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SPECIAL REPORT
FUTURE TENSE

AMERICA'S BEST MINDS
EXPLAIN TOMORROW

14 PAGES OF TWINS

HOW COOL ARE YOU?
DETERMINE YOUR HIP QUOTIENT

THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD
BILLY MAYS
KING OF THE INFOMERCIAL

SMUGGLER'S BLUES

THE AMAZING TRUE STORY OF A DOPE RUNNER'S FINAL SCORE

OLIVIA MUNN
G4'S SEXY SIREN TAKES A DIP

THE GIRLS THE GROTTO THE GODFATHER

WHY WE ♥ THE '70S

PLUS: ALEC BALDWIN SUBMITS TO THE INTERVIEW

BBQ TIPS FROM THE PROS

SUPERMODEL MONICA HANSEN NUDE

A NEW PLAYBOY PAD
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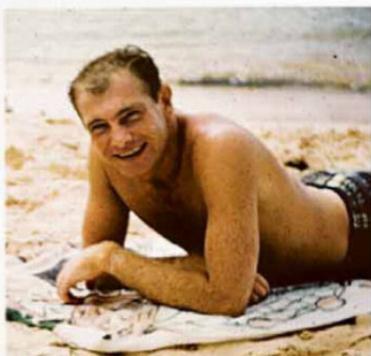
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PLAYBILL

Summer is a time to unwind and reflect, but these days you take your eye off the ball at your peril. That's why we present *Future Tense*, a big rangy beach read designed to keep you ahead of the things the world will be throwing at us all too soon. It features everyone from **Margaret Atwood** on our environmental gauntlet to **Seth MacFarlane** musing on our species's ability to find innovative ways to screw everything up. **Edwidge Danticat** offers perspective on the ramifications of mankind's new global interconnectedness, and photographer **Steve Shaw** shoots **Olivia Munn** showing off her greatest asset in the age of digital convergence: her unvarnished self. Plus, we have entries from **T. Boone Pickens**, **Reza Aslan** and **Chip Rowe**, the Playboy Advisor. Less relaxing (but still perfect for the beach) is **Richard Stratton's** *Smuggler's Blues*, the true-life tale of what happened when he brought seven and a half tons of Lebanese hash into New York Harbor with the feds on his tail. Don't try this at home. Home, however, is exactly where **Marc Ecko** learned to shoot killer photos (his dad was a serious shutterbug). See what happens when he becomes a



Edwidge Danticat



Spencer Morgan

PLAYBOY photographer for a day, in *Electric Ladyland*. In 2009 **Eric Spitznagel** speaks to **Judd Apatow** about his Seth Rogen fetish and movie audiences' mortal fear of penises. Then it's off to South America for *Raging Bulls*, **Spencer Morgan's** ride through the twisted, nihilistic scene in Buenos Aires, where disaffected, wealthy ex-Wall Streeters party like it's the end of the world. Take away the money but leave the party and you have **Steven Lippman's** surfer friends; the celebrated photographer shoots a day in their lives in Malibu for *The Endless Summer*, this month's dose of fashion. Our short story, *Cell Mates*, is a gem on insanity and imprisonment from the late great **Roberto Bolaño**, writer, poet, traveler, genius. Plus, **Pat Jordan** figures out what makes TV's most successful pitchman tick in *Hi, I'm Billy Mays*, **Sean McCusker** takes us inside the world's best barbecue restaurant, and we revisit an old favorite with our excerpt from **Tim Hamilton's** graphic novelization of **Ray Bradbury's** *Fahrenheit 451*. (The prose version ran as a serialized novel in these pages more than 50 years ago.) And oh yeah, we have **Karissa** and **Kristina Shannon**, Miss July and Miss August respectively, also known as Hef's twin girlfriends. You're welcome.



Seth MacFarlane

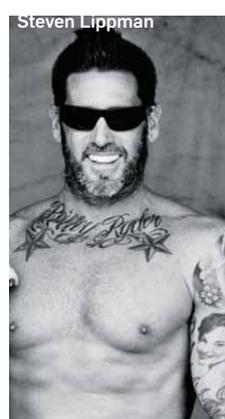
photographer for a day, in *Electric Ladyland*. In 2009 **Eric Spitznagel** speaks to **Judd Apatow** about his Seth Rogen fetish and movie audiences' mortal fear of penises. Then it's off to South America for *Raging Bulls*, **Spencer Morgan's** ride through the twisted, nihilistic scene in Buenos Aires, where disaffected, wealthy ex-Wall Streeters party like it's the end of the world. Take away the money but leave the party and you have **Steven Lippman's** surfer friends; the celebrated photographer shoots a day in their lives in Malibu for *The Endless Summer*, this month's dose of fashion. Our short story, *Cell Mates*, is a gem on insanity and imprisonment from the late great **Roberto Bolaño**, writer, poet, traveler, genius. Plus, **Pat Jordan** figures out what makes TV's most successful pitchman tick in *Hi, I'm Billy Mays*, **Sean McCusker** takes us inside the world's best barbecue restaurant, and we revisit an old favorite with our excerpt from **Tim Hamilton's** graphic novelization of **Ray Bradbury's** *Fahrenheit 451*. (The prose version ran as a serialized novel in these pages more than 50 years ago.) And oh yeah, we have **Karissa** and **Kristina Shannon**, Miss July and Miss August respectively, also known as Hef's twin girlfriends. You're welcome.



Steve Shaw and Olivia Munn



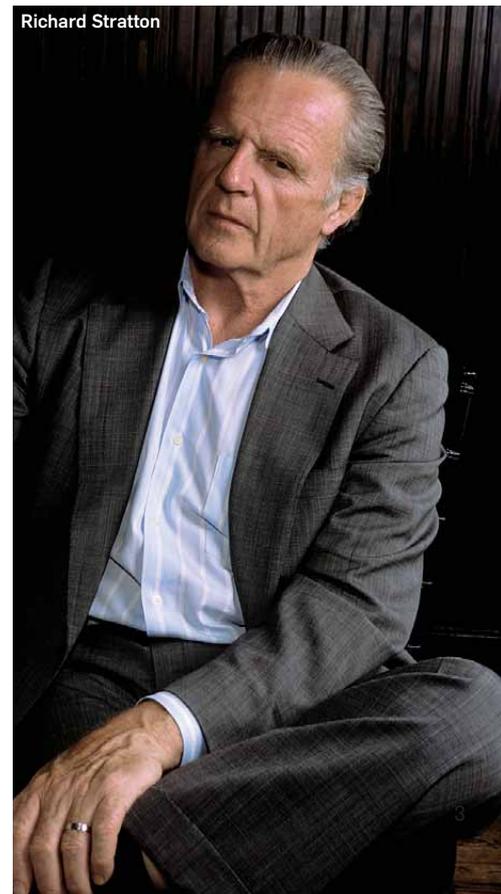
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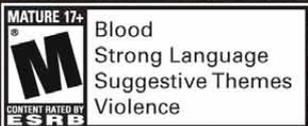
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COVER STORY

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THE MAGIC TOUCH Learn the secrets of giving the perfect massage in our sexy girl-on-girl video guide.

GAME ON Play StripQuest, Playmate Puzzler, ReBouncer and our eye-popping take on *Match Game*—time well wasted.

ULTIMATE MANSION TOUR See Hef's house through his eyes.

LOVE SONGS *M*sic to F*ck To* is our exclusive new series of soundtracks created by today's hottest DJs.

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All you need is tasty waves, a cool buzz and hip shore wear. Photographer Steven Lippman spends a day at the beach shooting surf style. **BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES**



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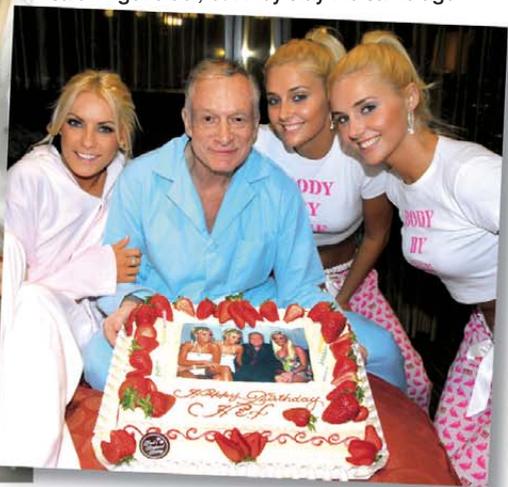
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



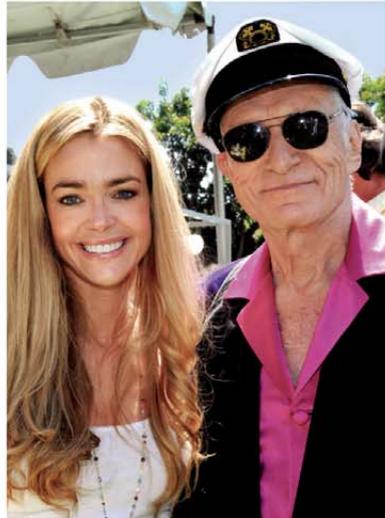
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, HEF!

Mr. Playboy celebrated his 83rd birthday with girlfriends old and new—Kristina, Karissa, Kendra, Bridget, Holly and Crystal—at the Palms in Las Vegas. The Aries enjoyed cake in—guess where—the Hugh Hefner Sky Villa, and a party at the Playboy Club. “I’m in good company,” Hef said. “I get older, but they stay the same age.”



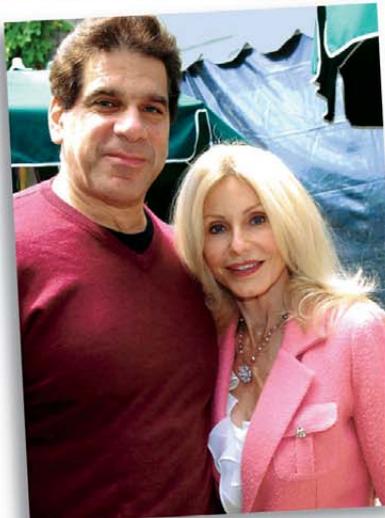
ITALIAN IDOL

Hef was a guest of honor at the Festival di Sanremo, a venerable Italian song contest (think *American Idol*). He brought his own quartet—55th Anniversary Playmate Dasha Astafieva and girlfriends Karissa and Kristina Shannon and Crystal Harris—to the event. The Man and his *belle donne* were a hit.



EASTER EGG HUNT AT THE MANSION

Easter Sunday is a special holiday at PMW for Playmates' families, Hef and assorted Bunnies. All ages converge on the Mansion grounds to search for 3,500 Easter eggs. Among the seekers were former PLAYBOY model Denise Richards; Lou Ferrigno (the original Hulk and star of *I Love You, Man*) and his wife, Carla; Scott Baio with his family; and Hef's Easter chicks.



SWINGERS' DELIGHT



The combination of a day on the course and a night of partying with our models was—to quote ESPN’s coverage of the Playboy Golf Scramble—“an adolescent fantasy come to life.” (1) Playmates provide a visual argument for why Augusta should allow women. (2) The 49ers’ Patrick Willis putts less like Tiger Woods and more like Minnesota Fats. (3) Olympic medalist Bode Miller with some cute caddies. (4) Takeo Spikes of the 49ers having the easiest drive of his day. (5) Cowboys Roy Williams and Ken Hamlin don’t mind letting others play through. (6) Corey and Susie Feldman meet Hef at the VIP pajama party. (7) Jerry Ferrara and Kevin Connolly upgrade their entourage with Miss December 2005 Christine Smith and Miss March 2001 Miriam Gonzalez. (8) Nate Jackson of the Broncos and PMOY 2002 Dalene Kurtis. (9) Who wears rosary beads to PMW? The Raiders’ Kirk Morrison, who found Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima. (10) Hef and PMOY 2009 Ida Ljungqvist. (11) PLAYBOY cover model Kim Kardashian. (12) Andrew Bynum of the Lakers gives Miss January 2002 Nicole Narain a Bunny-back ride. (13) Hef surrounded by eight beautiful women is about par for the course.



WHITE-HOT RHYMES

Your roundup of challengers to the throne of best Caucasian rapper (“Will the Next Eminem Please Stand Up?” *After Hours*, April) is a little disappointing. As a fan of the Metermaids and Aesop Rock, I can’t see either of them being too happy about comparisons to Eminem. If the point is to introduce America to up-and-coming white rappers, you should have gone with Mac Lethal and the Crest.

Tripp Rostad
Madison, Wisconsin

In the not too distant future Zach McCoy, a.k.a. MC Agent Orange, will be on your radar. You would never guess this redheaded, bespectacled 23-year-old (who happens to be my son) is a master of freestyle. In fact, his quick wit and sharp tongue landed him on BET’s *106 & Park* “Freestyle Friday.” Since *PLAYBOY* has been a part of my family since before Zach was born, I wanted to give you a heads-up.

Guy McCoy
Springfield, Illinois

SETH IS THE MAN

I don’t always read the *Playboy Interview*, but Seth Rogen (April) had me laughing so hard tears rolled down my cheeks. In my view, he is the funniest natural comic actor alive.

Juan Rice
Chicago, Illinois

PLAYBOY has officially jumped the shark: Rogen is a funny guy, but he’s a guy, and guys have no business on the cover of the magazine. Who’s next? Rainn Wilson?

Tom Varga
Piscataway, New Jersey

Great idea—you think he’d do it?

Rogen says having a child would “get in the way” of his career, and he doesn’t believe people who say their children make them happy. Lucky for Rogen his parents didn’t feel this way. Why all the negativity toward having children?

Lidia Baker
Wakefield, Rhode Island

Given how many people have children who shouldn’t, we find Rogen’s honesty refreshing.

The April *Contents* says the last man to appear on the cover before Rogen was Jerry Seinfeld, in 1993. But the February 1996 issue shows Leslie Nielsen with several Playmates. What do I win?

Larry Goodwin
Palmetto, Florida

Actually, we’re both wrong. The most recent male to appear on the cover before Rogen is Gene Simmons of Kiss, in March 1999. But we’ll still send you a pair of clackers.

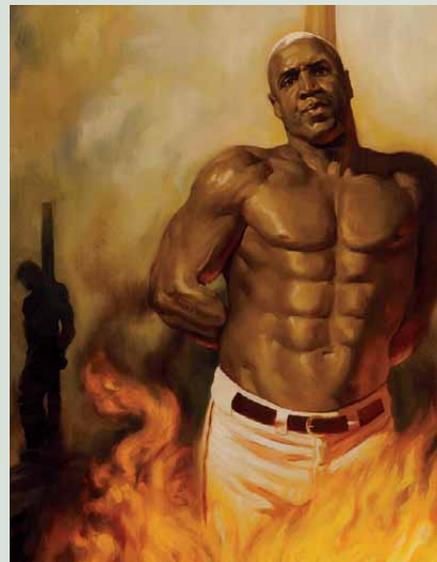
I am happy to see *Saving Grace* included in the interview as one of the best stoner films (“Hey, This Bud’s for You”). What surprises me is the omission of *Outside Providence*, the 1999 movie in which Amy

DEAR PLAYBOY

Is Barry Bonds a Martyr?

Playing the race card or any other card isn’t going to change the fact that former San Francisco Giants slugger Barry Bonds used steroids (*The Persecution of Barry Bonds*, April). Anyone who would defend him, even if only to vilify the BALCO prosecutors, shouldn’t call himself a baseball fan. There may be a lot of skeletons in the closet of Jeff Novitzky, who pursued Bonds and other players while working as an investigator for the IRS, but no kids are looking up to Novitzky as any kind of hero. Regardless of their skin color, players like Bonds are ruining professional baseball for the next generation of fans.

Aaron Mason
St. John, New Brunswick



ROBERTO PARADA

Smart, who sat for the April *20Q*, has a supporting role. It’s a great flick even without the pot.

Liz Diamond
Gahanna, Ohio

The photo you identify as Cheech and Chong in *Up in Smoke* is actually from *Nice Dreams*. Didn’t think we would notice?

Buck Barnett
Ventura, California

ARE BROKERS TO BLAME?

In *Liars, Cheats & Thieves* (April) you suggest mortgage brokers are partly responsible for the financial crisis. I’m in the business and can assure you no broker has ever approved a loan. In an effort to outcompete one another, the banks started this mess by offering products that required lower and lower credit scores. Now that their customers are foreclosing, the banks are deflecting blame. It’s just sour grapes. And the borrowers who signed for these loans and got in over their heads should have known better.

Chad Moore
Dover, Delaware

THE IMMORTAL

Bettie Page will always be imitated but never duplicated (*Remembering Bettie Page*, April). Thanks to *PLAYBOY* for honoring her life and beauty.

Charlie Foege
St. Louis, Missouri

Why wasn’t Bettie on the cover? Knowing how sweet and humble she was, it wouldn’t have bothered her, but still.

Melinda McCarty
Hamilton, Ohio

Neal Gabler’s tribute to Bettie is a great read. But he overlooks the late Art Amsie, who for years kept Bettie in front of pinup-photo collectors through his Girl Whirl store in Alexandria, Virginia. Amsie also continued to correspond with her long after she had “disappeared.”

Robert Smith
Springfield, Massachusetts

I am pleased to see your tribute to Bettie, one of my favorite models as a photog-



Bunny Yeager with Bettie Page in 1954.

rapher. However, a number of my images appear uncredited, including the two shots on the opening spread, Bettie leaning on the stool (which you credited to Irving Klaw) and Bettie with the Christmas tree.

Bunny Yeager
Miami Shores, Florida

BAIL BONDS

In his report on the Barry Bonds perjury case, Jonathan Littman ignores an interview BALCO prosecutor Jeff

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10 EXOTIC BOTANICALS FROM AROUND THE WORLD GIVE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE A REFINED, BALANCED TASTE.

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 THE SPIRIT OF EXPLORATION

Nedrow gave to the *San Francisco Chronicle* last year in which he clearly states the government's rationale for pursuing charges against the home-run king. Since the days of Al Capone, federal prosecutors have granted immunity to minor miscreants in exchange for their testimony against major miscreants. This was done for Bonds, Jason Giambi and other players in exchange for their testimony against BALCO. However, only Bonds perjured himself; rather than allow him to undermine a critically important legal strategy, the feds are prosecuting him. Instead of accepting that straightforward explanation, Littman tries to build a case for a witch hunt based on racial prejudice and investigator Jeff Novitzky's supposed personal distaste for Bonds. What kind of journalism is that?

Dan Wichlan

Pleasant Hill, California

Littman has spent more than six years looking beyond the official version of events, which is what good journalists do. The idea that "only" Bonds lied is ridiculous—like Bonds, a number of his teammates told the grand jury they hadn't known what they were taking, yet none have been charged with perjury. The issue isn't whether Bonds or anyone else took steroids; it's the strangely aggressive (and expensive, costing more than \$50 million by one estimate) pursuit of the case by a zealous investigator from an agency with more important priorities, such as catching tax cheats. In a recent development BALCO prosecutors falsely accused Littman of filing a complaint that led to an investigation of Novitzky by the Treasury Inspector General for Tax Administration. TIGTA's report states the facts: While reporting his first article for us on this case, Gunning for the Big Guy (May 2004), Littman left a voice mail with an IRS spokesperson, asking if Novitzky would respond to allegations that he had a vendetta against Bonds. The flack forwarded the voice mail to the IG. Given that prosecutors appear to have misled the court, perhaps it's time to open another perjury investigation.

The Bonds case is another example of the unfortunate criminalization of private rule breaking, which would be better handled with suspensions and civil suits. Federal prosecutors now pursue "derivative crimes"—obstruction of justice, money laundering, conspiracy, fraud—against star athletes, a strategy once reserved for locking up mobsters. As this case demonstrates, an easy way to snare an athlete is with a perjury trap. If an athlete lies under oath about an act that may violate only the rules of his sport, such as taking banned drugs, he commits perjury. If he admits to breaking the rules, his testimony will likely be leaked and his career ruined. This public shaming is a clear abuse of power. Even disgraced NBA referee Tim Donaghy didn't wrong society as much

as the league, its fans and a few gamblers. The NBA justifiably fired Donaghy and could have sued him; instead, Donaghy got 15 months in prison for conspiracy to engage in wire fraud. Since when has it become the responsibility of the government, including Congress, to clean up sports? That's why we have athletic commissioners.

William Anderson

Frostburg, Maryland

Anderson, who teaches economics at Frostburg State University, is an expert on the use and abuse of federal racketeering laws.

SWEDE MOTHER OF GOD

Thank you for sharing Aleksandra Eriksson (*The Swedish Supermodel*, April),



Eriksson: Born in Russia, raised in Stockholm.

who demonstrates to the world that D cups aren't the only criteria for beauty. She's a stunner of the first degree.

Zach Acox

Lititz, Pennsylvania

BAH-DUM BUMP

April's Party Joke about what you call a man with a one-inch dick ("Justin") reminded me of a guy I dated who had only half an inch—we called him Dustin.

Karen Jacobus

Bismarck, North Dakota

MISSING CYCLE

I'm disappointed you didn't include the 2009 Yamaha YZF-R1 in *Road Killers* (April). It's the first production motorcycle with a cross-plane crankshaft, which puts Yamaha in a class of its own.

Corey Kluge

Hartland, Wisconsin

It was a matter of timing. We shot the bikes when the YZF-R1 was still a rumor.

DARK AND LOW

With her long, curling, raven-dark hair and her sweet yet smoldering eyes, Playmate Hope Dworaczyk (*Hope & Dreams*, April) embodies the mystique of the brunette, much like Bettie Page. Dworaczyk also has a derriere to die for. These are two directions PLAYBOY should be going: brunettes and butts.

Brian Cooper

Jackson Heights, New York



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MISS MARCH



CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Kasey Unroe

Bust: 34DD Waist: 25 Hips: 34

Height: 5'6" Weight: 108

Birth Date: October 22, 1985

Turn-ons: Humor, I love goofyness!

Turn-offs: Narcissistic people.

CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Victoria Moore

Bust: 34D Waist: 23 Hips: 35

Height: 5'7" Weight: 108

Birth Date: May 7, 1988

Turn-ons: The American accent,
old fashion romance,
and good huggers.

Turn-offs: Being rude, bad morals
and being impatient.

MISS APRIL



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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

"He buys us coffee, and I dry hump the air for 20 seconds."



BECOMING ATTRACTION

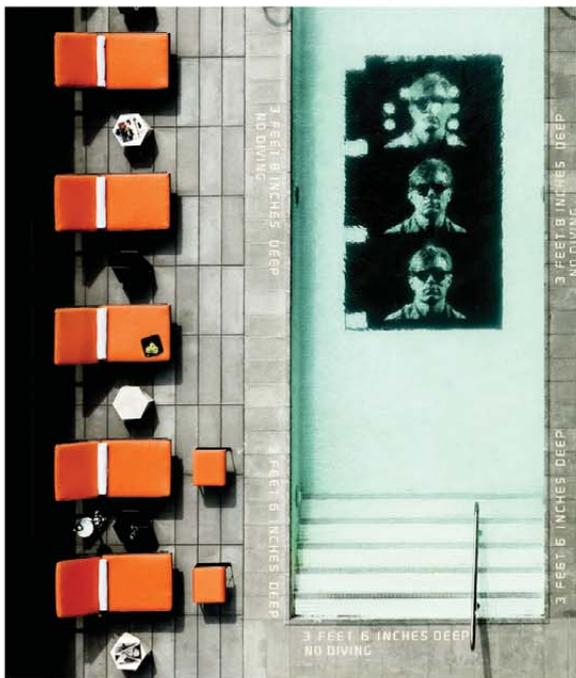
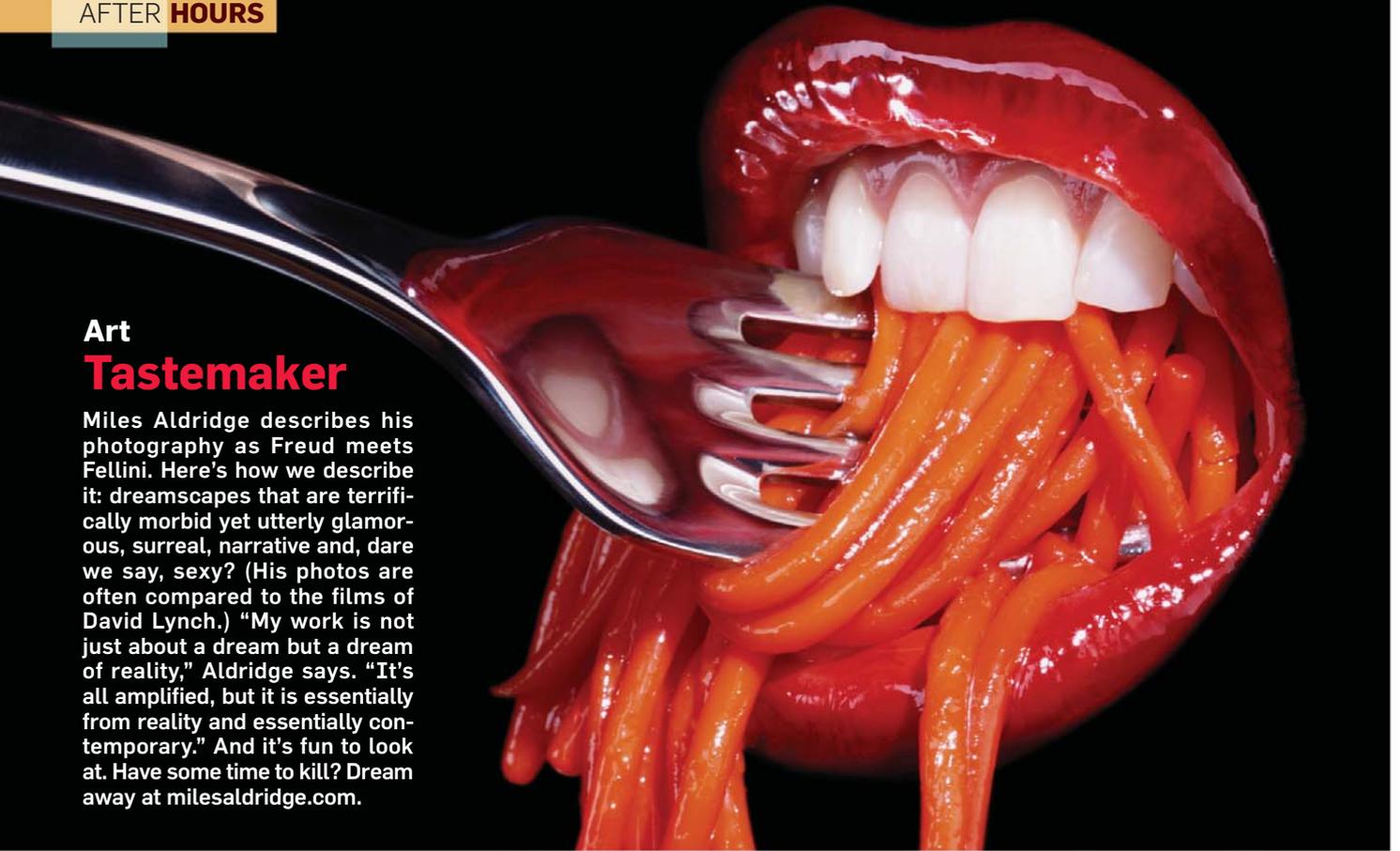
Bree Turner

It's called irony—the difference between what is implied and what really is. In *The Ugly Truth*, Bree Turner (who in truth is not ugly) plays best friend to Katherine Heigl (ditto). Bree's character, Joy, is anything but joyful. "She hasn't had sex in a couple of years," Bree explains, "and she's really jonesing for it. There's a scene where Katherine and I meet Eric Winter in a coffee shop. Eric is a gorgeous dude. He buys us coffee, and I dry hump the air for 20 seconds." Bree's next project is also a comedy, less romantic than chop-socky: "It's like *Airplane!* with ninjas."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE SHAW

Art Tastemaker

Miles Aldridge describes his photography as Freud meets Fellini. Here's how we describe it: dreamscapes that are terrifically morbid yet utterly glamorous, surreal, narrative and, dare we say, sexy? (His photos are often compared to the films of David Lynch.) "My work is not just about a dream but a dream of reality," Aldridge says. "It's all amplified, but it is essentially from reality and essentially contemporary." And it's fun to look at. Have some time to kill? Dream away at milesaldridge.com.



How to Chill

Step one: Situate yourself at a beach or pool where you'll be surrounded by legs up to here; try the Andy Warhol Pool at Jason Pomeranc's new Thompson Lower East Side hotel in New York. (For everything Pomeranc, turn to page 100.) **Step two:** Wrap your hand around a cold beverage, such as the beer you see on this page. **Three:** Void the brain of all earthly worries. **Four:** Yes, you'd like another, please.



Drink of the Month

Porkslap Pale Ale is a can full of contradiction. It's the only canned beer you'll find on the menu at some of Manhattan's top gastronomic shrines such as Market Table. But its label and taste lack any pretension. It's a traditional pale ale with the slightest hint of ginger, a perfect summer thirst quencher. Check your local three-star joint.

Shell or High Water

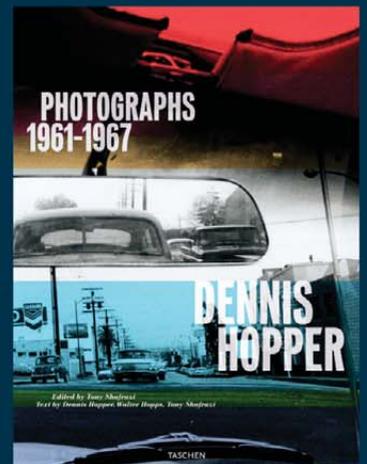
According to new research, lobsters, crabs and shrimp—thought to be so primitive and vapid they were immune to pain—do in fact suffer when dropped into boiling water. Scientists electroshocked hermit crabs and, in another study, introduced prawns to acetic acid. Both experiments ended badly for the shellfish. Point? Tell this to the guy next to you at a clambake; more tail meat for you.

Reading

Not Beach Books

Our recommendations for summer-reading coffee-table, nay, patio books from Taschen: (1) *Hugh Hefner's Playboy* (\$1,300). This one needs no explanation.

(2) *Ellen von Unwerth: Fräulein* (\$700). Smoking photos of Kate Moss, Claudia Schiffer, Adriana Lima et al., from the German fashion photographer. (3) *Dennis Hopper: Photographs 1961-1967* (\$700). Features a remarkable series of intimate photographs taken by Hopper. Our favorites are the ones of Jane Fonda from 1966.





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Skateboard Smackdown

Top: a limited-edition line of decks designed by the edgiest of mainstream artists, Damien Hirst, and released by New York-based company Supreme. Second: new decks inspired by Spike Jonze's film *Where the Wild Things Are* (out this fall) from Girl Skateboards, a company Jonze partly owns. Jonze, a veteran of the BMX scene, has street cred. Hirst is just a cool bastard, and these boards cost hundreds of thousands less than any of his artwork. We'll take either or the half-pipe, but don't expect us to grind on dope art. That's just how we roll.



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Sex Pussy Galore

Killing Kittens (a euphemism for masturbation) is a U.K.-based international club that women can join along with their men (guys can't join alone). It bills itself as "the network for the world's sexual elite." The *London Times* in a recent story: "Why are educated and affluent young women flocking to join a secret society that hosts anything-goes sex parties?" Find out by having your girlfriend apply at killingkittens.com.



Netflix Tokyo Gore Police

A new film trend you should be aware of: OJSC—"outrageous Japanese splatter cinema" (our moniker for the genre). Last year Yoshihiro Nishimura released *Tokyo Gore Police*, a masterpiece of gorgeous geishas, geysers of blood and absurdist social commentary. Word from our contacts in Tokyo: A bevy of Japanese directors are now working on their own splatter flicks, with images that will make Quentin Tarantino queasy. We'll be in the front row.

Employee of the Month

Anmarie Soucie

PLAYBOY: Where do you work?

ANMARIE: I bartend at a nightclub in New York City called Webster Hall.

PLAYBOY: What's your drink of choice?

ANMARIE: Grey Goose vodka with a splash of pineapple.

PLAYBOY: Has the recession hurt tips?

ANMARIE: People still go out and drink. They may switch to cheaper liquor, and some clubs have done away with cover charges.

PLAYBOY: Do you flirt for tips?

ANMARIE: I'm coy by nature. Is that naughty?

PLAYBOY: Maybe, but we won't tell anybody....

Would you hold it against us if we told you that you have a nice body?

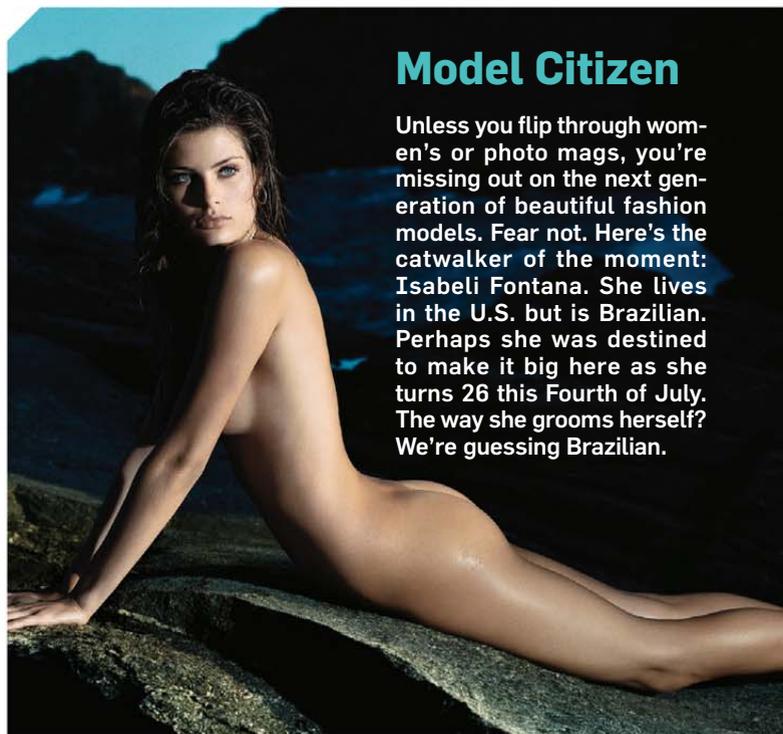
ANMARIE: I think my eyes are one of my best features, but patrons have told me they like the total package.

PLAYBOY: Indeed. Thank you for sharing.



Model Citizen

Unless you flip through women's or photo mags, you're missing out on the next generation of beautiful fashion models. Fear not. Here's the catwalker of the moment: Isabeli Fontana. She lives in the U.S. but is Brazilian. Perhaps she was destined to make it big here as she turns 26 this Fourth of July. The way she grows herself? We're guessing Brazilian.



Movie of the Month Public Enemies

By Stephen Rebello

Bullets spray all over the place in *Public Enemies*, director Michael Mann's 1930s-era crime saga starring Johnny Depp as legendary bank robber John Dillinger. The gangland epic is based on Bryan Burrough's nonfiction book and features Marion Cotillard as Dillinger's girlfriend, Channing Tatum as Pretty Boy Floyd, Billy Crudup as G-man J. Edgar Hoover and Christian Bale as crime-busting agent Melvin Purvis. "Purvis was a fascinating, elegant man nicknamed the Clark Gable of the Bureau and listed in the top 10 most popular figures of his time, along with President Roosevelt," says Bale. "I have a library of books on Purvis on my desk, but Michael Mann did 10 times that research." Don't expect to see shoot-'em-up fireworks between Bale and Depp, however. "I'm pursuing Dillinger, so Johnny and I don't breathe the same air," says Bale. "In one of the two scenes we had together, we only saw each other from a couple of hundred feet away at



three a.m., when I was shooting at his silhouette in the window of Little Bohemia Lodge in Wisconsin. Any time we could film in the locations where events actually took place, we did. Believe me, that raises ghosts."

Now Showing: Adam Sandler and Seth Rogen are Judd Apatow's *Funny People*; Megan Fox is still hot in *Transformers: Revenge of the Fallen*; cop Ryan Gosling shoots for *All Good Things*.

BACKWARD, SOLDIER:

G.I. Joe, the world's first "action figure," in 1964, took its name from the 1945 movie *The Story of G.I. Joe* and was partly inspired by TV's *The Lieutenant*. After a hit line of comic books and two animated TV series, the boy toy has come full circle in *G.I. Joe: The Rise of Cobra*.

DVDs of the Month



Mad Men: Season 2 The writing and luscious Kennedy-era details—crisp lapels, conical bras and omnipresent smokes—of TV's gold-standard drama remain peerless. The show's rich ensemble revolves around advertising genius Don Draper (Jon Hamm) suavely strutting square-jawed into the revolution looming on the cultural horizon, with just a glint of "WTF?" in his eyes. **Best extra:** An eye-opening two-part "Birth of an Independent Woman" featurette. (BD) ♫♫♫ —Greg Fagan



Battlestar Galactica: The Complete Series One of the best frakking sci-fi dramas reinvents the 1970s series and makes it socially relevant for today. Issues like abortion, political corruption and religious zealotry are fixtures in a story line about a lost tribe of humans trying to return to a fabled home called Earth. Standouts include Tricia Helfer's sexy Cylon and Mary McDonnell as the resilient president. **Best extra:** "So Say We All" featurette, in which cast and crew discuss the series. (BD) ♫♫♫ —Bryan Reesman



Miss March Zach Cregger and Trevor Moore co-directed this gross-out sex comedy that has them shagging beautiful women and getting inside the real Playboy Mansion. A plot is needed? Cregger awakens from a four-year coma and wants to bed former girlfriend turned Playmate Raquel Alessi, while road-trip partner Moore attempts to bed everyone else. It's worth checking out just to hear Hef's take on true love. **Best extra:** "Horsedick.MPEG" music video. (BD) ♫♫ —Buzz McClain



Tease Frame

To see more of beautiful [Rachel McAdams](#) sans clothes will require more than Netflix. Although McAdams appears semi-nude in *The Notebook*, you'll need an import DVD of 2002's *My Name Is Tanino* (pictured) to get your most unobstructed look at the now nudity-shy actress. This summer she plays a stunning heiress opposite Eric Bana in *The Time Traveler's Wife*.

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Game of the Month Ghostbusters: The Game

Twenty five years ago goofballs tore around Manhattan chasing ghosts to create one of cinema's most enduring comedies. Today you can do it yourself in a game (for 360, PC, PS3 and Wii) that straps you into a new recruit's proton pack and tells you not to cross the streams. Timed to coincide with the release of *Ghostbusters* and *Ghostbusters II* on Blu-ray, it's the biggest expansion of the story and its world since 1989; plus Bill Murray, Harold Ramis and Dan Aykroyd came back to do voices. (Aykroyd and Ramis also consulted on the story.) Is any other comedy material ripe for the video-game treatment? "Maybe an Irwin Mainway game where you give a kid a Bag-o-Glass and then have to run from the lawyers and cops," says Aykroyd, harking back to his *SNL* days. "Or *Fred Garvin, Male Prostitute*. That would make a great game." See our full interviews with Aykroyd and Ramis at playboy.com/games.



Also in gaming...

INFAMOUS (PS3) After a mysterious accident cripples a major city, you are granted godlike power over electricity, which you can use for either good or ill. In this gritty and dystopian experience, your actions have significant consequences thanks to a karma system that keeps track of your body count and reputation. **★★★★½** —Scott Alexander

ROCK BAND UNPLUGGED (PSP) This portable version of the music game trades plastic instruments for rhythmic finger tapping as you manage guitar, bass, vocals and drums simultaneously (which sounds impossible but is great fun). The song list is strong, and downloadable tracks will be available, but we do miss playing with friends. **★★★★** —S.A.

The Good Kind of Evil



The wonderfully cathartic *Overlord 2* (360, PC, PS3, Wii) lets you subjugate the cute things of the world, using your gleeful band of violent, degenerate minions. Cheers.

Music

Cum On Feel the Noize

The 1980s metal revival is officially in full effect, and L.A.'s Steel Panther is the ultimate Lycra-clad shred fest. The band's star-studded shows are either a cheeky homage to hair metal or a loving send-up. Or both. We caught up with the Aqua Net abusers—singer Michael Starr, guitarist Satchel, bassist Lexxi Foxxx and drummer Stix Zadinia—between gigs.

PLAYBOY: Does having a major record deal make it easier to get girls now?

FOXXX: They want to fuck us a lot more. As a result, I'm taking more trips to the clinic.

PLAYBOY: What's the worst STD?

SATCHEL: I think the worst STD is probably the Ford Explorer.

PLAYBOY: Is there good and bad metal?

ZADINIA: Heavy metal rules, and everything that's not heavy metal sucks balls. Faster Pussycat may have fucked fewer chicks than Slaughter, but they're still cool.

PLAYBOY: Do you like anything on the fringes

of metal, like Jane's Addiction?

SATCHEL: Dave Navarro is a ripping guitar player, and the guy knows how to get pussy.

ZADINIA: That makes me like Jane's way more than I would if he didn't pull so much snatch.

SATCHEL: I would suck Dave Navarro's dick just to taste the pussy that guy's had. And I'm not gay. Think about that.

PLAYBOY: What about Jägermeister dispensers and stripper poles? Now that your record's due, what kind of backstage aspirations do you have?

SATCHEL: If there is aspiration, we usually just use deodorant.

STARR: A vagina dispenser would be cool.

SATCHEL: Dude, that's basically what a Steel



Panther show is.

STARR: When I think about dying and going to heaven, that's what I think about: hanging out with everybody who rocks, and we all have vagina dispensers. And cocaine dispensers. And Jäger dispensers. And you know when you can't fall asleep because of cocaine? Doesn't happen in heaven.

You Couldn't Make This Up

The three most absurd real-life moments in heavy metal



Mr. Big guitar wizard Paul Gilbert plays solos using an electric drill in the late 1980s.



During a 1992 show, Metallica's James Hetfield is burned onstage by pyrotechnics.



Axl Rose of Guns N' Roses tells Kurt Cobain to discipline his female at the 1992 MTV awards.



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THREE OUT OF TEN

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MORE THAN 90% OF BLIND AMERICANS CAN'T READ BRAILLE.

PLAYBOY

Small text: Small Edition Part 1 of 4 Parts May 1995 Volume 32, No. 5



1/3

WOMEN ACCOUNT FOR ALMOST 1/3 OF AMERICANS SEEKING SEX-ADDICTION TREATMENT.



ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

54% OF ICELANDERS DON'T DENY THE EXISTENCE OF ELVES.



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- 1954 ● The “Playmate of the Month” appears for the first time in the second issue of *Playboy*.
- 1957 ● *Playboy* begins to offer lifetime magazine subscriptions.
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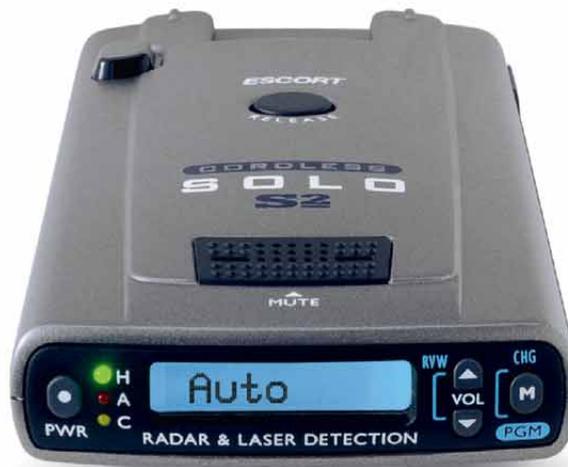
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American Beauty

Celebrating 60 years of outstanding sound, McIntosh rereleases a classic

Walk around a typical big-box electronics store and almost every piece of merchandise you see will have been made in Asia. Not that there's anything wrong with that: Asia's the place to make things if you want them to be inexpensive, and we can see the appeal of a \$20 MP3 player as much as the next guy. But when you're ready to really invest in your sound system, go with a company that measures product life in decades, not months. Since 1949 McIntosh has been hand-making its products at its Binghamton, New York plant. And it shows—collectors routinely pay 10 times the original price for McIntosh amps from the 1960s and 1970s, which is why we're excited Big Mc is releasing a limited-edition remake of its classic MC75 tube amp in celebration of the company's 60th anniversary. Developed in 1961, before the advent of stereo, the MC75 is strictly mono (but for any serious setup you'll want paired mono amps anyway, along with a preamp to sync them up). McIntosh is selling 120 sets of two MC75s plus an anniversary edition of its C22 preamp for \$15,000 (mcintoshlabs.com). It's a damn sight more than you'll pay for a mass-produced solid-state stereo. Then again, when you consider it will probably work fine when McIntosh's 100th anniversary rolls around, it's actually a remarkable bargain.

Playing With Fire

That old medicine-cabinet standby the styptic pencil is your best friend when you gash your face before a big meeting, but the little white sticks lack flair. Styptic Matches (\$50 for five packs, hommage.com) prove that the things that make you pretty don't have to be ugly.



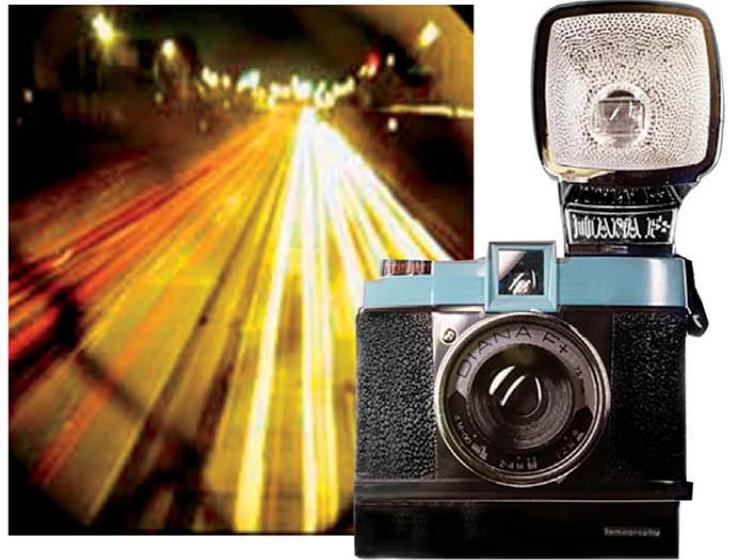
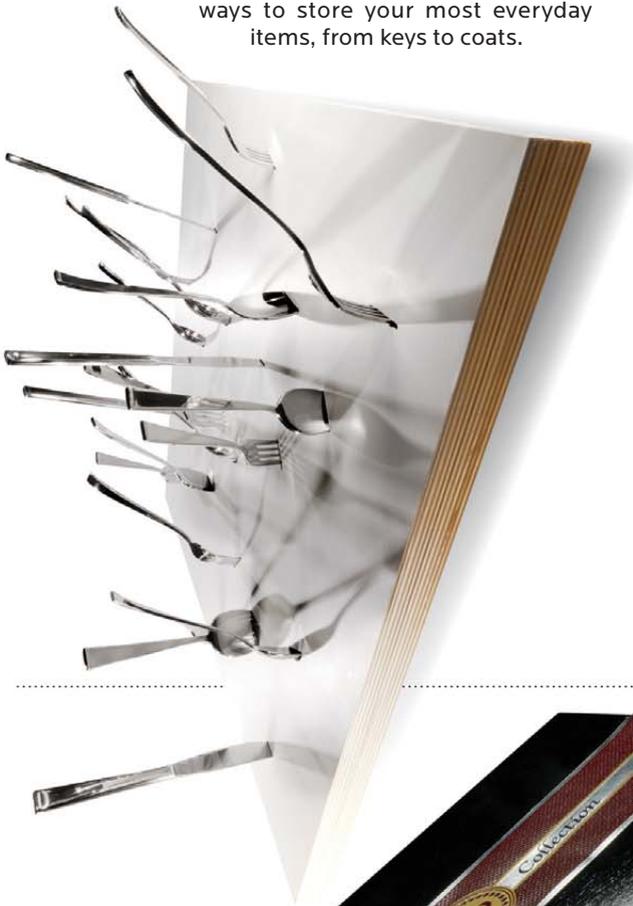
About Time

We're not sure why watchmakers include hands anymore; in the age of the cell phone no one uses these things to tell time. Today watches are used to make a statement about your style and financial status. Ritmo Mundo's Entourage (ritmomundo.com) succeeds on the first front, but while it looks like a million bucks, it will set you back only \$750. Ritmo supplies the watches for HBO's show of the same name (note the star, a subtle nod to the *Entourage* logo).



Forking Ridiculous

Utensil holders are one of the few things more pedestrian than utensils themselves. Unless you're talking about ForkedUP (\$300, thout.ca), a silverware holder that uses magnets and holes to make it look as if you have a deranged knife thrower for a housekeeper. It's part of Thout's clever UtiliTile product line, which offers space-saving, high-design ways to store your most everyday items, from keys to coats.



Shoot 'Em Up

Japan is famous for its high-end cameras, but it has made some clinkers. Like the Diana, shown here, which came out in the 1960s, sold for about a dollar, had a plastic lens and leaked light something awful. It also produced such strange, iconic results that it has become a collector's item for today's fashion and art photographers. If you're ready to go lo-fi, you can get an exact reproduction (including all the "imperfections" of the originals) for just \$95 from the folks at lomography.com.

Smokin' Hot

Back when you could smoke indoors, cigars were a cold-weather sport, but these days the best puffing (and the tastiest releases) happens when it's nice to be outside. Rocky Patel's Summer Collection (\$9 a stick) offers a rich and complex blend with a medium-full body. The Artesanos de Miami (\$11) is a medium-bodied smoke but the fullest La Gloria Cubana has ever offered. Finally, master blender Frank Llana has a new masterpiece, the Siglo Limited Reserve (\$10), full-bodied with rich flavors that will appeal to the more experienced puffer. Available at your local tobacconist.



PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Whenever I'm at the liquor store, I notice many labels boast of having won some award. Who's giving out these honors?—K.L., Kansas City, Missouri

When judging the judging of booze, keep in mind that awards are not given out like Olympic medals. There are often dozens of specialized categories, and typically every spirit that reaches a minimum standard of quality is honored. In that system, a gold medal means you're among the best or at least not among the worst. For example, the 25 judges who presided over last year's San Francisco Wine and Spirits Competition (sfspiritscomp.com) awarded 749 medals to 847 entries, including 103 "double golds" given for unanimous votes. Smaller contests tend to be winner take all. Judges for the World Whiskies Awards (whiskymag.com) each year select one entry as the best single malt, best blended, best American, best grain, etc.

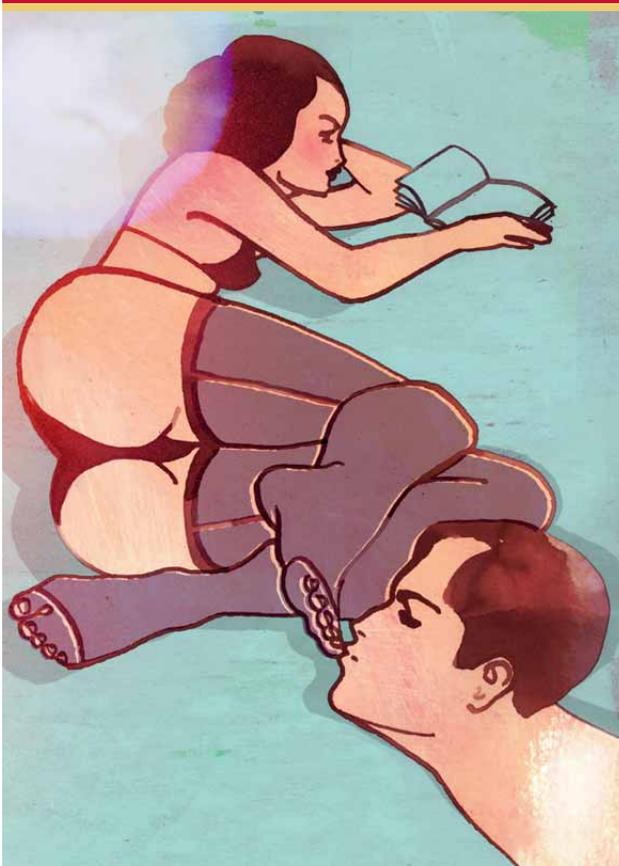
Only in the past two years have I convinced my stressed-out wife that masturbation is a great way for her to relax. She now masturbates two or three times a week in the morning after I leave for work. Once I learned her schedule, I placed our video camera in a strategic location so I could watch the tape after I got home. Is it wrong to do this since she doesn't know? I would love to share the videos with her so we could get turned on together, but I'm sure she wouldn't want to be taped getting off. What would you do?—B.H., Tampa, Florida

Although it's hard to believe your wife isn't aware of what you're doing (where do you hide the camera—behind a fern?), we'll play along. First, unless you know she knows, you should stop taping—it's hot, yes, but also a violation of her trust. Given how easily she took to touching herself, are you sure she would be reluctant to perform? Tell her you've been fantasizing about spying on her; can you set up a "hidden" camera? Cover the red light so she won't be able to tell whether it's on. Later she can film you while you masturbate watching her masturbate, and she can masturbate watching you masturbate while watching her masturbate. It's an infinite circle of lust.

In April you mentioned Heinrich du Preez, who hopes to play a round of golf on every continent, including Antarctica. He may be the first person to do that, but there is nothing new about golf in Antarctica. I have worked seasonally at McMurdo Weather Station over the past decade, and we have tournaments and often drive balls over the

ice. We paint them red or orange so we can retrieve them.—G.M., Medford, Oregon

You're right. Antarctica has hosted many duffers, dating to at least 1962 when Australian meteorologist Nils Lied said he smacked a 1.5-mile drive across smooth ice at Mawson Station. According to one account, his lead dog sniffed out the ball. These days you can buy water-soluble balls (ecogolfballs.com) so you don't have to bother. They're also useful for drives into the sea or toward floating greens.



I notice Du Preez says the world record for a golf drive is 658 meters. That is wise because, in 1971, Alan Shepard hit a drive on the surface of the moon that he described as sailing for "miles and miles and miles."—R.W., San Ramon, California

When was the last time you took a golfer at his word, especially one who plays alone? Duncan Lennard, author of Extreme Golf, argues Shepard's space suit and backpack probably limited his drive to about 550 meters.

During the 13 wonderful years my wife and I have been married, she has given me an estimated 600 blow jobs. She is expressing concern about the semen she has swallowed, because she has put on weight and has stomach problems. Is there any connection?—A.C., San Antonio, Texas

Your wife knows a weekly teaspoon of sugar water isn't causing these problems; she's looking for a way out. Maybe she has never enjoyed it. In that case, numerous compromises can be made to her benefit and yours.

I am having an affair with my husband's married brother. We had a few flirty conversations, and my curiosity got the best of me. I asked him to meet me, and we ended up making out. Soon we were having sex once a week until he had a guilt trip and wanted to end it. Three months later he called me, and we started having sex again until he had another guilt trip and asked me to tell him no the next time he wants sex. Three weeks later I went to his house to chat with his wife. She wasn't home, but he was. He said, "Why did you come here? Now I want to have sex with you. My brother is out of town, my wife is gone—perfect opportunity." I said no, but he talked me into it. I don't know why I find him so irresistible, but we are both afraid of "attachment" (his word). All I want to know is why I continue with this suffering.—H.T., Austin, Texas

Give it a rest. You're not a monkey in heat. If you're going to continue this charade, at least tell your husband rather than letting him play the fool until he catches you fucking his brother in his own living room. Once all is revealed and your brother-in-law is no longer taboo, he won't seem half as exciting.

I disagree with the advice you gave in April to the reader who wanted to know when it is okay to ask a date if she has fake boobs and/or shaved genitals, since he dislikes both. You said never. But this

is a major turnoff to me as well, and I would rather be up front with a potential lover than hide my disappointment while undressing her. Long before the possibility of our going to bed, I have asked several women if they shave, and none seemed offended.—R.P., Gibsonia, Pennsylvania

I don't mind if a woman shaves from the clitoris down, but leave the top trimmed or natural. My advice is, upon discovering a smooth vulva, kiss it, lick it and enjoy it—and then erase her name from the black book.—R.S., Lithia, Florida

Are you guys nuts? These are your criteria for whether a woman is worthy of fucking you? While you're at it, why not ask for a more complete inventory of potential turnoffs. Any scars? Tattoos? Moles? Butt pimples? Earwax? Innie or outie? How large are her labia? Would she be willing to wear her hair in a beehive? How often does she shave her pits? Does she wipe her ass thoroughly? If she's still answering your questions at this point, allow her the honor.

Is it still acceptable to carry a briefcase? It's been a while since I saw a man with one. Is the briefcase out and the laptop bag in?—C.T., Troy, Michigan

The leather briefcase is still indispensable—it has just been given a shoulder strap. In an age when “no one wants to look so uptight,” as fashion consultant Andy Stinson puts it, a strap adds a bit of casual flair. It also allows you to keep your hands free when juggling your phone and other essentials. Stinson says he has found he leaves his case behind far less often at restaurants and meetings because he has become used to having the weight on his shoulder.

I joined a porn site for a three-day trial and now receive spam from all kinds of adult sites. What can I do to stop it?—J.H., Los Angeles, California

Not much: Once your address is compromised, there's no way to get it clean again. However, your letter may save another reader some grief. When joining an adult website (or any other site of unknown quality), use a “disposable” address created at sites such as Yahoo.

Years ago during foreplay a girlfriend asked, “Do you want to have sex with my boobs?” She began to remove her sweater, but the wool brushed my erection and I let out a gasp. When she heard that, she placed my cock between her boobs over the sweater to titty fuck me. It led to an explosive orgasm. Ever since, I've always suggested to women I date that they wear tight sweaters, and nearly all have seemed to get into it. Are we crazy or just having fun?—T.N., Ardsley, New York

You're crazy only if you've stopped wanting to see what's under the sweaters.

A co-worker is driving me insane. Somehow I have become a sounding board for her problems, e.g., her trouble finding a man, the verbal abuse she takes from her family, her weight. I don't mind lending

an ear, but she spends half an hour every morning at my cube. The rest of the time she instant messages me. And now she's texting me at night and on weekends. This past Saturday, when I avoided her calls she eventually wrote, “Are you all right? I'm worried about you.” I don't want to hurt her feelings or cause her more anxiety (she's emotionally fragile), but I have my own life to worry about. Another complication: She happens to be my superior, although not my immediate boss. How can I get her off my back gently?—J.B., Boston, Massachusetts

You need to break up with her. There's no way to get that done without hurt feelings, but you can soften the blow with the “It's not you, it's me” routine. Let her know your work is suffering because of the watercooler talk and IMs and you'd like to keep it to a minimum. Next ask her not to call or IM you outside of work. If she protests that you're “friends,” tell her that while she's very social, you've always been a private person and prefer to keep your work and personal life separate. Note that you don't want to hurt her feelings but you respect her enough to be honest. Finally, after she has left you alone for a few days, visit her office “just to say hello,” chitchat for a few minutes and excuse yourself. Lead by example. If she comes to your cube, after a short exchange you can say, “I better get back to work.” That's our long-winded answer. The short answer: Hire an ambitious intern to run interference.

After a 20-year romance with vodka martinis I switched to scotch. I love the feel of the heavy rocks glass and the aroma and flavor. Yet in your magazine and others, the ads always show large, clear, square cubes that look as if they take an hour to melt. How can I make that impressive ice at home?—H.M., Weston, Florida

You can't make those cubes at home, because they're acrylic. Otherwise the photographer would never be able to light and take the shot before they melted. If your ice comes out of the freezer cloudy, try using distilled water that you've boiled. Or, for about \$200, you can purchase a portable clear-ice-making machine, which forms the cubes in layers rather than freezing the water all at once. That's why icicles look so good.

Several years ago my father remarried. I get along well with his new family—maybe too well, as I am falling for my 22-year-old stepsister (I'm 41). I recently found out the attraction may be mutual. I mentioned this to a co-worker, and she looked at me as if I were planning a murder. I'd like your opinion. I've been alone my entire life, and I would hate to pass up what could be the greatest thing that ever happened to me just because people cling to silly superstitions.—L.B., Dover, New Hampshire

If Greg can chase Marcia, you can lust for your stepsister. The more serious problem here is the notion that this woman will be your salvation. It's not fair to expect that of anyone. Plus, even if you weren't related by marriage, she may not be looking for a 41-year-old boyfriend. But

ask her to lunch; if you have misread her signals, you'll know soon enough.

A reader wrote in April asking if a man could temporarily sterilize himself by applying ultrasound to his testicles. I heard about a similar method years ago while in the Navy. A ship was visiting Naples, and a young sailor went to his chief to get permission to go ashore. He also asked about contraception. The chief, who was sitting next to a radar antenna, told the sailor to stand in front of it for a few minutes and he would be fine. The sailor stepped forward but paused when he noticed the chief putting a hot dog on a stick, which he then held in front of the radar to cook. The lesson: Never take birth-control advice from a Navy chief.—E.G., Cherokee, Alabama

Good point. What would a Navy chief know about having sex anyway?

My wife believes in corporal punishment. If I violate any of the rules we have agreed on, I receive spankings with a Jokari paddle, bath brush, bamboo switch or Ping-Pong paddle—her choice, based on the infraction. These punishments often make it difficult to sit down. She never seems to violate our rules, so I never get to spank her. This all started a few years ago when, after too many margaritas, I spanked her for using foul language. The next morning she presented me with a contract outlining how she would be in charge of my punishments. I know this is not normal, but I am a model husband because of it. My wife visits a website called the Disciplinary Wives Club for her purchases, advice and discussion; are there sites for husbands who are spanked by their wives?—W.W., Naples, New York

There aren't many sites for those on the receiving end of fem-dom spanking because dominant wives who have any sense control access to the Internet to avoid any Spartacus-type revolts. Besides, what gear does a spanking submissive possibly need to buy other than balm and a seat cushion? And who wants to listen to your whining? A few destinations, such as femdomspank ingblog.com, show more sympathy than others. If this played out as you describe, you went from zero to 60 faster than most couples who settle into an overtly female-led relationship. We would politely ask to revisit the contract at least annually. Some dom wives insist on a lifetime agreement, but the way we see it, they have one of those already.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com. Our greatest-hits collection, Dear Playboy Advisor, is available in bookstores and online.



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ALEC BALDWIN

A candid conversation with the outspoken actor about his battles with studio execs, reporters, lawyers and his ex, plus what he really thinks about his electability

When TMZ.com leaked a 2007 voice mail Alec Baldwin had left for his daughter, Ireland, in which he referred to her as a “rude, thoughtless little pig” and called his ex-wife Kim Basinger “a thoughtless pain in the ass,” it seemed Baldwin had once again sabotaged a career destined for great things.

He had done it before, when he stepped off the superstar track by choosing to do *A Streetcar Named Desire* on Broadway rather than reprise the role of Jack Ryan he originated in *The Hunt for Red October*. Although Baldwin’s Stanley Kowalski drew a Tony nomination and favorable comparisons to Marlon Brando’s, it cost Baldwin the kind of film franchise superstar careers are built on.

The voice mail, which he accused his ex’s lawyers of leaking, was more traumatic and potentially much worse. Baldwin, however, has recovered.

Two years later his professional career seems in better shape than ever. He has won an Emmy and two Golden Globes for his portrayal of *30 Rock*’s self-absorbed TV executive Jack Donaghy. At the age of 51 Baldwin also has a strong feature career that falls somewhere between star and character actor. He next plays a lawyer who squares off with Cameron Diaz in the courtroom drama *My Sister’s Keeper*, and he is currently shooting a love-triangle comedy with Meryl Streep and Steve Martin.

Baldwin was initially so distraught by the damage the tape did to his relationship with his daughter that he entertained thoughts of killing himself, offered to leave his TV show and briefly dropped his agent (because the agency also repped his ex-wife), but he rebounded. After requisite apologies and a rekindled relationship with Ireland, Baldwin turned the embarrassing incident into a chance to champion reform of what he says is a broken child-custody court system, and he wrote *A Promise to Ourselves*, a primer for divorced fathers struggling to remain involved parents.

Baldwin grew up in a middle-class home in Massapequa, New York, on Long Island, as the oldest of six children including future acting brothers Billy, Daniel and Stephen. He attended George Washington University, but he became interested in acting and transferred to NYU. His dark looks and baritone landed him a job on the daytime soap *The Doctors*, followed by a role on the TV drama *Knots Landing*.

He moved on to small parts in the films *Married to the Mob*, *Working Girl* and *Great Balls of Fire* and scored a quick hit as Jack Ryan. But Baldwin bristled at the star system and the executives who control it, often clashing with the Hollywood power structure.

He often promotes his films with guest-hosting stints on *Saturday Night Live* (he has

now hosted 14 times), and sometimes these appearances have been more memorable than the films. The characters Baldwin has created include the amorous scoutmaster who puts the moves on Adam Sandler’s *Canteen Boy* during a camping trip, and Pete Schweddy, the monotoned purveyor of baked goods who takes to National Public Radio to describe his delectable “Schweddy balls.”

The SNL connection paid off when SNL head writer Tina Fey created *30 Rock*. Lorne Michaels, who produces both shows, persuaded Baldwin to do the sitcom, a move that reenergized his career. Though he began as a part-time performer when NBC launched the show, his role grew and he signed on for six seasons, which will take him through 2012.

PLAYBOY sent Michael Fleming, who last interviewed Hugh Jackman, to catch up with Baldwin in the Hamptons, where he lives part of the time. Fleming reports, “In person he is a bit thicker and grayer now than in his matinee-idol days. Considering the withering comments he has lobbed at enemies in the past, I expected Baldwin to come out firing. He is still a live wire, but age and public humiliation have mellowed him a bit. Luckily, the more he talked, the more outspoken he became.”

PLAYBOY: Setting up this interview was like trying to shoot a moving target. It



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

“It will be ironic for some people, but I’m going to write a parenting book. We’re at an awful place right now in terms of parenting. People are raising their children with the belief that we need to be friends with our children.”

“Everybody knows TMZ’s Harvey Levin is a human tumor, a graceless character who lives in that weird netherworld. I find Levin peculiar and hypocritical. I don’t blame those pathetic people; they are what they are.”

“The day you say ‘I am a candidate,’ you have a different responsibility. You hope the American public has the ability to delineate what of your private behavior matters and what doesn’t. The truth is, they’ll slam you for all of it.”

took months for you to carve out time in your schedule. Not many actors your age are so busy.

BALDWIN: For me to have any career opportunities at the age of 51 is a miracle. But it's all about *30 Rock*. We've won every prize they give out, some twice. People need to laugh right now. Tina Fey and her writers are so good, they've skewed things for me.

PLAYBOY: How?

BALDWIN: People send scripts now, and I read them and go [*breathes in loudly*], "I don't know. It's more cute than funny." I work with people who are really funny. It sets the bar high.

PLAYBOY: You, Tina Fey and Tracy Morgan are very different. On what level do you connect?

BALDWIN: I love Tracy because he is this sweet kid from the Bronx, a real New Yorker who went from comedy clubs in the outer boroughs into the 212 area code with Caroline's and then stardom on *SNL*. But he's still childlike. When he was told he was going to host *SNL*, he burst out crying in front of us; he couldn't believe they'd asked him. He's among a handful of people in my life who always make me laugh. He's sick and perverted but in a wonderful way. He's my favorite pervert.

PLAYBOY: How about Tina Fey?

BALDWIN: Tina's a smart and sexy woman who writes with an edge and thinks like a guy. The success of *30 Rock* is not how many people watch the show but *who's* watching the show. Industry people watch. There are shows far more successful than we'll ever be that nobody in my business watches. So when NBC chief Jeff Zucker or NBC programming honcho Ben Silverman or *SNL* and *30 Rock* producer Lorne Michaels are having lunch at the Grill and people walk up and say, "My kid downloads that show, and we watch the DVD boxed set," it's enormously gratifying.

PLAYBOY: You've had enough classic moments on *SNL* to fill your own DVD. Which skit do people bring up most often?

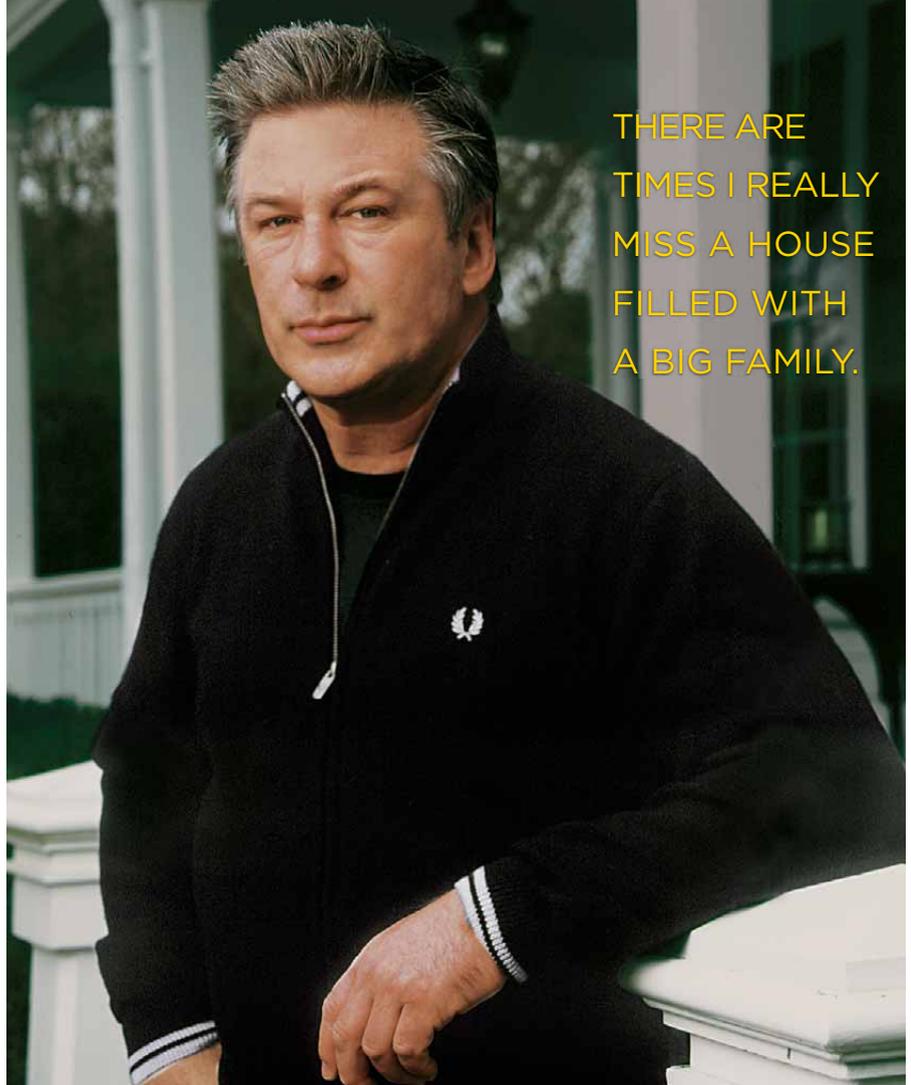
BALDWIN: "Schweddy Balls." It's going to be on my tombstone: HERE LIES ALEC BALDWIN AND HIS SCHWEDDY BALLS.

PLAYBOY: Did you turn down any sketches for being too outrageous?

BALDWIN: Probably a few. It's hard to remember. I'm often asked if I think about going into politics. If I do, these guys will have a field day. I've given them so much crap to use against me—Canteen Boy, Schweddy balls. I just did the Wii sketch. Did you see that?

PLAYBOY: Describe it.

BALDWIN: I did this with two *SNL* guys. I'm their father, and I show them that the best way to shake the Wii wand is to go like this [*simulates masturbation*], and we're doing this obscene, horrible thing. Google or YouTube that one; it's just ridiculous. While I'm doing it, I'm thinking, If I run for political office, they'll have a forest of material to kill me with.



THERE ARE
TIMES I REALLY
MISS A HOUSE
FILLED WITH
A BIG FAMILY.

PLAYBOY: Can comedy be held against you?

BALDWIN: I always hope people will understand that what I do as an entertainer is totally different from the way I behave. The day you say "I am a candidate," you have a different responsibility. You hope the American public has the ability to delineate what of your private behavior matters and what doesn't. If a guy's a drunk driver, he has shown a lack of judgment that could hurt people. A womanizer? Well, you don't know what someone's going through in their marriage. Maybe he or she was miserable and unhappy, and if they were seeking companionship from someone else, that's none of my business. If they don't pay their taxes? That I'd worry about. The truth is, you have to assume they'll slam you for all of it.

PLAYBOY: Your hosting career spans 14 *SNL* episodes. Who are the most impressive cast members you've worked with?

BALDWIN: Phil Hartman, Will Ferrell and Will Forte. Hartman used to just amaze me. But maybe the most impressive moment I witnessed on the show involved Mike Myers. He hosted a Japanese game show in which Chris Farley is tortured when he doesn't answer the questions right. Myers took my breath away. He just so nailed it, doing all this phonetic Japanese. We were peeing in our pants.

PLAYBOY: Do you watch a lot of television?

BALDWIN: No. I've watched *60 Minutes* and *The Sopranos* on Sunday nights, and I cried when *The Sopranos* ended. I don't watch anything else.

PLAYBOY: Why did you say yes to *30 Rock*?

BALDWIN: It's shot in New York. Lorne Michaels made a provision in my contract that says I would never miss my visitation with my daughter. I work a limited number of days a week, and then I'm on a plane. That was the biggest consideration. The pilot was funny, the show got funnier, and by the end of the first season people were saying glowing things.

PLAYBOY: You've clashed with studio heads and producers. What bothers you about the way Hollywood works?

BALDWIN: I worked for Warner Bros. on *The Departed*, and I just did *My Sister's Keeper* with Cameron Diaz. My problem with Warner Bros. is that it's part of the same company as TMZ, and it's like that with all these companies—*Extra*, *Access Hollywood*, *Entertainment Tonight*. I would be so happy if those shows went off the air. It is a huge problem in our business—this microcosmic analysis and elevation of people who are just witless and talentless, or people with talent, like Lindsay Lohan, who struggle. Who gives a shit about their personal trivialities? It hurts the business.

PLAYBOY: TMZ's Harvey Levin ran the

audio of the biting voice-mail message you left your daughter. How mad were you?

BALDWIN: I thought about suing Warner Bros. My attorneys told me digital or electronic property of a minor is the intellectual property of the parent or legal guardian. TMZ was not allowed to release that tape without my approval. I don't think they did anybody any favors. Everybody knows Levin is a human tumor, a graceless character who lives in that weird netherworld. I don't blame those pathetic people; they are what they are. This is about the company. Warner Bros. wants me to do a movie and then shoves it up my ass with another company down the hall. You work for Paramount, and they say, "We want you to promote the movie you've done for us by going on a TV show we own. We're going to double dip and make money on you both ways." They're not paying me serious appearance fees, and as a union member I have a big problem with that. You want me to do appearances now on *Entertainment Tonight*? Pay me. Are you making a profit on *Access Hollywood* and *Entertainment Tonight*? Everybody says, "Do it for free because you're promoting your movie." Pay me.

PLAYBOY: We take it you're not winning this one.

BALDWIN: It's the stance my union should take. Promotional activities for films and television shows have replaced talented marketing and publicity departments. These division heads want to walk into a meeting and say, "We ran this star up the flagpole, nobody saluted, and the movie bombed. So the movie bombed because nobody liked so-and-so." They've relieved themselves of any responsibility by tying the marketing to the star's name. They psychologically abuse talent by going, "Hey, if the movie bombs, it's bad for you." They've psyched you into thinking you've got to run around the country for four weeks, telling the same anecdotes over and over until you want to drop dead. You miss your child's volleyball game because if the movie doesn't do well, it reflects on you. They've conspired to wash their hands of any responsibility.

PLAYBOY: Would you be reluctant to work with Warner Bros. again?

BALDWIN: Well, I did *My Sister's Keeper* after that. The publicity I do now is modest because I don't think it makes a difference. Why am I even here with you? Do you think this is something I enjoy?

PLAYBOY: It's not?

BALDWIN: I want to assure you of something. Four out of five actors I know wouldn't do this if their life depended on it—unless they felt pressure to promote a film. That's exactly how I feel. I wouldn't be sitting here with you, talking about this crap and my opinions of the business. I wouldn't bother. I like you personally. I wouldn't talk to somebody who was a shit heel. If Harvey Levin wanted to interview me, I would tell him

to go down. But if this wasn't about promoting *My Sister's Keeper* and maybe *30 Rock* and the movie I'm now doing with Meryl Streep, I wouldn't waste fucking five minutes on it.

PLAYBOY: Did you always feel this way?

BALDWIN: When you're younger you get sold that it's vital. Bit by bit you see through that. Like the *Today* show. I'm on an NBC show, and *Today* was considered vital. But when that voice-mail tape thing happened, Matt Lauer interviewed Levin before he even called me. Lauer put Levin on *Today*, and they never phoned me. When it's in their interest to reach me, they know how. I saw that and said, "My relationship with the *Today* show is over." I'll never do *Today* again, ever. Life's too short.

PLAYBOY: But media everywhere focus on TMZ.

BALDWIN: NBC will periodically give you that NBC-family spiel. I expected that, since I was starring on an NBC show, I would have gotten a phone call and they would've said, "Would you like an opportunity to come in and talk about it?"

PLAYBOY: Would you have accepted?

BALDWIN: I probably would have done that before I did *The View*. I raced in to do that show. Whoopi Goldberg is a friend. I called her and said, "Do you think I can get a fair shake?" Because when you talk about family law and parental alienation, there is this unfortunate gender-based dynamic. Could I walk into a show with a strong female audience? Would they understand my point of view? I trusted Whoopi and Barbara Walters. Whoopi is an impeccably decent person, and I am grateful she gave me a forum.

PLAYBOY: When you hit back at Levin, reports say you outed him as a homosexual. Was that fair?

BALDWIN: No, I don't think I outed him. I thought Levin had been candid about that. But for a long time he wasn't. I have nothing against people who are homosexual, but I find it funny that people in that tabloid world keep their own secrets. They want the world at large to respect that but spend their lives outing the secrets of others. I find Levin peculiar and hypocritical.

PLAYBOY: You've had a front-row seat at intrusive celebrity coverage—helicopters at your wedding, photographers trying to snap pictures of your newborn. Is it still this bad for you?

BALDWIN: No. Those magazines focus on people who are younger and newer. I'm 51 and have moved into another world, where they're done with you—unless you do something. The three quickest ways to get back into that loop are: Don't pay your federal income taxes, get drunk and try to bolt through airport security with a gun in your suitcase, and last but not least, get a DUI and be arrested in Malibu. A series of events could heat up that pot again, but the benefit of being older is they don't care about me.

PLAYBOY: Why is there such an insatiable

appetite to see stars in unflattering moments?

BALDWIN: This society is very wired together, and it's the most neurotic a society has ever been. Twitter, all this stuff, I don't view as anything good. Everyone is so hyperaware of what everybody else is doing. Everybody has been convinced their opinion should count. We all need to be spouting opinions. *I'm* now giving you an opinion about opinions.

PLAYBOY: You are.

BALDWIN: Another element is how distant government has become for the average person. People want their opinion to count somewhere, so they've transferred the desires and expectations of their democratic voice over to entertainment. They don't have any input into what the government does. There is a chasm thousands of miles wide between Washington and the people. That's why shows like *American Idol* are so important: People want to think they can affect something in that Roman gladiatorial way—thumbs up or thumbs down. I'm not saying public officials are exempt, because every time the people can gang up and condemn a public official, they do.

PLAYBOY: When you hosted *SNL* recently, you jokingly thanked Christian Bale. Whose audio tirade was worse?

BALDWIN: Mine was worse by far because it involved parenting. Christian Bale's was a skirmish with a colleague on set, and the only odd thing was how long it went on. Probably on half the films I've done I've seen someone lose it. You're shooting and someone gets in your eye line, or a light blows when you're really onto something as a performer. A phone goes off or a walkie-talkie. I've seen people lose it on behalf of their creative expedition. It's frustration, nothing personal. Mine was so much different.

PLAYBOY: What reaction hit you hardest?

BALDWIN: The most harrowing for me was negative mail I got from people who were critical but not hating or condemning. What hurt was that it was heartfelt. They'd say, "My father or my mother did this to me one time, and I've never forgotten it, never gotten over it." Wow. I still believe the people who released the tape only made it worse, but the worst part for me was the way it touched the people who parent their kids. I'm thinking of my next book being about this.

PLAYBOY: After all that, you'll write a book about parenting?

BALDWIN: It will be ironic for some people, but I'm going to write a parenting book. We're at, not a crisis, but an awful place right now in terms of parenting. People are raising their children with the belief that we need to be friends with our children. Kids have too much power and call too many of the shots, telling their parents what they will and won't do.

PLAYBOY: Why has this happened?

BALDWIN: In my gut I feel it's another manifestation of how hard life has become.

Band of Baldwins

A look at America's most eccentric acting dynasty

By Rocky Rakovic



Daniel
"Blackest Sheep"

Birth rank: Second. **Tour de force:** *Homicide: Life on the Street*. **Also in:** *Celebrity Fit Club*, *Celebrity Rehab With Dr. Drew*. **Familiar with:** Johnny Law and cocaine. **Accolade:** Only Baldwin brother not nominated for a Razzie (that's a good thing). **Now:** Getting straight. Recently co-starred in the HBO docudrama *Grey Gardens*.



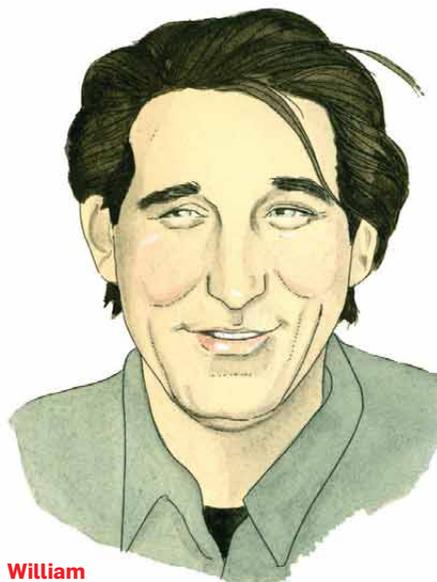
Alec
"Alpha Dog"

Birth rank: First. **Tour de force:** *30 Rock*. **Also in:** *Glengarry Glen Ross*, *Beetle Juice*, *The Departed*. **Loves:** Cuban cigars, vegetables. **Loves/hates:** Ex-wife Kim Basinger. **Hates:** Paparazzi. **Now:** Was given the ultimate validation of a bankable actor—he was asked to voice a character in *Madagascar 2*, a DreamWorks movie.



Stephen
"Most Annoying"

Birth rank: Youngest, born-again. **Tour de force:** *The Usual Suspects*. **Also in:** *Bio-Dome*, *America's Most Wanted* (reenactor). **Liked by:** Sarah Palin, who on *SNL* told Alec that the ultraconservative Stephen is her favorite Baldwin. **Now:** Those who bought his books on Amazon also bought ones by Bill O'Reilly, Mike Huckabee and Kirk Cameron.



William
"Dreamiest"

Birth rank: Third. **Tour de force:** *The Squid and the Whale*. **Also in:** *Backdraft*, *Born on the Fourth of July*. **Spouse:** Chynna Phillips. **Underwear model?** Check. **Eccentricity:** Doesn't eat meat. **Now:** He studied politics and worked on Capitol Hill before trying to act; recently he played Senator Patrick Darling IV on *Dirty Sexy Money*.

People are working hard to make money and manage their feelings about what the country's going through. We live in stressful times. People come home, walk up the driveway, put the key in the door, and they just can't do another hard job. Parenting your children effectively is a tough job.

PLAYBOY: You write in your book that after the tape leaked you offered to leave *30 Rock* and even thought of jumping out a window. How serious were you?

BALDWIN: Very serious.

PLAYBOY: What did you learn from all this?

BALDWIN: Don't lose your temper and act out in that way. I spoke to a lot of professionals, who helped me. If I hadn't left that message, I wouldn't have left myself open for that. On the other hand, I left the message with the presumption of privacy. I never dreamed they would do that. I was mortified, stunned. And not for me, because if I blew my brains out, a cadre of people on the other side would be elated. If I committed suicide, they would have considered that a victory. Destroying me was their avowed goal.

PLAYBOY: This is your ex's legal team?

BALDWIN: Oh, it's a whole *them*. But the important thing is, when they released that, I was devastated for my daughter, who goes to school with other show-business kids. When parents are doing their job, these kids admire their moms and dads as entertainment professionals. When you go the opposite way, and this happens—I couldn't imagine anything more overwhelming for my daughter.

PLAYBOY: How did you repair your relationship with her?

BALDWIN: All I will say is, I met a therapist, one of the few smart therapists in the court-appointed family-law business. Most of them are racketeers who turn you upside down and shake your pockets out onto the table. But this guy said, "This is hard for you to believe right now, but you are the child's father, and a child has only one father. Your child will come back to you. Her nature is to come back to you." And over time that's indeed what happened.

PLAYBOY: Ironically, in your new film, *My Sister's Keeper*, you play a lawyer in a child-custody battle.

BALDWIN: [Laughs] I tried so hard to put just a little sheen of oil on him.

PLAYBOY: Did your experiences shape your character?

BALDWIN: No, because if I had put in the things I might have wanted to, it would kill the movie. My character is very sympathetic, an epileptic who has a seizure in the middle of the trial. My guy's on the right side of the issue, representing a young girl in a medical-emancipation case. He's not a divorce lawyer, but I tried to give him the requisite oily sheen of most lawyers I know.

PLAYBOY: Do you really have it in for lawyers?

BALDWIN: I've met women since I've been single, and (continued on page 142)

LEATHER DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

#1

First-ever, leather-scented deodorant body spray: *Axe Instinct*.



6,460

Number of songs that use the word "leather" in their lyrics.



THE "CLASSIC" LEATHER ROCKER JACKET WITH STEEL BELT BUCKLE AND NICKEL RIVETS WAS INVENTED 52 YEARS AGO BY ROSS LANGLITZ.

\$830

Retail price for Rihanna's rockin Helmut Lang leather leggings



17

NUMBER OF TIMES LEATHER IS MENTIONED IN THE SONG "I LOOK GOOD IN LEATHER."

SEVEN THOUSAND YEARS

NUMBER OF YEARS SINCE PRIMITIVE MAN BEGAN MAKING LEATHER GOODS. THEY DRIED FRESH SKINS IN THE SUN, POUNDED IN ANIMAL FATS, AND THEN PRESERVED THEM BY SALTING AND SMOKING. PRADA AND GUCCI CAME MUCH LATER.

\$210,000

AMOUNT PAID FOR JOHN LENNON'S LEATHER NECKLACE.



Acts at Lollapalooza who name 'leather' in their lyrics: Depeche Mode, Jane's Addiction, Tool, Rise Against, and Beastie Boys.

ONE

Number of countries that use stingray leather for products—Thailand.



LEATHER EFFECT

Playboy Playmates seem to have a distinct affection for musicians in leather. In fact, more than 10 Playmates have marched down the aisle with their favorite leather-clad rock star. In Pamela Anderson's case - twice with ex-Tommy Lee.

TWO

of tickets YOU could win to Playboy's Lollapalooza Rock Star Brunch in Chicago. Enter to win at:

www.Playboy.com/AxeInstinct



1969

THE YEAR NEIL ARMSTRONG WORE LEATHER BOOTS FOR MAN'S HISTORIC FIRST WALK ON THE MOON. IT WAS ONE GIANT STEP FOR MAN—IN LEATHER, OF COURSE.



RAGING BULLS

UNEMPLOYED FINANCE
GUYS IN BUENOS
AIRES SEARCH FOR
SEX, DRUGS AND
THEIR OWN SOULS

BY
SPENCER
MORGAN

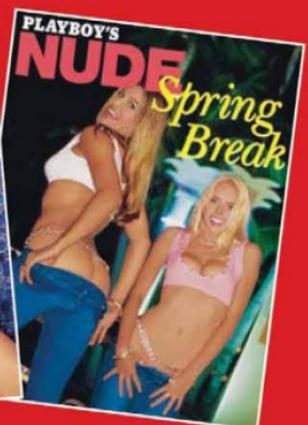


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Around October, when the economy went into free fall, a bunch of out-of-work finance guys in their 20s descended on Buenos Aires, where you can have the penthouse, the steak dinners and the bottle service at ridiculous nightclubs and still save money renting out your apartment in New York or London. Lifestyle arbitrage, baby! The word got out, and the party built on itself, making the fantasy it offered all the more intoxicating: Come spend a month—or four—in Buenos Aires, where you really are a master of the universe, where nights are sleepless and potential business deals are all scams and the clubs teem with unemployed expat bankers looking for their identities in piles of cocaine and the bloodshot eyes of hookers and thieves.

Jason got to the party four months early. That's not his real name. This is his story.

He remembers May 15, 2008 as the worst day of his life—up to that point, at least. That was the day he got laid off from his dream job. Jason was an investment banker in

New York City. He remembers leaving the office building after he was let go, and it was as if everything was muffled. He couldn't really hear anything. He was walking along West 57th Street in Manhattan when he ran into a friend from college who was giddy about a hilarious new speed-dating service he had discovered.

"I just didn't hear anything that was coming out of his mouth," Jason recalls. "I was so shell-shocked."

Then he was on Fifth Avenue. He swears to God all the big buildings looked as if they were curving in above him. The trees formed a canopy, and their leaves seemed to be laughing at him. Fifth Avenue was the street he used to walk down each time he got to the next level. There had been many.

After graduating from a Big Ten state university in 2003, Jason told his college counselor he thought he might like finance because the entrepreneurial spirit and cutthroat competition of investing appealed to him—especially since he had been a star athlete and all. She suggested institutional sales. He started out at a public accounting

firm, but he didn't want to be an accountant. He worked his way up, rising in the bullish years. *Institutional sales, institutional sales, institutional sales*, he would tell himself on the bad days. He worked in the back office at Lehman Brothers as an "ops monkey," doing the accounting work behind the trades being executed in the front office. He spent two years at Morgan Stanley, where he was technically in the front office but not really. A little less than a year ago a foreign bank that had recently entered the U.S. market gave him his own trading desk. He was on top of the world. He dressed the part. His first day at work he wore a gray Theory suit he had just bought for \$950, a pair of Ferragamo loafers (\$425) and a light blue BCBG button-down he'd had custom fitted.

This city can't fuck with me, Jason would say to himself. This city can't beat me. I'm a kid who went to a state school,

largely through foreign investors, roughly half a billion dollars in properties, in cash. There is no credit in Buenos Aires, no loans, no mortgages. Every transaction is in cash. This is because banks here have no money to lend because they have no capital because no one in his right mind keeps much money in the bank since the government defaulted on its public debt during the 2001 financial crisis, robbing its citizens of some \$93 billion. Since the latest financial crisis, short-term rentals have gone down, while month-to-month rentals are up 15 to 20 percent. Apartments BA chief executive Michael Koh doesn't ask, but clients often tell him, "I just lost my job in finance."

A friend of a friend put Jason in touch with Jordan Metzner, a 25-year-old gringo from Sherman Oaks, California who had come to Buenos Aires three years earlier to pursue his dream of starting a small business. At that



They all enjoyed a few snorts of coke, then had a threesome.

with no cash in this world, and I'm fucking dealing. There were bottles and tables at Marquee and Tenjune with fellow banking friends. Jason likes to think he enjoyed the scene differently than the Ivy League kids who were handed their plum positions at investment banks, hedge funds and private equity funds. Jason's mother is a schoolteacher; his father works for the city of Syracuse. He delighted in acting the part and partying like his bonus could buy your ass.

On May 15 the city beat Jason. He was unemployed. He ducked into Bloomingdale's that day and bought three pairs of Ferragamos: one pair of casual white ones—he liked white Ferragamos—and two pairs of dressy work loafers. I'll wear these again one day, he told himself.

Unable to get a job in New York, Jason began looking at emerging markets—Buenos Aires, Prague, São Paulo. If he could get something substantial going abroad, create a market in a country where there was none, he could build a bridge back to Wall Street and come out on top. Risk and reward.

A friend sent Jason's résumé around to a few people he knew in Buenos Aires. In June he flew down for an interview, and a friend from Morgan Stanley tagged along. The interview did not result in an offer.

Jason and his friend booked a room in a posh boutique hotel in Palermo Soho for \$150 a night. That weekend they wound up at a party in another gringo's suite with a couple of girls who turned out to be hookers. The girls stole everything in the kitchen, which amounted to about \$1,000.

At the airport the next day Jason's friend was shocked when Jason told him he wasn't getting on the plane. The 20-minute cab ride from Ezeiza International Airport back to the city offers views of the *villas miserias* (shantytowns) that surround the downtown area, as well as a fancy soccer facility, a training ground for the nation's top-ranked team, whose coach is the legendary Diego Maradona—a notorious ex-coke addict.

By local standards Jason got bilked when he rented an apartment for a week for \$500 from Apartments BA, a leading developer that has in the past decade purchased,

time Jordan had one burrito restaurant in Microcentro, the Buenos Aires equivalent of the Wall Street area. Jordan happened to have a spare room for rent, and Jason jumped on it.

He spent the first few months alone in his room, watching soccer and hunting for jobs on the Net. Every so often he would have a meeting with this real-estate fund or that wind-power start-up. Nothing smelled right, but he wasn't in a hurry. He enjoyed not working 12-hour days, instead taking time to nurse body and soul back to health. "I was reflecting on who I had become after six years in finance," Jason says.

His friends were all bankers. Says Jordan of the people he graduated from college with, "Chris went to Goldman Sachs, Philippe went to J.P. Morgan, John went to Blackstone, Lindsey to Bear Stearns. I could just keep going on and on. David, Merrill Lynch. Matt went to J.P. Morgan. Anyway, they all got jobs in investment banking, wearing suits and ties. Most of my best friends made \$200,000 the first year out of college."

Toward the end of August Jason met a young hotelier named Gabriel Gruber, co-founder of the Tailor Made Hotel. Gruber invited him to look at a deal he was putting together for a new boutique hotel in Las Cañitas, a posh neighborhood known for its restaurants and bars. The financials were solid, and Gruber was a local with a great track record—exactly what you want if you're investing in an emerging market. Finally, an investment deal Jason could put his full weight behind. He lined up a few interested New York investors. The next step was to figure out where the fund would be based. (Bringing money into Argentina is difficult if you want to avoid going through the sketchy Central Bank and paying huge taxes.) That's when things went very wrong.

Jason met a cocky 22-year-old *porteño* named José Rodrigo. José worked for a New York-based private equity group as its representative in Montevideo, Uruguay, which is three hours east of Buenos Aires by water taxi and home to a number of legal tax shelters. José was happy to set up some meetings for Jason with (continued on page 148)



"Yeah, Mom, it's pretty hot here. But don't worry. I'm getting lots of water."

WHY WE LOVE THE '70s

By **BILL ZEHME**

One of my favorite reasons to love the 1970s—the decade, the dream, the delirium—came walking up to me the other day in his red brocade smoking jacket and black silk pajamas and I asked him what the time was that was on his watch and he said.... No, wait—that last bit is a Top 40 song lyric from that very epoch (*did* (continued on page 154)





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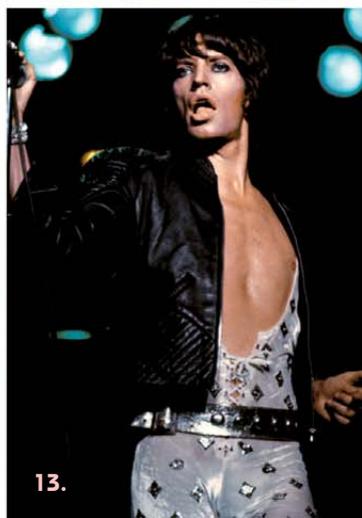


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1. JOHN TRAVOLTA
2. FARRAH FAWCETT
3. EDY WILLIAMS
4. SOUL TRAIN
5. WILLY REY
6. LINDA EVANS
7. JANE SEYMOUR
8. STUDIO 54
9. PATTI MCGUIRE
10. DOROTHY STRATTEN
11. ELKE SOMMER
12. STAR WARS
13. MICK JAGGER
14. NANCY CAMERON
15. LIV LINDELAND



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34.

GABBA GABBA HEY

Coming out of the not so mean streets of Forest Hills, Queens in 1974, the Ramones changed the course of rock and roll. Music of the decade was bloated with self-indulgent excess. Listeners endured the grandiose noodlings of “artsy people with big egos who would do vocal harmonies and play long guitar solos and get called geniuses,” as Tommy Ramone said in 1976. The band responded with a primitive guitar-and-bass assault that laid the groundwork for punk music. By paring their music to the bone, Joey, Johnny, Dee Dee and Tommy brought a new musical form to the world. I first saw the band in 1978 at Hurrah, a short-lived club on Manhattan’s West Side. They rushed through their set with no breaks between songs—only Dee Dee’s trademark “one-two-three-four” separating one from another—as if they were in a hurry to stop playing. Joey’s singing was unintelligible, the music was muddled, the stage presence confusing. But the energy was undeniable. Most of us in Hurrah had never heard anything like it before. It was as if someone had invented a type of music that actually reflected the angry and befuddling world around us. —Leopold Froehlich



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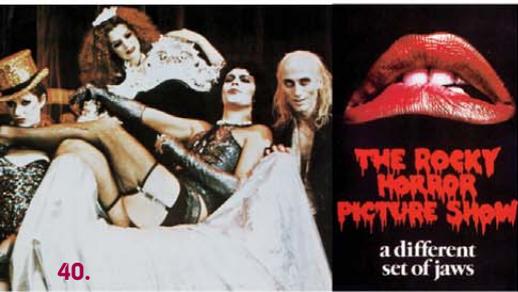


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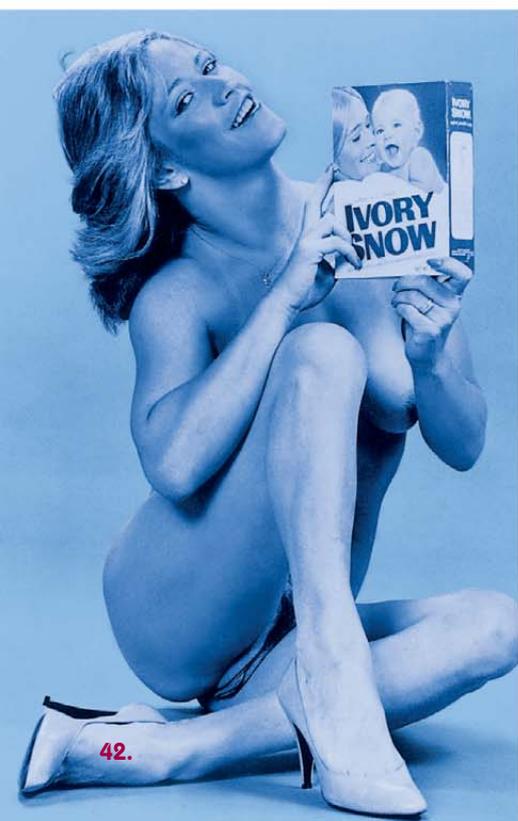
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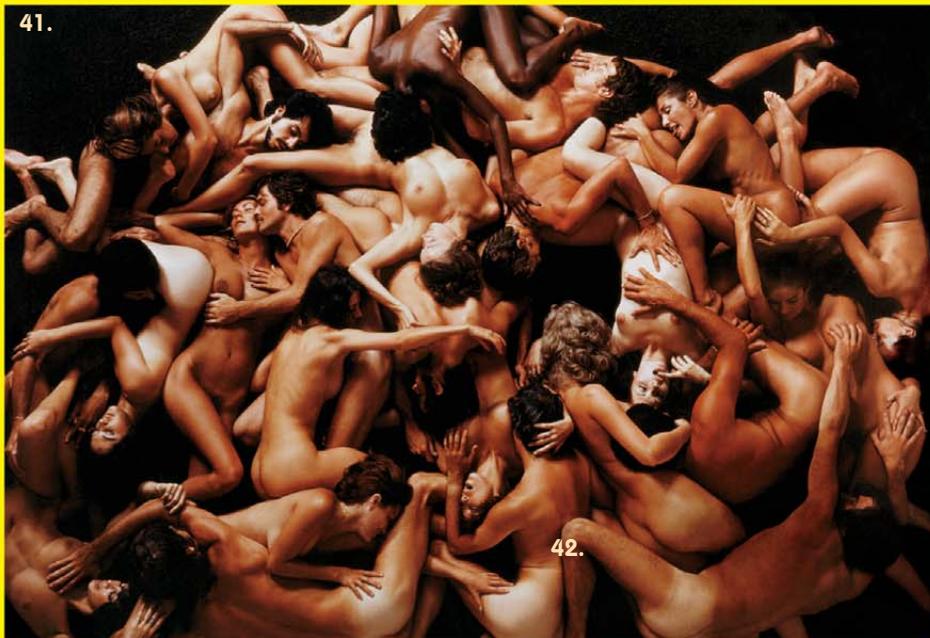
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42.

PLATO'S RETREAT

You walked downstairs into what had been the Continental Baths. To your left was the pool. A woman's head bobbing up and down on an erect penis. A lifeguard watching. Behind and to the left was a Jacuzzi, the bubbles hiding the action but not the particular facial expression: passing waves of ecstasy. You walked past the dance floor, disco lights, past a mattress area where you could watch writhing couples reflected in a ceiling mirror. At some point I found myself in the mattress room, my girlfriend on top of me, lying next to a woman, possibly Eurasian, with flawless skin, who literally rippled with pleasure. Quaaludes gave women oceanic orgasms. The energy from that mass of bodies just flowed through me. It was as profound a moment as any given by a psychedelic, the body politic moving to the same hunger, the same enthusiasm for sex. One editor went missing for a few hours with someone else's wife, and we had to deal with the homicidally jealous NYPD husband. To this day I have flashbacks: the guys who moved to sixteenth or thirty-second notes, frenetic jazz-solo fucking. The girl playing pinball with a towel wrapped around her waist, her back, her body English. Marc Stevens, a New York porn star, leaning against a pillar, offering his erection to fans. I think I went through seven erections that first evening, sampling the shower room, the pool, the whatever. Press attention killed the club. It moved across town to a site near the Port Authority Bus Terminal. The more adventurous moved on to other scenes. As one veteran swinger said in 1978, "Swans fly with swans and ducks fly with ducks. It's not like the old days."

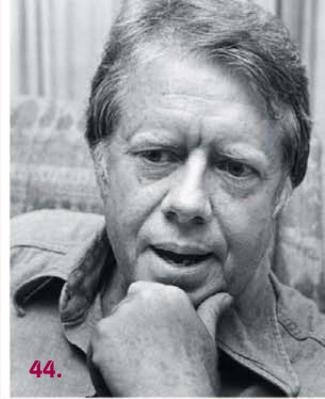
—James Petersen



43.

- 36. MARILYN COLE
- 37. THE VILLAGE PEOPLE
- 38. DEEP THROAT
- 39. CLAUDIA JENNINGS
- 40. THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW
- 41. PLATO'S RETREAT
- 42. MARILYN CHAMBERS
- 43. BLAZING SADDLES
- 44. JIMMY CARTER INTERVIEW

- 45. CRYSTAL SMITH
- 46. BARBARA BACH
- 47. BORN ON THE FOURTH OF JULY
- 48. VICTORIA PRINCIPAL
- 49. LAST TANGO IN PARIS
- 50. HITACHI MAGIC WAND
- 51. APOCALYPSE NOW
- 52. THE GODFATHER
- 53. ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER



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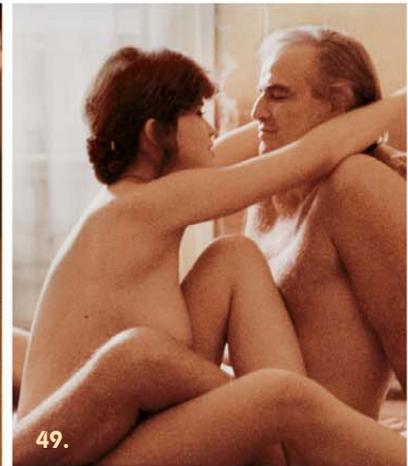
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54.

- 54. MELANIE GRIFFITH
- 55. ROSANNE KATON
- 56. DEBRA JO FONDREN
- 57. FREDDIE MERCURY
- 58. PETE ROSE
- 59. CANDY LOVING
- 60. ANN-MARGRET
- 61. ROOTS
- 62. HOPE OLSON
- 63. CHRISTINE MADDOX
- 64. SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE
- 65. VICKI McCARTY
- 66. ALI & FOREMAN
- 67. RAQUEL WELCH
- 68. MARGOT KIDDER
- 69. DAVID BOWIE
- 70. PLAYBOY MANSION WEST
- 71. THE GROTTO



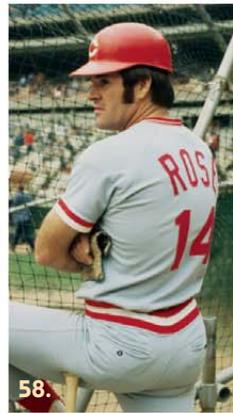
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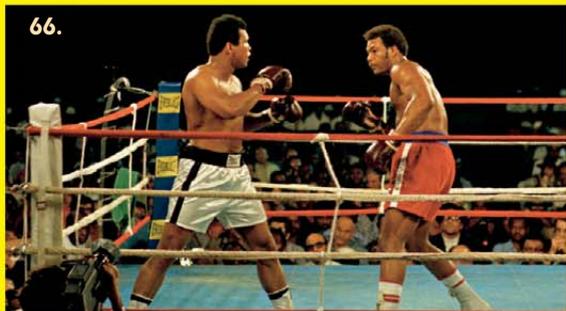
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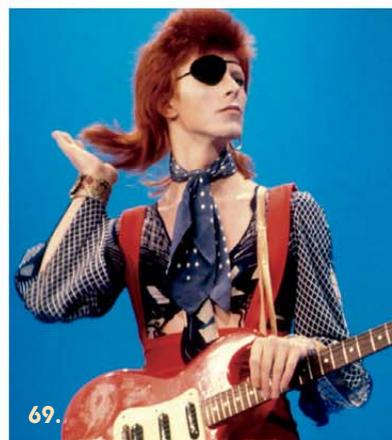
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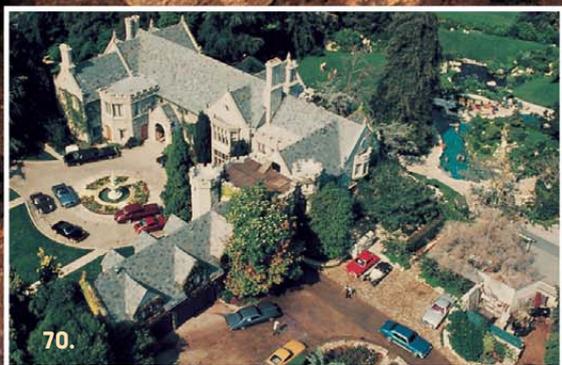
66.

RUMBLE IN THE JUNGLE

"Then a big projectile exactly the size of a fist in a glove drove into the middle of Foreman's mind, the best punch of the startled night, the blow Ali saved for a career. Foreman's arms flew out to the side like a man with a parachute jumping out of a plane, and in this doubled-over position, he tried to wander out to the center of the ring. All the while, his eyes were on Ali and he looked up with no anger as if Ali, indeed, were the man he knew best in the world and would see him on his dying day. Vertigo took George Foreman and revolved him. Still bowing from the waist in this uncomprehending position, eyes on Muhammad Ali all the way, he started to tumble and topple and fall, even as he did not wish to go down." —Norman Mailer, *The Fight, Part II: All Night Long*, PLAYBOY, June 1975



69.



70.



71.

FUTURE TENSE

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE NEW AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

NOBODY HAS EVER EXPERIENCED ANYTHING LIKE 2009.

WE ARE IN A PERIOD OF CHANGE SO PROFOUND, IT'S AS IF THE CLOCKS ARE STRIKING 13. THE FULFILLMENT OF THE PROMISE OF THE INTERNET, AN "ECONOMIC PEARL HARBOR," THE GREEN REVOLUTION, A YOUNG BLACK MAN IN THE OVAL OFFICE—IT'S ALL HAPPENING RIGHT NOW.

SO WHAT LIES AHEAD?

THE FOLLOWING IS A COLLECTION OF VISIONS FROM SOME OF OUR FOREMOST THINKERS. IS THE FUTURE IN YOUR HANDS?

THE AGE OF THE BOTTLENECK

by Margaret Atwood

During the darkest days of World War II, the British government designed a simple poster intended to bring reassurance and comfort to the civilian population. It showed a yellow crown on a red background, with the slogan "Keep calm and carry on."

This poster was never circulated. Perhaps it was thought that since the population was already keeping calm and carrying on, they might be insulted by it. But it made its appearance in many gift shops just after the onset of the financial meltdown this past autumn, and it was snapped up as quickly as it was deployed.

One was given to me and my partner as a joke. "Hang it in the bedroom," quipped a bystander, and being of the age at which such advice is sometimes both appreciated and necessary, that is what we did.

With the global financial superstructure in a precarious if not crumbling state and the environmental bal-

ances that sustain us on the verge—we're told—of tipping over into full-blown catastrophe, there's quite a lot to try to keep calm about, though there's a good deal of perplexity about how exactly we should carry on. Most people are willing to do whatever it takes, but whatever will it take, on both the economic and the environmental levels? And will this "whatever" be enough? Are we in fact entering the Age of the Bottleneck?

The human race has been through bottlenecks before: those moments in time when adverse conditions such as terrible weather, plagues and diseases or crop failures produce mass die-outs. There are too many mouths and not enough food to fill them. Wars and famines take their toll. Some manage to squeeze through the bottleneck, but many do not.

Scientists tell us that there must have been one such moment around 50,000 years ago, during which homo

sapiens—driven perhaps by scarcity—began spreading out from Africa. In Europe, the Black Death of the 14th century was another bottleneck. If enough individuals make it through those narrow places, then societies can regenerate. If enough do not, then extinction is the result, as it has been for an increasing number of species over the past 300 years, many of which have died out because of us. This time, it's not only ourselves we have to squeeze through the bottleneck—it's much of the natural world as well. Without it, we can neither eat nor breathe.

How can we turn the negatives in our rapidly changing picture into positives, or at least minimize their worst effects? We're feeling overwhelmed;

if we want to keep our heads above water we have to swim with the flow, figure out where the bottom is or build a boat. We're presently attempting to do all three. But where are the currents taking us, and how deep is the bottom?

And which of our human-made boats will float? Anything that helps us do more for less energy will have



ready adopters in the immediate future. Remote modes of communication will become increasingly popular as long as they are cheap. Home greenhouses, clotheslines, airships and trains will make a comeback. And what about new options like solar fabrics? Thin, flexible and, with their tube or bubble structure, much more efficient, they'll enable us to turn our old-style energy-spewing buildings into energy generators. And if you happen to know anyone who's working on cheap desalination devices or gizmos that can pull water out of the air, don't call them crazy.

We're an inventive species. Arguably, it's our inventiveness that's helped us into our present quagmire: We've altered the world's energy flows without anticipating

the consequences. But it's our inventiveness, too, that may help us out of that quagmire: that and our optimism. So "Keep calm and carry on" isn't such a bad slogan to have on your wall. It assumes that if you do carry on, you can get through the difficult parts. As we can. Can't we?

Margaret Atwood, author of The Blind Assassin, recently published a new novel, The Year of the Flood.

A VULNERABLE WORLD by Edwidge Danticat

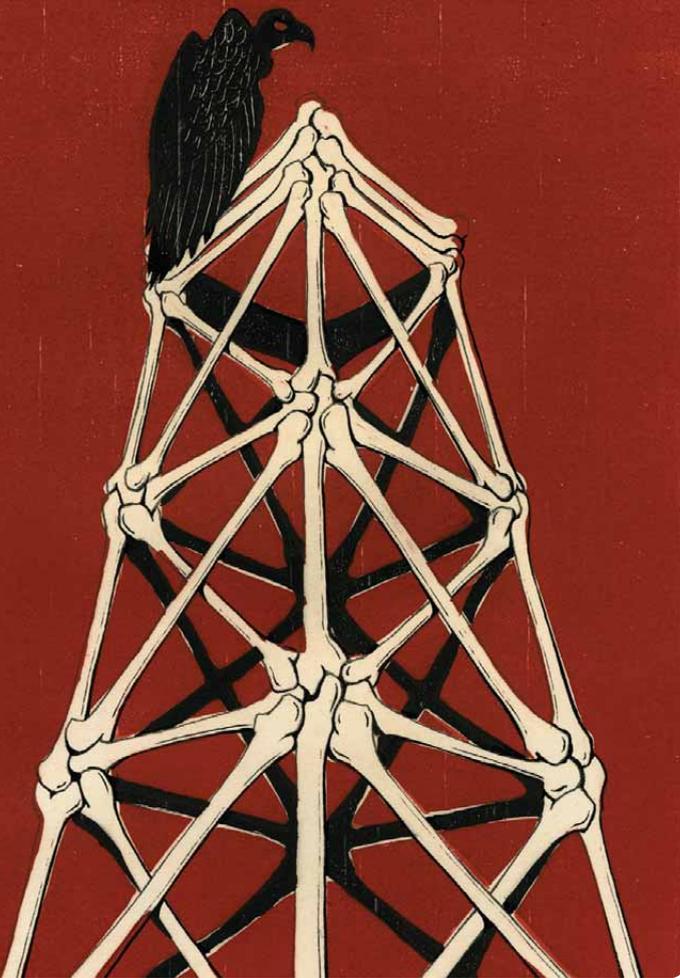
There's a saying that when the United States sneezes, the world catches a cold. Our subprime mortgages default; our banks stop lending and the world economy contracts, leading to global recession. Not surprisingly, the world's only superpower has a lot to account for, and like the good book says, unto whom much is given, much is expected. In the past, these expectations have led to taking in refugees, being among the first on disaster scenes and fighting the good fights for global liberties and human rights; however, it has also meant occupations and unjustifiable wars. As the global economic crisis shows, the America of this new era desperately needs change. Not because our young, urbane, well-traveled, metrosexual and, yes, multicultural president says so but because the times demand it. We are no longer that much different from the rest of the world but equal partners in it, sharing at lightning speed its economic sorrows and viral afflictions. Many neighborhoods in Michigan look like some neighborhoods in Iraq.

Many parts of Miami look like Cuba and Haiti. Change must also mean a different course with these evolving realities at home in mind. After 9/11 people all over the world declared they were



Americans because finally we had joined the rest of the world in its vulnerability. Clearly we do not have to be attacked to be that vulnerable again. We all share this planet, and if it starts to perish, the poorest and weakest among us will suffer first, but everyone else will surely follow. Now when the world sneezes the United States of America catches a cold too. Underpaid workers in places we've never visited make our T-shirts and rugs and occasionally explain our credit card statements to us. We count on Middle Eastern and Latin American oil to run our cars. We indirectly fund wars all over the globe with our purchases of cell phones, diamonds and narcotics. Technology links us to the poorest in the smallest villages and the richest in the largest cities. There is no longer a strict East or West, or North or South: Those definitions are now defunct. There is a bit of every culture in every place. We've seen how we affect others and how they affect us. We get it. We're awake. We are all part of this one vulnerable world, and that's not necessarily a bad thing.

Edwidge Danticat won the 2007 National Book Critics Circle Award for her memoir Brother, I'm Dying. She is the author of eight books of fiction and editor of several anthologies.



CAR FUEL OF THE FUTURE

by T. Boone Pickens

The hydrocarbon era will come to an end, and it will happen sooner than you think. The end may come as soon as 2050. Within the next five years the way we consume energy will have changed more radically than it has in the past 50.

I have been an oilman for 50 years, so it may seem odd for me to predict that our days of pumping gas into our cars is

over. Here's the problem with oil: The world currently produces 85 million barrels daily. Production volume will not rise. Yet as third world countries become greater consumers of oil, the resource will become more valuable. I predict that by the end of this year the price of a barrel of oil will rise to \$75. In three years it'll be back up to \$150. In 10 years, if America has done nothing to cut our dependence on foreign oil, we'll be importing 70 percent of our oil and paying \$300 a barrel for it. We had better do something about it before we have a disaster on our hands.

The money the U.S. and other countries are handing OPEC represents the greatest transfer of wealth in history. This year America will spend \$450 billion on foreign oil. Our credibility around the world is so weak in great part because we've turned our energy destiny over to countries that hate us while we have undeveloped resources here. They think we're crazy, and we are.

We need a short-term and a long-term solution. In the U.S. we have an abundance of natural gas, which is cleaner and cheaper than oil. We must use it as transportation fuel. In five years, when you go to a gas station you'll pump liquid natural gas into your car if you're not already driving a battery-powered vehicle. I think within the next six months Congress will enact a bill to start moving our heavy-duty 18-wheelers onto liquid natural gas. With an investment of \$30 billion to incentivize owners of 18-wheelers, we can put 350,000 trucks on natural gas in three years. What do we get for it? We'll cut our dependency on foreign diesel immediately by five percent and create 450,000 jobs directly and another 1.6 million indirectly. We have abundant natural gas reserves. Gas burns cheaply and cleanly. Why don't we use it and get off foreign oil?

Natural gas is a bridge fuel that can carry us to the ultimate solution, the next generation of transportation fuels. The transportation problem will be solved by batteries or fuel cells, more likely the former, and the energy used to power the batteries will be harnessed domestically, using wind and the sun. The Chinese are investing heavily in nuclear energy. Nuclear is fine with me as long as it's American.

In the past this country has failed to come up with a solution to our energy problems. People address only what is critical for the day. We can get off foreign oil by using our own resources and planning for the future. No one will debate me on this issue. Like a guy once said, the best time to plant a tree was 20 years ago; the second-best time to plant a tree is right now. Natural gas is the immediate answer, and in 25 years we'll be clean, green and independent.

T. Boone Pickens is chairman of BP Capital.

THE NEW AMERICAN DIPLOMACY by Ishmael Reed



We have a president who has ushered in a new era of American diplomacy. He visits different countries, speaks their language and tells a Muslim audience he has Muslim family members. At a summit meeting he settles a dispute between China and France—which is not surprising, since one study says children of biracial parents are good at settling disputes between people of different backgrounds. Fareed Zakaria had it right when he said President Obama sees us as the rest of the world sees us, and though

the majority of Americans support him, some members of the chattering classes—public intellectuals and academic

elites on the left and right—are pouncing on what they regard as his every misstep. One neocon devoted a whole column to the first lady's biceps, and it was a progressive who said Obama was "dumber than a bag of hammers." These people aren't used to a black man who isn't Michael Jordan, Snoop Dogg or the guys who get handcuffed on Cops. Of course, with the election of a black president it was predictable that the usual yahoos would clown on him. The old era continues to present its embarrassments: The Rapture people, who deny global warming and the benefits of science, who describe gay marriage as part of a gathering storm—they believe people who are different from them are socialists and terrorists. The governor of Texas is threatening secession. A sham "tea party" promoted by the Fox network brought out some of the worst features of old-era America. One kid sported a sign calling Obama a monkey. Another called him a shoeshine boy. One hopes Obama's new era won't get undermined by the old era.

Ishmael Reed is author of Mumbo Jumbo and Shrovetide in Old New Orleans.

THE COSMOS

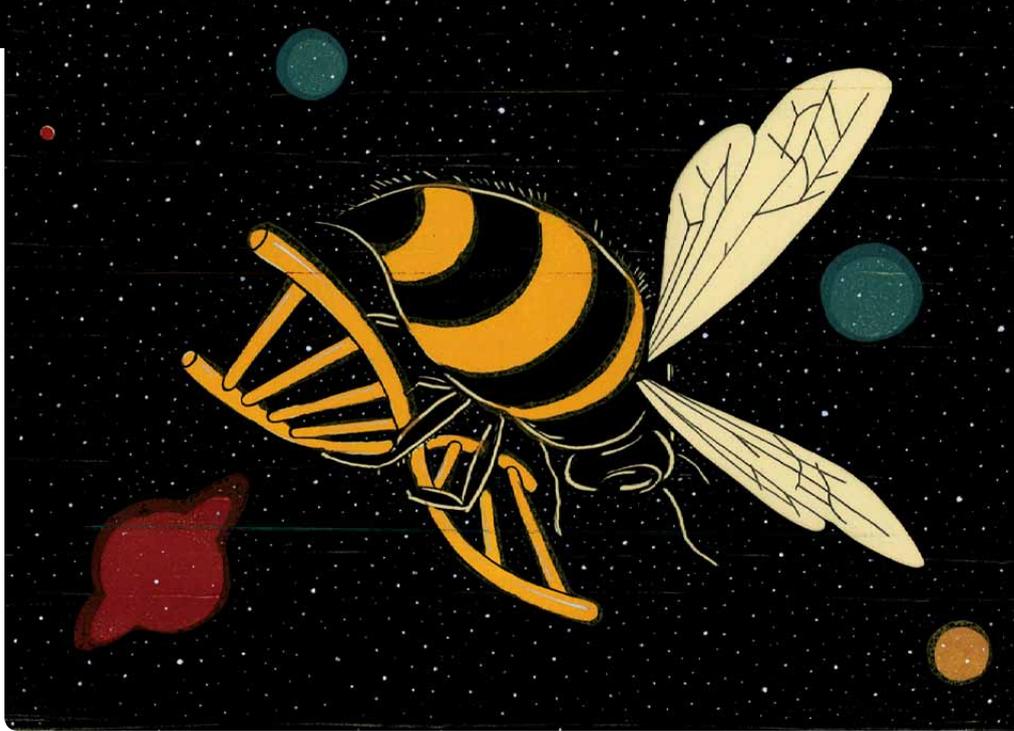
by Martin Rees

I'm a cosmologist—my professional interests focus far from Earth. But a cosmic perspective impresses us that our planet is a special place and that we live in a special time.

We are the outcome of 4 billion years of Darwinian evolution. The stupendous time spans of the evolutionary past are now part of common culture—except, of course, in creationist circles. But many still perceive humanity as some kind of culmination of the tree of life. Cosmologists can't believe this: They are mindful that still vaster time spans lie ahead. The sun is less than halfway through its life. In about 6 billion years it will swell up, engulf the inner planets and destroy whatever life remains on Earth. There's an unthinking tendency to imagine humans will be around to experience this event, but any life and intelligence that exist then could be as different from us as we are from a bug. We may not even be at the halfway stage of cosmic evolution. But even in a time perspective that stretches millions of centuries into the future, as well as into the past, this century is special: It's the first in which one species—ours—has the planet's future in its hands.

Is there life beyond the Earth? This is a question for biologists, and biology is a harder subject than cosmology. We don't know how life began on Earth, so we can't assess whether it's likely to exist on other planets—still less what aliens, if they exist, may look like. Searches for extraterrestrial intelligence may one day succeed. On the other hand, we may be the only self-aware life in our entire galaxy. But that would not render life a cosmic sideshow.

Indeed, it would be a boost to our cosmic self-esteem: Terrestrial life, and its fate, would then be a matter of cosmic significance. Even if life is now unique to Earth, it could, long before the sun dies, spread through the entire galaxy. Our universe has the potential to harbor a teeming diversity of life far beyond what we can even conceive. The unfolding of intelligence and complexity could still be near its cosmic beginnings. Perhaps, in future centuries, spacecraft launched from the Earth could—via genetically engineered life or exotic machines—spawn new oases of life far beyond the solar system. And that's not all. Perhaps



advanced intelligence billions of years hence will be able to engineer black holes whose interior unfolds into new universes.

There may have been an infinity of big bangs, not just one. Each cooled down differently and ended up governed by different laws. Just as Earth is a special planet among zillions of others, so perhaps our big bang was special—on a far grander scale. In this expanded cosmic perspective, what we've traditionally called our universe could be just one island in a vast cosmic archipelago. In the next decade I hope we will clarify the nature of the dark matter and the earliest stages of galaxy formation—when the universe is 200 million to 400 million years old. I think the most rapid and interesting progress will be in learning more about the planetary systems orbiting other stars—the first detection of large numbers of Earth-size planets (though the imaging of such planets is still probably two decades away, awaiting the next generation of ground-based telescopes or huge arrays in space).

My professional interests span billions of years. This doesn't stop me from worrying, as we all do, about what happens tomorrow or next year. But it is exhilarating to realize that the eras lying ahead will be as long and as eventful as the years that led to our emergence on Earth.

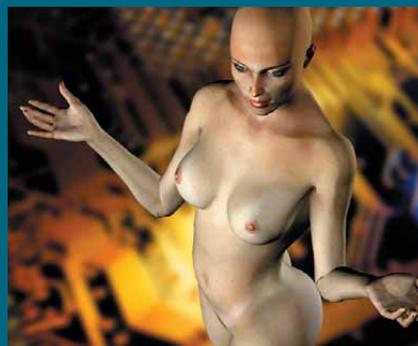
*Martin Rees is the U.K.'s Astronomer Royal, president of the Royal Society and author of *Our Final Hour*.*

THE FUTURE OF SEX by Chip Rowe

All this ridiculous talk of lifelike fuck dolls, human-robot love affairs and long-distance digital dildos isn't about the future of sex, as it's made out to be. It's about the centuries-old effort to improve male masturbation, an ultimately disappointing pursuit because anything short of contact with the warm flesh of another will always be less than satisfying. While a walking, talking Stepford wife may someday receive a five-star rating on Amazon.com, the future of sex has nothing to do with technology. The reason lies within the dichotomy of need versus desire. Males need to climax; it's programmed into us to propagate the species. But no fembot will ever quiet our consuming desire, that part of our being that powers sonnets and separates us from apes. More important, no sex toy will ever need or desire you. To understand the difference, consider the poor sap who in the late 1960s submitted himself to a psychiatrist who placed an electric probe deep into the man's brain to "cure" his homosexuality. The man could give himself a shock of erotic pleasure with the push of a button, which he did compulsively, pressing 1,500 times over three hours. Yet he never seemed

to be enjoying himself. The neuroscientist Morten Kringselbach, author of *The Pleasure Center*, points out that any cognitive implant would need to activate both impulses—need and desire—to truly threaten sex. Our ability to reach orgasm may become as routine as checking the time and the inability to climax may go the way of polio, but desire will never be any different than it was a thousand years ago, or 10,000 years ago.

Chip Rowe, a senior editor at the magazine, is the Playboy Advisor.





SEE MORE OF OLIVIA AT [PLAYBOY.COM/OLIVIAMUNN](https://www.playboy.com/oliviamunn).

QUEEN OF CONVERGENCE: OLIVIA MUNN

TV'S HOTTEST NERD GUIDES US THROUGH THE DIGITAL WILDS

Staying in tune with today's culture means keeping up with an ever-increasing flood of audio, video, RSS feeds, blogs, voice mail, e-mail, books, magazines, Twitter streams, Tumblogs, Flickr posts and Facebook status updates. And we're being asked to cram it all into the same-size skulls our ancestors used several millennia ago. It looks like chaos to some, but when you're surfing the wave (instead of drowning in it) it's called *convergence*. It's the place where old and new media are locked in an eternal mating dance, endlessly recombining in new and perverse ways. And the current queen of this strange land is the lovely Olivia Munn. The celebrity of the future, Munn stars on the G4 network's *Attack of the Show*. She's not

royalty like Angelina or Nicole, not a train wreck like Lindsay or Britney, not a brazen attention seeker like Perez or Ashton. She's just Olivia. She does a live daily TV show on which she regularly tells her on-air producers to go screw. She blogs. She Twitters. She takes videos of herself in her off hours. Instead of building a wall between herself and her fans, she uses the immediacy of modern communication to obliterate that wall. When she visits a town, so do her fans. Why? Because she invited them (on oliviamunn.com). For instance, last fall in New York City she and a horde of Internet pals caught a flick together in Times Square. This lady doesn't want to be your idol; she wants to be your friend. Plus, she's hot. Which is nice.



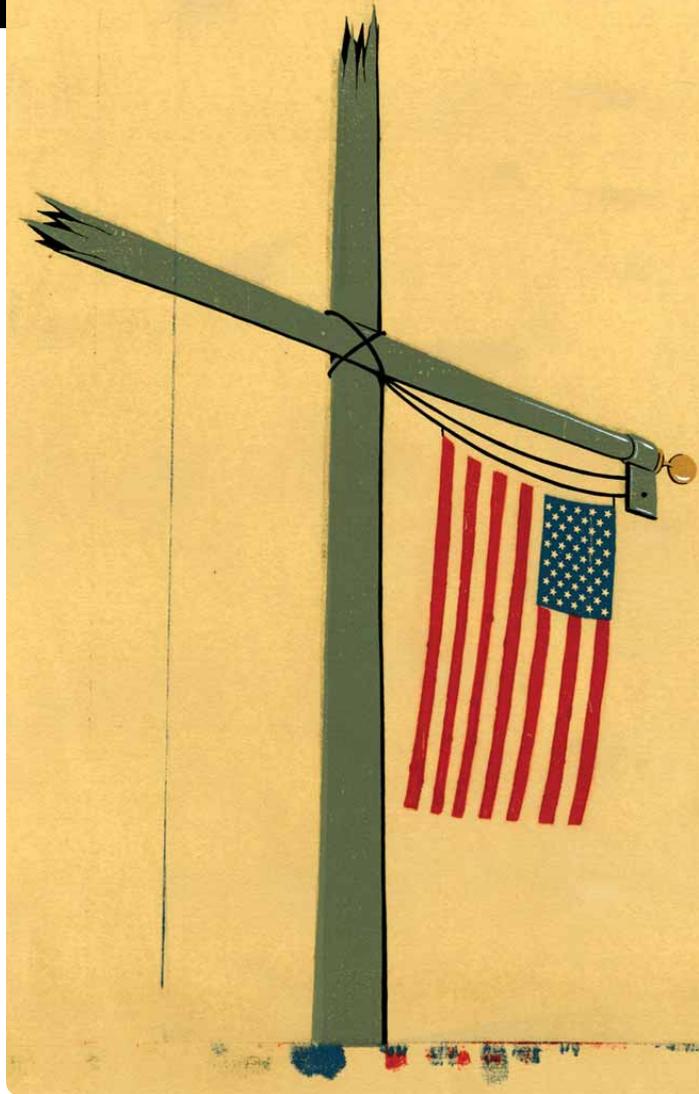
A WORLD WITHOUT BORDERS

by Reza Aslan

With apologies to Thomas Friedman, the world is not flat. It is our minds that have flattened. Globalization has not only altered the way we view the world. It has changed the way we view *ourselves*. Globalization has profoundly affected the way we identify as part of a social collective. It has changed the way we conceive of our public spaces, how we interact with like-minded individuals, how we determine our religious and political leaders, even how we think about categories like religion and politics. Indeed, globalization has transformed everything about how we think of ourselves both as individuals and as members of a larger society because our sense of who we are is no longer dominated by national concerns. And since the self is composed of multiple markers of identity—nationality, class, gender, religion, ethnicity and so on—if one of those (say, nationality) starts to give way, it is only natural that another (religion, ethnicity) would come to fill the vacuum. Which is why despite all the talk about the death of God, the truth is religion is becoming a stronger, more global force every day. A century ago, one half of the world's population identified itself as Catholic, Protestant, Muslim or Hindu. Today that number is nearly two thirds. Perhaps it is too early to talk of *postnationalism*, and it is likely premature to speak of the end of the nation-state as we know it (though this is already happening throughout the European Union). But there is no doubt we are approaching an era in which more and more people will cease defining themselves primarily in nationalistic terms and will instead fall back on more primal markers of identity, like tribe, kin, clan, ethnicity and, above all, religion.

All the more reason then to strive to strip the conflicts we are witnessing around the world—from the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan to the cycle of violence between Israel and the Palestinians—of their religious connotations. This is something the previous administration, with its religiously polarizing rhetoric and evangelizing foreign policy, never seemed to understand. No wonder the vast majority of the Muslim world believes that the so-called war on terror is, in fact, a war on Islam. From the moment George W. Bush introduced this ideological conflict with radical forces in the Muslim world as a “crusade” to “rid the world of evil,” he not only validated Al Qaeda’s cosmic worldview, he set the stage for what may be a new and terrifying era of religious war.

Now, with a new administration and a new global outlook, we have the opportunity to start anew. Thus far the Obama administration has worked hard to reshape Amer-



ica’s relationship not just with the Muslim world but with the rest of the international community. Its first step—getting rid of the problematic phrase *war on terror*—is a good one. But to truly change the perception of the U.S. and step back from the precipice of unending cosmic war the Bush administration took our country to will require more than a change in rhetoric. It will require a change in our foreign policy. Only then can we begin to look forward to a “new era” of global peace and prosperity.

Reza Aslan is author of *How to Win a Cosmic War: God, Globalization and the End of the War on Terror*. His previous book, *No God but God*, has been translated into 13 languages.

THE FUTURE WILL BE COOKED MEDIUM RARE by Seth MacFarlane

When PLAYBOY asked me to contribute a few thoughts about the future, I felt both honored and thrilled. To me PLAYBOY represents so much more than Playmates, jazz festivals and quality footwear that North Providence Italian guys proudly wear to strip clubs. PLAYBOY provides a safe haven for openness, freedom of thought and the kind of divergent, creative thinking essential to human progress. Through the years, and the pages of PLAYBOY, I have been exposed to compelling literature from Gore Vidal, Kurt Vonnegut and John Updike; brilliant, insightful comedy from Woody Allen and Steve Martin; and thoughtful, informed observations from Stephen Hawking and the quintessential rationalist Carl Sagan. I also got to see Tanya Roberts’s ass. It was in some pilfered issue I saw as a kid, in an article trumpeting the release of the movie *The Beastmaster*. Poised to springboard from her enviable perch as the fourth or fifth Charlie’s Angel, Tanya was beautifully photographed, totally

naked among several jungle creatures. I think there was a tiger in there. Maybe a zebra? I don’t know. The truth is I don’t really remember because all I could look at was her gorgeous ass. And despite my exposure to the great thinkers within PLAYBOY’s pages, nothing I’ve seen through the years has stayed in my consciousness more than that amazing naked bum—which brings me to the one concern I have for us as a species as we march into the future.

We have a remarkable ability to solve the challenges that lie ahead. Unfortunately, we also have the primal urges that helped us survive our early years—a time that I and many scientists refer to as the Flintstone Era—when our only thoughts were food, sex and how to hit on the head with a big rock anyone who stood in the way of those two things. Because these urges co-exist alongside our expanding degree of enlightenment, they often obscure evidence of our growth and progress. Today we can drive (concluded on page 62)



“Would you like to see my other tattoos?”

NEW!

HI, I'M **BILLY MAYS**

*IF YOU OWN A TELEVISION, YOU'VE ALREADY
MET AMERICA'S GREATEST PITCHMAN*



BY PAT JORDAN

Billy Mays is pitching me, talking fast and loud so I can't get in a word, telling me about his high school football exploits in McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania and how he's half Italian (true), half Jewish (not true). "If I can't get it wholesale, I steal it," he says. *Da-dum!* Touching me on my arm to make contact, drawing me in, hypnotizing me, Mays tells me how he became a pitchman at the age of 24 on the Atlantic City boardwalk, selling Ginsu knives from a little stand, all the old pitchmen taking a shine to the kid with the loud voice and teaching him the tricks of the trade. "Get the crowd in closer. Belly them up to you." "Kibbitz—'Where you from?'" "Say 'I got something to show you.'" "Get closer." And then the hardest part of the pitch, how to ask for money: "How much, you say? Thought you'd never ask—\$29.95 in a store, only \$19.95 here. But here's the deal: The first five people who buy one now get it for only \$10." All the people are waving their hands now, begging for a blessing to be able to buy a Ginsu knife or a WashMatik or whatever. If Mays would only recognize them, they could fork over their 10 spot for a gadget they didn't know they wanted 10 minutes ago—until Billy Mays showed them the light.

"It's an art," he says, "to get people to stay in one area for 10 minutes. They're put there by me. That's the thrill of the pitch. My pitch is my music. They're mesmerized by me. I love it."

Today, at 50, Mays is the most famous pitchman in the world. His pitches are seen on TV in 57 foreign countries and dubbed in Chinese, Japanese, French, Italian, German, whatever. The media call him ubiquitous, with his swept-back black hair and full black beard he touches up "by drinking only dark whiskey"—*da-dum!* You've seen him on TV, leaping out of the screen at three A.M., just before you doze off, snapping you awake with his screeching voice. "Hi, I'm Billy Mays, here for OxiClean!" or KaBOOM!, Mighty Putty, Hercules Hook, Awesome Auger, Zorbeez, whatever. Mays sells them all: gadgets that stick harder than any glue, dig up weeds, hold up a 50-pound gilt-framed mirror (assuming you have a 50-pound gilt-framed mirror)—so many gadgets you never thought you needed, never even thought existed until Mays went into his pitch. A 30-second pitch, never more than two minutes—a short con—screaming at you, "Watch this! I get so excited! I gotta tell you something! Buy it right now!" So you call the toll-free number, give a strange voice your credit-

card information and then get a package in the mail, stare at its contents—a gadget, a product—and wonder, Why did I buy this? But what the hell, it was only \$19.95. It's always \$19.95. That's Mays's secret.

"It's gotta be under \$20," Mays says. He shrugs. "I don't know. That's the magic number." It also has to be an unknown item that can't be purchased in a store, that can be seen and purchased only on TV and that appeals to a mass audience of do-it-yourselfers. Mays gets his satisfaction from sheer quan-

gay men who like so-called hairy bears. They call him "one of the hottest bears on the market" and beg to be able to "boff that bear." His haters refer to him as "an asinine piece of shit," "a public nuisance" and an asshole. One fan says Billy Mays is his idol because he's "so obnoxious that he's cool" and can sell "dick to a dyke," tap water from your own sink. A \$5 bill for four easy payments of \$19.95, plus shipping and handling.

"It's all about trust," says Mays. "I stay true to the pitch. I'm not a salesman. A salesman



IT'S NOT AS IF BILLY MAYS CAN SELL ANYTHING—JUST ALMOST ANYTHING. HE MADE THE MAKERS OF ORANGE GLO RICH, AND NOW, THANKS TO BILLY, OXICLEAN IS ON GROCERY STORE SHELVES. BUT ONCE A PRODUCT IS SUCCESSFUL, IT POPS UP CHEAPER ON THE WEB AND BILLY HAS TO FIND ANOTHER TO REPLACE IT.

tity. "I want to sell billions of things," he says. And he has, which has made him rich (three Bentleys, million-dollar homes) and famous. There are websites devoted to either loving or hating Billy Mays. He shrugs again and says, "There's a fine line between love and hate." One website is dedicated to fans who want to have his baby, though most of those fans are

sells a product; a pitchman sells himself. I make people believe they have to own it." He smiles and says, "Life's a pitch, then you buy."

Now Mays has his own company, Mays Promotions, which scours the earth for newly invented gadgets like, say, the double-bladed saw tipped with titanium, guaranteed not (concluded on page 158)

FAHRENHEIT

451

by
Ray Bradbury
&
Tim Hamilton



What if free thought was an offense against the state and a fireman's job was to burn books? Bradbury imagined such a world in his 1953 novel, and *Playboy* was the first to serialize what soon became a classic of dystopian literature. This graphic adaptation of one man's refusal to conform is no less incendiary than the original and a vivid reminder of what story can do in any form

Excerpted from *Ray Bradbury's Fahrenheit 451: The Authorized Adaptation* by Tim Hamilton, available in August from Hill & Wang, a division of Farrar, Straus and Giroux, LLC. CAUTION: Users are warned that the work appearing herein is protected under copyright laws and reproduction of the text in any form for distribution is strictly prohibited. The right to reproduce or transfer the work via any medium must be secured with the copyright owner.



THAT'S RICH!



STONEMAN AND BLACK DREW FORTH THEIR RULE BOOKS ...AND LAID THEM OUT WHERE MONTAG MIGHT READ:

Established 1790, to burn English-influenced books in the Colonies
First Fireman: Benjamin Franklin

- RULE:
1. Answer the alarm swiftly.
 2. Start the fire swiftly.
 3. Burn everything.
 4. Report back to firehouse immediately.
 5. Stand alert for other alarms.



CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!



CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!

THE ALARM SOUNDED. THE CARDS FELL IN A FLURRY... THE MEN WERE GONE.



WHEEEEEOOO O-AAGOOO!

1 2
3 4



HERE WE ARE!



"PLAY THE MAN, MASTER RIDLEY; WE SHALL THIS DAY LIGHT SUCH A CANDLE..."



"...BY GOD'S GRACE, IN ENGLAND, AS I TRUST SHALL NEVER BE PUT OUT."



ENOUGH OF THAT!



WHERE ARE THEY?



SHE SHOULDN'T BE HERE. POLICE USUALLY COME AND TAPE UP THEIR MOUTHS.



MONTAG! KEROSENE.



SOMEONE MESSED UP. SHE SHOULDN'T BE HERE.



YOU'RE NOT LEAVING HER HERE?

SHE WON'T COME.

FORCE HER, THEN!

WE'RE DUE BACK AT THE HOUSE. BESIDES, THESE FANATICS ALWAYS TRY SUICIDE; THE PATTERN'S FAMILIAR.



YOU CAN COME WITH ME.

I'M COUNTING TO TEN.

NO, THANK YOU ANYWAY.



GO ON, I WANT TO STAY HERE.



FOUR, FIVE, SIX...



...ACROSS THE LAWN, WHERE THE PATH OF KEROSENE LAY LIKE THE TRACK OF SOME EVIL SNAIL.



BEATTY FLICKED HIS FINGERS TO SPARK THE KEROSENE.



HE WAS TOO LATE.



SHHHHRRRAAATCH!



GO ON.

MONTAG FELT HIMSELF BACK AWAY AND AWAY - OUT THE DOOR...

5 6
7 8



SHE SAID SOME CRAZY THING WHEN WE CAME IN THE DOOR.



"PLAY THE MAN, MASTER RIDLEY..."

A MAN NAMED LATIMER SAID THAT TO A MAN NAMED NICHOLAS RIDLEY, AS THEY WERE BEING BURNT ALIVE AT OXFORD, FOR HERESY, ON OCTOBER 16, 1555.



I'M FULL OF BITS AND PIECES. MOST FIRE CAPTAINS HAVE TO BE.



PEOPLE RAN OUT OF HOUSES ALL DOWN THE STREET.



HE HAD CHILLS AND FEVER IN THE MORNING.

YOU CAN'T BE SICK. YOU WERE ALL RIGHT LAST NIGHT.

NO, I WASN'T ALL RIGHT.



BRING ASPIRIN.

YOU'VE GOT TO GET UP. IT'S NOON. YOU'VE SLEPT FIVE HOURS LATER THAN USUAL.

WILL YOU TURN THE PARLOR OFF?



THAT'S MY FAMILY.

WILL YOU TURN IT OFF FOR A SICK MAN?



I'LL TURN IT DOWN.



THAT'S MY FAVORITE PROGRAM.

WHAT ABOUT THE ASPIRIN?

OH.



DID SOMETHING HAPPEN?

A FIRE, IS ALL.



I HAD A NICE EVENING.

WHAT DOING?

THE PARLOR.

WHAT WAS ON?

PROGRAMS.

WHAT PROGRAMS?



SHE WAS SIMPLE-MINDED.

SHE WAS AS RATIONAL AS YOU AND I, MORE SO PERHAPS, AND WE BURNED HER.



THIS IS THE DAY YOU GO ON THE EARLY SHIFT. YOU SHOULD'VE GONE TWO HOURS AGO.

YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO CALL CAPTAIN BEATTY, DO YOU?

YOU MUST! I CAN'T CALL HIM. I CAN'T TELL HIM I'M SICK.

YOU'RE NOT SICK.



HE REACHED UNDER HIS PILLOW. THE HIDDEN BOOK WAS STILL THERE.

MILDRED, HOW WOULD IT BE IF, WELL, MAYBE, I QUIT MY JOB AWHILE?

YOU WANT TO GIVE UP EVERYTHING?



AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF WORKING, BECAUSE, ONE NIGHT, SOME WOMAN AND HER BOOKS—

WELL, NOW YOU'VE DONE IT. LOOK WHO'S HERE.



SOME OF THE BEST EVER.



WHY'D YOU DO THAT?

WE BURNT AN OLD WOMAN WITH HER BOOKS.



IT'S A GOOD THING THE RUG'S WASHABLE.

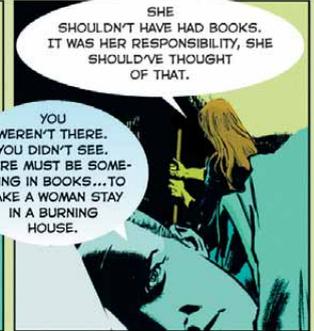
AREN'T YOU GOING TO ASK ME ABOUT LAST NIGHT?



WHAT ABOUT IT?

WE BURNT A WOMAN.

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HER, MILLIE!



SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE HAD BOOKS. IT WAS HER RESPONSIBILITY, SHE SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF THAT.

YOU WEREN'T THERE. YOU DIDN'T SEE. THERE MUST BE SOMETHING IN BOOKS... TO MAKE A WOMAN STAY IN A BURNING HOUSE.



THOUGHT I'D COME BY AND SEE HOW THE SICK MAN IS.

HOW'D YOU GUESS?

I'VE SEEN IT ALL. YOU WERE GOING TO CALL FOR A NIGHT OFF. WELL, TAKE THE NIGHT OFF!

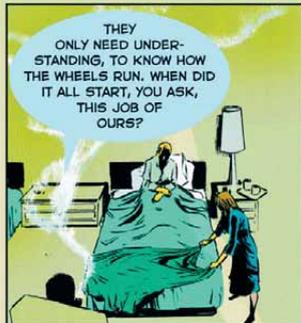


WHEN WILL YOU BE WELL?

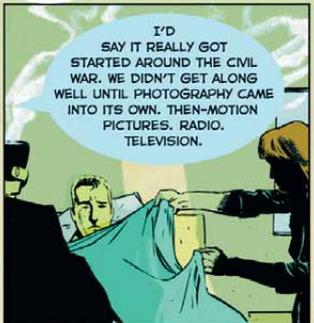


TOMORROW. THE NEXT DAY MAYBE. FIRST OF THE WEEK.

EVERY FIREMAN, SOONER OR LATER, HITS THIS.



THEY ONLY NEED UNDERSTANDING, TO KNOW HOW THE WHEELS RUN. WHEN DID IT ALL START, YOU ASK, THIS JOB OF OURS?



I'D SAY IT REALLY GOT STARTED AROUND THE CIVIL WAR. WE DIDN'T GET ALONG WELL UNTIL PHOTOGRAPHY CAME INTO ITS OWN. THEN-MOTION PICTURES. RADIO. TELEVISION.

ONCE, BOOKS APPEARED TO A FEW PEOPLE HERE, THERE, EVERYWHERE. THEY COULD AFFORD TO BE DIFFERENT. THE WORLD WAS ROOMY.



"BUT THEN THE WORLD GOT FULL OF EYES AND ELBOWS AND MOUTHS. QUADRUPLE POPULATION. FILMS AND RADIOS, MAGAZINES, BOOKS LEVELLED DOWN TO A SORT OF PASTEPUDING NORM."



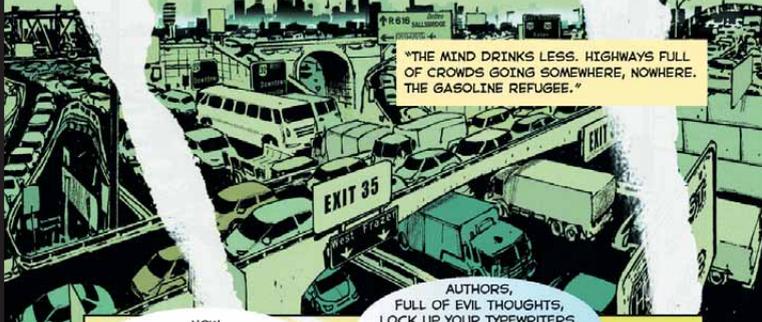
"PICTURE IT. NINETEENTH-CENTURY MAN WITH HIS HORSES, DOGS, CATS, SLOW MOTION. THEN, IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY, SPEED UP YOUR CAMERA. CONDENSATIONS. DIGESTS. EVERYTHING BOILS DOWN TO THE SNAP ENDING. CLASSICS CUT TO FILL A TWO-MINUTE BOOK COLUMN."

"POLITICS? ONE COLUMN, TWO SENTENCES. MORE SPORTS FOR EVERYONE, GROUP SPIRIT, FUN, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO THINK, EH?"

"ORGANIZE AND ORGANIZE AND SUPER-ORGANIZE SUPER-SUPER SPORTS."



"THE MIND DRINKS LESS. HIGHWAYS FULL OF CROWDS GOING SOMEWHERE, NOWHERE. THE GASOLINE REFUGEE."



AUTHORS, FULL OF EVIL THOUGHTS, LOCK UP YOUR TYPEWRITERS. THEY DID. MAGAZINES BECAME A NICE BLEND OF VANILLA TAPIOCA.

NOW LET'S TAKE UP THE MINORITIES IN OUR CIVILIZATION. DON'T STEP ON THE TOES OF THE DOG LOVERS, THE CAT LOVERS, DOCTORS, MORMONS, SWEDES, BROOKLYNITES, PEOPLE FROM MEXICO.

THE BIGGER YOUR MARKET, THE LESS YOU HANDLE CONTROVERSY, REMEMBER THAT!

BOOKS, SO THE DAMNED SNOBBISH CRITICS SAID, WERE DISHWATER. NO WONDER BOOKS STOPPED SELLING. THE PUBLIC, KNOWING WHAT IT WANTED, LET THE COMIC BOOKS SURVIVE.



13 14 15 16



AND THE THREE-DIMENSIONAL SEX MAGAZINES, OF COURSE. THERE YOU HAVE IT, MONTAG. IT DIDN'T COME FROM THE GOVERNMENT DOWN. THERE WAS NO DICTUM, NO DECLARATION.



TECHNOLOGY, MASS EXPLOITATION, AND MINORITY PRESSURE CARRIED THE TRICK.

GET AWAY!



TODAY, THANKS TO THEM, YOU CAN STAY HAPPY ALL THE TIME.



YES, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE FIREMEN, THEN?



WASN'T IT THIS BRIGHT BOY YOU SELECTED FOR BEATINGS AND TORTURES AFTER HOURS? OF COURSE IT WAS.



NOT EVERYONE BORN FREE AND EQUAL, AS THE CONSTITUTION SAYS, BUT EVERYONE MADE EQUAL.



EACH MAN THE IMAGE OF EVERY OTHER; THEN ALL ARE HAPPY. SO? A BOOK IS A LOADED GUN IN THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR. BURN IT.



TAKE THE SHOT FROM THE WEAPON. WHO KNOWS WHO MIGHT BE THE TARGET OF THE WELL-READ MAN? ME? I WON'T STOMACH THEM FOR A MINUTE.



AH, SURELY YOU REMEMBER THE BOY IN YOUR OWN SCHOOL CLASS WHO WAS EXCEPTIONALLY "BRIGHT," DID MOST OF THE RECITING AND ANSWERING WHILE THE OTHERS SAT, HATING HIM.



WHAT DO WE WANT IN THIS COUNTRY, ABOVE ALL? PEOPLE WANT TO BE HAPPY, ISN'T THAT RIGHT? THAT'S ALL WE LIVE FOR, ISN'T IT? FOR PLEASURE, FOR TITILLATION?

YES.



THERE WAS A GIRL NEXT DOOR. SHE'S GONE NOW, I THINK, DEAD. SHE WAS DIFFERENT. HOW-HOW DID SHE HAPPEN?



CLARISSE McCLELLAN? WE'VE A RECORD ON HER FAMILY. WE'VE WATCHED THEM CAREFULLY. HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT ARE FUNNY THINGS.



YOU CAN'T RID YOURSELVES OF ALL THE ODD DUCKS IN JUST A FEW YEARS. THE GIRL? SHE WAS A TIME BOMB. SHE DIDN'T WANT TO KNOW HOW A THING WAS DONE, BUT WHY. YOU ASK WHY TO A LOT OF THINGS AND YOU WIND UP VERY UNHAPPY INDEED.

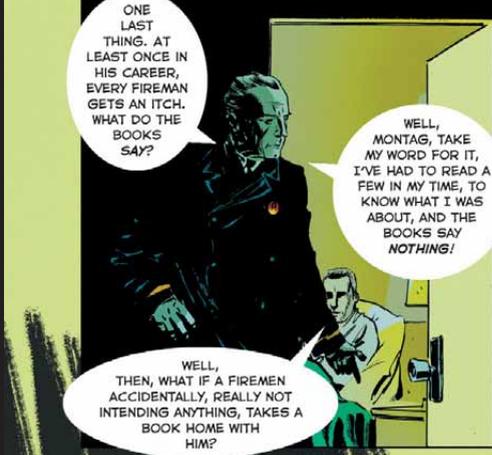


THE POOR GIRL'S BETTER OFF DEAD.

YES, DEAD.



REMEMBER, MONTAG, WE'RE THE HAPPINESS BOYS. WE STAND AGAINST THE SMALL TIDE OF THOSE WHO WANT TO MAKE EVERYONE UNHAPPY WITH CONFLICTING THEORY AND THOUGHT.



ONE LAST THING. AT LEAST ONCE IN HIS CAREER, EVERY FIREMAN GETS AN ITCH. WHAT DO THE BOOKS SAY?

WELL, MONTAG, TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, I'VE HAD TO READ A FEW IN MY TIME, TO KNOW WHAT I WAS ABOUT, AND THE BOOKS SAY NOTHING!

WELL, THEN, WHAT IF A FIREMEN ACCIDENTALLY, REALLY NOT INTENDING ANYTHING, TAKES A BOOK HOME WITH HIM?



A NATURAL ERROR. WE LET THE FIREMAN KEEP THE BOOK TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. IF HE HASN'T BURNED IT BY THEN, WE SIMPLY COME BURN IT FOR HIM.



DID YOU HEAR BEATTY?



HE KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS. FUN IS EVERYTHING.

17 18
19 20



AND YET I KEPT SITTING THERE SAYING TO MYSELF, I'M NOT HAPPY, I'M NOT HAPPY.



I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T REALLY THINK. BUT NOW IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER.

SHE SEIZED A BOOK AND RAN TOWARD THE KITCHEN INCINERATOR.



SLAP!



LISTEN. GIVE ME A SECOND, WILL YOU? WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING. WE CAN'T BURN THESE. I WANT TO LOOK AT THEM, AT LEAST LOOK AT THEM ONCE.



THEN IF WHAT THE CAPTAIN SAYS IS TRUE, WE'LL BURN THEM TOGETHER, BELIEVE ME, WE'LL BURN THEM TOGETHER. YOU MUST HELP ME.



NO, MILLIE...



... NO! WAIT!



WE'VE GOT TO START SOMEWHERE HERE, FIGURING OUT WHY WE'RE IN SUCH A MESS, YOU AND THE MEDICINE NIGHTS, AND ME AND MY WORK. WE'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR THE CLIFF, MILLIE.



GOD, I DON'T WANT TO GO OVER. I NEED YOU SO MUCH RIGHT NOW.

fuel-efficient hybrid vehicles with on-board navigational systems and unprecedented safety features—and yet police recently arrested a man in Michigan for sticking his dick in a car wash vacuum hose. Electronic devices packed into microprocessors can bring every piece of written knowledge to our desktop at the touch of a finger, and still we huddle inside office cubicles, watching two young Asian women share a cup of poop. A network of orbiting global satellites circles the planet, bouncing sound and images to places once unreachable, with the potential to unite us with messages of hope—and I use it to do a show about a guy who once turned down sex with his wife because he farted so hard he hurt his balls.

See, as smart as we are, deep down we're basically big shaved monkeys doing a collective cosmic Texas two-step around the sun—one step up, two steps back. But we are moving forward to some degree, and the signs are everywhere. Polio, diphtheria and scarlet fever no longer threaten kids, and we are now free to grow up and die of obesity, heart failure or idiocy from driving a moped down a flight of stairs on spring break. All that we can ever imagine—or have yet to imagine—is ahead of us, from flying cars and robot maids to even—as some old codger from my childhood once dreamed—cheeseburgers in pill form. I never quite saw the appeal of that one, actually. Why lose out on the fun of eating a cheeseburger? How about a cheeseburger that won't clog my arteries or make my midsection look like a python that just swallowed a small farm animal?

I believe all this and more is in our future. As long as we find the strength to resist those destructive impulses embedded in all of us, I believe we are truly on the cusp of what could be a spectacular and glorious age. I'd even like to believe that in some small way I could contribute to our growth and help us move toward a better world. But unfortunately, for now, I can think only of Tanya Roberts's ass. And a cheeseburger.

Seth MacFarlane is the creator and writer of the TV series Family Guy.

THE FUTURE OF TELEVISION

by Ben Silverman

The television has been the centerpiece of the living room for the past 40 years. But it's evolving. In the future it will have an Ethernet connection, making the living room a place where you consume broadcast shows and access thousands of hours of library content, video on demand and streaming and interactive media. TV and computer will merge

with a hard drive, which will give you the capacity to deliver two-way functionality and high-speed Internet through your 50-inch flatscreen. You'll be able to plug a portable device into your hard drive so you can have a hub in your home where you can surf the web and watch programming, then plug in a Zune, iPod or BlackBerry and load up on content. The days of everyone having to sit down to watch shows at the same time are over. We'll still have fans who will watch content the moment it's available and big events that will be consumed the way they were 25 years ago—things like the Super Bowl, Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade and the Olympics. What is changing is the way traditional scripted, narrative entertainment will be consumed.

Consumers will either have to pay new subscription fees to fund programming or have to tolerate a lot more imbedded advertising. You'll have things that look like the television shows of the 1950s, when advertisements were within the programs and the shows were branded around a product: *Kraft Television Theater* or *Texaco Star Theater*.

The combination of video and advertising has been the basis of TV since its birth. We need to work with advertisers to ensure they're linked to content, so that if a show and its ads aren't consumed on the initial broadcast the advertiser can still benefit when people watch them on Hulu, VOD or NBC.com.

On the creative side we're seeing a number of advancements, but much of television is the same as it was 20 years ago. The top shows are still cop shows, hospital shows, family sitcoms and office comedies. We need to find killer creative applications. *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?* democratized the game show, made it an event with the interactivity of phone-a-friend. *American Idol* put power in the hands of the audience. There will be more of those creative evolutions. The key is to develop ideas that can tap into technology, not just in changing how a traditional episode is re-aired, rebroadcast or made available in a different platform. The creative breakthroughs won't come just from companies like ours. Maybe the new *Office* is being made by college kids. Or you may find the next Jimmy Fallon taping shows in his apartment, as opposed to being represented by a talent agency. The at-home entrepreneur will have more opportunity to get his or her ideas across.

There will be a lot of roadkill along the way in the next few years, but I think it's an exciting time. The storytellers and the people who know how to do compelling, repeatable, strong content will be even stronger as we continue to migrate into the new world.

Ben Silverman is co-chairman of NBC Entertainment and Universal Media Studios.

A CONFUSION OF TERMS

By Michael Eric Dyson

Since Barack Obama took residence in the White House, a lot of folks think it's a *fait accompli* that the United States has become, with the election of our first black president, a postracial society. Stop the presses. It just ain't so. Instead of being forward-looking the term recalls the wish for Negro removal, the impetus behind the 19th century movement to send blacks back to Africa and the so-called urban renewal of the 20th century. The fantasy that blackness can somehow be done with, overcome, gotten rid of, quenched, quarantined, cordoned off or finally resolved is what really lies behind the ungainly word *postracial*. It really means postblack. But black folks can't—and shouldn't—have to stop being black to be seen as fully human and completely American. Let's compare gender and race to get at the problem. Enlightened women and their male allies don't want this to be a postfemale society. We want this to be a postmisogynist society, a postsexist society, perhaps even a postpatriarchal society. We don't want women to stop being women. We want men and women to overcome negative, ill-informed beliefs and sexist behaviors that trump the recognition of their complex humanity and full equality. So why do black folks have to stop being black to be accepted as full-fledged members of society? We're already as American as we need to be. Blackness and Americanness are not mutually exclusive. What we should strive for is a postracist society. Obama's presidency will hardly put a dent in the forces that pulverize black life: high infant mortality and unemployment, poor health care, atrocious educational inequality, racial profiling. That's not to suggest that his presidency bears little symbolic value; that the leader of the free world is a black man carries huge meaning. It shows we have matured as a country. It proves we can look beyond color to see character and credentials. But it doesn't mean that we have arrived in the racial promised land or that we're done with blackness. It means there's a new blackness in town, for sure, but not the absence of blackness. And it means we have the opportunity to slay the dragons of racism and inequality that stalk the national landscape, even as we welcome the appearance of new understanding and progress in the Age of Obama.

Michael Eric Dyson is university professor of sociology at Georgetown University and author of 18 books, including Can You Hear Me Now?: The Inspiration, Wisdom and Insight of Michael Eric Dyson.





"Wouldn't it be marvelous if my husband fell in love with your husband?"

DOUBLE VISION

PLAYBOY's DNA often begets identical siblings, from our first twins, the Collinsons, in 1970, to this month's Centerfolds, Kristina and Karissa Shannon



DEISY and SARAH TELES
December 2003

Twins have been a theme of fascination and folklore at least since Romulus and Remus grabbed some real estate in what turned out to be Rome. But it took Hef to see the true magic of multiples. To celebrate this month's identical Miss July and Miss August, we decided to trace the parallel lines running through our history. It's a double dip for our double issue.



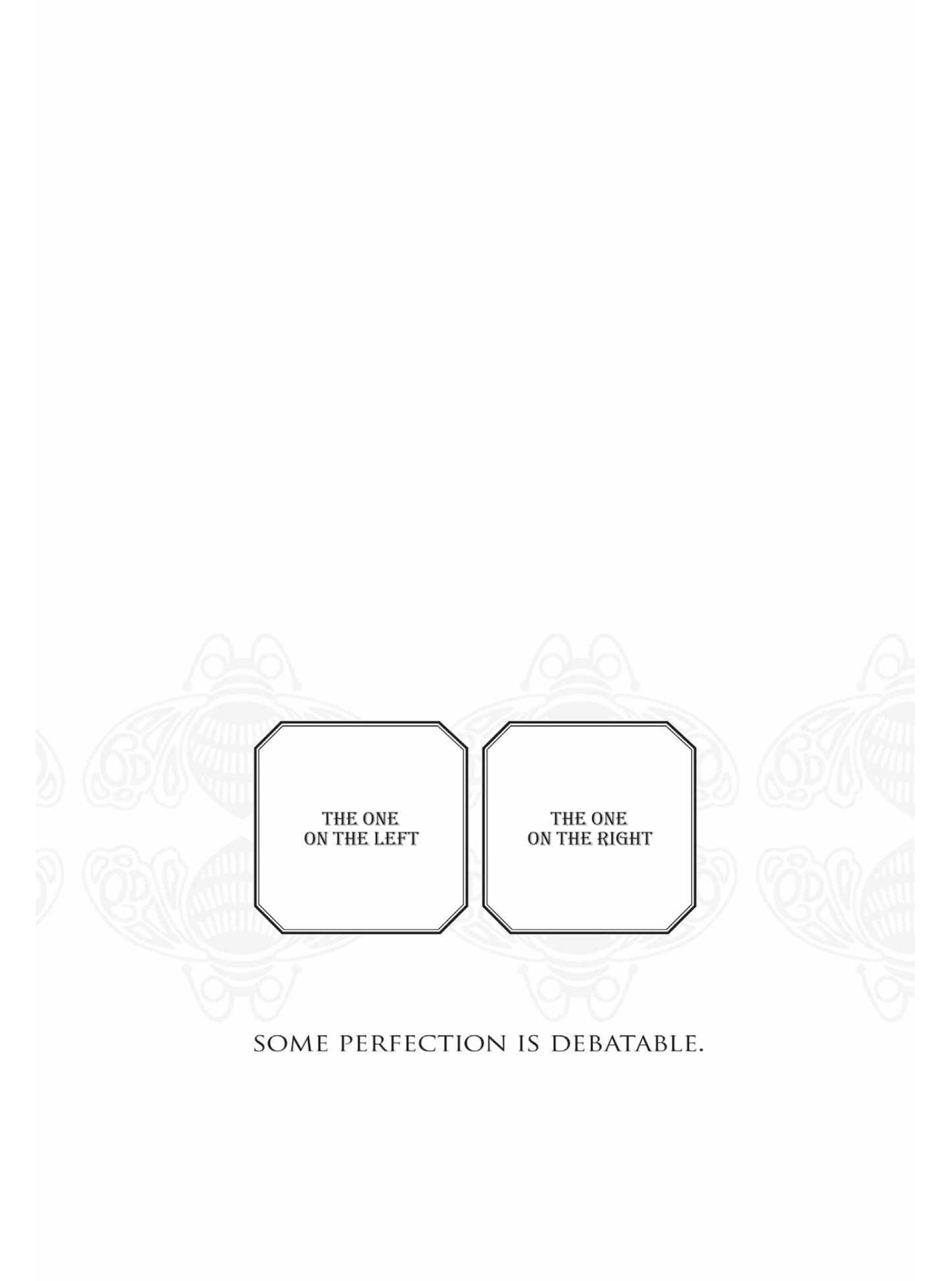
MADELEINE and MARY COLLINSON, October 1970



MANDY and SANDY BENTLEY, May 2000

ROSIE and RENÉE TENISON, August 2002





THE ONE
ON THE LEFT

THE ONE
ON THE RIGHT

SOME PERFECTION IS DEBATABLE.



SHANE and SIA BARBI, January 1993



NICOLE, JACLYN and ERICA DAHM, December 1998



**MIRJAM and KARIN VAN BREESSHOOTEN
September 1989**



**NATALIE and JENNIFER CAMPBELL
December 2008**



CAROL and
DARLENE
BERNAOLA
January 2000



SOME IS NOT.

Made by hand from 100% blue agave.
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THE MANLY ART OF GRILLING

BY SEAN MCCUSKER



THE ICONOGRAPHY OF MASCULINE CHEFS LIKE MARIO BATALI AND TOM COLICCHIO HAS TURNED A GENERATION OF MEN INTO FOODIES. REGIONAL CUISINES—NO MATTER HOW SLOPPY—HAVE BECOME CURIOSITIES FOR THE MOST SOPHISTICATED OF PALATES. FOR THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES, WE SEND THE PLAYBOY GOURMAND TO MCCLARD'S IN HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS TO LEARN THE ART OF GRILLING PORK RIBS. MASTER THESE SKILLS IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD AND YOU'LL BE THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN YOUR STATE.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

BEST BEANS ON THE PLANET

"OKLAHOMA JOE" DAVIDSON
BARBECUE WORLD CHAMPION
Recipe courtesy of joedavidson.com

INGREDIENTS:

- 2 15 oz. cans of pork and beans
- 1 15 oz. can of dark-red kidney beans
- 1 15 oz. can of black beans
- 1 green bell pepper, diced

- 1 red bell pepper, diced
- 1 jalapeño pepper, seeds removed and diced
- 1 small red onion, diced
- 2 cups brown sugar
- 1 lb. chopped barbecued brisket (optional)
- 1 18 oz. jar of your favorite to-mato-based barbecue sauce

Preheat oven or grill to 350 degrees. Drain beans and mix with all the remaining ingredients in an aluminum-foil pan. Place the pan on a cookie sheet and cook at 350 degrees for two hours. Let stand 30 minutes before serving.



In gangsterspeak it was a “wide-open city.” Leniency on the part of lawmen in Hot Springs, Arkansas lured the country’s most notorious wiseguys during the most heralded era of gangsterdom: Alvin “Creepy” Karpis, Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky. Al Capone based his bootlegging operation here, running moonshine in railroad cars marked MOUNTAIN VALLEY WATER. In 1928 a restaurant that catered to these men and their moneyed ilk opened. The McClard family made its bones cooking meat and sauce so good they should have been illegal.

Bible-thumpers have long since replaced the goons in this sleepy backwater town, but McClard’s is still in business. It has been called the most authentic restaurant in America. Bill Clinton grew up less than a mile away. “The chopped beef and beans are his favorite,” says Scott McClard, great-grandson of the founder. “When he was governor he would send men down

all the time to pick it up, and when he was president I’d meet him at the airport and deliver enough barbecue to fill *Air Force One*.” Clinton still stops by when he’s in town, as do other McClard’s fans like Dallas Cowboys owner Jerry Jones and Aerosmith guitarist Joe Perry (who is so into barbecue he bottles his own sauce).

On an April morning just before six A.M., Scott and his father, Joe McClard, are in the restaurant’s dungeonlike kitchen, tossing hickory logs into the bottom of two fire pits, each the size of a Honda Accord. Hanging on the walls are the tools of the trade: iron meat hooks, a well-worn ax. “We do things pretty archaically down here,” Scott says. “This is exactly how my great-grandfather Alex did it in 1928.” I have come to master the art of barbecue as only McClard’s can do it. Minutes after sunrise I’m in barbecue boot camp.

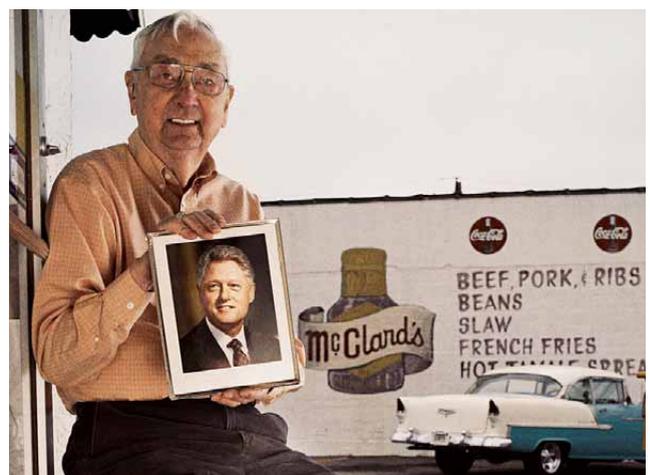
We start the fire with the logs, newspaper and matches. I manage to get one of the pits

going without setting myself ablaze, though it’s hard to ignore the smell of singed hair on my wrists. We load the pits with 35 pounds of pig legs, 50-pound “gooseneck” beef cuts and 20 racks of pork ribs. The meat goes into the pits without any dry rub, no splatter of sauce, not even a dash of salt. Hickory smoke and history offer up all the flavor that’s needed.

By 6:15 the fire is roaring. Research any barbecue recipe and you’ll learn the “correct” temperature at which to cook under the so-called low-and-slow theory: 225 degrees to 250 degrees. McClard’s pits are clocking in at a blazing 500. My shirt is covered in pig blood, and my arms are ready to give out from the weight of Flintstones-size cuts of beef. At 6:20 the Godfather arrives.

Silver haired and gregarious, J.D. McClard, son of founder Alex McClard, started working for his dad in 1942. “I remember the first time I went to deliver barbecued goat to a gangster’s card game,” he says. “I knocked on the door and heard

MCCLARD’S OPENED IN 1928 in Hot Springs, Arkansas and catered to gangsters like Meyer Lansky and Lucky Luciano. Bottom right: J.D. McClard, the 85-year-old son of the founder, holds a portrait of one of the joint’s biggest fans.



BLACK'S SIMPLE SLAW

BLACK'S BARBECUE

LOCKHART, TEXAS
Recipe courtesy of
Legends of Texas Barbecue
Cookbook by Robb Walsh

INGREDIENTS:

1/2 cup olive oil
1/4 cup white vinegar
1 tsp. ground black pepper
1 tsp. celery seed
1 tsp. celery salt
1 tsp. sugar

1 tsp. basic yellow mustard

1 medium green cabbage,
shredded

Combine all the ingredients and toss until well mixed. Cover and refrigerate overnight before serving.



the shotguns lock. When they opened the door I saw all their girls running around in their panties. They gave me a 50-cent tip." J.D. retired three years ago, at the age of 82. Quick to ask when the Playmates will be showing up, he takes me outside to show off his new Lincoln with plates reading BAR-B-Q.

He likes to tell the story of how the restaurant was born. In the 1920s Alex

was running a little hotel near the entrance to Hot Springs National Park. One guest couldn't come up with the 10 bucks to settle his bill. "My daddy wouldn't let the man off without getting something in return," he says, "so the guy offered to give him the recipe for the world's best barbecue sauce and teach him the ropes." Over the next two weeks the two men built a pit brick

THE PERFECT SUMMER PARTY PLATE

INGREDIENTS: A BACKYARD, A GRILL, THE BARBECUED PORK RIBS RECIPE ON THIS PAGE AND YOU. SEASON WITH BOOZE AND BEAUTIFUL WOMEN TO TASTE.

The key to making the perfect plate of grilled pork ribs is the same as it is with anything else you want to do well in life: attention to detail. Here's a step-by-step guide to rib deliciousness.

1. MEAT: The most important step in making pork ribs is buying the right meat. "Most local butchers love it when someone comes in on a mission to tackle a man-size cut, so ask some questions," says Scott McClard. "Tell him what you're fixing to do and I guarantee you'll walk out with the best stuff he has got."

2. CHARCOAL: Real barbecue requires at the very least charcoal and, if you can find them, some wood chips for flavor. The best chips are hickory, but you can also use applewood or a mix of both. "Be sure to soak the chips in water for at least an hour before tossing them in with the coals for maximum smoke," says McClard.

3. FIRE: Dump about 30 pieces of charcoal, along with your chips, into the pit, and light. Divide the pile in two and push each to opposite ends so the meat can cook in the middle over indirect, steady heat. After an hour, get another grill, a chimney starter or a coffee can going with 15 more pieces of charcoal so you can keep the heat on the grill constant for a long time.

4. PREP THE MEAT: Rinse the racks of raw ribs, then pat them dry with paper towels. Combine two tablespoons each of kosher salt, black pepper, paprika, brown sugar and garlic powder. Rub the mixture firmly into the meat, then place it on the middle of the grill. Feel free to stack the ribs on top of each other; just remember to rotate every 20 minutes or so.

5. SIZZLE: Let the meat sit on the grill uncovered for about three hours. Be sure to monitor the heat by opening the grill vents if



THE BACKYARD pièce de résistance: barbecued pork ribs.

the fire gets too cool or closing them if it's burning too hot. Ribs make a great party meal because they can be cooking while your guests sip cocktails and eat hors d'oeuvres in anticipation of the main event.

6. GET SAUCED: Time to crack open your favorite barbecue sauce (McClard's sells its own at mcclards.com). "The biggest mistake people make is putting sauce on the meat too early," says McClard. "There's plenty of sugar in most sauce, and it'll burn if it's on the meat too long. That's why you've probably had barbecued chicken that's black on the outside and raw inside." Use a basting brush or a spoon to cover the ribs with a small amount

of sauce. (Have more sauce available for guests to add if they want.) Then leave the racks on the grill for a final searing.

7. FINISH: When are the ribs ready? "Take your long fork and push it into the thickest part of your cut," says McClard. "If the fork pulls out with slight resistance, you're ready. If it takes a little might to remove the fork, it's not ready." The meat will continue to cook after you've taken it off the grill, so let it sit for 10 minutes. Carefully slice the racks into individual ribs and serve.

8. EAT: One taste and you'll know why it takes hours to cook the perfect rib. It's all about texture and flavor. Make sure there are plenty of napkins, cold beer, bourbon, ice and Coke.



MAMA FAYE'S HOME-STYLE POTATO SALAD

MIKE "THE LEGEND" MILLS

OWNER OF 17TH STREET BAR & GRILL IN ILLINOIS

Recipe courtesy of
Peace, Love and Barbecue

INGREDIENTS:

- 3 lbs. small red potatoes
- 1 cup finely chopped onion
- 6 large hard-boiled eggs, chopped
- 1 tbsp. celery seed
- 2 cups mayonnaise
- 1 cup sour cream

- 1 tsp. kosher salt
- 1 tsp. ground white pepper
- 1 tsp. sugar
- 1 tsp. mustard
- 2 tbsp. pickle juice or pickle relish
- 2 to 3 chopped scallions

Place the potatoes in a large pot of salted water. Bring to a boil and cook for 40 minutes. The potatoes are done when an inserted knife comes out

clean. Drain them and let cool, then dice into half-inch pieces, leaving on the skins. Toss with the onion, eggs and celery seed. In a separate bowl, blend the mayonnaise, sour cream, salt, pepper, sugar, mustard and pickle juice or pickle relish. Pour over the potatoes and mix it all gently. Garnish with chopped scallions. Refrigerate for four hours before serving.



by brick while J.D.'s mom tinkered with the sauce recipe. "The man took off and never once got in touch to see what we made of the place," J.D. says. The sauce recipe is a secret to this day, locked away in a safe-deposit box at a local bank—the McClard clan won't even reveal which bank it's in.

"There's really no other like it, and I've tasted them all," Joe says. "It's tomato based but with a real fiery kick. I know people who use it in bloody marys."

Finally the time comes to sit down and eat. The dining room looks like it did when Al Capone ate here: red booths, gumball machines. (While "real" barbecue joints have recently enjoyed a renaissance across the country, most places—with their theme decor—are pale imitations of true originals like Kreuz Market in Texas, Pete Jones's Skylight Inn in North Carolina and McClard's.) I dig into a plate of ribs and fries—six pork ribs covered with a pile of hand-cut fries.

"Well," Scott asks, "what do you think?"

What's more simple and perfect than meat on a bone cooked over a wood fire and eaten with the utensils found at the end of your arms?

"Put it this way," I reply. "If I were going to the electric chair, this would be my last meal."

"We've had that before," he deadpans. "There was a guy who was going to get a lethal injection down at the prison in southern Arkansas. They called and said they were coming to pick up his last meal. He wanted a beef sandwich."

I arrive the next morning after a sleepless night brought on by the ingestion of chopped beef, pork shoulder and McClard's famous tamale spread (a freakishly good concoction of two hand-rolled tamales topped

with Fritos, beans, chopped beef, sauce, onions and cheddar cheese). It's 5:30 A.M. and Joe has already been here for three hours, making the 24 gallons of sauce McClard's goes through every day.

"Dude, you gotta hear this," says Scott, coming out of the kitchen. The last time I saw him it was one A.M. and we had just polished off a case of Budweiser.

He informs me that Mike, one of our photographer's assistants, has just thrown 10 years of vegetarianism out the window. Apparently three days of photographing meat was too much for him.

"So I heard you gave in and had a rib," I later tell Mike.

"I had more than one," he replies.

"And? How were they?"

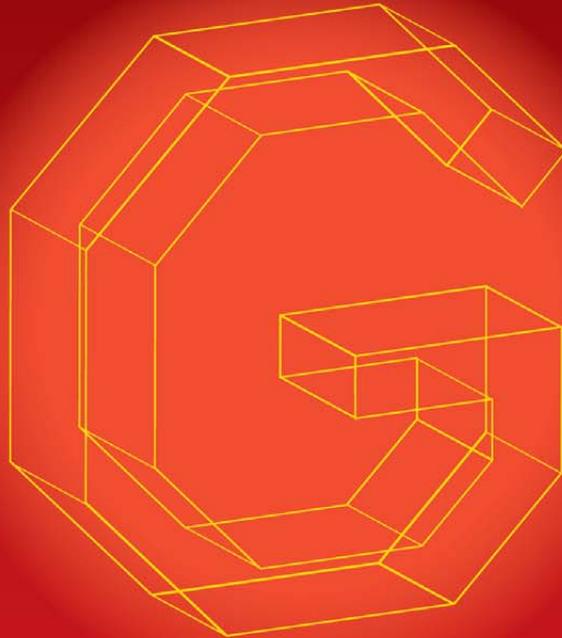
"Fucking awesome," he says.



THE BARBECUE PITS where McClard's meat is cooked rage at a cool 500 degrees. "We do things pretty archaically down here," says Scott McClard, pictured. "This is exactly how my great-grandfather Alex did it in 1928." The McClards cook off some 7,000 pounds of meat each week.



THE CASE OF THE MISSING



SPOT

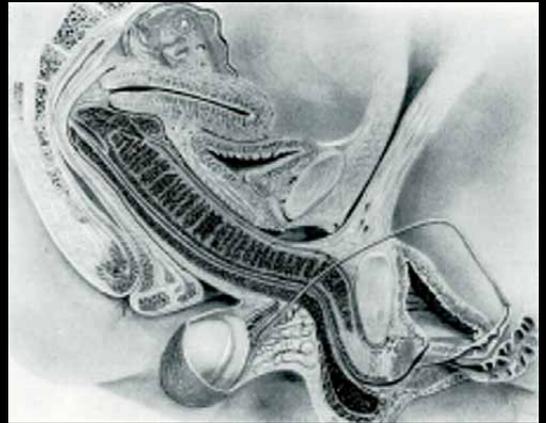
and OTHER MYSTERIES OF FEMALE SEXUALITY

DOES THE G-SPOT EXIST? CAN A FEMALE EJACULATE? WHY DO WOMEN HAVE ORGASMS? AS WE'VE DONE WITH MALE DESIRE, WE VISIT THE WORLD'S SEX LABS TO FIND OUT WHAT SCIENTISTS HAVE LEARNED ABOUT THE EROTIC RESPONSE OF PEOPLE WITH VAGINAS. WOMEN WILL ALWAYS BE A MYSTERY, BUT IT NEVER HURTS TO GATHER CLUES

By the time of his death in New York City in 1957, Dr. Ernst Gräfenberg was the most famous German gynecologist in the world, which is a respectable achievement but less than what it takes to have your death noted in a newspaper or medical journal. That's less surprising when you consider that Gräfenberg (GRAY-fen-berg) spent his life crusading against "the undervaluation of female secrets" in a time when a woman's orgasmic response hardly mattered in her ordained role as an

incubator of children. In his late 30s—after returning from duty as a sanitation officer in World War I, where he saw enough carnage to write seven papers on treating gunshot wounds to the chest and abdomen—Gräfenberg completed a 29-page analysis of the contents of vaginal lubrication. Ten years later, in Berlin, he lectured on using silk placed on a coiled silver ring as a contraceptive, which became known as the IUD and which he hoped would ease female anxiety about sex. In 1933, after the Nazis

BY CHIP ROWE



In 1866 Gustave Courbet painted *L'Origine du monde* ("The Origin of the World"), at left. It would not be shown in public until 1988. At upper right, magnetic resonance images taken by Dutch scientists of the female reproductive organs at rest, during arousal and 20 minutes after climax. At lower right, a drawing from Robert Latou Dickinson's 1949 field guide, *Human Sex Anatomy*, that depicts his imagining of intercourse. The Dutch scans show the erect penis actually bends further upward, resembling a boomerang.

forced Gräfenberg, a Jew, to give up his position as head of the gynecology department at a Berlin hospital, he didn't flee, believing himself safe because so many of his patients were the wives of top party officials. But healthy Aryan vaginas couldn't save him, and the Gestapo imprisoned Gräfenberg on the questionable charge of illegally exporting a rare postage stamp. After lobbying by Margaret Sanger, the founder of Planned Parenthood, the Nazis accepted a ransom for his release.

Gräfenberg immigrated to the U.S., where in 1944 he and another prominent but now largely forgotten sex researcher, Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson, argued in *The Western Journal of Medicine* for a then-radical contraceptive: a plastic cap placed over the entrance of the uterus to block sperm. As an aside, the men noted some patients had reported "a zone of erogenous feeling" on the anterior, i.e., front, vaginal wall. Gräfenberg continued the investigation while examining patients. In a 1950 issue of *The International Journal of Sexology* he reported that the urethra (which carries urine from the bladder) seems to be surrounded by erectile tissue similar to that inside the penis. Gräfenberg found the anterior wall in every woman to be more sensitive than any other part of the vagina to pressure from his finger. Many women may not realize the zone exists, he suggested, because in the missionary position a thrusting erection would not hit it unless the woman draped her legs over the man's shoulders. It would be stimulated, however, if humans consistently

had sex in the manner most common among other mammals—*coitus a tergo*, or doggy style, in which the erect penis can apply pressure to the anterior wall. Further, Gräfenberg observed that stimulation of the area caused many women to ejaculate a clear liquid that wasn't urine. These "profuse secretions" apparently had no lubricating effect, he wrote, since they did not appear until climax.

And that was that. Gräfenberg's study was filed away for the next quarter century—and it might have gathered dust for a while longer but for the curiosity of a 49-year-old widow named Josephine Lowndes Sevely. Following the death of her husband, Sevely enrolled at Tulane University to pursue a degree. One day in spring 1976 she was listening to a biology professor describe the work of sex researchers Alfred Kinsey and Masters and Johnson. These respected scientists, the instructor explained, had identified the clitoris as the sole source of female sexual pleasure and ejaculation as the sole province of men.

Sevely was taken aback. That's not quite right, she thought. Glancing around at her much younger classmates, she wondered, Do they believe this?

When the professor, a fungal geneticist named Joan Bennett, assigned the class to write term papers, Sevely already had a topic in mind. A few weeks later, Bennett found herself immersed in and deeply impressed by Sevely's report, in which the English literature major offered a parade of historical references to vaginally induced

orgasms accompanied by the release of fluid. Sevely's first citation was the work of Dutch anatomist Regnier de Graaf. His 1672 textbook, *New Treatise Concerning the Generative Organs of Women*, contains 15 chapters filled with descriptions and drawings of female genitalia, including the membranous lining of the urethra, which he called the female prostate. "The function of the prostate," he observed, "is to generate a pituito-serous juice which makes women more libidinous with its pungency and saltiness and lubricates their sexual parts in an agreeable fashion during coitus." He added, "It should be noted that the discharge from the female prostate causes as much pleasure as does that from the male prostate," which produces a milky-white fluid that accounts for 25 percent of semen. Women can be enticed to this pleasure, he said, by "frisky fingers."

Bennett gave Sevely an A+, wrote her a long note of encouragement and told her she thought the paper should be published. That fall Sevely began graduate studies at Harvard, expanding her research and soliciting feedback from sexologists such as John Money in Baltimore and Dr. William Masters in St. Louis. Bennett helped prepare the material, and in February 1978 *The Journal of Sex Research* published J. Lowndes Sevely and J.W. Bennett's "Concerning Female Ejaculation and the Female Prostate," followed by 38 references. They included Gräfenberg's study, which Sevely first learned about from a citation in Kinsey's 1953 best-seller *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* but which Harvard

Medical School librarians had some trouble tracking down. Reporters began calling Sevely about this amazing “new” erogenous zone, and the publicity caught the eye of Edwin Belzer Jr., a professor of health education at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He suspected from personal experience that many women who complained of incontinence during sex (and who were sometimes “fixed” with debilitating surgery) were not expelling urine but had, prior to Sevely and Bennett’s review, accepted the dismissive authority of Kinsey and Masters and Johnson. Soon after, he visited Albuquerque to catch up with colleagues from his days teaching at the University of New Mexico. When they asked what he was up to, Belzer explained his interest in the puzzle of female ejaculation. A graduate student who happened to be listening asked if they could meet privately. Over coffee at the student union, she explained how, to satisfy her own curiosity, she had on numerous occasions taken pills that contain Urised, a medical dye that turns urine blue. She would then masturbate by stimulating the front wall of her vagina. The fluid that stained her sheets at climax had either no color or a slightly bluish tinge. “It was her report that convinced me this was no unicorn hunt,” Belzer says.

And then the dam broke. In New Jersey sex researchers Beverly Whipple and John Perry were in the midst of a study in which doctors or nurses examined the vaginas of 400 women who said they expelled fluid at orgasm but who, when tested, had pelvic muscles far too strong to blame incontinence. Belzer, who had retrieved every source cited by the Tulane researchers, heard Whipple and Perry speak, in turn, at a conference; a week later he mailed them a copy of Gräfenberg’s paper. Whipple and Perry were astounded. Gräfenberg had identified the same sensitive area women visiting their lab were describing to them. Because it lies deep within the vaginal wall rather than on its surface, the area requires firm, rhythmic pressure and is usually not sensitive unless the woman is aroused, when it swells to the size of anything from a small bean to a half dollar. It’s difficult for a woman to find on her own unless she is squatting. Because of its proximity to the bladder, putting pressure on the area will make a woman feel as if she has to urinate. That may discourage women from exploring or prevent them from enjoying a vaginal orgasm.

As they prepared their “evidence in support of a new theory of orgasm” for the February 1981 issue of *The Journal of Sex Research* (Belzer would contribute a report in the same issue on “orgasmic expulsions”), Whipple and Perry decided to honor Gräfenberg for his discovery. The world’s most famous dead German

The Female Orgasm: Why Bother?

A woman who has never come in her life can still become great with child, so it’s clearly not required to keep us around. Why then has female climax survived? Choose your favorite hypothesis:

(1) Orgasm is designed to encourage a woman to copulate despite her better judgment, given that she might get knocked up and spend nine months—and a lifetime—largely incapacitated. However, evolutionary biologist David Barash and clinical psychiatrist Judith Eve Lipton, co-authors of *How Women Got Their Curves and Other Just-So Stories*, note that many other animals get the job done without the promise of “an orgasmal carrot.” In fact, they appear to fuck with a sense of “bored resignation.”

(2) Orgasm encouraged early females to have sex with a variety of males in pursuit of “sustained clitoral stimulation,” suggests anthropologist Sarah Blaffer Hrdy, though these days it just contributes to “pair bonding,” or bringing couples closer together emotionally. Barash and Lipton counter that female orgasms may actually promote monogamy, based on research suggesting women are more likely to climax with familiar partners.

(3) Orgasmic contractions help push the sperm toward the egg or contribute to a safe passage in other ways such as by widening the cervix and/or weakening the mucus plug blocking the entrance to the uterus. Studies by biologists Robin Baker and Mark Bellis suggest if a woman does not reach climax or comes more than a minute before her partner, she retains much less sperm. There’s also the commonly cited but widely challenged “uterine upsuck hypothesis,” introduced in 1970 after two trials on a single volunteer supposedly found negative pressure (i.e., a vacuum) in her vagina.

(4) Rather than helping the sperm along, orgasmic contractions aid fertilization by pulling the cervix up and away, making the journey tougher for sperm but giving them more time to undergo a chemical transformation that prepares them to merge with the egg.

(5) Orgasm has developed as an exaggerated “post-copulatory display,” including audibles, to inform other potential mates the female has made her selection and been fertilized and/or to let her partner know she’s receptive.

(6) Orgasm is an evolutionary by-

YES, WE DO HOPE TO GET LAID AGAIN. BUT IN REPRODUCTIVE BIOLOGY, IT’S A FAIR QUESTION



FROM BEAUTIFULAGONY.COM, WHICH SOLICITS VIDEO TAKEN FROM THE SHOULDERS UP DURING CLIMAX. IT HAS COLLECTED SOME 1,500 ORGASMS.

product—women don’t need to come, but since the clitoris is created with the same fetal tissue as the semen-shooting penis, climax also happens to exist in females. In other words, writes anthropologist Donald Symons, who proposed this explanation in 1979, female orgasm has no adaptive function but is simply a potential. It’s still around because it’s too hard to eliminate during the sensitive process of creating an embryo, and there’s no need, since it does no harm. (Biologist Elisabeth Lloyd, who examines all these hypotheses and a number of others in *The Case of the Female Orgasm*, thinks Symons’s conclusion is the best one.) The analogy most often cited is the male nipple, which has no function but appears because nipples develop before sexual differentiation. Barash and Lipton note the problem with this analogy is that the clit does do something.

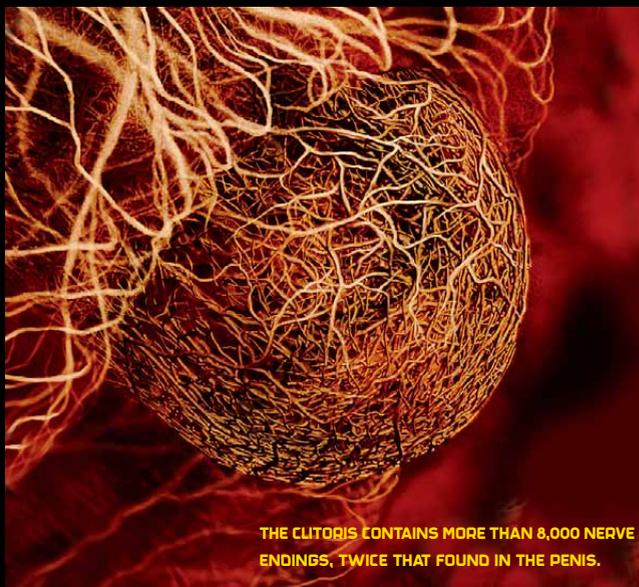
(7) Orgasm is a way for a woman’s body to tell her brain she’s having sex with a suitable partner, i.e., a male who is confident and unhurried enough to satisfy her, which reflects well on the quality of his genes (dominant males don’t fear competitors who might interrupt) and his potential as a long-term provider. Barash first proposed this idea in 1979 (a good year for female-orgasm hypotheses); he and Lipton suggest someone test for a correlation between a man’s skill as a lover and his skills as a father. Evolutionary psychologist Clara Jones wonders if early women who had multiple orgasms attracted better mates because only the strongest, most dedicated males could and would stick around for more than one. It could also explain why females fake orgasms, the reproductive equivalent of a director at an audition saying, “Thank you. We’ve seen enough.”

The Deep Secrets of Her Clitoris and Yours

This is a shocking truth, but your girlfriend may have a bigger dick than you do. In 1998 anatomist Dr. Helen O'Connell dissected the genitalia of 10 female cadavers in an attempt to redraw textbooks she had first seen in medical school that portray the organ as a miniature penis, a dot or, worst of all, nonexistent. O'Connell's work confirmed the 17th century observations of Regnier de Graaf, who sketched the clitoris as a wishbone, with a visible tip and legs, or *crura*, reaching into the body on either side of the vagina. O'Connell found these *crura* to each extend up to 3.5 inches. "The vaginal wall is, in fact, the clitoris," she has said. "If you lift the skin off the vagina on the side walls, you get the bulbs of the clitoris—triangular, crescental masses of erectile tissue" that rest between the *crura* and the urethra. The nerves and tissue of the distal, or front, part of the vagina and the clit are so intertwined, as are the vagina and the urethra (the floor of one being the ceiling of the other), O'Connell suggests the three sisters be renamed "the clitoral complex."

The clit is secured by suspensory ligaments that reach into the body in a fan shape beneath the mons pubis (the fatty area under the inverted triangle of pubic hair). These muscles keep the engorged organ from bending and pull it up and out of the way in anticipation of a thrusting erection—which is why the damn thing becomes so much harder to find as a woman gets more turned on. In *The Story of V*, Catherine Blackledge proposes that the clit acts as a sentry—its sensitivity ensures a woman will be sufficiently wet to avoid injury. In fact, the clitoris head, or glans, is so responsive it is covered by a hood of skin to discourage direct stimulation.

The clit has historically been viewed as the consolation prize of a process that turns the same glob of fetal tissue into male or female genitalia—i.e., a penile "remnant." But it's more accurate, points out



THE CLITORIS CONTAINS MORE THAN 8,000 NERVE ENDINGS, TWICE THAT FOUND IN THE PENIS.

Josephine Sevely, to think of the race as a tie; the spongy tissue inside the penis is the male clitoris. The size ratio of the male clit to the female clit is five to four, which Sevely notes happens to be the ratio of the average male-to-female body weight. In the female, the clitoral body is shorter but the *crura* are longer and spread out. In the male, the body is longer but the legs are shorter and closer together.

gynecologist would no longer be overlooked. In fact, he would have his own spot in history, his name on—and behind—the lips of millions of women.

As it turns out, Whipple and Perry's tribute—the "Gräfenberg spot" (shortened by a reporter to the Gee spot and then by a publisher to the G-spot)—is a misnomer. Even Gräfenberg would have thought so, since he used the word only twice in his study, once to say it wasn't a fixed spot but an area or zone and once to point out that women had innumerable erotically charged spots all over their body. Moreover, the G is more suitable as a tribute to Regnier de Graaf, who beat Gräfenberg to the punch by nearly three centuries, although he's far from the first: A 12th century Indian love manual notes a sensitive spot "inside and toward the navel." (Whipple and Perry would later clarify that Gräfenberg was the first modern researcher to describe the area.) Josephine Sevely, who in 1987 published her research in a book she called *Eve's Secrets*, objects to the term *G-spot*. "Don't call it that," she says in an interview. "You could educate people if you don't call it that." Gary Schubach, a researcher who wrote his doctoral thesis on the source of female ejaculate, proposes the area be renamed the G-crest, since, when swollen with arousal, it feels more like a ridge than a spot. Early on, Whipple and Perry adopted De Graaf's language, calling the

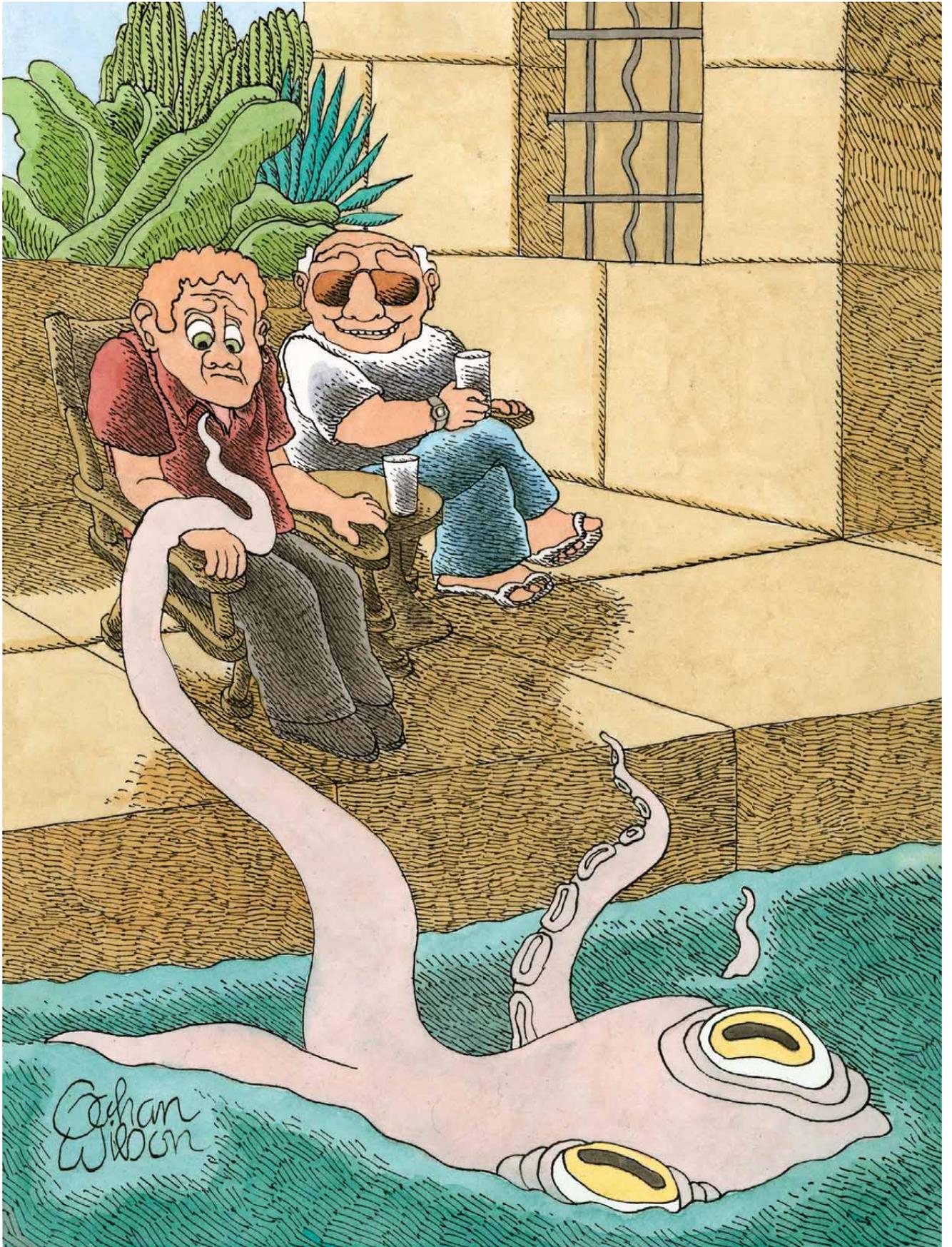
area "the female prostate gland." But *G-spot* proved to be an ingenious shorthand (especially, Perry notes, for a name with an umlaut), and a book Whipple, Perry and psychologist Alice Kahn Ladas published in 1982, *The G Spot and Other Discoveries About Human Sexuality*, has sold more than a million copies in 19 languages.

The G-spot—or the idea of it—commanded attention for the simple reason that it meant the clitoris was not the sole source of female pleasure, as Kinsey and Masters and Johnson insisted but many millions of women knew to be inaccurate. It meant there is no textbook female orgasm; some women come by clit, some by vagina but most apparently by a "blended" response involving as many as five major nerves. Some ejaculate, some don't. Every variation on the theme is natural and normal. In a 2005 study of blood flow in the brain during climax, Whipple and a Rutgers University colleague, Barry Komisaruk, identified four distinct cognitive responses created by stimulating the clitoris, G-spot or cervix or by "thinking off" with no stimulation (a specialized skill, to be sure). They also found that women paralyzed by spinal cord injuries can reach orgasm through their cervix or vaginal walls. The reason? While the clit is connected to the brain primarily by the pudendal nerve, which travels through the spinal cord, the vagina is supplied by the pelvic

nerve, which does not, and the cervix by the pelvic, hypogastric and vagus nerves. The female orgasm will not be denied.

Male scientists have been debating for some time whether women can have vaginal orgasms without the involvement of the clitoris, that amazing organ whose only apparent function is to give pleasure. Women don't seem to care so much as long as both possibilities aren't ignored, although many report vaginal orgasms to be more intense, especially with ejaculation. In the early 20th century Sigmund Freud hypothesized that as a woman matures, she abandons her "phallic" masturbatory focus on the clitoris (the female version of the penis, said Freud) and turns to the more feminine, penetrative pleasure. Starting in the 1920s Dr. Karen Horney relentlessly mocked this "clitoral-vaginal transfer theory" until the aggrieved Austrian finally lashed out, claiming his critic had undiagnosed penis envy. Writing in his 1949 *Human Sex Anatomy: A Topographical Hand Atlas*, Robert Latou Dickinson sided with Horney. "Exalting vaginal orgasm while decrying clitoris satisfaction is found to beget much frustration," he reported. "Orgasm is orgasm, however achieved."

John Perry believes Freud has gotten a bum rap. The psychoanalyst recognized both areas as capable of producing climax, Perry (continued on page 145)



"She's really taken quite a liking to you!"



IT TAKES TWO

PRESENTING MISS JULY, KARISSA, AND MISS AUGUST, KRISTINA—THE SHANNON TWINS

What could be better than the perfect girl next door? How about two of them? Spend any time with 19-year-old twins Kristina and Karissa Shannon and you'll understand why Hef moved them into the Mansion. The sexy Floridians radiate youthful energy. When we caught up with them on a quiet patio at the Mansion, they were dressed in pleasantly snug gym outfits and were eager to talk. "We feel as if we're one," says Kristina. "In each other

we always have a best friend." Kristina and Karissa appeared on *The Girls Next Door* during the 55th anniversary Playmate search. Hef asked them to be his girlfriends, and they never moved back to Florida. "He's so cool and very smart," say the twins. "One thing we have in common is that we all love Mafia movies." The two requested Hef's legendary circular bed from the Chicago Mansion for their room, and it was promptly delivered. "It's huge and could fit 15 people on it,"



says Karissa. "It still has Hef's cool old-school phone." Miss July and Miss August always wanted to be models and have adjusted quickly to the media attention that comes with dating the Man. So do they pay attention to what gossip sites say about them? "If they say something bad, they're haters," say the twins. "It doesn't bother us at all." The sisters are instead focusing on singing, acting, modeling, boxing and tennis, and they're even studying Italian as they anticipate the new season of *The Girls Next Door*. "We're in the same situation and just go through everything together," says Kristina. "When we talk to people, we don't say, 'We live at the Mansion.' We say, 'Yeah, that's our house. We're home.'"







See more of the Shannon twins
at club.playboy.com.



MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Kristina

Sharon

Sharon

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kristina & Karissa Shannon

BUST: 34B WAIST: 26 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 10/02/89 BIRTHPLACE: Ann Arbor, MI

AMBITIONS: Our ambitions are to become supermodels and actresses and live life to the fullest!

TURN-ONS: Swagger, confidence, men who are outgoing and have good hygiene. And of course tall, dark and handsome!

TURNOFFS: Boring, immature, arrogant men!

FIVE MOVIES WE SAW MORE THAN ONCE: Scarface, Goodfellas, Blow, Menace II society, Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas.

OUR PETS: We have three dogs: Ambracious, Dolce and Chanel!

THE BEST PART ABOUT LIVING AT THE MANSION: 24-hour room service, the infamous Grotto and spending every day with Hef!



Preschool, age four.



Our dad (Patrick) and us!



18 years old, young, beautiful and wild!

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Marissa Shannon

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Kristina Stanova

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I demand a raise," a man said to his boss. "Three other companies are after me."

"Is that so?" asked the manager. "What other companies are after you?"

The employee replied, "The electric company, the telephone company and the gas company."

A guy went back to the sex shop to return his blow-up doll. "Excuse me," he said, "but I blew this doll up last night and right away she went down on me. I want my \$50 back."

The owner replied, "Hell, if I had known she could do that, I would have charged you \$75."



What's the difference between a good ol' boy and a redneck?

A good ol' boy raises livestock; the redneck gets emotionally involved.

A girl asked her mother, "Where did you meet Daddy?"

"At a picnic," the mother answered.

"Did I go there with you?" the girl asked.

The mother answered, "No, sweetheart, but you were with me on the way back."

A manufacturing company, feeling it was time for a shake-up, hired a new CEO. He was determined to rid the company of slackers.

On a tour of the facilities, the CEO noticed a guy leaning against a wall. The room was full of workers, and he wanted to let them know he meant business. He walked up to the guy leaning on the wall and asked, "How much money do you make a week?"

Surprised, the young man looked at him and replied, "I make \$400 a week. Why?"

The CEO handed the guy \$1,600 in cash and yelled, "Here's four weeks' pay. Now get out, and don't come back!"

Feeling pretty good about himself, the CEO looked around the room and asked, "Does anyone want to tell me what that slacker did here?"

From across the room came a voice. "He's the pizza delivery guy."

Have you heard about the corduroy pillows? They're making a lot of headlines.

A seven-year-old told her mother a little boy in her class asked her to play doctor. "Oh dear," the mother nervously replied. "What happened, honey?"

"Nothing much," said the little girl. "He made me wait 45 minutes, then double billed the insurance company."

A bachelor has a flat stomach because when he opens his fridge he says, "Fuck it, the same thing again!" and then goes to bed.

A married man has a potbelly because when he goes to bed he says, "Fuck it, the same thing again!" and then goes and opens the fridge.

Senator," an aide called, "there's someone on the phone who wants to know what you plan to do about the abortion bill."

He responded, "Tell them I'll have a check in the mail by morning."

Dear *Playboy Advisor*: My wife says I don't use enough lubricant before we have sex. Exactly how many beers am I supposed to drink before I bed her?



Doctor, I'm losing my memory," a man said. "What do you suggest I do?"

He answered, "Pay in advance!"

A novel idea: Congressmen should wear uniforms like NASCAR drivers so we can identify their corporate sponsors.

The economy is so bad," one friend said to another, "when I got in a cab the other day, the driver spoke English."

One of the little-known side effects of Viagra is a headache. Often when a husband takes the pill, his wife gets a headache.

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



"Wow, spectacular view, isn't it?"

WHAT'S YOUR **HQ?**

/// HIP QUOTIENT   

IF YOU'RE READING THIS MAGAZINE, YOU ARE A MAN OF INTELLIGENCE AND DISCERNMENT. THAT IS NOT IN DISPUTE. THE FOLLOWING QUIZ WILL TEST YOUR HIP QUOTIENT—YOUR KNOWLEDGE OF ALL MANLY TOPICS THAT MAY COME UP DURING, SAY, A BARROOM CONVERSATION. THE ANSWERS ARE LISTED AT THE END, BUT WE'RE NOT KEEPING SCORE. YOU GET AN A+ IN OUR BOOK. LET'S START WITH A SUBJECT NEAR AND DEAR TO OUR HEART, ROCK AND ROLL. HIT IT, BOYS.

1 Who played the iconic guitar solo on the Beatles' "While My Guitar Gently Weeps"?



A. PAUL MCCARTNEY B. MICK TAYLOR C. ERIC CLAPTON D. GEORGE HARRISON

2 What's the difference between *indica* and *sativa*?

- A. One comes with traditional *bhindi* sauce, the other with masala sauce.
- B. One delivers a heavy, lazy high, while the other is associated more with a cerebral, energetic high.
- C. One refers to the female marijuana plant, while the other refers to the male plant.
- D. There is no difference.

3 Grape or region?

- A. Malbec
- B. Rioja
- C. Sangiovese
- D. Chianti
- E. Bordeaux

4 Match the supermodel to her native country:



A. BRITAIN

B. USA

C. BRAZIL

D. GERMANY

5 You have a full house. He has a flush. You are playing Hold'em. Who wins?

- A. You
- B. Him
- C. Both of you—it's a split pot.

6 Who is the King of Cool?

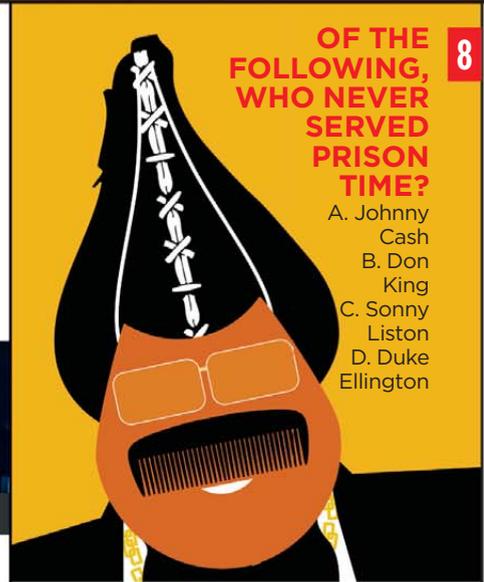
- A. Keith Richards
- B. Steve McQueen
- C. Paul Newman
- D. Ornette Coleman



1. TONY SOPRANO 2. TONY MONTANA 3. LUCKY LUCIANO 4. HENRY HILL

7 Match the quote to the mobster:

- A. "All I have in this world is my balls and my word, and I don't break them for no one."
- B. "Murderers come with smiles. They come as your friends, the people who've cared for you all of your life."
- C. "You don't shit where you eat. And you really don't shit where I eat."
- D. "There's no such thing as good money or bad money. There's just money."



8 OF THE FOLLOWING, WHO NEVER SERVED PRISON TIME?

- A. Johnny Cash
- B. Don King
- C. Sonny Liston
- D. Duke Ellington



1. FORD MUSTANG



2. DODGE CHALLENGER



3. BMW M5



4. ASTON MARTIN DBS

9 Match the car with the movie that features it in a classic chase scene:

- A. *Ronin*
- B. *Vanishing Point*
- C. *Bullitt*
- D. *Casino Royale*



1. KATE MOSS

2. HEIDI KLUM

3. MARISA MILLER

4. GISELE BÜNDCHEN

- 10 Match the novel with its first line:**
1. "The sky above the port was the color of television, tuned to a dead channel."
 2. "All this happened, more or less."
 3. "I was born twice: first, as a baby girl, on a remarkably smogless Detroit day in January of 1960; and then again, as a teenage boy, in an emergency room near Petoskey, Michigan, in August of 1974."
 4. "It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking 13."

- A. *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, George Orwell (1949)
 B. *Neuromancer*, William Gibson (1984)
 C. *Middlesex*, Jeffrey Eugenides (2002)
 D. *Slaughterhouse-Five*, Kurt Vonnegut (1969)



A



B



C



D

15 MATCH THE OSCAR-WINNING ACTRESS TO HER BREASTS:

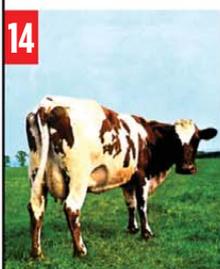
1. Nicole Kidman 2. Jennifer Connelly 3. Kim Basinger 4. Marisa Tomei



- 11 What kind of gun does Dirty Harry carry?**
- A. Glock 7
 - B. Smith & Wesson .357 Magnum
 - C. Colt .45
 - D. .44 Magnum

- 12 The character Dean Moriarty in Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* is based on which real-life Beat generation icon?**
- A. Allen Ginsberg
 - B. William S. Burroughs
 - C. Gregory Corso
 - D. Neal Cassady

- 13 Of the following, who has never been on *The Simpsons*?**
- A. Hugh Hefner
 - B. Stephen Hawking
 - C. The Ramones
 - D. George Clooney



This cover is for what album?

- A. *Atom Heart Mother*, Pink Floyd
- B. *Year Zero*, Nine Inch Nails
- C. *Kill Them All*, Metallica
- D. *The Who Sells Out*, The Who

16 Who shot Marvin Gaye?

- A. Mark David Chapman
- B. James Earl Ray
- C. John Hinckley Jr.
- D. Marvin Gaye Sr.

17 What band is Pete Doherty in?

- A. Oasis
- B. Yeah Yeah Yeahs
- C. Babyshambles
- D. MGMT

18 Which album did Bob Dylan release during his "Christian" phase?

- A. *Blood on the Tracks*
- B. *Infidels*
- C. *Slow Train Coming*
- D. *Highway 61 Revisited*



20 What was the name of the house in which the Rolling Stones recorded *Exile on Main Street*?

- A. Villa Nellcôte
- B. Villa d'Amour
- C. Exile on Main Street
- D. 461 Ocean Boulevard

19 WHICH GROUP OF WOMEN DID JOHN F. KENNEDY HAVE SEX WITH WHILE IN OFFICE?

- A. Marilyn Monroe, Mia Farrow, international celebrity model Dorian Leigh
- B. Marilyn Monroe, Frank Sinatra's mistress Judith Campbell Exner, Nazi spy Inga Arvad
- C. Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, *New York Times* political reporter Tess Harding





1. HARVEY KEITEL



2. MICHAEL MADSEN



3. TIM ROTH



4. STEVE BUSCEMI



5. QUENTIN TARANTINO

21 MATCH THE ACTOR TO HIS ROLE IN *RESERVOIR DOGS*:
A. Mr. Brown B. Mr. Pink C. Mr. White D. Mr. Orange E. Mr. Blonde

22 Match the rapper with his real name:

- Jay-Z
- Nas
- Notorious B.I.G.
- The RZA
- Eminem
- Ol' Dirty Bastard

- Marshall Bruce Mathers III
- Robert F. Diggs
- Russell Tyrone Jones
- Nasir bin Olu Dara Jones
- Shawn Corey Carter
- Christopher George Latore Wallace

23 What is Dock Ellis's claim to fame?

- He pitched a no-hitter in game seven of a World Series.
- He pitched a no-hitter on acid.
- He was the first "out" gay major league baseball player.
- He broke Billy Martin's nose in the Yankees clubhouse.

25 Match the quote to the movie in which it is uttered:

- "You want me to hold the chicken, huh?" "I want you to hold it between your knees."
- "Mr. President, I'm not saying we wouldn't get our hair messed, but I do say no more than 10 to 20 million killed, tops—depending on the breaks."
- "I like simple pleasures, like butter in my ass, lollipops in my mouth. That's just me. That's just something that I enjoy."
- "Hitler was better-looking than Churchill. He was a better dresser than Churchill. He had more hair, he told funnier jokes, and he could dance the pants off of Churchill."

- The Producers*
- Dr. Strangelove*
- Five Easy Pieces*
- Boogie Nights*

26 Match the cocktail with its base spirit:

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 1. Gimlet | A. Brandy |
| 2. Sidecar | B. Vodka |
| 3. Sazerac | C. Rum |
| 4. Bullshot | D. Whiskey |
| 5. Bee's knees | E. Gin |

27 Of the following, who is not a famous architect?

- Renzo Piano
- Rem Koolhaas
- Ludwig Mies van der Rohe
- Art Vandelay

28 Which team won the first Super Bowl?

- San Francisco 49ers
- Dallas Cowboys
- Green Bay Packers
- Miami Dolphins

29 Outside of what city is Hunter S. Thompson when the drugs first kick in for him in *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*?

- Vegas
- Los Angeles
- Barstow
- Minneapolis/St. Paul



30 Which of these hot actresses recorded an album of Tom Waits covers called *Anywhere I Lay My Head*?



A. Rosario Dawson



C. Milla Jovovich



B. Zooey Deschanel



D. Scarlett Johansson



1.



2.



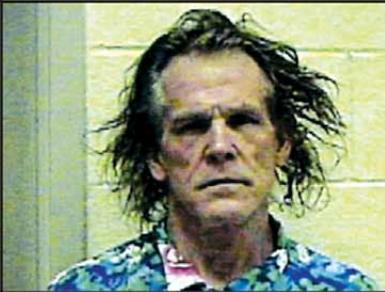
3.



4.

24 WHICH JORDANS ARE WHICH?

- Jordan 1
- Jordan 4
- Jordan 7
- Jordan 13



1. NICK NOLTE



2. BILL GATES



3. LINDSAY LOHAN



4. AL PACINO

31 MATCH THE MUG SHOT TO THE CRIME:
A. DUI and coke possession B. Carrying a concealed weapon C. DUI D. Traffic violation

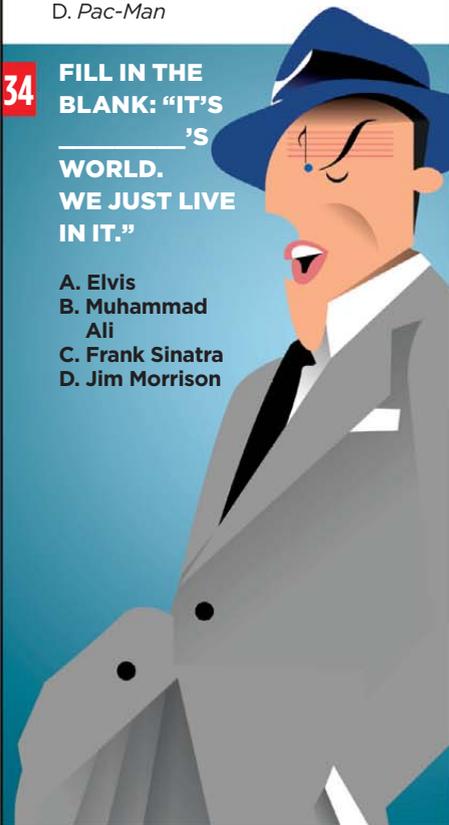
32 Match the comedian to the quote:
1. "I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, natural, wholesome things that money can buy."
2. "A lot of people say to me, 'Why did you kill Christ?' I dunno, it was one of those parties, got out of hand, you know."
3. "I'd like to die like my father died.... My father died fucking. My father was 57 when he died. The woman was 18. My father came and went at the same time."
4. "The problem is that God gives men a brain and a penis and only enough blood to run one at a time."

- A. Steve Martin
- B. Robin Williams
- C. Richard Pryor
- D. Lenny Bruce

33 What was the first coin-operated video game?
A. Space Invaders
B. Computer Space
C. Pong
D. Pac-Man

34 FILL IN THE BLANK: "IT'S _____'S WORLD. WE JUST LIVE IN IT."

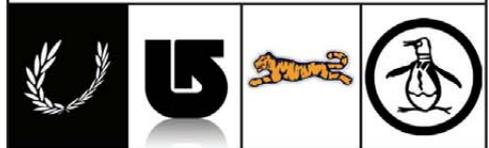
- A. Elvis
- B. Muhammad Ali
- C. Frank Sinatra
- D. Jim Morrison



35 What is the lineup of musicians on Miles Davis's *Tribute to Jack Johnson*?
A. John McLaughlin, Michael Henderson, Billy Cobham, Herbie Hancock, Miles Davis
B. Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Billy Cox, Miles Davis
C. Charlie Parker, Buddy Rich, Marcus Miller, Miles Davis



36 Match the logo to the clothing line:
A. Original Penguin
B. Fred Perry
C. Le Tigre
D. Burton



1. 2. 3. 4.

37 On what film is *The Magnificent Seven* based?
A. *All Quiet on the Western Front*
B. *Seven Samurai*
C. *The Seventh Seal*
D. *Star Whores VII*



BONUS QUESTION

IN EASY RIDER, WHAT IS THE LAST LINE THAT SUMS UP THE FILM AND THE END OF HIPPIE IDEALISM?

- A. "We blew it, man."
- B. "What are you rebelling against?" "What do you got, man."
- C. "Avoid all needles. The only dope worth

shooting is Richard Nixon."
D. "Good morning! What we have in mind is breakfast in bed for 400,000."

ANSWERS: (1) C (2) B (3) A, GRAPE; B, REGION; C, GRAPE; D, REGION; E, REGION (4) A, 1; B, 3; C, 4; D, 2 (5) B (6) B (7) 1, C; 2, A; 3, D; 4, B (8) D (9) 1, C; 2, B; 3, A; 4, D (10) 1, B; 2, D; 3, C; 4, A (11) D (12) D (13) D (14) A (15) 1, D; 2, C; 3, A; 4, B (16) D (17) C (18) C (19) B (20) A (21) 1, C; 2, E; 3, D; 4, B; 5, A (22) 1, E; 2, D; 3, F; 4, B; 5, A; 6, C (23) B (24) 1, A; 2, B; 3, D; 4, C (25) 1, C; 2, B; 3, D; 4, A (26) 1, E; 2, A; 3, D; 4, B; 5, C (27) D (28) C (29) C (30) D (31) 1, C; 2, D; 3, A; 4, B (32) 1, A; 2, D; 3, C; 4, B (33) B (34) C (35) A (36) A, 4; B, 1; C, 3; D, 2 (37) B (BONUS) A.



**FREAKS
AND
GEEKS**

THE 40-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN

KNOCKED UP

SUPERBAD

PINEAPPLE EXPRESS

THE CABLE GUY

FORGETTING SARAH MARSHALL

**ANCHORMAN:
THE LEGEND OF RON BURGUNDY**

STEP BROTHERS

**WALK HARD:
THE DEWEY COX STORY**

2Q

BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ART STREIBER

JUDD APATOW

THE COMEDY GENIUS BEHIND ALMOST EVERY FUNNY MOVIE EVER MADE EXPLAINS HIS OBSESSION WITH PENISES, HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH SETH ROGEN AND HIS UNIQUE WAY OF GETTING REVENGE

Q1

PLAYBOY: Your new movie, *Funny People*, is about a middle-aged, highly successful comic dying from a rare blood disorder who mentors an up-and-coming young comic played by Seth Rogen. Coincidentally, you're a middle-aged, highly successful comedy writer and director who has mentored a young comic named Seth Rogen. Are you trying to tell us something?

APATOW: No. Luckily that part of the movie is all from my imagination. I can say with full confidence that I'm not dying from a rare blood disorder. I had always wanted to make a movie about the relationship between two comics. The problem was I didn't have a great story. Nobody wants to watch a two-hour movie about a hilarious older comic being kind to a young man. That's just a terrible idea. But then it turned into a demented-mentor movie with a father-son aspect. I find that fascinating.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Your characters suffer through failed marriages, fractured relationships, the slow conviction that everything they've done is crap and, eventually, dying young. Is that what success as a comedian means to you?

APATOW: There's a fine line between what's healthy about being a comedian and what's sick and twisted about it. When I'm doing good work, a part of me feels as though it's a contribution to society. I'm making people laugh and helping them think about their lives in a positive and life-affirming way. At the same time, a sick, wounded part of me just wants to know somebody out there likes me. I serve both gods simultaneously.

Q3

PLAYBOY: How is making a comedy film different from being in therapy?

APATOW: It's different because you don't have a therapist to interpret your babblings for you. Just before I started shooting *Funny People* I stopped going to therapy. And now that I've finished the movie I have this weird instinct to avoid going back. I think it's my responsibility to work through all the issues the movie raised for me. In a weird way, it seems as though talking about it with a therapist would be cheating.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Men cry a lot in your movies. Are you a naturally weepy sort?

APATOW: Absolutely. I'm a big crier. Sometimes when my wife and I are watching a movie we'll both start to cry at the same time, and then we'll slowly turn toward each other to acknowledge that it got both of us. That's great and funny when we're both crying, but it's not so wonderful when I'm the only one in tears.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Your movies are so popular your first name has become a verb: "Judd it up" has become a familiar refrain on Hollywood movie sets. Is it humbling to realize you've spawned your own comedy genre?

APATOW: I don't think I'm doing anything particularly different or original. There's nothing new about comedies about underdogs who make an enormous number of mistakes and

learn from them. That goes back to Buster Keaton. We're just doing our generation's version of Buster Keaton.

Q6

PLAYBOY: When you were growing up, you used to transcribe *Saturday Night Live* scenes. In hindsight, was that time well spent?

APATOW: Back when I was watching *Saturday Night Live* for the first time, VCRs hadn't been invented yet. So whenever the show aired, I thought to myself, "If I don't watch this now, I may never get to see it again for the rest of my life! I would put a tape recorder right next to the TV, and then I'd sit up all night and transcribe the skits that amused me the most. I don't know why I did it. I did the same thing with *Twilight Zone* episodes.

Q7

PLAYBOY: As a teenager, you interviewed dozens of your comedy idols, including Garry Shandling and Jerry Seinfeld, for a high school radio station. Did you ever listen to any of them and think, "I'm a thousand times funnier than this guy?"

APATOW: Not really. I always tried to interview people I respected. Some were nicer than others. Some of them taught me lessons that proved to be invaluable. When I interviewed Seinfeld, he said, "It takes seven years to find your voice as a stand-up comic." So when I started doing stand-up, I didn't think I was awesome after being onstage just a few years. It gave me a patience I wouldn't have had otherwise.

Q8

PLAYBOY: After your first two network TV shows—*Freaks and Geeks* and *Undeclared*—were canceled, you sent an angry letter to the responsible TV executive, wondering how "can you fuck me in the ass when your dick is still in there from last time." Has time healed all wounds, or is his penis still in you, figuratively speaking?

APATOW: Nothing is more painful than being canceled. But sometimes it just ends out of nowhere and everyone has to go home. I tend to take cancellation particularly hard: I cry, I have back surgeries, and I'm bitter for decades.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Do you ever attempt to get revenge?

APATOW: I go so far as to attempt to turn every single person who ever acted on any show I've ever been involved with into a feature-film star just so I can prove I was right about the TV show. Sometimes the actors will say to me, "Wow, you must really think I'm good." No, I don't think you're good at all. I just have to prove to that goddamn TV executive that he made a mistake. It's not a sign of my support; it's a sign of how insane I am. I'm the most arrogant man on earth, and I always need to be right.

Q10

PLAYBOY: From *Freaks and Geeks* to *Funny People*, you and Seth Rogen have been collaborating for more than a decade. At what point do the two of you become common-law spouses?

APATOW: I don't know if we should be married or if I should become his adoptive grandfather. Seth has said he thinks of me as his creepy uncle. [*Laughs*] I like that.

Q11

PLAYBOY: You and Adam Sandler, who co-stars in *Funny People*, were roommates in the early 1990s. Was that an *Odd Couple*-type relationship?

APATOW: We had a good time together. It was a \$900-a-month apartment. I paid \$425, and he paid \$475 because he had a bathroom in his bedroom. I had to use the guest bathroom. Most

days we would sleep till noon, get up, eat, spend way too much time in a mall, do stand-up-comedy sets at the Improv and then eat again at 1:30 in the morning.

Q12

PLAYBOY: While you were roommates, Sandler purportedly demanded to see your penis. Did he ever bother to explain why?

APATOW: He used to say, "I just want to know what I'm dealing with." That was his only explanation. On some deeply macho level, I understood.

Q13

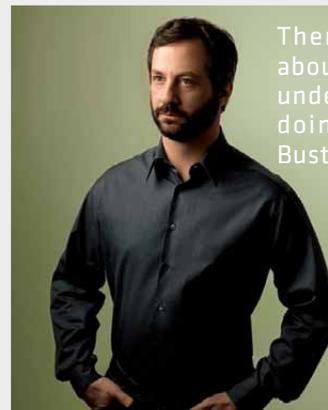
PLAYBOY: Seth Rogen told **PLAYBOY** you made some pretty bold claims about your penis. Apparently it has gray pubes, looks very distinguished and could teach a Harvard class in literature. Do you stand by that description?

APATOW: It's a complete fabrication. I use Grecian Formula now. It still looks distinguished. From a certain angle it kind of looks like Ben Kingsley.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Many of your movies feature male nudity. Why are penises so funny?

APATOW: Because a penis looks like a man with a big nose and large ears. [*Laughs*] It's a vulnerable area, so it's good for comedy. But you have to be very careful about how much you show. I learned this from working on *Forgetting Sarah*



There's nothing new about comedies about underdogs. We're just doing our version of Buster Keaton.

Marshall, in which Jason Segel is naked for an entire scene.

Q15

PLAYBOY: How much is too much?

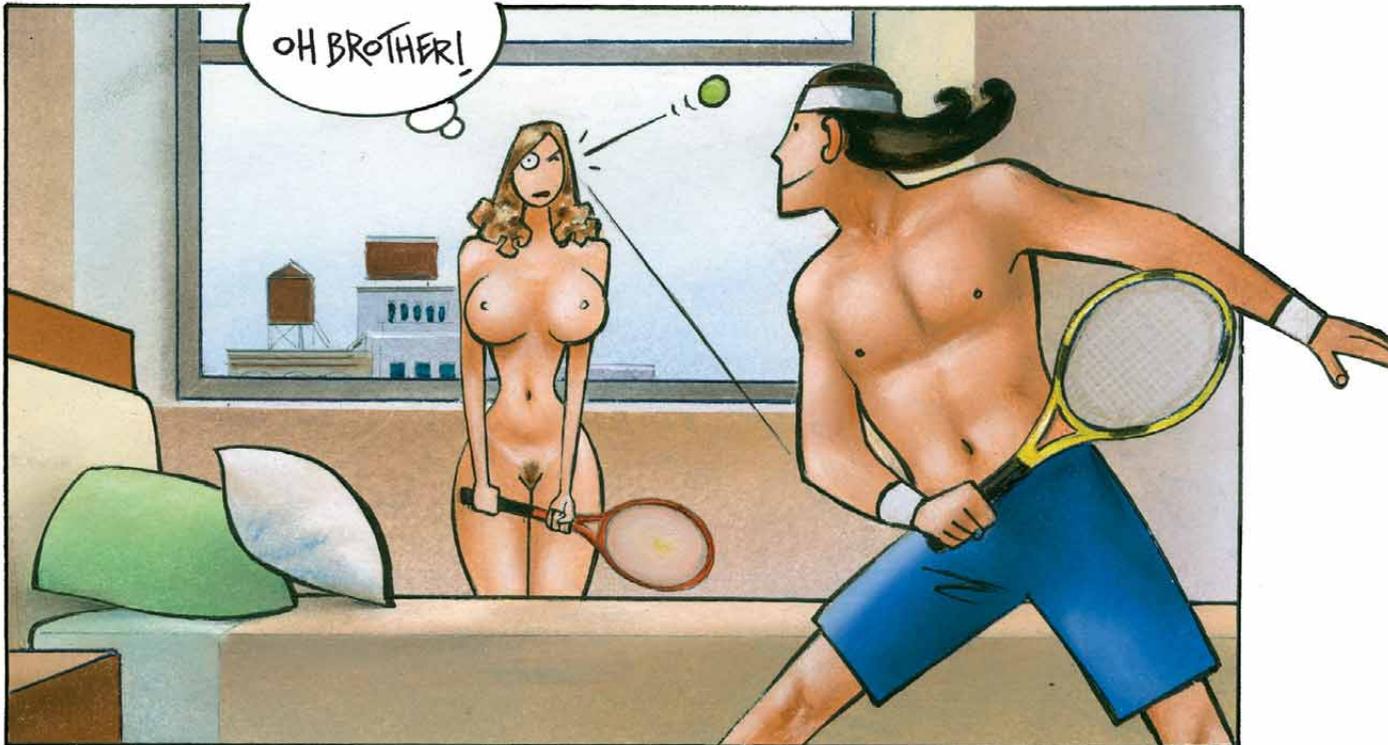
APATOW: When you show a movie with full-frontal nudity to a test audience, you instantly learn how many seconds of screen time results in how many audience members walking out of the theater. You may get away with three seconds of penis exposure, but at five seconds you'll lose 18 people. At 10 seconds it could be a hundred. The fear of the penis in modern society is unparalleled.

Q16

PLAYBOY: If you take out the cursing and the male genitals, your movies have traditional pro-family values. Do you consider yourself a closet conservative?

APATOW: I never think of my movies in those terms. I just try to tell stories that have some sort of positive idea behind them. Like in *Knocked Up* I don't think it's a big leap to suggest it may be a good thing not to run away when you get somebody pregnant. I don't think my values are so shocking. My movies (*concluded on page 144*)

WARM UP



JUAN ALVAREZ • JORGE G



Jason Pomeranc has been called the man who turned “the designer hotelier into the latest thinking-person’s sex symbol.” His hotels—the Hollywood Roosevelt and Thompson Beverly Hills in L.A. and New York’s Thompson Lower East Side and the recently opened Smyth among them—are known for their celebrity and rock-star clientele: Brad and Angelina, Prince and Lenny, Lindsay Lohan et al. (Prince loved the Roosevelt so much he transformed the penthouse into his own vanity suite replete with murals of his visage. Courtney Love, less flatteringly, passed out near the David Hockney-painted pool and exited by ambulance.) Pomeranc’s curatorial abilities have given each of his hotels a personality of its own.

So when the hotelier, 38, moved into his fine-boned contemporary downtown New York apartment six years ago, he decided it was time, as he says, “to evolve”: “I wanted to remove myself from this vacuum of having a personal ‘guy’ space, that whole fraternity-house mentality of male living.” His home—a 3,000-square-foot loft in SoHo, as airy as a gallery, with 12-foot-high ceilings and stainless-steel elevator doors opening directly into the living area—fit the bill for his new bachelor pad. The fourth-floor space was once the gallery of Leo Castelli, the fabled art dealer who, in the 1960s and 1970s, handled such pop artists as Roy Lichtenstein and Robert Rauschenberg. Like Pomeranc’s hotels—which all feature specific photographers’ works, from Steven Klein (Thompson Beverly Hills) and Guy Bourdain (Six Columbus) to John Sparagana (Smyth)—the space is about “anonymity and escapism,” says Pomeranc. “While there are some elements that are overtly sexual,” he says, “it’s not just about sex; it’s about mental escape.” His home is an extension of his hotels. Baggage is checked at the door.

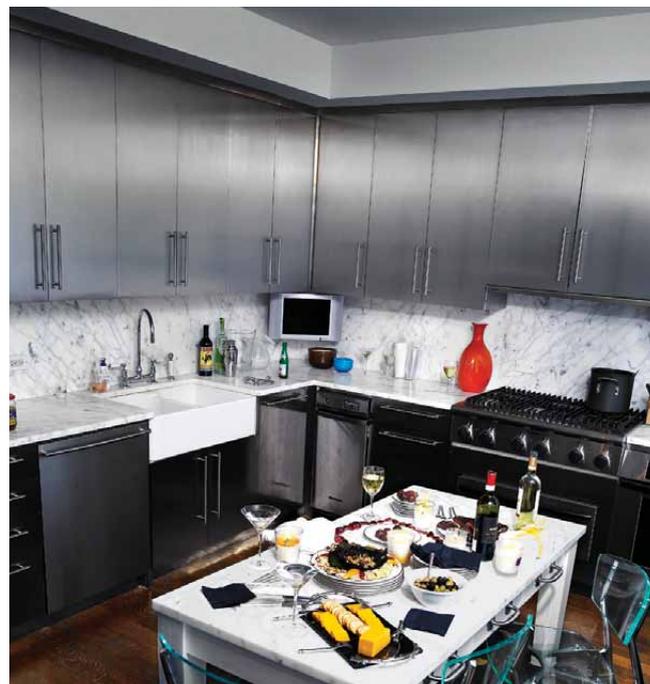
A PLAYBOY PAD

MANHATTAN LOFT

THERE’S ARTISTRY IN RESIDENCE WITHIN HOTELIER TO
THE HOLLYWOOD SET JASON POMERANC’S BACHELOR
SPREAD IN DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN

BY STEVE GARBARINO

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY
JAMES IMBROGNO



Left: The pop-out custom teak bar was designed as a flight of jet-setting fancy. Its inspiration: "I wondered what it would look like if Dean Martin moved from a Palm Springs pad in the 1960s into a Manhattan loft," says Pomeranc, whose poison is Patrón on the rocks with three limes, by the way. **Above:** The airy stainless-steel kitchen with chopping island caters to a party scene. "When cooking does happen in here, it's more of a collaborative experience," says Pomeranc. "The kitchen is an extension of the social space of the loft." The real cooking occurs in the restaurants in Pomeranc's hotels, revered Los Angeles and New York spots like BondSt, Blue Ribbon and Shang.



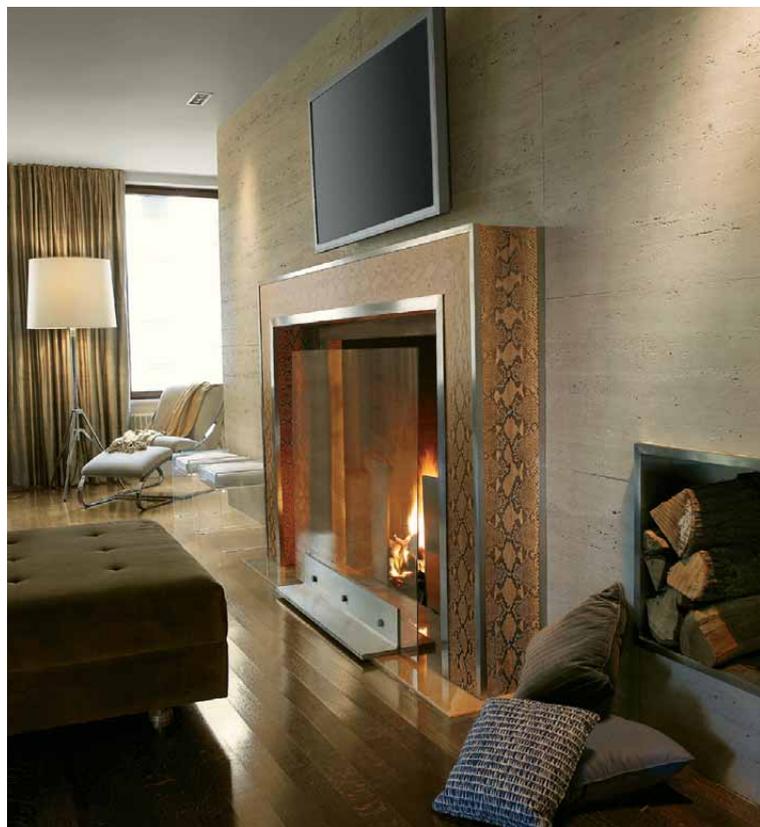
“The master bedroom and bathroom allude to a hotel suite,” says Pomeranc. “You feel you’re at a distance from the rest of the apartment.” The bedroom windows look out onto his 60 Thompson Hotel. **Top right:** The Elvis portrait by Russell Young was appropriated from a photo taken at the White House during the infamous Nixon-Elvis meeting in 1970; the piece is part of the artist’s “mug shot” series. **Middle right:** This painting is a party scene by Lisa Reuter. Says Pomeranc, “Evocative of a pop, Warhol-like palette, it’s fun and colorful, yet there’s a darkness to it. The figures look almost predatory.” **Bottom right:** Vik Muniz used chocolate syrup as paint in this portrait of Max Ernst and Peggy Guggenheim escaping the Nazis during World War II.



As Pomeranc puts it in the first line of his Thompson Hotel Group manifesto, “In a world full of choices, we all need to question who we are and where we belong.” Everything in his loft is an expression of who he is and where he belongs. **Above right:** A piece called *I Marvel the Flames Do Not Wake You*, by artist Rob Wynne, hangs in the main space opposite the dining table and windows, which allow light to flood in by day. The artwork is the hotelier’s current favorite. “It’s a little foreboding to a lot of people,” he says of the piece, laughing. “I think it’s a statement to any woman who comes in here. Still, I think the apartment is very inviting.” **Right:** The soldier drawing, by London-based artist Antony Micallef, is another of Pomeranc’s favorites. He keeps a small collection of incredibly detailed hand-carved helicopters on a long walnut console handcrafted in the Netherlands. “My helicopter collection was made by a Vietnam war-era sculptor,” he says. “It’s my arty version of a collection of toys a boy would maintain as he grew up.” Everywhere the eye falls in this loft one finds a balance between thoughtfulness and simplicity; it’s high-minded design that inspires one to seek adventure. Other art pieces include works by photographer Steven Klein (see the moody portrait of Brad and Angelina that hangs behind Pomeranc on the first page of this story) and artists Doug and Mike Starn.



Above: The dining area is likely to be empty during daylight hours. Most of the action in Pomeranc's life happens after dark. The Prouvé table is made of Brazilian rosewood with signature flared legs. When the seats are filled it's usually with guests whose names one recognizes. At his informal Oscars party Pomeranc hosted much of the cast of *Gossip Girl*. He had it catered with knishes and pastrami sandwiches courtesy of the one and only Katz's Deli. **Below:** The onyx fireplace, framed in python print, is next to an inset firewood box.



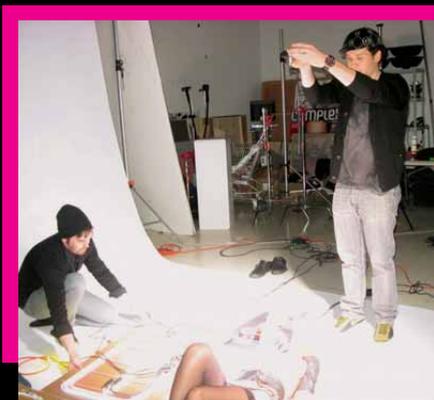
ELECTRIC LADYLAND



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARC ECKO







Marc Ecko is grinning as he checks out the latest results of his PLAYBOY photo session. "I should quit my day job," he says, laughing. Though he started out doing graffiti, the guy knows his legit artists, too. "This shoot is an homage to Patrick Nagel," he says, referring to the PLAYBOY illustrator who went on to create the iconic cover for Duran Duran's *Rio*. "He struck a balance between artistic and illustrative composition, as well as balancing the right amount of flesh with the right amount of styling." In this case Ecko brought the style and we brought the flesh, in the shapely form of Miss March 2006 Monica Leigh, Miss May 2007 Shannon James and Cyber Girl Chernise Yvette. Because Ecko's an insatiable artist and entrepreneur who has made his mark in everything from fashion (see his lines at shopeccko.com) to magazines, animal rights, video games, fragrance and viral video (you can watch him tag *Air Force One* at stillfree.com), we weren't surprised to find he'd had a fair amount of experience with photography. "I got a lot of my creative spirit from my dad, who was a regular guy with some real photographic chops. We'd turn the laundry room into a makeshift darkroom every weekend." But was the PLAYBOY shoot, you know, fun? "Are you kidding?" he says. "I got that giddy-little-boy laugh as soon as I found out I would get to do this."





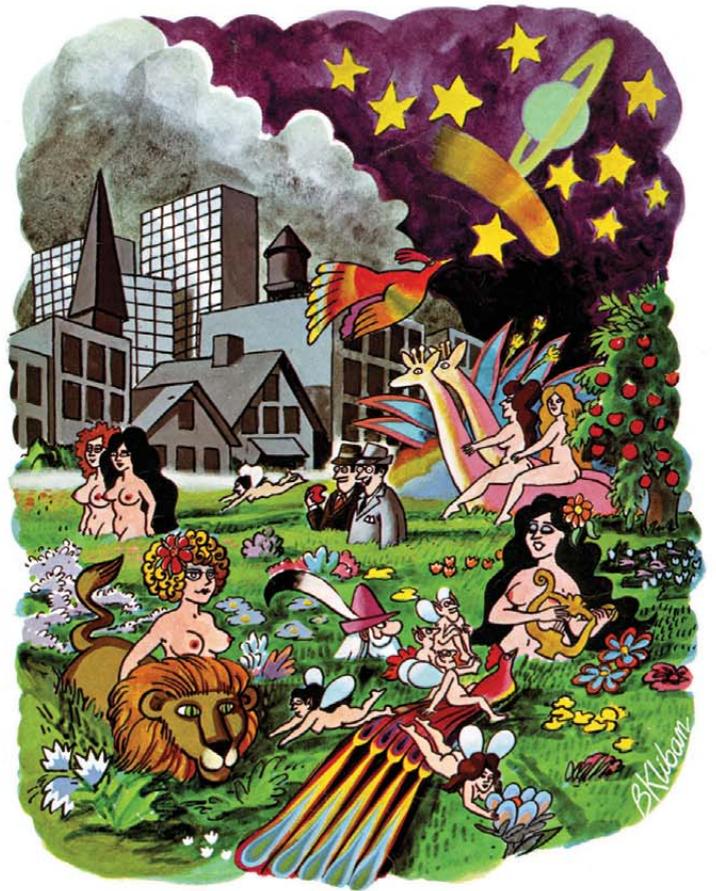
See more of Marc Ecko's shoot at club.playboy.com.



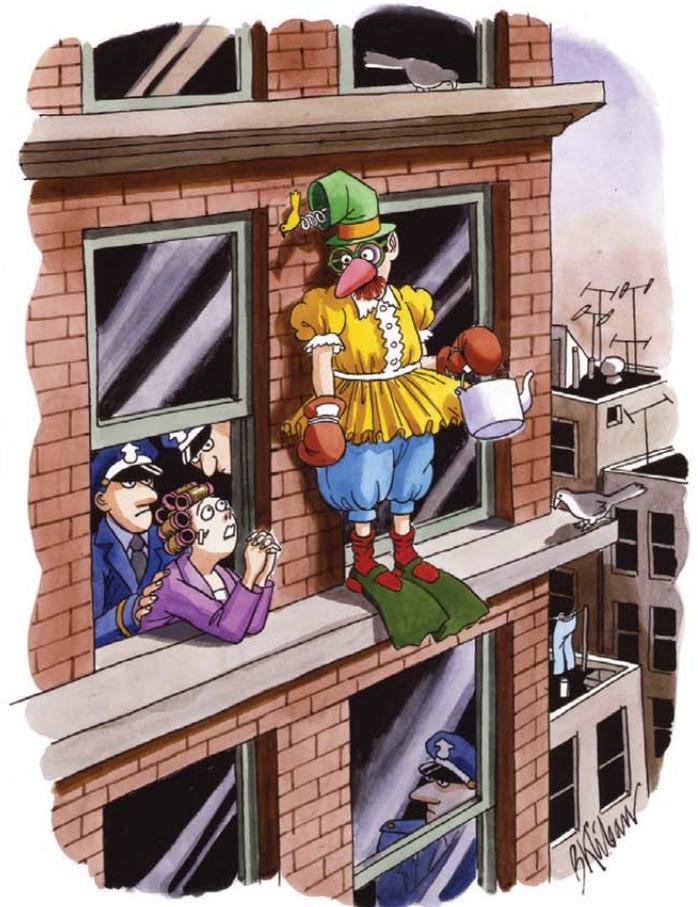
KLIBAN'S WORLD



"Not here, darling! Nobody's watching!"



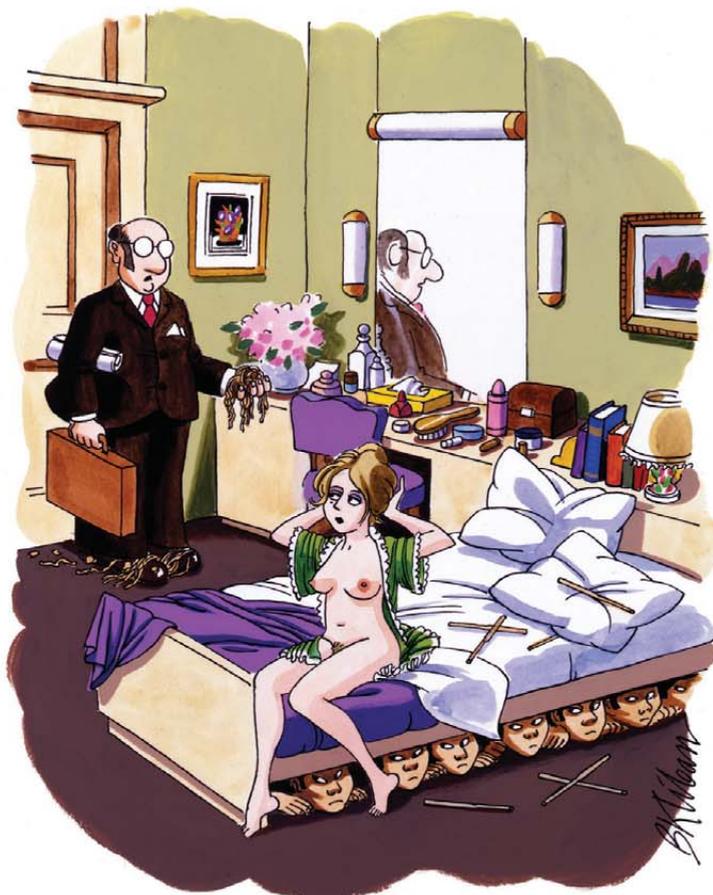
"You know, Ed, we really should walk to work more often!"



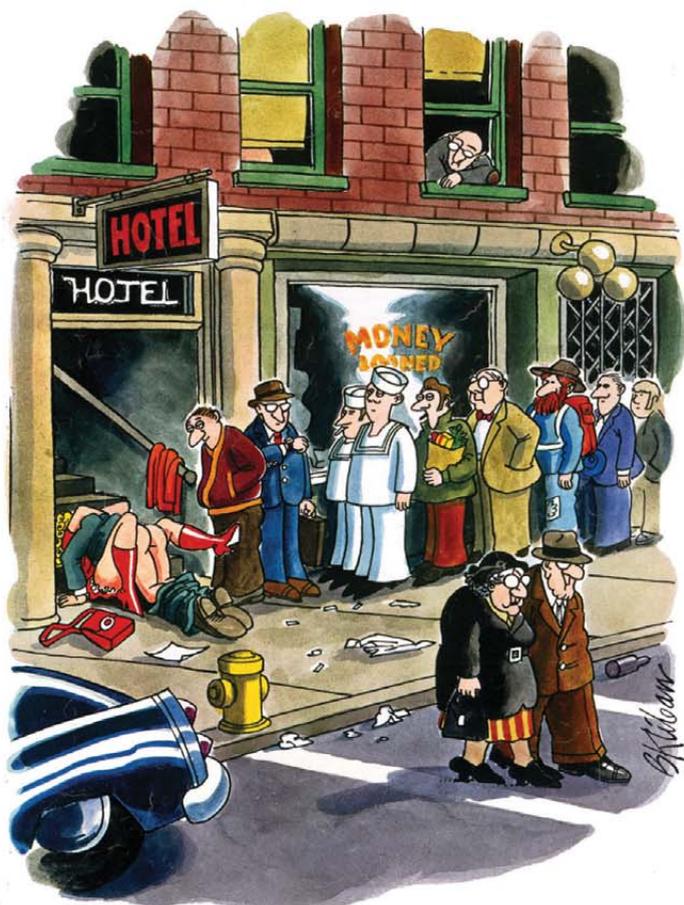
"Please, Howard...don't do anything foolish!"



"Rescue? Who said anything about a rescue?"



"What's all this chow mein doing in the hallway?"



"In my day, nice girls didn't do that."



"Put on some clothes, run down to the corner and bring me back a corned beef on rye."

SMUGGLER'S BLUES

WITH THE FEDS ON HIS TAIL, A CAREER DOPE
SMUGGLER SETS UP THE SCORE OF A LIFETIME.

A TRUE STORY BY RICHARD STRATTON

Hotel Chelsea, New York City, April 1982

Concordia Venus, the Greek freighter carrying my goods, is at sea, headed for the port of New Jersey. Using a clean set of phony ID, I fly from Maui, Hawaii to New York. There I check into a suite in the funky Hotel Chelsea to wait for my ship to come in.

This is the biggest load my partners and I have ever attempted: 15,000 pounds—seven and a half tons—of the best quality blond and red hashish available in all of Lebanon, plus 50 gallons of primo hashish oil. The hash and oil are concealed in a million and a half pounds of pitted Iraqi dates packed in cardboard cartons and loaded into seven 40-foot orange sea/land containers. The load is worth \$50 million retail, \$15 million wholesale. My end alone is upward of \$5 million. Cash. Tax free. All I have to do is get the load past U.S. Customs without getting busted.

A creature of habit, I stay at the Chelsea when I am waiting for a load. Once the load is in and the cash starts to flow, I will move to the Plaza, where I'm known as Dr. Lowell. I hand out \$100 bills and pose as a psychiatrist to explain the odd guests coming and going from my room at all hours.

What I like about the Chelsea pre-load is that cops and feds will not go unnoticed. The staff knows me and my aversion to agents of the law. Freaks, artists, writers, musicians, dope fiends and dope dealers live at the Chelsea. The place has history. Dylan Thomas was staying here when he drank himself to death, in 1953. Sid Vicious killed his old lady here, in 1978. The Beat

poet Gregory Corso wanders the halls, talking to himself. I fit in. The desk clerk will tip me off if anyone comes around asking questions. The Chelsea is a place of good luck for me, and I am as superstitious as a medicine man.

No one knows my real name. I am already a fugitive wanted by the DEA and the U.S. Marshals Service, having jumped bail and gone on the lam from a pot-smuggling case in Maine. I have three sets of false ID and have to remind myself each morning who I am that day. I do not make calls from my room. To stay in touch with my people I use a pay phone at the rear of El Quijote, the Spanish restaurant adjoining the hotel. I come and go, drink tequila at the bar, make my calls and wait for word that the load has arrived. In the room I smoke joints and watch TV—repeat episodes of *Get Smart*—and listen to Bob Dylan's "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands," which he wrote for his wife Sara while staying at this hotel. Years later I will name my firstborn son Maxwell, after Maxwell Smart and the Beatles song "Maxwell's Silver Hammer," and my daughter Sarah—residual memories from my days waiting at the Hotel Chelsea.

A rule of thumb in the dope-smuggling business is, Shit happens. Rare is the trip when everything goes according to plan. At my pay phone in the rear of El Quijote, between drinks, I get the call.

"Bro, we got a problem."

It's S., my partner, whose father owns both the New Jersey trucking company that is to pick up the containers at the docks and the bonded warehouse in Jersey City where the

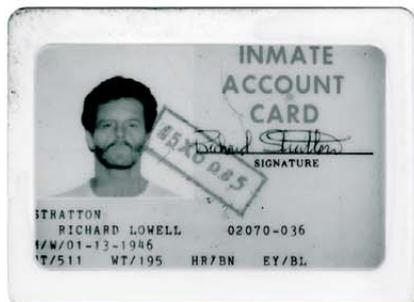
ILLUSTRATION BY KAKO







Clockwise from above: The writer (center, with beard) in Lebanon; V., his girlfriend and partner, at their Maui hideout; Lebanese hashish with pipe; a DEA surveillance photo of the writer and his private plane; the ROSE OF BEKAA logo that was stamped onto the slabs of hash, with the year of shipment. Below: Down and out at the Metropolitan Correctional Center, a.k.a. the Criminal Hilton.



our problem. Customs flagged the load of dates. Agency officials called S.'s father at the trucking company and told him that, after a cursory look, they had sealed the containers at the docks and were going to escort them from the port to the warehouse, where they would conduct a thorough inspection.

"Shit.... Why?" I ask.

"I don't know. Could be because the load was shipped out of Lebanon. It's known as a source country for narcotics."

True, though with the war between Iraq and Iran lots of goods from the Middle East are being rerouted through Beirut.

"Maybe they were tipped off," S. muses aloud.

"By who?" I say. "No one knows about this trip except me, you and the Lebs—and they're not about to dime out their own load."

"What if Customs ran dogs around the containers and they picked up the scent?"

"No way. Not the way it was packaged. And if that were the case, they'd hold the shipment at the docks and wait for us to pick it up, then bust us."

"I don't know, bro. It's fuckin' crazy. But we can't pick up that load."

"What're you talking about?"

"We gotta just...leave it there."

"How can we do that? If we don't pick it up, they'll know we know it's hot."

"But they won't know who to bust," he argues. "We can say we don't want to touch it if they think there's contraband in it. Put it back on them...whatever. I can't let my old man take a fall. He'll lose the business."

containers are to be delivered.

"Meet me under the West Side Highway in an hour," S. says.

It is Thursday night when I meet S. to hear about

"Brother, if this load goes down, we're all out of business."

I want to discuss it with S.'s father. Refusing to pick up the containers seems to me like a clear admission of complicity. Picking up the containers and playing the hand out seems to me the only reasonable, albeit risky, plan. The bold way is the best way. Just act as though nothing is wrong and we know what we're doing.

S. and I drive across the river to meet his father at a diner in Paramus. We sit in the car in the parking lot and discuss what to do. S.'s father is in favor of picking up the containers. He agrees that to refuse to pick them up is as good as admitting guilt.

"There's too much at stake here," he says. "We've worked too hard for this to just let it go."

"Fifteen million dollars' worth of goods," I remind them.

"Yeah, and we can get 15 years if they bust us," S. says.

"That's the nature of the business," I say. "We wouldn't be making this kind of money if it were legal."

S.'s father and I look at each other. "What do you want to do?" he asks. "This is your play."

"I say we go for it."

Of the seven containers, three contain hash and dates; four contain only dates.

"Here, these are the identification numbers of the containers that have only dates," I say. I write the numbers down on a slip of paper and give it to S.'s father. "Call Customs; tell them you're backed up and you can't get down to the docks to pick up the shipment until late tomorrow. Friday afternoon the agents will all be thinking about going home for the weekend. We pick up two or three of the clean containers. Let Customs inspect those. Maybe that way we'll be able to finesse it."

S.'s father agrees. He says he doesn't think Customs has been tipped off; he feels it's a routine secondary inspection.

So we have a plan. A hairy plan, but still it's something. I go back to the Hotel Chelsea. The waiting now becomes 10 times as intense. Not even Maxwell Smart and the kind bud can take my mind off the possibility of losing all that beautiful hashish. S. and I have close to \$300,000 invested in this trip. All that work, (continued on page 134)

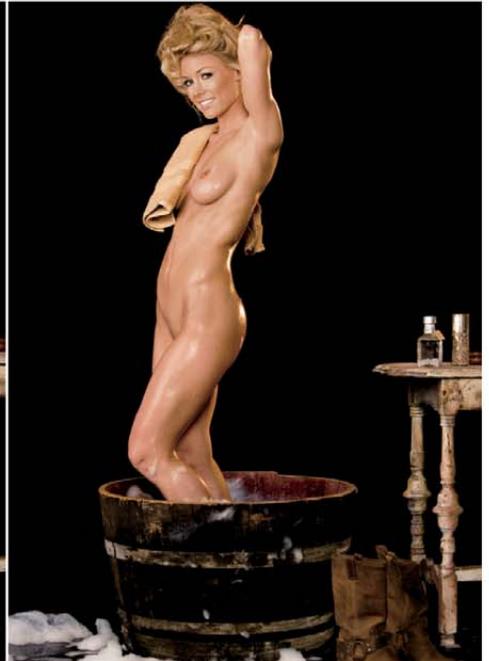
HOW TO TAKE A BATH



With warm water and soap, fill the tub./With sudsy handfuls, give those calves a rub./Move on up; be sure to douse your dorsal./Irrigate and



moisten every morsel./Scrub thighwise, pit of knee to curve of hip./If overfoamy, pause to take a dip./Bathe those breasts, and let us put this



bluntly:/Cleanse your cracks both backside and in frontly!/Now grab a towel and give yourself a buff./We'll have you back to dirty soon enough.

LEFT TO RIGHT

FLANNEL SHIRT BY **PENDLETON**, \$98; SHORTS BY **CABRAL**, \$80; SUNGLASSES BY **ANARCHY**, \$55; SNEAKERS BY **CONVERSE**, \$45.

JEANS BY **ROGUE TERRITORY**, \$200; SUNGLASSES BY **RAY-BAN**, \$129; SANDALS BY **HAVAIANAS**, \$32.

ON HER: TANK BY **ENDOVANERA**, BIKINI BY **CIA.MARITIMA**.

WET SUIT BY **O'NEILL**, \$210.

FLANNEL SHIRT BY **STUSSY**, \$62; JEANS BY **DICKIES**, \$26; SHOES BY **VANS**, \$42.

HOODIE BY **VANS**, \$38; JEANS BY **ROGUE TERRITORY**, \$200; SHOES BY **ETNIES**, \$50; SUNGLASSES BY **PAUL SMITH**, \$475.

HOODIE BY **STUSSY DELUXE**, \$150; JEANS BY **ROGUE TERRITORY**, \$200.

SURFBOARD BY **WALLIN FOR PLAYBOY SURF**, \$650.



The Endless Summer

When you're off searching for that perfect wave, don't forget to dress the part

FASHION by jennifer ryan jones
PHOTOGRAPHY BY steven lippman



18
WAGEN

RIGHT

SHIRT BY **FREEDMAN**, \$359; SHORTS BY **O'QUINN**, \$50; HAT BY **NIXON**, \$40; SANDALS BY **HAVAIANAS**, \$32; SUNGLASSES BY **RAY-BAN**, \$129; WATCH BY **VESTAL**, \$210; TOWEL BY **PAUL SMITH**, \$280.

BELOW

SWEATSHIRT BY **FREEDOM ARTISTS**, \$52; T-SHIRT BY **FREEDOM ARTISTS**, \$22; JEANS BY **O'QUINN**, \$70; HAT BY **FREEDOM ARTISTS**, \$14; SNEAKERS BY **CONVERSE**, \$45.



Surfing expresses a pure yearning for visceral, physical contact with the natural world.



ABOVE
ON HER: SHIRT BY **BLOOD IS THE NEW BLACK**, BIKINI TOP BY **CIA.MARITIMA**, BIKINI BOTTOM BY **DVS SWIMWEAR**.
RIGHT: WET SUIT BY **WEST**, \$269.

RIGHT
SHIRT BY **PENFIELD**, \$80;
SUNGLASSES BY **RAY-BAN**, \$129.
ON HER: TANK TOP BY **PAUL & JOE**, BIKINI BY **AMERICAN APPAREL**, SUNGLASSES BY **MODERN AMUSEMENT**.

BELOW
LEFT: FLANNEL SHIRT BY **FREEDMAN**, \$279; JEANS BY **ROGUE TERRITORY**, \$200; HAT BY **NIXON**, \$40.
RIGHT: PLAID SHIRT BY **JOHN VARVATOS STAR USA**, \$125.



At the end of the day, it's friends before waves.



ABOVE
ON HER: BIKINI BY **DVS SWIMWEAR**,
NECKLACE BY **LAURA ELIZABETH**,
SUNGLASSES BY **SPY OPTIC**.

RIGHT
WET SUIT BY **WEST**, \$269.

BELOW
LEFT TO RIGHT: PLAID SHIRT BY
BURKMAN BROS., \$168.
SHIRT BY **WILLIAM RAST**, \$145.
ON HER: T-SHIRT BY **MIGHTY FINE**.
SCARF BY **PAUL SMITH**, \$250;
T-SHIRT BY **JOHN VARVATOS STAR**
USA, \$98.

"Sometimes in the morning when it's good surf, I go out there and I don't feel like it's a bad world." -Kary Mullis



Surfing is like sex. It feels good no matter how many times you've done it.



ABOVE

LEFT TO RIGHT: BLUE PLAID SHORTS BY **HURLEY**, \$59.
GRAY SHORTS BY **THE NORTH FACE**, \$52. STRIPED

SHORTS BY **LIQUID FORCE**, \$56; WATCH BY **VESTAL**,
\$230. GRAY-AND-TURQUOISE SHORTS BY **PENFIELD**, \$60;

HAT BY **FREEDOM RIDERS**, \$14. BAR-CODE SHORTS BY
VILEBREQUIN, \$200. BLACK SHORTS BY **SUNDEK**, \$125.



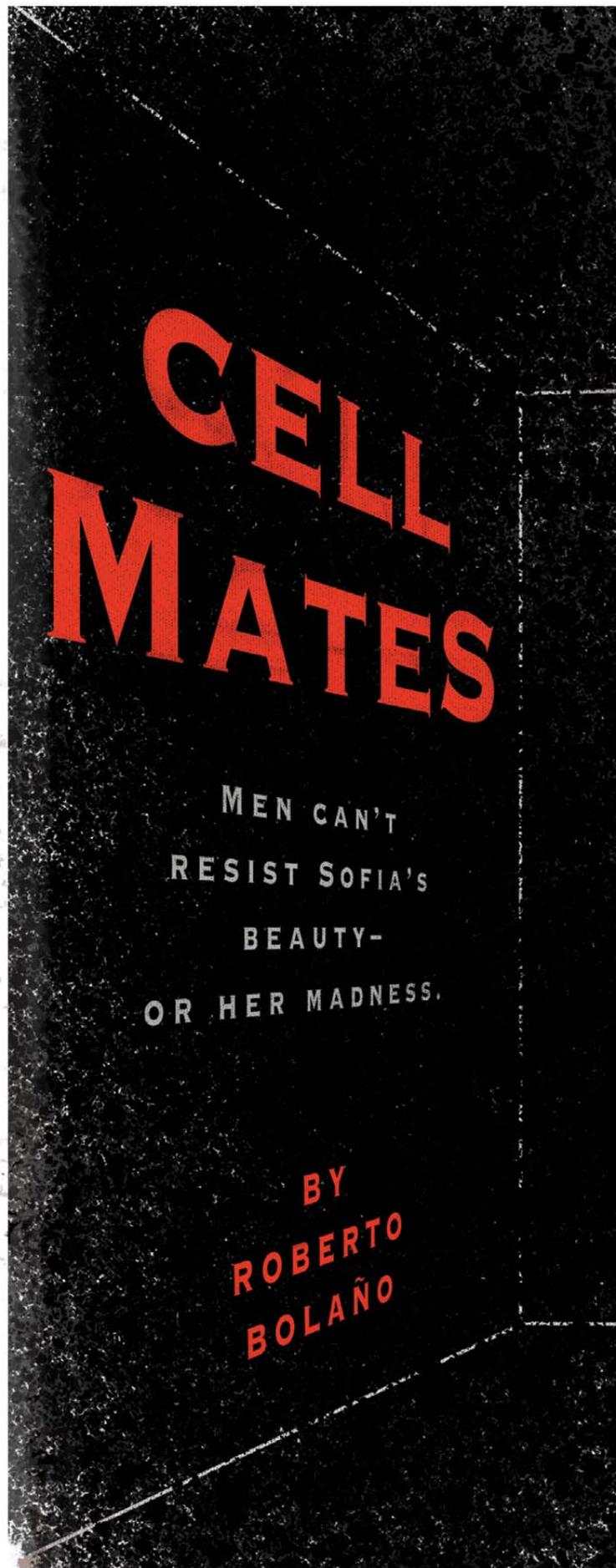


We happened to be in prison in the same month of the same year, although the prisons were thousands of miles apart. Sofia was born in 1950 in Bilbao. She was dark, small and very pretty. In November 1973, while I was a prisoner in Chile, she was sent to jail in Aragon.

At the time she was doing a science degree at the University of Zaragoza, biology or chemistry, one or the other, and she went to jail with almost all of her classmates. The fourth or fifth night we slept together, as I was adopting a new position, she told me there was no point tiring myself out. I like variety, I said. If I fuck in the same position two nights in a row, I become impotent. Well, don't do it for my sake, she said. The room had a very high roof, and the walls were painted red, the color of a desert at sunset. She had painted them herself a few days after moving in. It looked awful. I've made love every way there is, she said. I don't believe you, I replied. *Every way there is?* That's right, she said, and I was lost for words (maybe I was embarrassed) but I believed her.

Later she told me, but this was quite a few days later, that she was losing her mind. She ate hardly anything, only instant mashed potato. Once I went into the kitchen and saw a plastic bag beside the refrigerator. It was a 20-kilo bag of mashed-potato flakes. Is that all you eat? I asked. She smiled and said yes; sometimes she ate other things, but mostly when she went out to a bar or a restaurant. At home it's simpler just to have mashed potato, she said. That way there's always something to eat. She didn't put milk in it, only water, and she didn't even wait for the water to boil. She mixed the flakes with warm water, she told me, because she hated milk. I never saw her consume any milk products; she said it was probably some kind of psychological problem that went back to her childhood, something to do with her mother. So when we were both in the apartment at night, she would have her mashed potato, and sometimes she would sit up late with me watching films on TV. We hardly talked. She never argued. At the time there was a Communist living in the apartment; he was in his 20s, like us, and he and I used to get into long, pointless arguments, but she never joined in, although I knew she was more on my side than on his. One day the Communist told me Sofia was hot and he was planning to fuck her at the first opportunity. Go ahead, I said. Two or three nights later, while I was watching a Bardem film, I heard him go out into the passage and knock discreetly on Sofia's door. They talked for a while and then the door closed and the Communist was in there for a good two hours.

Sofia had been married, though I didn't find out until much later. Her husband had been a student at the University of Zaragoza too and gone to prison with the rest of them in November 1973. When they finished their degrees they moved to Barcelona and after a while they split up. He was called Emilio and they were still good friends. Did you make love every way there is with Emilio? No, but nearly, said Sofia. She also said she was losing her mind and it was a worry, especially if she was driving. The other night it happened in Diagonal, lucky there wasn't much traffic. Are you taking something? Valium. Lots and lots of Valium. Before we slept together, we went to the movies a couple of times. French films, I think they were. One was about a woman pirate; she goes to this island where another woman pirate lives and they have a duel to the death with swords. The other one was set during World War II; there was a guy who worked for the Germans and the Resistance at the same time. After we started sleeping together we kept going to the movies and, strangely, I can remember the titles of the films we saw and the names of the directors but nothing else about them. From the very first night Sofia made it perfectly clear that our relationship wasn't going to be serious. I'm in love with someone else, she said. Our Communist comrade? No, you don't know him; he's a teacher, like me. She didn't want to tell me his name just then. Sometimes she spent the night with him, but not very often, about once a fortnight. We made love every night. At first



I tried to tire her out. We would start at 11 and keep going until four in the morning, but soon I realized there was no way of tiring out Sofia.

At the time I used to hang out with anarchists and radical feminists and the books I read were more or less influenced by the company I was keeping. There was one by an Italian feminist, Carla something, called *Let's Spit on Hegel*. One afternoon I lent it to Sofia. Read it, I said, I thought it was really good. (Maybe I said she would *get a lot out of it*.) The next day Sofia was in a very good mood; she gave me back the book and said that as science fiction it wasn't bad, but otherwise it sucked. Only an Italian woman could have written it, she declared. What have you got against Italian women? I asked. Did one abuse you when you were little or something? She said no, but if she was going to read that sort of thing, she preferred Valerie Solanas. I was surprised to learn that her favorite author was not a woman but an Englishman, David Cooper, one of R.D. Laing's associates. I ended up reading Valerie Solanas and David Cooper and even Laing (his sonnets). One of the things that impressed me most about Cooper was that during his time in Argentina (although I'm

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WE WENT
ON MAKING
LOVE.**

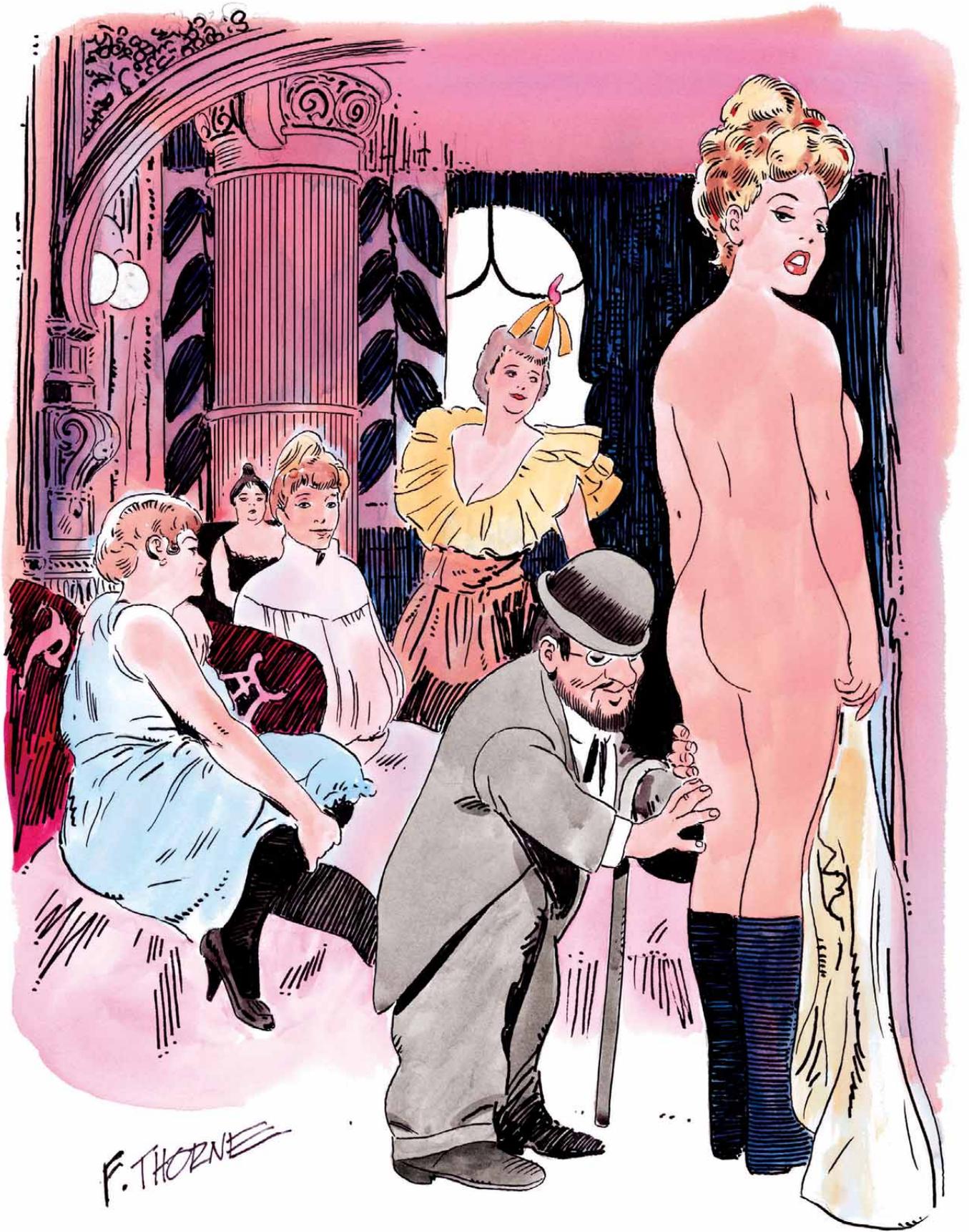
not sure now whether Cooper was ever really in Argentina, maybe I'm getting mixed up) he used hallucinogenic drugs to treat left-wing activists. These were people who were cracking up because they knew they could die at any moment, people who might not have the experience of growing old in real life, but they could have it with the drugs, and they got better. Sofia used drugs too, sometimes. She took LSD and amphetamines and Rohypnol, pills to speed up and pills to slow down and pills to steady her hands on the steering wheel. I rarely accepted the offer of a lift in her car. We didn't go out much, in fact. I went on with my

life, she went on with hers, and at night, in her room or in mine, our bodies locked in a relentless struggle that lasted till daybreak and left us wrung out. One afternoon Emilio came to see her and she introduced me to him. He was tall, he had a wonderful smile, and you could tell he was fond of Sofia. His girlfriend was called Nuria; she was Catalan and worked as a high school teacher, like Emilio and Sofia. You couldn't have imagined two women more different. Nuria was blonde, blue-eyed, tall and rather plump. Sofia had dark hair and brown eyes so dark they seemed black; she was short and slim as a marathon runner. In spite of everything they seemed to be good friends. As I found out later on, it was Emilio who had ended the marriage, although the separation had been amicable. Sometimes, when we'd been sitting there for a long time without talking, Nuria looked North American to

me and Sofia looked Vietnamese. But Emilio just looked like Emilio, a chemistry or biology teacher from Aragon who'd been an anti-Franco activist and a political prisoner, a decent sort of guy though not very interesting. One night Sofia told me about the man she was in love with. He was called Juan and he was a member of the Communist Party like our comrade. He worked in the same school as her, so they saw each other every day. He was married and had a son. So where do you do it? In my car, said Sofia, or his. We go out in our cars and follow each other through the streets of Barcelona, sometimes all the way to Tibidabo or Sant Cugat. Sometimes we just park in a dark street and he gets into my car or I get into his. Not long after she told me this, Sofia got sick and had to stay in bed. At that stage there were only three of us in the apartment: Sofia, the Communist and me. The Communist was only around at night so I had to look after Sofia and go to the pharmacy. One night she said we should go traveling. Where? I asked. Portugal, she said. I liked the idea, so one morning we set off for Portugal, hitchhiking. (I thought we would go in her car but Sofia was scared of driving.) It was a long and complicated trip. We stopped in Zaragoza, where Sofia still had her best friends, then at her sister's place in Madrid, then in Extremadura....

I got the feeling Sofia was visiting all her ex-lovers. I got the feeling she was saying good-bye to them one by one, but not in a calm or resigned sort of way. When we made love she seemed absent at first, as if it had nothing to do with her, but after a while she let herself go and ended up coming over and over. Then she started crying and I asked her why. Because I'm such an animal; even though I'm miles away, I can't help coming. Don't be so hard on yourself, I said, and we went on making love. Her face wet with tears was delicious to kiss. Her whole body burned and flexed like a red-hot piece of metal, but her tears were only lukewarm and, as they ran down her neck, as I spread them on her nipples, they turned ice-cold. A month later we were back in Barcelona. Sofia hardly ate a thing all day. She went back to her diet of instant mashed potato and decided not to leave the apartment. One night I came home and found her with a girl I didn't know; another time it was Emilio and Nuria, who looked at me as if I were to blame for the state she was in. I felt bad but said nothing and shut myself in my room. I tried to read, but I could hear them. Shocked exclamations, reprimands, advice. Sofia didn't say a thing. A week later she was given four months' sick leave. The government doctor was an old friend from Zaragoza. I thought we'd be able to spend more time together, but little by little we drifted apart. Some nights she didn't come home. I remember staying up very late, watching TV and waiting for her. Sometimes the Communist kept me company. I had nothing to do, so I set about tidying up the apartment: sweeping, mopping, dusting. The Communist was very impressed, but one day he had to leave too and I was left all on my own.

By then Sofia had become a ghost; she appeared without a sound, shut herself in her room or the bathroom and disappeared again after a few hours. One night we ran into each other on the stairs; I was going up and she was coming down, and the only thing I could think of asking was if she had a new lover. I regretted it straightaway, but it was too late. I can't remember (continued on page 152)



"Excuse me, Henri—what do you actually have in mind?"

MONICA

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU MIX NORWAY AND BRAZIL?



Let's talk about intelligent design. What happens when you put together a former model from Brazil with a strapping sea merchant from Scandinavia? You might expect something extraordinary.

In this case, you get Monica Hansen, a former Miss Norway and cover model. At five-foot-11 and with blockbuster dimensions, she's a certifiable superbreed. "My mom was actually Miss Rio and a famous samba dancer," Monica says, her English honeyed with a slight Nordic lilt. "People see photos and ask if it's Brigitte Bardot. I say, 'No, that's just my mom.'"

Monica grew up on an island outside of Oslo where the Norwegian royal family spends the summer. She was modeling by the age of 14, and a few years

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEITH LANDER





later she captured the title of Miss Norway. "My family is an exotic mix, and I don't look like a standard Norwegian," she says. "I'm skinny but also curvy, and although I'm blonde, I tan really well."

The tanning part worked nicely for her when she moved to Miami at the age of 18. But the change of culture took some adjustment since Scandinavia is more permissive than Miami. "Nudity is not a big deal in Norway," Monica says. "From our teens on, we go topless on the beach, so even the boys don't really take notice. You can go to the mall naked and not get arrested. Topless bathing is accepted in Miami, but I got a *lot* more attention on the beach there than I was used to."

The modeling world noticed too, and she was soon signed to a major agency, jetting around the world and appearing on the covers of such magazines as *Maxim* and *FHM*. Monica now lives alone in Los Angeles, sharing a house with two African tortoises—which can eventually weigh up to 150 pounds. She has yet to name them. "I can't tell if they're boys or girls yet, so I kind of have to wait," she says with a laugh.

"I was born in the year of the horse, and I'm a total free spirit," she says. "I grew up riding horses, and I've always dreamed of riding nude and bareback on a beach." We like the way you think, Monica. Despite her years of modeling, she had never been photographed completely naked before this *PLAYBOY* shoot.

Monica loves animals, but she prefers the company of humans. "I talk a lot," she admits, "which you can probably tell. Thank God you don't know Norwegian or you'd never get in a word!"

Her easygoing nature has a natural upside. "In high heels I'm six-two and tower over a lot of men, so I can seem intimidating. But I'm a total goofball, and I can hang with anyone. People quickly feel comfortable around me, and that intimidation factor is soon gone."

In addition to modeling, she's designing clothes, acting and painting. "I'm artistic, and I'm looking for an artistic guy," she says. "We're all drawn to people similar to ourselves, and I like men who are a little mysterious, maybe a little bit odd—more of a Johnny Depp than an all-star Tom Cruise." Makes sense.

As for the next step, Monica says, "I'm still on an inner search. Artists are more lost than most people, and I'm always galloping to where the grass is greener." She laughs merrily. "I'm a forever-galloping horse."







*"In Norway,
you can go to the
mall naked and not
get arrested."*





SMUGGLER'S BLUES

(continued from page 114)

months of risking my life in Lebanon putting together the load. Going to Baghdad to buy the dates, shipping them overland to Beirut. If we make it, if we get the load in and sold, I'll have enough money to stash in some offshore bank accounts and live the high life in the wind.

All day Friday at the Chelsea I pace and watch the news. No reports of massive loads of hash busted at the port of New Jersey. I try to read, but I can't concentrate. I go out and walk the streets.

Just let me get this load in, dear Lord; let this one through and I swear I'll give it all up and—what? What would I do? How could I ever get the same rush I get from doing this?

Friday evening S. shows up in front of the hotel in a rental car.

"You're not going to believe this," he says when I get in and we drive off toward the Holland Tunnel.

"Try me."

But I can't believe it. I have to see it with my own eyes—and smell it with my nose. Three containers were trucked to the warehouse from the port, the containers Customs would be inspecting. When I walk into the warehouse in Jersey City, I can smell hashish. Yes, unmistakable. Fresh hash mixed with the syrupy-sweet smell of chopped dates. One of the containers I told them not to pick up is backed into the warehouse and half unloaded. There are the cartons with red plastic strapping that contain hash sitting out on the loading dock.

I look at my partner and his father. Brace yourselves. We are all about to be busted. I suffer an intense rush of fear and paranoia. The warehouse is surrounded by Customs and DEA agents just waiting for me to appear before they make their move.

This has to be a setup. My one overwhelming urge: *Turn and run, motherfucker.*

BEIRUT, LEBANON, MARCH 1982

A month earlier. I had been inside for weeks, a virtual prisoner holed up in a luxury penthouse in West Beirut. The entirety of Lebanon pitched and heaved in the throes of civil war. Soldiers and spooks were everywhere: Syrian troops, the several armies of the various warring factions in the holy war—Marines, Iranian Revolutionary Guard units, Hezbollah, PLO, CIA—but no drug agents. The airport in Beirut was under siege. Israel's formidable army was rallying at the southern border. F-15 and F-16 fighter jets streaked across rain-washed blue skies and announced their presence with sonic booms.

My girlfriend and partner, V., had been trapped in Beirut when the airport was closed just days after she arrived with a suitcase full of money. The concrete walls of the bedroom where we slept and made love were gouged with gray bullet holes from stray machine-gun fire. Americans and Europeans were snatched off street corners to be held hostage by the armies of

the jihad. The Holiday Inn where we had been staying was reduced to a blown-out shell and massive rubble heap. The streets of what was once known as the Paris of the Middle East were a battleground stinking of death and something alive: fear.

Our daily routine consisted of drinking rich Turkish coffee; eating endless meals of hummus and kibbe, the national dish; drinking arrack; smoking hash; reading; listening to tapes of Fairuz, the enchanting Lebanese chanteuse; watching *Dallas* on TV, J.R. yammering away in Arabic; and getting it on with bombs and rockets exploding outside.

At last the day arrived. I stepped alone from the dim vestibule of the building, slipped on a pair of Arafat-style sunglasses, pulled the checkered kaffiyeh close around my pale Yankee face and ducked into the rear of a waiting Mercedes.

Crouched on the floorboards for the dash across the Green Line, I heard sirens and mortar fire over the racing Mercedes engine and the humming of tires. Nasif drove; my bodyguard, Saad, rode shotgun—or I should say machine gun, as Saad carried his ugly black Uzi everywhere he went.

"You okay back there, Mr. Richard?" Nasif called.

Nasif and Saad ranted on in Arabic. Nasif prided himself on being able to outmaneuver the shooters poised along the verdant no-man's-land separating East from West Beirut. Yet bullet holes pocked the trunk and rear quarter of the Mercedes.

Everything was ready—or so Mohammed, Nasif's father and the chief of customs in Beirut, told me. He urged me to remain in the relative safety of the penthouse and take his word that he and his men had followed the precise, detailed instructions I had given them for preparing the shipment.

But my word and my New York partners' freedom, as well as \$15 million worth of hashish, were on the line. Years of working with Arabs, Mexicans, Jamaicans and Colombians had taught me they just didn't understand the lengths to which North American law-enforcement agents were willing to go to bust our loads and lock us up.

"This is serious business," I reminded them. "People go to prison."

Maybe not in Lebanon, not if you were chief of customs.

My Yankee WASP ethic demanded dependability and attention to detail. In more than 15 years in this business I had never lost a load because of carelessness. As my grandmother Ethel Lowell used to tell me, "Anything worth doing is worth doing right."

S., my New York partner, had acquired a copy of the U.S. Customs manual from a bent Customs agent. S. instructed me on which red flags in a foreign shipment's profile tripped the computer and motivated agents to give the goods a thorough inspection. The cover merchandise—in this case a million-plus pounds of Iraqi dates—must not be paid for with cash. I bought the dates in Baghdad using a letter

of credit from Bordo Foods, a legitimate import company with years of corporate history. During the war between Iran and Iraq, dates from the Middle East—the soft brown ones used in cake mixes and prepared foods—were difficult to obtain and in demand. Mohammed arranged to have the dates shipped overland by truck from Baghdad to Beirut. Now they were stored in a warehouse at the port and repackaged with seven and a half tons of hashish from Lebanon's Bekaa Valley.

Once we crossed the Green Line into East Beirut, we were out of immediate danger of sniper fire. I sat up in the rear seat but kept the kaffiyeh wrapped around my head. Here in the Christian section of the city, the war was not as intense. The warehouse was under guard by four bearded Uzi-toting heavies in green fatigues. Half a dozen orange sea/land containers were stacked on the dock beside the warehouse, a seventh backed up to a loading platform. Nasif pulled up out front, and I was quickly hustled inside. As soon as I walked through the door I was met with the perfumed odor of premium-grade hashish mixed with dates. Hundreds of brown waxed-cardboard cartons labeled KHISTAWI DATES in English and Arabic were piled along the rear wall. The rest of the load had already been packed into the containers on the dock, waiting to be hoisted aboard a Greek freighter expected to arrive in Beirut in a few days. As Mohammed had told me, everything was ready. Or so it appeared.

"Check the cartons yourself, Richard. Make sure they do it right," I could hear S. admonish me.

It had taken me months of negotiating to acquire the goods. With Abu Ali, the godfather of the Bekaa Valley, I drove around buying bulk hashish from growers on plantations outside the ancient town of Baalbek. In the evening we would sit in his office above a heroin-processing lab and drink arrack.

"Mr. Richard," Abu Ali would say, "why don't you take some of the other, the white?"

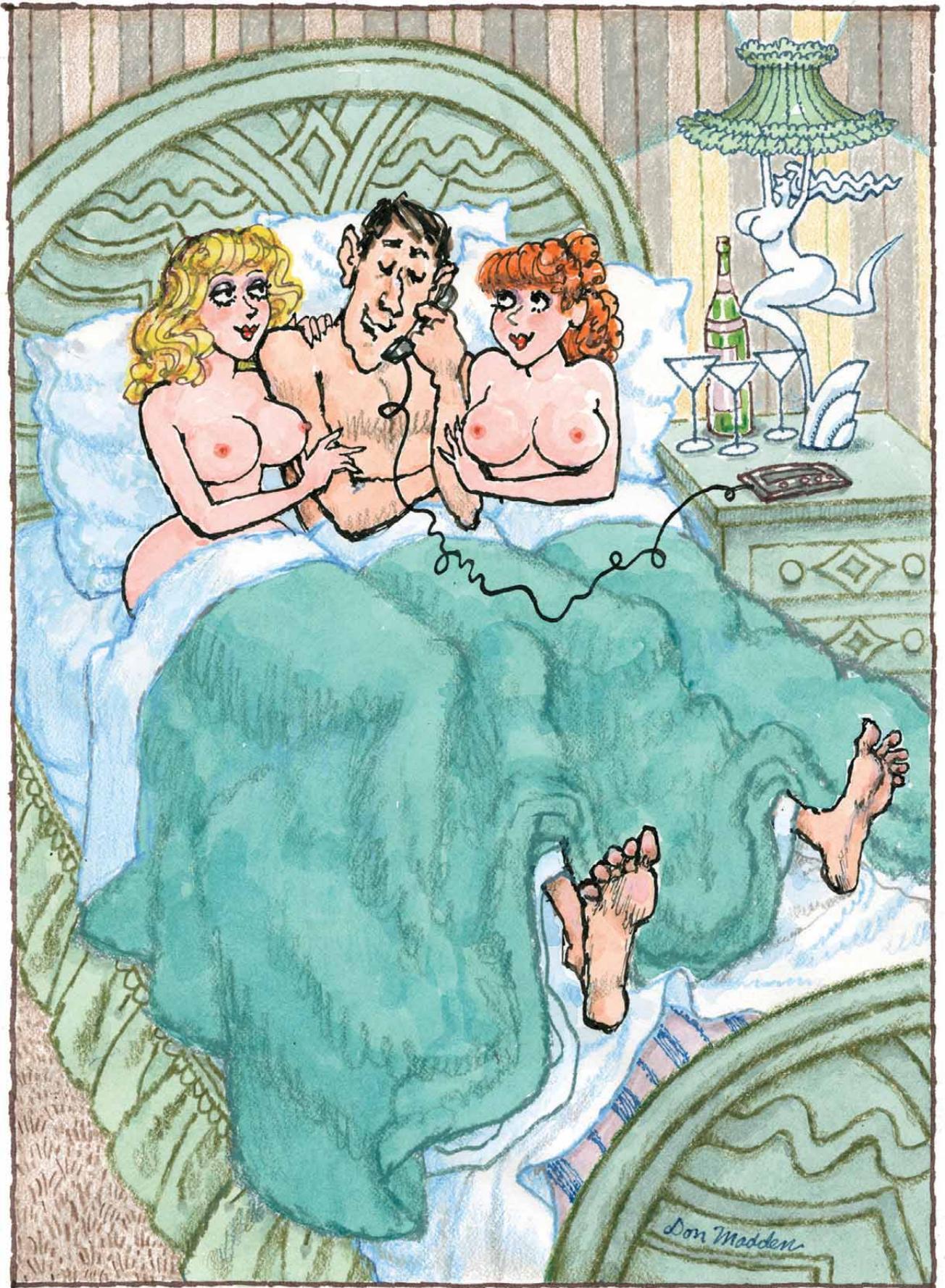
"No, no," I protested. "No heroin."

"But why? It is so much easier to hide. And worth so much more."

"Bad karma," I would tell the Lebanese, though I don't think they understood the concept.

Lebanese hashish is graded by number: number one, top commercial grade; *zahara*, or zero, above the best; and double *zahara*, dealer's choice, the fine, dusty, resinous nodules shaken and gathered from freshly harvested female plants. Finally we came up with the quality product my buyers back in the States and Canada demanded. The hashish needed to be prepared, pressed into 500-gram slabs, packaged in canvas sacks, labeled and stamped with our seal: ROSE OF BEKAA.

It would take all seven sea/land containers full of cartons packed with dates and hashish to conceal the load. The cardboard cartons containing the hash



*"Of course I'm heartbroken that you couldn't make our date, Felicia.
But you know me, I'm a survivor."*

were wrapped with red plastic straps to distinguish them from the ones with only dates, which had green, blue or yellow strapping. The hash was packed into sealed tin boxes. According to instructions I had given Mohammed, the tin boxes full of red-olent hashish were supposed to be packed into the cardboard cartons, then covered top and bottom with a thick layer of dates within those cartons.

I walked to the rear of the warehouse and took down a box with red straps. It didn't feel right—too hard. I snipped the plastic bands and tore open the carton. Inside was a sealed tin box and no dates. I looked at Mohammed.

"Where are the dates?"

"In the other cartons," Nasif answered, "as you wanted."

I shook my head. I was beginning to feel dizzy; I couldn't believe what I was seeing. After I'd waited weeks to get this load packed and shipped, they fucked it up. I took down another red-strapped carton and ripped it open. Again they had simply shoved the tin box with the hashish inside the cardboard box without packing it in layers of dates on the bottom and top as they had been told maybe 10 times.

"No good," I said, struggling to control my anger. "You've got to unload all these containers, repack the cartons and cover the boxes of hash with dates. Thick layers of dates! On the bottom and top, the way I showed you."

As Nasif translated, I could see Mohammed starting to turn purple with rage. Did he think I wouldn't check the load? That I would just let it go and trust in Allah to get it past Customs?

"But, Mr. Richard, that will take days. Maybe more than one week," Nasif protested. "We'll miss the ship. It could be weeks before we can arrange new transport. And the war—"

"You tell your father I'm sick of this shit. It doesn't matter how long it takes. I told

you how I wanted the cartons packed." I was yelling now. The dudes with the Uzis were getting tense. "It's got to be done right or I'll take every one of these fucking boxes of hash and throw them into the sea!"

There was a lengthy discussion in Arabic between father, son and one of the men guarding the warehouse. They gave me a look that said, Forget about it, pal. The shipment's going the way it is.

To break the impasse, I grabbed one of the cartons I had opened, took it out onto the dock and heaved it into the murky Mediterranean.

"Every fucking one!" I yelled and headed back inside. "I'll go home with nothing. I don't give a fuck. I don't want to go to prison. Can't you understand that?"

Finally Mohammed relented. The men fished the box of hash from the sea and laughed at me. Crazy American! I could feel my grandmother's spirit swelling with pride.

He may be a dope smuggler, but at least he's a conscientious dope smuggler.

After all, hadn't some of our forebears made their fortune smuggling opium and God knows what else? It was a Yankee tradition to thumb one's nose at the government and break the laws that were perceived as wrongheaded. One of my heroes, Henry David Thoreau, taught me that in his essay "Civil Disobedience." Governments and their picayune laws were for the uninformed masses, the sheep. Fuck that noise. Every great fortune is founded on a crime; Balzac said that. As a New Englander, I was brought up with rumors that Joe Kennedy had made his fortune smuggling booze during Prohibition—and his son went on to become president. The laws against pot were stupid and unenforceable. It was just a matter of time before pot prohibition was repealed. In the interim, fortunes would be made. I had paid my dues. No reason I should not be a marijuana millionaire. Or so I believed.

Back in our penthouse prison one afternoon as we lay in bed, V. said she was going

stir-crazy. "I've got to get out of this place. I don't care how fucked-up it is out there."

She showed me an ad in the English-language newspaper. *The Shining*, starring Jack Nicholson, was playing at a movie theater on Hamra Street.

"Take me to the movies or I'll walk."

We went to a matinee. "How's the war today?" I asked Nasif when he and Saad came to collect us. It was like asking about the weather.

"So-so," he shrugged. "Lots of metal in the air."

The movie was in English with Arabic subtitles. The audience loved it. So did V. After the show we went to dinner at a restaurant owned by rogue CIA agent Frank Terpil and drank Johnnie Walker.

"I want to go home," V. said, clutching my hand beneath the table. "I mean *home* home. Enough of this place already."

"Soon, baby."

"Soon.... Sheesh! You sound like Mohammed."

We were both a little tipsy on the ride back to the apartment. V. rested her head on my shoulder and closed her eyes. When we turned down our street, I saw flashing red-and-blue lights. Ambulances and emergency vehicles were parked outside the apartment building.

The neighborhood had been struck by heavy rocket fire. Stunned, I got out and looked up at a gaping hole in the skyline where our bedroom had once been. Half of the top three floors of our building had been blown away. Rescue workers searched through the rubble for a family who lived on the floor beneath us.

In time we would joke that Jack Nicholson had saved our lives.

We spent the night at the Commodore Hotel. V. begged me to leave the country with her.

"You know I can't go, baby. Not until the load is safely on its way to New York. We've come this far. I can't quit now."

"You're crazy. You're not thinking straight. These people are all insane. They won't stop until everyone is dead."

The next day Nasif arranged for V. to be driven across the border to Israel, where she caught a flight from Tel Aviv to JFK, then back to her home in Hawaii.

Our freighter carrying the load of dates and hash was one of the last ships to leave the harbor before Israeli gunboats blockaded the port.

I fled east. Back to the Bekaa, where I was certainly not safe. Syrian and Iranian warriors were encamped there. All Americans had a price tag on their head. So I kept traveling east into Syria, to Damascus, where I boarded a plane for Dubai. From Dubai I flew to New Delhi to rest for a few days—a stranger in a strange land, the only real peace I knew. On to Hong Kong and a long flight to Honolulu. Then a short hop to Maui, where V. waited for me in a house by the sea on the slopes of a volcano.

NEW YORK AND NEW JERSEY, APRIL 1982

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Customs. Instead of giving our orange containers a cursory look at the docks, agents secure the hinged doors with lead self-locking seals. It will take seven trucks to get the seven containers to our warehouse. Our guys show up with three trucks and pick up three. The only problem: Customs agents choose which three. The agents pile into two cars and escort our containers from the port to our warehouse in Jersey City.

When S. and I arrive at the warehouse, S.'s father is there. So is S.'s brother and Fat Bobby, our stash man. They are all smiling at me. I'm waiting for the doors to come crashing in and the place to be swarmed with federal agents sticking guns in my face and screaming, "Down on the floor, motherfucker!"

Nothing happens.
"Are you guys fucking nuts? What're you smiling at?"

I walk to the rear of the loading dock, grab one of the cartons with the red plastic straps, plunk it down on a table and rip it open.

"Red straps," I say. "What does that mean?"

S. says, "It means, bro, we got the load. Or part of it, anyway."

"It was a crapshoot," his father says. "They wouldn't let us choose which containers we were gonna pick up. They told us which ones to take. If we insisted, that would've looked suspicious."

He takes me to the rear of the warehouse and points out two more 40-foot containers in the fenced-in yard. One of them, I know by the numbers painted on the outside, also contains hash and dates. "They opened the container inside and started inspecting the cartons," he says. He tells me they had examined a dozen cartons, all of them containing only dates.

Right next to one of the cartons they opened and inspected is an unopened carton with red straps.

"Finally, like we figured, it was late Friday

afternoon. They got tired and went home, said they'd be back Monday morning to finish the inspection."

"And," S. says, "they had dogs."

"Get the fuck out of here!"

"Yeah, bro. Dope dogs. They came in here and sniffed around."

"I can smell hash," I say.

"They must've been junk dogs," Bobby says. "They get 'em strung out on junk so they go nuts when they smell heroin. But they don't give a fuck about hash."

We all laugh—giddy, nervous laughter.

"Here's the problem," S. runs it down. "We can take all the cartons out of this container and remove our goods, but when they come back here Monday morning this container will be light by about a third. So we've got to take out the hash and replace it with something that weighs about the same and put all the cartons back in and hope they don't open one."

"That's only two thirds of the load," I say. The rest of the containers are still at the port.

"Better than nothing."

Outside the warehouse, S. shows me the U.S. Customs seals on the container doors—no way to open the doors without breaking the seal. Fat Bobby is a welder by trade. The next day, Saturday, he brings his torch to the warehouse and cuts the hinges holding the doors on the rear of the containers. We borrow a tow truck from a friend and winch the doors off the containers without breaking the Customs seal.

It takes us all weekend, working well into Sunday night, to remove all the cartons with the red straps and replace them with boxes of sand. The hardest part is finding paint on a Sunday to match the orange color of the containers so we can weld the doors back on and make it look as if they'd never been opened. The paint is still sticky by early Monday morning.

We have 10,000 pounds of hashish and

50 gallons of honey oil safely stored in a stash house out on Staten Island. There is still the Customs inspection to get through. If they find the remaining 5,000 pounds in the container at the docks or the sand in the containers we unloaded, we'll be nailed. But at least we'll have the income from the hash to provide for our families while we ride out the bust.

Monday I am asleep in my suite at the Chelsea when S. calls.

"Relax, bro. Sleep in and hug yourself. You're a rich motherfucker."

He goes on to say that first thing Monday morning they got a call from Customs. The agents were satisfied with their inspection; we can go ahead and break the seals on the containers in the yard and come down and pick up the rest of the shipment.

It is time for Dr. Lowell to check into the Plaza.

ULUPALAKUA, MAUI, HAWAII, JUNE 1982

I stir from a nightmare of being trapped in a crumbling, besieged city. When I open my eyes V. is asleep beside me. At the foot of the bed the curtains undulate in the morning breeze. There is no loud machine-gun fire, no bombs exploding. Ah, Maui. Not Beirut.

But then fear grips me. Will this be the day they find me and lock me in a cage? And the regret. Is this all there is? Wasn't I meant to do more with my life?

I am still wanted for skipping bail on a Maine bust, and there's no telling when this whole Lebanon deal could go wrong. One guy gets busted and he could rat everyone out to save his own ass.

No one in the world except the woman lying beside me knows where I am. Each day in paradise I busy myself coordinating the collection of millions of dollars of dope money and distributing it to the different partners—the Arabs in Beirut, the Jews in New York, the Mexicans in Texas—doing it all from afar, in the wind, blowing from pay phone to pay phone with only a sack full of quarters to keep me from blowing away.

At night V. and I smoke Hawaiian herb and make love. Some days we play on the beach. Not a bad life as long as I can keep myself anesthetized from the fear and nagging regret. V. has been managing the whole deal. She is the public face, traveling to Anchorage, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto. She picks up money and delivers it.

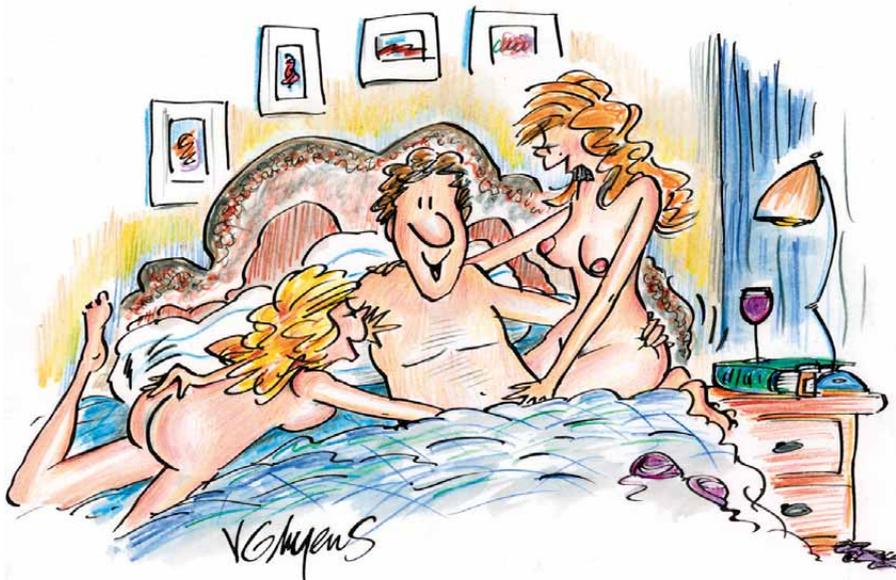
Lately, though, V. has begun to worry me. Her antidote for the craziness I brought into her life is cocaine and booze. On a recent trip to the mainland, when she stopped in Los Angeles to see her mother, she got a visit from a couple of deputy U.S. marshals with the fugitive unit asking about me. She handled them with the cool of someone used to living outside the law.

"Sure, I know him," she told them, "but I haven't seen him since he got popped in Maine."

A deputy marshal handed her his card: James Sullivan, out of the Boston office. He reminded her of the laws against harboring a fugitive.

"When do things get normal?" V. once asked me.

"What's normal?" I asked, though I



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knew what she wanted or what she thought she wanted: a home in her own name—her own name, for that matter—and a man who wasn't on the lam.

"There's no such thing as normal," I said. "Not for us." I told her what she already knew. "It's not going to happen with me. I run from normal. The house in the suburbs, the station wagon, shopping trips to the mall. All that depresses the shit out of me."

Some part of her wants normal, but I am unwilling or unable to quit. I'm hooked on the rush I get from beating the Man—that's my narcotic.

One night I leave V. at the house in Ulupalakua, fly to Honolulu and check into a hotel. I can feel the heat closing in. I want no one, not even V., to know where to find me.

At a bar in the hotel lobby I make a call from a pay phone to my answering service in New York and pick up a message to call the Captain in Texas. The Captain is one of the more clandestine characters in my life. He is Lebanese and a captain in the U.S. Army. He told me he was a member of Delta Force, as well as some supersecret subunit known as Army Support Intelligence Activity, or ASIA, made up of hand-picked individuals from different countries who were trained to become part of an elite black-ops antiterrorist team.

He is also the son of Abu Ali, the patron of Bekaa Valley hash growers and a rising force in the emerging Lebanese junk trade.

It was through Abu Ali and Mohammed

that I was introduced to the Captain. He is stationed at Fort Hood, midway between Austin and Waco. I met him at a restaurant in Austin, where he briefed me on his mission: He was determined to find an American smuggler who had ripped off his father.

"I found him," the Captain tells me when I reach him from Hawaii, pay phone to pay phone. "I spoke to him. He doesn't know it, but I have his address."

"Where is he?"

"Near Los Angeles. He says he will pay, but he wants to meet only with you."

"Why me?"

"He's afraid I'll kill him. He says he wants to meet with you, give you the money and let you deal with me, my father and Abu Nasif."

Abu Nasif, which means "father of Nasif" in Arabic, is Mohammed.

"I have a plan," the Captain continues. "While he is meeting with you to give you the money, I'm going to blow up his house, create a vacant lot." He laughs. "That will teach him a lesson."

We make plans to meet in Los Angeles. I say I'll call him with a location. That afternoon I leave for the mainland. I don't even question the Captain's proposal to blow up this dude's house. It seems like a good idea at the time. Normal.

The Captain and I are to meet in the lobby bar at the Sheraton Senator Hotel at LAX. I arrive two hours before the appointed time and sit in the mezzanine with a view

of the front doors, through which I know the Captain will enter. This is the level of my paranoia. He arrives on time, walks in carrying a bulky black leather briefcase. He is short, maybe five-seven, wiry, in great shape, with thick horn-rimmed glasses and dark hair. He looks more like an accountant than a highly trained warrior.

I keep an eye on the front doors to see if he has been followed. No shady-looking characters who may be agents come in after the Captain. Satisfied he is clean, I go down the escalator and walk over to where he is sitting. Since our last meeting I have grown a beard and dyed my hair. When I approach his table, he doesn't recognize me at first.

"Ah, Richard," he says and stands. We shake hands. "You look different."

"Let's take a walk. My car's out back."

He leaves a bill on the table and picks up his black bag. We start back through the lobby toward the rear doors. When we are in the middle of the lobby, near the front desk, I look over and see what looks like hotel employees vaulting over the counter. Bellmen are drawing weapons. Desk clerks are running toward us with guns pointed at our heads. It's as if the entire staff of the hotel is made up of agents. I freeze and raise my hands. But the Captain, a serious martial artist, drops his bag and goes into a karate stance.

"He's got a gun!" I hear someone yell, and I think, Oh shit. They're going to blow us away.

Dirty Duck[®] by Bobby London

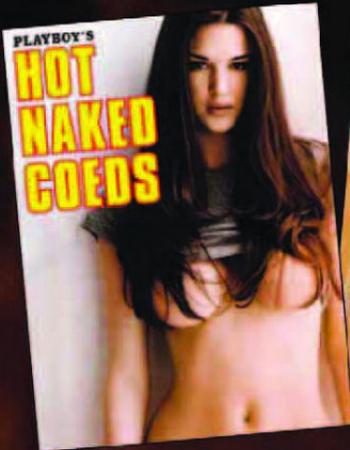




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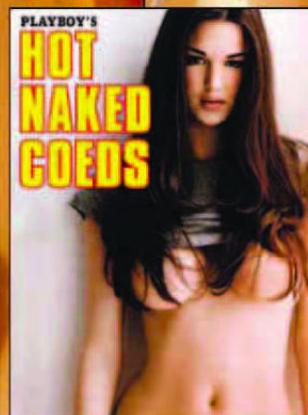
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"Take it easy!" I yell. "No guns!"

Three agents leap on the Captain and wrestle him to the floor. A stocky, well-built blond stands before me, flashing his badge.

"U.S. Marshals," he says. "You're under arrest."

They cuff me and take me to an LAPD satellite station at the airport and lock me in a small room. After about an hour the blond marshal comes in and introduces himself: James Sullivan, the deputy U.S. marshal with the fugitive unit who questioned V. at her mother's. Now I'm beginning to wonder if she set me up.

"You can call me Sully," he says. "I'm from Boston, like you. I've been tracking you for a long time now, pal, and I gotta tell ya, I'm sorry to see it end. You had a good run." He smiles. "Where's your girlfriend?"

"Who?"

He mentions V., but he doesn't say V. He uses her real name. "She's pretty cute. Smart kid. But I knew she was lying. I knew she knew where you were." He pauses and looks me over. "Who's the other guy?"

"What guy?"

"Your friend A." He uses the Captain's real name. "Fuckin' guy thinks he's Bruce Lee. He coulda got you both killed."

Sully sits down next to me. "You know what he had in that black bag?"

"What bag?"

"Plastic explosives," Sully says. "Rich, what's up? So now you're a terrorist?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"No? Let me tell you. Not only do we have you on the fugitive warrant for the Maine case, but you and your little pal there, Bruce Lee, are facing new charges: illegal possession and transportation of explosives. That can get you another 15 years."

I say nothing. Sully shrugs, stands and leaves me alone to wonder who set me up.

V.? No way. I haven't spoken to her since I left her in Maui. She had no way of knowing where I was meeting the Captain. Then I figure it has to be the Captain. He's the only person who knew where we were going to meet. But then why the karate and explosives? Maybe they have his phone tapped, but I'm sure we never discussed where we were to meet over his phone; we made plans pay phone to pay phone. The agents had to have known the location well in advance in order to position their people at the hotel as desk clerks and bellmen.

I am bewildered. Oddly relieved but totally perplexed.

About an hour later Sully returns.

"All right, Rich," he says, "now I really want to know who the fuck that guy was."

"I can't help you."

"Seriously, Rich. Off the record. One Irish guy from Beantown to another. Who was that masked man?"

"I'm not Irish."

"Fuckin' limey then. C'mon, tell me. I won't give it up."

"If I knew, I'd tell you."

"You're lying, but that's okay. You know where he is now? Your friend? The kung fu master?"

"No."

"Not here. He's gone."

"Gone?"

"Yup. As in, he left. Some brass from the DOD came down here and waltzed him out. Generals. Fuckin' scrambled eggs on their shoulders, know what I mean? Bigwigs. Just like that. They even took his little bag of tricks. No charges. Like it never happened. Like the guy doesn't exist."

I don't know what to say. "Sometimes the left hand doesn't know what the right hand is doing" is all I can come up with.

Sully laughs. "I'll say one thing for you, Rich. You've got big balls."

"Or," I say, "maybe I'm just crazy."

METROPOLITAN CORRECTIONAL CENTER, NEW YORK CITY

I get a crook's tour of our vast federal prison gulag as I am transported across the country. This is the real Con Air, known among convicts as diesel therapy. They truss me up in cuffs, leg irons and a device known as the black box—a hard plastic casement fitted over the handcuffs and linked to a belly chain that makes it impossible for me to move my hands. It takes three weeks, riding for hours on a slow-moving prison bus or on a desultory flight to some joint not necessarily on the way to where I am supposed to be going. Finally we arrive in New York.

There are jails—bad jails and not-as-bad jails—and then there is the Metropolitan Correctional Center in downtown Manhattan, otherwise known as the Criminal Hilton. Here is where the outlaw elite are summoned to face the almighty rule of the American criminal-justice system. It's a high-rise full of unregenerate dealers and squealers, crooked correctional officers, flimflam artists and white-collar crooks, bank robbers, IRA soldiers, international arms dealers and professional assassins. Spies, Mafia bosses, Colombian drug lords, rogue CIA agents, Wall Street cowboys, international confidence men, Black Panthers, Weathermen. Every player of any stature in the world of international crime eventually does a stint at MCC in New York.

At first I am intimidated by the joint, but after a few weeks I fit right in.

One night I'm awakened in the early hours when the graveyard-shift cop opens my cell door and installs someone in my cell. I go back to sleep. A few hours later I am awakened again, this time by agonizing groans coming from my new cell mate as he sits on the toilet a foot from my head, sweating, moaning, taking what appears to be the most painful crap of his life.

It turns out not to be shit at all but rather *shit*: a plastic cylinder filled with Sicilian heroin he had shoved up his ass. He tells me he was busted at JFK on an old warrant, and they never found the stash of junk in his rectum.

I'm stunned. Here we are in jail, sitting on a huge stash of quality junk. In the words of the great prison novelist Edward Bunker, possession of that tube of smack gives me and my new cellie the power of the gods. A tiny match head in each nostril, and I am ready for whatever the feds have in store for me.



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ALEC BALDWIN

(continued from page 32)

the minute I find out one is a lawyer, I'm like, "Check, please."

PLAYBOY: Compared with the controversial things you've said in the past, your words seem more measured now.

BALDWIN: I think it just doesn't help anybody. I've watched people go at it, like Rosie O'Donnell and Donald Trump. All the negativity in my ugly assessments of Harvey Levin or my ex-wife's divorce lawyers, all the negativity that has been in my life—I don't want that. Let's say there are 10 people I've had real tension and conflict with in the past. I never think about them anymore; none of them live in my life now. I did *The Marrying Man* with my ex-wife at Disney. A lot went wrong. Almost 20 years ago I did things I would do differently now. Yet 15 years later Michael Eisner called and asked me to do his interview show on CNBC, and he was a delight to talk to. Did I enjoy doing the movie when he ran Disney? No. I set that aside. Jeffrey Katzenberg ran the studio back then, and many of the frictions I had on *The Marrying Man* were with him. He called and said, "Would you come and do *Madagascar* with us?" I had a great time; he was an absolute gentleman. You've got to set those things aside.

PLAYBOY: When did you come to this realization?

BALDWIN: For me, everything changed when I turned 50.

PLAYBOY: How?

BALDWIN: Suddenly life is too short. *30 Rock* has spoiled me in terms of realizing there's nothing like having an audience for what you do. You realize you have plenty of time left but none to waste. And you don't want to do anything you don't want to do anymore.

PLAYBOY: What's the biggest downside of being 51? What do you miss about the guy who starred in *The Marrying Man* and *The Hunt for Red October*?

BALDWIN: About being younger? Having dark hair. When you get older, you *look* older, and there's nothing you can do.

PLAYBOY: At least you have plenty of hair, even if it's gray.

BALDWIN: I've got hair for five guys. That's one thing I am proud of. I don't miss much else. I still throw a football with people at work all the time. I play tennis. But now, at 51, boy, my arm hurts the next day. You don't recover as well, and you don't want to get hurt. I ski, but if visibility is low, I don't want to go out. I get a little scared. I don't have time to lie in bed and recover for four or six weeks from a broken back or collarbone. But I'll answer that question in a different context, in terms of what I went through in divorce. My only regret in life is that my daughter had to go through what she went through. I wonder how she'll feel years from now, how it will affect her relationships. That is one of the greatest tragedies of the system, the reason I wrote the book. The most important thing is what is in the best interest of the child, but the system treats parents like mules. They just beat you with this incessant metronome of what's best for your child. Who cares how

much you suffer or how much you spend financially or emotionally? It's not about you. That is a lie and a huge mistake. It should be that both parents deserve to have a life as well, with some dignity, decency and privacy, without the intrusion of these judges and lawyers, who are just the worst people you've met in your life.

PLAYBOY: Could even a perfect legal system mitigate the bitterness that obviously existed between you and your ex?

BALDWIN: They have to ignore the emotionalized part of it. Judges should sit down and say, "If either of you alienates the child from the other, I will give primary and sole custody to the other person. Don't do it." But they don't want to get in the way of the gamesmanship. Once one alienates the other, it's more lawyer fees. If you get divorced, if your wife keeps your kids from you, you're going to spend money to get them. The courts don't want to get in the way of that commerce. A woman walks in, takes all your behavior as a father, puts it in the blender with the lawyer and paints you as a bad father for the purposes of alienating your child. That has to change.

PLAYBOY: How did growing up with five siblings in the Long Island town of Massapequa shape you?

BALDWIN: You discover as years go by how much that determines who you become as a person. There are times I love living alone and other times I really miss a house filled with a big family. My dad was a teacher. He didn't have money, and his six kids had to entertain themselves. My friends had money, boats, country houses, finished basements with pool tables. We had none of that. So it was my brothers and I, playing football, baseball, softball in a field adjacent to a golf course near our house. We lived there. At home everybody told jokes, finding a way to be funny. That led to what we're all doing.

PLAYBOY: Were you surprised they followed you into acting?

BALDWIN: My brothers had been putting one another on and entertaining one another out of necessity since they were five years old. I realize ending up in this business was natural for them. I was formed in my home, with my family, living a very simple life. I'm not some bling kind of person, no private-jet guy with big gold-encrusted jewelry. I linger on this because when I think about what the average American is, I think of my dad—the average American who wakes up every morning, puts in the hours trying to hold on to his job and do it well. If I run for office, my goal is to recognize that government doesn't need to have lower taxes, a smaller budget. It'll be smaller than now because we are undergoing a correction. But government needs to spend money more responsibly. It's the only entity in this country authorized to stick its hand in your pocket and take your money, and if you don't pay, you go to jail. It's a disgrace, the way they just piss it away. Government needs to build roads, put satellites in the air, have bombs, ships and planes for the defense department, and schools. We need basically everything we have now. We just need to do it better. Let's say I want you to

build a highway. I'd have people come in from all around the world and explain how they built one in Germany, Italy or Riyadh, and I would turn to people in my country and say, "You've got six months to build the highway, and if you don't, you're fired." It becomes a reservoir a certain group of politically connected people drinks from. That has to stop.

PLAYBOY: How?

BALDWIN: Make everyone understand that when you steal on a government contract, it's almost like treason. If I were president, I would make defense fraud treason. I would make it a treasonous act to play on the security fears of the American people, to have them authorize the building of all these things to defend and protect us, and then have you steal money inside the life of that contract. I'd send you to prison for treason.

PLAYBOY: What about bailed-out companies like AIG cutting bonus checks?

BALDWIN: That's a complicated question I don't even think experts can answer now. People have contracts; it would be illegal to void them. These things were rushed by the former administration. What we need is an SEC that matters. The reason I think I would want to run for office and be good at it is, the way all this should be done is overwhelmingly obvious to me.

PLAYBOY: Explain.

BALDWIN: You want business, but you've got to stand up to business. If a company says, "Hey, you break our chops about exhaust, about our factories..." you turn to them and say, "Go. Leave. Because the jobs and tax base we'll lose are less than what it would cost to clean up your mess, what we'll pay later in hospitals for the people who get cancer from what you're going to do." I think our society is evolving that way now. This is the thing that excites me about Barack Obama: He gets that you'll pay now or later. Tell that corporation to drop dead, get out of your state and move someplace where they need jobs so bad they'll sell their souls for short-end money.

PLAYBOY: Every article written about you cites your decision to do *A Streetcar Named Desire* on Broadway—which cost you *Patriot Games*—as the reason you dropped off the superstar track. Would you do it differently now?

BALDWIN: I don't know if I'm so certain and self-assured about the choices I've made. Sometimes I think, What if I had done it their way? Where would it have led? You are asked to be a part of a system in which the bulk of the films you make will be forgettable but will give you an opportunity to do certain things creatively. I look at Tom Cruise, who made films that called for him to be young, fit and charming, and that appeal made him a star. When Tom wanted to give a real performance, he made *Magnolia*. It was like watching some alien that looked like Tom Cruise, because it was nothing you'd ever seen Tom do. That he was not given the Oscar that year for *Magnolia* was devastating to me. I thought he was breathtaking. Julia Roberts in *Erin Brockovich*—like Tom, she's beautiful, charming, smart, funny and winning, yet she plays a self-serving woman, a little

coarse and willing to go to considerable lengths to get her way. She won the Oscar. Could I have done that?

PLAYBOY: How might that system have worked for you?

BALDWIN: You can get into that rhythm of "I'll do one for them, one for me." I didn't do that. I wanted independence. I thought, You want me to do these movies, and they suck. Only later do you realize that if you do the one that sucks, you could do the one you wanted to do and have an audience for it. In spite of the reversals he has had over the past several years, the person who has done the most with that is Mel Gibson. He has made great films in all genres. Mel is everything you want in a movie star, but there's a layer underneath him. I don't know if the word is *danger* or *pathos*, but there's a complexity to Mel. *Apocalypto* is one of the most overwhelming, exhilarating but hideously violent films I've ever seen.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned to me after our first session that you had never made a truly great film. *The Departed* won an Oscar. You made *Glengarry Glen Ross*, *The Hunt for Red October*, *The Good Shepherd*, *Married to the Mob*. How can you say that?

BALDWIN: What I meant was, it's one thing to make a small contribution to a great film. The goal of a film actor is for your name to be above the title in a film that is a soaring commercial success or wins an Oscar. Not you, necessarily, but the film wins something significant.

PLAYBOY: Is that still your goal?

BALDWIN: I had to let go of that. Whatever dreams of glory I had, so to speak, I no longer have. I'm doing the TV show. When that is over, my eye is looking toward doing something else.

PLAYBOY: Won't TV momentum help your future in movies?

BALDWIN: I'll be too old by then.

PLAYBOY: Is there a performance you are most proud of?

BALDWIN: No. I don't have the feeling for anything I've done in movies that equals anything in the plays I've done. I liked them, but take every supporting role and throw it out the window. You just come in and play your scene. I remember being around Leo DiCaprio in *The Aviator* and thinking, God, how gifted this guy is, how he's taking advantage of his opportunities. I love to watch the young actor transition into the grown man on film. There was always something boyish and puckish about Johnny Depp, but I'll never forget watching *Sweeney Todd* and feeling profoundly impressed by his performance.

PLAYBOY: You say you have no regrets, but it sounds as if you wish you had trusted the system more.

BALDWIN: Yes, not that I should have but rather what might have resulted if I had? A lot depends on who sponsors you in that club. If you're a young De Niro and you forge into a unit with Martin Scorsese or Woody Allen and the company of actors that included his former wife, or Leo with Scorsese—I didn't have that. It's like they're asking you to walk down a dark alley. If it's the right people, a door at the end leads

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to a fabulous wonderland. But the people who asked me to come down the alleyway? I was like, "Eh...let me get back to you."

PLAYBOY: Should you have gone down the alleyway anyway?

BALDWIN: From time to time I wonder. Maybe I say this to myself just to medicate whatever anxiety I have, but had it worked out, I might have been seduced into doing that the rest of my life. I do not want to do this for the rest of my life. There are other things I want to do. I do what I do on a case-by-case basis, and I see that this is going to end, probably very soon.

PLAYBOY: By your choice?

BALDWIN: It doesn't really matter. More my choice, since I want to do other things. This is the jail with golden bars, but it would be so horrible for me to read this article and not have said there is a lot of wonderful in this business, a lot I'm going to miss. God knows, to walk away will be hard, but I'm trying to have the discipline to understand that I want to have other experiences. Maybe a private life.

PLAYBOY: Is that realistic?

BALDWIN: I have this silly fantasy. I get married again, I have a kid. I'd love another shot at that, with everything I've learned. My kid's like eight, comes home and says, "Dad, Jimmy's mom says you were a famous actor on TV and in the movies. Is that true?" And I go, "Yes, Johnny, Dad was famous." I whip out my scrapbooks and my DVDs and say, "Believe it or not, that's your dad." And my kid's like, "You used to be on TV and everything? And now you stay home and just clean the house all day while Mom works?" "That's right, son." It's a dream, that the kid doesn't know anything about that part of my life. Our normal life is uncontaminated by it.

PLAYBOY: How long are you committed to *30 Rock*?

BALDWIN: I've got three more years to go.

PLAYBOY: Will you run for office?

BALDWIN: I'll put it this way. The desire is there; that's one component. The other component is opportunity. A law firm in a liberal Democratic bastion in Ohio state politics sent me a binder with a cover letter that read, "Mr. Baldwin, here's who we represent, the kinds of cases we handle, our credentials in Ohio state politics. We want you to move to Ohio and run for governor. We will launch your career."

PLAYBOY: Could you live in Ohio?

BALDWIN: I have sometimes thought I could move to New Jersey or Connecticut and run. I'd love to run against Joe Lieberman. I have no use for him. But it's all fantasy. I'm a carry-me-out-in-a-box New Yorker. Here, anything can happen. Who thought Eliot Spitzer would go down the way he did? Senator Hillary Clinton left to serve as secretary of state. Two of the biggest forces gone. Maybe Andrew Cuomo will run for one of their old seats. How much longer will Chuck Schumer stay as senator? After 2013 Bloomberg will be gone. What happens then? Do I run for Congress on Long Island? What's Tim Bishop going to do? He represents my district. People get sick, die. They're offered lucrative deals and want to cash in and make money for their retirement. People misstep. Unfortunately, an opportunity for me may mean bad things for someone else. I don't wish that.

PLAYBOY: How does all this factor into your career?

BALDWIN: I'm done in 2012. In March 2012 I'll wake up and say, "What am I going to do now? Am I done?" I think I will be done. I may finish a play or something, but I'm retiring at the wrap party.



"You're doing great, Cheryl Ann, but that's the stick shift you've got in your mouth."

JUDD APATOW

(continued from page 98)

depict a lot of immature behavior, but it's usually to point out how wrong it is and show somebody on a path to finding a better way.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Abortion is dismissed in *Knocked Up*. In fact, the word isn't even spoken. It's called "smushmortion." Is it safe to assume you're pro-life, or anti-smushmortion?

APATOW: If Katherine Heigl's character had an abortion, the movie would have been only 11 minutes long, so that wasn't an option for us. What interested me was making a movie about two people who don't know each other well but decide the right thing to do in their situation is to get to know each other, just to see if a relationship can form. The baby is coming, and if nothing else, they can tell their child someday that at least they tried. That was a more interesting premise to me than anything having to do with pro-life or pro-choice.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You brought along your nine-year-old daughter, Maude, to record the DVD commentary on *Superbad*. Is it fair to say your daughters are pretty much corrupted?

APATOW: My kids haven't seen any of my movies except *You Don't Mess With the Zohan* and *Heavyweights*. Maude is 11 now, so I probably live in a fantasyland where I still believe she hasn't snuck behind my back and watched them herself at two in the morning on her computer. That may be why she's not begging me to see them. If she were smart, she'd beg a little more just to make it look as if she hasn't seen them already.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You co-wrote and directed *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*. How did you lose your virginity?

APATOW: When I lost my virginity, I said to the girl, "Hey, was it good for you, too?" And she said, "Well, I guess it'll get better eventually." Sadly, she wasn't right. It wasn't better for her or any of the women who subsequently agreed to sleep with me.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Has success mellowed you, or do you still have the fierce ambition of a young filmmaker with something to prove?

APATOW: I know what it feels like to have your movie bomb even though you think it's really good. I know what it's like to have your movie bomb when you know it's not very good. I know what it's like to succeed with a movie you're proud of. I know what it's like to succeed with a movie even *you* don't think is very good. I've been through all the permutations. After everything that has happened to me, I feel I can relax and take a deep breath. But as I get older, I realize nothing has really changed. The second I finish a movie, I always want to occupy my head with a new problem, a new project. If I were truly mature, I probably wouldn't feel the obsessive need to keep making more and more movies. I would just smell a leaf for a few years and be satisfied.



G SPOT

(continued from page 78)

notes, but at the time "it would have been as unthinkable for a Victorian to advocate the active use of the vagina before marriage as it was to advocate the continuation of masturbation after marriage." The clit doesn't atrophy after a woman begins to have mature vaginal sex, Freud wrote; its function becomes to transmit "the excitation to the adjacent female sexual parts just as pine shavings can be kindled in order to set a log of harder wood on fire."

Rather than Freud, Perry says, Alfred Kinsey is responsible for the notion of distinct innie and outie orgasms because he so adamantly dismissed the vaginal variety. He based his belief in a single sexual trigger on the fact that it exists in men, i.e., the penis. But Perry notes there is no scientific basis for that conclusion, especially since it's clear men can also reach climax through prostate stimulation. To validate his view, Kinsey set up an experiment in which three male and two female gynecologists touched more than 800 women at 16 points, including the clit, labia, vagina and cervix, with the equivalent of a cotton swab. Triumphant, Kinsey reported that while almost all the women felt the light touch to their clits, only 14 percent felt it inside their vaginas. He concluded that it was "impossible" for the vagina to be "a center of sensory stimulation." Some see evidence in the way women masturbate: Kinsey found that of those he surveyed 84 percent said they manipulated their clits and labia minora, and less than 20 percent inserted a finger or an object and even then usually stimulated their clit at the same time. In other words, women may be fantasizing about intercourse, but they aren't trying to re-create it.

Despite Kinsey's confidence in his methods, Perry notes that a swab doesn't feel much like a thrusting erection or a finger, and there is no evidence that light touching of any area tells you much about a person's sexual response. In addition, Kinsey found that 91 percent of the women could feel pressure applied to the vaginal wall. So rather than proving vaginal orgasm a "biologic impossibility," Perry says, Kinsey showed the opposite. Nevertheless, after the publication of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, psychologists began repeating their single-locus mantra to female patients. In the 1960s Masters and Johnson declared

the vagina had only two functions: to serve as a place to stimulate an erection to orgasm and as a place to deposit semen. Helen Singer Kaplan, another prominent sexologist, said, "Probably most women are not intended to have orgasm during intercourse." Yet no one could explain why so many women, including thousands of those interviewed by Kinsey and his researchers, had such good things to say about the vagina. Kinsey concocted a few hypotheses to explain pleasure from penetration, including the "psychological satisfaction" of the act (reflected years later in a comment by sex researcher Shere Hite that clitoral orgasms are "real" while vaginal ones are "emotional"), the grinding of their partner's pelvis when he doesn't use his arms to support himself (promoted decades later as the "coital-alignment technique") or indirect stimulation of the clit

said, lived on the "threshold of frigidity." Kim Wallen, a professor of behavioral neuroendocrinology at Emory University who has verified Bonaparte's math and hopes to repeat her experiment, sums up the findings thus: "If the distance is less than the width of your thumb, you are likely to come." If true, the maxim raises an intriguing question: Are many, most or all women who regularly climax during penetration simply those whose clits are nearest the thrusting penis? Is the G-spot a pink herring?

NONBELIEVERS

Whatever the science, the G-spot has infiltrated the popular culture to such an extent few men or women seem to doubt its existence; the sex-toy shop Babeland.com stocks 65 styles of vibrators and dildos designed to reach the area. So in August 2001, when Terence Hines, a professor of psychology at Pace University and an adjunct professor of neurology at New York Medical College, portrayed the spot as fanciful, echoing criticism heard in 1982 after the release of *The G Spot*, he found a target drawn on his groin. A dedicated skeptic (his book *Pseudoscience and the Paranormal* is in its second edition, and he's a research fellow with a group that debunks alternative medical therapies), Hines speaks about the G-spot with the glee of a man who enjoys a good pissing match. When a student in an introductory physiology course asked about it during a discussion of human sexuality, Hines assumed its existence had been proved. But when he reviewed the medical literature, he was underwhelmed. In a scathing commentary published on August 28, 2001 in the *American Journal of Obstetrics and Gynecology*, Hines said he could find only two clinical studies, neither close to convincing. A 1981 case study by Belzer, Perry, Whipple and others involved a woman who experienced "deeper" orgasms and whose anterior vaginal wall appeared to grow about 50 percent during arousal. A 1983 review by Whipple and five colleagues involved gynecologists who first underwent three hours of training before being asked to determine if any of 11 women had a G-spot (four did). Besides the fact the subjects knew what researchers were looking for, which certainly introduced bias, writes Hines, "it is astonishing that the examination of only 12 women, of whom only five 'had' G-spots, form the basis for the claim that this anatomic structure exists."

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when it is tugged by the movement of the muscles in the vagina and pelvic floor. There's another factor Kinsey didn't consider. In 1924, in a French medical journal, an amateur sexologist named Marie Bonaparte (a great-grandniece of Napoleon) reported the results of her examination of 243 women recruited through doctor friends. She interviewed each patient about her sexual response, then measured the distance from the woman's vagina (more precisely, her urethral opening) to her clitoris. Bonaparte found that the 21 percent of her sample who had the most space—as much as two inches—reported the least frequent orgasms from intercourse. The 69 percent who had less than an inch said they nearly always came from penetration. The 10 percent who had precisely an inch, Bonaparte

In his coup de grâce, Hines concludes that without more definitive research, “the G-spot will remain a sort of gynecological UFO.” That catchy phrasing immediately generated buzz, including invitations from women who offered to show Hines their spots firsthand, but the 9/11 attacks pushed the debate out of the news. Hines says he’s surprised no one in the eight years since has answered his challenge, which Clara Peller might have presented as, Where’s the nerves? While Gräfenberg mentions nerves inside the anterior wall of the vagina, he cites another study, which Hines says offers no source and mentions it only in the course of dismissing the idea the vagina has nerves. Hines says he had hoped his commentary would be an introduction to definitive research he would conduct himself; he planned to dissect the front vaginal wall of a number of female cadavers (tricky but not impossible, he says) and use medical staining to search for nerve bundles. However, he says the Catholic officials who run the New York Medical College refused to allow it.

Have any studies since 2001 given him pause? A handful have been intriguing, he says. For instance, the title of a 2006 *Journal of Sexual Medicine* report—“Prospective Study Examining the Anatomic Distribution of Nerve Density in the Human Vagina”—suggested to Hines that the histological research he longed to see had been completed. “Alas, no,” he says. “The subjects were surgical patients, and the tissue was biopsy samples, not the entire anterior vaginal wall. In fact, the authors write, ‘We did not document a corresponding increase in innervation in the anterior vagina. However, we do not claim this is proof the G-spot does not exist.’ That’s the correct conclusion but also offers support for my position.”

Two years later Hines dog-eared another study in the same journal. A team led by Dr. Emmanuele Jannini, a professor of experi-

mental medicine at the University of L’Aquila in Italy, took high-definition ultrasound images of the genitalia of 20 volunteers. He found the nine women who said they had G-spot orgasms had slightly thicker tissue (by about two millimeters) along the upper wall between the vagina and urethra than the clitoral-orgasm group did. Although his study was small, Jannini nevertheless claims he has proven some women don’t have G-spots. But Hines isn’t sure how Jannini can be so certain, given that he defines the G-spot as “the human clitoris-urethrovaginal complex.” This, Hines notes, “extends the size of the zone quite a bit—why not just say it’s the entire vagina? What I think is going on here is that if the vaginal tissue is thicker, the vaginal space is smaller. In other words, the woman is tighter—and everyone has a better time regardless of the relative number of neurons.” Other factors could also be at play in whether a woman responds to vaginal stimulation, including the size of her clitoris, her state of arousal and the strength of the hammock-like pubococcygeus muscle, which has a direct line to the sexual center of the brain via the pudendal and pelvic nerves.

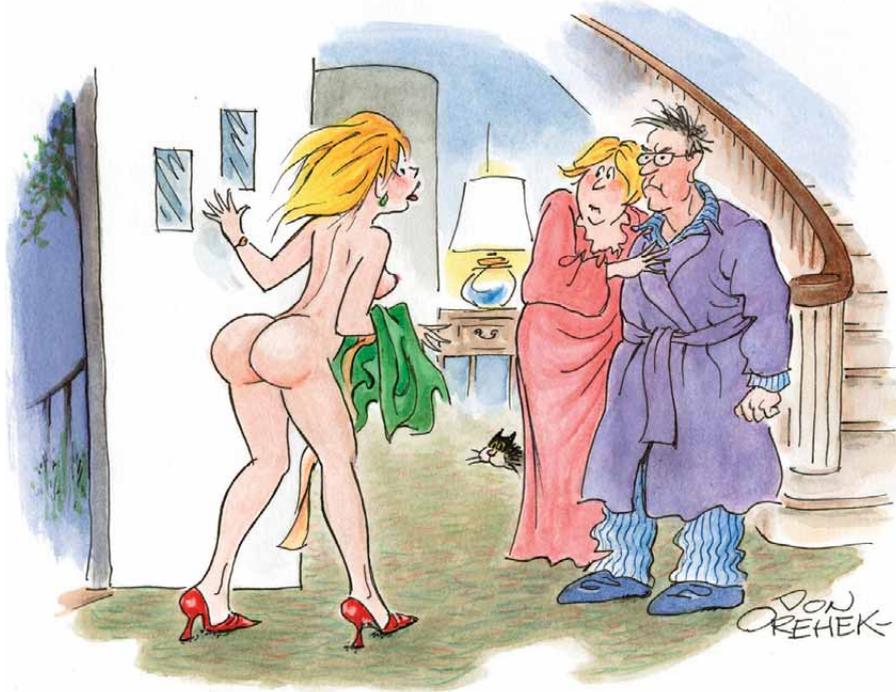
Along with many feminist writers, Hines says his criticism comes out of a concern that the notion of a hypersensitive area sets women up for failure. “Women who don’t respond to stimulation, as the G-spot myth suggests they should, may end up feeling inadequate or abnormal,” he writes. Ed Belzer has had the same reservations. “I was speaking years ago to a couple about sex therapy,” he says, “and when the husband brought up the G-spot the wife chimed in, ‘I don’t want to hear about this. It took me long enough to accept myself without having another hurdle to get across.’ We’ve always been sensitive about that; it’s not an athletic achievement.” For many, the “discovery” of the G-spot only ratcheted up what

JoAnn Loulan describes in *Lesbian Sex* as “the tyranny of orgasm”—women are expected, like men, to be satisfied only if they reach the “goal” of climax.

Naturally, every prominent G-spot researcher took issue with Hines’s conclusions. Whipple and Perry could barely contain themselves, noting the critic had cited only 24 of more than 250 studies on the matter before dropping this anvil on his head: “By saying the G-spot is a myth, Hines has now contributed to denying women’s sexual response and pleasurable experiences.” Dr. Jules Black, a prominent obstetrician in Australia, wrote Hines personally: “If the phenomenon cannot yet be explained to the nth degree physiologically, anatomically, biochemically, histologically, histochemically, etc., so what? There are many bodily functions where the pathways from cause to effect aren’t fully worked out. For years I have been telling Beverly Whipple to get some of her proven research subjects to will their vaginas to science so that we can reverse engineer them.”

Some have tried. In *The Human Female Prostate*, a summary of 150 vaginal dissections he has conducted, pathologist Milan Zaviacic of Comenius University in Bratislava, Slovakia says he found about 70 percent of women have ramp-shaped meatus prostates, with the thickest part of the tissue located near the urethra. Further, he counted as many as 31 microscopic ducts emptying into the urethra, most in the front third. Next, there’s the 15 percent of women with posterior prostates, in which the thickest part is located closest to the bladder. Seven percent of women have a middle prostate distributed along the length of the urethra but with a smaller concentration in the middle, like a dumbbell. The final type, the rudimentary prostate, found in about eight percent of women, has few glands and ducts. Why is this important? Because, Zaviacic writes, “the main part of the female prostate tissue does not correspond with the topological placement of the G-spot.” That may explain, says Deborah Sundahl, author of *Female Ejaculation and the G-Spot*, why some women have trouble finding the zone. “They are looking too far back in the vagina and missing the location of the most common meatus prostate, which is just inside the vagina, near the urethra, or not far back enough, which is where the posterior prostate can best be felt,” she writes. This variability is one reason many researchers reject the term *female prostate*—the male prostate has a highly defined size, shape and location; the female version is apparently a vagabond shape-shifter.

If a G-spot can’t be found, does it exist? In a 2002 study, Jannini at the University of L’Aquila reported dissections of the pelvic regions of 14 female cadavers had revealed two women who did not have erectile tissue along the front inner wall of their vagina and five who did not have paraurethral glands (sometimes called the Skene’s glands, after a doctor who described them in 1880 but believed them to be inactive), which may account for female ejaculation. Three years later anatomist Dr. Helen O’Connell proposed that the G-spot may never be found because it’s not a separate structure that can be identified through dissections or scans. Instead, it’s part of two erectile bulbs that extend from a highly sensitive external nub



“Well, I’m home before 11....”

into the body, where they wrap around the urethra and vagina (see “The Deep Secrets of Her Clitoris and Yours,” page 78). The G-spot, she suggests, is the unseen clitoris.

HONEYPOT

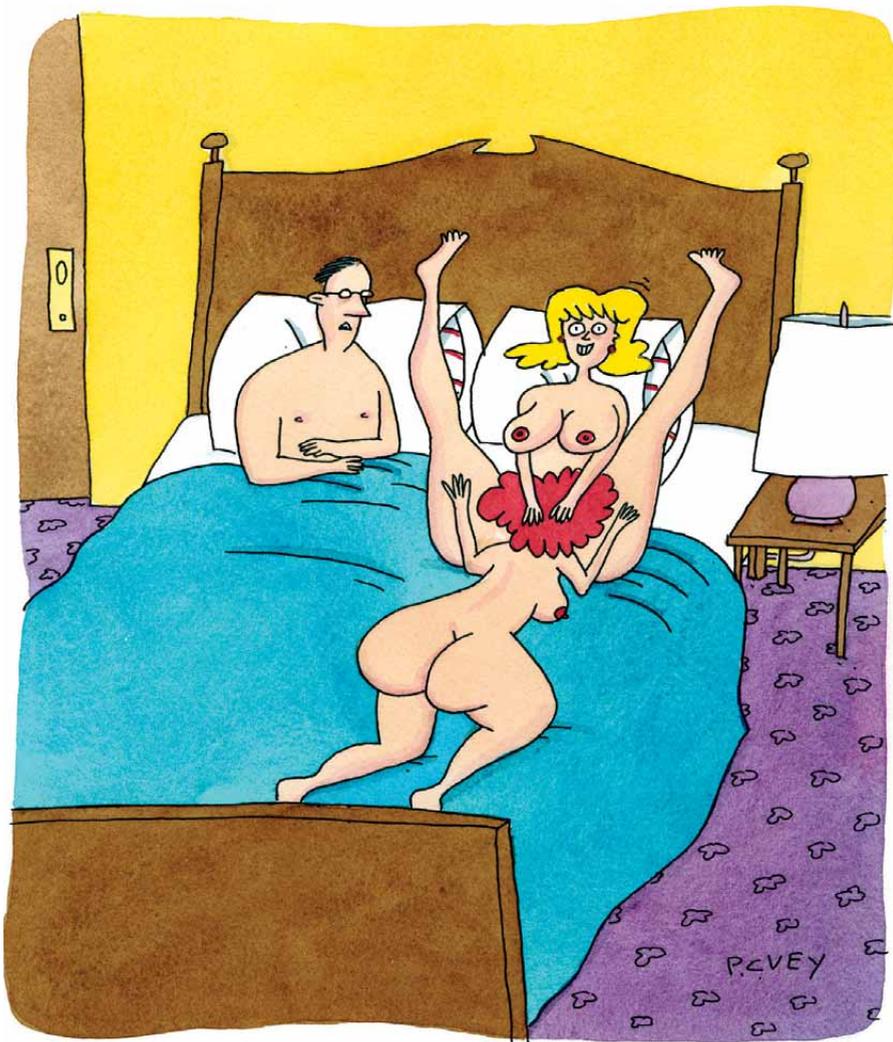
Like the G-spot, the phenomenon of female ejaculation has had its doubters. Although descriptions of women emitting fluids as they climax date to at least the fourth century, Alfred Kinsey, whose opinions held great weight following the 1948 publication of *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, wasn't buying it, arguing that any expulsion was surely just lubrication from the vaginal walls pushed out, sometimes at great force, by orgasmic contractions. William Masters reached the same conclusion. Despite the praise he offered for Josephine Sevely's research (“the lady certainly has done her homework”), he and Virginia Johnson derided the idea of female ejaculation as “erroneous.” John Perry recalls that the woman who first piqued his and Whipple's curiosity had years earlier sought out Masters, who dismissed the sugary fluid she emitted as a sign she was “prediabetic.” The famed researcher had a chance to stake his claim on the G-spot, Perry says, “had he not assumed unusual symptoms were inherently pathological.”

The woman had been introduced to Whipple and Perry in 1979 by her doctor; she agreed to demonstrate in a lab with the assistance of her husband, who used his fingers to massage her anterior vaginal wall. (This would become the 1981 case study cited by Terence Hines.) With her urethra under a bright light, and while being filmed, the woman came and ejaculated three times in less than five minutes, creating wet spots anywhere from a centimeter to more than three feet away. The team later collected four samples by pressing a drinking glass against her taint. A biochemical analysis showed the liquid contained more tartrate-inhibited acid phosphatase (thought to be prostatic) and glucose and less urea and creatinine than urine. Subsequent studies of female ejaculate would identify prostate-specific antigens (PSA), which are also produced by the male prostate. Whipple and Perry say the volume of clear or milky-white fluid typically fills no more than a quarter teaspoon; there is no “gushing” as described in ancient erotica and by Gräfenberg or seen in modern porn. They explain the discrepancy by noting that people are prone to exaggerate, such as happens with self-reports of menstrual blood (in reality it's usually about four tablespoons) and semen (about one teaspoon). Yet many women insist they soak the sheets; the females of more than one “primitive” African tribe have been said to spray the walls. Gary Schubach devoted his doctoral research at the Institute for Advanced Study of Human Sexuality in San Francisco to figuring out why some women may at best squirt their partner in the eye while others waterboard them. Each of seven volunteers masturbated in a lab until they were near orgasm. Schubach then inserted a catheter and drained each woman's bladder, keeping the device in place to isolate the fluid originating there at orgasm. Then each woman continued to masturbate until she climaxed and ejaculated, an exercise in concentration that any man who has awoken from surgery with a tube sticking out of his penis can appreciate.

Schubach and his colleagues observed about 95 percent of the fluid at climax came from the catheter, even though the bladder had been drained only minutes before. And this was a gush by any standard: from a half liter to a liter of fluid. Although analysis showed the liquid had been “de-uritized” (it contained only 25 percent of the urea in pee), Schubach hypothesized that it must have come from the walls of the bladder and new kidney production. The other five percent of the fluid, “in some women and at some times,” likely came from the paraurethral glands.

When Perry read Schubach's study in 1997, he admits, it made him rethink his position that women who “gush” something other than urine exist only in the erotic imagination. He wondered if the fluid might be similar to “beer piss”—the diluted urine produced on the fly when you are emotionally or physically aroused (such as while watching a big game, hitting on a woman at a bar or having sex) and find you have an immediate urge to pee. The debate comes down to this: Is anything that passes through the bladder by definition urine? Whipple says yes, that only expulsions from the paraurethral glands are female ejaculate—since it's nearly impossible for men to urinate and ejaculate at the same time, why

shouldn't that also be the case for women? Schubach—and now Perry—says the ejaculate comes sometimes from the urethra, sometimes from the bladder, and sometimes it's a mixture. It may be that every woman ejaculates but the fluid usually flows back into the bladder. (One study found PSA levels in female urine to be higher after orgasm than before.) Whatever the case, why would this evolve? Is ejaculation designed to keep the flow moving outward to prevent urinary or bladder infections? Is it produced as “washback” (seen in other mammals) to flush out excess sperm or sperm deposited by an earlier suitor? Perhaps men deserve some credit for its evolutionary survival: If you mate with a female who gets so aroused when you do her doggy style that she spurts all of a rival's future offspring into the dirt, you'll be damn sure to find others like her. Some scientists suggest this is why semen has gotten thicker over the eons; it's harder to wash away. More food for thought: The fructose in female ejaculate happens to be sperm's favorite meal. Perhaps ejaculate gives them a boost, like race officials handing Gatorade to marathon runners. At the finish line waits the next generation of ejaculators.



“Well...if you won't blow me, can your girlfriend blow me?”

RAGING BULLS

(continued from page 36)

the tax shelter operators he knew and offered to accompany him on his trip. What a guy.

The trip was productive, and Jason was eager to get back to Buenos Aires. José said that since they were already in Uruguay they should spend an afternoon in Punta del Este, a well-known resort town a mere hour-and-a-half drive—along the completely barren coastline—from Montevideo. They lunched at the famous Parador La Huella. Jason got up to use the bathroom. After lunch he suggested they hit the road. José asked him if he was feeling all right. When Jason said he wasn't, José said it was probably best to head home. Twenty minutes out of town

Jason asked José to stop the car. He was feeling queasy and his legs were numb. As soon as he got out of the car he fell to his knees and began vomiting. José drove off. Jason could not believe his eyes.

It was dark and cold, and he was alone. He thought he was going to die. He crawled two miles to a bus station. After five buses passed, a driver took pity on him and allowed him to ride for free. The driver radioed ahead to a hospital that he had a sick passenger. At the hospital Jason realized he had no money. He remembers a nurse had to get someone who spoke English. "You're in Uruguay," they told him. "Medical care is free." Diagnosis: He had been poisoned.

Two days later Jason finally made it back to the Palermo neighborhood in Buenos Aires. At José's apartment the police found

Jason's stuff, except his computer, which was all that mattered (though the police reports did make fine souvenirs).

A couple of days later Jason was still feeling like hell. Jordan came into his room: "Guess what, man." He told him Bank of America had acquired Merrill Lynch. Not long after, Lehman Brothers went under. The finance industry was crumbling; the demise was stunning in its breadth and immediacy.

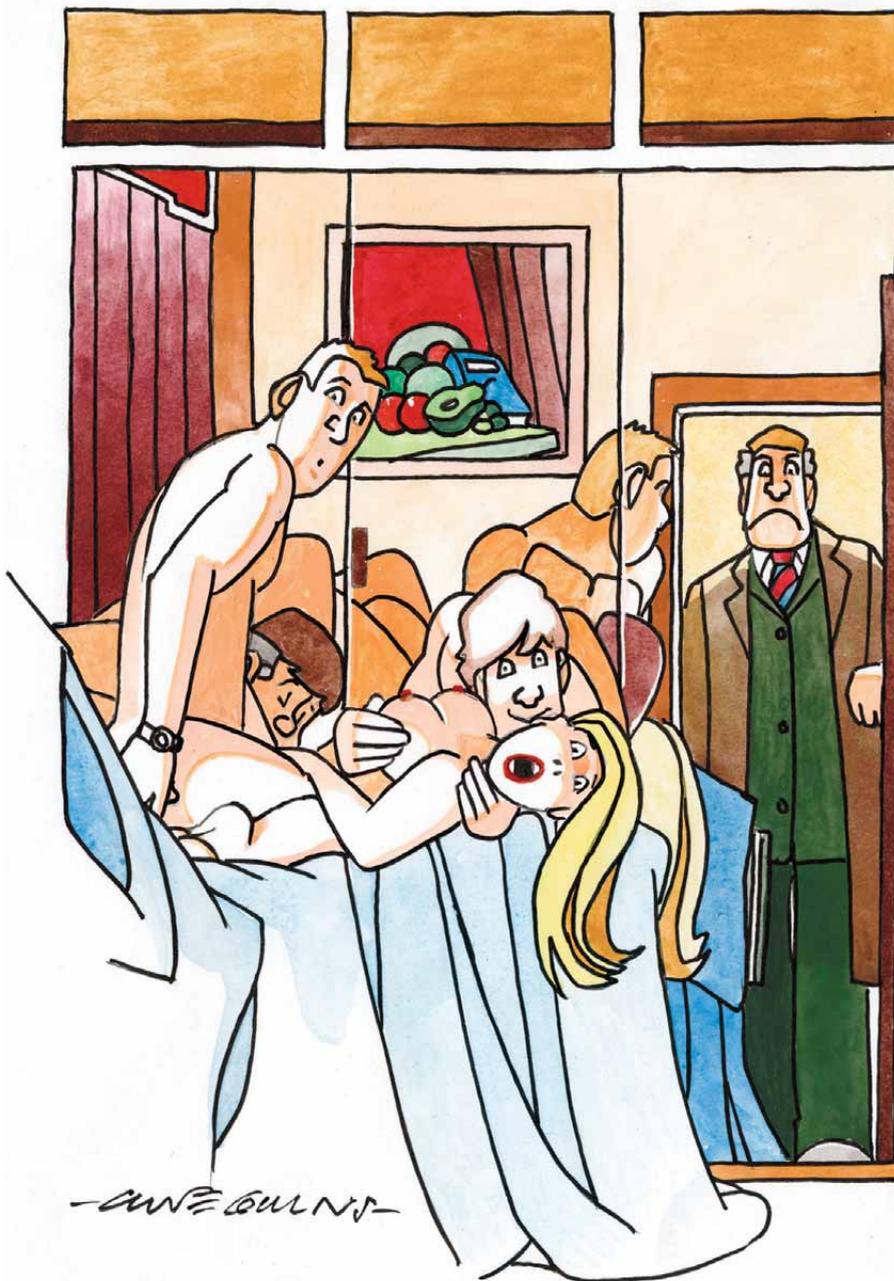
According to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, between January 2008 and April 2009 some 276,000 Americans with jobs in the finance industry were handed their walking papers. Jason and Jordan started to get phone calls from their banker buddies in the States. Many of them were headed for Buenos Aires.

After being poisoned and left for dead, Jason gave up trying to put together deals in Buenos Aires. Building a bridge back to Wall Street wasn't happening.

On October 21 Argentina's leftist government nationalized the \$30 billion private pension system. The stated purpose was to protect investors from losses resulting from the global market turmoil. Another effect was that trying to raise foreign capital, even for a tourism venture, became pointless; no one wants to invest in a country that recently nationalized \$30 billion in private investments. Besides, tourism was sure to go down, because social upheaval and violence would likely ensue.

Meanwhile Jason started going out more—what the hell else was there to do? He spotted more and more bankers everywhere he went. He went to Crobar in Palermo Chico, next to the Rose Garden park where he used to jog in the halcyon days of winter (summer in New York). While waiting to get in—the nightclubs open at two A.M.—he noticed a group of about seven guys, in blazers and expensive loafers, whose eyes seemed to be popping out of their heads. They wanted help getting into the club and explained that they were from New York, worked in finance and had moved to Buenos Aires for a couple of months. At Bahrein, a club in Centro, Jason encountered another pack of blazers, who were waving money at the doorman, trying to jump the line. He had a good chuckle later that night when he saw them invite two very convincing transsexuals to join them at their table. Another night, at Rumi, he was at a table with a couple of friends and a bunch of hot girls. Four American-looking dudes started hovering, trying to mack on their women. Jason had to break up a fight between his friends and one of the dudes, a blond guy in a blazer and V-neck T-shirt. Jason is six-five. The guy explained to him that it was all good; he was also from New York and had "voluntarily" left his job at Lazard. Then the guy offered Jason some coke he had bought from the taxi driver on the way over.

"There's a Banker" became a game Jason played with his friends. The expat bankers weren't difficult to spot: "You see



"Please, Brad...it's not what it looks like...!"

these kids in their sports jackets. Their jaws are clenched tight. They're in a fucking club where there's amazing techno music. They don't even know what the hell it is. They're wearing fucking sports jackets, and they just look like idiots. They're fucking sitting there with their eyes popping out of their heads, and they're shit-faced drunk. Girls are like, 'What the fuck are these...?' You know? They don't party like that down here."

During his time in Buenos Aires Jason met only one local drug dealer. His name is Marcello. "There are more gringos in my city every day," says Marcello in a brief interview in Palermo Soho. He has a shaved head and a sleeve of tattoos on his left arm. He speaks from the saddle of his motorcycle. "I don't particularly deal with them every day, but I have told my employees to target them in the clubs. As far as bankers go I have been to many parties where American bankers have been. They all buy coke from me and blow it immediately. That's the American way—consume, consume. They don't respect the drug the way Argentines do. We use it when we are tired and want to keep dancing. These guys do a gram in an hour, and it's not even 12 A.M. yet. For me it's good because I always have more to sell to them."

Marcello says his guys find most of their gringos at Crobar, Pacha and Jet on the weekends. "Expats are always at tables and spend a lot of money on drinks and are bad dancers and always too drunk. So it is easy for my guys to find them. They just go up to the tables, find the biggest gringo and ask him if he wants ecstasy, coke, MDA or ketamine." Gringos are mostly into coke, with ecstasy a distant second, Marcello says. He sells his goods by the gram: 50 pesos for local customers and up to 120 pesos for gringos.

"The gringos all ask me if I am a real drug dealer," he says. "I don't tell them, but I ask them what they do. They say they are some big banker from London or New York, and I tell them that I am too. They like me better, and then I sell them more coke."

In early December, at a holiday party at his friend Nell Hutchins's place, Jason was forced to confront the extreme bias he had developed against his fellow ex-bankers. Nell, a 27-year-old New Yorker, said that in her nine months in B.A. four of the seven guys she went on dates with turned out to be bankers. Half the guests at the party seemed to be unemployed finance guys. Until then Jason had avoided any serious conversation with other bankers he'd encountered because he associated them with the system that had chewed him up and spit him out. But at this intimate gathering conversation could not be avoided. He was surprised at how comforting it was to talk to people who were going through the same career and identity crises. The industry they had all fought so hard to be a part of, that had in a way defined their generation and that they'd assumed would fund their futures lavishly, was simply

gone. What next? More than ever Jason appreciated the sharp intellect and aggressive attitudes of his counterparts, in particular a guy named Mat Levine. Mat also wore white loafers.

Like so many young bucks in the finance world, Mat, 27, is big, brash and physically fit—he was the leading scorer three years running on the Emory University soccer team. He is a fiend for action. When the credit markets first began to freeze up, in December 2007, he grew dissatisfied with the returns he was getting on his 12-hour days at Sandalwood Securities, a New Jersey-based hedge fund. He found himself sitting on his hands with a six-figure savings account smoldering under his Herman Miller office chair. After a full year of traveling the world he arrived in Buenos Aires earlier that month and rented an apartment in Palermo Hollywood. It had a doorman, a beautiful pool, a double balcony, a massive bedroom with views of the city, a huge open kitchen, a huge living room and three flat-screen TVs. He says it was the sort of place that would have cost \$10,000 a month in Manhattan; it cost \$1,800 a month in Buenos Aires.

For Mat, there would be no afternoons spent lounging in the Plaza de Mayo, gazing up at Casa Rosada, where Eva Perón rallied the masses, no lazy Sundays perusing the many booths at the antiques market in San Telmo, no midnight gawking at the *milongas*, the outdoor neighborhood parties where locals dance the tango. *¡Que auténtico!* Screw that shit. Here's how Mat describes his life in Argentina: "My average day was waking up at, let's say two—maybe three but let's say two—and going to lunch, which consisted of going to a nice restaurant and having a big steak. Then I would get back to my place at, say, four, 4:30 and spend the afternoon at the pool. I would maybe go for a short walk or most likely have some friend over to the pool. And then I would meet up with friends at, like, 10ish to go to dinner, and you go to another one of the top restaurants. Dinner ends at midnight or one. Then you go to a bar for an hour, maybe two. Then you go to a nightclub. Usually the clubs start to empty out around six or seven in the morning."

Jason fell into the routine. He found himself dining at one of the most expensive Argentine steakhouses, even though he couldn't afford it, and then hitting the clubs. Suddenly his cell phone was crammed with the numbers of expats. He was going out five nights a week. He differentiated himself from the posse by venturing out from the VIP section to join the masses in back-and-forth hip-swivel dancing, which expats commonly refer to as the washing machine. Also, his banker gear was long gone, save for the white Ferragamos. The new uniform was tight Rock & Republic jeans and colorful long-sleeve T-shirts of local design, topped with floppy, flaxen locks. He did, however, take up the banker-mentality competition for who could consistently bring home the hottest babes. At last count Jason was somewhere in the neighborhood of 20 girls.

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Mat and his crew—which included two Aussie i-bankers, Duncan and Dan—took the games to a new level with the “Olympics,” which involved various Herculean feats with girls at bars: remove an item of her clothing in a bar; make out with a girl without uttering a word, in a bar. Others, who shall remain nameless, assumed superhero identities: Batman would point a flashlight at a lucky lady, illuminating her shadow against the wall before the romance ensued; Spider-Man would jerk off in his hand and cast out his progeny in a fashion similar to the way his namesake unleashes his web.

All through spring and summer more expats arrived. Jason spent Christmas day alone in his apartment. Now six months in Buenos Aires, he was feeling the hangover. For the first time in his life his parents wanted to get off the phone with him. He said he had never felt so alone and helpless. He contemplated his options: return to New York, which was experiencing one of its coldest winters and where he would blow through his savings in two months while job hunting in the worst employment market since the 1930s.

“I decided I would hang myself if I went back there,” he says. He resolved to make the most of the next two months. “I sort of took refuge in the banker community.”

On New Year’s Eve Jordan hosted a traditional *asado*, an all-day barbecue around a charcoal grill, on his rooftop. He estimates that about half the 20 people who came were from the finance world. One attendee, David, a 26-year-old J.P. Morgan casualty, sent an e-mail home describing the events of the night.

“At about 1:30 A.M. we all left to go to the nightclub. One of the most unforgettable experiences of my life,” read the missive. “I have partied in many cities, from Tel Aviv to Rome to Los Angeles, and nothing would prepare me for what was about to come. Pacha nightclub is a monstrous three-story building set just on the edge of Buenos Aires, with two huge dance floors, including an outdoor patio and balcony with complete views of the ocean. The club was amazing. We got in at two A.M. and the music was already bumping. At one point I was dancing on a balcony overlooking the ocean and staring down at a sea of people jumping up and down to electronica as the sun began to rise behind them. I have never seen anything like it.

“In New York people leave before the music stops. In Buenos Aires the music stops at eight A.M., and then everyone leaves with their sunglasses on. Some decide to finish their night in the morning and others continue to an after-hours club, which opens at eight A.M. and closes at three P.M.... Such a drug culture here. Getting a drink is a pain. You need to first put in your order and pay at the register. Next they give you a ticket to wait in another line so you can give the ticket to the bartender to fill the order. It’s a huge pain in the ass, so everyone says fuck it

and does lines and rolls ecstasy. But you don’t need to be on something to have fun, as the adrenaline rushing through your system from the thousands of people dancing around you is enough to get you high. I met this Brazilian girl from São Paulo who was visiting, and we hit it off immediately. Dancing to techno all night and grinding hard.... Smoking hotttyyyy making out and touchy-feely all night....”

In the Pacha VIP section, Jason fell in with a clique of gringos he had never met before. One of them was a commodities trader from Texas who was wearing a Versace suit and snakeskin boots and had more coke than he knew what to do with. Jason gave him the nickname Dallas. After a brief sojourn at Dallas’s suite at the Philippe Starck–designed five-diamond Faena Hotel in the Puerto Madero neighborhood, the group of new friends set out in search of an after-hours club they had heard about called Kites. At around 11 A.M., after a meandering 45-minute cab ride, they arrived at the monstrous fortress.

Around two A.M. Jason and two Argentine girls he had met there arrived at an apartment in Palermo Hollywood. He remembers walking in and seeing a

*The cop pointed a shotgun
at them and told them
they were going to make a
tour of ATMs. Two hours
and \$3,000 later, the
cops set them free.*

scuzzy-looking *porteño* hipster dude in a white V-neck and tight jeans sitting on a couch next to a beautiful young Argentine girl with wavy brown hair and large breasts. He gave Jason a sleazy look, as if to say “Watch this,” then cupped the young woman’s breasts with one hand, dumped some cocaine on her cleavage and plunged his face in there.

The girls took Jason into a bedroom, where they all enjoyed a few snorts and then a threesome. An hour or so later Jason was back on the streets. The 20-minute walk home was one of the darkest 20 minutes of his life.

“I decided right then and there that I had to get back to New York,” he says. After another equally soul-crushing night with a former Goldman Sachs banker, he booked a ticket for the end of January. He never got on the flight.

Through January and February Jason began hearing more stories of expats getting robbed or being kidnapped. One friend, Mike, who had worked at a now-defunct hedge fund in San Francisco, and another guy were leaving a bar in Microcentro, doing bumps off their hands as they walked. A cop car pulled up. They thought they were going to jail. The cop

in the passenger seat pointed a shotgun at them and told them they were going to make a tour of ATMs, which are few and far between in this city. Two hours and \$3,000 later, the cops set them free.

Prostitution is a huge industry in Buenos Aires. The whorehouse district is across the street from the historic Recoleta Cemetery, a major tourist attraction, on Vicente López. The street is lined with “cabarets.” Customers pay a charge at the door; inside, the bars are full of working women. What you do from there is your business. Gabriela, a manager at the M&D Hippopotamus cabaret, tells me she has seen a significant increase in American expats at the club since the financial crisis. She says the young Americans are the worst. “They think they are the best,” she says. “Sometimes they tell you what they want....” She makes a grabbing motion with her hands. “They don’t *ask* for it.”

Jason hit bottom the night he visited Hippopotamus in late February. Up until then he had had no cause to visit a cabaret, but his friend Abdullah (a nickname, on account of his Middle Eastern heritage) was in town. Abdullah had lost his job at Lehman Brothers a few days earlier. When Jason heard the news, he persuaded Abdullah to come down to Buenos Aires. The poor bastard was in no condition to enjoy paradise. As soon as he arrived at Jason’s apartment he hijacked the computer and spent the rest of the day job hunting. The two finally made their way to a bar, where Abdullah proceeded to order shot after shot of tequila.

At one point a girl asked him what he did. Jason was like, “*Say it, dude. Say it.*”

Later that night, Jason looked over at his friend and saw him sitting there, drunk and crying in public. The next night Abdullah was wasted again, threatening to kick everyone’s ass. Then he turned to Jason and barked, “Take me to a whorehouse!” Jason says he was so frustrated with his houseguest that he was happy to facilitate a decision Abdullah would regret. Once inside Hippopotamus, Abdullah became grumpy again and said he wanted to leave. Jason had another idea: He found an attractive-enough girl with a big brown front tooth, gave her 50 pesos and told her to walk up to his friend and grab his cock. Back at the apartment, Jason stayed up to make sure she didn’t steal anything on the way out.

Around three P.M. the following day Abdullah emerged from his room and immediately started bitching: “Why did you take me there? I didn’t even want to go! This is exactly why I didn’t want to visit you, because I would end up in these situations. I am trying to change my life around for the better.” Abdullah booked a flight out of town that day.

Jason made it back to New York on March 1. The Ferragamo work loafers he bought on that fateful day in May 2008 remain in a box in his parents’ house upstate.





Dr. Steffanie Seaver PSY.D is an expert in the area of interpersonal relationships. Researcher, author and accomplished public speaker, she has lectured nationwide for over a decade. Dr. Seaver has also been involved with several publications covering relationship and lifestyle issues.

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Q: Dear Steffanie,

For the past year, I've been having some confidence issues. It's really dragging me and my relationship with my wife down. I wanted to try some pills I heard about but I found out they can take 3 or more months to work. In your judgment, does anything work faster or better?

Jason M.
Manhattan Beach, CA

A: Well Jason,

The *verdict* is in and I just happen to have the perfect answer to boost you and your confidence, while giving your wife the time of her life ... repeatedly!

For months my fiancé was feeling the exact same way you were and then, one night, we had the most phenomenal sex, EVER. I had never seen him more excited and powerful. He took

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Patented Formula!

CELL MATES

(continued from page 124)

what she said. In the good days, five of us had lived in that huge apartment; now it was just me and the mice. Sometimes I imagined Sofia in a prison cell in Zaragoza, back in November 1973, and me, in the southern hemisphere, locked up too, for a few decisive days, and though I realized that this fact or coincidence had to be significant, I couldn't work out what it meant. I've never been any good at analogies. One night when I came home, I found a note saying good-bye and some money on the kitchen table. At first I went on living as if Sofia were still there. I can't remember exactly how long I waited for her. I think the electricity got cut off. After that I moved to another apartment.

It was a long time before I saw her again. She was walking down Las Ramblas, looking lost. We stood there, the cold seeping into our bones, talking about things that meant nothing to her or to me. Walk me home, she said. She was living near El Borne, in a

building that was falling down it was so old. The staircase was narrow and creaked with every step we took. We climbed up to the door of her apartment, on the top floor. To my surprise, she didn't let me in. I should have asked her what was going on, but I left without saying anything; if that was what she wanted, it was up to her.

A week later I went back to her apartment. The bell wasn't working and I had to knock several times. I thought there was no one there. Then I thought there was no one *living* there. Just as I was about to go, the door opened. It was Sofia. The apartment was dark and the light on the landing went off automatically after 20 seconds. At first, because of the darkness, I didn't realize she was naked. You're going to freeze, I said when the landing light came on again and showed her standing there, very straight, thinner than before. Her stomach and legs, which I had kissed so many times, looked terribly helpless, and instead of feeling drawn toward her, I was chilled by the sight of them, as if I were the one without clothes. Can I come

in? Sofia shook her head. I assumed her nakedness meant that she was not alone. I said as much and, smiling stupidly, assured her that I didn't mean to be indiscreet. I was about to go back down the stairs when she said she was alone. I stopped and looked at her, more carefully this time, trying to read her expression, but her face was indecipherable. I also looked over her shoulder. Nothing had stirred in the utter silence and darkness of the apartment, but my instinct told me that someone was hiding there, listening to us, waiting. Are you feeling all right? Fine, she said very quietly. Have you taken something? No, nothing, I haven't taken any drugs, she whispered. Are you going to let me in? Can I make you some tea? No, said Sofia. Since I was asking questions, I thought I might as well try one more: Why won't you let me see your apartment, Sofia? Her answer surprised me. My boyfriend will be back soon and he doesn't like it if there's anyone here with me, especially if it's a man. I didn't know whether to be angry or treat it as a joke. Sounds like this boyfriend of yours is a vampire, I said. Sofia smiled for the first time, although it was a weak, distant smile. I've told him about you, she said. He'd recognize you. And what would he do? Hit me? No, he'd just get angry, she said. And kick me out? (Now I was starting to get indignant. For a moment I hoped he did turn up, this boyfriend Sofia was waiting for, naked in the dark, just to see what would happen, what he would do.) He wouldn't kick you out, she said. He'd just get angry; he wouldn't talk to you and after you went he'd hardly say a word to me. You've lost it, haven't you, I spluttered. I don't know if you realize what you're saying. They've done something to you; it's like you're a different person. I'm the same as ever; you're the idiot who can't see what's going on. Sofia, Sofia, what's happened to you? You never used to be like this. Get out, just go, she said. What would you know about me?

More than a year went by before I heard any news of Sofia. One afternoon, coming out of the cinema, I ran into Nuria. We recognized each other, started talking about the film and decided to go and have coffee. It wasn't long before we got on to Sofia. How long since you saw her? she asked me. A long time, I told her, but I also said that some mornings, when I woke up, I felt as if I had just seen her. Like you've been dreaming about her? No, I said, like I'd spent the night with her. That's weird. Something like that used to happen to Emilio too. Until she tried to kill him. Then he stopped having the nightmares.

She told me the story. It was simple. It was incomprehensible.

Six or seven months earlier, Sofia had rung up Emilio. According to what he later told Nuria, Sofia mentioned monsters, conspiracies and murders. She said the only thing that scared her more than a mad person was someone who deliberately drove others to madness. Then she arranged for him to come to her apartment, the one I'd been to twice. The next day Emilio arrived exactly on time. The dark or poorly lit staircase, the bell that didn't work, the knocking at the door: Up to that point it was all



"My old cell phone took photos, movies, had e-mail and I could surf the net. My new one is even better—it's also a vibrator."

familiar and predictable. Sofia opened the door. She wasn't naked. She invited him in. Emilio had never been in the apartment before. The living room, according to Nuria, was poky, but it was also in a terrible state, with filth dripping down the walls and dirty plates piled on the table. At first Emilio couldn't see a thing, the light was so dim in the room. Then he made out a man sitting in an armchair and greeted him. The man didn't react. Sit down, said Sofia, we need to talk. Emilio sat down. A little voice inside him was saying over and over, This is not good, but he ignored it. He thought Sofia was going to ask him for a loan. Again. Although probably not with that man in the room. Sofia never asked for money in the presence of a third party, so Emilio sat down and waited.

Then Sofia said: There are one or two things about life that my husband would like to explain to you. For a moment Emilio thought that when she said "my husband" she meant him. He thought she wanted him to say something to her new boyfriend. He smiled. He started saying there was really nothing to explain; every experience is unique.... Suddenly he understood that he was the "you" and the "husband" was the other man, and something bad was about to happen, something very bad. As he tried to get to his feet, Sofia threw herself at him. What followed was rather comical. Sofia held or tried to hold Emilio's legs while her new boyfriend made a sincere but clumsy attempt to strangle him. Sofia, however, was small and so was the nameless man (somehow, in the midst of the struggle, Emilio had time and presence of mind enough to notice the resemblance between them—they were like twins) and the fight, or the caricature thereof, was soon over. Maybe it was fear that gave Emilio a taste for revenge: As soon as he got Sofia's boyfriend down on the ground he started kicking him and kept going until he was tired. He must have broken a few ribs, said Nuria, you know what Emilio's like (I didn't but nodded all the same). Then he turned his attention to Sofia, who was ineffectually trying to hold him back from behind and hitting him, although he could hardly feel it. He gave her three slaps (it was the first time he had ever laid a hand on her, according to Nuria) and left. Since then they had heard nothing about her, though Nuria still got scared at night, especially when she was coming home from work.

I'm telling you all this in case you ever feel like visiting Sofia, said Nuria. No, I said, I haven't seen her for ages and I don't have any plans to drop in on her. Then we talked about other things for a little while and said good-bye. Two days later, without really knowing what prompted me to do it, I went round to Sofia's apartment.

She opened the door. She was thinner than ever. At first she didn't recognize me. Do I look that different, Sofia? I muttered. Oh, it's you, she said. Then she sneezed and took a step back. Perhaps mistakenly, I interpreted this as an invitation to come in. She didn't stop me.

The room in which they had set up the ambush was poorly lit (the only window

gave onto a gloomy, narrow air shaft) but it didn't seem dirty. In fact the first thing that struck me was how clean it was. Sofia didn't seem dirty either. I sat down in an armchair, maybe the one Emilio had sat in on the day of the ambush, and lit a cigarette. Sofia was still standing, looking at me as if she wasn't quite sure who I was. She was wearing a long, narrow skirt, more suitable for summer, a light top and sandals. She had thick socks on and for a moment I thought they were mine, but no, they couldn't have been. I asked her how she was. She didn't answer. I asked her if she was alone, if she had something to drink and how life was treating her. She just stood there so I got up and went into the kitchen. It was clean and dark; the refrigerator was empty. I looked in the cupboards. Not even a miserable tin of peas. I turned on the tap; at least she had running water, but I didn't dare drink it. I went back to the living room. Sofia was still standing quietly in the same place, expectantly or absently, I couldn't tell, either way just like a statue. I felt a gust of cold air and thought the front door must have been open. I went to check, but no. Sofia had shut it after I came in. That was something, at least, I thought.

What happened next is confused, or perhaps that's how I prefer to remember it. I was looking at Sofia's face—was she sad or pensive or simply ill?—I was looking at her profile and I knew that if I didn't do something I was going to start crying, so I went and hugged her from behind. I remember the passage that led to the bedroom and another room, the way it narrowed. We made love slowly, desperately, like in the old days. It was cold. I didn't get undressed. But Sofia took off all her clothes. Now you're cold as ice, I thought, cold as ice and on your own.

The next day I came back to see her again. This time I stayed much longer. We talked about when we used to live together and the TV shows we used to watch till the early hours of the morning. She asked me if I had a TV in my new apartment. I said no. I miss it, she said, especially the late-night shows. The good thing about not having a TV is you have more time to read, I said. I don't read anymore, she said. Not at all? Not at all. Have a look, there's not a book in the apartment. Like a sleepwalker I got up and went all round the apartment, looking in every corner, as if I had all the time in the world. I saw many things but no books. One of the rooms was locked and I couldn't go in. I came back with an empty feeling in my chest and dropped into Emilio's armchair. Up till then I hadn't asked about her boyfriend. So I did. Sofia looked at me and smiled for the first time, I think, since we'd met again. It was a brief but perfect smile. He's gone away, she said, and he's never coming back. Then we got dressed and went out to eat at a pizzeria.

From the collection Llamadas telefónicas (Anagrama, 1997) to be published in the U.S. by New Directions in 2010. Translation by Chris Andrews.




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The '70s

(continued from page 38)

anybody really know what time it was? (did anybody *really* care?) as recorded by the band Chicago, which coincidentally was also the place whence this famously pajamaed man took gradual to permanent flight in those same halcyon years, landing right where I found him the other day, at his Mansion West, itself a sprawling monument to that superfine funkadelic Last Libertine Era. Having decisively conquered the Great Indoors that was his fabled original Chicago Mansion, he opted to throw his open lifestyle into open sunlight on an epic Hollywood scale, with impeccable timing. At Hef's Holmby Hills playground, five and a half acres of hedonist's Eden a block south of Sunset Boulevard, the 1970s found an epicenter almost sacred, if not secret (this revolution, after all, was televised, e.g., the ABC network special *Playboy's Roller Disco and Pajama Party*, to cite but one Rabbit-eared Nielsen-ratings eye-fall, where America's great behavioral clarion call of the moment—"If it feels good, do it"—was answered with unmatched authority. "A new Playboy Mansion for a new decade," pronounced the then newly relocated icon in residence, whose California homesteading act began with the vow, exquisitely realized, to "do my best to create a heaven on earth." Anyway, so here now was Hugh M. Hefner, nearly four decades hence and counting, twinkling before me in the Mansion's Great Hall, waxing a tad nostalgic about that which had transpired on his watch in that time and concluding, "Well, you know what they say: 'If you remember the 1970s, you weren't there.'"

And of course he is correct if also somewhat incorrect. In truth, that was what "they" said about the 1960s, whereas in actual fact the 1960s were more the militant testing lab for what came fully aflower, and was thus uniformly indulged in, in the breezier decade that ensued. (And by the way, Hefner, who forgets nothing, was most supremely, indelibly *there* in each storied decade and has the pictures to prove it—oh God, such pictures.) But the 1960s, if you think about it, mainly waggled a stern finger and proselytized for a

constricted-conflicted populace to make love, not war. The 1970s slipped a mood ring on that finger and welcomed it (with accompanying digits) to freely roam erogenous zones of choice, no worries permitted. In fact, permissiveness would never again be as pervasive. (Wet-blanket Reaganism and the black plague of AIDS were still blissfully beyond fathoming.) As such, hang-ups were hung out in the freshened air and cast to shifting winds scented with cannabis and candles, Herbal Essence and Gee, Your Hair Smells Terrific, Charlie ("Kinda free, kinda wow") and Brut colognes, among other heady musks hygienically emitted or dispensed in naughtily shaped bottles. (Per the "splash-on" Brut, how could we help but heed ads in which Joe Namath threw down the spiced gauntlet "If you're not gonna go all the way, man, why go at all?")

Experientially speaking, it was all about All back then—"to the max," as went the parlance—and also about More, as well as Never Enough. I think of former porn actress Andrea True's 1976 hit dance anthem, "More, More, More" ("Ooh, how do you like your love?"), and the late, great orchestral basso seducer Barry White's grinding coital oeuvre ("Can't Get Enough of Your Love, Babe," etc.). Later, the oversize, overheated Maestro White would put the era in idyllic perspective: "It was a freedom time—more people experienced things and tried new things, whether it was drugs or whatever. It wasn't about sex but love and sensuality, communicating, relating. There's a world of difference between making love and having sex, and the 1970s was approached as if it was a woman being romanced and made love to." Well, it was, as long as his records were playing, maybe—if pop radio hadn't also been instructing us to just "bang a gong, get it on" and "push, push in the bush." Bush, incidentally, flourished in this time, as evidenced in these pages, where pubic hair (remember pubic hair?) made its hello-there debut in 1971, the same year Hef began installing verdant shrubs on his just-acquired voluptuous Mansion grounds. The landmark film spoof *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* four years later cheekily pushed bush consciousness further when the dreaded forest-dwelling Knights of Ni demanded of

the questing King Arthur crew, "We want...a shrubbery! You must return here with a shrubbery or else you will never pass through this wood alive!" Feel free to make your own shrub-and-wood joke here. Actually, feeling free was the whole point of pubic pride—and of every other au courant in-your-face erotic trend—from the get-down get-go. (Waxes, in that bygone moment, remained the province of kitchen floors and car polish.)

Hair, in general, was big—well, more accurately, Big was big, celebratory even, most infectiously so in the realm of personal presentation. You *had* to join the gleeful, expansive spirit at play or risk existential insignificance. Fashion (God help us) enthusiastically screamed "Look at me or else," from cavernous bell-bottoms and fat neckties to aero-flap shirt collars and belts the size of traffic stripes. (Electric stripes and plaids, by the way, so irradiated all requisite wardrobe polyesters as to inflict near blindness—but hey, it *felt* snazzy to be encased in such visual shrill.) Also, platform shoes towered and teetered, earrings grazed shoulders, sideburns consumed faces. But hair—no longer a symbol of defiance as in the 1960s—just did its own thing: extra large and carefree and winging wild via cowlicks, mullets, helmets and feathered shags. Poster goddess Farrah Fawcett-Majors (her then-bionic hyphenate per marriage to TV cyborg hero Lee Majors) gave remarkable hair remarkable ubiquity; 12 million copies of her immortal 1976 pinup with red swimsuit (a one-piece to hide childhood tummy scars) coated worldwide wall space, never mind she was months away from becoming one of Charlie's Angels when striking that magic pose (in front of the ratty Indian blanket that moments earlier had served less glamorously as a seat cover in the photographer's 1937 Chevy). "I was a little self-conscious," recalled Farrah of her time-capsule image, "probably because my smile is so big." (See? Big! Perfect!) No wonder Cheryl Ladd, who replaced Farrah on *Charlie's Angels*, reported for duty on the series in a T-shirt lettered with the demurral FARRAH FAWCETT-MINOR.

Farrah's tooth-o-rama smile notwithstanding—keep in mind that the sunnily ubiquitous HAVE A NICE DAY smiley face was trademarked at



the decade's outset—we should also note that miles of reflexive smiles were mostly triggered by the poster's casual glimpse of celebrity-nipple protrusion. (For the record, *Charlie's Angels* introduced the concept of jiggle television to a videoscape that had never before so blatantly showcased such developments.) Arguably, however, it was Carly Simon's appropriately titled 1972 *No Secrets* album—on whose cover her raisins d'être pertly greeted consumers beneath a snug blue top—that set pop-cultural precedent. Simon's unabashed example, according to scholar Anne-Lise François, took “the scandal out of bralessness, making the practice so prominent and accepted as to be both visible and hardly capable of attracting notice.” Perhaps even more 1970s salient regarding *No Secrets* was its hit-single, self-obsession harangue “You're So Vain” (“I'll bet you think this song is about you”), which Simon had wryly composed in caustic honor of.... Well, that's one secret she's hoarded to this day, although she has confessed that his name contains the letters *E*, *A* and *R*—and frankly, everyone surmised its subject was her former swain and the decade's pre-eminent Hollywood lothario (and Playboy Mansion habitué), Warren Beatty. “He certainly thought it was about him,” she later revealed. “He called me and said thanks for the song.” Meanwhile, Beatty's brilliant 1975 cinematic exposition in lost-boy narcissism, *Shampoo*—he stars as an insatiably priapic Beverly Hills hairdresser—synopsizes the era (and his own legend therein) when he lectures to fawn-eyed Goldie Hawn, “Everybody fucks everybody. Grow up, for Christ's sakes! Look around you—all of 'em, all of these chicks, they're all fucking.” This may suggest why Woody Allen (who gave that decade just plain funny films without apology, for the last time) once wished to be reincarnated as Warren Beatty's fingertips.

Most famously of course, Tom Wolfe proclaimed these years the Me Decade, wherein, also famously, Steve Martin bleated “*Excuuuuuse meeee!*” and Neil Diamond brayed “I am, I said—I am, I cried!” and Chevy Chase asserted “I'm Chevy Chase, and you're not!” and Helen Reddy yowled “I am woman, hear me roar!” and Lynyrd Skynyrd fretted “If I leave here tomorrow, would you still remember *meeee?*” and Todd Rundgren whinnied “Hello, it's me...” and psycho taxi driver Travis Bickle taunted (straight into his own mirror, naturally) “You talkin' to me? Well, I'm the only one here.” And self-actualization met instant

gratification by way of New Age enlightenment and Eastern spiritualism, primal screams and shame-free shrinkage—all of which seeped into the mainstream, sneakily permeating the most reticent bastions of stoic holdouts and scoffing stragglers. (Who *didn't* tog themselves in that utopian oh-whatever uniform of the day, the synthetic leisure suit?) This self-awakening movement offered “appeal [that] was simple enough,” wrote Wolfe. “It is summed up in the notion: ‘Let's talk about *Me*.’ No matter whether you managed to renovate your personality through encounter sessions or not, you had finally focused your attention and your energies on the most fascinating subject on earth: *Me*.” Thus the period's most lasting art was taken personally, largely because it was made that much more personally. As James Wolcott would write in *The New Yorker*,

is about a guy who decides to make his own decisions. The further he gets in his career the more he's convinced he's not going to listen to the crap.” A mantra of me-is-m that synchs with that of news prophet Howard Beale's 1976 *Network* rant for Americans to yell out their windows: “I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!”

Even as California rock rogues the Eagles were imploring us to take it easy (and also to the limit), we did in fact take plenty else square in the chops: inflation, stagflation, recession, oil crunches, Kent State, Three Mile Island, Wounded Knee and the blighted Nixon presidency as unraveled by 1972's Watergate scandal and as unmasked by *All the President's Men* marauders Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, via help from the deep-background source dubbed Deep

Throat—an homage to that moment's eponymous film sensation in which Linda Lovelace revolutionized the meaning of a mouthful. The toothless presidency of a toothy peanut farmer followed, even after Jimmy Carter “shockingly” confessed in these pages that his Bible-belted heart had “looked on a lot of women with lust.” But such was the egalitarianism of the times, whose symbolic capitol throbbled within that velvet-roped Taj Mahal of discotheques, Studio 54—which, according to Andy Warhol, epitomized “a way of life...a dictatorship at the door and a democracy on the floor. It's hard to get in,” he said, “but once you're in you could end up dancing with Liza Minnelli. At 54, the stars are nobody because everybody is a star. It's the place where

my prediction from the 1960s finally came true: ‘In the future everyone will be famous for 15 minutes.’”

All of which explains the eternal stayin'-alive shimmer of 1977's *Saturday Night Fever*. When John Travolta pointed skyward, he also fanned worldwide disco-inferno flames of hope and underdog dreams come true—“I'm a dancin' man, and I just can't lose!”—as set to the relentless beat of the Bee Gees' insanely best-selling soundtrack. Snicker now though we may at the retro strut of those boogie shoes of yore, the 1970s opened the cultural dance floor to platform-heeled possibilities and oversize optimism. It's a fashion trend that today looks more enviable than ever. Maybe we should be dancing after all.

Summer Sizzles with Sexy Girls



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“The 1970s were the last time when movies seemed signed with the sweat of a director's brow rather than packaged by a committee of cellular phones.” Even now, to behold the best cinema of that epoch is to taste the DNA of auteurs in heat: Robert Altman (*Nashville*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*), Hal Ashby (*Harold and Maude*, *The Last Detail*), Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*, *The Last Waltz*), Paul Mazursky (*An Unmarried Woman*), William Friedkin (*The Exorcist*, *The French Connection*), George Lucas (*American Graffiti*, *Star Wars*), Steven Spielberg (*Jaws*, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*) and Francis Ford Coppola (*The Godfather I and II*, *The Conversation*, *Apocalypse Now*). Coppola took his Vietnam *Apocalypse* allegory so personally he suffered a nervous breakdown during its gonzo shoot; the film's screenwriter, John Milius, later stated, “In a way, *Apocalypse Now*





PLAYMATE NEWS



VICTORIA SILVSTEDT
My Perfect Life
THURSDAYS @ 8/7c



THE REAL PERFECT LIFE

It's good to be PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvestedt. In *My Perfect Life* you will see how the international sensation jets from photo shoots to celebrity parties to runways (the modeling kind as well) and on to Hollywood. Despite all the high flying, she always remains grounded—she's just a Swedish girl next door. The E! network's new show proves that, yes, it is possible to balance the glamorous life with real life.

JENNIFER PERSHING IS ALL A-TWITTER

Want updates on Miss March 2009 Jennifer Pershing in about 140 characters? Follow her on twitter.com/jennpershing. Jennifer sounds like a regular gal: "Watching TMZ to try and make my eyes tired to fall asleep," "Likes ramen noodles" and "Suze Orman is telling me how to survive the recession...stop shopping lol!" Elsewhere she sounds like one of the guys: "Drinking and watching TiVo lol! Life of champions...now if I only had a cheesesteak :)" Well, the fellas rarely express themselves with emoticons and "lol."



FLASHBACK



Thirty years ago this month we introduced you to **Dorothy Stratten**. Dorothy was whisked to Los Angeles from Canada during our 25th anniversary Great Playmate Hunt. She didn't win that title, but she did become Miss August 1979 and quickly won over readers' hearts, leading to her being crowned Playmate of the Year 1980. A few months after her PMOY issue her husband took her life. She has since been eulogized in song, film and literature, but we like to remember Dorothy as full of life, precious and gorgeous.

Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates? Check out the Club at club.playboy.com, access the mobile-optimized playboy.com and find more news at playboy.com/pmblog.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Victoria Silvestedt (see story above) is also featured in Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens's** magazine, *Envi-image*.

PMOY 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** recently wrote *Healing and Preventing Autism*, for parents of children with the disorder.

PMOY 2006 **Kara Monaco** hosted the Playboy Energy Special Final Four Party at South Beach Ultra Lounge in Detroit.

Miss October 2004 **Kimberly Holland** thinks you should have a good escape plan if you swim nude this summer:

"My friends and I were skinny-dipping, and we saw some guys coming. My friends all started running out, and I got my foot caught on a root on the riverbank. I broke my toe and had to run around the woods naked with a broken toe."



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY OSCAR NUÑEZ
—actor, *The Office*



"I have several favorite Playmates. One certainly is Miss October 1993 **Jenny McCarthy**, whom I actually worked with on her show *The Bad Girl's Guide*. Hey, you gotta love a gal who gives you work!"



WHAT A DIFFERENCE A YEAR MAKES

In less than 12 months Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins went from small-town modeling in Pennsylvania to hanging out on set with Vin Diesel for her appearance in *Fast & Furious*. "My career has definitely skyrocketed since PLAYBOY," Kayla says. "Just moving to L.A. gave me a boost, and I get plenty of jobs simply because I'm a Playmate." Kayla has been on numerous *Girls Next Door* episodes and made it to prime-time TV on *CSI: Miami*. She also stays busy modeling, gracing the pages of magazines like *Lexani Lifestyles*, *Mini Truckin'* and *FitnessRx*. "It was different posing with a guy," she says about the last appearance, "and a little frustrating—they were more worried about how he looked than how I looked. Ha!"



NOT ORTON'S WIFE BUT PLAYS HER ON TV

After a *WWE Raw* episode featured Randy Orton's wife, Samantha, in a plotline this spring, Internet message boards and blogs were ablaze with inquiries about whether she was his real wife. The definitive answer: nope. It was the beautiful Miss July 2008 **Laura Croft**.

Miss December 2001 **Shanna Moakler** returns to television with her show *Celebrity Moms* on Oxygen.

OUT AND ABOUT WITH...

Miss December 1979 **Candace Collins** met up with fashion designer and TV personality Isaac Mizrahi. *Chicago Social* magazine, department store Carson Pirie Scott and Graham Kostic co-hosted a party at Tree Studios to celebrate Mizrahi and the launch of his spring 2009 collection for Liz Claiborne New York. Candace remarked, "He's so engaging, witty and real that you can't take your eyes off him." She felt the same way about his clothes.... PMOY 2008 **Jayde Nicole** lit up the runway upon entering the launch party for Mansion favorite **Bridget Marquardt's** show *Bridget's Sexiest Beaches* at—where else?—the Playboy Mansion.... Miss July 1990 **Jacqueline Sheen** and Miss January 1987 **Luann Lee** attended



the premiere of *American Identity*. The women looked beautiful on their approach to the Samuel Goldwyn Theater in Beverly Hills (proof above).... The Centerfolds below rocked out with their ears out at the South by Southwest music festival. As part of our Rock the Rabbit project we mixed cool music by acts like Jane's Addiction and A-Trak with hot Playmates at our own SXSW party. The event was the talk of Austin thanks in part to the Playmates who shook their Bunny tails on the dance floor.



Miss November 2008 **Grace Kim** lists her heroes as her mother, Hugh Hefner and Christopher Walken.

DID YOU KNOW ?

BILLY MAYS

(continued from page 55)

to throw sparks or ignite fires—which is why he is here today, in December, in Clearwater, Florida, pitching his sparkless saw to the Clearwater Fire and Rescue Department. If this or any of his gadgets catch on—“My success rate is six out of 10. America votes, but I don’t take it personally”—he’ll find a company to invest in it, and then he’ll outsource it to China, where it can be made cheaply and quickly.

While the firemen cut through metal doors with his saw, Mays sits in the shade on this sunny morning, pitching me. In between pitches, Mays is not much like his TV image. He’s soft-spoken, a little shy, a little wary, looking at me for a split second before he answers a question, as if it’s a trap. (Some consumers complain his products don’t clean and don’t stick as Mays claims they do. They ask for their money back, and Mays sends them a personal check.) He’s a little cynical, too, the way a carry barker behaves toward the rubes, and a little cornball, like a baggy-pants comic who knows how corny his jokes are even as he tosses them off. “Are you married or just happy?” *Da-dum!*

“I’m not a star,” Mays says. “When I have to perform, I perform. When I’m done, I’m done.” Mays is modest. He says he’s not an inventor like Ron Popeil, the first of the great TV pitchmen, though Mays does claim he has “taken over Ron Popeil’s baton.” Popeil is a college professor to Mays’s carnival barker. Popeil invents things, then stands before a live TV audience in his suit and tie and lectures them about his product, how it works, how it will change their lives, using infomercials that last 30 minutes, an hour, sometimes even longer. Popeil is the master of the long con. “I just see other people’s vision,” says Mays, “like the Smart Faucet. And my new chamois.” Mays once sold a chamois on TV that was, he says, “knocked off the air by this other guy’s chamois. Now I’m gonna take back my business. Pitchmen are very competitive.” Mays is the most competitive pitchman extant. He always has to be the big dog. It’s an easy game for keeping score. Money and quantity: How much money did he bring in in an hour, and how many items did he sell?

Mays is pitching me again, leaning in close, tapping my arm, talking loud and fast, telling me how, after he made his bones in Atlantic City, he hit the road for 15 years and worked the home shows in big tents, which is a lot easier than the boardwalk because there’s a captive audience looking to buy something. He got his big break in 1995 in Pittsburgh while selling the WashMatik. An old guy named Max Appel was watching Mays draw in a crowd, his two assistants taking in money hand over fist and Mays pitching “like a machine,” never leaving his booth for hours, not even to piss. “I was killing,” Mays says, “just pounding the old guy trying to compete.” He kept drawing away the old guy’s crowd until the old guy was finally done. “His voice was shot, his crowd gone, his microphone broke, and he’s out of the show. I felt sorry for him,” Mays says. “I was wearing a fancy headset with hidden speakers, and he had a cheap RadioShack mike. I went over to him and told him I would help him out sell-

ing his Orange Glo because I know how it can be. I lost my voice at times too. Something clicked between us, and eventually I became the spokesman for Orange Glo.”

The rest is history. Mays took Orange Glo International from a little-known Denver-based outfit to an internationally known enterprise that was one of the top privately owned companies in the world from 1999 to 2001, making more than \$400 million in sales a year, according to *Inc.* magazine. This success brought Mays to the attention of the Home Shopping Network thanks to a tall, lanky Englishman named Anthony “Sully” Sullivan, now Mays’s partner in Mays Promotions.

Mays calls out, “Sully! Come over and talk to this guy. Tell him how it happened.” Sullivan ambles over and sits down. Mays gets up to leave. “Listen to Sully,” he says. “He knows.” Now Sullivan begins pitching me, just like Mays only less physical, not so loud and less aggressive, more conspiratorial, a master of words. In fact, so many words are spilling out so quickly I’m exhausted just listening to Sullivan tell me he was a surfer dude from Devon, England, a quaint village of thatched-roofed homes, until he went to London and became a pitchman, surfing and, with a cockney accent, pitching products like the V-Slicer “that’ll make tomato slices so thin a tomato will last a whole summer.” Or the Rolling Ruler. Or the Rotato, which “conforms to the undulating terrain of every fruit and vegetable, big or small—the Rotato peels them all.”

In 1994 Sullivan went to a home show in McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania, where he had heard of “the legendary pitchman Billy Bucket,” as Mays was then known, who sold WashMatiks. “It was instant friction,” says Sullivan. “I told Billy I sold WashMatiks in England. He said, ‘Wanna show me how to do it?’ I said, ‘I sell differently than you.’ Billy said, ‘This is how we do it, kid. Welcome to America.’ I don’t shout like Billy. I talk quickly because my British accent plays in the States. Billy’s more deliberate, physical, with his beard and blue work shirt, a lot of hand actions—oh, he’s an artist.”

Over the next few months Mays and Sullivan bumped into each other a lot at home shows. They forged a friendship grudgingly at first, then with more respect for each other’s artistry. “We would compare how much money we had made at the end of a day,” says Sully. “If I was ahead for a day, he had to beat me the next day. Billy always had to be top joint.”

Then one Halloween Sullivan was invited to sell a new mop on the Home Shopping Network. He soon got the producers to put Mays on the show, too. The first time Mays began his shouting pitch on TV the co-host stepped back in fear. He said, “You don’t need to shout—you got a mike.” But Mays kept shouting, selling his Zap A Spot cleaner, “Just aim and spray and walk away.”

“Billy and me, we were owning it,” says Sullivan. “We were on every day, pitching. We slept and ate in the green room and went on-screen every 20 minutes, 24 hours a day for days without sleep. We were finally at the party. We knew through TV we could infect the market.”

Mays returns. He stops and listens to Sullivan for a minute with a thin smile. Then he says, “They had a star on the water closet for

me. They had to explain it to [HSN owner] Barry Diller. They began calling it the Billy Mays Network. They’d call me 24/7. I’d be at the beach with my family, and they’d tell me to get to the studio. They needed money; they needed me to pitch. I always showed up and pitched whatever they had.”

“We were both on fire,” says Sullivan. “I began to write our copy. ‘It’s the white knight in shining armor, powered by the air you breathe and activated by the water you drink.’”

“Makes your whites whiter, your brights brighter,” adds Mays. “Mother nature-approved, without the damaging side effects of chlorine.”

Sully says, “It was the first time we weren’t competing.”

Suddenly Mays and Sullivan start talking back in forth in a form of gibberish. Their gibberish is animated and means something to them but not to me. When they stop, Mays says, “We were talking carry.” I ask why. Mays says, “Sully wanted to tell you something, but I wasn’t sure he should.” What?

Sullivan says, “Did you see where Orange Glo was just sold for more than \$300 million? Well, Billy made Orange Glo. There’s no one out there like Billy on TV today. He’s an artist. And after all Billy did for Orange Glo, you’d think they’d toss him a million. But they gave him nothing.”

Sullivan says the days of the old-time pitchman are fading fast. Soon he and Mays will be anachronisms, wiped out by the Internet. The problem is that once Mays makes a product known on TV, it almost immediately pops up on the Internet at a cheaper price. Then Mays needs a new product. It’s an ever-quickening cycle. Mays pitches, the product gets hot, three months later it’s on eBay, and Mays has to find a new product.

Late in the afternoon, as the sun begins to set over the Gulf of Mexico on Clearwater Beach, Mays is autographing some photos of himself by his car. I ask him if he ever meets little kids who say they want to grow up to be like Billy Mays. Mays grumbles, “If I do, I crush them.”

He walks onto the pier stretching into the gulf. Mays is holding an object: three silver rings attached to each other by an elastic cord. It looks like a giant cock ring. I ask Sullivan, “What’s the gimmick?” Sullivan smiles. “You catch on quick. It’s the Spin Gym,” he says. “You can put it in your pocket.”

Mays is now shouting at passersby, trying to draw a crowd. “Come on over here!” he says. “I’ll show you how it works.” A girl with huge breasts straining against her T-shirt comes over. “I wanna show you a new product,” Mays says. The girl says, “I’m shy.” Mays says, “So am I.” Then he gives her a demonstration, talking all the while. “You wind it up and start pulling! You get a full workout for your shoulders, your arms, your chest.” The girl blushes. Mays says, “This powerhouse gym fits in the palm of your hand.” The girl pulls and tugs on the rings, then walks away.

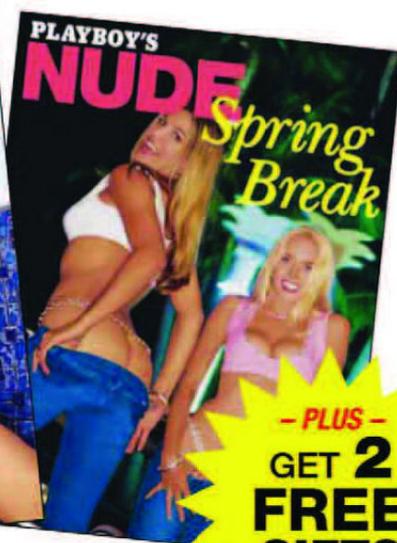
Mays grabs a couple and pulls them into his pitch. “Where you from?” he says. They tell him Iceland. Mays says, “My mother was from Iceland; my father was from Cuba. I’m an ice cube.” *Da-dum!*



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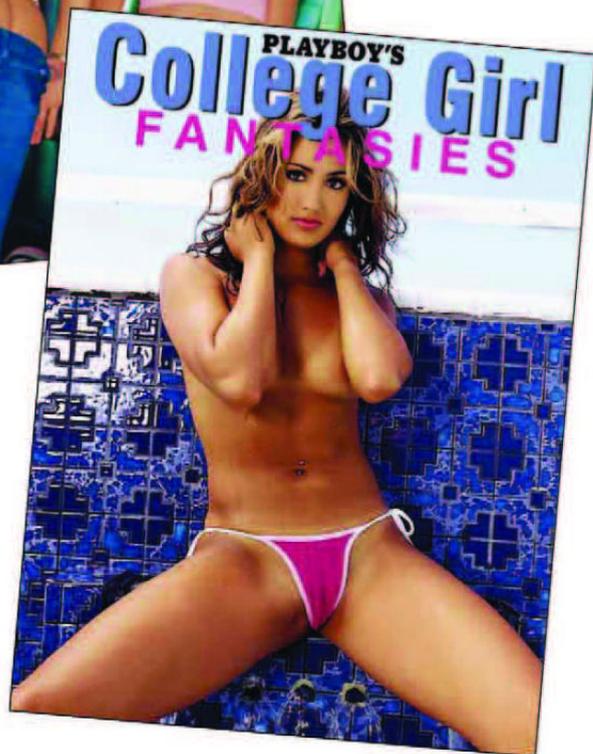
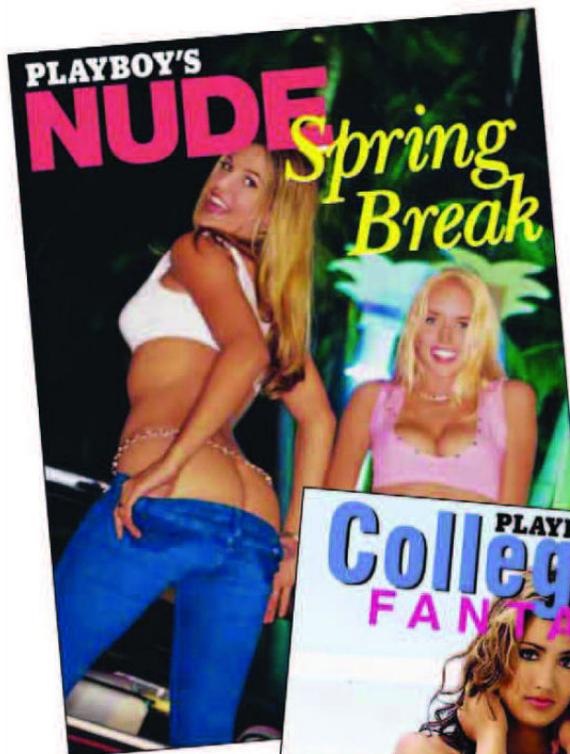
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PLAYBOY FORUM

THE END OF THE AFFAIR

OUR WORLD HAS CHANGED PROFOUNDLY IN THE PAST SIX MONTHS.
BUT HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS: MORE CHANGE IS ON THE WAY

BY JOHN GRAY

A sense of unreality surrounds the efforts of the Obama administration to revive the American economy. The near disintegration of the financial system has shown that the wealth generated during the past two decades was mostly illusory—a figment created by the reckless expansion of credit rather than the result of productive enterprise. Certainly some Americans became remarkably rich during that period, but the income of many was stagnant or declining for years before the bust. Rising prices in the stock and housing markets didn't reflect any comparable increase in America's national wealth. Escalating asset values were artifacts of abnormally low interest rates, which were engineered by Alan Greenspan in the wake of Long Term Capital Management's collapse in the late 1990s. The fall of LTCM was an early warning of the extreme fragility that goes with highly leveraged finance. Ironically, the effect of Greenspan's policies has been to leverage the entire American economy.

Greenspan's role in stoking the crisis has been much criticized, but the perilous path he marked out for America continues to be followed today. As it was a decade ago, when Bill Clinton was president, the goal

of the current administration is to restart the debt-driven growth that has given Americans—even if they are not themselves prosperous—the reassuring impression of being surrounded by increasing wealth. But the dangers are far greater now: The bailout of the U.S.'s bankrupt financial system has ballooned to enormous proportions, and the world knows the U.S. has built up a level of debt that can never be repaid. At the same time, the contraction of the global economy threatens the ability of America's foreign creditors to continue funding the American deficit. In the most literal sense, the U.S. is living on borrowed time. The phantom wealth of the past 20 years cannot be conjured back into existence, and like people in many other countries, Americans face years of declining living standards.

One of the more predictable effects of this global crisis has been that each country is looking after itself, and here as elsewhere the U.S. is setting the trend. President Obama has been emphatic in rejecting the unilateral approach to foreign policy of his White House predecessor. Yet the administration seems to continue to think it can enact economic policy without regard to the reaction

JOB FAIR IN BEIJING: More than 20 million Chinese migrant workers have lost their jobs in the current economic downturn.



of the rest of the world. The “Buy American” clause in legislation passed by Congress has alarmed China, which was already disquieted by the prospect that its holdings in U.S. Treasury bills would be devalued by a future decline in the dollar. When discussing this prospect in February 2009, Luo Ping, a director-general at the China Banking Regulatory Commission, was reported to have commented, “We hate you guys. We know the dollar is going to depreciate, but there is nothing we can do.” We cannot know if these remarks were an unscripted lapse, a coded threat or a cover for a decision that had already been made by China to diversify out of the dollar. What we do know is, since February, China’s economic prospects have worsened, while the U.S. has tilted toward protectionism. Heavily dependent on a weakening American market,

There can be little doubt which alternative China would choose. In March Russia banned its oil-based sovereign wealth funds from investing in Fannie Mae and Freddie Mac on the grounds that the funds were needed for the country’s budget and pension system. Russia is giving priority to domestic concerns, and China will surely take the same path. There were signs in March that China was considering making its currency more internationally convertible, and even if it doesn’t run down its holdings of U.S. Treasuries to a point that endangers the American economy, China has gained immense leverage over American policy. The freedom of action of debtor countries is necessarily limited by the strategic goals of their creditors.

THE CRISIS HAS ENTERED A NEW PHASE.

Triggered by the banking cataclysm, the global economic crisis has entered a new phase in which the future of governments is at issue. So far, only in Iceland and Latvia have governments fallen. But the implosion of world markets has acquired a powerful momentum and threatens to overwhelm governments in other countries and regions. The postcommunist countries are facing an economic meltdown that could shake the European Union to its foundation. More highly leveraged than their American counterparts, Europe’s banks are perilously vulnerable to worsening debt problems in Hungary, the Baltic states and Ukraine, among other countries. European governments are at odds on how to deal with the crisis, and

the brittle structures of the EU contain no mechanism that could deliver a Europe-wide bailout. The risk in post-communist Eastern Europe is a kind of rebalkanization in which varieties of defensive nationalism replace liberal market policies while Western Europe drifts toward the rocks. As did the U.S., governments have reacted to the weakness of banks by nationalizing their debt, but that only transfers the risk to the state. Ireland is facing the specter of sovereign default. The U.K. may be the most vulnerable of all the advanced economies. Having taken on the liabilities of much of its vastly overextended banking system, Britain is potentially exposed to a disastrous run on its government bonds. “Reykjavik on the Thames” may not yet be a high-probability scenario, but it is no longer unthinkable.



CAREER OPEN HOUSE IN NEW YORK: Unemployment rates in the U.S. continue to rise.

China is now confronting fast-rising unemployment and a mounting risk of civil unrest. Unlike the U.S., China has a vast surplus and can afford the stimulus it has announced. But if the required growth doesn’t materialize, further injections will be needed, and China’s capacity to service America’s federal debt will be reduced. If that were to happen, China’s rulers would be compelled to decide between continuing their relationship with America, which has been mutually advantageous in the past, or securing their own future.

The 1956 seizure of the Suez Canal by British, French and Israeli forces ended when President Eisenhower, who believed the invasion went against American strategic interests, threatened to sell U.S. holdings of British currency and bonds. Had the threat been acted on, the pound would have collapsed and the U.K. wouldn’t have been able to pay for essential imports. The British government had no option but to call off the operation. If U.S. policies were to run contrary to Chinese strategic interests, why would China not exercise a similar veto?

Scenes of angry people demonstrating against weak governments of the kind seen in Iceland and Latvia are sure to be repeated in many countries in the coming months. The U.S. is unlikely to be an exception. The public goodwill in which a gifted and charismatic new president still basks will erode very swiftly if the bailout and linked programs fail to reenergize the economy and stem the rise in unemployment. Some have hailed the new administration as the architect of another New Deal. But



U.S. DEBT: Who will buy our bonds?

history has moved on since the 1930s, when the U.S. was the world's most powerful industrial economy. American industry has been hollowed out, run down or moved offshore, and the core of the economy is now finance, insurance and real estate—the sectors that were most bloated during the debt-fueled boom years. It is these same sectors that are now sinking, and it isn't clear that refloating them is either feasible or desirable.

It is sometimes suggested that America may repeat the experience of Japan, which is widely seen as having suffered a lost decade. It may be true that Japan was slow to take action in dealing with the problems that followed when its bubble economy burst, but America's position today is significantly worse than Japan's in the 1990s. Japanese households had large reserves of liquid savings then and could withstand a long period of deflation. Also, Japan was—and remains—one of the world's great manufacturing economies. The U.S. has neither of these advantages, and it is unthinkable that it could endure a decade or more of deflation without experiencing serious unrest. Though seemingly far-fetched, the risk that distress and anger may spill over into riots is real. A more aggressive policy of monetary loosening may therefore

THE BOOM TIME WAS A HOLIDAY FROM HISTORY.

be unavoidable. Bailing out the banks may be necessary if only to stave off systemic collapse, and some of the administration's programs may be useful in mitigating distress. But the ever-expanding bailout cannot revivify economic activity or avoid running up an even more unmanageable level of debt. The most likely result, not too long down the road, is an outbreak of inflation, which when combined with a run on the dollar could easily spiral out of control. The result need not be anything like the hyperinflation of Germany's interwar Weimar Republic to be seriously damaging. Like some Latin American countries in the past, the U.S. could slide into a chronic condition of double-digit inflation in which prices rise continually while prosperity melts away.

The fact is there is no way of recapturing the seeming prosperity of the boom years. A hallucination conjured by techniques of financial engineering that are no longer viable, that go-go era has gone for good. The impact of its passing affects more than the economy: In a cruel conjunction, the past that Americans remember and the future they believed they could reasonably expect have evaporated simultaneously. The boom time was a kind of holiday from history, a period in which what had gone before was forgotten and the future was an endless repeat of what was then happening. As long as the fantasy of debt-created prosperity was intact, living in an ever-recurring present was pleasant and exciting. Now that the dream has dissipated, the effect can be only disillusion and disorientation, as many Americans find themselves trapped in a present moment in which pleasure and excitement are replaced by hardship and fear.

The impact on expectations is likely to be worse among baby boomers. A generation that has been fortunate for most of its life, it now faces intractable difficulties. The past 50 years or so contained many challenging moments—Korea, Vietnam, the civil rights movement, the culture wars of the 1960s, the Cuba crisis, the Kennedy assassinations, Watergate and

the 9/11 terrorist attacks—these and other events helped make a turbulent half century. But as traumatic as they were, these were not events that overturned the expectations of a generation. Now, however, the baby-boomer generation faces an irreversible decline in its prospects. Demographics were always going to have an impact on markets as the boomers downshifted to smaller houses and sold off stocks for safer investments as they neared retirement. Today many of them do not have these choices—their stocks have collapsed, the store of capital they believed they had accumulated for a comfortable retirement has largely vanished, and they have little equity in their homes. It was always going to be the case that medical expenses would increase as baby boomers grew older, but this will now happen at just the time when private and public resources needed to fund that medical care are shrinking dramatically. Across the spectrum, the difficulties that go with a foreseeable demographic shift are being compounded by a slide into depression.



GEITHNER AND OBAMA: More money troubles.

The destruction of expectations formed in the go-go years, which is currently under way in the baby-boomer generation, has yet to alter Washington's prevailing perception of America's place in the world. A glance at recent events shows power has already shifted. Even if it is eventually reversed, the decision by the Kyrgyzstan government



BREWER IN SICHUAN: China is the most important market.

to shut down an American air base used for operations in Afghanistan marks a trend. Strengthened by the rise of populist parties demanding a more assertive stance, the resistance of Swiss authorities to American demands to relax bank secrecy is another pointer. As these small countries become more self-confident, bigger players are in an increasingly strong position to reorder the international environment. Not only may China opt to divert some of its surplus out of dollars, so may countries whose wealth comes from oil. Resource-based economies, which are currently reeling, will recover when commodities prices rebound. When that happens, as it must someday, probably fairly soon, states that have never accepted American hegemony—Iran, Russia and Venezuela, for example—will once again be in a position to project their power in the global arena.

To a considerable extent, this redistribution of power is a consequence of globalization. The reality is not the spreading of free markets and the triumph of American values, as fondly imagined by the prophets of the flat world. It is worldwide industrialization, which inevitably spells the end of American preeminence. As well as shifting production to other countries, advancing globalization intensifies the rivalry over

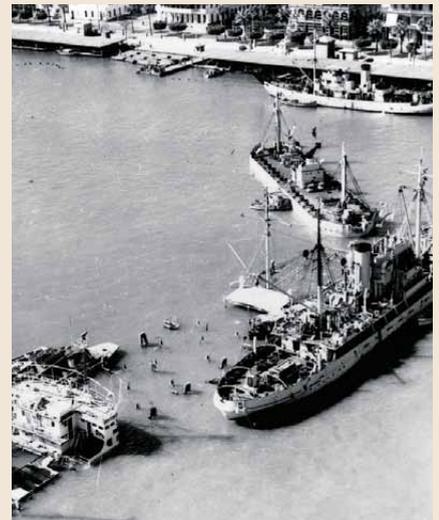
dwindling natural resources. If America is the world's biggest debtor, it is also crucially dependent on energy imports that the world's new industrial societies now need in increasing quantities. Using their growing wealth, these rising powers will claim resources the U.S. has in the past preempted. The only result can be that America will lose its primacy and become one among several powers struggling for a place in the sun.

In normal circumstances the descent of America from a position of dominance might have taken place over several generations. With its enormous cost, global unpopularity and uncertain outcome, the invasion of Iraq sped that decline, and as a consequence of the financial crisis the process has been further accelerated. It is entirely realistic to expect a major downshift in American power over the next few years. However, there is nothing to suggest Washington perceives this. As the administration prepares to exit from Iraq, it is increasing its engagement in Afghanistan—a site of conflict where the defeat of Soviet forces helped topple the Soviet regime. The U.S. has deep sources of internal

CHINESE SURPRISE: As globalization has become a reality, American values have not prevailed.



legitimacy, and the possibility it will replicate anything like the Soviet collapse is remote in the extreme. But neither will America recover the position of leadership that seemed so secure in



SUEZ WAR: Debtors' hands are tied.

the boom years. Like other countries America will have to learn to live with problems it cannot fully solve.

The lesson of history is that difficulties of the magnitude that exist today are not usually overcome. They are simply left behind as history moves on. The past has gone for good, and America now lacks the power to fashion the future for itself or the world.

*John Gray is professor emeritus at the London School of Economics and the author of *Black Mass: Apocalyptic Religion and the Death of Utopia*.*

READER RESPONSE

ARRRGH, PIRATES!

While I appreciated Lawrence Lessig's column on prohibition ("Our New Prohibition," April), I found myself wondering why Lessig only briefly mentioned the prohibition against marijuana, which is a much more worrying aspect of our nation's laws. Hundreds of thousands of people remain in jail for marijuana possession while pharmaceutical companies line their pockets with profits from drugs that make people go insane, not to mention highly addictive drugs like OxyContin that people overdose on every day. Still we hear stories on Fox News about the link between severe vomiting syndrome and pot use that mention only two instances of severe vomiting. I'm no conspiracy theorist, but this is one aspect of our government (and media) we have to stop ignoring, playing down and mocking, or we will become indifferent servants to the pharmacological tyranny Aldous Huxley predicted 50 years ago. Let's talk about weed, baby.

Mallory Pickard
Durham, North Carolina

Lessig needs a swift kick in the ass. PLAYBOY needs an even harder kick in the junk for printing such trash. Not



Current copyright laws make us all criminals.

only is his position made of straw, the article fails to tie a problem to a solution. It instead appeals to the emotions while making absurd parallels between problems of vastly different natures. I'll conservatively estimate that 90 percent of peer-to-peer file sharing is overt theft. Laws concerning theft must be enforced—in civil court if need be. Certainly the author feels that the copyright to his new book is valid and that he should be fairly paid for his work. I bet his publisher thinks so too. How does PLAYBOY feel about the images it has

published over the years? Are those images public property to be traded by the masses at will?

Joel Gradinger
Memphis, Tennessee

Great article. This is absolutely another failed prohibition that is turning good,



Alcohol ban is gone. Pot ban should go.

normally law-abiding Americans into criminals. The difference between this and the war on drugs, however, is that the copyright prohibition is not killing and incarcerating people. Nonviolent drug offenders are jailed at an alarming rate, and the U.S. taxpayer has to foot the bill. Drug cartels are causing more deaths now than ever before—and not just in Mexico; it happens here on our own soil. At a time when our leaders are struggling to find solutions to our economic woes, just imagine the windfall from taxing an industry worth tens of billions a year, not to mention the millions of dollars we would save by not catching, prosecuting and jailing these offenders. Lessig is correct that we need reform, but let's start with the mistakes of the 20th century. Then we can move on past the millennium.

Matthew Wollersheim
Chicago, Illinois

Lessig is respected even by those of us in the copyright bar who do not necessarily agree with the opinions he presents on why the "copyright war" should not be waged against p2p piracy in the way it has been. At the core of his argument is a pragmatic understanding that you can legislate conduct (what not to do) but not perception (why people think it is okay to do it anyway). "Why It Matters," however, slides into farce about evil corporations. Corporations do not write or perform songs, movies or literary works. Artists do, and it is

their livelihood that illegal downloading and file sharing are taking away. If you don't believe me, ask the people who contribute to PLAYBOY and see how they feel about job security these days.

Alan Behr
New York, New York

ANOTHER BRICK IN THE WALL

After reading the March issue I could not let Joe Domanick's politically biased open-border diatribe ("Start Making Sense") go unanswered. Apparently Domanick wants to make the keeping out and removal of illegal aliens a racial issue by talking only about how angered whites in Arizona are. Well, how about the jobs blacks, Native Americans and, for that matter, legal immigrants are losing to illegals? You don't think they might be angry too? He is also apparently not concerned about the welfare of illegal aliens themselves, who are often used and abused and have no recourse.

Tom Hawksworth
Roseburg, Oregon

After reading the articles about immigration in the March *Forum* I must say I believe the U.S. should consider halting immigration until the last unemployed U.S. citizen gets a job. It's unfair for a noncitizen to get a job because he or she offers to work more cheaply, while taxpayers must pay for benefits for unem-



Immigration debates: economic or racial?

ployed citizens. Many Latin American governments also want to maintain the status quo because they need the money their citizens send home.

Mauricio Mejfa
Tegucigalpa, Honduras

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



Tailors Whiffed

If a couturier's job is to put a star in a sexy but not revealing frock, TAYLOR SWIFT's crew gets a mild fail. On the other hand, we're now huge Taylor Swift fans. She sings or something.



The Swan of 42nd Street

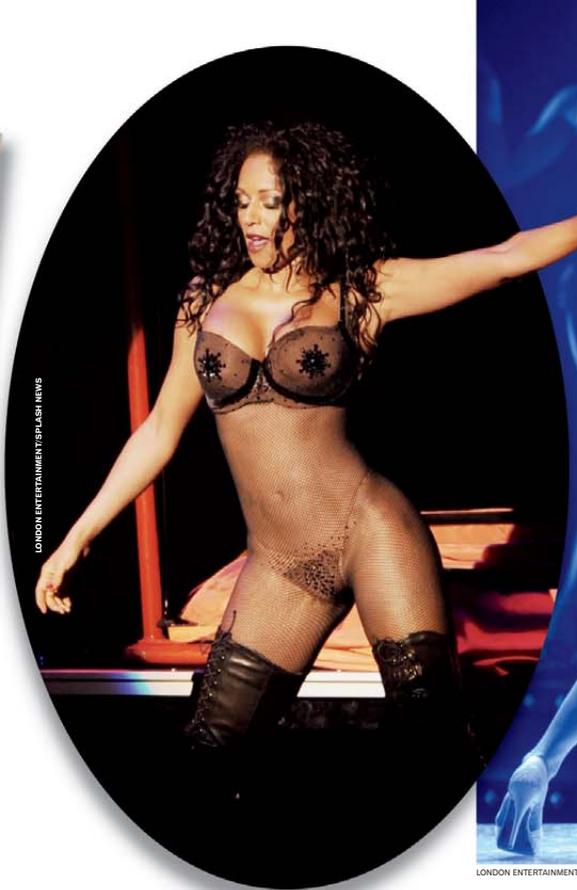
Model AMANDA SWAN plays a stripper in *The Don of 42nd Street*. "It's the highlight of my little career!" she writes, clearly unable to contain her excitement.



Hint From Heloise

Got stubborn soap scum on your shower door? Scrub vigorously with an abrasive cleanser. Got DAE DANIELS on your shower door? Scrub vigorously, but do *not* use abrasive cleanser.

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“Is that her you-know-what? Can’t be. Kinda looks like it, though. Is it? What the hell am I looking at?”

When MEL B (far left) and KELLY MONACO (left) perform with the *Peepshow* burlesque revue in Vegas, audiences exit feeling both titillated and confused.



JENS POPSTAR PICTURES



Nice Try
We used to run photos of KELLY BROOK with a jealous snark about how perpetual fiancé Billy Zane was the luckiest man on earth. Same deal now, only Mr. Lucky is rugby player Danny Cipriani, who gets to do what he’s doing at left with what you see below. At will.



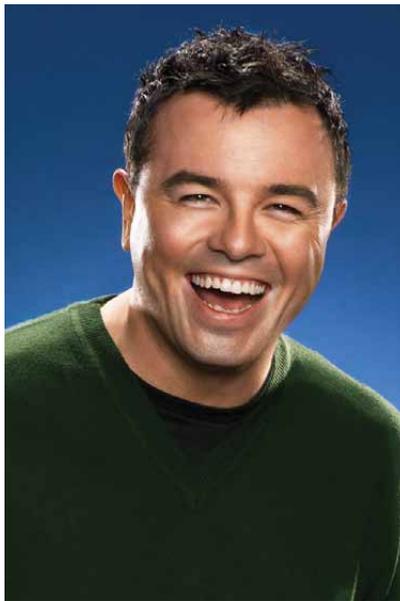
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The Naked Supposed Truth

Swede ANGELICA JANSSON tells us she’s in *Baby O*, a musical starring Billy Burke, Theresa Russell and Robert Goulaaaaaay. She also claims roles in a diminutive Kiss cover band and an aborted Eddie Griffin reality series. Our researchers cannot confirm any of this. It could be just a pack of lies. And we’re okay with that.



TEAM GORGEOUS ON THE BEACH, OUT OF THEIR CLOTHES.



HEY, SETH MACFARLANE, WHAT'S SO FUNNY?



COULD THIS BE OKLAHOMA'S BIG YEAR?

NEXT MONTH



OUR SPEIDI SENSE IS TINGLING.

TEAM GORGEOUS—**SUZANNE STONEBARGER** AND **MICHELLE MORE** ARE EASY TO PICK OUT IN A CROWD, AND NOT JUST BECAUSE THEY STAND FIVE-NINE AND SIX-ONE, RESPECTIVELY. COME HANG OUT ON THE BEACH FOR THIS SIZZLING PICTORIAL AS MEMBERS OF THE WORLD'S HOTTEST VOLLEYBALL TEAM SLIP OUT OF THEIR BIKINIS. SOMETHING TELLS US THEY WON'T BE THE ONLY ONES SWEATING.

SETH MACFARLANE—IN THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, THE PROLIFIC *FAMILY GUY* CREATOR TALKS TO **ROB TANNENBAUM** ABOUT WHY GAS IS A GAS, WHAT HE'D LIKE TO DO TO BILL O'REILLY AND WHICH *FAMILY GUY* EPISODE FOX DOESN'T WANT YOU TO SEE.

INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS—CONTROVERSIAL AND BRILLIANT AUTEUR **QUENTIN TARANTINO** EXCERPTS HIS BRUTAL NEW FILM IN GRAPHIC-NOVEL FORM.

THE HILLIKER CURSE—IN THIS SOUL-RENDING INSTALLMENT OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, CRIME FICTION LEGEND **JAMES ELLROY** GETS MARRIED, GETS DIVORCED, GOES CRAZY AND MEETS THE RED GODDESS.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL 2009—OUR ANNUAL RUNDOWN OF THE STATE OF THE GAME AND THE SEASON'S HOTTEST PROSPECTS.

CONFIDO—IN A NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED SHORT STORY, **KURT VONNEGUT** MEDITATES ON MAN'S LIMITLESS KNACK

FOR CRUELTY AND THE INEXORABLE CORRUPTING INFLUENCE OF TECHNOLOGY.

20Q—BETWEEN HER STINTS AS AN OBJECT OF OBSESSION IN *WICKER PARK* AND *TROY*, IT'S HARD TO THINK OF **DIANE KRUGER** AS AN UGLY DUCKLING. STILL, THE GERMAN *INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS* ACTOR TELLS US SHE WAS GANGLY AND AWKWARD UNTIL SHE STARTED MODELING. HERE'S HOPING HER STARRING ROLE OPPOSITE BRAD PITT HELPS WITH HER CONFIDENCE ISSUES.

HEIDI MONTAG—WE HEAD FOR THE HILLS AS THE IMPOSSIBLY SEXY REALITY-SHOW DIVA POSES FOR A PICTORIAL AND GETS INTERVIEWED BY HER NOTORIOUS HUSBAND, **SPENCER PRATT**. NO UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSES HERE.

ELEMENTS OF STYLE—TODAY'S GENTLEMAN NEEDS TO KNOW WHEN METROSEXUAL IS TOO METROSEXUAL AND WHAT TO SAY WHEN SHE CATCHES YOU CHECKING BASEBALL SCORES ON YOUR PHONE DURING A CHICK FLICK. THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO MODERN PANACHE.

PLUS—**FRANK OWEN** INVESTIGATES THE DOOM PROPHETS OF 2012, WE PARK OURSELVES IN THE MOST STYLISH CHAIRS EVER MADE, AND MISS SEPTEMBER **KIMBERLY PHILLIPS** SOOTHES OUR FEVERED BROW.

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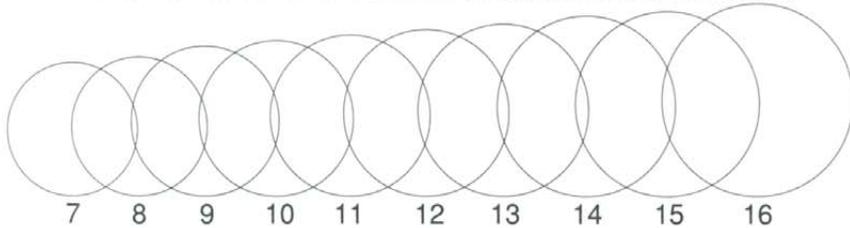
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