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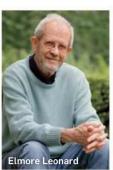
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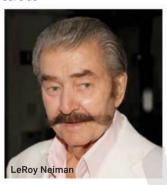
ans of the surreal Superjail!, created by Christy Karacas, have been starved for new adventures. The first season of the brilliant animated series aired on Adult Swim in 2008; it didn't return with new episodes until 2011. That's why we're honored to share the first installment of 2012—an exclusive Superjail! comic in which the Warden rewards his best inmates with a visit to Ice Cream Mountain. Not surprisingly, the nefarious Twins throw a wrench into that plan, and a bloody, outrageous melee ensues. The new year also brings fresh episodes of Justified. The hit FX series centers on Raylan Givens, the federal marshal from Harlan, Kentucky created by master crime writer Elmore Leonard. In this first look at Leonard's new novel, Raylan, our hero faces down Bonnie-and-Clyde kidney thieves and nearly goes under the knife. **LeRoy Neiman** has left a deep impression during his 54 years as

a PLAYBOY contributor. In celebration of his 90th birthday, the artist shares in LeRoy some of the stories behind his best-known works. We'd love to see how the creator of the Femlin would imagine the whirlwind known as Lindsay Lohan. A celebrity at an early age, the actress has suffered through wellpublicized struggles with booze and the law. Photographer Yu Tsai captures LiLo's good nature and stunning beauty in Lindsay Reborn. Remember the amazing story Paula Froelich filed in September after we sent her on vacation in Iraq? In Saigon Confidential our fearless traveler describes the bizarre war tourism that has sprung up in Vietnam. You know Nick Offerman as the boss on Parks and Recreation. The comic actor talks in 20Q about how to get good wood and the joys of having an older wife. Richard Lewis, meanwhile, discusses the tribulations of having an older (and wiser) penis in our Men column, "How to Turn Your Dick Into a Richard," It's Lewis at his neurotic and hilarious best. Flash back to Washington, D.C., 1972, where detective Frank

"Hound Dog" Vaughn is in pursuit of a killer who has a flashy car and a cute girlfriend but apparently no conscience. Ride along in our exclusive preview of *What It Was*, the latest hard-boiled best-seller from **George Pelecanos.** Although he didn't get to know his famous TV journalist father until he was 14, **Chris Wallace** followed in Mike's footsteps. In the *Playboy Interview*, the man behind the desk on *Fox News Sunday* dissects the presidential campaign coverage, argues that "Fox is what Fox is" and reveals why he's a registered Democrat.

Christy Karacas







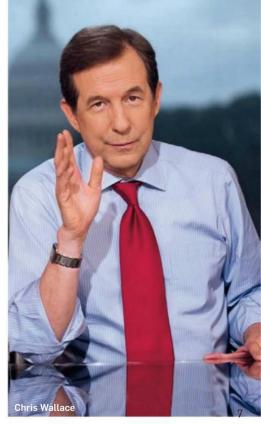






PLAYBILL





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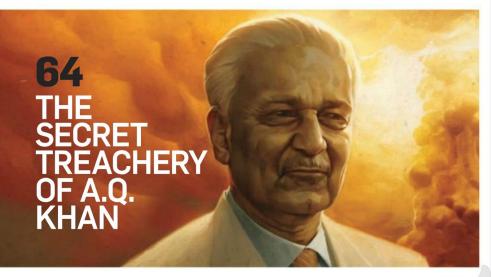




PLAYBOY

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Lindsay Lohan is a beautiful woman and a talented actress who, like the founder of this magazine, idolizes Marilyn Monroe. She even named her fashion company 6126 for Monroe's birthday. Now 25, Lindsay has spent her life being watched by millions—an experience to which our Rabbit can relate.

PLAYBOY

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COED OF THE MONTH Meet Kinsey Elizabeth of Virginia Commonwealth. She's majoring in poli-sci but isn't sure she'd make a good politician—especially after the press finds out about that freshman-year threesome.

A TIME OF RENEWAL What better time to give the gift of PLAYBOY than the holidays? We sifted through our archives to select the most eye-catching classic subscription ads of the 1970s and 1980s.

PLAYBOY WIKI Wondering who will be posing in the months ahead? Secrets are revealed at playboywiki.com.



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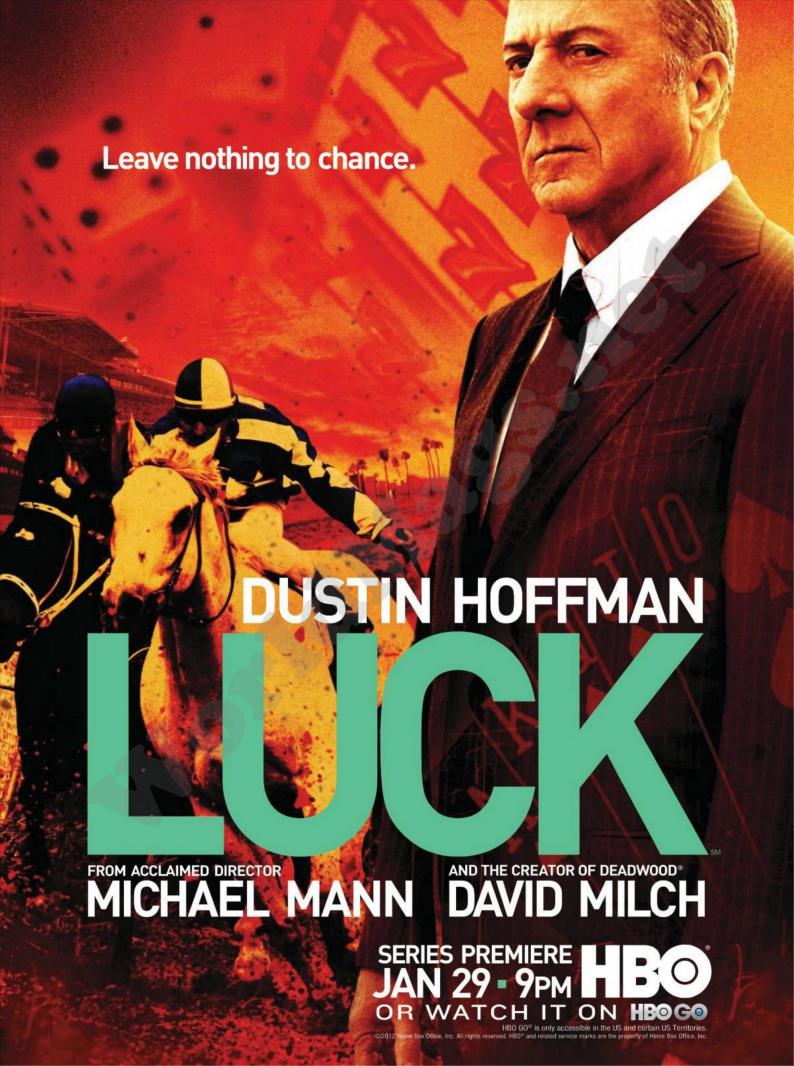


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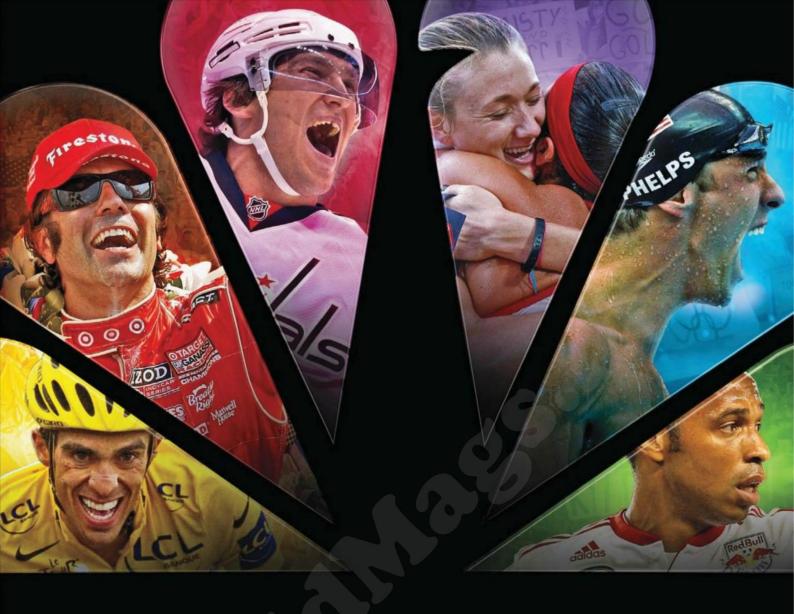
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DARK HONEY (vs.) STONE CHERRY



HAS NEVER BEEN SO LUCKY

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HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

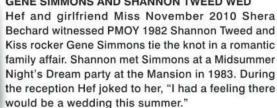


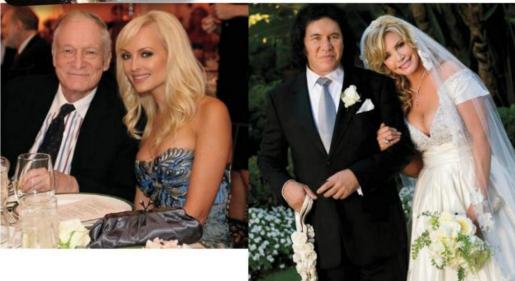


SNOOP DOGG AT LONDON CLUB

Rap icon Snoop Dogg gave a VIP performance at the London Playboy Club that drew U.K. celebrities including soccer star Ashley Cole. Snoop was escorted by Bunnies, making him look, as the British would say, like a *bird* dog.

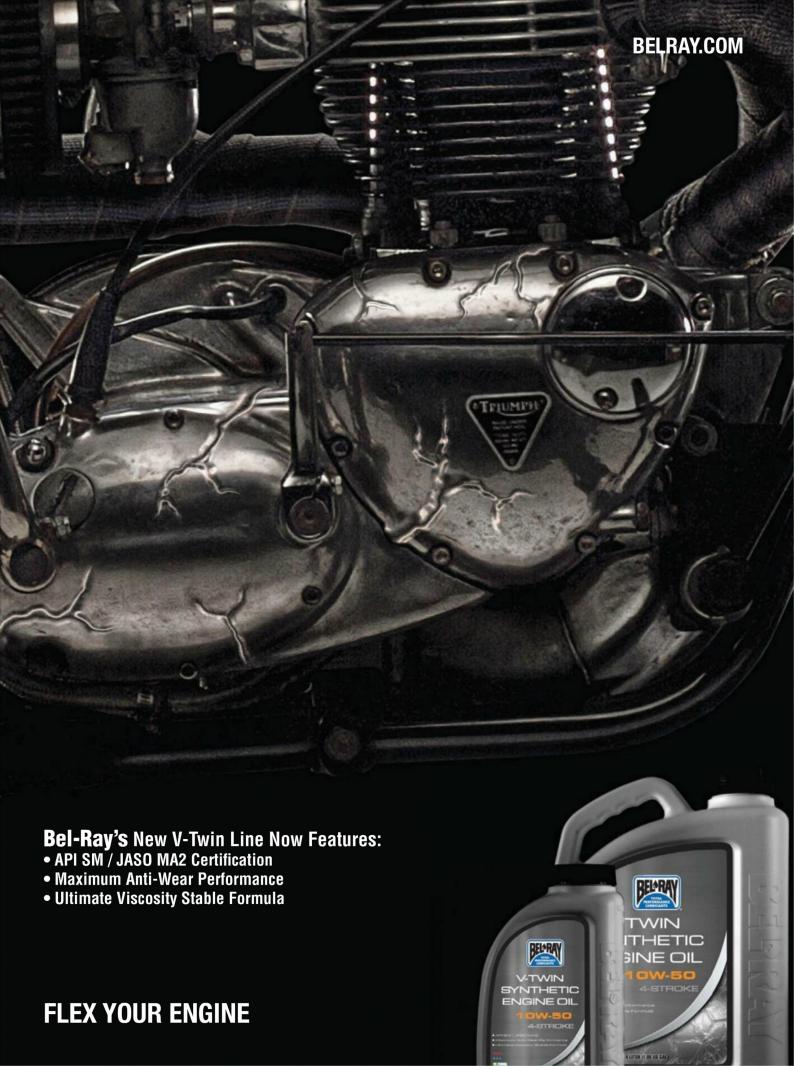












HACK ATTACK

Noah Shachtman paints a troubling picture of cybercrime, hacktivism, espionage and warfare in *The Anatomy of Hacking* (November), which leads to the question, "What more should we be doing?" First, we must protect privately held critical infrastructures (e.g., the power grid, financial systems, food distribution networks) and business networks that hold our intellectual property and proprietary secrets. Congress must extend protection to critical companies just as the Pentagon does with the defense industry. Second, we need to apply diplomatic pressure, financial disruption and sanctions—the same tactics we use to fight terrorism—to end cyber sanctuaries in countries such as Ukraine, Belarus and Russia. Finally, let's establish clear standards of behavior for nation-states and follow through when the rules are broken. Accurately attributing cyber attacks can be a challenge, but as Shachtman writes, there are times when "you don't need to be an ace spy hunter" to figure it out. There needs to be negative consequences for stealing our business research and designs. Today, it's cost free for China and others.

Richard Clarke Arlington, Virginia

Clarke, former national coordinator for security, infrastructure protection and counterterrorism under President Bill Clinton, is co-author of Cyber War: The Next Threat to National Security and What to Do About It.

Our reliance on cyberspace for everything from weapons systems to communications to water and power has shifted the balance of power in the world in a permanent way. The superpowers have been building weapons systems that are network-centric, which makes them more vulnerable to nationstates that, until the introduction of the web, would never dare launch an attack. Now a six-person hacker crew could shut down a billion-dollar military operation with no danger of capture. The scope and implications of this revolutionary change have yet to be understood by terrorist cells or rogue states, which means that despite the numerous frightening examples Shachtman cites, I'm afraid we ain't seen nothing yet.

Jeffrey Carr Seattle, Washington

Carr, who runs Taia Global, a cyberintelligence firm, is author of Inside Cyber Warfare: Mapping the Cyber Underworld.

HITTING BOTTOM

It is wrong to show Kate Middleton with her dress blowing up, revealing her backside (*Grapevine*, November). Now that she is a member of the royal family, she deserves respect.

Pat Spaniol Stephentown, New York

Agreed. We admire any woman with the courage to go commando in a fishbowl.

DEAR PLAYBOY

Cooking: Art or Science?

Anthony Bourdain claims in the *Playboy Interview* (November) that I "kind of lost the plot" on *Top Chef* because "molecular gastronomy" has "gone over the top." I am a classically trained chef, and as such, there is nothing wrong with utilizing science as a means to understand and improve cooking. As with any art, people of previous generations are resistant to change, but those who are inspired by the old while experimenting with fresh ideas are nearly always appreciated later. Molecular gastronomy is not, as you claim in one question, "a food trend gone bad."

Marcel Vigneron Los Angeles, California o was runner-up on the sec-

Vigneron, who was runner-up on the second season of Top Chef, hosts the Syfy series Marcel's Quantum Kitchen.



SKIP THE REBOUND

Bravo to Lisa Lampanelli for her sound advice to always take a break between relationships ("The Mourning After," *Women*, November). People spend too much time going through repetitive emotional tortures.

Christy Tinsley-Kast Lynchburg, Virginia

ALABAMA BEAUTIES

Being both a gentleman and a scholar, I must confess Girls of the SEC



The Crimson coed Jackie Pines.

(November) took my breath away, especially the shot of Jackie Pines of the University of Alabama.

Westly Henry Norwood Young America, Minnesota

You have done an injustice to Johnna Dominguez of Alabama and her perfect legs with such a small photo. Can you get her back for another shoot?

Mike Johnson West Hollywood, California

Kaitlyn Ryan of Auburn needs her own pictorial. Great overall issue!

Cash Cooke Plover, Wisconsin

PLAYBOY FOR CHANGE

While looking for a magazine at the Tucson airport to read on my flight to L.A., I noticed the October issue of PLAYBOY was 60 cents. Are you kidding? I dug the change out of my pocket (63 cents after tax). Carrying coins from city to city seems to add excess weight, but carrying an issue of PLAYBOY doesn't. It was a great read.

Craig Schwarz Camarillo, California

MEAT AND TOMATOES

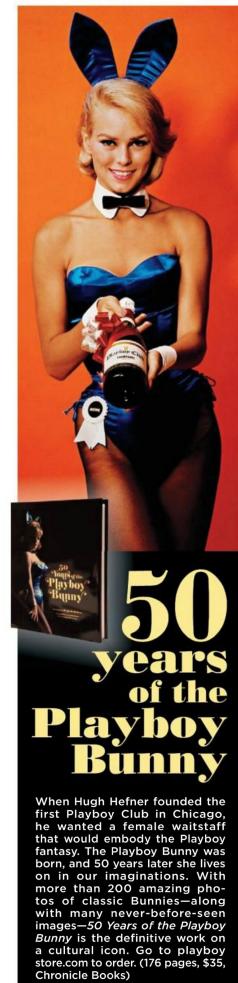
Anthony Bourdain is as entertaining as television and writing get in the modern age. Well done, PLAYBOY, for giving readers a look at his brilliance.

Robbie Krieger Winter Haven, Florida

Bourdain is wonderful, as always, but your interview is too brief. I knew he'd know Oklahoma Joe's in Kansas City is the place to go for barbecue.

Jennifer Park Mission, Kansas

Where to begin? There is no species on earth that hasn't been forced to pass through Bourdain's digestive tract, and his assertion that birds who have pipes jammed down their throats to produce foie gras lead "luxurious" lives makes it



clear that his colon is working harder than his brain. The man who indulges his every appetite calls vegetarians "selfindulgent" without a hint of irony or a passing thought for the consequences of his gastronomic whims. And he neglects to mention that not only do women prefer compassionate guys, but avoiding saturated animal fats would also help keep his cucumber up.

Chris Holbein Norfolk, Virginia

Holbein is an associate director of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals.

MORE ON THE MISTRESS

I love *How to Run a Mistress* (October), but I see two flaws in the author's reasoning. First, nothing is private on the internet, and second, his advice isn't going to work on the smart women who read PLAYBOY.

Alberto Perez Orense, Spain

When is the female perspective on affairs coming out? I have stories.

Meggan Anderson Los Angeles, California

You can't blame a guy for dreaming about a little something on the side, but I'm bummed to see you print a how-to. Nothing says you love the mother of your children like giving her an STD.

Kelly Colleen Panama City, Florida

How to Run a Mistress is like putting a five-year-old in the driver's seat of a running car and wishing him luck.

Beverly Tedford Nashville, Arkansas

PLAYBOY, especially the Advisor, is usually respectful of women in relationships, but the anonymous author of *How to Run a Mistress* looks ridiculous. He goes on about how he has everything he needs and how he loves his perfect wife—but she's just not enough. (So he *doesn't* have everything he needs.) If your wife says, "I know you're such a catch you will have other women; just be discreet, don't rub my nose in it and don't embarrass me," rock out! But if you have to sneak around because she would be devastated, it's sleazy.

Shari Prange Bonny Doon, California

BALL BUSTERS

I love that Jonathan Ames is willing to discuss his foibles and maladies ("I'm a Bearded Lady in a Freak Show," *Men,* October), but someone needs to tell him everything will be okay. I once attended an Ames reading in Manhattan. He enthralled us with scatological adventures in France and otherworldly throat sounds from his childhood. He passed around diagrams of his hairline and even gave out business cards from fictional

characters. When an aspiring scribe handed him his first published clip, he graciously accepted it without rolling his eyes. Ames is a fine American writer and a good guy.

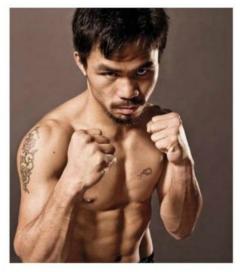
> J. Bryan McGeever Stony Brook, New York

Your *Women* columnist, Lisa Lampanelli, has bigger balls than Ames. I understand the need to be respectful and considerate, but there's no need to contribute to the sissification of America.

Noris Tsangarides Atlanta, Georgia

PICKING A FIGHT

Pacquiao (November) is a masterfully written profile of Manny Pacquiao, a



The last thing you would see.

modern-day hero in and out of the ring. As for Floyd Mayweather Jr.: He holds the belt in the welterweight division of the WBC, but it seems to stand not for World Boxing Council but World's Biggest Chicken.

Ismael Isidto
Dee Why, New South Wales

Even though Pacquiao has agreed to stringent, Olympic-style drug testing, Mayweather won't fight him because he insists Pacquiao train exclusively in the United States. Pacquiao should agree, subject to Mayweather training exclusively in the Philippines.

Maxwell Pinto Toronto, Ontario

BLACK AND WHITE

I love the College Fiction Contest winner, *Hot Damn*, by Martha Stallman (November). However, Stallman describes Lucy as having "root beer skin" and plays with the joke that Germaine claims to look more like his "mom" before she opens the door, but Charles Chaisson's fine illustration is of a white woman. Even PLAYBOY is underrepresenting black people in the media!

Glenn Krasner Bronx, New York



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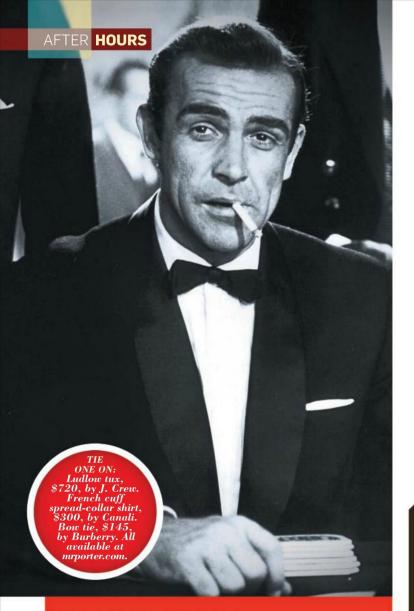
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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS





CLASSIC LOOK OF THE MONTH

BOND, JAMES BOND

THE YEAR 2012 marks the 50th anniversary of the James Bond film series, a cultural phenomenon that has grossed more than \$5 billion worldwide over the years. Pictured above is the very first scene with 007, as the camera pans across him sitting at a card table in *Dr. No.* How amazing was Sean Connery? He managed to express the complete Bond persona in this single moment. Bond is a fearless risk taker, a man who knows he's going to crack the case and get the girl(s) and who is always perfectly appointed. His attire is classic and British. It speaks of the man and not for him. We know Bond is sophisticated, a figure to be respected, before he ever opens his mouth. He is, in other words, everything we all aspire to be. This New Year's Eve, should you decide on formalwear, take a sartorial tip from 007. See the caption for how to re-create this classic look—Walther PPK not included.

EXPERT APPROVED • WINTER JACKETS

BRING THE HEAT No stranger to frigid locales, Swedish explorer Johan Ernst Nilson recently hiked more than

120 miles along the North Pole. To stave off frostbite and whatever else the arctic elements brought, he swaddled himself in North Face's Enzo jacket (\$449, thenorthface.com). "We traveled over ice for 10 hours a day for 50 days," he says. "At one point the ice broke and I fell into the water. You wonder what will happen if you fall through, but the jacket worked. I knew it was waterproof, but I didn't think it was that waterproof."



THE GOOD LIFE • TAILGATING

INTO THE WOODY

Fear not, tailgating sophisticates—there is now a luxury trailer worthy of your refined predilections. The Woody (followthewoody .com), recently auctioned off as part of a fundraising initiative by the HIV/AIDS charity DIFFA, takes high-end outdoor entertainment to new heights—or at the very least classes up the army of motor homes that usually populates stadium parking lots on game day. It features pouches for playing cards and chips, a beer tap, ice bucket enclaves and a built-in bar (see right). The only thing missing: an enthusiastic group of friends with a serious thirst for a liquid lunch. Game on!



BARMATE

WORDS TO DRINK BY

BABY CACCIATORE

MY CURRENT BARTEND-ING GIG is at Aqua Lounge, a nightclub in south suburban Chicago. But I have also worked at a bar, and the crowds are completely different. At a club everyone is younger and crazier. At a bar the age range varies, and everyone just wants to relax and watch whatever game is on.

IT'S ALMOST impossible to hear a drink order at a club, so keep it simple.

NO ONE ever gets complicated drinks from me. I might be a bartender, but I never said I was a good one!

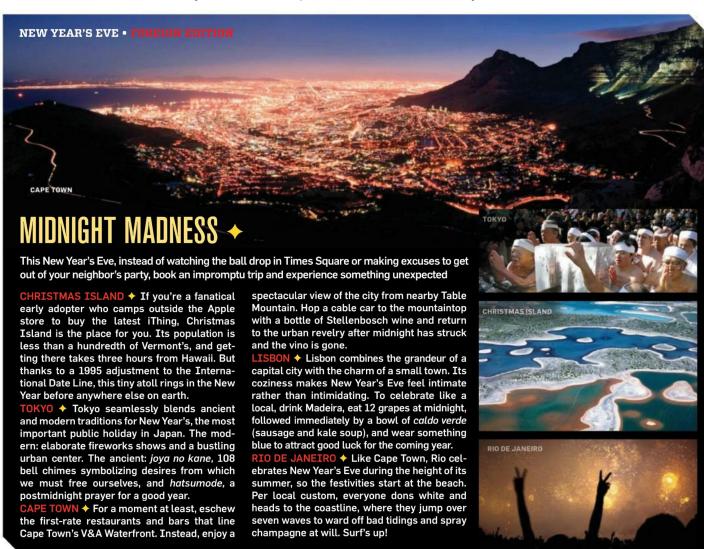
THE WILDEST THING I'VE EVER SEEN? Once, these three girls started dancing freakier and freakier as the night went on. By closing time they were having an intense threeway make-out session. Myself and everyone else in the club couldn't take our eyes off of them.







It's slow! It's decidedly unslick! But the Roper Steam Motorcycle, experts believe, is about to become the most expensive (seven figures, quite possibly) bike ever sold at auction when it hits the block at Auctions America by RM, in Las Vegas from January 12 to 14. Built in 1894, the Roper can hit a furious 40 mph. The steam engine burns coal—and money. Only two were made; the other is in the Smithsonian. The builder was one Sylvester Howard Roper, who fell off a steam motorcycle in 1896, had a heart attack and died.



-sears

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SEXTYMOLOGY • FLASHING

BEADED STRING THEORY

New Orleanians reject the idea that women flashing their breasts to collect beads is a Mardi Gras "tradition." The city claims that drunken college students began initiating these exchanges only a decade ago. But the custom has a more interesting origin—it began not with tits but testicles. In their study "Ritual Disrobement at Mardi Gras," sociologists Wesley Shrum and John Kilburn say the practice started in 1975 when nudists living in an apartment on Royal Street started calling to men on the street to drop trou in exchange for a flash of tit or a string of beads. It took off from there, though boobs (happily) replaced balls as currency.



SCIENCE • HANGOVERS

THE MORNING AFTER

Too many drinks of any spirit are hard on the soul—and the head. There are many reasons why a hangover hurts and just as many remedies to deal with it once the pain sets in. Below, a trio of doctors and dietitians share the science behind a hangover and which treatments will put an end to your pounding headache.

GREASE "Have a pretty full breakfast," says Jim White, a registered dietitian. "Eggs contain a large amount of cystine, which breaks down hangover toxins. Bananas provide electrolytes and potassium, and amino acids in meat will help defog the brain."





HAIR OF THE DOG "Drinking through a hangover merely delays the inevitable," says Robert Swift of Brown University. No matter what, stay hydrated—for every cocktail, you urinate four times as much, causing you to lose essential vitamins, salts and sugars that keep your organs in working order.

PILLS "The tendency to have headaches is somewhat genetically determined," says Peter Goadsby, director of the Headache Center. "A stressful week or missed sleep also fast-tracks hangovers." Your best bet? Two over-the-counter painkillers (e.g., Advil) before your night begins and two more after you wake up.





STREETSCAPES • TIMES SQUARE

TRUE GRIT

It's curious that as time marches on we romanticize urban America's down-and-out era. Perhaps fatigue from Rudy Giuliani's gentrification push of the 1990s has driven gritty New Yorkers to yearn for a little more smut than shine. New coffee-table book *The Forty-Deuce* helps explain why: It captures the Big Apple's early-1980s street culture through the photography of Australian-born Bill Butterworth. Harnessing the same swagger as Jamel Shabazz's classic *Back in the Days*, Butterworth's candid shots commemorate the Times Square of yore—peep shows, dive bars, hookers, fading neon signs and 24-hour Automats.



SKYACTIV TECHNOLOGY



Brains and Beauty

At the wheel of a whole new kind of car

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

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

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



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A new world under the hood

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







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Classy Chassis

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- Quick, direct shifting of a DCT
- · Smooth, seamless shifting

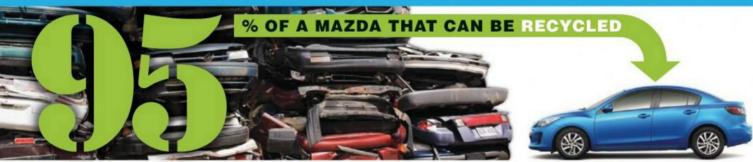
The automatic transmission is intelligently engineered to rev-match downshifts faster than a dual-clutch transmission.

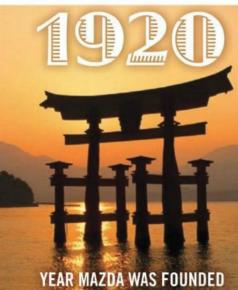
MAZDA DATA



millions of Mazdas sold to date

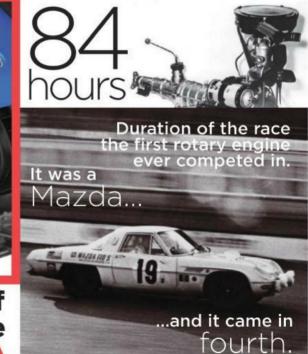














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Reimagining the automobile wasn't the goal, it just ended up that way. But that's who we are, and that's what we do. Because for us, if it's not worth driving, it's not worth building.

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Man, you're a handsome son of a bitch. Don't let Old Man Winter turn you into an old man, too. Fight back with Aesop skin products (aesop.com), and you'll be the envy of the woman who shares your bathroom. Pictured:

AESOP PARSLEY SEED EYE CREAM (\$83) AND FACIAL SERUM (\$63)





parsley seed eye cream and intensely hydrating facial serum. When it comes to shaving, you've graduated from Barbasol. Buy from the folks who've made an art out of it, the Art of Shaving (artofshaving.com). Pictured:

ART OF SHAVING OCEAN KELP SHAVING CREAM (\$22) ocean kelp shaving cream. When it's time to hit the road, shove your gear into the Hard Graft Driftwood dopp kit (hardgraft.com), cut from supple Italian leather and suede. Did we mention how handsome you are?

HARD GRAFT DRIFTWOOD DOPP KIT (\$205)

FACES ONLY A MOTHER COULD LOVE

This crew should have used more moisturizer.



Frankenstein, the modern Prometheus, couldn't get a date at Arizona State



Richard Kiel as Jaws in The Spy Who Loved Me



Dr. Evil: Has evil ever looked so bad?



Anton Chigurh: "What's the most you ever lost on a coin toss?"

HAUTE CUISINE BRUNCH

PRAWN TURN

Just because you had more fun than you care to remember on New Year's Eve doesn't mean you should spend the following morning wolfing down lousy food to bolster your tired body. So forgo the preservatives and elevate your brunch cuisine with the ultimate New Year's Day meal, courtesy of Chicago's Longman & Eagle: prawns and grits with a refreshing beermosa chaser. Serves four.

- 20 head-on gulf prawns
- 1 stick unsalted butter
- 1/2 cup minced garlic
- 3 tbs. minced rosemary
- 2 tbs. thym
- 112 oz. beei
- 1 cup Worcestershire
- 3 tbs. fresh cracked black pepper
- 2 cups Anson Mills grits
- Parmigiano-Reggian
- 1 cup heavy crean
- Salt to tast



In a pan with half the butter, sauté prawns until almost fully cooked. Place on a plate and reserve. Add garlic and herbs to the pan, followed by the beer and Worcestershire sauce. Reduce by half. Add black pepper. To finish, place the prawns back in the pan and slowly add the remaining butter until emulsified. For the grits: Bring a saucepan of salted water to a boil. Whisk in grits slowly so lumps don't form. Cook on medium heat until grits start to thicken. When grits have thickened, stir in cream and cheese. To assemble the dish, make a pool of grits in the center of a plate and add prawns. Spoon abundant sauce over prawns. Optional: Serve with poached eggs and a good French baguette.

BEERMOSA

2 dashes blood orange bitters3 oz. fresh orange juice12 oz. Hacker-Pschorr Weisse1 orange slice for garnish



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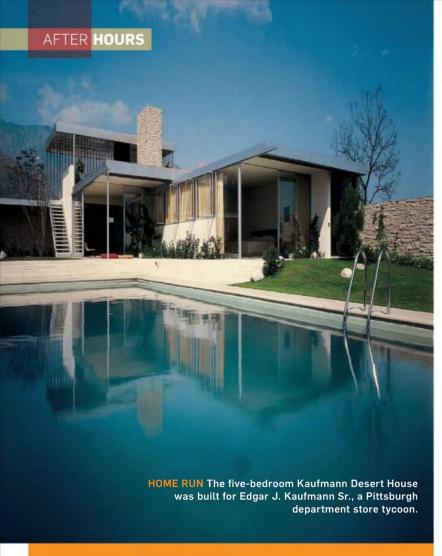
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ON LOCATION • THE MOD SQUAD

ENDANGERED ARCHITECTURE

Midcentury modern architecture—a highly stylized design movement that flourished from the 1930s through the 1960s and was championed by Frank Lloyd Wright among others—may be wiped off the map if wealthy real estate investors have their way. In 2010 architect John Lautner's Shusett House in Beverly Hills was demolished by an owner who wanted to build something newfangled. Last July billionaire Ron Burkle saved Wright's Ennis House in Los Angeles from the same fate at the last second. Here are three homes we hope never face the wrecking ball.



KAUFMANN DESERT HOUSE Once owned by Barry Manilow, architect Richard Neutra's 1946 Palm Springs palace is unique for its sliding glass walls that connect the living space to the desert landscape. It was listed for \$12.975 million in 2008. No buyer has come forward, and conservationists are biting their nails.



SILVERTOP John Lautner's Los Angeles masterpiece, completed in 1963, features a curved glass-panel wall that conforms to the hillside of its Silver Lake neighborhood. The home's dining room table can disappear into the floor on demand.



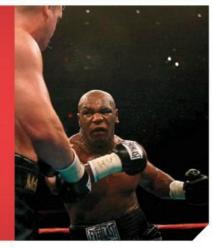
ELROD HOUSE Known from the Bond film *Diamonds Are Forever* and photo shoots in this magazine, Lautner's Elrod House, built in 1968 for designer Arthur Elrod, is the ultimate bachelor pad. Situated on a cliff in Palm Springs, the house is remarkable for its domed concrete roof, its indoor-outdoor pool and the huge desert boulders in the living room.



FROM THE DIGITAL ARCHIVE • iPLAYBOY

THE UNQUIET MAN

He was Kid Dynamite, Iron Mike, the Baddest Man on the Planet—and the most pugnacious *Playboy Interview* subject in history. "I'm ready to fight anybody," Mike Tyson told boxing writer Mark Kram during their amazing 1998 exchange. "Not physically, just whatever is necessary. I just want to fight someone. That's who I am. Fuck 'em! I'm assertive and aggressive and take no shit. I'm ready to go anytime." "To the ring?" Kram asked. "Wherever," Tyson jabbed back. "Hell. Heaven." To read the rest of the Tyson interview, go to iplayboy.com.



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3

II: Lindsay Loha

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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TATTOO

By Stephen Rebello

David Fincher's take on the Stieg Larsson best-seller that inspired the Swedish

film The Girl With the Dragon Tattoo has the press twisted up. Why would the Oscarnominated director remake the violent, moody 2009 thriller about a crusading journalist (Daniel Craig) who teams up with a near-feral goth computer hacker to solve a multiplemurder mystery? Blame it on the edgy bisexual heroine, Lisbeth Salander, played by Rooney Mara. "Lisbeth is an astounding character; she's so damaged that she's incapable of crying, because if her eyes were full of tears, she'd miss the next assailant," says Fincher. "There is something off-putting about her, but she's utterly compelling and vulnerable. One hard thing was getting Daniel to look schlubby. I had to tell him, 'Don't run like James Bond. Run like a writer who drinks, smokes and hasn't run in 15 years.'"

OVD OF THE MONTH

BOARDWALK EMPIRE: SEASON ONE



Martin Scorsese's pricey pilot kicks off this intoxicating Prohibition-era HBO drama. Steve Buscemi plays "Nucky" Thompson, the Atlantic City treasurer cum bootlegger who drinks up the ladies and mixes with politicians and mobsters alike. (BD) Best extra: A look at historic speakeasy locations. YYYY —Robert B. DeSalvo

TEASE FRAME

Vera Farmiga plays a woman with a drug habit who is stuck in a marriage in *Down to the Bone* (pictured). See her get gritty again as a CIA operative who supervises Ryan Reynolds in *Safe House*.



NOW PLAYING

When the IMF is blamed for a deadly blast at the Kremlin, who ya gonna call? Tom Cruise and his Mission: Impossible— Ghost Protocol (pictured) teammates Jeremy Renner, Simon Pegg and Paula Patton go deep undercover to expose the truth in this fourth installment of the franchise.... The precocious young hero (Thomas Horn) of Extremely Loud and Incredibly Close scours New York for the matching lock to a key left by his father

(Tom Hanks), who died on 9/11. Sandra Bullock as his mother and Max von Sydow as his grandfather share the boy's journey.... Skintight-leather-clad vampire warrior Kate Beckinsale looks 3-D ready in *Underworld Awakening* when she emerges after 12 years of suspended animation to defend the vampire and werewolf immortals from an all-out assault by humankind. This is the fourth film in the fan-favorite Underworld series and the third for Beckinsale after sitting the last one out.... Ralph Fiennes cuts a compelling Shakespearean figure as the power-mad Roman military hero whose arrogance leads to banishment in his gritty, violent directorial debut, Coriolanus. But it's Vanessa Redgrave who flattens everyone in sight as the flawed hero's relentless mother.... Martial-arts supernova Gina Carano goes ballistic in director Steven Soderbergh's action flick Haywire, playing a double-crossed covert-ops specialist out for revenge. Channing Tatum,



Ewan McGregor, Michael Fassbender, Antonio Banderas and Michael Douglas variously help and hinder.... Denzel Washington is the CIA guy gone rotten and Ryan Reynolds is the action-starved agency desk jockey with whom he must go on the run from a pack of serious badasses in the action thriller Safe House.... The titular lady in The Woman in Black is a vengeful ghost who terrifies the residents of a foggy seaside town and makes young lawyer Daniel Radcliffe wish he still had magic powers in this atmospheric British thriller that also stars Ciarán Hinds and Janet McTeer.... In Man on a Ledge Elizabeth Banks is a police shrink trying to talk down suicidal fugitive ex-cop Sam Worthington, whose antics atop a hotel bring Manhattan to a standstill. Meanwhile, Jamie Bell as his brother just happens to be staging a major diamond heist. Kyra Sedgwick, Edward Burns, Ed Harris and Anthony Mackie share the thrills.



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GAME OF THE MONTH

By Jason Buhrmester Give Olympic gold medalist Shaun White five minutes on a half-pipe and witness just how far snowboarding has evolved since the last SSX game hit shelves five years ago. To catch up with the downhill speed of the sport, SSX developers toned down the cartoony vibe of past games for a grittier feel. That's what the latest SSX (PS3, 360) is about—dropping out of helicopters and breaking off the

slope onto dangerous backwoods runs in the Himalayas, Antarctica and the Alps, each mapped using NASA topographical data. This isn't your typical ski lodge. Plan on battling whiteouts and avalanches while surviving subzero temperatures, all for a shot at blasting huge air off a hidden kicker in Siberia or Patagonia. Bomb the mountain in time-based Race Drops, rack up points in Trick Drops or see how far you can make it down the slope in heart-racing Survival Drops. **Y*Y*Y*

ALBUM OF THE MONTH

MIRANDA LAMBERT

Didn't expect to ever hear the word *defibrillator* in a country song, did you? Miranda Lambert sings it on *Four the Record*, which affirms that she's the best thing to emerge from reality TV. (She finished third on *Nashville Star.*) She's newly married to country star Blake Shelton, so there are a few love-struck ballads here. But in the standout songs—the Zeppelin-influenced "Baggage Claim," the rocking "Fastest Girl in Town" and the defiant "Mama's Broken Heart"—Lambert mixes guns, whiskey, lipstick and revenge. Being a badass is what she does best.





Time was, TV's best shows debuted in the fall and the also-rans came later in the season. No longer: Winter's now jam-packed with ambitious programming all over the dial. The year begins with two film stars moving to the small screen, as Dustin Hoffman headlines HBO's intense horse-racing drama Luck and Don Cheadle plays a sex-addicted management consultant on Showtime's twisted comedy House of Lies. The latter begins with Cheadle naked in bed with his coked-up ex-

wife and only gets crazier. Over at NBC, the Peacock is tuning up Smash, set behind the scenes of a Broadway musical drama starring American Idol alum Katharine McPhee. It's (thankfully) more West Wing than Glee. Also riveting: Awake, the network's Inception-like mystery about a cop living two equally bad realities. Meanwhile, if you still miss Lost, tune in for ABC's The River. It's a nail-biting thriller about a dysfunctional family adrift on the Amazon.

The supernatural also infuses a pair of Fox dramas, including Alcatraz, on which presumed-dead prisoners from the Rock start popping up in 2012. And on Touch, Kiefer Sutherland is still preventing disasters, but now he's doing so with the help of an autistic son who sees the future. Finally, Robert De Niro is coming to TV in the new year but sadly not on camera: He's a producer on CBS's The 2-2, a rookie-cop drama that's about as generic as its title. —Josef Adalian



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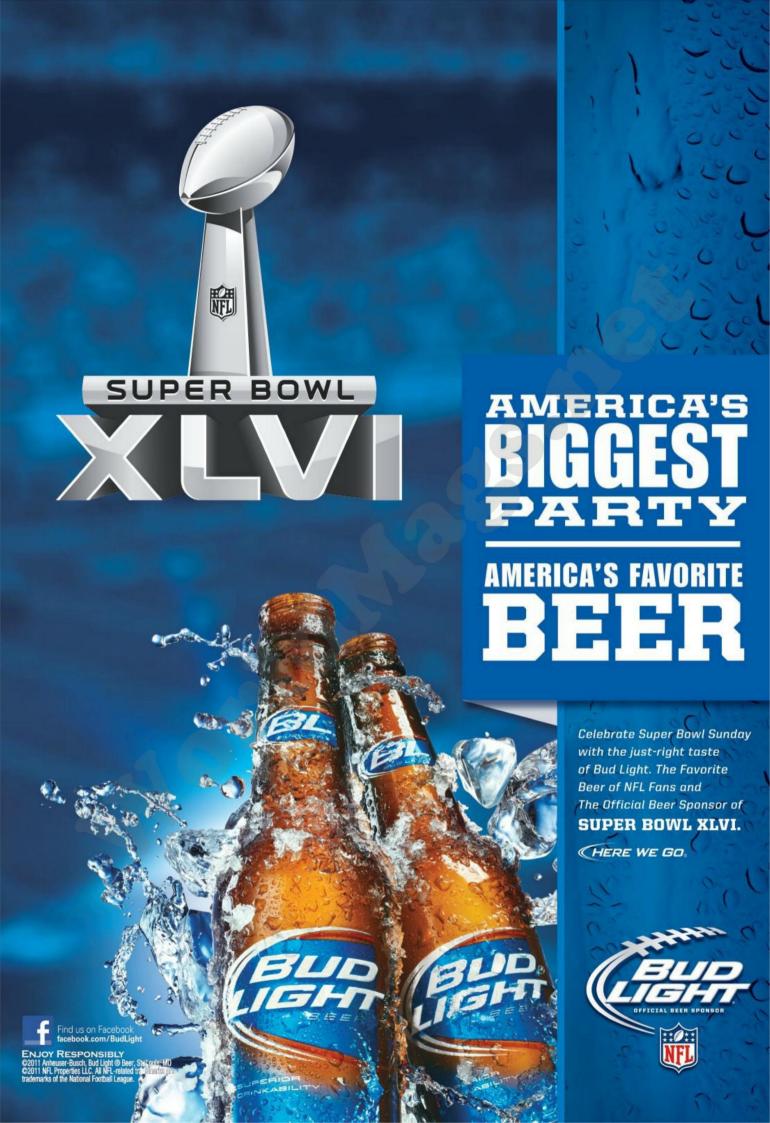


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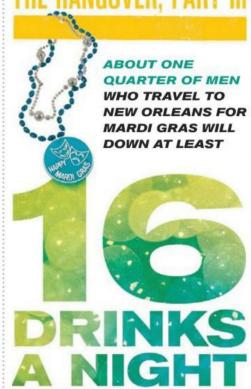
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LEAP YEAR 1752

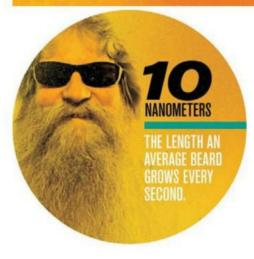






73 PERCENT OF WOMEN would rather watch the Super Bowl than have sex.





THE TWIN CITIES-

HOME OF THE COLD SHOULDER.

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HOLIDAY WRAPPING: 87 CONDOMS PER SECOND

are used on Valentine's Day.

TEMPTATION

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BEAST

BEINGHUMAN

All New Season

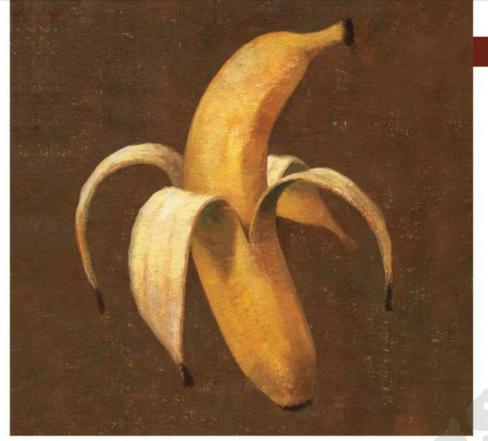
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TURN YOUR DICK INTO

BY RICHARD LEWIS

've always considered my penis to be a staunch and loyal member of my family. But lately, out of the blue, he seems to have become more out of control than even I used to be. I mean, never in my wildest dreams did I think my penis would regress during this wise, seminal stage of life and turn into a sexist pig who messes with my maturity while also inadvertently almost ruining my marriage. Please understand that, for the longest stretch, my dick and I were as in sync and on fire as Martin and Lewis in their heyday. We killed together. Our goal wasn't about getting laughs so much as getting screams of delight from women who never had to pay a cover charge—they just had to get under the covers with us. Thank God, once I eventually started to find sanity and overdue maturity, my dick stopped being a driving force in life, right along with my excessive use of drugs and alcohol (which was the main reason my dick lost control to begin with). For more than 17 years, the sex addiction and the alcoholism have stayed in check, a day at a time. Except now my dick has decided to begin acting like a 17-year-old—the peak age for all of us!—and keeps telling me he wants to return to his "heavenly" berserk ways.

Let's face it, my penis and I go back a long time. We've grown so attached to each other that I guess you could say we're inseparable—and don't think I'm not grateful. Selfishly, I put my dick through a lot of intense adventures for too many decades by basically using him, at a moment's notice, to try to impress women and hopefully feel some joy myself. All my dysfunctions aside, I consider coming a positive thing if done responsibly—or alone. But did I ever stop to thank my dick for his service and for all the rashes and salves he endured? No. Liberal as I am, I must shamefully confess that I kept him as a slave working for me. Apparently, because I didn't consider his feelings during those lustful dick-plantation years, he's grown bitter and also nostalgic for our womanizing. And this occurs just as I've settled into a wondrous marriage. Although I'm hell-bent on staying monogamous and allowing my libido gone wild a well-deserved rest, who knew my penis would yearn to relive his sex-crazed adolescence and get erect unexpectedly, on a whim, so as to recall our bad old days and fill me with guilt now that I've achieved graceful devotion to the woman of my dreams? With total disregard for my long, rejuvenating trip as a recovering addict (from almost everything), my dick rudely stands tall against my will anytime

he feels like showing off—as if he weren't part of me anymore but part of some outlaw gang riding shotgun on my body. I am often forced to grab my cock and privately remind him how tortured I was for most of my sexual life, even if he felt he was only doing his job. I've recounted to him endless horror stories of postintercourse lovers from hell, hoping he'd take my side and, therefore, an occasional break to go comfortably flaccid—not to make him feel like an old dick but rather a cool, more evolved dick who just happens to be attached to a different, more evolved Richard. (Part of this evolution, quite frankly, is striving to make him more of a Richard and less of a Dick.)

Not to boast, but my craven early dickcapades played out so frequently that every pleasure trumped actual feelings or fear of consequences. Though the romping was always consensual, I still made some of the worst choices for sexual partners in the history of genitals. Most of the fucking happened with women half my age and more inclined to get Ph.D.s in witchcraft than to devote their lives to the Peace Corps. Woefully, the screwing got so robotic and unconscious that I felt my dick and I were not so much human as just in the right place at the right time. Although I love having sex with my wife (when we're both in the mood), it's hardly like the old me, who would do it practically anywhere, with anyone, at any time—intimacy a total nonfactor-somehow thinking my conquests defined me as a man.

Now married and fucking less but enjoying it in a more profound way, I find my dick will rebel without warning by taunting me with sudden erections, which of course can cause quite a stir—say, while doing stand-up or performing at some charity event. Apparently his brain is battling with mine, but I've had to remain firm (okay, wrong word choice) by not giving a fuck about his abandonment issues—because, let's face it, where's that debate going to go?

Believe me, those insane years together were mostly all fun. I love women, respect and trust them usually way more than men, myself included, and received no complaints during my reign of boffing... until now. And from none other than Mr. Penis himself. My own goddamn dick is envious of his prime! When we spot an amazingly hot chick, he refuses my suggestion of maybe taking a nap or turning the other ball. Old Faithful needs to just let me be a responsibly dedicated married man. Political beliefs aside, I might otherwise have to commit war crimes against my own organ and waterboard my dick, then wind up on trial at The Hague. Trust this longtime sex addict: Monogamy is not for pussies.

The Art of the DEAL BREAKER

BY LISA LAMPANELLI

ometimes I think Jimmy Big Balls wishes he met me 20 years ago. No, not in the romantic "I wish I met you sooner so I could have spent more of my life with you" kind of way but in the "If only I had met you 20 years ago, your standards would have been so much lower!" kind of way.

It's no secret that in my 20s and 30s I didn't exactly set the bar sky-high when it came to potential mates. I had the self-esteem of Woody Allen and I made worse dating decisions than Snooki's boyfriend. No job? No problem. No money? No worries. Like playing fast and loose with firearms? Stick with it, Plaxico! But by the time I met Jimmy, I had done enough work on myself to know what I wanted and didn't want, a list I rattled off during our very first phone conversation.

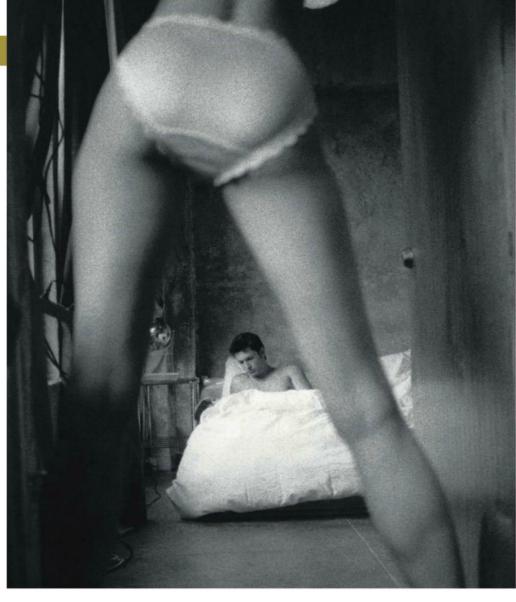
"I don't date people who drink alcohol. I don't like smoking—other than cigars—so that's out. You can't live with your parents, hang out with your exgirlfriends or have kids under 18," I told him. "And when it comes to sex, don't even think about asking for anal or threesomes. If you haven't gotten that out of your system yet, then move on."

Now, don't look at me like that, my dear PLAYBOY readers. As I got older, I knew exactly what I wanted, and I wasn't afraid to ask for it. And rightfully so. When it comes to relationships, everyone should have deal breakers—unless you're Susan Boyle. Then you gotta take what you can get.

Deal breakers. Sure, it sounds like a game show on basic cable hosted by that douche who played Screech on Saved by the Bell. But deal breakers are actually a vital part of forging a new relationship. Unless your self-worth is lower than Larry King's nutsack, it's inevitable that there are some places you must draw the line. Farting in bed? That's a sign of intimacy. Taking a dump in bed? That's a deal breaker. If she doesn't pay enough attention to your penis, that's one thing. If she has a penis, that's quite another!

So what sins are unforgivable when it comes to someone of the opposite sex? What things do you need to avoid like Courtney Love avoids showering?

Deal breakers are a legitimate way to find the relationship that works for you. If you're allergic to pet hair and being around it makes you swell up like Rush



Limbaugh, you can't date a woman who has more "kitties" than Charlie Sheen's guest room. In that case, a "no pets" deal breaker makes perfect sense. Just give Penelope PETA a farewell kiss with your swollen, disfigured lips, and then it's off to find a gal who likes cats only when they're mixed with snow peas and soy sauce.

Although it sounds shallow, the physical attributes of a prospective partner can be an important deal breaker. After all, you'll have to look at this person for the rest of your life. So if pale skin, wispy hair and bad teeth make you nauseated, don't go looking for a mate in Great Britain. And tattoos? Sure, Find My Tat is a fun game to play on a third date, but try explaining a bride with the sleeves of an Allman Brothers roadie to your grandparents at your wedding. That's what I like to call a Kat Von D-eal breaker.

Religious differences are another deal breaker. If I were dating a nice Jewish boy and just before sex he pulled out a sheet with a hole in it and told me to get under it, I'd be out of there before he could say "Oy vey." If the young lady you're dating decides she can't go with you to the Radiohead concert on Saturday night because she's preparing to be swept up to heaven in the Rapture, it's time to look

for someone new, because you've been officially cock-blocked by Jesus.

Drinking and drugging are other common deal breakers. A few cocktails are fine, but when the crew from *Intervention* has its own key to your front door, no woman will take you seriously. Being drunk and stoned all the time is no way to build a relationship—unless it's with Dr. Drew.

It is possible, however, to abuse the deal-breaking concept. If your tally of deal-breaking don'ts is longer than Melissa McCarthy's grocery list, you'll never find someone who can make it through your gauntlet of requirements. Instead, you'll end up spending a lot of time alone in a dark room, blogging about how there are no women out there anymore who'll dress up like Princess Leia during sex, while you're having one-nighters with women who resemble Chewbacca.

As for Jimmy and me, he had his own list of deal breakers. He wanted a woman who had her own mind, earned her own money and was a great cook. Jimmy now knows that, as Meatloaf once sang, two out of three ain't bad. After all, he may not get a hot meal in the kitchen, but a hot pocket in the bedroom is a substitute he can definitely live with.

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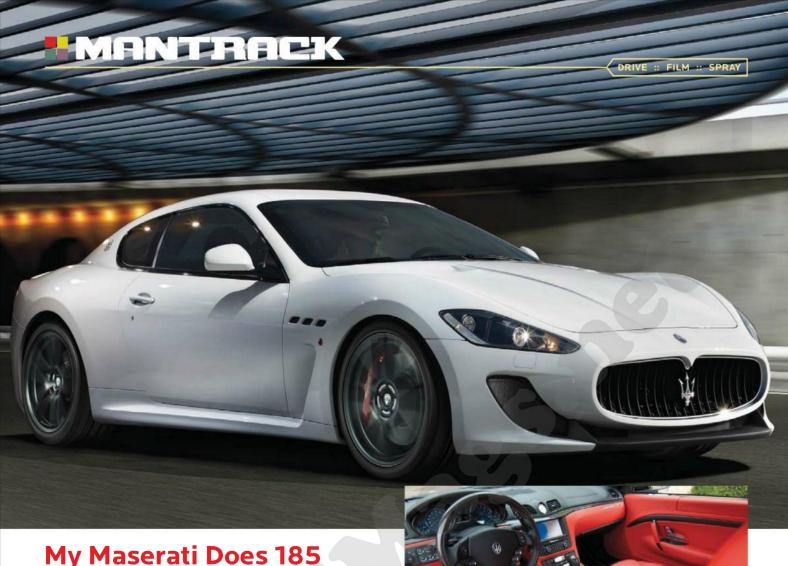
-BOLD-CHOICE

DOUBLE AGED





IM BEAM BLACK



The latest from Italy is a beauty and a beast

Few brand names are as synonymous with exotic as Maserati. The word summons notions of speed, art, victory, danger—all at once. With its big masculine engine and curvaceous feminine body, it's a car that seems to be having sex with itself as you drive it, the exhaust note orgasmic. While Europeans can order the race-ready Maserati MC Stradale, complete with roll bar, racing seats and F-1 gearbox, it's not available here. Instead, Maserati now offers a more practical, pretty-close copy that American enthusiasts will adore: the GranTurismo MC, which is essentially the GranTurismo we already love, with a motorsport upgrade (MC means Maserati Corse, as in race). Carve a few canyons, as we did in Del Mar, north of San Diego; this baby really sticks. Enjoy 4.8-second sprints to 60 mph with the

PRICE \$143,400	HORSEPOWER 444	ENGINE 4.7-LITER V8
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quick-shifting ZF six-speed manumatic, and zoom to the 185 mph top speed if you dare (clearly the engineers were giving a nod to the Joe Walsh tune "Life's Been Good"). Inside, you're swaddled in succulent Italian leather and carbon-fiber trim. Real rear seats will hold two consenting adults in a pinch. Yes, it's expensive, but the MC is everything a Maserati should be: drop-dead gorgeous, loaded with brio, molto bene.



Sweet Smell of Freedom

Cast off the chains of everyday life and liberate yourself with the newest member of the L'Homme family of Yves Saint Laurent fragrances, Libre (\$45; yslbeautyus.com). A combination of classic components (e.g., patchouli and vetiver) and unexpected notes (e.g., nutmeg and star anise), L'Homme Libre lends a fresh scent to any occasion-formal, intimate or otherwise.



II MANTRACK

Off the Cuff

On December 28, 1940, Royal Air Force ace Al Deere, who'd shot down 22 Nazi aircraft, crashed his Supermarine Spitfire fighter on a training flight over North Yorkshire, U.K. Nearly 50 years later, the wrecked plane and its Rolls-Royce Merlin engine were recovered. Now London's TMB Art Metal offers these cuff links (\$1,115, tmbartmetal.com) made of bronze from that very airplane and fashioned like its original rudder pedals. Take that, Adolf.





Just Shoot Me

Munitio's Nine Millimeter earphones (\$159, munitio .com) deliver sound to your auditory organs faster than a speeding bullet. Modeled after a nine-millimeter bullet casing—hence the name—and made from standard-issue titanium, they pair high-end audio with avant-garde design. So go ahead and challenge your eardrums to a Wild West–like duel.

Pull the Pin, Light the Room

Army surplus devotees everywhere, feast your eyes on these babies: a trio of oil lamps custom-built from repurposed U.S. Army grenades (from \$59, piethoutenbos .com). Lamps come in three different styles: fragmentation (i.e., pineapple shape), smoke/flash bombs (lemon shape) and highimpact explosives (ball shape).



Enter the Shark Tank

Danger is your middle name? Test your mettle by swimming with the scariest creatures in the sea. Early spring sees the return of tiger sharks to the Bahamas and whale sharks to Belize, so book your trip now. The former are killers; you'll want to stay in a dive cage. The best outfit is Shark Diver (sharkdiver.com) out of Grand Bahama. Whale sharks are the largest fish on earth. Though docile as miniature poodles, they strike awe with their sheer size. Book your trip through the Seahorse Dive Shop (belizescuba.com).

Boom Goes the Dynamite

Don't take cover just yet. Although Black Rock Powder Company's fire starters (\$40 for a box of 20, plowhearth.com) look like sticks of dynamite, their combustion level is more akin to that of a Duraflame fire log. And so their true mission is to set ablaze even the most stubborn woodpile—not take out an enemy stronghold. Each sawdust-filled stick burns bright for up to 30 minutes with a simple kiss of the flame. If additional firepower is required, refills (\$18) are available.





Delocated



BIGGER, HOTTER, DOUBLER DVD AVAILABLE JANUARY 17th

[adult swim]

How strong is the penis?—R.T., New York, New York

How strong do you need it to be? Thanks to kung fu grandmaster Tu Jin-Sheng of Taiwan, a.k.a. the Iron Crotch, we know a flaccid human penis can pull at least 8,100 pounds without being torn off. That's the weight of the rental truck Tu moved in 2005 with a rope tied around his penis and testicles. (He did a second pull using only his testicles, setting a record there as well.) Tu has also moved an 8,000-pound airplane and hopes to someday organize a group tug of a 747. He claims his most accomplished students can break ice blocks and cut coconuts. Please don't try this at home—and never while erect; it requires specialized training that involves squatting with weights swinging between your legs. "Penis training is often ridiculed in the martial arts," writes Gene Ching of Kung Fu Tai Chi magazine. "But as Tu sees it, people train every other part of their body except their sexual organs." There is a higher purpose: Tu claims penis qigong, besides improving sexual stamina, can treat diabetes, arterial blockages, allergies, earaches and other ailments. Women can practice the method by inserting into their vaginas a ball attached to a rod on which weights are attached. This makes it possible, for the first time, for a female to be well hung.

am a 19-year-old woman who has been having sex with the same guy for a year. About 20 minutes after we have simultaneous oral sex, my labia swell to four times their normal size and stay that way for about four hours. I am concerned and embarrassed. Is something wrong with me?—H.J., Orange, California

Your boyfriend needs to take it easy. If a guy sucks too hard on the labia, he can cause them to swell or break blood vessels, i.e., a pussy hickey. Your boyfriend may be losing control because you're giving him a blow job at the same time; 69 is an advanced position that requires deep concentration. If you have irritation or pain after intercourse, that's a different story and could be caused by any number of things, including a cyst or an allergic reaction to latex condoms, that are

Before he died, my stepfather gave me his membership card from the Playboy Club in Atlanta. Aside from the inherent coolness of owning it, I'm curious about its value. Will it get me into any of the clubs?—T.D., Atlanta, Georgia

best addressed by a visit to your gynecologist.

Unfortunately, because so many cards were issued for the original clubs, the lines would

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



have a favorite fantasy. It begins with me bumping "innocently" into a friend at a local department store. He helps me pick out clothes, and I help him find a belt (I have no idea why it's a belt). While I'm trying on outfits for him, he asks to come into the dressing room to "try on the belt." As soon as he closes the door, I make him take me against the wall. Because the fantasy is so intense, I'm finding it hard to shop at the store without getting aroused, and it's one of my favorites. What should I do?—H.R., Concord, New Hampshire

The same thing happens to us in the TV aisle. Did you know they now make 65-inch screens? Your fantasy is fun, and we see no reason to avoid a proven erogenous zone. Don't take it too far, obviously. You don't reveal whether your friend is aware of your desire, but there are certainly ways to play this out without risking banishment or arrest—or damage to the merchandise. (You stain it, you buy it.) The belt is a mystery—what could a guy possibly do with that in a confined space with a highly aroused woman who has been a naughty girl?

circle the block if we honored them in Vegas, Macao, Cancún, London and soon Chicago. Key cards are much like issues of the magazine—many people had them and everyone saved them, so their value is nominal unless you own one of the first. Ken Ritchie, an independent dealer who has sold Playboy memorabilia for 35 years (pbmags.com), says most collectors want cards only from the early 1960s that were shaped like keys, especially if the black paint

at the top of the Rabbit Head hasn't chipped with age. They also look for unengraved keys and pink keys issued to the wives of club members. At best you might get \$100 for a rare key; most are worth \$25 or less. The aluminum (green for cash-paying members and gold for those who could run a tab) and plastic cards are far more common and have only sentimental value, as evidence of your stepfather's impeccable taste.

My husband and I are swingers. We've read that one in six people under the age of 50 have HSV-2, or genital herpes. Are the numbers higher in the lifestyle? What are our chances of contracting HSV-2?—S.S., Kansas City, Missouri

How prevalent are STDs among porn performers? If you do hard-core, is it assumed you'll catch something?—M.F., Dayton, Ohio

There are too many factors involved to predict with any precision an individual's chances of contracting an STD, but the more partners you have and the fewer precautions you take, the higher the risk. One study released last year of the 12 percent of 8,971 patients at a Dutch sexual health clinic who identified themselves as swingers found they had similar and sometimes higher rates of infection as traditionally high-risk groups such as teenagers and gay men. Swingers over 45 also had higher rates than those under 45, and female swingers were six times more likely to have an STD than prostitutes who visited the clinic, both of which suggest that Dutch swingers, at least, are forgetting their manners. A caveat: People who go to clinics to be tested may be more concerned because of risky behavior. As for porn, the industry and Los Angeles County are doing battle over infection rates as health officials try to enforce condom use. A study released last year found rates of chlamydia to be 8.5 times higher in performers than in L.A. residents ages 18 to 29, while the gonorrhea rate is 18 times higher. But critics contend the study vastly overestimates the number of performers, underestimates the county's

chlamydia rate and compares a group tested monthly with a group tested far less often. Meanwhile, we all may have bigger problems. Scientists in Japan have discovered a gonorrhea superbug called H041 that is resistant to all treatments and makes other strains it encounters up to 500 times more resistant. Researchers warn that we may have entered "an era of untreatable gonorrhea." Yikes. We just slipped on our full-body condom.

How would the whiskey of the Old West compare with the whiskey and bourbon of today?—A.C., Louisville, Kentucky

No one's trying to re-create the house whiskeys of frontier saloons, which should tell you something. When we asked Jared Brown and Anistatia Miller, authors of the two-volume Spirituous Journey: A History of Drink (mixellany.com), to describe Old West whiskey, they responded almost in unison: "Rough." Brown: "It wasn't intentionally aged—you topped off the barrel as you distilled. You wanted to make as much whiskey as possible, so you didn't throw away the bad stuff." Miller: "You had not exactly respectable tavern keepers who bought rotgut and 'aged' it with unusual essences" such as sulfuric acid, ammonia, gunpowder, turpentine, burnt sugar, cayenne pepper and/or chewing tobacco. That's why cowboys and miners gave cheap whiskey names like coffin varnish or red eye. Ordering a mixed drink such as a cobbler (whiskey with fruit juice) in a saloon could be dangerous, note Gerald Carson and Mike Veach in The Social History of Bourbon. Shots of bourbon and rye were believed to "ward off effeminacy," they write, and to work in the stomach as "a preservative and polishing agent." Many branded whiskeys ("the good stuff") sold in the Old West are still around, including Jack Daniel's, Jim Beam, Wild Turkey, George Dickel, Old Overholt, Kessler, Old Grand-Dad and Old Crow, although, Brown and Miller point out, the grain harvests today are more consistent and the stills better, so you get the finest that can be produced every time instead of once in a while.

am disappointed with the Advisor's hedging in November. A reader asked if bisexuals exist, and you essentially responded, "Interesting question; who cares?" PLAYBOY has always done a fine job defending sexual freedom, so it saddens me to see my sexuality and that of many others so easily dismissed. Bisexuals get pressure from straights and gays to pick a side and are often made invisible when in a publicly heterosexual relationship, regardless of who or how many people they go home with. I hope this will give you pause and make you realize that bisexuality is far more than an intriguing hypothesis; it is an orientation and a way of life like any other sexual preference.— I.S., Minneapolis, Minnesota

You mention Alfred Kinsey's seven-point scale, with zero being totally straight and six being totally gay, but later say that Kinsey didn't believe in the "perfect balance" of bisexuality because it would be 3.5. I think you were thrown off by the fact that the scale includes zero. There is a balance, at three.—J.C., Lubbock, Texas

The Advisor in November claims that homosexuals don't have any problem with bisexuals. Much as I love reading the column, it appears you have a blind spot. I am a straight man with many gay relatives and friends, and what I hear is anger at bisexuals and a sense of betrayal because of the belief that they are homosexuals afraid to step entirely out of the closet.—R.B., Albion, Michigan

Thank you all for writing. Don't misunderstand our view; we'll defend the right of any adult to have any type of consensual sex he or she can negotiate. In that sense, the science doesn't matter. We were addressing whether bisexuality exists as an orientation. Is there anyone alive whose brain responds equally to both genders by all measures, perfectly balanced during its formation in the womb as neither hetero nor homo but purely sexual? We find that hard to believe but may yet be proved wrong. We apologize for the blunder on the Kinsey Scale. It's notable that Kinsey believed a person's position could change over a lifetime. So, another question: Is there a place on the scale for each person where the needle always returns, including three, or are we all no-prefix sexual and capable of drifting anywhere? To R.B.: We can testify only to what we've heard from our gay friends, and that's indifference.

In October you mentioned the possibility that a female reader might have vaginismus, which is an involuntary muscle spasm that makes intercourse painful. After traumatic surgery I struggled with this for years until I finally told my doctor about it. She prescribed physical therapy for my vagina, and it worked. Please tell women who may be going through this that there is a solution. I know "physical therapy for your vagina" sounds bizarre, but my husband and I turned it into foreplay.—J.R., Crystal, Minnesota

We like your attitude. Our motto has always been a healthy pussy is a happy pussy is a happy woman is a happy man.

You should have been more reassuring to the reader in October who said he was upset because his wife fantasized about gang bangs. He asked if this fantasy was normal, and I would maintain it is, because I bet more than 50 percent of women would love to be at the center of a gang bang if they could be assured of safe sex and complete control of the encounter. My girlfriend agrees, but it's not exactly cocktail conversation. Do you know of any surveys?—T.M., Tucson, Arizona

A number of surveys have asked women if they fantasize about sex with multiple partners, and the percentage who do is typically far less than 50 percent, more like 15 to 20. In fact, we could find only one survey in which more than half the men said they'd fantasized about having sex with more than two women at once. (The most commonly reported fantasies are vanilla scenarios with current partners or other individuals or recounting past experiences.) Many women say they are aroused by thoughts of being taken, which has been interpreted by psychologists as a way for a woman to be sexually irresponsible (i.e., a "dirty slut") without judgment. The good news is that while Freud thought only sexually frustrated people have fantasies, research during the century since has

proven the opposite. Regular fantasies typically reflect a happy, healthy and active sex life.

My boyfriend says my tastes are too expensive. We've been together six years, and his anniversary gifts have to be nice and shiny to get my attention. I think I hurt his feelings this year by not being appreciative enough. I tried to make it up to him in bed, but he still seems disappointed. What should I do?—E.S., Rockford, Illinois

Tell him that rather than a gift, you'd like to share a novel experience as if you'd just met and he planned a date to impress you. That's what keeps it fresh, and you'll remember it longer than you'll appreciate the trinket. Then you should put out, of course.

Do you know of a service that will store cigars and ship them when needed? A group of my fellow retired Army officers meets every year. Someone had the idea that at our next gathering we could share a bottle of scotch and a box of cigars. We'll set aside two cigars and a second bottle of scotch for the day when there are only two of us left, so the survivors can have one last toast and smoke. We need someone to store the cigars and scotch, because we don't trust ourselves.—M.T., Katy, Texas

Storing two cigars for the long term is a tall order. All we can suggest is a locker at a tobacconist, but in addition to rental fees of at least \$500 a year many require minimum purchases. (If a locker interests you for other reasons, try McCoy's in Houston.) We'd scrap this plan. It's a shame to set aside good scotch and cigars to toast those who can no longer enjoy them. Instead, celebrate the fact that you're alive and together and dying as slowly as possible, despite the cigars and scotch.

have a breast fetish. My wife has had two boob jobs, the most recent five years ago, and she is now a large D but not open to going bigger. I love her but am not sexually attracted to her without larger breasts. Any suggestions?—J.O., Tampa, Florida

No matter what we advise, your wife's breasts will never be able to outrace your fetish. Even if she agrees to a third round, in five years you'll be dissatisfied, and eventually she will explode. Are you sure it's love? While we hope your obsession wasn't her only motivation for getting implants, your wife has done her part and then some. Your part is to get counseling to curb this unhealthy appetite.

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



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PLAYBOY FORUM

COMPETITIVE DISSENT

OCCUPY WALL STREET GIVES US ANOTHER OUTLET FOR ANGER

BY THOMAS FRANK

n general, I support the goals of the Occupy Wall Street movement, even if I sometimes object to the protesters' means of expressing themselves. The squishy and directionless culture bothers me, as do the strange items on the protesters' list of demands, and I can't stand the unsavory types who punch policemen, throw bottles, set fires and vandalize buildings.

But the barrage of invective conservatives have launched at the Occupiers goes far beyond these obvious problems. It seems as though every right-winger in the nation has felt obliged to put his boot in. The gotcha filmmaker James O'Keefe—who can be funny when he exposes the delusions

of the powerful—paid an obligatory visit to Manhattan's Zuccotti Park in search of protesters who would say something dumb for his hidden cameras. On the rostrum of the Values Voter Summit in October, his voice quivering with sorrow for his beleaguered country, former TV superstar Glenn Beck warned that "the violent left" was on its way "to smash, to tear down, to kill, to bankrupt, to destroy." Others have tried to retaliate against the Occupiers' "I am the 99 percent" campaign with an embarrassing me-too effort in which beaten-down citizens declare, "I am the 53

percent"—meaning the segment of the population that pays income tax. (As if there were special nobility in paying income tax as opposed to paying sales or payroll tax or tolls on the Delaware Turnpike or a 300 percent impost on Roquefort cheese.)

What moves conservatives to mount such ill-considered efforts? Why not let the Wall Street protests sputter out on their own?

The right's desperation, I think, comes from a gnawing sense that the Occupy Wall Street movement can do a great deal of harm to conservatism. By this I do not mean that Beck is correct, that one of these days left-wingers are going to "come for you and drag you into the streets and kill you." I also don't mean it in terms of the protesters' actual aims—in fact, I am confident that the kids waving signs in front of the Chicago Fed will not by themselves get a new Glass-Steagall bill passed or overturn the Supreme Court's Citizens United decision.

No, the danger is different, and for the right it is even more

primal. Occupy Wall Street threatens to break the monopoly on ostentatious economic protest that the right has enjoyed ever since Rick Santelli's Shot Heard Round the World in February 2009. Until the Occupy protests began in September 2011, the nation's disgruntled didn't have much of a choice. If you were pissed off about Wall Street bailouts—and who wasn't?—you had only one avenue to express your discontent: rallying round the snake flag with your fellow Tea Partiers.

The monopoly on bailout outrage was profitable while it lasted, since it allowed the populist right—shrieking about crony capitalism with a bullhorn in the park—to harvest votes of countless recession victims who in other circum-

stances would have chosen a different political option. The Tea Party co-opted traditional leftist hard-times movements, and it succeeded in part because more conventional hard-times movements never materialized.

But now they have—three years after the bailouts but still in plenty of time to contest the right's claim to speak for the hard-bitten millions. Consider, in this connection, the symbols for which both movements are grabbing: the Guy Fawkes masks, which you used to see at Tea Party rallies and which you see today in footage of Occupy Wall Street

protests. Or the "corporate America flag," a version of Old Glory that substitutes corporate logos for the stars. Back in the summer of 2009, none other than Glenn Beck showed viewers his version of the U.S. flag, which cleverly replaced the stars with logos of bailed-out corporations.

We have before us today two broad ways of thinking about the problem of Wall Street, both of which come draped in the raiments of populism. One way is logical, direct and (despite the superficial radicalism of the Occupy protesters) well-grounded in American history; it says, "Tax and regulate." The other is more convoluted, opaque, nearly impossible to follow. Its outrage, however, sounds almost the same as the original; its megaphone has been generously donated by big money, and its demand is that we tackle the power of Wall Street by deregulating it, lowering taxes and smashing government.

In fact, the conservative movement is filled with parallel institutions of this sort—such as Christian hardcore or the pro-life hip-hop outfit I saw a few months ago. The



"objectivist" movement, which follows the novelist Ayn Rand with a cult-like devotion, is another example: It's a sort of replica of a 1950s avant-garde, with its reverence for the creative spirit and its contempt for compromise with society. But to anyone who knows a little about actual avant-garde movements, its phoniness is glaring; it's merely the Chamber of Commerce with attitude, its Nietzschean phrases serving only to camouflage the small-business usual.

And just as you can no longer think of Ayn Rand as the greatest novelist who ever lived once you have read actual great novelists, so are each of these parallel movements vulnerable to competition. I submit my own experience with the right-wing populism that so

THE TEA
PARTY
SUCCEEDED
BECAUSE
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HAVE
OTHER
OPTIONS.

flourishes today. While a teenager in Kansas, I absorbed all the populist impulses from my surroundings-distrust of elites, resentment of the powerful-and they naturally took the standard conservative form of the late 1970s. Why? Because that's all I knew about. It wasn't until I started to read history that

I discovered there was a left-wing populist tradition at all—a discovery that turned my world upside down.

The Tea Party movement succeeded, I think, because we weren't aware we had other options. The shadowy oil billionaires who were behind it, along with the unsavory Washington operators who directed it, may have been the subject of reporting in *The New Yorker*, but out in the hinterland of the nation it looked like the real thing. At any rate, it was the only choice we had.

The right hates Occupy Wall Street because it threatens this monopoly with a little bit of competition. Like Wall Street itself, the Tea Party's victories have always required a spectacularly warped playing field. Its imitation of a working-class protest can succeed only until the real thing comes along.

Thomas Frank is author of Pity the Billionaire.

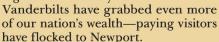
THE BREAKS

WHY DO AMERICANS ADMIRE THE WEALTHY?

BY ERIC KLINENBERG

he entrance to the Breakers, a 65,000-square-foot, 70-room "cottage" in Newport, Rhode Island, is secured by a 30-foot-high wroughtiron gate. This Gilded Age barrier is crowned by a monogram bearing the initials of the Breakers' original owner, Cornelius Vanderbilt II. Today the estate is accessible to anyone who pays the admission fee. Sightseers can also visit 10 other Newport mansions held

in public trust and managed by the **Preservation Society** of Newport County, which provides rosetinted tours of homes dating back to what was, until recently, America's most unequal age. During these past few years of economic insecurity—years in which people have lost jobs and homes and savings while latter-day



Last summer I traveled to Newport to learn what draws people to its mansions. I consulted Yelp and Trip Advisor to see where ordinary tourists thought I should go. The advice was unambiguous: "If you are going to do a mansion tour, this is the one to do," wrote Mike S. "The Breakers is a must-see," wrote a contributor from San Francisco. "Check out the bust of Cornelius Vanderbilt...it looks just like Anderson Cooper of CNN (he's a Vanderbilt)!" Another placed the Breakers in an international context: "There are few palaces and châteaus in the world that cannot look at the Breakers with just a little envy.... These were the smartest and richest people in the world, and it shows." And one writer offered this advice to travelers who might be disturbed by the display of affluence: "One must remember that social equality was simply not in fashion at the time when these homes were built and used.'

The Breakers audio guide offers accounts of life for both the Vanderbilts and their domestic staff. Workers who toiled there were extraordinarily fortunate to have served such a wealthy

and glamorous family and to have worked and lived on so glorious a property, according to the recording. The guide also reports that the Breakers staff was fortunate to have lived during an age when there was no federal income tax. In the audio tour's telling, the enchanted summers of the Newport elite and the good jobs they provided to servants were destroyed in 1913 by the 16th Amendment, which authorized the

federal government to levy an income tax separate from those imposed by states. This burden rendered Newport's great families unable to afford large domestic staffs or to maintain their enormous mansions. Jobs disappeared, and so did the culture of the so-called cottages.

Daniel Turner, a 36-year-old con-

sultant from Washington, D.C., was disturbed to learn about the destruction wrought by the federal income tax. "I was surprised that I hadn't made the connection between the 16th Amendment and the end of that era," Turner tells me. "I felt a sense of disappointment. I felt bad for the people who lost their livelihoods. I also felt sorry for those families like the Vanderbilts. I understand the income tax and why it was introduced into American society, but these people had done things no one else had done-the railroads, the foundations. Could they not have done more good if their wealth hadn't been taken away by this country?"

Visitors to the Breakers hear all about the business achievements and philanthropic contributions of the Vanderbilts but not much about the cutthroat means by which they generated their wealth. There is no account of how the Vanderbilts' railroad monopoly and other empires controlled by the robber barons of banking and manufacturing allowed them to exploit workers and gouge customers. Nor is there any mention of the progressive movement that restored competition through the Sherman Antitrust Act. In the world



FORUM

portrayed by the mansion tours, such laws seem unnecessary because the families were so generous.

After visiting the mansions with her parents, Maria Thomas, a 21-year-old student from Boston, was impressed with how well the estate workers were treated. "It was interesting to hear about the top floor, where the servants lived," she says. "At first I was concerned about it. The rooms were so tiny. It seems like it was a terrible way to live. But the workers in the audio guide sounded really content, like they enjoyed working there." Kathy Hubbard, a 48-year-old per diem cook from Hyde Park, New York, was touched by the stories of how well the Vanderbilts

treated their staff. "It was amazing. They got salaries and good gifts. From what I understand, a lot of the maids and butlers were given gifts that were unheard of: pearl necklaces, a \$100 bonus back then it was a year's salary. Some even became part of the families.'

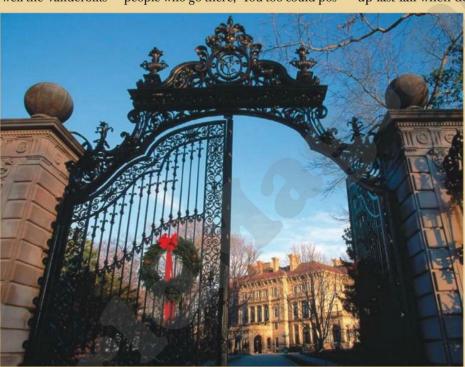
Several families with children were on my tour of the Breakers. Lynn Gallin was there with her kids, ages seven and 11. "It was so far beyond their expectations of how

anyone today could live," Gallin says. But children are impressionable, she says. "Now they want their own playhouse. They want maids to clean up after them. They still talk about the fact that the maids had secret corridors so they could clean up but never be seen. They wished they had something like that."

Many of the tourists I spoke to insisted it's important to visit the mansions but couldn't explain why. Several visitors told me the mansions' aesthetic features have historical significance, and surely they are right. The Breakers, which was designed by architect Richard Morris Hunt, features a great hall modeled on Italian palazzi. The 16th century stone fireplace in the library has an aphorism carved into the mantelpiece: De gran bien me rie, et poinct ne default; il n'est

qu'adresse, quant tout prevault ("I laugh at great wealth, and never miss it; nothing but wisdom matters in the end"). The statement conveys the denial so fundamental to cultures built on inequality.

For most people, however, the real cultural value of the mansion tour involves the myth of social mobility, a fantasy especially hard to maintain today. Hubbard, the cook from Hyde Park, tells me she has been "living paycheck to paycheck, busting my butt" working in a halfway house and helping homeless people search for jobs. Seeing the mansions inspires her: "They show us what the American dream is like. They say to people who go there, 'You too could pos-



An American dream: the Newport, Rhode Island cottage of Cornelius Vanderbilt II.

sibly get to this point."

I asked Robert Frank, an economist who specializes in the study of affluence, whether he thinks it's important that we visit the mansions of Newport and what he considers the lessons of the Gilded Age. "I understand why people might feel a sense of awe upon seeing them, Frank says. "They're not only exquisitely designed and furnished, they're also huge, a scale that's completely outside the experience of ordinary people. Of course, it's also easy to see why people might feel resentful about them. Summer homes on that scale could buy a lot of basic housing for people without decent places to live. But it's always struck me as a positive aspect of the American culture that most people don't seem to react that way."

Frank has come to believe that

Americans' unchecked admiration for extreme wealth has become a political problem, as has our failure to acknowledge the downside of what he calls the Darwin economy. "In the current climate, people would be naive to view the mansions as symbols of what the American economy might hold in store for them someday if they work hard," he says. "We now have the lowest socioeconomic mobility of any developed country. It would probably be easier to enact sensible economic policies if people were in fact more resentful of extreme wealth displays."

Such resentment began to bubble up last fall when demonstrators across

the country denounced the rich for hoarding wealth and deregulators for ushering in a 21st century Gilded Age. Republicans, whose main response to the Great Recession has been to advocate cuts in public spending for the needy, condemned the protesters for inciting class warfare. Presidential candidate Herman Cain called them "anti-American," while Eric Cantor, House majority leader, accused them of "pitting Americans against

Americans."

As for those who are actually in the top one percent financially, they don't seem to find the movement against them especially threatening. During an Occupy Wall Street rally in New York City, a group of executives swigged champagne on a balcony while their fellow citizens marched on the streets below. In Chicago, financial traders mocked protestors with window signs that boasted WE ARE THE 1%. A hundred years from now our descendants may well spend their vacations touring the mansions our most affluent contemporaries built as monuments to their extraordinary wealth. If there's any justice, they'll inspire nothing other than shame.

Eric Klinenberg is author of Going Solo and a professor of sociology at New York University.

READER RESPONSE

WAR PROFITS

In his commentary on the difficulties of cutting defense budgets ("Sacred Cow," October), John Petkovic writes, "The Department of Defense employs 450,000 people overseas. So which politician is about to call for job cuts when the unemployment rate hovers around nine percent?" In fact, military spending costs jobs. Politicians like to pose at defense contractor facilities in their districts, but every other kind of government spending, from transportation to green energy to education, creates far more jobs for the money. That's a fact demonstrated by several economic studies, including one released in 2009 by the Political Economy Research Institute. Why has military spending become a sacred cow? Because defense contractors use any means to pressure, influence or buy elected officials. During the U.S. deficit committee's deliberations last year, defense industry lobbyists launched a public relations campaign called "Second to None," arguing the industry is fragile despite having more than \$50 billion in cash. They claimed to support hundreds of thousands of jobs-failing to mention the federal government could create far more well-paying jobs by reallocating the money given to the



The F-35 is expected to cost \$385 billion.

industry. What kind of "security" does the ultraexpensive, broken F-35 fighter jet provide to someone without a job?

Derrick Crowe Robert Greenwald Culver City, California

Crowe is political director and Greenwald is president of Brave New Foundation (warcosts .com). Greenwald also directed the 2006 documentary Iraq for Sale: The War Profiteers.

Petkovic mentions presidential candidates Newt Gingrich, Mitt Romney and Michele Bachmann, quoting their platitudes on excessive military spending. He then asks an important question, "What politician in Washington has the courage to take a stand against our military-



Ron Paul: Nation building weakens our nation.

industrial complex?" How about Ron Paul, who's also running for president? The congressman has fought defense waste for nearly 25 years, drawing from the lessons of history and the words of Thomas Jefferson, who spoke adamantly against nation building and war, "which is as much a punishment to the punisher as to the sufferer." President Obama has broken every promise for peace he made (e.g., closing Gitmo and withdrawing troops from Iraq within 16 months), and the rest of the field believes terrorists hate us simply because we are "free." They regurgitate the fallacy that ceasing to occupy foreign nations would leave a destructive vacuum, when in reality the only vacuum would be in the wallets of military contractors. As in your commentary, Paul is all too often omitted from the discussion.

> Nelson Rockwood New York, New York

If the \$412 billion spent on homeland security before 9/11 couldn't prevent the attacks, why would we expect an additional \$300 billion per year spent after to make us any safer? All entities eventually undergo assault. Entropy is law. What good is a bigger stick if the people swinging it are weakened? The assets we need to develop are not missiles but education, infrastructure and the economy. We the people need to be more prudent about what constitutes a realistic threat and what is fearmongering and paranoia.

Garrett Blahunka East Chicago, Indiana

GENDERLESS WORKERS

In a reply to a letter in the October *Reader Response*, the editors noted that when an employer needs to verify a new hire's identity with the Social Security Administration, it submits his or her name, birth

date and gender. The information must match, which creates difficulties if a person doesn't want to reveal a gender change to an employer. However, on September 15, the Obama administration announced the SSA employment-verification system would no longer include gender. This is a huge victory for transgender people because it puts an end to the "gender no-match" letters sent to employers when there were inconsistencies, outing transgender people and risking their safety and jobs. The fight is not over: We are now lobbying the SSA to stop requiring that people have expensive sex-reassignment surgery before their gender can be changed in its records.

Mara Keisling Washington, D.C.

Keisling is director of the National Center for Transgender Equality (transequality.org).

WHY THEY FOUGHT

As you can see, I too was inspired during the war by Miss May 1966 Dolly Read (*Dear Playboy*, October). That year, as a 19-year-



It's easy to relax when Dolly's got your back.

old marine, I was tempted to order a \$100 lifetime membership, but I knew my first copy likely wouldn't be delivered by a Playmate, as was the custom. Nevertheless, in the years since, I have enjoyed many articles and beautiful women in the magazine.

James Biegger Maxwell, Iowa

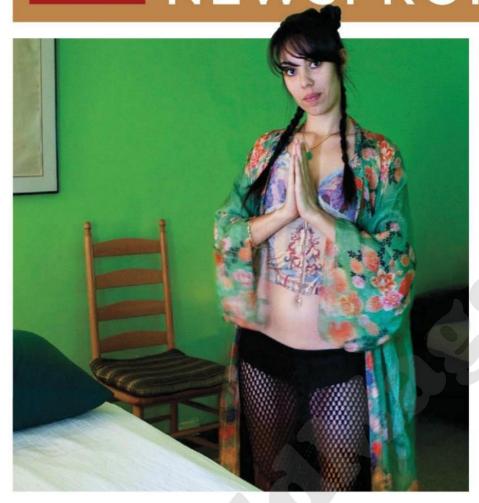
CAUGHT IN THE WEB

When George Orwell's 1984 was published, he presented Big Brother as a force to be feared and shunned. But now, with the proliferation of social networking, we seem to be creating our own Big Brother. That strikes me as lunacy.

S. Dallas Crystal City, Missouri

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

NEWSFRONT



Healing or Dealing?

PHOENIX—When do "sexual healing" and "touch therapy" cross the line into prostitution? In September police raided the Phoenix Goddess Temple, which offers healing rituals that involve sex. and arrested 18 people on various misdemeanor and felony charges. The raid followed a Phoenix New Times report that described several sessions, including one in which a therapist showed off his tools to treat emotional trauma—latex gloves and lube—then spanked a client before inserting his fingers into her vagina and anus to reach her "energy spots." He and the goddesses said they accept only "suggested donations" that start at \$204 an hour (or \$600 for a Sapphos Duos with two goddesses), but the New Times reporter dismissed the operation as "a New Age brothel." A petition linked from the Phoenix temple's website describes prosecutors as xenophobes who "have wrongly compared tantra and sacred sexuality to Christian beliefs, which have been codified in the law. But the law allows for freedom of religion. Eastern religions have taught advanced sexual practices for thousands of years." Local authorities shut down three temples in Seattle in 2009, arrested a tantric therapist in Salt Lake City in 2010 and this year also raided a temple in Sedona, Arizona.

Turning a Trick

BRADENTON, FLORIDA—A prostitute thought she had covered her ass legally when she insisted a client pull out his dick. Undercover cops, she knew, are not allowed to expose themselves during stings. After watching the john slide a condom over his semierect penis, she leaned over and put it in her mouth. Unfortunately he was a cop; the "penis" was a rubber dildo.

Wrong Number

NELSON, NEW ZEALAND—A 25-year-old woman became enraged after finding text messages sent to her husband by his mistress. She demanded he drive with her to the woman's apartment, which she then rammed with the car. That's when her husband told her it was the wrong apartment. A judge ordered the wife to pay the equivalent of \$34,000 in damages.

Popular Uprisings

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The White House now allows visitors to create and sign petitions at whitehouse.gov/petitions; it promises to respond to the most popular. In mid-October the top five called for legalizing marijuana, investigating a Jewish meatpacker's sentence for fraud, forgiving student loans to stimulate the economy, abolishing the TSA and removing "under God" from the pledge of allegiance.

A Feast Before Dying

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS—For his last meal before he was executed in September, Lawrence Brewer requested two chicken-fried steaks in gravy and onions, a cheese omelet,

fried okra, a triple bacon cheeseburger, three fajitas, a pound of barbecue, white bread, a meat-lover's pizza, vanilla ice cream, peanut butter fudge and three root beers. His meal served. Brewer didn't eat a bite. This outraged the state senator who oversees the

committee on criminal justice; he insisted executioners stop taking requests. The condemned now get whatever is on the menu that day (in Brewer's case, it was sloppy joes). Brian Price, a former death-row cook and author of Meals to Die For, noted that prisoners usually get only what is readily available. "If they order lobster, they get a piece of pollack," he said. "If they order 100 tacos, they get two or three."

Love Will Find a Way

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VIRGINIA—Nearly 40 percent of married Americans who were consid-

the downturn.

ering separation or divorce before the recession decided to stick it out because of the economy, according to the National Marriage Project. An earlier study found that divorce rates have fallen since

CARANO MICHAEL FASSBENDER EWAN PAXTON MCGREGOR CHANNING TATUM OINOTHA HTIW AND MICHAEL BANDERAS DOUGLAS

WITH THE PARTICIPATION OF Bord Scannán na hÉireann / THE IRISH

MUSIC BY DAVID HOLMES COSTUME DESIGNER SHOSHANA RUBIN PRODUCTION DESIGNER HOWARD CUMMINGS CO-PRODUCER KENNETH HALSBAND CO-EXECUTIVE PRODUCER ALAN MOLONEY EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RYAN KAVANAUGH TUCKER TOOLEY MICHAEL POLAIRE PRODUCED BY GREGORY JACOBS

WRITTEN BY LEM DOBBS DIRECTED BY STEVEN SODERBERGH

THEY LEFT HER NO CHOICE.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHRIS WALLACE

A candid conversation with the Fox News star about anger in politics, his controversial network, his famous dad and his first love: Walter Cronkite's daughter

Chris Wallace is an anchorman in more ways than one at Fox News. With Bill O'Reilly listing right and Sean Hannity listing righter, Wallace evens the keel as the able, stable host of Fox News Sunday With Chris Wallace. Since taking over for the late Tony Snow in 2003, Wallace has elevated the program into a media mainstay, doing his best this-just-in, buttoned-up routine to appear "fair and balanced," as per the Fox News tagline.

Wallace surprised even liberals with what Newt Gingrich dubbed "gotcha" questions last year while moderating a Republican primary debate (among other things, he insinuated that Gingrich's campaign was a "mess"). On his show he asked GOP presidential hopeful Michele Bachmann if she is a "flake," though he later apologized. Which is not to suggest that Wallace has gone all Rachel Maddow. Appearing as a guest on Fox News Sunday last summer, Jon Stewart, in I'm-not-gonna-be-your-monkey mode, practically throttled Wallace, telling him that "a designed ideological agenda...to effect partisan change" is "the soup you swim in."

Born October 12, 1947, Wallace has always been an alluring target. The son of 60 Minutes legend Mike Wallace (the subject of a 1996 Playboy Interview) and stepson of former CBS News president Bill Leonard, Wallace tends to be dismissed by critics as, in the words of one, "the Fredo of the 24-hour news cycle." But the Harvard-educated Wallace has proved himself over and over again during his 40 years on the job. After working in newspapers, he landed a reporting position at NBC, where he rose to chief White House badgerer during the Reagan years. At ABC he subbed for Ted Koppel on Nightline and relentlessly probed government and corporate weasels on Primetime. Wallace has won every major broadcast news award for his reporting, including three Emmys, the duPont-Columbia Silver Baton and a Peabody.

An insatiable political newshound, Wallace jumped at the chance to go to Fox News. "I was 55 and figured I had one big move left in my career," he says. "And here was a network that was doing news day and night, not just at breakfast and dinner, growing audience, growing revenue. I had to go, and it was the best move I ever made."

Contributing Editor David Hochman spent a couple of days with Wallace in the Fox News offices atop Capitol Hill. Wallace's walls are dotted with photos of himself alongside presidents and playing basketball with Michael Jordan. Crisply dressed in custom shirts and expensive ties, he struck Hochman as "cautious at first, as any master interviewer would be. Chris measured his words, restated things. But a few hours in, the tie loosened; he kicked back and ended it all by saying, 'Go easy on me. I've said way more than I should have.'"

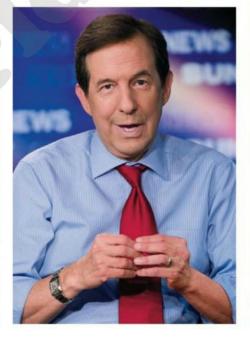
PLAYBOY: It's a presidential election year, time for the media to polarize every last statement, barb and twitch on the campaign trail. Can this be good for America? WALLACE: I don't think it's bad for America. People talk about this being the most polarized time politically. I've read enough history to know what the Federalists said about the Republicans and the Republicans said about the Federalists during the founding of this country. Things are pretty tame compared with that. We haven't seen one senator take a cane to another on Capitol Hill. Sure, there are divisions heartfelt divisions. But I'd much rather see them on the airwaves or over the internet than in the streets.

PLAYBOY: Actually, the streets have been pretty crazy lately—certainly with the Occupy Wall Street crowds. Is that something we'll still be talking about come November?

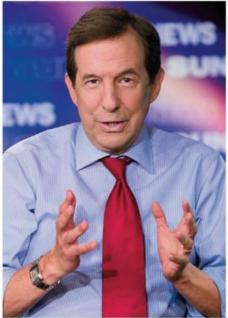
WALLACE: Whether it will grow or diminish, I can't say, but there's no question things are lousy in this country. To have 15 million unemployed and millions more who have given up or are underemployed,



"People talk about this being the most polarized time politically. I've read enough history to know what the Federalists said about the Republicans and the Republicans said about the Federalists. Things are pretty tame compared with that."



"Simply put, if the economy in November 2012 is where it is now, Obama is in serious trouble regardless of who the Republican nominee is. An awful lot of it is simply a referendum on his performance."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN CEDENO

"My dad is 93 and showing it for the first time. Physically, he's okay. Mentally, he's not. He never mentions 60 Minutes. It's as if it didn't exist. This is a man who had a fabulous career. Now he can't even remember it." it's no surprise there's anger out there. A lot of people are frustrated and downright scared and desperate. On the other hand, as a child of the 1960s, I'm not sure Occupy Wall Street is much of a movement. To say things stink is not an agenda. It's not easy to say what the solution is, but simply complaining is not the answer. At the same time, there's a bit of a disconnect. Here they are, railing against huge corporations, and yet the whole endeavor is being organized via Verizon phones, Apple computers and Facebook, which, by the way, are huge corporations. But no, I don't think this is our Arab Spring, as some people have said. Comparing this movement to that is a disservice to what happened in the Middle East.

PLAYBOY: Still, America is a nation divided. You're either a Red American or a Blue American. How did this happen?

wallace: I don't know. We have been talking about the 50-50 nation since Bush-Gore in 2000, when it came down to a handful of votes in Florida. There have been moments when that seemed to change. After Obama won there seemed to be a kind of national swing in his direction. He won a sizable victory. I don't hold Republicans blameless for that. What surprises me is how it has swung back to a 50-50 split. If Obama had played his cards better, he could have continued to have, if not unanimous support, at least the solid majority support he came in with.

PLAYBOY: If that's how you see it, what will it take for the Republicans to win in November?

WALLACE: Well, when a president is running for reelection, an awful lot of it is simply a referendum on his performance. Simply put, if the economy in November 2012 is where it is now, Obama is in serious trouble regardless of who the Republican nominee is. If he is somehow able to turn things around to a degree that no one seems to think he'll be able to, including his own government forecasters, he'll probably be in okay shape. It turns out to have been a big mistake for Obama to spend a year, for instance, on Obamacare when he really had one job: to fix the economy. That was why he was elected. Instead, he handed the economy over to Nancy Pelosi and House Democratic chairmen, who had a decade's worth of social programs they wanted to put into effect. If Obama had come in with a different plan, one that focused on true economic stimulus-not just throwing a trillion dollars at America—we would all be better off. That's going to hurt him in November.

At the same time, the Republicans need to nominate somebody who is credible, especially to independents. Voters need to look at this guy or this woman and say, "This person can be president." Mitt Romney and Rick Perry are weak front-runners, in my opinion. Romney's stronger, but every time somebody else comes on the horizon, whether it's Donald Trump, Michele Bachmann or Perry, they

blow by him until people find problems with the opponent. If a credible Republican candidate doesn't emerge, Obama can still win, even if people don't have much confidence in him.

PLAYBOY: The 2012 campaign introduces a new twist, the so-called Super PACs, which allow donations of any amount from corporations, unions and wealthy individuals. How will this change things?

wallace: They'll play a role, but I think their greater influence will be on downticket races more than the presidential race. The president is going to raise hundreds of millions of dollars. The Republican candidate is going to raise hundreds of millions of dollars. I don't know that a few more hundred million being spent on a campaign will make that big a difference. If we see imbalances, it may be in the Senate or House races.

PLAYBOY: What happened to the Tea Party, by the way? A year ago Fox News had us thinking it would be leading the charge to the White House by now.

WALLACE: I don't agree with the premise of the question. The Tea Party is still a big player in Republican politics. You

To have 15 million unemployed and millions more who have given up, it's no surprise there's anger out there. A lot of people are frustrated and scared.

can see it in the primaries. There may be polls that say people are somewhat disenchanted. I can understand where that comes from. I think people are fed up with Washington. The deadlock over the debt ceiling and the idea that this country for the first time in its history would default on its debt were a real turnoff to people of all political stripes. And to the degree that Democrats were able to portray that as at least partially the Tea Party's fault, that has created a backlash against them—not the Tea Party as an entity but as a mind-set, which is antiestablishment, angry with Washington, fed up that government has gotten too big, that it spends too much money, that it's out of control. I think that's still a powerful strain in American politics, and the Republicans are still reaching out to that idea.

PLAYBOY: As is Fox News, right?

WALLACE: You want to get into the whole right-wing thing?

PLAYBOY: Well, doesn't it make the old-fashioned newsman in you cringe when Sean Hannity or Bill O'Reilly waves the flag for conservative causes? And let's not forget Glenn Beck.

WALLACE: I don't cringe. I mean, Fox is what Fox is. There's a prime-time programming side and a daytime newsgathering side. You'd be surprised at the degree to which there's a firewall between the two. Was Glenn Beck a committed conservative? Absolutely. Is Sean Hannity a committed Republican? Yes. O'Reilly is a more complicated case. Bill is a hybrid who certainly is conservative but has different views on different issues and doesn't toe the party line as much. I think that makes him better television. But that isn't what my side of Fox News is about. I defy anybody to look at my interviews with the Republican candidates this year or with, for instance, [Obama senior advisor] David Plouffe and say I was pushing an agenda. It's like what they used to say about Vince Lombardi: "He treats us all the same—like dogs." I think I'm tough on everybody, and I'm fine with that.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about Plouffe. Critics said you cut him off every time he suggested that the rich should pay more taxes. You seemed to scoff at his arguments and even accused him of not telling the truth in showing that many millionaires pay a lower tax rate than the average middle-class household. Isn't that a conservative position?

WALLACE: No, no, no. It was a good interview because we engaged. I was calling him on his facts. Did I just sit there and listen to his talking points? No. I got into it with him, and I think that's why people enjoy my show.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the middle class should pay more taxes than millionaires?

WALLACE: Okay, this is a legitimate issue. The fact is, yes, as Warren Buffett made clear, some millionaires pay less income tax than their secretaries. Absolutely. But a guy like Plouffe and the president and the White House are portraying it as if the average tax rate of millionaires or people making more than \$250,000 is 15 percent, and that simply isn't true. According to the nonpartisan Tax Policy Center, Buffett and his secretary are the exception to the rule. In 2011 those earning more than \$1 million will pay on average 29.1 percent in federal taxes. Those earning between \$50,000 and \$75,000 will pay 15 percent.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps, but according to the IRS, 131 of the richest 400 households in America, about a third of that group, had an effective tax rate of less than 15 percent in 2008. In 2009 a full 22,000 households that made more than a million annually paid less than 15 percent of their income in taxes.

WALLACE: It's possible to use statistics to support almost any argument. The point is, if you were to go back and look, you would see that people at the upper income level pay the highest effective tax rate. And as I said, it averages around 29 percent for millionaires.

PLAYBOY: By the way, do you have a wire

in your ear with someone feeding you facts and figures?

WALLACE: [Laughs] Not now and not on the show. I've sometimes wondered about doing that, but it's part of the fun of the job, frankly. You're on a high wire without a net. I do a lot of research. I'm a political junkie, and I love all this stuff. You have to have a certain confidence in your knowledge in a job like mine; otherwise, you would be shipped off to the farm. Every Sunday I'm sitting there debating the secretary of state about Mideast policy. I'm sitting there talking to the Treasury secretary about tax policy. I'm sitting there talking to Mitt Romney about how many people he laid off when he was head of Bain Capital. You always know

less than the person you're interviewing, but I've been interviewing people for 40 years, so I'm comfortable in the territory.

PLAYBOY: Who is someone you hate to interview but like personally?

WALLACE: The most irritating guest is not somebody who argues or disagrees with you. The most irritating is somebody who just won't get off the talking points, who is going to say what they're going to say and won't engage in actual conversation. That's somebody I feel wastes our viewers' time. Chuck Schumer is a good example. I like him; I went to college with him, but he won't budge beyond his notes.

PLAYBOY: What about the opposite someone you may not click with per-

sonally but love to interview?

WALLACE: I'm not going to say who I don't like personally. To me it boils down to who's a good guest and who's a bad guest. The best guests are straight shooters. Chris Christie—back when he was being pushed to run, you'd say, "Are you going to run for president?" He'd say, "What do I have to do, commit suicide to convince you I'm not?" That's great talk-show talk. Sarah Palin was always the same way. Amazing.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you gushed about her in a radio interview last year? You said you were "dazzled" by her, that she's "smart," that she's "very attractive," that she's got a "dynamite personality."

WALLACE: I was talking about her only as a TV personality. It had nothing to do with her policies or her qualifications for being president. Look, we're a business, so somebody who attracts an audience is an attractive guest. Sarah Palin is an American original. She has captured a mind-set, a set of concerns and a set of beliefs in this country better than anybody else. She helped create and then rode the Tea Party wave before any other mainstream politician. Do I think she would have made a good president? Not really. Do I think she's the future of the Republican Party? No, not at all. Is she fun and exciting to watch? You betcha.

PLAYBOY: On *Fox News Sunday* last summer, Jon Stewart called you "insane" for

Evan Williams
HONEY
RESERVE

THE SMOOthness of
Evan Williams with
a Sweet Honey Taste.

Fig. Williams with
a Sweet Honey Taste.

Fig. Williams with
a Sweet Honey Taste.

Fig. Williams with
a Sweet Honey Taste.

insisting you're not biased. Was there a moment when you regretted inviting him on the show?

WALLACE: Not at all. First of all, I think he's an interesting political player. I also think he's funny. Even when he's criticizing me, I usually laugh. He's wrongheaded sometimes, but I think he's a genuinely clever, smart guy. Frankly, I thought it would be entertaining for our audience to see him on the show.

PLAYBOY: It was a unexpectedly confrontational interview.

wallace: I was honestly surprised by his demeanor. I've been on his show three or four times. He tweaks me and it's all kind of good-natured. I expected to do

the same thing back at him. But then, to get as angry as he did, it astonished me. Then it became a viral phenomenon. I'll never forget that afternoon looking at the Huffington Post and seeing the headline YOU'RE INSANE! in World War III lettering over pictures of the two of us. What's interesting is he called me in the middle of the whole deal to say, "Hey, it's nothing personal."

PLAYBOY: He said your role at Fox is to "bring credibility and an integrity to an organization that might not otherwise have it without your presence," adding that a partisan ideological agenda is "the soup you swim in." On *The Daily Show* afterward he mockingly said the beauty of your news network is how it has managed

to achieve "a narrative of conservative victimization" that is "airtighter than an otter's anus."

WALLACE: Well, I assure you Jon knows more about otters' anuses than I do. I also think Stewart lives in far too transparent a house to be throwing stones. The thing I've noticed about him is this: He rightly points out that he criticizes Democrats as well as Republicans, but he criticizes conservatives for being conservative. He criticizes Democrats for being ineffective. It isn't that their ideas are wrong; it's that they're not carrying them out sufficiently. It's that they're not liberal enough, not tough enough, not Democratic enough. He criticizes Republicans for being too Republican.

PLAYBOY: He is a comedian, let us remind you. It's not Jon Stewart's job to be fair and balanced. Incidentally, do you ever want to strangle that tagline?

WALLACE: I know our critics wink at it, but it really does mean something. I take it seriously. When I was interviewing Stewart, I said we were the counterweight to the liberal mainstream media. What I should have said, because I've thought about it a lot, was that we're the balance. That doesn't mean I skew right because the other guys skew left. It means I aim to provide the full picture.

PLAYBOY: You were certainly more contentious than expected when you moderated the Republican debates last year, cutting

people off, calling the candidates out on inconsistencies. Afterward, Rush Limbaugh said you were angling for approval from the mainstream media.

WALLACE: Nonsense. I was doing my job. Rush's job is different. He's a believer, a cheerleader. I'm a reporter. At that point, there were eight people running for president. You want to test them, test their ideas, test their mettle, test their policies, all to help voters decide who should be running the country. I was asking hard questions, not looking for approval from the quote-unquote mainstream—or anyone.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of hard questions, why did you feel the need to apologize to Michele Bachmann last year after asking her, "Are you a flake?" [Editor's note: Wallace asked the question on Fox News Sunday and apologized in a video that later ran online.]

WALLACE: Because it was the right thing to do. I had meant to phrase the question differently. I wanted to ask her to respond to people who were calling her a flake, but I shorthanded it and simply said, "Are you a flake?" I fully expected her to push back and talk about her credentials as a member of the Intelligence Committee and as a tax lawyer and on and on, which she did a little, but the takeaway for viewers was that I, in effect, was calling her flaky. I came back to the office after the show and saw the e-mail, and I can truthfully say in eight years of doing the show I never got such an outpouring of intensely negative mail. I didn't get a call from the boss. I simply saw that I had insulted her and thought an apology was due.

PLAYBOY: Is it wrong to assume that with a father like Mike Wallace and a stepfather like Bill Leonard, you chose your profession to satisfy your two dads?

WALLACE: I can't say they didn't influence me. You have to understand, I grew up with television. It's all I ever knew. I was nine when my mother married Bill Leonard, who was then a correspondent for WCBS-TV in New York. I can remember talking to Eleanor Roosevelt, who had been on his show. Even as a kid, I thought it was extraordinary to hear her tell stories about Franklin and Winston on a boat together off the coast of Canada during World War II. Another time, I was walking the halls at CBS, and my stepfather pointed into an office. There was an older man in suspenders and a tie who was working on a script. My stepfather whispered, "That's Edward R. Murrow."

Likewise, with my dad, there was this rush of excitement around his job. I remember when he was anchoring *The CBS Morning News*, he told me to come down to work one day. I was a teenager and grumbled about it because it meant getting there before seven in the morning. But when I walked into the studio, my father was sitting there with Malcolm X. It was an amazing perspective growing up like that.

The big breakthrough for me personally

was my first job. I was 16 years old, and Bill at that time was the head of the CBS News election unit. They hired a lot of the children of the executives and correspondents as gofers at the conventions—go for coffee or cigarettes or whatever. And so at the 1964 Republican convention in San Francisco, I was assigned to be Walter Cronkite's gofer in the anchor booth. It was the most exciting, intoxicating atmosphere in the world. I remember thinking, I can't imagine doing anything else for a living.

PLAYBOY: What do you remember most about working with Cronkite?

WALLACE: What I remember most is his daughter Nancy, to tell you the truth. I fell madly in love with her. She was my first girlfriend. She didn't look at all like Walter, thankfully. She was this beautiful 15-year-old blonde. That was when my dad was anchoring *The CBS Morning News* and Walter, of course, was doing the evening news. The correspondents all loved seeing Nancy and me together. They said it was like a merging of the two divisions.

PLAYBOY: Are you implying that Walter

I've changed on this issue.

I think same-sex marriage
should be legal. I can see no
good reason why not. They're
committed couples. They're
not hurting anybody.

Cronkite's daughter was your first sexual conquest?

WALLACE: I know this is PLAYBOY, but you've got to be kidding!

PLAYBOY: We are merely interested in chronicling this untold story from media history.

WALLACE: Right, sure. She was my first girl-friend. That's all you're going to get.

PLAYBOY: Okay, fine. Let's talk about your dad. You didn't have much of a relationship with Mike Wallace until you were 14. What brought him back into your life? WALLACE: I had an older brother, Peter, who died in the early 1960s in a mountain-climbing accident. In the years before that, Peter had been putting pressure on my father to see me. My brother had carved out his own relationship, but I hadn't. In the beginning it was pretty awkward for me. My father was a stranger, and he used to sort of force me to go for the weekend to his house out in Snedens Landing, across the Hudson from New York. I never wanted to go. At a certain point he tried winning me over by taking me to this watering hole in New York called Toots Shor. It was a big roast-beef place where famous athletes would hang out. My dad knew I was a huge sports fan. I still am. Frank Gifford would be there, Mickey Mantle, Eddie Arcaro, Howard Cosell. I loved seeing these people. And slowly my dad and I got to know each other over slabs of meat. He really became my father after that.

PLAYBOY: Your dad is legendary for asking tough questions. Would he interrogate you about homework and girls and all that?

wallace: He was always amazingly direct and probing. I remember when I went to college, I had to basically present to him how much money I thought I needed for the semester. It was a silly exercise. I knew he was going to give it to me, but it was as though he wanted to put me through my paces. "Why do you need that? Why can't you do this instead?" Part of it was he was cheap. But I think he enjoyed the back-and-forth. He likes people who can talk back and engage with him.

PLAYBOY: How is he now, by the way? WALLACE: Well, thank you for asking. My dad is 93 and showing it for the first time. He's in a facility in Connecticut. Physically, he's okay. Mentally, he's not. He still recognizes me and knows who I am, but he's uneven. The interesting thing is, he never mentions 60 Minutes. It's as if it didn't exist. It's as if that part of his memory is completely gone. The only thing he really talks about is family—me, my kids, my grandkids, his great-grandchildren. There's a lesson there. This is a man who had a fabulous career and for whom work always came first. Now he can't even remember it.

PLAYBOY: Your critics like to say you wouldn't be anywhere without nepotism. Does that bother you?

WALLACE: It doesn't bother me at all now. I mean, it's silly at this point. I've been in the business 40 years. You succeed or fail on your own. If there was ever a business of "What have you done for us lately?" it's television news. But yeah, in the beginning it hurt like hell. You know, "You're Mike Wallace's son. That's why you're here." I'd hear that a lot in the beginning. Or even as I went on, occasionally somebody would say, "Hey, Mike—I mean Chris." That would sting. You think to yourself, Jesus, how long is it going to be? How many Emmys do I have to win before I'm not Mike's kid anymore? At some pointand I know this sounds crazy-I just came to terms with it. I remember thinking to myself, You are never going to be Mike Wallace. But you know what? Neither is anybody else. He is one of a kind. There is nobody like him. There never will be anybody like him. But there is still a lot of room to be yourself and to achieve a lot. PLAYBOY: When did you have that

WALLACE: Last Thursday? Friday? [laughs] No, probably in my 30s or early 40s.

PLAYBOY: You were almost 40 when you famously confronted Ronald Reagan during a White (continued on page 201)



No More Mr. Nice Watch

Forget sleek and subtle, the Stauer Colossus Hybrid is one tough timepiece.

Tever underestimate your competition. Just ask Demetrius, the unfortunate Greek general who set out to conquer Rhodes in 305 BC. He assumed that a massive force of 40,000 men, a fleet of Aegean pirates and an arsenal of wall-smashing war machines would be enough to crush the tiny Greek island. He was wrong. The Rhodians were tougher than he thought. And so is this watch. If you've always believed that the biggest, baddest watches had to cost big, bad money, the \$79 Stauer Colossus Hybrid Chronograph is here to change your mind.

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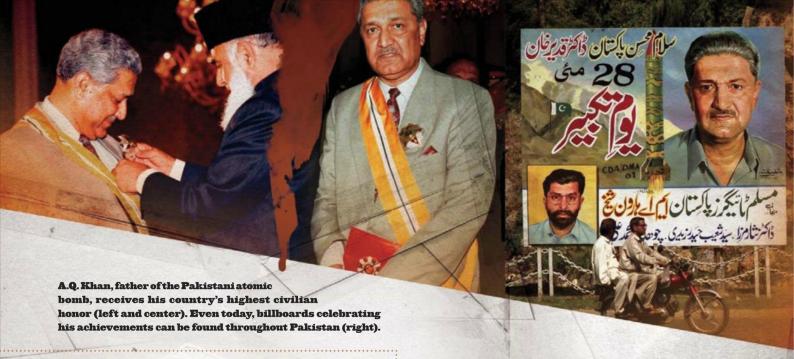
THE SECRET TREACHERY OF

The Pakistani nuclear scientist has spent years confessing his traitorous sins. Yet he's kept his biggest transgression to himself

BY JOSHUA POLLACK

Neednesday, December 10, 2003, the day his carefully assembled world crumbled, Abdul Qadeer Khan sat down to write a letter for safekeeping. The words, intended for his wife of nearly 40 years, rushed out in a jumble. "Darling," it began, "if the government plays any mischief with me, take a tough stand." Forthright and unapologetic, he named countries to which he had illicitly sold nuclear technology and gave instructions for feeding his version of the story to sympathetic journalists. Pakistan's senior generals, he claimed, were at least as guilty as he was. "Tell them the bastards first used us and now [are] playing dirty games with us."

In the eyes of most Pakistanis, Khan was the father of the country's nuclear bomb. The European-educated metallurgist was considered his nation's greatest scientist—the hero who had rescued Pakistan from the domination of nuclear-armed India, Islamabad's archenemy. Behind this exalted image, Khan's activities went unquestioned. From 1976 until 2001, the eponymous Khan Research Laboratories, or KRL, was simultaneously



one of Pakistan's most sensitive nuclear facilities and Khan's personal fief. Without external oversight, he could easily conceal his side business: selling advanced nuclear technology to an assortment of foreign countries.

The events of December 10 shattered this illusion. That morning, the *Daily Jinnah*, a Pakistani newspaper, reported that the ISI, Pakistan's CIA equivalent, had arrested senior managers from KRL on suspicion of aiding Iran's nuclear program. The article triggered an uproar. After two decades of illicit nuclear sales, Khan's cover was blown. The knock at his door could come at any moment.

In his letter Khan acknowledged providing Pakistan's gascentrifuge-enrichment technology—a type of equipment that could be used to make nuclear explosives—to numerous international buyers. Khan wrote that at some point in the late 1980s he and his colleagues sent "drawings and some components" of centrifuges to the Iranians at the request of a top Pakistani general. Scribbling in the margin of the letter, Khan allowed that he "must have got money for it (\$1 million)." In the late 1990s, he continued, another top Pakistani general accepted a \$3 million bribe from North Korea through Khan and then directed him to provide North Korea with "some drawings and machines." Without giving any details, Khan also mentioned Libya in the letter. Pakistan's military men, he claimed, were ultimately responsible and now wanted a scapegoat: "They might try to get rid of me to cover up all the (dirty) things they got done by me in connection with Iran, Libya and N. Korea."

Over the next few weeks, more KRL staffers were arrested. Khan was placed under house arrest, interrogated by senior intelligence and military officials—debriefed was the polite word used in official statements—and finally made to confess. On February 4, 2004, he sat before a television camera and recited a statement in English. Khan admitted that "alleged proliferation activities by certain Pakistanis and foreigners over the last two decades" had occurred at his behest. "It pains me to realize in retrospect that my entire lifetime achievement of providing foolproof national security to my nation could have been placed in serious jeopardy on account of my activities, which were based in good faith, but on errors of judgment related to unauthorized proliferation activities."

Khan assumed sole responsibility and asked to be pardoned. The next day, Pervez Musharraf, the general who had seized control of Pakistan in 1999 and appointed himself president in 2001, granted that pardon before the national news media. Still, Khan remained under house arrest, beyond

the reach of foreign investigators, forbidden to say anything that might endanger national security.

Only when Musharraf's power weakened did Khan resume speaking about his past activities. Today, Musharraf lives in exile, and Khan is once again free to express himself—more or less. The Pakistani government continues to limit his travels, but he talks to reporters and writes newspaper columns. In one interview he asserted that the military agency in charge of nuclear security had drafted his televised confession on Musharraf's orders. "The statement was thrust into my hands to read. I immediately realized that it was mischievous to put all the blame solely on me.... I refused to read it out as it was and insisted that the words 'I did it in good faith' be inserted."

By now Khan has made nearly every possible claim about who bears responsibility for selling Pakistan's centrifuge technology. He did it at the behest of the military. He acted purely on his own. The military was solely responsible. It was all done by foreigners. Khan lost many things during his ordeal, including his freedom and his credibility. But throughout, he retained one crucial secret: the identity of a fourth country, after Iran, Libya and North Korea, to which he had provided the shortcut to a nuclear weapon.

The unraveling of Khan's deceptions started in Iran. In February 2003 the Department of Safeguards of the International Atomic Energy Agency launched an investigation of Tehran's nuclear activities. (Safeguards inspectors are charged with verifying that countries don't secretly acquire nuclear materials or divert them from peaceful uses.) The Iranians tried to reveal as little as possible. But in August the Safeguards team confronted Iranian officials with a significant discovery: Some of Iran's centrifuges and associated equipment were coated in microscopic traces of uranium. Radiochemical analysis showed that all the traces were enriched, some to a high level.

The Iranians were cornered. Either they could assume responsibility for unacknowledged enrichment activities or they could try to pin it on the source of their imported machines. In October the Iranians finally explained that the contaminated equipment had come from Pakistan. As evidence, they revealed original centrifuge drawings supplied years earlier by Khan.

The admission from Iran shouldn't have come as a surprise in Islamabad. Shortly after Musharraf gained control of the country, Pakistani investigators (continued on page 190)



"I don't think I'm going to keep my New Year's resolution very long...!"



CLASSIC BEAUTY, WILD CHILD, SILVER SCREEN SIREN, INMATE #2409752. THE RISE, FALL AND REDEMPTION OF AMERICA'S MOST FASCINATING CELEBRITY

STORY BY CHRISTOPHER TENNANT

Aside from the clickety-clack of her stilettos, the studio is dead silent. Moments later, having wended her way in front of the camera, Lindsay Lohan stares playfully into the lens—through it, in fact. After widening her stance, she raises her chin and drops her arms to her sides, allowing her gold robe to slip from her shoulders. Save for the expensive footwear, she is

and drops her arms to her sides, allowing her gold robe to slip from her shoulders. Save for the expensive footwear, she is suddenly—mercifully—naked. After months of dedicated prayer and endless negotiation, Our Lady of TMZ has revealed her ultimate secret. She has communed with the tarnished saints, Norma Jeane et al. No wonder it's so damn quiet. For those bearing witness, the fact that this shoot—this pop culture meta-event—is happening at all seems miraculous in itself. No need to reflect on how we got here—the courtroom drama, the Hail Mary hearings—we're just thankful it's where we are. Meanwhile, outside the studio, a cacophony grows.

Airtight nondisclosure agreements and blood oaths notwithstanding, it turns out the entire world knows exactly what hinders is unto the program of the program of the program of the party of the page of the

Lindsay is up to, how much the magazine is paying her and why it is or isn't the best or worst thing any famous person,









living or dead, has ever done. By nightfall, Lindsay Lohan Playboy is a trending topic on Google. By the next morning, millions of people around the globe have weighed in on the matter, asking mostly the same questions: Why would she? Who is she? Hell, even the pantywaists at *The New York Times* will devote a column to the topic.

From where we're standing, the answer is simple: She's a grown-ass woman, we paid her a pretty penny and half the earth's population wanted to see her naked. As for who she is, you'll have to take Lindsay at her word: This is the beginning, not the end of her career—a millennial hat tip to Drew Barrymore, perhaps. In rehab by the time she hit her teens, with her secrets splashed all over the checkout aisle, Drew appeared in the January 1995 issue at the age of 19, and by 1998 she was back on top in *The Wedding Singer*—a star again, for all the right reasons.

And let's not forget how Lindsay got here. She first turned heads in Hollywood as the precocious 11-year-old star of Disney's Parent Trap remake. Leading roles in Freaky Friday, Mean Girls and Herbie: Fully Loaded soon followed, cementing her rep as an actress with superior chops. She released a couple of albums that sold well, poked around in fashion and started exploring more serious roles. But then... well, to vastly oversimplify, let's just say that a 2007 DUI arrest and a penchant for late-night shenanigans promptly turned her into a tabloid caricature, and it's been a bit of a bumpy ride ever since. But always there was the talent.

The absurdity of Lindsay's current position in the celebrity-industrial complex has not gone unnoticed. "I have no idea why there is this fascination with everything I do." she says. "I suppose it's all part of this trend of people wanting to know every detail of a celebrity's life. I mean, once we get to the point where magazines are doing pictorials on the clothes I wore in court—that's just so unimportant."

Those in search of an explanation might also consider her politics. Money aside, why pose for PLAYBOY?

"Sex and sexuality are a part of nature, and I go along with nature," she says. "I think Marilyn Monroe said that, and I agree with her. Knowing your body and being in touch with your body is important because it gives you confidence, and in life, women need confidence. It's a very male-dominated world, so knowing yourself and being comfortable with your body is an important thing for me as a woman. Everyone is entitled to their opinion, but that's mine."

So what has she learned from her youthful misadventures? Is there anything she wishes she had known way back when?

"That ultimately we are each responsible for ourselves and for our actions," she says. "Looking back, I probably would have listened to and taken more advice from the people I admire and would have followed through with it more, but my stubbornness at 18 and 19 got in the way. I've learned that time flies faster than you think, and because you only live once you have to learn from your mistakes."

A persona as large as Lindsay's deserves a special stage. So we offered her Marilyn Monroe's in this re-creation of the classic 1949 shoot by Tom Kelley, from which the first PLAYBOY Centerfold was plucked. But before it was over, we had one more question: Having faced down jail and worked in a morgue, is there anything Lindsay's still afraid of?

"Uh, not really," she says. "You do realize I just posed nude for PLAYBOY?"

We sure do.

















PAYLAN BY ELMORE LEONARD



HE'S A FEDERAL MARSHAL FROM THE HILLS OF

HE'S DISPATCHED DRUG DEALERS AND KIDNAPPERS, BUT CAN HE HANDLE A FEMME FATALE WHO KNOWS

HOW TO USE A SCALPEL?

RAYLAN Givens was holding a federal warrant to serve on a man in the marijuana trade known as Angel Arenas, 47, born in the U.S. but 100 percent of him Hispanic.

The state troopers, four of them, watched Raylan and his partner Rachel Brooks, a young black woman, slip on Kevlar vests they wore underneath their U.S. marshal jackets and watched them check their sidearms. Raylan told the officers he didn't expect Angel would resist, but you never knew for sure. He said, "You hear gunfire, come runnin, all right?"

One of the troopers said, "You want, we'll bust in the door for you." "You're dyin to," Raylan said. "I thought I'd stop by the desk and get a key."

The Kentucky state troopers got a kick out of this marshal, at one time a coal miner from Harlan County. This morning they watched him enter a fugitive felon's motel room without drawing his gun.

There wasn't a sound but the hum of air-conditioning. Sunlight from the windows lay on the king-size bed, unmade but thrown together, the spread pulled up over bedding and pillows. Raylan turned to Rachel and nodded to the bed. Now he stepped over to the bathroom door, not closed all the way, listened and then shoved it open.

Angel Arenas's head rested against the curved end of the bathtub, his hair floating in water that came past his chin, his eyes closed, his body stretched out naked in a tub filled close to the brim with bits of ice in water turning pink.

Raylan said, "Angel...?" Got no response and kneeled at the tub to feel Angel's throat for a pulse. "He's freezing to death but still breathing."

Behind him he heard Rachel say, "Raylan, the bed's full of blood. Like he was killin chickens in there." And heard her say, "Oh my God," sucking in her breath as she saw Angel.

Raylan turned the knob to let the water run out, lowering it around Angel, his belly becoming an island in the tub of ice water, blood showing in two places on the island.



"He had something done to him," Raylan said. "He's got like staples closing up what look like wounds. Or was he operated on?"

Rachel said, "That's how they did my mother last year, at University of Kentucky Medical. Made one entry below the ribs and the other under her belly button. I asked her why they did it there 'stead of around through her back."

"You gonna tell me what the operation was?"
"They took out her kidneys," Rachel said. "Both of 'em, and she got an almost new pair the same day, from a child who had drowned."

Raylan looked puzzled. "They take 'em out the front?" "Why not?" Rachel said.

Angel was lying on his back in the hospital bed, his eyes closed. Raylan got down close, brushed Angel's hair out of his face, caught a whiff of hospital breath and said in a whisper, "Did you know," Raylan said, "I saved your life this morning? Another five minutes in that ice water you'd of froze to death. Thank the Lord I got there when I did.'

"For what, to arrest me?"

"You're alive, partner, that's the main thing. Maybe a little pale's all."

Pale—he looked like he was dead.

"They hook my arm to a machine," Angel said. "It keeps me alive long as I can wait for a kidney. Or I have a relative like a brother wants to give me one."

"You have a brother?"

"I have someone better."

Smiling now. He was, and Raylan said, "You know I won't tell where you're getting this kidney, you don't want me to."

"Everybody in the hospital knows," Angel said. "They send me a fax. You believe it? The nurse comes in and reads it to me.'

"The fax," Raylan said. "You get to buy your kidneys back for how much?"

"A hundred grand," Angel said, "tha's what they offer. You imagine the balls? They bring a surgeon last night so they can take my fucking kidneys and rip me off twice, counting what they stole from me. They say if I only want one kidney is still a hundred grand.'

Raylan said, "The hospital knows what's going on?"

"I tole you, everybody knows, the doctors, the nurses. They send the fax, then one of them calls the hospital and makes the arrangement. Nobody saw who deliver them."

"I don't believe I ever heard of this one. You know the hospital called the police."

"The police already talk to me. I tole them I don't know these guys. Never saw them before."

"Or know who's telling them what to do?" Raylan said. Angel stared at Raylan. "I don't follow you."

"You think your guys came up with this new way to score? They can take whoever they want off the street," Raylan said, "while this doctor's scrubbin up for surgery. Why should they be picky, wait for a drug deal to go down?" Raylan paused. He said, "You want, I'll help you out."

"For what? You find product in that motel room? Man, I'm the victim of a crime and you want to fucking put me in jail?"

Give me a name. I swear on my star you won't have to pay for either one.'

He watched Angel shake his head saying, "You have to go in the woods to find them."

"Buddy, it's what I do. I call Lexington with the names and they e-mail me their sheets. I might even know these guys."

"They grow reefer," Angel said, "from here to West Virginia."

Right away Raylan said, "They're Crowes, aren't they?"

South of Barbourville Raylan with Rachel turned off the four-lane and cut east to follow blacktops and gravel roads without names or numbers through these worn-out mountains of Knox County, the tops of the grades scalped, strip-mined of coal to leave waste heaps, the creeks down in the hollows tainted with mine acid. They turned off the Stinking Creek road where it forked at Buckeye and drove up a low rise to the cemetery, a field of gravestones marked MILLS and MESSER.

"A few have been here more'n 150 years," Raylan said. "That one right there, John Mills, 'Gone to the Mansions of

THEY DROVE EAST THROUGH THE WORN-OUT MOUNTAINS OF KNOX COUNTY. THE TOPS OF THE GRADES SCALPED, STRIP-MINED OF COAL.

Rest.' What would you like on your stone?"

"I don't know," Rachel said. "Can I have a few years to think about it?'

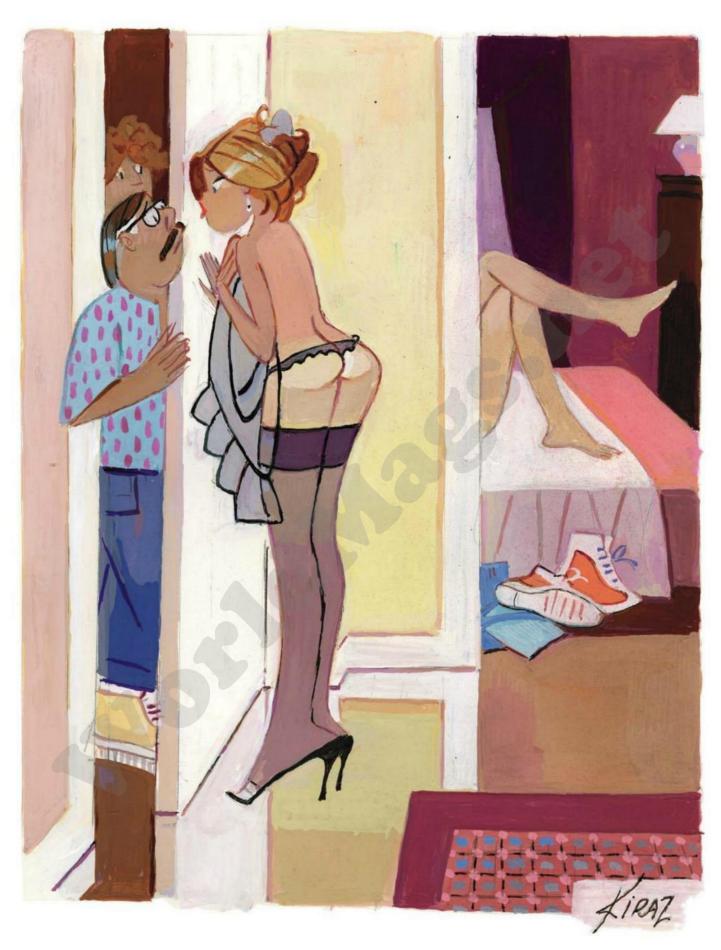
"Gobel Messer's says, 'Meet Me in Heaven.' Confident by the time he passed over." Raylan put the car in gear and crept through the cemetery to the far side. He said, "Now look straight ahead. That's Pervis Crowe's store over there through the trees. I make it 60 yards."

Rachel got out her binoculars, raised them and said, "I'm inside the store, nobody shopping this morning. Now a man's in the doorway lighting a cigarette."

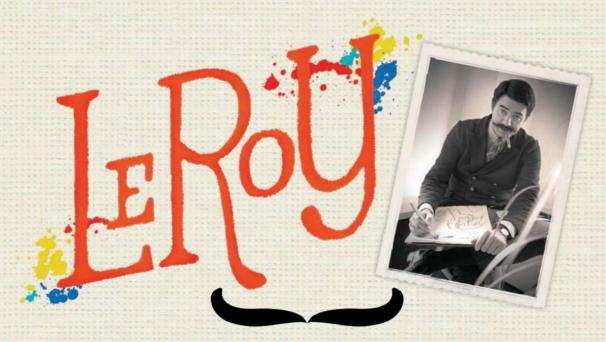
"A Camel," Raylan said. "That's Pervis Crowe. His boys should be along. Have to give their old dad his cut."

"Of what?"

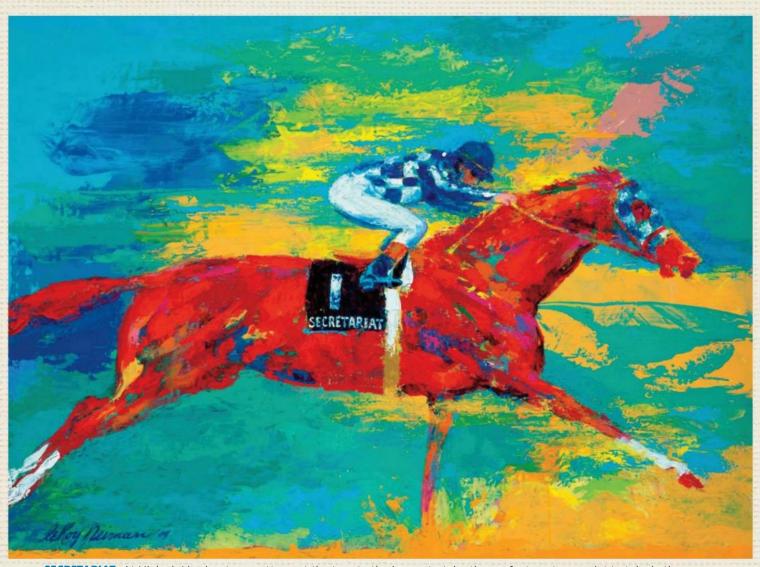
"The money they took off Angel." (continued on page 168)



"I called for help, but I changed my mind."



ON THE OCCASION OF HIS 90TH BIRTHDAY,
LEROY NEIMAN TELLS US THE STORIES BEHIND THE PICTURES



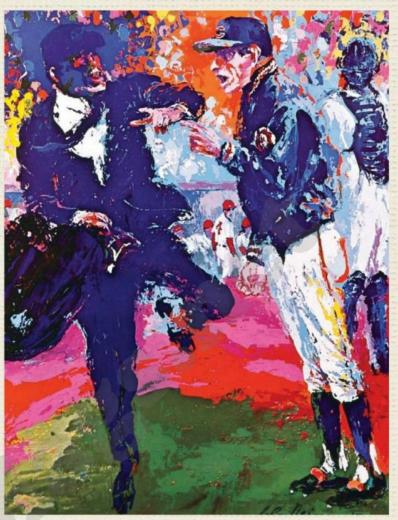
SECRETARIAT: At Hialeah I had a stone cottage at the turn to the homestretch—the perfect vantage point to take in the races.

SONNY LISTON: It's February 1964 in Miami, before the first of two fights between Cassius Clay and Sonny Liston. I'm doing what I always do: hanging around sketching. My subject is the surly, often belligerent, sometimes hostile felon with underworld connections Sonny Liston. He spent his formative years unsuccessfully avoiding arrest, and the press is now having a field day with his police record. I'm here to grab images. At first Liston doesn't notice me as he circles the ring, shadowboxing and scowling. Then I get the glare. "Hey, artist, get rid of the cigar." I look up at him. "It's not lit," I say. Now he comes over. "I said the cigar's got to go. I don't care if the cigar ain't lit. The artist is out of here!" No reason to let a good Cuban get in the way. I set it aside, move out of Liston's radar and continue drawing. The incident didn't mark me forever with Sonny. Eventually he asked me to sketch him at his home. "I don't want you to paint me as a fighter," he told me. "I want you to paint me as a gentleman." Maybe that explained it all.





SALVADOR DALÍ: Never go with Dalí to a soiree in a blizzard. "LeRoy, you must sit beside me," he beckons. He's in a Daliesque pose—erect, unruffled, hands resting on a cane—while his galoshes create a puddle of melting snow on the white carpet.

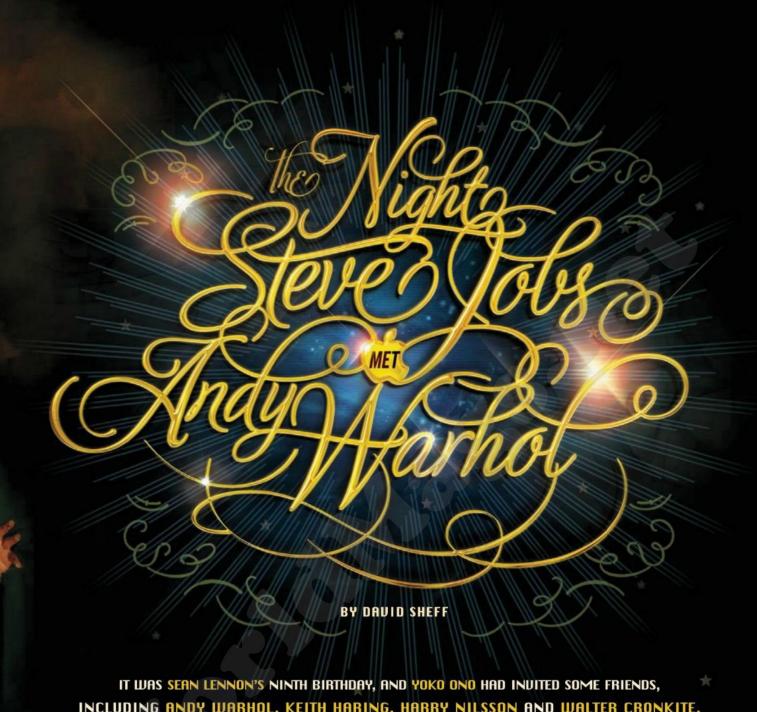


LEO DUROCHER: It's two in the morning, and Sinatra is calling. "Me and the boys have decided on a housewarming gift for Durocher," he says. I finish *Leo and the Ump,* my homage to the St. Paul rookie I cheered as a kid, in two weeks and express it to Palm Springs. Durocher's widow displayed the painting at Leo's funeral.

BOBBY FISCHER: Another two A.M. call, only it's six A.M. Reykjavík time. Roone Arledge calls from the Bobby Fischer-Boris Spassky chess championship. "Fischer's banned the camera crew. Get on the next plane!" First day on the set, I work with my Rapidograph. Fischer looks in my direction. My pen scratching bothers him. I take up a silent felt-tip. Fischer sniffs the air. The scent of ink! I reach for a graphite pencil—squeakless, odorless—finally off Fischer's radar.







INCLUDING ANDY WARHOL, KEITH HARING, HARRY NILSSON AND WALTER CRONKITE.

STEVE JOBS BROUGHT A SPECIAL GIFT: THE VERY FIRST MACINTOSH ANY OF THEM HAD EVER SEEN. **OUR WRITER WAS THERE**

It was dusk, sprinkling and windy outside.

Steve Jobs and I hurried along Manhattan's Central Park West. Jobs was carrying a large box—a birthday present for Sean Lennon, who was turning nine. If he hadn't been murdered four years earlier, John Lennon would have been turning 44. Father and son shared a birthday, October 9. We turned right onto West 72nd Street at the storied Dakota apartment building. To get into the building via the carriageway, we passed through a gathering of 50 or 60 people, many holding lighted candles. They were singing "Give Peace a Chance," remembering Lennon. A few had tears. We stood with them for a while before going inside. Before 1980 the Dakota had been known for its famous residents, including the Lennons, Joe Namath, Boris Karloff and Lauren Bacall, and the movie filmed there, Roman Polanski's Rosemary's Baby. Since then it has been remembered for tragedy—Lennon's murder on the sidewalk out front. A few months before Lennon died, I'd conducted the Playboy Interview with him and Yoko Ono. It was the final in-depth interview of Lennon's life. One of the last things he said to me was "I'm going to be 40, and life begins at 40, so they promise. And I believe it too.

I'm very excited. Like, wow, what's going to happen next?"

Jobs and I waited for the ancient elevator. "All the girls loved Paul, but John was my favorite Beatle," he said. "Lennon cut through the bullshit and told it like it was. I still can't believe they killed him. He was a genius, a beautiful genius." He said there had been a period in his teens when he listened exclusively to the Beatles, solo Lennon and Dylan.

The elevator, with gnarly gargoyles looking down on passengers, creaked slowly upward to the seventh floor. On the landing Jobs knocked on an oversize mahogany door. A man opened it and ushered us in. As instructed, we removed our shoes. Jobs found a place to store the large box on the floor, behind a collection of walking sticks.

In the evening light, out the window of the White Room—everything inside was white, including the piano on which Lennon had written "Imagine"—Central Park was a patchwork of crystal and gray. Across the park the lights of Fifth Avenue hotels and apartments glittered. The party was in full Sean's bedroom, also white but with shelves of robots. Jobs opened the carton and lifted out his present.

Jobs had boyish dark hair parted on the side. He wore jeans and a white dress shirt, the sleeves rolled up. He sprawled on the floor in front of a computer. Called Macintosh, it was boxy, taller than it was wide, beige, the size of a bread box set on its side.

Jobs turned the computer on, and Sean, sitting on the floor near him, stared at the six-inch black-and-white built-in monitor. He watched Jobs push a cigarette-pack-size contraption that was attached to the computer by a wire along the floor. Jobs said it was called a mouse. When he guided it along, an arrow on the screen moved too. He moved the arrow over a tiny picture of a paintbrush and clicked to launch a program called MacPaint. He looked at Sean. "You try," he said.

Sean took control of the mouse and rolled it along the floor. Jobs said, "Now hold the button down while you move it and see what didn't get it; he lifted and waved the mouse as if it were a conductor's baton. Jobs gently explained that the mouse worked when it was pushed along a surface. Warhol kept lifting it until Jobs placed his hand on Warhol's and guided it along the floor. Finally Warhol began drawing, staring at the "pencil" as it drew on the screen.

Warhol was mesmerized—people who knew him know the way he tuned out everything extraneous when he was entranced by something—gliding the mouse, eyes fixed on the monitor. Haring was bent over, watching. Warhol, his eyes wide, looked up, stared at Haring and said, "Look, Keith! I drew a circle!"

In Warhol's diary, published after his death, he wrote about that night. "We went into Sean's bedroom—and there was a kid there setting up the Apple computer that Sean had gotten as a present, the Macintosh model. I said that once some man had been calling me a lot wanting to give me one,"









The Macintosh computer both saved Apple as a company and revolutionized the world. Apple became so big Jobs (left) brought in John Sculley as president. At the Dakota (center), Jobs showed an early Mac to a gaggle of John and Yoko's friends four years after John's death.

swing. The guests included Walter Cronkite, Roberta Flack, Harry Nilsson, John Cage and artists Louise Nevelson, Kenny Scharf and Keith Haring. Andy Warhol arrived, refusing to take his shoes off. Sean came up, and Warhol gave him presents, including a spectacular painting of a heart-shaped candy box and a bracelet he'd made out of pennies. The last time they'd seen each other, Warhol had ripped a dollar bill in two and given half to Sean, who, after thanking Warhol, jokingly asked for the other half. Warhol reached into his pocket and handed Sean a wad of torn-in-half dollars.

Dinner was served and then a birthday cake in the shape of a grand piano. Afterward the adults talked, and Jobs asked Sean if he'd like his present. Following Sean, Jobs lugged the box he'd brought down the hallway to

happens." Sean did, and a thin jagged black line appeared on the screen.

Sean said, "Cool!" He clicked the mouse button, pushed it around, and on the screen appeared shapes and lines, which he erased, and then he drew a sort of lion-camel and then a figure he said was Boy George.

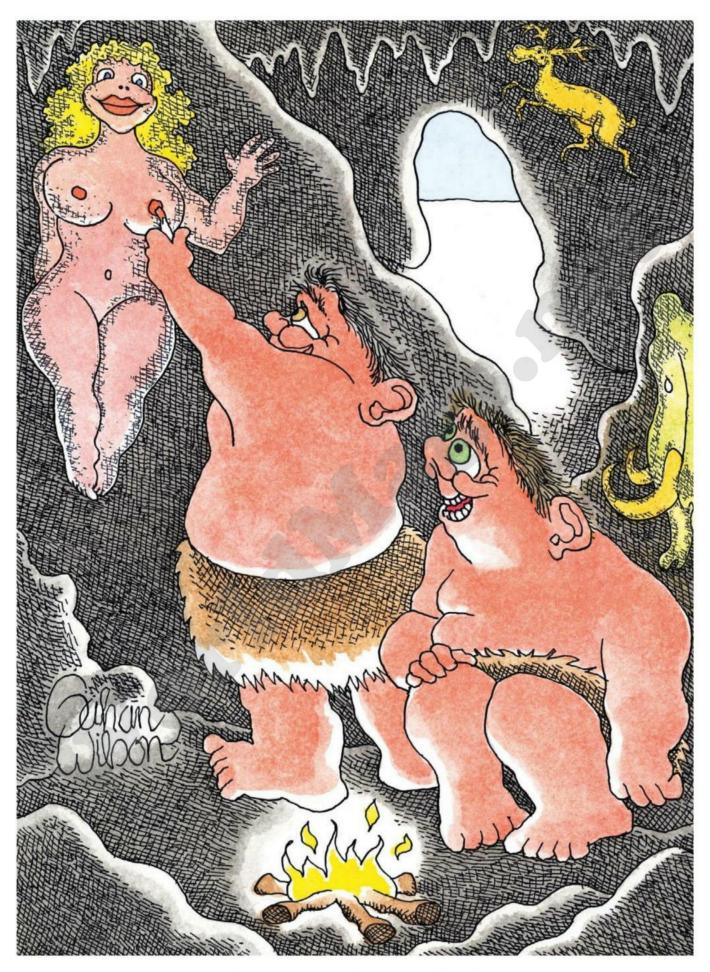
A few people entered the room and stood by Sean and Jobs, watching over their shoulders. I looked up. "Hmmm," said one, Andy Warhol. "What is this? Look at this, Keith. This is incredible!" Keith Haring nodded. The artists stared at the moving line.

Jobs continued working with Sean, with Warhol and Haring watching, and then Warhol asked, "Can I try?"

Warhol took Sean's spot in front of the computer, and Jobs showed him how to maneuver and click the mouse. Warhol

Warhol wrote, "but that I'd never called him back or something, and then the kid looked up and said, 'Yeah, that was me. I'm Steve Jobs.' And he looked so young, like a college guy.... Then he gave me a lesson on drawing with it. It only comes in black and white now, but they'll soon make it in color.... I felt so old and out of it with this whiz guy right there who'd helped invent it." Warhol concluded his entry, writing that he left the party that night "so blue." It had nothing to do with his frustration drawing on the computer; he was jealous of Haring. "Before I was Sean's best grown-up friend and now I think Keith is. They really hit it off. He invited Keith to his party for kids the next day and I don't think I was invited and I'm hurt."

After half an hour the artists returned to the party to hang (continued on page 182)



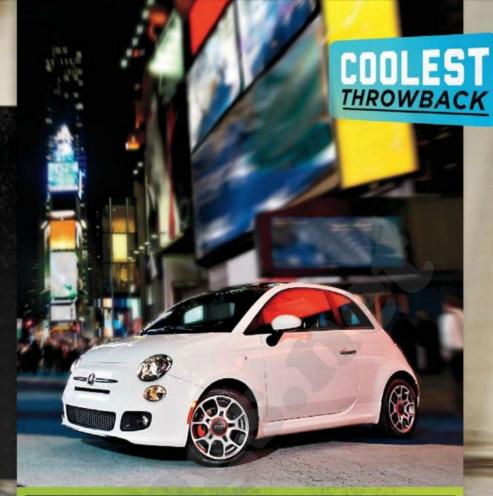
 $"I\ think\ you're\ really\ onto\ something!"$

CARS OF THE LANGE 2012 2012

BY KEN GROSS AND THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY

could have imagined this scenario? Fiat is expertly driving Chrysler. GM axed Oldsmobile, Pontiac and Saturn and then resurrected its industry-leading styling heritage. Buicks are hot again. Unencumbered by bailout blues, Ford is making the best cars in its history. Surging Korean carmakers Hyundai and Kia are giving the Japanese fits. Indian conglomerate Tata owns Land Rover and Jaguar; both have never been better. Meanwhile, Mercedes-Benz, Audi and BMW are locked in a battle for luxocar supremacy. There is bad news. Volvo is struggling, as is Mitsubishi, and Saab is pretty much sunk. But all in all, the car biz is hammering forward, and fun driving is still PC. PLAYBOY has piloted everything new on four wheels. Here are our picks for 2012.

AH, ITALIA. Think of the Piazza Navona in Rome; fantasize about the fresh pizza from the bakery at the bottom of the Spanish Steps. The Fiat Cinquecento takes you there. A reimagining of the swinging 1960s Fiat 500, this car stays true to its DNA. And yet, all who drive it agree: "It's so contemporary!" And with seven air bags, electronic stability control and interfaces for Bluetooth, iPod and USB, it certainly is. The 500 feels game, athletic and lively. Its steering is as taut as a bowstring. Though the engine produces just 101 horsepower, it feels like much more. You'll look for reasons to test the grip and be a driver. The painted dash, the placement of the shifter-it all comes together as a sparkling Italian design, a crispshifting five-speed manual coupe or automatic convertible.



FIAT 500

ENGINE 1.4-LITER 1-4

HORSEPOWER 101

ZERO TO 60 10.2 SECONDS

MPG 30 CITY, 38 HIGHWAY

AVENTADOR

PRICE \$387.000

ENGINE 6.5-LITER V12

HORSEPOWER 700

ZERO TO 60 2.9 SECONDS

MPG 11 CITY, 17 HIGHWAY



LAMBORGHINI gets away with murder. As long as the latest, lowest, lightest and most wicked Lambo to date looks as if it rocketed in from another car-crazy planet, nobody cares if it's remotely comfortable, has trunk space or gets decent fuel mileage. This sexy stiletto is about impressing everyone, except maybe a Bugatti owner. The razor-edged all-wheel-drive seven-speed Aventador is a ride that makes even seasoned valet parkers quiver. It packs obscene horsepower from a mammoth V12 with quad pipes. Don't try to back up; you can't see behind you. Ripping down an autostrada at warp speed, the 217 mph Aventador transcends anything most mortals can imagine on wheels. You flick the paddles to the next cog and the surge hurls you back in your seat like the torque thrust of an F-22 Raptor. Come to think of it, the carbon-fiber-bodied Aventador resembles a *Top Gun* fighter for the street.



MPG 18 CITY, 28 HIGHWAY

northern Wales we clambered through squishy peat bogs, forded streams, descended a small mountain and hammered all the way to Liverpool, where

we drove through the storied River Mersey. Nothing stopped the Evoque. Have no fear: Under that sleek shape is a true Land Rover, with all the sophisticated electronic gadgetry, suspension agility and go-anywhere tractability you'd expect. The turbo four cylinder gets decent mileage, but you'll never feel you've been handed half an eight. Whether you choose the coupe or fourdoor, the Evoque will whisk you through snowstorms and impress everyone when you make a grand entrance at the club.

LEXUS

ENGINE 1.8-LITER I-4 WITH ELECTRIC ENGINE

HORSEPOWER 134

ZERO TO 60 9.8 SECONDS

MPG 40 CITY, 42 HIGHWAY



BEST KNOWN FOR smooth crossover SUVs and luxurious sedans, Lexus has stepped completely out of character with its CT 200h. Billed as a hybrid that handles, this streamlined four-door hatch—with its efficient ergonomics, lively handling and cool demeanor—charmed us at the Paris Auto Show and afterward on the streets of rural France. Sure, a Prius is a little bigger inside and more fuel efficient. But a CT, which is far more fun to drive, can match most of its tricks. In EV (full electric) mode, you meander along at 25 mph, slowly creeping up to 40, with the engine off. Switch to Sport setting and the econ gauge becomes a tachometer, the 134 horses come to life and the continuously variable transmission shifts with more alacrity. If you keep the revs up, the CT will definitely motor. Styling is subjective; we liked the curved roofline and retro wraparound rear window. Lexus hopes green-minded drivers will sign on. We bet they will.

BMW PUT A fine point on the definitive small urban performance car with an eye-catching, nicely balanced entry-level version of its bigger models, called the 1 Series. Now the company has given that automobile the motor-sport treatment with its 1 Series M. Roomy enough for four, with a little extra behind the front seat, the 1 Series M fits the fundamental BMW "driving machine" concept. It's what GTI should stand for. The clarity of this car's mission is apparent the first time you slide behind the wheel. The fit is right; the feel is right. That big three-liter twin-turbo has no business being shoehorned into a car this size. When you stomp on this little beauty's accelerator, hold on to your driver's license. BMW fans have had lots to talk about. The new 650i convertible is gorgeous, and the M3 (such a rocket, it should come with NASA signage) is a perennial favorite of car guys worldwide. Now the 1 Series M joins the party.

BMW PRICE \$47.010

ENGINE 3-LITER TWIN-TURBO 1-6

HORSEPOWER 335

ZERO TO 60 4.7 SECONDS

MPG 16 CITY, 24 HIGHWAY









IF THE BRITISH secret agent John Steed from The Avengers were to trade in his vintage Bentley for something contemporary, this would be his ride. Bentley keeps improving a cabriolet that needs no improvement. Want it stiffer? This is the most rigid convertible in the world. More power? Try 567 thoroughbred

BENTLEY CONTINENTAL **PRICE** \$212.800

ENGINE 6-LITER W12 **HORSEPOWER** 567

ZERO TO 60 4.5 SECONDS

MPG 11 CITY, 19 HIGHWAY

horses. Electronics? The GTC packs a 30-gigabyte infotainment system. Did we mention all-wheel drive and the quick-shift ZF six-speed gearbox? There's even a neck warmer so you don't get chilled when you reach for the 195 mph top whack. Once you savor the distinctly British interior and rev that W12 engine, you'll realize why the GTC is worth every cent of its hefty tag.



MUSTANG BOSS 302 PRICE \$40.145

HORSEPOWER 444

ZERO TO 60 4.3 SECONDS

MPG 17 CITY, 26 HIGHWAY

car is pure. Think road king. Street racer. The cool paint schemes are straight out of the 1960s. We stormed Blue Ridge Mountain back roads in an orange Boss that cops could see for

miles. The rumbling V8, mated to a six-speed stick, delivers track-quality acceleration and can triple speed limits. Not surprisingly, the beefy brakes are a perfect match. This pony's platform and suspension have been super-tuned, slammed and stiffened to give fabulous lateral grip; you can start racing pretty much out of the showroom. Believe us: At \$40,145 this automobile is a bargain. For \$7,000 more, go for the Laguna Seca edition with up-rated suspension, a Torsen limited-slip differential, 19-inch alloys and R-compound Pirellis. Bottom line? It's the Boss.



AUDI A7

PRICE \$60,120

ENGINE 3-LITER SUPERCHARGED V6

HORSEPOWER 310

ZERO TO 60 5.4 SECONDS

MPG 28 CITY, 40 HIGHWAY

MERCEDES-BENZ CLS63 AMG

PRICE \$97,000

ENGINE 5.5-LITER TWIN-TURBO V8

HORSEPOWER 518

ZERO TO 60 4.4 SECONDS

MPG 16 CITY, 21 HIGHWAY

a banner year for badass sedans. Serious wheels are available at every price point. For \$50K: Chrysler's

300 SRT8, with its herculean 6.4-liter 465-horsepower Hemi V8, has a John Wayne-size personality and rides the great American road with swagger. For \$60K: Consider Audi's A7 sportback an automotive aphrodisiac. It puts you in the mood at first sight, and the more you drive it, the more you want to. The A7 has uncanny tactile feedback and undeniable presence. Audi is enjoying great success in America, and with rides like the



Every Mercedes-Benz AMG engine is crafted and signed by a single master engineer in Affalterbach, Germany.

A7, it's easy to see why. For \$97K: The Mercedes-Benz CLS63 AMG is a gorgeous four-passenger thunderbolt, a

vehicle poised for greatness, a work of art with an engine. And not just any engine: a mighty V8, tuned to perfection with twin turbochargers by the company's vaunted AMG performance arm. A car this comfortable and roomy that can go from zero to 60 in a blistering 4.4 seconds? That gets 21 mpg on the highway? The CLS63 is a masterpiece. You can't get a Van Gogh for this price—and even if you could, you couldn't drive it.

AFTER YEARS OF copying and then

improving on hot-selling Japanese

models, the neighboring Koreans have

hit their stride. The result is the high-

style fuel-sipping Hyundai Veloster, a

sports coupe with a secret entrance: a cleverly hidden rear door on the



HYUNDAI VELOSTER PRICE \$17.300 ENGINE 1.6-LITER 1-4
HORSEPOWER 138

ZERO TO 60 8.8 SECONDS

MPG 28 CITY, 40 HIGHWAY

passenger side for easy access. The Veloster, with its raked roofline, muscular fender bulges and smart stance, is distinctive. Its wide grille may have taken a cue or two from Audi's TT, but who cares? It's a looker. The direct-injected engine is easy on the wallet and peppy, though the Veloster cries out for a turbocharger. Guess what—there's one in the works.



Behold the fastest production Jag ever built. Top speed: an electronically controlled 186 mph. Onboard computer settings let you instantly optimize the transmission, suspension and traction control, whether you're in a blizzard or on the racetrack. This automobile may be about performance, but the interior is still posh and British, as you'd expect.

JAGUAR XKR-S PRICE \$132.000 **ENGINE** 5-LITER SUPERCHARGED V8

HORSEPOWER 550

ZERO TO 60 4.2 SECONDS

MPG 15 CITY, 22 HIGHWAY

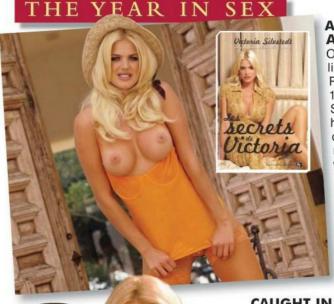
JAGUAR'S PREDILECTION for silky-smooth catlike coupes dates to the XK120 that took the U.S. by storm after WWII. The current XK (even the R upgrade) is more genteel than aggressive. Now comes the sinister-looking XKR-S, the most powerful production Jaguar of all time—just a roll bar shy of serious racing trim. We first

drove it on rural California roads; its performance matched its pulchritude. In an attempt to get everything out of it we could, we hit Monticello Motor Club in upstate New York, where we tested our mettle with Davy Jones, a bona fide Le Mans champ and a Jaguar R Performance Academy instructor (info at jaguarperformanceacademy.com). Getting one-on-one coaching with Jones in a car like this is like training with Roberto Duran in Gleason's Gym. Even on the first lap, all the Jag's improvements could be qualified. The air dam, chin spoiler, carbon-fiber air splitter and rear wing helped the car slice through air with extreme downforce. The Pirelli PZeros and super-rigid suspension held the XKR-S on the pavement as it cornered at near-terminal velocity. Conclusion? Tame enough for a commuter, as gorgeous as they come and a wildcat on the track. That's why the XKR-S is PLAYBOY'S 2012 Car of the Year.

THEYEA







I've been

waiting!

28 YEARS

Kiss's Gene

finally popped

the question to Shannon Tweed, mom of his two kids and PLAYBOY'S PMOY 1982.

Simmons

LATER

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

Our favorite linguist and PMOY for 1997, Victoria Silvstedt. has come out with a memoir, written in French. The blonde bombshell was once voted 'sexiest woman in the world."

CAUGHT IN THE WEB

Representative Christopher Lee guit Congress when the woman he'd wooed on Craigslist googled him, found he wasn't single as advertised and blabbed. This just in, Chris: There are no secrets on the net.





ANOTHER HOLLYWOOD DISASTER?

Ashton Kutcher may have strayed from his marriage to Demi Moore with Sara Leal (top right) and Brittney Jones (above left). Or maybe not. What we know for sure: After posing nude for a billboard, he told Ellen DeGeneres, 'Whatever I'm doing, I'm just going to do it nude."



RIDE ME, BABY

A testament to human creativity and ingenuity: this gargantuan dildo at the opening day of the Los Angeles EXXXotica Expo, a show for "like-minded adults."

WE'VE SAID IT BEFORE, AND WE'LL SAY IT AGAIN: SEX SELLS

From left: Actress-model Kelly Brook sheds clothes and dons snake paint for a PETA ad; a fiscally conservative nude couple poses for a Young Britons' Foundation campaign to cut spending, debt and taxes; Miranda Kerr promotes Rag & Bone jeans; Ryanair advertises its flights to Germany for Oktoberfest; models Max Motta and Mariana Braga pour Tom Ford Neroli Portofino eau de parfum over each other in a steamy shower scene-good clean fun.







SEEING DOUBLE

Here's Mariah Carey doing the de rigueur artsy pregnant nude photo à la Demi Moore, 1991—only Mariah had not one child cooking but twins, courtesy of husband Nick Cannon. When a man loves a woman very much....

FATHER OF THE YEAR AWARD

French billionaire entrepreneur François-Henri Pinault has a four-year-old girl with his actress wife, Salma Hayek. This past summer it was confirmed that—what do you know?—Pinault also has a five-year-old son with supermodel Linda Evangelista. He must have been quite busy in 2006 to 2007, to say the least.





BLOWIN' IN

Baring breasts in Toronto is legal, but witless authorities forbade demonstrators to do it in a public park, sparking this let-'em-all-hang-out protest by members of gotopless.org. We can't think of a more critical social cause out there today.



Peepshow, has insured her amazing breasts with Lloyd's of London for 1 mil-

lion smackers. "I thought I'd cover my assets," she explains.





NAKED AMBITION

Hoping to set a Guinness World Record, nearly 400 skinny-dippers braved June's 54-degree waters at Rhossili Beach near Swansea, South Wales. No official word yet on whether they broke any records, but they did raise \$8,000 for charity.

HANDS-ON FASHION
Audience
fave at designer
Jean-Charles de Castel-bajac's spring show: this black leather bandeau.



NIFICENT **MARILYN** A 26-foot statue of Marilyn Monroe in her iconic Seven Year Itch pose now graces a plaza on Chicago's Magnificent Mile, providing bystanders an unexpected benefit: shelter on the Windy City's rainy days (one out

MAG-

TABLES TURNED

The hiddencamera tactics of To Catch a Predator host Chris Hansen backfired when National Enquirer cameramen caught the married TV personality in a liaison with West Palm Beach TV reporter Kristyn Caddell.



I've been

up-skirted!



LADY WANTS A BONE

Dog walker Westley Artope is suing socialite Paige Bluhdorn of affluent Bedford Hills, New York for asking him to take care of more than just her pooch. The lawsuit alleges that Bluhdorn—a former model who, let's be honest, is extraordinarily attractive—exposed herself to Artope on several occasions and told him, "I can make it a lot easier for you, Wes."

NEXT TIME, SCARLETT, SEND A LETTER

Scarlett Johansson told *Vanity* Fair's Peter Biskind she wasn't at all



embarrassed about those leaked nude photos she had sent to her then husband Ryan Reynolds. After all, she says, "I know my best angles. It's not like I was shooting a porno. Although

there's nothing wrong with that, either." Christopher Chaney, the guy who admittedly hacked her e-mail account (and those of others, including Mila Kunis, Christina Aguilera and Renee Olstead), faces charges that could put him behind bars for 121 years. Despite his apologies, Chaney pleaded not guilty.

AS IF PBS DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLES

After thousands of LGBT activists signed an online petition asking for Sesame Street's Bert and Ernie to



get married, PBS issued a statement assuring the public that television's most beloved bachelor roommates are not gay. They're best friends and nothing more. And by the way—the network reminds us—Bert and Ernie are puppets.

WE BET THAT'S HANK'S FAVORITE ISLAND

While promoting her latest

book, Being Kendra: Cribs, Cocktails and Getting My Sexy Back, Kendra Wilkinson told Fox News that one way she and her hubby, Hank Baskett, got their postpartum sexy back was by not limiting their lovemaking to the bedroom. "I built my island in the kitchen to be exactly Hank's height," she said.

COP BUSTED

KENDRA WILKINSON

New Mexico officials ruled that state police officer Bert Lopez had committed no crime when he had sex



with an unnamed female on the hood of a car, but he did lose his job over the incident—which, unfortunately for him, was caught on tape

by a security camera at the gate of a ranch owned by Santa Fe County. It was quite the comedown for Officer Lopez, who in 2009 had been named a state police officer of the year.

UNFRIENDLY SKIES

It's hard to tell these days what will get you tossed off an airplane. For Malinda Knowles, it was having a JetBlue official assume she wasn't wearing shorts under her baggy T-shirt. US Airways booted DeShon Marman because his pants were too saggy. And trust Southwest to come through with a twofer: The airline ousted Green Day's Billie Joe Armstrong for wearing low-slung trousers and escorted The L Word actress Leisha Hailey off of one of its planes for kissing her girlfriend, Camila Grey, in mid-flight.

FLEXIBLE FLIER

An extraordinarily nimble contestant, Alesia Vazmitsel of Belarus, took home the women's gold medal at the 2011 World Pole Dance Championships in Budapest.

nt, mitrus, the pold the Pole amin

SPARKING METERS

The city of Bonn, Germany has installed meters that tax prostitutes six euros a night for soliciting on the streets. The first night's take from the devices, which are situated in an industrial area where hookers may operate legally: 264 euros. The city also thoughtfully provides "consummation areas": wooden garages where sexual transactions may take place.

GUESS AGAIN

Fashion bigwigs began asking, "Who's the blonde girl?" at the Paris shows in 2010. Since then, 20-

year-old Andrej Pejic, a native of Bosnia and Herzegovina, has become one of the world's most popular runway models—despite the fact that he's



a guy. Now living in Australia, Pejic has been featured in ad campaigns for Marc Jacobs and runway shows for Jean Paul Gaultier.



BOBBIES VS. BOOBIES

Members of the Ukrainian group Femen have a way of staging topless protests—and getting busted for it. Above, a member is arrested in Kiev for trimming a floral display honoring the 20th anniversary of Ukraine's independence; the group intended the action as a complaint about government policies that have reduced the standard of living.



 $"Okay, \ now, \ don't \ go \ jumping \ to \ conclusions, \ Mildred!"$



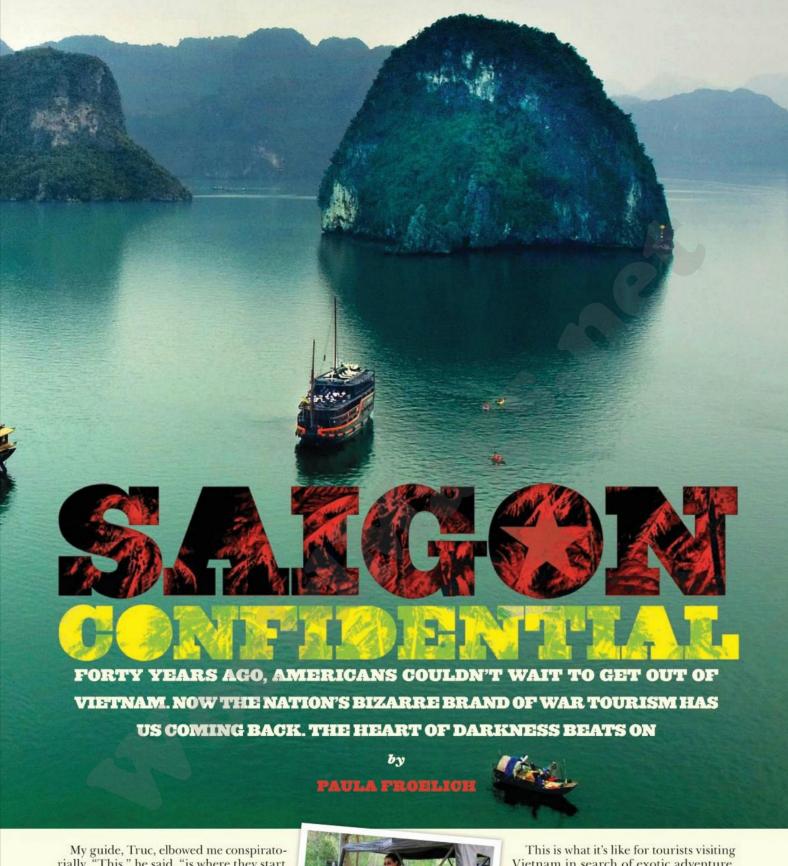


orty miles northwest of Ho Chi Minh City, in the Communist nation of Vietnam, a farm-fed herd of middle-aged American tourists hovered around a rabbit-size opening to the fabled Cu Chi tunnels—once an underground labyrinth used by Viet Cong guerrillas to fight off American soldiers, now a

tourist attraction. The hole was about 13 inches in diameter, roughly the width of a robust U.S.-grade thigh. "Should I go in?" asked a plump woman with a Midwest accent. She looked

to be in her 60s, a healthy 160 pounds. Her husband egged her on. "Go on, Suzie, go on...." She squeezed in, Tevas first. Cameras snapped as fellow tourists praised her agility: "Atta girl! Knew you could do it, Suzie!"

In the distance gunshots could be heard. The next stop at the Cu Chi tourist trap was a shooting range where visitors could squeeze off rounds from an M-16 or a Russian-made AK-47, the Viet Cong's gun of choice, for a buck a bullet. Suzie's sweat-beaded brow furrowed as she began to struggle in the hole. She confronted the question countless Americans in Vietnam have pondered over the years: "So how am I gonna get out?"



My guide, Truc, elbowed me conspiratorially. "This," he said, "is where they start freaking out." The heat approached 90 degrees, with the humidity hovering at 70 percent. "Aaaaaah!" Suzie screamed, now panic-stricken, her cheeks beet red.

Just as Suzie fell into full-on hyperventilation, two of the exhibit's employees reached down and heaved her out of the pit. She scrambled away like a POW on the run.



This is what it's like for tourists visiting Vietnam in search of exotic adventure. They find it, but it's often not what they expected. There's still a degree of menace in Vietnam, with unexploded land mines and boys on motorbikes who whisper in your ear, "Wanna go shoot an AK-47 and blow up a pig?" But the heart of old Indochina still beats in the scarred hills. Savvy visitors will find the trip is more than they could have imagined.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: AN EDENIC BEACH ON PHU QUOC ISLAND IN THE SOUTH OF VIETNAM; A YOUNG NYMPH FROLICS IN THE SAND; A WATER-FALL IN CAO BANG PROVINCE, WHICH BORDERS CHINA TO THE NORTH: SIDE-BY-SIDE PICTURES OF MY SON RUINS NEAR HOLAN (LEFT) AND BOATS FLOATING IN HA LONG BAY; SUNSET AT THE NAM HAI HOTEL'S SPA IN HOI AN THE HO CHI MINH PEOPLE'S COM MITTEE BUILDING FORMERLY SAIGON CITY HALL, BUILT IN 1908-A CHARM ING EXAMPLE OF FRENCH COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE: DELICIOUS BLACK

PEPPER SHRIMP

SAIGON IN HO CHI

MINH CITY

TASTE OF

Thirty-six years after North Vietnam technically ceased being a war zone, tourism in our former adversary's jungles and rice fields is booming, accounting for more than \$4 billion of Vietnam's income. Americans trek over onetime boneyards and battlegrounds while wearing Hawaiian shirts and scarfing down spring rolls, knowing that in the shadows anything is possible. No other country is so defined by one war—and so proud of it in an absurd Universal Studios theme park–like way,

with rides, gift shops and tours of "amusements" (killing fields).

At the southern tip of Vietnam is the tropical island of Phu Quoc. Developers have built resorts on its western edge, including the exclusive La Veranda, where honeymooners go to get their tan on. The hotel's brochure lists activities: "snorkeling, reef diving, waterfalls, hiking in virgin forests..." At the

bottom of the list is "Coconut Tree Prison."

At the far end of the island, the prison memorial includes a staged war scene with American mannequins torturing Vietnamese mannequins. The exhibition

has explanations for each type of torment, no matter how self-evident. They include: "To break a prisoner's tooth," "To drive nails into a prisoner's body," "To boil a prisoner" and "To broil a prisoner."

Outside the memorial are the actual metal barracks where Viet Cong prisoners were kept. Here American mannequins are shown burying a Vietnamese mannequin alive while other mannequins stand around smoking plastic cigarettes.

To the north is the 17th parallel, Vietnam's Mason-Dixon Line. There's a grudge match between the vanquished south and the victorious north. "People in the south are lazy. They just want to party," northerners will say. "People in the north are too uptight," southerners will say.

There are subtler differences. "There are no street dogs in the north," Truc, my southerner

guide, said. "They have dogs as pets, but people have to guard them or they will be stolen for meat."

Lan, my guide in Hanoi, in the north, insisted, "No one eats dog." After some pressing he admitted, "Okay,



AN AMERICAN TANK RUSTS IN KHE SANH IN CENTRAL VIETNAM. THE VIETNAMESE GOVERNMENT IS TURNING THIS BATTLE SITE INTO A TOURIST DESTINATION.

TOUR WVIETNA



ho chi minh city

(FORMERLY SAIGON)

The side streets around Lam Son Square and the Opera House in District 1 are full of girlie bars where you can chat up gorgeous women-for a price. They're called "A to X" bars: If you opt to make the conversation more private, everything but Y and Z can take place in the back. An absolute mustsee is the view from the roof bar at the Rex Hotel. Historically important is the War Remnants Museum, formerly the American War Crimes Museum. The photography section and the Agent Orange area are so graphic, they routinely reduce adults to tears. Stay: The Caravelle Hotel was home to the majority of the foreign correspondents during the Vietnam war. Don't miss the ninth-floor bar with outdoor terrace.

hotel.com) Eat: Lemongrass Restaurant is always packed; make a reservation. Go for the crab with salt-and-pepper sauce. (4 Nguyen Thiep Street, District 1, bongsencorporation.com)

1:0012

Situated near the demilitarized zone line, Hue was one site of the 1968 Tet Offensive, during which thousands of civilians were massacred. The Citadel, a fortress on the Perfume River, was the site of fierce fighting and is being carefully restored. Down the river is Thien Mu Pagoda, the tallest pagoda in Vietnam and the unofficial symbol of Hue. Three hours away by bus is the war museum at Khe Sanh, where some 500 American soldiers died trying to hold the McNamara Line. Stay: La Résidence Hotel, a French colonial mansion on the banks of the Perfume River, housed the area's governor in colonial days. It's a step back in time, with all the comforts of a five-star hotel. (5 Le Try the banh khoai at the Mandarin Café, which doubles as a photo gallery. (24 Tran

Cao Van Street, mrcumandarin.com)

PHU QUOC ISLAND

The perfect beach getaway, this tropical island sits in the Gulf of Thailand. It's full of verdant rain forest, waterfalls, virgin sand, pepper farms and quaint fishing villages. The memorial at the Coconut Tree Prison—a former POW camp at the far end of the island—is like Guantánamo Bay before it was a twinkle in George W. Bush's eye. A cab ride there and back will cost you \$40, but it's worth the trip. Stay: The gorgeous La Veranda Resort is situated right on the beach. At sunset the outside bar is as close to heaven as you can get. (Tran Hung Dao Street, Ward 7, Duong Dong Town, laveranda resort.com) Eat: Besides La Veranda, plenty of seafood shacks line the coastal road-great fare plucked right out of the ocean, grilled to perfection, with a hammock to relax on while you have a few Tsingtaos afterward.

HANOI

You can't go to Hanoi without seeing the Hoa Lo Prison, a.k.a. the Hanoi Hilton. The majority of the prison was torn down to make room for a high-rise, but what's left is jaw-dropping. Used first by the French to hold Vietnamese separatists, then by the Vietnamese to hold American POWs, it has an execution room and torture chambers. A picture of American POWs giving the camera the middle finger was removed two years ago after someone finally told the Vietnamese government what it meant. While in Hanoi, you must also see Ho Chi Minh's tomb and the John McCain Memorial. Stay: The Sofitel Legend Metropole is one of the few remaining French colonial structures in North Vietnam. Be sure to ask for room 218, formerly the Italian embassy. com) Eat: Quan An Ngon, where locals devour great local food-no dog dishes on the menu. (18 Phan Boi Chau, Hoan

Kiem, ngonhanoi.com.vn) "Let's go to lunch," Lan suggested, "local style"—a euphemism for drinking. A lot. We sat cross-legged on tatami mats in an open-air café overlooking the lake into which John McCain had crash landed. Joined by Lan's friends—other

tour directors and a high-ranking Communist official named Thang—we all started eating frog leg stew and spring rolls and taking shots of vodka and local rice wine, which tastes

like sake mixed with kerosene.

Four hours and \$25 later, six of us rolled up on a karaoke joint, where Lan, Thang, my driver (also named Thang) and a guy named Thuy crooned Vietnamese love songs while a group of scantily clad, bored-looking women looked on and clapped at appropriate times in between texting. I was later told the karaoke girls were "very impressed" by my lyrical abilities, but since they were being paid, I'm skeptical.

The next day, as I was leaving Vietnam, I thought of a veteran I'd met at a church while on my way to Khe Sanh. "Yeah, we stopped at Cu Chi," said the former marine, who'd served in the Mekong Delta area during the war. "The shooting

range at the end-that shit ain't right. Those guns used to be pointed at our heads." Now they're mounted at exhibitions, ready to be shot by tourists who want the Real War Experience without having to enlist.

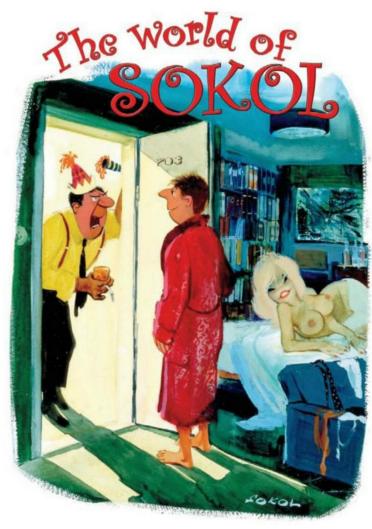


some do, but it's not common. It's the old way. It's dying out." An hour later, on the way to Ho Chi Minh's tomb, Lan offered me a bite of a mystery-meat pastry, which I declined.

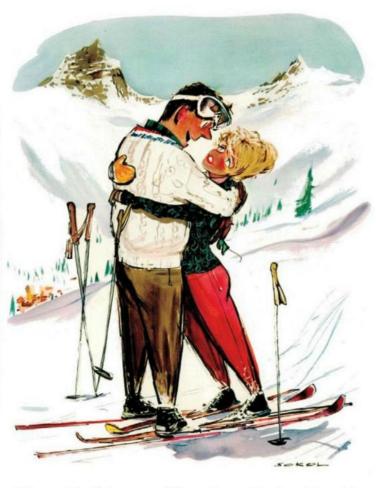
The Vietnamese do not screw around when it comes to their beloved Ho Chi Minh, the revolutionary leader of North Vietnam during the war. After Saigon fell in 1975, marking the reunification of Vietnam as a communist nation, the government renamed the city after its war leader. Today Ho Chi Minh City is a bustling metropolis with luxury shops such as Cartier and Louis Vuitton sprouting on its main streets, overshadowing alleys that hide brothels where almost anything goes.

In the heart of Hanoi, the line to see the dear leader's body in a glass coffin is almost always a mile long. Let's be clear: At Ho Chi Minh's tomb, no shorts, no short skirts, no shoulder-baring tops, no hats, no talking past the steps of the mausoleum, and hands must be in full view at all times. No cameras, phones, tweezers, nail files, fast walking/running or slow walking. As you enter, guards group you in twos. You file up the stairs and around Uncle Ho's body, which is tenderly lit à la Barbra Streisand. Not that you can see the corpse, as it's on an eight-foot-high platform surrounded by guards. Outside, some visitors started crying-in either awe or fear.

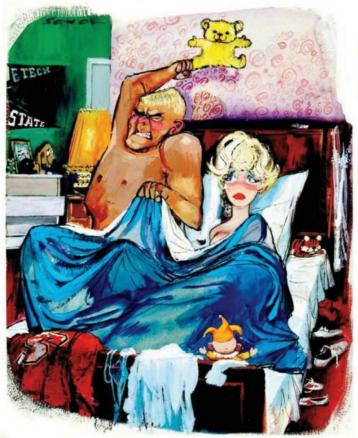
In Hanoi, the quaint colonial city that once served as the capital of French Indochina, I visited every museum, cultural site and market: the downed B-52 bomber rotting in a lake, the John McCain Memorial, the Hanoi Hilton, a random bomb crater. Finally it was time to see how the locals live.



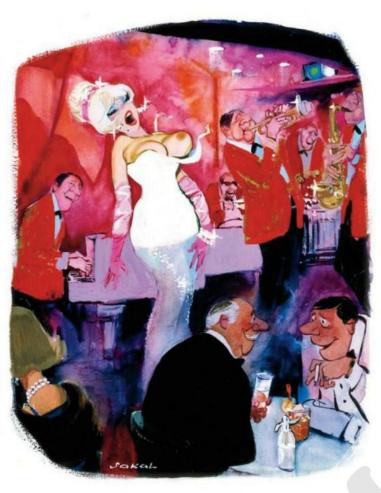
"I came up to complain about the noise...!"



"It must be fate—my wife and your husband breaking their legs on the same day!"







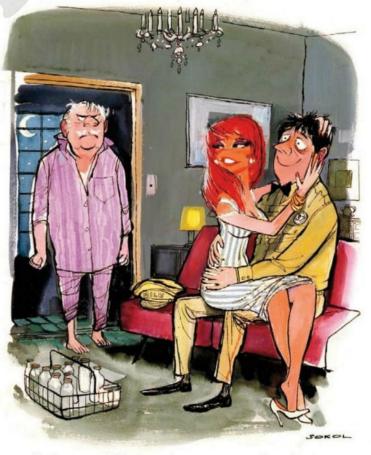
"That's the note I was telling you about!"



"This is a helluva time to start playing hard to get!"



"I've been ready for over an hour—you might at least try to be on time for our first date."



"Oh, Harold left an hour ago, Dad—this is Richard, the milkman."

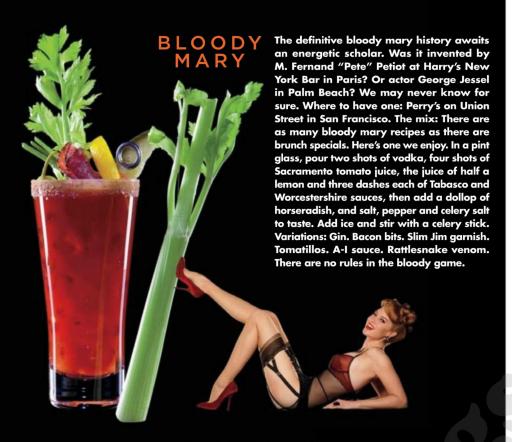
THE 20 GREATEST COCKTAILS

They don't make 'em like they used to.

BUT YOU CAN—RIGHT NOW. IT'S TIME TO 86 THE POTATO-CHIP VODKA AND ENERGY DRINKS, ALONG WITH THE DIET BEER, BOMBS AND SHOOTERS OF ALL STRIPES.

RETURN WITH US TO THE THRILLING COCKTAIL DAYS OF YESTERYEAR

by Terry Sullivan



MANHATTAN

When Sam Tilden was elected governor of New York in 1874, Jennie Jerome (later Lady Randolph Churchill, mother of Winston) threw him a party at the Manhattan Club, where an unidentified bartender supposedly stirred up this original. Where to have one: Bemelmans Bar at the Carlyle in New York, or an "executive size" at the Drake Hotel in Chicago. The mix: Build over ice in a rocks glass—or stir over ice and strain into a chilled stemmed glass—two ounces of rye, one ounce of sweet vermouth and two dashes of Angostura bitters. Garnish with a maraschino cherry (that's mara-SKEE-no, pilgrim). Variations: You can use bourbon instead of rye, but Jennie wouldn't have. Use scotch and it's a rob roy.



GIMLET

Likely invented by the Royal Navy to prevent scurvy, the gimlet came to roost in the U.S. when Terry Lennox, in Raymond Chandler's *The Long Goodbye* (1953), said, "A real gimlet is half gin and half Rose's lime juice, and nothing else. It beats martinis hollow." So forget fresh lime and go with the bottled product. Where to have one: any sleazy bar in West Hollywood. The mix: Stir two ounces gin with two ounces Rose's lime juice; serve over ice or shaken and strained into a cocktail glass. Variations: Swap vodka for gin if you must. Use less Rose's if you're diabetic.

TOM COLLINS

There might have been a Tom Collins, a man with a taste for a little extra in his lemonade. But if there was, he's extremely dead. People were drinking these cocktails a hundred years ago. Toms are made mostly from mixes these days, and that's exactly what's wrong with this country. Make yours the right way: In a tall, thin glass, squeeze the juice of half a lemon (about half an ounce) and add a teaspoon of sugar. Add two ounces of gin and shoot in seltzer until the glass is two thirds full. Fill with ice and stir. Variation: john collins—identical but with whiskey.

SAZERAC

The drink that made New Orleans famous. And now that absinthe is back, you can make the original. It began life as medicine, combining Sazerac de Forge et Fils cognac with bitters from Antoine Peychaud's apothecary. The sazerac has been good for you since 1859. Where to have one: in New Orleans, at Galatoire's and then at the Sazerac Bar in the Roosevelt hotel. The mix: Pour two ounces of rye and three dashes of Peychaud's bitters in a shaker full of ice, and shake. Coat the inside of a chilled old-fashioned glass with absinthe or Herbsaint (the New Orleans pastis that became a traditional absinthe substitute), rolling it around before flinging out the excess liquid. Strain the rye and bitters into the glass and garnish with a lemon twist.

SIDECAR

Its history is murky, but here's the going story: A World War I officer arrived in a motorcycle sidecar at his local pub, Harry's New York Bar in Paris, and ordered this specific concoction. Two parts spirit, one part sweet and one part sour—you can't go wrong. Where to have one: the Signature Lounge on the 96th floor of the Hancock in Chicago. The mix: Shake two ounces of cognac, one ounce of fresh lemon juice and one ounce of Cointreau (or other good orange liqueur) with ice. Strain into a cocktail glass or serve on the rocks. Some folks sugar the rim of the glass. Salvatore Calabrese, London's well-known bar maven, sugars half the rim "because then people have a choice." Variations: Use tequila and lime and it's a margarita. Vodka and lime equal a kamikaze. Gin makes it a white lady.

BLACK RUSSIAN

A Cold War special. Reliable sources tell us the black russian was the creation of one Gustave Tops, the man in the short jacket behind the mahogany bar at the Hotel Metropole in Brussels circa 1950. All of which sounds like a remake of *The Third Man*. Where to have one: the Hotel Metropole in Brussels (duh). The mix: Build it right in the glass, with equal parts vodka and Kahlúa. Add ice and stir. Variation: Add two shots of cream for a white russian.

WHISKEY SOUR

Versions of the whiskey sour appear in the most ancient cocktail books. Sadly, the drink has been abused for years, served in silly flute-like glasses. Where to have one: the bar at Blythswood Square, a luxury hotel in Glasgow. The mix: In a shaker full of ice, add two ounces of whatever whiskey you like, one ounce of fresh lemon juice and three quarters of an ounce of superfine sugar. Shake it to death and pour straight up in a cocktail glass with a maraschino cherry. Daring folks can flout tradition and serve it on the rocks. Variations: Scotch sour, brandy sour, gin sour—you get the idea.

DAIQUIRI

The beverage of choice for JFK and Ernest Hemingway-which means it's good enough for you. The daiquiri was invented near Daiguiri Beach in Cuba, supposedly by an engineer named Jennings Cox, who was working at a mine on the island and wanted to soften the local rum. Truth is, it was probably invented by natives. Where to have one: the Army and Navy Club in Washington, D.C. The mix: Pour one and a half ounces of light rum, the juice of half a lime and a quarter ounce of sugar into a shaker with ice. Shake and strain into a stemmed glass or serve on the rocks. Variations: A Bacardi cocktail calls for its eponymous rum and a splash of grenadine. Add dashes of maraschino liqueur and grapefruit juice for the Hemingway daiquiri.

MARGARITA

Some say it was created by a woman named Margarita Sames in Acapulco. But the smart money is on a long-forgotten guy behind the bar at the Agua Caliente Racetrack in Tijuana. Some folks think the name is for margarita, the daisy, because the yellow liquid encircled by the white salted rim is reminiscent of the flower. Where to have one: Tommy's Mexican Restaurant in San Francisco. The mix: Shake two ounces of blanco tequila, one ounce of Cointreau (or other good orange liqueur) and one ounce of fresh lime juice. Pour into a stemmed glass, or over ice in a rocks glass, with a salted rim-make that half salted, for the choice. Variation: Frozen in a blender? Fine. Just don't use premade margarita mix.

COSMOPOLITAN

One of the few creations of the 1970s that will live on for our grandchildren to enjoy, the cosmo has many fathers, including John Caine at Cafe Mars in San Francisco, though all but scoffers will credit the definitive version to Toby Cecchini in New York. Since ladies love them, you should have it in your repertoire. Where to have one: Employees Only in New York. The mix: Shake one and a half ounces of vodka, three quarters of an ounce of Cointreau, half an ounce of fresh lime juice and a splash of cranberry juice with ice. Strain and serve straight up in a stemmed glass. Garnish with a lime wheel.

RAMOS GIN FIZZ

New Orleans saloon keeper Henry Ramos invented this fizz in 1888. In its prime he had a battalion of lads behind the bar shaking fizzes, which takes some serious elbow grease. Where to have one: the Sazerac Bar at the Roosevelt in New Orleans. The





mix: In a shaker with ice, add an ounce and a half of gin, half an ounce of fresh lemon juice, half an ounce of fresh lime juice, three to five drops of orange flower water, a teaspoon of superfine sugar, two ounces of cream and an egg white. Shake it until your forearms ache—you're making foam with that albumen. Pour into a wineglass and spritz a little soda on top.

THE BRONX

This highflier was invented by Johnnie Solon at the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel circa 1900 after a customer challenged him to create a drink. He named it for the Bronx Zoo because his customers kept seeing animals after they'd had a few. Where to have one: at home, since bartenders don't know this one anymore. The mix: In a shaker full of ice, pour one ounce each of gin and freshly squeezed orange juice (from a Seville orange if possible) and half an ounce each of sweet and dry vermouth. Shake, strain into a stemmed glass and garnish with an orange wheel. Variation: the silver Bronx—no dry vermouth, one ounce of sweet vermouth.

MOJITO

Originally hecho en Cuba, the mojito is all about mint. In fact, it's just a rum collins with mint and lime. Where to have one: La Bodeguita del Medio in Havana, where this drink was born and where Hemingway and Pablo Neruda drank them with abandon. The mix: Put a teaspoon of bar sugar, the juice of one lime, two quarters of the lime itself and a handful of mint leaves in the bottom of a rocks glass. Muddle. Add one and a half ounces of blanco rum and some ice, and top with an ounce of club soda.

BEE'S KNEES

The best name in the cocktail pantheon, the bee's knees is a honey of a drink. Nobody knows where it came from, but it was likely born during Prohibition. Where to have one: Spruce in San Francisco. The mix: In a shaker with ice, pour two ounces of gin, the juice of half a lemon and three quarters of an ounce of honey syrup (dissolve honey in boiling water—equal parts—then let cool). Shake vigorously and pour into a stemmed glass. Garnish with a curl of lemon peel. Variation: If your honey leaves you, try this one with maple syrup.

MARTINI

The gueen mother of them all. Some say it's the drier descendant of a drink Jerry Thomas made in San Francisco's Occidental Hotel bar in the 19th century for a guy waiting for a ferry to Martinez, California. Where to have one: the American Bar in the Savoy hotel in London. The mix: Pour four ounces of excellent gin into a shaker half full of ice. Add anywhere from a half to a full ounce of dry vermouth (we like Noilly Prat). Stir, do not shake, no matter what you've heard. Strain into a chilled stemmed glass. Rub a lemon twist along the rim, then drop it in. Variations: Olive brine makes it a dirty martini (popularized, but not named, by FDR). A cocktail onion makes it a gibson. Using vodka makes it a mistake.



MISS JANUARY IS A GREAT CATCH

ootball fanatic Heather Knox won't have to travel far to watch this year's Super Bowl. The game's host city, Indianapolis, happens to be her hometown. Better still, as the newly minted Miss January 2012, she will be front and center at all of Playboy's Super Bowl weekend festivities. "Getting to watch the game from a suite at Lucas Oil Stadium will be the coolest thing ever," she says. "I keep forgetting how many opportunities being Miss January is going to bring me." The diehard Colts fan became a pigskin expert while working as a waitress at an Indiana sports bar. "I learned the game for the benefit of my bank account," she explains. "By understanding what was happening, I knew when not to interrupt a table of guys." She proved to be a quick study; until recently she was the only undefeated member of her fantasy football league. "My league is called Show Me Your TDs—say it fast and you'll realize a guy came up with the name." Heather has also developed her own call—"Ay yi yi yi yi!"—that she unleashes whenever she attends Colts games so as to better distract the visiting team's offense on third down. She is planning a similar shout of joy for when the clock strikes midnight on New Year's Eve. "I'm going to be really excited, because it will mean it's my Playmate month!" she exclaims. "Without a doubt, 2012 will be the most amazing year of my life."

GRIDING

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG









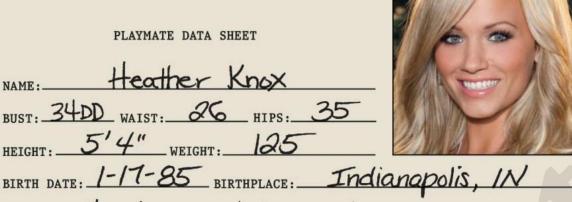








NAME: Heather Knox



AMBITIONS: I'm determined to use this amozing apportunity to learn more about myself and my ultimate path. TURN-ONS: A manly man who is secure with himself, knows how to make me laugh and is CHIVALROUS! TURNOFFS: Egotistical meathead types (à la Jersey Shore") who think they are God's gift to women you wonder why you're standing at the bar alone? I'M INSPIRED BY: MUSIC! I love listening to different genres and relating the lyrics to my personal ups and downs. WHAT MAKES ME SMILE: Close Friends and family. My grandparents mean the world to me and I don't Know where I'd be without them. IOU! MY PHILOSOPHY: BE YOURSELF! People who matter don't mind, and people who mind don't matter.



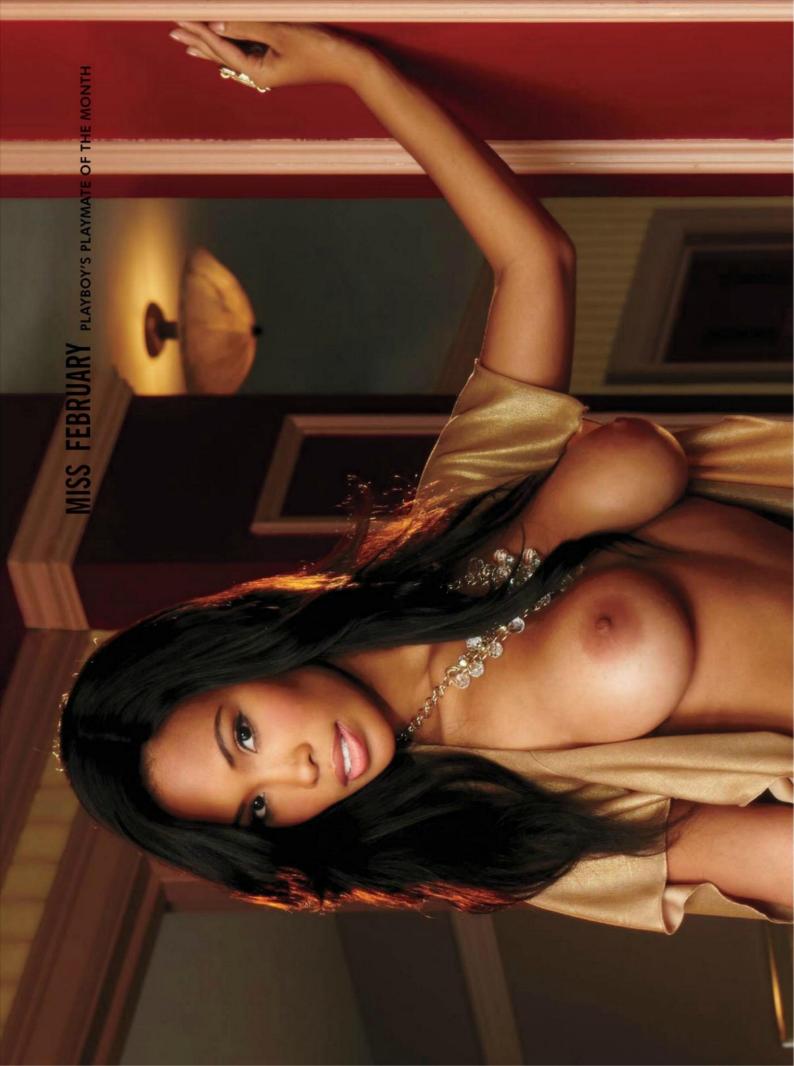
High school Yearbook Pic.



Another fun day at work!



At a luau... need a lei?







PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Leola Bell

BUST: 35D WAIST: 23 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'4" WEIGHT: 114

BIRTH DATE: 12-20-84 BIRTHPLACE: ROCKVIlle, Maryland

AMBITIONS: Everything from continuing my modeling career

to using my Playmote Status to open a cat Shelter.

TURN-ONS: A guy who rocks a pumped-up chest and biceps

and tops it all off with a beard or stacke! O

TURNOFFS: Spare me lazy dudes with lame work ethics; fat

guts and bad breath. And take note, men: I have a

neurotic obsession with clean bathrooms, so get out the Ajax.

MY SICK OBSESSION: PINK! NO lie. I have pink everything— a

pink phone, a pink purse, pink nail poish and ... pink underwear. II

MY BEST PHYSICAL FEATURE: I think it's my eyes, but people

never seem to see them, because they are always

Staring at my breasts!

MY DREAM MAN: Edward Norton—it's that brooding thing. II

KEY TO MY HEART: Lots of laughter, respect and good Sex. O



Me and my Kitty, Greenbean.



My favorite lingerie, zebra.



Everyday Me. U





PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



or Miss February Leola Bell, daughter of a Seventh-Day Adventist minister, the idea of becoming a Playmate was always a flight of fancy. "Our church gave me a firm moral standing and a great respect for all people, but we weren't even allowed to wear tank tops because they showed too much skin," she says. "Nor could we wear makeup or nail polish. That drove me crazy." But after leaving home and studying psychology at Florida Atlantic University, Leola decided to become a bikini model and set her sights on PLAYBOY. "Playmates make people happy—for example, the troops overseas. Posing for the magazine could be a way to put a smile on their faces and give them motivation to fight the bad guys!" Her Playmate status has certainly made her happy. "My pictorial is amazing," says Leola, who first entered our universe through Playboy Golf. "It shows two different sides of me, rough and sweet. Mainly it's sexy, which is my biggest concern. I want to be as sexy as possible." Romance is also never far from her mind, especially during February, the most romantic time of the year. "I love Valentine's Day. It's such a fun holiday, with little boxes of candy and plush teddy bears. But I never need an excuse to go out to dinner and share a bottle of wine with the man I love. That's the kind of night I live for!"









PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A wife walked in on her husband having anal sex with his secretary. "You can't do this to me!" she shouted.

"I know," he countered. "That's why I'm doing it to her."

You know you should really get one of those penis enlargers," a wife said to her husband during a spat.

"I did," he answered. "She's 21 years old and her name is Lucy."

What's more fun than playing with your

Playing with the box they came in.



There's snow in the forecast," a guy told his roommate. "The TV weather gal said she's expecting seven inches tonight."

The roommate responded, "Are you sure she was talking about snow?"

A girl came up to a guy in a club and said bluntly, "I haven't had a cock for nearly two weeks now."

He immediately took her back to his place, and it wasn't until they'd undressed that he noticed the scars from her operation.

A new employee was being quizzed on the company's safety manual. "And what steps do you take in case of a fire?" the human resources person asked.

The employee replied, "Quick ones."

In the fast-typing world of Twitter, people are careless with capitalization. It's a slippery slope between "Helping your Uncle Jack off a horse" and "helping your uncle jack off a horse."

A man was working out in the gym when he spotted a sexy young woman. He asked his trainer, "What machine should I use in here to impress a girl like that?"

The trainer looked him up and down and said, "I'd try the ATM in the lobby."

A couple who had been married for many years wound up in divorce court. The judge asked the husband, "Is it true that during the past three years of your marriage you haven't spoken to your wife?"

The husband replied, "Yes, Your Honor, that

is correct."

"And how do you explain this unusual conduct?" the judge inquired.

He replied, "My mother always told me not

to interrupt a woman when she's speaking.'

A man had a babe bent over her kitchen table when they heard a car door slam. 'That's my husband!" she said. "Quick, try the back door!"

He probably should have left right away, but you don't get offers like that every day.

One Monday two law partners were talking about their weekends. "I got a dog for my kids on Saturday," the first said.

The other attorney replied, "Good trade."



The police knocked on a door, and when the man of the house answered, an officer held up a picture and asked, "Is this your wife, sir?"

"Yes it is," the man answered.
"I'm afraid it looks like she's been hit by a bus," the officer said.

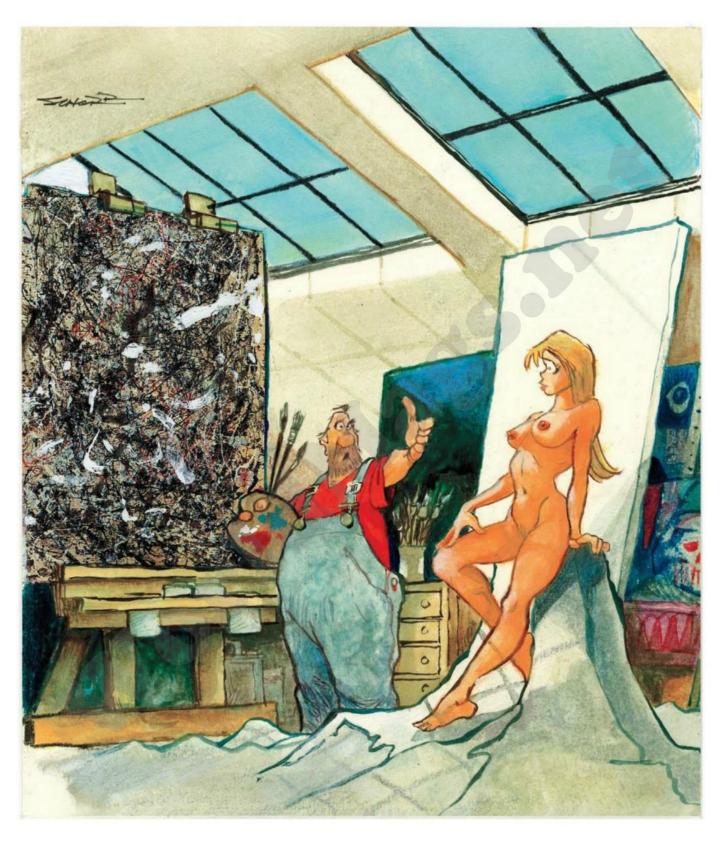
"I know," the man answered, "but she has a great personality."

A man walked into a bookstore and approached a clerk. "I'm looking for a book about men with small penises, but I forgot the title," he said.

She thought for a minute and said, "I don't think it's in yet."

He replied, "Yes, that's it."

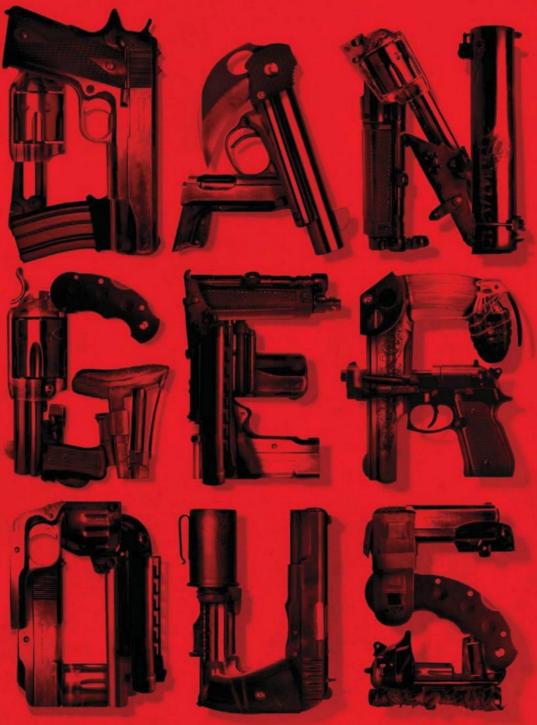
Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"Smile...."



The World's Most



Publisher



It's illegal to kill a human being, blow up a building, hack into a corporate website. But Peder Lund has made an impressive living teaching the world how to do all this and more with his Paladin Press.

On the front lines of his quiet war, the First Amendment is a battlefield, and the blood that flows is all too real

By John H. Richardson Photography by Zachary James Johnston





nce again, for the thousandth time, which will still not be enough to satisfy him, Peder Lund is waiting to hear gunfire.

He's standing on the edge of a small clearing in the misty woods of northern Wisconsin. Compact and bull-chested at 69, dressed in high-waisted shorts pulled up tight, a golf shirt tucked in and deck shoes with brown socks pulled high, he looks like a geriatric Boy Scout.

His manner is quiet too, gentle and unassuming.

But his eye is on the guns, long, black, monstrous technological marvels that look as though they should have teeth and claws. And on the four men preparing to use them, who are at this moment in history the most celebrated long-distance snipers in the world—men who have become famous, to put it bluntly, for killing other men. Lots of other men. As the snipers prepare their guns, a camera crew fiddles with its equipment, ready to record the day's action.

Welcome to a typical workday at Paladin Press, a publishing company so dangerous Congress passed a censorship law just to make it shut up—an actual censorship law right here in America, nakedly targeting a single company. Nakedly targeting Peder Lund, Paladin's owner and operator. But here he is, at it again, producing a training film for people who want to learn how to kill other people from a distance—available for just \$69.95.

The first sniper gets down on his stomach, spreading his legs. His name is Steve Reichert. On YouTube you can see the shot that got him on TV news shows. From one mile away—one mile away—he took down three men in Iraq with a single bullet.

Rob Furlong kneels behind him, looking through a pair of binoculars. A Canadian soldier who for years held the world record for the longest kill in combat—a 2,657-yard shot in Afghanistan—Furlong is another muscle-padded giant. He's wearing a T-shirt with a death's-head and this alarming logo: WITHOUT WARNING, WITHOUT CONSCIENCE.

Standing to the side and kibitzing with an easy drawl is the third master sniper, a good old boy from Alabama named Jim Gilliland. He killed more than 70 men in Iraq, including the longest confirmed kill with an M-24. Currently he researches capability gaps, in arms or otherwise, for the Soldier Requirements Division at Fort Benning.

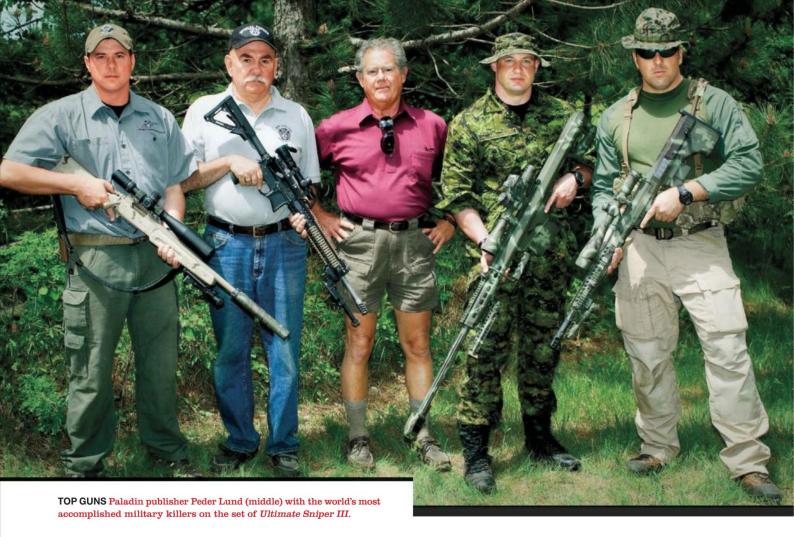
A voice comes from the other side of the clearing. "We're gonna do wide fire right away before any wind comes up."

That's John Plaster, author of *The Ultimate Sniper* and *The History of Sniping and Sharpshooting*. Bald as an old monk with the mustache of an Irish bartender and dressed in jeans and the Special Forces T-shirt he earned the right to wear during three tours in Southeast Asia, Plaster points across a valley at a target—a small piece of orange metal the size of a record album—a thousand yards away.

That's 10 football fields.

While they wait for the cameramen to get ready—a two-man crew setting up three tripods, two on the gunmen and another way down by the target to capture the *splaat*—the shooters talk shop. Like all technicians, their favorite subject is their tools. For bullets, Reichert likes a hot round called IBI. That gives you a longer distance, especially on a cold and humid day like today. Weather really affects your shooting. That's





why Afghanistan was so great—the heat, the elevation, the barometric pressure.

"You maximize your ballistics," says Gilliland.

These modern scopes are amazing too, tricked out with an inclinometer, a thermometer and a barometric pressure gauge. And here's the .50-caliber Barrett, an enormous weapon out of a Sgt. Slaughter fantasy. It's another techno miracle. You can zero the scope—set its height so the bullet flies true—right here in the USA and go to Afghanistan and the thing adjusts to the new barometric conditions on its own. When the rifle fires, the gunpowder packed in the brass casing delivers an incredible blast, 11,000 pounds of pressure.

Time to bring the steel rain. Reichert is on his belly, legs spread wide, squinting through the scope. The cameras are rolling, the microphones ready to capture the sonic blast. Reichert quietly aims. "Sunglasses plus fog equals greatness," he says.

Boom! goes the .50 caliber, echoing off the hills. Standing behind Reichert, Furlong watches the target in his spotter scope. Without looking away he tells Reichert, "Six mils to the right."

Another shot rings out, followed by a metallic ping.

"I heard a hit!" Plaster shouts. "Sweet sound!"

Lund smiles. It would only be sweeter, he says, if someone were trying to kill him.



Want to learn how to make homemade weapons and explosives? Master the art of street fighting? Hack into corporate

websites or start your own country? Paladin Press has a training book or video for you. Known for selling such books as Be Your Own Undertaker: How to Dispose of a Dead Body, The Poor Man's James Bond and Silencers for Hand Firearms, Lund's mom-and-pop black-ops shop is also known for victim lawsuits, murder prosecutions and Senate hearings. They say Timothy McVeigh learned how to construct his fertilizer bomb from one of Lund's books, Homemade C-4: A Recipe for Survival. Lund has been running Paladin Press since he got back from Vietnam, where he led a Ranger team into the jungle a few times too many. He once tried to raid Cuba. And invade Haiti. Next to him, Julian Assange and WikiLeaks look like public-spirited social reformers.

Lund's long journey through the court system began on a cold winter night in 1993, March 3 to be exact, when a small-time Detroit hoodlum named James Perry broke into a house in suburban Maryland with a meticulously detailed murder plan that he based with eerie fidelity on a Paladin title called *Hit Man: A Technical Manual for Independent Contractors*. Perry was later convicted of triple murder, but it was his method that made his case a national story.

As advised in Paladin's *Hit Man*, Perry made contact with his client through a discreet friend. As advised in *Hit Man*, he collected an advance of \$3,500, rented a nearby motel room under a false name and conducted surveillance on his target in a rental car with license plates stolen from an out-of-state car. As advised in *Hit Man*—well, let's go to the lawsuit that the victims' families filed against Paladin, which piles the incriminating details higher and higher:

"It is what it is. You're killing men. We're the hunters of humans. It's not pretty."



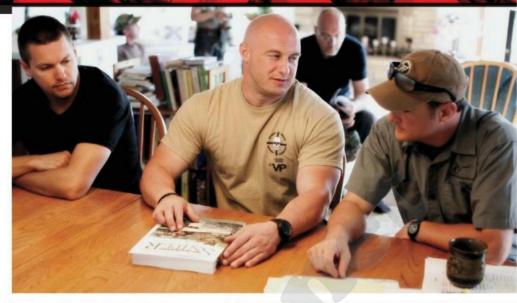
"Hit Man instructs that a 'beginner' should use an AR-7 rifle to kill his victims. Perry used an AR-7 rifle to slav Mildred Horn and Janice Saunders. Hit Man instructs its readers where to find the serial numbers on an AR-7 rifle and instructs them that, prior to using the weapon, they should 'completely drill out' these serial numTHE KILLER ELITE Paladin Press's books and DVDs instruct on how to kill, among other things. Right: Rob Furlong (middle) takes a break from shooting Ultimate Sniper III. Furlong set a record when he killed a Taliban leader in Afghanistan with a .50-caliber rifle from a distance of 27 football fields. Below left: Peder Lund (in purple shirt), enjoying a day's work. Below right: Furlong sets up a shot.

bers so the weapon cannot be traced. Perry drilled out the serial numbers of his weapon exactly as the book instructs. Hit Man instructs in 'explicit detail' (replete with photographs) how to construct, 'without need of special engineering ability or machine shop tools,' a homemade 'whisper-quiet' silencer from material available in any hardware store. Perry con-

structed such a homemade silencer and used it on the night he murdered Mildred and Trevor Horn and Janice Saunders. Hit Man specifically instructs its audience of killers to shoot the victim through the eyes if possible. Perry shot Mildred Horn and Janice Saunders two or three times and through the eyes."

Hit Man was authored by a writer named Rex Feral, which translates from Latin to "King of the Beasts." Lund has described her several times as a "housewife from Florida," but he chose to protect her and take the full brunt of the Hit Man controversy himself. To this day he has never revealed her identity.

After Perry was found guilty and sentenced to death, the victims' families sued Paladin for "aiding and abetting" the murders. The timing couldn't have been worse for Lund; it was the







era of the Columbine shootings and the controversy over Oliver Stone's Natural Born Killers, a contentious moment in America's long anxiety about the corrosive effects of pop culture.

In the end, an outraged judge ruled that "Hit Man is, pure and simple, a step-by-step murder manual, a training book for assassins." Intent made all the difference. "Criminal law will take everyday conduct and, when it's combined with a criminal purpose, penalize it," explains Brian Levin, a criminal justice professor who covered the Hit Man case for the Southern Poverty Law Center. "So if I draw a map, it's not a crime. But if I draw a map to a bank vault and give it to some criminals, it is."

But Paladin didn't give *Hit Man* to any specific criminal. It published the book for the general public. "Unlike the usual circumstances," Levin says, "the court (continued on page 186)

MURDER INK IS IT A CRIME TO PUBLISH A BOOK? YOU BE THE JUDGE. A TOP 10 OF PALADIN PRESS'S MOST CONTROVERSIAL TITLES



DRUG SMUGGLING: THE FORBIDDEN BOOK /

"If you can't just say no to danger, adventure and big bucks, then say yes to this book."

POOL CUES, BEER BOTTLES & BASEBALL BATS / How to fight dirty. Penned by a man tellingly nicknamed Animal.



GET EVEN: THE COMPLETE BOOK OF DIRTY TRICKS /

This tome promises to have you cackling as you heap vengeance on government and big business.

ULTIMATE SNIPER / A series of books and DVDs

brought to you by Major John Plaster and his crew of real military killers-the best in the business.

HIGH-TECH HARASSMENT / Want to know how to "wreak havoc with magnets" and "spread terror with lasers"? One-stop shop.

SHOOT HIM TO THE GROUND / Most gunfights occur "within the range of zero to three feet," says this DVD. You don't want to lose.

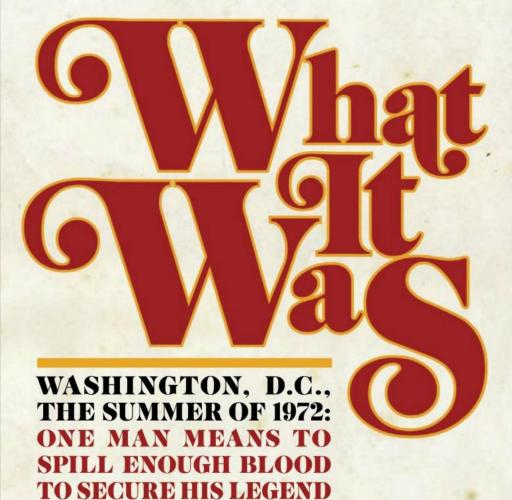
FIGHTING DIRTY / A how-to from a retired cop with 20 years' experience dealing with "the most violent scum skid row had to offer."

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF GUNPOWDER COOKBOOK No explanation needed.

THE ULTIMATE INTER-**NET TERRORIST / Billed** as "an owner's manual to the 'Darkside' of the web" by a "former internet terrorist."







aughn entered the offices of the Third District headquarters and went to his desk. He found a memo slip taped to his phone. A cross-dressing streetwalker named Martina Lewis had called and asked that he get back to him.

Vaughn's supervisor, Lieutenant David Harp, tall, white, whippet thin, middle-aged and blue-eyed, with black slicked-back hair, came into the room and told Vaughn he wanted to see him in private.

"Right now," said Harp.

BY GEORGE PELECANOS

Vaughn wiggled his eyebrows at his fellow detective Charles Davis before following Harp back to his office. The white shirts rarely bothered him, and when they did he didn't let it get under his skin. He wasn't bucking for promotion. He already had the job he wanted. The only way they could hurt him was to fire him, and they'd never do that. Vaughn's closure rate was top-shelf.

Harp was already behind his desk when Vaughn walked into the office. Vaughn took the hot seat, a hard chair set in front of Harp's desk. He removed his hat, held it in his lap and waited.

"Where you been, detective?"

"Working my case. The Odum homicide." Odum had been 123 pounds of junkie, a former second-story man scraping by





as a dishwasher and heroin tester. He was one of many confidential informants that Vaughn kept and cultivated around the city. The ballistics report had determined that the slugs retrieved from Odum's apartment came from a .22, a weapon favored by assassins.

"The suspect is Robert Lee Jones, correct?"

Vaughn nodded. "Street name Red. We just need to put the bracelets on him. We're close."

"I've been tryin to get hold of you. You take your personal car today?"

"I'm more comfortable in my own vehicle, sir."

"It has a two-way in it, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Vaughn. "But sometimes I forget and leave it off." Truth was, he didn't like to

be bothered with the constant crackle of the radio while he was doing his job. The talk over the police frequency almost never had a thing to do with him.

THE'S LIVE

Harp drew a pencil from a leather cup and tapped it on his desk. "Your boy Red and his partner robbed Sylvester Ward in his own house. Happened early this morning. Y'know that?"

"First I heard of it," said Vaughn. He was intrigued, but he tried not to let his emotions play out on his face.

"Know who Ward is?"

"That would be Two-Tone Ward. The numbers man. He

controls the policy racket in the city."

"Correct. He reported the crime soon as it happened. But Ward didn't call the MPD. He called his city councilman. And the mayor, for all I know. And then *I* got the calls. More than one. Matter of fact, these politicians have been up my ass all day. They want to know when we're gonna get this joker off the street."

"I'm sorry about the trouble it caused you, sir. If you want me to explain the progress of my case to any of those gentlemen—"

"Fuck them."

"Yes, sir." Vaughn smiled, displaying his widely spaced, crooked teeth. The younger cops called him Hound Dog, claiming he looked like that big dog in the cartoons, the one with the scary choppers and the spiked collar. Vaughn preferred to think of himself as a less pretty Mitchum. Or Sinatra on the cover of that record *No One Cares*, seated at the bar in raincoat and fedora, staring into his rocks glass. Not too gone for 52 years old anyway. He smoothed out the brim of his hat. "It's unusual for a guy like Ward to call the authorities, even after he's been victimized. I mean, there's a code."

"They broke it. Red and his partner beat Ward like an animal before they left his house. From what I hear, Ward wasn't

even resisting."
"Sounds like
my man."

"What's this guy's problem?"
"Red Jones isn't looking forward to retirement or old age, lieutenant. He's living

for this summer. Today. People all over the city are talking about him. The notoriety pours gasoline on his fire. That's what he wants. He's building his own myth."

Harp slipped the pencil back into its cup. He relaxed his shoulders and sat back in his chair. "Bring the motherfucker in."

"Bet on it," said Vaughn.

"And keep your radio on, detective."

Walking out of the offices, Vaughn put his hand in his pocket and touched a slip of paper. It was the message from Martina Lewis.

Vaughn bought a ticket at the Lincoln box office and went through the lobby to the auditorium. The 5:30 show was

about to begin. Buck and the Preacher had been held over, but first the projectionist was running a reel of trailers for the current features playing at other District Theatres, a chain whose bookers programmed films for black audiences in black neighborhoods. Vaughn let his eyes adjust and watched the promo for The Legend of Nigger Charley, currently running down at the Booker T. How the West Was Rewritten, thought Vaughn as he spotted Martina in one of the middle rows and made his way to a seat beside him.

"Just got your message, baby," said Vaughn, leaning close to Martina so he could keep his voice low and still be heard.

"You weren't followed or nothin, were you?" Martina was wearing a dress, heels and red lipstick.

"No. This about Red Jones? Cause I already know about the Sylvester Ward robbery."

"That's not why I called you."

"I gotta find Red. Get me his location and I'll make it worth your while."

"Money," said Martina huskily, with a dismissive wave of his hand. "Cash ain't gonna do nothing for me, unless you got a lot of it."

"Tell me what's going on."

In the light coming from the screen, Martina's features were angular, masculine and troubled.

"Tell me," said Vaughn.

"Hitter name of Clarence Bowman came into the diner earlier today. Was talkin to Gina Marie."

"I know Gina."

"Many do. Bowman had Gina Marie call some woman up on the phone and ask her when her man was gonna be home tonight. I had the impression that Bowman was about to put work in. The contractor had to be his runnin boy, Red."

"What man?"

(continued on page 176)

SCIENTIFICALLY

























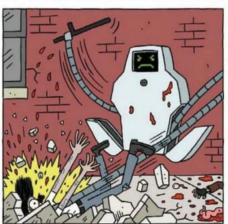














PRISONS HAVE EXISTED SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME YET CRIME CONTINUES TO GET MORE VIOLENT AND SENSELESS EVERY DAY! NOT TO MENTION PRISONS ARE SO DRAB AND BOOOOOOR-ING!





A WONDERFUL PLACE FILLED WITH RAINBOWS AND SPARKLES, SPUNK AND PIZZAZZ, MAGICAL CREATURES AND FLYING EYEBALLS! DEEP INSIDE A VOLCANO, SURROUNDED BY AN OCEAN, DEEP INSIDE A SECOND VOLCANO, I'VE CREATED A PLACE. IT IS CALLED...

































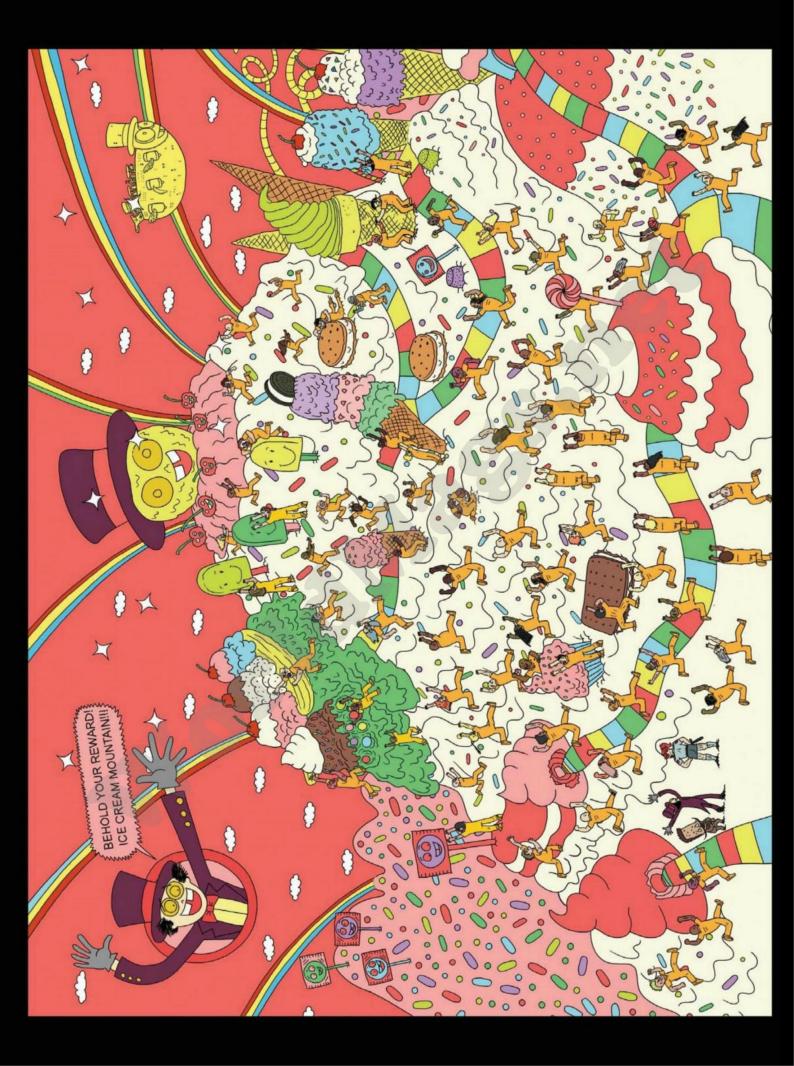






























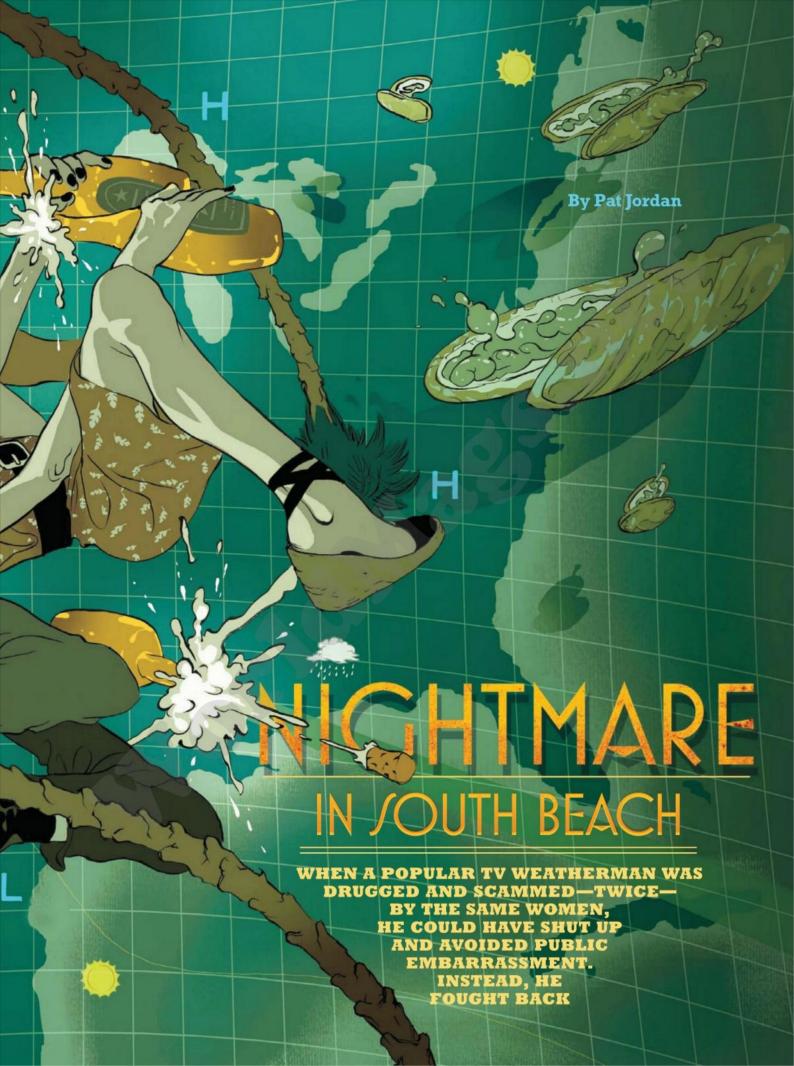




CHARITY IS THE ICE CREAM SHARED WITH THE HOMELESS MAN WHEN YOU







OHN BOLARIS WANTS HIS LIFE BACK. AMEX WANTS ITS MONEY. THE TWO ESTONIAN CHICKS WANT OUT OF MIAMI. STANISLAY PAYLENKO WANTS A NEW NAME. STEPHANIE BARKEY WANTS HER PHONE TO STOP RINGING. ANGELO PERUTO WANTS HER ASS IN A SLING. THE FBI WANTS TO INDICT SOMEBODY. THIS MUCH ALL THE CHARACTERS AGREE ON. The rest is fluid, you might say, as things tend to be in the scam capital of America, South Beach, Florida, a.k.a. paradise.

Bolaris claims the Estonian chicks drugged him. The Estonian chicks claim Bolaris bought them champagne and caviar. Pavlenko claims Bolaris charged it all on his Amex card. Bolaris claims the charges are fraudulent and refuses to pay. Amex cancels his credit card. Bolaris hires Peruto, a criminal defense attorney. Peruto calls Barkey at Amex. She refuses to take his calls. Peruto gets mad: "I left 15 fucking messages and now she can suck my dick!" Meanwhile, the FBI begins handing out indictments like Halloween candy-17 so far—to men and women with names like Russian tennis players: Albert Takhalov, Stanislav Pavlenko, Siavash "Sammy" Zargari, Marina Turcina, Julija Vinogradova, Anna Kilimatova, Valeria Matsova, Victorija Artemjeva, Anastassia Usakova, Irina Domkova, Anastassia Mikrukova, Agnese Rudaka. American Express, more ruthless than the Russian mob, isn't impressed. It turns Bolaris's account over to a collection agency. His credit is destroyed. Peruto sues Barkey and Amex for, among other things, his client's "loss of enjoyment of life." Bolaris learns what it's like to be a "deadbeat." He has to pay cash for everything, like Whitey Bulger. He also learns a lesson, too late it seems, but a very important lesson nonetheless: When you go to paradise thinking like a suicide

bomber that you're going to get laid by two black-haired chicks, chances are you probably won't, but you can rest assured—in fact you can pretty much guarantee—you will get screwed.

On March 28, 2010, Bolaris checked into the Fontainebleau hotel in Miami Beach. That evening he walked south a few blocks on Collins Avenue to the Delano hotel for dinner. He was sitting



Bolaris is a ubiquitous celebrity in Philly. If you don't bump into him once a week, you're living under a rock.



DESPITE THE FBI INDICTMENTS AGAINST THE PEOPLE WHO CONNED HIM, BOLARIS STILL OWED OVER \$40,000.

at the sushi bar when two women with foreign accents came over. He bought them drinks. The next thing he remembers is waking up, alone, in his hotel room the following morning. The two women called that day and invited him out for drinks at the Delano again. They met. The next thing he remembers is the two women putting him into his bed, fully clothed.

The following afternoon, Bolaris flew home to Philadelphia, where he received a call from American Express to verify certain charges at the Caviar Bar. Bolaris asked, "Where?" Amex said, "The Caviar Bar, 643 Washington Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida." Bolaris asked, "What charges?" Amex said, "Charges totaling \$43,712.25."



Bolaris doesn't remember much about the Estonian women, other than that they were "elegantly dressed" and had black hair and foreign accents. However, he does remember with great clarity the clothes he wore and the weather in South Beach. He says. "The first night I dressed down—Armani jeans, cotton white shirt with a hint of yellow pinstripes, Salvatore Ferragamo black shoes. The second night, jeans again, Hugo Boss black shirt—Hugo's my favorite; all my suits are Hugo—and gunmetal John Varvatos boots." Of the weather, he says, "The first night had a beautiful starlit sky, with nighttime temps in the 70s, gentle Miami breezes from the east, slight hint of humidity, but it felt good. Both nights were pictureperfect." Well, yes, up to a point.

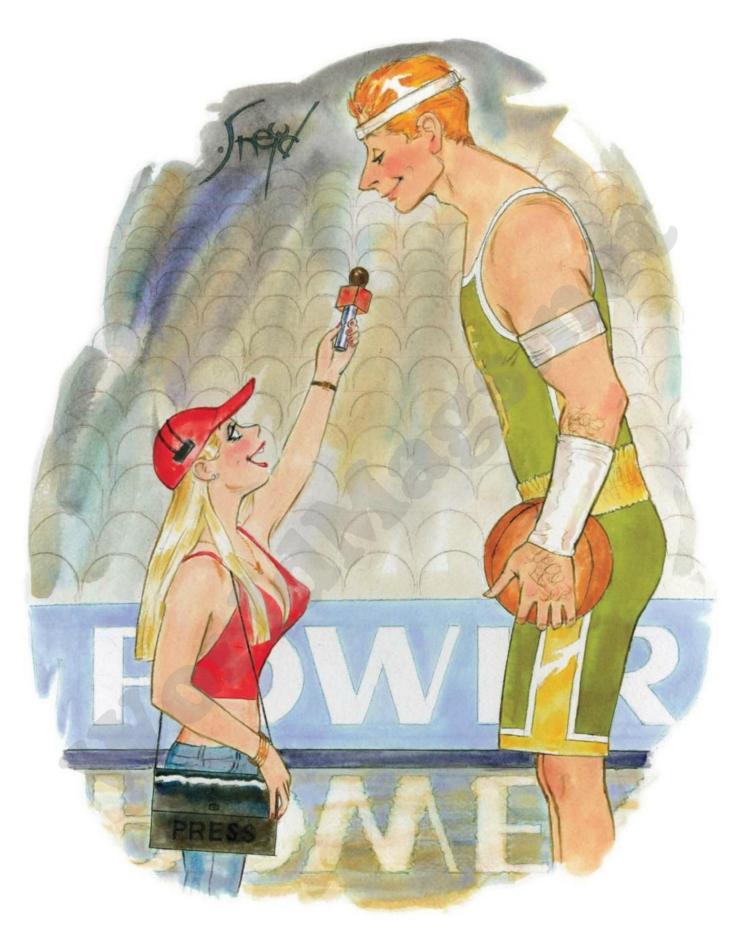
John Bolaris is 54, handsome, single and a TV weatherman in Philly, where he's considered something of a player, though it's possible that what constitutes a player in Philadelphia constitutes a mark in paradise. (A Philly native once told me, "I always thought Philly was a small New York until I worked in New York for a few years and realized Philly was just a *(continued on page 194)*

Even when Bolaris got in trouble in Miami, Philadelphians still loved him. According to the editor of the Daily News, they say, "That's our guy."









"What do you mean, 'while I'm down there'?"



Depression-era elegance in rose gold. JORG GRAY (Retrograde, \$385)

RIGHT: A minimalist reissue from the 1940s. MOVADO (Calendomatic, \$1,795)



FLASHBACK

CLASSIC LOOKS ARE ENJOYING A HOROLOGICAL REVIVAL



LEFT: Simplicity, 1920s style, from the Heritage Collection. LONGINES (\$4,225)

JENNIFER RYAN JONES

GREG SLATER



< With

LEFT: An atomic age throwback in gray.
MARCH LA.B (\$2,295)



ABOVE Machine-age ingenuity at a recession-friendly price. STANDER (1930 Dashtronic, \$147)



ABOVE: A 1940s-inspired brown-on-brown bomber. BAUME & MERCIER (Hampton Collection, \$3,450)

BELOW: Old-school styling with a modern face. MODUS (\$95)





Sick OFFERMAN

THE MANLY, MEAT-EATING CULT HERO OF PARKS AND RECREATION DISSES ALUMINUM CANOES, WANTS TO BE UGLY AND EXPLAINS THE CHARMS OF THE OLDER WOMAN

BY DAVID RENSIN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHIAS CLAMER

Q

PLAYEOY: Ron Swanson, your character on *Parks and Recreation*, is known for his love of all things meat. How does he deal with a surname commonly associated with TV dinners?

OFFERMAN: I think it's a delicious coincidence. Ron has no problems with TV dinners, as long as they have meat. I mean, Ron shops at Food and Stuff, so he's not super picky about how clean his meals are. The fact that the TV dinner has placed the name Swanson in the echelon of food lore doesn't hurt.

02

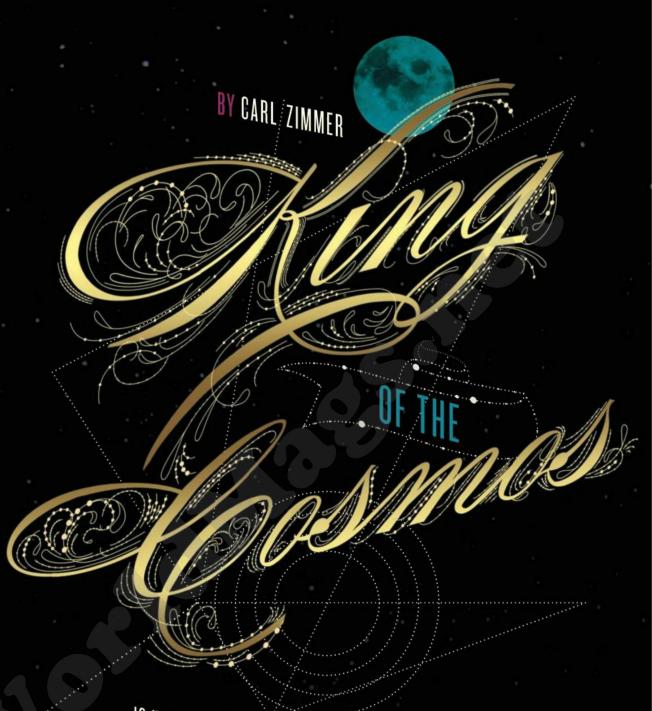
PLAYBOY: You've said you enjoy making yourself as ugly as possible in roles. What do you mean?

OFFERMAN: The first thing I do is figure out what my transformation will be. I've done every possible facial hair configuration. And head hair—shaved, flattop, Mr. T's look a couple of times. I want and like to stand out, because when I got into the business, I quickly saw that the majority of people striving to get ahead were trying to be as good-looking or as cute as possible. I was

like, Man, what a drag, especially in L.A., where so many people get paid just to be good-looking. It seemed smarter to go in the opposite direction. There's always room for the freak. Fortunately, my wife is very tolerant of this habit. Usually I hear, "Oh, honey, what have you done to yourself now?"—though in one instance she'd had enough. I slept on the couch for a couple of nights until it occurred to me to put on a stocking cap. Then I was back in bed and in business. (continued on page 199)

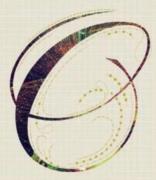






IS HE A COMIC PERFORMER? A GENIUS ASTROPHYSICIST?
A MAN INTENT ON BRINGING AMERICA BACK TO ITS PLACE OF PROMINENCE
IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE? COME PONDER THE UNIVERSE WITH

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON



n a hay-mown crest, dozens of people crouch in the dark. The Earth has turned away from the sun, and the sky has flowed down a color chart, from light gray to orange to bluish black. A sliver of a waxing moon appears briefly and then slips below the western horizon, leaving the sky to blinking airplanes rising from La Guardia 50

miles to the south, to satellites gliding in low orbit, to Jupiter and its herd of moons and to the great river

of the Milky Way beyond.

The crowd that sits in this chilly field in North Salem, New York is surrounded by a ring of telescopes. There's a Dobsonian, a giant barrel-shape contraption that's so tall you have to climb a stepladder to look through its eyepiece. Small, squat Newtonian cylinders sit on tripods, rigged to computers that give off a weak glow from their monitors. A few older men are fussing over the telescopes, but everyone else is huddled on the grass.

"Just get snuggly. There's nothing wrong with that.

Get snuggly."

The voice is deep and loud—not loud from shouting but from some strange acoustic property that gives it a conversational boom. It comes from a man who looms in the dark at the edge of the crowd.

"We still have the remnants of what we typically call the Summer Triangle," he says. "The Summer Triangle is three stars that are about equally bright. One is here——"

"Oh my God," the crowd murmurs.

The looming figure is Neil deGrasse Tyson, director of the Hayden Planetarium at the American

Museum of Natural History. He has just put the crowd into a swoon by switching on a laser and pointing it toward the zenith of the sky. The green beam seems to reach up from the field and touch the star.

"And one is here and here," he says, sweeping the laser across the sky to mark the stellar triangle. The onlookers gasp, swear in amazement again and laugh at themselves. Tyson's laser is creating an optical illusion: He seems to pull the sky down into a dome that floats close overhead, like an astronomical Sistine Chapel.

"Here we have Deneb," he says. "Everyone say Deneb!"

"Deneb!"

"Good. And down here we have Altair."

"Altair!"

"And up here we have Vega."

"Vega!"

"One of the telescopes is actually trained on a star that's in the middle of this triangle," Tyson says, moving his laser to a faint dot called Albireo. "It's right there. It doesn't look very interesting at first, but when you whip out a telescope, what you'll find is that this star is not alone, as a solo star. It has a companion star. Albireo is in fact my favorite star of the night sky. If you look closely, one star is this brilliant, beautiful blue color, and the other is gold. And we know from astrophysics what must be true if an object is glowing at one or the other of those colors. Unlike what an artist will tell you, something glowing red-hot is the coolest among all the hots. You get way hotter than red-hot. If you crank the temperature, it becomes white-hot. Crank it some more, it then begins to glow blue."

Tyson moves the laser to other regions of the sky, to the feeble North Star, to Cassiopeia, to Sagittarius. As he talks, the people huddling on the ground blast questions at him. Where is Venus? Is that a satellite? Is that a satellite? Is the Chinese calendar based on the lunar cycle? Tyson stops to answer each question. He twirls his laser in a tight circle midway down the handle of the Big Dipper.

"If you look really carefully at it, you should be able to see two stars there," he says. "How good is

your vision?"

"Awesome!" a boy says.

"I can see it!" says another.

"Who cannot see two stars inside my little circle here?" Tyson asks.

"Me," says a third.

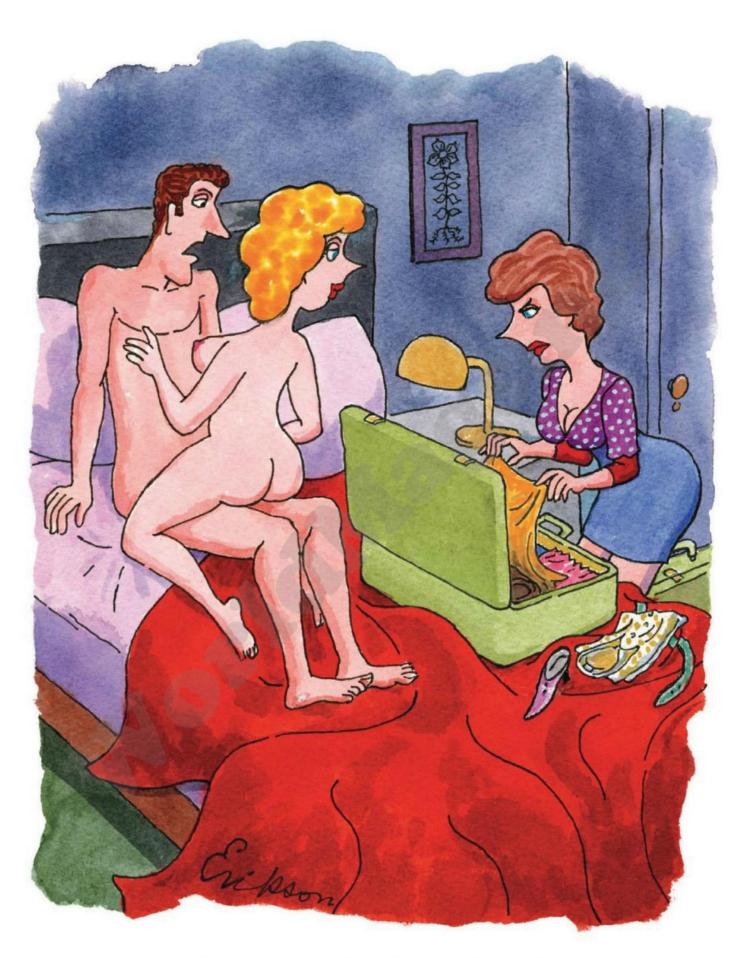
"Okay, therefore you cannot be drafted into the Roman army," says Tyson. "That was their eye test. This pair of stars is called Mizar and Alcor. Mizar is the brighter of the two. Alcor is the dimmer of the two. This is a very loosely bound double-star system. If you take out a telescope and point it on Mizar, that's

a double star. Then if you take the telescope and point it on the brighter of these two, that's a double star. So what you have here," Tyson says, "is a double-double-double-star system, all in mutual harmonious orbit around their common center of gravity. Such is the layout of this cosmic ballet that we call the universe."

For most of the stargazers, tonight is the first time they've spent an extended period looking up at the sky. For three hours Tyson keeps his audience staring so hard at the heavens their necks cramp. He speaks of galaxies and the delusions of astrology, how to calculate latitude, the fate of the universe. It is not a lecture. He delivers something more akin to a solo concert. Although he is a card-carrying astrophysicist with a long list of scientific papers, Tyson has turned himself into a rock-star scientist. He plays to sold-out houses.



"FOR ME, TALKING ABOUT THE UNIVERSE WAS LIKE BREATHING."



"Doris, can't you pack your bags somewhere else?"

He appears on *The Daily Show With Jon Stewart*, on the *New York Times* best-seller list, on Twitter (@neiltyson, with more than 245,000 followers). He's begun shooting a remake of Carl Sagan's classic *Cosmos* series, which will air on Fox in 2013.

Tyson spreads himself wide for two reasons. One is that there's so much in the sky to talk about. The other reason is down here on Earth. For all the spectacular advances American science has made over the past century—not just in astrophysics but in biology, engineering and other disciplines—the best days of American science may be behind us. And as American science declines, so does America. So here, in the dark, under the stars, Tyson is trying to save the future, one neck cramp at a time.

Tyson first saw the Milky Way when he was nine, projected across the ceiling of New York's Hayden Planetarium. He thought it was a hoax. From the roof of the Skyview Apartments in the Bronx, where he grew up, he could see only a few bright stars. When Tyson turned 11, a friend loaned him a pair of 7x35 binoculars. They weren't powerful enough to reveal the Milky Way in the Bronx sky, but they did let him glimpse the craters on the moon. That was enough to convince him the sky was worth looking at.

He began to work his way up through a series of telescopes. For his 12th birthday he got a 2.4-inch refractor with three eyepieces and a solar projection screen. Dog walking earned him a five-foot-long Newtonian with an electric clock for tracking stars. Tyson would run an extension cord across the Skyview's two-acre roof into a friend's apartment window. Fairly often someone would call the police. He charmed the cops with the rings of Saturn.

Tyson took classes at the Hayden Planetarium and then began to travel to darker places to look more closely at the heavens. In 1973, at the age of 14, he went to the Mojave Desert for an astronomy summer camp. Comet Kohoutek had appeared earlier in the year, and Tyson spent much of his time in the Mojave taking pictures of its long-tailed entry into the solar system. After a month he emerged from the desert, an astronomer to the bone.

It was a good time for a plunge into astronomy. Neil Armstrong had landed on the moon four years earlier. In 1973 NASA launched *Pioneer 11*, and the space probe began its journey to the asteroid belt and then onward to the outer solar system. At the suggestion of Carl Sagan, NASA had bolted a plaque to *Pioneer* that depicted a naked man and woman, along with a cosmic map of Earth's location, should an alien civilization encounter the probe after it left our neighborhood.

Tyson learned how astronomy could also bring out the crazies. As Kohoutek got closer to Earth, a cult called the Children of God warned it was an omen that the world was about to be destroyed. Psychics declared that the comet disrupted the psychomagnetic equilibrium of the planets and would cause mass violence. Timothy Leary had a happier opinion of Kohoutek, which he preferred to call Starseed. It comes, Leary said, "at the right time to return light to the planet Earth."

In the face of this superstition, Tyson wished he could talk to people about the beauty of the universe. At the age of 15 he was invited to a continuing education class. He delivered an hour-long lecture to 50 adults, showing them his pictures of planets, stars and Kohoutek. As he stood before his first audience, he didn't know he would be doing this sort of thing for the rest of his life. But it certainly felt right. "For me," Tyson later wrote, "talking about the universe was like breathing."

Tyson graduated from Bronx High School of Science in 1976 and went to Harvard. He wrestled, tutored prisoners in math and studied astrophysics. In his sophomore year he was talking with a fellow black student, a senior who was about to

"We're going back to the moon. We're going to Mars.
Right now we are looking at the elementary school children of the nation to see who has the right stuff."

start a Rhodes scholarship. The senior was appalled to hear Tyson talk about astrophysics. "Blacks in America do not have the luxury of your intellectual talents being wasted on astrophysics," he declared.

It was as if Tyson had been stung by a hornet. But then he got his Ph.D. in astrophysics at Columbia. During graduate school he became the department's go-to person when reporters called to ask about something weird in the sky. He began answering questions readers sent to StarDate magazine. One day a satellite recorded explosions on the surface of the sun, and a local TV station asked Tyson if he would talk about it on camera. After the filming, he went home and watched himself. It was the first time he could recall ever seeing a black scientist speaking as an expert on American television. His college shame fell away.

By the time Tyson had finished his Ph.D. and taken a job at Princeton, he had turned his *StarDate* columns into his first book, *Merlin's Tour of the Universe*. And it was that willingness to engage the public that brought him a visit from representatives of the American Museum of Natural History. They wanted to talk to him about

the Hayden Planetarium. Pushing 60, it was in bad need of a renovation.

"They were really just coasting on the glory days of the 1950s, 1960s and 1970s," Tyson tells me. "I said, 'Change out all the exhibits. Oh, and by the way, you should start a research department there.'"

Tyson began to split his time between teaching at Princeton and working as a staff scientist at the Hayden Planetarium, helping to plan its redesign. "It went beyond just a face-lift," he says. "It was an entire reworking of the architecture, which involved demolition and reconstruction."

Tyson held out until Frederick Rose, a New York developer and philanthropist, put \$20 million on the table for a renovated planetarium and a department of astrophysics. "Where do I sign?" Tyson recalls thinking. In 1996 he was appointed the Frederick P. Rose director of the Hayden Planetarium. He could still recall being mesmerized by the Milky Way the first time he stepped foot in the planetarium, as a nine-year-old. Three decades later, he was in charge.

When the Rose Center for Earth and Space finally opened in 2000, it startled a city grown blasé about new buildings. Paul Goldberger, architecture critic for *The New Yorker*, wrote that the building "is a temple of serene geometries, perhaps the purest piece of monumental architecture built in the United States since the Washington Monument went up on the Mall."

A decade later, on a bright Sunday morning in 2010, a smattering of kids and their parents gathered to celebrate the Rose Center's 10th anniversary. By 11 A.M. every chair was occupied. Tyson climbed onto the dais dressed in a dark suit and bright tie covered in Renaissance drawings of the sky. He welcomed the crowd. He talked about the design of the center, how the giant planetarium's signature sphere was encircled by models of the planets—eight of them.

"Pluto is a planet!" a boy in the back shouted. The crowd rumbled.

"Apparently people are still angry about this," Tyson replied with a smile.

Tyson's decision to kick Pluto out of the league of planets may be the most famous thing he's done so far. Yet he didn't make a big deal of it at the time. In the late 1990s, astronomers were beginning to discover a vast belt of giant hunks of ice at the solar system's outer edge.

"Pluto and they look more alike than any one of them looks like anything else in the solar system," Tyson explained to the crowd. "That's a good excuse to group them. That's how you make categories. That's all we did."

Tyson's demotion of Pluto came to the public's attention after Kenneth Chang, a New York Times reporter, noticed that the Rose Center featured only eight planets. When Chang asked other astronomers to comment, they called the decision absurd. Letters of protest poured into the museum. But Tyson held firm, and in the years that followed, astronomers discovered other icy (continued on page 180)

PLAYBOY'S Playmate REVIEW

A friendly reminder from the women who made 2011 a most beautiful year

ake heed, Americans! It's an election year, and your right to vote is the foundation of our democracy. But surely you've suffered enough bickering between Democrats and Republicans. So give yourself a break from presidential politics and start stumping for an election of a more pleasurable sort—that of the 2012 Playmate of the Year. Our 12 candidates

are hitting the campaign trail with this 11-page blowout, all yearning to become PLAYBOY's newest first lady. (For moving pictures, watch Playboy TV's *Playmate Review 2011* special, which runs through January.) After you've perused our campaign literature, help Hef determine a winner by casting your ballot at playboy.com/pmoy2012. It's your civic duty!







MISS MARCH



MISS APRIL



MISS MAY



MISS JULY



MISS JANUARY



MISS JUNE



MISS AUGUST



MISS SEPTEMBER



MISS OCTOBER



MISS NOVEMBER



MISS DECEMBER



Miss January ANNA SOPHIA BERGLUND

"My life is a fairy tale," says Anna, who currently inhabits a real-life wonderland—the Playboy Mansion along with Hef and Miss November 2010 Shera Bechard."I flew to London for the opening of the new Playboy Club, I met Johnny Depp at a premiere and I'm escorted to the front of the line at Disneyland!" A dead ringer for actress Alice Faye, one of Hef's first blonde crushes, Anna is about to twinkle on the silver screen in the comedy Project X. Yet she has her sights set on a happy ending that has nothing to do with the movies. "It would be a huge honor to become PMOY. If I get it, I can promise you there will be a lot of crying."

Miss February KYLIE JOHNSON

"Posing for PLAYBOY changed my life," says Kylie."I had never modeled before and was really shy. Taking my clothes off for the camera was an exhilarating experience that boosted my confidence and allowed me to see myself in a completely different light." Bask in Kylie's new identity early this year when Playboy TV airs the mockumentary Playmate Guide to the Universe, which co-stars Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips and Miss September 2010 Olivia Paige. Kylie is enjoying her transformed personality."Women are lying if they say they don't want to be a Playmate. I mean, who doesn't want every single guy drooling over you?"







Miss June MBI-LING LAM

When not competing in beauty pageants, Mei-Ling, an ESPN addict, spent her adolescence at the TD Garden, cheering on her beloved Boston Celtics. The former Miss Maine Teen USA could never have imagined, however, that with her next big title-Miss June 2011—would come Celtics tickets so close to the action she could see the sweat on Paul Pierce's headband. "I shot some of my PLAYBOY pictorial at a Celtics game," she says. "Because I had courtside seats, I was able to make eye contact with the players, which was awesome. Without a doubt, it was one of the greatest moments of my life."

Miss March ASHLEY NATTINGLY

"I don't just love the glamour scene; I want to be part of it," Ashley professed to us last March. Mission accomplished. Today the paparazzi shadow her as she moves about Beverly Hills, and she's treated like royalty across the pond. "The last time I was in London, everyone who worked at my hotel told me how big a star I am," she says. "Nothing like that happened before I became a Playmate." Ashley also frequently rubs glamorous elbows as a guest host on Playboy Radio. "I've interviewed a bunch of celebrities. I ask them how they got where they are and what they want to do next. It's a ton of fun!"

Miss August IRYNA IVANOVA

Welcome to the veritable double life of our Ukrainian-born Miss August. By day Iryna is a diligent MBA student at the University of Arizona and a fulltime interpreter. But come sundown she morphs into a bikini-clad cage girl for World Fighting Federation MMA matches."When people learn about everything I do, they're like, 'My God, you have two lives!" she says. Her subterfuge, however, is becoming less effective."My pictorial was published in the Romanian edition of PLAYBOY because I'm from Crimea, a popular vacation destination for Eastern Europeans. So now I'm known worldwide!"





Miss December RAINY DAY JORDAN

A proud small-town Texan, Rainy found herself glitteringly transformed in sequined pasties at the 2011 Midsummer Night's Dream Party. "I felt like Alice in Wonderland when I danced onstage with LMFAO," she says. "Everybody told me, 'You're so wild!' But I'm not-I'm usually in bed by 9:30 P.M." Back home Rainy has been the topic of conversation ever since the December issue debuted. "My farmer friends who buy coffee every morning at my old workplace, the local pharmacy, couldn't wait to see it. But they got a butt chewing from their wives: 'I can look at her but you can't, because you know her!""

Miss November CIARA PRICE

Only a few months ago, Ciara, a self-proclaimed tech nerd, lived in rural Maine and worked as a wireless consultant. But now, she rejoices, "I'm not only a Playmate; I was also the November cover girl. That just doesn't happen!" It does, of course, in Hef's world. And so Ciara has pulled up stakes and moved to Los Angeles, where she's been shooting footage for Playboy TV and enjoying the city's nightlife with her fellow Playmates. "Living in California is awesome," she says. "Everybody, including my mom, says I was born in the wrong state. I'm more excited about my future every day!"





Miss October AMANDA CERNY

Amanda's entrance onto the world stage has only amplified her Dr. Seussinspired life philosophy-"If you never did, you should. These things are fun, and fun is good." To wit: "In the past few months I've been to London, Las Vegas and Cancún," she explains. "I also had a blast in Ibiza with Miss October 2008 Kelly Carrington, who has become a close friend of mine." Nothing, though, has topped the experience of being a Playmate. "This is the biggest adventure of all. I thought things would have calmed down by now, but they haven't. If anything, life is getting more intense."

Miss September TIFFANY TOTH

With 25,000 and counting Facebook admirers, Tiffany won a legion of new fans thanks to a single line on her Data Sheet. "Because I wrote that one of my turn-ons is a man in uniform, firemen, cops and soldiers love me," the California makeup artist says. "In fact, a lot of guys in the Army ask me to go to military dances with them." As for her own career aspirations, the Cyber Girl turned Miss September says,"I would like to open my own bakery, but only on the condition that I could continue to do makeup. Nor would I stop modeling—I'd just do less of it and only for PLAYBOY."

Miss May SASHA BONILOVA

"Over the past year, everything has gone exactly as I imagined it," Sasha marvels. Since becoming Miss May, she has schmoozed with adoring fans at PLAYBOY events ranging from a post-Lollapalooza yacht party to a swank evening at Chicago's glam Crimson Lounge. "It was crazy. People actually drove in from different states to get my autograph." When not representing PLAYBOY, Sasha is focused on a line of sexy aprons—yes, aprons—she developed and will soon bring to market."I want people to realize that Playmates aren't just a bunch of pretty faces. We're smart and creative, too."





Miss July JESSA HINTON

Ever the entrepreneur, Jessa wakes up each morning at 7:30 for a whirlwind of business meetings, modeling gigs and networking opportunities. "It's nonstop, but that's okay," she assures us. "I can sleep when I'm dead." Thus far her hard work has paid off. She recently launched her own swimwear line, appeared on Comedy Central's Tosh.0 and shot an ad in the Grotto for Milwaukee's Best beer. "Posing for PLAYBOY helped me realize I could do it all," says Jessa, who aspires to build a global brand around herself à la Kimora Lee Simmons. "I'd be a great PMOY because nobody works harder than I do. In that way, I'd be an inspiration."

Miss April JACLYN SWEDBERG

Our resident daredevil and former mainstay on the Playboy TV program Badass, Jaclyn upped the thrill factor recently when she signed on as a hostess for the MMA cable channel Blackbelt TV. "Not long ago I was at a press junket for the movie Warrior, and reporters from E! and CNN were sitting next to me. I thought, Wow! I've always wanted to be a broadcast journalist, and now I'm actually doing it." She vows that if she's anointed PMOY she'll wear rabbit ears and a rabbit tail everywhere." I will show up at every event in my Bunny suit because I love being associated with PLAYBOY and everything it has given me."



RAYLAN

(continued from page 80)

"How do we know that?" Rachel still watching the store.

"DEA says Pervis runs the show, he's Big Daddy. The boys hang out, get stoned and chase girls, till the dad tells 'em what he wants done. Does it all from that dinky store. He's the marijuana king of East Kentucky, but DEA can't put it on him and make it stick."

Rachel said, "The Crowes' daddy's in the body-parts business now?"

"No, and won't believe his boys are," Raylan said.

You believe him?" Rachel said.

"Yeah, 'cause he can't imagine himself doing it."

Rachel was looking off.

"Finally here come somebody. Looks like a brother drivin the Cadillac. Only one in the car."

She handed Raylan the glasses.

He raised them saying, "DEA has this guy with the boys only a couple weeks. Drives Coover and Dickie around. His name's Cuba something. It's in my notes with a mug shot."

She opened Raylan's folder and said, "Cuba Franks, 45-year-old African American.... Five arrests, two convictions."

He raised the glasses again and watched this guy with the strange name lift a case of Budweiser out of the trunk and hold it in the fingers of one hand to hang down against his leg as he closed the trunk lid. Going toward the store he had the case in both hands again, kicked the bottom of the screen door for Pervis to come open it for him.

Raylan lowered the glasses.

"What's in the beer case?"

"I doubt any Bud," Rachel said, "the way he was holdin it."

'I think it's the old dad's cut," Raylan said. "We'll get out of here and let Cuba run into us down the road."

They drove to where the Buckeye fork came out and waited in the narrow strip of road.

"He's coming," Raylan said, watching dust rising into the trees, watching the Cadillac coming straight at them until it braked and rolled to a stop about 30 feet from the front end of the Audi loaned off the DEA lot in Harlan.

"Wants us to walk up there," Raylan said. "Look us over."

'Now he's got his cell out making a call." "Who you think he's talking to?

"Coover and Dickie Crowe.

They sat in the car waiting. Finally Cuba got out of the Cadillac and came toward them, taking his time.

"Turn your recorder on," Raylan said. "Gonna come up on your side."

Cuba did, giving Rachel a nice smile as he leaned in, his hands on the windowsill.

"How you doin? Have some car trouble?"

Rachel said, "Mr. Franks, we'd like to

ask you a few questions and see your driver's license." She held up her star hanging from her neck on a chain.

Cuba saw the badge and straightened, looked at the sky before coming back to the window.

'What'd I do? You people been all over me since I got my job.'

"We're marshals service," Rachel said. 'DEA's the one botherin you."

"I still haven't done nothin. I'm workin as a chauffeur."

"Driving the marijuana boys around?" "I don't hear their business," Cuba said.

He handed his chauffeur's license to

Raylan said, "Cuba, why don't you get in the car so we can talk."

'It's Cooba, how you say my name. But I haven't done nothin, I'm clean, done my time."

Raylan said, "Cooba? Open the door and get in the car."

He did, and Raylan adjusted his mirror. "What're you doing with the Crowes?"

"I drive 'em around. I was in the racin business, same as their daddy. Quartermile dirt, slide through the turns, man. The Crowes thought they could drive have a pickup with juice? I scared 'em to death showin what real drivin's like. Throw it in reverse, hit the gas, pull the hand brake and spin around."

'Hey, Cooba?" Raylan said. "Every boy in Harlan County knows how to do a reverse 180. Taught by their grampas. So why'd the Crowes hire you?'

"I 'magine so they can sit back, take

Raylan said, looking at the mirror, "The boys hired you or you hired them? Couple of dumbbells, do the lifting for you."

"Yeah, I'm the boss," Cuba said. "I wait in the car someplace they havin a good time, I'm listenin to Loretta Lynn.'

"It's a good cover," Raylan said, "working as their chauffeur. They don't get arrested, you don't either. How much of a cut they get for helping with Angel? Puttin him in the ice water? Once the doctor removed his kidneys."

Cuba in the mirror stared, didn't say a word.

"Like you don't know what I'm talkin about," Raylan said. "You wouldn't have to've been there. Less you brought the doctor to the motel. That how it worked? I'm thinkin the doctor must've hired you. Caught you stealin his car and signed you up. You look around for some dumb white boys and hire the Crowes?"

"You telling me," Cuba said, "I got somethin goin with takin people's kidneys and then sellin 'em?"

"I see you as the middleman," Raylan said, "between the doctor and the Crowes."

'You want to talk to Coover and Dickie? Ask 'em about stealin kidneys?" Cuba said, "I be anxious to see that."

Raylan was back in Harlan, reporting to his boss, Art Mullen, Art telling him, "Two young men, both salesmen, woke up in hospitals without their kidneys. One in Lexington, the other Richmond, two days apart and the week before Angel lost his."

"I remember seein it on the news," Raylan said, "but didn't relate it to anything we're doing-yeah, until we found Angel in the tub.

One thing we know for sure," Art said, "it wasn't the Crowes wearing the rubber masks. Both fellas said a man and

"The president and Mrs. Obama out havin fun," Raylan said. "Making about 20 grand every time they put on their masks." He said, "Imagine you open the door and there the Obamas calling on you? They come in the motel room talking." He said to Art, "Who's playing Michelle?"

Art said, "I guess the doctor brought... a nurse?'

'Who did...? Cuba Franks?"

It stopped Art. Now he was shaking

"What's wrong with me-Michelle Obama's playing doctor."

"It can't be anybody else, can it?" Raylan said. "Don't we have tapes of their statements? What the two guys remember?'

"If you want to believe it," Art said.
"It sounded good to me," Raylan said. "Michelle walks up and kisses the guy on the mouth."

Art nodded. "They both gave us pretty much the same story. How she approached, got real close-

She lifts her mask from under her chin," Raylan said, "to free her mouth and presses it into his. The last thing he remembers is getting turned on. As they come apart she hits him with the needle. He dreams of making out with the first lady while she's taking out his kidneys. I bet you anything," Raylan said, "we find her at UK Medical's transplant center in Lexington."

'The only thing wrong with that," Art said, "there aren't any women doctors on the staff. I checked. The days we're looking at, two of the nurses from transplant were away on leave. Gladys, 35 years helping to swap old organs for new ones, is now a coordinator, came back from her leave and posted her dad's death notice in the nurses' room. The other one's Layla."

'She have a death in the family?"

"Layla took a two-week leave to nurse her old mom back to health. She says."

Raylan watched them come out of surgery, both in white lab coats, Layla holding the door for Dr. Bob, the young doctor doing most of the talking, Layla using her hands to gesture, shaking her head, talking her way out of whatever Bob wanted to do. Like get laid. Down the hall, he was opening his hands to Layla, the hands he had used to restore someone's life and it had given him a hard-on.

They were coming this way again.

Raylan walked up to them—didn't look at Layla—and said, "Excuse me, doctor,

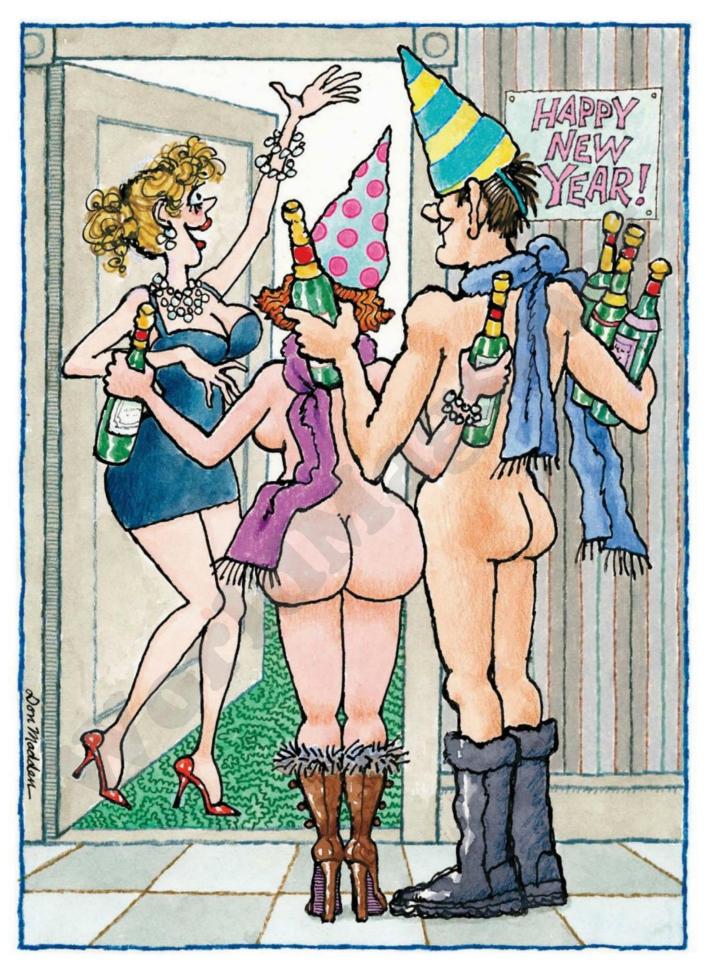


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"Great news, everyone! The fun couple has arrived!"

PLAYBOY

but my sister's suppose to be here, seein about having a kidney transplant?"

Layla, a knockout in her mid-30s, said, "What's her name?"

"Raejeanne Givens," Raylan said, his younger sister's name. "I don't know why I don't see any family. I came straight from the airport."

Layla said, "Let's check on Raejeanne," laying her hand on Raylan's arm and giving the doctor what Raylan saw as a kiss-off look with a shrug. Dr. Bob walked past him without a word and on down the hall.

She said, "I'm Layla. The doctor just finished a kidney transplant and you say Raejeanne needs one? That's funny, 'cause we don't have a Raejeanne scheduled for anything, not even an exam." Layla raising her eyebrows with kind of a smile.

"It doesn't matter," Raylan said. "You didn't look happy talking to Dr. Bob. I thought I may as well step in, see if I could free you. You seemed to pick up on it."

She said, "You want to question me about something?"

"What I'm looking for," Raylan said, "is a doctor takes out kidneys in motel rooms and sells them on the body-parts market."

She was smiling now. "You're crazy."

"Two of 'em said it was a woman took their kidneys. I thought, Well, maybe the doctor had a woman's mask on. You put the donated kidneys in the front too?"

"You put them anywhere you want," Layla said. "What kind of mask was it?" "Rubber, slips over your head. I think it was suppose to be Mrs. Obama."

"Really."

"Well, the other mask, I'm pretty sure, was the president."

Layla said, "The other mask...?"

"The one Cuba Franks was wearing."
Raylan let that hang to see if Layla could handle it.

She took a moment to shake her head and shrug in her white transplant nurse outfit. Layla said, "I wish I could help you," started to turn away and stopped. She said, "Why can't the doctor be a woman?"

"I'm told all the MDs here are men."

"She could be from another hospital."

"You're right, except Cuba knows this place. He's been here once or twice with his boss, Harry Burgoyne. You know Cuba Franks?"

"I don't think so," Layla said. "I wish I could help you," and started to walk away.

Raylan let her take a few steps before saying to her, "Layla, you're not the one stealing kidneys, are you?"

He may as well get that said, thinking it would stop her and she'd turn around. Not Layla. She raised her hand over her head to give Raylan a lazy kind of wave, often seen in movies.

•

Cuba was staying with Layla in her apartment on Virginia Avenue, the other side of South Limestone from the UK campus

and hospitals; Cuba on the pull-out sofa, Layla with the bedroom to herself when they weren't using it. She liked to come home and have a drink while she took off her whites and sat down to watch the news in a T-shirt and panties. It would turn Cuba on and they'd go in the bedroom. Layla never said a word and he'd wait for the gasp, the groan, like all the air was being sucked out of her.

This evening she came in talking about Raylan Givens and Cuba felt a tug in his gut and thought, Shit, though it didn't surprise him. The man kept on the job.

Layla stepped up to him in her nurse outfit, put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the mouth from tender to hard. Finally easing off she said, "I think we should hold up on doing Harry. The marshal would've talked to him. This might blow your mind, but I'm thinking the one to do next is the marshal. We wouldn't even have to lure him. Raylan has more questions for me."

"Where you want to do it, here?"

"I was thinking right in the tub."

"How we get him out of here?"

"In the wee small hours of the morning," Layla said, not quite singing it, "we drop him out the window, put him in the car.... Or we wait till he's coming to and walk him out to the car."

"You haven't figured it out yet," Cuba said. "I will," Layla said.

Art Mullen said, "You want to take someone along."

"I got to locate her first. I'll call her again or go over there, 156 Virginia Avenue, push her buzzer till she answers. I wanted to give her time to get jumpy before I make my appearance."

At 2:30 A.M. he put on his cowboy hat and went to visit Miss Layla.

Raylan used his burglar picks to open the front door without disturbing the manager. He went up the stairs to Layla's apartment and knocked on the door. He stood before the peephole in his hat—no way she wouldn't know him—and knocked again, giving the door three firm raps.

He waited.

She'd be looking at him by now, wondering how to play it.

"I'm not here to make an arrest," Raylan said, his face close to the door. "I want to talk to you about something."

Finally he heard her voice. "At three in the morning?"

"I been trying to get hold of you," Raylan said. "You told the hospital you took leave to nurse your mom back to health, but you never went near her. You know the time I mean?"

There was a silence.

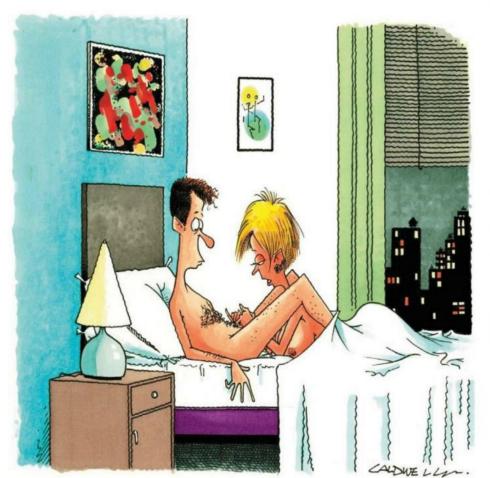
Her voice said, "I met my boyfriend. I actually was in New Orleans."

"Let's get him to vouch for you," Raylan said, "and I'll quit worryin about it."

"He's married," Layla's voice said.

"I could have a word with him," Raylan said. "What's his name?"
"I don't want to get him in trouble."

"I start arrestin people for committin adultery I'd never get home for supper."



"Wow! You don't look anything like your Twitter photo."



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Layla's voice said, "Wait till I put something on."

Raylan imagined Layla standing on the other side of the door bare-naked and wanted to come back with a cool line, but couldn't think of anything that wasn't stupid and said, "Okay," and waited.

Cuba had pulled on his pants and was stripping the bedding from the sofa. He said, "Raylan," shaking his head. "I could hear you lyin to each other."

Layla had on a black kimono with touches of red here and there. She told Cuba to put on his shoes and wait in the bedroom. "With your gun," Layla said. "He comes in, we'll lie to each other some more. I'll see how it goes, the kind of mood he's in. I'll have the needle ready." She looked around the room. "Maybe in the kitchen. I'll get him relaxed first."

"When he ain't lookin," Cuba said, "you pop him with the needle?"

"And you take him out when we're finished," Layla said. "Get him to disappear."

"Not hang him on a corner and call emergency?"

"He knows us," Layla said. "He gets on dialysis we're fucked." She took time to look at Cuba and said, "Am I right?"

Cuba said, "You always right, aren't you?"

She opened the door and said to Raylan, "Follow me," and took him through the living room to the kitchen, where two vodkas over ice waited on the counter. She watched him grin as she handed him one.

"To ease me down," Raylan said. "Tell you the truth, I came here with the same idea. Let you know I'm not gonna snitch on you, tell the hospital you didn't take off to see your old mom. She wouldn't of known you, you wore a sign with your name on it."

"I told you, I met my boyfriend," Layla said.

"His name Cuba Franks?"

Layla gave him a tired look, shaking her head. "Whoever Cuba is, he's not my boyfriend."

"He brought his boss to the hospital a couple times. Mr. Harry Burgoyne?"

"Î still don't remember him," Layla said. "Why don't you finish your drink and leave?"

"You haven't eased me down," Raylan said, "have you? The Crowe brothers did some work for Cuba one time. Lifted Angel Arenas on the bed to get his kidneys removed. I thought, Why didn't they do him in the tub, save messin up the bed? I guess they were still learning. The Crowes gave Angel a week to come up with a hundred grand—the second biggest mistake Cuba ever made, hookin up with the Crowes."

Layla had to ask:

"What was his first mistake?"

"Getting involved with Miss Transplant," Raylan said. "Why he's hiding in the bedroom right now."

She said, "You can't just...search my apartment."

"I've got cause," Raylan said. "Reason to believe a wanted felon's in there."

"Why you've come after me all of a sudden," Layla said, "I'll never know." She moved closer to Raylan leaning on the yellow-tile counter, his body against the fucking drawer she had to open to get the needle.

"You learned how watching, 11 years on nurse's pay. Only you do your surgery in motel rooms."

"I think you're crazy," Layla said. "You want to look in the bedroom? Go ahead."

She threw her cigarette in the sink and watched him walk out of the kitchen in his cowboy hat. Layla opened the drawer and picked up the syringe.

Now the tricky part: walk up behind him and jab the needle into his arm before he saw her. She tested the needle, got a squirt and went after Raylan, almost to the bedroom, his left hand reaching for the doorknob, right hand slipping inside his suit coat. Behind him now Layla said, "Raylan...?" Saw him hesitate, start to turn his head and jabbed the needle hard through his coat and into his right arm. Saw his hand come out holding the Glock. Saw him look at her, his eyes turning dreamy, his knees giving up, and he stumbled against the door, hat on, gun still in his hand, Raylan in his good-looking navy suit sliding to the floor.

"Cuba? You can come out now."

They dragged him to the bathroom and stripped off his clothes, everything, Layla using scissors to open the legs of his pants to pull them over his curl-toed cowboy boots, Cuba thinking they looked custommade. Layla had Raylan's hat cocked on her head, not knowing how to wear it. She took his legs, Cuba his upper body, straining to lift Raylan over the side of the tub. Cuba thought he should be higher, so his chin wasn't on his chest; it didn't look right.

"We should move him up higher," Cuba said.

She was looking at his privates, Cuba pretty sure she'd make a remark.

"Would you say he's hung or not?"

"A guy knows how to use what he has," Cuba said, "or he don't." He looked at Raylan again. "I want to ease him up so he's higher in the tub."

Knowing she'd say something else.

"Why? What difference does it make?" She said, "Do what you want, as long as he's on his back," and left the bathroom with Raylan's clothes and his gun.

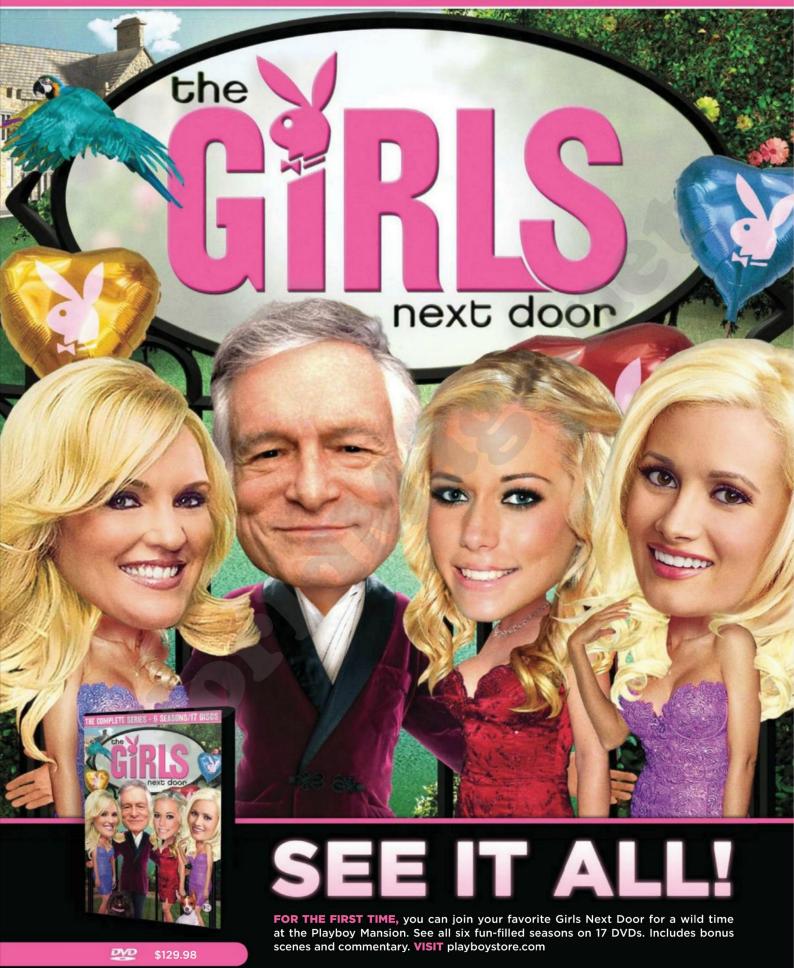
Cuba turned to watch her, in the bedroom now dropping Raylan's clothes on the bed. He watched her take off the hat and toss it by the clothes, on the bed, and almost yelled at her, Get the hat off the bed, it's bad luck.

He stopped to think, Like what?

They already had the worst kind of luck waiting for them, once they let a federal marshal die. It would be the same as a homicide, their intention being the same as killing him.

Or hang him on a corner and call the hospital.

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He'd thought of that. Do it but don't tell her. Give the man a chance.

He looked at Raylan's head against the end of the tub, chin stuck to his chest like he couldn't move it, and saw his face twitch, Raylan's face, like a fly was bothering him. Now his hand came up his bare chest to his mouth and Cuba turned to the bedroom. He saw Layla in there at the dresser laying out her things for the surgery, her scalpels, her swabs and alcohol, her staples she'd use to close him up. Cuba raised his voice to tell her, "Girl, he's movin."

He saw her look up at the dresser mirror.

"He's all right. He might not've got the whole shot. I'll be there in a minute, maybe give him another one." She said, "Get him comfortable and he'll nod off."

Raylan heard her say, "Goddamnit, I didn't bring gloves."

He heard her say, "Not that it matters." He could see Cuba with 20/20 vision he was so close. In the tub with him, bending over, trying to hug him and inch his deadweight up higher, Cuba straddling his legs. Maybe all they gained was an inch. He could hear, but it was like you were all the way taken down by shine. No, straight whiskey. With shine you felt you were quadriplegic and didn't dare try to talk. Bourbon turned you alive.

Cuba said, "I get a hold on you, you take hold of me and pull yourself up. You know what I'm sayin? Pull yourself up as I push."

Raylan got his hands under Cuba's arms, trying to get a hold on Cuba's silk shirt, and it tore down the middle. Cuba said it, "You tore my good shirt."

Raylan said, "Fuck your shirt," let his hands slide down Cuba's back to the Sig Sauer and slipped the gun out of his waist. Raylan and Cuba almost nose to nose in each other's eyes, Raylan wondering if Cuba felt him take it. He looked like he did. Raylan brought the Sig around to Cuba's belly and heard Layla say:

"What're you guys doing, getting it on?"

Raylan looked past Cuba's shoulder to see her standing in the doorway. She said, "Cuba...?" She said, "Cuba, his eyes are fucking open..." and she was gone—in the bedroom getting his gun, Raylan sure of it. Cuba staring in his face.

"She wants me," Raylan said. "Or maybe you, I don't know."

He saw her in the doorway aiming his Glock at him, holding it in one hand and turning sideways to strike a shooter's pose and fired—he saw the gun jump—and fired again and fired again, and Cuba let out a gasp of air and slumped against Raylan, wedging the Sig between them.

He said to Cuba, "You alive?" He didn't get an answer and said, "Or dead." He put his ear to Cuba's mouth but didn't hear a rattle of breath.

Layla said, "Cuba...?"

"I imagine," Raylan said, "he's in hell by now, the poor man. I'm placing you under arrest," Raylan said, "for taking his life. Lay down the weapon." He couldn't say "your weapon" since it was his. He hoped she'd drop it, the jolt setting off the semi-hair trigger and shoot herself. He felt sometimes he could talk to that gun he called Buddy, to himself. Here we go, Buddy, stay loose. He still had the Sig in his hand stuck between their bodies. But it was coming...and she was firing again, the Glock in both hands now. She fired four rounds at him ducked behind Cuba— Jesus, realizing he was using the man for cover. He pulled out the Sig and extended it past Cuba's shoulder and saw her right there framed in the doorway and put the Sig on her, and hesitated two, three beats and she was gone.

He lay there with Cuba on him thinking, You didn't shoot her.

Why didn't you? She's standing right there.

It was work to free himself of Cuba, the man not helping any. Raylan lifted his body enough to push it aside and pull himself out of the tub. He checked the Sig, racked the slide to make sure it was loaded and stepped to the doorway.

Layla was on the other side of the bed with his Glock. She looked up and had the gun pointed at him in the same motion. Raylan didn't move, standing there naked in his cowboy boots holding the Sig at his leg.

She seemed at ease in her kimono asking him, "How are you feeling?"

"Groggy," Raylan said. "Like I've had too many."

She said, "What's that, Cuba's gun? I hate to tell you, before you try to use it——"

"I checked," Raylan said, "it's loaded." He said, "I don't want to shoot you. Okay?"

She said, "I thought you wanted to arrest me," sounding surprised.

"It's up to you," Raylan said.

"Well, I don't see us shooting it out," Layla said, raising both arms over her head, the kimono coming open enough to show her bare-naked under it.

She said, "Would you like to pat me down?"

This was a first for Raylan: a girl with a gun in her hand exposing herself to him.

Get him horny and shoot him?

It's what she tried.

Swung the Glock down to aim eyelevel at him and Raylan raised the Sig past his hip and shot her dead center, inches below the heart, the round punching her off her feet to go down grabbing at the bedspread. Raylan circled in his cowboy boots, picking up his suit coat, put it on and took it off to stand in front of her naked. He stood looking down at her surprised expression, her eyes not yet losing focus, turning to glass. Layla said, "I can't believe you shot me."

Raylan said, "Í can't either."

From Raylan by Elmore Leonard, available from William Morrow, an imprint of HarperCollins, on January 31, 2012.



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What It Was

(continued from page 136)

"A prosecutor. Cotch-somethin."

"Cochnar?"

"That's what it was."

"Cochnar's building the case on Red." Vaughn wrapped a hand around Martina's forearm, hard as wood. "What's Bowman look like?"

"Tall, dark and cut. Like that actor, used to be an athlete."

Vaughn looked at the screen, saw Fred Williamson and said, "Him?"

"Nah, one of them Olympic dudes."

"I gotta get out of here.' "Wait a minute, Vaughn."

"We'll settle up later."

"It's not about that," said Martina, looking at him straight on. "I'm scared."

"Keep it together," said Vaughn. "I'll

work it out. You'll be fine.'

Vaughn rose abruptly and rushed up the auditorium aisle. Martina's head jerked birdlike around the house. He was trying to see if anyone had been watching or listening to their conversation. Half believing that they had not been observed, Martina slouched in his seat and got low.

Coco Watkins, Red Jones and Alfonzo Jefferson sat on comfortable furniture around a cable-spool table set up in the living room of Jefferson's bungalow in Burrville. They were drinking beer from clear longnecked bottles and passing around a fat joint of herb.

Though the three of them had been raised in different quadrants of the city, they shared similar backgrounds. Jones had grown up in one of D.C.'s infamous alley dwellings, way below the poverty line. No father in his life, ever, with hustlers in and out the spot, taking the place of one. A mother who worked domestic when she could. Half brothers and sisters he barely knew or kept track of. Twentyfive dollars a month rent, and his mother could rarely come up with it. All of them hungry, all the time. Being poor in that extreme way, Jones felt that nothing after could cut too deep. Take what you want, take no man's shit. No police can intimidate you, no sentence will enslave you, no cell can contain your mind. Five hundred push-ups a day in lockup, the same regimen on the outside. Legend was, an ambitious young dude had tried to shank him in jail and the blade had broken off in Red's chest. It wasn't a legend. Homemade shiv, but still.

Jefferson had copped an OZ of premium Lumbo with his cut of the money they'd taken off Sylvester Ward. "Walk From Regio's," an instrumental from the Shaft soundtrack, was coming from the stereo, and Jefferson was moving his head to its bass, key and woodwind vamp.

"This is bad right here," said Jefferson, his woven hat cocked on his head, his eyes close to bleeding. "You know Isaac's in town tonight."

"We got plans," said Coco, eyeing Jeffer-176 son with annoyance. Jefferson, small and spidery, looked like a man-child. His voice was husky, and he was quick.

"I know," said Jefferson, and he smiled with sympathy at Jones. "Donny and Roberta. Sounds like a real house party. You can't dance to that shit, though. It's got no backbeat."

Jones hit the joint, hit it again and handed it to Jefferson. When Jones spoke, smoke came with his words. "What'd your woman say, exactly?

"Monique? Said Vaughn came by, lookin for my Buick. Registration and title's got her name on it.'

"Ward snitched us out to the law. I can't believe it."

"Ain't no honor out here anymore." Jefferson inspected the burning herb wrapped loosely in Top papers and drew on it deep.

"Where your deuce at now?" said

"Parked in my yard, out back. Can't nobody see it from the street."

"If they walked into the alley they could.

Jefferson put his hand on the worn .38 that lay on the cable-spool table. OFFICIAL POLICE was stamped on its barrel, and he liked that. He touched its grip, wrapped in black electrical tape. "If someone walks into that alley and they look at my shit? It's on. At that point, don't nothin matter anyway.'

"How close you think Hound Dog is?" Jefferson shrugged. "Man said our names

"Dude stays on it," said Jones with admiration. He was not concerned. In fact, his blood ticked pleasantly. "I wouldn't go out, I was you."

"You about to go out."

"I gotta take care of Long Nose." "And we got a date," said Coco.

"You know where Roland at?" said Jefferson.

"Soul House," said Jones. "According to

"If he's out the hospital, that's where he'll

"So you gonna stay in," said Jones pointedly. "Right?"

'Monique comin over here," said Jefferson with an idiotic grin. "Conjugal visit."

"What if she gets followed?" "I ain't stupid," said Jefferson, smiling

stupidly, his eyes gone. "Neither is 'Nique. She's not goin any goddamn where unless it's clear.

They smoked the joint down to a roach and finished their beers. Jones got up quickly from his chair. His new Rolex had slid up his forearm, and he shook it to rest on his wrist.

"Let's go, girl," he said, standing tall. He was dressed for the night in rust-colored bells, three-inch stacks and a print rayon shirt opened to show the top of his laddered stomach. Coco, similarly fly and regal, came and stood beside him.

"You gonna take my short?" said

Jefferson.
"That Buick's on fire," said Jones. "We'll be good in Coco's ride.'

Jefferson liked that jam "No Name Bar," the one with all the horns, on another side of Isaac's double-record set. As Jones and Coco left the house, he found the slab of wax he was looking for and put it on.

Roland Williams sat on a stool at the stainless steel bar of Soul House, his regular place on 14th. There were few patrons here, but this was not unusual. It was a dark, bare-wall space that served more men than women and hardly ever did so in great numbers. It was not frequented by the hip crowd but rather by city dwellers who liked their alcohol and conversation drama free. The jukebox played cuts by the likes of Big Maybelle, Carl "Soul Dog" Marshall, Johnny Adams and other artists whose sound had that below-the-Mason-Dixon-Line vibe.

Soul House was not to be confused with the House of Soul carryout on the 2500 block of the same street, but often it was, so many simply called this spot the House. Williams thought of it as his night residence. Right now, a beautiful, bitter Ollie & the Nightingales song, "Just a Little Overcome," was playing, and Tommy Tate's vocals were powering through the room.

Williams was drinking Johnnie Walker Red, rocks. At the moment he was alone.

He was feeling poorly, but he was not low. In the hospital he had been given methadone, and he left with a prescription, but methadone was not heroin or even morphine, which is to say that it did not give him the same kind of rush. It would have to do until he could put some coin together and cop, go back to his life as he had known it, and his habit. Course, he didn't think of his drug use as an addiction, as he had always had it under control. Far as his vocation went, he had lied to detective Hound Dog about putting his old self behind him, but that's what you did when you talked to the police, you lied and denied. He had a good business going; he wasn't going to drop it and move on. Move on to what? Williams was of the older school of heroin dealer who worked peacefully out of his house. He copped ounces, called jumbos, at 116th and Eighth, up in Harlem. He bought from minor leaguers, black dudes who had scored from Italian button men who were low on the food chain themselves and connected to the Family. The run to Little Baltimore was Williams's pleasure; he liked to go "up top" to the big city, do his thing, eat in one of those nice checkerboard-tablecloth restaurants they had, take his time, drive home slow.

What he wanted behind him was the violence and the hurt. He shouldn't have lipped off to Red Jones. He knew that mistake was on him, and the bullet that had passed through him was a hot warning that could have been fatal, a lesson he'd needed to learn. Wasn't his fault that the white man from up north had put the hurting on him in his hospital bed, but that awful pain was a memory now too. The Italians would go back to New Jersey or wherever they were from, and Red, well, he would soon be in lockup or shot dead in the street, because that was how it always ended for men like him, wasn't any third choice. And he, Roland Williams,

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could reestablish his business and rediscover his peace.

"Another one," said Williams to the bartender, a man named Gerard who had wide shoulders and a mustache so thin it was barely holding on to his face.

"On me," said Gerard, pulling the redlabeled bottle off the middle of the shelf and free-pouring into a fresh glass he'd filled with ice.

Williams was now known as the man who'd been shot by Jones and lived to walk back into the spot. "Long Nose caught some lead from Red Fury," he'd heard one dude say with admiration, and for once Williams didn't mind the sound of his nickname. That kind of notoriety was worth a drink on the house. He sure wasn't going to turn it down.

Gerard served it and took the empty off the bar. A woman named Othella walked behind Williams and brushed his back with her hand as she passed. She wore tight slacks the color of vanilla ice cream and an electricblue blouse.

"Hey, Roland," she said in a singsong way. "Where you off to, girl?"

Othella stopped and pointed a rednailed finger at the heavy man seated on a stool by the front door. "Gotta tell Antoine somethin."

"Is Antoine your George?"

"No!"

"Then come on back and sit when you're done."

"In a minute," she said.

Roland Williams, relaxed in his surroundings and happy to be home, had a taste of

scotch. He closed his eyes and let the liquor make love to his head.

Clarence Bowman parked his Cougar at 13th and Otis Street Northeast, near Fort Bunker Hill Park. Gathering his guns, he slipped the .38 in the side pocket of his black sport jacket and wedged the .22 under the rear waistband of his slacks. He then walked south, toward Newton.

The neighborhood of Brookland held a mixture of blacks and whites, workingand middle-class, employed at the nearby Catholic University, at the post office, in the service industry or in civil service positions downtown. Bowman, a black man in clean, understated clothing, did not stand out.

On Newton he approached the Cochnar residence, a Dutch Colonial with wood siding set on a rise. Rick Cochnar's green Maverick was parked out front. The young prosecutor was home.

Bowman looked around. Dusk had come and gone, and night had fallen on the street.

It would have been better to have caught Cochnar arriving. Bowman could have walked right up to the Ford and ended the man before he got out the driver's seat. But coming up on him like that was a hard thing to time, and it wasn't safe or smart to hang out on a residential block for too long, even if Bowman did blend in.

He'd have to do it a different way. Go up to the house, get in and get it done quick. Better yet, coax the man outside. Most likely, Cochnar's wife was in that house too. That was a problem for Bowman. He wasn't one of those robot killers, what they called ice men. He took out the target, not the loved ones. He'd never finished a woman or a kid. He went to church on Sundays, sometimes. There was work he wouldn't do.

Bowman went up the concrete steps that led to the Cochnar residence. Now he was on the high ground and could see inside the house. Its well-lit interior and his location gave him a prime view. On the first floor, a blonde lady with a good figure was walking around a room that had a set of furniture and shelves holding books. The window he was looking through was a sash and it was wide open; he could hear a television set playing in there, too. Bowman recognized the music, the theme from that squares' program played in repeats on Channel 5. *The Lawrence Welch Show*, something like that.

Standing there, Bowman wondered, why would a young lady like her be watching that bullshit? And if she was watching, why was the volume up so loud? Maybe the bitch was deaf. But if she was deaf, why have the sound on at all?

The tip of a gun barrel pressed behind his ear.

"Hey, shitbird," said a voice. "I'm a police officer. You do anything else besides raise your hands, I'll squeeze one off in your head. I won't even think about it. And I'll sleep good tonight."

Bowman raised his hands.

"Anne!" The man holding the gun on him shouted toward the house and soon a bright light illuminated the porch. The woman Bowman had seen in the living room came outside, followed by a male cop in uniform. A badge was clipped to the woman's trousers, and there was a revolver in her hand. Her police sidearm was pointed at his midsection as she descended the porch steps.

"We got him," said Officer Anne Honn. She and the uniform covered Bowman with their weapons.

"Keep your hands up," said Vaughn, holstering his .38. "Don't twitch." Vaughn found Bowman's guns and inspected them in the light. "Shaved numbers. The DA's gonna like that."

"Lawyer," said Bowman.

"You're gonna need one, Hoss," said Vaughn. "Put your hands behind your back."

Bowman thought on who had set him up as he felt the bracelets lock onto his wrists. Couldn't be that punch Gina Marie, 'cause she wouldn't sign her own death certificate like that. It had to be that man-ho, called hisself Martina, who had been sitting beside Gina in the diner. Bowman needed to get a message to Red.

"Let's go," said Vaughn. With the uniformed officer beside him, Vaughn grabbed Bowman roughly by the arm and led him to a squad car that was parked around the corner in the alley. Officer Honn placed Bowman's guns in an evidence bag and went back into the house to talk to Cochnar and his wife, safely stashed in their second-story bedroom.

"You must be Vaughn," said Bowman, getting a look at the big dog-toothed white man for the first time.

"Detective Vaughn." He studied Bowman's face. "Damn, you do look like that



"See what I mean about Western influence!"

actor, used to be a big-time athlete.... Woody Strode, right?"

It's Rafer Johnson, thought Bowman. But he didn't bother to correct the man. He wouldn't know the difference anyhow.

•

Coco Watkins pulled the Fury over to the curb in front of the Soul House on 14th.

Red Jones said, "Leave it run." He pulled his guns from under the seat and chambered rounds into both of them. Pushed his hips forward as he fitted the Colts in the dip of his bells.

Coco threw the shifter into park. The 440 rumbled and sputtered through dual pipes. Coco looked to the sidewalk, where a man with a gray beard sat on a folding chair. In his hand was a bottle wrapped in a brown paper bag.

"There goes witness one," said Coco. "You bout to kill him, too?"

"Old-time don't bother me."

"Be better if we waited for Williams to go somewhere alone."

"Better for who?"

"You. Your future."

"I'm already wanted for murder."

"Im not."

"You know how the lawyers do. They only gonna charge me for one. The one they got the best chance of taking to conviction."

"So you gonna give 'em a choice."

"What, you scared?"

"Concerned for you don't make me scared."

Jones looked over at his woman, her hair touching the headliner of the Plymouth, her red lipstick, her violet eye shadow, the nice outfit she had on. Coco always looked good when she stepped out the door. She was a stallion.

"I'm goin in there," said Jones. "You can leave me here if you want to. I'll understand. And I'll be all right."

"You think I'd leave you?" Her eyes had grown heavy. She brushed tears away with her thumbs, carefully, so as not to disturb her makeup.

Jones could see that he'd cut her. He leaned across the seats and kissed her on the mouth. "You're my bottom, girl."

Jones got out of the Plymouth and closed its passenger door behind him. He adjusted the grips of the .45s so that they pointed inward; now he could draw the way he had so many times before in the mirror. Brazenly, he tucked the tails of his rayon shirt behind the grips so all could now see his intent.

The man sitting on the folding chair was bold behind his drink and did not take his eyes off Jones as the tall man took long strides over the sidewalk. Jones pushed on the front door of Soul House and stepped inside.

The doorman, a fat man named Antoine, took in Jones, strapped with double automatics, standing in the entrance area, surveying the space. Antoine had crossed paths with Jones once before.

"You can't bring that iron in here," said Antoine weakly and then thought better of his tone. "Sayin you shouldn't."

Jones didn't reply. Instead, he scanned

the low-lit room. He focused on the back of a man seated at the bar. The man turned his head to talk to the girl beside him, revealing his fucked-up beak.

The jukebox was playing an old song, a soul thing by some blue-gum singer from out the South. Jones did not hear it. The song in his head was new, like one of those soundtrack songs they played in the movies he'd seen at the Republic, the Langston, the Senator and the Booker T. The song in his head had one of those scratchy guitar riffs, wacka-wacka-wack, and a female vocal, the girl speaking, not singing, almost with a breathy kind of whisper. And now Red Jones was in the movie, crossing the barroom floor, people murmuring, moving out his way. Nearing Williams, he stopped and stood behind him. Jones could hear music and the lyrics, which went, "Red Fury, he's the man/Try and stop him if you can," and Jones cross-drew his guns. He said, "Long Nose," and as Roland Williams swiveled his bar stool around, a look of sad resignation came upon his face, and Jones fired both of his .45s. The Colts jumped in his hands and the girl beside Williams screamed as gunshots thundered in the room and the blood of Williams speckled her. Williams, leaded multiple times, toppled off his stool and fell, dead as JFK, to the floor.

Jones's ears were ringing some. A few patrons had backed off into the shadows and some were outright cowering, their arms wrapped around themselves, their chins tucked into their chests. Othella, the girl next to Williams, was frozen where she sat, her vanilla-colored slacks darkened at the crotch with urine. Gerard the bartender had raised his hands without being asked to, and they were shaking. Jones, guns still in hand, turned around and walked away. Antoine the doorman was no longer at his post, and Gerard watched Jones through the gun smoke as he pushed on the door

and left the bar.

Out on 14th Street, Jones got into the passenger seat of the Fury.

"Everything all right?" said Coco.

"Straight," said Jones. His eyes were bright as he looked at his woman. "I wrote a song about me while I was in there. Call it my 'Ballad of Red.'"

"For real."

"Need to work on it some. But, yeah."

Coco pulled off the curb and drove north. The juicer sitting outside Soul House watched the red Plymouth cruise away. The big-haired lady behind the wheel had left no rubber on the road. Didn't seem to him like she was in any kind of hurry at all.

That night, for days to come and into the years, the man in the folding chair and the patrons and employees of the bar would talk about the event that had just gone down. The details would change, the roles of the witnesses would get inflated and the story would grow to legend fueled by drama, exaggeration and outright fabrication.

Red Jones had earned his myth.

From What It Was by George Pelecanos, available in January from Reagan Arthur Books, an imprint of Hachette Book Group.





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COSMOS

(continued from page 156)

bodies at the edge of the solar system that were even bigger than Pluto. In 2006 the International Astronomical Union decided to classify it as a dwarf planet.

"By the way," Tyson said, scanning the crowd, "who's the kid who said Pluto is a planet? What's your name?'

The boy answered, "Sebastian."

"Sebastian, a question for you. You know Pluto is small, right?"

"Do you know how small it is?"

"No, you don't know how small it is!" Tyson roared. When he works a crowd, he doesn't maintain a cool composure like his hero Carl Sagan. He has a touch of Chris Rock. "So how can you say Pluto must be a planet? For example, if the planet Saturn were a car, how big a car would Pluto be sitting next to it? Do you have any idea? If Saturn the car were like Saturn the planet, how little would you have to make a car to be the size of Pluto? Would it be like a Mini Cooper? Or what's that, the Smart Car, that little stubby car that's got no butt?" Tyson sidled around onstage, the crowd laughing at his imitation of a car without a butt. "That little thing? You've seen those. Great for parking. You think it's that small maybe?"

Tyson stood tall again. "I'll tell you how small!" he shouted. "To make Pluto the size of a car relative to Saturn the car, it would have to be the size of a Matchbox car sitting on the curb." He squeezed his fingers. "Like that. There are seven moons in the solar system bigger than Pluto, including Earth's moon. And practically everybody I know saying 'Pluto must be a planet' did not know that. Did you also know that Pluto is mostly ice by volume? If you slid it into where Earth is right now, heat from the sun would evaporate that ice and it would grow a tail. That's no kind of behavior for a planet, I wouldn't think. There's a word for things with tails. What do we call them?"

The crowd answered, "Comets!"

"Comets, thank you. No, I think Pluto is happier now as the king of the comets instead of being a pip-squeak planet."

Tyson glared again at Sebastian. "So you agree with me? You admit it?"

Sebastian, arms folded, gave a nod.

"We have a convert right there," Tyson declared.

It's not easy being Earth's ambassador to the heavens. No scientist has worked as hard as Tyson to bridge the gap between the stars and pop culture. On a night I met Tyson in his room at the Hotel Ambassador in Tulsa, Oklahoma, he was in the middle of a frantic week. He was in town to give a talk at a sold-out 2,300-seat auditorium, guiding his audience through the universe for an hour and a half. Two days earlier he had been in Los Angeles to film a cameo on The Big Bang Theory, the remarkably successful sitcom revolving around the lives of 180 two socially awkward physicists.

For Tyson, a show like *The Big Bang Theory* is worth a trip across the country. With an audience of 14 million a week, each episode can deliver a large injection of geek culture into pop culture. "I had Mr. Wizard and Carl Sagan growing up," says Bill Prady, the show's co-creator and executive producer. "There were science celebrities. And I think that's something there should be more of. Someone like Neil comes on television, he's friendly, he's funny, he's a good teacher. More people like him would represent a positive shift in the culture."

Carl Sagan appeared on The Tonight Show Starring Johnny Carson. Tyson went a step further. In 2009 he sat in the host's chair, with a radio show called StarTalk. When I ask Tyson if it airs on National Public Radio, he answers with an emphatic no.

'It's the anti-NPR," he says. Tyson has had Stephen Colbert on StarTalk, confessing his own geekhood, and he's talked about astrobiology with Joan Rivers. "I said, Joan, what happens if the aliens come? What do you do?'" Tyson recalls. "She said, 'I don't care as long as they're single and Jewish.'

He's also embarked on a remake of Cosmos, working with Ann Druyan, Carl Sagan's widow and co-writer of the original series, which aired on PBS in 1980. Druyan asked Tyson if he would host the new show, and then Seth MacFarlane, creator of Family Guy (and a massive science buff), offered to bring them together with executives at Fox. Tyson decided it was a good place for the show. If he can reach a huge audience of people who aren't already science fanatics, he says, "it would have the greatest chance of influencing the science literacy of the nation."

One of the few times I was able to sit down with Tyson in New York was on a day when Barack Obama was visiting the American Museum of Natural History. Rather than deal with the hassle of security, Tyson decamped to Smith & Wollensky, a Midtown steakhouse, to participate in a wine auction. The second floor of the restaurant was crowded with tables of bidders. A flat-screen television hung behind the auctioneer, displaying lot numbers and bids. Tyson had a table to himself in the middle of the room, where he was answering e-mails on his laptop.

We talked over a rib eye about the future. From time to time, Tyson took a break to wave his paddle or shake a waiter's hand. For the past few years managing the future of astronomy has been a part-time job for Tyson, as he served on the Committee for a Decadal Survey for Astronomy and Astrophysics 2010. The committee, assembled by the National Academy of Sciences from American astronomy's top ranks, had as its mission the ranking of a vast number of proposals for future projects.

Astrophysics is entering a precarious phase in the United States. As scientists probe deeper into the universe, they need increasingly sophisticated tools to make more progress. And those tools are becoming hugely expensive.

Let me give you an example," Tyson says. "The entire Rose Center cost \$230 million. That was years of fund-raising and three years of demolition and construction. If the shuttle can't land in Florida because of a thunderstorm and has to land at Vandenberg Air Force Base, that's \$250 million."

At the moment, the missions Tyson and his colleagues have endorsed are stuck in line behind the James Webb Space Telescope, which is slated to lift off in 2018. The JWST will be delivered into space essentially as a rolled-up ball; once it emerges from its rocket, it will unfurl a 6.5-meter mirror, one more than twice as big as the Hubble Space Telescope's. It's a magnificent concept, but it's turning into a budgetary nightmare. Its projected cost has leaped from \$5 billion to more than \$8 billion. *Nature* called it "the telescope that ate astronomy." Last summer, as Congress tried to find ways to cut its budget, the IWST ended up on a list of projects under consideration for elimination.

Shortly after Congress raised this possibility, Tyson appeared on Real Time With Bill Maher. He pointed out that the 2008 TARP bank bailout had already sucked up more money than NASA had in its entire 50-year existence. "You are removing the only thing that gives people something to dream about tomorrow," he warned.

The audience broke out in applause.

Tyson believes that the scientific community has to do its part to keep costs down, but he worries that politicians may not recognize that there is value to exploring the universe. The first exposure many people have to astronomy is in a planetarium or on a NASA website. By learning about black holes or dark energy, people become acquainted with science itself. Some of them go on to become scientists, and others become scientifically literate citizens. And that's how to keep a country thriving.

"There's no greater engine of economic growth than innovations in those fields," Tyson said.

A truly galling sign of the times came in 2009, when Russia announced a space mission to the asteroid Apophis, which has a very small but genuine chance of hitting Earth in 2036. Recently Russia invited the United States to be a partner on the mission.

"Excuse me?" Tyson asks, setting down his fork. "Roll that tape back. Aren't we the ones who propose missions and then bring other partners in with us? Aren't we the leaders in this?"

For Tyson, the tale of Apophis speaks of a broader decline-in America's science education and its skills in science and engineering. "Katrina didn't destroy New Orleans—the levees did," he says. "What, we can't hold back water? This is the 21st century. What is our problem?"

I ask Tyson if he thinks something could stop America's slide.

"Space exploration," he says without missing a beat.

When the United States was sending men to the moon, science thrived. "You had to beat people back at the door who wanted to major in science and physics and become science teachers," says Tyson. "You had people making the space program the measure of what is possible."

But Tyson does not simply want to turn

back the clock. As he explains in his forthcoming book, Space Chronicles, the Cold War that made the Kennedy-era space program possible is long over. Tyson has been pondering a plan to take its place. "You multiply NASA's budget by a factor of two or three and you give it a grand vision," he says. "You say, 'We're going back to the moon. We're going to Mars. Oh, by the way, we're going to be on Mars on this date, and right now we are looking at the elementary school children of the nation to see who has the right stuff, because by the time we're ready to go to Mars, they will be the right age to be astronauts.' You attract an entire generation of people into these epic projects. And to solve those problems that have never been solved before, they have to invent things. They have to have new ideas. New branches of

mathematics get discovered. This feeds into society, into our culture. It's a difficult sell, but I think it's our only hope."

The star party in North Salem, New York is winding down. People are milling around the telescopes to see the moons of Jupiter or the Andromeda galaxy. The younger set and their parents have hiked away in the dark to find their cars. Tyson's own son is fading fast and has clamped onto his father's leg like a barnacle.

"Any other questions?" Tyson asks. "Oh, there was a question about dark matter, right?"

A boy named Henry pipes up. "Yes, thank you! Thank you, I've been waiting.

"Okay, what do you know about dark matter?" Tyson asks.

Henry muses in a

high voice, "Just, like, there's 70 percent or so-maybe even more-of the universe that's missing, and we think that's made of dark matter.

"Okay, so why are you asking me what dark matter is?" Tyson asks. The hardness is back in his voice—a joke varnishing a challenge.

"Because, like, that's all I know," Henry admits. "I don't really get what it is."

"Oh, so you think there's more known about dark matter than what you just told me?"

"Yeah. Sure," Henry says. He doesn't sound sure.

"We don't know any more than what you just said," Tyson says.

"Wow, Henry," Henry's mother says. "That's neat." Henry doesn't pay her much mind.

"Okay," Tyson explains, "everything we've ever seen in the universe has gravity—Earth,

the moon. And you can tell how much gravity something has by how fast something moves around it. For example, I can use an equation that was given to us by Isaac Newton. Remember those satellites we talked about? I said they're going 17,500 miles an hour and they're in orbit. Earth has to have a particular amount of gravity if you see that happening. Okay?"

"All right," Henry says.

"All right. So now let's look around the galaxy. There are 100 billion stars. There are gas clouds, there are black holes, there are....

"Dwarfs," says Henry.

"Dwarf stars, there are planets, there are comets. Add it all up. We've done this. Add it all up and say that should give me this much gravity. But when you look at how

"It's called the dark-matter problem. It's been with us since 1936, and it's one of the longest-standing unsolved problems in astrophysics."

"So that's going to be your goal," Henry's mother says. "Grow up and solve that." 'That's a little too big," Henry says.

"Wait, that's only the beginning," Tyson says, waving his finger close to Henry's nose. "What year were you born?"

"In 1999," Henry says.

"In 1998, a year before you were born, it was announced that the expanding universe is not only expanding, it is accelerating in its expansion. Meaning....

"It's getting faster?" Henry asks.

"Faster and faster and faster," Tyson says. "We expected that the universe's expansion would be slowing down because all the

gravity is trying to pull everybody back in. But we found the opposite is true. So we learned that there is a mysterious pressure in the vacuum of space that is pressing the universe to expand against the wishes of gravity. We call that dark energy. We don't know what's causing it. We can describe it, we can say what it's doing, but we don't know what it is. When you add up the missing gravity or the missing cause of the gravity to this mysterious dark energy, it is 96 percent of the universe."

"That's a lot," Henry says.

"Everything we know and loveelectrons, protons, neutrons, light, black holes, planets, stars-everything we know and understand occupies four percent of the universe. Dark matter and dark energy are everything

else. So we're just dumb-stupid-about what's driving this cosmos. And we've got top people working on it. Top people. This problem has been around a long time, so a whole lot of top people have failed. We're waiting for another generation of top people to come along and help us out."

When Tyson says "another generation," he might as well be saying "Henry."

'Yeah!" someone calls out. It's not Henry.

"Okay?" Tyson asks.

The night is now deeply dark. It's good for seeing the Milky Way. It's good for training telescopes on planetary nebulae. It's good for contemplating the 96 percent of the universe left to figure out. But it's too dark now to see what Henry is thinking.



fast things are moving, you get six times as much gravity as the stuff that we know about is generating. It was originally called the missing-matter problem. Where is the matter that's making this gravity that we see? Because everything we do count up doesn't get us where we need. We now call this the dark-matter problem.

"But really, we have no idea what's causing it. We so don't know what's causing it that we shouldn't even call it dark matter because that implies we have some understanding that it's matter. We don't know what it is. I could call it Fred. Eighty-five percent of all the gravity in the universe comes from something about which we know nothing."

"That's a problem," Henry declares. "That's a problem," Tyson calls back.

Steve Jobs

(continued from page 86) out with Yoko and the other guests, and Sean left for a while to do an interview with Yoko. When he returned he found Jobs, and for the rest of the evening the two were glued to the computer.

I had conducted the Playboy Interview with John and Yoko in late July and early August 1980. I met Jobs under the same circumstances, interviewing him for PLAYBOY; the interview, conducted in late summer and early spring 1984, ran in the February 1985 issue. Jobs was 29. It's difficult for most people to remember (if they were born then) that pre-iPhone, iPad, iPod, iMac era, when the most popular personal computer consisted of a suitcase-size base, a heavy monochrome monitor and a keyboard made by what was then one of the world's most formidable companies, IBM. It ran on an operating system called MS-DOS-MS stood for Microsoft-which had 256 kilobytes of random-access memory. Programs and files were stored on five-and-a-quarterinch floppy disks that looked like square 45s in cardboard sleeves. To work on a filea spreadsheet, say-one had to open it by holding down the CTR key while pressing o and then typing in the file name.

At the time, there were no cell phones. People listened to music on Sony Walkmans, which played cassette tapes. They read newspapers—on paper. If you mentioned Apple, most people would assume you were referring to the Beatles' record label—or something you ate.

Jobs was already a superstar, an idol; there has never been a businessman with as zealous a following. For many people he has become an integral, indispensable and even defining part of life. In an almost scary way he exists like a Horcrux in the heads of people who experience the world and carry on relationships through devices that are a reflection of his intellect and taste. It's unprecedented that so many people throughout the world were as emotional about the retirement of a CEO as they were when, in August 2011, Jobs announced he was stepping down from Apple. It's also unprecedented that so many people were so devastated by the death of a man who was, after all, an entrepreneur and a businessman. It was well known that Jobs had been ill—he had pancreatic cancer and in 2009 had a liver transplant—but his death was still a shock. At Apple stores around the country his fans made shrines of flowers, letters and apples.

The original personal computers from the 1970s were mostly for geeks in high school computer clubs before Jobs and his partner, Steve Wozniak, founded Apple in 1976. Their first product, the Apple I, was a hobbyist's toy. The following year, Apple released the Apple II, which was used in schools and, to a lesser extent, homes, where parents did accounting, word processing and recipe storing, and kids did their homework and played computer games. Apple was the uncontested leader in the modest personal computer market in 1981, when IBM, at the time the preeminent manufacturer of mainframe

computers, released its PC. The Apple II never cracked the business market, which was where the big money was. To most of corporate America, Apple's computers were for kids, not Fortune 500 companies. IBM was a trusted brand, and it trounced Apple. By 1984 Apple's market share was falling.

Jobs attempted to fight back with new, more powerful models, including the Apple III and Lisa, but they were failures. In the early 1980s industry observers speculated that another Apple failure could sink the company, and there were even rumors that an IBM takeover of Apple was imminent. (Typical of Apple bravado, when I met Randy Wigginton, at the time a 22-year-old software designer, he squelched the rumor. "IBM already said they weren't for sale," he cracked.) During our interview Jobs admitted he was betting the store on the Macintosh. "Yeah, we felt the weight of the world on our shoulders," he said. "We knew that we had to pull the rabbit out of the hat with Macintosh or else we'd never realize the dreams we had for either the products or the company."

The interview scheduled, I arrived at Apple headquarters in Cupertino, California and was escorted to a conference room called Picasso. A meeting with four of his chief software designers was under way. Jobs was reputed to be an unconventional CEO, and he was. During the course of our interview, he would talk about influences that included everything from the book Be Here Now by Baba Ram Dass, to John and Yoko, to lengthy conversations he'd had with his business heroes Edwin Land, founder of Polaroid, and Akio Morita, co-founder of Sony. Indeed, the Jobs I witnessed in action was unlike other corporate executives I'd met. I noted it was the first time I'd arrived at an interview with a corporate CEO and felt overdressed. Jobs was in a flannel shirt, jeans and sneakers, whereas I was dressed more like another of Jobs's visitors that day, then former (and now current) California governor Jerry Brown, who wore a black suit.

Though the Mac had been extravagantly announced and 40,000 were selling a month, it wasn't bug-free, and Jobs wasn't pleased. The Apple engineers in the room, all on the Mac team, appeared exhausted. Later I learned that except for quick naps on the floor under their desks, they hadn't slept in weeks because they were furiously working to fix the software glitches. Undeterred by the presence of a journalist, Jobs laid into them, and they looked miserable. One held back tears. After berating them, however, Jobs turned his diatribe into a passionate pep talk. "We're almost at the finish line," he said. "Remember, we aren't just building a product. We're making history. We're changing the world. Someday you'll tell your children you were part of this."

This wasn't the last time Jobs would claim he was not merely making software and hardware but fomenting revolution. He would go on to say as much at the announcement of almost every new Apple computer or other product. Over the decades since I interviewed him, I've profiled founders, CEOs and presidents of dozens of high-tech companies in California's Silicon Valley and in Tokyo, Kyoto, Moscow, London, Beijing, Shanghai and other cities. Almost every one of them described his or her company and product as revolutionary ("Our company will change life as we know it"), even when they were doing little more than providing new ways to buy books, do payroll or flirt. But it was Jobs who set the bar. When I interviewed Oracle founder Larry Ellison, he told me, "People ask how much difference one person can make. Steve Jobs is the answer." Edward Tian, one of the fathers of the Chinese internet, told me that as a young boy in Beijing he became inspired by Jobs's idea that computers are not just computing machines but tools with the inherent ability to change lives. "Steve Jobs gave the computer industry a much greater goal: to make a better world," Tian said. "The idea began to consume me." Few would dispute that the computer is transforming China, once again changing the world.

I sat across from Jobs, turned on my twin tape recorders and opened a reporter's note-book filled with dozens of pages of questions and notes, but he stopped me. He wanted to know if I wrote on a computer or was stuck in the "Neanderthal" world of typewriters.

I explained that a few years earlier I had an Apple II computer on which I'd written articles (including the John and Yoko interview), printing the final drafts on a dot matrix printer that spat out paper like a ticker tape machine. However, in 1981 I bought a first-generation IBM PC. When Jobs heard that I'd abandoned the Apple II for a PC and that it had served me well, he looked at me as if I had betrayed American secrets to the Nazis in World War II. Then he smiled. "Okay. Here's a challenge. Try a Mac. Write your article on it and compare it to the PC. We'll see what you think." It was an intriguing idea to test-drive a computer as I interviewed its creator, so I agreed. The next day a loaner showed up at my home.

The interview continued off and on over two months. There were sessions at Apple headquarters, where the central gathering area in the Mac building had video games, a Ping-Pong table and a stereo with sixfoot speakers blaring the Rolling Stones. We met in conference rooms—besides Picasso, there was Da Vinci. Jobs occasionally grabbed fresh carrot or vegetable juice from a refrigerator in a snack room. (I learned that the juice budget for the Mac group was \$100,000 a year.)

I'd been warned that Jobs liked to walk while he talked but hadn't considered that I should have gone into training to keep pace. He dashed around Apple like a power walker obsessed, making brief pit stops to talk to programmers, hardware engineers, department managers, marketers, product designers and customers meeting his sales teams. We walked during subsequent interview sessions in San Francisco, along the waterfront and through North Beach; on the Stanford campus; in the hills above Woodside, California; through redwoods in Jack London State Park in Sonoma County and along steep trails in the mountains near Aspen, Colorado. Unsurprisingly, Jobs was exceptionally bright about most subjects, but



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in Aspen he stopped a passerby to ask, "What are all these trees with the white bark?"

For our meetings Jobs often showed up in a Porsche but otherwise had few of the accoutrements normally associated with wealth (though at the time he was already worth more than a quarter of a billion dollars). When we weren't walking we often talked over meals, usually sushi or some macrobiotic combination of lettuce, beans and rice. (A couple of years later, for a period of two weeks, he went on a grapejuice fast. The juice was hand-pressed by my brother, who for a while worked as chef and caretaker at a home Jobs had bought in Woodside.)

Over half a dozen weeks, Jobs fielded hundreds of questions, including ones about his background (for the first time he talked about being adopted but said he didn't want to reveal details about his search for his biological parents because he didn't want to hurt the feelings of the couple who had raised him); his wealth (he laughed about losing \$200 million in one day); the founding with Steve Wozniak of Apple (in a garage that by then, as I wrote, had already taken on the aura of Abraham Lincoln's log cabin); his stint at Atari, the gaming company behind *Pong*; a trip to Tibet during which a guru had shaved Jobs's head; his education (college and LSD); his relationship with Wozniak; the Apple I, II, III and Lisa computers; his competitors (he railed against what he viewed as the devil incarnate, IBM) and the new Mac (the future of computing and a portal into a world of unimaginable possibilities). Jobs talked as excitedly about fonts and internal storage devices as he did about politics, but he became most animated when he answered questions about his inspirations and his vision of the impact of technology in the future.

The launch of the commercial internet and World Wide Web was more than a decade away, and yet at the time Jobs envisioned "a nationwide communications network" linked by computers. "We're just in the beginning stages of what will be a truly remarkable breakthrough for most people—as remarkable as the telephone," he said. I was skeptical and asked him to be more specific. "What kind of breakthrough are you talking about?" He answered, "I can only begin to speculate. You don't know exactly what's going to result, but you know it's something very big and very good." I pressed; I wanted more than "very big and very good." He thought for a while before responding, "A hundred years ago, if somebody had asked Alexander Graham Bell, 'What are you going to be able to do with a telephone?' he wouldn't have been able to tell him the ways the telephone would affect the world. He didn't know that people would use the telephone to find out what movies were playing that night or to order some groceries or to call a relative on the

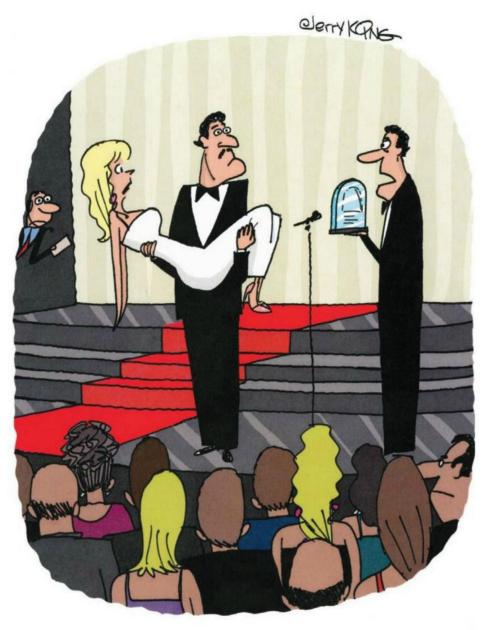
other side of the globe."

The interview continued. More walks. One late night we trudged up the famously steep streets of San Francisco's Russian Hill. We were still walking at three in the morning when I asked about his long-term vision for Apple. He answered that he thought the company could have an impact beyond its computers. "I think Apple has a chance to be the model of a Fortune 500 company in the late 1980s and early 1990s," he said. "Ten to 15 years ago, if you asked people to make a list of the five most exciting companies in America, Polaroid and Xerox would have been on everyone's list. Where are they now? They would be on no one's list today. What happened? Companies, as they grow to become multibillion-dollar entities, somehow lose their vision. They insert lots of layers of middle management between the people running the company and the people doing the work. They no longer have an inherent feel or a passion about the products. The creative people, who are the ones who care passionately, have to persuade five layers of management to do what they know is the right thing to do.

"What happens in most companies is that you don't keep great people under working environments where individual accomplishment is discouraged rather than encouraged. The great people leave, and you end up with mediocrity. I know because that's how Apple was built. Apple is an Ellis Island company. Apple is built on refugees from other companies. These are the extremely bright individual contributors who were trouble-

makers at other companies.'

After two more weeks of interviewing, I gathered tapes and transcripts and began writing on the Macintosh. At first I found the mouse awkward (rather than pointing and clicking, I was used to pressing CTR K and D to save a file), but I quickly got the hang of it. Yes, it was easier to use and, as Jobs described it, more "intuitive." In the interview he explained the thinking behind the mouse. "If I want to tell you there is a spot on your shirt, I'm not going to do it linguistically: 'There's a spot on your shirt 14 centimeters down from the collar and three centimeters to the left of your button.' If you have a spot there"—he pointed—"I'll point to it. Pointing is a metaphor we all



"Excuse me, Mr. Fontane, but this is your award. She's just a presenter."

know. We've done a lot of studies and tests on that, and it's much faster to do all kinds of functions, such as cutting and pasting, with a mouse, so it's not only easier to use but more efficient."

I'd completed about three quarters of the interview when Jobs called-he was in my neighborhood. At the time I was living in Glen Ellen, a small town in Sonoma County more than an hour's drive from San Francisco. Jobs came rolling up the dirt road in the Porsche. He said he wanted to clarify a few things. We sat on a porch swing and went through them. Mostly they were minor details, but just as Jobs obsessed over every aspect of the Macintosh, he obsessed about everything else he did, including our interview. He clarified some dates. He wanted to be sure I had the names of people who had worked on various components and software for the Mac. He said he'd thought of something he'd said and thought he could phrase it more succinctly. I explained that the interview was almost complete and it was too late to include new information, though I'd make factual corrections. He didn't care. Nor did he slow down when I told him I had to get back to work. He talked for another hour and a half. I included his comments about his hero, Polaroid founder Edwin Land, whom he called one of the "troublemakers." Jobs said, "He dropped out of Harvard and founded Polaroid. Not only was he one of the great inventors of our time, but more important, he saw the intersection of art and science and business and built an organization to reflect that. Polaroid did that for some years, but eventually Dr. Land, one of those brilliant troublemakers, was asked to leave his own company-which is one of the dumbest things I've ever heard of. So Land, at 75, went off to spend the remainder of his life doing pure science, trying to crack the code of color vision. The man is a national treasure. I don't understand why people like that can't be held up as models: This is the most incredible thing to be-not an astronaut, not a football player but this.'

I'd completed a first draft by Friday before the Monday deadline. On Saturday morning I reread the piece and began editing. I was polishing a section when without warning the words on the screen vanished. I clicked the mouse, and nothing happened. I felt sick. My article—days of work—was gone. I continued to click the mouse and type on the keyboard, but everything was frozen. I was horrified. There was no backup.

Another user would have had to call Apple tech support, but I called Jobs. After all, this experiment was his idea. On the phone he walked me through a few attempts at fixing the computer. I couldn't even get it to turn off, so he instructed me to try a high-tech fix: Unplug it and then start it up again. The computer turned on, but there was no sign of my interview, even when I followed Jobs's directions, clicking the mouse, opening hidden files, searching where he told me to search. I was panicked, but Jobs said he knew what to do, that I should stand by.

On Sunday morning Jobs's solution arrived in the person of Randy Wigginton, whom I'd briefly met at Apple; he was one of the authors of MacWrite, the

program I'd used. Wigginton, with blond hair, was wearing a Lacoste shirt and (of course) jeans. Hired at 14, he was Apple's sixth employee.

I led Wigginton to my office and the dead Mac. He worked on it for a couple of hours, during which Jobs called to check in. I asked Wigginton how it was going, and he shook his head. He continued working, and I decided to start over—from scratch—writing on the IBM. If you've ever lost something on a computer and had no backup, you understand the desolate feeling of staring at a blank screen and starting over again.

Wigginton was more haggard than when I'd last seen him at Apple, but he didn't take a break. I was beginning to write on the PC when Wigginton came in to find me. After four hours he'd found the lost and corrupted file somewhere inside some recess of the computer's memory, and he'd reconstructed it.

I went back to work.

Later Wigginton told me that he almost fell asleep at the wheel as he drove home. He made it to his couch, where he passed out from exhaustion. Minutes later Jobs called, waking him, telling him he was needed in the office. Wigginton rushed in. "Steve was out to change the world," Wigginton says, "but to be honest, a lot of us never bought into that. Like many of us at Apple, especially on the Mac team, I worked 22 hours a day for one reason—to please Steve. That's what he demanded of us, and that's what we cared about. If he criticized us, we were crushed, but we lived for his praise."

I'd flown to New York and was working in the magazine's office there when Jobs called. He happened to be in New York too; he'd bought an apartment in the two-towered 1929 San Remo building and was meeting with the architectural firm of I.M. Pei about renovating it. Pei rarely worked on personal residences, but as Wigginton had implied, people didn't say no to Jobs, who was nothing if not persuasive. John Sculley learned this too. As Jobs described in the interview, a couple of years earlier he had recruited Sculley, then president of Pepsi, to join Apple and help him run the company. Sculley was balking at the offer when Jobs famously challenged him: "Are you going to keep selling sugar water to children when you could be changing the world?" Sculley joined Apple.

I had plans the evening Jobs called me in New York. I was attending Sean Lennon's birthday party at the Dakota and phoned to ask Yoko if I could bring Jobs along. She said she'd enjoy meeting him. I called him back and invited him. He said it sounded fun.

Afterward Jobs and I left the Dakota. A few dozen people were still outside with candles. Someone plaintively strummed a guitar, and a girl sang "Across the Universe."

Jobs and I walked down 72nd Street. It was raining harder. We talked about the saddest moment at the party. Harry Nilsson had led everyone in a song for Sean, a rousing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Sean said, "If my dad were here, we'd sing, 'For they're jolly good fellows.'"





We walked in silence for a while, and then I mentioned the party again and what seemed to be an extraordinary moment: Warhol thrilled to have drawn a circle. Jobs seemed less interested in the famous artist drawing on the Mac than in Sean. He explained, "It's that older people sit down and ask, 'What is it?' but a child asks, 'What can I do with it?"

At one point during the interview, Jobs had said, "I'll always stay connected with Apple." Of course it was prescient and particularly ironic, because he would soon be fired by Sculley and the Apple board. Jobs continued, "I hope that throughout my life I'll sort of have the thread of my life and the thread of Apple weave in and out of each other, like a tapestry. There may be a few years when I'm not there, but I'll always come back." He did. Sculley left, Apple was again in trouble, and Jobs-who during his break from Apple founded NeXT, another computer company, and acquired the fledgling animation studio Pixar from George Lucas—returned. He continued, "And that's what I may try to do. The key thing to remember about me is that I'm still a student. I'm still in boot camp. If anyone is reading any of my thoughts, I'd keep that in mind. Don't take it all too seriously. If you want to live your life in a creative way, as an artist, you have to not look back too much. You have to be willing to take whatever you've done and whoever you were and throw them away. What are we anyway? Most of what we think we are is just a collection of likes and dislikes, habits, patterns. At the core of what we are is our values, and what decisions and actions we make reflect those

values. That is why it's hard doing interviews and being visible: As you are growing and changing, the more the outside world tries to reinforce an image of you that it thinks you are, the harder it is to continue to be an artist, which is why a lot of times artists have to go, 'Bye, I have to go. I'm going crazy and I'm getting out of here.' And they go and hibernate somewhere. Maybe later they reemerge a little differently."

The evening of the party, Jobs and I turned on Columbus Avenue and talked more about the long-term promise of technology. I asked Jobs what was coming down the road—way down the road, how technology would change life and if he would be at the forefront of whatever it was. "That's for the next generation," he said. "I think an interesting challenge in this area of intellectual inquiry is to grow obsolete gracefully, in the sense that things are changing so fast that certainly by the end of the 1980s we really want to turn over the reins to the next generation, whose fundamental perceptions are state-of-the-art perceptions, so that they can go on, stand on our shoulders and go much further. It's a very interesting challenge, isn't it? How to grow obsolete

I asked what he might do if he were to retire from Apple. With a few hundred million dollars, he could do anything he wanted. He took a moment to answer, and when he did, he said, "Well, my favorite things in life are books, sushi and...." He stopped. "My favorite things in life don't cost any money. It's really clear that the most precious resource we all have is time."





"I hope I'm not out of line, Ms. Driscoll, but how would you feel about a house call?"

PUBLISHER

(continued from page 133)

seemed to be saying you can aid and abet someone you don't even know.'

Lund's case went to an appeals court and finally to the Supreme Court. Just like that, his cheapie 130-page murder manual was shaking the foundations of free speech in America.

Between takes, the snipers discuss their trade. Killing humans requires a certain 'emotional maturity," Gilliland explains.

"To be able to look through the scope and see a human being and say, 'All right, here's your judgment day. You're a bad guy, I'm sorry,' and kill him, you have to have a solid emotional feeling," he says. "And you build that off of being moral: 'I am there to support and defend the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution says I have rules of engagement.' You look at some dude and you go through your rules of engagement, and you say, 'Either you're gonna go home and see your wife and kids tonight or I'm gonna go home and see mine. So guess what. Fuck you.' Reichert laughs. "Easy enough."

But Gilliland comes back to it later. "When it comes down to it, it is what it is. You're killing men. We're the hunters of humans. It's not pretty.'

Is that why Furlong's T-shirt says "without conscience"?

"Yeah," Furlong answers. "Because you don't worry about who that guy was."

The American military uses "without remorse," Gilliland explains. Basically it means you can sleep at night when you've appropriately applied lethal force. That's the difference between civilians and soldiers. It comes down to character.

Lund has been listening in from the sidelines, but now he joins the conversation. "Some guys are gonna get dead," he says. "One guy [in combat], he was so enthusiastic he thought he was George Patton. Red scarf, always standing up. Sniper got him."

Gilliland remembers a time he was taking incoming fire in a soccer stadium with concrete walls about four feet tall. Suddenly one of his guys....

The stories continue until the snipers are called to film the next scene. Watching them walk away, Lund smiles. "Forty years, and nothing has changed," he says. "Nothing at all."

Lund's father died when he was three, and his mother raised him in the farming town of Lebanon, Connecticut, where they didn't have electricity or running water until he was 10. He spent his time fighting off bullies and hunting in the woods with BBs and .22s or playing cowboys and Indians, and even though he did well enough in school to get into Kenyon College, he dropped out and headed for Miami to join the fight against Castro. "I wanted a little bit of adventure, and I thought Communists were pretty bad guys," he says.

In Miami's anti-Castro circles, he ran into another adventurer named Bob Brown, about 10 years older and already in and out of the military. Together they came up with a scheme to rescue some refugees from Cuba. The way Brown remembers the story now,

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they took "this shit-ass 14-foot powerboat with a 1/5-stroke engine" down to Key Largo to rendezvous with some Cubans who were going to bring guns and fuel. But the boat was barely floating, and at the last minute Brown persuaded Lund to jump ship. The others went on, and the motor died in the middle of the Atlantic.

Then Lund enlisted in the Army. He went to Officer Candidate School, jump school and Ranger training and, in 1966, ended up deployed to the jungles of the Mekong Delta, where he quickly learned—just an hour after he got off the helicopter, as he picked up bits of a popular sergeant who had stepped in the wrong place—that he was the kind of guy who becomes very calm in a crisis.

Lund loved the adrenaline rush of being in charge of troops at war. Soon the Army made him a recon platoon leader and then, though he was just a second lieutenant, made him a company commander. When the Army tried to rotate him off the field, he wrangled a job running a Special Forces A Camp, the elite of jungle warriors.

That's when he started to take patrols out when it wasn't his turn, a bad sign indeed. "I liked it so much," Lund says now, "I realized I was going to get dead." So he asked the Army to send him to Germany for a change of pace. If he could get just a little break, he'd be good to go.

They sent him home. When his duties were fulfilled, he was discharged. He went to Boulder to work for Brown, who had started a tiny publishing company called Paladin that specialized in technical books on war. Lund figured he'd help out for a year or two.

A few years later Lund bought Paladin, and Brown went off to start *Soldier of Fortune* magazine. They still came together over mutual interests such as the war in El Salvador, where Brown and his magazine staff were working as advisors and Lund got his last armed march through the jungle. "I was accredited as a photojournalist," Lund tells the snipers, "but I took an M-16 off a dead guerrilla."

"Can't hurt to have it," Reichert says. Ah, the good old days.

Now it's time to shoot up a car. From atop a hill a thousand yards across a green field, the car looks brand-new. But it's such a lemon, the snipers had to tow it here. The owner wants it destroyed.

"Prepare to engage engine block," Reichert jokes.

Once again, Lund's cameras are rolling. Reichert is on his knees in the grass, spotting for Gilliland and Furlong, who are in the spread-eagle-on-your-belly sniper stance. "I've never ever had a fucking Barrett work," Gilliland says of his gun.

"Really? It was working for me this morning."

"I saw ya! I thought, Well, maybe I'm not just manning up on it."

"Maybe you're limp-dicking it."

"It kept getting up and in my shoulder."
"You need to eat more."

"That thing's a piece of shit. Fuck Ronnie Barrett."

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom! goes the .50-caliber Barrett. After the shoot the snipers go down to inspect the car, with the camera crew following. The block is pierced, the engine blown, the doors have holes. But sadly, no glass is broken.

"That's what you get for giving me a shitty gun!"

Gilliland looks through the window at a long crease the .50 left when it skimmed across the car seat.

"That's a killing round," he says, his voice somber with respect.

Why a killing round?

Because the .50 cal is just so big, he says. That crease on the seat looks like nothing, just a scratch; it didn't even cut through the fabric. It looks as if it would have nicked whoever was sitting back there on the back of the thighs—nothing too serious, just a little amateur liposuction. But that would describe only the "primary wound channel," Gilliland explains. That's the size of the mass of metal—not much bigger than a pencil—that pushes through the flesh. But what you don't see is the secondary wound channel. "Something that big, moving that fast, it just explodes stuff away from it."

After the day's shooting, the snipers head into Iron River to look for a bar. They can't find a place to turn around on the main drag out of town, a long two-lane road through endless pines. So they make a U-turn in the middle of the road that's so fast and sudden they burn rubber. A cop appears out

of nowhere and pulls them over. "What the hell was that?" he asks.

Reichert explains. "Well, you see, when you slam on your brake all the weight shifts forward in the car, and if you turn just right, with the emergency brake on, then you can get momentum and spin the car around. It's called a J-turn."

The cop looks them over. "You're those sniper dudes, aren't ya?"

Hell yeah!

"Could I get a photo with you guys?"

After they talk guns for a while, the cop lets the snipers go.

And so does the cop who pulls them over the next time they violate a traffic law. Friendly town.

The insurance company forced Lund to settle the Hit Man case, which ended up costing Paladin \$500,000 and the insurance company more than \$2 million in legal fees and \$6 million for the settlement. Then Senator Dianne Feinstein attached a rider to a defense reauthorization bill making it a crime to distribute "information pertaining to the manufacture of explosive materials, if the person intends or knows that such explosive materials or information will be used for, or in furtherance of, an activity that constitutes a federal criminal offense or a criminal purpose affecting interstate commerce." The penalty was 20 years in prison and a fine of \$250,000. In her statement to Congress, Feinstein singled out Paladin's "mayhem manuals."

It drove Lund crazy, especially the part that seemed to hinge on mind reading. How could he aid and abet someone he doesn't even know? "How do I know what you intend to do? How cuckoo is that?"

But legality aside, wasn't *Hit Man* irresponsible? Didn't it encourage violence through sheer enthusiasm?

A quote from chapter four: "Using your six-inch serrated blade knife, stab deeply into the side of the victim's neck and push the knife forward in a forceful movement. This method will half decapitate the victim, cutting both his main arteries and windpipe, ensuring immediate death."

Exasperated, Lund points out that the book was originally written as a novel. He told the author that Paladin didn't publish



novels, and she did a rewrite to make it fit in the press's catalog. So the absence of a single noun on the cover cost \$8.5 million.

And they say fiction is dead.

Lund's insurance company dropped him, and no other insurance company in the world would step in, especially after he was sued a second time when another wannabe hit man attempted murder in Oregon. So out went the bomb-making books, and out went *Hit Man*. He couldn't risk another prosecution. "If the federal government wants you, they have vast, vast resources," he says. Overnight his income began to plunge.

So what was he going to do? Back off, be a good boy, obey the lawful authorities? Or spend the rest of his life flirting with the zap-your-ass electrified censorship line the government laid down for him?

The surprising truth, it turned out, was this: In the eyes of the world, Lund was a greedy opportunist who would print anything, no matter how dangerous or shocking. In fact, he was probably the most sincere publisher in America. Each new mayhem manual he published was a piece of autobiography, a chapter in a long memoir, and he was as committed to the integrity of his work as any artist. So it didn't matter that he looked all over the world and couldn't find a single company willing to insure him. He had to publish these books. So he followed Hit Man with such books as Building a Better Gunfighter, Plaster's Ultimate Sniper series and somewhat tamer criminal how-to manuals including Hookers, Tricks and Cops.

"We have resisted so many subpoenas for records," he says. "We actually had a formulaic thing with a lawyer saying, first of all, we would not consider any request without a subpoena. Then we tried to get the subpoenas quashed."

One time, after he published a maritime sniping manual, the military police came after him.

Another time he received a copy of the Secret Service manual and had barely unwrapped it before a Secret Service agent showed up at his door. "I want all the manuals you have," he said.

Today Paladin publishes some 800 titles and makes millions each year—Lund won't get any more specific than that, though he says Plaster's sniper series has grossed \$1 million all by itself. His audience is at least 20 percent cops and soldiers; the other 80 percent are hunters and hobbyists of one kind or another. But Lund estimates that his fights with the government and Feinstein's law have cut his profits by at least 10 percent.

Still, he refuses to concede a single moment of remorse. "Books don't kill people, knowledge doesn't kill people, and everyone should have access to all the knowledge they can acquire. The hit man [James Perry] had been in prison in Michigan. Why was he in prison in Michigan? He shot at a police officer. I couldn't control what this guy was going to do. And what about the father who ordered a hit on his son for money? I'd say he bears some responsibility."

But without the book, would Perry have known to shoot his victims in the eyes?

"Where did the author get that information? She's just a telephone operator in the state of Florida. She did a little research. So our culpability is, we assembled information from various sources. Now Google does that in two seconds."

Would he print the plans for a nuclear bomb?

"Well, that's all out there anyway."

Even *Hit Man* is on the internet now, he points out, posted from some anonymous server by an unknown person.

Grudgingly, Lund makes one concession: "There are certain technical things I wouldn't print, like the devices that make a plane explode as they go up in altitude. But I can't be responsible for the overall psyche of society."

It is fun to shoot, fun to make things explode, fun to hunt and stalk, fun to shoot up a car and marvel at the destruction unleashed by the twitch of a finger. And there is no denying the mystique of the warrior, which is based on the ability to deal death. On this level, Lund's secret autobiography is expressed in one of Paladin's lighter titles, The Paladin Book of Dangerously Fun Stuff for Boys Who Never Grew Up.

But there comes a time when the jokes and games fall away. The video shoot is almost wrapped when the snipers get to talking about their finest moments in battle. Reichert describes his now-famous mile-long shot. A platoon of marines was pinned down in Iraq, and insurgents were taking firing positions in a water tower. "I put a stop to that," he says. "Anybody that basically got high ground met the other end of my muzzle." When three insurgents took cover behind a cinder-block wall, Reichert aimed right at it, shattering it into a thousand pieces. On You-Tube you can see the splash of blood, which looks like an effect in an old video game.

The guys ask Gilliland about an Iraqi sniper he killed. The Iraqi had just killed a fellow American. What did Gilliland do? A decent man with four kids at home, he looked through his scope at this man who had just killed his friend and lined his reticle right on the man's face—because a face shot is the shot most likely to kill—let out half a breath, stopped thinking and let the trigger pull itself.

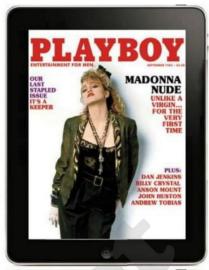
Watching from the sidelines, Lund brims with sudden emotion. "These are good guys," he says.

And there it is, a glimpse of the engine that drives his work. It is the memory of lost brotherhood, the lost brotherhood of the gun, which turns the entire back catalog of Paladin Press into a kind of love story: *Hit Man*, a song of longing and loss; *Ultimate Sniper*, a psalm of exaltation; *Homemade Guns and Homemade Ammo*, an orison to the reckless freedoms of childhood. Later, reflecting on what it all means, he sums it up:

"The most exhilarating thing in the world is to know you're out trying to kill somebody who is armed and intelligent, maybe better trained than you and trying to kill you. I never got such a rush again. Extreme sports, skydiving, none of that stuff ever gave me the same buzz."

Ultimate Sniper III: The Video was released by Paladin Press on September 1.









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A.Q. KHAN

(continued from page 66) had concluded that Khan was corrupt. A dossier prepared by the National Accountability Bureau found that Khan owned several expensive houses and had stashed \$8 million in bank accounts in Pakistan, Dubai and Switzerland. He was suspected of demanding kickbacks from suppliers, in addition to making unnecessarily large purchases and then skimming off a share of the payments. There were inklings that Khan was doing business with other countries as well. The problem could become embarrassing for Pakistan, even dangerous, but Khan was a popular figure. Musharraf chose not to confront him. Instead, he declined to renew Khan's contract as head of KRL when it expired in March 2001. On paper he was elevated to a more senior role as a presidential advisor. As far as Musharraf was concerned, the problem was solved.

The Iranian revelations alone didn't expose all Khan's activities. On December 19 another customer emerged. That evening, President George W. Bush announced that Muammar el-Qaddafi of Libya had decided to "disclose and dismantle all weapons of mass destruction programs in his country." IAEA inspectors were soon on the ground in Tripoli, where they learned that Libya, too, had received centrifuge equipment from Khan and his suppliers. Two customers had been revealed within just two months, and there could easily be more. The IAEA leadership decided to investigate Khan's entire operation.

Before long, inspectors discovered that Khan's operations had undergone a major expansion in the late 1990s, continuing even after he lost control of KRL. Previously, Khan had shipped small numbers of centrifuges to his customers via front companies in freewheeling Dubai. (The contaminated gear found in Iran had traveled this path.) He sourced additional equipment from Europe, Japan, Turkey and perhaps South Africa. But in 1997 Khan agreed to provide Libya with a complete enrichment facility, from the ground up. It would feature 10,000 brand-new centrifuges based on Pakistan's second-generation P-2 model. To make this possible, Khan needed greater room to maneuver. "He had to go overseas," says David Albright, president of the Institute for Science and International Security and the author of Peddling Peril, an in-depth examination of the Khan network. "He just couldn't make enough machines in Pakistan. Making 10,000 P-2s at KRL's workshops for the Libyans would have been noticed.'

Khan entrusted a longtime associate in Dubai with setting up a workshop to make the necessary centrifuge components. Buhary Seyed Abu Tahir, better known as Junior, was a Sri Lankan national who had been involved with Khan since the 1980s. At first he worked for his uncle S. Mohammad Farooq, ordering, receiving and reshipping centrifuge-related equipment for KRL and for Khan's foreign customers. But Farooq decided to accept a buyout from Junior and retire. By the late 1990s Junior had become one of Khan's key overseas operatives.

Khan turned to him to manage the fulfillment of the Libyan order. An effort to produce components in Dubai stalled for lack of skilled labor. After considering Turkey as a possibility, Junior selected a facility in Shah Alam, Malaysia. Conveniently, it belonged to a company partly owned by his Malaysian wife. Better yet, the majority investor was the son of Malaysia's prime minister, which would help to avoid scrutiny. After making the centrifuge parts in Malaysia, Junior's people would ship them to Dubai. From there, the shipments would proceed to Libya.

Ultimately, the IAEA was able to track down almost all of the centrifuge components and materials that originated with Junior's operation. But some records turned up that did not correspond to anything recovered in Libya, Dubai, Malaysia or locations in between—indicating other shipments. "The shipments were never found," says Olli Heinonen, who led the IAEA's investigation of the Khan network. "Were they destroyed? Dumped? Are they being kept somewhere? We don't know."

News reports about the missing shipments started appearing while the investigation was still under way. Reporters seized on the idea of a fourth customer. Other evidence seemed to confirm those suspicions. "Members of the Khan network would refer to 'the fourth customer,'" says Heinonen. "It was their code language. We still don't know who they meant." The obvious candidates were in the Middle East, long considered a breeding ground for secret nuclear programs. Based on Khan's travels, Syria, Egypt, Sudan, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait were all possibilities. Turkey sometimes made the list as well. But no solid evidence of any transactions came to light. One of the IAEA's strongest leads was in Hasakah, a town in northeastern Syria. Satellite photos showed a large building there that resembled the blueprints for Libya's planned centrifugeenrichment facility; however, it turned out to be a cotton-spinning factory. The IAEA investigation left the mystery of the fourth customer unsolved.

Yet there is an overlooked possibility, previously ignored because it seemed too absurd to consider, but it might be the most compelling answer to the fourth-customer mystery. Only three countries are known to operate centrifuge technology similar to Pakistan's. Two of them, Iran and North Korea, are already accounted for among Khan's customers. The third and last country on the list: India, Pakistan's foe.

The nations of India and Pakistan were born in 1947 in a terrible spasm of blood and fear. After Britain's withdrawal from its South Asian empire, many who found themselves on the wrong side of the new borders fled their homes and headed for the other—Hindus and Sikhs to India, Muslims to Pakistan. Untold numbers were killed. The animosity between India and Pakistan parallels that of the Arab-Israeli conflict, with an equally long record of territorial disputes, war, terrorism and faltering diplomacy. The difference is one of scale. As a result of the 1948 Arab-Israeli war,

hundreds of thousands of Arabs left Israel for Arab countries, and hundreds of thousands of Jews left Arab countries for Israel. By contrast, in the four years after British India split into two countries, 14.5 million refugees crossed sides. In all likelihood it is the largest episode of ethnic cleansing since the end of World War II.

At the time of partition, A.Q. Khan was growing up in the central Indian city of Bhopal. After graduating from high school in 1952, he chose to follow three of his older brothers to Karachi, Pakistan. He would later recall the journey as a series of petty humiliations. In the account he gave to his biographer in the late 1980s, Khan and other Muslims leaving India on the same train were subject to intimidation and thievery. Policemen seized women's jewelry, he claimed, and conductors confiscated tickets until bribes were given. Anyone who protested was beaten. "The experience I had with the Indian police and railway authorities fully explained why Quaid-e-Azam fought so relentlessly for Pakistan," Khan said, referring to Pakistan's founder, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, who was called the Great Leader.

Not long after finishing college in Karachi, Khan moved to Europe to complete his education. He married a local girl, started a family and completed a doctorate in engineering, specializing in metallurgy. Fate took a turn when he landed a position at FDO, a Dutch company that developed gas-centrifuge technology for URENCO, a European consortium that supplies fuel for nuclear power reactors. Later, Khan would cite two events that motivated his return to Pakistan. The first was the 1971 war. It ended with India's rapid conquest of East Pakistan, which afterward became Bangladesh. "I was in Belgium in 1971 when the Pakistan army surrendered in then East Pakistan and faced utmost humiliation," Khan recounted during a 2009 television interview. "Hindus and Sikhs were beating them with shoes, and their heads were being shaved in concentration camps. I saw those scenes with horror."

The second event was India's nuclear test in 1974. By this time Khan was at FDO, working with centrifuges. Determined to even the score, he wrote to Pakistan's prime minister, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, explaining uranium-enrichment technology and offering his services to his country. Impressed with Khan's enthusiasm, Bhutto sent word that they should meet. Late that year Khan brought his wife and two young daughters on a visit to Pakistan, where he met with Bhutto and learned about the nascent Pakistani nuclear program. A year later, without informing anyone at FDO in advance, he permanently relocated his family to Pakistan. One account claims he arrived with three suitcases full of papers. A co-worker at FDO also alleged that Khan had already been slipping centrifuge design information to Pakistani diplomats in the Netherlands.

In 1976 Khan persuaded Bhutto to grant him exclusive control over Pakistan's fledgling uranium-enrichment program. Relying mostly on his European connections, he set out to build a complete enrichment facility



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through a global network of suppliers and front companies. By early 1983 KRL was producing enough highly enriched uranium to make nuclear weapons, according to Khan. His major achievement in life was now behind him. Almost immediately afterward, Khan started marketing his nuclear expertise abroad.

Khan's first known overture to another country took place in a meeting with Libyan officials in January 1984. The Libyans later described how Khan had explained the technologies involved in developing nuclear weapons and offered to sell them. The Libyans declined, concluding the technology was too challenging. But in 1989 they went back to Khan, striking a deal in 1991. Stringent UN sanctions imposed in 1992, however, made it too hard for Libya to receive the delivery. Not until the big 1997 contract—the event that drove Khan to set up component production under Junior Tahir's leadership in Malaysia—did the Libyan business get moving again.

Khan's next known prospect was Iran. The initial contact appears to have been made in 1985 through employees of Leybold-Heraeus, a German company whose offerings included specialized "feedand-withdrawal" systems that carry uranium hexafluoride gas into and out of interconnected centrifuges. Khan was already one of the firm's best customers. After protracted negotiations, the Iranians decided to buy design documents and a few sample centrifuges from Khan, enough to kick-start their own program. The payout was a few million dollars, which Khan split with his partners, including Gotthard Lerch, a German engineer who had worked at Leybold. A second, more extensive deal with the Iranians was concluded in 1993 or 1994. This time, Khan and his people were expected to provide consultations on technical issues. Meetings continued until at least 1999.

Less is known about Khan's dealings with North Korea, whose first attempts to study centrifuges began around 1987. Khan is said to have told a senior Pakistani general that he had supplied the North Koreans in the 1980s, but they couldn't use what they had bought. A more extensive transaction took shape in the mid-1990s, when KRL received ballistic missiles from the North Koreans. As partial payment, Khan later admitted, he sent centrifuges and other equipment to the North Koreans. In late 2010, North Korea showed American visitors what appeared to be an operational centrifuge facility. The machines resembled Pakistan's P-2 model.

Khan's dealings did have some false starts. In the late 1980s Lerch's associates made approaches to the South African nuclear program. But South Africa had already launched its own centrifuge efforts. Moreover, the program was canceled entirely in 1991. Khan himself reportedly made several visits in the 1990s to Syria, where he seems to have pitched the Syrians on a weapons program. Denying that any meetings occurred, Syrian president Bashar al-Assad claims to have rejected a written offer from Khan in early 2001.

Khan's best-documented failure involved Iraq. Shortly after Iraq's invasion of Kuwait in 1990, a Pakistani man passed a document to a senior Iraqi security official promising that Khan could supply an "A.B.," implying "atomic bomb," in about three years, for a cost of \$150 million. The Iraqis' deliberations were interrupted by the start of the first Persian Gulf war. The IAEA uncovered records of the discussions in Iraq in 1995. When the story leaked to the press in 1998, the Pakistani government flatly denied it.

What motivated Khan to offer centrifuge technology to so many different countries? The public Khan, Pakistan's hero, can hardly be squared with the man who privately enriched himself at his nation's expense. But something deeper does connect them: Khan's insatiable craving for respect and

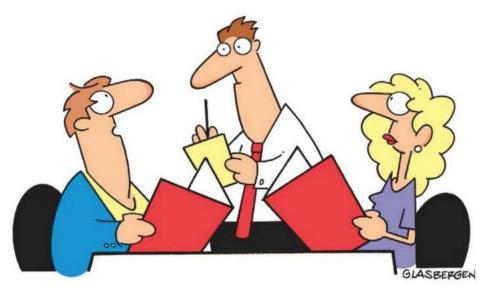
admiration. At the same time he began offering KRL's technology to new customers, Khan also embarked on a restless campaign of self-glorification. He memorialized himself in scores of institutions and edifices across Pakistan, funded from his mysteriously deep pockets. Khan's website exhaustively recites 63 gold medals bestowed on him from 1984 to 2003. It enumerates the many public buildings and academic awards bearing his name throughout Pakistan, his service on the boards of educational and research institutions and his sponsorship of community health and welfare organizations. Also mentioned: his funding of the restoration of the tomb of Sultan Shahabuddin Muhammad Ghauri, the Muslim conqueror of what is now Pakistan and northern India.

This obsession tends to explain Khan's need for large sums of money. Khan appears to have admitted as much to his interrogators. A summary of the Pakistani investigation, provided by the ISI to foreign governments, describes what happened to the cash from Khan's initial deal with the Iranians: "Some [of the money] was donated for various social, educational and welfare projects undertaken by Dr. A.Q. Khan in Pakistan." The same applied to the arrangement with Libya.

Khan's yearning for respect was instilled early in life. The youngest of seven children, he idolized his father, headmaster of a Bhopal high school who had once held a senior role in the national education system. "Whenever I went to the bazaar with my father, I would see people from all walks of life (shopkeepers, teachers, doctors, etc.), standing up as a mark of respect to my father," Khan recounted to his biographer. "They used to request him to stay with them for a few minutes and have a cup of tea. I was about seven years of age at that time and it left a permanent, deep impression on my mind."

Measured against this high standard, Khan found it difficult to be slighted. He explained his decision to leave India as motivated by distaste for being a second-class citizen. "There was no future for Muslims in Bhopal. My brothers advised me to come to Karachi. My father, after assessing the conditions in Bhopal, very reluctantly allowed me to go." But Pakistan didn't instantly embrace its newfound son either. In 1967, after receiving a master's degree at Delft University of Technology in the Netherlands, Khan brought his wife home to Pakistan, where he applied for a position at a new steel mill. He received no job offer and returned to Europe. But he didn't forget the episode. When he wrote to Bhutto in 1974, offering his help in creating a nuclear weapon, he couldn't resist complaining about the rejection of seven years earlier.

He struggled, too, with keeping his accomplishments to himself. In particular, he chafed at the idea of not being able to tell the world about Pakistan's nuclear capabilities, which Islamabad stayed quiet about to better preserve relations with the United States. The most notorious episode occurred in 1987. Indian journalist Kuldip Nayar baited Khan into speaking far too candidly about the then secret Pakistani



"I would like linguine with clam sauce and my girlfriend would like some sort of commitment and easier access to my deeper emotions."

nuclear weapons program by pretending a prominent Indian scientist had told him not to bother making the trip: "Don't waste your time. They don't have anything. No bomb, no men, no rationale." Khan became outraged: "Tell them we have it. Tell them. Tell them.... We have it and we have enriched uranium. Weaponized the thing. Put it all together.... Mr. Nayar, if you ever drive us to the wall, we will use the bomb."

More trouble came in 1989 with the release of his biography, the provocatively titled *Dr. A.Q. Khan and the Islamic Bomb*. The book went to lengths to enlighten readers about Khan's historic role and personal greatness, as well as the perfidy of his opponents inside and outside Pakistan. But it was also prematurely frank about the military purposes of Pakistan's nuclear program. All

copies were removed from bookstores, and the author was briefly thrown in prison.

While his full stature as "father of Pakistan's nuclear bomb" couldn't be revealed, Khan devised another way to glorify himself. Here, he drew on his original inspiration: the admiration bestowed on his father. Khan set out to make himself into the visionary sponsor of higher education in Pakistan. One of his more ambitious endeavors was the founding of a private university, the Ghulam Ishaq Khan Institute of Engineering Sciences and Technology—a costly endeavor that coincided with Khan's nuclear sales abroad. In 1993 Khan told journalist Simon Henderson, "I have always been keen to go into education. My father was a teacher." But such thoughts couldn't compete with

his deeper passion. As
Khan explained, "There is a tremendous amount of love [for me in Pakistan], and it is obvious everywhere.... I believe the most important thing is what my country, my people, think of me. I don't care what other people think of me. Once I'm gone, my name and my prestige and the love and affection that I have in this country will remain forever."

Not all of Khan's fellow countrymen, however, viewed his compulsive philanthropy as entirely selfless. "I often thought that this was not generosity in the real sense," Haroon Ahmed, Khan's estranged former psychiatrist, told investigative journalists Adrian Levy and Catherine Scott-Clark for their book Deception: Pakistan, the United States, and the Secret Trade in Nuclear Weapons. "He really did this so that if he was driving down the

Peshawar Road, let us say, the chances are he would pass a building bearing his name and it would remind him that he was indeed the great Abdul Qadeer Khan."

•

For all his bluster, Khan could legitimately claim a victory over the Indians when it came to centrifuge technology. While the Indians had beaten Pakistan to the bomb, they had done so through mastery of plutonium production—a different route to creating a nuclear weapon. India's ability to enrich uranium remained limited. New Delhi started a centrifuge program in the 1970s, but the Indians weren't ready to break ground on their main enrichment facility until 1986. By that point, Pakistan's KRL had been churning out weapons-

New Delhi's supercritical centrifuge technology came from. Despite some changes, the design is recognizable to the trained eye: It almost mirrors the G-2 centrifuge, a design that Khan stole from URENCO in the 1970s and later reproduced as Pakistan's P-2 centrifuge.

Centrifuge specs are not the only apparent link between India's enrichment program and Khan's operation. The cast of characters also overlaps, starting with Gerhard Wisser, a German living in South Africa. In collaboration with Gotthard Lerch in Switzerland, Wisser's engineering firm supplied new gashandling equipment for KRL's centrifuges, delivered through Farooq's operation in Dubai. When Khan struck his 1997 deal with Libya, he called on Wisser for similar equipment. According to a South African

court document, Wisser also supplied India's centrifuge program with specialized equipment, starting in the late 1980s. What else he or Lerch might have sold to the Indians remains unknown. but the timing is consistent with India's earliest known work with supercritical centrifuges. Wisser seems to have had access to centrifuge designs, too; he tried to sell them to the South Africans around the same time.

Could Khan have been ignorant about Wisser's dealings with India? His own guilty conscience says otherwise. Though Khan has never acknowledged having a fourth customer, he gave his Pakistani interrogators at least two contradictory cover stories that explained how KRL's enrichment technology could have ended up in enemy

hands. The full transcript of Khan's interrogation, said to run hundreds of pages, has never been made public, but Musharraf's 2006 memoir provides important details. At first, Khan seems to have suggested his overseas network (Lerch, Wisser et al.) was autonomous enough to supply both India and Pakistan without either side knowing. But Khan later alleged he had been exploited by an Indian connection who was hidden inside Farooq's Dubai operation. "Ironically," wrote Musharraf, "the network based in Dubai had employed several Indians, some of whom have since vanished. There is a strong probability that the Indian uranium enrichment program may also have its roots in the Dubai-based network and could be a copy of the Pakistani centrifuge design."



grade uranium for at least three years.

India's enrichment program progressed slowly, but at some point before 1992 the Indians began experimenting with supercritical centrifuges, devices that can withstand very high rotational speeds. The program apparently continued to expand, with the Indians purchasing large quantities of supercritical centrifuge components from 1997 to 1999 and again from 2003 to 2006. Surprisingly, they were almost open about their shopping spree. In 2006 the Washington, D.C.-based Institute for Science and International Security revealed that the Indian government had used newspaper ads to solicit bids for centrifuge parts. The details of these advertisements, along with documents the Indians gave potential suppliers, provide strong clues about where

Musharraf's tale of betraval is slightly distorted. There are no indications any Indians were regularly employed by Farooq or his nephew Tahir. But some accounts describe Farooq as being of Indian origin, just like Khan. And indeed, after Khan could speak more freely again, he accused Farooq of having absconded. In a 2009 interview, he claimed Farooq didn't simply retire in 1992 but "cheated Tahir and fled to Singapore with all the money they had in their bank accounts. He later blackmailed Tahir." According to the ISI's partial summary of the interrogation, Khan emphasized that Farooq had access to copies of the centrifuge drawings. Khan also told his interrogators Farooq had supposedly transferred his share of the money from Libya to accounts in Singapore and India.

Lately, Khan has gone a step further, blaming the foreign members of his network for *all* the sales of KRL technology, not just sales to India. In this new version of events, Farooq has developed into one of Khan's primary villains—a thief, a blackmailer and an agent of the CIA. Conveniently, too, he was now permanently out of reach. "The bastard died of cancer that he deserved," Khan told a reporter in 2011.

Privately Khan could rationalize his culpability another way. He habitually cheated nearly all his customers. India would have been no exception. "Some of Khan's customers were clearly being misled by the network," says Scott Kemp, an expert on gas centrifuges at Princeton University. "He was consciously selling junk—providing customers with incomplete, sometimes rejected drawings, disused and sometimes broken parts, plus random knickknacks he tried to pawn off as centrifuge components.

Political figures in Iran and Libya believed Khan to be an authority and were willing to throw money at his schemes, but technical experts soon realized they would have to reinvent the centrifuge on their own."

Khan has basically admitted as much. In a statement to the Pakistani authorities in early 2004, he wrote contemptuously of the Iranians and Libyans: "At no time did I seriously believe they were capable of mastering this technology as they didn't have the required infrastructure, the trained manpower or technical know-how." North Korea, which received preferential treatment once it began supplying missiles to KRL, was another matter. Because the North Koreans already had plutoniumbased nuclear weapons, Khan reasoned, selling them enrichment technology did no harm. In this way, the Indians fit the bill perfectly. They could already produce plutonium, and Khan considered their enrichment efforts hapless. He may have done his part to keep them hapless, too: India's centrifuge design has small differences from the P-2 that seem to make it more susceptible to failure.

Whatever the truth, no one is talking. Khan, no longer on the defensive, has stopped making admissions. He has even begun flirting with politics. His admirers now compare him to A.P.J. Abdul Kalam, an important figure in India's nuclear program. At a banquet in Khan's honor last April, the host declared, "We detained our nuclear scientist, but India repaid its debt to Dr. Kalam by making him president." But on his quest for ever-greater glory, can Kahn escape his last secret?





BOLARIS

(continued from page 146) big Harrisburg.") Bolaris is famous in Philly because he's on TV and also because he's amiable and accessible in public, something of a dandy and chick magnet, and passionate about the weather.

Larry Platt, editor of the *Philadelphia Daily News*, told me, "You've got to understand, in Philly weathermen and chefs are stars. John has been a huge star in Philly for years. He's good-looking and he dresses well. He's charming and nonthreatening. Women like to be seen with him at nice places. Ninety percent of life is just showing up, and John always shows up at club and restaurant openings. John's a staple at certain restaurants. That's where he bonds with his public. In Philly people want to be John Bolaris."

But not everyone in Philly is enamored of Bolaris. According to Platt, some people laugh at him because of his 1970s swinging-bachelor lifestyle and because he's ubiquitous. If a Philadelphian doesn't bump into Bolaris at least once a week, he must be living under a rock. And some people, mostly men, are jealous of Bolaris. When he returned to Philly in 2008 after a stint as the CBS weatherman in New York City, he became chief meteorologist at the local Fox affiliate. His arrival back in town prompted this blurb on Philly.com: "Lock up your wives and your girlfriends...weatherhunk John Bolaris is angling to return to the Philadelphia airwaves in the fall." Another story called him "a media lightning rod" famous for "scattered brawls, flurries of name calling and nights of deep canoodling."

Bolaris can be a media self-promoter and publicity hound. He is not bashful about his weather-forecasting accomplishments (four Emmys) or his celebrity friendship with Lenny Dykstra, who was recently arrested for business fraud. When Bolaris's relationship with Dykstra was exposed in the media after Dykstra's arrest, Bolaris's boss at Fox was not pleased, any more than he was pleased that Bolaris had cavorted in South Beach with Estonian women who scammed him for \$43,712.25, which was reported in the Philadelphia Daily News. Platt put Bolaris's photo on the cover—his goofy Alfred E. Neuman smile from Mad magazine, "What, me worry?"—with the headline HANGOVER! and the cutline "Russians, Roofies and a 43 Grand Rip-Off." Bolaris seems always to be at the center of some controversy ("It's always about you, John!" his Fox boss told him). Take the Flyers tattoo controversy for starters. Apparently Bolaris had gotten a Flyers tattoo, which would have been okay if it hadn't been on his ass and then been leaked to the internet. When his boss confronted him about the photo of the tattoo, Bolaris replied, "How do you know that's my ass?" The more relevant question is who put the photo on the internet. Bolaris's most private moments his romances, brawls, peccadilloes—seem to be lived out in public, to the delight of Philadelphians. Just watching his life unfold, or maybe unravel, spices up their own drab lives. They experience those Estonian women vicariously through Bolaris. "Their attitude is 'There goes Bolaris, up to his old tricks

again," says Platt. "'That's our guy." Philadelphians even take perverse delight in Bolaris's bar fights, the beer bottles thrown at his head, the wrestling matches on tabletops, all precipitated by his attention to some lady. "I get my licks in, too," Bolaris says. Platt says those fights could easily be avoided. "John interacts with so many people, he makes himself a target for jealous guys," says Platt. "But John doesn't realize that."

Bolaris is also clueless about the remarks he makes, such as the time he told a Jewish anchorman, "Keep your nose covered; it's going to be cold tonight." When the anchorman took offense, Bolaris uttered, "I didn't even know he was Jewish." Which poses even more questions: Is Bolaris a clever self-promoter or just a grown man of dim wattage? Is his life one of devious intent or merely a series of accidents, fortuitous or not? Bolaris likes to think his knowing hand, like the Wizard of Oz, controls all. "A weatherman does predict the future," he says. "He plays God." One of Bolaris's girlfriends told me it's Bolaris's burden "to play God in public." She was out with him one night when people kept approaching him with questions. Bolaris got confused and blurted out, "I don't know. I'm just a weatherman!"

On TV Bolaris looks big, handsome, square jawed, trim in his anchorman suits. His wire-rimmed eyeglasses lend him a certain professorial weight as he intones about the weather. One night Bolaris was interrupted by anchor Lauren Cohn, a smartass Jennifer Aniston type, who asked sweetly, "John, are those highlights in your hair?" Bolaris stuttered, "No, no, Lauren, I was out in the sun."

In posed photographs at celebrity events, Bolaris looks less big, maybe five-nine or five-10, as he stands with his arm around two beautiful women in low-cut dresses, a glass of champagne in his hand, a silly, self-satisfied smile on his face. In person, Bolaris looks even smaller, more rumpled, his French cuffs soiled, his eyeglasses magnifying his eyes and fluttering lashes so he resembles a startled llama. Bolaris admits, "I never looked at myself as a ladies' man. I was a weather nerd. It wasn't until I got on TV that women became aggressive."

Bolaris says he wanted to be a weatherman since third grade. "I was born with it," he says. "I'd go to the beach with my mom and point to the clouds and tell her rain was coming. In high school my baseball coach would glance at the sky and say, 'We gonna get the game in, weather kid?" Bolaris got in trouble in school, he says, "for daydreaming out the window. But I was studying the clouds to see if it would rain. I was a freak. But I was blessed with a love for the weather." Bolaris covered hurricanes with the Weather Channel's Jim Cantore, and when they were out in a hurricane, "yeah, it's true, we got hard-ons," he says. "I thought I'd become Dr. Frank Field in some concrete bunker in south Florida, charting the path of Hurricane Hugo." What changed his career trajectory, from Frank Field to John Bolaris, weather hunk, he says, was how women perceived him on TV as eye candy.

He was 30, a weather forecaster on a Long Island TV station, driving a Dodge Dart or taking buses to work. He was courting a gorgeous model named Pamela whose "mom wanted nothing to do with me." A CBS producer caught Bolaris's forecast one night and thought, That kid's a star, and hired him to be CBS's New York City meteorologist. To publicize Bolaris's arrival in the Big Apple, CBS plastered his photo all over town. His career, his image, his personality, his luck with the ladies, his very life changed overnight. "Pam and I were married soon after that, but it lasted only two years, and we had no kids," he explains.

After his divorce, Bolaris's agent told him, "No more buses, kid. It's time for you to have a good time." And he has ever since.

One night this past summer, Bolaris was sitting at a small table on the sidewalk outside Serafina near Rittenhouse Square. Serafina is a hip new Philly restaurant already famous for its great-looking patrons and staff, like the long-legged hostess Courtney. When Courtney heard Bolaris was stopping by after his 10 P.M. forecast, she pouted, "John didn't tell me!" Still, she reserved a table for him inside, and now she is miffed that he prefers to sit outside so he can follow the street scene and, of course, be seen himself.

Bolaris greets well-wishers. People smile and stop at his table. One woman kisses him on the cheek and says, "I heard you'd be here tonight." Bolaris's movements about town are an open secret. He seems to live his life solely in the public eye, as if he has no private life, or maybe just prefers not to.

Someone whispers to Bolaris that Courtney is mildly piqued at him, and he goes inside to make amends. Bolaris's world is like high school: gossip, innuendo, hurt feelings, drama.

Bolaris returns and says, "Courtney keeps wanting to come to my apartment, and I have to fight her off. She's only 24." He sighs. Tonight is his birthday and he will spend it alone. He doesn't even have a dog for company, though he has two hermit crabs as pets. It seems not to bother him. Bolaris is one of those unlucky people, or lucky, as the case may be, who have a diminished expectation of happiness. Being a TV celebrity in Philly, having his own table at Serafina and being recognized in public, preferably with two hot chicks on his arm, is all Bolaris needs. Bolaris says, "I don't like to feel empty, so I have some girls I call fillers." He's had only a few meaningful relationships: with his ex-wife and with a Philly TV anchor, now married, which produced a daughter, Reina Sofia, seven.

He takes out his cell phone and scrolls through pictures until he comes to a pretty little girl with strawberry-blonde curls. "She asked me the other day if I was going to be a bachelor all my life," he says. "I told her, 'I have you. You're the love of my life.' She said, 'But, Daddy, one day I'll be at UCLA and you'll be alone.'"

He puts the phone down and says, "I'd like one woman in my life, but there are so many out there." And most of them don't think of Bolaris as marriage material. "They like to be seen with me at nice places," he says. "It's glamorous for them. Girls feel safe with me. It's funny, I can predict the weather, but I can't predict relationships." Which may be why Bolaris is so much more passionate about the weather than he is about relationships. He talks poetically about the weather

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as "an art form, like building a wedding cake" and how he "lives and breathes the weather." But still, "I'm the guy next door, you see, accessible, blue-collar...even if I do have a reputation as a ladies' man."

A cute blonde stops at Bolaris's table. "I had my photo shoot today, John," she says. "They came out great." Then, leaning close to him, she says, "You haven't called, John." She drifts off to another table. Within minutes Bolaris's cell phone chirps with a message. Pictures. He scrolls past the pictures of his daughter until he comes to the new pictures of the cute blonde, naked. John stares at her naked body and says to himself, She's wild. Maybe she could be a filler tonight? A lot of Bolaris's girls are a certain type: young, striving to move up, to be seen in the right places with a gentleman like Bolaris.

"I am a romantic," says Bolaris. "I always try to treat that special someone like a queen, always have the utmost respect for my lady. Manners, open the car door, women never pay, etc. Chivalry lives in my world." He says he doesn't have to go out to events with a beautiful woman to be seen. Sometimes he likes to just do "regular blue-collar things," like "watch football naked with my lady and a bottle of wine. Then, the next morning, make breakfast for her, turkey Hot Pockets with egg whites in the microwave." He bats his lashes and grins. "I draw the line at actually cooking."

Bolaris's latest girlfriend, whom he calls "awesome," is a 32-year-old businesswoman named Erica who once did topless modeling. "It's a touchy subject with some guys," Erica tells me over the phone. "One guido I was dating left me over it. But John thought it was cool. He wanted to see the pictures. Oh, John's a wonderful man, kind, caring, thoughtful, very gentle. He opens the door and pulls out my chair."

Which is why John Bolaris is such a commodity to certain women in Philly and, conversely, why he was such a perfect mark for two Estonian women in paradise.

On the night of March 28, 2010, Bolaris was eating sushi at the bar in the Delano. He felt good about himself, dapper in his Armani jeans and Ferragamo shoes. He lacked only two things to make his night a success: recognition and women. Across the bar he saw two women on a swing. Very elegant, beautiful, classy, with jet-black hair and blue eyes. Not my type, he thought. Too old, too sophisticated, not young and eager like the women in Philly. (Actually, Marina Turcina was 24, and Anna Kilimatova was 25.) A tourist couple called out his name from a table behind him. "Hey, Bolaris! What's the weather in Philly?" They chatted with him about his TV weather forecasts for a few minutes. When he turned back he saw the two women smiling at him. They got off the swing and sauntered over. They were smoking cigarettes in that exotic European manner. One of them said, "You weather presenter?" in a foreign accent. The bartender said, "Yeah, he's a TV weatherman in Philly." The girls pressed close to Bolaris. One of them said, "Can you guess where we from?" Bolaris said, "Poland?" The girl said, "No. We from Estonia." Bolaris said, "I'm not familiar with the island of Estonia." The other girl said, "We Russian." (In most of the newspaper stories about Bolaris's scam, the two women are referred to as Latvian.)

Bolaris perked up. Two gorgeous chicks coming on to him. There were infinite possibilities ahead. "I'm a guy," Bolaris says. "There was the thought I might get laid." It never dawned on him to be suspicious about two gorgeous, elegant women all over him like a wet suit, he says, because "I was used to girls in Philly coming on to me aggressively once they found out I was John Bolaris, the TV weatherman." But these weren't Philly chicks. Philly chicks tend to be linear in their aspirations, direct, obvious. Chicks in paradise tend to be circuitous, duplicitous, conniving in their aspirations. They don't solicit offers, they field offers, unless they're pros. Bolaris bought each of the girls a glass of pinot grigio. They had some conversation Bolaris calls 'light and breezy like the weather, but I don't remember about what." (Bolaris's memory is highly selective. He remembers precisely that he bought pinot grigio, that his shirt had "a hint of yellow pinstripes," but he remembers nothing about their faces, their clothes, their jewelry.)

Bolaris and the women went outside to the

Bolaris perked up. Two gorgeous chicks coming on to him. There were infinite possibilities ahead. "I'm a guy," he says. "There was the thought I might get laid."

dark, secluded pool. It was warm, with a gentle breeze off the ocean rustling the fronds of the palm trees. They sat at a table in the dark, away from the pool bar. One of the girls said, "You do shots?" It didn't seem odd to Bolaris that two elegantly dressed women wanted to down shots of tequila like college girls on spring break, he says, because "I was used to girls in Philly doing shots."

The girls insisted Bolaris "do shots," and one of them went to the bar. The other one began to massage his shoulders. When the girl returned with three shots, the one massaging him tilted his head back so he was looking up at the dark, velvet-blue sky dotted with diamonds. The other girl pried open his mouth and poured down a shot. "Immediately after that," Bolaris says, "I lost all concept of time."

Bolaris claims he remembers nothing after that shot except the girls saying, "We go to friend's place for auction now. Haitian Relief Fund," and at some point in time "someone holding me up while I signed something."

What happened next is confusing, since Bolaris has told two different versions of the events. In one, he says he woke up alone in a taxi with red wine spilled on his white shirt with the "hint of yellow pinstripes" and a large painting of "a woman's head" on the seat beside him. In another version, he claims the next thing he remembers after "signing something" was waking up fully clothed and alone in his bed in his hotel room at noon with a large painting of "a woman's head" beside him. Despite the fact that the painting would be in his possession for more than 24 hours, he doesn't remember what the face looked like, except that "it was not the head of a woman I'd be attracted to."

He got out of bed and looked for the auction certificate that would allow him to deduct the painting's purchase price from his income taxes as a charitable donation. He had no idea how much he paid for that painting, and "it never occurred to me that my credit card was used to pay for it." His only thought was "I didn't want it. It was too big. I didn't want to carry it on a plane." He thought the two women could "relieve me of the pressure of that painting." But he didn't have their cell numbers. He claims the girls left a message on his hotel phone a few hours later saying they had inadvertently kept his sunglasses and wanted to return them. "I thought that was kind of nice," Bolaris says, so he called them back. He told them he wanted to return the painting because it had no certificate. This surprised them, they said, "because you very aggressive in bidding for painting; you really like it." They offered to come to his hotel and take it off his hands. Strangely enough, Bolaris didn't ask them how much he paid for the painting or whether it was in cash or with a credit card.

Later that night he met them again at the Delano for a drink. They ordered wine, and he went to the bathroom. When he returned he drank his wine, and the girls suggested they go back to his hotel room to get the painting, but first they had to stop at the Caviar Bar, where one of the girls had left her purse. Bolaris went with them in a taxi since the bar was 11 blocks south of the Delano. When they pulled up to the Caviar Bar, he waited in the cab for them, but they motioned for him to follow. The next thing he remembers is waking up hours later in a dark room. The girls got him back into a taxi to his hotel room. When he woke the next morning the painting was gone. For the second time in two nights Bolaris had passed out in bed after drinking with two strange women and awakened with no memory of the night before. It didn't make him suspicious, he says, because "I didn't wake with a headache, just some queasiness in my stomach. I was just glad the painting was gone"-without knowing how much he had paid for it or if his payment had been refunded.

Bolaris flew back to Philly, where he received a telephone call.

A woman's voice asked, "Is this Mr. John Bolaris?"

Bolaris said, "Yes."

The woman's voice said, "This is Stephanie Barkey."

"Who?"

"At American Express."

One sunny afternoon last summer, Bolaris went to the offices of his attorney, A. (Angelo) Charles Peruto Jr., and his partner, Richard DeSipio, to discuss his American Express lawsuit. The offices were in an old brick townhouse on Pine Street. Peruto sat behind his desk, Bolaris and DeSipio across from him. Bolaris told Peruto he was being harassed by Amex's collection agency, which kept faxing threatening letters to his TV station in an attempt to embarrass him in front of his colleagues.

Bolaris said, "I called the collection agency and told them not to send any more bills to the station."

Peruto screamed at him, "How many fucking times I gotta tell ya? Send those cocksuckers to me. I'm your fucking lawyer."

"I was going out of my mind," Bolaris said. "I was pissed off."

Peruto said, "I told you, you're too trusting." Peruto, in his 50s, is short and muscular with black hair, like an extra from *The Sopranos*. Like Bolaris, he's famous in Philly as a ladies' man. One time Bolaris was dating a girl, and every time he called her house, Peruto answered the phone. DeSipio, however, has sandy-colored hair, blue eyes and a buttoned-up Waspy temperament. Bolaris calls him Peruto's "designated driver."

Peruto then told Bolaris that Amex was finally offering to drop its claim to the \$43,712.25. But at this late date, Peruto wanted more for his client than just a return to the status quo. He wanted legal fees and triple damages. What angered Peruto (who is in a constant state of pissed-off-ness) was that "this Amex clown" had refused for so long to drop the claims. "Even after Stan [and 15 members of the Russian mob] was arrested," said Peruto, "that douche bag Stephanie kept insisting he was a well-respected businessman in Miami." Actually, what Stanislav Pavlenko was, according to an FBI indictment, was owner of the Caviar Bar under a limited liability company called Rose Entertainment, incorporated in October 2009, as well as a member of the Russian mob, which had similar scam bars all over Europe, and the chief conspirator, organizer and investor in a criminal organization that had defrauded patrons of hundreds of thousands of dollars in just over a year.

When Stephanie Barkey of the Amex fraud department had confronted Bolaris with his \$43,000 bill, he told her he didn't remember being at the Caviar Bar or buying girls champagne. He told her it was all a fraud, that he'd been duped, drugged and scammed by criminals. Barkey said she'd look into his allegations and call him back. Two weeks later she told him that the charges stood, that he was liable and to pay up.

Bolaris tried to plead his case, until Barkey interrupted him. "Listen," she said, "you were at the Caviar Bar with two girls. We have pictures." The pictures showed Bolaris with his arms around Anna and Marina, a grin on his face and a big, perfect lipstick kiss on his cheek. "We have all your credit card receipts with your signature," continued Barkey, "and a copy of your driver's license."

Finally she said, "Listen, Mr. Bolaris, I've seen this a thousand times. You were having a good time and you were highly intoxicated. [If you question the charges] all you have to do is talk to Stan. He's very nice and he will tell you what you spent money on. He runs a high-class business."

At this point Bolaris erupted, "Stan! Stan! Who the hell is Stan? You're on a first-name basis with a criminal and you

call me Mr. Bolaris!" Barkey hung up.

Bolaris continued to call American Express in late spring 2010 and then wrote letters. He wrote that Amex's "24-hour Fraud Protection failed miserably to protect me" and that Barkey "treated me like a criminal." Over the next three weeks, he got three letters from Amex stating there was no fraud and "this case is closed"; his Amex account was canceled and then turned over to a collection agency. Enter Peruto, spewing invective, the bad cop.

Peruto sent Barkey a copy of Amex's fraud guarantee that states, "Use the American Express Card online or off, and you won't be held responsible for any fraudulent charges. Period. No fine print, no deductible—just pure protection, so you can shop with confidence.... Our Fraud Detection system watches your account for uncharacteristic or high charges." Bolaris and Peruto had already been given copies of those "fraudulent" charges from the Caviar Bar.

All Bolaris's credit card bills were generated during the early-morning hours of March 28 and 29, with the first night's charges beginning at 3:21 A.M. at the Caviar Bar and ending at 4:50 A.M. Bolaris bought bottles of champagne every 15 minutes or so, as well as caviar and one painting, to the tune of \$16,517.37 on the 28th and \$27,194.88 on the 29th, for a total of \$43,712.25. Bolaris was a generous tipper for extravagantly priced champagne (an understatement). According to the receipts, he tipped \$499 for a \$2,495 bottle of Cristal Vintage, \$761 for a \$1,825 bottle of Louis Roederer and a \$1,980 tin of Beluga caviar, and \$637.60 for a \$3,120 bottle of Dom Pérignon and a \$68 fruit and cheese tray. Bolaris even tipped someone \$496 for a \$2,480 painting of a woman's head—the only painting in the bar—which was yanked off the bar's wall and then auctioned off at 4:35 A.M. to its one and only bidder, John Bolaris, who was so eager to acquire the painting that he "aggressively" bid against himself. Assuming Bolaris was at the Caviar Bar, either "highly intoxicated" or, as he claimed, drugged into semiconsciousness, Peruto claimed those receipts should have raised red flags at Amex as "outrageous, ludicrous, absurd and obviously criminally fraudulent charges." Barkey never responded to that letter or to Peruto's subsequent "15 fucking messages" or to his second letter threatening to sue her, Amex and the Caviar Bar.

Amex's refusal to acknowledge that his client was the victim of a scam made Peruto apoplectic, especially when he found out that Amex had canceled its account with the Caviar Bar shortly after Bolaris's first phone call to the company in May 2010 because of the "large volume of charge-backs from victims claiming unauthorized and fraudulent activity" on their cards, according to the FBI. Almost immediately, the Caviar Bar ceased to exist, except in John Bolaris's nightmares.

Amex continued to ignore Peruto for almost a year, leaving him two options: sue or go away. Peruto had no intention of going away. He waited a year to make good on his threat, since he knew that "revenge is a dish best served cold."

During that year he had his client file a fraud complaint with the Miami Beach police, who promptly put him in touch with the local FBI, which was already aware of the Russian



mob's scam. Bolaris told the FBI how the scam worked, then testified before a grand jury, and then he and Peruto waited while the FBI conducted its investigation. Peruto's thinking was: Once the FBI indicted all the perpetrators, Amex would have no recourse but to settle with Bolaris on his terms or else have to go to court to defend itself in a case it couldn't win. After all, Amex's only defense would be that Stanislav Pavlenko and his bar girls, as they were called, were legitimate "high-class" businesspeople, overlooking of course their recent arrests by the FBI for criminal conspiracy and wire fraud, and that John Bolaris, a Philadelphia celebrity TV weatherman and notorious pussy hound, was just a drunken deadbeat.

Even before Bolaris talked to the FBI, the agency had a pretty good idea who the 17 co-conspirators were, how many men they'd allegedly scammed (88 including Bolaris) and their modus operandi. The bar girls picked up their marks at high-end hotels and bars in South Beach and steered them back to private clubs like the Caviar Bar. (The FBI identified six such clubs, all on Washington Avenue south of the Delano: Stars Lounge, Club Moreno, the Tangia Club, Steel Toast, Nowhere Bar and the Caviar Bar.) Once inside, the marks often found that the clubs were deserted, except for a bartender, bouncer and waitress and the bar girls who'd brought them there. There were never any customers but the mark of the moment. If the marks weren't drunk or drugged by the time the girls got them to the bar, the girls quickly got them drunk on shots of vodka or drugged on roofies, and then began ordering multiple bottles of champagne and tins of caviar. The ideal marks were traveling businessmen and tourists, preferably married. Married men wouldn't dispute the charges out of fear their wives might find out about their peccadillo in South Beach, and out-of-towners in general wouldn't bother to prolong their stay in South Beach or return at a later date to dispute charges of a few thousand dollars. They would write them off as lessons learned and not go to the police. Bolaris, however, was scammed for \$43,000—at least 10 times as much as any of the other men were—a sum too big for Bolaris to walk away from. Pavlenko and his bar girls had gotten greedy with Bolaris, and it led to their downfall. But why? Why John Bolaris? One of the girls told police that her bosses were greedier in Miami Beach than in their bars in Europe because it was easier to find marks in Miami Beach who were unlikely to go to the cops. Even so, she told police, her bosses were getting so carelessly greedy that it was beginning to frighten her. They were charging marks upward of \$7,000 for a bottle of champagne they'd bought for less than \$100 in a CVS pharmacy-and for which they charged only \$2,000 in their European bars. They were greediest with Bolaris possibly because they couldn't believe their good fortune in finding a mark so gullible and eager that he returned to be screwed a second time. What they didn't know was that Bolaris had no fear of going public and being humiliated, since, after all, he lived his life in the public eye, and nothing in his life ever humiliated him. He says, "I was single, and I wasn't afraid of being blackmailed on TMZ."

Florida was the ideal place for such a scam because of its innkeeper laws. Florida is a vast, service-oriented state, with innumerable bars and restaurants for tourists, and it takes great pains to protect its businesses from travelers who think they can run out on a tab and take the next plane home. Florida Statute 509.151 was designed to protect businesses from just such an eventuality. The law forces patrons to pay a disputed bill on the premises and then handle any dispute later with their credit card company or through the police. If a patron refuses to pay his bill on the premises, no matter how outrageous it may seem, the bar can call the police and have him arrested. Which is why most marks of the Russian mob squawked a bit when presented with an outrageous bill, but when the police arrived with the very real threat that they might spend the night, or longer, in jail, the patrons paid up and left town muttering about a lesson learned. Patrons who did go back home and complain to their credit card company were forced to confront the bar owner's mountain of evidence attesting to the charges: credit card receipts, signatures, driver's license facsimiles and, if necessary, photographs of the mark hugging and kissing bar girls.

In late summer 2010, the FBI conducted its own scam, a reverse sting on the Russian mob's champagne bars in South Beach. It infiltrated the mob using an undercover agent posing as a corrupt cop. He worked at all the various bars as a bouncer-doorman, a driver for the girls and muscle when patrons refused to pay their bill. It took him and the FBI 10 months to build a case, and on April 4, 2011, 16 members of the mob were arrested and charged with wire fraud and operating a criminal enterprise.

Forty-four days later, A. Charles Peruto Jr. filed suit against the American Express Company on behalf of his client John Bolaris, "an adult male." The suit claimed that because of the defendant's "wanton, deliberate, reckless, outrageously negligent acts," the plaintiff "suffered and will continue to suffer monetary damages, negative credit rating, loss of credit, mental anguish, humiliation, embarrassment, legal fees, loss of respect, shame and loss of enjoyment of life, all to his detriment." In November American Express settled the suit, wiping out Bolaris's \$43,712.25 bill. It also paid him \$100,000 for his suffering.

Actually, Bolaris didn't suffer much embarrassment or loss of respect in Philly when his story broke in the *Philadelphia Daily News*. Larry Platt tells me, "The city talked about John's Miami thing for days, but affectionately. You know, 'Man, that Bolaris. He did it again.' But Philly people like guys who are unabashedly themselves. They liked the idea that Bolaris got involved in the prosecution of his scammers." What Philadelphians liked most was that Bolaris had once again amused them with details of his private life played out on a public stage.

When the *Philadelphia Daily News* story broke, on May 19, 2011, Bolaris had just started dating Erica. I ask her if Bolaris's escapades with the two Estonian women changed her attitude toward him. She tells me, "No, I felt bad for him, all that stress on him. I could see how it could happen to anyone." Twice?

Then I ask her how she felt about Bolaris's image as a ladies' man in Philly when she started dating him. She says, "I'm not sure I can answer that. I didn't know much about him, I mean his image.... I just knew he was a weatherman."



"Is it gonna bother you if I fuck you while you're reading?"

OFFERMAN

(continued from page 150)

Q3

PLAYBOY: We're talking today in your woodworking shop, where you build everything from furniture to ukuleles. How did you get started with that?

OFFERMAN: My dad, my uncles and my grandfathers all taught me to use tools. By the time I started a theater career, I was a practical carpenter and had also spent a couple of summers framing houses. Scenery came quickly and easily, and it became a nice source of income. The woodwork I do now became a passion only later in life.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You build amazing wooden canoes. What's wrong with the aluminum kind? OFFERMAN: The worst thing is that they're incredibly loud. If you drop your beer in an aluminum canoe, you'll scare all the fish for seven nautical miles. They're also heavy and, mainly, unattractive. Modern wood-strip canoes like mine are about 50 pounds—really light. That's because they have fiberglass and epoxy resin both inside and outside, creating what's called a monocoque structure.

Q5

PLAYBOY: We know Ron Swanson is a diehard libertarian, with a heart. What's your personal philosophy?

OFFERMAN: My favorite writer is Wendell Berry, from Kentucky. He's a farmer, an agrarian, an essayist, a poet, a novelist. His overarching philosophy is that we've lost touch with the land we've grown up on, and if we could all take two steps back, if everybody planted a garden or if somebody in the neighborhood made shoes, we'd probably be a much stronger society with less need for the distractions of video games and all that. I often think of the shockingly accurate fat, baby-like adults in the movie Wall-E. If I had a soapbox-which I'd build myself-I'd use it to encourage people to make things with their hands or to get outside and walk in a park, to experience the world in ways that don't involve screens.

Q6

PLAYBOY: When Rob Lowe joined *Parks and Recreation*, how did he handle being the second-best-looking guy on the set? OFFERMAN: He has a tough time with it. I catch him peeking in the door of my trailer a lot and poking around, seeing if I have some kind of magic libation.

Q7

PLAYBOY: How often are you mistaken for Zach Galifianakis?

offerman: I was driving home one night and my mom called and said, "Hey, did you know you're on a billboard in Chicago?" I said no. It turns out it was Zach. Another time, I was walking on the Upper West Side along the Hudson River. Four girls, maybe 18 or 19 years old, walked past, checked me out and giggled. And then I heard one say, "Definitely not. No way. That is *not* Zach Galifianakis." I understand. I'm a few inches taller. I'm a big fan of Zach's, and I hope our resemblance

turns into some comedy, or maybe he turns into a superhero who is me.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You're good friends with Rainn Wilson, who plays Dwight Schrute on *The Office*. Who would win a deadpan contest between you two?

OFFERMAN: I'm not much given to competition, but at the same time, I think both our heads might explode if we got into it.

Q9

PLAYBOY: One joy of Parks and Recreation is the cussing, even though it's bleeped. How great is it not to have to watch your mouth? OFFERMAN: It's just one aspect of how liberating it is on our show. On day one Greg Daniels, the co-creator, said, "Anytime you want to say or do anything, go ahead." That was incredible, especially since a lot of our cast comes from improv and sketch comedy. I come from the theater, where the script is scriptural. It's like the Bible. But now, if I have the impulse, I can say "Fuck that!" All along the writers have taken our natural impulses and written them into the characters. We really leapfrog and piggyback on one another.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Megan Mullally, your real-life spouse, plays the second of Ron Swanson's ex-wives, both named Tammy. Was it weird or wonderful to have a racy sex scene with your wife? OFFERMAN: Casting my wife, who is a comedy juggernaut, allowed us to go to disgusting places of intimacy I wouldn't dare approach with any other actor, out of sheer politeness. When we got the script for that episode, Megan took me to a soft, grassy area in our yard, and we rehearsed disgusting kissing and groping techniques to see how far we could comfortably go, to find our safe zone. I have lots of good friends I love making comedy with, but if one of them had been cast, I couldn't have licked all over her face or rammed my tongue down her throat the way I could with my wife because she's my legal property.

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PLAYBOY: Obviously. Last season, in the episode "Ron and Tammy, Part 2," there's a scene in which you and Amy Poehler walk into Megan's office and find her bent over, showing her backside and a thong. After everyone gets a good look, she stands up and tells you she was just checking for scoliosis. Then it gets hotter as Megan is intimate with a large, stiff piece of beef jerky. Is she acting or bringing it from home?

OFFERMAN: It's a fine line. She's certainly using the wiles she's developed over her 53 years. Fortunately, we have a deep and abiding love, so she never has to resort to checking herself for scoliosis to take me there. The beef jerky? Well, ever since watching her on *Will & Grace* I've been astonished at how Megan can get away with the most filthy gestures and insinuations on network television. Even Mother Teresa would know it was a penis slapping her in the face. I just have to shake my head in wonder.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Your initials are N.O. Do you ever

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think you'd have been better served if they were Y.E.S.?

OFFERMAN: In college, the whole theater department would audition for the semester's plays at once. They'd post the cast lists, and you had to initial that you accepted your role. The department was run by a dignified British ex-TV star named David Knight and his wife, Wendy McClure Knight, an ex-West End musical dancer and theater performer. It was so great to have these regal theater professors in the middle of Illinois. One day Wendy called me into her office, where she was always enjoying a cup of tea, and said, "We've posted the cast list for Three Sisters. You were given the role of the 92-year-old doorman, Ferapont, who has three lines, and you have written 'No.' It's actually not a bad role. Would you care to explain?" I said, "Wendy...my initials are N.O." She was very embarrassed. That's the only time it's gotten me in trouble.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Would it bother you to learn that on a website of cats that look like Ron Swanson some of them are female?

OFFERMAN: My wife insists I have a powerful and beautiful lady inside me. My inner lady is very coquettish. She makes a great pan of biscuits. And she's a terror in the garden.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Megan is 12 years older than you. Describe the charms of the mature woman. OFFERMAN: Megan has had and continues to have a wonderfully successful career in the viciously difficult field of beautiful women in Hollywood. I've always been glad that I'm not a good-looking young woman in this town. Without kissing any ass, I said to her when we first became acquainted, "You, to me, are like a PLAYBOY Centerfold. You are a fucking

knockout." She's a beautiful, stacked lady. So, you know, it's easy to stomach the age difference if your wife is insanely gorgeous. There's never any issue. I don't have a tough meal to get down. I don't think, Wow, you're really starting to look like an old shoe.

Q15

PLAYBOY: How tough was it to quit smoking? OFFERMAN: Tough. I was a magnificent smoker—two packs a day of Reds. I loved it. But I've had to learn to pay attention to my hedonistic tendencies. I started to quit when I was 31 or 32, but I was sort of an idiot about it. Megan and I were going on a romantic trip to Paris. I said, "Perfect. I'll quit smoking now. Let's go to the airport. I'm done!" We landed at Charles de Gaulle, and everyone there was smoking. I don't think I left the building before I had a pack of Gauloises in my pocket. A second attempt was during a trip to New Orleans. I did a film called Lush with Campbell Scott, and I thought, Great, I've got this time to myself. I'll quit smoking...on my movie...in New Orleans...during Jazz Fest. I went on the patch, but by the time I beat it, I was a pack a day again. Now Daddy's medicine is nicotine candy.

Q16

PLAYBOY: After the Emmy nominations last fall, much of the media whined that you had been snubbed. We agree you should have been nominated, but is there really such a thing as an Emmy snub?

OFFERMAN: No. That said, my wife and I believe being snubbed is amazing. I've gotten so much more positive press from it than if I was dude number six. My take on art trophies is that they're set up as though we've all run a footrace. They're like, "And the winner, by a nose, is...." Jon Hamm's acting is just that tiny bit more quality this

year than Hugh Laurie's—you know? It's easy to dismiss. When my mom called me, outraged that I'd been "snubbed," I said, "Listen, Mom, you're using some foul language. I'm gonna allow it today, but I'll just remind you that if down the road I ever do get nominated by these folks, somebody else's mom is gonna be cussing on the phone. So don't worry about it."

Q17

PLAYBOY: Maybe you should take extraordinary measures. Tell us about Ron Swanson's sex tape.

OFFERMAN: I think it would be in a sort of shadow-puppet genre, captured inadvertently by a neighbor maybe trying to make a video for *America's Funniest Home Videos* and filming some shadows in flagrante delicto coming from Ron's shop, through a tarp.

Q18

PLAYBOY: We usually ask if you wear boxers or briefs, but this time let's add thong and loincloth.

OFFERMAN: I have a dream that I'll become a kilt guy at some point. I've tested the waters with Megan. Somebody sent us an advertisement for a badass dude kilt, the kind you could wear to frame houses. That put me over the edge. I was like, "Honey, I could wear this kilt." My wife has incredible taste. She is amazing at designing our house and both her wardrobe and my own. She is an absolute tastemaker, while I have taste in my mouth and little else. All my choices are practical ones. These days, realistically, I do boxers or boxer briefs, if they're cotton boxers with the button fly. I kind of swing between those two, literally. Ron Swanson probably has three pairs of Army surplus boxer shorts. They're on a rotation. He launders them only in salt.

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PLAYBOY: You come from a grizzled, salt-ofthe-earth farm family. Was it tough to come out as an actor?

OFFERMAN: My family is so nice, and their list of vocations—schoolteacher, paramedic, librarian, repeat ad nauseam, and a bunch of farmers—shows how solid they are. Any layman would have a difficult time understanding what could be hard about a job like acting and what makes 12-hour days exhausting. I remember at one point, to sort of break away from my conservative family upbringing, I was nude in a play. That's right. I had to show my genitals to an audience, get tattoos and prove to myself that I was a cutting-edge artist—he said with a laugh. But it played its part. Acting should be approached fearlessly. Just don't ask me to sing.

Q20

PLAYBOY: What's more difficult, the acting or the rejection?

OFFERMAN: The rejection. I heard this Robin Williams quote years ago: "For an actor, getting a job is your job. When you get a job, that's your vacation." I'm kind of mad that Robin Williams gets that quote because I don't think he had much of a job then. He's been working pretty steadily.



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CHRIS WALLACE

(continued from page 62)

House press conference and got him to admit to Israel's role in selling arms to Iran in exchange for releasing the American hostages. That doesn't happen at press conferences now. What changed?

WALLACE: It was kind of a free-for-all when I started out as a White House correspondent under Reagan. We used to be able to walk right into the White House with our bags. We never got searched. I could have been carrying anything. You had much more access to the president. Sam Donaldson, Lesley Stahl and I would shout questions at Reagan wherever he went, and he would answer. For a reporter, the White House was the premier beat. You weren't just a journalist, you were the president's foil. You were the person at the other end of a meaningful conversation. That elevated you. Today, things are 100 percent scripted. Nobody gets to shout a question. Nobody really gets to have any interaction with the president.

PLAYBOY: Whose doing was that?

WALLACE: It started with George H.W. Bush. He saw the degree to which we would go into an event and trash it by asking questions. Sometimes it would be on the subject. Sometimes it would not. The president would make news that was completely off the point of what the White House wanted to emphasize that day. Bush 41 came in and said, "No shouted questions, no interaction. We're going to run our White House and you're going to cover our White House." That level of control increased with each successive administration. Clinton didn't let up, Bush 43 certainly didn't let up, and Obama has continued it. Frankly, I would go out of my mind if I were covering the White House today. Everything is staged now. Everything.

PLAYBOY: You sound like a man whose network isn't exactly favored by the current administration.

WALLACE: Things got a lot tougher for Fox when Obama came in, for sure. Interestingly enough, the Bush team was much nicer to us, not surprisingly, but they weren't as nice as you would think. As a rule, Democrats are tougher than Republicans on the media. When they're in power, they use it more aggressively. For our network, the roller-coaster ride began with Clinton, whose administration wanted to snuff Fox out in the cradle. Then the Obama administration declared war on Fox News and tried to delegitimize us and for six months wouldn't put a guest on any of our programs.

Republicans tend to be a little more polite. For instance, of all the Sunday shows, Fox News Sunday was the last to get an interview with George W. Bush. It wasn't Meet the Press, Face the Nation or This Week. The last was Fox News Sunday. There's no way that would happen to Meet the Press in the Obama administration. In fact, Tom Brokaw got an interview with Obama right after the election, before he took office. But Obama certainly wasn't going to come on Fox. It took me 770 days of asking before Obama caved and finally came on my show in spring 2008. But who knows? He may need us again.

PLAYBOY: The conservative political blogger Andrew Sullivan wrote that during an interview you did with Dick Cheney in 2009, you behaved like "a teenage girl interviewing the Jonas Brothers," noting that while critics were accusing the former vice president of war crimes and of authorizing torture techniques perfected by the Khmer Rouge, you were asking him fluffy questions like "Do you think this was a political move, not a law enforcement move?" Sullivan wrote, "Now look: There are softball interviews; and then there are interviews like this. It cannot be described as journalism in any fashion." Isn't the job of a journalist to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable?

WALLACE: Come on. I've asked Cheney plenty of tough questions. Take a look at the exit interview I did with him in December 2008 about the decisions he made in the war on terror. That was a tough interview. He was ticked afterward. Nobody likes being roughed up. Obviously, when I'm interviewing a guy like Cheney, I watch other interviews so I can ask what other people aren't asking. That's why I ask the questions I ask. The other thing you should know about Cheney is that it's like interviewing a Sherman tank. He is relentless and he is going to make his statement. You aren't going to interrupt him and you aren't going to drive him off his point. That is just the sheer force of his personality. It has nothing to do with ideology.

PLAYBOY: There's a weird YouTube video called "Is Hillary High?" that features an interview you did with then presidential candidate Hillary Clinton. She laughs maniacally at questions of yours that aren't particularly funny. What was going on?

WALLACE: Yeah, that was a little bizarre. I think it was the first interview of all the Sunday shows in her presidential race, and she was laughing uproariously at everything. I definitely don't think she was high. I think someone had said, "Hey, you need to appear warmer and chummier." She did the same thing in a few follow-up interviews, so it looked like a strategy.

PLAYBOY: How would America be different now under President Hillary?

WALLACE: It's a question a lot of people are asking. The smartest move Barack Obama made was appointing Hillary secretary of state. With his poll numbers as bad as they are, if Hillary were the junior senator from New York and not the secretary, I think there would be a huge draft movement to get her to run an insurgent campaign. Now I don't see any chance of that. One of the things people who know Hillary say—and I can't say I know her well—is what a team player she is, how loyal she is. It's impossible to say what type of president she would have made. But had he not appointed her, a "Draft Hillary" movement would have been the biggest story in American politics right now.

PLAYBOY: What *is* the biggest story in American politics right now?

WALLACE: How disappointed the country is with Obama. His presidency is exactly the opposite of what everybody thought it would be. If he's reelected, there will be a tremendous amount of time to write a different

ending, but if it ends in November—and it's heading in that direction—he will go down as one of the great disappointments in history. So many people put their hopes in him that he was going to be different, that he was going to change the discourse in this town, the way politics get done, and he hasn't. He's been a tremendous disappointment on the economy. Obamacare has been a huge disappointment and will probably be repealed if he loses. And perhaps most surprisingly, in foreign policy he has followed many of the same core policies and principles in fighting the war on terror as George W. Bush. Guantánamo is still open. He's stepped up drone attacks. Who is this guy exactly? We'll see if he can define himself by November.

PLAYBOY: Just an observation: Nobody in the Obama White House would use the word *Obamacare*. It's a term usually used by conservatives who are anti-Obama.

wallace: Okay. I use it for several reasons, and I know it drives the left crazy. That's not one of the reasons, by the way. The left thinks it's a conservative slur. To me, it's simply a shorthand phrase for the president's health care reform plan. Oddly enough, I never heard anyone on the left complain about calling them the Bush tax cuts. We called it Reaganomics and nobody complained. What's wrong with Obamacare? It's simply connecting the author of the plan with the plan.

PLAYBOY: On your show last year, you said it was improper to label those who question global warming as "misinformed." Do you believe global warming exists?

WALLACE: I believe that the earth is warming, yes. I believe that man has something to do with it. How is it possible that our pouring tons of crap into the atmosphere isn't having some impact? Plus, even if we're wrong on global warming, why wouldn't we want to stop the pollution? But I don't think someone is misinformed if they don't believe in climate change. That's like saying "Do you believe taxes help or hurt the economy?" People can have a political view without being misinformed.

PLAYBOY: What's your political view on gay marriage?

WALLACE: I've changed on this issue. I've thought about it a lot. I think same-sex marriage should be legal. I can see no good reason why not. They're committed couples. They're not hurting anybody. They bring love and stability and raise children. I can understand people who have problems with it. I had problems with it. But times have changed.

PLAYBOY: What changed your mind?

wallace: To tell you the truth, I went to a gay wedding. There's a fellow here in D.C., Art Smith. He was on *Top Chef Masters*. He used to be Oprah Winfrey's chef. He has a restaurant here and in Chicago. I got to be friends with him. He invited my wife and me to his wedding. I was a little squeamish about it, like, What's this going to be like? But it was wonderful. It was two really nice people who were in love. When I went to it, I couldn't help but think, I just wish all the critics could come to this and see this, because what's the big deal? Who is it hurting? It makes them enormously happy and it doesn't hurt anybody.

PLAYBOY: You're sounding like a Democrat. **WALLACE:** I am a registered Democrat, but that doesn't mean anything.

PLAYBOY: Did you vote for Obama?

WALLACE: No comment. I'm a registered Democrat because I live here in Washington, D.C., and the Republican Party is moribund. The only way you can have any say in who the mayor or the city councilman is, is by voting in the Democratic primary. So I'm a registered Democrat.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe your politics?

WALLACE: I'm a classic independent moderate. I have voted for Republicans; I've voted for Democrats. I probably would surprise you with some of the people I've voted for, both on the left and the right.

PLAYBOY: Okay, surprise us.

WALLACE: In 1984, when Mondale was running against Reagan and I was the White House correspondent for NBC News, that bastion of liberal media, I voted for Reagan's reelection. I certainly had some problems with some of his issues, but I thought he was a powerful, strong leader who was moving the country in the right direction. In 1988—I shouldn't be doing this, but I will—I covered Dukakis and liked him enormously. But I came away thinking he wasn't the right man to be president. I voted for Bush 41. Four years later—this

is where I'm going to stop—I had soured on Bush and voted for Clinton.

PLAYBOY: You did a famous interview with Bill Clinton a few years back. How scary was it when he wagged his finger and accused you of doing a "conservative hit job" with "that little smirk on your face"? [Editor's note: Wallace asked the former president why he didn't "do more to connect the dots" and put Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda out of business.]

WALLACE: It was surreal. I went in there in good faith. I wasn't trying in any way to sandbag him, but this question totally set him off. I didn't want to get into a fight with a former president, but on the other hand, I knew it was a hell of a story. We had all heard about the purple rages. Here it was, playing out live on TV. Look, in the end, I thought it was great. What are we trying to do? We're trying to provide insight into the policies and personalities of these figures who are leading us. I think I did that big-time. I just didn't expect him to go crazy on me.

PLAYBOY: When news began surfacing about phone hacking at *News of the World*, in the U.K., did you worry this could affect Fox News or your boss Rupert Murdoch?

WALLACE: No. I thought it was a terrible thing, but so did Rupert Murdoch. There hasn't been a scintilla of evidence that he knew about it. He has condemned it.

There certainly is not an atom of evidence that it came to this country and especially that Fox News was involved in any way. I will be shocked if we find out Fox was involved. I've seen no evidence in any way, shape or form.

PLAYBOY: What's your relationship with Murdoch like?

WALLACE: He's Mr. Murdoch and I'm that fellow on TV on Sunday mornings. I see him at social functions in Washington occasionally. I've seen him at a couple of company events. He seems to like me fine, but I can't say I have any relationship with him. He hasn't told [Fox News president] Roger Ailes to fire "that guy," so I guess that's a good relationship.

PLAYBOY: We've read that Ailes tried to have bombproof windows installed in his office. Do you ever worry about the powerful emotions cable networks stir in liberals and conservatives alike?

wallace: No. The only time I wondered was in 2008 when Obama spoke outdoors at a big speech at the football stadium in Denver the closing night of the convention. I was the person closest to the stage. I had been the podium correspondent for Fox during the whole convention indoors. So I was surrounded by the most rabid, committed Democrats. I wondered, Is this going to get ugly? But it was a wonderful night.

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Obama gave a great speech, Sheryl Crow performed, and I must have been asked for my autograph or to have my picture taken by a hundred people an hour. It just goes to show that in the end, if you're on TV, that trumps anything. People are just excited that you're famous. But fame doesn't mean much to me. I grew up with a famous father and everyone saying "Hey, Mike" to him, so I'm used to the attention. It turns the world into a small town, so I can't complain.

PLAYBOY: How much time do you spend watching your competition on, say, MSNBC?

WALLACE: Have I watched MSNBC? Yes. Do I watch it? No. I watch Fox News, and I watch the *Today* show in the morning and at least one network newscast at night. Yes, I'm the one person who still does that.

PLAYBOY: But you know who Chris Matthews is.

WALLACE: [Laughs] Yes, I know who Chris Matthews is. And he's free to tilt left just as some people think that, particularly in prime time, we tilt right. The failure of MSNBC is a testament to Roger Ailes's genius. It's not that liberal politics are inherently less interesting than conservative politics. It's that Fox News is better television than MSNBC. We have better shows, better anchors. It's much more watchable.

PLAYBOY: So you're saying Rachel Maddow isn't watchable?

WALLACE: I find her smart-alecky.

PLAYBOY: CNN is certainly making a big fuss over Anderson Cooper lately. What's your take on him?

WALLACE: I think he's fine. I don't get what all the hype's about. I just wouldn't tune him in. They've spent millions of dollars promoting him. I think he's a serious guy. I think

he's an attractive guy. He's just not somebody I have any desire to watch.

PLAYBOY: What about online? I suspect you're not a fan of Arianna Huffington.

WALLACE: I don't like her on TV because I have trouble understanding her. I think she'd have more credibility if she didn't have such a thick accent. She's been in this country for how many decades? It's like Henry Kissinger. Lose the accent already! The Huffington Post, I read it. Sometimes I'm curious to see what it has to say. It has a fellow who does a live blog of all the Sunday talk shows. I routinely look at that. Given its political bent, it roughs me up, but I find it entertaining.

PLAYBOY: Are you a Twitter man?

WALLACE: I wouldn't even know where to find it.

PLAYBOY: Google co-sponsored one of the debates you moderated. How often do you Google yourself?

wallace: If I've done a particularly controversial interview, I'm curious to see the reaction. What's amazing to me is what anonymous commenters will go out of their way to say about you. It's horrible. Some of them are very smart and they'll say, "Well, why didn't you ask so-and-so this?" My reaction is usually, "Because I didn't know about it." But some of it is just terrible, and you think to yourself, Why would they sit there and write these screeds while you're on the air? I mean, in my entire life I've never sat with a computer while watching a TV show and fired off things to the show.

My wife recently wrote a book about soup that did pretty well. I come home on Sunday mornings and there's soup waiting for me. She wrote a recipe book. Anyway, some guy writes in and says, "I'm fed up with you and I'm fed up with your wife's soup, so I'm off the show and I'm not eating soup anymore." I actually wrote back and said, "Hey, it's fine if you want to boycott me. But don't boycott the soup." I thought that was pretty funny.

PLAYBOY: Another observation: You're really kind of a square. Did you ever have a rebellious period?

WALLACE: Well, I've had one cigarette in my life, which was at a Harvard-Dartmouth football game. I was so cold I thought maybe it would keep me warm. I've never had a full cup of coffee. Drugs never interested me. I am probably the only person in the history of Harvard in the 1960s who never took drugs.

PLAYBOY: So you've never inhaled?

WALLACE: I didn't at Harvard. A few times thereafter I did. And when I say a few, I mean less than the number of fingers on one hand.

PLAYBOY: How were those few?

WALLACE: They didn't suck. It was okay, but I didn't enjoy it enough to pursue it. I've always been a very light drinker and a cheap drunk. Even now, if I have a gin and tonic, my wife is like, "Oh my God!"

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with you?

WALLACE: I don't know! I've always been a good boy. The bad stuff never tempted me. When I was in grade school, I got a little medal for being the honor boy every year from fifth grade to ninth grade, except for one year when the teachers didn't give it to me because it would have caused a riot if I got it again.

PLAYBOY: So you have zero vices?

WALLACE: Look, I got divorced from my first wife after 20 years, so obviously I wasn't perfect there. I don't think I was entirely at fault, but I certainly played a role. I have been enormously happily married to Lorraine for 14 years and have learned a lot. I did a lot of work on myself, went to see a therapist.

PLAYBOY: What was the takeaway from therapy?

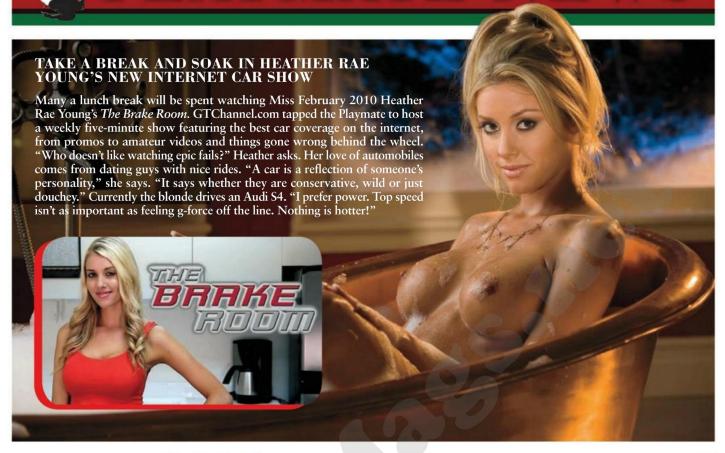
WALLACE: Boy, that's a tough question. There wasn't one simple takeaway. One of many was to like myself more. Maybe that sounds odd, but I think a lot of successful people would say the same thing. My father has talked a lot about being depressed. I've never been depressed, knock wood. But I have suffered a lot of anxiety and a lot of insecurity. I came away from therapy feeling there's value in taking it easier on yourself. Be nicer to yourself. If you like yourself more, what flows naturally from that is that you're nicer to other people. That's been a big change. What makes me a good interviewer is that I can be sharp and incisive. But the flip side is that I can be cutting and sarcastic. I used to think to myself, What would I pay to be able to take back all those stupid remarks I made in my marriage and elsewhere to mend the garment? But you can't. You can't put it back together again. So instead I became much more mindful of the circuit breaker in my head that goes, Hey, be nice. Stay even.

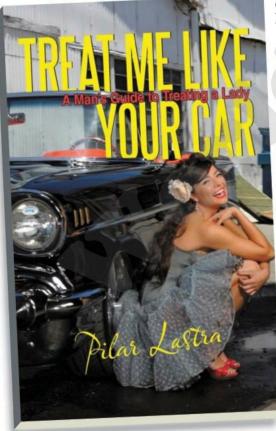
PLAYBOY: Fair and balanced?

WALLACE: Hell yes.



PLAYMATE NEWS





GIVE YOUR RELATIONSHIP A TUNE-UP

After hearing women complain that they couldn't find a way to communicate their feelings to their men, Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra decided to write a relationship handbook for guys, which became Treat Me Like Your Car. "Translating my wants and needs to my boyfriend in car terms worked," she says. "Cars are a universal language. Every man knows that for a car to continue to get you where you need to go, it requires maintenance. The better you take care of your car, the longer it lasts—just like a relationship. Chivalry isn't dead; it just needs a jump start."

FLASHBACK



Forty years ago this month we plucked Miss January 1972 Marilyn Cole out of the London Playboy Club and put her on our pages. The brunette Brit bared her buxom beauty for our first-ever full-frontal nude Centerfold, thus launching herself to international stardom and winning Playmate of the Year honors in 1973. Marilyn went on to pose for the cover of the Roxy Music album *Stranded* and then married former Playboy executive Victor Lownes. As of late she has snagged a few bylines in the London Observer for, of all things, her boxing coverage.

"I love my décolletage, the area of skin below my neck and above my boobs," says Miss October 2009 Lindsey Gayle Evans. "I don't know why, but I just love it! To me it's the classiest piece of skin to showalong with arms and shoulders. There's nothing like a good strapless top with sky-high cleavage. Am I right?"

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY THOMAS JANE

"I was 13 years old when I raided my father's stash of PLAYBOYS. The first issue I perused was August 1979, with Dorothy Stratten as the Centerfold. She became the one I compared all the others to. I caught her on my favorite show, Buck Rogers, which hooked me on a lifelong quest for sexy sci-fi babes. She





had that magic mix of sin and innocence—sort

AND THEY CALLED IT SNUGGIE LOVE

Misses July and August 2009 Karissa and Kristina Shannon star in Air New Zealand's new commercial. The airline cast two men to play conjoined sheep who are enjoying their flight when, across the aisle, they spot the Shannon twins, who also appear to be conjoined sheep. After flirting (flicking sheep ears), one of the Shannon twins unzips herself from the garment she is wearing and spooks the sheep.



IRINA VORONINA AUCTIONS OFF BRA FOR CHARITY

Miss January 2001 Irina Voronina donated her bra to an auction benefiting the American Cancer Society. "It makes me sad knowing that in this day and age some women are still not able to get yearly mammograms," she says. "Hopefully something as little as a bra could help save a life.'



Miss December 1979 Candace Collins chaired Glamorama. a fund-raising event in Chicago attended by 3,000 guests that featured fashion from Macy's-including Karl Lagerfeld's debut



collection for the retailer—and a performance by Grammy winner Cee Lo Green. The night yielded inspiring looks, much fun and \$350,000 earmarked for the Ronald McDonald House Charities of Chicagoland and Northwest Indiana. Also in attendance were Far East Movement, Evander Holyfield Jr. and the style influencers of the Midwest.... PMOY 2008

> Jayde Nicole dazzled on the red carpet before the show for the Setorii resort and spring 2012 collection in Los Angeles, receiving as much attention as the fashion designer. Jayde, who has posed for fashion catalogs since the age of six, says that when in doubt, ladies should

bet on black: "The little black dress goes with anything. You can wear it anytime and be confident that you'll look good."... To

help make its Halloween costumes look even sexier, Roma Costume enlisted PMOY 2011 Claire Sinclair to get decked out in its wares. For the catalog shoot the Playmate of the Year dressed as a-just add sexy in front of all of these—sailor, cowgirl, hippie and superhero. One



of Claire's own costumes was worth tweeting about, as Hugh Hefner did: "The best costume at last night's Halloween party was Claire Sinclair as a very sexy Jessica Rabbit." Claire is used to playing dress-up. She was once one of the photo-op characters outside Grauman's Chinese Theatre in

Hollywood. "It was pretty cool, actually," she told Complex. "It was hilarious. Some of the characters would just sit on the curb and eat pizza while dressed like Betty Boop or Wolverine."... Congratulations are in order for Miss April 2007 (and German PLAYBOY'S PMOY 2006)



Giuliana Marino, who found love and made it official with husband Michael Kertes. The couple celebrated their union in a private ceremony on August 13. Three cheers for Michael and Giuliana!

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WOULD YOU BELIEVE HE'S NEW AND IMPROVED?

NEXT MONTH



MISS MARCH LISA SEIFFERT. THOSE EYES

THE CANVAS SUITS HER-THE UFC OCTAGON HAS ALWAYS ATTRACTED DELICATE BEAUTIES, BUT NO RING GIRL PAINTS A PRETTIER PICTURE THAN POP ARTIST BRITTNEY PALMER. IT'S A PICTORIAL WORTH FIGHTING FOR.

PAUL KRUGMAN-IN A CHALLENGING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW, THE NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING ECONOMIST AND NEW YORK TIMES COLUMNIST DISCUSSES WITH JONATHAN TASINI WHY REFORMS NEED TO STING BANKERS, OBAMA'S EARLY MISTAKES AND WHAT WE HAVE TO DO TO GET THIS COUNTRY MOVING AGAIN.

TWO-WHEEL WONDERS-OUR RESIDENT RIDER, JAMES R. PETERSEN, SELECTS THE BEST NEW SPORT, TOURING AND CRUISING MOTORCYCLES, PLUS THE 2012 BIKE OF THE YEAR.

CAN HE WIN AGAIN?-LIKE MOST AMERICANS, PRESIDENT OBAMA FEARS LOSING HIS JOB. TO KEEP IT, HE NEEDS TO PRESENT HIMSELF AS NEW AND IMPROVED—WHAT MADISON AVENUE CALLS A REBRANDING. EVER HELPFUL, WE SENT CHRISTOPHER **TENNANT** TO TOP AD FIRMS TO SOLICIT THEIR ADVICE.

PARTY IN THE SKY-THE PLAYBOY CLUB HAS CONQUERED THE WORLD, NOW LOOK SKYWARD, WE ASKED FUTURISTS AND ROCKET SCIENTISTS TO IMAGINE THE FIRST CLUB IN SPACE. PICTURE A ZERO-GRAVITY SEX ROOM, DIGITAL WALLPAPER AND FLOATING GLOBULES FOR DRINKS.

STREET CRIME-JERRY FINNIGAN WAS A DECORATED UNDER-COVER COP IN CHICAGO. THEN, IN 2006, PROSECUTORS CHARGED HIM WITH TAKING PART IN A CRIME SPREE INVOLV-ING HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN STOLEN DRUG MONEY. WHAT HAPPENED? FINNIGAN OPENS UP TO HILLEL LEVIN, DESCRIBING THE ANYTHING-GOES CULTURE OF LAW ENFORCEMENT IN THE SECOND CITY.

SPIRITED AWAY-JUN DO GREW UP IN A NORTH KOREAN ORPHANAGE RUN BY HIS FATHER. OFFICER SO TAKES HIM FROM THE DARKNESS AND GIVES HIM AN ASSIGNMENT: KIDNAP A JAP-ANESE OPERA SINGER FOR A PARTY OFFICIAL. CAN JUN DO GET THE JOB DONE? AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM THE ORPHAN MASTER'S SON, THE NEW NOVEL BY ADAM JOHNSON.

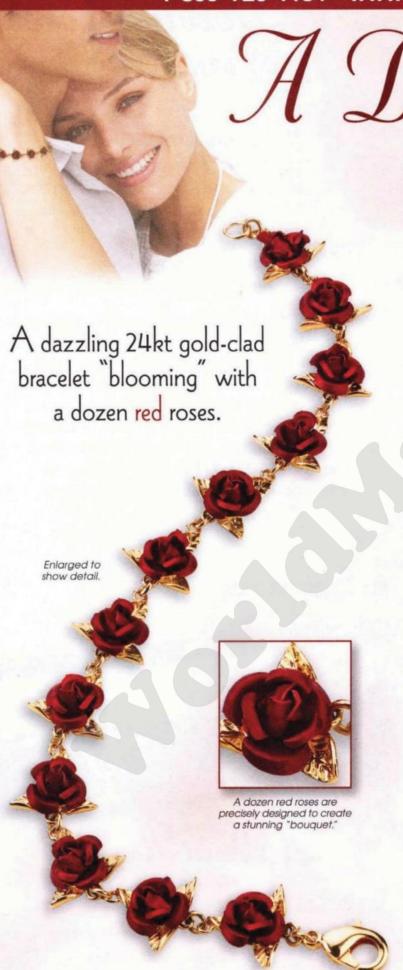
PUGILIST AT REST—BEST-SELLING NOVELIST KATHERINE DUNN VISITED JOE FRAZIER IN PHILADELPHIA BEFORE HIS DEATH. READ ABOUT THE FINAL DAYS OF SMOKIN' JOE.

SUPERHUMANITY—EXTREME SKIERS, KAYAKERS AND SURFERS HAVE ACCOMPLISHED STUNTS NO ONE COULD DREAM OF FIVE YEARS AGO. AS **STEVEN KOTLER** REPORTS, THE MARGIN FOR ERROR HAS GROWN SO SMALL IT'S PERFECTION OR DEATH.

PLUS-HEF'S NEW GIRLFRIENDS, 20Q WITH DAVID CROSS, X GAMES FASHION, MISS MARCH LISA SEIFFERT AND MORE.

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(continued on back)

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Château de L'Abbaye 2009, Bordeaux Supérieur

Trophy Chilean Merlot

"All Terra Andina wines are worthy of recommendation" (The Wine Advocate). Few more than this "powerful, full on, plummy" Merlot — a trophy-winner at the 2011 What Food What Wine Awards. The Patriots Merlot 2010.

The Patriots Merlot 2010, Maule Valley

Fine California Pinot

In the Pinot-perfect valley made famous by the movie Sideways, Eric Hickey gets "serious about quality." (Parker) The finest French oak adds spice to the deep raspberry flavor. Pure class.

Laetitia Estate Pinot Noir 2010, Arroyo Grande

The President's Cab

Past president of the California Cab Society Bill Knuttel represents all that is great about small-batch winemaking. Here's his opulent, oak-aged 2010. Too good to miss.

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J Opi Malbec Reserve 2009, Mendoza

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