

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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HOUSE  
CALL

**HUGH  
LAURIE  
INTERVIEW**

A SCANDALOUS  
YEAR IN  
**SEX**

THE **GIRLS**  
NEXT DOOR  
THE NAKED  
TRUTH

FEATURING COVER GIRL

**HOLLY  
MADISON**

**PLUS:**

**20Q JOSH  
HOLLOWAY**

**JUSTIN LONG  
FASHION**

**JESS WALTER  
FICTION**

**ONLINE  
EXHIBITIONISM**

**DIARY OF A  
PARTY GIRL**

**AND PHIL KNIGHT  
GOES TO CHINA**

THE NEW AFRICAN  
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SMART &  
STYLISH  
**CARS**  
OF THE YEAR





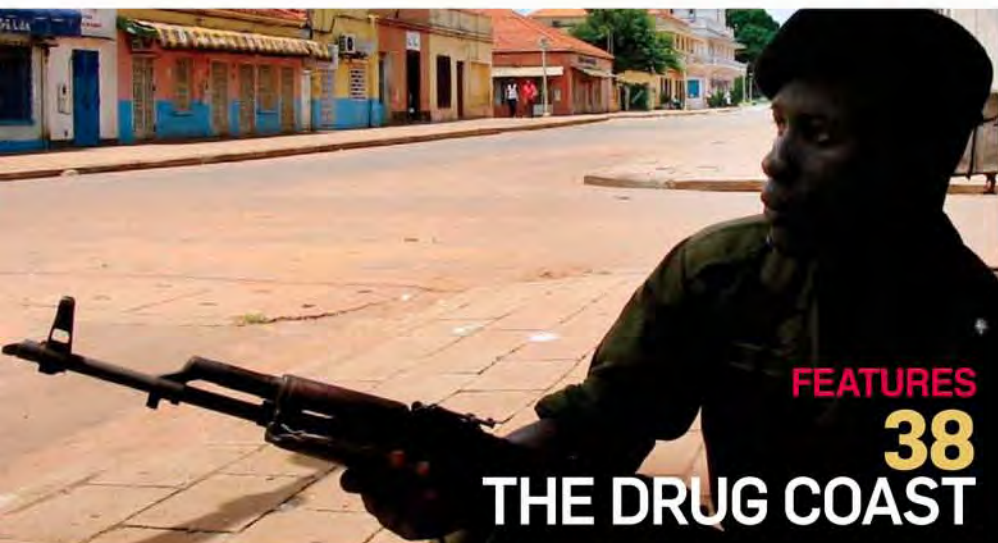
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# PLAYBOY

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### THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

- GAME ON** Guess our models' dance moves, play the Playmate Match Game and more in our new online arcade. [playboy.com/games](http://playboy.com/games)
- CANDID CONVERSATIONS** Browse our expanded library of *Playboy Interviews*. [playboy.com/interviews](http://playboy.com/interviews)
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- THE 21ST QUESTION** Find one more answer from *Lost* star Josh Holloway. [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q)



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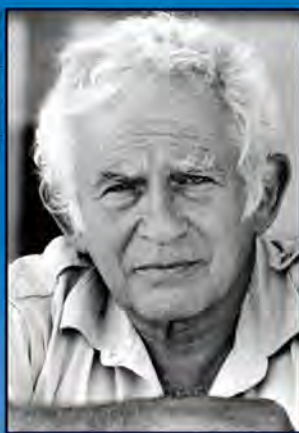
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# PLAYBILL



Jess Walter

Last month we celebrated our 55th anniversary. With this issue, you are peering into the future. It's packed with pleasant surprises, new looks and fresh formats—the latest development of our magic mix of entertainment, timely information, probing dialogue and the world's most genetically blessed women. While Playboy offers the modern man and woman many products (fragrances, sexy T-shirts, snowboards) and services (radio programs, TV channels, events), it's mostly a state of mind, a set of principles that have changed our way of life for the better.

Flip through this issue and you'll see what we mean. As always, we put the emphasis on experience. **Phil Knight** describes in his own words exactly how he met the challenge of producing Nikes in China. His essay kicks off our new monthly *Success* column, a resource for fulfilling your ambitions from men who have made it. In *Party Girl*, our favorite stripper, actress and writer, **Suzy McCoppin**, peels back a layer to expose an inkling of the way the female mind—and body—works. Then it's time to find your own fun: Our *City Guide* page will help you get to where the action is. Don't carry the magazine with you when you're out at night? No worries—our robust online City Guides will also be accessible (ultimately) via mobile phone as all pieces of the Playboy universe converge for a truly big bang. Throughout the magazine you'll find reasons to continue the experience on the rich, redesigned Playboy.com. There you can enjoy Suzy's video blog, vote in our newest *Raw Data* poll and rate nightclubs for City Guides. Bookmark it now.

It certainly helps our grand plans this month to feature the ultimate pictorial of the most famous threesome in Playboyland, **Holly, Bridget** and **Kendra**. Each of the Girls Next Door has her own cover—and her own behind-the-scenes take on the phenomenon that made them household names. Perspectives change, but their allure only grows.

Smart is sexy. That's why a magazine of such disparate parts works. We have penetrating exchanges with *Interview* subject **Hugh Laurie**, who has taken grumpiness to new heights on *House*, and with *Lost* bad boy **Josh Holloway** in *20Q*. In *The Drug Coast* **Christian Parenti** sniffs around the world's first narco state, Guinea-Bissau, and for *Peep Culture* **Hal Niedzviecki** tackles reality exhibitionism. Then there's a brilliant short story by National Book Award finalist **Jess Walter** (with artwork by **Nathan Fox**), the inside dope on Super Bowl refs and **Justin "the Mac Guy" Long** in the right clothes for a good time. So sit down, have a great read and savor the experience.



Holly Madison



Bridget Marquardt



Kendra Wilkinson



Christian Parenti



Hal Niedzviecki



Suzy McCoppin



Nathan Fox

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Jump in.

XBOX 360



## BOND GIRLS IN EXILE

All the women in your *Bond Girls* tribute (November) are gorgeous, but how could you forget Jill St. John? Besides looking great in a bikini, she was the first American Bond girl. When Sean Connery meets her in *Diamonds Are Forever* she changes her hair color three times, asking which he prefers. Bond says it doesn't matter, "as long as the collars and cuffs match."

Rick Readence  
Wickliffe, Ohio

Where is Eunice Gayson from *Dr. No* and *From Russia With Love*? She was the first to hear the famous introduction "Bond. James Bond."

Gary Petzel  
Grand Rapids, Michigan

No Famke Janssen from *GoldenEye*?

Ricky Delgado  
Brentwood, New York

What about Caterina Murino from *Casino Royale*? She is the most voluptuous Bond girl ever.

Joel Lansden  
Madisonville, Kentucky

Why does everyone overlook the best Bond girl of all, Lotte Lenya, who played Colonel Rosa Klebb in *From Russia With Love*? She may not be a traditional beauty, but she's the one I'd like to have watching my back during a bar fight, especially with that orthopedic switchblade.

Randy Brooks  
Spring Hill, Florida

## MORE ON BOND

In *Facts. Bond Facts* (November) you reprint a photo taken from the *For Your Eyes Only* movie poster. James Bond is seen through the long legs of a woman holding a crossbow. Does anyone know to whom those legs belong?

Mark Reinstein  
Boca Raton, Florida

Bill Gold, who designed that classic poster, isn't sure so many years later of the model's identity but recalls asking her to wear her bikini bottom backward to show more skin. When the image ran in *The New York Times*, the newspaper drew on a pair of shorts.

It was a privilege and an honor to have my James Bond stories published in *PLAYBOY*. However, I want to correct a small error in your Bond facts: My 007 fiction appeared in the magazine six times (two stories and four novel excerpts).

Raymond Benson  
Buffalo Grove, Illinois

You're right, of course. An anthology of Benson's Bond fiction, *The Union Trilogy*, has just been published by Pegasus.

I enjoyed the Bond facts, Bond girls and *Playboy Interview* with Daniel Craig. But I couldn't help noticing that your review of *Quantum of Solace* identifies *Casino Royale*

# DEAR PLAYBOY

## The President of Us

My initial reaction to Will Blythe's profile of young Barack Obama organizer Lamont Carolina (*The Campaign of His Life*, November) was "Oh boy, another story about a kid from the ghetto saved by the benevolence of liberal white Democratic superheroes." But as I read on, my attitude changed—this is a profound human story inspired by a profound campaign. Carolina's belief that he can now look at the presidential seal "and know that it means us" reflects our nation's political transformation.

Jeff Johnson  
Washington, D.C.

Johnson is author of *Everything I'm Not Made Me Everything I Am* and host of *The Truth With Jeff Johnson* on BET.



as the 21st Bond film. By my count it's the 22nd. Am I missing something?

Jeff Bass  
Titusville, Florida

*Never Say Never Again*, the 1983 remake of *Thunderball*, wasn't overseen by Cubby Broccoli's production company, so purists don't count it among the official films.

Each fall I introduce my high school students to *Tom Jones*, which screened at the White House on November 17, 1963, by telling them it was the last film President Kennedy ever saw. Imagine my dismay after reading that *From Russia With Love* screened at the White House three days later. Presenting the "next-to-last film Kennedy ever watched" doesn't seem nearly as impressive. Is there any chance JFK slept through the Bond flick?

Charise Cullin Christian  
Denton, Texas

## READ ALL OVER

As I browse the list of your international editions at *playboy.com*, it's refreshing to see *PLAYBOY* is now published in so many former communist countries, such as Bulgaria, Estonia, Georgia, Lithuania, Poland, Romania, Russia, Slovakia, Slovenia and Ukraine. I like to think my military service during the Cold War in some small way helped make that possible.

Jack Driggers  
Charlotte, North Carolina

*It did. Thanks to you and all members of the armed services for expanding the boundaries of freedom, then and now.*

When I tell friends *PLAYBOY* is banned in Thailand, along with lip-to-lip kissing on television, they usually laugh, given the country's reputation for sex tourism. My solution as an American living in the Land

of Smiles? I subscribe to *Playboy Digital*. It's well worth it and some consolation.

Frank Anderson  
Korat, Thailand

## HANDLER WITH CARE

Great *20Q* with Chelsea Handler (November). Eric Spitznagel had to love talking to a woman who is more than ready to bring it. And she's so right that older men such



The funniest celeb ever caught without panties.

as her boyfriend, who has 20 years on her, know how to take care of a woman.

Scott St. James  
Valley Village, California

I laughed so damn hard reading Handler's assertion that she wouldn't sleep with a redhead ever again because it was "blinding" and he "looks like he's got a clown in a leg lock." As a redhead myself,

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I must say that despite Handler's experience, red on head equals good in bed.

Trish Savery  
Mountain City, Tennessee

I have been a Handler fan since *Girls Behaving Badly*. She has a beautiful back.

Eric Reyes  
Blue Island, Illinois

My husband and I were lucky enough to catch one of Handler's shows a few years ago. She is outrageously funny and just as gorgeous in person.

Becky Edwards  
Queensbury, New York

### LOST BUNNY

I have been reading *PLAYBOY* since the 1950s and always see how long it takes me to find the Rabbit Head on the cover. After scanning every square inch of the November photo, I was about to concede when I caught sight of the elusive little rascal nuzzling Rachele Leah's left breast. He was laughing at me.

Randolph Whitby  
Smithsburg, Maryland

*You didn't start with her breasts?*

### PENIS ENVY

As the author of *Exercising the Penis*, I've done my fair share of research on man's favorite organ. Although Chip Rowe covers many newfound truths in *The Sexual Male, Part Five: The Hard Facts* (November), he fails to address the benefits of penis exercise. Writing in the *British Journal of Urology International*, Grace Dorey reports some exercises can improve erectile strength as effectively as drugs. And a 2008 study by Dr. Laurence Levine in *The Journal of Sexual Medicine* found that using a traction device can not only correct the curvature of Peyronie's disease but increase length and girth. Finally, many men have reported increased size through a technique called jelqing. My guess is that, rather than handing out Viagra, physicians will be prescribing penile workouts within 10 years.

Aaron Kemmer  
Tampa, Florida

Rowe replies: "That would certainly make going to the gym more interesting. However, it isn't possible to 'exercise' a penis, only the muscles that support it. Dorey's study concerns strengthening the pubococcygeus muscle to treat incontinence, but the same routine can increase erectile strength. 'Squeeze as if you were stopping the flow of urine,' says sexologist Beverly Whipple. 'I recommend up to 150 reps a day. Monitor your strength by lifting your erection with a tissue on it and then slowly working up to a washcloth and a towel.' Levine's study of the \$250 FastSize traction device (made by a company for which he is a paid consultant) to treat Peyronie's included some volunteers who ended up with longer penises. However, the increase was at best two centimeters, and it came only after wearing the device for up to eight hours a day over six months. I discussed jelqing, which involves tugging the end of your

cock hundreds of times a day over months, in my February 2001 report, *The Moron's Guide to a Larger Penis*. And a final note: The smart man's favorite organ is the clitoris."

### ACCESS TO POWER

Talk about a knockout—mixed-martial-arts host Rachele Leah (*The Ultimate Fight Chick*, November) is easily the UFC (Ultimate Fine Chick) champion. You hit this one out of the Octagon.

Kelly Blask  
Mason, Michigan



Rachele was discovered at a boxing match.

I've seen a lot of gorgeous legs in the magazine, but the November cover stopped me dead in my tracks.

Brett Horlacher  
Kings Bay, Georgia

### ROCK STEADY

You have outdone yourself with Playmate Grace Kim (*Amazing Grace*, November).

Mike Bachelder  
Cheyenne, Wyoming

Grace is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. Plus, she is an experienced *Guitar Hero* and *Rock Band* gamer who likes to compete for "perks." What more could a man want?

David Castanheira  
White Plains, New York

I have been a subscriber for the past two years and a fan even longer. It is exciting to see a beautiful rockin' woman of Korean ancestry in the magazine.

Song Han  
San Diego, California

The Grace Kim and Rachele Leah pictorials are your best in a decade. I hope you will feature more Asian and Mediterranean women.

Steven Guardala  
Stony Brook, New York



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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## BLOTTO IN THE GROTTTO

Adam Carolla and Teresa Strasser hosted their annual Blotto in the Grotto event for *The Adam Carolla Show*. The most interesting part of the party being broadcast live from the Mansion? It wasn't the nude revelers but Hef dropping by to talk frankly about his love-life transitions.

## A TASTE OF THE GOOD LIFE

Miss March 2008 Ida Ljungqvist, PMOY 2002 Dalene Kurtis, Miss February 2007 Heather Rene Smith and Miss July 2007 Tiffany Selby toasted the launch of Playboy Energy Drink at PMW. The delicious elixir has enough guarana, ginseng and taurine to keep you going all night long.



## A NUDE MISS UNIVERSE PAGEANT

The foreign editions of PLAYBOY jetted their hottest Playmates to the Mansion for the upcoming sexiest-on-the-planet pictorial. Pictured are Romania's Andreea Mantea, Slovakia's Eva Cifrová, Poland's Katarzyna Danysz, the Netherlands' Mai-Lan Leenders, Hef, Hungary's Viktoria Metzker, Germany's Daniela Wolf, Ukraine's Iryna Olhovska and Russia's Inna Popenko. It will be like a Miss Universe pageant—only nude!

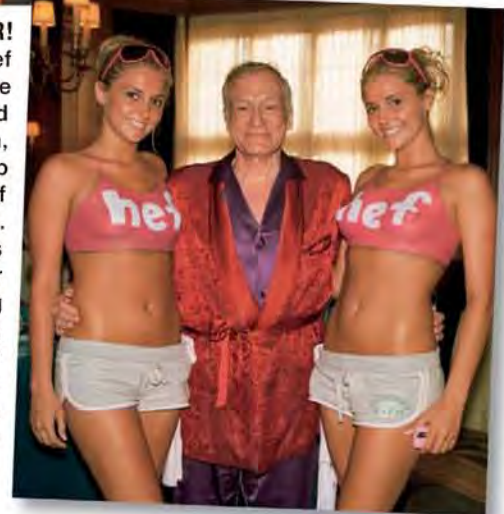
## SCENTS AND SENSIBILITY

The Girls Next Door were in New York for the launch of the Playboy fragrance line from the Coty perfume house. While the girls come in three flavors, our colognes were inspired by the vibes in four hip cities: Hollywood (the star), Vegas (maverick), Malibu (surfer) and Miami (man about town).



## WHAT A PAIR!

It's no secret who Hef is dating. And while you may have heard about it on television, on blogs or in gossip mags, here's proof in PLAYBOY print. Gone are the days when girls wore their boyfriend's classring or pin. The Shannon twins, Karissa and Kristina, update that concept with a more personalized homage in paint to their new beau.



# GHOULS, GOBLINS AND GIRLS



For Halloween, Hef transformed the Mansion into a House of Horrors and Hotties. (1) Here's the horny devil himself flanked by his two angels, Karissa and Kristina Shannon, upcoming Chicago Playmate Crystal McCahill and Georgia State senior Amy Leigh Andrews. (2) *PLAYBOY* model Susie Feldman (left) is one hot mummy with husband "King" Corey and a friend. (3) *Stag Night*'s Breckin Meyer with PMOY 2007 Sara Jean Underwood. (4) Holly as a sexy late-career Elvis, Bridget channeling the luscious Lily Munster and the cute yellow canary Kendra. (5) The Man with Bill Maher. (6) *Fantastic 4*'s Chris Evans with *PLAYBOY* cover model Vida Guerra. (7) Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott and Adam "Popeye" Archuleta. (8) Hollywood's hottest couple, Brody Jenner and PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole. (9) *How I Met Your Mother*'s Neil Patrick Harris and his better half, David Burtka. (10) Ozzy's kids Kelly and Jack Osbourne. (11) Captain Morgan hooks Holly on the dance floor. (12) Miss January 2002 Nicole Narain flashes the camera. (13) Hef's Halloween treat: Painted Ladies galore.



# PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

## America Olivo

**S**hh. America Olivo is in *Friday the 13th*, the reboot of the well-known slasher series, in theaters this month, but she won't talk about it. Won't tell us about her character, Amanda, and what grisly fate may or may not be in store. America (say it like "Costa Rica") is guarding the details like state secrets. Such is not the case with *Bitch Slap*, her other upcoming release. A tale of three busty vixens meting out cleavage and violence in the desert, it bears more than a little resemblance to Russ Meyer's classic *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* "It's a festival of girl-on-girl fighting and boobs," she boasts. "This is dirty fighting—UFC stuff. If Russ Meyer were alive today, he'd make *Bitch Slap*." Just don't tell her she's spoofing Meyer. "It's not a parody," she insists. "We're paying homage, like Tarantino and Rodriguez did with *Grindhouse*. I love genre films." For America, though, it's part love, part genetic predisposition. Her mother is Danica D'Hondt, a statuesque former Miss Canada who played bombshells in several 1960s drive-in flicks, as well as on TV shows *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* and *The Wild Wild West*. Despite the hot mom, America was never one to flaunt her own gifts. "I was very shy," she recalls. "In college I wouldn't change clothes in front of my roommates. I'm a good Catholic girl gone really, really bad." Later, with help from photographer friend Caesar Lima, America became comfortable with nudity. Extremely. "You don't see my boobies in *Bitch Slap*, but you do in *Friday the 13th*," she says. Umm, America? Don't look now, but your state secrets are showing.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
BRIE CHILDERS



🔌 VISIT OUR ENTIRE LIBRARY OF BECOMING ATTRACTIONS AT PLAYBOY.COM.



## How It's Done Know Your Girl-Girl Action

You may be familiar with a diagram or two from the Kama Sutra, but when it comes to two ladies fornicating, what do you know about the different ways of doing it? At left are a few instructive photos from *Lesbian Sex: 101 Love-making Positions* by Jude Schell. Can you match each arrangement with one of the following names?

1. Mane and Tail
2. Maryann and Ginger
3. Annie Oakley
4. The Cleopatra

Answers: A-3, B-4, C-2, D-1.



## Small Balls Alchemy With Alcohol

Cointreau, the orange liqueur essential to a sidecar and nice in a margarita, has gone solid. Booze tends to want to stay liquid, but after months of research, Cointreau's scientists figured out how to "spherify" the stuff into little orange globs that resemble caviar. You can't do this at home. Really, you can't—you need a special science kit to do it, and they're not for sale. Fortunately, Cointreau sent kits to mixologists, who are putting them to use. For a ballsy cocktail, try the Hawaiian saimin at 33 in Boston, the limoncello drop at Max Downtown in Hartford, Connecticut or the pomegranate pearls at Daniel in Manhattan.



## Meet Simon Helberg Smooth Nerd

Simon Helberg's character Howie Wolowitz can be described as the coolest of the awkward brainiacs on the sitcom *The Big Bang Theory*. "He's definitely the most put together," says Helberg. "His goal in life is physical contact with girls, and he thinks he has it down to a science." For any man who has ever tried to stand out and ended up looking weird (which is most of us), Howie is immensely sympathetic.

**PLAYBOY:** Howie has a particular look—perhaps we should start with his *Meet the Beatles* haircut. Is that your real hair?

**SIMON:** Yes. It's quite a process. The stylists have to flat-iron it and then shape it so it fits like a helmet.

**PLAYBOY:** It certainly works well with all the turtlenecks he wears.

**SIMON:** He thinks it does, which is what's important. The wardrobe people are amazing. They outfit Howie in tight clothing and Vans, and he has a thing for weird homemade belt buckles created out of things like a Nintendo controller or a reel from an old reel-to-reel tape player.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your fashion sense overlap with Howie's?

**SIMON:** I do have a thing for tennis shoes, vintage styles from the 1970s and 1980s. And I'm small, so I can wear a lot of the great fitted stuff you find in vintage stores. It bears out my theory that smaller people are superior. We get the best vintage clothing.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you really that small?

**SIMON:** I'm five-foot-seven, which is not dwarfishly small. It's not as if I need a booster seat when I go to a restaurant.

**PLAYBOY:** Is Howie based on your own experiences or those of anyone you know?

**SIMON:** No, actually. My friends and I were terrified of women. We could talk to them and become friends with them, but we could never figure out how to date them. Howie truly believes he's a lothario. He has taught himself pickup lines in several different languages.

**PLAYBOY:** Does he ever get the girl?

**SIMON:** Not really, but he doesn't let it affect him. He'll never stop trying.





SEE MORE OF DANIELLE AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM.  
APPLY TO BE AN EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH AT PLAYBOY.COM/POSE.

## Employee of the Month Danielle Fornarelli

**PLAYBOY:** You work at a pizzeria?

**DANIELLE:** Not just a pizzeria—it's a Chicago chain called Pizza-Ria. I co-founded it in the early 2000s, and in the years since, I've sold off some of the restaurants to friends and family.

**PLAYBOY:** Wow, you started young.

**DANIELLE:** When I was 21 I owned nine restaurants.

**PLAYBOY:** What has been the key to your success?

**DANIELLE:** My partner and I opened our first shop near a huge college dormitory, and we offered pizza by the slice. Most places in Chicago don't do that. It's more affordable for college students to pick up a few slices rather than spring for a whole pie.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there any other differences between your pizza places and others in the Windy City?

**DANIELLE:** Many Chicagoans will hate me for saying this, but I can't stand deep dish. All our pizzas are New York-style thin crust.

**PLAYBOY:** Why no love for deep dish?

**DANIELLE:** Deep dish is really heavy; after eating one you basically can't move. You can eat our pizza and still be able to do things, like have sex!

**PLAYBOY:** What's the best thing on the menu at Pizza-Ria?

**DANIELLE:** I like our Malibu pizza. It has grilled chicken with ranch dressing and fresh mozzarella.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your best feature?

**DANIELLE:** Two things that are big and real—my lips.



## Eyewitness You Had to Be There

A scene from Playboy's pre-Super Bowl party:

"This truly was an alternative universe. A leggy Playmate was perched in the crescent moon, now securely hung from the rafters, while others staged pillow fights down below. Body paint as evening wear? Why not? In the party's VIP area, Alyssa Milano settled on a couch, canoodling with *Entourage*'s Jeremy Piven while trying to be tactful with David Spade, who was being as annoying as he was on *Just Shoot Me!*"

—from Allen St. John's *The Billion Dollar Game*, a new book about the Super Bowl and its associated madness

## you really shouldn't have Don't Give the Wrong Thing

VALENTINE'S DAY GIFTS DECODED

### Gift: Flowers

**You think you're saying:** These are beautiful, and so are you.

**She says:** "I always look forward to getting flowers on Valentine's Day."

**That means:** Wow, a dozen roses once a year—don't strain yourself.

**Tragic ending:** You buy her flowers a week later just to prove you can. She no longer expects flowers once a year; now it's once a week.

### Gift: Chocolates

**You think you're saying:** These are sweet, and so are you.

**She says:** "Oh my goodness, that sure is a lot of chocolates."

**That means:** Don't you know I'm on a diet? You're a clueless ass.

**Tragic ending:** She eats a single chocolate, merely to be polite, and you finish off the box yourself.

### Gift: Lingerie

**You think you're saying:** You're a sex goddess, and I constantly fantasize about you.

**She says:** "Whoa, these are pretty sexy."

**That means:** Whoa, these are pretty slutty.

**Tragic ending:** You bought her the wrong size; body issues ensue.

### Gift: Puppy

**You think you're saying:** I'm willing to consider being in this long-term.

**She says:** "What a totally cute puppy!"



Oh my God! I love it! I absolutely love it!"

**That means:** This puppy is adequately cute—and yes, I'll marry you. Shall I give you my ring size now?

**Tragic ending:** You get laid that night, and you spend the next 12 years scooping up a lot of dog feces.

### Gift: Joke card informing her you have herpes

**You think you're saying:** Happy VD! Get it? A little VD on VD?

**She says:** After stunned silence and maybe a few tears, "That's really not funny."

**That means:** Congratulations—you're not my boyfriend anymore!

**Tragic ending:** You liked this one. Oops.

## Movie of the Month

# The International

By Stephen Rebello

In director Tom Tykwer's pulse pounder *The International*, Clive Owen, as an Interpol agent, and Naomi Watts, as a Manhattan assistant DA, traverse the globe to bring the world's biggest bank—whose tentacles are wrapped around conspiracy, murder, government destabilization and more—to justice. "This movie reminds me of the paranoid political thrillers of the 1970s, a time when many people mistrusted the government," says Owen. "Today we're in the middle of a frighteningly fragile economic period that is the result of relying on the banking community to police itself. *The International* is a fictional film, but it's relevant because it keeps pace with that deepening sense of conspiracy and public fear." Owen asserts that his newest movie provides visceral thrills alongside its topicality. "Everyone will talk about an



exquisitely directed shoot-out sequence in the Guggenheim Museum that is full of explosive action," he says. "Tom, a brilliant director, can make a scene like this feel completely real yet dazzlingly cinematic."

**Now Showing:** Jennifer Aniston learns why in *He's Just Not That Into You*; Steve Martin returns in *The Pink Panther 2*; Chris Evans fights psychic espionage in *Push*. Read more at [playboy.com](http://playboy.com).

## MOVIE FACTOID:

The reinvention of *Friday the 13th* features Jason Voorhees as the killer (it's his mom in the 1980 slasher classic). The 2009 version reportedly incorporates elements from the first four *Friday* movies, including the trademark hockey mask Jason started wearing in 1982's *Friday the 13th Part 3*.

## DVDs of the Month



**Vicky Cristina Barcelona** In Woody Allen's sexiest movie, two friends (Scarlett Johansson, Rebecca Hall) fall for a Spanish painter (Javier Bardem) and get tangled up in a ménage à quatre with him and his ex-wife (Penélope Cruz). **Best extra:** None from Woody. (BD) ★★★ —Robert B. DeSalvo



**Bottle Shock** Alan Rickman plays a snobby oenophile who organizes the real-life 1976 Franco-Californian taste-off that turned the wine world on its collective cork when the Yanks beat the French. **Best extra:** Featurette on Napa winner Chateau Montelena. ★★★ —Greg Fagan



## TEASE FRAME

Back in 2000 sultry British actress Rhona Mitra is still a little wet behind the ears in *Hollow Man* (pictured) just before she falls victim to Kevin Bacon's violent invisible touch. After empowering herself with strong roles on FX's *Nip/Tuck* and in the postapocalyptic *Doomsday*, Mitra is ready to vamp it up in the prequel *Underworld: Rise of the Lycans*.



## The Cent of Fear Jo Takes On 50

We sent 2008 Cyber Girl of the Year (and game expert) Jo Garcia to find out about 50 Cent's new offering, *Blood on the Sand* (360, PS3), from the man himself.

**Garcia:** How is this different from your first game, *Bulletproof*?

**50 Cent:** I was much more involved with creating the ideas and concepts this time. When we started, I had just seen *Blood Diamond*, and I wanted *Blood on the Sand* to feel like that.

**Garcia:** Is the gameplay different too?

**50 Cent:** This one has vehicles in it, and I wanted that part to play like *OutRun*.

**Garcia:** Any other influences?

**50 Cent:** It's a collage. I wanted to make a game I would want to play.

**Garcia:** Would you rather have Pacino or De Niro on your side in a battle?

**50 Cent:** De Niro. Al has a bit of a back problem. You can't have that distracting you.

Watch the video at [playboy.com/games](http://playboy.com/games).

### Also in Gaming...

**THE RISE OF THE ARGONAUTS** (360, PC, PS3) This blood-drenched retelling of Jason's journeys gives you an immense world and powerful allies (Hercules, Achilles and others). Sure, there are a few drawn-out, repetitive quests, but on the whole it's an amusing, lusty, classically tinged diversion. ★★★ —Scott Steinberg

**PRINNY: CAN I REALLY BE THE HERO?** (PSP) Prinny's are weird peg-legged penguins that contain karmically rejected human souls and die easily. Luckily you have a thousand of them ready to sacrifice themselves to get you through this strangely endearing, extremely Japanese action platforming game. ★★★½ —Chris Hudak

### A Real Fun Guy

**Mushroom Men** (Wii) places you in the middle of a war between anthropomorphic shrooms. Your sticky pseudopod catapults you around the levels as you enjoy the blend of whimsy and violence. Finally, a Wii game that's actually worth playing. ★★★½ —Scott Alexander



## Franz Ferdinand The Archduke's Return

It's tough being **Franz Ferdinand**. You invented a hybrid style of danceable rock so wildly popular it inspired a million new bands to take up your sound and push it into ever more electrofied forward-thinking places, leaving you to wonder whether, like a fish that could walk, you had been passed over by evolution and left ripe for extinction. The solution? On album three, *Tonight: Franz Ferdinand*, Alex Kapranos and company take another tilt at the indie dance floor. "Ulysses" kicks it off with bursts of bright Abba-like disco synth punctuating the band's signature stomp. "Live Alone" is straight-up Giorgio Moroder. Some songs are practically clips—Franz seems to drop a new one as fast as a DJ would switch tracks in a mix. By the time you reach the second four minutes of the lone epic, "Lucid Dreams," and the buzzing acid-house blips and bleeps come in, you realize Franz is telling all those bands on Kit-suné Maison compilations, "Hey, you kids, we're still down." Yes, they were there at the beginning; yes, they've learned lots about electronics in the meantime. The question, though, is whether this is just Grandpa tooling around with the kids' toys while they're out at the clubs where the real action is. Well, sort of. The BPMs have come down a little, for instance, and the house-influenced hi-hats are gone. But it still sounds damn good. And Grandpa's LP bears repeated listening better than those by many flavor-of-the-month bands. —Tim Mohr



Read more music news at [playboy.com](http://playboy.com).

## Rock-and-Roll Hoochie Koo Some Bands Have All the Luck

Hard rockers Hinder recently took sexy album art to the next level with the "X-rated" edition of their CD *Take It to the Limit*. Six nude Playboy models lurk in the background of the cover photo, and the interior art shows band members partying with the girls, who are in states of



There's one picture of my pink bra flying through the air. Something about musicians makes girls want to shed their clothes.

**Lana:** At one point I was talking to their manager, Chief, wearing nothing but a vest. No bottoms, boobs out, and I was asking if I could keep the vest on for the shot. As if that mattered! **Jo:** Through it all, the guys were complete gentlemen. Maybe they wouldn't want us to say that, but it's the truth.

of undress. What was it like on the set? We got the details from Brandie Moses, Lana Kinnear and Jo Garcia.

**Brandie:** I had never shot nude with guys before, so I was very nervous. **Lana:** Having the other five girls there made me more comfortable. **Jo:** I walked in with my guard up, prepared for a complete nightmare.

**Brandie:** The guys were extremely nice—a little shy, even. **Jo:** Once we got started we realized they were as scared as little schoolboys. We were holding the reins. **Brandie:** But they loosened up. I think the alcohol helped. **Lana:** Everything in the pictures is real. It was a big party in the middle of the day, with drinks flowing. **Brandie:**



### In the Club CGOY 2009: Who Will Win?

Since the dawn of time—or at least since 2002—there have been only seven Cyber Girls of the Year. The inaugural winner was Erika Michelle Barré, who reigned until Merritt Cabal (above), the pride of Harahan, Louisiana, was named CGOY 2003. Soon CGOY 2008 Jo Garcia will cede the limelight to one of the 12 Cyber Girls of the Month vying to be CGOY 2009. Meet the winner at [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com).

## Playboy TV's Show Us Your Wits Use Your Big Head

What's it like being a contestant on the trivia-and-strippers program *Show Us Your Wits*? Let us take you through it...

**Question: Who painted the Sistine Chapel ceiling?** Easy as pie! Although it is a bit distracting that the lingerie-clad questioner is Playmate Daphnee Duplaix. *Concentrate.*

**Question: What chronic neurological disorder is characterized by sudden attacks of sleeping?**

There's a girl named Jazmine sitting on your lap, wearing a tiny bikini. Note the tautness of her buttocks and the light dusting of glitter. You're having a sudden attack of wakefulness in your pants. *Concentrate.*

**Question: What variety of apple shares a name with Japan's highest mountain?**

Jazmine is no longer wearing a bikini. She is fully naked and looming over you. How about them apples. *Concentrate.*

**Question: What bourbon-based cocktail is the traditional beverage at the Kentucky Derby?**

Bottoms up. You notice a small tattoo—a word you can't quite make out—on Jazmine's coccyx. *Concentrate.*

**Question: What TV chef makes "30-Minute Meals"?**

Jazmine's coccyx tattoo is one inch from your eyes, but you still can't read it, not with her bobbing up and down like that. It sure as hell doesn't say RACHAEL RAY, so you won't be getting this question right, either. Time's up, Ken Jennings.

Catch *Show Us Your Wits* Saturday nights on Playboy TV.





## Game On

## Where to Party in Tampa

**SUPER BOWL XLIII** will last about four hours. What will you do the rest of the weekend? Start here.... Tampa's best steak house: **BERN'S**, one of the country's greatest. The strip sirloin weighs 3.75 pounds (bernssteakhouse.com). Strip club: **MONS VENUS**. Touching is as encouraged as tipping (monsvenus.com). Dive bar: **THE HUB** (813-229-1553). Late-night food: **MEMA'S ALASKAN TACOS**—open till three A.M. (813-242-8226). Cocktail lounge: **BLUE MARTINI** (bluemartinilounge.com). Happy hour: **MACDINTON'S**, from five P.M. to seven P.M. (macdintons.com). Hangover breakfast: **LENNY'S RESTAURANT**, where the bacon is so good you can smell it from the stadium (727-799-0402).

PLAYBOY  
CITY GUIDES!

For 55 years this magazine has advised men all over the globe on how to live large after dark. This month we launch our City Guides, insiders' hot lists of where to go and what to do in America's top 10 most happening urban party meccas. Check it out and vote for your favorite spots at [playboy.com](http://playboy.com).



## Holy Smoke

Ybor City, a historic Tampa neighborhood, was settled by cigar makers 120 years ago. You can still walk down Seventh Avenue and see workers hand-assembling masterpieces at King Corona, Metropolitan and Gonzalez y Martinez. Our choice: El Sol ([elsolcigars.com](http://elsolcigars.com)), a smoky storefront opened in 1929 by Guy and Mary Saitta, both master rollers. Today it's run by their grandson Bob.

## SHAKEN AND STIRRED

## TAMPA'S HOTTEST BARTENDER(S)

We found Krystal Di Cristanziano behind the bar at Jackson's Bistro, on the water ([jacksonsbistro.com](http://jacksonsbistro.com)). Turns out her twin, Sharyl, also bartends there. So, Krystal, can people tell you and your sister apart?

**KRYSTEL:** People always get us mixed up because we're pretty much identical. Once they get to know us they can differentiate, because we're total opposites.

**PLAYBOY:** What's the worst pickup line you've heard on the job?

**KRYSTEL:** When a guy asks if he can buy me a drink. Duh! I can make my own!

**PLAYBOY:** Best pickup line?

**KRYSTEL:** No pickup line works on me. I'm tough!

**PLAYBOY:** What's your specialty?

**KRYSTEL:** Marasca fizz. Toss three cherries, a little grenadine, two brown-sugar cubes, a couple of dashes of bitters and a shot of black cherry liqueur in a champagne flute. Then fill the rest with champagne. My favorite is Dom Pérignon.

**PLAYBOY:** Of course it is. Favorite football team?

**KRYSTEL:** I'm a crazy Bucs fan! Go, Bucs!

"No pickup line works on me. I'm tough."

KRYSTEL  
DI CRISTANZIANO

SHARYL  
DI CRISTANZIANO



# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

## WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

47% OF MARIE CLAIRE READERS SAY THEY TELL A LIE ONE TO THREE TIMES EVERY DAY.



## \$58,880

Gap between the median salaries of a law-school graduate (\$106,120) and Joe Bachelor's Degree (\$47,240), according to figures from *The Wall Street Journal*. That's almost enough to buy a life-size replica of yourself built with Legos (see right) every year of your career. All you have to do is be really smart and possibly sell your soul.

## \$60,000

PRICE LISTED IN THE NEIMAN MARCUS CATALOG TO HAVE A LIFE-SIZE REPLICA OF YOURSELF BUILT WITH LEGOS.



## 2/3

Shake it all you want, girls—just try not to end up with your ass in a sling. From 1982 to 2007 two thirds of serious athletic injuries or deaths among young women in sports activities were suffered by cheerleaders.



22% OF MARRIED WOMEN SAID THAT IF THEY COULD GO BACK IN TIME THEY WOULD CHOOSE A DIFFERENT HUSBAND, WHILE ONLY 12% OF MARRIED MEN ADMITTED THEY HAD PICKED THE WRONG WIFE.



## THE PLAYBOY POLL

WHAT'S THE SEXIEST COSTUME A WOMAN CAN WEAR FOR VALENTINE'S DAY ROLE-PLAYING? WHAT WE'RE THINKING:

- \* SCHOOLGIRL: 31%
- \* LIBRARIAN: 17%
- \* NURSE: 13%
- \* MERMAID: 13%
- \* CHEERLEADER: 10%
- \* COWGIRL: 6%
- \* PRINCESS LEIA: 4%
- \* FAILED VICE-PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE: 4%
- \* FURRY: 2%

GO TO [PLAYBOY.COM/WWW](http://PLAYBOY.COM/WWW) TO ANSWER MARCH'S QUESTIONS, INCLUDING: FAVORITE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PLEASURE?

GUINNESS  
IRISH CAR BOMB  
GREEN BEER  
IRISH COFFEE  
FRECKLED LASS



## 5 to 10

ACCORDING TO EUROPEAN UNION SCIENTISTS, AN ESTIMATED 5% TO 10% OF PORTABLE-MUSIC LISTENERS RISK PERMANENT HEARING LOSS IN THE NEXT FIVE YEARS FROM PLAYING THEIR MUSIC TOO LOUD.

## \$61,830

Sum paid at auction for a self-portrait drawn by Kate Moss in red lipstick.

THE AVERAGE AGE OF A WOMAN GETTING BREAST IMPLANTS IS 34. 90% OF WOMEN WAIT UNTIL AFTER THEY'VE HAD KIDS.



GO COUGARS!

## BEST SELLER

47 BOOKS CURRENTLY IN PRINT CONTAIN THE NAME OF BUSINESSMAN WARREN BUFFETT ON THE COVER.



23% OF AMERICAN MARRIED COUPLES SLEEP IN SEPARATE BEDS.

## \$378 MILLION

Addicted to lip balm? You're not alone. Sales of the crack-in-a-tube have increased from \$239 million in 2004 to \$378 million in 2007.

OCTOBER 2008 WAS MIAMI'S FIRST MURDER-FREE MONTH IN 42 YEARS.



ONE SAMURAI ROAMS  
THE LAND WITH A  
MISSION OF REVENGE

HE WILL NEVER REST  
UNTIL HIS FATHER'S  
BLOOD IS VINDICATED.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON IS

# AFRO SAMURAI

KELLY  
HU

RON  
PEARLMAN

MUSIC BY  
THE RZA

XBOX 360. XBOX LIVE.



PLAYSTATION 3

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Blood and Gore  
Drug Reference  
Intense Violence  
Partial Nudity  
Sexual Themes

[www.bloodisbeautiful.com](http://www.bloodisbeautiful.com)

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PLAYBOY'S  
**SEXY**  
2009  
CALENDARS

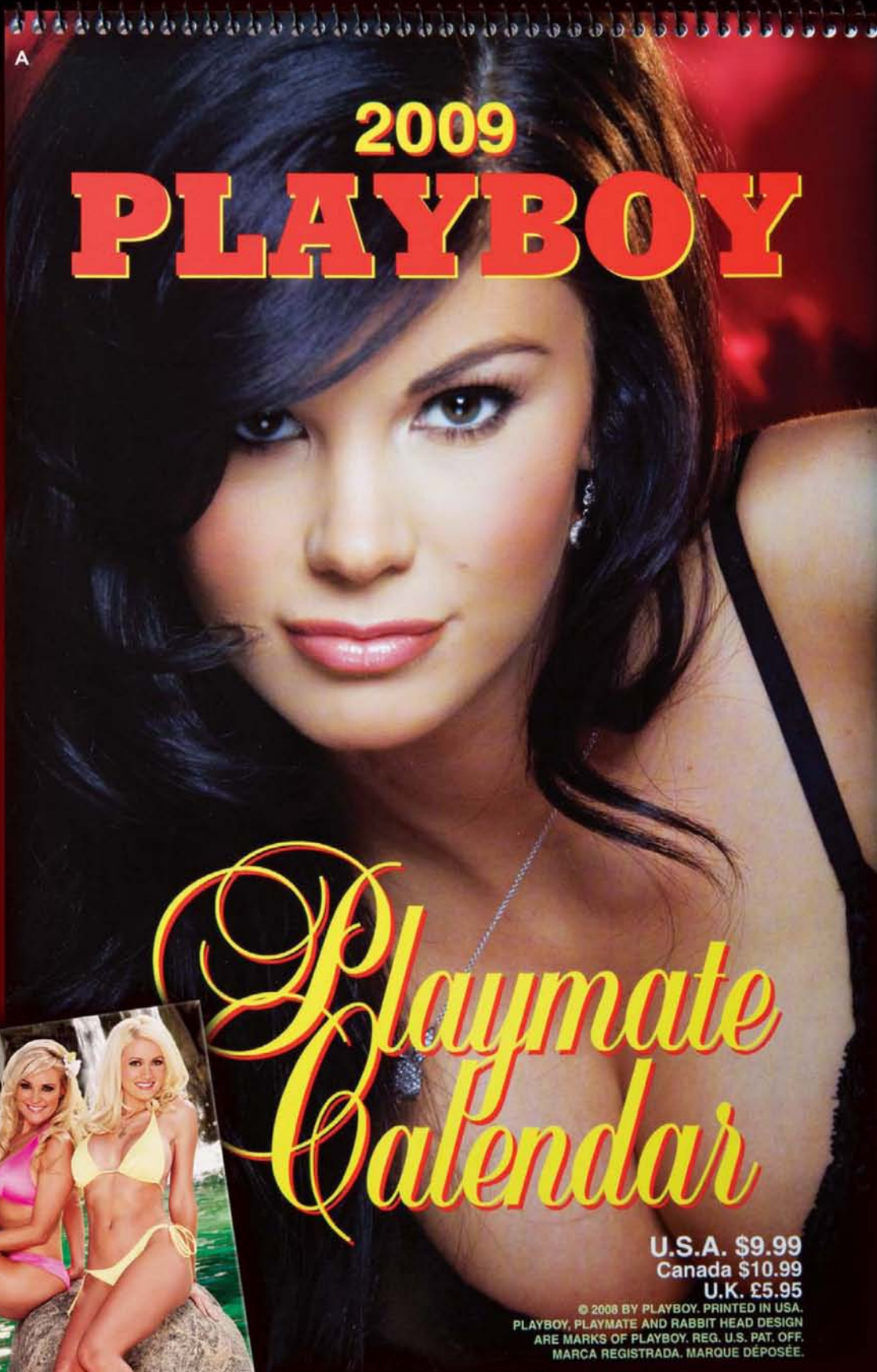
A. **BESTSELLER!** A gorgeous beauty any month you choose. January through December showcases the beauty and tempting assets of the hottest Playmates.

PB-6600000  
PLAYMATE WALL CALENDAR  
Measures 11" x 17". **\$9.99**

B. **NEW!** Treat yourself every month. Start each month in 2009 with a beautiful photo of your favorite personality from Playboy's *The Girls Next Door*. There are 12 hot shots in this wall calendar featuring fun scenes and provocative photos of Kendra Wilkinson, Holly Madison and Bridget Marquardt.

PB-6600002 **GIRLS NEXT DOOR**  
2009 Wall Calendar  
Measures 12" x 12". **\$14.99**

PB-6600003 **GIRLS NEXT DOOR**  
Jumbo 2009 Wall Calendar  
Measures 15" x 15". **\$16.99**



2009

**PLAYBOY**

*Playmate  
Calendar*

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## Getting Steamy

**Cold happens. We recommend the liberal application of hot cocktails to the affected area**

These purpose-built winter warmers should see you through to gin season. From left: **Evening Extender: Irish Coffee.** The steak was huge and the cheesecake unnecessary, but the night must go on. Here's how: In a mug, mix two ounces of Irish whiskey with a teaspoon of brown sugar, then fill to an inch below the rim with hot coffee. Float three tablespoons of half-whipped cream (do not use canned) on top. **A Cure for the Common Cold: Hot Toddy.** You're in no shape for a party, so find a blanket, a Billy Wilder movie and one of these. Mix two ounces of bourbon, scotch or brandy with a tablespoon of raw honey, the juice of half a lemon and six ounces of boiling water. Stir with a cinnamon stick. **Breakfast Special: Hot Bullshot.** Hungover in ski country? Not anymore. Mix four ounces of hot beef bouillon, two ounces of vodka, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, a pinch of celery salt, a dash of Tabasco, the juice of a quarter of a lime and pepper to taste. **Après-Ski: Hot Buttered Rum.** Speed, snow and adrenaline take it out of you. Fat, sugar and rum put it back in. Make a butter batter by creaming one stick of unsalted butter, two cups of brown sugar, a teaspoon of ground cinnamon, half a teaspoon of nutmeg, a pinch of ground cloves and a pinch of salt. Then toss two tablespoons of the batter into a mug, add two ounces of dark rum and stir in six ounces of boiling water (or cider).

## So Touching

Your iPhone is ringing, but it's 10 below. Do you sacrifice your hands or your friendship? Neither. You just use your Dots Gloves (\$20, [dotsgloves.com](http://dotsgloves.com)). The brass fingertips conduct the electric charge your skin carries, which in turn allows you to operate the touch screens on phones, ATMs and other gadgets.



## Off the Cuff

When a lady asks for the time, she's really asking for some of yours. Deck yourself out with a pair of Retro Deco Thermometer Watch cuff links (\$210, [cufflinks.com](http://cufflinks.com)) to make sure you don't fumble the opportunity. Made of rhodium-plated silver with Roaring Twenties styling, one contains a working watch, the other a thermometer (alas, in Celsius, not Fahrenheit). When she wonders why her nipples are erect, you'll be able to tell her it's 27 degrees in here—so it must be your cologne.





## Hello, Gorgeous

Women obsess about the perfect little black dress. We obsess about the perfect little black laptop. Don't look now, but we think the Voodoo Envy 133 (from \$1,900, voodooopc.com) may be the One. Impossibly svelte at .7 inches thick, it's made of carbon fiber, weighs just over three pounds and is filled with smart tech, such as a power brick that doubles as a Wi-Fi router. Plus, it has an instant-on OS that boots before Windows and gets you to music, the Web and Skype in a flash—which means it's ready to party anytime, just like our favorite little-black-dress girls.

## Babes on Boards

We love snowboards because they double as artistic canvases. They help you make a statement on the slopes even if you can't pull off a backside 540 stalefish. This season Burton's making the world a prettier place by covering its rides with our favorite kind of art. Its Love series (\$430, burton.com) features Cheryl Bachman (Miss October 1991), Carol Vitale (Miss July 1974), Teri Peterson (Miss July 1980, pictured near right) and Sandy Johnson (Miss June 1974, far right). Take your pick. Just don't let her distract you from that 40-foot lip coming up.



## Second Seating

Ryan Frank's Inkuku chair (\$3,100, ryanfrank.net) may look like a nouveau cream puff, but it's decidedly secondhand. The padding that swells from every surface is made of plastic shopping bags that toted eggs, milk and bananas into hundreds of homes before being pressed into service to cushion your behind. Add the recycled-aluminum frame and you have a chair that has been around the block even when it's fresh out of the box.



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# WHEN DON'T THINGS GO RIGHT WHAT NIKE LEARNED IN CHINA

BY PHIL KNIGHT



**T**he year was 1980. We were number three in branded U.S. athletic-shoe sales. Our best-selling shoe was the Waffle Trainer. Michael Jordan was a senior at Laney High School in Wilmington, North Carolina.

We believed the rules were set by those who already controlled the game, so we had to figure out a way to leapfrog the competition. We came up with an audacious idea: beat the competition to the People's Republic of China, for both a source and a market (the land of 2 billion feet, don't you know).

I had one request of my teammates: "Help me get Hayes on the plane."

Del Hayes was the man who had trained me at Price Waterhouse. Fresh out of school, with the dream of starting an athletic-shoe company, I had been looking around to find individuals I could learn from. Hayes was one of those people who did everything his own way but wound up being very effective.

Back then he tipped the scales at 275 pounds, spread over six feet, two inches, and he tended to slouch when he was thinking, which was often. It wasn't just the weight he battled. He had a few phobias: flying, water, heights—certain foods, although not enough of those.

He needed to smoke two packs of cigarettes a day. Once, during a particularly tense audit, he had one cigarette in his mouth, one in his fingers and one in the ashtray.

After hours he liked to sit around and tell stories, and frequently a bunch of us would wander over from the junior room to listen. This earned him the nickname Uncle Remus.

They were stories about other companies, other audits; you learned about their business, not just their ledger. These moments were always punctuated by the humorous side of events, and someplace in there was always a lesson.

If he had had time to think about it, going to China would have made the phobia list.

Walking on the tarmac to the worn-out immigration

building in Beijing, we were all a little uptight.

Our invitation to apply for visas had taken 10 months to obtain. America's recognition of China was only one year old, and the whole nation had been sealed off for more than a quarter century. For most of our adult lives none of us dreamed we would one day go there.

Customs clearance was in a run-down room with partitions, not walls. The six of us—Rob Strasser, Harry Carsh, Neil Lauridsen, David Chang, Del Hayes and I, all of whom loved the competition of business but were by no means "corporate types"—shuffled uneasily. The agent looking through Hayes's luggage expressed some surprise, which drew the rest of the group's attention. On the top layer of Hayes's suitcase: 12 quarts of vodka.

He turned to the rest of us and said, "You guys are on your own."

Once in the country we were assigned different "guides" in different cities, and each guesthouse also had a "note taker." They all wore gray Mao jackets and stern countenances.

During our 12-day trip the government hosts insisted we spend one day taking in the magnificent tourist sites. If we were nervous about being in China, it wasn't as though the Chinese were comfortable with us.

In Tiananmen Square, home of the giant Mao portrait, the Forbidden City and the Great Hall of the People, we saw hundreds of men and women in Mao suits and flimsy black shoes. Some children wore canvas sneakers. There was hope for the sport-shoe industry—sort of. Much of our sightseeing was done in reverse: Everyone was staring at us, then pointing, probably because our Western clothes contrasted so sharply with their Mao suits. Plus, Strasser and Hayes weighed in at 350 pounds each.

There was a sameness to every day. In addition to the factory tours there would be a banquet for lunch and dinner, hosted by a different factory or governmental organization in each city. Along with

*(text concluded on page 111)*

# ONE NIGHT ONLY

TWO TIPSY FEMALE STRANGERS AND THE RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



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A one-night stand is like the Super Bowl. It doesn't matter how hard you work to get to the big show or how gracefully you handle the pregame jitters. There will be only one winner. There will be a walk of fame and a walk of shame. One person will do interviews and boast of the victory, and the other will try to pretend it never happened.

I had my first one-night stand with a woman, which is odd when you consider I'm straight. I was a sophomore at New York University, after having grown up in suburban Michigan. I had always been bi-curious, but up until that night in 1996 my sexual résumé consisted of one boyfriend and two years of missionary. In the years since, I've made it a point to experience everything. I tried (fairly unsuccessfully) to become a stripper. I became an actress and appeared nude in a reverse cowgirl scene with Adrian Grenier on HBO's *Entourage*. It all started with a simple kiss with a woman who's out there somewhere today, doing God knows what. That's another thing about a one-night stand: It can change one person's life forever, and the other may never know.

It was midnight, and I was on my second cosmopolitan at Spy Bar, the hippest hot spot in SoHo. Social X-rays mingled with Eurotrash to a Diddy soundtrack back when he was still Puffy. She saw me first. I can't remember her name; let's just call her Svetlana. She was a Russian six-footer wearing lethal knee-high stiletto boots. I caught an accent when she said hello. There was the opening kick; the game was under way.

"Are you model?" she asked, leering at me from beneath a canopy of lashes. It was a corny come-on. But at that moment I was as gullible as the guy in the Scores champagne room who believes Destiny actually likes him and she's paying her way through law school.

"No, I'm an actress," I said. Trying to be an actress, at the time. "I work at T.G.I. Friday's in Times Square."

"Would you like dance?"

Dirty dancing ensued. Her hands traveled to my lower back and over my ass, which was tucked into the tightest jeans I owned. The inner dialogue began: How's my breath? Where do my hands go? Another drink, another dance. My heart started to pound when she asked

if I would go home with her. The sapphic gods were aligning, and the butterflies in my stomach were break-dancing. When we reached her Tribeca apartment, she planted her succulent pout on mine. I silently protested. I'm an Irish Catholic girl from the Midwest. I can't lez out!

An uncomfortable realization tugged at me. My bi-curiousness was fueled by nothing but narcissism. I didn't want to go down on a girl; I just wanted to be cool. As this woman began to disrobe me, I started scrambling for an exit strategy. Then something grabbed me, something that has never let go. I came to another realization: Chicks are hot.

We found our groove, and she slipped my pants over my hips. Svetlana was a masterful multitasker. I was certain she could pat her head



BY

SUZY  
MCCOPPIN

and rub her stomach at the same time (and mine, for that matter). I was sprawled out on a couch now, and she was kneeling between my legs, her blonde mane grazing my sunshine spot. And then she was devouring me like I was a cherry Blow Pop. What's the difference between me and a cherry Blow Pop? A Blow Pop doesn't have multiple orgasms. I was so high from the climax that I didn't balk. When a woman goes down on another woman, even for the first time, she has an intuition no man can. I was doing to her what I would do to myself if I could pop off

my head, clutch it between my legs and put it back when I was finished.

In the morning I awoke, confident I had found a loophole in the one-night-stand equation. We were two women; we were on the same team. Certainly we'd understand each other. On my way to the Lexington Avenue 6 line, I was confident I'd be calling her the next day. But I didn't. I wouldn't. I couldn't. By the time the fifth day passed, she'd called me a dozen times. She didn't know the post-one-night-stand rule: If you call someone once and they don't call back, it's possible they didn't get the message. But if you've called someone 12 times and they haven't called back, it is you, my friend, who has not gotten the message.

Of course the sex was amazing, but it was time to move on. I felt triumphant and liberated. I'd had my cake and eaten her, too. New adventures awaited.

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I have no problem kissing my boyfriend after he goes down on me, but he's repulsed if I try to kiss him after giving him head. He says it's gross and just wrong. What does the Advisor think?—K.L., Cleveland, Ohio

*We assume you're not surprising him with a mouthful of sugary love. Even so, a guy will be hard-pressed to have a woman finish her work with style if he projects cootie vibes about his own recipe. (The same can be said for a woman reluctant to kiss the glazed doughnut that used to be her partner's face.) Although we doubt you'll be able to change your boyfriend's attitude overnight, the best approach may be humor. Next time, pull breath spray from under the covers and take a hit before asking, "How about a kiss?" Or make a big production of wiping your mouth and face with a wet wipe. Or dig a supersize bottle of mouthwash from under the bed and gargle. With any luck, he'll lighten up.*

I love dirty martinis, but I run out of olive juice long before I run out of olives. Is there any place I can buy bottles of juice?—S.P., Satellite Beach, Florida

*You bet there is—visit [olivejuiceforsale.com](http://olivejuiceforsale.com) or phone 904-220-6147. Six years ago a friend introduced Jepp and Mary Walter to dirty martinis. The couple was instantly hooked but had the same problem you do—a shortage of juice, the salty water olives are soaked in to make them less bitter and soft enough to pit. Unable to find olive juice online, they set up their own shop. By 2005 they were getting so many orders, Mary quit her job to sell juice full-time. The Walters stock seven brands: four mixes that taste like olive juice and three (including their own label, Oliver's Twist) made with brine purchased from growers. For the record, the classic dirty martini is four ounces of gin or vodka, half an ounce of dry vermouth and a teaspoon of olive juice (or more, if you prefer it saltier). Jepp notes a proper dirty martini is garnished with at least two stuffed olives.*

What percentage of men are "growers" versus "showers"? I'm a grower—my flaccid penis looks like a pinkie but expands to a decent-size erection. I'm not about to ask guys at my health club to make themselves hard, so I thought I'd go to the Advisor.—A.S., Detroit, Michigan

*You've come to the right place. Scientists have never found any correlation between a man's flaccid and erect sizes at any age; some guys expand as little as a quarter inch, while others bloom like spring flowers. An analysis of data collected by Alfred Kinsey found that about seven percent of men are extreme growers, who double*

# PLAYBOY ADVISOR



**M**y wife always asks for lingerie as a gift. She even goes with me to pick it out. But she wears it only once, if at all, before she goes back to her flannel nightgown. How can I get her to come to bed in lingerie more often, since she seems to prefer the old stuff?—J.G., Stillwater, Oklahoma

*Like many women, your wife doesn't see lingerie as sleepwear; it's for special occasions. So create more special occasions. One strategy is flat-out bribery: Tell your wife that anytime she surprises you by coming to bed in lingerie (or nothing at all), she will receive a complimentary 15-minute oil massage. It can't be done through flannel.*

*in size, while 12 percent are extreme showers, who expand only a third of their total length or less. Regardless of where they begin, most men end up at five to seven inches erect. Archaeologist Timothy Taylor suggests females during the era after bipedalism and before loincloths may have interpreted flaccid size as a symbol of strength and fertility. But that was years ago.*

**A** reader wondered in October if beautiful women get asked out a lot or if men tend to be intimidated. You said hot women are hit on all the time, even if they may not realize it—which is true. But there is a downside. I'm an attractive blonde with a great figure, and I am approached everywhere I go. Whether in a grocery line or at a coffee shop, strang-

ers expect me to be receptive. I thank the men who compliment me and tell those who are persistent that I'm married, which I am. Most are gracious, but some become downright rude, using words like *bitch* or *whore*. I also get negative reactions from women who seem envious of the power they imagine I possess. Everyone thinks women who are fortunate enough to be attractive have it made, but beautiful single women can be some of the loneliest people you'll meet.—C.P., Kent, Washington

*We appreciate getting your perspective. As you may expect, most people won't be sympathetic to your misery of abundance. "When we meet beautiful people, we don't care about their hard-luck stories," writes Nancy Friday in *The Power of Beauty*. "We wish we'd had a chance to have that face, that body." Your response—to deny the power of your beauty—is a common defense mechanism when admiration turns to envy. Many of the men you encounter certainly wish they were attractive enough to command your attention as you did theirs. However, those who react with "whore" or "bitch" when they fail have deeper problems.*

I found a way to keep my husband from surfing for porn: From another room, I give him a personal sex show via webcam. However, I am concerned about the security of my nightly performances. Could someone else be enjoying the show? I wouldn't want to find out I'm broadcasting to the neighbors.—K.S., Charlotte, North Carolina

*That's an inspired idea; however, if your husband is like most men, he'll still surf when you're off-line. He's looking for variety, not a stand-in. As long as you enable encryption on your wireless network and use a webcam that supports WPA or WPA2-Personal encryption, it's unlikely you will be providing any supplementary orgasms. But if you send data over the Net via videoconferencing software, it could travel halfway across the country and back, leaving it more vulnerable. On the bright side, a leaking signal could lead to a lucrative new career.*

I hate to have my wrists and forearms covered (it took me a long time to feel comfortable wearing a watch), so I roll up the sleeves of my dress shirts and push up the sleeves of turtlenecks and sweaters. I've even been known to push up linen jacket sleeves. Aside from starring on *Miami Vice*, is there a way to pull this off?—G.S., Seattle, Washington

*We all love the liberating feeling of rolling up our sleeves, but it works only for students and at cockfights. You should never bare your forearms*

in the office or at a formal affair. On another fashion note, a reader in November asked about fixing damage a cheap hanger caused to his leather blazer. M.H. of Aurora, Illinois writes, "I looked all over for hangers that would not damage my jackets or knit shirts and finally found Precision Hangers ([precisionhangers.com](http://precisionhangers.com)), which have a unique design I hadn't seen before. I bought a couple, and they work."

I need your advice on something I consider risky and probably dumb. I have always found one of my wife's sisters attractive, and judging by the looks I get from her, she feels the same about me. I have fantasized for years about fucking her, but I wouldn't want to hurt my wife or piss off my sister-in-law's husband, whom I consider a friend. At the same time, you only live once. Should I go for it or avoid her?—G.B., Tampa, Florida

How about option C, which is to recognize this as a fantasy—one of many that pop into your hormone-addled mind on any given day—and leave it at that? You don't want to go there, for the reasons you state, and we won't provide you with a permission slip.

A reader wrote in November that his wife had changed her mind about not wanting children, and he feared she would stop taking the pill. I have two words for him: *secret vasectomy*. His wife could then try to collect all the DNA she wants.—Z.H., Richmond, California

Even if the reader's wife didn't notice his swollen balls, he would be taking the same deceitful approach he fears she may, and that can't be good for the marriage in the long term. Better to hash it out than to create competing lies.

I purchased a nine-millimeter pistol from a friend, and he gave me several rounds of year-old ammo. Do rounds have a shelf life?—K.W., Sevierville, Tennessee

Assuming the ammo isn't damaged and your friend stored it in a cool, dry place, it's good to go. Although ammo can last indefinitely under optimal conditions, manufacturers such as Remington recommend taking extra caution with bullets that are more than 10 years old. Many police departments and shooting ranges will dispose of old or damaged ammo. You can also purchase a bullet puller to disassemble the shells.

My boyfriend feels the need to scratch his butt, balls and armpits and then smell his fingers. This habit has progressed to his scratching himself and making me smell his fingers. Now he's scratching me and smelling his fingers. What is going on? Are all men like this, or should I be worried?—S.N., Clifton, New Jersey

Few men who still have girlfriends are like this. We suggest you find a partner who has gone through puberty.

What is it called when two women rub their pussies together? It turns me on, but I'm not sure what keyword to search for online.—J.B., Mesa, Arizona

It's called tribbing, from *tribadism*, a

centuries-old word that until the mid-1960s meant lesbianism in general but now refers specifically to *scissors sex*. The only other primates known to engage in this type of frottage are female bonobo monkeys. Small world.

A former co-worker sent me a request to add him as a friend on Facebook, but I don't want to be his friend online or off. I hit IGNORE, but he has since sent two new requests. To avoid adding fuel to the fire, I would prefer not to block him. What is the etiquette for this—three IGNORES, then a block? Or should I keep hitting IGNORE until he gives up?—R.L., Tampa, Florida

The passive-aggressive approach is to set him in amber; as long as you don't accept or ignore his friend request, he can't make another. The more agonizing dilemma is what to do when you're ambivalent. Facebook notes that if you reject a request, the person isn't notified but your silence is notification enough. "At the heart of the problem is the word 'friend,'" writes Jack Malvern of *The Times of London*. "When people set up Facebook accounts they search for their genuine friends. It is only days or weeks later that real friendship and Facebook friendship begin to diverge. Each successive request from odious former colleagues and erstwhile girlfriends stretches the definition of 'friend' to a breaking point." If you'd rather not share your personal jottings with a long-lost acquaintance, your account's privacy settings allow you to restrict access. You can also remove your name from search results.

What is your definition of *player*? I know some guys who had that reputation but were married by the age of 25. Today I don't know many guys who seem to qualify, and my friends say the same.—C.G., Barto, Pennsylvania

A player is a man or woman of any age who has sex with a number of partners without the intention of developing an emotional relationship. But players often end up being ambushed—they meet someone who, for reasons they can't explain, puts their heart and head in conflict. When trying to identify players, keep in mind that anyone who claims to be one isn't. Real players don't talk about their game. In fact, we've already said too much.

I am dating a woman who can arouse me so easily that whenever we're together my boxers get wet with precome. Will this frequent secretion affect my health?—K.C., Toronto, Ontario

Not at all. It's wonderful she has that effect. However, we suggest you never say "You make me so wet." That's her line.

I'd like to buy a motorcycle and am considering two models. One has a 250 cc engine with a single cylinder, and the other has a 250 cc engine with two 125 cc cylinders. Does one offer an advantage, or is it a matter of personal style?—O.K., New York, New York

Single-cylinder engines are called *thumpers* for a reason—the cylinder goes up and down and the bike jumps. Twin cylinders provide a

more subtle vibration—two tiny pistons move more quickly than a single larger one—and a faster-revving engine, which helps with delivery of power. Manufacturers have been churning out more double-cylinder bikes lately; BMW recently retired its 650 single for a 650 twin. "The advantage of a thumper is it's easier to work on and gives you better gas mileage," says our motorcycle writer, James Petersen. "But with modern motorcycles there are no bad choices."

My wife found my collection of adult DVDs. She isn't upset but thinks I should get rid of it before the kids find it. I agree but am not sure how. Are there sites that buy used porn? Some of these discs weren't cheap.—B.L., Lincoln, Nebraska

Like a new car, a porn DVD is worth a whole lot less once you drive it off the lot. You can recover some of your investment with free listings at [adultvdmarketplace.com](http://adultvdmarketplace.com) or [adultdvdempire.com](http://adultdvdempire.com). If a DVD sells, the sites take a 15 percent commission plus a listing fee of 50 or 75 cents. The buyer pays the postage, and you ship the product directly. Both services also sell secondhand (literally) discs; ADM lists more than 300,000, starting at \$2 each. Alternatively, you could donate your stash to the Muse Foundation, which is building an archive of adult DVDs, videos, books, magazines and other items at the Museum of Sex in New York. In return, you get the satisfaction of deducting porn on your tax return. See [museumofsex.com/support/donations](http://museumofsex.com/support/donations). The curator will want to see an inventory before you mail anything.

What is the Advisor's favorite chili recipe?—D.W., Minneapolis, Minnesota

We're always up for some white chili, which is easy to prepare and has gotten us laid three times (so far)—though you should never discount our general charm and the persuasive power of a strong margarita. Slice four chicken breasts into strips and sauté with one bunch of sliced green onions and a diced red pepper in a small amount of oil until the chicken is thoroughly cooked. Add a large jar of great northern beans, a can of sliced black olives, one half to one and a half cups of salsa (to taste) and a sliced brick of jalapeño-pepper cheese. Heat thoroughly. Serves four.

When my wife slipped off her panties and flashed me in a bookstore I almost ejaculated. Can you tell me why this is so arousing?—J.W., Yucaipa, California

Yes—your wife is a total slut. God bless her. Now get her between the covers at home.

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## PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

# HUGH LAURIE

*A candid conversation with the actor behind TV's grouchiest character about Brits versus Yanks, his conflicted view of success and why we love a misanthrope*

Not often does someone become a star by playing an unlikable curmudgeon week after miserable week. But that's what happened to Hugh Laurie with *House*, the phenomenally popular medical drama on which he has turned the limping, pill-popping misanthrope Dr. Gregory House into one of the most memorable and oddly appealing characters on TV.

With shades of Sherlock Holmes by way of Hawkeye Pierce on a crabby day, House isn't out to heal the world or make patients happy. He doesn't have a soft spot for kids and old ladies, and he would rather watch monster-truck jams than read a stupid CT scan. No matter how antisocial he is, no matter how bitter (his favorite diagnosis is "The patient is lying"), House inevitably saves the day—even when it kills him to.

But those are mere character tics. What really separates House is Laurie's star quality. Unlike almost every other hit drama series now—*Lost*, *E.R.*, *Grey's Anatomy*, *Desperate Housewives*, *Heroes*, the *CSI* trilogy—this one isn't about the ensemble cast. House is about House the way *Kojak* was about *Kojak* and *All in the Family* was about Archie. Okay, yes, there's Kiefer Sutherland on *24*, but nobody holds together a top drama quite the way Laurie does.

Watching him rattle off American medical speak week after week, it's easy to forget Laurie is British. Born in Oxford, England in 1959,

he is the youngest of four children. His mother died following a lengthy illness shortly before Laurie turned 30, and his father, a physician who won an Olympic gold medal for rowing, died just before Laurie landed *House*.

A national youth rowing champion himself, Laurie contemplated an athletic career but let those dreams go after being sidelined by a nasty case of mononucleosis while at Cambridge University. He took up acting instead and was soon part of a talented circle that included Emma Thompson, whom he briefly dated, and Stephen Fry, who became his comedy partner. No highlight reel of U.K. comedy from the 1980s or 1990s would be complete without a clip of Fry and Laurie in *twit* or *fop* mode on sketch programs like *Blackadder* or their own *A Bit of Fry and Laurie*.

Those antics made Laurie a household name among BBC viewers, but he never quite broke through in the States. There were one-off guest roles on *Friends* and *Family Guy*, and he played the dad in *Stuart Little*. But the audition tape he recorded in a hotel bathroom in Namibia, where he was filming *Flight of the Phoenix*, was what got Laurie the role of his career. Since 2004 House has earned him a pair of Golden Globes, three Emmy nominations and the distinction of being one of the most-watched scripted TV programs, even though the actor has never quite let go of England. His wife of

20 years, Jo Green, and their three children still live in north London. It's anyone's guess how the California house Laurie bought last summer will change things.

PLAYBOY dispatched Contributing Editor David Hochman to meet with Laurie over the course of several weeks as *House's* fifth season got under way. They met at various hotels and on the show's set at 20th Century Fox Studios in Los Angeles. Hochman's report: "For all House's crankiness and sarcasm, you would expect him to be played by an actor with at least a trace of mean-spiritedness. But Laurie is as gentle and self-effacing as House is a grouch. Each time the issue of his success came up, he looked as if he wanted to hide under a pillow. It embarrasses him to celebrate his achievements, even though he has done so much. It's almost as though he's afraid if he believes in his success, he'll lose the jones for all the long hours House demands. Every actor should take a cue from the way Laurie handles his fame."

**PLAYBOY:** You recently bought a house—a big one—in Los Angeles after years of commuting back and forth to London. Has Hugh Laurie gone Hollywood at last?

**LAURIE:** I've put down, not quite roots but more like a flowerpot. My family still lives in London, but I finally had to accept that *House* has some sort of permanence. I was



"I think being moody is part of my nature. Though looking back, I think I am much less moody and depressed now than when I was 25. Gradually I've mellowed. I was probably depressed all the time back then."



"I'm still an Englishman to my core. And being British, I'm quite dubious anytime I hear any of my countrymen playing American. I think that's why *House* doesn't do so well in England. The British are wise to me."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"Insurance in many ways is the elephant in the room on *House*. It's something we rarely address, but the question remains: Who's paying for all this treatment? Do all these people really have the insurance to cover these procedures?"

so convinced in the first few years that it was never going to last—because nothing does. Simply statistically, the odds are very much against it in television. But here we are.

**PLAYBOY:** In fact, you're coming up on the 100th episode. That makes Dr. House one of the crankiest success stories on TV since Archie Bunker, right?

**LAURIE:** Oh dear God. Don't say that. Success on a cosmic level like that completely eludes me. I'm deeply suspicious of things being too good. It's part of my superstition, I think, to generate pain in order to give the illusion of gain. That's my MO. I'm not saying I reject success, but honestly, I don't quite know how to deal with it. It's an old feeling: As soon as you have the thing you've been going after all your life, that reasonable degree of security, you start kicking against it, doubting it. That's why I get uneasy whenever journalists assemble lists. The best! The crankiest! I don't feel worthy of any list. Lists are for bright and shiny people. Lists are for people on big and shiny shows like *Lost*, *Desperate Housewives*, *Heroes*. I'm more stubbly and grumpy than bright and shiny.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds a little like House talking. How much of you is in him, and vice versa?

**LAURIE:** I guess we have certain similarities. We both look at the world with one eyebrow arched. We're both quite serious but also have a childishness. He and I are eternal adolescents but with this morbid gravity. The other thing is, we both have issues with joy, inasmuch as we think it's beyond us. I often picture that scene in the Woody Allen movie when he's on the train and looks into another car that's full of people laughing. They're drinking champagne; somebody has a trombone. And Woody is very much on the outside of that, looking in. I'd say that sums up my view of the world, as well as House's.

**PLAYBOY:** Hasn't the show's continued success improved your mood?

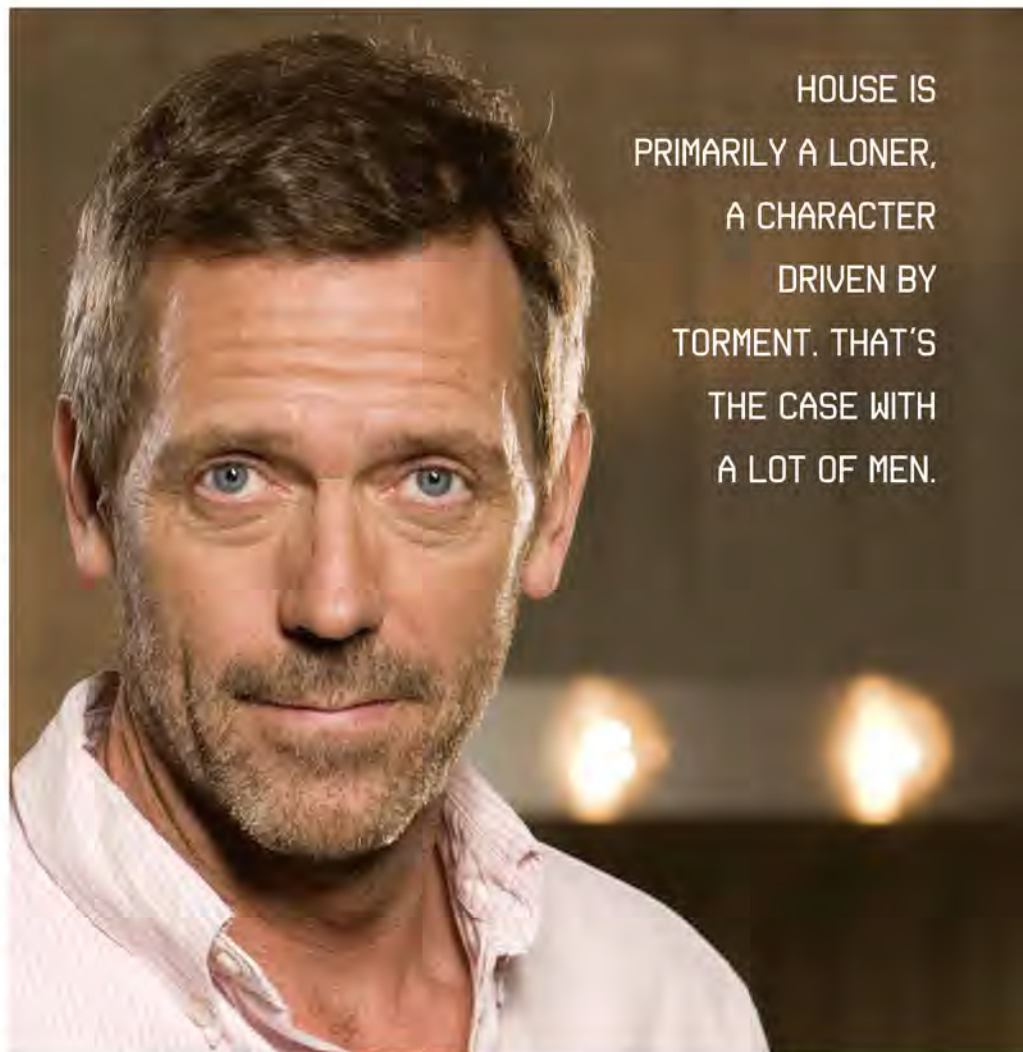
**LAURIE:** Not really. I think being moody is part of my nature, though looking back, I am much less moody and depressed now than when I was 25. Gradually I've mellowed. I was probably depressed all the time back then. Now it's more occasional.

**PLAYBOY:** What changed?

**LAURIE:** It's tiresome to be so wound up in yourself and dark, and it's hard on others. My moodiness probably has a greater effect on other people—the people I live and work with—than it does on me. Nobody likes being around someone who's bemoaning his fate all the time, and I didn't want to be that person. I also understand now what gets me out of my head when I get depressed: physical exercise, doing a chore. I'll hang a picture, let's say. Or perhaps I'll take a toothbrush and clean the spokes on my motorcycle.

**PLAYBOY:** What about antidepressants?

**LAURIE:** They have been an answer, yes. They're something I've tried that has helped. They're probably good for my work because they help with confidence,



HOUSE IS  
PRIMARILY A LONER,  
A CHARACTER  
DRIVEN BY  
TORMENT. THAT'S  
THE CASE WITH  
A LOT OF MEN.

and confidence is the prerequisite of all successful endeavors. But then again, as I said, I get suspicious if things start to feel too easy or comfortable, so that's not a perfect solution either.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you worry that being under the spell of medication will overthrow your powers as an actor, particularly when you're playing a curmudgeon like House?

**LAURIE:** It's a tricky question, isn't it? Pharmaceuticals do raise the question of who we are as human beings. What are moods and feelings if we can change or even do away with them? Does that reduce the essence of who we are? Then again, I tend to overthink these things. I overthink everything, I think. But if your eyesight fails, it's okay to wear glasses or contact lenses, is it not? If you feel cold, you put on a sweater. Is that changing the nature of who you are? No.

I worry sometimes that I've said too much on this subject. It gives the idea that I'm some sort of near basket case who has to be coaxed out of his cave on weekends. I'm okay. Really, I am.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of pharmaceuticals, House sure does love his Vicodin. He doesn't have any close friends or family. He has that famous limp, and he's nasty to just about everyone. Remind us again: What's his appeal?

**LAURIE:** It's a combination of things.

His being a skilled healer is an attractive quality. We'd all like to feel there is somebody out there who can save us when we're up against it, when our life or our loved ones are in peril. God knows it would be nice if someone out there right now had the answer, and House almost always has the answer.

Also he's free from the social gravity that holds us all down and prevents us from saying what we think and doing what we want. That gravity keeps us down. But because he doesn't seem to obey those laws, because he doesn't care if people like him or approve of him, he's a character who flies. Dreams of flight or weightlessness are very common to us. We all dream of being able to rise and sort of float above the world, and I think that's what House is doing socially.

**PLAYBOY:** He's also funny.

**LAURIE:** Right. There's that, too. I find him a very funny character, but it's not just that he's funny. There was a line, a moment of absolute encapsulation for me, from a scene in which House has to interrupt an operation. His colleague Wilson is in the operating theater, and House has to take a patient in to introduce him to Wilson. The first line, to one of the other surgeons, is "Mind if we play through?"

**PLAYBOY:** That's funny.

**LAURIE:** I remember thinking at the time that the line was somehow superfluous to the scene, which was actually about Wilson's appraisal of the patient. All it called for was a line to the effect of "Hey, Wilson, meet this guy." But [head writer and show creator] David Shore found exactly the right phrase to characterize House in that moment. Yes, House is dark and tortured and lonely and gruff and all those things, but there's something terrifically connected and exuberant about him. He takes pleasure in language, pleasure in a good joke. He is a believer, as I am, in the power of humor. In a world of death and misery where people are dropping all around him, where fate is often cruel rather than kind, humor is his only meaningful response to existence.

**PLAYBOY:** Not to make this a "list" question, but what are some of your all-time favorite *House* episodes?

**LAURIE:** There are good things in lots of them, but as a complete episode, I think "Three Stories" is the best—very ambitious and by and large very successful as these things go. It's the one in which House gives three lectures, and each one tells a different story about human suffering—in particular, leg pain, which is his malady. It's the story of what happened to House's leg, and it's told with great compassion and ingenuity. The show's brilliant writers found a way to tie all three stories together, involve the entire cast and create a fantasy sequence featuring Carmen Electra playing golf. You can't ask for more than that in a single episode.

The other one that comes to mind is also one of the very first we did, called "Autopsy," written by Larry Kaplow. Absolutely exquisite. It's about a little girl suffering from a brain tumor, and everybody in the hospital constantly sings her praises as a brave little angel. But House commits this absolute blasphemy of doubting her bravery. You're not allowed to do that, especially on TV and especially with children. People who suffer from cancer are sanctified. But House being House, he makes the shocking but nonetheless inarguable point that not everybody can be as brave as everybody else. If everyone's a hero, the word has no meaning. I love House for being able to say things like that. It's quite liberating to go against the grain, even as an actor reciting lines. House then goes further and actually starts to doubt the bravery is hers but is rather a symptom, a tumor, perhaps, that's affecting her personality. But the most brilliant element of it is that he's wrong!

**PLAYBOY:** But House is never wrong.

**LAURIE:** Precisely. But he is wrong. And it forces him to admit there are eternal qualities and inarguable virtues like bravery. It's moments like those—or like the ones this season when House reveals just

how vulnerable and alone he is, to the point where he sends a private investigator to keep an eye on Wilson, his only real friend—that bring this character alive. Honestly, though, I've seen only about 10 of the 100 episodes we've made, so I'm probably not the best judge.

**PLAYBOY:** You don't watch the show?

**LAURIE:** I would if I weren't on it. The attitude and the wit are very much in keeping with my sensibilities, but it's simply too hard to watch myself acting.

**PLAYBOY:** Does your American accent bother you?

**LAURIE:** Well, that's certainly difficult to get my head around. I'm still an Englishman to my core. And being British, I'm quite dubious anytime I hear any of my countrymen playing American. I think that's why *House* doesn't do so well in England. The show has done stupendously well in other European countries. It may even be the number one program in Spain and Germany. But the British are wise to me. Any sort of linguistic affectation drives the English absolutely mad. I mean, we are a nation of Professor Higginses, and we're all out to detect falsehood and artifice in the way English speakers speak.

**PLAYBOY:** Are there certain words that especially trip you up?

**LAURIE:** Well, the *r* words are the biggest problem. *Coronary artery*—that's a bad day when that comes up. *Court order*—also bad. *New York*, oddly, is a nightmare. The most difficult is any speech in which I have to repeat a word. It's impossible to maintain the same inflection. So if you watch the show and I'm going on about cancer, listen to the way the word *cancer* changes each time I say it. You'll understand why I can't watch the show.

**PLAYBOY:** Several shows this season have non-Americans playing Yank parts: Aussie Simon Baker and Englishman Rufus Sewell, to name two. On the big screen Russell Crowe, Tilda Swinton and Cate Blanchett frequently speak American English. Are there not enough American actors to fill those roles?

**LAURIE:** I think it's because people know too much about actors in their home territory. One of the reasons I got the role of House is, coming from England, I was largely unknown to Americans. There were no preconceived notions or expectations about how I was supposed to look or sound. I was new, and that was attractive. It's also a sign of the End of Days, I believe. Once you start having foreigners do your TV shows, it's pretty much over. The Romans found that to be the case. They had a lot of Australians coming into the Colosseum right before the whole thing started to implode.

**PLAYBOY:** Very funny. When did you realize *House* would be a hit?

**LAURIE:** Well, it was very gradual. In the first year we went unnoticed. I mean, nobody watched. It wasn't until we followed

Even a grouch falls in love

## Playing Doctor With House



### DR. ALLISON CAMERON

Cameron kisses her boss, and he kisses back. Things cool when House tells her she always falls in love with charity cases, like himself. When her new beau, Chase, asks if she and House have had sex, she doesn't say yes—or no.



### DR. LISA CUDDY

She's House's dream woman (really—he dreams she gives him a striptease). His awkwardness ruins their real tender moments. But what's the deal between Cuddy and Dr. Wilson? There's more three-way intrigue than any of them can handle.



### STACY WARNER

While her husband recovers from porphyria, House's former live-in girlfriend works in the hospital. House wins her back but dumps her. Wilson credits this not to goodwill toward her husband but to House loathing his own happiness.



### PROSTITUTES

When House grumbles things like "Tell that to all the hookers who won't kiss me on the mouth," he's only half joking. And though we haven't seen many House-call girls, his love for escorts is as much a secret as Eliot Spitzer's.



### DR. JAMES WILSON

Maybe House is ornery because he doesn't know he's gay for Wilson, who says, "Why not date you? We've known each other for years, we've put up with all kinds of crap from each other, and we keep coming back. We're a couple!"

—Rocky Rakovic

*American Idol* in season two that it started to pick up.

**PLAYBOY:** Did people start saying, "Hey, did I go to high school with you?"

**LAURIE:** By the second season, people began staring at me, definitely. Or squinting in vague recognition. You suddenly realize the cell phone and the digital camera have changed the nature of what it means to be in public. It's not paparazzi you have worry about anymore as a celebrity. It's everyone.

Then we had some very big episodes, like our Super Bowl episode last year, when 30 million people were watching, and that's when things got really strange. People want to know everything about you. They believe your life has changed. But the truth is, success changes nothing. I think it was General MacArthur who said no piece of news is either as good or as bad as it first appears. That's a wise way to regard fame as well. It's neither as good nor as bad as you expect it to be. Thirty million people watch you on television, but the next day things aren't a different color. They don't taste different. If your back hurt yesterday, your back will hurt today. It may hurt even more.

**PLAYBOY:** How much have you learned from the show? Do you know the treatment for osteochondritis?

**LAURIE:** Absolutely not.

**PLAYBOY:** The cure for fibromyalgia?

**LAURIE:** I'm not even certain I know what that is.

**PLAYBOY:** You are a very good actor, indeed.

**LAURIE:** I might have known those answers a week or two months ago. Or in 2002. But I retain absolutely nothing in the way of medical information. It's frightening, really. The demands on my short-term memory are so great for this show. It's an astonishingly good exercise in keeping my brain fresh and active, but it all goes out of my head 20 minutes after the scene is done.

**PLAYBOY:** With all those weird diseases on the show, have you become a hypochondriac?

**LAURIE:** It gives you pause to realize just how close we all are to so many nasty, ravaging ailments. But, touch wood, I've been extremely lucky in that department. We don't deal with too many run-of-the-mill problems on our show, so it often feels like fantasy more than stark reality. We are a drama, after all. Also, if you look at what we do medically, it doesn't really add up. We make a million mistakes. We fix illnesses in 42 minutes that would take eight months to cure in reality, and doctors could never carry out as many procedures as ours do. There would be an MRI technician, a radiologist to interpret the MRI and another doctor to present those findings to the patient. But we can't have a cast of 85 people. It's more satisfying to have these characters do everything rather than show patients waiting around in an office for results. That would be slightly less exciting to watch.

**PLAYBOY:** About as exciting as watching people try to meet their insurance deductibles.

**LAURIE:** That's something I do think about, by the way. Coming from England, where we have a very different health care system, I do think about America's in the context of this show. Insurance in many ways is the elephant in the room on *House*. It's something we rarely address, but the question remains: Who's paying for all this treatment? Do all these people really have the insurance to cover these procedures?

**PLAYBOY:** Right. Because it can't be expensive to see Dr. House.

**LAURIE:** Not at all. I mean, just look at our set—corridors that would be a ward in Britain, the sort of sumptuous and endless well of resources people who come into the hospital seem to have on the show. But of course, they wouldn't really have that. Only on TV do they have that. We have MRI machines coming out of our ears and every luxury to try experimental treatments and every test in the world. The reality is, for millions of Amer-

icans, the situation is quite different. It's not our role to change a system like that, obviously, but I do think about it.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you had any lasting effects from limping for five seasons?

**LAURIE:** Yes, I get some shoulder pain or, as I like to call it, the makings of a massive civil suit against Fox. Then again, the rewards of doing my job make up for any physical distress the show may be causing.

**PLAYBOY:** Since you bring it up, is it ironic that you are paid far more than most real doctors are?

**LAURIE:** It's a peculiar aspect of what I do, yes. I often think about my father, who was a physician, and how strange it is that I am better rewarded for faking this job than he ever was for doing the real thing. Go figure. It doesn't seem right. He certainly treated more patients in an average week than I do.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever go on rounds with him?

**LAURIE:** I went on house calls with him. Usually I would sit in the car while he was inside lancing a boil or whatever. I mostly remember being at home answering the phone for him. This was in the days before answering machines. Being my father's son, I sounded like him, and before I could say, "This isn't the doctor," they would jump in and say, "Doctor, thank God! It's all exploded. I can't stop it." And with no obvious juncture for me to step out of the way, I would, you know....

**PLAYBOY:** Make a diagnosis?

**LAURIE:** Let's just say I'd reassure them. You're an adolescent. You're craving stimulation. "Well, it sounds like you're doing the right thing there," I'd say. Or "Oh yes, it will probably be all right. Call back if the swelling worsens." As far as I remember, I never lost any patients.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you a rebellious teenager or just bored?

**LAURIE:** I think I suffered from the arrogance of youth. When I was 15, I and a group of school friends took a sort of pledge that we wouldn't live beyond 40. We decided we'd kill ourselves. In fact, there were some hard-core members of the group—I wasn't one of them—who wanted to make it 30. "I hope I die before I get old" sort of thing. Talk about arrogance. The arrogance of youth, it trumps all. We felt we knew absolutely everything there was to be known and

# HOUSE-O-MATIC

WANT TO WIN AN EMMY?  
TRY THIS HANDY PLOT GENERATOR



**0:00**  
Opening scene, cue the innocuous:

- Children's birthday party.
- Lovers' stroll in the park.
- Woman taking a shower.

**2:13**  
Suddenly, the character (who looks semi-familiar from playing bit parts in movies):

- Has an uncontrollable seizure.
- Hallucinates a giant panda.
- Bleeds from his/her eyes.

**6:56**  
Dean of medicine Dr. Cuddy approaches House, who tells her that she:

- Has "great stems."
- Is showing too much cleavage.
- Has toothpaste on her blouse.
- Cuddy doubles House's clinic duties.

**13:22**  
House demands to know if the patient:

- Has taken cheap Mexican drugs.
- Hiked the Appalachian Trail.
- Had sex with Siamese twins.
- Regardless of the answer, House says the patient is lying and pops a Vicodin.

**18:17**  
House's team of resident doctors (yep, at least four for one case) concludes that it's:

- Influenza.
- Irregular heartbeat.
- Herpes.

the future held only decay and compromise and defeat. We vowed to get out of here before that happened. It's an interesting problem, isn't it? Because it's hard to know whether your 15-year-old self is the true expression of who you are and everything that follows is a sort of diluted, watered-down, compromised version of that, of all those ideas and dreams you've had and that sort of fiery essence you had at 15. Or whether actually you're just a sort of pencil sketch at 15. Which is the true you?

**PLAYBOY:** Your father didn't live to see you on *House*. What would he have made of a doctor like that?

**LAURIE:** He would have been appalled. My father was a very polite man, a very gentle, soft-spoken fellow. He did not like arrogance, and he would have been appalled by the way House occasionally conducts himself. Very English, my dad. Reserved in that way. I remember when I wrote my novel, *The Gun Seller*, I dedicated it to him, which I thought he'd be rather pleased by. But suddenly it dawned on me that actually he was, if anything, slightly embarrassed by the fact that he had received a dedication in a book that contained profanity, not to mention sex and violence. He didn't quite know how to cope with that. But I don't know. I refuse to believe he wouldn't have been pleased to see me on *House*. I think he would have been proud. He would have enjoyed seeing all the medical equipment, if nothing else.

**PLAYBOY:** I take it your father didn't wear his Olympic medal around the house when you were growing up.

**LAURIE:** No. He did not wear it around the house. In fact, it was quite odd, but he hid it in a sock drawer. I didn't even know about it until I was around 12. I remember I went fishing with my mother on a lake, or the loch, as they call it in Scotland. We got into this boat and my dad took the oars, and—I remember this moment—I rather anxiously said to Mother, "Does he know how to row?" But then I found this medal. Hey! What the hell is this? Very odd. Although it wasn't actually gold. Because this was the first postwar Olympics, gold, like a lot of things, was in very short supply. It was gold leaf over tin.

**PLAYBOY:** But still.

**LAURIE:** Absolutely! And later at university he ended up coaching me in rowing.

I rowed with him; we'd sometimes go out on a boat together. He was ferociously strong, a very powerful force to behold.

**PLAYBOY:** That was at Cambridge, where you also got your first taste of performing.  
**LAURIE:** My first taste came when I was around 13. That's when I realized I quite liked being onstage. I knew especially I liked making people laugh—and girls, most especially. I was scared to death of girls at that age, but onstage—as a king in a school play, for example—I would actually be seen by them, which is to say I wouldn't be completely invisible, as was my normal condition. When I started performing for a living, I always thought of my audience as female. The audience was to be charmed and flirted with, seduced. But in reality my audiences very quickly became male. I'd go onstage, and it would be a group of very sullen-looking blokes with arms folded as if to say, "Okay, then. Whaddya got?" The audience was something that had to be beaten.

**PLAYBOY:** Your Cambridge cohort and former girlfriend Emma Thompson once described you as "lugubriously sexy, like a well-hung eel." What exactly did she mean?

**LAURIE:** It's quite a confounding image, isn't it? I mean, are eels even hung at all? Those were blissful days, I must say. We couldn't even imagine a life in Hollywood back then. Hollywood was as distant and impossible as El Dorado. It was all about fun. Watching Emma was like watching the sun or wind or some other elemental force. Her talent even then was inescapable. I remember she once did a monologue as a sort of gushy actress winning an award. I still remember the first line: "This award doesn't really belong to me." We thought, This woman is so gifted, she will win an award like that one day, maybe even an Oscar. That was also around the time I met Stephen Fry.

**PLAYBOY:** *A Bit of Fry and Laurie* was a huge comedy hit in the U.K., but you two haven't worked together in a while. Any plans for a reunion?

**LAURIE:** I certainly hope so. It's something we talk about a lot. Neither of us is a very good planner, though, and I think we're both spoken for until, like, 2012, but we have some ideas for the stage, television and movies we think could work really

well. Right now he's putting the finishing touches on a documentary about the U.S. He has traveled to all 50 states. I suspect the people who commissioned the series were half hoping he would do some sort of sardonic satire on the foibles of Americans, but that isn't Stephen's way. I mean, he's capable of being pretty savage, but he's also a very generous and good-hearted soul. He looks to see the good in everything.

**PLAYBOY:** For those Americans who are unaware, can you please tell us who Ted Cunterblast is?

**LAURIE:** My God, I haven't thought about that character in a very long time. He was a fictional author we created for a *Fry and Laurie* sketch, and the name got us into a lot of trouble with the controller of BBC Two. He called the producer the next day and said, "They used the word *c-u-n-t!*" And our producer said, "Well, actually, they used a name, *C-u-n-t-erblast.*" I wouldn't dream of asserting there was anything clever or witty about that, but for some reason it amused our childish selves at the time.

**PLAYBOY:** Where do you fall on the famous rift between English and American comedy?

**LAURIE:** There is an old chestnut English people use to comfort themselves: the notion that, first of all, Americans have no sense of irony. Absolute nonsense. I don't know who came up with that. Demonstrably, manifestly untrue. British comedy is simply more idiosyncratic and a bit less polished, but that's because it's usually done by one or two people rather than a committee of dozens of sitcom writers. When John Cleese did *Fawlty Towers* he and Connie Booth wrote all 12 of them. Almost all the great landmarks of British television are the product of one or two minds. Basil Fawlty is a magnificent creation because he's a singular creation. As is Captain Mainwaring, from *Dad's Army*, which you probably wouldn't know.

By and large, British people align themselves with the underdog more than Americans do. Americans rather like the idea of being able to top the joke. I remember someone pointing that out in *Animal House*, in the scene when John Belushi is walking up the stairs at a frat party and someone is playing "Kumbaya" or something on the guitar and he

### 27:38

They're wrong and the patient flatlines, developing even worse symptoms. House blames the doctor who came up with the diagnosis because he/she is:

Not Caucasian.

A lesbian.

An idiot.

House pops another Vicodin.

### 38:29

Like all good doctors, House orders his staff to break into the patient's home to look for leads. Cancer specialist BFF Wilson thinks it's:

Cancer.

Cancer.

A tumor (probably malignant).

### 48:11

The patient shows even worse symptoms and edges toward death. House:

Infects himself with patient's blood.

Runs invasive tests on patient's next of kin.

Tries maverick surgery involving a power tool.

Vicodin break.

### 52:35

Things are bleak. Everyone agrees the patient will die. Wilson buys House a cup of coffee. A fly buzzes by. House looks at the fly and—aha!—suddenly all is clear. The patient has:

Tennis elbow!

East Indian donovanosis!

Blah blah blahlitosis!

### 59:04

Success. Wilson forgives House for something. Cuddy creates more sexual tension. The patient recovers. House celebrates by:

Kicking a neighborhood dog.

Playing his piano (terribly).

Snorting Vicodin off a hooker's breasts.

smashes the guitar. If that had been an English film, the guitarist would have been the hero. That would have been Norman Wisdom. Belushi would have come off as a brutish, thuggish lout.

**PLAYBOY:** How important was it for you to make it in the States?

**LAURIE:** It wasn't at all. No disrespect, but in England there's an element of treachery in going abroad to ply one's trade. It's rather frowned upon. There were two beacons on that front: Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. Both were fantastically talented, but Peter stayed in London and Dudley left. Because he left and because he lived in glorious California, Moore was widely assumed to have made a deal with the devil that involved beautiful blonde women and beaches and sunshine and Ferraris. Peter maintained the slightly drizzly temperament we revere in England. Moore was perceived as a traitor.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you worry people in England say that about you now?

**LAURIE:** Not really, but it's because my life is still in England, even though I have a house in Los Angeles. It would have been different if I had relocated my entire family here, but my kids go to school and university there, and my wife still lives there. I suppose I have too much of a Presbyterian streak from my parents ever to rejoice in the fruits of my labors and give over completely to whatever it was Dudley Moore succumbed to. I've actually always rather enjoyed Los Angeles. It's partly to do with what people tell you to expect. People said, "Los Angeles is the most terrible place of all. You'll go crazy. You won't last a month. You'll be going out of your mind, it's so superficial." Well, I am superficial, so it suits me down to the ground. For instance, I like fast cars and motorcycles, and there's no better place to be for that.

**PLAYBOY:** It must drive Fox crazy that you risk life and limb. Have they tried to add a no-adrenaline clause to your contract?

**LAURIE:** Fortunately, I signed the contract before anybody was watching the show, so they couldn't be bothered whether I wiped out or not. I hope it doesn't bother them too much that I drive my motorcycle to work, for instance, and generally enjoy speeding around the hills of L.A. But I maintain that no one has a greater interest in my not falling off than I do. I claim supremacy in that area.

**PLAYBOY:** By the way, are you the guy on the 405 freeway zipping by at 80 miles an hour while we sit in traffic?

**LAURIE:** I may be that guy. Are you the guy in the four-ton SUV who's texting? I mean, I have had moments when I actually wondered about the way I'm going to die. To see some bleached blonde putting on eyeliner at 60 miles an hour in her Humvee without any concept of the forces involved in controlling that vehicle or its capabilities or limitations! None whatsoever. It's absolutely amazing to me. I pass an accident in Los Angeles at least twice a week.

## NO FLAT LINES

No one pulls  
off better  
one-liners  
than Gregory  
House.  
Here's the  
snarky proof



In London—and I'm not saying we do things better over there; I don't believe in that—but I'd say it's about twice a year. Here people just cannon into one another almost as a sport. It's just a gigantic pinball machine. Dry sunny days, no traffic, and some cars on its roof. I don't think it's America. I think it's limited to Los Angeles, but it makes the ride to work interesting.

**PLAYBOY:** Has it been a strain on your marriage to be so far away from home? What kind of husband are you?

**LAURIE:** Wow. I have no idea, having no idea what to compare it with. I do my best, though I suspect it's not great a lot of the time. I don't know. I've probably created a fair amount of disruption and frustration for the family, but my wife is very grounded, and things could be worse. I once met a guy who worked on a nuclear submarine. He had to check a box on a piece of paper, saying whether he wanted to be informed in the event that something horrible happened back home, because if something horrible did happen, he wasn't getting off that sub. Something did happen to a friend of his, and he didn't hear about it until they returned to land. At least I don't have to make that choice. I know if something happens, I can always fly home.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it surprise you that people

"Seizures are fun to watch, boring to diagnose."

"Are you comparing me to God? I mean, it's great, but so you know, I've never made a tree."

"My friends called me the Cane. Even before I messed up my leg."

"Physician-patient confidentiality protects me from annoying conversations."

"Here's to women. Can't live with them, can't kill them and tell the neighbors they're stripping in Atlantic City."

"CT.... That's, like, short for MRI, right? Excellent. Well, I guess that saves us a lot of time."

"Union rules. I can't check out this guy's seeping gonorrhea this close to lunch."

"I've moved past threesomes. I'm now into foursomes. If someone backs out, then you've still got a threesome. If two people back out, you're still having sex. You'd be amazed. Even if three people—"

"Don't worry, it's treatable. Being a bitch, though...nothing we can do about that."

"No, if you talk to God, you're religious. If God talks to you, you're psychotic."

"I can be a jerk to people I haven't slept with. I am that good."

view House—and you—as a sex symbol?

**LAURIE:** Completely. It's utterly absurd. Weird. Deranged. I can't explain it.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you explain it?

**LAURIE:** House is a sexy character in his own way. You know, he's that sort of wounded genius. There's a *Beauty and the Beast* element and a bit of the *Phantom of the Opera* thrown in. House is a scarred figure hiding in the upper reaches of the opera house. I can see there's something attractive about that. Women want to fix him. For some reason women find that terribly sexy.

**PLAYBOY:** But he doesn't get a ton of action. Why doesn't House have more sex?

**LAURIE:** I think he does want that, and I think he's getting it somewhere, somehow. I hesitate to speculate on the liaisons he has when he's not at Princeton-Plainsboro. But he's primarily a loner, a character driven by torment. It's hard to get close to someone like that. But that's the case with a lot of men.

**PLAYBOY:** Men are loners by nature?

**LAURIE:** I was having a chat on the set recently; we were discussing what the bathroom stands for besides the obvious function of what the bathroom stands for. Most of the men agreed the bathroom was sort of a refuge, a place of "Oh, world, please go away," whatever that may mean—either the conversation or the worry or the phone call you don't (concluded on page 105)

# VALENTINE'S GIFT GUIDE

Get some  
**ACTION!**

Send Her  
**100**  
Luxury Roses  
This Valentine's Day



## WOW HER!

Yeah, you've sent her flowers before, but not like this. Make the **BIGGEST** impression and fill her office or home with the largest, most gorgeous roses ever. Her co-workers and friends will flip out, and you'll look like a hero. She'll be so impressed and will thank you over and over.

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*(Shown: Ruby Velour Lounge Set)*

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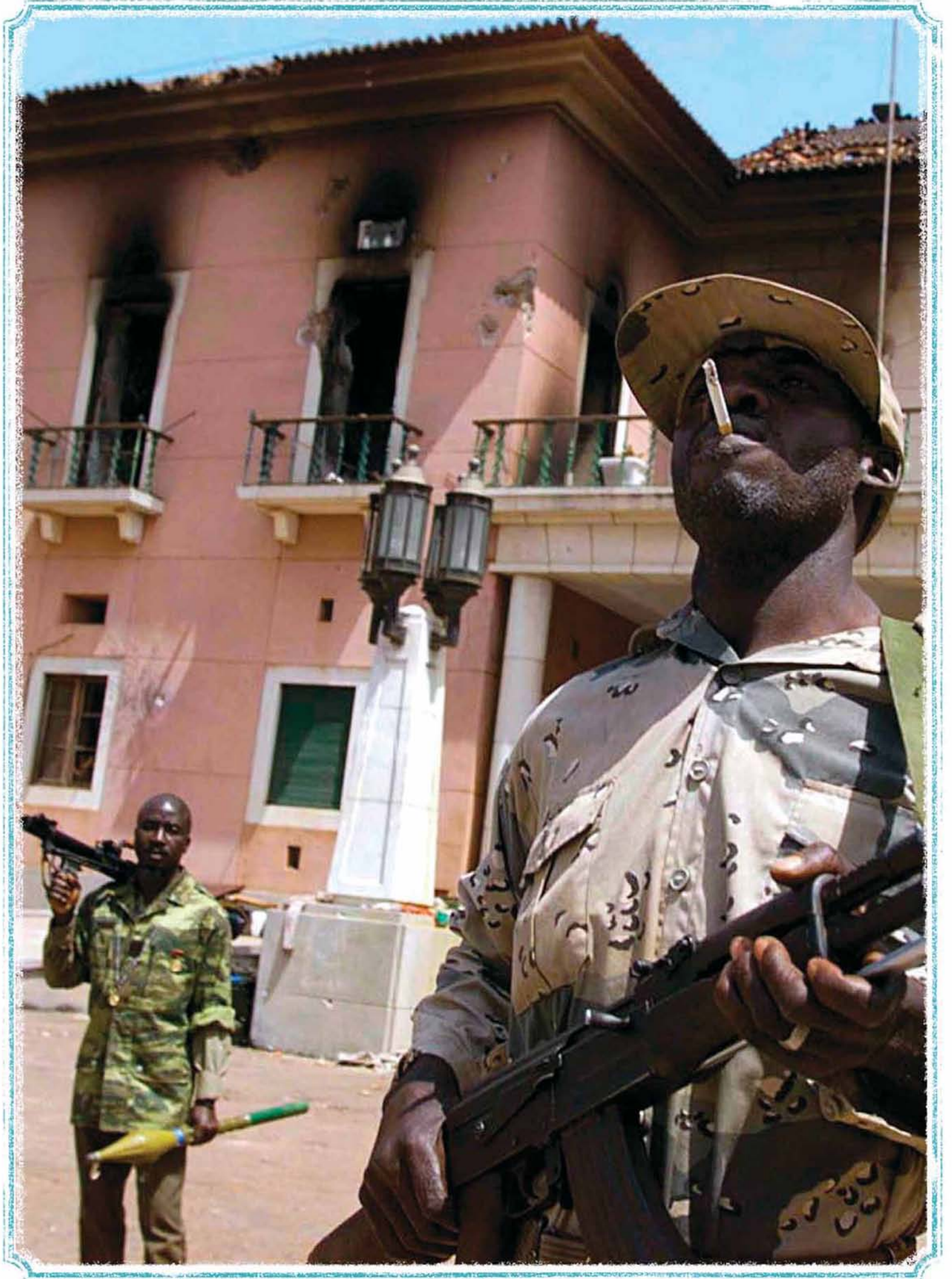
*(Shown: 15" Loverboy Bear)*



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**Valentine's Day Delivery Guaranteed. She'll Love You For It!**





*The government*  
HAS FAILED IN GUINEA-BISSAU.  
WELCOME TO THE WORLD'S  
*first narco state*

# THE *drug* COAST

by  
CHRISTIAN PARENTI

LEFT: THE FORMER PRESIDENTIAL PALACE IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF BISSAU WAS SET AFIRE IN MAY 1999 DURING THE CIVIL WAR. THE INSTITUTIONS OF GOVERNMENT REMAIN VULNERABLE.

*"Drugs?"* asks the bug-eyed lawyer. "That's just rumors and lies, accusations spread by journalists." We sit across from each other on a hot, hungover Sunday morning in Bissau, the sleepy capital city of Guinea-Bissau. For the past hour Dr. Carlos Gabriel Lopes Correia, an attorney for the local drug lords, has been telling me there is no great narcotics problem here. But he can't resist the urge to brag. He wants the world to know he is one of the top lawyers in Guinea-Bissau, a place where the law is merely notional, the electrical grid doesn't function, the soldiers aren't paid for months at a time and the police don't have handcuffs. This is a country so unstable that the Portuguese airline—

Guinea-Bissau's main link to Europe, operating one flight a week—refuses to leave a jet here overnight for fear of what lurks beyond the tarmac's edge. When you arrive, those leaving push onto your plane before it is empty. When you step into the humid night outside the terminal, you feel trapped.

"Okay. I'll tell you how it started," the lawyer says, coughing from his cigarette, "how the drugs got here and how people started smuggling." Correia wears shorts, flip-flops and a shirt that grabs at his belly. He chain-smokes knockoff Marlboro Lights. Of course Correia will tell me—these cases are all that connect him to the outside world.

The scene outside the attorney's compound hints at a deeper history:

BELOW LEFT: THE SHIP SÃO JORGE RESTS IN THE MUD OF BISSAU HARBOR, YET ANOTHER EMBLEM OF FUTILITY. MARITIME TRAFFIC THRIVES, THOUGH ITS LEGALITY MAY NOW BE SUSPECT.





*The local*  
FORCES HAVE  
ESSENTIALLY MERGED  
WITH LATIN AMERICA'S  
*cocaine mafias.*

ABANDONED FISHING BOATS IN THE HARBOR: WHERE TRADITIONAL ECONOMIES FAIL, NONTRADITIONAL ONES FLOURISH.

The landscape still bears traces of a ramshackle Portuguese colonialism that gave way to revolutionary dreams and then just to more war and instability. The burned house next door now serves as the neighborhood garbage dump. Stray dogs root around in the trash and wander the vacant streets. Three blocks up the hill the largely empty Avenida da Che Guevara flows into a desolate traffic circle.

Behind the circle lies the abandoned presidential palace, a grand old Portuguese mansion that was burned and looted during the brief civil war in the late 1990s. The building's walls are pocked by gunfire, moss creeps from the roof, and dragonflies hover in its shade.

This is what Guinea-Bissau has become. Once imagined as a model of socialist prosperity, this underdeveloped former colony has become Africa's first full-blown narco state, a political and administrative no-man's-land. The government is disorganized, corrupt and fragmented; its institutions don't keep proper records or maintain normal standards. Now the local forces of law and order have essentially merged with Latin America's cocaine mafias.

Interpol and the United Nations say Guinea-Bissau has become the main transshipment point for cocaine being smuggled into Europe. For years the Caribbean nations played that role but not anymore. Since 2005 more than 33 tons of cocaine have been seized en route to Europe via western Africa. As an alarmed United Nations report puts it, "Something has shifted, suddenly and dramatically."

Once relatively rare in Europe, cocaine has become a popular drug there. About 140 metric tons of cocaine—nearly a quarter of the world total—is now consumed every year in the European Union. Most of that passes through western Africa, much of it through Guinea-Bissau.

Guinea-Bissau is perfectly placed between Latin America and southern Europe. With a population of only 1.5 million, the country is about the size of Maryland, with a similar geography: penetrated by several estuaries and having an archipelago of more than 80 low, overgrown islands. Most of the archipelago is uninhabited, and many islands have old military-built landing strips. Smugglers wait with speedboats covered in blue tarps by day, ready to pick up drugs by night.

Guinea-Bissau is the third-poorest country on earth. Its per

capita GDP is \$600 a year. Though it sounds like a bad joke, peanuts are the biggest export, and the tax on peanuts is the government's largest source of revenue. The total annual national budget, mostly funded through loans and foreign aid, is about equal to the European wholesale value of 2.5 tons of cocaine—a bit less than a month's worth of the cocaine that passes through here.

The military runs the show in Guinea-Bissau, but corruption at the top means lower officers and their men go unpaid for months and can barely survive on the wages when they are disbursed. Thus, these armed men are susceptible to bribery. The judges are weak, and there is no prison—like the presidential palace, it was destroyed during the civil war.

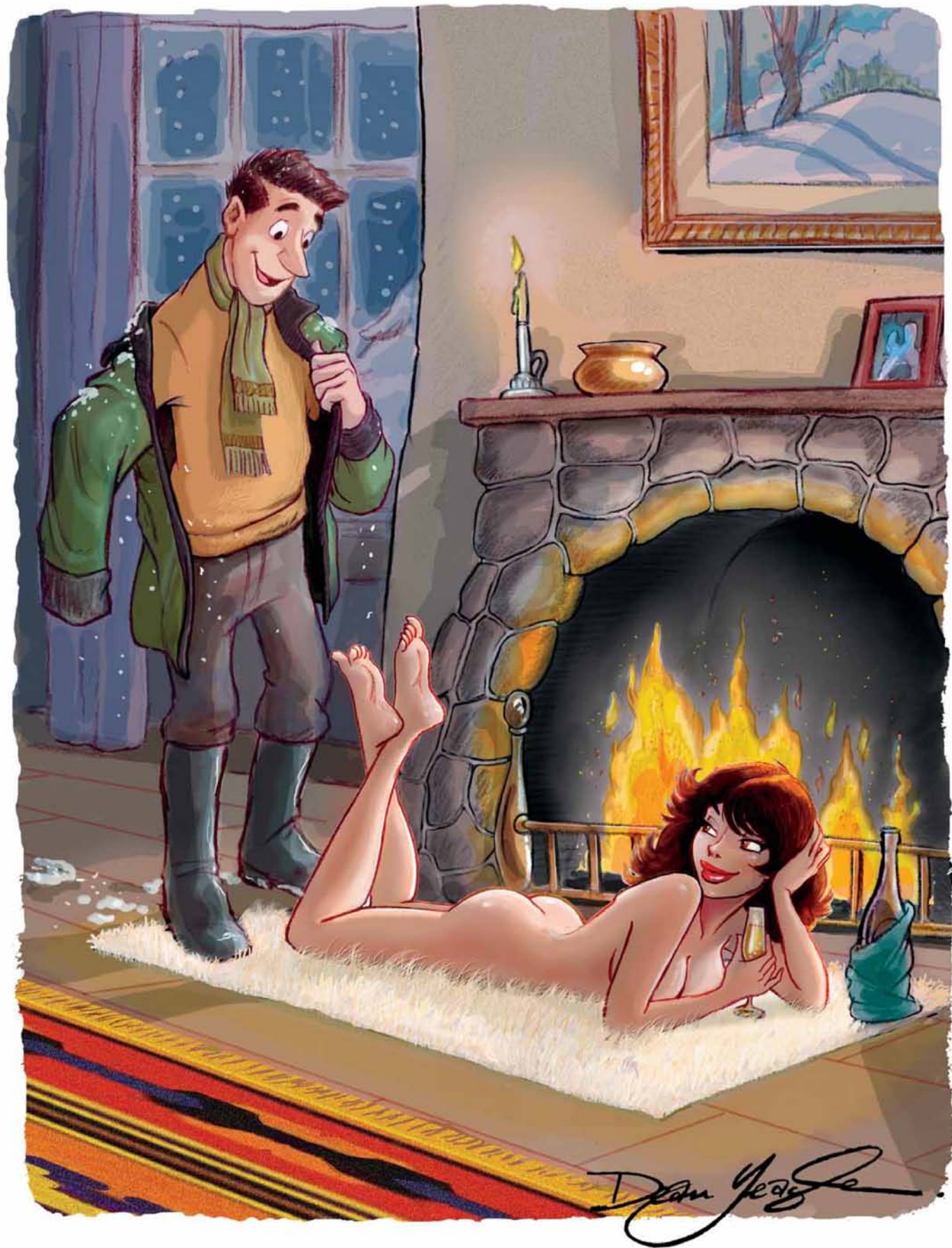
"It all started in 2005," says Correia. "A famous European trafficker was moving drugs out of here in a boat headed toward Senegal. The U.S. embassy in Dakar found out—someone here told them—and they got the Senegalese coast guard to intercept the ship. The smuggler dumped his load overboard. Well, it all washed up in Biombo. The farmers thought it was fertilizer and put it on their crops, which all died." The lawyer erupts in a smoky laugh.

We are at Correia's home, sitting in the courtyard, a concrete slab surrounded by crowded rooms. A woman washes clothes in a plastic bucket. Several fat children wander around. Behind the lawyer sits a motionless young man who stares at me with bloodshot eyes.

"There was this kid from Biombo who had been living in Germany," says Correia. "He came home for a celebration and saw all this cocaine. He bought 10 kilos and took it to Europe. He made hundreds of thousands of euros."

The kid in question is Augusto Bliiri, one of the most famous drug dealers in Bissau. Bliiri started trafficking in drugs in Europe about a dozen years ago, moving product from Portugal to Germany. He affects the hip-hop style of American gangsterdom. He presents himself as an underworld entrepreneur who likes to bankroll big basketball games and has tried to produce a few local music videos.

In 2006 Bliiri was busted and actually convicted and sentenced to four years in jail. "The conditions they had him in were very bad," says Correia. "He was in a basement. This made him get sick." *(continued on page 98)*



*"The perfect welcome in weather like this—a roaring fire, champagne and a bare-skin rug!"*

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

# LOVE AND WARSAW

Meet the magnificent Marta Gut



**P**oland is famous for heavenly women, sausages and vodka. What's missing? Absolutely nothing. Since you may not get to Warsaw too often we decided to import this fabulous specimen—25-year-old model Marta Gut, who made quite a splash when she appeared in our Polish edition in July 2007. "Hello" in Polish is *dzień dobry*, by the way.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WOJTEK BAKIEWICZ



# THE WHISTLE BLOWERS



EVERY SUNDAY IS JUDGMENT DAY FOR THE MEN IN ZEBRA STRIPES

BY STEVE SALERNO

It has to be the best part-time job in the world. Also the worst.

Consider The Play.

With a minute and nine seconds left in Super Bowl XLII, as Giants quarterback Eli Manning executes his half of perhaps the greatest clutch play in Super Bowl history, referee Mike Carey is close enough to the action to literally reach out and touch it.

That's the good part.

The downside is that Carey doesn't really get to see it—not the way the rest of us do. What's more, he knows if he blows a call along the way, he'll get full-time blame, then see his ineptitude memorialized in slo-mo on highlight reels for the rest of his life.

Greatness isn't what Carey might have expected when The Play began. New England

Patriots linebacker Adalius Thomas seemed to be right alongside Manning in the Giants' backfield at the snap; within seconds both defensive ends, Richard Seymour and Jarvis Green, had a piece of the quarterback, Green stretching Manning's number 10 jersey to its limit. Still, to Carey's eye, the quarterback was never "in the grasp." They need grasp and control, the ref reminded himself, keeping



THE NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS'  
RODNEY HARRISON

THE N.Y. GIANTS' DAVID TYREE

his fingers off the whistle he has sometimes been accused of blowing too soon. They got the grasp part down. But Manning was still squirming, battling.

Now, as Carey circles in to Manning's left, a lunging defender does the Giants an unwitting favor—ping-ponging the quarterback out of harm's way. Manning stumbles, sets himself, takes a quick

read and rifles the ball downfield.

Later the postgame pundits can't miss the irony. A quarterback often bashed for folding under the slightest pressure miraculously channels John Elway on the biggest stage of all. A ref known for his quick whistle lets things play out a bit longer this time. Of such improbable coincidences are once-in-a-generation Super Bowls born.

But with the clock still ticking, sports-writers' story lines are the furthest thing from Carey's mind. He has a game to run. "So," he'll say afterward, "I see that it's a good play"—by which he means no fouls and no late hits—"but from my vantage point, looking past players, I can't really see that it's an outstanding play. I just know it's a catch."

Just a catch. Such is the life of the NFL ref.

On the 345 and some days each year he isn't shadowing NFL quarterbacks, Carey is co-owner of Seirus Innovation, a leading distributor of sports and outdoor accessories. As a ref, he belongs to an elite fraternity that has included lawyers and longshoremen, dentists and podiatrists, cops and colonels. Several are former football players. Though they do their weekend thing in front of millions, only a few get a shot at something akin to celebrity by uttering phrases like "Personal foul, number 64, 15 yards, still first down." Many more gain notoriety when their work is picked apart in high-def superslo-mo from every angle.

"They," of course, are the 120 referees, umpires, head linesmen, line judges, back judges, side judges and field judges who keep NFL games running not so merrily along. The 17 seven-man crews (plus one floater umpire) experience football in strange, jarring cycles—"50 seconds of boredom followed by five seconds of terror," as an inside joke puts it. Their duties vary from the sublime (signaling "good" on a sudden-death field goal from midfield) to the excruciatingly mundane (making sure all game balls are inflated to a pressure of between 12.5 and 13.5 pounds a square inch).

The pressure isn't just in the footballs—it's on the zebras themselves. Again this year they seek to prove that the only part-time officials in any pro sport can cut the mustard in a realm where their efforts have historically elicited responses like "out of hand" and "an all-time low." This season has been a particularly brutal one. Take, for example, that flubbed call on the last play of the Chargers-Steelers game in week 11 that stripped Pittsburgh of six points. The Steelers still won, but without those six points they didn't cover the spread, so Vegas sports books walked off with about \$32 million that bettors should've won. "It was chaos," one big-shot Vegas handicapper commented. "I've never seen anything like it."

You begin to understand what another NFL ref, Bill Leavy, means when he says, "I was a fireman. I was a hostage negotiator. Officiating in the NFL is the toughest thing I've done."

Head linesman Gary Slaughter and line judge Carl Johnson bookend the line of scrimmage as The Play takes shape. For Johnson, Super Bowl duty is gravy: His life's wish was already granted in 2001 when the league called to invite him in. Unfortunately, that was the season of

the lockout; the NFL dug in its heels and turned to scab officials. When it appeared the stalemate might never end, Johnson looked skyward and implored, "Lord, I don't know what the future brings, but if you're gonna take me, let me have one NFL snap." He eventually got that snap in Phoenix, with Atlanta in town. What he

squirted away, Johnson ruled that Bradshaw had slapped it forward to a teammate. The call nullified a key Giants first down. Johnson hopes to get through the remaining one minute, 15 seconds of the Super Bowl without further controversy. He knows a minute is enough time for anything in a close contest.

Johnson and Slaughter read their respective tackles at the snap: pass. Johnson polices the line of scrimmage. Slaughter instinctively backpedals five yards downfield to the first-down marker—Amani Toomer is by him in a blur—and scans a five-yard zone across the width of the field. If someone catches a pass at the precise first-down distance, Slaughter will be there to affirm it.

Glancing back at the line of scrimmage, Slaughter thinks Manning is toast. But Manning doesn't fall. In fact—unreal—he's cranking up to throw.

Johnson pivots, his revised mission to spot pass interference or grabbing the face mask.

Slaughter reverses himself again, releasing downfield, where the receivers, having broken off their routes, seek open space. Slaughter is looking past safety Rodney Harrison as David Tyree comes to a dead stop in the middle of the field. Receiver and defender leap as one, Tyree soaring a hand higher than Harrison, who takes a desperate swat at the ball; it briefly slips out of Tyree's grasp. No way he hangs on, thinks Slaughter. Fourth and five. But Harrison's lower body slides under Tyree, who lands on the safety instead of the field. That breaks his fall. The ball stays in his hands.

Johnson runs to mark the spot, expecting a booth review. None comes. Slaughter, though, is certain the guys in the booth are frantically eyeballing replays. "I promise you, it was reviewed," he says later. "The game just wasn't stopped for it."

The two-week lockout that had Carl Johnson making bargains with God ended the week after 9/11 when the head of the NFL Referees Association, a successful and outspoken lawyer and NFL ref from Arizona, helped win officials an immediate 50 percent pay hike.

Fans know the guy as Ed Hochuli.

There exists a cult of Hochuli. There's actually a website—one of dozens set up in homage—called WhatWouldEdHochuliDo.com. Fifty-eight years young this past Christmas, the messiah of midfield remains a commanding presence in voice, manner (continued on page 106)



From top: Though rare, injuries have ended the careers of NFL referees. Ed Hochuli, football's most famous ref. David Tyree making perhaps the greatest of all Super Bowl catches.

remembered most was the athleticism of the Falcons' rookie quarterback, this Michael Vick kid. Bright future, Johnson thought, a guy who'll make headlines someday.

Earlier this afternoon Johnson was at the heart of one of the game's few disputed plays, an illegal-batting call against Giants rookie running back Ahmad Bradshaw. Manning had fumbled, and when the ball





*"You lent her your evening dress, she's wearing your perfume.... How could I resist?"*

# THE YEA

What did the hooker say to the governor?



1



2

## MILF OF THE YEAR: SARAH PALIN

Sassy, spunky, ignorant—and cute as a button! Alaska governor Sarah Palin (1), a Miss Alaska hopeful in 1984 (2), was picked as John McCain's (3) running mate. She had the GOP's needy base at hello. Liberals loved to hate the aspiring VPILF (4) and Republican action heroine (5), but both sides agreed: She is hot, you betcha. Sex shops sold an inflatable Palin (6), activists put her on condoms (7), humorists sniggered (8), Internet fakers Photoshopped (9), pornista Lisa Ann played her in *Who's Nailin' Paylin?* (10), Vegas strippers held a look-alike pageant (11), and tabloids dug for dirt (12). And so our inaugural Sarah Palin MILF of the Year award goes to... Sarah Palin!



3



5



12



11



6



7

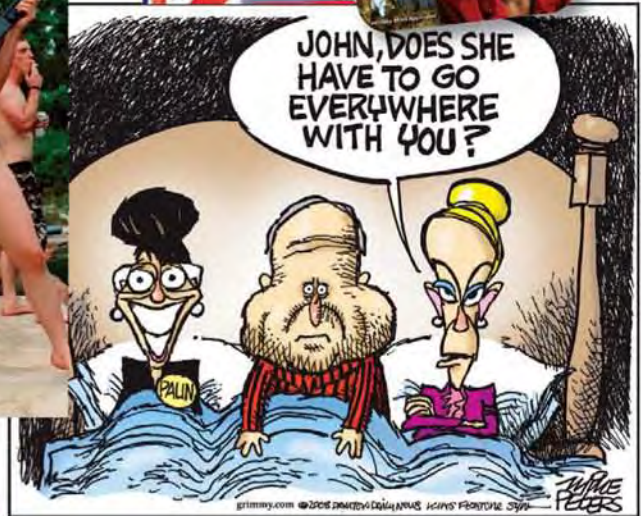


10

Naval Observatory, here I come!



9



8

## SAVED BY UNDERWEAR

## HELP. STRANDED. NIPPLES VERY HARD

Hiker Jessica Bruinsma, injured and stranded in the Alps for 70 hours in chilly weather, peeled off her sports bra and sent it down the mountain on a cable used for moving timber. Workers understood her signal and dispatched a search party. "It certainly beats sending up a flare," said one rescuer.

# R I N S E X

**"That'll be \$4,300, Mr. Spitzer."**

## AND THEN WE STOPPED WATCHING

On *The Celebrity Apprentice*, Donald Trump fired PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon for not asking Hef to buy a \$10,000 hot dog. Let's hope the Donald shows more sense with this year's Playmate contestant, Brande Roderick.



## SEX STILL SELLS

Eva Mendes took it all off for a bootylicious PETA advertisement; Heidi Klum channeled Tom Cruise in *Risky Business* for a high-energy television commercial for the popular video game *Guitar Hero World Tour*.



**Gee, it's only a few hookers.**

## ALBANY VICE

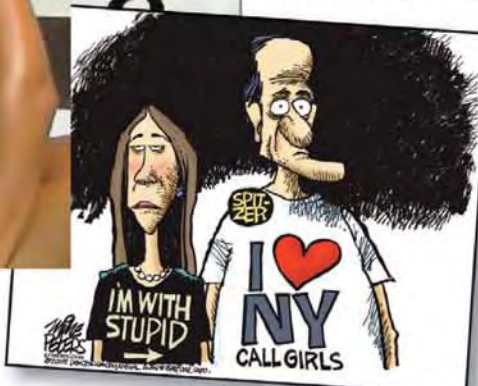
Crusading moralizer Eliot Spitzer resigned as New York governor after wiretaps linked him to the Emperors Club VIP escort agency. The scandal made call girl Ashley Alexandra Dupré a celebrity—but can it help her music career? For now, wife Silda stands by her man.



**Watch me play with myself.**

## WII ARE THE WORLD

Cyber Girl of the Year Jo Garcia (right) sexed up Nintendo's Wii Fit add-on in videos featuring topless skiing and yoga. British model Emma Frain followed with topless Wii hula hooping for [zootoday.com](http://zootoday.com).



**You play with yourself too much.**



## PETER OUT

Christie Brinkley split with Peter Cook in truly nasty divorce proceedings that included detailed accounts of his affair with then-teenage assistant Diana Bianchi and his \$3,000-a-month Internet porn habit.



**THE YEAR IN SEX**



**ATTACK OF THE LIPSTICK CELEBIANS**

Miley Cyrus had sugar for singer Katy Perry (whose "I Kissed a Girl" topped the charts), DJ Samantha Ronson liked Lindsay Lohan for the same two reasons we do, and Scarlett Johansson smooched Penélope Cruz on-screen and Natalie Portman off.

**DAD AGAINST DRUNK DRIVING**

When he was busted for DWI in Virginia, then-New York representative Vito Fossella blurted that he was en route to visit his sick daughter—the product of a surreptitious affair with retired Air Force lieutenant colonel Laura Fay. End of career.



Gee, it's only a three-year-old love child.



I play with myself too much.

**ART IMITATES LIFE**

David Duchovny, who plays an over-sexed writer on the series *Californication*, entered rehab for sex addiction. He denied he had cheated on wife Téa Leoni with a tennis instructor (and forced a British tabloid to retract claims that he had). Reports pointed to an overfondness for Internet porn.

**SAVED BY UNDERWEAR** **LIFT, SEPARATE, DEFEND**  
 When Hull, U.K. barmaid Vicky Parsons was attacked by a young robber, the tip of his knife pierced her skin, but the serrated blade caught on the underwire of her new bra. "Best six pounds I've ever spent," she said.

**REALITY TV IS A CRUEL NAKED LESBIAN MISTRESS, INDEED**

On her reality dating show *A Shot at Love II*, TV bisexual Tila Tequila (a Cyber Girl in 2002 as Tila Nguyen) chose PLAYBOY model Kristy Morgan from among the 30 male and female candidates—only to be rebuffed.



TURNED DOWN!



Gee, it's only stage IV cancer.



**JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNEW YE**

The *National Enquirer* busted former presidential hopeful John Edwards, whose wife has inoperable cancer, for having an affair with campaign videographer Rielle Hunter. Edwards fessed up to the fling but denies he's Hunter's baby daddy.



**NEWS FLASH**

New Zealand's first naked newscaster, Lisa Lewis, helped draw a crowd of 100,000 to Auckland's Boobs on Bikes parade.

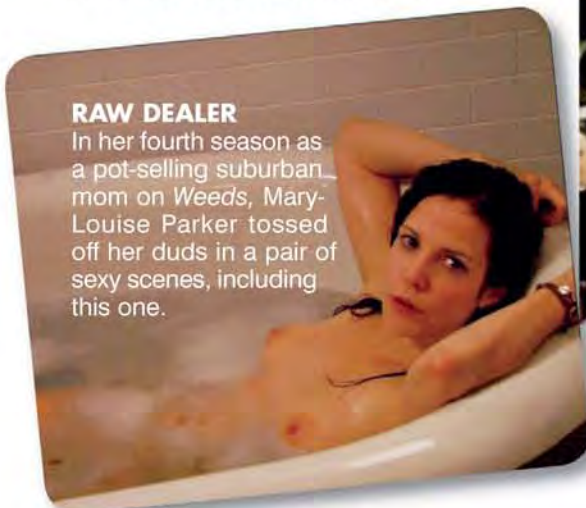


**CHÉRIE PICKING**

French president Nicolas Sarkozy struck a blow for average-looking world leaders everywhere when he married singer and former model Carla Bruni. Bruni's history of exhibitionism moved cartoonist Christo Komar to do a riff on Eugène Delacroix's iconic painting *Liberty Leading the People*.



Ellysée Palace, here I come!



**RAW DEALER**

In her fourth season as a pot-selling suburban mom on *Weeds*, Mary-Louise Parker tossed off her duds in a pair of sexy scenes, including this one.



**STAR FUCKERS**

Sarah Silverman's "I'm Fucking Matt Damon" video on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* was funny. Kimmel's "We Are the World"-style comeback, "I'm Fucking Ben Affleck," featuring Brad Pitt, Cameron Diaz, Perry Farrell, Macy Gray and a gospel choir, was epic.



**SWINGIN' SISTER**

CBS set *Swingtown* in suburban Chicago, so it was only logical that Playmate Qiana Chase would be recruited to play a Bunny in the Windy City's historic Playboy Club.



**GUESS WHAT—I'M PREGNANT**

"Abstinence only"—the sex-ed cop-out favored by conservatives—didn't work for Sarah Palin's daughter Bristol (and hapless mimbo boyfriend Levi Johnston), whose rabbit died when she was 17.



116 E. Walton St., here I come!

# THE YEAR IN SEX

## PORK VINDALOO

India's "first toon porn star" debuted in the online pornographic comic *Savita Bhabhi*.

The adventures of a lonely, insatiable sister-in-law are the Indian equivalent of horny-housewife porn—see it at [savita.bhabhi.com](http://savita.bhabhi.com).



## RUSSIAN TO JUDGMENT

When the *Moskovsky Korrespondent* reported that then-president Vladimir Putin planned to get a divorce and wed flexible former gymnast Alina Kabaeva, the paper was promptly shut down.



## DO U THINK THEY R ON 2 US?

After denying the charges for months, then-Detroit mayor Kwame Kilpatrick admitted he had lied under oath about his affair with his chief of staff, Christine Beatty. The smoking gun? Sexy text messages.



## SAVED BY UNDERWEAR

### KNICK OF TIME

When a fire broke out in a Hartlepool, U.K. kitchen, a quick-witted man extinguished it with a water-soaked item close at hand—large granny panties. "I'm lucky my knickers are like a parachute," said their owner. "If they were skimpy, they'd have been no use."

### IT'S ALL GEEK TO HER

Playboy Cyber Girl Amanda Corey and partner Tommy Severo walked away with \$250,000 after winning season five of the hit reality show *Beauty and the Geek*.



**FOR THE NERDS**

## THAT'S WHAT SHE SAID

"If Paris Hilton thinks my butt looks gross, I really don't care. At least I have a butt."  
—**Kim Kardashian**, responding to Hilton's remarks



"I wish I could be sexier, but I haven't done badly for myself with what I've got."  
—**Cate Blanchett** on her image



"I will never regret any of my raunchier outfits."  
—**Christina Aguilera** on dressing to thrill



"I always bare my breasts! It's not like it's only in this film."  
—**Keira Knightley** on 2008's *The Edge of Love*; below, proof from 2001's *The Hole*

"I plan to wear as little as possible for as long as I can."  
—**Kate Hudson** on flaunting it





**CHANNELIN' MARILYN**

Lindsay Lohan didn't have a new movie in theaters in 2008, but relentless clubbing with her lesbian lover made her an evergreen news story. A highlight was her tribute to the legendary Marilyn Monroe—the star who launched PLAYBOY—in *New York* magazine. The cover and inside photos are re-creations of Marilyn's famous "Last Sitting," taken by Bert Stern in 1962.



**PORN WILL EAT ITSELF**

Porn sales are slumping, no thanks to free amateur sex clips on YouPorn and RedTube. In response, some pros are seeding free sites with their own smut. Users beat on, boats against the current.

**WE LOVE A PARADE**

No tax protest this time: These bare-naked London ladies rode for a cancer-support center—and to promote the DVD release of *Lady Godiva*.

**GUESS WHAT—I'M PREGNANT TOO**

Thomas "Pregnant Man" Beatie, a transgender male who became great with child, gave birth to a daughter in June and was up the stick again by November.



**THE ART OF THE POSSIBLE**

Less than two months before the election, controversial sculptor Daniel Edwards unveiled his bust of Michelle Obama reimagined as a topless African queen. And to women looking to get off with a sex toy based on our 44th president, headstate.com said yes, you can.



**Playboy Mansion, here we come!**



**MR. PLAYBOY MEETS NEW PLAYMATES**

Hef's 82nd year started out with a fond tribute from a birthday-suited Pamela Anderson, Miss February 1990. His love life hit a speed bump with the departure of main squeeze Holly Madison but soon picked back up with the arrival of at least three potential new Girls Next Door: college student Amy Leigh Andrews and twins Kristina and Karissa Shannon.

# THE YEAR IN SEX

*But wait... there's more!*

## SIZE MATTERS I

In Christchurch, New Zealand an 80-foot-long purple sperm lazied about the town square as part of the city's art festival. Purple? "Probably if I had made it white, people would say, 'Oh,'" said the artist, Dutchman Joep van Lieshout.

## SEX WITH CELEBRITIES Blowin' Up:

Pipedream Products' celebrity sex dolls include JHo (a Jennifer Lopez knockoff), Dirty Christina (an ersatz Aguilera), Crazy Daisy (Jessica Simpson) and Jessica Sin (née Alba). See [pipedreamproducts.com](http://pipedreamproducts.com).

**Hey, Ho, Let's Go:** Marky Ramone lent his name to a safe-sex kit containing condoms, lube and an STD resource card. The metal case bears a modified Ramones logo with the slogan TOO TUFF TO BREAK. See [readytwo.net](http://readytwo.net).

## SAY WHAT?

Notable terms, titles and buzzwords from 2008:

**The Bling-Blinger, the Dripper, the Milker, the Sleeper:** A few of the more than 100 classifications of orgasms in Karen Manning's *Orgasm Dictionary*.

**"Finger in the Butt, Mexico":** Pop ditty by German singer Mickie Krause that raised the hackles of Mexican diplomats. (In German the title rhymes.) Krause's previous releases include "Go Home, You Old Shit" and "10 Naked Hairdressers."

**Slutbucks:** Name given to Starbucks by a Christian group that claimed the chain's temporary logo showed a "naked woman with her legs spread like a prostitute."

**Gastrosexual:** The latest "-osexual" tag, this one describing men who learn to cook in order to get laid.

## CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

**Why Can't We Do It on the Road?** In Miami Beach cops busted a rolling whorehouse operating in a \$250,000 bus and charging a \$40 cover fee. Extras, such as oral sex, went for \$100.

**Exhibits A and B:** Japanese "big bust" bikini model Serena Kozakura, convicted in 2007 of property destruction after supposedly breaking into a man's room through a narrow opening, was

exonerated. Her defense successfully argued she could not possibly have squeezed her

44-inch chest through a nine-inch-wide space, as alleged. A much-viewed YouTube clip shows her trying and failing—miserably—to do so.

**Sucking on a Pole:** In London a Polish building contractor doing work in a hospital was fired for having sex with a vacuum cleaner. He explained he was vacuuming his underwear, which he asserted is a "common practice" in Poland.

**Fuhgeddaboutit:** Italy's highest appeals court deemed grabbing one's own crotch in public a criminal offense. The decree applies not only to scratching but also to the superstitious practice of grabbing the jewels at the mention of illness or death—an Italian way of knocking on wood (which may occasionally ensue).



## WHY CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG OFF ALONG?

The adult website [parpar1.com](http://parpar1.com) may conceivably bring peace to Israel with pornography. That's right: Israeli Arabs and Israeli Jews, fucking.

**No Picnic for the Table:** In Ohio a man was arrested for having sex with his picnic table. Sex with a picnic table isn't a felony; doing it naked near a school is.

## UNCONVENTIONAL SOLUTIONS

**Shooting Blanks:** In a bandit-ridden region of India officials are using guns to fight overpopulation: Men who submit to vasectomy surgery are fast-tracked for a firearms license.

**Safe Garter:** Brazilian lingerie maker Lucia Lorio introduced ladies' undies fitted with a GPS tracking device. Lorio touted it as a safety feature for women in urban areas; feminists called it a high-tech chastity belt.

## SIZE MATTERS II

To protest the innate chauvinism of vehicles (?), Finnish artist Mimosa Pale offers rides in her Mobile Female

Mine's bigger than yours.

Monument—a giant vagina on wheels—which she tows around the streets of Helsinki.

## ANIMALS IN THE SACK

**Okay, But No Kissing:** Researchers in the Republic of the Congo snapped the first photos of gorillas performing face-to-face intercourse. It had been believed that humans and bonobos were the only primates so inclined, with the rest favoring rear entry.

**Fresh-Picked:** According to a study published in *Animal Behaviour*, some male monkeys trade grooming for sex. Female macaques normally have sex 1.5 times an hour, but after grooming by a male the rate jumps to 3.5.

**Mushy Stuff:** A researcher at the University of Washington found that oysters, long thought to be aphrodisiacs, are hardly intimate in their own lovemaking. Male and female oysters release into the water millions of sperm and eggs coated with a massive number of proteins, not all of which are compatible. It's then up to the little bugger to figure out for themselves who can fertilize whom.

## SCIENCE! SCIENCE! SCIENCE!

As always, researchers can't keep their mind out of the bedroom. A roundup of findings from all over the globe:

**Australia:** Depressed women have more sex! **University of Hawaii:** Fat women have more sex! **India:** Sex can make you fatter! **Pfizer:** Viagra may help women on antidepressants achieve orgasm! **University of Miami:** Viagra may help you win the Tour de France! **Texas A&M:** Watermelons may have Viagra-like properties! **Sweden:** Coffee may cause a woman's breasts to shrink!

## UNPLEASANT SIMILE OF THE YEAR

How the mighty have fallen. Guy Ritchie cited, of all things, wife Madonna's body as a deciding factor in their divorce. He reportedly told friends that making love to the superbuff sex symbol was "like cuddling up to a piece of gristle."



Mine's bigger than yours.



## SIZE MATTERS III

A British documentary focuses on women with a condition called objectum-sexuality: Unable to connect emotionally with fellow humans, they fall in love with objects great and small. Its star is Erika, an American woman who married that ultimate phallic symbol, the Eiffel Tower, and changed her name to—wait for it—Erika La Tour Eiffel.

My husband is bigger than yours.







*"I'd like to be your valentine again—as soon as you're up for it."*



# Peep Culture

By Hal Niedzviecki



## Seven Things You Should Know About Our New World Order

Welcome to Peepville, USA, population 300 million and growing. We used to have our fun watching make-believe characters. But then we all got wired up and started exchanging our own real-life stories, pictures and movies. That's when we realized we like peep culture more than pop culture. So now we spend our free time watching ourselves and one another. We have blogs, social networks, webcams, chat rooms, surveillance cameras, paparazzi, podcasts and all kinds of ways to keep ourselves entertained. Residents of Peepville not only love watching, they love being watched. It's fun, but it's also confusing. When is a secret camera in the bathroom amusing fodder for the Internet, and when is it an invasion of privacy? Can I make money blurting out my innermost feelings on TV? Can I be elected to higher office by telling the story of how my teenage daughter got pregnant but it's okay because she's marrying her boyfriend? Things were a lot simpler when we lived in Popville. But that doesn't mean Peepville is a bad place to live. It just means we didn't know what we were getting into when we started uploading our sex lives, applying to *Big Brother 8* and storing our day-to-day agendas on Google Calendar data clouds. So in the interest of furthering our integration into this new world order, here are seven things you need to know about peep culture.

ILLUSTRATION BY ADAM HUGHES

## ▶ 1 PEEP IS MAINSTREAM

Don't be embarrassed about exposing your private life. Everyone's doing it. Take John Egly and his family. They hail from Poolesville, Maryland. In 2004 the Fox television show *Trading Spouses* called up Egly. He had never seen *Trading Spouses* or imagined himself on television. In fact, his 15-year-old daughter sent in the requisite application to the then fledgling show. "I picked up the phone," Egly tells me, "and they said, 'This is *Trading Spouses* calling.' And I said, 'Thank you very much, but we're not really into that.'" But guess what. The Egllys were into it. A fun-loving liberal Jewish couple living their version of the American dream, complete with four kids and seven horses, the Egllys seemed eccentric enough to be interesting and normal enough to appeal to the mainstream. As for the Egllys, well, they were offered the chance to trade a week of their lives for \$50,000 and a stint on national TV. Who wouldn't do that deal? What's notable about real estate appraiser John Egly and his family is what they aren't: They aren't freaks, exhibitionists or yokels. Egly is a father and husband from Maryland. He's the everyman of peep, a symbol of the moment when peep culture went mainstream. Fifty years ago Egly's stint on reality TV would have led to humiliation and social isolation. His family would have been considered pariahs. As David Lyle, the bombastic president of cable TV's Fox Reality Channel, tells me, "Fifty years ago the only confession people made was 'Forgive me, Father, for I have sinned.'" But by 2004, when the Egly family made its debut, televised wife swapping was just one more peep-culture sensation in a society rapidly becoming inured to titillating domestic revelation. Reality TV had already exploded into the mainstream with the 2000 release of *Big Brother* in the U.K. and *Survivor* in the U.S. Jennifer Ringley of JenniCam had already wired her dorm room and gained notoriety as the first no-particular-talent Net celebrity. Paris Hilton's "private" home sex video had already spread the virus of peep from computer to computer, a flickering night-vision portent of things to come.

## ▶ 2 THE LONELY-PLANET THEORY: PEEP SHOWS US THAT OTHER PEOPLE ARE JUST LIKE US

Peep culture, in which we exchange our personal lives for the chance to provide entertainment, advice, inspiration or catharsis to others, is not about the money. As David Lyle, president of Fox Reality, puts it, "They're not doing it for money. They're doing it because they want to." Consider the case of New Jersey blogger Lisa Sargese. She writes an excruciatingly detailed blog about her life before and after gastric-bypass surgery. Here's a sample: "Most people stand in the shower. I did not. Holding my body upright was a workout I could not sustain. Instead, I sat on the edge of the tub with the shower curtain tucked under me to keep the shower water inside the tub." Sargese tells me she started blogging because she wanted to tell the truth about her lonely, isolating life. As she writes on her blog, "Sometimes knowing that we're not alone with our weird habits or our uncomfortable feelings makes us less ashamed." This is the lonely-planet theory of peep culture. We peep because the world is a big lonely place, and this is a way to make connections and alleviate some of that loneliness. When we peep, we learn that our problems are your problems. We share something, and that makes us feel better, alive, part of the world.

## ▶ 3 PRIVACY IS OVERRATED

The challenge isn't to protect your privacy in the age of peep culture. It's to figure out how best to capitalize on your private life—whether that's selling your intimate stories to the highest bidder or agreeing to have your purchases monitored in exchange for rewards. Privacy is no longer an inalienable right; it's just another commodity to sell. The arc of Washington, D.C. law professor Daniel Solove's thinking is instructive. In his first book, *The Digital Person: Technology and*



What compels people to post about their most intimate thoughts and moments? And what compels us to read about them? Maybe peep culture simply fulfills a basic human need.

*Privacy in the Information Age*, Solove makes a familiar argument: He warns that post-9/11 antiterrorism initiatives, coupled with corporate zeal for customer databases, threaten to end privacy. But in his second book, *The Future of Reputation: Gossip, Rumor and Privacy on the Internet*, Solove notes that where once "it was easy to take sides," the landscape has now changed. As he puts it, today "we're invading each other's privacy, and we're also even invading our own privacy." It's simple to accuse governments—in collusion with big bad corporations—of stealing privacy. But it's harder to blame bloggers, reality-TV supplicants and high school MySpacers for revealing their own secrets. Actually, there's little to suggest that privacy was ever a big part of human life. As Janna Malamud Smith writes in *Private Matters: In Defense of the Personal Life*, "Much that is written about privacy is premised on the idea that privacy, once plentiful, is only now endangered. While privacy is endangered, it was hardly a staple in the past, when most people had little." A survey of the anthropological record shows this to be true: The Iroquois of upstate New York, to pick just one of many possible examples, dwelled in longhouses filled with multiple multigenerational families. The peep explosion suggests we'd rather live in the longhouse than in the gated suburban community. We now enthusiastically exchange isolation and privacy for the shared reciprocity of community that people took for granted 500 years ago.

## ▶ 4 PEEP MAKES US MISERABLE

Despite our eagerness to exchange private life for community, peep doesn't make us happy. Peep culture does a good job connecting us to others and making all of us feel we have the potential to be special, but seemingly effortless connection turns out to be a lot of work. Peep comes with a price. It turns us into actors. We're always pretending, posing, working on our profiles. In return we expect attention and anticipate stardom. "One amazing thing that doesn't seem to change," says Los Angeles casting director Tamra Barcinas, who cast the documentary *American Teen* and countless reality shows, "is that each person seems to think they are a unique and special snowflake and have something to offer that nobody else has ever seen." In the age of peep, the onus is on us to get noticed. We're special, and our life stories deserve attention. If you don't pay attention to me, I need to come up with better ways to get you to pay attention to me. Today, as psychology professor Jean Twenge, author of the book *Generation Me*, explains, "Your identity is your product." The pressure to create an identity worth peeping at can make us miserable. Lisa Sargese's career is interesting here. Early in her campaign to reveal the truth about her life as an obese woman undergoing gastric-bypass surgery, she railed against the silence that met her posts. "LEAVE ME A COMMENT," she begged in all caps on Wednesday, December 13, 2006. "Let me know you're out there! :-)" Two years later Sargese no longer begs for comments. They arrive with enough frequency to convince her she has a future as a celebrity therapist. "What is this DRIVE I



have to be some bad-ass rock-star celebrity?" she writes. "I don't know why I want more. I just do." So Sargese has gone from just wanting to reach out to others to believing she may be the next Oprah. She tells me her ultimate aim is to look "hot" and achieve stardom as a self-help guru. I ask her if maybe she isn't deluding herself a bit. After all, there's a big difference between being encouraged by a small group of ardent readers with a like-minded worldview and believing you're destined for fame. She is unruffled by the question: "Even if I'm deluding myself, if it perpetuates the delusion that people can be rich, famous and successful, that may give them the inspiration to continue doing it. Just by their persistence they will succeed." But persistence doesn't always succeed. Ask the millions of bloggers who post daily in anonymity or all the lonely teenagers with 500 friends on Facebook. Now as before, many of us remain anonymous in the crowd no matter how hard we try to get noticed. We're not being peeped, and it drives us crazy.

### ► 5 BREAKING THE SEAL: PEEP IS ADDICTIVE

Go to photo-sharing site webshots.com and enter the search phrase "breaking the seal." You will find hundreds of photos of people about to take a piss. We peep for friendship, for community, for the opportunity to reinvent ourselves. There are plenty of reasons to peep, but none explains why we want to look at ourselves and others going to the bathroom. Peep is addictive. Or to put it another way, peep culture teaches us to "break the seal." Consider the rise of Twitter. Twitter users (there are as many as 6 million of them) report on their lives several times a day. The messages go to the in-boxes, cell phones and websites of friends, family, acquaintances and even the occasional stranger. For instance, by clicking on a random face on the Twitter website, I discover that Bridget of Buffalo ("Bio: dancer. baker. teacher. student. soon to be a librarian. \*smiles\*") is complaining about the rain, is listening to her dog snore, is at work. Twitter is peep without the drama of reality TV or the pretension of blogging. "We became addicted very quickly," says ruffled and tattooed Twitter founder Jack Dorsey, explaining how the concept of constant life updates immediately took hold in the office. Dorsey tells me about "connection with very low expectation." He talks about using Twitter to achieve a greater rapport with his family. He describes one night when he Twittered 700 or so people, telling them he was in a bar, drinking whiskey. "It's funny because I actually started drinking late in life, at like 22 or so. So my parents, who live in St. Louis, never really knew I started drinking. We were drinking whiskey, and I decided to Twitter about it. And my mom was like, 'I knew you drank cider sometimes, but whiskey?'" The more we peep, the more it seems okay to put everything out there for public consumption. Like going to the bathroom when your bladder is full, you start doing it naturally, without thinking. "There's a sense," says Dorsey, "that you're just putting information out there, so there's not so much weight to what you're writing." Connection without expectation turns out to be addictive. Once you start, why stop?

### ► 6 PEEP IS BIG BUSINESS

We like to think of peep culture as an amateur phenomenon, something the kids are doing for fun. But peep isn't a fad; it's big business. Corporate entities actively encourage us to consume the lives of others as if they were bags of barbecue potato chips. They promise to protect our privacy, but they make money by recording, retaining and repurposing every blog post, Amazon book review, text message, product preference and YouTube upload. Some of the biggest companies in the world are in the business of fostering and making possible what are often self-destructive peep behaviors. A quick example: Roughly two years (concluded on page 110)

## A SHORT HISTORY OF PEEPING

### 1928: EXECUTION CAM

American innovation takes peep culture to the next level when photographer Tom Howard sneaks a camera into the execution of Ruth Snyder. The resulting photo covers the front page of the *New York Daily News*.



### 1947: REALITY TV

Allen Funt starts his radio show *Candid Microphone*. The following year it moves to television, where it lives in various incarnations for the next 50-plus years.

### 1973: AN AMERICAN FAMILY

A PBS show chronicles the real-life problems of the Louds, a fragmenting California family. Camera crews film the Louds for seven solid months to get enough material for the 12-hour series. Highlights include son Lance coming out of the closet and the captured-on-camera moment when Pat tells husband William she wants a divorce.

### 1991: TRUTH OR DARE

In this "documentary" Madonna shows future starlets how to stay in the limelight no matter what. As Warren Beatty puts it in the movie (after Madonna's doctor asks her if she would prefer to talk off camera), "She doesn't want to live off camera, much less talk. Why would you say something if it's off camera? What point is there of existing?"



### 1992: REAL REALITY TV

MTV premieres *The Real World*. Five hundred people try out to be one of seven to share a four-bedroom downtown Manhattan loft for 13 weeks.

### 1996: LIFE, ONLINE

Jennifer Ringley wires her dorm room with webcams and starts JenniCam. She lives her life in full view of the public from 1996 until the end of 2003, inspiring upcoming generations of lifecasters, including Justin Kan and Sarah Austin.

### 2000: ORWELL IS WRONG

Big Brother does not show up in London in 1984 but in 2000. That's the year the TV show of the same name, which features a bunch of extroverts locked together in a house and filmed 24 hours a day, becomes a worldwide phenomenon. Also in 2000, a bunch of extroverts trapped together becomes a huge hit called *Survivor*.



### 2002: DOOCED

Heather Armstrong is fired from her web-design job after she mocks her employers online. Armstrong warns her fellow bloggers, "I was fired from my job for this website because I had written stories that included people in my workplace. My advice to you is, *be ye not so stupid*." Dooce, the name of Armstrong's blog, enters the popular lexicon as *dooiced*—getting fired for blogging about your job.



### 2003: LIFE-WRECKING VIRAL VIDEO

A French Canadian kid films himself pretending he's Darth Maul. Schoolmates accidentally find the videotape, and the first viral-video superstar is born. The *Star Wars* Kid's video is viewed more than 900 million times.

### 2003: SIMPLE LIFE

A few weeks before the start of Paris Hilton's TV series *The Simple Life*, her sex tape is all over the Internet, inaugurating the craze of celebrity sex tapes suddenly coming to the attention of an unsuspecting public.



### 2005: TMZ.COM

The website is the first to offer details of Mel Gibson's drunk-driving arrest and subsequent anti-Semitic rant. The site (a joint venture with Telepictures Productions and AOL, which is owned by Time Warner) goes on to bring us the first online pictures of Britney Spears's shaved head.

# Bet *on* *Burciaga*



## MISS FEBRUARY JESSICA BURCIAGA IS A QUEEN OF HEARTS

Every hand is a winner when your cards are dealt by a woman with a perfect pair. Meet Jessica Burciaga, a 25-year-old southern Californian who had been studying sports broadcasting in college before she hopped to the Mansion and auditioned to be a Bunny blackjack dealer. Out of hundreds of hopefuls, Jessica was chosen to work at the then new Playboy Club at the Palms in Las Vegas. (This was 2006.) “We were all young and didn’t have a lot of experience,” she says. “They literally trained us in eight weeks, and we were nervous because we were dealing with a lot of money. The pit boss and security were looking over our shoulders at all times.” Jessica caught on in a snap. “One time,” she says, “I got a \$5,000 chip as a tip.” Jessica grew homesick and returned to the L.A. area after a few months, though she still loves to visit

Sin City. “I am so close to my family, and I missed not being able to go over to my mom’s or grandma’s or hang out with my two brothers whenever I wanted,” she says. “My grandma is my best friend. Whenever I need to talk to somebody, I want my grandma. She and my mom both love the magazine and were really supportive of my decision to pose. My grandma said, ‘Take me to the Mansion. I want to meet Hef! I’d be a Playmate if I were young again.’” Miss February loves the Lakers, the ocean and the beach boys, so to speak. “I’m a total flip-flops girl. I like to have a few drinks and chill by the beach. That’s my style. Guys at L.A. clubs try to impress you with talk about money and cars, and that turns me off.” Another thing that turns Jessica off? Boring men. She says, “I need someone who gives me a run for my money.”











See more of Miss February at [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com).



MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jessica Burciaga

BUST: 32c WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'2" WEIGHT: 110

BIRTH DATE: 4-11-83 BIRTHPLACE: Santa Fe Springs, CA

AMBITIONS: To host my own TV or sports show one day and to have a family. :)

TURN-ONS: Someone who is ambitious, successful, romantic & smells good.

TURNOFFS: Laziness, cockiness & liars.

MY SIBLINGS: Two younger brothers, 16 & 23.

MY ETHNIC BACKGROUND: French, Mexican & Irish.

JOBS I HAD BEFORE PLAYBOY: Running my own website, dancing professionally & modeling.

MY FAVORITE TV SHOW: I Love Lucy.

MY NIGHTLY RITUAL BEFORE BED: I have to take a bubble bath every night.

MY BEST KARAOKE SONG: "Piece of My Heart" by Faith Hill.



Seven years old with my big 1980s hair.



Fifth grade.



Twenty years old. Off to the beach!

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





*Barbara Streisand*



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hat's the difference between a stockbroker and a pigeon?

A pigeon can still make a deposit on a Lexus.

**I**f the Jacksonville Jaguars are known as the Jags, and the Tampa Bay Buccaneers are known as the Bucs, what does that make the Tennessee Titans?

**T**he economy is so bad that wives are having sex with their husbands because they can't afford to buy new batteries.

**W**hy don't men stop to ask for directions? Because they know how to read a map.



**W**hat's the worst thing about the rising unemployment rate?

It's hard to screw your girlfriend when her husband is hanging around the house.

**A** man recovering from a heart attack asked his doctor how long he should wait before having sex.

"You can have sex right away," the doctor answered, "but only with your wife—I don't want you to get too excited."

**W**hat do a dildo and tofu have in common? They're both meat substitutes.

**A** lonely old lady was sitting on a park bench when a handsome older man sat down next to her.

"Are you new to the neighborhood?" the woman asked.

"I lived here years ago," he said.

"So where were you all these years?" she asked.

"In prison," he said.

"Why did they put you in prison?" she asked.

He looked at her and very quietly said, "I killed my wife."

"Oh!" the woman said. "So you're single...."

**H**ow can you get AIDS from a toilet seat?

By sitting down before the last guy gets up.

**A**t a county fair a little girl walked up to a clown who was creating intricate balloon animals.

"What are you making?" she asked.

He sighed and said, "Minimum wage."

**Q**uestion: You are having a threesome, when two extra girls enter, one leaves, three come in, two go and five more jump in unexpectedly. How many people are in your bed?

Answer: Who the hell cares?

**A** slightly overweight woman was opening up to the group at her Weight Watchers meeting. "My husband insists I come to these meetings because he would rather screw a woman with a trim figure."

"Well," the group leader assured her, "whatever helps you reach your goal!"

"You don't understand," the woman said. "He does it while I'm stuck at these damn meetings."

**W**hat do Disney World and Viagra have in common?

They both make you wait an hour for a two-minute ride.



**A**n eight-year-old swaggered into a lounge and demanded of the waitress, "Give me a double scotch on the rocks."

"What do you want to do," the waitress said, "get me in trouble?"

"Maybe later," the kid said. "Right now I just want the scotch."

**A**fter a night on the town a man picked up two picture-perfect blondes and took them back to his place for a romp.

"Just out of curiosity," the man asked them, "are you two sisters?"

"No," one of the blondes said, blushing, "we aren't even Catholic."

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](http://jokes.playboy.com). PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.





*"Never mind the Valentine's Day card, where's the vibrator you promised me?"*

STINA

# HAPPY LESS LITTLE THINGS

by  
Jess  
Walter

She's  
sweet.  
She's  
vulnerable.

She's  
a  
con  
man's  
wet  
dream—  
and  
his  
worst  
nightmare

I fucking hate Portland. So earnest and smug. There was a Portland guy here in Shelton on a meth pop, and even he had it—that too-sweet-to-believe thing. Like a lot of chalers, the dude's teeth were rotted, so he couldn't say his *r*'s. I used to fuck with him about it.

*So you're from Poland?*

*Po'tland*, the dude would say calmly.

*So you prefer being called Polish or Polack?*

*No, I'm f'om Po'tland.*

*Fuck off, Polack.*

Then one day on yard, someone racked that poor helpless meth head for standing too close and knocked out two of those black hollow uppers. It was weird—afterward he could say his *r*'s again, but he had a low humming whistle whenever he spoke. I called him Kenny G after that. He actually believed this was an improvement.

I suppose I've hated Portland since I took a pop there. It was a shame too, because it was the perfect Portland scam. A guy in my building was a volunteer recruiter for Greenpeace, and one day when he left his car unlocked I stole a bunch of pamphlets and sign-up logs. I couldn't use that stuff in Seattle so I drove down to Union Station in Portland, where I picked out two runaways who looked old enough to be college students. I put the kids in downtown Portland, trolling for Lexus-and-Rockport money. There was this girl, a little redhead named Julie, and a loaf named Kevin. I put gay Kevin on Burnside a block from Powell's and sweet Julie on Broadway, in front of Nordstrom.

Kevin was okay—friendly, made good eye contact—but Julie was the find: 19, short curly hair and what looked like a decent body under her hippie dress. She'd been kicked out of her house for accusing her stepdad of feeling her up, and while I'd heard that story a hundred times, it was harsh coming from her because, like a lot of good-looking girls, she seemed convinced it was her fault.

I figured the bookstore would be the better place, but it wasn't even close to Julie's haul at Nordstrom—no one more eager to help the environment than a guilty white liberal dropping 60 on a tie. But then I switched them, and Julie kicked ass at the bookstore, too. No, it was all her. She had something—I don't know—a genuine vulnerability.

*(continued on page 94)*

ILLUSTRATION BY NATHAN FOX







PLAYBOY  FASHION

# MAC GUY 2.0

AFTER PLAYING A COMPUTER GEEK AND AN ACTUAL COMPUTER, JUSTIN LONG GETS DRESSED UP FOR THIS YEAR'S BIGGEST DATE MOVIE

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

Among TV pitchmen, Justin Long ranks himself near the middle. "I sit somewhere between the 'Time to make the doughnuts' guy and the 'Dude, you're getting a Dell' kid," he says. In Hollywood, however, Long is moving up the ladder fast. After teaming with Bruce Willis in *Live Free or Die Hard* and stealing his scene as an adult-film star in *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*, the Connecticut native now joins an A-list ensemble—alongside Scarlett Johansson and Ben Affleck—in *He's Just Not That Into You*. Long plays an advice-slinging restaurateur with a taste for beautiful women and nice clothes. Offscreen, things are different. "Whenever there's a portrait of the future in film," he says, "everyone is wearing a black bodysuit. That is the ideal situation for me. It makes things much easier—plus I like unitards."

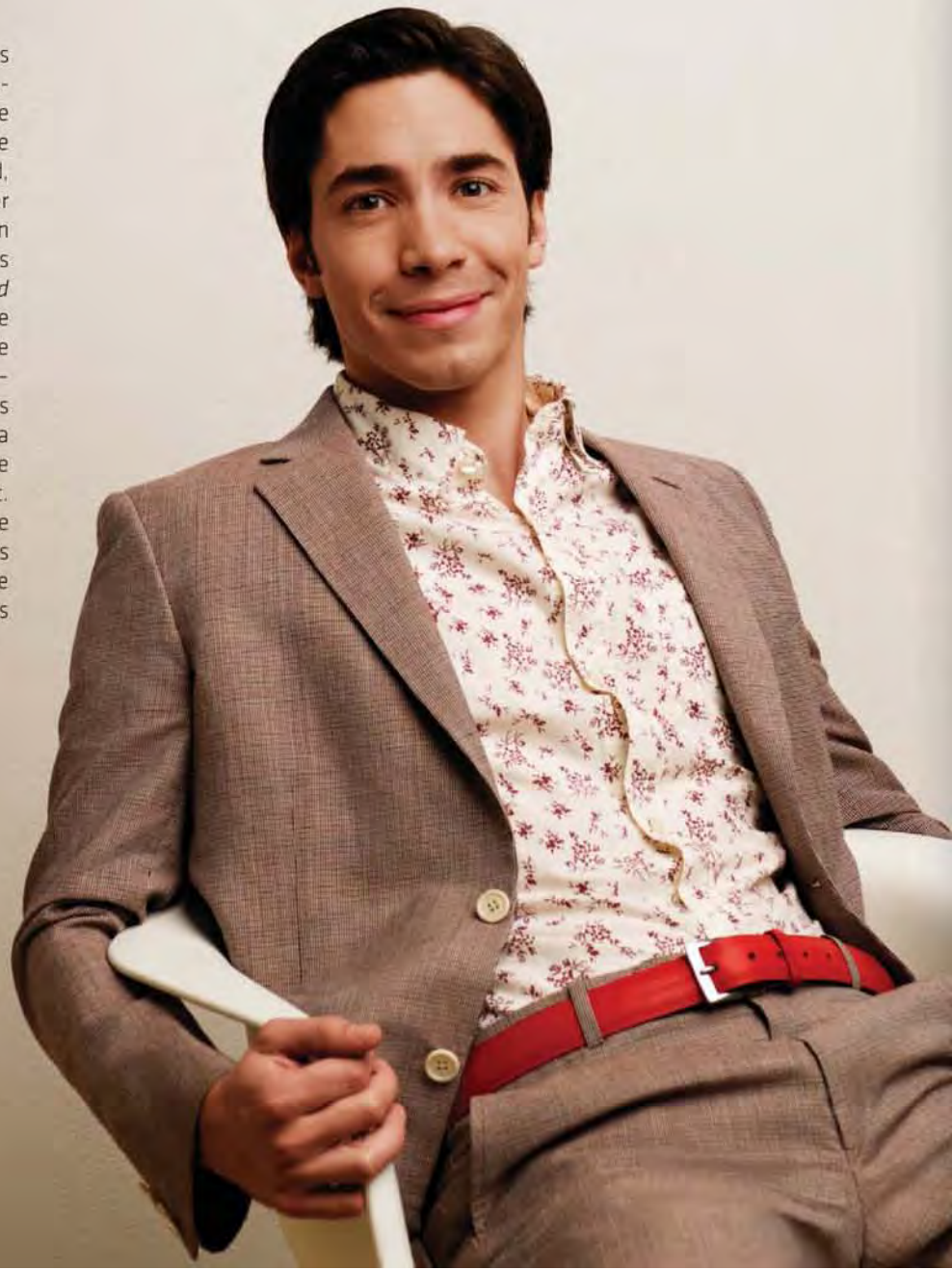
↑ SHIRT (\$98)  
BY MODERN AMUSEMENT.

↑ TROUSERS (\$200)  
BY PAUL SMITH JEANS.

↑ TIE (\$125)  
BY BAND OF OUTSIDERS.

↑ BELT (\$58)  
BY FRENCH CONNECTION.

↑ WATCH (\$20,500)  
BY WYLER GENÈVE.





← SUIT (\$1,990)  
BY BAND OF OUTSIDERS.

← SHIRT (\$68)  
BY FRENCH CONNECTION.

← BELT (\$150)  
BY PAUL SMITH.

← SHIRT (\$225)  
BY CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION.

← TROUSERS (\$375)  
BY CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION.

← BELT (\$175)  
BY CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION.

← WATCH (\$2,499)  
BY BALL.

← SHOES (\$195)  
BY RYAN ROWE.

# CARS OF THE YEAR 2009

OUR TEAM OF DEDICATED GEARHEADS SPENT THE PAST 12 MONTHS DRIVING EVERYTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN ON ROADS AND RACETRACKS ACROSS THE UNITED STATES AND EUROPE. THE MOST PROGRESSIVE GREEN TECHNOLOGY, THE FASTEST SPORTS CARS, LOAD-HAULING PICKUPS AND STEALTH SPEEDSTERS—IF IT'S OUT THERE, WE HAMMERED ITS THROTTLE. HERE'S THE BEST OF THE BEST.

BY  
KEN  
GROSS  
and the editors  
of PLAYBOY



**BEST FAMILY CAR: MINI COOPER S CLUBMAN**

Engine: turbocharged  
1.6-liter I4

Horsepower: 172  
Zero to 60: 6.7 seconds

Mpg: 26 city,  
34 highway  
Price:  
\$24,350

**LEST YOU** forget, the Mini was launched in 1959 by the British Motor Corporation and became a 1960s icon. Under the stewardship of BMW the marque was relaunched in 2001. Today it endures as the little car

that does it all. The new and very affordable S Clubman—really an extended hatchback with a neat third door on the passenger side—adds space and rear legroom to the standard Mini. There's plenty of room for a couple of surfboards, yet the S Clubman doesn't lose any agility, go-kart adroitness or efficiency, combining the footprint of an econobox with the athletic ability of a sports machine. We took one to our favorite West Virginia back roads, where deserted byways whisper, "Get on it!" With plenty of engine, backed by a crisp six-speed manual, this automobile has more than enough to raise your blood pressure. For just under 25 grand you get 177 foot-pounds of torque and a top speed of 139 mph. The standard suspension rides a tad rough, but if you're into this car's mystique, all seems as it should. Mini claims it has around 150 trillion combinations of options, accessories and performance upgrades to personalize your model. Buy one and you're driving an icon that just gets better with age.



**BEST SPORTS COUPE: CHEVROLET CORVETTE ZR1**

Engine: 6.2-liter  
supercharged V8

Horsepower: 638  
Zero to 60: 3.4 seconds

Mpg: 14 city,  
20 highway  
Price:  
\$104,820

**THE AMERICAN** auto industry is in free fall. We don't even know if General Motors will be in bankruptcy by the time you read this. What a bizarre moment for the company to unveil the new ZR1—the meanest, most powerful Corvette ever. Zero to 60 faster than any current production Ferrari. More horsepower than any Lamborghini you can buy in America. A top speed of 205 mph. And the \$104,820 tag is half what, say, a Ferrari California will run you. This torrid beauty is the answer to every Vette owner's prayers, as well as a reason to wave the American flag. The second you step into the spare but cool cockpit, you know you're in for an experience. With superb carbon-ceramic Brembo brakes, fat and sticky Michelin Pilot Sport PS2 rubber, a competition-style dual-plate clutch and a close-ratio six-speed manual, the ZR1 loafers at legal speeds and still delivers 20 EPA highway mpg. The magnetic road-sensitive suspension compensates for surface changes. On the track, the ZR1 squats, accelerates without fishtailing and absolutely streaks. Altogether you get race-car performance and a surprisingly compliant commute. If you can get your hands on a ZR1—Chevy is building fewer than 2,000—it will hold its value for a long time.



**HOTTEST EURO EXOTIC: ALFA ROMEO 8C COMPETIZIONE**

**Engine:** 4.7-liter V8  
**Horsepower:** 450 bhp  
**Zero to 60:** 4.2 seconds

**Mpg:** 12 city, 17 highway (estimated)  
**Price:** \$264,000

**ALFA ROMEO** is a magical Italian name—a mainstay on European roads and once the most dominant

marque in international racing. But Alfa has been gone from these shores for years. Now the swoopy 8C Berlinetta—launched as a 2009 model—has arrived in the States. Bolstered by the mighty Fiat organization, its soul a 450 bhp twin cam front mid-mounted V8 (similar to the Maserati GranTurismo's), the Alfa is poised to make history. It's packed with exotic features like carbon-fiber seats; drilled, vented and floating front disc brakes with six-piston calipers; and an electrohydraulic transaxle with normal, manual and sport modes. But the 8C's styling is what grabs us: It's quintessentially Italian yet unlike anything we've ever seen. Can Alfa Romeo make it in the States again? The 8C proves the company is willing to give it a hell of a go.

**Corvette ZR1 vs. Nissan GT-R**

PLAYBOY PITS THE TWO HOTTEST 2009 LAUNCHES AGAINST EACH OTHER IN A RUBBER-SHREDDING TRACK DAY

By A.J. Baime

When we turned up with the Corvette ZR1 and Nissan GT-R at the new Monticello Motor Club northwest of Manhattan, jaws hit the pavement. How hot are these machines? Club members who own \$400,000 superexotics wanted to drive our cars. We were there to see which would outdo the other on Monticello's awesome track, with its 22 corners and flat-out back straight. The driving team: myself and Bloomberg News car col-

umnist Jason Harper. I started off in the Nissan, with Jason behind me in the Vette. When you accelerate in the GT-R you're struck by the 3.8-liter twin-turbo V6's aeronautical exhaust note. With the transmission in R-mode (racing), you can paddle-shift in .2 seconds. You hit 100 mph faster than you can say "Nabeyaki udon." But it's not the GT-R's acceleration that makes for an unbelievable track experience. The car can do



**HOTTEST AMERICAN REVIVAL: DODGE CHALLENGER SRT8**

**Engine:** 6.1-liter Hemi V8  
**Horsepower:** 425  
**Zero to 60:** 5.1 seconds

**Mpg:** 14 city, 22 highway  
**Price:** \$42,245

**WE ADMIT**, the timing for a 1970s-style muscle-car revival is horrendous. Yet Dodge's Hemi Challenger SRT8 is a blast to drive. We hustled one around

California's Willow Springs raceway and couldn't believe its agility and poise. The steering is spot-on, and the brakes seem fade-proof. The lusty V8 blows an exhaust rap through its oversize tailpipes that sends chills up your spine. Cutting the Challenger down to merely oversize, the Dodge boys clipped a Charger sedan platform by four inches, kept the fully independent suspension all around and fitted huge Brembo disc brakes, ABS, ESP and a lateral g-force sensor that knows when you're ripping into a hot corner and primes the brakes for you. Stylists kept an original 1970 Challenger in the studio for reference, thus the born-again beauty's muscular hips and outside filler cap. Purists will want the six-speed manual with an old-style "pistol grip" shifter. To complete the effect, go for the black-on-black leather, aluminum-accented interior and four-bomb analog gauge panel. The sound system mates 13 speakers with a 322-watt amp and a booming 200-watt subwoofer. Don't try to challenge this tough coupe on any score except fuel economy. You'll lose.





**BEST GAS SIPPER: HONDA CIVIC HYBRID**

Engine: 1.3-liter I4 with electric motor    Horsepower: 110  
Zero to 60: 11 seconds

Mpg: up to 45 highway  
Price: \$24,220

**THE REVISED** Honda Civic Hybrid is a little late to the party that Toyota's Prius started, but it was worth the wait. For just \$24,220 you get a roomy compact four-door with a 1.3-liter SOHC I4 engine and an electric motor, plus a continuously

variable automatic transmission. Feather feet claim up to 45 mpg highway (though your mileage will vary). Compared with the Prius, the Honda's price tag and mileage are roughly equal, though we prefer its plain body to the Toyota's wonkish styling. The ride is surprisingly comfortable, and the roomy trunk is a plus. No plugging in is necessary; the battery recharges automatically during braking. To keep the sticker low, Honda engineers replaced the rear discs with drum brakes and ditched the folding rear seats and sunroof. But stability control is now standard. You can jazz up your fuel sipper with a leather interior, ABS and traction control, but if you buy this greenie as a daily commuter, our advice is to keep the extras down and take your savings straight to T-bills.

anything. Take a corner too hot? No problem. The computer guts deliver power to the proper wheels so you don't get sideways. Downshift mid-corner? The transmission is so smooth you barely feel the jolt. You can break all the rules. Still, after a few laps Jason blew past me in the Corvette. Bastard. We switched cars, and I knew the moment I revved the Vette's supercharged 6.2-liter V8 that I was dealing with a different

animal. This is GM's most powerful production car ever (638 hp to the Nissan's 480). You feel confident on the track—until you enter a turn too quickly and you realize: This car will bite you if you're not careful. The more comfortable I grew, the faster I went, diving deeper into corners before crunching those massive disc brakes, then ripping out with no hint of oversteer. Approaching Monticello's back straight, I

tucked in behind Jason. After the right-hander I jumped to the side and summoned all 638 of those thoroughbreds. There Jason was, fading in my rearview. Our decision: The Vette's faster, but the GT-R can do no wrong. A driver with technical skills will go for the Vette any day. Most others will prefer the GT-R. A five-year-old could put up impressive lap times in this masterpiece of Japanese engineering.

**BEST CONVERTIBLE: MERCEDES-BENZ SL63 AMG**

Price: \$135,875

Engine: 6.2-liter V8    Horsepower: 518    Zero to 60: 4.5 seconds    Mpg: 12 city, 19 highway



The 2009 SL63 AMG traces its ancestry to the still coveted 1956 300SL (the open version of the classic gull-wing coupe) and is hands down the best-handling SL ever. MB engineers married a huge AMG engine (AMG being the exclusive performance arm of Mercedes) to a seven-speed multiclutch gearbox and tossed it all into an incredibly stylish convertible body with lots of added electronic performance voodoo. Bonus feature: Race Start, an F1-inspired launch-control option that hammers you from zero to 60 mph in 4.5 seconds.

**BEST PICKUP: FORD F-150**

Price: \$38,965

Engine: 5.4-liter V8    Horsepower: 320    Zero to 60: 9 seconds    Mpg: 14 and 18 with the 4x4 option

Dodge's redesigned Ram and Ford's new F-150 are both outstanding. It was close, but we went with the Ford (though the Platinum is pictured, we tested the Lariat 4x4 SuperCrew with a 5.4-liter V8). The F-150 will haul a 3,030-pound payload and tow a whopping 11,300 pounds. FoMoCo's biggest V8 has 390 foot-pounds of torque and runs on gas and E85. The precise steering and rigid chassis make twisty roads a treat. Ford offers 35 variations in three cab styles with four box options.



**BEST CROSSOVER: BMW X6 XDRIVE50I**

Price: \$67,025

Engine: 4.4-liter twin-turbocharged V8    Horsepower: 400    Zero to 60: 5.3 seconds    Mpg: 13 city, 18 highway



Think of the new BMW X6 crossover as a classy four-door coupe on stilts, with all-wheel drive and loads of electronic drive technology. Opt for the Sport package, with 20-inch wheels and Electronic Damping Control, as well as the engine upgrade (a 400 hp V8). On the corkscrew-like Angeles Crest Highway in California, this car dazzled sport bikers with its quickness, agility and bizarre styling. It's the best all-around BMW people package, and it hauls.

**BEST VALUE SPORTS SEDAN: MAZDA6 S SPORT**

Price: \$24,800

Engine: 3.7-liter V6    Horsepower: 272    Zero to 60: 6.3 seconds    Mpg: 17 city, 25 highway

Mazda's gone edgy with the new Mazda6, a stylish, perfectly balanced six-speed sport sedan built especially for the North American market. We blazed a Mazda6 on L.A.'s challenging Mulholland Drive, with its off-camber turns and steep cliff drops. Cornering with confidence, diving into blind corners and stopping on a dime, the rock-steady Mazda6 proved it's the closest thing Japan has to a BMW 3 Series. This is a lot of car for very little money.



# CAR OF THE YEAR

## Nissan GT-R

**AN INTERNATIONAL** cult car built to win the Japan Touring Car Championship and originally not imported to the U.S., Nissan's Skyline GT-R bundled the finest high technology into a brutally effective street-legal racer. Scandal erupted when Nissan engineers claimed their GT-R had lapped Germany's Nürburgring Nordschleife—one of the world's most challenging circuits—faster than a Porsche 911 Turbo (which costs about \$50,000 more). True? Not true? This is a fact: The folks at Porsche were not pleased. Now this razor-edged four-seat coupe is available for the first time in the U.S. We loved its intense power delivery, amazing grip in wet or dry conditions, blindingly quick brakes and nasty attitude. It's not a light car, weighing in at 3,836 pounds, yet the acceleration (430 foot-pounds of torque) feels furious. The car combines an aggressively programmed electronic all-wheel-drive system and a six-speed paddle-shifted transaxle with three distinct shift settings—Normal, Snow and R-mode (for racing). You also get three suspension modes: Normal, Comfort and R-mode. Massive 15-inch ventilated cross-drilled Brembo disc brakes ensure the GT-R's stopping matches its hyperfast going. The best news of all: The GT-R is priced under \$77,000 and only about \$82,000 fully equipped. Pound for pound there's no better performance bargain. That's why the Nissan GT-R is PLAYBOY's 2009 Car of the Year.



The GT-R's interior styling is all about performance. Left: Notice the red push-button ignition. Above: The tachometer is front and center.



### CAR OF THE YEAR: NISSAN GT-R

Engine: 3.8-liter twin-turbocharged V6

Horsepower: 480  
Zero to 60: 3.5 seconds

Mpg: 16 city, 21 highway

Price: \$76,840

## Powering the Future

**FINDING THE NEXT FUEL-EFFICIENT ENGINE TECHNOLOGY IS THE GREATEST INDUSTRIAL STRUGGLE OF OUR TIME.**

**WHICH WILL WIN OUT IN THE END?**

By  
**Jason  
Harper**

### Hybrid Gas-Electric

**How it works:** Hybrids have both a gas engine and a battery-powered electric engine, the latter providing additional thrust (exactly how and when depends on the model). When you're not moving, the car runs off the battery. When you are moving and step on the brakes, the electric motor captures kinetic energy and recharges the battery pack.

**Ups:** Gets great gas mileage in city traffic and is easy to incorporate into current car and truck models.

**Down:** At highway speeds, mpg gains are less apparent because you are relying more on the gas engine.

**Power players:** Toyota's Prius has sold more than a million units, and Honda's Civic Hybrid is our 2009 Gas Sipper of the Year.

**Star rating:** Five out of five.

### Clean Diesel

**How it works:** The days of dirty, stinking diesels are over, thanks to ultra-low-sulfur fuel and engines that trap pollutants and neutralize 'em. Clean diesel already powers many of Europe's cars.

**Ups:** Diesel scores about 30 percent better in fuel economy than gasoline and pumps out 20 percent less carbon-dioxide emissions.

**Downs:** Higher costs. The engines are more expensive to make, and diesel has a premium over gas—currently, on average, 80 cents a gallon over regular.

**Power players:** The Germans. The new Volkswagen Jetta TDI is a sweet little ride and gets 41 mpg highway. BMW and Mercedes-Benz are both now offering clean diesels in the States.

**Star rating:** Four.



### Hydrogen Fuel Cells

**How they work:** Fuel cells are like miniature power stations that convert the chemical energy of hydrogen into electricity, which then powers an electric motor. Hydrogen is a gas, and it's stored under either 5,000 psi or 10,000 psi in a reinforced tank.

**Up:** The only emissions? Water and heat.

**Downs:** The \$500,000 or more it currently costs to build a hydrogen car. On top of that, an entire hydrogen-refilling infrastructure needs to be built so you can refuel on the road.

**Power player:** GM has 100 hydrogen Chevy Equinoxes running around southern California, Washington, D.C. and New York City with no-cost leases right now. The car drives just like the gas-burning Equinox (boring but fine), though it produces zero emissions.

**Star rating:** Two.

### Electric

**How it works:** Power stored in batteries fuels an electric motor. And yes, you plug your car into a regular 110/120- or 220/240-volt outlet.

**Ups:** Clean and silent.

**Downs:** Range is usually limited to less than 150 miles, and recharges can take up to eight hours. Oh, and electricity in the U.S. still comes mostly from burning coal, so while your car may run clean, you're still pumping carbon dioxide into the atmosphere.

**Power players:** Tesla Motors, with its \$109,000 supercar that rockets to 60 mph in less than four seconds, has been getting oodles of press. But the real potential player is the Chevy Volt—"fully charged," as GM puts it, for 2010.

**Star rating:** Three.

### Ethanol

**How it works:** Ethanol is made from corn and other grains. Today E85, which is 15 percent gas and 85 percent ethanol, is sold at 1,900 gasoline stations across the States.

**Ups:** E85 is cleaner to burn than gas, and ethanol is a renewable resource that could cut our dependence on oil-producing countries that hate us.

**Downs:** A roughly 10 percent to 15 percent drop in fuel economy. More important, if all our fuel needs end up on the shoulders of farmers, we will have, as one biofuel critic put it, a "humanitarian disaster."

**Power players:** Many gas-burning cars these days can run on E85 without any modifications; see [e85fuel.com](http://e85fuel.com) to learn if your car is among them and where the fueling stations are.

**Star rating:** One.



# JOSH HOLLOWAY

**LOST'S NUMBER ONE BADASS CHANNELS HIS INNER SAWYER, EXPLAINS WHY EVERYONE ON THE SHOW GETS SPEEDING TICKETS, RELIVES HIS DAYS AS A SKINNY MALE MODEL AND TELLS WHAT MAY HAPPEN NEXT ON TV'S FAVORITE ISLAND**

**Q1**

**PLAYBOY:** You're heading into your fifth season on the hit TV show *Lost*, playing hot-tempered con man James "Sawyer" Ford, who hoards stolen guns and medicines and harbors a lot of secrets. When are you most Sawyer-like in real life?

**HOLLOWAY:** If someone cuts me off in traffic, Sawyer pops right out. When I was 17 I fell asleep at the wheel one morning. The car was destroyed going end over end, and all I got was a cut on the back of my neck from hitting the roof multiple times. Since then I've slowed down a lot, so people cut me off because I'm kind of a cruiser. But everybody has a Sawyer inside him.

**Q2**

**PLAYBOY:** You film *Lost* on the island of Oahu in Hawaii, where four cast members have been arrested for car-related incidents and five others have been cited. When the police nabbed you for speeding last year, was your inner Sawyer at the wheel?

**HOLLOWAY:** It's an island, very easily patrolled, and we are the only big celebrities who stay there all the time. I was going

around 50 in a 35 zone, and that's embarrassing. I should have been going faster.

**Q3**

**PLAYBOY:** Because you play such a badass on the show, how do actual badasses respond to you?

**HOLLOWAY:** I get a lot of letters from prisons and the military. I had to film in a prison one day, and all the inmates were going, "Sawyer! Sawyer!" I asked the guards what I should do, and they said, "Be totally normal. Don't be scared, or they'll laugh." That was an eye-opener. I don't ever want to go to prison.

**Q4**

**PLAYBOY:** Women dig bad boys. What kind of response do you get from female fans?

**HOLLOWAY:** That's another thing that shocks me. I've been with the same woman for 10 years. We're married, and we've been very public about our relationship. Young, attractive girls won't give you the time of day, but you have to watch the older tourist ladies loose in Hawaii who have had a few cocktails and come over and are suddenly

like, "Aww, give me a hug." Even if you give a respectful hug, you can get in trouble.

**Q5**

**PLAYBOY:** Did fame come into play when you and your wife were victims of a home-invasion robbery three years ago in Oahu?

**HOLLOWAY:** It still gets me. The guy was a crackhead who had hit 22 people in two and a half weeks. He took an 80-year-old couple and duct-taped them up. He also attempted to murder another guy. I had a nightmare about it last night.

**Q6**

**PLAYBOY:** How did that incident change your life?

**HOLLOWAY:** Having a gun held to our heads when we're naked in our bedroom at four in the morning is never going to happen to my wife and me again. I took the FBI training course. I have home protection. I accept that we live in a gun society, especially in America. Of course, there's also the statistic that owning a gun increases your chances of being shot by 300 percent.

Q7

PLAYBOY: What will happen on *Lost* this season, especially considering the rumors that a major character or two—maybe even yours—won't make it to season six?  
 HOLLOWAY: I don't know shit. In last season's finale some characters are trying to get back to the island. I have a feeling—this is just my projection—we're going to get deeper into the lore of the island and where the people on the island will end up. I love that Sawyer is still on the island and not back in society, where he's such a bastard. He has evolved a bit, but I don't know how he fits into society anymore.

Q8

PLAYBOY: What would you miss least about the show if your character were killed off?  
 HOLLOWAY: I wouldn't miss wondering if I'll have to take my shirt off each week. Normally, the guy who takes off his shirt is 25, but I'm 39. The producers have already told me this season, "You can't find your shirt in the first episode—at least." I'm trying to become a better actor. If I can get really good, I won't have to be that shirtless guy all the time.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You and Evangeline Lilly throw off serious heat together on the show. What do you find sexiest about her?  
 HOLLOWAY: Evie's most attractive quality is her willingness to just throw herself into shit. She's a pretty girl who's unafraid to take a big handful of dirt, shove it in her hair and wipe it across her face. She's always saying, "We're not dirty enough."

Q10

PLAYBOY: What does winning so much fame for your looks and physique do to your head?  
 HOLLOWAY: Honestly? It makes me insecure. I get nervous. When people look at me, I'm like, Have I got a booger? We've been living in Hawaii, which is a blessing because the local people are so chill. When they see you, they just give you a nod. I'm superhappy to work, but the fame thing is not cool.

Q11

PLAYBOY: How does your wife deal with all the rumors about you in the press?  
 HOLLOWAY: My wife is really good with it all because she knows me and knows I have a part to play. Sometimes quotes are taken out of context, like when I was asked about high school crushes and I said Olivia Newton-John. Suddenly it was made to look as if I had a crush on her now. I'm still madly in love with my wife. She knows how to handle that stuff.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Georgia and have called yourself a typical Blue Ridge

Mountain boy. What does that mean?  
 HOLLOWAY: We're pretty hardworking, tough, straight-shootin' country people. We were not quite hillbilly but hillbilly adjacent. I grew up on 33 acres with a dirt road. My parents were college educated. My father majored in chemistry and worked as a surveyor for the state. My mother was a teacher. The rural people around us were always like, "Y'all are city boys," and I was like, "Have you seen my trailer? It's next to yours."

Q13

PLAYBOY: What kinds of jobs did you have before you started acting?  
 HOLLOWAY: My first job, at the age of 11, was picking up dead chickens in a chicken house. After that I worked in a restaurant. At the age of 13 I went into construction, which is what most rural people do—either that or become a mechanic or chicken farmer. When I was 17 I got a haircut in Atlanta, and the lady said, "Do you want to do a hair show? I'll give you a free haircut." I said no, but when she said, "It's you and 12 girls," I said, "I'm in." The guy who organized the show worked at a modeling agency, and I started doing ads for Macy's. Then I got an offer to model in New York, so at 18 I took a Greyhound bus and off I went.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Did you go to New York having had much sexual experience?  
 HOLLOWAY: My first time was when I was, I think, 14. My older friends on the construction crew were like, "You been laid, boy?" I was trying to avoid the question, so they said, "We're going to take care of that." Sure enough, they did, with a girl they knew. She was 16, and it was wonderful, educational and kind of innocent.

Q15

PLAYBOY: How were things as an 18-year-old model on the loose in New York?  
 HOLLOWAY: I wasn't getting much modeling work because back in the 1980s they were using men who were beefcakes, not boys, and I was kind of skinny and young. The agency shipped me to Europe, saying, "Go put on some miles—party or something," and for three years I lived in Milan, Paris and Bologna. All sorts of drugs were going around, but the men never got into the chemical thing. They'd go to the park and maybe smoke some doobs. We had some fun—crazy, wild parties—but that's as far as the wildness went.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You didn't have many acting credits when you were cast on *Lost*.  
 HOLLOWAY: There aren't many to know

about. I took acting classes and eventually got an agent; then it was nine frigin' years of this town kicking my ass. At the time, I told my girlfriend, now my wife, "I'm going to quit and do real estate. You cool with that?" She was. I got my real estate license in the mail four days before I booked *Lost*. Try nine years of getting your ass kicked in L.A. and you'll have a lot of anger saved up to play Sawyer.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Have you had to curb any fun, potentially self-destructive pursuits because of your importance to *Lost*?  
 HOLLOWAY: I had to give up my dirt bike, which hurt because that's the most fun I've ever had on a toy. I go fishing probably 30 miles out on my boat, and I've gotten into some hairy situations *Lost* would not approve of. I surfed until someone on the *Lost* crew got injured surfing and needed 40 stitches. An injury means death on the show, so I dropped that right away.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Your arms are tattooed these days, and your hair's all funky. What's that about?  
 HOLLOWAY: The tattoos are just transfers. I play a tattoo artist in the movie *Stay Cool* with Winona Ryder, Sean Astin and Hilary Duff. It's about a writer who goes home to deliver the commencement address at his high school. I play a guy who is no stranger to weed. It has been liberating as hell because it's a comedic role, and I hope it opens up the perception that I'm not just Sawyer.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Does coming home with tats spice things up with your wife?  
 HOLLOWAY: It seems as if all women want a bad boy until they hook up with one, and then they want to make him a good boy. I got these tattoos for the movie, went home and said, "Hey, baby." My wife said, "Ooh, that's hot," but then she went, "You're not that cool." I mean, damn it, I had her for a minute.

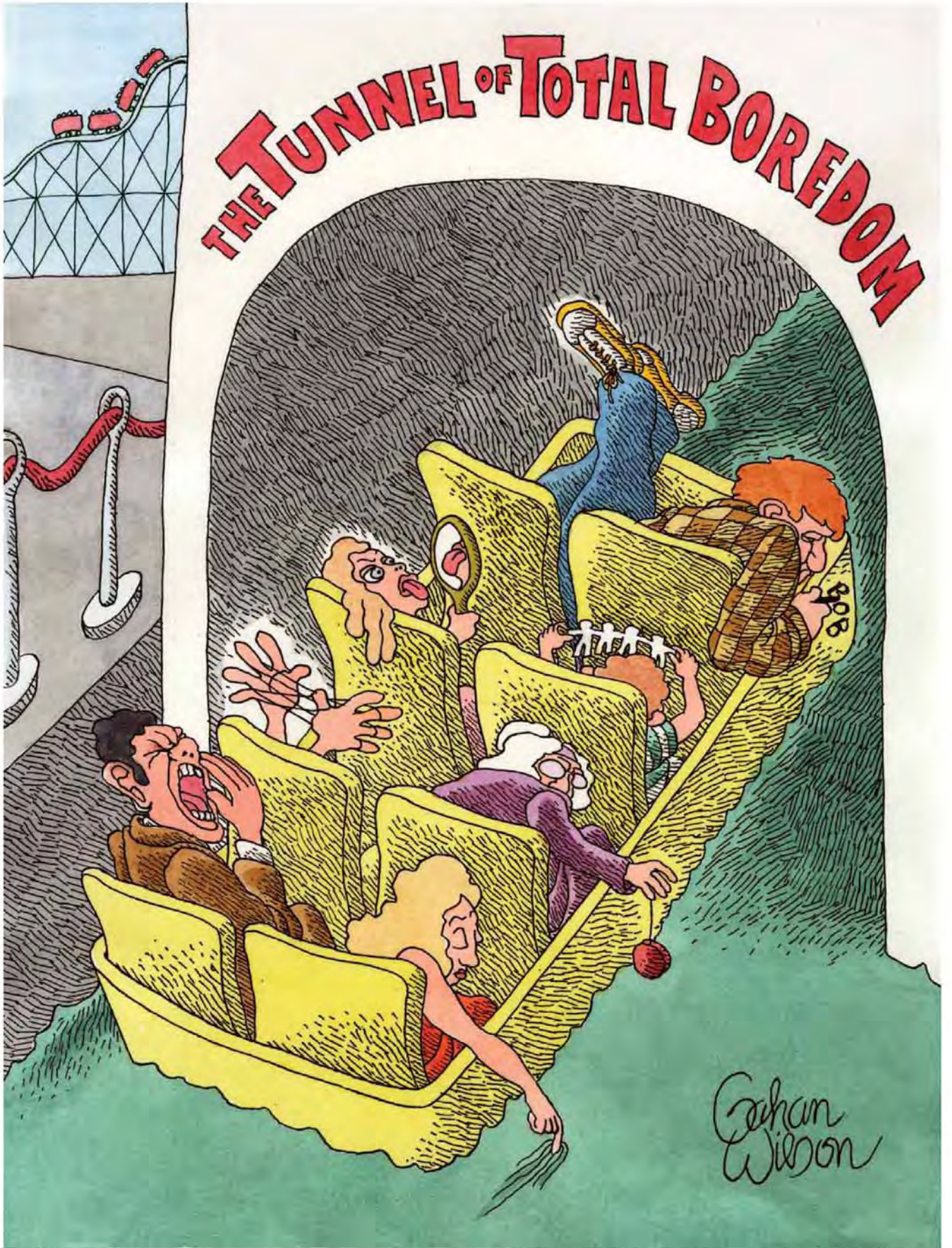
Q20

PLAYBOY: People often say no one truly knows himself until he hits it big. With everything that has happened to you, have you ever been caught being a jerk?  
 HOLLOWAY: If you're a celebrity, people allow you too much leeway. I don't want to be that person. I want to be respectful and considerate of other people. My wife and I keep each other real. The people we hang out with aren't the type who go around treating waiters badly.

Read the 21st question at [playboy.com/21q](http://playboy.com/21q).



# THE TUNNEL OF TOTAL BOREDOM



# GOOD BYE GIRLS

The Girls Next Door are moving down the street



**W**e met them nearly four years ago: three young, unsophisticated, wide-eyed blondes who gave TV viewers a look at the strange and wonderful life behind the gates of the Playboy Mansion. They came from up and down the West Coast, from San Diego to Alaska, to slip into this adult fantasyland as the girlfriends of PLAYBOY's Editor-in-Chief, Hugh M. Hefner. But after E!

*The Girls Next Door*, in August 2005, Holly Madison, Bridget Marquardt and Kendra Wilkinson didn't stay wide-eyed unsophisticates for long. Over the course of five seasons viewers got to know Holly's old-Hollywood glamour, Bridget's Halloween obsession and Kendra's crazy laugh, and before long E! had its biggest hit and the Playboy brand had attracted a huge new (and largely female) following.







As for those three young blondes: In Hef's words, "You can't begin to overestimate the extent to which their lives have been changed. They are much more mature, sophisticated people now. They're celebrities, but they're also a good deal more than that."

In a way, it all made perfect sense: PLAYBOY, after all, had been showcasing "girls next door" since the summer of 1955, when Janet Pilgrim went from a desk in the subscription department to a spot as Miss July. But Holly, Bridget and Kendra brought a new twist to a longtime tradition, turning PLAYBOY's girls next door into *The Girls Next Door*. "It personalized what goes on here at the Mansion," says Hef, "and brought us a whole new group of fans."

And now, as you may have heard, there are big changes. As the fifth season of *The Girls Next Door* comes to an end, the story lines for season six have



taken an unexpected turn: The original girls are leaving the Mansion to follow different paths, while a whole new cast of contenders (and maybe a few pretenders) is moving in.

All three girls are undergoing major life changes, but for Holly, perhaps, the change is most dramatic. Holly has spent the past seven years at Hef's side, first as one of seven girlfriends, then as number one among three and lately as the one who shared his room and his life. "I can say without reservation that Holly really is and has been the love of my life," Hef says. "Over the past couple of years, even though I had three girlfriends, it increasingly focused into a one-on-one relationship with Holly. I expected to spend the rest of my life with her."

But Holly wanted something more. She wanted marriage and children. Hef is still legally married to his second wife, Kimberly Conrad Hefner, Miss January 1988.





That marriage ended badly, and he wasn't eager to try wedlock again. So Holly has had a change of heart. Her decision to end the long, intensely romantic relationship was unexpected, Hef says. But she says he should have seen it coming.

Rumors of a romance with Las Vegas magician Criss Angel have added fuel to the fire. "Hef and I will always be close," Holly says, "but I just want different things. I don't want to be on somebody's arm all the time. I want new experiences. I want to see everything life has to offer."

When Holly told Hef she wanted to end the relationship, he says, "I was literally blindsided by it, and for a couple of weeks I was roadkill." His adjustment to the new single life was made easier with the arrival of the Shannon twins, Karissa and Kristina, two upcoming Playmates from Florida, who said they were interested in becoming his girlfriends. Those two have now moved into the Mansion, where, Hef says, "an extraordinary number of young ladies" are also vying for his attention. "The only advice I ever gave Hef," Holly says, "is to look for nice girls who will treat him with respect."

Holly now has her own place near Playboy Studio West, where she works in the magazine's photo department. She swears she doesn't miss the staff that was ready to attend to her every need inside the Mansion. "When I was in college I lived with roommates in ghetto-esque apartments, so I'm used to running out to the grocery store or McDonald's in the middle of the night," she says. "Ever since I moved out of the Mansion I've felt more in touch with the girl I used to be."

The Holly-Hef breakup came as a particular shock to Kendra, who had already been thinking about the day







she would be on her own. "The timing was a huge surprise to me," Kendra says. "I was like, What? Everybody thought I would be the first one out of the Mansion!"

Kendra had been planning her move even before she ran into Philadelphia Eagles wide receiver Hank Baskett at a Playboy golf tournament. A huge football fan, she had always sworn never to date the players, but something about Baskett made her reconsider. "I always thought football players were like hot boy toys, kinda," she says, laughing. "I like to go with the good guy, not the bad boys. But there was something about his energy and the way he carried himself. I knew I couldn't leave without giving him my number."

They started dating, Baskett popped the question a few months later, and Kendra immediately knew whom she wanted to give her away at the wedding. Hef was "proud and pleased" to do so and offered to host the wedding and reception at the Playboy Mansion (where Holly will be a bridesmaid). "I think Hef has always looked at me like a lost little soul," Kendra says, "and now I think he's really proud of me. If it weren't for Hef, I would never have met Hank. Hef carried the torch a long distance and then handed it to Hank, and Hank lit it." The wedding will figure into the next season of *GND* and in a spin-off series focusing on Kendra's life outside the Mansion.

Bridget, meanwhile, has her own television series. *Bridget's Sexiest Beaches*, which debuts on the Travel Channel in March, has sent her around the world in recent months on trips to Australia, Jamaica, Fiji, Thailand, Ibiza and (text concluded on page 106)

See more of Holly, Bridget and Kendra at [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com).



# Helpless

(continued from page 72)

It was almost too easy. I had the kids stop shoppers, flash a brochure and ask them to sign up for Greenpeace. We didn't actually want the fish to say yes, but if they did, the kids had them fill out a long sign-up form and still the mark usually dug out a 10 for the stop-the-whaling fund. But most people are in too big a hurry, so they'd rather give a onetime donation. This was the cash side of the business—fives, 10s, 20s, a few 50s. I printed up tax-deduction receipts off the IRS website, and this helped convince people we were legitimate. On the first day alone, Kevin got almost 400, and Julie took in six and a quarter. I chopped my half, five bills for running the thing, and then sold Kevin a half ounce of weed from the trunk of my car for the rest of his take, at a decent profit. I tried to sell Julie some bud, too, but she looked away. *I need money a lot more than I need pot, Danny.*

Of course, some shoppers got suspicious and didn't want to give us cash, or claimed they had none. This was good. I told the kids: *Make them give you the thing you're taking.* So they'd say that Greenpeace discouraged credit cards and checks, then wrinkle their brows and say, "But I guess...if you have ID," as if the person had insisted. Nothing kills suspicion like suspicion.

This was the real haul: checks, which we used to make templates for phony checking accounts, and especially credit cards. I gave the kids 10 bucks for every card number they got, but I got 40 apiece from a guy in Mexico. In two weeks I had given him 39. Give me your number and I can have four grand run on that card in Mexico before you put away your wallet.

All of this was a nice and profitable diversion from my real business, the thing I've done since I quit college my freshman year—running bud down from B.C. My territory was Washington and Oregon, from the Canadian border all the way down I-5, eight regular stops on the Green Corridor: Bellingham, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Portland, Salem, Eugene and Ashland. Two trips a week, up and back, meant two nights a week in the midpoint, Portland. People have in their minds a picture of a bud smuggler—white-boy dreads, Marley T-shirt—but I'd be a moron to dress like that for 15 hundred miles a week with six kilos in the trunk. I wore a plain suit and kept my hair short, hard-parted on the side, like a '50s superhero. But the key was my car: I had to be the youngest man in America rocking a loaded gray '06 Buick Lucerne. Cop could pull me over blazing a spliff, coke spoon up my nose, syringe hanging from my tied-off arm, dead hooker in the passenger seat, and still just tell me to ease off the gas and have a nice day.

No game works forever, of course, and I knew this Greenpeace scam could bust a hundred ways: Kids steal from me, some

fish gets suspicious and calls his credit-card company, real Greenpeacies get wind. I put the half-life at three months. This was early November, so I figured to run the game through Christmas—when the banks and credit-card companies are too busy to notice the extra draws—make a little side money and move on. In the meantime I was careful. On my return run through Portland I always collected the Greenpeace material so the kids couldn't freelance. I moved Julie and Kevin around a lot and worked hard to stay away from the real fund-raisers.

And once each, I had Julie and Kevin strip in front of me—this was one of my old weed-dealing precautions—to make sure they weren't holding any money back. This is drastic stuff, but done right it only has to happen once. It makes a real impact, kid standing in front of you freezing his ass off while you go through his clothes. I learned it from the guy who recruited me. You make the mule stand there while you ignore him to look through his clothes. It's not the search; it's standing there naked that gets to him. With a dealer, the last part of this humiliation is having him spread his ass checks—not because I suspect anything's up there, but just so the kid knows how far I'll go. Like a jail search. The guy who did me took it a step further, split my ass with a cold handgun. Of course Kevin and Julie weren't muling drugs, so I didn't need to check their asses, and I didn't carry a gun, anyway, but I wanted to send the same message. You're nothing to me. Meat.

Now I'll be the first to admit it. I was kind of looking forward to this with little Julie. It wasn't like she had a stripper's body; she was tiny, almost sickly. I wasn't into the waif thing, but there was something about the way she moved, like poured syrup. I couldn't help being curious about what lay underneath all those clothes.

Like my car, I chose my hotel rooms carefully. No sketchy motels on the outskirts of town for me. In Portland, I always took a room at the Heathman downtown. I liked the porters in their befeater costumes, and I liked sitting on the mezzanine by the fire, drinking Chivas and making eyes with the married businesswomen. That's what did it for me, women in suits, not little homeless girls. On my first night at the Heathman, I hit a blonde, married prescription-drug rep—impeccable makeup, Pilates-hard ass. *I'm in the same business,* I told her. I wouldn't be surprised if they had to re-drywall my room after we finished banging around in it.

I was a month into my Portland gig when I called Julie up to my room at the Heathman. I sat spread-legged on the big fluffy bed and told her to take everything off. I'd strip-searched Kevin a week earlier and he'd thrown a fit—*Danny, how could you think I'd steal from you?*—but Julie didn't say a word. Her eyes just got big and she nodded slightly, turned away

from me, looked out the window and started unbuttoning. Her hands were shaking. I couldn't believe how many layers she wore—wool scarves and flannel and Army surplus and little cotton panties. And there she was. Just her...pale little body, skinny freckled arms. She was shivering. When she turned away shyly, I could see every disk in her spine. Her shoulder blades were like two drawn-in wings. In fact, it was her back that got to me, that little back tapering down to this tiny waist, which I could've put my two hands completely around if I'd wanted, could have lifted her up and....

She started crying in these jerking little hiccups, *Please, don't make me*—She didn't finish. Tears curled over her cheeks.

God, she was small. Not a tattoo or a ring anywhere. I said, *I just need to make sure you're not stealing from me.* I've never felt so horny and so shitty at the same time. I turned away as I went through her clothes. They were warm.

Hell, I knew she wasn't stealing from me; she was outdrawing Kevin two-to-one. And it's no wonder she thought I was going to fuck her. These were the rules I was operating under: When you're stealing from people, you assume people are stealing from you. And sex? Just another thing to steal.

I'm sorry, Julie, I wanted to say, but all I managed was: *It's okay. Get dressed now.*

I hadn't touched her, and still the strip search changed things between Julie and me. She stopped meeting my eyes. Even her take started to go down. I'd watch her from coffee shops and it was like she was shrinking. Where before she stepped up to fish confidently, now she huddled against the wall, waiting for them to make eye contact with her. Soon Kevin was outdrawing her. This happens to dealers, too; they lose nerve and start shrinking, and one day they're done.

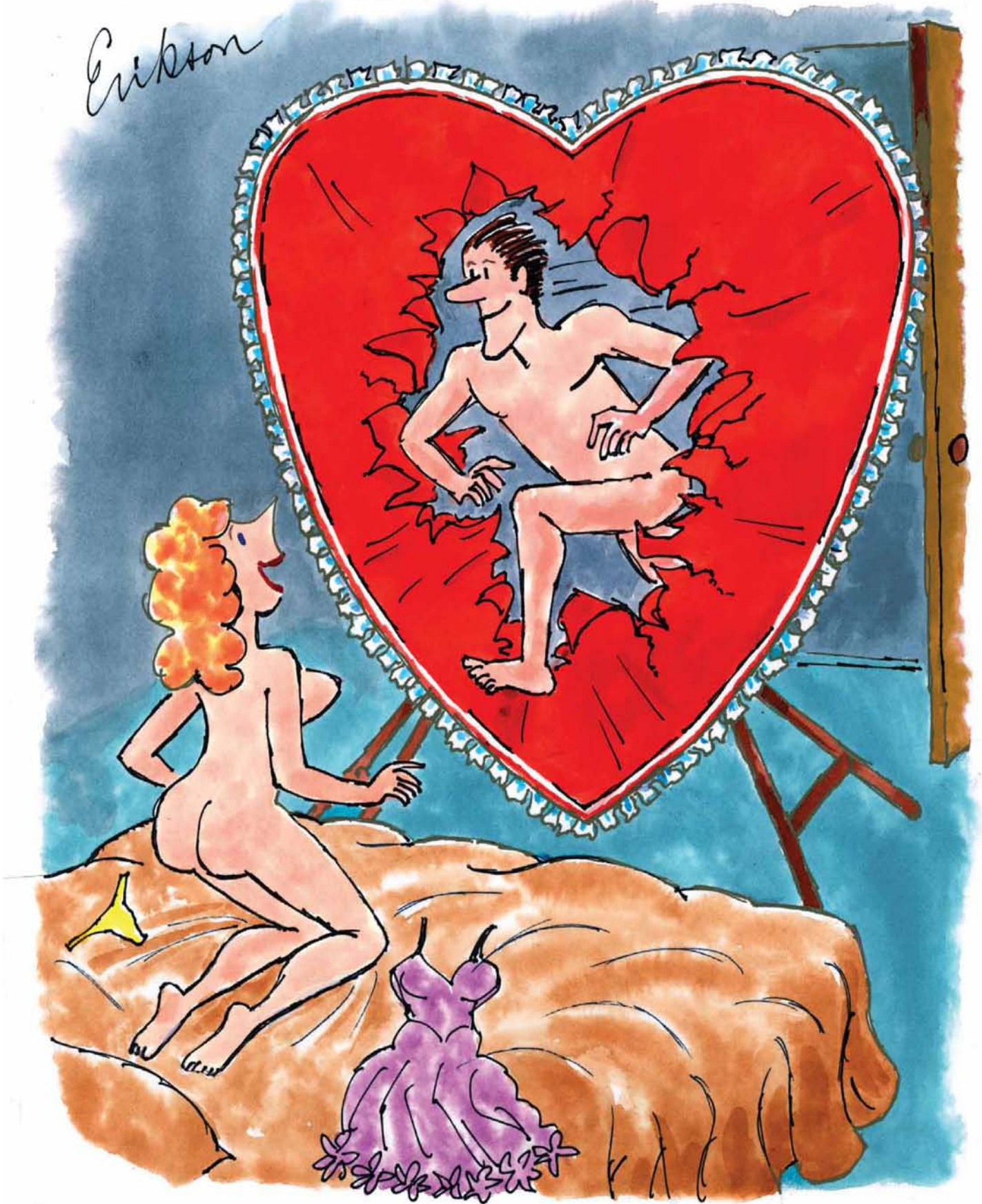
Played out. Whole thing was played out.

It rains in Portland, probably as much as in Seattle, although it doesn't have the shitty reputation for it. The downtown is half again too funky and half again too clean: Black-clad white kids skate in spotless parks and the packed light-rail trains hum quietly on busy tree-lined streets past old warehouses and tenements gentrified into lofts and nightclubs and art galleries. Fuckin' city creeps up on you, and you start to believe you could fit in there. You could live there.

Then, one day in mid-December, toward the end of the deal, I bought Julie and Kevin each a slice of pizza at the place across from Powell's. I explained that we were going to have to quit after Christmas but that I wanted to use them for some other things. I wasn't really going to use Kevin again, but you want a guy like that to think that you might have more work for him so that he stays loyal. As for Julie, I had been forming this idea in my head. It was probably stupid, but I spent so many nights in Portland, and since it was the halfway point of my bud



Erikson



*"You remembered!"*

route, rather than pay for a hotel every time, maybe I could get a little apartment, have Julie take care of it for me. Purely business. So...if you're up for doing something else, I said Julie's way.

I'm up for anything, Kevin said quickly.

Julie said nothing.

How about you? I asked her.

You don't want her, Kevin said, and he snickered.

It seemed Kevin and Julie had some sort of secret. She shoved him like she was trying to shush a seven-year-old.

What's goin' on? I asked.

Julie gave her money to Greenpeace, Kevin said, and then he broke into laughter.

She just stared at the ground as Kevin told me the story. There was this shaggy hippie market every Saturday in Old Town, and Julie had apparently dragged Kevin down there over the weekend to show him something. It turned out there was a real Greenpeace booth under the Burnside Bridge, and Julie had stood there reading the material and looking at these dreadlocked white kids behind the booth—so earnest, such believers—and then she just...freaked. Lost it. She took the money she'd saved from our gig, almost 12 hundred bucks, and donated it.

To save the fucking whales.

Christ, Julie, I said.

But that's not all, Kevin said. Then she tried to get me to donate my money, too. This was the part that really broke him up.

As Kevin told the story Julie's eyes got

bleary again. It made me feel better, she said quietly. Then to Kevin: I thought you might want to feel better, too.

I feel fine, Kevin said, and he bit into his pizza.

Julie, I asked gently. Do you think what we've been doing is wrong?

She gave a tiny nod.

Well, I said, it IS wrong, Julie. Then I leaned forward. I'm the West Coast distributor of wrong. I could tell you that what we're doing is no different than what other businesses do, that Microsoft or Nordstrom, they're just another kind of scam, some shit like that. I could tell you a million lies, Julie, but I'm not gonna do that. I'm just gonna ask you one simple question:

Do you think for one second those kids at that market can save a fucking whale?

She swallowed and looked down. I never saw her anymore without thinking of that tapered little back, those freckles, chin pointed down, sniffing away the tears. They can try.

Oh, come on. You know better than that. You know this is a hard goddamn world. You know what the world does to helpless things, don't you, Julie?

Yes, she whispered to her lap.

That's right, I said. You know. Those whales are fucked. So. I say, Fuck the businessmen and fuck Nordstrom and fuck your creepy stepdad and fuck your blind mother! And fuck my old man, too, while we're at it, son of a bitch bounced me around for breakfast every other fuckin' day. Well, fuck them all. And if you wanna go home to your mom and her husband,

if you wanna go save the fucking whales, then fuck you, too, Julie. Fuck you!

Now I've given the Fuck You speech—or some variation—a dozen times or more. But I've never had happen what happened with little Julie. She jerked a little when I mentioned her stepdad and then, after staring at the table a few more seconds, she stood up. Okay, Danny, she said. Thanks.

And just like that, she walked away.

I know a girl we can get, Kevin said.

I just sat there watching her walk off, thinking about the sliver of girl who lived under those clothes—that back, that waist—and wishing I'd said something else. So this was it. We were done. I told Kevin I'd see him in two days, when I came back through town, but I didn't figure to see either of them ever again.

That week I picked up my regular load in Bellingham and started south. I made my drop in Seattle and collected the money, and made my drop in Olympia and collected the money. I drove south on I-5, Portland creeping up on me. I hadn't been able to stop thinking about little Julie. And I didn't really plan to do it, but I got off the freeway and drove to the bus station, where I'd met her five weeks earlier.

She wasn't there, but Kevin was. I tried to casually ask about Julie.

She got the shit kicked out of her, he said.

What? Who did it?

He shrugged. He said Julie sometimes hung out in this boho coffee shop in Old Town, so I gave Kevin a free eighth for his trouble, and drove into Old Town, and sure enough, that's where I found her, in this foul, patchouli-smelling shit hole, reading a book of poems, all wrapped up in those layers of hippie clothes. When I got closer I could see a yellowing bruise below her eye. And her bottom lip was swollen.

She flinched when she saw me.

Who the fuck did this? I asked.

She looked confused. No one.

And that's when I knew. You went home, didn't you? After I told you to. Did your stepdad do this, Julie?

Those tears slipped again. She stared down at her lap and sobbed.

I sat in the booth next to her and put my arms around her, carefully. I touched her gingerly, like she was made of glass. It's okay, I said.

I took her to the Heathman. When the valet tipped his silly British hat to her, she smiled. I took her upstairs so she could shower and clean up. I wanted to be in that room, but I also didn't want to be in that room. So I went to Nordstrom and bought her some clothes. When I got back she was staring out the window again, this time wearing the white terry-cloth hotel robe, cinched around that tiny waist. I left the clothes on the bed and told her I'd be downstairs in the mezzanine.

The clothes were too big—a pair of black pants, a sweater and a heavy coat—I should have gone to the kids' section. But she didn't seem to mind. We ate on the mezzanine, in front of the fire. She glanced up at me a few times over the tall menu. Smiled. She was a vegetarian. Ordered sun-dried-tomato pasto ravioli. I wanted to kick the waiter's ass when he corrected her: You mean pesto?



"Getting a mention in a poem by Edgar Allan Poe doesn't turn you into a star overnight, you know."

She ate like it was her first real meal, or her last, closing her eyes and moaning after every bite. I was careful not to talk about anything. When we were all done, I had the valet get the car. We climbed in. It was 8:30.

I turned to face her. Told her what I wanted to do.

No, she said. *Please don't. It will only make it worse.*

Listen, I said. *I promise you...whatever happens, this will not make it worse.* I wanted to grab her hand, but I didn't. *This is a hard world, Julie. That's all.*

We started driving. They lived in Beaverton. We turned in front of this little strip mall; she smiled and pointed to the Coffee People store where she used to work. She stared out the window and seemed to shrink inside her new coat as we got closer.

*Turn here. Turn there.*

And finally, *that one*, she said in a whisper. I parked in front of a two-story white house leaning out on four big porch pillars. Everything about the house pissed me off—the Colonial bullshit black shutters, the Christmas lights. But what really got me was the black BMW in the driveway. Here I was, laying low in grandpa's fucking Buick, and this molester rolls a BMW?

*Please, she said. I changed my mind. Don't. Let's just go.*

*Julie, remember how I told you my old man used to knock me around?*

She said she remembered.

*We had this old coffeepot, one of those big aluminum percolating things...made 20 cups or something...he used to come in from the road, and I'd be eating my cereal and one day, he just clocked me, no good reason, and for some reason I lost it. I grabbed that fuckin' percolator by its black handle and swung as hard as I could. Right at his head. It didn't do much. Hell, I burned myself worse with the coffee that flew out. And he gave me a good pounding right after, but you know what? It was worth it. Because every time I saw the dent in that coffeepot, I knew this: that I was gonna survive that fucker.*

I grabbed her little shoulders. Her bottom lip was quivering. *Look, Julie, I'm just gonna talk to him. I'm not going to hurt him. Okay?*

She nodded a little, then grabbed me and hugged me. Even under the sweater and the new coat I could feel that tiny back, and as wrong as it was, I was turned on, and I couldn't wait to do this and get back to the Heathman. She was shaking. *I'm cold*, she whispered, *will you leave the heat on?* I

cranked the heat, pushed her gently back into her seat and climbed out.

I walked up to the house and rang the bell. There was a little reindeer next to the door. Honestly, I didn't know exactly how far I was planning to go. I really did just want to scare the guy, but when he answered the door, something about him set me off.

He was probably 50, with black hair parted on the side like mine. He was in good shape, but his face was flabby, like he'd recently lost a bunch of weight.

*Can I help you?* he asked.

*Can I help you?* After that, it was like my hands belonged to someone else. I pushed him backward into the house. *Can you help me? Can you fuckin' help me?*

He fell. Scrambled backward. Tried to kick the door shut, but I booted it open.

Julie in the car and I remembered my promise to her, and more than anything I wanted her back in the Heathman, and in the apartment where she would be waiting for me, so I gathered myself and I bent down and took this old pervert by his hair again and I said into his ear: *You ever touch her again and I'll kill you so slowly that you won't even realize you're dead. Do you understand me, Stepdad?*

Yes, he said. *Please....*

And even though I wanted to keep stomping him to dust, I stood up and just stared down at him. His shaking arms covered his blood-gobbed face.

Restraint: That's what keeps a guy like me in business. I started for the door. On the foyer walls were pictures of Deb and Carl and two little kids. Christ, I thought, assholes don't even have a picture of her up.

Maybe that's when I knew. Or maybe it was a second later, when I stepped out onto the front porch.

The Lucerne was gone. I stood there a minute doing the math. I patted my suit coat. My wallet was gone. The hug. *I'm cold.* In a hatch in the trunk there was 60 grand in cash from my Seattle, Olympia and Portland drops. I hadn't made the Salem, Eugene and Ashland drops, so that meant there was another 30 or 40 thousand in weed behind that hatch.

Every pop is bad luck. Who'd have thought, for instance, that as nice as that neighborhood was, a cop could afford to live nearby? But a property-crimes detective was kitty-corner and Deb had apparently called him from upstairs. So while I stood on the porch doing the math, this fat son of a

bitch came huffing across the street, yelling and drawing down on me. I had no choice but to drop and put my arms out.

I was smiling as he put the handcuffs on me, and smiling still when they threw me in the overnight tank with meth-twitching chalkers and mumbling drunkies, and smiling still the next morning when they hauled me in front of the stern judge who arraigned me on first-degree assault charges.

My public defender said that I really scared poor Carl, who, coincidentally, was the stepfather to those kids in the picture. I showed suitable regret, bonded out and eventually pleaded guilty to misdemeanor assault with a big fine and restitution but no jail time. I sent Carl a letter of apology, and he was pretty cool about it. I told the

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I kicked him in the side. It made a dull sound, like someone clapping with gloves on. *Yeah, you can help me, you fuckin' child molester.* And that's when I realized that I was going to kill this guy. Now I've done some shit, but I'd never killed a guy before.

But I knew that I simply couldn't stop until he couldn't hurt Julie anymore.

He crab crawled toward the steps. *Deb!*

And this woman called from upstairs, *Carl?*

*Stay in your fucking room, Deb!* I yelled up the stairs. And I thought about stopping someone's life, just...ending it, and I kicked him again, harder, in the ribs. This one took the wind out of him, and he collapsed against the stairs. I grabbed his hair and gave his face a short bounce on the stairs. God, I wanted to kill him. But I thought of Deb upstairs and

truth—that I’d had the wrong house. Of course, I had to replace the Lucerne and make good on the money and dope that Julie stole, but in a way I could see that I had been lucky. Shit, what if I’d killed poor Carl? For nothing.

I fucking hated Portland after that. I started staying in Eugene. I did stop in Portland a few times to ask around about her, but I knew she was long gone. In fact, it was sort of like she’d never existed. I found that puff Kevin working at a Quiznos sandwich shop, but it was clear she’d played him, too. He didn’t even know her last name. I asked about the day she got beat up and if she’d told him to tell me about it.

No, he said. *She said it was nothing and that I shouldn’t worry about it.*

And that’s what got me, in the end. How it was all so subtle. Perfectly played. I made my share of mistakes, sure—selling weed to Kevin in front of her so that she figured out what was in my trunk; falling for that crying shit, telling her about my own father, leaving the car running because she was cold. But it wasn’t me. It was her. All her.

*Make them give you the thing you want to take.*

And shit, after that everything felt so... fragile. Something like that happens and it shakes your faith in people, in yourself. And once you realize how shaky and frail the world is, you start to imagine other mistakes. And when you can imagine cracks in the world? Well, then it’s only a matter of time.

I had always figured the roll would come from below, but when I finally got snaked, it was by the guy on top of me, the guy I bought my dope from, the guy who had recruited me and taught me to search kids by sticking a gun up my ass. He’d gotten popped for something else and agreed to wear a wire for a month while they kept him under surveillance. They even put GPS on my car to make sure they got my contacts. Four months to the day after Julie scammed me, the DEA arrested me with four pounds of sweet green bud in the back

of the new Lucerne. I pled to nine years. Six to go.

I think about Julie a lot in here. And I think about the last night I spent in Portland, four days before my arrest. I hadn’t planned to stop there, but I was tired. And nostalgic, I guess. I had a few drinks and drove down into the Pearl District, looking at brownstone condos and townhouses, thinking of the place I’d have rented for us. Then I got a room at the Heathman. I sat on the mezzanine and had sun-dried-tomato pesto ravioli. Next morning, I went down to Old Town for the Saturday Market. The place was just as I imagined it, fucking Portland, full of shithead artists and tie-dyed dead-heads, pottery morons selling henna tattoos and alpaca scarves and tall Goth chicks shakin’ their hair, dudes on skateboards, and rasta-fucks playing bongos, ass-smelling ponytail-wearing hippies playing Chilean flutes—a real fucking circus.

There was no Greenpeace booth.

I was about to leave when I saw a skinny little redhead boho chick walking away from me, in a coat like the one I’d bought Julie that day. I ran after her. *Hey!*

I didn’t know what I was going to do. I didn’t feel angry—not as angry as I thought I’d be. I really just wanted to talk to her. *Hey!* I yelled again.

But when the girl turned, it wasn’t Julie. It looked nothing like her. It was just a redhead in a coat. *Yes,* she said.

*I’m sorry,* I said. *My mistake.*

*It’s okay,* she said.

It is a hard goddamn world.

The girl started to turn away. And I don’t know why I did it, but I said, *Wait,* and I reached out and grabbed her wrist, and maybe she was too surprised to be scared at first, because for a few seconds, before she screamed and jerked away, we just stood there, the two of us, as people flowed around us, just me and some random red-headed girl, still as stones in a river.



# DRUG

*(continued from page 40)*

Because he was sick, I forced the judge to have him released.”

Was Bliri guilty? Is he really a drug smuggler? “Absolutely,” says Correia, grinning. “He’s a professional.” Augusto Bliri himself is unavailable for comment—“away on business.”

Another case Correia handled was more serious and involved defending two Colombians after a shoot-out on September 26, 2006. The Judiciary Police—the only armed force in this country that doesn’t seem to be up to its neck in drug money—arrested two men: one by the name of Juan Pablo Camacho, the other calling himself Luis Fernando Ortega Mejia. The raid netted laptops, firearms, radios, 674 kilos of cocaine and \$39 million in various currencies. It was the biggest bust the country had ever seen.

But then a funny thing happened. The money and drugs were put into the treasury vaults for safekeeping. The next night, armed men wearing military uniforms seized both the cocaine and the cash. (The military claims the thieves were impostors, but few believe that.)

As for the Colombians, with no evidence, there was no case. They walked, and Correia gained his second great victory. He’s now trying to get back their cash and laptops. The Colombians are said to have left the country, skipping bail, though one of them was interviewed in the Portuguese press shortly after his arrest. He claimed to be a simple businessman planning to move his wife and four children to Bissau from Colombia. The story hardly made any sense. And then the man was gone.



The hotel I am staying in—a single-story maze of red-tiled hallways and clean, cavernous rooms—briefly became internationally famous last year when French intelligence agents and local cops arrested two Al Qaeda terrorists here. The Al Qaeda men had traveled through Senegal and Mauritania after murdering a family of French tourists. They figured the lawlessness of Guinea-Bissau would shield them.

The restaurant and its open-air patio are empty. Brazilian soap operas and clown shows play on the TV in the lobby. Occasionally, Portuguese and Spanish import-export men pass through. They all tell me they’re here to buy cashews.

It’s time to explore the nightlife. I catch a cab, or rather I step out to the old European sedan that always waits in front of the hotel, never seeming to have any business—its driver is forever either polishing the hood or reading a newspaper. I wade through the local Portuguese with my semi-functional Yankee Spanish. The driver will give me a tour of Bissau.

First stop is the Avenida da Che Guevara. There are two cafe bars here where the few NGO types and foreign businessmen park their SUVs and drink beer at sidewalk tables. Strolling up and down the avenue are the young women of the night: coy, well-dressed local girls looking for rich



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temporary boyfriends to take them out, as well as a few drunken and addicted Nigerian hookers who in their clipped English accost any white man.

Then we head along a dark tree-lined avenue. The traffic is minimal, the moonless night unbroken by street lamps. Thick old trees, planted generations ago by Portuguese colonialists, stand over the road, their smooth gray trunks slowly muscling up through the flagstones and leaning out from the walls and courtyards. The headlights of passing cars briefly reveal an occasional pedestrian but only a few. Farther out, toward the edge of town, the canopy of old trees gives way to open space.

In the middle of one barren lot sits the Palace Hotel. This is where Bliri hangs out. It's a new and gaudy structure. Inside, bottles of whiskey cost \$80. This is where the children of the country's elite—the generals and ambassadors—party on weekends. Set back from the road, the Palace is a tinted-glass box approached by a long rise of steps, like a Chinese-built Versailles. When it's hopping, the place is mobbed with suave young men and beautiful young women in tight miniskirts, stacked up on high heels, their hair perfectly coiffed. The tables are packed with cliques of friends trying to talk over the pounding reggae and Afropop. The desperate attempt to scream exclusivity only heightens the feeling of isolation that defines this country.

Interestingly, few people here do cocaine. Use of the drug has not caught on among the better-off in Bissau, and the poor struggle just to buy rice. But one girl tells me she saw Bliri snort cocaine at the Palace—"right off the table!" Then she adds, "He always has a gun."

"I am ashamed to say this, but the highest levels of the military here are involved in drug trafficking," says Edmundo Mendes, the top antidrug cop in Guinea-Bissau. Mendes is second in command of the Judiciary Police. Its offices, arranged around a muddy parking lot, are dark because the electricity is off. They have only two jail cells. One is crowded with 19 men awaiting trial, none on drug charges. In the other is a woman who allegedly killed her child.

As I interview Mendes two of his officers interrupt to complain there is no gas for one of the Judiciary Police's two cars. He rummages around for the keys to the other.

Mendes unfolds a sad tale: The police have nine redundant divisions controlled by five different ministries. These little plots of armed power are run as the personal fiefdoms of vying big men—soldiers, ex-guerrillas and party cadres who have known and often hated one another for 40 years. They are of the generation that won independence from the Portuguese, and they treat Guinea-Bissau as their personal property, the spoils of their war. These dysfunctional fiefdoms have become tribal, each controlled by an ethnic group. Each piece of the state struggles against the others for access to resources. Most refuse to cooperate with European law enforcement in the fight against trafficking.

The big man in charge of the Judiciary Police is actually a woman, Lucinda Aucarie. Above her is another woman, the justice minister, Carmelita Barbosa Rodrigues Pires. Pires is one of the more powerful women in the country's hierarchy, though she controls a force of only 63 undercover detectives. Those who know her say Pires has a social conscience and worries the drug economy in Guinea-Bissau may be its final undoing.

For whatever reason, she seems to run a clean, relatively accountable operation, which makes her competitors hate the Judiciary Police all the more. When I visit Guinea-Bissau both women are out of the country. "Just away on vacation" is all Mendes will say. Later in my trip I hear about the death threats against Minister Pires.

The threats get worse throughout the summer. When I follow up by phone from the States, the minister puts me off with no real explanation. I want an interview or at least an opportunity to e-mail her a few questions. Her office demands I explain my request in a notarized letter and send it as a PDF attachment. I comply with this silly formality, but they keep putting me off without really saying no. A friend of mine in Bissau, a young Lisbon-educated sociologist, tells me the situation is becoming too intense. He and others suspect the minister feels trapped between the international antidrug

efforts—by October, UN Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon is publicly calling for sanctions—and the increasingly powerful narco elements in her own government.

The JP's archrival is the Ministry of the Interior. Run by Certorio Biote, it operates less like a ministry than like a gang, a network of kinsmen who seem to be involved in smuggling. In April the internecine struggle turned bloody: Members of an interior ministry SWAT team broke into Judiciary Police headquarters to torture and kill an officer who had threatened the operations of a drug gang.

I press Mendes for confirmation of stories like this, for details and names. He is nervous. He fidgets and tries to avoid specifics. His lonely office begins to feel like a hideout. The window by his desk is shielded by metal bars. Outside, a lush tree rises over the building, allowing only a murky green light to filter in. The office manages to be both barren and cluttered: The shelves are largely empty of papers, but what few exist are stacked haphazardly, spilling over, neglected, in disarray.

The young interpreter with whom I'm working is the somewhat sheltered daughter of a prominent ambassador; she becomes frightened by Mendes's nervousness. Here's a cop who is uncomfortable saying things that are a matter of public record. A fear lies upon the city like a pall. It is expressed in the way no one asks any questions and never wants to answer any. Eventually Mendes says that among the military men making money on drugs are the head of the navy, Rear Admiral Jose Americo Bubo Na Tchuto, and the armed forces chief of staff, General Batista Tagme Na Wai.

Critics of the Judiciary Police wave away its antinarcotics efforts as nothing more than pandering, playing up to European donors and hustling rich countries for aid grants. Indeed, the EU has pledged 2 million euros' worth of training to the JP. But that's chump change when compared with the income from one cocaine shipment. Ultimately, the ragtag JP is well-meaning but outnumbered.

In Bissau's weekly newspapers and on one of its community radio stations, a few local



journalists have had the guts to report on the government's links to drug trafficking. But the price has been high. One writer, Allen Yero Emballo, had his home raided by the military. He was beaten, and his papers were seized. As the soldiers departed they told him, "Next time we'll leave the papers and just take your head." Emballo soon decamped for France.

Fernando Jorge Pereira also had trouble. He writes for papers in Bissau and for Portugal's *Expresso*. I meet him at his house one evening. A wall of lush green plants stands between us and the potholed street outside. Nearby is a stadium of sorts: a raised basketball court flanked by cement bleachers. It is hot and there is no electricity for a fan, so we sit in the caged-in patio of Pereira's small colonial bungalow, its cement walls stained with mildew. I take notes as he speaks. After about an hour and a half the light has faded into dark shades of blue, and my notebook has faded away in the darkness.

Pereira explains how he started by investigating some Colombians who ran a car dealership at the edge of town. "It was strange that they showed up here and started such a business," says Pereira. It soon became clear the business—importing, exporting and selling used cars for cash—was a front for drug and money-laundering schemes. Like many such schemes, it operated for a while and then quietly closed up.

In May 2007 Pereira was feeling particularly ballsy: He went out to the island of Bubaque, a known staging point for the drug trade, and lay in wait to photograph a small plane he knew would be landing. The security forces were also there and arrested Pereira, threatening him with imprisonment. Since then he has backed off the drug story. "It is too risky if I am going to continue living here," he says.

Few people know how the western African cocaine trade works. The sub-rosa world of smuggling is necessarily opaque. Regional and international police forces all admit ignorance. "Even we speculate on how it really works," says Mody Ndiaye, a Senegalese detective who now acts as a drug specialist in Guinea-Bissau for the United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime. His office is on the top floor of Bissau's highest building, a six-story office block on a muddy road. He has a sweeping view of

the swamp and the dump, in which white cranes pick for scraps.

Several factors have caused South American traffickers to pivot toward Europe. The U.S. cocaine market is saturated, but cocaine use in Europe is on the rise, and the euro is strong. More robust antinarcotics enforcement in Central America and the Caribbean has increased the cost of business. And there's the rise of methamphetamine production and trafficking out of northern Mexico—competition from a cheap imitation.

Over the past three years South Americans looking to open markets in the EU have started using western Africa as their transshipment area. Ndiaye says the Latin Americans here do not operate as a cartel of any sort. In reality, organized crime is

In western Africa there has long been a class of independent foreign businessmen involved in importing and exporting. You find them from Angola to the Congo and up through the west, small pockets of Portuguese, French, Italians and lots of Lebanese. They live with their families in fortified frontier-style luxury and travel back to the old country two or three times a year. Their walled-off hilltop compounds are clustered above the ragged towns where they do business exporting (timber, rubber, cocoa, coffee, diamonds and bauxite) and importing (machinery, electronics, pesticides, guns, medicines and grains). To the extent that cocaine traffickers have partnered with this class of colonial middlemen, they have also blended in.

"I think there are only about nine Latin Americans here," says John Blacken, a former U.S. ambassador to Guinea-Bissau. Like most countries, the U.S. no longer has an embassy here, so I meet Blacken in his cluttered office in an old colonial building in downtown Bissau. "They are here and have connections to the government," he says, "but they keep it all very low-key."

"There could be 20 to 40 or maybe 50 Latin Americans involved in the cocaine trade all across west Africa," says Antonio Mazzitelli, the United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime's director for western Africa. "They are very fluid, mobile and spread out."

Mazzitelli believes Latin American smugglers visit Guinea-Bissau to make arrangements with local criminal networks, but he isn't

sure if cocaine is sold to locals or if the locals handle the cocaine for a fee. At first the local links seemed to be extensions of the Ghanaian and Nigerian gangs that have long dominated the western African underworld, but the deals increasingly involve new networks formed in Guinea-Bissau. The locals have contacts in the military, friends and family who can provide security and access to airstrips, the port and warehouses.

The cocaine itself is produced in Colombia and Peru, with much of the raw coca leaves being grown in the jungles of Bolivia. From Colombia and Peru the cocaine enters Venezuela and eastern Brazil, jumping-off points to Africa. From the eastern edge of Latin America the narcotics travel across the Atlantic in cargo ships or large yachts. These boats are met at sea by trawlers

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less organized than we usually suspect. "It goes deal by deal, and the networks change according to the relationships of the individuals in them," he says. "It is opportunistic and ad hoc, not formal organizations."

Nor are there many Latin Americans here at any one time. Reading a few reports on Guinea-Bissau's drug trade, you get the idea the place is overrun with mustached Colombians. In fact, the drug scene is much quieter. The illicit foreign businessmen appear much like their legitimate counterparts: They live in secluded, well-guarded haciendas, or they stay at one of the nice hotels. They drive Land Rovers. They wear clean pressed clothes that never seem to be sweaty. But it's hard to tell who's exporting cashews and who's exporting cashews packed to conceal cocaine.

and smaller boats that smuggle the drugs ashore. Another common method is to use small passenger planes fitted with extra fuel tanks for the transatlantic flight. The drugs are resold and/or broken into smaller loads that are then shipped to Europe. The product may go to yet another western African nation before heading north, or it may be exported directly from the port at Bissau to Lisbon or Rotterdam.

Most drugs leave western Africa hidden in cargo containers, stashed in loads of hardwood, cashews, peanuts, yams and even African arts and crafts. Only a fraction of the intermodal shipping containers entering Europe are opened and physically searched. Another common smuggling method is the use of paid couriers who swallow drugs or simply stash the product in their luggage on the weekly Air Portugal flight to Lisbon. In 2006 Dutch authorities found 28 western Africans carrying cocaine on a single flight from Mali. A year later they found 22 smugglers on a flight from the neighboring country of Guinea-Conakry. "We think this indicates a pretty constant flow using commercial air travel," says Emmanuel Leclaire, assistant director for drugs and criminal organizations at Interpol. According to local UN personnel who spoke on condition of anonymity, diplomats from Guinea-Bissau have even used diplomatic mail pouches to smuggle cocaine.

The drugs also move north from Guinea-Bissau by land, in trucks through Senegal and Mauritania and across the Sahara to the Mediterranean coast of Morocco. Transit through this lawless interior is secured by bribing local security and militia forces. On occasion, it appears, Europeans are

involved in this link as well: Not long ago a Frenchman driving a Land Rover full of cocaine was arrested in Mauritania.

Increasingly, the western African drug trade—and its associated money laundering—works through legitimate front companies. The Colombians Correia helped to freedom claimed they were restarting an old construction firm. Sociedade Metropolitana de Construções is housed in the now defunct branch of a Portuguese multinational that years ago built a new, somewhat modern port facility. Police say a small group of Colombians bought SOMECE and now use it to store and smuggle cocaine and launder money.

Another interesting firm is Cervejas e Refrigerants de Guinea-Bissau. A state-run company that closed during the late 1990s, it was purchased by a Moroccan in 2006. It has huge warehouses near the port that were locked but clearly occupied when I visited. Edmundo Mendes of the Judiciary Police asked me not to poke around too aggressively because the JP is trying to crack the case. The company says it will be up and running soon. "They don't produce anything. They don't bottle anything," says Mendes. "This Moroccan owner, we don't know who he really is." Mendes and the UNODC suspect cocaine is hidden in refrigerant bottles and transported north overland.

Still another method involves the airport. A woman who ran part of the ground operations at the small national airport describes how the military would regularly take over the airport to allow small planes to land and take off at the far end of the runway.

"In the middle of the night the military would come in and just push us all aside," she says. "Planes would land and take off, and they would say, 'Those are tourist flights, charter planes going to the islands.' But it would be at three in the morning."

European authorities want western African states to crack down on cocaine. Aid is on offer to local cops who at least make the gesture of combating drugs. Midsummer 2008 saw a flurry of arrests. First, a small Venezuelan-registered jet bearing a fake Red Cross sign was seized after it forced its way onto the tarmac of the Lungi International Airport in nearby Sierra Leone. The plane held about 1,500 pounds of cocaine, and the police soon arrested more than 60 people, including the brother of Sierra Leone's transportation minister, three Venezuelans and eight other foreigners.

Then Senegalese police noticed a group of about 15 Latin Americans were regularly shuttling between Brazil, Bissau and Dakar. The police started running background checks on these men before issuing them visas, but then the group stopped coming to Senegal and started traveling through Guinea-Conakry instead. The mysterious Latin sojourners included Colombians, Mexicans, Venezuelans and a Guatemalan.

In early August the military in Guinea-Bissau seized two planes at Bissau's international airport. One was a Gulfstream jet registered in Venezuela. Details were kept quiet, but there seems to have been a standoff between the military and the Judiciary Police. The police arrested the jet's three-man Venezuelan crew and the local head of the air-traffic control tower. But in a familiar pattern, the military seized the plane and would not allow the JP to search it, then claimed it contained no drugs.

Another plane, which apparently came to fix the Gulfstream, was also impounded. A few weeks after this botched bust Justice Minister Pires announced she was receiving more death threats and warnings to drop her investigation.

The crisis took a strange turn on August 8, 2008 when one of the biggest traffickers in Bissau—head of the navy, good old Rear Admiral Jose Americo Bubo Na Tchuto—was arrested by his main competition, the military, on the orders of General Batista Tagme Na Wai. "We have foiled a coup attempt that was to have been carried out early on Thursday by a group of officers," said a military spokesman. Was the army-vs.-navy struggle related to money and drugs? It's hard to tell.

Then on November 23, just after local elections, there was a second attempt: About a dozen gunmen attacked the presidential residence. During the short but bloody shoot-out President João Bernardo "Nino" Vieira was pinned down in his bedroom. The attackers were repelled, and a few were arrested, among them a navy sergeant named N'tchami Yala, who is said to be close to the now disgraced Rear Admiral Bubo Na Tchuto.

There aren't many luxury hangouts in Guinea-Bissau—three or four clubs in



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the capital, one sort of nice hotel on one of the big islands. There is (or was) the Hotel Mar Azul, about an hour outside the capital city. For years Mar Azul was the rural party spot for Guinea-Bissau's small elite—the same crew who now graces the Palace Hotel. But Mar Azul is currently off-limits, part of the drug maelstrom. The locals stay away, and the business has been leased to new owners.

On a suffocatingly still afternoon I hire a car and drive out to Mar Azul. At the end of a long, sandy road, the resort finally reveals itself. In marked contrast to the impoverished landscape around it, Mar Azul sits on the banks of a wide river delta. It doesn't seem truly luxurious. Scattered about the grounds are a few thatch-roof bungalows. At the water's edge is a clean blue swimming pool surrounded by a tile patio. Down a few steps is an alfresco restaurant and a bar with a high roof.

There are no guests, and the bungalows look sealed up. But the swimming pool is full, the bar is open, and the beer looks cold. The jungle presses up to the water, save for a thin sliver of beach lined with palm-thatch cabins. Several men are working at the water's edge but disappear when I sit down and ask the languid old barman, again, for that beer. Moored just off the beach is a small fleet of speedboats supposedly for use by sport fishermen, but not many of them are visiting.

The trouble at Mar Azul began on December 2, 2006 when Caterina Schwarz—the beautiful daughter of a former politician from a Portuguese immigrant family—was leaving after a weekend here and was stopped on the road and roughed up by a group of angry soldiers.

"They smacked me and called me—I don't even want to say. Like, they called me a bitch," says Schwarz, still shocked that a class of men she had been raised to see as servants would act so insanely. She complained to all her powerful friends, but nothing was ever done, and she was told to be quiet.

It seems she had stumbled onto some sort of drug shipment going into or out of the coast near Mar Azul. Word got around that the hotel was unsafe, which led to a boycott by the rich locals. Business fell off, and Houssein Farhat, the Lebanese businessman who owns Mar Azul as well as a food import-export business, leased the place to new management, some of them from Latin America. "I have nothing to do with the business now," says Farhat.

The police and the UN say Mar Azul is a front for a smuggling operation. They are not clear about Farhat's role. As I drink my beer I talk with the new manager. "The new owners, I don't know where they are from, but they speak Spanish," explains Anthony Ferrage. I look out at the five or six speedboats moored off the coast. "The new owners are very interested in the dolphins," the manager says, gesturing to the water. "They want to restart this as an ecotourism business. They want to train the dolphins to swim with the tourists. They spend lots of time out on the

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water, studying the dolphins. They were also going to try to import some dolphins from Latin America—Mexico, I think. So they go there sometimes.”

He says these ludicrous things with a totally straight face, and I nod earnestly.

Guinea-Bissau’s government is kept on life support by a UN peacekeeping mission and generous handouts from the EU. The centerpiece of this effort is a military reform program; if that fails, there won’t be a functioning state, and the country could drift toward Somalia-style ruin.

When I ask to speak with the military about drugs, they send me to the National Defense Institute, the office tasked with implementing the EU-funded transformation agenda. The president is a civilian named Baciro Dja, a player in the ruling party. The offices are situated in a government compound of old colonial-era buildings. The walls are freshly painted, the floors newly tiled, and air-conditioning keeps the interior cool and dry. There are even a few desks scattered around. But the place is empty.

Dja’s staff consists of two very young men. I arrive early for my interview, sit back and observe: One is watching YouTube videos of women shaking their asses. The other walks back and forth from room to room. Dja’s office is clean and uncluttered. He is gracious and friendly. His discourse is equal parts NGO-speak and ham-fisted denial. One moment he’s telling me about the byzantine structure of the security sector, then that it doesn’t matter anyway because in Guinea-Bissau all relationships are personal. Now he is defensively playing dumb: “I don’t know. You tell me: Is the military involved in drug trafficking?”

I explain that I am under the impres-

sion it is and rather heavily, too. Toward the end of the interview Dja fixes on me and says, “Now let me ask you a question. Who really sent you? CIA? DEA? Interpol? Why do you wear those boots?”

Like the discussion of dolphins and ecotourism, it’s another ridiculous but sinister exchange. The interview is a joke. It’s clear there will be no real reform of the military. The EU doesn’t even restrict the travel of Guinea-Bissau’s drug-connected generals, who thus have no reason to change their ways. Even UNODC regional director Antonio Mazzitelli says he is “pessimistic about the possibility of change here.”

Why is this place such a mess? The longer I stay in Bissau and the more I read its history, the more I feel the drug problem is like another problem—the country’s foreign-aid addiction. The aid began to flow during the country’s liberation struggle in the 1960s. Amílcar Cabral, the revolution’s charismatic leader, was adept at courting international support. Cuba, the USSR and Czechoslovakia gave the most aid, but Japan and Sweden gave money too. In 1973, on the eve of independence, rivals in the party assassinated Cabral, his half brother Luis took power, and the revolution soon devolved into a one-party state.

But the aid kept flowing. Instead of funding field hospitals and training for the guerrillas, it funded vanity projects that looked like economic development: a paved highway to the airport, a Citroën auto factory that produced about seven cars, and an equally unproductive export-oriented fruit cannery. Rural society—where the majority live as subsistence farmers—was ignored, while in the capital the incestuous political machinations grew more intense. A coup in 1980 was followed by sporadic

unrest and then a real civil war. By 2006 Guinea-Bissau’s external debt was three times the size of its GDP.

In some ways the cocaine trade is just another chapter in this story: A small urban clique looks for free money from overseas. The poorly managed western African war on drugs will likely operate in the same fashion, as an aid scam. This struck me while interviewing Carlos Pinto Pereira, a lawyer who, according to the Judiciary Police, handles paperwork for narco-connected officers. He denies that.

Pereira works in the heart of Guinea-Bissau’s old colonial town, which looks like New Orleans’s French Quarter minus the paint, the commerce and most of the people. His second-story office, entered through a cramped stairwell, feels as if it were leaning over the street. Pereira is dressed in a white shirt and dark slacks, and he exudes seriousness, organization and business. “I am not sure I want to talk to you,” he says when he finally receives me. “You are very unfair in the Western press. Your governments do nothing. If they wanted to help fight drugs, we are completely open. What will solve this problem? Send Special Forces. Help us defend our borders.”

But the army is the problem, no? Why give them money if the generals steal the wages of the troops? “I don’t know about that,” says Pereira.

The day before I leave I walk to the port through the narrow streets. In a small bar I meet with the young sociologist who earlier had shared his insights about the justice minister. He has agreed to show me the waterfront. We poke around the fish dock and look at various warehouses, all sealed up. The stench is powerful, and the area is filthy. A muck-smear lane runs out to a concrete pier along which is tied a cluster of open boats heaped with nets. A few local fishermen lingering on the wharf lament that foreign fleets overfish the local waters. “No one controls the national boundaries,” explains one.

We wander back to town, eventually arriving at a little plaza at the bottom of Avenida da Che Guevara. The small space is overgrown and strewn with trash. On one side stands a huge rusting sculpture of a black-power fist. Opposite that, at the bottom of the empty avenue, is a bust of Amílcar Cabral in his trademark wool cap and glasses.

Once conceived as the city’s seaside rallying point, the little plaza now encapsulates the country’s failures. The Cabral bust stares out toward the port, where nothing is moving except for a single crane at the end of a long pier. It is loading scores of bright-blue cargo containers onto a ship bound for Europe. “Chances are a few of those boxes contain cocaine,” says the sociologist. “If you were the smuggler and one of your two containers were seized but the other got through, you would still be rich.”



“No, Kevin. It wasn’t romantic and it isn’t the thought that counts.”



# HUGH LAURIE

(continued from page 36)

want to take. It's a sanctuary where you can retreat and silence the world. By contrast, most of the women were thinking, I go to the bathroom because I want to chat with other women, then they rush to get back to the table because they fear they're missing something. Men and women are very different in how they relate to other human beings. Except on Facebook, of course.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you mean?

**LAURIE:** Well, I was with a group of people the other night who were comparing—I don't have a Facebook page—their own Facebooks or however you put it. "Oh, I've got 450," one said. "Oh, I've got 600," said another. It turned out they were talking about friends—Facebook friends. Now, I don't think I've met 450 people in my life. I certainly can't keep track of them, and I certainly don't want to stay in touch with that many people. I don't know how on earth you do that. I realized very quickly I am too old for this level of social engagement.

**PLAYBOY:** You're about to turn 50—

**LAURIE:** It sounds so ominous when you put it like that.

**PLAYBOY:** What are some things you wish you knew earlier in life?

**LAURIE:** To tell you the truth, the older I get, the less I know. I keep meeting people, both older and younger, who seem to have accrued so much more knowledge or expertise or certainty about who they are and the jobs they do. I just marvel at it.

I don't know how they get that certain about what they're doing. I certainly don't have that. I look back on what we've done on *House* and think, Wow, it's like we've come through a minefield. One wrong move, one bad casting decision, one story line that didn't work and the air would have gone out of the thing. People would have started to whisper, "Oh, that show? It's not very good." And suddenly we'd be canceled. I don't know how anything works, frankly. I'm quite conscious of the fact that no secrets are being revealed to me with age.

Which is not to say I don't have things I want to learn and do as I look ahead. For example, I had my first earthquake the other day. We were shooting, the camera was rolling, and everything started

to sway. The lamps started to move. I loved it. I *loved* it. It passed quickly, and we were back to work. But let's say that had been, you know, the big one, if that were the end. I can't tell you how many things I would regret not having done. The list would have a billion things on it, a billion things. I do feel it's something about, I suppose, my infantile nature. I don't really feel as if I've got going yet. Like so many eternally adolescent males, I still feel I'm going to live another thousand years and there's plenty of time.

**PLAYBOY:** But then the earth starts rocking and—

**LAURIE:** Exactly. You're shaken out of your dream. I'm deluded, obviously, because, as you say, I am approaching 50. But part of me still fears, for instance,

When I'm making a television show, eight months go by just like that. It's a wonderful thing to have a completely opposite experience, which is to get into the ring for three minutes and have time essentially stop. You cannot believe how long three minutes is until you've spent time in a boxing ring. If we could live our lives as intensely as one does in those three minutes, it would be like living for 10,000 years. I love that feeling.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever wonder where you would be if *House* hadn't come along?

**LAURIE:** Yes, I do. I mean, I was aware of the fact that this was my shot. Not a shot at just anything but a shot at doing an American network television show—to play the lead on one, anyway. Because I was already too old for that. I think if their dreams

had come true, Fox would have found some chiseled fellow of 28 who could have kept going for 20 years, for one thing. That would have suited their demographics. So this was my shot. I thought, If it doesn't work, fine. I'll be playing the neighbor or the kindly uncle or Mr. Smithers the geography teacher, but I won't be the main guy. Fortunately, things worked out differently.

**PLAYBOY:** How would you like to see things end up for *House*? What do you imagine he'll be like in the final episode?

**LAURIE:** Happy. In a relationship with a kindred spirit. Understood. But if it doesn't happen, it's probably just as well. See, I have these practical theories about television, which is that characters don't grow and change. They can't,

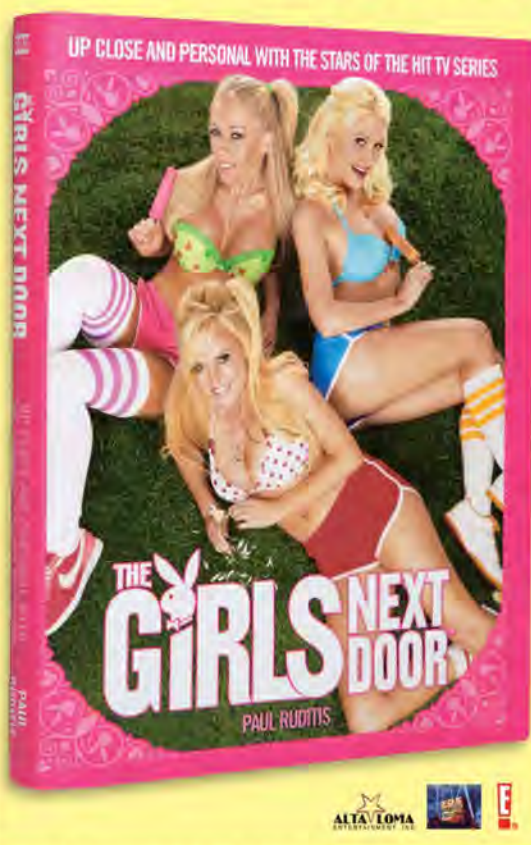
or you wouldn't have a series. Columbo didn't grow and change; he just solved more stuff. My theory with *House* is he'll continue to be separated from joy right to the end. That's just who he is.

**PLAYBOY:** And what about you?

**LAURIE:** No, no. Joy is absolutely the essential thing for me. It has become my obsession to find it, to hold on to it. One of the biggest things I fear is happiness. Fear is probably my only obstacle to it right now. I have a very good life. I am fortunate in so many ways. Now the secret is simply to delight in every breath and every step. Oh my God, that was a Sting song! I can't believe I'm ending this on a Sting song.

## FULL ACCESS

## GET NEXT TO THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR



Here's an exclusive look at life inside the Playboy Mansion with the three women who know it best: Holly, Bridget and Kendra—Hugh Hefner's live-in girlfriends and stars of E's hit series **THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR**. This behind-the-scenes companion to the hit TV show offers an insider's peek at the extraordinary lives of Hef's three girlfriends.

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that I haven't chosen my profession yet. I certainly haven't worked out who I am. I haven't worked out what to do with my life. I haven't made half the choices and decisions I want to make. It's insane, I know, but that's sort of how I felt. I think that's what I like about boxing: You're forced to live intensely.

**PLAYBOY:** Boxing? Are you any good?

**LAURIE:** I'm hopeless, but I love it. I absolutely love it. Well, I sort of love it. But it's love mixed with fear. Not fear of physical harm, because unless you do it repeatedly and get hit in the head a lot, you'll survive. It's more the fear of being humiliated, which sort of messes with your perceptions of, I suppose, maleness. To question your maleness is a very intense experience. But there's something else.



## GIRLS

*(continued from page 92)*

Croatia, among other locations. (In those last two spots she was recognized on the beach by *GND* fans.)

"From the beginning I've wanted to host my own show, and I think this is the start of a whole new career," Bridget says. "But I don't think this is the end of the road for the Girls Next Door, because I truly believe Holly, Kendra and I will be friends and do things together for the rest of our lives."

Will viewers embrace new girls the way they've embraced Holly, Bridget and Kendra? "That's the big question,"

admits Hef, "and at this point there is absolutely no way of knowing." But he does know the next season will provide a little of everything: the further adventures of our old favorites, plus the arrival of new girls with all the attendant drama, as well as the life of Hefner himself, unexpectedly "back in the game" at the age of 82.

"We always knew season six would be a season of transition, but nobody knew exactly what that meant," he says. Then he laughs. "Reality caught up to what we were planning, and now we're dealing with a whole new adventure."



## WHISTLE

*(continued from page 46)*

and certainly appearance. Donovan McNabb once said of Hochuli and his chiseled physique, "He stands on the sideline looking like one of the linebackers."

You can therefore excuse skeptics who may wonder, Exactly how does a 58-year-old guy nurture so much muscle? Hochuli—who compares reffing to "a mainline of adrenaline going through your system"—has left some fans musing about what else may be going through his system. And early this season he showed that even messiahs have mortal moments: a horrendous call in a complex late-game situation that led directly to a Broncos win over the Chargers and to hundreds of hate e-mails from Chargers fans.

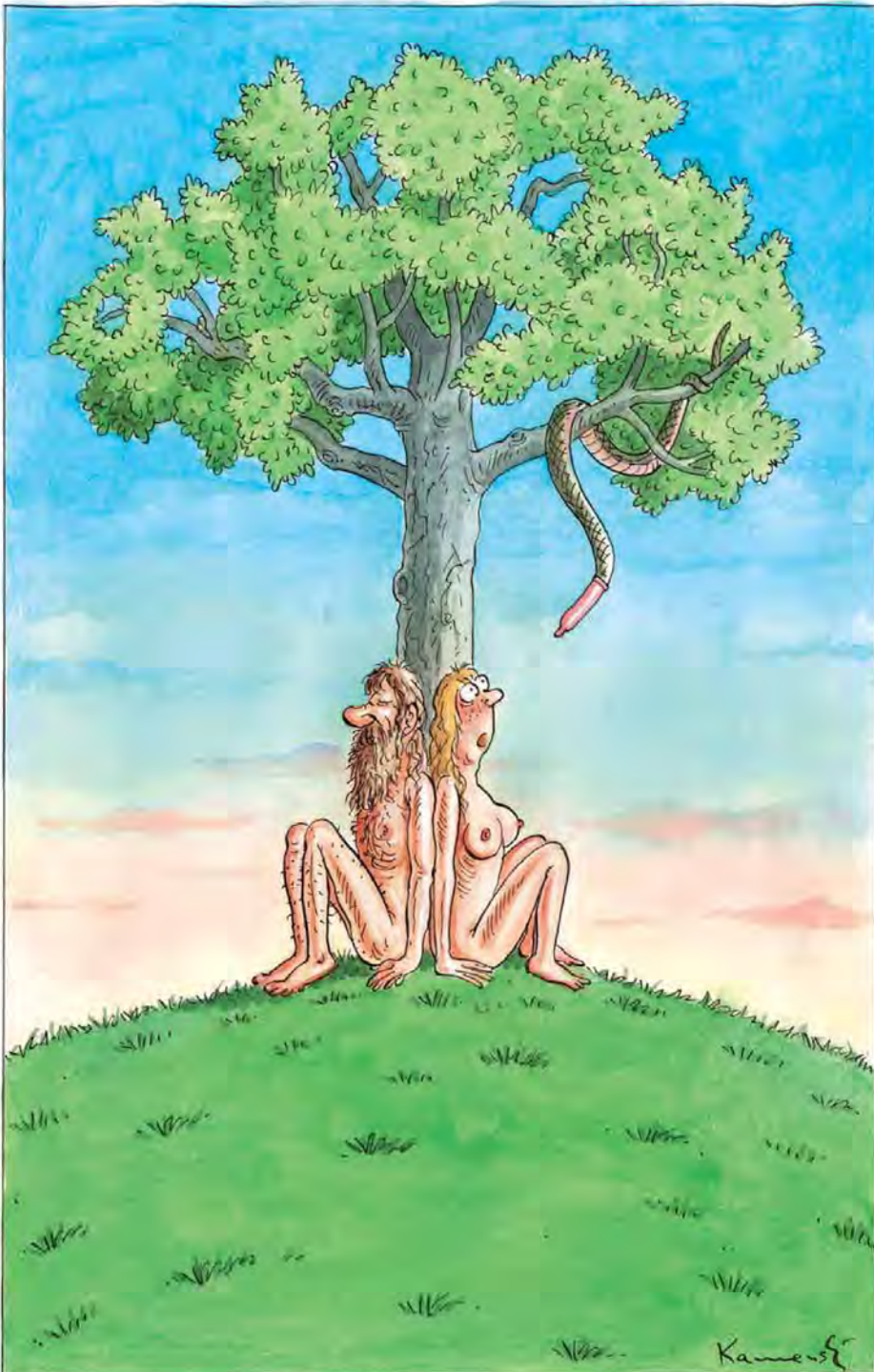
The veteran of two Super Bowls is equally well-known for his expansive—some might say wordy—disquisitions surrounding a given flag. (He does not regard it as coincidence that the long-winded ref in a familiar Subway commercial wears his number, 85.) "As a trial lawyer, I make my living speaking extemporaneously, thinking on my feet, and that's what I'm doing on Sunday as well," he says as he kills time in McCarran Airport before one of his many corporate speaking gigs. "At the same time, when you get comfortable talking in front of hundreds of millions of people, it's not at all nerve-racking to speak in front of a few dozen."

Though Hochuli makes NFL officiating sound like the most natural thing on earth, getting your zebra stripes is the culmination of a multidecade odyssey beginning on neighborhood fields that might have been purposely designed to break ankles. "You start at Pop Warner, and then it's how much of yourself you're willing to invest," says Hochuli. "It takes 15, 20 years of dedication."

NFL officiating is one of those don't-call-us-we'll-call-you affairs. Each year the few dozen prospects (out of some 3,000 applicants) who reach the recruitment stage earn the right to be subjected to a background investigation worthy of the Secret Service. "That's no exaggeration," says ref Bill Leavy, who *was* a Secret Service agent.

The league begins by scrutinizing a candidate's financial circumstances—investigations that have grown more pertinent in light of recent gambling scandals involving NBA official Tim Donaghy and Big 10 football ref Stephen Pamon. Post-Donaghy, the league increased the frequency of the periodic checks it runs on officials, even after they're NFL mainstays, from every five years to every other year. Also, says Mike Pereira, NFL vice president of officiating since 2001, "we used to give out all the game assignments at the beginning of a season. Now we release them three weeks out." The logic is simple: The less notice anyone has of which crews will be working where, the lower the odds, if you will, of mischief.

The NFL won't discuss how many candidates are eliminated because of background



checks or precisely why they are let go. "Hiring is case by case," is all Pereira will say. Some red flags are obvious enough. If Easter dinner has always meant lasagna with the Gottis, don't expect a phone call from the NFL. During the season an official who merely sets foot in a casino or race-track risks immediate suspension. Bet on a team sport at any time and you're gone.

If the first check checks out, former FBI agents go knocking on doors to size up a candidate's romantic history, as well as his more casual personal relationships. As one official coyly observes, "There are presidents who probably wouldn't qualify as NFL referees." Recruits then huddle with a psychologist and undergo a battery of tests designed to gauge their emotional and intellectual makeup. "The league wants to make sure you're really crazy enough to do this," jokes Slaughter, an engineer when he's not officiating Super Bowls.

Surviving candidates are dispatched to a lesser pro league for a few seasons. With the sudden demise of NFL Europe in 2007 the NFL now relies on its relationships with arena ball and the new All American Football League.

At which point, at long last, a candidate is poised for...the call. "It's an incredible feeling to tell a guy that after his 20-some years of effort he's really getting in," says Pereira, who makes all such calls personally. "Guys break down." His welcome packet includes a starting salary of \$47,840 for the 16-game season, which can escalate to a current high of \$132,800. Though modest by overall sports standards, those figures have come a long way since the aforementioned lockout, when a rookie zebra earned less than \$23,000.

The league's seven-man crews take shape each year around April 1. (Cynics find irony in the timing.) Rule changes go out along with videos of each official's iffier calls from the prior year. In July come the clinics: three-day dawn-to-way-past-dusk affairs at a Dallas facility. Officials must manage not to embarrass themselves in a half-mile run, a 40-yard dash and assorted agility drills. Then it's on to the NFL preseason camps.

For all that prep and practice, first games are always a shock to a rookie official's system. "Cleveland at Green Bay, 1990," says Hochuli. "I don't remember the first quarter at all. The first flag I threw, the moment it hit the ground I realized, Wait a minute. This is Sunday, not Saturday. That's not a foul up here."

Above all, zebras must adjust to the defining characteristic of NFL play: the sheer speed of the action. "In college," says Pereira, "you had one or two guys who were really quick. In the NFL all 22 guys are really quick."

Carey cites a moment from his NFL debut in Chicago. "I was a side judge then," he says, "so I'm downfield as the pass play develops. It's a deep out, and the quarterback overthrows the receiver by a long way. I think, There's no way that ball gets caught. And I'm getting ready to shut it down and go back upfield for the next play. All of a sudden not only does the receiver run under the ball, but

as he catches it he does a perfect double toe tap to stay inbounds. I'd given up. I almost blew it."

With Manning dead ahead and about to take the snap, umpire Tony Michalek sets up in the no-man's-land behind the New England linebacking corps. When first-hand lessons are to be learned about the speed and violence of NFL play, it's the umpire who usually learns them: A few years ago Pamplona-like trampling incidents ended the careers of veterans Bob Boylston and Rex Stuart. Savvy teams will even use umpires to set picks for receivers. Once, when Michalek experimented with slightly different positioning during a preseason game, an offensive coordinator got in his face, saying, "What the heck are you doing? That play was designed to run off of you."

The significance of a Super Bowl assignment to Michalek is such that he recalls the exact time—10:48 A.M.—of Pereira's congratulatory call. He spent the ensuing hours thanking people who had encouraged him along the way. Another natural at officiating, Michalek likes to say his 23 years as a trader on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange ("200 guys in a pit, sweating and shoving each other") toughened him up for the NFL. He was top-rated in 2006 as well but, with only five years of experience and no postseason experience, ineligible for the Super Bowl, which then required five seasons plus postseason action. As a consolation prize he got the Colts-Patriots AFC Championship game, which some were calling Super Bowl XLI½.

Now, with Super Bowl XLII nearing an end, Michalek homes in on the hands of center Shaun O'Hara; with his peripheral vision he scans the offensive line for flinches. O'Hara snaps the ball, and the pocket collapses so fast you'd think it was a designed play. Michalek searches the scrum, making sure the offensive linemen don't break the rules as they desperately try to protect their harried passer. Whoever's getting beat is the guy who's gonna cheat. (Defenders know this and will sometimes lube themselves up to ward off groping hands. That's why part of Michalek's pregame routine consists of checking four random players for slippery substances.)

Richard Seymour muscles past O'Hara, and sure enough, the Giants' wily veteran has a huge arm looped across the defensive end's chest—but the arm's just lying there, in Michalek's judgment, not impeding Seymour. Technically it's holding, maybe, but something only a novice would call—and then hear about from Pereira. No flag.

Then just like that a leather-clad cruise missile sizzles over Michalek's head. His instincts swivel him downfield, where he sees Tyree and Harrison crumpling to the turf, the ball inches from the grass. Often on such plays Michalek will exchange glances with the deep guys and they'll have that "look"—the look of indecision. Not this time.

Michalek breathes a sigh of relief as he runs to set the ball in case the Giants go

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with a hurry-up. The goal of officiating, he likes to say, "is that when the game's over, no one's talking about the officiating."

Jerry Markbreit is among a select group of people responsible for minimizing the time fans spend talking about the officiating. Today the former ref trains his successors. Each position has a trainer, a man with decades of experience in the trenches.

"When you're out there," Markbreit says, "it's like a war. Seven officials control the battle. I felt invincible on the field. I'm five-foot-nine, 195 pounds. I felt six-foot-nine and 290." Markbreit spent 23 seasons on that battlefield—457 games, he'll tell you—enforcing the league's version of the Geneva Conventions. He remains the only ref with four Super Bowls under his black uniform belt.

Markbreit's bottom line? Focus. "At the snap," he says, "everybody has one major responsibility. When Mike Carey's working, if you watch his head, no matter what's happening, Mike is watching the quarterback. If you lose your focus on even one play, something bad can happen."

Ahh yes, something bad.... Through the years, NFL zebras have indisputably taken more flak per total number of calls than officials in any other major sport. Thus the famed Subway ad. For the record, it goes as follows: "I totally blew that call. In fact, it wasn't even close. But don't worry. I'll penalize the other team—for no good reason—in the second half. To even things up."

"I find it humorous," says Hochuli. "It's actually one of the clips I use in my presentations."

Pereira is not amused. "It upsets me," he says crisply. "And it's not just the Subway thing. There's the one with the ref who

can't get the sugar in the cup and another who doesn't have the coin for the coin flip in the Southwest Airlines commercial." He insists people who buy into buffoonish depictions have no concept of the time and effort that go into analyzing and certifying an official's performance each week. Pereira and his eight-man staff examine every play of every game from three angles: the TV shot, the coaches' sideline perspectives and the end zone. "Judged on the accuracy of the roughly 35,000 plays during the season," says Pereira, "I can tell you we're accurate 97 percent of the time." (Asked to name the play that most naturally lends itself to controversy, Carey replies, "Pass interference. Is it a catchable ball? Who got there first? Was the contact relevant to the play? Et cetera.")

Three verdicts are possible on any given play: correct call, incorrect call or incorrect no-call—e.g., a hold that should have been called but wasn't. All mistakes are known as downgrades. "I'd imagine the average is four downgrades a game," says Hochuli, who has been known to award a plunger to the crew member who makes the shittiest call. "In a bad game there may be six, seven."

And worse than that? Hochuli says bluntly, "You're not there anymore."

At the end of a season about one in 10 officials aren't there anymore. Not all of them take it lying down. Ben Dreith, released in 1990 at the age of 65, sued for age discrimination and settled out of court for \$160,000 in back pay plus attorney's fees.

Top-rated officials, however, qualify for postseason play, with its added rewards of \$5,500 (for each man) for each playoff game and \$11,000 for the Super Bowl. At season's end the top eight crews officiate the first two rounds of the playoffs, and

the highest-rated official at each individual position gets the Super Bowl.

Two who have been so designated, field judge Boris Cheek and side judge Larry Rose, will converge on The Play from their respective flanks, 20 yards deep.

Throughout this Super Bowl, Cheek has seen the Giants come at the Patriots again and again. Even after New England scored with just two minutes, 42 seconds left, Cheek overheard Michael Strahan on the sideline, rallying the troops, saying, "Keep playin', man! We're gonna come back and win this!" Cheek already knew the Giants' defensive end was a hell of a motivator. Now he wonders, Will Strahan turn out to be a prophet, too?

Meanwhile, 11-year veteran Larry Rose, undoubtedly one of the league's more regimented officials, cycles through his presnap rituals: Make sure the sideline is unobstructed. Count the defensive players. He also thinks situations: Third and five, so it's probably a pass. During the action, Rose will talk to himself—aloud. When a running back's knee hits the ground, he'll say, "Down. Down." That registers the result in his mind. So if the ball pops out, he knows it can't be a fumble.

With The Play developing between them, Rose and Cheek search for their keys. So intent is Rose on wideout Plaxico Burress that he's the only crew member unaware of the world of hurt Manning is in. Meanwhile, Cheek picks up Toomer, who just blew by Slaughter; in the process he spots Harrison closing on Tyree.

Suddenly Cheek sees Tyree jump. Man, he went up for that ball! Though Harrison is all over him, the play looks clean. Rose sees it too: The ball appears to be pasted cartoonishly to Tyree's helmet. Rose thinks, If he hits the turf, I'm gonna say, "Incomplete! Incomplete!"

That evening, when Rose watches the replay at a postgame banquet, the thought that sticks in his mind is, If Carey had whistled Manning as being in the grasp, arguably the greatest play in Super Bowl history never would have happened.

Nine years ago this season, the NFL revived instant replay (supplemented by the present system of coaches' challenges). Replay's first tour of duty, 1986 to 1991, failed largely because decisions were made by booth officials who reviewed plays at will. They would rewind and freeze-frame tapes interminably as fans, players and disenfranchised game officials fidgeted. In the final year of that system an astonishing 570 plays came under review—adding, by Markbreit's estimate, seven to 10 minutes to each game. Even so, the replays produced rulings that couldn't withstand subsequent NFL scrutiny. "The year it got voted out, 30 plays were reversed," says veteran head linesman Mark Baltz, a Hallmark rep when away from the field. "Ten of those reversed calls were incorrect."

Then came 1998 and the infamous Phil Luckett. Though by any yardstick 1998 was a lousy year for officiating, the nadir was



"I never did like Robert's first wife."

a cluster of late-season calls involving the Lockett crew. In particular the crew mistakenly awarded a crucial touchdown to Jets quarterback Vinny Testaverde in a December 6 Jets-Seahawks game with playoff implications. Facing a fourth and goal from the five, with 27 seconds left to go, Testaverde tried a quarterback sneak. Though his helmet inched over the goal line, TV replays from every angle showed the ball itself resting a good foot short. Still, head linesman Earnie Frantz ruled a touchdown, and despite the outcry from the Seattle sideline, Lockett let it stand. The phantom score all but eliminated the Seahawks from playoff contention and, many felt, cost Seattle coach Dennis Erickson his job.

Ancient history, says Pereira. "Last year 84 plays were corrected. That's 84 headaches I didn't have to have on Monday morning." Which doesn't stop "perhaps 28 of the 32 clubs" from contacting him each week during the season, he admits. "Remember, I deal with 16 teams that lose every week. I never go undefeated."

Pereira takes some lumps for his tireless defense of his crews. Sports blogger Adam Rank proposed that "an NFL referee could kill an NFL coach with a trident and there would be Pereira to defend the move." Others bemoan his defense of the officiating during the 2005 postseason, when it seemed the zebras conspired to "take the game from" the Steelers—the quote is from Pittsburgh's Joey Porter—in their playoff against the Colts, then gift wrapped Super Bowl XL for the Steelers at Seattle's expense.

Some attribute all officiating woes to the fact that the league is the only pro sport with part-time officials. Retired line judge Ron Blum, a golf pro, has no illusions, saying, "You'll hear things like 'These guys lock up their hardware store on Saturday and go to work in the NFL on Sunday, so they don't give a shit.'"

Officiating at the NFL level is hardly part-time employment. "You prepare every day," says Carey. "Multiple hours a day. You're lucky to have a 'real' job that gives you that latitude." Markbreit adds that it's not just seasonal work, either. "During the off-season, many hours each week are spent studying, watching video and attending meetings. I've always said officiating is a full-time job masquerading as a part-time job."

Pereira sees no need for full-time officials in a sport with a schedule that stretches to 20 games at most, including postseason play. Noting that in the decades it takes to reach the NFL, candidates will have developed their own businesses and lifestyles, he adds, "If I said we were going to go full-time, I'd probably lose 30 percent of my staff."

The zebras will tell you that regardless of what beat writers may think, refs pride themselves on having the respect of the most knowledgeable football insiders of all: the players. Sure, sometimes you'll get called out by a Joey Porter. And you're not likely to get sympathy when you're wounded in action, either. Former umpire Bob Wagner tells of the time he stopped one of Dan Marino's lasers with his forehead. "I did a 360, wobbled around. One of the linebackers said, 'Bob, you all right?' I said, 'Yeah, I think so.' Next thing I knew, Marino was

looking at me and saying, 'Well, if you're all right, then get the fuck out of the way next time—you ruined a good pass!'"

Still, says Carey, "for 99 percent of the players, it's 'No, sir. Yes, sir.'" Even when it comes to the trash talk between players, says Hochuli, "you'd be surprised how much of that is joking."

T.O. too? Yes, the refs agree. T.O. too.

Being realists, officials harbor little hope of ever winning over their ultimate critics—the fans. You wonder, though: Aren't there times when a high-profile ref encounters an unusually appreciative fan, say, back at the hotel bar? It bears noting, for example, that one of Carey's colleagues refers to him as "the ebony Elvis."

"Mike's a genuine rock star," says the official. "He's got that presence. Everybody wants to take pictures with him, to be around him." Carey laughs and waves off such characterizations. But Hochuli concedes, "I'd have to say yes, there are groupies. I'm just not sure any of my groupies would be found in PLAYBOY."

Scott Helverson is this Super Bowl crew's "free safety." As back judge, he covers deep middle, a good 40 yards from the line of scrimmage. That's where The Play will find him.

This whole drive, the juices have been

flowing big-time, because Helverson knows it's probably the Giants' last possession—do or die. In this clean game it was he who called the first foul, a long-ago pass interference against the Giants. He'd prefer not to have to call its last one on some Hail Mary.

Even from half a field away Helverson can see Manning is in trouble. And then, from out of the melee: Incoming! Instinctively Helverson shifts his focus to the receivers. If he's going to spot an infraction, he won't do it by admiring the pass.

Tyree makes his leaping grab directly in front of the back judge, who rushes to the pile; his top priority is to peel Harrison off the receiver in case the Giants go with a hurry-up. The Play becomes Act I of a stunning run of game action that unfolds in Helverson's neighborhood, climaxed a few snaps later by Burrell's backpedaling touchdown catch. When he sees it again on TV in his hotel room at one A.M., it occurs to Helverson that he may never again officiate a more thrilling sequence of football.

That realization is hours away, however. What's on his mind as the Giants prepare to kick off again is this: From the start of The Play, it took Manning all of 36 seconds to get the Giants into the end zone. Let's see what Tom Brady can do with 35....



*"You folks are in luck—this property just came on the market!"*

# Peep Culture

(continued from page 59)

ago Rupert Murdoch's MySpace pioneered something called interest targeting, which involves flagging likes and dislikes on its users' pages to sell ads. Peter Levinsohn, head of Fox Interactive Media, told an investor conference this scheme would harness the power of information that users put on their pages for all to see. In other words, we'll make it easy for you to peep yourself, and then we'll peep you right back. Remember, MySpace continues to be the number one social-networking site in the U.S. "This is really just the beginning for us," Levinsohn promises. "No one else in the marketplace can offer this kind of concentrated reach." The more corporations make it their business to help us reveal ourselves and watch one another, the more they know about us and the less control we have over our lives. What seems like innocent fun can turn nasty. New York private detective Steven Rambam tells me he has used YouTube to break workmen's compensation cases. Lawyers have used pictures posted on MySpace and Facebook to portray people involved in drunk-driving crashes as unrepentant partyers. (Judges who see pics of feckless undergrads wearing shot-glass belts and chugging beers are quick to impose the maximum sentence.) The peep profiteers, from Google to Facebook to any number of reality-TV producers, know they sometimes leave psychological and even physical wreck-

age behind them. But what happens after your life has been turned into a momentary spectacle isn't their problem. As casting director Barcinas explains, "Reality television is an industry. We have a product, and that product happens to be episodes of people's lives, emotions and experiences. That product needs to be turned over and made, just as in any other industry. We have orders to fill."

## 7. UTOPIAN PEEP

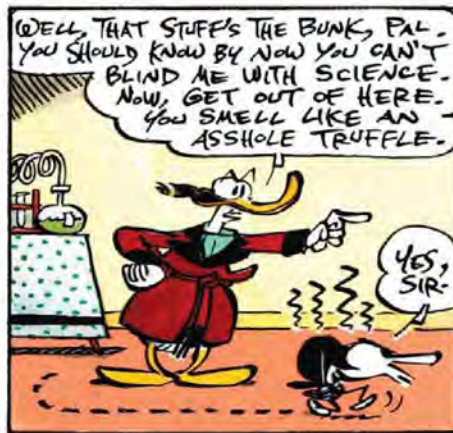
Ten years ago futurist David Brin argued in his book *The Transparent Society* that we should stop protecting privacy and work toward the utopian notion of transparency. In the transparent society there would be no secrets. All citizens would have equal access to equal information. Since Brin's speculations on the benefits of transparency, various writers have pointed to the new era of ubiquitous peeping and widespread surveillance (self-directed and otherwise) as evidence that we are moving toward just such a society. But is that what's happening? So far peep has belonged to those individuals and corporations with the wherewithal to turn themselves into carefully crafted characters. Transparency in our current peep climate has become a new kind of public relations. Thriving in Peepville means creating convincingly transparent identities—"Look, I've got nothing to hide!"—while carefully hoarding secrets of significance for use as future commodities. It's a difficult act. But you need to start practicing, because peep

is a high-wire performance. There's our desire to be noticed, but there's also our right to rut in private without ending up on some horny teen's cell phone. There's the desire to peep and the desire not to have a juvenile mistake inscribed on a sign you'll wear around your neck for the rest of your life. If peep culture isn't moving us toward a utopian transparent society, why are we so caught up in it? Anthropologists talk about "human universals," behaviors all people have always exhibited. One of the classic universals is, as anthropologist Donald E. Brown writes in his book *Human Universals*, "sexual modesty. People do not normally copulate in public." But in our society people deliberately choose to make their sex acts public. That doesn't necessarily mean we're freaks, human beings unlike any who have ever walked the earth. Think of it more as a human universal overturned in order to reclaim another even more fundamental principle—our natural need to be known as individuals, not as statistics and demographics. Can millions of people screwing themselves silly on low-res video really be thought of as natural? Maybe we're going a bit too far. Maybe we're not meant to have all our secrets displayed. Maybe we need to decide if peep is about revealing our true selves or feeding our collective hunger for other people's secrets.



# Dirty Duck

by Bobby London





# SUCCESS

(continued from page 26)

1,000-year-old eggs, sea urchin and all parts of the duck, the meal included *maotai*, a Chinese liquor that tasted like kerosene mixed with vermouth. Maybe not that good. After many toasts came the speeches, followed by long translations.

Much to the delight of our hosts, Hayes was developing a taste for *maotai*.

The factories themselves were disappointing. We had expected the machinery to be old and rusted, which it was, but the big surprise was how dirty the factories were. There was no effort at all for clean conditions. If grease or dirt appeared on a shoe coming off the line, the response was "It's still perfectly functional." And of course all factories were state-owned, with many bureaucrats overseeing everything—and nothing.

•  
Could we really do this? Could we really make Nike a force in China?

We ended our tour in the commercial center of Shanghai.

I had decided we would take the train to see the countryside and maybe get away from the guided portion of our visit and see some of the "real" people.

I got first-class tickets, which meant, in those 90 degree, 90 percent humidity days, we would have an air-conditioned car. "Air-conditioned" turned out to be a six-inch fan in the corner.

The Chinese had a way of dealing with the temperature. They stripped off their Mao jackets and trousers and walked about the car in their underwear. Hayes and Strasser thought it was a brilliant way to beat the heat. If we drew stares in Tiananmen Square, you should have seen the looks when two of the only four round-eyes on the whole train, weighing a combined 700 pounds, strolled to the lounge car in their skivvies.

At first the Chinese wouldn't look. Then they would sneak a peek, then stare, a slight smile crossing their faces. Then broad grins and finally great gales of laughter.

Funny. Hayes had all those phobias, but walking around nearly naked on a train with 200 Chinese strangers didn't make the list.

On our last night in China Hayes decided he wanted to have a drink with the locals. The guide told him that was hopeless. After all, no Chinese citizen without special permission was allowed to visit a foreigner's hotel.

"By God, they'll drink with us," Hayes thundered. He still had 10 bottles of vodka. So he grabbed one of the others and their guide and headed to the nearest People's Bar, where the bar manager accepted the vodka and Hayes began ordering drinks on the house. No takers at first, but through various forms of sign language and laughter, after a while they had one taker. Then two. By two in the morning the bar was noisy with song and stories.

"I thought," I said to the guide, "no locals would drink with foreigners."

He shrugged his shoulders. Then he smiled.

An odd moment in a strange land. It was kind of a breakthrough, maybe one that no one from the West had experienced in a very long time.

When we returned to Oregon we had agreed to try to upgrade a couple of factories, and we were hoping to leap the bureaucracy to get to all those feet. But factory managers could not understand why the shade of nylon had to be the same on each shoe in a pair. And we had to get pricing agreements on every model from four different ministries; if one disagreed, production was halted. After a year of frustration we tried incentive payments. They didn't work. Nothing worked.

It was clear by any quantitative measure that we had failed. Any success Nike would have in China was decades off. This mistake would dwarf my earlier lulu of famous bad predictions: "Magic Johnson will never make it in the NBA."

Was the trip a waste? As my best accounting advisor reminded me, "Earnings per share are more than a number."

Something else happened as well—at least for me personally, and I think for the others, too. Twelve days inside a country I had never expected to see changed the way I thought about the world.

Despite the people being so guarded, in their uniforms of one kind or another, the man in the street had a wonderful sense of humor and was aching to reach out. The single style of sport shoe was functional but spoke nothing of a billion individuals. Shoes fit more than your feet.

Twenty-eight years after that first visit I went back. I watched families in a Beijing Nike store carefully go through many styles and colors until they found the right fit for their son or daughter.

In the 600-person Shanghai office, as I was getting ready to have a picture taken with employees who administer the sales at 5,000 Nike stores, one of the 20-somethings said, in perfect Valley girl English, "This is, like, so cool. When will China's Nike sales be greater than the U.S.'s?"

I smiled and thought back to Del Hayes and the Nike headquarters near Beaverton, Oregon. Hayes lives in tranquility now with his wife on his farm in Newberg, Oregon, and his three kids and a passel of grandchildren visit him often. But I still picture him, Uncle Remus one more time, joking and telling stories, surrounded by 15 Chinese, none of whom spoke his language but all of whom understood what he was saying.

At Nike we honor our heroes by naming landmarks after them. Del Hayes Road winds around the outside of the campus, connecting all the buildings and employees, passing the Mia Hamm building, the Tiger Woods and the Lance, with occasional zigzags and bumps, out into the rest of the world.



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# PLAYMATE NEWS



## TRUMP THIS

The Donald sure can pick 'em. Last year he gave PMOY 2005 Tiffany Fallon a chance on *The Celebrity Apprentice*, and this season he extended the invitation to another PMOY, 2001's Brande Roderick. One of Brande's early tasks was selling cupcakes for charity. Hef dispatched Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo to donate \$5,000 from the Hugh M. Hefner Foundation to Brande's team. Sweet.



## HOT MAMA

"Doctors pump drugs into pregnant women, and these drugs affect the baby," Miss August 2001 Jennifer Walcott told us and *Holistic Health Magazine*, discussing the natural birth of her beautiful and healthy son, Jett. "I didn't want to poison my baby." Jennifer is raising Jett organically, staying away from store-bought formula. "I was adamant about breast-feeding, but my implants affected my milk ducts. I make my own organic raw-milk concoction with whey and other ingredients. It takes minutes and costs only \$4 a day."

## FLASHBACK

### JULIE MCCULLOUGH

Julie (left) grew up via *Growing Pains* and became Miss February 1986. Always the entertainer, she performs stand-up as the Funny Bunny.... Forty years ago we named Lorie Miss February 1969. That issue caught the eye of James Bond in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*.

### LORRIE MENCONI



**Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates?** You can check out the Club at [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com) and access photos on your phone at [wap.playboy.com](http://wap.playboy.com).

## DID YOU KNOW ?

**Miss February 1990 Pam Anderson** wrote an open letter to Barack Obama to urge marijuana legalization.

**Victoria Silvstedt: My Perfect Life**, a reality show based on our **PMOY 1997**, is big in the U.K. and Australia.

**Miss October 1992 Tiffany Sloan** passed away in the fall. We dearly miss her disarming smile.

Buying your girl a bra for Valentine's Day and don't know her cup size? **PMOY 2008 Jayde Nicole** offers an easy solution: "An



A cup is about the size of a lemon, Bs are oranges, and a C is in grapefruit territory. If she has anything remotely resembling a melon, you are a very lucky man."

## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

### BY GORDON CLAPP

—Emmy Award-winning actor



Clapp appears on HBO's *Taking Chance*: "My favorite Playmate is **Miss March 2002 Tina Jordan**. I met her at the 2007 Playboy Golf Scramble Championship when she was assigned to drive my golf cart. Despite my inability to focus on my golf game, it was the best round I've ever had with my driver."



## OUT AND ABOUT WITH...

Miss May 2003 **Laurie Fetter** and Miss August 2004 **Pilar Lastra** were invited by the Department of Defense to Fort Irwin in California. They took a tour of the base's mock Middle Eastern village and boosted the morale of the troops shipping out to Iraq and Afghanistan....

**Miss November 1974 Bebe Buell** ran into **Renée Zellweger** at the premiere of *Living Proof* at New York City's Plaza Hotel.



**Miss December 1979 Candace Collins** received Barack Obama's **John Hancock**.... **Miss May 1996 Shauna Sand** dropped



by TMZ to tell the staff they know more about her life than she does. Boss **Harvey Levin** happened to be dressed as a handsome magazine editor.



## CRUSH GROOVE

Putting on Marvin Gaye to get your lover in the mood on Valentine's Day is like giving roses—it lacks creativity and real passion. Don't worry. International DJ **Miss January 2004 Colleen Shannon** has you covered. On her site she has assembled a streaming playlist that features hot remixes of Estelle's "American Boy" and Pink Floyd's "Wish You Were Here," as well as a mash-up of Oasis and Jay-Z. Log on to [djcolleenshannon.com](http://djcolleenshannon.com) to turn her on.



**Miss April 2001 Katie Lohmann's** L.A. Temptations made the Lingerie Bowl playoffs this year.

## IDEAL VALENTINE'S NIGHT BY AMBER CAMPISI

"End the date with a bubble bath and some wine. But remember, whatever you do, don't get too drunk before sex, because that's the best part of the night—and the next morning!"

Chickipedia named **PMOY 2004 Carmella Garcia (née DeCesare)** "the Hottest NFL Wife (or Girlfriend)."

**Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler** has been spotted wearing **Travis Barker's** wedding ring again.

**DID YOU KNOW ?**

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# THE PLAYBOY FORUM

## THE MONEY PIT

OUR GOVERNMENT IS BROKEN AND PROSPECTS FOR REFORM ARE GRIM. BUT DON'T ABANDON ALL HOPE—WE CAN FIX IT

BY ROBERT G. KAISER

Last fall the House of Representatives set off a stock-market collapse by voting against the first version of the bailout legislation, which had been hurriedly written to try to stabilize American banks and other financial institutions. Bailout supporters scrambled to change the legislation in ways that would win support from a majority of representatives. In a matter of days new provisions were added: an extension of an excise-tax rebate for makers of Virgin Islands and Puerto Rican rum (cost to the Treasury: \$192 million), an extension of a special tax break for owners of stock-car racing tracks (cost: \$100 million), a tax break for makers of movies within the borders of the United States (cost over 10 years: \$478 million) and more. These sweeteners—a revealing bit of Washington jargon—did the trick: Days after rejecting the \$700 billion bailout, the House approved it.

This dreary sequence is evidence of a fact that careful students of Washington's ways have known for

some time: By the first decade of the new millennium the government of the United States was broken. It took three decades to create the mess. Democrats and Republicans collaborated in its creation, and as the sweetening of the bailout bill made clear, money was at the heart of the problem.

Sweeteners were payoffs of a kind—spending proposals that would allow politicians who promoted them to boast of their influence in Washington, hoping to win votes in the process. Spending on the favored projects of senators and representatives had grown exponentially since Republicans took over Congress in 1994 and decided they could defend their majorities if their members brought home a lot of bacon. Hence the explosion of the legislative provisions called earmarks that John McCain assailed in his presidential campaign.

But money became a dominant factor in more insidious ways. Over the past 30 years opinion polls, focus groups and television commercials became the most effective tools to win elections, and all of them are expensive. So are the con-

sultants candidates hire to make their commercials, shape their campaigns, even choose the issues they run on. To win, a politician needed a lot of money.

Money can elect someone to office who has never addressed important matters that affect ordinary Americans' lives. Money can elect candidates who have no real philosophy of governance or a coherent worldview. The result has been unreal politics—candidates winning or losing office on the basis of their positions on social issues essentially unrelated to governance.

In today's Washington, money builds bulwarks that defend the status quo even when political power changes hands after an election. A classic example is the looming demographic crisis that threatens the two most important social programs in America, Social Security and Medicare, which have provided protection for older Americans for decades. It's not a secret these programs are going broke; indeed, demogra-

phers and statisticians have been warning of the risks to both for more than 20 years. There is no avoiding the coming crunch that will shake American society to its foundations. Yet neither political party, nor any presidential administration, has confronted the problem. The players have been paralyzed.

Not addressing problems has become easy in a political environment distorted by money. In these three decades when money became so important in Washington, Congress lost much of its effectiveness as a governing institution. Running for reelection became more important than running the country or keeping an eye on the exercise of executive power—roles the founders envisioned for the House and Senate.

The money needed to sustain this situation is raised from the interests and individuals for whom politicians can do favors of many kinds. The amount of money politicians raise for their campaigns increases inexorably every two years, and the earnings of Washington lobbyists climb in tandem. During these same three decades lobbying became Washington's leading industry. "Partisan deadlock" became a cliché



DAVID FLUNKERT

that, sadly, shared an attribute of many clichés: It was true.

In simpler times, before jet planes made travel easy and political commercials defeated politicians, Washington worked better. Members of Congress knew one another personally. They worked collaboratively across party lines. Most members of the House and Senate maintained their principal residences in Washington and visited their home states occasionally, not every weekend as most do today. Old institutions now long gone—including the Washington hostess and her offspring, the Washington dinner party—and the traveling delegation of senators making relatively relaxed visits around the world (often called junkets) thrived back then. They provided natural lubricants for the legislative machinery. Many members had the time and inclination to master details of the subjects before them.

Members of Congress getting along and working together was called comity. Until Richard Nixon resigned as president, in 1974, Washington had a lot of it. Then things began to change. Not all the changes were for the worse, a point made forcefully by Fred Wertheimer, an agitator for reforms to reduce the influence of money in Washington since the Nixon era. He was president of Common Cause, a citizens' pro-reform group, for 14 years. He now runs his own organization, Democracy 21, funded mostly by foundations. He is a lobbyist for a nonpaying client: his own vision of a cleaner government.

Wertheimer notes that since Nixon's resignation, Congress has removed many egregious forms of corruption: cash contributions to politicians (which once were as common as Capitol Hill spittoons), House and Senate members' direct employment by corporations (as lawyers or advisors, for example), cash for speeches that went directly into members' pockets (as "honoraria") and unregulated "soft money" contributions from individuals, unions and corporations, which

largely funded the 1996 and 2000 elections before being banned in 2002. Wertheimer, who has the optimism required of anyone engaged in a long-term crusade to improve human behavior, took heart from the substantial reforms enacted by the new Democratic Congress in 2007, noting provisions that banned nearly all forms of gifts to members from lobbyists and lobbying organizations—from dinner at a Washington restaurant to a Scotland golfing vacation of the kind that made the



now imprisoned lobbyist Jack Abramoff a famous figure. "The biggest change made by the new rules is a cultural one," Wertheimer says, "making members pay their own way as opposed to the traditional view that they were entitled to trips, meals, etc., paid for by others." If the culture of freebies can be altered, he argues, so could other deleterious aspects of the Washington political culture.

Barack Obama regularly denounced the realities of modern Washington in his campaign for president. He promised "a new politics" that would diminish the influence of lobbyists and special interests and produce a spirit of practical cooperation and bipartisanship. Now we will see what he can actually accomplish.

The culture will change, as it always does with a new regime. It could really change for the better if the new Congress

destroys the system that developed from the 1970s through today. There are ways to destroy it. Congress could provide for public financing—money from the Treasury—for all elections to federal offices, something it tried in the 1970s for presidential campaigns. That system worked until 1996, when Bill Clinton stretched it so far that it effectively broke down. This year Obama himself walked away from a pledge to use the system of public financing when he realized he could raise a lot more money outside it. New laws could be passed to require broadcast television stations to provide free time to political candidates, a reform idea that has bounced around Washington for years.

Lobbyists get much of their influence by helping representatives raise money. Congress could ban any registered lobbyist—and any institution that hires a registered lobbyist—from raising, soliciting or directing contributions to federal candidates and officeholders. A new law could also reduce to a nominal amount—say, \$250 or \$500—the maximum a lobbyist could personally give to a campaign for federal office. These changes would take special interests out of the game.

New rules could also restrict the movement of officials from government jobs to lobbying careers—something that became commonplace during the past 30 years. Lobbyists could be required to report publicly on every meeting and conversation they hold with an official. History confirms that moral behavior cannot be enforced by passing laws, but laws can certainly make immorality a lot more difficult.

But to pass such reforms would upend the culture that has grown strong in modern times. It would require the Democrats who now dominate Washington to turn on the methods and mores that restored them to power in 2008. How likely is that?

*Robert G. Kaiser is author of So Damn Much Money: The Triumph of Lobbying and the Corrosion of American Government.*

## WHY IT MATTERS

Lobbying, lobbying, earmarks. *Blah, blah, blah.* Not so fast, bro. There are real-life consequences to all this. Take the Bankruptcy Abuse Prevention and Consumer Protection Act of 2005. This law made it impossible for ordinary people to get out from under credit card debt via bankruptcy. As Stanford law professor Lawrence Lessig has pointed out, normal folks are thus yoked to their debts even as corporations such as Bethlehem Steel can escape their pension obligations. Yeah, that's fair. Interesting thing about that law: The proposal was first put forth dur-



ing the Clinton administration but failed after first lady Hillary Clinton publicly criticized it. Then in 2001, after Clinton had been elected to the Senate, she supported the reintroduced bill, which eventually passed. What had changed in the interim to make her cool with it? Well, there was the little matter of her having received almost \$210,000 in campaign money from credit card and financial services companies. *Hmmm.* You can draw your own conclusions. Just be careful not to draw too much on your credit card, because that's for life. And that's why it matters.

## FREEDOM TAX

LIBERTY CANNOT FLOURISH IN A LOPSIDED SOCIETY. JUST ASK TEDDY

By Tim Mohr

With Barack Obama's inauguration in late January, *redistribution* and other buzzwords hurled at the Democratic candidate along the campaign trail are once again topics for arguments in bars and dorms and will result in letters to our office asking why Obama's victory pleased us. You know what? It's a debate we're happy to revisit. It gives us a chance to break down exactly why politics is so important.

We hold this truth to be self-evident: Government's role should be to focus on economic activities, not personal ones. We find it ironic—and maddening—that adherents of the political right who deem it utterly anathema for government to intervene in any economic affairs feel comfortable advocating government intervention in our most intimate personal matters. In fact, it seems to us that their approach to government is completely backward—not to mention completely at odds with this country's founding documents, which were designed to keep private life (most significantly, religious beliefs) out of the public sphere.

Okay, you say, maybe this is just a difference of opinion. Not as far as we're concerned. Our entire history—Hef's fight to publish the magazine now in your hands, his fending off attempts to prosecute him for obscenity, his remaining steadfast in the face of the vitriol aimed at him for championing sexual freedoms—has been spent defending this position.

But let's go one step further and wade into how the government should intervene in economic affairs, since Obama's election suggests a majority of Americans agree with us on where government should focus its attention. The richest 10 percent of Americans control more than 70 percent of our nation's net wealth, a portion that has been increasing for decades as President Ronald Reagan and subsequent leaders reduced various tax rates on the wealthy while simultaneously reducing corporate taxes. Since government spending as a percentage of GDP is relatively stable (and has, in fact, increased under conservative administrations), guess who pays that bill if taxes on the rich and corporations are reduced. You. Us. The tax burden has simply been shifting down the income scale, and it's happening under the rhetorical banner of lowering taxes.

Moral considerations aside, rising inequality and the economic policies that accelerate it facilitate extremism, bringing not only the outside risk of totalitarianism but, more realistically, creeping incursions against basic liberties. Great disparity in wealth can create political and social violence, crime and instability—or at least the fear of these things. We've seen how similar fears have been manipulated in the past eight years to roll back civil liberties. Barry Goldwater, the godfather of modern American conservatism, used to say extremism in the defense of liberty was no

vice. But he had it wrong: Extremism is the enemy of liberty.

The pooling of wealth at the top also limits the fulfillment of our American dream, stifling opportunity, limiting upward mobility (which aids social cohesion) and putting the lie to the rhetoric of meritocracy. During the presidential campaign John McCain made frequent mention of his admiration for Theodore Roosevelt, the turn-of-the-century Republican president. It's worth looking at Roosevelt's comments on the topic of wealth distribution, such as this one, from his 1907 State of the Union address: "There should be an equality of self-respect and of mutual respect, an equality of rights before the law and at least an approximate equality in the conditions under which each man obtains the chance to show the stuff that is in him when compared to his fellows." What is he talking about? In modern terminology it's meritocracy—creating if not a level playing field, at least some level of parity so every American can succeed or fail based on his or her drive and ideas, not his or her access to a trust fund. It's telling that advocates of lowering income taxes on the wealthy also

oppose inheritance tax. A true advocate of meritocracy would, of course, favor a 100 percent inheritance tax, since merit by definition cannot be passed down from one generation to the next; merit is the measure of an individual, not a legacy.

Taxation represents not only a brake on the forces that can lead to extremism but also the recognition that wealth cannot be accumulated in a vacuum. As Roosevelt, again, said in a 1906 speech, "The man of great wealth owes a peculiar obligation to the state because he derives special advantages from the mere existence of government. Not only should he recognize this obligation in the way he leads his daily life and in the way he earns and

spends his money, but it should also be recognized by the way in which he pays for the protection the state gives him."

Anti-tax advocates espouse a sort of blind utopianism. Greed and self-interest are presented as positives in that they make for an ostensibly rational market; the blindness is the assumption that greed and self-interest will stop at boundaries of law or morality. If we've learned anything from the history of financial bubbles, Enron accounting schemes, disappearing pension funds, S&L and bank failures, tax evasion and offshore wealth stashing, etc., it's the unambiguous lesson that greed and self-interest have no limits—which is precisely why hoping for the best is not a tenable solution to governing.

The policy ideas for which Obama is labeled a redistributor represent a reality-based approach to governing. Only by reversing the extreme and ever-increasing polarization of wealth can we ensure a future of broad-based prosperity and thus a future where liberty can likewise flourish.



# READER RESPONSE

## AN HONEST DISCUSSION OF RACE?

If I, a white guy, had penned the words “History has demonstrated that...only when black and white folk work together to confront challenges in our society can significant change happen,” would I be patriarchal or racist (“Welcome to Post-Racial America,” November)? Might I be suggesting significant change can come about only if whites help blacks make it happen or if whites allow blacks the chance to change? Rosa Parks, Bobby Seale and Frederick Douglass, to name a few, might be offended. I am not surprised Tavis Smiley doesn’t want to see the national conversation on race garner less of the limelight, since he is so vested in that conversation. But what amazes me is how Smiley can diminish the biggest thing to happen to black America—and to America—in 30 years because it is not the final solution to all of America’s race-relations



Readers call Tavis Smiley hypersensitive.

problems. Smiley says many Americans thought the Obama candidacy would “close the painful chapter on racism.” Please. Racism will never be completely extinguished. But much to Smiley’s chagrin, the issue of white intolerance of blacks carries a lot less weight as a subject for books, radio and TV programs, and *Forum* essays when the most powerful man in the world, who has been elected to that position with votes from millions upon millions of white folks, is a black man.

Don Holmes  
Arlington, Virginia

Smiley’s article is typical of the hypersensitive whining of most black pseudo-intellectuals (pseudo via affirmative action). Smiley claims the recent column by Pat Buchanan is racist and patriarchal. Buchanan enumerates historical



Obama received millions of white votes.

facts about blacks. Add the fact that blacks in the U.S. have the highest standard of living of blacks anywhere. Does this warrant white guilt? How can facts be racist and truth patriarchal? Apparently, anyone who doesn’t pander to blacks gets labeled racist. Black pseudointellectuals are afraid of an honest discussion of race. Smiley will always be dissatisfied; he’s a professional black.

John Matolyak  
Indiana, Pennsylvania

I find it interesting that in the same paragraph in which Smiley bemoans our need for “meaningful public discourse on race and racism,” he dismisses out of hand Buchanan’s statements as “racist and patriarchal.” Guess what—plenty of Americans share Buchanan’s views on the subject, which were in no way derogatory or racist but rather statements of fact. So if Smiley desires a meaningful discussion of race, he had better acknowledge such sentiments or we’ll never get anywhere in this country. It’s exactly this knee-jerk tendency of the racial-grievance lobby to lash out at all but the most sanctimonious, condescending discussions of race from white people that prevents any real discussion from taking place. Why would anyone want to share their actual feelings if they’ll just be shouted down and labeled a racist? Better to have a true “meaningful” discussion—as uncomfortable as it may be for many to talk about crime rates, illegitimacy and the insidious worship of gangsta culture in the black community—than simply to force people to shove politically incorrect thoughts aside.

Sammy McGee  
San Francisco, California

*We feel compelled to address the Pat Buchanan column “A Brief for Whitey,”*

*defended by more than these two readers. Buchanan does indeed note many specifics in his piece, but they are hardly “statements of fact.” For instance, Buchanan writes, “Untold trillions have been spent since the 1960s on welfare, food stamps, rent supplements, Section 8 housing, Pell grants, student loans, legal services, Medicaid, Earned Income Tax Credits and poverty programs designed to bring the African American community into the mainstream.” Take Section 8 housing: That assistance program dates to the Depression era, not the civil rights era. It also does not target any specific group for enhanced assistance. The same is true of all the programs Buchanan lists. Yes, welfare has been used as a code word for government programs benefiting blacks at least since Ronald Reagan’s infamous (and, it goes without saying, completely fabricated) anecdote—used repeatedly during his 1980 campaign—about a Cadillac-driving welfare queen. But the majority of welfare recipients are white—and that is a statement of fact. Another example of Buchanan’s dishonest so-called facts: “Black criminals choose white victims 45 percent of the time,” he writes, without adding that whites make up 80 percent of the population, meaning black criminals choose white victims about half as frequently as would be the case were the perpetrators to choose their victims at random. Buchanan’s ultimate argument is “America has been the best country on earth for black folks.” This too rubs us the wrong way. That Buchanan sees fit to compare the living standards of a subset of Americans with those of Africans (we assume) rather*



Pat Buchanan’s facts are faulty.

*than of fellow Americans should tell you everything you need to know about his motivations. For Pat Buchanan, skin color trumps nationality. And it’s difficult to think of anything more unambiguously racist than that.*

*E-mail via the web at [letters.playboy.com](mailto:letters.playboy.com). Or write: 730 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10019.*



## NEWSFRONT

**Homeland Insecurity**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—In May 2007 we wrote about subversion of the Posse Comitatus Act, a law that prohibits the federal government from using the military to police citizens. It may have seemed alarmist to some, but last fall *Army Times* reported the unthinkable had come to pass: A unit attached to the Army's Northern Command is training for domestic operations and "may be called upon to help with civil unrest and crowd control." (The Army has since denied this and insists the force would respond only to disasters.) The unit, the 3rd Infantry Division's 1st Brigade Combat Team, will be on call for one year, through October 2009, but "expectations are that another, as yet unnamed, active-duty brigade will take over and that the mission will be a permanent one." In an interview on *Democracy Now*, Colonel Michael Boatner of USNORTHCOM explained how the unit would deploy, saying, "They ultimately have weapons, heavy weapons, combat vehicles and other service capabilities, including technical life-saving support, at their home station at Fort Stewart, Georgia, but they wouldn't bring that stuff with them. In fact, they're prohibited from bringing it. They would bring their individual weapons, which is the standard policy for deployments in the homeland. Those would be centralized and containerized, and they could only be issued to the soldiers with the secretary of defense's permission."

**Getting Behind Change**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Showing a dramatic rise in support, 104 former generals and admirals signed a statement in favor of getting rid of the military's "don't ask, don't tell" position regarding gays. (The previous year, just 28 signed a similar statement.) Since the policy was established in 1994, the armed forces have booted more than 12,000 servicemen and -women based on their sexuality. The former military leaders cited soldiers' professionalism and urged the U.S. to join the U.K., Israel and other Western countries in allowing gays to serve uncloseted. One signatory, retired admiral Charles Larson, explained, "I know a lot of young people now—even people in the area of having commands of ships and squadrons—and they are much more tolerant. And they believe, as I do, that we have enough regulations on the books to enforce proper standards of human behavior." We

have always been confounded by the suggestion that a fellow countryman's sex habits could threaten people who stare down death as part of their routine duties.

**iNarc**

ABERDEEN, U.K.—Scottish police tested a portable machine able to detect cocaine, cannabis, heroin and ecstasy from a swab of a person's hand. *Ominously*, all 753 people asked to submit to the test outside pubs and clubs agreed to be swabbed.

**Power Up**

WASHINGTON, D.C.—With the inauguration on our minds, an essay by David Calleo in *World Policy Journal* caught our eye: "Heavy

military spending helps explain America's frequent macroeconomic indiscipline and what has now become a perpetual need for subsidy from the rest of the world. The capacity to attract these subsidies from others depends on America's geopolitical power in general and on the global role of the dollar in particular. In other words, continuing to sustain the power of the U.S. government abroad now seems essential for meeting the increasingly insistent demands of America's overstretched economy.... The need to continue to build and exert global power greatly affects America's internal constitutional balance. In particular, it enhances presidential power. Conversely, sustaining outside presidential power will rely, in turn, on maintaining an overbearing prominence for security and foreign policy issues in American politics. In other words, there will continue to exist for America a domestic symbiosis between world hegemony and presidential primacy."



## The More Things Change...

You saw MISCHA BARTON in this space last month—and let us tell you, it's no small feat to make it into consecutive *Grapevines*. On top of that, she's in both the last black-and-white *Grapevine* and the first color *Grapevine*. Oh yeah, welcome to the first color *Grapevine*!



**Be Gentle, Liz. Pay Attention to What You're Doing and Don't Just Yank It Up and Down Like It's Some Bloody Big Light Switch**

Unless it is some bloody big light switch. Then you can yank all you want. Look! LIZ HURLEY's panties!

## A Valentine's Day Gift Idea

Here's MASUIMI MAX incorrectly applying the Confetti Pink lip gloss from her I Am Trouble cosmetics line. Visit [iamtrouble.com](http://iamtrouble.com) for more shades—and more Masuimi.



## You Saw It Here First

The hot look for spring, spotted on the runways during New York's Fashion Week: clothing that is part see-through, part not there at all. If a co-worker shows up in this Jill Stuart outfit, be sure to compliment her.

BRENDAN MCGERMID/REUTERS



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### Fahrvergooben

SALMA HAYEK had to don a snug dirndl after losing a bet on the German TV show *Wetten, Dass..?* ("Wanna Bet?"). We're guessing the wardrobe department didn't know the bodacious-anyway Hayek was still breast-feeding. We'll also go ahead and guess Karl Lagerfeld is supercreepy.

### Another Valentine's Day Gift Idea

No idle hands here. When not shooting for Playboy Special Editions and the Club, CARLOTTA CHAMPAGNE is known to make handbags, belts, prom dresses and garter belts (pictured) out of condoms. See more of her crafts at [carlycondomnation.com](http://carlycondomnation.com).



TIMOTHY DOULIN

See [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com) for full galleries of Masumi and Carlotta.



### Put the Nipple on the Rekkid

*It's Not Me, It's You*, the second album from cheeky British pop singer LILY ALLEN, is due in stores on February 10. The publicity campaign will likely include concerts, TV appearances and a whole lot of this sort of thing.



IT'S A BEAUTIFUL O'DAY.



LILY'S FOUL MOUTH MAKES US SMILE.



THE OTHER GIRL NEXT DOOR.

## NEXT MONTH



HIPHOPOTAMUS AND RHYMOCEROSUS DISH.

**SEX AND MUSIC ISSUE**—WE CELEBRATE TWO OF LIFE'S MOST PRIMAL PLEASURES NEXT MONTH, BEGINNING WITH COVER MODEL **AUBREY O'DAY**. HER SEXUALITY WAS STIFLED WHEN SHE WAS PART OF DIDDY'S GIRL GROUP DANITY KANE, BUT NOW O'DAY IS LIBERATED AND READY TO REVEAL HER TRUE SELF IN A SHOWSTOPPING PICTORIAL.

**PLAYBOY'S 2009 PLAYLIST**—OUR MUSIC BLOWOUT FEATURES **LILY ALLEN** TALKING DIRTY, OUR RANKING OF THE SEXIEST MUSIC VIDEOS OF THE YEAR, PLAYBOY T-SHIRT DESIGNS BY THE COOLEST BANDS ON THE PLANET AND THE RESULTS OF YOUR VOTING IN THE PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL.

**SEXIEST CELEBRITIES**—THESE HOLLYWOOD STARLETS ARE STAPLES OF YOUR GIRLFRIEND'S FAVORITE BLOGS AND YOUR FANTASIES. **ELISHA CUTHBERT, JESSICA BIEL** AND **CHRISTINA AGUILERA** BRING THE HEAT IN A SIZZLING PICTORIAL.

**ROCK THE RABBIT**—OUR ANNUAL MUSIC-FASHION FESTIVAL IS HEADLINED BY **MOTLEY CRUE, MGMT, PHARRELL** AND OTHER SPECIAL GUESTS.

**MY BROTHER, TED**—THAT'S WHAT **DAVID KACZYNSKI** CALLS HIM, THOUGH YOU KNOW THE SAME PERSON AS THE UNABOMBER. HIS SIBLING DELIVERS HIS OWN MANIFESTO ON WHAT MAKES THE GIFTED BUT TROUBLED TED TICK.

**KENNY CHESNEY**—ELEVEN GOLD ALBUMS, 15 NUMBER ONE HITS, 86 AWARD NOMINATIONS, A QUICKIE HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGE: WHAT HASN'T THIS GUY DONE? THE *INTERVIEW*.

**BOOM CAR BOOM**—IN SOME CAR COMMUNITIES IT ISN'T HOW MUCH HORSEPOWER YOU HAVE UNDER THE HOOD BUT HOW MANY AMPS ARE PUMPING THE HIGH-FIDELITY JUNK IN YOUR TRUNK. **GEORGE PROCHNIK** GOES TO A COMPETITION THAT ROUTINELY BLOWS OUT WINDOWS.

**FLIGHT OF THE CONCHORDS**—**BRET MCKENZIE** AND **JEMAIN CLEMENT** HAVE AN HBO SHOW, A GRAMMY AND A GROUPIE. THEY SIT DOWN FOR 20Q TO DISCUSS BEING "NEW ZEALAND'S FOURTH MOST POPULAR GUITAR-BASED DIGI-BONGO ACAPELLA-RAP-FUNK-COMEDY FOLK DUO."

**THE FASTEST WHITE WOMAN IN THE WORLD**—WE'RE ALL OBSESSED WITH SOMETHING. IN **JIM HARRISON'S** VERSE THE NARRATOR IS INTRIGUED BY A WOMAN AND HER COMPULSION TO RUN. BUT ARE WE ALL JUST SPINNING OUR WHEELS?

**PLUS:** THE SECOND-BEST THING TO PUT ON YOUR LAP—A COMPUTER; IN THIS MOMENT'S FRONTWOMAN, **MARIA BRINK**, HAS A ROCKIN' BOD; MISS MARCH **JENNIFER PERSHING** IS THE PERFECT PLAYMATE FOR OUR MUSIC ISSUE—SHE HAS BEEN TO 29 DAVE MATTHEWS SHOWS.

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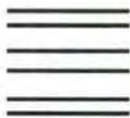
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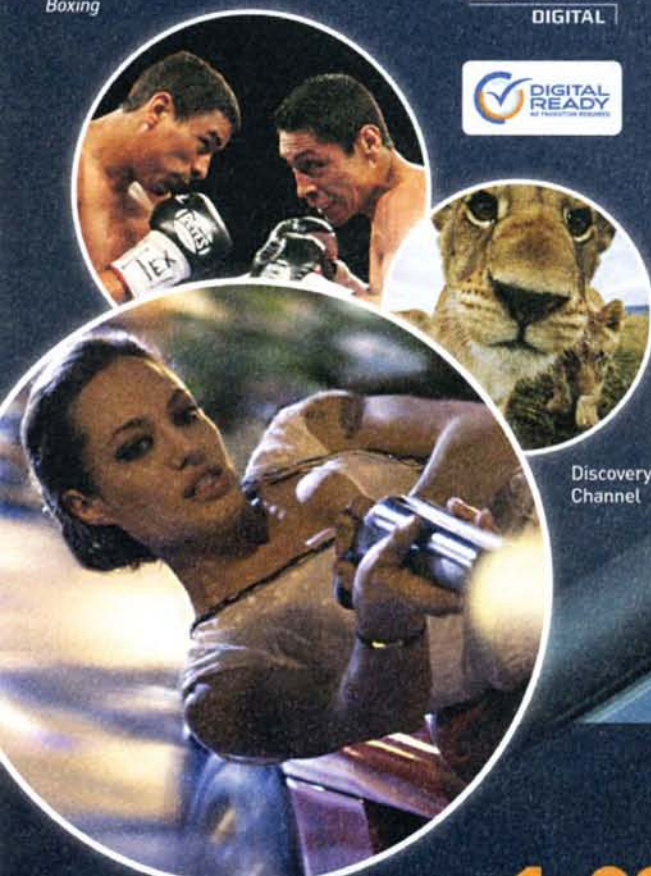
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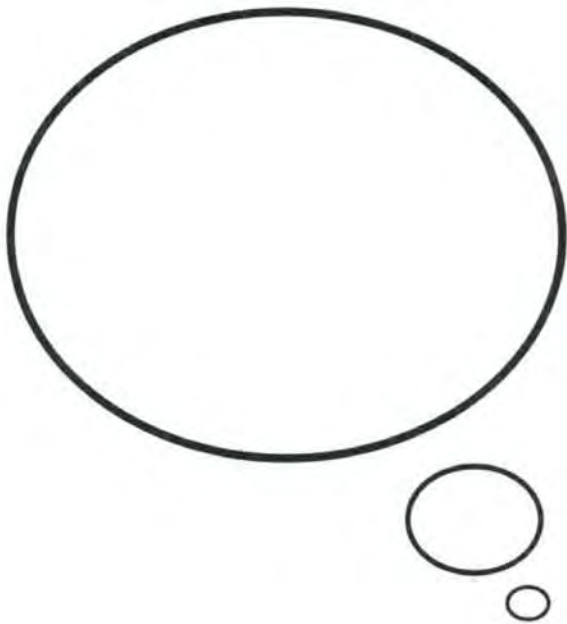
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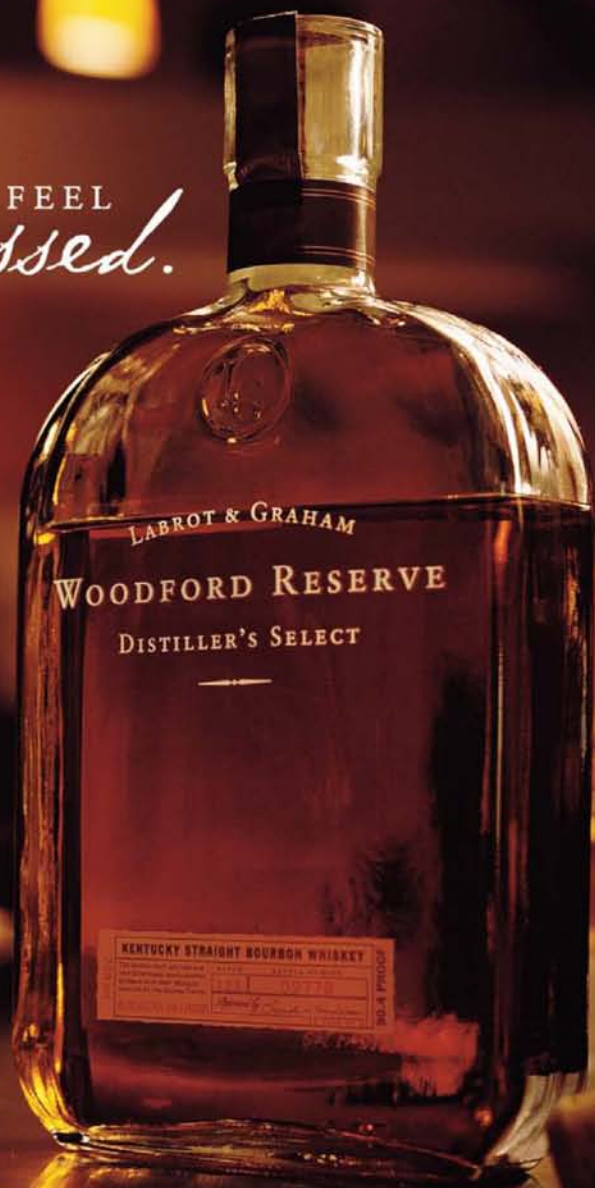


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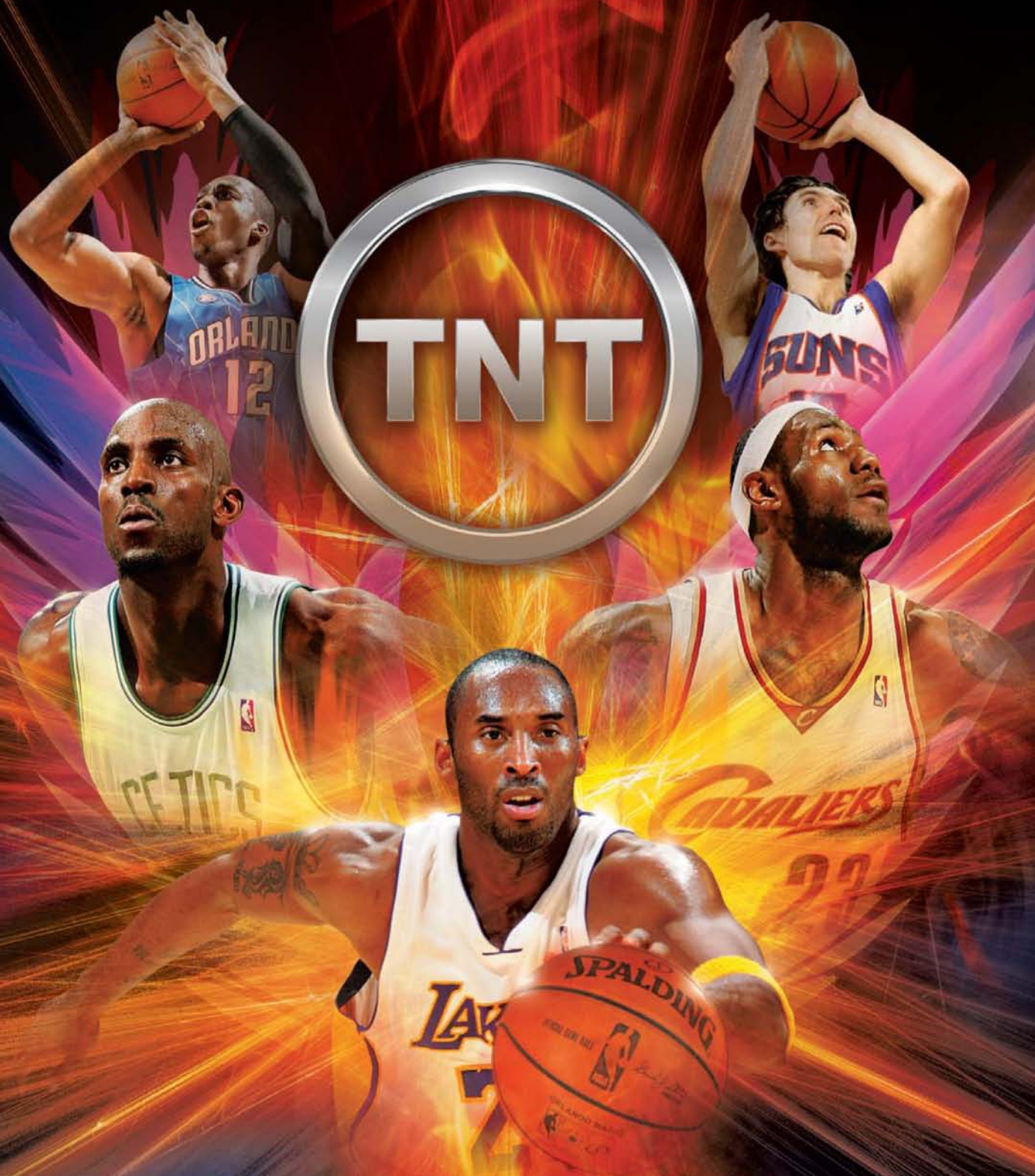
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