

PLAYBOY

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

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55th

ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

**RICHARD
BRANSON**

INTERVIEW
ON MONEY
& MADNESS

**12
PAGES**
OF CLASSIC
CELEBRITY
NUDES

PLUS:
THE 55TH
ANNIVERSARY
PLAYMATE
SCOTT TUROW
NORMAN MAILER
**CHRISTOPHER
HITCHENS**
JOE QUEENAN
BILL ZEHME
AND MORE

**CARMEN
ELECTRA**

A SUPERCHARGED
NEW
PICTORIAL

**MARSTON
& COOPER**
HEFNER
IN A
BREAKOUT **20Q**

THE **55**
MOST
IMPORTANT
PEOPLE IN
SEX





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G-STRING

CANDY CANE
STRIPED
BOY SHORTS

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Photographer **Willy Camden** knows a thing or two about timeless beauty; he has shot such women as Halle Berry, Eva Longoria Parker, Petra Nemcova and Brooke Burke. For our 55th anniversary issue he and muse **Carmen Electra** found inspiration in the most transcendent images of female beauty from the past five decades, for the epic pictorial *Icon*. "Some of the images were originally from *PLAYBOY*, some were from famous ads, magazine campaigns and TV shows," Camden says. "Photographing Carmen is an easy thing to do. One doesn't need to explain things twice to her, and she is always great fun. This was one of my favorite shoots. We all had a great time working on this pictorial. There were lots of laughs, and that shows through in the photographs."



Scott Turow, author of the best-seller *Presumed Innocent*, writes an atmospheric tale of a father and daughter lost in the forest for the short story *In His Own Woods*. "There is no more than a soupçon of reality behind it," says Turow. "I once took my daughter for a walk and got lost on my property in Wisconsin. We found our way home much more quickly and with far less trauma."



In *The Great Hooters Road Trip* **Joe Queenan** documents a journey across America during which he ate only at Hooters. "When the bus driver in Wichita guided me to the newly relocated Hooters, I realized what a great country this is," says Queenan of his orange-shorts odyssey. "My only regret is that Dodge City doesn't have a Hooters. If it did, I might still be there, and so would Wyatt Earp."



For *A Man of Letters*, a look at the private side of legendary public intellectual **Norman Mailer**, official biographer J. Michael Lennon edited a selection of letters from among the 50,000 written by the Pulitzer Prize-winning author during his life. It's a fitting tribute to the literary giant in a year that will also see the Norman Mailer Writers Colony open in Provincetown, Massachusetts.



In *What W Did*, **Christopher Hitchens** offers a characteristically contrarian assessment of the eight-year reign of George W. Bush. "His presidency was a failure but not the worst ever," says Hitchens. The best-selling author of books on Iraq, the Kurds, the Palestinians, the Cyprus question, the Anglo-American "special relationship" and, most recently, of *God Is Not Great* admits to catching grief for his perceived defense of Bush. "This administration has been so incompetent that it has been left to a few non-Republicans to make the case on Iraq," he says. "If that isn't failure, I do not know what is." His favorite and least favorite presidents? "Eisenhower is underrated, and his veep, Nixon, is still probably the worst ever. Overall, Jefferson is the most impressive."



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PALMS

PLAYBOY



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This is not another one of those dashed-off lists that have become a staple of the magazine industry. Nope. **PLAYBOY** has spent five decades fighting prudery; sexual freedom is what we're all about. When we rank the most influential figures in sex and sexuality during the 55 years since the magazine first hit stands, it's for real. **BY CHIP ROWE**
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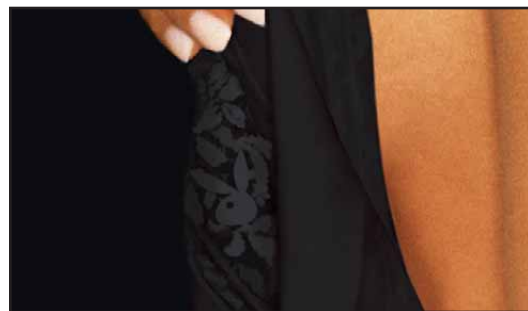
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COVER STORY

A 50th anniversary is called a jubilee. We have no idea what a 55th is called, so we've decided to call our 55th anniversary a Carmen Electra. After all, she's one of the most enduring—not to mention one of the hottest—sex symbols of the modern era, the real-life incarnation of our fantasies and ideals. Our Rabbit hops at the chance to hit the sheets with Carmen on our cover.



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this month on playboy.com

MAGAZINE BLOG

News, views and inside perspectives from PLAYBOY editors. playboy.com/blog

TOP SIDELINE SCRIBE

Think your sports reporting can take you pro? Enter our search for America's best college sportswriter. playboy.com/sportswriter

IN THE HOUSE

Go inside the world's most famous party palace with our virtual-reality tours of the Playboy Mansion. playboy.com/mansiontour

A BEAUTIFUL BALLOT

After the crazy run for the White House, voting for Playmate of the Year will be a piece of cake. playboy.com/pmoy

THE 21ST QUESTION

One more back-and-forth with real playboys Marston and Cooper Hefner. playboy.com/21q



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SATURDAY

NIGHT



The night has *never* seen anything like this. The Harley-Davidson V-Rod Muscle took Hef's annual Halloween bash by storm—and proved it could hold its own as an American supermodel. (1) The V-Rod Muscle hangs out with Hef and the ladies. (2) Bridget clowns around with the bike. (3) Cyber Girl of the Year 2008 Jo Garcia is ready to go with Harley-Davidson's Ken Knuteson. (4) The Ghouls Next Door strike a pose. (5) Miss June 2006 Stephanie Larimore. (6) Miss December 2005 Christine Smith, Jo Garcia and a ghoulish fiend. (7) PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole. (8) Miss October 2005 Amanda Paige. (9) Miss February 1999 Stacy Fuson. (10) Eight Playmates + one V-Rod Muscle = heaven. (11) A body-painted girl and the V-Rod Muscle strut their stuff. (12) Jo and Kendra ride off into the night.



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HANGIN' WITH H&F



(1) Hef and his Girls Next Door at the Fox Reality Channel Really Awards, where the girls were presenters and Holly was nominated for Favorite Performer of the Year. (2) Hef, blogger Perez Hilton and Kendra at the ceremony. (3) A proud papa with Cooper and Marston. (4) Verne Troyer with Miss May 2006 Alison Waite at STK for the Madden NFL party. (5) Hef, Holly and Coco enjoying Fun in the Sun at the Mansion. (6) Bridget and Holly hosted *National Lampoon's* Great American Run kickoff party at PMW. They gal-pal-pled with PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole. (7) Rapper Ludacris with Kendra. (8) Poolside guests with Hef for Fun in the Sun on Sunday. (9) Hef hosted a Strikeforce MMA event at PMW. Here he's with Cristal Camden, Elisha Peek and Miss February 2008 Michelle McLaughlin. (10) In the main event Kazuo "Grabaka Hitman" Misaki bested Joe "Diesel" Riggs. (11) *Sin City's* Michael Clarke Duncan with Miss October 2006 Jordan Monroe. (12) *Cold Case's* Thom Barry at the Leather Meets Lace party. (13) Gene "The Demon" Simmons of Kiss with the Man. (14) Twins Karissa and Kristina Shannon snuggle up to Hef.

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BIG 10 BOUNTY

Each October, while browsing the *Girls of...* pictorial, I wonder which of the courageous women—it takes courage to pose nude, given how some people on campus must react—is about to have her world dramatically change. This year I imagine *Girls of the Big 10*



Another view of OSU's Jamie Graham.

will be a game changer for Jamie Graham of the Ohio State University.

Robert Ahearn
Los Angeles, California

The sight of Jamie Graham is enough to convert this Gators fan to a Buckeye.

James Meade
Palmetto, Florida

Jamie has the face of Katie Holmes and the body of Angelina Jolie. You can't go wrong making her a Playmate.

Philly Stenger
Ferndale, Michigan

In a newspaper interview shortly before your pictorial appeared, Kellie Anne of the University of Iowa said she was nervous about how her photo had turned out. She needn't have worried: She appears strong and confident, as every woman should be.

Edward Dignin
Great Falls, Montana

For me, the surprise *Girls of...* star is Maxine Christine of Northwestern.

Mitch Berg
New York, New York

While Kelly Kae is undeniably gorgeous, she attends Indiana University

Northwest, in Gary. That makes her a Redhawk, not a Hoosier, and the Redhawks are Division II independents.

Micah Emler
Bloomington, Indiana

Fortunately, posing topless is not a recognized NCAA sport. IU Northwest is one of IU's eight campuses.

Extra credit to the stunning Ann Morgan, who sadly is the only Michigan State coed who kept her top on.

Joe Thomas
San Diego, California

I would learn to speak with that annoying Minnesotan accent if it meant impressing Missy Tarrington.

Nick Rudy
Cleveland, Ohio

As an Indiana native, I say hats off to my Hoosier girls—12 of the 48 Big 10 women attend Indiana or Purdue. The opening shot of Kelly Kae, Lauren Brooks and Adelaide Miller exemplifies what Hoosier beauty is all about. Eat your heart out, America.

DJ Kersey
Birmingham, Alabama

THE RETURN OF CATWOMAN

Presumably the postage-stamp-size nude you share in October from an unpublished pictorial of Julie Newmar ("To Julie Newmar, Thanks for Everything," *After Hours*) is a test to see which readers are paying attention. Well, I am, and I bet my pajama bottoms a million others are too. Don't be selfish, Hef. Let's see all the shots you have of the original Catwoman. Don't make me beg, though I'm willing to.

Shawn Charland
Ottawa, Ontario

Keep your pants on, Shawn—please. Julie reminded Hef of the photos, and we've been trying to figure out ever since why they went unpublished. The images were taken after her days as Catwoman, so we may have set them aside waiting to tie them to a movie or television appearance. With Julie's blessing we've posted the entire "lost" pictorial online at cyber.playboy.com.

SPEED ON CAMPUS

As a parent of a seven-year-old boy who has been taking Adderall XR for two years, I am well aware of the potential use and abuse of the drug (*The Adderall Effect*, October). Allowing our pediatrician to prescribe my son a single 30-milligram

tablet each day was not a decision I took lightly. There is no doubt in my mind he was in need of help, so I researched the drug and weighed its pros and cons. Adderall has helped him tremendously by controlling his disruptive impulsivity and hyperactivity and lengthening his attention span. My hope is that as he matures, he will no longer need the drug. It saddens me to know some parents believe it is okay for their children to use Adderall as a study aid. I was particularly horrified after reading in the article that one college student's father, a physician, "knows full well his son doesn't have attention-deficit/hyperactivity disorder yet gives it to him anyway." Mind-boggling!

Melissa Chamberlain
Nashville, Tennessee

MODERN NOIR

Thank you so much for *Nobody Move*, the four-part serial by Denis Johnson that concluded in the Octo-



Jimmy Luntz finds himself in a bad situation.

ber issue. I love PLAYBOY for many reasons, but fiction has always been near the top of the list. Johnson's exciting story kept me on the edge of my seat. Keep up the great work.

Dave Powell
Sparks, Nevada

Thank you for publishing Johnson's serial. It brings back memories of the good old days of magazine fiction.

Mark Malinowski
Baltimore, Maryland

I admire the balls PLAYBOY and Johnson have shown with this experiment. In the age of the blog, I'm sure many people overlook how truly thrilling his stories are. By the end of the second installment I still wasn't sure which character I should be pulling for. I also noticed that I turned to each



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installment before checking out the Centerfold—believe me, that’s a first.

Jason Griffiths
Allston, Massachusetts

We were pleased to see Johnson’s serial elicited not only uniformly positive reviews but also discussions about his talent, including those among critics at the Los Angeles Times (latimesblogs.latimes.com/jacketcopy/nobody_move) and students at Columbia University (bwog.net/tags/bwog_book_club). The complete Nobody Move is scheduled for release on April 27 as a hardcover and audiobook.

ISTANBUL INSULT

In a *Grapevine* item called “Constantinipples” (October), you note that Kate Moss wore a see-through top while visiting Turkey, “a land that is 99.8 percent Muslim.... Oops.” Constantinople, now Istanbul, is an open-minded city in which Muslims, Jews, Christians and agnostics have lived in peace for more than five centuries—a model for the world. I read my first issue of *PLAYBOY* in Turkey when I was 14, and it’s still popular there, so be careful about alienating your many devoted readers. We love Kate’s nipples, just like everyone else.

Ali Aydin
Orlando, Florida

PETE WENTZ

The quality of the “rock” music and the talent of the bands being promoted these days is embarrassing. Pete Wentz (*Playboy Interview*, October) comparing his immensely forgettable band, Fall Out Boy, to Led Zeppelin, not to mention your interviewer putting him in league with Mick Jagger, is a joke.

Sarah Malcom
Asheville, North Carolina

Wentz seems like a down-to-earth guy. He should be proud of the quality of the nude photos of him posted online, especially since he took them.

Carrie Johnson
Miami, Florida

THE DICE MEN COMETH

Thank you for further ensuring my job security by publishing *Shoot-Out in Vegas* (October). I worked as a dealer for eight years in a large casino before becoming a surveillance observer. My job is to make sure every game is conducted honestly, chiefly by keeping an eye on the dealers but also by identifying players who win with acquired skills rather than luck. Stephan Talty does a decent job of explaining the game, but he’s wrong to imply that just about anyone can become a great player by using dice-throwing techniques. The reality is that there are maybe 50 people in the country who can do it well enough to achieve any

consistent advantage over the house. The amount of coordination required to repeatedly bounce the dice accurately off the nipples on the back wall is similar to what you would need to repeatedly sink a 30-yard chip shot from the fringe. You couldn’t match Tiger Woods by practicing for six months. If you want to cheat, try card counting. It’s much less exciting, but any idiot can learn it.

Name withheld
Seattle, Washington

A WARM RECEPTION

Playmate Kelly Carrington of the University of Florida (*Gator Maid*, October) is stunning. Thank you for brightening my day.

Mike Byrne
Fairfax, Virginia



Kelly Carrington: Our next PMOY?

For the first time, I found myself unable to stop looking into a Centerfold’s eyes. Kelly is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen.

Gary May
Tampa, Florida

Three cheers for Kelly: no tattoos, no belly piercings, no implants.

Bob Fuller
Raleigh, North Carolina

When I saw Regina Deutinger in your April issue, I knew she would be tough to beat for Playmate of the Year. Then along came Juliette Fretté (June), who made me think you could not possibly do better. Now you give us Kelly Carrington. Is there any way to split the title so I don’t have to choose?

Jeremy Dodd
Moore, Oklahoma

Read more feedback at playboy.com/blog.





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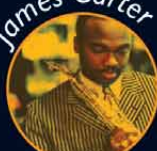
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P L A Y B O Y

a f t e r h o u r s

babe of the month

Lindsay Crolius

A BETTER SAMMY FROM
A BETTER NAKED CHEF

Chef Lindsay Crolius wants you to have a happy new year. Whether you're nursing a hangover (see page 18) on January 1 or merely chilling and watching football, she has the perfect comfort food. A sandwich in three parts:

PART ONE, EGGS: *Mix four eggs and a quarter cup low-fat milk. Scramble with a pinch of salt and pepper. Add Tabasco to taste.*

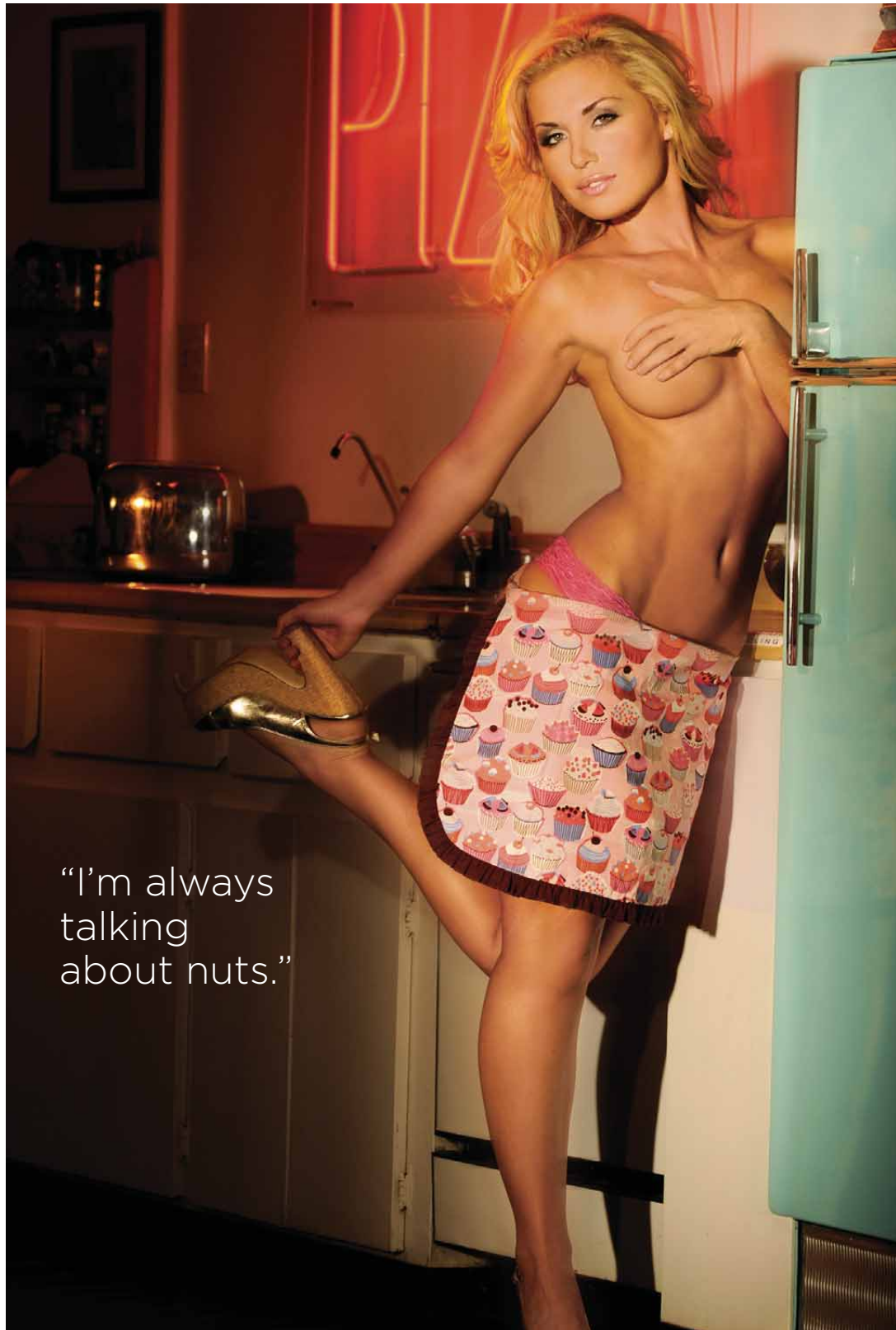
Who is chef Lindsay Crolius? She's a TV cook who flat-out burns the likes of Jamie Oliver and Rachael Ray. They do shows set in a kitchen; Lindsay does an outdoor romp called *Bikini BBQs*. How does such a show get on the air? "I told the guy at Comcast, 'I don't care. I'll cook in a bikini,'" she recalls. "He laughed. I said, 'No, really, I will.'" So now she puts on a bikini and grills tasty things. "I'm always talking about nuts and saying things like 'I like feeling the meat in my fingers.'" Speaking of which...

PART TWO, MEAT: *Combine half pound Spanish pork chorizo, half pound ground pork, a third cup Italian seasoned bread crumbs, one half teaspoon each of chili powder and garlic powder, and a pinch of salt and pepper. Press into inch-thick patties; grill or cook in a skillet.*

Lindsay's sexy cookery has ruffled feathers. "People make comments and post things online," she says. "One blog called me skanktastic. Is that bad? It's not all bad, because it ends in *tastic*. But it starts with *skank*."

PART THREE, SANDWICH: *Layer eggs over meat over a slice of Swiss cheese on an onion-and-poppy-seed bagel. Makes four.*

Eat 'em and smile.



"I'm always talking about nuts."

drink of the month

Well Hung

AN INVENTIVE MIXOLOGIST'S RECIPE FOR RECOVERY

Scott Beattie is a virtuoso among drink designers. The concoctions he invented at Cyrus restaurant in Healdsburg, California call for organic fruits, boutique liquors, pickled vegetables and the occasional sprig of amaranth. With the pelo del perro (Spanish for “hair of the dog”), Beattie has created what he claims is the perfect morning-after drink, and we won’t argue. This recipe is a variation on one in his interesting book, *Artisanal Cocktails: Drinks Inspired by the Seasons From the Bar at Cyrus*.

Pelo del perro

500 micrograms powdered vitamin B₁₂

½ ounce Charbay ruby-red-grapefruit-flavored vodka

½ ounce unflavored vodka

½ ounce 100 percent blue-agave silver (plata) tequila

¾ ounce freshly squeezed grapefruit juice

¾ ounce freshly squeezed lime juice

¼ ounce agave nectar

1 egg white

Combine all ingredients in an empty mixing glass and stir well until B₁₂ dissolves. Add enough ice to fill the glass. Shake hard for 10 seconds. Strain over enough fresh ice to fill a tall collins glass rimmed with pink or red sea salt. Repeat if hangover persists.



feel-good tv



Dog on Wheels

HOW BAD CAN THINGS BE WHEN BULLDOGS RIDE SKATEBOARDS?

January 1, 2009 will mark the 120th Tournament of Roses parade, and hooray for that. To date, you’ve slept through up to 119 Tournament of Roses parades—should this year be any different? Perhaps, thanks to Dick Van Patten. The aging TV legend owns a dog-food company called Natural Balance. Natural Balance has a float in the parade that features not one but two skateboarding bulldogs. The logistics seem daunting—how do you keep them on the float?—but the reward is great. Give it a watch and maybe, for a few precious seconds, you’ll get your mind off your toilet-bound 401(k).



little lady

Vamping in Vinyl

THE ULTIMATE SWEATER GIRL IS BACK

Thirty years ago Playmate Monique St. Pierre hit newsstands in knee-high leather boots and a large sweater. The image remains one of our most unusual covers—very little of

Monique’s face is even visible, and she crouches in the tight frame like an adult visiting a child’s playhouse. Paul Pope, an acclaimed auteur of alternative comics, has designed a seven-inch-tall vinyl sculpture of the iconic Ms. St. Pierre (later named Playmate of the Year 1979) for

ultrahip toy-and-apparel merchant Kidrobot. “I looked at many covers, but this one spoke to me because it’s attractive to both women and men,” Pope says. “I like the juxtaposition of the big bulky sweater and the nude legs. Plus, boots are sexy. I have a thing for boots.” Get your own mini-Mo at a Kidrobot store or shopthebunny.com.



buzz of the month

Can Sound Get You High?

BINAURAL BEATS ARE DOWNLOADABLE AUDIO FILES THAT CAN ALTER THE MIND. MAYBE

What are they? Sounds that influence your brain waves, bringing on extreme relaxation. They may also improve your focus, energy, memory and intelligence. In other words, audio drugs.

How do they work? They shift your brain's rhythm by pumping different tones into each of your ears. **Do they work?** Yes, says the nonprofit Monroe Institute, citing studies that show binaurals can help with stress, pain and sleeping problems. **What do they sound like?** Not much; beats are often cloaked in white noise. Sorry, Phish fans. **Where do you get them?** Websites such as brainev.com and healingbeats.com. **How much do they cost?** A four-pack of beats runs \$40 at healingbeats.com. **Any disclaimers?** Don't operate dangerous machinery or drive. Don't listen if you have epilepsy. Be prepared for repressed emotions to surface. **What do you do if that happens?** Fire up some real drugs and put on a Phish record, man.



the depilatory code

Waxing in Winter

HOW TO READ HER PUBIC GROOMING

With swimsuit season so far off, the choices she makes below the belt are all about you.

She didn't wax before the date. Not good. From a college junior: "If I know I don't want to have sex, then I won't wax. It's a good chastity belt." **She's freshly groomed elsewhere.** It's code. She went to the



salon to take care of a few things. From a barista: "If I tell you I had my eyebrows and nails done, I'm bare down there and ready to go." **You're in bed with an unwaxed woman you barely know.** Be flattered; she couldn't wait for a second date. From a girl we never heard from again: "I slept with a guy I just met even though I needed to wax. But I never called him afterward. I thought he'd remember me as that girl with the overgrown bush." **The date went well, but it has been several days and she hasn't booked a follow-up date.** Possibly good. Could be she has waxed for you and needs time to recover. From a girl we hope to see soon: "After waxing I can barely walk, let alone have sex. I'm closed for business until I can feel my vagina again."

the big o

Omar in the House

A FEW WORDS WITH OMAR EPPS, *HOUSE*'s DR. ERIC FOREMAN

PLAYBOY: You're a New York guy, but now you live in L.A. What do you miss about home?

EPPS: I grew up all over Brooklyn—Bed Stuy, East New York, Flatbush—with Caribbean food everywhere. I have to say, it's hard to find good Caribbean food in L.A. But I do like the Cha Cha Cha café, which is Caribbean-Latin fusion.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite item of clothing?

EPPS: I think I'm like most guys in that when I find a favorite pair of jeans, I stick with it. I have these jeans by Prps that go with everything, and they're comfortable. I sometimes have to tell myself not to wear them because I wore them the day before.

PLAYBOY: What do you drink?

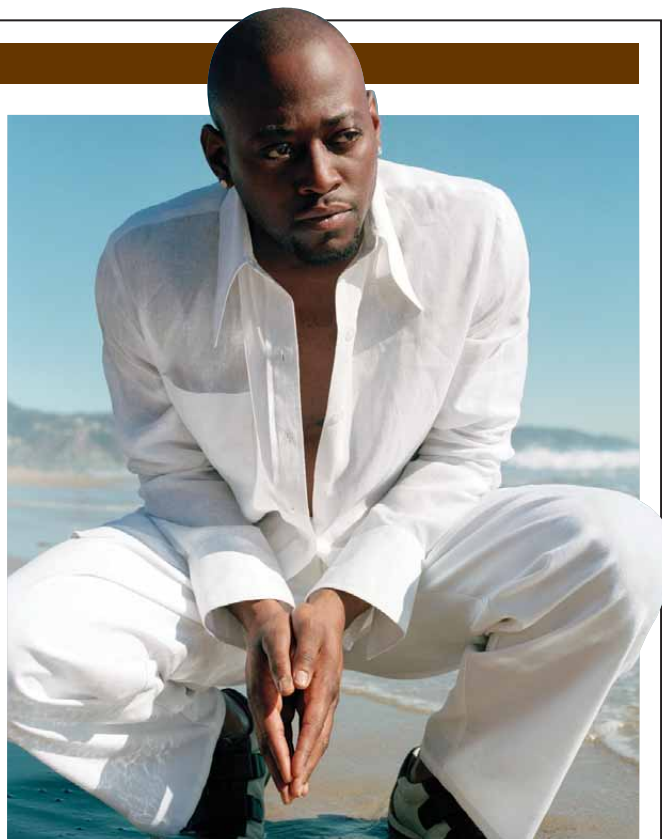
EPPS: I like Grey Goose and club soda. I also drink wine, such as a merlot or a Chianti. Stags' Leap makes good wine. I can't drink white, though—it gives me a headache.

PLAYBOY: What was the first thing you bought yourself when you started making real money?

EPPS: A BMW 325i—this was about 1994, and it was a big deal. My friends were like, Wow. Today I have a Mercedes CL63. My wife gets a truck, for the kids; I get a toy, to have fun in.

PLAYBOY: You've played two TV doctors, first on *ER* in the 1990s and now on *House*. What's bigger, the spleen or the pancreas?

EPPS: I have no idea.





employee of the month

Axle Rose

TRUCKER NELLEY MIALL HAS HER EARS ON AND HER HAMMER DOWN

PLAYBOY: You're a trucker, which is kind of funny. Many people don't think of women as skilled drivers.

NELLEY: That's the stereotype, but I'm an exception. I can back up an 18-wheeler.

PLAYBOY: You also look nothing like most truckers.

NELLEY: I know. It's a male-dominated field.

PLAYBOY: Yes, often very large males.

NELLEY: Life on the road isn't always very healthy, but I try to stay away from diner food.

PLAYBOY: What do you haul?

NELLEY: I tow luxury cars, mostly Lamborghinis and Bentleys. I joke that it's as close as I'll ever get to driving a Bentley.

PLAYBOY: How do you get through the long shifts?

NELLEY: A lot of coffee and energy drinks.

PLAYBOY: When did you first decide to be a trucker?

NELLEY: One time my friend and I were having coffee—see, I told you—and these two guys started to hit on us. It turned out they were truckers and needed a place to stay. I ended up dating one and riding shotgun with him on trips, which led to being his relief driver. We broke up, but I stuck with the road.

PLAYBOY: His "relief driver." What does that mean? Sounds as if it might be kinky.

NELLEY: I guess it might, but it just means that when he got tired I would take the wheel.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever flashed someone on the road?

NELLEY: Oh yes, I sure have.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had sex in the sleeper cab?

NELLEY: Of course! But I can do you one better: I had sex once in the cab while I was driving.

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

the no-show show



Country Legends

COWBOYS BEFORE RHINESTONES

The book *Pure Country: The Leon Kagarise Archives, 1961–1971* documents the genre's formative years, when stars were mere mortals and concerts resembled family picnics. The stories about the performers are often priceless, such as this one about George "No Show" Jones and the photo on the book's cover:

"Jones showed up Saturday with a pick-up band from Baltimore that couldn't play the songs to his liking. He was raging drunk and madder than hell and he fired the band onstage. Jones demanded a phone so he could call his manager, but at New River Ranch there were no such modern conveniences. 'This is way back in the woods,' said Leon. 'So he had to walk a half mile down the road to a store to use the telephone, cussing the whole way.' The next day, Jones was back—same suit, same band, same stage—but a new man, sober, contrite and quietly affable enough to stand for a portrait."

balls of crystal

2009: A Look Back

STORIES WE'LL BE FOLLOWING IN THE COMING YEAR

January As of January 19, polls indicate new president is already doing a better job than George W. Bush. Remarkable, as he is not inaugurated until the 20th. **February** Sarah Palin's daughter Bristol and Bristol's fiancé, Levi Johnston, call off their engagement, surprising dozens. **March** Iraq war celebrates sixth birthday—who wants a pony ride? **April** Money trouble: Fed uses dubious accounting to bail itself out. **May** Scandal erupts when congressmen Peter Stroker and Dick Stiffer are caught dancing naked in an Amtrak station restroom. **June** Money trouble: Consortium of rich Asian orphans adopts Angelina Jolie. **July** Late-night TV suffers without Bush to kick around anymore. As their once massive ratings shrivel like Lou Ferrigno's testicles in cold bathwater, Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert resort to celebrity dick jokes. **August** Hurricane Engelbert lays waste to the Cuban neighborhoods of Miami while leaving the rest unscathed. **September** Money trouble: *The Apprentice* changes focus. Contestants now compete to hear the magic words "You've survived this round of layoffs." **October** Rapture occurs. Just kidding. **November** Mick Jagger-Eric Clapton duet "To All the French First Ladies We've Loved Before" tops the charts. **December** Money trouble: December canceled. Nation downsizes to 11-month calendar.

do the research

Playmates for Your Review

WHAT TO SEE BEFORE YOU CAST A BALLOT

Voting for Playmate of the Year is all about making an informed choice. That's why we recommend watching (and rewatching) the *Playmate Review 2008* special on Playboy TV. Relive the annus mirabilis that began with Miss January, Swede Sandra Nilsson, and ended with the double bonus of Misses December, the Campbell twins. It was a good year for globalizers with multinational Ida Ljungqvist (March), German Regina Deutinger (April) and Korean American Grace Kim (November). A quartet of blondes—Michelle McLaughlin (February), Kayla Collins (August), Kelly Carrington (October) and the empowered Juliette Fretté (June)—had at least as much, if not more, fun. And as PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole would warn, don't count out the dark-haired beauties AJ Alexander (May), Laura Croft (July) and Valerie Mason (September). Enough already, you're thinking—when can we see this



wonderful program? *Playmate Review 2008* premieres

Sunday, December 14 at nine P.M. Eastern and Pacific time and will re-air throughout December and January on Playboy TV.

the places to go...

Visit the Mansion, Virtually

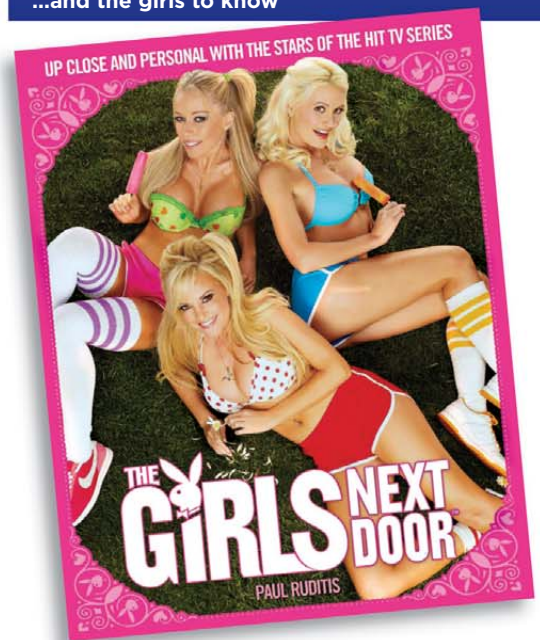
THE ULTIMATE PARTY PALACE GOES ONLINE



You can enter the Grotto by swimming under this waterfall.

Navigating the Playboy Mansion has never been easier. How do you get to the Game Room from the driveway? Where does Hef play backgammon? And what's with the wooden monkeys in the Great Hall? For the answers to these questions, visit our interactive tour at playboy.com/mansiontour. It's zoomable, clickable and a lot of fun.

...and the girls to know



Here's to Reality

A MUST-READ FOR *GIRLS NEXT DOOR* FANS

Just when you thought you knew everything about Holly, Bridget and Kendra, along comes *The Girls Next Door*, the official behind-the-scenes look at life at the Playboy Mansion.

R A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

She Never Gave Them Her Money



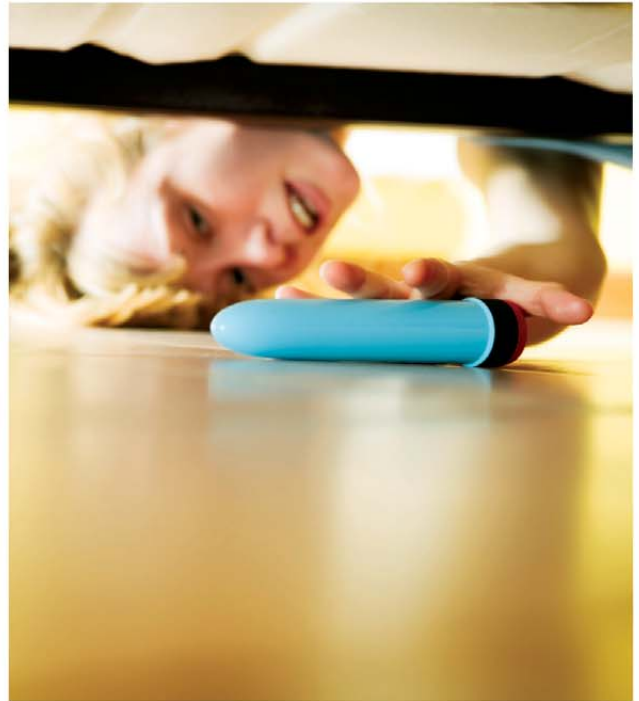
Heather Mills pledged to give "a large majority" of her **\$48 million** payment from ex Paul McCartney to Adopt-A-Minefield; as of early September the charity had received **\$0**.



Touched

55% of all Americans—religious or not—agree with the statement "I was protected from harm by a guardian angel."

what they're thinking



The Berman Center finds that $\frac{1}{3}$ of adult women use vibrators.

Remote Control

Contrary to clicker clichés, the Pew Research Center reports **27%** of couples say the wife chooses what to watch on TV; **26%** say the husband does. About **25%** choose jointly.



Buy Sexual

Of the **\$13.3 billion** spent in porn shops in the United States, **25%** is spent by women.



The Nine Campaigns of Barack Obama

Because Brazilian law allows candidates to use any name they like, **8** different people ran for office as "Barack Obama" in local elections in October.

Worker, Interrupted

It takes **64 seconds** to regain your train of thought after an e-mail interruption. People who check their e-mail every **5 minutes** spend **8.5 hours** each workweek trying to recall what they were doing.

price check

\$497,500

Amount paid at auction for the Stratocaster Jimi Hendrix set on fire during a 1967 concert in London.



It Ain't So, Joe

93% of U.S. employees admit they use their company's web access for personal reasons. Of these, **52%** would rather give up coffee than their workplace Internet connection.

Floating Chads

If oceans rise, **Florida (345 feet)** above sea level at its highest point) will be the first state to be completely submerged.

Knot Now

Forty years ago the average man first married at the age of **23** and the average woman at **21**. Today those ages have increased to **27** and **26**, respectively.

Best Medicine?

Maybe you should feel self-conscious in front of your M.D. According to a survey of doctors starting a residency in internal medicine, **17%** had—along with their colleagues—made fun of a patient, sometimes when the patient was under anaesthesia.



Cost: Arm and a Leg

If the price of gasoline had increased since **1961** at the same rate as Americans' health care costs, a gallon would now go for around **\$15**.

Going to Pot

On any given day, about **6,000** Americans try marijuana for the first time.



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HERE'S TO THE STUFF INSIDE



movie of the month

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button

BACKWARD AGES BRAD PITT

By Stephen Rebello

The Curious Case of Benjamin Button, the new movie directed by David Fincher (*Zodiac*) and loosely based on F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1922 short story, stars Brad Pitt, who with the aid of computer wizardry plays a hero born an octogenarian at the end of World War I who ages backward into the 21st century. Hollywood has been struggling since the mid-1990s to turn Fitzgerald's haunting tale into a film. Now, with Fincher at the helm and Cate Blanchett, Tilda Swinton and Julia Ormond starring as the three key women in the title character's oddly funny and bizarre life, the movie's Oscar-winning screenwriter, Eric Roth (*Forrest Gump*), believes he and Fincher have come up with something highly unusual. "As sophisticated as I think I may be about CGI and effects, I had never visualized what the film and Benjamin himself would look like in his different sizes and ages," says Roth. "David is able to make us feel as if we're watching a living, breathing human being. With Brad it turned out to be sort of amazing too, and the proof of the pudding came when a screening audience kept talking about the character of Benjamin and not Brad Pitt, who gives a really simple, human performance." As for the film's *Gump*-like qualities, the screenwriter says, "I don't mind if audiences



go in thinking they're going to see another *Forrest Gump*. Although there's a magical, humorous and episodic quality to both, this movie is less ironic, less extreme. It stands on its own and has a range of emotions. It's funny and moving and has things to say that I hope will last beyond the time people sit in the theater, watching it."

dvds of the month

Pineapple Express The freaks and geeks of *Superbad* apparently grow up to be potheads. Droll slacker Seth Rogen runs from warring factions of drug pushers with his dealer, played with glazed-eye perfection by James Franco. Like a contact high, their nonsensical inanity is catchy.

Best Blu-ray extra: The *Donkey Kong*-style *Ride the Express* game. (BD) ★★★



Burn After Reading In Ethan and Joel Coen's darkly textured caper, CIA analyst John Malkovich encounters Frances McDormand and Brad Pitt, dim personal trainers trying to extort money. Goofy lothario George Clooney and icy bitch Tilda Swinton bring sex into the mix.

Best extra: A featurette about creating a Coenish capital. (BD) ★★★



The House Bunny Our favorite funny girl, Anna Faris, makes the most of this non-*Scary Movie* star turn as Shelley, a Playboy Bunny tricked into moving out of the Mansion. She finds new purpose in making over the nerdy members of a sorority.

Best extra: "The Girls Upstairs" goes behind the scenes with the *Girls Next Door*, who appear in the movie along with Hef. (BD) ★★★



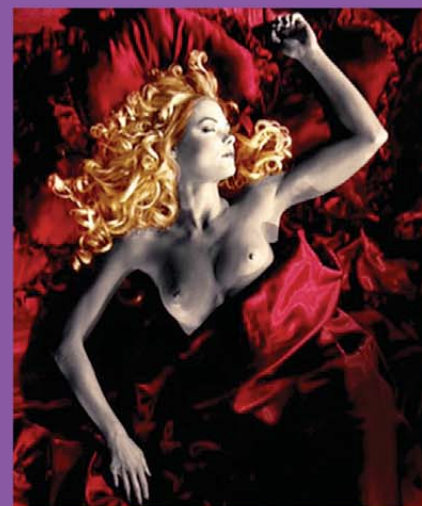
Lost: The Complete Fourth Season—The Expanded Experience Rewind the 13 anxiety-inducing episodes of this writers-strike-stricken season—plus intriguing flash-forwards of the *Oceanic Six* survivors—for clues as to who will likely return for season five.

Best extra: Featurette profiling the *Freighter People*. (BD) ★★★ —Buzz McClain



Leonardo DiCaprio and Kate Winslet's love sinks in *Revolutionary Road*; Mickey Rourke fights in *The Wrestler*; Tom Cruise plots to kill Hitler in *Valkyrie*. Read more at playboy.com.

tease frame

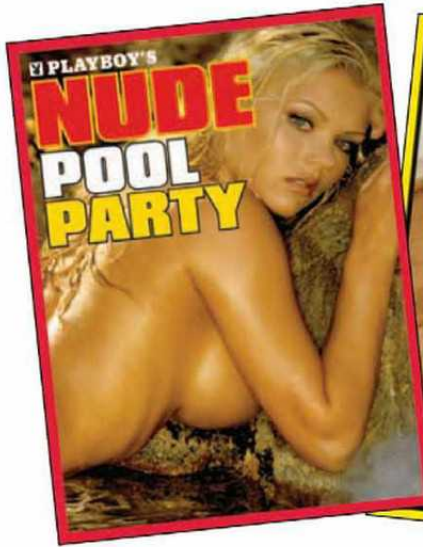


In *Sin City* (pictured), Jaime King ignites the screen, playing twin sisters. King gets graphic again when she reunites with writer and director Frank Miller for *The Spirit*; she plays Lorelei Rox, a modern-day siren with a killer voice.

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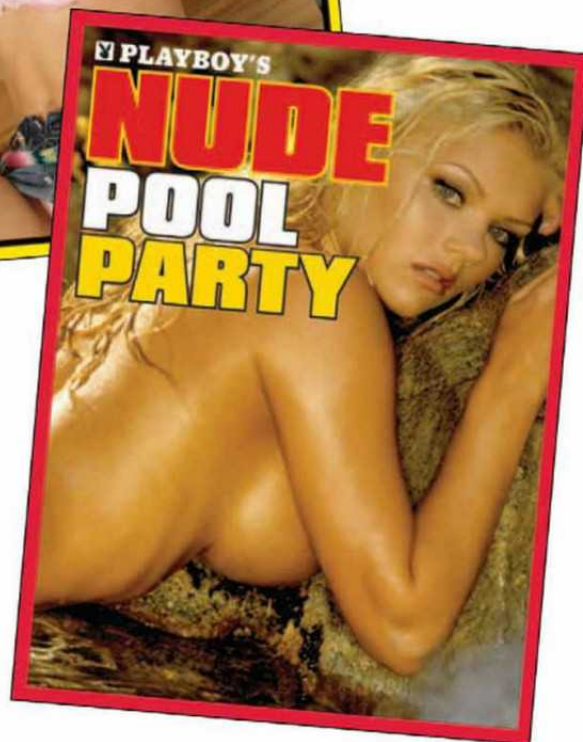
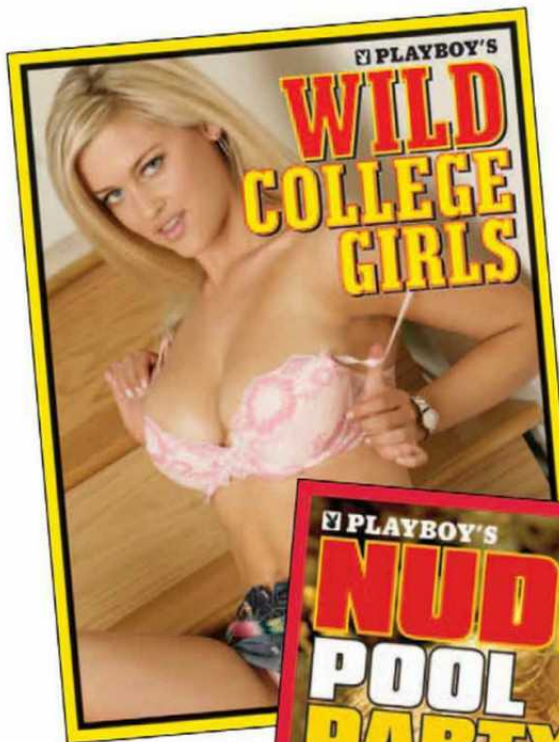
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the ultimate rock-and-roll road trip

Heavy-Metal Thunder

MOTLEY CRUE REVS UP FOR NEXT TOUR LEG

Following the success of this past summer's stadium-rocking Crue Fest and the reissue of the band's complete catalogue, the gloriously sleazy Sunset Strip rockers are heading back out with Hinder as support. Tommy Lee fills us in on the high-decibel, pyrotechnics-loaded scene.

Q: Do you have the traditional Jägermeister dispenser and stripper pole backstage these days?

A: I have a Jäger machine in my bus and one in the dressing room. I also have a new dressing-room rule, which I started over the summer: You must remove one article of clothing—your pants, your top—or else you are not allowed in my dressing room. So in order to come back and dance and party you gotta take off some clothing. That gets the fucking party started so quick. Everyone's walking around topless, and shit's going, music's bumping, girls are dancing on the table, and you're like, Okay, this is perfect.

Q: Then there's the "titty cam" you roam the stage with. Do you favor any particular type of titty?

A: First of all, there's no such thing as fake tits. If you can touch them, they're real. Big, small, lopsided, they are all titties, and I say get them all out. I'm not picky, but I do enjoy very large nipples, I have to admit.

Q: After 25 years, are there still glitches?

A: The only bummer is sitting around for hours before a show, waiting to go rock shit. It's like, Let's fucking do this!



Can the album survive? Flash-memory-card maker SanDisk has thrown it a lifeline, unveiling DRM-free slotMusic cards, microSD cards that go straight into phones, computers and Sansa MP3 players.

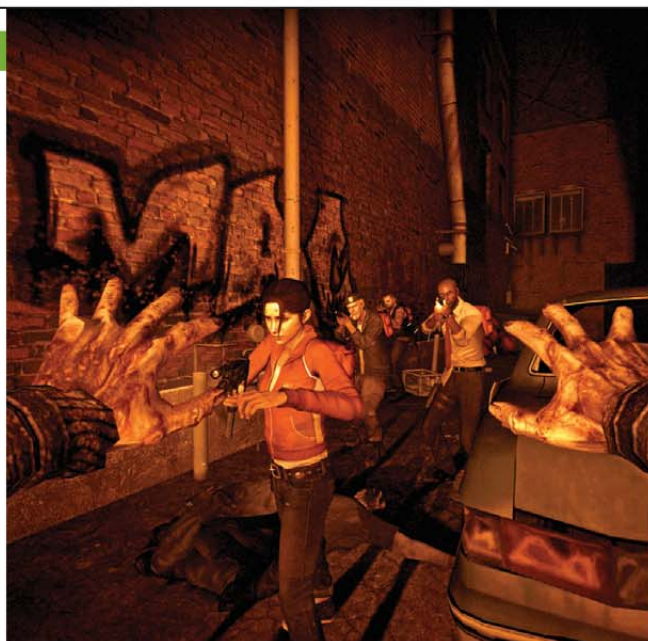
game of the month

Braaaaaains With Brains

THE WORST ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE YOU'LL EVER LOVE

Sometimes you want to lose yourself in a sweeping narrative, and sometimes you just want to shoot the crap out of zombies. Fast-paced and claustrophobic, *Left 4 Dead* (360, PC) scratches the latter itch better than any other game ever made (sorry, *Resident Evil*) and is the most pleasurable experience we've had being frightened out of our wits. It's simple. You see, there are these zombies, you and your three buddies are survivors, and there's all this ammo lying around—we're guessing you can figure out the rest. Four-person co-op play is built into the game's DNA, as you'll need one another's help to survive (wandering off alone is a surefire death sentence). Further, the excellent versus-style multiplayer mode lets you and three friends play as zombies, trying to take down other would-be survivors. Oh, and the bastards are fast. 🍌🍌🍌 —Scott Alexander

See reviews of *Call of Duty: World at War*, *Need for Speed: Undercover*, *Quantum of Solace* and *The Lord of the Rings: Conquest* at playboy.com/games.



PRINCE OF PERSIA (360, PC, PS3) A relaunch of the lauded franchise, this new *Prince* takes a graceful wall-running leap into a spectacular new direction with a cleaner, more fluid control scheme and a gorgeous painterly art style. The dazzling acrobatics are still here, along with a beautiful sidekick and her mysterious powers. 🍌🍌🍌½ —Chris Hudak

MIRROR'S EDGE (360, PC, PS3) As hottie futuristic courier Faith, you'll acrobatically propel yourself across a shining sinister city using just your muscles, your wits and the guns of the agents you disarm. An innovative first-person control scheme delights but can leave you a bit woozy. Wonderful, but pack some Dramamine. 🍌🍌🍌½ —Scott Steinberg

TOMB RAIDER: UNDERWORLD (360, PC, PS3, Wii) We will forever be partial to Ms. Croft and her short pants. Too bad her latest adventure is an exercise in déjà vu. While the plot takes a much needed hatchet to Lara's goody-goody nature, the game's clichéd settings make it feel like a vacation to a place we've been before. 🍌🍌½ —Scott Jones

PLAYBOY'S
SEXY
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CALENDARS

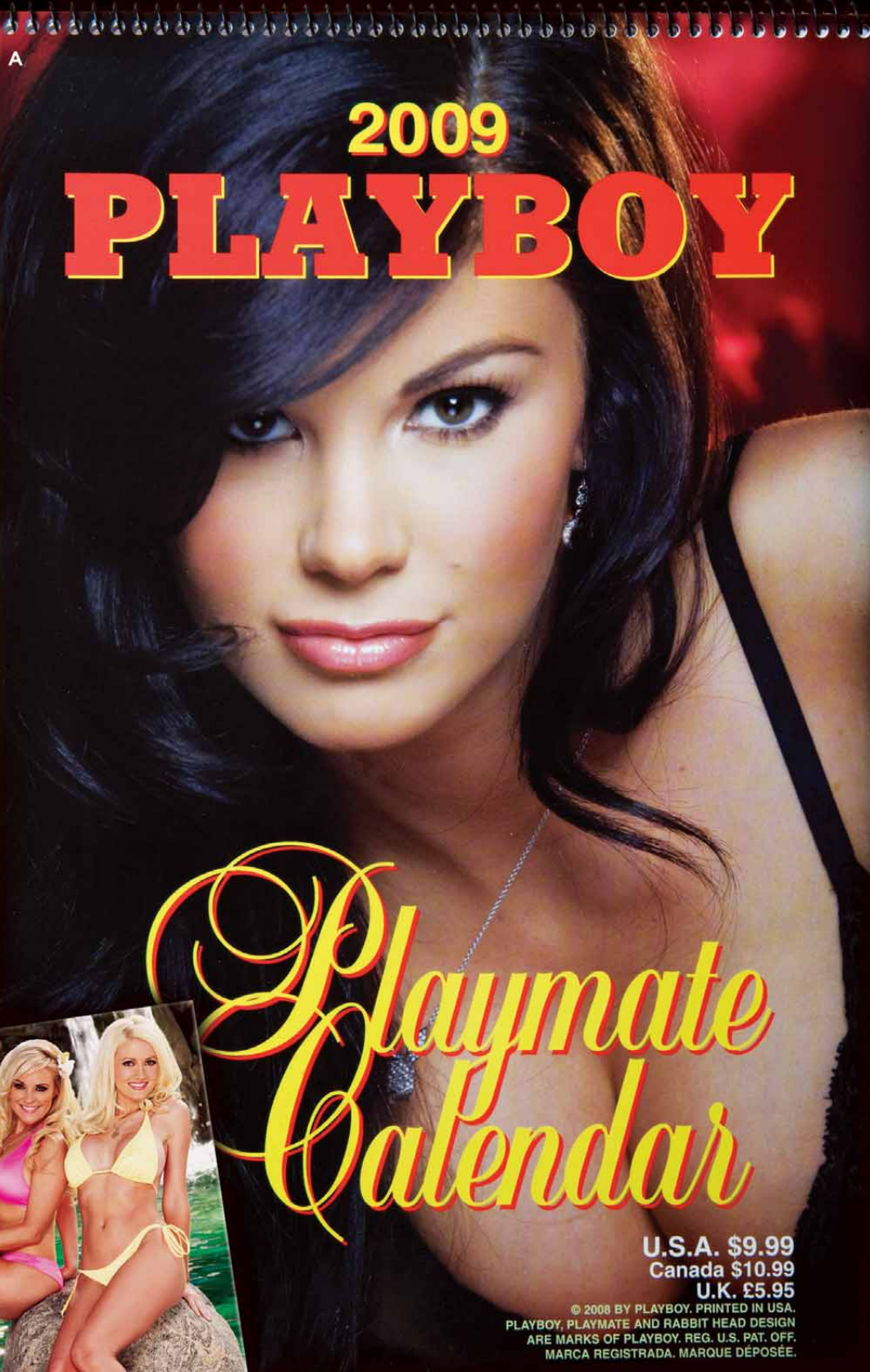
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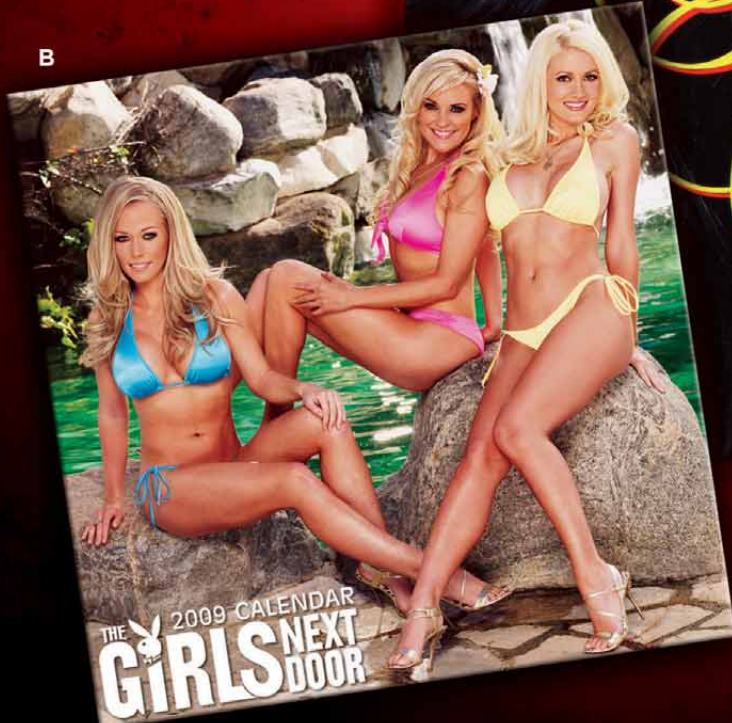


A

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*Playmate
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B

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California Dreamin'

Ferrari reinvents its classic Spyder California with almost twice the horsepower

ONE OF THE most desirable Ferrari street cars of all time is the 1957 to 1963 250 GT Spyder California. Just 106 were built. Brigitte Bardot owned one (that's hers above, inset). So did James Coburn, whose 1961 model sold last year for \$10.9 million. That's a tough act to follow, but Ferrari's latest will run circles around its classic namesake. The born-again 193 mph California packs a front mid-mounted 4.3-liter direct-injected aluminum V8 with 454 bhp. Zero to 60 takes less than four seconds. All the goodies are here: a hyperfast-shifting seven-speed transaxle, Brembo carbon-ceramic brakes. That curvaceous body is all lightweight aluminum, and so is the chassis. A retractable hardtop (a first for Ferrari) leaves beaucoup space for passengers or optional color-matched fitted luggage. (The original 250 GT was a two-seater; the newbie 2+2 sports flat-folding jump seats.) Styling cues from the original roadster abound, such as an egg-crate grille, a prominent hood scoop and long-hood, short-deck proportions. Want one? Sorry, Ferrari's all sold out until 2011. Speaking at the recent Paris Auto Show, Ferrari president Luca di Montezemolo mused, "The California is like a good-looking woman. You desire her, and you have to wait for her." Should you have the time and the cash (about \$200,000), opt for the Azzurro California paint, an iridescent blue used on the New York Auto Show display car back in 1962.



Goos You Can Use

AGE HAPPENS. SLOW its roll with Clinique's Skin Supplies for Men line (clinique.com), which includes the Age Defense Hydrator (\$30), with an SPF of 15; Liquid Face Wash (\$15) for before shaving; Cream Shave (\$12) for during; and Post-Shave Healer (\$16) for soothing your chops afterward. These products may not be able to stop time, but they can distract it long enough for you to sneak out the back door.

Hazy Shades of Winter

IF YOU'VE ALWAYS wanted to be a 1970s TV cop but have never been able to commit to growing a decent bushy mustache, Paul Frank's Math Blaster sunglasses (\$140, paulfrank.com) let you live out your *Starsky and Hutch* dreams without the aid of creepy facial hair. The squared aviators say you know how to handle your gun, while the sea-foam-green accents say you'll stick around to snuggle afterward. Right on.





Talk of the Town

THESE DAYS YOUR phone is a direct extension of your brain, so choose wisely—your consciousness depends on it. From left: Sony Ericsson’s Xperia X1 (AT&T or T-Mobile, \$800, sonyericsson.com) is an elegantly curved QWERTY slider that focuses on multimedia. The Storm (Verizon, price TBD, blackberry.com) is the first touch-screen BlackBerry, perfect for the person who has never been able to distinguish business from pleasure. The G1 (T-Mobile, \$180 with contract, t-mobileg1.com) does almost everything the iPhone does, except it’s open-source and Google-affiliated and has a full QWERTY keypad. We like it very much. If you just want a phone, damn it, Sanyo’s Katana Eclipse X (Sprint, \$100 with contract, sanyo.com) is no-nonsense but has enough bells and whistles to keep you from feeling like a caveman.



Aging Beautifully

TURNING 55 HAS its advantages: Those few extra years round off your corners and turn your imperfections into assets. While you can pick up PLAYBOY’s 55th anniversary issue for just \$6 at a newsstand, Macallan 55-Year-Old scotch (themacallan.com) is going for a cool 14 grand a bottle—only 420 bottles of the sherry-cask-aged spirit were made. We recommend thoroughly prioritizing your friends before uncorking.

Grated Community

GRILLING IS ONE of our favorite forms of self-expression. Gas or charcoal? Direct or indirect heat? Marinade or rub? These choices define you as an outdoor cook, but those who want to truly leave a mark on their food don’t stop there. For \$135 and up, YM Custom Grates (ymigrate.com) will create a grill grate based on your own design. In our experience nothing says “You’ll eat it my way and like it” more than searing a silhouette of your face into someone’s steak. The company also offers an array of grates featuring officially licensed college-football logos, any of which will secure your status as King Tailgate.





24

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The Playboy Advisor

My husband of 16 years is a reserved guy, so I always enjoy shocking his system in the bedroom. For example, I have had other women give him blow jobs, taken him to swinger clubs, etc. But I wasn't sure how I would handle another woman fucking him. One night at a party the situation got out of hand, and he ended up with a woman in another room. I stood outside the door, wondering if I had made a big mistake. I was okay until I heard her yelling and him slapping her ass. Now I'm a mess. I no longer let him go to strip clubs, I have a hard time watching porn with him, and I feel like crying whenever he does me from behind. I have gone to a therapist, only to be told it's my fault this happened. I probably deserve this because of a one-night stand I had eight years ago, which he knows about. I was only trying to be an adventurous wife. But now I'm like every other wife in America—jealous and insecure. I thought men see sex only as sex. My husband won't give me any answers. Can you?—L.C., Houston, Texas

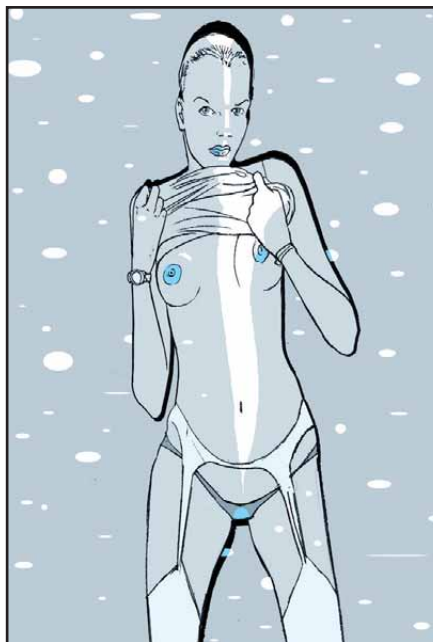
This isn't your fault. It's simply the result of a lack of communication; you hadn't discussed the situation beforehand, and it led to your being shut out. There is no such thing as an adventurous wife, only an adventurous couple. If you had been in that room, slapping the woman's ass while your husband fucked her, we doubt you'd be writing us. Ask your husband if he would come with you to a therapist (not the doofus you've already seen) to listen and/or tell his side of the story. The one-night stand from years ago is not on his mind.

Is it okay to tell a friend I have a problem with the way he treats women? He has done deplorable things but laughs them off. Should I tell him he's being a douche bag?—S.N., Walnut Creek, California

You could say something, but we doubt it would make any difference. He knows what he's doing. More important, how does his behavior reflect on you, since any woman he has burned will likely assume you share his attitude? At the very least they will wonder about your choice of friends, which puts you in a hole before you even get started.

What is the best way to prevent ingrown hairs on my neck? I've tried everything—lotions, scrubs, hot and cold water while shaving, tweezers and changing my razor frequently. It's not as bad as when I was a teenager, but I'm 28 and ready to move on.—J.R., Manalapan, New Jersey

Ingrown hairs, or razor bumps, occur when a hair curls back on itself or into a nearby follicle. The initial treatment is to let your beard grow for about a month, then resume shaving with a single-blade razor, replacing the blade often, as you're doing. Shave during or immediately after a shower and switch from



shaving cream to a gel or an oil. Work in the direction of growth without stretching the skin and use short, deliberate strokes. Don't pluck ingrown hairs with tweezers; instead, gently tug them from under the skin so they can be shaved off. Some men use a loofah or firm toothbrush to remove dead skin prior to using the blade. Finally, apply a cortisone cream to your neck at night to reduce inflammation.

Eight years ago my girlfriend and her ex taped themselves having sex. When she told me she still had the tape, I asked her why she hadn't destroyed it. It's a huge turnoff for me to even think about it. What's your take?—A.K., Miami, Florida

It wouldn't bother us, especially since the guy is ancient history. If you feel you can't go on, ask your girlfriend if she will help you make an even hotter sex tape, preferably while recording over the old one.

My husband and I work different shifts. He is home during the day with our two young children, and I am home at night. It's aggravating to return to a messed-up bed, dirty dishes, dirty laundry and overflowing trash cans. I have tried everything to get him to help, but he says it's "women's work." It seems he could not care less that it upsets me. What can I do?—S.L., Joppa, Maryland

Women's work? Oh boy. Your husband has discovered a very effective method of birth control. Dividing the housework is a common source of conflict between working couples, and it sometimes becomes a tool one spouse (typically the husband) uses to strike back for perceived slights. For instance, because you don't see each other often, your husband may be upset about the lack of affection (read: sex). He may also feel you criticize but never compli-

*ment; e.g., how are his skills as a father? His resentment makes you less affectionate, which makes him more resentful.... It's a vicious cycle. As a practical matter, could you get a day shift? Can you afford a housekeeper twice a month to give the place a good scrubbing? You can't go on carrying the load—women who do twice as much housework as their husband have been found to suffer greater anxiety and depression. Psychologist Joshua Coleman, author of *The Lazy Husband*, suggests you start a conversation by asking your spouse to list his complaints about you—and promise to work on them. Also create a to-do list of two or three items, written on a dry-erase board in the kitchen, with a kind note. If he takes care of business, be sure to notice, but don't be a control freak, nitpicking his methods. If he doesn't, you may have to tell him you won't keep doing all the things you've been doing, such as paying the bills, making his dinner or washing his clothes. Coleman says this tough-love method should be a last resort, but sometimes it works wonders.*

I've heard that televisions using antennae will no longer work in the U.S. after next month. Do I need to buy a new set?—D.K., St. Louis, Missouri

By government decree, as of midnight on February 17 all major stations will broadcast only in digital. But that doesn't mean you need a new set. If your television was made after about 2003, it likely has a digital tuner. Check your owner's manual. If you subscribe to a cable or satellite service, you won't need a new set. If you have an older one and use an antenna, you'll need a device to convert the digital signal to analog. To request a \$40 gift card from Uncle Sam that you can apply to the cost of a converter, visit dto2009.gov or call 888-388-2009. The boxes cost \$40 to \$70 each.

In October a reader asked whether she should tell her boyfriend she had blown another guy. You said no. I'm incredibly disappointed with your response. Honesty is crucial to a relationship, and as you noted, there is a good chance he'll find out anyway. Better he hears it from her.—B.C., Chattanooga, Tennessee

Actually, she wanted to know if she should tell her boyfriend she had swallowed. The blow job didn't seem of much concern, which threw us. Confessing to that would be like admitting you fucked your wife's best friend but used a condom or went to an orgy but didn't ask for anyone's number. What's the point?

I have landed my first job and am wondering how to choose neckties. Should they match the pants, shirt or both? For example, if you wear blue pants and a yellow shirt, is a yellow tie with blue diamonds okay? How about a striped tie with a striped shirt?—R.M., Albuquerque, New Mexico

A tie doesn't have to match to the extent you describe, but it should pick up on colors in your

shirt or trousers. A striped tie rarely looks good with a striped shirt. Keep in mind that professional men dress pretty much the same—dark suit, light shirt—so a striking tie adds a bit of personality. If you don't wear a tie, add a colorful pocket square to your jacket.

Although my girlfriend and I have a great sex life, I am obsessed with sniffing panties that have been worn. Every time we visit one of her friends or the girlfriend of one of my friends for dinner or a party, I excuse myself to use the bathroom, then locate the hamper, pull out a pair of panties and masturbate furiously while sniffing. Is this fetish common, or am I crazy? I have tried to stop but cannot.—B.D., Boston, Massachusetts

Your attraction to a woman's intimate scent is common enough, but you've taken it a bit too far. If you continue with your pantie raids, your relationships with your girlfriend and friends will end badly. We suggest you see a psychiatrist; medication may help quiet your compulsion. It's a hopeful sign that you can get off with your girlfriend without involving her laundry. That means you don't have an all-consuming fetish but simply a special interest that has gotten out of hand.

I have an unusual etiquette question. Like most men, I enjoy reading while on the toilet. Once newspapers and periodicals pass the bathroom threshold, do they have to be discarded for the sake of cleanliness, or can they be returned to the living room? My wife and I disagree.—M.G., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Unless you are wiping your ass with it, we feel any reading material may be moved from the library to the living quarters. If it's a concern, toss it on the floor, finish up, wash your hands and return it to its original position. As you know, many people keep a rack next to the john to keep things simple.

I work with a lesbian. The other night, while she was out drinking with her friends, she sent me two text messages saying I'm cute and she would sleep with me if she weren't gay. How do I go about getting this done?—G.G., Las Vegas, Nevada

It can't hurt to ask her out. You already know you have a common interest.

Three of my friends have gotten into trouble with their wives for having "emotional" affairs. I don't get it. How can it be considered cheating if there is no sex?—J.K., Owings Mills, Maryland

The same way that marriage is about much more than sex. When an affair is discovered, the emotional bonds, rather than the physical ones, are usually more devastating to the victimized spouse. It's easier to stop having sex with someone than to fall out of love with him or her. This conflict is reflected in the idea of the "office spouse"—a co-worker of the opposite sex who provides emotional support a husband or wife should get at home. Many sexual affairs begin after a man and woman become "buddies" at work and spend 40 or more hours

together each week, sharing secrets and shoulders to cry on. That's why many therapists recommend you don't discuss with colleagues any problems you may be having in your marriage or personal life. It sounds as if your friends wisely realized the damage these intense relationships were having on their marriages and dialed it back. That's not to say a married man shouldn't have female friends, but there can be only one queen.

I am considering having genetic tests to see if I am predisposed to diseases such as Alzheimer's or certain cancers. If I have an elevated risk, do I have to tell relatives they may have the same risk?—K.K., San Jose, California

Legally, no. Morally this may seem like a no-brainer, but sometimes people are reluctant to inform relatives from whom they are estranged or have never met, or children who may not be old enough to understand. In some cases a relative may not want to know. It also depends on the results. With a single-gene condition, you would probably cast a wider net; with multiple-gene conditions, it's less likely anyone outside your immediate family would be affected, and the risks are more of an educated guess. Prior to testing, speak with a genetic counselor (search for one at nsgc.org) about who will be told of the results and how. Because genetics plays a role in nearly every disease, compile a family health history before your appointment to chart cancers, heart disease, diabetes, stroke, depression and other illnesses among your siblings, parents, aunts, uncles and grandparents. The U.S. Surgeon General provides a helpful tool at familyhistory.hhs.gov. The counselor will discuss why you are interested in testing, what you hope to find out, which tests you should take (useful because they can be expensive), what the results mean and what steps may lower your risk, e.g., regular screenings, medication, a change in diet. He or she will also encourage you to consider the emotional effect the results could have on you and your family. Federal law makes it illegal for insurers or employers to discriminate against anyone who has a genetic risk for a disease but no symptoms, which may encourage more people to be tested.

After getting burned in my most recent relationship, I am considering becoming celibate. Would masturbation still be okay?—A.T., Semmes, Alabama

Yes. But we don't see celibacy as a cure for much of anything.

My wife and I love watching porn together, but she likes movies with plots and guys who don't have tattoos or look grungy. I'm spending a fortune trying to find suitable DVDs. Any suggestions?—L.L., Los Angeles, California

First, there is no need to buy adult movies when you can rent them from services such as SugarDVD.com and WantedList.com. For films you will both likely enjoy, check out the list of favorites posted by Ian and Alicia Denchasy of freddyandeddy.com ("where couples can come"), a recent version of which began

with [Blacklight Beauty](http://BlacklightBeauty.com), [Pirates](http://Pirates.com), [Manhunters](http://Manhunters.com) and [Island Fever 2](http://IslandFever2.com). The Denchasy's also offer detailed reviews. Next, browse the winners of the annual [Feminist Porn Awards](http://FeministPornAwards.com), given by the [Good for Her sex-toy shop](http://GoodForHer.com) in Toronto (good for her.com): [Five Hot Stories for Her](http://FiveHotStories.com) ("one of the best films we have ever seen"), [MySex Therapist.com: The First Sessions](http://MySexTherapist.com), the [City of Flesh](http://CityofFlesh.com) series, [Matt and Khym: Better Than Ever](http://MattandKhym.com), the [Chemistry](http://Chemistry.com) series and [The Masseuse](http://TheMasseuse.com) with [Jenna Jameson](http://JennaJameson.com). The 1990 original with [Hyapatia Lee](http://HyapatiaLee.com) is hot too.

I always see ads offering Viagra without a prescription. I don't have health insurance and would like to try it without having to see a doctor. Are the ads legit?—T.R., Albuquerque, New Mexico

The "generic" Viagra pills you see advertised online for \$1 or \$2 each are made in India or China from God knows what. A few U.S. sites sell genuine Viagra, Cialis and Levitra without an office visit, but they still require a prescription. You submit your medical history online, which a physician reviews to decide whether to write a script that can be redeemed only at the site. There are risks associated with a remote exam, of course—your erectile difficulties could indicate a more serious problem—which is why many states forbid it. When ordering online, you'll likely pay a fee to the doctor, and the pills will be \$15 to \$20 each. (At viagra.com, Pfizer offers a value card that gives you every fourth boner free when you use a retail pharmacy.) It's possible that someday we will have over-the-counter alternatives: Studies have found that a substance in a plant known as horny goat weed has a similar effect as Viagra. However, the little blue pill is 80 times more effective.

For the past four years, I have been seeing a married woman. She has children and doesn't want to break up her family. She tolerates her husband, although they are not "loving" toward each other. She says they're unhappy but not miserable. She says we'll be together after her kids get older, which is at least five years away. I should give up on this, but I can't seem to turn the corner. What do you think?—H.J., Portland, Oregon

Sounds great—for her. What's in it for you? Four years gone is about all we see. You may not want to believe it, but your ride into the sunset is a mirage: Once her kids are grown, her marriage may well improve. A clean break is your only hope.

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](mailto:PlayboyAdvisor@playboy.com), 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, or send e-mail by visiting our website at playboyadvisor.com. Our greatest-hits collection, [Dear Playboy Advisor](http://DearPlayboyAdvisor.com), is available in bookstores and online.



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

REVISITING MISS GOLD-DIGGER

HOW OUR VIEWS OF ALIMONY HAVE CHANGED SINCE 1953

BY JESSICA WEISS

Fifty-five years ago *Miss Gold-Digger of 1953* appeared in the first issue of *PLAYBOY*. That article, written by Burt Zollo under the nom de plume Bob Norman, has proved to be quite influential. Zollo wrote that there was once a time when alimony was paid only by gullible “millionaire playboys” who fell for “floosies.” But by 1953 average joes too were expected to pay, pay and pay—at least according to Zollo. Alimony had been democratized, but only men suffered.

While scholars now see *PLAYBOY* as the harbinger of contemporary consumerist masculinity—with Hugh Hefner as midwife of the metrosexual—a stern view of the magazine survives: According to critic Barbara Ehrenreich, *PLAYBOY* launched the battle of the sexes. Zollo’s definition of alimony (“an allowance—usually substantial—given to the ex-wife by her ex-husband to maintain her in a style to which she would like to become accustomed”) helped create this assessment. Zollo feared “the young lady may, if she is so inclined, stick her ex-spouse for a healthy chunk of his earnings...for the rest of his unnatural life.” Zollo claimed “American womanhood” saw alimony as a “natural heritage.” Ehrenreich concluded in 1983 that if *PLAYBOY* loved women, it “hated wives.”

This isn’t quite right. *PLAYBOY* didn’t despise wives but American marriage itself, in particular the manner of its dissolution. The economic bargain of postwar marriage—that is, the breadwinning responsibility of the husband and the household labor of the wife—was poorly sealed by romantic love and heightened expectations for sexual satisfaction. In 1953 marriage was an institution in transition. The nation’s beliefs and legal system hadn’t yet caught up. Hostility to alimony reflected the triumph of a 20th century romantic ideal and its confounding coexistence with the economics of marriage.

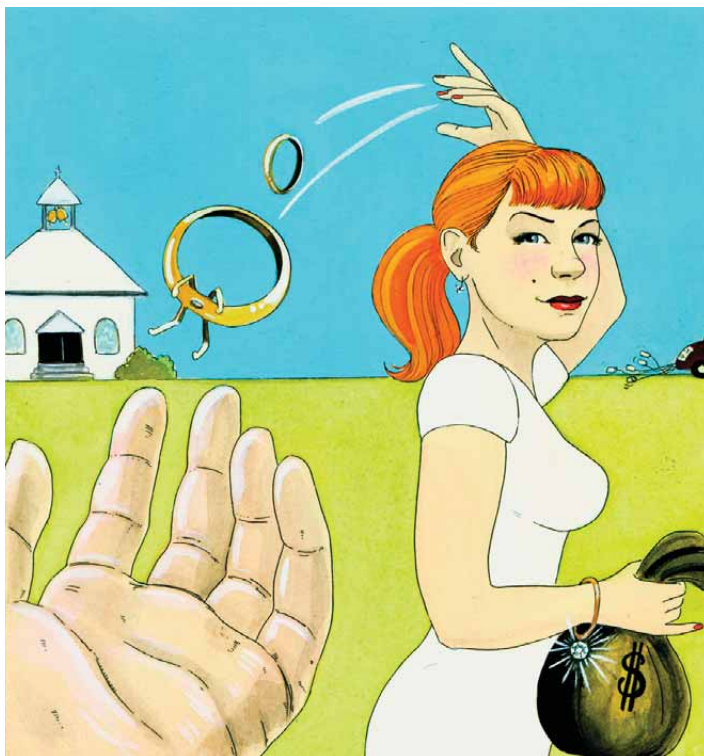
Zollo offered a bleak picture for postwar men, but he also presented a more sanguine portrait of the possibilities for postwar women than the facts allowed. “Generations ago,” wrote Zollo, “a nice young woman without a husband had a difficult time making her own way.” Not so in 1953: “Even the simplest wench can make a handsome living today.” Zollo blamed the “sisters” who preferred “to stay home afternoons and let the

ex-hubby pay the bills” rather than get a job. He also blamed the sympathetic judges who were left to their own discretion by unclear statutes. Most egregious to Zollo, fault might not matter, and sexually transgressive ex-wives could live the high life at their husband’s expense. Without divorce reform, American men could never get a square deal in court. Thus

Zollo suggested tips for avoiding alimony, including skipping town, offering remarriage bonuses or promising nasty public divorces unless an alimony waiver were signed. These nostrums were seemingly justified by the judicial abuse of men.

In the early 20th century alimony awards were actually infrequent, yet alimony and its recipients drew intense criticism. This paradox continued into the 1950s, when anti-alimony hostility accelerated even as women in Chicago waived alimony in all but a slim minority of cases and full payment was a rarity. That was also true in 1980 and is still the case today. *Miss Gold-Digger* built upon historical and popular animosity toward alimony that was out of proportion to its application. In 1952 *Alimony: The American Tragedy* appeared, a diatribe that blamed feminists for laws that sent men figuratively to the poorhouse and literally to jail. Like *Gold-Digger*, *Alimony* voiced a dim view of ex-wives and judges, displayed a penchant for anecdotal evidence and asserted that alimony abuse was proliferating.

That alimony loomed larger in the postwar American psyche than its occurrence warranted suggests postwar men feared female independence. Alimony symbolized male breadwinning responsibility without the compensatory rewards of sexual companionship and household work. But it also represented economic dependence for women—or freedom from the labor market—without the responsibilities or fetters of marriage. Anti-alimony sentiment fed on the assumption that women had achieved economic equality in the public sphere and that biased courts favored women. *Gold-Digger* and *PLAYBOY* implicitly juxtaposed financially demanding ex-wives with idealized, sexually liberated career-girl playmates who made no economic demands—until they married. Such visions captured the nation’s unease with burgeoning female independence that was, at the time, untouched by Zollo’s



BOB NORMAN

fictive economic equality. A few years later feminist activists would suggest reforms that addressed gender inequality.

In the 1960s the movement for divorce reform that culminated in the triumph of no-fault divorce dwarfed calls for alimony reform. Reformers eager to do away with restrictive clauses decried the duplicities to which couples resorted in order to divorce under the fault system. They called for an overhaul but initially left the issue of alimony untouched. Feminists joined calls for divorce reform. Like Zollo, they critiqued marriage and its dissolution. But feminists saw divorcées as disadvantaged and targeted reform efforts at the price women paid when they married—especially the rights denied them by common law, rights available to single women and all men.

Meanwhile, couples expressed their disappointment with the institution by divorcing with increasing frequency. Thanks to the expanding information and service economies, increased participation of women in the labor force and the ability of women with children to apply for aid, wives could fathom life outside of marriage. The economy offered the prospect of self-support, albeit below that “to which they had become accustomed.” For the remainder of the century women’s earnings never passed the 76-cents-to-the-dollar mark, which meant divorce contributed to the feminization of poverty. Zollo’s fears to the contrary, a man emerged from his broken marriage in better fiscal shape than his ex and less committed to child support.

By the 1970s, partly in response to feminists who focused on the plight of displaced homemakers, alimony came to be seen as compensation for contributions to a marriage rather than a lifelong obligation or punishment for guilty husbands. Supreme Court decisions shaped by the demands for gender equality gradually applied alimony responsibilities to either spouse. The more gender-neutral terms *spousal support* and *spousal maintenance* appeared. The courts tried to acknowledge, if inefficiently, the financial cost of performing unpaid labor in the American home. Despite these changes, Zollo’s complaint continues to roil through our culture. Websites for alimony-reform organizations, fathers-rights groups and divorce law firms that take only male clients are all over the Internet. The themes are familiar and simple: Divorce courts are unfair to men. To this day courts deliberate over issues of spousal support and the importance of nonmarket contributions to a family’s well-being. The postdivorce economic needs of a partner who sacrificed earning power, performed reproductive labor and received economic support in marriage remain fraught with problems without easy solutions. *PLAYBOY*, with its hi-fi sets and well-appointed apartments, foreshadowed the appeal of urban domesticity and consumption to men. More important, *PLAYBOY* sounded an early alarm about the fragile state of American marriage. Much has changed over the past 55 years, but the two largest problems remain: We continue to struggle with the value of reproductive labor and the temporality of most marriages.



The intent of alimony has changed since 1953.

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WHERE'S THE COUNTERCULTURE?

REVISING THE REVISION ABOUT THE 1960S

By Jackson Lears

I remember the incident distinctly. It was May 1969. Campuses throughout the country were aflame with anger and hope.

But at that moment I was in what seemed to be a fireproof compartment, a class on leadership in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps at the University of Virginia. Our instructor, a colorless lieutenant, was warning us there were likely to be a lot of political demonstrations around the university in the weeks before graduation. He reminded us that we weren’t allowed to participate in them in uniform. A hand shot up in the back. It belonged to a scholarship student in electrical engineering, a boy from the mountains of southwest Virginia, with a thick Southern accent. “But what if it’s a demonstration for peace?” he asked. There was a long silence. The lieutenant muttered something unintelligible and changed the subject.

That awkward moment was a sign of the times. The engineer’s question was naive but morally serious. He wanted to hold authority to account, to insist that people in power live up to their moral pretensions, to close the gap between rhetoric and reality. That gap was especially wide in military policy. The official motto of the Strategic Air Command, whose B-52s were ever ready to launch a nuclear attack on the Soviet Union, was “Peace is our profession.” We were fighting in Vietnam, our leaders constantly told us, to bring peace to its people. So from the engineer’s point of view we ought to have been able to demonstrate in uniform for peace. This insistence on moral consistency pervaded the antiwar counterculture, which demanded that policy makers enact their professed ideals and recoiled from their failure to do so. Ultimately, the distance between rhetoric and reality proved too wide to cross. Fighting for peace, the counterculture concluded, is like fucking for chastity.

The idea that a white Southerner in uniform might have been influenced (however indirectly) by the antiwar counterculture is simply inadmissible to our contemporary consciousness. The vast majority of mainstream journalists have learned to dismiss the ferment of the 1960s as an exercise in mass cowardice led by self-indulgent potheads. Defenders of countercultural protest (the few who are left) recall it as a noble if flawed crusade led by New Left intellectuals. My own experience, and that of many of my contemporaries, is missing from this picture. You may never know, from standard accounts, that the antiwar counterculture shaped the lives of many people who had never heard of Students for a Democratic Society or chanted Maoist slogans in street demonstrations, people who had never been near Berkeley, Columbia or Harvard—and who had never dropped acid or worn a Nehru suit, for that matter.

In fact, the only Nehru suit I ever saw in Charlottesville was worn as a joke by one of two successful anarchist candidates for student council. At one of the most self-consciously traditional universities in the country, the anarchists won in a walk by daring to say publicly what everyone knew privately: that university politics



were controlled by a handful of fraternities composed of privileged boys. Student-council elections were an empty ritual until the anarchists injected a dose of absurdity with a political point—to unmask the pretensions of the powerful. This was a common countercultural move.

So even the University of Virginia, in its genteel way, responded to the zeitgeist of the late 1960s. “No more racism!” shouted the boys in wingtips and blue blazers as they ran up the Rotunda steps. (I was one of them.) This event may have been unintended self-parody, but (despite the absence of beads and bongos and other hippie regalia) it was a genuine expression of the key countercultural impulse: the desire to bring supposed American ideals in line with actuality, to call even Thomas Jefferson to account for writing “all men are created equal.” What mattered was the impulse behind the protest, not the clothing it was dressed in. But when the protesters took their show on the road, to an antiwar march in Richmond, the TV news focused entirely on a single rabble-rouser in a carnival costume. The caricaturing of the counterculture had already begun.

The counterculture penetrated every corner of our society, from my classmates in Charlottesville to my shipmates in San Diego, many of whom opposed the war and challenged the legitimacy of the government that sponsored it. Every antiwar march underscored the movement’s diversity, which encompassed old couples in Bermuda shorts and veterans in tattered uniforms, as well as professionals in sensible suits. I observed this variety repeatedly and remember it vividly, but like the rest of my memories it has been air-brushed out of the accounts of “the turbulent 1960s.” Like Communist Party leaders who fell out of favor in the USSR, these inconvenient images simply disappeared from the historical record.

The most significant omission from the official narrative is the fundamental ethical seriousness of the counterculture. We enjoyed our share of sex, drugs, and rock and roll, as hip old geezers like the insufferable Dennis Hopper are constantly reminding us as they try to sell us financial advice. (This plays into the themes of countercultural irresponsibility and self-indulgence, which in turn justify the ritual boomer bashing that journalists can seldom resist.) But fun and games were not the whole story. At its best the counterculture was political in the largest sense. Its core motive was the same one that provoked the young engineer to challenge his superior officer—a longing to live life authentically, to make conduct and conscience cohere, even if that meant confronting what Hamlet calls “the proud man’s contumely...the insolence of office.” The roots of the counterculture can be traced to the ferment of rebellion against the corporate conformism that spread through the midcentury decades and peaked in the early 1960s, a rebellion that included everything from Beat poetry to existentialist philosophy. Even in high school, while my friends and I were not sure what we wanted to be, we knew we did not want to be “superficial.” In one pocket of our herringbone jackets we carried J.D. Salinger’s *Catcher in the Rye*, full of Holden Caulfield’s

rants against “phonies”; in the other we carried the existentialist theologian Paul Tillich’s *Courage to Be*. Existentialist philosophy meant many things, but to most of us it meant cultivating what Tillich’s title suggested: the courage to live our own lives in accordance with our own deepest values, to refuse the false seductions of superficial success. This was at the heart of what became known as the New Left. The founding document of the Students for a Democratic Society, the Port Huron Statement, was an existentialist critique of an inauthentic civilization that trapped people into trading their true selves for a tract house full of cheesy stuff and prevented their even imagining alternatives by keeping them on a treadmill of earning and spending. While Albert Camus joined William James on the nonconformist bookshelf, some authors acquired a more timely resonance. One was Herbert Marcuse, whose *One-Dimensional Man* (published in 1964) became something of a *Summa Theologica* for countercultural rebels—even

those who never bothered to plow through its prose. When Marcuse wrote that the pressures of earning and spending had turned Americans into one-dimensional people who defined their identities through their houses and cars and trash compactors, this was not an elitist’s dismissal of ordinary folks’ pleasures (as critics later claimed). It was a utopian’s lament that life held richer possibilities than could be dreamed of in a consumer society. Here, as elsewhere, the vision of a life lived authentically animated a critique of conformity.

Within a few years protest had itself been largely absorbed into a new, hipper consumerism that was dedicated to outfitting “alternative lifestyles.” The political dimensions of the counterculture survived long enough to promote a challenge to Richard Nixon’s usurpation of executive power, as well as serious inquiries into the excesses of interventionist foreign policy and unbridled consumption of resources. But the ascendancy of Reagan, with his lemon-twist smile and his assurance

that “America is back,” brought an end to self-questioning. It would not be long before popular media and amnesiac journalists had reduced the counterculture, at least in public memory, to a pack of spoiled, whining children—scruffy, rude and violent despite their supposed devotion to peace. (Recall the peacenik who beats his girlfriend in *Forrest Gump*.) No one could possibly learn anything from these hypocrites. No inconvenient recollections would cast any shadows on the prosperity of the world’s only superpower.

Still the countercultural impulse has survived its caricatures. It has resurfaced in response to the catastrophic state of our current public life—the corruptions of crony capitalism, the collapse of economic security, the atmosphere of endless fear and endless war. These calamities have fostered renewed longings for a politics more in harmony with our professed ideals. Whether this ferment can be translated into political power remains to be seen. But one thing is certain: The core of the counterculture is alive, even amid the cultural wreckage left by the Bush administration. In that core lies our best hope.



The official narrative of the 1960s doesn't get it right.

READER RESPONSE

SCIENCE FICTION OR FACT?

In "The New Cold War" (October) Slavoj Žižek uses a July 2, 2008 National Snow and Ice Data Center report to jus-



It's difficult to estimate Arctic ice loss.

tify saying that "Arctic sea ice is melting much faster than predicted. In fact, the North Pole may briefly be ice-free by this fall." Except the report was wrong. Very wrong, in fact—off by 1.74 million square miles. In the end, the center reported that ice loss this past summer was less than in the summer of 2007. According to the organization, "on September 12, 2008 sea-ice extent dropped to 4.52 million square kilometers (1.74 million square miles). This appears to have been the lowest point of the year, as sea ice has now begun its annual cycle of growth in response to autumn cooling." This is not to say we shouldn't conserve energy or reduce emissions—no one should take a piss in the drinking well—but we should not take a radical approach to something without real science. We are basing our decisions on scientific consensus. News flash: That isn't science. Consensus may work in business or politics, but it does not work in science. Facts are established or not; guessing or agreeing on a point isn't science. Should we start taking votes on the value of pi?

Roy Wells
San Ramon, California

A SHOT OF TRUTH

In his otherwise fine essay "Truthiness" (October) Farhad Manjoo omits what I believe to be the prime factor in the assault on objective truth: calculated and strategic lying on the part of powerful vested interests. The big oil companies, for instance, along with their stooges on right-wing talk radio and in the Republican Party, are the principal dispensers

of the falsehood that global warming is a hoax or, at best, that there is no human component involved in climate change. Whenever there is an attack on truth, factuality or science, it is always wise to ask who benefits from the falsehood. The beneficiaries are invariably either powerful individuals or powerful institutions who fear for their pocketbooks should the truth become widely known and accepted.

Michael Pastorkovich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Manjoo starts out by saying vaccines have been scientifically proved to have no link with autism. Fine, but then he goes off into areas that have not been proved to be postfact beliefs, which turns the reader off immediately.

Anne Koskinen
Redondo Beach, California

I always find it amusing and annoying (mostly annoying) when nonscientists provide commentary on scientific issues. Manjoo seems to think he knows enough about vaccines to chastise those who question authority and wish to seek the truth about these controversial would-be panaceas. Yes, drug manufacturers have eliminated most of the thimerosal from today's vaccines, but pediatricians and



Despite evidence, vaccines are still under fire.

government officials still need to limit the number of immunizations administered at one time.

Griffin Cole
Austin, Texas

DOWN BY LAW

As the former mayor of Arlington, Oregon featured in the story "Here, There and Underwear" (August), I want to fill in some missing pieces. It was dis-

covered that the votes of seven citizens who had cast drop-box ballots for me at Arlington City Hall were not counted. I went to court on July 8, 2008, and the judge's first "finding of fact" determined that enough votes were cast but not counted to have changed the outcome of the recall election. Specifically, the judge wrote, "Had these votes been properly counted, Carmen Kontur-Gronquist



Our kind of mayor: Carmen Kontur-Gronquist.

would have been retained as mayor of Arlington." In the "conclusions of law," the judge wrote that the statute governing the contest of election results requires that a material and deliberate violation of election law be proved "beyond reasonable doubt." Though the judge found a deliberate and material violation, he said the law would not allow him to do as he was inclined: order that a new election be held. (The judge encouraged me to appeal the case.) In the end, the certified result of the recall election was determined to be different from the will of the voters but was allowed to stand on a technicality. It was an odd way to leave things, and it left many feeling unsettled. I've always thought this magazine had interesting write-ups, and I hope this updated information reaches you.

Carmen Kontur-Gronquist
Arlington, Oregon

As noted in "Newsfront," Kontur-Gronquist was subjected to a recall vote after bra-and-pantie shots of her emerged on MySpace. The shots were taken before she was elected mayor.

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

NEWSFRONT

**Do As I Say, Not As I Do**

TAMPA, FLORIDA—Porn producer Paul Little, a.k.a. Max Hardcore, was fined and sentenced to 46 months in federal prison after being convicted on multiple counts of distributing obscene materials over the Internet and through the mail. Granted, his videos, which feature excretory fluids and depictions of humiliation, are not pretty. But the images are of consenting adults. As Little's lawyer told the judge in the case, "The person who was involved in the conduct sat in court with a smile on her face and wrote your honor a letter saying, 'Judge, this was a beautiful part of my life.'" Federal prosecutors never made the case that any real violence had been inflicted or that the actors had been coerced into participating in the films. The judge decreed, however, "This is clearly degrading, clearly humiliating and intended to be so." For an administration that touts the importance of battling terrorism, the use of federal prosecutors to hassle movie producers seems an extravagant waste of resources. Worse still, the Bush administration completely rewrote laws regarding real torture inflicted by its own officials, legalizing various forms of degradation, humiliation and physical assault on detainees. (Congress also granted retroactive immunity to officials who may have conducted these activities.) According to former Bush Justice Department attorney John C. Yoo, the president can order "scalding water, corrosive acid or caustic substance thrown on a prisoner" and "slitting an ear, nose or lip, or disabling a tongue or limb." But the depiction of less violent acts by an ordinary American citizen—acted out by other consenting adult American citizens—is grounds for imprisonment. That is a frightening double standard.

Word

NEW YORK—An essay by Elisabeth Eaves on *forbes.com* called "In Defense of Promiscuity" caught our attention—and admiration. She writes, "I've lived and traveled in societies ranging from the most sexually liberated to the least. Uniformly across the world, women are safer in the former. In the most sexually liberated countries (Australia, Holland) young women are treated to the least harassment and sexual aggression; in semi-sexually liberated places (Mexico, southern Italy) they get a moderate amount, and in the least sexually liberated countries (Pakistan, Yemen) they receive the most. Ask any woman who has traveled the world: It is in the most deeply conservative and religious societies that she

can expect to have to regularly fend off propositioning, groping and rape. I chalk this up to the degree to which young men are sexually repressed. In societies where young adults can explore and express their sexuality, it turns out that young men are far more pleasant creatures. I would choose to live, and raise a daughter in, a sexually liberated society over a sexually repressed one any day."

Parting Gift

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Making the most of its final months, the Bush administration threw a few last favors to its



antisex base: among them, cutting off USAID condom supplies to Marie Stopes International, a charity that provides up to 25 percent of the condoms in such AIDS-ridden countries as Ghana, Malawi, Sierra Leone, Tanzania, Uganda and Zimbabwe.

Shocker

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Two whistle-blowers who previously worked as NSA linguists revealed that surveillance powers were indeed abused under the guise of the war on terror. The two were ordered to monitor "personal, private things"—including phone sex—"with Americans who are not in any way, shape or form associated with anything having anything to do with terrorism."



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RICHARD BRANSON

A candid conversation with the world's happiest billionaire about surviving tough economic times, cheating death and becoming very rich in the process

The economic crisis of 2008 was unprecedented. Formerly stalwart companies, including AIG, Lehman Brothers and Washington Mutual, disappeared or needed government funds to stay afloat. The prices of stocks, oil and gas fluctuated wildly. The worldwide credit crunch choked businesses and individuals. This hasn't been a time for fainthearted businessmen, yet Richard Branson, the founder and chief of one of the U.K.'s largest private groups of companies, Virgin Group, continued to run his \$23 billion travel, leisure, telecom and finance conglomerate as if it were a start-up. Branson's an unconventional chief executive who runs Virgin's more than 200 businesses without flowcharts or meetings. Though he has a pool of secretaries, he keeps his appointments in a dog-eared paper diary and scribbles ideas and phone numbers on his hand. He spends an enormous amount of time talking to and sometimes even hanging out with his employees.

Branson's Virgin is unlike any other company in the world because the boss is unlike any other. His companies—a bevy of Virgins that includes Virgin Atlantic, Virgin Drinks, Virgin Megastores, Virgin Mobile and the newly launched Virgin America airline—do everything from marrying people and selling them vodka and phones to putting them up on a private island and massaging them as they fly across oceans. Perhaps most unusual for a modern CEO, Branson seems to be having fun. Rarely does a day go by without a Virgin-related party or some publicity stunt, such as when he

startled passengers on a 747 by appearing in a stewardess's uniform or slogged down another jet's aisle, wearing a wet suit, mask and snorkel. His widely read business books have titles like *Business Stripped Bare* and *Screw It, Let's Do It*.

Branson's personal wealth totals at least \$5 billion, and Virgin is expanding seemingly daily into new businesses, including recent U.S. additions like Virgin Money, a financial-services company, and Virgin Charter, an online marketplace for private jets. In the past 20 years he has taken over the failing British railway system, presided over the opening of a hundred Virgin Megastores, opened dozens of Virgin Active health clubs, launched V2, a new music label, and expanded Virgin Atlantic's international services. Branson has also fulfilled a dream to start a U.S. airline. Virgin America is a year old and has already been named best domestic airline by *Travel & Leisure* magazine.

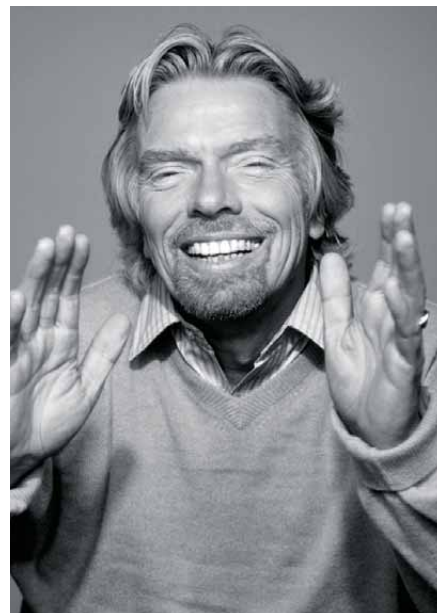
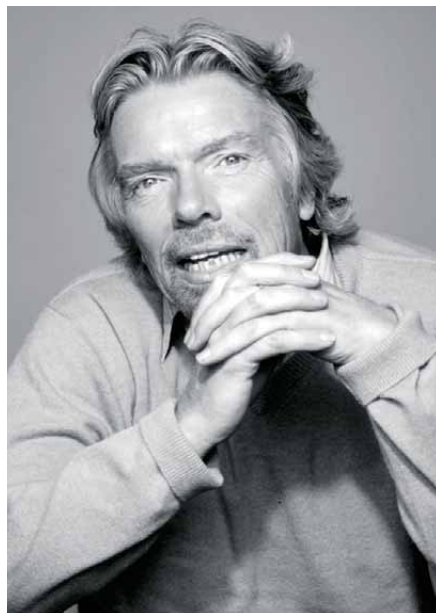
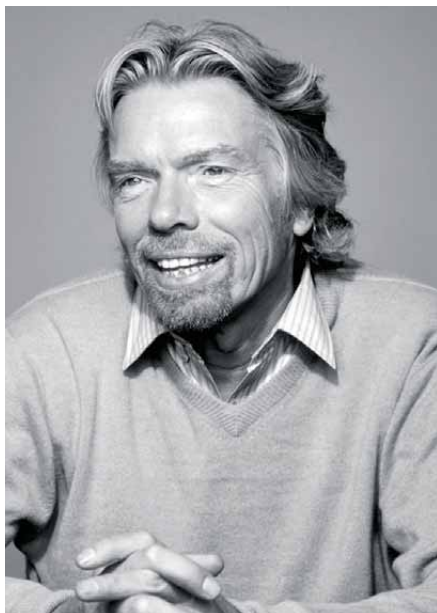
It all began with a magazine for students that Branson founded when he was 16. To keep the literary venture afloat, Branson started a mail-order discount records business, which led to a record store, the first Virgin. Branson soon had a goal: to cover the earth in everything Virgin, his ubiquitous brand of travel, entertainment and almost every other type of goods conceivable. Now the earth is no longer a limitation. Branson plans to move into space with Virgin Galactic, which will offer tourist flights into the upper atmosphere and, eventually, a space hotel.

In addition to his businesses and stunts, Branson is known for being an adventurer who has broken world records in ballooning and sailing. He made four attempts to circumnavigate the globe in a hot-air balloon. In one of them, his balloon plummeted out of control in the Algerian desert; the previous time he almost died over the ocean. With his two children Branson recently set out to break the record for a transatlantic crossing between New York and England on the Virgin Money, a 99-foot yacht. They failed.

Contributing Editor **David Sheff**, who last interviewed Daniel Craig, cornered the tycoon for an unusual conversation. "I've interviewed many billionaires and business titans," Sheff reports, "and have come to expect that CEOs and other extremely successful businessmen tend to be short-tempered and even tyrannical bosses. But Branson's employees praise him as a genuinely nice guy who inspires rather than berates his staff. We discussed a wide range of issues, from the economic crisis to his burgeoning empire and his business philosophy, to the energy crisis and the ailing airline industry. He also predicted a first: space sex."

PLAYBOY: This year has arguably been the most traumatic for the world economy since the Great Depression. How has Virgin held up?

BRANSON: About two years ago we began to sense problems with the banks related to credit. As far as we were concerned, those



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"We're taking 100 percent of all the profits from the Virgin Group's transportation companies—including Virgin America—and plowing them into efforts to come up with alternative, clean energy, whether solar, wind or something else."

"It's stunning to think that the combination of greed and a lack of regulation could bring the world to a precipice. It's unbelievable that the institutions gambled to such an extent. It's not surprising they lost the gamble."

"I enjoy life too much to do anything too foolhardy. I love life and love living it to the fullest. I want the richest life possible. It's all part of it: building companies, being pulled out of the water four times by helicopters."

problems were a warning that things could ricochet throughout the whole system. At the time, we sold all our public shares of non-Virgin companies. As a result we weren't invested in the stock markets, and Virgin was in a better position than most companies when things began to unravel. Our companies are extremely well funded. We have strong cash positions. Virgin Atlantic alone has \$1.5 billion in cash.

PLAYBOY: On what do you ultimately blame the crisis?

BRANSON: Greed and a lack of regulation. It's stunning to think that the combination could bring the world to a precipice. It's unbelievable that the institutions gambled to such an extent. It's not surprising they lost the gamble.

PLAYBOY: When banks like Washington Mutual, brokerages like Lehman and insurance companies like AIG began going under, were you surprised?

BRANSON: No one realized the problem was as widespread and fundamental as it was. I didn't know the degree to which regulators had no checks and balances on banks. Also, I didn't know the greed had gotten completely and utterly out of hand.

PLAYBOY: Did you support government intervention?

BRANSON: Something had to be done, though I hate the idea of bailing out the people who got us into the mess. Those people certainly didn't bail out the individuals and small businesses that got into trouble and couldn't pay back their loans. On the other hand, those companies put so many jobs at risk that something had to be done. They put the world at risk, so a bailout was necessary. I just hope we learn. If nothing had been done, we would have been talking about a 1929-like crash.

Even with a bailout, things remain uncertain. Some banks never got caught up in speculation and risk. They were conservative and didn't get drawn in. In England, Lloyds TSB didn't. It had been criticized

for conservative, steady profits but became the biggest bank in England by taking over HBOS, which did get carried away.

PLAYBOY: What happens next?

BRANSON: Of course we don't know. A recession is quite possible. We'll see. I don't envy the new president having to sort it out. Hopefully, we'll learn so nothing like this ever happens again. Hopefully, the regulations will be in place.

PLAYBOY: How vulnerable is Virgin to a recession?

BRANSON: We're pretty strong. Compared with many companies, we're in a good position to weather it.

PLAYBOY: But won't people travel less and spend less on everything you sell?

BRANSON: Yes, but other things will shift.

If there's less demand, the price of oil comes down, for example. It's a natural hedge that can help us as a company to balance expenses if fewer people are traveling. We've been through 9/11 and other global crises before and never had a company go bankrupt. There may be less business out there, but there's also going to be less competition. I think we'll be all right. That's not to say we won't be affected. We're all connected. Everyone will be affected to some degree.

PLAYBOY: You just launched a bank in the U.S. Given the specific problems with the American banking and financial systems, why would you start a bank now?

BRANSON: Virgin Money aims to help people find alternative sources of lending,



If your staff is inspired and enjoying their work, they'll do what it takes to make the company succeed.

especially during this adverse credit climate. It facilitates lending among friends and family, thus keeping wealth in the family. It beats out the banks and mortgage companies that are quite expensive and difficult to get loans from, especially now. We want to help people borrow. So I think it's a worthwhile business to make it easier for people to borrow money to start up their own business or pay for college tuition, which is a huge problem now that private loan options are shrinking.

PLAYBOY: Banking isn't the only troubled business you're entering in the U.S. Given the price of fuel, isn't this a crazy time to expand your airlines? The industry is in utter disarray.

BRANSON: Which is exactly why there's

great opportunity. Over the years a lot of airlines have gone into Chapter 11 or gone bankrupt. Some of the really big airlines that are left could topple. At least one may topple soon.

PLAYBOY: Which airline?

BRANSON: It doesn't take much imagination to guess. But one of the two giants is likely to go. When airlines are struggling it is quite a good time to come in and set up a good-quality product. People seek out quality. That hasn't changed. We've got brand-new planes, unlike big airlines like United. Our cost basis is much better than theirs. We don't burn as much fuel.

PLAYBOY: How are you able to burn less fuel?

BRANSON: We have newer, much more fuel-efficient planes, brand-new Airbus A320s, which are 30 percent more fuel efficient than the average fleet of the other airlines. They don't need maintenance so much. They're much more reliable, so we don't have cancellations and don't have to pay out lots of compensation. Also, our overhead is less because we haven't had years and years of working with unions sticking guns at our heads.

PLAYBOY: Are you against unions?

BRANSON: Unions have to prove a point and be useful, so they often create rancor. It happens a lot with many of the big airlines. We don't have unions. The reason I hope we won't ever need to have them is they're a barrier between the company and the staff.

PLAYBOY: Many people would say unions protect workers.

BRANSON: It's up to us to make sure we look after our people well enough so they don't feel they need a union. One never knows, though. We could mess up sometime and end up getting one. We'll just have to hope we can run the company in such a way that we don't have that happen. If the people who work for us are happy, there's no need.

PLAYBOY: To lighten its jets and save fuel, Air Canada's Jazz has just announced it is removing life vests from its planes. Will you?

BRANSON: [Laughs] On Virgin, if we happen to land on water, we'll still give you a life vest. I'm always amused the Civil Aviation Authority insists that when we advertise for flight attendants, we have to include "Must be able to swim." I might be able to understand it for long-haul flights across the Atlantic; I'm not sure if it's quite so relevant domestically, but there we go.

PLAYBOY: Given your well-publicized concerns about the use of fossil fuels and their impact on global warming, is it responsible to expand your airline empire?

BRANSON: It's true we're in a number of dirty industries, one of which is our airlines. Airlines do use a lot of fossil fuel and

emit a lot of CO₂. What can we do about it? We could sell the airline and get out of the business. If we did, though, somebody else would come in and take up the slack; someone else would be emitting all that carbon. One alternative is to aggressively work to change things so the industry becomes part of the solution to the global-warming problem. That's what we're doing. As I said, first of all we have planes that burn less fuel. Next, we're taking 100 percent of all the profits from the Virgin Group's transportation companies—including Virgin Trains, Virgin Blue in Australia, Virgin Atlantic, Virgin America, our Brussels airline and our Nigerian airline—and plowing them into efforts to come up with alternative, clean energy, whether solar, wind or something else. We've had breakthroughs already. The biggest is through a company called Solyndra that we invested in. It's producing the most efficient solar panels ever made. Over the next two to three years we hope to get the cost of producing electricity on the grid down to a level where it's actually cheaper to use solar than coal. We're doing other things, too. We set up a \$25 million Virgin Earth Challenge for anybody who can extract the existing carbon from the atmosphere. We're also setting up a global war room to encourage people to come up with geoenvironmental ideas. We're doing these things at the same time we're doing whatever we can at Virgin Atlantic and the other airlines, including Virgin America.

PLAYBOY: What went wrong with the American airline industry?

BRANSON: It hasn't really changed its spots in years and years. It's just remarkable how these companies have remained below average. The Goliaths haven't been able to change when it comes to quality. I think the consumer's worst enemy is the American government bailing out the airlines time and time again and not letting them go bankrupt. In a forest, when trees become cumbersome, the old die and young trees sprout up. JetBlue is the young tree that sprouted up to the enormous benefit of the American public. Southwest is still doing a pretty good job, at least compared with most of the airlines. But the others are generally terrible.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it true that 9/11 devastated the airline industry?

BRANSON: Yes, and I think it was right that the U.S. government helped the airlines after 9/11. Interestingly, though, the British government didn't do the same for us, and we were competing on many of the same routes and had to face the same problems. But for them to carry on subsidizing the airlines was just ridiculous. Continuing after they go into Chapter 11 is part of the problem: It enables inefficient airlines to get another round of financing and carry on in the same inefficient way. It's much better if, when you're inefficient, you go bankrupt and disappear. I doubt Chapter 11 in America will ever be repealed, but it's not good from the consumer's point of view. It means

iBranson

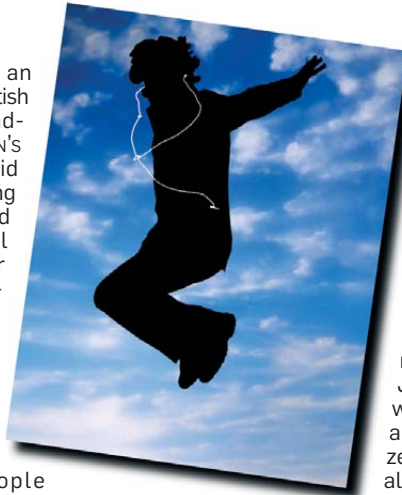
Which tycoons do other tycoons like? Apple's Steve Jobs, for one

In 1986 I gave an interview to a British paper. The headline was BRANSON'S BOMBSHELL. I said that we were planning to put every album and single onto a small portable computer box and that the listener would be able to buy it and play any record they wanted, listening through mini-headphones. I said it would revolutionize the music industry—and people believed me. I got frantic phone calls from some major record company bosses pleading with me not to launch such a device. They told me it would blow away the record industry. Then I pointed out the date. It was April 1—April Fool's Day. When the editor of the paper found out, he wasn't amused.

Fifteen years later, Apple sold its first iPod.

Steve Jobs and his colleague Steve Wozniak both had a passion for gadgets and began as electronics entrepreneurs in 1970. Six years later they were listed on the Fortune 500 rich list. In 2008 Apple had a market capitalization of \$105 billion.

Jobs is seeking perfection all the time, and from the original mouse-driven Apple Mac in 1984 through to the iPod and the iPhone, he has pushed the frontiers of



technology in a creative way. And Apple's products have transformed people's lives.

By all accounts, Jobs is a difficult man to work with because of his impossibly exacting standards, but his co-workers are filled with a sense of messianic zeal to gain Jobs's approval for their work. He is meticulous about the details and zealous about protecting all the new features that give his business that

vital edge. That's leadership.

Apple is an iconic global brand that inspires emotional attachment. Yet the logo is only very subtly embossed on its products. Steve Jobs and his team know exactly how to design, manufacture and then deliver high-quality products to the market.

He is more zealous than he needs to be, but it seems to work for him. It gives the public and investors confidence that the admiral is at the helm—with his hand firmly on the tiller. Jobs has that rare business quality: the acute intelligence to see what the public wants. His unrelenting genius is at the heart of everything Apple does, and in my view this places Jobs in a business class of his own. —**From *Business Stripped Bare* by Richard Branson**

you have these big inefficient carriers continuing to charge exorbitant rates because of the overhead that has built up over decades. At some stage one of these big guys will go, I hope sooner rather than later.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned Southwest and JetBlue. How does Virgin differ from them?

BRANSON: We're better than they are. Southwest is now more than 30 years old. It has been tough for them to keep the spirit they had in the beginning. It's still a good airline but not an exceptional one. JetBlue has a more youthful vision. We have the advantage of being the newest kid on the block, with all the latest toys. We're delivering.

PLAYBOY: Airline employees often seem frustrated and overwhelmed. Can you keep Virgin employees happier?

BRANSON: You have to give them the tools to do a good job so they can be proud of the job they're doing. Often on other airlines the staff is frustrated because the food has run out, the seats are broken, the lighting or entertainment system isn't working, baggage is lost or there are delays. Something's gone wrong, and they're on the front lines. You must give them the right tools to do their job. Also you must appreciate them. If you take care of people properly, they'll keep their spirits up and perform and

deliver. The challenge is to make sure you never lose that as time goes on. We do that at the airline and, I hope, at our other companies, whether it's Virgin Mobile or the other new businesses in the U.S., such as Virgin Money and Virgin Charters.

PLAYBOY: What about the cell-phone company? Don't we have enough of those in the U.S.?

BRANSON: We'll come into any business we think we can perform in better than others, to provide something to customers. It has gone very well. We were one of the fastest companies in America to reach a billion-dollar turnover. We haven't yet got the value of Google. We're working on that. We're just launching into the postpaid market. Virgin Mobile launched some good music festivals in America, which is about keeping the brand young and fresh. Virgin Mobile in the U.S. was one of the fastest-growing companies in the history of corporate America. It was the first national product we broke in the States, though we had bands like Genesis, Lenny Kravitz and Janet Jackson break in America, which helped build the brand.

PLAYBOY: There have been some notable Virgin failures. What happened with Virgin Cola?

BRANSON: We launched Virgin Cola in England, and it was fantastically successful for a period of time. I met a lady who worked for Coke in Atlanta. She was English. She said she watched the success of Virgin Cola in England and went to the board of Coke in Atlanta and basically said, "We have to crush Virgin Cola. You've got to take it seriously as a brand that could catch fire and take over the world. It'll be the only brand in the world that could really take Coke on." She said she was put in charge of a SWAT team and sent to England. Basically they just lavished discounts anywhere we were in stock. They threatened to withdraw fridges from small retailers. They did to us what British Airlines had done to us as an airline some time before. Coke just had enormous clout. People had to stock Coca-Cola because it was a generic name for soft drinks. They damaged us quite badly. Having said that, we're now set up in about 20 countries around the world. We're a very profitable company. We're even the number one cola in Bangladesh, of all places.

PLAYBOY: Is there anything you wouldn't attach the Virgin name to?

BRANSON: Cigarettes. I've got nothing against adults killing themselves in whatever way they wish—boating, cigarette smoking, whatever—but I think it would be wrong for us to encourage people to smoke.

PLAYBOY: Some people say a company has to be known for one thing; otherwise it dilutes its expertise.

BRANSON: I personally think that's a load of bollocks. However, if you look at the top 20 brands in the world—which I think maybe Virgin just scrapes in there—the other 19 all specialize in one area, as Microsoft, Coca-Cola and Nike do. But Virgin is a way-of-life brand. As such, we can move from music companies to airlines, from airlines to mobile phones, from mobile phones to train companies, from train companies to health clubs, from health clubs to banking and so on fairly seamlessly—as long as every new venture we do enhances the brand and we make a real difference.

PLAYBOY: What about the famous stories of companies that flounder when they fail to stick to their knitting and branch out into unrelated fields?

BRANSON: When we went from music, with Virgin Records, into the airline business, people thought we were completely mad. How could somebody running a record company know anything about the airline business? The people fretting about that were meanwhile running the airline business into the ground. They had forgotten that entertaining people in the air is very important. We moved into the airline business and brought with us our experience in the music business. With the music company and airline company, we knew our goal was the same: to entertain people, give them a good experience. The keys are the same in any business.

PLAYBOY: Keys such as—

BRANSON: Hiring great people and keeping them happy. If your staff is inspired

and enjoying their work, they'll do what it takes to make the company succeed. In a nutshell, that's it. As a result we bring our experience and expertise into every new venture that comes along that interests us, whenever we want to shake up an industry. Life has been far more rewarding and interesting by our going into a lot of different sectors. We try to make sure those industries are never the same again because of Virgin's attack on them. Virgin's approach is to look after you throughout your life as much as possible. Hopefully, you'll be able to come across a Virgin company to satisfy your needs in quite a few different areas. But I knew nothing about the airline business, financial-services industry, soft-drink business—any of them—until I started.

PLAYBOY: Is your business philosophy all self-taught?

BRANSON: I never took a course in management. I've been fortunate to learn by experience, by making mistakes, by trying. I've learned every day by doing things different and new. Having so many different businesses has kept it fascinating. Every one of them helps me with the previous one, from the record business to

Old habits die hard. My notebook suits me. My whole life has been ruled by my notebook. Everything I do I write down in my notebook or scribble on my hand.

the airline business and banking—learning, learning, learning, learning.

PLAYBOY: Is there an overall lesson on how to keep a company vital?

BRANSON: It all comes down to people. Nothing else comes close. Motivating people, bringing in the best. You assume every switchboard operator will excel, and they will. Often people make mistakes, but you allow for that, too. Praise people—like plants, they must be nurtured—and make it fun. Value them and give them the opportunity to contribute in ways that excite them. The kinds of people we employ are not afraid to take risks. If someone mucks up, they don't get a bollocking from me. They know they've mucked up, and they redouble their efforts. We're lucky because of the variety of places to go at Virgin: No one gets stagnant. When our people see an air hostess become the managing director of her own business, there is motivation. Keep it vibrant. Everything comes back to people. Nothing else. You get loyalty, enthusiasm and great service for your customers.

PLAYBOY: You still travel with a notebook made of paper, not a notebook computer.

BRANSON: Old habits die hard. My notebook

suits me. My whole life has been ruled by my notebook. Everything I do I write down in my notebook or scribble on my hand if I don't have my notebook handy.

PLAYBOY: You've talked a lot about business in terms of fun and social responsibility, but isn't business really about the bottom line—making money for shareholders?

BRANSON: I wrote a lot about this in my new book, *Business Stripped Bare*. I've tried to get across my philosophy as much as I can. Basically, if any company actually thinks about putting shareholders first and is concerned just with profits and the bottom line, it's likely to fail. Company after company lost its way when it came down to it. When you go into business you're taking a blank canvas and filling it. You have to make it the most perfect painting ever. If you're creating a new airline or anything else, you've got to make it the best. Otherwise, why bother? If you can get everything right—if you have the perfect painting—your staff will believe 100 percent in your company. They'll believe your company will deliver the most fantastic experience for people. Then you get a commitment from them. You get a commitment from customers. Ultimately your company will become profitable. Then you'll be able to reinvest that money into another challenge where you feel you can make a difference. But that shouldn't be the reason you do it. It should be to create something you're proud of.

PLAYBOY: You've tried to make a difference in politics as well as in business. At one point you tried to intervene and stop the war in Iraq. What exactly happened?

BRANSON: We had Nelson Mandela standing by in South Africa with a private jet to fly him to see Saddam Hussein. We needed to find a way Saddam Hussein could have bowed out, his head held high, and avoided war. We might have been able to do that. Mandela wanted South African president Thabo Mbeki's blessing, which he got. It was coming, but before Mbeki finally said yes, the Americans started bombing Baghdad.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you could actually have prevented the war?


BRANSON: We'll never know, will we? It did teach me that the world needs a group of elders, the most respected people in the world. So we started a group called the Elders. Mandela and Graça Machel, the women's rights advocate, were the founding elders. Archbishop Desmond Tutu, President Carter, microcredit pioneer Muhammad Yunus, former United Nations secretary-general Kofi Annan, the activist Ela Bhatt from India, President Cardoso from Brazil and a few others are part of the Elders team. The group's basic reason for being is to go into a conflict situation and use its moral authority to try to address whatever is happening. They'll meet people on their own terms and help work with them to resolve issues. One of their best successes was in 2007 in Kenya. The leaders of the opposition felt they had been cheated in the election. There was horrific bloodshed on the streets. Graça Machel,



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Kofi Annan and Archbishop Tutu went in and took the president and the leader of the opposition aside. They went to a game reserve. They worked there and came out with a coalition government, bringing peace back to Kenya. It's a remarkable example of how it can work. Now the Elders are looking at other conflicts. They've been to Darfur and Sudan to see what they can do there and have recently completed a successful mission to Cyprus. They're looking at Palestine and Iran. They have no ax to grind. They're not affiliated with any government. They can just try. They have enormous moral courage and an agenda that is only about humanity.

PLAYBOY: Have you considered gathering a group of business elders—you and your peers Steve Jobs, Bill Gates and the like—to take on the world financial crisis?

BRANSON: We'll see what happens. If Congress completely fucks up, it may be something we would try to push through.

PLAYBOY: Do you sometimes make decisions that are not necessarily the best for business but rather to make a political or social point?

BRANSON: In general, yes. Fortunately, we can do that. As a private company, we can stick our neck out and do things we feel strongly about. If it's more appropriate, we can do things with our foundation, which tries to find new ways to help social problems.

PLAYBOY: In the U.K. Virgin has a strong brand and reputation. In the U.S., though, you have a long way to go.

BRANSON: It's something like 80 percent in the major cities but drops off dramatically in Middle America. We have Virgin Megastores in many major cities. They may have heard of us through Virgin Atlantic. It's growing with Virgin Mobile and Virgin America. Maybe they have heard of us through my boating and ballooning activities or jumping off buildings and stupid things like that. I always get a warm welcome when I'm in America.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of your boating and ballooning, in 2007 your friend Steve Fossett, with whom you collaborated and competed, disappeared in a small plane. What went wrong? He was an experienced pilot.

BRANSON: I have no idea what happened. All I can say is he led a life he can be proud of. He lived the most full-on life of anyone I know. He was the greatest adventurer ever. What's extraordinary is he didn't start his adventuring until he was 55, and he achieved unbelievable things. He had 130 world records in about 20 different sectors. He had no experience in each field and still became the best in each.

PLAYBOY: He beat you in your push for an around-the-world ballooning record.

BRANSON: Yes. On our try we hit bad weather, and he managed to get the right weather. If there's anybody in the world I would want to be beaten by, he's the one. Steve's life was just pure adventure—just trying to achieve any aeronautical feat that hadn't been accomplished.

PLAYBOY: Does his accident make you think twice about some of your adventures and the risks you take?

BRANSON: The interesting thing is he didn't die doing anything risky. It's like Lawrence of Arabia dying on a motorcycle when he came back to England after spending years fighting in Arabia.

PLAYBOY: But are your adventures worth the risk?

BRANSON: I enjoy life too much to do anything too foolhardy. I recently turned down a chance to go after the land speed record because I just felt it was too much like tossing a coin—heads you die, tails you live—and that's unacceptable. I love life and love living it to the fullest. I want the richest life possible. It's all part of it: building companies, being pulled out of the water four times by helicopters.

PLAYBOY: Are near-fatal crashes part of the fun?

BRANSON: The moments when things go horribly wrong are some of the worst moments of my life. I remember a Pacific crossing about a few hours into the trip. We dropped an empty fuel tank, and with it went two thirds of our full fuel tanks.

We've developed a spaceship. It's remarkable. It's completely realistic, and it may be the most exciting new company of all. We're doing a lot of work to prepare.

We calculated that we had little chance of crossing the Pacific unless we could get up to speeds of 180 miles an hour. Somebody was very kind to us. The balloon sped along; we were very fortunate to cross. But those can be lonely moments, ones when you ask what on earth has made you decide to be up there. Having said that, I'll say it's also incredible. I generally forget the awful moments and remember the good ones. I may swear never to do it again, but a week or two later I'm zesting for more. It's a bad streak in me.

PLAYBOY: Were you sobered when your family nearly died in a car crash in 1994?

BRANSON: It was much worse, since it wasn't just me. It was terrible. We were very lucky.

PLAYBOY: What records would you still like to beat?

BRANSON: My kids came on the most recent one: an attempt for a record in a transatlantic crossing in a single-hulled sailboat. We had to wait for the right weather. I hadn't done an event for 10 years. It was lovely to be back doing something like this, especially lovely to be doing it with my children.

PLAYBOY: Your wealth allows you to do pretty much whatever you want. Do a

billionaire's eyes ever wander over the prices on a menu?

BRANSON: I remember when I was on my houseboat and somebody said to me, "Have you bought *The Independent* yet?" and I said, "No, I haven't. I didn't actually know it was for sale." He said, "No, I meant have you bought a copy of *The Independent*." But I have a pretty good, balanced life. I play hard and work hard.

PLAYBOY: You're creating another business built on adventure: Virgin Galactic, which will offer rides into space. Is it a realistic venture?

BRANSON: It's completely realistic, and it may be the most exciting new company of all. We're doing a lot of work to prepare. We've developed a spaceship. It's remarkable. We spent a lot of time thinking about what sort of experience people will want to have.

PLAYBOY: What will people want?

BRANSON: They'll want to have big windows so they can look out and enjoy the space experience. They'll want to experience weightlessness. They won't want to be sick. You have to think of every single little detail. We'll do about a year of extensive test flights before we take passengers on board. The mother ship was unveiled two months ago, and it will be flying next month. The spaceship will be ready to test in about 12 to 15 months.

PLAYBOY: Are you convinced there's enough interest in space travel to build a business?

BRANSON: About 60,000 people have already inquired. A couple of hundred have already paid the full price up front.

PLAYBOY: How much will a trip to space cost?

BRANSON: Two hundred thousand dollars.

PLAYBOY: What will the experience be like?

BRANSON: We're planning about a three-hour trip total. The spacecraft will have five passenger seats. Each passenger will have a really good window. You'll go up in the spaceship, attached to the mother ship, to 60,000 feet, then the spaceship will be dropped off. At three times the speed of sound you'll shoot your way into space. Then you experience weightlessness and have a spectacular view of Earth. The ship will drift back into Earth's atmosphere like a shuttlecock; it won't have to blast its way back through. That takes away all the risks associated with reentry—it's far safer than what the Russians or NASA has done. Safety obviously is critical if one is going to have a successful business in space tourism. Also, this being a Virgin spacecraft, we'll make you as comfortable and the trip as fun as we can. Three years from now I hope to be on the first flight. People like Stephen Hawking and James Lovelock, the environmentalist—he's 89 years old—are coming as well. That will be just the beginning. Our ultimate dream is to have a Virgin Hotel up in space.

PLAYBOY: Do you have plans for one?

BRANSON: We've got drawings. It has lovely see-through bubbles that you can go into. Say two of you could go into



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these bubbles outside the hotel; instead of sitting on a balcony, you could be floating around in these bubbles, looking at the world and watching Argentina pass between your legs.

PLAYBOY: When do you foresee the grand opening?

BRANSON: I would hope it would happen in my lifetime. It may take longer, but at least we're starting down the road. We'll provide an incredibly life-changing experience for people. I wonder what nationality you would be if you were born in space? I wonder who will be the first couple to have sex in space? Weightless sex could be something, right? I mean, somebody must have done it weightless.

PLAYBOY: What inspired you to get into the condom business?

BRANSON: No one was talking about condoms in Britain, even during the worst of the AIDS epidemic. We launched our company, Mates, in order to promote condom use and to stop the spread of not just HIV but also cervical cancer and other STDs and to control unwanted pregnancy. We set it up as a charitable foundation. We ran it for a couple of years and then handed it over to another company, which pays money to a health-care foundation. When we started we wanted to give Durex some competition. It owned 90 percent of the condom market in Britain and therefore had no incentive to advertise. We made a lot of really good advertorials. We got the BBC to run them, and it never runs ads. The funniest ad was a trip into a shop by a young man. He's in front of this beautiful girl who is serving him. He's buying everything—tissues, anything he can think of—but he doesn't quite have the courage to ask for condoms. Finally she asks, "Is there anything else, sir?" and he whispers back, "A package of Mates condoms." To the person who gets them for her, she yells out, "A package of Mates condoms!" It was very funny. So Mates gave Durex some competition. It has about 25 percent of the market now. It achieved what it set out to achieve.

PLAYBOY: Of all the names for companies, why did you choose Virgin?

BRANSON: I was 15 and inexperienced in business. It has been quite an appropriate name because we're new to all the businesses we start: It's always virgin territory.

PLAYBOY: Have you been able to look back and understand what it is about your personality that has led to your success as an entrepreneur?

BRANSON: I never aspired to be an entrepreneur. I wanted to be an editor. I started *Student* magazine when I was 16 and became an entrepreneur by mistake. In order to keep the magazine going, I had to worry about the printers, the paper manufacturers and the advertising. I've never been interested in business or making money. I've just been interested in doing things I can be proud of. Later I didn't go into the airline business to make money. I was fed up with the quality of air travel on other people's airlines and

felt I could do it better. I started with one 747. I got the kind of people I enjoyed being with to work that airline and created something we're really proud of. Twenty-one years later that airline is one of the most profitable in the world, and it's become very valuable. But that is only because we had a zest to create something special. As I said, if people actually set out to make money per se in business, chances are they won't be successful. Ideally, I think people need to fulfill their dreams. Everything else follows.

PLAYBOY: Did something specific in your childhood lead to your business success?

BRANSON: My mother never let us watch people playing football; we had to be out there playing football. When I was about six, we were on our way to my grandparents' house, and about three miles before we got there she pushed me out of the car and told me to find my own way there. Which is something, you know. I think people get arrested for doing that to their children today, I'm afraid. They were very determined to make us stand on our own two feet and prove what we were capable of. So I suspect that had something to do with it. I was also dyslexic. I wasn't great at schoolwork and sort of turned my attention to other things, which ended up serving me.

PLAYBOY: You were knighted. Did it mean a lot to you?

BRANSON: Twenty years before I was knighted I released the Sex Pistols' "God Save the Queen," so when she brought the sword down over my head I wasn't sure whether she would be slicing it or tapping the sword gently on my shoulder. Time mends, and I was forgiven for that, I suppose. It's a very pleasant English honor.

PLAYBOY: When you retire, will your children take over the business?

BRANSON: My daughter is a doctor, so she probably won't be joining me in the business. My son's quite keen on business. There's always a possibility that one day he'll come in. We have a great team at Virgin, so if I get run over, the company's well set up to continue without me.

PLAYBOY: You're 58. Whether or not you live to see the Virgin Hotel in space, at some point do you plan to step down from running Virgin?

BRANSON: I don't think I would ever retire as long as I'm healthy and fit. I enjoy what I'm doing too much and still have lots to achieve. To be perfectly honest, I don't feel any different today than I did when I was 24. Maybe I just try to make a slightly bigger effort to keep fit and healthy, which I'm doing.

PLAYBOY: How do you keep fit and healthy?

BRANSON: I like keeping fit, and I'm into extreme sports, things like kite surfing, skiing, ballooning, surfing—any kind of sport. I play tennis. I relax by doing mad things like starting new businesses.



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A FEW VICTORIES
COME FORTH

I am sitting in my window seat looking out over a golden October day in Washington in the waning and dying days of the Bush-Cheney administration. It is, in both senses of the term, a view of a fall. Even as the leaves begin to turn, the color of money has also dramatically altered from green to a rusty and spotted yellow. The president has barely shown his face, preferring to let his apparently more sturdy and competent financial advisors take the podium in his stead. Out in the rest of the country, the Republican Party looks like a busted flush, whether you measure things in terms of Sarah Palin's witless religiosity or John McCain's half-senile meanderings or the guilty smirks on the faces of those who tucked bundles of money under their coats before forgetting to switch off the lights as they left their banks and brokerages—and the rest of us—under a hard rain. Can any administration ever have left office with less credit (you should forgive even the expression) or less honor or looked more as if it were ducking furtively to the exit? The latest blog to which I have been invited to contribute is one sponsored by Jane Mayer of *The New Yorker* (and author of that brilliant Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo book *The Dark Side*) speculating about whether Bush's final act will be to pardon those of his subordinates who could otherwise be arraigned on charges of torture. Yes, it has come to this.

Perhaps it is perverse of me, then, but as the door bangs behind Bush and Cheney (and quite probably hits them in the rear on their way out) I want to say a few words in defense of the Bush Doctrine. This term is already a joke in itself, not just because Sarah Palin could not tell her interviewer Charles Gibson what it was but because in all probability George Bush himself wouldn't be able to define it either. For one thing it wasn't his invention—the honor of having

BY
CHRISTOPHER
HITCHENS

named it appears to belong to the columnist Charles Krauthammer—and for another the 43rd president of the United States was almost certainly unaware when first elected that he was even supposed to have a doctrine named after him.

There are a few versions of the idea, and so I feel free to improvise my own, perhaps even improving on Krauthammer's original formulation. The reason I feel the need to do so is that I am reasonably sure in a fairly short time I shall feel nostalgic even for the simplistic version. Here's what I think any democratically elected president ought to be able and willing to say: The very existence of the United States of America is in the long term incompatible with that of totalitarian, theocratic or expansionist regimes and, even in the short term, incompatible with regimes that either give hospitality to terrorists or attempt to pirate the technology of nuclear warfare.

This is not a statement of American superiority, either moral or physical, as much as it is a statement of fact. Winston Churchill, who was nothing like as pro-American as people would have you believe, once observed sourly that Americans always ended up doing the right thing but only when they had absolutely exhausted every alternative. And this in turn is echoed by a remark made in more recent times by the French intellectual Bernard-Henri Lévy, who said that the United States rescued Europe from Prussian militarism in the First World War, from Nazi imperialism in the Second World War and eventually from the oppressive stupidity of Soviet communism and that all else is basically "boring." Does this oversimplify matters? Yes, but perhaps not by all that much.

If you just think of the causes that have animated liberals, humanitarians and human-rights activists over the past decade (Burma, Darfur, Zimbabwe), you have to concede that without the American presence at the United Nations all mention of these outrages would have been allowed to fade from the international agenda. The veto of the Russians and Chinese, always reliably deployed in defense of such regimes, would have buried the issue. The same goes for the nuclear ambitions of two sadistic governments run by psychopathic criminals: those of Iran and North Korea. Both regimes have made a few pretenses of negotiation and concession and have also pretended to do so while sitting down with the European Union, the International Atomic Energy Agency or some other, informal group of countries or institutions. But does anyone seriously believe they would have negotiated at all—or in the first place—if they were

THE BUSH ADMINISTRATION BROUGHT ABOUT ACTUAL NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT.

not uneasily aware of the power of the United States? Get real.

Of course the very mention of the nuclear threat appears to summon the specter of the Bush-Cheney administration's most humiliating defeat: the abject failure to uncover actual stockpiles of weaponry of mass destruction after the intervention in Iraq. But even here there is more to be said than some people will concede. Saddam Hussein had in the past (a) concealed his plans to build nuclear weapons and (b) made no secret of his delight in using chemical weapons on neighboring countries and Iraqi civilians. His government made no attempt to come into compliance with the United Nations resolutions. Which would you really rather have: an American government that said that's enough of that or an administration that offered to take Saddam Hussein's claims at face value?

Moreover, the removal of the Ba'ath Party dictatorship, which did at least allow us to do what the UN inspectors could not and actually certify Iraq as disarmed, had some other positive features as well. The first of these was that the erratic dictator of Libya, Colonel Qaddafi, threw in the towel and decided his own WMD program was more trouble (and risk to him) than it was worth. Did he send his surrender signal to the UN or the European Union? No. He sent it to George Bush and Tony Blair and handed over his own stockpile—which really did exist and which was much larger than we thought—to the United States. Analysis of this trove yielded a crucial finding: Some of the stuff, it turned out oddly enough, *must* have come from our "ally" Pakistan. And so it was that we walked back the cat and found the A.Q. Khan "Nukes R Us" black market operating at full blast. Not everything about this terrible network has yet been uncovered, but at least A.Q. Khan himself is under house arrest. In fact, in terms of nonproliferation, the Bush-Cheney regime is the first in memory to have brought about any actual nuclear disarmament.

This can't disguise the fact that Iran and North Korea are both rather nearer to declaring themselves nuclear powers than they were when the Bush administration took office. But the irony here

need not be entirely at the administration's expense. It was only when it followed the advice of the so-called realists at the State Department and the CIA—the ones who are always for more talking and less action and who always favor the UN or some other forum as a way of neutralizing an issue—that the Bushies came to grief. Take North Korea, for example, where the population is being systematically starved to death in order to feed a hysterical leader-cult and a menacing military-industrial complex. You will find that in the early days the Bush-Cheney administration talked openly about regime change. It invited a survivor of the North Korean gulag to the White House and stressed the connection between the Dear Leader's blackmail on one front (his threat to test more devices and missiles) and his related blackmail on another (his implied threat to let "his" people starve even more if food aid was not sent to him as a sign of goodwill).

By the end of 2008, after a change of strategy determined by the usual suspects at State and with Condoleezza Rice having publicly slapped down her own North Korean human-rights envoy Jay Lefkowitz (whose job was established by Congress), we were back to the same old Lucy-grabs-the-football-at-the-last-minute. As ever, the North Koreans backed out of signing any lasting deal. As ever, they backtracked on their promises to shut down their reactor at Yongbyon. As ever, they played cat and mouse with the inspectors and continued to treat their wretched serfs and subjects (who are now four inches shorter on average than their South Korean counterparts) as expendable.

It was much the same with Iran, whose open contempt for the inspectors and for all the international agreements signed by the mullahs is now an international scandal. Most informed observers now agree that Tehran is much closer to acquiring the makings of a nuke than was admitted by the farcical National Intelligence Estimate, to which the administration was forced to defer in 2007. Once equipped with a bomb, the Iranian clerics are unlikely to commit suicide in a blaze of religious fervor by launching an attack on Israel or the United States (though with these men, whose sermons I have heard in person, one cannot be absolutely sure of their commitment even to self-preservation). However, it is certain they will employ nuclear blackmail to impose themselves on the smaller and more democratic (and generally Sunni) Gulf states and attempt a revival of Persian imperialism in the region. I hope you are ready for that, because the Bush administration, having frequently said it would never allow the issue (concluded on page 150)



“Of course, things were a lot simpler back then.”

How Tara from Cincinnati became
Carmen Electra, one of the
hottest sex symbols of our time

ICON



BY DAVID HOCHMAN

Carmen Electra is curled up on a couch, talking about her very first time.

“All I kept thinking was, I hope I’m good enough, I hope I’m pretty enough, I hope I’m sexy enough,” she says with a gleam in those pussycat eyes.

As if she had reason to worry. Carmen’s inaugural *PLAYBOY* appearance transformed Tara Leigh Patrick—girl next door from Cincinnati—into an international icon of electra-fying hotness. That May 1996 portfolio, her first of five, paved the way for a hosting gig on MTV’s *Singled Out*, which got her the red one-piece on *Baywatch*, which landed roles for the planet’s sexiest spoof star in *Scary Movie*, *Date Movie* and *Disaster Movie*. Along the way, Carmen became as well-known for her hookups with Dennis Rodman, Tommy Lee and Dave Navarro as for epitomizing a unique blend of sweetness and pulse-quickenning allure. A sex goddess on the outside but self-deprecating and warm underneath, Carmen has held her own with





David Letterman and still presided over the Naked Women's Wrestling League. Even a straight-up individual like Dr. Drew Pinsky, who knows Carmen from her days co-hosting *Loveline*, says with a sigh, "I think she triggered my co-dependency."

Carmen, however, is only partially aware of her powers. "I think I'm just a completely normal girl," she insists, which probably explains why she still sounds nervous recalling the day she, at the age of 23, first stepped into PLAYBOY's West Coast studios for a photo test.

"I was overwhelmed, intimidated and so curious," she says in a cozy hotel lounge near her home in Beverly Hills. Carmen is dressed in formfitting green cashmere and stretchy black pants, and she's wearing special heels for the occasion: black stilettos with pink soles emblazoned with the eyes and lips of cover girl number one, Marilyn Monroe. "When I walked into the studio I saw life-size photographs of so many of the gorgeous women who have graced the magazine's pages, from Marilyn on, and my heart was pounding," she says.

Carmen had to be coaxed that day. "Initially, it was hard for the photographer to get all my clothes off," she says, laughing. "So we developed a system, and we've used it for every shoot since: They dress me from head to toe, and then little by little we take off one article of clothing. Within a couple of hours I'm completely comfortable revealing everything, and I start to enjoy showing off."


Over the years, Carmen has turned that ritual into a one-woman industry. From wearing feathers and expensive corsets onstage with the Pussycat Dolls to spreading the gospel for a line of DIY burlesque products, including her best-selling *Aerobic Striptease* DVD series, she proves women who live by the pole thrive by the pole. "Almost every girl has a stripper fantasy, and it's healthy and fun to bring that out," says Carmen, whose latest contribution to culture is an easy-to-install spring-loaded boudoir accoutrement called Carmen Electra's Electra-Pole. "Strippers have the best bodies. They're in touch with their sexuality, and they make guys happy. I think women everywhere should take cues from them."

Agreed! Carmen has always understood the male imagination. At the age of five, in Ohio, she won her first dance competition with an assist from Rod Stewart's "Da Ya
(text concluded on page 148)









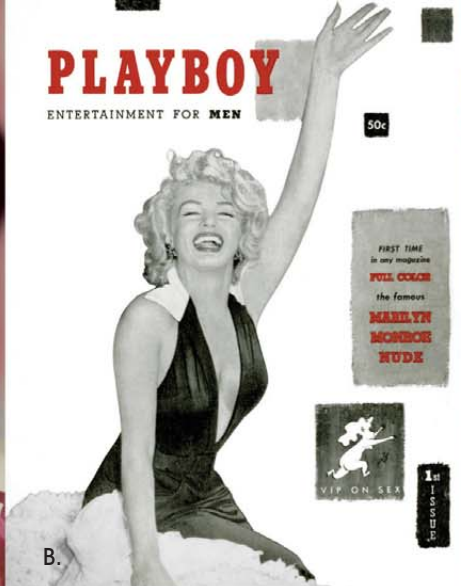
I've always been in touch with
my inner dominatrix."



See more of Carmen
at cyber.playboy.com.



A.



B.



C.

55 BEAUTIFUL YEARS

The 1950s

- A. JANET PILGRIM
- B. MARILYN MONROE
- C. BETTIE PAGE
- D. SOPHIA LOREN
- E. ELSA SORENSEN
- F. ELIZABETH ANN ROBERTS
- G. KIM NOVAK
- H. BRIGITTE BARDOT
- I. DIANA DORS
- J. JAYNE MANSFIELD
- K. GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA
- L. JOYCE NIZZARI
- M. ELLEN STRATTON
- N. LISA WINTERS
- O. JUNE WILKINSON
- P. VIKKI DOUGAN
- Q. ANITA EKBERG



D.



E.

F.



G.



H.



I.



J.



K.



L.



M.



N.



O.



P.



Q.



THE 55 MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN SEX



TO CELEBRATE *PLAYBOY'S* ANNIVERSARY WE RANKED THE MOST INFLUENTIAL MEN AND WOMEN IN SEX FROM THE PAST 55 YEARS. WHO'S IN? WHO'S OUT? WHERE'S OUR BOSS? AND WHO THE HELL IS CHARLES GINSBURG?

BY
**CHIP
ROWE**

1 ALFRED KINSEY The Indiana University biologist's 1948 book, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, rattled the windows, but his 1953 follow-up, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, shook the foundation. Here for the first time was hard evidence that women lust as wantonly as men; mothers, daughters, sisters and wives revealed in interviews their kinky daydreams, masturbation habits and multiple orgasms. Kinsey hoped his research would allow women to claim what he saw as their natural right to sexual satisfaction. But the idea that women need not be subservient in bed didn't sit well in some quarters. Within months a congressional committee began investigating the Kinsey Institute and its chief benefactor, the Rockefeller Foundation, for ties to the Communist Party. In response the foundation canceled its support and Kinsey had to scramble to secure small grants to save his institute. He died in 1956 but lived long enough to see a revision of the American Law Institute's Model Penal Code, calling for the decriminalization of anal and oral sex, which his research had shown to be quite popular.

2 DR. JOHN ROCK The good doctor, who directed the clinical trials that led to the 1960 approval of the first contraceptive pill and then became the drug's most vocal supporter, could be credited as the father of free love. But Rock had a loftier goal: He believed the pill could end poverty by slowing population growth. A devout Catholic, Rock argued that the pill is a natural method of birth control—and thus acceptable under church doctrine—because it uses progesterone to fool a woman's body into thinking she is already pregnant, preventing ovulation. Unfortunately, in 1968 Pope Paul VI declared the contraceptive pill, as well as condoms, to be "intrinsically evil." That verdict deeply disappointed Rock. The world's population has since more than doubled, to 6.7 billion.



1

Kinsey and his team recorded the sexual histories of 5,940 women to compile their 1953 study.

3 HUGH HEFNER Inspired by Kinsey's findings and his own lust for the good life, Hef decided to launch a men's magazine focused not on hunting, fishing and survival adventures but on comfortable indoor leisures such as jazz, gaming and sex. Hef's upscale vision of male-female relationships was reflected in his changing the name of the forthcoming publication to *PLAYBOY* from *Stag Party* (that, and *Stag* magazine threatened to sue). In his first *Playboy Interview*, in January 1974, Hef recalled his early goals, saying, "I wanted to edit a magazine free of guilt about sex and the benefits of materialism, a magazine that tried to put some of the play and pleasure back into life." Responding to criticism that his monthly objectified women, Hef said, "PLAYBOY treats women—and men, too, for that matter—as sexual *beings*, not as sexual objects. Women are the major beneficiaries of sexual emancipation because they've been the major victims of our repressive sexual heritage, which relegated them to the level of chattel—first as the possession of their fathers and then of their husbands. Female virginity has been prized in our society simply because an unused possession is valued more highly than a used one."



4 ALEX COMFORT A tweedy Englishman, Comfort set out to write a standard sex manual to educate himself and his medical students but quickly grew bored and decided to have a little fun. It wasn't his first attempt to explain sex; he had written a chapter of tips and tricks for an arty book called *The Complete Lover*, but it was pulled because the publisher found it too shocking. The result of his second effort was an illustrated coital recipe book, *The Joy of Sex: A Gourmet Guide to Lovemaking*, in which he encouraged loving experimentation. Published in 1972, it sold 12 million copies and became what *The New York Times* called "the coffee-table Kama Sutra of the baby-boom generation."

5 MARILYN MONROE In the January 1967 installment of their *PLAYBOY* series *The History of Sex in Cinema*, Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert said of Monroe, "Though she was screen-tested as early as 1946, and though the test gave evidence of her magnetic sexuality, the studios saw her as just another blonde aspiring to stardom. She, on the other hand, recognized early in life the qualities that could make a girl very, very popular." While waiting for her break Monroe posed in 1949 for a series of nudes. Three years later, after she had achieved fame, the photos became public in a pinup calendar. (In 1953 one of the shots would anchor the first issue of *PLAYBOY*.) Rather than shrinking in disgrace, Monroe embraced the photos as works of art, joking that during the shoot she had "nothing on but the radio." In our June 2005 issue Neal Gabler argued that reaction "said something important about her appeal. She defused the idea of sex as a danger in 1950s America."



6 MONICA LEWINSKY The most famous intern in the world appears high on this list for one reason: Had President Bill Clinton not left a stain on Lewinsky's



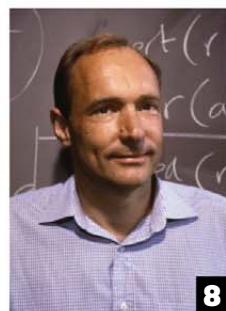
dress and his presidency, Al Gore would almost certainly have won the 2000 election. That means the U.S. would not have invaded Iraq, killing thousands and spending nearly a trillion dollars there. Lewinsky's seductive flute playing changed the course of history.

7 THE ROLLING STONES

MORE THAN ANY OTHER BAND, THE STONES INFUSED A PRIMAL, SWEATY SEXUALITY INTO POPULAR MUSIC. WHILE MICK JAGGER SANG ABOUT THE JOYS OF "BROWN SUGAR" THE STONES' EARLY COMPETITION ON THE CHARTS SERENADED METER MAIDS. SO WHO'S STILL WITH US?



8 TIMOTHY BERNERS-LEE Sir Timothy is credited as the creator of the World Wide Web, an innovation that led to a global



community in which lovers meet before meeting, swingers broadcast live sex shows from their bedrooms, escorts ditch their pimps and fetishists discover the truth of Ugol's Law—that is, to any question beginning with "Am I the only one who...?" the answer is always no. Ironically, the glut of online porn has led the adult film industry to a financial meltdown.



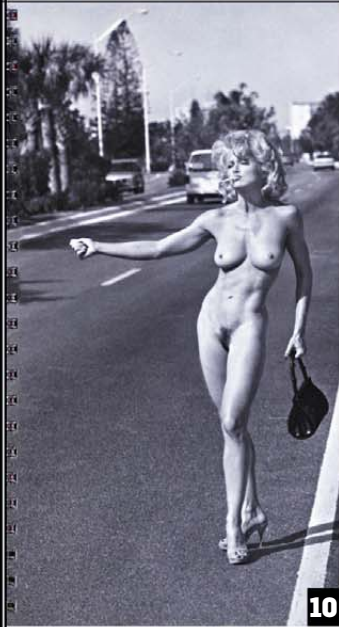
In 1957 Hef moved his rapidly expanding magazine to 232 East Ohio in Chicago, and the personal and professional began to merge.

9 PETER DUNN AND ALBERT WOOD

THEIR LITTLE BLUE ERECTION PILL CHANGED THE WAY AN ENTIRE GENERATION OF MEN VIEWED SEX. IN OUR JULY 1998 ISSUE, AT A TIME WHEN ONLY ABOUT 5,000 MEN HAD TAKEN VIAGRA, WRITER CARL SHERMAN PREDICTED IT COULD "HAVE THE GREATEST IMPACT ON OUR NATIONAL SEX LIFE OF ANY PILL SINCE THE BIRTH CONTROL PILL." HE WAS RIGHT.



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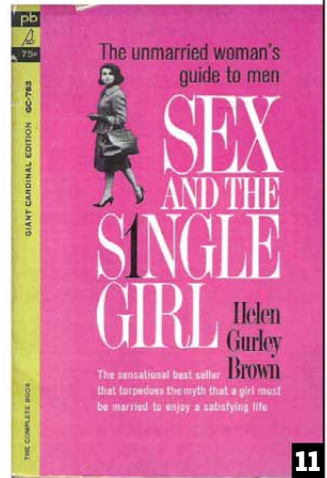


10

Madonna, wrote Michael Kelly, practices "slut feminism."

10 MADONNA Madge shook up the music world with "Like a Virgin" (which coyly suggested otherwise), pointy bras and a body she transformed from soft to solid. In 1992 she provoked the elite with a collection of photo fantasies called *Sex*, which became the book of choice in sex-dungeon waiting rooms. In our March 1991 issue writer Michael Kelly pointed out that what Madonna "exemplifies and advocates is not men's sexual control over women but women's over men. Her act, her songs and her videos all carry a clear and compelling message: Men want only one thing, and women should exploit that wanting." The men, it turns out, didn't mind.

11 HELEN GURLEY BROWN In the early 1960s Brown's film-producer husband, after reading letters she had written years earlier to a boyfriend, suggested she write a book for the young modern woman. Although she was already 40, Brown composed a slim manual originally titled *Sex for the Single Girl* but changed by the publisher to *Sex and the Single Girl* to avoid sounding like an endorsement. As Brown explained, "I am always careful to say I am not for promiscuity. What business of mine is it to be for it or against it? I just know what goes on. And I know it isn't the end of the world when a girl has an affair." She had plenty of chances to revisit that territory, however, after she was hired in 1965 to revive *Cosmopolitan*, which she accomplished by adding to the formula a healthy dose of unabashed lust, including tips on pleasing men in bed. Brown continued as its editor in chief for the next 32 years.



11

12 CHARLES GINSBURG In 1956 he introduced video magnetic tape recording for industrial applications. Twenty years later, building on Ginsburg's innovation, Sony created Betamax, expanding the living-room TV into something drastically new. Nearly every early tape was either porn or an exercise video—or both, depending on your view of exercise tapes. Adult movie theaters began to shut down as Americans fed smut into their newfangled VCRs, which made no judgments before, during or after.

13 RUTH WESTHEIMER In 1980 this "pint-size Pollyanna of passion" (our words) took to the airwaves with a late-night radio show called *Sexually Speaking*. As we wrote in January 1986, "Appropriately for a mother figure, she is a sexual conservative who will always understand you—but this one happens to speak always with delightful directness." Her growing popularity led to *David Letterman* appearances, books and the college lecture circuit, all to promote what she called "sexual literacy." A native of Germany, Dr. Ruth turned her trilled r's ("Ter-r-r-rific!") and cheerful "Have good sex!" into catchphrases.

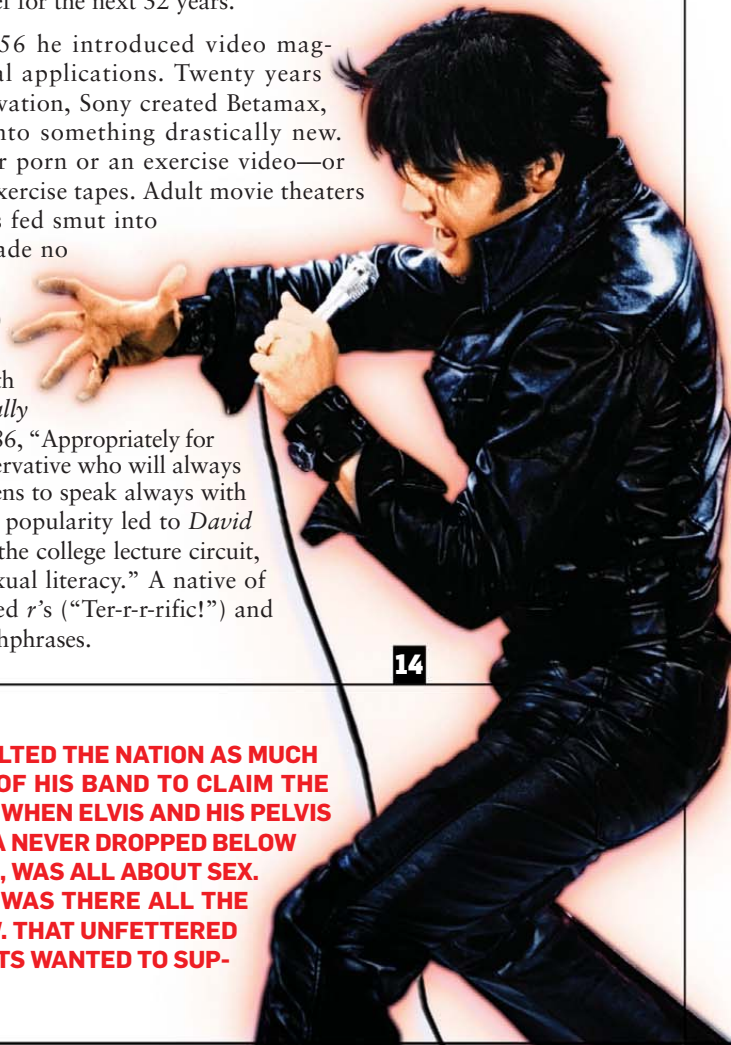


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14 ELVIS PRESLEY

IT WASN'T HIS WHITE RENDITION OF BLACK MUSIC THAT JOLTED THE NATION AS MUCH AS THOSE OBSCENE HIP SWIVELS, WHICH LED MEMBERS OF HIS BAND TO CLAIM THE KING WAS "WEARING OUT HIS BRITCHES FROM THE INSIDE." WHEN ELVIS AND HIS PELVIS APPEARED ON THE ED SULLIVAN SHOW IN 1956, THE CAMERA NEVER DROPPED BELOW HIS BELT. AS A TIME CRITIC NOTED, "ELVIS, THE PERFORMER, WAS ALL ABOUT SEX. IT MAY HAVE ONLY BEEN THE SUGGESTION OF SEX, BUT IT WAS THERE ALL THE SAME, IN THE SNEER, THE GYRATION, THE RAISED EYEBROW. THAT UNFETTERED SEX APPEAL REPRESENTED EVERYTHING AMERICAN PARENTS WANTED TO SUPPRESS IN THE MID-1950S. WANTED TO—BUT COULDN'T."



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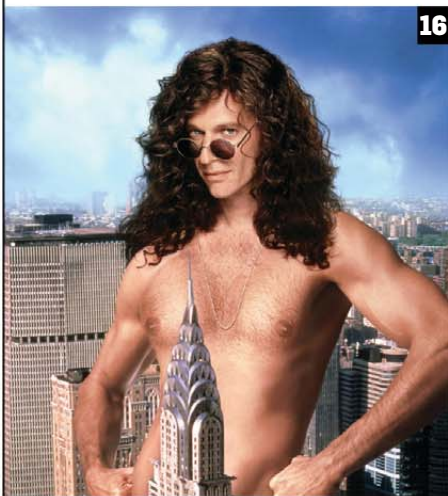
15 MASTERS AND JOHNSON Their 1966 textbook, *Human Sexual Response*, despite being heavy with medical jargon (it was written for physicians), became an instant best-seller. Though Kinsey had examined the sociological aspects of sex, gynecologist William Masters and psychologist Virginia Johnson tackled



15

its physiology. As male and female volunteers engaged in oral, anal or vaginal sex or masturbated inside a St. Louis lab, the two scientists filmed them and took measurements with various clinical devices, including a dildo cam. Eventually they would observe more than 14,000 orgasms. Critics accused them of dehumanizing sex and removing its mystery. But Johnson disagreed, saying, "The mystery to which the traditionalists usually refer has to do with superstition and myth. A knowledge of sex doesn't impair but enhances it."

16 HOWARD STERN Who could have listened to "Lesbian Dial-a-Date" or "Sexual Innuendo Wednesday" and not realized something had radically changed in the way Americans talk about sex? Hounded by regulators—the FCC levied a fine for this joke: "The closest I ever got to making love to a black woman was masturbating to a picture of Aunt Jemima on a pancake box"—Stern relocated to the gated community of satellite radio where he has no boundaries and, unfortunately, less appeal. But as the self-proclaimed King of All Media asked, "What is this bugaboo about sex? To me, a penis is like your arm."



16



17

a variety of nut jobs and ferreted out the most bizarre and vile magazines, movies and books it could find. Critics sliced the commission's report to pieces, but its practical effect was to give license to crusading local prosecutors, who began pressuring convenience, book and video stores to cleanse their shelves of suspect material. In our January 1986 issue Hef dismissed Meese's crusade as "sexual McCarthyism as rooted in deception, innuendo and outright lies as the original version."

18 BRIGITTE BARDOT While Marilyn seduced America, Bardot conquered Europe. The French temptress, once described in these pages as "a petite, silky, tousled beast of the jungle," introduced herself to American audiences in the 1956 film *And God Created Woman*, which opens with a shot of her bare ass. Although this and other nude scenes were censored during U.S. screenings, the film grossed \$4 million, by far the most receipts ever for a foreign entry at the time. American distributors quickly "scrubbed and dubbed" Bardot's previous 17 films, and by early 1958 she was the featured attraction in movie houses all over New York.

19 ESTELLE GRISWOLD In the early 1960s some states still banned the distribution of contraceptives, even to married couples. As director of the Planned Parenthood League of Connecticut, Griswold wanted to challenge that state's law, so she opened a clinic in New Haven.

17 ED MEESE After President Reagan declared war on porn, in 1984, his attorney general assembled a clean-up crew. The Meese Commission heard testimony from



18

Soon after, police arrested Griswold and her medical director, Dr. C. Lee Buxton, for providing birth control to a husband and wife. Griswold and Buxton were each fined \$100. The case reached the U.S. Supreme Court in 1965, and the justices ruled 7-2 that Americans enjoy a constitutional right to privacy that extends to their sex lives.

20 BO DEREK

21 CATHARINE MACKINNON Best known for her work crafting the concept of sexual harassment,

the University of Michigan law professor has long fought to have pornography judged as a sex-discrimination issue rather than one of free speech, thus allowing any woman who feels victimized by its existence to sue for damages. MacKinnon and sister-in-arms Andrea Dworkin had limited success pushing their views in Minneapolis and Indianapolis and with the Canada Supreme Court. In 1992 writer and scholar Camille Paglia credited MacKinnon with "fomenting the crazed sexual hysteria that now grips American feminism."



20

22 VLADIMIR NABOKOV The novelist wrote *Lolita* on a butterfly-hunting trip. In the tragicomedy, Humbert Humbert lyrically describes his obsessive

passion for a certain 12-year-old girl. "I shall never regret Lolita," Nabokov said of his creation. "She was like the composition of a beautiful puzzle. There is a queer, tender charm about that mythical nymphet."



22



23 ANITA BRYANT Most people recognize the 1969 Stonewall riots as a watershed in the gay rights struggle, but eight years later Bryant, a Christian singer and the face of Florida orange juice, galvanized the movement. After county commissioners in Miami passed an ordinance prohibiting discrimination based on sexual orientation in hiring schoolteachers, Bryant successfully fought to have the law repealed. “If gays are granted rights, next we’ll have to give rights to prostitutes and to people who sleep with Saint Bernards and to nail biters,” claimed Bryant, who was photographed dancing a jig after the decision. Gay activists had the last word, however, organizing a boycott of Florida OJ and venues that booked Bryant, effectively ending her career.

24 FARRAH FAWCETT

25 ERICA JONG Her 1973 novel, *Fear of Flying*, introduced the idea of the “zipless fuck,” i.e., a guilt-free affair with a stranger. Jong said both men and women told her they identified with her female protagonist’s dilemma of “wanting to be sexually free and yet wanting to be grounded in a safe, secure relationship.”

26 BARNEY ROSSET Hoping to cause “a breach in the dam of American Puritanism,” Rosset’s Grove Press in 1959 published an unexpurgated version of *Lady Chatterley’s Lover*. (Sylvia Kristel, pictured at right, starred in a later film version.) Banned by the Post Office, the book became a best-seller, so in 1961 Grove put out the first U.S. edition of Henry Miller’s *Tropic of Cancer*. Rosset observed, “Every time I run into situations where people are decrying a piece of writing because of its sexual content, they show some sort of abnormal interest in the matter, and they seem to use their censorship function as a sort of self-inhibiting mechanism to protect themselves—protection the rest of us don’t need.”



26

27 GERMAINE GREER Dubbed “the feminist who loves men,” Greer saved the movement from itself with her 1970 book, *The Female Eunuch*. She argued women would not be free “until their libidos are recognized as separate

entities” and encouraged women to sleep around, avoid marriage and engage in group sex as a way to defeat the patriarchy. In her January 1972 *Playboy Interview* Greer also suggested every straight man “should be fucked up the arse so he’ll know what it’s like to be the receiver. Otherwise, he’ll think he’s doling out joy unlimited to every woman he fucks.”

28 CHRISTINE JORGENSEN In 1950 George Jorgensen Jr., a 24-year-old Army vet who had long felt he was a woman, began to bring mind and body together with hormone treatments. Two years later he traveled to Copenhagen for transformative surgery. When Jorgensen returned to New York as Christine, in 1953, she was greeted by tabloid headlines. But Jorgensen embraced her role as the first transsexual celebrity and in 1989, the year of her death, said she was happy to have given the sexual revolution “a good swift kick in the pants.”



28

29 PAMELA ANDERSON OUR FEBRUARY 1990 PLAYMATE, NOW A GLOBAL SEX SYMBOL, WAS DISCOVERED WHEN SHE APPEARED ON A JUMBOTRON SCREEN WHILE WATCHING A PRO FOOTBALL GAME. THAT LED TO HER PHOTO ON THE COVER OF PLAYBOY (THE FIRST OF 12), A CENTERFOLD AND ROLES ON HOME IMPROVEMENT AND BAYWATCH. MORE NOTABLE, SHE WAS THE FIRST CELEBRITY TO BE SEEN IN A SEXUALLY EXPLICIT HOME MOVIE (MADE IN 1995 WITH HER FIRST HUSBAND, TOMMY LEE) AND NOT HAVE IT DESTROY HER CAREER. INSTEAD, THE COUPLE SUED THE CHIEF DISTRIBUTOR OF THE TAPE FOR A SHARE OF THE PROFITS.



29

30 FRANK SINATRA His 1955 album *Songs for Swingin’ Lovers!* has been called the first soundtrack for “grown-up love”; his music is how guys got laid in the 1950s. Sinatra explained his popularity this way: “I get an audience involved, personally involved—because I’m involved myself. It’s not something I do deliberately. If the song is a lament at the loss of love, I get an ache in my gut, I feel the loss myself, and I cry out the loneliness, the hurt and the pain that I feel.”
(continued on page 138)



30



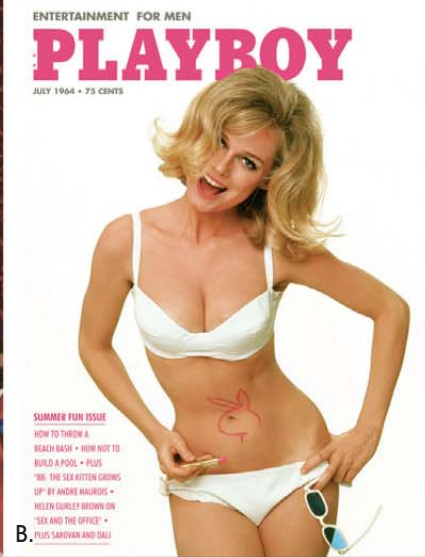
24



"It wouldn't be Christmas without a kiss for Tiny Tim."



A.



B.



C.



D.



F.

55
BEAUTIFUL
YEARS:
The 1960s

- A. DONNA MICHELLE
- B. CYNTHIA MADDOX
- C. CHRISTA SPECK
- D. ALLISON PARKS
- E. CYNTHIA MYERS
- F. URSULA ANDRESS
- G. STELLA STEVENS
- H. DEDE LIND
- I. CAROL LYNLEY
- J. CATHERINE DENEUVE
- K. ELIZABETH TAYLOR
- L. CHINA LEE
- M. JOAN COLLINS
- N. PAULA KELLY
- O. SHARON TATE
- P. JO COLLINS
- Q. JULIE NEWMAR
- R. MAMIE VAN DOREN



E.



G.



A

MAN

— of —

LETTERS

A literary giant's correspondence on Hollywood, celebrity & society shows him to be a critic and crusader, pugilist & poet



To Lillian Ross
September 2, 1952

Dear Lillian,

...I'm back from vacation, suntanned, fat and pretty, with a hole in my heel and piles in my bottom. The piles I got from not writing for two weeks, and the hole in my heel by trying sand-skiing on a sand dune, sitting on a plank. So I limp and qvetch and people say, what a poor gimp, so young....

I read the Hemingway thing with a chip due mainly to Hemingway's letter about it in *Life*. I know what it is about him I can't stand. He is always saying in effect I am a man who happens incidentally to be a great writer. I know that all of you will be interested in my good noble, strong, and beautiful attempts to exercise myself as a great man, and will be happy when I succeed except for professors, other writers, and assorted cocksuckers.

Anyway, I thought it was good and would have been better if it hadn't been so full of shit. I thought the best thing about it was the conception of the story, but I just can't bear his prose. It sets my teeth on edge. At least Hemingway's prose of 1952 which has lost all of the simplicity it used to have. I

think if he had written the story twenty years ago it would have been half as long and twice as good. Finally (and who will listen to me) I **know** that if I had gotten the idea and knew as much about fishing as he did, I would have done it better, because it's the sort of story that needs only to be written without affectation, and I never would have made the mistake of assuming that Norman Mailer as a fisherman is more interesting than the Cuban fisherman himself. I feel very nastily competitive, but it's his own Goddamn fault. There's a kind of strong child (like my daughter) whose will one feels always forced to combat, and the end of it is to be as childish as the child.

Anyway, let me know what you thought.

When are you coming back? I miss you....

Love,
Norman

To Marlon Brando
August 25, 1955

Dear Marlon,

First my apologies on the mysterious letter and telegram business. I don't usually go in for that sort of thing, and I'd

explain it to you now, except that it would take too long for its importance in retrospect, and if and when we see each other, I'll tell you about that over a drink.

Anyway, what this letter is about, is that I'd like to send you a copy of *The Deer Park* which is coming out in October. There's no operation behind it, at least not consciously. The book could never make a movie, and to ask you for comment on it would be unfair to you, because the shit is going to hit the Hollywood fan when it comes out.

It's just that I'd like you to read it, and to know your private reactions to it. I've learned a lot about a great many things from some of your work, and I don't suppose there's more than three or four actors I would say that of, and so just frankly and simply, I have the feeling that maybe you in turn would learn something from this novel which I think is my best book.

So if you'd like a copy—they'll be ready about Sept. 7—drop me a line (or a telegram) and I'll send it to you, and any comment you have on it, I'll keep in confidence.

My best to you,
Norman

**To James Baldwin
October 17, 1956**

Dear Jim,

I've been in a fog for a week or so, and if your book came out then, then I missed the review for sure. What happened with [Francis] Brown was that he wrote to me the book was already assigned to another reviewer (which I doubt) and then asked me to lunch to "explain the *New York Times Book Review* position on things." Well, he was one of those pleasant men who pretend to be dumber and simpler than they are with only the cut of their gray flannel suit to deny them, and the lunch went nowhere in particular since each time I started to get a real gripe off, he was quick to admit that there was something in what I said, but then by most artful implication that after all weren't most writers just "bleeders" when you got down to it. So, no decision.

Anyway, I finally got off my ass, and wrote a medium paragraph for George Joel [at Dial Press, Baldwin's publisher], and I haven't heard from him, so perhaps he won't use it. (I did not mention that I knew you.) I'm enclosing it here for your interest, and if you think of it, mail it back to me. Perhaps you won't like it, because I know it spells out something you might prefer others to arrive at by implication, but what the hell, Jim, it was the way I felt, and for that matter I felt it should be said.

...Otherwise, New York has been stinking. Jesus I'm beginning to hate this cold cold town. On the street one night I got into a fight with a hoodlum and the sonofabitch started to gouge my eyes. I think I would have taken him otherwise, but then his gang got into it, and I was clouted around a bit. I had a blind spot in one eye for a few days, and what was worse a whole period of working my nerve back to walk the street again. Anyway I wrote Jean [Malaquais] about it in detail, so next time you're in Paris and see him, he might still have the letter. What relieves me is that I bought the house before this happened, or I always would have been wondering, you know?

I was really sorry, Jim, to hear about your bad personal news. I admire

73 Perry Street
New York 14, N. Y.
November 13, 1959

Truman Capote
70 Willow Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Truman,

Thank you for your good and properly obscene letter. And by all means let us get together. My phone number is AL 5-3513, and yours I fear is lost in the general slovenliness of my personal habits. Would you drop me a card with the secret information?

I woke up the other day with a bad hangover, disagreeable tension, and a constriction of the throat. As I walked around in this cafard, I found that your spirit had inhabited me and your voice came issuing out of my throat, nasal, precise and brooking no argument. "I do not know Norman Mailer very well," said your voice, "but I like him. He is of course as sweet as a fat old uncle but in his way he's a ballsy big guy." Und so weiter. I found this a most remarkable therapy for my throat and for my general condition, and when I see you if the devil gives me courage for the art, I will treat you to this imitation.

Truman baby, we are getting old. Years ago, with a piece of crumpled cellophane in my mouth, I used to be able to imitate Marlon Brando.

Meilleurs sentiments,

you getting into a book so soon. I'm still acting like a virgin trying to get ready to begin my new one. Anyway, when you're in the mood, let me hear about Corsica.

Norman

P.S. If you see anyone who knows me, don't mention the eye-gouge episode—you and Jean are the only ones who know in Europe, & I don't want it to get back to my family.

**To Jean Malaquais
September 20, 1958**

...*The Naked and the Dead* came out here as a movie—not too much fan-

fare—four weeks at the Capitol (on Broadway) fair reviews on the order of "It's a good picture but not as good as the book." I went to see it. A catastrophe—about as bad as a big noisy gory war movie can be. Altogether tasteless. No mood. Just shit. Here and there a scene which caught the book. And then inanities and clichés and psychic horror. There are places where it is so bad it is almost surrealist in its lack of sequitur. And the real waste is that the screenplay was not too awful—as these screenplays go, it was fairly brave and outspoken. But the casting and direction were atrocious. I could swear the director never read the book. As you know there are directors who feel that reading a book confuses the clarity of their cinematic intent. Brother—not one critic (they are all wined in mild little ways by the movie studios) not one critic came out and said, "This was a crime—a good book which could have made an extraordinary movie was turned into a piece of crap. The director should be shot, the producer, and the author—for selling it." The irony is that in the end they were all afraid of saying what *Naked* had to say, and yet the best movie of the year, *The Bridge On The River Kwai* says the same thing—it rather elegantly—it ends with the one good and gentle character in the movie exclaiming, "Madness... madness." And of course audiences love that—because they know by now—they know the plans of all the leaders are really just that...madness.

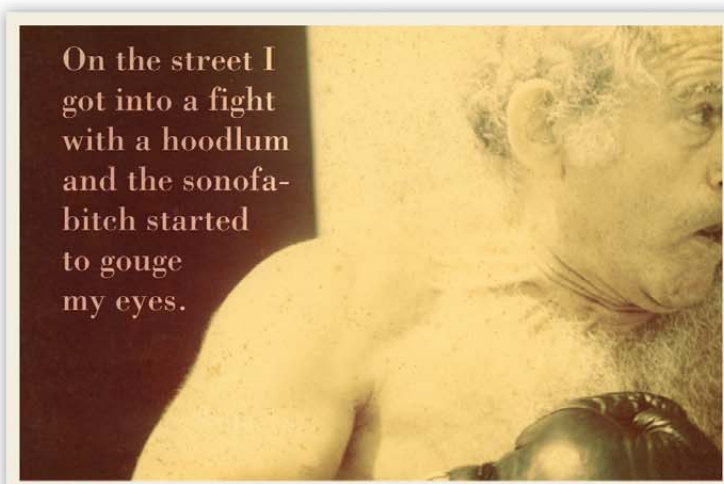
Eh, bien—what have you done of the good lately to deserve such a fine long letter. Don't bother to answer at length if you are working now on your thesis, just do it, vieux jeton [old slug], and like we Americans say, "Merde."

Love to you and to Galy,
Norman

**To Truman Capote
November 13, 1959**

Dear Truman,

Thank you for your good and properly obscene letter. And by all means let us



November 5, 1963

Dear Don,

Give my best to Bob Miller, and what comes below is a new page from my fast-increasing notebook of treasured quotations:

"I gave her a fuck the equivalent of a fifteen-round fight."

--Rocky Marciano

"I gave her a fuck the equivalent of a fifteen-round fight."

--Henry James

"I gave her a fuck which was the equivalent of seven rounds, two minutes, thirty-eight seconds, a moment, and the intimation of my sentiment that on the ascent of the mance a toenail had torn, thus tearing the perfection of our mutual comprehension which realized for the first instant, a pause."

--Marcel Proust

I gave her a fuck the equivalent of a twelve-round fight won by Stanley Ketchel over One-Eye Indian Bill Joe Bradish in Duluth, Minn. on the night of a blizzard which was cold in 1909."

--Ernest Hemingway

"I gave her a fuck which made me an old man and it wasn't even a very good fuck."

--Norman Mailer

"I gave her a fruition which was fertile, and gorgeous in its breath as fifteen mad Burmese terraces of loblolly."

--William Styron

"I gave her a fuck that got me fucked, it's all that fucking shit with women."

--James Jones

"Fuck fuck fuck."

--Granville Hicks

... of a pencil and the bed of a notebook,



Truman baby, we are getting old. Years ago, with a piece of crumpled cellophane in my mouth, I used to be able to imitate Marlon Brando.

Meilleurs [best] sentiments,
Norman

**To Emile "Mike" Capouya,
The Nation
May 26, 1962**

Dear Mike,

If there's still time and if you're going to print Gore's letter, I think I'd like to comment on a few points in it.

Vidal ought to know me well enough to know that when I use a word I use it because I think it is the best word available to me and not because people will thereby be encouraged to suppose I mean another word. When I implied that Gore's worst vice as a writer might be narcissism I was not talking about homosexuality. He has written very well about that particular subject, modestly, soberly and with instinctive good taste. It is precisely in his more (continued on page 142)

Dear...

A who's who of Mailer's correspondents

Jack Henry Abbott: Convicted of forgery, he killed a prison inmate, then escaped and robbed a bank. His correspondence with Mailer, published as *In the Belly of the Beast* (1981), helped him win parole. He was jailed again in 1981 for mortally stabbing a man.

Jerome Agel: Author whose works focus mostly on film.

James Baldwin: African American novelist, author of *Go Tell It on the Mountain* (1953) and *Another Country* (1962).

Ned Bradford: Editor in chief of *Little, Brown*, a publisher of Mailer's works.

Marlon Brando: Oscar-winning actor.

Jimmy Breslin: Columnist for the *New York Daily News* and an ally of Mailer's during their short-lived political careers.

Truman Capote: Author of *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1958) and *In Cold Blood* (1966). Like Mailer, Capote was a rival of Gore Vidal's.

Emile "Mike" Capouya: Literary editor of *The Nation* during the 1960s and 1970s.

Don Carpenter: Author and screenwriter. His first novel was *Hard Rain Falling* (1966).

Deborah Dixon: Executive director of the Actors Studio, founded in 1947 by Elia Kazan, Cheryl Crawford and Robert Lewis. Director Kazan, whose memorial prompted Dixon to write Mailer, is famous for his work on films like *On the Waterfront* (1954) and infamous for testifying before the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Clint Eastwood: Actor and filmmaker.

Morgan Entrekin: President of Grove/Atlantic. He wrote Mailer for his take on Kurt Vonnegut. Mailer's response was included in *Happy Birthday, Kurt Vonnegut: A Festschrift for Kurt Vonnegut on His Sixtieth Birthday* (1982).

Patricia Hardesty: At Henry Miller's suggestion, she contacted Mailer for a profile she was writing for *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Mickey Knox: One of Mailer's closest friends. An actor who was blacklisted during the McCarthy era.

John Leonard: Editor of *The New York Times Book Review* from 1971 to 1975. Wrote the introduction to the 1983 hardcover edition of *St. George and the Godfather* (1972).

Gordon Lish: *Esquire's* fiction editor from 1969 to 1977.

Jean Malaquais: Memoirist and French translator of *The Naked and the Dead* (1948).

Henry Miller: Author of *Tropic of Cancer* (1934) and *Tropic of Capricorn* (1939).

Bill Morgan: An associate of Allen Ginsberg who wrote many works about him, including *I Celebrate Myself: The Somewhat Private Life of Allen Ginsberg* (2006).

Lillian Ross: Staff writer for *The New Yorker* from 1945 to 1987 and 1993 to the present.

Norman Rosten: Poet laureate of Brooklyn from 1979 until his death in 1995. Frequently wrote about Marilyn Monroe.

Brenda Soloff: New York State Supreme Court justice who presided over the sentencing hearing of Abbie Hoffman.

Howard Sounes: British author and media figure.

Gore Vidal: Author of *Dark Green, Bright Red* (1950) and *Myra Breckinridge* (1968) and rival of Mailer's.

get together. My phone is AL 5-3513, and yours I fear is lost in the general slovenliness of my personal habits. Would you drop me a card with the secret information?

I woke up the other day with a bad hangover, disagreeable tension, and a constriction of the throat. As I walked around in this cafard, I found that your spirit had inhabited me and your voice came issuing out of my throat, nasal, precise and brooking no argument. "I do not know Norman Mailer very well," said your voice, "but I like him. He is of course as sweet as a fat old uncle but in his way he's a ballsy big guy." Und so weiter [and so forth]. I found this a most remarkable therapy for my throat and for my general condition, and when I see you if the devil gives me courage for the art, I will treat you to this imitation.



Dear George

"I've already broken all of my resolutions. How about we start working on yours?"

PARTY OF THE YEAR

BRILLIANT!
LET'S PUT FROSTY
2008 INTO A
DEEP FREEZE.
CANDIDATES! CALL
GIRLS! CRISES!
THIS APRÈS-SKI
HAS EVERYTHING
BUT THE KITCHEN
SINK AND JOE
THE PLUMBER

Clockwise from bottom left: 8:03 P.M. More of the melee that began last winter as loser **McCain** wrestles **Obama** for the bubbly, and **Hillary Clinton** keeps chucking snowballs. 8:35 *Où sont les* cheese balls? French president **Sarkozy** (yawn) arrives with his chic wife, **Carla Bruni** (yay!). 8:49 Uprooted superstars **Favre** and **Ramirez** cross paths as they cross the country en route to new playgrounds. 9:12 "Have you boys seen Tony?" Boyfriend Romo isn't in attendance, but that doesn't stop jersey girl **Jessica Simpson** from causing incompletions. This time it's not a football but a dutchie being passed to **James Franco**, who has been palling with **Seth Rogen**, **John Cho**



and **Kal Penn**, the stars of Hollywood and Weed. 9:52 "Is your name Kristen?" Service-economy supporter **Eliot Spitzer** greets a shockingly barebacked **Miley Cyrus**, while fundamentalist governor **Sarah Palin** protects fertile daughter **Bristol**, doggone it, you betcha. 10:15 Songbird **Katy Perry** puckers up for the impressively vertical **Amy Winehouse**. 11:09 Fish-out-of-water **Michael Phelps** cannonballs into the punch bowl, hoping to earn a ninth gold medal. 11:39 **Sarah Silverman** is fucking **Matt Damon**, but funnyman **Jimmy Kimmel** is taking **the Joker** home. 11:54 Got \$700 billion? **Henry Paulson** needs a bailout for a cab. 11:59 Hey, what's that sound? An avalanche? No, just 2009 roaring in.



A.



B.



C.

55 BEAUTIFUL YEARS:

The 1970s

- A. RAQUEL WELCH
- B. LILLIAN MÜLLER
- C. BARBI BENTON
- D. BRIGITTE BARDOT
- E. VERUSCHKA
- F. LIV LINDELAND
- G. BARBARA BACH
- H. ELKE SOMMER
- I. MELANIE GRIFFITH
- J. DEBRA JO FONDREN
- K. FARRAH FAWCETT
- L. CANDY LOVING
- M. LINDA EVANS
- N. MARGOT KIDDER
- O. DOROTHY STRATTEN
- P. EDY WILLIAMS
- Q. KAREN CHRISTY
- R. PATTI MCGUIRE



D.



E.



F.



G.



H.



I.



J.



K.



L.



M.



K.



O.



N.



P.



Q.



R.

IN HIS OWN WOODS

HARD TO SAY WHAT FRIGHTENS A MAN MORE—THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY OUTSIDE HIS DOOR OR INSIDE HIS MIND



HE HAD ALWAYS WANTED TO OWN LAND. NOT JUST A NICE BACKYARD. BUT AN EXPANSE. LAND AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE. ENOUGH LAND TO GET LOST IN.


HE HAD NO IDEA WHERE THIS DREAM CAME FROM. HE HAD GROWN UP IN THE CITY, AND HIS PARENTS DID NOT REALLY UNDERSTAND LEISURE OR THE OUTDOORS. WHEN MUELLER WENT TO COLLEGE AND MADE FRIENDS WHOSE FAMILIES HIKED AND CAMPED, HE

BY SCOTT TUROW

ILLUSTRATION BY SAM WEBER







WITH ONLY A FEW
STEPS, THEY FELL INTO
THE EERIE DUSK OF THE
FOREST WORLD.

couldn't imagine it. His mother in a sleeping bag? A tent?

But even then he had wanted land. To own a chunk of prairie. Or forest. And now he had it. Mueller stood in the gravel drive in front of the small white clapboard farmhouse. It was in good shape, cozy. His wife liked it and had plans for some remodeling, but it was the acres beyond that excited Mueller.

"Those are our trees," he told Annie, his four-year-old, as he helped her out of the car. His sons, both older than Annie, had soccer games. His wife was running laps between the fields while Mueller had escaped up here with his daughter to roam the property they had bought a few months ago after a long period of debate. Annie, a serious child, looked off in the distance and rubbed her nose.

"Do we own the sky?" she asked.

Mueller did not really know the answer. What were "air rights" anyway?

"I don't think we own the sky," he said. "Just the ground. And the stuff that's on it."

"I want Mom," his daughter responded. Her tone was desultory and probably intended to be provocative, a way to hold her ground. They had already been through that one several times in the car. His daughter preferred her mother's company. It was one of the amazing things about having children—to realize you could have a complicated relationship with someone who was four years old.

Mueller's life had changed around the time his daughter was born. He had been a trader to start with, and did well at it, but that was not a life for somebody with a family—you'd blow your heart out screaming in the pits. Soon after Annie came along, a friend had offered him an outside job selling brokerage services to corporate investors who wanted to get into the futures markets. Now Mueller was on an airplane three or four times a week, sometimes crossing the ocean and coming back in a space of days. When he reached home on Fridays, he often stood on the step, taking a deep breath before entering. He was about to plunge into the realm of true feeling, where he loved everyone inside that door and where they each would be simultaneously overjoyed to see him and resentful he had been away. They all would be worn out by his absence, his wife and the two boys who'd once had him as a constant companion and now received his attention only on the weekends, and even more so Annie,

who regarded him with suspicion, this man who was there, then disappeared. From an early age she seemed to realize it had not been the same with her two brothers. During the years he was trading, Mueller was home by late afternoon and took over with the kids until he got them into bed. He drove, he bathed and fed—and played. All that had changed with the new job. He was making far too much money to even consider quitting. He'd had one great year after another. He was taking care of the stuff he'd always known he had to worry about someday, college and retirement, a bigger house. They could afford things he never thought they'd have. Like land. Forty acres, wooded. Oak—white, red, burr. Shagbark hickory. A few stray pines that grew from the seeds the birds had carried from the Christmas-tree farm down the road. He was learning the names of the trees he owned. He still did not understand why it thrilled him.

With Annie, he stopped in the house to place the groceries he'd brought for lunch in the old groaning refrigerator. She ate only peanut butter or bologna—or occasionally, to the mockery of her brothers, both foods together—but you had to watch her. She never understood she was hungry until it was on her like a raging beast. She refused the peanut-butter crackers he offered her now and went off to play with a set of wooden trucks the boys had handed down.

"Let's go for a walk," Mueller told her. "Let's go for a walk in the woods. Do you want to see the woods?"

"Are there bugs?" his daughter asked.

Mueller pondered. "Some," he answered.

"What kind?"

He didn't know really. "Nothing to hurt you," he said. "Come on. Let's go. Don't you want to see what *our* woods look like? We can take a walk and see our woods. You can tell Monica about it. Monica doesn't have any woods."

Annie skated the wooden trucks across the floor, but he could tell she was considering all of this. She was a beautiful towheaded little girl with a solemn look, especially in the many moments when she withdrew into herself. He thought she bore a resemblance to him, especially the brow and eyes, but Annie herself believed otherwise, even going so far as to correct those who said, when she was beside her father, that she was his image. "I look like my *mom*," she would declare

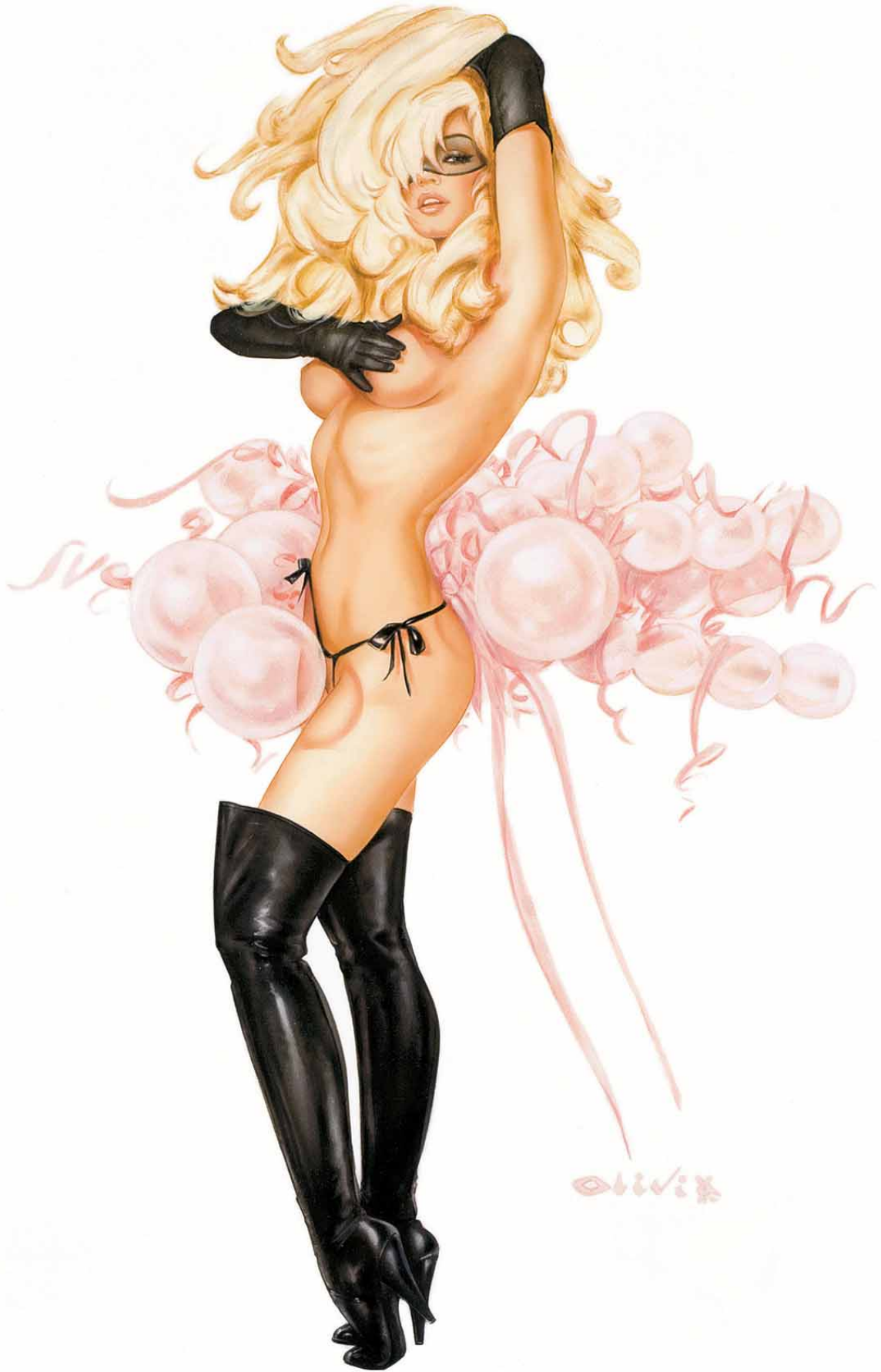
with an utter finality, as if this were a fact established by science. She had certainly mastered many of her mother's expressions, especially a dour, doubtful gaze that both of them frequently fixed on Mueller and which he saw now when he spoke of the woods. He had to coax her a few more times, but she finally rose up and took his hand, and together they strolled outside.

It was a mild day, with spring gusts. The forecast had been for isolated storms, but instead there was a strong sun amid the frothy clouds. Mueller often said that, in his next life, he wanted to come back as a weatherman and make half a million bucks a year for being wrong three quarters of the time.

At the back of the yard, between two stout oaks, there was a path into the woods. The realtor had showed it to them when they bought the place, but that was at the end of winter, and the trees now were in full leaf, just going from that soft spring green to the fully defined shade of summer, and beneath them scrub plants had sprung up, along with tendrils and runners of all kinds thickening on the ground. Mueller picked up a broken branch and hacked at some of the brush. He could see plenty of clear space beyond, but the ground was soft and he took Annie back inside and put on the high rubber boots he had brought for her at his wife's suggestion. Annie whined a bit as he forced her foot into the knee-highs and he thought for a second that they were going to have one of those scenes in which she reminded him how much better his wife was at these tasks, but once the red rubber boots were on she liked the look and the idea of being able to tromp without care in the mud. Back outside, Mueller took the same dead branch and pushed aside the leaves as if they were a curtain.

As he did it, he felt a chill breath stirring through the wind. The clouds to the west had thickened somewhat. Annie, like most four-year-olds, had a primordial fear of thunder, but they would be spending no more than half an hour on their explorations. But Mueller thought the time would be important. Whenever Annie returned to this place, she would know that she and her father had discovered what was here together, before her brothers, or even her mom. He reached back to take his daughter's hand.

With only a few steps, they fell into the eerie *(continued on page 132)*



"I'm going out for a little while. Don't wait up...!"

Bryan Singer's latest film, *Valkyrie*, stars Tom Cruise as would-be Hitler assassin Claus von Stauffenberg, a real-life point of light in the pitch-black Nazi era. "Von Stauffenberg was an extraordinary person," Singer says. "Anyone who puts his life in jeopardy for a greater ideal is certainly a hero." Singer's mother first exposed him to the history of Von Stauffenberg's conspiracy to knock off the Führer after she learned about it on a trip to Bonn, Germany two decades ago. Aside from a chance to tell a compelling and—to American audiences, at least—somewhat overlooked story, making the movie also provided another rarefied opportunity: The chance to have Cruise and Katie Holmes outfit the director, who, despite helming such classics as *The Usual Suspects*, *Superman Returns* and the first two *X-Men* flicks, is for the most part a T-shirt-and-jeans type of guy. "I was doing a little event in Berlin, and Tom and Katie did some shopping and ordered some clothes for me. We had a little fitting and everything. I basically had them dressing me, finally putting me in some decent clothes."

DIRECTOR'S CUT

THE DIRECTOR OF *THE USUAL SUSPECTS*, *X-MEN* AND THE UPCOMING TOM CRUISE FILM *VALKYRIE* STEPS OUT FROM BEHIND THE CAMERA TO TALK ABOUT HIS CASUAL STYLE AND HIS CONTROVERSIAL STAR'S PROSELYTIZING—ON BEHALF OF BETTER CLOTHES

FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS
PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



L.A. STORY

BRYAN SINGER'S RAPID ASCENT FROM BOY WONDER TO SUPERMAN

It seems Bryan Singer can't make a small-budget movie even if he tries. "I thought *Val-kyrie* would be a little movie. That's how we took it to United Artists.



CRUISE AND SINGER.

But in the back of my mind I was thinking, Wouldn't it be cool if Tom Cruise played Von Stauffenberg?" Then Cruise said *ja*, and Singer once again had a blockbuster on his hands. It was 1995's Oscar-winning *The Usual Suspects* that vaulted Singer into Hollywood's A-list of directors and gave the young New Jersey native a chance



HUGH JACKMAN IN SINGER BLOCKBUSTER *X2*.

to play with big-studio money. Since then he's responded magnificently, with *X-Men*, *X2* and *Superman Returns*, which combined brought in more than \$1 billion worldwide. Now it's up to *Valkyrie* and its star to keep the winning streak going.



THE USUAL SUSPECTS, SINGER'S FIRST HIT.

THAT PAGE

Bryan's jacket (\$1,300), shirts (\$350 and \$400) and belt (\$350) are TWIN D.D.M. His pants (\$125) are HART SCHAFFNER MARX. His shoes (\$590) are FRATELLI ROSSETTI. His pocket square (\$95) is DION. His watch (\$3,495) is ORIS.

THIS PAGE

His sweater (\$1,175) is AVON CELLI 1922.

PLAYBOY'S 55TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE

Take a dip with Ukraine's Dasha Astafieva

For five decades plus five years PLAYBOY has been the planet's foremost authority on beautiful women. To become our 55th Anniversary Playmate, our selection would have to not only continue that tradition but set a standard that could be upheld for 55 years to come. To locate that extraordinary beauty, our scouts scoured the United States and Europe. We test-shot dozens of stunning models (see last month's *Hunt for the 55th Anniversary Playmate*), narrowing down the field. Now, as you see our pick here ("I'm the girl in the dream having a rest after good sex," she says), you will no doubt agree that Dasha Astafieva is a perfect choice for our 55th Anniversary Playmate.

Dasha, a 23-year-old native of Ukraine, started modeling in 2003 and within four years had become PLAYBOY Ukraine's Playmate of the Year. This whetted her ambition for a larger stage. "I have dreamed of being an American Playmate since I first saw the magazine," she says. "It has changed attitudes about beauty and sexuality and influenced people across the world. It is an honor to appear in PLAYBOY."









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



Success tastes sweet to Miss January, who remembers the hardships her family faced when Ukraine became an independent nation following the collapse of the Soviet Union, in 1991. "Those days were difficult," she says. "I dreamed of earning money to help my parents." Now, along with modeling, Dasha is recording an album with the band Nikita. "We have a pop-electro sexy style," she says. "We love music from the 1950s and 1960s." She also has her sights set on Hollywood. From the looks of this awesome creature, there is no ambition she won't someday realize. Shall we give the 55th Anniversary Playmate the last word? "PLAYBOY symbolizes the free soul," says Dasha. "I want to thank Mr. Hefner for starting a new era—the era of PLAYBOY."



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





DASHA
ASTAFIEVA



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: DASHA ASTAFIEVA

BUST: 34D WAIST: 23 1/2" HIPS: 36"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 121 lbs

BIRTH DATE: Aug 4, 1985 BIRTHPLACE: Ordzhonikidze, Ukraine

AMBITIONS: To be purposeful, cheerful, independent, aggressive, devoted and always happy!!!

TURN-ONS: I like a man with short hair and an athletic body. He has to be a gentleman.

TURNOFFS: Rude men, liars and stinkiness.

A WOMAN I ADMIRE AND WHY: Bettie Page.

She became the first and the best in my FAVORITE style of pinup.

FIVE MUSICIANS WHO INSPIRE ME: NINA Simone, Sade, Ray Anthony, Roy Orbison, Nino KATAMADZE.

THE MOST EXCITING CITY IN THE WORLD: Amsterdam.

HOBBIES: Photography and everything connected with it.

PETS: Dog (Chita) and rabbit (MARTINY).



My ugly-duckling photo.



My first play.



My first professional photo shoot.

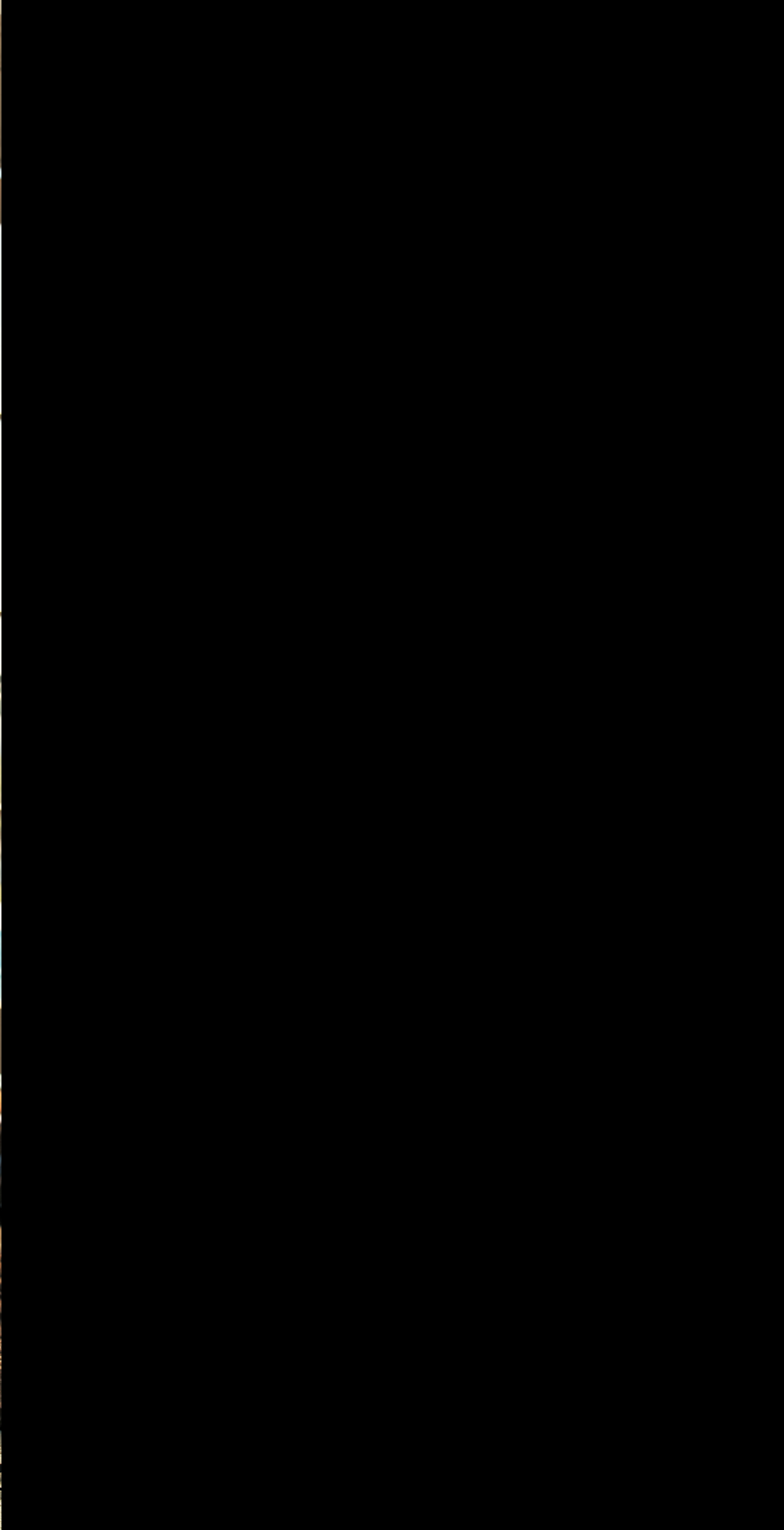


MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



DASHA
ASTAFIEVA



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Some classics from the past 55 very funny years:

The pretty model looked quite despondent, so the photographer asked what was bothering her.

"It's my boyfriend," she explained. "He was wiped out in the stock market—lost all his money."

"You must feel sorry for him," remarked the photographer.

"Yes," she replied wistfully, "he'll miss me terribly."

There was a man who wanted to get something for his wife, but no one would start the bidding.



The outraged husband discovered his wife in bed with another man.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demanded. "Who is this fellow?"

"That seems like a fair question," said the wife, rolling over. "What is your name?"

The preacher's sermon was on the Ten Commandments. When he reached "Thou shalt not steal," he noticed one of his parishioners, a little man sitting in the front row, became very agitated. When the preacher reached "Thou shalt not commit adultery," the man suddenly smiled and relaxed.

After the service, the preacher approached the man and asked him the reason for his peculiar behavior.

The man replied with an embarrassed smile, "When you talked about the commandment 'Thou shalt not steal,' I suddenly discovered my umbrella was missing. But when you said 'Thou shalt not commit adultery,' I remembered where I left it."

Creeping around to the bedroom window, two private detectives finally caught their client's wife in bed with another man.

"Just as I suspected," said the first. "Let's go after him."

"Great idea," the other replied with lust in his eyes. "How soon do you think he'll be finished?"

I just can't find a cause for your illness," the internist said. "Frankly, I think it's due to drinking."

"In that case," replied his attractive patient, "I'll come back when you're sober."

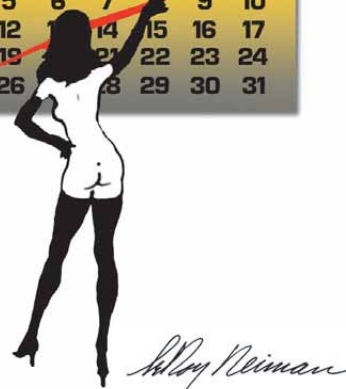
All right, lady," said the bill collector, "how about the next installment on that couch?"

The lady shrugged and said, "Better than having to give you money, I guess."

We know a modern Cinderella who, at the stroke of midnight, turns into a motel.

A 55-year-old woman went to her doctor and asked for a prescription for birth control pills. "But you don't need them at your age," the doctor said. She went on to explain that she had tried some recently and found she couldn't sleep without them. "But birth control pills have no tranquilizing agent in them," the doctor informed her.

"Well," she said, "I don't know what they have or don't have in them, but I give them to my daughter before she goes out each night, and I'm telling you, doctor, I sleep much, much better."



Any girl who believes the way to a man's heart is through his stomach is aiming a little high.

While attending an engagement party given by his friends, the reformed player and his pals sat at the end of the bar and cast an eye over the assembled guests.

"You know," the groom-to-be declared to his best man, "I've slept with every girl here except my sister and my fiancée."

"That's interesting," his best man replied. "Between the two of us, we've had them all."

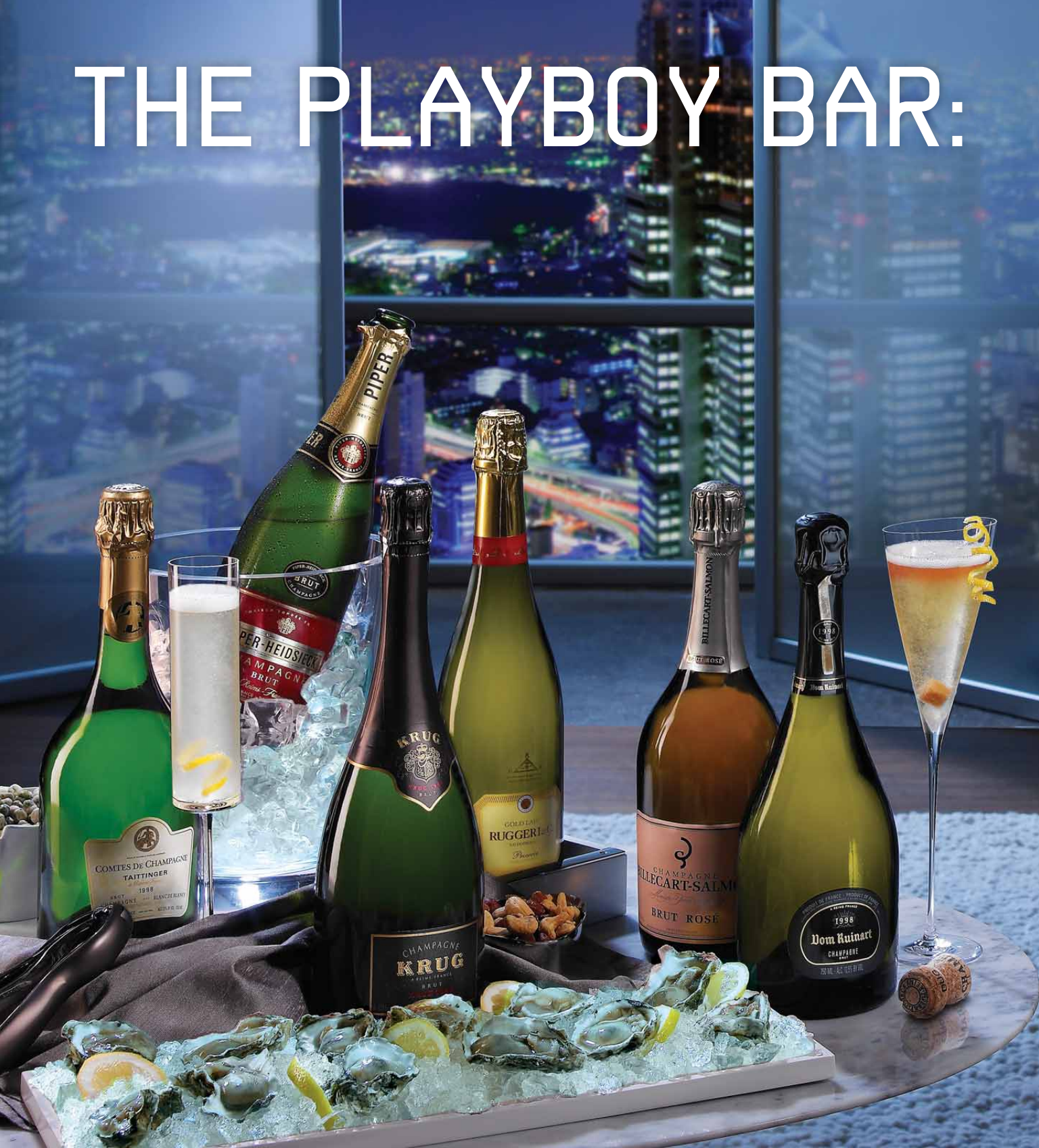
Then there was a sleepy bride who couldn't stay awake for a second.

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.



"Well, of all the stupid costumes! Are you trying to put a damper on this party?"

THE PLAYBOY BAR:



For him FRENCH 75

Named for the 75-millimeter gun the French army used in WWI, this refresher starts with a shot and a half of gin, half a shot of fresh lemon juice and a teaspoon of simple syrup (or powdered sugar), shaken with ice and strained into a chilled flute. Fill the rest of the way with champagne, and garnish with a lemon twist.

For her CHAMPAGNE COCKTAIL

Drop a sugar cube into a chilled champagne flute and add a dash of Angostura bitters. Fill the flute with champagne, and garnish with a lemon twist. If she likes them stiffer, float half a shot of cognac on top. Replace the brandy with Campari and you have yourself a different drink: the good-night kiss.

For the party CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

Before the party, mix and chill your base: a cup of Grand Marnier, a cup of cognac, half a cup of Chambord and two cups of pineapple juice. When your guests arrive, pour the base into a large bowl, add big hunks of ice, then add a quart of ginger ale and two bottles of decent champagne. Serves 12.

CHAMPAGNE

PICTURE A DANK CELLAR in the Champagne region of France around the year 1700. A blind monk lifts a goblet of wine he has made, tastes it, then cries out, “Come, brothers! Hurry! I am drinking stars!” as if he had just discovered the orgasm. The monk was Dom Pérignon, and much to his surprise the wine had bubbles in it. Thus, booze mythologists would have us believe, the wine known as champagne was born. Today bubbly from France’s Champagne region is the most revered glassful in the world, the drink of success, excess, romance and debauchery.



CHAMPAGNE FOR MY
REAL FRIENDS,
REAL PAIN FOR MY
SHAM FRIENDS.

—TOM WAITS

THE JUICE ON THE JUICE

BLANC DE BLANCS: The lightest and most delicate of champagnes, blanc de blancs is made with only chardonnay grapes. Pictured: Taittinger Comtes de Champagne Blanc de Blancs 1998 (\$250).

BRUT: Your basic delicious dry champagne, such as Piper-Heidsieck Cuvée Brut (pictured, \$35).

CHAMPAGNE: (1) A sparkling wine made exclusively in France’s Champagne region from the following grapes: pinot noir, pinot meunier and chardonnay. (2) Slang: an underage girl at a party (full of alcohol, not aged 21 years).

CHAMPAGNE BRAIN: The hangover headache unique to bubbly.

CHAMPAGNE ROOM: The back room at a strip club, where sex never ever happens.

CUVÉE: A blend of wines, mixed by winemakers who aim for a consistent flavor year after year no matter the harvest. A bottle of bubbly may contain 60 different wines.

DEMI-SEC: Moderately sweet (as in not brut).

PRESTIGE CUVÉE: A term used to describe a champagne house’s highest offering. Examples: Dom Pérignon from Moët & Chandon and Cristal from Louis Roederer. Pictured: Dom Ruinart 1998 (\$160).

PROSECCO: Italy’s most famous sparkling wine is cheaper and drier than champagne and often used as a substitute. It’s the chief ingredient in a wonderful pantie-dropper called the bellini (prosecco and white-peach puree). Pictured: Ruggeri & C. Gold Label Prosecco di Valdobbiadene (\$15).

ROSÉ: Pink bubbly. A little red wine is blended into the mix, imparting color and berry notes. Pictured: Billecart-Salmon Brut Rosé (\$75), a favorite of discerning sippers.

VINTAGE: A single-year bottling made when the head winemaker at a champagne house thinks the grapes from a particular harvest are outstanding. The wine must be aged at least three years and will always be bottled with a year on it. Pictured: Krug 1998 (\$300).

ANY QUESTIONS?

Where do the bubbles in bubbly come from? The second fermentation. You take still wine, add yeast and sugar, then seal it from air (sugar + yeast = alcohol + CO₂ bubbles). Voilà. **Is it true that the smaller the bubbles, the better the champagne?** Most experts believe yes: The longer the champagne is aged, the smaller the bubbles get. **Approximately how many bubbles are in a bottle?** Forty-nine million (no, we didn’t make this up). **Is California sparkling wine any good?** Absolutely, and it’s cheaper than champagne, too (only bubbly from the Champagne region of France can technically be called champagne). Try Iron Horse 2004 Classic Vintage Brut (\$33). **Biggest champagne fan ever?** That would be Marilyn Monroe. Biographer George Barris said she breathed champagne “as if it were oxygen.”



A.



B.



C.



D.

55 BEAUTIFUL YEARS:

The 1980s

- A. BO DEREK
- B. SALLY FIELD
- C. KIM BASINGER
- D. MADONNA
- E. VANNA WHITE
- F. KIMBERLY CONRAD HEFNER
- G. CINDY CRAWFORD
- H. SUZANNE SOMERS
- I. NASTASSJA KINSKI
- J. BRIGITTE NIELSEN
- K. LA TOYA JACKSON
- L. SHANNON TWEED
- M. JOAN COLLINS
- N. TERRY MOORE
- O. VIKKI LAMOTTA
- P. TANYA ROBERTS
- Q. JESSICA HAHN
- R. BARBARA CARRERA



E.



F.



G.



H.



I.



J.



K.



L.



M.



N.



O.



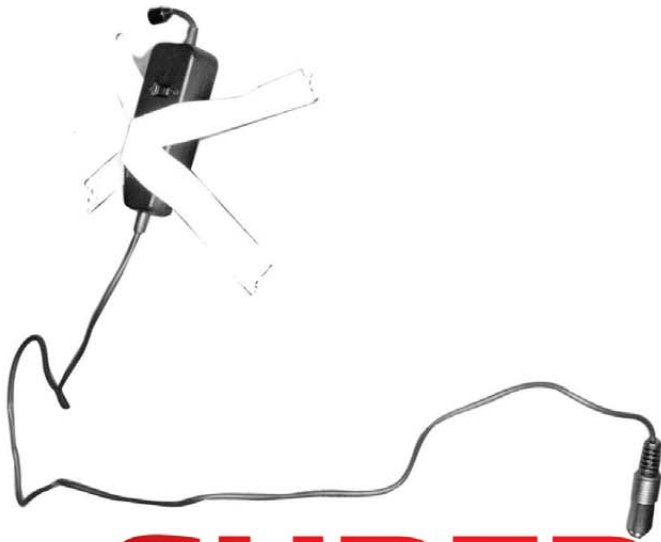
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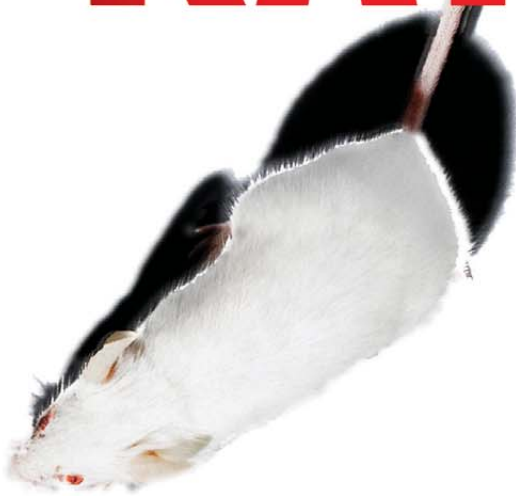
Q.



R.



SUPER RAT



By
Richard Stratton

Turner Guilford Knight Correctional Center, Dade County's main lockup, bakes in the hot sun of an asphalt desert near Miami International Airport. It's a cavernous, fortress-like jailhouse hosting 1,300 beds for male and female pretrial prisoners. I'm escorted by a lanky hack into the dirty bowels of the joint. Up one elevator, along drab corridors smelling faintly of disinfectant and despair, down another elevator, through a maze of hallways and past electronically operated gates into a video-monitored sally port. Finally we enter the Security Housing Unit—otherwise known as the Hole.

A cluster of keys jangling from the guard's belt reminds me of the irony of the moment: I am an ex-con turned writer and filmmaker who spent nearly a decade in some of America's most secure prisons, now entering freely behind bars to

James "Whitey" Bulger is the Jimmy Cagney of sociopaths—charismatic Irish American, ruthless killer, the great criminal mastermind of our time. Will the FBI ever nab him?

question an imprisoned former FBI agent. When the interview is over I'll walk back out into the south Florida sunshine; John Connolly, the highly decorated ex-agent, will return to his dark, narrow jail cell. Still, I shudder at the sound of the steel gates crashing behind me.

Connolly shuffles into a cramped visiting area in shackles and chains, a lawyer's portfolio tucked under his arm. He has Celtic skin and clear blue eyes, and he's wearing a fire-engine-red jumpsuit that makes his jailhouse pallor seem all the more pallid. Otherwise he looks fit and strong for an ex-lawman in his mid-60s living in a dungeon.

"How long have you been in the Hole?" I ask as we sit in a steel-plated chamber on steel seats at a steel table bolted to the steel floor.

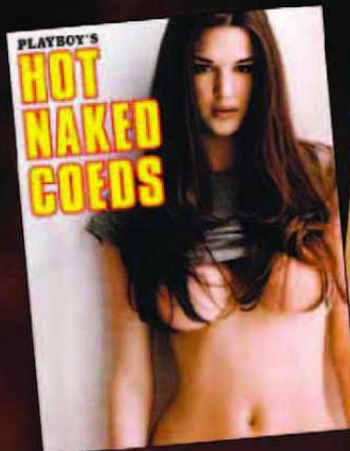
"Going on three years," he answers, adjusting the chains attached to his ankles. The leg irons strike me as correctional overkill—there is nowhere to run. "I was doing good when I was at the other prison, going outside, getting regular exercise. In here the big event of the day is when they shove a food tray through the trap in the cell door."



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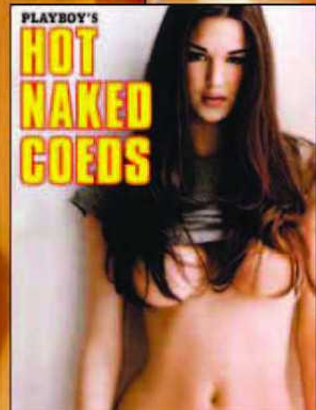
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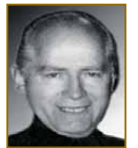
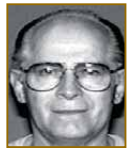




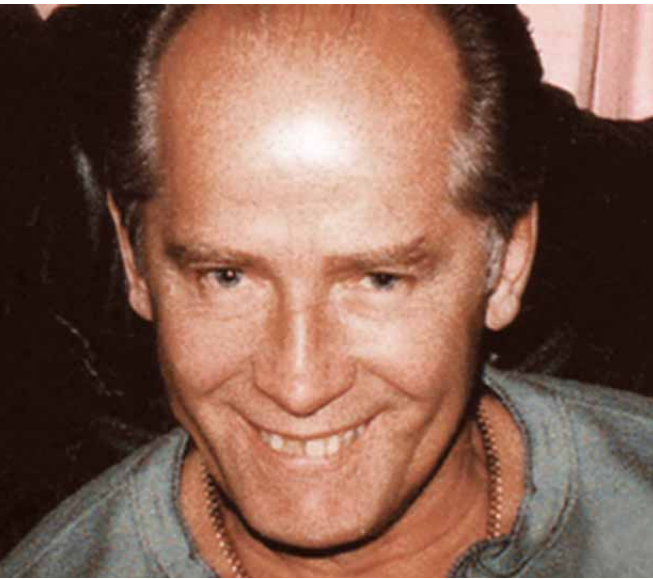
NAME: James
"Whitey" Bulger

HEIGHT:
5'7"-5'9"
WEIGHT:
150-160 LBS.
AGE: 79

Actual and
FBI computer-
generated
images of
Bulger.



The FBI believed
this couple, spotted
in Sicily in 2007,
was Bulger and
his girlfriend. The
lead proved false.



From top: James "Whitey" Bulger, the FBI's second-most-wanted man behind Osama bin Laden; Whitey's brother Billy, former president of the Massachusetts state senate; the *Valhalla*, which carried weapons to the IRA out of Gloucester, Massachusetts; Bulger's "surrogate son" Kevin Weeks; Bulger's lieutenant (left), admitted killer Stephen "the Rifleman" Flemmi; and former FBI agent John Connolly, imprisoned for racketeering and allegedly helping Bulger disappear.

Connolly retired from the FBI in 1990 after playing a pivotal role in decimating the New England branch of the Cosa Nostra. Much of his success as a Mob buster was due to the stable of top-echelon informants (TEs) he handled. In the ranks of FBI agents in the 1980s, Connolly was legendary for his ability to flip informants within powerful criminal organizations. His most notorious informant was James "Whitey" Bulger, criminal mastermind and boss of the Boston Irish Mob known as the Winter Hill Gang.

Nineteen years later, in a diabolical reversal of fortune, Connolly is locked down 23 hours a day, six years into a 10-year federal sentence for racketeering and obstruction of justice—for supposedly tipping Bulger off to an imminent indictment so he could abscond. The former agent is also facing life in Florida for first-degree murder in a killing orchestrated by Bulger. (Since the time of our interview Connolly was convicted of second-degree murder for this killing, one he neither ordered nor witnessed.) Bulger, meanwhile, is in the wind, a fugitive traveling the world with his blonde girlfriend.

Connolly agreed to speak to me on the condition that I wouldn't question him about the Florida murder case. This is the first and only time since he has been locked up that he has gone on record about his close—some might say fraternal, blood-brother-like—relationship with Bulger. The United States justice system believes the bond went beyond that of agent and informant. After Connolly was convicted in federal court in Boston, in 2002, U.S. Attorney Michael J. Sullivan announced, "He abused his authority and crossed the line from crime fighter to criminal. Today's verdict reveals John Connolly for what he became: a Winter Hill Gang operative masquerading as a law-enforcement agent."

"Did you cross the line?" I ask Connolly.

"Absolutely not. I did my job, what I was ordered to do."

What is the line Connolly supposedly crossed? Where exactly is it drawn in the shadowy world inhabited by agents and informants, cops and crooks whose very lives are held tenuously in one another's hands? This much is fact: Sometime after Connolly retired from the FBI, the rules of engagement changed. Bulger and his partner, Stephen "the Rifleman" Flemmi, were indicted for

gambling-related crimes they were allowed to commit in exchange for the information they fed to the FBI. Flemmi was arrested; Bulger was nowhere to be found. Thirteen years later he remains number two on the FBI's Ten Most Wanted list, second only to Osama bin Laden.

"Where do you think Whitey is?" I ask Connolly.

"That's anybody's guess," he says. "I have no idea."

"But you knew him well. You had to trust each other with your lives. Why do you think the FBI can't catch him?"

"Of all the TEs I had, Jim was without a doubt the most disciplined and cerebral. He was a master of disguise going back to his bank-robber days. He could blend in anywhere, hiding in plain sight. He could be in Cambridge."

"Do you believe he's still alive?"

"I think we'd know if he were dead."

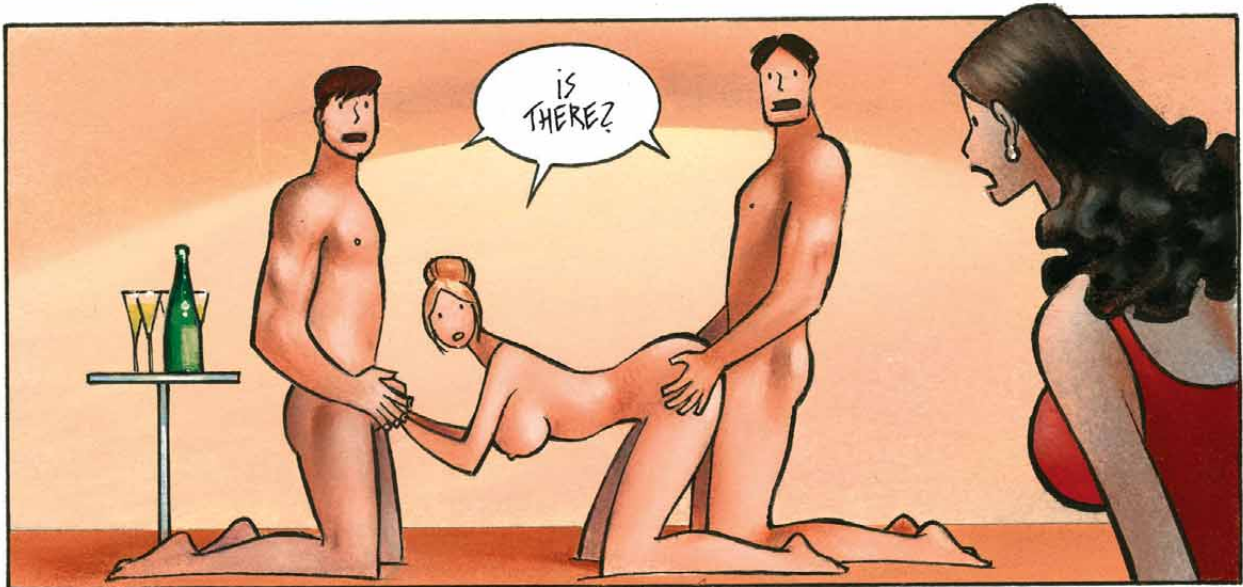
"The girlfriend?"

"Catherine Greig, right. She would have come in. She's still a fairly young woman, mid-50s. No one wants to live indefinitely on the lam." Connolly considers for a moment. "Jim is a health and physical-fitness enthusiast who takes very good care of himself. I have no reason to believe he's not alive."

Since he disappeared, in December 1994, Bulger has emerged as the most illustrious criminal folk hero of our time, surpassing even Colombian drug lord Pablo Escobar. He is the last of the great Irish gangsters, a Cagneyesque breed of charismatic killers who doted on their mothers, helped old ladies cross the street and handed out turkeys at Thanksgiving. Bin Laden aside, Bulger is the only Most Wanted fugitive with an FBI task force dedicated to catching him. On his 79th birthday, September 3, 2008, the feds doubled their reward, to \$2 million. "I am confident he will be captured," said FBI special agent in charge Warren Bamford. Bulger is charged in a superseding indictment with 19 counts, including murder, conspiracy to commit murder, racketeering, extortion, conspiracy to commit extortion, narcotics distribution, conspiracy to commit money laundering, and substantive money laundering. If he is not caught and dies a fugitive, it will be the first time in the annals of American crime that a mobster of Bulger's stature has successfully eluded the long arm of Uncle Sam.

(continued on page 152)

CALL GIRL



JUAN IVAREZ · JOSE G



PLAYBOY  FASHION

← **LAPEL** Whether peaked or shawl, the lapel should be silk-faced. **TUXEDO (\$400)** by **PERRY ELLIS**. **SHIRT (\$145)** by **BOSS BLACK**.

→ **PLEATED SHIRT** A lay-down collar and French cuffs are familiar, while the pleats are a nod to tradition. **TUXEDO (\$400)** and **SHIRT (\$40)** by **PERRY ELLIS**.



↓ **SUSPENDERS** Tux pants have no belt loops, so braces (a.k.a. suspenders) offer some support. **BRACES (\$175)** by **DION**.



Formal Notice

LET TRADITION BE YOUR GUIDE WHEN DRESSING FOR A BLACK-TIE AFFAIR


FASHION BY JOSEPH DE ACETIS ★ PHOTOGRAPHY BY SERGIO KURHAJEC
PRODUCED BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

↓ **SHOES** Patent pumps with a grosgrain band are a nice option. **SHOES (\$520)** by **SALVATORE FERRAGAMO**.

↓ **CUFF LINKS + STUDS** French cuffs demand cuff links, but the refined surroundings call for simple black onyx. **SET OF CUFF LINKS AND STUDS (\$400)** and **BOW TIE (\$115 for set with cummerbund)** by **DAVID DONAHUE**.

↓ **CUMMERBUND** Note: The pleats always face up. **CUMMERBUND (\$115 for set with bow tie)** by **DAVID DONAHUE**. **WATCH (\$9,400)** by **MILUS**.





→ An evening that requires black tie is all about class, not flash. It's a night when fashion-forward thinking should take a backseat to tradition. Unless you're a banquet waiter or George Hamilton, an occasion like this is also rare, so one tuxedo can cover a lifetime of formal obligations—as long as it's the right one. Follow our guide and fill your formalwear needs with the proper perennial pieces, such as a silk-faced lapel, a real bow tie and a one-button jacket, to name a few. The spirit of the suit born more than a century ago in Tuxedo Park, New York lives on in every man who responds to a black-tie invitation with a look of timeless elegance.

TUXEDO JACKET (\$798), PANTS (\$200) and CUM-MERBUND (\$95) by BROOKS BROTHERS. POCKET SQUARE (\$95) by DION. SHIRT (\$40) by PERRY ELLIS. BOW TIE (\$75) by CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION. STUDS (\$400 for set with cuff links) by DAVID DONAHUE.



FOR MORE TUXEDO TIPS CHECK OUT PLAYBOY.COM/MAGAZINE.



55 BEAUTIFUL YEARS: The 1990s

- A. ANNA NICOLE SMITH
- B. DREW BARRYMORE
- C. PAMELA ANDERSON
- D. HEATHER KOZAR
- E. BARBI TWINS
- F. JENNY MCCARTHY
- G. KATARINA WITT
- H. ROBIN GIVENS
- I. SHARON STONE
- J. JAIME PRESSLY
- K. JOAN SEVERANCE
- L. FARRAH FAWCETT
- M. MARGAUX HEMINGWAY
- N. STEPHANIE SEYMOUR
- O. DAHM TRIPLETS
- P. NAOMI CAMPBELL
- Q. DIAN PARKINSON
- R. CARMEN ELECTRA



A.

C.

D.

E.

F.

G.

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H.



THE GREAT Hooters

ROAD TRIP

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY
ACROSS AMERICA,
EATING NOWHERE BUT
HOOTERS

BY
JOE QUEENAN

Since the dawn of time stouthearted souls have set out on adventures that had little chance of leading to glory but unlimited potential for disgrace, financial ruin or death. Marco Polo braved the fiendish cruelty of the Mongols to reach Kublai Khan's court. Christopher Columbus risked falling off the edge of the earth to find that elusive passage to India. Ferdinand Magellan sailed around the globe in a ship the size of a Honda Civic to prove the earth was round. In the same spirit, I recently completed a 4,700-mile trip across the United States, eating only at Hooters.

Cynics may suggest that my Hooters-only pilgrimage was a self-indulgent excuse to spend two weeks in the company of voluptuous vixens with cantaloupe-size breasts and derrieres resembling overinflated basketballs exploding out of preposterously skimpy gym shorts, with strapping legs clad both in panty hose and white ankle socks, as if one set of provocative hosiery were not enough to get the customers' attention. Here they would be mistaken. My decision to eat only at Hooters derived from two entirely legitimate motives: first, the need to establish a "theme" for my trip; second, the guarantee that wherever and whenever I turned up, I knew I would be greeted by bubbly, effervescent, convivial young women who would at least pretend to be happy to see me and not by surly refugees from the slacker chain gang, moping teens or the hatchet-faced lifers who staff most dining establishments out in the hinterland.

Moreover, by eating only at Hooters I could assure myself of being served exclusively by perky girls named Danielle, Heather, Erika, Samantha and Lobo and never by the dreaded, slightly pierced, starter-mustached Todd of "Hi! I'm Todd. Or Skyler. And I'm going to be your waiter





HOOTERS
ENERGY
Racing



HOOTERS

MARCOS

for the evening” fame. That alone made it worth doing.

The cross-country trip is a cornerstone of American mythology. Lewis and Clark did it. Jack Kerouac did it. Salt-of-the-earth types addicted to those odysseys on which they visit every state capital, including Juneau, have done it. Yuppies return home bursting with pride because they have visited every baseball stadium in America.

Personally I find these themes idiotic. If you cannot unearth the meaning of life in New York or Los Angeles, it is unlikely you will find it in Busch Stadium. I have no burning desire ever to visit Pierre, South Dakota, and I certainly won't drive hundreds of miles out of my way just to fulfill some fetishistic fool's errand by motoring all the way to Sacramento. In sharp contrast, by driving across America eating only at Hooters, I could lay claim to thematic legitimacy on a number of levels. For starters, it would be a voyage of discovery to find out if Hooters Girls are consistently effervescent and gorgeous and well-endowed all across the country or if certain regions are so starved for local talent that they are forced to hire pouty, pimple-breasted urchins, cadaverous, mean-spirited waifs, bony-assed harridans or the aforementioned chain-smoking, hatchet-faced lifers. Second, it would be an expedition of culinary adventure on which I would discover the effect of the Hooters menu on the nervous system. Third, it would be a voyage of self-discovery, testing my resourcefulness by thrusting me into situations in which I would perhaps be forced to live off roots and shrubs on the days when there was not a Hooters within hundreds of miles. In short, the melon-size breasts exploding out of T-shirts eight sizes too small and the medicine-ball backsides stretching the microscopic hot pants and taupe panty hose to the very limit of polyester flexibility had nothing to do with my decision to embark on this epic adventure. At least that's what I told my wife.

The first thing I noticed on my trip was that Hooters guys acted as if Hooters Girls were not wearing preposterous outfits. In Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania it was Schoolgirl Night the evening I showed up, the waitresses clad in kneesocks and postage-stamp-size plaid skirts. In Albuquerque one of the girls was wearing shorts so skimpy it looked as if she had converted a tangerine peel into a thong. In Roanoke the girls were decked out in tiny black shorts, taut

black halter tops, black sneakers and black ankle socks that made a couple of the beefier gals look like Teutonic phys-ed teachers who had read far too much De Sade. Ilsa, She-Bitch of Hooters. Or Amélie Mauresmo. But the locals never seemed to be checking out the merchandise, not even stealing sideways glances, instead adhering to

AFTER THAT, THOSE BOUNCY HOOTERS GIRLS WOULD BE A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES.

some vague *Dukes of Hazzard* honor code stipulating that you are not supposed to ogle the girl who is waiting on you even though she's bending over to show off both her breasts and her panties, because to do so would be unspeakably gauche. Hooters etiquette is in the wholesomely naughty tradition of Daisy Duke, Betty Boop, Suzanne Somers, *Li'l Abner*, *The Beverly Hillbillies* and *Benny Hill*. The girls repeatedly told me the chivalrous regulars protect them from fondlers, pinchers, oglers and lechers, acting as if the girls were their cash-strapped sisters or daughters who, for reasons they were not at liberty to divulge, were currently in their underpants, serving quesadillas.

"We treat the customers with respect, and they treat us with respect," volunteered Jacqueline, a tall, vivacious, thoroughly lovely marketing major working in Knoxville. This was on Bike Night, when the restaurant was filled with wannabe tough guys of all descriptions, seemingly each of them a direct descendent of Sirs Parsifal and Galahad who adhered to a knightly code of treating women with the utmost respect and were in turn being treated with the utmost respect themselves. Even though they were riding Kawasakis, and it looked as if their do-rags had just come back from the organic dry cleaners, and they did not seem as though they had earned that much in the way of respect on their two-wheeled quest for the Holy Grail.

The second thing I noticed about Hooters is that, in the eyes of the girls, there is no such thing as a loser. That first night in Mechanicsburg the crowd was the usual mixture of workingmen, frat boys and college nerds using a trip to Hooters as a dry run for a trip to a strip joint. There were also a handful of women. But over there, sitting all by

himself, was a fat, bespectacled young man reading a science-fiction novel.

"That guy didn't get the playbook," my 31-year-old nephew, Frank, a resident of nearby Camp Hill, chuckled as two Hooters gals sashayed past.

"No, he's the serial killer," I noted, feeling inexplicable pity for a man so bereft of humanity that he would visit a Hooters on Schoolgirl Night and spend the entire time reading a novel about sorcerers, demiurges and wraiths, all under the aegis of the Fifth Protocol of Xanadu, Scion of Romdec. But wouldn't you know it! He was a local, and before long a couple of the scantily clad waitresses came over to talk to him.

I could not imagine any other dining establishment in America where a fat man reading a book about fierce extraterrestrial gnomes battling albino druids for control of the planet Hextra—and all the pseudotitanium hidden in the pangalactic mines of its murky parallel universe—would get the personal touch from the waitstaff. It certainly wouldn't happen at Long John Silver's. I don't care how much those girls were working for that extra tip; they were really nice and really sweet in a society where niceness and sweetness are fast disappearing. They also had great racks.

People who have never experienced the mythical transcontinental trip cannot imagine how uplifting it is at the end of the day to walk into a restaurant where comely young women greet you with a smile on their face and a song in their heart. Hooters is Hot Pants Cheers: one continuously friendly saloon stretching straight across the fruited plain to those purple mountain majesties. Maybe you've just been ticketed for driving 83 miles an hour in a 65 mph stretch of the southern Virginia interstate and threatened with a \$556 fine even though everyone who didn't have an out-of-state plate was flying by at 90 mph. After that, those bouncy Hooters Girls would be a sight for sore eyes. Maybe you've just been tailgated for eight miles on a deserted stretch of highway 30 miles from Paducah, Kentucky at 10 in the evening by an enigmatic state trooper who pulled you over and announced that a car matching your description had been reported for a "suspicious and erratic driving pattern." After that, those Hooters gals in St. Louis would look mighty damn pleasing.

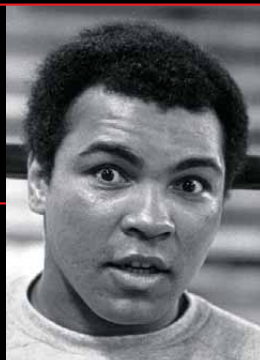
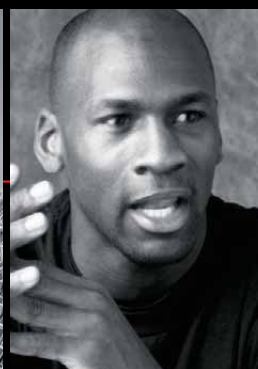
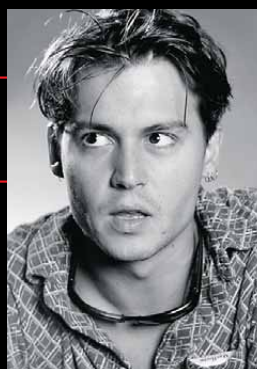
Or maybe you've just pulled into the Holiday Inn outside Knoxville and been overcharged to stay the night in Room 216, the one whose interior has been gutted, its plumbing ripped out, and is right next door to the room where the talent coordinator (continued on page 149)



"It's after midnight and you haven't wished me a Happy New Year yet."

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW'S GREATEST HITS

SOME SMART, FUNNY AND, OF COURSE, CANDID COMMENTS FROM THE BEST Q&A IN MAGAZINES



"I would take great pleasure in the pride that would come to the black community if there were a Negro in the White House. I think it's worth working for."—**WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY** (May 1970)

"We need to find ways to get inside the minds of these people, to think differently. The threat is different. This is not the Cold War."—**GARY HART** (February 2002)

"It's as if 9/11 were a shot of novocaine into our nation's moral nerves. It was such a shock that we still haven't gotten over it. It has made people

indifferent to things that we should be outraged about."—**THOMAS FRIEDMAN** (September 2005)

"People get stuck as they get older. Our minds are sort of electrochemical computers. It's rare that you see an artist in his 30s or 40s able to really contribute something amazing. Some remain kids, but they're rare."—**STEVE JOBS** (February 1985)

"We can't all of a sudden get down on our knees and turn everything over to the leadership of the blacks. I believe in white suprem-

love this country. I love that I get to talk like this."—**GEORGE CARLIN** (October 2005)

"The human race may well become extinct before the end of the present century."—**BERTRAND RUSSELL** (March 1963)

"When we developed the first Walkman, a lot of our salespeople said a small machine like that wouldn't sell."—**SONY FOUNDER AKIO MORITA** (August 1982)

"I saw a newspaper story about Googling dates.



"I hate women who hide the big ass. Don't hide the big ass. It's for all of us. Share this gift."—**Chris Rock** (September 1999)

**"I DON'T
NEED BODY-
GUARDS."**

—**JIMMY HOFFA**

(DECEMBER 1975)

acy until the blacks are educated to a point of responsibility"—**JOHN WAYNE** (May 1971)

"Remember, Jesus was on Eighth Avenue with the prostitutes. He wasn't uptown or in Washington, D.C."—**MARTIN SCORSESE** (April 1991)

"Republicans would love to make this a theocracy and have America be a kind of Taliban state. But they can do only what they can do, and that leaves room for fuckers like me. I



"Most people don't know what neurotic means, so it's like a dirty word. But in the true, literal meaning of neurotic, I think I am."—**Barbra Streisand** (October 1977)

People were checking out who they were dating by Googling them. I think it's a tremendous responsibility. If you think everybody is relying on us for information, you understand the responsibility. That's mostly what I feel. You have to take that very seriously."—**GOOGLE CO-FOUNDER LARRY PAGE** (September 2004)

"People are worried about their jobs. I'm seeing all kinds of layoffs. Let's hope this doesn't last more than a year."—**LEE IACOCCA** (January 1991)

"I've never seen black men with fine white women. They be ugly, muggly dogs. You always see white men with good-looking black women."—**SPIKE LEE** (July 1991)

"When women are not people, when they are full of impotent rage, sex is not going to be fun."—**BETTY FRIEDAN** (September 1992)

"It's ludicrous to declare that sex is wrong if you're not married. It's happening millions of times every day. If the laws against it were enforced, we'd have to build prisons for four fifths of the population."—**JOHNNY CARSON** (December 1967)

"When I was 16 years old, I fucked Warren Beatty. Just like that. I did it because my girlfriends were so crazy about him and so was my mother."—**CHER** (December 1988)

"The great American formula for sex is: a kiss on the lips, a hand on the breast and a dive for the pelvis."—**DR. WILLIAM MASTERS** (November 1979)

"My reaction to porn films is as follows: After the first 10 minutes I want to go home and screw. After the first 20 minutes I never want to screw again as long as I live."—**ERICA JONG** (September 1975)



"George Washington was called a terrorist by the British. De Gaulle was called a terrorist by the Nazis. I am a freedom fighter."—**Yasir Arafat** (September 1988)



"What's the fucking point of crashing, burning and rising like a phoenix out of your own ashes into the same exact fucking thing you were before, sans drugs or alcohol? What's the value in that?"—**Robert Downey Jr.** (December 1997)

"THERE IS AN ENEMY OUT THERE. THIS COUNTRY—INDEED, THE WHOLE WORLD—CONSISTS OF TWO OPPOSING FORCES: US, AND THOSE WHO WOULD FORCE THEIR OWN VALUES AND ATTITUDES ON US."

—**HUGH HEFNER** (JANUARY 1974)

"I'm a nymphomaniac of the heart."—**GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ** (February 1983)

"There are things I refuse to do. I think I'd draw the line at porn, but no one has asked."—**BEN STILLER** (August 2008)

"The proliferation of porn has totally changed things. The young male's expectation of how women will respond to sex, what women want and how they want it is way off from the reality of who women are."—**DR. DREW PINSKY** (July 2008)

"Opium and hash and pot—now, those things aren't drugs; they just bend your mind a little. I think everybody's mind should be bent once in a while."—**BOB DYLAN** (March 1966)

"You're not going to call the Rolling Stones

"WHEN LIP SERVICE TO SOME MYSTERIOUS DEITY PERMITS BESTIALITY ON WEDNESDAY AND ABSOLUTION ON SUNDAY—CASH ME OUT."

—**FRANK SINATRA** (February 1963)

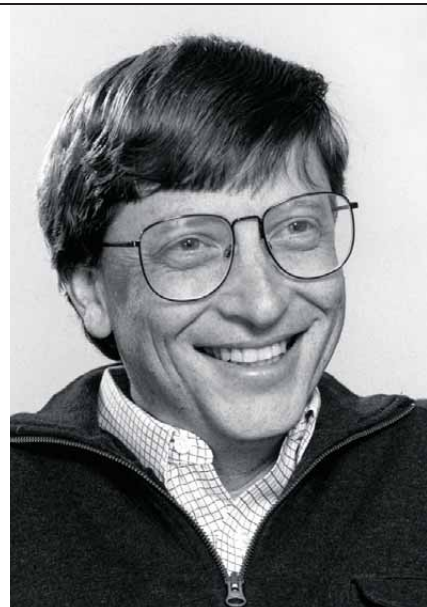
artists. I hate rock and roll. It's ugly."—**MARLON BRANDO** (January 1979)

"I was never the hippest thing around, which means I wasn't in the position to be replaced by the next hippest thing. I'm more like old shoes. But I can still whip Sean Connery with one hand tied behind my back."—**HARRISON FORD** (August 2002)

"All over the world, writers are thrown in jail. They mysteriously die in police custody. It is open season on writers, and it must stop."—**SALMAN RUSHDIE** (April 1996)

"I am a Roman Catholic, which demands I be optimistic. But I've been a student of history too long not to notice how the mighty can fall. Look at the British Empire: 'The sun never sets.' Now all is gone."—**DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN** (September 1998)

"At my age, one becomes terrified of impotence. But I know I shall never cease to be sensual—even on my deathbed. If the doctor is young and handsome, I shall draw him into my arms."—**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS** (April 1973)



"Fear should guide you, but it should be latent. I consider failure on a regular basis."—**Bill Gates** (July 1994)

"I SEE NO FUCKING HARM IN PEOPLE ENJOYING EACH OTHER'S BODIES. I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A FIRM BELIEVER THAT CASUAL SEX IS A FUCKING GOOD THING."—COLIN FARRELL (March 2003)

"Look at Mr. Bush! He has said that he can't understand anything about science, as if he were proud of it. I don't think that's something to be proud of. It's a sign of a nation that doesn't care about its future."—CARL SAGAN (December 1991)

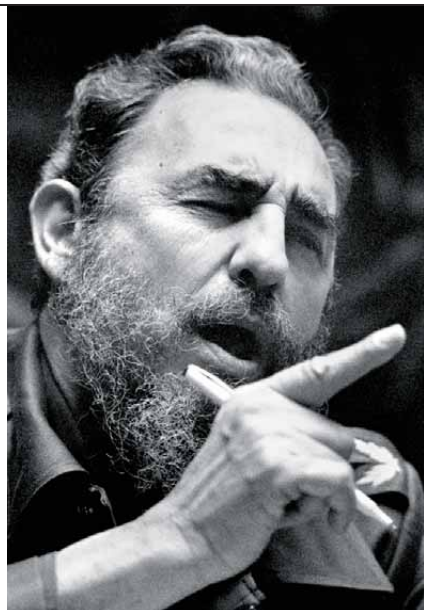
"I would pose nude for Picasso because of my belief in the art form. Sexuality and nudity are a huge part of our lives. But I have to feel that it is art. I would be horrified, humiliated and embarrassed if I felt exploited."—NICOLE KIDMAN (February 2005)

"Are there any writers on the literary scene whom I consider truly great? Yes. Truman Capote."—TRUMAN CAPOTE (March 1968)

"You hear you're going to lose your mind and die if you smoke marijuana. I said, 'When I smoked it, none of those things happened. It was kind of cool.' Part of a useful education program about drugs is honesty."—FORMER NEW MEXICO GOVERNOR GARY JOHNSON (January 2001)

"What higher patriotic duty can there be than to present all sides of any issue?"—BRIT HUME (January 2002)

"I'm not celibate, and I do masturbate. But not like a fiend. I believe in moderation."—JIM CARREY (March 2004)



"An enemy of socialism cannot write in our newspapers—but we don't deny it, and we don't go around proclaiming hypothetical freedom of the press where it doesn't exist, the way you people do."—Fidel Castro (January 1967)



"I never went to high school reunions. My thing is, Out of sight, out of mind. That's my attitude toward life. I don't believe in yesterday, by the way. I'm only interested in what I'm doing now. You can never go home. It doesn't exist."—John Lennon (January 1981)

"I LIKE TO END SEX WITH 'I BEG YOUR PARDON.'"

—JON STEWART (March 2000)

"Look, man, all I am is a trumpet player."—MILES DAVIS (September 1962)

"If I were courageous, I would have killed Qaddafi when I interviewed him"—JOURNALIST ORIANA FALLACI (November 1981)

"You get comfortable shooting. The first time, you're scared to death, as scared as the guy you're shooting at. Then it grows easier for you. After a while the idea of shooting someone doesn't bother you."—50 CENT (April 2004)

"I was hollering, 'I'm the greatest. I'm so pretty.' People can't stand a blowhard, but

they'll always listen to him."—CASSIUS CLAY, A.K.A. MUHAMMAD ALI (October 1964)

"Why don't they look underneath the breast, at the heart?"—DOLLY PARTON (October 1978)

"A fellow named Howard Hughes was running RKO then, and he's the one who came up with the title *Double Dynamite*. That was supposed to be a clever description of Jane Russell's breasts. With thinking like that, it's no wonder Hughes is a billionaire. He'd have to be a billionaire; otherwise, how could he make a living?"—GROUCHO MARX (March 1974)

"That was one of the few times I did lose my temper. I said, 'A lot of people think I'm a murderer. That's something I've got to live with. But if you call anybody an asshole, you've got to be prepared to get bloody.'"—O.J. SIMPSON (October 2003)

"Organized religion is a sham and a crutch for weak-minded people who need strength in numbers. It tells people to go stick their noses in other people's business. The religious right wants to tell people how to live."—JESSE VENTURA (November 1999)

"Yeah, I'm confident. I don't like cocky people. Confidence is how you feel. Cockiness is how you act. I'm always confident. There are times when you struggle, but if a big game is on the line, I expect to do well."—DEREK JETER (June 2004)

"I'm annoyed. But if you're not cranky and annoyed, you can't be a comedian. Even I, though I might not seem to be, am constantly



"Will Ferrell tried to stab me once. It was SNL, so we were all hopped up on goofballs, out of our minds on quaaludes and horse antibiotics. I remember thinking, *This guy's a genius. It would be an honor to be killed by him.*"—Tina Fey (January 2008)

"IF WE BURN OURSELVES OUT WITH DRUGS OR ALCOHOL, WE WON'T HAVE LONG TO GO IN THIS BUSINESS. YOU CAN'T WORK WITH AN ALCOHOLIC OR A DRUG ADDICT."

—JOHN BELUSHI (May 1977)

irritated. If I didn't have all these sensitivities, I'd have nothing to talk about."—**JERRY SEINFELD (October 1993)**

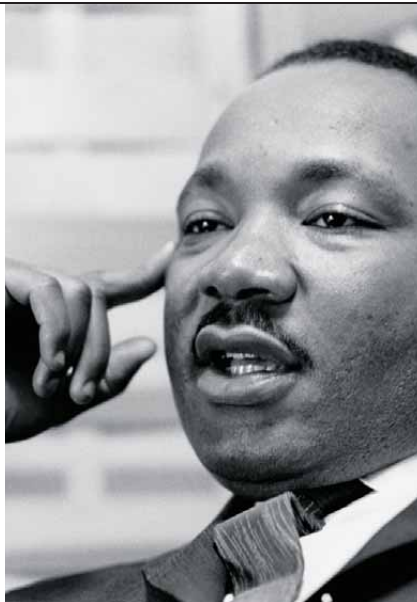
"Here we are striving for equality, and yet people are going to say I'm not black enough? At a time when actually I thought I was trying to be equal? Don't knock me off the pedestal that you wanted me to get onto."—**MICHAEL JORDAN (May 1992)**

"The more powerful bloggers become, the more money and access are thrown at them. Bloggers are just as susceptible to the problems of mainstream media; they just haven't had an opportunity until now. Let's see how they use it."—**ARIANNA HUFFINGTON (November 2006)**

"We will have lived in the hydrocarbon era, and oil will pretty much be gone by 2100. Look at what we have done to the atmosphere—the greenhouse gases. It may be that the ultimate cleanup is just to run out of it."—**T. BOONE PICKENS (January 2007)**



"I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. This is something that God recognizes I will do—and I have done it—and God forgives me for it."—**Jimmy Carter (November 1976)**



"The deep frustration, the seething desperation of the Negro today is a product of slum housing, chronic poverty, woefully inadequate education and substandard schools. The Negro is trapped in a long and desolate corridor with no exit sign, caught in a vicious socioeconomic vise. And he is ostracized as is no other minority group in America by the evil of oppressive and constricting prejudice based solely upon his color."—**Martin Luther King Jr. (January 1965)**

"I THINK I MIGHT HAVE A PROBLEM, A SEXUAL ADDICTION. I HAVE PORN ON ME AT ALL TIMES."

—KANYE WEST (March 2006)

"There's nothing my critics can do about my website. If they slime me, it creates more of me."—**MATT DRUDGE (August 1998)**

"I should have pushed harder for diplomacy. At the time, I thought, I don't have all the intelligence; Bush says Saddam has weapons of mass destruction. What happened afterward was massive incompetence and massive deception."—**BILL RICHARDSON (December 2007)**

"What's really scary is crashing. I look straight ahead, just waiting for some kook in front of me to crash. The race goes on, and you add rain or

"THERE'S THIS LUDICROUS FEAR OF THE POWER OF MUSIC MANIFESTING ITSELF IN THE CORRUPTION OF THE YOUTH OF AMERICA. THERE ARE MORE LOVE SONGS THAN ANYTHING ELSE. IF SONGS CAN MAKE YOU DO SOMETHING, WE'D ALL LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

—FRANK ZAPPA (April 1993)

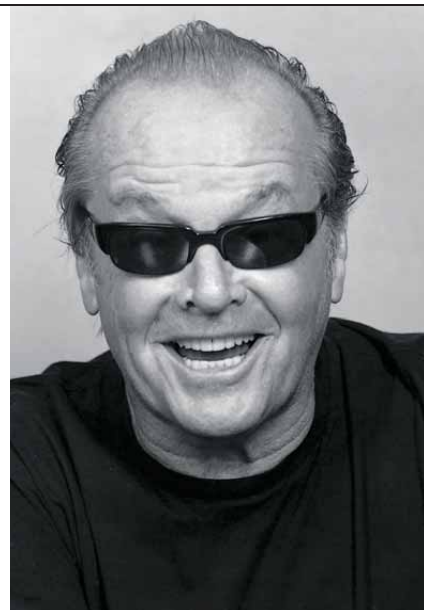
cobblestones. Last year on the cobbles I was so scared I felt like a child, just terrified."—**LANCE ARMSTRONG (June 2005)**

"I didn't want to be a fuckup. I thought that if I joined the Marines and learned to deal with authority, maybe I could be a normal guy."—**JOHNNY DEPP (January 1996)**

"I took boxing back to its raw form. Kill or be killed. The winner gets it all. That's what people want. And they paid me for it. People are afraid I'm going to unmask them for what they are: hypocrites."—**MIKE TYSON (November 1998)**

"When is the gay community in the U.S. going to figure it out that they're never going to be accepted by most Americans?"—**BILL O'REILLY (May 2002)**

"Even the most ardent environmentalist doesn't really want to stop pollution. We can't afford to pollute it. The answer is to allow only pollution that's worth what it costs and not any that isn't."—**MILTON FRIEDMAN (February 1973)**



"Did I like being thought of as a rogue? It's better than being thought of as shit. There's another answer. It was good for business. For a while I settled down, and it was less good for my career."—**Jack Nicholson (January 2004)**



55 BEAUTIFUL YEARS: The 2000s

- A. KENDRA, BRIDGET and HOLLY
- B. PAMELA ANDERSON
- C. BROOKE BURKE
- D. DENISE RICHARDS
- E. TORRIE and SABLE
- F. VIDA GUERRA
- G. SHARI BELAFONTE
- H. JORDAN
- I. ADRIANNE CURRY
- J. JOANIE LAURER
- K. CINDY MARGOLIS
- L. ANGIE EVERHART
- M. KRISTY SWANSON
- N. DARVA CONGER
- O. KIM KARDASHIAN
- P. GENA LEE NOLIN
- Q. CAROL ALT
- R. RACHEL HUNTER
- S. TIA CARRERE
- T. DITA VON TEESE
- U. BRANDE RODERICK
- V. TIFFANY FALLON
- W. JOANNA KRUPA







MARSTON HEFNER

COOPER HEFNER

MARSTON & COOPER HEFNER

HEF'S TEENAGE SONS GO PUBLIC ABOUT OUTWITTING MANSION SECURITY GUARDS,
DEALING WITH THEIR FAMOUS LAST NAME, GETTING SEX ADVICE FROM DAD AND HOW
THEY'LL RUN PLAYBOY WHEN THEY TAKE OVER

Q1

PLAYBOY: What happens in the real world when people learn your name is Hefner, as in *that* Hefner?

COOPER: It's a blessing and a burden. It's not that I'm *not* a social person, because I enjoy spending time with people. But when I walk into a room, I feel that if they know who I am or they hear the last name, I'm going to be judged—negatively as well as positively. For instance, if I do something wrong or make a mistake or if I'm pissed off at somebody, they assume, He's doing it because he thinks he's better than us. And that's not the case. That's the burden aspect of it.

MARSTON: Some people are always going to project—"He's a spoiled brat" or "He thinks he's so cool." But when you know you're being judged, it's kind of fun to change that judgment or play around with it a little. You seem to automatically have this power over people because you're this "iconic figure"—at least by blood relation—and they're waiting for you to say something so they can follow your lead. It's fun to break the mold and the perception and sometimes say as little as possible. I like to be a follower as well as a leader.

Q2

PLAYBOY: With the enviable distinction of growing up in—and next door to—the Playboy Mansion comes the responsibility of pulling boyhood pranks, Mansion-style. Let's list a few of your classics.

MARSTON: We've always liked to shake things up a little. I remember one movie night, maybe 10 years ago, we tied a see-through string to a wallet with a fake \$100 bill poking out of it, which we laid on the floor of the Great Hall, where people go back and forth into the movie. We hid up on the balcony, and whenever somebody tried to pick up the wallet, we'd wiggle it a little and inch it away so they couldn't grab it. They would have a perplexed look and be like, Huh? and try to grab it again. Eventually we'd yank it all the way upstairs, and then they'd get the gag.

COOPER: We got in *soooo* much trouble when we were younger. Also, during parties when other companies had rented out the property, we'd sneak over with our friends—nobody really knows this—wearing camouflage or all black. We'd stake out the action from the bushes with walkie-talkies and make fun of drunk people. We would make

birdcalls and do stuff to get their attention. Or we'd shoot air-assault guns at them. I'd say on the walkie-talkie, "Okay, you see the drunk girl in the red dress? Shoot her on three! One, two, three." The girl would go, "Ahhhh!" See, we could beat the system because we knew where the security cameras were.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Marston, you're 18 and in college. Cooper, you're 17 and in high school. Some people must desperately want to be your friends, for obvious reasons—not least being access to Dad's house, which happens to be one that has shaped adolescent dreams by the millions. How do you handle that?

MARSTON: Everybody brings up the Mansion first, the stereotypical idea of it—"Oh my God! Boobies! Running around! Boobs, everywhere, boobs! What's that like?" Everybody has a fantasy about it. Whatever their sexual desire is, that's what the Playboy Mansion is to them. But I sometimes mistook such curiosity for a sign that somebody wanted to use me. I had

a pretty good friend, and one day we brought some girls over. Suddenly he started walking around shuffling out all these facts about the house, almost as if he lived here. Slowly I began to realize the people who use you are more undercover, and it's harder to sense right away. You pick it up in snippets, and then you're like, Oh, okay. Noted.

COOPER: When I was younger I had a defense mechanism set up in my head. It would make me uncomfortable when people asked about the property. Now when you get the reaction—"This place is unreal!"—it's more that they don't understand our lifestyle. They don't get it when you say, "There's nothing to do here." But when you live here and come here every single day, you see the same things. Anybody else would be like, "Let's go see monkeys!" But I don't want to see monkeys. I'd rather go bowling than play with monkeys.

Q4

PLAYBOY: You guys come and go through a gate in the wall from the house next door, where you moved with your mom, Kimberly, a little more than 10 years ago, after your parents separated. What were you thinking when that happened?

COOPER: At the time I didn't understand what was going on with the whole separation. I was like six and in second grade, and Marston was in third grade. It became clearer as we got older, but at first it was hard for both of us to deal. We realize now that our circumstances are unbelievable: Our parents live next door to each other and are separated, but we all have strong relationships with one another. How much better can it get? We're fortunate, I think.

MARSTON: We're really lucky. They'll be connected forever no matter what. I don't understand why they're not divorced, as most people think they are, because we know their relationship isn't sexual or physical and he has had a ton of different girlfriends. But I think he likes to know he will always have the woman he loved as part of his life. Maybe it has a lot to do with us, too. We couldn't ask for a better scenario, really.

Q5

PLAYBOY: How do they split their parenting duties? What has been the disciplinary chain of command?

COOPER: When we got into trouble when we were younger, both of them dealt with us. Dad would give us the serious talks, and then Mom would step in as the punisher. The parental conversations we have with him are very relaxed; it's more searching for an

understanding than shouting. He says, "Listen, here's what you did wrong. Let's figure out how to make it right." I've always felt that worked better. But he's not a hands-on parent, and that was hard for us to deal with sometimes. You see your friends going to Lakers games with their dads, and you want to do more of that.

MARSTON: We have gone to a few Lakers games, but we wanted more. He's just a homebody. He's not the best parent in the sense that he has grown up with this company and now he's totally enveloped by it. He's more of a hands-off parent, which gives him a lot of good insight, because when you observe something from a little distance you don't have those daily biases. On the other hand, Mom was the punching bag. We could do whatever we wanted to her. We could be total dicks to her, and she would always be there for us, no matter what. We never took it out on Dad.

Q6

PLAYBOY: For the past five decades young guys have been known to hide their prized issues of PLAYBOY from their parents. What do you hide from yours?

COOPER: We've always had an open relationship with both our parents. For instance, I've never really hidden anything from them. We've probably had a different problem. When we invite people over I immediately start planning in my head, Where can I take my friends where there *aren't* boobs?—like pictures of them on display. It was so normal growing up and seeing boobs. You're surrounded!

MARSTON: But there's also Fun in the Sun Sundays, when Playmates come over and sunbathe nude, play volleyball topless or whatever. Mom had that shut down after we were born, but it started again a few years ago. Not that we're ever supposed to be around for it.

Q7

PLAYBOY: By the way, what do the youngest of Hefners consider to be pornography?

COOPER: It bothers me when people call PLAYBOY pornography. I think *pornography* is a derogatory word, one that a lot of people don't know how to begin to define. I've always had trouble with the magazine getting lumped in with it.

MARSTON: I don't feel PLAYBOY is porn. I never thought about it. It bugs me now. It's an easy target, a scapegoat, which started with the religious right. I think pornography is defined by the taste of who is looking at it. It's not as simple as black-and-white. The word itself is bullshit. It's judgment—Puritan ethics that still hang on.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Describe the surreal experience of not only seeing naked pictures of your mother regularly but knowing your friends have probably seen them too.

MARSTON: That's awkward for me. It's your mom, naked. Imagine that, and then imagine watching TV with your friends in a room where, on top of the TV, there's a big picture of your mom naked. Imagine wondering what they're really looking at.

COOPER: I stopped going into that room—the library in the Mansion—because of that. It just made me uncomfortable. I'll go in there by myself, but I stopped going in there with friends. It's like the fat elephant in the room.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your dad is famously a creature of habit who, after the separation, established a weekly Family Night at the Mansion to help everyone stay connected. How have those nights evolved over the years?

COOPER: Family Night started drifting about four years ago when I transferred to boarding school during eighth grade. In the beginning all of us would sit down and watch episodes of *The Simpsons*, *South Park* and *Family Guy*. We would also play board games—which Marston liked more than I did—then we'd all eat together, and that would be it. But when you get to a certain point in adolescence, you don't want to spend much time with your parents anymore. It wasn't that we were rebellious; my priority had become my friends. But I think it was hard for Dad. We started skipping out on him. I think it was our fault for not making the effort.

MARSTON: If I could go back, I wouldn't have stopped going to Family Night. You understand things a lot more as you get older. I don't think we understood how it was affecting him—or us, really. I thought the dad was supposed to take the initiative, but we should have too. In the beginning I remember we'd play the board game *Sorry!* a lot. How's that for a clueless metaphor now?

Q10

PLAYBOY: What are you better at than your father?

MARSTON: [*Laughs*] A lot. I'm better than him at video games; I'm better than him at backgammon, which kills him. Hell, yeah. Every time I beat him, he cries a little tear. He cries himself to sleep. He's going to be pissed when he reads this. Also I'm better than him at sports, and so is Cooper. I was going to say at dancing, but he actually has something happening there, whether or

(continued on page 137)

PLAYBOY'S *Playmate* REVIEW

Thirteen beauties vie for Playmate of the Year



MISS JANUARY—01

One of these knockouts will become the 50th Playmate of the Year. Which one? We'll soon find out. Go to playboy.com/pmoy to make your voice heard. Or for a \$1.99 charge, send a text message with the two-digit code that appears under your pick's pic to PLBOY (75269) and receive a wallpaper for your phone.*

Pick your Playmate of the Year at playboy.com/pmoy or text message your vote to PLBOY. Tune in to *Playmate Review 2008* on Playboy TV, premiering December 14.



MISSES DECEMBER—12



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03



MISS APRIL—04



MISS MAY—05



MISS JUNE—06



MISS JULY—07



MISS AUGUST—08



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS OCTOBER—10



MISS NOVEMBER—11

*Available on AT&T, Sprint, Verizon, Cellular One, Virgin and Cricket wireless networks. A \$1.99 charge will appear on your wireless bill or be deducted from your prepaid balance for each wallpaper you download; standard or other text-messaging charges may apply. See terms and conditions at playboymobile.com/terms.



Miss September

VALERIE MASON

When we met Valerie, she was jittery about how her hometown in Louisiana would react to her *PLAYBOY* pictorial. "I always wanted to pose but thought that since I was from such a small town, some people would criticize me for it," says the 21-year-old. "But everybody I am close to was really excited, even my parents. You shouldn't be afraid to do something you want to do." Although she is testing the waters in L.A., Valerie won't rule out moving to Austin, Texas one day. She would be a perfect fit for the Lone Star State—she likes pet snakes and four-wheeling.

Miss October

KELLY CARRINGTON

Since landing on our October cover Kelly has been traveling across the country, promoting the magazine. "I worked an event in Boston and signed more than 900 copies of my issue," she says. "Getting the opportunity to meet admirers in person is a special experience. I can't wait until I have more time to express my gratitude to each and every fan." Now the 22-year-old Floridian is ready to take it to the next level. "Becoming the 50th Playmate of the Year would be a huge honor and adventure," she says. "I hope readers see something special in me and make me their next PMOY!"





Miss November

GRACE KIM

Amazing Grace, 29, is Los Angeles born and bred. She's busy working on her first book, which features dating tips for men, and she rocks out to *Guitar Hero* and *Rock Band* in her free time. She has also taken up playing the harp. "Thank goodness for *Guitar Hero* or I'd still be 'air harping' to this day," she says. As for the PMOY challenge, her game is on. "I think guys would vote for me if they knew I am sort of a den mother for younger Playmates. I have put a tremendous amount of care, friendship and effort into uniting Playmates."

Miss July

LAURA CROFT

When we caught up with Laura, the 26-year-old was back in Florida, finishing her last semester of college. "By the time you read this I hope to have my college degree," she says. Miss July plans to return to Los Angeles in 2009 and enroll in some acting classes that could help her land a part on a soap opera. Your votes, of course, could alter her plans. "I think I would make a great PMOY because I am fun and don't take myself too seriously. I would be truly honored to have that title."

Miss February

MICHELLE McLAUGHLIN

"I am studying my butt off at San Diego State University for my psychology degree," says Michelle, 22. Miss February, an active member of Playboy U, is also organizing a bowling fund-raiser on her campus to help St. Jude Children's Research Hospital. "I feel my lifestyle and attitude could promote Playboy positively. Guys and girls should vote for me because I attend class, have a nice ass and will make their wildest dreams come true. I say, 'Why chase dreams when you can tackle them?'"





Misses December

NATALIE AND JENNIFER CAMPBELL

Although you just met the Campbell twins in last month's issue, Natalie and Jennifer, 22, hope they made a memorable impression and would like to get better acquainted with you. "We definitely take time to write back to people and let them know we love all the support," says Jennifer. "Natalie and I are such responsible girls and were raised with good morals. I think somebody holding such a prestigious title as PMOY needs to have good morals, because people are going to look up to that person—or persons, in our case."

Miss August

KAYLA COLLINS

"There are so many goals I have in my life with modeling and everything else," says Kayla, 21, from Pennsylvania. "Playboy just automatically opens doors for you. It's crazy, but I've gotten so much work just from people seeing me on *The Girls Next Door*." Miss August says she spends more time at the Mansion than she does at home. "People sometimes have a twisted view of what life is like at Hef's house. It's not a nonstop party with people running around naked 24-7. It's actually like a family, and everyone hangs out. It's awesome!"





Miss March

IDA LJUNGQVIST

"I'm very drawn to different cultures and love to learn," says Miss March, 27, who hails from Tanzania. "I like to visit places, and I'm fearless. I guess I don't have any inhibitions about traveling, and I don't like to stay in one place for too long." Playboy scratched that itch by sending Ida to Palm Springs, Louisville and other places to promote the company and her issue this year. "I like a good mix of people," she says. "That's why I love Playboy, because I get to meet so many people from all over the world. Plus, it's just a lot of fun."

Miss May

AJ ALEXANDER

"When my issue dropped, I received hundreds of congratulatory e-mails, phone calls and texts," says AJ, who has been modeling since the age of 15. "My dad embarrassed me for the first few months by telling random guys that I am Miss May." Now the 28-year-old is flipping homes in Indiana as she waits for her film, *American Summer*, to open. (She has a small role as a DJ.) She's also waiting for the result of your votes. "I have faith that with my Playmate status and my caring heart, I will be able to help people."

Miss June

JULIETTE FRETTE

Juliette is one of the only Playmates to have written her own profile in the magazine, and the feedback has been positive for the 25-year-old from California. "I am always surprised by the wild cards that are unceremoniously tossed onto my earthly plate from the scheming universe," she says. "Recently I have become delightfully frustrated with the knowledge that I want to do everything under the sun. I would not presume that anyone should vote for me, but I would say, 'Vote your pleasure.' We are all worthy women with unique attributes."





Miss April

REGINA DEUTINGER

"It is the biggest honor for a German girl like me to be published in American *PLAYBOY* and work with the world's best photographers," says 26-year-old Regina, who still lives in Germany and is employed at her father's company. "It would be a great pleasure for me to travel to the U.S. and get in touch with my fans. I've posed only for the beautiful pictures and not to be famous or get a lot of money. Still, it would be amazing to be PMOY because a Bavarian girl has never won the crown in the U.S."

Miss January

SANDRA NILSSON

Sultry Sandra is from a small Swedish village, so you can imagine the kind of attention her pictorial brought the 22-year-old. Miss January now lives in New York and splits most of her time between modeling and school. "My English has become much better from living in the States and getting some help from a speaking coach," she says. "I would like to start doing more charity work for children. I know I can't save the world, but I can help someone get a better life."

Sandra thanks all the readers for their support. "You are in my heart," she says. Back at you, Sandra.



Vote for Playmate of the Year at playboy.com/pmoy and watch *Playmate Review 2008* on Playboy TV, premiering December 14.

WOODS

(continued from page 80)

dusk of the forest world in which only its own sounds were audible within the thick greenery. This isolation inside the land he owned was, Mueller quickly realized, what he had always longed for. It seemed to have something to do with his thoughts as a child of what it must have been like to be a king in a fairy tale, sovereign over all he could see.

This remained a primary-growth forest, or so the realtor had told him. He wasn't sure exactly what that meant, but he knew the trees were old. He stood with Annie beside an enormous white oak and reached his hands around it, holding one of hers. When he told her to try to grab his other hand, there was a gap of at least two feet.

"This tree is older than any person you know, sweetie. It's older than anybody I ever met in my life."

He led Annie along, stepping into the open breaks between the bases of the trees and the hardy low-lying brush that had gained a foothold around them. The path was less distinct than he had thought when they had started out. There were thorny bushes to be avoided and sometimes no clear direction amid the thickets.

More than once, the sharp thorns of a tree or bush had snagged his clothes or Annie's, and at one point a projecting branch he'd failed to notice raked across his arm. Mueller swore out loud as he inspected the dotted line of blood the buck-thorn had engraved in his skin. Annie did not miss the opportunity to scold him.

"Daddy, that's a bad word."

"You're right, baby. I'm sorry."

On the path, or what remained of it, the fall's leaves and the downed tree branches were well into the process of decomposition, yielding a goo black as tar.

"This is how the soil gets made," Mueller told his daughter, "from other growing things." On either side of Mueller's property were working farms, bean fields east, corn west, and the earth beneath their feet was coal black and fragrant with its own loamy richness. He pointed growing things out to Annie as they walked: the green lichens that carpeted the earth in patches and several bright-orange mushrooms, the size of small plates, adhering to the bases of the trees. In one area where a massive oak had come down yielding a break in the canopy, thin stalks of raspberry, fuzzed with thorns, were emerging from the broken remains of the tree, as well as some kind of rose-bush, primrose probably, with tiny white flowers. The sights excited and intrigued Mueller, all this stuff he knew next to nothing about and would now come to understand over the years.

Annie for her part seemed to be listening to him with some of the enduring skepticism with which she always regarded him, but he did his best to

entertain her with his curiosity. As Mueller was explaining how they would be able to eat wild raspberries in a month or two, he stepped down into a pile of nested wood on the path, and an animal of some kind shot out from under it. Annie squealed and Mueller himself instinctively grabbed her and threw her to his other side. With the quick movement, the bright pain from a nagging disc radiated toward his toes, and as Mueller held his daughter in his arms he felt her heart racing at the same pace as his.

"What was that, Daddy?"

"Nothing to hurt us," he answered. He really didn't know. Like Annie, he'd seen only the dark form as the animal raced from cover. Barely an hour from the city, Mueller's woods were full of creatures. The realtor had explained that there was little wooded land left due not simply to the clearing for farms but because the Indians before had burned out huge chunks of forest to flush the wildlife and to make sure the tribes could drive their prey into open ground. The remaining forests, like this one, were the principal breeding grounds for badgers, foxes, wild turkeys, skunks, woodchucks, beaver—and deer, of course, which roamed around eating everything like large brown rabbits. Recently coyotes had moved into these parts, eager predators that flourished on the abundance of smaller animals, including the farmers' cats and dogs. Some months ago a coyote had gone rabid, and on the first of the family's visits up here, Mueller had seen a swarm of farmers pouring from all sides into a patch of woods nearby in their optic-orange hunting suits, shotguns raised like some kind of rural SWAT team. Mueller assumed the animal had been dispelled, although he had never heard for sure.

To distract Annie, he stood at the base of another huge burr oak and lifted her, more slowly this time, so they could look up into the immense umbrella.

"Do you know what trees eat?"

"Bugs?" asked Annie. Probably wishful thinking. There had not been too many insects so far. A few black wasps had come swirling by to Annie's dismay, but for the most part it was not so bad. They were still a week or two ahead of the mosquitoes. The checkout woman at the grocery had told him that.

"That tree eats sunshine. That's why it's so tall. Isn't that smart? To grow so far into the sky to get close to what it needs."

"Is it bigger than an elephant?"

"Ten times," said Mueller. "Maybe 20." He put her down and wandered on.

"Are we lost?" his daughter asked him a minute later.

Lost? He swung back to look for the path behind him, but it was not immediately apparent.

"No, no," Mueller finally answered, but he had waited an instant too long to answer, and the child, a master of nuance, turned to scrutinize him.

"Mom won't like it if we're lost."

True enough. He wouldn't like it either. He tried to stare through the brush to see the house, but it was hidden now.

"I need to potty," Annie said. That explained her sudden concern about knowing the way.

"Let's take just another minute out here," Mueller said, but he decided then it was better to turn back to home.

When they did, he had trouble finding the path. He went left and right with no success, and for lack of any other option, he led Annie in a wide circle around the tree—at least he thought it was the same tree—he had spoken to her about. After several minutes Mueller realized he could not find the path. In fact, he was not sure they had ever been on the path.

He stood still then, trying to form a plan, and was there when he heard the first faint rumble of thunder. The simple truth came to him then: This had been a bad idea.

"Daddy," Annie said. He knew what was next. He was already behind the eight ball. "Do trees really eat sun?" she asked.

It took him a second to process the question. "Sort of. They don't have mouths. They're not exactly like animals. They eat their own way. Come on, sweetie. Let's get back to the house."

He had realized, while he was answering his daughter, that they could simply follow their footprints through the soft earth, and he led her back the way they had come, including circling the tree once more. But the indentations in the soil disappeared on a swell of high ground he had not noticed before, and so he looked again for the path. One direction appeared largely clear. That had to be it, but there was a faint trickle of water percolating through the soil. He couldn't believe he wouldn't have shown that to his daughter. Was that when they were looking up at the tree?

Annie's grip on his finger had tightened noticeably.

"Daddy, where are we going?"

"Back to the house."

"I need to potty."

"I know."

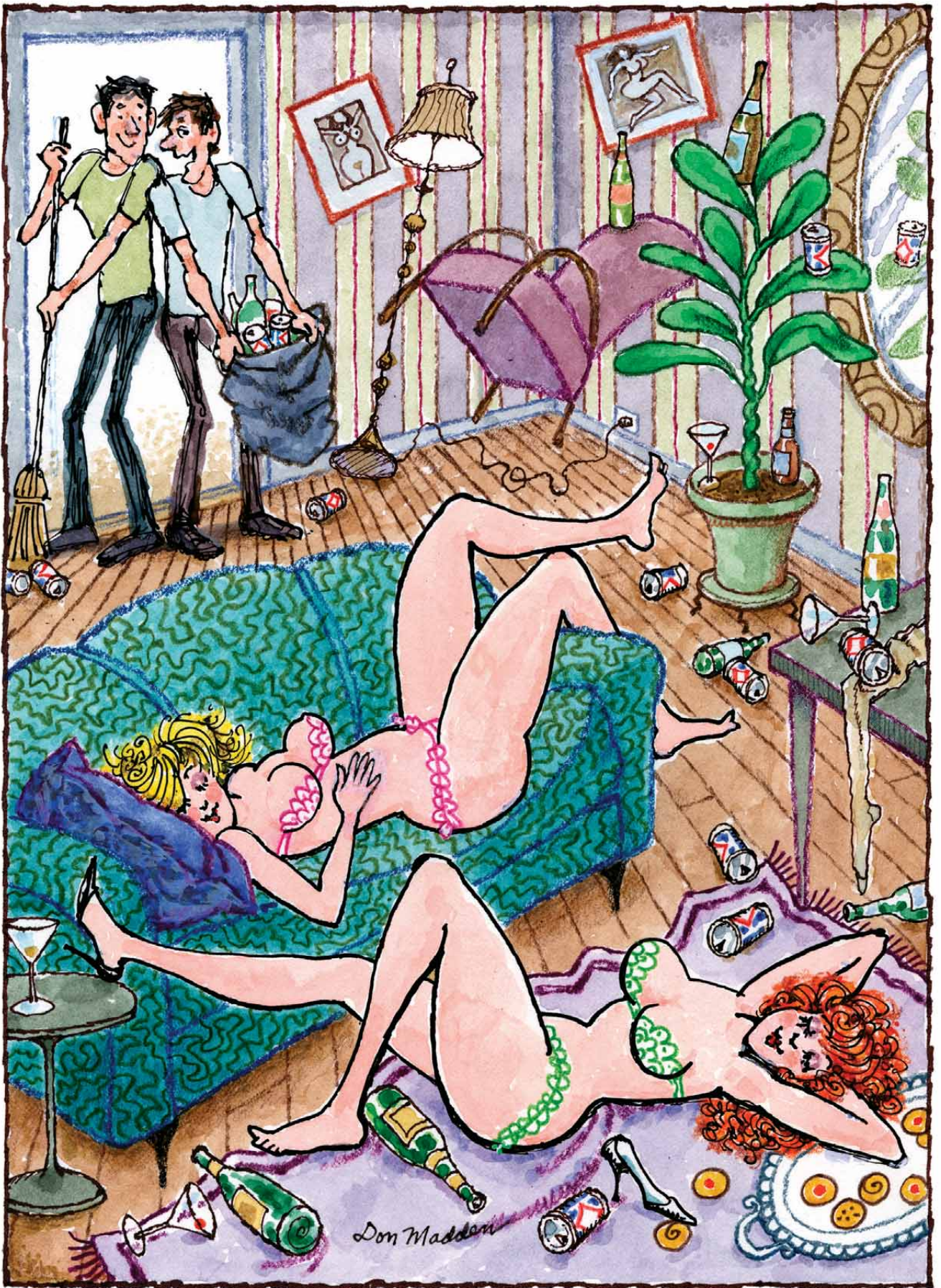
"I'm hungry."

Oh Jesus, he thought. She was going to be a sulky mulish weepy creature any instant now. He set off at once for the wet ground. That had to be the way.

They were a few steps along when Annie jerked his hand and shrieked.

"Daddydaddydaddy!" When he turned back, one of her feet was in a sinkhole, not far from where the water was bubbling through the earth. Her entire boot was gone from sight and her leg was in the black mud to the knee. She looked to him, unsure if she should be amused or terrified, and he tried at once to make light of it.

"Oh, look at that," he said, "isn't that silly?" He launched into an explanation of a sinkhole, how water underground softened the earth. "Let's pull," he said. He grabbed the boot top. "One, two,



"Don't you just love party leftovers?"

three." They tried several times, but the boot might as well have been set in concrete. Annie by now had decided there was no humor in this situation, and he recognized he had to free her quickly. He took her leg. "Can you get your foot out of the boot?" He jerked on her calf and it came out with a sudden whoosh, so unexpectedly that he toppled over with Annie landing solidly on top of him.

"Oh brother." He was sunk in the goo, and his entire back was soaked. "Oh, am I a mess." Except for the fact that she was shoeless, Annie was unscathed and laughed when her father got up and displayed his backside, mud-covered to the collar of his shirt. He carried his daughter over to the high ground and then returned to free the boot. He tried working with a stick first, then began scooping out the earth with his hands. He had gotten down several inches when he realized that the boot was sinking farther. He had to hold onto the top of it and dig with the other hand, but even so, one edge was beneath the level of the ground. Once he got the thing free, it was filled with pitch-colored mud. He shook it out as well as he could, but he already knew that his precise daughter would not put her foot

back in that slop. He picked her up and carried her and the boot along.

"Daddy, you're dirty," she told him.
 "I am, sweetheart."
 "You're making me dirty."
 "I'm sorry."
 "I don't have new clothes."
 "I'll clean you off when we get inside."
 "I'm dirty, Daddy."
 "It'll be okay."

He had barely said that when there was a distinct crack of thunder. It echoed a bit, so he knew they had some time. In his arms, Annie tensed and swiveled toward the sound.

"It's okay, baby," he told her.
 "I don't like boomers, Daddy."
 "I know, sweetie. That's why we're going back inside."

He walked on urgently, until he recalled he still had no idea where they were headed. He was increasingly frightened, tromping around in circles, and was growing angrier by the minute with himself for ever wanting any of this. A wild unknown seemed to have trapped him. Looking around, it occurred to Mueller he knew exactly as much about these plants as they knew about him. Owing them was a ridiculous notion.

Their existence went on and so did his, with little meaningful intersection. It had seemed so obvious that a man could not get lost in his own woods, that having the right to level everything in front of him, an entire landscape, meant it could not get the better of him or mystify him. Wandering about with his daughter growing heavy in his arms, his hip starting to ache, he could not imagine the source of such a grand illusion.

Where was the sun? He found it over his right shoulder, still visible through the thickening gray, but that did not really do him that much good because he was not sure if it was before or after noon. He gave some thought to asking Annie which way she thought the house was. Even at the age of four, she had an impressive sense of direction. But he knew from the way she was clinging that it would scare her more if he admitted his confusion.

"Are we lost?" she asked again.
 "We're in our woods," he answered.
 "But where is the house? I need to potty, Daddy. Real real bad."

He asked the inevitable: one or two?
 "Well, then, go here," he said. "You know how to go outside. Remember you'd go outside at the beach when you were little."

"Oooh, Daddy." The thought was revolting to someone who had been fully trained for only a little more than a year. It took some time.

While she was squatting, a bird called sharply overhead and a tree branch rattled in the midst of some kind of woodland skirmish. Startled, Annie jerked to her feet and wet her pants. As soon as she realized what had happened, that she had to choose between nakedness and wearing soiled clothes, she dissolved in tears. When he picked her up to console her, she beat on his collarbone while she wept. Mueller held her for quite some time, rocking her as he had when she was a baby. She went through her list of needs. She was hungry and dirty. She wanted to go home. She wanted her mom. In the end, when he could put her down, Mueller removed her remaining boot, tucking the wet underwear in the dirty boot, then replacing her jeans. She shook her bottom.

"That feels funny," she said, but she was not completely unhappy.

He picked her up and began to move again. Annie still seemed preoccupied by the noise in the trees.

"Daddy, are there lions here?"
 "No no, sweetheart," he told her, even though he had recently heard radio reports of mountain lions moving south. It was the coyotes that concerned him. The animals in these woods were entirely unpredictable in their interaction with humans, unlike city creatures. In the second or third trip Mueller and his family had made up here, they had heard someone tapping at the sliding glass door to their deck, only to find a wild turkey, a tom, pecking belligerently at its own reflection. All of them, even Mueller, had been briefly terrified by the sight before he dispelled the bird by knocking a broom handle on the window. Huge as



"Last request? I've always wanted to have a three-way."

it was, it opened its wings and rose into an oak near the house in a second.

Mueller knew that Annie and he were on the animals' terrain. God forbid, God absolutely forbid they were still out here at dark. On cue, something broke the brush behind him, and he swung around at once with Annie in his arms and somehow lost his footing. Afraid to loosen his hold on his daughter, he could do nothing but fall backward and landed so hard this time that Annie was thrown from his grasp.

His daughter was shrieking instantly, a huge sound now, not simply crying for his benefit but in true despair. And even so it was another second before he could move. Lying flat, he heard the thunder roll again. Lord, what had he gotten them into? He thought Annie had knocked the wind out of him, but when he sat up, there was a new pain near his hip, fiery and distinct and rendering his leg all but useless for a second. The wind, which had been mounting, kicked up more, a steady force rocking the trees.

Annie was sitting beside him, howling for all the world. Her face had been planted in the mud apparently, and the dirt was mixing with the fountain running from her eyes and nose as she squaled.

"Oh my God, oh God oh God," he said. He cleaned off her face with his shirttail. "I want Mom," she said as he wiped her nose. "I hate you."

"Sure," Mueller said. He didn't blame her. But his lack of protest only seemed to encourage her.

"I hate you," Annie answered. "Mommy hates you."

"Mommy hates me?" Mueller asked. He had never heard that one.

"Everybody hates you," said Annie.

He felt each of her little limbs to be certain there was nothing broken. She was okay. Just scared. And angry. Really angry.

He still didn't know what they would do, but he drew his daughter into his lap and held her until she calmed somewhat. She was caught now in that cycle Mueller remembered from his own childhood, when she heaved with sobbing breaths even though she was willing to stop. The wind had remained high, sizzling through the trees. Every storm brought heavy boughs crashing. It was nature's answer to pruning. The yard was always littered with debris in the aftermath. And Annie and he had passed more than one lightning-struck tree today, split straight through the trunk. The dead remnants turned the color of a weathered barn and stood broken and leafless, haunting as skeletons. This was no place to be in a storm, let alone with a four-year-old.

He tried to push aside his fear. He had to think. At this stage, he would call 911, but he had left his cell phone on the charger in the car so he would be beyond his wife's summons. For a second, he considered screaming, but that was pointless. The sound would never carry in the high wind, and if he was wrong about that, Annie's outburst a minute ago would have been enough. Besides, if he called out, the only thing to yell was "Help," and if he bellowed that word hopelessly at the dis-

tance, Annie would descend again to the full grip of panic, knowing her father had declared himself useless.

He lifted Annie to her feet, then struggled up himself. The hip was bad. The ache spread into his back and down the rear of his leg, but he could not suggest that Annie walk in her stockings. Instead he picked her up and started forward again. The pain was fierce at first, but he continued. It didn't dawn on him for several minutes that he'd left the other boot behind, and he gave no thought to turning back when he remembered.

They did not get far before she was screeching again, gyrating wildly. It took him a second to see she was trying to reach her back. He put her down, and when he lifted her shirt, a copper-colored beetle fell to the ground. There was a large red bump where the bug had bitten her. Once Annie saw the insect, there was no consoling her. She danced away from him and fell once more into a state of red-faced hysterics. At some instinctive level, she had decided she was going to wail until they died here, if that was what was going to happen.

"I hate you!" Annie yelled when she could summon herself to speak.

He tried to hold her, but she refused to return to his embrace. He was stupid, she told him. And mean. He felt as if she were poking holes in his heart with each insult. He could do nothing but repeat her name.

"I hate you," answered his daughter. "Mommy hates you."

That again. She was just a four-year-old who was beside herself. But when he looked up again at the rocking trees surrounding them, he felt the change. Annie was right. Something was wrong in his marriage. His wife and he were apart in a way that probably would not heal. She knew it, and he knew it. And they were not going to do anything about it, not now anyway, because they were in the middle of their life's work and really could not stop to figure that stuff out. But Mueller was suddenly in despair, knowing he was not happy in a way he'd more or less assumed he was.

The thunder resounded then, a huge crack from directly above that seemed to turn the forest sideways for a second. Distracted, unbelieving, Annie cried out again for her mother and began to run.

"Annie! Annie, baby. Annie, come back!" She was gone around a tree. He tried to move quickly, but with his hip there was no keeping up. It was all he could do to remain on his feet. He was heading directly into the fierce wind, and even though he shouted after her, he knew she would never hear. The rain came at once, pounding down, although the heavy drops were often deflected by the cover of the trees tossing and creaking in the storm. He continued limping in the direction he'd last seen her, swinging the bad leg around him as if it were a pole. He was crying now. He was not sure when he'd started and did not really care. He did not know if it was the pain, or the fear, or some form of exhaustion, but he saw that he had always had the wrong



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idea. In some secret place within himself, he had wanted to be the solitary emperor over a benign, compliant universe, which was a joke. He hadn't really considered his need for other people or what they wanted and required of him. He did not even have any hope of being a better person after this, because he had no idea if he was going to survive, and all he could see was what he didn't know.

He moved along under the dumb weight of failure. He loved this child, and somehow she did not really believe that. He loved this child, yet he had brought her into these woods. He called her name in the rain and the wind and wept, knowing there would be no more to his life than staggering around here hoping to find her.

And then he saw Annie. She had collapsed on the ground in a small clearing, where she was balled, quaking with terror. He fell down beside her and threw his body over hers to keep her dry. He whispered her name and told her again and again that they would be fine, which amid his great relief he suddenly believed. They remained like that for some time. The rain continued, but the wind began to settle. And then the storm passed as quickly as it had arrived, the downpour receding and then stopping entirely, as if someone had sopped the sky. He sat up, and Annie crawled into his arms, still sobbing and quivering. He clung to her, seeking comfort from the heat and solidity of her small form, pressing her to him, even though he knew that in a fundamental way this child was probably lost to him. This trauma would never be fully set aside; he was unlikely to regain her

complete confidence ever. And even so he felt the desperation of the love for her that would never leave him.

In a few more minutes the sun reappeared. It was over his left shoulder now but lower, which meant they had turned around. Land parcels in this area were square. Mueller had heard this plan attributed to George Washington, a surveyor by training, who had laid a straightedge on America's open spaces. The basic unit was 160-acre bounds, divided these days into 40-acre plots backed up to one another. The east-west roads were about half a mile apart, the north-south roads two miles. That meant if Mueller walked either due north or south he would eventually reach either his house or the land of his neighbor. But he would have to go consistently in one direction, with the sun roughly square to his shoulder. Thank God he did not own all the land in the world or Annie and he would never escape.

So they started out again, the father with his bawling daughter in his arms. He moved slowly because of his hip, although it actually grew a little better as he walked. Mueller continued straight on as much as he could, pushing through the bushes that would yield, circling to the small breaks of clearer ground when he had to. He gave up worrying about how many times he was scratched or gouged by thorns or branches but wrapped his shirt around Annie whenever they had to drive through anything thick. Even so, a branch snapped back and whipped across her back, leading to new howls. He had nothing to say but "I'm sorry" and kept repeating it as they went on.

Whenever he was driven sideways, he took careful note of landmarks—a particular tree and the exact position of the sun—so that he could resume his progress. He hobbled on this way until they finally found themselves at a barbed-wire fence. They had arrived at the southern boundary of his property, a quarter mile from his house.

The fence was old, and the posts were gray and wormy. None of them looked likely to offer much resistance, but as he shook each standard, it was solid. Finally, he found one already slanting in the earth. Each heave against it shot a white throb through his hip, and he had to stop often to regain his breath. But soon he was able to rotate the post until it broke free and he could draw the fence down. With Annie in his arms, he stepped carefully between the rows of barbs.

It was only a moment before he found the neighbor's path, neatly mowed. They were going to be okay. He told Annie that.

"We're okay, sweetheart."

In a minute, he could see daylight ahead and hear the passing cars on the road.

When they emerged into the open, the sun had again grown intense. He tried to imagine the scene between his wife and him when Annie treated his wife to every detail of this disaster, as she was certain to do. He would have to survive that the way he had survived this, by taking the blows and moving ahead.

But he knew where Annie and he were. Highway N was there. He would take a right, then at 46 another right, and then at O, right again. Limping along the gravel embankment at the side of the county highway, he estimated the journey was likely to take them an hour. He was probably too much of a sight, gimp and slathered in mud, for a neighbor to take mercy and offer a ride. Besides, the locals didn't much like city people, whom they saw as determined enemies of their way of life. Their sons and cousins had moved to the city to make more money, and in the meantime the urbanites came this way, once again with money in their hands, and bought the property the local residents had lived on for generations, driving up the values—and the taxes—and making it harder for anyone who wanted to stay here to remain.

When Mueller and Annie reached the road, they rested. He held her in his lap and reviewed in his mind everything that had happened in his woods, making no effort to restrain his loathing for himself. Then they started toward the house. The pavement rose more steeply than it had seemed when he'd come this way by car, and it was a hard climb in the hot sun with his hip burning and his arms tiring from his daughter's weight. They would have to stop often. But they would make it.

"We was lost," said Annie, whose grammar rarely failed her. "Weren't we, Daddy? Weren't we lost?"

"Well, we're not lost now," he answered and discovered as he spoke that he did not believe a word he'd said.



"He does this to Bob every New Year's Day. I suppose it has something to do with his wife fucking Bob every New Year's Eve."

For Eve.



20Q: HEFNER

(continued from page 120)

not he knows it. I steal his moves. He is cool out there because his moves are so uncool. That dance of his could be trend-setting. It's amazing! He's a disco inferno from another planet.

COOPER: I do the best impression of his dance moves. Have you seen him? It's not about moving to the rhythm but more like "Oh? What am I doing here? Who are you, young lady?" He's utterly confused moving his body—the fast shuffles, the crazy elbows—as if he's not sure what he's doing. And all these girls on both sides are freaking on him. It should be awkward, but it isn't for him. It sort of works. Nobody alive can dance like him.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Let's explore Genetics 101: Your father likes to say that, together, you are him "split down the middle." What does that mean, and in what ways do you most take after your parents?

MARSTON: We probably have a little bit of both of them working for us. Our mom has a very strong personality, and my brother and I both have very strong personalities. She is very assertive, and we are assertive—but we try to be a little more diplomatic. She tends to be a little "my way or the highway." It's weird and awkward to compare myself to my dad, but I know he likes to make those comparisons. I like to write, and I'm very motivated. If I want to get something done, I'll get it done—which is kind of how PLAYBOY got started, if you think about it. COOPER has a little more of Dad's wild side—he'll go to parties and shake it up a little.

COOPER: Oddly enough, even though we spend more time with Mom than with Dad, I feel we're both more like him than her. In addition to the physical resemblance to him, we're probably more open to things and aren't as guarded as Mom can be. Marston, like Dad, is very interested and involved in human rights. He has my dad's sense of loyalty, and he's very self-disciplined. But as a kid, Dad was into drawing and writing and making movies, and I am too. When I was 11 or 12 I put out this newspaper called *The Cooper Times*, and I'd drop off copies at the doors of everyone living at the Mansion. I didn't know it at the time, but when he was growing up he did the same thing in his Chicago neighborhood.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Take us on a Hefner brothers filmmaking retrospective. What belongs in your highlight reel?

MARSTON: Our most famous one—this is when I also used to make movies, before Cooper took over—was called *The Mansion*. There wasn't much plot; we just ran around the property. I would chase my friend and his accomplice, whom we'd beat up in various spots around the house.

COOPER: That's what all our movies are like—funny, stupid sketch comedy starring us and our friends. But I love shooting and editing movies. We also made a music video

with our friend Austin, sort of mimicking the AFI song "Miss Murder," in which you could almost see pictures of Dad hanging on the walls behind the action. We got nearly 200,000 YouTube views of it!

Q13

PLAYBOY: Which of you would be more inclined to have multiple girlfriends at once?

MARSTON: I'm not going to have multiple girlfriends—not at the same time. I can't imagine doing that.

COOPER: I *can* imagine doing that. I don't think it's an odd thing to do. You date around to try to find a connection with some girl. I've already gotten in trouble and had the revolving-door conversation with my mom—meaning, one girl comes in the front door while the other one gets pushed out the back. "We do not have a revolving door in this house!" She's all about one girlfriend at a time.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Your dad lost his virginity well into his college years, but it's a different world now for 17- and 18-year-olds. Where are you in terms of crossing over to the other side? Did Mr. Playboy himself offer any fatherly advice on the topic?

COOPER: We're both on the other side of it. Actually, I did go to him beforehand. He said, "If you're going to do it, make sure your feelings are mutual, and practice safe sex." That sort of covered it.

MARSTON: We've crossed that bridge, yes. It's the kind of thing you build up in your mind. Then when you're there, you're like, "This is it! This is the quintessential moment that will define my entire existence! And then...it doesn't."

Q15

PLAYBOY: At this stage of your lives, how much fun can the sons of Hugh M. Hefner have at a major Playboy Mansion party?

MARSTON: The Halloween party is fun because the haunted house on the tennis court is so impressive. I've brought all of my crushes through, and they cower; then they jump on me for protection, which is cool. And I like dancing at the parties. But I have Uncle Joe, who's in charge of security and whom I've known my entire life, watching me grind on this girl. That's rough.

COOPER: Oh yeah! Plus the video department is filming everything that happens at the parties. You're like, Ugh, my mom is going to be seeing this! It's almost as if a bunch of spies are looking at you, because you grew up with these people. It's like, Shit, what incriminating pictures are they gonna take of us? The house, you know, it's always watching!

Q16

PLAYBOY: So daily life at the Mansion isn't dissimilar from life at the White House—part residence, part bustling hub of power.

MARSTON: My mom has always reminded us that this is more of a corporate environment than a home—"Do you know how much Dad has to pay for these rooms?" But

I've grown up with and loved the Mansion employees. They're cool and interesting—the office people, the butlers, even the security guys we've had some awkward dealings with. Whenever we pulled pranks, the real element of risk was that we never knew where the security guards were posted. But that just heightened the fun until they caught us—if they caught us.

COOPER: Sometimes we would get into confrontations with the security people because we were doing something we weren't supposed to. Other times we never quite knew how we got caught. This is pretty funny: When we were eight or nine—it's not even that you understand what nudity or sex is—they had Playboy TV on here at the game house. To mess with friends, we'd click it on for five seconds for shock effect and then change it quick. I remember it was channel 10. One day we came in and I started clicking the remote, got to channel nine and then said, "Okay, you guys ready?" So I pressed and it went straight to 11. We were all pissed off because we figured my mom had it shut down. Maybe the Mansion video department tipped her off. We still don't exactly know.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Your birth dates have sort of a mathematical magic. Marston, like your father, was born on April 9 and Cooper on September 4, which means, if you go in for such things, you're numerically the inverse of each another: 9/4 and 4/9. What else might that mean?

MARSTON: I think it means we were born to coexist very well and in the future we will work as a team. The thing I value most is that we feed off each other in social situations. Even though we have different interests, we joke that when we grow older we're going to be not only the best brothers but a great fucking solid team.

COOPER: I think the birth-date thing is ironic. Even my mom and grandma are 8/6 and 6/8. But here's a good example of our teamwork: Recently we were in Barcelona, where the drinking age is lower and wine at dinner is a normality. We were at dinner with our friends from Spain, and I had a glass of wine but wanted another one. I told the girl next to me to look at my watch because I was going to show her a magic trick. It was about 10:45, and I said, "I'm going to make this watch move to 12 o'clock." As she was staring at my watch, Marston snatched her wineglass and gave it to me. The watch didn't change to 12—MARSTON: But she never knew. Brotherly magic!

Q18

PLAYBOY: Do you guys imagine yourselves running PLAYBOY one day? Where do you see the magazine heading by that time?

MARSTON: To be honest, I want to first go find my own thing to do for a while. But if there were this urgent need for me to join the company, I might consider it. Our sister, Christie, has a strong and positive hold on the business right now. She's great; I love her. But down the road, I'd say it would probably need to take a different direction. In the 1960s we had

amazing civil rights leaders doing interviews or writing stories for the magazine. The fight is still out there. The civil rights movement may not be that big, but we could still do articles on edgy things that people are afraid to talk about and appeal to forward thinkers.

COOPER: I definitely want to be involved with the company—it's an interest of mine, and I like business. I agree the direction will change, since everything needs to keep changing, right? If I were to take over the company or have a say in what's going on, I'd want the girls to be presented more as they were in the pictorials back in the 1950s and 1960s—kind of artsy, classy. I would like to bring back that retro-class feel.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Would either of you consider one day succeeding your father as master of the Mansion by making it your primary residence?

MARSTON: No. I just want a nice, roomy country home, maybe one-story ranch-style, with a wife, a dog and a big countryside view. That would make me more than happy.

COOPER: Really? I think I'd do it. I like it here a lot. I love L.A., and if I lived in L.A. I would want a house with a fairly large

property. I still feel this is my home, and it's comfortable. I would like to live here.

Q20

PLAYBOY: All right, as princes of the kingdom, how about sharing your insider tips for properly appreciating the swimming pool's legendary Grotto?

MARSTON: The Grotto's probably the weirdest place on the property. It's like entering the twilight zone. There is something magical about it—maybe because it's so hot and it makes you woozy. It gets a woman right in the mood. Then again, on the day after a big party, sometimes a tampon suddenly floats up out of nowhere to the right of the woman and it takes away the mood—fast!

COOPER: You're right. After parties it's a little murky, and you don't want to touch it. But I've seen them drain the pool. That's why I'm not scared to swim in it. The pool team goes in with hazmat suits and gas masks. They scrub it for hours at a time; I've seen them. It's wildly chlorinated, which is good. Your eyes burn when you're in there. So it's well taken care of for what it goes through. Thank God!

Read the 21st question at playboy.com/21q.



55 MOST IMPORTANT

(continued from page 66)

31 NANCY FRIDAY In 1973, the same year Jong's *Fear of Flying* appeared, Friday published a groundbreaking work of nonfiction, *My Secret Garden*, in which women she had solicited through newspaper ads confessed their fantasies in frank detail, including wanting to be seduced by another woman, spanked or "raped." Friday argued that, because society discourages women from talking openly about sex, they are forced to pretend they have no desires. "Fantasy should be thought of as an extension of one's sexuality," she wrote, warning that "no man can really be free in bed with a woman who is not."

32 JENNA JAMESON Although many adult performers have made the attempt, Jameson is the first to become a mainstream icon, writing a best-selling autobiography, showing up as a character on *Family Guy* and in *Grand Theft Auto: Vice City*, appearing more than 30 times on *The Howard Stern Show* and serving as a spokeswoman for brands such as Adidas. In 2006 she became the first porn actor to have a wax model at Madame Tussauds.



33 WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS When the Supreme Court in 1973 voted 5-4 in *Miller v. California* to allow local prosecutors to decide which sexual material should be illegal in their town or county—a decision that still causes havoc, especially in the digital age—the longtime justice erupted in dissent. "What causes one person to boil up in rage over one pamphlet or movie may reflect only his neurosis, not shared by others," he wrote. "Obscenity—which even we cannot define with precision—is a hodgepodge. To send men to jail for violating standards they cannot understand, construe and apply is a monstrous thing to do in a nation dedicated to fair trials and due process."

34 PHILIP ROTH His 1969 novel, *Portnoy's Complaint*, is a monologue in which Alexander Portnoy recounts for his psychoanalyst his lifelong struggle between perverse sexual longing and "strongly felt ethical and altruistic impulses." One reviewer wrote of the book, "It is part of Roth's immense gift that he can somehow make obsessive masturbation, paranoia and four-letter words funny and therefore ultimately inoffensive."

35 CHARLES KEATING JR. In 1969 the Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography, after failing to find any connection between sexually explicit material and violence, recommended Congress strike down all laws banning its sale. Three commissioners, including Keating, an Ohio developer who had founded Citizens for Decency Through Law, dissented, arguing that the complete lack of scientific evidence



"Very festive."

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was irrelevant because “the utter filth” the panel had examined clearly causes “moral corruption.” The squabble gave President Nixon the excuse he needed to ignore the findings. A decade later Keating, by then chairman of Lincoln Savings and Loan, fell hard after the bank failed due to his risky investments, including using deposits to prop up CDL. The collapse cost taxpayers \$2.6 billion, a figure that might have been much smaller if not for the lobbying of five U.S. senators, including John McCain (whose wife, Cindy, had a real estate partnership with Keating), to stop the investigation.

36 CANDACE BUSHNELL Her *Sex and the City* franchise originated in 1994 as a *New York Observer* column in which Bushnell used an alter ego named Carrie to describe how she and her friends partied and preyed, keeping one eye out for Mr. Big. The subsequent HBO series spoke to a generation of women who lived life with a zest never before seen on television.



37 DR. MARY CALDERONE In 1964, after serving as medical director for Planned Parenthood, Calderone helped found the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States to push for age-appropriate sex education in schools, starting in kindergarten. “Sex is not something you turn off like a faucet,” she said. “We are sexual beings, legitimately so, at every age.” Critics accused SIECUS of being a communist front, but Calderone, a devout Quaker, was more traditional

than they might have realized. “I’m not looking forward happily to a widespread acceptance of casual sex,” she said. “Sex is probably most rewarding within an enduring relationship such as marriage.”

38 BEVERLY WHIPPLE A sex researcher who spent her career at Rutgers University, Whipple has done more than any other scientist to popularize the G-spot, an area located on the vagina’s anterior wall, which is highly sensitive in many if not most women. Whipple and her colleague John Perry named the spot after a German gynecologist, Dr. Ernst Gräfenberg, who had described the area in a 1950 research paper. Together with psychologist Alice Kahn Ladass, Whipple and Perry outlined their findings in a 1982 book, *The G Spot: And Other Discoveries About Human Sexuality*, which has sold more than a million copies. Whipple would continue over the next 25 years to document the wonders of female sexual response, hypothesizing that stimulation of the G-spot alleviates pain during childbirth and studying women who can climax from fantasy alone.

39 ALBERTO VARGAS A native of Peru, the artist had a layover in New York while returning from Europe in 1916 and, impressed by the many attractive women on the streets of Manhattan, never left. By the 1940s he had become famous for his Varga Girls watercolors in *Esquire*; *The New Yorker* described him as “an artist who could make a girl look nude if she were rolled up in a rug.” However, after a legal battle with *Esquire* over ownership of the name *Varga* and the magazine’s demand that he churn out 52 paintings a year, Vargas in 1960 began to create a monthly *Vargas Girl* for *PLAYBOY*. When asked why he drew only women, Vargas would respond, “If they can find me a substitute for a

beautiful girl, I’ll draw whatever it is. So far no one’s come up with anything.”

40 POTTER STEWART The Supreme Court justice composed an enduring and insightful definition of pornography in a 1964 decision that prevented authorities from banning a French film, *The Lovers*. “I know it when I see it,” Stewart said of porn, adding that the film didn’t qualify. In 1973 Stewart played a key role in *Roe v. Wade*, which legalized abortion. However, he voted against Estelle Griswold (19) and with the majority on *Miller v. California* (33). Nobody’s perfect.

41 LINDA LOVELACE Born Linda Boreman, the star of the 1972 blockbuster *Deep Throat* portrayed a woman whose clitoris is located in her throat. “I think there would be a lot fewer problems in the world if everyone enjoyed themselves sexually every day,” she told *PLAYBOY* in 1973, adding that she had “absolutely no taboos.” However, a few years later Boreman found Jesus. Claiming she had been forced to perform at gunpoint, she joined Catharine MacKinnon (21) and Andrea Dworkin to battle the industry. (She would later reject her role as a MacDworkin poster child, saying, “They made a few bucks off me, just like everybody else.”) In 2001, the year before her death in a car accident, Boreman posed nude, as Linda Lovelace, for *Leg Show*. “There’s nothing wrong with looking sexy as long as it’s done with taste,” she explained.



42 MIKE NICHOLS One of the few people to have won an Oscar, a Grammy, an Emmy and a Tony, Nichols directed *Carnal Knowledge* (1971), a masterful deconstruction of the sexual attitudes of baby-boomer males that stars Ann-Margret and Jack Nicholson (pictured). The screenwriter, Jules Feiffer, when asked that same year in his *Playboy Interview* about the primary message of the film, read dialogue he had cut from the script: “You think boys grow out of not liking girls, but we don’t grow out of it. We just grow horny. That’s the problem. We mix up liking pussy for liking girls. Believe me, one couldn’t have less to do with the other.” Four years earlier Nichols had directed *The Graduate*, a story of distrust and generational warfare reflected in the cynical seduction of Benjamin Braddock (Dustin Hoffman) by the original MILF, Mrs. Robinson (Anne Bancroft).



“This isn’t a good time...I’ve got my hands full.”

43 BETTY DODSON Known as an erotic artist and bisexual libertine, Dodson made a splash at the 1973 National Organization

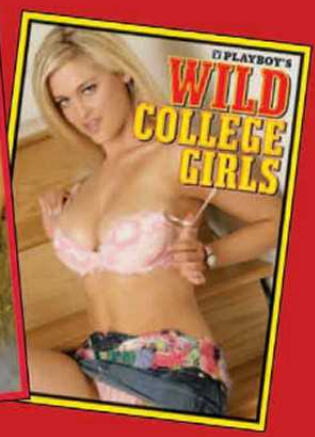
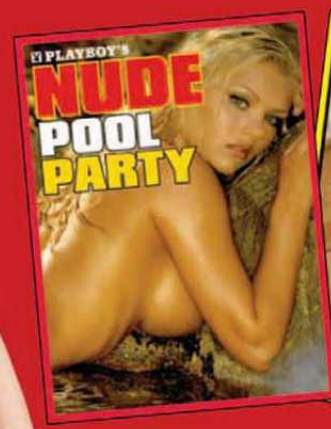


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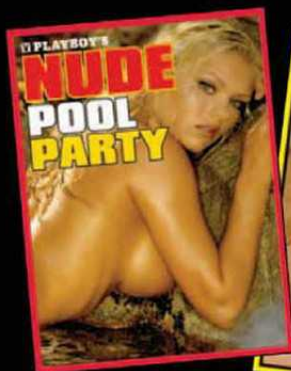
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for Women convention by presenting a slide show of 15 friends' vulvas. "All our lives," Dodson said, "we've been led to believe that our cunts are nasty, ugly, smelly and shameful. But I'm here to show the world how beautiful they are." As a hands-on sex teacher, Dodson championed masturbation, organizing workshops in which women got off together. In her 1974 manifesto *Liberating Masturbation* (later expanded into *Sex for One*), she notes that, whatever else happens in your life, "the most consistent sex will be your love affair with yourself." In the early part of this decade, at the age of 72, Dodson took a 25-year-old male lover and wrote *Orgasms for Two*.

44 DR. DAVID REUBEN His 1969 best-seller, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask*, made him a fixture on *The Tonight Show* and America's go-to sex authority. Sadly, his book contains a great deal of misinformation and odd advice. Our favorite tip is that men who come too quickly should tell themselves during sex, "I will not spill my milk! I don't want to spill my milk! I am not going to spill my milk!"

45 IAN FLEMING In a *Playboy Interview* we published in December 1964, James Bond's creator said Agent 007 has few virtues outside of patriotism and courage, "which probably aren't virtues anyway. I didn't intend for him to be a particularly likable person." But what's not to like about a guy who can save the day and get the girl? Bond took a "flat, direct approach" with women, Fleming said, because "we live in a violent age" in which "seduction has, to a marked extent, replaced courtship."

46 LENNY BRUCE Before Chris Rock, before George Carlin, before Richard Pryor, there was Lenny Bruce. His scathing commentaries on religious and sexual hypocrisy led to multiple arrests on charges of obscenity. He quite often used the word *fuck*, criticized the pope and pondered why so many Americans find sex dirty but embrace violence and war. The effect of the constant legal harassment on Bruce's ability to make a living didn't help his fragile mental state, and in the summer of 1966 he overdosed on morphine.



46

47 GLORIA STEINEM After bursting onto the scene in 1963 with a sensationalistic report in *Show* magazine about her 11 days as a Bunny at the New York Playboy Club, Steinem became the photogenic face of the women's movement and the fight for reproductive rights, co-founding the grassroots National Women's Political Caucus and *Ms.* magazine. Whether you agree or disagree with Steinem, she is always eloquent and challenging. In 1998 she defended President Clinton against charges of sexual harassment by arguing that, even if the allegations were true that he had made crude passes at Kath-

leen Wiley and Paula Jones, he deserved credit for taking no for an answer.

48 ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE The photographer made his name in the 1970s with his male and female nudes and later earned praise for his still lifes and erotic (usually homoerotic) portraits, such as a man dressed in a three-piece suit with his ample penis hanging from the fly. "My approach to photographing a flower is not much different than photographing cock," Mapplethorpe explained. "It's basically the same thing." A year after the artist's death, in 1989, from AIDS, a grand jury in Cincinnati indicted the director of the Contemporary Arts Center for pandering, because an exhibit of 175 Mapplethorpe photos included two of nude children and five showing men in sadomasochistic poses. A jury acquitted him, but the culture warriors had been engaged.

49 DANNI ASHE

In 1995, after 10 years as a stripper and adult performer, Ashe taught herself HTML and built a website. By the end of the decade she was describing herself as "a geek with big breasts" and, despite having no previous business experience, was making a fortune. Danni's Hard Drive quickly became a model for other women who hoped to become adult entrepreneurs. Rather than venturing into "the dark sides of humanity," Ashe focused on what *Wired* described as "cotton-candy porn"—busty models who also have personality.



49

50 J. EDGAR HOOVER The longtime FBI chief is not on the list for his alleged homosexuality (he and fellow dedicated bachelor Clyde Tolson were inseparable for 44 years and are buried next to each other). Instead, he earns a spot for his dastardly use of sexual blackmail. He ordered his agents to tape Martin Luther King Jr. having sex with groupies in hotel rooms, for instance, and compiled dossiers on women thought to be Eleanor Roosevelt's lesbian lovers. Even Hef made Hoover's shit list, after he gently suggested in 1962 that the FBI chief spend less time spying on Americans in their bedrooms and more time chasing mobsters. Hoover immediately assigned an agent to read *PLAYBOY* each month, summarize its political content and tag any digs at the FBI or its leader.

51 GAY TALESE The highly respected *New York Times* writer wanted to report from a place where journalists had seldom ventured: the American bedroom. He spent nearly a decade researching his 1980 "nonfiction novel" about the sexual revolution, *Thy Neighbor's Wife*. After recounting the history of sexual mores back to the Puritans, Talese chronicled the rise of Hefner and the Sandstone swinger retreat. He also took part in the revolution himself, managing a massage parlor and having adulterous sex with some of the women he interviewed.

52 ROCK HUDSON A Hollywood insider once explained Hudson's appeal as a leading man this way: "He's wholesome. He doesn't perspire. He has no pimples. He smells of milk. This boy is pure." Hudson also apparently had, as the gossip magazines of the 1950s often implied, a distaste for girls. When the actor announced, in 1985, that he was dying of AIDS, he attributed his condition to a blood transfusion. But by then he had been outed, and Americans had to abandon the notion that the disease affected only a small group of people, i.e., openly gay men in San Francisco.

53 BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI The Italian director often used sexuality as a mirror on human relationships. In his most notorious film, *Last Tango in Paris* (1972), a newly widowed American (Marlon Brando) begins a sadomasochistic affair with an anonymous woman (Maria Schneider) in an empty Paris apartment. British censors excised its most infamous scene, involving anal penetration with a stick of butter, while an Italian court banned *Last Tango* altogether, saying it "catered to the lowest instincts of the libido." The reception was more friendly in the U.S., especially after Pauline Kael anointed the film in *The New Yorker* as "the most powerfully erotic movie ever made."

54 DELL WILLIAMS Inspired by the response to a NOW conference she had organized on female sexuality, the 52-year-old Williams in 1974 left her job in advertising to launch *Eve's Garden*, a mail-order catalog of vibrators and erotic books, followed by a retail store in New York. Unlike the dark and dingy bunkers that sold porn, "marital aids" and gag gifts, *Eve's Garden* catered to women by providing the comfortable atmosphere of a trendy boutique. Today there are a number of female-friendly sex-toy shops, as well as freelancers who, like Tupperware ladies, sell the latest in vibrators and dildos at women-only home parties.

55 RUDI GERNREICH Hailed as one of the most avant-garde fashion designers of his time, Gernreich is best remembered for his topless swimsuit, introduced in the U.S. in 1964. Since many women were already going alfresco on the beaches of Europe, Gernreich was surprised by the scandal his "monokini" caused in America. (He eventually sold 3,000 of the suits at \$25 each.) The first woman to model the suit, Peggy Moffitt (pictured), said it "had to do with more than what to wear on the beach. It was about a changing culture throughout all society, about freedom and emancipation. It was also a reaction against something particularly American: the little boy snickering that women had breasts."



55

Whom did we leave off? Who is ranked too high or low? E-mail 55@playboy.com.



Norman Mailer

(continued from page 72)

ambitious books like *The Judgment of Paris*, some of which I did read and did like, that this narcissism is most present and most defeating to the potential reach of his talents which are considerable. The difficulty of writing in a narcissistic vein is that one's heroes are hermetically sealed in upon themselves. They may rant, rage and roar, or stand aside burnishing their wit, but either way nothing dramatic passes between them and other persons in the novel. The result is inevitably a study of lonely decomposition. One may attempt to struggle against this. Hemingway, who was a terribly narcissistic writer, was forever violating the hermetic logic of his characters and so dropping them into love affairs which were unbelievable and all too often seriously maudlin. Certainly this is true of all the romances written after *To Have and Have Not*. Gore in his turn avoids this trap and remains true to the logic of his characters which is that they have a tendency to find less and less happening to them as their adventures continue. It is a truthful way of writing and one could say that Vidal was reflecting the time except that I've always found him disproportionately fond of the way in which his characters are isolated. If a man stops to pick a rose in his garden every morning, this is probably as respectable an action as taking a brisk ten-minute walk, but when the man who picks the roses says, "I am the only gardener in this part of the world who knows a good rose when he sees one," then the beginning of a small distaste may be legitimate.

"No one reads (Mailer). They hear of him." Nobody Gore knows reads me. That's true. Nobody in Hollywood, Broadway or Washington has been reading me for the last ten years. When occasionally they stumble across a magazine piece they are overcome. "Why, he's such a good writer," they say. But then each to his different audience. Sometimes I like to think I am read fairly carefully by some of the people who go to college now and take the writing courses, or at least that is my illusion. Any established

writer who wishes to continue a feud or perchance start one with me is advised to attack on this line. It is the weakest link in my military dispositions.

Mike, I'll give you a ring next week and let's see if we can figure out where to meet.

Sincerely,
Norman Mailer

To Patricia Hardesty April 19, 1963

Dear Patricia Hardesty,
I met Henry Miller at the Edinburgh Festival last summer. He has a simplicity of manner which is not easy to describe. One gets the feeling of talking to a man who always tells the truth as he is seeing it and tempers this exceptional virtue only by his desire not to hurt anyone needlessly. So one is drawn to him. I was startled by the gentleness of his manner precisely because Mr. Miller has always been the kind of lion in his books who devours everything he sees while throwing away the remains of what he does not like. But on reflection, it seemed fitting that a man who has told the truth all his life in his writing should now be so free a personality and have such a natural affection for the men and women he encountered. I just hope these fulsome words don't embarrass Mr. Miller.

Cordially,
Norman Mailer

To Don Carpenter November 5, 1963

Dear Don,
Give my best to Bob Miller, and what comes below is a new page from my fast-increasing notebook of treasured quotations:

"I gave her a fuck the equivalent of a fifteen-round fight."

—Rocky Marciano

"I gave her a fuck the equivalent of a fifteen-round fight."

—Henry James

"I gave her a fuck which was the equivalent of seven rounds, two minutes, thirty-eight seconds, a moment, and the intimation of my sentiment that on the ascent of the nuance a toenail had torn, thus tearing the perfection of our mutual comprehension

which realized for the first instant, a pause."

—Marcel Proust

"I gave her a fuck the equivalent of a twelve-round fight won by Stanley Ketchel over One-Eye Indian Bill Joe Bradish in Duluth, Minn. on the night of a blizzard which was cold in 1909."

—Ernest Hemingway

"I gave her a fuck which made me an old man and it wasn't even a very good fuck."

—Norman Mailer

"I gave her a fruition which was fertile, and gorgeous in its breath as fifteen mad Burmese terraces of loblolly."

—William Styron

"I gave her a fuck that got me fucked, it's all that fucking shit with women."

—James Jones

"Fuck fuck fuck."

—Granville Hicks

Yours, Don for the tree of a pencil and the bed of a notebook,
Norman

To Gordon Lish, Esquire January 9, 1970

Dear Gordon Lish,
Somebody better explain the facts of life to you. *Esquire* pays birdshit for fiction compared to its friendly competitor.*
You gotta tough job ahead.
Happy New Year,
Norman Mailer

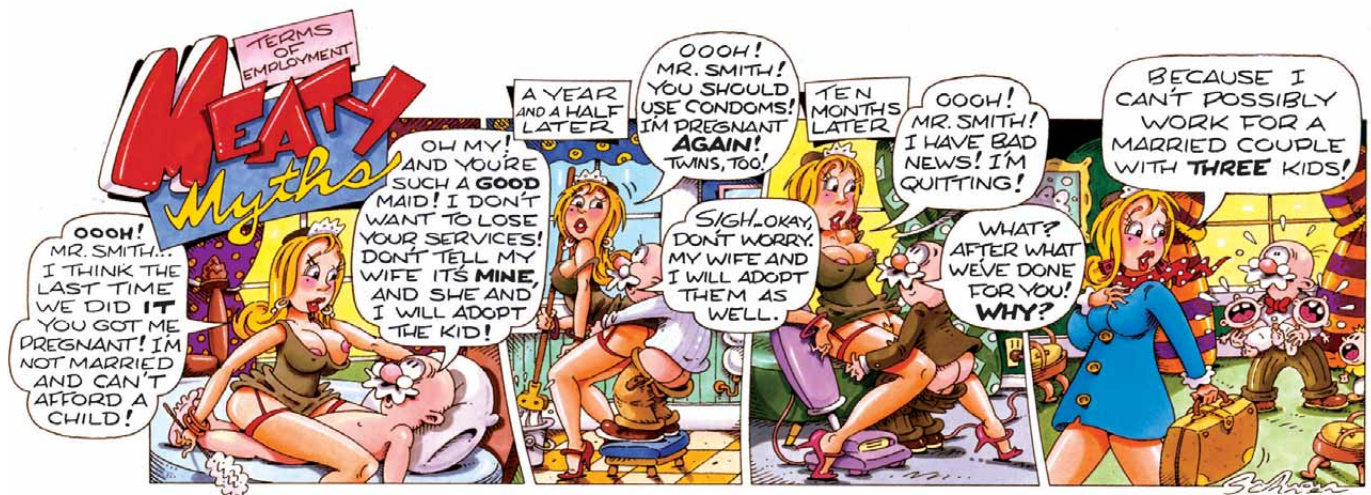
*PLAYBOY

To Editor, Women's Wear Daily November 7, 1970

Gentlemen,
In your issue of November 2 you quote Gore Vidal as saying, "Norman Mailer often sounds like the deranged commander of an American Legion post, particularly about women, whom he doesn't like very much." Vidal's indictment may possibly be enriched by the following statistics: marriages, Vidal-0, Mailer-4; children, Vidal-0, Mailer-6; daughters, Vidal-0, Mailer-4.

This of course proves nothing. It is most likely that Gore neither wed nor bothered to sire because he put womankind in such high regard that he did not wish to injure their tender flesh with his sharp tongue.

Cheers,
Norman Mailer



To Henry Miller
April 2, 1971

Dear Henry Miller,
I was delighted to get your letter, I guess because I had so much pleasure in going through your novels again. It was really the bonus in writing that long piece [*The Prisoner of Sex*] because I was down in the mouth all the way working on it until that point and feeling sorry for myself and thinking I'd gotten into a trap and that it was a big mistake to write anything about women except in a novel. And then when I started examining what she [Kate Millett] was doing to you and the old love for your books came back, well, Jesus, the juices began to flow thanks to the incomparable and immortal style that just gives life to anybody who reads it and deserves to get a little life. So I guess I'm delighted to hear from you, just because it gives me the opportunity to say this again.

God bless and all mutual good wishes.
Your friend from Brooklyn,
Norman Mailer

To John Leonard, The New York Times Book Review
June 1, 1972

Dear John,
We all know the *Times* is still living in 1951 and wouldn't print Fuck You to save the State of Israel. Nonetheless, expurgation must never suck. If you will look at the fourth column of Mel Watkins' review [of James Baldwin's] *No Name in the Street*, *New York Times Book Review*, May 28, you will come across the following:

"And perhaps because Baldwin and the civil-rights movement had demanded from Americans 'a generosity, a clarity, and a nobility which they did not dream of demanding from themselves' or perhaps because of his promise of an apocalypse in *The Fire Next Time* or because of Mailer's admonition that Baldwin 'seems incapable of saying __ you,' it is the explication of that presumably harsher 'judgment' for which one looks throughout the remainder of the book."

The reader is left with the thought, according to Mailer, that good old articulate Jimmy can't even say, "You __ you __." Listen, I think the *Times* ought to steel up and enter the big breach with an F.

John, this letter is so nice I would ask you to print it, but *Times* readers have a curious enough idea of me by now without forcing them to the confusion of undertaking any first sentence of mine which reads, "We all know the *Times* is still living in 1951 and wouldn't print __ you to save the State of Israel."

Humbly, as ever,
Norman

To Mickey Knox
March 25, 1974

Dear Mickey,
A lot of news here, and curiously good and bad at the same time. For months I've been working out an arrangement with Little Brown for a huge contract which would enable me to write my big novel which is going to run—and this is even stated in the contract—for 500,000 to 700,000 words, to

be written over the next five, or six years: for which in turn Little Brown will pay me a sum, over the whole, of one million smackers. Not a bad contract, but ironically it actually comes in at less than my going word rate, which is probably up to about two dollars a word now, from publishers for a single book. At any rate, it was certainly nothing to complain about and I was happy with it because it would give me a little stability in my professional life, with a chance to really dig in and see if I can write this book that I've been talking about for all this period.

But lo and behold the word gets out. Not from Little Brown, not from me (I suspect the Meredith office wasn't necessarily trying to keep it the biggest secret in the world, since they come off looking good in the deal) and it hit the *Times*. Now everybody thinks of me as a no-good rat-fuck millionaire who's going, since the story was of course not quite precise in all its details, to pick up his cool million by sitting on his ass for half a year. And people I've owed money to for eighteen months were on the phone before dark. The thing I regret in it all is that we could each think of 10 or 15 good American writers (obligatorily I must include Mr. Vidal in this list) who earn considerably more than I do per word, per year, per decade, and their fucking finances are never anyone's interest. God, it burns my ass. Now everybody is walking around saying there's Mailer the radical who sold out. It isn't that I mind what people say, it's just that a general increase at this point in the average animosity toward me is something that the ether might not quite be able to bear up under, and I don't want it to cave in on me, you know what I mean pal...

As for you and Joan and the divorce, there's nothing I can say. It's just too unhappy and I know how you feel. It's like passing blood through one's orifices—one doesn't have the certainty one's necessarily going to get through it. The consolation is that the kids grow up, but there's no kidding oneself, something always gets lost in them, some little numbness in their affect, some little pinching off of some of their higher possibilities, whatever it is, I don't know. I think I've come to comprehend at last why my mother never broke up with my father...

So the only consolation I can offer you is one you know already. We learn to walk around with a few more pieces of death inside us, and discover that, given all the waste areas and the burned-out pits, surprisingly now and again some little piece of oneself does come to life for a while. Shit, man, another twenty years and you and me are going to be thinking about what's back of the barn. I hope we never get to the point where we got to talk about specialists.

Stay close to Vidal on this one if it isn't too late. He is the one guy in the whole world that I wouldn't ever want to count on for my own good fortune, since I've suspected for a long time that with everything else in him his happiest thing is to get a man who has more virile worth than himself and slowly torture that virility out of him. So I'm dubious that any property



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that he considers of any value whatsoever is going in any way to pass over to you unless he figures he can double the torture by putting a screw up your ass, and I mean a metal screw, over the next six months to a year. Watch yourself around him. Don't ever trust in his good will. It may be there and if it is, I'll be pleased for you. I really believe that, and I will admit that for once I was wrong about Vidal. But I think if you go in forewarned, the double cross, if and when it comes, will be less painful.

Anyway, keep working, and I'll give half a cheer to myself. I've finally written you a letter which is two-thirds decent.

Love,
Norm

**To Norman Rosten
December 4, 1974**

Norman, I guess I still think enough of you to tell you the truth. I just don't have the heart to start stirring the works for your new book. That long dull dreadful business with *Marilyn* left a bad taste. This will probably come like a thunderclap to you, but it did seem to me at the time as if, granting the couple of occasions I'd had agreeable things to say about your book, that I might be allowed to take a quote from something you had already published, and pay you what by any conventional standard is a

large permission, without having to do the stations of the cross five times over it. I can recognize why you felt some understandable pique that Marilyn, who was after all so much your material for so, many years, was being taken over by me. But for Christ's sakes, Rosten, you'd had your ten years to write something about her and never did, it was only when everybody else got into the act that you suddenly felt cheated and got off your ass and made yourself a little money. I find it distasteful to even get into these details, but came to recognize gloomily in the course of the rotten year which followed the publication of *Marilyn* that you really did not feel toward me the emotion of what I consider a friend. So let's let a couple of years go by to cool things off. Unless, as I say, you feel an overwhelming desire to come up here and box. That we could always do. In the meantime—work, suffer, curse the stinginess of the fates.

Your old blurb-bapper,
Norman

P.S. If you want to know the truth of what really got me pissed off, it was that you finally had so little that was new to say about Marilyn after that marvelous piece you wrote that was already in print. If you're going to be stingy about all your material in order to write something that really was exciting, fine. But the book you

did was just a rip-off on what had been originally a lovely and luminous essay. What the hell did all that stinginess get you in the end? You didn't even make the money you could have if you'd written a better book. And you know and I know you kissed [Arthur] Miller's ass.

**To Ned Bradford, Little, Brown
June 25, 1975**

Dear Ned,

This is how I can't write a memo.

1. Finally Norman Mailer has given us a minor book, and what a joy.

2. Six million people read *The Fight* in PLAYBOY. Those two installments came to 45,000 words. It has now been published in 75,000 words and has an added store of material on Africa, magic, and the mentality of the fight game which contribute to some of the best reading you will have this summer.

These are just ideas, facts and thought, possible directions to take. Nothing final in my mind.

Norman

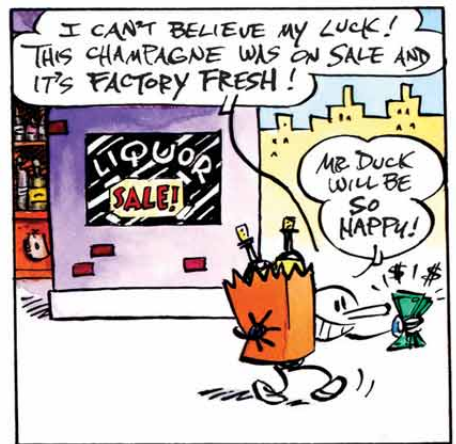
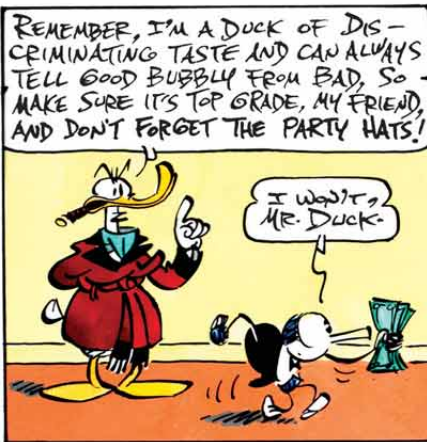
**To Mickey Knox
August 28, 1975**

Dear Mick,

...In the mail to you is a copy of *The Fight*, which I hope you'll enjoy. I've gotten some

Dirty Duck

by Bobby London



of the very best and some of the very worst reviews I've ever received on anything with this book, and the irony to me is that it's kind of a nice book and one I look upon as a relatively minor effort. You know, in the sense that there's less of me invested there than in almost anything I've written. Still I guess it is as good as just about anything that's been done on prize-fighting, which of course is not saying much at all....

Of course I could always borrow the money from Gore Vidal! Incidentally, do me a boon. Just mention in passing to Gore that I happened to say to you recently that I am truly looking forward to when I run into him personally again. Between us, I can tell you that I have decided to take no more literary cracks at him, I'd rather have the anger stored in my muscle. Man, am I looking forward to making a few improvements in his physiognomy. Of course, he's such a turd that it will probably end by his suing me. It may prove the only consolation I have in being broke!

All for now, and cheers,
Norman

**To Jimmy Breslin
January 27, 1977**

Dear Jimmy,

I finally caught up with your New Year's resolutions column and couldn't believe it. With all the fucking turds in this city you had to single out one of the nicest and most decent women I've ever had anything to do with. I tried to call you but you're out of town, but I can give you the message in a letter just as well. You are now part of my New Year's resolution for 1977 not to speak to Jimmy Breslin.*

Cheers,
Norman

*In Breslin's January 2, 1977 column in the New York *Daily News*, titled "People I'm Not Talking to This Year," Breslin claimed that Mailer's sixth wife, Norris Church Mailer, told her husband that Breslin had said "something ungentlemanly" to her at a New York cocktail party. This prompted Mailer to butt heads with the columnist—literally. The tussle gave Breslin a detached retina. As a result he put Norris Church Mailer at the top of his list. The two men didn't speak for a year and then became friendly again. Ms. Mailer says the whole thing is a "mystery" to her.

**To Hon. Brenda Soloff
February 24, 1981**

Dear Judge Soloff,

I understand that Abbie Hoffman is to be sentenced* by you on March 6, and that this sentence can come to any term between zero and five years in prison. I write this letter on his behalf to request your clemency. Once, many years ago, in 1960 I was up for sentencing on a felonious charge to which I had pleaded guilty. It was assault, and I could easily have faced two years in jail. The judge, however, made a point of saying he was going to take a chance on me, and gave me two years of probation. It can be said that I am a product of the probation system of New York, and when all is said, I think it worked for me. It may even have worked better than a jail sentence, since there was not the trauma of prison and the feeling of society's weight

upon one, which can encourage sentiments of rebellion. On the contrary, there was a quiet and depressing realization that one was a malefactor, and seeing my probation agent every two weeks had much more effect than I would otherwise have supposed. It chastened me in ways I cannot even name, and left me, willy nilly, more a member of society at the end of the two years than I was at the start. It is interesting that no matter how I search my memory at this moment, I cannot recall the name of the judge or the parole officer. But both of them had a powerful, and from the point of view of society, a civilizing effect on me. Perhaps that is the price they pay, that I do not wish to remember their names, but in any case, they had their effect. While I would not presume to intrude any further than this on your deliberations, I would say that I know Abbie Hoffman pretty well, and that we are not unlike. I believe he has gone through one period in his life and is ready to enter quite another. Sending him to prison could throw him back on his pride, and close off his desire to become part of the community. I believe he has learned his lesson, that is, he has learned the exorbitant price one pays for going outside the law in terms of anxiety, and the inability to express the best part of one's practical dreams in any reasonable fashion. I think for this reason probation would be an effective punishment for him, as it was for me, and he'd be able to return among us and make his contribution.

Yours sincerely,
Norman Mailer

*For a drug charge dating back to the 1970s.

**To Morgan Entrekin
May 3, 1982**

Dear Mr. Entrekin,

Kurt [Vonnegut] and I are in the marvelous position of going out to dinner together often because our wives are great friends. So we sit there as bookends; each pleases the part in us which is still modest. We like each other but are diffident with one another. We talk about relatively impersonal matters. We never speak about each other's work. This is either because we do not like the other's work, or because we do, and are afraid that the colleague cannot reciprocate in good heat. Since we find each other reasonably agreeable in every other respect, we do not mind the evenings. In fact, we sometimes enjoy them. Indeed, I confess I've come to enjoy these dinners immensely ever since I came to recognize that Kurt Vonnegut is almost a dead ringer in physical appearance for Mark Twain. You take your pleasures where you find them.

Cheers,
Norman Mailer

P.S.: This is my contribution. If you wish you can excise the salutation and the sign-off, and put it forth as my offering.

**To Jack Abbott
November 2, 1982**

Dear Jack,

You're right, I was kind of exercised over that piece in *New York* magazine (incidentally, it's *New York* magazine, not *The*

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New Yorker). I don't know if you're aware of it or not, but my favorite remark is once a philosopher, twice a pervert (which is attributed to Voltaire) but I figured that after you allowed yourself to be shafted by *60 Minutes*, you'd be a little wary of the press, but in fact, your naiveté in relation to them can probably be equaled only by your evaluation of my naiveté in relation to prison situations, prisoners, etc. When are you going to get it through your head, Jack, that any media representative, if they want to fuck you, have more opportunities than a prison guard, and to pour out your heart and say what you think to a media representative whom you have not checked out from asshole to appetite is equal to a pretty boy stepping into a tank for the first time and saying, "Gee, do any of you fellows have a light?" The point is, you can be talking about any subject, me or the moon, Marxism or your mother, and say 97 nice things and 3 bad things about the subject, and if it's to the purposes of their story, all that will ever get reported are ugly items number 99 and 100. Put that on a piece of tape and stick that in front of you the next time you talk to a reporter. They are not interested in nuance. They are not interested in your mind. They are interested in screwing you; they are interested in getting a story. Since you pretend to be a Marxist, may I point out to you that they're interested in getting a story that will reinforce the capitalist class consciousness of the reader, and you set yourself up for a hit every goddamn time. Then you compound the assninity of it by believing religiously what they have other people saying. For example, it may interest you to know that [Scott] Meredith called me after this dame Sharon Churcher of *New York* called him, and warned me there was going to be a bad story because he could tell by the style of her questions that nothing good was going to come up. He then told me what he had told her. First question she asked him was whether he had sent you a hundred bucks. He then confirmed it, and did it very quietly, downplaying it. Period. I know his style. He talks gently, he downplays, he does not brag. That's number one. Two, he's not the kind of guy who is very impressed by his generosity because he gives a bill to somebody. He's bailed me out to the tune of tens of thousands of dollars over the years and sometimes more than that, and never done me once. So I'm telling you, he's not the kind of guy to carry on about a hundred dollar bill. Sharon Churcher made up the fucking dialogue. She made you to look like an asshole, and Meredith to look like an asshole into the bargain. Jack, can't you get it through your head that these newspapers, this capitalist press you fulminate against, is served by a bunch of fiction writers, but like everybody else, it doesn't matter what your ideas are. Deep down, like a little boy, you believe that what you read there is true, except when it involves you, because then you can see the lies. So, yes, do me a favor: don't talk about me any more to the papers, and I'll do my best not to talk about you any

more to the papers, and if you do, for God's sakes, check out who you're talking to first. And recognize that while there may be hours when I will rue the day I met you, I will never repent. One of your fucking troubles is that you think you're the only stand-up guy in the world, and you're not. Moreover, if you want to know what my ideas are about the police, try reading my books. I've had a lot to say about the police. There's an interesting passage in one of my works where I discuss how their psychopathy is quite the equal of any criminal's, and then go so far as to say that when you get a good policeman, he's a work of art because he defies all the rules that go into the making of the average policeman. But that's what I mean: if you're ever going to amount to anything as an intellectual and as a writer then stop shooting off your mouth, stop trying to dominate the world with your unadorned, naked intelligence unsupported by any useful information, and do some digging. Read the facts. If you want to talk about me, then read my work. Fine. Read it carefully and then blast shit out of me. I don't care if you've read the work. But please don't interpret what the hell my

*If you're ever going to
amount to anything as an
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Read the facts.*

understanding of the world is when you haven't done the reading.

Finally, on Meredith and the 80 thousand bucks. I checked it out. He is not sitting on your money. He is not holding your money. He does not own your 80 thousand bucks. He'd be very happy if he could get it to you, or to your lawyers. But as it stands now, any foreign money that comes over here will go immediately into a court-held fund and you'll never see it and your lawyers will never see it. Scott said to me that if one of your lawyers will write a letter promising him, assuring him that he is breaking no rule and is not legally responsible, he'll be very happy to have the monies go directly to your lawyers. Before you go around accusing everybody around you who is trying to work with you, why not try to find out again what the facts are instead of trying to deduce the nature of existence with your bare brain-power alone.

Jack, this is the toughest letter I've ever written you, and my guess is you'll say, "Well, Mailer's trying to get out from under. He wants to sever relations with me." I don't. Quite the contrary. I'd be delighted if you could get your head together under the incredibly difficult conditions of your life right now and I'd also be happy if we

don't end up, both of us, serving the capitalist delight, which is to have us fighting each other in public. Because ask yourself who benefits, brother. It don't help you, and it don't help me, but it sure helps J. Edgar Hoover, wherever he's resting now. So ponder that for a while, pal, and when you come down from reading this letter, I'll await your reply.

As ever,
Norman

**To Clint Eastwood
December 21, 1983**

Dear Clint,

I'm glad you liked the piece ["All the Pirates and People: Norman Mailer Discovers the Man Who Is Clint Eastwood," *Parade*, October 23, 1983].

Listen, it wasn't that hard to write—all I had to do was tell the truth. It's the phony pieces that throw out one's literary back.

Merry Christmas.
Cheers,
Norman

**To Bill Morgan
March 22, 1984**

Dear Bill Morgan,

You may use this for the Festschrift: Years ago I wrote a poem about Allen [Ginsberg] which went something like—I quote from memory—

Sometimes I think, "That ugly kike,
That four-eyed faggot,
Is the bravest man in America."

Well, over the years, Allen's gotten considerably better looking and has doubtless become that [unreadable word] position of being a major and near to elder statesman in homosexual ranks and his poetry, bless it, goes on forever. That is always major, or next thing to it—even when it's verbose, it's grand, and even when it's elevated, it's too obscene for audiences. Allen has even learned to sing, and his Hinduism is as deep and vast as the sea, and he has no ego that he does not share with us, yet still I'd say I subscribe to the poem. Doubtless he's not the bravest man in America, but he sure has got to be among the ten or twenty that one can argue about, and that is why I love him from afar, and to get pious about it, will always esteem him.

Cheers,
Norman Mailer

**To Mickey Knox
October 23, 1984**

Dear Mickey,

...If I haven't written, it's because I'm gravely overextended, indeed, I'm worried about it. I accepted the presidency of the American chapter of P.E.N. for reasons I don't quite understand, and it involves a prodigious amount of work since we're trying to have the International Congress in New York in 1985 and for that we've got to raise tons of money, which is not my first talent, as you can well suppose. That plus the constant pressure to get out more work and a real sense, which I get from my body, that I am turning older, has me nervous within these days. I race around a great deal inside—not the inner

state for contemplation. Anyway, this is not to complain, but to tell you I'd love to see you. If you come to New York, for God's sakes, don't feel there's any coolness on my part or that any long silence from me has added significance.

One last thought: now that I'm working so hard for P.E.N., I'd like to get Gore in on it too rather than feud with him. You know, we now have the same editor, Jason Epstein, who's a great friend of his, and I think Jason, for his own self-interest, if nothing other, would like the feud to end. I would too. There's enough right-wing madness going on in the world without Gore and me satisfying all the people who sit on the benches. I don't know if you're still speaking to him, or still see him, but if you do—I certainly don't want you to approach him; I'll do that myself when the time comes—but I would be serious on your opinion as to whether he's cooling down or whether his hatred for me is still essentially one of his first passions.

Cheers, now,
Norman

**To Gore Vidal
January 17, 1985**

Dear Gore,

Yes, we must do our best to outlive one another. The Egyptians think the dead man only retains 1/7 of the strength he knew when alive. Fearful for each of us to contemplate the other seven times stronger.

Let me tell you of one reluctant change P.E.N. has made. We were going to have fifteen authors for ten evenings, five nights in the spring, five in the fall. Now, owing to theatre costs and a late start, we're down to eight evenings, all in the fall....

The next problem is to avoid egregious maneuvering. I'd like to draw the authors by lot, but given our tenuous truce, would rather offer you a perk. Do you have someone you'd like to go on with?* Here, in alphabetical order, is the complete list of the others: Woody Allen, William F. Buckley, Joan Didion, John Irving, Norman Mailer, James Michener, Arthur Miller, I.B. Singer, Susan Sonntag, William Styron, John Updike, Gore Vidal, Kurt Vonnegut, Eudora Welty, and Tom Wolfe.

Also, you suggest, "I'm not sure anyone will like the result" (of what you, G.V., will say). Fine. Be lugubrious, be scalding and appalling, be larger than Jeremiah. I will doubtless feel wistful at my pulled fangs.

Anyway, let me know if you have a pref-

erence for a stable mate, and for a particular date. (As I have always feared, I am now reduced to doggerel.)

Norman

*Gore chose Mailer.

**To Jerome Agel
September 20, 1995**

Dear Jerome Agel,

I wouldn't take Truman's [Capote] account of meeting Lee Harvey Oswald too seriously. He was a fabulous story-teller, was Truman, which is a nice way to describe a guy and much to be preferred to declaring he was full of shit.

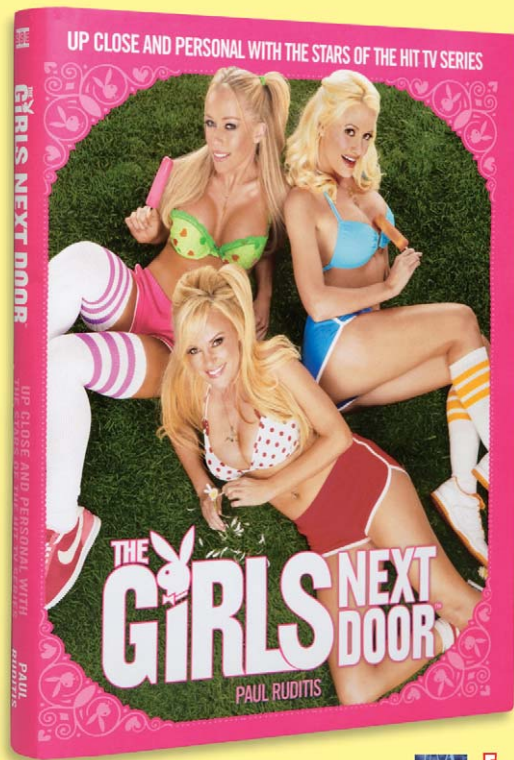
The oddity was that Truman, who had close to a divine talent when it came to the beauty of his sentences, had the heart

fight." It so happened that at the time I was in good shape and had still been boxing, and Bukowski, by then, was in awful shape—huge belly, bad liver, all of it. I remember that I felt such a clear, cold rage at the thought of what I'd be able to do to him—there are preliminaries to fights, mental preliminaries, where sometimes you think you're going to win and sometimes you think you're in trouble, and once in a while you think you have no chance. But this was one occasion when I felt a kind of murderous glee because I knew he had no chance, I was that ready to go. So I leaned forward and said to him, "Hank, don't even think about it." And he got the message.

I have no idea what would have happened if Bukowski and I had met when we were both younger and in our own

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special kind of half-shape. But in any event, if there are 5 or 6 people in all the world who are interested, I can only say I have no idea. What I do know is we met too late and indeed, I was annoyed at him, for he shouldn't have gotten all that adrenaline going in me.

Cheers,
Norman Mailer

**To Editor,
Provincetown
Banner
May 13, 2002**

Some years ago, when Peter Manso did his oral biography of me, I heard countless complaints from the people he interviewed once the book came out. He had put all kinds of words and speeches into their mouths that they never uttered. When I asked Manso to see the transcripts, he refused.

I will now state that every remark or action he has attributed to me that I have read about in the *New York Post* and in Sue Harrison's review of his latest book in *The Banner* (May 9) is wholly and totally untrue. For example, I have never called any woman ever a "cancer-hole." I must say, however, that Manso is psychic if somewhat skewed, for as I came to know him well, that became my private term for him. I do not know that it is accurate. A label closer might be "poison-drip."

I have my faults, my vices, and my unattractive side, but P.D. Manso is looking for gold in the desert of his arid inner life where lies and distortion are the only cactus juice to keep him going.

Yours,
Norman Mailer

(at his worst) of a splenetic gossip columnist, and it was impossible for anyone to come to the attention of the media without Truman inserting a claim years later that he had met them. I'm almost happy he's not alive when I think of all the inside stories—none of them based on anything much—that he would have had to tell about the O.J. Simpson trial.

Cheers,
Norman

**To Howard Sounes
November 27, 1996**

Dear Howard Sounes,

I remember the evening well with [Charles] Bukowski because at a certain point he said to me, "You know, Norman, you and me have to go outside to

**To Deborah Dixon
October 16, 2003**

Dear Deborah,
Here's Norman's tribute for tomorrow's memorial.
Best,
Judith McNally

I only came to know Elia [Kazan] after his great years of success and after his fall. By the time we came in contact, the horrors of his testimony were behind him, but I think it did something to him forever. He was a modest and honest man by then—perhaps it takes a Greek to be capable of regaining his honor by living slowly but completely with his sense of personal shame.

In any event, we became friends and I learned a great deal about theater, acting, and stage direction by being at the Playwright's Unit on many an afternoon when he was moderating. He still had a certain dynamism that woke us up. The intensity of his presence helped to give us a fundamental understanding of drama—it was important in the theater never to settle for mediocrity. We all knew

that, knew it sort of, but Gadge made us recognize that to be easy on himself in this kind of work was equal to sin.

I could go on for quite a bit, but let me compress it into an anecdote. One day in the middle of speaking to us, he said, "Here at the Studio, we are always talking about *The Work. The Work*, we are always saying, and outside, they mimic us, they laugh at us, they deride the way we keep saying *The Work*. Well, let me say to you, it is exactly about that here at the Studio; it is all about work and that is what we do, and at our best we work hard, and it is there at such times we can recognize that we feel a little blessed. This is exactly what we must never forget because this is one time when we are right." He stopped, he glared at all of us, and said, "Never forget! Work is a blessing!"

Those are four of the most useful words I ever heard, and it is one of the reasons I wanted to be part of this salute to him today. My best to you all.

Norman Mailer



Carmen Electra

(continued from page 54)

Think I'm Sexy?" Says Carmen, "I remember the judges' score sheet said, 'Amazing but maybe a little too sexy for her age.' That set the pace for the rest of my life." At the Cincinnati performing-arts school she attended, Carmen started a girls club for a select group of her ballet-class belles. "I made the mistake of talking a couple of girls into doing a nude photo shoot with my little school camera," she says. "I got in so much trouble. They shut down the club, and I got off with a slap on the wrist." Carmen shrugs. "I didn't mind the slap, actually. I've always been in touch with my inner dominatrix."

Carmen is engaged to former Korn touring guitarist Rob Patterson. As of yet there are no plans for a reality show like MTV's *'Til Death Do Us Part: Carmen & Dave*, which chronicled her romance with Navarro. Not that Carmen needs cameras to spice things up. "Traveling around the world," she says, "I love going to different sex shops, like Coco de Mer in London, and collecting the coolest handcuffs and naughtiest lingerie. That's exciting for me. But I'm also good with—how can I put it?—homemade fun."

Homemade fun?

"You know," she says, and now she's blushing. "Oh, I shouldn't...."

Try us.

"Well, it depends on what you like, but for instance...clothes hangers."

Clothes hangers?

"A little pleasure, a little pain," she says. "It's all about fun, you know."

Oh, we know. We know!

Considering this anniversary issue, Carmen can summarize how pinup modeling has changed through the eras. Most changes occurred below the belt. "In the 1950s it was all about keeping your legs shut," she observes. "Then things went au naturel. Then came the merkin and waxing, and now we're at the landing strip and beyond."

Carmen values what the magazine has done for women in general. "Over the decades, PLAYBOY has given women the permission to celebrate their sexuality," she says. "You look at these pages and see beauty, but you also see power. I'm so proud to be part of this legacy. PLAYBOY says to women, 'You can be completely comfortable and completely confident in all aspects of being a woman.'"

When she's not performing, Carmen is at home in L.A., catching up on her favorite TV (*The L Word* is the sexiest show! I would die to guest star with those women," she says) or hitting the dance floor with her girlfriends. "I'm somebody who gets off on the company of women," she says. "Don't get me wrong. I love men, but I sometimes wonder if I was a lesbian in another life." Carmen recently encountered one gorgeous female form that sent a shiver down her spine. "When we were making this portfolio, there was a power outage and we couldn't keep shooting," she says. "I started walking down the halls of the studio, and I looked up and saw my picture, larger than life, on the wall. It brought it all back to me and made me really happy."

Looks as if she was sexy enough after all.



"My wife! My best friend! My cell phone!"

HOOTERS

(continued from page 110)

for the Cali Cartel, Smoky Mountain Division, is staying the night. After you've finished bellyaching to the indifferent clerks at the front desk, those beaming, cheerful, accommodating Hooters gals would look awfully darned appealing.

Day after day, night after night, Hooters of America bailed me out of tight situations and lifted my spirits when I thought I could not go on. After I was nearly killed by a tour bus in Washington, D.C. those ponytailed cuties in Fairfax, Virginia were just what the doctor ordered. After I drove through miles and miles of slums in D.C., Roanoke and St. Louis, those bodacious babes made me feel like the cat's meow. After my 800-mile drive from Wichita to Albuquerque, a stretch during which I did not eat a bite of food for 50 hours and was so weak I didn't have the strength to react when a Taos, New Mexico wigger jostled me, you simply have no idea how reassuring it was to see Danielle's winning smile and warm demeanor.

The only problem with an all-Hooters itinerary is the food. Technically speaking, there is nothing wrong with the food. It is fun food; it is Game of the Week cuisine. But it is not food intended to be eaten two or three times a day, every day, for two weeks straight. This put me in a bit of a pickle. Committed to eating only at Hooters, I realized I was now endangering my health by limiting myself to a regimen of party-animal food never designed to be eaten on a daily basis, no matter how drunk you are.

"You've got to get to Whole Foods or Wild Oats and get yourself some spirulina," cautioned a very nice New Agey woman whose engine I jumped in an Albuquerque parking lot. "It's important for the balance of your clarity and cognitive functioning. If you don't get some amino acids into your system, you're going to die."

Alas, consuming amino acids purchased anywhere but Hooters would have violated the spirit of my undertaking. How did I deal with this problem, knowing full well that my clarity and cognitive functioning, never that solid in the first place, hung in the balance? After the first week, I cut back to one big meal a day, which gave me plenty of time for sightseeing but still left 23 hours for my body to recover from the previous thermonuclear repast. Second, for the last week of my trip, I avoided the curly fries, onion rings and buffalo wings. This was a decision at least partially triggered by a call I got from my doctor as I was sitting in Gallup, New Mexico eating a takeout pulled-pork sandwich I'd picked up at the Albuquerque Hooters a few hundred miles back, five hours earlier. Christ, was that little sucker ripe.

"We got the results of your cholesterol test, and you need to go on a statin," my doctor informed me.

"Okay, let's start next week."

"It'd be better to start right away."

"I can't. I'm in Gallup, New Mexico."

"What are you doing out there?"

"You don't want to know."

Were there times when I deliberately blew past a Hooters without eating because I wanted to enhance my chances of reaching the West Coast without an angioplasty? No. If I reached a town that had a Hooters, I dined there. Mechanicsburg. D.C. Fairfax. Roanoke. Charlotte (twice). Columbia, South Carolina (twice). Knoxville. Nashville (twice). St. Louis (twice). Kansas City. Wichita. Albuquerque (twice). Las Vegas (twice). Santa Monica. But Hooters are hard to find west of the Mississippi. I never would have found the one in Wichita were it not for an enthusiastic bus driver who escorted me there. In his bus. So on the odd days when my travels carried me so far into the wilderness that I found myself literally hundreds of miles from my next meal, I was perfectly okay with it.

From the time I left Wichita, the friendliest Hooters, with the cutest, perkier girls, until I reached Albuquerque two nights later, I did not have a bite to eat. In order to ease my growling stomach that second Sunday night of the trek, I would have had to hook 80 miles north to Colorado Springs to eat at the nearest Hooters. Earlier in the trip I would have been up there in the twinkling of an eye. But now, 10 days out on the road, nothing on the Hooters menu could get me back into that car. Certainly not the grouper sandwich. Instead, I went to bed, famished but still breathing.

Balanced-diet aficionados will doubtless ask, What about breakfast, arguably the most important meal of the day? The sad macrobiotic truth is, I didn't have breakfast for 15 days. Hooters doesn't have a breakfast menu and doesn't even open until 11, most likely because orange hot pants give customers vertigo before lunchtime. Hooters also doesn't have any fruit on the menu; worrying that I might be succumbing to scurvy by the time I hit Cairo, Illinois, I began drinking freshly squeezed orange juice several times a day. But for the entire trip I never had a bite to eat at breakfast.

When I reached Santa Monica, I honestly felt I had achieved a sort of immortality by becoming the first man to cross America while eating only at Hooters. Yet there, as at many other Hooters I visited along the way, I was disappointed that my breathtaking accomplishment was not accorded the respect it was due.

"How are we doing today?" asked the pigtailed waitress at the Hooters in Fairfax, the third stop on my trip.

"Well, I'm driving all the way across America eating only at Hooters," I replied, "so I guess I'm feeling pretty good."

"That's awesome," she said. "Do you need extra creamers with your coffee?"

"How y'all doing?" asked the waitress in Charlotte, the fifth stop on my trip.

"Well, I'm driving all the way across America, eating only at Hooters," I replied, "so I guess I'm feeling pretty good."

"That's awesome," she said. "Do you need extra creamers with your coffee?"

"How are we doing today?" asked the pert waitress in Santa Monica at the very last Hooters on my list.

"Well, pretty good because I've just driven 4,700 miles across the United States and have eaten only at Hooters the whole way."

"That's awesome," she said. "Let me get you some extra creamers."

While it was generally deemed awesome that I was driving across the United States eating only at Hooters, I was miffed that my epic undertaking was greeted with such nonchalance. The girls thought it was nice that I was doing a Hooters tour of America, but my exploits, which I viewed as tantamount to Cortés's conquest of Mexico, did not seem to take their breath away. This cut me to the quick, as in a certain sense I was doing it all for them.

"Are you eating at every Hooters in America?" asked one girl in South Carolina.

"No, I'd be out here for the rest of my life."

"Oh. So you're just visiting some Hooters but not all of them?"

"That's right."

"Are you eating your way through the entire menu?"

"No, I hate fish. Especially the grouper."

"Well, if you need any extra creamers, let me know."

Or, "You must really like the food if you're only eating at Hooters," one girl suggested.

"Actually, it's not about the food. I'm just trying to prove this can be done."

"Why?"

"Because no one has ever done it before."

"What's your next stop?"

"Nashville."

"Well, while you're in Nashville, you should go up to Montana. That's where I'm from."

I wasn't sure there were any Hooters in Montana, and Montana wasn't anywhere near Nashville. But I thanked her for the suggestion.

An uncharacteristically jaded Nashville Hooters Girl put the whole thing in perspective when she noted, "Lots of guys come in here with portfolios full of pictures of all the Hooters Girls they've met. So lots of other people have done what you're doing. It's just that they've never written about it."

"No, that's not true," I fired back. "Other guys might eat only at Hooters but haven't gone all the way across America eating only at Hooters. This is a first. This is definitely a first."

"I'll get you some extra creamers for your coffee."

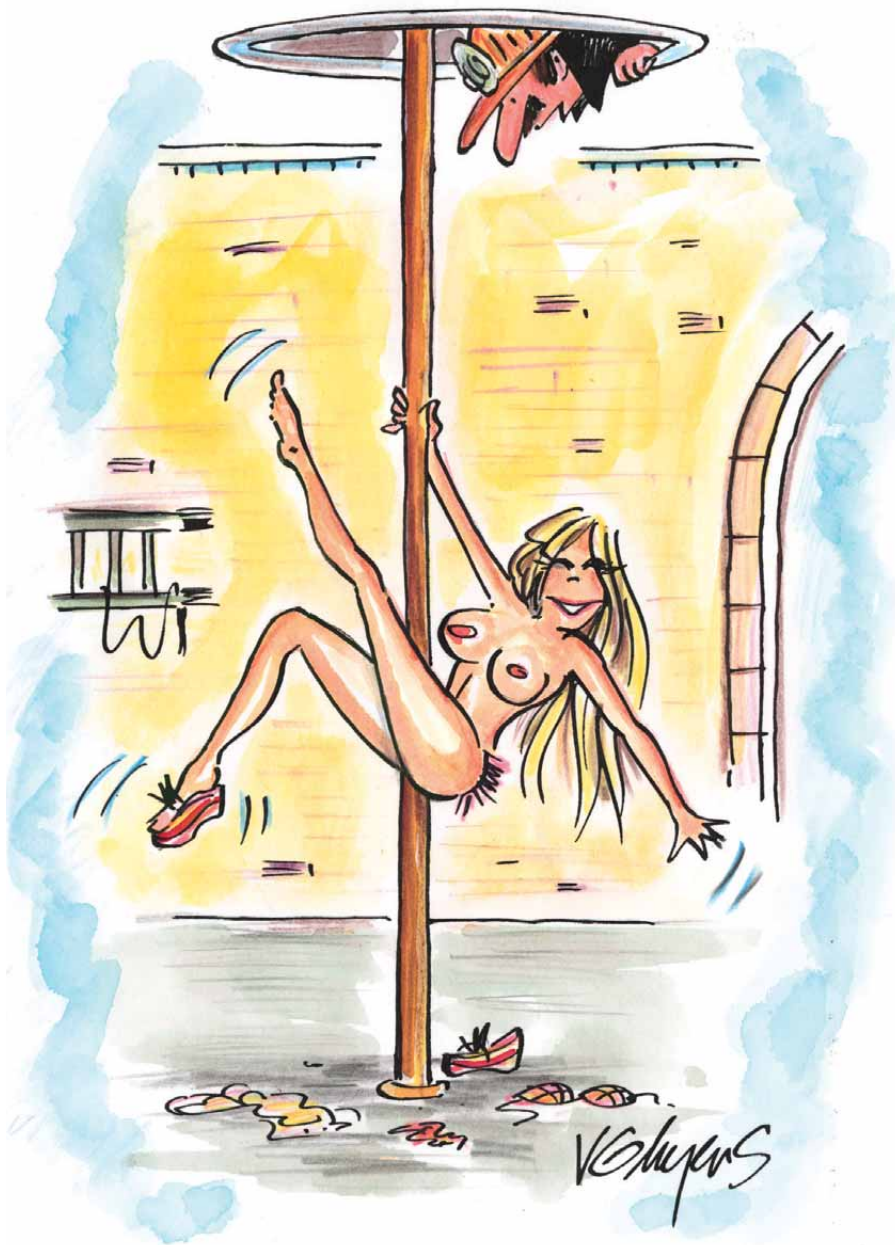
Putting things in perspective, I recalled that Columbus was viewed as a failure by his contemporaries, that Cortés ended his life embroiled in a bunch of nasty lawsuits, that nobody thought Pizarro's or Coronado's or even Ponce de León's discoveries were all that big a deal at the time. On the other hand, none of the conquistadors had to listen to "My Sharona," "Sweet Home Alabama" and "Ramblin' Man" every night for two weeks; otherwise they might have thrown in the towel and gone back to Spain. The fact that my courageous Hooters-only 149

trek across America did not culminate in a ticker-tape parade when I reached Santa Monica is less a reflection on me than it is on a society that takes everything and everybody for granted.

Still, the memory of that expedition is burned into my heart, just as it will one day be burned into the annals of history.

Not all the Hooters Girls I encountered were stunners. Some were scrawny, puffy or plain-looking. More than a few looked as if they'd been overdosing on the curly fries. But they were almost all unbelievably outgoing girls who were more than happy to lay out the welcome mat when the lonesome wayfarer straggled in from Paducah after a macabre encounter with a state trooper. If it hadn't been for them, there was no way I could have survived two weeks of Hooters cuisine, much less two weeks of "My my my my Sharona."

The truth is, anyone could have driven across America eating only at McDonald's. Anyone could have driven from the Atlantic to the Pacific eating only at IHOP. But it wouldn't have been any fun, and it wouldn't have proved anything because those establishments offer a breakfast menu and plenty of low-fat entrees, whereas Hooters purveys nothing but high-octane fun food intended to be eaten by halftime. Just as Lewis and Clark could not have made it without Sacagawea, I could not have made it without Heather, Danielle, Jacqueline, Torri and Lobo. The only difference between that adventure and mine? They got buffalo meat; I got buffalo wings. And Sacagawea never wore ankle socks over her panty hose. If she had, Lewis and Clark might still be out there.



BUSH

(continued from page 50)

to be passed on to its successor, has now done precisely that. Whatever happened to the Axis of Evil rhetoric that proposed to treat these aggressive dictatorships as the outlaws they are?

Now, you may say that if it weren't for Iraq, none of these other disasters and reverses would have happened either, and you would obviously be partly right. A huge sacrifice of American credibility and a great sapping of American strength took place on the plains of Mesopotamia between 2003 and 2008. Yet the decision for which the most grudging historian will probably award Bush the most credit is refusing defeat or capitulation in Iraq and giving General David Petraeus the authority to fight back against the murder gangs who were trying to take over a large and important country with a choke-hold position in the world economy. And for a brief time after the overdue downfall of Saddam Hussein, let us not forget there were some other useful "knock-on" effects, ranging from the Syrian withdrawal from Lebanon to the opening of a debate about democracy in Egypt and a discussion (also long overdue) about reforming the constipated and corrupted UN.

Not sufficiently noticed, either, has been perhaps the single most important foreign-policy shift conducted by any administration for several decades. In Asia, instead of being only the ever reliable ally and guarantor of the feudal and military dictatorship that is Pakistan, we have instead shifted to become a partner with India. This billion-citizen democracy, which (like us) is multicultural and multiethnic, was fighting Al Qaeda before we had even heard of it and also has a huge presence in the modern silicon economy. In addition, India is a counterweight to an increasingly aggressive and chauvinistic China. This realignment was partly determined by the so-called war on terror, but it did require a certain farsightedness, and it is a foundation on which successor administrations will certainly have to be building. I think it deserves a mention.

In the closing months of 2008 two books appeared by men who know what they are talking about. The first was by professor Gary Bass of Princeton, who published *Freedom's Battle: The Origins of Humanitarian Intervention*. The second was by *The New York Times Magazine's* James Traub, who allowed himself the even longer title *The Freedom Agenda: Why America Must Spread Democracy (Just Not the Way George Bush Did)*. The author of the first also reviewed the second, praising its emphasis on complexity over the "certitudes" of George Bush. I am as keen on complexity and nuance as the next man, but when it comes to matters of principle I find I don't mind a president who knows one big thing as opposed to a large number of little things. I just wanted to leave that thought in your minds in case the next few years should by any tiny chance turn out to be a disappointment as well.



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SUPER RAT

(continued from page 102)

Who is Whitey Bulger, and why can't the FBI catch him?

"Think Robert De Niro's character in the movie *Heat*, but with a sense of humor" is how Connolly describes his informant. "We used to meet in the Public Garden, across from Boston Common, by the sculpture *Make Way for Ducklings*. Sometimes at night we'd walk along the Charles River Esplanade, both of us wearing baseball caps pulled down to hide our eyes. No one knew who we were. Jim learned to survive in a world of justifiable paranoia."

Featured on *America's Most Wanted* more than a dozen times, as well as having at least 10 books written about him and a Showtime TV series called *Brotherhood* based loosely on his life, not to mention the character played by Jack Nicholson in the Academy Award-winning movie *The Departed*, Bulger has become our most famous crook. Even Escobar with his coca billions was hunted down and killed by agents of the law.

Bulger's no slouch when it comes to amassing a criminal fortune, either. Forbes.com recently estimated his bankroll at between \$30 million and \$50 million. On its wanted poster the FBI claims Bulger "is an avid reader with an interest in history. He is known to frequent libraries and historic sites. Bulger may be taking heart medication. He maintains his physical fitness by walking on beaches and in parks with his female companion, Catherine Elizabeth Greig. Bulger and Greig love animals. Bulger has been known to alter his appearance through the use of disguises. He has traveled extensively throughout the United States, Europe, Canada and Mexico. Considered armed and extremely dangerous."

The relationship between John Connolly and Whitey Bulger dates back to their childhood days in the Old Harbor housing project of South Boston. Of his Southie childhood, Connolly remembers, "What we lacked in material things proved inconsequential in comparison to the rich experiences and tapestry of everyday life growing up there. Someone once made the point that those who didn't grow up in Southie were somehow impoverished." Connolly was closer in age to Bulger's younger brother Billy, who was an overachiever to the extreme. Connolly nevertheless came of age under the spell of the Whitey mythos. "I did have a couple of brief encounters with him when I was a kid," Connolly recalls. "But mostly I knew him by reputation as a hell-raiser who had the whole housing project in an uproar."

Bulger was simply the toughest, most charismatic, wildest kid in a vibrant and famously clannish hotbed of cops, politicians, priests, fighters and criminals. Southie is as distinct physically as it is culturally and temperamentally. The peninsula of South Boston juts out into the Atlantic like a left jab. In his 1996 memoir, *While the Music Lasts*, Billy Bulger says of his stomping grounds, "Our roots were local. They ran deep. They kept us from being merely a part of the whole. We valued our

mélange of cultural traditions, and we had a shared sense of security. We were a neighborhood: an enclave so discrete that we sang 'Southie Is My Hometown' and referred to a trip into the central part of the city as 'going to Boston.'"

From those tough streets they emerged: Billy Bulger, who became a "triple Eagle" graduate of Boston College High, Boston College and Boston College Law School, a local politician who went on to become head of the Massachusetts state senate and president of the University of Massachusetts; John Connolly, the lawyer who would bring down the Italian Mob that for so many years rivaled the Irish Mob; and Jim, the infamous Whitey, who went off to the penitentiary in Atlanta while still in his 20s, after a conviction for bank robbery, and then to Alcatraz.

In the late 1950s and early 1960s, while locked up in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, Jim Bulger volunteered for a project that was part of the CIA's covert LSD-testing program, code-named MK-ULTRA. He signed on as a guinea pig to ingest large doses of Sandoz LSD, the purest form of the drug in existence, administered by CIA-linked scientist Dr. Carl Pfeiffer in an ostensible effort to find a cure for schizophrenia. Over an 18-month period Bulger's reaction to the powerful psychedelic was tested and recorded in exchange for a reduction in his sentence.

What happens when you take a person with a brilliant criminal mind, possibly a psychopath, give him huge hits of the most potent mind-altering substance known to man over a long period of time and then set him free? *Whitey* happened.

When he left prison he returned to Southie to outwit, outmuscle or eliminate anyone who got in his way as he ascended to the top of a vast criminal empire. During the deadly Irish gang wars in the 1960s and early 1970s, when Bulger took the neighborhood and indeed much of New England's underworld into his grip, Southie was like the Wild West. Bulger and his enemies were shooting it out in the streets, chasing one another with revolvers, blazing away with automatics and rifles. Men were gunned down at high noon in the middle of West Broadway. Or they were fired at by snipers perched on the rooftops of the three-story, redbrick Old Harbor and Old Colony housing projects, where most of the warring gang members went home to their families at night. No one said a word or saw a thing, not even when a man had his throat cut and bled to death behind the wheel of his Cadillac parked at a busy intersection.

By all accounts Bulger was a changed man when he returned from his nine-year bid in America's toughest joints. He worked hard at his craft. He was a voracious reader who studied military history and the art of war. He quoted Machiavelli and Sun Tzu. Home base was a bar called the Triple O's on West Broadway near the intersection of Dorchester Avenue (it has since been replaced by a bar called 6 House). Bulger made collections from local bookmakers and loan sharks—and put a beating on deadbeats who didn't pay up on time. He

worked out daily to maintain his disciplined prison persona. In hard-drinking Southie, Bulger nursed an occasional beer. He kept his wits and reactions sharp as he dodged bullets from rival gang members.

Whitey's younger brother Billy says of him, "Jim, I have always believed, had a quicker mind than mine and the intelligence to excel academically—had he wanted to." What Bulger wanted to excel at was crime, and he vowed he would never go back to prison.

How then could Bulger have become that most despised creature of the underworld: a rat, a cheese eater, a snitch—a law-enforcement informant? It went against everything the steely-eyed, lean and taciturn ex-convict stood for, and it was anathema on the streets of Southie. "We loathed informers," writes Billy in *While the Music Lasts*. "It wasn't a conspiratorial thing—our folklore bled with the names of informers who had sold out their brethren to hangmen and worse in the lands of our ancestors."

"How did it begin," I ask Connolly, "this special relationship between you and Whitey?"

"You've got to understand what was going on in the Bureau at that time." For years, Connolly explains, J. Edgar Hoover—the FBI's first director—had denied the Mafia existed. "Then after Apalachin, the 1957 Mafia summit in upstate New York that was interrupted by local cops, and with the Kennedy Justice Department in the 1960s, Hoover made it the Bureau's number one priority to go after organized crime."

Part of that initiative was the Top-Echelon Informant Program. "We needed to develop sources, human intelligence, informants, to penetrate organized crime," Connolly says. A top-echelon informant, he explains, is defined as "a member of the Cosa Nostra or a close associate who is at the policy-making level of organized crime." The deal was a TE would never have to wear a wire or appear in court to testify but was expected to participate in ongoing criminal activity—"anything but murder"—so long as he continued to supply the Bureau with valuable intelligence. "Of course," Connolly says, "the guy would have to keep working—committing crimes—or everyone would immediately suspect he was a rat."

The mandate comes with a built-in contradiction: In order to make one's bones and become a made member of the Cosa Nostra or an organization like Whitey's Winter Hill Gang, a soldier would have to kill. "Did I know Bulger was a killer?" Connolly asks. "Of course I knew he was a killer. So did everyone else in law enforcement. Those were exactly the kinds of informants we were instructed to develop."

At one point, Connolly says, he had 20 TEs under his protective wing. "I liked them all," he says with a quick grin. He says he flipped Bulger in 1975. "When I was first asked by my supervisors to cultivate Jim, I refused. I was too close to the family." But Connolly had information he knew would be valuable to Bulger.

On a fall evening, with a harvest moon

Bulger told Connolly he would think about it. A few weeks later they met again. It was a covenant made in the slippery back alleys of the underworld, between a Harvard-educated FBI man and a master-criminal graduate of Alcatraz, the Harvard of penitentiaries. They shook hands. Bulger joined the team and outplayed them all.

Just how powerful was Bulger? I found out when an upstart wiseguy named Michael "Mickey" Caruana summoned me to a sit-down at a restaurant in Boston's North End.

"The name's Caruana," he introduced himself. "Rhymes with marijuana." It was the mid-1970s, and I was 30 years old. Those were the glory days of the so-called hippie Mafia's dominance of the booming dope trade. I had come of age with the business, from smuggling a few kilos of Mexican weed across the border as an Arizona State University freshman to importing multi-ton loads of primo hashish by sea and air. When the multi-million-dollar deals started going down, the real criminals made their move.

Caruana said he had been given permission from New England Mafia don Raymond Patriarca of Providence, Rhode Island, a member of the ruling Cosa Nostra commission, to take over the lucrative pot trade on the East Coast. Caruana tried to shake me down for a million dollars, "for protection." I was paying off airfreight handlers at Boston's Logan Airport to clear shipments of hash from Beirut without passing through customs. Caruana wanted to cut himself in for half of my smuggling operation.

I respectfully declined the mafioso's offer, explaining I was already giving the Lebanese a third, and when the airfreight people got their piece, if I gave Caruana half, I'd be losing money. As for the million for protection, I said thanks, but I was going to pass.

A few days later 135 kilos of blond Lebanese hash landed at Logan, and we got it out without giving Caruana a gram. Not long after, I got a call from a Caruana henchman, John Zullo, a ferret-like killer who would hide in the bushes outside your home and shoot you in the head as you unlocked your door.

"I'm gonna cut your balls off and shove 'em up your mother's cunt!" Zullo said. "Then I'm going to kill you."

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hanging over Boston Harbor, Connolly and Bulger met in Connolly's car parked at Wollaston Beach in Quincy. The agent laid it out for Bulger. He played him a tape of a tapped phone conversation between a notorious hit man and a Boston Mafia boss. The Italian Mob had decreed it was time that "Irish bastard" Bulger was taken care of.

The Mafia was all about trading information, Connolly told Bulger, as if the savvy ex-con needed a primer on how the underworld operates. "Jimmy understood. At the highest level, that's just the way the game is played," says Connolly. Bulger had to trust Connolly and vice versa. Trust is the essential ingredient of the TE-agent relationship. "Snitches get outed and get killed," says Connolly. Bulger had to believe Connolly would protect him or else there would be no deal.

For the first time in more than a decade as an outlaw I started carrying a gun. When my connection at Logan heard the wiseguys had put a contract out on me, he said it was time I was introduced to the boss. I met Bulger twice, both times in a rear office of a Back Bay real-estate broker. "Hi, how ya doin'?" Bulger greeted me, and we shook hands. "I understand you got a problem with Mickey Caruana."

He was wearing a black leather jacket, shades, jeans and sneakers. The bright blond hair that had given him the nickname Whitey was thinning. When he took off his sunglasses I saw the icy blue eyes.

"Don't worry about it," he told me when I explained what had gone down. "I'll straighten out Caruana."

In a rendezvous at a HoJos on the Southeast Expressway that was surveilled by Massachusetts State Police and agents from the Drug Enforcement Administration, Bulger met with Caruana. The contract Caruana had given Zullo to kill me was lifted. I put my gun away.

"Just keep taking care of my guys at the airport," Bulger told me when I met him again to thank him. "You're a good earner, kid. I checked you out. If there's anything you need, let me know."

That's how powerful Bulger was: Even the wiseguys were afraid of him. If anyone had told me then Bulger was an informant for the FBI, I would have said, "You're out of your fucking mind."

Eight years in prison cured me of my penchant for crime. Prison did the opposite to Bulger. We think of men like him and his ilk as aberrations, monsters. And they are. We are fascinated by them and repelled because

somewhere deep down we know they are our creations, our brothers, our sons, our fathers, and had circumstances been different, we could have become them.

Kevin Weeks knows Whitey Bulger as well as anyone except perhaps Bulger's long-time live-in girlfriend, Teresa Stanley, and his current girlfriend-on-the-run, Catherine Greig. Weeks was one of Bulger's lieutenants (he has been called Bulger's surrogate son). "I was with Jimmy sometimes 24-7 for weeks at a time," Weeks says. We are in Southie, sitting in a back room at the Rotary deli, which Weeks once owned with Bulger and Flemmi. Weeks's book, *Brutal: The Untold Story of My Life Inside Whitey Bulger's Irish Mob*, gives us the most intimate, well-rounded portrait of the complicated criminal. In Weeks's account Bulger continually defies stereotype.

"Sure he was all the things people said he was: a killer, fierce, forceful, dangerous," Weeks writes. "But he was also fair, respectful to people and their opinions, treating most of them courteously. If someone was right or had a valid point or opinion, he gave them credit for their attitude. Sometimes he did things I didn't understand, but I knew he had his reasons, and I would never question them."

Weeks is in his early 50s, with dark curly hair and electric-blue eyes. He has the charm and easy repartee of an Irish publican. He did close to six years in federal custody after pleading guilty to federal racketeering and admitting to participating in five murders. He cooperated with the government, leading investigators around

Boston to shallow graves where the remains of eight of Bulger's victims were unearthed. As he finishes his pizza and tucks a pinch of Skoal beneath his bottom lip ("a habit I picked up in the can," he says), it's hard to imagine his assisting Bulger and Flemmi in their bloody reign of terror. Yet Weeks speaks almost casually about the killings. Bulger would take a nap after murdering someone, Weeks recalls. He would lie down on the sofa and doze off while Flemmi sat on the corpse and pulled teeth with a pair of Channellock pliers so the bodies couldn't be identified using dental records.

(A Southie Irish gangster named Pat Nee relates a story about the killing of a crook named John McIntyre. Nee says he brought McIntyre to his brother's home, where Bulger, Flemmi and Weeks were waiting. Nee left for an hour and returned to find McIntyre lying face up on the dirt floor of the basement with bullet holes in his head. "Stevie had a pair of pliers and was on his knees pulling out McIntyre's teeth; you could hear the teeth separating from the jawbone.")

Bulger was a living paradox of loyalty and treachery. One of my favorite Bulger stories, which Weeks details well, concerns a vow Bulger made to a fellow prisoner in Alcatraz, a Choctaw Indian, Clarence Carnes, known as the Choctaw Kid. When Carnes died and was buried in a pauper's grave near the federal prison hospital in Springfield, Missouri, Bulger paid \$10,000 to have the remains exhumed and removed to Oklahoma, where Carnes was given a proper ceremonial burial in consecrated Choctaw soil so his spirit could ascend to the happy hunting ground. Bulger attended the ceremony. Handing out \$100 bills to Choctaw Clarence's relatives, he introduced himself as "Jim, a friend from Boston."

"People say Carnes was Whitey's gay lover in the joint and he died of AIDS," Weeks says, "That's bullshit. He was an alcoholic. That was what got him in trouble in the first place. He died from cirrhosis of the liver."

When I tell Weeks of my run-in with Caruana and of Bulger's intervention, he smiles. "You know what happened there? Jimmy and Stevie started shaking down Caruana."

Weeks believes they will never find Bulger. "Jimmy's too smart. He's way ahead of the game." He says Bulger had been planning to go on the lam for years. He rented safe-deposit boxes and stashed money all over the world. He says he thinks that since 9/11 Bulger has avoided the United States due to the additional security. But like nearly everyone I spoke to, Weeks says Bulger could be anywhere. He was so good at disguising himself, at times even his own family members wouldn't recognize him as he cruised around Southie, hunting his prey.

"Could he be in Southie?" I ask.

Weeks smiles. "Who knows?"

Weeks met with Bulger five times after he became a fugitive.

"How do you feel about Whitey now?"

"Betrayed," Weeks says. "We were killing guys because they were informants, and all the time Jimmy and Stevie were informants."

And John Connolly?

(continued on page 157)



"Let's go, Ronald. I think you've thanked our hostess enough."

PLAYMATE NEWS



NATURAL BEAUTY

The exquisite physical qualities of Miss April 1966 **Karla "Sachi" Conway** are equaled by her inner beauty, as the fight to protect her beloved blue waters of Hawaii and the animals that dwell in them has become her personal crusade. The artist is raising her brush in the fight against plastic litter.

"Taking a break from painting one day, I read an e-mail message from my niece about the largest plastic-rubbish dump in the world, the size of two continents and floating in the Pacific. I was horrified," Karla says. "It made me sick. I saw horrible photos of suffocation and death around the world. I became determined to work on finding a green solution to plastic bags in Hawaii. It was a very stressful time for me. I wasn't painting and not really in a state of mind to paint happy pictures."



Karla hopes to protect oceans and marine life by providing a unifying logo for biobags. These bags, she says, "sink and fully compost, like a banana peel!"

The problem is many plastics that are biodegradable aren't compostable. Without compostability, small pieces of plastic can still enter the food chain.

Karla's solution was to find fully compostable bags available from small companies. "You can bury these in the backyard and they turn into potting soil," she says. She decided to lend her skill as an artist by creating a turtle logo that she is donating for use by any company making compostable bags. She hopes the turtle will function like the instantly recognizable recycling logo and help identify the bags as green. Such bags can be found around Hawaii. But without consumers lobbying big business to switch to compostable plastics, the oceans' problem will not go away. Go to Karla's website, biobags.us, to learn more.

30 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

According to Hef, Miss January 1979 **Candy Loving** helped revitalize the image of Playmates as girls next door. A year after her pictorial Woody Allen cast the Kansan in *Stardust Memories*, but the 25th Anniversary Playmate quickly returned to her roots, away from the glare of the Hollywood spotlight.



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"My sexiest quality is that I have a very adventurous spirit. I am willing to try anything at least once."
—**Ida Ljungqvist**



CENTERFOLD PICKS



CBSsportsline.com tapped a few Playmates to pick NFL games. They were all above .500 at the halfway point when we asked about the postseason. From left: Tennessean Miss July 2004 **Stephanie Glasson** likes her Titans every week and was correct through week nine. Will she be rewarded in February? Miss August 2001 **Jennifer Walcott** says her husband, a football player, hasn't given guidance, but she is eyeing the AFC East with interest. Miss May 2007 **Shannon James**: "I'm a die-hard Eagles fan, so I hate to say it, but the road to the championship goes through New York."



HOT SHOT



IRINA
VORONINA

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

By Jackie Martling

—the Joke Man

"My favorite Playmate is Miss May 1972 **Deanna Baker**. She's the quintessential hippie chick—long hair, real breasts, plus she digs music, poker and witty guys. Then there's the added bonus: She's a redhead, a real redhead."



POP QUESTIONS: JEANA TOMASINO KEOUGH

Q: What juicy stories from you and the other girls can we look forward to seeing on season four of *The Real Housewives of Orange County*?

A: You will see that all of our lives have changed a bit. There is a new housewife this season, and there is always drama when all of us women get together.

Q: Is that the toughest part of being on a reality show?

A: Well, I'm single and dating again after being off the market for 23 years! I have much cooler choices in men now, but it's uncomfortable being on a date with a camera crew there. I'm just glad I have the sup-

port of my kids, who want me to be happy and find someone I enjoy spending time with.

Q: How are your kids?

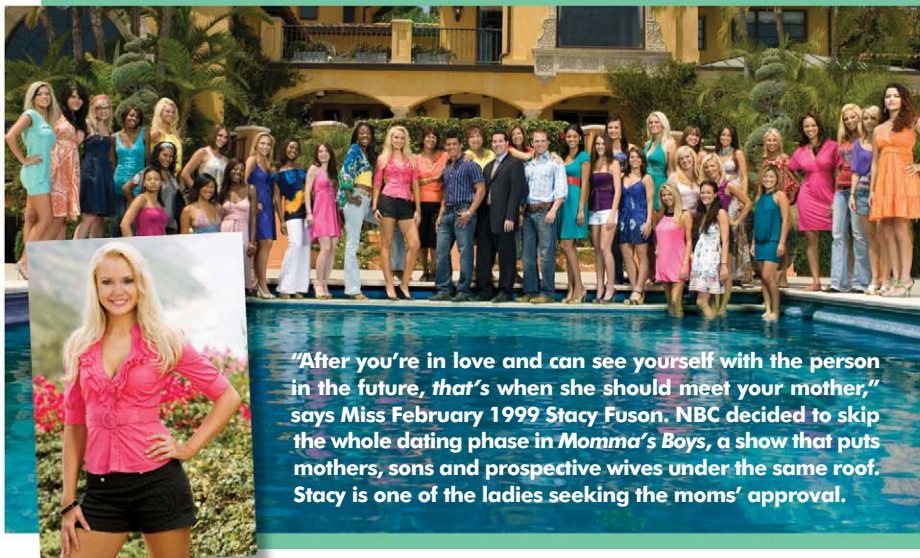
A: Shane is playing in the Oakland A's minor league farm system. The family is really excited to see him doing so well.

Q: What's the best part about being on the show?

A: We girls are like a sorority. It's similar to being a Playmate. We're invited to a lot of events the *Girls Next Door* also go to. It reminds me of when Hef would send us Centerfolds to do fun stuff. Being on the show feels very much like when I first became a Playmate—and I love it!



AND YOU THOUGHT YOUR MOTHER WAS EMBARRASSING



"After you're in love and can see yourself with the person in the future, that's when she should meet your mother," says Miss February 1999 **Stacy Fuson**. NBC decided to skip the whole dating phase in *Momma's Boys*, a show that puts mothers, sons and prospective wives under the same roof. Stacy is one of the ladies seeking the moms' approval.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss September 1997 **Nikki Schieler Ziering** created controversy when she revealed that, unbeknownst to her, she had been pregnant during the taping of *Hulk Hogan's Celebrity Championship Wrestling*. "I didn't find out until after I wrapped the show," she says. Doctors say the baby was unharmed in the ring.

Nikki has another project in the works called *Passing the Bar*, a reality show set in the world of nightclubs. Not a bad life, eh? Well, TV producers think it's interesting enough to warrant developing another reality show, based on Nikki's own life; it may be picked up later this year... Congratulations are in order for Miss October 2001 **Stephanie Heinrich**, who just got married in Las Vegas to James, the marine of her dreams. It was an



Nikki Schieler Ziering was wrestling two-on-one.



Stephanie says "forever" in blue jeans.

impromptu blue-jeans-and-cowboy-boots wedding—just what Stephanie had always dreamed of (she didn't want a big-to-do). And naturally, the ceremony was officiated by Elvis, uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh... Before our featured girls of the month were renamed Playmates, we called them Sweethearts, and Miss August 1981 **Debbie Boostrom** was exactly that—a sweetheart. She admitted that even after shooting her pictorial she was shy about getting undressed in front of other people. "I was the only one at the Mansion with my top on by the pool," she would say, laughing. Debbie moved to Florida to design jewelry and, we're sad to report, passed away there this summer.

Debbie Boostrom was a precious jewel.



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.

SUPER RAT

(continued from page 154)

"Connolly will end up doing more time than any of us," he says. "He's a scapegoat."

As we are about to leave the deli, Weeks stops at the front door. "You go out first," he says, an Irish twinkle in his eye.

The feds believe one man knows more about Bulger than he is letting on: Connolly. When Connolly was convicted of obstruction of justice, in 2002, the verdict was controversial. Witnesses testified that he had tipped off Whitey that the law was going to sweep in and that Connolly had pocketed thousands of dollars from Whitey and his crew over the years. A closer look reveals, however, that three of the four major witnesses who testified against Connolly were admitted murderers, all seeking ways to lessen their sentences. A fourth key witness was Connolly's own boss, John Morris, who admitted to accepting bribes from Bulger. Morris was offered immunity to testify. He has never served a day in prison.

In the Florida case this past fall, prosecutors convinced a jury that, in 1982, Connolly tipped off Whitey that a gambling executive was about to cooperate with the Feds in a murder case that was going to land Bulger in prison for life. Subsequent to the alleged tip-off the gambling executive was found in the trunk of his Cadillac with bullets in his head. The main witness who testified against Connolly in that trial? Bulger associate and hit man John Martorano, who did the killing himself. Martorano is hardly a stand-up guy. He admitted to 20 killings in 1995 and served 12 years, far less time than Connolly is likely to do. While Connolly faces life in prison, Martorano is a free man.

Many of Connolly's fellow agents maintain his innocence to this day. They believe that the Top-Echelon Informant Program, being as secret as it was, would make the cozy relationship between Bulger and Connolly seem very suspicious to juries. Some believe that the witnesses who testified against the former FBI agent had motive to lie.

Guy Berado, a retired FBI supervisor, worked with Connolly. "Agents were expected to develop informants," Berado says during a meeting in New Jersey. "That was what we did, dealing with murderers and thieves. Some guys had it; other guys could work for years and not open up one source." Connolly, Berado says, "broke the record for developing made or 'proposed' guys as informants."

Connolly had an uncanny ability to flip high-level Mob guys. His life was peopled with powerful crooks and killers. It was not rare for Connolly and his most high-profile informant, Bulger, to have dinner together. The closer they were, the safer they were. The information Connolly got from his TEs, including Bulger, led to some of the most visible busts in Mob history. "It is recorded in FBI files that John was the key to the demise of the Patriarca crime family," Berado says. "Information John got from his TEs led to the arrest of 40 made Mafia members during the 1980s." Berado holds up a hand and signals me to take note. "And this is very important,"

he continues. "The October 29, 1989 recording: This was the first time the Bureau had ever recorded an actual Mafia induction ceremony, and John gets the credit for that."

Using day-to-day updates from Bulger, his partner Flemmi and another informant, FBI agents planted a bug in the basement of a suburban home in Medford, Massachusetts. The wire was used to obtain one of the most damning Mafia tapes of all time. Four new members were made in a traditional Mafia induction ceremony. One of the proposed men, Vinny Federico, was in prison at the time, doing a bid for attempted murder. On his application for a weekend furlough, Federico described the necessity for the leave as "family business."

When it was over, the FBI had the entire secret ritual, in Sicilian and English, on tape. For visuals they snapped surveillance photographs of the departing mafiosi. FBI director William Sessions traveled to Boston to personally congratulate the agents responsible for the induction-ceremony bugging, singling out Connolly for his handling of informants and calling the induction tape the most important weapon in the FBI's war on organized crime.

Berado closes his eyes and shakes his head in bewilderment. "John Connolly was a loyal, hardworking agent," he tells me. "He worked his ass off for the Bureau. He's a hero. What they are doing to him is heinous."

Joe Pistone couldn't agree more. Pistone, a.k.a. Donnie Brasco, knows a thing or two

about the Bureau and the underworld. As an agent for nearly three decades, Pistone worked undercover for six years, infiltrating the New York Bonanno crime family in Operation Sun-Apple. His book, *Donnie Brasco: My Undercover Life in the Mafia*, was made into a movie starring Johnny Depp as Pistone and Al Pacino as Pistone's Mafia mentor, Benjamin "Lefty" Ruggiero.

I meet Pistone in front of a nondescript strip-mall deli in New Jersey. Now in his late 60s Pistone looks relaxed, serious—nothing fake or soft about this man. Pistone tells me he has been a close friend of Connolly's for more than 30 years; they remained in contact even while Pistone was living in the underworld as Donnie Brasco. "John was one of the few people I was in touch with while I was undercover," he says. "That's how much I trust him." Pistone attributes Connolly's success at cultivating and handling informants to his ability to relate to the gangsters the Bureau was targeting.

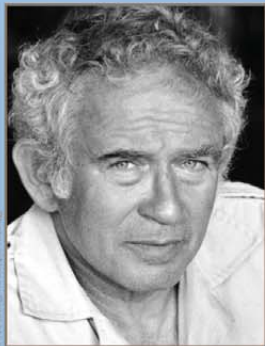
It was understood, Pistone says, that agents and informants would have to form relationships and that informants would continue committing crimes. "If you have a top-echelon informant like Bulger, you know you are dealing with a killer," Pistone says. "But you let them know that they will not be protected from prosecution for capital crimes. Anything but murder. You know, for me and John, it was all about doing a job we were sworn to do."



"After 23 years of waking up on New Year's Day without any pants on, I've decided not to wear any in the first place."

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1 (800) 835-7853

Applications must be received by March 10, 2009



As far as the obstruction-of-justice count Connolly was convicted of in Boston in 2002—the charge that he tipped Bulger off to imminent indictment so Bulger could abscond—Pistone does not believe it. “John had been out of the Bureau for, what, four years when Bulger went on the lam? No one is calling a retired agent to tell him they have an indictment against one of his former informants,” Pistone says. “It ain’t happening. They keep that information close to the vest.”

“Do you think Whitey is still alive?” I ask. He nods solemnly. “We would know if he was dead. Somebody would take credit.”

“Where do you think he is?”
“Probably in Europe—England or Ireland—moving around. At his age, as long as he has good ID and money and does not contact any of his old associates, he can stay on the lam indefinitely. It’s going to be difficult to catch him. It’s not like the guy stands out. But I do believe they are looking.”

Pistone goes on to say he met Bulger once. He had dinner with him, Flemmi, Connolly and another Boston FBI agent. “It’s on record,” he adds. “I got a real sense of his intelligence,” Pistone recalls of his meeting with Bulger. “The guy was quiet, a thinker. He didn’t need John to tell him what was going on.”

“Look, you know this,” Pistone continues about his old friend Connolly, who at the time of our interview is sitting in the Hole in Florida, awaiting trial. “Since when do they keep a federal prisoner locked up in a county jail for years waiting to go on trial? They take you out on a writ, indict you, then bring you back to the prison where you’re serving your time. Not John.” He pauses. “Something’s not right here. They’re trying to squeeze him.”

One of the more intriguing scenarios swirling in Bulger’s wake is the super-rat theory. It stems from a botched 1984 arms-smuggling venture in which some Boston crooks and IRA operatives tried to move seven tons of weapons to Ireland aboard a 77-foot fishing trawler called the *Valhalla*. Bulger was involved in the plot; he hooked up gangster Pat Nee with a pot smuggler named Joe Murray, who provided the boat and financed the ill-fated escapade.

The *Valhalla* made it across the Atlantic and unloaded the guns off the coast of Ireland. Soon after the off-load was complete the Irish navy swept in and busted the IRA soldiers. They had clearly been tipped off. The *Valhalla* was allowed to leave the scene and return to the United States. An indictment came down on April 15, 1986—18 months after the incident. Two principal partners, Nee and Murray, were sentenced to prison. Bulger didn’t go on the lam until nine years after the *Valhalla* incident, yet he is the only major figure involved who was never indicted.

Questions linger like the smell of bilgewater and diesel fuel wafting from the hold of the *Valhalla*. Who tipped off Irish intelligence? Why was Bulger never charged?

The super-rat theory holds that Bulger dropped a dime on his own operation. He snitched on himself. By doing so, some believe, Bulger became an informant for agencies higher than even Connolly’s

FBI—the CIA, top-level officials in the Justice Department and British intelligence who continue to protect him to this day. Without Connolly ever knowing it, Bulger began to operate not only at the elite level of cops and crooks but possibly where the two meet and become one: in the rarefied world of spooks, of super rats. One current law-enforcement official who asked not to be identified told me Bulger is still providing valuable intelligence at the highest levels of international crime.

Lending credence to this theory is the fact that the last confirmed Bulger sighting was near London’s Piccadilly Circus in 2002. A British man who had met Bulger years earlier working out in a gym and knew him well says he bumped into Bulger in the street.

“Hey, mate, how have you been?” the man said.

Bulger looked startled. “You must have the wrong person,” he replied and disappeared into the crowd.

Following this sighting, the story of Bulger’s flight from justice was beamed into living rooms across England on *Crimewatch UK*, the British version of *America’s Most Wanted*. A safe-deposit box in Bulger’s name, containing \$50,000 in cash, was located in a London bank. Calls reporting suspected Bulger sightings poured in. Yet when a team of American investigators arrived in England and asked for assistance from New Scotland Yard to follow up on the leads, the Brits initially helped but then quickly begged off, claiming they were too busy tracking Muslim terrorists to be concerned with some aging Irish American gangster.

Weeks says Bulger traveled extensively in Europe and South America during the years after the *Valhalla* incident and before he became a fugitive, either on his own or with Flemmi. Weeks also says he would not dismiss the theory that they were doing “work” for the government, and he definitely believes the murderous duo did hits for other organizations. “They were very good at what they did,” he adds.

A necessary element of the super-rat theory is the existence of a scapegoat, a fall guy—in the words of JFK assassin Lee Harvey Oswald, “a patsy.” As in, “I’m just a patsy.” The theory posits that spooks operate with impunity on both sides of the law, doing “black ops,” dirty work for elements within the government—like the former CIA men arrested breaking into the Democratic National Committee headquarters in the Watergate affair, or like Oliver North, who ran a clandestine arms operation out of the basement of the White House in the Iran-Contra scandal. Black ops require the existence of fall guys to act as receptacles for the public’s outrage and to provide a sense of closure. Oswald, Sirhan Sirhan, James Earl Ray, G. Gordon Liddy, even Richard Nixon. Add Connolly’s name to the list.

Whether you believe, as juries did, that Connolly came under the spell of Whitey and became one of his criminal pawns, or that in fact the crooks who surrounded Whitey conspired to land Connolly in the position he is in today, no one could argue that Connolly is not a fall guy. Never in a court of law was Connolly ever accused of lifting a finger against another man or ordering any hits. Yet

he will serve more time than all but one of the men who testified against him, the majority of them admitted mass murderers.

During a recent stay in Boston I received a thick packet of documents from a group calling itself the Friends of John Connolly. One document contains excerpts from what is known as a DEA-6, a debriefing report of a government's cooperating witness, in this case Bulger's partner, Flemmi, who began talking with government prosecutors after Bulger fled. The Flemmi report makes a compelling case that Connolly was framed with perjured testimony provided by Frank "Cadillac" Salemme, a mobster who hated Connolly because Connolly had put him behind bars. The Flemmi DEA-6 contradicts all the charges brought against Connolly in his 2002 case.

This highly exculpatory evidence was not provided to Connolly's defense lawyers. Instead it was placed under seal.

Another document included in the sheaf of papers is FBI Report FD-302, known as the Vella Report, which was also concealed from Connolly's defense lawyers at the time of his 2002 trial. This report contains statements from Roger Vella, who was locked up with Frank Salemme in a witness-protection unit of a federal prison at the time Salemme testified against Connolly. Vella told FBI agents Salemme bragged about his perjury, saying he could "get a thousand years" for the lies he told on the witness stand. It had been "his chance to 'get even' with Connolly and make the FBI look like 'the shit they are.'" Significantly, Salemme told Vella he believed his

cooperation against Connolly "negated the need" for the government to find Bulger.

Bulger may be in the wind, but federal prosecutors had their whipping boy. And the spooks had their patsy.

Connolly did have a way out. Before his 2002 trial he was offered a deal: Testify against other agents in the Boston Bureau in corruption cases involving TEs, and he could walk. He turned it down.

"Why are they doing this to you?" I ask him.

Our time is nearly up. The lanky guard with the jangling keys has reappeared.

"I want to make it clear," Connolly answers. "The FBI is not doing this to me." "Then who is?"

"Ambitious Justice Department prosecutors, John Durham and Fred Wyshak. They got themselves out on a limb by creating the false perception that there was all this supposed corruption in the Boston FBI office, when nothing could be further from the truth. They took the uncorroborated word of career criminals, men who murdered 20 and 19 victims, respectively, and used that to go after distinguished FBI agents who dedicated their lives to honorable public service."

I press him. "But why specifically did they target you?"

"Look, I know a little about your history, which is why I agreed to talk to you," Connolly says as he shoves papers back into his portfolio. "You know how it works. I was offered a deal: Testify against other agents and Billy Bulger, and all this will go away.

did six months for lying to investigators, saying he hadn't had contact with Whitey. Billy took the Fifth when questioned if he had communicated with his sibling. "The Fifth Amendment's basic function is to protect innocent men who might be ensnared by ambiguous circumstances," he said. "I find myself in such circumstances." As a result he was forced to resign as president of the University of Massachusetts.

Fourteen years after Bulger's disappearance the Bulger Fugitive Task Force remains undeterred—and luckless. In the past year alone agents went to Mexico, England, Italy and Spain, hunting Bulger. From a secret location in Boston—conference-room walls papered with pictures of Bulger, Catherine Greig, relatives and friends,

maps of the world bristling with pushpins marking possible sightings—the task force investigated more than 100 look-alikes and another 300 leads last year.

On one point in the Bulger biography there is universal agreement: He is a criminal genius, a man who understands how to play both sides of the law. He is a long-range thinker, a man with a vision. A bid in Atlanta and Alcatraz with ample doses of pure LSD will do that to a man. Lying in his cell one night, ripped to the tits on acid, perhaps he had a breakthrough, a revelation: In the world of cops and crooks, he realized, there is no honor, only survival. He saw himself lying on a beach with his

blonde babe and his stash of cash, living the convict's dream.

Now, as he watches himself being pursued on *America's Most Wanted*, Bulger snickers in his soup. "Catch me if you can," he taunts from parts unknown. He's a Houdini of whodunit, a Scarlet Pimpernel of crime. The feds seek him here; they seek him there; they seek him everywhere. But Bulger remains in motion. No fixed address. He's a lamster like Bin Laden. His home is travel itself. Wherever he is going, that's where he is. And about the time they figure out where he is, he's already somewhere else.

It beats the hell out of being in a jail cell. Just ask John Connolly.

Cheers to a New Year Filled with Hot & Sexy Girls



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Billy Bulger knew nothing about my relationship with Jim. And the only agent in Boston guilty of wrongdoing, to my knowledge, was my former supervisor, John Morris, whom these prosecutors adopted as their witness. They needed somebody to validate the lies their serial-killing witnesses told, who were trying to save themselves from a lethal injection or life in prison."

Connolly stands, ready to return to his cell.

"I refused the deal," he tells me. "I'd prefer life in solitary confinement over the dishonor of testifying against innocent men."

And where is Whitey in all this? If they have any inkling, the Bulger clan is steadfastly mum. One brother, Jackie,



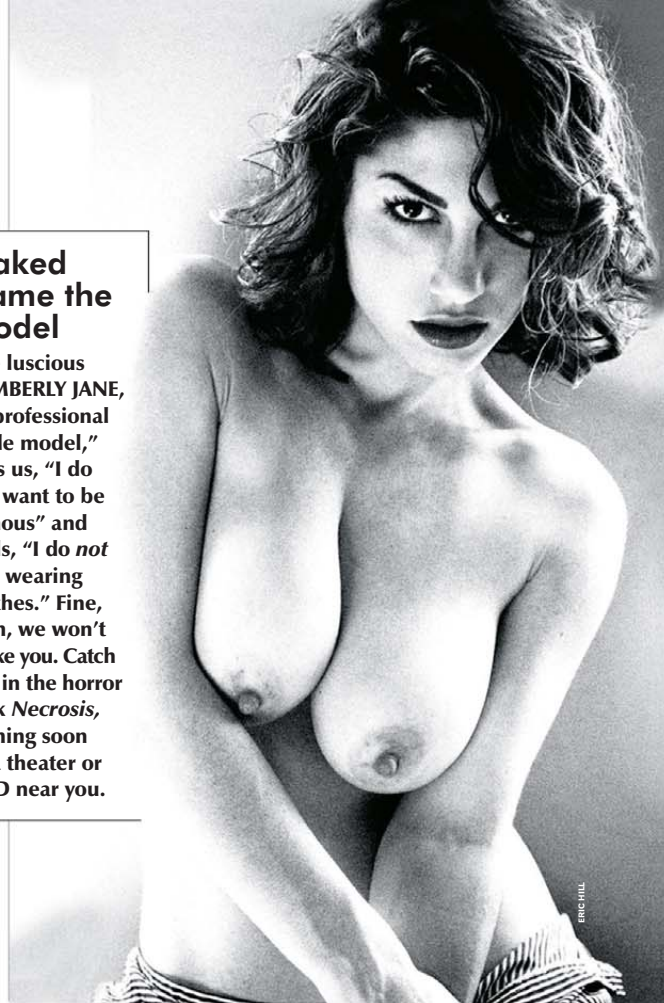


Stay Loose

Will MISCHA BARTON ever be anything more than the girl who played Marissa Cooper on *The O.C.*? She's sure as hell trying with a passel of starring roles in might-be-okay movies. Don't kill yourself, girl—Hollywood success is overrated. There's a lot to be said for just hanging out.

Naked Came the Model

The luscious KYMBERLY JANE, a "professional nude model," tells us, "I do *not* want to be famous" and adds, "I do *not* like wearing clothes." Fine, Kym, we won't make you. Catch her in the horror flick *Necrosis*, coming soon to a theater or DVD near you.



Three-Letter Words for \$200, Alex

A sot is a drunk. A bum is a rear. To be besotted is to be infatuated in a way that feels like drunkenness. Promoting her perfume *Besotted*, KATIE "JORDAN" PRICE showed her bum.





BRYAN BEDDER/GETTY IMAGES

Lungs Galore

Yes, NICOLE SCHERZINGER, the answer is yes. The question is (still) "Don't cha wish your girlfriend was hot like me?" Yes we said yes we do Yes.



JEFFREY MAYER/WIREIMAGE.COM

Flattening Will Get You Nowhere

Remember when you were a kid and you would press your face up against the screen door and make all kinds of weird grimaces? ROSARIO DAWSON can do the same thing with her breasts and a bit of mesh. Well, her breasts don't make any grimaces, but we wouldn't want them to, now would we? That would be strange.

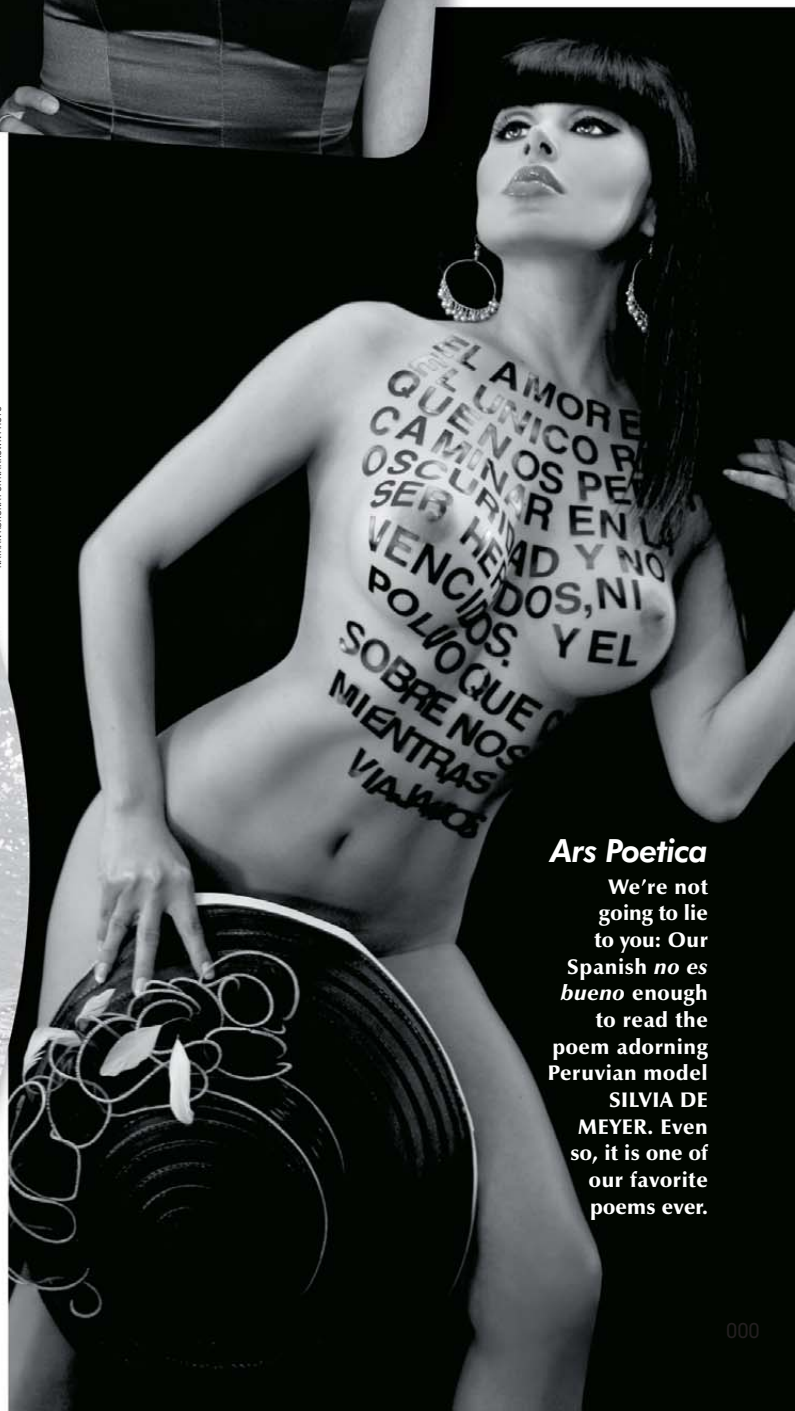


NATHAN KURUMAI FOR MARKSON PHOTO

Overboob Airspace

That's our attempt at a term to describe the gap between a busty woman's body and her swimsuit strap, demonstrated here by AUDRINA PATRIDGE. Jeez, a guy could fit his whole hand in there. A very lucky guy.

ETHAN MILLER/GETTY IMAGES FOR WET REPUBLIC



Ars Poetica

We're not going to lie to you: Our Spanish *no es bueno* enough to read the poem adorning Peruvian model SILVIA DE MEYER. Even so, it is one of our favorite poems ever.

Next Month



THE REAL HOUSE BUNNIES IN ALL THEIR SPLENDOR.



TODAY'S TOM SAWYER.



WHEN YOU TURN YOUR CAR ON, DOES IT RETURN THE FAVOR?



LINDSAY KISSED A GIRL, AND SHE LIKED IT.

THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR—LOVE ON THE ROCKS? *THE HOUSE BUNNY* COME TO LIFE? ONLY TIME WILL TELL. HUNDREDS OF GIRLS HAVE MOVED INTO AND OUT OF THE MANSION, BUT NONE CAPTURED HEF'S AND YOUR ATTENTION LIKE **HOLLY, BRIDGET** AND **KENDRA**. WHILE WE WAIT TO SEE IF THE FLAMES WILL BE RE-KINDLED, WE LOOK AT A *GND* PICTORIAL TAKEN AT THEIR CLIMAX.

THE FIRST NARCO STATE—THE PRIME TRANSSHIPMENT POINT FOR COCAINE TRAVELING FROM SOUTH AMERICA TO EUROPE IS THE IMPOVERISHED AFRICAN NATION OF GUINEA-BISSAU. IT HAS NO JAILS OR REAL POLICE AND IS FREQUENTED BY MYSTERIOUS COLOMBIAN BUSINESSMEN. **CHRISTIAN PARENTI** BRAVES A VISIT TO THE WHITE-GOLD COAST.

SEEING ALL THE ANGLES—NO ONE IN FOOTBALL IS MORE UNDERAPPRECIATED THAN THE MEN IN ZEBRA STRIPES—UNTIL NOW. LAST YEAR'S SUPER BOWL REFS DISSECT DAVID TYREE'S CATCH FROM THEIR VARIOUS POSITIONS ON THE FIELD.

HUGH LAURIE—THE CURMUDGEON FROM *HOUSE* OPENS UP TO **DAVID HOCHMAN** ABOUT THE EERIE SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE ACTOR AND HIS ALTER EGO, DR. GREGORY HOUSE, IN THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW.

SEX—**SUZY MCCOPPIN** IS HOT AND CANDID, AND HER DESCRIPTION OF HER FIRST ONE-NIGHT STAND WITH A WOMAN WILL LEAVE YOU HOT AND BOTHERED.

SEVEN THINGS YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT PEEP CULTURE—IN A WORLD WHERE ENTERTAINMENT IS DERIVED FROM THE

LIVES OF SO-CALLED REAL PEOPLE, **HAL NIEDZVIECKI** GIVES DIRECTION FOR YOUR OWN REALITY SHOW, WHETHER THROUGH FACEBOOK, YOUTUBE OR THE SITE OF THE MOMENT.

THE YEAR IN SEX—LINDSAY LOHAN WAS CALLED A LESBIAN, ELIOT SPITZER CALLED AN ESCORT, AND JOHN MCCAIN CALLED ON A VPILF. THOSE STORIES ALONE MADE 2008 AN UNPRECEDENTED YEAR IN THE HISTORY OF SEXUALITY. DON'T MISS OUR LOOK BACK.

HELPLESS LITTLE THINGS—NATIONAL BOOK AWARD NOMINEE **JESS WALTER** WEAVES A TALE ABOUT A CON MAN WHO USES DISENFRANCHISED YOUTHS TO SCAM MONEY OFF TREE AND WHALE HUGGERS. BUT WHEN HE SLIPS AND GOES FOR A HUG HIMSELF, HE FINDS THAT HE TOO COULD BE A SUCKER.

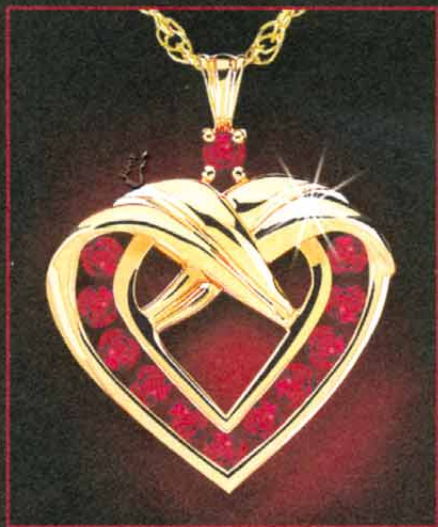
CARS OF THE YEAR—WHATEVER THE PRICE OF GAS, IT'S WORTH IT TO DRIVE THESE BEASTS. OUR TEAM OF AUTOMOTIVE EDITORS DROVE EVERY NEW RIDE TO DETERMINE THE BEST, INCLUDING THE NISSAN GTR, THE CORVETTE ZR1 AND GREEN SUPERCARS.

JUSTIN LONG—THE MAC GUY GETS A MAKEOVER FROM OUR FASHION DEPARTMENT JUST IN TIME FOR HIS BIG ROLE IN THE FILM ADAPTATION OF *HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU*.

JOSH HOLLOWAY—*LOST*'S SAWYER TALKS ABOUT BEING THE BAD BOY—BOTH ON AND OFF THE ISLAND—IN *20Q*.

PLUS: HOW TO SUCCEED BY NIKE CO-FOUNDER **PHIL KNIGHT**; **JESSICA BURCIAGA**, AN EX-BUNNY BLACKJACK DEALER FROM THE PLAYBOY CLUB AT THE PALMS, BECOMES MISS FEBRUARY.

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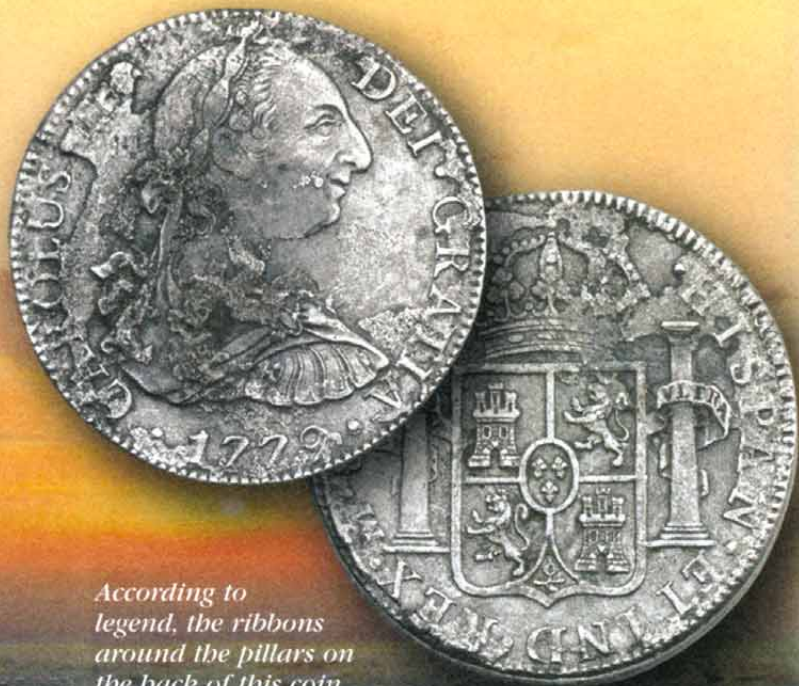


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HERE'S TO THE BROTHERHOOD

There are 1,000 names on this page. But they're just a fraction of the millions of guys who share a bond. Who enjoy tobacco any way they damn-well please. Who make up the Brotherhood of dippers that Skoal supports.

For six weeks, they helped create the issue you're holding. An issue only Skoal could bring you. And some, the ones in bold, even helped write this salute.

Why are they proud to be part of the Skoal Brotherhood?

Because it doesn't matter who you are. Whether you're a pro bull rider, a construction worker or an accountant. Throw in a pinch of Skoal, and you're part of it.

Skoal brings guys together – even if they dip it alone. Because dipping isn't just something to do. It's a lifestyle. Because it's not just a taste. It's an attitude.

It's there when you sink a hook into that largemouth on the weed line. It's with you during that walk-off home run. It's there while cutting the grass on your tractor or enjoying a cold one on the porch.

It's about guys putting in 10-hour days. Working on half-completed muscle cars. And hauling ass on muddy four-wheelers.

You'll give your buddies a pinch, even when they've got a tin of the cheap stuff. Because you know any fellow dipper would do the same for you.

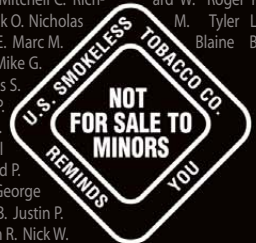
In short, nothing makes a gathering of good buddies great like a tin of Skoal.

So here's to Skoal. Here's to dipping. Here's to the Brotherhood.



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Survival of the Hottest

SKOAL MODELS COMPETE FOR THE CROWN.



Question: What do you get when you cross 11 sexy Skoal models, one online competition and *Playboy* magazine?

Answer: A photo shoot guaranteed to make dippers very, very happy. Every year, Skoal models appear at thousands of events – from car shows to concerts – leaving dippers everywhere more than a little hot under the collar. This summer, we pit 11 of the country's most beautiful against each other in an online battle to see who was hottest. Guys from across the nation watched videos, read profiles and ultimately told us which model reigned supreme. "Skoal and *Playboy* are two of my favorite things," says Ericka, one of the

heavenly 11. "Bringing them together seems like a perfect fit." We couldn't agree more. The votes are in and the winner's been crowned. Now it's your turn to see who came out on top. So sit back and enjoy one Skoal offering every guy wants a pinch of. Skoal's famous for having a dip to suit almost any taste. And the same could be said for their models. From left: *Brittney Layne, Erika Hinsdale, Amanda Salinas, Stacey Lynn, Lauren Brooke, Candice Thornton, Claudia Verela, Candice Roy, Danielle Ryan, Melissa Ann, and Ericka Whitaker.*

See more shots and go behind the scenes at
SkoalBrotherhood.com
 (Website access limited to age-verified adults.)



Models fought for the crown tooth and nail. Or in this case, lingerie and pillow. From left: Erika H., Stacey L., Claudia V., Lauren B., Erika W., Brittney L., and Danielle R.



As the competition heated up, a champagne fight between 3 of our 4 finalists seemed like the only reasonable way to cool things down. From left: Candice R., Amanda S., and Melissa A.



As the models wait to see who wins, anticipation is its own reward. But then, so is looking at these photos. Left to right: Amanda S., Melissa A., and Candice T.

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Skool dippers didn't just tell us who they wanted to win, they told us what they wanted her to wear and pose with. So here you go, guys. Candice T. – just the way you wanted to see her.

SKOAL'S PARTY JOKES

We asked Skoal dippers across the country to tell us which party jokes made them laugh hardest. We also asked if they had any of their own. Here's what we ended up with. But be careful – you may laugh so hard you spit out your dip.

How many flies does it take to screw in a lightbulb?

Two ... but I'd sure like to know how they got in there.

– Lorn A.

A man came home early from work and found his wife sleeping with his neighbor.

The husband yelled, "What are you doing?"

The wife turned to the neighbor and said, "See. I told you he was stupid."

"I want to go out," a woman told her husband. "Take me somewhere expensive."

"Sure," he replied and then dropped her off at a gas station.

During a job interview the employer said to the applicant, "For a man with no experience, you are certainly asking for a high salary."

The man said, "Well, work is much harder when you don't know what you're doing."

A Skoal guy shows up late for work.

The boss yells, "You should've been here at 8:30!"

The Skoal guy replies, "Why? What happened at 8:30?"

– Zak C.

Two men are dipping and BS'ing on the porch when one said his wife was driving him to drink.

"You're lucky," the other replied, "mine makes me walk."

A woman walked into a convenience store and asked the clerk if they sold extra-large condoms.

He replied, "Yes, we do. Would you like to buy some?"

"No," she said, "but do you mind if I wait here until someone does?"

What's the difference between an in-law and an outlaw?

Outlaws are wanted.

What's the worst thing you can say to a man who complains that his wife is frigid?

"No, she isn't!"

A man placed an ad in the classifieds: "Wife wanted."

The next day he received a hundred letters.

They all said the same thing: "You can have mine."

– Errol P.

Where do you get virgin wool?

From ugly sheep.

What do you get when you sit in the back of the truck when someone is spitting out the front window?

Freckles.

– Jeff A.







KARA MONACO

THE BROTHERHOOD HOOKS A HOTTIE.

The 2006 Playmate of the Year wins an online battle and answers a stream of questions from her adoring dipper fan club.

Q1

SKOAL: Skoal guys voted for you over two other Playmates to field their 20Qs. How's it feel?
- Paul O.

MONACO: Amazing. It feels absolutely amazing.

Q2

SKOAL: What do you think of Skoal guys building their own *Playboy*? - Marc C.

MONACO: I think it's a really cool idea. It's nice that the fans get the chance to vote and see what they want to see.

Q3

SKOAL: What is the craziest thing you have ever done during a photo shoot? - Matthew F.

MONACO: That would be taking my clothes off for *Playboy*.

Q4

SKOAL: How did you get your first break into the pages of *Playboy*? - Drake Z.

MONACO: I was actually bartending at the time, and a friend of mine had just shot with *Playboy*. She saw they were having a contest for America's Sexiest Bartender, and she submitted my photos. They asked me to come shoot with 10 other girls. So that was the first shoot I did, and I won the contest.

Q5

SKOAL: How often do you get to visit the Playboy Mansion? - Bobby N.

MONACO: Well, I'm actually really close with Hef and the girls, so I try to get up there as often as I can.

Q6

SKOAL: What was the response of your friends and family after appearing in *Playboy*? - Chris R.

MONACO: I actually talked to my mom and my sister before I decided to shoot and kind of got their approval and OK. So they were really supportive.

Q7

SKOAL: What's the biggest surprise about being a Playmate? - Don S.

MONACO: I guess I didn't realize how much other work I would get. I just thought I would shoot for them and that would be it. I didn't realize all of these other great opportunities would become available.

Q8

SKOAL: What is your most memorable moment since becoming a Playmate? - William H.

MONACO: Being Playmate of the Year. That, to me, is definitely the most memorable.

Q9

SKOAL: What's the first thing that attracts you to a man? - Randy B.

MONACO: Tattoos. If a guy has tattoos, it will attract my attention right away.

Q10

SKOAL: What's your idea of a great date? - Mike H.

MONACO: I'm pretty simple. Just dinner and a movie. I like the beach too, so if they did something thoughtful and took me to the beach, I'd love that.

Q11

SKOAL: If you were a can of Skoal, what flavor would you be? - Elrod J.

MONACO: I'd say either mint or wintergreen, so I'd still have minty-fresh breath.

Q12

SKOAL: What do you like more? A man who comes home with a little dirt and grease on him, or a man who comes home in a suit? - Alex M.

MONACO: Maybe something right in between the two. I don't really like suits. But that doesn't mean they should be covered in dirt. I like something in between, just regular guys.

Q13

SKOAL: Do blonds really have more fun? - John T.

MONACO: Absolutely. I'm not a natural blond. But, I'm going to go with that.

Q14

SKOAL: What's your favorite thing to sleep in? - Kahrl B.

MONACO: I sleep in pretty much the same thing every night - boy shorts and a T-shirt.

Q15

SKOAL: Are you a girly girl or do you like to get out and get dirty? - Eric J.

MONACO: I think I'm a little bit of both. I am girly in the sense that I like to get dressed up and do my makeup. But I can absolutely go somewhere with no makeup and do stuff outside, and I'm fine with that.

Q16

SKOAL: You won a motorcycle for being Playmate of the Year. How often do you ride? - Rodney M.

MONACO: I actually never rode it, because I sold it. I'd never ridden a motorcycle, and *Playboy* asked me to work that whole year. If I got hurt, I wouldn't have been able to work. So I sold it.

Q17

SKOAL: If you had to do something other than model for a career, what would it be? - Brandon G.

MONACO: Probably something with animals. Something in a zoo.

Q18

SKOAL: What's your favorite way to relieve stress? - Matthew W.

MONACO: Usually, if I'm feeling really stressed, I'll go hiking because I love being outside, and it helps get my mind off of things.

Q19

SKOAL: What's the one thing you can't live without? - Mike S.

MONACO: My sunglasses.

Q20

SKOAL: Finally, our most asked question: Would you ever date a Skoal man? - The Skoal Brotherhood

MONACO: Sure, absolutely!

See more Kara at SkoalBrotherhood.com
(Website access limited to age-verified adults.)



SKOAL INTERVIEW: WALT GARRISON

We pack a pinch with the legendary football player and rodeo star.

When Skoal dippers voted on who should appear as our celebrity interview, one name topped the list: Walt Garrison. Fullback on Dallas's 1972 championship team. Legendary rodeo star. Skoal Brother number one. The next thing we knew, we were at the ranch of Dallas's real cowboy – asking him what Skoal dippers wanted to know most.

SKOAL: Matt F. asks, “What do you think of the community of dippers?”

GARRISON: People come from all walks of life. There's farmers and ranchers, insurance salesmen and stockbrokers. I know a bunch of bankers who dip. But it doesn't matter what your background is, you're part of a special group if you dip. I mean there's a bond that develops.

SKOAL: Michael M. asks, “Football vs. rodeo: which one's better?”

GARRISON: Well, I enjoyed rodeo more. I just wasn't as good at it. It was hard to make a living rodeoing, you know? People in rodeo share a common background. Most of them come from farms, ranches, western-ranch-related stuff. Football players come from everywhere. You've got doctors' sons, lawyers' sons. And the only common thing they have is football. Rodeo cowboys have rodeo, but they also have a background that's probably more genuine, and more rural, than football players.

SKOAL: David M. wonders, “What do you think of football today?”

GARRISON: Number one: it's more lucrative than it was when I played. They probably pay the equipment manager more than I made. The only thing I don't like is all the celebration. When I see one guy taking his helmet off and beating on his chest, that's not a team thing. You see running backs jump up and do all this crap that they do. Somebody asked me if I could play today, and I said no. They asked why, and I told them I don't know how to dance.

SKOAL: Nick S. wants to know, “Walt Garrison bulldogging vs. Walt Garrison running a 40-yard dash, who wins?”

GARRISON: If they didn't time me in the 40-yard dash ... uh, I'll tell you a quick story. I was in training camp, probably my seventh year in the league, and they run the 40-yard dash out there. The rookies are all sitting in the stands when the veterans come in, and they watch us work out, seeing who they have to beat and stuff. So the coach comes up to me and says, “Walt, you don't have to run the dash; we know how fast you are.” I said, “Come on man, I've been training in the off season. I'm really fast.” He said, “Well, I'd rather you didn't.” I said, “Why?” He said, “See those rookies up there? If they see how slow you are after seven years, they'll think it's easy to make this team.”

SKOAL: Donald S. asks, “Who parties harder? Football players or cowboys?”

GARRISON: Good question! In football, after a game, especially a home game, one of the restaurants here had a little party room and all of us would go down there, relax, kick back, talk about how you won or lost the game, and have a beer or two. But you would be surprised how close football guys and rodeo guys are to each other in what they do for fun and stuff.

SKOAL: David B. wants to know, “Which of the two sports is harder on your body?”

GARRISON: Football is harder on your body than rodeo. And the only reason I say that is because football lasts longer. With football you got 20, 30 minutes that you're out there on the field at a time, and you get beat up a lot. But in terms of three seconds of football versus three seconds of rodeo, I'd say they're about the same.

SKOAL: Finally, to sum it all up, Kyle H. speaks for all of us when he asks, “How do you keep kickin' ass?”

GARRISON: It's like my friend said once, “I can still jump as high, just can't stay up as long.” I can't do all the things that I once did, but the one thing that I've always tried to do is what my daddy always told me: “Don't try to be something you're not. Figure out what you are, and try to be the best at that.”

Hear more from Walt at SkoalBrotherhood.com
(Website access limited to age-verified adults.)



“I enjoyed rodeo more. I just wasn't as good at it.”



“Somebody asked me if I could play today, and I said no. They asked why, and I told them I don't know how to dance.”



“I don't think that someone who dips is going to lie to you. He may bullshit you, but he's not going to lie to you.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JONATHAN VAN RYZIN

C H A W D A T A

SIGNIFICA, DIPNIFICA, SPITS FACTS



Group Effort

We had help from over 30,000 Skoal dippers in building this special edition of *Playboy*. Of the 6 million dippers in America, 600,000 read *Playboy*.



Aged to Perfection

Before it goes in the can, every pinch of Skoal Smokeless Tobacco is aged 3 years.

Hairy Situation

We asked Skoal dippers what kind of women they preferred.

- 47% prefer Brown hair**
- 33% prefer Blond hair**
- 14% prefer Red hair**
- 6% prefer Black hair**

Cover Story

3,628 cans were used on the cover of the dipper section of *Playboy*.



History Lesson

The first can of wintergreen Skoal rolled off the production line in 1934, making 2009 our 75th anniversary.



Skoal or Bust

The average cup size of a Skoal model is 36C.

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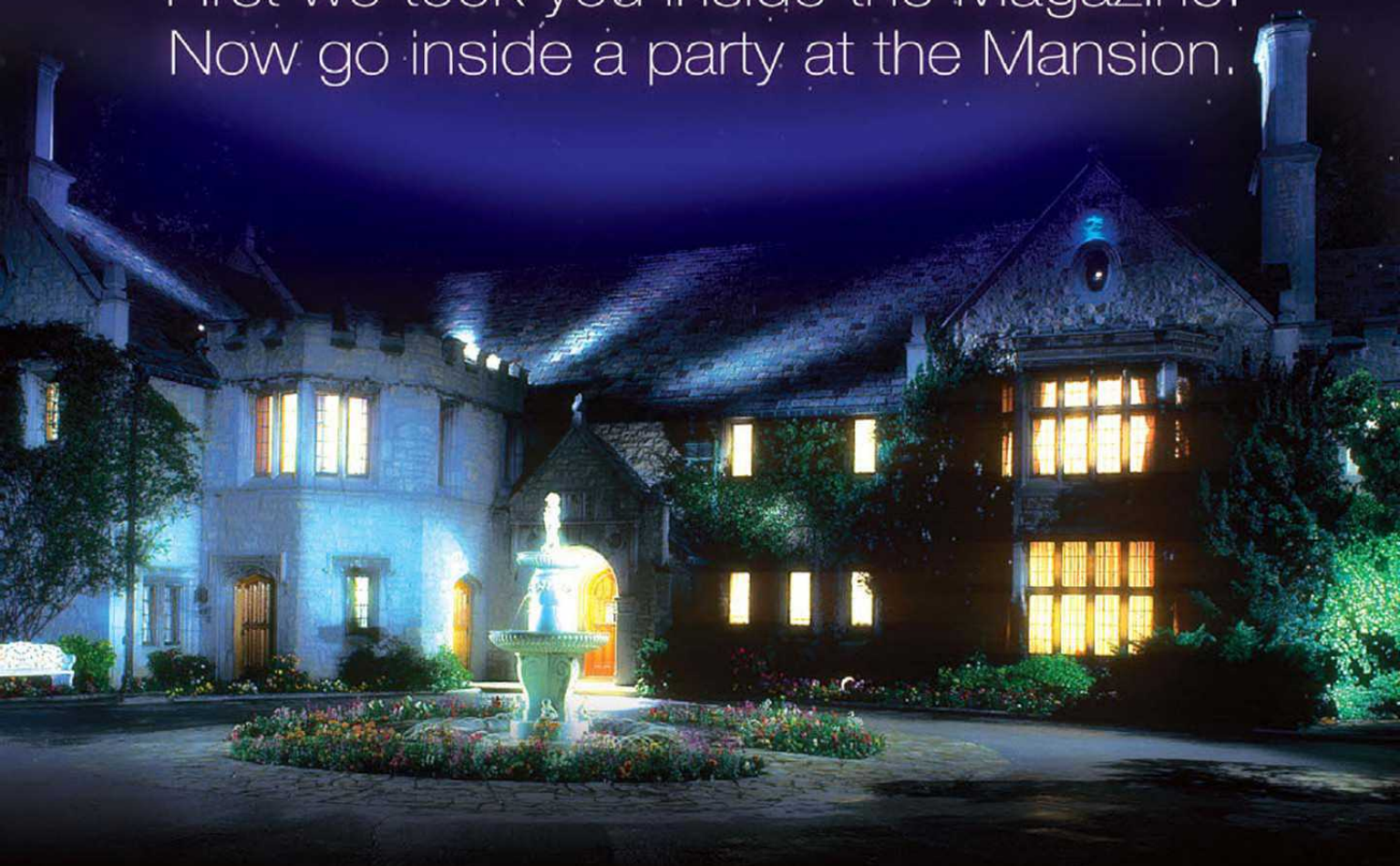
Every man lives by a code. Dippers are no exception. From not dipping on the first date, to spitter-bottle etiquette, you voted online and the top 5 Dip Rules are:

1. Snapping your can more than 3 times is considered an invite to getting your butt kicked.
2. Never borrow a Brother's spitter without permission.
3. Whoever buys the can has the right to break the seal and take the first dip.
4. It is acceptable to leave a stash of empty bottles under your girlfriend's seat for future use.
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