment for disorders including Alzheimer's disease. Obama's initiative is likely to have broad popular support in large part because of the work of science writers such as Jonah Lehrer. Lehrer has been banished from media circles for his lapses in journalistic ethics, but his ideas about neuroscience and creativity remain unchallenged.

Most research in neuroscience proceeds from the assumption that if the maladies of the brain can be cured, or creativity understood, it is because the brain is a machine. Unfortunately, assuming that the brain is a machine has disturbing consequences. Most neuroscientists believe consciousness, will, creativity and even personality are the mechanical result of brain structure, neurons and chemistry. Lehrer even claims the source of imagination is the "massive network of electrical cells that allow individuals to form new connections between old ideas." In other words, creativity is rewiring.

And that assumption—a common one among neuroscientists—has profound social consequences. If creativity is a mechanical property of the brain, then it isn't the privileged preserve of art. Corporations value creativity too. Lehrer cites the process that led to the creation of the Swiffer mop at Procter & Gamble. P&G came up with its mop by using creativity specialists, the "envisioneers" at Continuum, a design firm in Boston and Los Angeles. Continuum chief executive Harry West said of the Swiffer project, "They told us to think crazy." They did and came up with "one of the most effective floor cleaners ever invented."

This may sound like a Monty Python skit, but it's not. The irony that Lehrer doesn't get, and that Monty Python would, is that for the past two centuries "creatives" (what we used to call artists) have hated mop inventors.

Many companies fancy themselves to be creative dissidents.

Strangely, many of these companies fancy themselves to be creative dissidents. At hip Silicon Valley ventures, the employees have pierced tongues and tats and skateboards for lunch breaks. This fake bohemian culture acknowledges the essentially dissident character of art even while betraying it. But the corporate types, the suits, are under no illusions about the bohemian substance of their creatives. Lehrer approvingly quotes Dan Wieden, co-founder of the advertising agency Wieden+Kennedy: "You need those weird fucks. You need people who won't make the same

READER RESPONSE

Atheists make religion too complicated. Religion provides hope that there is more to life than the 70 or 80 years we may get.

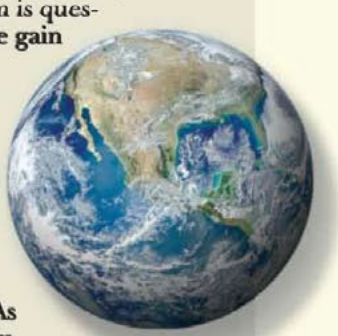
Melvin Beadles Sr.
Murrieta, California

Gray's pessimistic piece advises those of us who know the falsehood of religion to say nothing even as believers advance irrational political objectives. Benign bemusement is not good enough. On the bright side, he provides an object lesson to disprove the silly belief in equality he accuses us of. I repent of that.

Stephen Van Eck
Lawton, Pennsylvania

I find it amusing that people who have little or no science education dismiss criticism of their petty hallucinations as examples of extreme "scientism."

Prasad Golla
Plano, Texas



Gray's assertion that religion will outlast atheism is questionable. As we gain more understanding of fear and the underpinnings of religious belief, more people will leave religion behind. As an atheist, I am free to pursue whatever political process best helps my fellow earthlings solve their problems. My morality and ethics are grounded by many philosophical viewpoints and do not have to be verified by mysticism or myth.

Ronald Hull
Houston, Texas

BULLET PROOF

Why isn't there a law that requires all new guns to be stamped so they leave a distinct mark on the bullets they fire, allowing investigators to match casings to weapon ("Ammo Nation," March)? Casings could also be stamped with codes that

READER RESPONSE

lead investigators back to the point of purchase. There are ways around this system, but it would make anonymous shootings a lot more complicated,



and the knowledge that bullets can be traced may deter a great many shooters. It's hard to believe anyone would oppose these commonsense changes unless they support selling guns to criminals.

Robert Schreib Jr.
Toms River, New Jersey

TAKE YOUR PICK

In March a reader argues that pot causes misery and should not be legalized. If people could someday visit a convenience store and choose among alcohol, tobacco and weed for a little pick-me-up, which would be the best-seller?

Orin Oppermann
Fort Myers, Florida

BEHIND THE LINES

We read with great interest your report "E-Searches and E-Seizures" (March), which points out the ease with which law enforcement can track anyone online. Our blog, BadPhoenixCops.com, has put a target on our backs. In 2009 the Phoenix Police Department raided our residence and seized computers based on trumped-up claims of "harassment." They kept the equipment for nearly three years, claiming the investigation was ongoing. It is true cops don't need warrants or subpoenas to get e-mail or IP information. We had been blogging anonymously, but

boring, predictable mistakes as the rest of us. And then, when those weirdos learn how things work and become a little less weird, then you need a new class of weird fucks."

Of course, creativity is not all about weirdos in the workplace. Lehrer writes about music. He is particularly interested in the moment when Bob Dylan reinvented himself as the rock-and-roll Dylan. The moment in question is the creation of the song "Like a Rolling Stone." According to Lehrer's version of the story, Dylan was bored with what he'd been doing, trapped between his own public image as a writer of protest songs and the lame platitudes of Top 40 music. So he retreated to Woodstock and began to let his neurons do the work, from which emerged "Like a Rolling Stone." Lehrer writes, "The story of 'Like a Rolling Stone' is a story of creative insight. The song was invented in the moment, then hurled into the world." The song would "revolutionize rock and roll."

Why is it good to revolutionize rock and roll? For Lehrer, the song, like the Swiffer mop, isn't really about revolution. It's about success. The song leads to the creation of more songs by other artists. Money is made. People become *famous*!

Anyone who has been influenced by Dylan's music will know the song isn't about contributing to gross domestic productivity or economic innovation. It was written *against* that world. Instead, the song is "about" its formal freedom. Dylan proposes, "Hey, this is what freedom feels like to me. This is what being



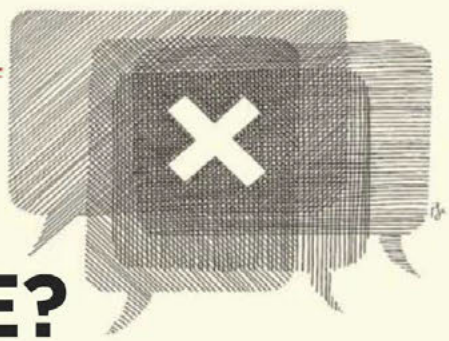


THERE'S REAL CREATIVITY (BOB DYLAN, ABOVE LEFT) AND FALSE CREATIVITY (SWIFFER WETJET, ABOVE RIGHT).

alive feels like to me. What do you think?" In other words, Dylan's music asks, Can you return to being in the world in the way you were in the world before you heard this song?

But for Lehrer, Dylan is just another example of a "creative problem solver" no different from Milton Glaser, creator of the insipid I♥NY logo. Lehrer throws out the social, ethical and aesthetic dimension of art for a few full-color brain scans and the instruction "Go to work." ■

Curtis White is author of The Science Delusion: Asking the Big Questions in a Culture of Easy Answers.



WHAT HAPPENED TO SCIENCE?

Scientists used to be viewed with respect. So why do we no longer believe what they say?

BY TAFFY BRODESSER-AKNER

I recently overheard two of my journalism students discussing the ills of modern medicine. They talked about how Western science gets it wrong and how certain kinds of food can cure obsessive-compulsive and bipolar disorders. This led me to abort my second-half lecture on interview techniques in favor of a discussion on the value of information. What responsibility do we have to our readers to make sure information is true? How do we know anything? We need to ask about sources, their intentions, their education.

I'm the mother of young children and I live in Los Angeles, which puts me at the intersection of holistic tantruming and the antiscience movement. Start with a fear of the future, add a self-assigned designation of "spiritual" and a deification of all things "natural," *et voilà:* The antiscience movement is born. Take the internet, where all alternative views are celebrated, and the movement becomes

mainstream. You no longer remember what the truth was in the first place.

It's no fun to live with the implications of self-imposed ignorance. Consider the pertussis outbreak that plagued California the past few years because parents wouldn't vaccinate their children. That outbreak wasn't limited to the unvaccinated. Towns eschew fluoride in their water supply. Women give birth at home without a doctor. Parents subject their children with autism to bariatric chambers and chelation therapy in hopes of a cure that doesn't exist.

If we're smart, we'll listen to my college-educated students and learn from them. Why do they believe so ardently in a holistic fantasy world? What made America stop believing in science?

Of course science has the answer to why we turned on it. Say you're suspicious of authority or wary of words such as *preservatives*. It could be that all your friends are Republicans and you believe they're right about most things. And then they bring up evolution and climate change.

When you evaluate information, a psychological phenomenon known as confirmation bias comes into play, which means your brain seeks to reaffirm its core beliefs. Even if you try to research a question and are pure-hearted and want to know the answer, it's almost impossible to discern because of how you phrase your questions.

Online forums aren't town halls where free and spirited debate takes place. They're musty corners in which the like-minded gather.

Ask Google a question. Researchers say you can't phrase it in a way that doesn't demand the answer you're seeking, so ingrained are your biases. When you ask the question in such a loaded way—though your loading may be so subtle you don't even recognize it—the results will favor your point of view simply because the question may have been asked at a like-minded site. Google isn't out to prove anything; it just wants you to be happy. If you believe eating off plasticware gives you cancer, you'll be able to find plenty of studies that suggest the same thing. What you won't be able to find is proof that it's true.

You start by hanging out on websites that confirm your bias. Through those websites you find communities that agree with you. Pretty soon, your weird, marginalized notion takes root and becomes fact. As political science professor James Fowler, who studies social networks and their impact on us, told me, "A real difficulty with the internet is that we can seek out others who have exactly the same beliefs we have, meaning we are even more susceptible to false ideas because we are surrounded by other people who are susceptible to them too." Exposure to a strange idea makes the idea less strange.

Then, suddenly, anything that disabuses you of this "fact" is a threat—especially when it comes to health or science. Your new friends send you conspiratorial newsletters, and it becomes less difficult to believe the flu vaccine was designed to sterilize women. These forums are not town halls where free and spirited debate takes place. They're musty corners in which the like-minded gather.

And of course the theory wins. With much of scientific theory already established, the "news" that pops up on the internet is alternative news. As Harry Collins, a social sciences professor at Cardiff University, told me, a zealous truth-seeker's work upon hearing a new theory should be to research legitimate peer-reviewed journals to see if the theory is true. Most people don't do that. They wouldn't even understand what they were reading. So they're left with the first piece of information, seared into their brains with the echo of a social studies teacher who, long ago, told them to believe only what they read in newspapers. That was back when newspapers were *The New York Times*, not *Green Clean Daily*. As Collins said, true expertise is incredibly hard to come by.

We are a generation raised with deference for the printed word. When most of us were growing up, there was no internet. We read newspapers and magazines and textbooks, which had tireless fact-checkers whose sole job was to halt the dissemination of misinformation. Writers and editors, who had been trained to evaluate and synthesize information, took their responsibilities seriously. Today anyone can have a WordPress account, whose fonts read no hazier than this one or the ones in *The New York Times* and *Scientific American*. Worse, ardent proclamations of truth are far sexier than the reportage in most notable newspapers. Passion feels easier to get behind.

The key, perhaps, is in arguing how the questions are asked and who gets to sit in on the debates. The key is in feeling the discomfort that comes when people disapprove of your thinking but listening to them nonetheless. We need to know that instinct is no substitute for the neutral evaluation of a hypothesis. And we need to be willing to be wrong when we are confronted with contrary data. ■

READER RESPONSE

the police only had to call Google and Go Daddy and ask for our information, and both caved immediately. Now we use Hushmail .com, which is based in Canada. It's not foolproof, but at least police can't obtain information without getting a foreign government



involved. We have posted advice to help others keep their online info away from prying eyes. Ironically, we learned the best tips from good cops who support our cause.

Name(s) withheld
Phoenix, Arizona

In 2009 10 Phoenix police officers raided the home of Jeff Pataky, whom The Arizona Republic identified as a blogger who runs Bad Phoenix Cops, on a warrant that alleged petty theft and computer tampering with the intent to harass. According to the newspaper, officers also raided the home of a former homicide detective because of his supposed involvement with the site. (The detective had made public charges that the city crime lab mismanaged evidence.) A federal judge dismissed a lawsuit Pataky filed against the city, ruling that privacy laws do not apply when the "person possessing the materials is a criminal suspect…and the police have probable cause." A grand jury refused to indict. Pataky never owned the site but was a contributor and has now "moved on," according to the writer(s) of this letter.

DROP 'EM

You ask if "professional penis inspectors" might be hired to ensure adult performers adhere to a new Los Angeles County law requiring condom use on sets ("Porn Police," March). When I was in the Navy, we referred to the hospital corpsmen assigned to look for signs of venereal disease as "pecker checkers."

Roger Werchan
Montgomery, Texas

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SEAN HANNITY

A candid conversation with Fox News's feistiest conservative about hating liberalism, rebuilding the GOP and sowing those youthful wild oats

Fox News host Sean Hannity is a believer. He believes in God, country and the once and future Bush dynasty. In his opinion, global warming is a crock, kids today are oversexed and President Obama's radical agenda is destroying our nation. Despite any upticks the stock market may experience, the economy is not improving, Hannity says ("It's a bubble!"). And no, allowing same-sex marriage, taxing the rich and giving government handouts will not save America.

Hannity—the man and the brand—holds to the far right even as fellow conservatives like Rush Limbaugh bitterly proclaim that liberalism has won in America. As long as debate rages over illegal immigration, government spending, gun control, abortion, political correctness, the Kardashians, you name it, Hannity will wag a finger and stand his ground.

Hannity was born on December 30, 1961, the grandson of four Irish immigrants, and grew up with three older sisters in Franklin Square on New York's Long Island. He was a Catholic school bad boy, he says, and dropped out of two universities (NYU and Adelphi) after realizing his opinions had a place on radio. From the start, he was controversial. In 1989 Hannity was fired from his first radio job at a college station in Santa Barbara for casting doubts about the AIDS epidemic. He publicized his dismissal in radio trade ads, promoting himself as "the most talked about college radio host in America." Fox News head Roger Ailes heard Hannity on the air in Atlanta a few years later and paired him opposite liberal political commentator Alan Colmes. The resulting live TV show, Hannity & Colmes, ran for 12 years on Fox News before Hannity went solo in the same time slot. In many ways, radio remains Hannity's first love, and he broadcasts The Sean Hannity Show, syndicated on more than 500 stations, most days from Long Island, where he lives with his wife of 20 years, Jill, and their two young children.

Contributing Editor ***David Hochman*** *spent time with Hannity at Fox News headquarters in New York City. He says Hannity was jovial and charming even as the debate got lively. "The ultimate question everyone has about Hannity," Hochman says, "is, Does he really believe what he says, or is it all just an act? After spending hours with the guy and really getting into his head, I can say with utmost confidence, what you see with Hannity is what you get."*

HANNITY: Fire away. Ask me anything you want.

PLAYBOY: Excellent, so——

HANNITY: You might not get an answer, but you can try.

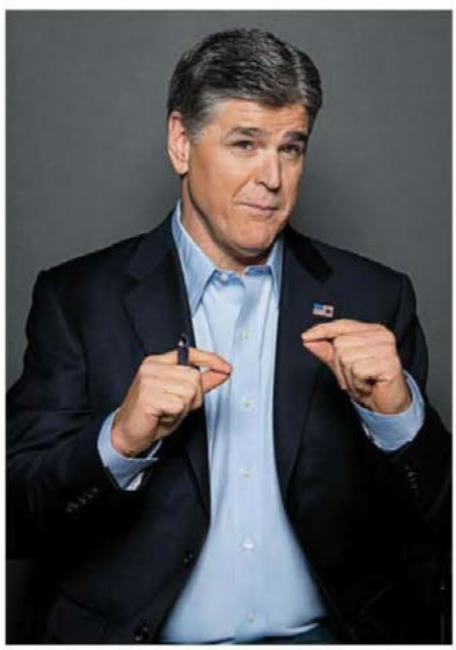
PLAYBOY: Let's start with an easy one. What is it precisely about liberals that bothers you so much?

HANNITY: Liberalism is failing the country. This to me is fundamental. It's a philosophical difference. Do I have friends who are liberal? Yeah. Do I like to debate liberal guests on my show? Absolutely. But look what's happening in Cyprus, in Greece, in Spain, in Ireland and other places. These countries are going down the road America is now choosing to go down, which is socialism, in my view. Very high taxes. Promises that the government will take care of every need an individual has. These promises ultimately can't be fulfilled. You can't manage the cost of it all. The president tried to sell Obamacare at $900 billion. Now the latest estimate is $2.8 trillion, and a recent report by the Government Accountability Office says over the long term it could add $6.2 trillion to our debt. That is what I would describe as unsustainable.

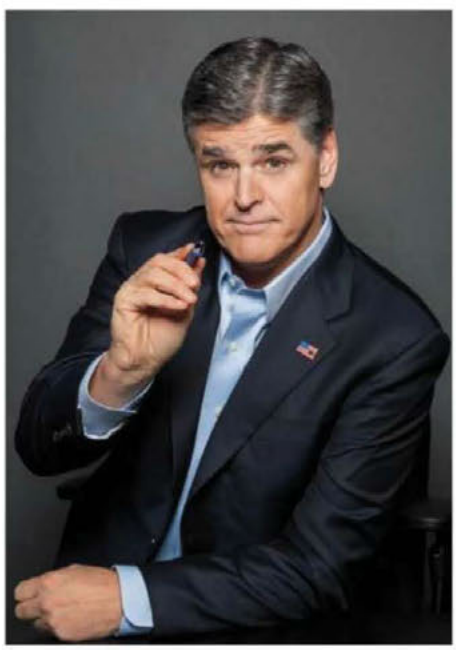
The other thing is energy. There is an answer to America's problems right now. We are so stupid we don't tap into our own energy resources. We have more oil than Iran, Iraq and Saudi



"Obama is not managing the country well. We're talking about liberal socialism, high debt, high deficits. One in six Americans is in poverty. These are the issues that are going to affect the country for years to come."



"Frankly, I was a big troublemaker. I don't know how far I want to go with my honesty here, but I was taken home by the cops in the first grade. I'd get in trouble for sneaking out of the house late at night. And I started smoking at a young age."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIUS BUGGE

"I don't want to know anything about anybody's sex life when I'm voting for them. I want to know they can balance the budget, that they're going to stay out of my life and ensure more freedom. That's all I'm looking for."

Arabia combined. We have oil shale; we've got fracking available. We are the Saudi Arabia of natural gas. The Democratic Socialist Party in America is so beholden to environmentalists, we don't even tap into our own resources. It's just another example of how this president can't meet the promises he made to the people.

PLAYBOY: Obama's supporters would say he's done quite a bit. He passed health care reform. He passed the stimulus. He passed Wall Street reform. He eliminated Osama bin Laden. He turned around the U.S. auto industry.

HANNITY: Do you know GM still owes the taxpayers $50 billion that we'll never get back?

PLAYBOY: He recapitalized banks. He began to end the war in Afghanistan. He ended the war in Iraq. He boosted fuel-efficiency standards and advocated for alternative energy.

HANNITY: Whoa. With what? Solyndra? Obama squandered half a billion dollars in stimulus money, and the company went bankrupt. We were paying money that went to build electric cars in Finland. I can give you the whole long laundry list, a lot of wasted government dollars. How many net new jobs did we create under Obama?

PLAYBOY: Depending on which source you believe, it's anywhere from 325,000 to 1.2 million.

HANNITY: At the end of last year, we had 8.3 million fewer Americans in the labor force than we had before he took office. We have people on unemployment who have been there so long we no longer count them. When you look at real unemployment in the country, fewer Americans were working at the end of Obama's first four years than actually were working when he started. Next question.

PLAYBOY: It's generally agreed that the Republican Party is a mess. It's divided, there's no real leadership or clear direction, and last year's election was an enormous blow to the right.

HANNITY: First of all, I'm a registered Conservative. I'm not a Republican, though people often mistake me for one. Listen, it's going to shake out fine. You know, after any election, whenever there's a loss, there are always people predicting doom and gloom and disaster. There's a certain purging process people go through. Democrats have been through it. The contractions, the hand-wringing—it's natural. It's part of the process.

PLAYBOY: Can the GOP save itself?

HANNITY: It can, and it'll do it by focusing on some very simple ideals. The Republicans have no message discipline. Obama has incredible message discipline. His message right now is "Republicans want to poison the air and water. Republicans want kids with autism and Down syndrome and the elderly to fend for themselves." He's brilliant at fear-mongering, at demagoguery. He is always on the attack, always politicizing everything. Meanwhile, he keeps spending and borrowing us into a trillion dollars in debt.

The Republicans should be the party that wants balanced budgets, fiscal responsibility. It should be the party that believes you don't spend more than you take in. We're not going to borrow 46 cents of every dollar to run the government. Social Security and Medicare are headed for bankruptcy. The Republicans should be the party of energy independence and of getting the country on its feet. Instead, we've spent all this money, and we have nothing to show for it. We're robbing our kids blind, because it's their money we're taking, and they're going to spend their lifetimes paying it back.

PLAYBOY: What about the massive budget deficit this administration inherited?

HANNITY: No president has ever given us a trillion-dollar deficit, and certainly no president has given us $6 trillion in debt in four years the way Obama has. Not even close. He inherited a $10 trillion debt, not $16.5 trillion.

I don't know why people put so much faith in government. It doesn't work. And the president has a big role in that. Obama is in a constant state of combativeness.

Look, we can fulfill the promises that we made to the Greatest Generation right now. We've got to reform entitlements, and we need a better plan for health care. I don't know why people put so much faith in government—the same government that said we're going to have Social Security benefits waiting for us and then raided the lockbox. The lockbox is empty! They've squandered the money. So I don't have a lot of faith in government or bureaucrats. I like the concept of limited government and greater freedom. With greater freedom comes greater responsibility to the American people. We're not going to get there by spending ourselves into oblivion.

PLAYBOY: If nothing else, the debt-ceiling fight in Congress has shown the world how completely dysfunctional and divided our government is.

HANNITY: Absolutely. The system is dysfunctional. It doesn't work. And the president has a big role in that. Obama is in a constant state of combativeness. I mean, he won fair and square, but I would have hoped that after the election we would have seen him say, "John Boehner, Mitch McConnell, Dick Durbin, Chuck Schumer, Nancy Pelosi, we've got to get together because this is a mess. The country hates us." And he's not doing that. I think everything he does is to get Pelosi back as Speaker for 2014.

PLAYBOY: Would we be living in a golden age now if Mitt Romney had won the presidency instead?

HANNITY: No, but I think you would have had somebody with the experience and the background and, frankly, not as driven by ideology as this president is. Obama's an ideologue. Now, this being PLAYBOY, you probably won't agree with me on this, but I think the president is pretty radical in his views. For instance, the disengagement almost bordering on stupidity of giving [Egyptian president] Mohamed Morsi 1.5 billion taxpayer dollars—the guy's a 9/11 Truther, a guy who refers to the Israelis as apes and pigs, a guy who was part of the Muslim Brotherhood.

Obama is not managing the country well. We're talking about liberal socialism, high debt, high deficits. Twenty million more Americans are on food stamps. One in six Americans is in poverty. There's $17 trillion in debt. Obama said $9 trillion in debt. These are the issues that are going to affect the country for years to come.

PLAYBOY: Let's move on. Fox News's ratings are down, and your show in particular has taken a hit this year.

HANNITY: No, actually, our ratings are back up.

PLAYBOY: Your ratings were down 35 percent in February.

HANNITY: Well, from the year before, which was an election year.

PLAYBOY: Rachel Maddow has beaten you in your time slot.

HANNITY: Never! Not once!

PLAYBOY: She has in the key 25- to 54-year-old demographic.

HANNITY: But overall, we're at double her ratings. You've got to be careful how you make these comparisons.

PLAYBOY: Fox News overall hit a 12-year ratings low in January and recently had a record low in a poll on viewer trust. The perception among many is that Fox News is out of it. Is there anything you're doing to change that perception?

HANNITY: No. You know, I've been in this business a long time, and I'm not one who obsesses over ratings, but I will tell you this. There is a natural ebb and flow due to election years and major events such as Hurricane Katrina or Sandy or the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Any issue of that sort will drive ratings up and down. I will tell you that after the election, a lot of people who didn't want Barack Obama to get a second term threw up their hands in disgust, including myself. I can go back and show you all the years that I've been through presidential elections on radio. You see the spike, you see the decline, you see the spike—it's part

of the news cycle. It's the story of my life.

PLAYBOY: Were you always a conservative?

HANNITY: Kind of, yeah. I don't know what it was, but as soon as Reagan became president, I was hooked. I listened to talk radio as a kid and was just obsessed with it. Every kid is told "Stop doing this; stop doing that," but late at night I'd stay up to listen to Barry Farber, Bob Grant and later Gene Burns and David Brudnoy. I'd pick up WBZ and all these other 50,000-watt stations. And you know, it just immersed me in politics. Barry Farber said something like "Look at your globe, and I'm going to tell you about Communist expansionism in Hungary and Bulgaria and Yugoslavia and Poland," and literally I'd just stand there with the globe, learning about the world.

PLAYBOY: Were you a studious kid?

HANNITY: Frankly, I was a big troublemaker. I don't know how far I want to go with my honesty here, but I was taken home by the cops in the first grade for hanging on the back of cars in the wintertime. We called it "skitching." I'd get in trouble for sneaking out of the house late at night to have snowball fights. And I started smoking at a young age. I remember pitching baseball games and smoking a cigarette between innings.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Catholic school keep you in line?

HANNITY: Nobody could really discipline me. I remember one day at Sacred Heart Seminary in Hempstead, Long Island, the boys hadn't been good and one of the fifth-grade teachers was pulling their ears and slapping them on the head. She gets to me and I'm like, "You're not pulling my ear, and you're not slapping me either." I stood up for myself pretty early. My father, on the other hand, if he got mad, you knew it. The belt would come flying off. I got my fair share.

PLAYBOY: What did your father teach you about life?

HANNITY: My dad was probably the most decent person I've ever known. Very moral guy, deep religious faith. Had the roughest upbringing and background, grew up very poor, Bed-Stuy. He delivered papers to contribute to his family. His mom died in childbirth when he was born, and his father, who was a machinist, didn't have the ability to take care of him and the rest of the kids. He was shuffled around from family member to family member. But he grew up, signed up for World War II, fought his four years in the Pacific in the Navy and came back. He worked as a waiter on weekend nights and would get home at five in the morning, and we'd go to 12 o'clock mass every week. It was embarrassing because he'd fall asleep! But he never complained about a thing. Never wanted anything. It was a big deal for him to get a Levitt-style house on a 50-by-100-foot lot on Long Island—you know, four kids, one bathroom. I had three older sisters. It was rough. My parents sacrificed to put us through Catholic school. That's how I grew up.

PLAYBOY: Was it a better time in America back then?

HANNITY: The honest answer is yes. You know, I delivered papers from the time I was eight years old. I was scrubbing pots and pans in a restaurant every Friday, Saturday and Sunday when I was 12. Then I became a cook at 13. I was a busboy, a bartender, a waiter. I did that for many, many years of my life. Made a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: What did money mean to you?

HANNITY: It meant if I wanted a baseball mitt, I could go out and sell newspaper subscriptions as an eight-year-old and get the glove, plus tickets to the Mets game. I always had a wad of cash. My best friend from childhood is John Gomez; we still joke about it. His father made the best barbecue chicken in the world, and I would say, "Here's money. I want to buy some of your father's chicken." And we'd make those deals all the time.

PLAYBOY: Back then, did you ever imagine yourself signing a contract for $100 million, as you did in 2008 for your afternoon radio talk show?

HANNITY: Never in a million years. When I left NYU after a year, I don't think I'd ever seen a look of greater disappointment in my parents' eyes. They offered to help me financially, but I knew they didn't have the money. I didn't want them going into debt and spending their retirement money on me. I decided I was just going to go out on my own at that point, and I did. I started my adventures in the world.

PLAYBOY: You sowed your wild oats? Details, please.

HANNITY: Based on the PLAYBOY definition, it's probably the G-rated version. I used to go to all the clubs when I was young and 17 in New York. Then I worked in a couple of places as a bartender. I wasn't Tom Cruise in *Cocktail* or anything, but I was pretty fast, and we made great daiquiris and piña coladas. I went through a period when I did okay in terms of dating. I was a skinny little kid, though. That was about it.

PLAYBOY: What's one Sean Hannity fact that would shock a liberal?

HANNITY: Tough one. Let's see. Let me think. Okay, I like disco, believe it or not.

PLAYBOY: Really?

HANNITY: When I was a bartender we played it all the time, and I still like it. I used to love Donna Summer. She's great. I met her before she died. It was a thrill for me. Her story was so fascinating because she began singing in church. She used to look out at the



congregation and they'd all be crying. I love passionate people.

PLAYBOY: Any other surprises? Are you a closet Grateful Dead fan?

HANNITY: I like the Grateful Dead. [*sings*] "Sugar magnolia, blossoms blooming." Want me to keep going?

PLAYBOY: That's okay. Have you smoked marijuana?

HANNITY: I'm not answering any questions about that. Period. Nice try.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the issue itself then.

HANNITY: I don't think there should be jail terms. I believe in decriminalization. I do have a problem…how do I say this? Thomas Paine, in 1776's *Common Sense,* said something to the effect that if the impulses of conscience were uniform and irresistibly obeyed, there would be no need for any other lawmaker. That not being the case, Paine goes on to describe the need for the formation of government predicated on the idea that government is going to protect you from people who would otherwise want to take your stuff and treat you unfairly. I prefer that people make good decisions. I like to drink beer on a hot summer day, but I don't overindulge. I like a good glass of wine when I go out to dinner with my friends. If I have more than two drinks I take a cab or have somebody else drive home. My biggest fear about opening the door to legalization is that I've always believed, in spite of some disagreement, that marijuana is a gateway drug. According to everything I read, marijuana is more potent than it has ever been, and I believe that for a lot of people there is at least a minimal psychological, addictive component.

PLAYBOY: How do you sleep at night?

HANNITY: Very funny.

PLAYBOY: Seriously. How do you sleep at night?

HANNITY: I don't sleep a lot, but I sleep like a baby.

PLAYBOY: Are you an Ambien guy?

HANNITY: No, no. I just stay up until I literally pass out cold.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever find yourself worrying in the middle of the night?

HANNITY: No, I'm not a worrier. I have faith. The way I look at it, I'm not in control of every aspect of my life. I believe God exists. I believe God is real, and I really just put my faith in him. When you look at the majesty of creation, it's so deep and so profound, from the smallest of things to the concept of universes. It's beyond human imagination. I have deep faith.

PLAYBOY: Given the molestation scandals, do you still have faith in the church itself? Can the church survive in the modern age without making major institutional changes? Women cannot be priests, and priests cannot marry.

HANNITY: The church will survive, regardless. You don't have to be a Catholic if you don't agree with their point of view. Personally, the greatest disappointment is the cover-up of the sexual abuse cases at the highest levels. It's inexcusable to me, and I had a very hard time dealing with it. That said, these are human beings, and human beings are flawed. There's good and evil in the world, and that's just indisputable. I would hope they deal with it head-on, address it and make amends to the extent that they can.

PLAYBOY: What would you like to see from the new pope?

HANNITY: I don't know. I think priests should be allowed to marry, because the apostles were married, all but one, if my theology is correct. And priests were allowed to marry, I think, for the first 1,200 years of the church.

PLAYBOY: How do you separate your views as a Catholic from your opinions about, say, abortion?

HANNITY: I'm against abortion. I make exceptions for rape, incest, the mother's life. You know, as far as opinions versus fairness, it's all me. For better or worse, I'm pretty opinionated. Our society has this idea that you shouldn't feel guilty about anything, and maybe PLAYBOY perpetuates this. I think the conscience is the human ability to discern and decipher right from wrong. Guilt is your own inner voice telling you when you're doing something right or doing something wrong. But in my personal life, the more I listen to that silent voice of conscience, the happier I usually am, because that voice is telling me, exhorting me internally, to do the right thing.

For better or worse, I'm pretty opinionated. Our society has this idea that you shouldn't feel guilty about anything, and maybe PLAYBOY *perpetuates this.*

PLAYBOY: What does your inner voice say about gay marriage?

HANNITY: Over the years I have evolved into more of a libertarian when it comes to people's personal lives. I really don't care what people do privately. That doesn't mean I think society needs to change its definition of marriage. I don't. I'm okay with the way things are. But I don't think most Americans are tolerant and accepting. I think most people don't care.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any gay friends?

HANNITY: Do I know people who are gay that I'm friendly with? Yes. Absolutely.

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine voting for a gay, lesbian or transgender president?

HANNITY: I don't want to know anything about anybody's sex life when I'm voting for them. I want to know they can balance the budget, that they're going to stay out of my life and ensure more freedom. Do they understand good versus evil? Do they understand that we've got to have a strong national defense? That's all I'm looking for. I don't really give a flying rip what people do privately. It's none of my business. Maybe it's the traditional way I was brought up. If somebody breaks into my house, it's my job to go downstairs and take care of it. You can call me Bamm-Bamm or Barney Rubble if you want, but that's who I am.

PLAYBOY: Is the country as divided as it appears in Hannity's America?

HANNITY: America is definitely polarized. In politics I think we have two very distinct competing visions for the country right now. One of the great dangers of the democracy we have is that the media are biased; the other danger is apathy. There are too many people who care too much about Honey Boo Boo and the Kardashians or whomever. I've met Kim, and she's nice, but honestly there's too much of a celebrity culture. I wish people cared more about the budget being balanced, about national defense, security, rise of radical Islamists, immigration—things that I think are really going to matter and impact everybody's lives.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about some of those. Your critics called you a water carrier for the GOP last year when you embraced a "pathway to citizenship" after Republicans failed to win over Latino voters.

HANNITY: It's a position that's been evolving since I made my trips to the border. I've traveled to Mexico, from San Diego to the Rio Grande and everywhere in between, and I've been out with Border Patrol agents on helicopter, horseback, all-terrain vehicles and boats. I've watched gang members being arrested. I've seen tunnels dug from Mexico into San Diego up through an office building, sophisticated efforts at human trafficking. I've been to the warehouses where they confiscated drugs aimed at American kids. I see the financial impact on our educational system, our health care system, our criminal justice system in border states and the burdens they have to bear as a result of illegal immigration not being solved. We've got to fix it. I think you control the border first and then create a pathway for the people who are here. Do background checks, send those with criminal records home, have people pay whatever penalties and taxes are necessary. But yeah, we need a better solution.

PLAYBOY: What about guns? The Newtown shootings inspired many to call for stricter measures to prevent similar tragedies.

HANNITY: I support commonsense measures. We use armed guards to protect our money, *(continued on page 194)*

DANIEL STEIGER



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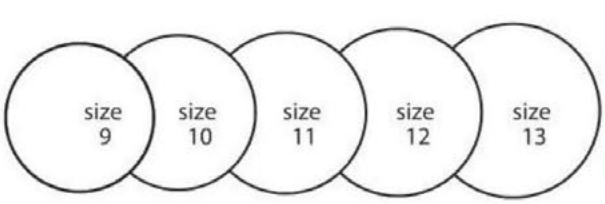
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You can fight for your adopted country.

But if you get in trouble when you get home

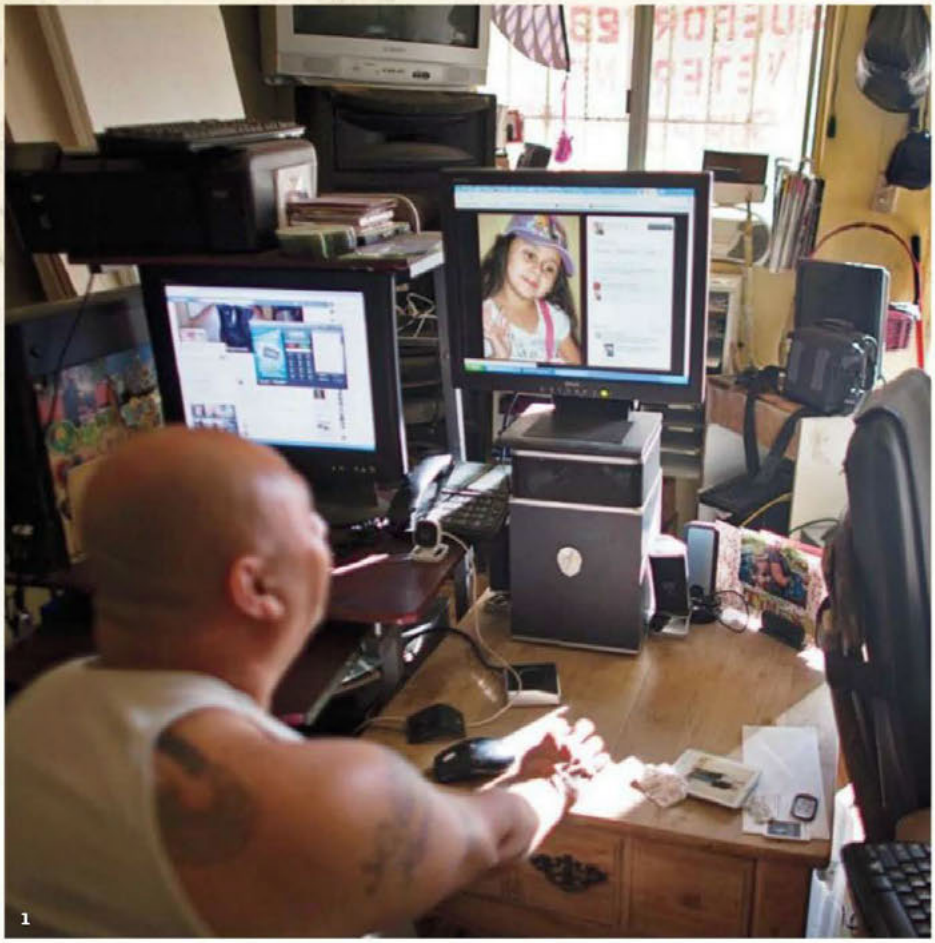
– like HECTOR BARAJAS and THOUSANDS OF OTHER U.S. SOLDIERS did –

you will be booted out of the

United States

in a heartbeat

Written By Luis Alberto Urrea *and* Erin Siegal McIntyre





Tijuana, Baja California, Mexico. Big Pac-Man still tucks his trousers into his high black jump boots. He learned to do this at jump school in the Army. He posts photos of jumps on Facebook—high up, looking down on paratroopers as they drop, Fort Bragg tiny below like a model-railroad landscape. His knees and back still ache from all the hard landings. But he walks through the pain in a brisk march. He has a loud laugh—you can hear him coming before he arrives.

On the day we meet with him, he's driving his white beater car, the seats occupied by his soldiers. They're laughing and shouting over the radio. They could be warlords in an insurgency or narcos swarming out of Tijuana, looking for targets. Big men. Shaved heads. Music blaring in Spanish. Their car comes in off the cracked street and rattles to a stop in the apartment courtyard. The communal chihuahua runs for its life as the soldiers burst out of the vehicle. "I'm hungry!" Big Pac-Man shouts,

MEXICO HOUSES A CADRE OF BANISHED WARRIORS WHO BELIEVED THEIR SERVICE IN THE ARMED FORCES WOULD WIN THEM ACCESS TO AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP.

which is why they call him that: He's always eating.

It is not uncommon to find him in his dress uniform. He wears his beret and sometimes stands at attention at the U.S. border fence, watching lines of cars snake into San Diego. It's a kind of sentry duty. Tourists and businesspeople avoid eye contact, but he stands firm before them. His colleagues often join him, and they form an honor guard, squared away as if awaiting inspection. Their signs say BANISHED VETERANS.

Hector Barajas, of the 82nd Airborne. Deported.

Barajas is a member of a shadow army whose numbers are kept obscure by the U.S. government. He estimates that 3,700 veterans of the U.S. military are exiled in Mexico alone. It is hard to prove; even requests under the Freedom of Information Act yield scant data to prove or disprove his theory.

He and his colleagues have created a tiny, unofficial VA center in Barajas's apartment: the Deported Veterans Support House. Here, between his social-media activism, impromptu health care, counseling and charity work, Barajas attends to his calculations and his restless hunt to discover others like himself.

"From my understanding," Barajas says, "we have had more than 10 veterans in each detention center. There are about 250 centers in the United States. Let's say 16 years of deportations since 1996. Ten times 250 equals 2,500. Twenty-five hundred times 16 equals 40,000. I think you can get better stats than I can."

But as we will see, that is not entirely true.

Most Americans have no idea Mexico's border cities house a cadre of banished warriors who believed their service in the U.S. armed forces would win them access to American citizenship. Barajas and his partners have discovered fellow deported soldiers in

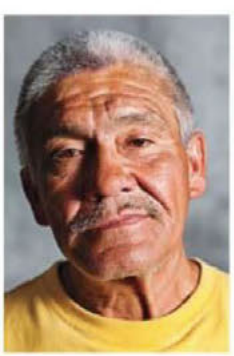
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ERIN SIEGAL MCINTYRE

















1. From his place of exile in Rosarito, Mexico, Hector Barajas remains in touch via Skype and Facebook with his seven-year-old daughter, Liliana, back home in California. **2.** Barajas in uniform in front of his cramped two-bedroom apartment, which also serves as the Deported Veterans Support House. **3.** Portraits of immigrant veterans who have been banished to Mexico, from left: Jerry Lopez, Hector Lopez (no relation), Agustin Abarca, Alex Murillo, Ruben Robles, Fabián Rebolledo, Juan Montemayor and Hector Barajas. **4.** Barajas hanging Old Glory from the balcony of his apartment building in Mexico. **5.** A collection of military pins and decorations on a shelf in Barajas's apartment.

19 countries besides Mexico—Jamaica, Italy, Canada, Guyana, Peru, Trinidad, the U.K. and Bosnia among them. The deportees are not just Iraq and Afghanistan veterans; Korea and Vietnam vets live in dirty rooms all over Tijuana.

Fabián Rebolledo is Barajas's partner in the Deported Veterans Support House. He can't eat as much as Barajas, so they call him Little Pac-Man. But who can eat as much as Big Pac-Man? The vets scoff at the notion. Rebolledo was promised citizenship for enlisting, but after returning from active duty in Kosovo, he was deported.

"They taught me it was easy to kill people," he says. "Then they threw me away."

•

The Pac-Men's small VA operation is in Rosarito, Tijuana's sister city to the southwest. Twenty miles north, across the border, the American coastal neighborhoods are billion-dollar enclaves. Here, not so much. The glory days of *MTV Spring Break* and college students cavorting in sombreros are gone. Now bodies and body parts are regularly found throughout the city—a woman's tattooed torso zipped up in a black suitcase left on the beach, an arm in the weeds by the highway.

The Deported Veterans Support House is situated in Barajas's cramped two-bedroom apartment in a surreal



compound. Painted bright colors, it is populated by expat gringos in various stages of distress. Radios compete for most obnoxious squall. A pregnant-looking American dude with unbuttoned shorts drags a heavily pregnant Mexican woman wearing yellow rubber gloves onto his lap and kneads her ass. An addled evangelist barks, "You ever been shot in the mouth? I have!" He displays blown-out teeth. Then he tries to make the perfectly normal leg of a visitor grow an inch



Above: Deported veterans Ruben Robles and Fabián Rebolledo stand in front of the SOS mural they helped paint on the border wall in Tijuana. **Left:** Rebolledo and Robles on guard in Mexico; they hope to return someday to their homes in the U.S.

HOME IN COMPTON, HECTOR BARAJAS STARTED HANGING WITH OLD FRIENDS. ONE NIGHT THE HOMEYS THOUGHT THEY WERE BEING FOLLOWED.

through the power of Jesus. Big Pac-Man sends him scuttling away. "Learn some manners," he says as he fires up the computers.

"I like Mexico and all," he says. "But I hate being in this country. I want to go home. I'd gladly go to prison for five years if the U.S. would finally let me be a citizen and raise my daughter."

Barajas works the machines, sending messages to a growing army of contacts and followers. He is a tireless Facebook presence. Soldiers find him and seek his help. The Pac-Men have people around them all the time. It is unclear who they are or what they want. On this day a young man with the kind of scary neck tattoos that make suburbanites shy away sits in a corner. He could be a soldier.

"Were you in the crazy life in Los Angeles?" he is asked.

"Oh yeah."

"Were you a bad boy?"

"Oh yeah."

"If we were in East L.A., would we be talking?"

He smiles. Hangs his head. Chuckles.

"Oh no."

Barajas says, "In my case, I didn't shoot anybody. Nothing like that. Okay, I may have shot a car."

They burst out laughing. And Rebolledo stares at his hands. Their dress uniforms hang on the wall, carefully pressed.

For Big Pac-Man, it started with partying. He was a fiery kid, a quick-fisted social butterfly from a neighborhood ruled by gang law. Barajas popped in and out of high school, finally enlisting and reenlisting in the Army. He started to straighten out, snaring a 1997 certificate of achievement for providing "outstanding medical support to the 82nd Signal Battalion during immunization day." By 1998 there was a Good Conduct Medal for "exemplary behavior, efficiency and fidelity in active federal service" and by 1999 the Army Commendation Medal for meritorious service to Charlie Company, 307th Forward Support Battalion. It said his "outstanding performance reflects great credit upon himself." Barajas was honorably discharged.

But home *(continued on page 200)*



"I like 'em low and inside…!"


PLAYBOY'S
Best Bars
JUL/AUG
2013
PB BREWING
The top cocktail lounges, retooled saloons and neo-speakeasies that are raising the bar on how we drink
IN THIS ERA OF HAND-CARVED ICE, HOUSE-MADE BITTERS AND $50 SHOTS OF MICROBATCH BOURBON, IT'S HARD TO GET ANYTHING APPROACHING A BAD DRINK. WE'RE THRILLED ABOUT THAT, BUT THE DOWNSIDE OF THE COCKTAIL REVOLUTION IS TOO MANY COOKIE-CUTTER PSEUDO-SPEAKEASIES LORDED OVER BY KNOW-IT-ALL MIXOLOGISTS WHO'VE REPLACED SIMPLE DRINKING WITH TOO MUCH THINKING. TO CUT THROUGH THE PRETENSE, WE PERCHED ON STOOLS ACROSS THE COUNTRY—AT OLD STANDBYS AND GROUNDBREAKING NEWCOMERS—TO BRING YOU THE BEST BARS FOR YOUR BUCK.
PHOTOGRAPHY BY Gorman Studio

Best Place to Relive the Harlem Renaissance

GINNY'S SUPPER CLUB, NEW YORK



• As if Red Rooster Harlem weren't swinging enough, owner-chef Marcus Samuelsson (pictured) has upped the ante with the downstairs Ginny's Supper Club. It's modern, yet it identifies, as beverage director Lonn Coupel-Coward puts it, "with a time when men wore suits and bow ties just to walk to the corner store, and the ladies loved it." The drinks are dandy too: Scotch whiskey, fresh basil, ginger, Chivas and ginger beer make a modern take on the Moscow mule.



Best Thing Since Milk & Honey

ATTABOY, NEW YORK

• Two bartenders from pioneering speakeasy Milk & Honey, Sam Ross and Michael McIlroy, have taken over, changed its name to Attaboy and loosened the joint's proverbial tie (no more house rules, no more reservations). Drinks are crafted with surgical precision and served without stuffiness. Order a Tommy's No. 2 (which uses both tequila and mezcal) or a well-balanced, whiskey-based Penicillin.

Best Bar From a Blogger

ESSEX, SEATTLE

• Owners Molly Wizenberg and husband Brandon Pettit are self-made culinarians. (Wizenberg writes the food blog Orangette and with Pettit opened Delancey restaurant.) Their new bar emphasizes handmade liqueurs, tinctures, bitters and digestifs. Cheers to DIY.





THE "IT" COCKTAIL

You can thank *Mad Men* and the bourbon boom for the resurgence of the old fashioned, which is showing up in many guises on cocktail menus across the country. Here's how to make a new and improved version at home.

Ingredients

* 2 Luxardo maraschino cherries
* 2-inch strip orange peel
* ½ tsp. sugar
* 2 dashes orange bitters
* 2 oz. bourbon

Directions

Muddle the cherries, orange peel, sugar and bitters in a low-ball glass. Fill glass with ice, add bourbon and stir. If it's too strong for your taste, tame it with a splash of soda water.



Best Excuse to Share a Quad Room

THE BROKEN SHAKER, MIAMI

• A bar at a youth hostel in Miami: Must be sketchy, right? Not when the hostel is haute and its bar was created by the cocktail consultancy Bar Lab. The drinks have playful names (Bath Salt Zombie, Nobody F*#ks With Jesus) and are concocted using herbs from the on-site garden. The interior brims with old-timey touches, but the clientele prefers to swig by the swimming pool or over a game of Ping-Pong.



Best Bar for Oddball Ingredients

CURE, NEW ORLEANS

• Esoteric liquors, rare beers and niche wines provide the punch at this experimental bar on a funky Uptown block. Owner Neal Bodenheimer loves to push the limits while delivering delicious drinks. He's currently into Stoupakis Homericon Mastiha, a Greek liqueur made from mastic resin. It appears in a cocktail called Magic Tree, which has become a house favorite.



BEST COLOR CODE

TRICK DOG, SAN FRANCISCO

• In a vintage warehouse in the Mission District, bartenders mix a virtual rainbow of concoctions inspired by the Pantone color wheel. You order off a fanned stack of cards designed to look like paint samples. The sage-colored Baby Turtle (Tequila Ocho reposado, Campari, grapefruit, lime, egg white, cinnamon) is a favorite, but be prepared to drink standing up—Trick Dog is always packed.

Best Reason to Give

THE ORIGINAL OKRA CHARITY SALOON, HOUSTON

• Run by restaurant-and-bar charity OKRA (Organized Kollaboration on Restaurant Affairs), this joint gives all its proceeds to an evolving list of local organizations and social causes. Each drink buys a vote that can be cast in favor of one of four nominated charities. Drinking has never felt so virtuous.





Best Waiting Room

THE WHEY BAR, PORTLAND

• This offshoot of the perennially thronged Argentine-inspired restaurant Ox was conceived as a spot for patrons to have a drink while waiting for their tables. The space has since become a destination in its own right, with a rustic-chic decor and carefully crafted cocktails such as La Yapa, made with rye, lemon juice and Fernet Branca.

Best Place to Get Philosophical About Potables

THE LOUNGE AT ATERA, NEW YORK

• It's reservations only at this bar below the two-Michelin-starred Atera. The chef, forager Matthew Lightner, offers willfully unusual locavore dishes and a drinks menu to match. You may not recognize a martini of gin, beet, white cardamom and a hardy shrub called rue. But you will have a mind-blowing woodsy adventure from the comfort of your leather chair.





Best Science Project

BOOKER AND DAX, NEW YORK

• The only piece of equipment Booker and Dax seems to be missing is a flux capacitor. Liquid nitrogen chills glasses. A rotary evaporator distills ingredients into essential oils. Bartenders plunge a 1,500-degree red-hot poker into cocktails to caramelize sugars just before serving. There's a science to taking old standbys back to the future. Take the hood-famous gin and juice: Grapefruit juice is spun through a centrifuge for clarification, mixed with gin and carbonated to perfection.

Best Place to Give It Your Best Shot

NEAT, GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

• If ever there were a time and place to do a foam-topped, sphericalized, gently misted interpretive cocktail dance, it is not nor will it ever be during operating hours at Neat. At this streamlined midcentury throwback bar there are no menus, just skilled bartenders who know the 250 bottles of top-shelf booze on the wall well. A sidecar of fresh ginger and lemon will balance out a deep rye. A dash of rosemary syrup brings out the botanicals in a gin on ice. With all spirits served (take a wild guess) neat or paired with fresh juice or house-made syrups, it's easy to see what the fuss is about.



Best Reason to Read

SUGAR HOUSE, DETROIT

• We tend to keep our drinking and thinking separate. But the 21-page menu at this Corktown bar is a masterpiece, with 100-plus cocktails, punches, spirits, beers and wines. This beast is supplemented seasonally with an additional 20 or so original drinks, such as the Knackery, a bourbon-Benedictine-peach number, and the gingery, cinnamony Forager's old fashioned.

BEST OF THE WEST

THE VARNISH, LOS ANGELES

• Civilized patrons, contemplative barkeeps and intimate tables and booths make this bar hidden behind a door at Cole's restaurant an L.A. gem. Order a summery Bramble cocktail, or make one at home (see below).

The Bramble

• Muddle five fresh blackberries in a lowball glass. Add one and a half ounces gin, three quarters of an ounce fresh lemon juice and half an ounce simple syrup. Stir. Fill glass with crushed ice. Pour three quarters of an ounce blackberry liqueur over ice. Garnish with a blackberry.





Best Reason to Use a Phone Booth

PDT, NEW YORK

• Before countless pseudo-speakeasies opened across the country, there was PDT (which stands for "please don't tell"). Step inside the phone booth at Crif Dogs on St. Marks Place, pick up the receiver and ask to be let in. If there's an open seat in this civilized subterranean speakeasy-style bar, prepare to be blown away by the highest level of vintage and modern craft cocktails.

Best Reason to Book a Room in Portland

CLYDE COMMON, PORTLAND



• The bar in Clyde Common restaurant, at the über-cool Ace Hotel, is refreshingly un-Portland (little flannel, no taxidermy). This is the home of the barrel-aged cocktail (a drink mellowed in an oak cask). It is also where bartender Jeffrey Morgenthaler does the whole local artisanal thing without making it seem precious. The cocktail menu is smart and satisfying. So is Morgenthaler's response to requests such as "Give me something tart made with gin." Trust him.



Best Place to Get Crafty

FATHER'S OFFICE, LOS ANGELES

• L.A.'s original craft-beer mecca is still the place to beat. We prefer the newer, Culver City location (pictured) for its spacious patio and long, sleek bar tricked out with an array of taps loaded with some of the best microbrews in the United States. The house burger is perfect beer food and justly regarded as one of the finest in town.



Best High-Altitude Bar

JUSTICE SNOW'S, ASPEN

• Situated in a former bank in the Wheeler Opera House, this bar has a charming historic feel. Drinks are often served from vintage barware collected by "lead libation liaison" Joshua-Peter Smith, who excels at inventing custom cocktails for guests. The 26-page menu has a section for "group decision" punch bowls and offers more than 70 whiskeys.

Best Prohibition Joke

BILLY SUNDAY, CHICAGO



• Named after temperance preacher William Ashley "Billy" Sunday, this Logan Square bar is like a church devoted to the heavenly realities of post-Prohibition America: Rare ingredients including wormwood and ambergris make their way into exquisitely balanced cocktails. And the kitchen turns out bar food of the highest order: pickled sardines, steak tartare and rabbit pot pie.



Best One-Two Punch

PARLOUR, MINNEAPOLIS

• Drinking on an empty stomach is never advisable. Which is why we welcome the arrival of the upstairs-downstairs restaurant-bar duo Borough and Parlour. The strategy is this: Dine early at Borough, ordering one drink from the cocktail cart while eating such hearty fare as lamb loin with chickpeas and fava beans. Finish the night at Parlour with a cocktail—try an old fashioned made with both Jim Beam rye and Old Grand-Dad 114.



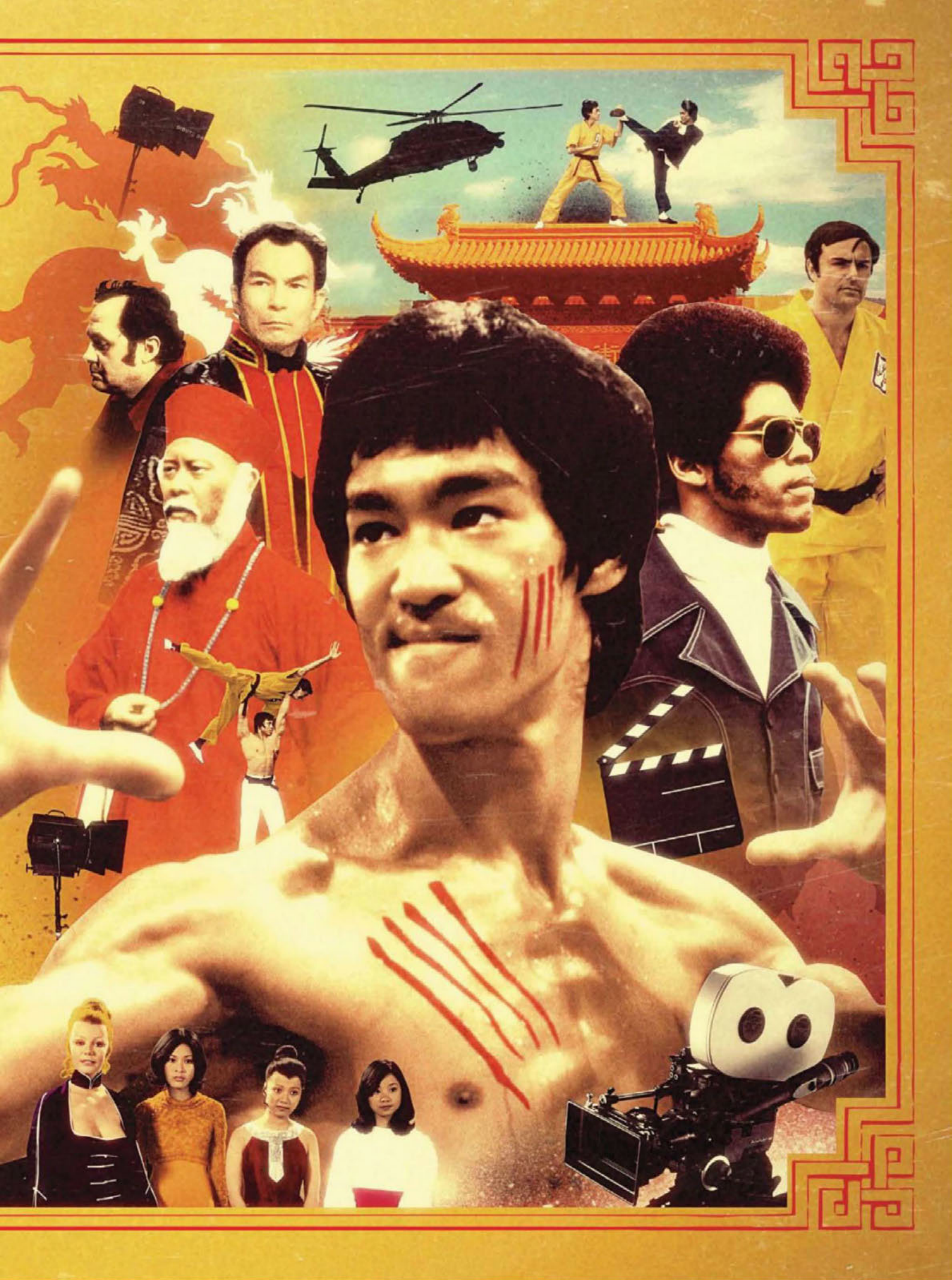
"How much would you charge for listening to me talk dirty?"

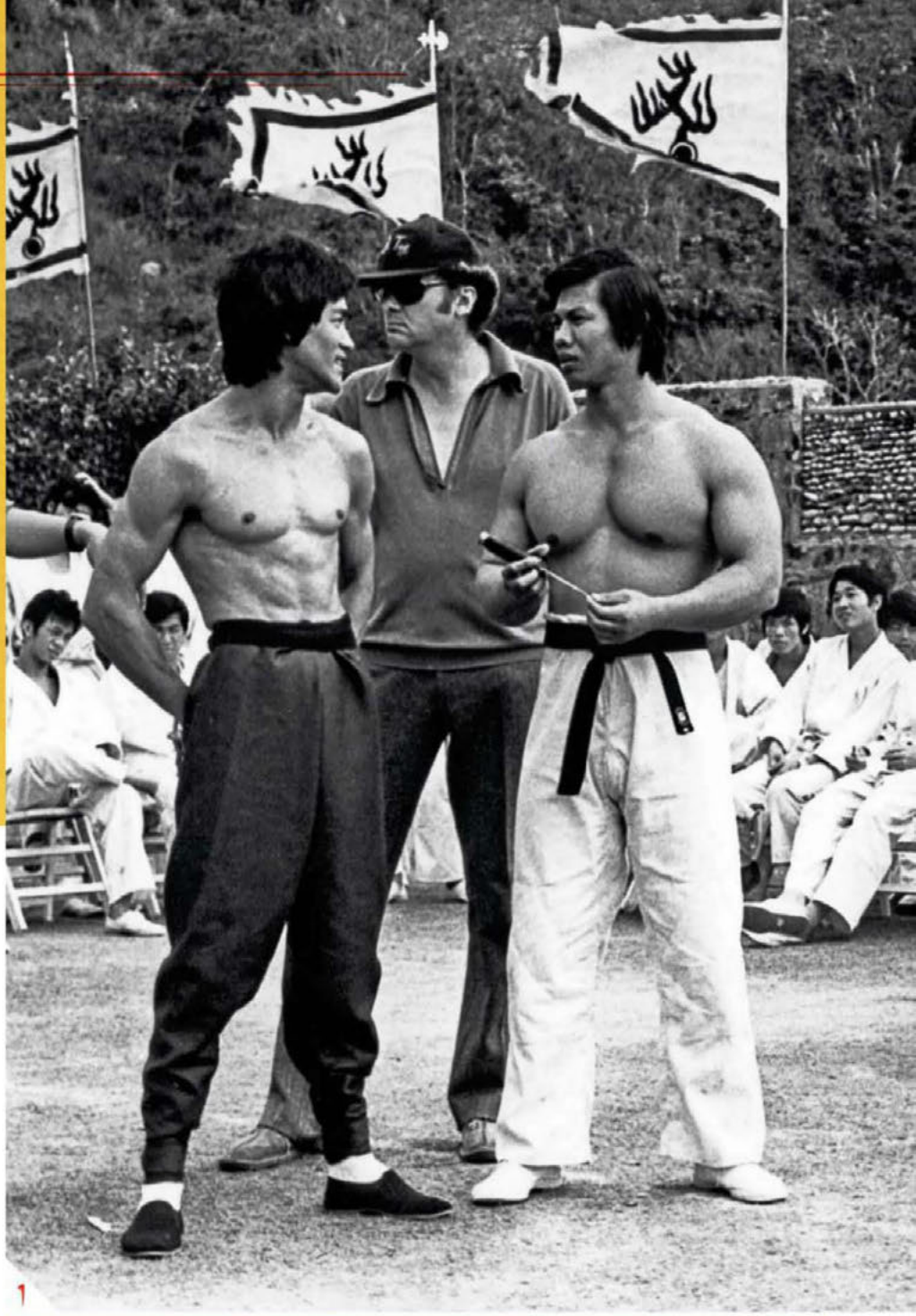
CHASING THE DRAGON



FORTY YEARS AGO *ENTER THE DRAGON* KICKED OPEN THE DOOR FOR ACTION FLICKS. BUT BEHIND THE SCENES, THE MOVIE THAT MADE BRUCE LEE A SUPERSTAR WAS NEARLY DERAILED BY CLASHES—BOTH CULTURAL AND PHYSICAL. *PLAYBOY* TRACES THE MAKING OF A KUNG FU CLASSIC FROM HOLLYWOOD TO HONG KONG

BY MATTHEW POLLY ILLUSTRATION BY GLUEKIT





1

In August 1973 two teams of Chinese lion dancers paraded down Hollywood Boulevard toward Grauman's Chinese Theatre for the premiere of *Enter the Dragon*. The raucous crowd, which had begun to form the night before, wrapped around the block. "Riding in the back of the limousine, I saw lines and lines of people, and the lines didn't end," remembered John Saxon, who plays the movie's roguish gambler, Roper. "I asked my driver, 'What's going on?' and he said, 'That's your movie.'"

Saxon wasn't the only one sucker-punched by *Enter the Dragon*'s success.

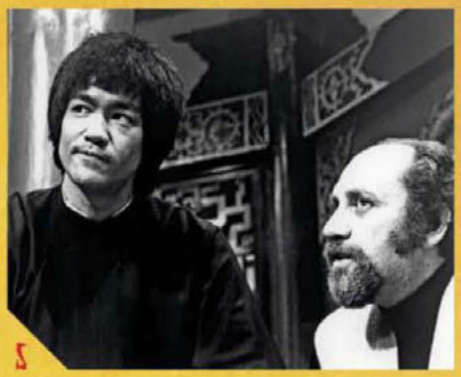
"JIM KELLY SCREWED EVERYTHING THAT MOVED IN HONG KONG. HE ENDED UP IN THE HOSPITAL."

Despite the film being initially labeled as low budget and ultraviolent—a Chinese kung fu action flick with American production values—its explosive popularity launched in the West a new genre that continues to thrive, as evidenced by *The Matrix; Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon; Kill Bill* and *The Man With the Iron Fists,* among other films. *Enter the Dragon* changed how action movies could be made, who could star in them



2





1. Bruce Lee chats with Bolo Yeung, a former Mr. Hong Kong bodybuilding champion, on the set. 2. Director of photography Gil Hubbs and an unidentified assistant stand by as Lee talks with director Bob Clouse between takes. 3. Lee faces off against Bob Wall, an actor and ninth-degree black belt, who played Oharra. During the taping of one scene the force of Lee's kick sent Wall into a crowd, breaking a stuntman's arm. 4. Lee and his longtime business partner Raymond Chow on set. Chow's company Golden Harvest built Lee into China's biggest star, leading to the success of *Enter the Dragon*. 5. Producer Fred Weintraub talks with Lee on the set in Hong Kong. Weintraub had tried to cast Lee as Kwai Chang Caine in the television series *Kung Fu* but was told Lee was too Chinese. The part went to David Carradine instead.



masculine fantasy, but I have to admit that deep down in the most shadowy recesses of my subconscious the fantasy struck a responsive chord."

Enter the Dragon struck a responsive chord across the globe. Made for a minuscule $850,000, it would gross $90 million worldwide in 1973 and go on to earn an estimated $350 million over the next 40 years, including profits from a recently released two-disc Blu-ray edition. Producer Fred Weintraub likes to joke that the movie was so profitable the studio even had to pay him. Screenwriter Michael Allin recalls, "Warner's lawyer sent me a letter saying, 'The picture will be well into profit'—and here's the phrase I love—'by anybody's formula.' The picture made so much money they could not sweep it under the rug. The rug had too big a bulge."

For all the principals involved in making the movie, however, its overwhelming critical and commercial success was bittersweet, because the person most crucial to its triumph was absent. Bruce Lee, the movie's star, had died the previous month at the age of 32, never witnessing the *(continued on page 168)*

and how our heroes fought. Gone was the John Wayne punch. After *Enter the Dragon* we required every action star—from Batman to Sherlock Holmes, from Mel Gibson in *Lethal Weapon* to Brad Pitt in *Fight Club*—to be a martial arts master, as skilled with his feet as he is with his fists.

Even New York critics, who wrung their hands at *Enter the Dragon*'s violence, sensed the film's power. *The New York Times* declared, "The picture is expertly made and well meshed; it moves like lightning and brims with color. It is also the most savagely murderous and numbing hand-hacker (not a gun in it) you will ever see anywhere." In *The Village Voice*, William Paul confessed, "In my most civilized, right-thinking frame of mind, I'd like to dismiss the film as abhorrently grotesque

"BRUCE DID A HOP, SKIP AND A JUMP AND BLASTED INTO THE SHIELD. I WENT FLYING BACK AND LANDED IN A CHAIR, WHICH SHATTERED. I WAS IN SHOCK."

SECRETARY of



STAGECRAFT

John Kerry is no mere diplomat traveling the globe to advance America's interests. He's a scholar, a showman, a salesman, a target, an enemy and a man who's finding that being secretary of state might be an impossible job

★★★

BY JAMES ROSEN

Illustrations by Victor Juhasz



"Just over there," said the tall, dreary-looking man in the raincoat, gray hair topping his deep-set eyes and long face. He was standing just west of the Brandenburg Gate, beneath Berlin's overcast sky, his finger pointing at something. "It was 1954," he added, but that was all you could hear. Following in the Man's wake was an amorphous mob that included a dozen photographers, American and German, snapping away on their $7,000 Canon 1D Xs. Others were Foreign Service Officers, or FSOs, divisible into three subspecies: the pony-tailed sci-fi nerds, who talked your ear off on the van ride from the airport; the slim-fit Thomas Pink metrosexuals, who scarcely looked at you while massaging their iPhones; and the liver-spotted lifers, who got their starts under Jimmy Carter and swore this would be their last posting. Also in tow were Diplomatic Security officers, their eyes hidden behind aviator shades as they muttered into miniaturized microphones, and their German counterparts, ripped dudes in pea-green vests with POLIZEI emblazoned across their backs.

Traveling press walks in the street! Herding us like cats was the State Department's Ashley Yehl, a brown-haired Texan, 27 and already a veteran of VIP trips to 99 countries. Yehl was enjoining the American reporters from even *thinking* about walking on the cobblestones where the Man was leading the mob along a lordly half inch above the rest of us. Suddenly the Man—John Forbes Kerry, America's 68th secretary of state—resumed his slow march across the Pariser Platz, and the mob slowly followed. Kerry was headed for the prime real estate just beside the gate that is home to the U.S. Embassy in Berlin.

Even amid the din, reporters understood Kerry's reference to 1954. We called it the Bicycle Story. Kerry was 10 years old, the son of an American lawyer and FSO then serving as a legal advisor to the high commissioner of Germany. Clutching his diplomatic passport, the young Kerry, four-foot-11, mischievously pedaled through the Brandenburg Gate and a checkpoint, where he got an eyeful of how the other half lived in what was then, at the height of the Cold War, called East Berlin. "[I] noticed very quickly how dark and unpopulated and sort of unhappy people looked," Kerry told the embassy staffers. After the wayward boy had apprised his father of his travels, the elder Kerry yelled his head off—"You could have been an international incident! I could have lost my job!"—grounded the kid and yanked his passport.

We had all heard the Bicycle Story multiple times by this point. The day before, at a news conference in London with British foreign secretary William Hague—at which the five-foot-10 and balding Hague, to reach height parity with the six-foot-four Kerry, had to stand on a concealed box—the secretary unspooled a different but similar yarn, this time about his having gotten lost, as a child, in the London Zoo. "I want to thank somebody for finding me," he joked. The bonhomie continued when Kerry told Hague, "This day, I must say, was made much easier. It was impossible for me to get lost, Mr. Secretary. Thank you."

These anecdotes were meant to be endearing: a conjuring of bygone childhood innocence amid the jangly nerves of the Cold War and a reminder to all listeners, in every venue, that Kerry was the first child of an FSO to lead the State Department. Surely it was proper for the new secretary to bring along three dozen policy aides and FSOs, a small battalion of photographers and the CBS News pool crew, plus the traveling press and all the DS agents and stern-faced *Polizei* in order that this august event, this perfectly poignant moment, should be recorded for posterity, no?

Except that the secretary had already performed this exercise the night before, when he had bolted from Berlin's Hotel Adlon—where visitors pay $19,500 a night to stay in the Royal Suite ("host to political leaders and rock stars")—and taken a handful of aides to do the same thing: walk to the Brandenburg Gate and wistfully recall the Bicycle Story. Kerry's staff had even tweeted a photograph of it. So the presence the following morning of the mob was necessary solely to breathe oxygen into a pseudo-event, a photo op in which John Kerry, that act we in the press have known for years, feigned nostalgia.

It was a fitting prelude to the steeper plunge into unreality that awaited us. Germany was the second leg of our 11-day trek to 10 European and Middle Eastern countries, a grueling marathon that marked Kerry's first overseas trip as America's top diplomat. As a White House and State Department correspondent for Fox News, I had logged hundreds of thousands of miles on similar trips, accompanying presidents and vice presidents, secretaries of state and defense, over the preceding decade. But this time was different. Never before had the world seemed so in flux and the American economy so hobbled by self-inflicted wounds. This toxic cocktail of weakness at home and upheaval abroad—the Arab Spring, the Syrian civil war, Iran's march toward nuclear weapons, the Israeli-Palestinian conflict, lawlessness in Afghanistan and Pakistan—would make anxiety and frustration our constant traveling companions. As John Kerry and I were to learn together, it's just not a fun time to be secretary of state.

•

As chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the previous four years, Kerry had roamed the globe as an ex officio envoy on behalf of President Obama. He met with implacable dictators, such as Bashar al-Assad of Syria, and prickly allies, such as Hamid Karzai of Afghanistan. The chairmanship capped Kerry's nearly three decades in the Senate, which in turn followed his decorated service in Vietnam and celebrated conversion to leader of Vietnam Veterans Against the War. The Man, in short, knew his way around the world. Of the 40 leaders he met with on this trip—kings, presidents, prime ministers, foreign ministers—all but one he had met before. "I've known him for so long," the U.S. ambassador in one of the European nations could be overheard telling a senior Kerry aide. "And I like him. He's better at this"—meaning diplomacy—"than the president, in some ways."

Kerry had maintained a constant presence in American political life. He introduced John Lennon to antiwar crowds, led the early congressional investigations into Iran-contra, spent decades as Massachusetts's junior senator, laboring in the ever-expanding shadow of Ted Kennedy. But of all Kerry's guises, the one most familiar to Americans in the 21st century is, let's face it, that of loser—loser of the 2004 presidential election, the man who failed to oust George W. Bush from the White House, another in a long line of Democratic nominees painted, justly or unjustly, as soft, weak, indecisive: "I was for it before I was against it." What few remember about 2004, however, is that if 60,000 Ohioans had gone the other way, President Kerry would have stretched out those long legs in the Oval Office.



As John Kerry and I were to learn together, it's just not a fun time to be secretary of state.

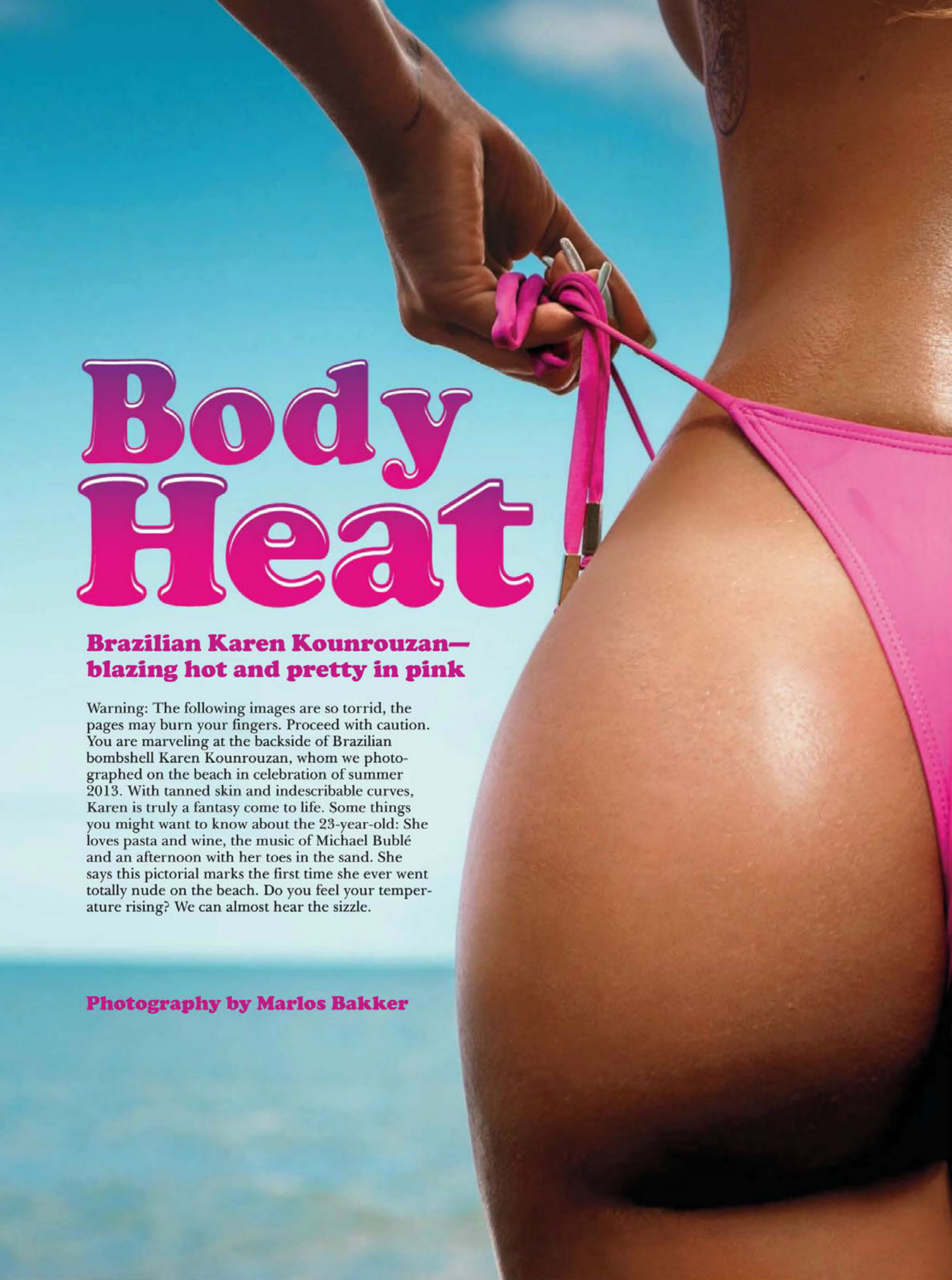
As it happened, Kerry succeeded at State another well-known loser: Hillary Clinton, vanquished in the 2008 Democratic primaries by Barack Obama. Except no one sees Clinton that way. She left Foggy Bottom with record approval ratings, as well positioned today for the Democratic primaries of 2016 as she stood back in 2005, after Kerry's defeat at the hands of Bush, for the 2008 contest. And while Clinton's record as secretary is far from great—she logged the most miles and countries, yes, but no major peace accords or foreign-policy doctrines bear her name, and the threats posed by Iran, North Korea and Al Qaeda's evil stepchildren loom larger today than four years ago—her cautious, lawyerly demeanor, her focus on "safe" issues such as women's empowerment and the veneration of the Washington intelligentsia make it common to hear the former first lady described as a "rock star" on the world stage: an exalted status that Kerry, whose rhetoric leans toward unlistenable, could never hope to match. "I have," he quipped on his first day on the job, "big heels to fill."

For Kerry's aides, some imported from the Senate, others inherited from Clinton, the first order of business was to brand the new secretary's interactions with overseas audiences. Clinton's press wizard, the roguish Philippe Reines, had combined "town hall" and "interview" to dub Clinton's road shows "townterviews," a clumsy coinage that never stuck. At Base Camp, a hipster coffee bar in downtown Berlin where Kerry was to hold his first Q&A with young foreigners, a snazzy banner ginned up by embassy employees the day before our arrival signaled the path Kerry's communications team had chosen. YOUTH CONNECT: BERLIN it read, with the Twitter logo and the inscriptions "#YouthConnect" and "#SecKerry." The event was partially sponsored by Facebook. So that was the ticket: Sixty-nine-year-old John Kerry was to be repackaged as an avatar of the digital age.

FSOs had spent two days scouring Berlin for just the right venue. Told that the Youth Connect event seemed "Clintonesque," an FSO confided, "I think that's what they're trying for." Dotting the wall behind Kerry were electronic scoreboards, each blaring a one-word slogan such as INNOVATE or *BOTSCHAFT* ("message"), the lot of them linked by an ostentatious network of black cables that underscored the connectivity theme. The moderator was German TV personality Cherno Jobatey, a smiley-faced man with dark wavy hair, dark blazer, dark shirt, dark jeans and dark Chuck Taylors. Kerry, who has a gift for foreign languages—he demonstrated fluency in at least three on the trip—delighted the students with some German off the top. "*Sehr gut, danke. Alles gut. Deine Schuhe sind fantastisch, ja?*" ("Very good, thank you. All is good. Your shoes are fantastic, yes?") *(continued on page 190)*



"I've forgotten more about blow jobs than you'll ever know."



Body Heat

Brazilian Karen Kounrouzan—blazing hot and pretty in pink

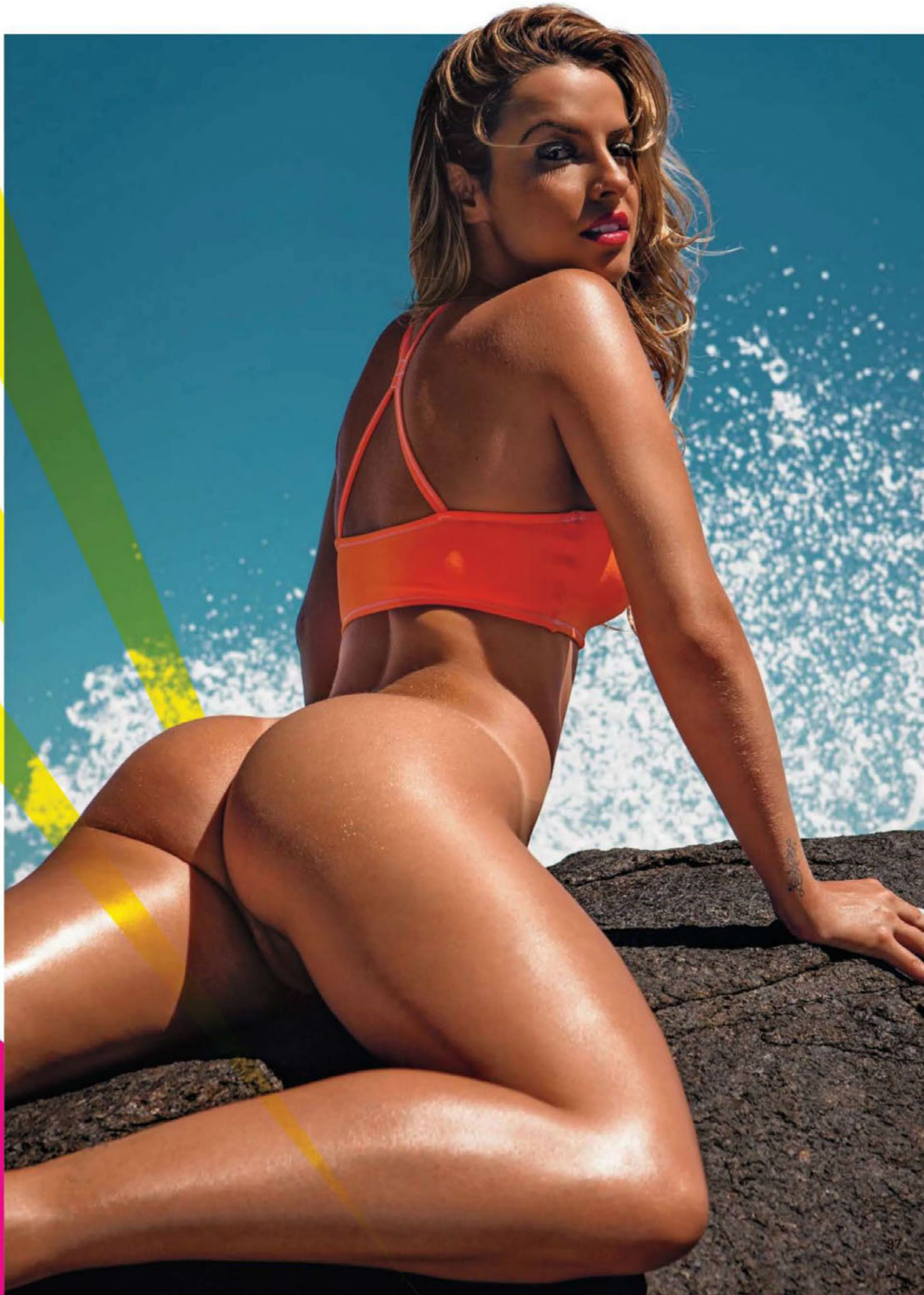
Warning: The following images are so torrid, the pages may burn your fingers. Proceed with caution. You are marveling at the backside of Brazilian bombshell Karen Kounrouzan, whom we photographed on the beach in celebration of summer 2013. With tanned skin and indescribable curves, Karen is truly a fantasy come to life. Some things you might want to know about the 23-year-old: She loves pasta and wine, the music of Michael Bublé and an afternoon with her toes in the sand. She says this pictorial marks the first time she ever went totally nude on the beach. Do you feel your temperature rising? We can almost hear the sizzle.

Photography by Marlos Bakker

















THE STILL LIFE

BY TODD PARKER

ON A FARM SOMEWHERE IN THE BACKWOODS OF THE DEEP SOUTH, *PLAYBOY* GOES UNDERCOVER TO REVEAL THE SECRET ART OF ARTISANAL MOONSHINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RYLAN PERRY

"Can you toss me that blowtorch?" Copper sheets have been bent and riveted into a perfect cylinder, and Michael is making a series of cuts with a pair of clippers. After the cut segments have been bent around the base of the cylinder, they'll be soldered down, and the foundation of a genuine moonshine pot still will be in place. "This thing is fucking busted," Michael says after repeated attempts to fire it up with a Bic lighter. "Can you run to the hardware store up the road and see if they have another one?"

If sliding along a mud road in my SUV, blaring Creedence, isn't enough to remind me I'm in the deep, dirty South, the hardware store certainly is. The lady at the register greets me in true Southern fashion with a heartfelt "What you need, babe?" and takes my gaze away from the case of large fuck-off knives for sale. The store also sells stockpots big enough to hold 20 chickens, dog food by the pound and

crickets by the dozen. "What you need this for?" she asks. "Just lighting a fire," I reply, knowing I'm heading back to chronicle activities that could land a man in prison for up to five years.

The word *moonshine* evokes images of backwoods rednecks spitting tobacco off a rickety front porch, producing their own booze either because they can't afford to buy it or because the "local" liquor store is a two-hour drive on a two-lane highway. But as I roll up a muddy road to a tranquil farm in eastern Louisiana, those antiquated clichés disappear. No, there is no menacing Confederate flag, no major appliances strewn across the lawn, no banjo-strumming kid with a chromosomal disorder. Instead, two Renaissance men balancing a tattooed-and-bearded edge with a softer, creative side (one is an artist, the other a writer) emerge, waving me into their world—a world where simple supplies such as copper and corn combine with fire and air to produce one of the smoothest, most powerful liquors anywhere.

Homemade hooch has been produced for hundreds of years in America, but a new breed of experts is taking it to another level. Just as menus at popular restaurants boast farm-to-table food, moonshine, or white whiskey, is bellying up to bars both rustic and refined. And we're not talking about the recent arrival of the many fully legal, federally approved brands sold in liquor stores. This is the real renegade deal. Any watering hole worth a damn has a bottle

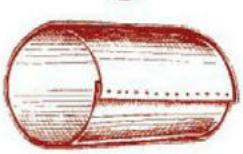


The art of artisanal moonshine begins with expert metal-working skills.

THE POT STILL

There are several ways to construct a still, but the pot-still method has been used for hundreds of years and will deliver smooth, clean moonshine for as long as you have the stones to drink it. Like real barbecue, this is no rush job. Here's how the shiners do it. (Needless to say, don't try this at home.)

1



COPPER IS KEY

Copper conducts heat rapidly and evenly, is bacteria resistant, lasts forever, is easy to manipulate and looks gorgeous. Soldering, blowtorching and riveting skills are essential. To build the boiler tube, start with a three-by-five-foot copper sheet. Bend it around to form a tube, overlapping the ends by two inches. Drill rivet holes through the overlapping section one inch apart. Rivet and solder the edges together to make it airtight.

2



BUILD THE BOTTOM

Leak-proofing is crucial. Cut a copper circle an inch and a half larger in diameter than your riveted tube. Clip a series of three-quarter-inch cuts one to two inches apart around the edge of the circle. Bend the segments up and around the bottom edge of the boiler tube. Solder each segment to the bottom of the tube to form an airtight base. Test the tube by filling it with water. If there are leaks, go back and solder until there are none.

3



CONE HEAD

Make the top of the boiler by cutting copper into a cone shape. The top of the cone should be small enough to fit an elbow joint tightly. Use cardboard templates to size the cone so it hangs over the top of your boiler tube by about an inch. Use the same riveting method you used on the boiler tube, overlapping the edges, riveting and then soldering. Turn the entire tube upside down and solder the top of the tube to the bottom of the cone.

4



ELBOW GREASE

Insert a copper elbow joint into the top of the cone. If it doesn't fit perfectly, don't panic; simply cut a copper ring to cover gaps and solder it to the elbow and cone. (Patch leaks later with a trick using oatmeal; see "Shine On.") Solder an 18- to 24-inch copper tube to the elbow. In this tube, insert the end of a thin spiral copper tube, or worm, and solder together. Place the free end of the worm in a large barrel or metal trash can (this will be the cooling barrel).

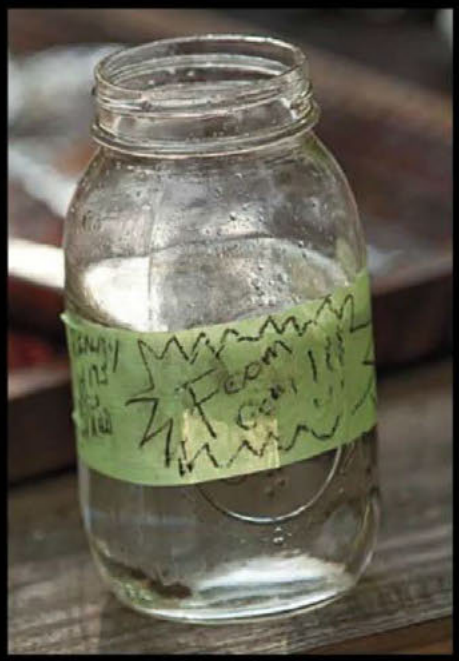
5



COOL DOWN

Drill a hole in the cooling barrel one foot up from the bottom and feed the end of the worm through it to form a spout. Either solder or use cork to seal around the spout.

Top row: the illicit elixir; smoked ribs fuel the moonshiners; inspecting the boiler's cone. Middle row: the artist at rest; chickens, oblivious to the work at hand (and their destiny in the smokehouse); menacing sculpture decorates the barn. Bottom row: testing the alcohol level of the mash; corn, the essential ingredient; let the boiling begin.
















INDIAN GIRL
YELLOW CREAM MEAL
MILLED EXPRESSLY FOR
JOHN E. KOERNER & CO., INC.
NEW ORLEANS, LA. 70105
25 LBS. NET WT.
ENRICHED





stashed somewhere. Getting access to that bottle is a different story. Not only is it hard to find, but bartenders treat it like a secret treasure. You can't just order it from your local liquor distributor. Like rare strains of weed or a vintage French burgundy, modern moonshine is held onto by a secret society of enthusiasts who share it only with their most trusted confidants. When I revealed my mission to three of the most renowned cocktail experts in the country, each offered to pay for a taste. The best offer was a vintage motorcycle if I could deliver three gallons.

If Michael is the MacGyver of the two, torching and riveting his way through the still's construction, Dave is the Thomas Keller, cooking the moonshine. (Names have been changed to protect their identities.) Eyeing a mix of cornmeal, corn sugar, yeast and water, Dave has clearly done this before. His brother Jimmy, visiting from Chicago, looks on, chain-smoking Winstons and adding his two cents on the recipe. Together they resemble a Southern rock band that's been on the road a few weeks too long. After seven hours the still is complete. Three days of fermenting in a 55-gallon food-grade drum has created enough mash to begin cooking. The brothers pour 20 gallons of mash into the boiler. "You give that leftover mash to the pigs and they get fucking wasted," Dave claims. In 10 hours we'll have a gallon of 160-proof moonshine.

Gathered in a woodshed that Dave built with his bare hands and decorated with his artwork, they start a fire directly beneath the still. The combination of highly flammable alcohol and dry

Above: The aroma of wood smoke perfumes the air as the moonshiners build their still. Opposite page, from top: threading the worm into the cooling barrel; sketching out the process; a .22-caliber rifle; making the oatmeal seal that will cook onto the still and stop leaks; the finished product in all its 160-proof glory.



SHINE ON

A TRIED-AND-TRUE RECIPE FOR REAL-DEAL MOONSHINE

• Start with **15 pounds of sugar, five pounds of cornmeal, one pound of corn sugar, five to six gallons of distilled water** and **four to six ounces of distiller's yeast.** Purchase a **15- to 20-gallon food-grade plastic container** online or at an industrial-supply feed store and clean it thoroughly. Then clean it again. It can't be too clean.

• **Combine** sugar, cornmeal, corn sugar and distilled water in the plastic container. The water should be at or just below **104 degrees.** Anything above that will kill the yeast. **Stir** for one minute and sprinkle in the package of distiller's yeast, which can be found online or at any home-brewing store.

• **Test alcohol content:** When you start the mash it should register anywhere from 14 to 20 percent ABV (alcohol by volume) on a hydrometer.

Cover the container and let the mash ferment for three to seven days, depending on air or room temperature. It's done when it stops foaming. **Check** the mash with your hydrometer again. It should read between zero and four percent ABV.

• **Strain** the mash to remove clumps of corn and pour it into your still, leaving at least six inches from the top. **Heat** the bottom of the still until the mash reaches about 172 degrees. Alcohol evaporates at 172 degrees and water at 212. It's crucial the mash **not approach 212 degrees,** or your moonshine will become watered down. Alcohol vapors will gather in the cone, elbow and worm. **Add** cold water to the cooling barrel so it cools the moonshine as it flows through the worm.

• **Prepare** an entire package of oatmeal as directed. **Let it cool** and add one to two cups of rye flour to make a paste. If leaks appear on the still, **cover with the paste.** It will harden as it heats, forming an airtight seal. **Place** a clean container under the spout coming out of your cooling barrel to collect the moonshine. **Continue collecting** until it no longer pours out, about 15 hours. Transfer the moonshine to clean mason jars. But you already knew that.

wood makes me more nervous than does Dave's "music box" fashioned out of an old Ouija board and a crucifix (it plays the theme to *Love Story* when you turn Jesus a few times). Three cases of beer later, we have enough to sample. "Get in there," Michael says, handing me a mason jar. The vapors burn my nose. Bracing for impact, I knock back a full shot. A rush smacks me upside my head even before it hits my stomach. It's good. Very good. Strong, yes, but rich and rounded and slightly sweet from the corn. Everyone takes a turn, exchanging handshakes and backslaps as if we had just won the Super Bowl of booze.

After a solid three hours of drinking, a .22-caliber rifle makes an appearance. Michael and Jimmy take turns shooting at two empty beer cans that have been placed about 50 yards down a trail leading into the woods. Michael rocks back and forth, trying to regain his composure after an afternoon of sampling his wares. He misses on two attempts. "I've seen him take the head off a squirrel from twice as far as this," Dave claims. "But he's way too fucked-up now to hit those." Michael turns around and stares at him, channeling his inner Cool Hand Luke. Somehow he pulls his shit together, takes out both cans with two shots, then hands Dave the rifle and grabs the mason jar.

My head is spinning from the combination of gunfire and too many pulls on the jar. I see a sedan pull up the road but stop because of a muddy pond that has formed. Two old ladies emerge. They heard roosters crowing and want to know if we have any eggs to sell. Michael and Jimmy quickly defuse the situation by sweet-talking the women and giving them a tour of the garden. Dave walks double-time to the woodshed to guard the still. After a tense half hour, the women drive off. While Dave wipes the sweat from his forehead, Jimmy walks in and grabs the jar, taking a long drink and lighting another smoke. "They're gone, man," Jimmy says. "You can peel off that paranoia for now." ■











HOW TO FIND SOME SHINE

Finding moonshine—real moonshine—is like picking up a woman: You need to be cool, convincing and confident. Start at a cocktail-centric bar. Take a seat and chat up the bartender. Talk about liquor, bitters, wines, beer—anything that shows you're in the know about booze. When you've established a rapport, slip in a story—true or not—about how you were in Alabama, Texas, New Orleans or Nashville and came across some moonshine. Compare it to grappa on steroids. Odds are the bartender will reciprocate with a story of his or her own. No one likes to talk about booze more than a knowledgeable bartender. Once you're at this point, it's only a matter of time before they're pulling out a jar or pointing you to another bar that has the real shit.







The Marlbane Manchester Musser Award

After what he discovered on the train, Riley would have to reconsider the literary laurels

Fiction by T.C. Boyle

If you'd happened to spot Riley on the train that afternoon, your eyes drifting up momentarily from your BlackBerry, iPod or other handheld device, you probably wouldn't have made much of him. He was in his 50s then, taller than average, thinner than average, with a tendency to hunch inside the black leather coat he affected (knee-length, of a style 30 years out of date, replete with once-shining buckles, zippers and studs in the shape of miniature starbursts) and hair that would have been gray or even white but for the providence of the Clairol corporation. He'd applied a mixture called Châtain Moyen in the shower just that morning, expecting, as the label promised, medium brown but getting instead something between the color of a new penny and a jar of marinara sauce. In any case, he was oblivious. He had his head down, studying the stained typescript of his generic acceptance speech, abbreviating in the left-hand margin the title of the award he was now on his way to receive, though he already had it by heart: the Marlbane Manchester Musser Award in Regional Depiction from the Greater Stuyvesant Area Chamber of Commerce and Associated Libraries. He just didn't want any slipups, that was all. Especially if alcohol was involved. And alcohol was always involved.

He'd left Buffalo at 7:40 A.M. and expected to be in Albany by two—at least that was what the Amtrak timetable proposed, and whether or not Amtrak would deliver was beyond his control. In Albany he was to be met by Donna Trumpeter, of the Greater Stuyvesant Women's Service Club, who would drive him in her own personal blue-black SUV the remaining 48.5 miles to the town itself. There would be a dinner, served either in the town hall or in a school cafeteria gussied up with crepe paper and a banner, he would give his speech and read a passage from his latest novel, *Maggie of the Farm,* accept a plaque and a check for $250 and drink as much scotch as was humanly possible before he was presented at the local Holiday Inn for a lukewarm shower, a stab at sleep and, in the morning, acidic coffee and rubberized waffles, after which Donna Trumpeter or one of her compatriots would return him to the train station so he could reverse the journey he was now undertaking.

"Why do you even bother?" his third wife, Caroline, *(continued on page 185)*

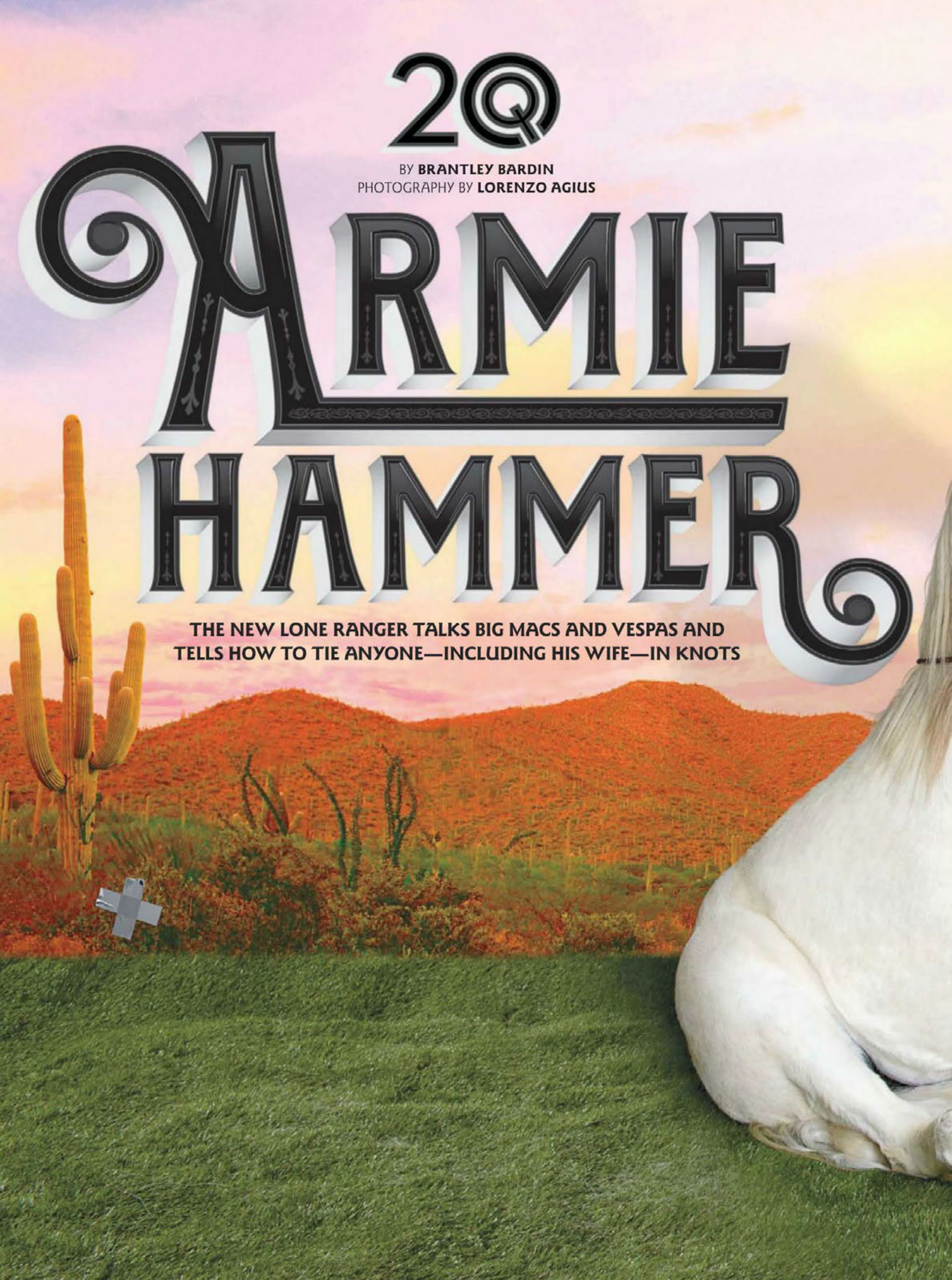
Illustration by Andrew Archer

2Q

BY **BRANTLEY BARDIN**
PHOTOGRAPHY BY **LORENZO AGIUS**

ARMIE HAMMER

THE NEW LONE RANGER TALKS BIG MACS AND VESPAS AND TELLS HOW TO TIE ANYONE—INCLUDING HIS WIFE—IN KNOTS



Q1

PLAYBOY: You're playing the lead in *The Lone Ranger,* which debuted 80 years ago, on radio. You're 26. Were you even aware of the character when you were a kid?
HAMMER: My dad called me kemo sabe when I was a kid. I also remember hearing Lone Ranger jokes, including one that goes like this: The Lone Ranger and Tonto are riding through the desert, going over dune after dune and getting a little lost. They go over one last dune and all of a sudden there are Indian braves all around the top, completely circling them. The Lone Ranger panics, looks at Tonto and says, "Tonto, we're surrounded! What do we do?" Tonto goes, "What do you mean by 'we,' white man?" and runs away.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Let's talk Johnny Depp. He plays Tonto, and his interpretation of the role is reportedly entirely different from the 1950s television incarnation.





I HAVE A GUILTY, ABUSIVE RELATIONSHIP WITH MCDONALD'S.

HAMMER: In the old TV series, Tonto was really just the Lone Ranger's slave. The Lone Ranger would say, "Tonto, go tell people this or that," and Tonto would say, "Me do." In our movie Tonto is a Comanche who considers himself one of the last spirit warriors, and the Lone Ranger is at first a district attorney who has this Lockean idea of bringing about justice in the West with discussions, not guns. But then he's ambushed and shot. Tonto nurses him back to health and explains that maybe the world doesn't work quite the way he thinks it does. What's funny and part of the rub between Tonto and the Lone Ranger in our movie is that even though my character is educated and believes people should treat one another justly, he still looks at Tonto as if to say, "Oh, pay him no mind; he's just an Indian." But then you see Tonto be like, "You have no idea what you're talking about," and sure as shit, Tonto's right.

Q3

PLAYBOY: We heard Depp placed a scorpion in his mouth during the shoot. Is that true?

HAMMER: That was recreational on his part, and I still don't understand it. We had these scorpion handlers on set for this freak-show kind of scene. Now, these scorpions were so massive that you'd barely be able to fit one in a cereal bowl. After the scene, we went to check out the dudes who handle them, and one of the handlers just opened his mouth and one of the scorpions crawled out. I was like, "Okay, I'm good!" and walked the hell away. But Johnny said, "I want to try that!" and just shoved it into his mouth. He's a total character—a bohemian and an artist in the truest sense.

Q4

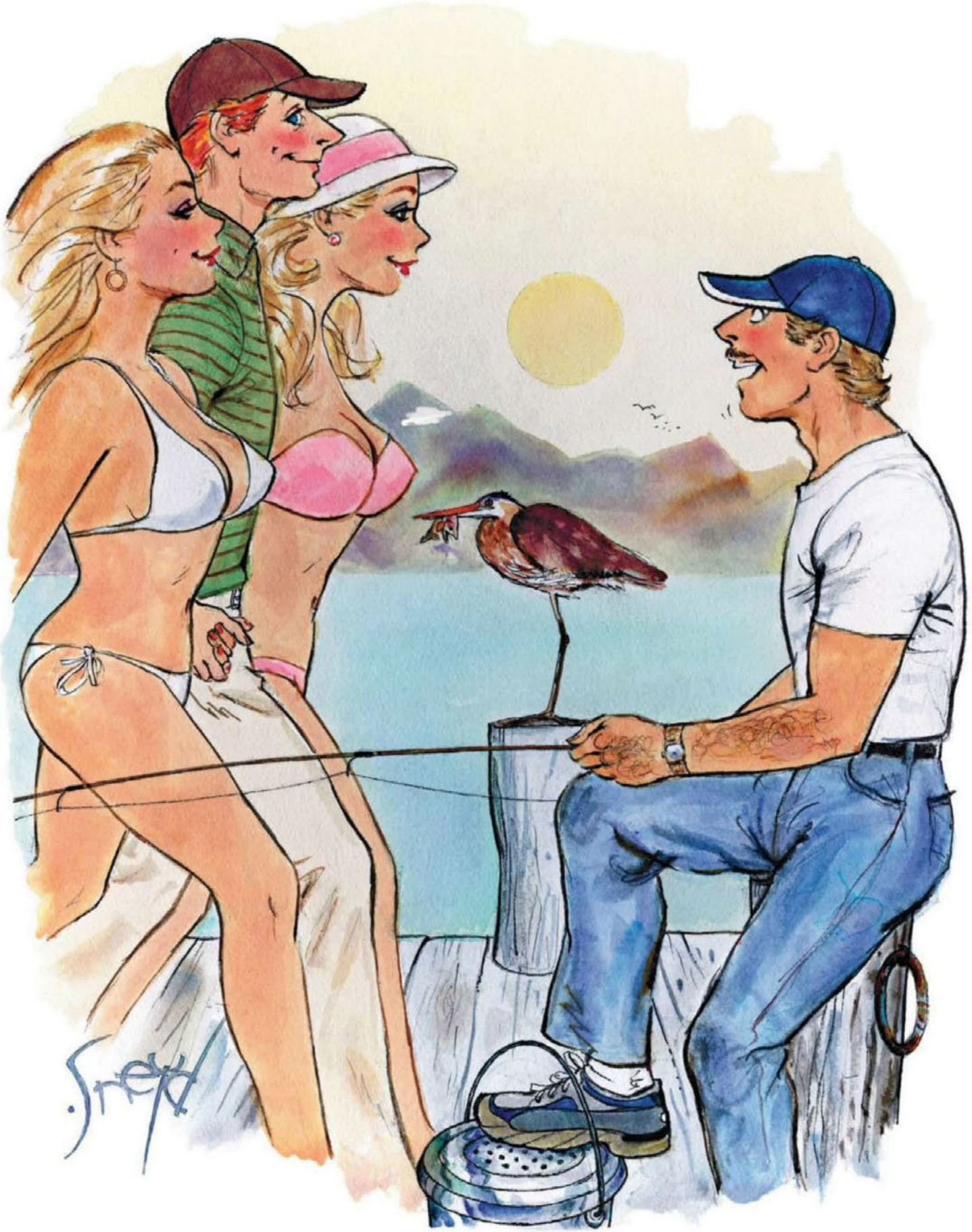
PLAYBOY: Did you find putting on the Lone Ranger mask addictive while you were filming? It was such a narcotic to Clayton Moore, the 1950s TV actor who played him, that after the show ended he fought lawsuits that attempted to deny him the right to wear it for personal appearances.

HAMMER: Let's just say I kept one. [*chuckles*] And that my wife loves it.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're a guy who has gone on record saying he's obsessed with tying knots and who often carries a rope and a knot guide with him wherever he goes. Now we're hearing about a mask. Is there anything we need to know about your sex life?

HAMMER: Well, if you're married to a feminist [journalist, restaurateur and actress Elizabeth Chambers] as I am, then it's.... I don't know how much we can put here without my parents being embarrassed, *(continued on page 173)*



"Mind if I ask what you're using for bait?"



I love the freedom and independence of driving," says Miss July Alyssa Arce in her native South Carolina drawl. "Actually, the truth is I'm a speed demon." Growing up near a racetrack in Myrtle Beach, Alyssa caught the need for speed at a young age. She rode go-karts, dirt bikes and four-wheelers as a kid. Then she got her driver's license. "My mom says I have a lead foot," she tells us. "She'll be sitting in the passenger seat, going, 'I wish I had a brake over here!' The fastest I've gone on a highway is 120 miles an hour. It felt fantastic. Such an adrenaline rush!" The past four years, however, Alyssa has been on the fast track in the modeling world, signing contracts with top international agencies Wilhelmina and Ford. She has the perfect exotic look for fashion (her father is Honduran). Still, she's happiest wearing no designer labels at all. "I've always been comfortable with my body," she says. "And I've always loved nude modeling. Throughout my career my friends have asked, 'Why haven't you done PLAYBOY?'" Now she has. Given her lust for velocity, we photographed Alyssa at Willow Springs International Raceway in the California desert, on a gorgeous day with some hot machinery—a Ford GT and a *Magnum, P.I.*–era Ferrari. From the moment Alyssa stepped in front of the camera, her engine was humming. "I've never felt so sexy!" she says. And it shows.

/MissAlyssaArce @MissAlyssaArce @MissAlyssaArce


FAST TIMES WITH MISS
JULY ALYSSA ARCE
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SASHA EISENMAN

















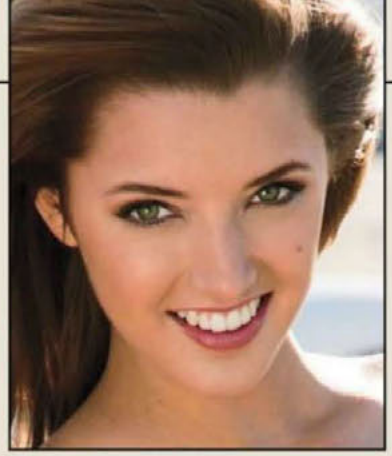





MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH




SAFETY WARNING
FOR ADDITIONAL SAFETY WARNINGS
Alyssa Arce



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Alyssa Arce

BUST: 34D WAIST: 25" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 2/27/92 BIRTHPLACE: North Myrtle Beach, SC

AMBITIONS: I love kids, traveling and fashion. I am looking for a way to combine all three!

TURN-ONS: A very sexual, stylish, tattooed bad boy with a hot ride! :)

TURNOFFS: I love to banter, so don't be too sensitive. I hate closed-minded, arrogant men who don't know how to respect a girl!

I MAY BE A MODEL: But I'm a huge foodie. Some say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but it's the way to mine. So y'all get to cooking!

I'M FAMOUS FOR: Cracking jokes and making people laugh. I don't try to be, but they say I'm a funny girl.

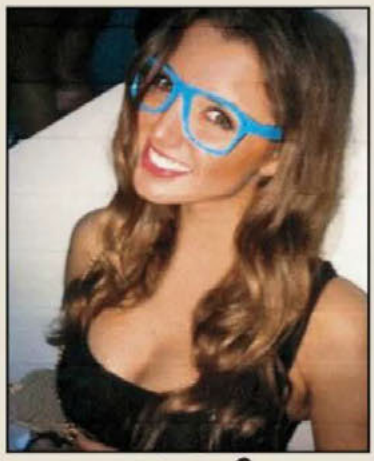
THE BEST WAY TO BLOW OFF SOME JULY STEAM: Sipping a nice cocktail by the beach and listening to Lana Del Rey.



A graduate at last!



Yachting in the Virgin Islands.



Clubbing @ LIV in Miami.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My girlfriend is so ungrateful about orgasms," a guy told his buddy. "Whenever I give her one she just spits it out."

A psychiatrist said to his patient, "Tell me your most life-changing memory."

"I remember it clearly," the patient said. "I was running down the street, screaming, 'It's a boy! A boy!' With tears streaming down my face, I swore I would never visit another brothel in Thailand."

Why do women pay more attention to improving their appearance than to improving their intellect?

Because most men are stupid, but few are blind.



An old woman said to her doctor, "Please, tell me how much time I have left."

"Ten," he replied.

"Ten?" she asked. "Ten what?"

He continued, "Nine, eight...."

A peephole was found drilled in the locker-room wall at a women's gym in Manhattan. Police are looking into it.

What's the difference between Iron Man and Iron Woman?

One is a superhero; the other is a simple command.

What do your first motorcycle and your first girlfriend have in common?

It doesn't matter what either looks like; you're just happy to have something to ride.

The days before graduation: bacchanalia!

The day of graduation: baccalaureate!

The days after graduation: back at your parents' house.

A young man had scraped together enough money to take his date to a fancy restaurant, where she proceeded to order the most expensive items on the menu.

Flustered, he asked her, "Does your mother feed you lobster, shrimp and caviar at home?"

"No," she replied. "But my mother doesn't expect a blow job either."

How is visiting a woman of the night like bungee jumping?

If the rubber breaks, you're dead.

Honey, if I die first, I know you'll eventually remarry," a man said to his wife. "As soon as I'm gone, I want you to sell all my possessions."

"Now why would you want me to do that?" she asked.

"Well," he replied, "I don't want some other asshole using my stuff."

She replied, "What makes you think I'd marry another asshole?"

A newly married man asked his wife, "Would you have married me if my father hadn't left me a fortune?"

"Dear," his wife replied sweetly, "I'd marry you no matter who left you a fortune."

I'm losing my mind," a gorgeous woman complained to her doctor. "I can't remember a thing for longer than five minutes."

The doctor said, "Just take off your clothes and lie down."

A blonde called an airline and asked, "How long is a flight from New York to Los Angeles?"

"Just a minute," the agent said.

The blonde thanked her and hung up.



Will I be the first to do this to you?" a young man whispered to his new girlfriend as they sat on her bed.

"What a silly question," the girl giggled. "I don't even know what position you're going to try yet."

How are parsley and pubic hair alike?

You push both aside before eating.

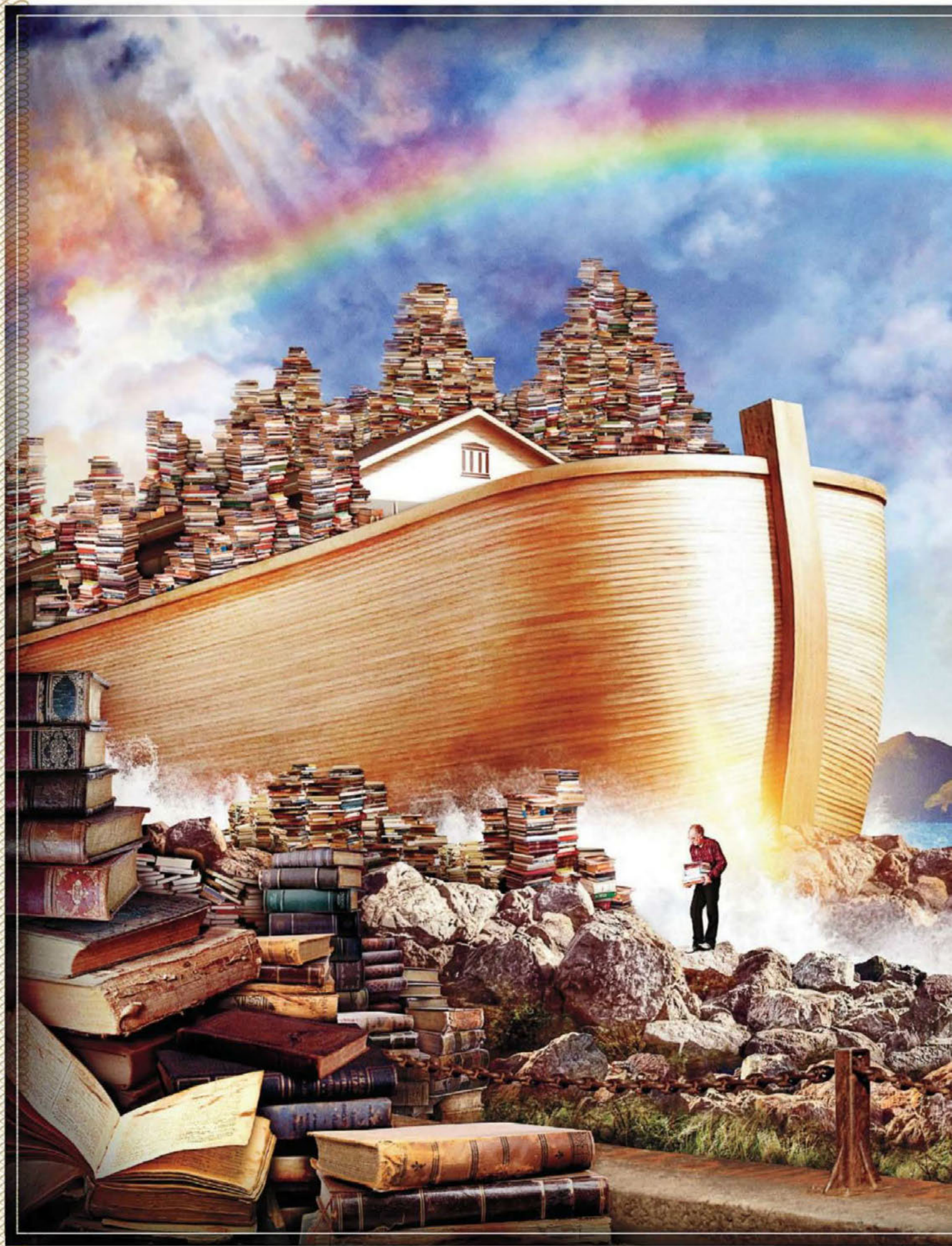
A woman in labor started to scream profanities at her husband.

"Hey, don't blame me," he shouted back. "I wanted to put it in your ass, and you said *that* might hurt."

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.*



"Come to bed. I'm tired of hugging the pillow…!"

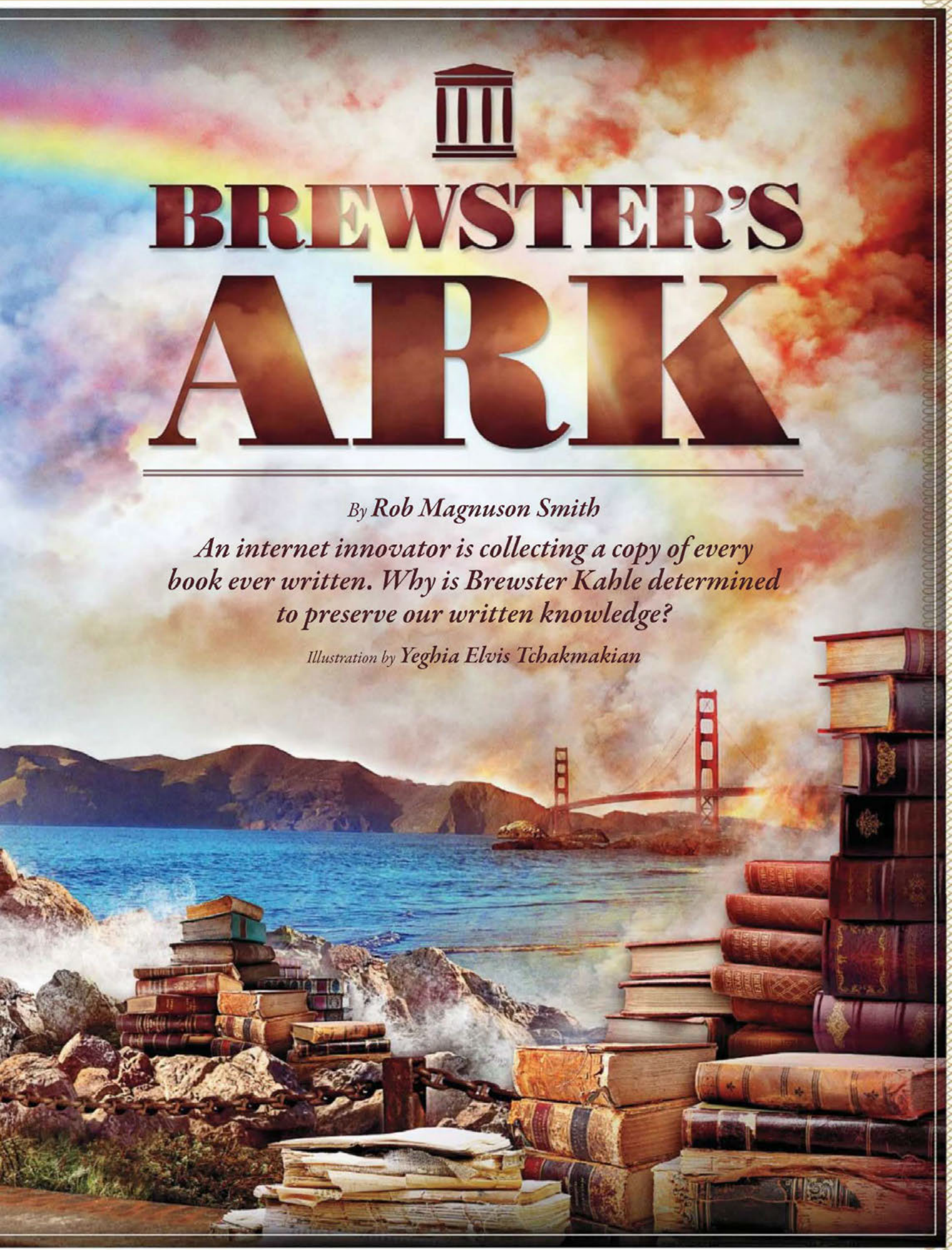


BREWSTER'S ARK

By **Rob Magnuson Smith**

An internet innovator is collecting a copy of every book ever written. Why is Brewster Kahle determined to preserve our written knowledge?

Illustration by **Yeghia Elvis Tchakmakian**











Clockwise from left: Internet Archive founder Brewster Kahle checks connections on his digital library; the Internet Archive headquarters in San Francisco; Kahle examining one of the thousands of volumes shipped to his storage facility in Richmond, California; Kahle inspecting a box of books inside one of his shipping containers.

Deep within one of the most dangerous neighborhoods in the San Francisco Bay Area, inside a warehouse complex formerly used to assemble furniture, grows an enormous archive of books. The volumes range from best-selling novels to rare poetry manuscripts. They are not intended to be read—at least not anytime soon. Each day, more books—to date totaling roughly 1.5 million and counting—are scanned, digitized and sealed inside flame-resistant shipping containers. The vast literary archive is growing at such a rate that it is on pace to become one of the largest collections in the world.

The archive's location was chosen for its microclimate. In the city of Richmond, ocean winds blast across the bay and converge in a vortex that maintains a nearly constant temperature. The windswept streets could belong to a whirling moonscape or a postapocalyptic wasteland. Crows drop copper bullets on the archive roof and fight viciously over squatting rights to the skylights. Around the corner, past a bakery, hookers duck in and out of unmarked buildings. Drug dealers keep watch under lowered baseball caps.

The morning I visit the archive, books arrive from the Boston Public Library. The shipment comes by semitruck—12 pallets' worth, totaling more than 10,000 volumes. No due dates are stamped inside. Like hundreds of cities around the country, Boston has paid to have its library's back holdings brought to Richmond because the books have been guaranteed to be stored safely and securely, under the crows, forever.

The driver pulls up to a loading dock. Situated across the street from a rail yard, the archive stretches across two interconnected warehouses that total more than 45,000 square feet. The driver steps out of the cab, wipes the sweat from his forehead and dodges a forklift that begins to scoop away his pallets of books. In less than an hour the truck is emptied, the driver sent on his way, the books shuttled into the shadows. Inside the warehouse a team of human scribes operates high-resolution scanners under booths of thick black curtains.

"I'm worried about data being wiped out by the stroke of a pen. If you look at the history of libraries, they're burned. And they're burned by governments."

This gargantuan time capsule of books fulfills *(continued on page 175)*

BOOKS OF TOMORROW

HOW A NEW BREED OF PUBLISHER CRANKS OUT BOOKS THE PUBLIC WANTS TO READ

Roaming the dark corners of the internet are thousands of odd books with such titles as *Unique Vacations, Vol. 2: Sex Tourism and Where to Get Laid in the Philippines, Thailand, Asia, Africa, North and South America, and Everywhere Else* and *Celebrities Who Fuck Hookers—Allegedly: Charlie Sheen, Gene Simmons, Tommy Lee, George Michael and More*. These tomes are composed entirely of Wikipedia articles repackaged as print-on-demand books that sell from $19.75 to $55. They are largely the work of Project Webster, a currently defunct offshoot of BiblioLabs, which specialized in books from "the vast body of public domain (governmental) and open source (creative commons licensed) articles in existence." Project Webster offers a dystopian vision of publishing's future. The online description of each work begins with a modest disclaimer that "the content of this book primarily consists of articles available from Wikipedia," followed by copy such as (from *The Celebrity Rumor Mill: Celebrities Who Might Be Lesbians Like Tyra Banks, Kelly Clarkson, Oprah and More*) "The world loves lesbians, especially when two beautiful women get together. It makes men go wild with fantasies and other women are just glad that there are two more women out of the never-ending quest to find a man." Such titles claim to offer "the convenience and utility of a real book," and it's possible someone would buy one knowing it's nothing but Wikipedia articles. But Project Webster trades on ignorance, with convoluted titles from an SEO wet dream. Stranger still, these volumes are more expensive than traditional paperbacks, perhaps on the theory that people value books, like wine, according to price. Degenerate publishers have always preyed on unsuspecting readers; the web merely accelerates this. What distinguishes schemes such as Project Webster is that they aren't electronic; they trade on the value of the book as object. A mystique still surrounds a physical book: It seems more "true" than a website. Project Webster turned this on its head, bestowing that mystique on crap to make a quick buck. BiblioLabs has since suspended Project Webster, but in its wake imitators continue to spring up. Print-on-demand spam won't be going away anytime soon. In the future, the book as object may continue to develop more, not less, cachet—though not always in positive ways.—*Colin Dickey*



"I'd just like to thank you and Igor for going to all of this trouble!"

The Rise & Fall & Comeback of Andrew Dice Clay

COMEDIAN **ANDREW DICE CLAY** KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE FICKLE NATURE OF SHOW BUSINESS

BY **NEAL GABLER** PHOTOGRAPHY BY **CHRIS BUCK**


TATTOO
TILL DEATH DO US PART



He swaggers onto the stage slowly, deliberately, looking like an overgrown juvenile delinquent with a grim menace and sneering fuck-the-world attitude that also exudes cool, and the years—the *decades*—seem to fall away. There is the same sleeveless black leather motorcycle jacket with the oversize wing collar, the same black fingerless gloves, the same black jeans, the same silver belt buckle the size of a serving platter, the same Zippo lighter that he flips open with a neat flick of his wrist and the same ever-present cigarette that he holds between his thumb and forefinger and puffs aggressively, the same Elvis sideburns, the same Brooklyn accent that was once described as being "as thick as a Peter Luger porterhouse," the same sidewise head twitch, even a few of the same scatological, misogynistic, racist and generally politically incorrect jokes. Sure, the once-tall pompadour is a little flatter and the hair a little thinner; the aviator glasses compensate for failing eyesight and aren't there just for hipness; the audience is now middle-aged, mainly men in T-shirts and polos, with a smattering of women who giggle embarrassingly when he calls them "piglets"; the









1. Clay became the only comic to sell out Madison Square Garden two nights in a row. **2.** His controversial appearance on *Saturday Night Live* sent his career into a tailspin. **3.** A guest spot on *Entourage* was Clay's first step toward a comeback. **4.** At his peak he was a comic superstar. Even old-guard figures including Rodney Dangerfield championed him.

HE DOESN'T CALL WHAT'S HAPPENING TO HIM A COMEBACK. HE PREFERS THE WORD *RESURGENCE.*

room is smaller than the rooms used to be—maybe 375 seats and about three quarters full on this Saturday night—and there isn't the same electric buzz that used to greet his performances. But for all intents and purposes, at 55, Andrew Dice Clay, once the self-professed "hottest comic in the country," is back—not all the way back yet, but still back.

To be fair, he doesn't call what's happening to him—his five-episode story arc on the last season of *Entourage,* his comedy special on Showtime last New Year's Eve, his featured role in this summer's Woody Allen movie, his latest gig in Las Vegas at the Hard Rock Hotel—a comeback. He prefers the word *resurgence,* as if he'd never been away, and in truth he really hadn't, though the more appropriate word may be *resurrection,* since Clay, by his own admission, had been "left for dead" by gloating detractors. From the highest heights—playing before more people than any comedian in history—he had plummeted to some of the deepest depths: small clubs, low pay and serial indignities that included a VH1 reality-TV show that was, thankfully, Clay says, canceled after seven episodes. He had even been exiled from *The Howard Stern Show* after a tiff.

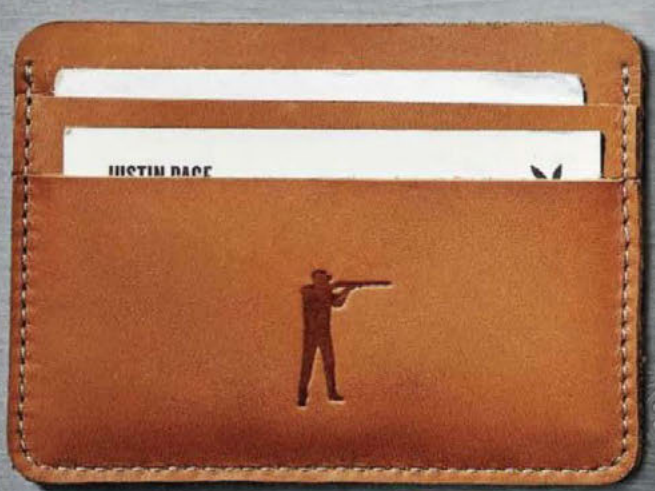
But one reason *(continued on page 180)*



SHOW ME *The* MONEY



IN THE OFFICE, AT THE BAR OR ON THE ROAD, YOU'LL WANT TO FLASH YOUR CASH WITH WALLETS AS HANDSOME AS THESE







1. MADE IN THE SUEDE
Stow your cards, currency and coins in this rustic pouch secured with a sturdy YKK zipper.
Slim zip wallet by Makr, $90

2. SMART WALLET
An iPhone 5 fits snugly in this painted leather card sleeve.
iPhone 5 card sleeve by Makr, $120

3. SHOW YOUR CARDS
Embossed with a skeet shooter, this superslim card case shows you mean business.
The Perfect Wallet by Ball and Buck, $88

4. DREAM WEAVER
A classic billfold made with Bottega Veneta's luxurious *intrecciato* leather.
Billfold by Bottega Veneta at mrporter.com, $450

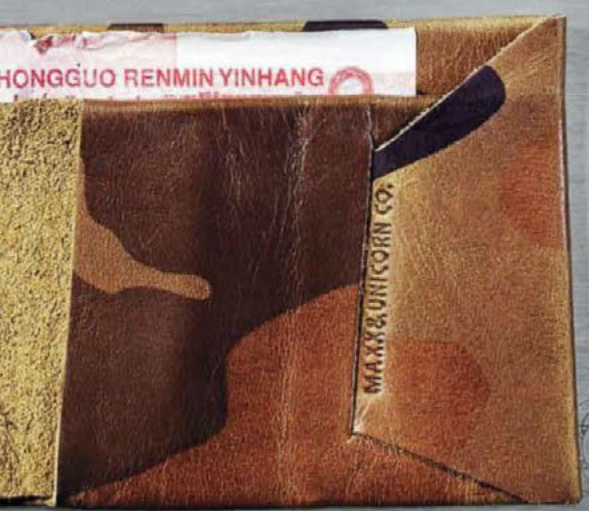
5. ANCHORMAN
This low-profile sterling silver money clip doubles as a tie bar.
Anchor tie bar from Miansai by Michael Saiger, $95

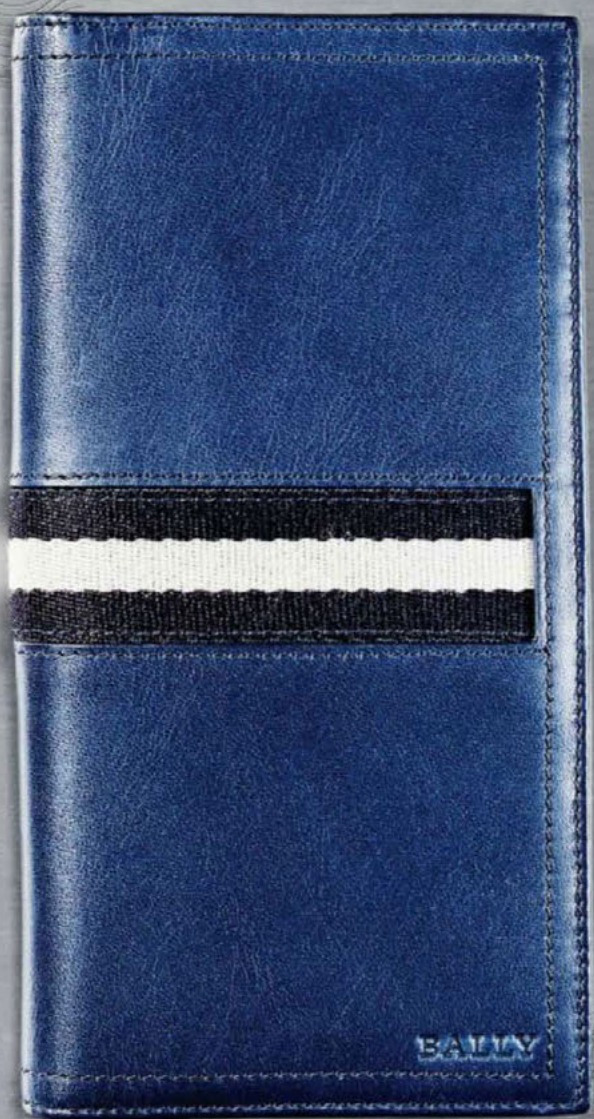
6. CAMO COOL
Handmade from washed calfskin, this wallet is constructed from a single piece of leather.
Camouflage bifold wallet by Maxx & Unicorn Co. for hickorees.com, $88

7. FOREIGN EXCHANGE
This dashing travel wallet is sized to accommodate any type of international currency.
Taliro wallet by Bally, $395

Photography by
JOSEPH SHIN
Selected by
JENNIFER RYAN JONES







A STAR IS BORN

AN HOMAGE TO THE GOLDEN AGE OF HOLLYWOOD, FEATURING MISS AUGUST VAL KEIL







There's an air of destiny about Val Keil. In her hometown of Philadelphia she's known as a beautiful bartender who loves her customers and doesn't take any grief. But she always wondered if there was something more for her. "You know what?" she said to herself. "This is my life, and I get one chance at it." So she had some photographs taken and sent them to PLAYBOY. Just two hours later, she heard back. "I thought it was a scam," she says with a laugh. It wasn't. Soon she was on a flight to Los Angeles for a test shoot, and now you're looking at Miss August. What should you know about Val? She loves country music, Phillies games and long road trips "with all the windows down and my hair blowing." She's half German and half Hispanic—"though a lot of people say I look Italian," she says. She also dreams of acting in film someday. Given her classic beauty, we created the ultimate fantasy for her—that of a star of the silver screen during the golden age of Hollywood, the apotheosis of glamour and decadence. Turn the page and you'll find our black-and-white photographic paean to old-school cinema. Most of all, you'll notice Val, playing the heroine with dignity and aplomb. "I think it's awesome that people across the world will be looking at me naked," she says. "Doors are opening for me. This year is going to be so full of experiences. My mind is blown." Whoa! So is ours.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

/MissValKeil @MissValKeil @MissValKeil



















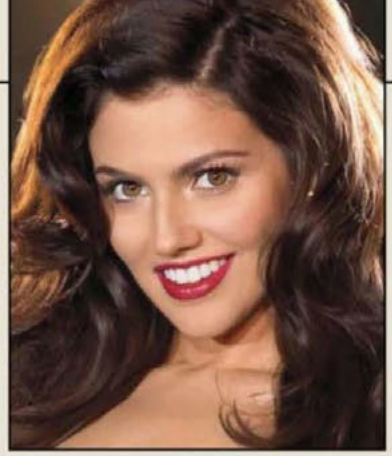





MISS AUGUST
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH




Val Kilmer



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Val Keil

BUST: 32C WAIST: 24" HIPS: 34"

HEIGHT: 5' 4" WEIGHT: 108

BIRTH DATE: 1/4/91 BIRTHPLACE: Philadelphia, PA

AMBITIONS: To succeed in my Playmate endeavors and eventually raise a family of six children.

TURN-ONS: A man who makes me feel like I'm the only thing that matters and who isn't afraid to take control.

TURNOFFS: Overly cocky, pumped-up meatheads who are afraid to show their goofy side. BE REAL.

YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT: I'm known as a crafty individual who loves making homemade things like crocheted blankets and personalized cards. ♥ ♥ ♥

A FRISKY WISH: To learn pole dancing! I've always been amazed by how those sexy chicks wrap themselves around the pole.

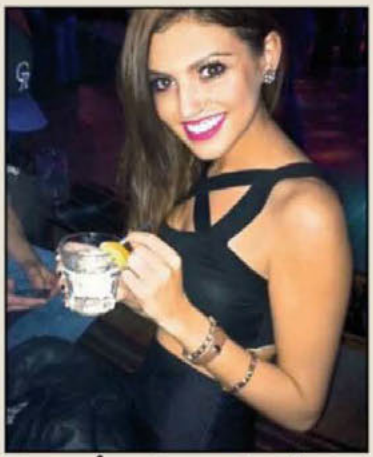
MY STYLE: I love cowboy boots, torn-up jeans and showing skin, preferably my belly and butt cheeks. Yee haw! ☺



Out for a joyride!!



Me at a dude ranch.



In Austin at the SXSW festival.





"They say this new professor's really strict!"

LET'S GET
small

PREFAB GETS PREFABULOUS IN THESE DOWNSIZED DECADENT SUMMER RETREATS THAT COME IN SIZES RANGING FROM SMALL TO EXTRA EXTRA SMALL. BUT DON'T BE FOOLED BY THE SCALE— THEY'RE ALL ABOUT LIVING LARGE



if

your idea of prefab housing is an eerily vacant aluminum-sided ranch house hurtling down the freeway on the ass end of a semi, you're missing out on one of the foremost progressions in habitation since artists began to move into abandoned factories and popularized the industrial loft as a liberated alternative to apartments and houses. In recent years factory-built housing has seen a renaissance thanks to innovations in manufacturing technology, shipping and materials and the cost efficiencies that result from more precise budgets and shorter construction times—a livable structure can be erected in mere hours. Nowhere is this more apparent than in the diminutive domiciles known as microdwellings. These sleek green getaways are at the forefront of prefab: As size decreases, cost savings and environmental benefits increase because of reduced materials, shipping and labor requirements. Which leaves more time to concentrate on design—and where to put the damn things for the most jaw-dropping views, whether of island waterfalls or Burning Man bikinis. Now take a look at these Lilliputian lairs.



JUST DESERTS

S

◆ Previously known for restoring modernist homes, Los Angeles–based architecture firm Marmol Radziner designed the seminal Desert House in 2005, launching not only the firm's prefab-construction unit but also an entire movement. Its Hidden Valley vacation home (above and at left) in Utah's Moab Desert emphasizes indoor-outdoor living and comprises five interior modules and seven deck modules of recycled steel. The home was shipped to the site in two days on 12 flatbed trucks and came complete with preinstalled windows, doors, cabinets, solar panels and appliances. A front-entry deck offers a broad view across the geothermally heated pool, while the home's primary axis runs along a rock ledge, creating dramatic views of red-rock boulder formations and snowcapped mountains through three full sides of floor-to-ceiling windows.



SHIPPING MAGNATE

● Architecture firm LOT-EK's c-Homes series repurposes Cor-Ten steel shipping containers. Light-filled thanks to embedded glass walls, these open-plan dwellings start at 300 square feet and can be placed anywhere. Site preparation and off-site fabrication occur simultaneously, making the structures efficient and affordable. Combine multiple units—horizontally or vertically—for homes of up to 1,300 square feet.

CAVE DWELLER

XS

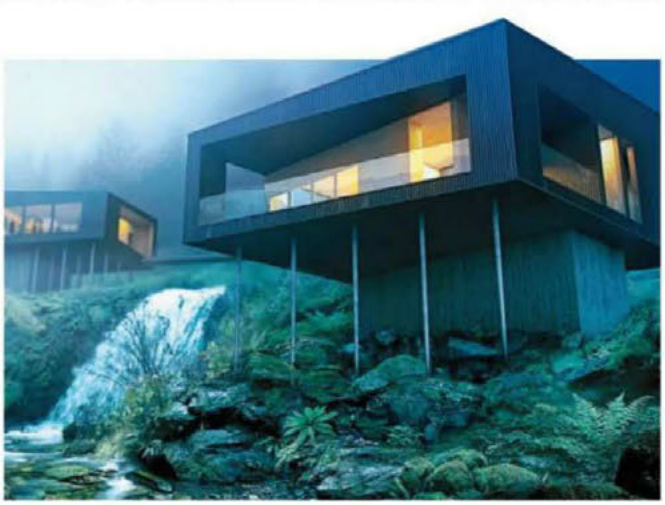
◆ The man cave. While the term almost induces shudders, the idea itself is beyond reproach. And no one does man caves better than Modern-Shed. At 420 square feet and compatible with water, sewer and electrical systems, the Seattle-based company's highly customizable signature product offers options including a full wet bar, beer fridge, sectional sofa, deck, bike rack, guitar hooks and—perish the thought—gym or home-office equipment.

The base price of a fiber-cement-sided model is about $10,000. Upgrades take the form of vertical tight-knot cedar or horizontal clear-cedar siding. There are three types of ceiling liners—sanded plywood, pine and cedar—as well as several window and door-framing options. All the sheds come with preassembled clerestory windows around the top to provide natural light and reduce daytime lighting requirements.

A manufacturing team test-fits the units at a company facility in Sedro-Woolley, Washington and then delivers the components to clients, who can either build the sheds themselves or work with an installation team the company contracts at additional cost. After installation the structures can be disassembled for transport to a beach house or country home.







WATERFALL GUY

● Norway-based Canadian architect Todd Saunders's Salt Spring Island House proves you don't have to go all-in on modular—a home can be as prefab as you want. The only prefabricated elements in these two 650-square-foot blackened-steel-sided units—a landscape architect's home and studio in British Columbia—are the rustproof aluminum bridges that connect them. And they're locally made, by the same people who construct the island's boat docks and bridges.

These particular bridges allow the structures, which straddle a 20-foot waterfall, to be elevated to avoid destroying the surrounding fir forest while also providing expansive views of Vancouver Island, Washington State, the San Juan Islands and the Olympic Mountains.



XXS

BURN UNIT

◆ Edgar Blazona, an Oakland-based former Pottery Barn designer, is heavily influenced by pioneering modernists such as Charles and Ray Eames, Richard Neutra and Donald Judd. Those inspirational sources are evident in his 42-square-foot modular dwelling. This highly mobile unit was built to withstand the extreme climate of the annual Burning Man festival, whose 50,000 scantily clad and excessively painted—and intoxicated—revelers descend on Nevada's Black Rock Desert over Labor Day weekend to ritually desecrate the timbered flesh of a Brobdingnagian effigy in the name of...well, who knows anymore?

To offset the anarchy, Blazona tricked out the shelter with midcentury-modern amenities. The six-by-seven-foot stronghold (the company's design options reach 280 square feet and are available with furnishings from sister company TrueModern) was assembled from $1,000 of steel, glass and wood siding. "It was designed to be a sliver of clean, minimal modernism in this dusty, chaotic environment," says Blazona. Now it just has to survive the intergenerational dustups at your next family barbecue.

CRICKET TO RIDE

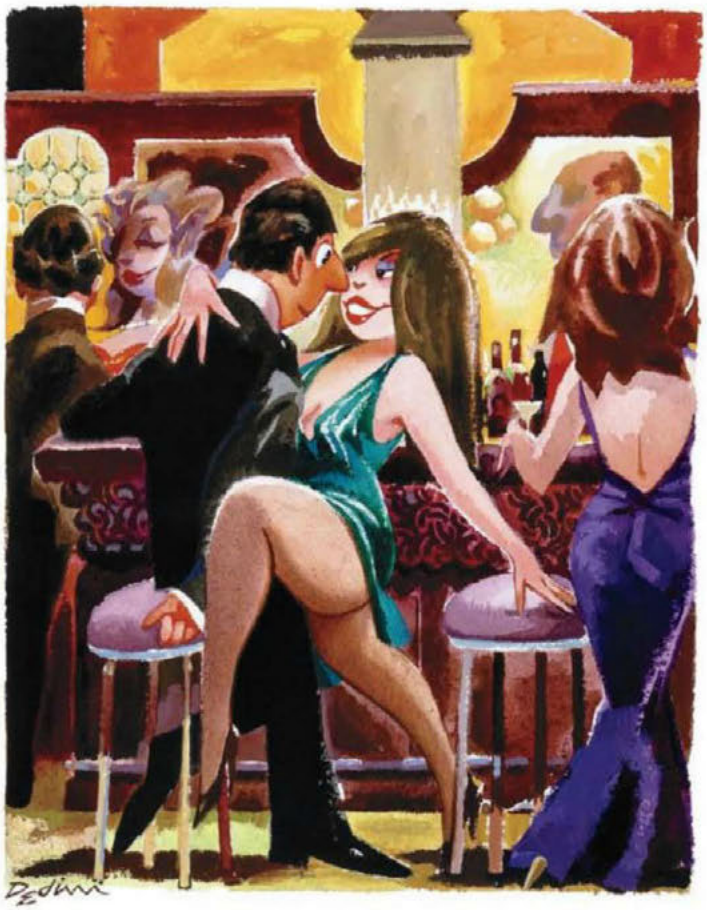
● The Cricket trailer was invented by Yale-educated architect Garrett Finney, who worked at NASA designing the International Space Station's habitation module—the place where astronauts eat, sleep, bathe and relax—before turning his celestial sights to Houston and trailer design. The lightweight, aluminum-composite Cricket features a single-touch roof latch that opens in seconds. The stylishly colorful 62-square-foot trailer, which comes complete with a toilet and hot-water sink and shower, can comfortably sleep two adults and two kids. A base price of $16,700 gets you Baltic birch plywood cabinetry, flame-retardant Taslan tent fabric, nickel-pattern rubber flooring and 15-inch aluminum rims.



Delectable Dedini



"I was just passing by and happened to have an erection."



"I'm sorry, but I've never been able to handle arousal in a ladylike manner."



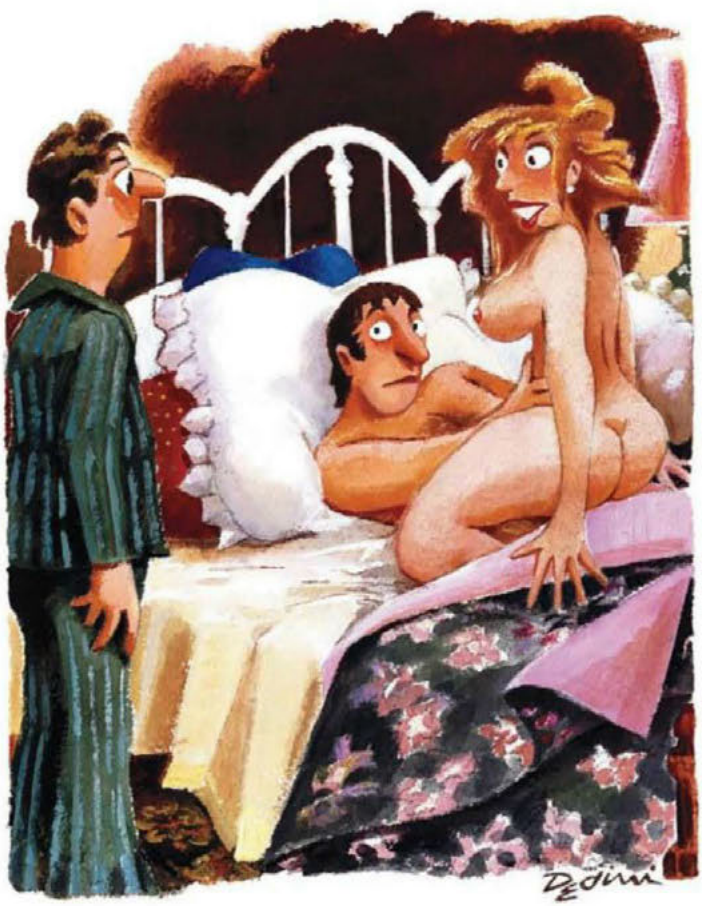
"I don't know—what do you want to do tonight?"



"We don't advertise—our salon has grown by word of mouth."



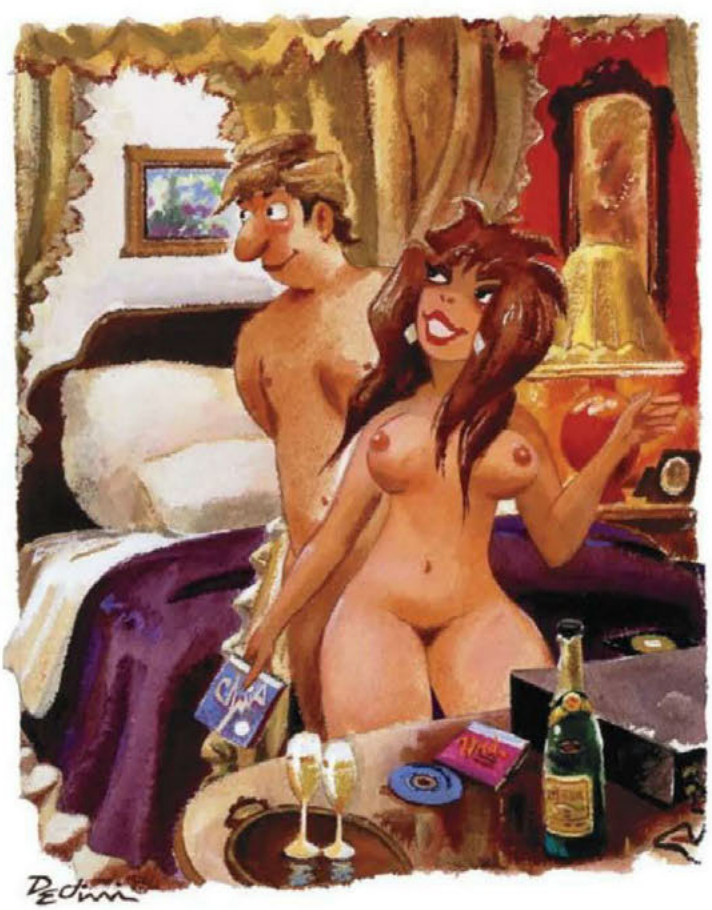
"I just noticed you're sitting all alone."



"Didn't you see my note on the refrigerator?"



"My wife feels I'm being sexually harassed."



"Are we going to make love or just screw?"



FAST EDDIE'S LAST STAND

FOR DECADES EDDIE ROTHMAN HAS FEROCIOUSLY DEFENDED THE NORTH SHORE OF OAHU WITH HIS FISTS. TODAY HE'S FACING BIOTECH GIANT **MONSANTO** AND IT'S TURNING OUT TO BE THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE



Fast Eddie Rothman is standing on the front deck of his perfectly tropical Oahu house, blocking the perfectly temperate 75-degree sun, waiting for me. His hands, gnarled and scarred with the memories of many teeth, are balled up into tight fists and he drums the deck's railing.

His fists have drummed often. There was the time they drummed the teeth out of the big Australian surfer's mouth. There was the time they slapped the vice president of a major surf brand 11 times for bald-faced lying. There was the time they bashed the head of a pervert jacking off in the tropical bushes near the bike path. Or,

CHAS SMITH | **ROBERT MAXWELL**



1

wait—those weren't his hands proper, those were his hands gripping a piece of rebar. There was the time they landed repeatedly on the sunburned cheek of a man who had partnered with a local podiatrist to smuggle pain pills by strapping them to children. This man threatened to blow up Rothman's house with a grenade and bounced his secretary's head off a rock wall. Rothman gave him a drumming so solid that the man spent a week in the hospital, because like the Australian surfers, surf-brand vice presidents and perverts before him, he had it fucking coming.

HAWAII LIKELY COMES FROM THE MAORI WORD FOR "HEAVEN" AND "HELL."

Oahu, the most mythical island in the Hawaiian chain, is not commonly associated with bloody beatings and broken teeth. It has, rather, been etched into the subconscious as an island paradise since the turn of the 20th century, when wealthy families, inspired by pastel-hued postcards, steamed across the sea on coconut-scented winds and basked in its flawless climate. GIs followed on their way to World War II's Pacific Theater, gaped at hula girls, got lei'd under a tropical moon and thought, Thank you, Uncle Sam. And their sons became surfers and went in search of their fathers' dreams. They found them on Oahu's North Shore, where the waves were massive and perfect if you had the courage and skill to ride them. They were joined by men with names such as Da Bull, Butch and Duke, and



2

they too etched Oahu into the subconscious. As the 1950s **turned** into the 1960s, surf-ploitation films about exotic **Waimea** Bay and the Banzai Pipeline became the rage, and **the Beac**h Boys crooned about riding the wild surf.

But the decades between then and now have been marked by immense struggles for the men who were born into this paradise or who arrived and never left. Men like Eddie Rothman. Today I walk down a dead-end road not five miles north of Waimea Bay, where he is waiting for me. I turn left and push my way into his million-dollar beach compound. Rumors and whispers about his penchant for violence haunt the North Shore. Brave surfers speak of him in hushed tones, afraid they might turn around and see him standing there and then see the darkness of a knockout.

On paper Rothman is simply a successful surf promoter and co-founder of the surf brand Da Hui, which makes boardshorts, surf apparel and, more recently, MMA fighting gear. But the past, as the 1960s turned into the 1970s, is when Rothman's specter was born dark. He is the elder statesman of Hui O He'e Nalu, or Hawaiian Club of Wave Riders, which he formed nearly 40 years ago along with



3



4



5

local surfers Kawika Stant Sr., Squiddy Sanchez, Terry Ahue and Bryan Amona. The mission of the club (from which the surf brand later took its name) was to advocate for Hawaiian surfers on the professional circuit and to help bring a sort of sanity to the winter surf season, which had grown increasingly chaotic due to an influx of foreign surfers who had watched the films, listened to the Beach Boys and decided the North Shore was theirs. But it was not theirs. And Da Hui taught them this by knocking the teeth out of their mouths. During the winter of 1977, visiting surfers' blood ran both freely and cold, and Rothman became the embodiment of fear.

1. Eddie Rothman (far left) stands with the original members of Hui O He'e Nalu, also known as the "black shorts gang." **2.** Anti-GMO bumper stickers on Rothman's wall. **3.** Runoff and drift from pesticide spraying are among the concerns of GMO opponents. **4.** and **5.** Rothman before and after his arrival in Hawaii.

•

Hawaii was never, in truth, a pastel-postcard island paradise. Its name most likely comes from the ancient Maori word *Hawaiki,* meaning "heaven" and "hell." Early inhabitants practiced a harsh form of governance that included human sacrifice by crushing the victim's bones. Captain Cook and the first European contact brought disease that wiped out half the population. Inter-island war followed inter-island war until wealthy American agricultural interests convinced President William McKinley to annex Hawaii, subjugating the locals and immigrant laborers under a feudal-like system. Eventually there were enough locals and immigrants in the U.S. territory to demand statehood, which was granted in 1959. And then the surfers came, beginning a new sort of annexation until Fast Eddie Rothman shoved his gnarled and scarred fists down their throats.

Stories of the "black shorts," as the members of Da Hui were called after their austere beach uniform, beating down disrespectful foreign surfers are still told today. But the club has mellowed in recent years, hosting beach cleanups and preaching the gospel of water safety for surfers and swimmers alike. And it has been some time since Rothman's been in the local papers for illegal activity: In 1987 he was indicted on racketeering and drug distribution charges, which were dismissed because of prosecutorial misconduct. He had been in and out of jail before and has been in and out since, but his relationship with "legality" is, again, only ever whispered about. Few are brave enough to ask directly what it is that he does. There are outrageous, whispered rumors that he's in the Hawaiian mafia, that he's a drug dealer, that he's a murderer for hire. But no one really knows, because when Rothman takes care of business his way, it quickly and quietly goes from rumor to whisper to legend. No one questions the legend.

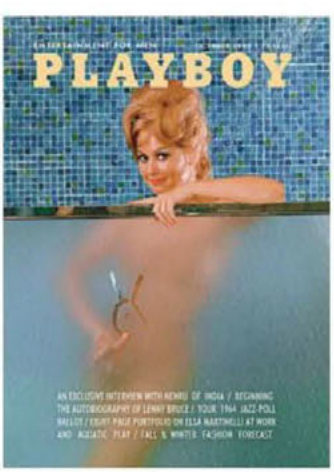
And he is waiting for me because I broke the rules. I wrote a book about the North Shore that included him and his specter, which was a severe breech, on my part, of North Shore whisper etiquette. (*Welcome to Paradise, Now Go to Hell* is being published by Harper Collins in December.) He got a copy of the unfinished manuscript from Scott Caan, who plays today's version of Danno on the remake of *Hawaii Five-0,* and Rothman ordered me to his house.

He watches me approach from his wraparound deck, and the reality of the man matches the whispers, even though he is 65 and only five-foot-six if generous, *(continued on page 197)*

COVER STORY

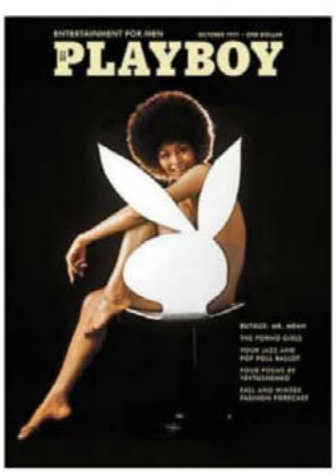
FOR SEVEN DECADES, *PLAYBOY* HAS PRINTED SOME OF THE MOST ICONIC COVERS IN MAGAZINE HISTORY

Take another look at the cover of this issue. The aerial image of 25 synchronized swimmers forming the Playboy Rabbit Head reminds us of all the incredible covers we've published over the years. On these pages are just a few classics that come to mind.



OCTOBER 1963

Above: Is cleanliness next to godliness? Playmate Teddi Smith suggests there may be something to the proverb.

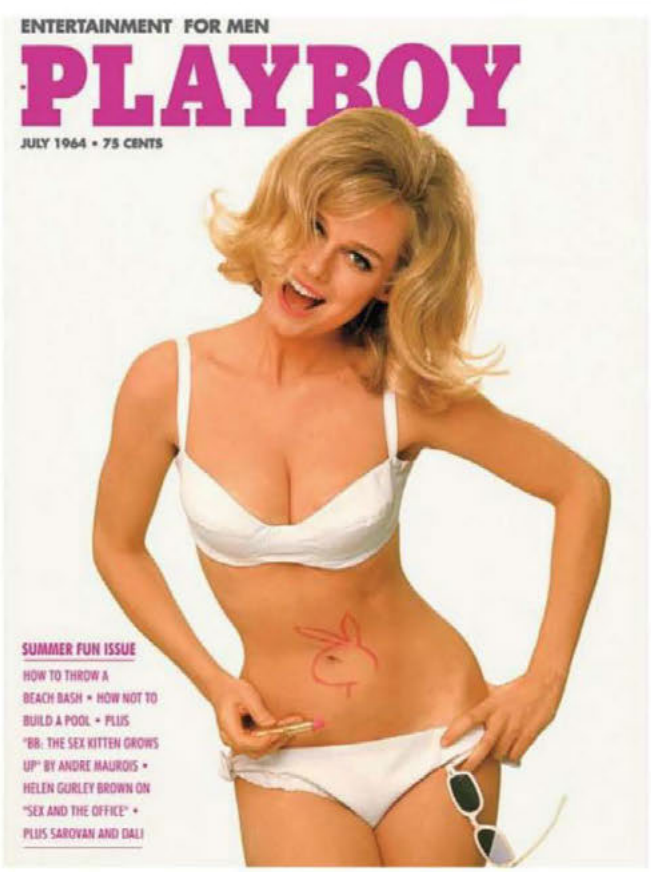


OCTOBER 1971

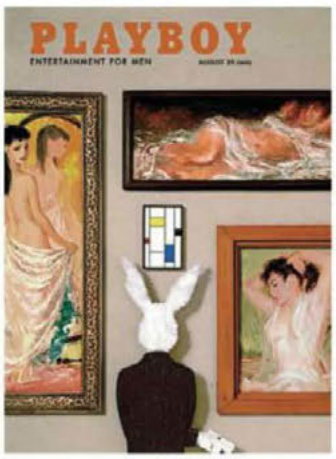
Above: African American cover models were a rarity before Darine Stern sat in the Rabbit chair and showed us her smile.

JULY 1964

Right: Cynthia Maddox demonstrates a talent for engaging the viewer in this widely imitated cover.

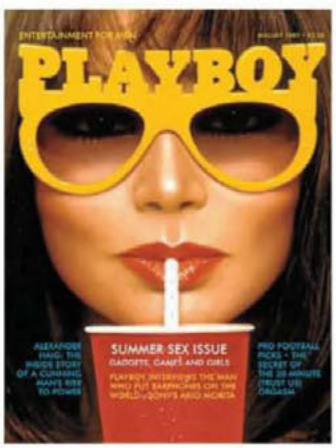






JULY 1969

Far left: Barbi Benton shows off some tan lines for this summer treat. It was Barbi's first cover; she would do three more.



AUGUST 1956

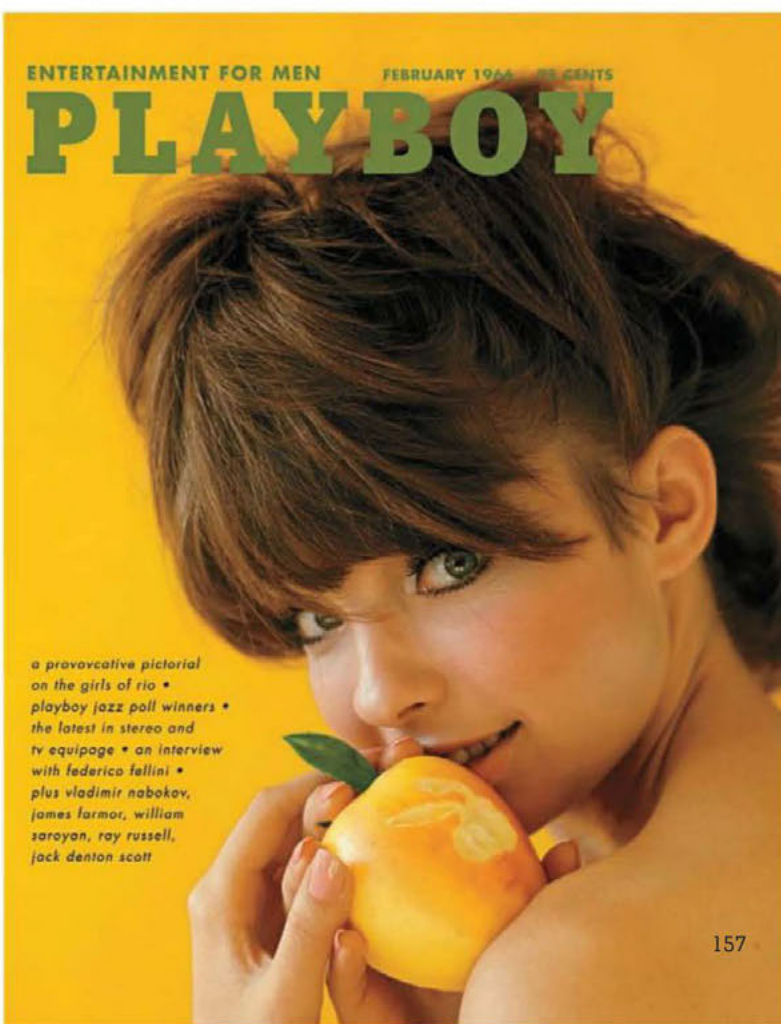
Upper left: The Rabbit has been on every cover but the first. Here he seems to prefer abstraction to representation.

AUGUST 1982

Left: Miss September 1979 Vicki McCarty dons a pair of stunner shades for this spectacular cover.

FEBRUARY 1966

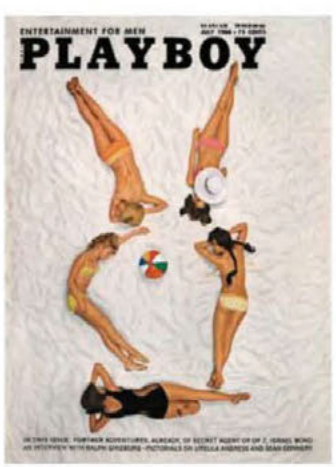
Below: Model Sissy makes this cover a particularly intimate one, with its revealing (and forbidden) fruit.





FEBRUARY 1967

Above: Model Helen Kirk assumes a lapinary pose in this simple and elegant photograph by Pompeo Posar.



JULY 1966

Above: This photo, which inspired our current issue's cover, was shot with five models in a Chicago studio.

APRIL 1973

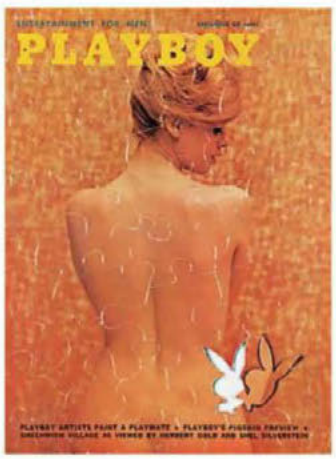
Right: In one of PLAYBOY's most provocative covers, Playmate Lenna Sjööblom prepares a special delivery for readers.

SEPTEMBER 1960

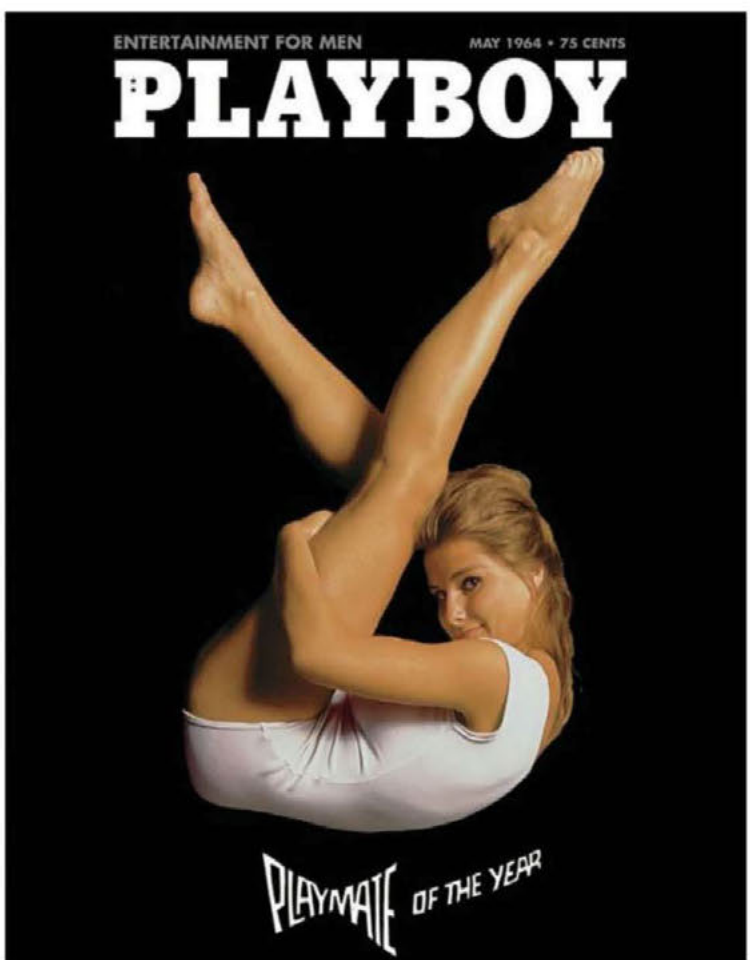
Below: Art director Art Paul designed this puzzling cover, in which the Rabbit provides the missing piece.

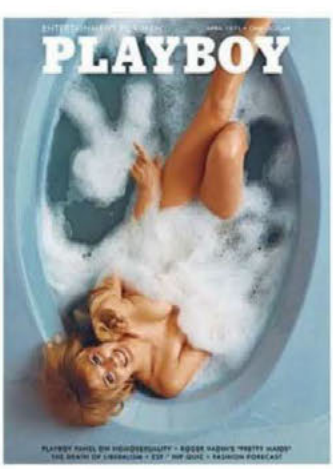
MAY 1964

Bottom: Wearing a white leotard, Donna Michelle shows commendable agility in holding this memorable pose.









APRIL 1971

Left: Alexas Urba shot this bubble-bath cover with model Simone Hammerstrand pointing out the obvious.

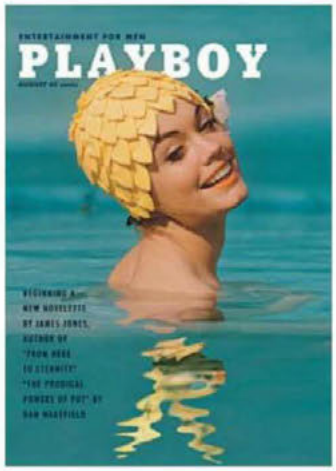
JULY 1955

Right: The Rabbit makes a striking appearance on the suntanned back of Playmate Janet Pilgrim.



FEBRUARY 1969

Above: Nancy Chamberlain embraces her inner Rabbit in this playful cover photographed by Pompeo Posar.



AUGUST 1962

Above: Mario Casilli photographed this aquamarine gem. Art Paul created the undulating Rabbit Head reflection.



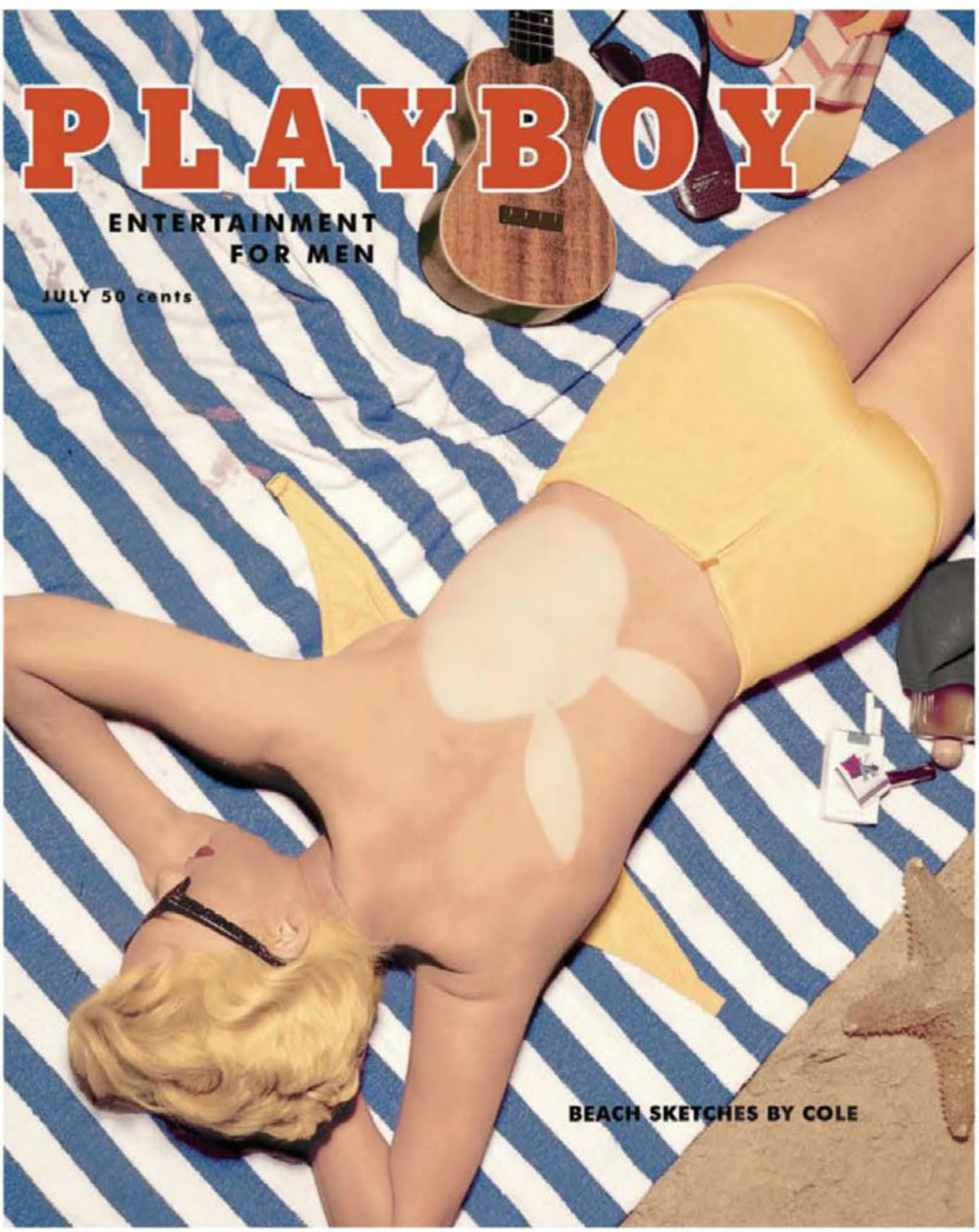
JULY 1974

Above: Art director Tom Staebler designed this sultry cover, using the glorious midriff of Christine Maddox.



AUGUST 1972

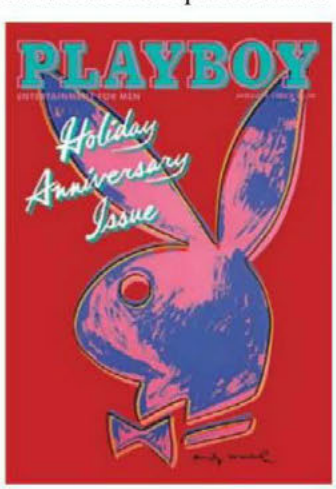
Above: Carol Vitale holds on to her life preserver while photographer Alexas Urba captures this perfect moment.





NOVEMBER 1965

Above: Beth Hyatt is the model for this iconic cover. The BOND'S GIRLS "tattoo" was added after the photo shoot.



JANUARY 1986

Above: Nearly two years before he died, Andy Warhol created this cover. "I've got bunnies on the brain," he told PLAYBOY.



LA BEAUTÉ

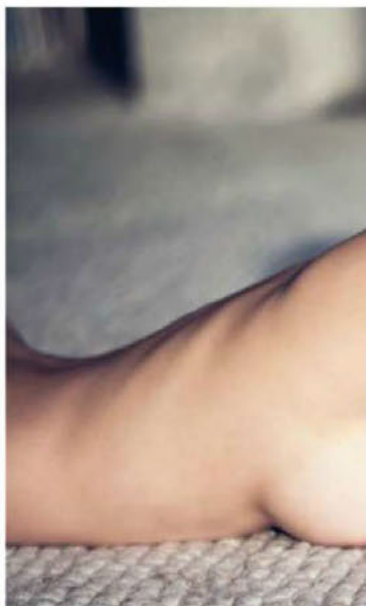
A MYSTERIOUS FRENCH MODEL IN A FAMED PIECE OF ARCHITECTURE. *C'EST MAGNIFIQUE*

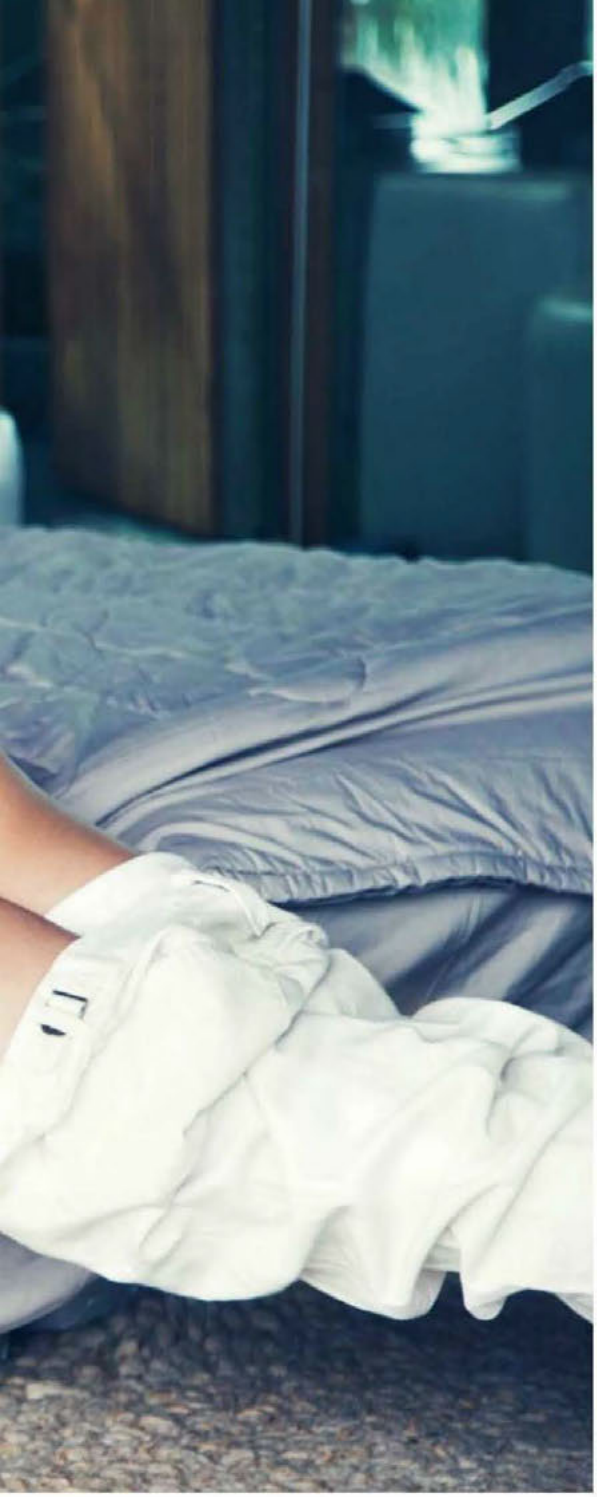
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID BELLEMERE

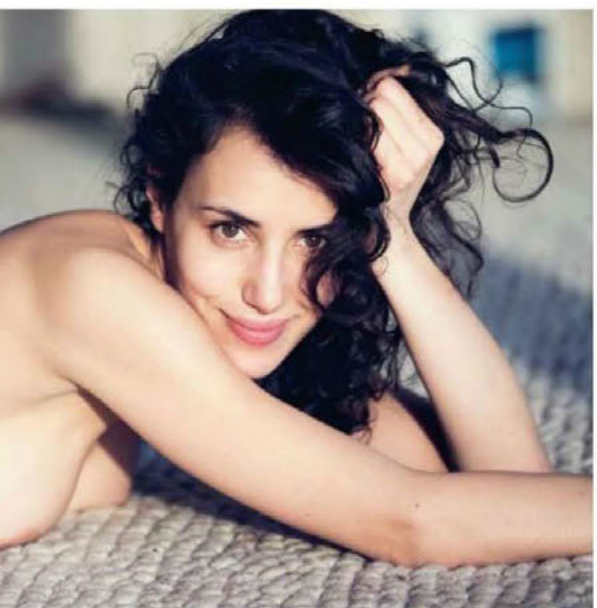
So often great photography is the result of an ambitious production, with sets built by teams of carpenters, armies of hair and makeup experts on hand and lawyers arguing over contracts. Other times, however, truly wonderful work can come from nothing but a master shooter, a beautiful model and a quixotic scheme. Parisian photographer David Bellemere, known for his nudes and his work in fashion, had the idea to invite a French model named Liza to the Sheats-Goldstein house in Beverly Hills, a masterwork of midcentury-modern architecture completed in 1963 by the American John Lautner. The goal? To spend four days relaxing and shooting, exploring each other and the mise-en-scène. Bellemere had photographed Liza before, two years earlier, and wanted her specifically for this work. Only Liza would do. "I called her and proposed the idea," he says. "She said, 'Yes, with you I want to do it.'" Off they flew to the City of Angels. This portfolio presents an erotic realism that is at once beautiful and raw. You feel as if you're in the room, enjoying Liza's company yourself. You can almost hear her voice—and her thick French accent, of course. Bellemere wanted to capture "something more than desire." His model was a perfect muse. "Desire is wonderful when Liza is giving you her smile, her trust," he says. We couldn't agree more. Feast your eyes on La Beauté.























CHASING THE DRAGON

(continued from page 89)

culmination of his dream to become the world's first Chinese male superstar.

ENTER THE LITTLE DRAGON

Bruce Lee was born on November 27, 1940—the year of the dragon—in San Francisco's Chinatown. His father, Lee Hoi-chuen, was a leading actor in a touring Hong Kong Cantonese opera troupe, performing for American audiences with his pregnant wife in tow. Born on the road between curtain calls, Bruce faced his first camera as a squirming three-month-old extra in the movie *Golden Gate Girl* before his parents returned with him to Hong Kong. By the time he was 18 he had appeared in 20 films, gaining fame in his hometown of Hong Kong under his stage name, Lee Siu Lung ("Little Dragon Lee"). He played orphans and troubled boys, roles that both reflected and bled into his life. Lee would later describe his youthful self as a "punk." His real passion was street fighting, and he took up kung fu at 13 to enhance his back-alley skills. After he had been expelled from an elite private high school and gotten in trouble with the law for fighting, his well-to-do parents, at their wit's end, shipped their black-sheep son from Hong Kong to stay with a family friend in Seattle.

When he arrived in 1959, Lee gave up on the idea of a movie career in America. As he later told *Esquire,* "How many times in an American film is a Chinese required?" He had a point. The only Chinese leading characters were Fu Manchu, the yellow-peril villain, and Charlie Chan, the model minority. Both of those roles were almost always given, in Hollywood's long-standing "yellow face" tradition, to white actors with eye makeup. The only parts available to Chinese were pigtailed coolies, what Lee dismissed as "Hopalong Wong" roles.

But he was still a performer at heart, and after giving kung fu demonstrations at local high schools, he discovered to his surprise that Americans wanted to learn from him. He opened his own kung fu studio in Seattle, the Jun Fan Gung Fu Institute. He quickly learned that running a martial arts school is a difficult, low-margin business—particularly after he married Linda Emery, a blonde cheerleader, and had his first child, Brandon. Anxious to increase enrollment, he often took his act on the road, like his father before him, treading the boards in what was the equivalent of a one-man martial arts show.

It was during a performance at the 1964 Long Beach International Karate Championship that Lee was discovered by William Dozier. The TV producer, who had the radical idea of casting an actual Asian actor for an Asian role, watched Lee's charismatic demonstration and cast him in the role of Kato, the side-kicking Asian sidekick to the Green Hornet. Despite Lee's magnetic martial arts skills, *The Green Hornet,* which lacked the campy wit of Dozier's hit companion series *Batman,* failed to find an audience and limped along for one season before being canceled.

Lee struggled to find worthy acting roles to support his growing family (daughter Shannon was born in 1969) and, in desperation, discovered a new source of income. He became the kung fu instructor to Hollywood's elite, counting as his private students James Coburn, Roman Polanski, Warner Bros. chairman Ted Ashley, Oscar-winning screenwriter Stirling Silliphant and box office king Steve McQueen. Although they helped him get bit parts and work as a fight choreographer on their movies, he couldn't break through Hollywood's yellow glass ceiling. "No one would make a film with an Asian in the lead—it was as simple as that," says Paul Heller, who was an executive at Warner Bros. and would go on to co-produce *Enter the Dragon.* For four long years Lee burned with frustrated ambition. "Bruce vowed, 'Someday, I'm going to be a bigger star than Steve McQueen,'" recalls Silliphant in a 1974 biography. "I told him there was no way. He was a Chinese in a white man's world. Then he went out and did it."

Unbeknownst to Lee, *The Green Hornet* was sold in syndication in Hong Kong, where it became known as *The Kato Show.* During a quick trip back in 1970 with five-year-old Brandon, Lee was stunned at the reception. He may have felt like a failure in Hollywood, but in Hong Kong he was the hometown boy made good. Hong Kong movie producers started making offers. Following the example of Clint Eastwood, who, unable to make the leap from American TV to film, had gone to Italy to make several spaghetti Westerns that turned him into a bankable star, Lee signed a two-picture deal with Raymond Chow and his upstart Golden Harvest studio for $7,500 a film. If Lee could not climb Hollywood's mountain, he would make the mountain come to him.

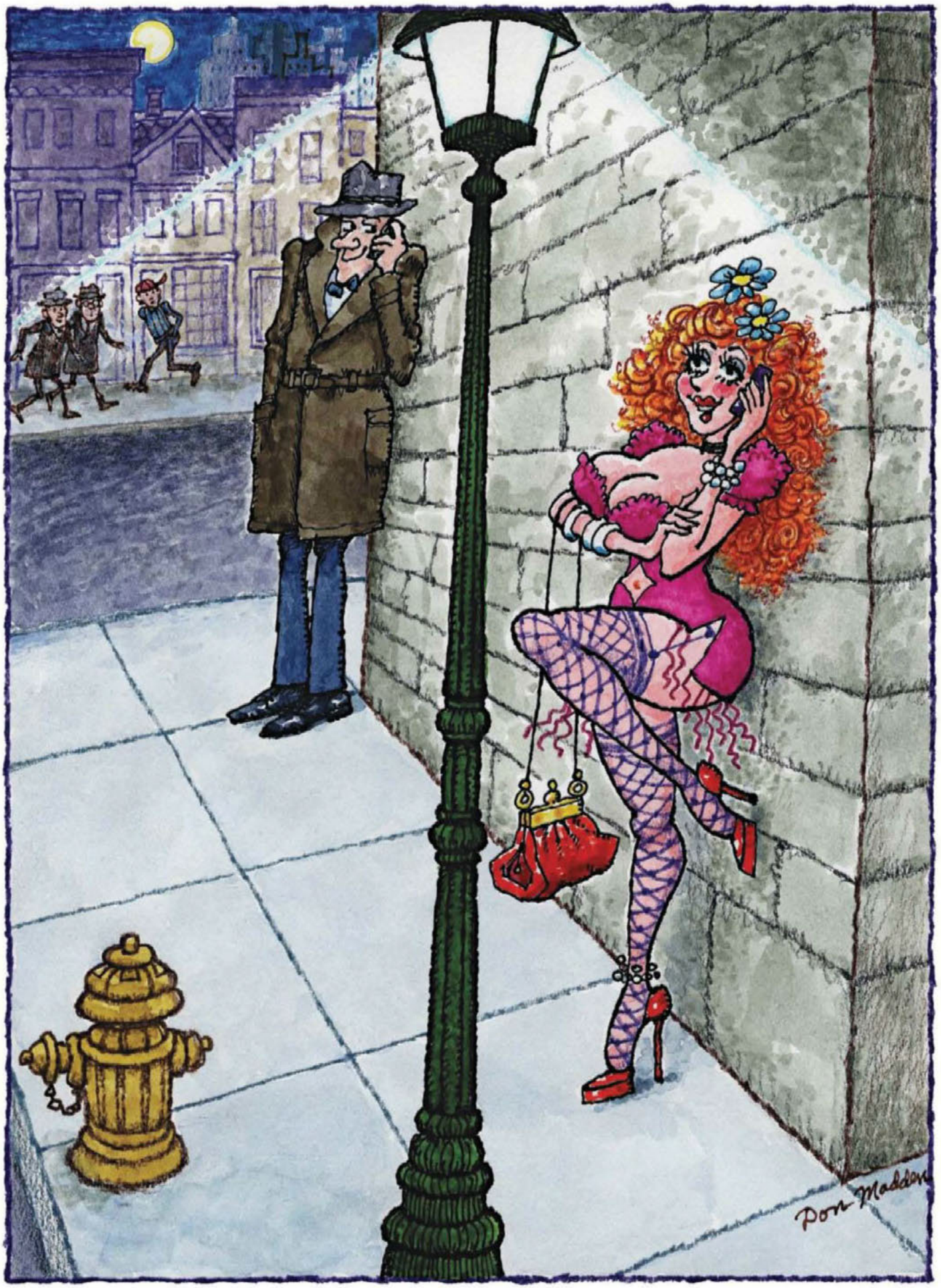
In his first Golden Harvest movie, *The Big Boss,* Lee looked transformed. Gone was the perfectly pleasant manservant Kato. Fueled by years of rejection, Lee leaped off the screen, pulsating with a volatile power all his own. Audiences in Hong Kong and across Southeast Asia loved their new Chinese superhero. *The Big Boss* broke all Hong Kong box office records. His second Golden Harvest film, *Fist of Fury,* shattered the record of *The Big Boss.* His third film, *The Way of the Dragon,* which he wrote, directed, produced and starred in, broke both of those records. He was a juggernaut.

THE ONLY COLOR HOLLYWOOD SEES IS GREEN

When Lee was still struggling in Los Angeles, Fred Weintraub, a producer at Warner Bros., tried to cast him in the lead role of the countercultural hit TV series *Kung Fu,* about a Shaolin monk who protects Chinese railroad workers from their racist cowboy bosses. Lee was rejected for the part of Kwai Chang Caine because he was too Chinese, and it was given instead to the very white David Carradine. Before Lee left for Hong Kong, Weintraub asked him for a piece of film that would show Hollywood how much he had improved since *The Green Hornet.* When Lee sent him a copy of *The Big Boss,* Weintraub knew he had a winner. More than Lee's electric performance, it was the numbers. Made for only $100,000, *The Big Boss* became a blockbuster in East Asia. Weintraub was certain he could cover Warner's costs by pre-selling the Asian foreign markets (Hong Kong, Singapore and Taiwan) while producing a film of sufficient quality to attract a Western audience. After some intense wrangling, Warner finally approved a still paltry budget of $250,000 to make *Enter the Dragon.*

Weintraub, co-producer Paul Heller and screenwriter Michael Allin banged out a 17-page story treatment about three heroes (one white, one black and one Asian) who enter evil Han's martial arts tournament and end his drug-dealing, slave-trading ways. While Heller and Allin worked on the screenplay, Weintraub flew to Hong Kong to reach a deal with Chow, now operating as Lee's business partner. According to Heller, the inspiration for the script came from a favorite comic strip of his youth, *Terry and the Pirates.* "It was about China and the Orient and the mystery and dragon ladies." According to Allin, who knew nothing about kung fu or Hong Kong, the inspiration was a little more obvious: "I stole from James Bond. If you get caught, you just claim it's an homage." The slim, 85-page script was cranked out in three weeks, in large part because they skipped all the action sequences, writing in those empty spaces, "This will be choreographed by Mr. Bruce Lee."

In Hong Kong, Weintraub was having less success. As he maneuvered toward a signed deal, the elusive Chow, nicknamed the Smiling Tiger, politely deflected him at every turn. After a week, an exhausted Weintraub finally concluded that Chow was bargaining in bad faith, afraid that if the movie was made, Hollywood would steal Lee, his cash cow. On his final night in Hong Kong, Weintraub met Chow and Lee for dinner at a Japanese restaurant. Word got out that Lee was in the establishment, and thousands of fans appeared. "I saw the opportunity to play one final card," Weintraub recounts in *Bruce Lee, Woodstock and Me.* "'Bruce, I'm leaving tomorrow because we couldn't strike a deal. It's too bad Raymond doesn't want you to be an international star.' Raymond—dropping the facade of cordiality—stared at me with sudden, all-consuming hatred. In that instant he knew he had lost. Bruce said, 'Sign the contract, Raymond.'"



"If you'd like to hear the menu again, press one."

Today in Hong Kong the still sprightly and charming 84-year-old Chow insists his reluctance was purely tactical. "Both Bruce and I had already talked about the whole thing. All we wanted was a fair deal. It's very difficult for an independent producer to get a really fair deal with a major studio."

Budget constraints largely dictated the American hiring process. Allin, as screenwriter, was promised a trip to Hong Kong as a bonus to his minimal compensation. Bob Clouse, who had made only two feature-length movies, was selected as the director because, according to Weintraub, "we could get him for a ridiculously low price." Lee's old martial arts buddy Bob Wall agreed to the role of Han's evil bodyguard Oharra as a favor. Newcomer Jim Kelly was a last-second replacement for the *Shaft*-inspired character Williams after Rockne Tarkington pulled out over money. The only person to receive an almost competitive salary ($40,000) was John Saxon. Weintraub needed a name actor, and Bruce Lee was still an unknown in the West. Even that amount was barely enough. Saxon's agent predicted that the movie would be "a little crappy thing with a Chinese actor that nobody will ever see." Saxon was persuaded to get on the plane only after Weintraub promised him he would be the real star of the movie.

Casting on the Chinese side was significantly less fraught. What seemed a paltry amount in Hollywood was untold riches in Hong Kong, where movie actors were paid, and treated, like factory workers. It was also a chance to work on the first Hollywood co-production with Lee, the biggest star in Hong Kong. Angela Mao Ying, star of the hit *Lady Kung Fu,* happily agreed to play Su Lin, the sister of Bruce's character (Lee), who chooses to commit suicide rather than be violated by Oharra and his men. Bolo Yeung (Bolo) was a Mr. Hong Kong bodybuilder looking to move into acting. Shih Kien, who was famous for playing the villain in a series of movies about Hong Kong's most popular hero, Wong Fei Hung, was Lee's choice to play the one-handed, cat-stroking Mr. Han. The choice was deliberate: Lee wanted to signal to his Chinese audience that he was the inheritor of Wong Fei Hung's mantle.

KING GORILLA

Lee's younger brother Robert claimed that in high school Bruce was "recognized as the king gorilla—boss of the whole school." After years of groveling and rejection in Hollywood, Lee wasted little time establishing his dominance over the production of *Enter the Dragon.* On Saxon's first day in Hong Kong, in January 1973, Lee brought him to his house and asked to see his side kick. "Then he said, 'Let me show you mine,'" Saxon remembers. "He gave me a padded shield to hold. Bruce did a hop, skip and a jump and blasted into the shield. I went flying back on my heels and landed in a chair, which shattered. I was in shock for a few moments, and then Bruce ran over with a concerned look on his face. I said, 'Don't worry, I'm not hurt.' He said, 'I'm not worried about you. You broke my favorite chair.'"

"Did you believe you were going to be the star of the film?" I ask Saxon.

"Certainly not after that first morning."

Yet Lee refused to show up on set for the first day of shooting, then the second, then the third. His wife, Linda, yin to his yang, ran interference, telling the producers he was working on the fight choreography. Initially, the Americans thought it was a power play, but word filtered back that the gorilla king was terrified. Bob Wall says, "Bruce was so fucking uptight. He couldn't shoot. He wouldn't even go on set." Weintraub sent Bob Clouse out to shoot random footage of Hong Kong. Lee's anxiety attack lasted two weeks and nearly scuttled the entire movie. When he finally came on set, all Clouse could film was a simple exchange of dialogue between Lee and actress Betty Chung, playing undercover operative Mei Ling, because Lee was suffering from a nervous facial tic. Twenty-seven takes later and *Enter the Dragon* had begun.

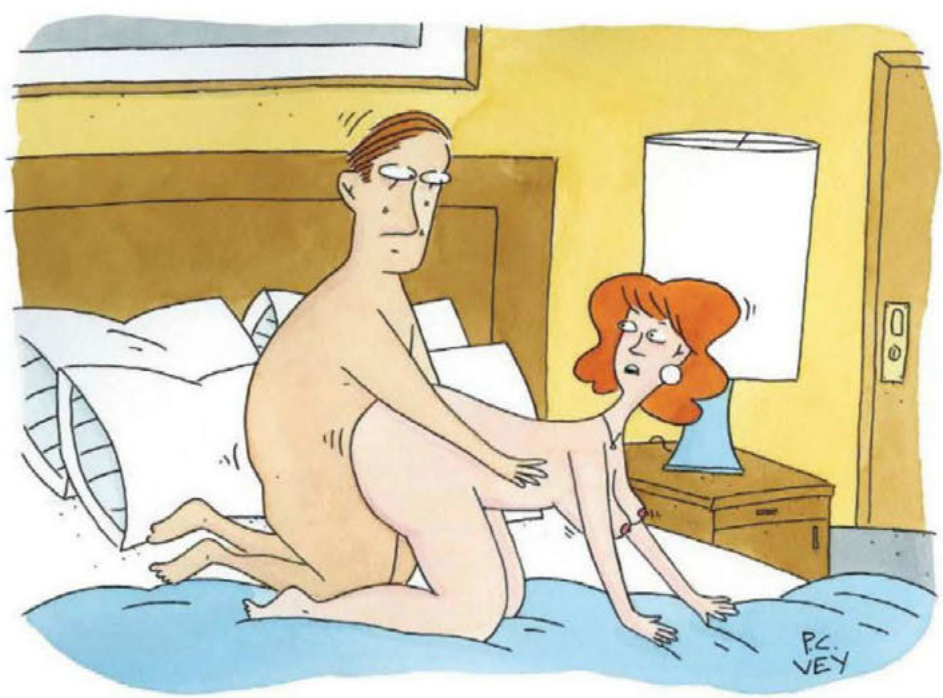
LOST IN TRANSLATION

While Lee fought with his nerves, the American and Chinese crews were fighting with each other. During the filming of the tedious praying mantis fight scene Clouse realized he needed an English-speaking cameraman and sent for cinematographer Gil Hubbs. "I made three-by-five cards with half a dozen Chinese words for lighting cues, like 'spot' and 'flood it,'" says Hubbs. "The Chinese thought I was hilarious. I think they gave me the wrong words. I think I was saying 'Tickle my feet.'"

The most important translator on set was Andre Morgan, a recent University of Kansas Oriental studies graduate who had been working for six months as Chow's assistant. According to Morgan, part of the problem was the Americans didn't realize how much English the Chinese crew actually understood. "One day we were shooting the scene where Bruce Lee, John Saxon and Jim Kelly transfer from the little sampans to the big boat," says Morgan. "We didn't have walkie-talkies. We were using megaphones to cue. Hubbs yelled, 'Cut.' Out on the sampan, they didn't hear and kept going. Bob Clouse goes, 'Fucking Chinese.' The continuity guy, who's this little old man, says in Chinese, 'That's the last insult I'm going to take from these fucking foreigners.' With that, he takes his clipboard and he's coming over to hit Clouse from behind. We had to grab him and pull him off the roof."

The Americans' frustrations focused on the archaic equipment and the Chinese tendency to say yes even when they meant no. The Chinese disliked the Americans' arrogant attitude and tendency to yell at underlings. But despite their differences, a mutual respect between the two groups eventually grew. "We admired how systematic the Americans were," says assistant director Chaplin Chang. "In Hong Kong, everything was either make it or get by with it."

The Americans grew to appreciate the Chinese resourcefulness, hard work and courage. One sequence called for henchmen to chase Ying, playing Lee's sister, along the edge of a canal until she kicks one of them into the water. Weintraub and Clouse decided to shoot the stunt from the top of a two-story building across from the canal. They took five of the stuntmen to the top of the building to map out the shot. After they explained what they wanted through an interpreter, each of the stuntmen backed away from



"Oh, it's you!"

the building's edge, shaking their heads. "We were surprised by their trepidation," says Weintraub. "It was a short, four-foot drop, a pretty standard stunt." Finally, one of the men stepped forward and said, "Okay, I'll do it, but it's going to be hard to reach the water from here on this roof." Weintraub says, "I was dumbfounded. Not only because they all thought we were crazy enough to ask them to take such a hazardous fall but also because one of them was actually crazy enough to do it."

Realizing how valuable the stunt crew was to the success of the movie, Lee was exceedingly loyal and solicitous, eating a box lunch with them every day instead of dining in the hotel restaurant with the Americans. It was a kindness remembered by one of the dozens of stunt boys who worked on the movie, someone so insignificant to the production that no one remembered him until much later: Jackie Chan. "He was very good to us, the little people," Chan writes in his memoir, *I Am Jackie Chan*. "He didn't care about impressing the big bosses, but he took care of us." Watch closely during the battle scene in Mr. Han's underground compound and you can spot Lee whipping a young Jackie Chan around by his mop of black hair and snapping his neck. During the first take, he accidentally cracked Chan in the face with his nunchakus. "You can't believe how much it hurt," Chan remembered. "As soon as the cameras were off, Bruce threw away his weapon, ran over to me and said, 'I'm sorry, I'm sorry!' and picked me up. Of all the things Bruce did, I admire him most for his kindness that day."

Accidents are inevitable on a kung fu movie set. The most legendary one occurred between Lee and Bob Wall in their climactic fight. The scene called for Wall to break two glass bottles and jab one at Lee, who would kick the bottle out of Wall's hand and follow up with a punch to the face. After several rehearsals Lee's kick missed and his fist slammed into the bottle's jagged edge. "Bruce was very angry with Bob Wall," says Chaplin Chang, who drove Lee to the hospital. "He said, 'I want to kill him.' But I don't think he meant it. My wife often says she wants to kill me, but she never does it." Morgan says, "Was Bruce pissed off? Yes. But he knew it was an accident. He was mostly angry because we were going to lose two days of shooting."

The rumor that Wall purposely injured Lee and Lee intended to murder Wall was fed to the Hong Kong press to hype the movie. By the time Lee came back to the set, his ever-loyal Chinese stunt crew expected their champion to exact revenge. Although he came up with a face-saving excuse—"I can't kill Bob, because the director needs him for the rest of the movie"—Chinese honor required some form of payback. The scene called for Lee to side-kick Wall hard enough in the chest to send him flying into a crowd of Han's men. Lee didn't hold back. "They put a pad on Bob," recalls stuntman Zebra Pan in Bey Logan's *Hong Kong Action Cinema*, "but he took off like he'd been shot when Bruce kicked him! And Bruce insisted on 12 takes!" The force of Lee's kick was so great that Wall flew into the crowd, breaking a stuntman's arm. "We're talking complex break—bone through skin," says Wall. "That's when everybody went, 'Holy shit.' I don't think they realized how hard Bruce was hitting me until then."

WAN CHAI GIRLS

Navigating the tricky terrain of Chinese face required the producers to turn some tricks when it came to hiring Han's harem for the banquet scene. No Chinese actresses were willing to play prostitutes in an American film, so producers were forced to hire the real thing. Responsibility for soliciting the prostitutes fell to Morgan, who knew his way around Hong Kong's nightspots. The difficulty wasn't finding them—along with Bangkok, Hong Kong was an R&R pit stop for American soldiers serving in Vietnam—it was convincing them to take part in the movie. "Never mind what they did for a living. That stayed between them and their customers. But if you commit it to film, how do you know your mother's and father's friends are not going to see it?" Morgan says. "They wanted to be paid more than I would've paid them if I wanted to sleep with them. To them, the indignity was far greater." When the stuntmen discovered how much the prostitutes were being paid, they nearly went on strike.

In the scene in which the three heroes are offered their choice of harem girls—a scene that has launched a thousand cultural studies Ph.D. theses—the white guy (Saxon) selects the white madam (played by actress Ahna Capri), the black guy (Kelly) selects four prostitutes, while the Asian guy (Lee) picks his fellow undercover agent (Chung) for a chaste discussion of strategy. The Chinese James Bond was a celibate. "He was a Shaolin monk," says Allin. "He was always meant to be: 'You have offended my family and you have offended the Shaolin Temple.'"

Sexual escapades continued off-screen too. "Jim Kelly screwed everything that moved in Hong Kong," says Heller. "He ended up in the hospital. We had a harness for him to hang over the acid pit for his death scene, but he couldn't wear it, because he was so sore. We had to specially make a cargo net for him."

It was 1973 and everyone on set seems to have enjoyed the era's freedom, including the Shaolin monk. At the beginning of the shoot, Lee went through a tumultuous breakup with his mistress, Betty Ting Pei, after news of their affair broke in Hong Kong's tabloid press. "I had a nervous breakdown, ended up in the hospital," Ting Pei tells me—the first time in 40 years she has discussed the details of their romantic relationship with a Western journalist. "Bruce didn't call me for three months during *Enter the Dragon*. I felt so depressed. I thought we were finished."

Lee apparently agreed. A collector of PLAYBOY magazines, he wanted to enjoy



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the Playboy lifestyle and the fruits of his movie star success after years in Hollywood's desert. "Once in a while Bruce would say, because we had a bunch of Chinese girls there, 'Why don't we go out with some of them?'" says Saxon.

GAME OF DEATH

Like an Old West gunslinger, Lee was often challenged by young upstarts to see if he really had the fastest hands and feet in the East. He usually ignored the offers, smartly realizing there was no upside. If he lost it would be front-page news. If he won it would be front-page news that he'd bullied a hapless extra. But while filming the climactic final battle scene on Han's Island, with its tiers of stone walls, Lee grew tired of the extras, who had been recruited from local street gangs, taunting him as a fake, a movie star martial artist. "These guys were sitting up on the wall, bored out of their gourds, waiting for their turn to shoot. They were like, 'This asshole Lee needs 15 takes to do one roundhouse kick?'" Morgan recounts. "There was a lot of testosterone flying around, and Bruce was not afraid of people when it came to his martial arts skills. He was the real deal. The kids were shooting off their mouths, not realizing that Bruce had very good hearing. Bruce said, 'Oh, you think you're so good? Come on down.'"

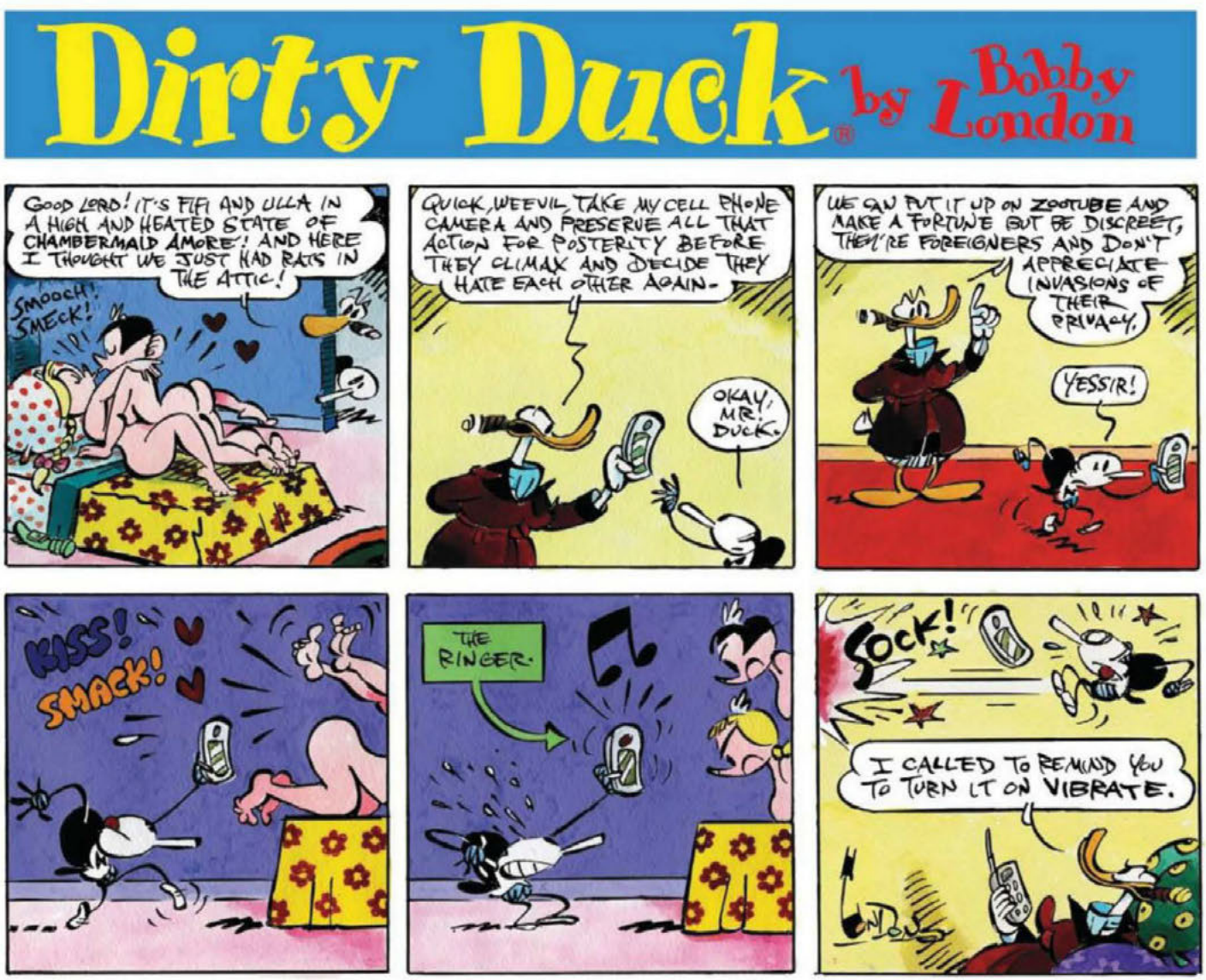
As witnesses later recalled, the kid came after Lee hard and fast, really looking to hurt. But Lee, the older master, methodically took him apart. Lee turned the duel into a private lesson, at one point correcting the kid's stance. Afterward, the kid bowed to Lee and said, "You really are a master of the martial arts."

But watching the opening scene, which Lee wrote and filmed himself after the American crew had returned home, it is impossible not to see how thin and pallid he had become during the shoot. "He'd lost a lot of weight," Sammo Hung, a rising kung fu comedy star and the scene's co-star, later remembered. "I noticed that the pupils of his eyes were enlarged, making his eyes seem very dark." Lee was suffering from migraines and self-medicating with Alice B. Toklas hash brownies. On May 10, 1973, while dubbing scenes in Golden Harvest's studio, Lee collapsed and had to be rushed to the hospital—"I drove him in my car," says Chow. Lee nearly died of an acute cerebral edema, excessive fluid surrounding the brain.

Dr. Don Langford, testifying in the Hong Kong government's inquest into Lee's death, explained, "We gave him a drug (Mannitol) to reduce the swelling of the brain which we had detected." Deeply shaken by the experience, Lee flew to Los Angeles after his release for a full physical. Doctors detected nothing wrong and told him he had "the body of an 18-year-old." "He was in very high spirits when he came back to Hong Kong," said his older brother Peter Lee in Alex Ben Block's 1974 biography. A test screening at Warner Bros. of *Enter the Dragon* had been a big success—everyone felt they had a huge hit on their hands. Lee had also rekindled his relationship with Ting Pei. "One day he called to tell me he had finished his film," she explains. "He came over and we were back together again. I was so happy."

On July 20, 10 weeks after his first collapse, Lee attended a meeting with Chow, Morgan and George Lazenby, the actor who had just played James Bond, to discuss potential ways to fit Lazenby into Lee's next movie, *Game of Death*. "We sat around shooting the shit. That was the famous Bruce having a little munch on his hash," Morgan says. "He was having a headache, and he asked for some codeine, but I didn't have any."

After the morning meeting, Chow and Lee went over to Ting Pei's apartment,



ostensibly to talk about the script. Lee had offered her a major role. When he complained about his head, Ting Pei gave him Equagesic, a prescription pain medication that combines aspirin and the muscle relaxant meprobamate. "It's what my mother used all the time," Ting Pei says. "Bruce had also taken it before." The three of them had plans to go to dinner with Lazenby to celebrate. "When Bruce said he had a headache and wanted to lie down for a while, Raymond probably thought it was an excuse. He maybe thinks Bruce probably wants to...." Ting Pei trails off, smiling. "So Raymond jumped up and said, 'Okay, I'll go first.'"

When Lee failed to show up for dinner, Chow called Ting Pei and she told him he was sleeping. Then she called back in a panic to tell Chow she couldn't wake him. Ting Pei called her personal physician. Chow raced across town. When Chow arrived, Lee still couldn't be roused. By the time an ambulance arrived it was too late. Why an ambulance was not called earlier is still a sore subject. When I broach the topic with Ting Pei, she yells at me. Chow's answer: "Nobody ever thought, I'm sure, Ting Pei or myself, never even dreamed he might be dead. Well, he fell asleep. Okay, he'll wake up and get back to work. You never really dream of such a terrible thing."

The cause of death was conclusive: acute cerebral edema, the same thing that had nearly killed him 10 weeks earlier. What caused the cerebral edema is still a topic of controversy. The coroner's report found two things in Lee's stomach: Equagesic and traces of cannabis. The grief-stricken Chinese public—unable to accept that their invincible hero, a 32-year-old man at the height of his physical powers, had died suddenly for no obvious reason—erupted in outrage and accusations of foul play. A government inquest held to pacify the furor concluded that the edema was the result of a "hypersensitivity to either meprobamate or aspirin or a combination of the two contained in Equagesic." R.D. Teare, a forensic medicine expert at the University of London, supported the conclusion but noted that "hypersensitivity in this case is very rare indeed." The court's findings satisfied almost no one—rumors, wild conjecture and conspiracy theories continued unabated. Forty years later there is still no consensus on the cause of Lee's death. It remains a mystery.

What isn't a mystery is the reason for *Enter the Dragon*'s success: Bruce Lee. He was the first Asian American actor to embody the classic Hollywood definition of a star—men wanted to be him and women wanted to sleep with him. With his cocky smile, come-fight-me hand gestures and graceful but deadly moves, the chiseled Lee gave Chinese guys balls. "We lived in Alameda, near Oakland, where the Black Panthers came from," says Leon Jay, a prominent martial arts instructor. "Before *Enter the Dragon,* it was 'Hey, Chink,' and after Bruce's movies came out it was like, 'Hey, brother.'" But his appeal transcended race. "Every town in America has a church and a beauty parlor," says Weintraub. "Now there's a church, a beauty parlor and a karate studio with a picture of Bruce Lee."

ARMIE HAMMER

(continued from page 110)

but I used to like to be a dominant lover. I liked the grabbing of the neck and the hair and all that. But then you get married and your sexual appetites change. And I mean that for the better—it's not like I'm suffering in any way. But you can't really pull your wife's hair. It gets to a point where you say, "I respect you too much to do these things that I kind of want to do."

Q6

PLAYBOY: And how does she respond?

HAMMER: The two us will literally break out laughing in the middle of it, finish up and be like, "Well, that was oddly fun!" So it becomes a new kind of thing that's less about "I want to dominate you" and more about both of us having a really good time. It's just a different style.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Where does your obsession with tying knots come from?

HAMMER: Maybe it's a man's version of knitting. It's fascinating because you can pick up a piece of rope and know that if you do this, then this, then A, B, C, you'll get X every time. There are no variables in rope tying. It's all logic, and it's incredibly useful.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Should we assume those rumors about you playing the lead in the movie version of *Fifty Shades of Grey* are all false?

HAMMER: No one actually offered me the movie, but while I was working on *Lone Ranger* my agent brought it up, and I said "Nope." I mean, come on—it's just mommy porn. I'm not going to sit on top of the laundry machine in spin cycle reading about putting a ball gag in someone's mouth. That doesn't do it for me.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You became famous playing the super-rich, super-entitled Winklevoss twins in *The Social Network,* the movie about the birth of Facebook. One of your great-grandfathers was Armand Hammer, the illustrious oil baron, philanthropist and art collector. How did you not become a Winklevii type?

HAMMER: My mom made sure I went to regular schools and not the ones parents send their kids to in L.A. to train them to become douchebags. The whole time my brothers and I were growing up, her thing was, "You're no different or more special than anybody else."

Q10

PLAYBOY: What do you remember about your great-grandfather?

HAMMER: He had a plane, and I remember running up and down its aisle. He was a really eclectic, funny dude. On his plane he'd have a giant bowl of caviar, a giant bowl of lobster and then a humongous bowl of Kentucky Fried Chicken. And he could give a shit about the caviar or the lobster; he wanted to eat that fried chicken. That



was his happy place. I think that's probably where I get my love for McDonald's.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You love the yellow arches?

HAMMER: I have the most guilty, abusive relationship with McDonald's. Left to my own devices I'd probably eat four Big Macs a week. My wife, Elizabeth, says, "You can't fill your body with that crap—they put eyeballs in it!" And I go, "Sounds good!"

Q12

PLAYBOY: You own a restaurant, Bird Bakery, with your wife in her hometown of San Antonio. How do you keep yourself in shape when it's time to film?

HAMMER: For a male actor the trick is to enjoy life so you know you're always about two weeks away from being "beach ready." I mean, do you know how often those people have to think, What if I *eat*? It's a lot, and I don't want to think about myself as often as it is necessary to think about yourself in order to keep a six-pack all the time. I'd rather enjoy meals, order bottles of red wine and eat crème brûlée at the end of dinner. Then when they call you for a photo shoot, you just go, "Okay, time to hit the treadmill."

Q13

PLAYBOY: Lately horse meat has been finding its way into foreign hamburgers——

HAMMER: Which will make me a stallion, so I'll take it! You know, in places like France eating horse is totally acceptable. Elizabeth says, "You cannot say that—you're the Lone Ranger!" [*laughs*] But horse meat is apparently delicious and nutritious. It's funny: When we were eating at a burger joint with the cowboys in *Lone Ranger,* I point-blank asked, "Did you ever eat a horse?" And every one of them said, "Oh hell yeah, man—that's good eatin'!"

Q14

PLAYBOY: What else did the cowboys teach you?

HAMMER: When we showed up at cowboy camp they said, "Here's your saddle and your bedroll." I said, "Seems kind of thin for a bedroll." The guy got in my face and screamed, "You're a fuckin' ranger, man! You lay down and cover up your ass. Are we clear?"

Q15

PLAYBOY: So it was a rough shoot?

HAMMER: They beat the shit out of us, dude. We filmed in Utah, Colorado and New Mexico, among other places, and when we started it was cold enough to get shut down by blizzards. Then there were windstorms, then sandstorms, then electrical storms. In New Mexico they laid five miles of train track so we'd have our own rail to shoot on, and Johnny and I spent weeks just running on top of trains. One day it got to 120 degrees, and I was wearing this wool suit, leather gloves, leather mask and hat for 14 hours of daylight. I got so skinny they had to put new holes in my belts.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Give us an example of young Armie as a middle schooler.

HAMMER: I almost got kicked out of eighth grade for selling PLAYBOY. Me and this guy had a ring where we'd bring magazines packaged with a bottle of lotion to school—brilliant business plan, wasn't it?—and sell them to the kids for $20. Then I got called into a teacher's office. He said, "I've heard you're bringing in these nudie magazines." I said, "Nope, not me." He went, "So you wouldn't mind if we checked your locker?" Which he then went and did. We'd stashed the actual magazines in bushes by the school, but there was a ton of lotion in the locker. All he could say was, "Why do you have so much lotion?" I said, "I get dry hands." [*laughs*] They couldn't prove I was selling the magazines, so I got away with it. Fun!

Q17

PLAYBOY: You're six-foot-five, yet you drove up for this interview on a Vespa. What's a king-size dude doing on such a pint-size bike?

HAMMER: The usual joke is that I'm compensating for my huge penis. We'll skip that one, though, and say it's for ease of commute. I'm obsessed with Vespas—there's just no faster way to get around Los Angeles.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You and your wife once bought each other guns for Christmas. Are you a big gun lover?

HAMMER: I wouldn't necessarily say I'm a gun lover—I'm a gun appreciator. I appreciate their function, the way they've evolved and the mechanics of them. I'm not sure I think anybody should be able to just walk into a gun store and walk out with a gun, but statistically, if you look at places where people are the most armed, there's less crime. I'm by no means advocating a completely armed society, but at the same time, I appreciate the recreation of guns. Going out and skeet shooting can be a fun, adrenalized time. My wife and I were supposed to go skeet shooting on our first date, but it started to rain so we ended up going to a bunch of art galleries and then a porno store instead.

Q19

PLAYBOY: In 2011's *J. Edgar,* directed by Clint Eastwood, you play Clyde Tolson, the associate director of the FBI, opposite Leonardo DiCaprio's J. Edgar Hoover. No one knows for certain, but the two were so inseparable that many assumed they were lovers. The movie hints that the answer is yes. Where do you stand?

HAMMER: On set I'd always say, "Clint, what do you think? Did they ever bang?" And he'd go [*in a heavy Eastwood whisper*], "I don't know. I don't think so." Then I'd ask Leo, "So what do you think? Did they ever do it?" And he'd go [*takes a deep breath*], "I don't know…maybe." But I was like, "Oh yeah, they did it for sure!" That was my standpoint, 100 percent. Like maybe one night they had a few too many martinis and all of a sudden [*mimes passing out and waking up*], "Oh! What did we just do? Oh my God, that felt so good! And so bad! I hate you, I love you, get away from me, get over here!" One of those things, you know?

Q20

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand on marriage equality?

HAMMER: I don't think anybody should be telling anybody else who they should marry or not marry. That's my official standpoint. This is social evolution, and the thing with evolution, whether you look at it in terms of a plant or a species or a mind-set, is it will always take time. But you just want to say, "The debate's over, folks. Get used to it."



"This is another one of your little signs I'm supposed to pick up on, isn't it?"

BREWSTER'S ARK

(continued from page 126)

the dream of one of the world's most determined cultural archivists, Brewster Kahle. An MIT graduate and Silicon Valley entrepreneur, Kahle has spent more than $3 million out of his nonprofit to buy and operate this facility. He devised the archive as a sort of data backup, apparently, to his online archive, which preserves web pages (150 billion and counting), concerts (including nearly 10,000 Grateful Dead recordings) and films (more than 500,000 of them)—all of which are available free to the public. You might say Kahle has a weakness for collecting things. You might also worry about ulterior motives. Regardless, his warehouse has quickly become the nation's largest repository of unsold, unwanted, secondhand, duplicate and deaccessioned library books—which suits him just fine. "We'll take everything," he claims. "Our goal is one copy of every book. Every book in every language. Every book in the world."

•

Each day brings more grim news for lovers of the printed word. Breakout sensations such as *Fifty Shades of Grey* occasionally revive the flagging publishing industry, but major publishers, after decades of consolidation, are declaring bankruptcy and shutting down. Brick-and-mortar bookstores are disappearing fast. Of the big booksellers, Amazon—an idea more than a place, a multitiered distribution center, like the internet itself—holds the lion's share of the market. Public libraries, faced with ever-tightening budgets, have reduced buying, shortened hours and converted their reading rooms into glorified computer terminals. Librarians used to help customers find physical books—now they spend most of their time thinning holdings and helping patrons get online.

If publishers are folding, bookstores closing and libraries decreasing their holdings, what is happening to all the books? Many are being sent to Kahle. After watching Boston's books disappear into his warehouse, I find the operational manager of the archive, Sean Fagan, in his office.

Fagan is a young, stubble-faced former scribe from Kahle's southern California operation. Not surprisingly, his office is full of books. He has built an ottoman out of volumes the archive already has in storage—a 1928 copy of *Don Quixote, The Modern Music Series Primer* and *Practical German Grammar,* to name just a few—glued into a cube, attached to a plywood base and outfitted with wheels. Against the wall of his office, from floor to ceiling, he has almost 400 copies of *The Da Vinci Code.*

"We get a couple of those a month," he says with a sneer. "I'm thinking of making a bench out of them."

"Which libraries send you books?"

"Carnegie, Penn State, universities all over the place. We get 10,000 to 15,000 books a week. All the state libraries give us stuff. California just gave us another shipment. Want to see what they sent?"

I follow Fagan down a long dusty corridor, back toward the loading dock. (Normally he gets around the place by foot scooter.) We keep walking, and every time I turn around I come up against more books. There are books spilling out of cylindrical containers, plastic crates and bankers' boxes, books stacked against water pipes, books jumbled in sorting bins and lying on the cement floor, their pages fluttering in the stable microclimate.

"As you can see, it's kind of an airport hub here," Fagan shouts as we arrive at the main warehouse. "We have the capacity for 3.5 million, but Brewster thinks we're going to need more room. Only four of us are here full-time."

I ask him how he likes his job, but I don't think he hears. He's on his way to the shipment from the State of California. On the way we pass the archive forklift, temporarily at rest, followed by huge columns of shrink-wrapped books destined for "deep storage"—in other words, forever.

Kahle's archive has given libraries the opportunity to cut costs, perhaps at the expense of the reader. Research libraries must accept the "hard reality of off-site storage," Harvard library director Robert Darnton recently wrote. The main branch of the New York Public Library moved more than half its holdings—3 million volumes—to a storage facility in order to trim its budget and make room for a circulating library. These books may one day become available online. But does the average patron of a public library own a digital reading device? What will be the quality of their reading experiences? And how can people browse books that aren't physically there?

Fagan and I arrive at a long row of boxes against the wall. California's books are waiting to be checked against the archive database for duplicates, given a bar code and digitized. I pull out a sample volume bound in cheap plastic. It looks as though it has never been opened: *Measurement of Zooplankton Biomass by Carbon Analysis for Application in Sound Scattering Models. Master's Thesis, Naval Postgraduate School, Monterey, California, 1974.*

I enjoy a good read, but I don't feel like tucking into this particular item. A few boxes down I notice antiquated large-format books bound in leather.

"It's too bad the state didn't have room for these," Fagan says, carefully opening one of the volumes. He gestures for me to come nearer. "Look, it's the London *Times.*"

There they are, real newspapers, beautifully bound and tariff-stamped with the names of the reading rooms they were originally meant for. ("Smoking Room" is my favorite.) They date back to 1833. For years these newspapers would have told the readers of California the news from London just as it appeared to the Londoners themselves. The pages are thick and crisp, lovely to behold. They have ads for London-specific businesses. I want to take one of the volumes to a leather chair, pour myself a single malt and browse. The events of March 4, 1833 are chronicled in black ink, still dark and legible, printed in the original Times Roman typeface:

"Charge of Child Murder: Jane, the wife of Joseph Hague, age 20, indicted for casting her child into a certain privy...."

"Hunting Appointments: His Majesty's staghounds, Monday, at Ascot Heath...."

"A review of the Rossini opera *Matilde di Shabran* at the King's Theatre: As a production, this opera far outdoes in extravagance and absurdity anything we have seen. Fine music ought not to be bestowed on such subjects; it is unfitting to the living and the dead...."

"I think we're building a special scanner for these books," Fagan says somewhat doubtfully. His name is called over the loudspeaker. "Hang on a sec. Another shipment's just come in."

"More books?"

"More books," he says. He starts off toward the loading dock.

"Why is Brewster doing it?"

Fagan looks at me in surprise. "He wants to create the next Library of Alexandria."

"But this isn't exactly a reading room. Can't he donate these books after scanning them? He wouldn't have to pay for storage."

"You'll have to ask him that yourself," he says and takes off at a sprint. The forklift operator is running too. They look like a couple of excited kids.

I linger at the edge of the book islands that dot the warehouse floor. A metal ladder rises to a storage platform where more books stand on pallets, ready to be turned into time capsules. Literary treasure sits inside those boxes—Shakespeare plays and forgotten classics, official maps and obscure drawings, Bibles and pulp, science and fiction, dog-eared poems and wine-stained prose. "Every word was once a poem," Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote. Maybe this is where all words are destined to retire, the city of Richmond. Whole libraries are being buried like Egyptian mummies.

As I wait for Fagan I hear a strange warble, like an Arabic ululation. It's the circular exhaust fans, whirring in odd intervals, creating an otherworldly atonal fugue. I wonder if any crows are up there, dropping bullets. Fagan told me he doesn't know why the birds do this or where they find the casings. He told me a scanning engineer became so entranced by the archive that he stayed here day and night, by himself, for months. Along the metal rafters, computerized climate monitors measure my body's impact on the humidity. Suddenly I am uneasy being in the warehouse alone. I worry the forklift operator might mistake me for a book.

I wander around, looking for Fagan. I walk past an open box of women's shoes. Another box holds rotary telephones. (As people learn about Kahle's penchant for collecting, his repository has become something of a dumping ground for dead people's attics.) The shipping containers tower in the center of the facility—30 of them, with a further 28 on order—certified by the Port of Oakland, primed, painted gray, treated with sealants to protect against everything from fire to dry rot. I notice one has its door open. I cross the loading dock and step inside.

It's cold inside a shipping container. All sensations—colors, smells, sounds—are collapsed into a dark void. A shipping container feels as though it might preserve

something, anything at all, until the end of time. I make out endless rows of cardboard boxes. Near the front is a box overflowing with reels. The shipping label reads PENN STATE FILM ARCHIVE. Titles include *Across the Silence Barrier* and *The Year of the Wildebeest.*

Someone taps me on the shoulder, and I wheel. It's only Fagan. He looks tired from his journey across the warehouse floor, and as he glances down at the films at our feet, he's still panting. "We're supposed to watch these, one of these days," he says. "Put up a projector. See what it is we've got."

•

I take a cab over the Bay Bridge. I want to meet Brewster Kahle, the man behind the books. It's a sunny afternoon, and I'm grateful to be moving through open air. As my driver hurtles into San Francisco, down into this glittering city of pioneers and radicals and offbeat billionaires, I think of all those books back in their shipping containers. What in the world is Kahle doing?

Public libraries first appeared in Victorian England. A component of British social policies aimed at "mutual benefit," libraries grew out of the belief that people without education needed the means to learn. For a small fee, circulating libraries lent out music scores, songbooks, folios of caricatures, even instruments. Not everyone thought positively of expanding public literacy. Thomas Goulding's polemical pamphlet "An Essay Against Too Much Reading" argued, "'Tis not drinking and whoring, as your old sots attribute it to, that invigorates the spirits, and causes quick flights; they run to the libraries, which confounds all again." Libraries have always encountered various forms of hostility—mostly due to the tax burden on the public—but for many people they remain places of refuge to sit down, without charge, and read.

It has been reported that Kahle is building his ark to guard against a "digital disaster" like an electromagnetic pulse. A burst of radiation from a solar flare or a nuclear attack has the capacity to burn microchips and circuitry; experts contend data loss can be minimized with countermeasures. Others suggest Kahle is inspired by the Svalbard Global Seed Vault in arctic Norway, which houses the seeds of almost every plant on earth. But the Svalbard vault is designed to avert a global food crisis. Does anyone worry about the scarcity of physical books? Even Pulitzer Prize winner Junot Díaz writes, "Most people don't spend two or three hours thinking or reading. Books seem to be artifacts from a slower time."

My driver tears across the city. He barrels down Geary, runs a red light and narrowly avoids an elderly man coming out of a restaurant. Finally he pulls up outside what looks like a temple—a hulking, chalk-white edifice with ornate neoclassical columns overlooking the cypress trees of Golden Gate Park.

"Here we be," the cabbie says, pushing back his cap. I remain in the backseat, deciphering his words of existential wisdom.

The headquarters of Kahle's Internet Archive occupy a former Christian Science church. In the annex next door, where the church's reading room used to be, a team of full-time scribes digitizes cultural ephemera. The day I visit there are 12 scribes, mostly young and surprisingly healthy looking, despite what must be the physically taxing job of scanning book after book, page by page, together with organizing the thousands of films, texts and audio recordings downloaded each day onto Kahle's rapidly growing archive. (Kahle's scribes operate in 21 locations in six countries, at a rate of 1,000 books a day. He even has a team inside the Library of Alexandria in Egypt.)

In the former reading room a female scribe is digitizing a squeaky film reel of someone's home movie of the Grand Canyon, summer of 1952. On the screen, a family waves at the camera from a picnic table. One man is shirtless. The frames of the film judder across his sunburned chest as he smokes his cigarette. Did this anonymous American have any idea, back then, that his family trip to Arizona would one day be placed onto a database for the world to peruse? Her face expressionless, the scribe keeps one hand on her mouse and another on the reel. On the wall above her chair a whiteboard notes equipment issues: "broken lightbulb," "dongle not recognized," "scribe lower pedal malfunction."

I leave the reading room and climb the marble steps to the giant columns of the church. I'm apprehensive—this is the control room of a repository much greater in kind than the Richmond facility, a place whose parameters I can't define, let alone escape.

An attractive assistant appears in the lobby. She shows me into an open office area where fresh-faced young professionals perch in ergonomic chairs within a white, sun-drenched room. I recline in a leather armchair. A Labrador pads over and falls asleep near my feet.

Soon an excitable man with a smile comes bounding over in blue jeans and a Hawaiian shirt. He sticks out his hand and laughs in a scratchy, high-pitched voice. "How many words they give you?" he asks, raising his bushy eyebrows above his eyeglasses. "What kind of angle you going to take?"

"I'm just trying to figure this place out," I confess.

He sits beside me and pets the dog.



"We're building an integration of machines, knowledge and people. It's the opportunity of our generation."

Kahle resembles a singer from a Beach Boys cover band. The 52-year-old silver-haired archivist sprinkles words such as *rad* and *cool* into scientific jargon. His impish eyes often make him look caught, like a boy with his hand in the cookie jar, a boy who tries to convince you the jar is his. Kahle studied under legendary mathematics genius Marvin Minsky, co-founder of the Artificial Intelligence Lab at MIT. (After graduating, Kahle got rich from his inventions. In one transaction alone he made a quarter of a billion dollars selling a search engine to Amazon.) I don't understand his motives. I ask why he dedicates so much time to archiving web pages.

"We want to create a valid historical record," he replies, waving his hands around the church. "We have a special role outside of commerce: preservation and access."

"Preservation of the web? What for?"

"George Orwell said something like 'Don't lose the past as you catapult yourself into the future.' You never know what people might need to look back at. We've already had an effect on transparency. We've changed White House press releases."

The motto of the Internet Archive is not short on ambition: "Universal access to all knowledge." The yearly operating budget of $10 million comes mainly from libraries and foundations paying to have materials archived. Kahle says his ultimate goal is to build a library of the future. The entity will function as a kind of "world brain" that "removes barriers between humans and intellects." Kahle doesn't think anyone, or any group, should monopolize information or own too much culture. He speaks glowingly of Napster, the music-sharing website credited with changing the industry before it was shut down for copyright violations.

"What about privacy? What if someone doesn't want their website uploaded to your database?"

"If it's in the public domain, we want it. But the world is shifting. In 25 years, it's going to be pretty uncomfortable for people like me. We respect people's requests. We remove things from the archive if people want us to, using robots."

A young man with spiky blond hair comes over and quietly asks Kahle to loan him $5 for lunch. I recognize him as one of the scribes from the reading room. "This is my son Caslon," Kahle says, taking out his wallet. "We named him after Benjamin Franklin's favorite typeface."

Caslon nods hello. He waits while his dad fishes out a five. Kahle recommends what to order at the Chinese restaurant and tells his son what time he wants him back at work.

"You named your kid after a font?" I ask after Caslon has left.

"I love books."

"Is that why you're storing them? Are you really worried about an electromagnetic pulse?"

"No. Only a little. I'm worried about data being wiped out by the stroke of a pen. If you look at the history of libraries, they're burned. And they're burned by governments."

"But surely people could be reading those books. They were once on shelves in a library, and now they're destined for deep storage."

"Libraries are throwing away books at a high velocity. We need a backup in case someone comes along and says, 'You didn't digitize that page accurately.' We e-loan our new books to the blind and the learning disabled. Also, we lend books to the Chinese."

"The Chinese government?"

"Yeah, their department of education pays us for large-scale loans, 100,000 or so at a time. They scan the books into their own digital library and send them back in good condition."

I try to fathom the logic of shipping bound copies of printed paper to China, 6,000 miles away, so that further digital copies can be made of books already scanned onto a public database. (Kahle also has a team of his own scribes in China, scanning their books onto *his* database. The reciprocal scanning arrangement provides additional revenue.)

"Come on," Kahle says, rising from his chair, "I'll show you the Great Room."

He hurries through the lobby, throws open a set of double doors and guides me into an enormous auditorium with a domed ceiling and stained-glass windows. Wooden pews stretch from the altar to the back wall.

"Look," he says, grinning. He points to two rectangular black boxes standing upright in the corner, flashing with blue lights. "That's two and a half petabytes right there—the primary copy of the archive."

"What are the blue lights?"

"Each time someone uploads or downloads something. We average 2 million a day."

I try to picture what 2 million "visitors" to this place, none of whom leave their physical homes, look like. Down near the altar are people, or what I think are people, sitting in the pews. I want to get away for a moment, to escape Kahle's manic enthusiasm for his peta boxes and collect my thoughts. I wander down the aisle, only to discover the people in the pews aren't moving. They sit rigidly, their faces turned toward the altar, mouths frozen into oddly painted smiles.

Kahle is right behind me. "What do you think of my statues? Aren't they rad?"

I look at their faces more closely. I recognize Sean from the Richmond warehouse—his stubbly face, his childlike eyes.

Kahle throws his head back in a laugh. "You work for me three years, you get a statue of yourself. Check it out—they're made of terra-cotta, just like the Chinese soldiers in Xi'an."

I had officially entered Kahle's virtual world. I must have looked a little pale. He places his hand on my shoulder and says it's time we had lunch. He reassures me that we'll have real food from a real



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restaurant and that it will taste better than I can imagine.

•

Maybe Brewster Kahle is just concerned about our cultural heritage. He distrusts the behemoth of the book-scanning world, Google Books. (As of March 2012, Google had scanned more than 20 million books with the cooperation of the world's most prestigious libraries, including Harvard's Widener Library. Many remain skeptical about Google's data mining, its supposed adherence to privacy and copyright laws and what it intends to do with our electronic reading trails.)

"They're locking up the public domain," Kahle tells me. "All the early press was that this would be open to all, but it's obviously not the case. We don't want central points of control—we want to scan every book beautifully and make them available to everyone."

I e-mail Danny Hillis, an inventor of the parallel supercomputer, to ask what he thinks of Kahle's archiving. He claims Kahle is a "rare visionary" whose collections have "created a priceless human resource that would otherwise have been lost to history." Kahle came up with the concept of the Rosetta Disk, stainless steel encrypted with 1,500 language exemplars embedded in nanoscale. Many of the world's languages are dying without a trace, so Kahle wants to bury the disk "somewhere in the desert" with a target reader of someone alive 3,000 to 5,000 years from now.

Even if Kahle's motives are selfless, why is he keeping all the books he scans? Is there any basis for his concerns about government book burning? I need advice. I fly to Los Angeles to meet a radical librarian.

I call my friend Tony. He's a highly paid information specialist for one of the biggest law firms in the city. He can find information on almost anyone, anywhere. (Recently a junior partner in the firm awarded Tony a $25,000 bonus for uncovering little-known facts about the layout of a certain celebrity's mansion to fight a lawsuit. The junior partner won the case.)

Tony is an information revolutionary, medical marijuana aficionado and occasional associate of the hacker group Anonymous. He wants us to meet in his tiny one-bedroom apartment between the movie studios of Culver City and the east side of Venice. The neighborhood gives him a perfect place to smoke, hack and read.

"The preservation of books is a realistic pursuit," Tony tells me. He gestures for me to come inside, and he locks the door. "It has to be done, the physical part. Good librarians are obsessed with preservation. Believe me, it's both madness and logical."

I've brought him a gift of Russian vodka. I pour out a couple of ice-filled tumblers. I join him on the sofa and watch him load high-grade medical marijuana into one of his 14 designer bongs—an "unbreakable" tempered-glass number, specially made in Germany to fit the exact contours of his palm.

"But why is he storing all these books himself?" I ask. "Why not just let the Library of Congress do it?"

"You think the guy's being paranoid?" Tony leans over and laughs in my face, bathing me in the remnants of his weed. "You need to read up, fool. Read the history of libraries and book burning."

He scribbles down the books I need to check out. I look across the carpet. Beside the TV stands an extensive collection of video games, most of them violent. On top of the game cartridges sits his stoned cat, staring at me with glassy eyes.

"There's this data bank in Arizona," Tony says, "and another one in Nevada. I used to use them all the time for work, and now they've gone dark. It's the government shutting them down, intercepting e-mails, phone calls, shutting down websites. People need to guard against this shit. If Kahle is collecting millions of books, he has his reasons."

•

I leave Tony's and take a drive. It's just before sunset, and before the night comes I want to visit my favorite reading room in the Pasadena Public Library, where I can browse in peace under the soft green lamplight. When I get off the freeway and hit what's left of the orange trees, the humidity slowly climbs.

Maybe it's the vodka and maybe it's the weed. Maybe the terra-cotta statues have frightened me into submission. I start to think Kahle could be a good guy. Recently he traveled to Bali to present to the islanders, free of charge, a digital record of their entire written culture—a record that until now had been moldering on the backs of palm fronds. The number of hours required for that kind of curatorial work must have been staggering.

"Much of what comes down to us from antiquity was held in small private libraries, where it was more likely to escape the notice of zealots as well as princes."

The Pasadena Public Library reading room is wood-paneled and furnished with leather armchairs. On the shelves you can find printed newspapers from around the world. There is a satisfying crinkle of paper pages slowly being turned. I find the books Tony recommends and bring them to an empty chair.

It turns out Kahle is right. Here in my favorite reading room I am on dangerous ground. The history of libraries is also the history of libraries being burned. Kahle doesn't want to protect our books from a natural disaster—he wants to protect them from ourselves.

The city of Alexandria in Egypt, home of the papyrus industry, was the hub of the Mediterranean book trade for more than 500 years. Ancient sources claim that Aristotle's private library furnished the seed collection from which the legendary library grew. It's said that more than 700,000 scrolls were kept in one building alone. Then in 641 A.D. Caliph Omar allegedly instructed his generals, "If what is written...agrees with the Book of God, the scrolls are not required; if it disagrees, they are not desired. Destroy them therefore." Omar's men packed up the holdings and carried them to the city's hot baths, where the ancient civilization's books fueled the furnaces for six months.

The Library of Alexandria's fate is not unique. Emperor Shi Huangdi, after connecting the stone fortifications that make up the Great Wall of China, decided to destroy all written texts that dated before his dynasty. Chroniclers say he ordered the largest book burning in history. Before the invention of paper, books in ancient China were composed of handwritten characters on strips of bamboo, sewn together with silk thread like Venetian blinds. The emperor burned them all, then rounded up more than 460 "masters"—scholars, physicians, writers—and buried them alive. (Shi Huangdi died returning from a campaign against peasant uprisings; the terra-cotta warriors buried in modern-day Xi'an supposedly guard his remains.)

The Spanish conquerors of Mexico, as they introduced the Bible, destroyed all the painted Nahuatl books they could find—invaluable codices that included the only written information on the very people they wished to assimilate. The Aztecs were probably not surprised by this tactic. Their ruler Itzcóatl ordered the burning of the books of the peoples he conquered, the nomadic tribes of Mexica. Even the book-collecting Romans, worried about Druidic prophecies, burned thousands of Druid texts. Their burning didn't help them avoid their own biblioclasms: Cicero's fabled Palatine Library, copied and maintained by educated Greek slaves, mysteriously burned to ashes, as did the Octavian Library built by the Emperor Augustus. The Library of Congress was burned by the British during the War of 1812. (It burned again on Christmas Eve 1851, destroying nearly two thirds of its collection.) More recently, the Nazis bombed and burned libraries (such as Louvain), as did the Taliban (in Kabul), and—regardless of the official explanation—U.S. forces incinerated dozens of copies of the Koran. State-funded libraries such as Pasadena's are under constant threat. As Harvard scholar Matthew Battles writes, "Much of what comes down to us from antiquity...was held in small private libraries tucked away in obscure backwaters in the ancient world, where it was more likely to escape the notice of zealots as well as princes."

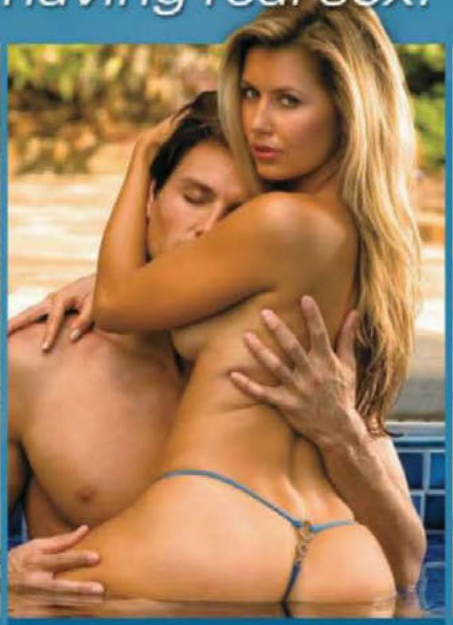
Brewster Kahle may be right to hedge our bets. With his odd obsession for time capsules, he may be the only sane pack rat with the resources necessary to safeguard the written word. Tomorrow's invaders will probably ignore his warehouse in Richmond as they go about burning our cultural treasures—and if the Library of Congress falls under the torch, Kahle's shipping containers, sealed in their windswept wasteland, may just survive.

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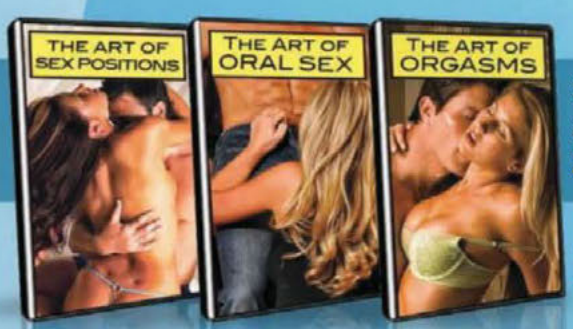
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DICEMAN

(continued from page 131)

Clay has been able to survive is that he knows what felled him wasn't a sudden loss of talent or jaded audiences or even new comedic fashions. What destroyed Andrew Dice Clay's career was a cultural war in which Clay found himself between two roaring armies, one conservative, one liberal, neither of which really understood him. In fact, you could say the Diceman was sacrificed on the altar of misunderstanding. His resurgence is certainly a function of a burgeoning sense of irony, of audiences that get what he is trying to do, but it is also a function of something deeper. Andrew Dice Clay is a living testimonial to survivability. If the Diceman didn't die, it was because he simply refused to die. And audiences now sort of know it. It's not just comedy anymore. It is respect.

•

When fans think about Andrew Dice Clay, one of the things they remember is "the Garden," which is almost totemic with him. He begins his Showtime special, the aptly named *Indestructible,* with footage of his appearance at Madison Square Garden back in February 1990, when he became the first and only comedian ever to sell out two shows at the world's most famous arena, though Clay is quick to add that he sold out even larger stadiums. That was the apex, not just of Clay's career but perhaps of any comedian's achievements, ever. There was a gold album produced by the legendary Rick Rubin, HBO comedy specials, a Hollywood movie—*The Adventures of Ford Fairlane*—directed by action maven Renny Harlin, who was fresh off *Die Hard 2,* and a hosting gig on *Saturday Night Live.* And there were the profiles, dozens of them. *Vanity Fair* touted Clay as "Hollywood's hottest comedian"—the consensus about him then.

But Clay was more than hot. He was one of those rare entertainers who become a cultural phenomenon. His comedy—which purported to be the comedy of unregenerate white male troglodytes, a comedy of derision that vented against everyone *but* white male troglodytes, a comedy liberally laced with "fuckin'" and "blow jobs" and "pussy" and "bitches," a comedy of the most graphic sexual depictions—shattered every taboo and pushed every envelope. He made Lenny Bruce seem like Jerry Seinfeld. He scandalized, he antagonized, he brutalized, and in the process he changed not only the subject matter of comedy, he changed its attitude and style. He called himself the first "rock-and-roll comedian," and he was.

To hear him tell it now, it had always been according to the Plan. When Andrew Clay Silverstein was a boy growing up in the Marine Park section of Brooklyn, he was a poor student ("*F* was the favorite letter on every test I took") and a terrible athlete and had no particular skills, save one. Andrew Silverstein knew in his bones that he could entertain. In fact, he felt he had failed at everything else only so he could succeed in entertainment. When he was seven his parents bought him a toy drum kit, promising to buy him a real one if he kept playing and assuming that, like most kids, he wouldn't. But he did, four hours a day for years, while his sister, who was three years older, sat in his room listening to him pound away. That's how he learned to become a drummer. Playing in the dance band at James Madison High School, he learned to become a showman. He took a 30-second drum solo at the spring concert and turned it into a three-minute Krupaesque virtuoso performance that had the crowd oohing, aahing and laughing. "That was the moment," he says, "I knew I could thrill the world."

Most would-be stars pose in front of a mirror or warble into a hairbrush, but Andrew Silverstein wasn't your typical showbiz dreamer. He not only knew what he wanted, he knew precisely how he was going to get it: He had the Plan. He couldn't do it behind a drum set, even though he spent two wild summers in the Catskills playing in a band. He had to do it where audiences could see him. So he abandoned the drums and began thinking about an act. He really didn't care what kind, and he really didn't think it mattered much. The Plan was that he was so good, the act would get him attention and win him popularity, and he would then parlay that popularity into an acting career.

That's another thing about Andrew Dice Clay: He never doubted the Plan would work. He had utter confidence that he was destined to be a star. He knew it. He was so cocky that when he was 16 and watching a Frank Sinatra special on TV with his girlfriend Sheryl Brown in her family's Coney Island apartment, he was thinking how great Sinatra was, but he was also thinking, I shouldn't be here; I should be up there.

For a while he worked at a haberdashery and then helped his father, who owned a process-serving agency on Court Street in Brooklyn. But these were just diversions as he waited for the Plan to take effect. He was driving home with a friend after seeing *Grease* at the Oceana Theater in Brighton Beach when the act suddenly came to him. He looked like John Travolta. Everybody said so. He was lean and handsome, and he had that same urban strut. And he could mimic Travolta. He sounded just like him. So, wearing a gigantic tuxedo shirt that hung down to his knees, he would take the stage as nerdy, bucktoothed Jerry Lewis from *The Nutty Professor.* "Actually, ladies and gentlemen, I am what you call a human pity," he would whine in Lewis's adenoidal voice. Then he would announce that he was mixing a potion, drink it, turn his back to the audience, rip off his shirt... and he would suddenly be transformed into John Travolta. "So you thought it couldn't be done," he would mumble to the audience in Travolta's voice. After a few jokes, up would come the music, and he would break into "Greased Lightning," complete with Travolta's gyrations and dance moves from *Grease.* When he debuted the act on an open-audition night in 1978 at Pips Comedy Club in Brooklyn, with his mother, father and sister in attendance, the mystified audience booed his entrance and yelled for him to "fuck off." But when he wheeled around as Travolta, puffed on a cigarette, stared them down and launched into his number, the crowd went wild. The act was only 10 minutes long, but that night the club booked him as its headliner. "From the day I went onstage, I was onstage every day," he says.

The Plan worked so well that at least as far as the local clubs were concerned, 20-year-old Andrew Clay, as he billed himself, literally became an overnight sensation, bringing home $600 a night from places named Electric Circus and Funhouse and from various discos in the boroughs.

It wasn't long before an L.A. comic named Mitchell Walters saw him and recommended him to Mitzi Shore, who ran the Comedy Store, which was the preeminent showcase for comedians in Los Angeles. Though Clay insisted he wasn't interested in being a comedian and wanted to be an actor—that was the Plan—he went to L.A. anyway and auditioned his Travolta act for Shore. Meeting him in the alleyway afterward, she was beaming. "You are a movie star," she told him. "There's never even been a comic that looks like you." Whereas most comics were plain or even funny looking, Clay had a smoldering handsomeness. He was charismatic. Shore made him a regular. "You could go on in front of her for 20 years and not be a regular," Clay says. He did it in a night.

Now he was a budding star. He lived behind the Comedy Store in the residence Shore owned to house her struggling comedians. Everything was painted red, and as he remembers it, there were mounds of cocaine (though Clay has never done drugs) and scores of women. "The chick came in; I'm getting laid," he recalls. "That's it. Just one after the other. When they do a movie of me, that's what you're going to see: girl after girl just falling back onto a bed."

But for Clay it was never about the perquisites of stardom. It was always about stardom itself—about the Plan. And what Clay came to realize was that he could never achieve movie stardom by imitating John Travolta. He needed something else. He needed movie executives to see him in character.

Now all he had to do was create one.

•

It may have begun with the Shed. The Silversteins were peripatetic. The family moved from Marine Park to Staten Island when Clay was seven, then five years later to Florida, where his father walked girders on construction sites, then back to Brooklyn to move in with Clay's grandmother and then to Nostrand Avenue back in Marine Park, which is when his father began his process-serving company. Fans, not knowing his real name, assumed Clay was a roughneck Italian, but he was a Jew who of necessity became a tough Jew. During his stay on Staten Island, where Jews were scarce, he'd had to battle his way to and from school. "All I know is that when they called my name, Silverstein," he remembers, "and I raised my hand, I knew there was going to be a fight."

The Shed was a tough Irish gang that got its name from a shed in Marine Park that became their hangout. Clay remembers one night his mother sent him to the

store, and on his way home the gang accosted him. When he refused to show them what was in the bag, they pummeled him—about 15 of them—then knocked him over and kicked him in the face, splitting it open. He had no sooner recovered from plastic surgery than the Shed attacked him again, blackjacked him on the head and sent him back to the hospital.

It was no wonder his heroes were sensitive tough guys—Travolta, Stallone, Presley, guys who could take care of themselves. And when he hunted for a stage persona that would catapult him to stardom, he determined he would do for comedy what Elvis had done for music. Other comics didn't really understand performance. They told jokes, but they didn't move, they didn't excite the crowd, they didn't create an experience. He would. And he decided that to do so, his stage character had to be larger-than-life, a kind of comedic superhero, a fellow who could tap the inner thug in every man in the audience who ever felt put-upon as Clay had been put-upon by the Shed—a character totally without fear. In fact, at the beginning, the idea of a metamorphosis from weakness to strength was so integral to his new act that he would take the stage as a nerd he named Moskowitz, who would transform—just as his Jerry Lewis morphed into Travolta—into a leather-jacketed, chain-smoking brute.

And that was how the Diceman was born.

Clay never rehearsed his routines—he still doesn't—never tried out jokes, never hired writers. He worked on the fly. The first time he appeared as the Diceman—he refuses to say how he came up with the name—was in late 1981 or early 1982, at the Comedy Store. He didn't even have the full costume yet, only a black vinyl jacket. But he strode to the mike and just stood there staring at the packed house. Then he flicked open his Zippo and lit his cigarette. Then he took a few puffs, letting minutes pass in silence. And then he began: "You know, I've been up here for, I don't know, two minutes, and I haven't told you any jokes. Sort of just been smoking a cigarette. But you see I could come up here, and *only* I could come up here, and sort of just smoke a cigarette for two minutes and yet keep your attention. And the *reason* I could do that, ladies and gentlemen, is the fact is...*I'm just that fuckin' good*. You've been a great crowd." And he left. The crowd loved it, and Clay knew it.

From there he began developing jokes—what he called "attitude jokes," because they were all dependent on attitude. "I know what you're saying: Cute comic, but he's got an attitude. It's where I come from. Jail. I was originally put in jail for killing my first wife. I never forget. I was in court, and the judge goes, 'Why did you kill her?' So I said, 'Hey, I needed the phone.'" With the attitude came the costume, and with the costume came the full performance, and with the full performance came the electricity. It got to the point where Mitzi Shore had to put him on last, after midnight, when the crowds had begun to dwindle, because no other comic wanted to follow him.

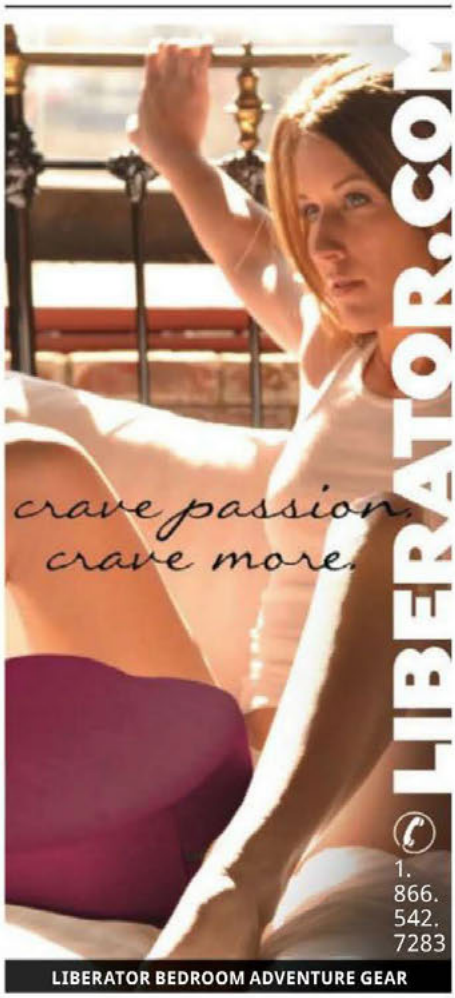
By this time, the Plan was working. As Deborah Miller, who headed the TV variety department at the William Morris Agency, puts it, "He was as much an actor as a stand-up." He had been spotted by talent agents and signed by William Morris, he was landing small movie roles playing variations on the Diceman, and he had won a regular part on the mob series *Crime Story*, which was produced by Michael Mann—the creative force behind *Miami Vice*—while continuing to do his Diceman routine during the series' hiatus. When Mann told Clay the show might be canceled after its second season, Clay took Mann aside and told him how unwise it would be for NBC to do that. "I'm going to be the biggest thing in the world," he said. NBC canceled it anyway.

What had given Clay this new boost of confidence was an HBO special hosted by Rodney Dangerfield that featured hot new comics and aired in February 1988. (An earlier Dangerfield special had launched Jerry Seinfeld.) Dangerfield had seen Clay's act at the Comedy Store and signed him up. ("Man, you're wild," Dangerfield said.) Dice killed on the show. He recited ribald nursery rhymes: "Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet/Eating her curds and whey./Along came a spider, he sat down beside her/And said, 'Hey, what's in the bowl, bitch?'" Or: "Jack and Jill went up the hill/Both with a buck and a quarter./Jill came down with two-fifty,/Oh, what a fuckin' whore!" Or: "Little Boy Blue,/He needed the money!" And his closer: "Mother Goose, remember her? I fucked her."

Again, Clay never doubted this would be his breakthrough. He even took out a full-page ad in *Variety*, just before the special aired, predicting his conquest: "Murphy and Pryor are great no doubt/But in '88 it is Dice they'll shout." After the Dangerfield special, "I didn't have a buzz," Clay says. "I had people screaming for me." He was immediately booked at Town Hall in New York and sold it out. Then he was booked at Rascals Comedy Club in New Jersey, and people lined up in the snow to see him. He played 28 shows. His agent, Dennis Arfa, who also repped Billy Joel, got him an engagement at a 500-seat theater in St. Louis, but Clay wasn't interested. He was thinking bigger. "You've got to make believe you're Colonel Parker and I'm Elvis Presley," he told him. So they made a deal. Arfa could pick any theater anywhere, and if Dice didn't sell it out, they would do it Arfa's way with smaller venues. Arfa picked a 2,300-seat venue in Phoenix, just because it wasn't Brooklyn or Jersey. Dice sold out three shows.

Meanwhile, about a month after the special, Clay got a call from Barry Josephson, who worked for Sandy Gallin, one of the biggest talent managers in show business, inviting him to attend an all-star benefit dinner but with a warning: If he was called up to the dais to perform and he bombed, "the game is over." Clay arrived as the Diceman in a black leather motorcycle jacket with an American flag on the back. After the MC, Carl Reiner, introduced him as an advisor to the Bush administration, Dice strode to the dais, slapped Jack Lemmon on the cheek, lit a cigarette and looked at Reiner. "I notice all night you've been telling little stories. Well, you know, I got a cute little story," he said,





pausing a beat. "I've got my tongue up this chick's ass." Clay says there was five minutes of laughter. "Well, you know how boring it is on line at the bank." He closed with a riff on the size of black men's penises and asked Sidney Poitier, sitting in the front row, to "throw it up here." When he left, Reiner retook the mike and said, "I don't know what just happened in this room, but I'm seeing these old cockers who I think are dead for the last 20 years, laughing their balls off, and all I can say is, in this room here tonight, this young man, Andrew Dice Clay, became a star."

Now came the deluge: the stadium concerts and a 26-city tour that ended with an HBO special of his own, the two shows at Madison Square Garden and finally the fulfillment of the Plan—acting in movies. Studios were vying for him with three-picture deals. Joel Silver, the action-film producer and an attendee at the benefit dinner, offered Clay *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane,* playing a character very much like Dice, and he took it. He saw it as his ticket to superstardom, to $5 million and $10 million pictures, to the end of stand-up and the beginning of acting, though clearly the idea was that he would be acting as Dice.

It was intoxicating. He was making as much as $500,000 a night as Dice and dropping or winning that much in a single sitdown at the blackjack table. Cher and Bruce Willis and Arnold Schwarzenegger came to see him, and he was hanging out with Stallone, who introduced him to a former Mr. Yugoslavia named George Pipasik—Pipasik had trained Stallone for *Rocky* and would train Clay for *Ford Fairlane*—and Mickey Rourke and Axl Rose, who would sometimes call him up in the middle of the night or come over to his Hollywood apartment and hang out, and later invited him to appear with Guns N' Roses at the Rose Bowl, where Clay performed before 70,000 people. Clay knew comedians didn't hang out with these sorts of folks. These were movie and rock-and-roll stars. One New Year's Eve, when Clay was playing Bally's in Las Vegas for the first time, Wayne Newton threw him a party and then grabbed him and drove him to the Sands, took him in a back entrance to an Italian restaurant and introduced him to Sinatra. And Sinatra took him aside, to an empty booth, just the two of them, and gave him advice about how to cope with being a phenomenon. "If you have any problems, call me," he said. It was surreal. And sometimes Clay would think of this new life and look out into the cavernous halls he was now playing—15,000 seats or 20,000 seats—and "I couldn't believe I had reached the goal I was aiming for."

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And then it all began to unravel, though "unravel" doesn't convey the rapidity with which it happened. As early as the Garden shows there had been rumblings of discontent. Jon Pareles's review in *The New York Times* was titled A LITTLE HATE MUSIC, PLEASE, and it opened with "When Andrew Dice Clay called himself 'the most vulgar, vicious comic ever to walk the face of the earth'... he left out two other adjectives: juvenile and calculating"—calculating because he "exploits the tensions that are arising as white heterosexual males find that the days of unquestioned dominance are over." Some of his shows were picketed. At a concert in Cleveland, 40 policemen packed his dressing room and demanded to know what he intended to say onstage.

But the real backlash came with his appearance as host of *Saturday Night Live* on May 12, 1990. Clay says he was called into producer Lorne Michaels's office the week of the show and told, after cooling his heels in the waiting room for an hour, that cast member Nora Dunn had decided she couldn't appear on the program with him and that the musical guest, Sinead O'Connor, had also left the show because of Clay's misogynistic, racist and homophobic humor. Clay had never heard of Nora Dunn—he didn't watch *SNL*—but underneath the bravado, he was hurt.

And then came the attacks. "The man who has turned comedy into a hate crime is being handed a passport to the center ring," snarled syndicated columnist Ellen Goodman. "The chain-smoking, leather-jacketed 'Diceman' is clearly a persona," wrote Caryn James of *The New York Times,* "but it is a role without any redeeming irony." *The Village Voice* described his act as "hour-long vituperations on women, dwarves, dogs, Latins, Pakistanis, Arabs...beggars, paraplegics and Oriental business acumen." Even the Borscht Belt comedian Henny Youngman weighed in with an op-ed eviscerating Clay and closing, "Be a mensch. Tell jokes. If you've got to go ethnic, take out the hate and bring us together."

In less than a month he had gone from being the hottest comedian in America to possibly the most reviled entertainer of all time. Certainly no one had ever had so sudden a career reversal. *Ford Fairlane* opened that July to harsh reviews—"a resounding belch from the belly of the new Neanderthal," read one—but fair box office. Still, the picture was pulled after a week. Clay says that Fox chairman Barry Diller called him into his office and explained that gay groups had threatened to pipe-bomb Diller's house. "I love you," Diller told him. "We all love you. But it's just too hot. We'll bring you back one day, but now is not that moment." But they never did, and Clay's film career was effectively over. Fox deep-sixed his concert movie, *Dice Rules,* too, keeping it out of release for nearly a year. "It was over for the industry," says Clay's former agent Deborah Miller. "The career was done. There was nothing to talk about. There was no reason to go see him." And if the industry exulted in his demise, so did his fellow comics who resented his success. "There was a cadre of comics who were gunning for his ass," says Roseanne Barr, a longtime friend. "They wanted to take him down." Now they did.



"Don't worry...this will go on overtime."

The funny thing was, stage persona aside, Andrew Dice Clay was basically an innocent, and he was blindsided by the attacks. Rather than let them go, he defended himself, insisting that his audiences were really laughing at themselves, that he was a conceptual comedian like Andy Kaufman, turning the audience reaction into part of the act, that no one could possibly have taken him seriously, that he was playing a character, that his comedy was observational, not hateful. "I didn't make up the fact that people use women for sex or that marriage can be horrible," he told the *Los Angeles Times*. To this day, Clay says, "Anybody buying a ticket to see me who thinks this is how I live my life and this is the gospel, well, I don't even want those assholes coming to my show. I'm not one of you." But his defensiveness only enlarged the target. When he appeared on *The Arsenio Hall Show* on July 10, two months after *SNL*, and drew the distinction between the Diceman and Andrew Clay as a guy who "believed in himself" and "became the hottest comic in the world" and then began to tear up, the audience began to titter. He had gone from Dice to Moskowitz.

Clay never understood exactly what happened to him. When he began he was a naughty Fonz, an X-rated Archie Bunker, Ralph Kramden with a lascivious streak. For all his macho bluster, or because of it, he was essentially a bozo—not only an expression of male insensitivity but a parody of it. Roseanne Barr says his act was basically "a Jewish guy seeing a non-Jewish world": the world of chest-thumping machismo. That was the joke. And you can hear in those early days, on his second album (whose title captures the idea: *The Day the Laughter Died*), that most of the audience seemed to get it; they are laughing at him more than they are laughing with him, moaning, "Oh boy" and "Oh man." Those who didn't became butts of the joke. When a woman gets up during the show, Dice says, "She's got some sense," and when another audience member yells, "You are such a jerk," Dice ripostes, "Maybe it was something I said." He was so aggressively offensive that he transcended real offense.

Clay thinks that what turned the tables was his success. As long as he was playing clubs, no one cared what he said. When he began playing stadiums, he was suddenly a cultural marker—a danger. He isn't entirely wrong. But the stadiums not only boosted his profile and made him a cause, they changed his relationship to the audience. The fist pumping, the chants of "Dice, Dice, Dice," the constant acclamation, in which one critic saw shades of Nazism, converted his show from routine to rally, from making fun of sexism, racism and homophobia to channeling them. Clay was certainly victimized by liberal anger at the post-Reagan years, for which Dice seemed an ugly avatar, but he was also victimized by his own obtuse reactionary audience, though he invited that victimization because he let audiences keep feeding his stardom. The Plan had been to become an actor. But the audience demanded that Dice be their spokesman, and as such he now often crossed the line between being funny and being cruel, as in routines about AIDS or midgets. As Deborah Miller sees it, "All the people who used to laugh at him being a loser—those aren't the people who were laughing now. The people who were laughing were the losers seeing another loser being a winner." And for this she blamed the managers who exploited Clay by turning him into a comic demagogue. "That was all about money."

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The house, which is off a cul-de-sac in a gated community near the Las Vegas Strip, is unostentatious, with a white stucco facade and a red tile roof and a silver mezuzah near the door. It is the sort of home you might expect a suburban office worker to live in, not the Diceman, and in fact the Diceman doesn't live here. Andrew Silverstein does. The only traces of the Diceman are the framed *Variety* ad and a gold record over the bar. Everywhere else are family photos. And while there are similarities between the Diceman and Silverstein—the accent, the love for women, the penchant for giving friends nicknames like Wheels, Happy Face (for his grim-faced bodyguard) and Club Soda—they are nothing alike. Dice is a heathen. Silverstein is typically described by friends as "sweet," "kind," "generous" and "loyal." He is without affectation. When his mother was alive, he would talk to her on the phone every night for hours. (Clay says she loved his act—except for his use of the word *pussy*.) He celebrates Passover and reads from the Haggadah. He pads around the house in sweatshirts, not motorcycle jackets. He creates mixtapes to provide a soundtrack for the day. He is an infrequent drinker. He seldom even curses.

In less than a month Andrew Dice Clay had gone from being the hottest comedian in America to possibly the most reviled entertainer of all time.

And he is a romantic. He married his first wife when he was still somewhat new to L.A. because she said she was pregnant and he wanted to do right by her. (They divorced shortly afterward.) He met his second wife when he was shooting *Crime Story* in Chicago and she was waitressing there. He later built her a nightclub in their guesthouse so they would have a place to retreat to, and for his third wife the bedroom in his Las Vegas home is outfitted with a red entry light, a faux-zebra spread, lava lamps, an oil painting of Marilyn Monroe over the bed and a sound system for nighttime mixtapes because, he says, you have to keep the romance in a marriage. "The guy who treats his girl as if she is just some fucking sperm deposit," he says, "that's the guy I don't want to know from."

Perhaps most incongruously of all for those who disparage the Diceman, Clay is a devoted father—actually *more* than a devoted father. When he and his second wife, Trini, divorced in 2002 after 16 years together, their sons, Max and Dillon, then 12 and eight, opted to live with Clay. He became a stay-at-home dad, taking them to school and picking them up and turning these rides into a show (Clay says, "There would be families looking at me like, 'There's the animal' "), attending their school functions, cooking for them (every variant of chicken, his sons joke), hanging out with them, giving them advice ("Always be a gentleman" and "No means no"), tucking them in at night.

Though Clay bought a home in the San Fernando Valley just a few blocks from his ex-wife, for a maternal touch he counted on Eleanor Kerrigan, one of 10 children from an Irish Catholic working-class family in Philadelphia. She and Clay had met at the Comedy Store, where she was a waitress and assistant to Mitzi Shore and a would-be comedian herself. She once babysat the boys for Clay when he was appearing in Las Vegas, but he and Eleanor, who resembles a young Bette Davis, became friends when he began hanging out at the club during one of his serial separations, with the boys either in bed or in tow, and he was trying to kill the night, asking Eleanor for advice on how he might woo his wife back. Eventually, as the years passed and the separation from Trini became irrevocable, the friendship turned to romance, even though Eleanor fought it, and they became a couple. Clay now says, "Eleanor brought those boys up. Hands down. Brought them up with me. She loves them like they came from her."

And all this time that he and Eleanor were raising the children—10 years—Clay let his career, which was already in steep descent, slide. "I didn't make career moves," he says. "I was doing gigs, but there really was no management. There was nothing." The boys were everything.

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And now he is roaring down Tropicana Avenue at midday—after show nights he doesn't get up until one or two in the afternoon—in a black 1996 Ford Bronco as big as a tank, a Dice car if ever there was one, blasting "Outlaw," which is a song from his sons' band, L.A Rocks, that suggests the anger and hurt of his long exile, an exile that began in the mid-1990s. "We would meet all these people in the industry," says Max Silverstein, now 22, "who were such big fans, and to me it was like, 'I don't get it. Everybody is such a fan. Why can't anybody do anything to further his career?' " Clay continued to work—he had a 13-year run at Bally's—but it was different than it had been before the media assault. He starred in a CBS sitcom in 1995 as a disgruntled postal worker, then rejoiced when the series was canceled after one season because he thought the show was dumb. He got another series, playing a record executive, which he liked better, but that was canceled too. And he had some close calls. There was a proposed concert tour with his friend Chris

Rock, but Clay says that Rock's manager, who had once managed him, held a grudge, and that was that. Another time, Eminem flew in from Detroit to discuss an album deal, but that fell apart too because the label felt Dice wasn't hot enough anymore. And that is how it went year after lean year.

Clay was bereft, but he kept picking himself up off the mat. "Look, you see how I'm not giving up," he would tell Max and Dillon. "I'm still fighting." The offers he did get were insulting: *The Surreal Life, Celebrity Fit Club,* a show sending up judge shows. He had signed up for his reality-TV series, *Dice Undisputed,* thinking he could use tapes he had been shooting of his own life, but the show made a mockery of him when the producers invented story lines and altered Dice's image by dressing him like a rapper. He did *The Celebrity Apprentice,* for which he got the call the night before the taping because, he assumed, someone had dropped out. Although he had never seen the show, he took it and was the first celebrity fired.

But it wasn't just the media hostility and industry humiliation that kept knocking him down. There was the turmoil in his marriage to Trini—he once canceled a 13-city tour because he was too emotionally spent to tell jokes—and the agony of the separations and finally of the divorce he never really wanted. "I was crazy about her," he says. "When I love somebody I try to give them the world." But something happened—to this day, he seems as baffled about it as he does about what happened to his career—and the marriage ended. "He was lost," Eleanor recalls. "He held it together mainly because of the kids." Eleanor moved in but finally decided to leave him to work on her career. When Clay heard she was relocating to New York, he proposed to her. The engagement didn't stick. They realized they were too good as friends to get married.

He drowned his sorrows in sex. After he and Eleanor broke up in 2007, Clay, at loose ends, "went through women like crazy," though he would "audition" them before Eleanor, seeking her approval. It was Super Bowl Sunday 2009 and Clay was eating a tuna sandwich with Max when he idly mentioned that they could be watching the game at the Playboy Mansion because Playmate and fellow *Celebrity Apprentice* contestant Brande Roderick was hosting a Super Bowl party there and had invited him. Max practically dragged him to the car. It was at the party that Clay met a beautiful young Mexican-Sicilian Jew from Los Angeles named Valerie Vasquez who had designed costumes for hostesses and waitresses at events held at the Mansion. Valerie, who is petite with lustrous black hair and looks like Mila Kunis, was only 24 at the time, less than half Clay's age, and she had no idea who he was, but the two hit it off, exchanged numbers, began dating and were married a year later on Valentine's Day in Las Vegas. She called him her "movie-star husband." Eleanor became her best friend, the two of them bonding over making chicken soup for Passover. The three of them are now practically inseparable.

Meeting Valerie salved Clay's broken heart, but he was also beset by a financial crisis. With the divorce, he had to sell his 8,500-square-foot Beverly Hills house, had to pay alimony and child support even though the children lived with him, had to buy a new house and then had to sell that to afford the house he bought in the Valley so his boys could be near Trini. The court decided to put the proceeds of his house sale in escrow to guarantee future alimony payments, and then the recession hit. He was crushed, especially with the slimmer paydays. Clay had given up smoking and forsworn gambling when he was caring for his kids. But after his father's death in 2011, he had begun smoking again, and with the pressing debt, he decided he needed to start gambling again.

So he headed to Vegas with Valerie in the summer of 2010 with a small grubstake, hit the blackjack tables and wound up making close to $1 million over the course of four months. He calls it his *Hangover* summer because it was a summer of extreme self-indulgence—one last blast. He bought himself three cars, ordered new furniture, moved from hotel to hotel and then from suite to suite. What he hadn't spent by summer's end, he lost to the tables.

"It's not about getting ripped," he says of working out. "Let's face it, Jews don't get ripped." It's a metaphor for show business. You can give up or keep going.

He returned to Los Angeles on a Monday, broke and basically hopeless, and was meeting Max at a Starbucks when an old friend, Bruce Rubenstein, whom Clay had known when Rubenstein worked for Mickey Rourke, walked in, his boots caked with mud from his new job as a contractor. They reminisced, exchanged numbers and met up again the next day. "The last time I saw you, you were on top of the world, and then you just disappeared," Rubenstein said. Clay told him about his travails, and all the while Rubenstein was half listening, texting on his phone. Rubenstein asked why he had never done *Entourage.* Clay said they had never asked him, and that's when Rubenstein told him he had just been e-mailing the show's creator, Doug Ellin, and Ellin, a fan, wanted to see Clay in his office the next day. Thus began Andrew Dice Clay's road back.

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Clay is working out at the Las Vegas Athletic Club—a cavernous gym decked out in muted pastels with neon accents for a bit of a retro look, which is certainly appropriate for the man exercising. He moves quickly from machine to machine, doing 21 reps at each—more than 500 crunches in all under the method he learned from George Pipasik years ago. This is where he retreated when he got the *Entourage* job, determined to be in shape, what he called "*Rocky* One" shape, and where he dropped 45 pounds and four inches off his waist. "It's not about getting ripped," he says. "Let's face it, Jews don't get ripped." But for him it's not just conditioning either. It's a metaphor for show business. You can give up or keep going.

When *Entourage* was about to air in July 2011, Clay warned his sons that he was likely to be skewered again. But he wasn't. After *Entourage,* on which Clay plays a version of himself, there was actually new enthusiasm for Dice. Clay began strategizing—playing a sushi bar at the Palazzo in Vegas, working up to the Luxor, then the Riviera, then the Hilton, then the Riv again and finally the Hard Rock Hotel—a rock-and-roll comedian in a rock-and-roll venue. He landed *Indestructible,* his first TV special in 17 years. (Eleanor opened for him and L.A Rocks played him on.) The autobiography he wrote in longhand to pass time during his exile was attracting interest, and he sat down with James Franco to discuss a movie about his life. Then came the call from Woody Allen asking if he wanted to read for a role in Allen's new film, *Blue Jasmine.* He landed it.

All this time Clay was retooling the act. He had learned from his two-year bout of dating before meeting Valerie that women had changed since the Diceman's heyday. While once he had demeaned them in his act as sexual playthings, he found that they were now the aggressors—the ones who used men as playthings. And he noticed that these blithe young women, and their boyfriends, appreciated his humor for what it was—not an angry gripe against male evisceration but a giant goof on changing sexual mores from an unregenerate caveman. For the first time in 20 years, Dice was no longer politically incorrect.

But he was working out now, straining and grunting and perspiring in a sleeveless sweatshirt and baggy black shorts, because he was in training. Andrew Dice Clay would be returning to the site of his greatest triumph. Andrew Dice Clay wants to return to Madison Square Garden, and he wants to be in shape—1990s shape. It is a passion. He lies in bed at night thinking about it, about how he hopes to make comedic history again. And lifting weights in that gym, he seemed to understand that in the end his story isn't really about sexual politics or the blurring of his stage identity and his real identity or liberal and conservative misapprehensions. In the end, even with threats of foreclosure and bills piling up and the tax man at his door, his story is about gutting it out, not letting anyone or anything get him down. "The real fans know about the career, know the history, know the survival in me," he says. They know that both the boorish Dice and the sensitive Clay have always been impervious. They know they were down but not out. And they know that the Diceman and Clay are finally back.

T.C. BOYLE

(continued from page 107)

had thrown at him as he was shrugging into his coat that morning for the drive to the station. "It's not as if you don't have a trunk full of awards already—awards you never even glance at, as far as I can see."

He had his hand on the doorknob, the slab of the door thrown back on the awakening light of a bitter morning desecrated with sleet, an inch of it already on the ground and more coming. "For the publicity."

"Publicity? What kind of publicity you think the Greater Stuyvesant area is going to give you? Nobody in New York's ever heard of it. I'll bet they've never even heard of it in Albany. Or Troy either. Or what, *Utica*."

"It all adds up."

"To what?"

He sighed. Let his shoulders slump into the cavernous hollows of the coat. "For the money then."

"The money? Two hundred fifty bucks? Are you kidding? That'd barely cover dinner at Eladio."

"Yes," he said, the draft raw on the left side of his face.

"Yes, *what*?"

"Yes, I'm kidding."

She might have had something more to say about it, but really, what did it bother her what he did—she had a car and a credit card, and a night alone never killed anybody—but she just bunched her chin and squinted her eyes as if to get a better read on him. The sleet whispered over the pavement. The air tasted of metal. "My God," she said. "What did you do to your hair?"

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He was in the club car, scarring his palate with superheated coffee out of a cardboard container and masticating an ancient sandwich advertised as chicken salad on wheat but which managed to taste of absolutely nothing, when a powerfully built middle-aged man came swaying down the aisle, pushing a boy before him. Riley glanced up, though he wasn't naturally curious, despite his profession. What he knew of people he knew from his early wild years—and from the newspaper and movies, or *films* as he liked to call them—and that had been enough to get him through 14 novels and counting. He believed in giving people their space, and if he didn't really have much use for the rest of humanity, that was all right—he led a pretty hermetic existence these days, what with his books, the cats (six of them) and Caroline, Caroline, of course. He liked to say, only half joking, that he resented strangers because they always seemed to be in his way but that he was willing to tolerate them—and here he'd shrug and grin—because, who knew, they might just buy his books.

At any rate, there was something about these two that caught his attention, and it might have had to do with the fact that they were the only other people in the car but for the attendant, a recessive little man of indeterminate age and origin who looked as if he'd rolled over more miles than all the truckers in western New York state combined. Still, they made an odd pair. The man was white, fleshy in the face, with eyes that seized on Riley and then flung him away just as quickly, and the boy—he looked to be eight or nine—was dark-skinned, Hispanic maybe. Or maybe Indian—from India. All this went through Riley's head in an instant and then he dismissed it and returned to his sandwich and the newspaper he'd spread out on the plastic tabletop, even as the big man and the boy settled into the booth directly behind him.

After a while he felt the booth heave as the man got up and went to the counter to order a coffee for himself and hot chocolate and a sticky bun for the boy. It took no more than a minute or two for the attendant to irradiate the drinks in the microwave and hand over the cellophane packet with the bun smeared inside, but the whole while the big man kept his gaze fixed on Riley, a gaze so steady and unrelenting Riley began to wonder if he somehow knew him. A single jolt of paranoia sizzled through him—could this be the deranged yahoo who'd called up early one morning to say how disgusted he was by *Maggie of the Farm* because Maggie was such a slut, and go on to wonder, in a pullulating spill of profanity, why that had to be, why every woman in every book and movie and TV show had to be such a *fucking slut*?—when he realized that the man wasn't looking at him at all. He was looking beyond him to where the boy sat, as if the boy was a piece of luggage he was afraid somebody was going to dash by and snatch.

Then the man was swaying down the aisle again, this time more gingerly—and dangerously—because he had his hands full, a cardboard cup in each hand and the sticky bun dangling from two fingers in its shrink-wrapped package. Again the booth heaved. There was the faintest rasp as the cardboard containers made contact with the table. The rails clacked. Scenery rushed past the windows. The man said something (Spanish, was he talking in Spanish?) and it was followed by the noise of crinkling cellophane as the treat was unwrapped—whether by the boy or the man, Riley couldn't say.

All of a sudden he was irritated with himself—what did he care? Since these two had come into the car he'd been stuck on the same paragraph, reading it over and over as if the words had no meaning. Exasperated, he glanced out the window as a lone clapboard house flashed by, then a series of brown rippled fields, then another house and another expanse of field, equally brown and equally rippled. He'd just brought his eyes back to the paper when the man's voice started up behind him.

"Hello, Lon?" A pause. "I am on the train, yes. Just passing Syracuse. Were you able to place that bet for me? Two hundred, the over-under on the Bills, yes?" The voice was needling, breathy, the vowels elongated and the diction too precise, as if it were being translated, and here it was stuck in Riley's head. In disgust, he folded up the paper and slid out of the booth, leaving the empty cup and sandwich wrapper for the attendant to deal with. He didn't glance behind him, though he wanted to give the guy a look—cell phones, God, he hated cell phones. Instead he just brushed imaginary crumbs from the front of his coat and started up the aisle.

"But I just wanted to tell you," the man's voice flew up and batted round the ceiling like an asthmatic bird, "don't wait for me at the Albany station—change of plan. I'm going to be taking a different route." He pronounced it *rowt*, but then what would you expect? "Yes, that's right: I have something I need to dispose of. A package, yes. That's right, a package."

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Anent Riley: He was a committed technophobe, forever pushed to the brink by the machines that controlled his life, from the ATM to the ticket dispenser at the parking garage and the clock radio that kept him awake half the night with its eternally blinking light. Card keys baffled and frustrated him—he could never seem to get the elevator to work or open the door to his own room in a hotel, and once he did manage to get inside, the TV remote, with its gang-piling options, invariably defeated him. He distrusted computers, preferring to write by hand, the way he'd always done. And the keyless car Caroline had talked him into buying put him in a rage every time he got behind the wheel—it seemed to change its agenda randomly, confronting him with all sorts of warning beeps and whistles, not to mention a sinuous female voice with an Oxbridge accent that popped up out of nowhere and never seemed to have anything good to say, when all he wanted was to turn a key, shift into gear and go. To drive. To get somewhere—his *destination*—without having to take a mechanical aptitude test. Was that too much to ask? Wasn't that what cars were for?

Worst of all was the cell phone. He refused to carry one—*If you want to know the truth, there's nobody I want to talk to*—and it irritated him to see the things stuck to the sides of people's heads as if generating a nonstop stream of vapid chatter was essential to life, like breathing or eating or shitting. What he valued was simplicity, pen to paper, the phone on its stand in the front hallway where it belonged, starry nights overhead, wood split and stacked beside the fireplace in the 100-year-old farmhouse he and Caroline had bought six years ago (though admittedly the farm itself was long gone, replaced by tract houses, another irritant). Simplicity. Unmediated experience. Maggie, on her farm, tossing feed to the chickens or tugging at a cow's udders in the absence of electronic babble. Still, for all that, as he settled back into his seat after his annoying encounter in the club

car, he couldn't help patting his pocket to feel the burden of the alien weight there—Caroline's iPhone, which she'd insisted he take in the event anything went wrong on the other end of the line. What if Donna Trumpeter failed to show? What if the train derailed? What if terrorists bombed the Albany station? *Then I'll just go ahead and die,* he'd said. *Gladly. Because I won't have to carry this, this*—but she'd thrust it on him and that was the end of the argument.

He'd set the newspaper aside and had just opened the new novel by one of his former classmates at Iowa—Tom McNeil, whose skyrocketing fame made his stomach clench with envy—when the pneumatic doors at the end of the car hissed back and the big man entered, pushing the boy before him with one oversize hand and clutching a valise in the other. Riley noticed the man's clothes for the first time now—an ill-fitting sports coat in a checkered pattern, pressed pants, shoes so black and glistening he must have shined them three times a day—and what was he? Some sort of foreigner, that was evident, even to someone as indifferent as Riley. The term *Pole* jumped into his head, which was immediately succeeded by *Croat,* though he couldn't say why, since he'd never been to Poland or Croatia and had never known anyone from either country. *Russian,* he thought next, and settled on that. But Jesus, the guy wasn't going to sit across from him, was he? If he was, he'd just get up and——

But no—the man chose a seat facing him, two rows up. There were other people in the car, a trio of nuns bent over their cell phones, a young mother with two comatose babies, a few salesman types, what looked to be a college girl with a book spread open on her lap though she too was busy with her phone, texting wisdom out into the world, and nobody so much as glanced up. The man made a show of heaving the valise up onto the overhead rack, then deposited the ticket strips in the metal slot on the seatback, pushed the boy into the inner seat and sat heavily in the other, his eyes raking over Riley so that he felt that tympanic thump of discomfort all over again. Enough, he told himself, dropping his eyes—he wasn't going to let it bother him. Nothing was going to bother him. He was on his way to pick up an award and he was going to have a good time because that was what this was all about, a break in the routine, a little *celebration* for work well done, an a-ward, a re-ward, something Caroline could never even begin to understand because she was about as artistic as a tree stump. And it all added up, it did, no matter what she thought. He was in the game still and any one of his books could go big the way McNeil's had. Who knew? Maybe there'd be a movie, maybe Spielberg would get involved, maybe word of mouth was operating even now....

He bent to the book—a sequel to the *New York Times* best-selling *Blood Ties,* which immediately made him wonder if he shouldn't attempt a sequel to *Maggie*—and followed the march of the paragraphs up and down the page for as long as he could, which was no more than five minutes, before he fell off to sleep, his chin pinioned to his breastbone.

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Riley wasn't one to dream—sleep came at him like a hurtling truck—and when he felt the hand on his shoulder, the gentle but persistent pressure there, he was slow to come back to the world. He found himself blinking up into the face of the erstwhile Russian, the big man with the careful accent, who was saying this to him: "Sir. Sir, are you awake?"

He blinked again, the phrase *I am now* coming into his head, but he merely murmured, "Huh?"

The man's face hung over him, pores cratered like the surface of the moon, tangled black eyebrows, eyes reduced to slits—*Cossack's eyes*—and then the man was saying, "Because I must use the facilities and I am wondering if you would watch over the boy for me." And there was the boy, his head no higher than the seatback, standing right there. Riley saw he was younger than he'd first thought, no more than five or six. "I will thank you," the man went on, making as if to usher the boy into the seat beside Riley but hesitating, waiting for assent, for permission. Caught by surprise, Riley heard himself say, "Sure. I guess." And then, before he could think, the boy was sitting limply beside him and the big man leaning in confidentially. "I am grateful. There are bad people everywhere, unfortunately, and one doesn't like to take chances." He said something to the boy in a different voice, the tone caustic and admonitory—Spanish, it was definitely Spanish, but then why would a Russian be speaking Spanish, if he was a Russian, that is?—then gave Riley's shoulder a brief squeeze. "Very bad people."

Riley craned his neck to watch the man's heavy shoulders recede down the length of the car behind him before the door to the restroom swung open to block his view and the man disappeared inside. He turned to the boy, more baffled and



"You may well ask what's up."

irritated than anything else, and simulated a smile. He'd never done well with children—to him they were alien beings, noisy, hyper, always scrabbling and shouting and making incomprehensible demands, and he thanked God he'd never had any of his own, though his second wife, Crystal, formerly one of the students in the itinerant workshops he'd given over the years, had twice been pregnant and had actually thought of giving birth before he'd managed to make her see the light. But here was this boy, lost in a nylon ski jacket two sizes too big for him, his eyes fixed on the floor and a cheap tarnished cross suspended from a chain around his neck. Riley turned back to his book, but he couldn't focus. A minute passed. Then another. Scenery flashed by. And then, over the rattling of the wheels and the shrieking metallic whine of the brakes—were they already coming into the Schenectady station, the stop before his?—he heard the boy's voice, whispering, a voice no louder or more forceful than the breath expelled from his lungs, and turned to him.

The boy's eyes jumped to his. "Socorro," he whispered, then glanced over his shoulder before dropping his gaze again. Very softly—the screeching brakes, the shudder of the car, the rafters of the station fixed in the window—the boy repeated himself: "Socorro."

It took him a moment—French had been his language, both in high school and college, though he recalled little of it now and had no access to Spanish whatever, if this *was* Spanish the boy was speaking—before he said, "Is that your name? Socorro?"

The boy seemed to shrink away from him, down, down into the depths of his jacket and the scuffed vinyl of the seat that loomed over him as if it would swallow him up. He didn't say yes, didn't say no, didn't even nod—all he did was repeat the word or phrase or whatever it was in a voice so small it was barely audible. There was a whistle, a shout, the train lurched and the wheels began to revolve again. Riley wasn't slow on the uptake, or not particularly—it was just that he wasn't used to people, to *complication*—but an unraveling skein of thoughts began to suggest themselves to him now. He glanced up at the rack above the seat the big man had vacated and saw that the valise was no longer there and then he thrust his face to the window, jerking his eyes back to the platform and the receding crowd there—men, women, strollers, backpacks, luggage, the nuns, a Seeing Eye dog and a woman in dark glasses, all that color and movement, too much, way too much, so that he couldn't be sure what he was seeing even as the checkered sports coat flickered suddenly into view and vanished just as quickly.

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What went through his head in those first few ruptured moments as he turned away from the window? That his eyes had deceived him, that the big man was in the restroom still and would be back any second now to claim the boy, who must have been his nephew or an adopted son or even his own natural child by a Hispanic woman, a Latina, an immigrant maybe with a green card or even citizenship. Wasn't that how the Russians did it? Marry a citizen and get a free pass? He glanced up and down the car, but no one had gotten on and the conductor was nowhere to be seen. The boy was hunched inside his jacket, absolutely motionless, his eyes on the floor. Riley saw now that he wasn't wearing a shirt under the ski jacket, as if he'd dressed—or been dressed—hurriedly. And his shoes—he was wearing only one shoe, a scuffed and dirt-smeared sneaker. His socks were wet, filthy. He looked—and here the awful truth slammed at Riley like a ballistic missile—*abused.*

He came up out of the seat so suddenly he cracked his skull on the luggage rack and for just an instant saw lights dancing before his eyes. "Stay here, I'll be right back," he breathed, and then he was out in the aisle and heading for the restroom, the skirts of his coat flapping behind him like great enveloping wings. He seized hold of the handle, flung open the door. There was no one inside.

A quick glance into the car beyond—nothing, nobody—and then he was easing himself down beside the boy and the boy was shrinking, getting smaller by the moment. The boy's limbs were sticks, his eyes two puddles gouged out of a muddy road. Riley bent his face toward him, fighting to control his voice. "Where's your father?" he said. "Where'd he go? *Votre père*? Papa? Where's your papa? Or uncle? Is he your uncle?"

He took the kid by the hand, pulled him up out of the seat and down the aisle to the door, which at that moment clattered open on the platform. He needed a cop.

The boy said nothing. Just stared down at the floor as if Riley were speaking a foreign language. Which, in fact, he was.

"Where are you going? What town? Where do you live—do you know where you live?"

More nothing. Advanced nothing. Nothing feeding off of nothing.

What he had to do, *right this minute,* was find the conductor, the engineer, anybody—the nuns, where were the nuns when you needed them?—to take this, this *situation* off his hands. He'd actually started to get to his feet again before he realized how sketchy this all was—he couldn't very well leave the kid there. What if the big man came back? What if somebody else——? What if they thought *he* was somehow responsible? He shot his eyes around the car. Something came up in his throat. It was then that he thought of the phone, Caroline's phone, this miracle of instant communication secreted in his pocket *for just such a moment as this.*

He eased to one side to slip it from his pocket, a hard mute monolithic thing, cold in his hand, its screen decorated with the imprint of his wife's fingertips. He'd call Amtrak, that was what he was thinking—the emergency number. There had to be an emergency number, didn't there? Or 911. He'd call 911 and have the police meet him at the Albany station. All right. But how to turn it on? He'd seen Caroline do it a hundred times, her fingers flicking lightly over the screen as a steady stream of colorful icons rolled dutifully into position. He pressed the screen, expecting the thing to jump to life, but nothing happened. Again he pressed it. The kid was watching him now out of the reddened pools of his eyes—had he been crying, was that it? "It's okay," he heard himself say. "Everything's fine. Just give me—give me a minute here."

The car rocked. Bleak dead trees flailed at the windows. The sky was made of stone. Finally—and he felt a surge of satisfaction so powerful he nearly sang out in triumph—he found the on/off switch hidden in the frame and indistinguishable from it, as if the manufacturer, clearly a sadist, had put all the company's resources into making its function as obscure as possible. No matter. The screen flashed at him, a parade of icons there, and they shimmied at the merest touch of his finger. But where were the numbers? How did you make a call? Why were——?

And now the train was slowing and the loudspeakers suddenly crackled with a mechanical voice announcing *Station stop Albany/Rensselaer* even as he shoved the phone back in his pocket and sprang up to jerk his bag down from the overhead rack, the decision already forming in his brain because it was the only decision he could have made—anyone in his position would have done the same thing and you didn't have to be Albert Schweitzer to weigh the moral balance of it. He took the kid by the hand, pulled him up out of the seat and down the aisle to the door, which at that moment clattered open on the platform in a burst of noise and confusion, people swarming everywhere, and where was a cop? He needed a cop.

A dirty white pigeon fluttered into the air. Somebody said, "Laura Jean, you look terrific, I hardly recognize you," and a pair of policemen surfaced amid the crowd, moving toward him now, and here was a too-thin vaguely blondish woman rushing for him with her hands outstretched and the light of redemption in her cracked blue eyes, and she was going to say, "Mr. Riley?" and he was going to say, "Ms. Trumpeter?" but that never happened, because the policemen wrestled him to the pavement even as he felt the cold metallic bite of the handcuffs gnaw into his flesh.

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Sometime later—he didn't know how much later because they'd taken his

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watch—he found himself in a desperate place, a place even the wildest of his wild years couldn't have begun to prepare him for. There were strange smells, unsettling noises, the rhythmic tapping of heels on linoleum. Cold steel. Corridors within corridors. Here he was in the midst of it, his hands shaking as if he'd had a hundred cups of coffee, and he couldn't stop pacing back and forth across the stained concrete floor of the solitary cell they'd put him in, the guard or deputy or whatever he was giving him a rude shove and announcing in an overheated voice that it was for his own protection. "The people we got in here, they don't like creeps like you. And you want to know something? Neither do I." And then he added, as a kind of oral postscript, "Scumbag."

Donna Trumpeter, aflutter with righteousness, had tried to explain that they'd made a mistake, that he—Riley, the man in handcuffs with the heart rate surging like Krakatoa—was a famous writer, a celebrity, *an award winner,* but the cops wouldn't listen. They produced a blanket for the boy, as if he were cold, as if that were the extent of his problem, and another cop—a female with a face like a blazing gun—wrapped the boy up and led him away. Riley talked himself hoarse. He protested in a high buzzing whine while they led him in cuffs through the cavernous station, and everybody, even the crackheads and bums, stared at him; fulminated while they strong-armed him into the backseat of the cruiser out on the bleak cold street; alternately raged, threatened and pleaded as they read him his rights, took his fingerprints and photo—his mug shot!—and booked him. Was he allowed a phone call? Yes. On a real phone greased with the slime of 10,000 penitential hands, a phone attached to a wall with an actual cord that disappeared inside it before connecting with a vast seething network of wires that ran all the way to Buffalo and beyond. It took four rings for Caroline to answer, each one an eternity, and what was the name of that attorney they'd used when the neighbor's pinhead of a kid set fire to the fence?

"Hello?" Her voice was guarded, caller ID alerting her to the suspect number. Absurdly he wanted to throw his voice and pretend to be a telemarketer, make her laugh, goad her, but things were too desperate for that.

"It's me," he said. "I'm in trouble." He felt as if he were in a submarine deep under the sea and all the air had gone out of it. The walls were squeezing in. He couldn't breathe. "I'm in jail. I've been arrested."

"Listen, I'm just sitting down to a salad and a glass of wine and I really don't have time for whatever this is—humor, is that it? You think you're funny? Because I don't."

He dredged something out of his voice, something real, that stopped her. "Caroline," he said, and now he was sobbing—or almost, right on the verge of it—"I'm in jail. Really. It's crazy, I know, but I need you to…I need your help. That lawyer, remember that lawyer, what was his name?"

"Lawyer? What are you talking about?"

He repeated himself for the third time, angry now, the humiliation burning in him, and what if the papers got hold of this? "I'm in jail."

Her voice tightened. "For what?"

"I don't know, it's all a mistake."

Tighter yet: "For what?"

There was a deputy right there, pointing emphatically at his watch. The corridor smelled of cleaning solution, vomit, bad shoes, bad feet, bad breath.

It took everything in him to get the words out. "They're calling it"—and here he emitted a strained whinnying laugh—"child abuse."

"Jesus," she snapped. "Why don't you get a life? I told you I'm trying to have a bite of dinner here—*in peace* for once? Go try your routine on one of your groupies, one of the literary ladies of where is it? Greater Stuyvesant. I'm sure they'll all love it." And then, because Riley must have committed some sin he wasn't aware of in another life and another time, something truly heinous and compoundedly unforgivable, the phone went dead.

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Four hours later—half past eight by the watch they'd returned to him, along with his wallet, his belt and the flat inanimate slab of Caroline's iPhone—he was sitting across from Donna Trumpeter in a booth at the bar-restaurant of the Stuyvesant Marriott, trying to nurse his pulse rate back to normal with judicious doses of Johnnie Walker Black. He'd ordered a steak, blood raw, but it wasn't there yet. Donna Trumpeter flipped the hair away from her face. She leaned into the table on both her elbows and cupped her chin in her hands. She'd just finished telling him, for the 10th time, how very sorry she was about all of this and that of course the ladies of the service club and her book group and the mayor and all the citizens of the Greater Stuyvesant area who'd driven who knew how many miles to hear him speak all understood that the circumstances were unavoidable. They'd held the ceremony anyway, apparently, the mayor's wife reading aloud from *Maggie of the Farm* in the booming tones she'd employed as a high school thespian a quarter century earlier, and everyone—at least at last report—had been satisfied with the evening, the high point of which was the turkey schnitzel, garlic mashed potatoes, brown gravy and peas provided by the high school cafeteria staff doing overtime duty. "But," and here she drew in a vast quavering breath, "of course, they all wanted you." Her eyes, giving back the nacreous sheen of the overhead lights, fluttered shut and then snapped open again. "There's no substitute for genius."

This last comment, coupled with the tranquilizing effect of the scotch, made him feel marginally better. "I guess that'll teach me," he said, sounding as doleful and put-upon as he knew how.

"Oh no," she said, "no. You did the right thing. The *only* thing."

"If I had to do it again," he began and

then trailed off. He'd been trying to catch the waitress's eye for a refill, and here she was—a huge woman, titanic, as slow on her feet as mold creeping across a petri dish—backing her way out of the double doors to the kitchen, his steak balanced on one arm, Donna Trumpeter's Cobb salad on the other. The cops had realized their mistake after an interpreter was brought in to question the boy in Spanish and then they'd hurried to release him, their apologies rattling round the station like a dry cough. They didn't care. He meant nothing to them. They'd branded him a pervert and a pervert he remained, just another perp, another scumbag, innocent or not. He could go ahead and sue. They were just doing their job and no jury was going to give him a nickel. If anything, he was at fault—for interfering, for letting the real abductor get away when all along they'd been waiting to take him at the station.

The waitress, breathing heavily—puffing, actually, as if she were trying to keep an imaginary feather afloat—set the plates down on the table and as the smell of the steak rose to him he realized how hungry he was. "Another scotch," he said, and because he was calming down now, the earth solid beneath his feet the way it always had been and always would be, he added, "please," and then, "if it's not too much trouble." He cut meat, lifted it to his lips, sipped scotch. Donna Trumpeter kept up a soft soothing patter that revolved around what an honor it was to be in his presence—she couldn't believe it; it was like a dream—and how deeply each of his books had moved her, *Maggie of the Farm* most of all. "Really," she said, "the way you portray day-to-day life—and the insight you have into women, my God!—it's almost Tolstoyan. Or no: better. Because it's real. In the here and now."

He gently reminded her that the book was set in the 1930s.

"Of course. What I mean is it's not *19th century,* it's not *Russia.*"

"No," he agreed, "it's not." It was about then that he noticed she wasn't wearing a wedding ring. And that her eyes, for all the coiled springboard of theories and embroidery, vegetarian cookery, cats and poetry he saw lurking there, were really quite beautiful. Stunning, actually. And her mouth. She had a sensual mouth, full-lipped, just like the one he'd imagined for Maggie. And though she was thin, too thin for his taste, she had a pair of breasts on her. There they were, clamped in the grip of the tight pink angora sweater she was wearing, and what was he thinking? That skinny women, skinny literary women with full lips and syntactical adulation shining in their eyes, could be lavishly receptive in another arena altogether. And further: that he'd had a scare, a bad scare, and could do with a little soothing.

He was about to lay his hand on hers when she suddenly pulled back to pantomime a smack to her forehead. "Oh my God, I almost forgot," she said, and then he was studying the crown of her skull, the parting there, as she bent to her purse, which she'd tucked away beneath the table when they'd sat down. In the next moment she was straightening up, slightly flushed from the effort, and smiling so forcefully her teeth shone. "Here," she said, and she was handing what he at first took to be a breadboard across the table—the plaque, the plaque, of course—and along with it an envelope embossed with the logo of the Greater Stuyvesant Chamber of Commerce. "God, if I'd forgotten...."

He must have looked surprised—he'd been through an emotional wringer, but not, he reminded himself, anything even close to the sort of horror that poor abused kid must have endured, and he didn't give a damn what anybody thought, whether it was random chance that had put him there or not, he *was* a hero, he *was,* and he'd suffered for it—because she said, "I know it's not much. Especially, well, considering."

"It's plenty," he said, and was he tearing up? "And I want to thank you, all of you, but you especially, you, Donna, from the bottom of my...." He lifted his head, cast a watery eye on the shadow of the waitress drifting by on the periphery. "But what I'd really like, what I *need,* that is, I mean after all we've been through together—

He went to the window and looked out into a vast parking lot, a great dark sinkhole illuminated by the sad yellow light of the arc lamps rising hazily out of it.

oh, hell, let me just come out and say it. Do you want to come up to the room with me?"

He watched her smile retract, lips tightening like wire. "I'm seeing somebody," she said.

He was desperate. He'd been in jail. He'd never even got to deliver his speech. "He doesn't have to know."

"I'm sorry," she said firmly, and then she got up from the table. "I'll take care of the check," she added in a softer voice, and touched his hand in parting. The smile flickered back. "Sleep tight."

He staggered up the stairs to his second-floor room like an octogenarian, as drained as he'd ever been in his life. For a long while he fumbled with the card key, trying it forward, backward, upside down, until finally the light went mercifully green and he was inside. The room was like any other. Stucco walls, beige lamp shades, plastic night tables with some sort of fake wood-grain pattern worked in beneath the surface. Industrial carpeting. Sheets and blankets stretched tight as drum skin over the bed by immigrant women who'd seen too much in their own place and time and now had to rake through the daily leavings of the class of people who had the wherewithal to couple here and gulp booze and do drugs and clip their nails over the sink. He didn't want to think about the women's children and the hopes they might have had for them, about the boy and the big man and a room just like this one in Chicago or Detroit or wherever the bad people, the very bad people, did what they were going to do.

He went to the window and looked out into a vast parking lot, a great dark sinkhole illuminated by the sad yellow light of the arc lamps rising hazily out of it. It took him a moment, his reflection caught there in the window, his jacket like a dead thing wrapped around him, to realize it was snowing. Or no, this was sleet, definitely sleet, the storm that had hit Buffalo finally caught up with him.

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In the morning, he took the train back, and if he lifted his head from the newspaper when anyone came down the aisle, it was a reflex only. The rails thumped beneath him with a pulverizing regularity that seemed to work so deeply inside him it was as if he were being eviscerated with each thrust of the wheels. His breath fogged the window. He tried Tom McNeil's novel again and again it put him to sleep. Back at home, Caroline seemed to find the whole business hilarious and he just couldn't summon the strength to give her the hard truth of it. Still, she did warm to him when they went out to Eladio and blew the $250 honorarium on abalone flown in from California, Kobe beef and a bottle of Veuve Clicquot Demi-Sec chilled to perfection. Two days later he learned from the newspaper that the boy's name was Efraín Silva and that he'd wandered away from his mother at the Home Depot in Amherst and was now reunited with her, though there seemed to be some question regarding her legal status, which had come to light only because of her going to the police. As for the abductor, the big man in the pressed pants and checked jacket, he was still at large, and whether he was Russian or Croatian or Fijian for that matter, no one knew. No one knew his name either. All they knew was what he'd done to the boy and where he'd done it and they knew too that he'd do it again to some other boy in some other place.

If Riley felt a vague unease in the coming days, he chalked it up to the cold he seemed to have caught somewhere along the line. And when the next invitation came—from Kipper College of the Dunes in Kipper, Oregon, informing him that he was one of three finalists for the Evergreen Award in Creative Literature for his novel *Magpie of the Farm*—he didn't show it to Caroline or anyone else. He just went in through the house to the fireplace, stacked up the kindling there and used the creamy soft vellum to guide the flame of the match into the very heart of the fire.

STAGECRAFT

(continued from page 92)

But it wasn't long before Quintessential Kerry leaped to the fore. A pretty blonde student rose to ask about the emerging economies of Asia and Africa. Kerry's response extended to almost 700 words, droning on for long and stifling minutes about the imbalance of agricultural regulations between East and West and the need for "the appropriate application of standards" to China's health and environmental systems. The student was almost instantly lost and could soon be observed texting her friends. It brought back memories of the 2004 campaign, when TV reporters complained to Kerry's press aides about his penchant for complex rhetorical constructions, his stately senatorial stacking of clause upon clause in great, wobbly towers of soaring Kennedyesque verbiage that became impossible to edit down and get on the six o'clock news. Kerry's aides would shrug: "You're preaching to the choir, dude."

Now a Muslim woman, wearing the traditional cover and excited about her work with JUMA—a group for young followers of Islam who, as she put it, "stand up for righteousness, equality and tolerance"—wanted Kerry's evaluation of religious tolerance in the United States. Kerry worked his way around to saying that Americans "live and breathe the idea of religious freedom and religious tolerance"—but not before tying himself into pretzels: "Because in America, we have total—occasionally, you have; I can't tell you that a hundred percent—sometimes you have somebody who's a little…not as tolerant as somebody else."

To recover, the secretary figured he would acquaint these starry-eyed Berliners with the American legal tradition of respecting those forms of speech we find most obnoxious. He'd have been better advised to make merry again with host Jobatey, who mostly stood around looking befuddled and bored. "Some people have sometimes wondered about why our Supreme Court allows one group or another to march in a parade," Kerry said, "even though it's the most provocative thing in the world and they carry signs that are an insult to one group or another. And the reason is that that's freedom—freedom of speech."

Somewhere down in his soul, Kerry likely grasped that he had lost his audience, knew he was already closing in on 250 words in this answer and had failed to strike a chord, failed to #YouthConnect. The moment called for something dramatic, something the kids could relate to. Now Kerry thought he had it: "In America, you have a right to be stupid." Nervous laughter ricocheted across the room. Immediately Kerry was off again, trying to explain what he'd meant, blathering something about how "you have a right to be disconnected to somebody else." But the American reporters were all wincing.

#Yikes. From the whole two-hour event, "the right to be stupid" offered the only sound bite Reuters news agency fed to U.S. news markets across the Atlantic. It was not the kind of thing one expects to hear passing the lips of the U.S. secretary of state on foreign soil, let alone on his first overseas trip, and it definitely wasn't Clintonesque.

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For more than two years Syrian president Bashar al-Assad, a mass murderer like his father, had sought to quash a popular uprising against his tyrannical rule. The dictator had used virtually every military asset at his disposal: hundreds of thousands of soldiers, armored fighting vehicles, fighter jets, Scud missiles, heavy artillery. Many believed it was only a matter of time before Assad, increasingly desperate, unleashed the massive arsenal of biological and chemical weapons he was believed to possess. (Indeed, credible reports of chemical weapons use in Syria began to surface after our return to the U.S.) The United Nations estimated the conflict had already claimed 70,000 lives and sent more than 1 million Syrians fleeing to neighboring countries.

Yet Assad's reduction of whole cities to rubble had only emboldened the Syrian rebels. That term, however—*Syrian rebels*—is a fiction, an umbrella term for a fractious coalition of fighters and civilians that hardly constitutes an organized opposition force, politically or militarily. At any given moment, the "rebels" will include democratic-minded revolutionaries Americans would approve of; ad hoc local brigades that scour abandoned armories for weapons and answer to no one; and hardened battle units such as the al-Nusra Front, probably the most effective fighting force currently confronting Assad's troops. The only problem with al-Nusra is that it is openly allied with Al Qaeda. This has created a paradox: As Assad's military position worsens, suffering high-level defections and surrendering control of provincial capitals and border regions, the situation grows more worrisome for the United States. As the U.S. ambassador to Syria, Robert Ford, testified before Congress, "The longer the conflict continues, the greater the influence of extremists on the ground."

By the time Kerry was sworn in, the entire civilized world had condemned Assad's butchery. Seated alongside Kerry in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia's Prince Saud al-Faisal—the world's longest-serving foreign minister, in his post since 1975—brandished for Assad words of contempt even the Israelis had never elicited. "I have never heard or seen in history," the prince said, his speech slowed by advanced age and Parkinson's disease, "that a regime would use a strategic missile toward his people. And [Assad] is killing innocent children, innocent women and old men. Nobody who has done that to his citizens can claim a right to lead a country."

Worried about supplying weapons that would fall into the hands of al-Nusra fighters and eventually be turned against us—or against the Israelis—the Obama administration had long refused to help the rebels militarily (even though then Senator Kerry, in May of last year, had so urged). No such qualms have inhibited the Saudis, however. Once Assad looked vulnerable, Riyadh swiftly assumed a lead role in arming and funding the Syrian opposition. In this the Saudis were joined by other oil-rich Sunni Arab nations in the Persian Gulf, most of which are eager to see the Shi'ite regime in Damascus collapse. The toppling of Assad would deal a huge strategic setback to Iran, the Shi'ite power whose regional bullying and pursuit of nuclear weapons have long posed a threat to the Sunni states.

Yet Iran was not the only authoritarian government propping up Assad. So was Russia. Despite having signed on to the Geneva Communiqué, a multilateral accord that calls for an orderly transition to a new and democratic Syria—i.e., one that does not include Assad—the Kremlin had steadfastly continued to back the regime throughout the crisis. Since the Soviet era, Kremlin warships have docked at a Russian naval base in the Syrian coastal city of Tartus, and military contracts between the two capitals are now estimated to be worth $4 billion. For these reasons, the Russians have consistently blocked meaningful action against Assad at the UN Security Council and kept up their deliveries of weapons to Assad's forces. The Cold War is over, but Mother Russia remains strong, and President Vladimir Putin remains determined to check American power and influence wherever possible.

Accordingly, shaping up as one of the critical events on Kerry's itinerary was his first sit-down as secretary with Russia's notoriously acerbic foreign minister, Sergey Lavrov. Tall and bespectacled, an imposing figure with a deep voice and scowling mien, Lavrov has held his post for nearly a decade and has chewed up one secretary of state after another. At the Adlon in Berlin, a long table covered in white linen was set up in a conference room for the American and Russian sides, suitable for a major arms-control negotiation. Flanking Kerry, who was placed at the middle of the table, was State Department spokesperson Victoria Nuland; Phil Gordon, the assistant secretary for Europe and Eurasia, soon to move over to the National Security Council; Elizabeth Sherwood-Randall, a tall, blonde NSC officer, soon to receive a promotion to a more senior NSC post; Cynthia Doell, the official "note taker" for the American side; and U.S. Navy Vice Admiral Harry B. Harris Jr., a Tennessean with a chest full of medals and ribbons who was representing the Joint Chiefs of Staff. On Lavrov's side, chairs were reserved for Alexander A. Tokovinin, director of the Russian foreign ministry's Policy Planning Department; Evgeny S. Ivanov, Lavrov's staff secretary; and note taker Oleg V. Pozdnyakov, among others. These officials are seldom glimpsed by the American press.

For an hour, Russian and American reporters rocked on their heels, waiting for the principals to appear and hungrily eyeing a platter of coffee and pastries that the Adlon's German waitstaff had made clear was verboten. Then, suddenly, movement: Kerry and Lavrov shook hands and ambled over to a pair of microphones and flags set up in a corner so they could repeat the exercise for photographers. "We are happy to see each other," Kerry said jovially. "We know each other and have had some good

discussions." Lavrov was in no mood for it, though, and swiftly administered poison gas to the merriment. He scowled at the reporters and said, in English, "If they get out, I will be able to get to my chair."

With the reporters ushered out, sources said later, Kerry played possum while Lavrov harangued him with a long list of Kremlin grievances—not just on big topics such as Syria and Iran and Moscow's recent decision to block Americans from adopting Russian children, but on small stuff, criminal cases unworthy of the occasion. Kerry, of course, has long experience with foreign leaders fond of lecturing Americans. There was good reason to believe the new secretary of state handled this moment with considerable deftness—or about as well as Sergey Lavrov can be handled—by structuring the nearly two-hour session in a way that maximized, at least in theory, the chances that Lavrov would honor his promises. When it was over, Kerry scooted off to more closed-door meetings. Lavrov, however, spoke to the news media—with his usual edge. "The discussion was, to my mind, constructive and in the spirit of partnership," he said, "without, of course, ignoring the questions which are irritating these relations."

What President Obama and Kerry wanted from the Russians, above all, was for President Putin to make a final break with Assad: to recognize that the dictator's days were indeed numbered, as Obama had been saying since early 2012, and for Moscow to cease its supplies of arms and cash to the Syrian regime. The American message boiled down to this: If the Kremlin doesn't wake up, it will soon find itself sharing with Washington the burden of dealing with a new Syrian government run by al-Nusra. Surely Russia's billionaire oligarchs and the executives at Gazprom, the national gas behemoth, could be persuaded that the emergence of an Al Qaeda state in the heart of the Middle East would be bad for business.

The true measure of Kerry's success in this opening duel with Lavrov would emerge a month later, on March 20, when Ambassador Ford told the House Foreign Affairs Committee,"We would like Russia, first of all, to stop delivering arms systems to the Syrian government. This is an ongoing conversation that we have with them."

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Kerry's a toucher. The physical contact he initiated during our first 15 minutes on the plane together, as he strode the cabin and chatted with his new press corps, easily exceeded the sum total of my physical contact with cabinet officers in the previous 15 years. He would scrunch your shoulder while talking to someone else, like a kindly uncle. When he and a foreign counterpart shuffled offstage after a news conference, Kerry, invariably the taller man, would place his hand on his colleague's back or shoulder, gently guiding his host out—in the host's own foreign ministry. Near the end of the trip, when I arrived for our one-on-one interview, Kerry shook my hand, then drew me in for a bear hug, like a fraternity brother.

Far from displaying the cruelty some politicians are given to, Kerry is gentle in nature. He follows up jokes with "Only joking!" and strives to do all the right things. On a recent trip he traipsed down the aisle toting a birthday cake for Margaret Brennan of CBS News. On the last stop of our marathon, a refueling mission at the duty-free shoppers' paradise of Shannon Airport in Ireland, Kerry returned to the cabin carrying shopping bags stuffed with tins of Irish toffee and chocolates, and tossed the sweets to us like Santa Claus. There were few people of consequence Kerry hadn't met and about whom he couldn't produce, on cue, a pleasing anecdote. Standing in the airplane aisle or seated over wine in a Middle Eastern hotel courtyard, Kerry might still be wearing the pin-striped pants from his suit or might have changed into jeans. He regularly wore a black alligator belt with a silver buckle; a button-down shirt open at the neck, sometimes denim with brown pearl buttons; and for warmth a salmon-colored Polo hoodie adorned with Native American stitching. Sometimes his history of knee troubles could be observed, but mostly Kerry still moved, at 69, with a kind of preppy athleticism. It gave you a sense of what he must have been like at St. Paul's or Yale in the 1960s. I liked him.

But for someone with Kerry's knowledge of the world and its leaders, his long experience in the fine art and crude realities of high-stakes international diplomacy, he made on this trip a surprising number of—there's no other way to put it—rookie mistakes. The Americans as "stupid" business was only the beginning. At the Quai d'Orsay in Paris, where he fielded questions alongside French foreign minister Laurent Fabius, Kerry said, "Iran is a country with a government that was elected and that sits in the United Nations." Again, the reporters cocked their heads. Was Kerry forgetting how the regime bloodied the streets of Tehran when the citizenry protested rigged elections in 2009?

Sometimes it was a matter of craft. Kerry routinely wound up talking longer than his hosts. His well-known weakness is wordiness: He is forever hoping people will "have the ability to be able to" do this or fretting something will "undermine our ability to be able to" do that. "The ability to be able to" was like a virus that followed us from country to country.

And in Ankara, appearing with Turkish



"It's the guy from the next building. He wants to know if we could stop while he freshens his drink."

foreign minister Ahmet Davutoğlu, Kerry simply spaced out and forgot to wear his headphones while Davutoğlu was speaking in Turkish. After realizing Kerry wasn't listening to him, the foreign minister stopped and mused, "I think you start to understand Turkish." Amid peals of laughter, Kerry hurriedly fumbled with the headphones. Davutoğlu strained for something unifying ("We are speaking not from the tongue to the ear but from the mind to the mind") and moved on.

Only once did Kerry get testy with a reporter. The undeserving victim was NBC State Department producer Catherine Chomiak. Chestnut-haired and slender, with impeccable manners and large eyes framed by exquisite features, Chomiak is the very picture of a stylish young professional. At the news conference in Riyadh she followed up a question about Iran with a routine query about what Kerry planned to discuss during his upcoming lunch with Palestinian president Mahmoud Abbas. "What do you *think* I might discuss with him?" Kerry snapped. A shudder rippled through the diplomatic corps; this was a guise we hadn't seen. Kerry seemed to realize orneriness had gotten the better of him. The moment called for him to snap out of his funk and give Chomiak a substantive preview of the Abbas luncheon—something long enough, in any case, to dim the memory of his rudeness. But Kerry, perhaps fatigued in this, our seventh country in eight days, couldn't be bothered. He mumbled perfunctorily about looking forward to the meeting and volunteered only that he and Abbas would discuss "all the obvious issues."

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Kerry's frustration could perhaps be forgiven. At his Senate confirmation hearing on January 24 he had conveyed his belief that things were changing rapidly and profoundly and in such unpredictable ways, to the point that he seemed to be hinting at the unspeakable, namely that the challenges confronting American diplomats might be insurmountable. "Today's world is more complicated than anything we have experienced," Kerry told his old colleagues on the Foreign Relations Committee. He quoted his old nemesis from the Vietnam era, Henry Kissinger: "None of the most important countries which must build a new world order have had any experience with the multistate system that is emerging. Never before has a new world order had to be assembled from so many different perceptions or on so global a scale. Nor has any previous order had to combine the attributes of the historic balance-of-power system with global democratic opinion and the exploding technology of the contemporary period."

In lay terms, this means the old framework that has effectively governed international relations since World War II is coming apart. Leading nations, no less than internet giants, terrorist groups and criminal syndicates, blithely brush aside UN Security Council resolutions and other unenforceable constructs of international law. There's no unwritten pecking order of states anymore, no impenetrable nuclear club. The old order installed by FDR, Stalin, Churchill and de Gaulle in 1945 is being replaced by—who the hell knows? The post-9/11 era is proving to be just shy of anarchic. At the hearing, Kerry, in his usual style, reeled off 10 modern developments that herald this death of the old order: "the emergence of China; the Arab Awakening; inextricably linked economic, health, environmental and demographic issues; [WMD] proliferation; poverty; pandemic disease; refugees; conflict ongoing in Afghanistan; entire populations and faiths struggling with the demands of modernity; and the accelerating pace of technological innovation invading all of that, shifting power from nation-states to individuals."

All this, in short, is why no American secretary of state, upon assuming office, really expects to succeed anymore, to forge demonstrable progress on the major problems, or "challenges," of our time, the way secretaries of state from both parties once appeared able to do. Moreover, Kerry's ascent to the pinnacle of American diplomacy comes in the #epicfail era, an epoch of suffocating U.S. debt, an almost comically dysfunctional slog through slowdowns and sequesters, fiscal cliffs and ratings downgrades, perpetually uneven job creation and quarterly growth. Secretary Clinton had warned about the constricting effect our nation's dismal finances, including the large share of our debt owned by China, can have on America's ability to influence people and events overseas: the very mission of the State Department. In such a time, American swagger abroad ain't what it used to be.

Secretary Kerry found this out the hard way. From London he'd been forced to plead, in a desperate telephone call, for Sheikh Moaz al-Khatib, the civilian leader of the "Syrian rebels," to show up at a major conference in Rome—the centerpiece of Kerry's trip—at which the U.S. was to announce a fresh pledge of $60 million in nonlethal aid to the opposition. To recap: At a time when Washington lawmakers were debating which vital domestic spending programs to cut, the U.S. wanted to give the Syrian rebels $60 million worth of stuff—and the secretary of state practically had to beg their leader to show up. And



"Where have you been?"

when the wiry al-Khatib arrived at Villa Madama, the bucolic Italian foreign ministry, he scarcely grunted out a thank-you to Kerry or to the Italian foreign minister, Giulio Terzi, before launching into an Arabic rant that rebuked the allies for their preoccupation with al-Nusra. "I am tired of [this]," al-Khatib said, close to shouting, through his translator. "The mass media pay more attention to the length of the beard of a fighter than to the [government's] massacres. No terrorists in the world have such a savage nature as that of the Syrian regime." Kerry could only stand there, occasionally stiffening his spine and blinking with annoyance. Three weeks later al-Khatib announced his resignation.

In Cairo, Kerry's feckless interlocutor was the Muslim Brotherhood government led by Egyptian president Mohamed Morsi, whose poor economic stewardship and ham-fisted power grabs had given rise to bloody unrest in major cities. A few months earlier a videotape from 2010 had surfaced in which Morsi, a bearded man with thick eyeglasses and a deceptively benign visage, declared Jews "the descendants of apes and pigs" and urged Egyptians to "nurse our children and grandchildren on hatred" for them. The leaders of the major civil-society opposition groups in Egypt—the individuals who represented Washington's best hopes for displacing Morsi and the Brotherhood and restoring to power a more reliable ally in the world's most populous Arab nation—refused to be seen with Kerry. One opposition figure skulked into a private session with the secretary of state; the other spoke with him by phone. The interior minister refused to provide Kerry's motorcade with an escort from the airport to the Cairo Sheraton. And neither Morsi nor his foreign minister held a news conference with Kerry.

The secretary's mission in Cairo was to prod major interest groups there to take shared risks to stop Egypt's downward spiral since the heady days of Tahrir Square. "It is paramount, essential, urgent that the Egyptian economy get stronger," Kerry told the business leaders. "You have to get people back to work, and the energy of this country needs to hopefully be able to move from the streets to enterprise." He urged the opposition not to boycott parliamentary elections set for April. He implored the financial community to invest more in women and education. Most important, he leaned on Morsi to press forward with some unpopular economic measures—raising taxes, eliminating sacred-cow subsidies—so Egypt could qualify for a $4.8 billion International Monetary Fund loan, a deal the Obama administration was eager to advance. Until now, though, Morsi's true intentions—toward the IMF, America, Israel, Jews, democracy, you name it—remained difficult for Kerry and his aides to discern.

State Department officials later said the principals' session lasted two and a half hours, including an hour of one-on-one time. Kerry emerged from it so persuaded of Morsi's sincerity in pledging to administer the IMF reforms and extend an olive branch to his political opponents that Kerry decided on the spot to unlock $250 million in frozen U.S. aid. Within 72 hours the same aides stood in the same airplane cabin and informed us that the Egyptian Supreme Court had just canceled the parliamentary elections set for April and that the intentions of Morsi and the Brotherhood were again proving difficult to discern.

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The final leg, a tour of Persian Gulf nations, proved anticlimactic. Nothing in Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates or Qatar matched the architecture: sprawling hotel complexes with hundred-foot ceilings, turrets and arches, brand-new Disneyesque castles with Bellagio-style fountains and hypnotic Arabic design swirls. On our return, little from the trip seemed to have exerted a lasting impact on world affairs. In April a 25-year-old FSO from the Chicago area named Anne Smedinghoff was killed during a suicide-bomb attack in Afghanistan just days after she had served as support staff for a Kerry visit there. For many the episode, which moved Kerry deeply, conjured the killings at Benghazi on September 11, 2012, the last time U.S. diplomatic personnel had been lost to violence. I recalled my conversation with two FSOs in a Middle Eastern country during the trip. A young woman, probably Smedinghoff's age, was lamenting how little attention Americans pay to the work of their diplomats. "How do we change that?" she asked. "Easy," said her colleague, a sci-fi nerd. "Get killed in the line of duty."

Leading these dazed shock troops in the titanic struggle of ideologies—what Kerry likes to call "the clash of modernity"—is a secretary of state who, regardless of how you feel about his politics, was born for the job, has all the experience and tools, knows the geography and players, sailed through his Senate confirmation 94–3 and who, despite all that, represents a dysfunctional government and encounters a world whose hostility seems only to grow.

Every sign of progress in establishing a new order that Kerry might have "the ability to be able to" observe yields, sooner or later, to encroaching anarchy. America still has some money to give away, but as Kerry wanders the boneyard of ideas between engagement and isolation, brandishing his carrots and sticks and making his 10-point arguments for why the developing world should embrace liberal democracy over authoritarianism and radical Islam, the response is too often rooted in sheer perversity, a Bizarro World inversion of, or just plain disregard for, everything the West considers the inherited wisdom of the ages. *Up is down!* maintain the Russians and the Chinese, the mullahs in Iran, Assad, al-Nusra, Morsi, Karzai. *Black is white! God is on our side! The old order is dead!*

The diplomat who understands this best is Prince Saud al-Faisal, the dean of foreign ministers. On Hillary Clinton's last visit to Riyadh, a year before Kerry arrived there, the prince told her, "We are living in a world where truth and falsehood have become mixed."



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SEAN HANNITY

(continued from page 72)

armed guards to protect our Hollywood stars, armed guards to protect our athletes, armed guards to protect presidents and elected officials. I never want to wake up and hear another school shooting has happened again. What would be wrong with putting retired policemen and retired military people in schools? You don't even have to put them in uniform. They'd be on the front line of defense to protect our nation's children. I support that.

PLAYBOY: We already have more guns per capita than any other country.

HANNITY: I urge you to read John Lott Jr.'s book *More Guns, Less Crime*. But with that said, I understand the argument. I understand that a lot of people may not want to have a gun. But I feel strongly that 99.999 percent of law-abiding citizens should not be punished for the actions of either lunatics or criminals who have not been properly punished for past crimes.

PLAYBOY: You have a license to carry a gun in New York state, right?

HANNITY: Absolutely. I own a lot of firearms. I collect firearms. I have been around them my entire life. I'm 51 years old. I started shooting probably at the age of 10 or 11. I was a marksman at 12, and I can't urge safety enough. I could bring you to my house right now, tell you where my guns are, and you would not get them. You could spend the next month there and you would never be able to gain access to them. I handle the weapons I have properly, and I also have easy access to a weapon to protect myself.

PLAYBOY: But a lot of people don't use guns properly. A dog in Florida recently shot its owner in the leg.

HANNITY: A lot of people are stupid with cars and get drunk and start driving. A lot of people get high and get in a car too. Every time you get in an airplane it's dangerous. Life is dangerous. You know, I wrote a book, *Deliver Us From Evil*. In the past century, a hundred million people were slaughtered. There was Stalin, Hitler, the killing fields in Cambodia, Communism, Nazism, fascism, imperial Japan—and now it's terrorism. There are a lot of evil people in the world. If you're a rapist or a pedophile and you don't give a damn about anybody but yourself, I don't think any law is going to stop you from committing the evil atrocity that is in your heart. And I want law-abiding people to have the choice. You don't have to have a weapon if you don't want one, but those who do want one should have the right to have it. Our framers and our founders were very clear on the issue of the Second Amendment, and they weren't talking about deer hunting.

PLAYBOY: Next issue. More than 30 academies of science across the world have concluded that global warming is caused by human activity, but you've cast doubt on climate change for years.

HANNITY: You want the short answer or the long? Either way, I think it's a crock of shit. I don't believe it's true, and I think that people have been put in a state of panic. I think the environmental movement is rooted in a political agenda, which is that capitalism is evil, that people are raping and pillaging the planet for profit. And I think it is rooted in redistribution.

I find people like Al Gore are the biggest, phoniest hypocrites of all. If global warming and carbon emissions are so bad, how does Al Gore justify getting on a private jet like we caught him on? How does he justify making money selling Current TV to Al Jazeera? That's all oil money, Al. I can respect a guy like Ed Begley Jr. riding around on his bike. I even offered to bail Daryl Hannah out of jail after she was arrested for protesting the Keystone XL pipeline. She uses her own biofuels to drive her car. Beautiful! But you've got these other Learjet, limousine liberals, the hypocrites and Hollywood phonies. Leonardo DiCaprio flying around on New Year's from Australia to Vegas, and he's lecturing people about the cars they're driving. So hypocritical. Come on!

PLAYBOY: How should we be managing our natural resources?

HANNITY: Hey, listen. I wouldn't mind having a car that runs on water. My attitude is that we should seek out new technologies and inventions that will advance the human condition. And at the same time, we should be drilling, we should be fracking, we should be the Saudi Arabia of natural gas, we should be building refineries, which we haven't built in 35 years, and nuclear facilities. France gets 75 percent of its power from nuclear plants. If the French can, we can. America is inhibited because of government regulation. You know all these people out of work? The minute you start drilling for natural gas and oil, every state can benefit, just as North Dakota does, which now has an unemployment rate of three percent. If we lessen our dependence on foreign oil, we're less involved in the Middle East, where there's such political instability, and the price of gas goes down to where the average American can pay less than $2 a gallon. That's a tax cut for everybody.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'd ever run for public office?

HANNITY: You know, whatever God has planned for me, I guess I'll know what to do.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though you think about it.

HANNITY: No. Not much. I would have to move out of state. Hell would freeze over before I would run in New York. I'm Florida-bound one of these days. That's where I want to live.

PLAYBOY: Not Alaska? You had Sarah Palin on your show 55 times. Someone calculated that she cost Fox News $19,868 per appearance. Was she worth it?

HANNITY: Absolutely. She's a great guest. I like her a lot personally. I think she has a lot to add to the national debate, and I'd have her on again.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on Donald Trump continuing to dabble in conservative politics?

HANNITY: He's a character; he's fun. The

ties I wear on the air come from the Donald Trump collection. Listen, he's great for the political contest, and I love his outspokenness and enthusiasm. You never know. If he's ever able to give up aspects of his business, and that includes giving up running his TV show, the Donald could be a player. In the meantime, I enjoy watching him.

PLAYBOY: Trump was one of the most vocal skeptics of Obama's American citizenship. You've also said Obama grew up in Kenya. Do you regret saying that now?

HANNITY: But he did grow up in Kenya, and he told *The New York Times* that he went to a school there and one of the most beautiful things on the planet is Islamic prayer at sunset.

PLAYBOY: Are you fueling the myth that Obama's a Muslim from Africa by saying that?

HANNITY: I never fueled the myth. How do you come up with this stuff? He did go to a Muslim school. He writes about it in his own book.

PLAYBOY: He did not grow up in Kenya.

HANNITY: He went to a Muslim school in Indonesia, or wherever it was, Kenya. I forget. Now you've got me. I think it was Indonesia. I'm trying to remember his biography. It's going back so long. He admits he went to a Muslim school. It's on his audiobook, if you want a tape of it—you can hear him say it himself.

I'm a Christian. All people are the children of God. I'm just telling you what Obama said in his own words. He didn't go to a madrassa, which has negative connotations, but he did study the Koran and Islam and learn prayers that he could recite with a perfect accent, according to Nicholas Kristof in *The New York Times*. As for the issue of his birth certificate, I thought that was one of the oddest things, a noncontroversy that the White House easily could have ended but didn't. If you've got the birth certificate, just release it and move on. That's what I said.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the racial dimension of having successful black conservatives on your show attacking the president. What's the fascination?

HANNITY: Who? I don't know who you're talking about.

PLAYBOY: Dr. Ben Carson, Allen West, J.C. Watts, Herman Cain——

HANNITY: You know, maybe you see life through the prism of race. I don't. We're Americans. I don't look at life that way. You seem to want to make this a race issue that doesn't exist in my life. All right, so I guess we've had on some African Americans who oppose Obama. They're human beings. I mean, if you want to deal with the racial component of electing the first African American president, I think it was good for America. The beauty of our founders and framers, while nobody is perfect, is they put into place a system of governing where we can right the wrongs and correct injustices. Through their wisdom, that is what this country has shown it is able to do. Sometimes too slowly, but we usually get it right in the end.

PLAYBOY: Okay, let's switch gears. Do you ever miss Alan Colmes?

HANNITY: I see him all the time. Things have worked out pretty well for both of us.

PLAYBOY: What ended *Hannity & Colmes*?

HANNITY: We were at the point where the format was problematic. Let's say we had an eight-minute segment with one or two guests. Colmes and I would get in maybe one question each, and then you're fighting to get your words in. We just felt that it had run its course, and he was happy to go to Fox News Radio.

PLAYBOY: How often do you see Rupert Murdoch?

HANNITY: I don't. He has more important things to do than meet with little old Sean Hannity. But we've bumped into each other. I ran into him on the street once and said, "Hi, Mr. Murdoch." And he said, "Ah." So he knew immediately who I was, which was reassuring.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of his position on climate change, which he believes is occurring, and his statement that the Keystone XL pipeline isn't needed? He's also in favor of gun control, including a ban on assault weapons.

HANNITY: I might disagree with him on all that. But one of the great things about working at Fox is I've never been told what to say or what positions to take, nor has anybody that I know. There's a real liberty and freedom here that I doubt exists elsewhere, from what I've heard from my friends in other media.

PLAYBOY: What did you think when you heard about News Corporation's phone-hacking scandal that implicated key Murdoch staffers?

HANNITY: It's a corporation that has anywhere from 50,000 to 100,000 employees. As somebody who had employees once in my life, people who worked for me...you know you're always going to have one or two bad employees. We have bad government officials all the time. It reflects on them, not on the company or the corporation.

PLAYBOY: You never trained as a journalist. Any regrets?

HANNITY: None. Absolutely not. Look, you can have people with multiple degrees who have gone to the finest journalism schools in the country. I'll give them a microphone and teach them how to do it, and they wouldn't be able to pull it off. You either have this innately or not, I think. You have a desire, first, to communicate, and for me, I just loved talk radio when I was a kid. I wanted to get behind a radio microphone, and when I eventually did, the minute the light went on, something changed. All the stuff started flying out of me, and people have hated me ever since.

PLAYBOY: Does it bother you that some people hate you?

HANNITY: Never. I don't care, not even a little bit.

PLAYBOY: That's good. What's your secret?

HANNITY: I'll tell you a story. There was somebody who works at Fox—I won't mention this person's name—and one of these websites started attacking this person. The first thing I said was, "Welcome to the big leagues." If they're not attacking you, you're not doing your job effectively. I also said, "If you want to feel better, go google my name."

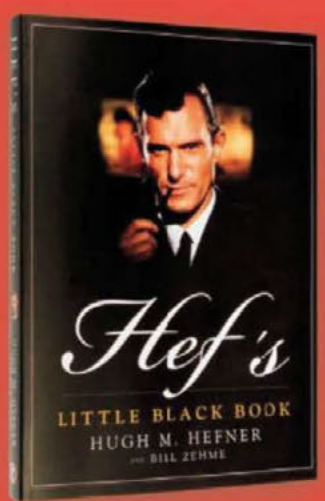
PLAYBOY: How often do you google your name?

HANNITY: Never. And I don't read blogs except to get information. I don't read comments and stuff. Never read any of it. Don't care. I accepted a long time ago that people aren't going to like me for some of the things I say, and that's okay. I don't get invited to the White House Christmas party or the White House Correspondents' Dinner, but so what? I concluded a long time ago that most media people are biased. They don't like conservatives. They're never going to like conservatives. I don't want to hang out with those people, whoever they are. I'm really happy



"This office-sharing thing just isn't working out."

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hanging out with my close friends, my family and my kids.

PLAYBOY: Are you the same at home as you are on your shows?

HANNITY: It's funny. My kids watch me do radio sometimes and go, "Dad, you're screaming into the microphone!" And I'll go, [*speaks softly*] "Hi, this is Sean. Welcome to the program." And they understand why that wouldn't work.

No, I'm essentially the same person. The thoughts are the same, the expressions are the same. Everything is from my heart, and I think deeply about any issue before I take a position on it. I spend a lot of time preparing every day. I try to be as knowledgeable on a subject as I can be. The volume might be a little higher on my show, but you have to keep things interesting.

PLAYBOY: How does your wife handle your outspokenness?

HANNITY: Everybody in her life told her not to marry me. Even the minister who married us pulled her aside and said, "Don't marry this guy."

PLAYBOY: Ha! Why?

HANNITY: We had a big fight when we went through our pre-marriage counseling, and I said, "That's the problem with the liberal church." And he didn't appreciate it. So he ended the session. What's funny is that he married a number of our friends at the time. This is 20 years ago. We're the only ones still together.

PLAYBOY: What are the keys to a lasting marriage?

HANNITY: Don't leave things to fester, or you become resentful of each other. Be honest about everything.

PLAYBOY: What do the Hannitys do for fun?

HANNITY: Nothing. I'm terrible. I didn't dance at my own wedding. I never go out. I'm home every night. I eat cereal for dinner. The one thing I'd like to do is build a racquetball court. I'm really into fitness and staying in shape, and it gets cold in the winter and I have to hit a ball. But that's it. The last place you'll ever see me is at the Playboy Mansion hanging out with Bill Maher.

PLAYBOY: You watch Bill Maher?

HANNITY: I hate him. Can't stand him. I'm a channel flipper. I saw him the other night for five seconds, but that's all I could take.

PLAYBOY: Chris Matthews, Rachel Maddow—do you watch them?

HANNITY: Never. I mean, have I seen MSNBC? Yeah. But honestly, I don't watch it. I don't see CNN either. I don't even watch Fox News that much. I'll listen to Rush Limbaugh sometimes. He's the Babe Ruth of our industry. We're friends, and his brother has been my agent for more than 20 years. There's nobody funnier, more unique, bright or talented.

PLAYBOY: You almost have more Twitter followers than Bill O'Reilly and Limbaugh combined. Does that give you some satisfaction? Even your hair has a Twitter account: @SHannitysHair.

HANNITY: How about that! Someone set that one up. So funny! Honestly, I had to cut back on Twitter because it was an addiction. I've got all these amazing people I interact with. Early on, people were so helpful in showing me the ropes on Twitter, so we created the Let Not Your Heart Be Troubled Twitter army. Had T-shirts printed up and everything. They showed me how to retweet and all that. Regular people like @TheFriddle and a girl named Natalie—@LNYHBTkid. And @PaulyShore too. He's a huge fan.

PLAYBOY: Who do you like in Hollywood? Or are they all just a bunch of bleeding hearts?

HANNITY: No, I loved *Gladiator* and *Braveheart*. I liked *The Passion of the Christ*. That's a great movie.

PLAYBOY: Do you know the difference between Kate Upton and *Downton Abbey*?

HANNITY: Very funny. I'm not oblivious to the world, but I'm not a big *Downton* fan. Kate Upton? I prefer Megan Fox. She's obviously very attractive. Angelina Jolie is very attractive. Scarlett Johansson is very attractive. But what do I know? I'm just a 51-year-old fat guy.

PLAYBOY: By the way, what's the deal with the football you throw around on set?

HANNITY: It breaks things up. We keep one in a special place so people won't steal it. I love football, and we used to throw one around among the crew during breaks. One night I just threw it while on the air, and it took on a life of its own. There are videos on YouTube that have nothing to do with the show of me just throwing the ball and hitting things.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever just unplug completely and spend time alone?

HANNITY: All the time. I like being alone. If you're lonely when you're alone, you're bad company. I like quiet time, downtime, even meditative time. I'll give you a liberal thought there.

PLAYBOY: You meditate?

HANNITY: I just close my eyes and still my mind. You know, there's a lot of chatter 24/7. I need to quiet myself sometimes, and I can quiet myself very quickly, actually. Sometimes I'll take the entire weekend offline and off media. I have two young kids who are both athletic, so we spend a lot of time doing their events.

PLAYBOY: What's your hope for them as they grow older?

HANNITY: You know what? It's hard as a parent not to wish that your kids succeed at the highest levels and take on every opportunity this country can give them. I keep telling my daughter, who's 11, to become a doctor. "I don't like blood, Dad." My dream for them is that they become the people they were born to be. The Latin word that education derives from is *educo*. It means to bring forth from within. And whatever they were born with—and I believe every human being is born with some gift, some talent, created by God—I want that to manifest itself in life.

PLAYBOY: How would you feel if one of them turned out to be gay?

HANNITY: I love my children. Period, end of sentence, unconditionally.

PLAYBOY: And if one of them turned out to be a Democrat?

HANNITY: Well, that might be a different story.

FAST EDDIE

(continued from page 155)

five-foot-five if honest. He is roping muscle. His arms, usually bare, are perpetually flexed. His expression rarely changes. His pug nose has been broken more than once. His gray hair is shaved to a fine stubble. The neck that holds that head up is as thick as a tree. He is a testament to the power of attitude and intention. He has bested more men than he can count, and it looks as if I will be counted among the multitude.

Rothman looks at me and takes me by surprise. Instead of a left hook he drops this bomb: "If you want to tell a fucking important story, then tell this one: Monsanto. Those fuckers are here. They have all these experimental farms right over the hill and are poisoning the land and poisoning the people. Write that shit." While my eyes had been trained on the pounding surf and the surfers and the fighters, by Rothman's reckoning I'd had my head in the sand. He is asking me to turn 180 degrees and look squarely toward the island, to those verdant hills, to where Monsanto has alighted like so many interlopers before.

Monsanto is, of course, the multinational agricultural biotechnology company based in St. Louis—some 5,000 miles from the North Shore. It is the staggeringly profitable company that once manufactured PCBs and Agent Orange but for the past 20 years has been making genetically modified seeds that grow herbicide-resistant crops such as soybeans, corn and sugar beets. In Hawaii, Monsanto, along with Syngenta, DuPont Pioneer Hi-Bred, Dow AgroSciences and BASF, is growing some 7,000 acres of crops, including soybeans and corn. These crops are not intended for human consumption per se; rather they are seed crops that will be shipped to farmers worldwide to plant in their fields to sell on the open market. Much of it ends up as feed for livestock in countries around the world. While international farmers have become dependent on Monsanto's incredibly effective Roundup Ready seed and Roundup herbicide, Rothman is part of a growing group of Hawaiians who see this as yet another encroachment on their beloved land.

His take on them is quite simple: "They are greedy fucks. They don't care about anything but making money, and they are doing it all right here on Oahu and all over the islands—threatening farmers, closing the local people down, closing farmers' markets. You know, if some of their GMO seed blows on someone's land, then they own it. They are controlling our politicians too. Laws to label food as GMO have come into our Congress, but they get shut down. They are taking over the land, just like in the past."

And his rant continues as he lists past wrongs on Hawaii—the early explorers bringing diseases to the islands, the Mormons bringing Mormonism, the sugar barons overthrowing the Hawaiian monarchy and enslaving the people, foreign surfers coming and stealing the waves, the methamphetamine epidemic now engulfing the islands. He eventually brings it back to Monsanto. "And now they are fucking with our food. They are fucking with the very root of who we are as people. It's the worst thing they could be doing. Greedy fucking fucks. For what? For money? Money does strange things to people. Fuck them."

I'd never heard him talk about anything with such passion other than Hawaiian wave sovereignty, the notion that these are their waves, to be surfed their way. With Monsanto, as with everything, Rothman goes with his gut. "They got all these research farms right over the hill from my house," says Rothman. "We're having a March Against Monsanto in Hale'iwa tomorrow." He grinds me with his eyes and it is completely expected that I will show up.

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The next day I drive up the volcanic range that bisects the island and toward the protest march in Hale'iwa. I pass the silly Dole Plantation tourist trap where the fruit company grows pineapple only for show. After a century of dominance on the islands, pineapples are now grown cheaper and more efficiently in Costa Rica. I drive past land that used to be sugarcane as far as the eye can see. But sugarcane is produced cheaper and more efficiently in Brazil these days. Pineapple and sugarcane fields, now deserted, are the ghosts of agribusinesses that once ruled virtually every part of Hawaiian life. The barons used the islands as personal piggy banks, caring little for the ecosystem or the local population. And just as I drop down the other volcanic side, the North Shore splayed before me, I see a street sign that reads ADOPT A HIGHWAY, LITTER CONTROL NEXT TWO MILES: MONSANTO COMPANY.

Monsanto was drawn to Hawaii for some of the same reasons that attracted the pineapple and sugar interests, namely its nutritious volcanic soil and its perfect, perpetually 75-degree weather. The islands are like a giant greenhouse. On the mainland most crops have one growing season, maybe two. In Hawaii they can have up to four, which suits Monsanto's purposes. More harvest cycles mean more seeds, and large tracts of land have been opened on Oahu, Maui, Kauai and Molokai to meet the seed demands of the world's farmers. These demands have made the seed industry Hawaii's largest agricultural sector. Worth more than $240 million, it is responsible for a third of Hawaii's agricultural income. While valuable to Hawaii's fragile, tourism-heavy economy, the income does little to settle the apprehensions of men like Eddie Rothman.

And Rothman is not alone, not by far. When I exit the main road toward Hale'iwa, hundreds of protesters have already grouped together near the 7-Eleven at the south end of town, or the "bottom" as it is called. It's a motley bunch: moms pushing strollers, old people with canes, chunky white transplants in awful denim shorts, surfers, Japanese tourists, dreadlocked hippies banging on ukuleles, girls in bikinis, tough mokes. *Moke* is Hawaiian slang for an aggressive "braddah" who wears "da rubba slippas" and punches haoles. *Haole* is Hawaiian slang for "white man." Everyone has a sign with some variation on the demand that Monsanto leave Hawaii. Pit bulls roam freely. A man wearing a *V for Vendetta* mask tells a man with a head as big as a Fiat, "Look at those clouds, brah. I hope they don't chemtrail us." It is a widely held belief here that Monsanto dumps heavy metals into the clouds in order to control the weather. As expected, Monsanto denies the protesters' claims, of chemtrailing and otherwise.

Across the parking lot a giant pickup truck draped in Hawaiian flags is surrounded by men wearing red Da Hui T-shirts. There is Kala Alexander, a surfer and actor who became famous as the unlikely star of a series of YouTube videos featuring the beatdowns he gave surfers who showed disrespect in the waves. Those videos are a relic of his past. Alexander's most recent activist star turn is as a concerned citizen speaking out against the encroachments of the biotech companies in a documentary about GMOs and Hawaii.

Rothman stands with the protesters, arms folded across his chest like a sentinel, and lets the others do the talking. As I approach, he says, "You gotta meet the guys who started the march," and walks me over to two men busily directing the proceedings. "These are the real people. These are the ones changing shit."

One of them is Dustin Barca, a professional surfer and also an MMA fighter from Kauai. He is handsome, with severely cauliflowered ears. "Five years ago I started studying, reading, watching the movies about GMOs," he says. "I wanted to get my facts straight before acting. I learned how damaging they are to the people and to the land. It is poison. And so now I want to build awareness. I want to educate the local people on what is happening. I'm not interested in saving the world. I'm interested in saving my island."

Rarely is a word spoken here today that isn't rooted in fierce localism. Walter Ritte, standing next to Barca, nods his head in approval. Ritte, older and slight with a full gray beard, is from Molokai and is a legend among Hawaiian activists. His involvement in the GMO debate is tied to the University of Hawaii's genetic experiments with taro, a traditional Hawaiian root. "Taro is a family member for Hawaiians," he told me. "It is our firstborn. If they're going to mess with our firstborn then they're going to mess with us. This whole GMO issue is so complicated, and I like to make it simple. Basically GMOs package us, they own us. And I would like to tell them—the companies—if you hurt our culture and you hurt our land, you're in for trouble."

In days past, Da Hui would have brought the trouble immediately and violently on the interlopers, but today its members have signs and slogans and bullhorns. They are joined in solidarity with farmers and other citizens, joined not by surfing but by living in and loving Hawaii. The march begins, and the energized crowd chants, "Thanks for visiting. Now go home like the rest of the tourists!" People fill the Kamehameha Highway, smiling, chanting and trading horror stories about the evils of GMOs and

"Mon-Satan." I hear many stories about a Monsanto property on Oahu called the Kunia research farm. People say fish DNA is put into strawberries there and 70 different kinds of chemicals are used on the crops. They say Monsanto is destroying Hawaii's native species by making Frankencrops that cross-pollinate with everything. They say the farm is killing all the bees and changing the weather, and that it isn't from here. They say the farm does not belong here.

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There was a time when Rothman was the interloper, the unknown quantity on the North Shore. Although many people assume he is Hawaiian, he was born Jewish in Philadelphia. "I don't know nothing about Jew stuff, but once this lady on the North Shore made me some Jew food and it was good," he tells me. He has said that his mother physically abused him as a boy. Eventually she left, and his father moved to Long Beach, California with him. "My father would fucking beat the shit out of me because I was little, and that made him mad." Eventually Eddie'd had enough. When he was 14 years old he stole enough money out of his father's wallet for a one-way ticket to Honolulu. He had surfed in California and had seen the surf-ploitation films featuring Hawaii, with its perfect giant waves, palm trees, white sand and easy smiles.

He landed in Honolulu knowing no one. He knew only that something felt almost right. He stayed in Honolulu for a few years, flying to southern California to pick up marijuana and bring it back to Hawaii. He briefly went to school in Long Beach. "I went to school a couple of times, but the school told me if I didn't show up, they would pass me." He eventually moved permanently to the North Shore. It had everything he needed: surf, sun, a market for his marijuana. And as a 16-year-old he would get by selling it and stealing cars.

One bright day he was in the bushes at the Sunset, one of the North Shore's famous wave breaks, breaking into cars, when he ran into a pack of Hawaiian locals who were doing the same thing. How did they come to accept this unlikely outsider? "I don't talk good," says Rothman. "I have bad speech like them, so it was easy, and everything went from there. I sounded like them, and they just accepted that I was like them." He was tenacious, so they flew him around the islands to crack heads for such offenses as not paying debts within an appropriate time. When I suggest that the tough Hawaiians had adopted him, he bristles. "They didn't adopt shit. I proved myself every fucking day. I proved myself with these." Again, he holds up a fist. A scarred, tooth-nicked fist. On the North Shore, not speaking well goes only so far.

Of all the enemies Rothman has faced over the years, Monsanto is by far the biggest and most elusive. Bloomberg reports that the company did $5.47 billion in revenue in this year's second quarter alone. It, along with the other seed companies, owns or leases 25,000 acres on the islands.

Before arriving in Hawaii, Monsanto had perfected its craft. Company scientists were among the first to genetically modify a plant cell in their laboratories, and they knew they had struck gold. Traditional seeds cannot be patented, since they occur naturally. Genetically modified seed, on the other hand, can be, as ruled by the U.S. Supreme Court. The company realized it could make a higher-yielding, more-rugged product through science, and it could better monetize that product by applying patent law. And Monsanto protects these patents fiercely, suing any farmer who dares replant instead of purchasing. The company argues that it has spent billions of dollars perfecting these seeds and it only makes sense to recoup investment costs. The Supreme Court agrees. In May, the Court ruled that farmers are not allowed to replant Monsanto seed but must repurchase yearly. To many farmers, Roundup's near silver-bullet-like effectiveness is worth the cost. Still, Rothman takes issue with this, seeing it as a form of extortion. Just as offensive to him is how close Monsanto is to his home. How it looms in his backyard. "That farm is fucking evil," he adds to the chorus, near the end of the march.

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"That farm" is the Kunia research farm, which sits just opposite the volcanic mountain range from the North Shore, halfway up a small, shack-lined road. It is unassuming from the outside. A man wearing a *Jurassic Park*–looking uniform lets me in through the gate, and I am introduced to two scientist-farmers who take me on a tour of the property. The farm is virtually all corn and soybean, and as we drive for hours they point out the sustainability of the operation: the terraces, the drip irrigation. They show me an area that has been donated to small-scale local farmers who grow produce there, some of it organic, to sell at farmers' markets. It's not a nightmare factory out of *The X Files*. It is the picture of American ingenuity, but American ingenuity is not the Hawaiian dream.



"I'm really okay with your videotaping us, Michael, but must you also do a play-by-play?"

When I raise the protesters' concerns about cross-pollination destroying native species, Monsanto representatives point out that corn doesn't cross-pollinate with anything on the islands and has no relatives here, so there's no danger. Even if cross-pollination isn't a worry, pesticide runoff still plagues Hawaii. Oahu has its pineapple and sugarcane ghosts. Researchers from Stanford, the University of California and the University of Hawaii have reported on pesticides in the groundwater and fragile reefs damaged by pesticide runoff after decades of largely unregulated rule by big agricultural interests on the island.

But that's not Monsanto's past here in Hawaii, and the company claims to be dedicated to custodianship of the land. The company tells me it pulls up and recycles truckloads of plastic from old pineapple fields. But in many Hawaiian eyes—in Rothman's eyes—there is no difference between the past and the present, which directly affects Hawaiian protesters' feelings regarding science. Hawaiians were told in the past that the pesticides used on pineapples were good and that DDT spraying to control mosquitoes was good. They, even more than the mainland America population, are loath to believe the science is sound. Critics such as Michael Hansen, senior staff scientist for *Consumer Reports,* help feed the perception that GMOs are poison. He says, "We now have allergy problems from genetic modification, or adverse effects on bone marrow, liver, kidney and reproductive systems. There have been animal studies, but they need to be followed up on. There is just no control."

GMO proponents scoff at the lack of scientific rigor on the other side. After I leave the farm I speak with Alison Van Eenennaam, a specialist in animal genomics and biotechnology in the Department of Animal Science at the University of California, Davis. She says, "As a scientist, I don't just get to have a bad feeling about something. There have been 15 years of research, more than 400 scientific studies, and we've eaten more than 3 trillion meals. The jury is absolutely in. The overwhelming bulk of the data says there is nothing biologically different in genetically modified food. We eat it. We digest it. It breaks down. It turns into us. In fact, it is a criminal injustice for us not to feed the world with these products, especially in countries where people are dying of starvation instead of obesity. It is morally bankrupt."

But if there's anything Rothman doesn't lack, it is moral outrage. He's outraged at a company that has essentially patented nature for profit. He's outraged at technology that has given rise to Roundup-resistant weeds that have forced farmers across the country to revert to using more toxic chemicals to protect their crops. Rothman's distrust is a portion of America's writ large. For a citizen, the first step toward truth often begins with "just getting to have a bad feeling about something." And Rothman's bad feeling is about yet another threat to his vision of the Hawaiian dream. It is about defending his version of the pastel-postcard Miltonian paradise. Oahu is still an island in the middle of the ocean. It still has coconut-scented winds and waves so big and ideal that none have ever been found bigger or better. And he wants to keep it pure. And this dream, even if never true, dies hard.

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Rothman is smoldering when I go back to his house after visiting the farm. The sun is well into its downward slide, painting the firmament with soft oranges and fiery pinks. His shoulders, as big as hills, slump. He seems exhausted. We stand quietly for a minute, watching the ocean. It's hard not to think this is essentially about Monsanto interlopers coming in and rewriting the rules of the island. Like the foreign surfers before them and Captain Cook before them. And it's hard not to see that Rothman doesn't know exactly what to do.

As if to comfort himself, he recounts a moral victory in his past, over an enemy he could physically best. "See that right there?" he says, pointing to a spot on the beach. I nod. "Years ago there were some little girls playing on the sand, and this big guy came and, you know, showed them his...you know...his thing." He gestures at his crotch. "So I went over to his house. He was a big guy, and he was in there cleaning his gun, so I got scared. But I knocked on the door and he answered, and then he made a move. I've always been a little guy, and so I just go on instinct and—*pow*—I hit him in the mouth. He knocked out but woke back up when he hit the ground and started moaning. His wife came running to the door, and they called the cops because I broke his jaw. But when the cops came they couldn't say nothing because the guy would have to say why I cracked him. He was a lieutenant in the Army or some shit. Fucking creep. But that's the last time he showed himself to any kids." He lowers his head and rubs his eyes.

"Why don't you just crack them?" I ask, referring to Monsanto. This is exactly how Rothman drove the surf world into a panicked fear, by knocking enough people out that no surfer ever steps out of line. He turns toward me, and his expression that rarely changes turns into a mask of helpless bewilderment. "I can't," he says. "There is no them. I mean, they are everywhere. If I go and slap someone, they just gonna throw me in jail, and I don't even know who they are. They hide behind their corporation." He looks back out at the Pacific. The sun is even lower now, and the orange is softer, the pink more fiery. He sighs deeply, carrying the weight of his own legend and facing a new foe that is far baser than any he has faced before. He wants to act, but how? He sighs again and growls, "Let's go."

We drive together in silence down his dead-end road, out to the main Kamehameha Highway, then quickly turn into a gorgeous piece of unspoiled North Shore greenery. The land is terraced where we are standing, and I can see half-dug rows almost ready for planting. A large yellow tractor sits idle. The volcanic range rises in the near distance and is crowned with a strange sort of pine that I have seen only in Hawaii. "This is my farm," he says as we start moving toward the patch of reddish dirt that is his organic farm.



"Exhibitionism is a very complex issue and is likely to require many repeat sessions in order to find a cure."

Eddie Rothman the specter has become Eddie Rothman the farmer, just on the opposite side of the range from where Monsanto's Kunia research farm sits. He tells me he spends long days moving giant rocks by hand, because if he used the tractors they would "fuck up all the water hoses we have." He tends to taro crops and digs holes for water-purification systems by hand as well. "I've seen them do it this way in Samoa. They use their hands and their feet like this...." He climbs down into an unfinished hole and starts to claw at the earth. He digs his own wells, installs solar panels and feeds his chickens and ducks.

Rothman becomes more animated and less exhausted as we wander around his farm—this plot of land is a Hawaii he can control, where no outsiders threaten the balance he's struggling to regain. He tells me he worries about Monsanto's chemical drift but is doing everything in his power to limit his farm's exposure to the company's tactics. He says the farmwork is good for his body, and the food, once it really starts growing, will be good too.

As we walk, it becomes clear that farming is the way he has chosen to physically go to war against Monsanto, by taking back the land, acre by acre. It's a tactic shared by other, more experienced farmers in Hawaii, who are lobbying the largest landowners to shift their proportion of GMO leases toward more natural and organic farmland. They want land tainted by pesticide use to be cleaned and repurposed as incubators and education centers for organic farming. They want to be given a fighting chance to sustain their island their way. The chances that a few organic farmers in the middle of the ocean will evict a billion-dollar multinational corporation are slim. But Rothman will have none of that.

Hawaii has been decimated by foreign disease, subjugated by foreign agricultural interests, annexed by foreign nations. It is a series of defeats. Rothman, though, has a victory to his name. Because of Da Hui, and because of him, visiting surfers' blood still runs cold. He wrestled and punched the North Shore back from the clutches of foreign surf interests, and he is dead set on doing the same for the land. He has played slim odds in the defense of a dream before and won.

He also has the land on his side. The locals talk about the curse of Pele, the legend that anything taken from the Hawaiian Islands will bring bad luck to the taker. By that reckoning, Monsanto is exporting a bête noire as its seeds get planted around the world. Whether because of a curse or the passing of time, the sugarcane and pineapple barons have come and gone. Captain Cook is dead. The interlopers in Hawaii have gotten their due. Eddie Rothman is doing what he can, by protest and by pitchfork, to hurry it along. Before we get into his truck and head back down the hill, he kicks at a volcanic rock and then gives my shoulder a hard pat. It hurts.

DEPORTED

(continued from page 78)

in Compton he started hanging with old friends. One night the homeys thought they were being followed. They weren't: They were high, strung out and paranoid. Shots were fired. Barajas pleaded guilty to discharging a firearm at a vehicle and served three years in prison. Then he was deported.

Big Pac-Man tried to sneak home, but he got caught. Today he has pretty much given up on the idea of sneaking back to Los Angeles.

Instead, from Rosarito he is assembling his own deportee army.

•

These former soldiers live in a world of ironies. They are banished from the United States as a result of their crimes and infractions, sometimes related to PTSD, sometimes to outright cons and deceptions by recruiters. Many wrestle with drugs and addiction. They readily acknowledge they are not saints. But their problems could have been handled with treatment and therapy at real VA hospitals if they'd been U.S. citizens. And on the day they die, they are eligible for burial in the U.S. with full military honors. They were honorably discharged, after all.

Barajas says, "We're only good enough to be Americans when we're dead."

Although these banished veterans have been rendered officially invisible, they have transformed themselves into unlikely media stars. Televisa interviews them. Activists seek them out. Photographers pose them with flags. A steady stream of reporters and now filmmakers flows out to the beach to study them and post their story. The soldiers spend a lot of time trying to explain. Aggravated-felony charges got many of them tossed out of the country and are at the heart of their struggle; the key word that turns them into pariahs is *felony*.

When Bill Clinton signed the Illegal Immigration Reform and Immigrant Responsibility Act in 1996, the American immigration system received a major facelift. The 200-page bill effectively overhauled existing law. It became a lot easier to be deported.

Not only did the Border Patrol gain more than 10,000 new employees, but funding for Immigration and Naturalization Service investigations increased to unprecedented levels. They needed something to investigate, and these new investigations needed new metrics to put check marks in the proper columns. Hence, stricter penalties for infractions were imposed. To keep the conviction flow healthy, the definition of what constituted an infraction broadened. For example, the act created a 10-year banishment for any "illegal" immigrant caught living in the U.S. for more than a year. And there came a new definition of the term *aggravated felony*. The better to catch you with, homeboy.

Certain misdemeanors became felonies overnight. Shoplifting while Mexican became a felony. Driving under the influence was now a potential felony. And felonies were deportable offenses. But the genius of it, the draconian stratagem of the deporters, was to make these hardcore penalties retroactive. So soldiers who had already served time for their infractions—even decades earlier—were immediately subject to deportation. And the system revved up its Hoover and started vacuuming them out of their houses. Immigration detainees, according to the system, have no right to counsel.

At the same time, immigration judges were stripped of the one avenue for mercy left open to them: Their judicial discretion was denied.

Green cards didn't matter, time served didn't matter, legal counsel didn't matter. An aggravated felony conviction—even after the fact—meant permanent mandatory banishment. President Barack Obama and his administration would not comment.

•

Obama has deported more people than any other president in American history. His administration—until its recent embrace of border reform and "pathway to citizenship" (you can hear the rustling sound of a vast Latino voting bloc coming of age beyond the White House fence)—maintained strict quotas for the Department of Homeland Security, keeping the Tea Party happy. Obama's target has been 400,000 humans a year.

Since 2008 the U.S. has deported almost 2 million people. Last year it set an all-time record: 409,849 humans through the goal posts. Fifty-five percent of them had been convicted of misdemeanors or felonies. That would leave more than 180,000 who are not—even retroactively—guilty of such infractions.

Interestingly, no government agency adrift in that vast trinomial soup of enforcement claims to know how many U.S. veterans are among these numbers.

"Immigration and Customs Enforcement does not currently track how many individuals removed from the United States are military veterans," says spokesperson Lori Haley.

Hold up now: The Center for Naval Analyses states that 70,000 immigrants enlisted between 1998 and 2008. The Department of Homeland Security posted numbers on its website: 83,532 immigrants naturalized through military service in the past decade—and hundreds of lucky bastards won citizenship posthumously. It's hard to believe no bean counter knows how many of these soldiers were kicked out of the country.

President George W. Bush signed 2004's National Defense Authorization Act, which made it possible for people to become American citizens on soil outside the United States. That means you could become a U.S. citizen in the middle of a battle—say, in Baghdad, where 161 immigrant soldiers were naturalized on a single day in 2007.

The head spins. Apparently Secretary of Homeland Security Janet Napolitano is feeling a bit dizzy herself: Writing of citizenship

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services held for 24 enlistees in 2010, she said "they come to America because of their commitment to our ideals and their belief in the American dream. Many of them risk their lives for their country even before they officially become citizens."

But before the moment they became citizens, they might have committed a misdemeanor that magically became a felony, which means they can be thrown out with their medals.

Immigration officials claim military service is taken into consideration during deportation proceedings, as mandated by a highly publicized June 2011 document known as the Morton Memo. In it, ICE director John Morton outlined factors for considering mercy in deportation cases.

One factor, wrote Morton, is "whether the person, or the person's immediate relative, has served in the U.S. military, reserves or National Guard, with particular consideration given to those who served in combat." It gets better: "certain classes of individuals" deserve "particular care." Who dat? "Veterans of the U.S. armed forces."

Recap: We know how many of them exist, but we don't know how many of them exist. We do, however, know what each of these unknown soldiers did and when they did it and have prosecuted them individually, though we again do not know who they are. We honor their military service to this country and offer them full honors in a U.S. military cemetery upon their deaths, though we deported them for being an unwanted burden to this country. And maybe they could become citizens right there in Tijuana if the U.S. invaded.

No wonder Big Pac-Man feels confused.

•

Big Pac-Man may be a big badass felon, but he became famous for crying. When reporters from Univision came to visit, they were so taken with the deported veterans that a three-part special report resulted. They followed Barajas around: attending church, talking to other vets, manning the computer workstations with Little Pac-Man.

And they taped him being a dad, Skyping with his seven-year-old daughter, Liliana, in California.

"Chicky-boo," he called into the screen. He lit up with delight as the little girl's face appeared. "Hey! Hi, Mama!"

"Hi," Lily replied. She sounded muffled.

The pair giggled and started talking. Lily's image was purplish. The slow internet connection made the conversation freeze and hop.

"It's not enough," Barajas said under his breath. "I can't hold her."

The Univision reporter, Santiago Lucero, next visited Barajas's mom, Margarita, in the U.S. He taped a greeting from her to Barajas with an iPhone. Later, in Mexico, while Univision's cameras rolled, Lucero played it for him.

Margarita was tearful. She told Big Pac-Man she loved him, that she wished he could return soon. That she prayed for him.

Barajas sucked in a breath and looked away. His forehead crumpled under his beret. A tear ran down his cheek.

"Word of a mother, broken by her son's deportation," Lucero intoned in Spanish.

The camera cut away, leaving Big Pac-Man gasping for composure.

•

On any given day, those staying at the Deported Veterans Support House might be fielding phone calls, searching Tijuana streets for homeless vets, Facebooking maniacally or perhaps painting their names and a simple three-foot-high, three-character message—SOS—on the wall dividing Tijuana from San Diego. Really. No one who visits Tijuana's most western edge, where the city meets the sea and Mexican beachgoers suck down mangos and gamy fish tacos, can miss the plea for help. Seen by itself, with no veterans present, the sign might seem baffling. Next to it, they painted a giant upside-down American flag: the soldier's sign of distress.

It's easy to get sucked in by Big Pac-Man's laugh. He's likable, charismatic, candid to a fault. At times you want to say, "Hector, stop it. Don't tell me that. Too much, Hector." Like the time he fell off the wagon in the support house earlier this year, after five long months of sobriety. "I like to get high," he says. "I know I'm an addict. I know the bad outweighs the good."

He pauses.

"Just sometimes I go, 'Fuck it.'"

Big Pac-Man launches into the story. Yet another reporter was banging on the door of the support house, waiting to ping the vets with questions. Rebolledo didn't know what to do. Maybe the reporter would just leave. Barajas had been up for days; when he heard the front door, he dived into the musty bathroom. Tweaking and terrified, he'd put up barricades. Rebolledo pretended no one was in the house and stayed silent.

Then a neighbor let the damn reporter in.

"Aw, man, it was so bad," Barajas says. He rubs his hands over his head. "I go about a week and a half, no sleep, nothing. I get weird. Something like that could hurt the cause, the veterans. It could discredit me."

But it doesn't stop him from talking, from revealing. Big Pac-Man exposes himself. He lays it all out. You can like him or not, though it's hard not to. He sparkles. And what's clearer than anything is the fact that he's trying as hard as he possibly can, and he wants people to know he's trying.

He has broken ground. No one else has been able to organize the vets. It's sort of like wading into the ocean and catching jellyfish by hand. Sometimes there are patches, two or three new deportees snared, a few more unofficial "intake" forms filled out. But for long stretches no new names appear. Lately it's been a slow trickle.

Virtual vet hunting is almost a full-time job. Barajas and Rebolledo stalk around online, monitoring the news and online petitions and the go-to mainstay, Facebook. Then there are real-life passes through homeless territory, certain Tijuana streets lined with gutters of garbage and girls.



"I've got to give you credit, Muriel—no obstacle has been too great in your climb to the top!"

High or sober, Big Pac-Man continually pulses with frenetic energy.

Barajas taught himself HTML so he could run the Banished Veterans website. His baby mama, whom he desperately wants back, now pays the domain renewal fees. The rudimentary lists of deported vets taped up in the apartment crawled off the walls and into Google Docs. With help from a MagicJack, the phone calls started: with lawyers (pro bono, immigration, criminal defense), congressional aides (anyone who answers), journalists and missionaries. Evangelist Tony Lamson, a former marine, brought food and faith, words of motivation to stay straight. The soldiers try.

Sometimes things get messy. Drama. Petty fights break out, over girls or slights or respect. Every day is a new set of challenges. The electricity shuts off. There's no food. Someone gets drunk, crashes a car and runs away from the scene. Someone sleeps with a reporter. Old childhood friends from L.A., gangbangers, show up with goodies to inject or sniff. The deportee army is one band in a sea of borderland deportees flooding Tijuana. Sometimes Barajas's perceived power is challenged in creative ways.

But whatever the reason—candor, relatable fuck-ups, nonstop leave-no-man-behind banter, genuine affability—Big Pac-Man continues as the unofficial leader of the Banished Veterans. And he's not focused on deportees alone. He also tries to catch his "brothers in arms" before their boots hit foreign ground.

•

Enlisting wasn't really Ruben Azevedo's idea. It was his buddy's. After the towers fell on September 11, they felt patriotic. So they became marines.

Azevedo ended up loving the service, even after 14 brutal months in Iraq through 2004 and 2005, after Falluja and after Najaf. "I loved being in," Azevedo says. If it were up to him, he'd still be a marine.

But it's not. Shortly after returning from Iraq, he broke his back in a car crash. He was subsequently honorably discharged. It was 2006.

"After I got back from Iraq," says Azevedo, "I was pretty messed up in the head." One night a few summers later, in 2008, police stopped the car he was riding in. He recounts the story. His friend, who was driving, was charged with driving under the influence. During the arrest, Azevedo yelled at the officers and ended up with his own charge: disorderly conduct. It didn't seem to be too big a deal.

But a few months later, in August, a team of ICE agents surrounded his house. "They were in SWAT vehicles," Azevedo says. They had come to deport him.

The marine was baffled. When the Azevedo family emigrated from Portugal in the 1980s, they'd settled first in California and then in the small rural community of Twin Falls, Idaho. They've lived there ever since. It's classic small-town America, population 25,000, the land of big trucks, country music and camping.

In middle school Azevedo met Idaho native Brittnie Bjornn. They fell in love and later married. The junior high school sweethearts have been together for 18 years, more than half Azevedo's life. He's 30.

Azevedo tried to do the right thing. He turned himself in. Surely, he thought, there was some mistake. He was held for a day, he says, in "a little cubicle with a bunch of Hispanic people." Everyone else spoke Spanish. He doesn't. ICE officials scoffed, he says, when he told them he was a U.S. marine and Iraq combat vet.

He used his phone call to contact Brittnie, who brought in the documents to prove it. Before he was released, Azevedo says, he had to sign various court papers.

It was confusing because he'd applied for citizenship before but had never heard back from the U.S. government. He hadn't expected any problems, given his combat service to the country, his American wife and the fact he'd lived in the U.S. since he was a baby.

When he was in Iraq, he and "a bunch of other guys" even took a course offered by the military that walked service members through the naturalization process and helped them file their paperwork. The documents were supposed to go to immigration processing centers specially designated for military applicants. Azevedo says neither he nor any of the others heard back.

After the surprise ICE detainment, he applied again. He hasn't heard anything. At the same time, Azevedo hasn't hired a lawyer, shrugging off the idea. Would they really pluck him from Idaho and send him to Portugal?

"If they want to deport me, they can sure as heck try," he says. He's pragmatic and down-to-earth, but it's also clear he thinks the whole deportation-proceedings mess is silly. "I'd like to see 'em try."

When Big Pac-Man found Azevedo on Facebook shortly after the incident, he tried to warn him. "He doesn't get it yet," Barajas says. "These guys, ICE, are serious. They don't care."

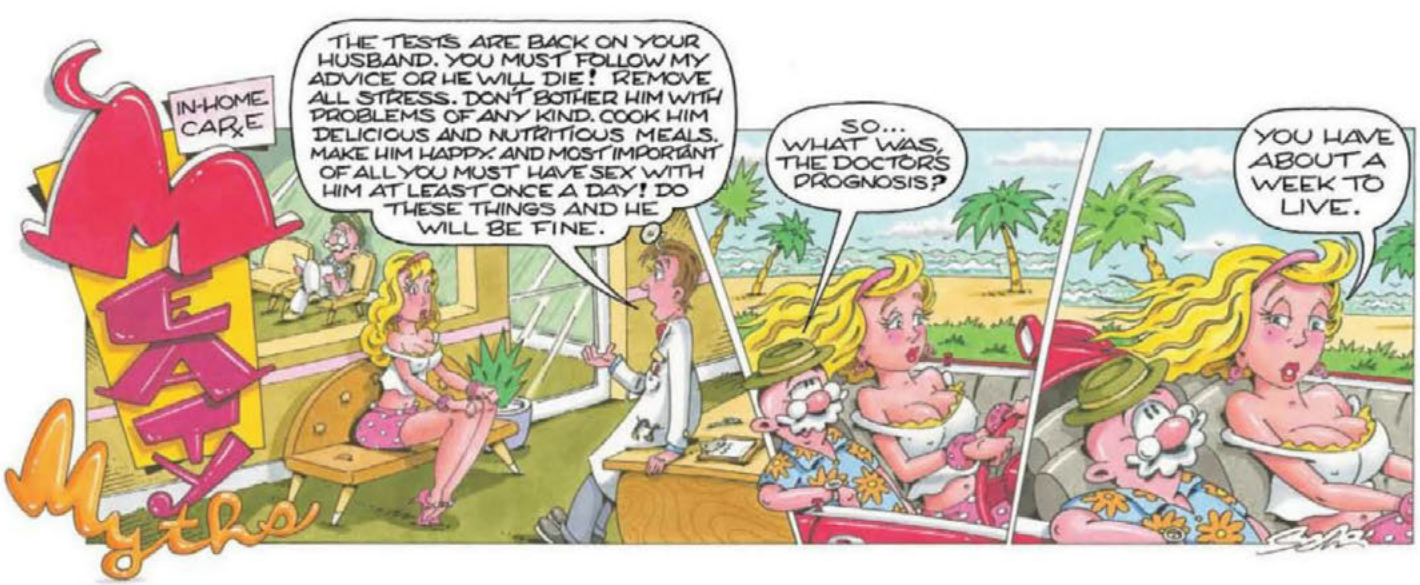
He throws up his hands. "I can only do so much. These guys! If they don't want to listen, well, you can lead a horse to water...."

•

For all the younger combat vets, there are also old ones. Hector Manuel Barrios is almost 70. Black-and-white snapshots from Vietnam show Barrios as a strapping young man of 24, trim and well muscled. One is a portrait of him slyly confident in a combat helmet. Then he's shirtless, sitting outside what might be barracks. In another, Barrios sits on a bench with three other soldiers, clutching a German shepherd puppy. Three of the four look unsure, but Barrios, one hand resting lightly across the dog's heart, is grinning for the camera.

Barrios's mustache is small and neat. So is the one-room apartment in Tijuana's seamy Zona Norte, where he now lives. His shoes are tucked carefully beneath his bed, a twin mattress sagging on a metal frame. A single bare bulb, dangling from an extension cord, reveals peeling walls. A tattered postcard taped to the door frame bears the emblem of the 1st Air Cavalry, a bright yellow shield inlaid with a horse's head. In the corner of the room is a small TV. Its picture shimmies and jumps.

It's hard for Barrios to feed himself. On one of his ID documents, the small box for U.S. citizen is checked off with two faded



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Xs, stamped in old typewriter ink. On others he's listed as a legal permanent resident. He makes a few dollars a week hunched and hobbling around a small taco stand. In 2001 he was deported after an arrest at the U.S. border for transporting marijuana in a car. Now he's a heroin addict. It's hard for him to talk about Vietnam: His gravelly voice ebbs and flows and cracks.

Sometimes Big Pac-Man visits. "He's not only my *tocayo*"—Spanish for "namesake"—"he's my brother in arms," Barajas says. Sometimes he tears up, gets emotional. "It's the ultimate betrayal. If he died in combat, he would have been an American hero."

Barajas throws an arm around the elderly man's frail shoulders, giving a hearty squeeze. Barrios grunts. Each time they're together, Big Pac-Man insists on a cell phone picture. The Hectors huddle together on the weary bed. More fodder for the social-media networks. Each time, for photos Barrios breaks into a habitual grin. It transforms him. The old man is instantly, suddenly, temporarily that same guy in the photos from Vietnam: brave, strong, limbs unencumbered, spine strong despite everything. His eyes are cheerful and gleaming.

When Big Pac-Man first arrived in Tijuana, he was scrambling for a job. No big shock: The entire city is scrambling—it's the definition of Tijuana. He joined the great human tide, seeking something meaningful to do. He found it in an old-folks' home, where he tended to faltering seniors in their last days. One can imagine what the conditions in a Tijuana retirement hospital might be. Big Pac-Man engaged his military discipline and walked into the smell and sorrow every day. There he found he had a real talent for helping others.

•

Fourteen years ago, addressing the Senate, Senator Patrick Leahy of Vermont declared, "The zealousness of Congress and the White House to be tough on aliens has successfully snared permanent residents who have spilled their blood for our country." He said the INS was prepared to deport vets "for even the most minuscule criminal offenses."

Yeah. What else is new, senator? Leahy's bill, the Fairness to Immigrant Veterans Act, died, as did Representative José Serrano's version in the House.

Even outspoken characters like former congressman (and current San Diego mayor) Bob Filner, who chaired the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, are mostly powerless. "An incredible number of kids come back with an injury or illness that puts them in trouble with the law," Filner once told the press. "To simply have these people deported is not a good way to thank them for their service."

Right. That was a few years ago. Now Filner's press director won't even grant us an interview on the subject.

And now another Democrat from California, Representative Mike Thompson, has unveiled a plan to help. In 2011, he introduced the Support and Defend Our Military Personnel and Their Families Act. His press release about the bill said 45,000 noncitizen vets were enlisted at the time. The bill would presumably speed up the process of citizenship for vets and guarantee them a hearing in front of a judge; therefore it "helps to protect them from deportation." Maybe—the bill was crushed in committee, but Thompson reintroduced it last February. The bill isn't that different from the previous one. "I feel optimistic this time around," Thompson tells us.

But it doesn't mention those already deported. When pressed, Thompson says that the deportees (and those in deportation proceedings) will "certainly be taken into consideration." That is, after the bill "shows progress."

"I know that the situation is bad," Thompson says. The congressman, a veteran himself, sounds grim. "What I think I would tell them, face-to-face, is that I very much appreciate what you've done and your service to our country, and we very much plan to give you the support that you've earned. And that goes for your family as well."

Big Pac-Man and the deportee army have heard this for years.

•

It's a bright day in Rosarito. The beach is only a few blocks away, and not far from the Deported Veterans Support House, the Baja Studios film lot sits quiet, locked down. The sets for *Titanic* are in there, along with 51 acres of soundstages and dressing rooms, just waiting for film crews to return. Inland, about a quarter mile away, Tijuana's new convention center materializes in a field of golden grass and running dogs. It's going to bring big business to town—concerts and car shows. So they say.

The banished warriors are in their car again. It's time to go eat. Everywhere Barajas goes lately, it's like a parade. The soldiers' car has become two cars caravanning into town, all seats full.

The caravan pulls into a *carnitas* joint on one of the main drags into the southern end of the city. *Carnitas Michoacána*—braised pork done in the style of deep western Mexico—is a meal served here the way Big Pac-Man likes it. The platters are ordered by weight. Big Pac-Man orders a kilo.

The mountain of meat arrives, sizzling and fragrant. Tortillas fly around the table. Barajas leads the conversation and the laughter. He repeats, from earlier in the day, that he wants to go home for good. That he'd do anything to raise his daughter. To be good. "I don't even know how to do a drive-by shooting," he says. "They done me wrong."

The young dude with the neck tattoos says, "Sure you do." He holds out his left arm as if steering a car. He crosses his right arm over it, rests his wrist in the crook and squeezes off imaginary rounds. "That's how," he says.

Hector Barajas and Fabián Rebolledo attend to their food. Barajas smiles but shakes his head. "Nah, man. Staying out of trouble," he says. "I'm never getting into trouble again." It sounds almost like a prayer.



Miss April 2013

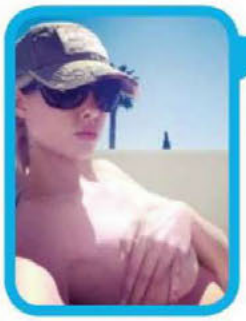
Jaslyn Ome

GRAFFITI GIRL

It's not every day you see a beautiful Playmate juxtaposed against graffitied walls, let alone rocking a flat-brimmed ball cap. But isn't this a good look for Jaslyn Ome? The folks at independent clothing brand Stache Haus follow Jaslyn on Instagram, and they asked if she might consider modeling for their summer look book. Jaslyn decided to give it a go. "It was really cool," she says.

THE IRISH CURSE

Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund stars in *Unlucky Charms*, available to stream online. The low-budget, high-thrills flick also features Miss May 2012 Nikki Leigh and a gnarly leprechaun.

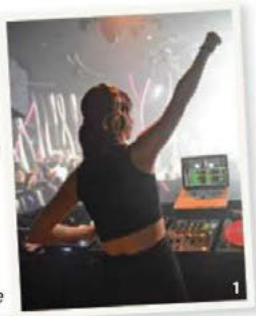


Social Shutterfly

@HeatherRaeYoung We've discovered Miss February 2010's secret trick for avoiding trouble-some tan lines.

girlTALK

1. How is this for warming up the crowd? Miss August 2000 **Summer Altice** killed a DJ set at Oro Nightclub in the Dominican Republic.



2. We've heard Playmate of the Year 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** is dating season six *Bachelorette* winner Roberto Martinez.

3. Miss June 2007 **Brittany Binger** appeared on Comedy Central's *The Ben Show* as Ben Hoffman's beautiful blind date.





Movie Buff

If you think summer movies are trivial, check out Cine-Fix's trivia game FilmStrip. A rotation of comely hosts, including Miss August 2008 **Kayla Collins**, quiz you on a film, shedding an article of clothing after each question—even if you get the answer wrong.



ABOVE AND RIGHT: PHOTOS BY JOEL FLORA

PLAYMATE* FLASHBACK

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EMOTIONAL RESCUE—FOUR MILLION PEOPLE HAVE ATTENDED HIS SELF-HELP SEMINARS, AND 50 MILLION HAVE BOUGHT HIS BOOKS, TAPES AND DVDS. WHAT MAKES **TONY ROBBINS**'S INSPIRATIONAL SHTICK SO POPULAR THAT IT EARNS HIM $30 MILLION ANNUALLY? "IT'S NOT CONDITIONS, IT'S DECISIONS THAT SHAPE YOUR LIFE," HE TELLS **GLENN PLASKIN** IN A *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THAT MAY GET YOU OFF YOUR ASS.

THE DOUBLE—SPERO LUCAS HAS SOME WET WORK TO ATTEND TO, AND IT ISN'T GOING TO BE EASY. A FREAKY EXCERPT FROM A THRILLING NEW NOVEL BY **GEORGE PELECANOS,** AN AWARD-WINNING WRITER BEHIND *THE WIRE* AND *TREME.*

THRUST BOOSTERS—IN THE LATE 1950S **MASTERS AND JOHNSON** UNDERTOOK WHAT WE DESCRIBED AS THE "MOST UNUSUAL EXPERIMENTS EVER CONDUCTED IN THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE"—ACTUAL PEOPLE HAVING ACTUAL SEX IN A LABORATORY. WHAT DID WILLIAM MASTERS AND VIRGINIA JOHNSON LEARN? *PLAYBOY* REVISITS OUR IN-DEPTH CONVERSATIONS WITH THE GROUNDBREAKING RESEARCHERS.

HARD-HITTING NUMBERS—OUR COLLEGE FOOTBALL SCRIBE **BRUCE FELDMAN** BOLDLY FORECASTS THE BEST OF THE BEST FOR THE UPCOMING SEASON. WILL ALABAMA REPEAT AS CHAMPIONS? BONUS: OUR PRESEASON ALL AMERICA TEAM.

PLUS—A VISIT TO NEW JERSEY WITH **JUNOT DIAZ,** *20Q* WITH **BILL HADER,** FALL FASHION PREVIEW, A GUIDE TO COMPETITIVE LAWN SPORTS, THE STUNNING **MISS SEPTEMBER** AND MORE.

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