

WWE DIVA MARIA KANELLIS NUDE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

www.playboy.com • APRIL 2008

20Q
OFFICE
HEARTTHROB
**JENNA
FISCHER**

**DIVA
MARIA**
SHOWS US
THE ROPES
(AND THE RACK)

SEXY
FLIGHT
ATTENDANTS
FIRST-CLASS
NUDES

EXCLUSIVE
EXCERPT FROM
**KURT
VONNEGUT'S
LAST
BOOK**

INTERVIEW
NICKELBACK'S
CHAD KROEGER



IN THE BEGINNING, THERE WAS DARKNESS.

©2008 Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. God of War is a registered trademark of Sony Computer Entertainment America Inc. "PlayStation", "PS", Family logo and "PSP" are registered trademarks of Sony Computer Entertainment Inc.

| | |
|--|--|
| MATURE 17+ M CONTENT RATED BY ESRB | Blood and Gore Intense Violence Nudity Sexual Content |
|--|--|

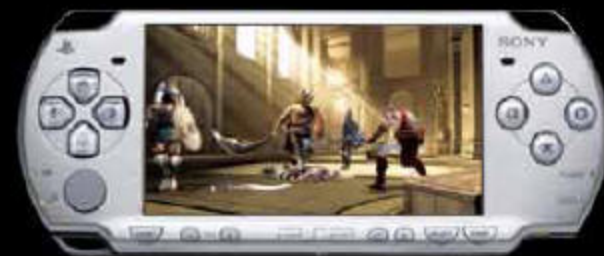
GOD OF WAR[®]

CHAINS OF OLYMPUS

Long before his battle with Ares, Kratos was a servant to the Gods. Ordered deep into the underworld, the Ghost of Sparta faced an impossible choice: Redeem himself or save the ancient world from eternal darkness.



“9 out of 10. Reaches legendary heights.”
— *Game Informer*



WWW.GODOFWAR.COM

PS2
PlayStation®Portable



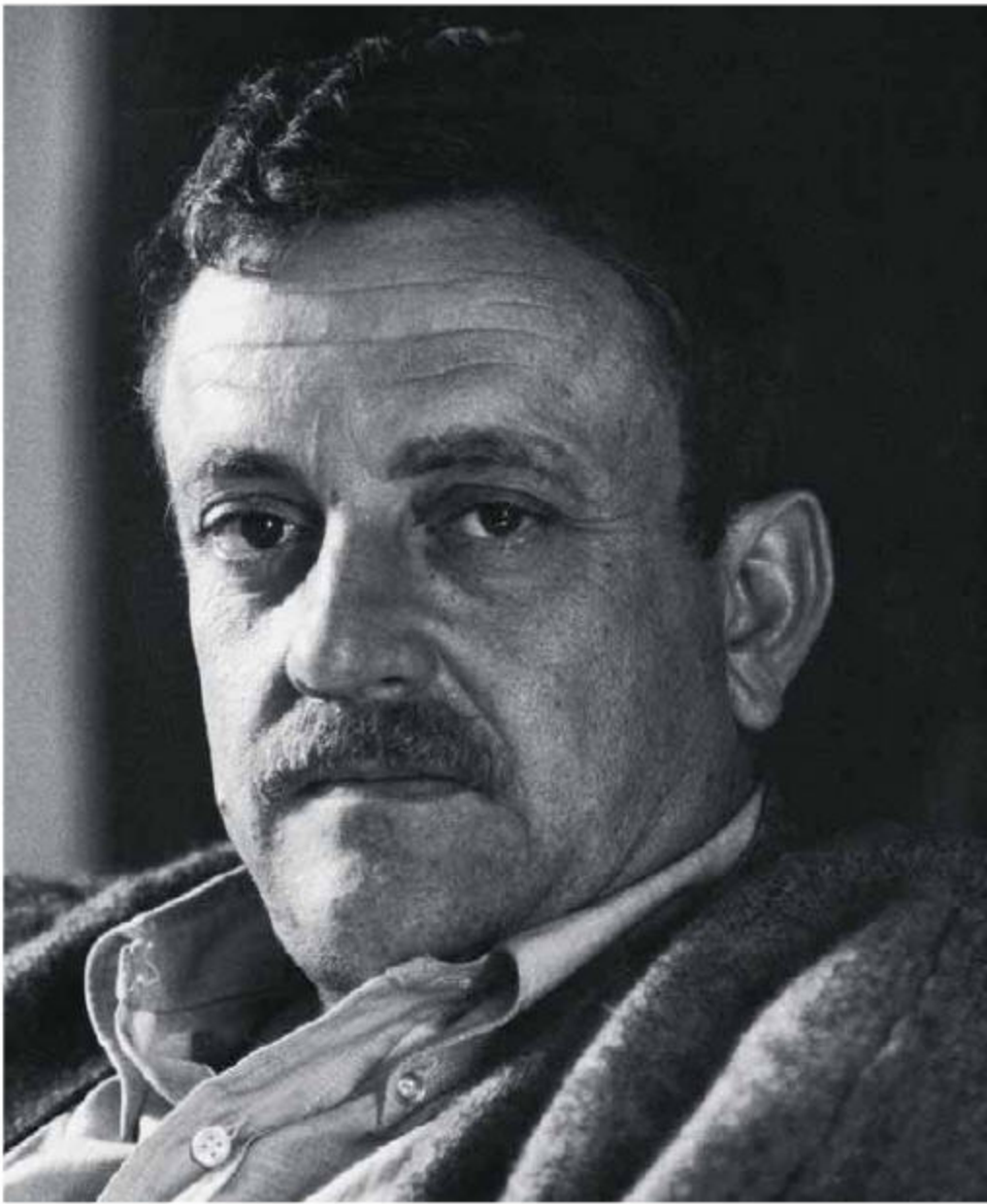


***DON'T WAIT
TO BE NOTICED***

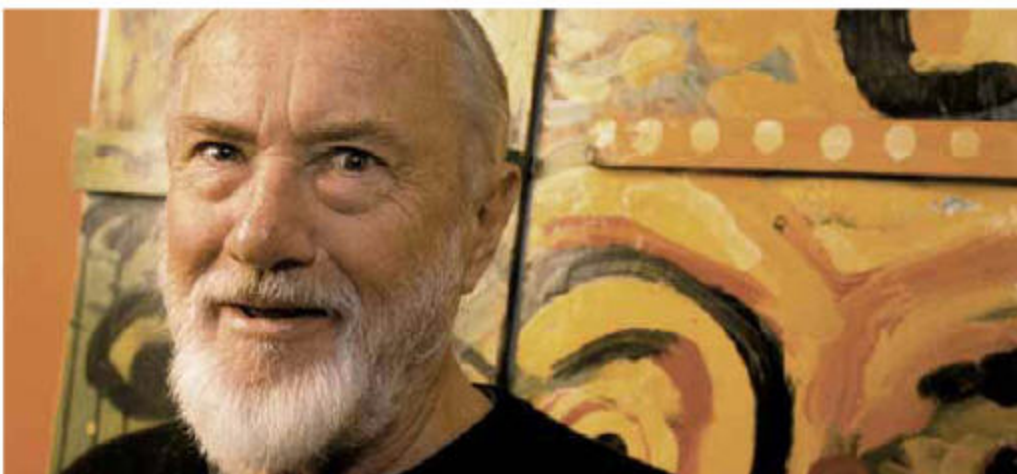


SKECHERS

® Visit Skechers.com



"This is my principal objection to life, I think: It is too easy, when alive, to make perfectly horrible mistakes," wrote the late **Kurt Vonnegut**. In *Wailing Shall Be in All Streets* he condemns one such mistake, the Allied firebombing of Dresden that killed tens of thousands of civilians in one night. The previously unpublished essay (from his forthcoming *Armageddon in Retrospect*, from G.P. Putnam's Sons) was the basis for *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Both works are timely warnings about our war in Iraq, which Vonnegut railed against until his death. "I, myself, feel that our country, for whose Constitution I fought in a just war, might as well have been invaded by Martians and body snatchers," he said. Despite his dark humor, Vonnegut never gave up on the future: "Why write books? You catch people before they become generals and presidents and poison their minds with humanity."



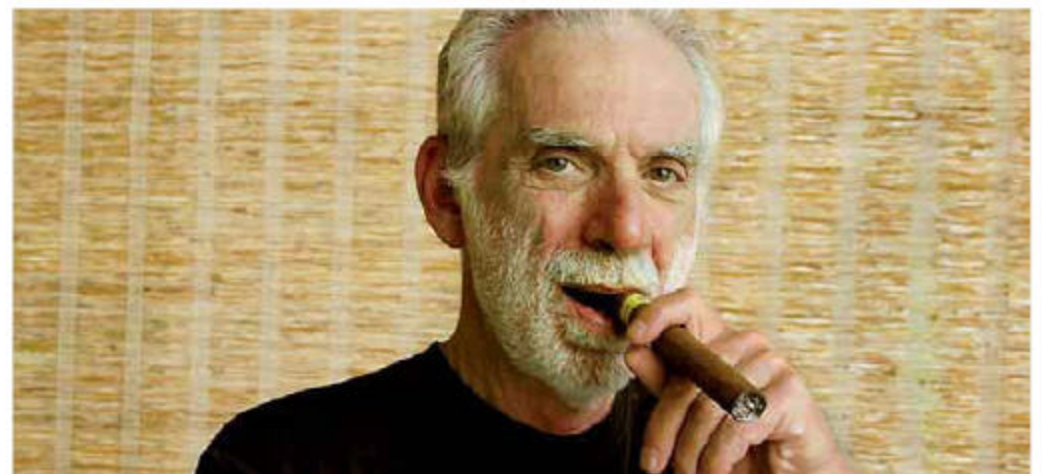
Robert Stone, author of many novels and the memoir *Prime Green: Remembering the Sixties*, returns to *PLAYBOY* with *Charm City*, a tale of dark justice in a schizophrenic port. "Baltimore has a shoddy veneer of sedateness," he says. "But beneath this aura of ambitious respectability, it's also a really tough place." In his story the city's underbelly comes to light in the person of a seductress who may be loosely based on a few brassy dames in Stone's life. "I've been around a long time," he says, "and I've run into all sorts."



According to WWE message boards, fans have been hoping **Maria Kanellis** would take off her tights—okay, technically she wrestles in lingerie—for ages. The wait is over. This month the Diva poses for Senior Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** in *Marvelous Maria*. "I'm not a little girl anymore," she says of her decision to pose for *PLAYBOY*. "I love my body these days, right down to the freckles—though there may be a bruise on my leg because I wrestled just before the shoot." Maria's family also factored into the timing. "I waited until my sister was comfortable with the idea. My father supports me too. And I still have to catch up to him: He has a muscle car that's been in more magazines than I have!"



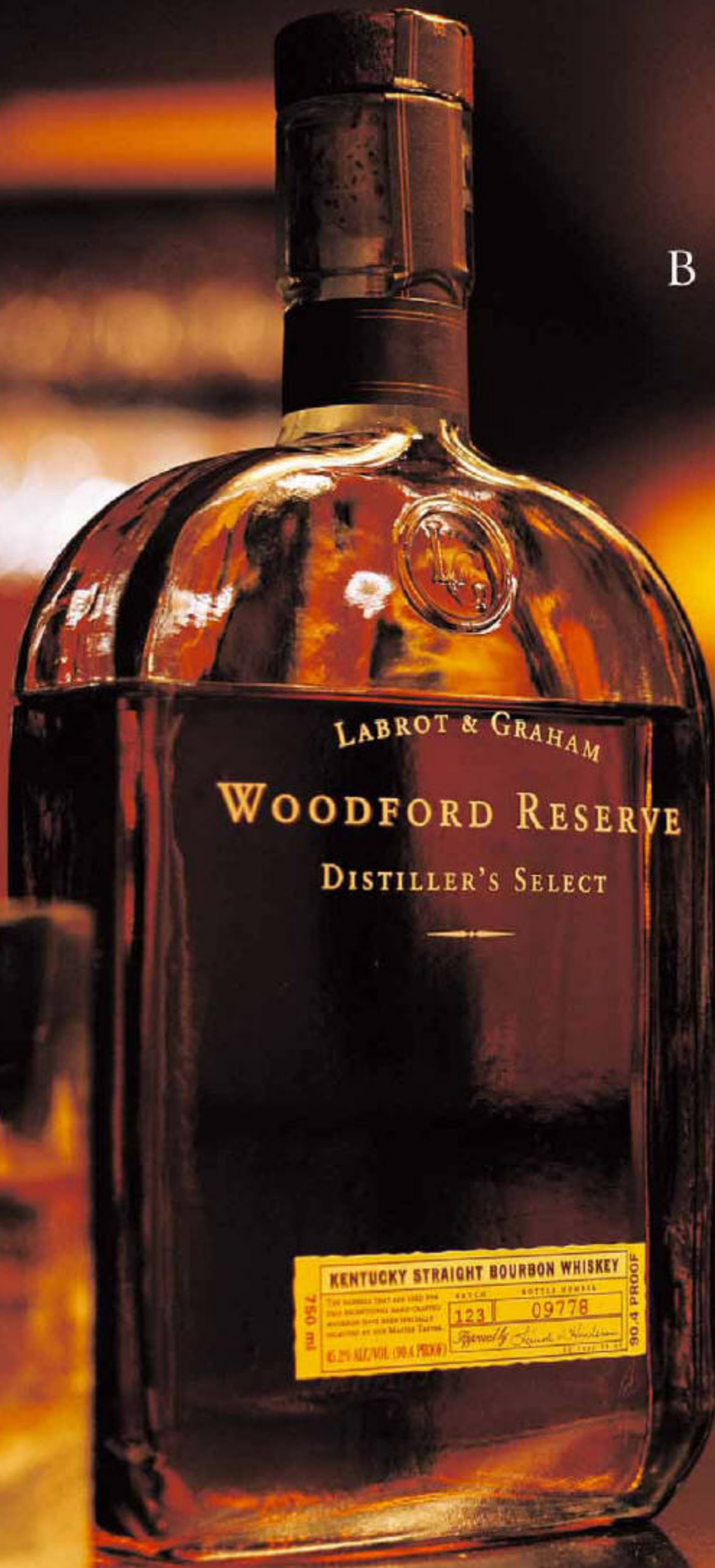
The intersection of technology and the human body has always fascinated **Damon Brown**. His latest book, *Porn and Pong*, is about sex in video games. "Gadgetry is inherently sexy," he says. "It enables us to do things that aren't possible with our fragile bodies." Little surprise, then, that he decided to investigate prosthetic wonders for our feature *The Body Shop*. "Maybe in 15 years the Mitchell Report will be about robotics," he says. "Or having a bionic vagina may become a future fashion statement. Where does the technology end and the humanity begin? How soon before we turn ourselves into cyborgs?"



"Chief Jim Billie has lived his life almost entirely to protect his people," says **Pat Jordan**, who penned *The Man Who Would Be Chief*. In the piece he investigates the Seminoles, who ostracized Billie despite his having masterminded Indian-owned casinos, which made the Florida tribe very rich. "I had to figure out why this guy who refers to himself as a noble savage got cut out of the deal, while even the poorest Seminole gets about \$10,000 a month," he says. "Shit, I could live like a king on their allowance." Jordan's newest book is *The Best Sports Writing of Pat Jordan*.

BOURBON

arrives.



LABROT & GRAHAM
WOODFORD RESERVE
DISTILLER'S SELECT

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
750 mL (25.36 FL. OZ.) 45.2% ALC. BY VOL. (90.4 PROOF)
BATCH 123 BOTTLE NUMBER 09778
Woodford Reserve Distillery

HANDCRAFTED IN SMALL BATCHES.

WOODFORD RESERVE®

BOURBON HAS ARRIVED.

Enjoy your bourbon responsibly.

Woodford Reserve Distiller's Select Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 45.2% Alc. by Vol., The Woodford Reserve Distillery, Versailles, KY ©2008.

PLAYBOY

c o n t e n t s

features

- 54 THE MAN WHO WOULD BE CHIEF**
Before Chief James E. Billie invented the concept of Indian casinos, the members of his Seminole tribe were among the poorest of the poor. Now each one receives a \$120,000 payout from the gaming profits every year. Oddly, Billie has been unceremoniously booted from his tribe, as have other prominent Native Americans across the country. **PAT JORDAN** seeks an explanation.
- 64 WAILING SHALL BE IN ALL STREETS**
In this poignant excerpt from a forthcoming collection of his unpublished work, **KURT VONNEGUT** details his formative experiences as a prisoner of war in Dresden, Germany during the cataclysmic air raid that gave his classic novel *Slaughterhouse-Five* its terrible origin. Vonnegut's haunting firsthand account of a picturesque city reduced to rubble and his assignment to recover incinerated bodies from the ashes is a powerful comment on the barbarity of war.
- 72 THE BODY SHOP**
Human sperm created from bone marrow? Bionic teeth that release medication at the command of a microchip? These products may sound as if they were dreamed up for William Gibson's next novel, but they are just two of many new body parts scientists may well perfect before your next corporal tune-up. **BY DAMON BROWN**
- 100 SOMMELIÈRE LIKES IT HOT**
As a porn star, Savanna Samson says she developed "a taste for big things." This extends to the acclaimed vintages she produces for her own wine label. The erotic oenophile chats with **DAN DUNN** about bold flavors and explosive pairings.

fiction

- 88 CHARM CITY**
A married man meets an alluring woman at a recital. After they share a drink he whisks her away to his house in the country. But what could have been an impulsive sexual encounter evolves into something sinister. Master storyteller **ROBERT STONE** spins a wicked tale about role-playing gone wrong.

the playboy forum

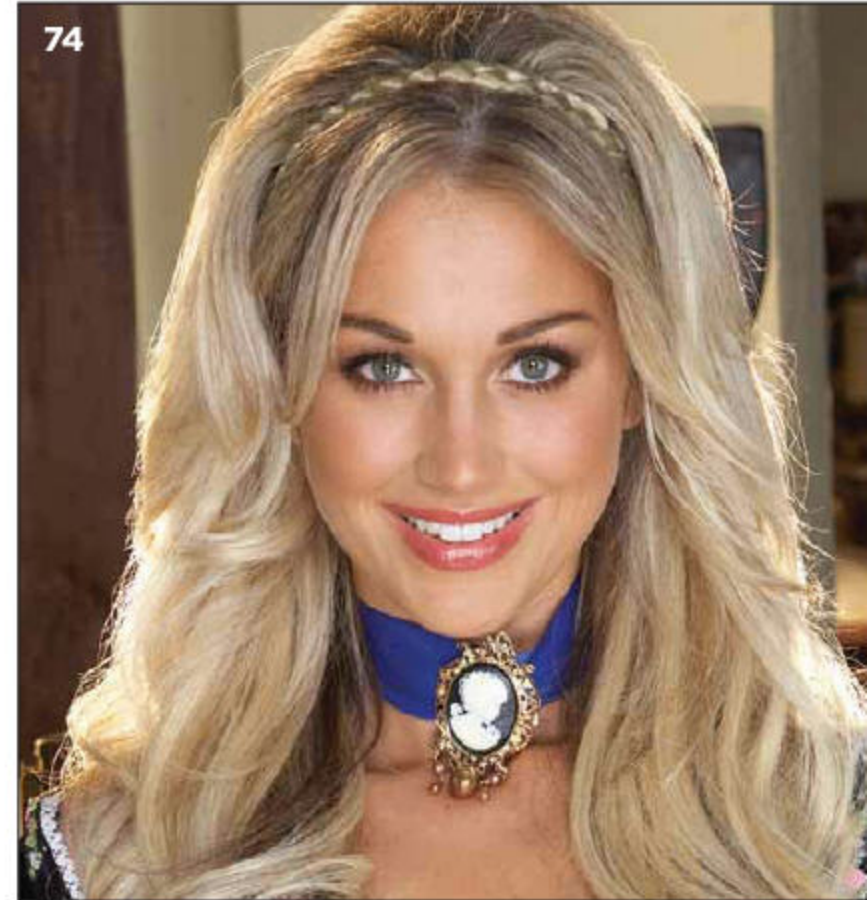
- 41 ZERO-NARRATIVE NATION**
We live in an increasingly aliterate nation where quality books, magazines and newspapers are being killed by an indifferent public. **SUSAN JACOBY** wonders if a culture without memory is a culture at all.

20Q

- 68 JENNA FISCHER**
On *The Office* she plays the daydreaming receptionist who inspires fantasies in cubicles throughout America. Meet the self-effacing actress as she opens up to **DAVID RENSIN** about such workplace-inappropriate topics as embracing her sex appeal, talking dirty and her amazing ineptitude when confronted with coffee.

interview

- 47 CHAD KROEGER**
His band, Nickelback, has sold more than 15 million records despite getting little love from critics. Whether you admire or despise lead singer Kroeger, his disturbing, violence-laden lyrics are brutally honest and, as we find out, often autobiographical. Kroeger seldom speaks to interviewers, but he lets down his guard with **ROB TANNENBAUM** and reveals details about his criminal record, partying like a rock star and why he still thinks it's fun to be bad.



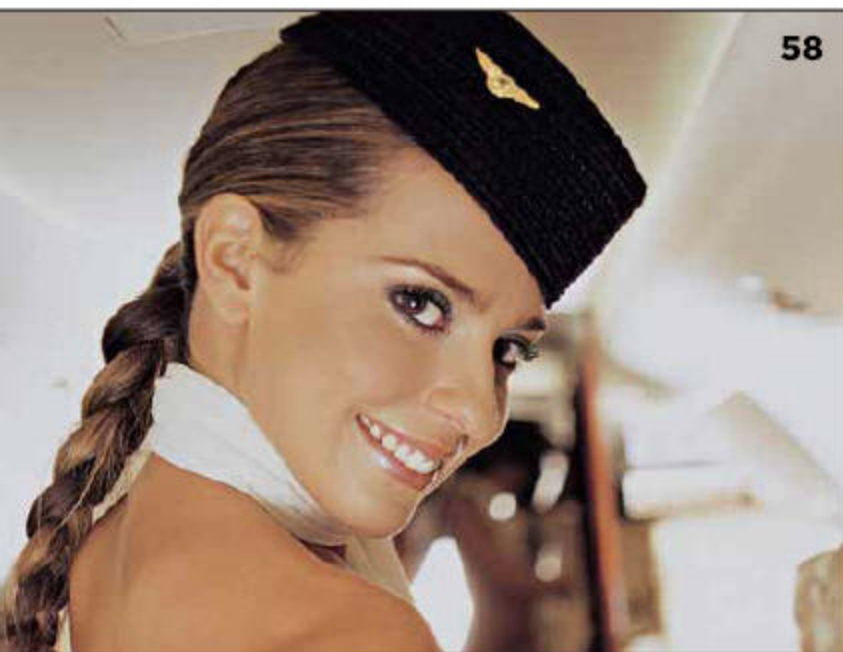
COVER STORY

In the ring, WWE RAW beauty Maria Kanelis is a sweet-natured wrestling ingenue just learning how to "whup butt." Clearly she is ready for a close encounter of a more intimate kind. "Appearing in *PLAYBOY* is my little party to myself for becoming a woman," she says. Senior Contributing Photographer Arny Freytag has Maria against the ropes on our cover; our Rabbit has her in a leg brace...let.



PLAYBOY

contents continued



pictorials

- 58** **COME FLY WITH ME**
Samba into the skies with three bodacious Brazilian flight attendants who provide a first-class antidote to the fear of flying.
- 74** **PLAYMATE: REGINA DEUTINGER**
Miss April is a wonder of German engineering—sleek, stylish and fully equipped.
- 104** **MARVELOUS MARIA**
Maria Kanellis of WWE RAW has taken her lumps in the ring, but make no mistake: The auburn-haired Diva's day is here.

notes and news

- 9** **WORLD OF PLAYBOY**
The search for the 55th anniversary Playmate begins; Hef and the girls spend late nights with Jimmy Kimmel and Jay Leno.
- 10** **SWINGIN' IN THE NEW YEAR**
Join Sarah Silverman, Dennis Haysbert and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar at the Mansion bash.
- 135** **PLAYMATE NEWS**
Playmate of the Year 2005 Tiffany Fallon keeps her integrity in the cutthroat boardroom of *Celebrity Apprentice*; behold the most beautiful bike burning up the streets: Anna Nicole Smith's custom chopper.

departments

- 3** **PLAYBILL**
- 11** **DEAR PLAYBOY**
- 15** **AFTER HOURS**
- 23** **REVIEWS**

- 31** **MANTRACK**
- 37** **THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR**
- 86** **PARTY JOKES**
- 137** **WHERE AND HOW TO BUY**
- 140** **GRAPEVINE**
- 142** **POTPOURRI**

fashion

- 92** **THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY**
We've collaborated with our 24 international editions to approve your passport to global style. Just in time for the spring travel season we present a collection of lightweight clothing from heavyweight designers.
BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS

[this month on playboy.com](http://thismonthonplayboy.com)

MAGAZINE BLOG

News and views from PLAYBOY editors.
playboy.com/blog

THE 21ST QUESTION

Log some OT with Jenna Fischer.
playboy.com/21q

DIGITAL DARLINGS

Review the Cyber Girls of the Month before meeting Cyber Girl of the Year.
playboy.com/cgoy

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG BURGERS

The top 10 patties from America's biggest burgs.
playboy.com/alist

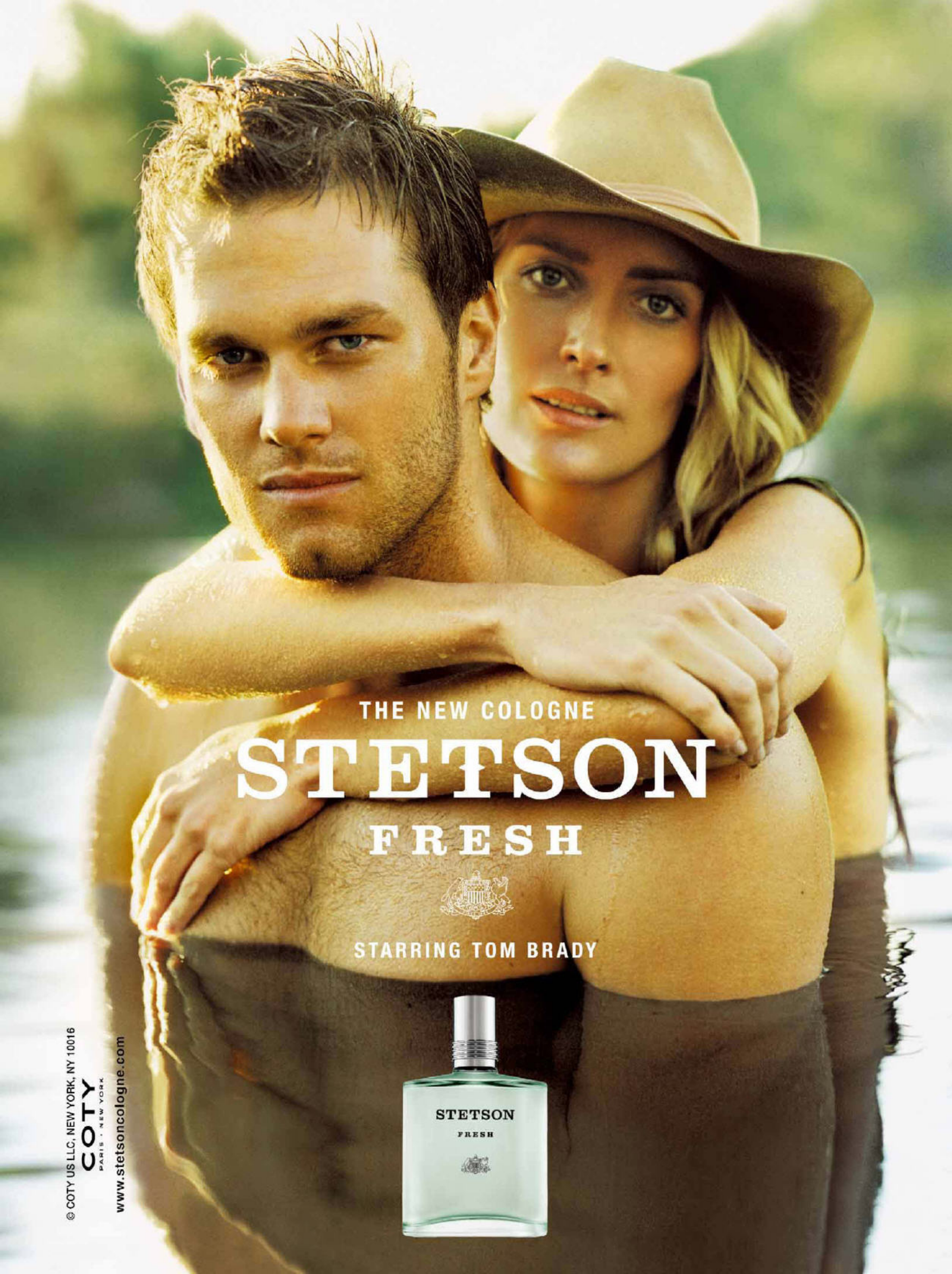
GOOD ADVICE

Eternal concerns, classic *Playboy Advisor* insights.
playboyadvisor.com



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: JANUARY 2008. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS BEN TAYLOR. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2008 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPYING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 137. DANBURY MINT INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. PACIFICO INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 20-21 IN DOMESTIC NEWSSTAND AND SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



THE NEW COLOGNE

STETSON

FRESH



STARRING TOM BRADY



© COTY US LLC, NEW YORK, NY 10016

COTY
PARIS · NEW YORK

www.stetsoncologne.com

SUBSCRIBE TO DIGITAL PLAYBOY

and download
a **FREE ISSUE**
instantly!

ZOOM IN
and get closer!

ACCESS
extra photos

LISTEN
to new music

WATCH
exclusive videos

INSTANT
monthly delivery



SUBSCRIBE now at
www.playboy.com/issue

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

editor-in-chief

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

editorial director

STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*

ROB WILSON *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *executive editor*

JAMIE MALANOWSKI *managing editor*

EDITORIAL

FEATURES: AMY GRACE LOYD *literary editor*; CHIP ROWE *senior editor*

FASHION: JOSEPH DE ACETIS *director*; JENNIFER RYAN JONES *editor* **FORUM:** TIMOTHY MOHR *associate editor*

MODERN LIVING: SCOTT ALEXANDER *senior editor* **STAFF:** ROBERT B. DE SALVO, JOSH ROBERTSON *associate editors*; HEATHER HAEBE *senior editorial assistant*; VIVIAN COLON, GILBERT MACIAS *editorial assistants*;

ROCKY RAKOVIC *junior editor* **CARTOONS:** JENNIFER THIELE (*new york*), AMANDA WARREN (*los angeles*) *editorial coordinators* **COPY:** WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief*; CAMILLE CAUTI *associate copy chief*; DAVID DELP,

JOSEPH WESTERFIELD *copy editors* **RESEARCH:** DAVID COHEN *research director*; BRENDÁN CUMMINGS *deputy research chief*; RON MOTTA *senior researcher*; BRYAN ABRAMS, CORINNE CUMMINGS, MICHAEL MATASSA

researchers; MARK DURAN *research librarian* **EDITORIAL PRODUCTION:** DAVID PFISTER *assistant managing editor*; VALERIE THOMAS *manager*; KRISTINE ECO *associate* **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** MARK BOAL

(*writer at large*), KEVIN BUCKLEY, SIMON COOPER, GRETCHEN EDGREN, LAWRENCE GROBEL, KEN GROSS, DAVID HOCHMAN, WARREN KALBACKER, ARTHUR KRETCHMER (*automotive*), JONATHAN LITTMAN, JOE MORGENSTERN,

JAMES R. PETERSEN, STEPHEN REBELLO, DAVID RENSIN, JAMES ROSEN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STEVENS,

ROB TANNENBAUM, JOHN D. THOMAS, ALICE K. TURNER, ROB WALTON

ART

TOM STAEBLER *contributing art director*; SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI,

LEN WILLIS *senior art directors*; PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant*;

CORTEZ WELLS *art services coordinator*; STEFANI COLE *senior art administrator*

PHOTOGRAPHY

STEPHANIE MORRIS *west coast editor*; JIM LARSON *managing editor*; PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS *senior editor—entertainment*; KEVIN KUSTER *senior editor*; MATT STEIGBIGEL *associate editor*;

RENAV LARSON, HOLLY MADISON *assistant editors*; ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA *senior contributing photographers*; GEORGE GEORGIU *staff photographer*; RICHARD IZUI, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN,

GEN NISHINO, DAVID RAMS *contributing photographers*; BILL WHITE *studio manager (los angeles)*;

BONNIE JEAN KENNY *manager, photo library*; KEVIN CRAIG *manager, imaging lab*; PENNY EKKERT,

KRYSTLE JOHNSON *production coordinators*

LOUIS R. MOHN *publisher*

ADVERTISING

ROB EISENHARDT *associate publisher*; RON STERN *advertising director*; HELEN BIANCULLI *direct-response advertising director*; MARIE FIRNENO *advertising operations director* **NEW YORK:** SHERI WARNKE

southeast manager; JODI WHITE *account manager* **CHICAGO:** LAUREN KINDER *midwest sales manager*

LOS ANGELES: PETE AUERBACH, COREY SPIEGEL *west coast managers* **DETROIT:** STEVE ROUSSEAU

detroit manager **SAN FRANCISCO:** ED MEAGHER *northwest manager*

MARKETING

LISA NATALE *associate publisher/marketing*; STEPHEN MURRAY *marketing services director*;

DANA ROSENTHAL *events marketing director*; CHRISTOPHER SHOOLIS *research director*;

DONNA TAVOSO *creative services director*

PUBLIC RELATIONS

LAUREN MELONE *vice president, public relations*; THERESA M. HENNESSEY, ROB HILBURGER *publicity directors*

PRODUCTION

MARIA MANDIS *director*; JODY JURGETO *production manager*; CINDY PONTARELLI, DEBBIE TILLOU *associate managers*; CHAR KROWCZYK, BARB TEKIELA *assistant managers*; BILL BENWAY, SIMMIE WILLIAMS *prepress*

CIRCULATION

LARRY A. DJERF *newsstand sales director*; PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *subscription circulation director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

BOB O'DONNELL *managing director*; DAVID WALKER *editorial director*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

CHRISTIE HEFNER *chairman, chief executive officer*

BOB MEYERS *president, media group*

JAMES P. RADTKE *senior vice president and general manager*

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



DECK THE HALLS WITH HEF AND HOLLY

For ABC's special *Holiday of Stars* Hef played Kriss Kringle and brought three gorgeous elves. The foursome talked about Christmas at the Mansion and shared their favorite holiday memories.

WHO'S THE LUCKY LADY?

Hef and Holly kicked off the nationwide search for the 55th Anniversary Playmate with a morning casting call at the Mansion. Holly is spearheading the effort to canvass the country to find the all-American girl. The winner will grace our January 2009 issue and win \$55,000.

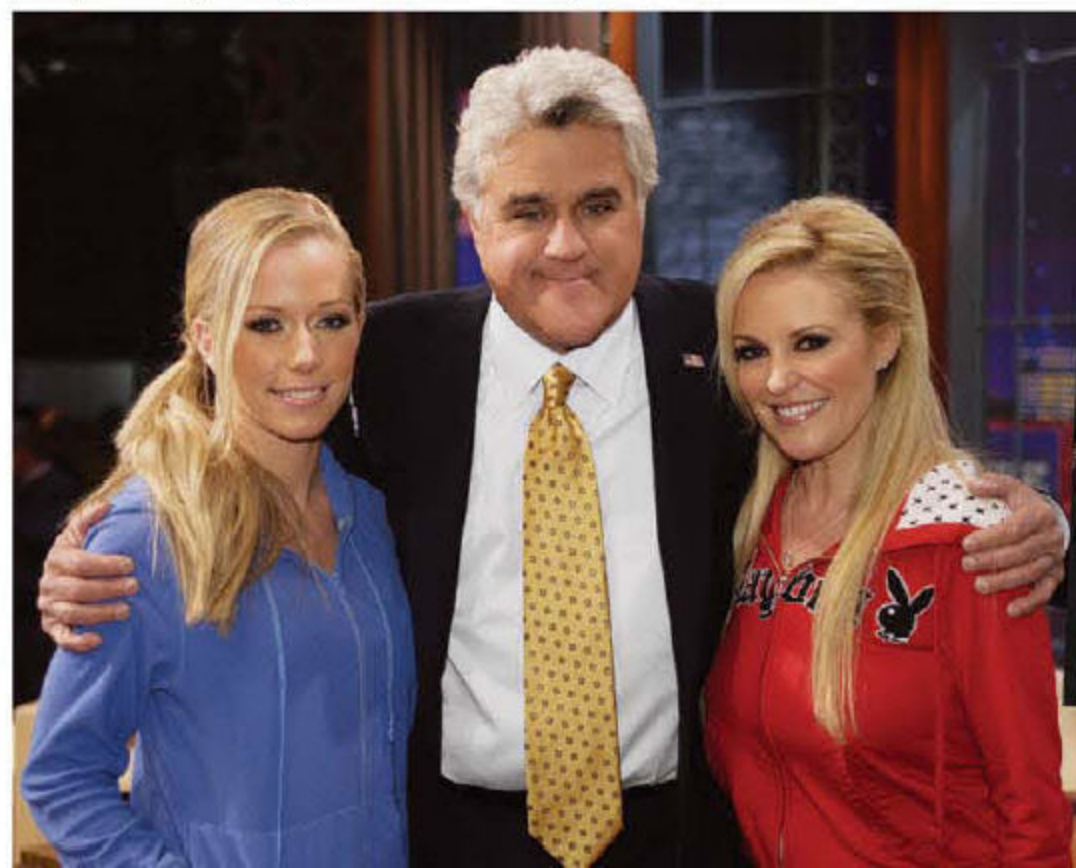
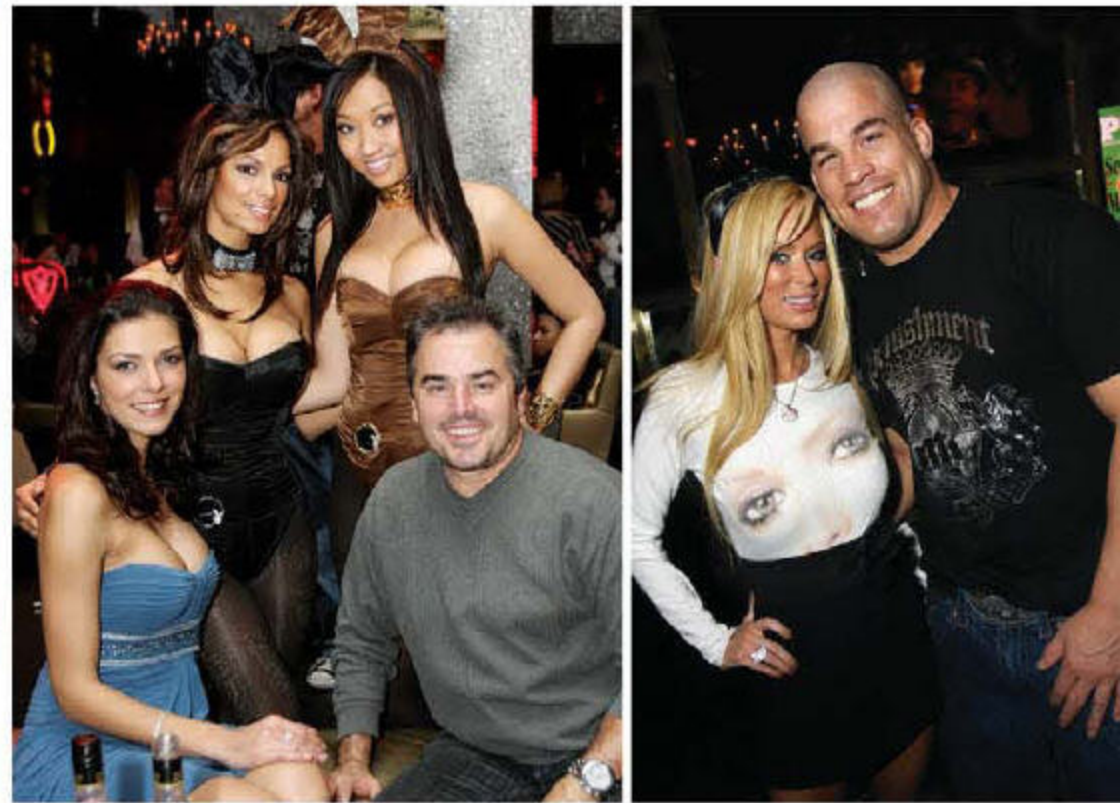


VA-VA-VROOM

Playmates Raquel Gibson and Stephanie Glasson helped jump-start the 2008 SCCA Pro Racing Playboy Mazda MX-5 Cup by signing magazines for the troops and posing with another sexy model—the Mazda Miata.

THE STARS COME OUT AFTER DARK

Celebrity couples Adrienne Curry and Christopher Knight (below left) and Jenna Jameson and Tito Ortiz (below right) hosted Sunday After Dark at the Playboy Club at the Palms in Las Vegas.



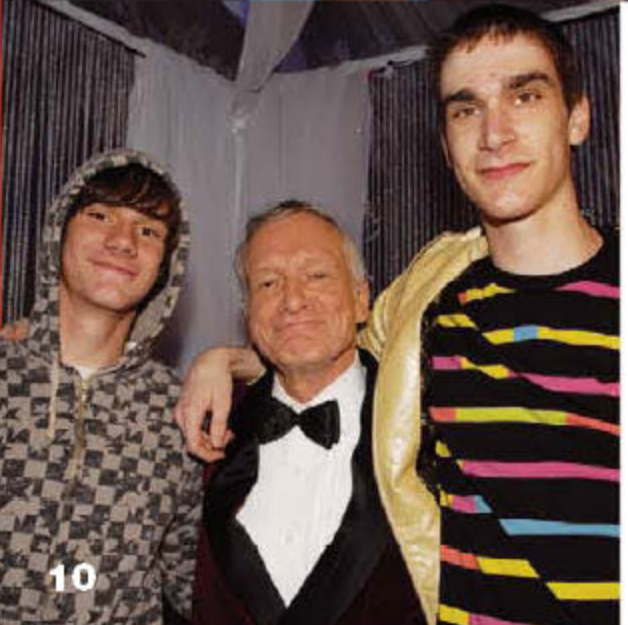
LATE-NIGHT LAUGHS

Nobody laughed harder than the veteran comedian when Kendra and Bridget (far left) told Blonde Party Jokes on *The Tonight Show With Jay Leno*; meanwhile, on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* (left), the host was probably half joking when he asked Hef to adopt him as a son. He promised, "I'd take care of my three moms all the time." Nice try, Kimmel.

SWINGIN' IN
THE NEW YEAR



Join toasts of the town at the Mansion as they revel in grand style while waiting for the balloons to drop. (1) Kendra, Holly, Hef and Bridget are looking great in 2008. (2) PMOY 1978 Debra Jo Fondren, former Bears wide receiver cum actor Willie Gault and PMOY 1976 Lillian Müller. (3) Scott Baio is 46...and a new father. Here he is with his bride, Renee Sloan (on his right), and her daughter Kalyn. (4) Dennis Quaid with Hef and Holly. (5) Painted Ladies. (6) Joanie Laurer (Chyna) and actor Isaac C. Singleton Jr. join the throng. (7) Michael Clarke Duncan, Manute of *Sin City*, and the Man of the Mansion. (8) Sergeant Eddie Sandmeier on leave from Iraq with his sister and her boyfriend. (9) Rapper Huey blingin' in the New Year. (10) A proud papa flanked by teenagers Cooper and Marston. (11) The Comedians' Corner features Jimmy Kimmel, Sarah Silverman and Bill Maher, all fit to be tied. (12) Basketball legend Kareem Abdul-Jabbar with Kendra. (13) *The Unit's* Dennis Haysbert hangs with Hef.



FUNNY LADY

With sincere apologies to Adrienne Curry and Playmate Sandra Nilsson, I think Tina Fey is the sexiest woman in the January issue. Thank you for a great *Playboy Interview*.

Michael Skoda
Washington, Pennsylvania

Thank God someone other than me and my husband thinks bleached hair,



Fey shows off her best asset—her mind!

bleached teeth and fake hooters scream “transsexual,” not “woman.” Eric Spitznagel’s interview with the brainy brunette is balm for the soul. Long live the wonderfully organic Ms. Fey!

Norah Madden
Ocala, Florida

Fey says she doesn’t think “anybody was superaroused” by her appearance in a bra in *Mean Girls*; for some of us, that is the highlight of the film. She’s sexier for not taking her sexiness seriously.

Antonio Malacara
San Diego, California

You ask Fey what she thinks of Michael O’Donoghue, the late *Saturday Night Live* and *National Lampoon* genius who quipped, “It does help when writing humor to have a big hunk of meat between the legs.” Fey is dismissive, but everything I have read about O’Donoghue suggests he thrived on repartee and didn’t mind taking the occasional zinger himself. My guess is that when he uttered that line he was magnanimously lobbing an underhanded softball he secretly hoped someone (preferably female) would smash out of the park with something

on the order of “It may help, Michael, but it’s hardly essential—after all, you’re a great humor writer.”

David English
Somerville, Massachusetts

Your interview with Fey made me fall in love with her because of her mind and wit, although to be honest, her boobs didn’t hurt her case.

Bryan Riggsbee
Gibsonville, North Carolina

They never do.

I’m not ashamed to say I skimmed the pictorials in the January issue and went straight to the interview. Even when she’s not reporting the news on *SNL* or playing Liz Lemon on *30 Rock*—which is easily the funniest show on TV—Fey is hilarious. My only disappointment is to learn she doesn’t have any sisters.

Doug Gillett
Birmingham, Alabama

I am sick of PLAYBOY constantly exploiting women’s intellect. When will you stop using pumped-up brainiacs like Tina Fey with her humongous brain and mammoth sense of humor to sell magazines?

Christopher Ullman
Manhattan Beach, California

Fey has written, directed and starred in some of the funniest sketches ever and deserves to be mentioned in the same breath as Elaine May.

Wesley Fielder
Dallas, Texas

LOST IN TRANSLATION

Christian Parenti’s article *Our Battles Joined* (January) is superb. There is an old proverb, “Some people make themselves taller by cutting others’ heads off.” This applies to the Taliban for its cowardly murder of Afghan journalist Ajmal Naqshbandi.

Evan Santos
Adelanto, California

TATTOO ME

I’m generally not a fan of tattoos placed near a woman’s private parts; as Chris Rock says, “The pussy works on its own.” But model Trisha Lurie looks inkalicious in January’s *Grapevine*—that’s quality work.

Alex Addison
Austin, Texas

BALL BUSTER

While I enjoyed your January interviews with Fey and Helena Bonham Carter (*20Q*), I am dismayed by a state-

ment made in *The Year in Sex* that “librarians vowed to ban” a children’s book that contains the word *scrotum*. This leaves the impression that all librarians are in the habit of banning books. In fact, the incident involved a small group of elementary school librarians. Librarians for the most part are staunch defenders of the First Amendment. While we are often portrayed as meek and mild, we are actually pretty radical.

Karen Smith
Lincoln Park, Michigan

FEAR FACTOR

Thank you for making my trip to the mailbox fun once a month. I am also glad to see important articles such as Jimmy Breslin’s *Land of the Free, Home of the Scared* (January). Like Breslin, I am tired of watching our civil liberties erode behind the politics of fear.

Mike Trzeciak
Burnt Hills, New York

Breslin is right. When will the technology be in place to tell us the third man in line at airport security has a bomb in his shoe? I hate flying now too.



Soto’s dark vision of the new age of fear.

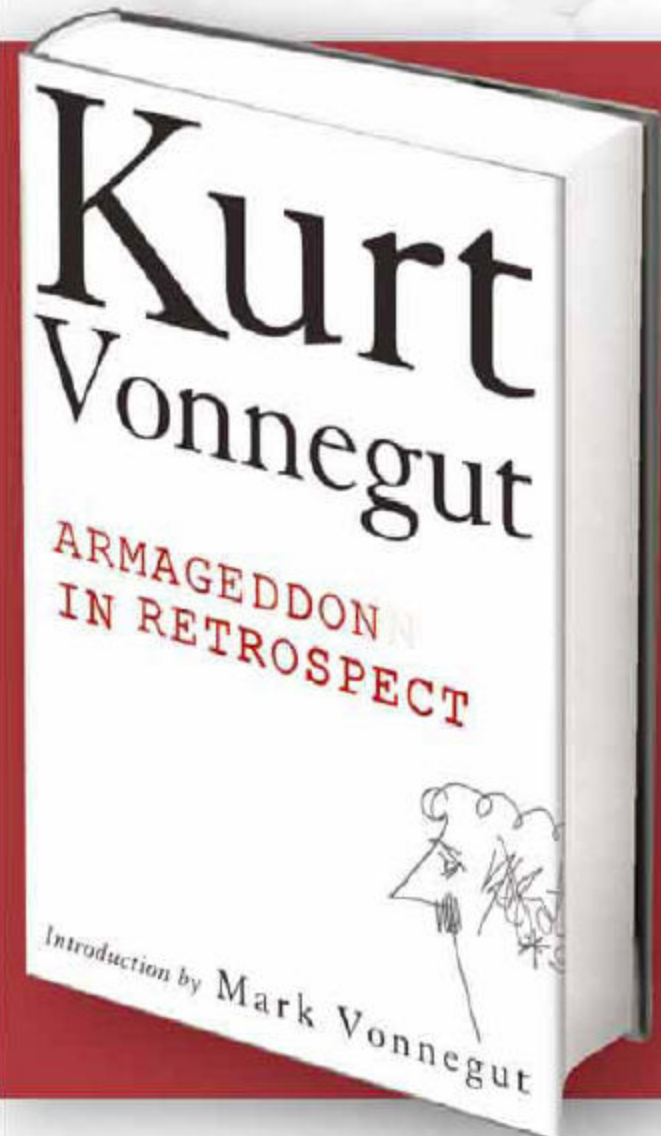
My New Year’s resolution is to become more politically active. By the way, Jeff Soto’s illustration is hilarious.

Scott Averitt
Spring, Texas

Breslin writes that “nowhere has anybody mentioned that the number of people who mishear things [over wiretaps] is astounding.” That’s an understatement. Not only are words heard in this manner sometimes difficult to understand because of dialects,

Kurt Vonnegut

on war and peace.



“He is a satirist with a heart, a moralist with a whoopee cushion.”

—Jay McInerney,
The New York Times

“The Mark Twain of our times.”

—*The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM
PENGUIN AUDIO



G. P. Putnam's Sons
a member of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.
www.penguin.com

but body language and cultural vernaculars are subject to a wide range of interpretations. Policies that rely on red-flagged keywords to determine “of interest” individuals are troublesome. Once someone is identified by the authorities as a person of interest, it is unlikely he or she will ever be removed from the list.

Edgar Gillham
Hidden Valley Lake, California

OLBERMANN REDUX

I can't believe PLAYBOY has turned conservative. You printed 11 negative letters in January about your *Playboy Interview* with Keith Olbermann but only two positive ones. If you get 90 negative letters from the lunatic fringe and one positive letter, would you print them in that ratio? The right-wingers mobilize whenever they perceive the media has slighted them. I'm shocked that PLAYBOY, a liberal bastion, would fall for this tactic.

Scott Holm
Lake Zurich, Illinois

The fact that we typically receive more negative letters than positive ones in response to political content is not surprising. People are more inclined to write when they disagree. We find our readers to be a thoughtful bunch, regardless of their leanings.

I am surprised to see so much negative mail about Olbermann. I had never seen *Countdown* until I read your interview in the October issue, but after one episode I was hooked. We are fortunate to have someone as funny, passionate and articulate as Olbermann looking out for us.

Ken Burritt
New Hartford, New York

As a conservative, I am pleasantly surprised to see all the letters bashing Olbermann. I have read PLAYBOY since the early 1970s, when I was a liberal. I have always felt your readers and writers were left-leaning. Seeing that other readers don't like Olbermann any more than I do, I guess a lot of them have grown up, just as I have.

Gene Keefover
Sedona, Arizona

I've been a fan of your interviews for 40 years. Olbermann's is one of the five best, along with Fidel Castro's, Johnny Carson's, Marlon Brando's and Robert Redford's. I am a yoga teacher, and when Bill O'Reilly comes on I stand on my head so the blood rushes to my brain and I can tell sense from nonsense.

Surjit Guraya
Dublin, California

PUNK'D

I am shocked to see a letter in the December issue signed by my dad,

Wally Barkalow. It is impossible for him to have written you, for two reasons: First, he went blind in the 1960s, so he hadn't seen PLAYBOY in years. Second, he's been dead since 1999. Not only would he have loved the article *Teller Speaks* (September), Kim Kardashian might have made a blind man see. I'm not sure who signed my dad's name, but he's a pussy for not using his own.

Doug Barkalow
Concord, California

HOT CURRY

Between Jonathan Raban's article on John Muir (“How the West Was



The saucy, sassy and sexy Adrienne Curry.

Ruined,” *Forum*) and Adrienne Curry's pictorial (*Curry for Dessert*), I am beside myself. As a conservation student and hot chick, I find the January issue is a perfect example of what I love about the magazine: its versatility.

Lindsay Lukasiewicz
Rochester, New York

I enjoyed the photos of Curry, but I really enjoyed seeing her best friend, Andrea Brooks. How about a pictorial?

Aaron Husk
Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia

Not only does your cover girl dismiss Black History Month, she admits to you that she calls her gay friends “fags.” That's not edgy; it's homophobic.

Jade Lee
Fountain Valley, California

No one wears black stockings like Adrienne Curry. Tell her I love her.

Louis DiDomenico
Pennsauken, New Jersey

Read more feedback at playboy.com/blog.



PALMS CASINO RESORT

THE WORLD'S ONLY PLAYBOY CLUB



8 PM NIGHTLY • FANTASY TOWER

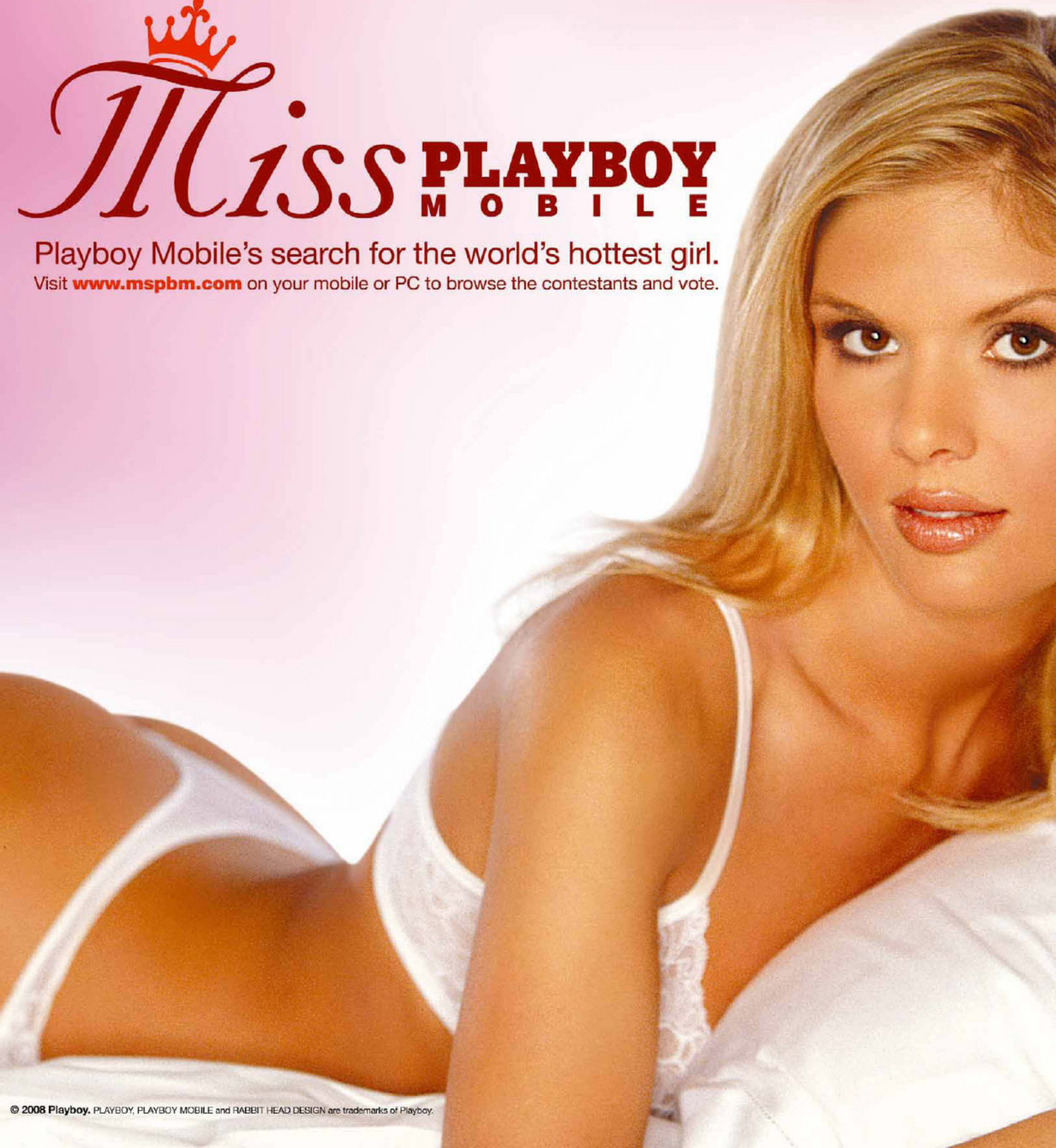
RESERVATIONS: TABLES@9GROUPVEGAS.COM | 702.942.6832

PLAYBOYCLUBLASVEGAS.COM | PALMS.COM

SHE CAN'T DO IT ALONE!


Miss **PLAYBOY**
M O B I L E

Playboy Mobile's search for the world's hottest girl.
Visit www.mspsbm.com on your mobile or PC to browse the contestants and vote.



P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Patricia De León

A PANAMANIAN BEAUTY TALKS MEXICAN PANTIES

Not to indulge in a cliché, but former Miss Panama Patricia De León is one fiery Latina. Actually, she's a series of fiery Latinas—in movies, she's usually the spunky *senorita* who doesn't take any *mierda*. It's a stereotype she doesn't dispute. "We're very passionate people," she says. "Very loud. We're nice, but when you piss us off it's like, 'Don't mess around with my people.'" In the boob-tastic romp *American Summer*, a *Risky Business* for the 21st century, Patricia plays a prostitute, "the one who's always fighting and complaining." In the decidedly different *Mr. Sadman*, an indie about a Saddam Hussein look-alike adrift in Los Angeles, she plays a wacky Mexican neighbor. "She's really loud, and she gets in everybody's business. Every time he comes out she's like, 'What you doing today? Why you doing like that? Why you wearing that clothes?'" The real-life Patricia is both articulate and calm, but when we get on the topic of girls behaving badly she seems to snap into character, scolding an unspecified young star. "You're a celebrity, for God's sake," she barks. "Get drunk if you want, but don't pass out in the street! You know there's gonna be cameras there. Why are you gonna be opening your legs when you know you're not wearing any, any—any *chones*?" That's Mexican slang for panties, she explains. It is our new favorite word, and we resolve to use it frequently. Thank you, Patricia De León. Thanks for *chones*.

"We're very passionate people. Very loud."



photographs and memories

Wearing Nothing but Glamour

FROM THE ARCHIVES, SEXY PICTURES BY HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHER

Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, Mae West, Bette Davis, Jean Harlow, Joan Crawford, Jane Russell—legendary Hollywood photographer George Hurrell shot them all. Lights! Camera! Glamour!, an exhibition at the California Heritage Museum in Santa Monica, is showing more than 60 Hurrell portraits, with an interesting PLAYBOY twist. The “nudes room” contains photos dating from the late 1920s, as well as ones PLAYBOY commissioned in the 1980s, many of which were never published. “What’s remarkable is these PLAYBOY images, though shot many years later, stand up to comparison with his best work from Hollywood’s golden age,” says curator Louis D’Elia. The last image you see before diving into the nudes? Hurrell’s 1983 portrait of Hugh M. Hefner, of course. (Lights! Camera! Glamour! runs through the end of June.)



Pictures at an exhibition, clockwise from above: starlet Gigi Parrish, a frequent subject of Hurrell's; Joan Collins, from her 1983 PLAYBOY shoot; Playmate Shannon Tweed in a previously unpublished photo.

colorless commentary

The Kids Are All White

WHO ARE THE WHITEST KIDS U'KNOW? NO, NOT THOSE O'HONKEYSON BRATS DOWN THE BLOCK

A year ago a scrappy little sketch show by a troupe of irreverents made its debut on Fuse. They call themselves the Whitest Kids U'Know, and Fuse is a TV channel. They're back on TV for a second season, only this time around they're on IFC and completely uncensored. We asked the five of them a bunch of questions, and they answered in unison, which was more than a little creepy.

What makes you happy? Puppies! *What makes you sad?* Full-grown dogs. *What would you say to Jesus?* What would you do? *Know any good pickup lines?* “Hi, I’m basketball legend Charles Barkley. Would you like a drink?” *Has that ever worked?* Yes. Every time. *What were you like as children?* Smaller. *Do you like pornography?* Yes, we do. *What kind?* The kind with animals and girls. *When was the last time you got into a fight?* Thanksgiving. *Did you win?* Some of us did; the rest of us lost. *Who's the whitest among you?* Timmy. *Do you try to offend people?* Fuck you, homo. *What's offensive to you?* We've been asked this before, and the answer is nothing. Not a single thing is offensive to us. *When's the last time you had sex?* All of us together at the same time? Gross. *What was the greatest day of your lives?* The day *Call of Duty 4* came out for Xbox 360. *Who is the least talented member of the group?* Sam. *What are your*

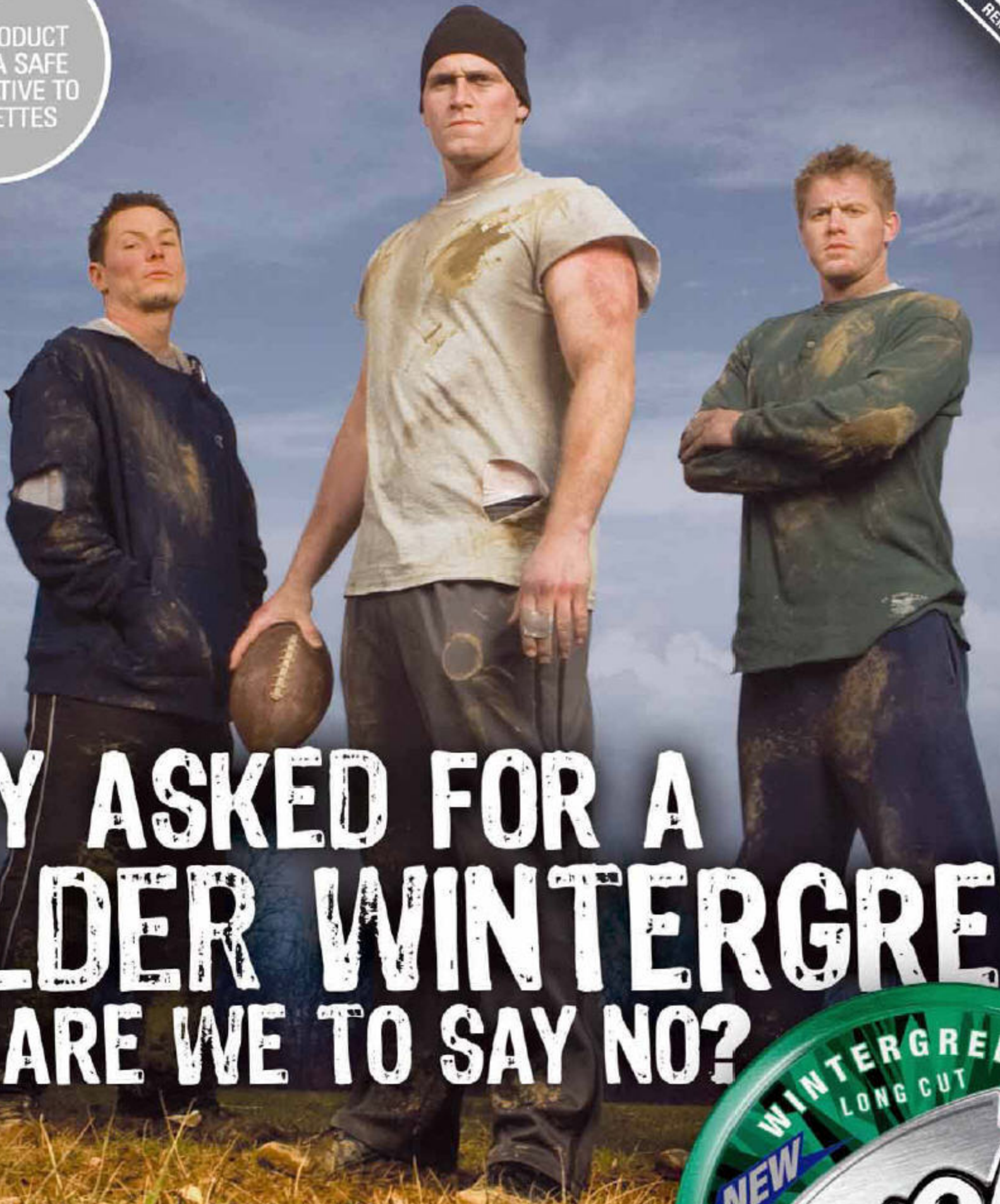


turn-ons? Vaginas! We all love vaginas—wink, wink! *What are your turnoffs?* Boobs. We hate boobs. *Are you on any medication?* Why, is there something you want? *When you were kids, what did you want to be when you grew up?* Dolphins. *Did your parents fuck you up in any way?* They gave us acid when we were teething. Now we're geniuses. *What do your parents think of your comedy?* Too much cursing, not enough skin. *How do you like your women?* On the Internet. *What was the last good dream you had?* That all men are created equal.

The second season of The Whitest Kids U'Know currently airs on IFC.

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A SAFE ALTERNATIVE TO CIGARETTES



THEY ASKED FOR A BOLDER WINTERGREEN. WHO ARE WE TO SAY NO?



SKOAL® Smokeless Tobacco



IT'S NOT JUST BOLD. IT'S ONE MEAN WINTERGREEN.™

New Skoal Edge is here. Why? Because Skoal dippers don't settle. Ever.

Have your say at SkoalBrotherhood.com

U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. ®Trademark of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2008 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.

and michael j. pollard makes three



Bonnie, Clyde and a Guy

NOTHING RUINS A GANGSTER MOVIE LIKE A GANG BANG

In *Bonnie and Clyde*, Warren Beatty's Clyde Barrow is impotent—a condition that would seem integral to the story, given the abundance of guns and shooting. But as revealed in the DVD bonus material on *Bonnie and Clyde: Ultimate Collector's Edition*, Clyde wasn't always such a softy.

ARTHUR PENN, director: There were things we changed rather radically. There was a sort of ménage à trois in the original story. The C.W. Moss character was a hulking football type, and I thought that was way too sophisticated for the kind of story we should tell.

ROBERT BENTON, co-screenwriter: When David Newman and I first wrote it, Clyde was bisexual. Warren called, and he said, "I started reading it. I'm 20 pages into it, and I want to do it." I said, "Warren, wait until you're at page 47, because that's nonnegotiable." Warren called back an hour later and said, "Okay, I read it. I know what you're talking about, and I still want to do it."

WARREN BEATTY: From the beginning, Arthur wanted to take the homosexual aspect out of it. I took discreet pains to not have too much of an opinion on that. It was the mid-1960s, and I thought, It's fine.

BENTON: Warren never said a word about it, but Arthur came to us and said, "I want you to consider changing the bisexuality." And we got uneasy about that. He said, "I'm giving you two reasons. One is that you've written it as heterosexual people imagining this, and you don't really know the dynamic of what that would be like." And that was true. He said, "The second reason is more important: When an audience sees it, they're going to say, 'Oh, they're just a bunch of freaks.' Now, that's not what you want to do, is it?" And we said no. He said, "Well, then I would advise you to take it out." Within 15 minutes, just sitting alone with Arthur, we agreed to take it out. His reasons were so logical and so strong. And we switched it to this notion of impotence. There had to be some sexual complexity; they couldn't just be this happy couple.



drink of the month

Spice of Life

CITRUS AND RUM, GETTING ALONG FAMOUSLY

Scottish-born chef and restaurateur Gordon Ramsay, host of Fox's *Kitchen Nightmares*, doesn't mess around. After years of racking up Michelin stars in the U.K., he came to New York in 2006, opening a restaurant in the London NYC Hotel. Here's a tasty quaff we fell for on our most recent visit to its London Bar.



CloveACane

2 oz. 10 Cane rum
1 oz. clove syrup (see recipe below)
Squeeze of fresh lemon juice
1 dash Stirrings blood-orange bitters
1 oz. Fentimans ginger beer
Lemon twist

Combine 10 Cane rum and clove syrup with a squeeze of fresh lemon juice and a dash of bitters. Shake in a cocktail shaker and strain into a round rocks glass over fresh ice. Top off with Fentimans ginger beer and garnish with lemon twist.

To make clove syrup: Combine one cup of honey with one cup of hot water and one teaspoon of cloves. Let sit for one hour, then cool overnight.

welcome to the dollhouse

This Year's Models

SOME FAKE GIRLS ARE BIGGER THAN OTHERS

We don't follow the mannequin industry too closely, but this news from Los Angeles-based Acme Display caught our eye: The company is doing brisk business with its aptly named Voluptuous line. Featuring bust measurements ranging from a curvy 36C to a bodacious 39DD, these aren't the crummy dummies you're used to. And they're not merely top-heavy. Their hips are appropriately filled out, and some models stand six feet tall. Finally, a fitting means to display the Tura Satana costume your girlfriend wears on Halloween—all year round.





coed of the month

Awesome, Baby

FORMER TEXAS A&M SHOOTING GUARD D'NIKA LEA ALWAYS GETS A GOOD LOOK

PLAYBOY: It says here you're a jock.

D'NIKA: I was. I used to play basketball for A&M, and I still have some classes to complete.

PLAYBOY: We must admit we're not used to seeing this level of talent in women's basketball.

D'NIKA: I have this body *because* of basketball. I was born with a huge ass, but doing squats and lunges in the training room made it even bigger. And, well, you probably haven't seen too many female basketball players with their clothes off.

PLAYBOY: Good point, though we've imagined it. We've always wanted to hang out in a locker room full of naked chicks.

D'NIKA: So do many female basketball players. There are a few nonstraight girls in the sport—not that there's anything wrong with that. I might have played around with girls in the past.

PLAYBOY: Did you enjoy being an NCAA athlete?

D'NIKA: I love basketball, but it was like a full-time job. I had to wake up at five A.M. to work out. We had study hall at night with football players who were practically handed the answers to their tests, and while we were trying to study they would always be goofing around. I hardly had any free time.

PLAYBOY: What are you doing with your freedom now?

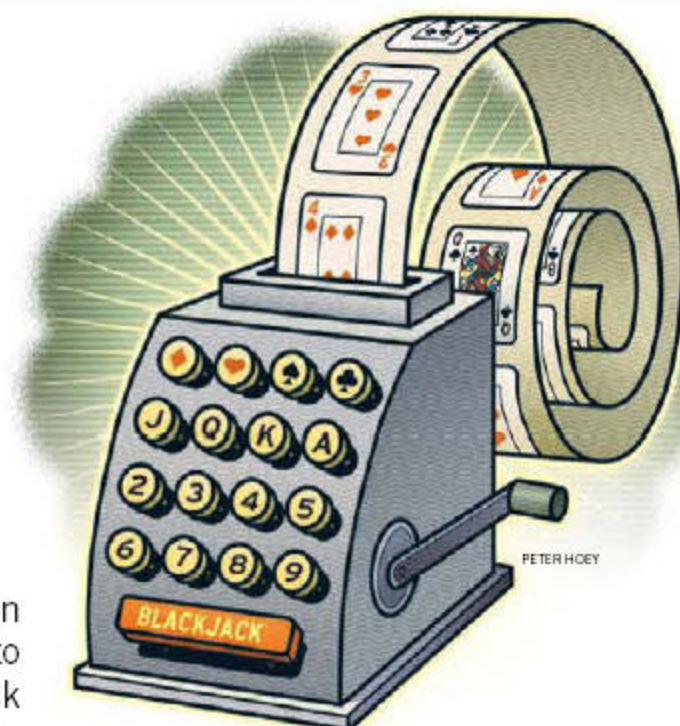
D'NIKA: Making up for lost time. I model and do music videos. I am in the Ying Yang Twins' "Git It" and Fat Joe's "Make It Rain." I just show up and shake my booty—and they pay me for it.

Want to be the next Coed of the Month? Learn how to apply at playboy.com/pose.

when to hold 'em

How to Count Cards

IT ISN'T ROCKET SCIENCE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S EASY



Dustin Hoffman counted cards to win at blackjack in *Rain Man*.

Kevin Spacey and a gang of MIT whizzes will count cards in *21*, a film based on Ben Mezrich's book *Bringing Down the House*. But how exactly do you do it? Here's an explanation from Semyon Dukach, who was president of one of the MIT blackjack teams that won millions from casinos in the 1990s and who today runs Blackjack Science seminars:

- When the dealing starts, begin counting at zero. For every low card that comes up (two, three, four, five or six), add one to your total. For every high card that comes up (10, jack, queen, king or ace), subtract one. Sevens, eights and nines are worth zero.
- If your running total is positive, bet high; a lot of high cards are left in the deck. If your total is negative, bet low. There's no need to memorize specific cards; just keep track of that one number.
- To an extent, that's all there is to it—counting cards is not about complex mathematics. What must be honed is the ability to do all that adding and subtracting on the fly, with a cocktail in your hand and just the briefest of glimpses at the cards as they're played.
- Try not to look like an Ivy League number cruncher. To make any money counting cards, you have to play a lot of hands of blackjack, so avoiding detection is as vital to the process as anything else. Card counting is not cheating; it's just being smart. But the management can throw you out for it if they want. "Try dressing like a big-shot businessman and walk in with ladies on each arm," Dukach says. "The bosses never expect a guy like that to be a stingy card counter."

rubber the right way

Paint Your Wagon

Was ist los? No, it's not a schematic for a penis-size iron maiden. It's the apparatus for applying the first spray-on latex condom, developed by Germany's Institute for Condom Consultancy. The gadget's a godsend for the exceptionally large and exceptionally small. Insert yourself, push the button and in no time you're wearing a sheath that is literally skintight.



hot air



Sky Queens

MORE FLIGHT ATTENDANTS CAUGHT OUT OF UNIFORM

This issue's Brazilian stewardesses pictorial isn't virgin territory for us. Twenty-five years ago flight attendants from an airline facing financial turbulence opted to pull the rip cord and drop their clothes. See *The Women of Braniff Airways* at cyber.playboy.com/members/magazine/classics.

from paris with love

Party at Our Place

DJ DIMITRI FROM PARIS RETURNS TO THE PLAYBOY MANSION

PLAYBOY: In 2000 you released the DJ set *A Night at the Playboy Mansion*; in 2002 you gave us *After the Playboy Mansion*. You're back again with *Return to the Playboy Mansion*. What's so great about Hef's house?

DIMITRI: The Mansion is a place out of time. My first impression was that I had stepped into a time capsule. The look is straight out of a Rat Pack movie, and those flicks inspired a lot of my style. I'll never miss the opportunity to feel that vibe, even for just a few hours.

PLAYBOY: Tell us about this new set.

DIMITRI: It's a double CD, two sets with two different vibes. The "Partytime" mix is upbeat, to get your feet tapping. The "Sexytime" mix is my contribution to global repopulation, if you know what I mean. I can draw you a diagram if necessary.



PLAYBOY: How is a Playboy mix different from something you would do in a club?

DIMITRI: This is a proper lovemaking mix. If I did this when I play out in clubs, things might quickly get out of control!

PLAYBOY: You've deejayed at the Playboy Mansion. Have any stories you can tell?

DIMITRI: I had played just a few seconds of "He's the Greatest Dancer," and like magic, Hef and his three girls hit the dance floor at the exact same time, in total sync. I'll always remember that. And how great is it to play your last record, slip into something more comfortable and head down to the Grotto?



YouTube is as much a part of the workplace lunchtime ritual as wiping the crumbs off your desk. Playboy fans, take heart—now you can get authentic Playboy goodness

without irking the boss. Go to youtube.com/playboy for a wide selection of fun and (relatively) safe-for-work clips. Tom Cruise babbling about Scientology? Amusing. Playmates talking about their turn-ons? That's entertainment!

phone sexy

Girls on the Go

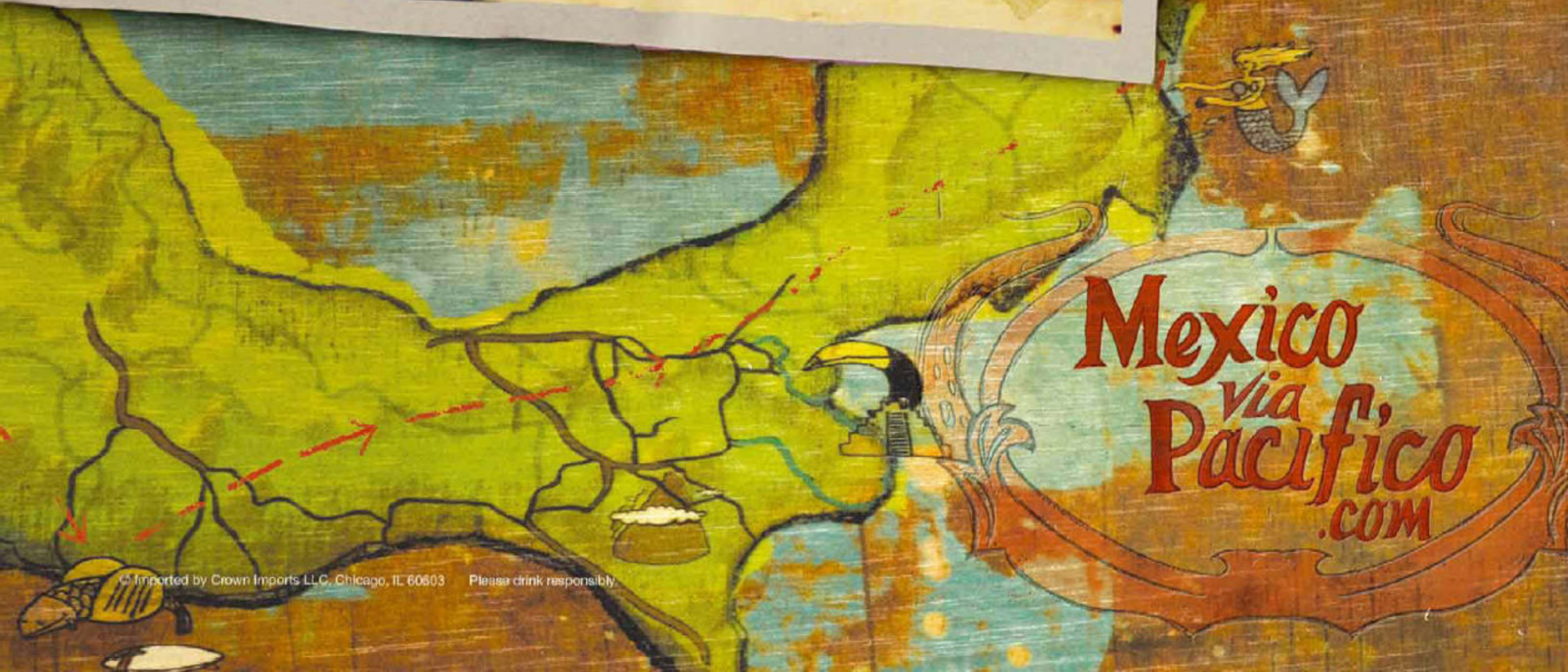
DECISION 2008: MISS PLAYBOY MOBILE

We need a babe for a photo shoot at the Mansion—care to give us a hand? Actually, two thumbs will do. The winner of Miss Playboy Mobile 2008 gets a \$5,000 cash prize and a professional photo shoot at the Playboy Mansion, but we can't pick her without your help. Point your mobile phone's browser to mspbm.com to vote; each time you do you'll have the option to download wallpaper of your favorite contestant for \$1.99. Polls close March 31.





Dodge land crabs and confidentiguana as you drive down the long, unpaved journey. Panga boats leave at dawn. Swap Pacificos for the WISDOM OF THE PESCADORES. At the end of the land is the beginning of a good day.



YOUR FAVORITE CENTERFOLD PRINTS







Everyone remembers the Playboy Centerfolds that made a lasting impression on them. Maybe it was the first Centerfold you ever saw; maybe it was one who just happened to catch your eye. However they became your favorites, these iconic Playboy Centerfold photographs are now available as made-to-order prints. Each is exactly as you remember it — only better, as there are no creases, staples or frayed edges. Just pure presentations of the nude female form as only Playboy has brought it to you since 1953. Centerfold prints from December 1953 to February 1956 measure 13½" x 21". All others measure 11¼" x 23¼". Prints are unframed and shipped flat in custom-sized packaging. Rush delivery not available for this item.

Order Centerfold Prints Online!
Only \$150 each!

PLAYBOY  **store**

Available exclusively at Centerfoldsondemand.com.

Enter source code MG763 during checkout. Standard shipping and handling charges apply.

Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%*, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (*NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.) (Canadian orders accepted.) We accept most major credit cards.    

R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

what they're thinking



In a study published in the scientific journal *Evolutionary Psychology*, **66%** of women said they lost all feelings of attraction after a first kiss.

Wee Dram

North Korean dictator Kim Jong II spends **\$700,000** a year on Hennessy cognac. Some bottles cost **\$630** each. The average North Korean citizen earns **\$900** a year.



Whiffs in a Name

From 1913 through 2006 **6,397** major league baseball players made at least **100** plate appearances. Statistical analysis shows that batters whose name begins with *K* strike out **18.8%** of the time. The rest whiff at a rate of just **17.2%**.



Best Cellers

5 of the top **10** best-selling novels in Japan during the first six months of 2007 had been hammered out by being thumb typed on a phone. Each averaged **400,000** copies in sales.

Learning Curves

A new study by the University of Pittsburgh and UC Santa Barbara found women whose waist measurement was **60%** to **70%** of their hip measurement scored significantly higher on cognitive tests than other women.



price check

\$59,200



The winning bid at auction for a bottle of **157**-year-old Bowmore single malt, sold by McTear's in Scotland (even though the cork had fallen into the whisky). It was the most ever paid for a bottle of scotch.



Aero Dynamic

Shelby's new Ultimate Aero TT is now the world's fastest production car, with an average top speed of **256.18 mph** from **1,180 hp**.

Welcome Home

Although military veterans represent only **11%** of civilian adults in the U.S., they make up more than **26%** of the homeless population. **195,854** vets are out on the streets every night.

Read Between the Sheets

According to surveys of the magazines' readers, **63%** of *Glamour's* audience is into anal sex, compared with **39%** of *Cosmopolitan's*.

Heavily Petted



35% of American households currently have children. **60%** have pets. Your dog wants children.

Fat Lip

The average woman unintentionally ingests about **4 pounds** of lip products during her lifetime.

#1 With an Asterisk

The approximate number of items sold on eBay last year that were associated with...

- Barry Bonds **145,000**
- Britney Spears **34,000**
- Paris Hilton **27,000**
- Lindsay Lohan **8,000**





Kawasaki
Let the good times roll.™

IT'S NOT ABOUT MAKING
AN IMPRESSION.
IT'S ABOUT LEAVING
YOUR MARK.



VULCAN 900® CUSTOM
KAWASAKI.COM



KAWASAKI CARES: Always wear a helmet, eye protection, and proper apparel. Never ride under the influence of drugs or alcohol. Adhere to the maintenance schedule in your owner's manual. ©2007 Kawasaki Motors Corp., U.S.A.



movie of the month

[SHINE A LIGHT]

Scorsese gives the Rolling Stones just satisfaction

By Stephen Rebell

Shine a Light, Martin Scorsese's new documentary about the Rolling Stones, packs so many blow-out-the-speakers moments that theater owners better make sure they have spares. Shot before and during two intimate shows at New York's Beacon Theater in October 2006, the movie—which features guest performers Buddy Guy, Jack White of the White Stripes and Christina Aguilera—takes its title from the lyrics of a Hank Snow gospel-type tune on the Stones' 1972 album *Exile on Main Street*. Scorsese weaves archival clips of the band with contemporary backstage footage, interviews and scenes of himself and fellow control junkie Mick Jagger wrangling over the logistics of capturing the concerts on film. It's up for debate whether *Shine a Light* ranks with such other top-of-the-line concert flicks as *Don't Look Back*, *Gimme Shelter* and Scorsese's own *Last Waltz*, but the director's reasons for documenting the seminal group are not debatable. "It's still the power of the music," Scorsese told an interviewer. "It's not about the music of the 1960s or 1970s or what they did in the 1980s. It's who they are now, how they play onstage and interact, and what that music and that performance do to an audience. The truth is there and immediate. Emotionally and psychologically I'm affected by it, and it's still inspiring to me. So I couldn't resist. I had to make a movie."

"Emotionally and psychologically I'm affected by it."

now showing

BUZZ

Run, Fatboy, Run

(Simon Pegg, Thandie Newton, Hank Azaria) The hilarious Pegg plays a clueless, chunky geek who deserts his pregnant fiancée (Newton) in this David Schwimmer-directed comedy. Years later Pegg realizes she's the woman of his dreams and decides to run his first marathon to try to win back her love.

Our call: It's fun to see Pegg instead of, say, Hugh Grant being put through romantic-comedy paces in the lead role, but laughs that ought to come at a gallop come instead at an amiable trot.



Drillbit Taylor

(Owen Wilson, Troy Gentile, Nate Hartley, David Dorfman) Producer Judd Apatow follows up the raunchy *40-Year-Old Virgin* and *Knocked Up* with something more akin to *School of Rock*. When three teenage nerds are humiliated by a bully, they hire Wilson as their bodyguard, not knowing he's just an eccentric homeless guy.

Our call: The randy Apatow lending his clout to a family-friendly flick strikes us as a waste of a perfectly good dirty mind, but there are still some solid laughs to be had here.



21

(Kevin Spacey, Kate Bosworth, Laurence Fishburne) Real-life events inspired this film about five MIT students who, trained as card-counting whizzes, make a killing at blackjack in Vegas. They don disguises and outwit casino bosses until their egos and interpersonal conflicts threaten to bring the game tumbling down.

Our call: Sure, the cast is young, hot and on the make, but a film that could have turned into *Ocean's 90210* instead becomes a well-acted cautionary tale jazzed up with Vegas glitz.



Stop-Loss

(Ryan Phillippe, Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Channing Tatum, Timothy Olyphant) No sooner does Phillippe return to his Texas hometown from combat duty in Iraq than he's shipped right back into battle even though his military contract has expired. Phillippe and Tatum play friends struggling to make sense of an endless war.

Our call: Without resorting to Bush bashing, speechifying or flag-waving, this timely movie from the director of *Boys Don't Cry* draws a bead on the terrible human cost of the Iraq invasion.



dvd of the month

[JOHN FROM CINCINNATI]

HBO's much hyped attempt to duplicate *Sopranos*-type ratings, about the arrival of a mysterious stranger named John into the lives of the Yosts, a dysfunctional California surfing family, was plagued by high expectations it could never hope to satisfy.

John could be an alien, a robot or just really strange. Nonetheless, his paranormal powers tweak the bleak surf-noir realism of the series (this is from the creator of *Deadwood*, after all) into *Twin Peaks* territory, with all the obfuscation that implies. It's original and worth a ride. **Best extra:** Commentary by series co-creator David Milch.

★★★ —Matt Steigbigel



BEOWULF The medieval epic poem you read in high school is updated for the 21st century with revolutionary animation technology and a naked Angelina Jolie. Ray Winstone is the brave warrior who battles the demon Grendel and his reptilian mother (Jolie) in this violent and sexy retelling. **Best extra:** A creature-design documentary. (HD DVD) ★★★ —M.S.



WARNER BROS. PICTURES GANGSTERS COLLECTION, VOL. 3 James Cagney's *Picture Snatcher*, *Lady Killer* (pictured) and *Smart Money* (his only film with Edward G. Robinson) highlight a solid boxed set that includes Bogart's *Black Legion*. **Best extra:** The Porky Pig fest *Slap Happy Pappy*. ★★★½ —G.F.



AMERICAN GANGSTER This 1970s mob saga captures Denzel Washington (the kingpin), Russell Crowe (the cop) and director Ridley Scott at career peaks. **Best extra:** Interviews with the real-life crime boss and cop. (HD DVD). ★★★½

—Buzz McClain



IN THE VALLEY OF ELAH When his AWOL Iraq-vet son is dismembered, Oscar-nominated Tommy Lee Jones investigates. Based on a *PLAYBOY* article, *Elah* is a bitter elegy on war's dehumanizing effects. **Best extra:** Cast and crew discuss politics. (BD) ★★★

—Greg Fagan



DAN IN REAL LIFE Steve Carell redefines *brotherly love* as a columnist who makes a play for his bro's hot new squeeze, leading to a squirm-inducing family gathering. **Best extra:** Featurette with singer-songwriter Sondre Lerche. (BD) ★★★

—Bryan Reesman



[BLU-RAY BONUS BLITZ]

Some high-def discs take interactivity to the next level

Early adopters' eyes and ears already pop at the stunning high-definition picture and uncompressed sound Blu-ray Discs (BDs) offer. But the technology also permits a more immersive user experience than regular DVDs, complete with fun Java-based games and innovative features accessed by using your remote control's ARROW and ENTER buttons as a makeshift game pad.

Of course, some games are just time wasters, like "Fly-swatter" on *The Fly* (1986, pictured), which lets you zap animated flies that crawl across the screen while you watch the David Cronenberg classic. But you can feed your head with factoids about different strains of reefer as you play *Weeds: Season Two's* "Test Your Memory" game; you match cards with pictures of different marijuana buds before the animated joint burns out. Other special features give you more control over Blu-ray Discs' bonus material. Conspiracy buffs will love *Lost: The Complete Third Season's* interactive "Access Granted" fea-



ture, which is laid out like a Dharma monitoring station where fans can dig for answers to the series's often debated mysteries. Take an interactive set tour on the *Pirates of the Caribbean: At World's End* BD and your player will handily remember which vignettes you've already viewed so you don't repeat.

Whether you think these Blu-ray bonuses are mindless or ingenious, their potential is only beginning to be tapped. The newest version of *Alien vs. Predator*

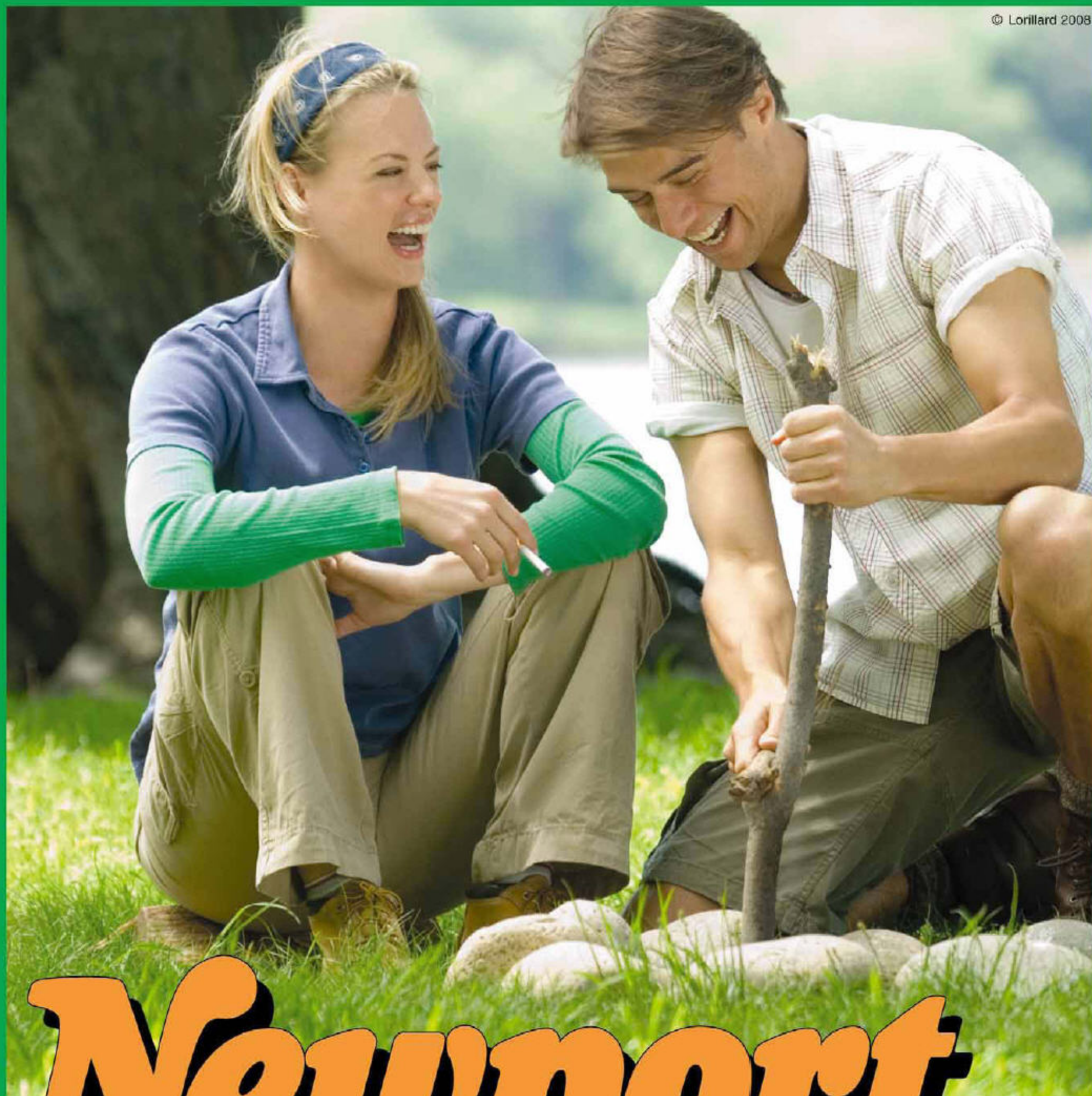
includes a game called "Alien vs. Predator vs. You," in which you use your digital camera to capture a picture of your face that is morphed onto an Alien, Predator or marine. You then connect to a server and play online against someone in a scene from the film. It won't be long before we'll be able to assem-

ble our own movies and replace shoddy actors with images of ourselves. Get ready for your close-up. —Robert B. DeSalvo

tease frame



We can think of at least two good reasons why a wealthy admirer showers **Thandie Newton** with gifts in *Besieged* (pictured). See her next in *Run, Fatboy, Run*, in which her chubby ex-fiancé, played by Simon Pegg, also tries to woo her, after he realizes she is the love that got away.



Newport pleasure!

Visit us at newport-pleasure.com

Restricted to Adult Smokers 21 or Older.

Newport, Newport Medium, Newport (package design), Newport Pleasure and Newport Spinnaker TM Lorillard Licensing Company LLC Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off.
Lights Box: 9 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine; Medium Box: 13 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine; Box: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.**

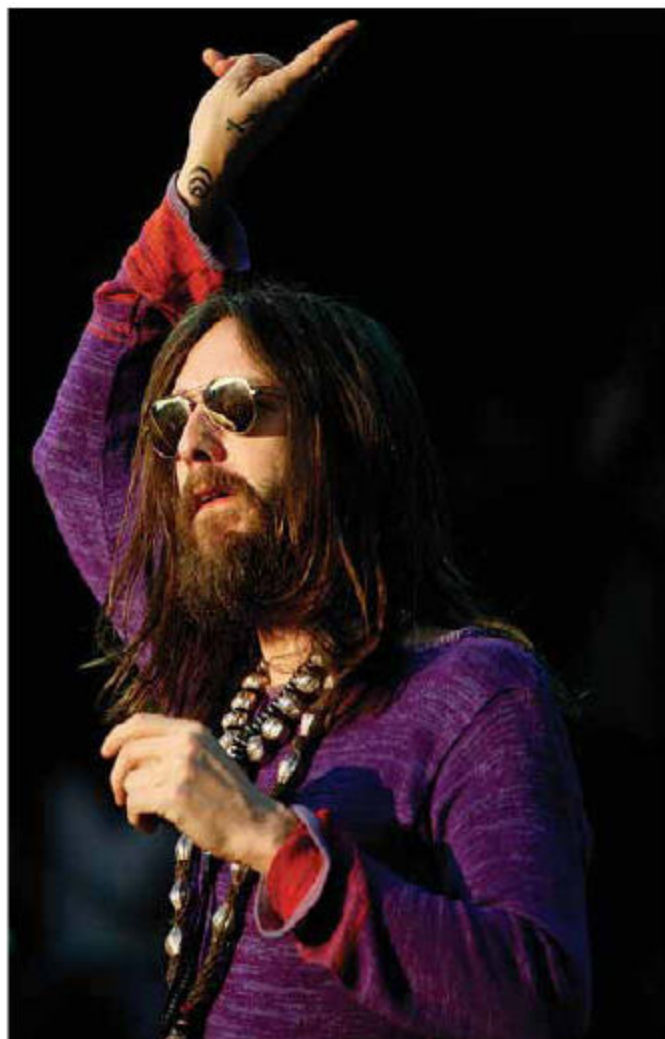


free birds

[THE BLACK CROWES FLY AGAIN]

After seven years the rock classicists return with *Warpaint*

Their debut album, 1990's *Shake Your Money Maker*, went multiplatinum, and since then the brothers Robinson—singer Chris and guitarist Rich, who also write the Crowes' songs—have not only survived the shifting trends but thrived. Along the way the force of their live shows has made them the brightly burning torchbearers of real rock. We talked with Chris about their new LP, just released on the band's own label.



Q: Some listeners may think this album is political. Is that fair?

A: Well, if there are any politics, they're the politics of the soul. Sure, the music is about freedom, personal freedom, but then every song I write is about freedom. To me the point is I'm not gonna give up regardless of what's happening.

Q: The album title isn't about Iraq?

A: No. Do I think this war is wrong? I do. I love where I'm from, but when I look around, as an American and a Southerner, I feel—I think we all feel—that something's broken, something's wrong. But this album has no political agenda. *Warpaint* is a statement about defiance and independence.

Q: New economic models for bands seem to emphasize live performances as a way to make a living. Has your live following created additional freedom for you, what with the new label and all?

A: Of course—we haven't survived on our looks! The live connection is magical. I've had a guy come up to me on the street and say, "Dude, I've seen 80 Black Crowes shows."

Our story has become intertwined with the story of the people who have been following us and digging it. The music business is a fucking joke. We've always worked within an independent sort of framework. We're looking for freedom. Doing it ourselves is perfect.

Q: What about other changes in music? Do you worry digitalization is killing the album?

A: For the most part I'm up for the changes. It means more music and more freedom. And that means I can keep presenting new music in album form—and I'll keep doing that.

spring awakening

[HOT TUNES]

April showers making life gray? These tracks will brighten things

"Kittin Is High," **Miss Kittin** The original electro queen serves the new kids notice.

"Morden," **Good Shoes** Whip-smart, fast but light, this is great British art pop.

"I Got Mine," **The Black Keys** Danger Mouse produces, the Keys swagger.

"Cheap and Cheerful," **The Kills** Gritty girl-boy rock duo has more fun on new LP.

"With a Heavy Heart," **Does It Offend You, Yeah?** Think Fugazi crossed with Justice.

"Navigate, Navigate," **These New Puritans** Daft Punk is playing at Wire's house.

"Mystery Train," **The Doors** Psych-out cover from new *Live in Pittsburgh 1970*.

"Endless Summer of the Damned," **Bauhaus** Vintage power from the Goth gods.

"Through a Keyhole," **Walter Meego** Like a junior version of Hot Chip. Cool.

"Aller Simple," **Vitor Hublot** French 1980s synth pop from awesome *BIPPP* comp.

"Self-Destruct," **What Made Milwaukee Famous** Weezer-meets-Keane alt pop.

"To Take the Black," **The Sword** Old-school doom metal from Austin headbangers.

"Hometown Hooray," **White Hinterland** Doleful Americana with cute girl vocals.

"Crimewave," **Crystal Castles** Eight-bit dark-wave anthem from hot Toronto duo.

"I Don't Wanna," **The Von Bondies** Album teaser with *ooh oohs* and brash guitars.

[THE NEXT GENERATION OF JAZZ]

Jazz isn't dead. In fact, it may be more robust than it has been in years

Drop into the Hideout in Chicago on any given night and you can hear a group of scruffy musicians 20 years younger than Bono. Nothing unusual there. But what they're playing is unusual: These are jazz musicians. And their music probably isn't what you would expect. It resembles more the burn-baby-burn free jazz of the 1960s than the smooth stuff you hear in a cab. Relieved of historical baggage, this jazz scene (centered in Chicago and New York) is vibrant. Here are five new CDs worth a listen: Check out



Just Like This (Delmark) by **Keefe Jackson's Project Project** (pictured), on which a crack 12-piece ensemble burns with a vengeance through a set of loosely structured songs. On its

self-titled CD, Chicago's **Dragons 1976** (Multikulti Project) explores the traditions of the sax-bass-drum format while still breaking new ground. **The Rempis Percussion Quartet's** *Hunter-Gatherers* (482 Music) drives through six songs with a wild-eyed (and percussive) passion. On *Shamokin!!!* (Hot Cup) the New York quartet **Mostly Other People Do the Killing** defies convention in a new form of burlesque, with playful quotes and jokey references. Drummer **Tyshawn Sorey** moves in another direction on *That/Not* (Firehouse 12) when he tips his hat to modernist classical music. His serene compositions aren't at all what you would expect from a drummer.

EXCEPTIONAL TASTE THAT'S NEVER FILLING.

STEP UP TO SELECT.



Budweiser
SELECT®

Budweiser
SELECT®

99 Calories.
3.1g Carbs.

RESPONSIBILITY MATTERS™

©2008 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Budweiser Select® Beer, St. Louis, MO
99 calories, 3.1g carbs, 0.7g protein and 0.0g fat, per 12 oz

game of the month

[YOU SLAY ME]

Devil May Cry 4 delivers a hectic bout of demon-on-demon action

Capcom's sword-and-gun series is known as much for its punishing difficulty as for its spectacularly violent set pieces. But the new *Devil May Cry 4* (360, PC, PS3) will take it easy on you, if you want, while still providing greater challenges for old-school masochists. You play Nero, a half-demon badass going after Dante, the previous games' hero. As usual, however, it's more about no-holds-barred action than making any damn sense. Nero can toss enemies up, shoot them in midair, slice them on the way down and perform any number of other combinations. The gigantic, intimidating level bosses are fun, but the real satisfaction comes with common battles as you find and exploit different enemies' weak points in quick succession. Add some extremely Japanese wisecracking humor and a breathtaking showdown or two and you've got a solid slash-and-shoot funfest. ★★★½ —Damon Brown



FIFA STREET 3 (360, PS3) This franchise has struggled to get the freestyle soccer formula correct, but this time its streamlined controls let you easily pull off insane (or impossible) moves using more than 250 of the world's best players, rendered in likable caricature. Smooth animation, a giant set of trick moves, specialized players, a redesigned Game Breaker mode and online play round out this vastly improved bit of sports silliness. ★★★ —Scott Steinberg



THE CLUB (360, PS3) This giddily low-brow shooter turns on the premise of a future blood sport that entails blasting your way through a gantlet filled with cannonfodder enemies, killing all, en route to each level's finish line. It's basically *The Running Man* on meth. Although the settings are rote and the story nonexistent, *The Club* succeeds in amping up the adrenaline with its multiplayer system and quick-hit levels that beg you to run them one more time to improve your score. ★★★ —Scott Jones



TUROK (360, PC, PS3) There's a perverse pleasure to be found in killing something you thought was extinct. When you and your men crash-land on a planet overrun by dinosaurs, you must fight your way through the lizards to get to your nemesis, Kane. Not that you're complaining: You're armed with guns, bombs, a bow and explosive arrows, as well as your trusty knife (natch). The 16-person multiplayer is hectic and inventive. In all, solid but not innovative. ★★★ —John Gaudiosi



FRONTLINES: FUEL OF WAR (360, PC) This gritty war game puts you in a soldier's shoes in the military conflicts that arise as humans enter the throes of oil-addiction withdrawal in 2024. The non-linear structure allows you to choose fluidly between multiple objectives within each scenario, and the game is packed to the gills with destructive toys based on today's military R&D projects. Multiplayer involves capturing and holding territory and supports up to 32 players at once. ★★★½ —Scott Alexander



games on the go

[HOLD THE PHONE]

The five best excuses for letting your next call go to voice mail

Cell phone games are portable, inexpensive and easily obtainable. Too bad most of them are awful. Here are a few blessed exceptions:

MADDEN NFL

08 is almost as fun as its console-bound big brother. Graphics and sound effects are crisp, as is the audio commentary between plays. An intuitive four-button, one-thumb control system lets you play your favorite teams without frustration.



ATLANTIS

SKY PATROL, created especially for cell phones, tasks you with defending Atlantis by matching colors on an ever-growing lineup of balls. Ignore the story nonsense; the beguiling art deco style and addictive gameplay will keep you dialed in.



BEOWULF

could have been just a cheap schlock movie tie-in but instead is a surprisingly supple old-school arcade romp. The hero is easy to control as he faces hordes of gruesomely detailed enemies attacking en masse. And just wait until you meet the sea monster.



THE SIMS DJ takes the best parts of *Guitar Hero* and applies them to the wheels of steel. As an up-and-coming disc jockey you design a mix, record the beat using precise button timing and then hit the club to see if it drives the dancers wild. We call it *Fatboy Sim*.



CASTLEVANIA: ORDER OF SHADOWS

is the first *Castlevania* cell phone game worth a damn. Detailed graphics aside, *Order of Shadows* nicely mixes traditional arcade action, a wide weapons selection and an RPG-like system to unlock new moves. Multiple pathways and tough bosses make this worth a look. —D.B.



book of the month

[RICHARD PRICE IS RIGHT]

The author of *Clockers* checks in with *Lush Life*, a novel of the Lower East Side

Q: Where did the title come from? Was there a Billy Strayhorn connection?

A: I kind of blew it. I was aware of Strayhorn and the song "Lush Life," but I never looked at the lyrics. I thought it was about abundance. I didn't realize it was about midday drunks. But I still like the title.

Q: Is this a novel of property relations?

A: Real estate is the most effective crime-fighting force in the world. Two things that changed the Lower East Side into the new *La Bohème* playground were real estate pressure and Giuliani. His new order stated that if anyone so much as lit up a menthol cigarette below Houston Street, they'd be locked up. The rehabbing went from north to south like lava, and the people who had been there for 50 years were like bewildered villagers under Mount Etna.

Q: Neither knows how the other half lives.

A: It's like when worlds collide. You have people

who have lived there forever—the Hispanics and blacks who have been there since World War II. Now here come the MFAs, the 25-year-old laptoppers. They don't even see each other unless it's three A.M. and a projects kid looking for \$20 to buy Chinese takeout decides to mug a last-call barhopper. The guy getting robbed has never had a gun put in his face before. Maybe he's hammered and thinks he's in a movie. So he goes all John Wayne and the

guy with the gun says, "What the fuck?" The gun goes off and you have headlines for five days. On the sixth day everybody goes back to ignoring each other.

Q: What made you decide to write about the Lower East Side?

A: It's the liveliest ghost town in the world. The irony being that because of its latest reincarnation you have kids down there now whose families probably started out

on that same street a century ago in dire poverty—but these arrivistes are barely aware of the full-circle irony. Great-Grandpa Mo and Great-Uncle Abie weren't going to the Knitting Factory or the Pink Pony. They were clawing for survival. Another huge subculture now is the Fujianese from China. They're living hand to mouth, crammed in like sardines, just like the poorest immigrants of 100 years ago. A lot of the long-established Cantonese Lower East

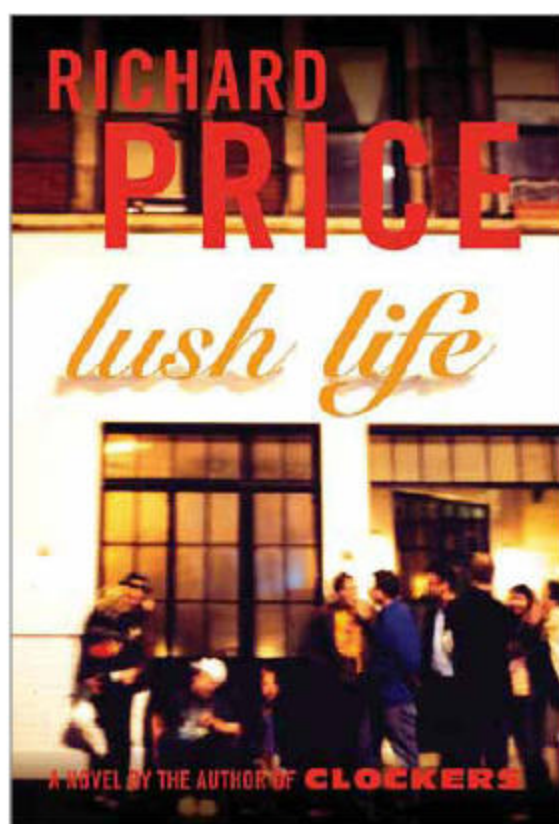
Siders look down on them just like the German Jews looked down on the newly arrived Russian Jews in the 1880s.

Q: Who are your favorite dialogue writers?

A: George Higgins, hands down. Denis Johnson is great. Robert Stone and Don DeLillo are really good. There are a million great dialogue writers.

Q: Like Elmore Leonard.

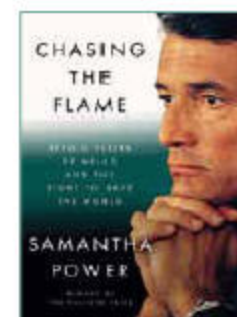
A: Of course. Leonard has never written an uninteresting line of dialogue in his life.



CHASING THE FLAME * Samantha Power

This new biography of Sergio Vieira de Mello, the UN special envoy killed by a car bomb in Iraq in 2003, chronicles the rise of a unique humanitarian and diplomat over his 30-plus-year career. De Mello's tendency to "side with power," to charm and engage Western leaders and war criminals alike in the pursuit of humanitarian solutions, earned him results if not the scorn of some of his colleagues who felt a more confrontational approach was required for those with records of human-rights abuses. But perhaps the greatest aspect of De Mello's legacy, and the part that stands entirely free from controversy, is his willingness to have placed himself at the center of dangerous conflicts with little protection beyond his wits.

★★★★ —Brad White



THE ROAD TO DALLAS * David Kaiser

With the exception of the Roswell crash site, nothing attracts more crackpots than the Texas School Book Depository. Yet the incidents surrounding John F. Kennedy's assassination are far more compelling than any UFO tale. In *The Road to Dallas* we see the rare vindication of the lunatic fringe, as Kaiser—who teaches history at the Naval War College—puts forth the first serious historical study to confirm what we've long suspected: that JFK's killing was not the work of a lone madman. Comprehensive and well documented, *Dallas* connects the dots from the CIA to Carlos Marcello with convincing thoroughness. If you think you've had enough of grassy-knoll theories, this book will surprise you.

★★★ —Leopold Froehlich



the erotic eye



LOVESONG * Arnold Skolnick

Painter Skolnick, asked in 1969 to illustrate a sex manual, thought photography better suited to the task. The resulting images of bodies intertwined convey a raw elemental power reminiscent of Rodin's sculpture. Skolnick captures fleeting moments of sensual foreplay between couples but no penetration. Seen today these images seem like the capstone to the decade of free love, a last celebratory gasp of the erotic before the world turned hard-core. ★★★ —Matt Steigbigel



MARK NASON[®]



also available at
bloomingdales

Rock this way



marknason.com



Smooth, Even in the Rough

Grab the chance to challenge yourself on the course that will challenge Tiger and Phil

IT'S NOT EVERY year you can tee off at the same place the U.S. Open does. Typically, golf's national championship is held at a posh private club. But this year, from June 9 through 15, Tiger Woods, Phil Mickelson and the rest of the top pros will duke it out at Torrey Pines, a world-class public course near San Diego. Torrey has two excellent courses, both famous for their seaside scenery that lets you spot dolphins, whales and airborne paragliders as you putt. For maximum bragging rights, play the South Course, where the pros will gladiate at the Open. By late April the greens will be running at 10 on the Stimpmeter—that's almost Tour quick—and the rough will be thick enough to twist your wedge in your hand. "What's not to love?" asks Joe DeBock, head pro at Torrey Pines. "You get ocean views from every hole and a chance to experience near-Open conditions." Don't dillydally getting there, though—the course closes for Open prep on May 21, and tee times will be precious until then. If you can't land one, don't give up. Arrive as a single or a twosome on a weekday at 6:30 A.M., when the pro shop opens, and you'll probably get out before breakfast. Just remember to buy your companions a thank-you drink afterward at the Grill & Bar in the Lodge, overlooking the course. Fees for non-San Diegans run \$87 (nine holes) and \$181 (18 holes). Call 877-581-7171 for reservations.

A Case of Wanderlust

AT THIS POINT in your life you know that while "there" is all right, "getting there" is what matters. That is why we have a ban on tatty luggage. Globe-Trotter (globe-trotterltd.com) has been equipping the world's discerning travelers since 1897. Its pieces are handmade to exacting standards from Vulcan Fibre, which is as light as aluminum and as strong as leather, and showcase a timeless elegance signaling to the world that, yes, you would like your bags brought up.



Top Top Shelf

WHEN KILLIAN HENNESSY turned 100 last year, the patriarch of the storied cognac-producing clan received a very special gift from his master blender, Yann Fillieux: Beauté du Siècle, a cognac composed of Hennessy reserves dating back to 1907. Hennessy is now offering this nectar to the public in a Baccarat crystal decanter set in gilded bronze within an elaborate 160-pound aluminum-and-glass box designed by French artist Jean-Michel Othoniel. At the press of a button the carafe rises from within the chest. All this can be yours for a mere \$200,000, making a decent pour from this bottle worth more than \$1,000. Just close your eyes and pretend you're drinking diamonds.





Surf City

EIGHT-TIME WORLD champion surfer Kelly Slater knows a thing or two about boards. And while he's mainly recognized for his work on the water, unsurprisingly he's no slouch when it comes to surfing across town. Slater recently teamed with skate- and snowboard maker Arbor to create the Slater (\$230, arborsports.com), a surf-inspired deck made from layers of maple, fiberglass and koa, a Hawaiian wood that was used to construct the first surfboards. Based on the surfboards Slater favors, it's built to perform on intense downhills, with a long wheelbase offering stability at speed, incredible flexibility and an extra-deep camber that makes carving turns on pavement less hazardous to your health.

Sleeping Pill

VISITING THE FUTURE is a dream for many of us. Alberto Frias's Transport pod (from \$16,000, alberto-frias.com) is the closest we'll get without a time machine. The Transport was designed as a stress-relieving sanctuary; accordingly, inside you'll find a water bed, high-end speakers by Anthony Gallo Acoustics and an enveloping constellation of LEDs. Now all you need is a fellow futurist to enjoy this present with.



Heaven Scent

THE FRAGRANCES CREATED by Frederic Malle are the aromatic equivalent of a three-star meal. You could say Malle, the grandson of legendary Dior perfume co-founder Serge Heftler-Louiche and nephew of filmmaker Louis Malle, was born with good taste, but consulting on fragrances for Hermès and Christian Lacroix honed it. In 2000 the Parisian struck out on his own, and the world has smelled better ever since. This spring, along with a new fragrance, Bois d'Orange (\$190 for 100 milliliters), he offers a sampler of 15 of his most sensual creations (\$480, barneys.com) so you can change your aroma to suit your mood.



**From behind the wheel,
the resemblance is uncanny.**

It's everything we've learned in six decades of racing transferred to the street. A lowered suspension and broader stance matched to 405 hp and 21-inch wheels. The new Cayenne GTS. For further evidence of its performance DNA, visit porscheusa.com/bloodlines. Porsche. There is no substitute.

The new Cayenne GTS



PORSCHE



About Time

WE'VE ALWAYS FELT art deco struck a perfect balance between extravagance and elegance, which is why we're fond of Tourneau's whimsical yet deadly serious Gotham Avant-Garde (\$6,450, tourneau.com). Its dial is hand-set chrome on black enamel, and you can keep track of the automatic movement's power reserve on a dashboard-style gauge below the six. When you're in a reflective mood, a crystal exhibition back lets you contemplate the complex Swiss clockwork.



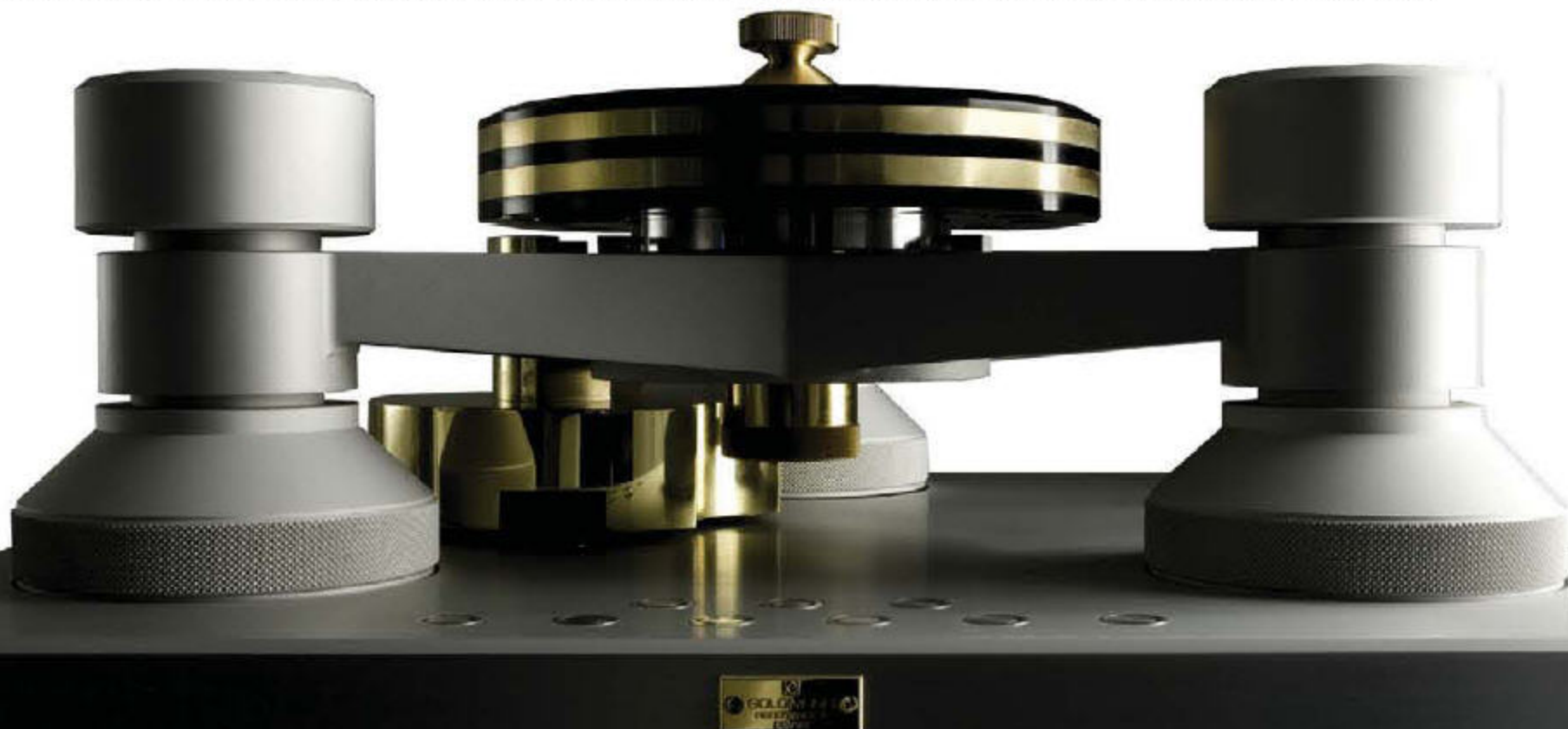
A Link to Paradise

DESIGNED AND PRODUCED in John Hardy's innovative Balinese workshop, these square carved-chain tigereye cuff links (\$595, neimanmarcus.com) are inspired by traditional Indonesian weaving. This partnership between Western designers and local artisans may be housed within mud walls and a thatched roof, but the results it achieves are ahead of their time.



That's Got to Be a Record

IN 1985 WE said the Reference record player from Goldmund "costs as much as a midsize car, but many purists swear by it." Well, inflation's a bitch: The new version is priced like a Ferrari. For vinyl snobs, however, the Reference II (\$300,000, goldmund.com) is worth every penny. Made of brass and titanium, the cog-free motor is insulated to minimize background noise. Three Teflon tubes protect the signal wire, and the stylus, pivot and counterweight are meticulously balanced to ensure clarity. The liquid-nitrogen-treated turntable belt guarantees the smoothest rotation, and Goldmund's proprietary Spherical Inserts and RIAA equalization in the digital processor mean *A Love Supreme* sounds as clear as it did in Coltrane's ear. Plus, Goldmund itself will come to your house to install and calibrate this masterpiece. With only 25 being made, you may want to get in line now.

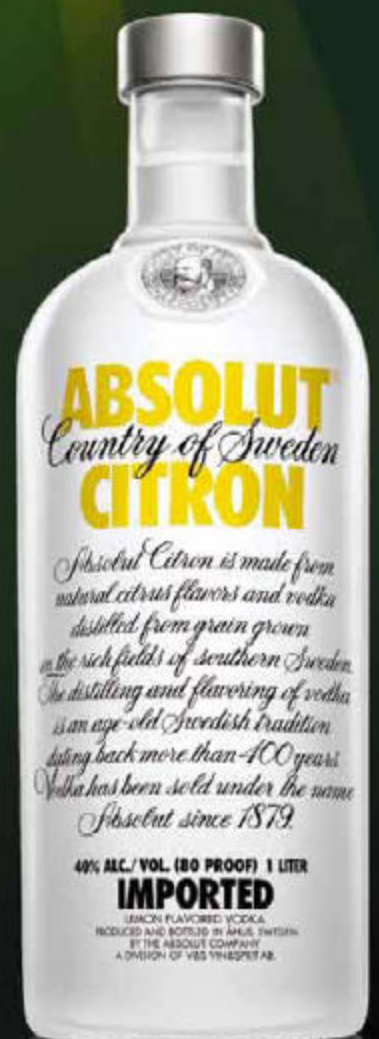


ABSOLUT® CITRÓN. LEMON FLAVORED VODKA. PRODUCT OF SWEDEN. 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF). ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN AND ALL OTHER ABSOLUT TRADEMARKS ARE OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©2008 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY. WWW.ABSOLUT.COM. ENJOY WITH ABSOLUT RESPONSIBILITY®



**IN AN ABSOLUT WORLD
TRUE TASTE COMES NATURALLY**

ALL ABSOLUT FLAVORS ARE
MADE WITH NATURAL INGREDIENTS.





No Membership **REQUIRED.**

GET THE BENEFITS OF A GYM, RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME!

The Bowflex® Home Gym delivers fast and easy total-body results. Compact enough to fit any workout space, it provides gym-quality exercises whenever YOU want. Get tight abs, firm legs, sculpted arms and a strong chest. Get the Bowflex® body you want... in the comfort of your own home!

All this starting as low as **\$20 a month*** – less than half the monthly dues of a typical gym membership! Get a real Bowflex® body. Get a Bowflex® home gym.



CALL (800) 853-5724
TO REQUEST A FREE DVD
OR TO PLACE YOUR ORDER TODAY.
www.BowflexWeb.com

The Bowflex Xtreme® SE Home Gym Offers Exceptional Standard Features that can Transform Your Body in Just 20 Minutes a Day, 3 Times a Week:

- Up to 210 lbs. of resistance (upgrades available!)
- Lat tower with angled lat bar
- Leg extension/leg curl attachment
- 3-Position lower pulley/squat station
- Abdominal crunch shoulder harness
- 7-year limited warranty
- 100% Satisfaction Guarantee†

 **BOWFLEX** Be Strong. Be Fit. Be Bowflex.

* On approved Bowflex™ credit card purchases. The advertised payment is based on a promotional minimum payment of 1.5% of purchase price. The amount of your total Minimum Monthly Payment will depend on additional purchases and account balances. See Cardholder Agreement and Disclosure Statement for details.
† 100% Satisfaction Guarantee includes full refund of purchase price, less shipping and handling. Call for complete details. ©2007 Nautilus, Inc. All rights reserved. Bowflex, the Bowflex logo, and Bowflex Xtreme are registered trademarks of Nautilus, Inc. (0408) P0408PLAYBMENTO

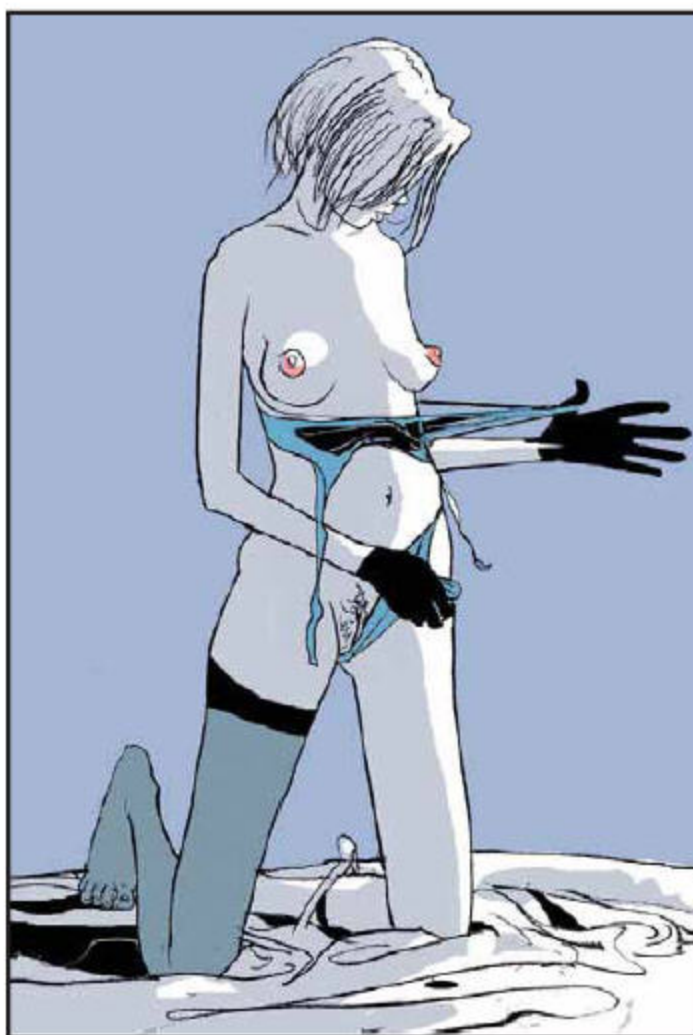
The Playboy Advisor

Maybe I'm getting old, but the shaved vulva is long past its expiration date. Having hair down there gives a woman character. Any chance this trend will end soon?—B.C., Foxboro, Massachusetts

Not that we foresee. For the record, we don't require the women in PLAYBOY to shave or wax. But 85 percent of those we photograph these days don't bring any pubic hair with them to the shoot. Of the remainder, 10 percent have a landing strip, and the rest are unshaven but manicured. The bare look is hardly new. As Nancy Etcoff notes in her book *Survival of the Prettiest*, Botticelli portrayed women without body hair and was followed centuries later by Degas, Matisse and Picasso. "Whenever a new part of the female body is bared, it becomes a potential site for hair removal," Etcoff reports. "In the 14th and 15th centuries some European women covered their hair and ears behind wimples. The small bit of hairline visible where the wimple met the forehead was soon plucked and then plucked some more. The result was the fashion for high, broad foreheads, receding hairlines and plucked eyebrows seen in Renaissance portraits." Sounds hot. Many women and men say going bare improves sexual response because the usually hidden skin under the pubic hair is so sensitive. The downside of not shaving or waxing regularly is your genitals will itch like crazy as the hair grows back. That's why we suggest a compromise: blunt-nosed scissors and a close crop.

I am lucky enough to have married a PLAYBOY model. We have two sons in elementary school. Looking ahead, we are not sure of the best way to let them know about their mom's modeling. Do we not tell them and risk their getting a big shock? If we do tell them, how and at what age?—S.C., Spokane, Washington

We spoke to a few Playmates who are married with children, and without exception they said it's better to be open and honest about Mom's career. As Jeana Tomasino, Miss November 1980, notes, late elementary school is about the time the fathers of your sons' friends will let the Bunny out of the bag, and you don't want your kids learning about your wife's nudes on the playground. Jeana says her kids came home one day and asked, "Mom, what does it mean that you were a Centerfold?" She told them she had a lot of fun being a Playmate and had no regrets, in part because it is an exclusive club. "My son is in college, but his friends will occasionally say, 'I downloaded your mom the other day.' His response is 'Gross! Don't tell me that.'" Ulrika Ericsson, Miss November 1996, has a nine-year-old son and a three-year-old daughter. She says her perspective may be different because she was born and raised in Sweden, where nudity is as natural as sunlight. As a result, "it is not unusual for kids to see their mom running around naked or in her underwear, so they don't think twice about it. Still,



when my son found one of my trading cards, he was quite surprised. 'Mom, is that you?' I told him I had been a model and was sometimes photographed without clothes. He asked me to let him know if I planned to do that again; I agreed, and the conversation moved on." A number of other Playmates described similar conversations. Be thankful you aren't responsible for having to talk with Pam Anderson's kids. She told a London newspaper her children had begged her to let them see the movie *Borat*, in which she appears. But the film mentions the infamous home video she made with their father, Tommy Lee. She told the kids they could watch but only after she had a talk with them about her past. "They go, 'We know about the magazines,'" she recalled. "So that was one gone!" She said she explained the tape this way: "When your dad and I were first together we used to videotape everything. Everybody's naked, hugging, kissing, all that good stuff, and someone stole the tape." Worked for them, works for us.

What is the secret of matching cigars with liquor? I would like to find some that go well with my favorites, the Glenlivet Nadurra and Jack Daniels (Old No. 7 or Single Barrel).—W.T., Herndon, Virginia

Generally, you should match the strength of the liquor's flavor with that of the cigar so one doesn't overpower the other. With either of your favorites choose cigars of medium intensity (we're assuming you add a drop of distilled water to cut the cask strength of the Nadurra slightly). There are exceptions to this rule, of course. "After a heavy meal I choose a strong cigar to settle my stomach but a lighter drink, say a Glenfiddich single malt or a Glenlivet 12-year-old or even a martini," says Richard Carleton Hacker, a longtime PLAYBOY contributor and author of *The Ultimate Cigar*

Book. Also, be cautious about mixing an exceptionally strong liquor with any cigar, because the alcohol may numb your palate. "On the other hand," Hacker says, "when the night is dark and stormy and the wind blows cold, I find there is nothing better than meeting nature head-on with a potent snifter of 107-proof bourbon and a full-bodied cigar equal to the task." Can you see why we like to hang out with this guy?

In response to the letter in January from the reader who asked how to secretly kill his wife's cats: He needs to let her know about these feelings so she can dump him before anyone gets hurt. If she is anything like me and most women I know, she would sooner be rid of him than have anything happen to her pets. It's obvious they have different values, and he and his fragile ego need to hit the road before he finds out how unimportant he is. He sounds like a jealous juvenile who could use a lesson in compassion and humanity.—C.C., Fayetteville, Arkansas

You'd choose your cats over your marriage? That's something your husband should know.

I cannot believe the Advisor would answer that tasteless and reprehensible question so poorly, let alone put it in the magazine. Asking how to kill cats is neither "reasonable" nor "interesting" nor "pertinent." At the very least you should have told the reader to seek professional help for even suggesting he would kill a defenseless animal.—O.W., Toronto, Ontario

We appreciate the passion of the many cat lovers who wrote to scold us for our "indifference" to felines, but the letter is about a human relationship, and the reader's musings about the mortality of his wife's cats are obviously hyperbolic.

Can you point a person to the right place for some fashion on a budget? In every magazine a full outfit costs at least \$1,000. That's \$7,000 a week for me to look great. Perhaps PLAYBOY would consider doing a fashion feature for us average joes who are not pulling down \$100,000 a year.—R.S., Lufkin, Texas

This comes up often in letters from readers: "Why don't you show clothes I can afford?" Quick answer: For the same reason we don't show sports cars you can afford, resorts you can afford and women you will probably ever date. PLAYBOY is a wish book, a magazine of aspirations. Christopher Napolitano, our Editorial Director, has posted on playboy.com/blog about why men's magazines focus on high-end clothes: "There is an argument to be made that buying one expensive piece is a better value than five cheaper items that may not look or fit as well or last as long. Also, the fashion industry is a top-down effort. The designers at the best labels set the trends and establish the

looks for the new season. Then the bigger outlets and larger manufacturers take their cue and design similar outfits, which often aren't available in time for us to showcase them early. What we hope to offer is a guide for what to look for when you shop. You don't have to get exactly what we show; you'll still look good wearing the closest item within your price range."

I am interested in becoming a sperm donor to help single women and infertile or gay couples have children. I know sperm banks pay men to donate anonymously, but I want to advertise that I'm willing to become a known donor, meet potential people I can help and provide the service if they want it. How do I go about doing this?—D.B., Helena, Montana

We appreciate your desire to come for a cause, but there are several good reasons most sperm donors remain anonymous. First, people who want to become parents are requesting a spoonful of genetic material, not the approval of the guy whose testicles churn out cupfuls of the stuff. Typically, the only time a donor is known to the parents is when he is a close friend. Since in your case you would know the parents' identities, what prevents you from later becoming a nuisance? Second and more important, if the mother of a child decides she needs financial assistance and can name the biological father, a judge will very likely make you pay. It rarely matters what agreement the adults have made; the child's interests come first. (A notable exception occurred in January in Pennsylvania, where the state supreme court ruled that a man who donated sperm to a lover did not owe support. The justices said to rule otherwise would undermine women's right to use known donors.) Large sperm banks such as California Cryobank have tried to address this with open-donor programs, which allow offspring who have turned 18 to ask their biological father to identify himself. It seems as if you could help strangers just as easily through a bank. Is that your goal, or are you hoping to experience the joy of fatherhood without all the responsibility?

In January a reader wrote that a woman wouldn't date him unless he stopped smoking weed. The Advisor asked, "When was the last time your bong gave you a blow job?" Every time I get a BJ, it's no coincidence there is always a handblown glass bubbler nearby. You seem unclear on the concept here: The best way for a guy to respond to a Mary Jane ultimatum is to leave. Dump the chicks who don't allow MJ in your life, and you'll get more BJs.—M.V., Placerville, California

We're still unclear—you never get blown unless you're baked, or women won't blow you unless they're baked? Or both? We have nothing against reefer, but, like a pet, it shouldn't be more important to you than a relationship. And as any swinger will tell you, sex is best enjoyed while both (or all) parties are sober.

I'd like to replace my 32-inch CRT set with an HDTV, but my cabinet is only 35.5 inches wide. I'd rather not upgrade

my furniture, too. Do you know of any 37-inch HDTVs that would fit? A 32-inch screen isn't enough for me to justify the switch.—D.B., Detroit, Michigan

This is a common problem. When you make the leap to HDTV, it seems a waste not to get a screen that is at least a little larger. While most people are ditching their entertainment centers without a second thought (see craigslist.org), a few manufacturers are targeting this tweener market with 37-inch LCDs that fit into 32-inch spaces. (Screen size is measured diagonally.) They accomplish this by moving the speakers from the sides of the set to the bottom and making the bezel as narrow as possible. For example, Sony offers a 37-inch, 720p rear-projection LCD that is 35.4 inches wide, while JVC makes a 37-inch, 1080p LCD that is 35.5 inches wide. Rick Souder, who oversees merchandising for crutchfield.com, expects to see more of these narrow 37-inch sets this year and says at least one manufacturer has been trying to squeeze a 40-inch display into a standard space. At larger sizes, both Toshiba and Mitsubishi offer 40-inch, 1080p LCDs that are just 37 inches across, largely because their bezels are less than an inch wide.

The last time my boyfriend went down on me all I could think about was the immense size of his nose and how much I wanted him to slide it into my pussy. When I suggested this he looked at me with disgust. I think big noses are sexy, but now he's self-conscious. How can I convince him to give me a nose job?—N.L., Grand Rapids, Michigan

You can try to barter, but it sounds as if this ain't happening. Maybe your next boyfriend....

A woman wrote in January that her husband admonished her for masturbating. You suggested she hide her vibrator in her tampon box, which isn't a bad idea, but she could also check out "stealth" vibrators, such as Hidden Pleasures (which resembles a tube of red lipstick) and the waterproof Paris Duckie (a rubber ducky in pink or black), sold at mypleasure.com. I have found Hidden Pleasures to be useful for those rare occasions when my man decides to see if my tampons are running low, bless his soul. He would feel like less of a man if a battery did his job for him. Since I purchased my lipstick vibe we haven't had any issues.—L.F., Dayton, Ohio

We're glad to hear that, though we fail to understand the aversion some guys have to sex toys. A vibrator has never stolen a woman away—she was leaving anyway. We find vibes of all varieties to be loads of fun, and they've saved us from a serious case of carpal tunnel syndrome and prevented many sore necks. The downside to discreet vibes is many women don't find them powerful enough to get off.

The athletic landscape in corporate America is changing. As boomers retire, their 30-something replacements are choosing to mountain bike, shoot hoops, snowboard or surf rather than spend four hours of nonathletic behavior on a golf course. I

am 25 and have seen this firsthand with bosses and clients who are as much as 15 years older than I am. Is golf on the way out?—P.K., Los Angeles, California

Golf isn't going anywhere. We enjoy running and jumping as much as the next guy, but the links are better suited for leisurely discussion. They're also much easier on the knees and back, which start to act up about the same time most people reach management level. And as you may have heard, the last hole is a bar.

Can you recommend a lube that doesn't stick? My boyfriend likes to slap my ass when he fucks me from behind, but if he has lube on his hands, they stick and it hurts.—K.L. Boston, Massachusetts

We'll spare you the details, but our hand sometimes sticks to our own ass. The stickiness you feel is the result of the water in the lubricant evaporating due to friction, leaving behind the polymer base and glycerin, the compound that makes lube feel slick. In their Good Vibrations Guide to Sex, Cathy Winks and Anne Semans note you can reactivate the lube with saliva or water. They recommend keeping a water gun or plant mister by the bed: "One good squirt and your lube will be flowing again." Perhaps your boyfriend could mist your ass—you can pretend you're in a rain forest. We suggest you experiment with a glycerin-free lube, which is absorbed by the skin like a lotion.

I have a colleague who is a good guy but does not take criticism well. He has a lot of tight Wickaway shirts that have developed a funky odor. He does not seem to notice this, but everyone else does. How can I break the news gently without pissing him off too much?—A.R., Baltimore, Maryland

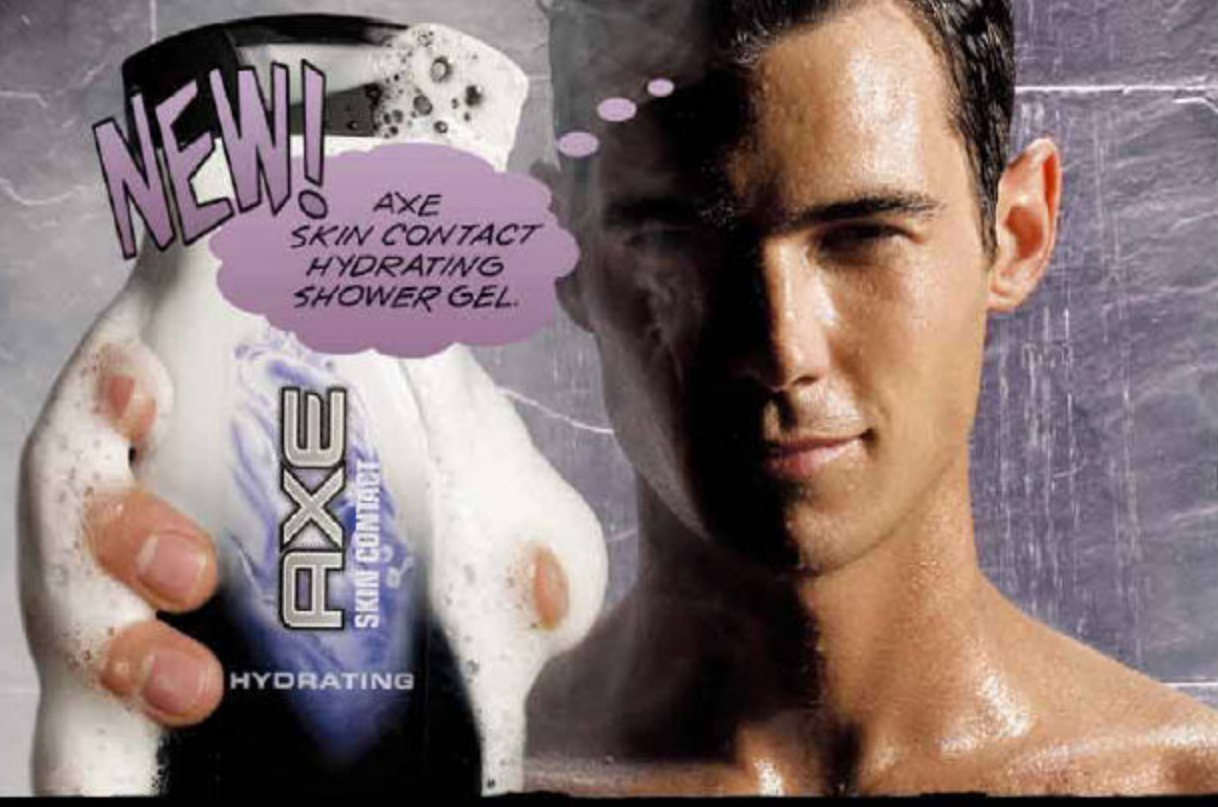
Did you get the short straw? You could say you overheard two colleagues talking about the fact that his shirts get a little ripe and you thought he should know. Whatever his reaction, with any luck he'll realize you're the best friend he has.

My wife and I enjoy a threesome now and then with another male. I would like her to have sex with him while I am at work and videotape it for me. Is this normal?—K.D., Riverside, California

You passed normal a few miles back, at the junction with the road less traveled. Have fun.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com. The Advisor's latest book, Dear Playboy Advisor, is available at bookstores, by phoning 800-423-9494 or online at playboystore.com.





NEW!

AXE
SKIN CONTACT
HYDRATING
SHOWER GEL.

AXE
SKIN CONTACT

HYDRATING



... MY
SKIN...

...IT'S
SOMEHOW...

... TRANSFORMING!



ALL
DONE?
NOW I'M
GONNA
GET
READY...



LE-LAP!

THE MOMENT
OF TRUTH.
THEY TOUCH.



WHOOOSH!

HIS
SKIN...

...CAN'T
STOP...

...TOUCHING!



MAKE YOUR SKIN
FEEL IRRESISTIBLE



GIORGIO  BRUTINI
F O O T W E A R



©2008 GIORGIO BRUTINI IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF GIORGIO BRUTINI GROUP, LTD.

JACKETS

SUITS

SHIRTS

NECKWEAR

HATS

SOCKS

GIORGIOBRUTINI.COM

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

ZERO-NARRATIVE NATION

"WHO KILLS A MAN KILLS A REASONABLE CREATURE, GOD'S IMAGE, BUT HE WHO DESTROYS A GOOD BOOK KILLS REASON ITSELF."—JOHN MILTON, *AREOPAGITICA*

BY SUSAN JACOBY

The United States today is not an illiterate nation. It is an increasingly aliterate nation, in which good books, magazines and newspapers are being killed not by censors but by an indifferent public. This crucial distinction is lost on those who see enforced improvement of performance on standardized tests as the utilitarian remedy for what is really a profound crisis of memory and knowledge. It is lack of interest in reading, not lack of reading skills, that has dumbed down every aspect of our culture and now poses a threat to democracy itself.

First, the grim facts: According to a 2007 report by the National Endowment for the Arts, 40 percent of adults from the ages of 25 to 44 and nearly half of Americans from the ages of 18 to 24 never—I repeat, never—read books for pleasure. Not literary classics, not bodice-ripper romances, not mysteries, not poetry, not biographies or histories, not self-help books—not even the Bible. More than half of adults, in what is supposedly the most religious nation in the Western world, cannot name the four Gospels. It seems neither the good book nor naughty books can turn nonreaders into readers.

Young Americans don't read news, either. The conventional wisdom only a decade ago was that when 20-somethings were able to read cool online newspaper products instead of old-fashioned papers, they would start reading to acquire information about current affairs. Wrong. Adults under 45 are no more likely to read online newspapers than print editions, and a large majority read neither. Furthermore, Nielsen/Netratings and comScore Media Metrix, two firms that track Internet usage, found the average online reader checks out the news much less often—and looks at fewer stories—than readers of print editions.

This is a particularly important finding because it challenges the comforting delusion of those who now look to e-books to save reading. There is no reason to think Americans raised on a diet of ever-changing video images that require no sustained concentration will suddenly want to read long books because they can be accessed on a digital device.

The most telling sign of a looming cultural disaster, tucked away in a 2003 study by the Henry J. Kaiser Family Foundation, is the news that children under the age of six spend an



From *Fahrenheit 451*, Ray Bradbury's science fiction classic about book burning in the future, published in *PLAYBOY* in 1954.

average of two hours a day viewing videos and television, while they spend only 39 minutes a day reading or being read to by their parents. Videos and DVDs, aimed at babies from earliest infancy, are a growth industry. Roughly 43 percent of children from the ages of four to six have a video monitor in their bedroom. Most of these children will learn to read, but it is unreasonable to expect them to prefer reading to the passive infotainment now seen as their birthright.

Anyone who dares to call this situation a crisis is invariably accused of being an elitist or an anachronistic opponent of technology. When Sesame Workshop started marketing DVDs aimed at babies as young as six months, prominent physicians—including T. Berry Brazelton, successor to Benjamin Spock as America's unofficial parental advisor in chief, and Alvin F. Poussaint, a psychiatrist who has focused on child rearing in the black community—had the temerity to point out that the American Academy of Pediatrics advises against all television watching for children under the age of two. Virginia Heffernan, a television critic for *The New York Times*, wrote a searing column describing the doctors as “more than a little Luddite in their opposition to *Sesame Beginnings*, as if technology itself—a screen of any kind!—would harm children, who ought presumably to gaze only at sunsets, shake wooden rattles and cuddle corn-husk dolls.” The word *Luddite* has now become a stronger epithet than *slut* or *pimp*.

Many academics also pooh-poohed the NEA findings. “If you look at what most people need to read for their occupation, it's zero narrative,” Michael Kamil, professor of education at Stanford, told the *Times*. Kamil, one of the “reading experts” consulted for the article, added that children can learn to read for information by practicing on the Internet. Steve Haycox, professor of history at the University of Alaska, questioned the premise that the decline in reading is damaging American democracy. In the *Anchorage Daily News* he noted enthusiastically that “nonreaders are getting jobs” and many jobs paying \$40,000 “require no college.” He concluded with the reassurance that culture “is dynamic, constantly changing” and “just where this latest change is taking us is still obscure.”

I will tell professors Kamil and Haycox (with experts like

these, who needs ignoramus?) where the zero-narrative culture is taking us: The ability to follow a narrative is not some elitist pursuit but is essential to the development of citizens capable of understanding and retaining enough information to know what goes on in their country and the world. In January 2006, after more than three years of combat in Iraq, nearly two thirds of 18- to 24-year-olds questioned in an annual National Geographic-Roper survey could not find Iraq on a map. (The maps were marked with the names of countries, so this failure presumably meant the young adults did not even know where the Middle East was.) As for the much touted educational value of the Internet, people who got their news from the web did indeed do better than those who failed to use it: They flunked the geographic literacy test with a grade of 69 instead of 59. Some achievement!

How can this level of ignorance not be fatal to democracy? A war, like any other major news story, is a narrative. Information supplied by a video clip, whether on YouTube or television, is a one-day wonder and encourages the public to forget what politicians said yesterday, much less in the run-up to a war five years ago.

Reading on the Internet is not reading as it has been understood since the invention of the printing press. When I surf the web, I am engaged in a process akin to that of a vulture swooping out of the sky for food. I am looking for chunks of information. But information means nothing unless it is incorporated into a larger body of knowledge. I do not know whether it is possible to arrest, much less



Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, published in *PLAYBOY* in 1954.

reverse, the trend that has turned Americans into an aliterate people, preferring video toys and Internet hits to real reading. I am certain, though, that the first step is to stop our magical thinking about computers. They are tools—essential tools for anyone who wants to function in modern society—but nothing more.

If a virus erased every bit of computer-stored data in the world, nearly everything of importance could eventually be replaced. But if every book (including those on computers) were destroyed, the record of civilization would be blank. We would be dependent for the reconstruction of our heritage on eccentric characters who have memorized whole books, like the rebels in Ray Bradbury's science fiction novel *Fahrenheit 451*. A zero-narrative culture is, by definition, a culture without memory. And a culture without memory is not a culture at all.

Susan Jacoby is author of *The Age of American Unreason*.

BIG BROTHER SHACKS UP WITH MA BELL

THE NSA IS USING AT&T DATA STREAMS TO WATCH US

By Dean Kuipers

When *The New York Times* broke the story in December 2005 that the supersecret National Security Agency, without warrants, was tapping the phones and reading the e-mail of U.S. citizens, the Bush administration went on the defensive, saying the agency was only stretching its mandate—to monitor overseas communications—in order to catch terrorists.

But when former AT&T technician Mark Klein heard the president claim this domestic spying affected only those Americans who made international calls to known Al Qaeda members or other terror suspects, he stepped forward with a bombshell that has not yet been defused. No matter whom it's monitoring, Klein had discovered, the NSA is tapping virtually everyone—including you.

"I saw the physical equipment. They're not just sweeping up international communications; they're sweeping up domestic communications. They're sweeping up everything that goes across the Internet lines—phone calls, VoIP, e-mail, web browsing, photos, video, everything," says Klein. "So this is a complete prevarication on the part of the president and all the others who went on a media campaign with him."

Whether or not the government is reading these billions of personal communications is interesting but irrelevant. Just tapping such information without warrants is illegal according to electronic privacy experts, and more than 40 lawsuits have been filed across the country.

And the NSA is reading all that information—reading, filtering and storing it. There is no question this is happening; the agency has acknowledged it during the current lawsuits. Which raises a bigger question: What is it hunting for? Yes, terrorism networks but possibly other things, too, like political-party communications, encrypted offshore-banking transactions or any instance of four or five people agreeing to call one phone number—in any language, in any country on earth. The fact is we don't know what information the NSA already has, and it doesn't have to tell us.

The government claims discussing the taps will compromise national security, and the White House has worked to shield big telecom companies from lawsuits. But even if those suits go forward—perhaps after the Bush administration is gone—it's not certain the U.S. intelligence apparatus will be compelled to pull the plug.

If Klein hadn't blown the whistle, we wouldn't have known any of this. Now 62 years old, he was a career phone man and found the taps inadvertently in 2003 while working at AT&T's big switching facility at 611 Folsom Street in San Francisco. From his post in the Worldnet Internet room, where he oversaw routers that handle the flow of digital traffic, he noticed an anomaly: A fiber-optic splitter was delivering a copy of the entire data stream to a separate room—room 641A. That room, everybody knew, was built specially for the NSA.

Wiretaps are routine for phone companies. The FBI comes in with specific warrants, asks the company to hook up to a specific number and listens in. This was different. The NSA asked AT&T to build a special room and conducted fairly

open interviews with key technicians to staff it. So the whole company knew. The NSA didn't have a warrant to tap everyone's phone. That would be a violation of the Fourth Amendment, which outlaws general warrants. Instead, it argued that under the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Act of 1978 it didn't need a warrant at all. AT&T agreed to cooperate.

As part of his normal duties, Klein was issued wiring schematics, and those documents show the NSA could grab whatever it wanted from AT&T's office. It had tapped into "peering links" connected to 16 different companies, including Qwest (which had refused to cooperate with the NSA), Sprint, UUNet, Level 3 Communications, Cable & Wireless, Global Crossing and huge Internet exchange points like Verizon's MAE West and the Palo Alto Internet Exchange, the largest such exchange in the world.

The Electronic Frontier Foundation, a consumer-protection organization specializing in privacy issues, was already preparing a suit called *Hepting v. AT&T*, based on the work of *The New York Times* and subsequent stories in the *Los Angeles Times* and others, when Klein brought it his wiring documents. He had retired in 2004 and had been sitting on them for almost two years.

"I'm the only one in a position to do something," he says, adding that other technicians who knew about the hookup were constrained by top-secret clearances. "I was in the unique position of not having a security clearance and not having any classified information. I didn't break any laws."

This changed the EFF lawsuit dramatically. The foundation had been preparing to sue AT&T for offering phone records and database mining to the NSA. Instead, Klein had brought them rock-solid evidence—confirmed by AT&T in the course of the suit—that the government was monitoring domestic communications in real time, all the time, every day. Privacy advocates contend this violates not only the Fourth Amendment but at least four major telecom statutes.

"This isn't some minor infraction," says Cindy Cohn, EFF legal director and co-counsel on the more than 40 suits to have been combined under U.S. District Chief Judge Vaughn Walker in San Francisco. "This is one of the fundamental tenets of our democracy. It's written into our Constitution, and it's in a lot of our laws."

Those laws would include FISA, the Communications Act, the Stored Communications Act and the Electronic Communications Privacy Act.

"All of them say the phone companies have a duty to protect your privacy unless the government does one of three or four limited things," says Cohn. "And none of those things is to install a splitter that copies everything you say without any targeting or limitation. There is no statutory way to do that."

The NSA declined to comment for this story, but the government has aggressively sought to shut down the lawsuits and even actively blocked some early reporting. Klein originally took his information to the *Los Angeles Times*, but the paper got cold feet after then-editor Dean Baquet was visited by then-director of national intelligence John Negroponte and then-director of the NSA (and now CIA director) General Michael Hayden. CBS's *60 Minutes* similarly backed out of a story after much work with Klein. *The New York Times*, however, was not so constrained; it ran the story after having telecom technicians verify that the AT&T wiring schemes were plausible.

With AT&T exposed, the White House and its friends in Congress tried another tack: shut down the lawsuit by making amnesty for the telecoms part of the reauthorization of FISA in the August 2007 Protect America Act. The warrantless-wiretapping provisions in the bill were set to expire in February 2008, and President Bush announced he would veto any reauthorization that didn't contain the amnesty clause.

In November the House voted on a new version of Protect America legislation, stripping the amnesty. The question of amnesty for telecoms still hadn't been settled in the Senate at the start of this year. But with or without amnesty, it seems certain the lawsuits will move forward.

"We can sue the government on Fourth Amendment grounds if Congress wipes out all the statutory claims," says Cohn. "But those claims are harder, frankly."

Meanwhile, the NSA's digital hoovering goes on unabated, in amounts almost too vast to visualize. The taps Klein saw involved groups of fiber-optic carriers called OC48s, each of which carries 2.5 gigabits of data a second. Klein notes that's as if a quarter of an entire *Encyclopedia Britannica* were transmitted every second through each carrier.

More important, a machine on the other side of the wall can read all that data in real time. According to schematics obtained by Klein and others, the NSA was running it all through a super-computer called a Narus STA 6400. STA stands for Semantic Traffic Analyzer, and the Narus—made by a Silicon Valley company with huge clients like VeriSign, the credit-card verification company—is designed to sort as much as 10 gigabits of

data a second. It can do things such as find and replay whole phone conversations in any language, intercepted anywhere in the world, that contain the word *explosive*, or it can find strings of numbers. Many communications experts are sure it can break simple encryption, though that is a Narus secret and the company would not comment for this story.

This is the kind of stuff the NSA and the Narus do very well all across the globe. The big change is now they do it to your e-mail here in the U.S.

"One of the things this machine can do is notice that the



The NSA skirts laws that restrict it.



The secret room at AT&T's facility.



Qwest wouldn't let the NSA siphon data.

NEWSFRONT

same phone number is showing up in distributed places all over the world, but you don't have to tell it to look for any specific phone number," says Brian Reid, director of engineering at Internet Systems Consortium, a nonprofit organization dedicated to a free Internet. Those conference callers could of course be terrorists plotting to move Osama bin Laden. They could also be political-party operatives planning a fund-raising initiative. The calls could be recorded in their entirety, logged and stored for analysis. Listening to them should probably require a specific warrant, but would the NSA ask for one? The Narus keeps grabbing and storing regardless.

Ironically, this is the scenario FISA was meant to prevent. In 1975 the NSA was discovered to be monitoring domestic communications in a program called Project Shamrock, and FISA was written to require that all surveillance be cleared by a special court to reduce the likelihood of political or corporate abuse.

But the taps have been on again since at least 2003, and no one knows how much data the NSA has amassed. It's not just coming from San Francisco: News reports have identified secret rooms in AT&T facilities in Seattle, San Jose, Los Angeles, San Diego, Atlanta and Bridgeton, Missouri. BellSouth and Verizon have also been identified as cooperating with the NSA program by providing mass phone records, just as AT&T has. Unless more whistle-blowers like Klein come forward from these companies, we won't know if the NSA is also intercepting their data streams and feeding filtered data to central NSA storage.

For Cohn, this is a threat to the foundation of American democracy. "We don't allow general warrants in this country," she says. "That's part of why we fought the revolution, because King George had the authority to issue generalized warrants that gave the colonial troops the ability to rifle through anybody's house and papers and possessions anytime they wanted to, on the grounds that people might be violating customs laws."

The NSA taps have no sunset provision. They're permanent—unless, of course, lawsuits force the government to pull the plug. But the intelligence corps is counting on the logic of Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld's permanent war: If the war on terror is never won, the need to surveil the American people never ends. Is some corporate or political agency counting on that logic too?



Tinseltownistan

HOLLYWOOD—Actor Rupert Everett has slammed the conservatism of entertainment corporations. In an interview in *The Times* of London, he criticized attitudes on abortion after last year's slate of films dealing with the subject, including *Knocked Up*, *Juno* and *Waitress*. "On abortion, the studios are for it in private because they don't want actresses to clog up their schedules by taking time off to have babies," he said. "But in films if you get pregnant, you have to keep the baby and end up with the man." He also took aim at what he described as hypocritical attitudes toward drug and alcohol addiction, which give men like Robert Downey Jr. sympathy while treating women like Britney Spears as crazy. "Hollywood pretends it's very liberal, but it's not remotely. It's like Al Qaeda."

Strike Force

MADRID—In response to what they see as harassment by government authorities, abortion clinics in Spain staged a weeklong strike in January. The country legalized abortion in 1985, but regulations mandate that most terminations take place fairly early in the pregnancy. Though some members of the ruling Socialist Party have advocated further liberalization of the rules, police in Barcelona late last year arrested 13 clinic doctors and health workers, accusing them of performing or conspiring to perform later-than-legal procedures. According to Francisca García Gallego of the Association of Accredited Abortion Clinics, inspections of clinics have greatly increased, causing undue incursions into patients' privacy. "We think the number and manner of inspections are abusive," she said, explaining the grounds for the strike. "After 22 years of exercising this right, a shadow of doubt has started to appear over our professionalism."



Spy the Friendly Skies

WASHINGTON, D.C.—According to John Gilmore, a co-founder of the Electronic Frontier Foundation, the Department of Homeland Security is stockpiling alarmingly

detailed information about U.S. travelers through its Automated Targeting System, a database of individuals who fly internationally. Gilmore made a Freedom of Information Act request for his DHS file and found the records included the name of a book he was carrying, *Drugs and Rights*, as well as all the records of his ticket-purchasing process, including the routes he had considered but not chosen, the purpose of his travels and the places he had flown within Europe.



Just Deserts

RIYADH, SAUDI ARABIA—After international outrage over the case, King Abdullah pardoned a woman sentenced to 200 lashes and jail time after being gang-raped. The woman and a male companion were dragged from a car, and a group of seven men raped both of them. While the perpetrators were given nine-year prison sentences, the man and woman were also penalized with a sentence of 90 lashes each for having been alone together at the time, a violation of Islamic law. When the woman appealed the sentence, her punishment was raised to include imprisonment and additional lashings. The Bush administration called the case "astonishing" but refused to criticize the Saudi justice system.

READER RESPONSE

THE WOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

Jonathan Raban's "How the West Was Ruined" (January) is remarkable as a sustained series of non sequiturs. Consider Raban's logic: John Muir described nature as majestic and sublime. He also remarked favorably about the politeness of "Negroes" he encountered in the post-Civil War South, and thus Muir was an elitist. Therefore, Muir's descriptions of nature are elitist. None of this follows, of course, and the absurdity of the argument becomes even more apparent when one recalls that Emerson and Thoreau, ardent opponents of slavery and proponents of democracy, at times used similar language to describe nature. The word *sublime* simply expresses the reality that human beings, even poets, are ever at a loss to find language adequate to describe anything as overwhelmingly powerful and beautiful as wild nature. I find nothing elitist about confessing this incapacity.

Michael Pastorkovich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

I'm a 27-year-old bartender in Leavenworth, Washington, and I work with



Sublimely edifying or elitist playground?

all those yuppie tourists mentioned in Raban's piece. The article describes our Bavarian village to a tee. A group of us here wants to enjoy the outdoors and small-town living, and we are able to maintain our quality of life with the dollars the tourists bring in. Thanks for the well-written article.

Julie Istvan
Leavenworth, Washington

TEN-MILE HIGH CLUB

In reference to "Bombers Away" (December), the first military aircraft were World War I pursuit fighters.

Bombers came later. Having effective airpower means you have both fighters and bombers for offensive capabilities. Bombers are very large aircraft and thus require longer runways for takeoff than fighters do. Bombers are heavy to begin with, and then one must consider the weight of the fuel plus the ordnance necessary for a mission. Fully loaded fighters (F-15, F-16, F-22 and F-35) need shorter runways. Our active bomber types are based in the U.S. for several reasons: security, maintenance and logistics. Bombers striking in the Middle East are in the air from 30 to 40 hours for one mission. Air Force fighters can be staged at forward locations, which results in quicker turnaround times, not to mention the pilots' ability to visually acquire their targets. Bombers were designed to be standoff offensive platforms. Taking a B-52 down to 2,000 feet for a bombing run is foolish; indeed, taking any large aircraft to a low level is not wise. Sure, a B-1 may be faster than a B-52, but it's still a large target. An F-15 fighter makes more sense for a low-level mission. It is faster, the pilot is better trained for that scenario, and the aircraft is more maneuverable when it comes to dodging anti-aircraft fire and surface-to-air missiles. Fighters were designed to defeat air threats—fighters or bombers. Bombers cannot defend themselves against fighters. Face it: Though bombers can carry a wider variety and larger quantity of ordnance than fighters, they are not as flexible.

Michael Johnson
Seymour, Indiana

"Bombers Away" suffers from a severe case of oversimplification and lack of subject knowledge, leading to an equally oversimplified and ignorant opinion. The article takes a pro-bomber stance without having a grasp of the advantages and disadvantages of fighters and bombers or the role each plays in combat. The author goes on to discount as romanticization a primary premise under which the U.S. war machine operates: the need to maintain air superiority. This superiority (made possible by fighters) is what allows lumbering bombers to operate without "acrobatic moves and danger of air-to-air combat." Without such superiority you need aircraft with self-escort capability (that is, fighters) to drop precision

munitions. We are also led to believe Iraq and Afghanistan have taught us that bombers dropping 2,000-pound GPS-guided bombs are an ideal close-air-support platform. The troops needing this close air support are often less than the length of a football field from the target. Personally, I wouldn't want to be within a mile of a 2,000-pound-bomb detonation. Precision munitions give bombers improved close-air-support capability, but they will never



Bombers need fighters to clear the skies.

be able to respond rapidly from half a world away or in quick succession. Bombers can't point their nose at the ground in a dynamic environment, distinguish friend from foe or deliver gunfire and small ordnance against moving targets. This is required to provide appropriate air support for U.S. troops engaged in close combat, and this is the business of fighters.

Jenner Torrence
North Pole, Alaska

ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION

I read with interest the letter in January's "Reader Response" regarding "What City Is This?" (September). So true! Here in St. Louis independent coffeehouses have formed an association called Coffee Locals. Its goal is to inform the public that it has a choice, and spending money in these shops keeps customers' money local. These business owners are typically your neighbors, and they care more about the local parks, schools, roads, etc., than someone from a thousand miles away who couldn't find your city on a map.

Verner Earls
St. Louis, Missouri

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.

"Now More Than Ever You Need a Great Detector"

There are an estimated **50 million tickets** issued each year. This year, that number is expected to climb. In fact, the problem is so severe, the *New York Times* recently published an article entitled, *The Taxman Hits in the Guise of a Traffic Cop*, which



states, "Anything that puts money in the treasury, without raising taxes, is on the table." What's the cost?

The Real

Cost of a Ticket

The majority of all speeding tickets are written for vehicles traveling less than 9 miles over the posted speed limit. This small infraction can cost you upwards of \$1,000 when you factor in the impact on your insurance! How big is the problem?

Constant Surveillance

Each and every day you are under surveillance. X, K, Ka-band radar guns, laser guns,

and stationary speed cameras are targeting your wallet. Is there anything you can do?

Take Control

ESCORT, the world leader in radar and laser detection, brings you the most advanced detector ever—introducing the PASSPORT

9500i radar and laser detector. This remarkable receiver uses GPS technology to bring you the most accurate warning against every type of speed monitoring device out there. The PASSPORT 9500i is ready to use right out of the box. Simply plug it in and go. You'll be amazed how quickly it pays for itself on your daily commute, vacation, or any other road trip.

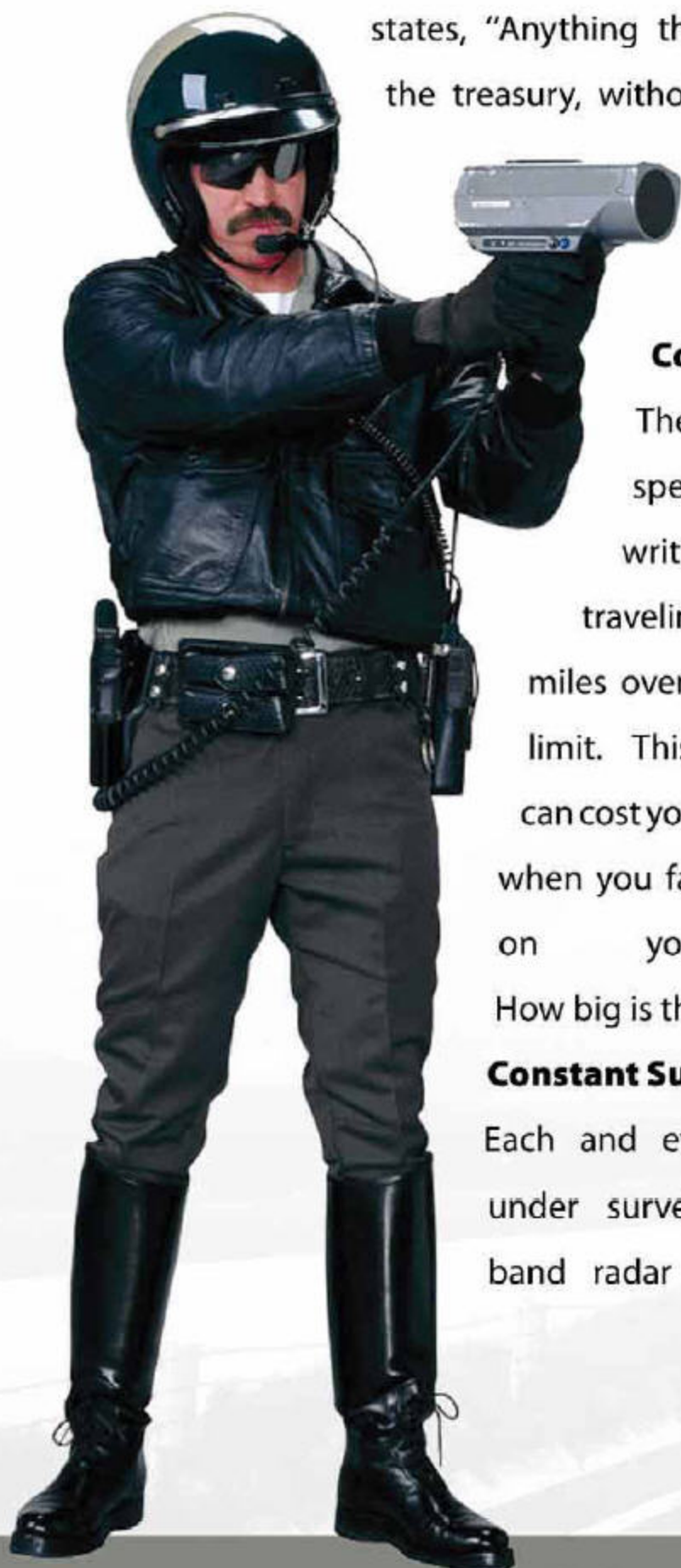
Test Drive One Today

Take our 30-day test-drive. If it's not the best investment you've ever made, simply return it for a complete refund—no questions asked. For more information call 1-800-637-0322 or visit our website EscortRadar.com.

CAR AND DRIVER

"The Passport 9500i takes the next great leap forward..."

—June/07



www.EscortRadar.com

PASSPORT 9500i • Red \$449.⁹⁵ • Blue \$499.⁹⁵ +S&H (OH res. add tax)

ESCORT
THE RADAR AND LASER EXPERTS

Call 1-800-637-0322

► Department PLAYBY

©2008 ESCORT Inc.

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CHAD KROEGER

A candid conversation with Nickelback's redneck frontman about leading rock's most popular (and hated) band, serving time and being "a walking penis"

Chad Kroeger is one of a dying breed: the rock star.

Since 2001 his band, Nickelback, has sold more than 15.5 million records, a total exceeded by only nine contemporary acts. Of those, three are rappers (Eminem, Nelly, 50 Cent), three are country singers (Toby Keith, Tim McGraw, Shania Twain), and two are classy balladeers (Norah Jones, Josh Groban). That leaves just one actual band, Linkin Park, which plays a hybrid of rock and rap. For straight rock-and-roll popularity, Nickelback is the king of this century's first decade.

No one was played more often on U.S. radio last year: Nickelback registered almost a million spins. That gives a whole new meaning to the phrase "heavy rotation." Every 30 seconds another radio station played a Nickelback song.

You might expect this Canadian quartet to have a profile that matches its popularity, like top-selling rock bands from the Beatles to Nirvana. But Kroeger rarely gives interviews. One of the most in-depth articles about him appeared in *Acreage Life*, a Canadian magazine for rural landowners.

Kroeger (it rhymes with "cougar") was born Chad Robert Turton on November 15, 1974. His father, Windy Turton, left the family when Chad was two, and Chad was raised by his mother, Debbie Kroeger, in Hanna, Alberta with his half-brother, Mike

Kroeger; Chad later swapped his surname for his mother's maiden name.

A remote blue-collar oil-and-coal town of fewer than 3,000 people in east-central Alberta, Hanna was known mainly (if not only) as the birthplace of hockey Hall of Famer Lanny McDonald. When Kroeger wasn't running from the police, he would pass hours in his bedroom, learning Metallica and Led Zeppelin songs on guitar.

That proficiency led to a cover band called the Village Idiots, and when he began to fear he'd die in Hanna, Kroeger moved to Vancouver. The band rechristened itself, made a cheap demo called *Hesher*, then the full-length *Curb*, and hit the road like Napoleon's army. Finally, a second album, *The State*, sold enough copies independently to earn a contract from Roadrunner, a heavy-metal label.

Silver Side Up came next, in 2001, featuring the group's breakout hit, "How You Remind Me," a vindictive breakup song that mixes contempt with self-contempt; it spent four weeks as the number one song in the U.S. Kroeger has called it "our 'Hotel California,' our 'Stairway to Heaven.'" Enemies circled around the band: Nickelback was dismissed as derivative, an amalgam of grunge bands from Creed to Alice in Chains. Even cheery *American Idol* judge Randy Jackson insulted Kroeger: "I swear that guy is like 45 years old and ugly as sin."

Kroeger's burly songs, often written from

the perspective of an aggrieved or outraged outcast, address ugly topics: domestic abuse ("Never Again," which ends in murder), absent fathers ("Too Bad"), jealousy ("Just For," which fantasizes about murder) and prison ("Where Do I Hide"). Two years later *The Long Road* launched with the song "Someday," which sounded a lot like "How You Remind Me." One Internet wag even created a site that played both songs simultaneously, showing how closely they overlap.

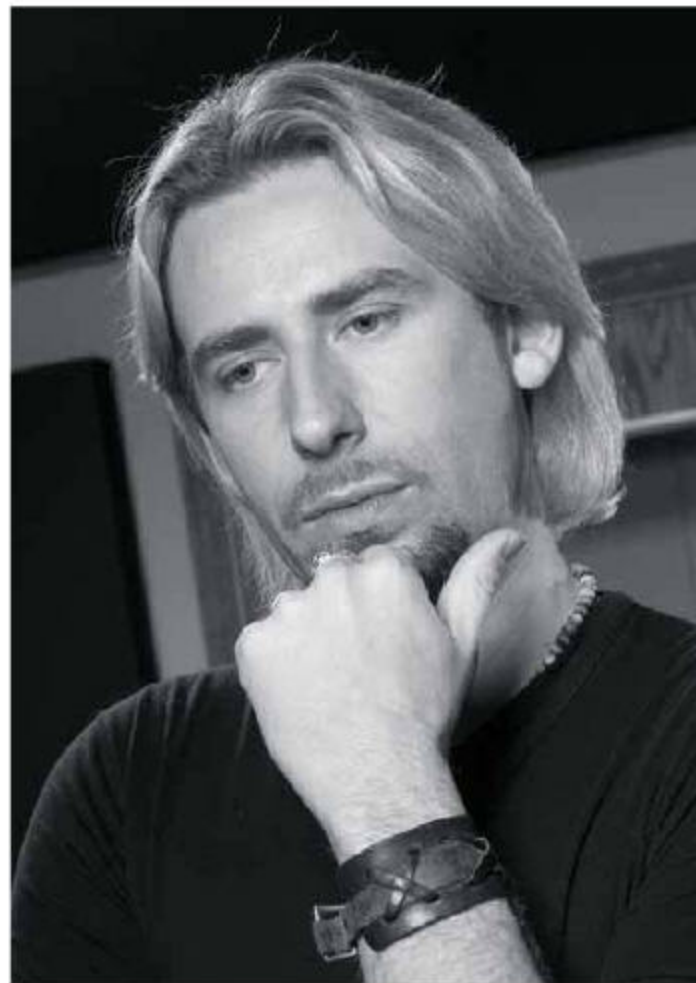
The *Winnipeg Sun* has tagged Kroeger a "talentless misogynist," and *The New York Times* concluded, "For hard-rock ridiculousness, Nickelback is tough to beat." Even more definitively, *The Boston Phoenix* crowned Nickelback "the worst band since the dawn of music."

But *All the Right Reasons*, released in late 2005, has proven its most popular album yet, thanks to "Photograph," an ambivalent reminiscence of life in Hanna (where Nickelback filmed the video), and "Rockstar," a good-humored fantasy of the high life. Then, over an 11-month period, Kroeger was arrested for drunk driving, getting into a fight outside a Vancouver strip club and punching a stranger who heckled him outside a Vancouver nightclub.

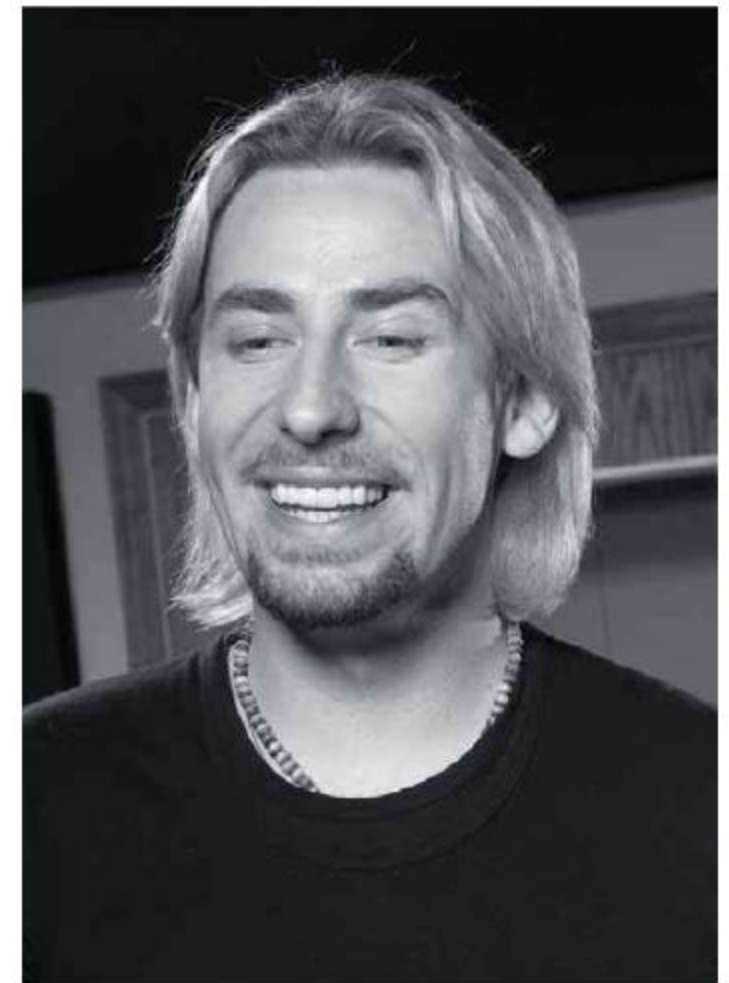
Kroeger and his fiancée, Marianne Goriuk, live on a 20-acre compound an hour southeast of Vancouver, a few miles from the Washington state border, with views of the mountains



"We've had people say a lot of bad things about us. How is it possible to have everyone hate us? If my music is fucking up your life, change the station, dude. I'm just some guy who sings in a rock-and-roll band. I'm not Hitler."



"I don't know how many times I got kicked out of school. I just thought it was fun to be bad. To a certain degree I still think it's fun to be bad. You should just never do anything that's going to hurt someone else."



"I will never put another human being in front of my band. Ever. Do you have any idea how hard it is to tell a woman you love that if it ever came down to her or the band, she'd be packing her suitcase?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WALDY MARTENS

and horse stables on their land. Once Kroeger returned home after two years of touring and promoting the album, we sent Contributing Editor Rob Tannenbaum to interview him.

"Near their house Kroeger has a two-story barn he converted into a recording studio," Tannenbaum reports, "where he works on songs with Joey Moi, the friend he commemorated in the 'Photograph' lyric 'What the hell is on Joey's head?' It's a high-tech clubhouse: flat-screen TVs, an array of guitars, video games, a Nickelback poker table on the ground floor. He enjoys arguing and teasing, and when Goriuk joined us he turned into a swaggering flirt.

"For a guy who avoids and dislikes the press, he was generous and welcoming. 'Do you want to get into a nice bottle of red wine?' he asked soon after we started to talk, and he decanted an Australian Penfolds Grange shiraz 1999, which sells for about \$600 a bottle. I told him I preferred Châteauneuf-du-Pape, but eight hours later, after we'd finished our third bottle, it tasted pretty good. A few days after our interview I got a beautiful bottle of Châteauneuf-du-Pape in the mail, along with a note: 'Thanks for the great interview. Best, Chad.' At various times he referred to himself as a redneck, a badass and an idiot. But he's also a gentleman."

PLAYBOY: The record industry is in turmoil. The labels don't have a plan, CD sales are collapsing. But Nickelback's most recent album sold 6.5 million copies. What's your secret?

KROEGER: Even though we're both Canadian, Joey Moi and I refer to ourselves as the taste of Middle America. If I like something, all the red states are probably going to like it too, because I have the same tastes as those people. We probably watch the same television shows.

PLAYBOY: Do you have middle-American tastes in everything—TV, cars, beer, movies, books?

KROEGER: You could probably scratch books off that list. [laughs] I like car chases, explosions, big boobs—the same things Middle America likes.

PLAYBOY: What changes would you make to save the record business?

KROEGER: Well, illegal downloading is the biggest thing. That's why the music business is in the toilet. But downloading is a backlash against all the bands whose CDs have one good song and 11 shitty ones. The gatekeepers were like, "What's the Internet?" And now that they're knee-deep in it and can see their initials on the next noose, it's a little too late.

PLAYBOY: How ironic that Nickelback is losing sales to downloading. You're a man who knows quite a bit about stealing.

KROEGER: True. [smiles] It could be karma.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing you ever stole?

KROEGER: Jeez. Someone's virginity, I'm sure. [laughs] One of the best things I stole I didn't get charged for, so I don't want to bring it up.

PLAYBOY: We're sure the statute of limitations has passed. What was it?

KROEGER: I stole a small truck, and I was facing jail time. My lawyer pleaded it down to joyriding.

PLAYBOY: What were you going to do with the stolen truck?

KROEGER: No, this line of questioning can't continue, Your Honor. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Did you steal things often?

KROEGER: I broke into my junior high school about 11 times and found the combination to this huge walk-in safe. God, it was like my personal ATM. I was probably



I like car chases, explosions, big boobs—the same things Middle America likes.

13. I bought a guitar with the money I stole, video games, all kinds of stuff.

PLAYBOY: How did you find the combination to the safe?

KROEGER: It was in the vice principal's desk. I broke into the school with a couple of buddies and used a small kit of tools to get the doors open. It's a trick I could easily teach you—I can actually pick small locks. Right on a sticky pad in the vice principal's top drawer was a combination. It was so elaborate I figured it had to be for the wall safe, which was probably about eight feet tall. You had to brace your foot against the wall to open it up. Once we got in there was money all over the place. We'd take \$500 or \$600 at a time, and nobody noticed.

Over a span of six or eight months I took thousands out of that thing.

PLAYBOY: What happened when they noticed money was missing?

KROEGER: Six of us each had to pay \$167 in restitution. I was the only one of the six in court that day who got sent to juvenile hall. And I didn't like the experience. Incarceration's no fun.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though you were a bad kid.

KROEGER: I don't know how many times I got kicked out of school. I just thought it was fun to be bad. To a certain degree I still think it's fun to be bad. You should just never do anything that's going to hurt someone else.

I did a lot of stupid stuff. I remember being drunk and driving someone's van without a license, then smashing it up. Then, while awaiting sentencing, I got picked up for shoplifting in Calgary. I was trying to go to a Metallica concert. I had to be released into my mom's custody, and she still took me to the concert.

PLAYBOY: What did your mom think about your bad behavior?

KROEGER: My mom knew I was a chip off the old block.

PLAYBOY: What kind of guy is your dad? He left home when you were two.

KROEGER: My dad is a fighter. He got a lot of assault charges. That's what he was good at: fighting. My mom probably liked that he was a badass. I think she enjoyed tormenting my grandfather by dating the toughest guy in town. There's a Nickelback song called "Should've Listened," with the line "A little trick I picked up from my father/In one ear and out the other." I can definitely thank him for that one. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Was your dad a violent guy?

KROEGER: Yeah, a lot of violence. I would hear stories from his friends about my dad beating

up three bikers at a time. At his peak he was probably about six-foot-three and 260 pounds.

PLAYBOY: Was he ever violent with your mom?

KROEGER: I don't think so, but my mom may tell a different story.

PLAYBOY: Was he ever violent with you and your brother?

KROEGER: He never raised a hand to either of us, and I don't think he could. It was tough for him growing up, because he was the boy named Sue—he really was. His name is Wendall, and everybody called him Windy. Guys would come to the bar from other towns and go, "So you're Windy?" Then he got on a rodeo circuit, doing bareback, saddle-bronc

riding or roping. They would go to rodeos, then go to a bar and pick up women and fight. That's the stereotype of the rodeo circuit, and it's probably what attracted my father to it.

PLAYBOY: Americans have an image of Canadians as being polite, maybe a little more educated than we are. We don't really think of Canada as having—

KROEGER: Rednecks? You're talking to one. That's why I bought 20 acres, because I want to build an ATV track in the back. At one point I called a buddy who sold used cars, and I said, "I want a whole bunch of shit cars brought up to my house. We want to smash out the windows, put on some helmets and have a demolition derby." It's amazing how much damage those little cars can take and still run. Wouldn't you like to try that?

PLAYBOY: It sounds like fun.

KROEGER: Yeah. So there may just be a little redneck in all of us.

PLAYBOY: On your mom's side you come from a prominent Canadian family.

KROEGER: My grandfather was the minister of transportation for Alberta. I guess that would be the equivalent of a senator. My grandfather essentially was my father. I learned a lot from him, and I saw the respect he was given. So it was very strange. Anytime I was with my grandfather we could be traveling in a private government jet, then the next minute I'd be living in a trailer. Two completely different worlds. I tasted what it was like not to grow up poor, and I liked it. Then he died when I was 13, and I got to know what it was like to be really broke. I had to wear a ski suit to bed because we didn't have any heat in the winter. That wasn't a lot of fun.

PLAYBOY: Was there food in the house?

KROEGER: At one point when I was 14 my mom got addicted to a prescription medication of some kind, so she went through this dry-out program. When I got released from juvie and went home, it was just my brother, Mike, there. He wound up getting some type of food stamps from the government. We went into a store, and they didn't want to take them at first. Mike said, "If you don't cash this, we're not going to be able to eat." The woman in the store lived in our town, and she was probably going to tell everybody that story. That experience was just awful for me. I would have starved before I'd go through that. *[exhales]* There's some shit right there that I've never told anybody.

PLAYBOY: Without your brother, would you have starved?

KROEGER: I probably would have kicked in the front door to the store at one in the morning and grabbed a bunch of food.

PLAYBOY: Your dad was gone, your mom was in rehab, your grandfather was dead. There wasn't much supervision. You probably got away with whatever you wanted.

KROEGER: I didn't go to school. I mean,

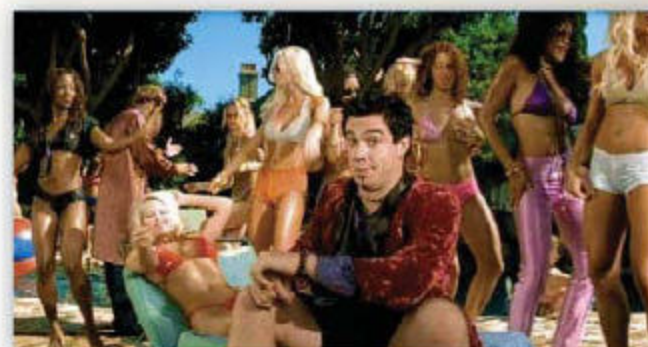
Rocking the Rabbit

Nickelback knows the Playboy Mansion is the hottest place to shoot a music video. Here are four spots starring 10236 Charing Cross Road



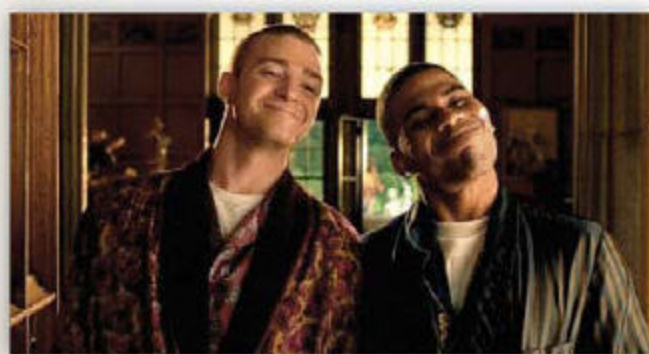
Nickelback

"Rockstar" uses various lip-synchs including Kendra, Holly and Bridget, who mouth the last line in this quatrain: "I'm gonna dress my ass/With the latest fashion/Get a front-door key/To the Playboy Mansion."



Zebrahead

In "Playmate of Year" the pop punkers are hanging with Hef and a few Playmates, including Jodi Ann Paterson. Alas, they snap out of their dream when the mail carrier knocks on the door with Jodi Ann's PMOY issue.



Nelly

The Band-Aided one and Justin Timberlake play gardeners with a great gig in "Work It." While they argue about trimming a bush naked versus leaving a strip, their lawn mower inadvertently cuts a path to the Playmates.



Weezer

Hef invites the geeky rockers over to play "Beverly Hills" for the girls. During the filming, frontman Rivers Cuomo continued his vow of celibacy, saying it helped his creativity. Talk about suffering for your art. —Rocky Rakovic

after the eighth or ninth grade, I don't remember going to school five days out of the week, ever.

PLAYBOY: What did you do instead?

KROEGER: Whatever the fuck I felt like. *[laughs]* I was a bad kid.

PLAYBOY: And you never graduated from high school.

KROEGER: I was a few credits short of a diploma, and I just had no desire to go back to school, because I had a band waiting for me. We'd already learned 40 or 50 covers and had a booking agent. I was on the road a week after I got out of school.

PLAYBOY: How did you get the money to make a record?

KROEGER: Once I got out of school my dad bought me a car for \$1,000. I couldn't get insurance, so I stole a license plate and stuck it on the back of the car, covered in mud so you couldn't tell what the letters were. I had just gotten out of jail, with a court date coming, and I was going to get charged for another breaking and entering and attempted theft—that's a bit of a recurring theme.

PLAYBOY: It's hard for us to keep track of all your arrests.

KROEGER: I had a game plan. I convinced my stepfather to lend me \$4,000 to make a demo—that became *Hesher*—and I promised him we would pay him back \$5,000 in six months, after we had pressed 1,000

copies and sold them for \$10 each. I took \$1,000 and bought magic mushrooms, and I was going to sell them in Hanna to pay for all the unforeseen costs.

PLAYBOY: Where did you get the confidence that you would be able to pay back the \$5,000?

KROEGER: Oh, I'm a con artist. *[laughs]* I came up with this whole business plan that sounded incredible, and I conned him. He was like, "Not only am I going to help you out, I'm going to make \$1,000 on my investment in six months!" Who wouldn't be interested in that? It took a couple of years, but I think we probably gave him \$10,000.

PLAYBOY: Where did the name Nickelback come from?

KROEGER: My brother was working in a coffee shop where everything was \$2.95, \$3.95 or \$4.95. He was constantly saying, "Here's your nickel back." He suggested it as a name, and I loved the fact that it didn't mean anything. It didn't denote what kind of music we played. It wasn't Facegrinder.

PLAYBOY: Let's go back to the mushrooms. What else did you sell?

KROEGER: I sold a little weed here, some mushrooms there. I had to subsidize the income somehow. I knew a lot of people who had weed, and a lot of people working on the oil rigs needed weed. I could

get it. That seemed like a no-brainer.

PLAYBOY: So is the song “One Last Run” from *The State* autobiographical?

KROEGER: Absolutely it’s autobiographical. I can’t believe some of the shit I’m telling you. So this one time, I buy a case of beer and borrow this girl’s truck, and she and I drive 45 minutes to the nearest city. I buy some weed, and we’re driving back. We’ve got beer bottles all over the floorboards, and we’re laughing, with the tunes cranked. Next thing I know, we’re heading into a ditch. I see this metal pole coming at us, and I steer just to the left of it. Beer bottles are flying all around. I bring us back onto the road and bring the truck to a stop. Grass from the side of the road is collected a foot high around the entire truck, so the truck looks as if it’s wearing a hula skirt. We get all the grass pulled off, and who pulls up? A cop. I’ve got an ounce of weed down the front of my pants. As he rolls down the window, I say, “We’re just waiting for two friends. They had to stop for gas.” He rolls up his window and drives away. That was “One Last Run.”

PLAYBOY: Your master plan worked, and the whole band moved to Vancouver. Was that a shock after living in Hanna?

KROEGER: I left an entirely different world behind me when I came to Vancouver. I had really long hair and a big goatee—I looked like trouble, and it was difficult for me to get a job. God, the things I did. I sold seafood door-to-door. Can you imagine? I remember sitting on the floor of my apartment because I had no furniture. I didn’t even have utensils. I had enough money to buy noodles, and I remember eating them with my fingers and feeling sorry for myself.

PLAYBOY: Just noodles and butter?

KROEGER: Who could afford butter? [laughs] I guess the stealing didn’t stop, because I remember going to a restaurant after that and grabbing some utensils. I’m kind of like a cockroach. I’ll pretty much do anything to survive. Then I got this idea: I had my mom lie and say she lived on a \$2.5 million property, and we secured a lease on a five-bedroom house. I rented it out to college kids and got to live for free, just by being a slumlord.

PLAYBOY: What did you do after you quit selling seafood?

KROEGER: Telemarketing. God, I was good at that—sucking money out of poor old ladies. In fact, I got promoted. They finally said, “You have to be here all the time.” I was forced to make a decision between the job and my band. I was like, Well, this is a no-brainer.

PLAYBOY: You probably could have had a great career as a salesman.

KROEGER: Oh, I’m sure. But—

PLAYBOY: Or maybe you have had a great career as a salesman.

KROEGER: I was deciding whether or not I should say that. [laughs] Look, my band was everything even when it was

nothing. And I will never put another human being in front of my band. Ever. Do you have any idea how hard it is to tell a woman you love that if it ever came down to her or the band, she’d be packing her suitcase? I mean, you never want to explain it quite like that.

PLAYBOY: So you were a slumlord and a petty thief in Vancouver. That must have left plenty of time for the band.

KROEGER: The telemarketing was all the training I needed to get on the phone with program directors at different radio stations across Canada. If I could get them to play my song, my brother could get our CDs into every store outside their city. We sold 10,000 copies of *The State* in a short period of time. Then we got signed for \$200,000 U.S., which was \$300,000 Canadian at the time.

PLAYBOY: How small was your hometown, Hanna?

KROEGER: About 160 people went to my school. You knew everyone’s name.

PLAYBOY: What was the biggest thing to happen in Hanna while you were growing up?

KROEGER: One night when I was about

I still like a little bit of violence. I like wrestling with my friends. I like getting smacked in the face now and again. It lets you know you’re still alive.

eight I heard screaming in front of my house. Two older guys lived right across the street; they would have been somewhere between 17 and 21. One of the guys was sleeping with someone else’s girlfriend, and the boyfriend found them there together. I remember being terrified by the amount of noise—it sounded like someone was having a leg cut off. The girl was screaming, a truck engine was revving. I found out later that the boyfriend tied her up by the railroad tracks and drove over her several times, back and forth over her body. When the police went to arrest him, they found a newborn baby in a suitcase at the house. I think he pleaded insanity and got off. Not too long after, he shot himself with a rifle on a back road. So I had to go down and testify. That was a pretty big thing for me.

PLAYBOY: All the stuff you’ve experienced—poverty, death, violence, drugs—seems to come out in your songs. They’re pretty dark and angry.

KROEGER: They used to be. “Rockstar” and “Photograph” don’t feel dark and angry.

PLAYBOY: No, but “Follow You Home”

is not a happy song. Neither is “Next Contestant.” And “Animals” takes a very scary turn, after a young couple messes around in a car.

KROEGER: That exact thing happened to my mom and dad, and my grandfather was holding a shotgun. It actually fucking happened! My dad pushed my grandfather down and started running. My grandfather fired into the air, but my dad didn’t know that. He thought the shots were coming his way.

It’s autobiographical; it’s in my lineage. If I stopped now and never left this compound again and just had to tell stories from my lifetime, I could release 10 more albums easily. I had a great friend when I was young, a guy you could talk into doing anything. His name was Corey. I took him and a select group of people into my school and showed them how to get into the safe. Then Corey started stealing cars, and it never ended—until he was sent to prison. On his 18th birthday he was trying to get high in prison, and a guard sold him some type of detergent, which Corey injected into his arm. He died in prison at the age of 18. Had I not taken him into that school the first time, he wouldn’t have gone down that hole and wound up injecting cleaner into his arm. I feel a little responsible. That’s an awful feeling. That’s one of a thousand stories.

I watched a guy kill himself once. My grandmother was in the hospital having an operation, and I saw a guy jump from the psych ward on the fifth floor and land just outside the cafeteria. It was awful. Two of a thousand stories. I’ve seen some weird, awful shit in my life.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever seen a therapist?

KROEGER: I was forced to after I got out of the youth detention center. The woman who was trying to treat me ended up having 16 personalities. That’s three of a thousand stories. There’s no shortage, is there?

PLAYBOY: Do you have any recurring dreams?

KROEGER: Nothing noteworthy.

PLAYBOY: Bullshit.

KROEGER: I should have tried to sell that one to you a little harder.

PLAYBOY: Here’s why we want to know about your dreams—

KROEGER: If you want to sleep with me, just ask. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: You grew up seeing “weird, awful shit,” as you said, and despite the circumstances you’ve made a pretty happy life for yourself. So it seems as if your songs and your dreams are where bad things still happen.

KROEGER: It used to be. I used to think about all the people who wanted to fight me or harbored ill will toward me for something in the past. I wasn’t the same person I am today. Two totally different people. If you like me now, you wouldn’t have liked the Chad from before.



NATURAL TASTES BETTER

100% ADDITIVE-FREE NATURAL TOBACCO

We grow our premium natural tobacco in a responsible, sustainable way and strive to reduce our footprint on the earth by using recycled materials and renewable energy sources. Protecting the earth is as important to us as it is to you.

Try 100% additive-free, natural tobacco for yourself. We think you will agree, natural tastes better.

**GET YOUR \$20 IN
GIFT CERTIFICATES**

**www.TryAmericanSpirit.com
or call 1-800-872-6460 ext. 79493**

Offer for two \$10 Gift Certificates good toward any Natural American Spirit products of greater value. Offer restricted to U.S. smokers 21 years of age or older. Limit one offer per person per 12 month period. Offer void in MA and where prohibited. Other restrictions may apply. Offer expires 12/31/08.



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

No additives in our tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.

Natural American Spirit® is a registered trademark of Santa Fe Natural Tobacco Co. © SFNTC 1

PARTY WITH JACK



As long as there has been Jack Daniel's, there has been music to go along with it. This year Jack Daniel's and Playboy will bring the music to life in Austin, Texas when Rock the Rabbit travels to SXSW. Want to party with Jack? Check out behind the scenes video and pictures of the party at www.rocktherabbit.com

JACK DANIEL'S IS CRAFTED WITH CARE. PLEASE ENJOY IT THE SAME WAY.
JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY. LYNCHBURG, TN



YOUR FRIENDS AT JACK DANIEL'S REMIND YOU TO PLEASE DRINK RESPONSIBLY.



PLAYBOY: How did you change from bad Chad to good Chad?

KROEGER: Let's start with being famous. I equate being famous with being a six-foot-tall gorgeous blonde with huge boobs. You get stared at all the time. People behave differently toward you. But I always say, if you get on a roller coaster and then complain about the loop-de-loop, why did you buy that ticket in the first place?

I enjoy waking up every day and being me. Being the lead singer in a successful rock band is cool. I've experienced ridiculous pleasure that a lot of people will never get to experience. I have a really good grasp of reality. I have a good grasp of what people think of me. I don't have delusions about my band. I know what a lot of people think about us, and I'm okay with that.

PLAYBOY: How radical was the change? Has the new Chad sworn off violence?

KROEGER: I still like a little bit of violence. I like wrestling with my friends. I like getting smacked in the face now and again. It lets you know you're still alive.

PLAYBOY: Before you met your fiancée, how much screwing around did you do?

KROEGER: I'm the singer in a rock-and-roll band.

PLAYBOY: That's a very coy answer.

KROEGER: You know anything about zodiac signs? I'm a Scorpio. A Scorpio is pretty much a walking penis. Getting that under control is difficult. Also, I was born in 1974, the year of the tiger, which means I'm a shrewd businessman and I pretty much want to take over the world. I'm a walking penis that wants to take over the world. So you can imagine.

PLAYBOY: How long did the thrill of having women throw themselves at you last?

KROEGER: What, you think it's over? [laughs] That would be silly. It's like farts—when do farts stop being funny?

PLAYBOY: So what happened on tour once "How You Remind Me" became a hit?

KROEGER: I had three band members who weren't interested in doing much, and I'm the singer of the band. So I didn't exactly have to squabble with anybody. You know what you'd be shocked at? You'd be shocked at how many bands *don't* party these days. I actually find that disturbing. Maybe they need mentors.

PLAYBOY: Who were your mentors?

KROEGER: The people I grew up with. I grew up with people who would push a nail through their own hand for a case of beer.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever push a nail through your hand?

KROEGER: No. I've done some stupid shit, though.

PLAYBOY: What's the stupidest thing you ever did for a case of beer?

KROEGER: I put my own dick in my mouth. I was 14 and much more flexible at the time. It was soft and required a lot of pulling. I really wanted that case of beer.

PLAYBOY: How many people were watching?

KROEGER: Two. I can't believe you're not even shocked I can put my own dick in my mouth!

PLAYBOY: Okay, if you can put your dick in your mouth right now, we'll buy you a case of beer. Any kind you want.

KROEGER: You know, the stakes aren't quite the same anymore. I want jet time. You get me 25 hours of NetJets, and I'll put my dick in my mouth.

PLAYBOY: So you like being dared to do things?

KROEGER: There's not much I won't do. I drank 13 Coronas in a row once, in Cabo San Lucas. The little flap that seals off your stomach and keeps the food from coming back up into your throat, I fucked that up. I can get a Corona down in five or six seconds, and I was racing against some kid. I was having a hard time beating him. I was like, Okay, I may not be able to beat this kid in speed, so I'm going to beat him in longevity. Then he got to six and was like, "I can't drink anymore." I put him in a headlock, took two of my fingers and stuck them down his throat, leaned him over a garbage can and forced him to puke. [laughs] Yeah, I'm an idiot.

PLAYBOY: We've heard you often take out your dick in public.

KROEGER: Is this what PLAYBOY readers want to know? Do you want to see my dick? [Marianne Goriuk, Kroeger's fiancée, enters the room.]

PLAYBOY: We've heard your boyfriend likes to take out his dick in public.

GORIUK: I've been working on curbing that for the past five years. I don't want anyone else to see it or talk about it. I can talk about it. But trust me, it's huge.

PLAYBOY: When you met backstage, did Chad impress you?

GORIUK: The impressing came later on, when he continued to try.

KROEGER: [Laughs] Sweet!

GORIUK: Everybody tries to impress you at the first meeting. But for two straight weeks he kept calling me at work and sending me flowers. I knew his mom and his aunt and uncle. I used to cut his grandma's hair. She would always say to me, "You'd be perfect for my grandson." And I always pictured this short, fat, bald guy.

PLAYBOY: Onstage that night Chad said, "I have a funny feeling my future wife is in the crowd tonight." Did you have any feeling your future husband was onstage?

KROEGER: She knew.

GORIUK: [To Kroeger] He was talking to me.

KROEGER: No, she was like, I want to bone the guy onstage; I don't want to get into a long relationship with him. Let me ask you this: Once you find a girl who's attractive and good with the pole and then you fall in love, isn't that when you put the ring on her finger?

PLAYBOY: Sure. Although generally, once you put the ring on her finger, you follow through and actually get married.

(continued on page 138)



JACK DANIEL'S and OLD NO. 7 are registered trademarks.
©2006 Jack Daniel's. Come visit us at www.jackdaniels.com

PLEASE ENJOY RESPONSIBLY.
MATURITY APPLIES TO MORE THAN JUST OUR WHISKEY.



THE
MAN WHO
WOULD BE

CHITRETT



BY PAT JORDAN

JAMES BILLIE INVENTED THE CONCEPT OF THE INDIAN CASINO AND TURNED THE SEMINOLES FROM AN IMPOVERISHED TRIBE TO ONE FLUSH WITH CASH. FOR HIS EFFORTS HE WAS BOOTED OUT



He was a Seminole Indian who grew up in the Everglades. He slept in the swamp under a blanket of pine needles and killed gators with his bare hands. He fought for his country in Vietnam. Back in the Everglades he killed a panther in the Big Cypress Indian Reservation, then skinned and ate it. When he was arrested and tried for killing an endangered species, he was asked what panther meat tasted like. "It was a cross between bald eagle and Florida manatee," Chief James E. Billie supposedly said. He was acquitted.

Billie invented gambling on Indian reservations. Under his leadership the Seminoles became the first American tribe to operate a high-stakes gambling casino on a reservation. From 1979 to 2001 he was chairman of the Seminole Tribal Council for the six reservations of Florida. Before he became a council member the Seminoles had an annual budget of \$11,000. Today their budget exceeds \$1.5 billion, which enabled them to buy the Hard Rock International chain in 2006 from the Rank Group PLC for \$965 million. The Seminoles now control Hard Rock franchises in 47 countries on six continents. Every member of the 3,200-person Seminole tribe—adult and child alike—receives \$120,000 a year from gambling profits. With their \$10,000-a-month stipend, even the poorest Seminoles are so wealthy the tribe can no longer find a single member to wrestle alligators for tourists; it had to hold a gator-wrestling audition—and only a few white men showed up.



Chief Billie grew up in the Everglades, served two tours in Vietnam as a long-range scout and returned home to help the Seminoles.

In 2003 the Seminole Tribal Council voted Billie off the council and banished him from the Hollywood, Florida reservation and Seminole public life. Today there is no mention of Billie in the tribal newspaper, *The Seminole Tribune*, and no sign of him in the seven tribal casinos. At the age of 63 he has been written out of Seminole history.

After his banishment Billie retreated into exile to the small backwater reservation of Brighton on the northwest bank of Lake Okeechobee, a flat, swampy land of scrub, turf farms, fishing camps, orange groves, sugar plantations and cattle ranches. He still lives there, in a double-wide trailer with his third wife and two small children, and makes his living building ancestral Seminole homes called *chickees*. In Brighton Billie works and waits and plots his return to his

rightful place as chief of the Florida Seminoles, the only Indian tribe never to sign a treaty with the U.S. government, which is why they are called the Unconquered.

Florida State Road 441 heads south from Fort Lauderdale to the Seminole Hard Rock Hotel and Casino in Hollywood. It is a typical state highway lined with strip malls of adult video stores and pawnbrokers willing to buy guns, gold and diamonds from people with bad credit. Car dealers like Don's Deals on Wheels offer to buy cars from gamblers who have had a bad night at the tables. The casino itself is an anomaly off the highway, a big garish structure on beautifully landscaped grounds. Across the street is the First American Tobacco Shop, a salmon-colored building on the site where the original trailer first sold tobacco in the early

1970s. The reservation, which is southwest of the casino, is also a contradiction. It has a new government building and police station, a senior center, baseball diamonds and parks with swings for children. But there are also run-down trailers on Josie Billie Avenue and depressing 1950s concrete HUD projects, which sit across the street from new Mediterranean-style houses. No matter whether the homes are mansions or trailers, they all have the requisite luxury cars—Range Rovers, Mercedeses and Lexuses—out front, as well as campers and fishing boats.

There is not much of the noble savage about Chief Billie. He's more a hip, caustic, cocky white guy than a stoic, deferential Indian. He's funny, profane, smart, bawdy. "PLAYBOY? I hope you don't expect me to pose naked. I got a little dick" were the first words he ever spoke to me. White people in Florida like Billie, maybe even more than the Seminoles do. Dan Wisher, a white businessman who advised Billie on computers and investments when Billie was still the council chairman, says, "James Billie has the biggest heart. He loves his people."

"I DIDN'T INTEND TO KILL THE PANTHER. I'D GONE INTO THE SWAMP TO SHOW SOME SPANISH GUYS HOW TO CATCH GATORS."

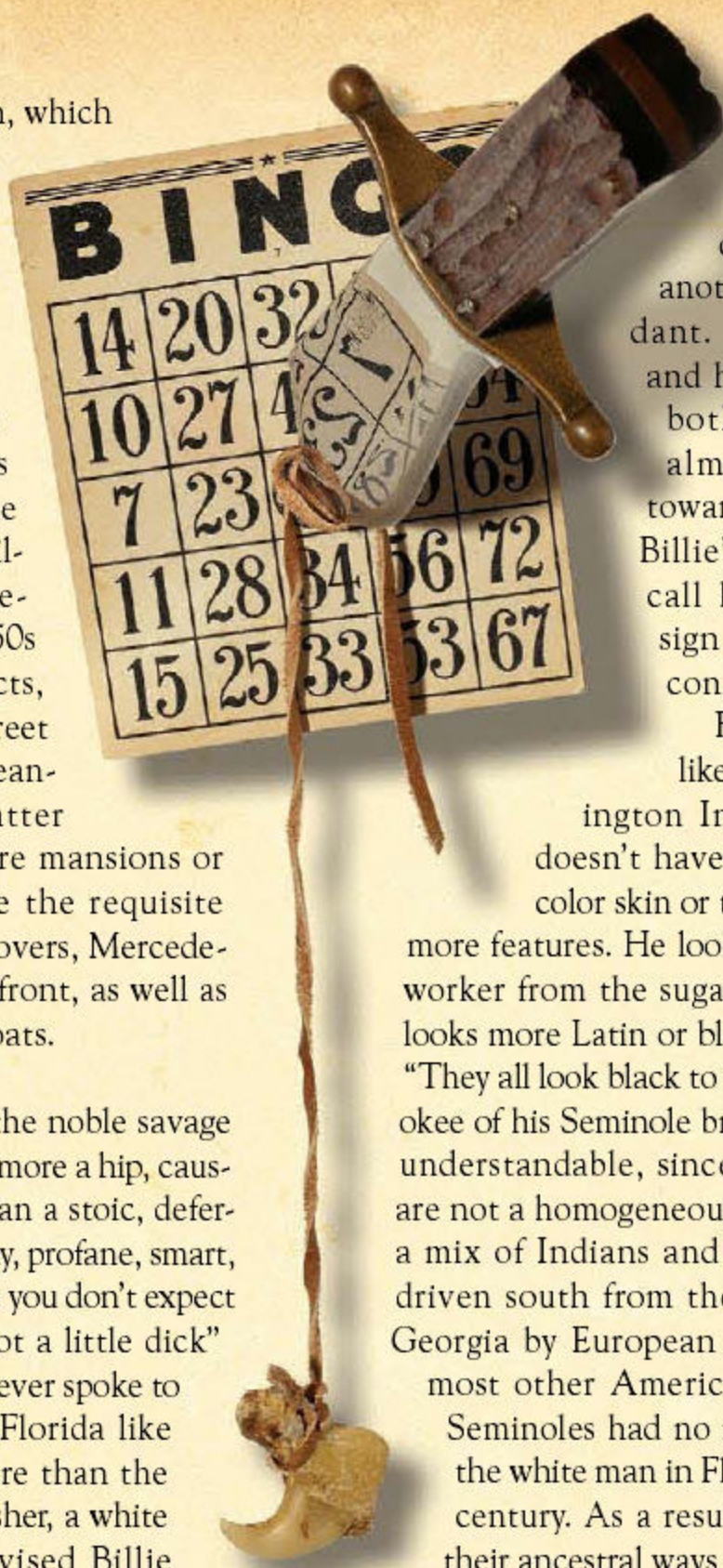
Charles Helseth, a white Okeechobee banker, is another Billie confidant. Rob Saunooke and his father, Osley, both lawyers, are almost worshipful toward him. A lot of Billie's white friends call him Chief as a sign of respect, not condescension.

Billie doesn't look like a Frederic Remington Indian chief. He doesn't have the mahogany-color skin or the Mount Rushmore features. He looks like a migrant worker from the sugarcane fields. He looks more Latin or black than Indian. "They all look black to me," says a Cherokee of his Seminole brothers. Which is understandable, since the Seminoles are not a homogeneous tribe. They are a mix of Indians and Spanish sailors driven south from the Carolinas and Georgia by European settlers. Unlike most other American Indians, the Seminoles had no intercourse with the white man in Florida in the 18th century. As a result, they retained their ancestral ways longer than most tribes. They spoke a Miccosukee dialect and never learned English. That changed in the early 1800s when a growing number of black

slaves escaped from their plantations in the Carolinas and Georgia and fled south into the Everglades. The Seminoles welcomed the runaway slaves as brothers and incorporated them into the tribe. In 1821, with Spain ceding Florida to the U.S., white Americans from the South staked their claim on Seminole land. Two more Seminole wars would now be fought, not only to capture runaway slaves but also to relocate the Indians to a reservation in Oklahoma. Eventually, by the late 1800s, a few thousand Seminoles were forcibly relocated. Only 300 or so remained in the Everglades, maintaining their ancestral way of life.

"Sure, we fought the white man," says Billie, "because we didn't want them stealing our black pussy." He laughs. "Wouldn't you?" Then he says seriously, "The word *Seminole* isn't even an Indian word. It comes from the Spanish word *cimarrones*, which means 'runaways.'"

Billie pulls his flatbed truck into the parking lot of a diner, where he is going to meet his four-man *chickee* crew for breakfast. "I didn't intend to kill the panther," he tells me. "I'd gone into the swamp to show some Spanish guys how to catch gators. We were in a truck, shining a light to catch a gator's red eyes. The light shone on these emerald-green eyes I thought were a deer's. Me, being macho, I went about 10 feet from the panther. I shined the light on his eyes, and he looked like he was going to pounce on me. At the time, in 1983, I had been living in the swamp, training under a medicine man. He told me panther hide was precious. It gave you strength in war. Its claws were good for acupuncture. (continued on page 125)

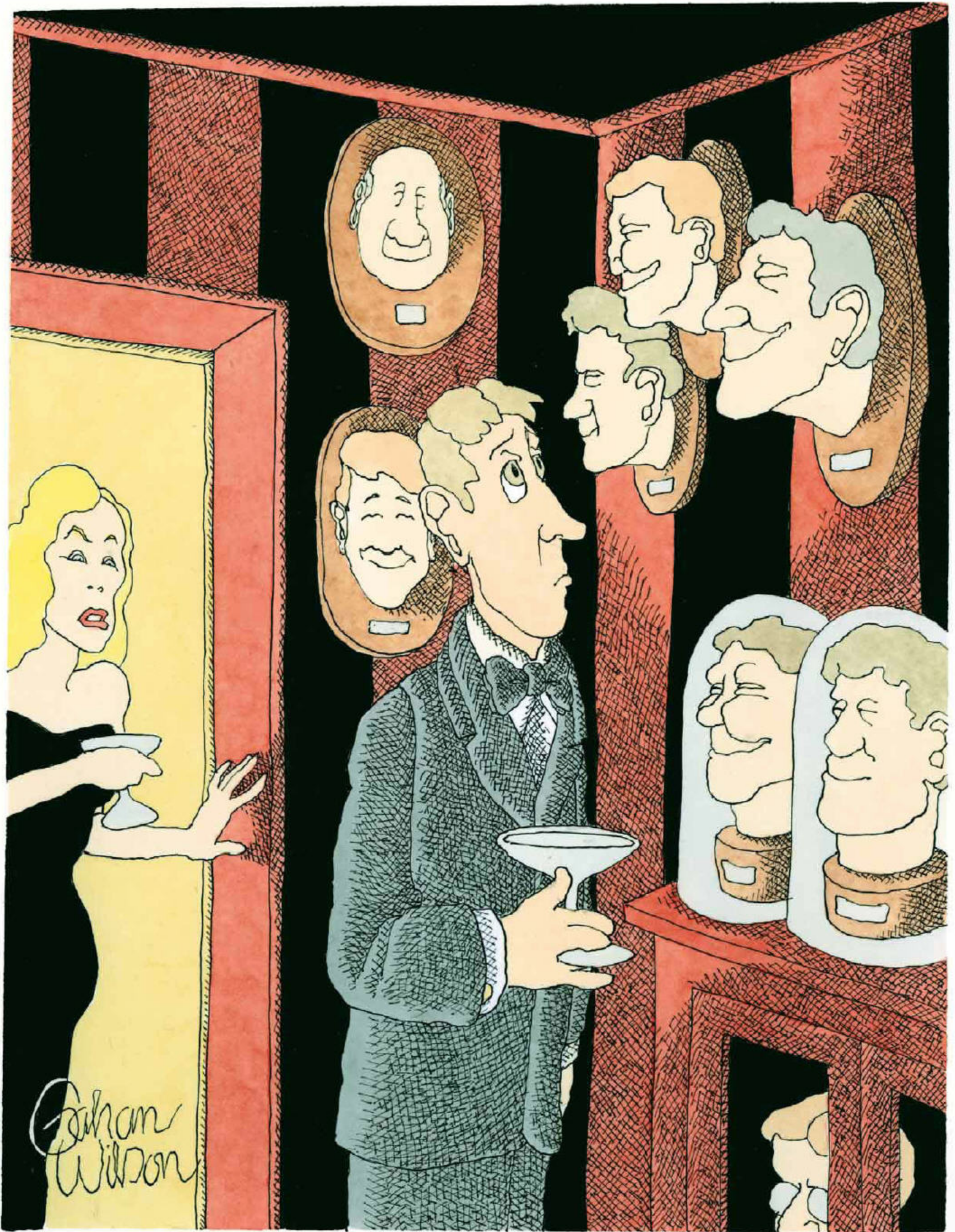


WAMPUM

The Pechanga band of the Luiseño tribe operates California's most profitable casino: Its resort in Temecula (pictured left) grosses as much as \$1 billion a year. But don't tell this to John Gomez Jr. or the 135 members of his extended family who were kicked out of the Pechangas after tribal leaders ruled one of his deceased elders wasn't a true tribe member. The elder in question left the



traditional village after her marriage; therefore, according to the tribal leadership, her descendants aren't really Pechanga. The fact that Gomez is descended from Chief Pablo Apis doesn't seem to matter. When the Gomez expulsion was finalized, in 2004, each of the 1,000 adult Pechanga members got about \$15,000 a month from casino profits; after a more recent round of disenrollments booted another 10 percent from the tribe, the figure rose to \$40,000 a month. That's a big payout, but it's no wonder. As *The Economist* reports, gamblers will lose more money this year in Indian casinos than in Atlantic City, Las Vegas, Reno and Macau combined. ¶ Foxwoods Resort Casino (right) in Ledyard, Connecticut is the world's largest casino. Owned and operated by the Mashantucket Pequot tribe since 1992, it is undergoing a \$700 million expansion. Tribal chairman Michael Thomas is using millions of dollars in annual profits to open more casinos to secure the future of his 900-member tribe, one nearly extinct a generation ago. —Robert B. DeSalvo



"I thought I told you never to enter this room!"



COME FLY WITH ME

These three Brazilian flight attendants have the cure for the traveler's blues. Who's up for Carnival at 30,000 feet?

Exhibit A: Kyla Ebbert, a 23-year-old collegian, was nearly kicked off a Southwest Airlines flight in September for wearing clothes deemed too revealing. Days later she wore the offending outfit—a brief but hardly scandalous miniskirt-and-sweater combo—on the *Today* show.

Exhibit B: With Kyla in the news (and well on her way to a Playboy.com pictorial), 21-year-old Setara Qassim came forward with another Southwest story: She had been told by a flight attendant to cover herself with a blanket because her neckline was flying too low.

And this is on Southwest—an airline that did as much as any to sexualize the image of the stewardess in the *Coffee, Tea or Me?* era. In the 1970s Southwest air babes took their fashion cues from Barbarella and Nancy Sinatra, strutting the aisles in miniskirts or hot pants and patent-leather go-go boots.

There is a creeping prudery in the once-friendly skies, where men are publicly chastised for reading *PLAYBOY* and women are shown the door for breast-feeding their children. And we haven't even mentioned the indignity of removing shoes and belt, handing over tweezers and lotions and dumping soft

drinks. (Did you hear about the German who didn't want to surrender the liter of vodka he'd put in his carry-on? He chugged the entire bottle right there at the security checkpoint and had to be whisked to a hospital. Point made.)

Remember when flying was fun?

It still is—in Brazil. *Of course* it's still fun in Brazil, the land of Carnival and caipirinhas. A place where you can smoke in bars, dental-floss thongs are legal beachwear and the national team is (usually) the best in the world at the world's biggest sport. And the stewardesses will have you dreaming of the mile high club before the captain has closed the cabin doors.

Meet waitresses in the sky Sabrina Knop, Patrícia Kreuzburg and Juliana Neves (above, from left). In 2006 they were among several thousand employees of Varig, Brazil's ailing national airline, where job security was not good. Out of chaos, beauty: The trio posed for a cover pictorial in Brazilian *PLAYBOY* that transformed them into national sex symbols.

With hospitality like this, jets to Brazil make good on the old Cunard cruise line promise: Getting there is half the fun.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FÁBIO HEIZENREDER



PLEASE REMEMBER TO FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT
WHEN THE AIRCRAFT IS TAXIING, TAKE-OFF, AND LANDING
AND TO BRACE YOUR FEET AND HEAD
DURING TAKE-OFF AND LANDING



EXIT

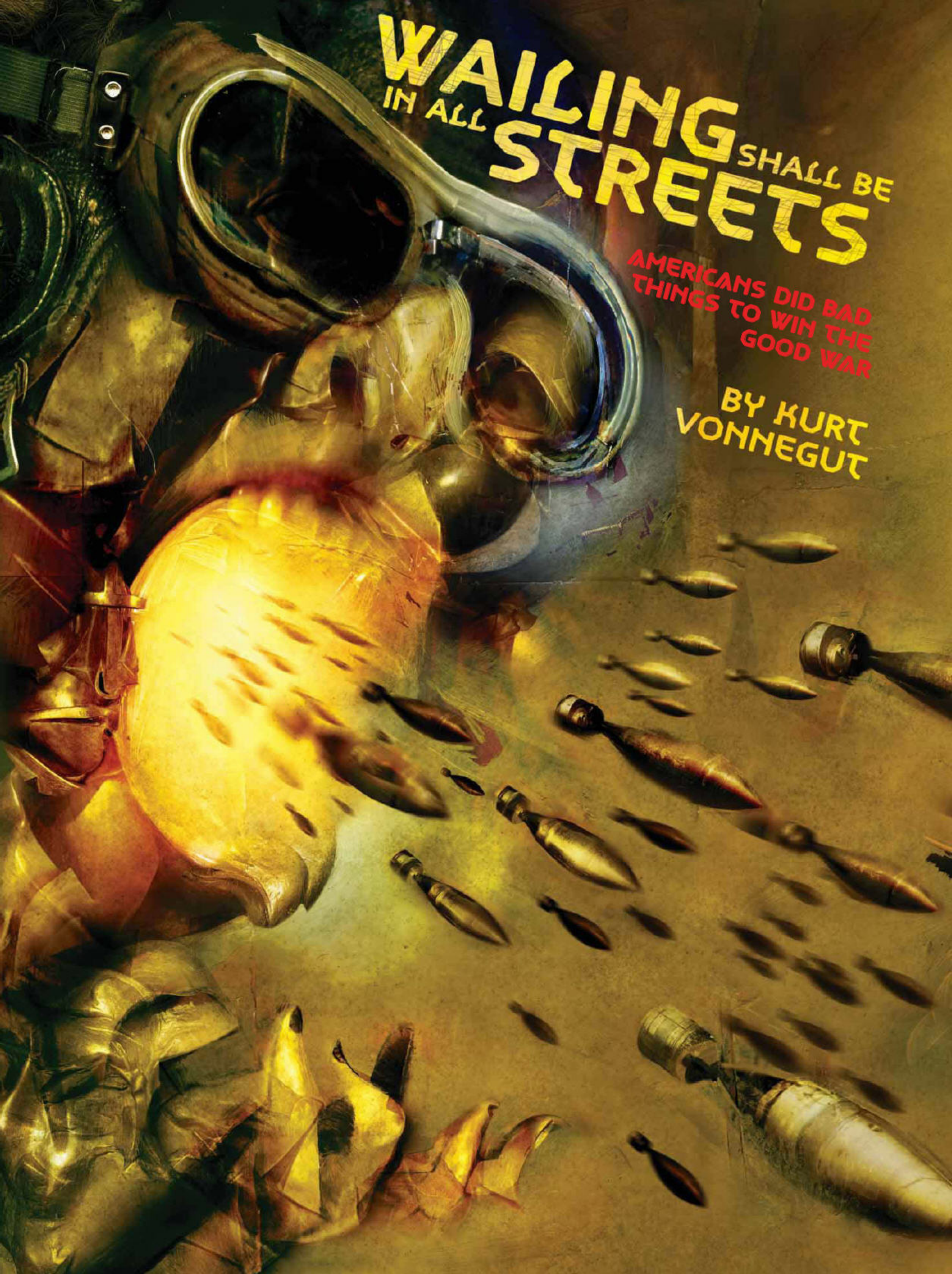
SAÍR









The background of the cover is a collage of various war-related items. At the top left, there's a close-up of a military helmet with goggles. Below it, a large, glowing yellow object, possibly a piece of equipment or a helmet, is the central focus. To the right, numerous bullets of different sizes are scattered across the surface. The overall color palette is dominated by yellows, browns, and greys, giving it a somber and historical feel.

WAILING IN ALL SHALL BE STREETS

AMERICANS DID BAD
THINGS TO WIN THE
GOOD WAR

BY KURT
VONNEGUT

Next month G.P. Putnam's Sons will publish *Armageddon in Retrospect* by Kurt Vonnegut, a long-standing and valued PLAYBOY contributor. The collection of previously unpublished material spans the course of his career. *Wailing Shall Be in All Streets* is one of the book's most affecting pieces—a powerful but spare account of his experiences during World War II, which inspired the unforgettable antiwar novel *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

It was a routine speech we got during our first day of basic training, delivered by a wiry little lieutenant: "Men, up to now you've been good, clean American boys with an American's love for sportsmanship and fair play. We're here to change that. Our job is to make you the meanest, dirtiest bunch of scrappers in the history of the World. From now on you can forget the Marquis of Queensberry Rules and every other set of rules. Anything and everything goes. Never hit a man above the belt when you can kick him below it. Make the bastard scream. Kill him any way you can. Kill, kill, kill, do you understand?"

His talk was greeted with nervous laughter and general agreement that he was right. "Didn't Hitler and Tojo say the Americans were a bunch of softies? Ha: They'll find out." And of course, Germany and Japan did find out: a toughened-up





"I had outlined the Dresden story many times," Vonnegut wrote of *Slaughterhouse-Five*, but the mental trauma of the bombing blocked him for years. As a POW, he helped citizens dig out the rubble-strewn city (as pictured at top); Dresden was once considered the artistic capital of Germany (in a 1935 photo, middle), but the assault, on February 14, 1945 (bottom), destroyed 90 percent of the city's center. Vonnegut lived to tell his story, but as he once wrote, "It is a very mixed blessing to be brought back from the dead."

democracy poured forth a scalding fury that could not be stopped. It was a war of reason against barbarism, supposedly, with the issues at stake on such a high plane that most of our feverish fighters had no idea why they were fighting—other than that the enemy was a bunch of bastards. A new kind of war, with all destruction, all killing approved. Germans would ask, "Why are you Americans fighting us?" "I don't know, but we're sure beating the hell out of you" was a stock answer.

A lot of people relished the idea of total war: it had a modern ring to it, in keeping with our spectacular technology. To them it was like a football game: "Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe...." Three small-town merchants' wives, middle-aged and plump, gave me a ride when I was hitchhiking home from Camp Atterbury. "Did you kill a lot of them Germans?" asked the driver, making cheerful small-talk. I told her I didn't know. This was taken for modesty. As I was getting out of the car, one of the ladies patted me on the shoulder in motherly fashion: "I'll bet you'd like to get over and kill some of them dirty Japs now, wouldn't you?" We exchanged knowing winks. I didn't tell those simple souls that I had been captured after a week at the front; and, more to the point, what I knew and thought about killing dirty Germans, about total war. The reason for my being sick at heart then and now has to do with an incident that received cursory treatment in the American newspapers. In February, 1945, Dresden, Germany, was destroyed and with it over one hundred thousand human beings. I was there. Not many know how tough America got.

I was among a group of one hundred and fifty infantry privates, captured in the Bulge breakthrough and put to work in Dresden. Dresden, we were told, was the only major Germany city to have escaped bombing so far. That was in January, 1945. She owed her good fortune to her unwarlike countenance: hospitals, breweries, food-processing plants, surgical supply houses, ceramics, musical instrument factories, and the like. Since the war, hospitals had become her prime concern. Every day hundreds of wounded came into the tranquil sanctuary from the East and West. At night we would hear the dull rumble of distant air raids. "Chemnitz is getting it tonight," we used to say, and speculated what it might be like to be under the yawning bomb-bays and the bright young men with their dials and cross-hairs. "Thank heaven we're in an 'open city,'" we thought, and so thought the thousands of refugees—women, children, and old men—who came in a forlorn stream from the smoldering wreckage of Berlin, Leipzig, Breslau, Munich.... They flooded the city to twice its normal population.

There was no war in Dresden. True, planes came over nearly every day and the sirens wailed, but the planes were always en route elsewhere. The alarms furnished a relief period in a tedious work day, a social event, a chance
(continued on page 114)



"My place, your place or under the table?"





THE GIRL WE ALL WANT AT THE NEXT DESK OPENS UP ABOUT GETTING NAKED, TALKING DIRTY, LOSING AN EMMY, GETTING WEIRD E-MAIL, WEARING BOXER SHORTS AND MAKING THE PERFECT CUP OF COFFEE

Q1

PLAYBOY: Have you ever come close to being a **PLAYBOY** Centerfold?

FISCHER: When I was in my 20s I had a boyfriend who wanted to send a nude photo of me to **PLAYBOY** magazine. We never did, but he was really into the idea. I didn't date him for long. I am not into a man who wants to share his woman with the world. I find that to be an unattractive quality. If it's something I want to do, it should come from a feminist desire to, you know, express myself, not from an "I want to show off my girlfriend" kind of thing.

Q2

PLAYBOY: You did pose without clothes for the cover of *Wired*, however. A lot of women we know in similar circumstances have said, "While I'm still looking good, I want to document it." We understand, of course, but why can't you just do that at home?

FISCHER: The difference between the photos you take at home and a photo taken by a professional photography crew, with professional hairstyling, makeup and retouching,

is huge. What a person should really say is, "I want to document what I look like at this time with a crew of professionals making me look better than I look naked at home."

Q3

PLAYBOY: On your MySpace blog you are pretty free with advice about the process and pitfalls of becoming a working actor. Tell us a cautionary tale.

FISCHER: I had been living in Los Angeles for about a year and was a member of a theater company. One night after a play, I went to a party and ran into the playwright. His name was Shem Bitterman. He said, "What's your story?" I said, "I'm new to the theater company. I'm from St. Louis. I just got here. I want to be an actress." He said, "I'm writing a film, and I think you'd be great for it. But I have a question for you: Would you ever do a raunchy sex scene in a movie? Like really raunchy, with nudity?" I kind of laughed and said, "Well, I wouldn't do anything I wouldn't be proud to show my parents." And he said, "Well, you're not

a real actress, then." I was stunned. He said, "A real actress would say yes. A real actress would piss herself onstage if that's what it took. Sylvester Stallone did porn. Shelley Winters pissed herself onstage. Every play, every movie I write has nudity in it. You know why? Because that's how I know if I'm working with real actors. You're not a real actress. You should just go home. You don't have what it takes." I was so shaken I went home and cried and cried and cried. What an asshole. I should have told him, "How about I'll piss on you, Shem Bitterman? How about that? I'll piss on your face. Does that make me a real actress? Let's try that. I'll do that right here. I'll do that today." Bring me Shem Bitterman!

Q4

PLAYBOY: Not so long ago actors didn't have blogs. Why do you?

FISCHER: I come from a theater background, and I'm used to getting immediate audience feedback. With television it's not like that. By having the MySpace page

I get to hear what people like and don't like about *The Office*: characters, plot points, relationships. And we've listened to the feedback, especially early on when we were struggling. In fact, I think it helped our show become successful, and it created a grassroots campaign. The Internet is one reason our show is still on the air.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Is there a downside to being so public? Any stalkers or creepy e-mails?
FISCHER: No stalkers—yet. I think it's really cute when people send me an invitation to their wedding. But I've also received uncomfortable letters in which I'm asked out on dates—but for real, not joking. The writers have obviously read about me and made up a list of reasons they think we would make a good couple—like we're both from small towns, or they also love animals. I just don't get it. Do people really go on dates when they get a letter?

Q6

PLAYBOY: Explain your fascination with *Flip This House*, the reality show about renovating and reselling houses.
FISCHER: I just love watching people go into a house that is falling down, improve it and make a bunch of money selling it. The last show I got really into like this was *Trading Spaces*. I think that's because I had just bought a home and didn't know how to decorate it, and here was this show that was all about how to decorate. I haven't flipped any houses. I probably won't flip any houses. I hate decorating my house. I don't like shopping for furniture. I don't like shopping for clothing. I have a lot of T-shirts that were sent to me—"Dear Jenna Fischer: You like animals, and I like animals. Here's a T-shirt. You can wear it on our date to flip a house." And I wear all of them.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Your real first name is Regina. How tough was that growing up?
FISCHER: That was my grandmother's name, but from the time I was a baby I was called Jenna. They liked the sound of Jenna better than Gina, so they went with that. The problem was I was registered in school under the name Regina Fischer, so in the first homeroom every year they would call out "Regina Fischer" and I'd be like, "It's Jenna." But one day in fifth grade we had a substitute teacher. She was going down the roster, and she said, "Reg-eye-na." So all the kids on the school bus that day called me Reg-eye-na Vagina. But that was the only time. No permanent scarring.

Q8

PLAYBOY: What's the worst office coffee you've ever tasted?
FISCHER: The worst coffee is actually coffee that I make. I just can't seem to get it right. I've been trying so hard. It's either very weak and watery or way too strong. This year I've made only two pots of coffee I'm proud of. On the set of *The Office* they had all these fancy coffee machines, and I finally said, "Do you guys think you could just get a drip coffee machine? Just a pot of coffee? That's what I really love every morning." And they finally did. For season four I got my drip coffee.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Can you imagine your show with cubicles?
FISCHER: If we put up walls between people, it would be hard to see us. But it could also be good because now we have to be in the background of every scene. I'd say I spend on average about two days a week doing background work, and I suppose if there were cubicles, you could sneak away and no one would know, just like in a real office.

Q10

PLAYBOY: The show's conceit is that your lives are being filmed for a documentary. Have you given any thought to what would happen to the final cut? What would your character, Pam Beesly, realize?
FISCHER: The British show aired its documentary. We've talked a little bit about that. I don't think it's totally unrealistic. I used to say before Pam and Jim got together that Pam would be shocked at how transparent her feelings for Jim were. Now I think Pam would be confronted with the lack of forward motion in her life. Pam is very focused on love and finding love. There's nothing wrong with that, but she would have to look at how she's always saying she has to do something artistic but doesn't. Watching the documentary would be a big wake-up call for her.

Q11

PLAYBOY: A theme from your life, it seems, is getting your head around your own sex appeal, at least for the camera. But you really strutted in *Walk Hard: The Dewey Cox Story*. Care to explain?
FISCHER: Maybe I was a little skeptical of male attention focused on my body, because I was more interested in attracting a man through wit, humor and intelligence. And then it would be "Hey, let me take off these overalls and show you what you win!" Sort of

like a nice surprise, like "I didn't know that was under the baggy sweatshirt." I took the role in *Walk Hard* specifically because Darlene is comfortable with her sexuality. She flaunts it. I had done a movie with John C. Reilly already, so I was comfortable with him. We read together. We played around. I wore a real low-cut shirt. I put his face in my boobs during the audition. Something came out of me all of a sudden, maybe because I felt safe. And I was like, "All right, I'll do it."

Q12

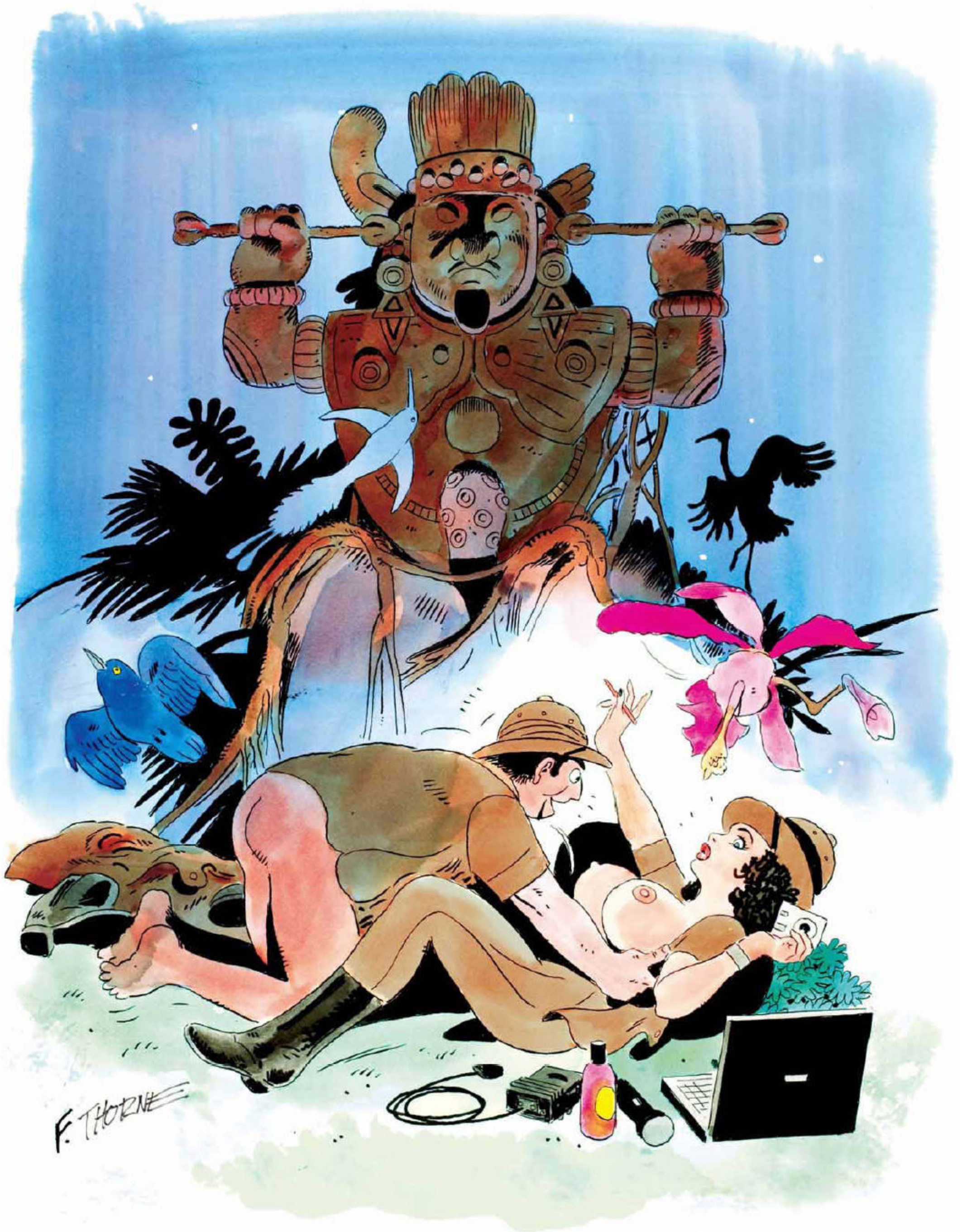
PLAYBOY: When filming romantic or sex scenes, clothes or no clothes, do you bring anything from home?
FISCHER: I can say two things to that: yes and no. My character in *Walk Hard* hits and strangles her lover while they're making love. I don't do that. I'm pretty comfortable saying I wouldn't strangle or hit someone while having sex with them. So in that way, no, I don't. But we did one scene that didn't end up in the movie. My character and John's are just friends, but we end up in a bunk together, and I'm wearing a little negligee. Our faces are right next to one another, and I have to matter-of-factly explain to him why we can't do anything together sexually because we're just friends. Then Jake Kasdan, the director, said, "What would be great is if you could give a whole list of the things you guys can't do together." So I did. I went into this whole long list, in graphic detail, of what we couldn't do. It was very fun and very funny. But when I was done, I realized I had revealed a lot about what I know of the things you can do sexually, because I had to improvise everything my character said.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Clearly, you have more than one character in you. Given Pam's wide exposure and popularity on *The Office*, do you have to be especially protective of her?
FISCHER: To keep Pam authentic, I've held back from doing some things. I haven't had my teeth whitened. I haven't gotten porcelain veneers. And you'll notice other things if you look carefully. I don't get Mystic Tan treatments, for example, or any of that stuff. I need to keep it real so Pam can always look like a believable girl, not suddenly all plasticky like a movie star.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Speaking of plastic, describe the Pam Beesly and Jenna Fischer action figures.
FISCHER: Pam's has a removable cardigan. It also has a telephone and a paintbrush
(concluded on page 118)

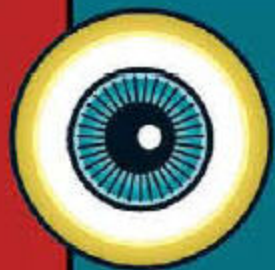


"...But enough of this idol chatter!"

the Body Shop

SCIENTISTS ARE WELL ON THEIR WAY TO REPLACING EVERY PART OF A HUMAN WITH BIONIC OR LAB-GROWN ORGANS. BUT THEY CAN'T HAVE YOUR SOUL

BY DAMON BROWN



EYE Scientists at USC are testing a bionic eye that may be able to restore rudimentary sight to people with severe retinal damage. The Argus II consists of an eyeglass-mounted minicam that wirelessly sends images to a microprocessor worn on a belt; the processor then pushes the data to the back of the eye. This allows patients to distinguish between objects such as a cup and a plate, as well as recognize light and dark and movement. Meanwhile, a Stanford scientist has developed goggles with a camera that converts images into infrared, which is projected to an implant that transforms the light to current. With luck, the system would give a blind person 20/80 vision. Although strictly cosmetic, an artificial eye developed at the University of Alberta mimics the movement of the functioning eye, using a motor attached to glasses.



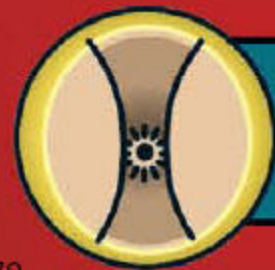
ARM/HAND The war in Iraq has prompted a boom in prosthetic technology, funded largely with \$55 million in grants from the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency. Using DARPA money, researchers at Vanderbilt have designed an arm and hand with 21 joints; it can curl 25 pounds. (A clinical trial is expected next year, after the nerve implants that control the arm are finished.) Other arms are in development at the Rehabilitation Institute of Chicago—its version moves according to the flexing of chest muscles—and by Segway inventor Dean Kamen. Most promising of all is BrainGate technology, conceived by neuroscientist John Donoghue, which permits quadriplegics to control prosthetic hands with their thoughts.



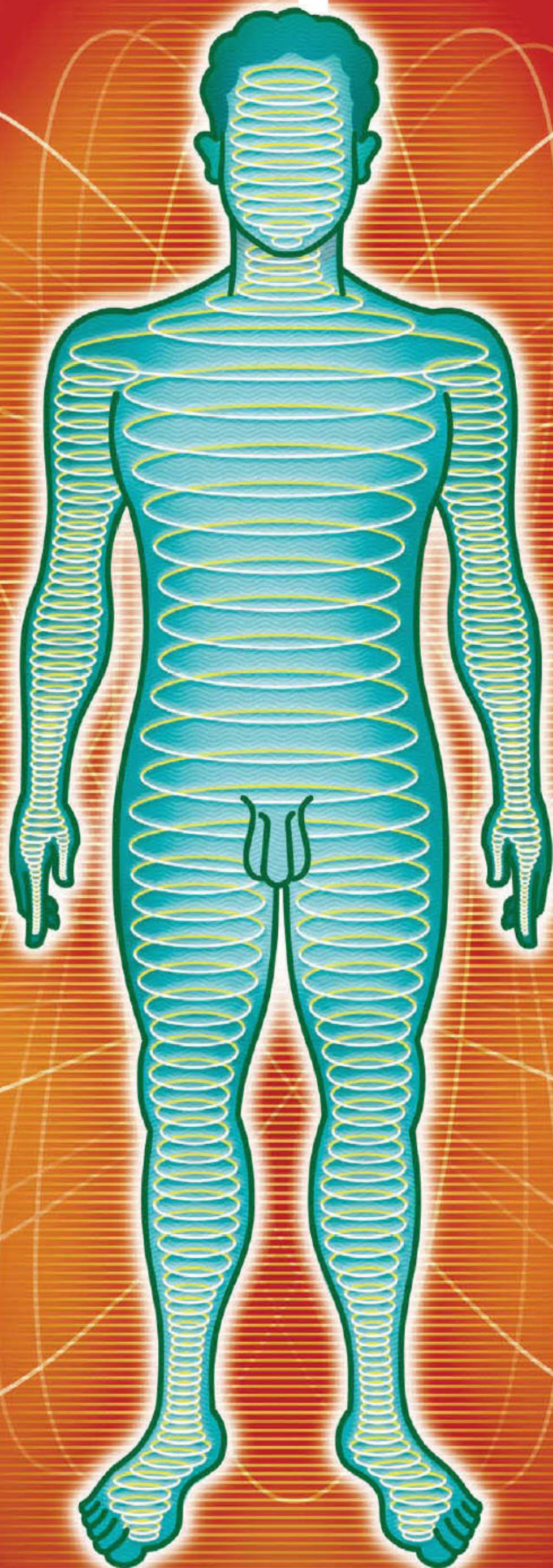
STOMACH In the first step toward what could one day lead to the bionic stomach, scientists at the Institute of Food Research in Norwich, U.K. have constructed a simulator with the same enzymes and acids found in the human organ. The team plans to feed the machine to better understand how the body breaks down substances like glucose. The plastic-and-metal device, which is half the size of a human stomach, contracts while digesting and vomits if it can't digest.



LIVER Using stem cells, scientists at Newcastle University in the U.K. have grown a miniature human liver, a success that within 15 years could lead to the repair or replacement of livers damaged by alcohol, drug abuse, injury or disease. About the size of a penny, the liver was formed by taking stem cells from umbilical cords just a few minutes after birth and mixing them with a cocktail of hormones and other chemicals. The livers will initially be used to test new medicines without putting volunteers at risk.



ANUS The Acticon Neosphincter, designed to treat severe incontinence, consists of a pressure balloon positioned next to the bladder, a pump implanted in the scrotum and a fitted anal cuff the patient can open and close.





HAIR Founded by a retired Houston neurosurgeon, Restoration Robotics has raised more than \$25 million to develop a robot that reduces balding by transplanting hair follicles, a meticulous process currently done by hand. A French company, Medicamat, is working on a similar instrument, the Punch Hair Matic.



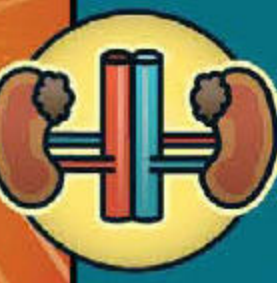
NOSE British researchers have been pursuing an electronic sniffer since the early 1980s. Bionic noses are useful in commercial applications, but with only 50 receptors, they have nowhere near the ability of the human nose, which has 100 million. However, last year a University of Warwick team had a breakthrough: Adding a thin layer of artificial snot to the artificial nose's sensors greatly improves its performance.



TONGUE Scientists at the University of Texas at Austin have developed a chip that simulates taste buds, while the Taste Sensing System SA402B, available in Japan, can evaluate flavors using the tongue's traditional scale of sweet, bitter, salty, sour, *umami* (savory) and astringent (pungent). These mechanisms are expected to someday replace the human taste testers employed by food and drug companies. Also, researchers in Tokyo said last fall they had produced a robot with a silicon tongue capable of speaking Japanese vowels. The team is trying to build lips so the robot can master consonants.



HEART The first person to have his heart replaced with a machine, in 1982, lived 112 days. Then as now, the contraptions are used only when death is imminent. In 2006 the FDA approved the AbioCor Implantable Replacement Heart for people who are not eligible for a transplant and have 30 days or less to live. The patient's chest must also be large enough to hold the two-pound gadget, which is powered by a rechargeable battery implanted in the abdomen. Another mechanical heart, designed by a Houston surgeon, pumps blood continuously rather than on a beat, allowing it to be smaller.



KIDNEY Dialysis machines cleanse the blood of less than 20 percent of the waste a kidney can. By etching patterns on silicon wafers, scientists are creating more-efficient filters that may lead to wearable kidneys. A portable man-made organ under development at UCLA filters the blood and deposits waste into a disposable bladder. Operating 12 hours a day at a slow and steady pace, it would eliminate the need for thrice-weekly dialysis.



TESTICLES Biologists at Newcastle University last year announced they had created human sperm from bone marrow. The sperm did not survive to maturity, but the experiment was seen as a first step in battling male infertility.



HIP Replacements become loose over time, but an ultrasound technique pioneered by British engineers at the University of Bath makes it easier to detect unstable joints. Inserted into the hip, the implant picks up irregular sound waves that indicate the cement fixing the joint to the bone has disintegrated.



FEET The latest in prosthetic feet is imbedded with digital technology that gives users a more natural walk and allows them to navigate stairs. The "intelligent foot module" manufactured by the Icelandic company Ossur calibrates a person's gait after the first 15 steps.

BRAIN At USC's Center for Neural Engineering a team led by Theodore Berger has demonstrated that silicon chips ("hardware") can be used to communicate with cells ("wetware"). Now the race is on to manufacture implants that can pick up the slack for damaged neurons and relieve the symptoms of stroke, Alzheimer's and Parkinson's. The challenge is getting the chips to both send and receive signals. Meanwhile, researchers from Georgia Tech and Emory are experimenting with a method to stimulate nerve regrowth by implanting the brain with a neurotransmitter encased in polymers.



TEETH An Israeli dentist has invented a bionic tooth that regulates the release of prescription drugs into the porous lining of the cheek and mouth from a reservoir in the device. IntelliDrug allows for precise dosages and delivery times that could benefit patients such as diabetics who take insulin.



EAR A cochlear implant, placed under the skin behind the ear, amplifies sound for the deaf by stimulating nerves in the inner ear; however, the signals must pass through fluid and bone. Last year researchers at the Kresge Hearing Research Institute at the University of Michigan implanted an ultrathin electrode into the auditory nerves of deaf cats. If this works in humans, the electrode could allow for a wider range of hearing.



PENIS We know you skipped right to this entry, but the closest scientists have come to a bionic penis are pumps designed to treat impotence. Two cylinders are placed inside the shaft; a pump is placed in the scrotum and a chamber of saline in the abdomen. When the patient wants to become erect, he squeezes the pump to fill his penis with water, making it hard.



VOCAL CORDS Researchers at MIT and Harvard are trying to repair damaged vocal cords with a number of methods, from injecting soft plastics to improve elasticity to growing replacement cords in a lab. MIT's Robert Langer is a pioneer in this field; his "biorubber" has the elasticity of rubber while being compatible with human tissue, possibly making it useful as "scaffolding" to grow replacement parts such as heart valves. Medical researchers are confident doctors will someday be able to insert a pathway from the brain to a synthesizer that would allow severely paralyzed patients to speak.



LEGS In 2007 the Japanese firm Matsushita introduced the Power Pedal. After a disabled person is placed aboard the life-size robotic skeletal system, he or she is lifted off the ground and from this perch can navigate the robot's feet and legs over uneven terrain. The Berkeley Lower Extremity Exoskeleton (Bleex) is a frame that attaches to the legs and lower back, allowing a person to lift up to 120 pounds without effort.



SKIN In a study last year of ICX-SKN, an artificial skin made from a protein found in wounds as they heal and in skin cells that produce collagen, small ovals that had been cut into the skin of volunteers' arms healed in less than 28 days, with little scarring. It's hoped the technology can replace grafting, in which skin is taken from another part of a patient's body, resulting in a new wound. In Tokyo researchers say they have contrived a thin plastic skin that can be placed over a robot's fingers to sense temperature (via semiconductors) and pressure (via electronic circuits). Future versions could be more versatile than human skin, sensing light, humidity and sound.



BAVARIAN *B*EAUTY

Our Miss April would never miss Oktoberfest



Munich, Germany couldn't hope for a better walking billboard than 25-year-old Regina Deutinger. "I was born and raised here, and I live right downtown," she says. "As a child, I always looked forward to going to Oktoberfest; my parents first took me when I was four. I've actually worked at Oktoberfest the past three years. It's a blast." Still, life isn't all beer and *Brezeln* for this Deutschland treat. Although she can carry four full one-liter steins at once (in Munich they won't let you out of high school if you can't), you won't catch her knocking them back. "I have to admit I don't really like beer. When I do have one I order what's called a *Radler*, which is basically a shandy: pilsner mixed with lemon-lime soda." *Gott im Himmel!* She's obviously one to do her own thing, which may explain her easygoing style. "I'm not the type of girl who spends hours in front of the mirror, deciding what outfit to put on," she says. "I wear things I feel comfortable in. A nice tight pair of jeans and a tank top are perfect for me." Regina attended business school and hopes to run the family window-installation firm when her parents are ready to retire. Until then, why not travel? "I went to Courchevel, France recently, and it was the most beautiful place I've ever skied," she says. "I dream of one day visiting Hawaii and the Maldives." She'll always come home to Munich, though—there's something to be said for staying put. "Most of all, I like to laze around in bed," she admits. We were just thinking something similar.

The dirndl at left may not pass muster at a real *Bräuhaus*, but for Fräulein Deutinger's Playmate shoot it was a must. "All told, I own 12 dirndls," she says. "I'm proud of the fact that each one of them is unique."













See more of Miss April at cyber.playboy.com.



MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Regina Duran

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Regina Deutinger

BUST: 37E WAIST: 25 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 127

BIRTH DATE: Sept. 17, 1982 BIRTHPLACE: Munich, Germany

AMBITIONS: I would like to have my own family with one or two children and be successful in all that I do.

TURN-ONS: I love cleverness, truth, fine dining, flowers and real beauty.

TURNOFFS: Cheaters, being selfish and disrespectful, jealousy, laziness and having no ambition.

MY FAVORITE PLACE IN GERMANY: The place where I live - MUNICH.

WHAT I LOVE MOST ABOUT AMERICA: The American way of life and the people who live there.

NON-MODELING JOB: I work in the office of my family's window company. It is not easy to work with my parents.

IN MY FREE TIME: I like traveling, skiing, cycling and meeting friends.



My fourth birthday, at play school.



I'm 15 years old, on holiday in the Dominican Republic.



My first autographed picture for German Playboy.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Why does the Easter Bunny hide all his eggs?

He doesn't want you to know he fucks chickens.

How do you get a baby?" a little girl asked her mother.

"Mom and Dad make love," the mother said. "Dad puts his penis in Mom's vagina, and that's how you get a baby."

"Mom, I saw last night that Dad had his penis in your mouth," the girl said. "What do you get from that?"

The mother said, "Jewelry."



Did you hear about the prostitute who was into bondage?

She was strapped for cash.

A man complained to his friend that love-making with his wife had become routine and boring.

"Get creative," his friend said. "Why don't you try playing doctor for an hour?"

"Sounds great," said the man, "but how do you make it last for an hour?"

His friend replied, "Just keep her waiting for 45 minutes."

What's the difference between a condom and Congress?

You can put only one dick in a condom.

Baseball is totally unrealistic. A man who has four balls can't walk.

A patriotic man was boasting about his sister, who disguised herself as a man and joined the Marines.

"But wait a minute," his friend interrupted. "She will have to dress with the boys and shower with the boys, won't she?"

"Sure," the man admitted.

"Well, won't they find out?" the friend asked.

The man shrugged and said, "Who'll tell?"

What is every Amish woman's fantasy?
Two Mennonite.

An old man hadn't been able to hear for years. He finally went to see a doctor, who diagnosed the problem and restored his hearing. A month later the man returned for a follow-up.

"Your family must be really happy you can hear again," the doctor said.

"Oh, I haven't told my family yet," the man said. "I just sit around and listen to them talk. So far I've changed my will three times."

A man called an old girlfriend of his and asked if she was free Saturday night. She said no but she would be reasonable.

An old man went to a wizard and asked if he could remove a curse the man had been living with for the past 40 years.

"Maybe," the wizard said, "but you will have to tell me the exact words that were used to put the curse on you."

The old man said without hesitation, "I now pronounce you man and wife."

What's six inches long, has a bald head and drives blondes crazy?

A hundred-dollar bill.



An old man shuffled carefully into an ice-cream parlor. He pulled himself slowly and painfully up onto a stool. After catching his breath he ordered a banana split. As the waitress fixed the order she asked, "Crushed nuts?"

"No," he replied, "hemorrhoids."

Arriving home unexpectedly early from a business trip, a tired executive was shocked to discover his wife in bed with their neighbor.

"Since you are in bed with my wife," the furious man shouted, "I'm going over to sleep with yours!"

"Go right ahead," the man replied. "The rest will do you good."

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"That's not the Heimlich maneuver, Mr. Fletcher!"

A MARRIED MAN INVITES
A BEAUTIFUL STRANGER
TO HIS COUNTRY HOME.
HE'S THINKING FANTASY,
BUT SHE'S INTO NIGHTMARES

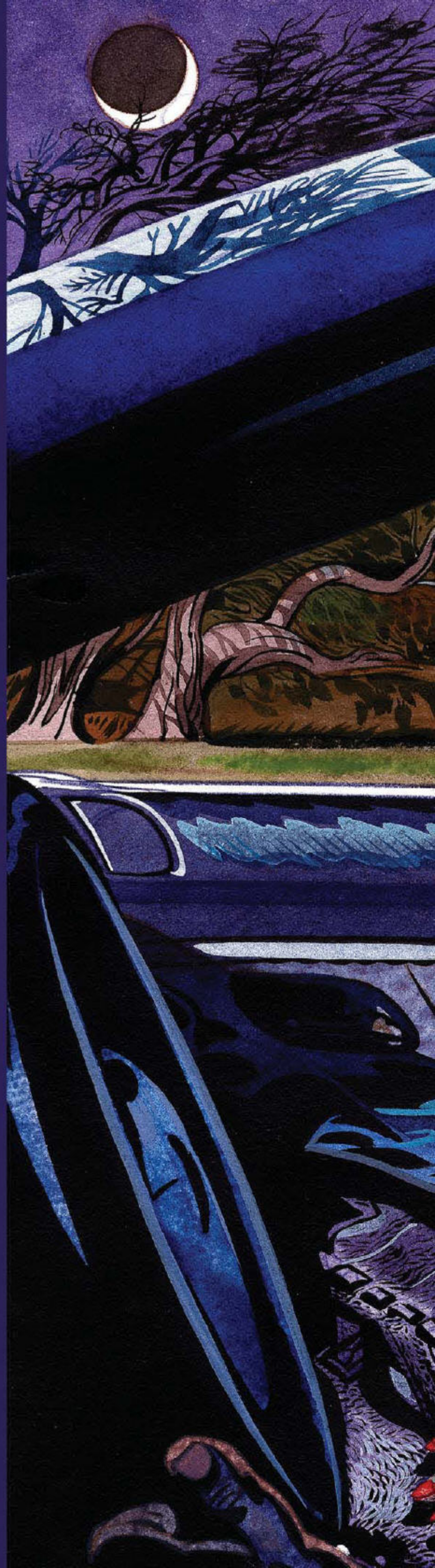
CHARM CITY

BY
ROBERT STONE

One evening a man called Frank Bower found himself at a recital in the auditorium of a Baltimore museum. The recital was all Mahler, including *The Song of the Earth* with four singers. The part that moved him most was the faux-Chinese poetry that ended in the poet's rapture. Bower's enjoyment was shadowed by anxiety and some distant unremembered grief. He was transfixed by the singer, a young Korean woman who performed with closed eyes in the posture of a suppliant. "Abschied," she sang. Rapture, in spite of all. The music caused him some emotional confusion.

At the conclusion of the movement the singer held her pose as though she herself did not recognize that the song was over. Bower's gaze settled on a tall woman in a leather coat who appeared to be looking straight at him. Whatever it was she saw so preoccupied her that she did not trouble to applaud after the last movement. He thought she must be some friend of his wife's whom he might have met once and forgotten.

When he left the auditorium Bower wandered into the museum's restaurant, a pleasingly simple room, all lines and light, done in the futuristic severity of 20 years before. It had one glass wall transparent to the autumnal garden. Outside there were ivy and





pinus and leaves on the barren earth. It was growing dark but he could make out the shape of a metal structure and hear the sound of falling water. Bower was a technical writer for a software systems company in Towson who had briefly taught classics at Hopkins. He was naturally discontented with his work as with other things.

At the cafeteria counter he bought a mini-bottle of cabernet along with cheese and slices of apple. He took a table by the window and sat until it cast him his own reflection. He loved music. Mahler's bittersweet notes echoed in his mind's ear, taking their own direction, producing unvoiced melodies. *Abschied*. It was a Thursday night and the museum was open until eight.

Finally the wine made him hungry. He put his glasses and jacket on and prepared to go. At the point of leaving, he realized there was a woman standing over his table. She was handsome, long-faced. The phrase "terrible gray eyes," read somewhere, occurred to him. She might be 45 or so, tall and well built. She wore a leather jacket fragrant with the rich piquant smell of hide. It was the woman he had locked eyes with in the auditorium.

"What would you say," the woman asked, "if I proposed to buy you a drink?"

specialty was indicated. As she went to buy them another wine, Frank considered her smile. It was intriguing.

"What sort of physician are you?"

"Guess."

"Might you be a psychiatrist?"

"Very good," she said.

How had he guessed right? It might have been the knowing smile, distant yet confiding. The restrained availability was ever so slightly chilling. They talked about the concert. As they chatted she conveyed a warm familiarity with Mahler's music and with music in general. She also communicated, discreetly, a certain fascination with Bower.

"I'm very curious about you," she told him, "my friend."

He wanted to ask her how he could be her friend but out of some polite instinct decided not to. In fact he was at a loss for what to say next.

"Really?" he finally asked. "I'm not much of a mystery." But he allowed himself to suppose she saw him that way. He was, he knew, a rather handsome fellow or at least a distinguished-looking one. He sometimes felt the charge of a woman's awareness. And everyone was a mystery. He felt unable to focus his

**HER EYES
SHONE,
SEEMING
TO BARELY
CONTAIN
THEIR OWN
LIGHT.**

He stared. Surely he must know her. She was laughing at his astonishment.

"Don't strange women often offer to buy you drinks?" She put down the tray she was holding and put wine and another glass before him.

"That's very kind of you," Bower said. "How can I say no?"

"I hope you won't. May I sit down?"

He rose from his chair to invite her. When she was seated across from him, he waited for her to speak. She looked comfortable there, sipping her own wine.

"But we know each other," Bower asked her, "don't we?"

"They say it's a small world."

He thought her smile ambiguous. Maybe a little complacent and remote. Friend or foe? He laughed to please her, though he was troubled and embarrassed.

"I'm sorry," he said. He was trying to make her sudden presence more amenable to reason. "I can't remember where we met. I'm still trying to place you."

"What if I don't place? What if I'm a complete stranger?"

It stopped him. She was not young or trying to appear so. She seemed cultivated, not at all vulgar. In the tweed skirt that decorously showed her figure and the dashing leather jacket, she rather aroused his dormant lust to capture. At the same time, he noticed she wore a wedding ring.

"Will you tell me your name?"

He experienced a certain vague caution. He thought she might have seen that in his eyes, because she laughed at him again. She took a business card from her smart designer bag that identified her simply as Margaret Cerwin, M.D. No

thoughts, something akin to panic. Still, her manner encouraged him toward adventure. All at once he thought that whatever her coming to him might mean, he ought to live it out with her. At least for a while.

"You're wondering why I accosted you," she said. "I'll tell you why."

Her stare held him bound and silent.

"Life is short," she said. "At least it seems that way to me now. When I see someone who attracts me I try to meet them. I try to see what they have to say."

"Oh," he said. After a moment he asked her, "How do you choose people?"

"You mean, why you? Because you looked interesting. I watched you listening. I may be a psychiatrist but I'm a physiognomist, too."

"Really?"

She smiled and looked away for a moment, then locked on him again. A humorous double take. It was a small felicity but rather dazzling. Her eyes shone, long-lashed, seeming to barely contain their own light.

"No. Not really. I don't think there are real physiognomists anymore. Maybe in China."

"You're always a step ahead of me."

"Am I? It's because I'm leading." Her artful arrogance was irritating but the faint sting was sweet. "Actually I prefer to be led."

Her smile troubled him. It was somehow familiar, secretive, imperturbable, maybe a little frosty. What it reminded him of, he realized, was the (continued on page 120)



"You know, Tex, I don't always ride sidesaddle."

THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY

HERE'S YOUR PASSPORT TO STYLE

It may be trite to say, but there's no denying it's a small world after all. Travel is faster and communication easier. These days business and pleasure are equally likely to take you to far-flung locales. And despite local quirks in other areas of culture—ever eaten horse-meat salami or roasted guinea pig?—style increasingly translates perfectly from one region to another. Now PLAYBOY fashion goes transnational too, as we unite with our 24 international editions to create a wardrobe that looks as good in downtown Tokyo or Stockholm as it does on the veranda at an exclusive seaside resort while you search for your next *mojito*. Using the cosmopolitan Caribbean islands Turks and Caicos as a test lab, we've assembled the season's best casualwear, with special attention paid to one global standard: the versatile spring sports jacket.

FASHION BY
JOSEPH DE ACETIS

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ANTOINE VERGLAS

PRODUCED BY
JENNIFER RYAN JONES

180° 140° 100° 60°W 20° 0° 20° 60°E 100° 140° 180°

To honor a true international playboy, we begin with one of James Bond's favorite labels, Brioni. Cotton shirts and pants offer the same breathability as their linen counterparts but with less maintenance, making them perfect for the jet-setter. To stay put together on a breezy beach, fasten your jacket's middle button and leave the others to flap in the wind. His jacket (\$2,000), shirt (\$450) and pants (\$500) are by **BRIONI**. His belt (\$220) is by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. His watch (\$90) is by **TIMEX**. His sunglasses (\$335) are by **BLINDE**.

180° 140° 100° 60°W 20° 0° 20° 60°E 100° 140° 180°



Designer Kean Etro blends brightly colored checks and stripes into these suits. The resultant patterns mix surprisingly well with prints—just make sure you have a common color to tie the various pieces together. **LEFT:** His suit (\$1,390), shirt (\$450), pocket square (\$90) and belt (\$240) are by

ETRO. **CENTER:** Her top is by **ROSA CHÁ.** Her skirt is by **ETRO.** Her bracelet is by **SIBILIA.** Her sandals are by **CASADEI.** **RIGHT:** His suit (\$1,170), shirt (\$450), pocket square (\$90) and belt (\$189) are by **ETRO.** His shoes (\$495) are by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO.**



ISAIA

100°

60°W

60°E

100°

140°

180°

A strong shot of color can make an otherwise neutral ensemble pop. This bold red is an Isaia trademark—a tribute to the Mediterranean coral off the Italian coast. In a nod to tradition, Isaia incorporates a second, smaller pocket on the jacket, known as the ticket pocket. Originally added to hold theater tickets, it now seems destined to carry a cell phone or iPod. **LEFT:** His jacket (\$3,095), polo (\$695), shirt (\$375), pants (\$495) and belt (\$200) are by **ISAIA**. **RIGHT:** Her dress is by **OLGA KAPUSTINA**. Her shoes are by **JUST CAVALLI**. Her cuff is by **VALENTINO**.



When the surroundings call for something with a bit of attitude, even a combination devoid of color can carry the day if you know how to properly mix it, as above. A patterned jacket can take a print underneath, but it should always be offset by solid trousers. Still want a little color

to draw her in? Try a gold watch. **LEFT:** Her dress is by **DSQUARED**. Her earrings are by **PHILIP CRANGI**. **RIGHT:** His jacket (\$695), shirt (\$325) and jeans (\$295) are by **VERSACE COLLECTION**. His belt (\$190) is by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. His watch (\$90) is by **TIMEX**.



Burberry may have made its name creating the first trench coats for British soldiers during World War I, but a quick glance at this formfitting jacket shows the English company has not been content to rest on its laurels. While the outfit will draw the right kind of attention, its light colors will deflect sunlight, helping to keep you comfortable even in the heat of the day. **LEFT:** Her dress is by **ANGEL DEVIL**. Her gloves are by **LACRASIA**. **RIGHT:** His jacket (\$795), shirt (\$225) and pants (\$275) are by **BURBERRY**.



This season Armani focuses less on construction and more on breathability. LEFT: Her bathing suit is by **DSQUARED**. Her cuff is by **VALENTINO**. Her sandals are by **RODO**. CENTER: His jacket (\$2,125), shirt (price available on request) and pants (\$950) are by **GIORGIO ARMANI**. His belt (\$190) is by

SALVATORE FERRAGAMO. His sunglasses (\$180) are by **EMPORIO ARMANI**. RIGHT: His jacket (price available on request), shirt (price available on request), pants (\$950) and pocket square (\$95) are by **GIORGIO ARMANI**. His belt (\$210) and shoes (\$495) are by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**.

GIANFRANCO
FERRÉ

100° 60°W 20° 0° 20° 60°E 140° 180°



His death, in 2007, represented the loss of one of the pillars of men's fashion, but Gianfranco Ferré—or rather his legacy—remains important. Ferré's clothing is lauded for its simple elegance, and this straightforward cardigan reminds us that over a dress shirt a knit can stand in for a sports jacket. Generally, the rule for unbuttoning a shirt is "one if by day, two if by night," but you can improvise while seaside. **LEFT:** His sweater (\$700), shirt (\$980) and pants (\$4,100) are by **GIANFRANCO FERRÉ**. His sunglasses (\$335) are by **BLINDE**. **RIGHT:** Her dress is by **DSQUARED**.

PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE SOMERSET, TURKS AND CAICOS.

VALENTINO

↓
FOR MORE SPRING STYLES, CHECK OUT PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE.
WHERE AND HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 137.



Unless you're Tom Wolfe or Colonel Sanders, white pants should not be in your regular rotation before Memorial Day. When you find yourself island-hopping through the tropics, however, you can make an exception. **LEFT:** His jacket (\$1,090), shirt (\$310) and pants (\$230) are by **VALENTINO**.

CENTER: His jacket (\$1,510), shirt (\$270) and pants (\$320) are by **VALENTINO**. His belt (\$210) is by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**. His shoes (\$550) are by **HARRYS OF LONDON**. **RIGHT:** Her djellaba is by **ALVIN VALLEY COLLECTION**. Her bathing suit is by **BOTTEGA VENETA**. Her sandals are by **RODO**.

PHOTOGRAPHED ON LOCATION AT THE REGENTS PALMS, TURKS AND CAICOS.



By Dan Dunn

Our fantasies usually involve the women who drink our wine, not the ones who make it. Savanna Samson has caused us to reconsider. When she launched her own wine label, in 2006, the porn superstar fully expected a hard time from the critics; instead she was treated more gently than she is during a typical day at work. Before any prudes could decry her entry into the civilized world of oenology, her debut release, *Sogno Uno*, a blend of 70 percent *cesanese* grapes, 20 percent *sangiovese* and 10 percent *montepulciano*, received a ringing endorsement from preeminent wine critic Robert Parker, who awarded it an outstanding score of 90 to 91. Based on her ability to produce both adult beverages and adult entertainment, we felt she was the perfect guide to the bottlings that are best when the mood is right or, better yet, sinfully wrong.

Arriving at Samson's spacious Madison Avenue apartment, we discover this lady is disarmingly down-to-earth and very knowledgeable about wine (and other lubricants). As we talk over a glass of Krug, the topics of our conversation range from what she describes as her perfectly normal childhood in upstate New York to her favorite sexual predilection—one that requires some delicacy and a third partner (female). Once the Krug is drained, Samson lets down her hair, and we get down to the business of uncorking some favorites from her personal collection.

**Porn star
and acclaimed
vintner Savanna
Samson offers us
a tour of the big,
bold wines she
likes best. We call
them the grapes
of writhe**

Sommelière Likes It Hot

SAVANNA'S PICKS

1 A Sizable Undertaking

"Because of what I do for a living, I've developed a taste for big things," muses Samson, "like a Ridge Monte Bello" (\$135). A blend composed mostly of cabernet sauvignon, it gets Samson's adjectives flowing. "Beefy, dense and jammy," she suggests. Monte Bello is the wine that introduced Ridge to the world and is perhaps best known among serious oenophiles for taking top honors at the 30th anniversary of the Judgment of Paris tasting.

2 Inside Information

When the talk turns to girl-on-girl action, Samson says her preferred prelude to a sapphic dalliance is the Italian semisparkling wine *moscato d'asti*. A cousin of asti spumante, this light, bubbly treat is the most delicate of dessert wines. Her favorite is a 2006 Michele Chiarlo Nivole *moscato d'asti* (\$10 a half bottle). "*Moscato* has the aroma of a ripe, white peach and the sweet velvety softness of a woman's outer lips, but the inner flavors are the best part."

3 An Explosive Pairing

The robust Binomio from Fattoria La Valentina (\$50) is the result of a collaboration between two of Italy's most dynamic winemakers, Stefano Inama and Sabatino di Properzio. Made entirely with *montepulciano* grapes, the Binomio displays lots of mineral character with strong hints of cassis. "This delicious wine is so earthy you can practically feel the *terroir* as you're drinking it," Samson says. "Plus I'm all over anything that has *bi* in its name."



WHAT POPS HER CORK



Taking Charge

Next up is a Bitch Barossa *grenache* (\$10) that brings out the dominatrix in the normally demure Samson. The bold, spicy wine is composed of 100 percent old-vine *grenache*. "It's not often I bring out the leather, whips and chains, so when I do," she growls, "look out. I love the feeling of power as I take control. Watching a guy get off as I work the whip is so delicious. A wine called Bitch is perfect—I can be the perfect bitch."



Going Wild

"I wish we had more of this," Samson says as she ruefully examines the empty bottle of Grande Cuvée (\$150). The flagship of the Krug family of champagnes is as fine a multi-vintage bottle of bubbly as exists today, with a flavor profile that falls somewhere between the ethereal Clos du Mesnil and Krug's potent vintage bottlings. Adds Samson, "A great champagne foreshadows what's to come, and that's usually something wild."



The Climax

To cap our rendezvous Samson offers her crowning achievement, the Sogno Uno (\$50), which appropriately translates to Dream One. She developed it with the help of acclaimed Italian winemaker Roberto Cipresso, who has also made wine for the Vatican. "Last year my boyfriend tried it for the first time," she says. "I poured it down my chest while I was sitting on his face. He said my wine and I were the best he'd ever had." No doubt.



VINTAGE POURS, VINTAGE PORN

When we talk with Savanna, the conversation inevitably turns toward pairing. Here are the fantasy wines we picked as perfect complements to the classics of fantasy filmmaking



A 1966 Château Margaux with *Behind the Green Door*
The appearance of Ivory Snow-box model Marilyn Chambers in this 1972 film caused a sensation, as did the 1966 Margaux, a smooth wine of unparalleled brilliance.



A 1945 Château Mouton Rothschild with *Deep Throat*
This 1972 film is about a woman who achieves orgasm by performing fellatio. The 1945 Mouton Rothschild will unquestionably produce similarly sensational oral results.



A 1978 E. Guigal Côte-Rôtie La Landonne with *The Devil in Miss Jones*
Here, Georgina Spelvin aims to earn her way into hell by engaging in a range of sexual experiences. Like Spelvin, there's little we wouldn't try to get a glass of this *cru*.



A 1992 Screaming Eagle with *Debbie Does Dallas*
Bambi Woods, the star of *DDD*, appears in only four films. Fitting, then, to pair her with this coveted Oakville, California cabernet. Only 175 cases were produced; one bottle now costs five figures.



Rivato

"Is that a carrot in your pocket or are you just happy to see me?"



Marvelous Maria

With wrestling fans watching, the WWE's Maria Kanellis has her eyes on the prize

By Jason H. Harper

This one's my favorite," Maria Kanellis says, pulling aside her tight jacket to reveal a small brown dot on a gorgeous shoulder. The WWE RAW star is talking about the freckles sprinkled all over her body—and the games people play with them. "Every single time, a guy will say he'd like to connect the dots," she explains with a mischievous grin. "How adorable is that?"

As the auburn-haired beauty pulls her jacket back on, we wonder aloud how long a session of connect-the-dots would last. "It depends on the evening," she says coyly. "We could get at least two hours out of it, but all night long would work too."

Maria is World Wrestling Entertainment's kinder, gentler star—sort of. Onstage the 26-year-old's sweet temperament and girlie-girl looks make her a fan favorite, but she has yet to win a title fight, and she's taken a few hard knocks from bigger, badder wrestlers. "I'm still getting my butt whapped," she allows, "and still learning. My next goal is to become the women's champion, even if only for a day." An intense look sweeps over her face. The girlie-girl thing goes only so far.

Today Maria is visiting WWE's New York outpost in midtown Manhattan, causing a commotion the instant she enters the elevator. In some parallel universe her attire may be work-appropriate. After all, she's wearing a



"Appearing in *PLAYBOY* is my little party to myself for becoming a woman. I'm not a little girl anymore," says the auburn-haired Illinois native. "I'm going to do what I believe in rather than what somebody else says I should." Though she got her start as a backstage interviewer on wrestling broadcasts, her goal is to win a WWE title. "You'll see," she promises.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



fitted jacket, tailored black pants and high-heeled pumps that could conceivably hang in an executive's closet (if the executive were really hot). But the corporate look is subverted by Maria's revealing bodice and single black lace glove.

Wrestling fans met the Illinois native in 2004, during the RAW Diva Search competition. Soon she was backstage, interviewing RAW wrestlers in her cute and clueless style. (Note: the hot but ditzy act? Don't buy it. More on that later.) But what Maria really wanted was to wrestle, so she spent one and a half years in Kentucky, working on her chops (and drops and kicks). The process of learning how to "whup butt," as she puts it, looks a lot like getting your butt whupped. Blood and bruises are common. If you can't bear to see your pretty face out of joint, ladies, wrestling's not for you.

Maria whips out her iPhone to show us a photo of herself sporting a very bloody lip. "I landed face-first while wrestling Beth Phoenix. The crowd thought I might win that one," she sighs. "I thought so too. Didn't happen."

When Maria takes the stage for WWE RAW it's to the tune of Zebrahead's "With Legs Like That." With her red-tinged hair tousled, green-flecked eyes pleading and pert lips always slightly apart, she seems larger than her lean five-foot-seven frame. And though she looks almost fragile next to other WWE women, there is no doubt this girl can take care of herself.

The source of her beauty is hard to place until Maria describes her background as "half Greek, half hillbilly." She says with that irresistible grin, "I'm a little Grecian goddess hillbilly." She grew up in blink-and-you'll-miss-it Ottawa, Illinois. She says her dad possesses a "Greek temper" that can manifest itself when "fans show up at my parents' house and he answers the door with a shotgun, just like when I was in high school." Growing up, she was known as a lead foot. "In high school I drove a 1994 Camaro Z28 with a stick shift. It was sassy grass green, and it invited attention. I got stopped nine times," she says, batting her eyes, "but got let off eight."

Her enthusiasm for cars remains unabated: "I got an Aston Martin Vanquish up to over 100 miles an hour on Chicago's Lake Shore Drive." She's especially fond of Dodge Vipers. "They're mean," she says, "which is why I like them. They're sort of like that bitchy girl you just gotta love."

Maria lives outside Chicago, but she's on the road 300 days a year, hitting arenas around the U.S., Europe and the Middle East. Last December she made her second visit to Iraq with the WWE. She has also been to Afghanistan, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait. Her younger brother (text concluded on page 137)







Maria is cagey on the subject of whether she's romantically available. Is she? "Kind of," she says, but not really. "I call him my boyfriend, but I don't want to jinx it." Guys are free to approach her, though she tends to date men she has known for a while. "My type changes," she says. "First it was the jock, then the sweet guy, then the bad boy. I think I'm stuck in that bad-boy phase."









WAILING

(continued from page 66)

to gossip in the shelters. The shelters, in fact, were not much more than a gesture, casual recognition of the national emergency: wine cellars and basements with benches in them and sand-bags blocking the windows, for the most part. There were a few more adequate bunkers in the center of the city, close to the government offices, but nothing like the staunch subterranean fortress that rendered Berlin impervious to her daily pounding. Dresden had no reason to prepare for attack—and thereby hangs a beastly tale.

Dresden was surely among the World's most lovely cities. Her streets were broad, lined with shade-trees. She was sprinkled with countless little parks and statuary. She had marvelous old churches, libraries, museums, theaters, art galleries, beer gardens, a zoo, and a renowned university. It was at one time a tourist's paradise. They would be far better informed on the city's delights than am I. But the impression I have is that in Dresden—in the physical city—were the symbols of good life; pleasant, honest, intelligent. In the swastika's shadow those symbols of the dignity and hope of mankind stood waiting, monuments to truth. The accumulated treasure of hundreds of years, Dresden spoke eloquently of those things excellent in European civilization wherein our debt lies deep. I was a prisoner, hungry, dirty, and full of hate for our captors, but I loved that city and saw the blessed wonder of her past and the rich promise of her future.

In February, 1945, American bombers reduced this treasure to crushed stone and embers; disemboweled her with high-explosives and cremated her with incendiaries. The atom bomb may represent a fabulous advance, but it is interesting to note that primitive TNT and thermite managed to exterminate in one bloody night more people than died in the whole London blitz. Fortress Dresden fired a dozen shots at our airmen. Once back at their bases and sipping hot coffee, they probably remarked, "Flak unusually light tonight. Well, guess it's time to turn in." Captured British pilots from tactical fighter units (covering front-line troops) used to chide those who had flown heavy bombers on city raids with "How on Earth did you stand the stink of boiling urine and burning perambulators?"

A perfectly routine piece of news: "Last night our planes attacked Dresden. All planes returned safely." The only good German is a dead one: over one hundred thousand evil men, women, and children (the able-bodied were at the fronts) forever purged of their sins against humanity. By chance I met a bombardier who

had taken part in the attack. "We hated to do it," he told me.

The night they came over we spent in an underground meat locker in a slaughterhouse. We were lucky, for it was the best shelter in town. Giants stalked the Earth above us. First came the soft mummer of their dancing on the outskirts, then the grumbling of their plodding toward us, and finally the ear-splitting crashes of their heels upon us—and thence to the outskirts again. Back and forth they swept: saturation bombing.

"I screamed and I wept and I clawed the walls of our shelter," an old lady told me. "I prayed to God to 'please, please, please, dear God, stop them.' But he didn't hear me. No power could stop them. On they came, wave after wave. There was no way we could surrender; no way to tell them we couldn't stand it anymore. There was nothing anyone could do but sit and wait for morning." Her daughter and grandson were killed.

Our little prison was burned to the ground. We were to be evacuated to an outlying camp occupied by the South African prisoners. Our guards were a melancholy lot, aged *Volksturm*ers and disabled veterans. Most of them were Dresden residents and had friends and families somewhere in the holocaust. A corporal, who had lost an eye after two years on the Russian front, ascertained before we marched that his wife, his two children, and both of his parents had been killed. He had one cigarette. He shared it with me.

Our march to new quarters took us on the city's edge. It was impossible to believe that anyone survived in its heart. Ordinarily the day would have been cold, but occasional gusts from the colossal inferno made us sweat. And ordinarily the day would have been clear and bright, but an opaque and towering cloud turned noon to twilight. A grim procession clogged the outbound highways; people with blackened faces streaked with tears, some bearing wounded, some bearing dead. They gathered in the fields. None spoke. A few with Red Cross arm-bands did what they could for the casualties.

Settled with the South Africans, we enjoyed a week without work. At the end of it communications were reestablished with higher headquarters and we were ordered to hike seven miles to the area hardest hit. Nothing in the district had escaped the fury. A city of jagged building shells, of splintered statuary and shattered trees; every vehicle stopped, gnarled and burned, left to rust or rot in the path of the frenzied might. The only sounds other than our own were those of falling plaster and their echoes. I cannot describe the desolation properly, but I can give an idea of how it made us feel, in the words of a delirious Brit-

ish soldier in a makeshift P.W. hospital: "It's frightenin', I tell you. I would walk down one of them bloody streets and feel a thousand eyes on the back of me 'ead. I would 'ear 'em whisperin' behind me. I would turn around to look at 'em and there wouldn't be a bloomin' soul in sight. You can feel 'em and you can 'ear 'em but there's never anybody there." We knew what he said was so.

For "salvage" work we were divided into small crews, each under a guard. Our ghoulish mission was to search for bodies. It was rich hunting that day and the many thereafter. We started on a small scale—here a leg, there an arm, and an occasional baby—but struck a mother lode before noon. We cut our way through a basement wall to discover a reeking hash of over one hundred human beings. Flame must have swept through before the building's collapse sealed the exits, because the flesh of those within resembled the texture of prunes. Our job, it was explained, was to wade into the shambles and bring forth the remains. Encouraged by cuffing and guttural abuse, wade in we did. We did exactly that, for the floor was covered with an unsavory broth from burst water mains and viscera. A number of victims, not killed outright, had attempted to escape through a narrow emergency exit. At any rate, there were several bodies packed tightly into the passageway. Their leader had made it halfway up the steps before he was buried up to his neck in falling brick and plaster. He was about fifteen, I think.

It is with some regret that I here besmirch the nobility of our airmen, but boys, you killed an appalling lot of women and children. The shelter I have described and innumerable others like it were filled with them. We had to exhume their bodies and carry them to mass funeral pyres in the parks—so I know. The funeral pyre technique was abandoned when it became apparent how great was the toll. There was not enough labor to do it nicely, so a man with a flame-thrower was sent down instead, and he cremated them where they lay. Burned alive, suffocated, crushed—men, women, and children indiscriminately killed. For all the sublimity of the cause for which we fought, we surely created a Belsen of our own. The method was impersonal, but the result was equally cruel and heartless. That, I am afraid, is a sickening truth.

When we had become used to the darkness, the odor, and the carnage, we began musing as to what each of the corpses had been in life. It was a sordid game: "Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief..." Some had fat purses and jewelry, others had precious foodstuffs. A boy had his dog still leashed to him. Renegade Ukrainians in German uniform



"You know what I love? The way you turn the other cheek!"

were in charge of our operations in the shelters proper. They were roaring drunk from adjacent wine cellars and seemed to enjoy their job hugely. It was a profitable one, for they stripped each body of valuables before we carried it to the street. Death became so commonplace that we could joke about our dismal burdens and cast them about like so much garbage. Not so with the first of them, especially the young: we had lifted them onto the stretchers with care, laying them out with some semblance of funereal dignity in their last resting place before the pyre. But our awed and sorrowful propriety gave way, as I said, to rank callousness. At the end of a grisly day we would smoke and survey the impressive heap of dead accumulated. One of us flipped his cigarette butt into the pile: "Hell's bells," he said, "I'm ready for Death any time he wants to come after me."

A few days after the raid the sirens screamed again. The listless and heart-sick survivors were showered this time with leaflets. I lost my copy of the epic but remember that it ran something like this: "To the people of Dresden: We were forced to bomb your city because of the heavy military traffic your railroad facilities have been carrying. We realize that we haven't always hit our objectives. Destruction of anything other than military objectives was unintentional, unavoidable fortunes of war." That explained the slaughter to everyone's satisfaction, I am sure, but it

aroused no little contempt for the American bomb-sight. It is a fact that forty-eight hours after the last B-17 had droned west for a well-earned rest, labor battalions had swarmed over the damaged rail yards and restored them to nearly normal service. None of the rail bridges over the Elbe was knocked out of commission. Bomb-sight manufacturers should blush to know that their marvelous devices laid bombs down as much as three miles wide of what the military claimed to be aiming for. The leaflet should have said, "We hit every blessed church, hospital, school, museum, theater, your university, the zoo, and every apartment building in town, but we honestly weren't trying hard to do it. *C'est la guerre*. So sorry. Besides, saturation bombing is all the rage these days, you know."

There was tactical significance: stop the railroads. An excellent maneuver, no doubt, but the technique was horrible. The planes started kicking high-explosives and incendiaries through their bomb-bays at the city limits, and for all the pattern their hits presented, they must have been briefed by a Ouija board. Tabulate the loss against the gain. Over one hundred thousand non-combatants and a magnificent city destroyed by bombs dropped wide of the stated objectives: the railroads were knocked out for roughly two days. The Germans counted it the greatest loss of life suffered in any single raid. The death of Dresden was a bitter tragedy, needlessly

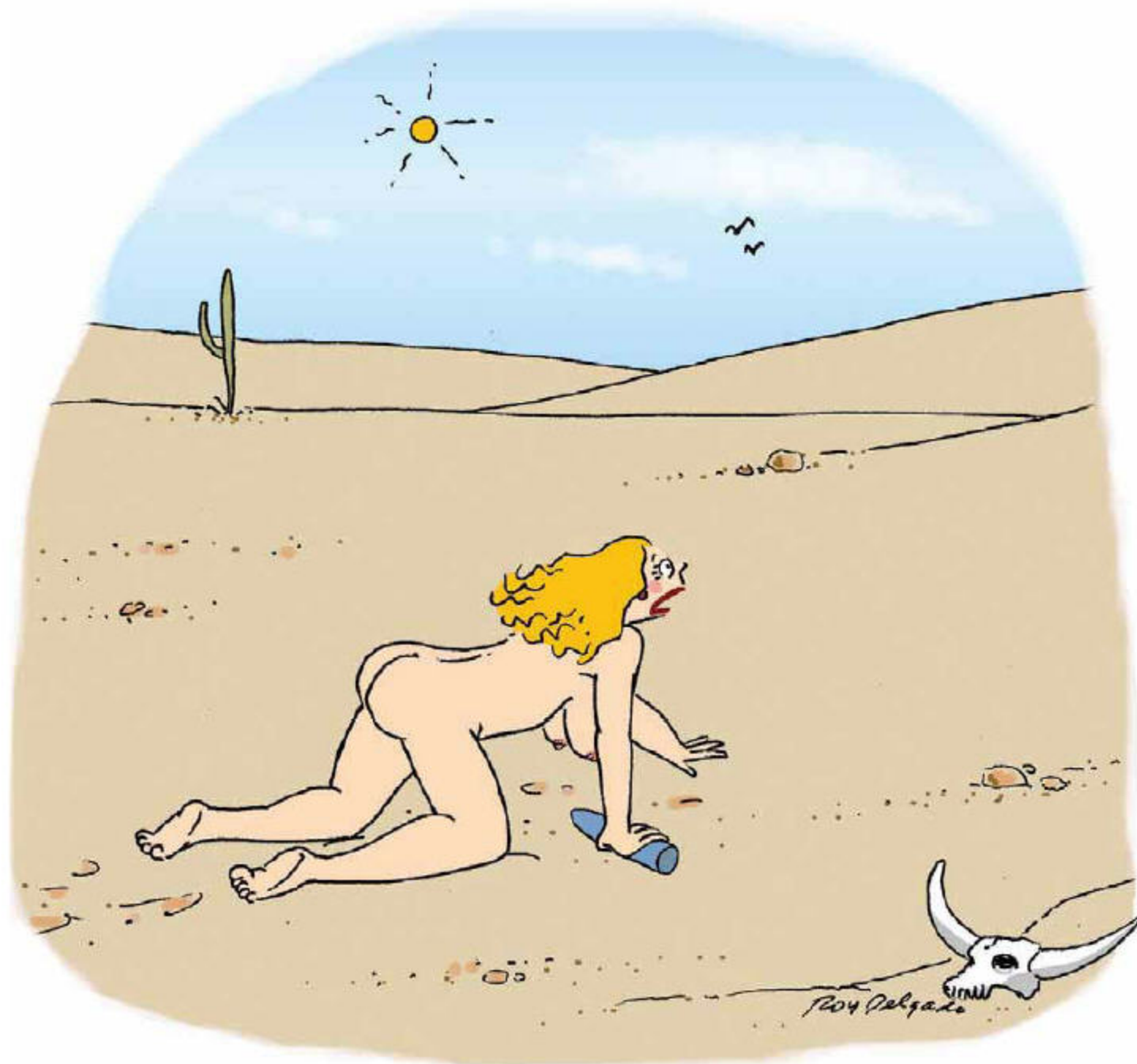
and willfully executed. The killing of children—"Jerry" children or "Jap" children or whatever enemies the future may hold for us—can never be justified.

The facile reply to great groans such as mine is the most hateful of all clichés, "fortunes of war," and another, "They asked for it. All they understand is force." *Who* asked for it? The only thing *who* understands is force? Believe me, it is not easy to rationalize the stamping out of vineyards where the grapes of wrath are stored, when gathering up babies in bushel baskets or helping a man dig where he thinks his wife may be buried. Certainly enemy military and industrial installations should have been blown flat, and woe unto those foolish enough to seek shelter near them. But the "Get Tough America" policy, the spirit of *revenge*, the approbation of all destruction and killing, has earned us a name for obscene brutality and cost the World the possibility of Germany's becoming a peaceful and intellectually fruitful nation in anything but the most remote future.

Our leaders had carte blanche as to what they might or might not destroy. Their mission was to win the war as quickly as possible, and, while they were admirably trained to do just that, their decisions as to the fate of certain priceless World heirlooms—in one case Dresden—were not always judicious. When, late in the war, with the *Wehrmacht* breaking up on all fronts, our planes were sent to destroy this last major city, I doubt if the question was asked, "How will this tragedy benefit us, and how will that benefit compare with the ill-effects in the long run?" Dresden, a beautiful city, built in the art spirit, symbol of an admirable heritage, so anti-Nazi that Hitler visited it but twice during his whole reign, food and hospital center so bitterly needed now—plowed under and salt strewn in the furrows.

There can be no doubt that the Allies fought on the side of right and the Germans and Japanese on the side of wrong. World War II was fought for near-Holy motives. But I stand convinced that the brand of justice in which we dealt, wholesale bombings of civilian populations, was blasphemous. That the enemy did it first has nothing to do with the moral problem. What I saw of our air war, as the European conflict neared an end, had the earmarks of being an irrational war for war's sake. Soft citizens of the American democracy learned to kick a man below the belt and make the bastard scream.

The occupying Russians, when they discovered that we were Americans, embraced us and congratulated us on the complete desolation our planes had wrought. We accepted their congratulations with good grace and proper modesty, but I felt then as I feel now, that I would have given my life to save Dresden for the World's generations to come. That is how everyone should feel about every city on earth.



"Batteries! ...Batteries!"



50% Off
4 Videos!
PLUS 2 FREE
Videos!

SEX. The Possibilities Are Endless.



Advanced Sexual Techniques 2 Video Series Arouses!

It's more than pictures and words on a page. More than a clinical approach to sex. *Advanced Sexual Techniques 2* is where adventuresome lovers turn to rev up their sexual power! Take your sex life to a whole new level. *Every act and variation is demonstrated by real couples in uncensored, graphic detail* to help you and your partner perfect your own lovemaking.

Be the Best Lover She's Ever Had! Guaranteed. Here's how:

Vol. 1: Sexual Positions for Lovers shares positions that SIZZLE, plus stimulating variations of some positions you may already enjoy.

Vol. 2: G-Spot and Multiple Orgasms shows you how to score the Ultimate O-time and again—guaranteed!

Vol. 3: And, if you wonder, "Can I really do THAT?"

10 Secrets to Great Sex answers affirmatively with 10 well-kept secrets for intense sexual pleasure.

Vol. 4: Sexual Power Play will take your sex life to the extreme. Thrill every inch of her for a "sex-plosion" of pleasure for both of you.

50% Off 4 BetterSex™ Videos! Plus, 2 FREE Videos!

- **The Art of Oral Sex**, shows 11 real couples demonstrating the hottest oral sex tips for clitoral excitement, fellatio and more.
- **The Art of Sexual Positions** shares tips for optimum G spot stimulation, deeper penetration & Kama Sutra secrets.
- **Get both videos, a \$40 value, FREE when you order today!**

WARNING: *The Better Sex Video Series: Advanced Techniques 2 is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 18 only.*

**100% SATISFACTION
GUARANTEED!**

BetterSex™
ADVANCED TECHNIQUES **2**
video series

order online at:
BetterSex.com/ad
use ext. 8PB188

FOR FASTEST SERVICE WITH CREDIT CARDS **1.800.955.0888** EXT. 8PB188 24 HOURS/7 DAYS
OR A FREE BROCHURE, CALL

mail to: Sinclair Institute, ext.8PB188, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

| | ITEM NO. | TOTAL |
|--|--------------|-------------------------------|
| The Art of Oral Sex (Free with purchase) AND | | FREE |
| The Art of Sexual Positions (Free with purchase) | #3766 | FREE |
| Vol. 1: Sexual Positions for Lovers | #9383 | 19.95 |
| Vol. 2: Ultimate Orgasms: Multiples and G-Spots | #1786 | 19.95 |
| Vol. 3: 10 Secrets to Great Sex | #1964 | 19.95 |
| Vol. 4: Sexual Power Play: Enjoying Guilty Pleasures | #1393 | 19.95 |
| Buy The 4-Volume Set at 1/2 Price! | #2971 | 79.80 39.90 |
| | P & H | 6.00 |
| | TOTAL | |

Check desired format: VHS or DVD
 Bank Money Order Check VISA MC AMEX Discover

All orders shipped within 48 hours in plain packaging.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Card No. _____ Exp. date _____
Signature _____

NC orders add 6.75% sales tax. Canadian Orders add U.S. \$7 shipping.
Sorry - no cash or C.O.D. 8PB188 ©2008 Sinclair Institute



JENNA FISCHER

(continued from page 70)

you can slip into its hand. When you press a button it says, "Dunder Mifflin, this is Pam." The Jenna Fischer action figure has a cat you can put under one arm; in the other hand it probably has a BlackBerry. When you press a button it sneezes. I sneeze all the time because of my allergies. The thing I want most is a cure for hay fever and pet allergies.

Q15

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the trend in movie trailers to put "Academy Award winner" or "Academy Award-nominated" before the name of everyone legally possible?

FISCHER: Rainn Wilson and I refer to ourselves as Emmy-losing actors. We'll be on set in a scene, and I'll be like, "Seriously everyone, be quiet—Emmy-losing actor about to work." Maybe everyone should have something like that. Did you win the fifth-grade spelling bee? You can go with whatever your highest achievement is. That should precede your name at all times.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You were raised in St. Louis. Defend the Gateway Arch.

FISCHER: Anybody who's lived in St. Louis or has visited St. Louis has gone up into the arch. The experience is unique because of the elevator system. Since it's an arch, it can't go straight up, so it goes up and then horizontal and up and horizontal, sort of like a set of stairs. It is terrifying. And you're crammed in there with 25 people. It feels like it's too much weight; it feels like you shouldn't be in there. You watch the little movie beforehand about how they made the arch, and you realize you're on an elevator that was made when they made the arch, and it has probably never been improved. It's better than any amusement-park ride in terms of terror.

Q17

PLAYBOY: What do you wash on delicate that you don't have to?

FISCHER: I wash my sweatpants—no, I wash *all* my clothes in the delicate cycle. I don't want anything to shrink. And I dry on low. I don't like that feeling of getting something out of the dryer and

having to stretch it out to make it fit me again. That depresses me. I also don't buy jeans too small. I'm always saying, "Can I just get one size up?" And they'll say, "No, no, they'll stretch!" And I'm like, "Yeah, but in the meantime I'll feel fat. So can I just have the jeans that fit me?" Also I spill stuff on myself a lot. You saw: I spilled coffee on myself in this interview. So by day three, they're fitting perfectly, but I have to wash them and go through the whole horror show again.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You kept Pam and Jim's screen kiss secret for a very long time. Can you now share a personal secret that is past its expiration date?

FISCHER: One night when I was young I came home wearing a pair of boxers, and I claimed I was at my friend Ellen's house. I was at a boy's house, and they were his boxers. So there. My parents can read that and ground me.

Q19

PLAYBOY: There's a clip floating around YouTube of your doing an interview for the making-of documentary about *LolliLove*, the indie mockumentary you wrote and directed, in which you and your husband, James, play a rich couple who think they can help the homeless by giving them designer lollipops. In the clip, you're complaining that James constantly makes jokes about anal sex. Was that for real?

FISCHER: It wasn't scripted. I really didn't want him to say that. We got into a big fight. I was saying, "Stop making this so raunchy. This is a very simple scene about a phone call. Stop putting in things about anal sex and having sex with children and all these crazy jokes." So then they videotaped us getting into a little fight about it on set. It was a real-life tiff recorded for everybody. In hindsight I see the humor. We're having this ridiculous argument about whether or not he can make an anal-sex joke, and I'm taking it seriously but he can't.

Q20

PLAYBOY: *People* magazine has named you one of the 100 most beautiful celebrities. Even though your photo was buried 37th in the lineup, was it an honor just to make the list?

FISCHER: I was so tickled by that because I loved the "Most Beautiful" issue when I was a little girl. I got it every year. I still have one with Julia Roberts on the cover, because I was just oh so excited. Now I think I'm going to put it in my movie contract that they have to call me "37th Most Beautiful Person 2006, Emmy-losing actress Jenna Fischer."

Read the 21st question at playboy.com/21q.

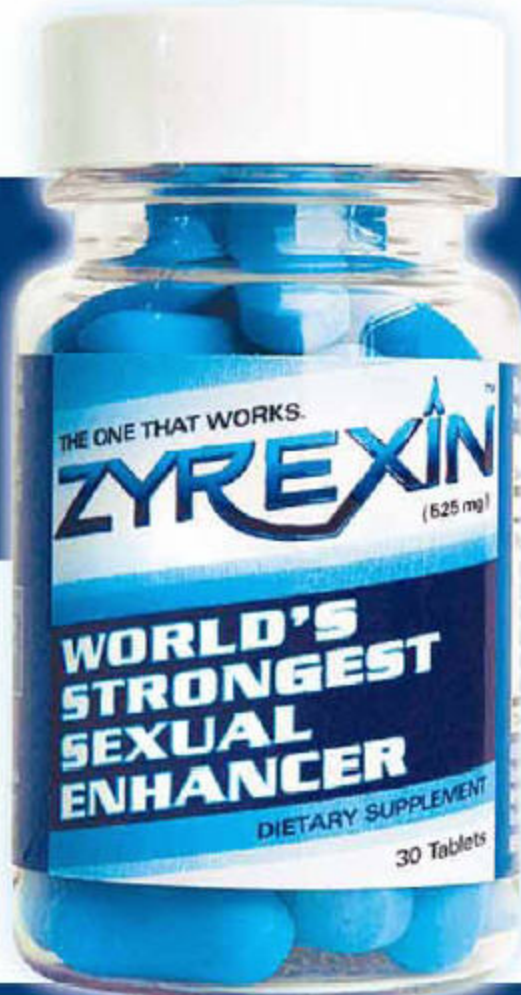


"Did I tell you about my new boyfriend?"



"TIRED OF SEX PILLS THAT DON'T WORK?"™

TRY IT FREE & SEE!



Say Goodbye to Painful Headaches, Worthless Herbal Pills, And All The Other Junk That Never Ever Works!

New Super Sex Pill From Europe Works In 35 Minutes And Lasts Up To 24 Hours Now Available In America!

TRY IT FREE

THE ONE THAT WORKS.
ZYREXIN

You can now try the all-natural super sex pill from Europe. It is safe, doctor approved, no prescription is required, it is unlike anything you have ever tried, and as it is introduced to America you can try it free! This new blockbuster sex pill is called *Zyrexin*! It works in less than one hour and it lasts a full 24 hours! It doesn't cause headaches, feels natural - NOT a "drug-like" artificial feeling! It works the very first time you use it. Just take two capsules and in about 35 minutes you will have the biggest, firmest, erection of your life! What it does to your Erectile Quality is amazing! You will be thrilled, and even stunned, with how well it works! Plus, it sky-rockets your stamina and "lasting-ability!"

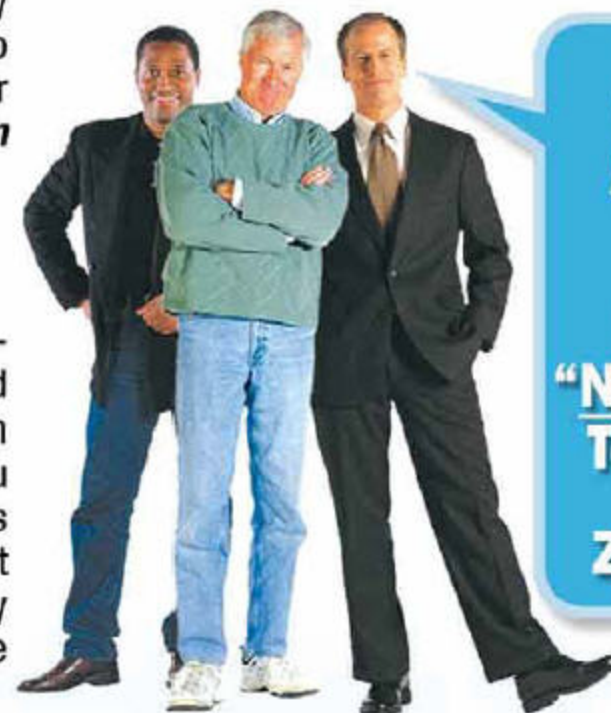
Don't Be Fooled By Worthless Pills!

Are you sick of ads for herbal pills on TV and in magazines! Most of them are worthless. It's true. Just a bunch of lies, tricks, and junk science that never ever work. Do other pills work for you but give you a headache? Or have you tried popular American pills and they simply don't work for you? Don't worry. Relax and forget them all! Your sex life is about to change. It is going to be turbo-charged! Call and try *Zyrexin* free. You will know in one hour why it is the top rated sex pill in Europe, and why men of all ages are switching to *Zyrexin* every day! It is literally taking over the market!

Don't Take ANY Sex Pill Until You Try Zyrexin!

Imagine how great you will feel to know you can have sex "on-demand" without side-effects, without going to the drug store, with complete and total privacy. Imagine how thrilled your lover will be with the "new you." We could talk all day about why *Zyrexin* is the best in the world - but we would rather show you. We can tell you man-to-man, you will love it! You risk nothing! So don't miss out. See how it feels, how strong it is. Remember, *Zyrexin* was brought to America to make money and we would be foolish to give it away FREE if it didn't work right? Of course. But we know once you try it - you will buy it. So, we want you to try it FREE. You simply provide \$3.95 to help cover the cost of shipping & handling. Your sex life is too important to pass on this. So call now!

- *Will Not Cause Headaches*
- *Will Not Cause Blue Vision*
- *Used By Millions With No Side Effects*
- *Not A Synthetic Drug*
- *No Prescription Required*
- *Rated The #1 Natural Sex Pill In The World!*



Listen To What Men Are Saying About Zyrexin! Hear Real "No Bull" Audio Testimonials At Zyrexin.com

GET ZYREXIN FREE! CALL NOW 1-800-301-4027
Or for more information visit us on the web at www.zyrexin.com

All Packages sent in a plain package to ensure your privacy. Limit one free per household.

These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. Must be over the age 18.

CHARM CITY

(continued from page 90)

expression portrayed on very early Greek statuary.

"I need a ride," she said.

In the end, they left together, passing through the monumental entrance hall. On the way out they went by a bronze horseman rising from the saddle, brandishing a saber. The plate on its pedestal read ONE OF STUART'S VIRGINIANS. It was a tribute to wealthy, Confederately sympathetic old Baltimore.

They walked across the chill, darkened parking lot to his gray Camry. Bower opened the passenger door for her. He started the car and they sat looking straight ahead, past the vapor of their breath visible against the headlights beyond the icing windshield. Bower put his seat belt on and after a moment she did the same.

"Where to?" he asked.

She told him she had taken a taxi to the museum and she lived downtown. He drove them slowly out of the lot. They had driven a block south when he was aware of her fidgeting.

"You're going to think I'm insane," she declared.

He hastened to assure her. "No, no." In fact he experienced a little more anxiety about what might be coming.

"Going up to you as I did. I'm restless tonight."

"I suppose," Bower said, "I am too."

"I don't think I want to go home."

"Oh," said Bower.

"We could drive into the country a bit. To the hills. Or over the bridge."

"Let's take the bridge."

Bower had a house on the bay front of the Eastern Shore where he and his wife were planning to spend the weekend. He had not thought to go there, setting out from the museum. Nor even when he suggested the bridge. Now it occurred to him as a wanton possibility.

They put the lights of the city behind them and drove through icy rain. By the time they were on Route 13 the rain had stopped and the night sky was clearing. A wind from the ocean was driving rain clouds east across the bay to show a slivered late-October moon, unaccountably bright. There were stars.

"Oh," the woman, Margaret, exclaimed, "horns to the east."

"Excuse me?"

"Horns to the east. Haven't you heard it? Don't you know what it means?" Her questions seemed almost urgent. He was perplexed.

"No."

She laughed and recited,

Horns to the east
Soon be increased
Horns to the west
Soon be at rest.

"Don't know?" she asked after a few seconds. "Can't you guess?"

"I don't think so," Bower said, wondering.

"Horns to the east," she said. "The waxing moon. Horns to the west, waning moon."

It took him a moment or two.

"Ah."

She mimicked him. "Ah! Ah is right."

"Did you make it up?" He got no answer. So he observed, "A Halloween moon."

"Just what I was thinking," she said.

When they turned off the highway she put an arm across the back of the seat.

"I wonder," she said playfully, "if we're going somewhere." He glanced at her and in the extraordinary light of the crescent moon saw again the archaic smile. "Where are we going?"

She, he thought, was the one who wanted to be led. He considered wildly, decided nothing. Then he said, "I have a house near Calverton."

"Really?"

"Yes, I do."

"I see. Could that be where we're going?"

"If you want to."

He was encouraged by her silence. Twenty minutes after they had passed through the decorous empty streets of old Chesterfield he pulled over to the shoulder. The road was wooded on both sides and it was possible to make out the POSTED signs on the near tree trunks. Then the persistent storm closed over the moonlit sky and it began to rain hard again.

"I have to make a call. Do you mind?"

"Certainly not."

He called his wife in Roland Park while Margaret sat stiffly beside him, listening equably, it seemed. He had not gotten out to make the call because of the rain. He looked into the dark dripping pinewoods—anywhere but at his passenger—and declared to his wife he would be late. Offering no reason. When she asked for one he was reckless, a little unhinged by possibility.

"I felt out of sorts. I went for a drive in the country."

His wife asked if he was certain he was all right. He told her that, as far as that went, he was fine. When he turned to Margaret on the car seat beside him he saw her bent forward, hands across her eyes as if in remorse or simply seeing no evil. He experienced another moment's panic. The wrong woman!

"Do you," he asked, "do you need to call anyone? I mean, to make a call?"

She shook her head and said nothing for the remainder of the ride. Shortly, they turned off onto a dirt road and followed its turns and doglegs past a few mailboxes at the head of dark driveways. The houses that showed lights were deep in the woods, far from the roadway. Overhead the horned moon had appeared again, visible through bare wind-driven branches.

They parked in the clearing around Bower's house. Once out of the car they faced the salt sour-scented gale off the bay. In the darkness they could hear its waves crashing against the unprotected shore. The house was shingled and square, a dignified practical house, unadorned except for a weather vane on the roof. It was impossible to see what the weather vane represented.

She had folded her arms and turned away from the wind. From her posture, Bower thought she seemed a little hesitant and subdued.

"Very nice," she said.

Bower pulled his own collar up against the chill. Now he was thrilled by his own impulsiveness and the stormy night sky, clearing again. Finally it seemed he was leading. He conducted them inside, his steadying hand lightly touching the sheath of leather that encased her. Bower turned on a lamp and raised the thermostat. Then, as she watched, he laid a fire and started it. His guest kept her coat on.

"Aren't you afraid of the house watch?"

"House watch? Not out here. A little more wine?" he asked her. "Madder music?"

The look she gave him was steady and flat, unamused. A little puzzled, slightly ashamed of his fit of brio, he went into the kitchen and opened a bottle of St. Emilion. He carried it out on a tray and poured for them.

"The good stuff this time," he said. She took a glass but her look made him feel fat-witted and overcheery. "Like it?" he asked.

She only nodded without drinking. Suddenly it seemed the burden of dis-course was his. She was looking, a little sadly, around the room.

"All these beautiful things," she said.

There were beautiful things in the room for people who knew how to look for them. Bower's wife collected early-American paintings and furniture. He had grown to appreciate them too. To keep the play of the evening alive, he began to give Margaret the tour.

The house itself was old, not quite colonial but still early 19th century. The front door opened directly on the living room as it sometimes does in old houses. In that room stood a Mennonite chest with a sunburst painted on its front. The wall above it displayed a Kentucky quilt. The fireplace was equipped with fittings of old wrought iron. A table and chairs in a recessed dining area had the imperfect symmetry of rough joining. Three of the wall paintings were genuine American primitives and one was an attributed Robert Feke. Outside his computer work space hung a later painting, a gloomy nightscape his wife thought might be an Albert Ryder, though it lacked a provenance.

Margaret followed Bower's exposition of the room. She seemed to display

little interest. From time to time she sipped the wine he had poured for her. Though the house had warmed, she kept her coat on.

"It's all very nice," she said, distantly polite.

"My wife has the eye," he said, as though Margaret were a casual guest and not the object of a particular seduction.

"Your wife? Isn't she afraid to leave all this out in the country? Isn't she afraid of losing what she has? Her house? Your attentions?"

Bower was very uncomfortable at having to explain his wife's personal qualities but Margaret seemed to think she had a right to ask questions.

"What's here isn't all that valuable."

He watched Margaret set her empty wineglass on a place mat, sparing the finish of a dark mahogany table. A moment after setting it down, she touched the table's surface with two fingers and brought them away quickly as though she were repelled by the dust on it.

"Oh," said Margaret, "I see." She looked around the room again. "What's her name? Would I like her?"

"I think so. Yes. I suppose. Her name is Jane."

"Jane. I'll bet I would."

"Please," Bower said, "take your coat off."

"I suppose she comes here with you?"

"Most weekends." He was growing impatient with her. "Is that some sort of problem?"

The look she gave him was again level, dead-eyed and stone-cold. He had rankled her. The antic animation of the last hours had somehow drained away.

"This isn't right," she said after a moment. "It would be wrong." She appeared suddenly stricken. "Another woman's bed!"

"What?" Though Bower knew her not at all, he thought there was a serious chance she might be joking.

"We can't," she said with surprising firmness.

"Oh."

"No, Frank. Sorry."

Bower was extremely disappointed. But edging his interior horizon, on a

different quarter, appeared the faraway contours of relief. He tried to swallow the humiliation.

"You're a mercurial character. Aren't you?"

"Yes, I am," she said.

"I see."

"And here we are," she said. Suddenly, she laughed, and for a moment she was lively and humorous again. "Out in the sticks. Don't you believe it's a woman's privilege to change her mind?"

"Oh, come on, Margaret." He was unsettled by her laughter and the cliché. She showed the expression he had learned to dread. The smile.

Driving her home was an embarrassment. He thought of switching on

the gay bar and club catty-corner to the Belvedere.

In the cab, Margaret made a call to her daughter. She was fatigued from the drive and irritable.

"Clean up, my dear."

Arriving, she found that Cordelia had cleaned up after a fashion. At least there were no dishes in the sink. Nor was there—aside from a couple of withered apples, a moldering box of take-out rice and a baby's bottle containing milk of indeterminate freshness—any food in the refrigerator.

"Christ, don't you eat?" Margaret asked.

"Yeah, I eat," Cordelia said, pouting. "How about you?"

Margaret inspected her.

"You don't look well."

"Oh thanks," Cordelia said.

In Cordelia's room, Margaret found her grandson, diaper unchanged, lying uncomfortably with twisted covers and looking as though he had cried himself to sleep. As she stood there, the child awakened and whimpered.

"Wash that child and change him. How can you be so irresponsible?"

"All right, all right," Cordelia whined. Except for the petulant inflection, Cordelia had a cultivated voice like her mother's. In the bedroom, the baby cried savagely.

"Happy now?" asked Cordelia. She

went into her room and slammed the door. Margaret took her sleek coat off and hung it carefully. Then she eased herself onto the living room sofa, took off her sensible shoes and put her feet up. She lay with her eyes closed, listening to the sounds from the next room where Cordelia was alternately muttering to herself and crooning to the baby. After the child had been quiet for a while Cordelia came out, wearing her bomber jacket with its tombstone patch, ready to hit the street.

"Don't you think his eyes look odd?" Margaret said without rising.

"But he has beautiful eyes," Cordelia told her mother. "Angel eyes."

"You're slamming meth, aren't you, dear?"

Playboy Hotties Are Sexy From Head to Toe



ORDER THESE ISSUES INSTANTLY WITH THE DIGITAL EDITION

www.playboy.com/nb

www.playboy.com/lingerie

Order online and receive FREE shipping and handling: visit www.Playboystore.com or send check or money order to: Playboy, P.O. Box 1290, Ottawa, IL 61350-6290

To receive FREE standard shipping and handling in the U.S. only, enter or include source code MG802 during payment! Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (*NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.) Most major credit cards accepted.

BUY THESE ISSUES AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©2008 Playboy

the car radio but decided it might only make things worse. Music would be irony. A stranger's voice would sound like mocking witness.

When they were back in the city, heading downtown along St. Paul Street, she told him brusquely that she lived in the Belvedere. It was an old hotel near the Washington Monument that had faded and then turned condo.

Margaret offered no good-byes when they pulled up before the tastefully renovated entrance. They parted in the welter of Bower's shamed silence. Setting out for his own house in Roland Park he kept his eyes on the road. As a result he failed to see her climb into one of the cabs that always waited in front of

Cordelia marched toward the apartment door, then turned in rage. Her mother cut off any reply.

"I've tried to persuade you. Your teeth will fall out. You'll age."

"Thanks again, Slim."

"I don't want to sit by and watch you lose your looks." She sat up to address her daughter. "And your mind. Tweakers are the most boring people. Who taught you to fix?"

"I knew how."

"No, baby. I'm sure it was Donny."

Cordelia opened the apartment door and started out.

"Just a moment, dearest. Where to? Leaving mother to babysit? Mother had a tough day."

"Really? Ball some poor dude?"

Margaret raised a despairing hand and waved off the insult. Leaving, Cordelia slammed the door, her second slammed door of their brief evening. Margaret brooded for a while and then decided to call Cordelia's dearest friend. Some people actually called him Slash but to Margaret he had always been just Donny.

"Hey, Donny." She tried to keep her voice low for the infant's sake. "How's tricks?"

"Yo, Slim," Donny said cautiously.

"Could it be that you've just instructed my baby in the art of slamming?"

"No way. She's a big girl. Either way, see what I'm saying, she gets more independent."

"Are you hearing me, Donno? Don't you dare treat Cordy like some skeeza. I'm cross."

"I hear you," Donny admitted.

"Good. Because if you ever turn my daughter out, I think I'll kill you."

"You are paranoid," Slash told her as firmly as possible. "You're, like, saying things."

Margaret paused to let him reflect on how thin the joke was.

"On a happier note," she said, "I have a joint for us. I've identified this awful man. House full of good things. So be here tomorrow midmorning and don't be hammered. Or is that a vain hope and it has to drop without you?"

"I'm there."

"Okay, and bring my daughter back here. I can't spend all day babysitting. I have a meet with the Smiling Lascar tomorrow."

The man Margaret called the Smiling Lascar was a South Asian pharmacist in Bethesda with whom she could trade in pseudoephedrine. Victor moved it out to some country cousins in West Virginia who cooked it into pseudo-crystal for distribution by bike clubs around the upper South. Victor's overextended family was basically a criminal enterprise and through him Margaret could maintain a phantom presence from the D.C. suburbs to the remotest hollow and never consort with ruffians.

She did undertake a little discreet consorting, though. Exploiting the average psychopath's lack of social confidence, she was able to reach out past Donny to his own network and had already stolen a number of his supporters out from under him. Their shabby

world was often exhilarating—the commerce in ginseng and bear livers, actual moonshine from traditional stills, marijuana, arms and ammunition, cars, speed, motorcycles. Donny's associates seemed to think they rightfully owned all motorcycles as the Masai thought they owned all cattle. These men, she thought, were irreplaceable, the sons of the pioneers. She had even a certain secret fondness for Slash and understood her daughter's attraction. Still, she considered him needy.

"So you'll take care of that, no? And you'll bring a rental truck and plates? And you want gray coveralls or some neutral color?"

"You got it, Slim," said Donny Slash.

"And you'll bring Cordy over here? And you'll show up? Scout's honor? Because this thing needs to be tomorrow."

"I'll come over too, yeah. I haven't seen much of Little Jimmy."

It was annoying the way he constantly referred to the baby as Littlejimmy as though it were all one snivelly word. He had got Cordelia doing it. He had not seen much of the child because Margaret had various means of keeping him away.

"No, you haven't," she said.

"I mean, hey. This is my child here."

"Certainly, Donny," Margaret told him. "If you say so."

And that was that, and so, she thought, to bed. But no, the phone began its song and dance and she had Kimmie on the line. Kimmie was Margaret's schoolgirl chum and former patient.

"Oh, Kimmie," she said. "It's so late."

Kimmie was professor of composition at a small women's college in New England and a published poet. Margaret had been visiting with her on a business and shopping trip to the Northeast.

"Margaret!" Kimmie asked breathlessly. "Did you take my car? My car is utterly gone. Vanished from the driveway."

"We discussed this, Kimmie."

"We did?"

"We certainly did. I borrowed it to drive to the train. I left it at the station. How can you not remember?"

She and Kimmie had planned to shop for early-American art and antiques along New York Route 22. Arriving, Margaret had found her friend, who was seriously bipolar, in a state approaching raving mania. To punish her, Margaret had taken Kimmie's battered Jaguar XJ6 and driven it to D.C. in partial payment to the Smiling Lascar.

"At the station? But I'm stranded. I'm marooned, you see, and I can't..."

"It's autumn break, Kimmie. You don't need to go anywhere." In the end, she had simply to insist. Kimmie had forgotten about the loan as a result of her medication. Or of not taking it. Or something. After a while she pressed the red button on Kimmie and switched



DON OREHEK

the phone off. Then she checked on young Jim and went to bed.

It was midmorning when Cordelia and Slash arrived. Margaret looked them over in their bib overalls and work shirts. Cordelia's getup fit badly. She wore a Depression-style gray tweed cap turned backward.

"You're late. I hope you brought everything?" Then she performed a stylized double take. "By the way, your mustache is ratlike," she told Donny. "What have you done to it?"

Donny Slash, who had come in wearing a suave cheery smile, lost his composure. He was always trying to impress Margaret favorably. But Margaret's secret attraction to him was a gratuitous grace over which he had no control at all.

"Whattya mean, Slim?"

"Never mind."

Cordelia giggled. The twisted relationship between her mother and Slash amused her.

"I've identified this awful man," Margaret explained. She meant she had acquired bits and pieces of the Bowers' life and documents from an addicted antiques runner who had become aware of Mrs. Bower's collection. The man saw the Bowers regularly at auctions. On the day after her return from Kimmie's the runner had spotted Bower at the museum and called her. Although she had actually been a psychiatrist, her name was not Cerwin.

"By the way, Cordy, are you whacked, my darling?" She turned on Donny, who fidgeted and blinked under Margaret's fierce glance. Blinking was his shot at showing an honest countenance.

"Fuck no!" Cordelia said.

"Fuck no? Because your lips are purple. And your friend!" She addressed Donny with a humorless smile. "You're whacked also. And you smell of beer. You're drunk. You've both been up all night slamming crystal. God bless us and save us!"

"No, man," said Donny. "We're cool. We're down."

"Cool? How cool you're cool, you moron!"

"Hey, Slim, man," Donny said, repentant. "It's all good."

"Do you know what this means?" Margaret asked. "It means we'll have to call Desirée." Desirée was a Haitian girl who often minded the baby. "I'll have to cancel the Lascar. I'll have to expose my posterior on the open road. You can't drive." She turned on Cordelia. "Cordy can't drive. She has warrants. Oh God," she moaned, "the two of you."

"Don't let her come!" Cordelia implored Donny. "It's such a drag when she comes."

"Yeah, sure," Slash said.

"Well, it is," said Cordelia savagely. "Mother." She pronounced the word with the irony of the street.

"Shame on you," Margaret said. "And take off that stupid hat."

It was close to noon when they arrived in Calverton and parked on the road a few yards up from the Bowers' house. Margaret looked as chic as a middle-aged woman in white coveralls ever could but she was annoyed at the delays.

"Check it out."

Slash started out of the truck.

"Not you," Margaret told him. "Cordy."

Cordy returned to say that the coast was clear.

"No system?" Slash asked.

Margaret laughed bitterly, snorted. "He didn't set it. People like him often don't."

They drove up to the house.

"Even if they'd set the system," said Donny, "I coulda disarmed it."

"Yes, you're wonderful, Slash," Margaret said. She only addressed him as Slash to torment him. "Now check the weather vane." She indicated the metal instrument on the roof. It had the form of a killer whale and was handsomely wrought.

"Nice," said Donny.

"Nice. So can you?"

"Sort of a hassle. But yeah." He turned and looked down the wooded driveway behind them. "Think it's cool?" From somewhere in the middle distance they heard the whine of a chain saw. Someone cutting firewood. Cordelia, without her bomber jacket or tweed cap, was jumping up and down out of high spirits and to keep warm.

"Let it go," Margaret told him. "Maybe we can take it when we're weather-vane shopping. Open the door, please."

"Dead bolt?"

"He didn't use two keys."

Slash tried and failed to open the door with a credit card. Then he applied the Halligan bar his cousins had stolen from a West Virginia state police car. The door, lopsidedly, fell open.

"Open fuckin' sesame! Perfecto Garcia!"

Margaret brushed past him and the couple followed her. Inside they put on their rubber gloves and took up items as Margaret directed. As she watched through a window, they carried furniture and bric-a-brac outside and stashed it in the rental truck on padded mover's quilts.

"*Doucement*," Margaret advised them. "Gently."

After their exertions her two assistants both began to tremble with cold and the drug.

"Let's go," Cordelia whined. She had begun jumping again, in the Bowers' living room, and was working herself into a state. "Let's go before some asshole comes. Like joggers or..."

Donny, annoyed, grabbed her arm to hush her and discourage her bouncing. Cold as it was, they watched Margaret unbutton her leather coat and take a pearl-handled straight razor from one of the pockets and hasten

Evan Williams® Bourbon

CLASSIC BOURBON MANHATTAN

¾ oz. Sweet Vermouth

1½ oz. Evan Williams
Bourbon

Pour over ice into
a cocktail glass.

Garnish with a cherry.



For more drink recipes, visit
evanwilliams.com



Think Wisely. Drink Wisely. Evan Williams Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. Distilled in Kentucky. Bottled by Old Evan Williams Distillery, Bardstown, KY 40004 43% Alc./Vol. © 2008

into the bathroom. Very shortly she emerged. Her face was contorted with what appeared to be rage.

"Let's go, Slash," Cordelia said, pulling him toward the door.

They stood just outside the crippled, half-open door. Inside the house, they could hear Margaret screaming, the smash of glass and crockery, the rending of cloth.

"What?" he demanded. "What the fuck?"

"You've never seen her do this before? This is like her signature mode." She moved from the door with an expression of pity and distaste. "Oh Jesus, I hate it."

"Does what? What's she doing?"

"You'll find out."

Slash stepped inside and came out again.

"Jeez," he said, "she's cuttin' it up pretty good. She's wired. Bad."

Cordelia shook her head and sighed impatiently.

"Yeah, she's like loot and pillage."

He and Cordelia stood shivering, watching the driveway, until Margaret appeared. She looked quite composed, if a little unsteady and breathing audibly. Donny and Cordelia said nothing.

"Okay," Margaret said. "*Tout finis*. Let's roll."

They had driven the truck only a few miles along the highway when Donny saw a flashing bluey in his rearview mirror. A startling burst of siren rose and fell. Cordelia, crouching behind the seats, cursed and moaned.

"What?" Donny asked Margaret.

"Were you speeding?"

"No way."

"Well, pull over." She turned back to Cordelia. "Relax, dear. We'll survive."

The cruiser that had pulled them

over belonged to the town cops. There was only one of them, quite a young man. He wore cheap sunglasses so that Margaret could not be sure how stupid he was.

"I only wear handcuffs when I'm being fucked," Margaret whispered. She was joking to encourage them. The cop got out and stood just to the rear of the driver's side door, looking in at Cordelia.

"License and registration," he told Donny. Donny had a forged but well-made Virginia driver's license. The cop gave them all the once-over and stepped back and away to read the documents. He did not return them. From her side, Margaret leaned across Slash to address the young policeman.

"A problem, officer?"

He looked at her without apparent expression.

"Where you all coming from?"

"From Princeton, New Jersey," Margaret declared. "Actually we're on our way home."

"Where to?"

"Across the bay. I have a house in Fredericksburg."

"What about you, sir?" the cop asked Slash.

"Little Creek, Virginia. See, we're driving her. Moving some furniture." He was blinking stupidly in all directions. Margaret gave him an elbow.

"Didn't take 95?"

"Thirteen is so much more pleasant," said Margaret. "Sometimes faster, too."

The cop turned on Cordelia in her lair behind the seats.

"That true?"

"Yes, it is," Cordelia answered, sounding like her mother.

"This lady your mom?"

"Yes, she is."

"You family too?" the officer asked Donny.

"No," Donny said. He showed the officer his top-of-the-line smile. "Hired help."

"That right?" he asked the ladies.

"Well, yes," Margaret answered a bit impatiently. After a moment the officer handed Donny the registration and license.

"Have a nice day, ma'am." He took a last glance at Donny Slash. "Drive carefully, sir."

When the cop had vanished from sight, Donny and Cordelia whooped with joy.

"Oh, Moms! You're like so great!" She was, in the end, her mother's greatest admirer.

"Hey, Slim," Donny yelled. "You're awesome, man."

He took one hand off the wheel to offer Margaret a high five. She condescended to return it.

"Everybody loves you when you're somebody else," she explained.



"Would I steer you wrong?"



SEMINOLES

(continued from page 56)

Its tail would give you an erection if you tickled your balls with it. I thought God had given me what I wanted, so I shot him between the eyes."

Billie took the carcass back to his *chickee*. Word got out among the tribe that he had killed a panther, and 30 Indians were waiting for him. He skinned and cooked the meat over a fire and shared it with his tribe. The Seminoles always shared what they had. It was a custom that would change as the tribe became wealthy. The Seminoles were socialists for their first 400 years and capitalists for the past 40. The next morning two Florida game wardens arrested Billie for killing an endangered species. The judge who presided over his trial told him, "Your grandfather hunted with my daddy in the Everglades." Then the judge said, "I heard you told reporters that panther meat tasted like a cross between bald eagle and manatee."

"That wasn't me, Your Honor," Jimmy said. "I never ate a bald eagle or a manatee." The judge said, "That doesn't matter. The world's going to believe that's what you said anyway."



As Billie walks across the diner in the jaunty way of cocky little men who don't think of themselves as small, people look up, their faces breaking into smiles. He works the room until finally he sits down. While he eats, he says, "When the tribe banished me, they took away my land, sold my cattle and kept me from running for the council again. They wanted to eliminate anything I'd ever done, anything tied to me." Then with a smile he adds, "Listen, I wasn't the most innocent guy either. But I was the leader. The others weren't. I was expected to be the leader, and maybe the others were envious." Rob Saunooke, his lawyer, is a Cherokee from North Carolina. He told Billie what the council was doing was illegal and pressured him to take his case to the federal courts. Billie said he didn't want to be a part of the white man's justice; he would rely on Indian justice. In fact, he told one member of the council who was going to vote to retain him not to do so. "Don't vote for me," Billie said, "or you're going to lose. Protect yourself and vote against me."

Saunooke, at 43, is a big beefy man with jet-black hair. He played football for Brigham Young University and still looks like an offensive lineman. "I met James through my father when I was eight. God, he was the coolest guy in the world. He personified to me what an Indian was supposed to be. You can drop him off in the Everglades with nothing, and three days later he'll walk out fatter than when he went in."

James Billie was an orphan, although he bristles at the term. "What does

that mean, an orphan? I had a mother and a father. When do you become an orphan? When your parents die? What if they die when you're 60—does that make you an orphan then?" Billie can't countenance a victim mentality. "Indians are always complaining that the white man took their land," he says, "but they never reached down with their own bootstraps to do something. They're always looking for government handouts. I call them the hang-around-the-fort Indians. If I'm supposed to be such a proud Indian, why can't I use the resources I got and get on my feet?"

Billie plays down the fact that he never knew his English-Irish father, that his mother died when he was nine and that his grandparents died when he was 12. He went to live with Max Osceola, the boyhood friend he would later tell not to vote for him at that council meeting. But mostly Billie spent his boyhood in the swamps.

"I was a typical savage," he says. "It's from the French, *sauvage*. It doesn't mean 'brutal.' It means 'someone who excels in the woods.' I slept under trees and fantasized about girls I didn't know anything about. I was as traditional as you could get. I was like a bird. I got up in the morning and looked for something to eat. I hunted all the time. I killed deer, bear, fowl, wild hogs—with a blowgun, a bow and arrows, a slingshot, but not a gun."

His grandparents enrolled Billie in the white elementary school in Delray Beach. He often played hooky and went into the woods, which is why, he says, "I was the biggest kid in first grade. I failed first, second and third grades and couldn't read until I was 10. But I knew how to swing from a tree like a little jungle boy. I was a hero to the white kids because I lived and hunted in the swamp and they couldn't."

Billie joined the U.S. Army on April Fool's Day 1965. He was sent to Vietnam as a long-range reconnaissance scout. He went into the jungle, 40 miles from base camp, and scouted Viet Cong troop movements. After his tour of duty was up and he was scheduled to return home, he reenlisted. "I couldn't leave my men," he says. "I saw what had happened when another patrol got a new leader and the whole patrol was wiped out. In the Army everyone looked up to me because I was an Indian. I never experienced white prejudice. My Indian blood gave me an advantage in life that my white blood never did. I was always accepted by whites because I worked and didn't get drunk. My grandparents always worked too and didn't drink. My grandfather carved spears for the tourists, and my grandmother made dolls out of palmetto fiber and sold them to white tourists."

When Billie was a teenager he depended on gator meat and hides for his livelihood. When he walked home with a gator carcass slung over his shoulder, along a two-lane blacktop

A Gift Says "I Love You"



Ask for **FREE** Great Sex DVD with order!

St. Patrick's Day Gift!

Sheer silk chiffon shirt has solid cuffs, collar and button-down front. Lime, Black, White. Silk Shirt \$39 Thong \$15 S-3XL

panties.com
800-726-7035

...because lingerie is the gift that touches her when you can't

Use Maxoderm CONNECTION® **FREE TODAY!** *see details below

The SECRET to Amazing SEX!
—a letter from T.J.

I had the most amazing experience with my boyfriend recently. Lately he had been having confidence issues in AND out of bed. I was concerned the relationship was about to end.



Then one day he completely surprised me. Confident, aggressive, he made all the right moves. I felt sensations I never felt before, in places I forgot existed. Honestly, it was the BEST SEX I'VE EVER HAD!

His secret weapon ... a magical product called **Maxoderm CONNECTION**, a topical lotion that's applied to your "intimate" areas. A delicate blend of ingredients, it helps improve stimulation directly at the source - that's when amazing things start to happen. He achieves stronger feeling erections while my orgasms go through the roof!

Anyone who wants mind-blowing intimacy ALL THE TIME needs to get **Maxoderm CONNECTION!** Call **1-800-697-0860** Today or visit www.maxodermct.com to get a **FREE MONTH SUPPLY** with your Risk Free Trial.



T.J.

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease. The information featured above has been compiled from actual letters we've received from a few of our many satisfied customers. Customer testimonial results may not be typical.

in the Everglades, cars would stop and pull over. White tourists would offer him a few dollars if they could take his picture with the gator.

"It dawned on me then that people were interested in the fascinating, the unique," Billie says. "So I thought I'd live up to those fantasies. If people were afraid to handle poisonous snakes, I'd grab the snakes and the cameras would click. If people would pay to hear Seminole stories, truth or lies, I'd tell them. If they'd pay to see me wrestling gators, I'd wrestle them."

When he got out of the service he started Billie's Swamp Safari, an excursion for whites to see authentic Seminole life. He would use the fascination with all things Seminole to sell things to them. Tall tales. Gator wrestling. Tax-free cigarettes. Bingo parlors. Casino gambling.

The reservation to which Billie returned after Vietnam was a dispiriting place, as it had been since the Seminoles first began migrating to Florida reservations. His people subsisted on welfare checks, a few hundred dollars a month, and food stamps. There were no jobs except Indian jobs: wrestling gators, selling trinkets, looking for handouts. It was a place without hope.

In the early 1970s Seminole life would change for the better by a seemingly inconsequential act. Howard Tommie, the chairman of the Seminole Tribal Council, hired Osley Saunooke, Rob's father,

to establish the Florida Governor's Council on Indian Affairs. Osley's father, a huge bear of a man at six feet five inches and 369 pounds, was a professional wrestler known as the Chief. He encouraged his son to go to college (Brigham Young) and law school (University of New Mexico). Osley was the first member of his family to get a college education. After law school he worked for the National Congress of American Indians until he got the offer from Tommie to work for the Seminoles. "Howard was the most beautiful Indian I ever saw," says Osley, 66. "He wanted to explore ways the tribe could make some money." Osley scouted out other tribes to see how they were sur-

living and came across Ray and Bertha Turnipseed. Bertha was the chairwoman of the Puyallup tribe in Tacoma, Washington. She ran a smoke shop on the reservation and sold tax-free cigarettes. It was one of the white man's sops to the Indians—the right to sell tobacco without paying taxes—because the Indians had introduced the white man to tobacco more than 400 years ago.

"Bertha was looking for a new market," says Osley, "and she had her eye on Florida, which had one of the country's highest cigarette taxes." When Osley broached this possibility to Tommie, Tommie told him to get in touch with his young protégé, James E. Billie, whom Tommie would choose to be his successor, in 1979.

Seminoles. They realized they had certain rights on the reservation that could be turned to their advantage. Those rights were solidified in 1975 when Congress passed the Indian Self-Determination Act, which essentially made all Indian reservations sovereign nations. Indians could have their own police forces, governments and businesses so long as those businesses did not violate state and federal law.

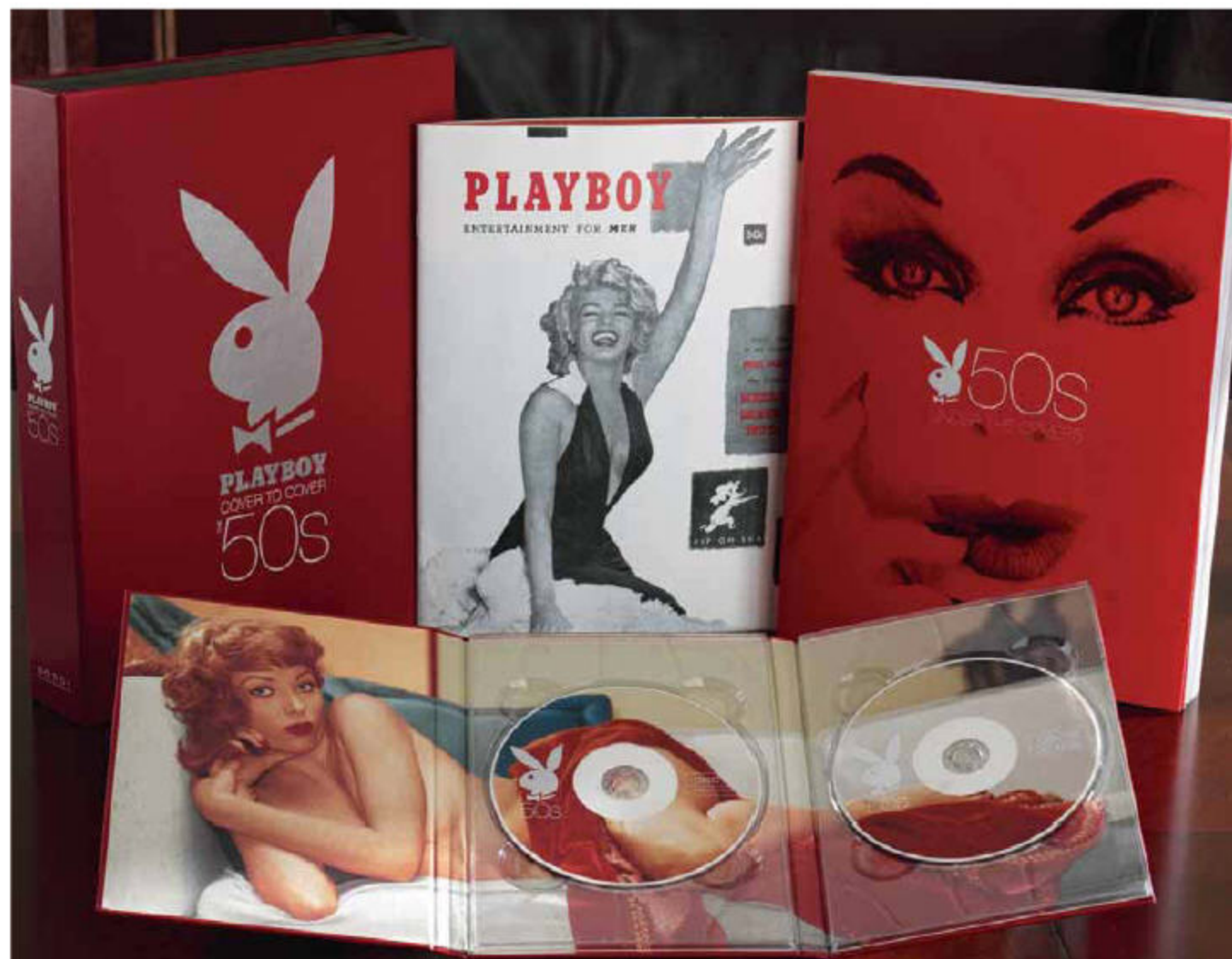
It occurred to Osley that the Indian Self-Determination Act could be the perfect loophole for Seminoles to open a dog track. But he realized these laws were too ambiguous for the tribe to convince the state. Besides, the costs of starting up a dog track would be prohibitive. Osley began looking for another

gambling venue. It would have to be one the state already approved in some form for, say, churches and VFWs. In other words, the gambling venue couldn't violate state laws, but it could stretch them.

"I personally selected the Hard Rock identification for our casino," Billie tells me as we drive to a job. "It was a choice between Hard Rock and Jimmy Buffett's Margaritaville. I felt people were fascinated by rock and roll. Gaming was the savior of my people. They no longer had to live in *chickees* or HUD homes. They had nice houses now. The downside? There were problems. This windfall gave them false confidence. Guys were cocky to me now: 'Chief Billie, you still

stealing money?' Yesterday he had nothing; now he's got a false sense of ego that he's successful."

Rob Saunooke is not so sanguine about the effects of gambling money on the Seminoles. "For 200 years Indians subsisted on government handouts," he says. "Gambling is still a handout, only a lot bigger, \$10,000 a month for every Seminole. An armored truck pulls up to the tribal offices at the end of every month with millions in cash. No Indian wants a check or a bank account. They don't trust institutions. They spend it. They're a paycheck-to-paycheck society. They pay cash for boats, cars, clothes, jewelry, trips." The Seminoles don't



This exclusive digital collection, the first volume of the *Playboy Cover to Cover* series to be published by decade, offers access to every 1950s issue. Each issue is contained in an easily and quickly searchable archive on your Mac or PC. Package contains one DVD-ROM disk, one install disk, a reprint of the very first issue, featuring Marilyn Monroe, and a 224-page companion book.

13193 *Playboy Cover to Cover: The 50s Digital Collection* \$100

Order today at playboystore.com and receive FREE shipping.

Enter source code **MG762** during checkout to receive free standard shipping and handling on your first U.S. order and to see offer details. Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (*NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.) (Canadian orders accepted.) We accept most major credit cards.

©2008 Playboy

have a history of domestic living like, for example, the Cherokees in the mountains of North Carolina, who lived in log cabins. Besides, their land is held in trust by the government; the Seminoles can't sell it. Why build an expensive home on the reservation that you can never sell except to another Seminole?

"These are people with no training, no abilities, no requirements to get a job, a college degree, to do anything but spend their money," says Rob. "At 18 kids get checks, buy a car, get high and kill themselves in a crash. It's a cycle. We've become a dependent independent nation." Rob pauses, then says slowly, "You go ask James Billie, if he could start gaming again for the Seminoles, would he? I don't think so."

When Osley was researching the feasibility of a dog track on the Seminole reservation, he discussed his idea with Jack Cooper, an investor in the West Flagler Dog Track. One night on TV Cooper's wife saw a documentary about starving children in Asia. She asked her husband if he could help start a charity for those children. Cooper said he would take it up with his associate, Meyer Lansky, with whom he had breakfast almost every morning at Wolfie's, a Jewish deli in Miami Beach. When Cooper broached the idea of a charity for Asian children, Lansky asked, "Why bother going all the way to Asia? The Seminoles are right here. They're poor, they need help." Cooper asked how. Lansky said the magic word: *bingo*. Cooper went back to Osley and repeated that word.

"When I brought it up to Howard," says Osley, "he was afraid bingo would jeopardize the tribe's cigarette business with the state." Then Tommie did what he often did when a venture disturbed him but still sounded interesting: He suggested Osley take up the idea with Billie. That's how most of the leaders of the council dealt with the impetuous and risk-taking James Billie. If there was a risky venture the state might sue over, they let Billie take it on. If he was successful, the tribe approved his venture. If he failed, they washed their hands of it. "Let James Billie take the blame"—that's how the tribe operated for 27 years," says Rob Saunooke.

Someone put a folder on Billie's desk one day in the late 1970s. He opened it and saw the word *bingo*. He took that proposal to Tommie. "I told him, 'We can make \$3 million the first year.' But Howard had no interest in it," says Billie. "To protect him I never mentioned his name again in relation to bingo. In fact, when I put the bingo proposal in front of the tribe in 1979, they tried to impeach me. They were afraid we'd step on the toes of the Miami archbishop or the state."

Jessica Cattelino, a University of Chicago cultural anthropologist, spent a year studying the Seminoles for her book

High Stakes: Florida Seminole Gaming, Sovereignty, and the Social Meanings of Casino Wealth. "Most Seminoles don't think in terms of the individual," she says, "but of the tribe. If a Seminole wins a prize, he gets up quickly to accept it and sits down quickly so as not to be noticed. They hedge strong opinions because they don't want to be singled out. The tribe reflects the collective will, not the charismatic individual."

Billie is a charismatic individual, but the Seminoles didn't appreciate one of their leaders taking credit for things he'd done for the tribe. "The Seminoles would not be where they are today without James Billie's charisma," says Cattelino. Another expert on the Seminoles says, "Billie cut some amazing deals for his people. He's smart, charismatic, a talented politician. But everywhere he goes he leaves a trail that hurts him, and he outlives his usefulness."

Florida state law differentiated between businesses that were regulatory versus prohibitory. Prostitution, for example, was prohibited. Bingo was allowed but regulated by the state at small-stakes venues like churches. If a business was regulatory, the Seminoles as an independent nation could step into the state's shoes and regulate themselves. "We were going to do bingo games that offered high-stakes prizes like \$1,000, not coffeepots," says Billie.

Kim Eisler, a Washington, D.C. writer and expert on Indian gaming, says, "The state couldn't shut down Seminole bingo unless it shut down church bingo. Still, the state tried and lost in the U.S. Supreme Court." Emboldened, the Seminoles opened their high-stakes bingo hall in an auditorium across the highway from their first smoke shop. It was such a success for the tribe that 12 years later, in 1991, Billie had the bright idea to bring in a kind of electronic bingo machine that resembled a Las Vegas slot machine, which was still prohibited on the Seminole reservation.

"In 1991 I was told bingo machines were illegal," says Billie, "I said, 'Fuck it! I'm going ahead anyway. I can only go to jail.' I thought they were challengeable by the state but that we could win. So I snuck them in. Now, Jim Shore, the tribe's lawyer, was afraid of this. He said I'd have to do it without the council's permission. On my own I brought in the machines on boats, and they immediately produced more money for the tribe than we could dream of." Bringing in bingo slots on "go-fasters," he eluded the Coast Guard just like 1980s pot smugglers from Florida City. It's the kind of thing Billie likes and today's Seminoles abhor. Danger, risk taking, doing battle against the government as Billie's Seminole ancestors or Meyer Lansky had. "You know, I never met Meyer Lansky," says

LIBERATOR® BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

CASANOVA

USE NIGHTLY AS PRESCRIBED

LIBERATOR WEDGE/RAMP®

YOUR CURE FOR ROUTINE



NEW ANGLES, NEW POSITIONS, NEW SENSE OF SEXUAL WELL-BEING

www.liberator.com

Phone
1-866-542-7283

Dr. Feel Good



Playboy's Privacy Notice

We occasionally make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products or services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive these offers or information, please let us know by writing to us at:

Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.
c/o CDS
P.O. Box 2007
Harlan, IA 51593-0222
e-mail PLYcustserv@cdsfulfillment.com
tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

Playboy, date of production: February 2008. Custodian of Records is Ben Taylor. All records required by law to be maintained by publisher are located at 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Contents copyright © 2008 by Playboy.

Billie, "but he helped the Seminoles get on their feet, and he refused to take any financial stake in our bingo. I think that's the neatest thing on earth."

Jim Shore was in his 20s when he was blinded in a car accident. When he graduated from law school, Billie was there. "I saw him, blind, sitting by himself. I thought, Where's he going to go? So I hired him and put him under the tribal wing. But he acted as if he were an advocate for the state, not for the Seminoles. I said, 'Don't tell me I can't do this, I can't do that. You're supposed to be working for the Seminoles, not trying to impose state law on us.'" Then Billie says, "When I told him something, it would be all over the community the next day. I couldn't trust him. He was always using semantics to avoid things. I'd give him some papers, and when I asked about them, he'd say, 'I didn't see the papers.' Of course not, asshole. You're blind!"

In 2001 Shore led the tribal-council revolt against Billie. When Shore was shot three times inside his home, in 2002, a lot of Seminoles thought they knew who the shooter was. Osley Saunooke thinks they're wrong. "I never met a tougher

guy in my life than James Billie," says Osley. "I wouldn't want to meet him in a dark alley if he was mad at me. If James Billie said he was going to shoot you, you might as well wait out in the middle of the street and let him. If he wanted to kill Jim Shore, he wouldn't have shot him three times and let him live. Jim Shore was the worst thing that ever happened to the Seminoles. He was against gaming; he was against everything. It was James who grew gaming through bingo. Now, James can be arrogant, but he's really a sweetheart. After all the tribe did to him he never tried to get even."

"Why would I shoot Jim Shore?" asks Billie. "He was blind. If I had wanted to kill him, I would have hit him over the head with a bat. Whoever did shoot him put three .22-caliber bullets in his shoulder. If I shot him, he'd be dead."

Billie is more Natty Bumppo than Chingachgook. He is a man caught between two worlds. "I'm loyal to Seminoles," he says, "but I'm loyal to Uncle Sam, too." A fervent Seminole traditionalist, he says, "The most valuable thing for us is our native heritage and sovereignty." Then he adds, "But I was never tight with any Seminoles.

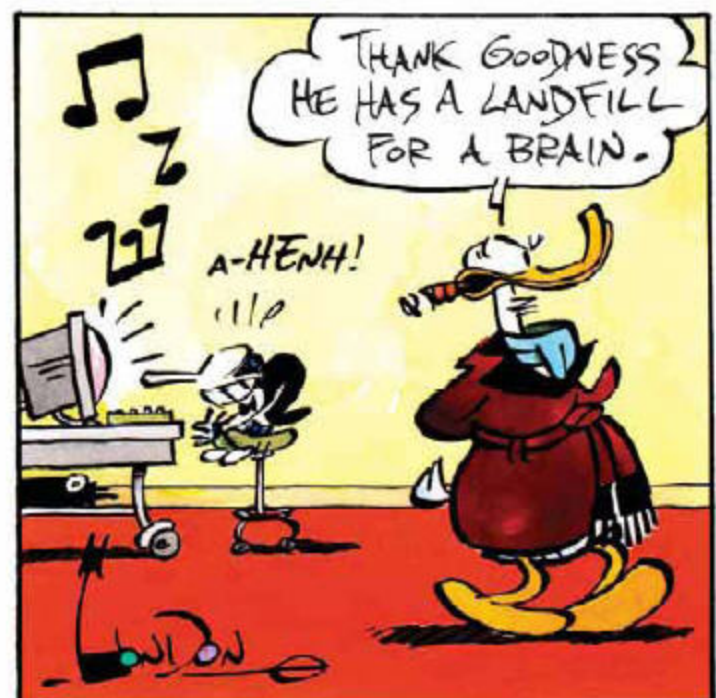
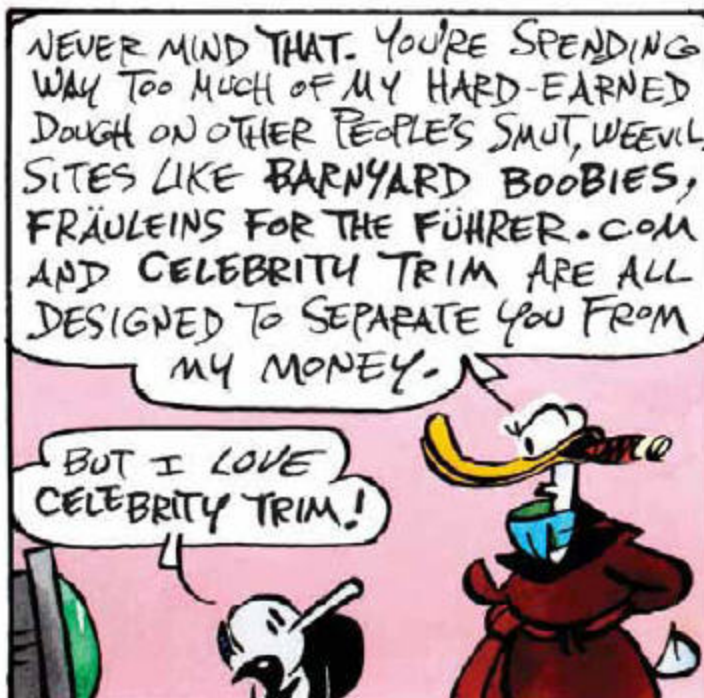
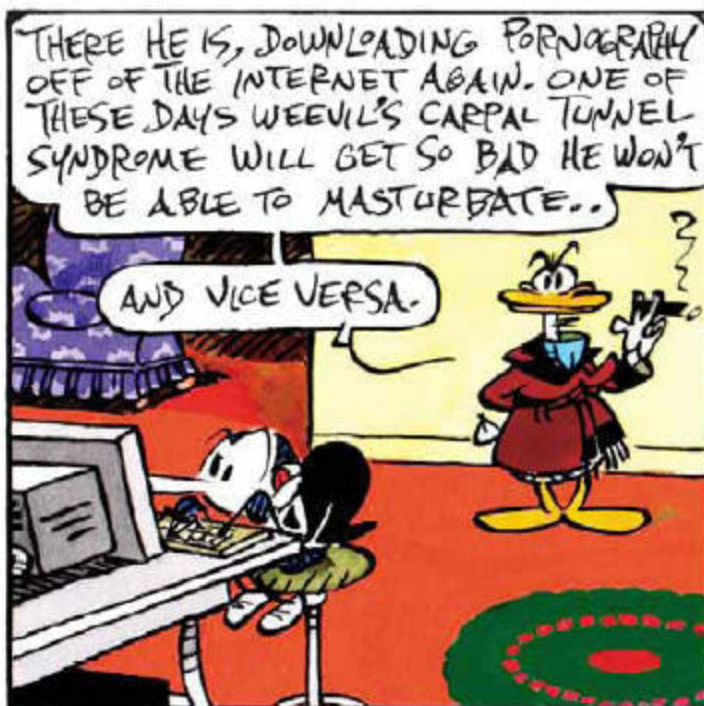
I'm tight with my six [white] buddies from Vietnam. If I need help, I call them."

From 1979, when Billie was elected chairman of the Seminole Tribal Council, until 2001, when that same council began proceedings to banish him, Billie ruled the council as a benevolent despot. Other members deferred to him because of his personal charisma, his white man's (i.e., business) expertise and his concern for his people, and because it was in the other councilmen's nature to defer to someone willing to take all the risks.

Billie was the council. He was, in most people's eyes, the Seminole tribe. He was given credit for growing Seminole gaming from a bingo parlor to a Las Vegas-style casino after the federal government passed the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act in 1988. At the time, the Seminoles ran only Class II gaming ventures, which means bingo slots and poker but not other table games or Vegas slots. Still, the Seminoles were so successful that other tribes, particularly the Pequots, visited their casinos to see how they were run. When the Pequots opened their own Connecticut casino, Foxwoods, which included Class III gaming, the Seminoles were criticized for being too cautious by not pushing

Dirty Duck

by Bobby London





2 FOR THE TROOPS™

Send the R & R of a great cigar
You get great cigars and so will the troops

With your purchase of this offer, we'll send two
BONUS cigars from you to our troops overseas!

Compare at \$100,
Special Introductory Offer
ONLY \$29⁹⁵

Save 70% on Premium Handmade Cigars

The Thompson Powerhouse Sixteen
includes Macanudo, A. Fuente, Partagas,
La Gloria, C.A.O., & more...

Here's your chance to savor 16 exquisitely crafted, hand-rolled cigars from some of the most elite cigar makers in existence. In addition to the legends mentioned above you'll also find Padron, Gurkha and more in the Thompson Powerhouse Sixteen. This amazing collection of premium cigars has an unbelievable introductory price of just \$29.95!

For over 90 years Thompson Cigar has been offering cigar aficionados premium quality, handmade cigars at incredibly low prices. Cigars aren't just our business; they've been our passion for almost a century!

Don't miss this opportunity to indulge in 16 incredible smokes, each a legend in its own right. Call 1-866-270-0304 or visit us online at www.thompsoncigar.com for this amazing low price. Supplies are limited, so order yours today!

1-866-270-0304

www.thompsoncigar.com

To get this special offer online, just type T7753
in our home page search bar and click GO

**Get your Powerhouse 16 Sampler
with 2 For The Troops™ Deal now!**

One each of 16 top-notch brands for ONLY \$29.95 + \$4.95 shipping (#S988159). (All shipments to AK, HI, Guam, Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico must go priority mail - add an additional \$10.00. Florida residents add 6% sales tax + appropriate county tax). We cannot ship tobacco products to Maine. Remittance of any taxes on orders shipped to a location outside of Florida is the responsibility of the purchaser. In the event we are out of a Premium brand, Thompson reserves the right to substitute another premium brand cigar, of equal or greater value, in its place. All written orders MUST include your signature and date of birth. Limit one per customer.

OFFER EXPIRES 6/30/08

NOT AVAILABLE TO MINORS
AND GOOD ONLY IN THE USA

Dept. T7753



America's Oldest Mail Order
Cigar Company, Est 1915
P.O. Box 31274
Tampa, FL 33631-3274
Fax: 813-882-4605

for Class III gaming too. Osley Saunooke says the Seminoles' problem was the "tribe didn't have adequate representation," which is a reference to Jim Shore. Billie says the Seminoles' problem was that "the Pequots had the state on their side" and the Seminoles didn't.

The money from the Seminoles' Class II gaming and smoke shops produced monthly stipends for each of the tribe's members, beginning at \$100 a year in 1979 and growing to \$3,000 a month in 2001. By then each of the four other council members, at Billie's instigation, was pocketing around \$6 million in discretionary income; Billie got \$15 million a year. While the average Seminole was finally able to lead a decent middle-class life, the members of the council were living large. Billie himself was living very large.

The Seminole bingo casino in Hollywood did not have a stellar reputation in the gaming community. "The feeling was that Foxwoods was a sophisticated casino," says Kim Eisler, "but the Seminoles' was low-grade and crooked. Too many bingo jackpots were being won by tribal relatives." In fact, over a one-year period one Seminole woman won 22 jackpots totaling \$532,000 and another hit 57 jackpots totaling \$475,000. Billie defends those Seminole jackpots in his best Al Sharpton umbrage. "An Indian wins one jackpot and everybody notices," he says. "A bunch of white people win one and nobody notices. Go to the casino and you'll see Indian women eyeballing the white ladies playing the slots. They eyeball them for hours, and when they leave at midnight the Indians jump in

and pour money into their slots. You can't say Indians are stupid."

At the height of his powers Billie moved in a rarefied atmosphere. He negotiated deals with Donald Trump and Steve Wynn. "The only difference," he says, "was if I negotiated a \$900 million deal with them, their money went to them. Mine went to the tribe." One day he flew into Vegas on a commercial flight to meet Wynn at the airport. Wynn flew in on his private jet. He said to Billie, "James, when you're successful you have to look successful, not like you're a poverty-stricken Indian. I fly people to Vegas from Hong Kong on that jet. They spend \$5 million and \$10 million at my casinos."

"I said to myself, Okay, I'm going to look successful," Billie says. He bought Ferdinand Marcos's private jet for the tribe. "I wanted the world to know the Seminoles had their own private jet," says Billie, "that we were setting the world on fire. The Seminoles needed to meet important people and learn to put their money in a bank and let it grow. We were wealthy enough to pay people to teach us the right things to do."

Beyond the reservation, however, people began to question the tribe's spending: the \$12.5 million paid to Howard Tommie, as well as his two Fort Lauderdale homes, one for himself and the other for his ex-wife; and Billie's \$9 million jet, his cars, his land in Oklahoma, his 47-foot yacht—which in south Florida is not really a yacht but a boat—the money he had sunk into a hotel and cattle ranch in Nicaragua and an offshore Internet gambling site in the Caribbean. Billie

defended his expenditures, saying it was mostly his money invested from his discretionary fund. "I was always looking at a thousand things, and maybe one would work," he says.

But it wasn't only the millions he spent on tribal ventures that brought the tribe public criticism; it was also the personal greed of individual council members, in particular Max Osceola and brothers David and Mitchell Cypress. They acted, says Rob Saunooke, "like they'd won the lottery and could spend without discretion. I told them they had to justify their expenditures with receipts. I said there were tax issues. They couldn't just give tribal dollars to someone and not pay taxes. Max bought a \$150,000 boat for his daughter. He said it was for the community. I asked where it was kept. He said, 'My daughter drives it.'"

Billie describes his fellow councilmen as being "like kids in a candy store. They were putting their discretionary funds in their own pocket. They were taking bids on projects over budget and pocketing the extra money. These guys only knew what they could stick into their pockets for themselves. I demanded accountability, and that eventually got me kicked out of the tribe. They accused me of stealing \$20 million. I stole nothing."

Billie's downfall began innocuously enough with a game of pool in 2001. David Cypress told Billie he wanted to fly the tribe's billiards team to a tournament in Las Vegas on the tribal jet. It would cost only \$1 million. Billie said David had already spent his discretionary fund in the third month of the year. David threatened to bring up the team's trip money to the council for a vote; he would need only two of the five members to vote with him to get his million. Mitchell Cypress agreed to vote with him, and Osceola said he'd vote with him too if he could get a million dollars for himself. The three men didn't call a council meeting: They just phoned in their votes to the tribal offices.

"David got his million over James's objections," says Rob Saunooke. "This was the first time the council ever did anything over James's veto. Previously, James would bring business to the tribe and they'd approve it. Now, when James told them they had to keep down their spending, they realized they had challenged him successfully for the first time."

In 2001 *The St. Petersburg Times* ran a story about Seminole gaming. The paper asked Billie for an interview, and he put them in touch with his personal lawyer, Rob Saunooke, who spoke for him. Saunooke said, "Jim Shore can't read because he's blind, but the tribe has someone translating everything into braille for him." The *Times* claimed he said, "You're talking about a blind man who can't read anything." (Saunooke says he was misquoted.) The council was furious and wanted to fire Saunooke on the spot, but Billie (and others) spoke up for him. The



"I'll be honest with you—the government can't get by on what you're making."

duPont REGISTRY

A BUYERS GALLERY OF FINE AUTOMOBILES®



Where the buying and selling never ends...

For 23 years, duPont REGISTRY™ has dominated the world's luxury marketplace.

On sale at newsstands everywhere.

Thousands of exotic cars for sale including Porsche, Ferrari, Lamborghini and more.

www.duPontREGISTRY.com

For more information call 888-310-2883

council softened its stance and said as long as Shore agreed to retain Saunooke, the council would vote to retain him. Shore said, "I make it a policy never to ask for forgiveness and never to forgive."

"So they fired me," says Rob Saunooke. "As James's personal attorney I had always intimidated Jim Shore. Now that they had gotten rid of me as James's lawyer, they realized they had three out of five votes against James and didn't need him anymore." But they still had to figure out a way to get rid of him. Enter Christine O'Donnell.

O'Donnell had been Billie's executive assistant for years, as well as his lover. In 2001 she told him she was pregnant with his child. Billie said he didn't think the baby was his. "I don't know about that," he says. "I just know she took care of me. I always enjoyed life. You know, the downfall of all great leaders is sex."

The tribe fired O'Donnell, and Billie paid her \$169,000 in severance. But O'Donnell went to Shore and the Cypress brothers and demanded her job back. They advised her to file a sexual harassment suit against Billie, which, if successful, would get back her job. Rob Saunooke took up Billie's case "to save James's butt," he says. Billie says, "Jim Shore, Max, David and Mitchell saw this as an opportunity to get rid of me because I was sick and tired of their spending more money than was accounted for."

Around the time O'Donnell's suit was playing out, first in federal court, where it was dismissed, and then in state court, Shore was shot. When the police talked to Billie he told the cops he was in church with two of his ex-wives the night of the murder.

By 2002 the O'Donnell suit had been settled out of court without Billie having to pay her. She did not get her job back. Frustrated, the tribal council looked around for another reason to fire Billie and came up with the \$20 million he had invested in Nicaragua and offshore gambling. They accused him of "illegal

expenditures of tribal funds." Billie sued to be put back on the ballot for future tribal-council elections. During depositions in December 2002 Shore said the tribe had the right to rescind any contract or promise it had made for any reason because the tribe was an independent nation. This would become the Seminoles' rationale. Whenever questioned about financial expenditures, contracts, accepted bids and so on, the tribe's response was always the same: As a sovereign nation, we can do whatever we want, and no one can stop us.

In 2003 the tribal council voted formally to remove Billie from the council and, informally, to remove him from all tribal affairs. The council prevented him from running for the office again because it claimed he no longer lived on the reservation. "James Billie was the main person responsible for bringing gaming to the Indians," says Rob Saunooke, "and then he was written out of Seminole gaming history. I think he believed his people would rise up to support him." But they didn't, primarily because members of the council had used their discretionary funds for years as "vote-for-me money," says Billie. They were like a benevolent charity, only they didn't provide soup kitchens. They bought Lexuses, trucks and vacations for their constituents. Why support Billie, who was preaching fiscal responsibility, when council members were lavishing them with gifts?

Before he was fired from the council Billie negotiated a deal to have the tribe's Hard Rock Hotel and Casino built in Hollywood. After his ouster the council scrapped his deal and made one of its own: The casino would be built in 2004, with fewer rooms than Billie's original deal proposed. Soon the tribe would have similar casinos on reservations in Hollywood, Tampa, Big Cypress, Immokalee and Brighton. Those casinos now produce more than \$1.5 bil-

lion in revenue for the tribe. Florida governor Charlie Crist signed an executive order in 2006 granting Seminole casinos a number of Class III gaming enterprises. The Seminoles could offer blackjack, baccarat and Vegas slots if they promised to pay the state at least \$100 million a year, which would be the first time since 1979 the tribe paid any of its gaming revenue to the state. A lot of people questioned this deal. Who would hold the Seminoles to their contract when it had already been proved the tribe could not be sued for anything that happened in Indian country?

Today the Seminoles are so famous their leaders are treated like rock stars when they fly to Asia to discuss the possibility of building a Hard Rock casino or to Times Square, where Seminoles in their ancestral clothes waved to the crowd and Max Osceola told the media the tribe was going to buy back Manhattan.

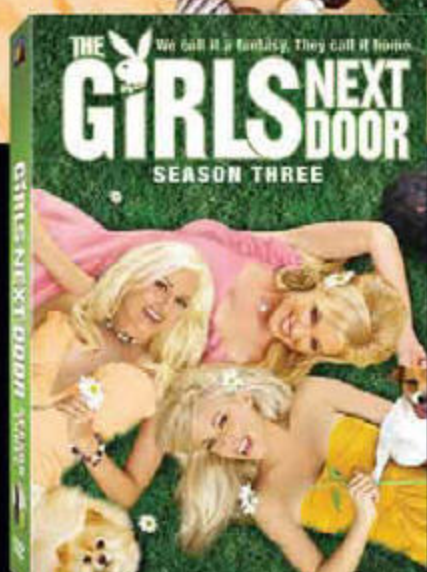
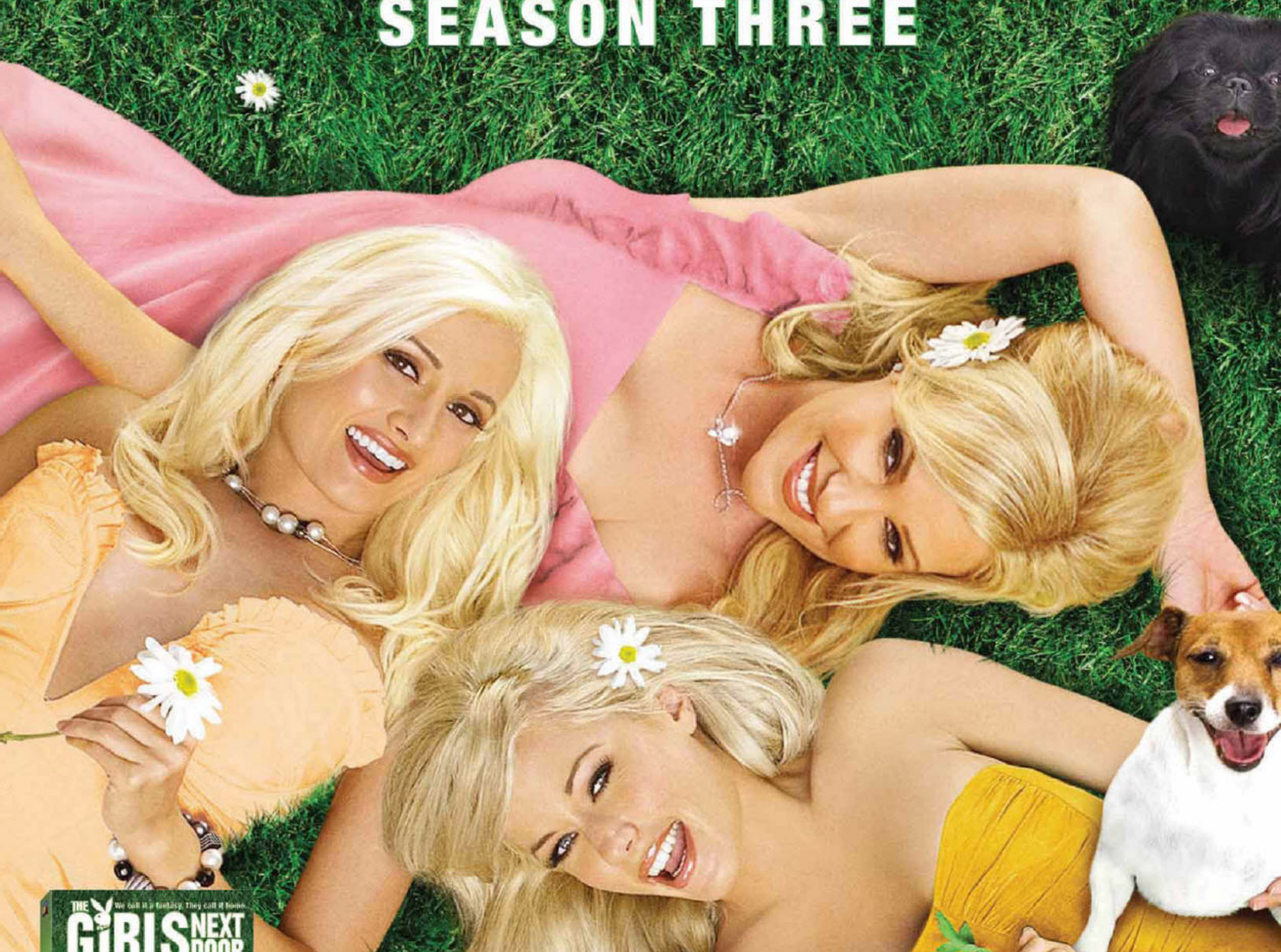
But all is not rosy in the Seminole nation. There is a perception in Florida, outside the reservation, that the Seminoles have become greedy and arrogant, possibly corrupt. There are problems linked to how the tribe spends its gaming profits, the investments into which they have entered and the perception among non-Seminoles that tribal leaders have a serious image problem. One of Billie's greatest talents, which was underappreciated by his tribe, was his astute sense of public relations. Today's Seminole leaders are either indifferent to or ignorant of the ramifications their excessive spending habits may have on the world beyond the reservation—which is why that world no longer sees the tribe as a noble people of great moral courage. The leaders see the Seminoles' sovereignty as a right, not a gift, which is what it is: a gift from the federal government to atone for its sins against the Seminoles. But the white man's guilt is not limitless. It can be rescinded in a moment by the scratch of a pen.



We call it a fantasy. They call it home.

THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR

SEASON THREE



Holly, Bridget and Kendra are back for another outrageous peek behind the scenes of Hugh Hefner's legendary Playboy Mansion! Settle in for all 14 episodes from the hit reality series' sexy third season and watch Playboy's "Blonde Mafia" build a holiday snowman in 70-degree weather, race around the track at the Toyota Celebrity Grand Prix and much more! Special features include the behind-the-scenes special "Bedtime Stories: The Best of The Girls Next Door!" Unrated. Total run time 5 hrs., 30 min.

Extras include unrated and uncensored scenes you didn't see on TV!

Own The Girls Next Door: Season Three on DVD for \$29.98!

VISIT playboystore.com • **ENTER** source code **MG801** during payment!

Standard shipping & handling charges apply. Sales tax: On orders shipped to NY add 8.375%, IL add 7.25%, CA add 8.25%. (*NY assesses sales tax on shipping & handling charges as well.) We accept most major credit cards.

ALSO AVAILABLE



12001 Season One DVD \$29.95
12458 Season Two DVD \$29.95

E Watch Season Four Sunday nights on E!

15433 Season Three DVD \$29.95

The chances are slim that the federal government will ever rescind Indian sovereignty, no matter how egregiously tribes behave, but the chances are much greater that the state of Florida could lose patience with the Seminoles and destroy their gaming empire by opening up non-Indian casinos in Miami, Orlando and Tampa.

Last fall the *Sun-Sentinel* ran a series of articles about the Seminoles, which unearthed the following: Although the tribe pays no property taxes and despite the gaming revenue, it still regularly petitions the federal government for aid. Over a five-year period the tribe received \$80 million for such items as laptop computers for its casinos, an airboat for its police and low-income housing for people already guaranteed \$120,000 a year. It also revealed that Osceola owes the IRS \$958,308 in back taxes. Since 2000 the council members have used their money to the tune of \$280 million to buy luxury boats, cars and trucks, televisions, stereos, high-end homes, cosmetic surgery and gastric bypasses for its members. David Cypress bought so many Lexuses that he has called himself the world's greatest Lexus buyer. He says he can't remember how many Lexuses he has bought or for whom.

Neither David Cypress nor any other council member sees any conflict of interest in voting themselves huge sums of money during meetings; a lot of that money is funneled from council members to their constituents in the form of gifts. Council members increase such spending around the time of tribal elections in May. That may be why Osceola and the Cypress brothers have been consistently reelected to their council positions for the past 20 years or so.

Although council members say they

can spend their gaming revenue any way they want because they are members of a sovereign nation, this may not be true. According to the Indian Gaming Regulatory Act of 1988, tribes with gaming profits can spend those profits only on tribal government, tribal welfare, tribal economic development, charitable donations and the operation of local government agencies. The tribe is forbidden to spend gaming revenue on gifts, personal items, nonbusiness trips (e.g., trips to Vegas to shoot pool), club memberships and personal bills.

Phil Hogen is chairman of the National Indian Gaming Commission, which oversees the spending habits of tribes with casinos. Hogen has the authority to punish the Seminoles in a number of ways if he determines the tribe has violated the act: He can fine it, close the casinos or seek criminal prosecutions. Although Hogen admits there are disturbing signs concerning the Seminoles' spending, he has yet to punish the tribe and doesn't want to do it "if it's going to disrupt progress."

"These guys have been raping the shit out of my people for years, like they claim I did," says Billie. He's driving his truck around the west side of Lake Okeechobee, heading home to the Brighton reservation. "Now, I still love Max Osceola," he says. "I've got nothing against him. I respect Jim Shore, too. But there's a greed thing going on here." He glances at me with a grin. "You know, Max was the first Seminole to graduate from college. What was his degree? I don't know. How to screw his own people, I guess."

Billie says that until the gaming ventures he pursued became successful, Osceola, Shore and the Cypress brothers wanted nothing to do with gaming. They

had the attitude of reservation Indians: Don't piss off the government that was giving handouts. Once they realized the government was on their side in gaming, their attitude changed. "They wanted the power they thought I had," Billie says. "But they didn't deserve it. I was the one who figured out how to make money for the tribe."

Billie turns west off Route 78 onto the two-lane blacktop leading to Brighton. It's a secluded reservation surrounded by palmetto, cypress and tall grass. There is nothing of the hardscrabble Indian reservation here. Brighton is beautifully landscaped, with a series of new double-wide trailers surrounded by the requisite cars, trucks and boats.

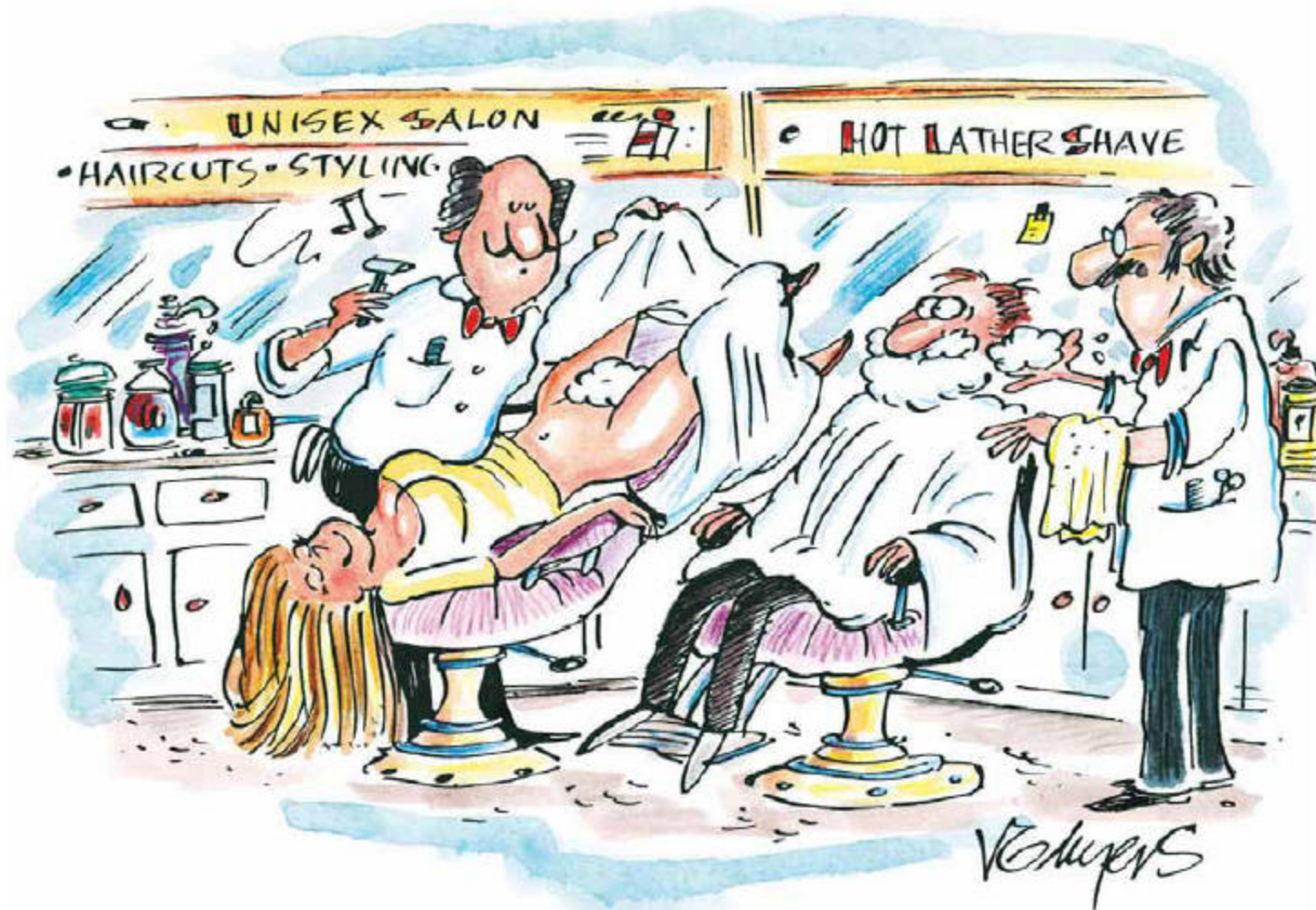
Billie, his wife, Maria, and their two children, four-year-old Aubee and five-year-old Santiago, are having dinner at the Brighton casino. It is a small one-room building with a dining area up front, bingo slots in the middle and poker tables at the far end. On this night the diners around Billie and his family are mostly older white-haired couples and overweight Seminole families.

Jimmy has a glass of wine with dinner, but he is not a drinker. Maria ministers to their children, who are well behaved. I ask Billie what Rob Saunooke told me to ask him: Knowing what he knows about how gaming affected his tribe, would he do it all over again? "Hell, yes," Billie says, angrily. "Anything we got isn't because of James Billie. It's because of our ancestors before me." What about the Seminoles who stay home and don't do anything except collect their \$10,000 a month? "Don't do anything?" he asks. "You can't say that. They lost their land to the white man. They were taken advantage of. Now his investment is this piece of land with gaming on it. He deserves it."

Just then Dan Wisher, Billie's technical advisor, enters the dining room. He comes over and sits with us. He's a big florid-faced man with white hair and a Southern drawl. He tells how Billie is going to run for the council in 15 months. "Then 24 months later," Wisher says, "he will run for council chairman." He smiles at Billie. "He's like this old gator in the Everglades marsh, his red eyes just above the water, watching and waiting."

James Billie is not some tragic figure, living on the post, building ancestral *chickees* and sweating in the south Florida heat. He is a survivor, undaunted, like his Seminole ancestors, the Unconquered. Plus, he is still entitled to his \$10,000 a month.

"Yeah, I'm going to run again," says Billie. "My heart is still in Hollywood. The more the tribe leaves us alone, the more it strengthens us when we take over again."



PLAYMATE NEWS



BATTLE IN THE BOARDROOM



Tiffany Fallon competed with other stars to raise money for charity on Donald Trump's *Celebrity Apprentice*.

Though PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon was heroic in her Wonder Woman outfit on our February cover, a stuffy business suit wasn't as good a fit. Her quest to win on *Celebrity Apprentice* (and contribute to the Walter Reed Society) ended quickly when villainess Omarosa Manigault Stallworth threw Tiffany under the bus and the Donald fired her on the show's first episode. We know Tiffany has the looks to impress anyone, and during her brief stay she showed she has the brains, too. Unfortunately her wise suggestion to use sex appeal as a marketing tactic was rejected by her teammates. In the boardroom it turned out Tiffany didn't



have the cutthroat mind-set. We weren't surprised: On her Playmate Data Sheet she wrote her biggest turnoffs were yelling and lying—two vital assets in the business world and, perhaps more to the point, in the reality-TV version of business. Omarosa, on the other hand, knew the drill and tore into Tiffany while conveniently forgetting her good suggestions. Tiffany erred on the side of integrity, and Trump decided she wasn't ready to swim with the sharks. "No one wants to be the first one off the show," says Tiffany. "However, I thought I left with dignity and grace, which I suspect not every contestant will be able to say."

5 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

We met **Carmella DeCesare** in 2002 when she was cast on Fox's *The Girl Next Door: The Search for a Playboy Centerfold*. Though she dropped out of the competition, she became Miss April 2003 and PMOY in 2004. Recently *CO-ED Magazine* named Carmella, who married Buccaneers quarterback Jeff Garcia last year, the Sexiest Athlete Wife of 2007. Eat your heart out, Eva Longoria.



LOOSE LIPS

"I always walk around the house naked, and I sleep nude as well."
Spencer Scott



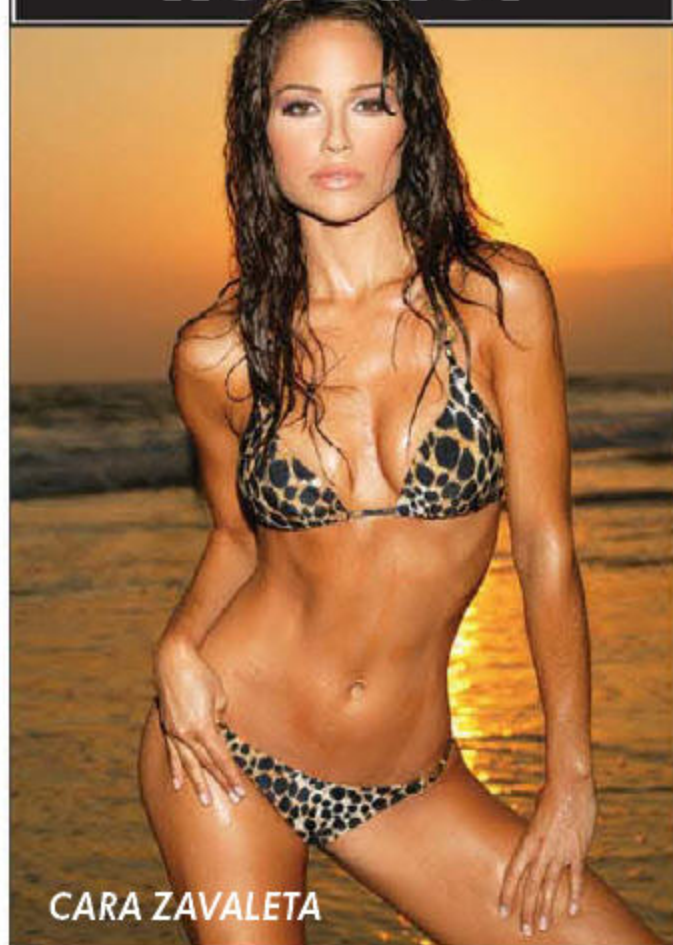
BUNNY SHOTS



From far left: Miss January 2002 Nicole Narain looks as good as gold for Financially Hung's Black Card launch; PMOY 1994 Jenny McCarthy's blue eyes sparkle at Sapphire Gentlemen's Club; Miss November 2007 Lindsay Wagner checks out D. Anna Reznik's handbags; PMOY 1997 Victoria Silvstedt strikes a pose at the Just Cavalli flagship; Miss February 1990 Pam Anderson is the ultimate New Year's host at PURE.



HOT SHOT



CARA ZAVALETA

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Amy Pietz

—from *Aliens in America*

"My favorite is Miss April 1970 **Barbara Hillary**. She has an honest look to her

face, and her sexuality seems deeper in her photos than in the vapid expressions of a lot of models. Plus, she's a Milwaukee girl like myself, and our measurements are very similar. Basically, I wish I were her. And maybe I am...a little."



POP QUESTIONS: ECHO JOHNSON

Q: We miss you on the modeling circuit. Where did you go?

A: I'm selling real estate in Austin, Texas. My associates and I just started a brand-new company called Austin City Living. I was burned-out from traveling and modeling, and I wanted to find a reliable long-term career.

Q: So should we move to Austin, then?

A: I traveled all over the globe with Playboy, and I'm confident in saying Austin is the best city in the world. It has the nicest people, great restaurants and an awesome music scene with SXSW. And the housing market here is incredible, even in this recession. There's a lot of money to be made.



Q: Do your clients recognize you?

A: Pretty much everyone here knows I am a Playmate, but my real clients don't make a big deal out of it.

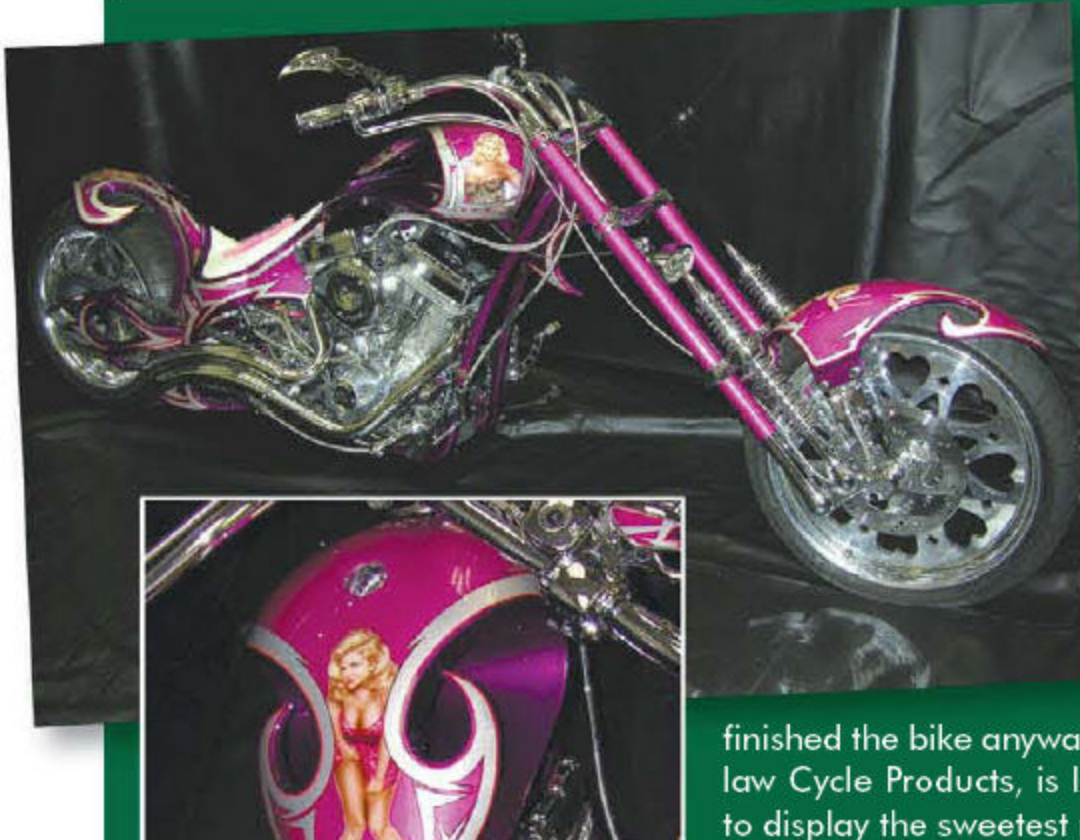
Q: Alongside "location, location, location," do you find your looks can play a role in closing a deal?

A: If a guy shows up because I'm a model, he probably isn't a serious buyer. But yes, a good-looking woman definitely has an advantage in any industry. Still, brains and experience are what put you over the top.

Q: Any other big plans on the horizon for you?

A: I'm newly single, and after getting my clients into homes, I think I too may need to find someone and settle down.

AMERICAN (ICON) CHOPPER



Two years ago PMOY 1993 Anna Nicole Smith got a wild idea and commissioned her own chopper. She took her vision and her pinups to the guys at Ultra Motorcycles, where she picked the colors—a flashy mixture of pink and purple—and added accents like a heart-shaped gas tank and a fuzzy pink seat. Sadly, she died before she could fire up the engine. But Ultra

finished the bike anyway, and the new owner, Outlaw Cycle Products, is looking for a worthy venue to display the sweetest ride ever.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Bonne Année! Miss August 2007 **Tamara Sky** (pictured below) worked the wax at L'Olympia de Montréal for a New Year's party. The aptly named Turntable Goddess played sexy music that might have nudged revelers into breaking some resolutions before the year was an evening old.... Normally we'd think having *Playmate* and *wrap up* in the same sentence would be disastrous, but Miss January 2005 **Destiny Davis** (below) showed us otherwise. She donned the Bunny costume and wrapped presents at the Playboy London flagship store on Oxford Street. Brits lined up to have their picture taken with



Destiny, who raised £535.66 (about \$1,050) in donations for our charity partner, the Breast Health Institute.... When the ball dropped, Miss September 2006 **Janine Habeck**, Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima**, Miss March 2005 **Jillian Grace**, Miss March 2003 **Pennelope Jimenez**, Miss July 2005 **Qiana Chase**, Miss February 2001 **Lauren Michelle Hill**, Miss

DJ Tamara spinning "Auld Lang Syne."



Destiny Davis says, "Shop till you hop."

Who needs Baby New Year when you have babes like these?



March 2007 **Tyran Richard** and Miss June 2006 **Stephanie Larimore** (above, from left) had their first kiss of the New Year at the Playboy Club in Las Vegas.

MORE PLAYMATES

See your favorite Playmate's pictorial in the Cyber Club at cyber.playboy.com or download her to your phone at playboymobile.com.

Maria Kanellis

(continued from page 106)

served in Iraq. "We have a lot more stuff to talk about now," she says.

It's impossible not to note the contrast between Maria's bumbling TV persona and her steady focus in real life. No hair twirling, superquick with a comeback—she's hardly the ditzy chick she plays on TV. Maria grins knowingly. "Everybody has ditzy moments," she says, "and it's a play on that. But you can fake a lot of stuff when you act like you don't know better. Girls do it all the time."

Nor is she high-maintenance. Her lone requirements are Starbucks and a gym. She's happier with her body today than ever. "Appearing in *PLAYBOY* is my little party to myself for becoming a woman," she says. "I'm not a little girl anymore. I'm going to do what I believe in rather than what somebody else says I should."

Here's something we've always wondered: Do female wrestlers have catfights offscreen? "Actually, I work with the most extraordinary women in the world," she says, "strong, unique and gorgeous. And they're not afraid to get their hands dirty." Considering what they wear in the ring—and what gets torn off—how do they avoid wardrobe malfunctions? "Boob tape!" she trills. "Our secret. The Tiggers are crazy sometimes. Mine are all-natural, so they move around a lot."

Tiggers?

Huge grin. "I call my boobs Tiggers because they bounce and bounce and bounce." Then she demonstrates, bouncing in her chair. "Hey, Tiggers!"

On the WWE website, Maria writes a column about the seven dos and don'ts of fashion. She's game when we ask her to apply the idea to romance.

How should a guy approach her? "Do give me your name and be genuine. Don't give me a line. Don't say, 'Nice shoes. Wanna fuck?'" She pauses. "Though I might laugh. It depends on how serious you are. Give me a good joke and I'll talk to you all night long."

What should a guy wear on a date with Maria? "Do wear a belt and shoes that match and jeans that fit your butt. Don't wear white socks—unless that's all you're wearing." She laughs suggestively.

And if a guy should find himself, shall we say, in the ring with her? "Do go behind," she says with a hearty laugh. "Hair pulling is good, biting is fine, but don't make me feel stupid. If you're better at something, that's cool—teach me."

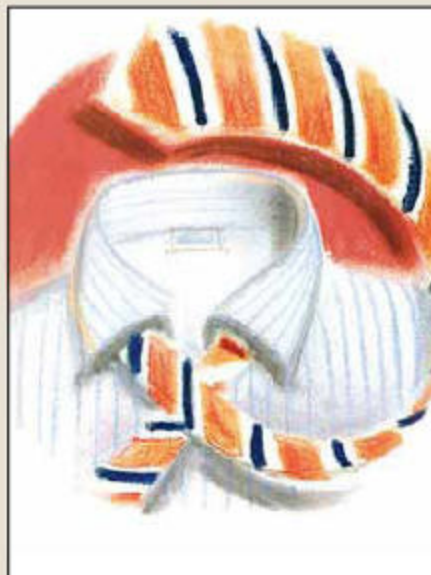
On March 30 expect to see Maria on pay-per-view in *WrestleMania XXIV* in front of 70,000 fans at Orlando's Citrus Bowl. "I'm really hoping to have a title match," she says. "I've never won one. That's okay. You'll see. That's my motto: No matter what it takes, you'll see. I want to win a title." Fierce grin. "You'll see."



WHERE &

HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 28, 31–34, 92–99 and 142–143, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.



neimanmarcus.com. Torrey Pines, 877-581-7171. Tourneau, tourneau.com.

THE INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY
Pages 92–99: *Blinde*, blinde.com. *Brioni*, available at Brioni stores. *Burberry*, burberry.com. *Emporio Armani* sun-

glasses, solsticestores.com. *Etro*, etro.it. *Gianfranco Ferré*, gianfrancoferre.com. *Giorgio Armani*, 212-988-9191. *Harrys of London*, zappos.com. *Isaia*, 212-245-3733. *Salvatore Ferragamo*, 800-628-8916. *Timex*, timex.com. *Valentino*, valentino.com. *Versace Collection*, available at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores.

POTPOURRI

Pages 142–143: *Alienware*, alienware.com. *Amenity*, getamenity.com. *Big Fat Lies!*, mentalfloss.com. *Il Buco*, ilbuco.net. *Kikkerland*, unichome.com. *Naked Bats*, nakedbats.com. *Samsung*, samsung.com. *Vectrix*, vectrix.com. *Wooly Pigs*, woolypigs.com.

GAMES

Page 28: *Atlantis Sky Patrol*, namcogames.com. *Beowulf*, gameloft.com. *Castlevania: Order of Shadows*, konamimobile.com. *The Club*, sega.com. *Devil May Cry 4*, capcom.com. *FIFA Street 3*, easports.com. *Frontlines: Fuel of War*, thq.com. *Madden NFL 08*, eamobile.com. *The Sims DJ*, eamobile.com. *Turok*, turok.com.

MANTRACK

Pages 31–34: *Alberto Frias*, albertofrias.com. *Arbor*, arborsports.com. *Frederic Malle*, barneys.com. *Globe Trotter*, globe-trotterltd.com. *Goldmund*, goldmund.com. *Hennessy*, hennessy-cognac.com. *John Hardy*,

CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 3 BRENNAN CAVANAUGH, BRIE CHILDERS, CHUCK GALLYON, BERNARD GOTFRYD/GETTY IMAGES, DEREK ROTHCHILD; P. 5 ARNY FREYTAG; P. 6 ARNY FREYTAG, FÁBIO HEIZENREDER, RAMONA ROSALES/RETNA LTD.; P. 9 COURTESY OF ABC, JOE FURY (2), ELAYNE LODGE (3), MAZDA; P. 10 LODGE/JOHANSSON (13); P. 11 DAVID ROSE; P. 12 STEPHEN WAYDA; P. 16 COURTESY PANCHE BARNES TRUST ESTATE ARCHIVE/COPYRIGHT ESTATE OF GEORGE HURRELL, SCOTT PASFIELD/IFC; P. 18 RICHARD JAMES BREWER, JAMES IMBROGNO, ©JOHN SPRINGER COLLECTION/CORBIS, WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 19 COURTESY SPRAYKONDOM.DE, RIC MOORE; P. 20 DAVID MCECY; P. 21 AP WIDE WORLD, CORBIS, GETTY IMAGES (6), ALAN STRUTT/CELEBRITY PICTURES L.A.; P. 23 2008 ©COLUMBIA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 2007 ©PARAMOUNT PICTURES (2), 2007 ©PARAMOUNT PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (2); P. 24 2007 ©BUENA VISTA PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 2007 JOHN P. JOHNSON/©HBO/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 2007 ©PARAMOUNT PICTURES, 2007 ©UNIVERSAL PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., 2007 ©WARNER BROS./COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 26 ©JACKIE BUTLER/RETNA LTD., MICHAEL JACKSON; P. 31 ICON SPORTS ARCHIVE; P. 32 MATT WAGEMANN (2); P. 34 MATT WAGEMANN (2); P. 43 NEWS.COM (2); P. 44 NEWS.COM (3); P. 45 CORBIS (2); P. 48 WALDY MARTENS; P. 54 RAE RUSSEL; P. 55 PETER GALLAGHER; P. 56 AP WIDE WORLD, CORBIS; P. 66 AKG IMAGES, CORBIS, PHOTOS12/POLARIS; P. 68 RETNA LTD.; PP. 100–101 SPLASH NEWS; P. 101 RUDI AYASSE (3); P. 102 RUDI AYASSE (3), VLADISLAV LANTSMAN, HERBERT LEHMANN/CEPHAS, SPLASH NEWS; P. 105 ©2007 WORLD WRESTLING ENTERTAINMENT, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED; P. 135 LARRY BUSACCA/WIREIMAGE.COM, ARNY FREYTAG (2), MIKE GUASTELLA/WIREIMAGE.COM, ALBERT L. ORTEGA/WIREIMAGE.COM, JUSTIN STEPHENS (2), JORDAN STRAUSS/WIREIMAGE.COM, DENISE TRUSCELLO/WIREIMAGE.COM; P. 136 MICHAEL BEZJIAN/WIREIMAGE.COM, EVENT PHOTO IMAGES, JIM HANCOCK, BRIAN B. HAYES, POMPEO POSAR; P. 142 GEORGE GEORGIU, PARAMOUNT VANTAGE/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., MATT WAGEMANN (2), ANDREA J. WALKER; P. 143 GEORGE GEORGIU (2), MATT WAGEMANN (3); P. 144 CHRIS BUCK/CORBIS OUTLINE, ARNY FREYTAG, ICON SPORTS MEDIA, OLEG ZOTOV. ILLUSTRATIONS BY: P. 5 JEFFREY SMITH; P. 6 DAVE MCKEAN. P. 15 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY DEHX, STYLING BY SARAH WALLNER FOR MUSOTICA.COM; PP. 92–99 HAIR AND MAKEUP BY JESUS ABREU FOR ARTISTSBYTIMOTHYPRIANO.COM, WOMEN'S STYLING BY KATHY KALAFUT. COVER: MODEL: MARIA KANELIS, PHOTOGRAPHER: ARNY FREYTAG, HAIR AND MAKEUP: SARA CRANHAM, STYLIST: REBECCA BROUGH.

I'm just an absolute melody whore. I love Elton John, the Beatles. Bob Marley is one of my favorites.

You've been "engaged" for five years.

KROEGER: Fucker. [laughs]

GORIUK: I'm saying nothing.

PLAYBOY: How do you cope with his sexual appetite?

GORIUK: Mine is twice as bad. [laughs]

KROEGER: Oh, she makes me look like a choirboy.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier, "I know what a lot of people think about my band." We have a note card here with some of the worst things ever written about Nickelback.

KROEGER: I don't even care. Do you know what it takes to be a music critic? Not much. Opinions are like assholes: Everybody has one.

PLAYBOY: But we're curious to see if you agree with some of them. *The Vancouver Sun* described Nickelback as one of the most despised bands in the world. Do you think that's true?

KROEGER: People either love Nickelback or hate Nickelback.

GORIUK: Doesn't that happen to any big band?

KROEGER: Not quite the same way it happens to Nickelback. Now, that could be due to bombardment. The music gets played all the time, and people who mildly dislike it grow to detest it because something they don't like is being shoved down their throat.

PLAYBOY: The *Los Angeles Times* wrote, "Nickelback's music isn't for hipsters or the illuminati. It's for people who don't want to have to think."

KROEGER: At what show, besides Frank Zappa's, is someone trying to get people to think? Rage Against the Machine is the only band I can think of. I don't peg you as a Nickelback fan, but I heard you humming a Nickelback song earlier.

PLAYBOY: It's a catchy song.

KROEGER: I rest my case.

PLAYBOY: You know how to write a catchy song.

KROEGER: I'm just an absolute melody whore. I love Elton John, the Beatles. Bob Marley is one of my favorites. The most uncharacteristic music I listen to is probably Abba. The songs are unbelievably catchy.

PLAYBOY: Is that all you want from your career, to write catchy songs?

KROEGER: That could be the Canadian in me, wanting to please other people. My persona onstage, that Chad is a different guy. I become the fun guy, the party guy. I want to whip everybody into a frenzy and scream and blow things up. It's like I have my own game show and everyone gets to be a contestant. I'm there as an entertainer. Some bands get up with no lights and no production, and they say, "It's all about the songs." Hey, if it's all about the songs, I can listen to the fucking CD at home. I'm here to see you live. Perform, monkey! [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do vicious reviews get to you?

KROEGER: There's only so much you can take. You get pretty desensitized. We've had people say a lot of bad things about us. How is it possible to have everyone

hate us? It's almost like, if you're dating a girl, do you want her dad to love you or hate you? She may like you more if her dad doesn't like you. If we ever get a positive review in *Rolling Stone*, that album is in trouble, because those people cannot predict what a large-selling album is. They bashed the fuck out of Led Zeppelin years ago, and now they call it one of the greatest rock bands of all time. That just makes them look like hypocrites. Who's the most famous music critic who ever lived? They've never made a statue of a critic.

PLAYBOY: Will Nickelback be vindicated 30 years from now, the way Led Zeppelin has?

KROEGER: I don't know if we've been decimated to the level Zeppelin was. Maybe we have, maybe more so.

PLAYBOY: Has a review ever caused you to lose sleep?

KROEGER: Probably. But if I had lost sleep, do you think I would tell a music critic? I've been bummed out for a day, sure. Like, Wow, this person is taking my band more seriously than I am. If my music is fucking up your life, change the station, dude. At the end of the day, I'm just some guy who sings in a rock-and-roll band. I'm not Hitler.

PLAYBOY: If we gave you a drug test, what would we find?

KROEGER: A decent amount of marijuana, and that's it. I'll smoke a doob a day.

PLAYBOY: You have 20 acres out on your back lawn. Is anything illegal growing on it?

KROEGER: [Shakes head] We should fix that. With the amount of horseshit we have, why can't we plant some magic mushrooms?

GORIUK: No.

KROEGER: You and I could have the largest hallucinogen factory in Vancouver. Why aren't we doing that? You like mushrooms too. Don't lie.

GORIUK: I don't.

KROEGER: Yes, you do. The last time we had mushrooms together, weren't you dancing on the counter in the kitchen? I think you were.

PLAYBOY: Chad, what will you be doing on your 50th birthday?

KROEGER: I won't be alive.

GORIUK: Stop saying that.

KROEGER: I will die on my 40th birthday. I dreamed it: I'll be onstage and have a heart attack. The crowd will think it's part of the show, and that will be the end. It's probably why I live every day like I'm dying. There you go. It's been foretold. I will be dead on my 40th birthday.

PLAYBOY: Have you two ever videotaped yourselves having sex?

KROEGER: We were in Cabo San Lucas. Where is that tape?

GORIUK: I don't know what you're talking about.

PLAYBOY: Who were you in a previous life?

KROEGER: In my last life I must have been a saint because I get to screw a good-looking chick and be the lead singer in a



"Your right rear is flat!"

fucking successful rock-and-roll band. I sleep until noon every day, and I've got more money than I can spend in two lifetimes. [to Goriuk] C'mon, let's go have sex. It's our third bottle of wine, and I'm getting horny.

PLAYBOY: Chad, how would you describe your taste in sex?

KROEGER: [To Goriuk] I'm pretty much a porn star, aren't I?

GORIUK: Didn't I call you Dirk Diggler the first time I came to Vancouver? We were out with friends, and he said he didn't like his name.

KROEGER: Most Chads are nerds. Do you know any Chads?

GORIUK: He said, "Who do I look like?" And I said, "Dirk Diggler."

PLAYBOY: What would your ex-girlfriends say about you?

KROEGER: They probably love me to this day. I talked with one of them after she started dating another guy, and she said, "I think you've ruined me for all other men." I couldn't help but smile at that.

PLAYBOY: What's the most and least amount of money you've made in a year?

KROEGER: I guess \$8,000 would be the lowest, and that's probably on the high side. The most money I've made in a year is \$25 million, this past year. Next year's going to be a good one. You may want to make my Christmas list.

PLAYBOY: Why will next year be good?

KROEGER: We're going into a renegotiation with our record label.

PLAYBOY: How will you get them to renegotiate? You haven't fulfilled your contract yet.

KROEGER: My leverage is not to record.

PLAYBOY: So you'll threaten not to give them another record unless they give you what you want. What will you ask for?

KROEGER: A partnership with them. Labels can't be 50-50 partners with band after band and have them fail, fail, fail, right? So when they get a band that sells records the way we do, they have to cover the losses of all the rest. That's why a contract is so skewed in the label's favor. Live Nation just offered us a deal to play 100 shows. You can't even imagine the money. It's in the neighborhood of the deal they did with Madonna [reportedly \$120 million]. It's retarded. After partying all night at Joey's house, I woke up to a phone call from my manager, and he goes, "Live Nation just offered us da-da-da." And I went, "Wooo." He said, "Where are you? Are you drunk?" I hung up the phone, and for two days I didn't even fucking remember it.

PLAYBOY: In "Rockstar" you sing about all the perks of being a celebrity. How many of the things you name do you actually have?

KROEGER: I'm missing only two: I don't have a star on Hollywood Boulevard, and I don't have a big black jet. Seriously, I think rock stars are dead. I don't think you can be a rock star anymore. But if behaving and partying like a rock star

are the criteria, then I am a rock star—because I can drink most bands under the fucking table. I will party till noon the next day, much to her dislike. And I fuck like a champ.

GORIUK: Not when you've done the first two. [laughs] Maybe that will keep you home a little more.

KROEGER: Which leads me back to my disappointment with a lot of the bands today that can't party. You know who can party? Hinder. That band can fucking party.

PLAYBOY: They sound a lot like Nickelback. So does Daughtry. Are you flattered?

KROEGER: Everyone gets compared to someone else at the start. People said we were Creed's little brother. I've never been a Creed fan, so I considered that comparison a little insulting, to be honest.

PLAYBOY: What prompted the opening line "I like your pants around your feet" in the song "Figured You Out"?

KROEGER: I was thinking about a girl I met, a model in L.A. You meet someone, the sex is good, you think, Well, this is going to be really cool. She had a cocaine habit and wasn't who I thought she was.

PLAYBOY: Can you see why people think the song is misogynistic?

KROEGER: The line about "I like my hands around your neck"?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

KROEGER: Critics were the only ones who

thought that. All I ever heard from Nickelback fans was "Play the 'hands around your neck' song again."

PLAYBOY: Forget critics and fans. Do you think the song is misogynistic?

KROEGER: Not at all. I was trying to show the light and dark of relationships.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had a Spinal Tap moment onstage?

KROEGER: Once when we were in Brisbane I said, "I can't wait to go out and party in Melbourne." Our guitarist Ryan Peake looked over at me, and I said, "But tonight we party in...Brisbane!" They all knew, but they forgave me because I got out of it so fucking slick. That was pretty funny.

PLAYBOY: What's your IQ?

KROEGER: One hundred thirty. I took an IQ test during Psychology 20 in high school.

PLAYBOY: Haven't you lost a few IQ points since then?

KROEGER: Do you know the difference between intelligence and wisdom? Intelligence can be learned out of a book, but wisdom can be learned only through experience, right? Two bulls are standing at the top of a hill, looking down at all the cows. The young bull says, "Let's run down there and fuck the two best-looking cows we can find." The older bull says, "Why don't we just walk down there and fuck them all?" That's wisdom.



"We could have done more, but then I never would have met the grieving widow."

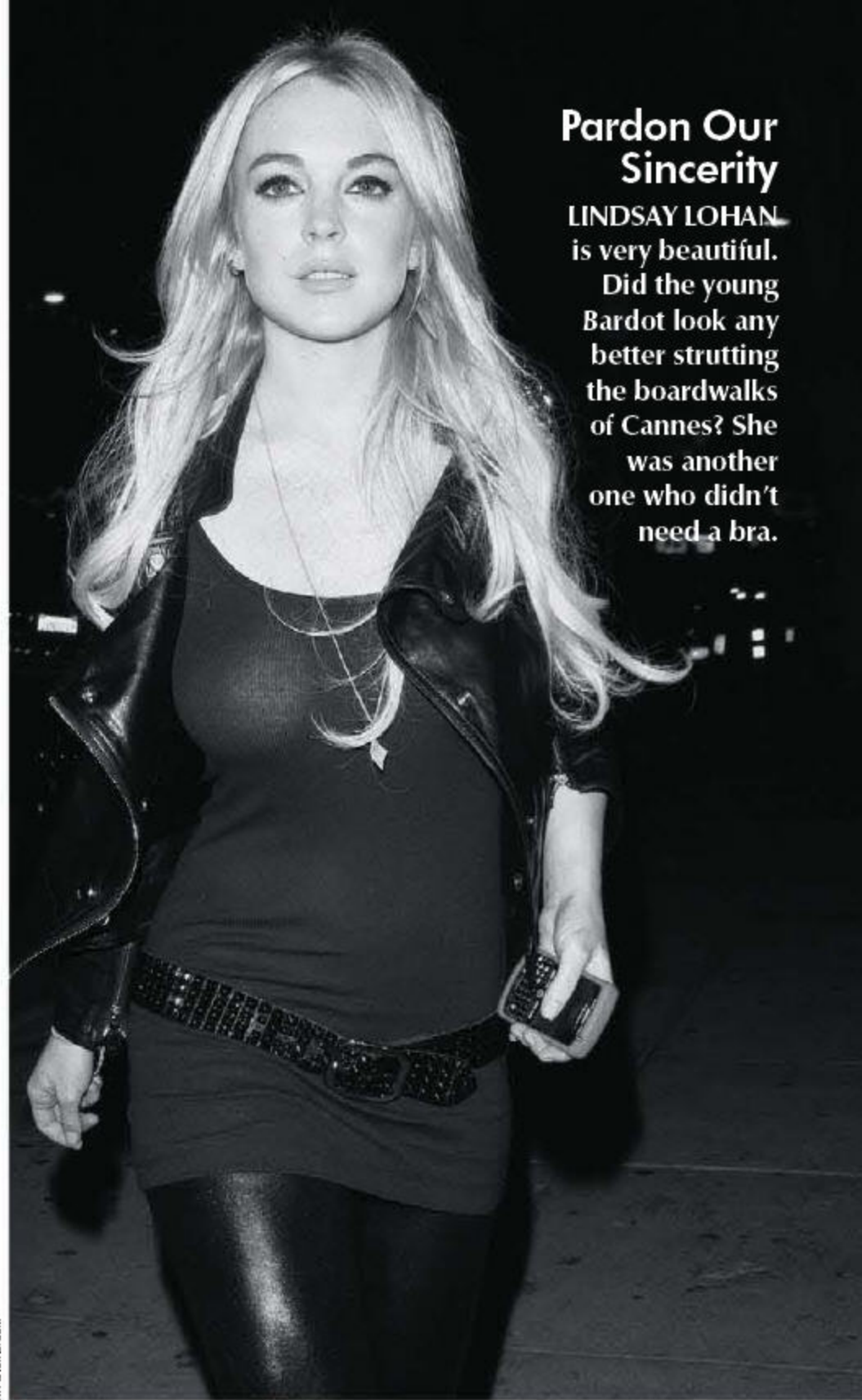
Could Be Worse

Her 2007 album is called *Good Girl Gone Bad*, but the megahit "Umbrella" is actually a very sweet pledge of loyalty. So is RIHANNA good or bad? Looks to us as if she's bad in the best possible way.



Pardon Our Sincerity

LINDSAY LOHAN is very beautiful. Did the young Bardot look any better strutting the boardwalks of Cannes? She was another one who didn't need a bra.



XTONLINE.COM

Nice Shot

Who's the LPGA's sexiest golfer? Natalie Gulbis and Paula Creamer come to mind. The European tour boasts Italian SOPHIE SANDOLO, who puts out a saucy calendar every year. No, she doesn't win tournaments, but do you care?

BIG PICTURES/BAUER GEMFN



PAOLO RANZANI



Rock Our World

Why bother modeling a thong? A good one is practically subcutaneous. Does the world really need another picture of KAROLINA KURKOVA's butt? Yes, please.

SPLASH NEWS

JULIOM ZARIFA OF RUGO PHOTOGRAPHY, L.L.C.

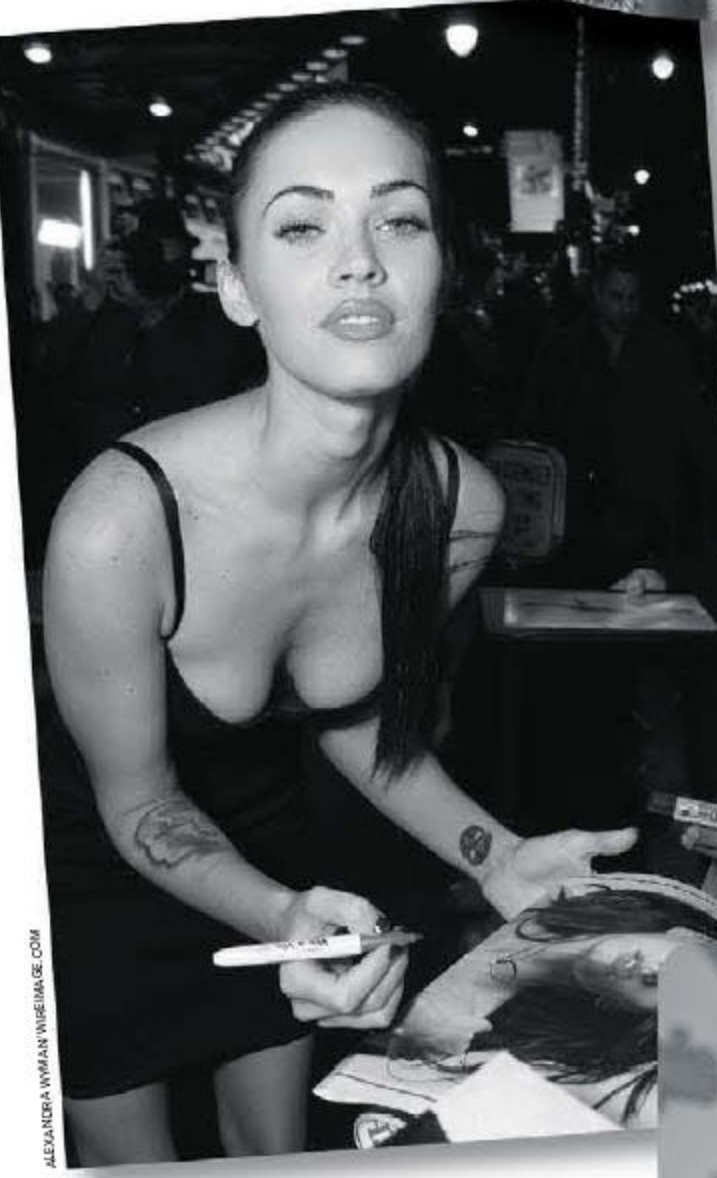
Math Irony

In geometry a tangent is a straight line sharing a point with a curve. So why does this model call herself TANGENT? There's not a straight line on the girl, and her parabolas are perfect.



That Extra Effort

She's the starlet of the moment. She's the next Angelina. She has a tattoo of Marilyn. They don't come hotter than MEGAN FOX—but she hasn't let it go to her head. Ask her for an autograph and you may get a glimpse of the southern hemisphere. And we don't mean Peru.



ALEXANDRA WYMAN/WIREIMAGE.COM



Show Us Your Tips

At laurenconrad.com LAGUNA BEACH'S LAUREN CONRAD posts "fashion tips"—photos of herself at events with commentary on why each outfit is fabulous. At press time she had yet to share the secret of this winner from People's Grammy kickoff party. We could sum it up in one word.

RUSSEINHORN/SPLASH NEWS



SCOOT-FREE

Few things are more depressing than watching your paycheck tick away at the fuel pump. Make the switch to a Vectrix electric scooter (\$11,000, vectrix.com) and you can bypass gas stations permanently. Though designed more for getting around town than going cross-country, this is no sewing machine with wheels. It boasts a top speed of 62 mph, and its tight handling lets you weave through traffic jams. It goes 35 to 55 miles on one charge, and if you run out of juice, just plug the on-board charger into any electrical outlet and you're golden. Plus, the scooter's simple construction (250 parts compared with 2,500 for a gas scooter) makes it a low-maintenance proposition. No gas, no oil, no problem.



PIG IN

Pork has had a rough go of it in this country. It's hard to find a cut that hasn't been factory farmed (i.e., pumped full of antibiotics and engineered to be overly lean). Mangalitsa pork, a breed of swine only recently introduced to the U.S., is pork the way it used to be—rich, well marbled and full of flavor, with a silky fat that rivals duck for butteriness. Spokane, Washington-based Woolly Pigs farm (woolypigs.com) specializes in heirloom breeds and brought the species over from central Europe last year. Early harvests went to top-shelf restaurants, but look for some cuts to start showing up at high-end butcher shops this month.

PLAY IT AGAIN, SAMSUNG

We're used to portable media players that handle audio, video, podcasts and radio in a slim, sexy chassis. The P2 (\$200 to \$250, samsung.com) adds Bluetooth to the mix so it can wirelessly shoot music to compatible headphones. You can also sync it to your cell phone so incoming calls ring on the player; you answer by listening through the headphones and speaking into the built-in mike. After the call ends, your music fades back in. Sounds good to us.



CHECK YOUR PANTS

The only thing we like better than the truth is a really entertaining lie. Which is why we dig Big Fat Lies! (\$15, mentalfloss.com), a game in which you're given two statements and are asked to separate the false from the merely improbable. Does Elton John own more than 400 Cabbage Patch dolls, or does Queen Elizabeth II own a Big Mouth Billy Bass? Was Billy the Kid born in New York, or was Zsa Zsa Gabor born in Hoboken? (Elton and Zsa Zsa are the lies.)



MEASURING UP

Juggling shot glasses and measuring cups may work for movie bartenders, but it's less sexy when you make a giant mess of your living room bar. Kikkerland's cube jigger (\$20, unicahome.com) combines the six most common drink measures (from .5 oz. to 2.25 oz.) in a box small enough to fit in the palm of your hand. That means you can crank out as many gansevoort fizzes and jabberwockys as you like without making a mess, no matter how compromised your coordination becomes.



SWINGERS' CLUB

While the big bat-making companies save their best wood for the pros, Naked Bats (\$80 to \$140, nakedbats.com) are all made to the same stellar standards (with a clear finish so you can see the grain) whether you're an average joe or Joltin' Joe. Plus, the barrel sports a vintage pinup. Keep your eyes on the ball, there, champ.



SOLID PERFORMANCE

Since Alienware is famous for high-performance gaming-oriented computers, it's fitting the company would offer the latest computing innovation—solid-state hard drives—on its m9750 (from \$2,200, alienware.com). Instead of a spinning disk, you get a giant flash-memory drive with no moving parts. Data is far less susceptible to damage and can be accessed faster, which speeds up the entire system. Alas, it won't save you when you're beset by foulmouthed 12-year-olds in *Team Fortress 2*.



THE LOOKS LAB

We'll take hard science over the dippy promises of botanicals any day. The folks at Amenity put their lab skills to work in the Balm moisturizer (\$35, getamenity.com), a three-step shaving system (\$27, \$25, \$37) and an antibreakout gel (\$28). All use Pro-Form 6, a potion that prevents dry skin, razor burn, pimples and signs of aging.



THE RIGHT STUFF

If you want to impress her by cooking Italian, remember two things: Keep it simple, and use great ingredients. New York City's Il Buco restaurant (ilbuco.net) sources authentic staples from rural Mediterranean enclaves. Its Fiore di Sale (\$22) is from the legendary Trapani salt pans of Sicily; the sublimely fragrant Viridens extra-virgin olive oil (\$42) comes from Umbria. Round things out with aged balsamic vinegar (\$140), fennel pollen (\$46) and ground Calabrian peppers (\$16).



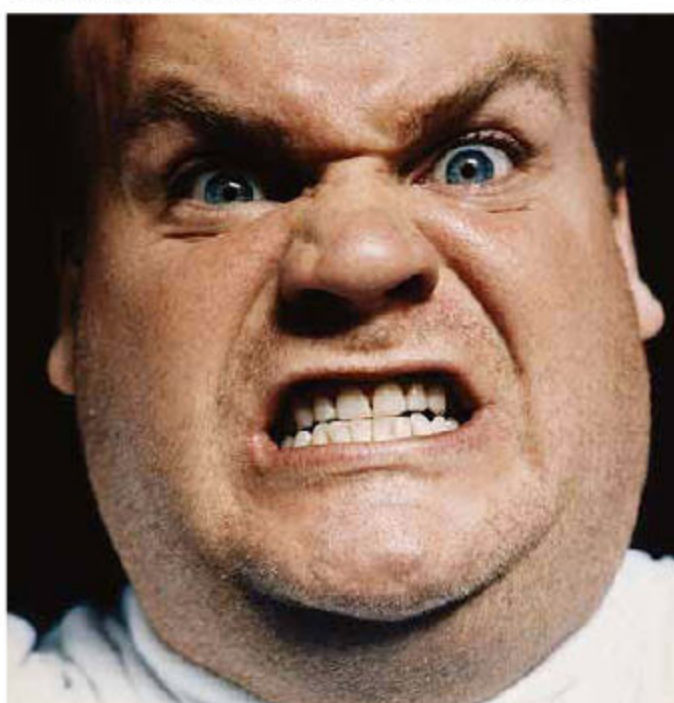
Next Month



FROM RUSSIA WITH LUST.



BASEBALL: FINALLY CLEAN AND CLEAR OF STEROIDS.



THE DARK DAYS OF THE BLACK SHEEP



POKER? WAIT UNTIL YOU MEET HER.

GIRLS OF RUSSIA—FORGET THE COUNTRY'S OIL RESERVES. THESE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN—COLD-WAR KIDS GROWN UP INTO GORGEOUS STEPPE QUEENS—CONSTITUTE A NATURAL RESOURCE EVEN MORE PRECIOUS.

THE CHRIS FARLEY SHOW: THE DEVIL IN THE CLOSET—IT WAS NO SECRET *SNL*'S LEGENDARY BIG MAN HAD A SOFT SPOT FOR HARD DRUGS. THROUGH INTERVIEWS WITH **CHRIS ROCK**, **DAVID SPADE**, **CONAN O'BRIEN** AND THE COMEDIAN'S FAMILY AND FRIENDS, **TOM FARLEY JR.** AND **TANNER COLBY** PIECE TOGETHER THE EVENTS THAT CULMINATED IN TRAGEDY.

FAREED ZAKARIA—THE INTERNATIONAL-RELATIONS EXPERT, CNN HOST AND AUTHOR OF *THE POST-AMERICAN WORLD* FORESEES A UNITED STATES THAT IS NO LONGER AN ECONOMIC SUPERPOWER AND EXPLAINS HOW THE TERRORISTS ARE WINNING. A FOREIGN EXCHANGE WITH **DAVID SHEFF** FOR THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*

PLAYBOY'S 2008 BASEBALL PREVIEW—WHAT AN OFF-SEASON! THE MITCHELL REPORT'S ATTEMPT TO TIE A BOW AROUND THE STEROIDS ERA JUST OPENED UP ANOTHER CAN OF WORMS. CAN WE RECOVER? HALL OF FAME BASEBALL WRITER **TRACY RINGOLSBY** OFFERS AN INSIDE LOOK AT THE TEAMS WITH ENOUGH NATURAL TALENT TO WIN THE PENNANT.

IN OLD MOAB—SOMETIMES A MAN GOES OUT IN THE EVENING, HOPING JUST TO DRINK HIMSELF INTO FORGETFULNESS. SOMETIMES SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT A MAN WILL NEVER FORGET. FICTION BY **RON CARLSON**

THE PERFECT HUNDRED—ALL MAURICE GREENE HAS EVER WANTED TO DO IS GO FAST. **JONATHAN LITTMAN** FOLLOWS THE OLYMPIC GOLD MEDALIST AS HE AND HIS COACH BREAK DOWN THE SCIENCE OF MAKING GREENE BETTER, FASTER AND STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER SPRINTER ON THE PLANET.

STRIP POKER—PROFESSIONAL CARD PLAYER **JENNIFER "JENNICIDE" LEIGH** CAUSES EVEN THE MOST SEASONED SHARKS TO DROP THEIR POKER FACES FOR BIG, SILLY GRINS. NOW, IN A HIGH-STAKES PICTORIAL, JENNICIDE UPS THE ANTE. WHEN YOU SEE HER PAIR OF ACES, YOU'LL CERTAINLY UNDERSTAND WHY.

PLAYBOY'S ULTIMATE HOME THEATER—NO MAN CAVE WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THE LOUDEST SPEAKERS, MOST POWERFUL AMPLIFIER AND CLEAREST FLAT-SCREEN TV.

PLUS: WE TAKE ON LIBERTARIANISM IN *FORUM*; **ANGEL MELAKU**, A.K.A. (LA-LA-LA-LA) **LOLA LUV**, SHOWS OFF HER CURVES AS BABE OF THE MONTH; IN FASHION THE OTHER SHOE DROPS, AS BROWN LACE-UPS RETURN TO FORMALWEAR; AND FORMER TOMBOY TURNED MISS MAY **AJ ALEXANDER** KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT MEN LIKE.

The
MARILYN MONROE™
White Topaz & Diamond Ring

Inspired by
 a ring she
 wore in
*Gentlemen Prefer
 Blondes!*



With gorgeous blonde hair, dreamy eyes, and a voluptuous figure that set millions of hearts aflutter, Marilyn Monroe is the epitome of the glamorous movie star. No one will ever forget her performance in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, or the fabulous ring she wore in the film. Now, you can own a breathtaking replica of that very jewel! Presenting...*The Marilyn Monroe White Topaz & Diamond Ring*, available exclusively from the Danbury Mint.

Expertly crafted; dramatic design.

The ring is crafted of solid sterling silver bathed in real platinum. On each side of the gallery, the initials "MM" are set with 16 genuine diamonds in an elegant art deco motif. Then, "center stage," a spectacular 13-carat white topaz lends its dazzle and star quality to the very lucky wearer.

(continued on other side)

the Danbury Mint

™ Marilyn Monroe LLC by CMGWorldwide.com, www.MarilynMonroe.com ©1953 & 2008 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All rights reserved.

For fastest delivery:

1-800-726-1184 • www.danburymint.com



Supplement to Playboy Magazine

© MBI

RESERVATION APPLICATION

The Danbury Mint
 47 Richards Avenue
 Norwalk, CT 06857

Send
 no money
 now.

Yes! Reserve *The Marilyn Monroe White Topaz & Diamond Ring* as described in this announcement.

Ring size: _____

(Rings are available in whole sizes, from size 5 to 10. Please refer to the ring sizing guide inside.)

Name _____
Please print clearly.

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

Orders subject to acceptance.

75890012 V013

"FOR TOO LONG OUR CULTURE HAS SAID, 'IF IT FEELS GOOD, DO IT.' NOW, WE WANT TO BE A NATION THAT SERVES GOALS LARGER THAN SELF. WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY, AND WE MUST NOT LET THIS MOMENT PASS. MY CALL IS FOR EVERY AMERICAN TO COMMIT TO THE SERVICE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND YOUR NATION. BY DOING THIS, WE SUSTAIN AND EXTEND THE BEST THAT HAS EMERGED IN AMERICA."

★ ★ **EVERYONE CAN DO SOMETHING.** ★ ★

Answer the President's Call to Service. When you volunteer to help your neighbors, you help your nation. Everyone can do something. To learn more, visit USAFREEDOMCORPS.GOV or call 1-877-USACORPS.



THE DANBURY MINT
47 RICHARDS AVENUE
PO BOX 5265
NORWALK CT 06860-0105

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
FIRST-CLASS MAIL PERMIT NO. 456 NORWALK CT



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



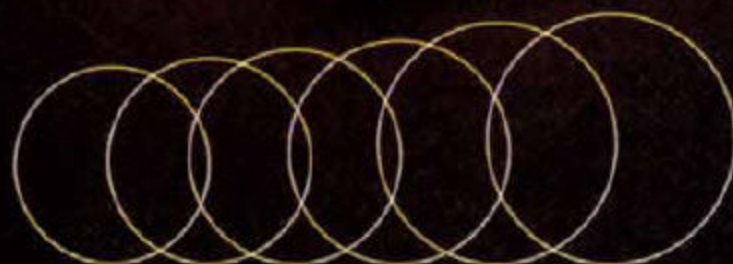
Ring shown actual size.

The Marilyn Monroe White Topaz & Diamond Ring arrives in an elegant presentation case—perfect for gift-giving, it's yours at no additional charge.

(continued from other side)

Attractively priced; satisfaction guaranteed.

The Marilyn Monroe White Topaz & Diamond Ring is priced at \$285 plus \$9.90 shipping and service, payable in six monthly installments of \$49.15. Satisfaction is guaranteed. If not captivated, return the ring within 90 days for replacement or refund. We expect tremendous demand from jewelry collectors and Marilyn Monroe fans alike. So don't delay—order today!



5 6 7 8 9 10

To find ring size, match a circle with the **inside** of a ring (a band works best for measuring).

"FOR TOO LONG OUR CULTURE HAS SAID, 'IF IT FEELS GOOD, DO IT.' NOW, WE WANT TO BE A NATION THAT SERVES GOALS LARGER THAN SELF. WE'VE BEEN OFFERED A UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY, AND WE MUST NOT LET THIS MOMENT PASS. MY CALL IS FOR EVERY AMERICAN TO COMMIT TO THE SERVICE OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND YOUR NATION. BY DOING THIS, WE SUSTAIN AND EXTEND THE BEST THAT HAS EMERGED IN AMERICA."

★ ★ EVERYONE CAN DO SOMETHING. ★ ★

Answer the President's Call to Service. When you volunteer to help your neighbors, you help your nation. Everyone can do something. To learn more, visit USAFREEDOMCORPS.GOV or call 1-877-USACORPS.



(continued from front)

Convenient to Acquire If You Act Now

If you act now, you can be among those fortunate enough to reserve this landmark series of Silver Dollars. Each Panel in the collection can be yours for just \$49.90 (plus \$3.90 shipping and service), sent at the rate of one every month. But you need send no money now. To acquire *The U.S. Silver Dollar Collection*, don't delay — simply fill out and return the attached Subscription Reservation today!



A deluxe Collector's Album will be provided at no additional charge.



SUBSCRIPTION RESERVATION

PCS Stamps & Coins
47 Richards Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06857

Send
no money
now.

THE U.S. SILVER DOLLAR COLLECTION

Please reserve *The U.S. Silver Dollar Collection* as described in this announcement. I understand that either party may cancel this subscription at any time.

Name _____
(Please print clearly)

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Allow 4-8 weeks after payment for initial shipment.
PCS is a private agency not affiliated with the U.S. Mint or any government agency.

SLD/1037/

A collection of 25 rarely seen historic U.S. Silver Dollars.

THE U.S. SILVER DOLLAR COLLECTION



Morgan Silver Dollar



Peace Silver Dollar

Coins shown larger than actual size of 38 mm in diameter.

Issued as early as 1878... some of the greatest Silver Dollars in U.S. history!

PCS Stamps & Coins is proud to announce one of its most impressive offers: *The U.S. Silver Dollar Collection*. This beautiful series features 25 historic Silver Dollars. Included are the first-year "Morgan" Silver Dollar, minted 130 years ago, in 1878... the 1921 Morgan Silver Dollar, from the design's last year of issue ... and the last U.S. dollar coin ever minted in 90% silver for circulation: the 1935 Peace Silver Dollar. Due to their age and scarcity, each coin is presented in circulated condition.

Silver Dollars Showcased on Collector Panels.

All 25 Silver Dollars in your collection are protectively encased in clear capsules and mounted on Collector Panels. Each Panel pairs the coin with a historic U.S. stamp and one-day-only postmark. The official postage stamps – up to 70 years old – and postmarks are enhanced by expertly written narrative to commemorate a major event from the year the featured Silver Dollar was issued.



Morgan Silver Dollar

(continued on inside)

Supplement to Playboy Magazine

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

FIRST-CLASS MAIL

PERMIT NO. 363

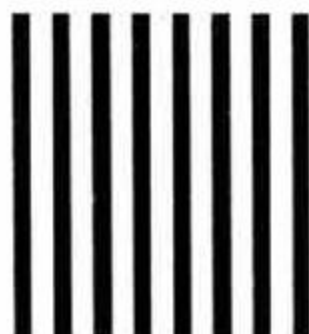
NORWALK CT

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

PCS STAMPS & COINS
47 RICHARDS AVENUE
PO BOX 4900
NORWALK CT 06860-0127



NO POSTAGE
NECESSARY
IF MAILED
IN THE
UNITED STATES



U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. ® Trademark of U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co. or an affiliate. ©2008 U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Co.



DESIGN IT. BUILD IT. KEEP IT.

THOUSANDS WILL DESIGN THEIR CUSTOM CRUISER.
5 WILL PARTY HARD AT STURGIS. 1 WILL BUILD HIS BIKE AT VODOO CHOPPERS.

THE RIDE STARTS AT FRESHCOPE.COM/CHOPSHOP

WARNING:

THIS PRODUCT IS NOT A SAFE ALTERNATIVE TO CIGARETTES



WEBSITE LIMITED TO AGE-VERIFIED ADULTS. NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. A PURCHASE WILL NOT INCREASE CHANCES OF WINNING. MUST BE LEGAL RESIDENT OF THE 50 UNITED STATES (INCLUDING D.C.) & BE AT LEAST 18 YEARS OLD (except residents of AL, AK, NJ, UT, Suffolk County and Nassau County, NY who must be 19 years old) AT TIME OF ENTRY. VOID IN MA, MI, VA & WHERE PROHIBITED. Entry begins 3/10/08 and ends 4/21/08. For Official Rules and how to enter, visit www.freshcope.com/chopshop. Sponsor: U.S. Smokeless Tobacco Brands Inc., Stamford, CT



