

SETH ROGEN NUDE? NOT QUITE

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

www.playboy.com • APRIL 2009

SETH ROGEN

IS THE
LUCKIEST
MAN ALIVE

SEXY AMY
SMART 20Q
MOTORCYCLES
GIN

SWEDISH
SUPERMODEL

CARLOS
BERNARD
FASHION

JAY MCINERNEY
FICTION

PLUS BARRY
BONDS,
MARTYR?

SETH BLOWS
HOPE DWORACZYK,
PLAYMATE OF
THE MONTH

EXCLUSIVE
MANSION
PHOTO
SHOOT

A STEAMY
PEEK INSIDE
THE GROTTO

JAMES ELLROY

WHY I
CHASE WOMEN
A MEMOIR

A PASSION FOR
BETTIE
PAGE

RARE AND
ESSENTIAL
PICS



ABSOLUT MANGO, MANGO FLAVORED VODKA, PRODUCT OF SWEDEN, 40% ALC/VOL (80 PROOF), ABSOLUT, ABSOLUT BOTTLE DESIGN, AND ALL OTHER ABSOLUT TRADEMARKS ARE OWNED BY V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. ©2009 V&S VIN & SPRIT AB. IMPORTED BY ABSOLUT SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, NY, ABSOLUT.COM. ENJOY WITH ABSOLUT RESPONSIBILITY.



INTRODUCING ABSOLUT MANGO

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

ALL ABSOLUT FLAVORS ARE
MADE WITH NATURAL INGREDIENTS.



Working for the Man: It beats not working at all, but it's a grind. You're not paranoid if you think the Man is out to get you; you're merely perceptive. Look at **Barry Bonds**, maybe the greatest slugger in the history of baseball. **Jonathan Littman** has been following Bonds for years and has witnessed a slow-motion takedown that now feels a hell of a lot like scapegoating. In *The Persecution of Barry Bonds* Littman tells the real story, and it's not what you've been seeing on ESPN. Getting screwed by the Man is bad; getting it from the Very Bad Man is worse. See *Liars, Cheats & Thieves* for a catalog of Very Bad Men. *Playboy Interview* subject **Seth Rogen** is playing the Man—or a wannabe Man in a mall cop's uniform—in his latest film, *Observe and Report*. It's his second comedic cop role (he played Officer Michaels in *Superbad*), which is ironic for an actor who plays a stoner in every other film. (In fact, wasn't Officer Michaels a pot-smoking cop, if memory serves? But then memory's the first thing to go, isn't it?) Articles and capitalization are all-important: Being *the Man* isn't all that cool, but being *a man* is. And measured against our cardinal rule, which is to cherish women more than (or at least as much as) anything in this world, author **James Ellroy** is a man in full. In *The Hilliker Curse* he delves into the loves of his life and the lusts of his prepubescence. The latter form us; images that enticed us in the past tend to haunt us in the present. So it is with Playmates: **Hope Dworaczyk**, Miss April 2009, will be seared into the memory of many a young man as the One, the first Playmate he saw or loved most. So it is with the bevy of international beauties who posed at the Mansion, searing themselves into the memories of young men from Amsterdam to Bucharest. So it is with the late **Bettie Page**, who died in December. An icon among sex symbols, her images still sear, smoke and startle 50 years after they were taken. Noted entertainment writer **Neal Gabler** bids Bettie, our January 1955 Playmate, a fond farewell. Also in this issue we have a masterful short story by PLAYBOY favorite **Jay McInerney**, with the Fitzgeraldian title *The Last Bachelor*, illustrated by **Gérard DuBois**. We also hear from two digital-age heavyweights: pundit **Lawrence Lessig**, who expounds on the government's failed antipiracy campaign in *Forum*, and **Bob Parsons**, who in our *Success* column recalls his long strange trip from Vietnam grunt to GoDaddy.com CEO. CEO—doesn't that make him the Man? Yes, but he's a Nice Man. We promise.



Jonathan Littman



Jay McInerney

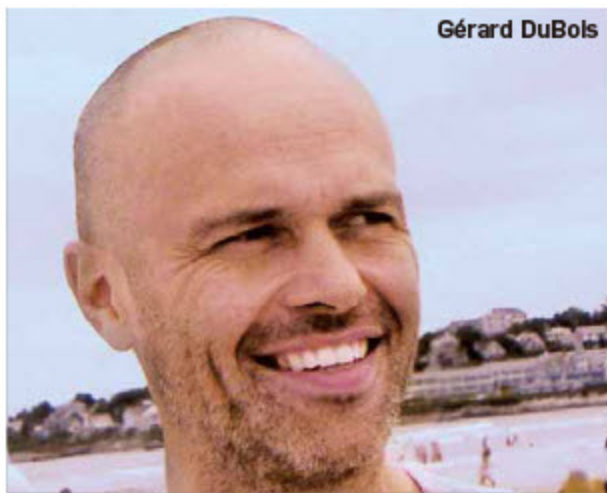


Bob Parsons

PLAYBILL



Seth Rogen



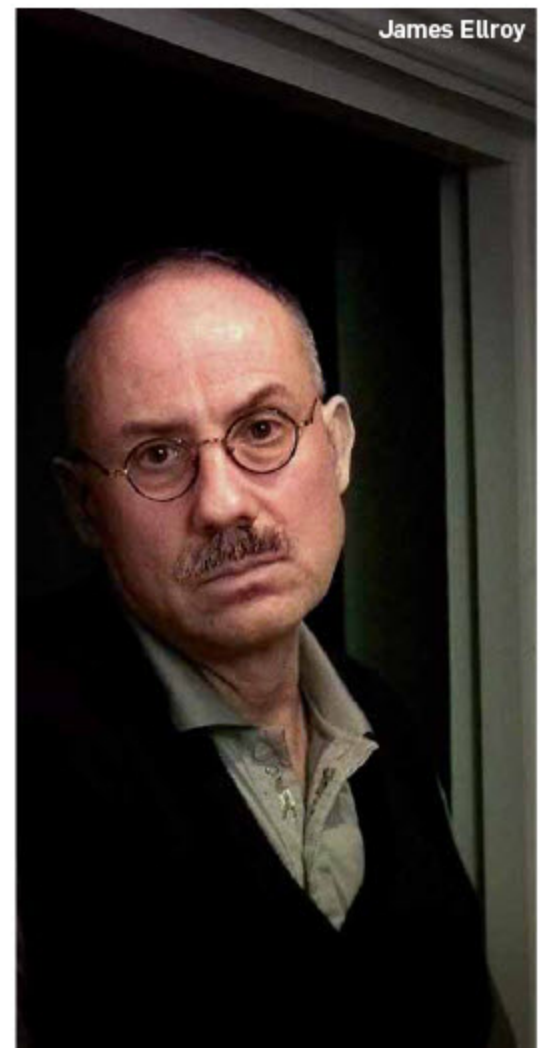
Gérard DuBois



Neal Gabler



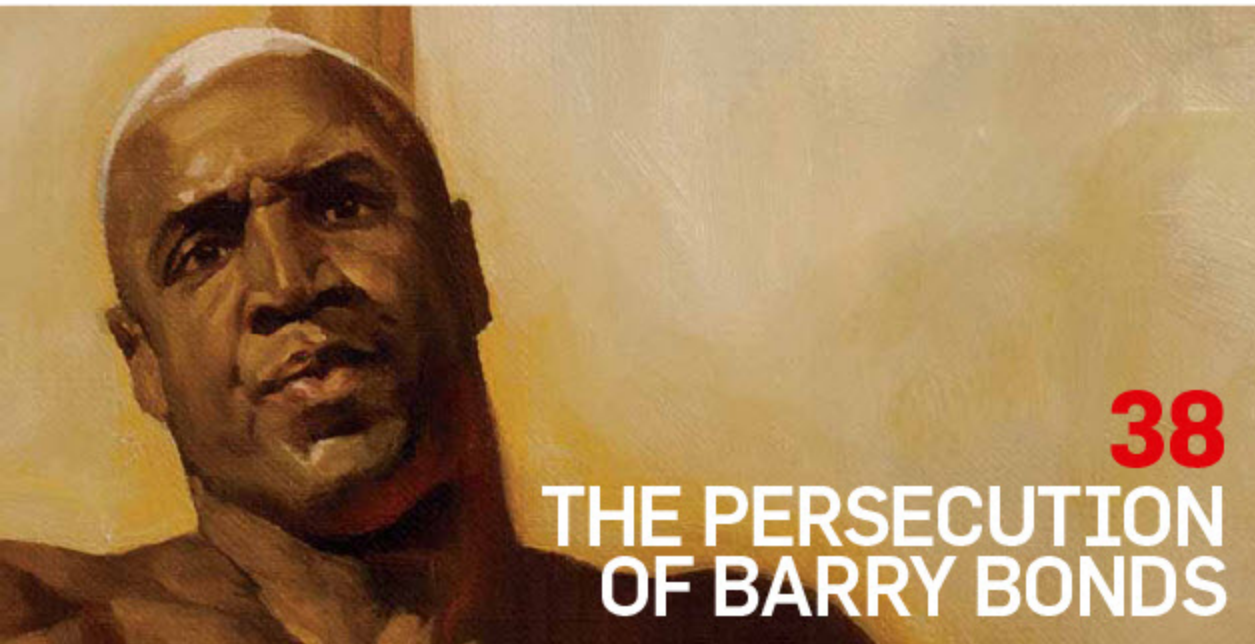
Lawrence Lessig



James Ellroy

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS



38 THE PERSECUTION OF BARRY BONDS

Baseball's greatest home-run hitter is scheduled to go on trial for perjury this month in the climax of the nastiest sports scandal in decades. Is Bonds the real villain? Investigative reporter **JONATHAN LITTMAN** reveals the dirty details in this PLAYBOY exclusive.

84 COMING TO AMERICA



FEATURES

44 ROAD KILLERS

Drop the extra two wheels with **JAMES R. PETERSEN** as he checks out the latest motorcycle manna.

54 THE PLAYBOY BAR: GIN

Jumping juniper! It's time to toast the liquor that still leaves our martinis shaken.

56 THE HILLIKER CURSE

In the first of a four-part memoir, literary legend **JAMES ELLROY** offers his treatise on the male romantic urge and chronicles his pursuit of the fairer sex.

82 LIARS, CHEATS & THIEVES

JAMIE MALANOWSKI calls out the high-powered financial players who sent us screaming into economic collapse.

INTERVIEW

31 SETH ROGEN

He got her knocked up, he has been superbad, and soon this stoner hero will unleash his inner superhero as the Green Hornet. **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** laughs along with our cover boy about his unlikely meteoric rise.

20Q

78 AMY SMART

The sexy *Crank* star cranks it up a notch for **STEPHEN REBELLO** with off-the-cuff remarks about pole dancing, kissing girls, public sex and more.

FICTION

72 THE LAST BACHELOR

A socialite stud who has bedded well-bred women has one last fling with an ex-flame before he gets married, in this story by **JAY MCINERNEY**.



COVER STORY

Funnyman Seth Rogen has risen to the top of his class by making relatable and often raunchy comedies. Now he's the first male interview subject to appear on our cover since Jerry Seinfeld in 1993. Photographer Sam Jones immortalizes the moment with Rogen and Miss April Hope Dworczyk. Our Rabbit is a true fan.

PLAYBOY

CONTENTS

PICTORIALS

42 THE SWEDISH SUPERMODEL

Nineteen-year-old Aleksandra Eriksen shows how martial-arts training does the body good.



48 REMEMBERING BETTIE PAGE

The iconic pinup goddess's best photos reveal a sexual playfulness that is timeless and unforgettable.

60 PLAYMATE: HOPE DWORACZYK

Come backstage with Miss April as the TV host gets ready for her close-up.

84 COMING TO AMERICA

We import the sexiest international Playmates for a heated global summit.

60 PLAYMATE HOPE DWORACZYK



FORUM

115 OUR NEW PROHIBITION

Author **LAWRENCE LESSIG** urges lawmakers to create a copyright system in which music artists get paid instead of one that renders kids criminals.

117 READER RESPONSE: SPECIAL EDITION

Your reactions to January's *The 55 Most Important People in Sex* ranged from passionate to pissed off.

THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

PLAYBOY CITY GUIDES Our picks for the best babes, bars, hotels and more. playboy.com/cityguides

SLAM-DUNK SCRIBE Meet the winner of our Best College Sportswriter contest. playboy.com

DIGITAL DELIGHT We name our Cyber Girl of the Year on March 29 and begin an exclusive series of videos and pictorials. playboy.com

MARKED UP Jason Buhrmester picks the nation's best spots to score a new tatt. playboy.com/alist

PLAYMATE UPDATE Miss April blogs about her monthlong reign as a Playmate. playboy.com

NEWS AND NOTES

9 THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

The Girls Next Door sign copies of their new book at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas; Hef and the girls hang with Magic Johnson at a Lakers game; the Man and his party posse take a trip to Disneyland.

10 BLACK TIE AND LINGERIE

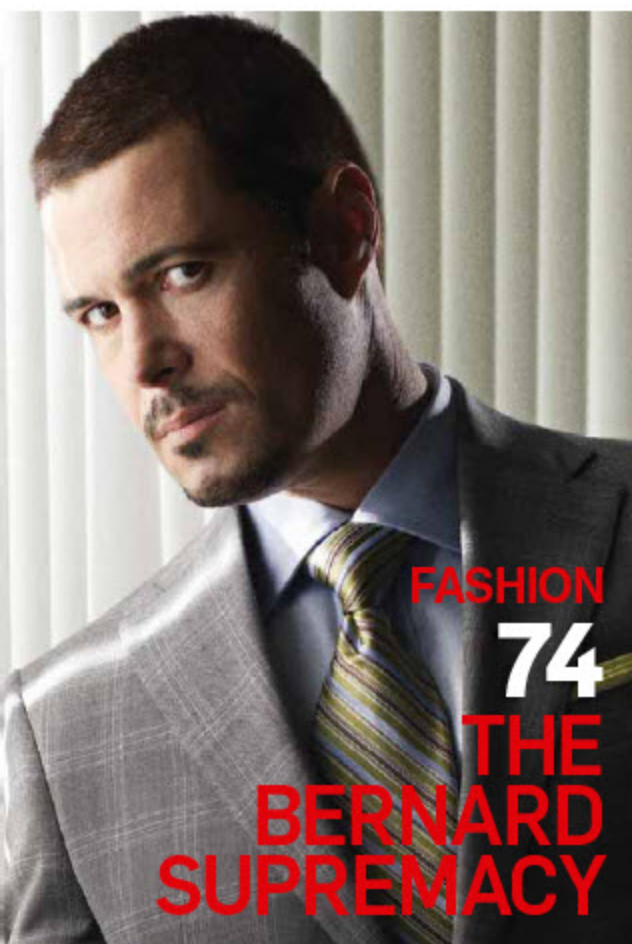
Hef toasted the New Year at the Mansion with his girlfriends, as well as celebrity friends like Sarah Silverman, Jimmy Kimmel, Bill Maher and many more.

112 PLAYMATE NEWS

Sara Jean Underwood stars in the film *Miss March*; Dasha Astafieva sings a different tune with her girl group, NikitA; Monica Tidwell produces a play.

DEPARTMENTS

- 1 PLAYBILL
- 11 DEAR PLAYBOY
- 15 AFTER HOURS
- 18 REVIEWS
- 21 CITY GUIDE
- 23 MANTRACK
- 26 SUCCESS: **BOB PARSONS**
- 29 PLAYBOY ADVISOR
- 70 PARTY JOKES
- 120 GRAPEVINE



FASHION 74 THE BERNARD SUPREMACY

Carlos Bernard plays the tough agent who won't die on TV's *24*. Here Bernard sports new suits that are equally killer. **BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES**



GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY, 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. PLAYBOY ASSUMES NO RESPONSIBILITY TO RETURN UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL OR GRAPHIC OR OTHER MATERIAL. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS AND UNSOLICITED EDITORIAL AND GRAPHIC MATERIAL WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND MATERIAL WILL BE SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. PLAYBOY, DATE OF PRODUCTION: FEBRUARY 2009. CUSTODIAN OF RECORDS IS BEN TAYLOR. ALL RECORDS REQUIRED BY LAW TO BE MAINTAINED BY PUBLISHER ARE LOCATED AT 680 NORTH LAKE SHORE DRIVE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. CONTENTS COPYRIGHT © 2009 BY PLAYBOY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY, PLAYMATE AND RABBIT HEAD SYMBOL ARE MARKS OF PLAYBOY, REGISTERED U.S. TRADEMARK OFFICE. NO PART OF THIS BOOK MAY BE REPRODUCED, STORED IN A RETRIEVAL SYSTEM OR TRANSMITTED IN ANY FORM BY ANY ELECTRONIC, MECHANICAL, PHOTOCOPIING OR RECORDING MEANS OR OTHERWISE WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN PERMISSION OF THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. FOR CREDITS SEE PAGE 105. DANBURY MINT INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. DIRECTV INSERT IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION POLYWRAPPED COPIES. COTY STETSON INSERT BETWEEN PAGES 16-17 IN DOMESTIC SUBSCRIPTION COPIES. CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE TITULO NO. 7570 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993, Y CERTIFICADO DE LICITUD DE CONTENIDO NO. 5108 DE FECHA 29 DE JULIO DE 1993 EXPEDIDOS POR LA COMISION CALIFICADORA DE PUBLICACIONES Y REVISTAS ILUSTRADAS DEPENDIENTE DE LA SECRETARIA DE GOBERNACION, MEXICO. RESERVA DE DERECHOS 04-2000-071710332800-102.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Schwarzkopf
Expert HairCare for you.

**THICKER
FULLER
HAIR**

DR. HÖTING THICKENING SOLUTIONS

**BULK UP,
NATURALLY.**

**NEW
FORMULA**

WITH
CAFFEINE
ENERGIZER



*Dr. Höting's Thinning
Solutions*

• **CAFFEINE:**

**INVIGORATES
AND ENERGIZES
THE SCALP.**



Increases
Thickness

• **CELL-U-PLEX:**

**PURE PLANT
EXTRACTS INSTANTLY
BODIFY FINE, THIN HAIR.**

© Schwarzkopf & Henkel 2009

PLAYBOY

HUGH M. HEFNER

editor-in-chief

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

editorial director

STEPHEN RANDALL *deputy editor*

ROB WILSON *art director*

GARY COLE *photography director*

A.J. BAIME, LEOPOLD FROEHLICH *executive editors*

EDITORIAL

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

FASHION: JENNIFER RYAN JONES *editor*; CONOR HOGAN *assistant editor* **FORUM:** TIMOTHY MOHR *associate editor* **MODERN LIVING:** SCOTT ALEXANDER *senior editor* **STAFF:** ROBERT B. DE SALVO, JOSH ROBERTSON *associate editors*; ROCKY RAKOVIC *assistant editor*; VIVIAN COLON, GILBERT MACIAS *editorial assistants*

CARTOONS: JENNIFER THIELE (*new york*), AMANDA WARREN (*los angeles*) *editorial coordinators*

COPY: WINIFRED ORMOND *copy chief*; CAMILLE CAUTI *associate copy chief*; DAVID DELP, JOSEPH WESTERFIELD *copy editors* **RESEARCH:** MICHAEL MATASSA *deputy research chief*; RON MOTTA *senior research editor*;

BRYAN ABRAMS, CORINNE CUMMINGS, SETH FIEGERMAN *research editors*

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION: DAVID PFISTER *assistant managing editor*; VALERIE THOMAS *manager*

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: MARK BOAL (*writer at large*), KEVIN BUCKLEY, SIMON COOPER, GRETCHEN EDGREN, KEN GROSS, DAVID HOCHMAN, WARREN KALBACKER, ARTHUR KRETCHMER (*automotive*), JONATHAN LITTMAN, JOE MORGENSTERN, JAMES R. PETERSEN, STEPHEN REBELLO, DAVID RENSIN, JAMES ROSEN, DAVID SHEFF, DAVID STEVENS, ROB TANNENBAUM, JOHN D. THOMAS, ALICE K. TURNER, ROB WALTON

ART

TOM STAEBLER *contributing art director*; SCOTT ANDERSON, BRUCE HANSEN, CHET SUSKI *senior art directors*; PAUL CHAN *senior art assistant*; STEFANI COLE *senior art administrator*

PHOTOGRAPHY

STEPHANIE MORRIS *west coast editor*; JIM LARSON *managing editor*; HOLLY MADISON *playmate editor*; PATTY BEAUDET-FRANCÈS *senior editor-entertainment*; MATT STEIGBIGEL *associate editor*; RENAY LARSON *assistant editor*; ARNY FREYTAG, STEPHEN WAYDA *senior contributing photographers*; GEORGE GEORGIU *staff photographer*; JAMES IMBROGNO, RICHARD IZUI, MIZUNO, BYRON NEWMAN, GEN NISHINO, JARMO POHJANIEMI, DAVID RAMS, BILL WHITE *contributing photographers*; BONNIE JEAN KENNY *manager, photo archives*; KEVIN CRAIG *manager, imaging lab*; MARIA HAGEN *stylist*; KRYSTLE JOHNSON, BARBARA LEIGH *production coordinators*

LOUIS R. MOHN *publisher*

ADVERTISING

ROB EISENHARDT *associate publisher*; JOHN LUMPKIN *associate publisher, digital*; HELEN BIANCULLI *executive director, direct-response advertising*; MARIE FIRNENO *advertising operations director* **NEW YORK:** JESSIE CLARY *category sales manager-fashion*; SHERI WARNKE *southeast manager* **CHICAGO:** LAUREN KINDER *midwest sales manager* **LOS ANGELES:** LEXI BUDGE, COREY SPIEGEL *west coast managers* **DETROIT:** STEVE ROUSSEAU *detroit manager* **SAN FRANCISCO:** ED MEAGHER *northwest manager*

MARKETING

LISA NATALE *associate publisher/marketing*; STEPHEN MURRAY *marketing services director*; DANA ROSENTHAL *events marketing director*; CHRISTOPHER SHOOLIS *research director*; DONNA TAVOSO *creative services director*

PUBLIC RELATIONS

LAUREN MELONE *division senior vice president*; PHIL DIANNI, ROB HILBURGER *publicity directors*

PRODUCTION

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

CIRCULATION

PHYLLIS ROTUNNO *circulation director*; SHANTHI SREENIVASAN *single-copy director*

ADMINISTRATIVE

MARCIA TERRONES *rights & permissions director*

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING

DAVID WALKER *editorial director*; MARKUS GRINDEL *marketing manager*

PLAYBOY ENTERPRISES INTERNATIONAL, INC.

BOB MEYERS *president, media*

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



A MAGIC EVENING AT A LAKERS GAME

The Staples Center had extra sizzle with Hef and the girls in attendance. Lakers owner Dr. Jerry Buss invited them to watch in his personal box, and Hall of Famer Magic Johnson dropped by to say hello to the Man. Kobe Bryant lit up the court with 39 points, and Hef and the girls lit up the in-house video screen when the "kiss cam" was pointed at them.



memorable movie, the one that made him a star." Karissa and Kristina Shannon and Crystal Harris spent their first Christmas Eve at the Mansion with Hef. The foursome had dinner, watched a movie, then opened presents and reached into their Christmas stockings—and we're not just talking about the festive pair on the twins.



GIRLS NEXT DOOR BOOK SIGNING

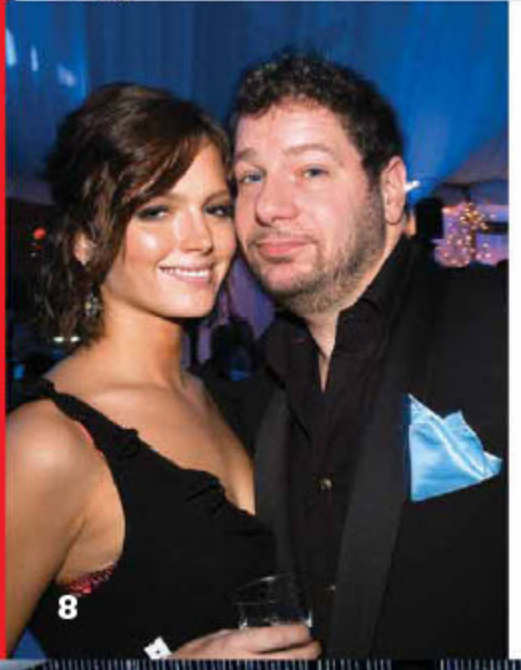
Kendra, Holly and Bridget have a runaway hit TV show with *The Girls Next Door* and now a hugely successful book by the same title. Only a month into publication, it warranted a second printing. They signed copies at the Playboy Store in Caesars Palace, Las Vegas.

OF MICE AND THE MAN

Two fantasy worlds met when Hugh Hefner took his new girlfriends to Disneyland. Hef, Karissa, Kristina, Crystal and Playboy party posse regular Anna Berglund took in Disney's winter wonderland. This was the first trip to the Anaheim theme park for the Florida Shannon Twins.



BLACK TIE AND LINGERIE



The Mansion welcomed the New Year in style as A-listers in black tie and sexy women in lingerie accepted Hef's invitation to ring in 2009 with him. (1) A new year, a new set of girlfriends for Hugh Hefner. Here he is with Kristina and Karissa Shannon and Crystal Harris. (2) Comedy's on-again, off-again power couple Jimmy Kimmel and Sarah Silverman start off the year together. (3) Original Catwoman Julie Newmar and Lou Ferrigno, the original Hulk, with his wife, Carla (left). (4) James Kyson Lee from *Heroes* with PMOY 2006 Kara Monaco. (5) Bridget Marquardt and the Man. (6) Painted Ladies added to the ambience. (7) The entertainer for the evening, rapper Baby Bash, with the Shannon Twins. (8) Comedian Jeffrey Ross and guest. (9) 49er Patrick Willis with Painted Ladies. (10) Hef with astronaut Buzz Aldrin and his wife, Lois. (11) Bill Maher and Mr. Playboy. (12) Hefner swings in the New Year with some very nice company. Miss December 1979 Candace Collins later wrote on her blog that Hef told her his New Year's resolution was "to do more of the same!" We'll toast to that.



A BANNER YEAR

Couldn't you make it easier on us and crown 12 co-Playmates of the Year (*Playboy's Playmate Review*, January)?

Jack Holsombeck
Durham, North Carolina

I would like to salute the increasing ethnic diversity of the Playmates. I hope you will offer this honor to more women of color. As they say, variety is the spice of life, and beauty is beauty in any shade.

T.R. Foley
San Francisco, California

Despite having read *PLAYBOY* for 50 years and traveled around the world, I was blown away by Ida Ljungqvist when she appeared as your March 2008 Playmate. That she was discovered by PMOY 2007 Sara Jean Underwood caps it for me. Ida has my vote, and with any luck, things will be fine in 2009.

Lex Nuss
Russellville, Arkansas

SOUND BITES

Playboy Interview's Greatest Hits (January) is informative and entertaining, but it's surprising you couldn't find room for Ayn Rand, whose March 1964 interview transformed many readers' lives and thinking, including my own. My choice for the quintessential Rand quote would have been "Collectivism, as an intellectual power and a moral ideal, is dead. But freedom and individualism, and their political expression, capitalism, have not yet been discovered."

Don Hauptman
New York, New York

At a Christie's auction in 2003, Hauptman purchased the galleys of our Rand interview. His article about her pencil edits is posted at atlassociety.org (search for "Playboy").

THE HEFNER BOYS

It is a pleasure to meet Marston and Cooper Hefner; before their January 20Q, I hadn't known they existed. I expected them to be spoiled, snotty and holier-than-anybody, simply because they can be, but they come off as intelligent, respectful, well-spoken and mature. Their thoughtful answers seem to be the result of quality parenting.

Christopher Barnes
Allentown, Pennsylvania

As Hef will tell you, much credit for that goes to their mother, Kimberly Conrad Hefner.

BRANSON POWER

As a former United Steelworkers union local president, I believe CEOs would be well served to stop crying about labor and take a page out of Richard Branson's management book (*Playboy Interview*, January). They should instruct their managers to provide employees with a living wage, good health care and safe working conditions and to be fair regarding discipline and seniority. Workers would

DEAR PLAYBOY

Hooters Heaven

I thoroughly enjoyed Joe Queenan's article about his attempt during a cross-country trip to eat only at Hooters restaurants (*The Great Hooters Road Trip*, January). I can only imagine the fun he had, not to mention the intestinal distress. Queenan wondered if there were any Hooters in Montana, and indeed there is one, right here in Missoula. Since this is the home of the University of Montana, we have plenty of voluptuous vixens waiting to serve him on his next trip to Big Sky Country.

Craig Happ
Missoula, Montana



soon realize unions are unnecessary. In the meantime....

Shawn Houston
New Philadelphia, Ohio

ELECTRIC ELECTRA

Pam Anderson is a *PLAYBOY* favorite, but give me Carmen Electra (*Icon*, January) any day. She has it all, from head to toe.

Russ Sinni
Leland, North Carolina

Great pictorial, but I'm curious: In the *Playbill* photo Carmen has a Mona Lisa smirk. Photographer Willy Camden says there was a lot of laughter during the shoot. So how about giving us a shot of Carmen smiling?

Charles Gray
Whitmore, California



We'll take the lip lick over a smile any day.

You committed what can only be called a crime by printing the most stunning photo of Carmen over two pages, cutting her neatly in half.

Daniel McKay
Fargo, North Dakota

Carmen Electra remains the greatest icon ever to come out of Cincinnati.

Steve Wurzbacher
Alexandria, Kentucky

THE 55, REVISED

Thank you for recognizing Alfred Kinsey as the most important figure in sex of the past 55 years (*The 55 Most Important People in Sex*, January). We agree. What *PLAYBOY* readers may not know is that the Kinsey Institute for Research in Sex, Gender and Reproduction is alive and well and still conducting research. We also maintain a collection of all things sexual—film, art, photography and other materials—spanning ages and cultures. Our new website, kinseyconfidential.org, offers podcasts and answers to common sexual questions. We are hopeful the institute will continue Kinsey's work for generations to come.

Jennifer Bass
Bloomington, Indiana

Bass is communications director at the Kinsey Institute at Indiana University.

Your list overlooks *Screw's* Al Goldstein, whose magazine was the *Consumer Reports* for patrons of massage parlors, strip joints and adult theaters, and *Hustler's* Larry Flynt, who took a bullet in the back for challenging prudes and religious zealots.

Hugh Cook
Hickory Hills, Illinois

You should have mentioned Carol Doda, who in the 1960s pioneered topless dancing with implants the likes of which had never been seen before.

Henry Wolff Jr.
Victoria, Texas

Where's Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, the first sexy and glamorous first lady? She was stalked by paparazzi, photographed topless and had one of the

JACK DANIEL'S and OLD NO. 7 are registered trademarks.
©2009 Jack Daniel's, Tennessee Whiskey.
Alcohol 40% by Volume (80 proof). Distilled and Bottled by
Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg (POP. 361), Tennessee.



Bunnies, music and Jack.

The guy who planned this
party was obviously gifted.

ROCK THE RABBIT

Our annual Late Night Party at SXSW was pure genius. There was live music, Jack Daniel's Tennessee whiskey, and eight (count them, eight) Playboy Bunnies making the rounds. And because it's Playboy's 55th anniversary, this year's party felt all the more spirited. Get behind the scenes with exclusive pictures and video at rocktherabbit.com.

PLAYBOY, Rabbit Head Design, ROCK THE RABBIT, and BUNNY are trademarks of Playboy and used with permission by Jack Daniel's Distillery.

Rock smart.
Drink responsibly.



sexiest voices ever. Further, how could you ignore publisher Maurice Girodias, Allen Ginsberg, Norman Mailer, Raquel Welch, Sophia Loren and Marilyn Chambers? As for Monica Lewinsky (6), if President Clinton had been less of a son of a bitch, he would have resigned and given Al Gore the bully pulpit. Clinton, not his intern, gave us George W. Bush.

Vaughn Marlowe
Flint, Michigan

Where's Xaviera Hollander, whose 1971 book *The Happy Hooker: My Own Story* has sold 16 million copies? A new film documents her role as a sexual revolutionary (robertdunlappresents.com).

Pat Hanson
Marina, California

You made some truly asinine choices, especially among the women. Lewinsky is no revolutionary, and if Marilyn Monroe is included (which can't be avoided), Bettie Page must be also: Unlike Monroe, Page was a sexual progressive who acted out of her own beliefs and confidence.

Celeste Agnes
Ottawa, Ontario

How could you not mention any of the players in the 1991 Clarence Thomas hearings? I was an HR manager at the time, and when the shit hit the fan I had women bitching to me about everything under the sun. One example: "He said I had a pretty dress." She wanted the guy fired. How many men lost their job over spurious and vindictive sexual harassment charges? Thanks to that debacle, our working lives are a lot shittier.

Steven Levine
Las Vegas, Nevada

Read many more responses to the list of 55 in *The Playboy Forum*, starting on page 117.

A FOND FAREWELL

Christopher Hitchens needs to get real: Richard Nixon is the worst president ever (*Playbill*, January)? Not even close. He's third, Ronald Reagan is second, and George W. Bush takes the booby prize. Later in the issue, in *What W Did*, Hitchens writes, "The U.S.'s very existence is incompatible with totalitarianism." The Native Americans we murdered and the blacks and Chinese we enslaved probably would not agree. Now that we are so invested in China, shouldn't we put pressure on its leaders to stop human-rights abuses? Is this nation in such debt that we dare not piss anyone off?

Joseph DiBlanca
Highland, New York

How refreshing it is to read Hitchens's essay. Usually I scan the first few paragraphs of your left-leaning ramblings, then move on to the real talent (i.e., the women). Bush did not lead a model administration, but he was a bouncer. Bouncers are big, so they don't have to fight all the

time. Barack Obama is no bouncer, and the bar is about to get rowdy.

Brad Kokoski
Fort Mill, South Carolina

Howdy Doody and Darth Vader corrupted the CIA, the military, the Justice and Treasury departments and our environmental policy, and they have destroyed our credibility. How can you blame any of that on the State Department or the CIA? Bush and Cheney's boys and girls were in charge of those.

Sean McNamee
Wallingford, Connecticut

HAPPY MEMORIES

As a kid, I used to "borrow" my older brother's PLAYBOYS and show them off to all my buddies. So I enjoyed your sentimental journey through the decades (*55 Beautiful Years*, January). With pinups



Marilyn Cole, Miss January 1972 and PMOY 1973.

such as Ursula Andress and Jo Collins, the 1960s were a great time to come of age.

Wesley Fielder
Dallas, Texas

No Marilyn Cole in the 1970s?

Pandhar Nemani
Canonsburg, Pennsylvania

No Teri Weigel in the 1980s?

Ken Rebstock
Burleson, Texas

No Victoria Silvstedt in the 1990s?

Paul Nathan Jr.
Cheektowaga, New York

If there is a Guinness World Record category for most nipples displayed in a magazine, the January issue wins.

Bart Varelmann
Spring Hill, Florida

55 Beautiful Years confirms that God truly loves mankind.

John Sadowski
Jackson, Michigan



Was it the name of the very first still? Or did the seventh recipe make the best sippin' whiskey of all? Maybe Mr. Jack just felt seven was his lucky number. Truth be told, no one knows the origin or significance of "Old No. 7" on our label. Except Mr. Jack. And we won't be hearing from him any time soon.

WHAT THE LABEL DOESN'T TELL YOU, A SIP WILL.

**Old
No. 7
BRAND**

ENJOY OUR WHISKEY WITH THE SAME CARE WE PUT INTO MAKING IT.

JACK DANIEL'S and OLD NO. 7 are registered trademarks. ©2009 Jack Daniel's. Tennessee Whiskey Alcohol 40% by Volume (80 proof). Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg (POP. 361), Tennessee.

PLAY TO PARTY @ THE PLAYBOY MANSION...

ABSOLUTE
POKER
.net

+

Kandyland

=



An Evening of
Decadent Dreams

June 13th, 2009



The Absolute Poker Experience for
you and a friend @ **The Playboy Mansion.**

Qualify for Free today at AbsolutePoker.net...
Your own VIP tickets to the Kandyland party.

Qualify - Future Event

✦ July 2009 - Kandyland at the Palms with celebrity **VIP** after-party in the **Hugh Hefner Suite.**

No purchase necessary. AbsolutePoker.net is not a gambling site. Kandyland at the Playboy Mansion is produced by Ascendant Marketing & Media, LLC and the Karma Foundation. Mansion image © 2009 Playboy. Playboy is not a sponsor of this event or the tournament. PLAYBOY, Rabbit Head Design, and PLAYBOY MANSION are trademarks of Playboy and used with permission by Tokwira Enterprises, ENRG.

PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Hayley Marie Norman

A Mercedes pulls up to a cafe on Melrose Avenue, and star power steps out. She's an exceedingly groovy chick, rocking a retro Afro, much cleavage and bell-bottoms. This would be our lunch date—actress Hayley Marie Norman, best known for now as model number 25 on *Deal or No Deal*. The hair is her calling card and a deliberate one. Her idol is 1970s blaxploitation queen Pam Grier, and Hayley dreams of playing Grier's vengeful lead character in a remake of *Coffy*. "Pam is the epitome of what a woman is to me," says Hayley, who at 36-26-36 is nothing to sneeze at. "She's a curvy, gorgeous woman who's not apologetic about who she is. She's strong, sexy and elegant, but she can hold her own. In *Coffy*, to protect herself she hides razor blades in her Afro. That is so badass." Further evidence of the Grier complex peeks out of her low-rise jeans: Afroed versions of the famous mud-flap girl are tattooed on each hip. "One is me," she explains. "The other is Pam." Until her dream gig arrives, Hayley is getting outside the *Deal or No Deal* box with plenty of acting. Her movies include the recent cheerleader comedy *Fired Up!* and the upcoming action film *Nephilim*. But on the Starz series *Crash*, Hayley is really turning up the heat. She plays Justice, a bad girl who seduces one of the male leads. "At first I struggled with doing things that were a little sexier," she admits. "Now I've embraced it. I don't mind sexy if there's intelligence beneath it. It's 2009. Golden Globe winner Kate Winslet is so sexy, and she's done nudity. I've done a couple of nude scenes on *Crash*, and it was liberating, even cathartic. I did my own little Kate Winslet." Naked Kate Winslet with an Afro—there's a fantasy even we've never conjured before.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA



All You Other Slim Shadys Will the Next Eminem Please Stand Up?

After five years in the studio Eminem is finally gearing up for the spring release of *Relapse*. Has his long absence left the door open for a Caucasian challenger? We did a microphone check on lyrical pretenders to the throne.

MY NAME IS: Asher Roth

FLOW: Despite having a vocal timbre almost identical to Eminem's, Roth eschews Shady's grit, opting for good-time storytelling instead. The Atlanta-based MC has been praised by no less than Jay-Z and André 3000 and was the subject of a record-label bidding war last year.

ODDS: 5 to 1. Not the original but an impressive party-friendly redesign.

MY NAME IS: Metermaids

FLOW: A two-for-one deal. NYC underground MCs Sentence and Swell distinguished themselves from the pack with an EP mash-up of vocals from their album *Nightlife* with the music of Sufjan Stevens's *Illinoise*. Get it for free at metermaidsnyc.com/illinoise.

ODDS: 10 to 1. Indie-rock appeal may damage their street cred.

MY NAME IS: Aesop Rock

FLOW: This speedy lyricist is a veteran of the somewhat pretentious underground circuit; in 2002 "Daylight" was a hipster anthem and deservedly so. He's the proud antithesis of commercial hip-hop, but his cult keeps growing. Could he reach a tipping point?

ODDS: 50 to 1. Making your first Pro Bowl after seven years in the game is rare.



Chat Porn Nice Twits, Olivia

Twitter.com is a website that (among other things) lets ordinary guys keep tabs on hot babes. Mischa Barton, Tina Fey and a host of porn stars post there, but our favorite is Olivia Munn. Chart her every move at twitter.com/oliviamunn. You know you want this:

Jan. 18: "Just saw Stevie Wonder—still blind."

Jan. 14: "Too much hair spray in my mouth!!"

Jan. 12: "My pulse is racing for some reason—any ideas why? Let's hear thoughts. My guess—STD."

Jan. 8: "AEE [Adult Entertainment Expo] must be out—porn stars everywhere!! Must use entire bottle of Purell."

Jan. 4: "Call the fire dept. I'm burning down my house!"

Five Things to Do to Make It Through Survival Guide: April

Spend April in London, not Paris. The upside (if any) to the recent U.S. economic crisis? It sure took that British pound down a peg. The Financial Forecast Center cautions that the pound will surge in May, June and July, so take advantage of the good rate now.

Smoke up. It's always 4:20 somewhere, and on 4/20 it's 4:20 everywhere, all day. Even at 4:21 it's still 4:20 on 4/20. Whoa.

Get some rest. You'll need your wits about you for *Sleep Dealer*, the best screen sci-fi since *The Matrix*. The Mexican film is subtitled, so you'll have to stick with it—at least until the 19:06 mark. That's when *caliente* Leonor Varela enters. Attention grabbed.

Smuggle it in. You'll catch a meaningless early-season baseball game. You'll eat a couple of hot dogs. But what kind of mustard will you get? Don't take a chance—stash a bottle of the best stuff, Cleveland's famous Bertman Ball Park Mustard, in your jacket. Your wiener will thank you.

Contemplate death. Taxes are never a picnic, particularly in a recession, but they beat the other thing Ben Franklin told us was certain. You're poorer than you were last year, and you're sending a good deal of what little you have to Uncle Sam. But really, is death's sweet release more appealing than filling out your 1040 and Schedule C? On second thought, don't answer that.





The Breaks Aaron Paul's Hollywood Story

With roles on two of TV's best shows, Aaron Paul is certainly on the way up. Both of his characters are young men with issues: On HBO's *Big Love* he plays a disillusioned former Mormon, and on AMC's *Breaking Bad* he plays a meth dealer. We asked about his own struggles during his 12-year journey from Boise to prime time.

"I grew up in Idaho, and to raise money to come to Los Angeles I worked as a mascot for two radio stations. For the country station I wore a giant frog costume, and for the rock station I was a giant tookie bird. It was really pathetic and embarrassing earning 10 bucks an hour when it was 100 degrees outside, with kids running up and slapping the back of my head.

"I moved to L.A. at 17, doing odd jobs and sharing a studio apartment. One week my roommate would have the bed and I'd get the walk-in closet, and the next week we'd switch. The rent was \$500. We were just doing whatever we had to do to survive.

"A few years back I had no other options. I had never asked my family for a dime, and I promised myself I never would. I was so close to giving up—thinking to myself, Is this it? Do I start thinking of other options? So I called my mom and asked if she would pay my rent that month. She knew how hard it was for me to ask. She paid three months, and then I got *Big Love*. I was working my way out, but I was still depressed. I had been doing this for so long. And then I got *Breaking Bad*."



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

Employee of the Month Alexia Lee

PLAYBOY: Where do you work?

ALEXIA: I'm a surgical assistant for an oral surgeon. We perform oral biopsies, jaw reconstructions and implants. That's dental implants—not the other kind of implants.

PLAYBOY: What role do you play?

ALEXIA: I prep the patients for surgery, sterilize the instruments, hand the doctor his tools during the procedure and help the patient in post-op.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite dental instrument?

ALEXIA: The Cogswell elevator. It looks like a beak, and in reconstructive surgery we use it to—

PLAYBOY: Actually, we don't want to know. Do patients hit on you?

ALEXIA: It happens from time to time, most often when they are under anesthetic. When they are coherent they may not say a word to me, but once they're under they'll start telling me how pretty they think I am.

PLAYBOY: Only from time to time?

ALEXIA: At work I wear baggy scrubs, a face mask and goggles. I don't even put on makeup because my face is covered for the whole shift.

PLAYBOY: When you meet a guy, do you check out his teeth?

ALEXIA: Yes. Before I even talk to him I scope that out. A lot of people don't take care of themselves. If that's how you take care of your teeth, what does that tell me about the rest of your hygiene or how clean your house is? Sometimes guys who are dating my friends will come in for an office visit. I see what's going on in their mouth and I think, She's kissing *that*?

Another Round?

Masters Drinking Game

No American sporting event is more twee than the Masters, and the forced reverence in CBS's coverage can make even die-hard golf fans cringe. We're not saying don't watch it—just consider doing so with drinks in hand:

- When Jim Nantz says "a tradition like none other," take a sip of fine cabernet.
- When he mentions loblolly pine, finish your glass of cabernet.
- When David Feherty says something quaintly Irish, do a shot of Jameson.
- When Nantz calls Peter Oosterhuis "Oostie," chug a Bass pale ale.
- If Oostie mentions loblolly pine, pour Bass into your wine and down it.
- Down a snifter of brandy every time the camera cuts to Butler Cabin.
- If Oostie is in Butler Cabin, pour Bass into your brandy and down it.
- If Oostie and Feherty are in Butler Cabin, mix Jameson, Bass and brandy and attempt to drink it.
- If Oostie and Feherty are naked in a loblolly pine, congratulations—you have passed out and are having a disturbing dream.



Movie of the Month

I Love You, Man

By Stephen Rebell

In the hilariously sharp *I Love You, Man*, Paul Rudd is a buttoned-down real estate agent so strapped for guy friends that he auditions strangers to be the best man at his upcoming wedding. In this big, raucous comedy directed by John Hamburg (*Along Came Polly*), Rudd bonds so quickly with wild man Jason Segel that it seriously dings his relationship with his hot fiancée, Rashida Jones. "This is about two guys who wear their emotions on their sleeves, like my friends and me—schlubby and not macho at all," says Rudd. "Jason and I laughed like schoolgirls making it, because we're so far down from alpha males, we're delta males. We are perfect for a bromance movie." Segel, who matches Rudd yuk for yuk in the flick, adds, "Our own bromance actually started while we were hanging at the pool bar in bathing suits during *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*. For *I Love You, Man*, Paul



and I shot a scene at a Rush concert—the coolest band ever—and we danced together and got more and more risqué. Any guy who has a best friend he gets stupid with can relate to this movie."

Now Showing: Russell Crowe is in a *State of Play*; Vin Diesel feels *Fast & Furious* again; Seth Rogen falls for Anna Faris in *Observe and Report*.

SPY VS. SPY:

Julia Roberts and Clive Owen play spies in *Duplicity*, but will it be a blockbuster? Probably not. Their previous screen teaming, *Closer*, made just \$34 million domestically. Their most recent successes are as supporting players. Roberts's last movie to break \$100 million was 2004's *Ocean's Twelve*; Owen's was 2002's *The Bourne Identity*.

DVDs of the Month



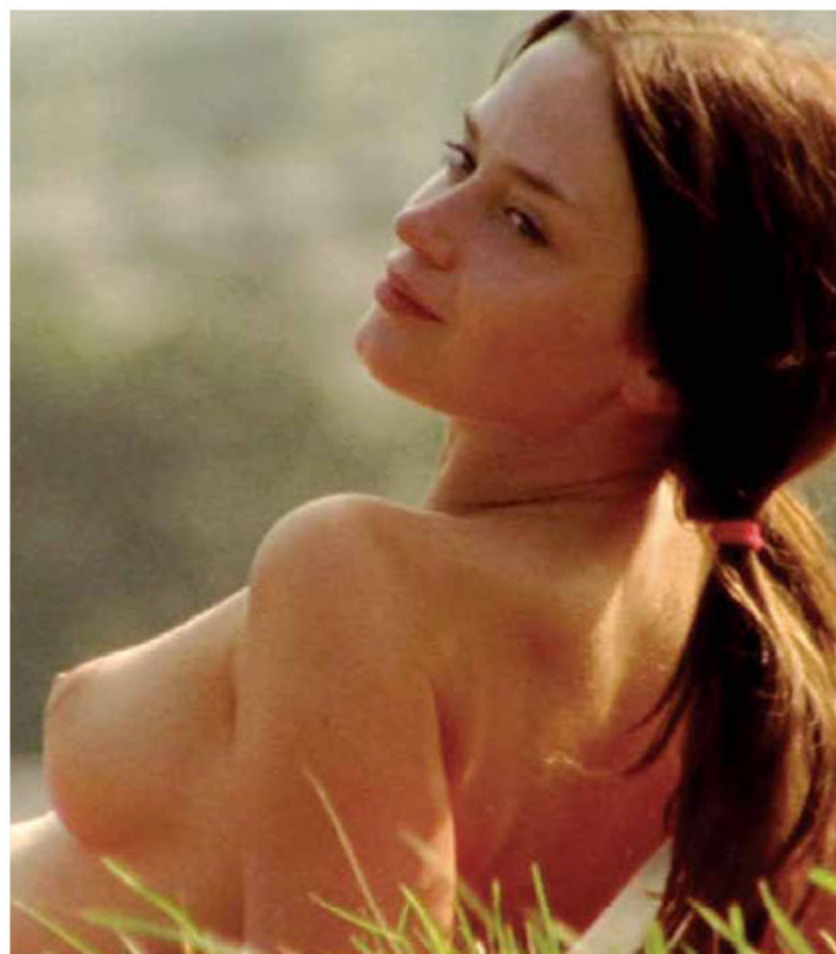
Forbidden Hollywood Collection Vol. Three: William Wellman at Warner Bros. Known as a teenage hell-raiser and ace World War I pilot, director William "Wild Bill" Wellman fearlessly tackled controversial subjects in pre-Code Hollywood. These six films—including *The Purchase Price* (pictured), *Frisco Jenny* and *Midnight Mary*—feature a drug-addicted war vet, two toxic love triangles and a madam whose adopted son turns DA and seeks to destroy her business. **Best extra:** A Richard Schickel documentary on Wellman. **YYY** —Bryan Reesman



Quantum of Solace In this *Casino Royale* sequel, James Bond (Daniel Craig) seeks vengeance for his lover's death and finds a kindred spirit in a revenge-driven woman. More *Bourne* than Bond, this 22nd 007 outing is the most action-packed and the highest grossing. **Best extra:** "Another Way to Die" music video. (BD) **YYY½** —Robert B. DeSalvo



Slumdog Millionaire This award-winning epic is about an orphaned Mumbai tea server who competes on the Indian version of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* while trying to reunite with his lost love. Intensely personal, it fills the senses with pungent visuals. **Best extra:** Director Danny Boyle's frank commentary. (BD) **YYY** —Buzz McClain



Tease Frame

Alluring English actress **Emily Blunt** is probably best known to American audiences as the scene-stealer in *The Devil Wears Prada* and for her part in the doomed lesbian romance *My Summer of Love* (pictured). See her now in *Sunshine Cleaning*, in which she and Amy Adams star as sisters who start a successful crime-scene cleanup business.



Game of the Month Resident Evil 5

This latest installment of the splatterific horror franchise is available for both 360 and PS3 and moves the action to a vaguely African setting (as opposed to the vaguely Eastern European environs of *RE4*). In it, we follow the series' original protagonist, Chris Redfield, as he squares off against yet another batch of former humans who've been mutated by a hideous new bio-terror virus. This time he's brought trim, sexy Sheva along for the ride, adding the possibility of co-op play to the mix. Unfortunately, though she's easy on the eyes, her presence subverts the signature ambience of the series: a queasy, horrifying loneliness. That said, the co-op play works quite well, and mowing down waves of machete-wielding creeps still brings much joy, even more with a pal. The controls have been modified to bring them in line with other modern third-person shooters, but the pace is still very *Resident Evil*: plodding, menacing and brutal. **YYY½** —Scott Jones

Also in gaming...

HALO WARS (360) Unlike previous *Halo* games, *Wars* goes off in a new direction, taking the franchise on a real-time-strategy side trip. The innovative console-friendly control scheme is interesting and improves the play, but make sure you're in the mood for resource building and combat by proxy instead of head shots. **YYY** —Scott Stein

PUZZLE QUEST: GALACTRIX (360, DS, PC) The original *Puzzle Quest* breathed new, virulently addictive life into gem-matching puzzles by wrapping them in swords and sorcery. *Galatrix* takes things to outer space with new modes and a hexagonal playing field that requires rewiring your strategic thinking. **YYY½** —Scott Alexander



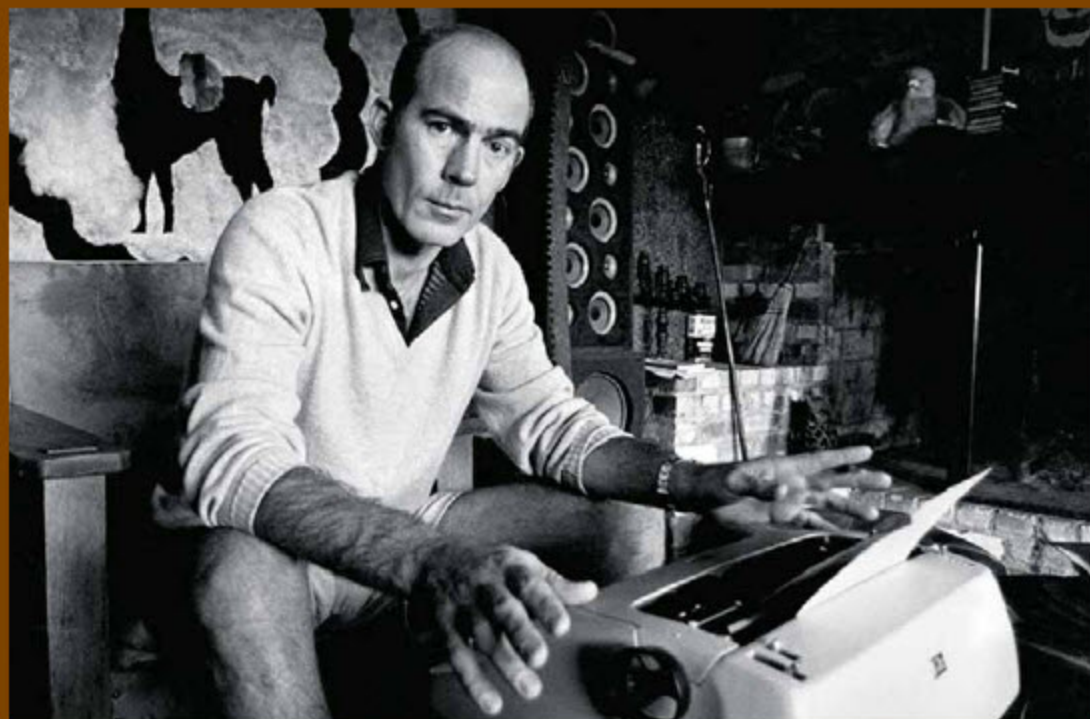
Shoot to Kill

Killzone 2 (PS3) isn't just the best shooter ever on the PS3, it's also the most graphically impressive console game ever made, the one that finally pays off your PS3 purchase. Now go kill yourself some Helghast.

The Roots of Rhythm

Where do new musical styles come from? Usually it takes an assembly of special talent in one place. Rock and roll busted out of Memphis in the 1950s, and jazz began in fin de siècle New Orleans. Dub music, which started in Jamaica in the late 1960s, was born out of necessity and technical opportunity. Enterprising producers cut basic rhythm tracks for different artists to sing over. Eventually these disassembled riddim tracks took on lives of their own. In 1958 Vincent and Patricia Chin opened their studio at 17 North Parade in downtown Kingston. Studio 17 quickly became a favorite with reggae producers like Lee "Scratch" Perry and Niney the Observer for its distinctly taut "ghetto" sound. With the crack rhythm section of Sly Dunbar and Lloyd Parks, it's no wonder 17 North Parade became ground zero for some of the most powerful music of the 20th century. The first dub recordings were made there by engineer Errol Thompson and producer Clive Chin. To celebrate the studio's 50th anniversary, VP Records has created the 17 North Parade imprint to reissue classics of Kingston music, from Dennis Brown to Freddie McGregor, along with an amazing series of anthologies of reggae rarities. It's surprising how up-to-date these recordings sound and how vibrant the music remains today. If you want to learn more about Jamaican music, *Randy's 50th Anniversary* anthology is a good place to start. If you're already a devotee, check out Joe Gibbs's *Scorchers From the Mighty Two*. —Leopold Froehlich





Playboy TV Seeing the Sites



Bulletin: There is porn on the Internet. And behind every porn site are entrepreneurs with vision and women with sex appeal galore. On the new Playboy TV show *e-Rotic*, a rotating cast of hosts—Bridget Banks (above), Kate Brenner and two lovable dorks named Justin and Jacob—go backstage at some of the web's hottest URLs. Whatever you're into, our crew will take you there. At FTVGirls.com Bridget learns about founder Robert Smith's ultranatural style of photography, then poses for the master. Kate spends a day with the tattooed and pierced alterna-vixens of GodsGirls.com. Justin and Jacob get the choice assignments of directing a boy-girl scene at AsianDivaGirls.com and getting spanked by six-foot-five dominatrix Goddess Severa. Thank you, ma'am, may we have another?

e-Rotic airs Fridays at 9:30 P.M. Eastern and Pacific time, starting April 10, on Playboy TV.

What Playboy's Kind of Man Reads

In our quest to enumerate everything a man should do, see and know, Playboy.com brings you "The Top 20 Books Every Man Must Read." *Freakonomics*, *Dune* and the Army Field Manual—though each has its merits—aren't on it; our list is largely capital-L Literature. We have stories of war (Michael Herr's *Dispatches*), poverty (George Orwell's *Down and Out in Paris and London*) and crime (Raymond Chandler's *The Long Goodbye*). Antiheroes modern and classic: a boozing Giants fan (Frederick Exley's *A Fan's Notes*) and a melancholy Dane (*Hamlet*). And then there are the tough sons of bitches—James Ellroy, Norman Mailer, Hunter S. Thompson and Ernest Hemingway—who are manly but not meatheaded. Haven't read them all? What are you, some kind of pussy?

Playboy Radio Hooterology



Playboy Morning Show hosts Andrea Lowell and Kevin Klein know breasts. It's Andrea's job to get hers out and convince guests to do the same. Kevin gets to watch. We asked for their top tit picks.

PLAYBOY: Who has the best breasts, bar none, ever unleashed on your show?

ANDREA: This 19-year-old hottie Sarah Duncan, from Orange County, has the best natural 34DDs ever—big, round, firm and all-around perfection.

KEVIN: Any of the lovely ladies who dare to bounce on our Topless Trampoline. They all look good bouncing.

PLAYBOY: Who has the biggest natural breasts?

ANDREA: Hands down, 34G Playmate Miriam Gonzalez. A close second is 34F Special Editions model Jelena Jensen (1). I know those beauties quite well.

KEVIN: Many would argue that I'm

the biggest natural boob in the studio. **PLAYBOY:** Who has the biggest augmented breasts?

ANDREA: Playboy TV's Heidi Hawking has some bigguns. They feel great, too! **KEVIN:** Well, we see enough saline in the studio to flood Hollywood, but I'll say Playmate Spencer Scott.

PLAYBOY: Size isn't everything. Whose are the firmest you've felt on air?

ANDREA: I have to say my own (2).

KEVIN: I am contractually obligated to sit on my hands when the guests get naked. But I've got a pretty firm ass.

PLAYBOY: Who has the best nipples?

ANDREA: Barbie Murdock (3). They are the perfect size, shape and shade of pink. You just want to kiss them!

KEVIN: Hard to say. Usually, I can't see the nipples because they're either in Andrea's hands or in her mouth.

Playboy Radio is at Sirius and XM 99.



Center Stage

Where to Party
in New Orleans

Start off the day at Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop (941 Bourbon Street), one of the best watering holes in America. Intimate, candlelit and far off the Jell-O-shot circuit. **Essential drinks:** Have a ramos gin fizz and a sazerac at the Napoleon House (500 Chartres Street, napoleonhouse.com). **Happy hour:** It's not much of a tradition in a city where alcohol is poured around the clock, but the Dungeon (738 Toulouse Street, originaldungeon.com) has a two-for-one special on Thursdays from 10:30 p.m. until dawn. **Girls, girls, girls:** There's no shortage of beauties in the Crescent City. They're everywhere. Check out Molly's at the Market (1107 Decatur Street, mollysatthemarket.net) after midnight. **Music clubs:** Head downriver to Frenchmen Street in the Faubourg Marigny. There are plenty of clubs—from d.b.a. (618 Frenchmen Street, drinkgoodstuff.com) and Blue Nile (532 Frenchmen, bluenilelive.com) to the Spotted Cat (623 Frenchmen)—but the street scene is also fantastic. Don't go too early. **Perfect way to end the night:** Stroll over to Harrah's (228 Poydras Street, harrahsneworleans.com) and roll some dice at the casino. New Orleans's gambling is more laid-back than Vegas's, but that's a good thing. Should you bother with a wink of sleep, the Maison Orleans (904 Iberville Street) is the city's best.

PLAYBOY
CITY GUIDES!

The 40th annual New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival (April 24–26, April 30–May 3) boasts a stellar lineup of talent. More than Mardi Gras, Jazz Fest has become New Orleans's biggest party. Here's our list of must-sees and must-dos. To see our full range of city guides (and vote for your favorite spots), go to playboy.com/cityguides.



Nature Calls

When you journey into the swamps of the Atchafalaya Basin, 90 minutes from Bourbon Street, you feel as if you're on another planet. Alligators and herons are everywhere. Cypress trees tower high, their branches reflecting on the still water. Simply breathtaking. Airboats are too noisy; try a pontoon-boat tour instead: Annie Miller's Son's (annie-miller.com), A Cajun Man's Swamp Cruise (cajunman.com) and Wetland Tours (wetlandtours.com) are all worth the trip.

Food of the Gods

There's no better place on earth for a hungry man than New Orleans. **Hang-over breakfast:** Start with your choice of either sweet (pecan waffles at the uptown Camellia Grill, 626 South Carrollton Avenue, camelliagrill.net) or savory (fried oysters at Casamento's, 4330 Magazine Street, casamentorestaurant.com). **Cheap eats:** Rule number one: Don't



eat alligator—it's for tourists. Have a roast beef po'boy at Parkway Bakery & Tavern (538 Hagan Avenue, parkwaybakeryandtavernnola.com) or a shrimp po'boy at Johnny's Po-Boys (511 St. Louis Street, johnnyspoboy.com). Rule number two: It's hard to go wrong with red beans and rice on Monday. **Oyster bar:** Hit Felix's (739 Iberville Street, felixs.com). Stand at the bar; don't sit at a table. Ask the shucker for a dozen and a cold Abita Amber. You can order shrimps and crawfish, too. **Expense-account meals:** Have lunch at Galatoire's (left, 209 Bourbon Street, galatoires.com) and prepare to spend the afternoon. This is old



New Orleans as you'll find it nowhere else. Arnaud's (813 Bienville Street, arnauds.com) offers amazing classic Creole cooking. In a city filled with incredible seafood, GW Fins (808 Bienville Street, gwfins.com) serves the best.

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

THE PLAYBOY POLL



WHICH WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE A FREE LIFETIME SUPPLY OF?

WHAT WE'RE THINKING:

GAS: 43%	RED MEAT: 12%	HAIR ON YOUR HEAD: 19%
ALCOHOL: 17%	PREMIUM TV CHANNELS: 9%	

NEXT UP GO TO PLAYBOY.COM/WWT TO ANSWER APRIL'S QUESTIONS, INCLUDING:

WHAT WILL YOU DO WITH YOUR TAX REFUND?

HIT THE TOWN (STEAK DINNER, DRINKS)	BUY MYSELF SOMETHING	PUT IT TOWARD A VACATION
HIT THE TOWN (FAST FOOD, MEDIUM SOFT DRINK)	BUY HER SOMETHING	WHAT REFUND?
	PUT IT IN SAVINGS	I'M FILING IN AUGUST

14 MILLION

Facebook users upload more than 14 million photos daily.

ON AVERAGE, EACH MCDONALD'S BIG MAC BUN HAS **178** SESAME SEEDS ON IT.

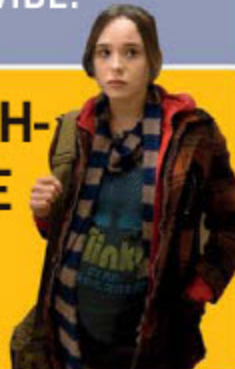


ALTHOUGH SALES OF HOUSES, CARS, CLOTHING, FURNITURE AND EVEN FOOD WERE DOWN LAST YEAR, PURCHASES OF GUNS AND AMMO INCREASED BY 8% TO 10% NATIONWIDE.

24% OF MARRIED AMERICAN WOMEN CURRENTLY MAKE MORE MONEY THAN THEIR HUSBANDS.

37% OF MARRIED MEN CLAIM THEY WOULD PREFER TO BE STAY-AT-HOME DADS.

TEEN BIRTH-RATES ARE UP IN 26 STATES.



WILL WORK FOR OIL

ONE MILLION

ABOUT 1 MILLION INDUSTRIAL ROBOTS HAVE BEEN PUT TO WORK AROUND THE WORLD. MACHINES HAVE REPLACED HUMANS IN JAPAN MORE THAN ANYWHERE ELSE, WITH 295 ON THE JOB FOR EVERY 10,000 MANUFACTURING WORKERS. IN THE U.S., 86 BOTS ARE ON THE FLOOR FOR EVERY 10,000 FACTORY WORKERS.

26%

THE FINDINGS OF A JOSEPHSON INSTITUTE POLL TO MEASURE HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS' HONESTY WERE COMPLICATED BY THE 26% OF RESPONDENTS WHO, WHEN ASKED, ADMITTED THEY HAD LIED ON AT LEAST ONE OR TWO QUESTIONS. MAYBE EVEN THAT ONE.



ACCORDING TO A LAS VEGAS SUN STUDY OF THE RECESSION'S EFFECT ON PROSTITUTES, THOSE CHARGING \$200 TO \$300 A SESSION ARE DOING AS WELL AS OR BETTER THAN USUAL, THOSE IN THE ELITE \$1,000-AND-UP CLASS REMAIN UNAFFECTED, BUT BUSINESS FOR THOSE IN THE \$600 TO \$700 RANGE IS WAY DOWN.

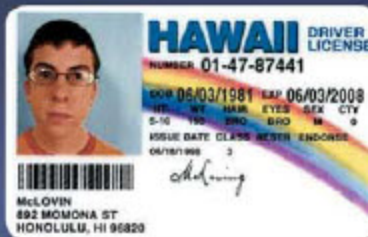
WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

THIRTY-SEVEN PERCENT

PORTION OF ADULT WOMEN WHO SAY THEY STILL HAVE ROMANTIC FEELINGS FOR AN EX THEY LET GET AWAY.

THE PERCENTAGE OF AMERICANS IN THE 1980S WHO BELIEVED ALIENS MAY HAVE KIDNAPPED HUMANS:

25.
THE PERCENTAGE TODAY: **40.**



Asked which "prohibited substance" is the easiest for them to buy, 15% of American teenagers said beer, and 23% said marijuana.

10TH Of the 10 vehicles most often stolen in the U.S., the Honda S2000, tied for 10th, is the only one not manufactured by an American automaker.



ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

HAMSTERS GIVEN VIAGRA COPE WITH THE STRESS OF JET LAG UP TO 50% BETTER THAN THOSE GIVEN PLACEBOS.

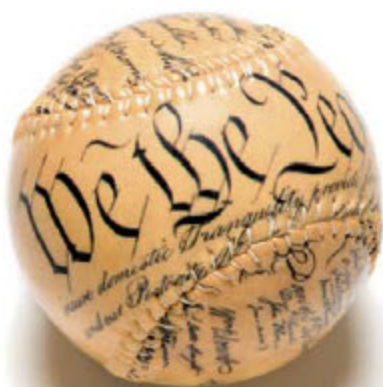


Z Is for Zip

Nissan's original bargain street rocket gives the big boys a run for their money

Financially speaking, it's no time to be irresponsible about your car purchases, which is why Nissan's 370Z is so appealing. Forty years back, when Nissan was Datsun, the company introduced the first 240Z sports coupe, boasting that it had "the power of a Porsche and the looks of a Jaguar at the price of an MG." Carrying on that tradition, the latest 332 bhp Z car can run circles around a Boxster, hangs with Jag's XK in the looks department and has a sticker that starts below \$30,000. With a smart cantilevered roofline, boomerang-shaped headlights and taillights and available front and rear spoilers, the new 370Z is wrapped tight, light on its feet and zippy as all hell. The 3.7-liter V6 revs to 7,500 rpm and punches out 270 foot-pounds of torque. The whole package will sprint to 60 in just 4.7 seconds. Its seven-speed transmission features adaptive shift control, manual mode and paddle shifters. Or go with the six-speed manual, which has the world's first SynchroRev Match feature (it blips the throttle to smooth out each shift). The cockpit reminds us of a fighter jet's, with its intuitive tactile controls. Fuel economy: 18 city, 26 highway. We hammered the hot new Z around the Spring Mountain Motorsports track outside Las Vegas and had to be black-flagged to get off the circuit. Then we looked for innocent Porsches to harass all the way back to Sin City. More info at nissanusa.com/370z.

A Little Bit Country



Baseball and the Constitution are the two most American things in the world. Now we the people can get both in one place with this American Constitution ball (\$20, bergino.com). We don't recommend taking it out to the local field (lest you smudge George's signature), but it'll look swanky on your desk.



Fry, Guy

Nothing is worse than tailgating halfway. And there's nothing halfway about tailgating with a deep fryer on hand. Coleman's Roadtrip FryWell Portable Tabletop Fryer (\$160, coleman.com) goes anywhere, runs on propane canisters, heats to 450 degrees Fahrenheit and can fry a pound of food at a time. Fill her with oil, mix up some beer batter and let a thousand fried Twix bars bloom.



Now Look Here, Sea

Nautica's Oceans (\$49) evokes the idea of the briny deep without actually smelling like it. Its strong lemon-tonic top note teases pre-summer freshness, then it's grounded by a body of sea-salt rose and lavender reef. She'll think of cabanas and sex, not seaweed and dead fish.

Ax Me Anything

Sounding good on a guitar depends on tuning, tone and chops. If you supply the last item, Gibson's new Dark Fire (\$3,500, gibson.com) will take care of the rest. This technoshredder features the latest evolution of Gibson's Robot technology, which can take you from a drop D to a modal G in less than a second. Plus it has multiple pickups (both acoustic and electric) that allow for a stunning variety of tone output, so you can sound like the Edge, Hendrix or just plain you.



Hack Your Life: Put Facebook to Work

At first glance Facebook may look like just another big, chaotic online party, but it actually contains a surprising number of programs for getting stuff done (facebook.com/applications). Several of these tools exist outside the social networking site as well, but Facebook's inclusive nature makes it an ideal central hub to work from. Think of it as an operating system for your life. Take the Picnik app, which lets you edit, tweak and enhance photos from within your browser. Or Zoho Online Office, which lets you edit, share and collaborate on documents, presentations and spreadsheets. With My Lists you can create private or collaborative to-do lists, while the appropriately named Share Files app enables sharing of up to one gigabyte of documents with your friends. Try 30 Boxes, an excellent date book application, or fbCal, which lets you tap into your existing Outlook, iCal or Google Calendar. And don't forget that it's easy to remotely update your Facebook status by linking your account to your phone number (at facebook.com/mobile), then texting 32665.



Cinema Paradiso

We've seen a lot of so-called home-theater-in-a-box systems. This is the first to actually live up to the name. Epson's Ensemble HD (\$5,000 and \$7,000, epson.com) comes with an amp, a DVD player and a subwoofer, like the others, but the resemblance ends there. Instead of just adding speakers, Epson's package includes a 720p or 1080p projector along with a motorized 100-inch drop-down screen. What's more, the screen housing also contains your right, left and center channel speakers, while the projector housing has right and left rear speakers. It's not just home theater; it's home cinema.



WORST CASE SCENARIO

I STARTED INTERNET SENSATION GO DADDY. BUT IT WOULD NEVER HAVE WORKED IF I HADN'T BEEN READY TO CRASH AND BURN



BY BOB PARSONS
CEO OF GODADDY.COM

I failed the fifth grade, but I never had to repeat it. The nun told three of us to stay behind on the last day of class and didn't give us our report cards. Frankie and Anthony were asking, "Why didn't Sister give us our report cards?" I said, "Man, if you can't figure that one out, then you guys deserve to fail." My dad always picked me up on the last day of school, and I knew he would be waiting for me. I also knew that if I failed fifth grade, I was going to get executed. So I snuck into the line as the nuns let the kids go and told my dad there was some problem with the report cards. Then I spent the whole summer in hell. I was like a little kid on death row, just waiting for that phone call. But it never came. When I went to school in the fall, I got in line with the sixth-graders. And there were Frankie and Anthony in line for fifth grade roundtwo, looking mopey. My line started moving into the building, and I never looked back. Sometimes you just have to trust your instincts.

Today I run GoDaddy.com, the world's most successful Internet-domain registration company. We have more than 2,000 employees and register more than 45 percent of the planet's new domain names. We've activated more than 33.5 million domain names—a new one every nine tenths of a second. We also host more secure websites than any other provider in the world and run the world's largest secondary market for domain names. I founded this company, I nurtured it to success, and I currently run it. Not bad, considering I almost didn't graduate high school.

In 1968, my senior year, I enlisted in the Marine Corps with my friends. Then I got called up to go to Vietnam. I wasn't doing well in school, but when I took my orders around and showed them to all my teachers, they all passed me out of pity. They knew better than I did that I'd likely come home in a body bag.

The Marine Corps changed me; it gave me some focus. I needed a fire under me to get me to see the point of working hard. After the war I worked in a steel mill, shoveling the steel chips machined off propeller shafts. It didn't take long for me to realize I didn't want to do that for the rest of my life, not after surviving what I did in the rice paddies of Vietnam. So I went to college on the GI Bill.

Growing up in a working-class

neighborhood in Baltimore, I didn't know many people who had gone to college. I didn't even know what a major was. The University of Baltimore told me that I had to have one, though, and that I needed to see a counselor to get it. When I got to his office, there was an enormous line to see him. I had no interest in waiting around to talk about my future with someone who didn't even know me. So I went back to the registrar's office and asked the man behind the desk if I could pick out a major myself. He made me sign a waiver and handed me a book of majors. The first one listed was accounting. I asked what that was, and he said it meant working with numbers. I was always pretty good at math, so I told him to make me an accounting major. If I had opened the book backward, I might have been a zoologist. Like General Patton said, "A good plan violently executed now is better than a perfect plan next week."

I ended up loving accounting. I even graduated magna cum laude, and in 1984, after I finished school, I moved to Iowa and started an accounting-software company, Parsons Technology. My wife and I ran it out of our basement, and after two years we lost all our savings. At one point we were so desperate for cash I offered my buddy Dave half the business for \$5,000. He wouldn't take it. The third year, the business turned a big corner, however, and in 1994 I was able to sell Parsons Technology to Intuit—our biggest competitor—for \$64 million. A little while afterward I ran into Dave at a party and asked if he ever thought about how he'd turned me down. He said he only thought about it in the mornings.

I ended up walking away from Parsons Technology with \$32 million. I'm the kind of guy who needs to be on the firing line, so I started looking for a new business to start. I wanted to have enough of my money at risk so that I had to be in the game. This was 1996, and the Internet was starting to happen. I figured I would surround myself with some really sharp people and we'd figure something out. We tried building intranets, selling other people's hardware, selling other people's software, building large-scale custom websites and doing computer education; we even became an ISP. None of it clicked. In 1998 we built a program that let people build websites themselves. We thought this would finally be it, but it sold almost nothing. However, from doing that, we realized everyone who needed a

website also needed a domain name, so we signed up to become a domain-name registrar. We slashed the prices for domains to get them to move, thinking that would give us an opportunity to sell people our website software. At \$8.95 a domain, we were charging about a quarter of what our competition sold them for.

Most of the dot-coms at that time were funded by venture capital and IPOs, but I funded Go Daddy entirely from my personal cash. I would write a check to the company every month to cover what we were spending—\$300,000 to \$400,000 a month—all coming out of that original Parsons Technology money. I remember telling myself not to worry too much about it and to give the company a chance to succeed. My plan was to run it like that until I got down to \$22 million. When I hit \$22 million I changed the number to \$20 million, then \$18 million. When I got to \$15 million the company still wasn't making any money—and that's when the dot-com crash hit. Like everyone else at that time, I was invested in a bunch of dot-com stocks. There were months when, between the company and the stock market, my net worth dropped \$2 million.

It got so bad, I would go out to eat in a restaurant and all I would do was sit there and think, From what I've lost on Go Daddy, I could have bought this place; then I'd at least have a business that brought cash in the door every day instead of being a black hole.

By early 2001 I was down to about \$8 million, and we were still not selling much in the way of anything. So I finally decided, I'm out. I was going to close down the company while I still had a few dollars left. I wanted a little time to sort through everything and decide how I would pay severance and how to time it. So I flew to Hawaii by myself to take a break and work through the details. About halfway through the trip I met a guy who was parking cars. He was about my age, and he seemed really happy. When he went to get my car, I gave him a couple of bucks, and we chatted a little. Then something hit me like a lightning bolt: I realized I had gotten so caught up in worrying about whether the company would succeed that I had forgotten the most important lesson of my life, something I learned in the Marines.

I was sent to a rifle company in Vietnam in early 1969. A few days before I got there the company was ambushed and four guys were killed. I was a replacement for one of the KIAs. The squad leader was 19 and had been there only a few months. The first few days all I thought about was how I would make it out of there. I remember sitting on the wall of an old French fort and looking out over the valley and thinking, I have no idea what this terrain's like, I've never been in a war, I'm only 18, I'm fighting guys who know this area like the back of their hand, I'm the replacement for a guy who just got killed, nobody's been here really long—on and on like that. That's when it hit me: I realized I was going to die there. And the weird thing is, the moment I accepted that,

suddenly I was fine. Because I stopped worrying about it every second of the day and started concentrating on staying alive.

I've found it's not possible to be content or productive when you're preoccupied with being unhappy about your situation. You just can't do it. Instead, think hard and honestly about the worst thing that can happen, then accept it and get back to work. If you do that, you can get by in any situation. My new goal every day was to just somehow be alive for mail call the next day. During my first fight in the bush, one of our sister squads was ambushed. One guy was fucked up so bad it was unbelievable. I said, "That might happen to me," and moved on. The next night we lost our point man. That's the way it went down over there. And facing those things was how I learned to accept the worst that can happen.

When I saw this guy parking cars, it all came back to me. What was my worst case? I might go broke. So what? Who cares? Would I be all right? Of course I would. I'd park cars. I used to do stuff like that before I made any money. Hey, I always wanted to be a stickman on a craps table in Vegas. I reasoned that if this all really went south, I could always head out to Nevada and work the bones for a few years until I came up with the next thing. Right then and there I was happy again. Happy and productive and in the moment. Alive.

I decided I would strap myself to the mast—if the company went broke, I'd go broke with it and then say, "Hello, Vegas." This was in January. The company turned the corner and became cash-flow positive in October. As it turned out, the dot-com crash saved us. Because all our money came from me, our money didn't dry up. Most of the companies that were dependent on public money and venture capital evaporated; plus, the price of online advertising took a nosedive. After the crash we were one of the few companies still paying its bills, so we had people lining up to give us incredible ad deals. Since fewer people were advertising in general, all of a sudden we stood out from everybody.

The funny thing is, once the domains took off, our software did okay too, but the domains ended up being the cash cow. This thing we thought would be our loss leader was propping up the company. Each one paid only a little, but it turns out you can make big money getting paid nickels—as long as you have enough people giving them to you.

My experiences have taught me to be flexible, not to accept what life gives you at face value and never to make decisions out of fear. You come up with something you think will work, then you put everything you have into it. When times get tough you judge what your worst-case scenario is, assume it's going to happen and get back to work. Anything you get on top of that is gravy, baby.



SUBSCRIBE TO DIGITAL PLAYBOY

and download a **FREE ISSUE** instantly!

ZOOM IN
and get closer!

ACCESS
extra photos

LISTEN
to new music

WATCH
exclusive videos

INSTANT
monthly delivery



SUBSCRIBE now at
www.playboy.com/issue

PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I'm a moron when it comes to reading women's signals, so I must turn to you. Here are some of the behaviors the woman I'm seeing has been exhibiting: She (a) says waiting for me on the day I'm flying in will make it the longest day of her life, (b) gets upset when she hears about women I've had sex with, (c) is so affectionate that we've spent the day in bed tightly wrapped up in each other because she didn't want to get up even to use the bathroom and (d) constantly wants to hold my hand or put her arm around my shoulders or waist, even when we're sitting on the sofa. Is there any explanation for all this other than her being in love with me?—P.K., Silver Spring, Maryland

If it's love, it's puppy love—or a future restraining order.

Before I die I would like to play golf in every U.S. state and on every continent, excluding Antarctica because I assume it has no courses. Or am I wrong?—D.W., Minneapolis, Minnesota

There are no courses, at least not yet. Extreme golfer Heinrich du Preez hopes to construct one later this year and become the first person to have played a round on every continent. (In 2008, over five days, he played a course on each of the others.) "Officials in Chile [which claims part of Antarctica] are careful not to allow anything to disturb the ecosystem, so it has taken me two years to get permits," says the South African. "First I will attempt to break the world record for the longest drive—currently 658 meters—on the blue-ice runways at McMurdo weather station. Then, using a PGA-approved course as a model, a team of greens keepers and I will construct a six-kilometer course. To minimize any damage, each hole will consist only of a tee box and hole. My permits expire in November, so I have a few months to plan." You can read more about Du Preez, who is currently attempting to play 500 courses within a year, at www.radicalgolf.co.za.

In January a reader wrote to ask about "emotional affairs"—that is, intimate relationships outside marriage that don't involve sex. Here's a twist: I am convinced my husband of 15 years has fallen in love with a co-worker. He admits to being emotionally involved but denies any sexual attraction and says our marriage is too important to him to screw around. However, he continues to see this woman in professional and social situations. Although I am incredibly jealous, during sex I find myself fantasizing about them together. I have always had a healthier

libido than my husband, but for the past six months he can't seem to get enough. Do you think he is imagining the same thing?—L.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

Are you sure they aren't sleeping together? Your husband could be bumping up the sex at home to keep you from becoming suspicious. He may not have been sexually attracted to his co-worker initially, but emotional intimacy can spur physical appeal. That's why a husband can still find his wife attractive (and vice versa) even as our once-taut bodies start to betray us. Your fantasy of watching your spouse with someone else is normal—many



ISTVAN BANWA

I am a waitress at a restaurant that offers a spanking with a wooden paddle to anyone who buys a shot. I hit them hard; I had one guy confess that he peed his pants. Before I swing I warn them, "This is going to hurt," and I never force anyone to take a hit. But do I risk hitting the scrotum if I aim too low? Should I make them sign a waiver? Does their allowing me to paddle them mean they like S&M? Some men are obviously into it, but are all of them? By the way, I enjoy it very much.—M.R., Las Vegas, Nevada

Of course you do. It's possible to hit the scrotum with a low blow, but regardless, we would dial it down a notch, especially with first-time bottoms who have no idea what's coming and so can't properly give consent. If a customer remains unfulfilled, offer to give a bonus smack.

men have the same thought. Perhaps his professed commitment to the marriage calmed your fear of rejection (i.e., the jealousy). Once reassured, you are able to explore the taboo. In the interest of an honest and open relationship, we suggest you share this with your husband, and together you can sort it out.

The letter about emotional affairs struck a chord. I recently learned my wife has been cheating on me. The sex doesn't bother me all that much, but I have had trouble with his being there for her emotionally. I'm happy to say we have worked through it. And I'd like to say to the asshole—you know who you are—that our love for each other is stronger than what you thought you had.—T.D., Salinas, California

So in a way, you owe him one.

Have you heard of a woman having multiple climaxes while giving a blow job? It's not unusual for me to climax 20 to 30 times during foreplay, but I find it strange to experience multiples just from blowing my new boyfriend, who turns me on like no other man I have ever been with. Maybe I've lived a sheltered life, but is this typical, or have I hit the chemistry jackpot?—F.H., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The fact that you think you've hit the jackpot is part of his jackpot. It's atypical but not surprising, given the 20 to 30 orgasms you're already having. Do you two ever leave the house?

Why is it legal for auto insurance companies to charge young males higher premiums than young females? They can't discriminate based on race, so why are they allowed to based on age?—A.K., San Francisco, California

Although it's impossible to argue that skin color makes someone a good or bad driver, you can make that case for testosterone, and men have far more of it. Studies have found that at every age, men drive more miles and

have proportionally more accidents, presumably because we're more aggressive and take more risks behind the wheel. Insurers charge young men higher rates as a result. However, older males and females are charged equal fees, which some argue leaves adult women paying more than they should. That's why the National Organization for Women has for decades been lobbying for a "cents-for-mile" option. Instead of being billed a flat rate, you would purchase blocks of insured miles (e.g., 2,000 miles for \$80). When you're low, you buy more. Rates are still set according to where you live, the type of car and the driver's age, explains Patrick Butler

of NOW's Insurance Project, but not gender. Texas is the first and so far only state to allow insurance to be sold this way (see milemeter.com). Progressive is testing a similar approach by adjusting rates based on data collected by a device voluntarily installed on the insured vehicle to record distance, speed and how often and how hard the brakes are applied.

When I started dating, in the 1980s, all the women I slept with had natural breasts and pubic hair. Nowadays many seem to have fake boobs and shaved vulvas. When you're dating someone, how soon is it okay to ask about her pubic area and breasts? I don't want to be rude, but I also don't want to find out when we're getting undressed, since I'm turned off by bald vulvas.—B.C., Fullerton, California

Unless you're courting escorts, it's always too soon. Sadly, you can usually tell immediately if a woman has fake tits, because so many of them are botched. But if you "casually" ask a date if her bush is intact, you'll likely never find out.

I am 62 with a 47-year-old girlfriend. She has two grown children and doesn't want any more kids. We need birth control, but she won't take the pill. Condoms are no fun, and neither of us wants to have surgery. Trolling around the Internet, I came across a method that involves applying ultrasound to the testicles. Ten minutes supposedly provides six months of sterility. Although everyone seems to agree it works, there are conflicting accounts of where it stands in the FDA approval process. I have a chiropractor buddy who has an ultrasound he's happy to use on me. All he needs is a frequency setting. How do I proceed?—D.M., Fort Collins, Colorado

With great caution. During the 1970s Dr. Mostafa Fahim of the University of Missouri used ultrasound to temporarily sterilize dogs, cats, monkeys and eight human male volunteers. He reported that, using a standard-size transducer, the ideal setting is a frequency of one megahertz and a power of one watt per square centimeter. If that doesn't work, you can name the child after your chiropractor. Fertility returns gradually, so if you're willing to make yourself a guinea pig, Elaine Lissner of the Male Contraception Information Project (newmalecontraception.org) suggests using a home sperm test or microscope to regularly check your status. It would also be wise to use backup contraception, at least initially. Don't expect this technology to be on the market anytime soon; it has yet to undergo the long-term clinical trials necessary for FDA approval, and a number of questions are still unanswered, such as how many times a man can safely be zapped. It would be much easier to get a vasectomy—despite our quip in February about swollen balls, these days a no-scalpel procedure takes less than 10 minutes and has few, if any, side effects.

My girlfriend has me doing my part to save the earth: We use compact fluorescent lightbulbs, I weatherproofed the windows, and we recycle and reuse. Is there such a thing as "green" sex toys? I thought

it would be funny to surprise her.—L.R., Portland, Oregon

If sustainability turns her on, a number of sex-toy stores, including EarthErotics.com and Babeland.com, offer everything from phthalate-free vibrators to organic lubes to a seven-inch flogger made from recycled bicycle inner tubes. Rechargeable vibes keep batteries out of landfills. And VibratorShopping.com accepts clean used sex toys for recycling (see recycleyoursextoy.com), offering a \$10 gift card in return. We support energy efficiency by giving every woman we arouse more than one orgasm.

I am 30 but recently had a five-day sex marathon with a 50-year-old man. He has an amazing body, and he's creative. He also has a weird but erotic obsession with my armpits: He fucked my pit from behind while I blew him, and it was a total turn-on for me as well. I guess I don't have a question but would like to advise younger women not to rule out 50-year-olds; don't think they won't deliver the same quality and quantity. The one I found rocks.—B.M., San Diego, California

Thank you for those encouraging words, especially if you're not actually a 50-year-old guy with an armpit fetish.

I'm looking to buy an HDTV. The salesperson is pushing hard to sell me a \$250 calibration. What would that do other than adjust basic settings like brightness, color and tint?—K.C., Euless, Texas

You can hire a pro if you're a stickler for detail (see imagingsscience.com for a referral), but most people can get this done on their own. New HDTVs are typically calibrated to stand out in a showroom, not your home. Most televisions have preset modes, such as standard, dynamic/vivid (the likely setting out of the box), sports and movie. You can choose one of those or tweak further. First, lower the brightness, or black level, until black is black without darkening details. Do the same with the white level (contrast or picture) until you have crisp edges, usually at about 50 percent. Color, or saturation, is more subjective; you likely won't have to change this much. Finally, if sharpness is too high, you'll see halos around the edges of objects. You can usually turn the sharpness to zero when watching DVDs.

Regarding the December letter from the reader who suffers from paruresis and can't urinate when anyone is nearby: I am one of those guys who have lost jobs and relationships because of a shy bladder. Then I discovered a simple cure: Hold your breath. I can now pee in restrooms no matter how crowded they are. I hope this helps other men who are struggling.—J.G., Chicago, Illinois

With practice, this technique can get the job done. In 2001 psychologist Monroe Weil reported that it had worked for three of his patients; he hypothesizes that increased CO₂ levels in the blood lead to relaxation of the sphincter muscle that inhibits urination. Before you attempt this, practice in a comfortable setting until you can hold your breath calmly for 45 seconds, which is

typically how long it will take the stream to start. Don't take a big gulp of air—breathe normally, then exhale about 75 percent of your breath.

My wife and I sometimes role-play in bed. Although my scenarios vary (cheerleader, nurse, maid), she always asks me to pretend I'm a rapist. At first I found this funny, but it's starting to disturb me. Is it possible some women want to be raped?—Q.P., Overland Park, Kansas

No woman wants to be raped. This common fantasy is better described as forceful sex or being "taken," since the woman always remains in control. That is, if your wife asks you to stop (choose a safe word other than "no" or "stop" for this purpose, since her protests may be part of the game), the scene ends. As you've found, it can be difficult to play the perpetrator role. But if you want your wife to be more creative, you can lead by example. Instead of cheerleader, nurse or maid, how about scheduling her for a dental checkup, a job interview (the economy is terrible, people are desperate), a real estate showing or a calibration of your HDTV?

A reader wrote in January asking how to prevent ingrown hairs on his neck. I am surprised you didn't mention a straight razor, which is what solved the problem for me.—O.C., Gatineau, Quebec

Thanks for noting that—our response could have been sharper.

Three years ago my wealthy, twice-divorced brother e-mailed me the news of his sudden engagement to a much younger divorcee with five children. I replied with congratulations and gently asked about a prenup. He briefly outlined the precautions he was taking. Two years later my brother's wife combed through his e-mail and found our exchange. She responded with an angry rant, copied to the family, about prejudice and invasion of privacy. My brother now says my inquiry was inappropriate. What do you make of this?—B.K., New York, New York

Your sister-in-law seems to know a great deal about invasion of privacy. Given your brother's two divorces, your question reflected only your concern for his well-being. He's covering his ass now because he fears his wife's wrath more than the loss of your goodwill. That doesn't bode well, and before long he may well be thrice divorced—but thankful that prudence runs in the family.

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



PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SETH ROGEN

A candid conversation with our newest cover boy about life as a stoner hero, making the world safe for chubby Jewish guys and, of course, porn

Director Judd Apatow can pinpoint the exact moment he knew Seth Rogen would become a star. It was in 2000, during a taping of Apatow's first TV show, *Freaks and Geeks*. Rogen, just 18 years old at the time, was playing a teenage pothead who had learned his girlfriend was born with ambiguous genitals—or as he would later explain to his friends, both “the gun and the holster.”

“The episode could have been bad in so many ways,” Apatow remembers. “It could have been too sweet or too insensitive and nasty. But Seth played it real. He acted exactly the way one would feel when given that information.”

In just one short scene you can see the genesis of Rogen's comedy persona. He's sexually awkward and self-conscious in a weirdly charming way, making jokes to mask his panic. He's simultaneously the coolest person in the room and a scared little kid who doesn't know what he's supposed to do next.

“It was such a vulnerable, funny, very human performance,” Apatow says. “I thought, I would love to watch an entire movie starring this guy.”

Apatow got his wish, but it didn't happen overnight. After several years of relative obscurity in tiny roles in movies like *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy* and *Donnie Darko*, Rogen got his first taste of mainstream success in Apatow's comedy hit *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*, in which he plays Steve Carell's sex-fiend buddy.

Rogen finally got his shot at stardom in 2007, in a role he seemed utterly unqualified for: the male lead in a romantic comedy. But *Knocked Up*—written and directed by Apatow—is a romantic comedy about unplanned pregnancy. It's a movie about growing up and accepting responsibility, but it never skimps on the crude humor.

Many of the jokes in *Knocked Up* would have had the teenage Rogen rolling in the aisles. Born and raised in Vancouver, British Columbia in a Jewish family (his mother was a social worker, and his dad toiled for a nonprofit), Rogen was something of a comedic prodigy: He made his stand-up-comedy debut at just 13, and while his jokes were unpolished, there were glimmers of the profane wit that would soon conquer Hollywood. When hecklers tried to boo him off the stage, Rogen would fire back, “I'm 13. In 30 years I'll be 43. You'll be dead.”

Around the same time, Rogen and his best friend, Evan Goldberg, wrote a screenplay called *Superbad*, an obscenity-laced romp about high school kids trying to get laid. It was 12 years before the movie was finally made, in no small part thanks to Rogen's celebrity clout. Last year he starred in *Pineapple Express*, an action comedy about stoners, and in *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*, in which a pair of platonic friends make an adult film to pay their bills.

Rogen, who just turned 27, may surprise fans with his latest movie, *Observe and Report*, a

dark comedy about an egomaniacal mall security guard. He also provides one of the voices in the animated *Monsters vs. Aliens* and is working on a script for *The Green Hornet*, due out in 2010, in which Rogen will portray the titular—and, at least by Rogen standards, lean—crime fighter.

Writer Eric Spitznagel, who last interviewed Tina Fey and Steve Carell for *PLAYBOY*, recently caught up with Rogen on the set of *Funny People*, his third movie with director and longtime collaborator Apatow. Spitznagel reports, “I expected Rogen to look like his portrait from the *Knocked Up* movie poster, with the pudgy cheeks and unkempt Jewfro. But when I met him his hair was neatly shorn, his skin had a healthy glow, and despite his constant self-deprecation—Rogen joked about his ‘soft, gelatin-like physique’—he could be described as almost slender.”

“He may no longer be a candidate for diabetes and heart disease, and his once tangled hair may look respectable now, but when you hear that laugh, like that of a lecherous uncle who has just told you the dirtiest joke he knows, it's clear Rogen hasn't changed much.”

PLAYBOY: In *Observe and Report* you play against type.

ROGEN: Do I?

PLAYBOY: Well, sure. You're usually the cuddly schlub, but in this movie you're



“I don't think boobs are funny at all. It's impossible to whack off and laugh at the same time. You know what I mean? Boobs and comedy stimulate two conflicting parts of the brain. It's too much for the male brain to process.”



“I had an incredibly pleasant childhood. I have a great relationship with my parents. But when something bad happens to me, I'm not somebody who thinks, This isn't fair! I'm more like, Yep, that seems about right.”



“Woody Allen created a look for small, nebby Jews, and I'm doing the same for chubby Jewish guys. I created a new look for rotund Jews. I have seen more guys lately who kind of look like me. It's an easily attainable look.”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM JONES

playing a mall cop named Ronnie who is a racist asshole.

ROGEN: [Laughs] Yeah, he's not the type of guy you would want to spend any time with. I think people look at the characters I've done in movies and think, I'd like to hang out with that guy. But not this time.

PLAYBOY: Was it a difficult adjustment to play somebody audiences will likely despise?

ROGEN: I think it's funny. Director Jody Hill is great at writing these oddly epic tales about horribly tragic people who just keep getting worse and worse. That's what I loved about his first movie, *Foot Fist Way*. He pitched it to me as a comedic *Taxi Driver*. It's about a guy who is kind of a vigilante on a mission. He's a little crazy and slowly becomes more and more unhinged, and he has these objects of obsession that he pines for.

PLAYBOY: When you describe it that way, it doesn't sound at all different from your other films.

ROGEN: Not really, no.

PLAYBOY: Other than the vigilante stuff.

ROGEN: I don't think it's all that different. *Observe and Report* is about a loser and an outsider, and that's what *Superbad*, *Pineapple Express* and *Knocked Up* are all about. It's about these guys who don't feel they belong in the world. It's really the same kind of story. Ronnie is a much more aggressively difficult person to be around, but the general feelings driving him—how do I find my place in all this?—are very relatable, I think.

PLAYBOY: He's probably the least similar to you of any of your movie characters. Do you two have anything in common?

ROGEN: We both have disrespect for the cops. Ronnie absolutely hates the police, and I feel sort of the same way. That's something I've realized is a common thread running through the movies I've done. We've always gone out of our way to disparage the police.

PLAYBOY: That's true. Even when you played a policeman in *Superbad*, he was a drunken moron.

ROGEN: In *Pineapple Express* I don't think any line gets a bigger response from audiences than when James Franco starts screaming "Fuck the police."

PLAYBOY: Have you had bad experiences with cops?

ROGEN: When I was younger, yeah. We would get caught with weed and beer all the time. When I first came to L.A. I got caught smoking weed on a beach in Malibu and had to go to court. It was the craziest thing ever. I was thinking, We're in Los Angeles. There are probably 400 people getting murdered at this second, and these two cops are taking an hour to write up my court summons for smoking a joint on the beach. That just seemed so fucking ridiculous to me.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you once get into trouble for hugging a cop?

ROGEN: Yeah. That happened when I was

I WANTED
A CAREER
THAT
DID NOT
REQUIRE A
COLLEGE
EDUCATION.



a kid. I was really messed up—too much alcohol at a young age. My tiny frame could not support it all. I guess I thought maybe I could appeal to the cop by hugging him. Apparently, they view that as assault.

PLAYBOY: There's no hugging in *Observe and Report*. It almost qualifies as an action film.

ROGEN: It's close. It gets pretty violent.

PLAYBOY: Did you do your own stunts?

ROGEN: I did, yeah. In fact, I accidentally broke a guy's nose. I punched a stuntman in the face and broke his nose. He got a little too close. He claimed it wasn't my fault, which was very noble of him.

PLAYBOY: Did you know instantly that it was broken?

ROGEN: Oh yeah. It made a really loud popping sound. You could hear it. Everybody on the set could hear it. It was kind of disgusting. But we used that shot in the final cut. There's a scene in the movie when you can see me breaking a guy's nose.

PLAYBOY: It's hard not to notice you've been losing weight. When did you realize it was time to slim down and get into shape?

ROGEN: It was on *Observe and Report*. We shot the movie in Albuquerque, which is at a very high altitude. I'm somebody who can barely breathe in Los Angeles, which is at sea level. I can't walk up a flight of stairs. Albuquerque is at an elevation of about two miles, and the air is very thin. There were some big action scenes. Every

day it felt as if I were climbing Everest. So the stunts were really hard, much harder than they should've been. But they're nothing compared with what we're planning to do in *Green Hornet*.

PLAYBOY: Which is essentially a superhero movie.

ROGEN: I realized if I was going to make *Green Hornet*, I needed to lose weight. Aside from how the character is supposed to look, I couldn't physically make the movie in the shape I was in. It would have literally killed me.

PLAYBOY: For somebody who isn't classically attractive, you've been naked in movies an awful lot.

ROGEN: I suppose that's true.

PLAYBOY: Porn star Ron Jeremy shaves his back before a sex scene. Do you have any special preparations for on-screen nudity?

ROGEN: Nope. Nothing. They did have me shave my back for *Knocked Up*, but I fought it. I didn't think it was a good idea. Judd Apatow said, "People are not ready for a hairy back in a sex scene. We're just not there yet as a society." In *Observe and Report* I am shirtless and I have back hair, and it's glorious.

PLAYBOY: The only thing you haven't done yet is full frontal.

ROGEN: I know, I know. When Jason Segel showed his dick in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, it changed everything. I was

like, Fuck! Does that mean I'm going to have to show my dick too? Is that what we're doing now? I don't know if I'm ready for that. I'll show my balls, maybe. To me, balls are funnier than dicks.

PLAYBOY: What would it take for you to drop trou for a movie? Would it depend on the material?

ROGEN: It would, yeah. It would have to be funny. I'm a very serious actor when it comes to nudity. I'm like Meryl Streep.

PLAYBOY: Why have male genitals become a comedy staple in recent years?

ROGEN: I think it comes in waves. For comedy to be truly effective it must be shocking in some way, and it's getting harder and harder to shock people. So yeah, we gotta pull out our fucking dicks now.

PLAYBOY: There aren't many naked female boobs in sex comedies anymore. Are boobs just not as funny as penises?

ROGEN: I don't think boobs are funny at all. Period.

PLAYBOY: Why?

ROGEN: Because it's impossible to whack off and laugh at the same time. You know what I mean? Boobs and comedy stimulate two conflicting parts of the brain. Do I get to be horny over these boobs or think this is funny because of the comedy? It's too much for the male brain to process.

PLAYBOY: It's different for women?

ROGEN: It's completely different. Women are not nearly as attracted to the image of a flaccid penis as we are to the image of boobs. It doesn't even matter if the boobs are unattractive.

PLAYBOY: Porn is a recurring motif in your work. *Knocked Up*, *Superbad* and *Zack and Miri* are littered with graphic conversations about porn. Now you and Evan Goldberg are working on a porn-shop sitcom for Showtime. Is that a coincidence or a conscious choice?

ROGEN: You write what you know. It's the first thing they teach you. You don't see me writing movies about rocket scientists.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember the first porn movie you ever saw?

ROGEN: It was called *Fisherman's Wife*, and it really freaked me out. In one of the scenes this guy jacks off into an ashtray, throws it at a girl and makes her lick it off.

PLAYBOY: Wow. How did that not turn you off to sex?

ROGEN: It did! It made me afraid of sex. I saw it when I was a teenager, long before I had ever had sex. I thought that's what sex was. I was like, How do I get *there*? I don't even know how to kiss a girl yet. Do I bring the ashtray?

PLAYBOY: It seems like modern porn is increasingly edgy.

ROGEN: Especially with the Internet, you can find the sickest shit you can possibly imagine. It's all out there. I don't like this new trend of seeing how big they can stretch out a girl's asshole. What are we going for here, guys? We all need to sit down and talk about this like civilized people. To what end, gentlemen, to what end?

PLAYBOY: Has watching porn taught you anything surprising about sexuality?

ROGEN: I think transgender pornography is the elephant in America's bedroom. If you join any heterosexual porno website, there is an inordinate amount of transsexual and transgender pornography available. Clearly people are watching it, or the sites wouldn't keep selling it. More dudes are into chicks with dicks than you would generally assume.

PLAYBOY: It's starting to make sense why there's so much male nudity in comedy: Hollywood is just giving the people what they want.

ROGEN: Exactly. They want more penises in their movies. Porno, comedy—it doesn't matter.

PLAYBOY: At least in your movies porn is a source of male bonding. Do you and your collaborator Goldberg watch a lot of porn together?

ROGEN: Never. Never would we watch porn together. I realized very early that there are two types of men in this world: Those who are comfortable sitting in a large group of men watching porn and those who are uncomfortable sitting in a large group of men watching porn. I am definitely in the latter category.

PLAYBOY: You're not the sort to enjoy frat-house hazing?

ROGEN: We don't have frats like that per se in Canada, thank God. For that reason alone I'm happy to be Canadian.

PLAYBOY: But you have admitted that you and Goldberg share passwords to porno websites. Isn't that a sort of bonding?

ROGEN: Yeah, but we don't watch porn together. I guess that's the difference. On a lot of these porno web pages, people write reviews for the scenes—like in a talk-back section—and those reviews can be the funniest things in the entire universe.

PLAYBOY: Could you give us an example?

ROGEN: There might be a scene with a 400-pound woman with a butterfly tattoo having sex, and the comment will be "I hate it when women destroy their bodies with tattoos."

PLAYBOY: You started doing stand-up in your early teens, at an age when most people are pretty self-conscious.

ROGEN: I didn't have that. That didn't come for me until later. When I was doing stand-up, I was just 13. It wasn't until I was 16 or 17 that I got self-conscious and insecure. As soon as I found out all my friends had gotten blow jobs, that's when I got insecure.

PLAYBOY: Wasn't your first gig at a lesbian club?

ROGEN: It was, yes. The club was called the Lotus, so that should've been a giveaway right there.

PLAYBOY: Did it occur to you midway through your set, Wait a minute, there's nothing but ladies here?

ROGEN: No, I knew they were lesbians before I went on, thank God. They were very nice to me. That's the thing about lesbians: They have no problem with

The Show's
Lesser-
Known
Alums

The Freaks and Geeks B-Team



SHIA LABEOUF

Before *Vanity Fair* asked if he was the next Tom Hanks, before *Indiana Jones*, before *Holes* and *Transformers* and even his Disney debut, LaBeouf played *F&G*'s fallen mascot. His character topples off a cheer-leading pyramid and breaks his arm.



BEN FOSTER

He is compelling as a cold-blooded killer in *3:10 to Yuma*, a conflicted bisexual on *Six Feet Under* and a twitchy drug addict in *Alpha Dog*. Arguably, his toughest role was Eli, the "special" kid on *F&G*. Ask Rosie O'Donnell—it's not easy to pull off handicapped.



RASHIDA JONES

The stunning daughter of Peggy Lipton and Quincy Jones received one of her first parts playing *F&G*'s female bully, Karen Scarfolli. She played Karen Filippelli on *The Office* and this year will be in *Brief Interviews With Hideous Men* and *I Love You, Man*.



MATT CZUCHRY

Your girlfriend knows him from *Gilmore Girls*, *7th Heaven* and *Veronica Mars*. You may know him as the Jesus-loving Chris Kennedy on *Friday Night Lights*. But he earned his first IMDb entry when he beat up Rogen and the Freaks.



ALEXANDER GOULD

He was six when he landed an appearance as the kid Lindsay Weir babysits while high. Since then Gould has been Nemo in *Finding Nemo*, has hit puberty and is still being looked after by a pot-head: He plays Shane Botwin on *Weeds*.

—Rocky Rakovic

young, cherubic boys who have not yet become men. I was very nonthreatening, and I hadn't wronged any of them in any way. So yeah, it was good. I highly recommend doing stand-up comedy for lesbians. They can hold their liquor.

PLAYBOY: Are you proud of the jokes you wrote back then?

ROGEN: They were not fantastic. I had something about how my grandparents were deaf and had whole conversations in which they couldn't hear each other. It was mostly just stupid, hackneyed stuff. A lot of misunderstood-argument jokes and Jewish-camp jokes.

PLAYBOY: Did you attend a Jewish summer camp as a kid?

ROGEN: I did, and I loved it. There were no rules and no adults. At least at the camp I went to, the oldest person was 21. Our counselors were 17 or 18 years old, and we were 15 or 16. There were no parents around at all.

PLAYBOY: So it was basically *Lord of the Flies*.

ROGEN: Yep, pretty much. It was just a bunch of young guys set loose on an island. You could run free for the first time, stay up all night and do whatever you wanted. We listened to some of the filthiest shit you can imagine.

PLAYBOY: Filthy how? Sexually?

ROGEN: Mostly comedy and music. We listened to a lot of Wu-Tang Clan and Adam Sandler records.

PLAYBOY: You've claimed that Sandler and specifically his song "At a Medium Pace" from the 1993 album *They're All Gonna Laugh at You!* inspired much of your comic persona.

ROGEN: That's true.

PLAYBOY: Which part exactly? When Sandler sings about sticking shampoo bottles up his ass, the pube shaving, the strap-on dildos or the constant whacking off?

ROGEN: All of it, man, all of it. I loved everything about it. It's sweet and dirty. That's something I've tried to do with every movie I've ever done. It's about mixing the tones of sweet and filthy.

PLAYBOY: Did Sandler's movies appeal to you as much as his records?

ROGEN: Definitely. He's just one of those comics every guy my age loved when we were growing up. Whenever one of his movies came out, we felt as if it belonged to us. We went to see *Happy Gilmore* and *Billy Madison*, and we were like, Ah, this guy is making movies for us. We're his audience.

PLAYBOY: When did you realize you might be funny enough to become a professional comedian?

ROGEN: I don't know. I didn't wake up one morning and realize, Wait a minute, everybody thinks I'm hilarious—maybe I should do this for a living. Honestly, if you put me in a room with all my friends, I am by no means the funny guy. If you didn't know me from movies and you just put us all in the same room, I don't think you would look at me and say, "That guy should be in comedy."

When I got on *Freaks and Geeks*, all my friends said, "Why the fuck are you on TV? We're funnier than you are."

PLAYBOY: So why did you end up doing it?

ROGEN: It was a calculated decision. I didn't want a real job, simple as that. It was either get into comedy or end up working at a fucking bank or something. I wanted a career that did not require a college education.

PLAYBOY: You've described your parents as radical socialists. Did you grow up in a politically charged environment?

ROGEN: Not really. They weren't militant or anything. My dad sometimes yelled at people at political rallies, and he made it on the news a couple of times. But remember, we were in Canada, where everything is a little more socialist than it is here, so there was less for them to complain about.

PLAYBOY: Were they supportive of your comedic ambitions, or did they have hopes you might end up in politics?

ROGEN: They knew I didn't give a shit at all about politics. That part of them did not rub off on me in any way. They were definitely supportive of what I was doing in comedy. My mom would drive me to shows all the time. I think they saw I was kind of good at it and really enjoyed it. That was always their mantra: Just do what makes you happy.

PLAYBOY: In your high school yearbook you railed against the uselessness of education. You wrote, "Ever since I started earning more than my own teachers, everything kind of fell into perspective." Do you still feel that way, or was it the egotism of youth?

ROGEN: I can't defend it. I wrote that when I was 17 years old and I'd just made \$30,000 on *Freaks and Geeks*, which at the time seemed like a fortune. But still, I was such a fucking cocky little asshole.

PLAYBOY: Unlike your high school peers, you were hanging out at nightclubs, watching adult stand-up comics tell dirty jokes. Did they corrupt your young mind?

ROGEN: Absolutely. It completely desensitized me to filth. From the time I was 13 until I moved to L.A., on a regular basis I was listening to people say the dirtiest things you can say, and I saw them get huge laughs for saying it.

PLAYBOY: How filthy was your material?

ROGEN: Oh man, all my jokes were tame. I didn't even swear onstage until I was 16. I used to dance on the line between dirty and clean.

PLAYBOY: On *Freaks and Geeks*, you were a teenager playing a teenager. Isn't that like writing about divorce while you're in the middle of a divorce? What kind of perspective could you possibly have?

ROGEN: I think it helped. That's what Judd liked about it. That's why he hired me as a writer for *Undeclared*, because I was the exact age of the people we were writing about. A lack of perspective can be helpful for a writer—you don't get caught up worrying about how people

HEY, THIS BUD'S FOR YOU

OUR PICKS FOR THE BEST STONER FILMS EVER



Grab some popcorn, Milk Duds, sour-cream-and-onion chips, two big pizzas, Häagen Dazs, Funyuns or whatever munchies you crave, and let's try to remember the pot films we hold in the highest regard. (A) *Pineapple Express*. Seth Rogen as straight man, James Franco as his goofy dealer. It works and is the best (and only) stoner action movie ever, though we admit the killing harshed our mellow. (B) *Up in Smoke*. The kings of cannabis, Cheech and Chong, made a movie in which the word *man* is uttered 295 times. Far-out, man. (C) *Saving Grace*. Craig Ferguson based his character on himself, a bloke who likes a bit of a toke. (D) *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*. Spicoli is the

will perceive it. You're just writing about the world exactly as you see it.

PLAYBOY: You and Goldberg wrote *Superbad* when you were just 13, right?

ROGEN: That's right. We were two guys in high school writing about two guys in high school. There were no discussions like, "Remember when that happened?" It was "This just fucking happened today. Let's go write it down."

PLAYBOY: Just how accurate was it? Did you and your friends really have such graphic conversations about sex as teenagers?

ROGEN: Very much so. When Evan and I started writing it we wanted it to be as realistic to our experience as possible. So many movies and TV shows about high



quintessential stoner surfer: "All I need are some tasty waves, a cool buzz, and I'm fine." (E) *Half Baked*. Witty film starring smokers from three different races. We miss Chappelle. (F) *The Big Lebowski*. Almost too sharp to be a stoner flick, but the Coen brothers make their hero the roach-hitting Dude. (G) *Friday*. This honest and hilarious weed flick made Chris Tucker and Ice Cube. (H) *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle*. An homage to munchies, with Doogie Howser as an unhinged companion. (I) *Dazed and Confused*. Wooderson: "Say, man, you got a joint?" Mitch: "No, not on me, man." Wooderson: "It'd be a lot cooler if you did." Happy April 20. —R.R.

school felt foreign to us. It wasn't anything we recognized.

PLAYBOY: Don't teen comedies tend to emphasize slapstick antics over realism?

ROGEN: Yeah, usually. No disrespect to a movie like *American Pie*, but it's very farcical and broad. A guy ejaculates in a beer, and then another guy drinks it. That's not what really happens in high school.

PLAYBOY: Not many teenagers are having sexual relations with baked goods.

ROGEN: It's funny and it's dirty, but it's hard to relate to. When I was in high school there weren't any movies about guys sitting around talking about how fucking horny they are, how pathetic and lame it is and all the weird shit they're doing to try to

get laid. I remember being in a movie theater with a bunch of my friends, having the sickest conversation about blow jobs. One of us had gotten a blow job, and we were talking about it. I just remember thinking, There is *nothing* like this in movies. This is fucking crazy. If I heard this in a movie, I would be the happiest person on earth. That was really a lot of the inspiration.

PLAYBOY: Apatow passed out a questionnaire to the cast of *Freaks and Geeks*, asking them to share their most painful childhood memories. What was your most painful memory?

ROGEN: [Long pause] One time when I was in second grade I was picking my nose in the back of class. The janitor was in the room, and he said, "Hey, everyone, look! Seth's picking his nose!" Everybody stared at me and laughed. That was pretty bad.

PLAYBOY: That's your worst memory? Being teased for nose picking?

ROGEN: Yeah, pretty much. Nothing horrible happened to me as a kid.

PLAYBOY: So you're not one of those people who think comedy comes from pain?

ROGEN: I think pain can help, but it's more about your attitude. I had an incredibly pleasant childhood. I have a great relationship with my parents. But when something bad happens to me, I'm not somebody who thinks, What the hell? This isn't fair! I'm more like, Yep, that seems about right. I think that's more conducive to comedy. Whether you've actually had pain in your life isn't important. If you're the kind of person who *expects* pain, then you're probably more inclined to become a comedian.

PLAYBOY: Judd Apatow has blamed you for making his movies increasingly raunchy. You were always pushing him to be, in his words, more "outrageously dirty." Is that a fair assessment?

ROGEN: It is fair.

PLAYBOY: How did you convince him to embrace his inner filthmonger?

ROGEN: I just told him how I felt. When we were making *The 40-Year-Old Virgin*—and by "we" I mean Judd, Paul Rudd, Steve Carell and myself—it was a big deal. It was our first chance to make a movie. I had very strong opinions about what we should be doing and what I thought was lacking in comedy films at the time. I told Judd, "This is our chance! They'll never fucking make *Superbad*!" We had already tried to pitch that movie, along with *Pineapple Express*, but nobody was buying. "They're not going to let us do anything else, but they're letting us make *this* movie. Let's do it right!"

PLAYBOY: How did Steve Carell feel about the filthy dialogue?

ROGEN: He was a little nervous, but that's what made it funny. Steve is just so genuinely sweet that I knew the filthier the rest of us were, the funnier he would be. I remember having those discussions about it with Steve and Judd, and Steve was particularly resistant to it. He asked me to type up a version of the script without

a single swear word in it, just so we would have it when we were shooting, in case it was obviously too dirty and the studio threatened to shut us down. We could say, "Okay, here's a version without any cursing whatsoever." It was just a safety net.

PLAYBOY: It makes sense that Carell would be so protective. *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* was his breakout role.

ROGEN: Yeah, of course. I understood that. But I was still aggressive about how important it was that we make an R-rated comedy about sex. Not PG or PG-13 but a hard R. We needed to have lots of scenes with dudes talking about sex in a realistic, dirty way. If we didn't do that, I told them, we would miss a huge opportunity.

PLAYBOY: They listened to you, and it paid off. The success of *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* led to *Superbad* and *Knocked Up*.

ROGEN: It certainly helped.

PLAYBOY: *Knocked Up* has been criticized for being too far-fetched. Could a stoned, unemployed slacker really hook up with a woman as hot as Katherine Heigl, even if she were blind drunk?

ROGEN: The people who say that are just guys with ugly girlfriends. That's all that is. [laughs] Honestly, I think that's a bullshit complaint. Before I was in movies I dated women who were far more attractive than I had any right to be dating. Sometimes it just comes down to your personality. Saying otherwise is demeaning to women.

PLAYBOY: How is it demeaning?

ROGEN: Maybe my character in *Knocked Up* doesn't have the greatest personality, but he has his moments. He's positive, he's funny—it's not like he's a horrible person. I think it's a discredit to women to suggest they wouldn't be able to recognize that a guy is kind and worthwhile even though he might be a little chubby. So basically, if a woman is attractive, that means she's automatically an idiot and superficial?

PLAYBOY: What happens after the end credits in *Knocked Up*? Does the happy couple stay together?

ROGEN: Probably not. I think they get divorced. Not right away, of course. They would wait till the kid was older, like eight or nine or maybe in his teens. They'd try to make it work for a while.

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that ruin the movie for you? What's the point of these people having a baby together if their relationship is doomed to fall apart?

ROGEN: The goal of *Knocked Up* is that the baby is born under nice circumstances. The father is in the delivery room, doing the responsible thing, and the mother is happy. What happens next could be a disaster, but we didn't need to go any further. That was our ending.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you never held a baby until shooting the delivery-room scene for *Knocked Up*?

ROGEN: It is. That was literally my first time holding a baby.

PLAYBOY: Was it a scary experience or something you would like to try again?

ROGEN: I haven't held one since.

PLAYBOY: So fatherhood isn't in the cards for you?

ROGEN: It's nowhere on my radar.

PLAYBOY: A baby to you would just be...?

ROGEN: Something that gets in the way of what I love doing.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible you'll be like Tony Randall and have kids in your late 70s?

ROGEN: Maybe. People claim their kids bring them happiness. They tell me this all the time. I hear the words come out of their mouth, but I don't believe them. My girlfriend and I have lots of discussions about how we don't want kids.

PLAYBOY: In *Knocked Up* your character claims that Eric Bana in *Munich* made it easier for Jewish guys to get laid. The same could be said of you.

ROGEN: I don't know if I'm getting any-

ROGEN: When we're not working on a movie, yeah, pretty much. We also like to box one another for some reason, or we'll make up drinking games, like Edward 40-Hands.

PLAYBOY: What's Edward 40-Hands?

ROGEN: You duct-tape a 40-ounce bottle of beer to each of your hands, and you can't take them off till you're done drinking both of them. We've had a few 40-Hands parties.

PLAYBOY: Do those parties typically end with a lot of puking?

ROGEN: It's not that bad, really. Two 40s is the equivalent of, what, six beers? You want to drink fast to get the fucking things off your hands, but you don't want to drink it so fast that you get sick. It's a mental battle more than anything.

PLAYBOY: You've admitted that many of

pure moment of imagination, which I don't have many of.

PLAYBOY: Accidentally performing a "Dutch rudder" on a male friend [*Zack and Miri Make a Porno*].

ROGEN: Well, I did do it while shooting the movie, so I guess that's true.

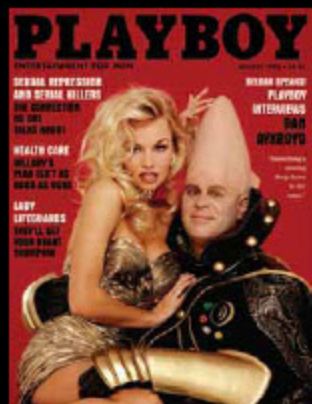
PLAYBOY: A Dutch rudder, of course, is when you jerk off another guy with his own hand. Were you shocked when you found out what that phrase means?

ROGEN: I'm always amazed when somebody tells me about an obscure sexual fetish I've never heard of. Kevin Smith, the director of *Zack and Miri*, is like a filth database.

PLAYBOY: Going to Tijuana to see a donkey sex show and feeling bad for the donkey [*Knocked Up*].

ROGEN: I've never even been to Tijuana.

OTHER MEN WHO STOLE THE COVERS



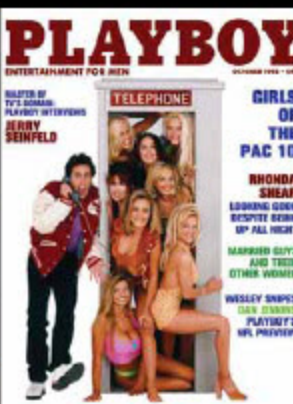
**PAM ANDERSON
CAresses DAN
AYKROYD'S CONE.**
AUGUST 1993



**DONALD TRUMP
SLAPS HIS
NAME ON YET
ANOTHER FACADE.**
MARCH 1990



**RUDOLPH VALEN-
TINO? NOPE. PETER
SELLERS AS SHEIK.**
APRIL 1964



**JERRY SEINFELD
SURE COULD PACK
THEM IN.**
OCTOBER 1993



**STEVE MARTIN
WITH TWO WILD AND
CRAZY GALS.**
JANUARY 1980



**BURT REYNOLDS
GETS A LITTLE
BUNNY TAIL.**
OCTOBER 1979

body laid, but I have seen more guys lately who kind of look like me. I see commercials every once in a while and think, That dude wouldn't be on TV if it weren't for *Knocked Up*. They probably traded in their glasses for a slightly thicker frame, let their hair grow out just a bit and let their stubble come in. I created a new look for rotund Jews. It's an easily attainable look.

PLAYBOY: You're like Woody Allen in that regard.

ROGEN: I guess so. He created a look for small, nebbishy Jews, and I'm doing the same for chubby Jewish guys. I was just thinking about this the other day. In the 1980s, comedies were all about really cool guys. Like in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, Ferris is awesome and smooth, and he has his shit together. But these days nobody wants to see a comedy about a guy who is incredibly cool, has a hot fucking girlfriend, skips school perfectly and has the funnest day ever. Today Cameron [the dorky sidekick] would be the star of that movie.

PLAYBOY: Your circle of friends in *Knocked Up*—Jason Segel, Jay Baruchel, Martin Starr and Jonah Hill—are also your friends in real life. Do you guys really hang out and play video games all day?

your movies are semiautobiographical. Let's separate the truth from the fiction. We'll mention a few plot points from your film oeuvre, and you tell us what's real and what's fabricated.

ROGEN: All right, let's do it.

PLAYBOY: Losing part of your ear in a gangland shoot-out [*Pineapple Express*].

ROGEN: That never happened.

PLAYBOY: A woman who has her period does a grind dance against you, covering your leg with menstrual blood [*Superbad*].

ROGEN: No, but that did happen to a friend of ours, and we were the guys on the couch who discovered it. I forget who noticed it first, but one of us pointed it out—"What is that, red wine?"

PLAYBOY: Seeing a Cirque du Soleil show in Vegas while tripping on hallucinogenic mushrooms [*Knocked Up*].

ROGEN: That's 60 percent true.

PLAYBOY: Please explain.

ROGEN: The drug might not have been mushrooms, but the rest is true.

PLAYBOY: Was Paul Rudd involved?

ROGEN: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Being so obsessed with dicks as a kid that you used to compulsively draw them and hide the pictures in a lunch box [*Superbad*].

ROGEN: No, that's fiction. That was a

PLAYBOY: Admitting you would watch a Rosie O'Donnell sex tape [*Zack and Miri Make a Porno*].

ROGEN: Yeah, I would. I would watch any celebrity's sex tape.

PLAYBOY: But Rosie O'Donnell's? That may be too much.

ROGEN: Really? I think you're lying.

PLAYBOY: We think you're lying.

ROGEN: You wouldn't even look at it for a second, just out of curiosity?

PLAYBOY: Okay, fine. Just for a second.

ROGEN: I knew it!

PLAYBOY: Befriending your pot dealer and joining forces to take down a drug cartel [*Pineapple Express*].

ROGEN: Not true.

PLAYBOY: Which part?

ROGEN: Both. They're both fictional.

PLAYBOY: You've never been friends with any of your dealers?

ROGEN: My experience has been the exact opposite. I've had really weird pot dealers, generally speaking, and I haven't wanted to spend any time with them.

PLAYBOY: Weird how?

ROGEN: Maybe it's not them. Maybe I'm just impatient. You're kind of at their mercy. You just have to wait there until they're ready to weigh it and give it to you. And that can take (continued on page 103)



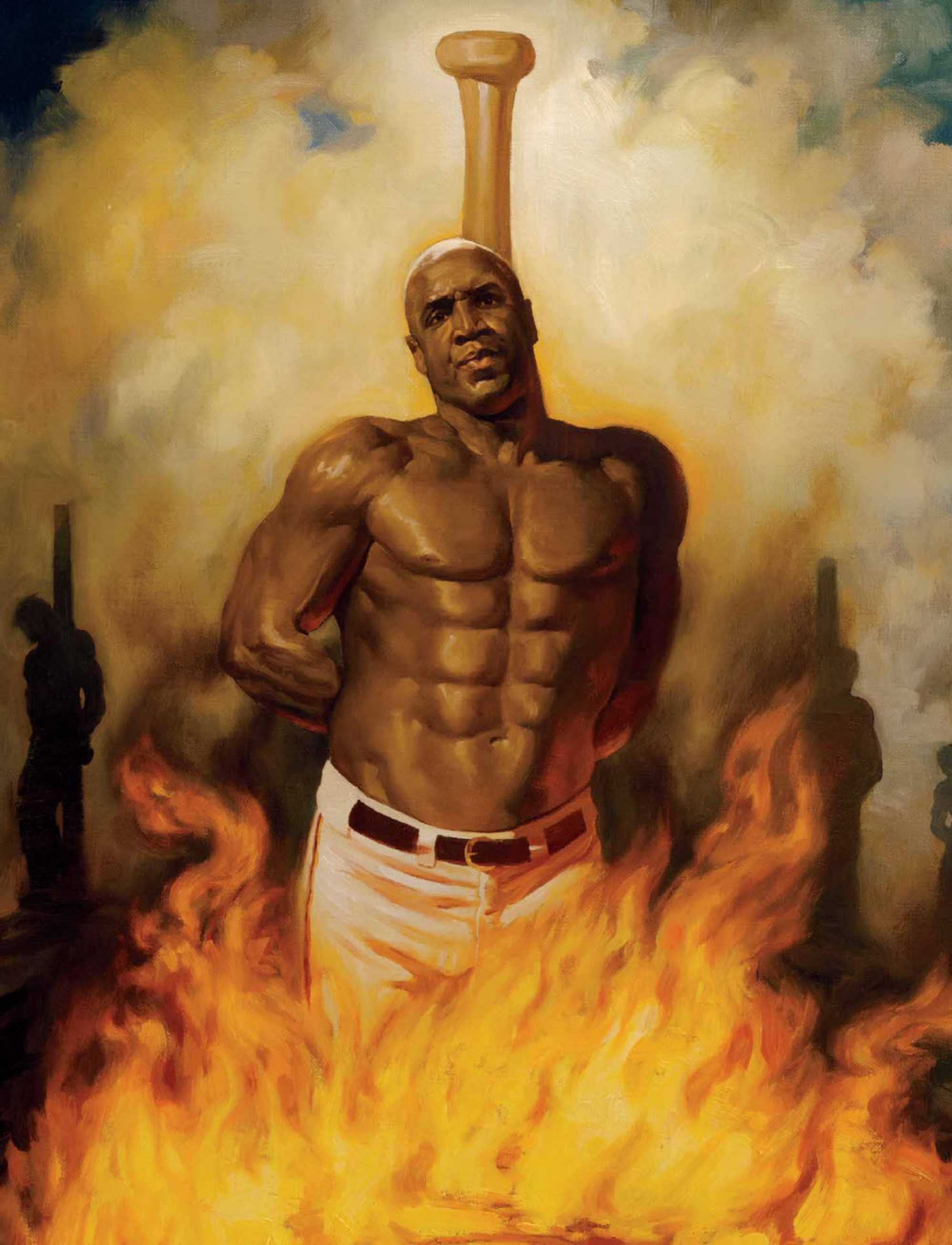
THE WORLD'S ONLY PLAYBOY CLUB.

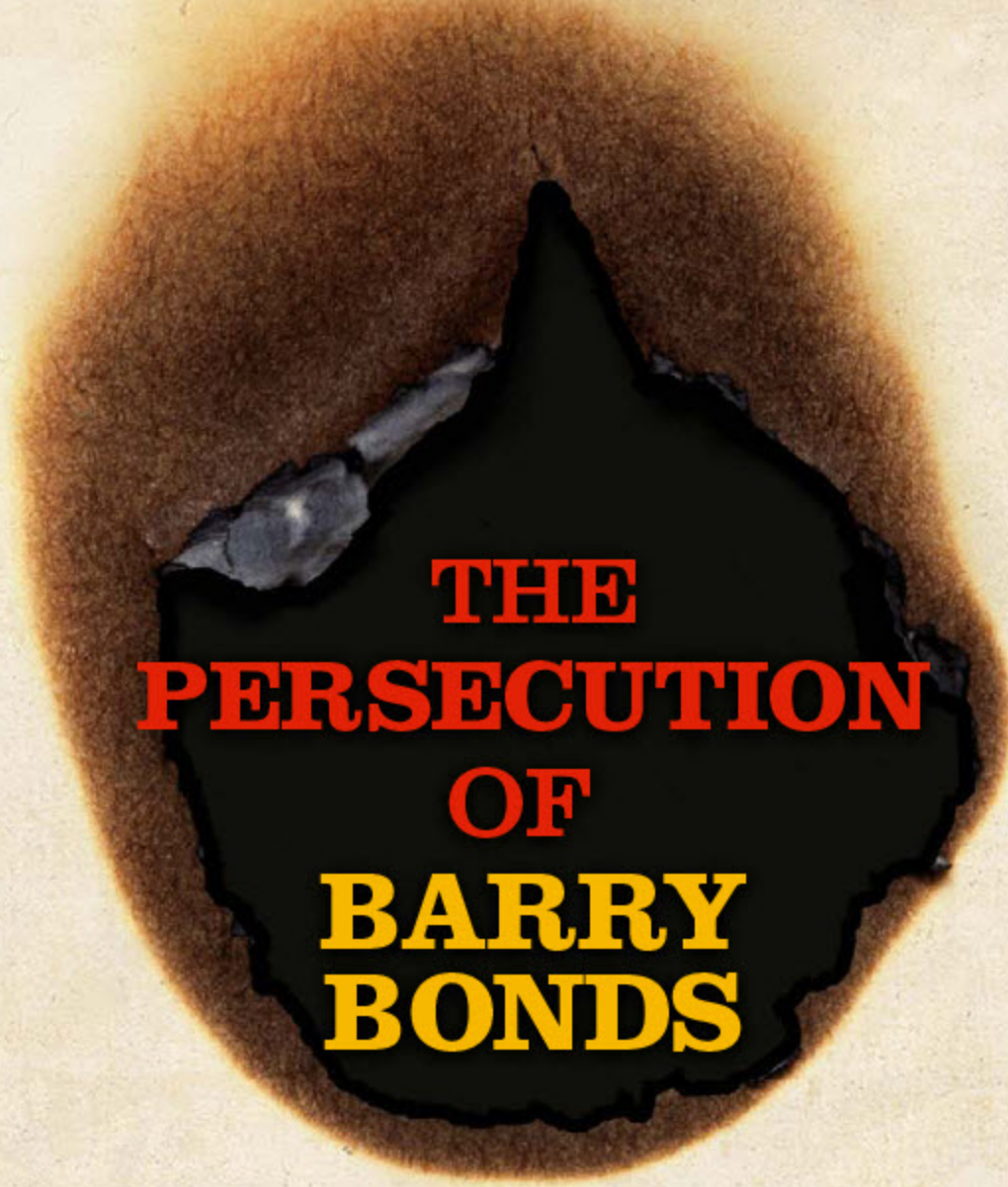
Located at the Palms Casino Resort in Las Vegas — 8pm — Nightly.

Features blackjack, roulette, dancing, the world famous Playboy Bunnies,
and the most incredible views of the Las Vegas Strip.

www.playboyclublasvegas.com | 702.942.6832
Room reservations: www.palms.com | 1.866.775.6772


PALMS





THE PERSECUTION OF BARRY BONDS

BY JONATHAN LITTMAN

THIS MONTH, BASEBALL'S ALL-TIME GREATEST HOME-RUN HITTER IS SCHEDULED TO TAKE THE STAND ON STEROID-RELATED PERJURY CHARGES IN THE MOST SENSATIONAL COURT CASE TO ROCK PRO SPORTS IN YEARS. IF BARRY BONDS WERE WHITE, WOULD THERE EVEN BE A CASE? WHO'S THE REAL VILLAIN?

A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE REPORT

The time was 8:02 A.M., and I was the first person to walk into what in the next year or more would be the chamber where Barry Bonds would be either vindicated or convicted of lying to a federal grand jury. My eye was drawn to the grand dais behind which Judge Susan Illston would preside during the trial, a huge seal of the U.S. district court anchoring the wall, a U.S. flag to the side. The courtroom had wood paneling and a high ceiling. Courtroom 10 had no windows, just like the place Bonds would go if a jury found him guilty.

Outside the San Francisco federal building that December 2007 morning, dozens of photographers mingled around satellite-TV trucks. A couple of women in bikinis shivered as they tried to take advantage of the scene to advertise the virtues of a vegan lifestyle. Gradually the reporters and lawyers filed into the courtroom for the main event. A dour courtroom artist in a black suit entered with her sketch pad, her pens and pencils hanging around her neck like bad jewelry.

About 8:30 a bald guy strode in from a side door, taking a seat in front. Jeff Novitzky, IRS agent and Barry Bonds's nemesis, wore a dark suit and looked straight ahead. A few minutes

before nine Bonds made his entry. His dark suit was of a better cut than Novitzky's and hung easily off his broad shoulders. The baseball star chatted and joked with his lead attorney, Michael Rains. Bonds's legal team was big enough to fill an infield.

This was opening day for Bonds in his arraignment on federal perjury charges. He would not make every hearing during the next year, but when he did you could count on Novitzky being in the courtroom, watching his every move.

I had first heard of Novitzky five years before, in the summer of 2003, weeks before the government raid on Victor Conte, mastermind of the Bay Area Laboratory Cooperative (BALCO), the company suspected of distributing steroids to high-profile athletes, and Bonds's trainer, Greg Anderson. Only four lawmen were working the BALCO investigation at the time. That summer and fall I met and talked to three of them a few miles from where Bonds pumped iron and became a home-run legend. From the beginning, the story they told me, which I wrote for *PLAYBOY* (*Gunning for the Big Guy*, May 2004), was markedly different from both the official government account and nearly all the books and countless articles that would be published on the steroid scandal.



JEFF NOVITZKY.

In the years since, Novitzky has risen to lead a nationwide investigation focused primarily on prosecuting athletes who allegedly lied to him or a grand jury about their use of substances believed to give an athlete an edge. The media have anointed him a hero. *The New York Times* called Novitzky “an unlikely contender for the role of the Eliot Ness of the steroids age.”

Novitzky has been portrayed as a lonely, honest lawman dedicated to a worthy cause. He grabbed the spotlight by taking on Marion Jones, arguably the premier black female athlete of her generation, then Roger Clemens, the legendary pitcher, all the while relentlessly pursuing Bonds, baseball’s greatest home-run hitter.

More than any other of Novitzky’s targets, Bonds has been painted by the government and the media as a larger-than-life villain, a portrayal that has inspired hatred, condemnation and even death threats. Few have noted that the white federal investigator and prosecutors singled out a black man when they had equal if not greater cause to pursue then-Yankee Jason Giambi or any number of fairer-skinned stars.

This spring’s perjury trial of Bonds—scheduled to begin in early



BONDS ARRIVES FOR HIS ARRAIGNMENT ON DECEMBER 7, 2008. HE PLEADED NOT GUILTY TO FOUR COUNTS OF PERJURY.

March—promises to draw a carnival of television, print and Internet attention not seen since the first O.J. Simpson spectacle. Forgotten in this media orgy is that Barry Bonds is no O.J. No one was murdered. Nothing was stolen. No victim has been found. And Bonds may not have done anything particularly different from hundreds of other ballplayers.

How did allegations of cheating in sports rise to the level of a federal crime and become a subject considered so critical that everyone from George W. Bush to Senator John McCain wanted to cast a stone at Bonds? Why did whatever Barry Bonds, Roger Clemens and Marion Jones said (or didn’t say) become worthy of a \$55 million federal investigation? Why for more than half a decade did so many miss the hypocrisy and brutal irony of what may one day be looked upon as the biggest put-up job in all of sports?

I began reporting on this story before it made a single headline. By early 2004 I’d already done more than 60 interviews with dozens of sources and have since stayed in the game. In the past year and a half I’ve written nearly 50 online pieces for Yahoo Sports and Playboy.com on the latest twists and turns in the case. I have had the opportunity to review secret grand-jury tes-

“IN THE YEAR 2000 DID YOU TAKE SOMETHING YOU KNEW TO BE AN ILLEGAL STEROID?”

timony and files, so I can report in this story critical facts about this case that have never been publicly uttered. I flew to the Clemens congressional hearing. I attended all the Bonds hearings and virtually all the BALCO trials. I also got to Victor Conte, the man who started the scandal rolling. Along the way, I learned an old lesson.

The passing of time can sometimes provide perspective, enabling us to see what has been in plain sight all along.



BALCO became known to the general public on September 3, 2003, shortly before noon, when a covey of unmarked sedans surrounded Conte’s small suite of offices just south of San Francisco International Airport. Agents armed with handguns and rifles rushed inside. The crowd of TV cameramen and reporters invited to the show had no problem identifying the lead agency. There were 18 IRS agents, three FDA agents, the managing director of the U.S. Anti-Doping Agency, two San Mateo drug task-force agents and two agents with the Department of Homeland Security.

BALCO consisted of Conte, his business partner, Jim Valente, and Valente’s wife, Joyce.

Novitzky would later testify in court that he first heard about Conte in the late 1980s when Conte’s nutritional-supplements business started to take off, adding that when Jones’s husband, shot-putter C.J. Hunter, tested positive for doping before the 2000 Olympics. “It sparked my interest.” But this was years before any national criminal investigation of steroids in sports. Novitzky was an unheralded midlevel IRS agent. Why would a shot-putter testing positive for steroids spark his professional interest?

A talented high jumper who played college basketball, Novitzky had grown up not far from Bonds on the San Francisco peninsula. Bonds had long been both popular and controversial in the Bay Area. The ballplayer filled stadiums and awed fans, but many locals found him less a Hank Aaron than a modern-day Ty Cobb—his talent matched by his surly demeanor.

Novitzky seemed to take the superstar’s cavalier treatment of the media and fans as a personal affront, and his raw comments about the legendary black baseball player made some colleagues uneasy. Novitzky never expressed irritation at Mark McGwire, Jose Canseco or the numerous other lighter-skinned pro athletes widely suspected of steroid use.

The IRS had no tradition of investigating steroids. Criminal IRS investigators have a well-defined function: to bring tax fraud perpetrators to justice. Novitzky testified in court that his interest in BALCO came about because of suspected money laundering.

(continued on page 99)





"It looks like a bad day in the market."

THE SWEDISH SUPERMODEL



From our pages to...the big screen?

If ever there were a woman born to be a Bond girl, here she is. Nineteen-year-old Aleksandra Eriksson studied aikido as a kid and plans on additional training in the martial arts. (No, she isn't looking for sparring partners.) She was born to Russian parents, raised in Stockholm and speaks Russian, Swedish and English—which bodes well for her international-espionage résumé. She has already appeared in some films and plans to pursue a full-time acting career in the future. Aleksandra also models professionally, which should come as no surprise. What does she do in her spare time? "I read and write a lot, which is like meditation for me," she says. "I love hiking, the beach, traveling and seeing new places." When asked whether we'll see more of her here in America, she responds, "Definitely." Thanks, Aleksandra—that's the right answer.



Can you imagine this 19-year-old Swedish lovely hurling karate moves at you? Aleksandra Eriksson is a knockout in more ways than one.



In this economy it pays to shed those extra two wheels.
A roundup of this year's stable of hot new bikes

ROAD KILLERS

BY JAMES R. PETERSEN



The first time I swung my leg over BMW's new F 800 GS, I was on a junket in the Canyonlands of Utah as a guest of the German company. After riding the bike, I came home and sold my Norton, then bought and outfitted one of the first F 800 GS bikes in

the country. Within a month I'd chased corners in the Andes and screamed on dirt and paved roads through Peru. And Ecuador. Panama. Costa Rica. Honduras. Guatemala. Mexico. Five weeks of riding left me with a mind-blowing montage of cantinas, roadblocks, Incan ruins, river crossings, drug-sniffing dogs, teenagers with AK-47s, rampant bulls, Mayan ruins, biker bars, potholes and sunset vistas. The F 800 GS was unstoppable (to quote a BMW ad campaign), unless, that is, I yanked on the brakes, which provided plenty of stopping power.

When I got home I swore I'd wash my bike—someday.

For now the dings and dirt serve as character lines. Already I'm planning a return to the road, maybe a trip to the arctic circle or a circumnavigation of the Great Lakes. This bike ignites that kind of wanderlust.

The specs: BMW took the highly praised parallel twin 798 cc engine that debuted in the F 800 S, revised the cylinder angle and lowered the engine case, making room for the 21-inch front wheel and off-road suspension. The tweaked six-speed engine gives 85 horsepower at 7,500 rpm. But what you notice is the boot-up-your-backside torque—62 foot-pounds at 5,750 rpm, perfect for clawing your way up a rock-strewn hill or pulling away from commuter traffic on the paved stuff. Brakes: two-piston floating calipers up front and single-piston floating calipers out back. The base price is \$10,995, but most bikes entering the U.S. retail at \$12,995 (including ABS, heated grips and an onboard computer). If you're like most adventure riders, you'll spring for side cases, luggage racks, engine guards, bash plates, handlebar-mounted GPS and the like—none of it chrome but all of it costly. bmwmotorcycles.com

SPORT/STUNT BIKE:

HAWASAKI NINJA ZX-6R

The dream is speed, performance, slicing and dicing on track days and standing on the podium as a world-champion Supersport rider. Or the dream is being the star of a cable series devoted to stunts, pulling stoppies (jamming on the front brake to lift the rear wheel) from, oh, 160 mph. Call it Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde, but the ZX-6R is the weapon of choice for Supersport racers and professional hooligans, er, stuntmen. (Google Kane Friesen or Jason Britton.) The reason? The ZX-6R is lighter (at 421.2 pounds), more powerful (130 hp at 13,500 rpm) and, with regard to handling, more precise and responsive than any of Kawasaki's Supersport predecessors. When Team Green sets out to revise a classic, to reclaim the crown in the hotly contested 600 cc category, it goes all out. Racers and renegades will gladly fork over \$9,799 for this beauty. kawasaki.com





**ADVENTURE BIKE:
BMW F 800 GS**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI



**MONEY-IS-NO-OBJECT BIKE:
DUCATI DESMOSEDICI RR**

Imagine for a moment that the stock market recovers, your company puts all its profits into your 401(k), a rich uncle who hoarded Krugerrands names you in his will—whatever it takes to make the phrase *money is no object* ring true. Your dream machine suddenly takes on the color red. Ducati's \$72,500 Desmosedici RR is a replica of the Italian company's GP6, the bike factory-team riders used this past season to compete in MotoGP, the fastest, most competitive two-wheel races on earth. The Desmo's 989 cc V4 puts out almost 200 hp at 13,800 rpm, with an engine note so glorious it could turn the head of God. Or the highway patrol three states away. Of course, if money is no object, you probably have a track in your backyard. Zero to 60: 2.6 seconds. Top speed: 192 mph. Only 1,500 will be made. ducati.com

We consider Harley's classic Sportster to be its own category of motorcycle. After teasing Americans with the new Sportster XR1200 prototype back in 2006, Harley introduced the dirt-track-racer replica as a European-market-only model. The few American motorcycle writers who tested it came back raving about its handling, power, braking and feel. The bike sought out corners with the kind of thirst not associated with heavy, chrome-laden Harleys. Then Harley relented and started offering the bike to U.S. customers in December. The styling pays tribute to the dirt-track champions of three decades of AMA racing (starting post-World War II). The oil-cooled 1,200 cc V-Twin pumps out 91 hp at 7,000 rpm—20 more than a standard Sportster and enough to propel the bike to 124 mph. Torque is a manly 73.9 foot-pounds at 4,000 rpm. The Nissin brakes bring this 580-pound brute to a hard stop just like that. Finally Milwaukee has made a challenger to such naked-bike benchmarks as the Aprilia Tuono. The sticker starts at an impressive \$10,799. harleydavidson.com



ECONO-WHEELS: VECTRIX UX-1

We never thought PLAYBOY would feature a product whose tagline promises "Good. Clean. Fun." But here goes. For those of you whose dream is green, who seek emission-free mobility, energy independence and the smug satisfaction of knowing you are morally superior to all but Al Gore, this machine defines future chic. The Vectrix harnesses the power of two nickel-metal hydride battery packs to zip along at speeds up to 62 mph (zero to 50 in 6.8 seconds). Depending on how you drive, it has a range of 35 to 55 miles—at a cost of about a penny a mile. The scooter recharges in three to five hours, from any electrical outlet (maybe Starbucks will let you plug in while you sip your cappuccino and use the free wireless). This is a technical marvel, the first highway-legal all-electric two-wheel wonder on the planet. It's so silent it will scare you. Being the first kid on the block to own one does not come cheap: MSRP is \$10,495. vectrix.com

CRUISER: YAMAHA V STAR 950

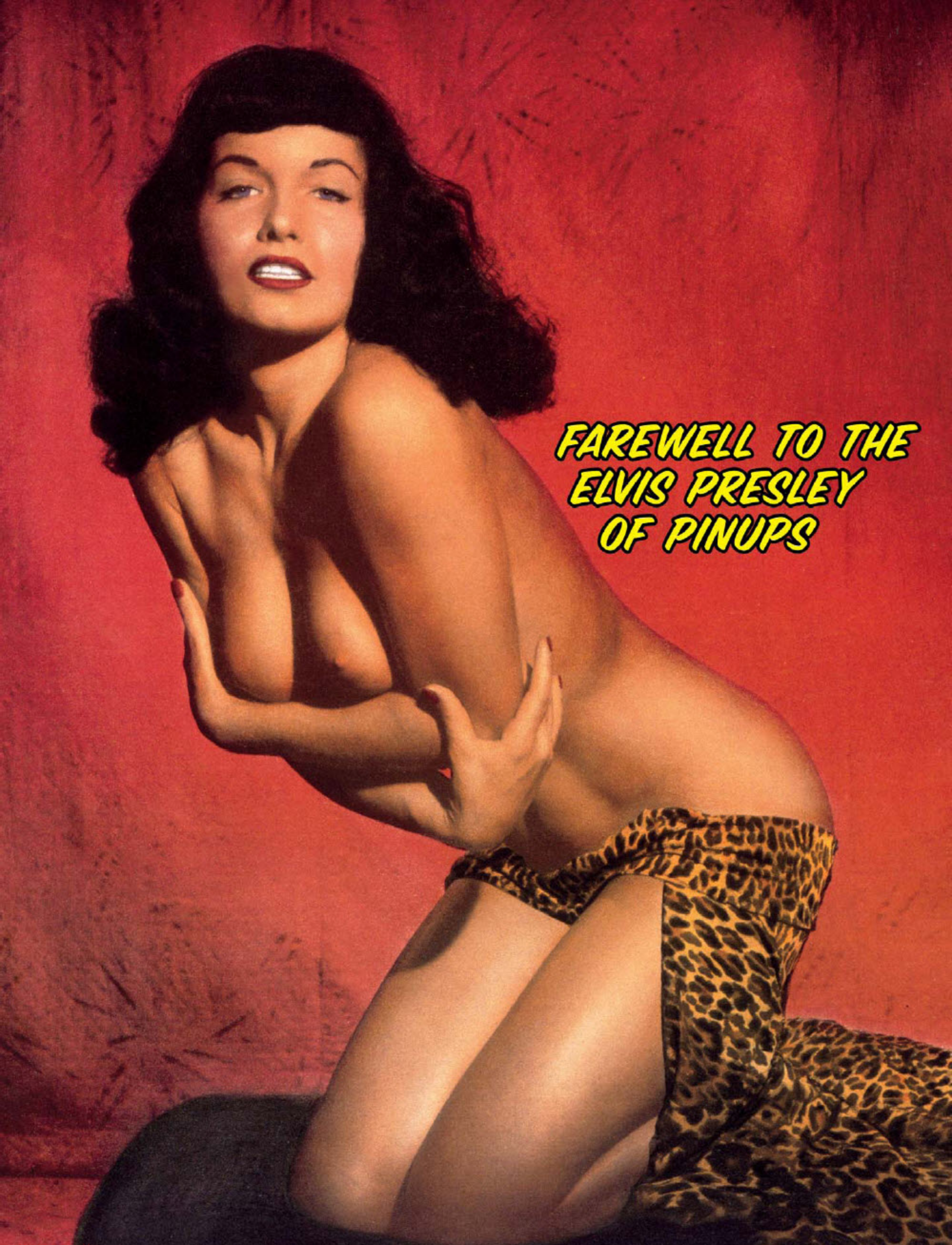
Cruisers have evolved from those beasts of the 1960s—think tractor engine slapped onto a weight bench—into elegant platforms for the creative use of chrome. The big-engined bruiser cruisers are still out there, but recently the industry (and customers) have looked to midsize engines. The point is to match cruiser feel and aesthetics with agility and ease of handling. You don't need the body-mass index of a linebacker to push Star's new V Star 950 around a parking lot. The 942 cc engine produces gobs of horsepower, 58.2 foot-pounds of torque at 3,500 rpm and, just as important in this category, a throaty exhaust note. Power flows through the beast; it is long (96 inches), lean (613 pounds) and low (with a 26.5-inch seat height). And it is delightfully nimble. The sticker ranges from \$7,890 to \$8,090 depending on color. starmotorcycles.com





Olivia

"Well, I've finished with the dusting. Will there be anything else?"



**FAREWELL TO THE
ELVIS PRESLEY
OF PINUPS**

REMEMBERING BETTIE PAGE



P

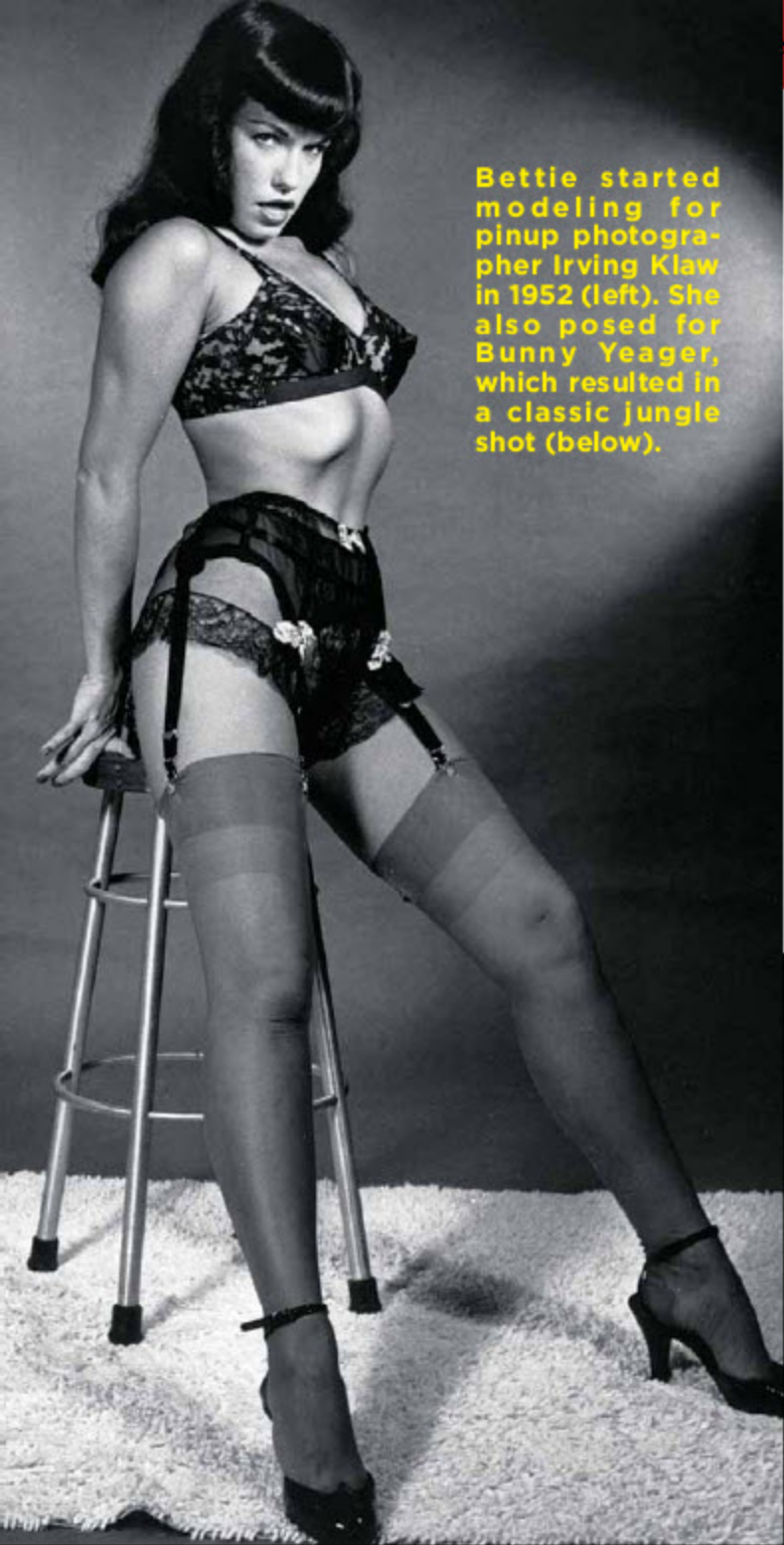
By Neal Gabler

Perhaps the two most remarkable things about Bettie Page, the raven-haired sex siren who died last December at the age of 85, were, first, that people who didn't know her name could nevertheless instantly recognize her iconic image with the bangs and the expansive smile and the shapely leopard-skin-bikini-clad (or unclad) figure and, second, that so many people *did* know her name, enough that she was eulogized with long appreciations in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and the *Los Angeles Times* among many other publications. For a time, in the 1950s, Bettie was the American equivalent of the models on French postcards—the girl who fired more secret adolescent fantasies than any other woman. But unlike those French models, who were nameless and faded into oblivion in part because sex was considered shameful, Bettie Page was Bettie Page (or actually Betty Page, since her name was usually misspelled in films and magazines), her identity a kind of declaration not only that Bettie had arrived but that sex had too. Bettie was the Elvis Presley of sex. Just as he arose from the dangerous musical margins of black blues that separated him from the conventional crooners of his day, Bettie arose from the sexual demimonde that separated her from the brassy Hollywood bombshells, and just as Presley finally crashed into superstardom, Bettie became the first girlie superstar. Though she never attained the mainstream megastardom Presley did, she might have done as much as anyone to drag sex out of the shadows and into the light of day.

In some ways she was an unlikely candidate for sexual superstardom, much less for sexual



Back at Hume-Fogg High School, in Nashville, Tennessee, Bettie got her introduction to publishing as co-editor of the school newspaper, *The Fogg-Horn*. She graduated in 1940 but wasn't named valedictorian because of a B in an art class. That cost her a scholarship and affected her deeply.



Bettie started modeling for pinup photographer Irving Klaw in 1952 (left). She also posed for Bunny Yeager, which resulted in a classic jungle shot (below).



trailblazing. Though pretty, she wasn't classically beautiful. One eye drooped slightly, and both eyes were smallish under high, arching brows that made them seem even smaller. She wasn't statuesque, either. If anything, she was lithe. Her figure was a perfect 36-23-35, but her breasts were not hard and bomb shaped like today's silicone versions, and she confessed that before her period they could get soft, as she lamented they had been for her famous *PLAYBOY* Centerfold of January 1955. (It takes a real professional to be that aware of her body.) She didn't have the typical attitude of the girlie star. In her movies she doesn't undulate so much as wiggle. She wasn't pouty, sultry, coy or seductive, though she occasionally affected those poses. But when she narrowed her eyes, puckered her mouth and cooed, she seemed to parody sex rather than embody it. At best she was what used to be called saucy.

Still, Bettie did have something beyond sauciness that catapulted her into stardom from the ranks of the girlie models who pranced about in their lingerie in *Titter, Flirt, Stare, Bold Girls!* and the other déclassé men's magazines of the 1950s. What Bettie had in abundance was joie de vivre. This was a girl who clearly liked being in front of the camera, liked to show herself off, liked her body, liked the whole idea of men watching her and liked sex. Her most prominent feature wasn't her bosom, though her bosom was certainly attractive; it was that vast smile of hers, her lips glistening with lipstick and revealing an expanse of perfect teeth. In her films and photos Bettie is almost always smiling. She is one happy, happy lady.



Bettie often played the victim in Klaw's photographs and short films. Above, she poses with another of Klaw's favorite models, Roz Greenwood. "Page is the rage" is how one magazine described her.

From her personal history, Bettie Page would seem to have had nothing much to smile about, which is one reason why her joy was so powerfully expressed. She was born on April 22, 1923 in Nashville, but her family was nomadic, moving wherever her auto-mechanic father could find a job to support his wife and six children. Trying to get from Texas back to Tennessee during the Depression, Roy Page stole a police car, was arrested and was sentenced to the penitentiary in Atlanta. To add to the Dickensian drama, Bettie would later claim he had molested her. After his incarceration Bettie and her sisters were placed in an orphanage because their mother couldn't support them. It was here, Bettie said, that she learned how to pose by playing a game called program, in which a girl would stand in the center of a circle while other girls called out roles for her to play.

She eventually found her bliss not in her beauty but in her brains. She was the salutatorian at Hume-Fogg High School in Nashville, losing valedictorian because of a B in an art class. She called this a life-changing event because the valedictorian received a full scholarship to Vanderbilt. Losing the scholarship, Bettie said, she lost her ambition and

"I never thought I was incredibly attractive," Bettie told *PLAYBOY* in 2007. "Sometimes I used to imagine the camera was my boyfriend and I was making love to him."



for another screen test, opting to return to Nashville with Neal—but the movies were never really her *métier* anyway. She was probably too unaffected for Hollywood, too joyously unself-conscious. The mainstream Hollywood sex symbols at the time were bigger and brassier than Bettie and more outré; it was almost as if a woman had to be blonde, buxom and bejeweled to broadcast her sexuality and warn mortal men of her danger—a stereotype Marilyn Monroe eventually managed to spoof and defuse. The bombshells were also more self-aware than Bettie. Monroe may have been typecast as a dumb blonde, but on-screen and off she was always alert to her effect, always sensitive to her needs; she was clever and surreptitiously willful. Bettie, however, was openly compliant, both in her life and in her photos. There was no calculation about her, not even much intention. "After losing out as valedictorian, for some reason I took whatever life gave me," she once said. Another time she said she had

will. Instead, she attended the lesser George Peabody College for Teachers, directly across the street from Vanderbilt, graduated and briefly taught school, admitting she had a hard time keeping the boys in line.

Her life took an important turn right before she left for Peabody, when Billy Neal, a local high school football star, wolf whistled at her while he cruised by in a convertible with a friend, beginning a romance that culminated in marriage. (She was wed in a black dress in a five-minute ceremony on a Saturday morning, which, she would say, clearly expressed her ambivalence about her matrimony.) She joined Neal in northern California, where he was stationed during World War II before he shipped out with the Navy to the Pacific, and it was while she was in San Francisco, working as a secretary and doing some modeling, that she was discovered by Art Grayson, a window washer who had done some directing in silent movies. Grayson sent Bettie's photo to 20th Century Fox and got her a screen test, which she failed because, she said, they made her up like Joan Crawford, in an exotic, glamorous look that contradicted her homespun beauty.

Bettie never made it in Hollywood—to her everlasting regret, she ignored an invitation from Warner Bros.



Bunny Yeager captured several sides of Bettie, from the sexy beach bunny (left) to the innocent Bettie with a stuffed animal (above). The duo worked together (right) producing classic images in the mid-1950s during Bettie's peak modeling years.



started modeling only because “I could make more money in two hours as a model than in 40 hours as a secretary.” Despite appearances on *The Jackie Gleason Show* and in several off-Broadway productions, she dismissed ideas that she ever had any ambitions as an actress or as anything else, for that matter.

Bettie’s real medium was photography, in which her compliance was a virtue. After the war, she and Neal divorced, and Bettie wound up in New York, where she was spotted in Central Park or at Coney Island or on Jones Beach (the stories vary) in the early 1950s by Jerry Tibbs, a muscular policeman who was also an amateur photographer. Tibbs introduced Bettie to “camera clubs” where models posed



How many pinup stars inspire their own fanzine? Bettie’s fame launched *The Betty Pages*, devoted to photographs of and information about Bettie.

for members. He also convinced Bettie to mask her high forehead with the bangs that would become her trademark.

As a poser, Bettie was a natural. The seductiveness in her photos might have been faked; the joy was real. Bettie found liberation in front of the camera, and her pictures were her fantasy just as surely as they were the fantasy of the men who looked at them. Her own romantic life was bleak. The love of her life, a handsome Peruvian, turned out to be married, and during her peak years as a model in New York, Bettie later said, “I had less sex than at any other time of my life.” The camera was her sex and her release. “Nobody knew it, but sometimes



Bettie’s 3-D photos were a high-tech sensation back in the 1950s. But the Queen of Pinups didn’t need gimmicks—she could make a telephone look sexy.



I used to imagine the camera was my boyfriend and I was making love to him,” she told *PLAYBOY* in 2007.

It showed. What Bettie couldn’t achieve in Hollywood, she achieved in the world of silent girlie films and bondage photos and movies in which her playfulness distinguished her. The Josef von Sternberg to Bettie’s Marlene Dietrich was a portly, balding entrepreneur named Irving Klaw, who, with his sister Paula, made his living in an office on New York’s East 14th Street, selling photos of movie stars until the Klaws discovered a market for silent films and photos of young women in lingerie gyrating for the camera or of women bound and gagged. Bettie began as a Klaw model in 1952. Within a short time, though, Klaw’s customers recognized the woman with the long black tresses falling halfway down her back, the bangs, the smile and the palpable sexual joy as the Queen of Curves or the Dark Angel or the Queen of Bondage or Miss Pinup Girl of the World,



Bettie was a favorite of “camera club” photographers—hobbyists who photographed her around New York or at the beach. They published their photos in so-called “nature” magazines.

in the same way an earlier generation of moviegoers had identified an unknown comedian as the Tramp or a winsome young actress as the Girl With the Curls. And inevitably, just as the Tramp rapidly emerged as Charlie Chaplin and the Girl With the Curls as Mary Pickford, the Queen of Curves became known as Bettie Page. Her fans discovered and anointed her. "Page is the rage" was how one magazine put it.

But it was by any standard an odd sort of stardom, the stardom of the sexual netherworld. There would be no big-budget Technicolor movies for Bettie Page. (There was barely a talkie, only Klaw's cheesy *Varietease*, a burlesque film in which Bettie does a dance of the four veils, and its equally cheesy sequel, *Teaserama*.) There would be no publicity campaigns, no interviews in glossy



Before her death Bettie told *PLAYBOY*, "I have fan clubs and get letters all the time from young girls, saying they look up to me, that I helped them lose their inhibitions by posing nude."



Bettie found a new audience in the 1980s when Dave Stevens made her the centerpiece of his *Rocketeer* comics (above).

magazines, no gossip about her in the major columns, not even the kind of titting mainstream notoriety that strippers Lili St. Cyr and Gypsy Rose Lee attracted. The general public wouldn't know her name. Bettie was a star sub rosa—a star of eight-millimeter peep-show movies and tawdry men's magazines. She wasn't fit for polite society.

Viewing Bettie's short Klaw films today is like taking a time machine to an ancient past. Even the titles seem antediluvian: *Peppy Graceful Dance*, *Joyful Dance by Betty*, *Betty's Clown Dance* (with a clown doll), *Betty's Lingerie Tease Dance*, *Return of the Teaser Girl*. Despite those titles Bettie really doesn't dance. She shimmies, shakes her rump, kicks her legs, bumps and grinds, tosses her head and runs her fingers through her hair, blows kisses to the camera, fiddles with her nylons and, of course, smiles—always smiles. She typically wears black nylon stockings, stiletto heels, evening gloves and a brassiere and panties, both generously cut to (concluded on page 92)



THE PLAYBOY BAR: GIN

THE JUICE ON THE JUICE

Picture a small London laboratory in the early 1800s. Inside, a pharmacist is at work. His name is James Burrough, and he's known to locals for bizarre elixirs like "artificial asses' milk." Burrough is making gin. It's a new idea in London. By steeping grain alcohol with exotic botanicals available in the city for the first time—juniper berries from Italy, citrus peels from Spain, almonds from Eastern Europe—a distiller could make a marvelous potion. Juniper berries were believed to ward off worm infestation and hemorrhoids. Other distillers, like Charles Tanqueray and Alexander Gordon, were also perfecting recipes for what is now known as London dry gin. Burrough named his gin Beefeater after the fat men who guarded the Tower of London. Nowadays when you walk into a liquor store and buy Beefeater, Tanqueray or Gordon's London dry gin, you're buying the exact recipes those tinkers perfected so many years ago. They won't cure hemorrhoids, but they'll do wonders for your disposition.

FOR HIM: GIMLET

We use the recipe from Raymond Chandler's novel *The Long Goodbye*: "A real gimlet is half gin and half Rose's Lime Juice and nothing else."

1 shot gin
1 shot Rose's Lime Juice
Shake with ice, and strain into a chilled cocktail glass.

FOR THE PARTY: NEGRONI

Anyone who has traveled in Italy knows how well this cocktail works as an aperitif. It's also great for parties because it has three equally matched ingredients—easy to make by the glass or the pitcher.

1 part gin
1 part Campari
1 part sweet vermouth
Shake with ice, and dump with the ice into a rocks glass. Garnish with a slice of orange peel.

FOR HER: MARTIN MILLER'S GIN REVOLUTION

Created by Niccole Trzaska of the Stone Rose Lounge in New York.

1½ oz. Martin Miller's gin
1 oz. Cointreau
½ oz. fresh lemon juice
1 egg white

Regans' orange bitters

Shake all but the bitters vigorously with ice, and strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Add a dash of the bitters on top.



TASTEMAKERS

Gin is basically vodka infused with the flavor of eclectic botanicals harvested from all over the globe. To wit, the 10 flavoring agents distilled into a bottle of Bombay Sapphire: almonds and lemon peel from Spain, licorice root from China, juniper berries (gin's most characteristic flavor) and orrisroot from Italy, angelica root from Saxony, coriander seeds from Morocco, cassia bark from Indochina, cubeb berries from Java and *afromum melegueta* ("grains of paradise") from west Africa.

MIXED DRINKS

The prevailing wisdom with mixed drinks is to combine cheap mixers with cheaper swill. But there's no reason you can't raise the level of a simple gin and tonic. We recommend a strongly flavored gin, such as Beefeater, so the botanicals come through, and quality mixers. Juice can be freshly squeezed. Always go for bottled tonic water, not the junk they shoot out of a gun. Try Q Tonic (pictured), made with quinine from bark handpicked in the Andes mountains and sweetened with agave rather than high-fructose corn glop.

GIN BY ANY OTHER NAME

Not all gin is London dry gin. There's old tom gin, a sweetened version popular in the 19th century that you can still buy in England. Sloe gin is a completely different beast—a reddish-brown liqueur made with sloe berries and used in cocktails like the corvette and the fast buck. You can still find some Dutch gin, or *genever*, in American bars—look for the brands Damrak and Van Gogh. Here in the States we have a few boutique gins: Try the wonderfully crisp Distillery No. 209 (pictured), made at a Napa Valley winery.

"I LIKE
TO HAVE A
MARTINI, / BUT
ONLY TWO
AT THE
MOST. / AFTER
THREE I'M
UNDER THE
TABLE. / AFTER
FOUR I'M
UNDER MY
HOST."

—Dorothy
Parker



ON THE MARTINI

It has been called "the only American invention as perfect as the sonnet" (H.L. Mencken) and "the supreme American gift to the world" (Bernard DeVoto). Legend has it the martini dates back to the 19th century, when a bartender named "Professor" Jerry Thomas mixed old tom gin with sweet vermouth and some other ingredients. He called the drink the martinez

cocktail. The martini didn't resemble today's "see-through" until the 1930s. What we love most about the martini is its simplicity (chilled gin with however much dry vermouth you wish) and its flexibility. Like a good set of tires, it performs beautifully whether it's dry, moist or sopping wet. Twist? Olives? Up? Rocks? Dirty? We love them all. Our favorite martini gin is

Plymouth because of its complexity and balance; no single botanical jumps to the fore. If you can't taste the vermouth, in our opinion you're not drinking a martini. We keep glasses and a shaker of ice in the freezer at all times—at home and at the office. And we embrace the vigorous shake, which leaves shardlike chips of ice atop a freezing-cold glassful.



MY PURSUIT OF WOMEN

THE HILLIKER CURSE

BY
JAMES ELLROY

HIS MOTHER
WAS MURDERED WHEN
HE WAS 10.

FIFTY YEARS LATER
HE'S STILL
LOOKING FOR HER.

A MULTIPART MEMOIR
FROM THE BEST-SELLING
AUTHOR OF *L.A.*
CONFIDENTIAL AND
AMERICAN TABLOID

So women will love me.
It defines my life from my 10th birthday on. I invoked The Curse half a century ago. The near-immediate results have kept me in near-continuous dialogue and redress. I write stories to console her, a phantom. She is ubiquitous and never familiar. Other women loom flesh-and-blood. They have their stories. Their touch has saved me in varying increments and allowed me to survive my insane appetite and ambition. They have withstood my recklessness and predation. I have resisted their rebukes. My storytelling gifts are imperiously strong and rooted in the moment that I wished my mother dead. Women give me the world and hold the world tenuously safe for me. I cannot go to Them to find Her much longer. Their story must eclipse Hers in volume and content. I must honor Them and distinguish each one from Her. My pursuit has been both raw and discerning. The latter comforts me now. There were always grace notes along with the hunger.

It's been a fever dream. I must decorously decode it. If I address them with candor, they'll cut me loose of the fury. They'll find me alone and talk to me in the dark.

I.

The numbers don't matter. It's not a body count, a scratch-pad list or a boast. Girlfriends, wives, one-night stands, paid companions. Chaste early figures. A high-stat blitz later on. Quantity means shit in my case. *Culminated* contact means less than that. I was a watcher at the get-go. Visual access meant capture. The Curse incubated my narrative gift. My voyeur's eye pre-honed it. I lived a kiddie version of the twisted heroes I created 30 years hence.

We're looking. We're eyeball-arched and orbiting in orbit. We're watching women. We want something enormous. My heroes don't know

it yet. Their virginal creator has not a clue. We don't know that we're reading personae. We're looking so that we can stop looking. We crave the moral value of one woman. We'll know Her when we see Her. In the meantime, we'll look.

A document establishes my early fixation. It's dated 2/17/55. It predates *The Curse* by three years. It's a playground shot in Kodak black and white.

A jungle gym, two slides and a sandbox clutter the foreground. I'm standing alone, stage left. I'm Lurch-like big and unkempt. My upheaval is evident. A stranger would mark me as a fucked-up child in everyday duress. I have beady eyes. They're fixed on four girls, huddled stage right. The photo is rife with objects and children in lighthearted movement. I'm coiled in pure study. My scrutiny is staggeringly intense. I'll re-read my mind then, 54 years back.

These four girls stand in as *The Other*. I'm a pious Lutheran boy. There can be only one. Is it her, her, her or Her?

I think my mother took the picture. Another parent would have cropped out the freako little boy. Jean Hilliker at 39. The pale skin and red hair, center-parted and tied back. My features and fierce eyes and a sure grace that I have never possessed.

The photo is a window-sill carving. I was still too young to roam unfettered and press my face up to the glass. My parents separated later that year. Jean Hilliker put my dad on skates and rolled him to a cheap pad a few blocks away. I snuck out for quick visits. High shrubs and drawn shades blocked my views en route. My mother told me that my

father was spying on her. She sensed it. She said she saw smudge marks on her bedroom window. I read the divorce file years later. My father copped to peeping. He said he peeped to assess my mother's indigenous moral sloth.

He saw her having sex with a man. It did not legally justify his presence at her window. Windows were beacons. I knew it in my crazed-child rush to *The Curse*. I entered houses *through* windows a decade hence. I never left smudge marks. My mother and father taught me that.

XXXXX

She had the stones. He had the bunco-artist gab and the grin. She always worked. He dodged work and schemed like Sergeant Bilko and the Kingfish on *Amos 'n' Andy*. The pastor at my church called him the world's laziest white man. He had a 16-inch *schlong*. It dangled out of his shorts. All his friends talked about it. This is not a wacked-out child's reconstruction.

Jean Hilliker got bourbon-bombed and blasted the Brahms concertos. Armand Ellroy subscribed to scandal rags and skin magazines. I got two days a week with him. He let me stare out his front window and fuck with his binoculars. My ninth birthday arrived. My mother got me a new church suit. My dad asked me what I wanted. I said

I wanted a pair of X-ray-eye glasses. I saw them advertised in a comic book.

He yukked and said okay. He sent a buck in through the U.S. mail. I couldn't track the sale. I had to trust the manufacturer's honor and efficacy.

It was 1957. Things moved *sloooow* then. I waited.

It's the Season of My Discombobulation. It's winging into the Withering Winter of My Dipshit Discontent. I was agitated. I sat in my mother's clothes closet. I loved the smell of her lingerie and nurses' uniforms. I was dreading Christmas. My mother had scheduled a trip to Madison, Wisconsin. We were going to see her sister. Aunt Leoda had married a Catholic. My dad thought she was Red.

The X-ray-eye glasses arrived.

I unwrapped the package and put them on. I squinted through turquoise-colored cellophane.

The walls didn't melt. I couldn't see the criss-crossed beams under the plaster. My dad laughed at me. Sandra Danner's house was three blocks away. I sprinted there, full tilt.

Sandy and her mom were stringing up Christmas lights. I put my glasses on and stared at them. They laughed at me. Sandy touched her head and twirled a finger. It was '50s-speak for *He Craaaaazy*.

The glasses were a shuck. I ran back to the pad. My dad was still laughing. I ripped the glasses into shreds of cardboard and cellophane. My dad gave me my consolation prize: a new baseball. I chucked it out the window. My dad

yukked and told me to shake a leg. We were going to a movie up in Hollywood. My flight back east was tonight.

The flick was called *Plunder Road*. Psycho losers loot a train loaded with gold bullion. Two of the guys had zaftig girlfriends. They wore tight blouses and pedal pushers. The theater was near-empty. I moved closer for a better orb on the chicks. My dad lobbed Jordan Almonds at my head and chortled.

The heist went bad. The Main Loser and the Main Babe welded the bullion to the front bumper of her car and chrome-plated it. They headed out to TJ on the Hollywood Freeway. Malign fate intervened. The Main Loser and Main Babe got in a fender bender. An alert cop noticed the gold underplating and wasted the Main Loser's ass. The Main Babe pitched some boohoo. Her big chi-chis shook.

The movie spooked me. My wig was loose. I didn't want to fly to Dogdick, Wisconsin. My dad strolled me down Hollywood side streets and cut north on Cherokee. He installed me on the front steps of a building. He said he'd be inside for an hour. He gave me a comic book and said don't roam.

I was a dirty-minded-child-with-a-religious-streak. My shit detector clicked in, resultantly. I heard my dad use the term *fuck pad*. I concluded this: (continued on page 106)



My mother told me that my father was spying on her. He saw her having sex with a man. It did not legally justify his presence at her window. Windows were beacons. I knew it in my crazed-child rush to *The Curse*.

THE WAIT

HEY! THE RECORD COMPANY CPS HAS JUST RE-RELEASED "BLUE TARMAC" BY ZZ PLIF FROM 1998! I'M GOING TO TRY TO DOWNLOAD IT FROM THE NET...

MMM, WHY DON'T YOU TRY SOME OF THIS?

HOLD ON, I'M NEARLY FINISHED.



HEH, HEH! THERE IT IS! THIS WON'T TAKE A MINUTE.

DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT I HAVE HERE?

UH-HUH. HOLD ON, I'M NEARLY FINISHED.



CAN YOU FEEL THIS?

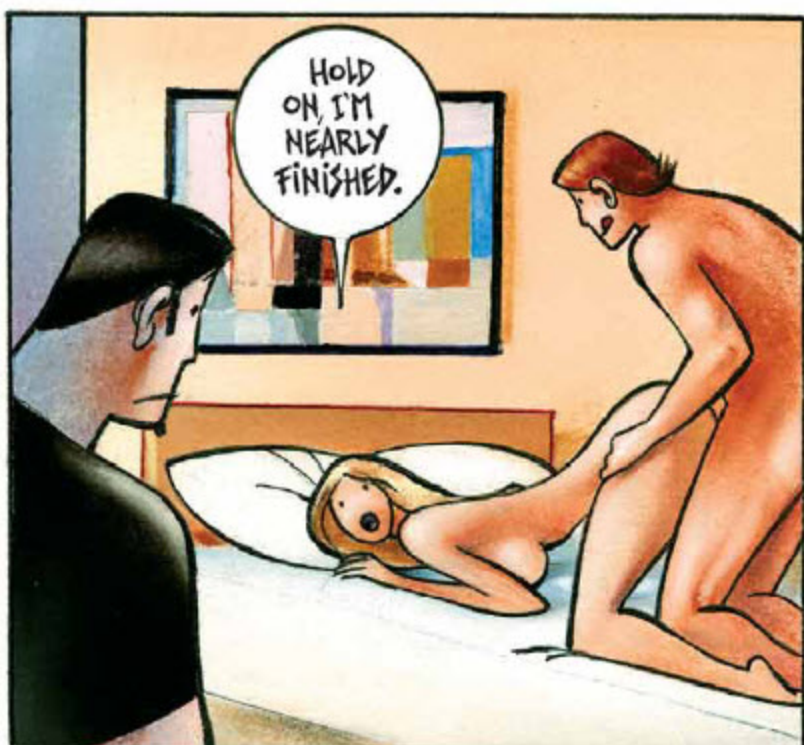
WOW, THERE'S A WHOLE PILE OF DIFFERENT VERSIONS! HOLD ON, BABE, I'M NEARLY FINISHED.



WELL, LUCY, THAT'S THAT! YOU WANNA MAKE OUT?



HOLD ON, I'M NEARLY FINISHED.




JUAN IVAREZ & JORGE G



HOPE & DREAMS

The sky's the limit for stunning Miss April



Remember back in high school there was that one girl who stood out for all the right reasons? She was smart, dressed a cut above the rest and was stunningly beautiful. She was funny and confident. She wore high heels. She had it all. At Hope High School in tiny Port Lavaca, Texas in the late 1990s, that girl was Hope Dworaczyk. That the school's name matched her own was a coincidence, though it really did seem as if it had been named for this one student. Hope's grandma was the principal, to boot. People looked at the statuesque teenager and said, "Hey, she could be a model."

You always wonder what becomes of the It girl. Does she end up with her own episode of *Intervention*? Does she fill her trunk with junk and become a leg breaker for the Mob? You never know. For Hope, happily, things went just as planned.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA



HOPE & DREAMS

The sky's the limit for stunning Miss April

Remember back in high school there was that one girl who stood out for all the right reasons? She was smart, dressed a cut above the rest and was stunningly beautiful. She was funny and confident. She wore high heels. She had it all. At Hope High School in tiny Port Lavaca, Texas in the late 1990s, that girl was Hope Dworaczyk. That the school's name matched her own was a coincidence, though it really did seem as if it had been named for this one student. Hope's grandma was the principal, to boot. People looked at the statuesque teenager and said, "Hey, she could be a model."

You always wonder what becomes of the It girl. Does she end up with her own episode of *Intervention*? Does she fill her trunk with junk and become a leg breaker for the Mob? You never know. For Hope, happily, things went just as planned.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEPHEN WANDA



She won a Texas beauty pageant. She aced her accelerated-studies program and graduated early, at the age of 16, then got an agent and started modeling professionally. She had the balls—let's rephrase that, the *poise*—to blossom into a successful überbeauty. Today the 24-year-old is a fashion model and a host of the Canadian television series *Inside Fashion*. She's also Miss April 2009.

Of course, Hope is a jet-setter. She walks the catwalk at Fashion Week in New York and Fashion Week Swim in Miami Beach, among other gigs, and travels constantly for her TV job. "We're at random boutiques, different fashion weeks and certain flagship stores," she says. "Whenever a designer launches new things, we're there. We have studios in Las Vegas, New York, Toronto and all over Canada." She got the job after meeting the producers backstage at a show where she was doing runway work. They asked if she had any hosting experience. "Well, no," she said, "but I'm pretty sure I can do it." Hope did a test shoot and signed on. That was two years ago. Now she's on the road so often, she doesn't call anywhere home. "I love my job so much that it's not like a job to me," she says.

What is work, though, is keeping track of her formidable wardrobe, which is scattered over several cities but stashed primarily in big wardrobe racks in New York and Los Angeles. "It's embarrassing, but I have more than 250 pairs of shoes," Hope says. "Stilettos are my thing. I promise you I do not own a pair of flip-flops."

When it comes to guys, Hope says she likes someone with style and soul. "I appreciate a man who's polished," she says. "You can be casual and do your own thing, be who you want to be. But at night let's step it up a notch. I'm also really attracted to smart people. If you tell me you went to a certain school or something like that, suddenly you have my attention. Funny guys are so fun to hang with too; I'll let you wear flip-flops if you make me laugh. I also like mama's boys because if they're good to their mother, they'll be good to me."

Hope says she keeps around a nice group of spontaneous, fun-loving people who ground her. "I think I'm pretty down-to-earth," she says. "I am a Southern girl who just happens to be bicoastal and work internationally. I hope to balance an entertainment and fashion career with the perfect guy. I am such a romantic and believe in true love, but I think I can have my career as well. I really want to move into hosting something based in America, so that's in the works right now. We'll see."

Miss April pauses and smiles. "I want it all."



Above: Hope interviewing fashion designer Richie Rich (who designed last year's Playmate of the Year dress) for her television show, *Inside Fashion*. **Left:** Miss April struts down the runway for a Lana Fuchs show. "I love my job so much that it's not like a job to me," she says.





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

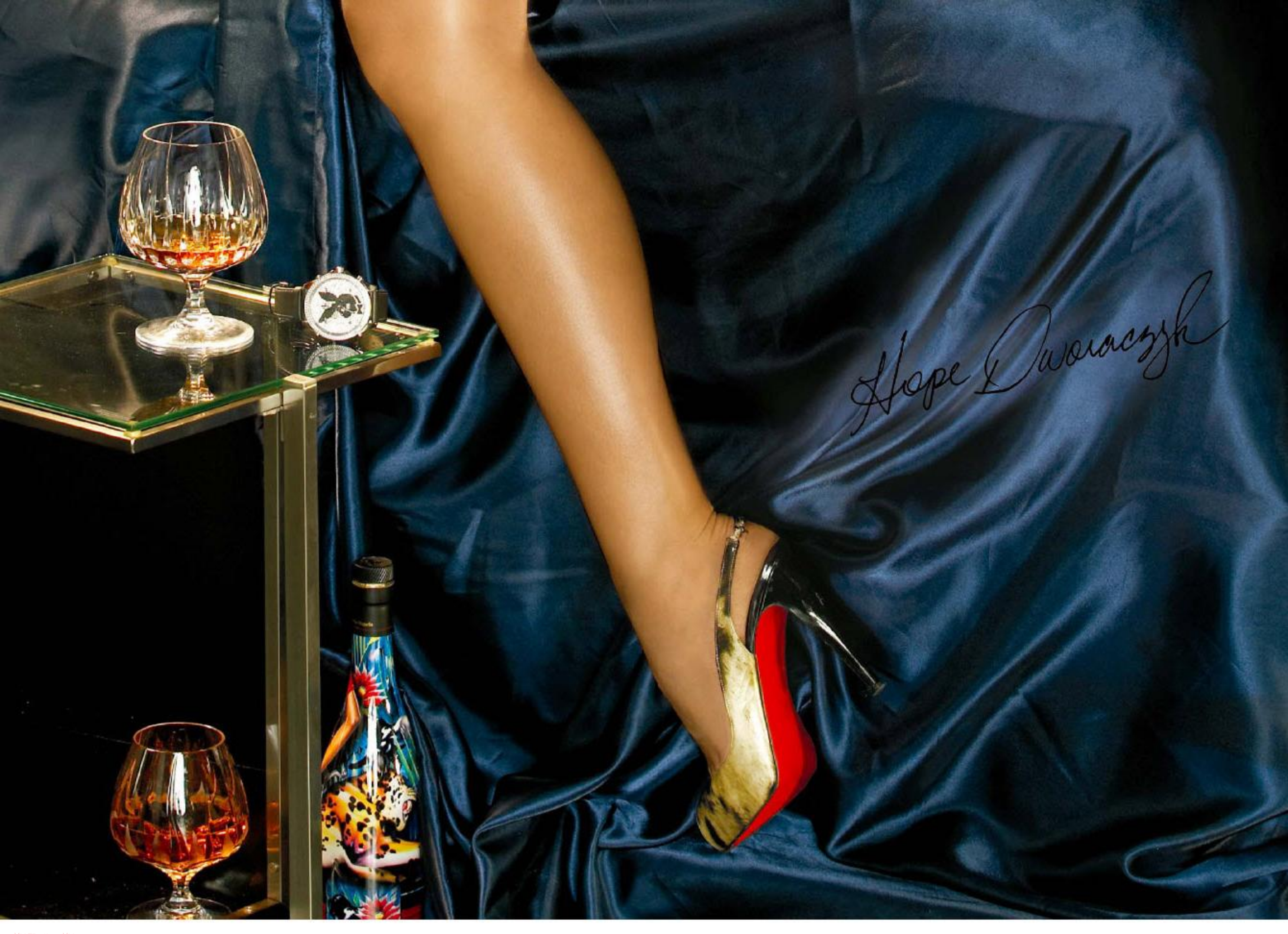


MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Hope Dworaczka

MISS APRIL

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Hope Dworaczynski

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A boy wanted to go to the zoo and pestered his mother for days. Finally, she talked his reluctant father into taking the boy to see some animals.

"So how was it?" his mother asked when they returned home.

"Great," the boy replied.

"What was your favorite part?" his mother asked.

The boy answered, "When one of the horses came home at 30 to 1!"

Why is a vagina better than an off-the-rack suit?

One size fits all, and no one complains if it's a little tight.



What happened to the couple who didn't know the difference between K-Y Jelly and window putty?

Their windows fell out.

A Palestinian suspect was being grilled by Israeli police. "Honest, I'm not a suicide bomber," he said. "I didn't say I wanted to blow myself up so I could sleep with 72 virgins. All I said was 'I'm dying to get laid!'"

A local newspaper reports that a hole has been found in a nudist-camp wall. The police are looking into it.

While a man was reading a book, he reached over and gently fingered his wife. Excited, she asked, "Do you want to get it on?"

"Nah," the man replied. "I just needed to wet my fingers to turn the page."

My boyfriend is going to die of syphilis," mumbled an angry woman to her friend.

"No," her friend said, "people don't die of syphilis anymore."

The woman replied, "They do when they give it to me!"

Two old women met for coffee downtown.

"Did you come on the bus?" the first asked.

"Yes," said the second, "but I made it look like an asthma attack."

What do you call a guy with a one-inch dick? Justin.

Even in this recession my wife keeps asking me for more and more money," a husband complained to his friend.

"And what does she do with all the money?" the friend asked.

"I don't know," the husband said. "I haven't given her any yet."

A man and his ever-nagging wife went on vacation to Jerusalem. While they were there, the wife died. The undertaker told the husband, "You can have her shipped home for \$5,000 or bury her here in the Holy Land for \$150."

The man thought about it and told him he would just have her shipped home. The undertaker asked, "Why would you spend \$5,000 to ship your wife home when it would be wonderful to be buried here and you would spend only \$150?"

The man replied, "Long ago a man died and was buried here, and three days later he rose from the dead. I just can't take that chance."



Three contractors were bidding to fix a broken fence at the White House. The first contractor said, "I figure the job will run about \$900—\$400 for materials, \$400 for my crew and \$100 profit for me."

The second contractor announced, "I can do this job for \$700—\$300 for materials, \$300 for my crew and \$100 profit for me."

The third contractor leaned over to the White House official and whispered, "\$2,700."

The incredulous White House official asked him, "How did you come up with such a high figure?"

The contractor smiled and said, "\$1,000 for me, \$1,000 for you, and we hire the second guy to fix the fence."

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

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Hope Dworaczyk

BUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 126

BIRTH DATE: 11-21-84 BIRTHPLACE: Port Lavaca, Texas

AMBITIONS: Continue to host and produce in the fashion and entertainment fields.

TURN-ONS: Intelligence & confidence. Also the ability to make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Narcissism, negativity and insecurity.

MY FIVE FAVORITE FUNNYMEN: Seth Rogen, Vince Vaughn, Chris Rock, Dane Cook and Will Ferrell.

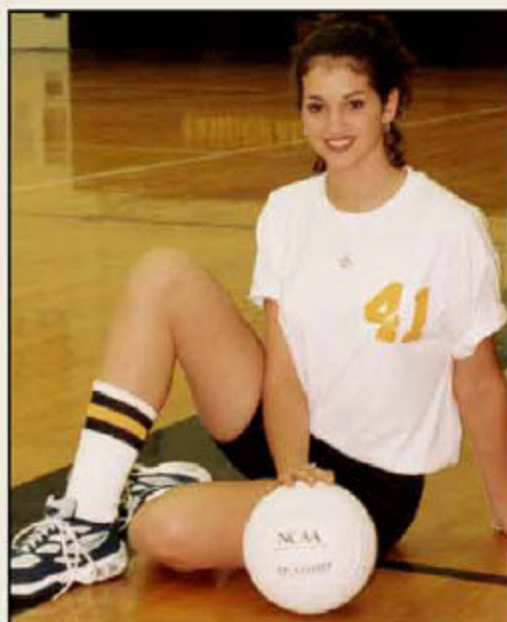
SOMEONE I LOOK UP TO AND WHY: My nana for the wisdom she has shared and the inspiration she continues to be.

WHERE I AM LIKELY TO SETTLE DOWN: Los Angeles or New York. It's impossible to choose between the two!

IF I WEREN'T A MODEL, I WOULD: Work behind the lens as a photographer.



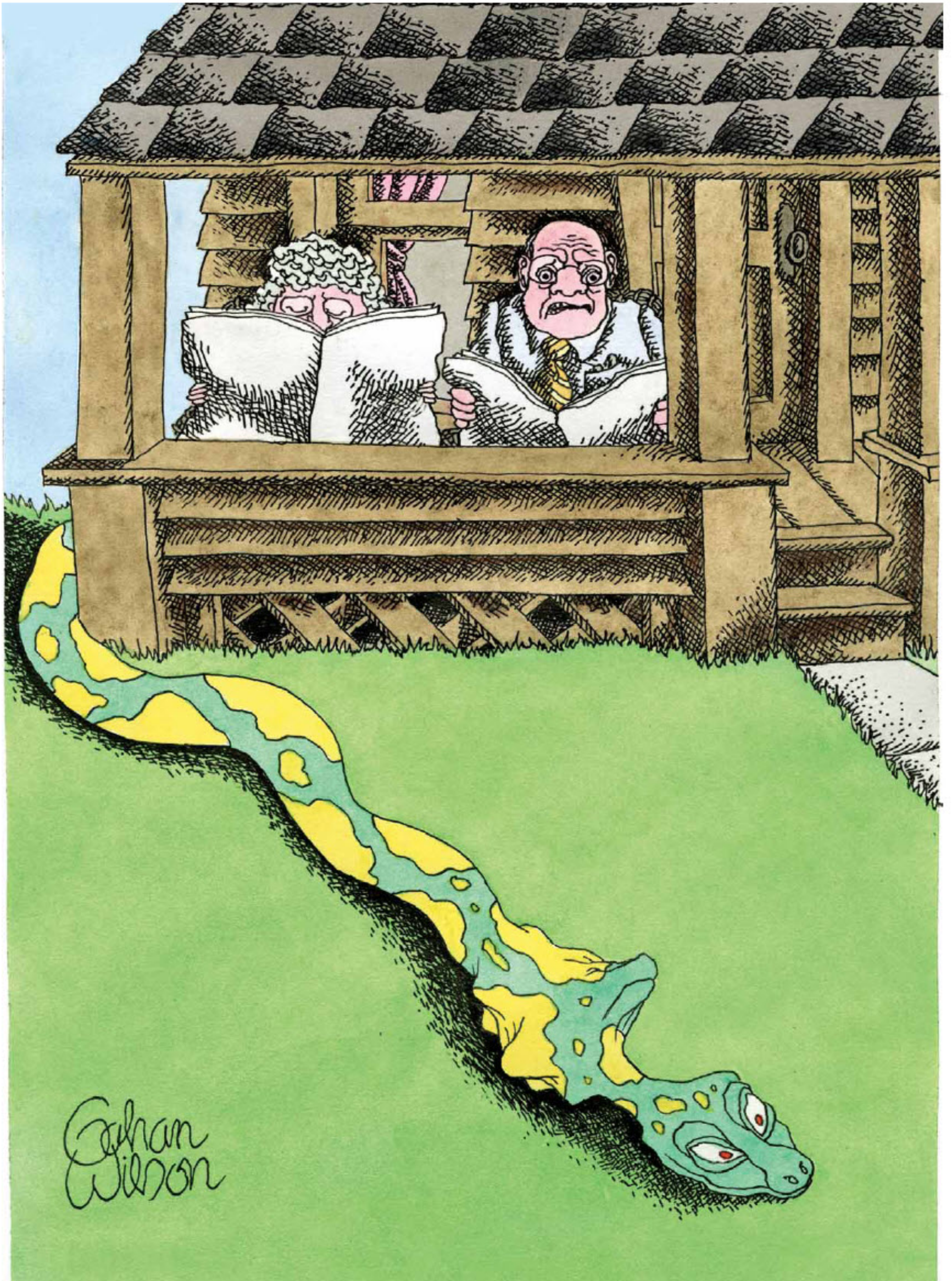
Fourth-grade school photo.



Freshman volleyball photo.



16 years old.



"Uh, dear...have you seen Fluffy?"

The





Bachelor

HE WAS THE STUD OF THE WELL-BRED SET.
NOW HE'S ABOUT TO TAKE THE PLUNGE.
CAN HE FIT IN ONE LAST FLING?

Emerging from the surf, Ginny was amazed to discover A.G. sitting cross-legged on her towel, chatting up her niece. Her first reaction was entirely self-conscious—wondering how she looked dripping wet in her ratty blue Speedo—her first impulse to flee. She hadn't seen him in—what, a couple of years? That night after the Alzheimer's ball, when he'd drunkenly asked her to come to St. Barts. After a quick inventory of her own imperfections, she noticed his paunch. When had that happened? Watching him hit on her niece, interpreting the casual slouch of his posture as he leaned on his elbow, she decided that what was interesting wasn't the belly per se but his lack of self-consciousness, that he'd probably never stoop to suck it in or even count it against himself when he was tabulating his own defects. He still had the same boyish, timeless shock of blond hair—she was quite sure he'd taken it very much to heart when she told him, early on, that he looked like Robert Redford. She could read, even from this distance, the old sense of entitlement, the ease and confidence as he turned his charms on a beautiful young woman half his age. This is what had always, in her mind, saved him from being a caricature, that he deviated just enough from the type—even if it was only a question of scale. In this case the way that his vanity was larger and more impregnable than that of other middle-aged men who obsessively chased younger women, spent hours at the gym or, failing that, risked herniation trying, at crucial moments of presentation, to inhale that extra flesh around their middles. Perhaps she was reading too much into what could be a simple, innocent tableau, but that too was A.G.—the fact that he inspired this kind of hermeneutic. This speculation on Ginny's part was the work of an instant, the interval between two waves breaking around her ankles. Before the second had retreated beneath her feet she felt angry at herself for the intricacy of her speculation, for caring that much. Wasn't it far more likely that he *was* a type, and that the supposed complexity was her own embroidery on a standard pattern? Hadn't he disappointed even the modest hopes she'd invested in him?

She had reason to chastise herself again, approaching them, when she realized that she was the one sucking in her own stomach, but this was mitigated by the pleasure of seeing his reaction when she sat down beside him and shook the salty water from her hair.

"A.G., this is a surprise. I see you've met my niece."

For a man who prided himself on his composure, he was comically discomfited, though he made a valiant recovery, kissing her on the cheek, doing his best to convey the impression that he'd practically been expecting her at any moment. He then excused himself as quickly as one with his exquisite manners could. Ginny had the satisfaction of watching him retreat (continued on page 94)

by
JAY
MCINERNEY

ILLUSTRATION BY GÉRARD DUBOIS

the **S. B. Bernard** **Supremacy**

24'S CARLOS BERNARD IS A COUNTERTERRORISM
AGENT WHO KICKS ASS WITH CLASS

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SERGIO KURHAJEC

"It's pretty much a given that every character is going to bite it," says 24's Carlos Bernard. "I wouldn't even say Jack Bauer will be spared." Despite bullet wounds, car bombs and a lethal injection to the chest, Bernard's rogue agent, Tony Almeida, has found a way to keep on ticking into the show's seventh season. After Kiefer Sutherland's trigger-happy protagonist, Bernard has the longest-running role in the fictional world of 24, a place where Los Angeles has no traffic and nobody ever seems to eat. What viewers will find on 24 is a healthy dose of torture, which caused critics to stamp the show as right-wing. But Bernard is quick to refute this conservative label. "Torture was used as a story mechanism in the context of a thriller," he says. "We weren't trying to condone it any more than we were condoning blowing up the White House."



SUIT (\$695)
BY HART SCHAFFNER MARX

SHIRT (\$125)
BY HART SCHAFFNER MARX

TIE (\$75)
BY HART SCHAFFNER MARX

POCKET SQUARE (\$95)
BY DION



TRENCH COAT (\$398)
BY TOMMY HILFIGER

SUIT (\$595)
BY DKNY

SHIRT (\$125)
BY HART SCHAFFNER MARX

TIE (\$50)
BY KENNETH COLE NEW YORK

BELT (\$30)
BY FLORSHEIM



SUIT (\$895)
BY JOSEPH ABOUD

SHIRT (\$98)
BY JOSEPH ABOUD

POCKET SQUARE (\$55)
BY JOSEPH ABOUD





JACKET (\$325)
BY BANANA REPUBLIC

PANTS (\$150)
BY BANANA REPUBLIC

SHIRT (\$79)
BY BANANA REPUBLIC

POCKET SQUARE (\$38)
BY J.CREW

TIE (\$60)
BY CALVIN KLEIN

SHOES (\$90)
BY ALDO



20

BY STEPHEN REBELLO
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SAM JONES

Amy Smart

CRANK'S SEXIEST STAR TALKS ABOUT THE RIGORS OF POLE DANCING, THE JOY OF SKINNY-DIPPING AND THE EXHILARATION OF PUBLIC SEX

Q1

PLAYBOY: You grew up near Los Angeles, in rustic, bohemian Topanga Canyon—home of hippies and mass murderers. Are your old friends surprised you've gone on to star as the nice girl in movies like *Just Friends* and *Rat Race*, as well as a hot girl up for wild public sex in *Crank*?

SMART: I was independent, a clown who loved to make people laugh. I've always had this playful, curious child inside me. My rebelliousness came out in either spending the night at my friend's house and sneaking out to see boys or just plain sneaking out to see boys. I was good at that.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Good enough not to get caught by your parents?

SMART: One night when I was like 15 or 16 my boyfriend and I went driving, parked and, well, you know, dot, dot, dot. My mom had a sixth sense that I wasn't in the house. At three A.M. I saw headlights coming up the hill and my father driving, looking around in panic and fury. When he was about to drive past my boyfriend's car, I stopped him and said, "I'm okay. Don't worry." I got grounded for a month.

Q3

PLAYBOY: Were you more physical or intellectual growing up?

SMART: I definitely wasn't bookish. I played baseball. I skateboarded. I loved swimming and still do, but that may be because I've always loved skinny-dipping, so much that my boyfriend actually warns people about it. When I was a teenager I'd sneak

out to the rec-center pool with my girlfriends and boys. It was playful, fun and all the stuff you'd imagine it would be.

Q4

PLAYBOY: What do your friends hate about you?

SMART: My favorite thing in the world is scaring people, like hiding behind a door and jumping out when somebody comes home. When I'm supposed to meet a friend in a parking lot and I see they're already in their car, I love to sneak up and slap the windshield.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Despite all your sneaking out of the house, your parents let you enroll in acting classes and go abroad to model.

SMART: I was 18, right out of school, and went to Italy, France and Tahiti. Ali Larter and I met in Milan, where we modeled together, became roommates and bonded for life. I was this shy girl from Topanga, and Ali was outspoken and from New Jersey, but we had the same goals, which were to sightsee and have experiences and fun. We also had the same prudish attitude toward guys. We enjoyed going out to dinner or whatever with very handsome guys, but at the end of the night it was like, "Well, good night." We led them all on. Anyway, later *Varsity Blues* turned out to be the first movie I got noticed in, and Ali certainly got noticed in it too.



Q6

PLAYBOY: You also got attention in *Starsky & Hutch* for a threesome kissing scene with Carmen Electra and Owen Wilson. Carmen has said that you and she really had chemistry in the audition and that she thought she wouldn't mind kissing you.

SMART: It's funny, because I find more women sexy than men, but I prefer to be with men. I don't mind kissing a girl, but when men kiss they do it with much more strength. Women kiss much softer because women are very soft and sensual.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Which famous people do you find sexy?

SMART: Ralph Fiennes is so hot. Seeing him onstage in London and in the movie *In Bruges*, I thought, Yummy. Kate Winslet is such a great actress—sexy, curvy and gorgeous like a Botticelli. Joaquin Phoenix is one of our best actors and definitely sexy—the same for Sean Penn, Brad Pitt and Jude Law. Matt Damon is very hot. He does it for me. When I met him he was the nicest guy, but being around him made me so nervous I had to drink double cosmos all night.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You've ranked high on many magazines' lists of sexiest women. How do you rate yourself?

SMART: The older I get, the more sexy I get. Growing into myself and being happy with the way I am makes me feel sexy. Sexy is not how you look. It's the energy you give off. I like some of my body parts better than others. I've never been a real stickler for having a perfect body. I like to look and feel good, but I'm not obsessed at the gym, because I think women are beautiful when they're womanly and curvy.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your boyfriend is actor Branden Williams, but have you ever temporarily fallen for one of your co-stars—say, Ashton Kutcher, Ryan Reynolds or Jason Statham?

SMART: I've been with the same guy for 15 years, and we've lived together for four. We've had off-and-on periods because life is complicated, but overall it has been great. When you do a movie it's necessary to walk the line between flirting and creating chemistry that works for the film. There's always flirtation. You meet a co-star and think, Oh my God, this could be the most amazing romance ever. But in a couple of weeks, after you get to know them, they turn into just another person, and you're glad you didn't dabble and ruin your real-life relationship.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Which co-star have you most been momentarily tempted to dabble with?

SMART: I love Jason Statham, and we got along so well doing *Crank*. Already being in a relationship offscreen keeps the sparks hot on-screen, though, because when you're making a movie you can't have that co-star. Since it's taboo, you want them more. If you were single, you could just say, "Hey, I'm available. Bring it on." But it was great working again with Jason on *Crank 2: High Voltage*. He's a real gentleman, and we'd already gotten past that getting-to-know-each-other period.

Q11

PLAYBOY: After seeing your funny erotic scene with Statham in the first *Crank*, an adrenaline-charged action movie about a poisoned hit man, some people can't go to Chinatown without thinking about the two of you having public sex all over the place.

SMART: [Laughs] That scene was part of the audition, by the way. They brought in a cute guy for me to read with and wanted us to totally go for it. When we shot the scene with Jason, a part of me was shy about it, but we got past "Do we look hot?" and "Is it funny?" and just did it. *Crank 2: High Voltage* also has a scene like that. They tried to top it.

Q12

PLAYBOY: How does the scene figure into the action?

SMART: *Crank 2* begins a few months after the first movie ends. Obviously, Jason's character doesn't die at the end of *Crank*, and all I can say about the scene is "horse racetrack." It's more comical than the scene in the first movie. If we keep making *Crank* movies, we'll eventually run out of public places and situations. Maybe we'll do bungee sex next.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You play a hit man's girlfriend in these movies. What's your character up to this time?

SMART: She is sexually liberated and has taken up pole dancing professionally, which she finds empowering. She's trying out new things on her own terms. We shot in seedy, nasty clubs in east Los Angeles, and I made sure they sanitized that pole before I did my moves.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Did you have to research those moves, or did they come naturally?

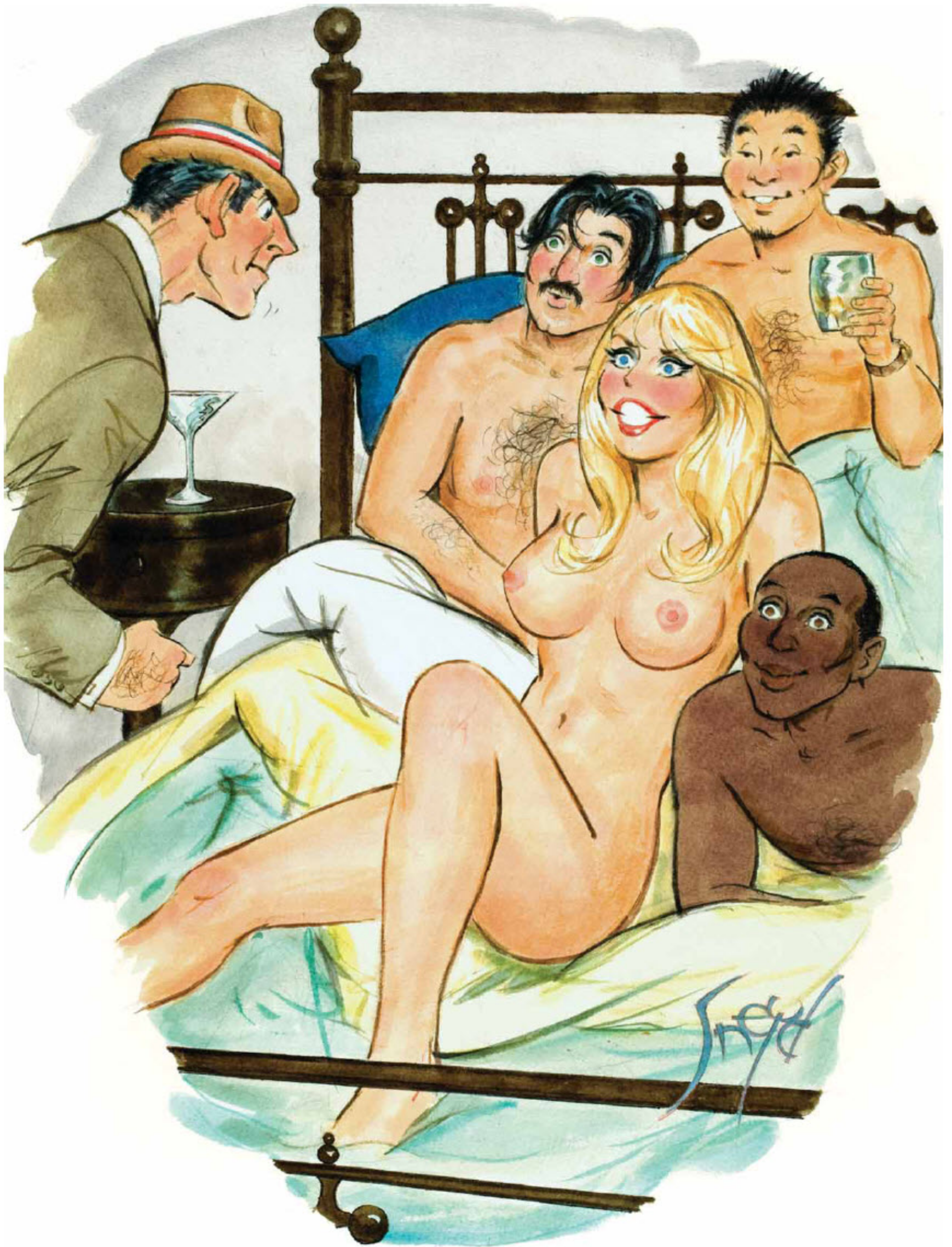


SMART: I talked to several dancers in the clubs, but it was more a matter of watching their body language. Some women are amazing pole dancers. They just have it in their body to be sensual and sexual, and they know how to work it. Unlike some of the women I watched, my character is naive and still having fun with it. She likes showing off and being seen in a sexy way.

Q15

PLAYBOY: Did you show off any of your moves in real life, like to your boyfriend?

SMART: No, because I don't have a pole at my house. People may not realize that to pole dance you have to be a real dancer and very strong. Although I don't pole dance in real life, every part I play is cathartic and allows me to dive into different aspects of myself. (concluded on page 105)



"You knew I was a people person when you married me!"

LIARS & CHEATS & THIEVES

IF THERE'S ANY WONDER WHY OUR ECONOMY NEEDS HELP, TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE HIGH-POWERED PLAYERS WHO'VE SHOWN THEIR TRUE COLORS IN THE PAST YEAR

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

Honesty may be the best policy, but as we've recently seen, dishonesty can fill your pockets with cash. Just one bit of advice: Never let the bubble pop.

ROBERT RUBIN

Bill Clinton's Teflon Treasury secretary has taken hits for his contribution to the current crisis—in particular, for squelching, in 1998, a proposal to regulate mortgage-backed derivatives. But Rubin's rep has suffered from his association with Citigroup, where until his January resignation he was a director with an outsize influence that made him "the Wizard of Oz...pulling on all the strings." One of his ideas: Take bigger risks by getting into structured debt. Citi did—just before the market tanked. Oops! Citi's stock fell 86 percent last year and it's absorbing government cash like a ShamWow, but Rubin remains Teflon-coated, at least in one man's eyes—his. Asked if he made mistakes, he said, "I'm inclined to think probably not."



AIG SCANDAL

Arrogant? Or oblivious? Days after an \$85 billion government takeover kept insurance giant AIG from collapsing, company executives spent \$440,000 on a five-day conference at California's St. Regis resort.



U.S. Department of Justice
Federal Bureau of Investigation

WANTED

By U.S. MARSHALS

Name	ISRAEL, SAMUEL
Sex	MALE
Race	WHITE OR WHITE MIXED
Date of Birth	07/20/1968
Place of Birth	LOUISIANA
Height	5'11"
Weight	190 pounds
Eyes	Brown
Hair	Brown
Scars/Tattoos	Acne, freckles, tattoo on hip (see photo)
Social Security Number	618 45 8771

Subject is wanted by the Southern District of New York for failure to surrender to serve sentence. Subject was sentenced to a federal prison term of 240 months.

Subject should be considered armed and dangerous.

700P91010204

MOBILE TO ARRESTING AGENCY: Before any action is taken through National Crime Information Center (NCIC), it should be determined if subject is wanted by the proper United States Marshal's Office or call the United States Marshal's Service Headquarters at 1-877-WANTED.

SAM ISRAEL

DRIVING HIMSELF TO PRISON TO START A 20-YEAR SENTENCE, THE HEDGE-FUND OPERATOR WHO BILKED INVESTORS OUT OF \$450 MILLION VANISHED, LEAVING ONLY HIS SUV ON A HUDSON RIVER BRIDGE, WITH "SUICIDE IS PAINLESS" WRITTEN ON THE HOOD. BUT ISRAEL WAS MORE SKIPPER THAN JUMPER, AND AFTER HIDING FOR THREE WEEKS AT A MASSACHUSETTS CAMPGROUND, HE DECIDED TO TURN HIMSELF IN.

Ken Lewis

In December Bank of America stockholders believed chairman Ken Lewis when he told them that if they approved September's fire-sale acquisition of a collapsing Merrill Lynch, "Bank of America will have the premier financial-services franchise." At the same time he was saying this, he was learning that Merrill was on its way to a \$15.3 billion loss—a fact he declined to disclose. See you in court, Ken.

WALTER NOEL

THE NOELS OF GREENWICH HAD IT ALL. BUT HEDGE-FUND OPERATOR WALTER NOEL STEERED HIS CLIENTS TO BERNIE MADOFF. LAWSUITS ENSUED. SAYS A SPOKESMAN, "WE PLAN TO FULLY COOPERATE WITH ALL AUTHORITIES." THAT'S NEVER GOOD.



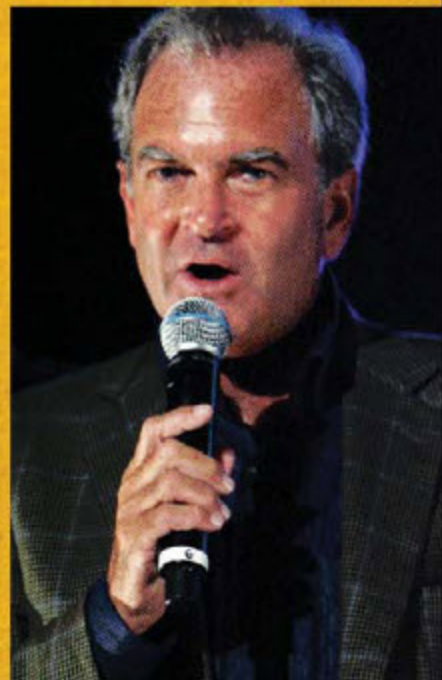
Where does a Gorilla hide: Greenwich or Manhattan?

Dick Fuld

"I'm comfortable with our valuations. We have always had a rigorous internal process." So said the chief executive of Lehman Brothers, nicknamed the Gorilla, in June 2008 in the face of a staggering \$2.8 billion quarterly loss. Well, it seemed staggering then. Three months later, crippled by toxic mortgage debt, the 158-year-old company collapsed completely. In congressional testimony the smug Fuld blamed Washington. The regulators knew what was happening—where was our bailout? Was it fair, a congressman wondered, to keep the \$480 million you got from Lehman over the previous seven years while you steered it off a cliff? No, no, no, Fuld corrected. It was only, like, \$300 million. Days later a disgruntled ex-employee sucker punched Fuld in the company gym.

MARC DREIER

Currently in federal lockup awaiting trial, Dreier was the perfect confidence man because everybody in his circle already had confidence in him. A square-jawed graduate of Yale and Harvard Law, he was famed as both a powerhouse attorney and a conspicuous consumer (houses in the Hamptons, Manhattan and Santa Monica; a Mercedes 500 for New York, an Aston Martin for California and a 121-foot yacht). Last year Dreier fabricated financial reports and hired accomplices to play officers of reputable companies. Then he peddled fake promissory notes from those companies to investors at a steep discount. This swindle lasted only a few months, but in that time he scammed \$380 million. The amount he says is left: \$0.



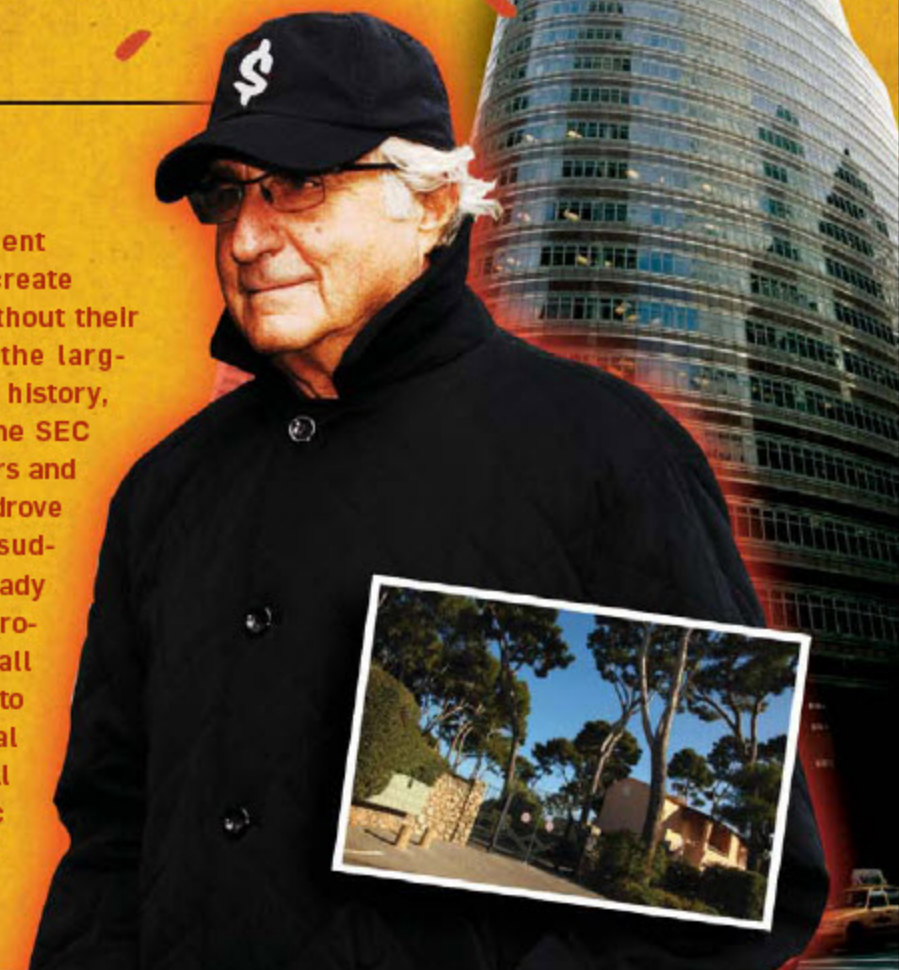
CHRISTOPHER COX

Meet the sleepy sheriff who let the rogues run wild. As chairman of the SEC, Cox helped remove limits on the amount of debt investment banks could carry. Months later none of the five investment banks in his domain remained. Cox's risk-management department could have warned him—if only he hadn't dismantled it.



BERNIE MADOFF

While we're busy blaming the mortgage brokers and investment bankers and lax regulators who combined to create the financial crisis, let's remember this: Without their catastrophe, Bernie Madoff, operator of the largest and longest-running Ponzi scheme in history, would never have been caught. Hey, the SEC examined him eight times over 16 years and never caught a whiff. When the crisis drove Madoff's panicked investors—suddenly dissatisfied with the steady gains he had miraculously produced year after year—to call in their cash, Madoff had to admit that, like a criminal Christo, he had used it all to paper over a gigantic fraud. The investors were ruined, but they had seen an artist at work.





COMING TO
AMERICA

Our International Dream Team takes over the Mansion



By Conor Hogan

If you're still unsure of where you stand on the immigration issue, these foreign imports may be able to sway your opinion. Sent with the highest of regards from our editors around the globe, the eight European Playmates you see here have already graced the pages of Playboy's International Editions. Now they're on American soil for their domestic debut. For three days these jaw-dropping globe-trotters took over the Playboy Mansion, and we happily surrendered.

Photographed on Hef's round, rotating bed, clockwise from top left, opposite page: Mai-Lan Leenders, Netherlands; Katarzyna Danysz, Poland; Iryna Olhovska, Ukraine; Inna Popenko, Russia; Eva Cifrová, Slovakia; Viktória Metzker, Hungary; Daniela Wolf, Germany; and Andreea Mantea, Romania.



COMING TO AMERICA

By Connor Hogan

If you're still unsure of where you stand on the Immigration Issue, these foreign Imports may be able to sway your opinion. Sent with the highest of regards from our editors around the globe, the eight European Playmates you see here have already graced the pages of Playboy's International Editions. Now they're on American soil for their domestic debut. For three days these jaw-dropping globe-trotters took over the Playboy Mansion, and we happily surrendered.

Photographed on Hef's round, rotating bed, clockwise from top left, opposite page: Mal-Lan Leenders, Netherlands; Katarzyna Danysz, Poland; Iryna Oihovaka, Ukraine; Inna Popenko, Russia; Eva Cifrová, Slovakia; Viktória



Capturing this international summit was photographer Alexander Morderer, who had to teach these cover girls how to share. "The main difference with this shoot was that it wasn't centered around me," said Slovakia's Miss June 2007 Eva Cifrová. Once the girls got comfortable, they made themselves at home at the Mansion, and no area was off-limits. "The demanding poses were worth it," says Hungary's 2007 Playmate of the Year Viktória Metzker. Says Cifrová, "The pose that shocked me the most was the one under the waterfall. The water was freezing!" For problems like that, Russian Playmate Inna Popenko had a solution. "I liked spending time in the Grotto's luxurious Jacuzzi," she says, "where we warmed ourselves after the shoot." Now that these delicious delegates have returned to their native countries, we think it's a good time to start planning a vacation. Europe, anyone?











See more international Playmates at club.playboy.com.



BETTIE PAGE

(continued from page 53)

leave a great deal to the imagination. She isn't nude or anything close to it. She just seems like a very pretty girl, comfortable in her own skin, having a grand time alone in her basement rec room—which is what passed for risqué in the 1950s, when Bettie reigned. Or put another way, the prudience of her day is the prudery of ours.

Though Bettie may seem like an anachronism, she served as a bridge between those naive 1950s and the much more sexually open and explicit period that followed, between the downscale girlie magazines in which sex was still vaguely taboo and the more respectable magazines like *PLAYBOY* in which sex was an accepted facet of a healthy, normal life. That's what made her a sexual pioneer, as well as a star. By the mid-1950s she had graduated from the amateurish Klaw films to the photographs of Bunny Yeager, a model turned photographer. Yeager upped the ante. If Klaw had been Bettie's Von Sternberg, Yeager was her Picasso. Yeager recognized that Bettie's appeal was her joyous abandon, and she mined it in numerous photographs of Bettie both clothed in bikinis and unclothed: Bettie on the beach, Bettie in the woods, Bettie aboard a ship, Bettie splashing in the water. But Yeager also did what Klaw had resisted. She domesticated Bettie, photographing her in arty studio beauty shots far removed from the Klaw bondage photos. When Yeager photographed Bettie as a winking Santa Claus for *PLAYBOY*, both joyous and arty, she effectively signaled the beginning of a new era for Bettie and for erotica generally. Bettie Page, the Queen of the Girlies, had risen from her netherworld. In a way, she had become respectable, albeit sexually respectable.

The transition, however, was fraught with cultural tensions. It was one thing for sex to occupy the demimonde, another for it to slither into mainstream America. Bettie was that slitherer. Attempting to face down the threat and also to burnish his credentials for the 1956 Democratic presidential nomination, Senator Estes Kefauver of Bettie's own Tennessee launched a congressional investigation into the pornography industry, subpoenaing both Irving Klaw and Bettie as witnesses. Under the advisement of his attorneys, Klaw invoked the Fifth Amendment. But the Furies would not relent, and he eventually wound up destroying most of his photographs in a deal with prosecutors. (Thankfully, sister Paula covertly saved many of them, which is why we have so many Bettie images today.) Thus the King of Pinup ended his empire.

Bettie never actually testified—she cooled her heels outside the hearing room for hours—but she was just as fraught as the culture. Marilyn Monroe was dichotomized between her brain and her body; Bettie was dichotomized between her prosaic real life and her happy life before the cameras, between her small-town scruples and her smiling sexuality. Real Bettie certainly

wasn't ashamed of Naughty Bettie, but she did draw a bold line between her pictures and what she called pornography, which she defined as photos with "open poses." Real Bettie was a teetotaler. Real Bettie didn't smoke. Real Bettie disdained curse words. Real Bettie didn't have the foggiest notion why men liked bondage. As for sex itself, Real Bettie never had intercourse before her marriage and claimed to have had only three orgasms during intercourse in her entire life. As writer Buck Henry, who had met Bettie in the 1950s, described her in the pages of this magazine, "She was polite, friendly, a good girl, a sweet girl, a trusting girl"—which may have been the problem. Bettie didn't always seem able to reconcile this Bettie with the one men adored and the one she enjoyed playing any more than her society could reconcile its warring halves.

So both Betties simply disappeared in 1957. She said it was because she was 34, too old, she thought, to be sexy. For nearly 40 years Bettie Page was missing in action.

Rumors abounded: Bettie had married a maharajah. Bettie had been rubbed out by the Mob. Bettie had become a nun. The truth was more mundane but also much more tragic. Bettie had decamped to Key West, Florida and married a man 12 years her junior who, she said, was obsessed with two things: sex and hamburgers. Then came another turning point in her life—Bettie's very own road-to-Damascus moment. She said her husband was out quaffing beers with his buddies when she grew restless and went for a walk. "And it was as if someone had taken me by the hand and led me to a little church on White Street with a white neon cross on top," she later told *PLAYBOY*. She was drawn in to hear the sermon and instantly decided to repent of her sins, which, depending on when Bettie was talking, included her photos.

Bettie took to religion the way she had taken to bondage—rapturously. She threw away her lingerie and her bikinis. She attended Bible school in Los Angeles, Chicago and Portland. She divorced her young husband and temporarily returned to Billy Neal, then married again, to a divorcé with three children to whom, she said, she tried to be a good stepmother. The trouble was that Bettie was almost too good a religious convert. She heard voices—angel voices, she said, and God's voice demanding that she purge her demons—and was arrested after brandishing a pistol and screaming at a religious retreat. She divorced again and, at least by one account, threatened her stepchildren and her ex-husband with a kitchen knife, insisting that either they prayed or she would "cut their guts out." That night her ex-husband called the police, beginning a series of Bettie's confinements in various mental hospitals. The diagnosis was acute schizophrenia. The two Betties just couldn't coexist.

Bettie left Florida on October 9, 1978—she remembered the exact date, though she garbled almost everything else in her chronology—and settled in a trailer in Lawn-dale, California, where, unable to find a

job, she lived off Social Security. She had made next to nothing from her modeling, she complained. But Bettie's troubles followed her. She had run-ins with her landlady (she was accused of threatening the woman with a knife because she thought the woman had been spying on her) and was confined to the Patton State Hospital in San Bernardino. After her release and yet another dustup with yet another landlady (Bettie was accused of straddling the woman in bed, yelling that God had told Bettie to kill her, and then slashing her with a bread knife) she was sentenced to eight and a half more years in the mental institution.

After all that time she reemerged in the 1990s, not only back into society but into a kind of pop-culture pantheon where the onetime star of sex was now treated as a saint of sex even more popular than she had been in her pinup heyday. Comic-book artist Dave Stevens had incorporated her as the hero's girlfriend in his retro *Rocketeer* series. Another artist, Greg Theakston, had launched *The Betty Pages*, a magazine dedicated to images of Bettie. There were Bettie Page postcards, Bettie Page look-alike contests, Bettie Page lingerie, Bettie Page calendars and, later, a Bettie Page biopic, *The Notorious Bettie Page*, starring Gretchen Mol, whom Bettie described as "too tall, but she had a pretty face." And girls wrote to her now, she would say, thanking her for helping them shake their inhibitions.

The appeal of Bettie Page to later generations—the reason she was rescued from exile—isn't hard to fathom when you watch her. If her joy was eternally alluring, she also had a look that was quintessentially 1950s and a spirit to match; they made Bettie retro, almost kitschy, like tail fins on cars or ducktails or Tupperware. You could take Bettie out of the 1950s, but you couldn't take the 1950s out of Bettie. For all her blatant sexuality, she still projected innocence. She couldn't help it. She was a model at a time when so little overt sex was allowed in popular culture that what Bettie provided, even in her lingerie and bikinis, much less naked, really meant something, which made Bettie Page both the victim and the beneficiary of a prudish hypocrisy she had herself internalized. In effect, a sexual adventurer in her own time, she is a sexual artifact in ours.

What Bettie Page came to signify in later years was a certain nostalgia for the sexual naivete of the 1950s, a longing for a time when sex was discreet and mysterious and often unnervingly funny, a time when fully clothed girls who giggled while they bound and gagged one another could actually be a turn-on, a time when the word *naughty* had sexual connotations, a time when sex magazines had to be smuggled into the house. Even as she was crashing through sexual barriers Bettie spoke to the old excitement of the forbidden, which is why she remains so powerful as an image and a symbol. Bettie Page reminds us of everything we have gained sexually, but she endures because she also reminds us of all we have lost.





"It's all for one and one for all—but me first!"

The Last Bachelor

(continued from page 73)

down the beach, slightly duck-footed, as he struggled for purchase in the dry sand. Yes, she remembered that, chasing after him one day through the snow in Aspen, seeing his splayed tracks, thinking it made him even more endearing.

"What was that all about?" she asked Lana, who blushed. It was reassuring, somehow, that young women still knew how to blush.

"I don't know. He was like, you know. He was just kind of..." She shrugged.

Well, actually, yes, Ginny did know. But she wasn't feeling entirely collegial toward her niece at this moment, appraising her as she imagined A.G. had, and she conjured a strange conceit—that the concavity of a young woman's tummy was precisely calibrated to the paucity of her wisdom. God, she was young. Of course Ginny had watched A.G. pick up women who were no older than her niece. But until this moment she would never have thought of her niece—her little Lana—as having anything in common with those girls. "Kind of what?"

"Well, you know. Friendly."

"You mean he was hitting on you."

"Well, he just kind of sat down. Actually, he walked past me a little and then came back and introduced himself. He asked me if this was Gibson Beach, and I told him I wasn't from here and then we just started talking."

"Did he ask you out?"

"Well, he said he was kind of busy this coming week but he'd call me next Monday."

Ginny nodded. She told herself it wasn't Lana's fault. She counted to 10. She tried to tell herself she took no pleasure in this, in feeling, suddenly, so very worldly-wise. "I expect he is fairly busy," she said, shaking a cigarette from the pack. "Unless I'm very much mistaken, he's getting married this weekend."

Approaching the house on Gin Lane, the so-called cottage with its sprawling wings, white porches and shingled gray gables, A.G. saw the white tent rising up above the perfectly squared green privet battlements that surrounded the property of his future in-laws. The gates were open. As he drove in, he was presented with a scene of furious activity. He stopped the car in the middle of the driveway and watched. Painters and window washers on ladders had stormed the big house. Three maids waddled like white ducks up the path to the guest house, bearing linens. Half a dozen young men who looked like camp counselors were setting up the tables beneath the tent. Gardeners were scattered about the property, planting and deadheading flowers; still more flowers were coming out of a van from a Manhattan florist. And an anonymous tradesman was taking a leak against the side of the pool house. All of this had been set in motion by his proposal to Pandora Bright Caldwell Kierstead, of Chattanooga, Palm Beach and Southampton, several months before. It wasn't exactly a spur-of-the-moment decision. He'd actually purchased the ring at Graff more than a month before and carried it with him on two dates with Pandy, somehow losing his resolu-

tion each time. Finally, he'd invited her to One If by Land, which practically forced his hand, notorious as a setting for proposals. Before their appetizers had arrived, two other swains had dropped to their knees in front of their dates. Pandy blushed deeply the first time; the second proposal she pretended not to notice. If she was disappointed that A.G. had stayed seated when he popped the question, she wasn't about to show it.

The announcement, the planning, the registry of gifts...all followed inexorably but somehow insubstantially, like scenes constructed from pixels. A.G. sat in his car in the driveway and tried, at this late hour, to reconnect himself to this series of events. He knew he should feel elated, or scared. Or both. He listened for the chuffing sound of the ocean waves. He wondered why you could always hear the surf from the yard at night but never during the day.

A rabbit rocketed across the driveway and disappeared into the privet, closely pursued by Woofster, the Kiersteads' retriever. The dog barked twice at the hedge before turning away and trotting back toward the house.

Leaving the Meadow Club after her tennis lesson, Ginny Banks caught a glimpse of a scene she never expected to witness: the rehearsal dinner for A.G.'s wedding. She stood at the edge of the doorway, looking in on the assembled company. Besides family there was the table of best men—A.G. having assembled a team of five rather than leave anyone out. Tommy Briggs, Wick Seward, Nikos Mentzelopoulos, Cappie Farquarson and Gino Andreosa. Back in the day, they had all been known as ladies' men. Nikos and Gino were among the last of the old-school playboys in the mold of Agnelli and Rubirosa, race-car-driving Euro sybarites. All of them had eventually married at least once—most of them twice, although Gino and Wick were currently between. They'd chased, and bedded, many of the same girls, initially women their own age and later their younger sisters'. A.G. was the last of his kind, the last unmarried man of his generation. For two decades he had been a kind of prince of the city, gliding between the social clubs of the Upper East Side and the nightclubs downtown, an intimate of artistic circles as well as the world of inherited wealth. He belonged to the Racquet Club, the Brook Club and the Century Club, was an early investor in a famous Soho art galley and a patron of several literary magazines. He was also a famous lover, a playboy who cut a wide swath through Manhattan and Europe, faithfully alternating between models and debutantes. For years he conducted an affair with a married screen idol while he continued to pursue an international serial dating career. His 40th birthday celebration, which took place on Nikos Mentzelopoulos's yacht, *Dionysius*, inevitably appeared on subsequent lists of Parties of the Decade. Cappie Farquarson went into rehab three days later, and Nikos eventually became involved in two paternity suits, both plaintiffs citing A.G.'s party as the date of conception. A.G. himself managed to escape these kinds of entanglements, although at some point in the years that followed, his name began to be invoked as a synonym for a certain kind of arrested development. He'd

been eligible for so long that he ceased to be plausible. Married couples, seating their dinner parties, began to think of him as a hopeless case—a quaint relic of their wild youth. "Who can we put next to Celia?" "There's always A.G." "Do we really want to do that to Celia? I mean, even if she hasn't already slept with him, I think she's had enough of the bad boys for one lifetime."

Ginny turned to see Lori Haddad with her daughter Casey in tow, looking in on the scene. "Can you believe this?"

"I'm actually seeing it," Lori said, "but I still don't believe it."

"What don't you believe, Mommy?"

"He's still got 24 hours to leave the country."

"Maybe we're being too cynical."

"Mom, what don't you believe in?"

"Mommy doesn't believe in fairy tales, honey."

"What do you suppose it is about her? I mean, is it just that she happened to be the one sitting in the chair next to him when the music stopped?"

"Well, besides that, she's young and pretty and thin and rich. And she's from his hometown. That seems to count for a lot with these Southerners."

"Good point. So what does she see in him?"

"Well... He's charming and smart and he has a d-i-c-k the size of Florida."

"That sp——"

"We know what it spells, honey," said her mother, covering her mouth.

A.G. Jackson had grown up on Lookout Mountain in Chattanooga, although his own father was an émigré from Birmingham, by way of Vanderbilt. As the vice president of the local bank, he was a respected member of the community, although their circumstances were more modest than those of the native oligarchy. A.G. distinguished himself as both scholar and athlete, joined his schoolmates on bonefishing expeditions to Islamorada and for quail hunting at their south Georgia plantations while his father managed their trust funds. A.G. was raised to believe there was no higher title a man could aspire to than "gentleman," and this Episcopalian epithet was so constantly attached to Jackson père, often accompanied by the adjective *old-school*, that his son couldn't help but sense an almost imperceptible undercurrent of condescension from those whose secret faith was more Darwinian. The old man's rectitude was in part a reaction to the flamboyance of his own father, who'd made and lost two fortunes, one in stock speculation and one in real estate, while he was growing up. A.G.'s father did all he could to temper his son's fearless and exuberant character, so reminiscent of his own father's, while his wife secretly undermined this program, instilling in him a sense of confidence and entitlement. Her own family was among the first families of Charleston, and she saw no reason to defer to the local gentry. Her husband would scold her for saying, as she so often did, "Who's the handsomest, smartest little man in the whole wide world?" "Please, Kate," he'd say. "You'll spoil the boy." While A.G. absorbed from his father a respect

for tradition, position and inherited wealth, his mother taught him to believe in his own secret superiority. Their marriage, from his vantage, was a happy one, although his mother sometimes believed that she'd sold herself short, that her husband lacked the necessary fire and grit to advance her ambitions.

No family loomed larger in Chattanooga than the Kiersteads. They had made their original fortune in land and later compounded it with an interest in a soft-drink empire based in Atlanta. In the past half century their holdings had spread from the Southeast throughout the country and around the globe. A.G. had gone to school with Burton Kierstead III, a.k.a. Trip, whose father had taken a benign interest in his career, even writing him a letter of recommendation to Williams. They stayed in touch after A.G. moved to New York, occasionally dining together when Kierstead was in the city, and the old man sometimes steered some business his way. As a young investment banker, it certainly didn't hurt being acquainted with Burton Kierstead Jr. Trip, meanwhile, married a girl from Savannah, built a house on Lookout Mountain and took an office downtown next door to his father's, which he visited when he wasn't following the salmon from Nova Scotia to Russia, or the birds from Georgia to Argentina. Their friend Cal Bustert, to nearly no one's surprise, burned through his trust fund, bouncing between fashionable resorts and rehab facilities; marrying, spawning and divorcing; wrecking cars and discharging firearms at inappropriate targets, including, finally, himself. A.G. had flown south for the funeral, a somber yet lavish affair that lasted for three days.

Most of their former classmates, after forays into the North, settled within a few miles of their parents and married girls they'd known for years. A.G. always returned for the weddings—five of them the year he turned 30—and always brought a different date, and in time returned to stand godfather to the children. He visited his parents on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Only rarely did he bring a girl along for these family holidays, and when he did she was inevitably from

what he called, without self-consciousness, “a good family.” But his parents learned in time not to get too attached to any of them.

Despite his increasing success in New York he maintained a deep loyalty to his hometown. Chattanooga, Tennessee, the South—this was part of him and distinguished him from the mass of rootless Yankees with whom he associated in Manhattan. He always told his drinking buddies in both cities that he would return one day, although as the years passed, it became harder and harder for his friends in either place to take this threat seriously.

Within a few years he was making more money than his father, although he did not announce this fact—except to his mother—and continued to seek his father's advice on matters large and small, although they did not discuss A.G.'s love life.

Ginny was reading in the living room of the little cottage in Sagaponack she rented every August, half-conscious of the wistful susurration of the waves from the beach. The house, which had once enjoyed unobstructed views of the potato fields, had over the years been hemmed in by houses, first by LEGO-like boxes and later by vast shingled mansions that mimicked the old cottages of Southampton, but at night she could still imagine herself as a lonely beachcomber. Emma Woodhouse was just realizing how badly she had misjudged both Mr. Knightley and her own heart, when the phone rang, startling Ginny. She was hardly less startled by the identity of the caller.

“A.G.?”

“Sorry to call so late. But I know you've always been a night owl.”

“If you're looking for my niece, she's gone off to sleep over at a friend's house.”

“No, actually I was looking for you. Wanna getta drink?”

“Now? Tonight?” Her watch said 1:45.

“We're not getting any younger.”

“Don't you have a big day tomorrow?”

“That's probably exactly why I want to drop by.”

She paused. She knew, of course, that she was going to say yes, but it irritated her that she was so pleased at the prospect of his coming over. Naturally, he was drunk and probably high. She'd been the recipient of many such late-night phone calls back in the day. She couldn't help feeling an illicit satisfaction in the fact that she was, after all these years, getting another, and on this of all nights. He was probably just feeling sentimental in his cups, but whatever his motivation, she had unfinished business with A.G. Jackson and this might well be her last chance to close the account.

He was flushed, and his speech, always slower and more elided than that of his Northern peers, was just a little slurrer than usual. But for all the nights they'd partied till dawn, she'd never really seen him lose control of his faculties.

He hugged her just a little longer and harder than he might have in a public encounter. “Hey, little darlin'. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you.” She pointed him toward the living-room couch. He set up camp on the couch and proceeded to lay out a pile of coke on the coffee table. “You don't mind, do you? I just need to settle my nerves.”

“Oh, that should definitely do the trick,” she said. “You're so mellow on coke.”

“Well, you know. Old habits die hard.”

Though it had been years since she'd done blow herself, it seemed perfectly normal to watch him chopping lines, since that's what they'd always done. Being transported back a decade wasn't such a bad thing for a girl. Plus she was morbidly fascinated with his recklessness on the eve of his wedding. She couldn't help wondering just how far he would push it.

“Is that how you'd describe me? ‘An old habit?’”

“I'd describe you as an old...a close friend.” He laid out four identical lines with his Soho House membership card. He always prided himself on this little skill.

She sat down beside him and accepted the rolled-up 20. Always the gentleman, letting her go first. She felt a thrill of recognition as he held her hair back while she leaned over the table. And then the other familiar thrill, the chilly tingle in her sinuses that turned warm as it spread out toward the follicles of her scalp.

“Feels like old times,” he said.

“Not exactly,” she said.

“I can't believe it's been...God, how long has it been?”

“Seven years.”

“No way.”

“Yup.”

“Well, it's not like we haven't seen each other around town.”

“No, though you probably would have preferred me to just disappear into thin air.”

“Oh, come on, darlin'. Don't be ridiculous. I'm always happy to see you.” He leaned over and snorted his two lines.

“You weren't so happy to see me today at the beach.”

“Well, my best moment.”

“So you admit you were hitting on my niece.”

“It's a reflex. What can I say, she's a very pretty girl.”



“Well...! You make quite a case for ‘offshore’ drilling!”

"I understand that. What I don't understand is tomorrow."

"Yeah, well. I'm not so sure I do, either."

"Don't you think you'd better figure it out?"

"I hardly think there's time for that," he said.

"Are you in love with her?"

"I suppose so. I'm not sure."

"Have you ever been in love?"

He nodded his head and looked off through the bay window, out across the invisible ocean, his eyes turning glassy. She realized with a start that he was on the verge of tears. When she slid across the couch and embraced him he virtually collapsed in her arms. "Once," he said.

•

At Harvard A.G. had fallen in love with Eve Garrigue, who was a class ahead of him and who, by the time they met, had already published several poems in *The Paris Review*. He was aware of her legend—brainy, beautiful and hard-drinking—even before he arrived on campus, and he already knew her family, from New Orleans, in the way that all Southerners know one another. A.G. had discarded his virginity at 15 and never looked back. At first Eve found his boundless self-confidence absurd—a freshman wooing the most popular woman in the sophomore class—but eventually it won her over. He was precocious intellectually as well as sexually, and he was also a willing student. He wrote her a sonnet cycle, 12 strictly constructed love poems modeled on Wyatt's and Shakespeare's. And there was the tribal connection—they had a common set of cultural references and a common enemy in the subtle prejudice of all those who assumed that a Southern accent was a sign of slow-wittedness.

Under Eve's influence A.G. began to write poetry in the runic, oracular manner of Merwin and Strand; her own was high-pitched and baroque, reminding some of late Plath. Eventually he gave up verse after realizing that he was a better critic than a poet, and a lesser poet than his girlfriend. He would provide the intellectual framework for her creation. In fact he would've done almost anything for her. Accustomed to being intellectually and emotionally dominant, he happily acceded to her whims and opinions. He started smoking Gauloises and briefly abandoned the preppy wardrobe of his youth, in favor of colorful long-collared shirts and flared pants. Eve, who had a breathtaking figure to show off, hid it beneath drapery vintage dresses and scarves. His devotion was extreme; he couldn't believe his luck in finding, so early in life, all the answers to his desires in one woman. They shared a destiny. While they gathered around them a group of friends and admirers, they were often criticized for being a universe of two.

They spent their second summer together backpacking in Europe; her family had offered to pay for a deluxe version of the grand tour, but Eve refused their money on principle. They bought Europasses and stayed in youth hostels, dined on bread and cheese and *vin du pays* and screwed like minks. By day they retraced the lives of the poets and sought out ancient churches. One afternoon in the cool, musty interior of a Romanesque

church near Saint-Paul de Vence, Eve knelt down on the stone floor and gave him a blow job. It was the most shocking thing that had happened to him in his life, though he didn't say anything, more fearful that she'd think him prudish, and stop before she finished, than he was of discovery or blasphemy.

They worried about what to do after graduation, which would come a year earlier for Eve. Marriage was discussed, but they agreed, or rather Eve assured him, that they didn't believe in it. Finally she decided to go to Columbia for her master's. She'd take the four-hour train ride to see him every weekend, and in the meantime she could scout out Manhattan, a territory they planned to conquer together. Her senior year Eve was invited to be a fellow at Bread Loaf. A.G., interning in Chattanooga at a law firm, couldn't understand the diminishing volume and ardor of her letters and phone calls. She herself was almost impossible to reach. Frantic, he drove one Friday night from Chattanooga to Vermont, arriving at the mountain outpost of literature 16 hours later, just in time to find a tousled Eve walking to breakfast, hand in hand with a middle-aged poet A.G. recognized from dust-jacket photos. Her surprise turned almost immediately to defiance. A.G. punched the poet, knocking him down. Eve jumped on his back and scratched his face as a small crowd of aspiring writers looked on.

In his young man's heart he believed he could never forgive her, but she astonished him by refusing to ask him to. Back in Chattanooga he waited for the letter or the call, in his mind conducting the dialogue she refused to initiate. How could she? After all that time, after all they'd been through together. For all his intelligence and eloquence, the sentiments and even the words were the same as those of all spurned lovers. He spent hours engaged in this furious debate, but his side amounted to the repetition of a simple question: *How could you stop loving me?* This was his first experience of rejection. He had never been in love before, and some of his friends wondered if he would ever be again.

At his father's insistence A.G. had taken half a dozen economics classes already, and having finished most of his course work in English, he decided to do a double major in economics. He took up with a new set of friends, avoiding most of those he and Eve had known. He had no idea what he wanted to do. After graduation he went to China to teach English, which he envisioned as a kind of romantic exile. The following year he enrolled in business school, and then, after a grueling year as an analyst at an investment bank, he found his calling as a closer—the guy who entertains the clients and holds their hands as they sign the checks.

•

"So she broke your heart and drove you to banking?"

"I don't suppose it was quite that simple. I've probably simplified it in retrospect. Mythologized it in my mind."

"So how does this lead us to the present. To your imminent nuptials?"

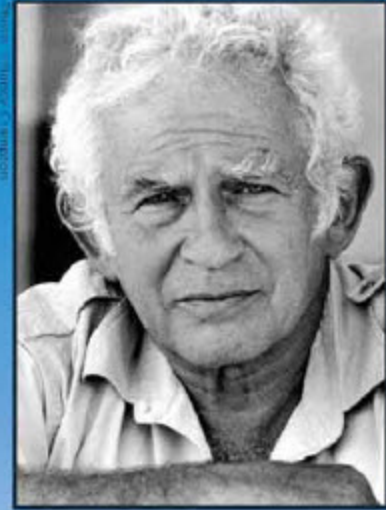
He shook his head and chopped up more coke. "I don't know. I guess it just seemed like time." He folded the coke and chopped it again.

"That's it? It seemed like time?"

THE NORMAN MAILER WRITERS COLONY

At Provincetown, Massachusetts

SUMMER 2009 WRITING WORKSHOPS



The Norman Mailer Writers Colony announces its inaugural series of week long creative writing workshops at Provincetown, MA, beginning in May 2009 for a period of eight weeks.

These fee based workshops will take place at Mailer's home in Provincetown and include condo housing and living expenses while attending the workshops.

SELF-EDITING FOR
FICTION WRITERS

WRITING TECHNIQUES OF
THE NEW JOURNALISM

MEMOIR: THE CHALLENGE OF
DEPICTING LIVE CHARACTERS

HISTORICAL RESEARCH
AND THE NARRATIVE

BIOGRAPHY: IDENTIFICATION
WITH THE SUBJECT

WHEN IS A WRITER'S
WORK DONE?

CELEBRITY JOURNALISM:
ORIGINS, THEORY AND PRACTICE

GOOD POETRY
AND VERY GOOD PROSE

For a complete list of courses, dates
and application forms, visit

www.nmwcolony.org

or call

1 (800) 835-7853

Submissions must be received by March 10, 2009



A non-profit organization for educational purposes.

He shrugged. "She's a nice girl, from a good family. You know, we have a lot in common. So, what about you?"

"What about me?"

"Have you ever been in love?" He was rubbing his face as if to wash off a spot—a tic that was terribly familiar to her.

"Once," she said, taking a cigarette from his pack and holding it to her lips while he lit it.

"Tell me about it."

"You know most of the story," Ginny said. "You were there."

"I was there?" He seemed determined to be obtuse.

"You were the one."

"Jesus. Are you—"

"Yes, I am serious. All those years, all those nights. Fuck—I couldn't help it. I knew it was supposed to be fun, but I fell in love with you."

"I didn't know."

"You don't remember the last night we spent together?"

"Not exactly."

"You asked me to marry you."

"I did?" He looked horrified.

"You did. You asked me to marry you, and you told me you wanted me to have your babies. We stayed up all night planning our future. We were going to spend our summers in Provence. And the next day you said you'd come to my parents' house for Thanksgiving. But later that

same day you said you had a late meeting on Wednesday and you would take the train up to Bedford Thursday morning. And that was the last I ever heard from you."

He slumped back in the couch. "That was terrible, really the worst—I know. I just didn't know what to say to you." He leaned forward and snorted another line. "I was going to come to Bedford. Except I went out for a drink that night. And I met a girl. And one drink led to another. And the next thing I knew it was noon the next day and we were finishing the last of the coke. I couldn't very well face your family in that condition. And, you know, letting you down like that.... I knew I needed to call and apologize, but somehow I couldn't."

Well, at least now she knew what happened. She bent over the coffee table and snorted another couple of lines. "It used to kill me to see you at parties," she said finally, "and you acting so casual, as if nothing had happened. With some babe on your arm. For a long time I hated you."

"I guess I can't really blame you," he said. "I wish there was some way—"

"Make love to me," Ginny said. In her own mind, she wasn't being sentimental so much as practical. She felt he owed her that much, at least. Either it would be as good as she remembered it, or it wouldn't, and she would've gotten it out of her system.

Up in the bedroom, he was smart enough, or considerate enough, to kiss her

long and hard before he began removing her clothes. In the middle, for all his skill, and all her desire to be transported, she began to come back to herself and feel awkward and sad. And after what seemed like a very long time she just wanted him to finish. She realized now that what she'd really wanted was to believe that he still wanted her and that he cared enough for her to betray his future wife.

Afterward she wrapped herself in the bedspread and walked out to the deck. The sky had turned gray in the east, and the dark surface of ocean was stippled with silver sunlight. The coke was wearing off, and her eyeballs felt as if they were being pricked with tiny needles. She hated herself.

Eventually A.G., in his paisley boxer shorts, holding a cigarette, joined her on the deck.

"What are you going to do?" she said.

"I don't know." He took a drag. "Probably the correct thing."

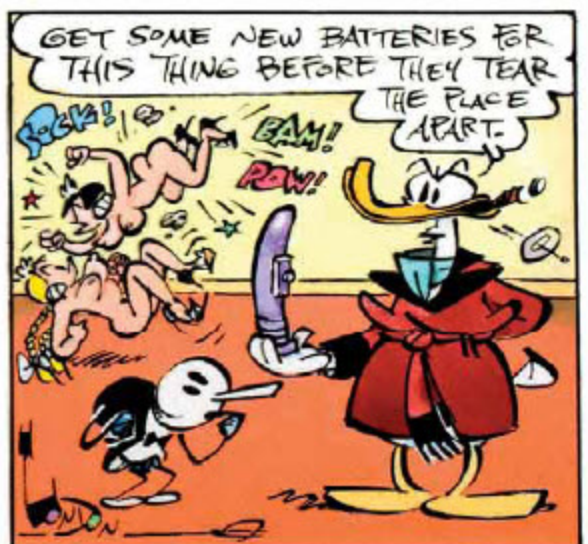
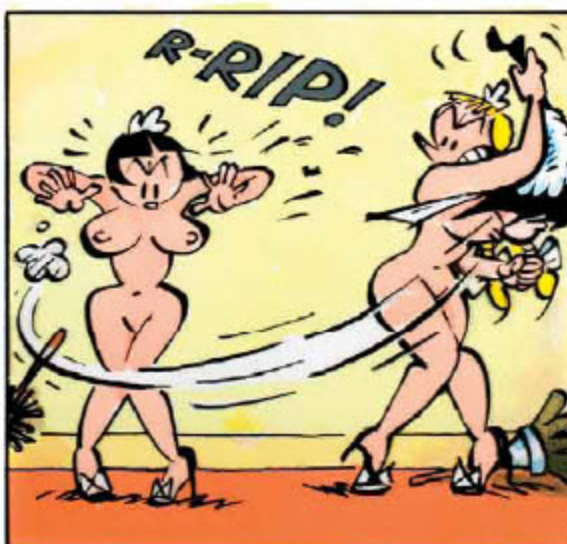
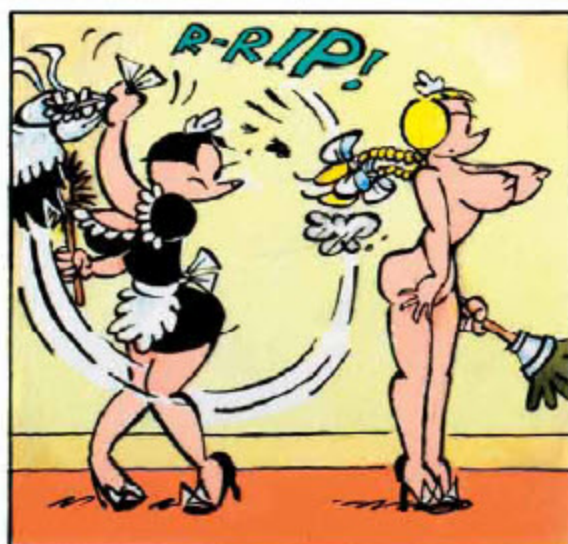
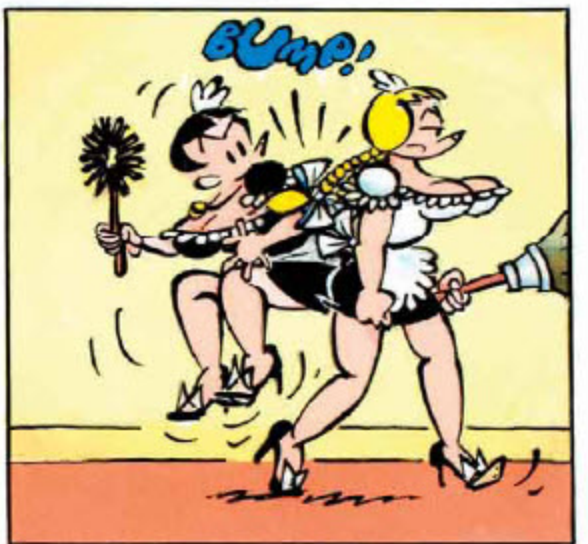
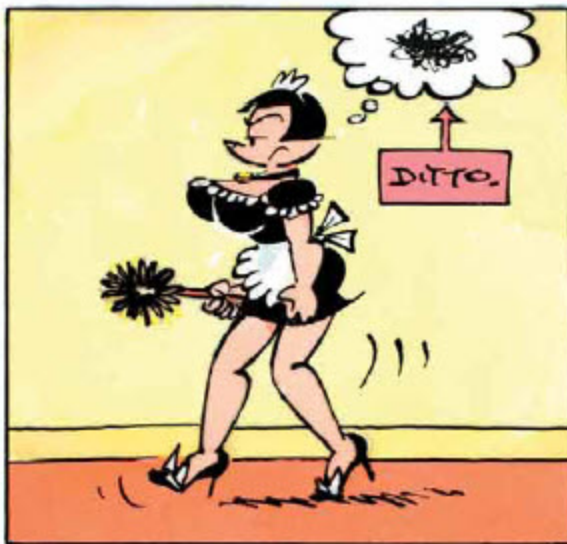
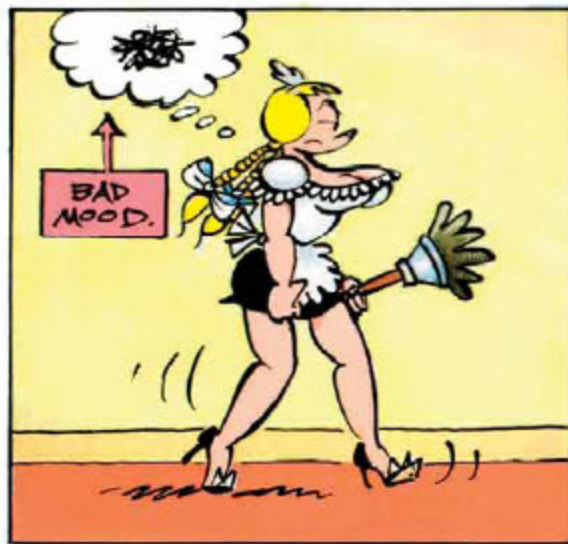
"What's the correct thing?"

"It's what we do when we don't know what the right thing is."

He put his arm around her and held his cigarette to her lips. She inhaled greedily, as if she believed the smoke could save her, the ember blazing and crackling between A.G.'s fingers before it faded and dimmed within a cocoon of gray ash, and he tossed it away, the last sparks dying on the dewy lawn below.



Dirty Duck by Bobby London



BARRY BONDS

(continued from page 40)

As the saying goes, "Show me the money." Conte's total income from sales of banned performance-enhancing drugs and consulting added up to less than \$13,000 a year—a four-year total of no more than \$50,000—a fraction of the IRS standard for a criminal tax case.

Top officials at the IRS or the Justice Department had to give the okay for Novitzky to morph into a star federal drug agent leading a national investigation. Given the IRS's shortcomings, that was a remarkable transformation. At an April 2001 congressional hearing, IRS commissioner Charles Rossotti was taken to task for not cracking down on hundreds of billions of dollars a year of criminal tax fraud. "I am worried the IRS is a dog that doesn't have a bark," said Senator Charles Grassley, the Iowa Republican who then headed the Senate Finance Committee. The phenomenon of Novitzky's IRS drug investigation struck federal prosecutors as unprecedented and exceptional. Novitzky's search-warrant request was focused on a crime his agency had no authority to investigate: "Victor Conte Jr. and others are involved in a nationwide scheme to knowingly illegally distribute athletic performance-enhancing drugs...."

Behind the scenes, Novitzky was given the green light to recruit state and local drug investigators. In August 2002 he began reading Conte's e-mail and rummaging through his garbage, hunting for clues. By February 2003, through Novitzky's pressure, Iran White, an agent in San Jose's Bureau of Narcotics Enforcement, was brought in to go undercover. An African American skilled in the use of weapons and hand-to-hand combat, White was the go-to guy for the FBI and other agencies investigating major narcotics dealings in California. On April 17, 2003 White was given \$300 to buy a six-month membership at Bonds's Burlingame gym. White knew Novitzky. They had worked together on numerous cases in which the IRS was called in to take possession of financial records after a drug arrest. The undercover agent thought Novitzky's quest to nail Bonds bordered on an obsession, saying, "Jeff has never held back what he felt about Bonds." Another of the original four agents working on the case told me, "Novitzky hated Bonds."

Just weeks after White went undercover, he, Novitzky and other agents met at the San Jose federal building with the assistant U.S. attorney overseeing the case, Jeff Nedrow. Novitzky named the targets of the investigation: Bonds, Jason Giambi and other major leaguers. Working undercover, White was soon lifting weights with Bonds's trainer, Greg Anderson. By late May 2003 Novitzky was so thrilled that he boasted to the two drug task-force agents about his hope to participate in a book and become famous. White also overheard the conversation. "He envisioned congressional hearings, book deals and TV," said the lead task-force agent. "I was uncomfortable with that."

"It was turned into a publicity stunt," said another task-force agent, who found the

idea that the IRS agent hoped to become a celebrity or profit from the case to be a clear violation of the investigator's professional code. "We don't chase headlines."

Then in early June everything began to go wrong. White woke up paralyzed. He had suffered a stroke, possibly brought on by the brutal Bondsian workouts. His recovery took months. Novitzky, the man who put him in that gym, never called.

With White out of the picture, Novitzky became a world unto himself. He rebuffed attempts by the San Mateo Drug Task Force to bring in another undercover agent. Requests to bring in the FBI or DEA to do phone wiretaps or recruit new undercover agents were rejected. What had begun as a joint federal, state and local investigation was fast becoming one controlled by a single man. The undercover operation, wiretaps and Dumpster diving were about to give way to something never before seen in sports: a parade of high-profile athletes forced to speak about their drug use under penalty of perjury before the watchful eye of an IRS man—Novitzky.

Long before Barry Bonds became entangled in the steroids scandal, it was widely known that professional baseball was having an affair with the juice. A year and a half earlier Ken Caminiti told *Sports Illustrated* that steroids had helped create his MVP season, when he hit a career-high .326 with 40 home runs. Caminiti reckoned 50 percent of big leaguers were on performance-enhancing drugs.

Back in 1998 the hulking six-foot-five, 250-pound Mark McGwire admitted he was taking androstenedione, a steroid precursor, during the year he eclipsed Roger Maris's single-season home-run record. Not only was there no outcry or federal indictment, officials within baseball didn't even bother to test for steroids until 2003. The penalty for the first positive test was counseling—a farce compared with other sports (track and field banned first-time violators for up to two years). In 2003, 100 major leaguers tested positive for anabolic steroids, and experts believe the ease of beating the tests suggests that in fact several hundred others were likely using the drugs.

For years baseball had embraced and rewarded steroid abuse with outsize fame and ballooning multimillion-dollar contracts. That larger context seemed incongruous with the strategy the government appeared to be taking in grand-jury hearings.

The main criminal focus appeared to be on finding the perfect scapegoat. Bonds was an ideal fall guy for a government bent on proving the moral wrong of steroids. In the fall of 2003 he was subpoenaed to appear before a grand jury. Lead Bonds attorney Michael Rains met prosecutor Jeff Nedrow in his San Jose office in advance of the ballplayer's appearance. Bonds was not the first to testify; others had done so and before testifying had been offered the chance to see documents containing the evidence against them. As Rains recalled, Nedrow proposed "the

deal that Barry and I come down and look at documents a few days before Barry's grand-jury testimony." Rains said they shook hands on the agreement.

A week before that scheduled meeting Rains said the prosecutor left the following voice mail: "Why don't you come about two to three hours before the scheduled grand-jury appearance. We'll let you look at the documents then. I'll see you at 10 o'clock."

Rains and his driver arrived early on the morning of December 3, 2003 to pick up Bonds at his Hillsborough home. The next stop was a San Francisco police station more than a mile from the courthouse. The government wanted Novitzky to play chauffeur to Bonds on the day of his grand-jury testimony.

"Novitzky was in his federal car," said Rains. "Barry and I jumped into the car, and Novitzky said hi."

The IRS agent drove, Rains in front, Bonds in back. "Novitzky was fuming," recalled Rains. "He was all hot and bothered. Barry was saying, 'Mike, we can't trust these guys.'"

When the sedan arrived at the federal building, "Novitzky did this 20- to 30-second wait," said Rains. The cameras pushed in. Rains said Bonds started screaming at Novitzky, "Get this motherfucking car moving! This is fucking bullshit!"

Minutes later they rode the elevator to the 17th floor. Nedrow walked them into another room and introduced Rains to Ross Nadel, chief of the criminal division. Nedrow abruptly announced that Bonds would not be allowed to look at any documents. Rains was furious.

"You want him to testify at one P.M.," he said he told the prosecutors. "It's 10:30. You say we can't look at documents. We had an agreement."

Nadel said there had never been an agreement. Rains countered that he had Nedrow's voice mail advising him to have Bonds appear at 10:30. "Do you think I came here at 10:30 to let Bonds swear at me for two and a half hours?" Rains said. "We got here early to look at the documents."

Bonds was not given the same opportunity offered to virtually every other athlete who gave grand-jury testimony: the chance to view the evidence against them before they testified. When Bonds's 149-page grand-jury transcript was finally made public, in early 2008, there was no doubt that the slugger was being asked about documents he'd never seen.

Rains said, "It was a perjury trap."

At 1:23 P.M., after waiting nearly three hours, Bonds was ushered into the grand-jury room. Nadel explained to the ballplayer that he was being ordered to testify "in the public interest" and that his testimony would not be used against him in any criminal case except a prosecution for perjury.

Nedrow, who dominated the questioning, was certainly enthusiastic. Armed with cryptic documents and evidence, he quizzed Bonds about scribbles on Greg

Anderson's calendars and reported results of lab tests. But Nedrow's sentences rambled. He seemed unsure of himself. Even he was forced to admit he was not very good at asking questions.

"Yes. You are confusing," Bonds said after Nedrow acknowledged his shortcomings. "I'm telling you," said Bonds to the jury. "Is he confusing to you guys?"

PROSECUTOR: So, I'm going to ask you, in the weeks and months leading up to November 2000, were you taking steroids—

BONDS: No.

PROSECUTOR: Or anything like that?

What does "anything like" steroids mean? Say, creatine, which is legal? Or Andro (androstenedione), the milder legal (at the time) cousin of steroids, made famous when a reporter spotted a bottle of it in Mark McGwire's locker?

Why didn't the government ask a simple, straightforward question such as "In the year 2000 did you take something you knew to be an illegal steroid?"

Later critics would say the nearly three-

hour interrogation revealed ample circumstantial evidence that the slugger took performance-enhancing substances, but that wasn't the issue. The point was whether he had knowingly taken illegal drugs and lied about it.

After Nedrow showed Bonds exhibits of substances that Anderson allegedly gave him, he asked again whether he took any steroids.

BONDS: Not that I know of.

NEDROW: What do you mean by "not that you know of"?

The baseball player pointed to exhibits of two substances Anderson had administered to him, a lotion called the Cream and a liquid called the Clear. These two substances were to become the key evidence against Bonds and the centerpiece of the prosecution. Judging by his response to Nedrow, it seemed Bonds had no idea what they were. "Because I have suspicions over those two items, right there," he said. He added that after the BALCO case broke, a few months before, he started thinking, What is this stuff?

Call Bonds clever, parsing his words,

leaving himself an alibi. But that's what he is entitled to do. That sequence and others like it don't sound as though he was absolutely denying the use of banned drugs.

On October 16, 2003 Novitzky's investigation took a bizarre turn. Behind the scenes, unknown to the public following the story, the Treasury Inspector General for Tax Administration (TIGTA) opened an investigation of none other than Novitzky and his fellow agents. Six hundred of the approximately \$60,000 in cash seized from Anderson was missing. Neither Novitzky nor the other IRS agents implicated would cooperate with the TIGTA investigators without lawyers.

Coincidentally, that very same day, Novitzky, under oath, gave his first testimony for the grand jury about BALCO:

NEDROW: Okay, how many of the steroids and growth hormone, just approximately, like how much quantity did you find in the storage locker?

NOVITZKY: We found—I think it was three cardboard boxes, you know, standard-size cardboard boxes full of stuff.

NEDROW: And to be clear on that, we're talking not about the Clear or the Cream but just traditional steroids that—

NOVITZKY: It was the Clear, the Cream, traditional steroids. We also found many other prescription drugs, prescription diet drugs, thyroid-hormone drugs, other oral steroids. It was like a pharmacy in there.

Before the close of his first day of testimony, Novitzky recounted his interview of Greg Anderson. The agent said Anderson acknowledged that he gave out steroids but only to men he called "my little baseball players."

Novitzky said he and the other agents tossed out the names of a number of San Francisco Giants, and Anderson agreed that they were "little." Then, Novitzky said, they focused on the big guys:

"Is Gary Sheffield little?"

"No."

"Is Barry Bonds little?"

"No," Anderson said. "He's not little. I don't give anything to him."

Two months later, in his 2004 State of the Union address, President Bush told the nation about the importance of the landmark steroids investigation:

To help children make right choices, they need good examples. Athletics play such an important role in our society, but unfortunately, some in professional sports are not setting much of an example. The use of performance-enhancing drugs like steroids in all sports is dangerous, and it sends the wrong message—that there are shortcuts to accomplishment and that performance is more important than character. So tonight I call on team owners, union representatives,



"Doesn't the secondhand smoke bother you?"

coaches and players to take the lead, to send the right signal, to get tough and to get rid of steroids now.

You would imagine the BALCO scandal belonged up there with the fight against Al Qaeda. On February 12 at a press conference in the nation's capital, Attorney General John Ashcroft, accompanied by IRS commissioner Mark Everson, announced a massive 42-count indictment of Victor Conte, Jim Valente, Greg Anderson and track coach Remi Korchemny. Everson said, "The investigation took shape when an IRS criminal investigator detected suspicious cash transactions on the part of Mr. Conte through a combination of traditional detective work and through the use of data housed in the Currency Banking Retrieval System, an anti-money laundering tool which tracks large movements of cash."

The media took the government account at face value. In March 2004 *San Francisco Chronicle* reporters Mark Fainaru-Wada and Lance Williams blew the scandal wide open: "San Francisco Giants slugger Barry Bonds, New York Yankees stars Jason Giambi and Gary Sheffield and three other major league baseball players received steroids from a Burlingame nutritional supplement lab, federal investigators were told." (Bonds maintains his innocence; Sheffield admitted taking the Clear unknowingly; Giambi admitted using performance-enhancing drugs.)

Senator McCain held well-publicized hearings. "Baseball is a national pastime," said then-fellow senator Joe Biden. "There is something simply un-American about this."

All the attention continued to strengthen the public's sense of Novitzky's character and his case. But behind the scenes, in grand-jury testimony that was sealed and thus kept secret from the press, his case was beginning to crack. During Novitzky's second grand-jury appearance, he admitted, shockingly, that the Clear, the now famous, undetectable performance-enhancing substance at the center of the vast criminal probe, *did not appear to be illegal or even a steroid under federal criminal law*. Dr. Don Catlin of UCLA's Olympic Analytical Laboratory had decoded the mystery drug. It was THG, or tetrahydrogestrinone. Novitzky's statement on the Clear was a staggering admission that could infect the entire case against Bonds and other targets. Here's what he said:

NEDROW: What does Dr. Catlin say if asked the question "Is it, though, actually an anabolic steroid?" What does he say to that?

NOVITZKY: What he said was, you know, there's two different standards you're looking at. Number one, there's the standard of sport. And he said, you know, the NFL, International Olympic Committee considers it, yes, it's a steroid. If an athlete tests positive for it, they're going to get sanctioned that they've taken a steroid.

He said it was another matter when looking at federal criminal law, and the problem that you run into there is there's a certain amount of steroids that are listed under criminal law

that say, Hey, these substances are definitely steroids. And then there's a catchall phrase that says if it's not one of these substances, then if you can say pharmacologically or chemically related to testosterone, which in this case THG is, and you also have to show that it enhances muscle growth in human beings.

And that's the problem with THG, to which Dr. Catlin testified to the grand jury, "No studies show whether or not THG does, in fact, enhance muscle growth. For us to show beyond a reasonable doubt that it promotes muscle growth would be impossible at this time because there's never been any medical studies on it."

In other words, athletes who took the Clear were literally in the clear. They had not committed a crime. The drug could not be described as a steroid under federal law. Athletes were arguably not even lying if they'd taken it and then denied under oath that they'd taken a steroid. Taking the Clear was not illegal. Nor was taking human-growth hormone or erythropoietin, the endurance drug. Sure, they were banned by many sports and you needed a prescription for HGH or EPO, but that didn't mean it was a crime to use them.

Now let's turn to the Cream.

Conte had cleverly designed a diluted mixture of testosterone and a masking agent that would make the ratio of testosterone and epitestosterone in urine appear totally normal in doping tests, even if one were taking the Clear. The Cream was a mask for the Clear. It was not designed to function as an anabolic agent.

Was the Cream illegal? Conte claimed he had simply stretched his legal prescription for testosterone to create enough Cream for 17 athletes. He would famously call the Cream "baby food." Yes, it had testosterone in it, but only a fraction of what millions of middle-aged American men take daily to regain their strength and virility.

By the fall of 2004 the criminal case against Victor Conte and the original BALCO defendants was beginning to falter. Novitzky had testified to the grand jury that he had seized three large cardboard boxes full of illegal drugs, describing it as "like a pharmacy in there." But this was a considerable exaggeration. As a drug raid, the search of BALCO was a bust. As for Conte's personal storage locker, the contents of the three giant boxes in Novitzky's big-fish story would have fit in one shoebox. Conte had personal prescriptions for most of the drugs, and *The San Jose Mercury News* reported that the total value seized was less than \$2,000, hardly enough for an international drug ring.

There was another legal challenge. Conte alleged the authorities had never showed him a warrant on September 3 until hours after the search of his offices had been completed. His claim was supported by the detailed notes of the IRS agent who documented the search. There was also the question of a missing 53 minutes in the



**Order by April 30th
Get 15% off and a
FREE G-string!**

Springtime Silk Nightie
Sheer and sexy silk chiffon nightie has open sides, adjustable straps and FREE matching G-string. S,M,L. \$39

Order Today!
800-726-7035
www.panties.com



**Now You Can Own An
Authentic Signed Guitar by...**

**Led Zeppelin's
Robert Plant, Jimmy Page
& John Paul Jones**

Robert Plant signing
your guitar

**Call To
Reserve
Yours
Today!**

1-877-601-ROCK

100% Guaranteed • Forensically examined
ROCK AND ROLL ART & MEMORABILIA • Since 1986
**AMERICAN ROYAL ARTS
SIGNEDROCK.COM**

official report. Conte claims that between 4:30 P.M. and 5:23 P.M. that day, Novitzky vainly attempted to pressure him into wearing a wire and cooperating against implicated athletes. Nothing in Novitzky's detailed memorandum reflects that alleged interrogation. Wendy Bergland, the IRS agent responsible for taking comprehensive minute-by-minute notes (the memorandum of activity), recorded no entries for that entire 53-minute period.

These were no small errors and omissions. The logical course in massive federal drug investigations is to fashion an airtight case against the alleged kingpin—in this case, Victor Conte—then force him to go to trial or require his full cooperation before granting a plea, thereby exposing his whole network—in this case, athletes, coaches, owners and league officials. Conte's lawyers threw a wrench in the government's plan: They moved to dismiss the evidence gathered in the original search based on investigative misconduct. They alleged, among other things, that Novitzky forgot to serve the warrant.

A hearing was scheduled. Novitzky's credibility was on the line. In October 2004 he filed a sworn declaration in Judge Illston's court stating that my PLAYBOY article "falsely stated that agent White overheard me discussing getting a 'book deal' in connection with my involvement in this case. This is untrue. I have never had such a discussion with anyone and have never had any involvement with a 'book deal' in connection with this case or any other."

Rains deployed a detective to track down Iran White and learn the identity of the two San Mateo task-force agents who had also heard Novitzky talk about his hope to participate in a book deal. According to *The New York Times*, the lawmen talked to Rains and

told him Novitzky had engaged in a host of improper, if not illegal, acts ranging from tipping off the media to the BALCO search to falsifying investigative reports and his plans to participate in a book or movie deal.

The government dragged its heels in turning over discovery to the defense, until finally Judge Illston ordered it to disclose the secret investigation of Novitzky to defense counsel by May 25, 2005. The government sent the full 150-page report by Federal Express on May 31. With a hearing set for June 7, Conte and his lawyers knew they had struck gold. If made public, the investigation of Novitzky could destroy his credibility and scuttle the government's chance to prosecute Bonds and the other key targets.

After spending a small fortune by calling 30 athletes to the grand jury, the prosecutors all but abandoned their case. Conte argues they never had a case to begin with. Like magic, his 42-count indictment was reduced to two counts—one charge for distributing steroids and one trumped-up charge of laundering \$100, the rationale for IRS involvement.

Victor Conte was sentenced to four months in prison. Greg Anderson served just three months. Patrick Arnold, the chemist who made the Clear, received three months. The other two defendants—Valente and Korchemny—received probation.

For the next couple of years Novitzky got a pass from his true IRS duties. He traveled the country, catching athletes in alleged lies about drugs that may or may not have been illegal. The only individual to receive a serious jail term in the whole scandal was not a drug dealer or an athlete but a defense lawyer who violated a protec-

tive order to give a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter grand-jury transcripts.

After a six-year, \$50 million exploration of performance enhancement in sports, it's worth considering what we've gained. The \$600 is still missing. A Treasury report found, after a year investigating Novitzky and other IRS agents, that "solvability factors are not present and do not justify any continued investigation."

We did see all those tantalizing stories in the *Chronicle* that leaked the testimony of Bonds, Giambi, Sheffield and others. What we didn't see were those parts of the secret record the government preferred not be made public: the missing-money investigation, Novitzky's questionable conduct and his misleading grand-jury testimony.

The biggest omission of all, however, has been the systematic cover-up by baseball officials of steroid use in Major League Baseball. For years MLB never had any real drug testing. It was a sham because officials realized how many billions could be made on pumped-up ballplayers swatting it out of the park. We were fed what the government wanted us to hear: the \$20 million Mitchell Report that trashed some more players and gave the executives paying the bill—Commissioner Bud Selig and company—insulation from the scandal. Selig wasn't completely off the hook. The Mitchell Report revealed that he and his colleagues failed to tell Congress that in 2004 testing had been suspended for six months for all the players who had tested positive the year before. The dopers had been given a free pass until September—the end of the season. The report also revealed that players were alerted to the resumption of testing.

Shortly after the publication of the Mitchell Report, MLB team owners unanimously voted to grant Selig a three-year extension on his contract, which, judging by his near \$15 million 2005 salary, amounted to about a \$50 million payoff, roughly the same price tag as the BALCO investigation. Not a single baseball commissioner, owner or manager was called before a grand jury.

The steroid scandal has been all about greed and power. Baseball is a multibillion-dollar business. The athletes are not innocents, but blaming the scandal on the gladiators overlooks who runs the Coliseum.

This past year Judge Illston, who presided over the steroid cases, indicated she thought the federal government's resources were being wasted. She sentenced the two latest individuals convicted in BALCO, the cyclist Tammy Thomas and track coach Trevor Graham, to home detention over the desperate objections of prosecutors. At Graham's sentencing, she said pointedly, "I don't view sending Mr. Graham to prison as a useful exercise for this government at this time."

Barry Bonds is the next defendant in Judge Illston's courtroom. Roger Clemens is thought to be on deck, accused of lying to Congress about taking human-growth hormone nearly a decade ago, a drug baseball didn't even bother to ban until 2005.

The show must go on.



"Hey! Why is every rotten thing that happens called an act of God?"



SETH ROGEN

(continued from page 36)

forever, for God's sake. I remember one guy who would just take all night to do it, and I'd be like, "Okay, man, can we get this fucking show on the road?"

PLAYBOY: Why is nobody more needy and insecure than a drug dealer?

ROGEN: I know, right? They get so hurt if you just want to rush out. They'll say things like, "Are you just gonna buy it and leave?" Well, yeah, why wouldn't I? It's not like you go to a supermarket and the checkout guy says, "What, you're just going to buy your milk and leave? Come on, let's hang out!"

PLAYBOY: You did a convincing job playing stoned in *Pineapple Express*. Are you just an exceptionally talented actor, or was your prop department well stocked with dime bags?

ROGEN: [Laughs] No, I wasn't stoned in that movie. It wouldn't have helped even if I were, because I act pretty much exactly the same when I'm sober as when I'm stoned. You wouldn't be able to tell the difference. Also, James Franco doesn't even smoke weed. I hope I haven't ruined it for anybody. Franco and I have never smoked weed together in real life. We always marvel at that.

PLAYBOY: What did you use as a substitute?

ROGEN: It was some sort of benign plant. It's called Wizard Smoke. I've seen it advertised in *High Times* magazine. It's supposed to be an herbal substitute that looks a lot like weed but doesn't get you high.

PLAYBOY: You were named Stoner of the Year at the 2007 Stony Awards. Do you feel you hit your peak too soon as a pot icon?

ROGEN: A little bit, yeah. The Stony Award is my Oscar. It's the award of all awards, in my opinion. I'm glad I hit it when I did, but it's a slow and steady decline from there. Franco won it the next year, for *Pineapple Express*, so we back-to-backed it.

PLAYBOY: He did? But he doesn't even smoke pot!

ROGEN: I know. That's outrageous. I almost raised a flag there, but I didn't. At least he played a stoner, and I'm sure he's the first stoner character to be nominated for a Golden Globe. For that alone he deserves a Stony Award.

PLAYBOY: Isn't the award statue a bong?

ROGEN: It is a bong. It's mounted on a little podium thing.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever tried to smoke weed in it?

ROGEN: I have, actually. I put it off for a while and eventually decided not to do it. It seemed oddly disrespectful. But then I had a party, and I saw somebody holding it with smoke coming out of it. I thought, Ah well, there goes my pristine Stony Award.

PLAYBOY: Just how superobsessive are you about marijuana? If we mentioned purple Afghani train wreck, would you know what we're talking about?

ROGEN: [Laughs] Yeah. I know something about weed. I know the difference between a *sativa* and an *indica*.

PLAYBOY: Do you know enough to have a

much bigger deal than it actually was, and it effectively ruined our joke.

PLAYBOY: So what you were smoking wasn't a real joint?

ROGEN: Of course not. But that's not my problem. I'm not offended as a pot smoker; I'm offended as a comedian.

PLAYBOY: You think MTV was trying to create controversy?

ROGEN: I think they were being hypocritical. They have shows like *The Real World*, which is all about drinking and fucking. If that's their idea of entertainment, then our goofy little joke about smoking a fake joint should be harmless. They're documenting the lives of promiscuous young people without any of the repercussions. Not that I care. I'm not saying they shouldn't be allowed to

show that. I'm just saying if that's your idea of acceptable behavior, don't give us a fucking hard time about one stupid joint.

PLAYBOY: Was it surprising when MTV turned against you?

ROGEN: Not at all. MTV has always fucked us. It was a nightmare doing interviews with them for *Pineapple Express*. We were on *TRL*, which thank God is over. I never have to go on that fucking show again.

PLAYBOY: You didn't care for it?

ROGEN: I did not. It wasn't even live. It was all a big lie. It was painful because Franco and I went on to promote *Pineapple*, and the producers told us, "Okay, you can't mention weed at all." That just stunned me. The movie's *about* weed! How would we even describe it? Why are we here if we can't

talk about weed? That's just so silly and absurd to me. It's like bringing on the cast from *Transformers* and telling them, "You can't talk about robots."

PLAYBOY: How will you evolve as you get older? You can't keep playing the scruffy stoner type forever, can you?

ROGEN: I have no idea. I don't think about that, to be honest.

PLAYBOY: You don't wonder what your career will look like in another five, 10, 20 years?

ROGEN: I really don't. I have no overall career plan. I take it on a movie-by-movie basis. It's all I can do.

PLAYBOY: A lot of comic actors yearn for credibility, hoping to cross over into dramatic roles. Do you have ambitions beyond comedy?

Coed Cuties Homegrown Hotties 100% Sexy



ORDER THESE ISSUES INSTANTLY WITH THE DIGITAL EDITION
www.playboy.com/lingerie www.playboy.com/nb

Order online at: playboystore.com

Or send check or money order (do not send cash) to:
Playboy Catalog c/o eFashion Solutions
90 Enterprise Avenue South
Secaucus, NJ 07094

Checks should be made payable to:
eFashion Solutions (U.S. dollars only)

We accept most major credit cards
Sales Tax: NJ (non-apparel) add 7%, IL add 8%

BUY THESE ISSUES AT NEWSSTANDS NOW

©2008 Playboy

conversation with Woody Harrelson?

ROGEN: I think I could, yeah. That doesn't mean I would. I've met a few celebrities who are notorious for smoking weed, and I can't ever bring it up with them. I get shy about it. So I don't know what I would say to Woody. "So...smoke a lot of weed, do you? Me too!"

PLAYBOY: There was some controversy about your appearance on the 2008 MTV Movie Awards, when you and James Franco appeared to be smoking a real joint on national television. Did the backlash surprise you?

ROGEN: Not really. MTV is just insanely stupid. They knew well in advance what we were going to do. We sent them a script weeks earlier. When they cut away in the middle of our bit, it made it seem like a

ROGEN: Somebody recently said to me, "Man, if *Green Hornet* does well, you guys will be able to make whatever movies you want." No, we've *always* made the movies we want. Every movie we've made has been the movie we wanted. We didn't make *Superbad* to get somewhere else. We didn't make *Pineapple Express* to get somewhere else. Those were it. If *Pineapple Express* is the last movie I ever make, I won't say, "I never got a chance to make the big one!" That's the *exact* movie I wanted to make.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever worry you might be lured by a huge paycheck to make some bloated blockbuster like *Cat in the Hat* or *The Grinch* and all your comedy credibility will disappear?

ROGEN: Oh yeah, all the time. Jonah Hill and I were having that exact conversation the other day, about how easy it would be to sell out without even realizing it. It's not just about the money. Sometimes you do a movie and you think it'll be great, but then you see it and it turns out to be terrible.

PLAYBOY: How can you protect yourself from making a dud?

ROGEN: You can't. My only barometer is to ask myself, Is this something I'd want to go see as an audience member? Otherwise, you have to accept that the rest of it is out of your control.

PLAYBOY: Is it true you talked Hill out of doing a *Transformers* sequel?

ROGEN: I wouldn't say I talked him out of it. I was a voice against it. It's not just about the final product for me anymore. It's also about the experience. This isn't just a career anymore. It's my life. My life isn't being *in* these movies, it's *making* these movies. You have to make sure that aspect of it is as enjoyable as possible. I want to go to work and think, I'm making a movie I'm excited about, I like the people I work with, and I'm having a good time. It wouldn't be worth it if I were making the best movie ever and had to come to work and think, I hate these fucking people!

PLAYBOY: Do you care what your fans think about you?

ROGEN: You mean, do I read the Internet? My girlfriend reads the comments section on my IMDb profile all the time, and sometimes she tells me, "You have to look at what this jerk said about you." People fucking *hate* me on the Internet. The tide has definitely turned.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that is?

ROGEN: It's completely arbitrary. When *Superbad* and *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* came out, I was the raddest guy on Ain't It Cool News. But now, for no reason, I am the fucking worst, most despicable Antichrist of comedy. All I did was make two more movies that were both pretty good, in my opinion. It's become almost obligatory to say how much you fucking hate me. It's like, "He's doing all the stuff that makes us laugh, and I *hate* that about him."

PLAYBOY: What was your favorite experience meeting a fan?

ROGEN: I was at a bookstore last week, and this 20-year-old guy was standing next to me in line. He noticed me and got a funny look on his face, then he finally said, "Oh my God, man, you're my hero. Look what I'm buying." He had a book on screenplay writing and an encyclopedia of marijuana. [laughs] I was like, "Yeah, I guess I really *am* your hero."

PLAYBOY: How do you spoil yourself? You don't seem like the kind of guy who would spend his paycheck on a fancy car or a Malibu mansion.

ROGEN: I buy a lot of Japanese pop-art toys on eBay. I have a massive collection in my house. I've always been obsessed with comic books. Both Evan and I have read tons of them. If any of our movies suck, it's because we were reading comic books instead of writing.

PLAYBOY: It's probably no surprise that you and Goldberg wrote an episode for *The Simpsons* about the Comic Book Guy.

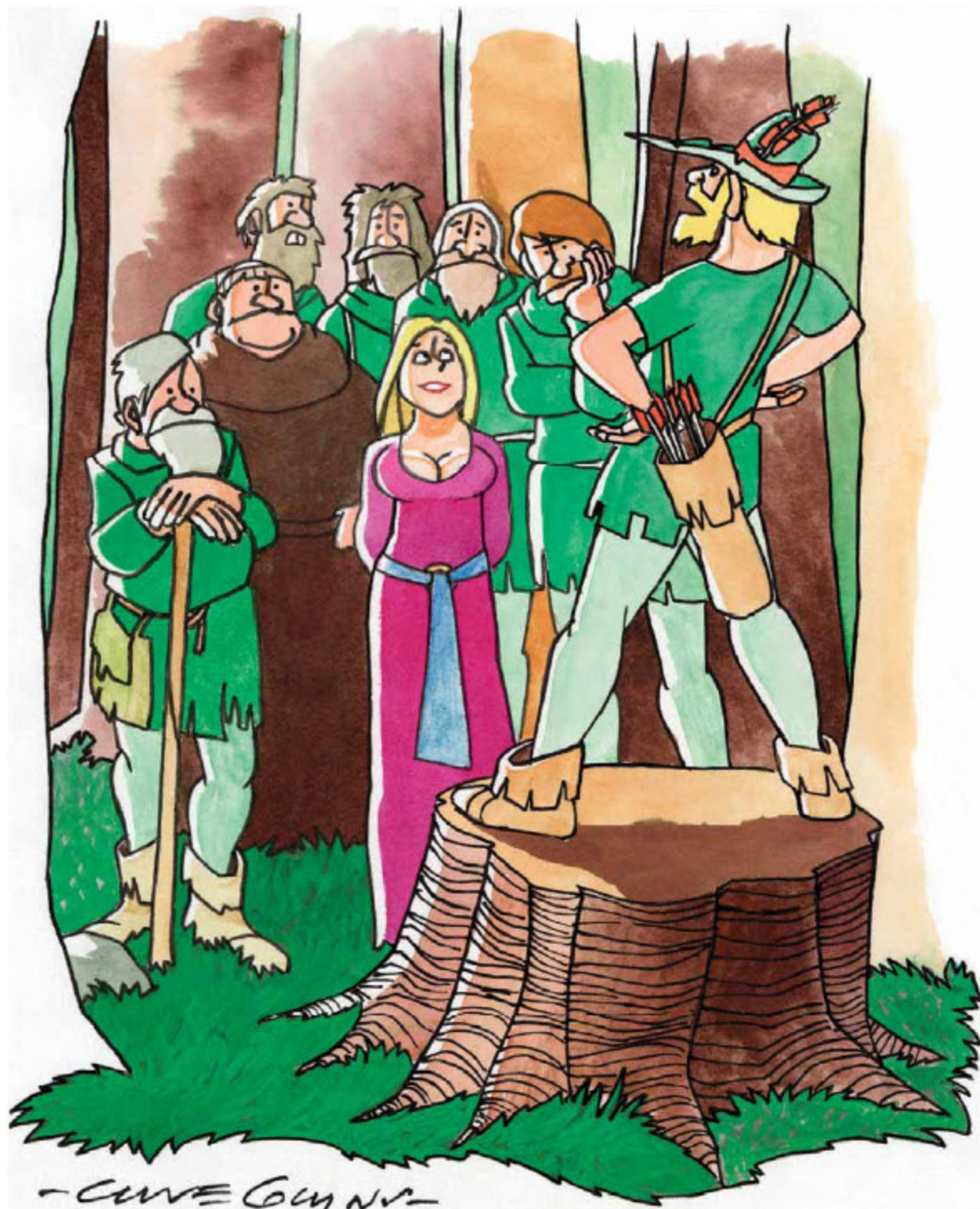
ROGEN: That's the coolest thing we've done. Of everything we've accomplished, which is not much on the grand scale of things, writing for *The Simpsons* is the apex.

PLAYBOY: Do you identify with the Comic Book Guy?

ROGEN: As a very anal collector of things, I can definitely relate.

PLAYBOY: If your movie career hadn't worked out quite so well, could you imagine yourself with his life, running a little comic-book store in Vancouver?

ROGEN: Yeah! I sometimes think about that. What would I be doing if I weren't an actor? Working in a video store or a comic-book store is the only thing I could possibly enjoy as much. I'd be one of those guys you look at and say, "What the fuck is wrong with him? Why is he working at this fucking store? Why doesn't he get out and do something with his life?" I would definitely be that guy. Maybe I'd do a combo: a video-game-and-comic-book store. Yeah, that would be cool. That's definitely what I should do if I crap out in movies. You know, that sounds so good it's almost worth quitting for.



"Okay, listen up—due to the economic downturn I'm going to be able to keep only one of you in my outlaw band."



CREDITS: PHOTOGRAPHY BY: P. 1 JEROME DE PERLINGHI/CORBIS OUTLINE, SAM JONES, STEPHANIE KNAFO, PETER MACDIARMID/REX FEATURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., SHERRY WILLIAMSON; P. 6 SAM JONES; P. 9 ELAYNE LODGE (4), RD/KABIK/RETNA DIGITAL; P. 10 LODGE/JOHANSSON (12); P. 11 WILLY CAMDEN; P. 12 ALEXAS URBA; P. 16 CORBIS, PATRICK FORD/RETNA, MARIO PANEBIANCO, CHRISSY PIPER; P. 17 TIMOTHY A. CLARY/AFP/GETTY IMAGES, RIC MOORE (2), TYLER SHIELDS/CONTOUR BY GETTY IMAGES; P. 18 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (3); P. 20 GETTY IMAGES; P. 21 CORBIS (3), COURTESY GALATOIRE'S, GETTY IMAGES; P. 22 FOX SEARCHLIGHT/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GETTY IMAGES (2), VEER/CORBIS (3); P. 23 RUDI AYASSE (2); P. 24 RUDI AYASSE (2), FOX SEARCHLIGHT/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 26 CORBIS; P. 32 SAM JONES; P. 33 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (5); PP. 34–35 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC. (6); P. 36 MARIO CASILLI, HORN/GRINER, TOM STAEBLER, STEPHEN WAYDA (3); P. 40 GETTY IMAGES, NEWS-COM (2), VEER/CORBIS; P. 48 BUNNY YEAGER; P. 49 PROVIDED BY JAMES SWANSON, BUNNY YEAGER; P. 50 IRVING KLAU/MOVIE STAR NEWS, BUNNY YEAGER (2); P. 51 PETER BASCH/FROM THE COLLECTION OF ERIC KROLL, PROVIDED BY JAMES SWANSON, BUNNY YEAGER (4); P. 52 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., PROVIDED BY JAMES SWANSON (2), GREG THEAKSTON (3), BUNNY YEAGER; P. 53 OLIVIA DE BERARDINIS, GREG THEAKSTON, BUNNY YEAGER; PP. 54–55 GETTY IMAGES; P. 58 JAMES ELLROY ARCHIVE, THOMAS COOPER LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF SOUTH CAROLINA; PP. 82–83 GETTY IMAGES (6), NEWS-COM, VEER/CORBIS (2); P. 113 GETTY IMAGES (3), CHRIS GORDON/WIREIMAGE.COM; P. 115 CORBIS; P. 116 SONY PICTURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 117 BROWN/CORBIS, CORBIS (4), CORBIS OUTLINE, GETTY IMAGES (5), JBA/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA, LFI; P. 118 COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC., GETTY IMAGES (2); P. 119 AP WIDE WORLD, GETTY IMAGES, REX FEATURES/COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION, INC.; P. 122 DEBORAH ANDERSON, MARC ECKO, GETTY IMAGES, CHRIS RYAN. P. 15 HAIR & MAKEUP BY MARIE-FLORE BEAUBIEN, STYLING BY REBECCA MINK; PP. 31–32 GROOMING BY CATHERINE FURNISS FOR CELESTINE, WARDROBE STYLING BY PATTY PEPPARD; PP. 42–43 PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEITH LANDER/THEPOUTFACTORY.COM, HAIR & MAKEUP BY JACEY COSENTINO, PHOTO RETOUCHING BY LETICIA GUENTHER/THEPOUTFACTORY.COM; PP. 74–77 GROOMING BY DAVID COX FOR KIEHL'S/CELESTINEAGENCY.COM; PP. 78–80 HAIR BY JENNY CHO/THE WALL GROUP, MAKEUP BY MAI QUYNH/THE WALL GROUP, PROP STYLING BY MATT DAVIDSON, WARDROBE STYLING BY WENDI & NICOLE/THE WALL GROUP. COVER: MODELS: HOPE DWORACZYK AND SETH ROGEN, PHOTOGRAPHER: SAM JONES, GROOMING: CATHERINE FURNISS FOR KIEHL'S/CELESTINEAGENCY.COM, HOPE'S MAKEUP: STEPHANIE DANIEL FOR SOLO ARTISTS, HOPE'S HAIRSTYLING: MARTIN KISS FOR AIM, PROP STYLING: MATT DAVIDSON, WARDROBE STYLING: PATTY PEPPARD, PRODUCED BY PATTY BEAUDET-FRANÇÈS.

AMY SMART

(continued from page 80)

Q16

PLAYBOY: How do you get yourself energized offscreen?

SMART: I deliberately try to be 10 minutes late for everything. It's almost a game with me. Rushing gets my adrenaline going. I grew up driving in the mountains, so I am a really good driver but a pretty fast one. When I'm on a plane that's taking off, instead of just relaxing and enjoying the amazing feeling of ascending and soaring into the air, I'm like, Are we going to veer the wrong way?

Q17

PLAYBOY: Have any of your adventures included having sex on a plane?

SMART: Yeah, in the bathroom, which makes me a member of the mile-high club. One key to a great relationship is a healthy sex life. My boyfriend loves to buy me sexy lingerie, and when he's lucky I give him a little show. Maybe it would be hot if I bought him a policeman's uniform.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Where is the most adventurous place you've made love?

SMART: I've been to a lot of great places, but adventurous? I'd say on the beach in Bali, where we had been relaxing on vacation for days. We were both tan. The sun was going down. It was gorgeous and warm, and the beach was pretty deserted—but not entirely. I felt like we were living a dream, even if it was only temporary.

Q19

PLAYBOY: Since *Crank* came out, do fans react any differently to you?

SMART: Before *Crank* most people would talk to me about a sweet and funny movie like *Just Friends* or a comedy like *Rat Race*. Now I feel I'm being looked at in a more adult way. I hope that lasts, because I want to keep changing the roles I play and entertaining people. I love that I have another sweet movie coming out around the same time as *Crank 2*, called *Love N' Dancing*. It's about the West Coast swing-dancing scene. Being paid to dance made doing that movie a dream come true.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Your name is a popular Google search term. What do you think when you read about yourself on the Internet?

SMART: The Internet is the best invention because it's so open and free. But everyone on it has an opinion. I've read things people have posted about me, and I'm like, Who are you? I've never even met you! I'm glad you think I'm ugly. Fine. Sorry. Don't go to my movies. Just get a life and do something that makes you happy.



The Art of **Giving**

Wedge/Ramp®

Equus® Playscape

Zeppelin® LoveCraft

LIBERATOR
BEDROOM ADVENTURE GEAR

Take 15% off
use code: playboy15
at checkout

liberator.com 866-542-7283

Playboy's Privacy Notice

We occasionally make portions of our customer list available to carefully screened companies that offer products or services we believe you may enjoy. If you do not want to receive these offers or information, please let us know by writing to us at:

Playboy Enterprises International, Inc.
c/o CDS
P.O. Box 2007
Harlan, IA 51593-0222
e-mail PLYcustserv@cdfsfulfillment.com
tel 800.999.4438 or 515.243.1200

It generally requires eight to ten weeks for your request to become effective.

Playboy, date of production: February 2009. Custodian of Records is Ben Taylor. All records required by law to be maintained by publisher are located at 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Contents copyright © 2009 by Playboy.

THE HILLIKER CURSE

(continued from page 58)

He's porking the Main Babe from the movie.

I noticed a half-full jug of cheap wine by the mailbox bank. I guzzled it and got goofy and euphoric. I'm tanked at age nine. I go window peeping. I've done it a few times before. It feels *essential* now.

Cherokee north of the Boulevard. Spanish apartment houses and bungalow courts. Windows ringed with Christmas lights. Low first-floor windowsills. Perch spots for a tall little boy hot to *LOOK*.

I was blitzed. It was 51 years ago. I *know* I didn't see the Main Babe or my dad in the saddle. I *know* I saw a fat guy flipping burgers. I *know* I saw a skinny lady watching TV.

It all blurred then. Booze blackout—age nine.

I recall a queasy cab ride. I'm back at my mom's pad in Santa Monica. I'm in my church suit. We're on an airplane. Jean Hilliker's wearing a blue serge dress and holding an overcoat. Her red hair is cinched by a tortoiseshell barrette. She's drinking a highball and smoking a cigarette.

I leaned close. She misunderstood my intent and ruffled my hair. I wanted to nuzzle her and taste the bourbon. She didn't know that.

I dozed off. Jean Hilliker dozed off. I woke up and watched her sleep. She was 42 now. She was boozing more. It showed on her face. She went back to Hilliker, post-divorce decree. It stigmatized me. Her pride, my bifurcated identity. I killed off the dregs of her highball and ate the cherry. It gave me a residual jolt. I saw a woman enter a lavatory at the rear of the plane.

I traipsed over and perched near the door. Passing adults ignored me. Women used the facility. I hovered and heard the door locks click. The women exited and scowled at me. I read biblical censure on their faces. One woman forgot to lock the door. I barged in accidentally on purpose. The woman shrieked. I saw sheer nylon stockings and some skin.

●
Madison, Wisconsin was lake-bound and penguin-shit cold. A snow-covered field flanked Aunt Leoda's house. I got into a snowball fight the first day. An ice-crust ball busted up my face and loosened some wobbly teeth. I holed up in a back bedroom and brooded.

My cousins were off being happy-kids-at-Christmas. Jean Hilliker was off with plain-Jane Aunt Leoda and porky Uncle Ed. Uncle Ed sold Buicks. My mother purchased a red-and-white sedan from him. The plan: drive the fucker back to L.A. after New Year's.

I brooded. I did it obsessively then, as I do now. My mouth hurt. The fucking snowball sliced my lips.

The adults came home. My mother brought me a library book. It was wholesome kids' fare, full of mystical shit. It pertained to witchcraft, spells and curses. My mother turned the bedroom lights on. I had to read rather than brood.

The book jazzed me. I tore through it Quickville. It felt like it was written *to me*. The mystical shit derived from my inbred

homeland of Bumfuck, Great Britain. Magic potions abounded. Warlocks guzzled secret brews and had visions. This wowed the incipient boozehound and dope fiend in me. The overall text buttressed religious lore I believed in then and believe in today.

There's a world we can't see. It exists separately and concurrently with the real world. You enter this world by the offering of prayer and incantation. You live in this world wholly within your mind. You dispel the real world through mental discipline. You rebuff the real world through your enforced mental will. Your interior world will give you what you want and what you need to survive.

I believed it then. I believe it now. My many years in the dark have confirmed it as a primary article of faith. I was nine then. I'm 60 now. The real world has frequently intruded on my spells in the dark. That book formally sanctioned me to lie still and conjure women. I did it then. I do it still. That book described the destructive power of formal invective. The notion of a curse was not prophetic in late 1957. It was simply more license to fantasize.

I have a superbly honed memory. My time in the dark has enhanced my process of minutely detailed recollection.

My mental ruthlessness asserted itself early on.

I needed a Curse a few months later. I was very well prepared.

XXXXX

The new Buick was a full-dress road hog. It had wide whites and more chrome than the *Plunder Road* death sled. I wanted to zoom it back to L.A. and see my dad. I wanted to resume my fantasy life back on my home turf.

The adults went nightclubbing on New Year's Eve. A German immigrant girl babysitted my cousins and me. She was 17 or 18, acne-addled and plump. She wore a reindeer-print blouse and a flannel skirt with a pink embroidered poodle. She emitted Hitler Jugend vibes.

She tucked me in last. The bedroom door was shut. Her fluttery presence felt unkosher. She sat on the edge of the bed and patted me. The vibe devolved. She pulled down the covers and sucked my dick.

I dug it and recoiled from it in equal measure. I withstood 30 seconds and pushed her off. She talked a kraut blue streak and bolted the room. I killed the lights and brooded out the bad juju.

I didn't feel assaulted. I felt sideswiped. I knew the term *blow job* from school. I recalled the magic-spell book. I figured I could brew a blank-memory elixir. I could create X-ray-eye powder at the same time. I got bilked on those glasses. My secret eyeball blend would set that straight.

I fell asleep in '57 and woke up in '58. The watershed year of my life kicked in, un-fucking-knownst to me. Jean Hilliker and I split Madison in snow flurries. It worsened a few hours in. We crossed the Iowa border. The road froze. The snow turned to ice. My mother pulled over and bundled me in the backseat. Cars lost traction and brodied on the highway. Wheels slid on slick blacktop. Low-speed collisions multiplied. Fool drivers smoked their tires down to bare tread and skittered into cornfields.

Jean Hilliker *winked* at me. I've got the moment shutter-stopped. She wore a tartan

scarf over her hair and a brown overcoat. She pulled back onto the road.

I watched. She chain-smoked as she maneuvered. She worked the pedals in her stocking feet and gained ground in low gear. Cars caromed, bumped and rolled backward all around us. Jean rode the slow lane and sliced mud with her right tires. Ice shards bombarded the windshield. Jean ran the defroster and melted the ice on contact. The car was steam-room hot. Jean ditched her overcoat. She wore a short-sleeved blue blouse underneath it. I noticed how pale and lovely her arms were.

We skidded in and out of mud troughs. We clipped rural fence posts and sheared off our right rearview mirror. She gripped the steering wheel loosely and braced it with her left knee. She smoked cigarettes, white-knuckled.

The weather shifted. The ice mulched and set the road traversable. We turned into an auto court and got a room for the night. It featured timber walls inset with plaster molding. My mother found a string quartet on the radio. We were sweat soaked from her boffo play with the defroster. I showered first and put on pajamas.

She felt different that night. Her Hilliker eyes were tight and gray-flecked some new way. She smiled and went "oops" every time she banged a mailbox.

I pretended to sleep. She walked out of a steam cloud and toweled herself off, naked. I slitted my eyes and memorized her body for the 10 zillionth time. She never hid her nakedness. She never flaunted it. She was a registered nurse. She wanted me to ask her facts-of-life questions. She wanted to vouch her stance as an enlightened mother and the first Hilliker to attend college. I didn't want abstract responses. I wanted to know about Her and sex in an enticing manner with a mystical bent.

I saw her in bed with men before. This geek Hank Hart was her first post-divorce squeeze. I got some of the mechanics down and stood back from the doorway. Hank Hart lost a thumb in a drill-press mishap. My mother lost the tip of one nipple to a post-childbirth infection. The other guy was a botched window view. I didn't get the close-ups or the male amputation. I skimmed the Bible and my dad's scandal rags for a sex-with-missing-body-parts parlay. I got adultery condemned and *Sinuendo*. I went back to eyeballing women for my answers.

We cleared the storm zone the next day and turned right in Texas. I scoped out girls in passing cars and scratched my balls on the sly. My mother said we *might* move in February. She was hipped to a house in the San Gabriel Valley. Our gelt was running thin. We were splurging on cheeseburgers and rustic motels. The Buick slurped highest gas through a four-barrel carburetor. We laid up in Albuquerque and went to a movie. It was a seagoing turkey called *Fire Down Below*. The stars: Robert Mitchum, Jack Lemmon and Rita Hayworth.

I pointed to Hayworth's name on the screen. My mother *glared* at it. My dad went back with *La Roja* Rita. It predated his circa '40 hookup with Jean. Rita was half Anglo, half Mex aristocrat. My dad was working as a croupier in TJ. Rita's father hired him

to watchdog Rita and deter mashers. My dad told me he slipped Rita the schnitzel. I cannot verify this assertion. My dad *did* enjoy a long run as Rita's chief stooge. Rita sacked his lazy ass, circa '50. Jean Hilliker won the War of the Rapture-Wrapped Redheads. That meant she got her heavy-hung hubby's fast-buck jive full-time.

They both sanitized their backstories and packed me with pap. I tracked a trail of the truth, post-parental mortem. Jean Hilliker hit L.A. in late '38. She won a beauty contest, tanked a screen test and returned to Chicago. She lived in a big pad with four other nurses. A beefy bull dyke ruled the roost. Jean got pregnant, tried to scrape herself and hemorrhaged. A doctor chum undid the damage. She had an affair with him, dumped him and married a rich stiff. Marriage number one fizzled pronto. Jean remembered how good L.A. looked and caught a bus. A friend knew a ginch named Jean Feese. Jean F. was wed to a hunky drifter named Ellroy.

They met and shacked up in my pre-war birthplace. My dad dumped Jean Number One. Jean Number Two got pregnant in '47. They got married in August. A troubled pregnancy foretold my rapturously troubled and memoir-mapped life.

I never *got* Rita Hayworth. She was plucked, lacquered, varnished, injected and enhanced. She shitcanned my dad before the Hilliker-Ellroy marriage imploded. She was my dad's defaulting deus ex machina. He had a sweet deal with Rita. She blew it—not him. There were more sweet deals ahead. Other Ritas were out there. He could glom himself one.

It was loser shtick. I was a seven-year-old predisposed to believe it. I heard it expressed plaintively, whiningly and disingenuously. Jean Hilliker heard it shrieked, sobbed and bellowed—behind bedroom doors closed to me. She underestimated my ability to eavesdrop and extrapolate. She did not credit me with a knack for decoding sighs. She went at my father with restraint and less volume. I watched her sadness and fury build from the inside out. I never heard her say it. I watched her think it and suppress it from the outside in.

You're weak. You live off of women. I won't let you take much more of me.

I knew it was true—*then*.

I sided with him—*then*.

I hated her then. I hated her because he was me, and once he was gone I'd be alone with the breadth of my shame. I hated her because I wanted her in so many unspeakable ways. I hated her because I knew that you lived for women *then*, as I know that you live for women *now*. My mother had expressed a moral distinction: You don't feed off women *ever*.

My father made me his co-defiler. His mantra was "She's a drunk and a whore." I cravenly acceded to the dictum. He told me he had private eyes tailing my mother. I believed it *then*. I know it was hoo-ha *now*. It didn't matter *then*. *Cherchez la femme*. The imagined detectives led me to women.

All solitary men were detectives. All male pedestrians were detectives. All men hiding behind newspapers were specifically tailing me. My dad employed at least one whole detective agency. An equal number

of gumshoes were stalking my mother.

My father was out discovering the next Rita Hayworth. He was tapping some unmentioned windfall. He scored the big bowl of bread that Sergeant Bilko and the Kingfish fell short of in pratfalls and greed. Private fuzz ran pricey. My dad loved me *that* much. A flatfoot fleet safeguarded me. Fleet Number Two tailed the round-heeled redhead to juke joints and hot-sheet motels. Moral turpitude was a tough sell. Kiddie-court judges usually sided with the mom. My dad had clout from his film-biz days. He had the lowdown on bribable Jew judges. He just slipped Perry Mason a fat retainer.

That wowed me. I watched the Perry Mason show every week. My case might wind up on TV.

My school was on Wilshire and Yale. My pad was off Broadway and Princeton. Santa Monica had semi-brisk foot traffic. I walked to school most days and dawdled home indirectly. My roaming range was two miles in circumference. Wilshire was dotted with cocktail caves and auto courts. I grooved the Broken Drum, the Fox and Hounds and the Ivanhoe. I loitered outside and watched the detectives enter and split. I gave them perfunctory glances and shifted my gaze to any and all nearby women. I confirmed that my dad's goons were on the job and went wild with the adjoining scenery.

It's a 50-year-old blur in '50s film-process color. Some details remain ripe. I watch women enter rooms at the Ivanhoe. One woman is Italianate and picks at her stocking runs. Bus stops were good spots for repeat eyeball business. I saw the same detective at Santa Monica and Franklin several times. He was always chatting with a neighbor lady. She wore a dark-green dress one day and showed boccoo back. She told the man she worked in Beverly Hills. She carried a briefcase instead of a purse. I placed her age at Jean Hilliker's age. She always smoked a last cigarette and dropped it ahead of the right-front bus wheel.

I waited for her one evening. The west-bound bus dropped her across the street from the outgoing bus stop. I tailed her to a crib on Arizona. She opened the door and saw me. She gave me a schizy look and shut the door. I never saw her again.

It was surveillance within surveillance. I breezed through coffee shops, used the can and breezed out. I entered lounge lairs verboten to children and eyeballed the bar. I saw women reflected in above-the-bar mirrors. I saw women twirl ashtrays and look pensive. I saw women dangle low-heeled shoes off one foot.

Samo High and Lincoln Junior High were close to my pad. Kids materialized on my block around 4:00 on school days. Boys and girls together. Older kids. The girls hugged



"Wilson, that's not what I would call thinking outside the box."

their schoolbooks and swerved their breasts. One girl rested her chin on her books and swayed as she walked. She always lagged behind the other kids. She was pale. She had long dark hair and wore glasses. She lived one courtyard over from me. I didn't know her name. I decided to call her Joan.

I spied on her bungalow. I saw her reading a few times. She sat in an easy chair crossways and wiggled her feet. I studied her family life. Her dad wore a Jew beanie and doted on her. Mom favored the doltish kid brother. I have thought about Joan and prayed for Joan for 51 continuous years. I considered her a prophet then. I was correct. A real-named Joan appeared 46 years later. She was a sure and separate fulfillment of that wish-named girl.

Both Joans are gone now. The real-named Joan and I had two years together. She had stunning gray-streaked hair. It's been three years since I've seen her. I brood on her and talk to her in the dark. I heard she had a child. I wonder how much more gray has swirled through the black.

XXXXX

We made it back to L.A. on gas fumes and a buck-98. The Buick was paint pocked and minus that right mirror. I returned to my roamings and ruminations. Jean Hilliker went back to bourbon and Brahms and her nurse gig at Airtek Dynamics.

I didn't think about the magic book or the Nazi chick and her aborted knob job. I didn't brew potions. I got pissed at my mother after church once. I told her to beware—my dad had hired Perry Mason to get custody of me. Jean Hilliker found this sidesplitting. She explained that Perry Mason was a TV fiction. Moreover: That beetle-browed actor's a swish.

The old man kept bugging me to spy on

my mother. He kept calling the crib and driving her batshit. She kept bringing up the move to the suburbs.

She persisted, she insisted, she blathered, she cajoled, she lied. *The suburbs*: euphemism/propaganda/forked-tongue double-speak. The San Gabriel Valley was blast-oven exile. Renegade rednecks and waterlogged wetbacks. A shit-kicker Shangri-la.

Of course, we moved there.

Of course, she died there.

Of course, I caused her death.

Her body was found on June 22, 1958. Her murder brought me to crime.

I throw myself at women and talk to them alone in the dark. They always speak back to me. They have convinced me of my guilt.

We left right before Valentine's Day. I slid a card embossed with a big red heart under Joan's door. I bought the real-named Joan a Valentine's card and a blouse 48 years later. We made love in a hotel suite and planned our wedding.

Our union ended soon after. My stabs at friendship were clumsy and self-serving. I'm alone with Joan now. We speak every night. I'm watching her age and grow stronger. She's inside me with all of the others, each and every one distinct.

1.

My dad got me. He alleged fluke providence. He didn't have to retain Perry Mason or bribe Jew judges. We were both relieved and gratified. My mother's murder went unsolved. I dodged the issue of my complicity and breezed through a season of adult solicitude. Nobody blamed me. *There, there*. Isn't he brave and cute?

Alas, no.

The Curse worked. Summer '58 unfurled smoggy and powder blue. I stalked girls at Lemon Grove Park. I stole a chemistry set,

mixed powders randomly and sweetened my potions with Kool-Aid. I watched the *Criswell Predicts* TV show devotedly. Criswell was a fruity guy with a cape. He foresaw the future and spoke portentously. He exemplified the shuck of self-confidence. I studied him and honed my act under his boob-tube spell. The Mighty Ellroy has decreed: *You will drink this sacred elixir and disrobe!*

It didn't work. The caustic chemicals outwaded the Kool-Aid. No girls put their lips to my cups. I dodged murder-one indictments *again*. Credit me with avant-garde panache: My shtick preceded the Jim Jones massacre by decades.

I lived to read, brood, peep, stalk, skulk and fantasize. My reading focus zeroed in on kids' crime books and lingered there all summer. Rich kids from happy families solved murders. Ordered worlds got resurrected, and nobody got too fucked-up. Formulaic pap. My sublimated dialogue on the Jean Hilliker snuff. Triage therapy that prepared me for Mickey Spillane.

Mike Hammer was a chick magnet and a commie-snuff artiste. He pistol-whipped left-wingers and bit women's necks. He was dutifully dichotomized. He brutalized bad men and saved virtuous women. Mike Hammer's quest became my moral credo. There was one major sticking point that vexed me.

Not all women expressed virtue. Some women were shrill and usurious. One woman was *really* a man with an implied donkey dick. Society women were one-worlders and comsymp. Mike Hammer slapped bad women around. Mike Hammer shot the big-dick he/she in cold blood. I could not read those passages. I could not endure depictions of violence on women. The same dynamic held with TV and film fare. *I could not see it*. I had to shut my eyes. I banished injured women from my purview. I insisted that my maimed women remain off-page and offscreen. It was a bedrock of empathy within my overall kiddie-noir predation.

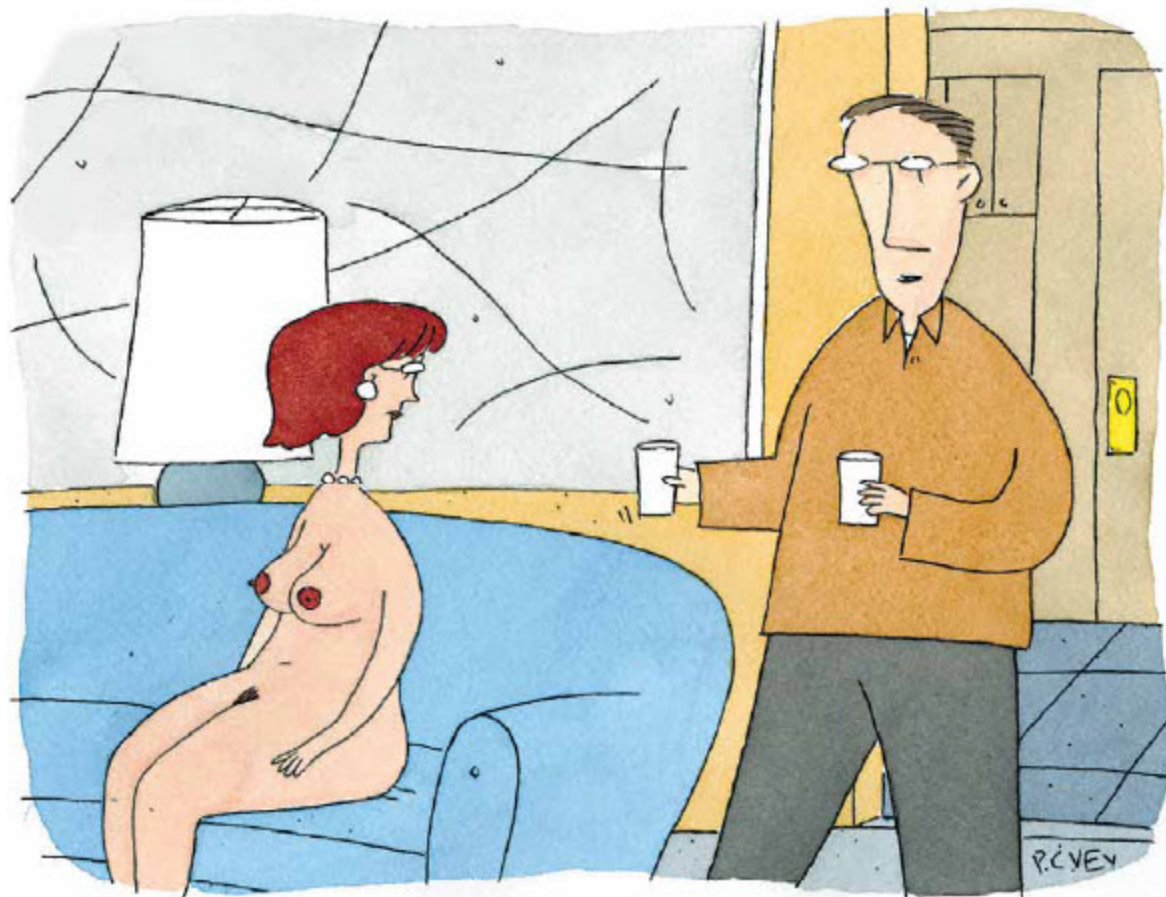
Ravaged women brought me back to Her. Mental tenacity kept my guilt suppressed. I was a sex-crazed little boy before the death I mandated. Puberty boded. My hormones hosannaed. The stimulus of all women all the time forced me to contain the obsession. I started telling myself stories to rein it in.

Savior-of-women fantasies. Romantic tableaux set against history. Mike Hammer sans misogynist text.

I got hopped up on the Black Dahlia murder case. Starstruck girl hits L.A. and winds up severed and dumped. It's another unsolved woman snuff. It's L.A. '47, again in *Sinemascope*.

I saved the Dahlia, alone in the dark. I killed her killer and resuscitated her with magic potions. I time traveled. I wasn't a skinny kid with emergent acne. I was Zachary Scott with that cool mustache and my dad's giant dick. The sexual mechanics were virgin-boy fantasia. A filtering process came and went and often shut down my narrative stream. I would see my mother in bed with Hank Hart. I would blot the image out and pray it away.

I denied the Dahlia's martyred kinship with Jean Hilliker. A morbid subtext slammed me



"I thought a drink might warm you up."

to Dahlialand. The same death-sense shocked me and boomeranged me to my present-day world. I created stirring unions with local girls and their mothers.

I lived in a hotbox dive adjoining swank Hancock Park. Ritzy houses were arrayed in three directions. My dad and I owned a baleful beagle. She was my mother's 10th-birthday gift. She defied housebreaking. She turned our pad into a dog-dung demimonde. The scent socked itself in and accreted. I took the dog for long late-night walks and peeped Hancock Park windows.

The girls went to posh private schools. They wore pastel uniform dresses by day and prepped-out civvies in the evenings. Madras shirtwaists and tartan kilts. Gingham button-downs inherited from big brothers. Sherbet-shade gowns for cotillions.

I took the girls home with me and talked to them in the dark. They spoke back to me in candid whispers. I concocted kid stories suffused with social-class struggle and love-conquers-all elation. My girls were never standard pretty or comely in prescribed ways. I was always looking for the physical flaw or distinction that marked gravity. I looked in window after window at face after face. I was looking for *one* face. There can be only *one*.

Voyeur. Pious Protestant boy. Fatuous seeker.

I took the girls home. Their mothers pushed me into walls, threw me down and had me. Their hunger was my hunger expressed through their haunted aggression. They squeezed my face. Their hands hurt me. Our mouths clashed. Our teeth scraped. Our nakedness was blurred by a shutter-stop inside me. I was frail and unequal to their bounty. It scared me then. The roughness unhinged me. The absence of a narrative line left me weightless. I didn't know what it meant *then*. I'll ascribe meaning *now*. They wanted me because I sensed who they were and went at them with that raging instinct. A dead woman fed me the knowledge. They were indistinguishable and each and every one unique. My moral intent was gender-wide and paid for in blood—frail boy bound credible and ghostly deep.

Women were everywhere and nowhere. My dad hid his girlfriends. Our dog-shit dive deterred assignations there. I overheard his "Hey, baby" calls and inferred fuck-pad dates.

He had no family. Jean Hilliker's kin were back in Whipdick, Wisconsin. I went to school and church because I had to and because there were women there. It got me out of the dog den and into the fresh air. Human interaction momentarily rewired my fantasy life. I was forced to sit, listen and talk. Matriculation led me to second-rung obsessions. American history and classical music started tearing through my head. They momentarily fogged my all-women mind-set. I co-opted them fast. My woman-savior tales took on verisimilitude and topical oomph. Beethoven wrote me scores. *Our* rhapsodies outjuiced the Ninth Symphony and the late string quartets.

I *had* to talk to people. *All* people scared me. Women and girls scared me much more than men and boys. I addressed all males with braggadocio undercut with tight-throat fear. I ducked my head, made provocative statements and cut in and out of discourse quick. I could not talk to females beyond non sequiturs. I flopped at talking to boys about girls. Their chat was too graphic, too uninformed and jejune without my puerile grandeur. I stayed pent-up into raging adolescence. I grew tall and stayed commensurately unbodied. A neighbor boy introduced me to masturbation. I discovered it astoundingly late. That fact explicates my mental predisposition and horror of real sex. I reinvested sex and postponed sex every time I saw a woman who might be The Other. I was a Scottish pastor's grandson and the scion of farmers and clergymen who took to the bottle instead of the flesh. I would have it all in due time and nearly die from it. My mind and soul met my right hand at age 13. It all accelerated. Jean Hilliker moldered in the backwash of fresh technique and constant stimuli.

Junior high was high-octane. The Berlin Wall fracas almost took the world down. I craved the easy out of nuke devastation. Sublimated guilt drove me nihilistic. Hancock Park girls saved me. I loved Cathy and Kay and stellar window faces seen. I yearned for mental monogamy. I wanted *one* image captured for endless consolation and sex.

Cathy Montgomery was pure Hancock Park. Kay Olmsted was Hancock Park on a west-edge budget. The tall brunette. The shorter blonde with the hurricane-hurled hazel eyes. Villager shirtdresses for Cathy. A black beret for preppy beatnik Kay.

I hoarded paper-route money and sent

them both big bouquets. It was my Summer '62 D-day Assault. The *D* stood for "desperate" and "delirious." I got blow-off/thank-you notes back.

I snuck inside Cathy's house and Kay's house several years later. The notion to enter and prowl hadn't occurred to me yet. I still send women flowers obsessively. My florist's bill for '07 was more than 10 grand. I sent my married girlfriend six Gs' worth. Four Gs went to brief inamoratas. Alimony and floral gifts are tax deductions. I'm grateful for that.

My teenage life stood in arrears. My acceleration was all internalized. I struggled through junior high and into senior high. I had shifting cliques of loser friends and no friends. I taped pictures of Beethoven over my bed and pondered our genius. He composed his greatest music for his "Immortal Beloved." Her identity remained as mysterious as The Other for me. Beethoven understood my deep loneliness and sorrow. His deafness inspired visionary thoughts unknown to mortal men. My deafness was voluntary. Beethoven dug that. I often played the adagio of the Hammerklavier Sonata before I went peeping. Beethoven approved more than condemned the practice. Sometimes he'd scowl at me and shake his finger. He never *quite* told me to grow up and pull my head out of my ass.

I was deaf to the real world and anything that contradicted my monomaniacal private agenda. The 1960s social scene was pixelated newsprint and no more. I had my private agenda. It was sexual compulsion fueled by a terror of human contact and the forfeit of mental control. I could brood, peep, stalk, think and self-narrate. I could not *act*. I understood that conundrum in the moment. A conceit numbed the power of the revelation and pushed me further into a mystical state. I came to believe that certain women could read my aura and detect my prayerful condition. *Fait accompli*: Those women would find me. Our identical passion would then be unified.

I peeped a dance party at Second and Irving. Cathy Montgomery lived two blocks west. The party vibed earthquake epicenter. It was fall '63. I had a vague sense that The Twist was dead. Yes and no—dig those middle-aged stiffs doing it now.

Yes and no. The men were stiffs. The women weren't. The women married the stiffs and regretted it now. Every woman I



saw danced better than her male partner. There was more hip movement and less inhibition. There was a sense of gyration as a sexual substitute. They condescended to the silly music less and relinquished themselves to it more. It meant more to them because family duty had fizzled and Daddy-o was less than they thought. The dance party was a reprieve from the ennui and repressed tenderness that would lead them to me.

It was their brief look at the faux-lush world I inhabited routinely. I saw hope in what they'd given up for Hancock Park. I denied the substance of their lives past the gestalt of the Peppermint Twist. I sensed sweetly what career womanizers know cold: Female discontent is opportunity.

The party lingered as an image bank. I roamed Hancock Park and saw a few of the women I'd seen dancing. They were decontextualized and still breathlessly deep. I corralled one woman's runaway dog. We talked for a few moments. I was 15. She was 45-ish. She looked like my future lover and still-close friend Catherine.

The lightning-rod concept lingered. No for-real older women sought me out and proved it valid. Fall '63 extended. My dad had a severe stroke. I capitalized on his hospital stay, ditched school and ran wild.

I stole PLAYBOY magazines, second-line stroke books and nudist-colony photo jobs that showed female pubic hair. I taped pictures all over the pad and tacked the Playmate of the Month up beside Beethoven. I roamed, peeped, shoplifted and brooded dusk to dawn.

My father came home from the hospital. He was needy and frail. It infuriated me. I had to remove all the skin pix. I considered reviving *The Curse* and decided against it. He was old. He'd be gone soon. I'd be free, white and 17.

3.

I woke up. I was naked, she was naked, I didn't know where I was.

We were under bedsheets. She was still asleep. I didn't know *who* she was.

I rubbed my face. It felt like a four-day growth. I was clean-shaven at my last recollection.

You sold blood plasma downtown. You hitchhiked to the beach. You met your pal Randy and started drinking. You argued with some hippies. You stood on the Palisades and fulminated. Your tory worldview appalled them. You stormed off then.

Booze blackout—age 23.

I was a fit 160. The woman weighed three bills easy. I *looooved* voluptuousness. My standards were permissive. These were curves I could not condone.

A memory burst hit me. I still had nine bucks left from the blood bank.

My clothes were on the bedside floor. My glasses and wallet were safe. Two 20s were tucked in the billfold.

The woman snored on. Maybe she paid me for it. That would mark a first.

I got up, got dressed and stealth-walked out of the pad. Stairs led down to a ground-floor landing. I stepped outside. I was on Fell Street in San Francisco.

Large Marge was the fourth. Keeping track was easy then. Susan was Number One. She was 29 to my 20. She needed a roof and fucked me in the spirit of revolution. She caught me jacking off on uppers the night RFK got shot. She defamed me as a perv, a bum lay and a fascist. She turned dyke for political reasons and the valid motive of inclination.

Charlotte was Number Two. It was late '69. She was an affluent Palos Verdes girl on post-college hiatus. My booze-brave approach charmed her. She bought my great-writer-in-waiting act for three months and wised up. *Her* inclination: postpone sex for marriage to a *real* man. Why I got it: The era mandated premarital sex as an experiment.

The experiment tanked. She gave me a withering look and skedaddled. The look has since become familiar. It means, *You've lied to me, and you're not who you think you are.*

Christine was Number Three. She was a zit freak more than a sex freak. We coupled in early '71 and hooked up periodically. Chris was a poetess and a dermatologist manqué. My acne-assaulted back delivered her delighted. She studied cross-sections of the human dermis for hours. She popped my pimples and examined the pus under a microscope. She lectured me on my cellular formation.

My dad died in '65. I got kicked out of high school and psych-discharged from three months in the Army. I held down minimum-wage jobs and flopped in dive hotels and parks. I shoplifted and full-time fantasized. The girls I loved and stalked were off in grad school or married to stiff. They fulfilled the broken promise of their mothers at the dance party. I sensed their potential during my late-'60s housebreakings. Money and safety were horrible temptations. I knew it when I touched their things. They should have waited for me. I did lightweight jolts in the L.A. County jail system. I was too thin and was developing a chronic cough.

Booze and dope regulated my fantasy life. The theme had only intensified. I remained consumed by women. It was pushing me toward insanity and death.

Tenderness in no way marked my short liaisons. I grasped with suffocating force and trawled for the next enticing image with real women present. I couldn't let go of the hurt or stop telling myself stories. I couldn't stop looking at women and beseeching them to smash my stories and talk back to me.

The only love I knew was pornography self-created. The only lovers I desired radiated a distrust of men that would always exclude me. I succumbed to *HER* and had her for a few dope-depraved seconds and spent weeks recoiled in repentance. Evil boy, piety lost, unredeemable searcher.

The theme and the search had only intensified. The theme was as just as the search was deluded. Intensification was a sub-end in and of itself. A chemical provided the means.

Propylhexedrine. An amphetamine solution found in inhaler wads. *Toxic cotton that you swallowed.* An ever tappable source of self-created sex—until it destroys your health or kills you. A stealable drug sold over the counter. Guaranteed hyperalertness and extended masturbation. The search engine for seven years of my life.

I consumed cotton wads in extreme quantity and prowled the streets that had enticed me since childhood. I knew all of the houses, many of the windows and the precise location of prior-seen faces. New windows alerted me to new women. I saw familiar faces older now and oddly grave. I retreated to hotel rooms and parks and got alone with them in the dark. I heard taunting voices in my head, noting the onset of psychoses. They accused me of inflicting *The Curse* and of unspeakably related transgressions. I stuffed cotton in my ears and heard the voices louder. I bolted my enclosed settings and walked to deflect the sound. I twitched, lurched and nakedly betrayed my mental state. People shied away from me. Women stared briefly and averted their eyes. I



"I'd invite you in for a nightcap, but you're a total stranger walking by in the hallway."

always tried to note their faces without scaring them. I know I always failed at this.

Seven years.

Of course, I didn't die. God has always had a job for me. I'm the guy who survives and tells you the story.

I met a woman in '73. We ran into each other at a coin laundromat. I was tailspinning as she was living upright. She was unaccountably kind to me.

Her name was Marcia Sidwell. She was a year younger than I and worked as a registered nurse. She wore glasses and had reddish-blond hair.

We had three conversations at one-week intervals. Marcia initiated the first. She was properly friendly and never flirtatious. I knew that she had surmised my outdoor lifestyle and that she didn't judge me unduly. I dredged up a semblance of decorum in an effort to sustain her acquaintance.

Marcia spoke more than I did. We discussed Watergate. Marcia thought my disdain for rock and roll was reflexive and peculiar. She had a somewhat dubious boyfriend. She was vexed by the general male reaction to her big breasts and commended me for not staring. She was not being coy or provocative. I never mentioned my red-haired nurse mother and her 15-year-old death. Marcia had startlingly bright blue eyes. I showed her my grimy Beethoven bust. She touched my arm for a second.

I showed up for a fourth chat. Marcia washed her clothes at the same time every week. I assumed that she'd pull up in her Volkswagen.

She didn't show that day. I waited every day for a month. Marcia never showed up again.

It devastated me. I figured I'd said or done something wrong or betrayed my acute dissolution. My self-absorbed guilty-boy logic was entirely specious. Marcia found a laundromat closer to home or opted for some other convenience. Our acquaintanceship meant the world to me and not much to her.

She told me who she was and treated me justly. I wish I could have done something stunningly bold in return.

The San Gabriel Valley, March '58. The moment I always loop back to. The moment I always reinhabit and write toward. The moment I took fate by the throat.

She sat me down on the couch. She laid out a line of shit pertaining to my rite of passage. *You're a young man now. You're old enough to choose. Would you rather live with your dad or with me?*

I said, "My dad."

She hit me.

I fell off the couch and gouged my head on a glass coffee table. Blood burst out of the cut. I called her a drunk and a whore. She knelt down and hit me again. A shutter-stop blinked for her. She covered her mouth and pulled away from it all.

Blood trickled into my mouth. I recalled the book, I issued The Curse, I summoned her dead. She was murdered three months and 16 days later. She died at the apex of my hatred and equally burning lust.

Her crime was passionate and thus forgiv-

The film version of *The Black Dahlia* was out. It was a critical and box-office dud and a paperback smasher. My publisher scheduled a reading at Skylight Books in East Hollywood.

I looked good and felt good and tingled with *I'm Back!* resurgence. Spirits were nudging me. Marcia Sidwell was on my mind in a big way. She came and went with insouciance. I never knew why.

I'd made stabs at finding her and always came up short. I spent dough on private eyes and deployed my cop pals. I wanted to see her and say thank you. I wanted to do something costly and *large*. Maybe she had a sick kid who needed my spare kidney.

Skylight was packed. I counted 200 people. A full third were female. A bookstore guy introduced me. My fans went nuts.

I walked to the lectern. I thought: Fuck it, let's try.

I said, "Stop me now. It's going to my head. I need a strong woman to tame me with her love and walk all over me in high black boots."

My fans dug it. A few women whistled. I read from my book, took questions and repeated the line four times. *Get it? I'm scrounging affection.*

It was a knockout performance by my own exalted standards. I signed books for the folks afterward. Seven women slipped me their phone numbers.

I called three of them. We had dinner dates on consecutive evenings. I told them I was between obsessions and needed a friend. *Is that offensive to you?*

All three were delighted. Instant intimacy evolved. The anticipation and hope were softer and

weightier than the acts.

I gave another reading the following week. I was played out and boffo irregardless. The married woman hadn't called me. I brooded on her incessantly. I stretched out on my bed and talked to her. Beethoven glowered above me.

The bookstore crowd dispersed. I walked back to my car, dead-ass tired. I noticed a woman at a sidewalk cafe.

She was the right age. She had similar glasses and coloring and identical department.

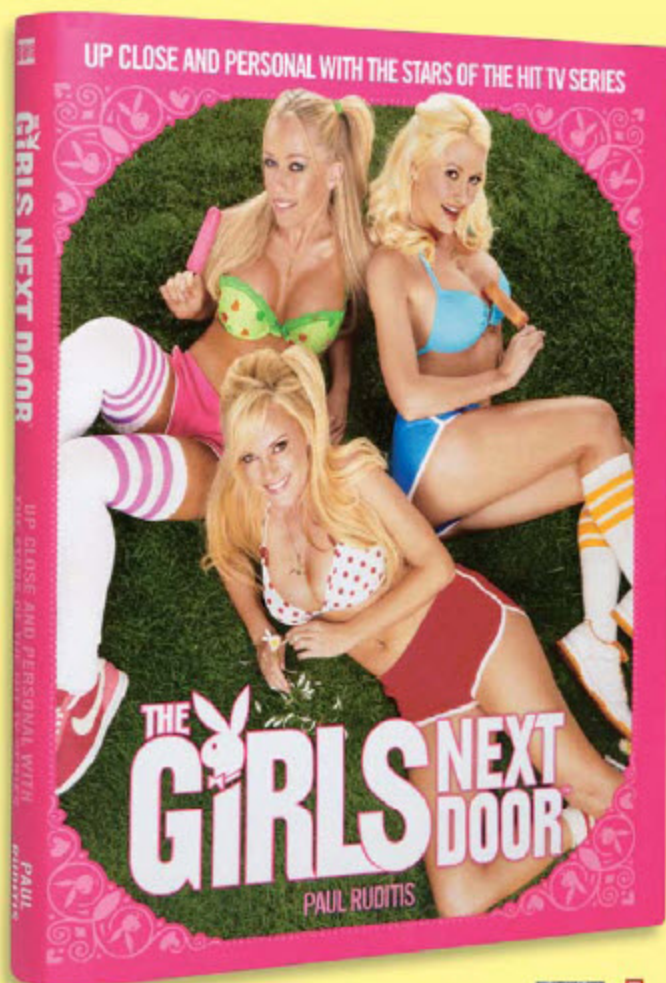
I caught her eye and said, "Marcia?"

She blinked and said, "No."

With undimmed force: *so women will love me.*

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.

Full of information from and interviews with the Girls, this book features never-before-seen images, all new commentary and three unique perspectives on life in the ultimate bachelor pad. Packed with tons of four-color photos and written with exclusive insider access, this is your chance to get next to your favorite Girl Next Door.

256-page hardcover 7.5" x 9.75" book. \$30. Order now!

Shop at www.PlayboyStore.com
Receive 15% discount on all orders of \$100 or more
Enter Promo Code at check-out:
PBM0109

able. My punishment was callous and premeditated. She inflicted her own damage and repented in true haste. I parceled my rage and mystically summoned a killer. We are as one in our hunger and rectitude. I owe her for every true thing that I am. I must remove The Curse I have placed on her and on myself. I must revoke her status as The Other.

4.

Home again.

I returned to L.A. in '06. I spent 25 years in points north and east and plowed a return course. Two divorces and a crack-up were part of it. My survival sense played in. Joan dumped me in San Francisco. A married woman I'd met for two seconds last year lived in L.A. That ghost of a chance pushed me the rest of the way.





PLAYMATE NEWS



SARA JEAN UNDERWOOD IS A BIG-SCREEN BEAUTY

In *Miss March*, Eugene Bell (played by Zach Cregger, left) and Tucker Cleigh (Trevor Moore) take a road trip to the Playboy Mansion. *Why?* They are guys. *What's the movie's actual setup?* It's complicated. Anyway, Cleigh, a hapless lothario, meets PMOY 2007 Sara Jean Underwood and tries to woo her. *What approach does he take?* The old "I love your little dog" line. *What happens?* It's complicated. Go see the flick.

BODY BY PLAYMATE



This is the 30-year-old face of Vitamins by Stacy. Yep, she looks as if she's 23 because she knows how to take care of herself—and now her secret is out. Miss February 1999 Stacy Fuson started taking vitamins regularly when she became a Playmate and has been looking for the perfect formula ever since. After talking to

nutritionists and using herself as a guinea pig she launched her line of vitamins early this year. All her products are capsules or soft gels, which, compared with tablets, are easier for the body to absorb. "I decided to create my vitamins to help people look younger, feel better and live longer," Stacy says. Playmates Jennifer Walcott, Alison Waite and a few of our male staffers are already happy customers. Go to vitaminsbystacy.com to shop.



FLASHBACK



Before reality TV's rise you had to turn to *Baywatch* to see beautiful women on the boob tube. Miss April 1999 **Natalia Sokolova** was one of a handful of Playmates who put on a bathing suit for the show. Born from good stock (and not just in looks—her mother is an award-winning scientist and her father an inventor), she went from modeling for Hawaiian Tropic to living at the Mansion. Now she runs the events company Exquisite Planning and is wrapping up a movie called *Business of Death*.

Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates? You can check out the Club at club.playboy.com and access the mobile-optimized site www.playboy.com from your phone.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Miss March 1987 **Marina Baker** sat with Climate Rush for a nonviolent environmental protest at Heathrow Airport.

PMOY 1982 **Shannon Tweed** and Gene Simmons are relaunching the Simmons Records music label.

Miss October 2002 **Teri Harrison**, who is married to *Sevendust's* Morgan Rose, appeared on E!'s *THS: Rock Wives*.

When PMOY 1997 **Victoria Silvstedt** was asked how she keeps her stunning figure, she replied, "Spending 12 hours a day in heels keeps me in



shape. When I'm not modeling I go to the gym and do cardio work, but nothing beats the high-heel workout!"

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY ROB HUEBEL

—actor, *Human Giant* and *I Love You, Man*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss June 1954 **Margie Harrison**. I think it's obvious why. She's all business, chatting it up on the phone. She's like, 'Oh, are we



doing a nude photo shoot? Because no one told me, and now I'm on the phone!' Then into the phone she says, 'Hold on, Barb. I'll have to call you back! Okay, Barb, that's great. I gotta go. I'm hanging up now.' The point is: naked lady + telephone = sexy."



DASHA IS ONE OF LES FEMMES IN NIKITA

Plenty of girl groups trade on sexuality and lust but play coy about it when talking to the media. Miss January 2009 Dasha Astafieva's NikitA is not that type of group. In an interview with AskMen.com Dasha (right) said NikitA is not as "sweet as the Spice Girls." Dasha also said she and her partner, Julia, dress like twins to exude an "aggressive sexual energy." They call NikitA's sound "pop-electro sexy-style." Since we don't speak Ukrainian, we can't attest to the suggestiveness of their lyrics, but their videos sure do make good on the idea of sexy-style.



OUT AND ABOUT WITH...



At the Victoria's Secret fashion show Brody Jenner couldn't keep his eyes or lips off PMOY 2008 **Jayde Nicole**. It looks like love. They met a couple of years ago at a Playboy Mansion party and have been inseparable of late. Jenner even recently had Jayde on his reality game show, *Bromance*. Jayde's job was to grill contestants vying to be Jenner's

new friend (seriously, if Jayde weren't on, we wouldn't watch). The guy who fared best in the challenge shared a hot tub with Jayde and Miss October 2008 **Kelly Carrington**.... PMOY 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** (in Herve Leger by Max Azria, if you're curious) joined her man, Jim Carrey, at the premiere of his latest movie, *Yes Man*. When asked if there were wedding plans for the pair in the future, Jenny answered, "To us it's a little bit more romantic not to tie the knot, because we're together strictly

because we want to be and not because someone has a certificate that says so. I love the fact that I want to just



eat him up without his being my husband."... Miss August 2004 **Pilar Lastra** co-hosted *The Loose Cannons* with Vic "the Brick" Jacobs and Mychal Thompson on KLAC Sports Radio 570.... Miss August 2008 **Kayla Collins** attended a Marines Toys for Tots pickup in L.A.



MINDGAME



OFF-BROADWAY BABY

Miss November 1973 Monica Tidwell has produced her first off-Broadway play, *Mindgame*. Billed as a comic psycho-thriller, *Mindgame* starred Tony Award nominee Keith Carradine (pictured) as the doctor at a deranged asylum. The production was staged at the SoHo Playhouse.

PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** was spotted with *American Idol*'s Ryan Seacrest in the Caribbean.

PMOY 2001 **Brandee Roderick** and her company, Financially Hung, threw a party at the Mansion during the Super Bowl.

DID YOU KNOW?



YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL



30-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

WHICH DECADE IS YOUR FAVORITE? CHECK OUT EVERY PAGE OF EVERY PLAYBOY MAGAZINE FROM 1953 THROUGH 2009 ON FULLY SEARCHABLE DVD-ROMS



For the first time, every single issue in one searchable digital archive! Don't miss your chance to own these collector's-edition box sets—one for each decade. With every issue of *Playboy* ever published—all the stories and interviews and of course, every beautiful photo, in one complete collection. Each collector's box set also comes with a 200-page coffee-table book edited by *Playboy's* founder. Sign up now to be the first to get the *Cover to Cover* box sets for every decade. Includes the powerful Mac- and PC-compatible Bondi Reader, which allows you to search and view every page quickly and easily.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY PRICE: \$19.95 (plus \$8.95 shipping and handling). Save more than \$50 off the list price of \$100 on your first volume ★ Receive every issue published in the 1950s ★ Full-color coffee-table book ★ Reissue of first edition featuring Marilyn Monroe (a \$25 value).

Review the introductory collector's box set for 30 days. If you're not satisfied, return the set with no further obligation. If you keep it, you'll receive a new *Playboy Cover to Cover* box set approximately every six months for \$69.95 for each volume plus \$8.95 shipping and handling per shipment. There's no minimum to buy. You may cancel future shipments at anytime by calling customer service.

OWN IT NOW! CALL 800-577-7600 OR GO TO WWW.PLAYBOYARCHIVE.COM



THE PLAYBOY FORUM

OUR NEW PROHIBITION

RIDICULOUS COPYRIGHT LAWS HAVE
CREATED AN ENTIRE GENERATION OF LAWBREAKERS

BY LAWRENCE LESSIG

This past December marked the 75th anniversary of a lesson the United States learned and then quickly forgot: the uselessness and harmfulness of wars of prohibition. Fourteen years after launching an extraordinary social experiment inspired by the feminist-founded temperance movement and encouraged by progressives of every sort, America gave up on the legal prohibition of “intoxicating liquors.” After the country suffered an enormous rise in public corruption and organized crime, as well as a striking decline in the protection of civil rights, right-thinking sorts recognized that the costs of that war were wildly greater than any of its benefits.

Not that addiction to alcohol wasn't a harm. And not that it wasn't a harm worth fighting. But after enormous social loss with little public return, America recognized it would have to be through means other than government regulation that we would save the souls of the wets of America. Reformers can dream, but the law lives in the real world.

In the 75 years since this lesson was first learned, we've waged at least two other hopeless wars of pro-

hibition. The bloodiest of these has been the war on drugs. The most recent has been the war against “p2p,” or peer-to-peer, piracy—what some in the industry call the copyright wars or what the late Jack Valenti, former head of the Motion Picture Association of America, called his own “terrorist war,” in which apparently the terrorists are our children.

Over the past decade, copyright extremists have been waging an ever more vicious war against our kids in the name of preserving the sanctity of copyrights. They have succeeded in getting the law strengthened at least a dozen times. The Recording Industry Association of America has filed lawsuits against more than 35,000 people since 2003.

Universities have begun policing their networks and expelling kids who violate antipiracy policies as a way of avoiding even greater pressure from the industry. And countries around the world are now experimenting with a three-strikes policy for Internet access—violate copyright rules three times and your Internet connection will be shut off, permanently.

Though I oppose both the war on drugs and the war



against p2p piracy, my opposition has nothing to do with a love of drugs or support for the violation of copyright laws. In this respect, I'm a two-time teetotaler. I am against the abuse of any addictive drug (especially added sugar), and I don't support the use of peer-to-peer file sharing to violate the rights of artists. Instead, my opposition to both wars comes from a basic commitment to regulatory pragmatism. And in my view, regulators would be wise to learn to be a bit more humble about the effectiveness of their trade.

An important test for whether a certain law should exist is whether that law will work—not because we shouldn't clutter the law books with useless or ineffective regulation but because a culture swimming in laws that are not respected is a culture that breeds contempt for the law and for the rule of law.

That is precisely what is happening with our kids. In the decade since we began to wage this copyright war, we have not reduced peer-to-peer file sharing. It has only increased. We have not reduced the class of kids engaging in behavior they know to be wrong. We have only caused that class to grow, as more people know the behavior is illegal and engage in it nonetheless.

Measured along any dimension of success, this war has been a failure: Artists don't have more money, businesses haven't had a clear set of rules to compete against, and a whole generation of children has been raised

this war would have a valid argument. If there were any sort of evidence that this war was actually doing more good than harm, maybe the war would have a point.

But after 10 years of failure, with literally millions of people living outside the law, it is time for our policy makers to recognize that the world of fantasy politics that Hollywood has encouraged should come to an end.

Congress should move on to the task of remaking the copyright system in order to make sense of digital technologies, not fight them. It should at a minimum completely deregulate amateur remixing, as well as establish a collective license to compensate artists for peer-to-peer file sharing.

And while it is at it, Congress should also radically increase the efficiency of the current copyright regime by requiring rights holders to at least help keep clear the records of who owns what. These changes would help us build a system in which artists actually get paid, rather than one that simply renders our kids criminals.



Peer-to-peer file sharing can't be legislated away.

to think the law is an ass—and an ass that is to be ignored.

If there were no other way for us to achieve the objectives of copyright laws, perhaps those who are waging

*Lessig is professor of law at Stanford University Law School and author of **Remix: Making Art and Commerce Thrive in the Hybrid Economy**.*

WHY IT MATTERS

Strictly speaking, it's illegal to download songs or smoke a blunt, *blah, blah, blah*. It's easy enough to get around the law, so who cares? You should, bro. In their desperate efforts to enforce copyright, corporations are enlisting all sorts of people and institutions as de facto police. Somehow these corporate entities have strong-armed universities into becoming not just narcs but hit men working hand-in-hand with the industry and using invasive techniques to help achieve industry goals. (Think we're exaggerating? Look at this statement from the University of Michigan's policy page on copyright: "The University has two responsibilities: enforcement and education.") A university cannot foster an environment of openness, of scholarly skepticism, of intellectual agnosticism, when it is simultaneously policing its students on behalf of the Man. Then there



are the sports leagues and other employers testing for recreational drugs: Why should the NFL do the work of the DEA? The more law

enforcement duties are outsourced like this, the closer we come to resembling places like East Germany, to becoming an informant culture, a nation of snitches and spies. And for what? Three quarters of Americans think the drug war is a mistake. Millions of kids vote for copyright reform with their keyboards on a nightly basis. The government and legal system are supposed to be an embodiment of us; we are definitely not all supposed to become freelance cops patrolling the land of the free. Just ask cops themselves—10,000 police, prosecutors, judges and federal agents who have worked on the front lines of the drug war protest its continuation via the organization Law Enforcement Against Prohibition. They know why it matters, and so should you.

READER RESPONSE

SPECIAL EDITION

The 55 Most Important People in Sex, a list that appeared in our January anniversary issue, prompted many passionate reactions from readers—so many, we didn't have room for them all in *Dear Playboy*. Although we are not easily dissuaded from the wisdom of our rankings, we appreciate everyone who responded.

Your list pisses me off. It has far too many pinups who achieved fame because of some Svengali rather than their own initiative. Where is **Simone de Beauvoir**, who almost single-handedly led French feminism in the 1960s and 1970s without being a prude like Gloria Steinem (47)? How about researcher **Shere Hite** or **Patrick Califia** (*Macho Sluts*), the most prolific sexual theorist since Beauvoir? **Anais Nin** wrote *Delta of Venus* in the 1940s but made the decision to publish it in the 1970s, when it had the greatest impact. Where is sex-toy pioneer **Joani Blank** or **Pauline Réage**, author of *Story of O*? Advice columnist **Dan Savage** deserves a spot. And for literature's sake, you should have honored **Terry Southern**, more for *Blue Movie* than *Candy*. I do like the many scientists and inventors; more people will be amazed to know their achievements. The real question is, Whom does one have to sleep with to get on the list?

Susie Bright

Santa Cruz, California

Bright is author of *The Sexual State of the Union and X: The Erotic Treasury*.



Terry Southern and his best sex novel.

While your list is a valiant effort, it's incomplete without **Margo St. James**, a pioneer in the battle for prostitutes' rights who began her crusade after being busted for prostitution, in 1962. Whether she actually was a hooker is irrelevant because as long as police can harass a woman on the street because



From the list (clockwise from top left): Marilyn (5), Fleming (45), Jong (25), Rock (2), Hef (3), Talese (51), Madonna (10), Kinsey (1), the Stones (7), Lewinsky (6), Elvis (14) and Dr. Ruth (13).

they believe she *looks* like a hooker, they can hassle any woman. In 1973 St. James founded COYOTE (Call Off Your Old Tired Ethics) and continues to fight for the decriminalization of sex work.

Paul Krassner

Venice, California

Krassner is author of the forthcoming *Who's to Say What's Obscene? Politics, Culture and Comedy in America Today*.

Besides his work promoting the pill, Dr. John Rock (2) should be recognized for another of his achievements: In 1944 he became the first scientist to fertilize a human egg outside the body. Thanks in part to his innovations, we now have reproduction without sex and sex without reproduction.

Margaret Marsh

Camden, New Jersey

Marsh is the author, with Wanda Ronner, of *The Fertility Doctor: John Rock and the Reproductive Revolution*.

A far more important figure in the gay rights movement than Anita Bryant (23) is **Evelyn Hooker**, a psychologist at UCLA who, in the 1950s, challenged the prevailing belief that homosexuality was a mental illness. For one study Hooker matched 30 gay and 30 straight

men, put them through a battery of tests and presented the results to three judges who had no idea who was gay. The judges found no psychological difference between the groups—in fact, some of the gay men appeared better adjusted than some of the straight ones. Hooker's research laid the foundation for the 1973 decision by the American Psychiatric Association to drop homosexuality from its manual of disorders.

Neil Miller

Medford, Massachusetts

Miller, who teaches journalism at Tufts, is author of *Out of the Past: Gay and Lesbian History From 1869 to the Present*.

It's ridiculous **Bettie Page** is not mentioned. She ruled men's magazines in the 1950s despite competition from Norma Jeane and Europeans perceived as brazenly sexual—Gina Lollobrigida, Brigitte Bardot (18) and Sophia Loren. At that time, we had no idea Bettie would become so special, but she reappeared in the 1980s with the "discovery" of four-by-five glossy nudes shot on living-room carpets and motel beds. Her new fans were artists and fashion designers, followed by a horde of young people who saw what we had failed to notice: that this sexual rebel was not only gorgeous

READER RESPONSE

SPECIAL EDITION

but authentic, unpretentious and joyous. Bettie worked in media defined as smut, and polite society considered her trash, but she prevailed and became one of the most popular pinups the world has ever known.

Jim Silke
Woodland Hills, California

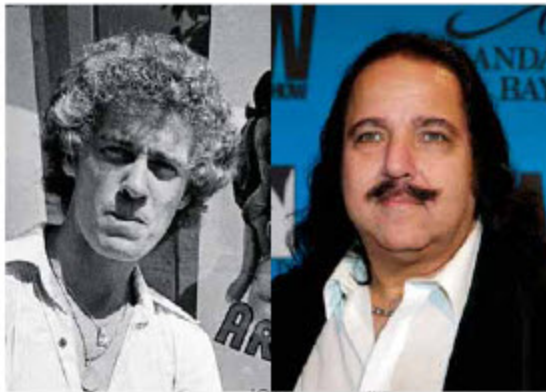
*Silke, a noted comics artist, is author of **Bettie Page Rules!***

If I may be so bold, I belong on your list. I created the now quaint practice of “phone sex” and fought all the way to the U.S. Supreme Court for its right to exist. I also contributed to the rise of “celebrity skin” when, during my 14 years at *High Society*, we published nudes of Suzanne Somers, Margot Kidder, Ann-Margret and Barbra Streisand. Finally, a few of my observations, such as “The difference between erotica and pornography is the lighting,” have been memorialized in collections of notable quotes.

Gloria Leonard
Kona, Hawaii

Leonard, a former porn actor, served two terms as president of the Free Speech Coalition (freespeechcoalition.com).

The failure to include **John Holmes** or **Ron Jeremy** in your fabulous 55 shows



Leading men: **John Holmes, Ron Jeremy.**

a shocking lack of awareness about their importance to males all over the world. The King (Holmes) is awesome proof that all men aren't created equal. And if the Hedgehog (Jeremy) can get laid, there is hope for the rest of us.

Bill Margold
Northridge, California

Margold is director of the PAW Foundation (pawfoundation.org), which provides assistance to members of the adult industry.

Masters and Johnson at 15? That ranking is far too low. After centuries of male-dominated religious cant and psychological conjecture, their research underlined the power of female sexuality. The sociological surveys by Alfred Kinsey (1) prompted much discussion,

but people often lie about their sex lives, so these types of results can be misleading. Medicine and science demand empirical evidence, and society is slow to react until that is provided.

Thomas Maier
East Northport, New York

*Maier is author of **Masters of Sex**, a new biography of **Masters and Johnson**.*

Where is **Edwin Land**, inventor of the Polaroid SX-70 instant camera, which debuted in 1972? Who among us has not used this miraculous technology to photograph a nude partner (or two) and rediscover the shots years later in a shoe box in the closet? Speaking of polarizing, including Madonna (10) is nuts. True, she has blown a bottle on camera. But that parlor trick aside, a sizable portion of the population has never bothered to spend time navigating her narcissism.

Jack Boulware
San Francisco, California

*Boulware is author of **Sex, American Style** and a forthcoming oral history of punk rock in the Bay Area.*

It's odd you include only a handful of film-industry names. For example, during the 1950s directors **Elia Kazan** and **Otto Preminger** pushed the Production Code toward its grave, with the final nail being driven by **Jack Valenti** of the Motion Picture Association of America when, in 1966, he established the ratings system. On the legal front I would replace Justice Potter Stewart (40) with **William J. Brennan Jr.**, whose definition of obscenity in the 1957 decision *Roth v. United States* (i.e., its “dominant theme taken as a whole appeals to the prurient interest” and it's “utterly without redeeming social importance” to the “average person, applying contemporary community standards”) set in motion major legal changes to free expression.

Jody Pennington
Aarhus, Denmark

*Pennington, professor of media and culture at the University of Aarhus, is author of **The History of Sex in American Film**.*

I would swap **Danni Ashe** (49) and **Timothy Berners-Lee** (8). Although Berners-Lee invented the Web, Ashe played a DD-size role in bringing sex to the medium. I would also replace **Philip Roth** (34) with **Betty Friedan**, author of *The Feminine Mystique*, and **J. Edgar Hoover** (50) with former senator **J. James**

Exon (D-Neb.), who, in the mid-1990s, led the ultimately doomed battle to criminalize online transmission of “indecent” material.

Frederick Lane
Burlington, Vermont

*Lane is author of **Obscene Profits**, **The Decency Wars** and the forthcoming **American Privacy: The 300-Year History of Our Most Contested Right**.*

You should have included **Richard Loving** and **Mildred Jeter**, the interracial couple at the center of the 1967 Supreme Court case that struck down race-based restrictions on marriage. And what about Hollywood's first African American sex symbol, **Dorothy Dandridge**, and Motown's sexual healer, **Marvin Gaye**? And who better to represent the



The incomparable **Dorothy Dandridge.**

AIDS era than **Dr. A.V.K. Reddy**, whom *The New York Times* called the Leonardo da Vinci of condom design?

David Slocum
New York, New York

*Slocum, a media historian, is author of **Rebel Without a Cause: Approaches to a Maverick Masterwork**.*

Your list ignores the influence of African American sexual culture. The black power movement was intertwined with a celebration of black male prowess (think **Richard Roundtree**), and hip-hop's sexual (and frequently sexist) swagger (represented by **LL Cool J**) later became the erotic lingua franca of young people of all races. You could also have included **Harry Belafonte**, who made it acceptable for white women to fantasize about black men, leading to the birth of our first black president (or so Barack Obama obliquely suggests in *Dreams From My Father*).

Daniel Radosh
Brooklyn, New York

Radosh blogs at radosh.net.

John Money, who ran the Psychohormonal Clinic for nearly half a century at

READER RESPONSE

SPECIAL EDITION

Johns Hopkins, belongs in the top 10. He developed the concepts of gender identity and gender roles, which are major parts of modern sexual science, and also did groundbreaking work on paraphilia, transsexualism and hermaphroditism. As for your rankings, I would demote Monica Lewinsky (6) and Madonna and promote Dr. Mary Calderone (37) and Lenny Bruce (46).

June Reinisch
New York, New York

Reinisch is director emeritus of the Kinsey Institute, executive director of loveandhealth.info and director of acquisitions and new exhibitions at the Museum of Sex.

I am pleased to see the list includes Justice William O. Douglas (33), who dissented in *Miller v. California*, the 1973 decision mandating that obscenity be determined by "local community standards." That snare still catches adult filmmakers who can't tell if what they post online is legal where it's being viewed.

Susan Wright
Baltimore, Maryland

Wright represents the National Coalition for Sexual Freedom (ncsfreedom.org).

I am disappointed you didn't include a prostitute such as **Xaviera Hollander** or a stripper such as **Dita Von Teese**. Does being "sexy" (e.g., Bo Derek, 20; Farrah Fawcett, 24) warrant more respect than shamelessly making sex your life's work?

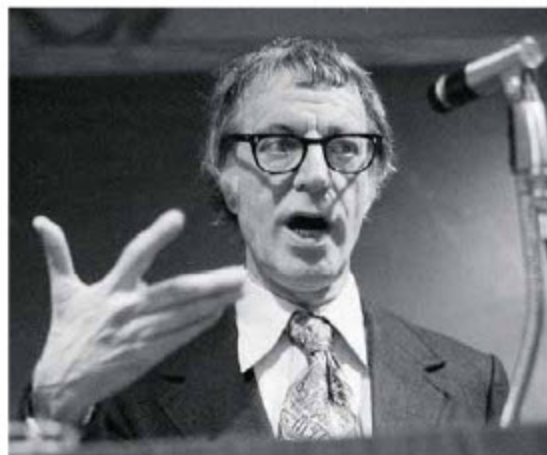
Annie Sprinkle
San Francisco, California

Sprinkle is a former prostitute and porn star turned sexologist (anniesprinkle.org).



Dita Von Teese, burlesque and fetish star.

If I had a quibble with the list (and isn't that the point?), it would be the emphasis on celebrity. Madonna, Bo, Farrah and Pamela Anderson (29) are more titillating than Estelle Griswold (19), but who really changed sex? Did Howard Stern (16) give us anything we could use? Same for Lenny



Albert Ellis: We love sex, we hate sex.

Bruce and Rudi Gernreich (55) and his rarely worn monokini. They may have shattered taboos, but it's a long way from that frontier to the American bedroom.

James R. Petersen
Chicago, Illinois

*Petersen, a contributing editor to the magazine, is author of *The Century of Sex: Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution*.*

Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita* seems both spectacularly right and spectacularly wrong as a reason to include him as the highest-ranked fiction writer on your list (22). The sex in the novel is meant to be more turnoff (coercive sex with a 12-year-old) than turn-on. However, Nabokov was always original and unpredictable on the topic of sex, including in his or his characters' ideas and descriptions ("Blest be my first sweet love, a child in an orchard, games of exploration—and her outspread five fingers dripping with pearls of surprise," *Look at the Harlequins!*, 1974). His "sexiest" novel is *Ada*, from which PLAYBOY published an excerpt in December 1968.

Brian Boyd
Auckland, New Zealand

*Boyd is author of five books on Nabokov, including (with Paul Grant) the forthcoming *Lolita: A Biography*.*

You overlooked two important people. In the 1950s **Albert Ellis** galloped ahead of the revolution by declaring that a deeply conflicted America viewed

sexuality as simultaneously appalling and appealing. The unfortunate effect is widespread sexual imagery that offers titillation without

sex ed or savoir faire. Second is **Patient Zero**—the individual believed to have introduced HIV to North America, probably in the 1960s via Haiti. The disease forced a radical change in the public discourse about sex and forced doctors, politicians and journalists to give voice to gays and lesbians.

Martha Cornog
Timothy Perper
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Cornog, a former librarian, is author of *The Big Book of Masturbation*. Perper, a biologist, writes about sexuality and love.*

Our compliments on the list—it recognizes the diversity of those who have influenced the world of sex. Did you consider **Joycelyn Elders**, who was fired by Bill Clinton as surgeon general for her stance in support of masturbation? Perhaps if masturbation hadn't been such a contentious issue for the president, his intern wouldn't be among the 55.

Sarah Jacobs
New York, New York

Jacobs is curator of the Museum of Sex.

Where's **Candida Royalle**, who was years ahead of her time in making porn



Jane Fonda as **Barbarella** in the 1968 futuristic sex romp.

for women? I get how Farrah and Bo broke ground, but if they're in, so is **Jane Fonda** in *Barbarella*. You would think 55 would be a large enough number for this type of exercise, but I guess it's not.

Jamye Waxman
New York, New York

*Waxman, president of *Feminists for Free Expression*, blogs at jamyewaxman.com.*

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

GRAPEVINE

It Just Sounds Sexy

To determine your pornstar name, take your first pet's name and add the street you grew up on. *Grapevine's* would be Chauncey Glen, which is okay but not great. What's NIKKI COX's pornstar name? We don't know anything about her pet or street, but we're pretty sure it's just Nikki Cox.



MICHAEL GOODMAN/GETTY



Academy Members, Take Note

Last time we saw this much HALLE BERRY she had Billy Bob Thornton behind her and an Oscar in her future. Bodes well for the movie she's shooting here—unless it's *Swordfish II*.

DZILLA/BAUER/REDFERNSHONLINE.COM



TRISTAR PICTURES

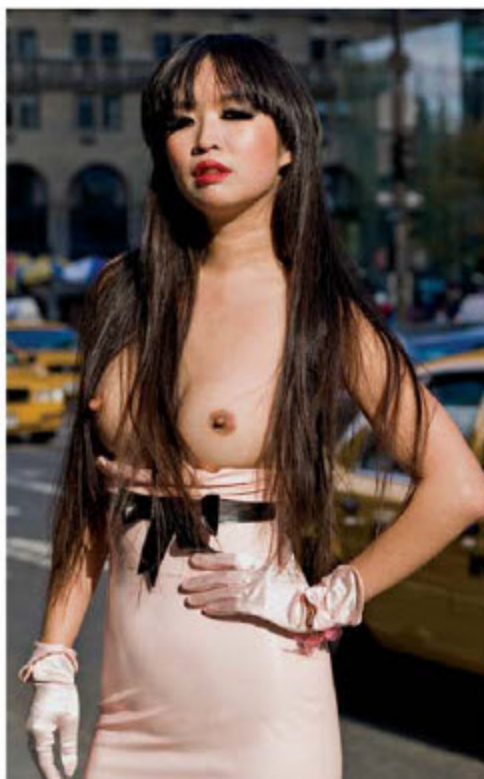
Rookie of the Year

Heidi Klum, Adriana Lima, Alessandra Ambrosio, Karolina Kurkova—the squad of winged babes known as the Victoria's Secret Angels is strictly varsity. In 2008 Dutch treat DOUTZEN KROES joined the team.

THOMAS HODGES (2)

Out and About

Fact: It's not (always) illegal for a woman to bare her breasts in New York City. Taiwanese model C.C. WANG took full advantage during Breast Cancer Awareness Month, with a shoot called Topless in Manhattan. The middle photo was taken in front of the Crown Building, home of Playboy's New York offices.

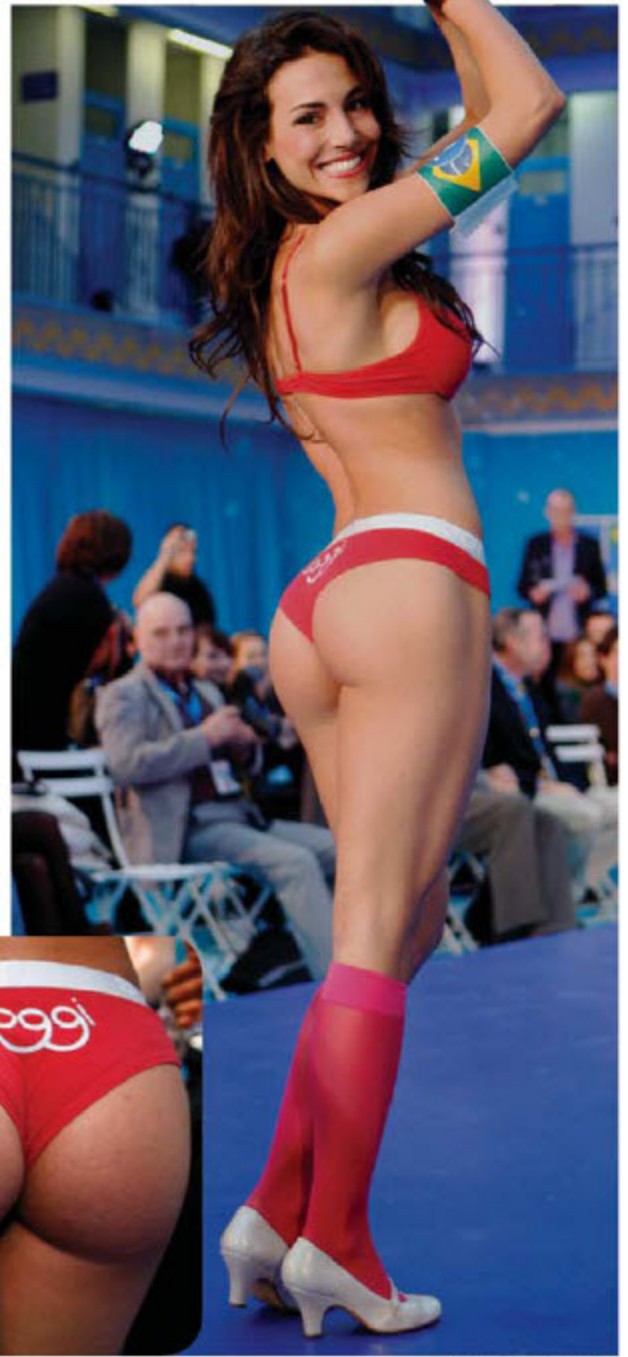




ANDRÉ PICOT

It Ain't Harold Pinter, That's for Sure

Another award-winning foreigner! This is either British novelist Doris Lessing, winner of the 2007 Nobel Prize in Literature, or Brazil's MELANIE NUNES FRONCKOWIAK, whose posterior was deemed the best in the world at a recent pageant held by lingerie maker Sloggi. We always get those two confused.



VINCENT KESSLER/REUTERS (2)



Ceci N'est Pas un Pipe

Who is EMMA DE CAUNES? In 1998 she won the César (France's Oscar equivalent) for *meilleur espoir féminin* (most promising actress) for *Un Frère*. And she's still wowing 'em today. This Paris flash may win her the César for *meilleur mamelon* (best nipple). Pierre here thinks so.

In Fighting Shape

Next time you watch a boxing match, look for the Boxing Girlz, 15 babes who act as mascots, ring girls and multuse eye candy. They made their debut in December at Holyfield vs. Valuev, dressed in USA cheerleader outfits (for Holyfield) and Red Army uniforms (for Valuev). DONNA DUKE is their queen.



MICHAEL WILCOX



LISA RINNA DANCES RIGHT OUT OF HER CLOTHES.



THE FIRST RULE OF INTERVIEWING PALAHNIUK IS...



THE SMART MONEY IS ON GRADY SIZEMORE.

NEXT MONTH



MARC ECKO BRINGS HIS STYLE TO OUR STUDIO.

LISA RINNA—THIS BEAUTY HAS AN ILLUSTRIOUS TV CAREER. NOW, AFTER GETTING IN SHAPE FOR *DANCING WITH THE STARS* AND PUTTING OUT HER OWN WELLNESS BOOK AND WORKOUT DVDS, SHE'S READY TO SHOW HER ROCKIN' BOD.

PLAYBOY'S TOP 10 PARTY SCHOOLS—THE LEGENDARY LIST IS BACK! THIS TIME WE'VE CREATED A BCS-STYLE ALGORITHM TO CRUNCH DATA ON GIRLS, SEX, PARTIES, SPORTS AND ACADEMICS TO GIVE OUR PICKS THE INDISPUTABLE IMPRIMATUR OF SCIENCE.

MARC ECKO—WE PUT NUDE MODELS AND A CAMERA IN FRONT OF THE HIP-HOP AND SKATER STYLE ENTREPRENEUR. NEXT MONTH SEE HIS COOL SHOOT INSPIRED BY 1980S PINUP ARTIST PATRICK NAGEL.

A WAR OF SPEED—THE 1964 24 HOURS OF LE MANS PITTED THE SPEED DEMONS AT FERRARI AGAINST A FORD TEAM DETERMINED TO BECOME THE FIRST AMERICANS TO WIN THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS (AND DANGEROUS) CONTEST ON EARTH. IT WAS A RACE TO THE DEATH THAT HAD GREATER IMPLICATIONS THAN JUST A CHECKERED FLAG. IN AN EXCERPT FROM EXECUTIVE EDITOR **A.J. BAIME'S** NEW BOOK, *GO LIKE HELL*, WE PUT YOU BEHIND THE WHEEL.

PLAYBOY'S 2009 BASEBALL PREVIEW—THE RECESSION HAS HIT EVEN THE MAJOR LEAGUES. HALL OF FAME WRITER **TRACY RINGOLSBY** TELLS US THAT CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, BIG-MONEY FREE AGENTS AREN'T ALWAYS WORTH THEIR PRICE TAG.

IT'S THE LOW-COST PROSPECTS WHO PAY OFF WITH PENNANTS. ALSO: *BASEBALL PROSPECTUS'S* **CHRISTINA KAHRL** LOOKS AT WHAT MAKES A MANAGER TICK.

SAIPAN—**JOHN BOWE** TAKES US TO A PACIFIC RESORT WHERE YOUNG AMERICAN MALES WORK AS CLUBMATES BY DAY AND BED A DIFFERENT ASIAN BEAUTY EVERY NIGHT. DREAM JOB? WELL, EVENTUALLY IT BECOMES JUST ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE.

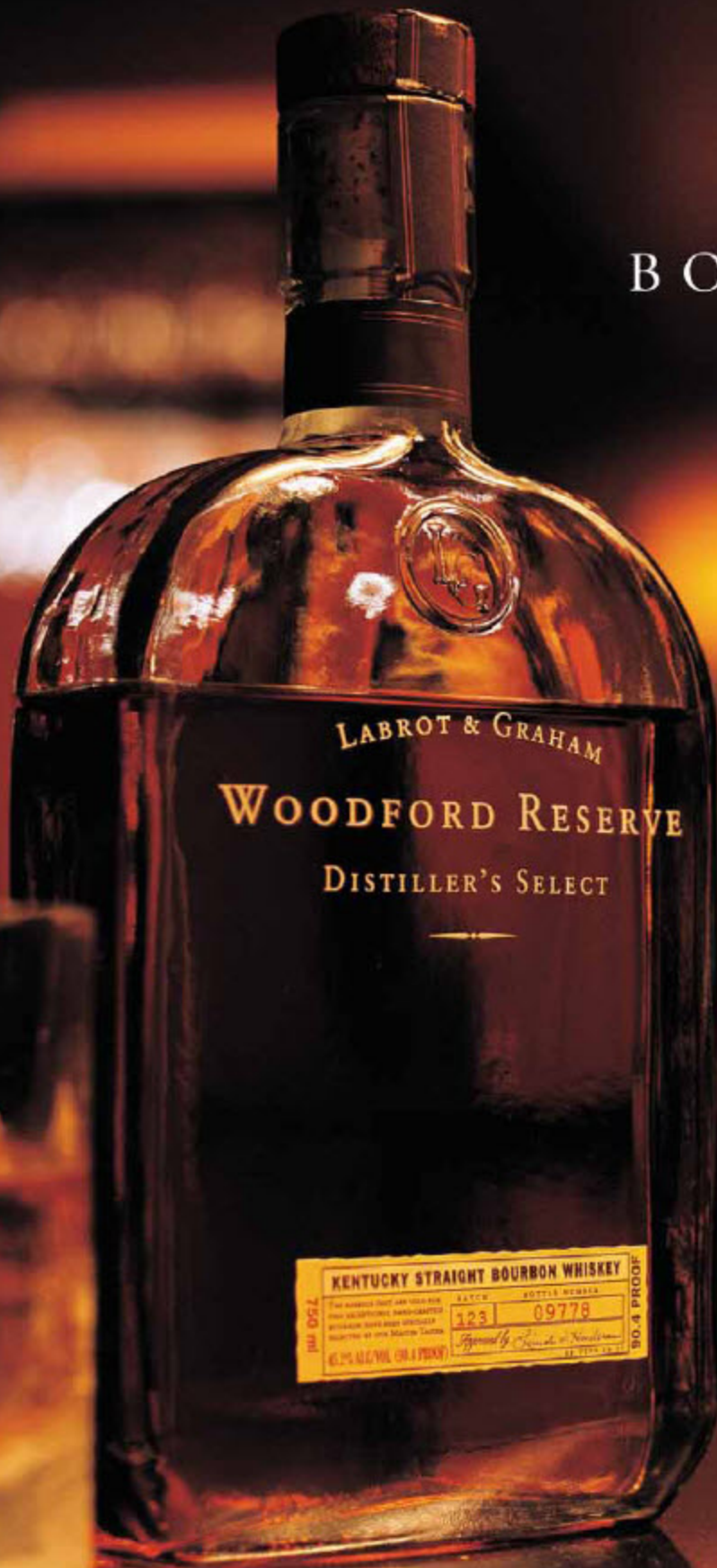
CHUCK PALAHNIUK—THE NEW AMERICAN MASTER WHOSE TWISTED MIND GAVE US *FIGHT CLUB* IS PUBLISHING HIS 12TH BOOK, TITLED *PYGMY*. **DAVID SHEFF** SITS WITH HIM FOR THE INTERVIEW TO FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG AND WHAT'S RIGHT WITH THE TORTURED ARTIST—OR IF THEY'RE THE SAME THING.

MINOTAUR—WORKING IN COVERT OPERATIONS MEANS YOU HAVE ACCESS TO THE NATION'S DARKEST SECRETS. IT ALSO MEANS NO ONE—NOT YOUR FAMILY, FRIENDS OR EVEN YOUR LOVER—CAN KNOW WHO YOU REALLY ARE OR WHAT YOU'RE CAPABLE OF. **JIM SHEPARD'S** STORY CAPTURES THE HIGHS AND LOWS OF A CLOAK-AND-DAGGER LIFE.

PLUS: ZACHARY QUINTO IS YOUNG SPOCK IN THE *STAR TREK* MOVIE, AND WE ARE ALL (POINTY) EARS FOR HIS *20Q*; FASHION FOCUSES ON *CRIMINAL MINDS'S* **SHEMAR MOORE**; **CRYSTAL MCCAHILL** FOLLOWS IN HER MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS AS A PLAYMATE.

BOURBON

oasis.



HANDCRAFTED IN SMALL BATCHES.

WOODFORD RESERVE®

BOURBON HAS ARRIVED.

Enjoy your bourbon responsibly.

Woodford Reserve Distiller's Select Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 45.2% Alc. by Vol., The Woodford Reserve Distillery, Versailles, KY ©2009.