

**MASSIVE DOUBLE ISSUE**

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2010

*e* **HOLIDAY**  
**ANNIVERSARY**  
ISSUE

**THE**  
**NOTORIOUS**  
**TARA**  
**REID**

**WILL**  
**SELF**  
**LOVES**  
**KATE**  
**MOSS**

**YOU WON'T**  
**BELIEVE OUR**  
**YEAR**  
**IN SEX**

**WHY**  
**WE LOVE**  
**THE**  
**60s**  
**BOND!**  
**BARDOT!**  
**BEATLES!**

**CUBA**  
**LIBRE**  
**A PLAYBOY**  
**GUIDE TO**  
**FORBIDDEN**  
**TRAVEL**

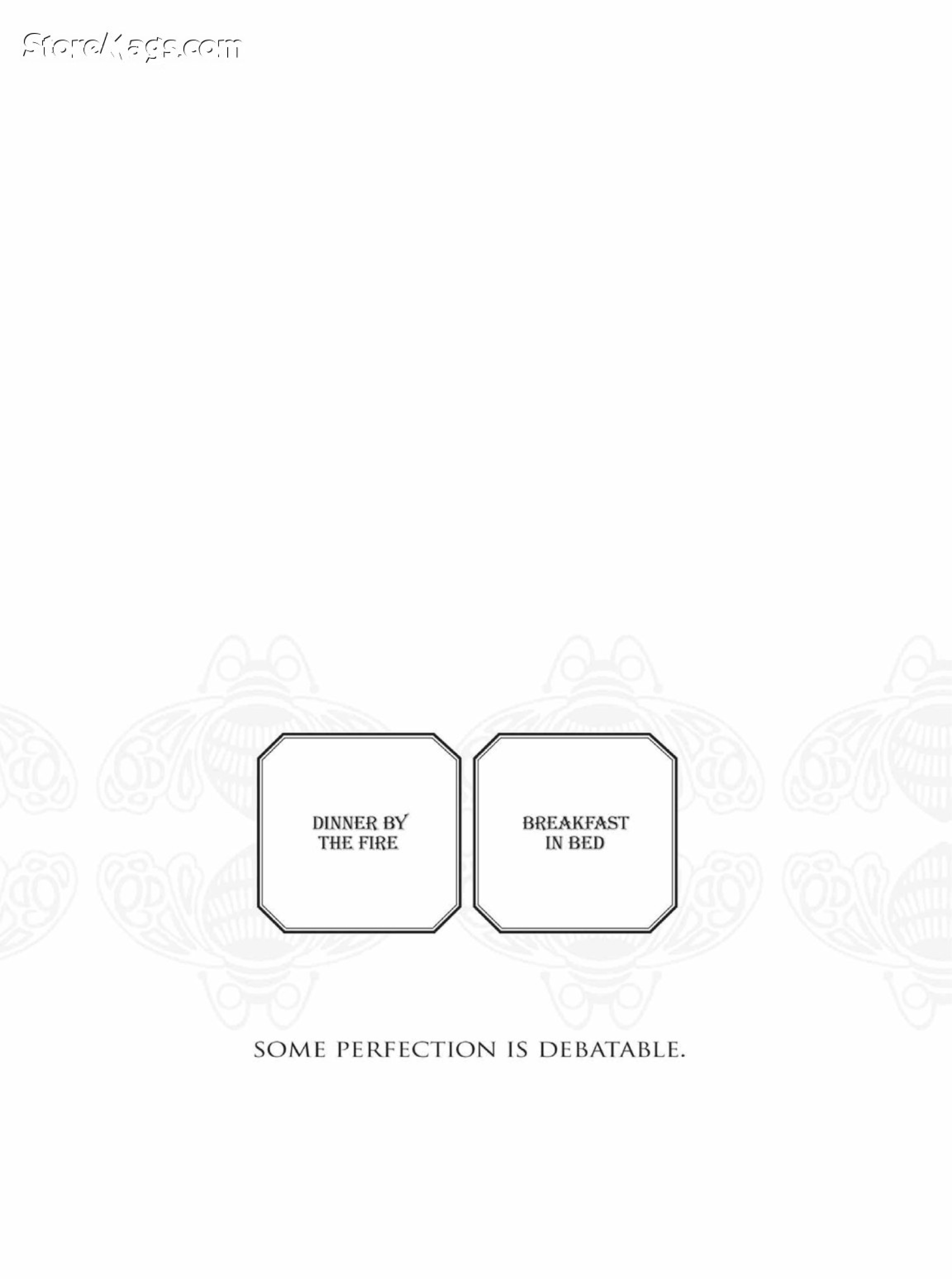
**NEW FICTION BY**  
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**BIRTH OF THE**  
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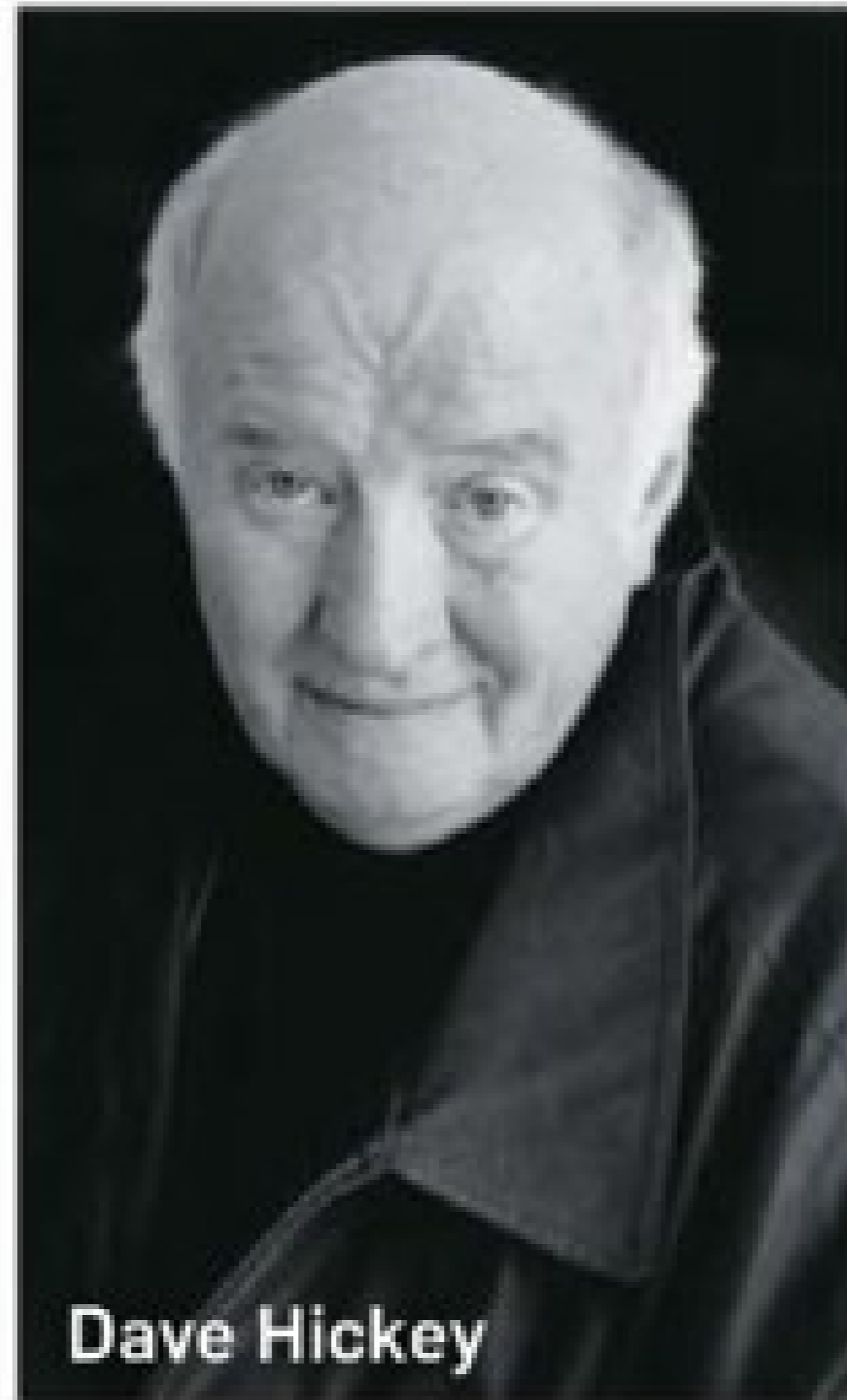


# PLAYBILL

**D**id any decade burn as bright as the 1960s? Among the miniskirts, sitars, free love, morning glory and social upheaval, the case against it is a hard one to make. **Bill Zehme** takes us for a saucy visual stroll through the decade that changed everything in *Why We Love the '60s*. That spirit of vibrant change is still alive, of course, most noticeably in the art world. And today's most exciting art comes not from the galleries but from the streets. Art critic **Dave Hickey** investigates in *The New Modern Art*. Investigation seems to be in the air these days, especially with a new Sherlock Holmes film in theaters. To celebrate, this month's fashion, *Scotland Yard Style*, is dedicated to the neo-Victorian look, with firebrand photographer **David Bailey** doing what he does best: capturing simplicity and timelessness. Still celebrating the passage of time, we move on to **Tara Reid**, who we would argue is the better for it. In the past, when she was playing sex-pot roles and stumbling on red carpets, we confess to being a touch worried about her. Now that she's calmed down, we've stopped worrying and learned to love her incredible 34-year-old body, shot this month by **Sheryl Nields**. You may recognize Reid in an instant, but we bet you couldn't pick Joseph Petrosino out of a lineup. New York City's first Italian American detective, he was one of the first cops to work deep undercover. In *Giuseppe Petrosino and the Black Hand* **James Dalessandro** tells the tale of Petrosino's obsession with bringing down the mob. Unfortunately it seems we're back under terror's influence more than ever today. Even more unfortunate, many would like to profit from our fear. Few have done so more flagrantly than Dennis Montgomery. In *The Man Who Conned the Pentagon*, Emmy-winning journalist **Aram Roston** tells a cautionary tale for the age of paranoia. From D.C. to NYC: Urban historian **Luc Sante's** *Future of New York* takes a look back at the city from the year 2100. Then **Dennis Lehane**, best-selling author of *Mystic River*, spins a present-day yarn of decency, indecency, love and dogs amid Boston's underbelly; read *Animal Rescue* slowly and you can smell the stale beer and whiskey. Finally, in *The Kate Moss Effect*, psychogeographer and litterateur **Will Self** weighs in on why **Kate Moss** has been able to capture our collective attention for so long by being perfectly ordinary. And we do mean perfectly.



Bill Zehme



Dave Hickey



David Bailey



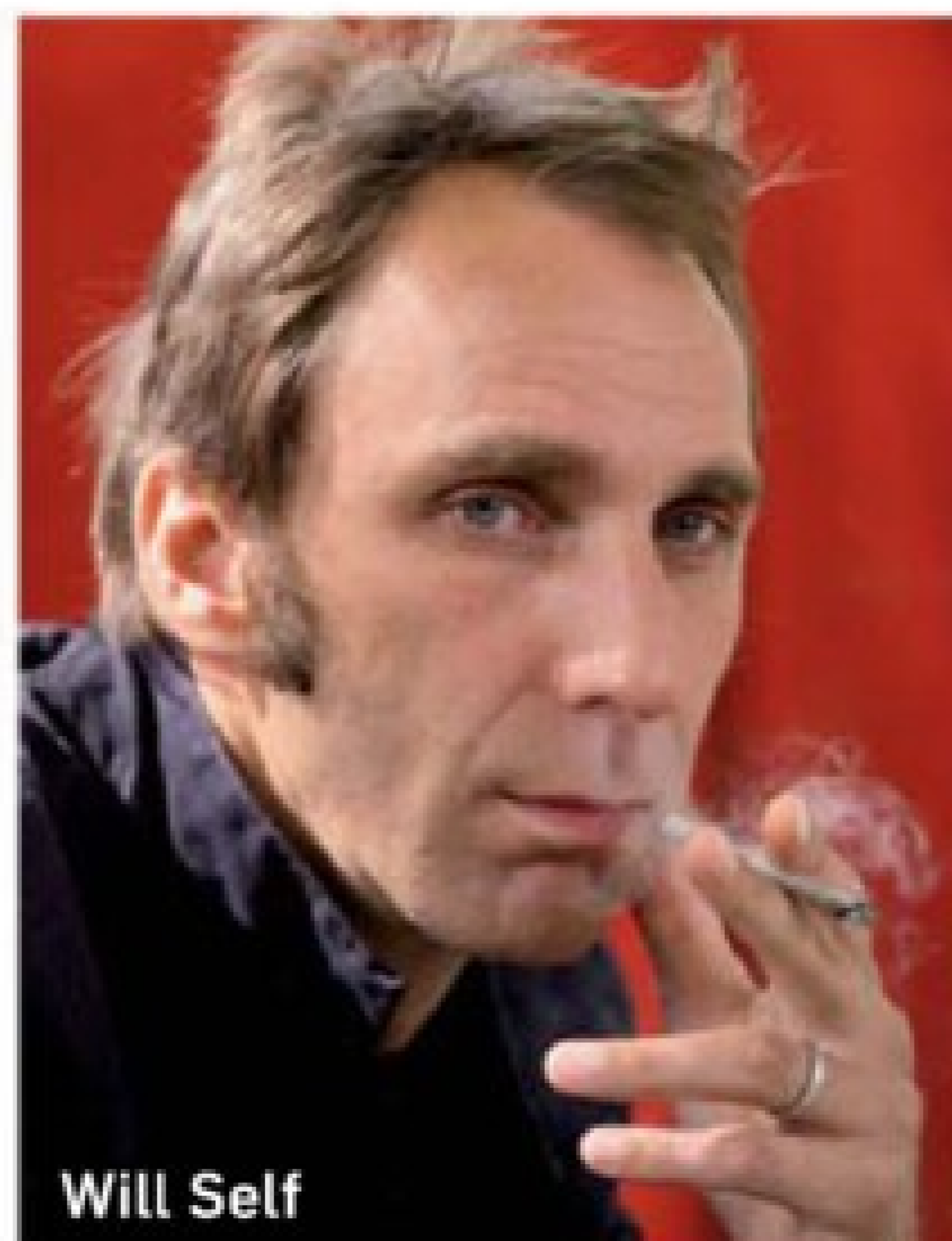
James Dalessandro



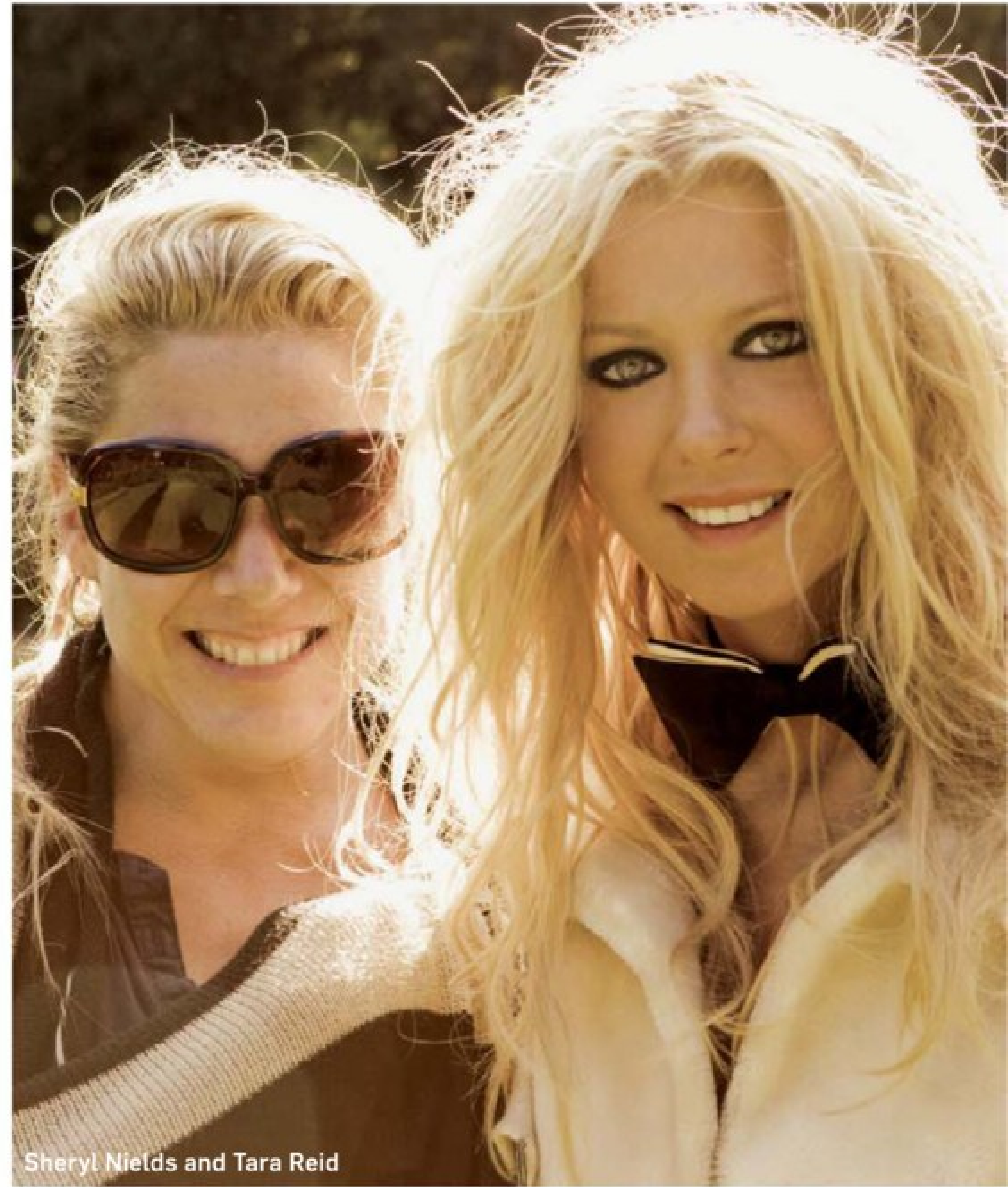
Luc Sante



Dennis Lehane



Will Self



Sheryl Nields and Tara Reid



Kate Moss



The first official tour of my  
distillery happened in 1780  
when pirates broke in and  
drank all my whiskey.

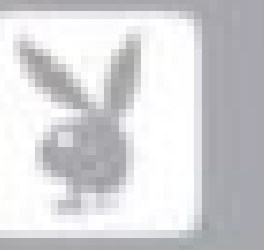
*John Jameson*

**JAMESON**

TASTE ABOVE ALL ELSE








# 48 THE SINGULARITY

It's 2010. Where are our hovercars and cybernetic immortality? We'll check with Boeing on the cars, but in the meantime **CARL ZIMMER** charts the progress scientists have made toward understanding intelligence, both human and artificial.



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## COVER STORY

Tara Reid began as Bunny Lebowski for the Coen brothers. A year later *American Pie* made her 2000's It girl. But she went wild at the wrong time: during the celebrity-tabloid resurgence. The 2010 Tara, sexier than ever, posed for photographer Sheryl Nields, and our Rabbit can't help but make the link that Reid is playing a Bunny again.



# PLAYBOY

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**LAB RAT** For science—and money—we send our hesitant reporter to make a deposit at a sperm bank.

**WHO SAID IT IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW?** Choice nuggets from our candid conversations with celebrities.

**GOOD QUESTION** The Advisor selects the most quirky and interesting reader queries. Did yours make the cut?

**PLAYMATE VIDEO DATA SHEETS** Your favorite girls jump off the Centerfold and into free scintillating videos.

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**DAVID BAILEY** snaps stately Victorian threads worn by the likes of Sherlock Holmes; consider it the Houndstooth of the Baskervilles. By **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**



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20Q

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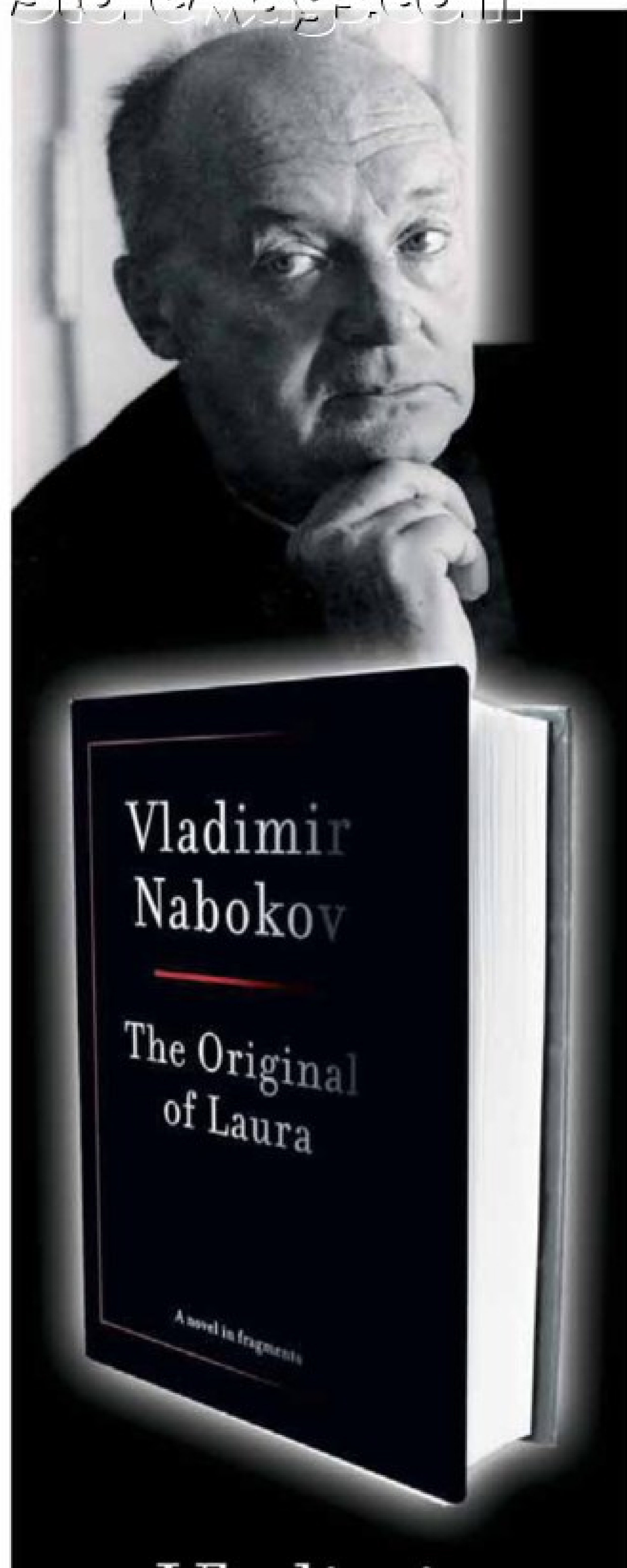
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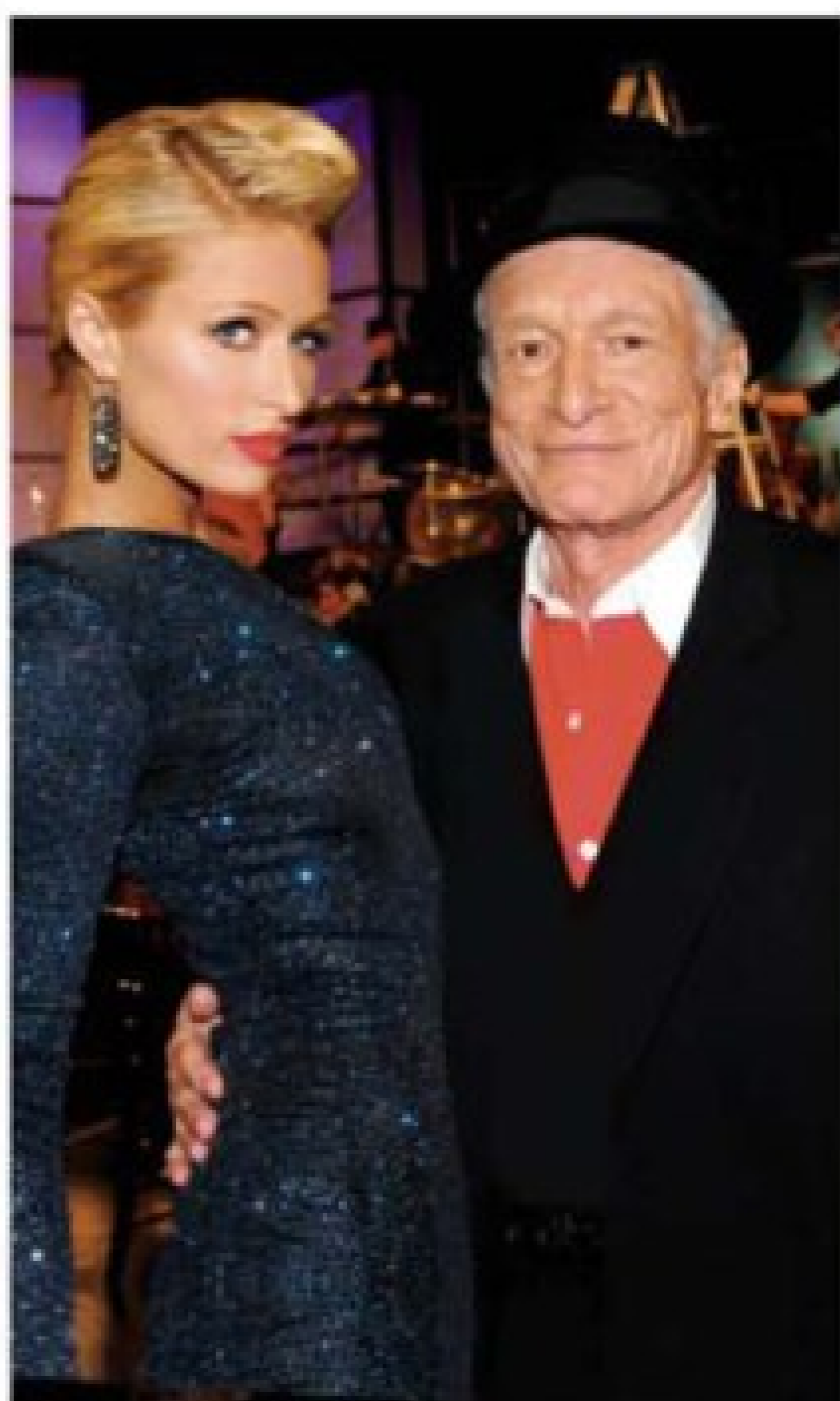


# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

## HUGH HEFNER'S PLAYBOY

Benedikt Taschen, the founder of Taschen publishing, hand delivered the first set of *Hugh Hefner's Playboy*. The six-volume anthology is a combination of an unabashed autobiography and a fascinating, witty and sophisticated scrapbook that adds up to Hef's most personal portrait.



## FOX REALITY-TV AWARDS SHOW

Hef ran into Paris Hilton and Kim Kardashian at the Fox Reality Channel Really Awards, which the new *Girls Next Door* were asked to present. Crystal Harris and Kristina and Karissa Shannon handed out honors for favorite reality hottie. This year's award went to *The Real Housewives of Orange County's* Gretchen Rossi, but Hef's girls should be a shoo-in in the future.



## DRINK IN THE LIFESTYLE

The German spearmint energy drink Ständer considers itself a high-class lifestyle elixir, and to prove it the company held its U.S. launch at the Mansion. Along with the spearmint mojitos (and the Bunnies), the party buzz was about the incredible Heidi Montag and Tommy Lee on the DJ controls.



## CRYSTAL'S MUSICAL TRIBUTE

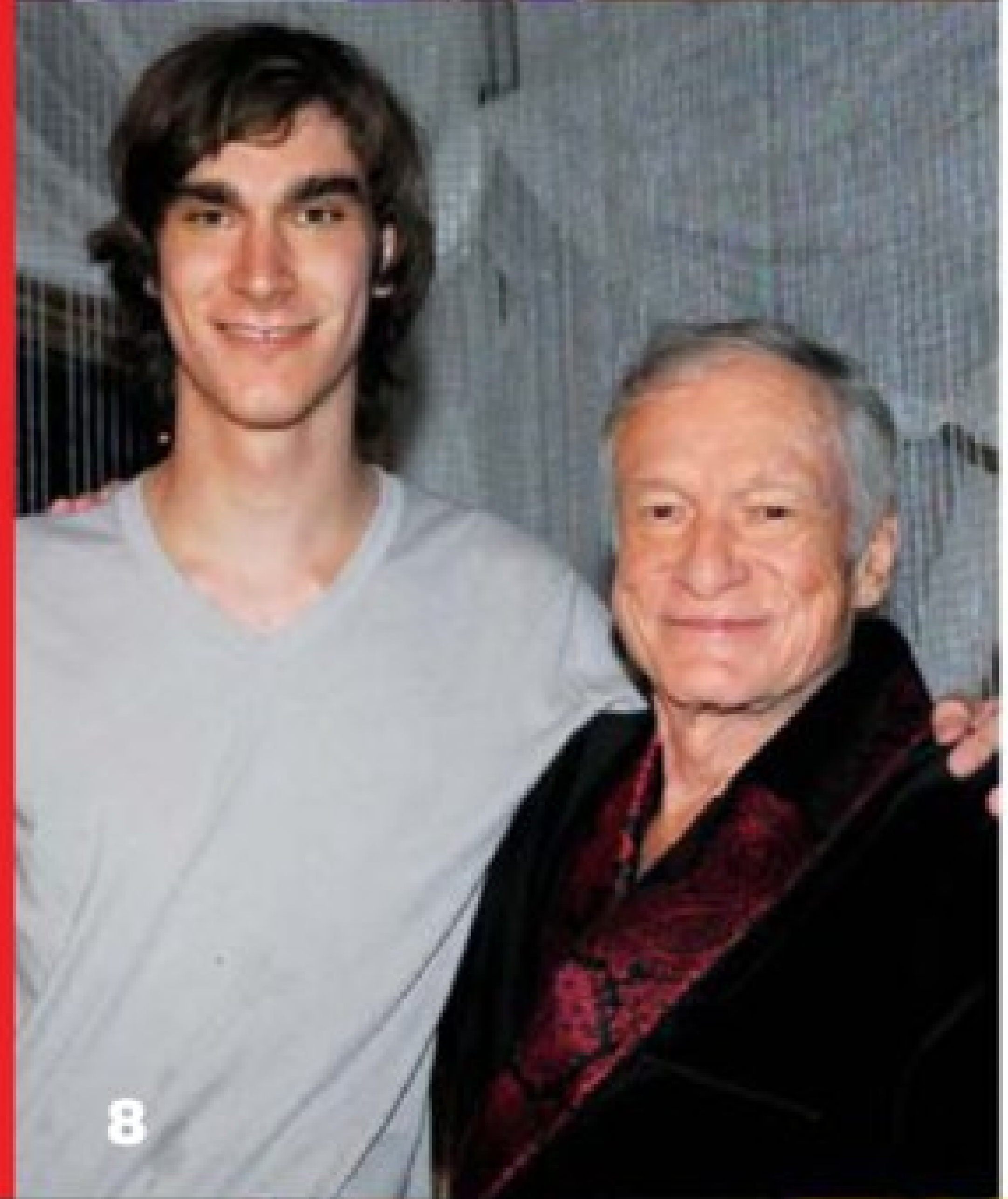
Crystal's deceased dad was a singer in England, and she is determined to keep his music alive. After taking a few lessons she stepped into the booth to record "Say What You Want," a song her father had written. Motown legend Smokey Robinson coached her throughout the taping, and Hef and the Shannon twins were also there to support Crystal during her special moment.



# HANGIN' WITH H&F



The good life as defined by Mr. Playboy: dining with royalty, home screenings with Oscar winners and beautiful nude women in his pool—that's living. (1) Hef and his girls with Prince Albert II of Monaco at a private reception in Beverly Hills. (2) Diablo Cody at the Mansion for a prerelease screening of *Youth in Revolt*. (3) The film's actors Mary Kay Place and Adhir Kalyan and co-producer Miranda Freiberg. (4) Crystal and Melissa Taylor in the pool. (5) Cooper Hefner gives his favorite band, the Sounds, a tour of PMW. (6) Chuy Bravo from *Chelsea Lately* ditches Ms. Handler for Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips. (7) The girls at their roadside lemonade stand, raising funds to fight AIDS. (8) Marston and dad at the Midsummer Night's Dream party. (9) Hef's girls talk about the new season of *The Girls Next Door* with Sam Rubin on KTLA. (10) Verne Troyer at a Mopar Mansion reception. (11) Tops down at the Mopar party. (12) A very special night: The Shannon twins celebrate their one-year anniversary with Hef and their 20th birthday.



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## BLOOD BROTHERS

It is great to see PLAYBOY reporting on the tragic drug war unfolding at and across our border in such places as El Paso, Texas and Juárez, Mexico (*A Weird Calm at the Edge of the Abyss*, November). Most Americans don't realize more people die each day in these border cities than in many of the battle zones of Iraq and Afghanistan. Distant wars are easier for Americans to compartmentalize morally than ones that implicate our own lifestyles, laws and consumption habits. The American media largely ignore the carnage unless the body count reaches double digits or the cocaine weighs more than a ton. And since the Mexicans and dozens of Americans who are massacred happen to be brown skinned, the U.S. government seems to feel little responsibility.

Howard Campbell  
El Paso, Texas

*Campbell, an anthropology professor at the University of Texas at El Paso, is author of Drug War Zone: Frontline Dispatches From the Streets of El Paso and Juárez.*

It is easy to view drug violence south of the border as a foreign problem, but Americans are the ones buying the illegal drugs and filling the cartels' coffers. We are also the ones purchasing the cheap consumer goods made available through the lopsided North American Free Trade Agreement, which has exacerbated the poverty underlying the violence in Mexico. Rather than talk about sending our troops to fix the problem, legalizing marijuana and renegotiating NAFTA would be huge steps toward weakening the cartels and giving working people a fighting chance.

David Schmidt  
San Diego, California

## CHASING THE RABBIT

I had become concerned over the past few months because the Rabbit Head hidden on the cover of each issue was becoming less of a challenge to find, at least for me. But the October cover proves you have not lost your touch. Whoever hid that bunny is an evil genius. My husband still hasn't found it, and I won't let him see the hint in the table of contents.

Jennifer Skaggs  
Wichita, Kansas

## BY FANTASY ALONE?

John H. Richardson's *The Woman Who Could Think Herself Off!* (November) is a fascinating read. The findings of the Rutgers University team led by Barry Komisaruk should (but probably won't) put to rest the debate over whether all female orgasms originate with the clitoris. As he and others have found, female sexual response is so complex some of us can climax without direct stimulation of any part of the genitals. However, does the highly orgasmic Traci or any of the

# DEAR PLAYBOY

## Marge Goes Blue(r)

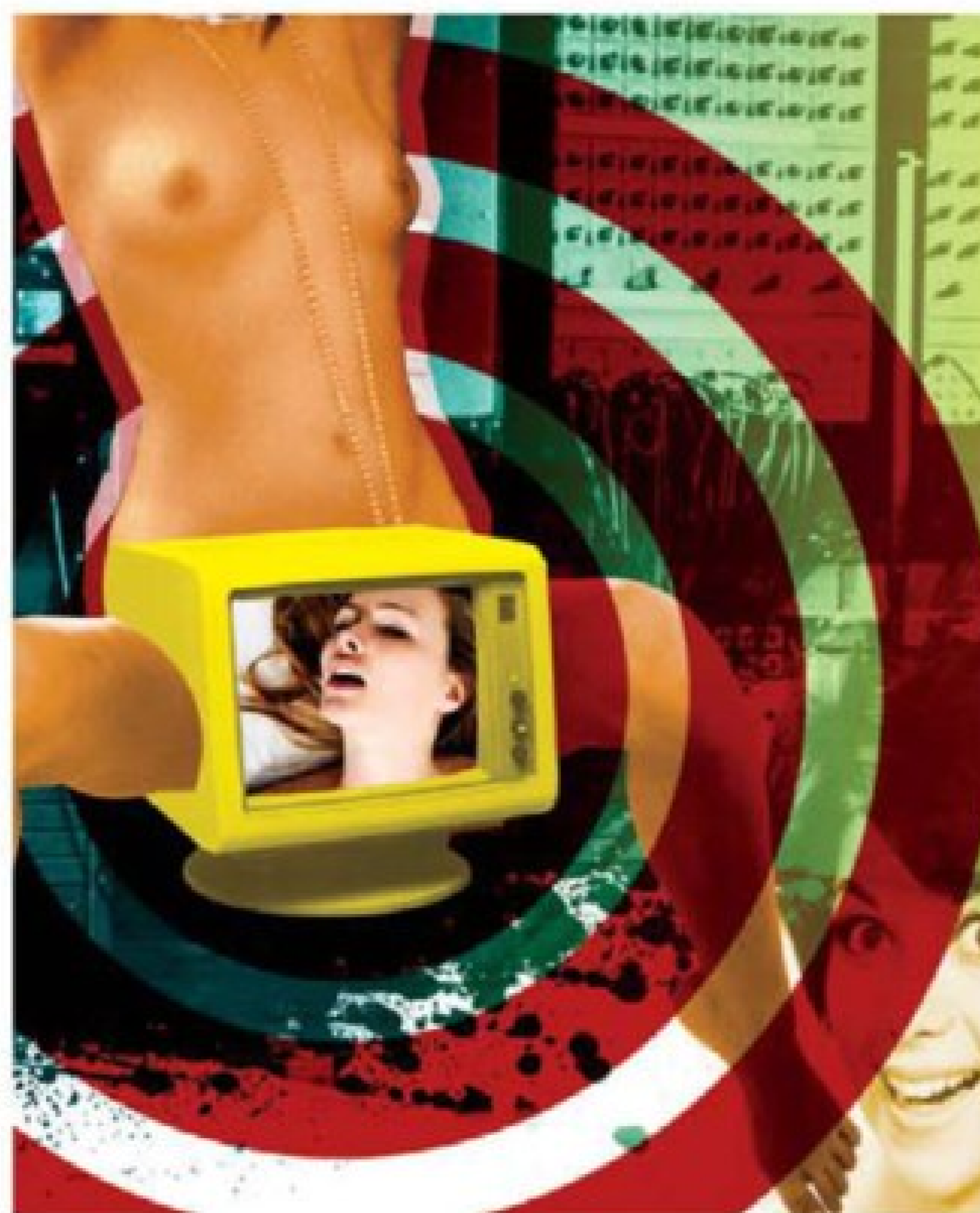
As a comics historian, I can tell you the matriarch of the Simpsons posing for PLAYBOY is nothing new (*The Devil in Marge Simpson*, November). "Clean" cartoonists have for decades been drawing erotically charged visions, usually for private viewing. The most infamous is Joe Shuster, co-creator of Superman, who in the 1950s put a couple who closely resemble the Man of Steel and Lois Lane into a variety of creative S&M scenes. Could that be next for Marge and Homer?

Craig Yoe  
Peekskill, New York

*Yoe is author of Clean Cartoonists' Dirty Drawings and Secret Identity: The Fetish Art of Superman's Co-Creator Joe Shuster. The collectors edition at right, sold only on newsstands, is available at playboystore.com.*



other test subjects flex their pubococcygeus muscle while "thinking off"? I have been able to think myself off on occasion but only when I am in the throes of a new passion or completely "dick-matized" by a remarkable penis. For me, PC flexing is part of the process, which means the climax is not without physical stimulation. That said, I'm no match for Traci, who pulled this off inside an MRI machine. Kudos to her and the other women who



I think, therefore I came.

are providing a great service to science—and to the sisterhood.

Susan Crain Bakos  
New York, New York

*Bakos is author of The Orgasm Loop, The Orgasm Bible, The Sex Bible for Women and 13 other sexual-instruction books.*

I read Richardson's report with great professional interest, both as the sex therapist who coined the term *thinking off* in the 1980s and as co-author, with Komisaruk and Beverly Whipple, in 1992 of the first study of imagery-induced orgasm. Therefore, I wonder about the phrase Richardson attributes to Komisaruk: "I've never seen a woman like this!" In fact, in our early research we saw 10 of them, though we weren't peering into their brains. The point is, thinking off doesn't appear to be that unusual—it's just that few researchers have paid attention to it. I've met many women who experience spontaneous orgasm, as well as those who climax when areas other than their genitals are stimulated (e.g., breasts, belly, earlobes, hair, arms) and, most notably, women whose orgasms reach into "non-ordinary" realms—what I call the "Oh God!" phenomenon. So hooray for objective data that confirm female sexual response as a vast complexity of energies. But please, guys, don't call Traci "the female specimen of a lifetime." It suggests sex researchers study women as if we were bugs.

Gina Ogden  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

*Ogden (ginaogden.com) is author of Women Who Love Sex: Ordinary Women Describe Their Paths to Pleasure, Intimacy and Ecstasy.*

It's intriguing to explore the cosmic abilities of women who can readily come by thinking, but this has been reported for centuries. For example, Saint Teresa of Avila possessed (or endured) what she called "raptures," understood by many to be unsolicited orgasms, which nearly landed her before the Inquisition. These climaxes are not so mysterious as Komisaruk suggests. The tip, or



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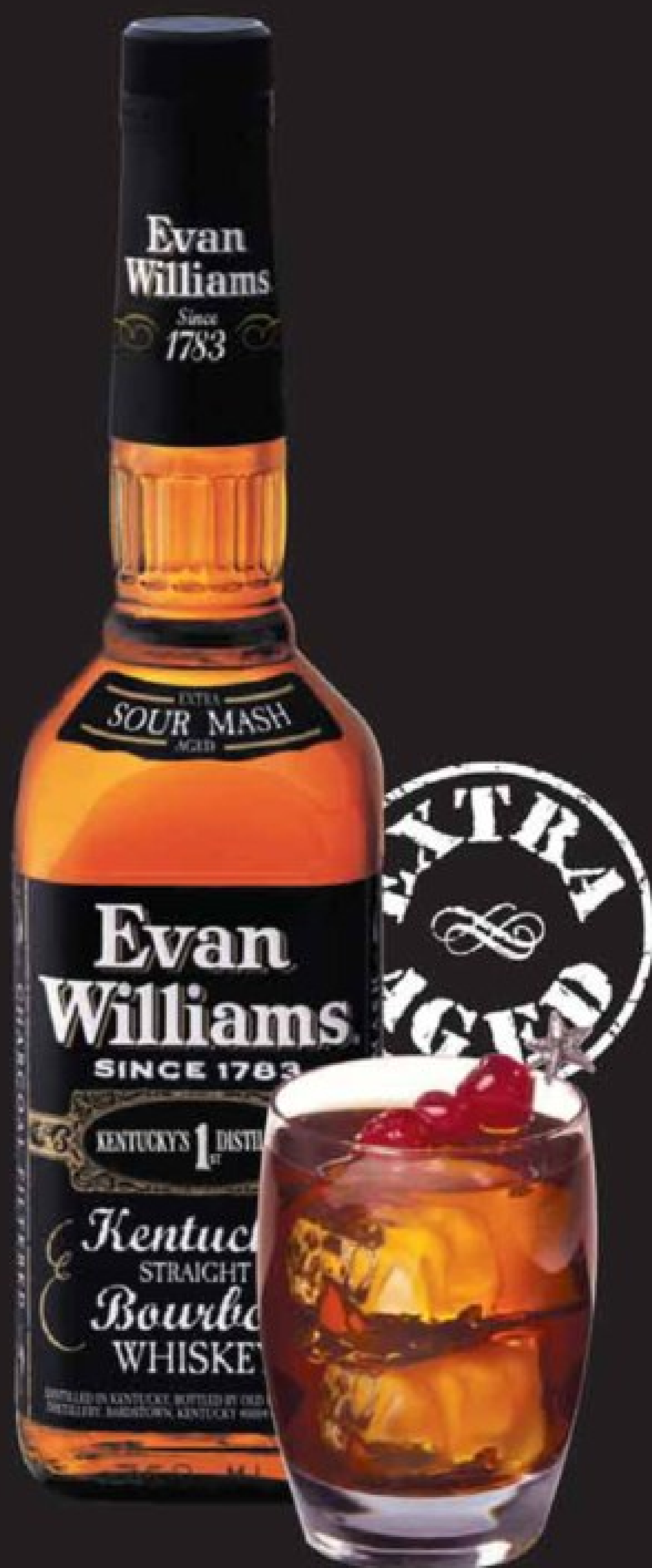
## CLASSIC BOURBON MANHATTAN

¾ oz. Sweet Vermouth

1½ oz. Evan Williams  
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Pour over ice into  
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Garnish with a cherry.



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glans, of the clitoris sits atop a mother lode of structures that surround the vagina, including a tube of spongy erectile tissue around the urethra. When filled with blood during arousal, this tissue becomes hypersensitive and contributes to the mounting tension that can result in orgasm. More accurately, the G-spot is not a spot or an area; it is the urethral sponge, which can be accessed through the vaginal wall with touch, pressure, vibration or, clearly, with the greatest sex organ of all, the brain. The vagina is largely devoid of nerves and incapable of creating orgasm. All orgasms are clitoral, however they are stimulated. Accurate representation of female genital anatomy can help women intuit what happens during sexual response, how climax occurs and perhaps why orgasms don't always happen so readily, whether psychically or physically assisted.

Rebecca Chalker  
New York, New York

*Chalker is author of The Clitoral Truth (clitoraltruth.com).*

### PAST VIOLENCE

Kevin Cook's article on the Oakland Raiders (*Bad to the Bone*, October) describes how pro football is meant to be played. We had a guy here in Chicago who would have fit right in with those guys. His name was Dick Butkus. Today's game is filled with whiny wide receivers and prima donna quarterbacks.

Jim Hantak  
Hillside, Illinois

I enjoyed the piece on the Raiders. It's interesting, though, that none of the players mention their legendary rivalry with the Kansas City Chiefs. It seems as though every game between the two teams in the 1960s and 1970s ended in a brawl.

Bryan Luce  
Chicago, Illinois

The greatest Raiders play of that era came during the 1974 play-offs versus the defending champion Miami Dolphins. As he was being tackled with less than 30 seconds left, Ken Stabler tossed a desperation pass into the end zone, where Clarence Davis emerged from a "sea of hands" to catch it for the win.

Stuart Logan  
Clearwater, Florida

### GOLDEN GIRL

Thank you for the tribute to Farrah Fawcett (*A Farewell to Farrah*, November). She was a brave woman who struggled valiantly during her last days.

Kerry Agnew  
Bayport, New York

Because Farrah died on the same day as Michael Jackson, the media largely ignored her passing. Kudos to PLAYBOY for having its priorities straight.

Sam Sutherland  
San Luis Obispo, California

### WOW!

I just opened the November issue, and all I can say is "Wow!"—it's your best in years. Alina Puscau, the remembrance of Farrah Fawcett, innovative verse by Stephen King (*The Bone Church*) and a Playmate, Kelley Thompson (*Lone Star*), who has natural breasts and pubic hair, just like the Centerfolds in 1973, when I became a PLAYBOY reader.

Gregg Adamson  
Denver, Colorado

Kelley Thompson is not just my Playmate of the Year, she's my Playmate of the decade. I have a digital subscrip-



We found Kelley working as a bartender.

tion to the magazine through Zinio.com, but for the first time in years I went to the newsstand to buy a paper copy. Kelley is fabulous—a truly natural beauty.

Chris Moorcroft  
Sheffield, U.K.

### CLEAN LIVING

It is refreshing to read the *Playboy Interview* with Benicio Del Toro (November) and see he avoids expletives, has perfect grammar and doesn't whine.

Heather Hill  
Lake Jackson, Texas

### TOON-ONS

Marge Simpson is hot, but I'd like a peek at Lois Griffin of *Family Guy*.

Joel Murphy  
Lillington, North Carolina

Why no blue bush?

Yvonne Morton  
Asheville, North Carolina

Now that Marge has blazed a trail, have you approached Jessica Rabbit? The magazine could use more redheads.

Casey Tatum  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*While the former Jessica Krupnick obviously has nothing against rabbits (she married one), she remains under contract to Disney.*

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# PLAYBOY CLUB CALENDAR MODEL SEARCH

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### MISS PLAYBOY CLUB SEPTEMBER

#### CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Jessa Lynn Hinton • Las Vegas

Bust: 34D Waist: 26 Hips: 34

Height: 5'9" Weight: 115

Birth Date: April 10, 1984

Turn-ons: \_\_\_\_\_

Great smelling men and nice abs.

Turn-offs: \_\_\_\_\_

Bad breath and bad attitude.



### MISS PLAYBOY CLUB OCTOBER

#### CALENDAR GIRL DATA SHEET

Name: Daycita Long • Las Vegas

Bust: 34C Waist: 24 Hips: 34

Height: 5'9" Weight: 132

Birth Date: March 3, 1988

Turn-ons: \_\_\_\_\_

Fun personality & nice smile

Turn-offs: \_\_\_\_\_

Bad breath & being conceited

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# PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

## BECOMING ATTRACTION

### Sarah Stage

Meet Sarah, a California girl who could make any beach boy happy. A model for the likes of Dreamgirl lingerie, Rockstar Energy Drink and Ed Hardy, she grew up in Burbank, roots for the Lakers and likes to finish sentences with "fer sure." She's also a skilled wave rider. "A guy who can surf is a huge turn-on for me," she tells us, "but he has to be better than I am." When it comes to mood music, Sarah goes for Beyoncé. "She is the best performer out there. I've been practicing 'Single Ladies' in my bedroom, and I have all the moves down, fer sure." We would love to be a fly on that wall. Before the ink is dry on this issue of PLAYBOY, Sarah will be shooting for a full-on pictorial. Stay tuned for more in an upcoming issue.

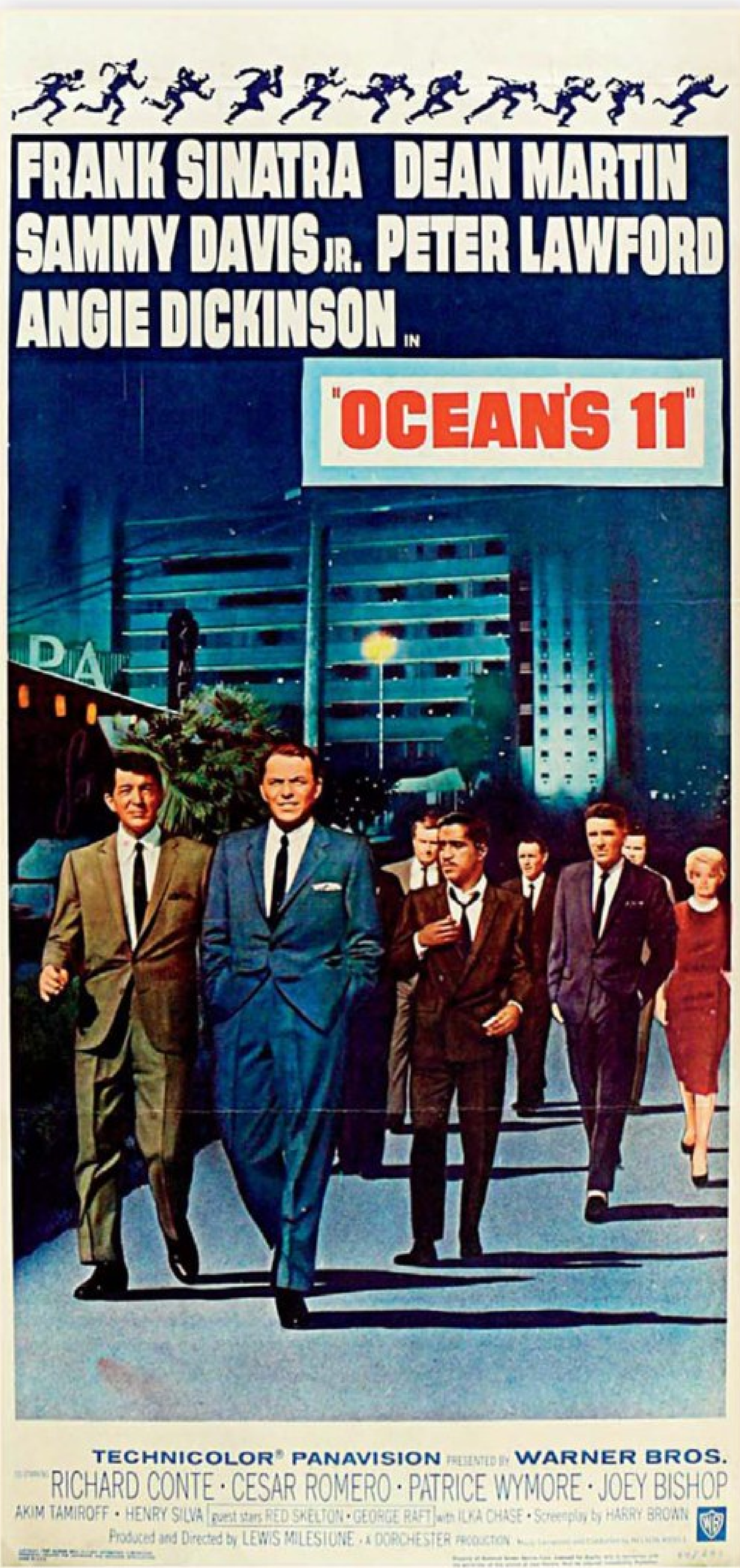
"A guy who can surf is a huge turn-on for me."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSH RYAN

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag





## Classic Look of the Month

### Let's Be Frank

The original *Ocean's 11* turns 50 in 2010. We can envision the pitch meeting. Scene: a Hollywood executive conference room filled with Lucky Strike smoke, circa late 1950s.... "Okay, let's gather Sinatra, Dino and their buddies, send them to Vegas, dress 'em up cool as hell, throw in some gorgeous broads, toss in a thin scam plot along with endless booze and let the cameras roll!" Here's how to cop the look Danny Ocean (Sinatra) sports in the original movie poster, a style that's back in thanks to the success of *Mad Men*: Gray wool sharkskin *Mad Men* Edition two-button Brooks Brothers suit, \$998; white cotton point-collar dress shirt by Van Heusen, \$40; black solid tie by Band of Outsiders, \$135; white Irish linen handkerchief by Orvis, set of three for \$59; black plain-toe oxfords by Alden, \$546.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag

## Pre Fabulous

### Thinking Out of the Box

Prefabricated homes have come a long way from the tract houses of yore. Architect Daniel Libeskind has designed a new breed of modular masterpieces with dramatic, jagged lines and eco-conscious renewable energy sources. His Villa model has solar thermal panels built into its zinc facade, a rainwater-harvesting system, a high-efficiency heat pump, a basement sauna and a wine cellar. These prefab palaces can be shipped and built anywhere, but they don't come cheap: The cost is \$2.8 million to \$4.2 million, so don't plan on pocketing any of the money those state-of-the-art solar panels will save you on your electric bill.



## Body Work

### Holy Fit

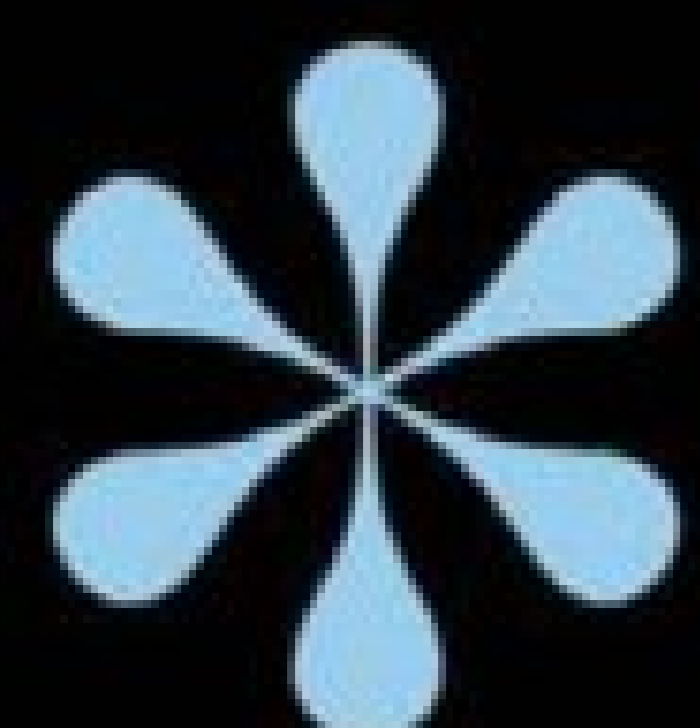
Meet Tracy Anderson, a one-woman phenom whose goal is to populate the world with excruciatingly hot female bodies. Never heard of her? Your girlfriend has. The exclusive trainer for Gwyneth and formerly for Madonna, Tracy started out as a dancer who had weight problems. She designed a computer program to help her stay in shape, and now she has fitness systems, fitness DVDs, etc. Her technique? "To strengthen the smaller muscle groups so that these muscles can pull in the larger muscles," resulting in "toned and defined bodies with smooth and firm skin." Check out [tracyandersonmethod.com](http://tracyandersonmethod.com) with your lovely. She can get started on her workout; you can look at pics of Tracy.









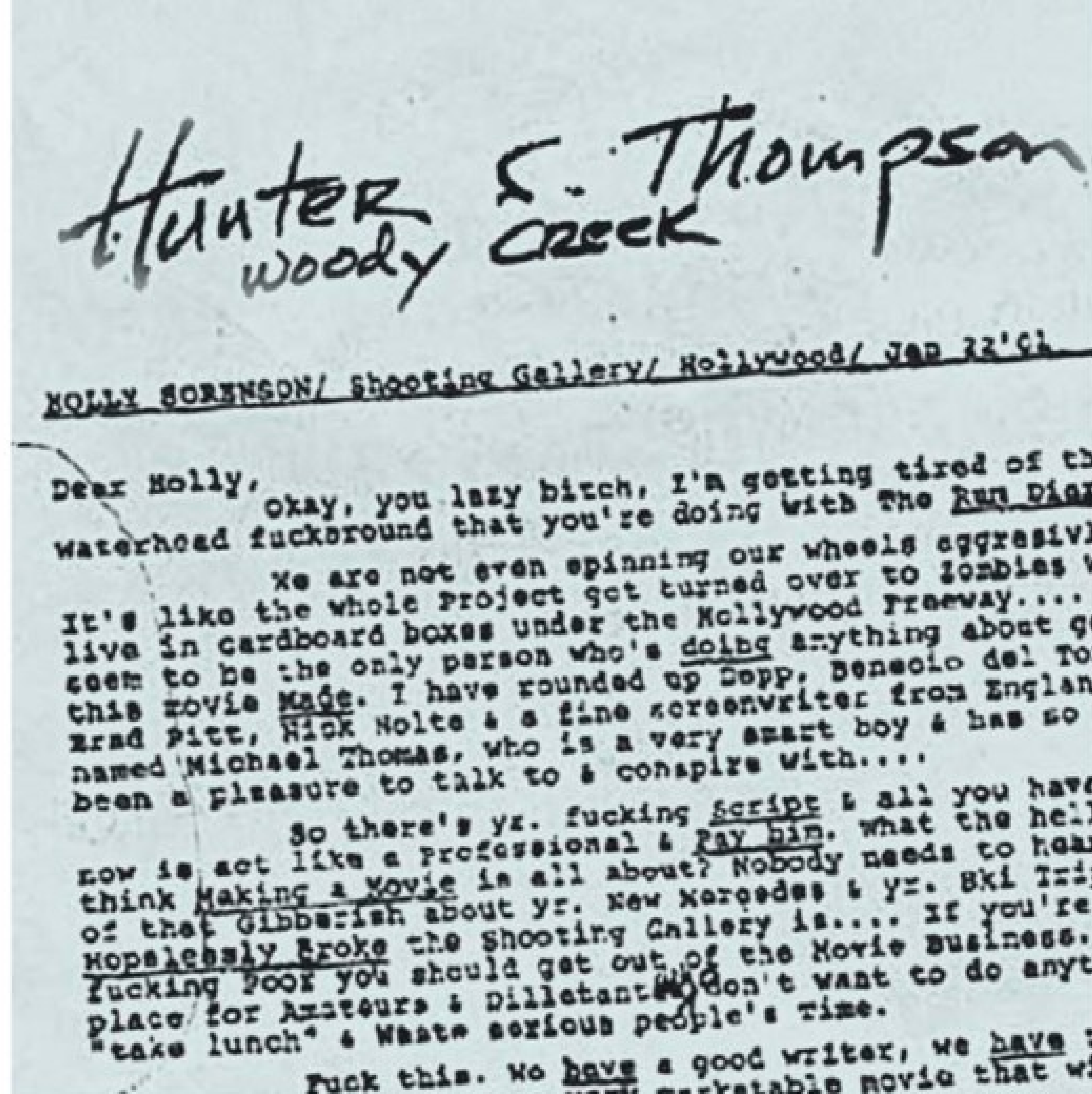


## Après-Ski An Ode to Long Underwear

The best part of après-ski is not the hot tub. It's watching your snow bunny undress. She's wearing a lot of layers, so it takes time. As her top hits the floor you utter, "Beautiful mountains." She says, "You think you've got what it takes to ski these expert slopes?" Finally she gets to the last bit, the long underwear (\$20, jockey.com). A woman who feels sexy in long underwear is a woman we love. Got your lift ticket?

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## Blog of the Month Hate Mail

Lettersofnote.com is a blog that displays the fascinating mis-sives of famous people, from Al Franken to Mark Twain—some cute, some funny, some pure vitriol. Pictured here: an expletive-filled note from Hunter S. Thompson to Holly Sorensen, a Hollywood producer who had bought the film rights to Thompson's novel *The Rum Diary* and then left the project on the shelf. The letter begins, "Okay, you lazy bitch...." CC'd are Johnny Depp, Benicio Del Toro and Nick Nolte. Infuriated that the producer is not making progress on the film, Hunter ends the letter, "I'm in a mood to chop your fucking hands off." The movie never got made in his lifetime. It comes out later this year, with Depp starring.

## Raising the Bar The Sazerac Room Lives On

Certain drinks are mandatory in certain bars: a bellini in Harry's Bar in Venice, a bloody mary at the St. Regis bar in Manhattan. One of our favorite bars is the Sazerac Room at the Roosevelt hotel in New Orleans, which has finally been restored and reopened after Hurricane Katrina. It's a classic 1920s lounge with mahogany walls and an elegant vibe. The *spécialité de la maison* is the Ramos gin fizz, a delectable (but deadly) concoction of gin, orange flower water and egg white (among other ingredients). Louisiana governor Huey Long drank his gin fizzes in the Sazerac Room, and so should you.







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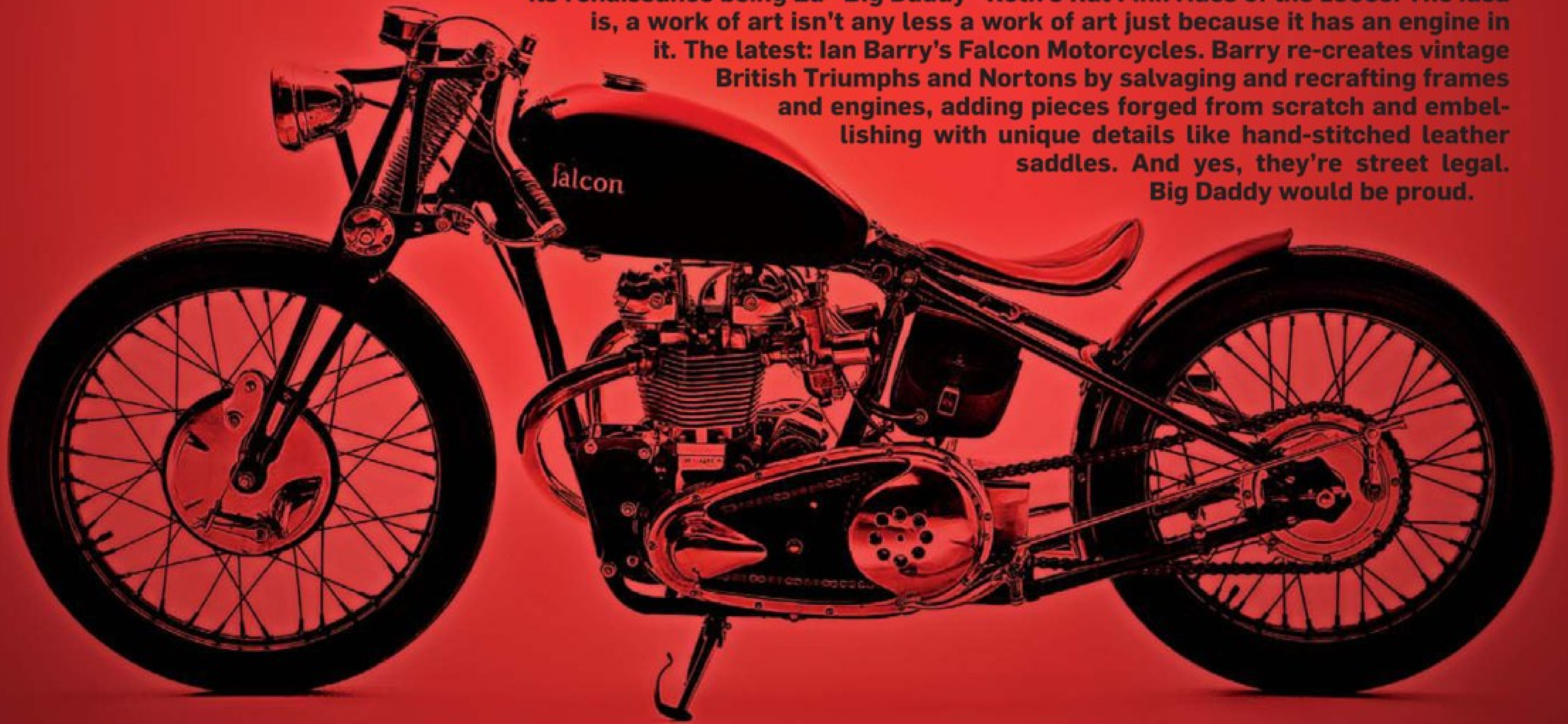
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# The Art of the Motorcycle

The custom vehicle as art piece can be traced to the hot rods of the 1930s, with its renaissance being Ed "Big Daddy" Roth's Rat Fink rides of the 1960s. The idea is, a work of art isn't any less a work of art just because it has an engine in it. The latest: Ian Barry's Falcon Motorcycles. Barry re-creates vintage British Triumphs and Nortons by salvaging and recrafting frames and engines, adding pieces forged from scratch and embellishing with unique details like hand-stitched leather saddles. And yes, they're street legal. Big Daddy would be proud.

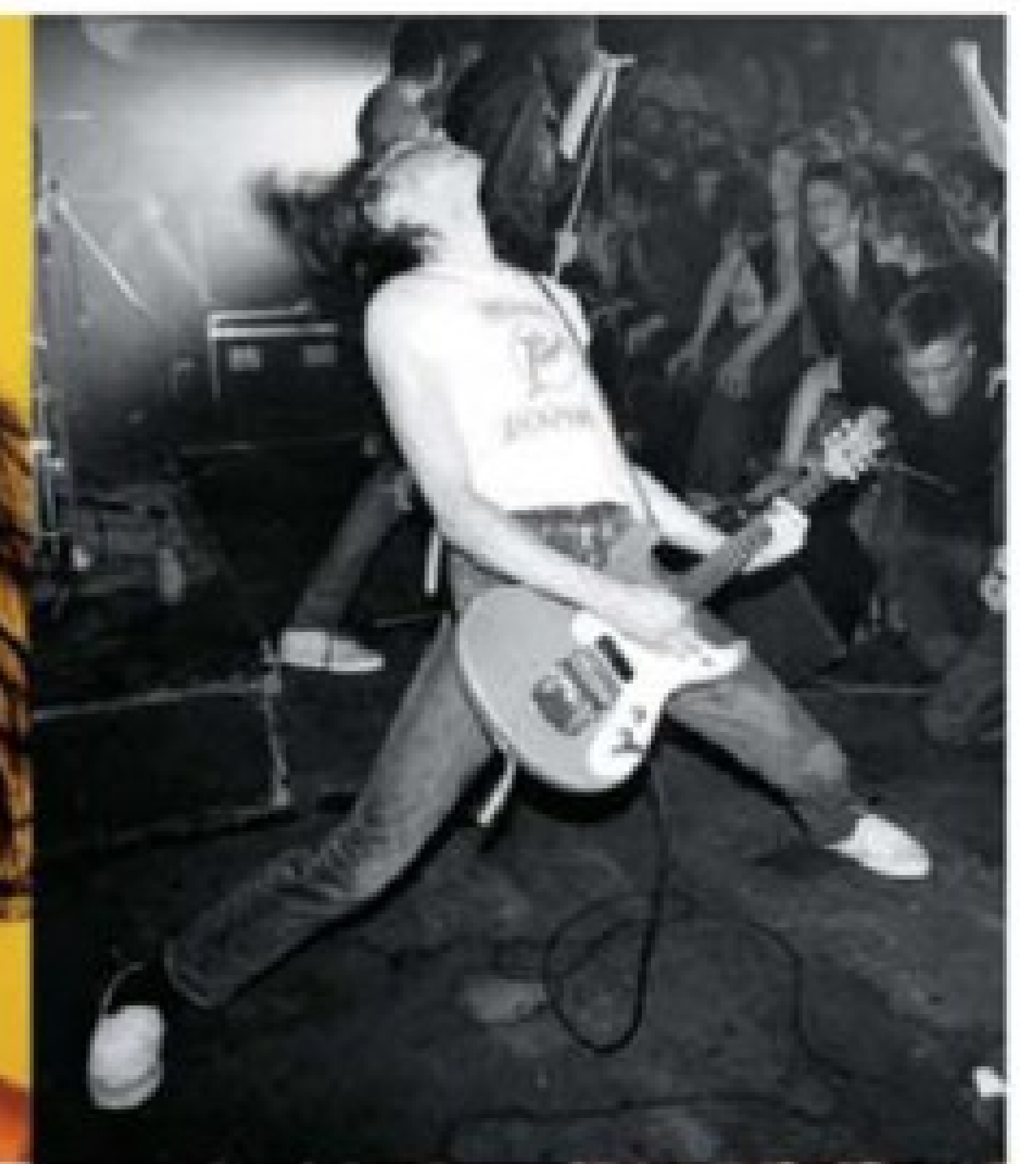
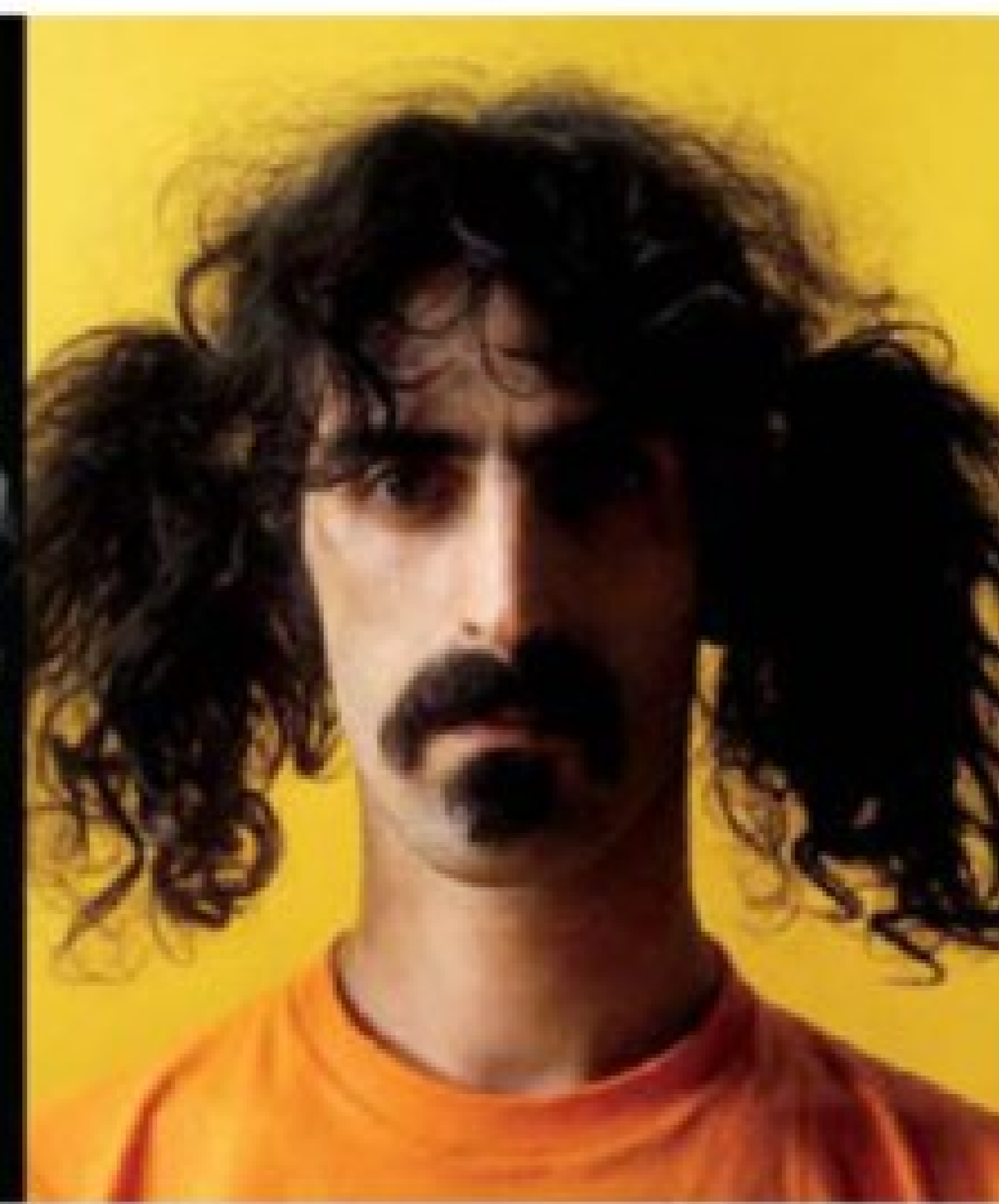


## This Month's Edition of... The Science of Sex

According to a new study by *Contraception* magazine, men who use the pull-out method get their partners pregnant four percent of the time, which is about the same rate as men who use condoms. (Note: Accidents with condoms are almost always due to human error.) In other birth control news, scientists from the University of Sheffield in the U.K. say birth control pills suppress women's interest in "masculine" men, making "boyish" men more attractive. The theory holds that women prefer rugged he-man types during the time they ovulate each month, but when they are not fertile (as in when they're taking the pill), they prefer men who have boyish faces and "caring personalities." Damn you, Zac Efron!



©1971 Albert Watson



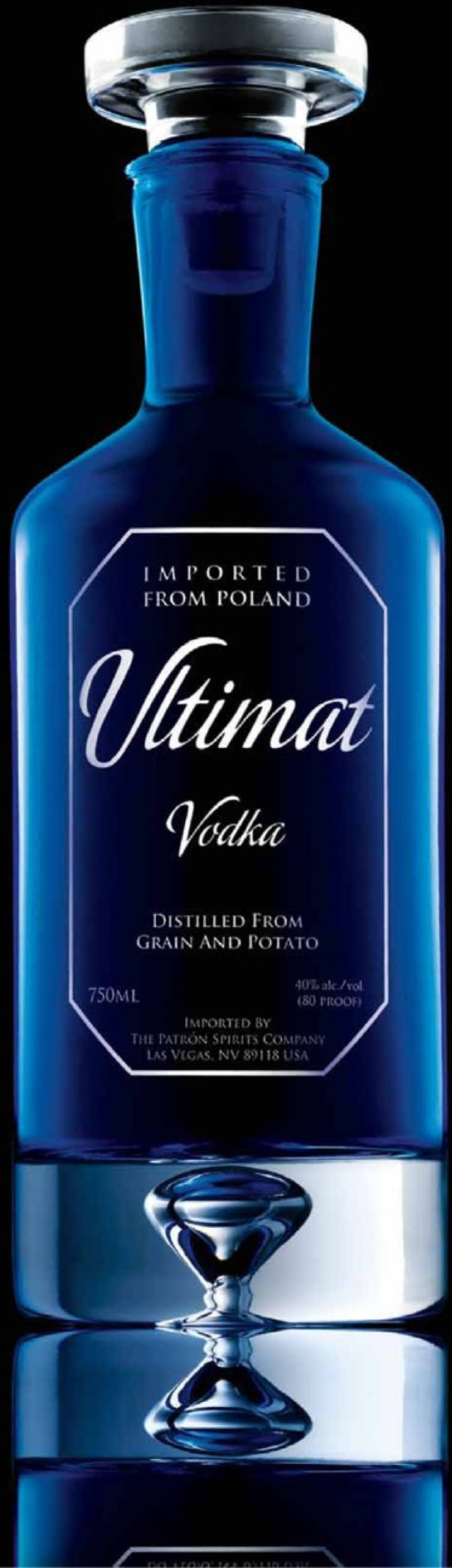
## Bring the Noise Celluloid Heroes

One of the most comprehensive collections of rock photography ever presented, *Who Shot Rock & Roll*—open now at the Brooklyn Museum—features more than 175 photos that offer a glimpse into the psyches of your favorite rock gods. The exhibit runs through January 31 and features multimedia presentations and a soundtrack by Blondie's Chris Stein. If you can't make it, pick up the companion book (\$40) by exhibit curator Gail Buckland, available through [brooklynmuseum.org](http://brooklynmuseum.org).





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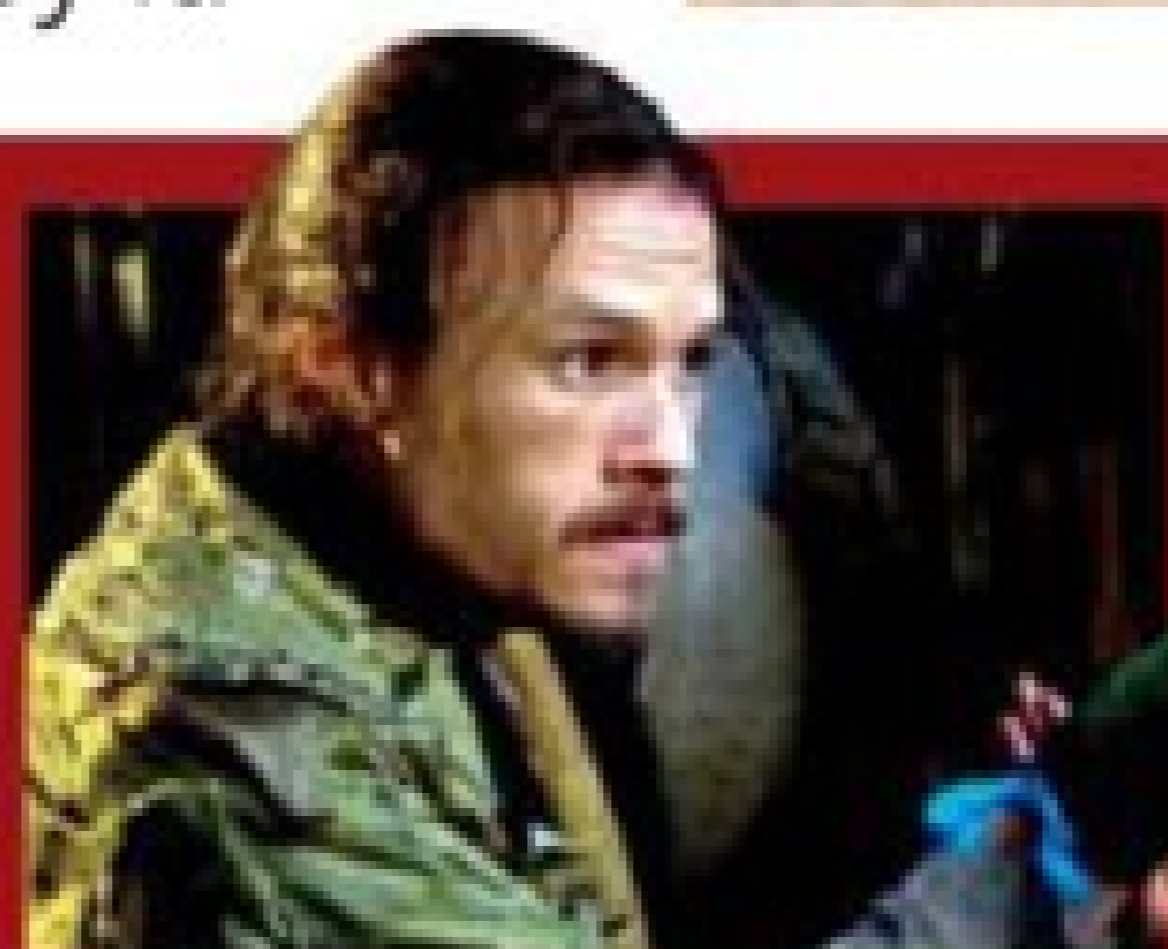
## Movie of the Month **Sherlock Holmes**

By Stephen Rebello

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle created fictional British detective Sherlock Holmes in 1887, and the wily character and his trusty physician sidekick John Watson became legendary. After four hugely popular novels, 56 short stories and scads of big- and small-screen incarnations, the story sees director Guy Ritchie and star Robert Downey Jr. morph the brainy, complex Holmes into a sword-wielding martial arts expert. In *Sherlock Holmes*, Downey, Jude Law (as Watson) and Rachel McAdams (as a mysterious beauty) are up to their necks in occult murders instigated by Lord Blackwood, played by Mark Strong. Will the film please worldwide Holmes aficionados? "The movie may be unlikely to satisfy Holmes purists, but if you can reinvent Shakespeare, you can reinvent Arthur Conan Doyle," says Strong. "Audiences who want something different will enjoy it."



## HEATH'S AFTERLIFE



Heath Ledger's untimely death left director Terry Gilliam with only two thirds of the actor's role complete in the phantasmagorical *The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus*. That nearly lost the project its financing until Gilliam and his daughter reworked the script to make Ledger's character a shape-shifter who is subsequently played by Johnny Depp, Colin Farrell and Jude Law.

## Now Showing in Theaters



**THE WOLFMAN** In this period remake Benicio Del Toro is a brooding aristocrat by day, but by night he morphs into a savage beast who slaughters British villagers. Anthony Hopkins adds to the mystery as his dad.



**I LOVE YOU PHILLIP MORRIS** Mad passion for sweet, gentlemanly prison cell mate Ewan McGregor inspires gay ex-cop turned daredevil con man Jim Carrey to commit even crazier and more illegal acts in this raunchy film.

**EDGE OF DARKNESS** In this head-crunching revenge thriller, Mel Gibson plays a detective who goes, well, all Gibson when he unearths government cover-ups while investigating the death of his activist daughter.



**VALENTINE'S DAY** Jessica Biel, Topher Grace, Jennifer Garner, Jessica Alba, Julia Roberts and Jamie Foxx are all looking for love. Who would have guessed? Director Garry Marshall tries to help.

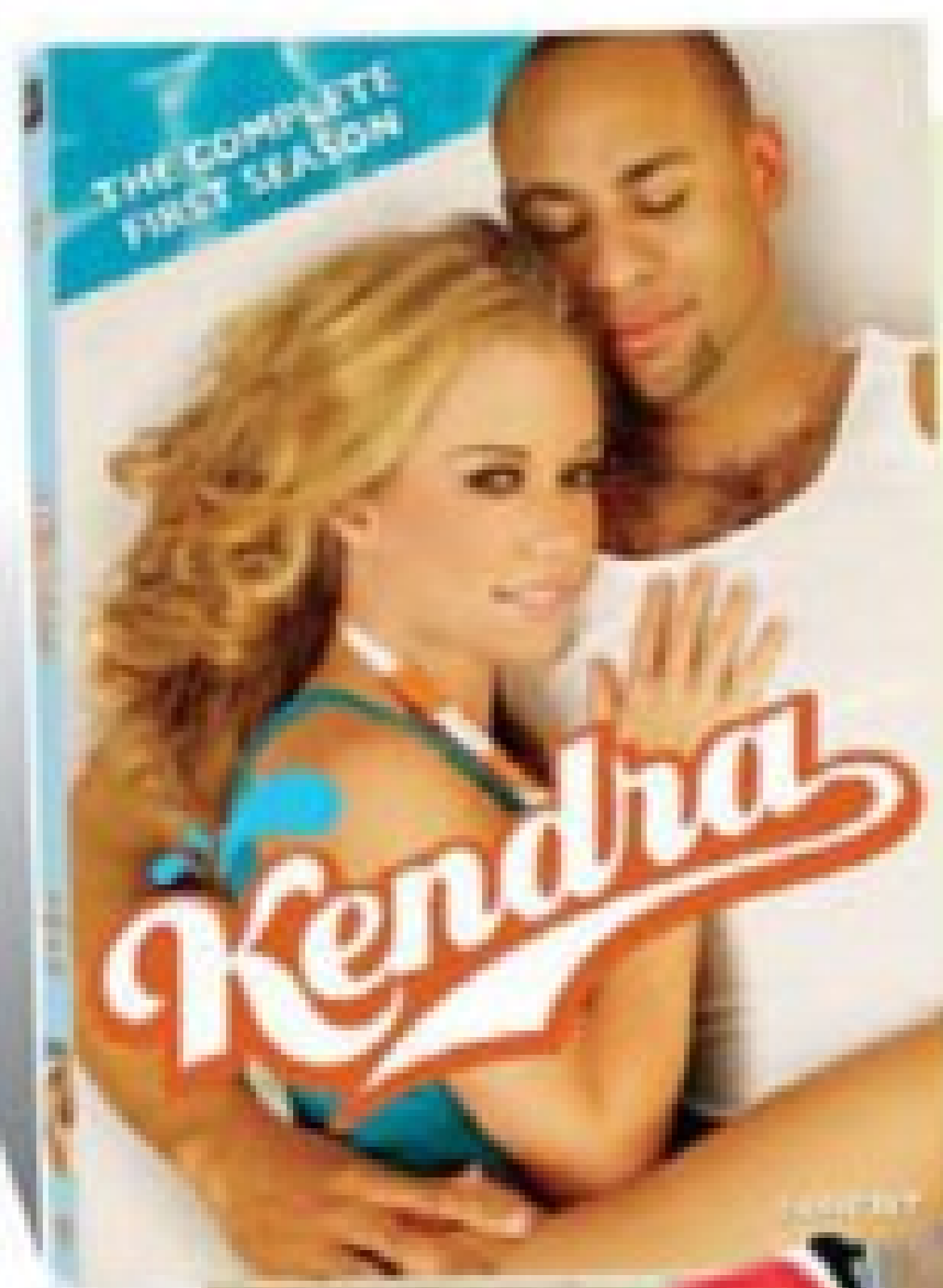


**THE BOOK OF ELI** Postapocalyptic survivor Denzel Washington treks across desolated America while protecting a sacred tome from villainous Gary Oldman in this bleak Hughes brothers (*From Hell*) action thriller.



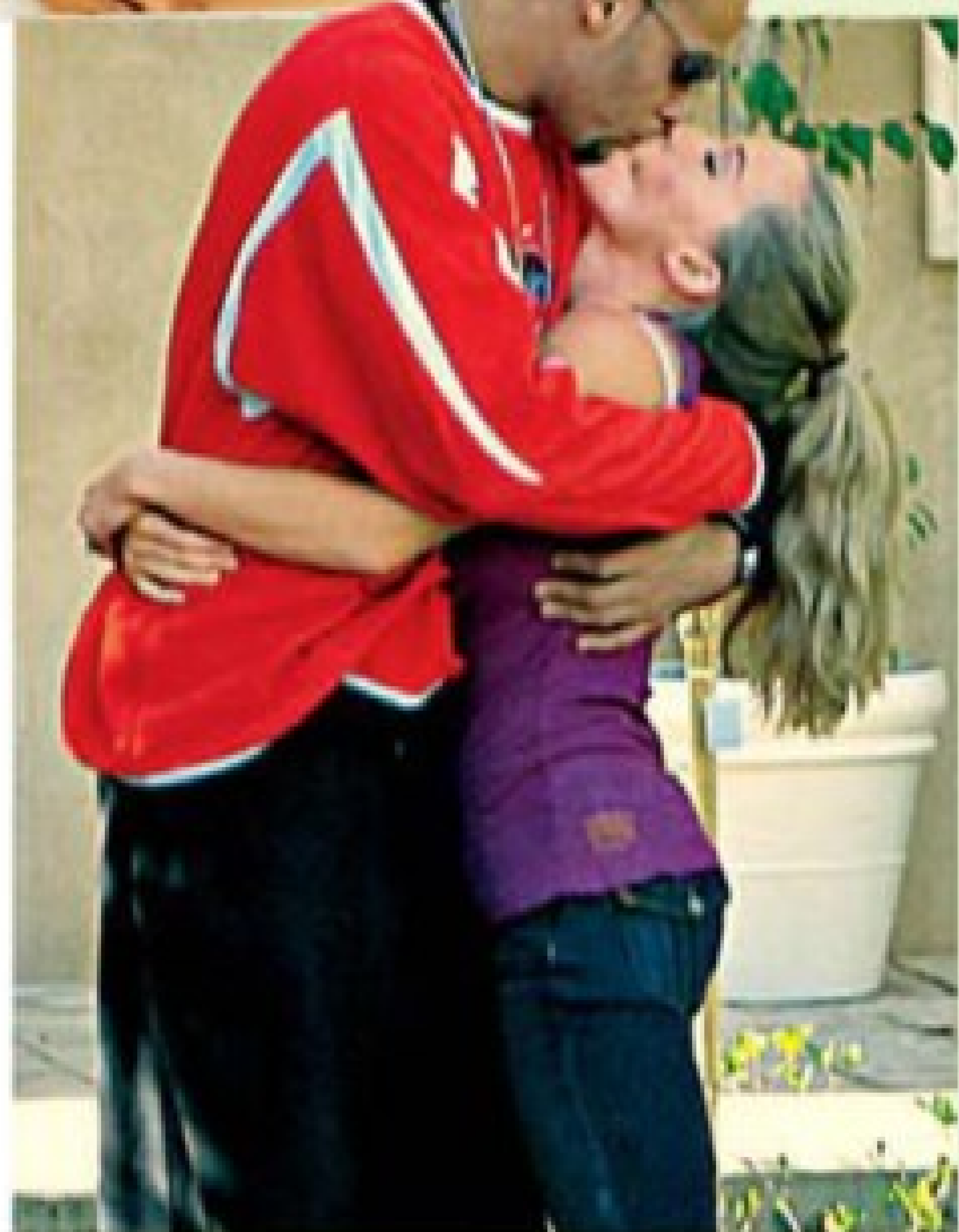
**EXTRAORDINARY MEASURES** Brendan Fraser shucks his corporate career to find a cure for the rare fatal disease that threatens his two youngest kids. Scientist Harrison Ford rides shotgun in this true story.





## DVDs of the Month

**Kendra: The Complete First Season** The never-dull life of our former *Girl Next Door* continues to be chronicled in her own spin-off reality show. Kendra pre-



pare to marry former Eagles, now Colts wide receiver Hank Baskett, who may be too innocent for one of Hef's former girlfriends. **Best extra:** "Keepin' It Real," with Bridget's reflections on post-Mansion life. ★★★

—Buzz McClain

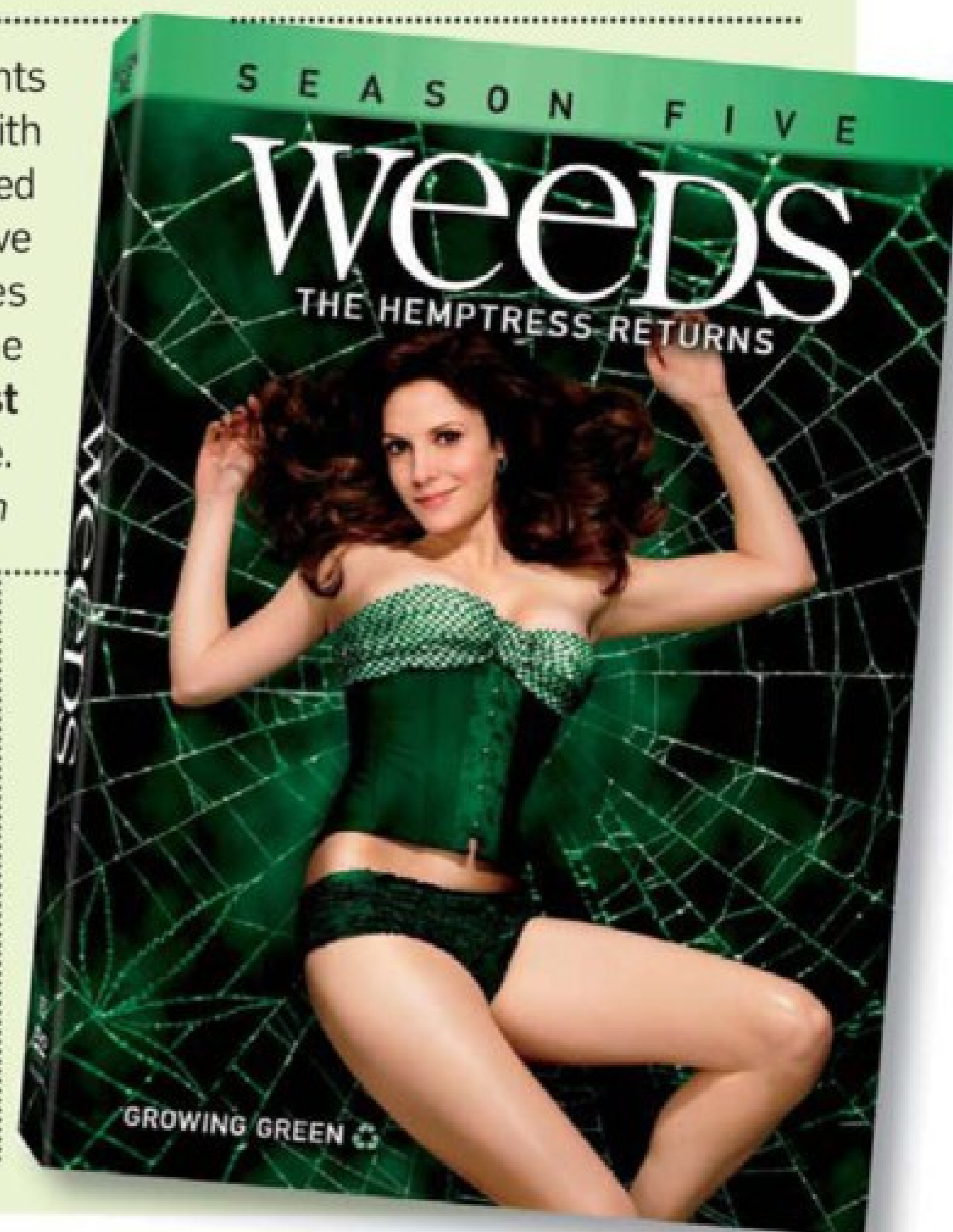


**Zombieland** Jesse Eisenberg plays a student on the run from a zombie epidemic who teams up with undead assassin Woody Harrelson in this horror comedy with bite. Emma Stone and Abigail Breslin are amusing as scamming sisters, and Bill Murray lands his funniest role in years, playing—who else?—himself. (BD) **Best extra:** A locations featurette visits the Southern-fried sites used in this dead man's delight. ★★★½

—Robert B. DeSalvo

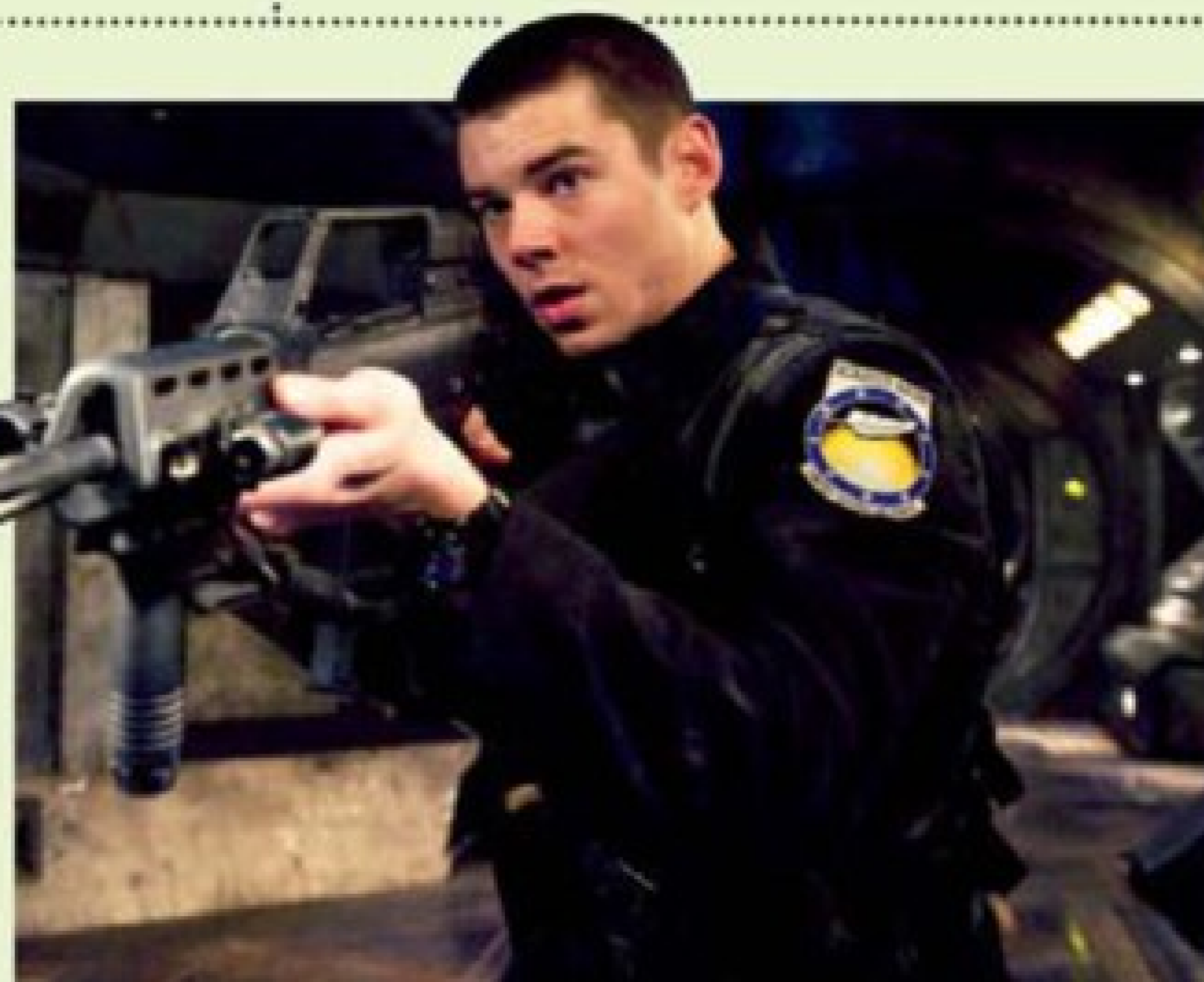
**Weeds: Season 5** The entanglements grow thicker in this leafy dramedy, with Nancy (Mary-Louise Parker) knocked up by a Mexican drug lord. Critics have charged that the series glamorizes pot, but season five sacrifices some humor for violent reality. (BD) **Best extra:** "History of Weed" featurette. ★★★

—Bryan Reesman



**Stargate Universe 1.0** Darker and sexier than previous incarnations, the latest iteration of the Syfy channel franchise benefits from the presence of Robert Carlyle stuck on an ancient spaceship with a mind of its own. Fast-paced stories and excellent effects dominate this newest *Stargate*. (BD) **Best extra:** Don't miss the backstage "Chatting With the Cast." ★★★½

—B.M.



## Tease Frame

**AMBER VALLETTA** has given good face to ads for Louis Vuitton, Calvin Klein and Versace. She made an impression as a ghost in *What Lies Beneath* and in bed with Michael Keaton in *The Last Time* (pictured). Next she plays a mother whose kid accidentally downloads CIA code from the web in *The Spy Next Door*.



## TiVo Alert FX Gets All Animated

FX, which put itself on the map with guy-friendly dramas such as *The Shield* and *Sons of Anarchy*, is now making a play to be known as the network for smart dudes who want to laugh. Its newest entry, the animated *Archer*, revolves

around a self-absorbed spook whose fondness for paddling his dates' bare bottoms is among his tamer fetishes. Sterling Archer (voiced by H. Jon Benjamin) also has some Oedipal drama with his mom-boss (the awesome Jessica Walter) and isn't afraid to beat a chubby co-worker with a stuffed shark. Mixing the look of *Mad Men* with the family dynamic of *Arrested Development*, *Archer* is nonetheless its own creature. It's casual in its crassness, disarming in its bursts of charm and never anything less than completely serious about making us laugh out loud. —Josef Adalian





## Album of the Month Waits Goes Live

By Rob Tannenbaum

Usually live albums are like greatest-hits collections only with lots of crowd noise in between the songs. The words *usually* and *Tom Waits* don't often appear in the same sentence, however.

*Glitter and Doom Live*, recorded during his summer 2008 tour, doesn't include any of Waits's songs made famous by the Eagles ("Ol' 55"), Rod Stewart ("Downtown Train") or Bruce Springsteen ("Jersey Girl"). What's more, based on a recent iTunes-store ranking of Waits downloads, the CD doesn't have any of his 15 most popular

songs either. Pretty typical of an iconoclast who often responds to an audience request by taunting, "You still workin' at the airport?"

His songs view life from the gutter and the docks, with appearances by one-eyed outcasts and "an orangutan named Tripod." At the age of 60 Waits has a voice that has grown as rough as a sailor's beard, with the shadowy rasp of Howlin' Wolf and Captain Beefheart. The music sounds like tin cans and duck calls or, on the highlights "Goin' Out West" and "Such



a *Scream*," like a blues band playing in a pawnshop after closing time. If CDs had odors, this one would smell like an old tow truck.

Waits is also one of rock's funniest musicians, and a second disc of extended stage patter attests to his vaudeville influences, with puns, tall tales and semi-facts about the animal kingdom. Did you know shrimp are cheap? "I've never known a shrimp to give anything to charity," Waits says. "Basically, they're shellfish."

## The Real Madonna: Sticky and Sweet

Has any woman been photographed as often as Madonna? Maybe Mona Lisa, but she had a big head start. *Madonna: Sticky and Sweet* is an inside job, a set of tour photos by her manager and friend Guy Oseary. What Oseary's images lack in daring they gain in intimacy, capturing backstage views of the singer and the small village of performers who make up her stage show. The Roberto Cavalli and Dolce & Gabbana costumes dazzle, but the shining stars here are Madonna's fans, who glisten as though they have been polishing themselves since she began posing in 1983. —R.T.

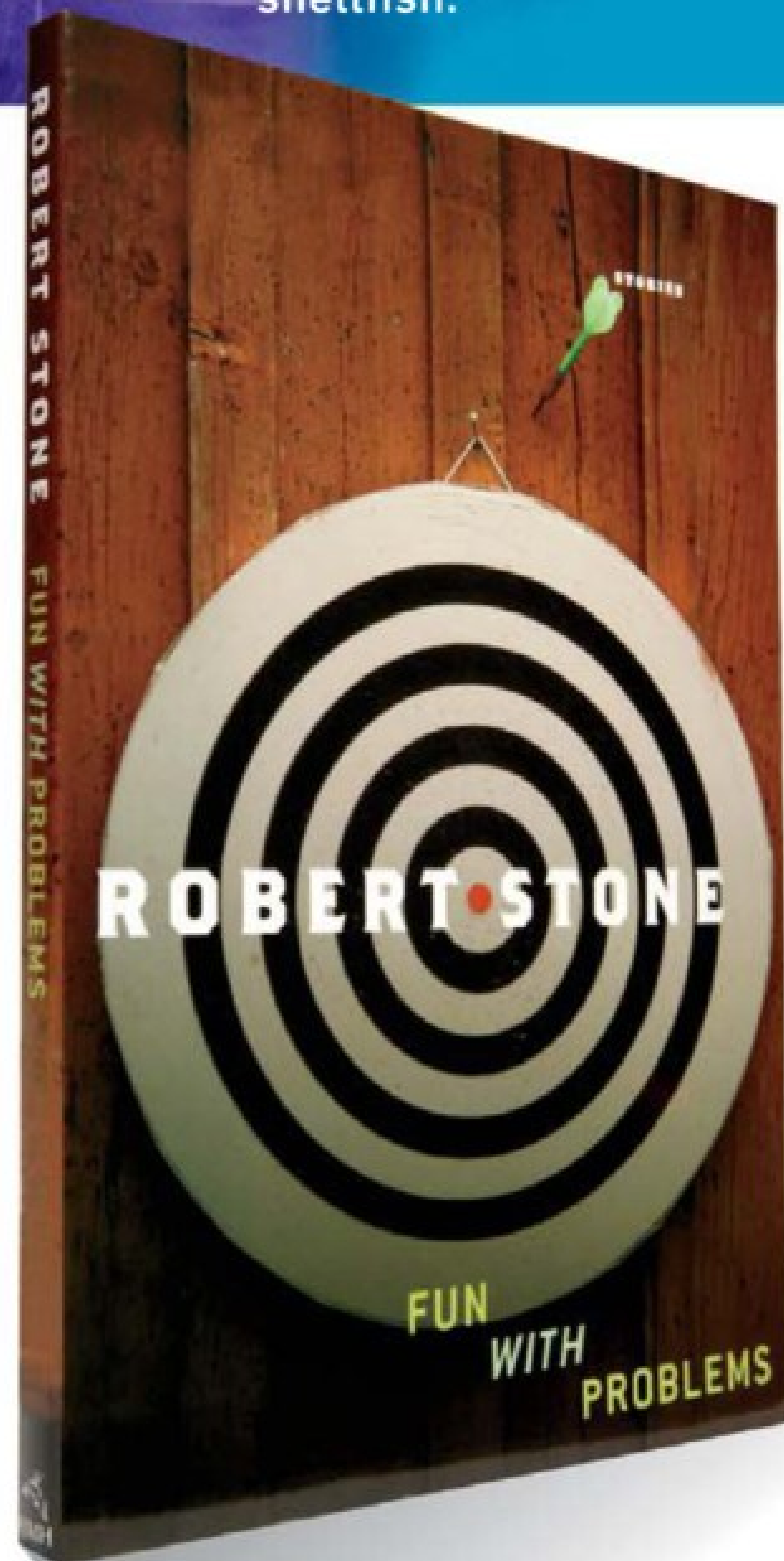


## Fiction Fun With Problems

"Fun With Problems," the opening story in this collection of the same name, follows a small-town lawyer as he seduces a brittle young psychologist. The chase is clinched when he gives her a sudden violent slap. The morning after, she starts to cry as he's leaving. "Walking out to tears," he thinks. "So dispiriting." There isn't much to make spirits soar in the stories that follow, either; after all, few writers have trolled the dark corners of humanity as effectively as Robert Stone (*Dog Soldiers*, *Damascus Gate*). The appeal of his aging male protagonists is that despite their thick coats of bitterness they are filled with longing—secret romantics who pursue inappropriate women inappropriately. Stone has a playful way with low language: When a wife tells her antisocial husband they have an overnight guest, he blurts out, "What the shit?" Not exactly poetry, substituting one curse word for another, but a fitting trope for the world Stone has created here. The only knock on this satisfying collection is that the bad things that occur can seem less tragic—as they might, say, spread over a 300-page novel—than plain punitive: A married man's failed attempt at a tryst costs him the contents of a house; a paranoid local literally gets thrown off a ferry; a dot-com millionaire is attacked by a mountain lion. I mean, what the shit?

—Bill Vourvoulis

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





# BAYONETTA AFTERHOURS

## BEWITCHING ATTRACTION

### Bayonetta

Shh. Bayonetta just woke up and she's all fired up. This mysterious witch has returned to life in the modern world after hundreds of years of slumber. And believe us, she's no worse for wear. Wielding titanic, magical powers, her battle against the forces of heaven continues, although the reasons for doing so are lost in the mists of her past. Armed with the Scarborough Fair, her favorite set of handguns equipped to both hands and feet, she practices the "bullet arts," a combination of gunfire and melee attacks. As if that isn't enough, she can also perform the "Wicked Weave,"—deadly attacks unleashed by summoning demonic entities through her magical hair that can easily devour hordes of angels. Her raven hair also forms her outfit and flows from her body when she draws upon her magic powers, leaving her quite...exposed. Heaven help those who get ensnared in her terrible, mesmerizing beauty.

"Do you naughty little angels deserve a good spanking?"

# BAYONETTA



# Playboy's Games of the Year, 2009



Left 4 Dead 2

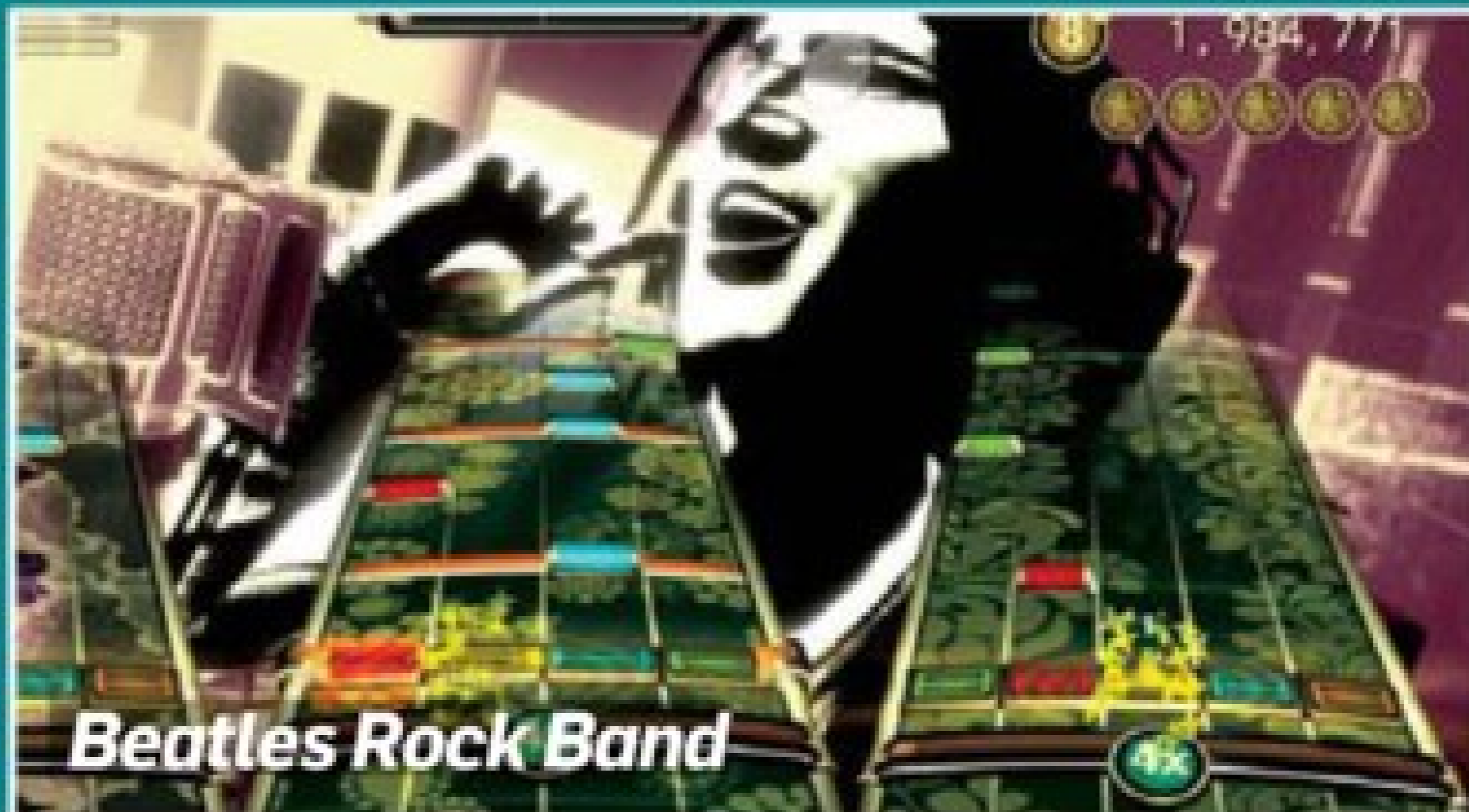


Brütal Legend

**BEST WRITING** *Grand Theft Auto: Liberty City Stories* (360) Without the writing, the GTA games would be empty sociopathy. With it, they're some of the best interactive fiction ever made. Runners-up: *Uncharted 2*, *Brütal Legend*, *House of the Dead: Overkill*. **BEST ACTING** *Brütal Legend* (360, PS3) Jack Black plays a roadie pulled into the mythical land of Heavy Metal. Enough said. Runners-up: *Uncharted 2*, *Grand Theft Auto: Liberty City Stories*, *Batman: Arkham Asylum*. **BEST ART DIRECTION** *Beatles Rock Band* (360, PS3, Wii) Music games don't need lush, labor-of-love visuals, but they sure don't hurt. Runners-up: *Flower*, *Brütal Legend*, *MadWorld*. **BEST ACTION** *Batman: Arkham Asylum* (360, PC, PS3, Wii) The perfect blend of stealth, puzzle and brawl. Stunning. Runners-up: *DJ Hero*, *Uncharted 2*, *Ratchet & Clank Future: A Crack in Time*. **BEST MULTIPLAYER** *Left 4 Dead 2* (360, PC) New zombies, new survivors, new modes, good times. Runners-up: *Modern Warfare 2*, *Street Fighter 4*, *Beatles Rock Band*. **BEST INDIE GAME** *Flower* (PS3) No guns, no bad guys, no stress. We like. Runners-up: *Splosion Man*, *Shadow Complex*, *Drop 7*. **BEST HANDHELD GAME** *GTA: Chinatown Wars* (DS, PSP) Hey, kids, drug dealing is both fun and lucrative! Runners-up: *Rock Band Unplugged*, *Mario and Luigi: Bowser's Inside Story*, *Peggle Dual Shot*.



Grand Theft Auto: Liberty City Stories



Beatles Rock Band

## GAME OF THE YEAR

**Uncharted 2: Among Thieves** (PS3) A classic example of why sequel is not a dirty word in the game industry, this one simply gets everything right and fixes the few missteps made in the excellent original. In the wrong hands, the addition of co-op and versus multiplayer could have felt tacked on, and the ping-ponging between gameplay styles could have been confusing or awkward. Instead it feels natural, thrilling and like a big step toward video games as mass-market entertainment. **Runners-up:** *Batman: Arkham Asylum*, *Beatles Rock Band*, *Modern Warfare 2*.



Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



**SEXIEST LADY** *Wet* (360, PC, PS3) If we could be killed by just one sword-wielding, dual-pistoled, wall-running acrobatic hottie this year, it would be Rubi from *Wet*. Did we mention she regains health by drinking whiskey? **Runners-up:** *Brütal Legend*, *Uncharted 2*, *Tekken 6*.

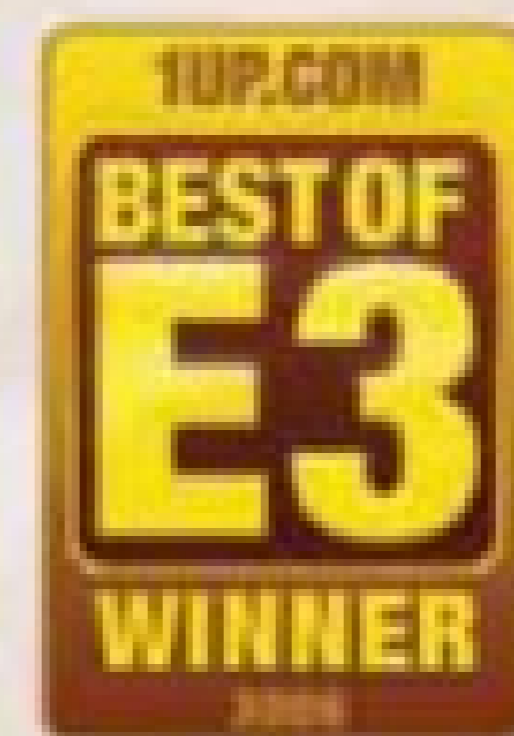
Thanks to our judging panel: Scott Alexander, Damon Brown, Scott Jones, Marc Saltzman, Scott Stein, Scott Steinberg and Jeremy Voss.



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BAYONETTA.COM

XBOX 360

XBOX LIVE



Blood and Gore  
Intense Violence  
Partial Nudity  
Strong Language  
Suggestive Themes

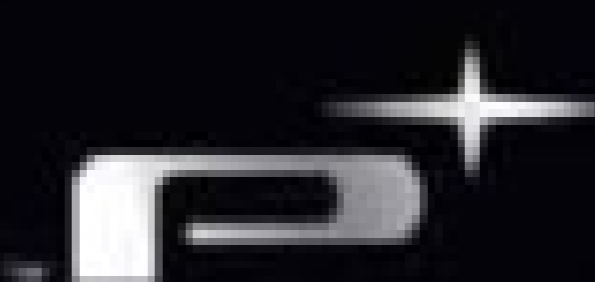


PS3

PlayStation 3



PlayStation Network



Developed by PLATINUMGAMES INC.

SEGA



# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

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WHAT WE'RE THINKING:

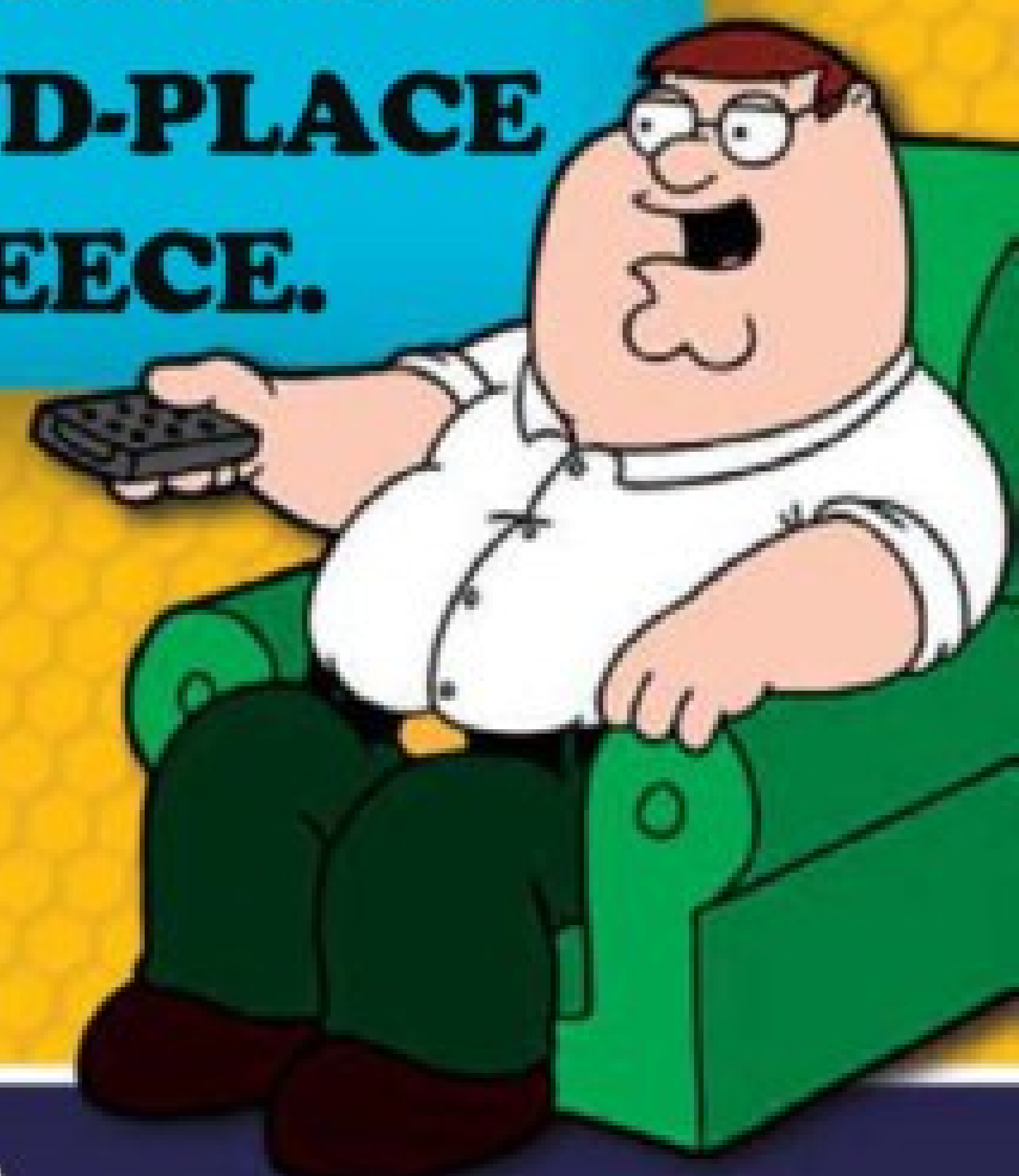
- CHRISTIE BRINKLEY 37%
- VANNA WHITE 11%
- SUSAN SARANDON 4%
- MICHELLE PFEIFFER 20%
- MADONNA 8%
- SHARON STONE 3%
- KIM BASINGER 13%
- JAMIE LEE CURTIS 4%



**ODD STAT OF THE MONTH**  
ON AVERAGE, U.S. HOUSEHOLDS WATCH 8 HOURS OF TV A DAY—TWICE AS MUCH AS SECOND-PLACE GREECE.



MIKE HUCKABEE OWES CHUCK NORRIS'S COMPANY \$23,570 FOR TRAVEL EXPENSES INCURRED DURING HUCKABEE'S 2008 PRIMARY BID.



IN 2009 THE U.S. AIR FORCE TRAINED MORE JOYSTICK PILOTS TO FLY UNMANNED AIRCRAFT THAN FIGHTER AND BOMBER PILOTS TO FLY CONVENTIONAL PLANES.



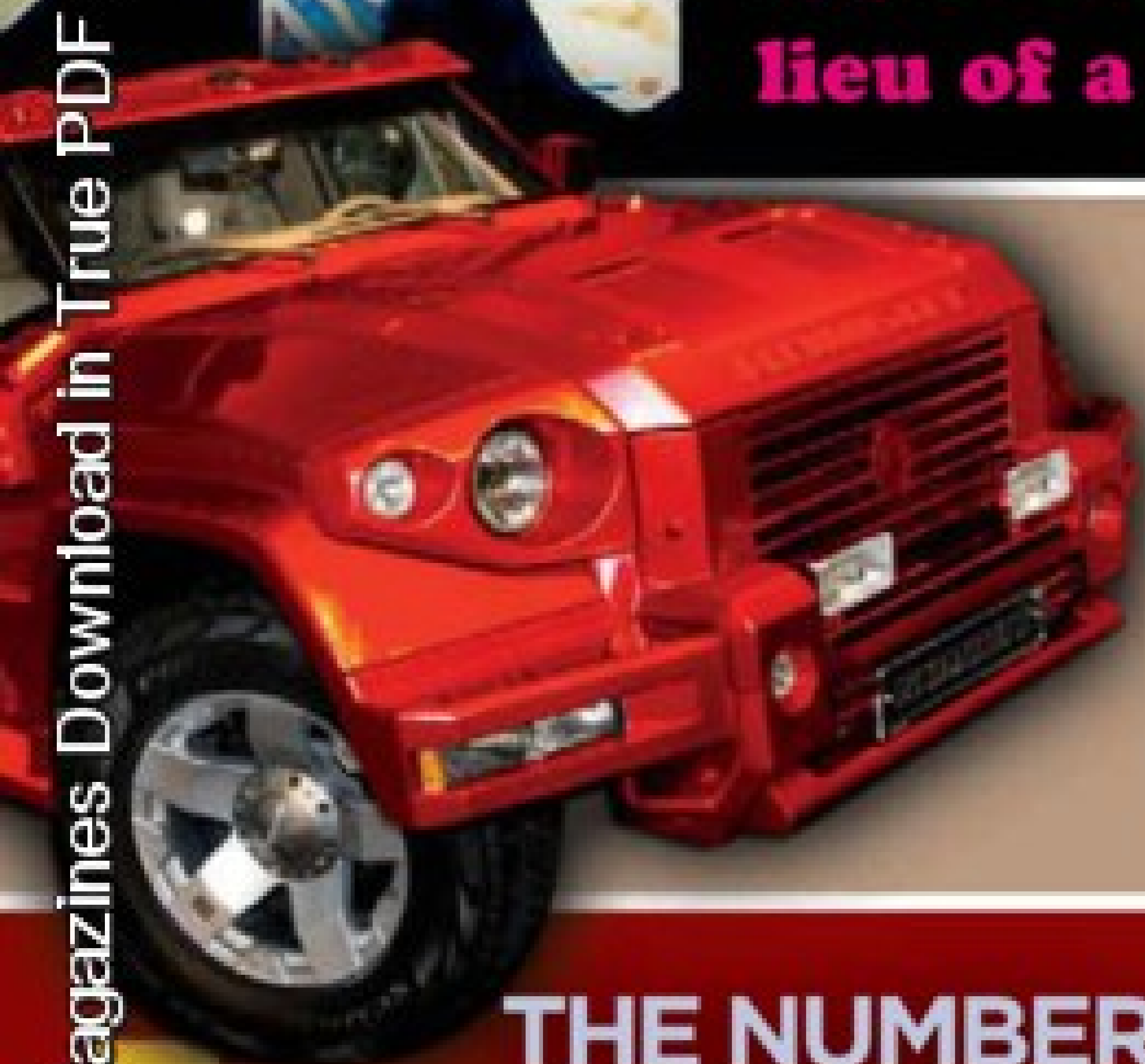
U.S. AIR FORCE

## PRICE CHECK



**\$560** The winning bid on eBay for a portrait of Stephen Colbert painted with a method the artist describes as "anthropometric monotype." He means he uses his butt in lieu of a paintbrush.

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WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

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## Cold Play

Thanks to the IOC for holding the Olympics in Vancouver, the party capital of Canada

There's a magical land in the Pacific Northwest where the women are hot, the beer is cold and the cannabis is borderline legal. Welcome to Vancouver, British Columbia, home of the 2010 Winter Olympics, which kick off February 12. Your optimal place to stay is the Shangri-La Hotel, but good luck getting a reservation during the games. It's a short walk from there to Granville Street, where you'll find a string of clubs and bars. Republic, Ginger 62 and the old Roxy are all great spots to see a band, quaff a local brew (try Alexander Keith's) and cross paths with a Swedish biathlete who failed to qualify for the medal round earlier that day. It's a seafood-centric city, so hit Rodney's Oyster House, where the decor makes you feel as if you're in the hull of a sinking ship and the hostesses are all genetic marvels. And because scotch tastes better when sipped in cold open air next to a fireplace, don't miss the city's best outdoor patio atop the Keg in Yaletown. Bypass the noisy bar and restaurant and take the discreet elevator to the top floor for views and booze. Finally, you can treat your next-morning hangover at the downtown Fairmont Hotel's Absolute Spa, whose dark woods, low lighting and lack of New Age twaddle on the stereo let a man feel like a man, even when he's having his feet pumiced.

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### Portable Power

Sometimes you want to cocoon with your tunes; other times you want to share them. iHome's iHMP5 headphones (\$70, [ihomeaudio.com](http://ihomeaudio.com)) let you do both without lugging two sets of gear. Swivel the ear cups, then click them together and they turn into a rudimentary set of speakers.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



### Original Gin

Modern-day gin evolved from the 17th century Dutch spirit genever. Lucas Bols started making genever in 1664, and by the 1800s taverns across the globe were lousy with the stuff—until gin's rampant popularity eclipsed it. These days genever is a rarity. Or it was until Bols recently reissued its original recipe (\$40), which at 84 proof is rounded and friendly and mixes well with citrus.



## Keynote Speaker

We've been fans of Sonos's intuitive and easy-to-set-up multiroom digital music system since we first saw it in 2005. With two additions to the product line, now it's even better. First, a smart touch-screen remote (\$350) that controls music from anywhere in the house. Second, the ZonePlayer S5 (\$400, [sonos.com](http://sonos.com)), the first Sonos music receiver with built-in speakers (previous models hooked into existing stereos), which means you can hear your whole digital library wherever there's Wi-Fi and a power outlet.



## The Punching Cure

The stock market. Your mortgage. The goddamn Redskins. Earthquakes. Impotence. Politicians. Baldness. Rejection. Computer problems. Commutes. Pollution. Baby seals. Morons. The IRS. Make the indignities of life take a vacation by repeatedly slamming your fists into the hand-stitched, full-grain baseball glove cowhide of Lineaus Athletic's Medicine Bag (\$4,800, [lineausathletic.com](http://lineausathletic.com)). Then mix a martini and pop in *The Bends*. Works every stinking time.



## Hack Your Life: Flashy Moves

Laptops are shrinking every year, but anyone who wants to travel even lighter (and is comfortable with the vagaries of free-range computing) can scoot along with next to nothing and still keep key files on hand. PortableApps ([portableapps.com](http://portableapps.com)) is a free open-source Windows-based system that allows you to pack any USB flash drive full of useful applications and personal data. Once your drive is loaded you can walk up to the most stripped-down, ass-backward PC anywhere in the world, pop in your flash drive and gain instant access to

all your usual programs and information. Essentially, the world is your dummy terminal. The even more adventurous can configure a USB drive with a fully bootable version of Linux that lets you possess any computer that can boot from a USB port. This gets you around restrictions that may be placed on the computer and evades any spyware or monitoring software running on its system. Download the free UNetbootin installer at [unetbootin.sourceforge.net](http://unetbootin.sourceforge.net), configure it with the free Ubuntu distribution of Linux and start carrying a computer on your key chain.



## About Time

On May 24, 1962 Scott Carpenter put on a specially designed Breitling with a 24-hour dial. Later that day it became the first watch to travel into outer space. Since then the Cosmonaute has been a mainstay of Breitling's luxury-timepiece line. In honor of the company's 125th anniversary, it is doing a limited run of gorgeously redesigned Cosmonautes like the one pictured at left (\$6,575, [breitling.com](http://breitling.com)).



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Patent Pending



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# PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I read about an adulterous couple who became locked together during intercourse and had to go to the hospital to be separated. The condition is comparable to knotting in dogs. Although rare, it apparently can happen. Can you confirm?—W.H., Youngstown, Ohio

*It's so rare it's a myth. You are in no danger of being stuck inside a woman. A male canine becomes hitched to a bitch for five minutes or more during intercourse only because a bulb at the end of its penis swells after penetration. This adaptation probably seals in the ejaculate to aid fertilization. The notion that captivus can occur in humans has been circulating since at least the 15th century, but it owes a special debt to Dr. William Osler, who in 1884 punked the Philadelphia Medical News with a letter claiming he had witnessed a couple "de cohesione in coitu." Using the name Egerton Y. Davis, he reported, "I applied water and then ice, but ineffectually, and at last sent for chloroform, a few whiffs of which sent the woman to sleep" and freed the man. A decade earlier another physician had suggested human captivus might be explained as a late-onset variation of vaginismus, a condition in which a powerful spasm of a female virgin's pubococcygeus muscle (taint) prevents penetration. In fact, reports another authority, a tragic case in 1923 in Warsaw ended in a double suicide! Puh-leese. If anyone knows a woman who can squeeze her PC muscle with enough force to keep a smooth, slippery cock locked inside her smooth, slippery vagina—and prevent her partner from losing his hard-on to escape—please introduce us.*

Lately I've been enjoying mozzarella caprese as a snack. I usually purchase inexpensive balsamic vinegar but have noticed small bottles at the market in the \$80-to-\$140 range. Will I taste a difference?—M.A., Bel Air, Maryland

Definitely. Traditional balsamic, which is produced and certified in the Italian provinces of Modena and Reggio Emilia and aged at least 12 years, pours like a syrup and is so flavorful you need to drizzle only a few drops over pasta or dessert. Hard-core fans sip it as one would a rare port. To make sure you're getting the real deal, look on the label for ACETO BALSAMICO TRADIZIONALE, as well as API MO (for Modena) or API RE (for Reggio Emilia). These vinegars aren't typically used in salads, but Pamela Sheldon Johns of FoodArtisans.com,

who teaches culinary workshops in Tuscany and is the author of books on balsamic, sauces, pasta, gelato, pizza and risotto, shared with us a recipe for mozzarella, basil and cherry tomato skewers that she says can be enhanced with a few drops. You'll need six ounces of bite-size mozzarella balls drained well, a pint of yellow



I've come up with a way couples can have sexy fun using Twitter. Let's say you need to be punished. Send a text message to a person you are following on Twitter and ask him or her to spank you. If the recipient is willing to honor your request, set your phone to vibrate and stick it in your back pocket or under a butt cheek. The spanker should then send this tweet: "@twitteruser has spanked @twitteruser for being a naughty boy/girl >:)" Your phone will vibrate, which is your "tweetspanking." I even got the word added to [urbandictionary.com](http://urbandictionary.com).—P.M., Columbus, Ohio

Ever been tweetbagged? You hold the phone under your balls. If you'd like to buzz a friend, you can buy transmitters that allow you to control vibrators via text messages. For instance, when you text a GSM phone whose owner answers while wearing or holding a VibraExciter bullet vibe, she will enjoy a 20-second buzz. If you phone, the toy vibrates for as long as you're on the line, adding new meaning to the phrase "Hold my calls." There's also a version with a cock ring; visit [lovehoney.co.uk](http://lovehoney.co.uk), or phone 800-409-0829. These gizmos are fun, but we've always felt that if someone earns a spanking or a buzz offline, that's where it should be delivered.

and/or red cherry tomatoes and 16 wooden skewers. Alternate the mozzarella balls and the tomatoes on each skewer. Place on a platter, drizzle with extra-virgin olive oil, season with salt and pepper and garnish with basil.

I have gotten myself into a weird third-wheel situation. My best friend from college is dating an escort. The last time I was in town she set me up with one of her friends. I guess I did a good job because my friend's girlfriend now wants to have sex with me. If I say no, she may think my friend is pressuring me to refuse, which would be a violation of their open relationship. I asked my friend, and he told me to do it, but I'm not convinced he wouldn't be pissed. What should I do?—J.D., Denver, Colorado

*There's always the possibility your friend will experience an unexpected surge of jealousy, but if there's any situation in which that seems unlikely, this is it. That said, if you're not comfortable sleeping with her, don't do it out of a sense of obligation to their swinging lifestyle.*

How can I get invited to a party at the Playboy Mansion? If I can get an invite, do you have any insider tips, especially when it comes to meeting women?—S.T., Denver, Colorado

There are three ways to get into the Mansion that won't get your photo posted in the security office: (1) be a beautiful woman and/or a personal friend of Hef's, (2) purchase a ticket for a charity event held on the grounds (search Google for the keywords "Playboy Mansion party") or (3) join Playboy Access, which for a \$1,500 annual fee provides members with a personal Playmate-led tour of the grounds, invitations to select parties, a visit to a photo shoot, free entry to the Playboy Club in Las Vegas and discounted tickets to charity benefits, the jazz festival, the Super Bowl party, the golf scramble and other events. E-mail [playboy@quintessentially.com](mailto:playboy@quintessentially.com) or phone 800-884-4797 for info. As for insider tips, we're not so reckless as to reveal our party secrets. Fortunately for you, it takes only the promise of a drink to loosen the lips of Andrea Lowell and Kevin Klein, co-hosts of the Playboy Morning Show (Sirius/XM 99). Andrea: "You'll find a great spread of food, but eat early so you're not carrying around a plate." Kevin: "No, stay away from the food. Hot chicks don't hang out by the food." Andrea: "Give yourself a tour of the grounds while you're sober. It will give women the impression you know your way around." Kevin: "Find the tennis



courts. They're close to the pool but isolated. For some reason women are fascinated by Hef's tennis courts." Andrea: "Ask my favorite bartender, Joe, who works near the Grotto, for an Andrea on ice. They're strong, so you won't need to keep going to the bar." Kevin: "Don't waste time chatting up the Playmate hostesses. They'll be nice, but they aren't going to hook up in front of their co-workers. Don't worry—there will be plenty of other hotties. Never take photos of a woman unless you're posing with her, or you'll look cheesy or creepy or both. Don't jump into the Grotto too early or you're going to miss the tit soup. And finally, I can't believe I'm going to reveal this, but if there's a line at the women's bathroom...." Andrea: "Don't!" Kevin: "I have to. If there's a line, lead women to the game house, where there's a secret bathroom." Andrea (resigned): "It has a mirrored door with no handle." Kevin: "The women will be grateful, and on the walk back you pass by the tennis courts."

**Man**, I need your help. I've lived with the same woman for 11 years, and for our anniversary I bought an expensive band to wear on my left pinkie. Now I'm catching flack from my friends. I searched online for men with pinkie rings and could find only rappers and mobsters. It would go a long way if I could get something from you to set my friends straight.—P.W., Helper, Utah

*Our pinkies are and will always remain naked, but if your friends are getting on your nerves, fuck 'em. Keep wearing it until they find something else to hassle you about.*

**A**fter moving in with my boyfriend I discovered one of the neighbors calls him her substitute husband because her real spouse is often away for work. (I've never met him, actually.) This woman phones my boyfriend all the time to "chat." At his request I have tried to be friendly, but she is always bitchy. The topping on the cake is he once called me by her name in bed. Am I right to tell him she is being disrespectful? I know what you're thinking, but I can assure you they're not sleeping together. First, I trust my guy completely, and second, she is not much to look at. How can I get my boyfriend to see my side of this without making it seem as though he has to choose?—T.H., St. Paul, Minnesota

*Well, he does have to choose, because this lonely woman sees you as a rival. While your confidence in your boyfriend's fidelity is commendable, and he and the neighbor may never have been physical despite their mutual lust (guys don't call out the name of a woman they find unattractive), he's giving her some or all of the emotional intimacy that properly belongs in your relationship. To maintain your confidence (and establish ours), he needs to quit being a part-time spouse and get back to being a full-time boyfriend. He may accuse you of overreacting, but his slip-up in the sack requires atonement. In the meantime, we see no point in trying to win her over.*

**W**hat's the best way to play streaming music from the Internet on a stereo?—A.A., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*It depends on what you mean by best and what you hope to accomplish. The good news is this technology is stable; we don't expect any great leaps of innovation that will make the system you choose obsolete within a few years. If you're after better sound in a single room and your computer and stereo are near each other, the least expensive alternative is a \$5 RCA-to-mini cable. For wireless access, you can buy a music bridge for less than \$100. It connects to your stereo or powered speakers, and playback is controlled from your computer. The AirPort Express from Apple can be controlled by a free app for the iPhone or iPod Touch called Remote. If you want your personal soundtrack to follow you around the house, set up a wireless system that delivers to listening stations such as the latest generation of Sonos, featured in this month's Mantrack (see page 36).*

**Y**our *Love Bites* pictorial in October prompted me to write. Having my neck bitten during sex sends me over the top, and my man is willing to oblige. However, I always end up with a hickey. I've tried various creams, but nothing works. I'm tired of facing my co-workers and their judgments. Any suggestions?—B.T., Nashville, Tennessee

*Even professional makeup artists can be challenged by hickeys. The more passionate women in our office suggest experimenting with a green concealer, which is designed to hide red blemishes or blotches. You could wear scarves more often to keep them guessing. Or throw discretion to the wind. Your undead co-workers should be so lucky as to be bitten by love now and again.*

**S**imple question: Should I convert my Individual Retirement Account to a Roth IRA?—L.H., Los Angeles, California

*Simple answer: Yes, if you can afford the tax hit. The good news is that as of January 1, many more people will be able to consider this option, because the IRS has lifted a restriction that limited the conversion to taxpayers in households earning less than about \$100,000 a year. This change has prompted many planners to rephrase your question "Should I have a Roth?" to "How much should I have in a Roth?" The answer depends on your faith in the fiscal skills of Congress. (Wait, wait—don't cash out to buy a boat just yet.) With an IRA, you put money away tax-free and give Uncle Sam his cut when you start withdrawals after the age of 59 and a half. You're betting tax rates won't rise dramatically and that as a limited-income retiree you'll pay less than you do now. With a Roth IRA, you pay taxes on the money up front and make tax-free withdrawals later (or let your heirs do it after you kick). So you're betting tax rates will be higher when you retire. You must pay taxes at your current rate on whatever amount you transfer, which is a deal breaker for many people. There's also the political X factor. Who's to say Congress, if faced with a fiscal crisis, won't invent a way to tax Roth withdrawals, throwing your carefully*

*laid plans into disarray? Option C is to buy a good tent and start hoarding soup.*

**I** read in October's *Raw Data* about a spa that offers \$250 facials using synthetic sperm. My husband gives me free sperm facials several times a week. I rub the semen around, apply a blow-dryer and wait 15 minutes before rinsing. Is there any science behind this idea, or should I swallow and get on with my day?—J.H., San Francisco, California

*We've heard semen is good for hickeys. Actually, there is no science behind this, only marketing. In fact, we thought it might be the best come-on we'd ever seen (selling semen to women as if it's scarce!) until we discovered you can buy makeup remover made from bird shit (more precisely, nightingale droppings), hair conditioner thickened with bull semen (touted for its "concentrated proteins") and anti-aging goop enhanced with placenta. The facial cream in question, produced by a Norwegian company called Bioforskning, is said to contain spermine, one of the many ingredients in semen. However, spermine, as well as a similar compound called spermidine, is not unique to semen but is found throughout the body. The compounds just happen to have been isolated first in semen, which explains their names. How these simple polyamines, composed only of carbon, nitrogen and hydrogen, could act as antioxidants we can't say, but the frequent orgasms will certainly keep your husband young.*

**T**hank you for introducing transsexualism to the *Advisor*. I'm a passable non-op transsexual with long hair, C-cup boobs and feminine curves. I am attracted to women and have a live-in girlfriend but have slept with a lot of men over the years; as you've said, hardly any of them were gay. My male part has been of passing interest to only a few of them. They like me because I'm easy and look like an attractive woman, which is essentially what I am.—J.M., Little Rock, Arkansas

*Welcome to Advisorland; please fasten your lap belt. We appreciate your candor in admitting you are or were until recently a slut, which, as we've discussed, is meant as a compliment. You go, girl-guy! Just don't cheat on your girlfriend. Confidential to readers who insist we not discuss uncommon desires because PLAYBOY is for "straight" people: This column, and the magazine, is for sexual people. The censors and prudes don't care how you're doing it.*

*All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. Our greatest-hits collection, Dear Playboy Advisor, is available in bookstores and online; listen to the Advisor each week on Sirius/XM 99.*





# VALENTINE'S GIFT GUIDE

Get some ACTION!

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



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AT THE DISTILLERY



# PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: SEAN COMBS

*A candid conversation with the self-proclaimed king of all media about how he conquered show business and fashion, and what really goes on in his private life*

Sean Combs circles a coffee table in black boxers and a white wifebeater. He has stripped to his underwear inside what is likely the biggest walk-in closet in New York City. Surrounded by racks of clothes, footwear, eyewear and jewelry, the Harlem businessman turned rapper turned clothing designer turned actor turned television producer turned restaurateur turned vodka and fragrance endorser has transformed a Times Square two-bedroom apartment into a changing room. Combs's favorite kind of statement is overstatement.

Outside of finding a proper outfit, the performer known as Diddy has no worries. From playing Walter Lee Younger in *A Raisin in the Sun* on Broadway to releasing his fifth solo album, the techno music experiment *Last Train to Paris*, he likes to aim for the improbable. He's meticulous but undaunted by failure.

Diddy believes only in extremes. He treats each day as if it were a party in Ibiza because he doesn't know when God will take his life. Although he has been around murder since the age of three—in 1972 his father was killed while parked on Central Park West, and in 1997 Combs's best friend, rap star Notorious B.I.G., was fatally shot after leaving an L.A. party thrown by *Vibe* magazine—he doesn't fear death. "One time I was on a plane that I felt was going to crash," Combs says, "and a calm came over me."

Born in 1969, Sean John Combs grew up in

Harlem's Esplanade Gardens. The neighborhood was middle class, but the kid had a bigger vision. His family moved to Mount Vernon, New York after his mother, Janice, employed by United Cerebral Palsy, was forced to relocate for work. But the suburbs couldn't erase the Harlem energy in his DNA. He flipped paper routes for profit as a child and made money throwing parties while enrolled at Howard University. After he was hired as a record-company intern, he quickly proved his ear for hit songs—and other products. In 1994 he started Bad Boy Records, his own label, and five years later he launched Sean John, his own clothing line. He wasn't even 30.

Combs has five children with three different ex-girlfriends, including Kimberly Porter, but he's better known for the romance with Jennifer Lopez that lit up tabloids for two and a half years. He has been in the headlines for acts both impetuous and admirable: a felony arrest for gun possession at a Manhattan nightclub, the 1999 assault of a fellow music executive, the \$1 million he raised for inner-city education while running a marathon in 2003. That year *Fortune* named him America's number-one entrepreneur under 40. In 2009 *Forbes* estimated his annual income at \$30 million.

PLAYBOY sent *Vibe* editor in chief Jermaine Hall, who has been on land, sea and air with Combs, to ask the questions Combs usually

dodges. "Puffy tricks you into believing he's giving you the holy-grail scoop," says Hall, who has interviewed him twice before. "It's his charm, his hustle. But when he called me asking if I was getting everything I needed, I knew he was in a different space. We met three times: 'I want to make this interview special, make this epic,' he told me. The man with the notorious ego was cheerful and engaging, but behind the mogul who throws decadent birthday parties at Cipriani and rides Jet Skis in bespoke suits, there was a dark character who picked two themes for our discussions: death and love. He's more terrified of the latter because he hasn't gotten it right."

**PLAYBOY:** You recently turned 40. The younger rappers want the older artists to step aside. Does that make you feel less relevant?

**COMBS:** No. It will take any young artist a long time to reach my status. It will take them a long time to be looking at themselves on a billboard in Times Square as they eat lunch doing a PLAYBOY interview. It will take them a long time to get mobbed in Africa, Bolivia and Russia. It will take them a long time to drop an hour of hits. I have become the American rap-star dream.

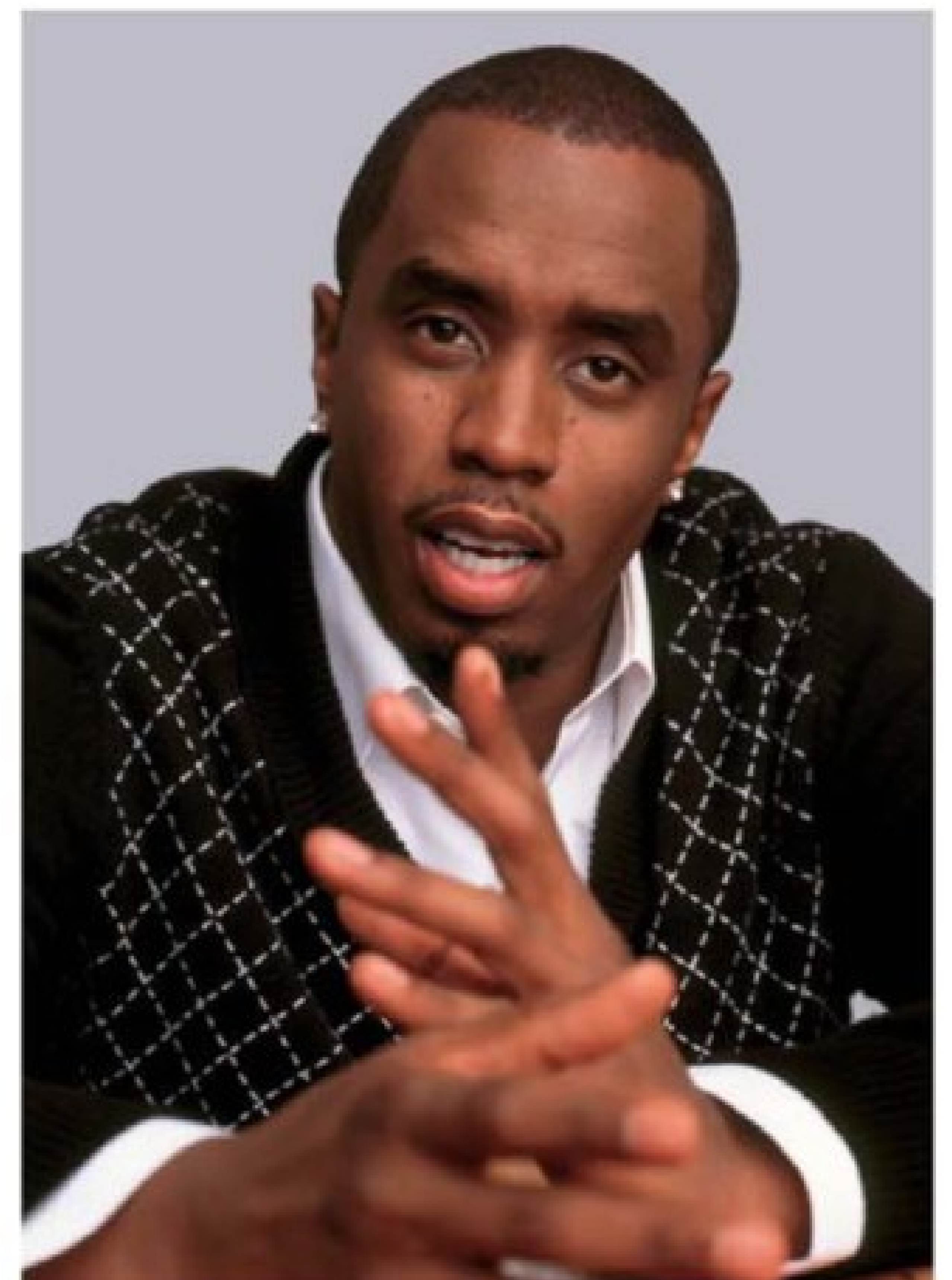
**PLAYBOY:** Does the ageism offend you?



"If I'm not inspiring you at this point, you're a lost hope. I'm one of the baddest motherfuckers to ever do this shit. I dare you to write down all my achievements. It will be overwhelming."



"I got into porn at an early age. I was masturbating so much I started feeling bad, because I was going to Catholic school and believed it was a sin. As soon as I would bust off, I would be on my knees asking for forgiveness."



"It ain't gonna hurt for my woman to surprise me and bring a girl home. That's not gonna hurt our relationship. I'm not saying I'm a swinger, but I've been told that swingers have some of the best, most long-lasting relationships."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE



**COMBS:** I don't get involved in hate in any capacity. I don't feel anybody can fuck with me, end of discussion. I'm not even trying to be young. In hip-hop years, I'm about 55. *[laughs]* I look prettier, I'm healthier, I can run faster. Now that I'm 40 I'm going to have a big party and tell people I'm 55.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound like one of your idols, Muhammad Ali. Are you saying you're the greatest?

**COMBS:** If I'm not inspiring you at this point, you're a lost hope. I'm one of the baddest motherfuckers to ever do this shit, and I'm not saying that in an arrogant way. That's a fact, in black and white. I dare you to write down all my achievements. It will be overwhelming. Break it down and then say who's number one in hip-hop. Who else has conquered television? Who else has conquered fashion? I don't want to hear you have a fashion line. Do you have a Council of Fashion Designers of America award? I need to know. Have you run a marathon? If you all still want to fuck with me after I ran the marathon, I don't know what else to do.

**PLAYBOY:** You're feeling kind of defensive, huh?

**COMBS:** It is important to defend yourself and make sure history's written the right way.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's get into some of the criticisms. You've been attacked for being one of the few rappers who don't write their own rhymes. Is that a fair accusation?

**COMBS:** My instrument and my tone represented Harlem—my swagger, my lazy flow. Nobody came in and told me how to do that. I was spoiled because my first rhyme was written by Biggie. People don't know that Biggie was the one who pushed me to be an artist. I was afraid to do it, but he said, "The crowd goes crazy when you come out. I'm gonna write you some rhymes." We did "It's All About the Benjamins" and "Can't Nobody Hold Me Down."

**PLAYBOY:** Other people continued to write rhymes for you, even after Biggie died.

**COMBS:** Nobody just sits down and writes lyrics for me. If it's Jay-Z, he puts me to work. I give him information; I have to tell him which melodies I'm hearing. He'll use me as a muse. My strength as a songwriter is having ideas and melodies, and I need somebody to put them together. If you have a relationship with some of the best writers in the game, you'd be a fool not to take advantage of that. I'm not trying to out-rap Jay-Z, you know what I'm saying? I don't even see us in the same weight division. Him, Kanye West, Lil Wayne, Drake—they're in the heavyweight division; they're in contention for the belt. Jay doesn't dictate what I do or don't do.

**PLAYBOY:** But you did write more on your new album.

**COMBS:** *[Nods]* I want to say that on this album I don't settle for mediocrity. That has been a weak point with me. Lyrically this is one of the best albums out there, and I'm proud to say I co-wrote almost the whole thing.

**PLAYBOY:** People say you've lost your passion for music.

**COMBS:** I agree. It's hard to stay passionate. It's hard to go from working with artists such as Biggie, Mary J. Blige, Jodeci and the LOX to the new generation of artists. The rules of the game have changed.

**PLAYBOY:** How have the rules changed?

**COMBS:** Artistry is not encouraged. You're expected to deliver a record that fits in a nice comfortable box for everybody. Wack shit gets played on the radio and becomes number one. If you look at the records made in the past five years, which ones are going to be played 10 years from now? I'm not hating; that's real talk. People can say whatever they want about me, but six or seven of my records are played every night. "It's All About the Benjamins" is the most-played hip-hop record of all time. What other record is played in every country at a party every night? There's only one other record, and that's the second-most-played hip-hop record, "I'll Be Missing You." How in the hell does P. Diddy—Puff Daddy—have the number one *and* number two most-played songs?

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*I was introduced to death at a very early age. My father was murdered, and one of my best friends was gunned down. When I see death, I accept it as God's will.*

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Let's talk about the factual information, and after that leave me alone and let me get on this last train to Paris and ride into the sunset. *[laughs]*

**PLAYBOY:** You sound frustrated about the state of hip-hop.

**COMBS:** This is not something I need to do financially. At the end of the day, I question what my future is in music. Do I still want to play the game under these rules?

**PLAYBOY:** How does your music fit into what's going on now?

**COMBS:** It's a risk. It doesn't sound like anything that's on the radio. I didn't make it to fit in or blend in. It's a culmination of my experiences, a story of my search for love. If I wanted to make three number one hits I could go into the studio and do that, but that doesn't interest me.

**PLAYBOY:** Did hip-hop help elect President Obama?

**COMBS:** I think we are probably responsible for Obama being in office, yes. If nobody else is gonna say it, then I'm gonna say it. The confidence, the swagger we instilled in our communities made that possible.

**PLAYBOY:** You've met Obama, right?

**COMBS:** I met him twice. I ain't gonna lie—if God said I could pick one person to be my father, I'd want to be Sean Combs Obama. That's how dope he is. *[laughs]* I hope he reads this interview and adopts me. I wouldn't even have to be in the will. I got my own money!

**PLAYBOY:** How do you handle criticism?

**COMBS:** I'm used to hate.

**PLAYBOY:** What criticism bothers you the most?

**COMBS:** Here's one: People say if you sign with Puff, you won't be successful. They try to break it down by asking where past artists from Bad Boy are. If you look at who was on Def Jam seven years ago, those aren't the same people who are on Def Jam now. Same for Sony and Universal. It's the life expectancy of somebody on a label, that's what it is. Also, I've protected a lot of artists who've had drug problems or have been arrested. I'm a label, not a babysitter.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you friends with Michael Jackson?

**COMBS:** He came to a party I had in Beverly Hills at Ron Burkle's house, after the MTV awards in 2008. I invited young Hollywood to network and let them know I was coming out there and doing my thing on the acting scene. In the middle of the party, security said, "Mr. Combs, Michael Jackson is here to see you." He wasn't on the guest list, and he wanted to make sure it was all right to come in. I said, "Michael? *Shit.*" We sat in a booth, and he said, "Let me see your ring," as if he was ready to buy it off me. He was acting as if he was from the hood. Then he whispered in my ear, "Where's Beyoncé at? I'm trying to meet her." So I introduced her to Mike. I thought he was coming in to meet me, but he was focused on Beyoncé. *[laughs]*

**PLAYBOY:** When Michael died, did you think about your own mortality?

**COMBS:** No. I've had so much death around me, I'm kind of numb to it.

**PLAYBOY:** How so?

**COMBS:** I was introduced to death at a very early age. My father was murdered, and one of my best friends, Notorious B.I.G., was gunned down in L.A. Then my other two best friends, who were living with me, were killed at the same time in a shoot-out in Atlanta over a girl. They had a double-casket funeral. It's been painful. It's sad to have all your friends taken away like that. When I see death, I accept it as God's will.

**PLAYBOY:** You've done a lot of research on your father, Melvin. Did you find out why he was killed?

**COMBS:** My father was a real heavy in Harlem. He had the Italian connection from a guy he went to Catholic high school with. When my father was driving a limousine, he bumped into that guy, who was the son of someone very high up in the Mafia. The guy said, "You don't need to be driving no limousine. I'm going to put you on."



**PLAYBOY:** In what capacity did he put him on?

**COMBS:** Back then you were either getting the drugs from the Italians or the French connection. And my father became the connection to Harlem. You had to see my father. I'm not glorifying it. I'm not proud of it—I'm telling the story as it was told to me.

**PLAYBOY:** What went wrong?

**COMBS:** He also got hooked up with the French connection. So that pissed off the Italians a little bit, and also the cops, because the cops didn't have a hold on the French connection. The French connection would get pure stuff from the Italians and cut it up. So they were able to make four, five times on it. That was the big problem on the streets. Then my father got arrested. They couldn't take the risk.

**PLAYBOY:** They couldn't take the risk he would talk to the police?

**COMBS:** Yeah. So when he got out, they put a hit on him. That's the rumor. But there are also records that show the guy who put out the hit was killed five days later.

**PLAYBOY:** What was that guy's name?

**COMBS:** I don't want to say his name, to be honest.

**PLAYBOY:** You've spoken to notorious Harlem drug dealer Frank Lucas about your father. What insight did he have for you?

**COMBS:** He came to my office and said, "Your father was a stand-up guy. Everybody loved him." My father wasn't a gangster-thug-killer type of guy. He was the life of the party and a nice dresser, and all the girls loved him.

**PLAYBOY:** There are many similarities between you and Melvin.

**COMBS:** If my father was alive, I'd probably have followed in his footsteps, because I have a street-hustler mentality, and that's what I would have looked up to.

**PLAYBOY:** What was the dynamic between your mom and your dad?

**COMBS:** My mother was my father's queen. He had his other situations, as a lot of men do, but she was the one he had on a pedestal. She was the one he decided to marry.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your mom not want you to know about your dad?

**COMBS:** My mother lied to me and told me my father died in a car accident. You've got to understand, growing up in my neighborhood you didn't want to be a basketball player or a rapper. You wanted to be a drug dealer—that was a great job to have. If you had a chance to be a doctor and make \$300,000 a year or be a drug dealer and make \$300,000 a year, most people would have picked drug dealer. [laughs] It's a ridiculous, stupid, ignorant way to think, but that's the way we were programmed.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever sell drugs?

**COMBS:** I sold drugs for 48 hours.

**PLAYBOY:** How did that happen?

**COMBS:** Some of my friends were selling drugs in the Maryland and D.C. area. I remember them having all this jewelry and new BMWs. I was eating ramen noodles, stealing from the 7-Eleven to get some food. I thought, I need to get some money like y'all have. So I go out on the block, the strip where they're selling drugs, and my man says, "Okay, I'm going to give you this. You wait there. They'll come up to you." I'm out there five minutes when three cop cars pull up and officers jump out and start chasing me. I ran and got away.

**PLAYBOY:** That sounds like an episode of *The Wire*.

**COMBS:** Yeah, it was *The Wire*. We reconvene in the same place two hours later. This time it's dark, and all of a sudden a van pulls up. Cops jump out and start chasing me again. There's a helicopter overhead with a light following me through the woods. Me and my friends meet up at these little triplex projects, and nobody got caught.

**PLAYBOY:** Based on the time period, we're assuming you were trying to sell crack.

**COMBS:** Yeah, it was crack.

**PLAYBOY:** Why didn't you call it quits at that point?

**COMBS:** I wanted to go home, but I didn't know how to punk out and tell them. The cops were outside, and we heard them coming up the stairs. They were responding to a couple having an argument below us, and I'm panicking and about to jump out the window. I turned into a scared white Harvard student. God was sending me signals. I told my friends, "Thanks, y'all, but no thanks. This game is not for me." I walked out that door, and I ain't been around nobody with no drugs. I don't want to *see* no drugs.

**PLAYBOY:** Relatively speaking, that's a tame rapper-sells-drugs experience.

**COMBS:** I have the corniest drug dealer story of all time. I'm probably the shortest-duration drug dealer in history. That's why you never heard me talk about it in my rhymes.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ever tell Biggie that story when he was dealing drugs?

**COMBS:** I told him. I said, "I lost my father to this game, and you're too talented to have to go in that direction. We could make the kids in the hood say they want to be the next Puffy, the next Biggie, instead of them wanting to be the next drug dealer."

**PLAYBOY:** You've never told your theory about who killed Biggie. Do you have one?

**COMBS:** People have speculated about it being a remnant of the East Coast–West Coast feud. Maybe people in L.A. saw us as disrespectful and took matters into their own hands. It would be wrong for me to speculate, so I've always waited for the truth to come out.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you heard people say you know something but don't want to talk to the police?



**Rap battles used to be fought on the stage, streets and airwaves. Now, with hip-hoppers becoming moguls, it's all about diversifying. WHO'S THE CONTEMPORARY KING OF HIP-HOP?**

**by Rocky Rakovic**

**SEAN JOHN COMBS vs. SHAWN COREY CARTER**

Birth name: Tiebreaker goes to the middle name, and **Sean** uses his.

**NICKNAME: PUFFY vs. JIGGA**

If only for the line "Eight-figure nigga by the name of **Jigga**."

**PRESS PLAY vs. THE BLUEPRINT 3**

Diddy's *Last Train to Paris* could be hot, but currently **Jay-Z** has the better recent album.

**GRAMMYS**

Diddy has won three, but **Jay-Z** owns seven golden gramophones.

**LABELS: BAD BOY vs. ROC-A-FELLA**

BB: Notorious B.I.G., Cassie, Danity Kane. Roc: Kanye West, DJ Clue, Beanie Sigel. **Split**.

**SEAN JOHN vs. ROCAWEAR**

Both put out dope leisure threads, but **Sean John** also makes sharp suits.

**CÎROC vs. BUDWEISER SELECT**

Who hawks the better hooch? **Diddy** does, with his dubious "grape vodka."

**JUSTIN'S RESTAURANT vs. 40/40 CLUB**

Nothing on **Jay-Z**'s menu is named after him. A round of "P. Diddys," anyone? No.

**MAVERICKS vs. NETS**

Diddy may have designed the Mavs' uniforms, but as part owner of the Nyets **Jay-Z** is the bigger baller.

**TV, FILM AND STAGE PRESENCE**

Diddy has done *Making the Band*, *Monster's Ball* and *A Raisin in the Sun*.

**POLITICAL INFLUENCE**

Obama "brushed some dirt off his shoulder," but **Diddy**'s Vote or Die campaign had an impact.

**POTPOURRI: WHITE PARTY vs. BEYONCÉ**

No offense, Beyoncé, but next to Hef, **Diddy** throws the best parties on the planet. Final: Diddy 6, Jay-Z 5.





**COMBS:** I'm not holding up a street code or anything. It's not as if I know something and I'm out there handling it on my own. I just don't know. It's such a shocking thing. No matter what people say, it's not the norm for musicians to get gunned down in mob-hit fashion. That right there was serious. That's not a regular drive-by, that's assassination.

**PLAYBOY:** You're saying there was a thought-out plan?

**COMBS:** It was a professional hit. There were bullets in one door of our car and nowhere else.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever play the what-if game when it comes to that situation?

**COMBS:** Yeah, in retrospect I should have gone with my instinct. I didn't want to go to a party. I felt as if things weren't cool out there. Big was supposed to go to London, but he called me that morning and said he needed two days with me to celebrate finishing his album, because we never hung out in clubs.

**PLAYBOY:** It seemed as if you two partied all the time.

**COMBS:** We were interested in different things. He liked smoking weed and going to underground spots, and I liked chasing girls and drinking champagne. Our worlds connected in the studio. He said he wasn't going to London, and he was coming to my house to get me to go to the *Vibe* party. In retrospect, I should have flipped out as I normally do and made sure he got on that plane to London.

**PLAYBOY:** Your sexual history is renowned, but a lot of things have probably been exaggerated. If you were writing a book....

**COMBS:** Spit it out. I know you're trying to figure out how to say this to another man. I feel as uncomfortable as you.

**PLAYBOY:** What's your number one sex story?

**COMBS:** I'm gonna tell you about me. I got into porn at an early age. They used to have this show called *Midnight Blue* on public-access TV. When I was in junior high I used to strategize how I could turn that on after my mother fell asleep. There was this woman, Vanessa del Rio?

**PLAYBOY:** Yeah, that was her name.

**COMBS:** We used to have sex every Thursday night. I was masturbating so much I started feeling bad, because I was going to Catholic school and believed it was a sin. As soon as I would bust off, I would be on my knees asking for forgiveness.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you stop?

**COMBS:** By my junior year in high school there was no more whacking off. I was too afraid to upset God. On the flip side, it unleashed me on women. I had to have sex every day.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you start having sex?

**COMBS:** I tried to lose my virginity when I was seven years old. I was on top of a girl who was nine or 10, but it didn't happen—so everybody doesn't have to bug out. My mother and the babysitter whipped my ass, but it didn't knock me off my mission.

**PLAYBOY:** When did you fulfill your mission?

**COMBS:** When I was 13, and I felt I was a porno star because I'd been watching porn for so long. In the Bronx you could get a hotel for an hour. I always had \$20 or \$30 to take a chick to a hotel. I'm proud to say I love sex. You might catch me in a porn store at any given moment—it ain't nothing I'm ashamed of. If they start sending freaks to jail, I'm guilty as charged.

**PLAYBOY:** You've talked about having 30-hour sex sessions.

**COMBS:** I'm not exaggerating. When I heard about Sting doing it, I thought, Yo, is this possible? I studied up on the breathing techniques and the focus. Now I think to myself, I cannot believe I've been going this long! [laughs] Night is turning into day and I'm still goin' at it.

**PLAYBOY:** You went to an all-boys Catholic school. Some kids can't handle that.

**COMBS:** Going to Mount St. Michael made me love women more, because absence makes the heart grow fonder. As soon as that bell rang I wanted to be around some chicks. I was running to the bus stop. I needed to smell a woman, see a

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*I've gone to therapy for relationships, for tragedies I've been through. I think therapy is good. I've been called bipolar—I'm not; I just have very drastic mood swings.*

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woman, walk past one.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you obedient to the school dress code?

**COMBS:** I loved wearing a uniform—that's one of my secrets. I used to have to get dressed up and wear a suit and tie at an early age. Everybody else was always complaining about it. It got me to understand how a shirt should fit, how a suit jacket should fit.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it possible for a celebrity at your level to be monogamous?

**COMBS:** It's hard. I'm going to say, for any woman trying to please me, that is a real tall order. She has to have poise. She has to be classy. But when we get in that bedroom she got to turn me out, Jack. She has to put a porno to shame and she's got to be sexually open.

**PLAYBOY:** For instance?

**COMBS:** It ain't gonna hurt for my woman to surprise me and bring a girl home. That's not gonna hurt our relationship. [laughs] I'm not gonna say, "Well, honey, what's going on?" I mean, I'm not saying I'm a swinger, but I've been told that swingers have some of the best, most long-lasting relationships.

**PLAYBOY:** There have been a lot of pictures of you partying in Ibiza and St.-Tropez. What's the appeal?

**COMBS:** It's more enjoyable to party overseas. Americans go too hard with their partying. Overseas it's done more as recreation, and there's a balance to it.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't it recreational here?

**COMBS:** There's not a bunch of crackheads walking around Paris. Or crystal meth addicts. We take drugs to another level.

**PLAYBOY:** So it's more moderate overseas?

**COMBS:** Not at all. It's more about the intimacy and partying with the world. In every pocket different languages are being spoken, and it's dreamlike. The music is flowing, the wine is flowing, and everybody is talking in their own language.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you discover Ibiza?

**COMBS:** Because I'm known as the king of parties, they said, "Yo, you have to come be a part of this community," and when I got there they treated me as if my arrival was in the scripture or something. "And on the hundredth day he will come and grace us...." I was the first one to expose a lot of young African Americans to St. Barts, to yachts, to the Hamptons. I went to St.-Tropez to represent for all the cats from the hood. "Oh shit, we didn't know black people had big boats." Yeah, we do. Make room for us.

**PLAYBOY:** Can you enjoy that playground if you're not pulling in seven figures?

**COMBS:** I tell people you don't have to stay on a boat. You could be from the South Side of Chicago, save up your money and go to St.-Tropez. And you should. It's an experience. It's not as if all of a sudden a plane ticket to St.-Tropez is \$20,000.

**PLAYBOY:** You had a high-profile romance with Jennifer Lopez. Why did you two break up?

**COMBS:** It was too much. That's the best answer. And I didn't close the door all the way with Kim. I think that's something Jennifer felt.

**PLAYBOY:** You're talking about Kim Porter, the mother of three of your children.

**COMBS:** I was with Kim close to nine years, and I didn't have closure with it. But I met Jennifer and it was a perfect match. We definitely loved each other.

**PLAYBOY:** The breakup came in 2001, shortly before you were acquitted of firing a gun during a nightclub fight. Did that cause the breakup?

**COMBS:** There was a lot going on with the gun charge and the publicity around the trial. That changed the dynamic of the relationship and put a wedge between us.

**PLAYBOY:** Did her handlers think you were damaging her career?

**COMBS:** I'm sure there were people having her consider if it was worth it.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you two civil with each other?

**COMBS:** We're still cool. I'll always cherish her. There are people who come into your life that you'll always love and respect. She's

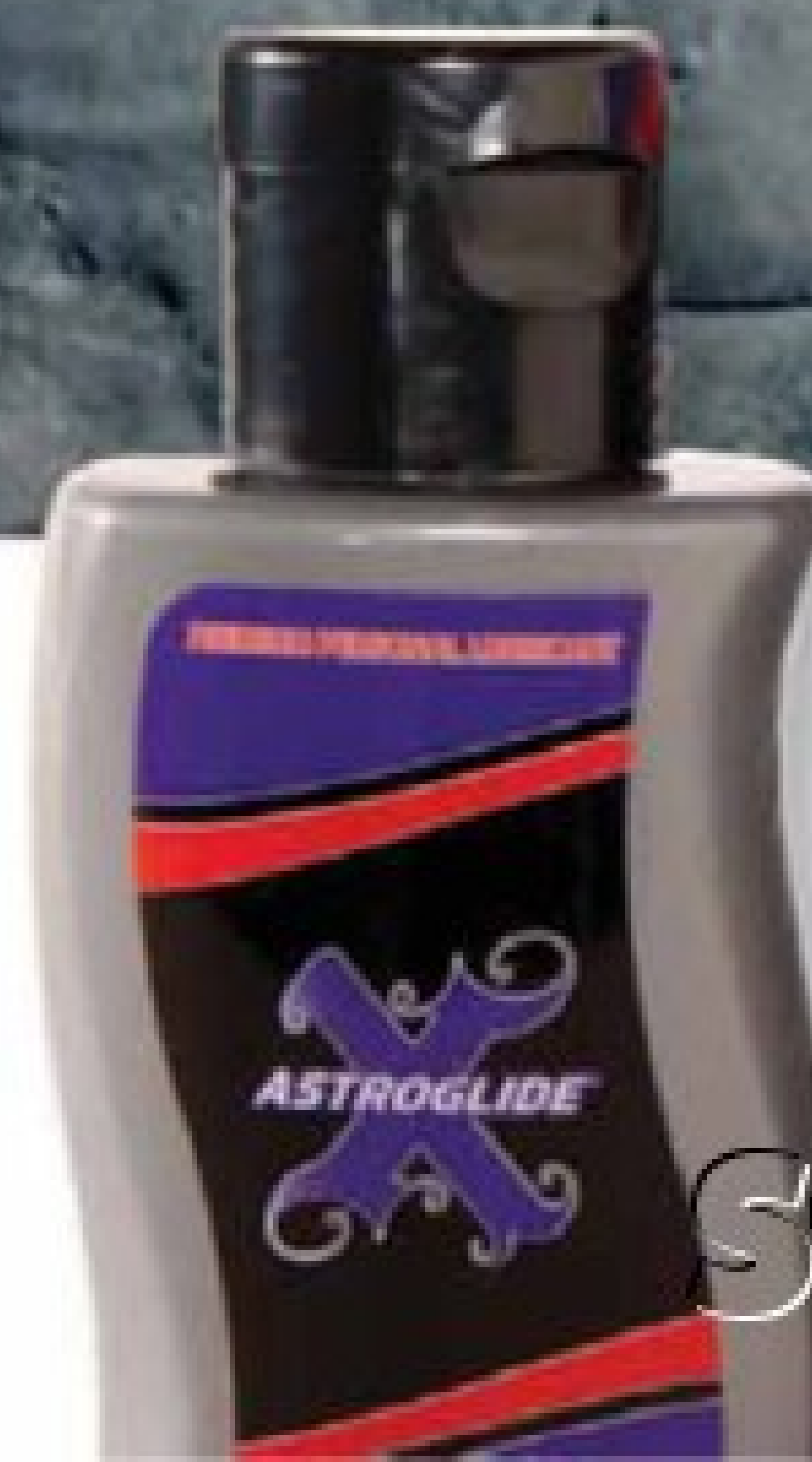
*(continued on page 191)*



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# THE SINGULARITY

WALKING UPRIGHT. THE DISCOVERY OF FIRE. SPEECH. ARE WE ON THE VERGE OF ANOTHER STEP IN THE ASCENT OF MAN? WILL WE ENHANCE OUR OWN MINDS AND GAIN A PEEK AT IMMORTALITY? OR WILL WE JUST FIND OURSELVES SURROUNDED BY A SUPERINTELLIGENT ARMY OF MACHINES?

Let's say you transfer your mind into a computer—not all at once but gradually, having electrodes inserted into your brain and then wirelessly outsourcing your faculties. Your vision is rerouted through cameras, your memories are stored in a net of microprocessors and so on, until at last the transfer is complete. As neuroengineers get to work boosting the performance of your uploaded brain so you can now think as a god, your fleshy brain is heaved into a bag of medical waste. As you—for now let's just call it "you"—start a new chapter of existence exclusively within a machine, an existence that will last as long as there are server farms and hard-disk space and the solar power to run them, are "you" still actually you?

This question was being considered carefully and thoroughly by a 43-year-old man standing on a giant stage backed by high black curtains. He had the bedraggled hair and beard of a Reagan-era metalhead. He wore a black leather coat and an orange-and-red T-shirt covered in

stretched-out figures from a Stone Age cave painting.

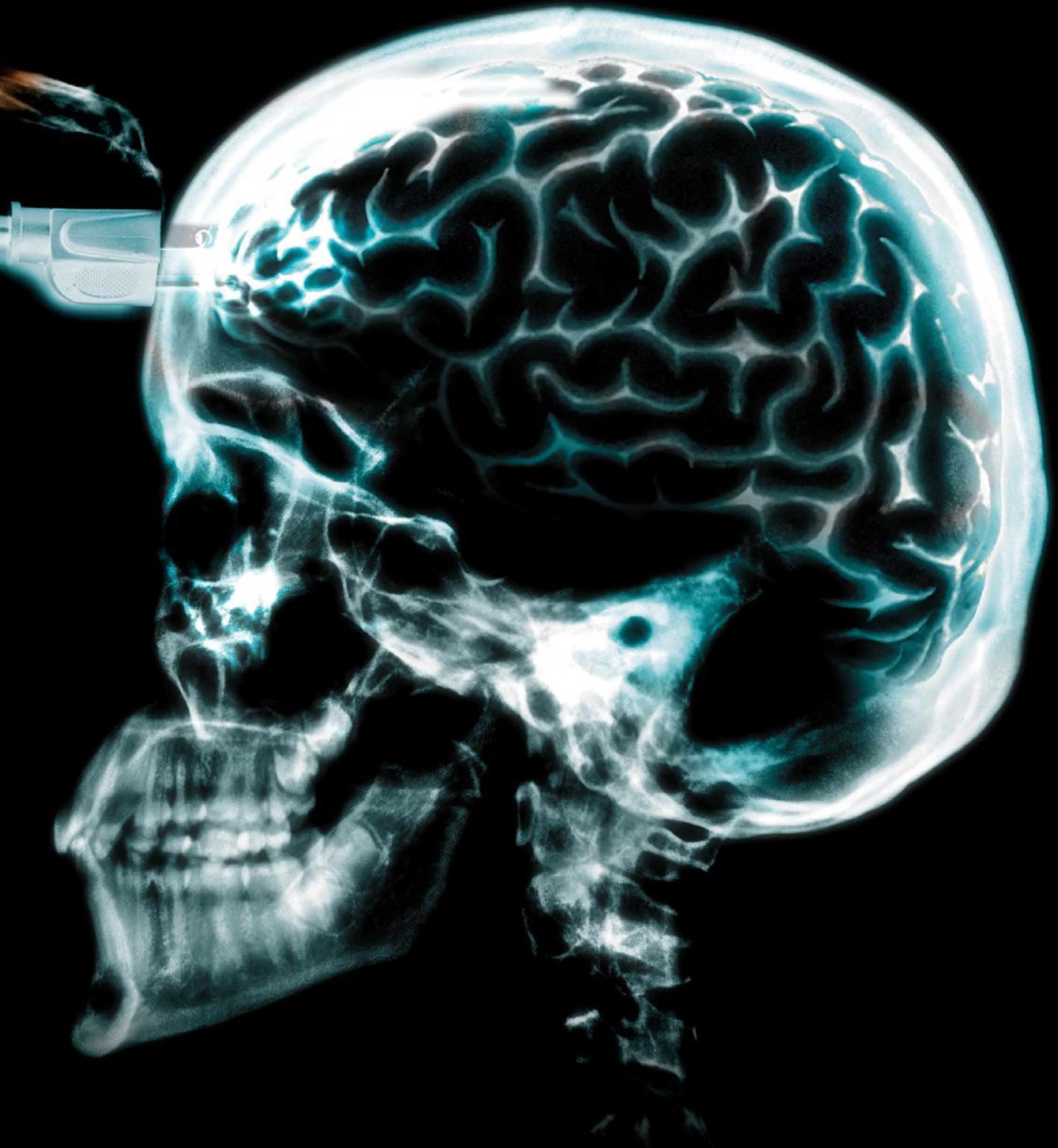
He was not, in fact, insane.

The man was David Chalmers, one of the world's leading philosophers of the mind. He has written some of the most influential papers on the nature of consciousness. He is director of the Centre for Consciousness at Australian National University and is also a visiting professor at New York University. In other words, he has his wits about him.

Chalmers was speaking midway through a conference in New York called Singularity Summit 2009, where computer scientists, neuroscientists and other researchers were offering their visions of the future of intelligence. Some ideas were tentative, while others careened into what seemed like science fiction. At their most extreme the speakers foresaw a time when we would understand the human brain in its fine details, be able to build machines not just with artificial intelligence but with superintelligence and be able to merge our own minds with those machines.

BY  
CARL  
ZIMMER







"This raises all kinds of questions for a philosopher," Chalmers said. "Question one: Will an uploaded system be conscious? Uploading is going to suck if, once you upload yourself, you're a zombie."

Chalmers didn't see why an uploaded brain couldn't be conscious. "There's no difference in principle between neurons and silicon," he said. But that led him to question number two: "Will an uploaded system be me? It's not a whole lot better to be conscious as someone else entirely. Good for them, not so good for me."

To try to answer that question Chalmers asked what it takes to be me. It doesn't take a certain set of atoms, since our neurons break down their molecules and rebuild them every day. Chalmers pondered the best way to guarantee the survival of your identity: "Gradual uploading is the way to go, neuron by neuron, staying conscious throughout."

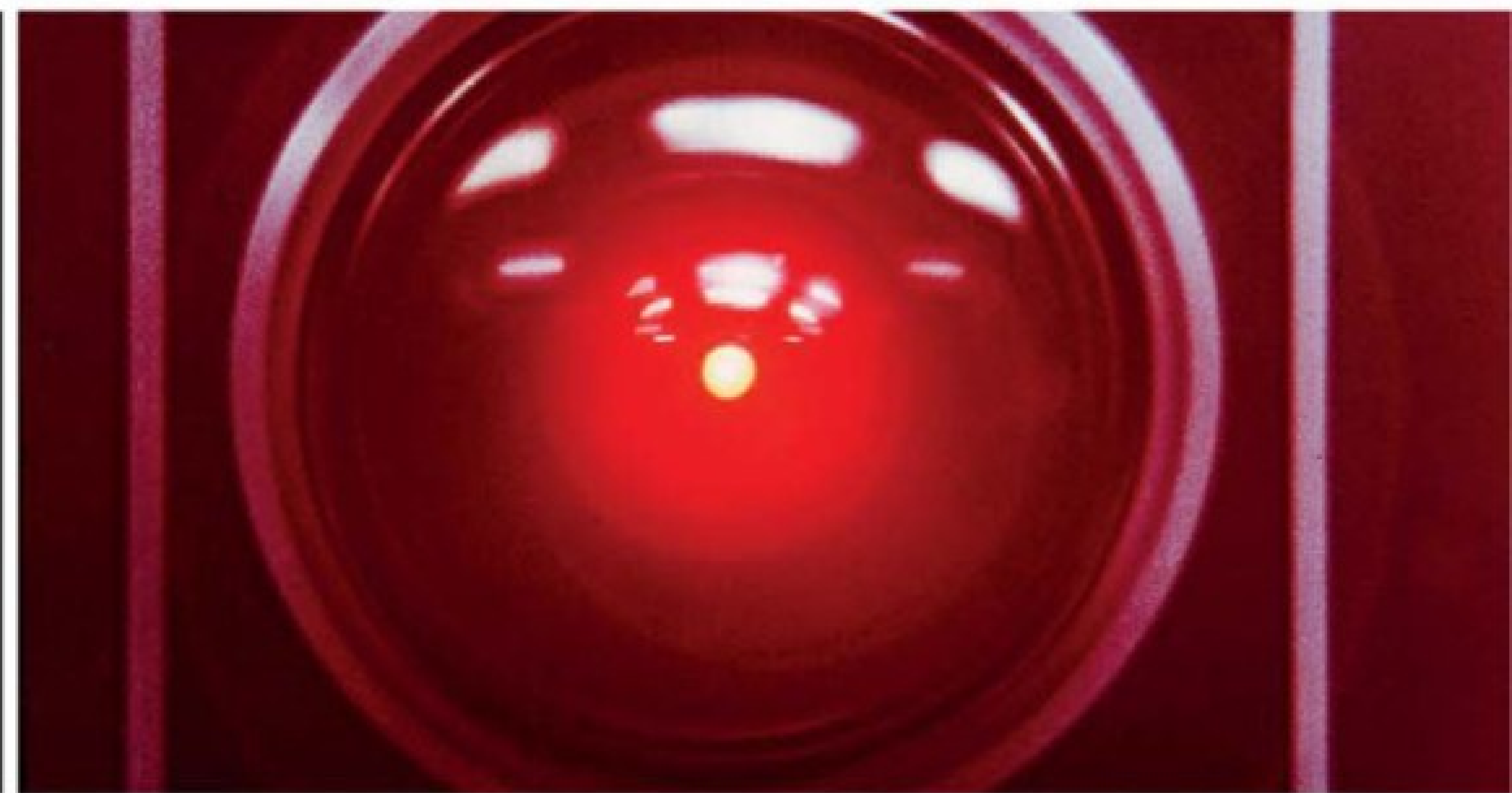
But perhaps that won't be an option. Perhaps you will have died by the time you are uploaded. Chalmers didn't find this as alarming as others do. "Let's call it the Buddhist view," he said. Every day, he pointed out, we lose consciousness as we

developed a strong immune defense against hype. The Singularity, with all its promises of a techno-rapture, seems tailor-made to bring out the worst in people like me. The writer John Horgan, who has even less patience for the promises science cannot keep, wrote "Science Cult," a devastating essay about the Singularity, for Newsweek.com in May 2009.

He acknowledges part of him enjoys pondering the Singularity's visions, such as boosting your IQ to 1,000. "But another part of me—the grown-up, responsible part—worries that so many people, smart people, are taking Kurzweil's sci-fi fantasies seriously," he writes. "The last thing humanity needs right now is an apocalyptic cult masquerading as science."

I decided to check out the Singularity for myself. The summit turned out to be one of the most bizarre experiences I've had. Chalmers wasn't the only speaker to induce hallucinations. Between the talks, as I mingled among people wearing S lapel pins and eagerly discussing their personal theories of consciousness, I found myself tempted to reject the whole smorgasbord as half-baked science fiction. But in the end I didn't.

After the meeting I visited researchers working on the type



HELLO, DAVE. 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY WAS RIGHT ON ONE COUNT: THERE WILL BE MACHINES THAT ARE MORE CLEVER THAN WE ARE.

fall asleep and then regain it the next morning. "Each waking is a new dawn that's a bit like the commencement of a new person. But it turns out that's good enough. That's what ordinary survival is. We've lived there a long time. And if that's so, then reconstructive uploading will also be good enough."



If the term *singularity* rings a bell, maybe you've read the 2005 bestseller *The Singularity Is Near*. Its author, computer scientist and inventor Ray Kurzweil, confidently predicts intelligence will soon cross a profound threshold. The human brain will be dramatically enhanced with engineering. Artificial intelligence will take on a life of its own. If all goes well, Kurzweil predicts, we will ultimately fuse our minds with this machine superintelligence and find a cybernetic immortality. What's more, the Singularity is coming soon. Many of us alive today will be part of that transformation.

The Singularity is not only a future milestone but also a peculiar movement today. Along with spaceflight tycoon Peter Diamandis, Kurzweil has launched Singularity University, which brought in its first batch of students in the summer of 2009. Kurzweil is also director of the Singularity Institute for Artificial Intelligence, which held its first annual summit in 2006. The summits are a mix of talks by Kurzweil and other Singularity advocates, along with scientists working on everything from robot cars to gene therapy. For its first three years the Singularity Summit took place around the Bay Area, but in 2009 the institute decided to decamp from its utopian environs and head for the more cynical streets of New York.

I was one of the curious skeptics who heeded the call and came to the 92nd Street Y. I've been writing about new advances in science for 20 years, and along the way I've

of technology that Kurzweil and others consider the stepping-stones to the Singularity. Not one of the researchers takes Kurzweil's extreme vision of the future seriously. We will not have some sort of cybernetic immortality in the next few decades. The human brain is far too mysterious and computers far too crude for such a union anytime soon, if ever. In fact some scientists regard all this talk of the Singularity as nothing more than recklessly offering false hope to people struggling with blindness, paralysis and other disorders.

But when I asked these skeptics about the future, even their most conservative visions were unsettling: a future in which people boost their brains with enhancing drugs, for example, or have sophisticated computers implanted in their skulls for life. While we may never be able to upload our minds into a computer, we may still be able to build computers based on the layout of the human brain. I can report I have not drunk the Singularity Kool-Aid, but I have taken a sip.



The future is not new. By the dawn of the 20th century science was moving so fast many people were sure we were on the verge of tremendous change. The blogger Matt Novak collects entertainingly bad predictions at his website Paleo-Future. My favorite is a 1900 article by John Watkins that appeared in *Ladies' Home Journal*, offering readers a long list of predictions from leading thinkers about what life would be like within the next 100 years.

"A man or woman unable to walk 10 miles at a stretch will be regarded as a weakling," Watkins wrote. "There will be no C, X or Q in our everyday alphabet."

As science advanced through the 20th century, the future morphed accordingly. When *(continued on page 185)*





*"I'm ready if you are...?"*







*the* Notorious

# TARA REID

ALL GROWN UP, HOLLYWOOD'S WILDEST CHILD IS UNAPOLOGETIC AND UNRESSED

Admit it: You're curious. When it comes to Tara Reid, who wouldn't be? She's had fame and fortune, hit movies, spots on the sexiest lists. She's gone through addiction, a red-carpet mishap, public embarrassment and a stint in rehab. She hasn't always been safe or sane, but she's always been fascinating.

Blink and here she is again: 34 years old, straight and sober and, you've probably noticed, looking damn good.

"I'm in a good place in my life," Tara says. She's sitting in the living room of her condo. Outside, through the open door, it's a clear, mild day on the southern California beach. The sand comes almost to her door. She's dressed casually in jeans and a gray sweatshirt sporting the logo of the movie she just finished shooting. Tara is buzzing with excitement. A few minutes ago she got her first look at the photos on these pages, the fruits of her two-day PLAYBOY shoot with photographer Sheryl Nields.

BY STEVE POND

*Photography by Sheryl Nields*







Tara loves what she's seen and can't stop talking about the golden tones, the elegance.... "I am so glad I decided to do it," she says.

She had a chance to pose for *PLAYBOY* before, but the timing wasn't right. She was young and acting younger. "I've always seemed younger than I am," she says. "I was doing teen movies when I was in my 20s. But at 34 I think I'm the perfect age to do this. This is the first time in my life I can say I'm really happy. I'm relaxed. I'm a young woman with confidence." She shrugs. "I've grown up a lot, and it's time for people to see who I am. I lived a lot of years in the public eye. But if you look at me now, that's not who I am anymore."

A child actress who landed a game show at the age of seven and made her first movie at 11, Tara grew up in New Jersey a natural performer. In her early 20s she had a role in the cult hit *The Big Lebowski* and then the smash *American Pie*; she was a star, and she also turned into the quintessential party girl, alternately hanging and feuding with Paris and Lindsay.

We saw the subsequent wreckage on her reality show, *Taradise*, and in a thousand other places. But Tara has no interest in revisiting the behavior that landed her in rehab. "I'm not *Girls Gone Wild* anymore," she says. "I like it like this. At the end of the day I go to sleep knowing who I am. I'm fortunate to have a great family that was always supportive."

The new Tara just finished making two movies—a comedy called *Last Call* and a thriller called *The Fields*, in which she plays a mom for the first time. In that film, she says, she has a great scene at a kitchen table with Oscar-winning actress Cloris Leachman.

"The character is talking about how she tried to make her husband happy, but he's just so angry about everything," she remembers. "At the end of the scene my character has this moment when she says, 'It wasn't supposed to be like this.'" Tara shakes her head. "I think in life everybody has moments like that, and the scene was so touching. Cloris started crying, the whole crew was crying, and I started to cry. You don't get a moment like that very often."

In another indication that the bad days are behind her, Tara also heard from director Larry Cohen, who cast her in *A Return to Salem's Lot* when she was 11. "Talk about full circle," she says delightedly. "He gave me my first movie, and now he's offered me a new movie, 23 years later."

As for her shoot, Tara says it was a ball. "I liked what little clothes we did have," she says. She leans back, looks around and smiles broadly. "I wouldn't change anything that's brought me here," she says. "I'm happy with my life now, and I'd like to keep it this way."





“I’VE  
GROWN UP  
A LOT. IT’S  
TIME PEOPLE  
SEE WHO I  
REALLY AM.”











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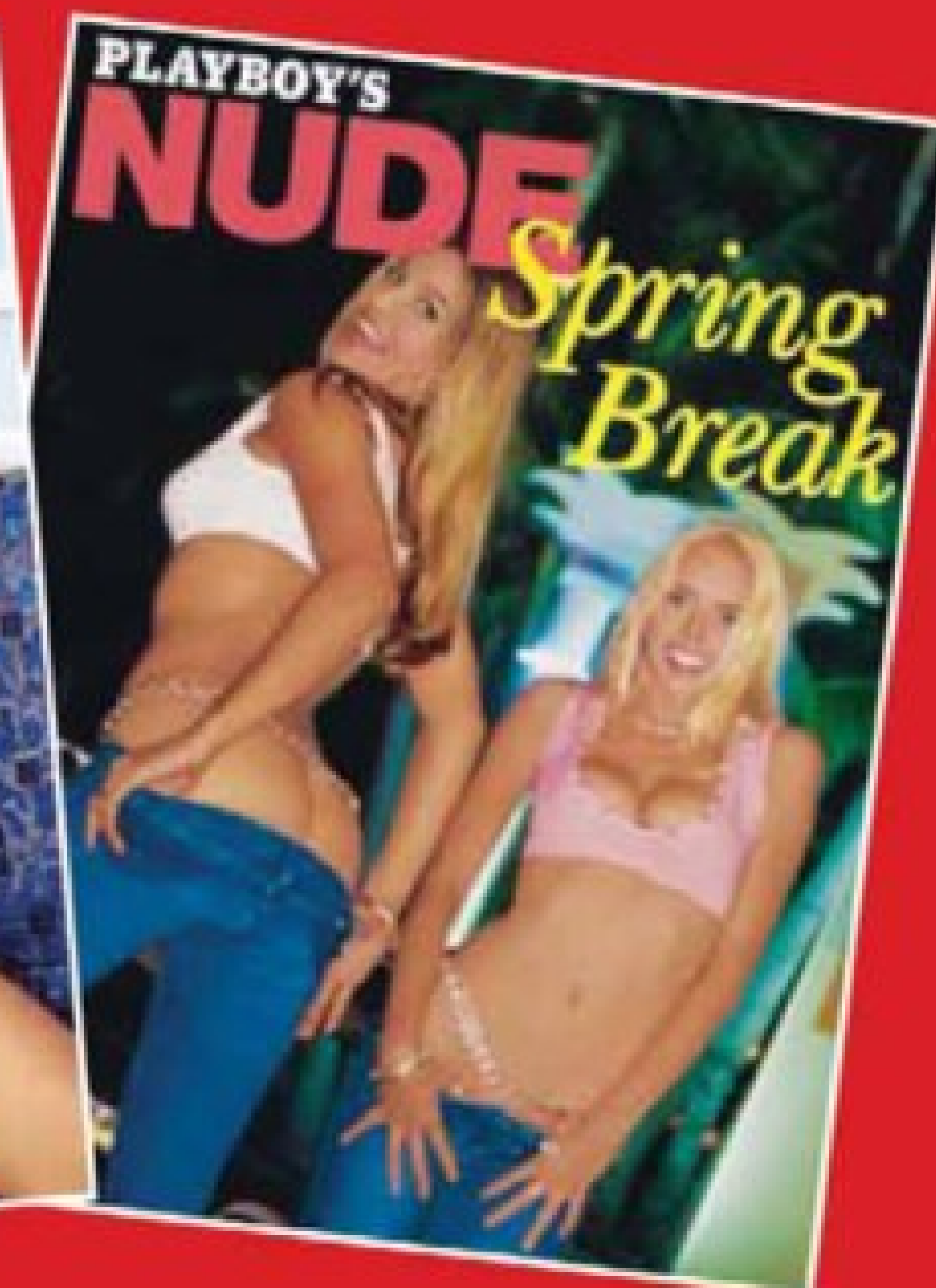


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SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST ISNT PRETTY. BOB ISNT PRETTY. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO DEFENDING THE DEFENSELESS, A LITTLE UGLY GOES A LONG WAY

# ANIMAL RESCUE

BY DENNIS LEHANE

## DORCHESTER

**B**ob found the dog in the trash. It was just after Thanksgiving, the neighborhood gone quiet, hungover. After bartending at Cousin Marv's, Bob sometimes walked the streets. He was big and lumpy and hair had been growing in unlikely places all over his body since his teens. In his 20s, he'd fought against the hair, carrying small clippers in his coat pocket and shaving twice a day. He'd also fought the weight, but during all those years of fighting, no girl who wasn't being paid for it ever showed any interest in him. After a time, he gave up the fight. He lived alone in the house he grew up in, and when it seemed likely to swallow him with its smells and memories and dark couches, the attempts he'd made to escape it—through church socials, lodge picnics and one horrific mixer thrown by a dating service—had only opened the wound further, left him patching it back up for weeks, cursing himself for hoping.

So he took these walks of his and, if he was lucky, sometimes he forgot people lived any other way. That night, he paused on the sidewalk, feeling the ink sky above him and the

cold in his fingers, and he closed his eyes against the evening.

He was used to it. He was used to it. It was okay.

You could make a friend of it, as long as you didn't fight it.

With his eyes closed, he heard it—a worn-out keening accompanied by distant scratching and a sharper, metallic rattling. He opened his eyes. Fifteen feet down the sidewalk, a large metal barrel with a heavy lid shook slightly under the yellow glare of the streetlight, its bottom scraping the sidewalk. He stood over it and heard that keening again, the sound of a creature that was one breath away from deciding it was too hard to take the next, and he pulled off the lid.

He had to remove some things to get to it—a toaster and five thick Yellow Pages, the oldest dating back to 2000. The dog—either a very small one or else a puppy—was down at the bottom, and it scrunched its head into its mid-section when the light hit it. It exhaled a soft chug of a whimper and tightened its body even more, its eyes closed to slits. A scrawny thing. Bob could see its ribs. He could see a big crust of dried blood by its ear. No collar. It was brown



with a white snout and paws that seemed far too big for its body.

It let out a sharper whimper when Bob reached down, sank his fingers into the nape of its neck and lifted it out of its own excrement. Bob didn't know dogs too well, but there was no mistaking this one for anything but a boxer. And definitely a puppy, the wide brown eyes opening and looking into his as he held it up before him.

Somewhere, he was sure, two people made love. A man and a woman. Entwined. Behind one of those shades, orange with light, that looked down on the street. Bob could feel them in there, naked and blessed. And he stood out here in the cold with a near-dead dog staring back at him. The icy sidewalk glistened like new marble, and the wind was dark and gray as slush.

"What do you got there?"

Bob turned, looked up and down the sidewalk.

"I'm up here. And you're in my trash."

She stood on the front porch of the three-decker nearest him. She'd turned the porch light on and stood there shivering, her feet bare. She reached into the pocket of her hoodie and came back with a pack of cigarettes. She watched him as she got one going.

"I found a dog." Bob held it up.

"A what?"

"A dog. A puppy. A boxer, I think."

She coughed out some smoke. "Who puts a dog in a barrel?"

"Right?" he said. "It's bleeding." He took a step toward her stairs and she backed up.

"Who do you know that I would know?" A city girl, not about to just drop her guard around a stranger.

"I don't know," Bob said. "How about Francie Hedges?"

She shook her head. "You know the Sullivans?"

That wouldn't narrow it down. Not around here. You shook a tree, a Sullivan fell out. Followed by a six-pack most times. "I know a bunch."

This was going nowhere, the puppy looking at him, shaking worse than the girl.

"Hey," she said, "you live in this parish?"

"Next one over. St. Dom's."

"Go to church?"

"Most Sundays."

"So you know Father Pete?"

"Pete Regan," he said, "sure."

She produced a cell phone. "What's your name?"

"Bob," he said. "Bob Saginowski."

Bob waited as she stepped back from

the light, phone to one ear, finger pressed into the other. He stared at the puppy. The puppy stared back, like, How did I get *here*? Bob touched its nose with his index finger. The puppy blinked its huge eyes. For a moment, Bob couldn't recall his sins.

"Nadia," the girl said and stepped back into the light.

"Bring him up here, Bob. Pete says hi."

•

They washed it in Nadia's sink, dried it off and brought it to her kitchen table.

Nadia was small. A bumpy red rope of a scar ran across the base of her throat like the smile of a drunk circus clown. She had a tiny moon of a face, savaged by pockmarks, and small, heart-pendant eyes. Shoulders that didn't cut so much as dissolve at the

HE HEARD THAT KEENING AGAIN, THE SOUND OF A CREATURE THAT WAS ONE BREATH AWAY FROM BEGGINING IT WAS TOO HARD TO TAKE THE NEXT.

arms. Elbows like flattened beer cans. A yellow bob of hair curled on either side of her face. "It's not a boxer." Her eyes glanced off Bob's face before dropping the puppy back onto her kitchen table. "It's an American Staffordshire terrier."

Bob knew he was supposed to understand something in her tone, but he didn't know what that thing was so he remained silent.

She glanced back up at him after the quiet lasted too long. "A pit bull."

"That's a pit bull?"

She nodded and swabbed the puppy's head wound again. Someone had pummeled it, she told Bob. Probably knocked it unconscious, assumed it was dead and dumped it.

"Why?" Bob said.

She looked at him, her round eyes getting rounder, wider.

"Just because." She shrugged, went back to examining the dog. "I worked at Animal Rescue once. You know the place on Shawmut? As a vet tech. Before I decided it wasn't my thing. They're so hard, this breed...."

"What?"

"To adopt out," she said. "It's very hard to find them a home."

"I don't know about dogs. I never had a dog. I live alone. I was just walking by the barrel." Bob found himself beset by a desperate need to explain himself, explain his life. "I'm just not...." He could hear the wind outside, black and rattling. Rain or bits of hail spat against the windows.

Nadia lifted the puppy's back left paw—the other three paws were brown, but this one was white with peach spots. Then she dropped the paw as if it were contagious. She went back to the head wound, took a closer look at the right ear, a piece missing from the tip that Bob hadn't noticed until now.

"Well," she said, "he'll live. You're gonna need a crate and food and all sorts of stuff."

"No," Bob said. "You don't understand."

She cocked her head, gave him a look that said she understood perfectly.

"I can't. I just found him. I was gonna give him back."

"To whoever beat him, left him for dead?"

"No, no, like, the authorities."

"That would be Animal Rescue," she said. "After they

give the owner seven days to reclaim him, they'll—"

"The guy who beat him? He gets a second chance?"

She gave him a half-frown and a nod. "If he doesn't take it," she lifted the puppy's ear, peered in, "chances are this little fella'll be put up for adoption. But it's hard. To find them a home. Pit bulls. More often than not?" She looked at Bob. "More often than not, they're put down."

Bob felt a wave of sadness roll out from her that immediately shamed him. He didn't know how, but he'd caused pain. He'd put some out into the world. He'd let this girl down. "I..." he started. "It's just...."

She glanced up at him. "I'm sorry?"

Bob looked at the puppy. Its eyes were droopy from a long day in the barrel and whoever gave it that wound. It had stopped shivering, though.

"You can take it," Bob said. "You used to work there, like you said. You—"

She shook her head. "My father lives with me. He gets home Sunday night from Foxwoods. He finds a dog in his house? An animal he's allergic to?" She jerked her thumb. "Puppy goes back in the barrel."

"Can you give me till Sunday morning?" Bob wasn't sure how it was the words left his mouth, since he couldn't remember formulating them or even thinking them.

The girl eyed him carefully. "You're not just saying it? Cause, I shit you not, he ain't picked up by Sunday noon, he's back out that door."

"Sunday, then." Bob said the words with a conviction he actually felt. "Sunday, definitely."

"Yeah?" She smiled, and it was a spectacular (continued on page 175)





*"Not only am I spending New Year's aboard a luxury liner, here I am aboard the captain!"*



# THE YEAR

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Politicians, priests, talk-show hosts—



## MISSED CALIFORNIA

Leaked sexy photos and anti-gay-marriage remarks had dogged Carrie Prejean before Donald Trump (citing poor attendance at events) stripped her of her Miss California USA crown. Her notoriety was further enhanced by a raunchy video coming to light. She's a one-woman circus.

## SENATOR'S SEX SCANDAL SHOCKERS!

THE DOWNFALL OF JOHN ENSIGN  
 AFFAIRS WITH 3 DIFFERENT WOMEN  
 DOUBLED MISTRESS'S SALARY  
 PUT HER SON ON HIS PAYROLL

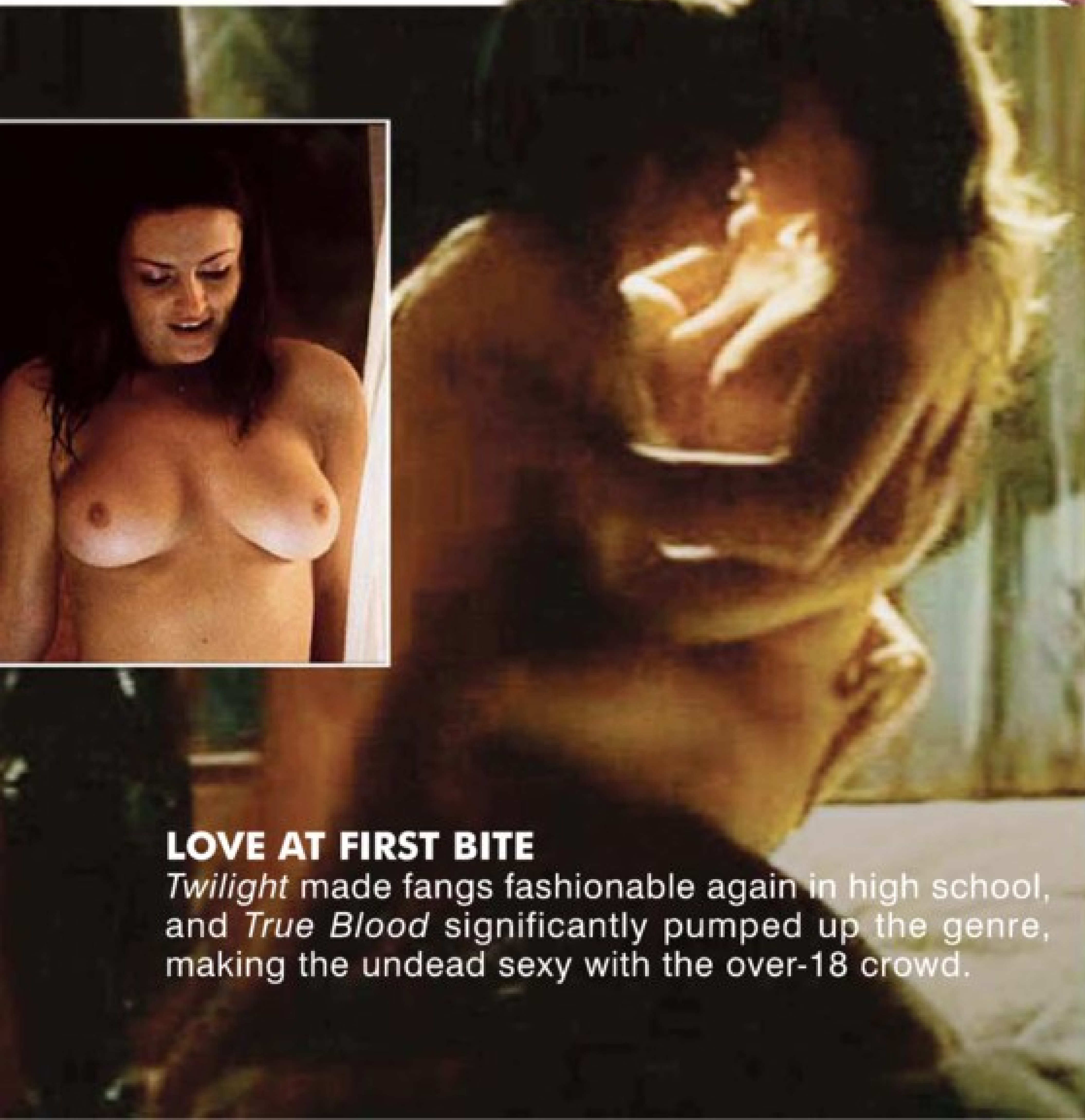


## DOONESBURY



## GOP'S NEW PLATFORM: PRO HIKING, SEVERING AND ILLEGAL ALIENATING

Caught with their pants down: right-wing Republicans who celebrate religious values at the "Family House" on Washington's C Street. South Carolina governor Mark Sanford (1) led aides and wife Jenny (2) to believe he was hiking the soft hills and dewy valleys of the Appalachian trail when he was in Argentina romancing his "soul mate," María Belén Chapur (3). After Nevada senator John Ensign cheated on wife Darlene with aide Cynthia Hampton, his parents paid a hefty "severance" to Cynthia and aggrieved and grasping spouse Doug. That's the Ensigns at top left and the Hamptons at right in happier days (4). The Family House also hosted assignations between ex-Mississippi congressman Chip Pickering (5) and Cellular South heiress Elizabeth Creekmore Byrd, causing Chip's wife, Leisha (6), to sue Byrd for alienation of affection.



## LOVE AT FIRST BITE

Twilight made fangs fashionable again in high school, and True Blood significantly pumped up the genre, making the undead sexy with the over-18 crowd.



## FRONT-PAGE NUDES

Sharon Stone displayed *liberté, égalité* and her marvelous 50-year-old tits on the cover of Paris Match (she was really 51, but who's counting?), while Jennifer Aniston won in a tie for GQ.



# RINSE

everybody likes the public option

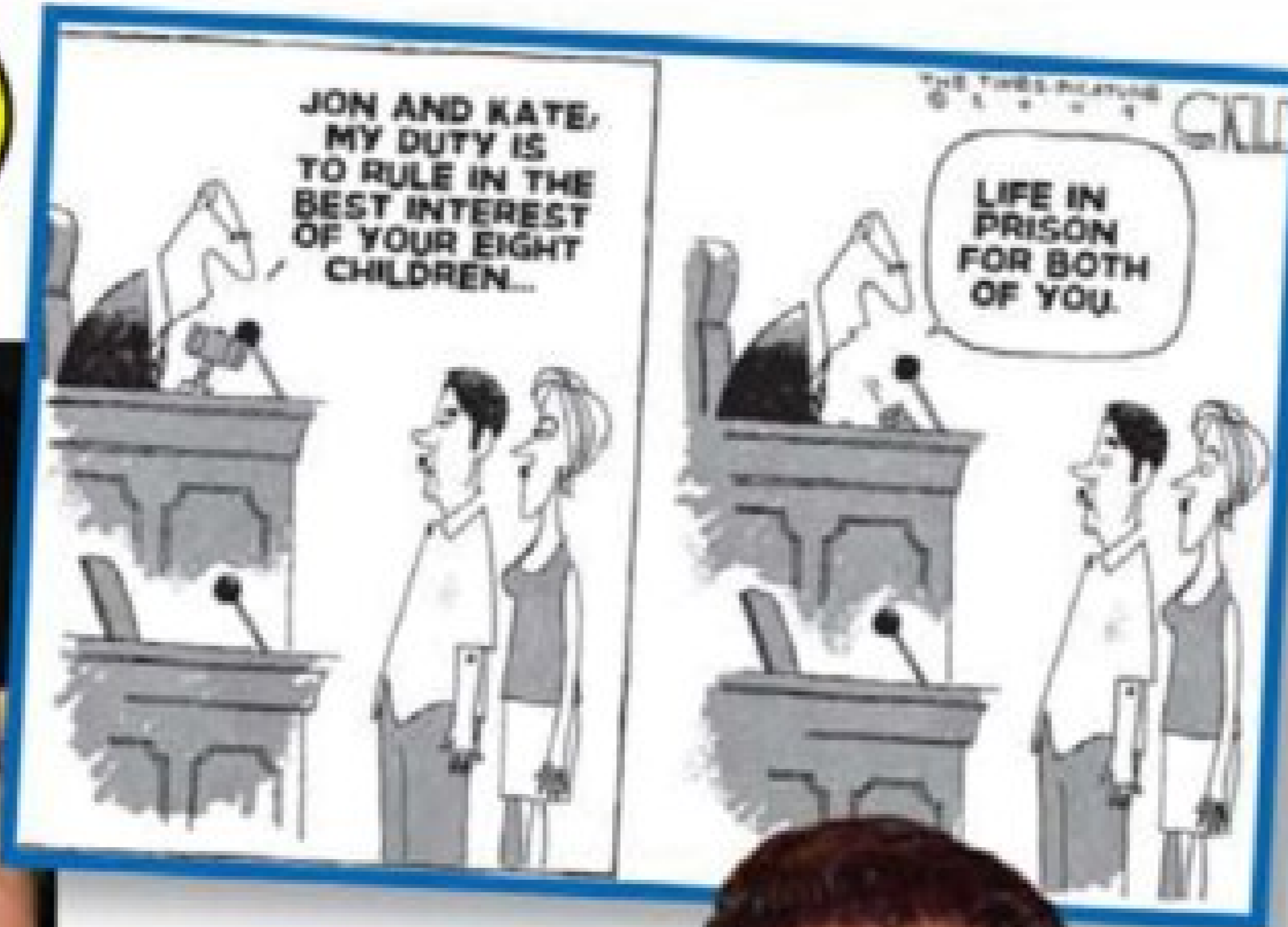
NATIONAL ENQUIRER

BREAKING NEWS  
**JON & KATE'S \$10 MILLION DIVORCE!**  
...BOTH SEEING ATTORNEYS

I didn't cheat!

The hell you didn't!

REALITY SUCKS!



## MIND THE GAP

Photographer Zach Hyman takes 30 seconds to snap 10 photos of nudes in public places. (Hey, it's art, man.) Here Jocelyn Saldana takes the pole on the main stage of the NYC subway.



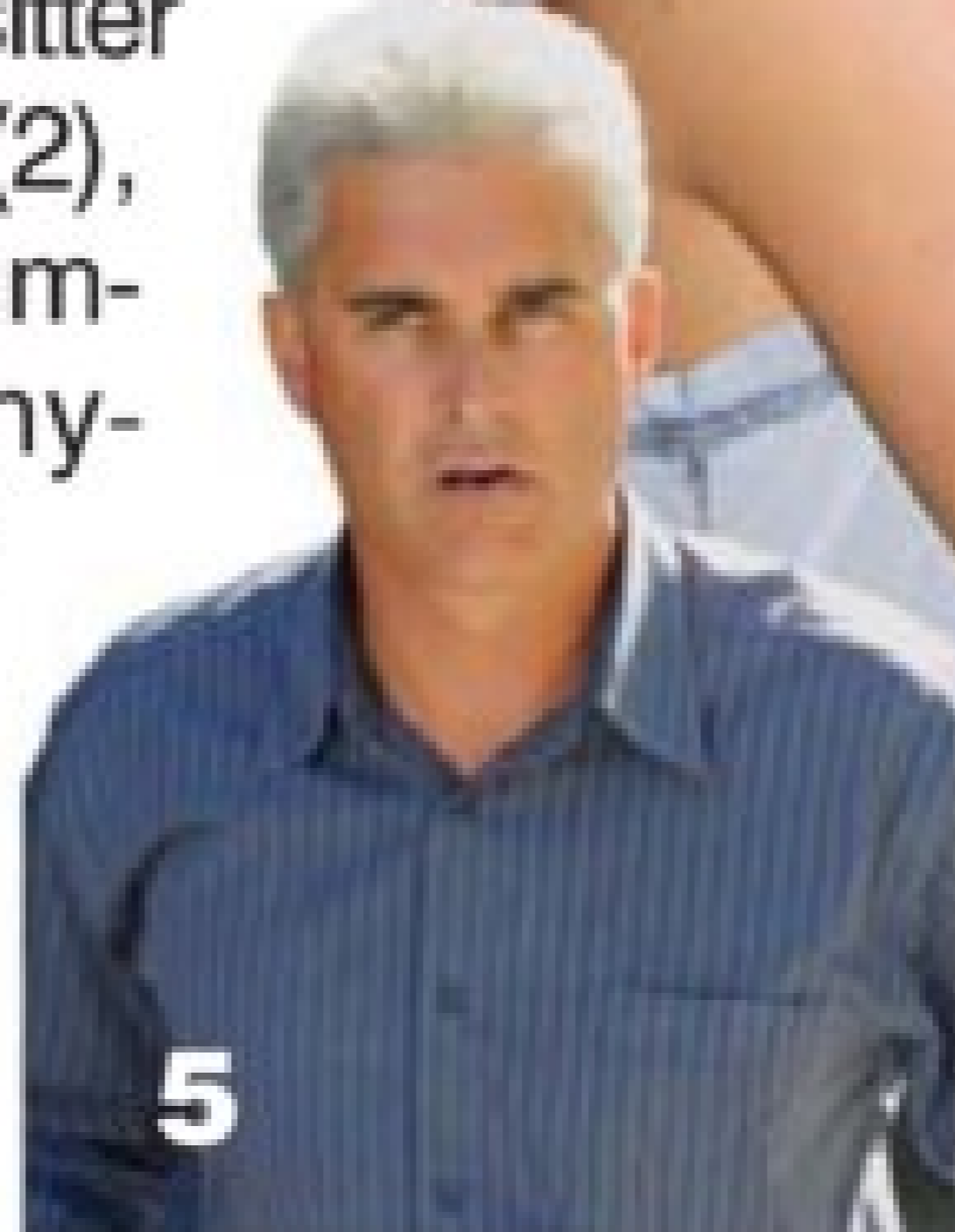
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## CELEBRITY SPLIT OF THE YEAR #1

Jon & Kate Plus Eight self-destructed as Jon was linked with *Star* magazine's Kate Major (1), babysitter Stephanie Santoro (2), teacher Deanna Hummel (3) and tummy-tuck doc's daughter Hailey Glassman (4). Meanwhile, is Kate dating bodyguard Steve Neild (5)?



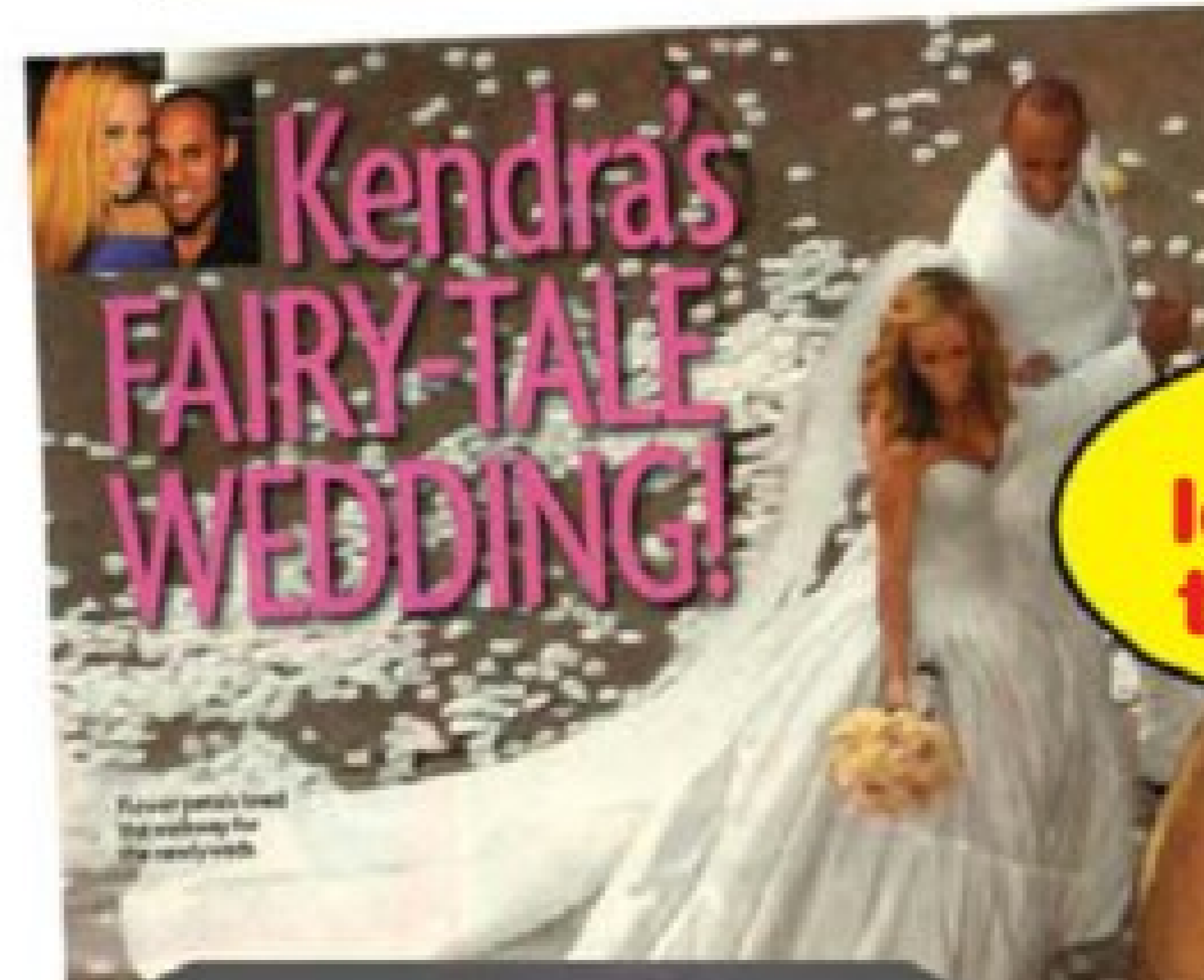
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5

## HANK'S FOR THE MAMMARIES

Overseas viewers got a better look than American fans did at former *Girls Next Door* star Kendra Wilkinson during the episode featuring her wedding to footballer Hank Baskett.



I'm learning to cook.



I came out of the woodwork.

## VENI, VIDI, DA VINCI

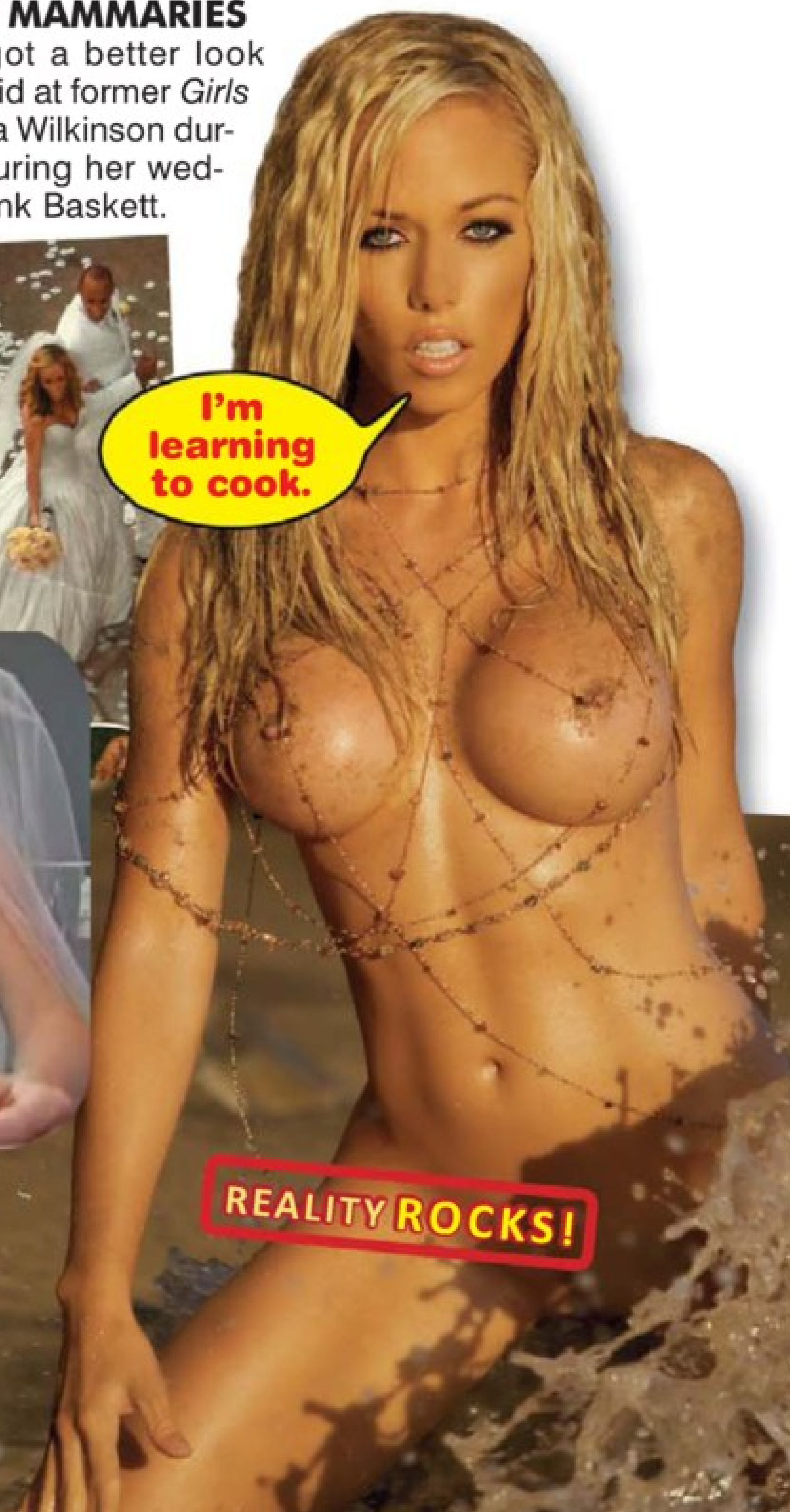
Is this a nude *Mona Lisa*? After being hidden within a wooden wall for nearly a century, this painting, once owned by Napoleon's uncle Cardinal Joseph Fesch, went on view in Leonardo's hometown of Vinci. Historians say they'd love more time for further study.

## THE WEARIN' O' THE NOT MUCH

Looks like just another security checkpoint to us: In celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and its "no hidden extras" fares, Aer Lingus asked Londoners to doff duds, don shamrocks and go on parade.



REALITY ROCKS!





# THE YEAR IN SEX



## PATERNITY BLUES

Despite his repeated denials, it looks as though John Edwards did in fact father Rielle Hunter's baby (with mom, left). We await results of a reported DNA test.

## SPICY CURRY

Adrienne Curry didn't do a PLAYBOY cover in 2009, but her Twitter followers got plenty of hot shots to whet their appetite. There's always room for more Curry, particularly the cheese-cake variety.



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## GIMME A T! GIMME AN A!

Parents who saw Cyber Girl Carlie Christine's online photos had her stripped of her cheerleader coaching job at a California high school. So why were they looking?



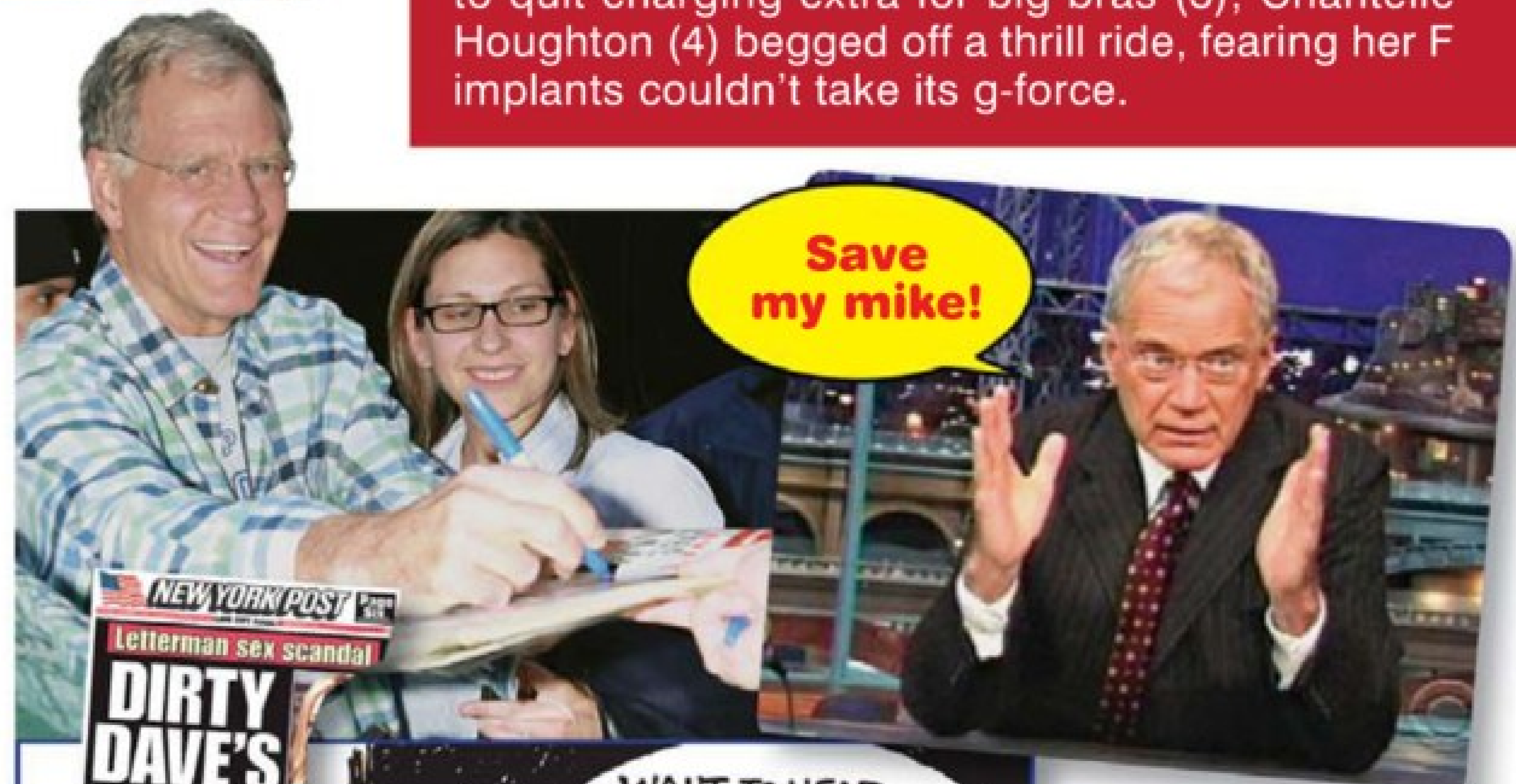
## HOT UNDER THE COLLAR

Caught canoodling on the beach with Ruhama Canelis, Miami Beach's Alberto Cutié, a.k.a. TV's Father Oprah, left the Catholic Church, married Canelis and plans to enter the Episcopal priesthood.



## THEIR CUPS RUNNETH OVER

Boobs news: Tennis pro Simona Halep (1) had her breasts reduced despite protests; Monica Hansen (2) is asking for big bucks from a surgeon (not hers) for using her photos; in Britain, Marks & Spencer had to quit charging extra for big bras (3); Chantelle Houghton (4) begged off a thrill ride, fearing her F implants couldn't take its g-force.



## STUPID DAVE TRICKS

David Letterman revealed affairs with staffers, including Stephanie Birkitt (above left), after a CBS producer allegedly tried to extort \$2 million from him. A ratings spike led to a burst of euphoria, followed by fatigue.





**NICE TRY, BUT WE DO THIS BETTER**

Ever watch the safety demo? Air New Zealand bid for passengers' attention with a video of body-painted flight attendants (left). Cute, but our Painted Ladies (above) they're not.



**CAN YOU DIG IT?**

They're our MVPs of the AVP. Pro volleyball players Michelle More and Suzanne Stonebarger, also known as Team Gorgeous, lived up to the name in September's PLAYBOY.



**CELEBRITY SPLIT OF THE YEAR #2**

Avowed Roman Catholic Mel Gibson woos Oksana Grigorieva (a former Timothy Dalton girlfriend) and impregnates her; Robyn (inset), his wife of 28 years and mother of his seven kids, has had enough.



**DUNE JUST FINE, THANKS**

What do you do after you leave the Playboy Mansion? If you're Bridget Marquardt, you trot the globe for the Travel Channel's *Bridget's Sexiest Beaches* (above). At right, a photo from when she starred in PLAYBOY's own production of *Bridget's Sexiest Heels and Negligee*.



**NOBEL PIECE PRIZE?**

President Barack Obama and French counterpart Nicolas Sarkozy check out Rio's Mayora Tavares at the G8 summit.



**FLACK ATTACK**

Seems as though a spanking is in order: The story was that Disney's *Cheetah Girls* star Adrienne Bailon's laptop was stolen and this photo was leaked. Turns out she and publicist Jonathan Jaxson faked the report "to juice up her image."



**THE YEAR IN SEX**



**RUB-A-DUB-DUB, THREE FRIENDS IN A TUB**

A sexy hot tub home video of Dr. and Mrs. McSteamy, Eric Dane and Rebecca Gayheart, frolicking in the nude with PLAYBOY model (November 2004) and former Miss Teen USA Kari Ann Peniche bubbled onto the Internet—and was speedily removed.



**WRONG NUMBER?**

Just how did this cell phone photo of Rihanna (and other pics of her, including one featuring a nipple ring) happen to end up online? Chris Brown claims he's not guilty this time.

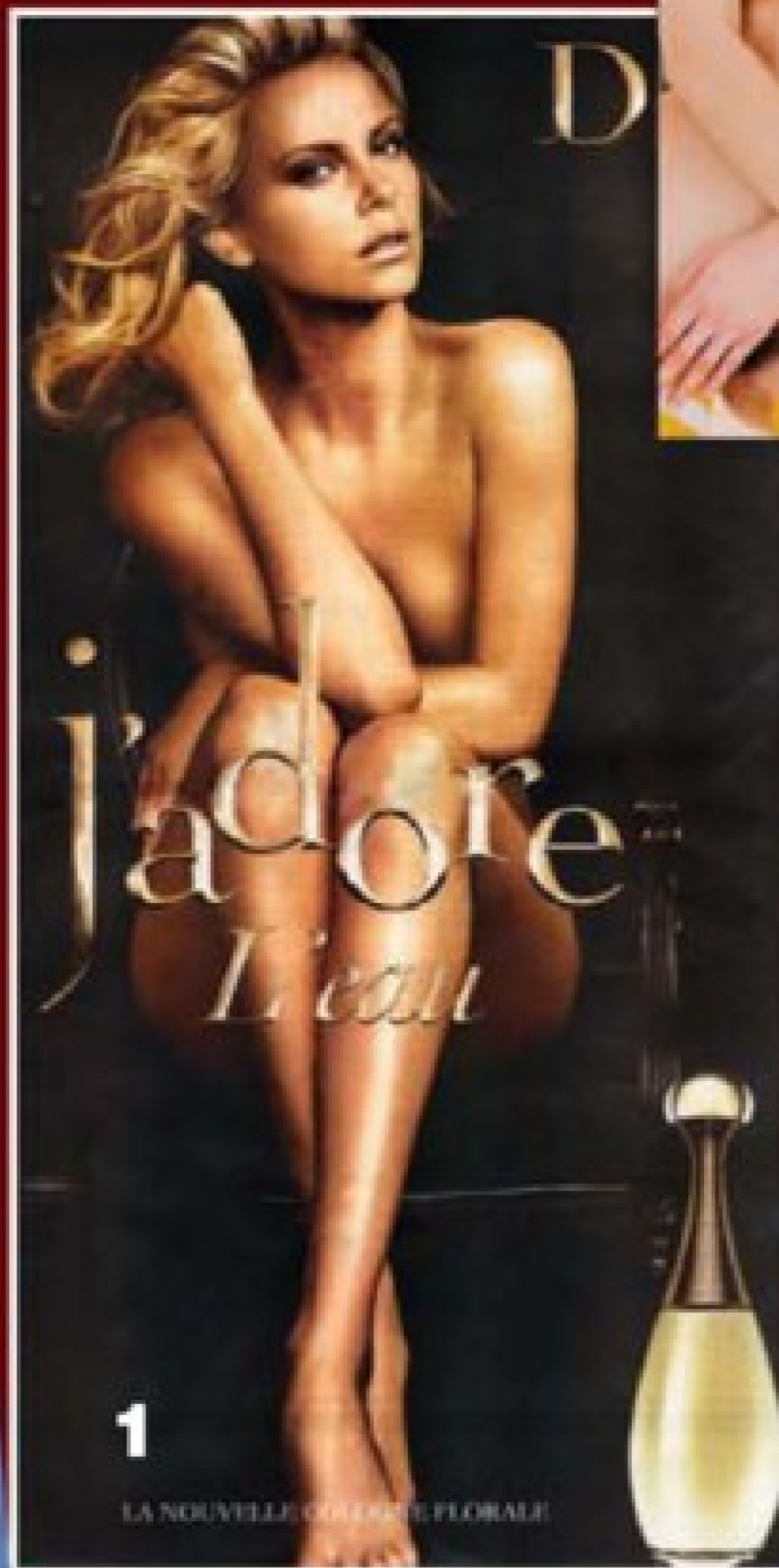


**HOLLY HAPPENS IN VEGAS**

Having vacated Playboy Mansion West, Holly Madison is hard at work—and drawing enthusiastic crowds—in the Las Vegas spectacle *Peepshow*.

**WILL STRIP FOR MAD MEN**

Skin is still in on Madison Avenue—and everywhere else around the globe where advertisers look to grab attention. Gorgeous Oscar winner Charlize Theron (1) bares all for Dior's new J'adore L'eau Cologne Florale; Sasha Grey (2) does it for American Apparel; a vintage shot of Playmate Cynthia Myers, Miss December 1968 (3), appeals to all men who love Schlitz; Agent Provocateur hires a horde of daring models (4) to promote its collection of minimal undies.







**GROWN MEN ENVY HUNGRY AFRICAN CHILD**

New mother Salma Hayek, while visiting Sierra Leone—the country with the world's highest infant mortality rate—saw a hungry child and nursed him.



**SOPHIE IS CHOICE**

U.K. Cyber Girl Sophie Reade, who triumphed over 21 other entrants to win the latest British *Big Brother*, is splitting her earnings between charity and—sorry!—clothes.

**SHOW US YOUR TWITS!**

Kim Kardashian, arguably the hottest cast member on the reality show *Keeping Up With the Kardashians*, tweeted this image of herself preparing for a photo shoot to her on-line fans.



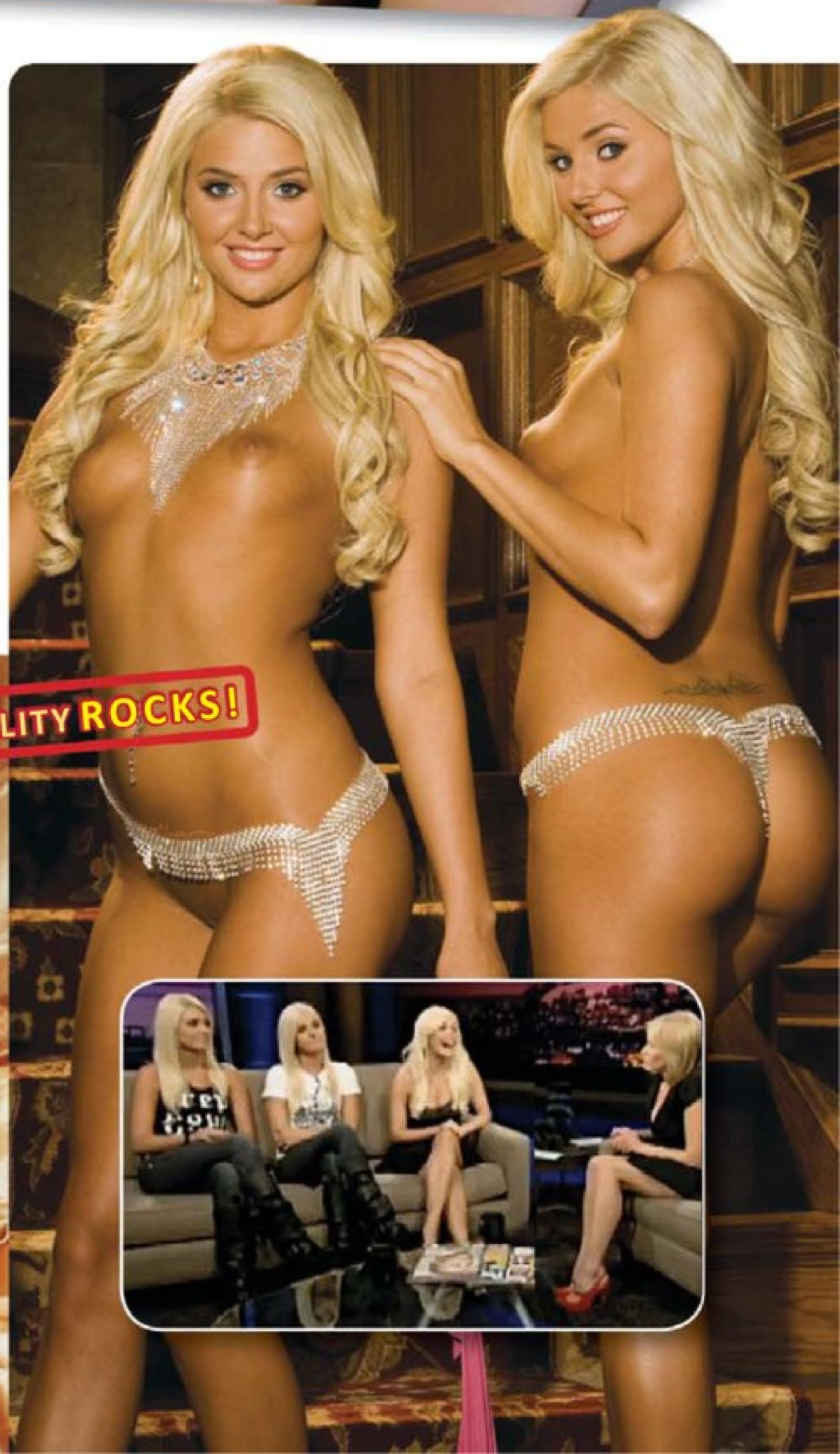
**REALITY TWEETS!**



**There's life after season five!**

**MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE MANSION**

Now ensconced at Playboy Mansion West are Playmate Crystal Harris (December 2009) and Playmate twins Karissa and Kristina Shannon, who beautified our summer double issue as Miss July and Miss August 2009. The trio appeared on *Chelsea Lately* (inset) to promote *The Girls Next Door's* sixth season. The show's recipe is still intact: Take three hot girls, add a dash of Hef and stir.



**REALITY ROCKS!**



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# THE YEAR IN SEX

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

## TAINT MISBEHAVIN'

Eminem had just finished singing "Crack a Bottle" at the MTV Movie Awards when he got a dose of crack in the face courtesy of an airborne Sacha Baron Cohen. Apparently outraged,



Slim Shady stormed out of the auditorium. It was later revealed, however, that the stunt had been rehearsed, with a winged Cohen, in his gay fashionista Bruno persona, lowered on wires by stagehands.

## TWO WEEKS? TRY NINE MONTHS

A teenage girl in Fairfax County, Virginia was suspended from Oakton High School for two weeks when she was caught popping a birth control pill during lunchtime (with her mother's approval). Had it been heroin or LSD, she'd have gotten off with five days.

## MY DOG SKIPPY

Whiteland, Indiana's Michelle Owen, involved in a custody dispute with an ex-boyfriend, asked police to search her computer for evidence that he had downloaded child pornography. Cops found no porn but discovered two videos of Owen (shown in mug shot) engaging in illicit sexual performances with her beagle. She's now facing bestiality charges for the activities, which are said to have involved peanut butter.

## LIFT, SEPARATE, FLOG

In Somalia, Islamic extremists calling themselves Al Shabaab have taken to stopping and checking women to see if they are wearing bras, which the group claims are deceptive and therefore contrary to Sharia law. According to news reports, gunmen roam the streets in search of women who appear to have firm breasts. They are then inspected and, if found not jiggle enough, whipped. You can't make this stuff up.

The Slovenian manufacturer Lisca is advertising the Smart Memory Bra, which it claims will boost a woman's cleavage when she's aroused.

## IT AIN'T OVER TILL—IT'S OVER

ESPN baseball analyst and former New York Mets general manager Steve Phillips flamed out spectacularly when newspapers published a letter his 22-year-old mistress, ESPN production assistant Brooke Hundley, had sent to his wife. In true bunny-boiler fashion, Hundley's missive dissected the Phillipses' marriage, name checked all four of their children and described birthmarks on Steve's man parts. In the space of a few weeks he lost his job, his marriage ended and he checked into rehab for sex addiction.

## A MAN-SIZE TAN

Taking a fig leaf from such female celebrity product hawkers as Paris Hilton and Jessica Simpson, actor-comedian Will Ferrell has launched SPF-30 sunscreen products in three formulas, including Forbidden Fruit (with apologies to the Book of Genesis). Proceeds will benefit the Cancer for College charity's Willpowered Scholarship Fund, which grants student aid to cancer survivors and amputees.



## TELL THAT TO THE GUYS IN SOMALIA

A cash-stuffed brassiere saved a Brazilian woman's life in a shootout aboard a bus. Ivonete Pereira de Oliveira got in the way of gunfire between would-be robbers and an off-duty cop, but the bullet that struck her chest was slowed by some \$70 worth of bills she had hidden inside her bra.

## STROKER ACE

We've learned Masanobu Sato's secret. The two-time winner of San Francisco's annual Masturbate-a-thon jerked off for a record nine hours and 58 minutes on May 2. The Japanese sex-toy worker credits his stamina to an "abundant imagination." We say he's so good because, as he reports, his girlfriend isn't really into sex and they make love "only a few times a year."

## DON'T LOOK FOR BIG SALES IN SOMALIA



## SPLIT TIME

"I felt like I was putting on a pretty good show," Olympic medalist Ricky Berens admitted after his suit split during the World Swimming Championships in Rome. Competition, not modesty, will have these polyurethane outfits banned in 2010.

## HABEN SIE MILCH?

Germany's conservative Christian Democratic Union Bundestag candidate Vera Lengsfeld spiced up her campaign with a billboard featuring herself with the equally well-endowed chancellor Angela Merkel and the legend we HAVE MORE TO OFFER.



## CARDINALS FANS, YOU JUST GOT JUNK'D

Comcast cable subscribers in the Tucson area got a surprise during Super Bowl XLIII when play was interrupted by a 30-second clip from adult channel Shorteez that featured porn star Evan Stone's penis.

## EVERY FRAME OF SAND

When Vivid Entertainment announced its plan to distribute a sex tape of Playmate Shauna Sand (Miss May 1996) and her boyfriend, Sand threatened to sue to block its release. She dropped the suit just as the video was scheduled to drop because it came to light she had—pardon our use of complex legalese here—"signed a contract" with Vivid.



## WHO WANTS A CIGAR?

During a boys' night out while on a charity mission in Buenos Aires, Bill Clinton received a lap dance from Argentinian *Big Brother* contestant Andrea Rincón—to an enthusiastic response, according to the Argentine version of *Maxim*. This being a story about Clinton, reports vary wildly as to what happened next.





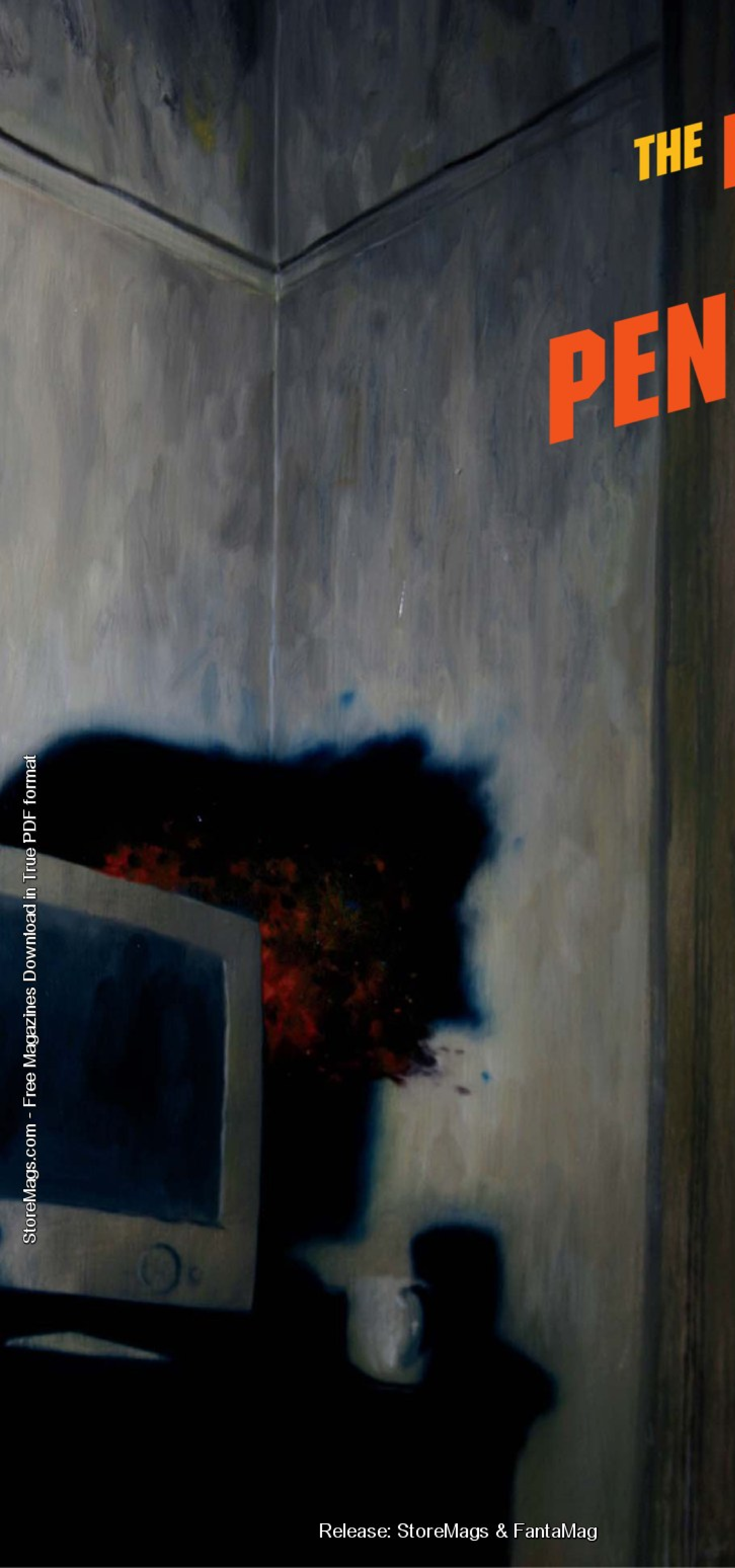


*"Why do you insist on coming up? We did it in every position in the car."*







A dark, moody illustration of a person in a dark room, possibly a control room or office, looking at a computer monitor. The person is silhouetted against a light source, and the room is filled with shadows and some faint red and blue light spots. The overall tone is mysterious and somber.

# THE MAN WHO CONNED THE PENTAGON

## DENNIS MONTGOMERY

CLAIMED HE COULD INTERCEPT SATELLITE TRANSMISSIONS BEING SENT TO AL QAEDA AGENTS. FOR A WHILE HE HAD THE U.S. GOVERNMENT BELIEVING HE WAS RIGHT **BY ARAM ROSTON**

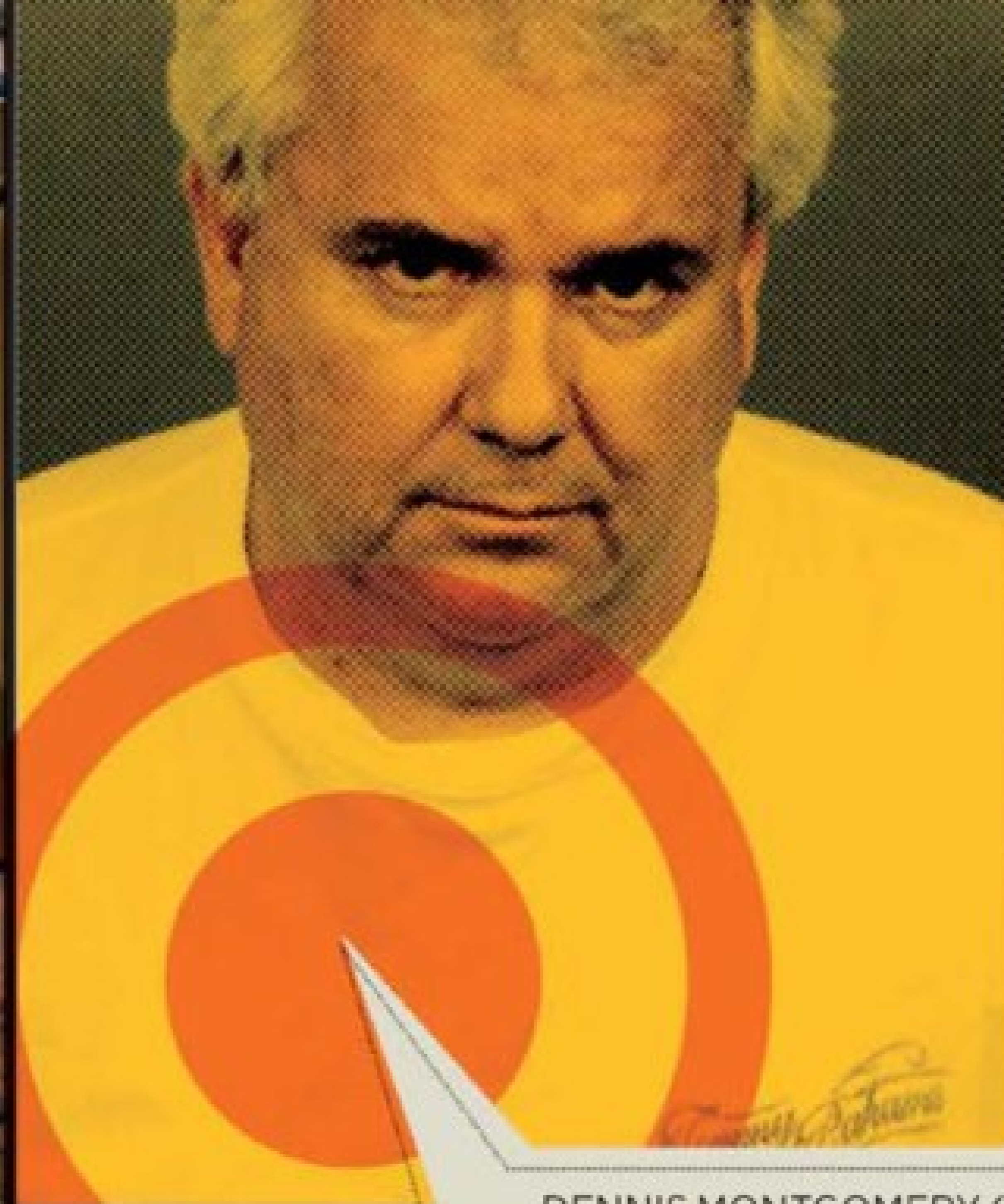
**T**he weeks before Christmas brought no hint of terror. But by the afternoon of December 21, 2003, police stood guard in heavy assault gear on the streets of Manhattan. Fighter jets patrolled the skies. When a gift box was left on Fifth Avenue, it was labeled a suspicious package and 5,000 people in the Metropolitan Museum of Art were herded into the cold.

It was Code Orange. Americans first heard of it at a Sunday press conference in Washington, D.C. Weekend assignment editors sent their crews up Nebraska Avenue to the new Homeland Security offices, where DHS secretary Tom Ridge announced the terror alert. "There's continued discussion," he told reporters, "these are from credible sources—about near-term attacks that could either rival or exceed what we experienced on September 11." *The New York Times* reported that intelligence sources warned "about some unspecified but spectacular attack."

The financial markets trembled. By Tuesday the panic had ratcheted up as the Associated Press reported threats to "power plants, dams and even oil facilities in Alaska." The feds forced the cancellation of dozens of French, British and Mexican commercial "flights of interest" and pushed foreign governments to put armed air marshals on certain flights. Air France flight 68 was canceled, as was Air France flight 70. By Christmas the headline in the *Los Angeles Times* was SIX FLIGHTS CANCELED AS SIGNS OF TERROR PLOT POINT TO L.A. Journalists speculated over the

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL HALE





StoreMagz.com

DENNIS MONTGOMERY (CENTER) CLAIMED THERE WERE SECRET BAR CODES IN AL JAZEERA'S BROADCASTS THAT GAVE TERRORISTS DETAILS OF THEIR NEXT MISSION. HE HELPED BUILD A THRIVING BUSINESS IN RENO (LOWER LEFT) AND HAD POWERFUL BACKERS SUCH AS EDRA BLIXSETH (TOP LEFT) AND WARREN TREPP (WITH MONTGOMERY AT AN ETREPPID CHRISTMAS PARTY IN 2003, RIGHT).

basis for these terror alerts. "Credible sources," Ridge said. "Intelligence chatter," said CNN.

But there were no real intercepts, no new informants, no increase in chatter.

## THE CIA TEAM WENT TO RENO TO WORK WITH ETREPPID'S CHIEF TECHNOLOGY OFFICER.

And the suspicious package turned out to contain a stuffed snowman. This was, instead, the beginning of a bizarre scam. Behind that terror alert, and a string of contracts and intrigue that continues to this date, there is one unlikely character.

The man's name is Dennis Montgomery, a self-proclaimed scientist who said he could predict terrorist attacks. Operating with a small software development company, he apparently convinced the Bush White House, the CIA, the Air Force and other agencies that Al Jazeera—the Qatari-owned TV network—was unwittingly transmitting target data to Al Qaeda sleepers.

An unusual team arrived in Reno, Nevada in 2003 from the Central Intelligence Agency. They drove up Trademark Drive, well south of the casinos, past new desert warehouses. Then they turned into an almost empty parking lot, where a sign read ETREPPID TECHNOLOGIES. It was an attractively designed building of stone tile and mirrored windows that had once been a sprinkler-head factory.

eTrepid Technologies was a four-year-old firm trying to find its way. Some of its employees had been hired to design video games. One game under construction was *Roadhouse*, based on the 1989 movie in which Patrick Swayze

plays a bouncer in a dive bar. Other programmers worked on streaming video for security cameras.

When the liaison team stepped into eTrepid's office, the CIA man in charge introduced himself as Sid but didn't give his last name. He was tall and in his 50s, with a well-ironed shirt, a paunch and a mildly robotic politeness. "We called him Sid Vicious," one eTrepid technician explained, "because he was anything but."

Sid's team set up on the first floor in an unused office and had special cipher locks installed. Workers carted in a heavy-duty paper shredder that could transform classified documents to dust in seconds. They set up impenetrable safes with combination locks protected by privacy screens so bystanders couldn't steal the code.

The CIA team was there to work with Dennis Montgomery, at the time eTrepid's chief technology officer and part owner. Then 50 years old, with a full head of gray hair, the street-smart Montgomery stood at about five feet eight inches. Other eTrepid workers, hearing the buzz about the spooks in town, peered through their blinds and watched as Montgomery worked at his desk at the north end of the building. He wore his usual jeans and Tommy Bahama shirt.

He could be seen handing off reams of paper to Sid and the CIA. "They would sit in the room and review these numbers or whatever the heck Dennis was printing out," one former eTrepid employee, Sloan Venables, told me. "We called them Sid's guys, and no one knew what the hell they did."

Montgomery called the work he was doing noise filtering. He was churning out reams of data he called output. It consisted of latitudes and longitudes and flight numbers. After it went to Sid, it went to Washington, D.C. Then it found its way to the CIA's seventh

floor, to Director George Tenet. Eventually it ended up in the White House. Montgomery's output was to have an extraordinary effect. Ridge's announcement, the canceled flights and the holiday disruptions were all the results of Montgomery's mysterious doings.

He is an unusual man. In court papers filed in Los Angeles, a former lawyer for Montgomery calls the software designer a "habitual liar engaged in fraud." Last June Montgomery was charged in Las Vegas with bouncing nine checks (totaling \$1 million) in September 2008 and was arrested on a felony warrant in Rancho Mirage, California. That million is only a portion of what he lost to five casinos in Nevada and California in just one year. That's according to his federal bankruptcy filing, where he reported personal debts of \$12 million. The FBI has investigated him, and some of his own co-workers say he staged phony demonstrations of military technology for the U.S. government.

Montgomery has no formal scientific education, but over the past six years he seems to have convinced top people in the national security establishment that he had developed secret tools to save the world from terror and had decoded Al Qaeda transmissions. But the communications Montgomery said he was decrypting apparently didn't exist.

Since 1996 the Al Jazeera news network had been operating in the nation of Qatar, a U.S. ally in the war on terror. Montgomery claimed he had found something sinister disguised in Al Jazeera's broadcast signal that had nothing to do with what was being said on the air: Hidden in the signal were secret bar codes that told terrorists the terms of their next mission, laying out the latitudes and longitudes of targets, sometimes even flight numbers and dates. And (continued on page 164)





*"The aliens who stripped you naked—did they say which planet they were from?"*





SHE'S MORE THAN JUST A PRETTY FACE.  
WHAT IS IT ABOUT HER THAT KEEPS US  
FASCINATED?

# THE Kate Moss EFFECT

BY  
WILL  
SELF

*t*wo or three years ago—trust me, I don't remember which—I was standing in the cavernous marble hallway of art dealer Jay Jopling's London mansion when a young woman accosted me. "You're Marianne's friend, aren't you?" she said. As with the years, so it's become with names, faces and friendships for me—that's the tyranny of dictatorial Time, with his savage exile of all those mutinous brain cells to the Siberia of my brain.



Anyway, I looked into the face of this young woman, trying to recall who the hell my friend Marianne might be, when it dawned on me that she was rather a pretty young thing: a petite figure sheathed in a blue silk floor-length dress (it was an evening party), gold locks pulled back from a resolute forehead, a fine-bridged nose a shade away from being retroussé.

"Um, yeah," I fumbled, "I suppose I am—and you are...?"

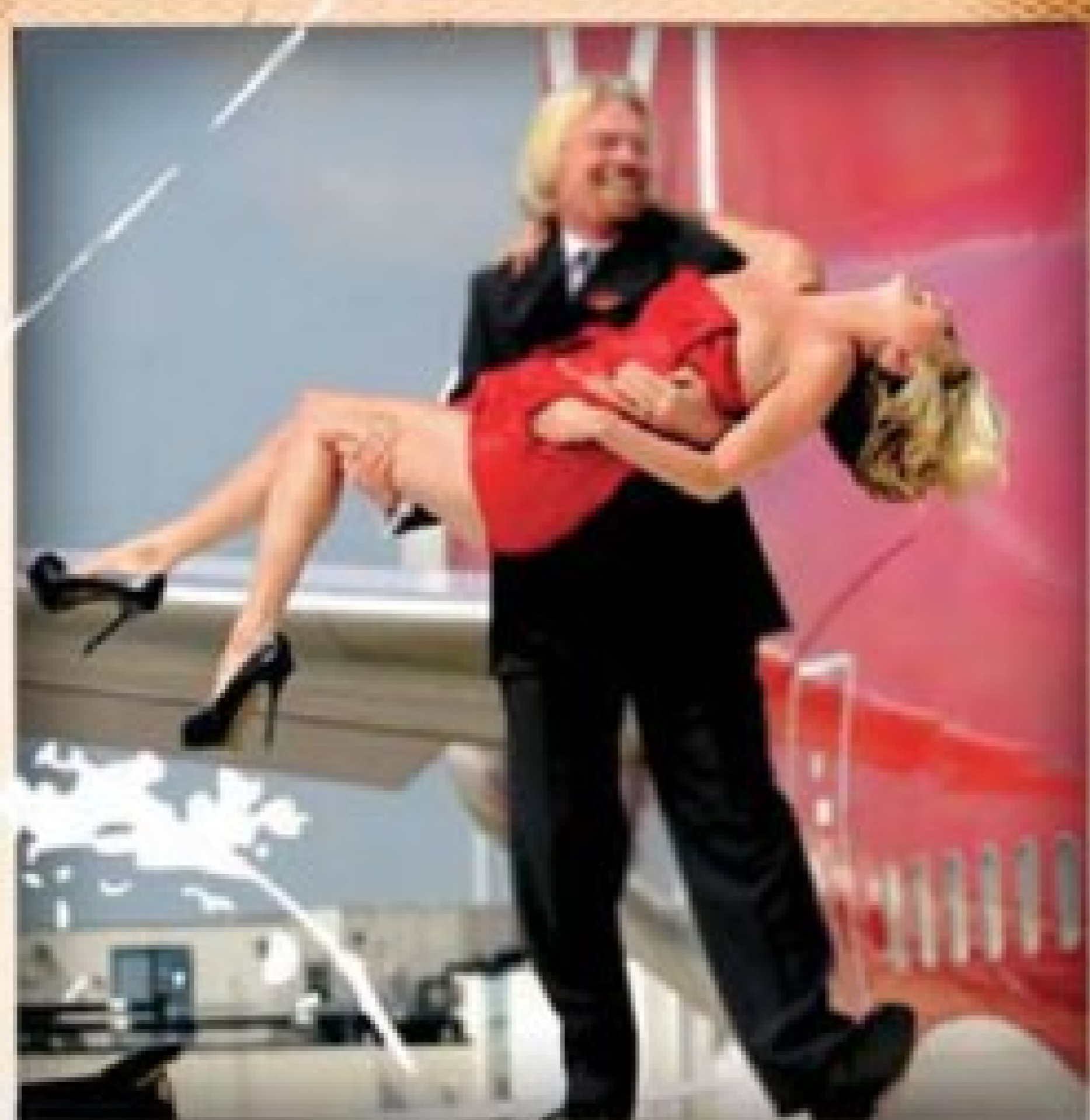
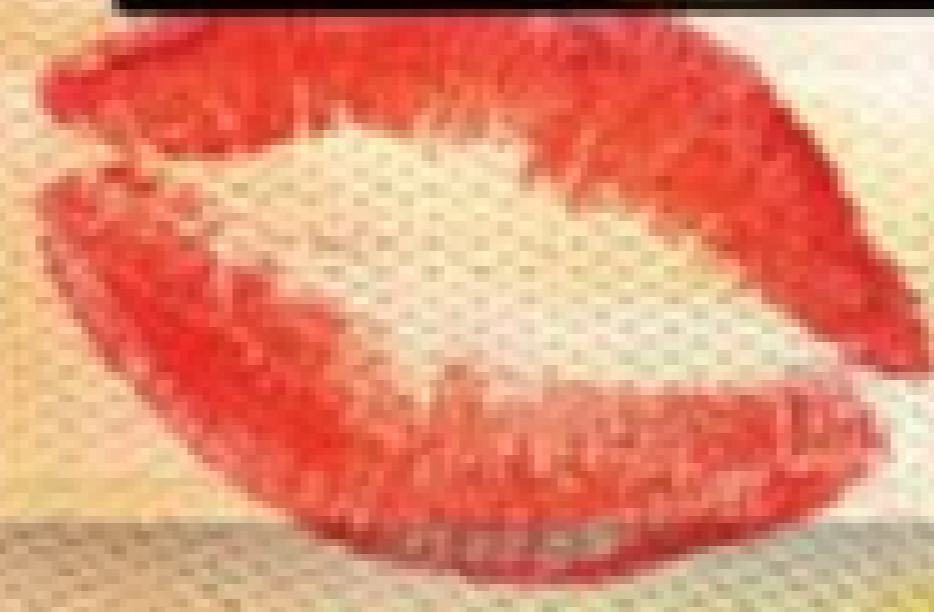
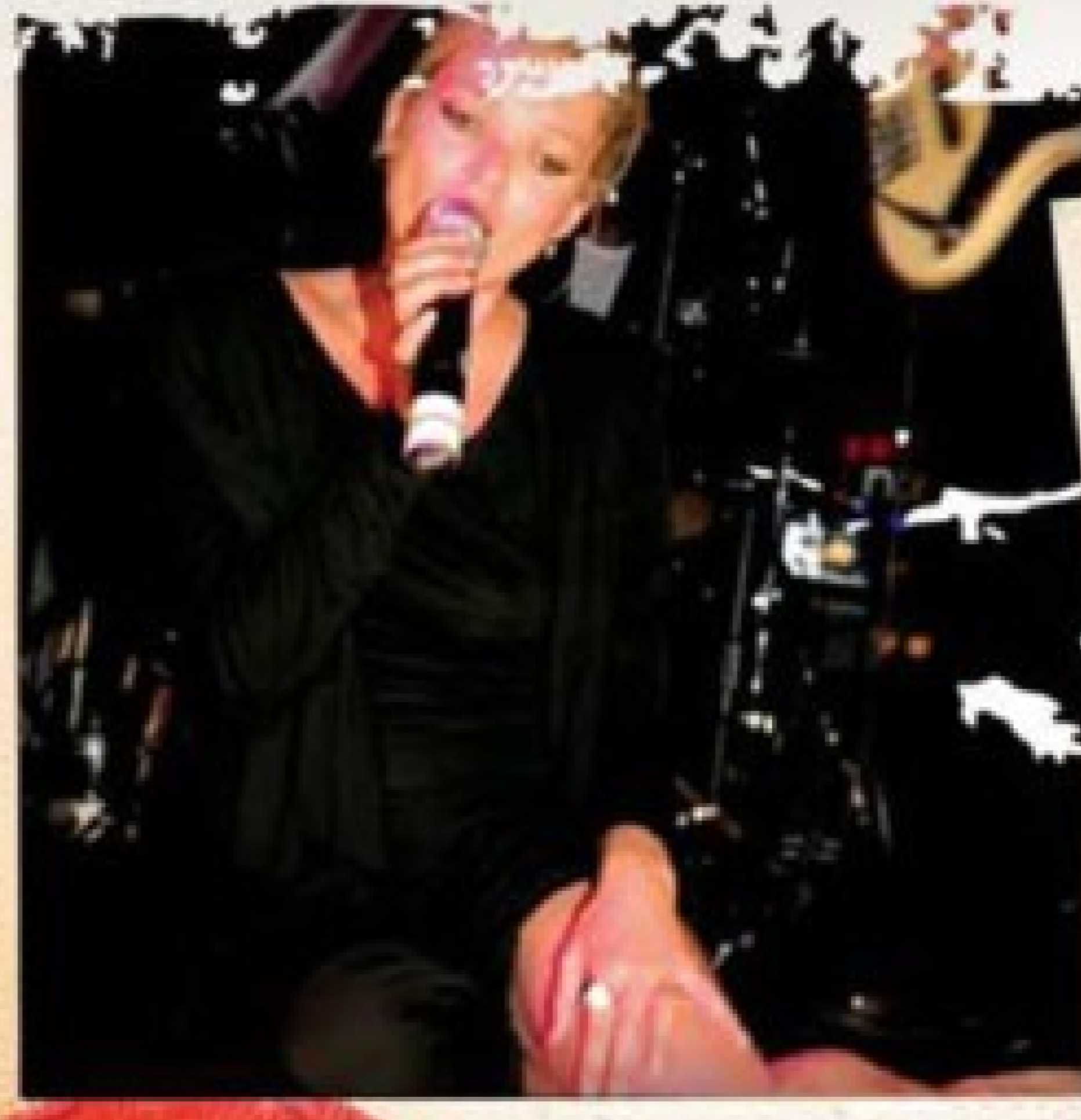
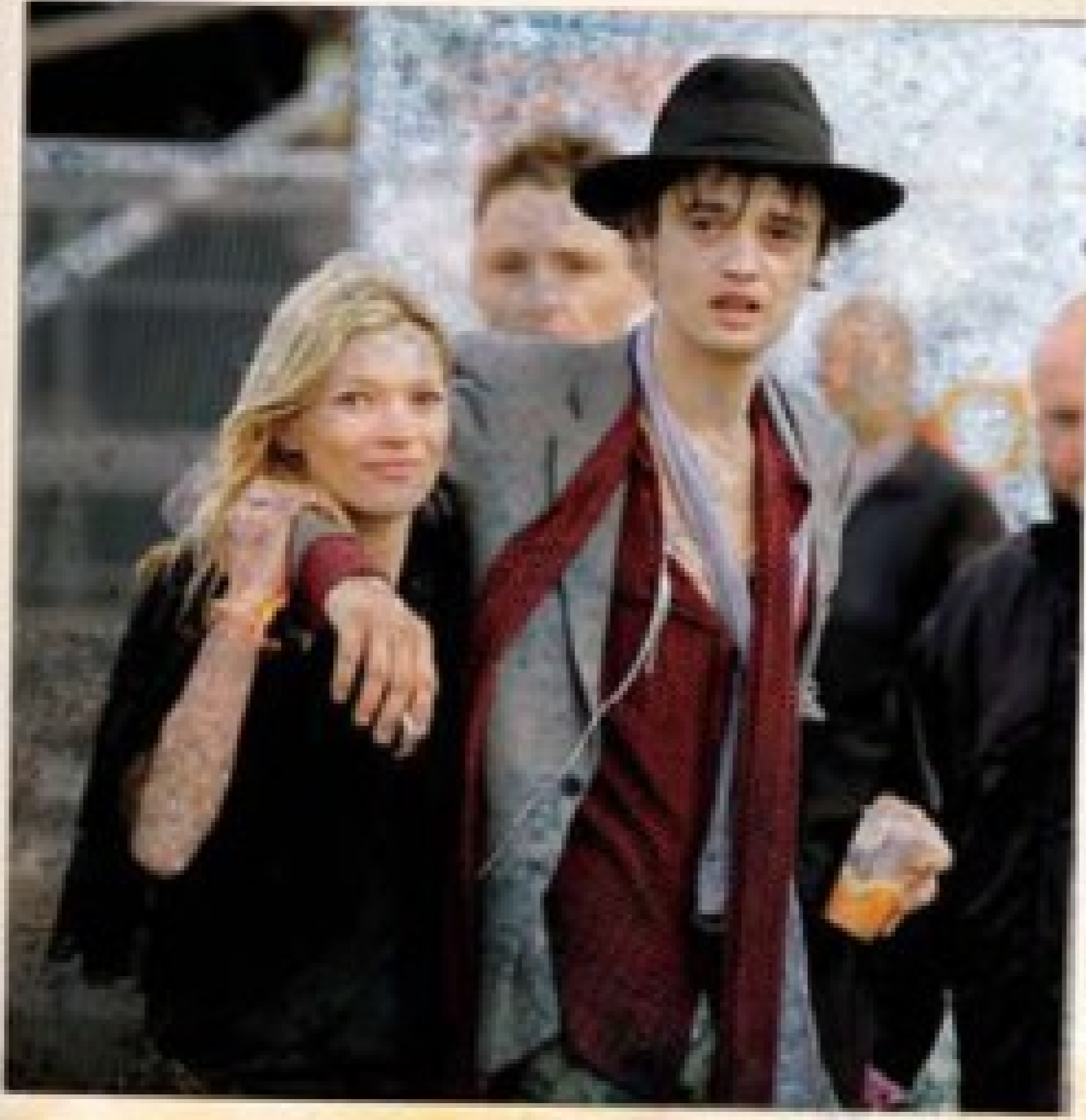
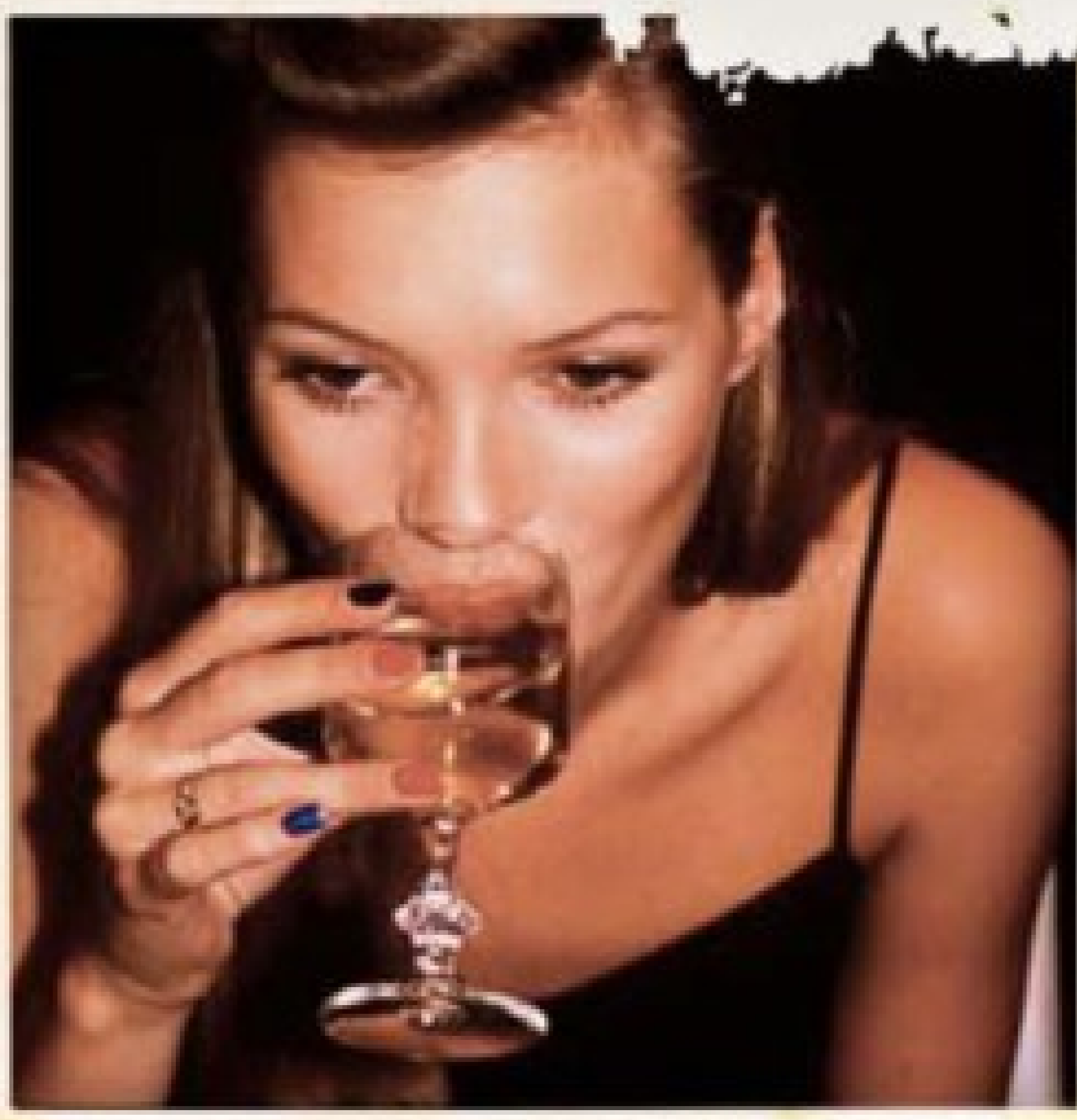
The expression on the pretty face mutated slightly, incredulity doing battle with the beginnings of affront, and as I observed this delightful play of emotions it occurred to me this wasn't simply an attractive young woman but a very attractive one.

"I'm Kate," she said, and hearing the distinctively flat vowels of the outer London burbs, I began to have the glimmering of a positive ID.

"Right, Kate," I said. "Kate...?"

I was surprised to find that not only was I still looking her directly in the face, but I'd become transfixed by it; it wasn't merely a beautiful face but quite possibly the most lovely one I'd ever had the privilege to gaze upon. It was strange, because there was nothing particularly distinctive about this visage if







you broke it down into its component features. It was rather as if the good-looking girl next door had turned out to be a goddess—and then, petrified as Actaeon was upon realizing it was Diana he had seen naked and bathing, I heard the fateful whine:

“Moss. I’m Kate Moss.”

I wouldn’t want to make too much of this episode, yet there does seem something blissful about my failure to recognize in the flesh Britain’s most famous supermodel and arguably her greatest contribution to the global stock of female pulchritude. It suggests not simply cultural amnesia on my part, a crusty insulation to the blizzard of imagery in this, the age of electronic reproduction, but a determination—albeit unconscious—to encounter every woman I meet anew, shorn of all that tiresome baggage, the Balenciaga handbags full of fame, the Louis Vuitton clutch bags blazoned with name and the Burberry plaid hold-alls stuffed with cash.

Besides, it wasn’t the last time I would fail to recognize Ms. Moss—but more of that later. For now let me state for the record that I was in fact an early Moss adopter. Back in the early 1990s I began to hear from a stylist girlfriend of mine about a young model from Croydon who was set to take the fashion world by storm (and through the modeling agency Storm). We were all hopelessly dissolute at the time, but even so the coinage *heroin chic*—which was already being applied to the Moss look—struck us as distinctly *outré*.

For stateside readers two concepts need to be explained here. Firstly Croydon, which is not so much a South London satellite town as a state of mind. Think *suburban*, then magnify all suggestions of dullness by the power of a hundred. The notion of Moss as the ultimately divine girl next door is given an earthly grounding in her origin among these serried ranks of redbrick and pebbledash semidetached houses, the daughter of a barmaid and a travel agent. Then there’s *heroin chic*, an expression that came out of a 1987 British government AIDS information campaign that featured a series of scabby waifs engaging in virus-transmissible activities under the slogan “Don’t die of ignorance.”

It was alleged at the time that kids, finding these posters cool, were tacking them onto their bedroom walls, but I have my doubts. What isn’t debatable is that heroin chic fed into the campaign Moss shot for Calvin Klein a few years later. Looking back at those black, white and greige all over images of the model in her late teens and her tiny



panties, I’m amazed at how wholesome she appears, since in the intervening years we’ve become utterly blasé about size-zero and age-Polanski models.

I don’t want to get bogged down in the Moss portfolio, because the truth is I’ve clocked only a couple of her campaigns. One was her hair-flicking prance for L’Oréal, although not because I’m a devotee of the shampoo; it is rather that the line “I declare war on split ends” insistently reminded me—and whichever of my kids I happened to be goggling at the box with—of the preamble to our digital wrestling bouts: “One, two, three, four, I declare a thumb war.”

Even dressed up to the nines in the L’Oréal ad, Mossy still looked like the kind of girl who wouldn’t mind a thumb war, a tickle and a glass of milk before bedtime. It’s not a Lolita thing, this—Moss looks her age; it’s a certain wholesomeness that against

all the evidence she manages effortlessly to project. A wholesomeness still bizarrely intact in this year’s Yves Saint Laurent Parisienne ad, which sees the clitoral rose petals afloat- ing onto her leather bustier as our Katie pleasures herself in a limo, rocking and rolling across Paris to the accompani- ment of Depeche Mode.

Not one of those 2 billion magazines the Moss mush has fronted were flogged to me—nor you, I imagine, and it’s not we who form the core market for whichever smelly water,

slap or *schmatte* she’s being employed to flog this week. But globally, orbiting like a mirror above womankind, Moss reflects back at our wives, our girlfriends, our daughters and even our mothers their dream of being excessively beautiful in the way only she is: super- ordinary, to coin an expression.

Up until 2005, when pictures of Moss honking cocaine were plastered across the front cover of Britain’s *Daily Mirror* newspaper, she had an impressive shtick going as the J.D. Salinger of the beautiful people: She had never given an interview, and her public pronounc- ements were either the gnomic utterances

of some catwalk sage or else the sort of sweet nothings we expect to drop out of an empty head. It depended on which way you wanted to take it (and her). All this fed into artist Marc Quinn’s desire to create a gold statue of La Mossima entitled simply *Siren*.

Quinn had done an earlier Moss statue in bronze. He managed to cast her head, but the model—perhaps wisely—offered the limbs of others in lieu of



**With perfect insouciance, Kate Moss prowls the catwalk in London (top) and dons a cravat for a Paris exhibition (middle). Miss X is hardly anonymous.**



her own and refused to be portrayed without her tiny top and panties. *Siren* has the Moss-alike looking suitably ataraxic, her legs tucked behind her golden head, her pudenda on the addenda to the plinth and the pupils of her priceless eyes burnished mirror shiny.

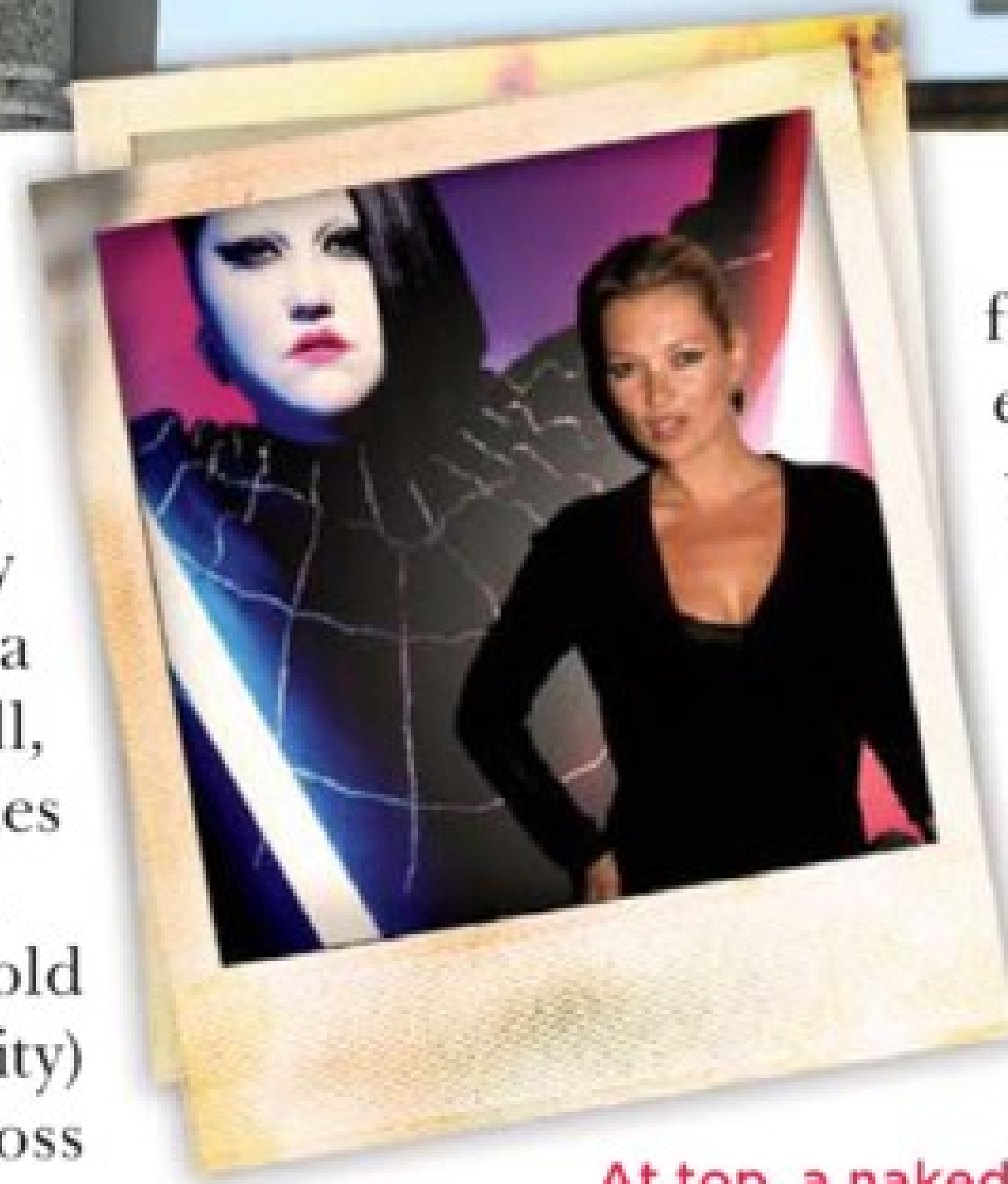
It was a bumper time for British artists making fuck-off expensive works. Damien Hirst exhibited *For Love of God*, a diamond-encrusted platinum skull that sported a sales tag of £50 million. I'd handled the skull in a vault in London's diamond district, Hatton Garden, and a few months later I got to heft the skinny golden Moss-calf, which was stashed in a vault a mile or so away in Goldsmiths' Hall, the City HQ of one of the livery companies descended from London's medieval guilds.

At 110 pounds, the hollow 18-karat-gold statue (the largest to be made since antiquity) was coincidentally the same weight as Moss herself. As someone who has lifted her on to her plinth, I can attest she's a cold hard bitch who comes apart at a central seam. Quinn and I were at the Goldsmiths' Hall to have a chat about *Siren* for the catalog piece I was writing, and it was an irony not lost on us that the piece—which cost £1.5 million to make—was steadily appreciating in value because all the liquidity was being sucked out of the surrounding financial district.

But Quinn's *Siren* didn't lure all those traders to the rocks any more than Kate Moss's alleged cocaine use tarnished the image of unrestricted consumer greed leading to the great postboom hangover. If you're looking for a model (ha-ha) of recovery from an economic crash, go no further than Moss, whose four-line statement in the wake of the *Mirror* revelations was—given her sphinxlike public silence—the equivalent of any other star's tit-beating mea culpa on *Oprah*. With a judicious parachuting into rehab and a little lie-low for a couple of months, she was back maxing out her billings before the next year's prêt-à-porter shows.

Without wishing to cast myself as a major scenester, the behavior that led to Moss's little tabloid trip in 2005 was already well-known to insiders, and once she started running with former Libertines frontman Pete Doherty it seemed only a matter of time before she stumbled and fell. Doherty was a poster boy on the heroin-shabby side of things and seemed hell-bent on dying of ignorance; paparazzi followed them everywhere, and the bed-hopping, partner-swapping high jinks of Moss and her coterie—dubbed “the Primrose Hill set” after the tony North London neighborhood where they mostly lived—had become the nation's staple breakfast reading.

Throughout it all Moss remained oddly glowing, like her golden alter ego or some latter-day



At top, a naked Kate looms above the mortals on Sunset Boulevard. Above, at a 2009 launch party in London.

## SHE'S GIVEN TO COOKING HER VERSION OF A FULL ENGLISH BREAKFAST.



The face that launched a thousand ships: Kate sunbathing last spring on a boat off Nice.

Dorian Gray. So when I say she comes apart at a central seam, I mean it. There's obviously the shrewd Kate Moss who is very much the architect of her own image and destiny, and there's another Kate who, despite more than averagely high appetites for those things in life that can be very good until they turn very nasty, nonetheless commands a fierce loyalty.

And mark this: It isn't simply a loyalty owed by her close friends—the *omertà* ripples out to include a generous sector of London's bohemian haut monde, which brings me, neatly enough, to what I term the Second Great Moment of Non-Recognition. Earlier this year I was asked by a mutual friend to do a turn at a celebrity talent show being staged for charity, and so I pitched up at the Café de Paris to perform a trick cycle act of my own devising, comprising me and three scantily clad lovelies.

In the greenroom I saw a neat-featured blonde I thought was one of the lovelies allotted to me by the organizer and hailed her accordingly, “Hi, Ruby!”

“Ruby!” Moss spat—for indeed, it was she. “I'm no fucking Ruby!”

Throughout the evening, under the eyes of hundreds of people, Moss behaved, shall we say, with flamboyant disregard for convention. I shan't go into detail, but while ostensibly part of a sober judging panel she often disappeared beneath the table. No one saw fit to censure her, and I'm not about to. From what the mutual friends tell me, she's a charming soul given to cooking them her version of a full English breakfast after abandoned all-nighters. It seems fitting that Britain's greatest model should produce a model breakfast. This normally robust repast consists of multiple eggs, bacon rashers, sausages, baked beans and fried bread, but after the Moss treatment it becomes a *bonne bouche*-size affair: a single tiny egg, a sole toenail-size piece of bacon and half a piece of dry toast.

Perhaps the last word on Moss belongs to my wife, herself a keen aficionado of female beauty—and not in the manner of a credulous consumer. At the same party where I first failed to recognize Moss, my wife had a long chat with her. They were getting on so well that Moss asked if she could take my wife's number.

“Don't bother,” my wife said self-deprecatingly. “We both know you'll never ring it, but if you like I'll take yours.”

When she told me this later I asked eagerly, “And did you? Did you take her number?”

“Well,” my wife said philosophically, “I wanted to, and I had my phone out to key it in, but I just couldn't bear to take my eyes away from her face to look at the keypad.”

Believe me, Kate Moss really is that beautiful.

STYLING: KEEFER.COM





PLAYBOY'S WOMEN OF VIDEO GAMES

# Playing Hard to Get

VIDEO GAMES LET US LIVE OUT OUR FANTASIES. AND WE FANTASIZE ABOUT MORE THAN JUST SHOOTING BIG GUNS. FROM DEMON LOVERS TO MOB MOLLS TO ARMS DEALERS, THESE ARE THE YEAR'S HOTTEST INTERACTIVE INAMORATAS

**HECUBA MANEROS** GOD OF WAR III (PS3)

She knew there was never any real hope, of course. All the other concubines had died days ago. Poseidon had left them with no food, only water. And lots of it, the bastard. So she made her peace with Zeus and prepared for the journey across the River Styx. But now what was this Spartan doing here? And why was he covered in ashes and blood? More important, was he here to help her? No, she thought. This is not a man who knows compassion, either given or received. Athena, bless my soul, she thought, for all is truly lost.



**LOLITA CHANG**  
CRIMECRAFT (PC)

Lolita runs a tight shop. Ever the self-reliant type, she personally cleans, oils and files the serial numbers off every gun she gets as soon as they come in so they're always ready to go. Kind of like Lolita herself. Just make sure you're in fighting form; she's been known to take potshots at men who don't deliver the goods.

**SKYLAR ST. CLAIRE**  
THE SABOTEUR (360, PC, PS3)

When Sean drunkenly propositioned her last night, there was little Skylar could do to resist, between the leather, the smell of engine oil and his win on the race-track. Plus, they're on the same side, spying on the Nazis. It was a relief to be with someone who understood how bold hiding can be, even for one night.







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**BEATRICE  
PORTINARI**  
**DANTE'S  
INFERNO (360,  
PSP, PS3)**

Lie down with dogs, you get up with fleas. Lie down with the lord of filth and flies, and you get eternity in the underworld. Beatrice wanted only to keep Dante safe while he fought in the crusades. Being abducted by the Prince of Darkness was not part of the bargain. But while she knows her lover is the cause of her soul's damnation, she also knows his devotion to her is the key to her salvation. Oh, Dante, will you remain true?



**BELLA ANTONELLI**  
**MAFIA II (360, PC, PS3)**

So the heist didn't go perfect, Vito thought to himself. Joe never could keep his big mouth shut. But he was alive, wasn't he? And alive with a couple bullet holes beats dead and pretty. Besides, Maria here (it was Maria, right?) was pretty enough for both of them. Hell, a little pain and suffering were worth it to see the look on Eddie's face when he tossed four sacks of cash onto his desk all casual-like. But first, a toast. To Maria. It was Maria, right?

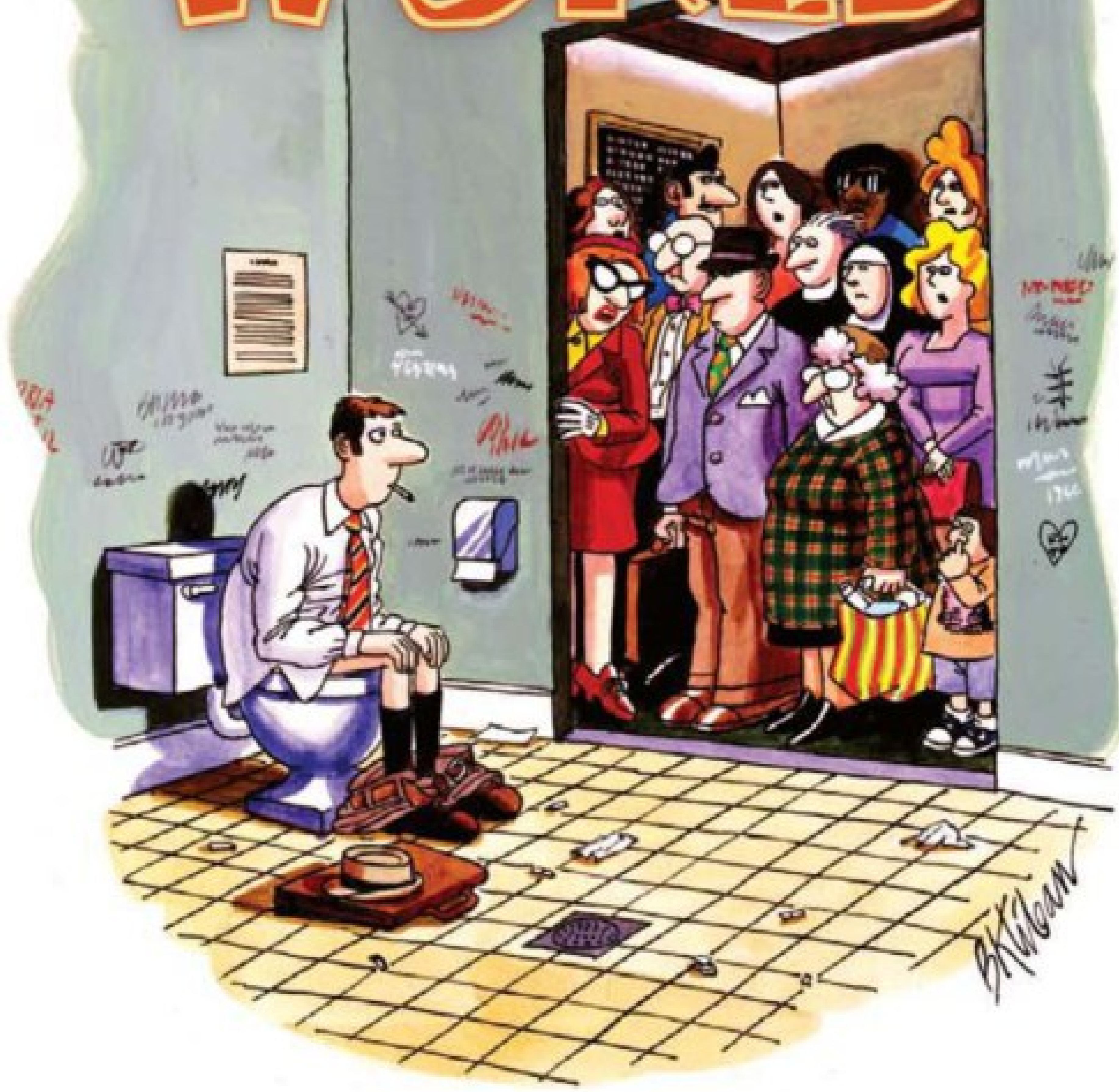


**MADISON PAIGE**  
**HEAVY RAIN (PS3)**

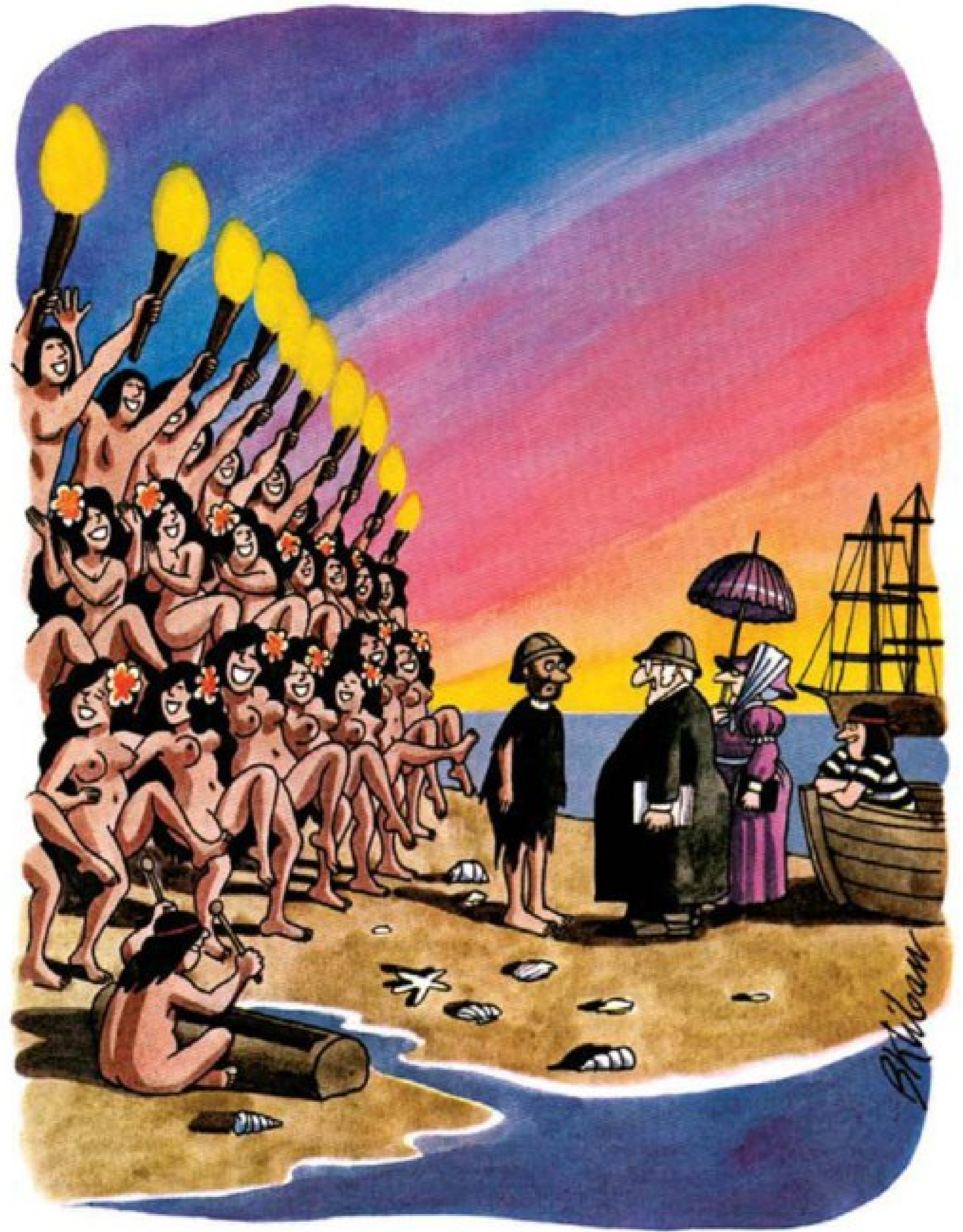
Madison hadn't slept in three days, and "drained" didn't begin to cover it. All she knew was she didn't want to see Them again. Not now. There was no way she could take it in her state. Right now all she wanted was a shower. Something hot and wet to wash the cold, dirty world off her. The water would do her good. After that it was time to get dressed, get her camera and voice recorder, then head over to that motel. She'd be able to sleep there; she was sure of it.



# KLIBAN'S WORLD



*"Third floor...men's room."*



*"Christianity? I thought you said to teach them choreography!"*

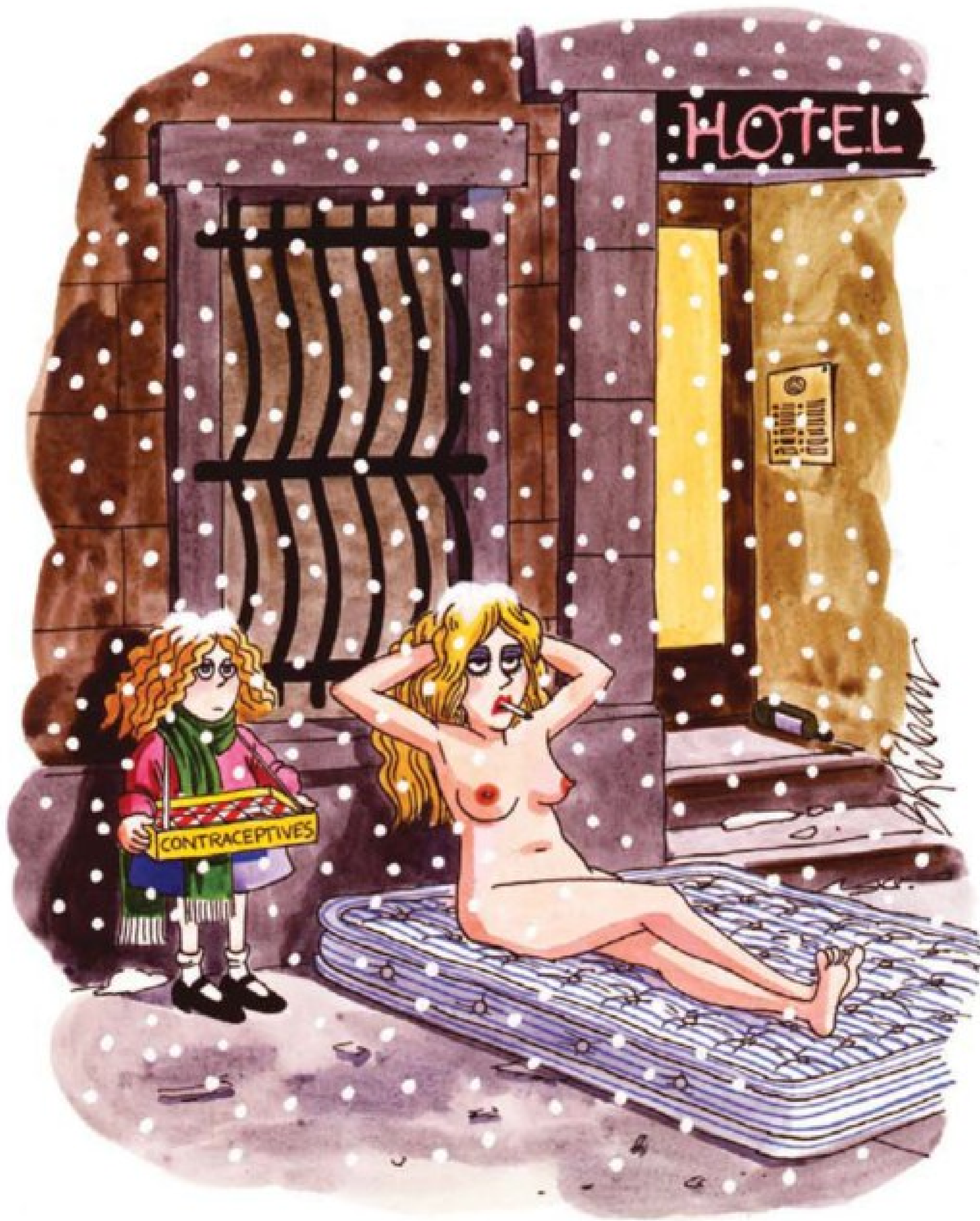


*"All right, who slipped me the rubber knife?"*

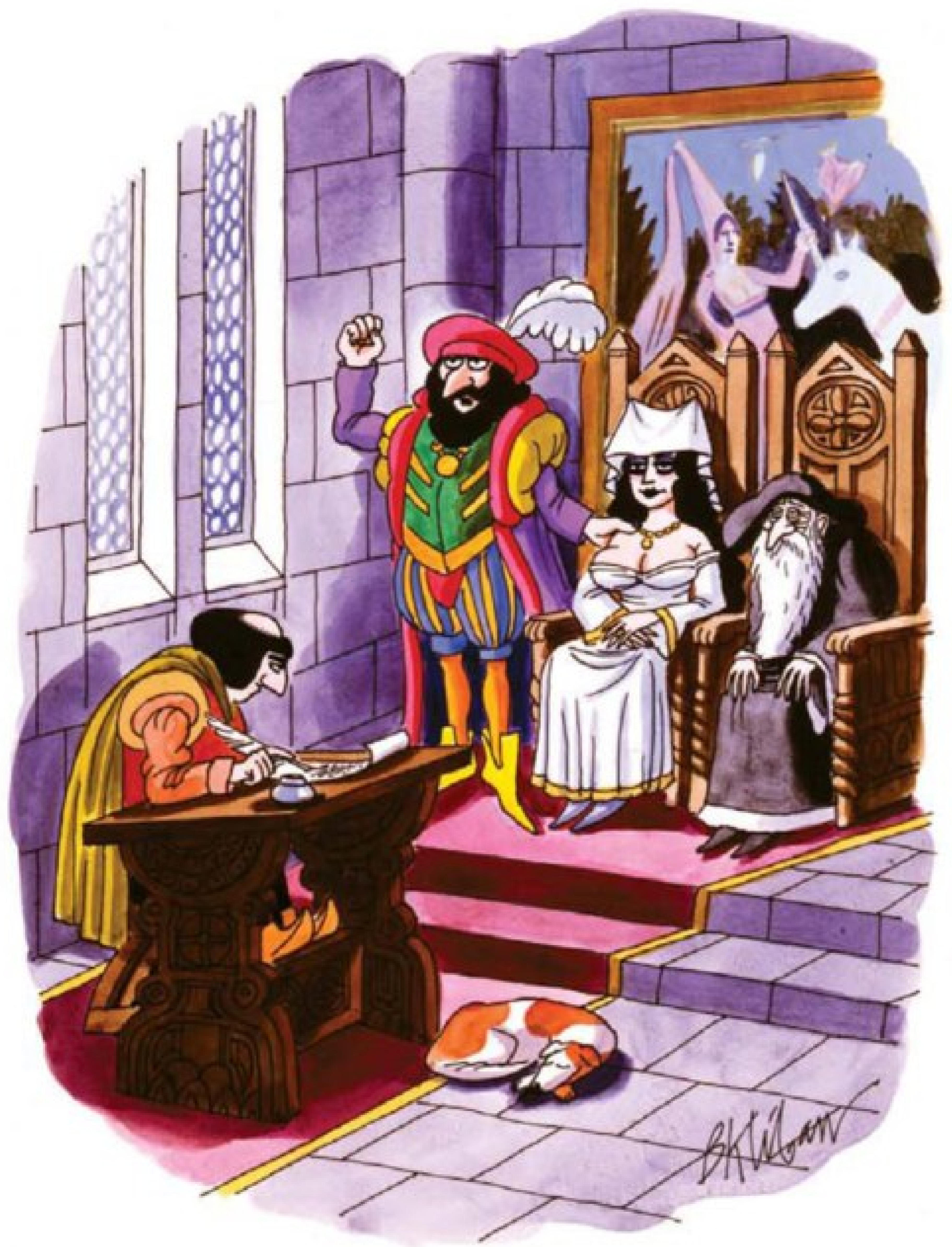


*"Do come along, Babs! We're going to sell our bodies to strangers!"*





*"What the hell, kid, let's call it a day!"*



*"And I swear by the virtue of my sister... No, better make that, I swear by the beard of my father..."*



*"Sometimes I miss the old piano bar!"*



*"Gee, Sally, I can see my face in your dishes!"*



# A CUT ABOVE



PLAYBOY'S  
ULTIMATE  
REAL MAN'S

GUIDE TO  
*Grooming*  
2010.

ENTER THE  
NEW DECADE  
WITH YOUR  
BEST FACE  
FORWARD

BY STEVE GARBARINO



**"IN TODAY'S WORLD, APPEARANCE AND CONDUCT MATTER,"** wrote Clinton T. Greenleaf III in *Attention to Detail: A Gentlemen's Guide to Professional Appearance and Conduct*. "People are initially judged by the way they look. Those who want to succeed take the time to look their best and act appropriately on all occasions. The level of care reflected in your appearance and manners attracts positive attention and admiration, which fosters confidence." Too true—now more than ever. Even if it's a front, it doesn't matter. Want that job? You'd better exude confidence and togetherness. Want that girl? Then you'd better look as if you care about yourself as much as *she* should (or she'll think you're yet another of the "fun-employed"). Woody Allen once quipped, "Eighty percent of success is showing up." Well, in these hairy times at least 10 percent of it is about looking well-groomed *and* showing up. Get it together with this essential, classic guide to cleaning up your act or letting it all hang out—either way, smartly. It's 2010, for Christ's sake.

**HOT SEAT:** The Aidan Gill for Men barbershop, New Orleans (above).

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag



# Slice of Life

## THE LATEST IN CUTTING-EDGE RAZORS? VINTAGE BLADES

**B**efore the days of disposable Bics and plastic Mach3s, when shaves were close, drinks were stiff and there was no such gender as metrosexual, civilized males used straight-edged razors to shear themselves with panache. Although men weren't self-conscious enough to take real notice, their shavers were statements of refinement and personality. England's Steve Dempster has made it his mission to exhume and preserve some of the finer vintage makes. His company, the Invisible Edge ([www.theinvisibleedge.co.uk](http://www.theinvisibleedge.co.uk)), restores and sells artfully constructed straight razors in shave-ready condition. "Using a straight shows you have courage enough to master a potentially dangerous new skill," Dempster says, "and you're fed up with buying throwaway bits of plastic just to save yourself 10 minutes in the morning." When handled correctly, a straight razor will remove stubble in one pass and minimally exfoliate the skin rather than leave razor burn. A good high-carbon-steel blade will last a lifetime—and looks awfully old-school on your washstand. At right is a selection of restored vintage razors from Dempster's apothecary, as well as from Aidan Gill ([aidangillformen.com](http://aidangillformen.com)). From top: Made in Britain circa 1890, with tortoiseshell handle and gold-wash blade (\$80); new Edwin Jagger old-fashioned chopper replica (\$380); W.R. Case & Sons' Case's Ace, made in Bradford, Pennsylvania in the 1930s (\$140 to \$175); Frederick Fenney's Tally-Ho!, made in Ireland in the 1840s, fitted with new buffalo-horn handle (\$270 to \$320); the Thiers-Issard Guillochage, made in France in the late 20th century, with blond buffalo-horn handle (\$240 to \$270); circa 1910 (\$90). —Jared Paul Stern



## ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

**A** rule of thumb: It's cool for guys to go for a spa getaway but only if there's a bar. Which the new Spa of the Rockies has. Just west of Vail and Aspen, in tiny Glenwood Springs, it also boasts the largest mineral hot-springs pool in the world. A far cry from John Denver's earnest warbles, the spa is coed but has taken steps to ensure that mountain men will be content. The rooms in the newly renovated circa-1888 sandstone bathhouse have been kitted out with flat-screen TVs, and it offers special massage treatments designed for fellows in need of R&R. Couples treatments are also available, or men can unwind solo with a mineral soak in the wood-paneled locker room. Grab a "cab" at the poolside grill or get a workout in the athletic club. The hot-springs pool spans the length of two city blocks and stays at 90 degrees year-round, so it's well worth a ski-trip detour. Is anything better than watching a snowstorm steam up your hot tub of love, along with a bottle of red? (\$139 to \$309 a night, [hotspringspool.com](http://hotspringspool.com)) —J.P.S.



**TIP NO. 1:** There's never a reason to keep a raised mole on your face unless it's talking to you... and then you're insane. A dermatologist can get rid of it by laser. It doesn't hurt and takes less than a minute, but be careful around your eyes—those areas could scar. If your doctor is a pal, he'll let health insurance cover it, claiming it could be precancerous.





## IT'S IN THE BAG

THE ONLY "MURSE" A MAN WILL EVER NEED, AND ALL THAT GOES IN IT



Genericized like the Scotch tape and Q-tips brands, the dopp kit—invented in 1936—has come to define any leather or nylon carrier in which to keep your hair, teeth and face gear when traveling. The brainchild of the leather-goods maker Charles Doppelt, the size of the thing says it all: If it doesn't fit, leave it behind. Designers such as Jack Spade, Mulholland Brothers and Salvatore Ferragamo offer refined dopps that have come a long way from the ones issued to GIs during World War II. OakStreet Man makes the ultimate version (\$600, oakstreetman.net), handmade from the finest Italian and Scandinavian leathers, with a washable cotton-linen liner and a set of German steel grooming tools. What else to put in it? Take your pick. —J.P.S.

**INSIDE THE KIT, FROM LEFT:** Tom Ford Tuscan Leather Eau de Parfum (\$260), a fragrance tough guys can wear with pride; Neutrogena T-Gel shampoo (\$5), a fine

everyday washer that also helps control dandruff; Shave Emollient Relieve by Hommage (\$65), what they shave with in Paris; Smooth and Sophisticated

Pomade by Axe (\$6), because pomade never goes out of style; Grooming Lounge ultrasoft badger shaving brush (\$90), because your face deserves it.

**OUTSIDE THE KIT, FROM LEFT:** Pinaud Clubman aftershave lotion (\$7), with a bottle that looks as if it belongs on a bar; Kent gentlemen's hairbrush (\$136),

old school, just like your dad had; Clinique Skin Supplies for Men Age Defense for Eyes (\$23), for protecting your body's most sensitive skin; Jack Black RxSeries

Protein Booster Skin Serum (\$60), to help keep the years off your face; Man-groomer Private Body Shaver (\$40)—keep this one in a drawer where she won't see it.

# Stiff Upper Lip

IF YOU ARE GOING TO SPORT A MUSTACHE, KNOW THAT YOU WILL BE TYPECAST

"Bias is everywhere, and the deep discrimination against the mustached American race in the United States has

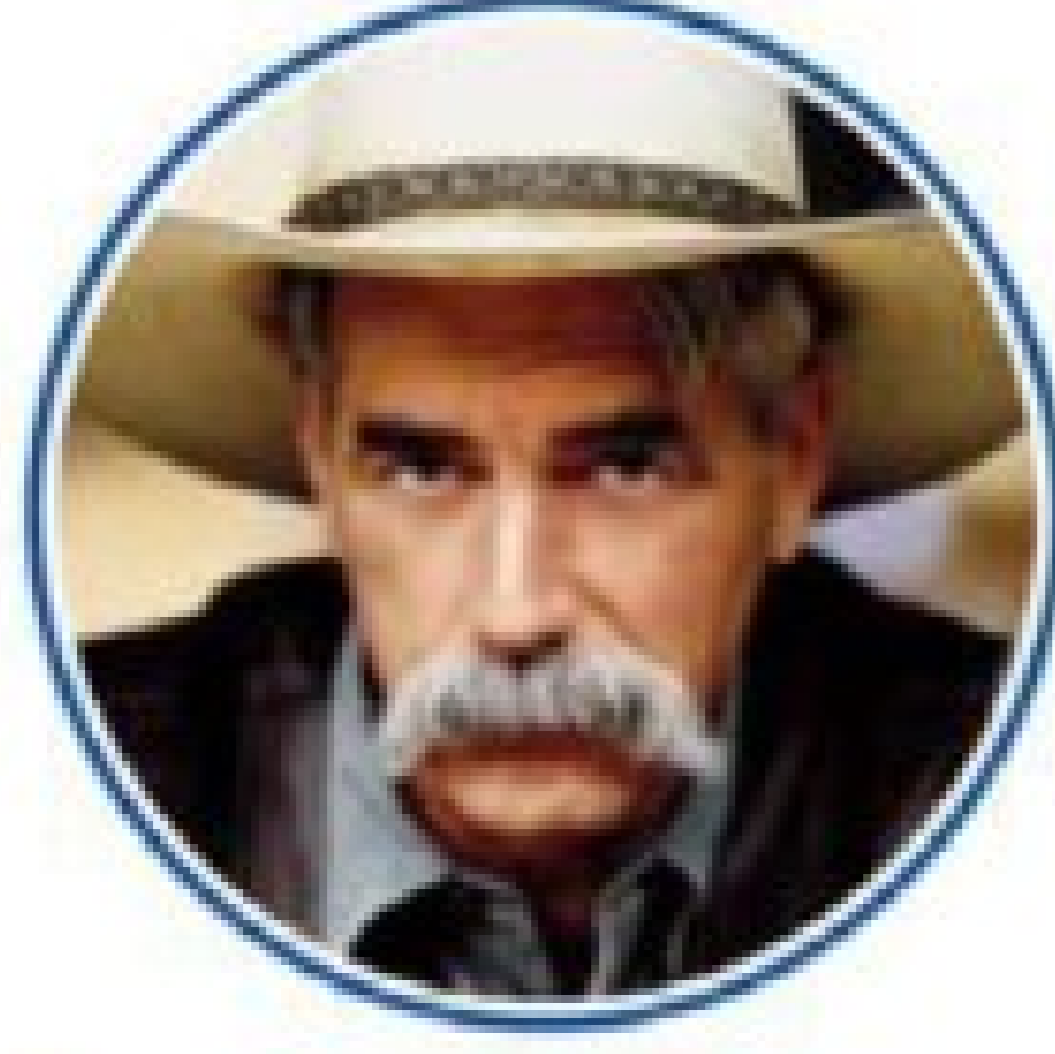
been pervasive since the 1960s," warns the American Mustache Institute. "Acceptance of lip sweaters has ebbed

and flowed, but the mustache's glory years, of course, were the 1970s, when a man or woman could wear a mustache

without scorn." In recent years the mustache has resurfaced, particularly among the Hollywood elite at work.

Ask Daniel Craig. He grows a mustache and—voilà—he's a cop. On Broadway. The thing about a mustache: Wear it

self-consciously and you're a rube. Wear it with pride and you are now any of the following types of mustachioed men.



**The Good Old Boy**  
Burt Reynolds, Josh Brolin, Jackie Gleason, Sam Elliott

**The Goofball**  
Charlie Chaplin, Groucho Marx, Gene Shalit, Peter Sellers, Borat

**The Cocksman**  
Billy Dee Williams, Freddie Mercury, Errol Flynn, Clark Gable, Tom Selleck

**The Sleaze**  
John Waters, Philip Seymour Hoffman, Ron Jeremy, Wooderson

**The Villain**  
G. Gordon Liddy, Adolf Hitler, Captain Hook, Vincent Price

**The Tycoon**  
Howard Hughes, Ted Turner, John D. Rockefeller, Daniel Plainview

**TIP NO. 2:** There are only a few things men should absolutely manscape: unibrows, toenails, fingernails and nose, ear and back hair. As for pubic grooming, to each his (and her) own.







**CHOP SHOP:** New Orleans barber Aidan Gill.

# Making the Cut

**UNISEX IS DEAD: ENTER THE BARBERSHOP REVIVAL**

**A**long with the milkman, the soda jerk, the shoe shiner and the newspaper boy, the neighborhood barber seemed to have vanished. In these economically addled times, however, with men looking for ways to cut back, hot towels, straight-razor shaves and classic cuts (with a complimentary Guinness or scotch) are increasingly in demand. Think of the barbershop as an affordable way to pass some time and get

yourself cleaned up in the process. “A guy walks into a place like ours and says to himself, This is how it’s supposed to be; this is home,” says Aidan Gill, whose Aidan Gill for Men in the Uptown neighborhood of New Orleans is a temple to the barber’s craft. In business for almost 20 years—and a survivor of Hurricane Katrina—Gill is vigorously traditional. But that’s not to be confused with sentimental. When, a month before his

suicide, Hunter S. Thompson sat for a shave and a haircut in Gill’s chair and asked permission to smoke (he also offered Gill a line of cocaine), Gill told the good doctor, “Light yourself on fire for all I care.” According to a recent census, 47,426 barbershops operate in the States today—surely there’s one a short distance from you. While barbering may be considered a humble profession, the new crop of barbershops have a fresh grip on time-

honored skills. It is, to them, an art. Says the religiously bow-tied Gill, “If I am going to be a humble barber, then I am going to be the best fucking humble barber in the history of the universe.” Adds Goose, proprietor of Legends: The Barbershop, an 18-seat L.A. spot where the barbers have tattooed scissors on their arms, “Every man needs a good mechanic, a good barber and a good tailor. He finds a good one, he sticks with them.” —Mike Ruffino



## THE LIST

**PLAYBOY'S TOP 10 BARBERSHOPS IN AMERICA**

1. **Aidan Gill**—2026 Magazine Street, New Orleans, 504-587-9090, aidangillformen.com
2. **Legends**—5320 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, 323-936-8922, legendsthebarbershop.com
3. **Neighborhood Barbers**—439 East Ninth Street, New York, 212-777-0798, neighborhoodbarbersnyc.com
4. **Freemans Sporting Club**—8 Rivington Street, New York,

- 212-673-3209, freemansportingclub.com
5. **2B Groomed Studios**—270 South 11th Street, Philadelphia, 215-925-3505, 2bgroomed.com
6. **State Street Barbers**—1151 West Webster Avenue, Chicago, 773-477-7721, statestreetbarbers.com
7. **Man-Mur Barber Shop**—2708 Hillsborough Street, Raleigh, North Carolina,

- 919-832-4140
8. **La Flamme**—21 Dunster Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 617-354-8377
9. **Acme Barber Shop**—103a Bellevue Avenue East, Seattle, 206-709-2263, acmebarbershop.com
10. **Michael Alan's**—1400 Kings Highway, North Cherry Hill, New Jersey, 856-354-1212, michaelalansbarbers.com



**TIP NO. 3:** Smoke much? Ever gotten drunk and burned a brow or singed your eyelashes? Men can now use Latisse, the Brooke Shields–endorsed solution that noticeably grows lashes back in two months. To apply, squeeze one drop onto a small brush and run it just over the eyelid or under the eyebrow. The prescription medication costs \$120 for a month’s supply.





Detective Lieutenant  
Joseph Petrosino

**GIUSEPPE PETROSINO**

**AND  
THE**

**BLACK  
HAND**

BY JAMES DALESSANDRO



# THE BIRTH OF THE MOB PITTED THE FIRST GODFATHER AGAINST NEW YORK'S FINEST DETECTIVE



*"If Petrosino had died a president or an emperor, no deeper or truer show of feeling could have been manifested than was shown by the 200,000 citizens who lined the sidewalks."*  
—The New York Times, April 13, 1909



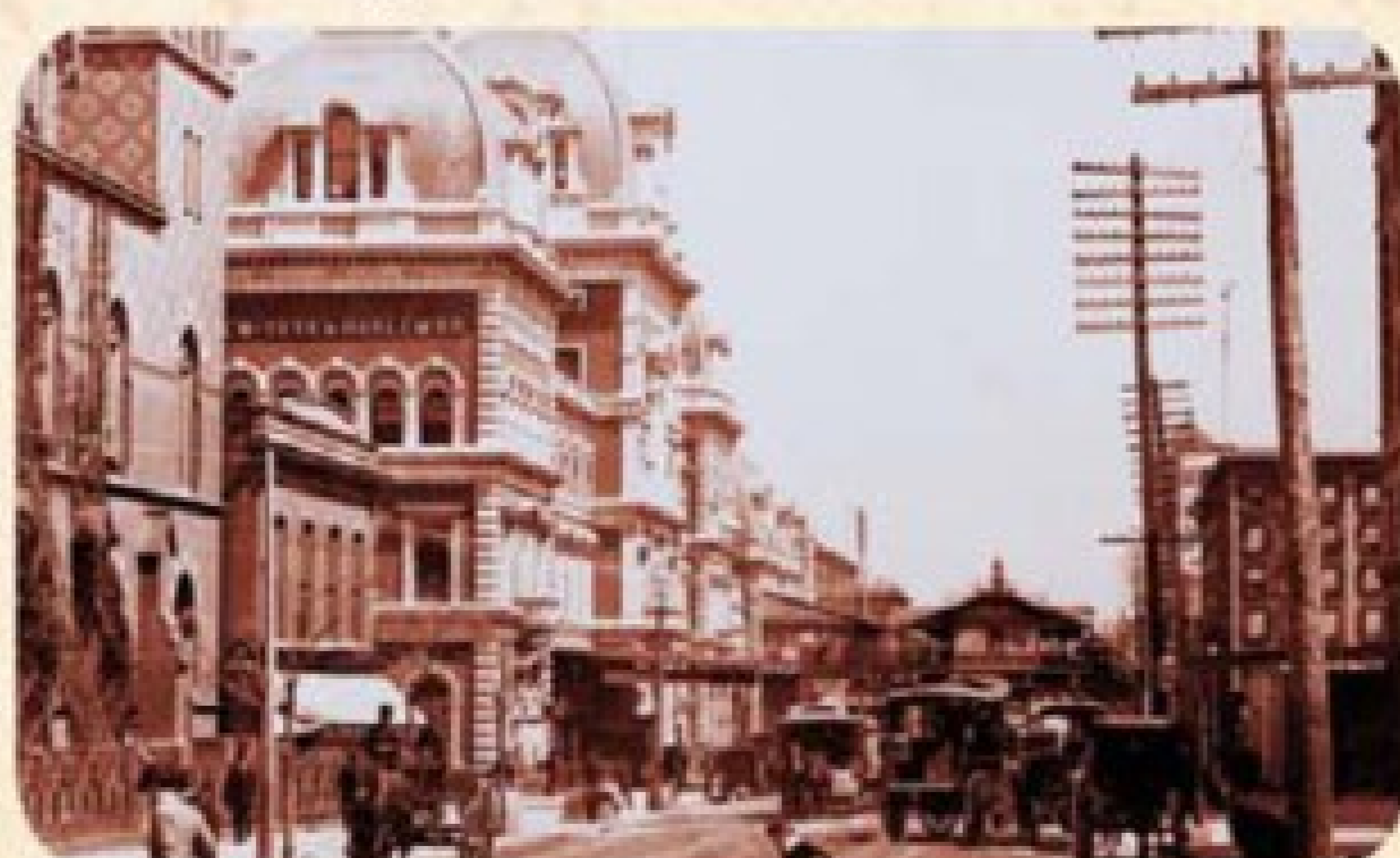
**I**t was a funeral as only New Yorkers do funerals.

The body of NYPD detective lieutenant Joseph Petrosino arrived in New York Harbor from Palermo aboard the *Slavonia* on Good Friday, April 9, 1909. When the coffin was opened, the undertakers nearly fainted: Sent home unembalmed, the body was black and swollen, a final insult and warning from Petrosino's mafioso enemies.

A day later grief and accusations echoed down Lafayette Street. Petrosino lay in wake inside the Republican League, the same place from which Petrosino's lifelong friend and ally Theodore Roosevelt had helped launch both their legends. *È morto, il povero Petrosino!* He's dead, poor Petrosino, assassinated by the Mafia, against whom he had battled all his adult life. Day and night they came, 11,000 mourners in

black suits and bowler hats, black lace dresses and squeaky grandmother's shoes, in butcher's aprons, in whipcord blues with gleaming brass buttons, trudging the narrow stairway to the closed wooden coffin with its cross of pink and white carnations.

Just after noon on Monday, April 12, New York stood still as Petrosino's coffin was carried from Old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mott Street to a six-horse caisson. If the weight of the hermetically sealed metal container inside the wooden coffin did not buckle the knees of the NYPD pallbearers, the sight before them must have: a sea of humanity, lining sidewalks, crowding onto rooftops, hanging from lampposts, leaning from window ledges. They tossed flowers, waved flags and wept. Every shop in the city closed, every school and of-



fice shuttered, every flagpole trimmed at half-mast. Five open carriages full of flowers, 3,200 policemen, including five platoons of mounted officers, 333 firefighters, all 60 of the city's Italian fraternal organizations, more than 3,000 marchers in the funeral cortege alone. On point marched the police band; behind it, in scarlet tunics and blue-gray trousers, strode the patriotic Garibaldi Guard. At every block they alternated "Nearer, My God, to Thee" with the Italian national anthem. Ten times police had to push back the crowd.

Nearly a quarter of a million people came to honor a detective who earned \$2,700 a year at the time of his death. Giuseppe "Joseph" Petrosino was the poorest man ever to receive a public funeral in New York, a member of one of the most reviled nationalities to limp ashore in the promised land.

It was a funeral as only New Yorkers do funerals.

The story is too vast to be his alone. Petrosino was one of three men who defined American justice. The two others: New York's reform-minded police commissioner and future president, Theodore Roosevelt, and Vito Cascio Ferro, the first Dapper Don, the true Vito Corleone,



Around the turn of the century Don Vito Cascio Ferro (above) controlled half the criminal gangs in Sicily and was bent on organizing Italian gangsters in America. Left: Grand Central Station in 1870.





Municipal services, circa 1900: a public street cleaner and a New York City policeman on the job.

who helped mythologize the ugly art of murder, defining the rules of organized crime decades before Lucky Luciano and Meyer Lansky.

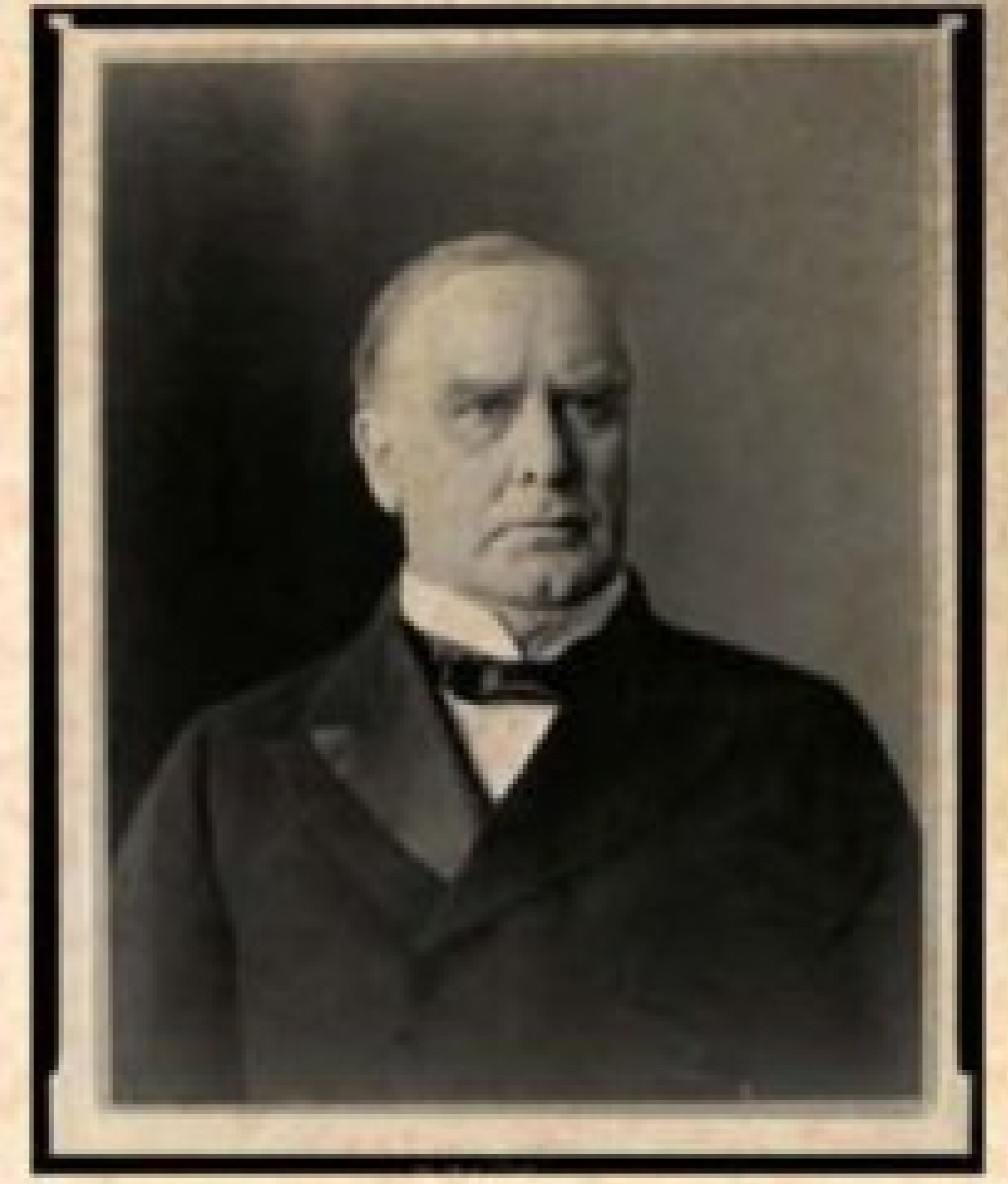
Petrosino. Roosevelt. Cascio Ferro.

#### SHOE-SHINE BOY

The Petrosino clan of Salerno arrived in New York in 1873 with the wave of mostly northern Italian immigrants, skilled and semiskilled workers who could afford the passage and were desperately needed by the post-Civil War industrial revolution. Thirteen-year-old Giuseppe, now Joseph, was short-legged, with wrestler shoulders, blacksmith arms, ham-hock fists and a bullmastiff head. His powerful constitution helped him survive a bout of smallpox that pitted his face. On sojourns to PS 23 on Mulberry Street, Joseph defended his Italian schoolmates against assaults by the neighborhood



Petrosino won attention after a mob hit in New Orleans caused fear of the Mafia to spread (above left). Despite warnings from Petrosino, William McKinley (right) was assassinated, making Teddy Roosevelt president (center).



Irish. He had a simple technique: Hit 'em till they drop.

At the age of 20 Petrosino ran a modestly profitable newspaper and shoe-shine stand on Mulberry Street outside Central Police Station, whose officers were his best customers. The station captain, Alexander Williams, had earned the sobriquet Clubber by using his nightstick to clear a saloon. It was Clubber Williams who had named the Tenderloin, the vice-filled area surrounding the 30th Street Precinct—the center cut of extracurricular income for the NYPD.

Petrosino's demolition of neighborhood thugs bent on taking his corner likely caught Clubber's eye. By 1880 Italian immigration to Manhattan was growing, with thousands fleeing the poverty and upheaval in Sicily. On the Lower East Side and in Italian Harlem uptown, murder, robbery, extortion and a crime of particular worry to the Secret Service, counterfeiting, had exploded.

Astonishingly, the Manhattan NYPD employed not a single Italian-speaking officer. In 1882 Clubber sought out Petrosino—newly employed as a foreman of sanitation crews loading garbage scows on the East River—and urged him to gather intelligence about

crimes throughout the Italian Lower East Side, an early form of auxiliary police work. He learned to read faces and gestures, to follow an investigation and go unnoticed. When he later became the most famous police officer in New York, Petrosino refined the art of undercover work, dressing as a blind beggar, a sanitation worker, a Hasidic Jew; his closet resembled the wardrobe room of the Metropolitan Opera.

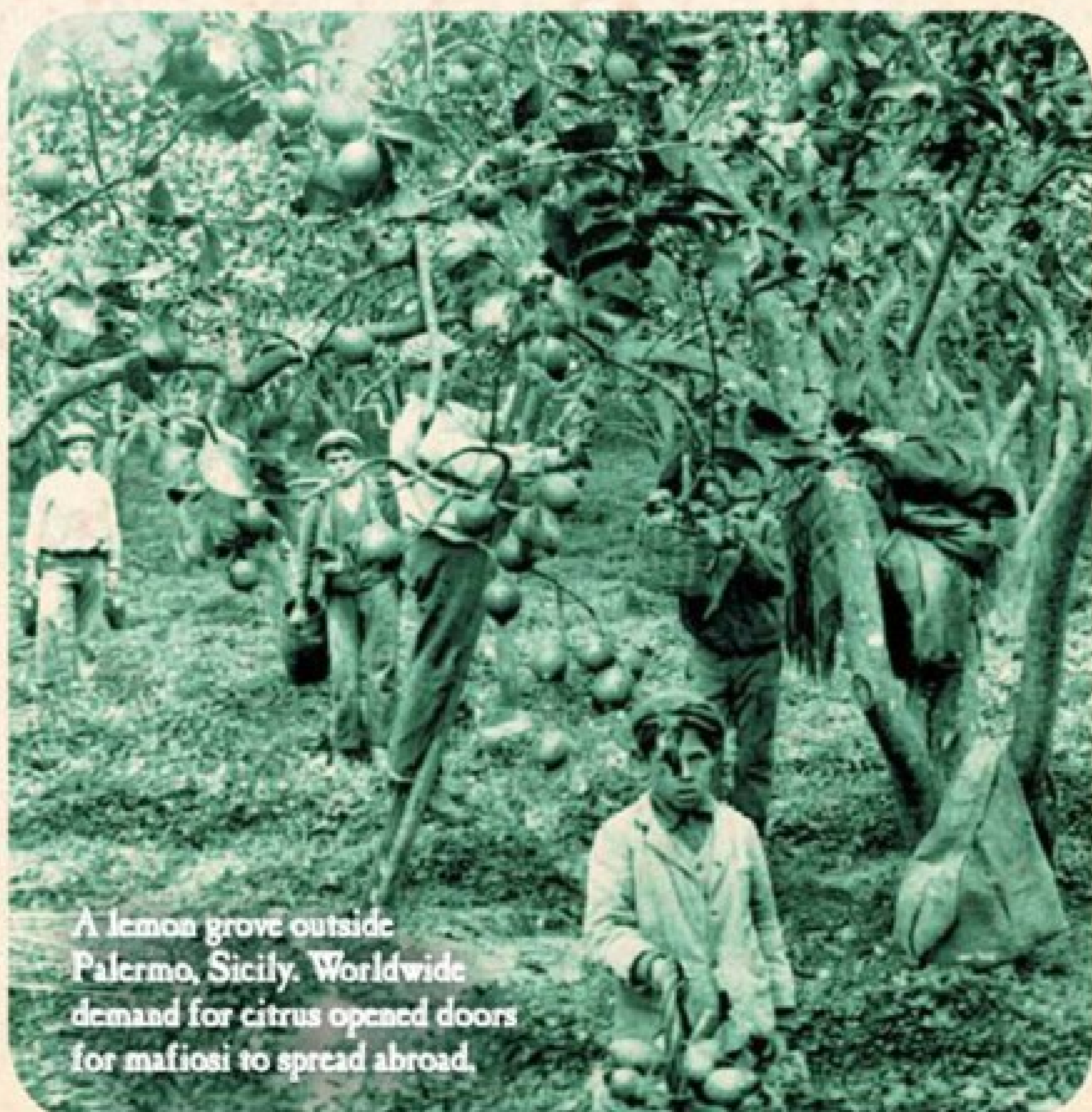
By 1883 Petrosino had become so successful that Clubber received a dispensation—the only



One of Petrosino's most famous cases was the barrel murder. Here, a copycat crime from 1918.

one in NYPD history—to swear in Petrosino, who at five feet three inches was five inches short of the height requirement. Manhattan now had one Italian-speaking officer for 100,000 immigrants and scores of vicious gangs.

On his first patrol the proud Petrosino was dismayed by his reception. Some hissed and whistled, calling out "We have parsley, see the parsley" (in the dialect of southern (continued on page 170)



A lemon grove outside Palermo, Sicily. Worldwide demand for citrus opened doors for mafiosi to spread abroad.



Petrosino (far right) hauls in the prime suspect in the barrel murder case, Mafia hitman Tommaso "the Ox" Petto (second from right), accompanied by two fellow NYPD detectives.





*"Maybe something to this curse business after all."*





# WE'LL ALWAYS HAVE PARIS

*Following her success on  
The Amazing Race, Miss  
January hits the City of Lights*

**L**ike a blazing one-woman fireworks blowout, our radically accomplished Miss January, the self-proclaimed “feisty, fearless, redheaded adventuress,” rockets herself into the New Year just as she always has. “No resolutions,” says Jaime Faith Edmondson, “and no fear of the unknown. I’m a doer. When I see something I want, I go for it 100 percent, and nothing can get in my way. I don’t half-ass anything.” Don’t believe it? Consider this: Jaime is a former cop. And a former NFL cheerleader. And a reality-TV hotshot. Who else on this planet can claim that trifecta? Last seen in spring conquering the world with fellow former Miami Dolphins cheerleader Cara Rosenthal on TV’s *The Amazing Race*, Jaime fought her way through more than 40,000 miles of travel and backbreaking tasks, making hers only the second all-female team to score a second place on the show. Jaime says she has always been driven. As a child, she recalls, she

dreamed of becoming “a spy, the heavyweight champion of the world or a PLAYBOY Playmate.” The 31-year-old (“and proud of it!”) babe thought she was headed the spy route when she landed a criminology degree at Florida Atlantic University and later joined the Boca Raton police force. “I had a car, a Taser and two Sigs, and I

loved the work. I had no problem with the criminals. It was the cops who made me miserable because they wouldn’t accept me as anything but a rah-rah cheerleader.” She left the force and battled her way onto *The Amazing Race*. That’s when PLAYBOY came into the picture. “I got a call,” Jaime says. Hef wanted to know if she’d be interested in a test shoot. Now she finds herself living out one of her fantasies. “I’ll never be Lennox Lewis,” she says, laughing. But she’s going to be a great Playmate. “I’m amazed I’m here. I’m fastening my seat belt and looking forward to a year of amazing adventures. This is going to be the best New Year’s ever!”



PHOTOGRAPHY BY

STEPHEN WAYDA









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







MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





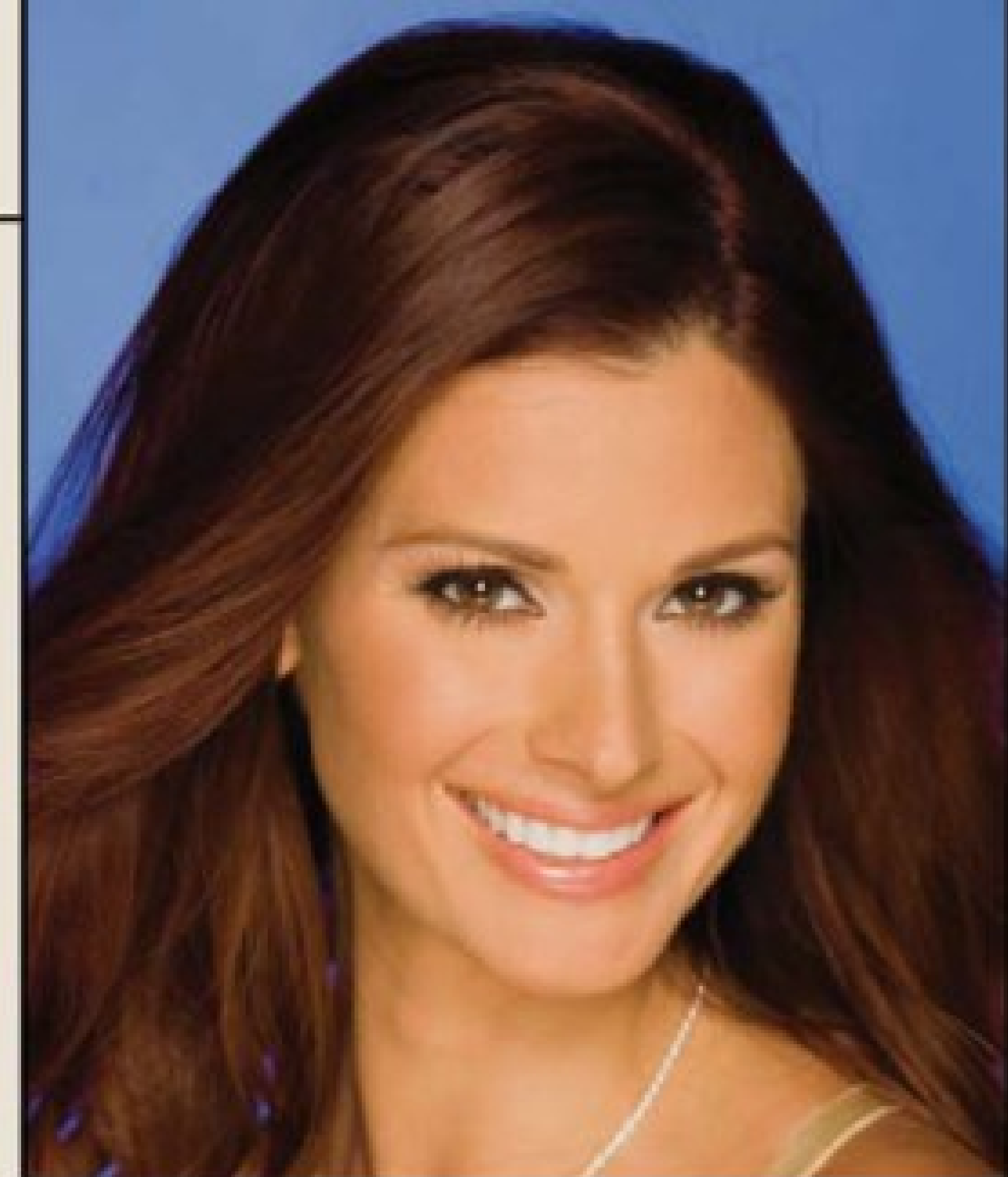








PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Jaime Faith Edmondson

BUST: 33e WAIST: 24 HIPS: 35 1/2

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 12-30-78 BIRTHPLACE: Bartow, Florida

AMBITIONS: To do a PETA "Angel for Animals" ad, host a sports show and perfect my hair blowout to under 30 minutes.

TURN-ONS: Big Trucks, big men, guys who are athletic, tattooed and who can fix ANYTHING!

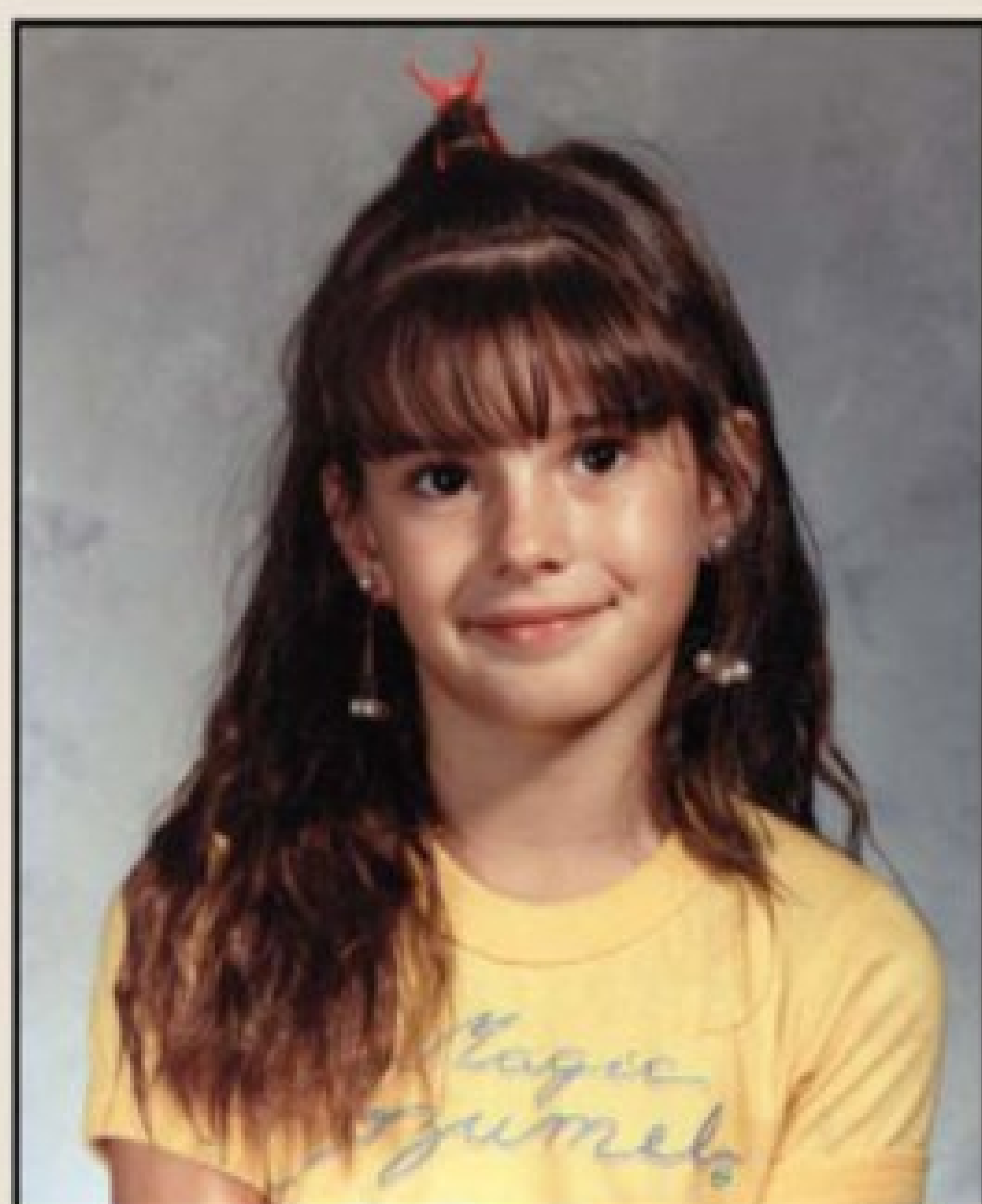
TURNOFFS: Men who wear bedazzled clothing, men who are easily offended and especially men who are intimidated by me.

THE LOVE OF MY LIFE: Miss Molly, my eight-year-old miniature dachshund - the most beautiful girl in the world!!!

MY FAVORITE BOOKS: Without a doubt, the Harry Potter series. Why? Because I want to go to Hogwarts.... I'm waiting for my letter.

HOW MUCH SEX IS ENOUGH SEX: I prefer quality over quantity. I wouldn't trade great sex once a month for subpar sex seven days a week. It's just not worth taking my clothes off. Sorry!

MY DREAM GIG: I would LOVE to be a Bond girl.



Third-grade Class photo.



High school cheerleader, 15 years old.



Pro Bowl cheerleader for Miami Dolphins.





*Jaime Faith  
Edmondson*



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

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**MISS FEBRUARY**

**PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH**



Release: StoreMags & FantaMag





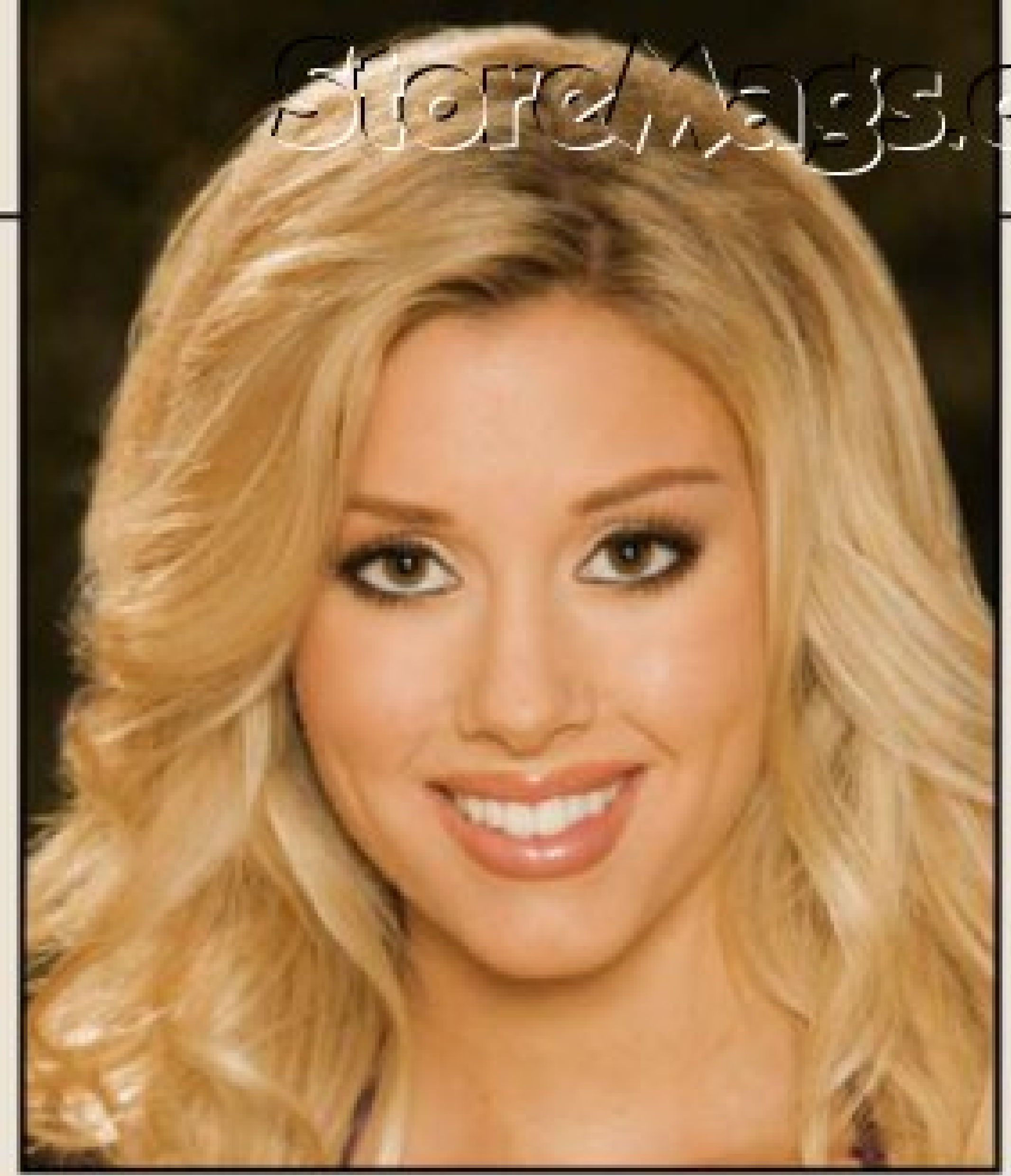




*Heather Poe Young*



## PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Heather Rae YoungBUST: 32C WAIST: 23 1/2 HIPS: 33HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 102BIRTH DATE: 9/16/87 BIRTHPLACE: Anaheim, CAAMBITIONS: To keep modeling, open an animal rescue and have a family one day.TURN-ONS: A man I feel a real connection with who is honest, ambitious and compassionate.TURNOFFS: A man who thinks he's God's gift - cocky is not hot! Bad hygiene is a no-no!!MY GO-TO FEEL-GOOD RECIPE: Exercise! Running on the beach, bike riding and kickboxing.MY FOUR-LEGGED VALENTINES: my white and fluffy Pomeranian, Sebastian, my snuggly mutt, Baxter, and my tomcat, Mr. Tommy Boy.TV ADDICTIONS: Curb Your Enthusiasm, Entourage, Sons of Anarchy and United States of Tara.WORDS TO LIVE BY: Never, never, never, never give up.

Third-grade  
baseball team.



School photo,  
14 years old.



Dancing as Cinderella,  
16 years old.





Heather Rae Young









**Après-ski  
with the  
amazing  
Miss  
February**



**photography by  
Army  
Freytag**

# Mountain Girl

**G**rowing up in Running Springs, California, a tiny mountain community overlooking the San Bernardino National Forest, Heather Rae Young spent an idyllic childhood “learning good small-town values and a strong work ethic from my parents,” as she puts it. She took dance lessons, skied, built snowmen and hiked with her dogs. There was just one problem: Heather always dreamed of becoming a model, and to make that happen she had to come down off her mountaintop. “One day I went online and found out about the 55th Anniversary Casting Call at the Playboy Mansion in 2008,” she says. “I freaked because I think it’s every girl’s dream to go to the Mansion and see what it’s like. So I did!” Smart move, Heather. She landed a callback, shot a couple of times for PlayboyGirls.com, and voilà, her career took flight. “It happened so fast that I’m stunned,” admits the quickly rising bikini-and-lingerie model (whom keen PLAYBOY aficionados will also recognize from last September’s feature *Lounge Acts*). She’s beginning to call her own shots. Nothing can top the thrill of showing off her skills for a full-on Centerfold, however, especially as Miss February—our valentine Playmate. “I’m so thrilled to be representing the love month because I have tons of love in my life,” says the 22-year-old, a gorgeous smile blossoming across her face. “I loved PLAYBOY when I was growing up in those mountains, and now look at me: I’m Miss February! Unbelievable.”





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

[StoreKags.com](http://StoreKags.com)





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# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**W**hy is it that when a woman becomes pregnant all her female friends rub her tummy and say "Congratulations," but none of them rub the guy's cock and say "Well done"?

**I** woke up grumpy this morning," a man told his co-worker.

"Sometimes I wake up grumpy," the co-worker said, "but often I just let her sleep in."

**A** short while after his wedding, a husband stopped wearing his ring.

"Why don't you ever wear your wedding band?" his wife asked.

"It cuts off my circulation," he replied.

"Yes," she said, "it's supposed to!"



**I**f women are so good at multitasking, why can't they have sex and a headache at the same time?

**A** police officer pulled a man over for speeding on a neighborhood road. When the officer approached the car, he saw that the driver was extremely anxious.

"Good afternoon. Do you know why I stopped you?" the policeman asked.

"I know I was speeding," the driver said, "but it's a matter of life or death."

"Oh really?" the cop responded. "How's that?"

"There's a naked woman waiting for me at home," the man said.

"I don't see how that's a matter of life or death," the officer said.

"If I don't get home before my wife does," the motorist answered, "I'm a dead man."

**W**e know a guy who was so generous with his girl that he finally had to marry her for his money.

**A**fter having a couple of drinks in a neighborhood bar a guy remarked, "This new lady of mine is really kinky. All she wants me to do is screw her in the ear."

"That is peculiar," the bartender replied.

"Yeah," the guy said, "every time I go to put my dick in her mouth, she turns her head."

**S**ex is a lot like pot: The quality depends on the pusher.

**T**wo friends met at a bar, and the first asked how the other was doing.

"I've been better," the second answered. "I left my job because of illness and fatigue."

"Sorry to hear that," the first said. "What happened?"

The second replied, "My boss got sick and tired of me."

**O**ur *Unabashed Dictionary* defines *housekeeper* as a woman with a good divorce lawyer.

**T**wo nuns were riding their bicycles down the backstreets of Rome. One turned to the other and said, "I've never come this way before."

The other nun replied, "It's the cobblestones."

**A** blonde went to pick up her car from the mechanic. "What's the story?" she asked.

"Just crap in the carburetor," he replied.

"Oh," she said. "How often do I have to do that?"



**W**hy does a woman play with only one of her nipples when she's having great sex?

Because her other hand is holding the vibrator.

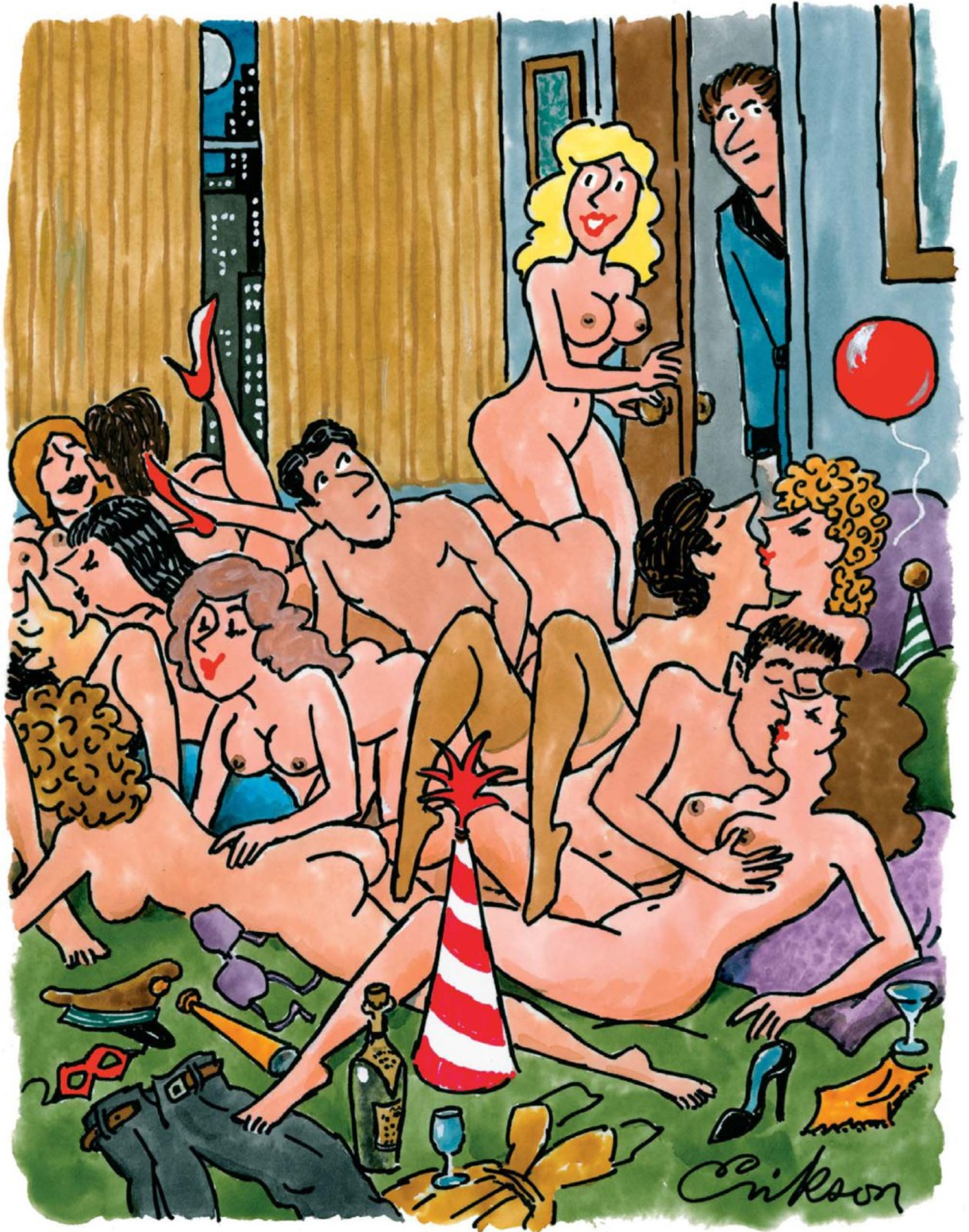
**O**ur *Unabashed Dictionary* defines *liquidity* as the act of looking at your retirement funds and wetting your pants.

**A** woman at a spa was sitting in an empty tub, waiting for the attendant to draw her first-ever milk bath. The attendant asked, "Do you want it pasteurized?"

"No," the woman replied. "Just fill it up to my tits."

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





*"It's that guy from the apartment below wondering why the hell it's suddenly so quiet up here."*



# CARS

# OF THE YEAR

BY KEN GROSS AND THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY

Despite the industry gloom and doom, extraordinary things are happening in the car business. Ford is leading an American comeback. Fiat, of all automakers, is saving Chrysler. The VW Group, now number three in the world, bought Porsche. Mighty Toyota has been blindsided by quality issues, including a wayward floor mat. And Korean carmakers are surging. We're witnessing tremendous progress in safety innovation, affordable horsepower and, most of all, fuel-efficient technology. With such heated competition among brands, there's tremendous value available to the consumer. PLAYBOY will always look for style and high performance. We've traveled the globe, driving everything on wheels. Here are our picks for 2010.

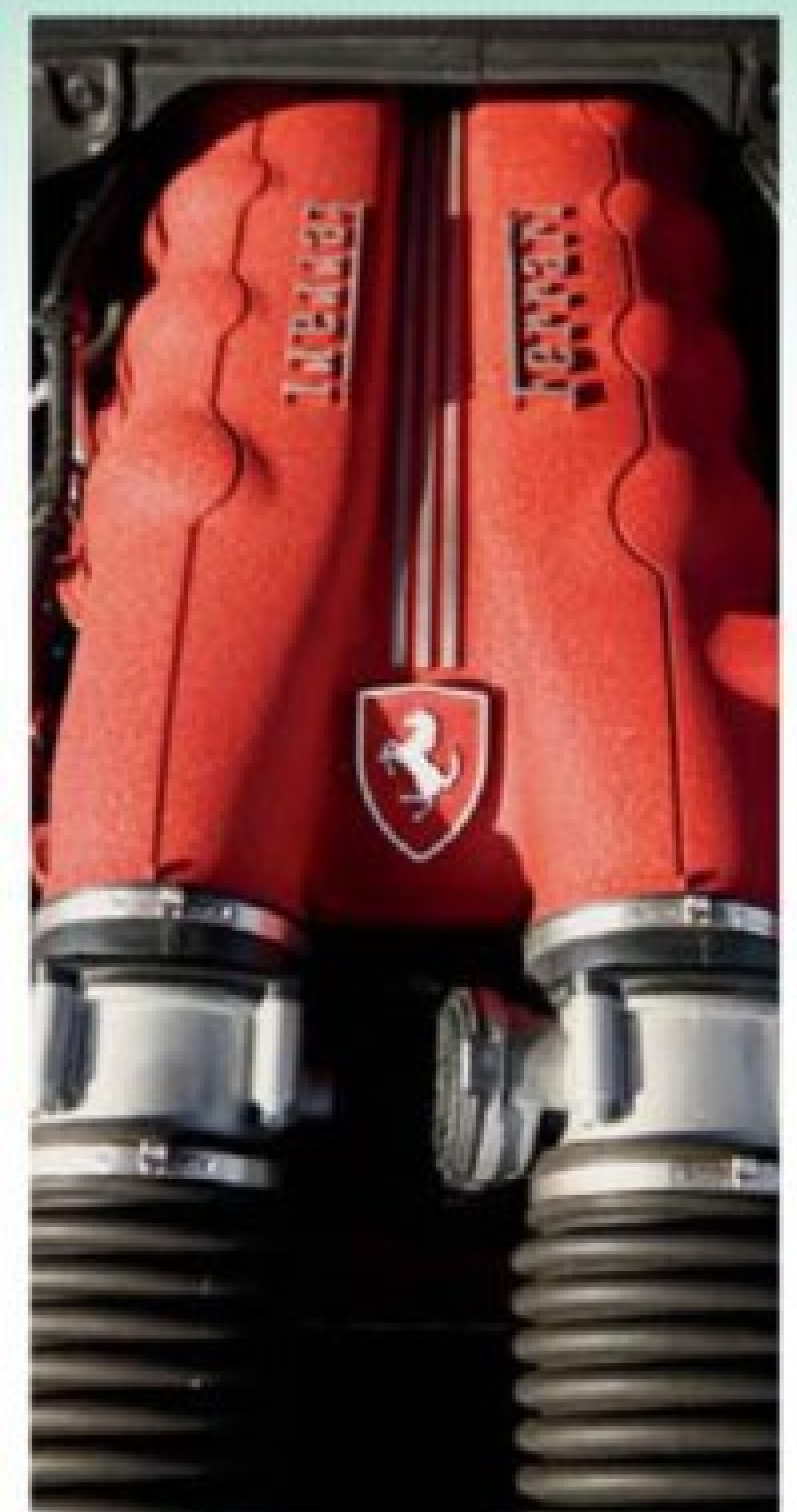


**BEST CONVERTIBLE:**  
**Ferrari California**

**Engine:**  
4.3-liter DOHC V8

**Horsepower:** 453  
**Zero to 60:**  
under 4.0 seconds

**MPG:**  
13 city/  
19 highway  
**Price:**  
\$192,000



For Ferrari, reviving the California name invites comparison with a legend. The original debuted in 1957 (think of the car in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*) and was made in Enzo Ferrari's factory in Maranello, Italy expressly for the American market. With its sleek lines and three-liter engine, it quickly became as iconic as the celebrities who drove it (Brigitte Bardot, et al.). Only 106 were made. A 1961 California owned by James Coburn sold in 2008 for \$10.9 million. The new iteration sports several Ferrari firsts, such as a retractable hardtop, a front-engine V8 with direct injection, a stacked exhaust, a slick new Getrag seven-speed dual-clutch transmission and a launch-control system that zooms you from zero to 60 in under four seconds. We drove one in Carmel Valley, California near Highway 68, using twisty, steep Laureles Grade Road as our private mini-track. Upshifting is swift and automatic, and the 4.3-liter engine's four-pipe rumble will make you feel like Felipe Massa out on the highway. Convertibles and chassis rigidity aren't usually compatible, but the born-again California's solid bones are superstiff. The ride is compliant, the steering precise, the Italian leather luscious, and those enormous carbon ceramic brakes work without annoying snatches. Like a beautiful woman, this car is fast, exciting and very hard to get. Even if you can afford it, you'll have to be patient—the waiting list is 18 months long.



# FEAR 2010



**HORSEPOWER VALUE:**  
**Nissan Nismo 370Z**

**Engine:**  
**3.7-liter**  
**DOHC V6**

**Horsepower: 350 Zero to 60: 5.1 seconds**

**MPG: 18 city/  
26 highway**  
**Price: \$39,130**

Nissan's Z sports coupe has long been a performance bargain. The original 240Z appeared in the States in 1970 under the Datsun badge, and with its beautiful shape, punchy throttle and low price, it was a great choice for young Americans who couldn't afford Jags or BMWs. Nissan has been making Zs ever since, and the new Nismo (short for Nissan Motorsports) is the best Z yet, a not so thinly disguised tuner car for the street. The first thing you notice is the tweaked body. The sensually sculpted Nismo is seven inches longer than the stock Z, thanks to the radically restyled aerodynamic nose with integrated chin spoilers, a larger rear wing and a functional air diffuser. Nismo mods also include a new front strut tower brace, stiffer springs and up-rated shocks, plus wider, stickier Yokohama Advan Sport tires on forged alloy Rays wheels. We loved the crisp-shifting six-speed manual (the only tranny available) with Nissan's SynchroRev, which expertly revs the engine as you downshift. There's enough Nismo badging to ensure people know you've paid the difference, if you care. For half the price of Nissan's GT-R (last year's PLAYBOY Car of the Year), this Japanese beauty is a lot of GT.





**BANG FOR YOUR BUCK:  
Mazdaspeed3**

**Engine: 2.3-liter  
DOHC turbo I-4**

**Horsepower: 263 Zero to 60: 5.6 seconds**

**MPG: 18 city/  
25 highway  
Price: \$23,945**

Once again, the Mazdaspeed3 proves size doesn't matter; it's how you shake it. Consider this bit of zoom-zoom a Mazda5 on steroids (the two models share most of the same sheet metal) but with a cheeky grille grin, a Subaru-esque hood scoop (which helps force air into the high-mounted intercooler), not so subtle aero bodywork, plenty of power and a sticker that's irresistible. The six-speed manual is a treat. Even if you add the \$1,895 Tech package, featuring a cute nav screen, serious Bose audio and Bluetooth capability, you're still under \$26,000 out the door in a hot-looking ass kicker that rips up turns and delivers on the acceleration front (expect a little torque steer, though). The thing actually seats five, with decent luggage space under its hatch. There's a little MX-5 Miata in every Mazda, and after hustling this one through the swooping elevation changes of Virginia's Blue Ridge Mountains, we were convinced that goes double for this screamer.

## **BMW M5 vs. Porsche Panamera**

**Battle of the ultimate  
luxury sport sedans**

**by A.J. Baime**

**F**or my money, the BMW M5 is the standard-bearer for luxury sedans you'd want to drive on a racetrack. There are those who kneel at the altar of BMW engineering, and I'm among them. So we pitted our Car of the Year—Porsche's Panamera Turbo sedan—against the M5 at New Jersey Motorsports Park's awesome Lightning Raceway. Yes, we know: com-

paring apples to oranges. The Porsche is about \$45,000 more than the BMW. So it should be a one-sided contest, right? Driving against me was Bloomberg car columnist Jason Harper. I started in the BMW. My goal? To show Jason how it's done. Out on the track I hammered the M5's five-liter V10, the tach needle rocketing toward the 8,200 rpm redline. It was a club day, so



**DIESEL IS BACK:  
Audi A3 TDI**

**Engine: two-  
liter DOHC  
turbo I-4**

**Horsepower: 140 Zero to 60: 9.1 seconds**

**MPG: 30 city/  
42 highway  
Price: \$29,950**

German carmakers have united for the time being behind clean diesel as the green engineering of the future. Case in point: Audi's R15 TDI diesel Le Mans racing car, so efficient it cruises by at more than 200 mph while barely making a sound (quite a sight in the black of night). Both BMW and Audi launched wonderful diesels in the States in 2009. Audi's A3 TDI—considered one of Europe's cleanest and most fuel-efficient models—gets our nod for clean diesel of the year. We zipped one around New York City and up into the Catskill foothills, loving the two-liter four cylinder's low-end torque (236 foot-pounds at 1,750 rpm), phenomenal highway mileage and eye-pleasing Euro packaging. Not to mention the killer price tag. A squat, compact hatchback (Audi calls it a sportback), it's surprisingly roomy; with 19.5 cubic feet of storage behind the rear seat, it has plenty of room for a set of clubs. Go for the optional S-Tronic dual-clutch transmission. Switch on the fly from drive to sport mode and the gearbox will offer up quicker shifts and leave you in a lower gear longer, allowing more access to that delicious low-end torque.



**REBORN BEAUTY:  
Ford  
Taurus SHO**

**Engine:**  
3.5-liter DOHC  
twin-turbo V6

**Horsepower: 365**  
**Zero to 60:**  
**about 5.5**  
**seconds**

**MPG:**  
**17 city/  
25 highway**  
**Price:**  
**\$37,995**



Ford Motor Company is America's success story these days, and the Taurus—a very decent piece in basic form—takes on a new personality when those SHO badges are affixed. The SHO (Super High Output) first appeared two decades ago with a 220 bhp V6, a serious alternative to pricier Euro sedans despite its plain wrapper. The new third-gen SHO is less understated, with brawny good looks, all-wheel drive and a torrid 365 bhp V6 with EcoBoost, which uses a twin-turbo system combined with direct injection to deliver high power efficiently. No lightweight at 4,368 pounds, the SHO needs all its 350 foot-pounds of torque to charge up hills, but the behind-the-back punch is solid, with no noticeable turbo lag. You'll think it's a V8. For the money, you'd pay a lot more for an xDrive 5 Series BMW and not get much difference in truly usable on-road performance. Ford offers an optional Performance Pack with added punch in the pedal if you really want to chase Bimmers. We've driven a Ford lately, and we like it. On with the SHO....

there were other cars out there, some serious machinery. Shrieking out of a carousel-like turn onto a half-mile straight, the M5 hit 130 mph before I had to jump on the brakes, steering into a sharp uphill right-hander in tight traffic. Thanks to those big vented cross-drilled disc brakes, all my limbs are still attached. For a burly machine (4,012 pounds), the M5 eats up corners.

Still, I couldn't catch Jason in the Panamera. Was he the better driver, or was the Panamera the superior car? We switched. With its 4.8-liter twin-turbo V8, the Panamera Turbo darts to 60 in four seconds, outdoing the M5 by a half second. It's blistering fast, hitting 140 on the straight. The Porsche is longer and heavier, and I could feel the extra 300 pounds in the corners.

Four NFL linemen could sit comfortably in this beast. But coming out of those corners, hard on the pedal, the Porsche accelerated with fury, the shrill exhaust note Wagnerian. Still, I couldn't catch Jason in the M5. Conclusions? Man, that guy can drive. And I'd be proud to have either car in my garage. To each his own, but if you've got the extra 45 grand, I'd go for the Porsche.



**BEST CROSSOVER:  
BMW 5 Series Gran Turismo**

**Engine: four-liter DOHC twin-turbo V8**

**Horsepower: 400 Zero to 60: 5.4 seconds**

**MPG: 15 city/  
21 highway**  
**Price: about \$65,000**

BMW's long-standing success as a definitive German brand whose vehicles consistently deliver on a spirited ride allows the Münchenerers to occasionally depart from their carefully prepared text and offer up something totally unexpected. The new 5 Series GT is an example, a streamlined fastback sedan with a clever two-piece tailgate that can function as either a hatchback or a trunk. Some buyers may be hesitant about this model's unusual styling (we're not), but even if you are, you'll love its bristling performance. The powerful 407 bhp twin-turbo V8 manhandled just about everything else on the road in northern New Jersey, where we tested the GT near BMW's North American headquarters. With roomy and comfortable backseats (the designers say they had a jetliner in mind), this GT is a fast, go-anywhere all-purpose utility vehicle with none of the annoying trucklike features of an SUV. Competent, taut and very BMW-ish, this could be the new roomier and more practical shape of sedans to come.



# GREEN & GORGEOUS

The quest for fuel efficiency has resulted in an unparalleled engineering renaissance



Fisker Karma

**W**e've seen more innovation in car technology in the past five years than we saw in the last half century. Why? Buyers are thinking with their wallets and with the future of the planet in mind. We've seen cars that run on everything from hydrogen to algae to used french-fry oil. Thanks to Toyota's tiny green giant, the Prius, luxury brands like Porsche, Mercedes-Benz, Infiniti and BMW are all producing hybrids this year or next. Even Ferrari says it is testing hybrid prototypes. Nissan hopes to snag 20,000 reservations by the end of 2010 for its all-electric 2012 Leaf hatchback sedan, while Audi's e-tron sports car will follow in the blazing track of the Tesla as an all-electric lightning-fast two-seater. Even Rolls-Royce is talking about an electric Phantom. And then of course there's the highly anticipated

Chevy Volt. The sexiest green car on the horizon? Fisker's Karma (pictured above), which debuts later in 2010. A \$100,000 mad-sexy sport sedan, it's billed to run 50 miles on electric power alone before kicking on the gas power plant. So what's out there now? We're tipping our hat to

Ford's Fusion Hybrid as **PLAYBOY's** Green Car of the Year. Thanks to the Fusion, driving a hybrid doesn't mean you have to suffer kooky exterior styling, amusement-park-ride linear dynamics and pathetic acceleration. With 41 mpg city and 36 mpg highway EPA ratings, the Fusion is the most fuel-efficient midsize sedan available. Best of all, the Fusion can operate in electric-only mode at up to 47 mph. The Prius can battery boogie at only half that speed. With its six-speaker stereo, traction control, ABS and more, you're not giving up a thing to go green.



## MEAN AND GREEN: Ford Fusion Hybrid

Engine:  
2.5-liter  
I-4

Horsepower: **191**  
Zero to 60: **8.7**  
seconds

MPG: **41**  
city/**36**  
highway  
Price:  
**\$27,625**



## SPORT SEDAN: Mercedes-Benz E 63 AMG

Engine:  
6.2-liter  
DOHC V8

Horsepower: **518** Zero to 60: **4.4** seconds

MPG: **13** city/  
**20** highway  
Price: **\$88,750**

There's discernible musculature under the taut skin of MB's new E 63 AMG, a sense of purpose about its lowered stance and the muted growl from those four huge tailpipes. We drove the car on German autobahns and in the Austrian Alps, where it was right at home in the fast lane. We passed cars helter-skelter and wailed on the mountain twisties in a delightfully undignified manner. Completely reworked from the stock E-class sedan at MB's AMG facility in Affalterbach, Germany, this ride gilds the performance lily with its wicked 6.2-liter V8 that'll rev past seven grand. Naturally the Benz brigade loaded it with every high-tech feature you can imagine: optional push-button start, seven-speed manumatic with a wet-plate clutch, RS (Race Start) launch-setting button, an Attention Assist drowsiness-detection system, optional Night View Assist Plus.... Want more? How about an option to bypass the 155 mph governor for a heady 186 mph top speed? Stick Grandma in the backseat and see how she likes it. You won't get much change back from your \$100,000 bill, but we'd stack this baby up against more expensive Maseratis or even Bentleys for serious sport-sedan laurels.



# CAR OF THE YEAR



## PORSCHE PANAMERA



Inside, the Panamera is luxury-saloon elegant and as high tech as tomorrow, with every conceivable driver aid. The leather coddles, and the rear seats are big enough to hold two six-footers comfortably. Go for the Bose upgrade, which features no fewer than 14 speakers: You'll think Mick and Keith are sitting in the car with you, jamming away.



**CAR OF THE YEAR:**  
Porsche Panamera Turbo

Engine: 4.8-liter  
DOHC twin-  
turbo V8

Horsepower: 500 Zero to 60: 4.0 seconds

MPG: 15 city/  
23 highway  
Price: \$132,600

Just think about it: Porsche's first-ever sedan. Germany's leading sports car manufacturer has packed everything it learned in half a century of great road cars and world-class racing into a remarkable four-door achievement. It's available in three variants—the two-wheel-drive S (\$89,800), the all-wheel-drive 4S (\$93,800) and the top-of-the-line Turbo (our pick). We put on the miles in all three—on the road and on two racetracks, including Road America, one of the most storied racing venues in the U.S. A big car with vast interior space, the Turbo swept through the track's famed high-speed Carousel turn with confidence, stormed the straights and juked through turns like an all-star running back. The seven-speed PDK dual-clutch manual gearbox is creamy smooth. Composite ceramic brakes are an option, but the standard ventilated stoppers do the job. A stop-start feature shuts down the engine during long idles and restarts it the second the brake pedal is released, just like a hybrid. Though the direct-injection 500 bhp V8 is mounted up front, Porsche has captured all the visceral feel you'd expect, the essential DNA of a 911. That's why the Panamera is PLAYBOY's 2010 Car of the Year.





# FUTURE OF NEW YORK

BY LUC SANTE

A CENTENARIAN LOOKS BACK AT ALL THE  
CHANGES HIS ISLAND CITY HAS GONE THROUGH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KAROL LASIA



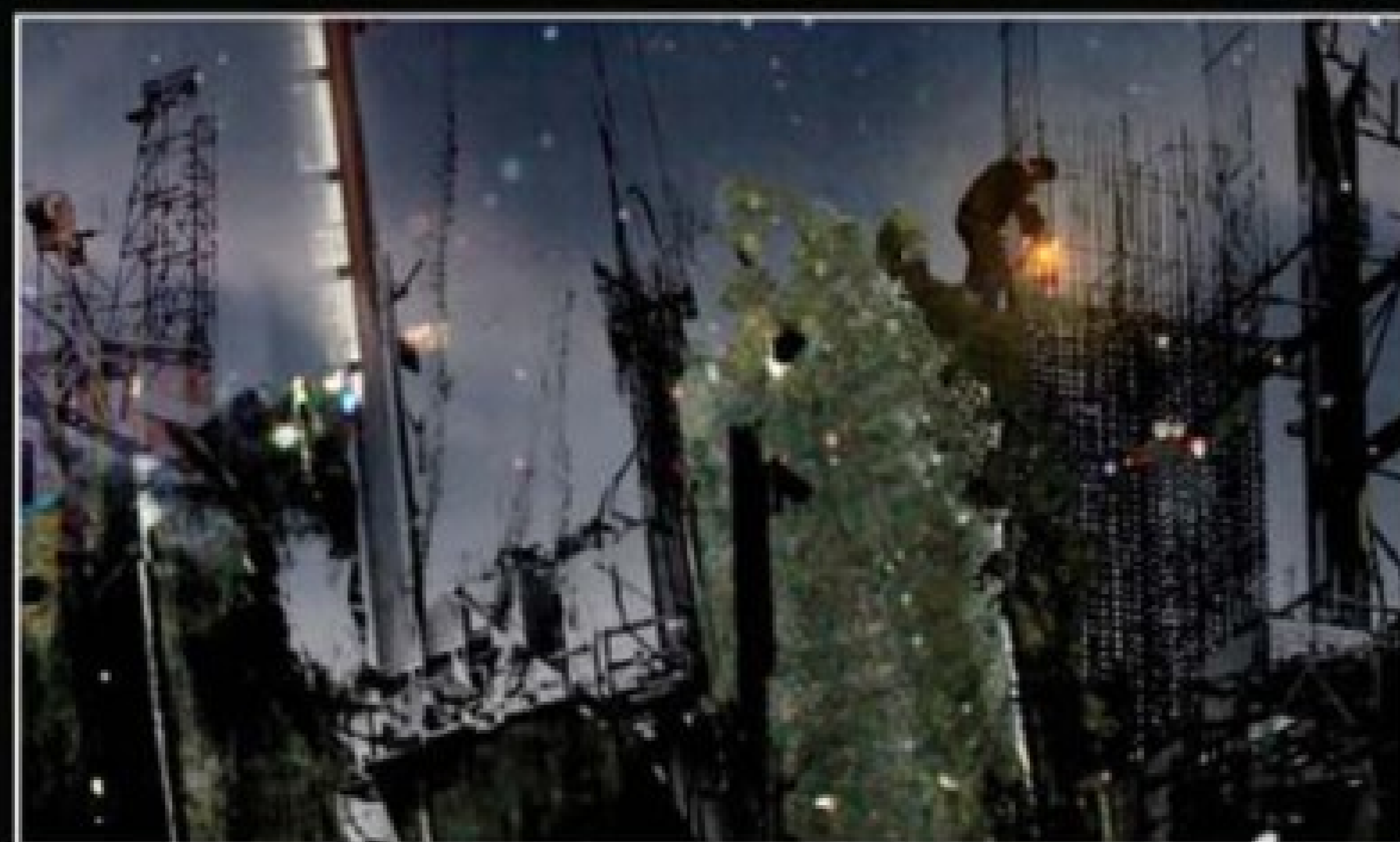


# LIVE

been asked to jot down some recollections of my life on the occasion of my 100th birthday. Being a centenarian is no great shakes anymore; though it was kind of special at one time, it seems what I'm really being honored for is my

ability to hang on to my apartment. You see, I still live in the railroad flat where I was born. The bathtub is in the kitchen, the cockroaches are pedigreed, and the linoleum would be worth a fortune if it weren't half chewed. It's on Clinton Street in what used to be called the Lower East Side and is now called Cherry Hill—some real estate agent's idea when they tore down the projects and tried to make the place sound vaguely prosperous and traditional. My grandmother moved in around 1960; my mother was born there in 1987—the place was rent controlled. When you had a rent-controlled apartment nothing short of an earthquake could get you to leave it. Both of them spent decades in housing court, fighting a succession of landlords for the place. When I was an infant I was once brought into court as an exhibit, and that settled it. I finally bought the building for back taxes after the plague, when nobody wanted to live in New York City.

It was an old immigrant neighborhood. My grandmother was a hot-corn girl and danced in her underwear at Niblo's Garden before becoming a beatnik poet. Later she posed for *Life* magazine in a stolen car with Murph the Surf and six of the Fugs. She remembered the pushcarts and the old elevated trains and Herman Melville shuffling by looking morose. By the time my mother was born the East Side had become a dangerous place, prowled by gangsters wielding zip guns and selling headache powder. Then, not long before I was born, it became fashionable,



which is why landlords kept trying to evict my family; they could sell apartments for huge sums or tear the whole thing down and put up a skyscraper. For years running my mother fed my sister and me on leavings from the fancy restaurant downstairs, and we pirated our utilities from the neighbors. My uncle made a good living slipping things into people's drinks. But that period didn't last either, not that anything ever does in New York. When I started school—the old PS 142, on Attorney Street—the neighborhood was half empty. Everything was for sale, but nobody could afford to buy. The restaurants closed; the fancy people from Europe and California went away. There were a few years when kids could actually play in the street and not worry about getting run over.

But there wasn't any work, and no money either, and consequently no upkeep. That's when everybody found out exactly how shoddy all that boom-town construction had been. I think it first happened on Orchard Street—an eight-story apartment building just collapsed like a house of cards. I actu-

ally fell out of bed from the tremor. And then it happened again and again. It happened so often—all over town but especially in my part—that the government sent in the National Guard, along with implosion teams. School was closed for two months. They ran emergency rations up to us on a pulley, and we got our lessons on the computer—those early things you had to lug around. It was fun for about a week.

You'd think it would have been a gold rush for developers—all those fresh new vacant lots. But there was little money still, and with so many new laws pertaining to construction in place and strong indications those laws might actually be enforced, it cost a fortune to build anything. Besides which, so many people had been killed and so many lawsuits were in progress that developers were about as popular as terrorists had been a decade earlier.





So the vacant lots remained unbuilt for years. They didn't quite stay vacant, however, since they were swiftly converted into campgrounds and eventually tiny villages by an army of what were then called the homeless—people who had lost their apartments or houses through some concatenation of bad luck. Their new homes were initially thrown together from cardboard and plastic sheeting, but there happened to be a huge surplus of shipping containers everywhere, owing to the trade deficit, and those made excellent dwellings—they could even be stacked. The shippers—that's the origin of the term—raised chickens and goats, repaired bicycles, did some plumbing, made and sold street food, played music and manufactured a wide

variety of items from discarded office furniture. Before I was in long pants I was working as a runner for my friends in the Ridge Street village, in exchange for which they taught me three-card monte, a skill that has proved valuable over the years.

friends and I often gave up waiting and took off through the tunnels. But if we were lucky, or patient, we had access to the entire city. We could lose ourselves in the vast aimlessly circulating mobs in Times Square or wander cautiously through midtown office buildings that had been looted of everything but their walls and floors or brave the trash to wade into the surf at Coney Island or sneak into the Metropolitan Museum of Art through an air-conditioning vent nobody else ever seemed to have noticed. It was on the side of the building, luckily, since the rear would have been impossible—the park, like all parks, was an armed camp.

The city in general was a dangerous place in those years—our neighborhood alone, maybe because it was ours, seemed like an island of safety—

WE COULD LOSE OURSELVES IN THE VAST MOBS OF TIMES SQUARE OR WANDER THROUGH MID-TOWN OFFICE BUILDINGS THAT HAD BEEN LOOTED.

When I first began to run around outside the immediate neighborhood there were still quite a few private cars on the street. With very little law enforcement, traffic on the main arteries was unhinged. Both Houston Street to the north and Delancey Street to the south were terrifying, and it would be years before I crossed either of them on foot. As a result I spent a great deal of time on the subway, which, also because of the scarcity of cops, was free—at least in those stations that still featured the old-fashioned turnstiles. It ran irregularly and unpredictably, however, so my

but let me emphasize: It was fun. Nobody cared much where we went or what we did, and most things that cost money were cheap since otherwise they would go unsold. Back then a bag of peanuts cost just \$5, and it was easy enough to pick up a five spot by bonking a sailor on shore leave over the head with a brick in a sock. One time we saved the mayor's dog from a crowd that looked as if they wanted to have it for dinner—some of them were carrying forks—and he had us over to Gracie Mansion for cheesecake and told bad jokes and gave each of us municipal bonds that turned out to be worthless. Those were some good times. We were still small enough to worm our way into dance clubs by crawling in between people's legs—looking up skirts as we went—and all of us were adopted at one time or another by

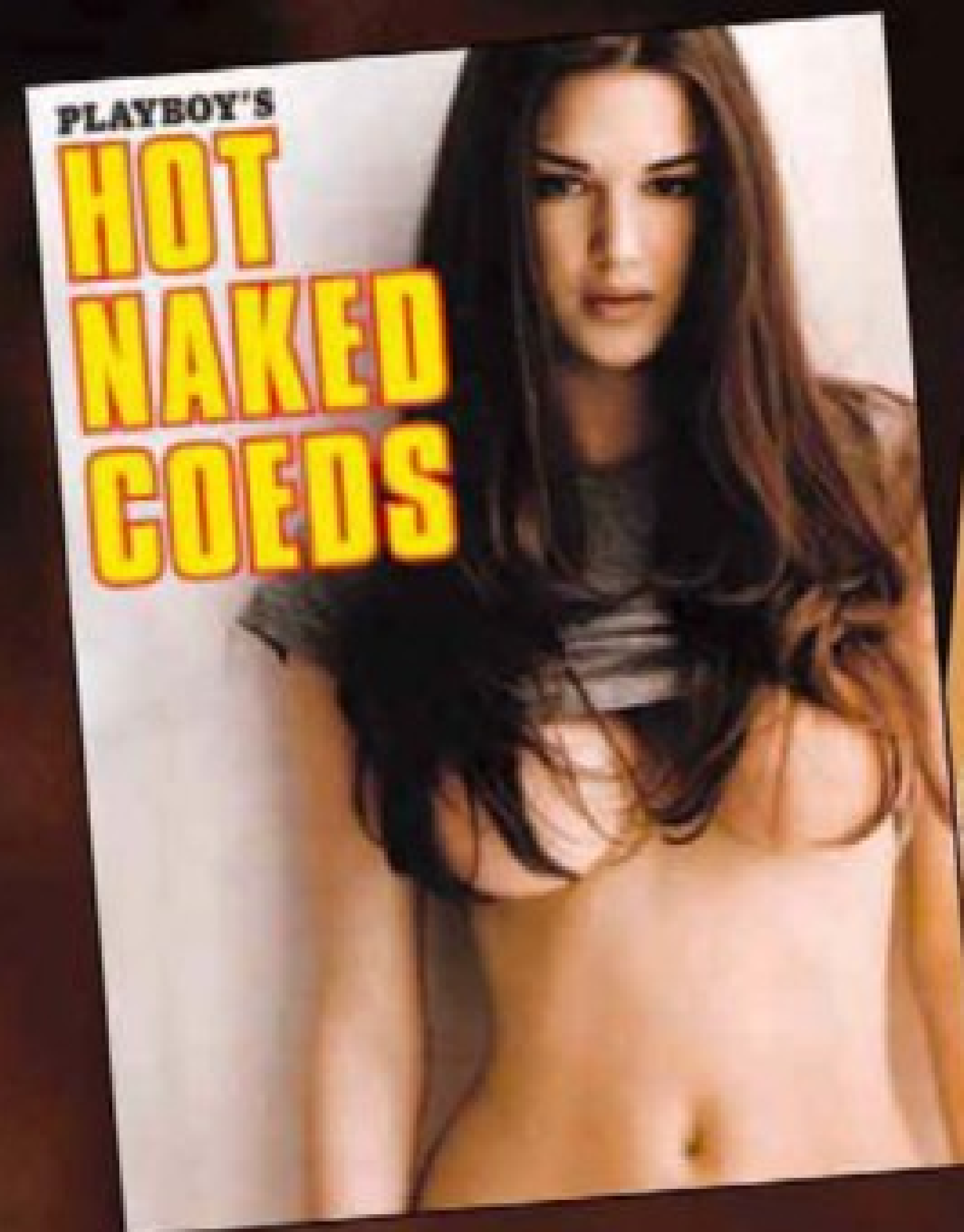


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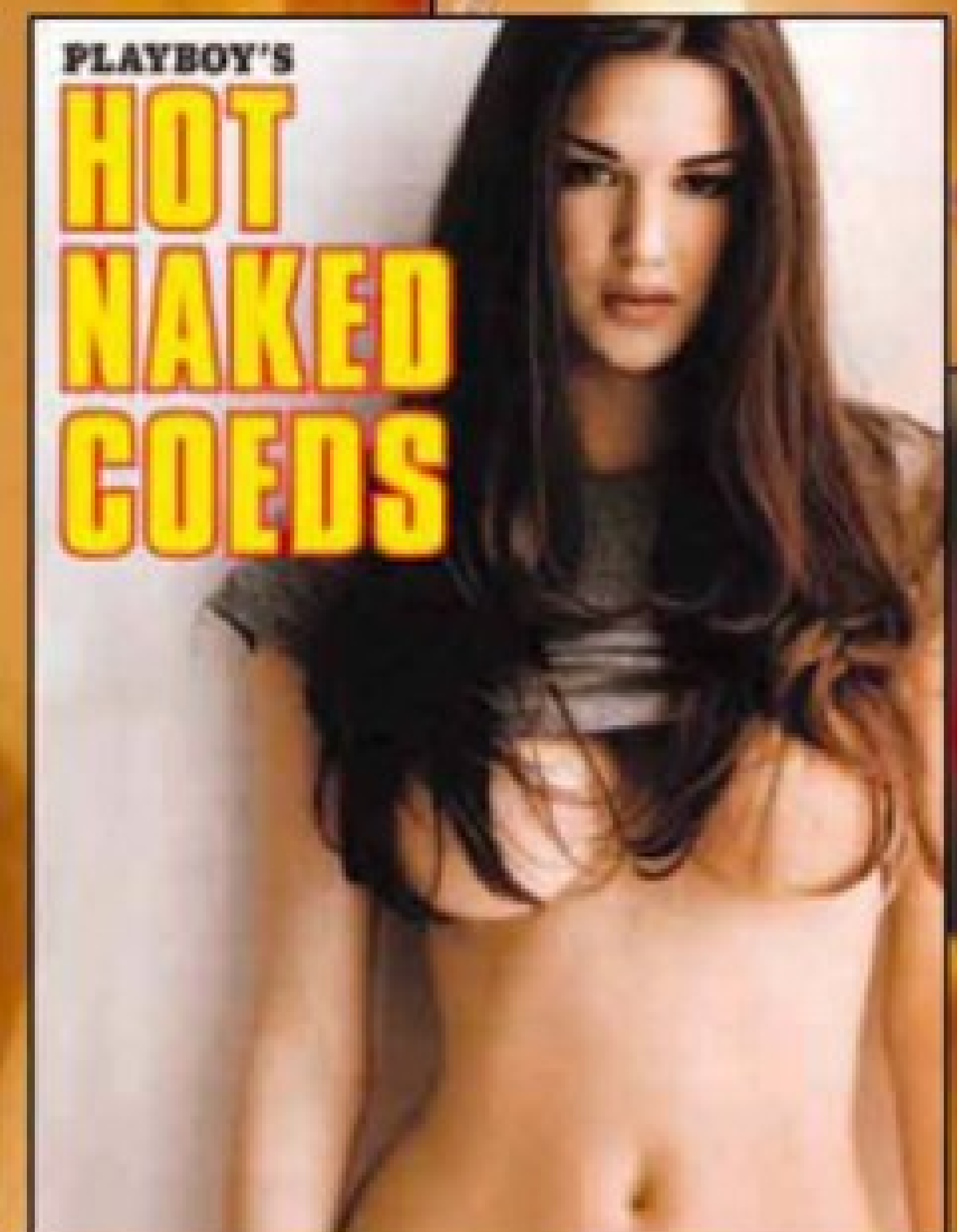
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rich people who thought we were homeless urchins and then woke up one morning to find us gone along with the silver. We laughed a lot in those days.

Everything changed right around the time I hit puberty. Money came back to the city. It was when they first started tapping the asteroid belt for minerals, but in effect what that meant was the developers came back, free of stigma owing to the brevity of popular memory. The shippers were evicted—some of them fighting, some switching sides—and new skyscrapers went up, and they demolished all the projects along the river and erected that line of twisted towers people started calling the Corn Row, though its official name was Corlears Esplanade—I'm sure you've seen pictures. The zoning laws were essentially vacated during that time. People put up 50-story buildings on lots the size of thimbles or on supports over avenues or on top of older buildings too lucrative to tear down or in what used to be parks. Then one neo-trillionaire, whose name I can't quite recall, decided to buck the trend by demolishing a 42-story residential edifice, built in 1996 and showing no signs of disrepair—he did have the delicacy to get the residents out first—and in its place constructing a simple three-story, 12-bedroom, 16-bath Georgian Revival country house, complete with lawn, fruit trees and electrified iron fence. Then that became the trend. Soon entire blocks of midtown began to look like hamlets in Connecticut; it could be only a matter of time before someone put in a golf course and a Congregational church. Meanwhile, the region below 14th Street had become an impenetrable thicket of glassy spines.

It's a miracle my building survived, or maybe not quite a miracle—I no longer recall whether the matter involved

violence, blackmail or simple dumb luck—but it was already the oldest house in the neighborhood by then, and it looked like a chokecherry bush in a grove of sequoias. At a time when every human being in the city was worth his or her weight in shares of Tycho Brahe Ventures Preferred A, we were beyond



poor, but that itself gave us an advantage, since consumers everywhere discarded whatever bored them, from food to furniture, and we had little competition for trash picking. My clothes were always last month's, but even as a teenager I learned not to care and eventually found it conferred some kind of weird distinction, helping me run through a succession of girlfriends from the country-house gentry. To them I was rough trade, and they enjoyed the cloak-and-dagger of letting me into their houses by means of the underground passageways—which all connected to the old Rockefeller Center tunnels, familiar to me since childhood. I became adept at systematically removing from these houses small but valuable items that would not be missed for months: a watch, a ring, a pre-Columbian figurine lost among bureau-top detritus. My fence, who lived in a hollowed-out split-level at the edge of the Westchester

slums, ferried these to Asia and took only 33 percent. Despite my best intentions I did fall in love, with a girl whose father controlled most of the world's supply of vishnapradamite and had converted the Frick Museum into a private restaurant. She was a beauty with raven tresses and a bottom that looked remarkably like a quince. We would sail up the Hudson in her family's nuclear-assisted catamaran and be gone for a week, living on farm produce we liberated from estates along the water's edge. To this day I can't look at the river without





recalling her soft moans merging with its sighing rise and fall.

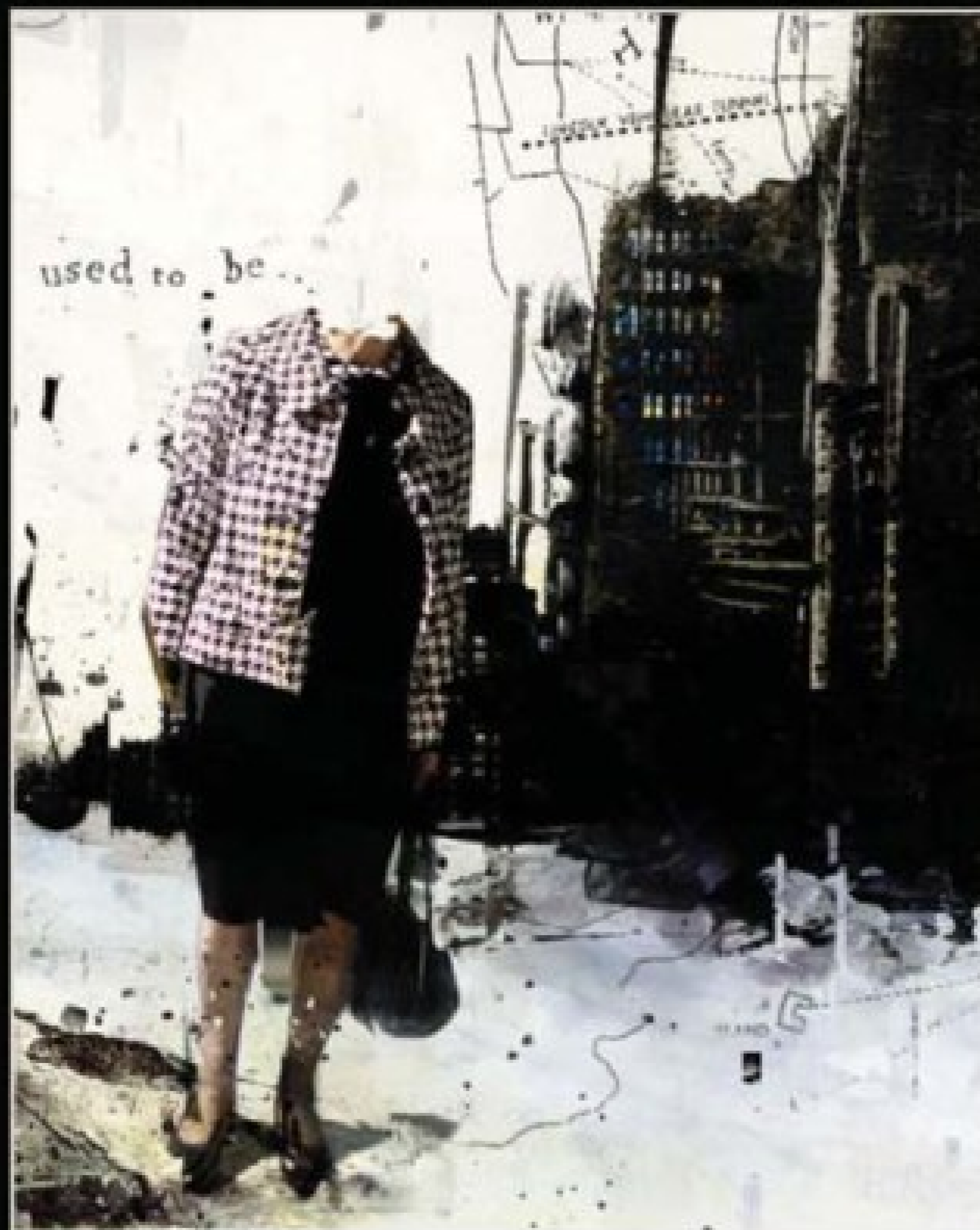
But those were also the days when the ocean was rising alarmingly and the Great Wall was constructed around the island.

Laborers were trucked in from the slums that by then ringed the city 50 miles deep—the indescribable shantytowns that had once been the McMansion suburbs of the tristate region—and were treated like chattel. Hundreds, possibly thousands, died in the process, from drowning, from equipment failures, from the bends, from getting trapped between enormous wedges of reinforced concrete being assembled at reckless speed. It was true that speed was of the essence, but cost cutting was uppermost, which is why ostensibly expendable human labor was used in preference to the latest available technology. Many workers ended up buried in the wall, but none was commemorated—ironically, since the wall doubled as a cemetery for the high and mighty, the first new graveyard opened in Manhattan in 200 years. As luck would have it, the cemetery did not have to wait to acquire custom, since it was right then that the plague took hold. Afterward everyone was quick to insist the laborers had introduced the disease, despite the fact that the city was infected long before the slums were and that medical researchers had gathered evidence—quickly suppressed—that the epidemic was almost certainly of extraterrestrial origin. The plague, I will venture to say, came from the very rocks on which the city's wealth depended. With a sense of justice seldom found in nature, it began by targeting the very class that had unleashed it.

I'm not sure how I survived. Maybe I had a genetic advantage, maybe the fact that my house and belongings were older

and dirtier than anyone else's assisted my immune system, maybe I just got lucky. Anyway, everyone in my family survived, including my grandmother, who must have been nearly as

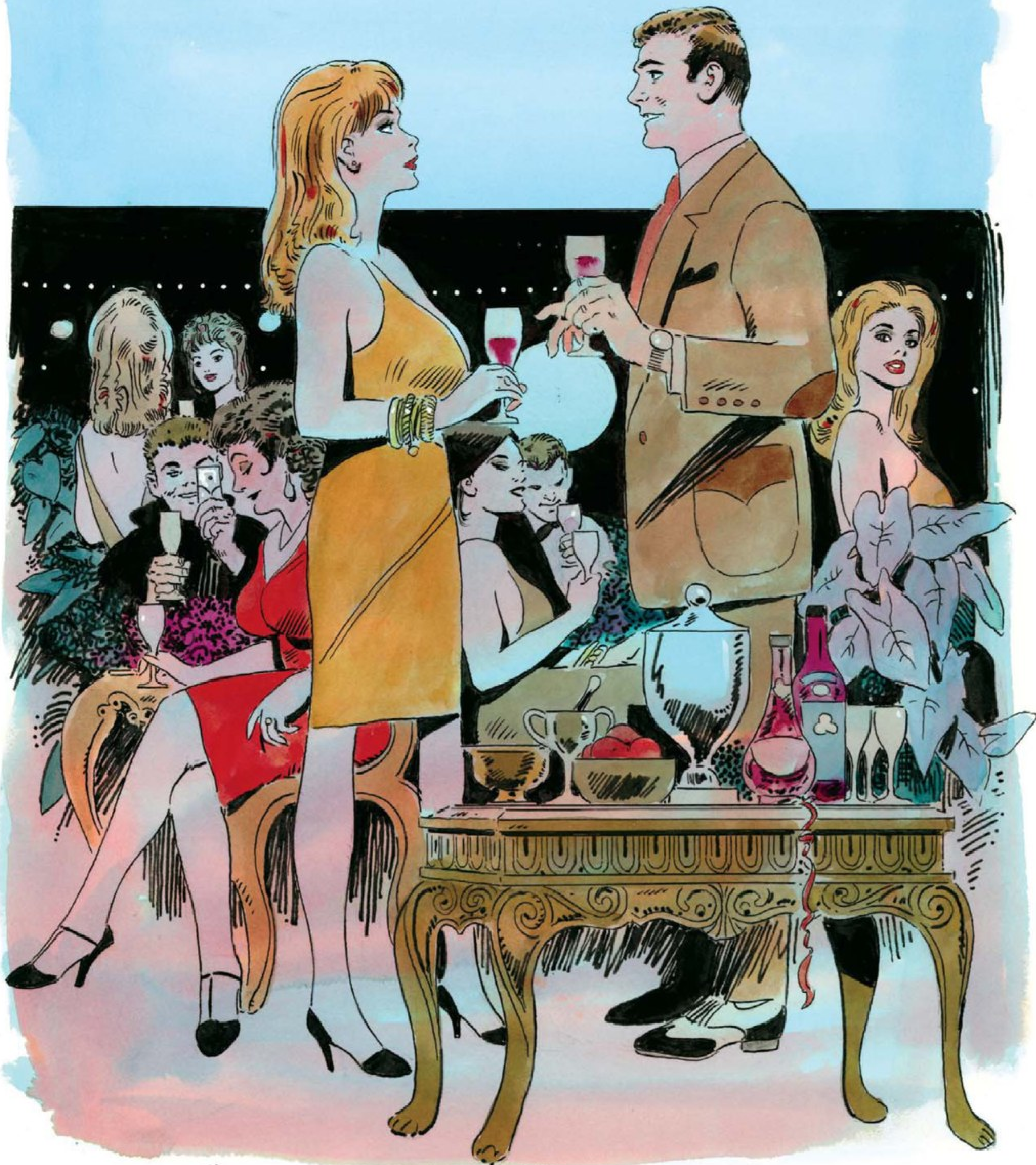
old as I am now. We were also fortunate in being poor, since we always had on hand things like oatmeal and rice in bulk quantities, whereas the rich dined out or had groceries flown in from France or Sichuan or wherever. When the city came to a squealing halt, supplies disappeared, and starvation did not slow the spread of the disease. You'll recall that it was actually in a restaurant—the one in Belvedere Castle in Central Park, in fact, renowned for its honey-dipped ortolans—that the first recorded victim blossomed in purulent carmine splotches, rapidly swelled to twice his size, then burst, expelling slime in all directions and setting off a panic. Everyone in the room was dead within 24 hours. The disease spread with baffling irregularity, decimating entire streets overnight, then lying dormant for a week. Fear ruled. Everyone thought everyone else was a carrier, and nearly as many people died from preemptive gunfire as from



the sickness itself. We went to ground in our apartment, nervously listening to the shots and explosions and occasionally peering out the window at the space-suited emergency medical and security forces patrolling below. For two months we were besieged while the plague ravaged Manhattan and spread to the surrounding region—where it ebbed and then vanished, as mysteriously as it had arisen, although most accounts omit that compelling but perhaps inconvenient fact.

Then came the leveling. Authorities determined that infectious matter remained bonded (concluded on page 152)





F. THORNE

*"But enough about me, let's talk about you. Do you swallow?"*



20

BY DAVID HOCHMAN  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY GAVIN BOND

# Guy Fieri

**THE FOOD NETWORK'S STORYTELLING BAD BOY WHIPS UP SOME SPECIALS: PANFRIED MEAT CRUST, PICKUP-LINE FLAMBÉ AND THINLY SLICED THUMB AU JUS**

## Q1

**PLAYBOY:** You have spiky bleached hair, tats, bling, money, millions of fans and serious attitude. When did chefs become the new rock stars?

**FIERI:** All I know is we all gotta eat, and not everybody knows how to cook. So if you're the guy who can rock the kitchen, people go crazy for you. People such as Bobby Flay, Emeril Lagasse, Tom Colicchio, the Iron Chefs—they've turned food making into a kind of arena spectator sport with their TV shows and competitions, and their restaurants, cookbooks and products have made them rich. Me? I'm just a dude who always loved to cook. At a certain point I got to the reality I wasn't going to be Evel Knievel or a pro football player, which were my childhood dreams. So I thought, Hey, why not be just as frickin' cool with a frying pan in my hand?

## Q2

**PLAYBOY:** Gone are the days of "A woman's place is in the kitchen." But what exactly is a guy's place in the kitchen right now?

**FIERI:** Men have always been cooks. Since the first saber-toothed-tiger burger, guys have been grilling and thrilling. My dad was always my role model. He could make anything in the kitchen, even





when we were basically living out of a van in California. I remember once he traded a pair of cowboy boots for salmon. He liked to cook healthy, vegetarian mostly, with a little fish and stuff like bulgur. Yuck. One night we had eggplant parmigiana, and I said, "Why can't we have chicken parmigiana like everybody else?" That was the fatal day.

### Q3

**PLAYBOY:** Did he hit you with a piece of tofu?

**FIERI:** Actually, it was my mom who got mad. She said, "If you don't like the food, you cook." So being the confident 10-year-old I was, I rode my bike to the grocery store and told John the butcher to give me a bunch of red meat. He slapped down two big fat rib eyes, and somehow I managed to get dinner on the table that night. I remember watching my dad. He took one bite, put down his fork and glared at me. It's as clear today as it was (continued on page 183)



# WHY WE LOVE THE '60s

BY BILL ZEHME

**R**eally? Do you actually need more reasons or reminders on this one? Come to think of it, you probably do. Of that now mystical and hallowed decade that masterfully taught the world to swing (or be swung at), please take this small warning: Wild-eyed zealots abound. I say *(text continued on page 189)*



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- 1. FIRST PLAYBOY CLUB
- 2. PLAYBOY BUNNIES WITH HEF
- 3. JAYNE MANSFIELD
- 4. HEIDI BECKER
- 5. THE BEATLES
- 6. DEDE LIND
- 7. JUNE WILKINSON
- 8. DIANA RIGG
- 9. THE RAT PACK
- 10., 11. URSULA ANDRESS
- 12. CONNIE KRESKI
- 13. GOLDFINGER
- 14. LITTLE ANNIE FANNY
- 15. PLAYBOY MANSION
- 16. KIM NOVAK



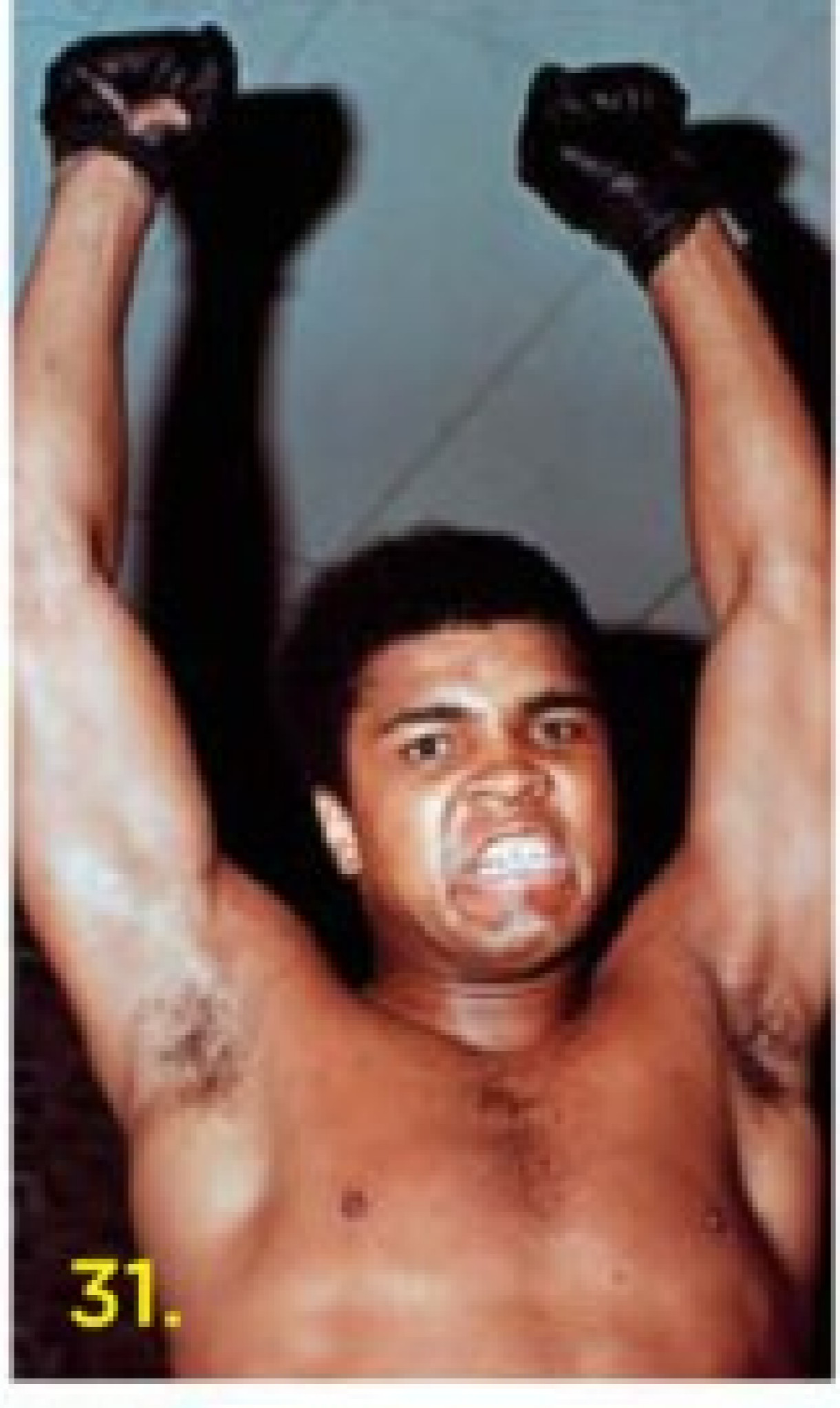




- 17. ROLLING STONE
- 18. ARLENE DAHL
- 19. DR. STRANGELOVE
- 20. ELKE SOMMER
- 21. CAMELOT
- 22. MARILYN MONROE
- 23. CONNIE MASON
- 24. VICTORIA VALENTINO
- 25. ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE
- 26. WOODSTOCK
- 27. FIRST MEN ON THE MOON
- 28. PARAMILITARY RIGHT
- 29. JULIE NEWMAR

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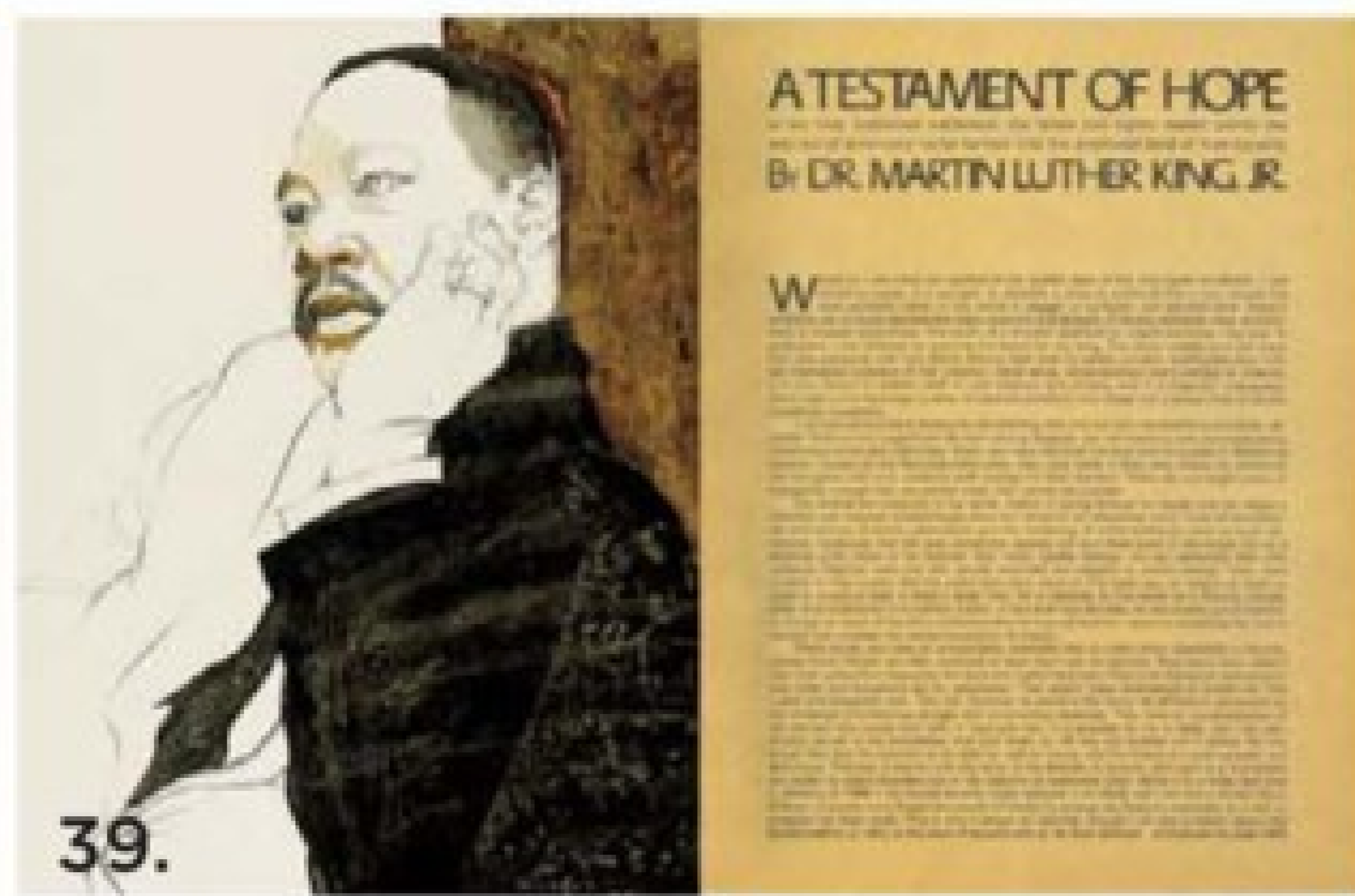


# LYSERGIC ACID

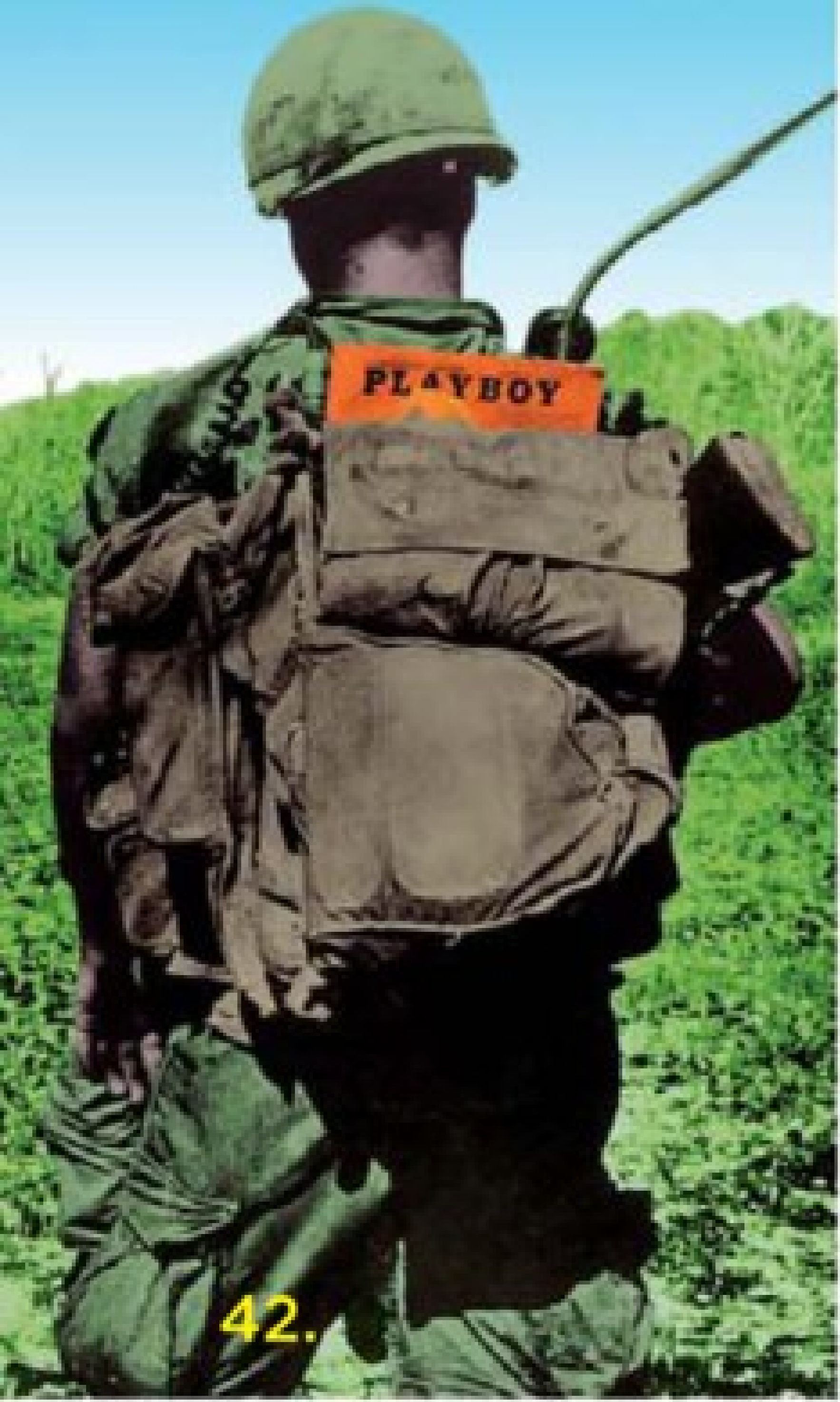
The CIA was the Trojan horse that brought LSD into America in the 1950s. Spies saw it as a potential Cold War weapon. But by the mid-1960s LSD had become a cultural force, a tool to open the doors of perception. Celebrities (Cary Grant, Jack Nicholson) used it in psychotherapy. Others (Tim Leary) used it to form a counterculture. For most who could tolerate its powerful effects, it was just a hell of a lot of fun.



- 30. CLAUDIA JENNINGS
- 31. CASSIUS CLAY
- 32. BONNIE AND CLYDE
- 33. SYLVA KOSCINA
- 34. PSYCHEDELIC DRUGS
- 35. CAROL LYNLEY
- 36. BRIGITTE BARDOT
- 37. ALLISON PARKS
- 38. BARBARA PARKINS
- 39. DR. MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.
- 40. MIDNIGHT COWBOY
- 41. RUDI GERNREICH'S TOPLESS BATHING SUIT



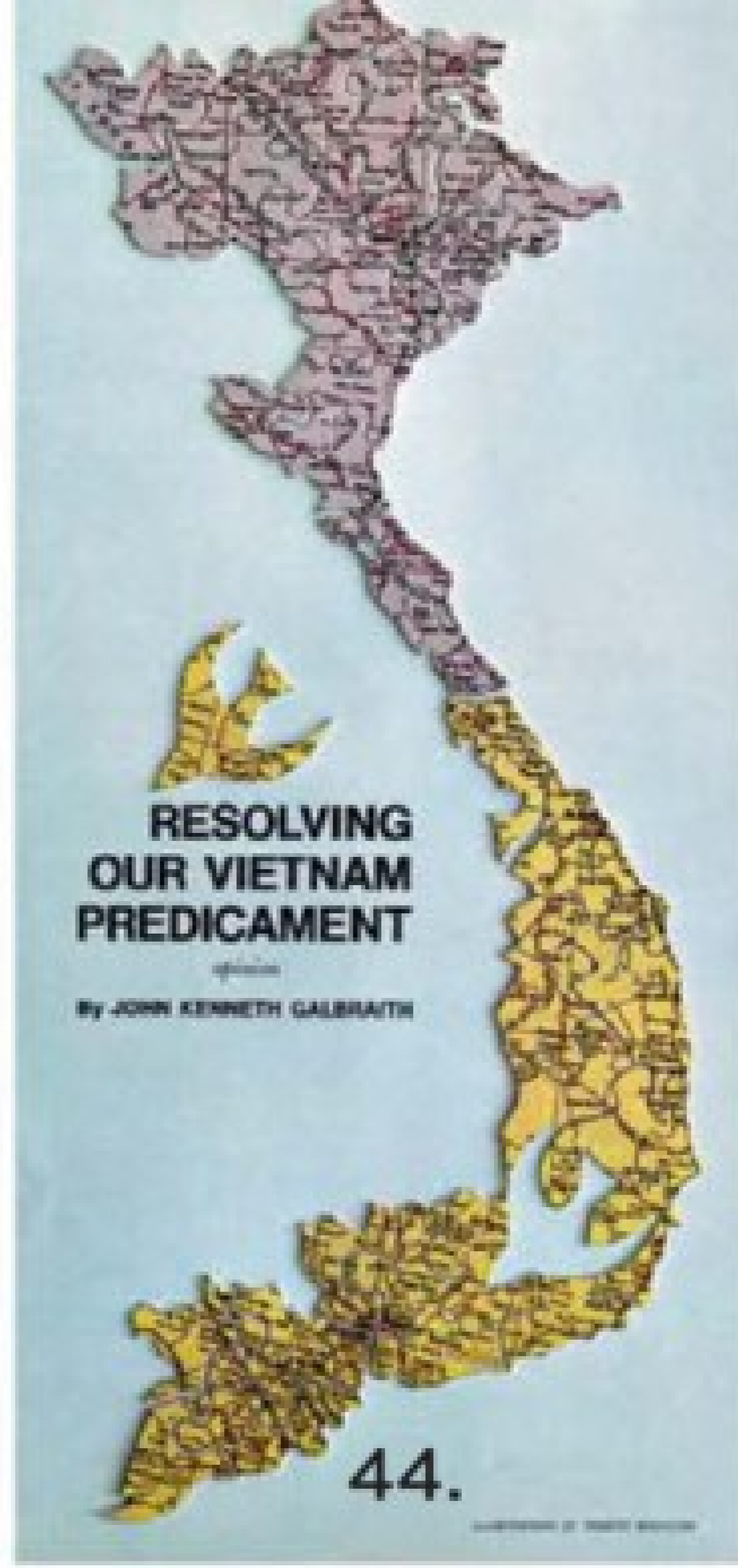




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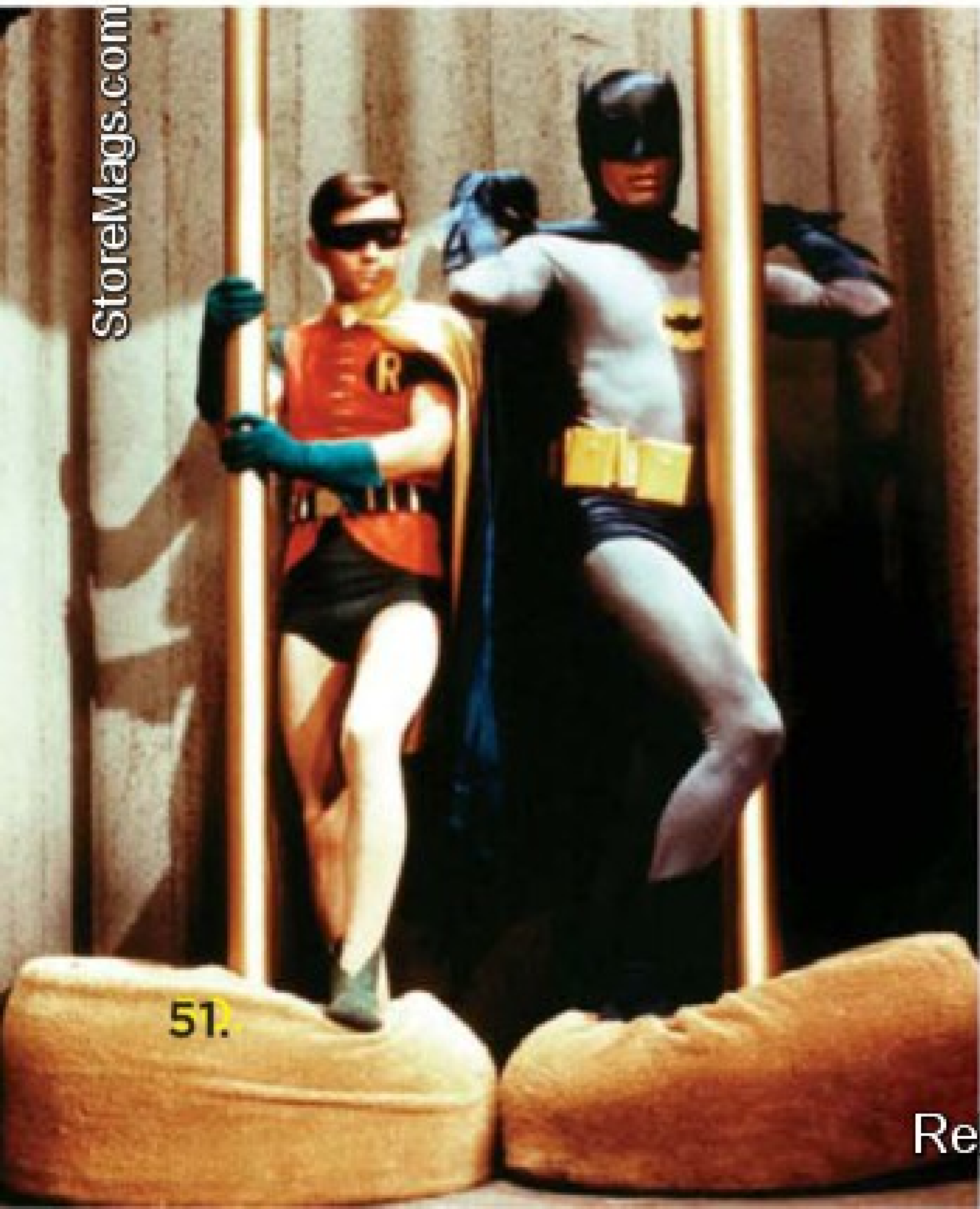
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- 42. GI IN VIETNAM
- 43. JO COLLINS
- 44. VIETNAM
- 45. MAMIE VAN DOREN
- 46. ANDY WARHOL
- 47. STELLA STEVENS
- 48. THE NUDE LOOK
- 49. BODY PAINTING
- 50. CYNTHIA MYERS
- 51. BATMAN
- 52. THE PILL
- 53. CATHERINE DENEUVE





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55. PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MILES DAVIS

a candid conversation with the jazz world's premier iconoclast



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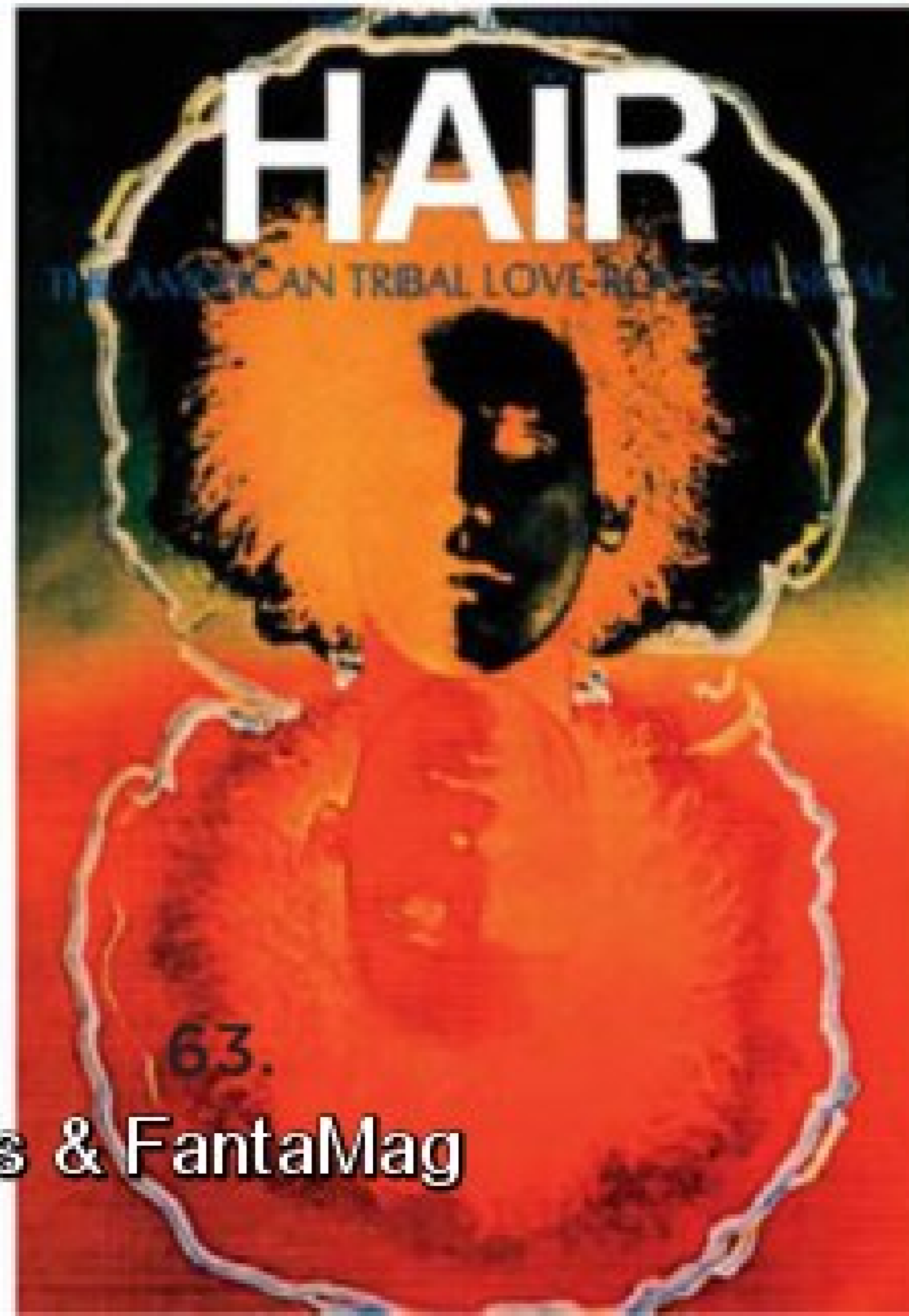
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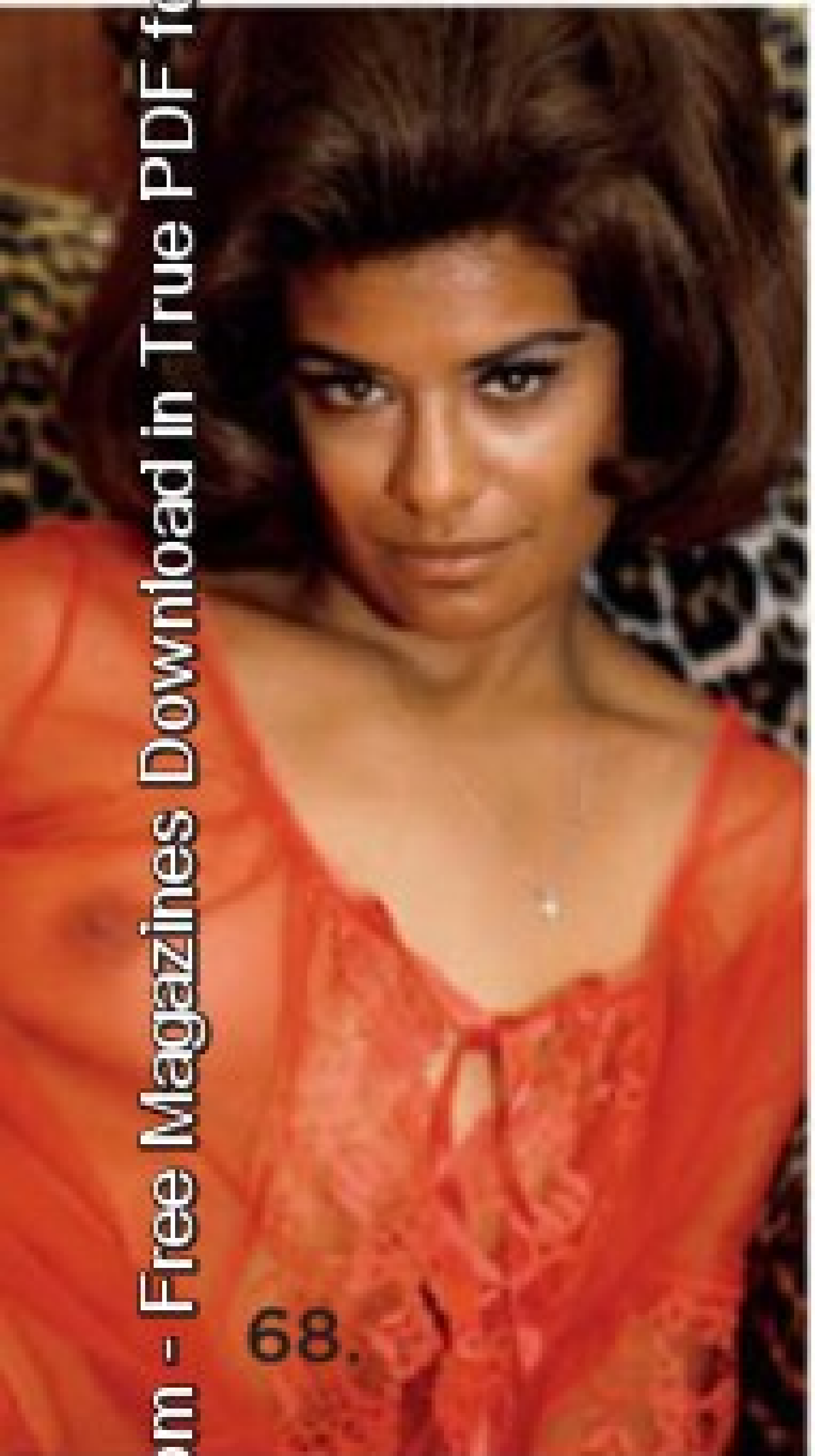
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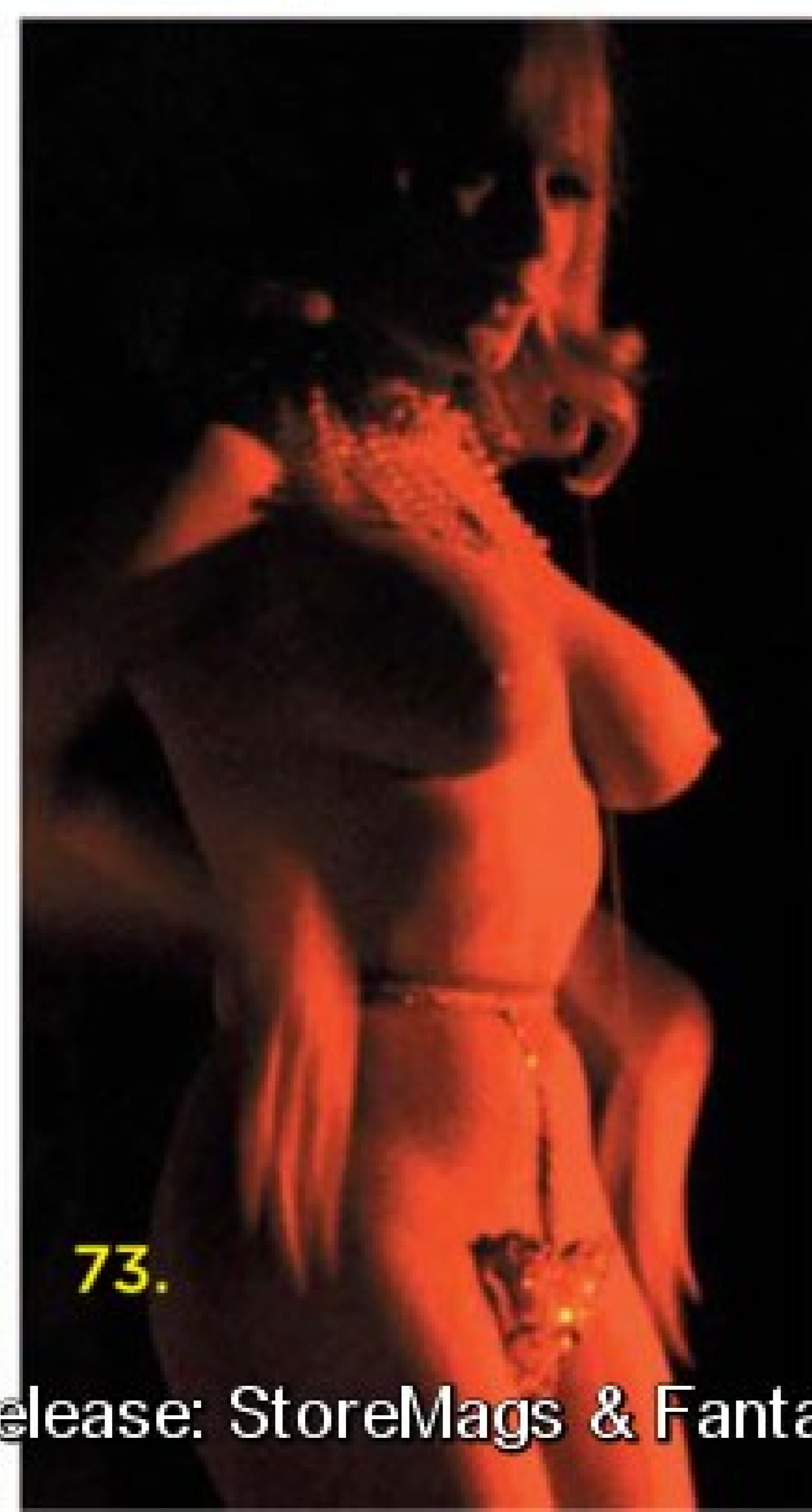


69.

- 65. CHINA LEE
  - 66. *PLAYBOY AFTER DARK*
  - 67. OMAR SHARIF
  - 68. BARBARA MCNAIR
  - 69. SUSAN STRASBERG
  - 70. NATALIE WOOD
  - 71. AVIS KIMBLE
  - 72. PAULA KELLY
  - 73. CAROL DODA
  - 74. *LAUGH-IN*
  - 75. *EASY RIDER*
  - 76. DOLLY READ
  - 77. NANCY SINATRA
  - 78. *PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY*
  - 79. ELIZABETH TAYLOR
  - 80. JOHN COLTRANE
  - 81. DONNA MICHELLE
  - 82. RUSS MEYER
  - 83. CARROLL BAKER
  - 84. *THE GRADUATE*
  - 85. LOVE
  - 86. ANN-MARGRET
- See more retro girls  
at [playboy.com/60s](http://playboy.com/60s).



72.



73.



74.



75.



76.





# JOHN COLTRANE

In a decade of astonishing music, the innovations of one saxophonist stand tall. John Coltrane transcended categories—he changed the nature of improvisation. Any self-respecting head had his own copy of *A Love Supreme*. During the first half of the decade, Trane took music to a new level. We're still catching up with him today.







# CUBA LIBRE

**IF YOU WANT TO EXPERIENCE CUBA IN ALL ITS AUTHENTIC BRILLIANCE,  
YOU'D BETTER GO SOON OR STARBUCKS WILL GET THERE FIRST.  
PLAYBOY'S ULTIMATE PARTY GUIDE TO THE FORBIDDEN ISLAND**

BY AARON SIGMOND, WITH NICK KOLAKOWSKI



ay the word *Cuba* to any American man, and ideas rush to his mind: revolution, gangsters, cigars, jazz and, perhaps most of all, gorgeous women. Rummed-up beauties who can do things on a dance floor that make you think they have V8 engines in their panties. Another thing Americans think when you mention Cuba: forbidden island, the place we're not allowed to go.

Cuban history offers legendary scenes of debauchery, beauty, violence, political decay and seduction. Take for example the words of Italian American gangster Lucky Luciano—a man whose legacy is woven into that of Havana—when he first stared out a window at the Hotel Nacional de Cuba, blown away by the city's beauty: "When I got to the room the bellhop opened the curtains on them big windows, and I looked out. I could see almost the whole



city. I think it was the palm trees that got me." Or the words of fellow gangster Joe Stassi when he arrived in 1928: "Beautiful young whores everywhere, every street corner, every bar. In one club there were 25 girls. You picked the one you wanted to be in a live sex show."

What other city can claim to have hosted an orgy involving Frank Sinatra that was interrupted by a nun and a bunch of Girl Scouts? Sinatra landed in Cuba on February 11, 1947 with a suitcase filled with \$2 million in cash. The money was for Luciano, who was building his gambling empire in Havana. Taking part in the orgy were Sinatra, Luciano, Al Capone's older brother Ralph and "a planeload of call girls" (according to an FBI informant). As T.J. English writes in his wonderful book *Havana Nocturne*, "In the midst of a ribald bacchanalia, somehow a contingent of Cuban Girl Scouts escorted by a Catholic nun were allowed to visit Sinatra's suite.... When the Girl

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Scouts entered, there were bottles on the floor, lingerie was hanging from lamp shades and the air was filled with the stench of stale perfume. Sinatra entered the room in a robe and silk scarf as if nothing were wrong. The ruse was exposed when four naked bodies fell giggling into the front room."

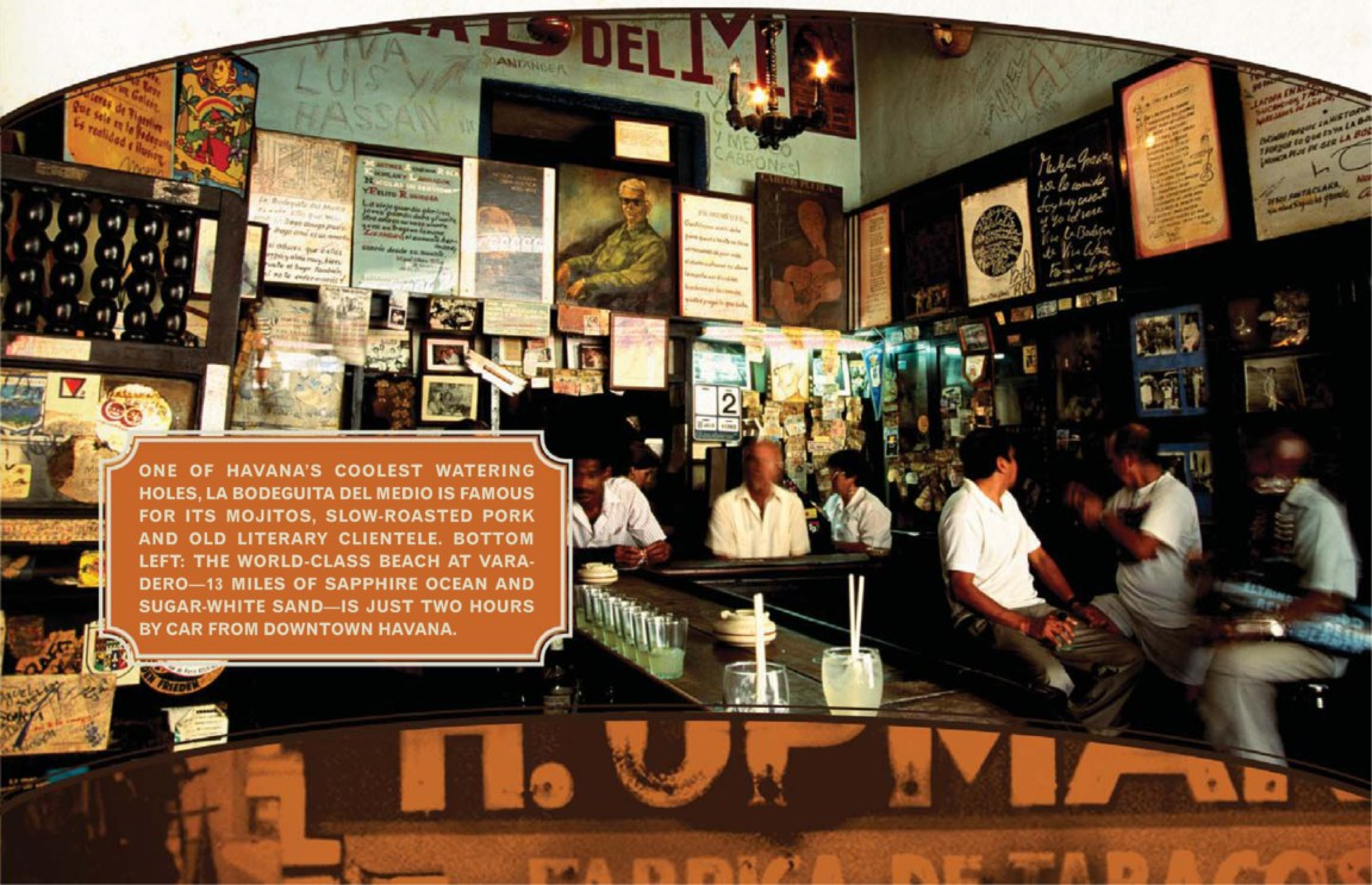
Havana was shaped by the powerful forces of a corrupt government and elite American Mafia figures. They had a vision for Havana: a Latin Las Vegas. Meetings in which these plans were hammered out took place at the Nacional during Christmas week in 1946, a scene carefully recreated in Francis Ford Coppola's *Godfather II*. And so Havana became a party town on par with Monte Carlo, with open casinos, a never-ending flow of Bacardi rum and celebrities moving back and forth between the airport and the Nacional, everyone from Marlon Brando, Ava Gardner, Clark Gable, Jack Dempsey, Ed Sullivan,

Graham Greene and Ernest Hemingway. The great thing about Cuba? You could do things on this island that were illegal in most civilized countries, and to use Luciano's words, "it was only 90 miles from the United States."

In a sense, time stopped in Havana on January 8, 1959, the day Fidel Castro—*el líder máximo*, rebel with a cause—rolled into town to set up a new government. Castro kicked out the gangsters and nationalized all property. In 1962 JFK decided to squeeze Castro by slamming down an economic embargo. With the stroke of a pen, anyone with a United States passport lost visiting privileges. In theory at least.

The truth is, Americans never stopped visiting Cuba. You can fly down today, and when you arrive in the pearl of the Antilles, you'll see Brits, Italians, Frenchmen, Canadians and, yes, Americans. You'll find old-school romance like nowhere else. Ironically, the trade embargo

**THE GREAT THING ABOUT CUBA? YOU COULD DO THINGS ON THIS ISLAND THAT WERE ILLEGAL IN MOST CIVILIZED COUNTRIES, AND YET IT WAS ONLY 90 MILES FROM THE UNITED STATES.**



ONE OF HAVANA'S COOLEST WATERING HOLES, LA BODEGUITA DEL MEDIO IS FAMOUS FOR ITS MOJITOS, SLOW-ROASTED PORK AND OLD LITERARY CLIENTELE. BOTTOM LEFT: THE WORLD-CLASS BEACH AT VARADERO—13 MILES OF SAPPHIRE OCEAN AND SUGAR-WHITE SAND—IS JUST TWO HOURS BY CAR FROM DOWNTOWN HAVANA.





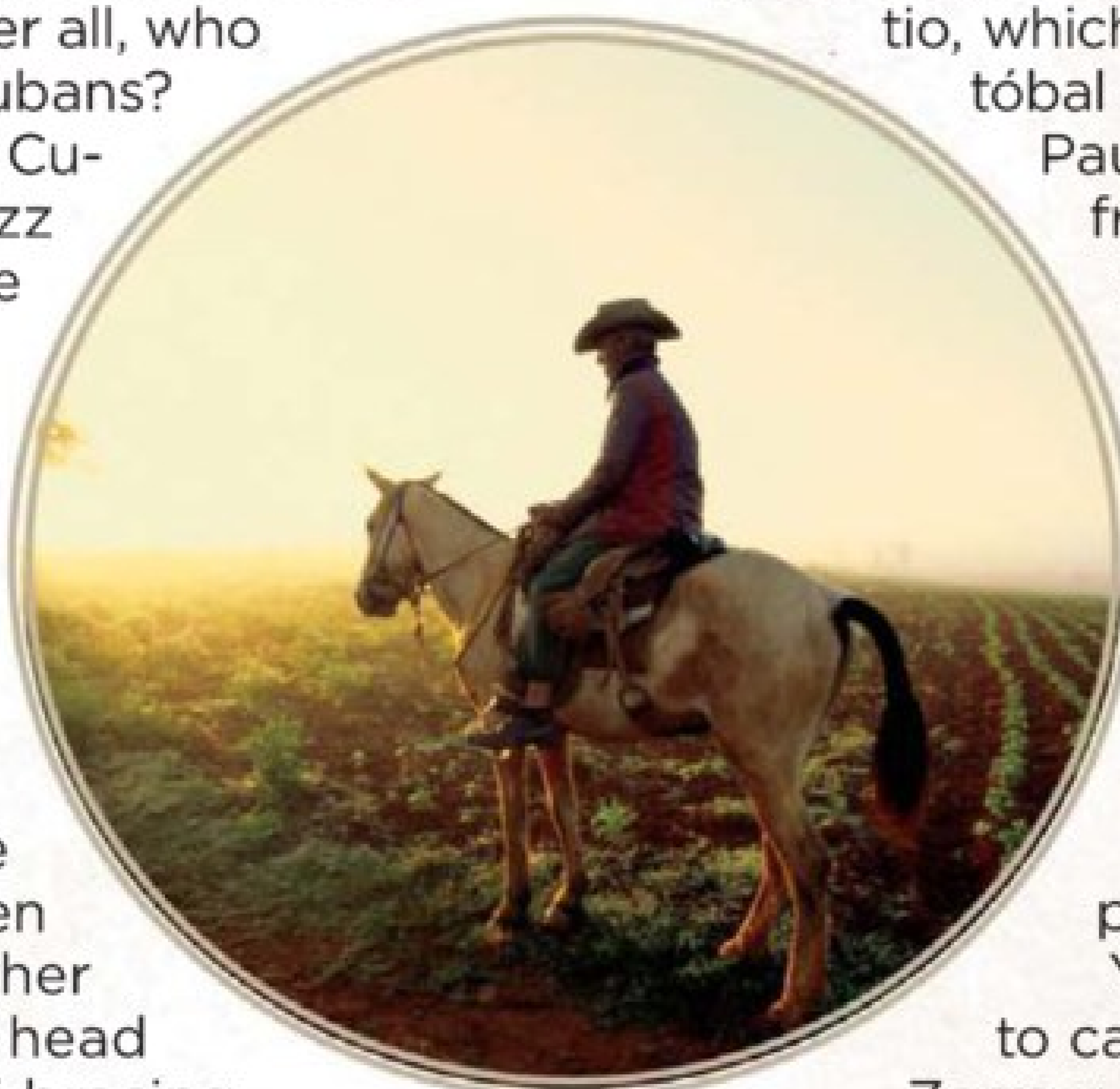
ABOVE: A STREET IN HAVANA. EVEN BEFORE JEWISH AND ITALIAN AMERICAN GANGSTERS TURNED THE CITY INTO A LATIN LAS VEGAS IN THE 1950S, HAVANA WAS A PLACE WHERE CELEBRITIES FLOCKED TO EXPERIENCE TROPICAL ROMANCE AND EURO SOPHISTICATION. THE LOCAL RUM WAS THE ALLURE DURING PROHIBITION, AS WAS SEX. CUBA WAS—AND STILL IS—A TOURIST DESTINATION FOR MEN WHO LIKE TO LEAVE THEIR GIRLFRIENDS BEHIND.

has kept the forbidden island unblemished and true to its roots. Chevys from the 1950s cruise up and down the streets. Smoking is permitted; in fact, it's damn near mandatory. What you will not see in Cuba: McDonald's.

Here is a caveat: Your goal is to see Cuba now, before the U.S. embargo falls and the island becomes a commercialized, Disney-fied disaster zone, with every corner sporting a Starbucks. Already President Obama has begun to loosen the embargo. If you wish to see authentic Cuba, now is the time. After all, who makes better Cuban cigars than Cubans? Who makes better Cuban food than Cubans? Nobody plays better Cuban jazz than Cubans, nor can anyone make better Cuban rum than Cubans. And don't forget, a two-hour drive from Havana will take you to beaches as beautiful as any in the Bahamas.

The day begins in your bed in a shabby-chic room at the Nacional, the same hotel where Lucky first looked out onto the city. Unlike in Vegas, the windows here have no blackout shades. You know when morning comes, marking yet another night on the town survived. You head down to the veranda for a cup of bracing sweet coffee. (Who makes better Cuban coffee than Cubans?) A few laps in the hotel's saltwater pool finishes off the reinvigoration.

It is never too early for a cocktail here, so you stroll to Old Havana (La Habana Vieja), where you find El Floridita. One of the world's truly iconic bars, El Floridita spe-



cializes in the (real) daiquiri, a simple concoction that has nothing but rum, ice, sugar and lime. Lunch at El Floridita consists of *camarones, pescado y langosta en su salsa preferida* (shrimp, fish and lobster with sauce). For dessert you light your first cigar of the day.

In the afternoon you walk through the avant-garde art galleries and studios. Havana, like Berlin and East Beijing, has a vibrant contemporary art scene. An afternoon respite follows: another Cuban coffee at El Patio, which overlooks the Catedral de San Cristóbal de la Habana (restored for Pope John Paul II's historic 1998 visit). Everyone is friendly. After the end of the Cold War, you are told, Cuba fell into an economic catastrophe, losing a reported 35 percent of its GDP. The flow of American money is critical, so everyone is smiling at you. Hungry? Many of Cuba's best restaurants are situated in private homes. Licensed by the government, they're called *paladares*. For tonight, it's La Casa, where you chase down ceviche and pickled octopus with red wine.

Your final decision of the day? Where to catch some live jazz. You decide on La Zorra y El Cuervo, where on any given night you can hear world-class jazz musicians jamming until three A.M. On the dance floor those V8 engines are pumping out rpms. You find yourself dancing with a local beauty. She has that twinkle in her eye. And so you mention that you're an American. You're staying at the Nacional. Which is just two blocks away.

## HOW TO GET THERE

**FOR MOST AMERICANS, IT'S ILLEGAL TO STEP FOOT IN CUBA. THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU SHOULDN'T GO**

Yes, you know all about the Cuban embargo. Yet by one estimate, 50,000 Americans traveled to Cuba legally in 2008, and countless more visited illegally. You have two ways to get there: (1) Go legit. Apply for a general or specific license through the U.S. Office of Foreign Assets Control ([treas.gov/offices/enforcement/ofac](http://treas.gov/offices/enforcement/ofac)). If you're a journalist on assignment, an ordained minister wishing to do outreach or an artist seeking to do research, there's a good chance the government will grant you a license. Play for a college baseball team? Set up an exhibition game, fill out the paperwork and you're golden. Plan ahead—this takes time.

Thanks to a recent loosening in regulations under the Obama administration, the law now reads, "U.S. persons with close relatives in Cuba may currently travel to Cuba once per 12 months for unlimited length of stay." (2) Or you can sneak in. The Cuban economy is desperate for American dollars, so officials make a note of not stamping passports when Americans arrive. You can fly in through Cancún or Nassau in the Bahamas. Some travel companies set up packages solely for this purpose (see [cubatravelusa.com](http://cubatravelusa.com) or [usacubatravel.com](http://usacubatravel.com)). Get caught and you're facing a maximum \$55,000 in civil penalties and criminal penalties of up to \$250,000 and 10 years in prison. We know people who go frequently for weeks at a time and have never had any trouble.



# 24 HOURS IN HAVANA

FORTUNATELY, HAVANA'S BEST VENUES RARELY CHANGE. THE HOTELS, THE EATERIES AND THE HANDFUL OF REAL BARS AND CLUBS HAVE ALL REMAINED OPEN AND FAMILIAR YEAR AFTER YEAR SINCE BACK IN THE 1950s, WHEN SINATRA AND THE REST OF THE RAT PACK WOULD TAKE THE CITY BY STORM. DON'T MISS ANY OF THIS...



## B.A.R.S & CLUBS

- 1 **EL FLORIDITA** (CALLE OBISPO NO. 557, AT THE CORNER OF MONSERRATE, OLD HAVANA): Easily the most storied bar in the Caribbean, El Floridita is where the daiquiri was invented. Not the silly umbrella joke you're served in America but the real thing: rum, ice, sugar, lime.
- 2 **LA BODEGUITA DEL MEDIO** (CALLE EMPEDRADO NO. 207, OLD HAVANA): When it opened in 1942, La Bodeguita hosted literary elites from Neruda to Hemingway. The mojito was supposedly invented here.
- 3 **LA ZORRA Y EL CUERVO** (CALLE 23 NO. 155, VEDADO, HAVANA): This world-class jazz club looks like a 1920s speakeasy, with an old British telephone booth for an entranceway. It often hosts the great pianist Roberto Fonseca when he's on the island.
- 4 **THE JAZZ CAFÉ** (THIRD LEVEL OF THE GALERÍAS PASEO MALL, AVENIDA PASEO AND 3, VEDADO, HAVANA): You have never seen female hips on a dance floor until you've been to the Jazz Café. Yes, you'll hear Cuban jazz but also reggaeton and the occasional comedian.

- 5 **HABANA CAFÉ** (AVENIDA PASEO BETWEEN 1 AND 3, VEDADO, HAVANA): Part of the Meliá Cohiba Hotel, this club has a 1957 Chevy convertible with a built-in table (remember *Pulp Fiction*?) and an old American biplane hanging from the ceiling.

- 6 **CABARET TURQUINO** (CALLE L BETWEEN 23 AND 25, VEDADO, HAVANA): With its crowded dance floor and live music, Turquino is among the hottest clubs on the island. It's on the top floor of one of Havana's tallest buildings, the Habana Libre Hotel (formerly the Havana Hilton).

## HOTELS

- 7 **HOTEL NACIONAL DE CUBA** (CALLE 21 AND O, VEDADO, HAVANA): Havana's first and last word in old-school luxury accommodations, the Nacional is where Lucky Luciano, Meyer Lansky and their gangster brethren laid out their plot in the 1940s to turn Havana into the Latin Las Vegas. Dueling saltwater and freshwater swimming pools say it all. [HOTELNACIONALDECUBA.COM](http://HOTELNACIONALDECUBA.COM)
- 8 **MELIÁ COHIBA** (AVENIDA PASEO BETWEEN 1 AND 3, VEDADO, HAVANA): The Cuban government's attempt

at five-star digs, this spot is a five-minute drive from the Hotel Nacional. The top-floor restaurant offers sweeping views of Havana's coastline. [SOLMELIA.COM](http://SOLMELIA.COM)

## MUST SEE

- 9 **LA HABANA VIEJA**: Old Havana—the original city with its ancient walls, founded in 1519 by the Spanish—is home to fortresses and castles where pirates battled for control of the island and its bullion.
- 10 **MALECÓN**: The walkway where the ocean crashes into the city walls is a nice place to take in a sunset.
- 11 **MUSEO DE LA REVOLUCIÓN**: Remnants of America's failed Bay of Pigs invasion can be found inside this museum, which is housed in the spectacularly ornate presidential palace in Old Havana. When he took power in 1959, Castro had no intention of living the high life.

## PALADARES

Cuba's best restaurants, called *paladares*, are situated in ordinary homes.

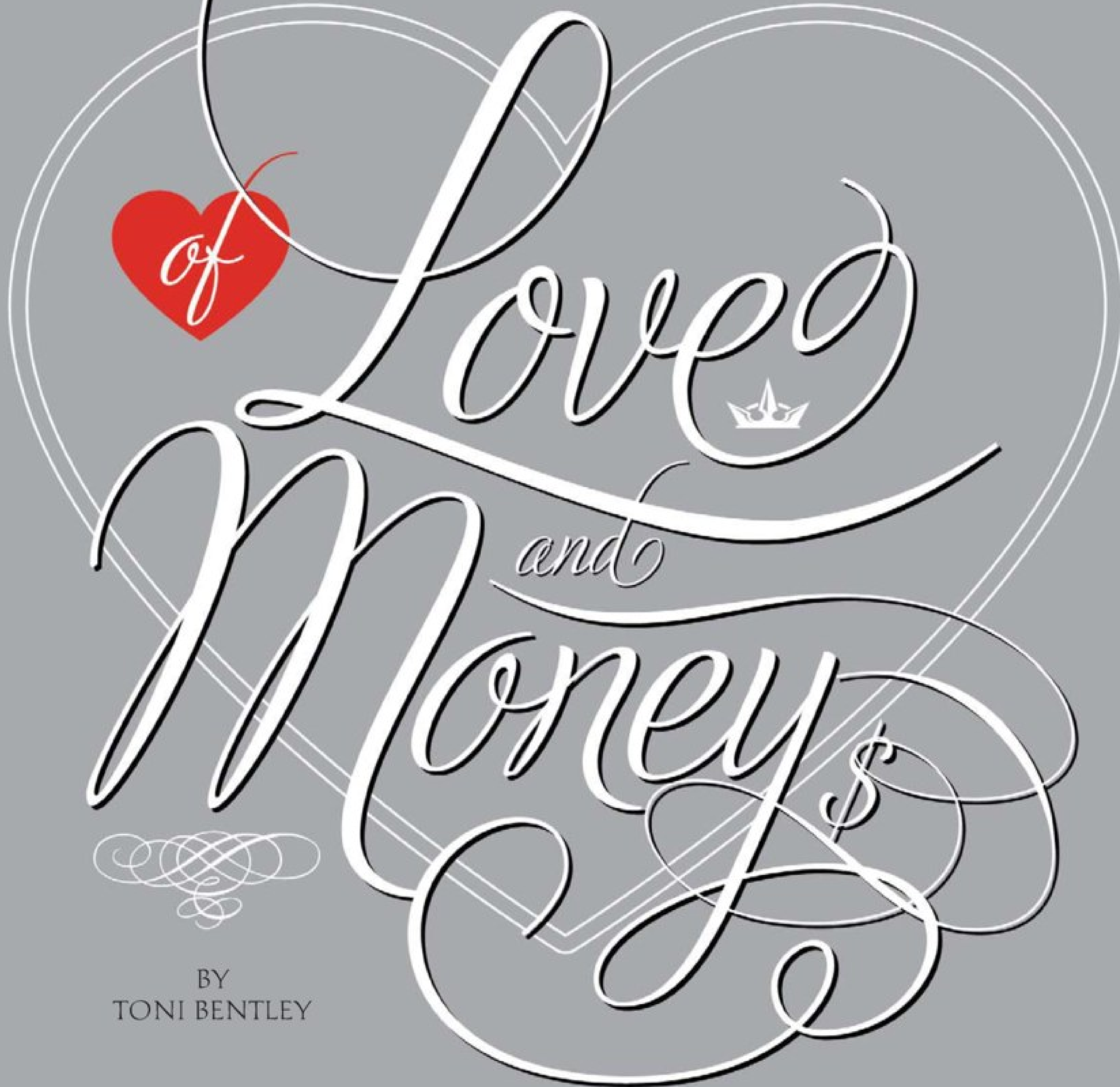
Licensed by the government, they offer some of the most authentic dining on the island. The following are all destinations outside of downtown (not on the map above). Tip a cabby and he'll take you there.

**EL BUGANVIL** (CALLE 190 NO. 1501, BETWEEN CALLES 15 AND 17, PLAYA): Situated in the district of Siboney, this *paladar's* specialties include *lomo ahumado* (smoked pork) and mutton stewed in wine. Let the cook know ahead, and he'll roast a pig for six for you. (AVERAGE PRICE: \$8 A PERSON)

**DOÑA CARMELA** (COMUNIDAD NO. 1, CASA 10, HABANA DEL ESTE): On the other side of Havana Bay from downtown, a short distance from the iconic El Morro castle and lighthouse, Doña Carmela offers incredible fish and shrimp dishes, including garlic octopus. It also features giant lobster tails basted in butter. (AVERAGE PRICE: \$15 A PERSON)

**LA CASA** (CALLE 30 NO. 865, BETWEEN 26 AND 41, NUEVO VEDADO): Not far from downtown Havana, La Casa's ceviche, pickled octopus, malanga fritters and stewed rabbit will blow your mind. (AVERAGE PRICE: \$15 A PERSON)





# Love and Money

BY  
TONI BENTLEY

SHE'S A FORMER PROFESSIONAL BALLET DANCER AND AN ACCLAIMED WRITER. HE'S A HEDGE FUND MANAGER WITH A WALLET AS THICK AS A HENRY JAMES NOVEL. AT \$300 A GO, THEY GET ALONG JUST FINE

So there I was at a cocktail party, and a man came up rather boldly and introduced himself. He had been told I would be there. He was a hedge fund manager, and he had googled me. I couldn't get rid of him all evening. He talked an awful lot. He asked for my number and called the next day to ask me to dinner. Good Lord! This was how the books said you were supposed to date. He calls, he invites, he picks you up, he pays, he drops you off. I had never done this before. Seriously.

The hedge fund guy knew all about me. I had just published an erotic memoir called *The Surrender*, about a love affair with a man I call A-Man. Actually, it was a 224-page memoir about anal sex—"mind-boggling in its rawness," as one critic put it. It was excerpted in the pages of this magazine and translated into 15 languages.

I was really needing a rest after that affair. Something else. Someone else. I was just back from a Buddhist retreat

in England. That's how bad the pain was of giving up the best thing I knew, the absolute physical addiction to having this man—a young beautiful boy-man—two to four times a week, sometimes twice in a row. He might as well have been heroin, but I doubt heroin feels as good. Just a guess. This went on for almost four years. The pain-joy cycle had exhausted me. I needed a man who would give me a break. I knew less pain might involve less pleasure, but I took the leap of faith that there might be pleasures I did not yet know.

It seems to me now that I was caught inside some amazing erotic tunnel but eventually reached the other side of my masochism and said, Enough! I didn't say it; some internal voice, the gut voice did. So there I was at this cocktail party, trying to be "open" to people, anyone, not necessarily a new man. But just think what a new man was going to inherit! Not only memories of the best I'd ever had but now





"I'LL PAY YOU," HE SAID WITHOUT MISSING A BEAT. VANILLA SEX CAN GET REAL  
KINKY REAL FAST WITH THREE WORDS LIKE THESE.



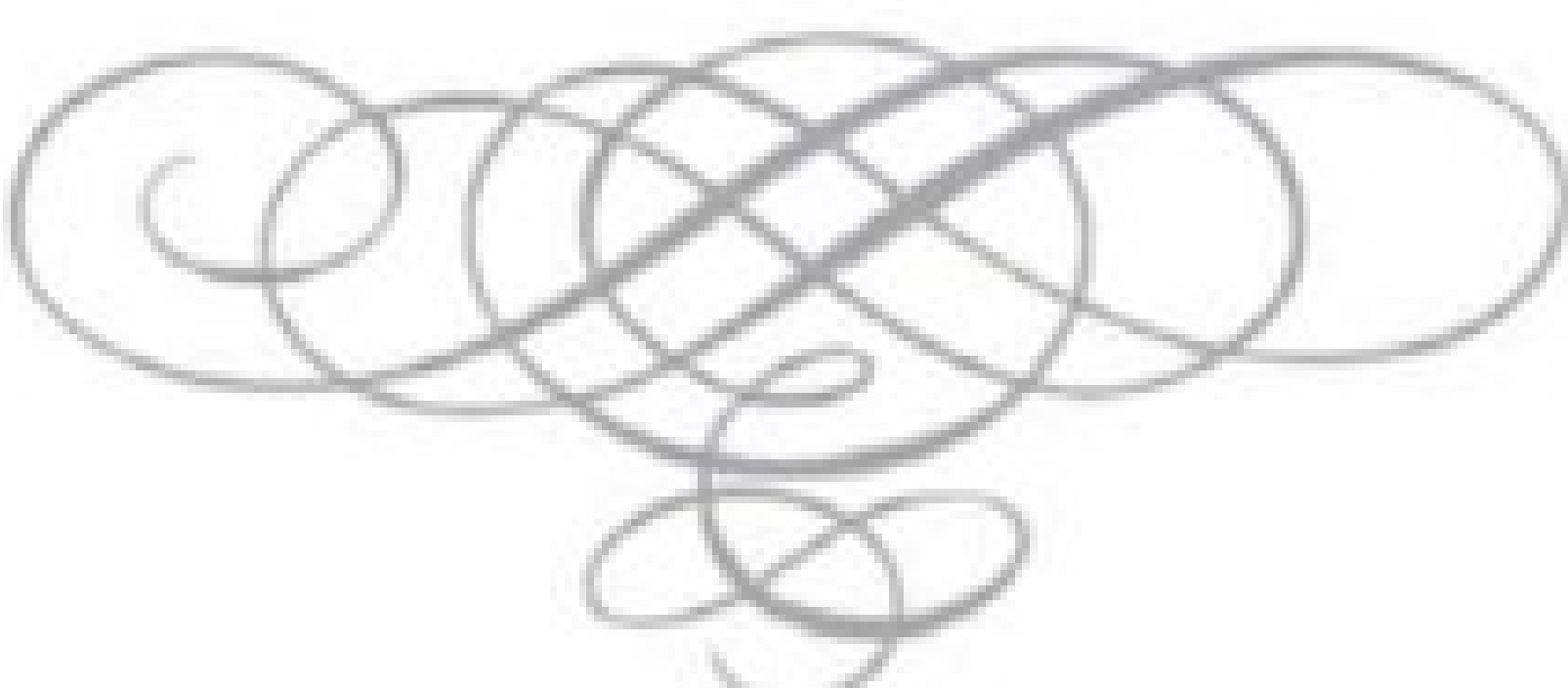
enshrined for posterity in a book.

Truth was, since I'd written it, men had been throwing themselves at me. The wackos came through my website, sending photos of themselves on their motorcycles, inside their boats and beside their planes—yes, you guys, beware the phallically obvious. One aerodynamic chap even offered to “fly in, fuck your ass and fly out again.” Hard to resist that romance.

So I was ready for the lucky guy who might follow in A-Man's footsteps. He'd need to be a brave one. As an old girlfriend of mine used to say with a lusty laugh, “May the best man win!”



The hedge fund guy rang my doorbell on the dot—and I mean the dot—of 7:30. I felt an eagerness from him that was annoying (what woman is ready on time?) but also a certain unfamiliar, though not unpleasant, sense of control. My control. Now, for the record, I hadn't “chased” A-Man. But



brought me to a new elegant Asian (con)fusion restaurant with little waterfalls and ponds between the tables. I ordered a champagne cocktail—the most elegant drink in the world and young bartenders hardly know it anymore. They think you want champagne spiked with liquor. No, just the rosy bud of a sugar cube soaked in Angostura bitters at the bottom of the champagne flute with bubbles rising to the top in a steady sexy pink stream.

Warmed by the bubbles, I took a good look at my prey. He was in a dark suit, no tie, white shirt open at the neck, revealing the edge of what looked like a real rug. Nice unassuming face and a very jolly and frequent smile, though somewhat filled with self-delight. The smile of the rich. I imagined, as I always do with someone new, those lips on my pussy, a sort of test run.

He'd done a great deal more googling

the fourth outing I let him kiss me. On and on went the calls, the compliments, the consistency, the enthusiasm, the on-timeness. I'd never gone so long with someone without fucking them. But Mr. Persistence was not giving up.

A few conversations, a few suggestions, and we were soon into the lulling back-and-forth of vanilla sex. But, boy, could he eat pussy. Not elegantly or sensitively or with any charm or wit or panache or tease. Just plain old persistence. I came more predictably with this guy—every single solitary time—than with any other man I'd ever been with. Like a pugilist in the ring he didn't let my clit go until I'd blow. This would make him beam with pride. I started developing a real affection and respect for this man. But the rest of the sex, the fucking, well—you know, vanilla. I was grateful for the guaranteed orgasm, but after a few months I started to get irritable.

Then one day things got interesting.

He had read my fourth book, *Sisters*

I WANTED TO SEXUALIZE THE MONEY. I WANTED HIM TO HAVE TO  
HAVE IT, GIVE IT, SEE IT AND DEAL WITH IT EACH TIME HE  
HAD A HARD-ON.

when you love the other more than yourself, you give up your control, your power and yourself. The less you love, the more control you retain. I had never done this—been in control. I was always a sucker for love, the dangerous things poets teach you.

I was in a pale blue silk bodice with white lace peeking out the top and a swathed satin pencil skirt so tight that even with the slit in the back I could barely get one foot in front of the other without testing the seams. No matter, my four-inch strappy stilettos didn't really call for wide strides anyway. Black thigh-high stockings with a wide lace band at the top. I knew I'd be safe with this eager man, safe enough to dress as I liked to dress. Besides, I didn't care what he or anyone else thought.

I climbed into his big black BMW, sparkling clean, smooth ride, stereo speakers oozing Norah Jones. He

since our first meeting six days earlier and was even more impressed. So I was impressed with his impression. After dinner, at my door, he tried a kiss. A kiss? I don't think so. I made this guy work. I was able to do this because I wasn't sure if I was interested. He might as well have been an alien, he was so unlike my type: in looks (attractive but not beautiful), height (medium, not tall), age (in his mid-40s, he was the oldest man I'd ever, er, dated), solvency (he was), profession (he had one). And he confessed to being a condom-carrying Catholic. And not at all artistic. Good. Those artist lovers will kill you.

So we did the dating thing. (Dr. Phil would have been proud.) He called, he invited, he picked me up, wined and dined me and dropped me off. After

*of Salome*, about four fabulous women at the turn of the 19th century who used the femme fatale Salome, the original striptease gal, as an onstage-offstage identity. I was fascinated not with powerful Hillary-type women but with powerful sexual women. He said to me one day, not without insight, “I get that you identify with the women in your book, but there is one big difference.”

“What is that?” I asked.

Referring to supersexy horizontal agent Mata Hari, he said, “She was a courtesan. She was paid.”

“Well,” I said smiling sweetly, “I've been waiting for someone to offer.”

“I'll pay you,” he said without missing a beat.

Vanilla sex can get real kinky real fast with three words like these. I'd wanted to be a courtesan all my life.

“How much?”

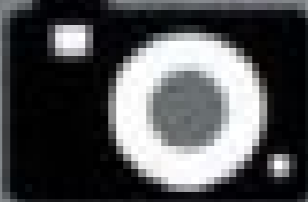
(continued on page 181)





*"It's not the correct way to stop someone from choking, but it's very effective!"*



PLAYBOY  FASHION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID BAILEY  
FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES

Coat (\$3,800), sweater (\$690)  
and pants (\$790) by Bottega  
Veneta. Hat (\$30) by Henschel  
courtesy the Village Hat Shop.

# SCOTLAND YARD

*Style*

THIS SEASON FASHION IS TAKING ITS  
CUE FROM THE VICTORIAN AGE, WITH  
A PARTICULAR NOD TO ONE DEBONAIR  
DETECTIVE AND HIS "MAN." CLUE IN



"EXCELLENT!" I CRIED.  
"ELEMENTARY," SAID HE.

—THE MEMOIRS OF  
SHERLOCK HOLMES (1894)

Suit (\$1,595) and shirt  
(\$225) by Z Zegna.

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag




"WHAT WAS THE FAIR LADY'S  
GAME? WHAT DID SHE  
REALLY WANT?"

—THE RETURN OF SHERLOCK  
HOLMES (1905)

Jacket (\$1,984), shirt (\$228), tie (\$129)  
and trousers (\$497) by Phineas Cole.  
Pocket square (\$70) by Paul Stuart.  
Hat (\$34) by Jaxon courtesy the  
Village Hat Shop.



A full-page photograph of a man with light brown hair and a slight beard, wearing a dark grey flat cap, a striped shirt, a dark vest, and a dark neckerchief. He is standing with his hands in his pockets against a grey, textured background. A decorative oval frame is superimposed on the left side of the image, containing text.

Shirt (\$125) and pants (\$89) by  
Barking Irons. Vest (\$725) by Paul  
Smith. Hat (\$15) by Jaxon courtesy  
the Village Hat Shop. Neckerchief  
(\$125) by John Varvatos.





Jacket (\$3,560), waistcoat (\$1,280), shirt (\$1,290), trousers (\$1,040), bow tie (\$220), pocket square (\$140), slippers (\$4,160) and walking stick (\$280) by Tom Ford. Stud set (\$795) by Baade II.





"YOU KNOW MY  
METHODS, WATSON."

—THE MEMOIRS OF  
SHERLOCK HOLMES (1894)

Cape (\$1,984), jacket (\$1,384),  
vest (\$584), shirt (\$228),  
trousers (\$494) and tie (\$140)  
by Phineas Cole.



# THE NEW MODERN ART

THERE HAVE BEEN STREET ARTISTS AS LONG AS THERE HAVE BEEN STREETS. TRADITIONALLY THEY HAVEN'T HAD MUCH CHOICE. *PLAYBOY* PRESENTS **SIX ARTISTS**, FROM **NARA** TO **BANKSY**, WHO TAKE IT OUTSIDE **BY DAVE HICKEY**

**H**ere's the difference: Gallery art can't go in the street, but street art can go in a gallery. Gallery art is taking on a pallor, while the art of the street is changing for the better. The latter form has evolved on a parallel track with the art it would like to replace: the art of fighting. In civilized fighting, the idea has always been to fight but not kill, because dead enemies can't improve their style. Until recently, however, we fought in ghettos to keep things nice. Gentlemen did not fight their lessers, wrestlers did not fight boxers, locals did not fight foreigners (if the outcome was in doubt), and foreign styles were banished. Oversight commissions abounded; intricate rules, class hatred and formalist criticism flourished. Then somebody said, "What if we promise not to kill or cripple our competitors? Couldn't we just have a fight and use the style that suits us?" We could, and today we have mixed martial arts: a two-level fight that blends boxing, wrestling

Yoshitomo Nara (born 1959) brings his nightmarish urchins out of the realm of Japanese comic books and halfway back into real life.

**YOSHITOMO NARA**  
*TOO YOUNG TO DIE* ASHTRAY  
**2001**







Street art can go into the gallery, but gallery art will have a hard time making the transition to the street. The above 2009 installation at Marianne Boesky Gallery in New York is by Yoshitomo Nara. Sometimes street art can be a literal term. The city of New Smyrna Beach, Florida commissioned the road tattoo below (titled *Hurricane Charm*) from Steed Taylor (born 1959).

and the martial arts of Brazil, China, Japan and Thailand with the faintest aroma of video gaming.

The same has happened to the art of the street. There used to be ghettos of race, class and style. Then the rules disappeared. The idea of the new street art is to compete but not fight. The only thing you can lose is respect, but you can still lose that, so it's the street and not Chelsea—even in Chelsea. There are no more ghettos, rules, classes or forbidden styles. You step off the tribal savanna into the arena of cosmopolitanism. You dance with the person who brought you. There is no predicting the competition or the direction from which it may come.

Banksy, the anonymous Brit, brings high theory, leftist politics and graphic wit to the street unadorned. Don Ed Hardy apotheosizes the tattoo with Zap Comix impudence, Japanese craft and



Beat generation Orientalism. Gajin Fujita blends Japanese Edo painting, shunga printmaking, East L.A. gang writing and wild-style graffiti. Steed Taylor literally takes his art to the streets; he tattoos asphalt surfaces in the Polynesian manner as a memorial tag for his tribe, creating heavenly highways for AIDS victims. Andrew Schoultz addresses the "architecture question" that has always beset street art. That wall over there—is it the outside of a building or the inside of a street? Schoultz paints goofy cartoon architectural tableaux over elegant San Francisco architecture, so the outside of the building and the inside of the street exist simultaneously. Yoshitomo Nara,

like Dr. Frankenstein, brings his manga street waifs halfway back in the direction of "real life." His big-eyed brats are nearly here with us, looking wistful but all too worldly, vulnerable but ominously

armed with guns, cigarettes and knives—just like home but not really.

The virtues of races, places, classes and styles still exist, but now everyone uses them. All these artists step up from blood to beauty, from fighting to writing. They step away from violence into the world of competition. It may look dangerous to you out in the burbs, but you don't walk down streets where anything that is not a fight is all right. You don't have the 50-foot side of a Ralphs supermarket jammed against your front door, so issues of blood and beauty are less critical to you. For the taggers and the skaters, for the lowriders and the sidewalk breakers, aesthetics matter. They are rough





Andrew Schultz (born 1975) painted the above mural (with Aaron Noble) at 18th and Lexington streets in San Francisco's Mission District. *Generator* contains Schultz's obsessively intricate detail and a whimsical yet chaotic vision. On his attraction to public art, Schultz said in a 2006 interview, "Your audience could literally be anyone, and I like that possibility."

customers, but they are aesthetes if you're interested. In the blink of an eye, bangers become auteurs, scholars and critics. They want to discuss Saber's giant tag on the concrete wash of the Los Angeles River. They wonder, Did it survive as long as it did because it was good, because it commanded respect? This would be the right reason, but maybe it survived because it was too expensive for the city to sand away and too big to bomb with other tags. Or maybe both. Maybe that was Saber's strategy. (The tag was finally buffed away after 12 years by the Army Corps of Engineers, thanks to federal stimulus funds.) In this spirit you discuss the aesthetics of scale and refinement in a work of art executed in darkness in a concrete wasteland. The artists just want more respect and less banality. They want to pose serious questions such as, "You put a wall in my face. Can I park my ride in your yard? Look at that stucco monster! Why is this blind corporate citizen free to ruin my view? Why is that wall the outside of his building and not the inside of my lively street? Or is this

wall a delicate membrane facing both ways where ownership is always contested, like my skin, my T-shirt and the paint job on my Charger? So this wall? Does it have the right to bore me? Well, this is my tag, and it doesn't bore me. This is my tattoo, those are my flames and pinstripes, and this is my street. The wall? Does it include me or exclude me—extend me or limit me? We should talk about this fairly soon."

These are serious, global issues, and one evening flying into LAX from the west, away from the twilight, I saw it all:

the vision of redemption. The sleek plate of ocean rushed up to the beach with surfers at its edge. The concrete badlands of

## GAJIN FUJITA

SLOW &  
EASY  
2006

Gajin Fujita (born 1972), who grew up in East Los Angeles, blends elements of Edo-period Japanese art with wild-style graffiti. *Slow & Easy* uses gold and silver leaf along with spray paint on six wood panels to bring together aspects of interior and exterior life (detail at right).









青鳳  
2002



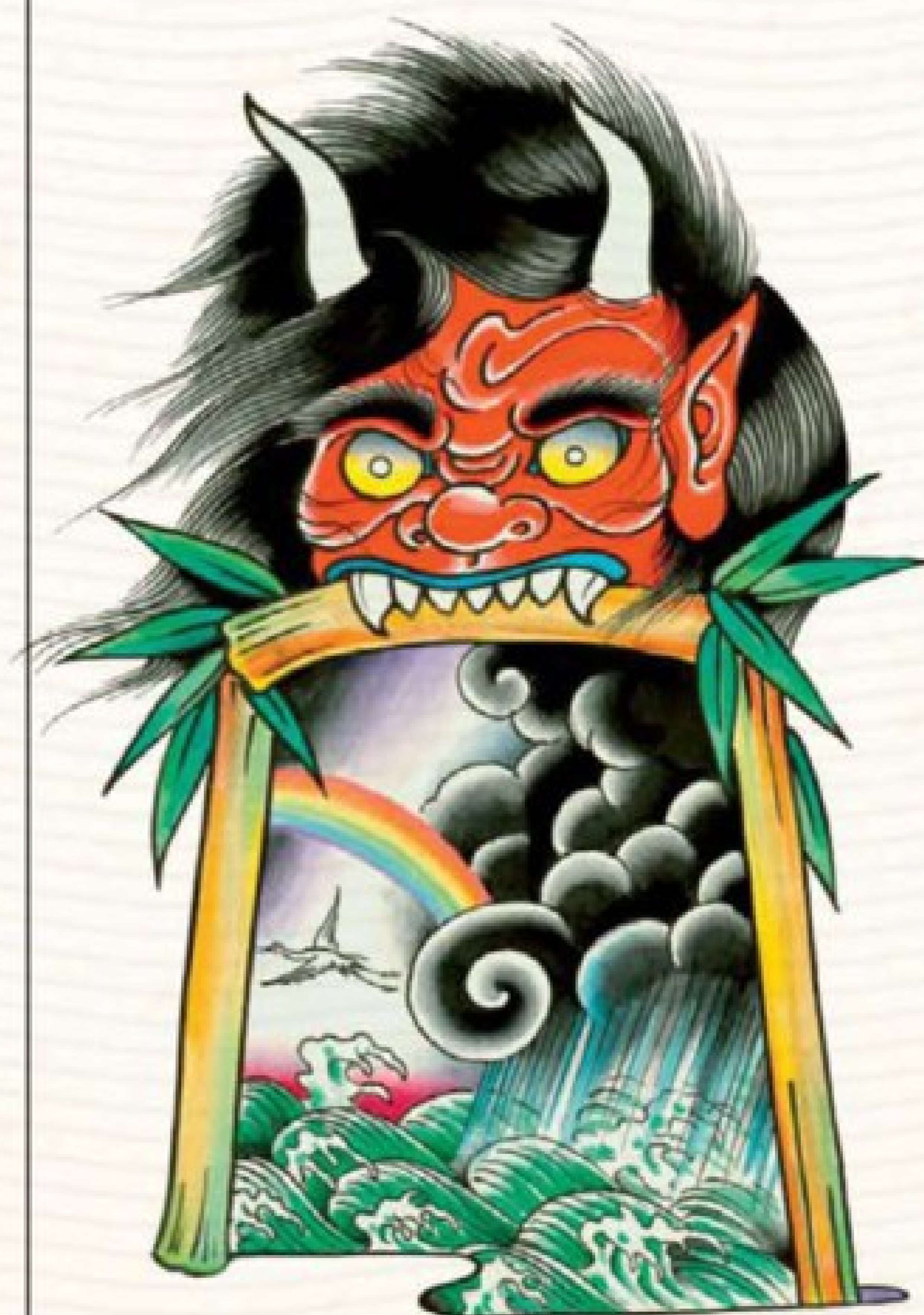
**DON ED HARDY**

GUARDIAN  
PHOENIX  
2002

Don Ed Hardy (born 1945) expands the Japanese tattoo aesthetic (at right, *Sheya*). Banksy (opposite page) uses his graphic wit to question the ownership of public space.

Los Angeles rushed away from the beach toward the mountains. Then I saw what the kids saw: the beach beneath the concrete, the piss-elegant Latino-Asian paradise immanent in the ugliest urban environment. I saw dead things brought to life, empty pools with wild-style decor being licked up by skaters. I saw lime paint jobs slithering down Pico. I saw

twining tattooed curves pouring down kids' arms out of tie-dyed T-shirts. I saw the arc of skateboarders flying out of plywood barrels, the arc of surfers slipping down saltwater barrels, the swoosh of ramp races in empty parking garages, bikes and skates, everything flying and landing with perfect aplomb in a filigree of elegant curves. The tagger's paint can sweeps across the blank wall, making a 15-foot periwinkle curve as sweet as Raphael's, as felonious as shooting a storekeeper. My vision needed only Steed Taylor to tattoo the streets, Banksy to do the signage and Andrew Schultz to paint houses on all the houses. Los Angeles would blossom to life in the membrane that divides the street we share from the property someone owns. There are kids who think this will happen.





**BANKSY**

*PALESTINE*  
**2005**

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## NEW YORK

*(continued from page 120)*

to all surfaces that had come into contact with the disease, not excepting stone and metal, and that the only means to root out the viral agent was fire. So it was that fully three quarters of the island was incinerated in controlled burns—houses, office buildings, hospitals, churches, down to the streets and sidewalks. Many of the remaining inhabitants fled Manhattan, even those whose dwellings were spared. We held firm, talking our way out of a single half-hearted attempt at forced relocation. When we could walk around outside again we were stunned by what we saw. The city looked like footage of Berlin or Dresden after the Second World War. Block after block lay empty; others were heaps of blackened rubble. A pall of smoke hung in the air and made the sunset look like the end of the world. An indescribable stench wound its way through the shattered streets. There were only a few recognizable standing structures; all had been built of brick or stone, mostly in the 19th century. For a while we were convinced we were the last people in the city—maybe in the world, for that matter, since communications had been severed—just the four of us and the neighbors.

For quite a long time most people were afraid to come anywhere near the city, and developers consequently shunned it, so the reconstruction went slowly. Little by little, groups trickled in, in old trucks full of lumber and bricks or homemade carts pulled by horses. They cleared rubble, salvaged what they could, built cabins, planted trees and crops, erected windmills. We acquired two cows and tended 40 acres of farmland over by the East River. Before long the southern end of the island looked quite a bit like New Amsterdam in the early 17th century, at least if you kept your back to the Woolworth Building and the Brooklyn Bridge. The idyll lasted only a couple of years, of course, since some of the settlers wanted electrical power restored, and so word got out. Surveyors and then construction crews were soon everywhere at once, rebuilding with a vengeance. That was right about when China's economy collapsed and the United States stepped into the breach, so money was plentiful once again. Exact replicas of the Empire State and Chrysler buildings were among the first to go up, to be followed by clones of many of the ugliest, most faceless high-rises that had formerly stood. In no time all traces of the plague and its consequences had been utterly eradicated, aside from the massive black marble cenotaph erected in the middle of Columbus Circle, and the city looked altered by no more than time from a decade or two earlier. The word *new* appended to the replicas—as in the New Times Square—disappeared within six months.

I had become used to those cycles of rise and fall and rise again, or so I thought. This time the triumph seemed particularly hollow. It felt as if the whole city was a pallid remake of itself. I was well into my 30s by then, and my energy was flagging. I had no desire to find a place for myself in the new order. My grandmother had recently died, at the age of 110,

and without her stabilizing influence I began to drift off course. I gravitated to a crowd that ingested crispix and strontium, sheltered in the hollows of the disused subway station beneath City Hall and preyed on tourists staying in the various BedLocker franchises around town—they weren't rich, but they were easy. I kept away from my mother and sister and the Clinton Street tenement because I couldn't face them. My skin had taken on the distinctive greenish crispix pallor, my clothes were rags, and I had ballooned grotesquely from the strontium. I robbed, drugged and tried to sleep. An unknown amount of time slid by in this fashion, maybe years, as I weakened daily from the ravages of the substances I abused, my condition not assisted by the daily eruptions of violence among my crowd, since people were continually trying to hijack one another's supplies. I probably would have had no more than six months of life left to me had it not been for the war.

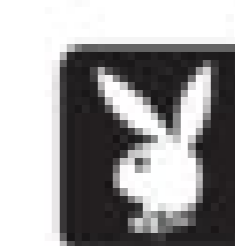
In our condition we were oblivious to the workings of the world, and it was only much later that I recalled signs I had peripherally registered that would have shown me that conflict was imminent—or at the least that strange things were at hand. Bearded men carrying regulation-size crosses began appearing on the avenues, apparently crushed by their burden, bleeding from thorns bound around their heads, escorted by small bands of weeping followers. Repentance preachers were of course nothing new, but this sort of spectacle upped the ante somewhat. Then groups of people started materializing here and there around town, wearing large crosses on their chests and brandishing hammers. At first they concentrated on destroying graven images. All representations of human figures were fair game—church statues, advertising screens, terra-cotta reliefs, shop-window holos, paintings in museums—though they reserved their greatest wrath for the unclothed body. Matters took another turn when they began attacking the living, bursting into commercial establishments that dealt in matters they apparently considered sinful and aiming for heads with their hammers. The police always seemed to get there too late. The body count escalated daily.

You know the backstory, of course, so I won't bore you. The call for holy war had come from the high plains, and cities were aflame from coast to coast. New York was actually left for last. The city had been on alert for weeks, but nobody knew what form the attack would take. The hammer wielders were an advance guard meant to induce panic and distract attention from the main thrust, which soon enough came from the sky. I slunk to a place only I knew about—a forgotten underground storage room once attached to the old Macy's, accessible through a series of abandoned rail-freight tunnels—and there I underwent withdrawal while listening to the explosions overhead. After nine days I was able to limp back to Clinton Street through the immobilized subway lines and joined the resistance. The four years that followed were the harshest of my life. They are a blur in my mind now, but I can't forget the incessant Bible broadcasts in the streets

or the intoning of "Only God can judge" during the executions or the golf-pro outfits of the top brass in their open hovercars or the vacant-eyed night raiders with verses from John tattooed across their foreheads or the house-to-house fighting when we briefly took back East Broadway or the day I realized our oldest neighbor had been turned or the day my mother was killed crossing the street by a remote sniper from an unmanned turret. By the time the Euros came in I weighed half what I had in my prime. After the liberation I slept for most of a month.

When New York was declared a city-state I was approached to run for public office, but I've always been bored by politics, and I declined in favor of a job on the planning commission. We had our work cut out for us. I can say without bragging that I had more experience with ruins than anyone else in the government, which was handy since once again half the city lay in charred heaps. We remade the parks, reconstructed the Brooklyn Bridge from Roebling's blueprints and replaced the other spans, saved the Paramount Hotel from imminent collapse, reconfigured the zoning laws and imploded everything put up by the occupation forces. It took a decade to get the Statue of Liberty back from Lake Havasu, Arizona. It was too late to do anything about the Empire State Building, but then I considered it a fake anyway. We decided to preserve the Washington Square Arch intact as a memorial—those two square pillars missing their top do an admirable job of standing for everything the city has been through. We got rid of all the remaining expressways, sealed the tunnels and banned private transportation from the city altogether. We reopened the harbor and reinstalled a beacon atop One Times Square. Then we turned the churches into dance halls. I wrote the provision myself.

Many things have happened over the past 30 years, but they've mostly passed me by. I'm old and frankly don't understand modern technology, let alone modern culture, so I've left them strictly alone. People want my opinion about these new mutable structures or those flying wedges or the things that look like giant uncooked rotini, but they scare me and I don't like to think about them. Most days I walk slowly down to the Battery, look out at the bay and walk slowly back. Every street I pass I see as a succession of images, from 90 years ago, 80, 70, 60 and so on. I see old brick tenements followed by thin shiny slivers followed by twisted girders followed by huge pulsing cubes followed by smoking rubble followed by some other glass cubes—you get the idea. I keep thinking that this island city has seen enough drastic changes in its life and should try staying the same for a few years, just as a diversion. But I'm aware that is never likely to happen as long as there are human beings with ideas and conflicts and egos and varying sums of money. I live in the last remaining tenement in the city, and I know no one will ever live in it after me since they couldn't fit their gizmos in, so they'll either tear it down or turn it into a museum, and I've made my peace with that. I live in the past now, and that past will die with me.





# PLAYBOY'S

# Playmate

## Reader, reader...who is the fairest of them all? Tell us who should be PMOY REVIEW

If this were a Miss America pageant, this would be the evening-wear round. But it's not. It's the PMOY lingerie round. Cast your vote to help Hef choose the next PMOY.

If you still can't make up your mind after flipping through the next 10 pages, tune in to Playboy TV's *Playmate Review 2009* on December 20. Then pick your Playmate of the Year at [playboy.com/vote](http://playboy.com/vote). Or for \$1.99, send a text message with the two-digit code that appears under your pick's pic to PLBOY (75269) and receive her wallpaper for your phone.\*



MISS JANUARY—01



MISS FEBRUARY—02



MISS MARCH—03



MISS APRIL—04



MISS MAY—05



MISSSES JULY/AUG—07, 08



MISS SEPTEMBER—09



MISS JUNE—06



MISS NOVEMBER—11



MISS DECEMBER—12



MISS OCTOBER—10





*Miss January*

## **DASHA ASTAFIEVA**

As our smoking-hot Ukrainian ambassador to the world, Miss January continues to be an ideal choice for 55th Anniversary Playmate in this globalized society. When she performs with her band, Nikita, Dasha often fields questions about PLAYBOY from curious European fans. "Many of them ask about Hugh Hefner and his empire," she says. "I tell them that everybody at PLAYBOY makes it feel like a true family. I always wanted to be a part of this." Then, with an eye on PMOY, she adds, "We live our work, are involved in charity campaigns and bring beauty and other good things to society."

*Miss December*

## **CRYSTAL HARRIS**

You know Crystal from more than just last month's pictorial. As Hef's latest girlfriend she's now a fixture on *The Girls Next Door*. Crystal reveled in the chance to pose for us. "It's kind of like being on both sides of Hef's life—the magazine and his personal life," she says. "I'm thrilled." The one downside? The famous Mansion peacocks have been eating the garden she's been working on. We know a lot of women who would kill to have problems like that, but we're guessing a shot at being PMOY may cheer Crystal up. Will Hef's bed-mate get your vote?

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*Miss June*

## **CANDICE CASSIDY**

"PLAYBOY has changed my life forever, but being a Playmate hasn't changed the small-town girl in me," says Miss June. Ah, the charm of a grounded Midwestern girl next door is irresistible. Candice is busy managing her dance studio in Ohio, working toward her master's degree and brightening fans' days. "I enjoy signing autographs," she says. "And it would be amazing to be voted PMOY because I could continue to show the world that Playmates are a group of classy, talented and educated women. I am especially thankful to all the wonderful fans who have supported me. My smile is genuine when I take my picture with them."

*Miss November*

## **KELLEY THOMPSON**

Living in a small town in Texas, Miss November had never been on a plane before we flew her out West for her Playmate shoot. But some things haven't changed for the 22-year-old—like the lucky rabbits that moved into her yard the day she found out she'd been selected as our second-to-last Playmate of 2009. They're still there. Did shedding her clothes raise eyebrows in her hometown? "I was definitely a bit worried, but they all think it's awesome. This is totally life changing." Fasten your seat belt and lift up your tray table, Kelley. This journey of yours will really put you above the clouds if you become PLAYBOY'S 2010 PMOY.





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*Miss July and  
Miss August*

## KARISSA AND KRISTINA SHANNON

Perfect 20s, the Shannon twins are inseparable, but we honored them with individual months. How does Hef tell them apart? Kristina (far left) explains: "I told him Karissa has a freckle in the middle of her neck, and I do not." Miss July, Karissa, and Miss August, Kristina, have had quite the year being the Centerfold in our first-ever double issue, filming a *Guitar Hero 5* commercial, being cast in a Sofia Coppola movie and becoming stars on *The Girls Next Door*. What's next? They make the task of choosing a PMOY twice as difficult as in previous years.

*Miss September*

## KIMBERLY PHILLIPS

When Kimberly Phillips sent us photos of herself on a lark, she didn't realize her life would change forever. In just a few short months she'd moved into the Playmate House and has since shown up on *The Girls Next Door*. "All the attention is still surreal," she says. "But you're only young once, and I want to have good stories in my old age." Her favorite part of being a Playmate? She now has time to read. When we spoke with her last she was halfway through Jeannette Walls's *The Glass Castle*. Which slays us. We've always thought the sexiest women are the ones with the biggest brains.









*Miss March*

## JENNIFER PERSHING

Becoming a Playmate has empowered Jennifer (top left). "I have a confidence in myself now and honestly feel as if I can do anything," she says. "I've had a blast at PLAYBOY events, meeting people from all over. It's so cool to get fan mail from Germany and Switzerland. Who would have thought people in other countries would know who I am?" And if she wins PMOY Jennifer will use her powers for good: She'll donate most of her winnings to an organization dedicated to autism (her sister is autistic) and save some money to follow the Dave Matthews Band on tour next year.

*Miss May*

## CRYSTAL MCCAILL

Crystal (right) blew out of the Windy City and landed at the Playmate House in L.A. after becoming Miss May. "I had never moved that far away from my family before, so for me to venture out on my own was kind of exciting," she says. But she found a West Coast home ("The Playmate House is a lot cleaner than a sorority house!") and gained a sister in another Playmate, Hope Dworaczyk. Both girls have an eye on fashion, and Crystal is working on combining her animal-rights sensibilities and the catwalk. "I want to focus on my career so I can become PMOY...and then some!"

*Miss February*

## JESSICA BURCIAGA

For issue-release parties Miss February (bottom left) returned to the Palms in Las Vegas—where she had worked as a Bunny blackjack dealer before becoming a Playmate—and then hopped to Atlantic City and Palm Springs. Now that things have calmed down a year later, her aim is to become the next Linda Cohn. "I think hosting something in the sports world would be my thing," says Jessica. "I'm not really into acting, and singing is for *my* ears only. I think that's what I would love to do because I love talking on camera and being myself." Those are two prerequisites for being PMOY.







*Miss October*

## LINDSEY GAYLE EVANS

A former Miss Louisiana Teen USA, Miss October jet-setted around the country promoting her issue and signing hundreds of autographs. Now back in Louisiana, she's loving how friends and strangers alike have embraced her newfound fame. "Being a Playmate is so much fun," she says. "Everyone knows me now, even more than before. And people I haven't seen in years are coming out of the woodwork, saying 'Remember me? We went to first grade together.'" She has made new friends, too, often through her well-trafficked Facebook page. "Every time I update my status I instantly get about 10 replies," she says. "It's amazing."

*Miss April*

## HOPE DWORACZYK

"When the magazine asked me to be a Playmate I understood what an honor it was, and then to be given the cover was mind-blowing," says Miss April. "Once you're on the cover of PLAYBOY you're officially a sex symbol. Plus I got to work with Seth Rogen." The PLAYBOY-certified sex symbol recently took up residence in L.A. but has been all around the country for TV appearances and in New York for print work, so she's really at home in front of the camera. "Fans should vote for whoever they feel will represent PLAYBOY in a professional manner and enhance the image of the magazine. I would be thrilled to be that person!"

STYLING: JESSICA BROWN





Vote for Playmate of the Year  
at [playboy.com/vote](http://playboy.com/vote).



## CON

*(continued from page 72)*

he was the only man who had the technology to decrypt this code.

As strange as his technology appeared to be, it was nevertheless an attractive concept. Montgomery was as persuasive as some within the intelligence community were receptive. Al Jazeera was an inspired target since its pan-Arabic mission had been viewed with suspicion by those who saw an anti-American bias in the network's coverage. In 2004 Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld accused Al Jazeera of "vicious, inaccurate and inexcusable" reporting. Will Stebbins, Al Jazeera's Washington bureau chief, told *The Washington Post*, "There was clearly an attempt to delegitimize Al Jazeera that came during a period of a lot of national hysteria and paranoia about the Arabic world." ("It is unfortunate," an Al Jazeera spokesperson told PLAYBOY when asked for comment, "that a select few people continue to drag up these completely false conspiracy theories about Al Jazeera, which were generated by the previous U.S. administration.") Over the years Montgomery's intelligence found its way to the CIA, the Department of Homeland Security, Special Forces Command, the Navy, the Air Force, the Senate Intelligence Committee and even to Vice President Dick Cheney's office.

Back in 2003, just before the terror alert caused by Montgomery's technology, eTreppid held a Christmas party in a ballroom at the Atlantis Casino in Reno. Employees gathered at round tables to dine and drink. Even a CIA man showed up, a lanky fellow wearing a button-down shirt with an oxford collar. By the end of the night, employees noticed Montgomery and eTreppid chief executive Warren Trepp talking closely. A photo snapped by an employee shows Montgomery with his jacket off and a Christmas ribbon wrapped around his head like a turban with a rose tucked into it. He was hugging Trepp, who sobbed into his shoulder. The festivities were a rare break for Montgomery, who had been busy churning out terrorist target coordinates for the CIA.

On Sunday, January 4, 2004 a British Airways flight out of Heathrow was delayed for hours for security reasons, and FBI agents demanded that hotels in Vegas turn over their guest lists. It was also the day a top CIA official flew to the eTreppid office in Reno. There, on eTreppid letterhead, the CIA official promised the company's name would not be revealed and that the government would not "unilaterally use or otherwise take" Montgomery's Al Jazeera technology.

Back in Washington, few insiders in government knew where the intelligence was coming from. Aside from Tenet and a select few, no one was told about eTreppid's Al Jazeera finds. Even veteran intelligence operatives within the CIA could only

wonder. "These guys were trying to hide it like it was some little treasure," one former counterterrorist official told me.

The reason the whole thing worked was because Montgomery's CIA contact was with the agency's Directorate of Science and Technology. That's the whiz-bang branch of the intelligence service, where employees make and break codes, design disguises and figure out the latest gadgets. S&T was eventually ordered by CIA brass to reveal its source to small groups from other parts of the agency. And when some experienced officers heard about it, they couldn't believe it. One former counterterrorism official remembers the briefing: "They found encoded location data for previous and future threat locations on these Al Jazeera tapes," he says. "It got so emotional. We were fucking livid. I was told to shut up. I was saying, 'This is crazy. This is embarrassing.' They claimed they were breaking the code, getting latitude and longitude, and Al Qaeda operatives were decoding it. They were coming up with airports and everything, and we were just saying, 'You know, this is horseshit!'" Another former officer, who has decades of experience, says, "We were told that, like magic, these guys were able to exploit this Al Jazeera stuff and come up with bar codes, and these bar codes translated to numbers and letters that gave them target locations. I thought it was total bullshit."

The federal government was acting on the Al Jazeera claims without even understanding how Montgomery found his coordinates. "I said, 'Give us the algorithms that allowed you to come up with this stuff.' They wouldn't even do that," says the first officer. "And I was screaming, 'You gave these people fucking money?'"

Despite such skepticism, the information found its way to the top of the U.S. government. Frances Townsend, a Homeland Security advisor to President George W. Bush, chaired daily meetings to address the crisis. She now admits that the bar codes sounded far-fetched. And, she says, even though it all proved to be false, they had no choice but to pursue the claim. "It didn't seem beyond the realm of possibility," she says. "We were relying on technical people to tell us whether or not it was feasible. I don't regret having acted on it." The feds, after all, had a responsibility to look into the technology. "There were lots of meetings going on during the time of this threat," says Townsend. "What were we going to do and how would we screen people? If we weren't comfortable we wouldn't let a flight take off." Eventually, though Montgomery continued to crank out his figures, cooler heads prevailed. The threat was ultimately deemed "not credible," as Townsend puts it.

A former CIA official went through the scenario with me and explained why sanity finally won out. First, Montgomery never explained how he was finding and interpreting the bar codes. How could one scientist find the codes when no one else could? More implausibly, the scheme required Al Jazeera's complicity. At the very least, a technician at the network would have to inject

the codes into video broadcasts, and every terrorist operative would need some sort of decoding device. What would be the advantage of this method of transmission?

A branch of the French intelligence services helped convince the Americans that the bar codes were fake. The CIA and the French commissioned a technology company to locate or re-create codes in the Al Jazeera transmission. They found definitively that what Montgomery claimed was there was not. Quietly, as far as the CIA was concerned, the case was closed. The agency turned the matter over to the counterintelligence side to see where it had gone wrong.

Born in Mena, Arkansas, Dennis Montgomery graduated in 1971 from Grossmont College near San Diego with a two-year associate's degree in medical technology. He worked a few years as a hospital medical technician. And then, it appears, he shifted gears. He says he designed technology to analyze blood gas and became a consultant to some of the biggest companies in America. He maintains he invented and secured copyrights for various technologies related to "pattern recognition," "anomaly detection" and "data compression." Montgomery had attained some success with his media-compression software.

By the late 1990s Montgomery was in Reno, where he had a meeting at the Eldorado Hotel Casino downtown with a financier named Warren Trepp. Trepp had been head trader at Drexel Burnham Lambert in the 1980s, when it was led by junk-bond fraudster Michael Milken. During that time Trepp was a big spender, riding around in his white Rolls-Royce Corniche. He sat at Milken's right hand and eventually earned \$25 million a year. In a 1997 SEC decision, an administrative law judge described Trepp's "violations" as "egregious, recurring and intentional." But the case against Trepp was dismissed, and by the time he met Montgomery, he was legally in the clear.

Montgomery convinced Trepp he had invented a remarkable technology. He could compress data, he said, a whole movie to just a fraction of the space it took up on a drive. He impressed his patron with his demonstration, using software to highlight images from the 1939 film *Gunga Din*. It was enough for them to launch their operation. Montgomery contributed his technological breakthrough, and Trepp invested \$1.3 million to start. Montgomery soon hired Sloan Venables, a video-game designer, as one of his first employees. Venables had helped design the *Ted Nugent Wild Hunting Adventure* video game. From the beginning, Venables realized things were odd and doubted Montgomery knew much about software programming. One day at a Chinese restaurant at the same Eldorado Hotel Casino, Montgomery told him about the time he'd been abducted by a UFO. "He told me about his encounter with aliens," Venables says. "He went to his uncle's or grandfather's or great uncle's barn in the middle of the night, and a spaceship





Don Madden

*"Ours was okay. How did your office holiday party go?"*



descended on him. They wanted him to go with them, and he was abducted. Then he came back with extra knowledge." Venables started laughing at the story, he says.

Montgomery was prone to temper tantrums, according to Venables. Once he hurled a steak at a waitress. As volatile as he was at times, Venables says, he was at other times warm and confiding. When Venables threatened to quit after Montgomery threw a can of grape soda at him, Montgomery took Venables's dying mother to dinner. Every Friday he would take all his employees skeet and trapshooting at a desert range.

Venables brought in a childhood friend to work at eTreppid. Jim Bauder, who was in his 20s, was soon working on the video games eTreppid was trying to design. Bauder and Venables say Montgomery ran the place, and they saw little of Trepp but were aware of his background. They also say they saw Milken at eTreppid. "I saw him come in once, and he had this entourage of five or six people with him," says Bauder. "They came walking down the hallway, and he looked at me

and smiled, introduced himself and then went on down the hall."

eTreppid landed its first big contract from General Electric in 2002 for use of its video compression technology in gaming surveillance. The company eventually got a contract with the Air Force dealing with aspects of video shot by unmanned Predator drones. Montgomery claimed his software could automatically recognize weapons and faces. In 2004 the U.S. Special Operations Command gave eTreppid a \$30 million no-bid contract for "compression" and "automatic target recognition." Venables and Bauder acknowledge they can't be certain that no "anomaly detection" or "pattern recognition" software existed, but they doubt it did. In fact, eTreppid workers later told the FBI they thought Montgomery had developed little if any original software.

Montgomery and eTreppid did, over time, receive five patents for various inventions and theoretical methods related to video and data. These included a "method and apparatus for storing digital video content provided

from a plurality of cameras" and a "method and apparatus for detecting and reacting to occurrence of an event." But Montgomery said these patents had nothing to do with his government work, and they never seemed to lead to business or profit.

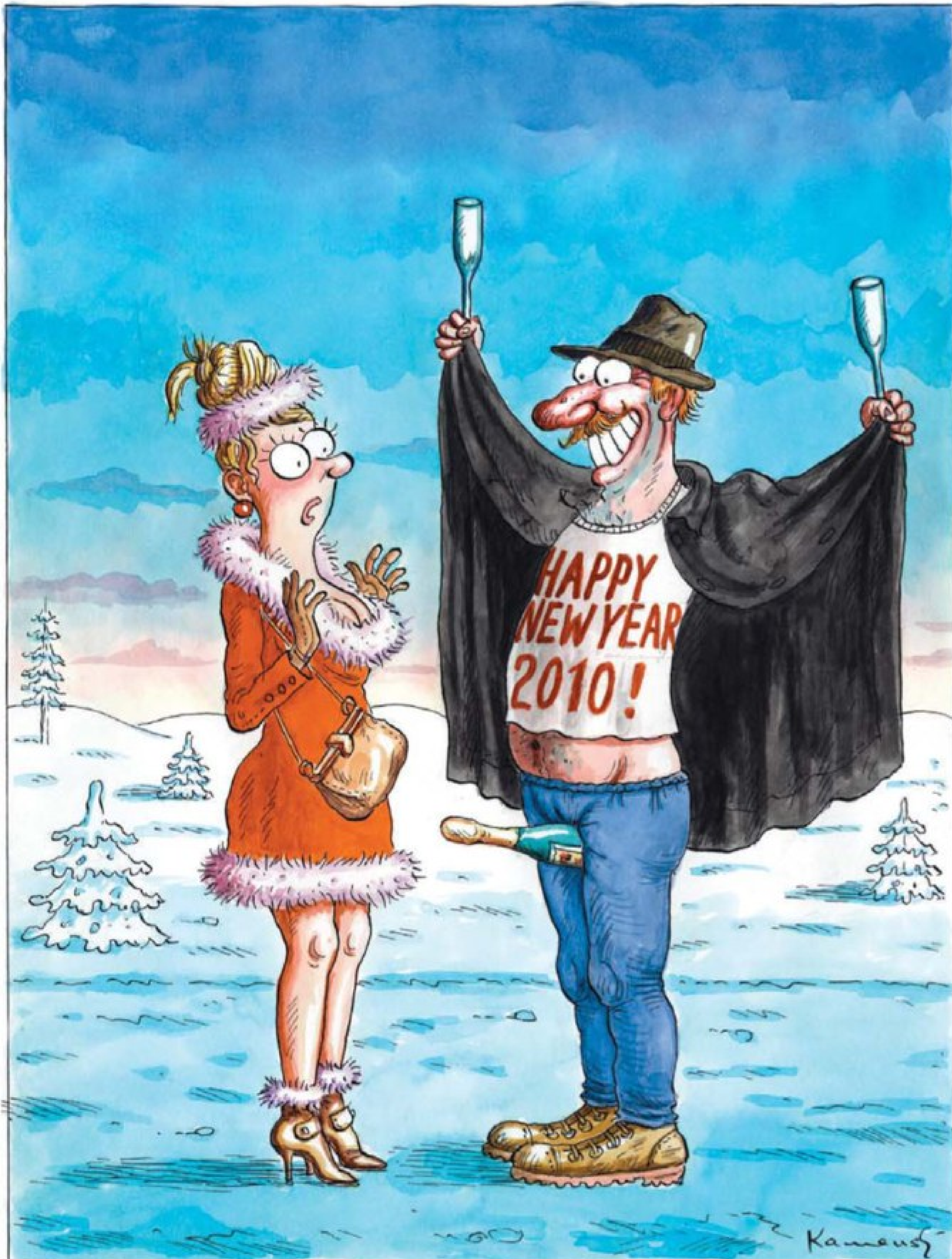
FBI reports indicate Montgomery rigged tests to make government officials think his software could detect weapons in video streams. Apparently it was all part of Montgomery's claim to have developed "automatic target recognition" software. Imagine how useful it would be if a computer could pick out AK-47s in enemy hands. That's how eTreppid got at least one contract. One former employee told agents he helped fake as many as 40 demonstrations.

Bauder says he helped once, unwittingly. He told his story to the FBI, and he told it to me. In his demonstrations Montgomery often used a plastic toy bazooka that he said a computer could recognize as a weapon. He would do the demonstration in scrubland behind eTreppid's offices. "Some military guys were walking around the office," says Bauder. Montgomery suddenly came to him, he says, "and takes me back to his office. He closes the door and closes the blinds and was like, 'Need you to do something for me. Don't worry; we are just doing a demo. It's all good.'" Bauder was concerned about the secrecy. "I was like, 'But what's with the doors and blinds?'" Montgomery looked up at Bauder and told him it was okay. They would communicate via an open cell phone line. He told Bauder to listen to the phone. "When you hear the tone, I want you to hit the space bar on the keyboard." Bauder, in other words, would be secretly communicating with Montgomery while the military guys watched the supposed software demo on another computer.

Montgomery ran off to do his demonstration outside. Bauder watched the computer screen, seeing what the camera saw. Montgomery held the toy bazooka in one hand while his other hand was hidden. When Bauder heard the tone, he says, "I hit the space bar. A little square encircled his image through the camera on the screen. He was running around with the fake plastic bazooka." Bauder figured Montgomery had rigged the computer screen so it seemed as if the square was tracking the bazooka. In reality, the square was brought up on the screen when Bauder hit the space bar.

eTreppid needed security clearances to get classified contracts. In 2004 Venables was selected as the firm's facilities security officer. He flew to Baltimore for Department of Defense training. It was an arduous process, with the Defense Security Service probing everyone's background.

Montgomery received an "interim secret" clearance in May 2003, according to records later released in a federal case. In February 2004 he got a top-secret clearance from the Defense Industrial Security Clearance Office. At eTreppid, Montgomery appears to have taken a curious approach to secrecy. Venables and Bauder say Montgomery had his own way of classifying items at the company. "He had rolls of CLASSIFIED stickers," Bauder says, "and he would just put them on random garbage."





The CIA was an eTreppid customer, as was SOCOM and the Air Force. Soon the Navy started coming by. Montgomery said he had another “filter” to identify underwater submarines by scanning a giant satellite photo of the ocean. Although Montgomery claimed he was using his software, Bauder and Venables say he appeared to be doing it by eye.

The pattern recognition, anomaly detection and compression work were nice, but it was the Al Jazeera stuff—the “noise filtering”—that had cash potential. Even though the CIA had abandoned Montgomery in 2004 after determining the bar codes didn’t exist, he and eTreppid continued to try to sell it.

Trepp later told a judge in a federal lawsuit that he’d asked the government for \$100 million. Montgomery has also cited that figure in sworn declarations—though he also claimed Trepp wanted \$500 million for the “decoding technology.” He would tell his lawyers and investors that the money was “appropriated” as part of the “black budget.” ETreppid did have powerful friends and lobbyists on Capitol Hill. It had strong connections on the House Permanent Select Committee on Intelligence. The local congressional representative, Republican Jim Gibbons—soon to be governor of Nevada—was on the committee. But by late 2005 things were falling apart between Montgomery and Trepp. There were indications Montgomery was losing big at the blackjack tables. According to an FBI investigation, he borrowed \$275,000 from Trepp “to pay down casino and other debts.” Trepp told FBI agents he’d made him sign a note that he’d pay it back—Trepp had loaned him more than \$1.3 million over the years.

One eTreppid employee told the FBI that she notified Trepp about the faked bazooka tests. Evidently Trepp hadn’t known. She informed Trepp she didn’t think Montgomery had written “any significant software” for the company. Trepp heard from others that Montgomery didn’t have the technical skills he claimed to have.

For his part, Montgomery was grumbling. Trepp had not adequately shared the tens of millions in government funds he had made. “Warren is screwing me out of the money,” Montgomery said to Venables. In January 2006 Montgomery left eTreppid. He asked Bauder to help load his big Chevy twin-cab truck on a Saturday. When he left, according to eTreppid, the company’s software had been deleted and the source code wiped out. Even the surveillance videotapes were blank. If eTreppid was a store, its inventory was gone. It couldn’t do government contracts, video games or compression.

Trepp believed he had backup. After all, Montgomery had assured him he’d give him daily backups of his material. So Trepp went to his outside safe where he kept whatever Montgomery had given him. He gave the material to his security officer, Sloan Venables. Venables says the entire backup for the multimillion-dollar eTreppid operation consisted of three CDs and two hard drives. Venables looked at the disks and drives and turned back to Trepp. “In seven years, that’s all? Three CDs and two hard drives?” I said, “Don’t you think that’s weird?”

Venables ran the supposed backup files

through his computer. “There was nothing on them,” he says. “There were a couple of zip files, and the hard drives had some source codes for an interface.” It wasn’t anything that could run as a program.

Trepp called the FBI. Not only was the company software gone and its tapes erased, but, he told them, classified tapes were missing. In January 2006 the U.S. government suspended Montgomery’s security clearance. (Montgomery, however, later stated he was unaware his clearance had been suspended.)

Montgomery’s phone rang on February 16. The voice on the other end was someone he trusted: Paul Haraldsen, an agent of the Air Force Office of Special Investigations. For years Haraldsen had reassured him the government was still interested in the Al Jazeera intercepts. “Hey, Dennis—Paul, how are you?” What Montgomery didn’t know was that Haraldsen was working with the FBI on the investigation and was recording the call. Montgomery railed against Trepp and bragged about his bizarre intelligence work. “I did something very good for this country,” he said. Montgomery boasted that even if the CIA didn’t believe in him, the work he did was

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*“Paul,” Montgomery said,  
“why does it have to stop  
because [Trepp] is a prick?”  
The government money  
could flow even if it went to  
him rather than to eTreppid.*

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“100 percent accurate—more accurate than people will ever know.” (The agency’s name is blacked out in the court transcript, but it is clear what he means.) Haraldsen apparently tried to lure him in. Money might be available, he said. “You know, we had money loaded in a pipeline,” Haraldsen said to Montgomery. He could go back to his bosses in Washington and let them know whether to spend it or not.

“Paul,” Montgomery said, “why does it have to stop because [Trepp] is a prick?” The government money could flow even if it went to him rather than to eTreppid. Haraldsen tried to egg him on with promises he’d tell Washington to buy more of the Al Jazeera information. “Where do I go from here?” Haraldsen asked. “What do I tell the people back in D.C.? Do I tell them to forget about the money and put it away?” “Absolutely not,” Montgomery said.

Montgomery and Trepp were soon in a no-holds-barred federal lawsuit. Each sued the other. Trepp obviously believed Montgomery’s technology was real because he pursued the lawsuit with a vengeance. Montgomery, on the other hand, accused Trepp of trying to steal his inventions. Montgomery claimed he needed to bring the U.S. intelligence establishment into the case. He went so far as to name the Department of Defense as a defendant.

Eventually Director of National Intelligence John Negroponte weighed in. What secrets—what embarrassments—could be exposed if Montgomery and Trepp were to depose intelligence and military officials? Negroponte issued a declaration that warned of “serious, and in some cases exceptionally grave, damage to the national security of the United States.” He invoked the state secrets privilege. The judge in the case issued a protective order; the secrets of eTreppid’s government business would remain untold.

Trepp had deep pockets and a collection of associates who could bankroll him, but Montgomery had a new patron, someone with tremendous financial resources and connections in Washington, D.C. Her name was Edra Blixseth, wife of billionaire developer Tim Blixseth. The Blixseths had made their reputations as founders of the exclusive Yellowstone Club in Montana, a resort for the fabulously wealthy. Membership cost a quarter of a million dollars, but once there, vacationers like Bill Gates or Dan Quayle could enjoy “private powder” in the company of other elites.

The Blixseths lived in a \$200 million estate called Porcupine Creek in Rancho Mirage, California. It had a private golf course and a 30,000-square-foot mansion set among manicured gardens. This is where Montgomery pursued the next stage of his career as a software programmer.

A document in Superior Court in California—now unsealed—reveals how Montgomery explained his inventions and intelligence work for the U.S. government to Blixseth, her lawyers and her partners. He would pull out his laptop, demonstrate his software and brag how he was “decoding Al Jazeera broadcasts and using it for other ‘top secret’ programs.” He found a new lawyer for his case against Trepp. He told him he had been “intercepting Al Qaeda ‘target coordinates’ for proposed terrorist attacks sent to its field operatives via digital Al Jazeera satellite TV network transmissions.” Montgomery also told his lawyer the Department of Defense “paid approximately \$30 million in contracts and appropriated another \$100 million in their ‘black budget.’”

In July 2006 Montgomery and Blixseth pitched their technology to an aide to Vice President Cheney. “I met for several hours with Samantha Ravich, deputy assistant to the vice president in charge of national security,” Montgomery asserted in a sworn statement. His word may be suspect, but there is corroborating evidence. Ravich listened to Montgomery and Blixseth, but she was—even in Montgomery’s recollection—unimpressed by his claims.

Still, Montgomery hailed his meeting as a victory. He claimed he provided Cheney’s office with new output data on terror that would validate his work. He said the data, which had been encrypted in Al Jazeera, were the keys that allowed investigators to crack the liquid-bomb plot in London. On August 9, 2006 British police rounded up two dozen suspects and announced they’d halted a plan to bomb several transcontinental flights at once. Montgomery swore his warning was “used in the disruption of that threat.” In



another declaration he said he “provided the output from [his] decoding programs, without compensation, to our government in order to stop terrorist attacks and save American lives.”

Montgomery was now making \$100,000 a month as a software programmer. He worked for companies with different names, but they all received funding from Edra Blixseth. Montgomery had a home in a serene gated community in Rancho Mirage not far from Blixseth’s estate. He drove a \$70,000 Porsche Cayenne GTS, and his home was near the gambling tables at the Agua Caliente Casino, where he lost \$422,000 in one day.

Blxware, the company through which Blixseth was doing business, had lofty connections. With the aid of Nevada senator Harry Reid’s office, Montgomery’s technology found its way to the Senate Intelligence Committee staff. This is no routine achievement: The committee staff, operating in a special office of the Dirksen Senate building, constitutes an elite sector in Washington. Normal lobbyists cannot walk in to see staffers because their offices are protected, with special access and guards. When intel staffers talk, the intelligence community listens because they hold the reins—they control oversight.

Montgomery claimed he was reading secret messages about three Americans who had been grabbed in the Sunni triangle. Signals were coming out “related to the recent hostage-taking of our three soldiers,” Montgomery told the staffers. He warned them that something was up. The staffers didn’t know what to make of it.

In 2007 things were looking up for Montgomery. He finally got some interest, this time from an agency he couldn’t name in public. Reading between the lines, one can presume it was the National Security Agency. But then Montgomery had a strange reaction. He had just “purged” the software, he said, and it would take time to redo it. He wanted \$4 million from the U.S. government to get started.

The FBI investigation of Montgomery went nowhere. First, his new lawyer challenged the FBI searches, and the judge found in his favor. Then Montgomery went

on the offensive, accusing his accuser. He went public with allegations that Trepp had committed bribery by paying off Nevada congressman Jim Gibbons. *NBC News* did an exclusive interview with Montgomery at Blixseth’s house. He was dressed in a suit and tie and said he saw the bribe take place. He claimed Trepp had given Gibbons “casino chips and cash” worth about \$100,000. Montgomery backed this up with e-mails he said he’d taken off the eTreppid server. Trepp and Gibbons found themselves under a grand jury’s scrutiny. They, not Montgomery, were targeted. But Montgomery’s allegations fell apart after a forensic expert for eTreppid alleged in court papers that one crucial e-mail had been doctored. The Department of Justice later dropped the case, and Gibbons was cleared.

By 2008 things seemed to have resolved themselves in the epic litigation between Montgomery and his old moneyman Warren Trepp. There was a glitch at first: Montgomery was supposed to produce a key CD with the breakthrough software he claimed he’d invented, the very heart of this case. But he couldn’t find the disk, he said, and he claimed he couldn’t re-create the lost and precious secret. He lashed out at the FBI in a court document. It was the agents who had ruined everything anyway, he said. The FBI had “damaged and in some cases destroyed” his property.

That backfired, but the parties all seemed to come to a temporary agreement. By the fall, Montgomery settled his long-standing suit with Warren Trepp. Terms weren’t released at the time, but Trepp let Montgomery and his new financier, Edra Blixseth, keep the “software.” Court records indicate Montgomery and Blixseth would now owe \$26.5 million to Trepp.

One can only assume it hit Montgomery hard: Four days after the settlement he spent his day at Caesars Palace on the Las Vegas Strip. He was a blackjack player by preference, according to all accounts, and so he presumably sat at the high roller’s blackjack tables on September 27. He was, in the parlance of the gambling hall, a “whale.” He

took out his checkbook and tore out check after check, making them out to Caesars Palace Hotel and Casino, and buying cash and chips. The first check was for \$10,000, then \$100,000 and on and on. That’s blackjack for you. In fact, Montgomery bought a cool million dollars’ worth from the casino that day. Caesars won’t comment on individual players, but prosecutors say Montgomery’s checks later bounced. (In October 2009 Montgomery came up with \$250,000 in restitution, which kept him from being prosecuted.)

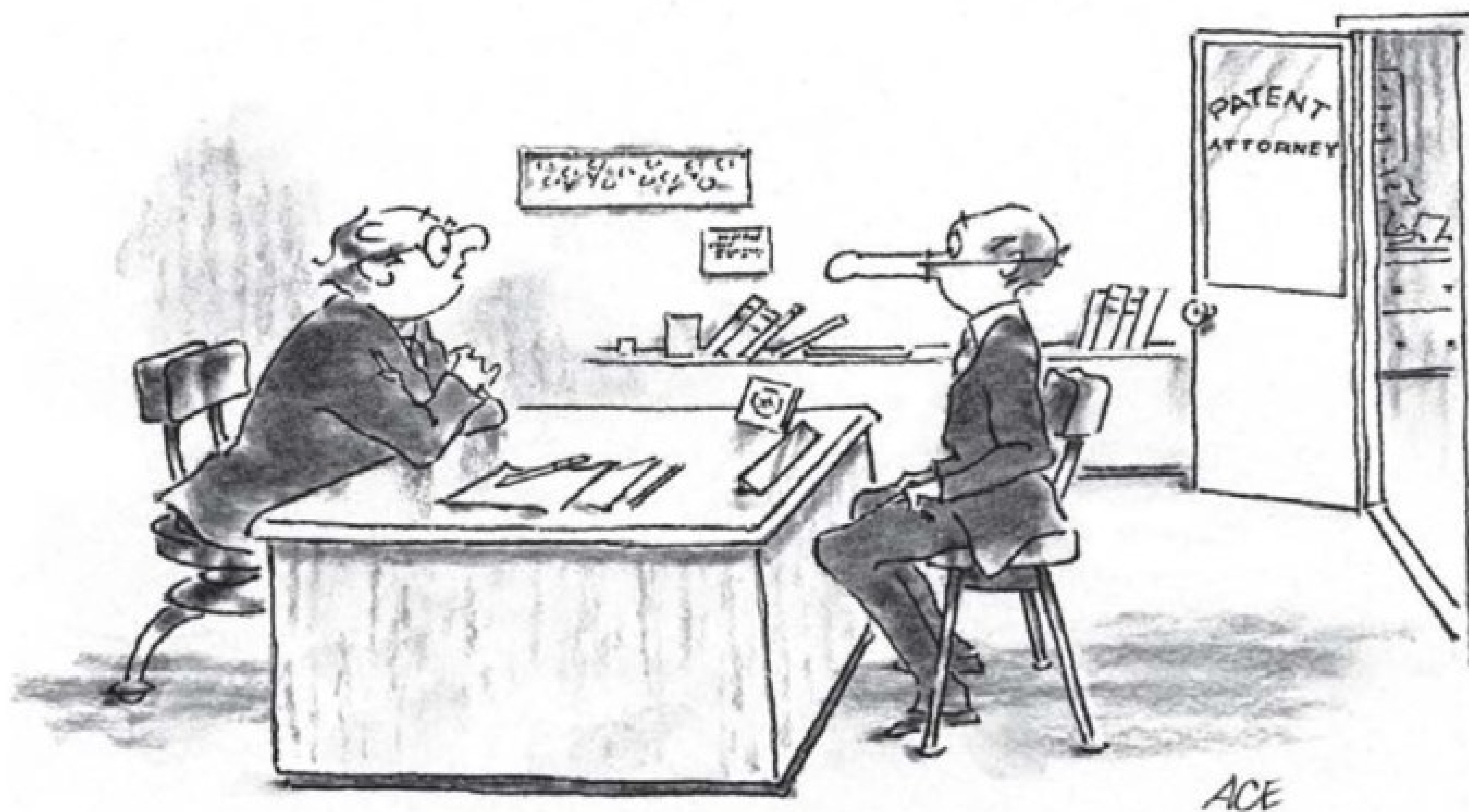
But Montgomery and the U.S. government were apparently still working together. The CIA had discredited the embarrassing Al Jazeera technology, but it was all still secret, still classified. Few people even in the government knew about the old scandal. Montgomery and his patron somehow found a new federal buyer willing to hand over taxpayer funds. In this case it was \$3 million for “research, development, test and evaluation.” It was written in the dense language of federal procurement law and revived all the terms Montgomery had bandied about. The contract was so heavily redacted that even the name of the Air Force office is blacked out. I read through a version of the document, and at the end I found the non-disclosure agreement. “This agreement is entered into between the United States Air Force and Dennis Montgomery.” He signed it January 29, 2009.

Montgomery did not cooperate with this story, but I managed to reach the Air Force program manager, Joseph Liberatore. “How do I want to say this?” he said. “We were testing some of the software. We were just looking at it to see if there was anything there. If there is anything there we wanted to make sure there was due diligence and it was looked at by the U.S. government.”

I asked the Air Force how this could have happened. The chief of the Air Force press desk, Andrew Bourland, said Blxware represented its software as “innovative and transformational.” But the results of the evaluation were “inconclusive” and discussions were over. The first taxpayer transfer to Edra Blixseth’s company was a \$2 million payment on February 5, 2009. That same month, Blxware paid Dennis Montgomery \$600,000.

In June, four months after collecting all that money, Montgomery and his wife declared personal bankruptcy. One of his assets, he claimed, was the \$10 million value of his “copyrights”—all that software. His bankruptcy lawyer tells me the technology Montgomery claimed to have invented is an asset in the bankruptcy proceedings. “It’ll be between the government authorities and Dennis,” he says.

So in the end, was there ever any software designed by Montgomery? Sloan Venables and Jim Bauder say they doubt it. They shrug and laugh. “I never saw it,” says Venables. But if it’s all bogus, why is it still classified? And if Montgomery’s claims have any truth, why can’t anyone else find what he found? Did that \$100 million appropriation ever exist? And who will Dennis Montgomery reach out to with his next scheme?



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# BLACK HAND

(continued from page 90)

Italy, the word for parsley is *petrosino*), a warning to the unsavory that Joe was in their midst.

That first night Petrosino made his presence felt. William Farraday, a laborer of African descent, had stumbled onto Canal Street—not exactly a corridor of brotherly love. Petrosino heard the man's screams and sprinted to his aid. Farraday's Sicilian assailants jeered at the stout rookie and continued undeterred. Petrosino launched into a savage attack, leaving them bloody and battered before escorting the grateful victim to safer turf.

## THE GODFATHER

The origin of the Sicilian Mafia has been shrouded in false, self-serving myths. Paramount is the canard that the Mafia sprang to life in 1282 as a patriotic revolt—primarily in defense of its women—against occupying French troops. The truth is less glamorous.

Lemons.

Lemons are as likely the foundation of the Mafia's genesis as anything else. During the Napoleonic Wars the British Royal Navy supplied its ships with lemons and limes to combat scurvy. Its primary source of citrus was the hot dry hills of western Sicily. British demand triggered an agrarian gold rush for lemons, limes, cheese, olive oil, wine, vinegar. Highway bandits who plagued the dusty hillsides had something to steal besides scrawny cows: lush produce going out, *sacchi di soldi*—bags of cash—coming in. Palermo's waterfront boomed, providing a labor pool to exploit and bountiful ships to loot. Although Garibaldi's Red Shirts liberated Sicily from French Bourbon rule and unified Italy in 1860, Sicily revolted against Roman authority. Soon enough enterprising thugs were sailing the citrus highway to New Orleans and New York.

A comprehensive portrait of Cascio Ferro comes from *Cosa Nostra: A History of the Sicilian Mafia*, John Dickie's brilliantly detailed examination of the evolution of organized crime. In 1862 Vito Cascio Ferro began life in Bisacquino, a hill town outside Palermo, developing an early aversion to work and an affinity for opera, gambling and fine clothes. He conquered his illiteracy by marrying the village schoolteacher. His charming, sophisticated image led to a job brokering goods for Baron Inglese, a powerful merchant. Cascio Ferro learned to skim cream from the top and became Don Vito.

In 1898 19-year-old Baroness Clorinda Peritelli di Valpetroso was kidnapped for ransom, which her family promptly paid. The baroness named Don Vito as the mastermind. He told authorities the kidnapping was a "crime of passion": One of his men was enamored of the baroness, who spurned him. Although the young couple had never met, the courts, for reasons suspect, bought the story.

Cascio Ferro used his silver tongue to prevail when lesser mafiosi would have resorted to violence, and his legend grew. After a brief flirtation with Fasci Siciliani, a socialist-progressive peasant rights group, he began to fancy himself a man of the people: Denounce the moneyed elite and the

corrupt legal system, and everyone—even those you exploit—will adore you. By offering a corrupt but benevolent alternative to the corrupt and brutal official government, Cascio Ferro perfected the romanticized image of the most vicious and predatory criminal organization the world has ever seen. Sicily was about to get its first capo di tutti capi, or "boss of all bosses."

## SILK SOCKS

The "Italian problem" exploded with the murder of New Orleans police chief David Hennessey in October 1890. His dying declaration: "The dagos did it." A war of the oranges—like the battles in Sicily over citrus crops and shipping—had claimed 40 lives throughout New Orleans, leading Mayor Joseph Shakspeare to call Italians "vicious and worthless." The carnage was the result of power struggles between two Sicilian gangs: the Provenzanos and the Matrangas. Suspicion for Hennessey's murder fell on the latter.

The late chief had deep ties with the Provenzano gang, even appearing as an alibi witness in one of its murder trials. In New York, newly appointed detective Petrosino was quoted in the *Times* in the first of nearly 300 Petrosino stories.

The rival Matranga gang was targeted for Hennessey's murder. A jury acquitted all of the accused. Six thousand Louisianans, including hooded Klansmen, stormed the jail, shooting and killing 11 Sicilians.

Italians were lynched or assaulted in a dozen cities. Rumors abounded that Italian warships were sailing for a siege of New Orleans. Though the stories were outlandish, Congress discussed bolstering the Navy.

Detective Petrosino became the Mafia expert of record, earning a national platform for his crusade.

The publicity brought him a new ally and friend: A fiery young politician with a squeaky voice and a face built for caricature, Theodore Roosevelt was on an equally lonely campaign to stamp out corruption in his beloved city. Raised on his father's crusade against Boss Tweed, he had found the perfect foot soldier in his battle to reform the city his family had helped define.

In May 1895, after serving as the youngest assemblyman in the state legislature, Roosevelt became president of New York City's Board of Police Commissioners. Two months later his investigation into NYPD corruption led to the reassignment of 11 officers and the retirement of nine detectives, the largest purge ever. Roosevelt promoted Petrosino to detective sergeant, making him the city's highest-ranking Italian-speaking officer.

A well of pride—some say a touch of arrogance—filled Petrosino. The frugal sergeant splurged on pinstripes and topcoats, becoming the Detective in the Derby, choosing the tallest chapeau to offset his stature as the shortest cop in New York.

Roosevelt opened a department pistol range—the first police academy—and launched his famous "midnight rambles" through the city's roughest neighborhoods, in defiance of his derisive nickname, Silk Socks. He roused on-duty officers from saloons and gambling houses and gathered information on departmental corruption.

Petrosino never missed an opportunity to praise Roosevelt's reforms. Roosevelt recognized Petrosino as the two-fisted moralist he aspired to be and as a pipeline to the burgeoning Italian vote. Though careful not to criticize superiors or fellow officers, Petrosino was appalled by their corruption and shoddy discipline. He was disliked and mistrusted for his refusal to accept a dirty dime. They called him the wop, the dago and the guinea. Some Italian newspapers, financed or intimidated by gangsters, branded him a traitor. Roosevelt preached the gospel of good press, and Petrosino learned to tip reporters to a sensational murder or spectacular bust.

Hundreds of competing small gangs—alumni of Sicily's Mafia, Naples's Camorra, Calabria's 'Ndrangheta—plagued Little Italy and Italian Harlem. While Petrosino refused to believe the hoodlums had the capacity for organization, several astonishing murder cases propelled him to fame.

On the evening of September 12, 1897, officers responded to screams on Baxter Street in Little Italy. They found 25-year-old Angelo Carbone, bloody knife in hand, standing over freshly murdered Natalio Brogno. The two had argued inside the nearby Trinacria Caffé and then gone outside to settle their dispute.

Carbone offered a preposterous explanation to Sergeant Petrosino: He had knocked Brogno down, and when he failed to rise, Carbone found a blade somehow imbedded in Brogno's back. Justice Frederick Smyth sentenced Carbone to death to deter Italians from being "too free with the use of knives."

Petrosino had moved into a small apartment in the Irish neighborhood, a cultural moat between him and Sicilian *vendicatori*. After supper in his favorite restaurant, Saulino's on Lafayette, he would retire behind closed curtains at home and practice his Verdi. Opera and the violin were his only interests outside the job. Being seen with Petrosino was tantamount to a death warrant in Little Italy; every Italian hoodlum in New York was taught to recognize him on sight. To compensate, he became an accomplished disguise artist. He dressed as a street vendor, a city services employee or a priest and made the rounds of Elizabeth and Mulberry streets. He heard about Carbone's hard work and familial devotion and the persistent word that the young man was about to die for someone else's crime.

Brogno, the stabbing victim, had enemies, particularly one Alessandro Ciarmello, a Sicilian with a volcanic temper who had been badly beaten by Brogno when he caught Brogno with his wife. Ciarmello was seen in the Trinacria Caffé the night of the murder but fled town soon after. Petrosino became obsessed; he took trains to New Jersey, Delaware and Philadelphia in search of Ciarmello.

Finally, Petrosino located him in Baltimore. Posing as a health inspector, he talked his way into the house where Ciarmello was staying. He engaged him in conversation, then seized him after kicking an ax away. Through whatever method of persuasion Petrosino employed, Ciarmello admitted to a grudge against Brogno and more. When Brogno and Carbone had gone outside, Ciarmello had followed. When Brogno was



staggered by his opponent's blow, Ciarmello leaned from a darkened doorway and planted a knife in his back.

Two weeks before the scheduled execution, Carbone's conviction was overturned, and Ciarmello soon assumed his spot in the electric chair.

According to Arrigo Petacco, Petrosino's Italian-language biographer, six months after solving the Brogno murder Petrosino made one of his most sensational cases. Unfortunately, Petacco does not cite his sources, nor does the story appear in any of the daily newspapers of the time. While perhaps apocryphal, the story is typical of the police work ascribed to Petrosino: Just before Christmas 1898, a Sicilian laborer, Antonio Sperduto, was found vomiting and incoherent in the Bowery. He had obviously been poisoned and was missing a sizable amount of cash. As he told Petrosino, the day of his poisoning Sperduto had visited an Italian steamship office to inquire about passage from Italy for his wife and children. Working long days, starving himself and saving every penny, Sperduto could finally afford its fares.

At that point Petrosino interrupted and finished the story, to Sperduto's astonishment. He explained how a man had approached Sperduto, claiming to recognize him from their village in Italy. Learning of Sperduto's success, he offered to celebrate with him over drinks. It was nearly the last drink of Sperduto's young life.

Sperduto was the first survivor who could point Petrosino to the existence of a rumored network of thugs who preyed on scores of immigrants desperate to reunite with their families. Disguised as a laborer, Petrosino went to work digging the city sewer system, where gangsters plumed Italian crews for victims. A year later Petrosino arrested the principal members of the Poison gang, which had also allegedly bilked insurance companies through a variety of scams. During the arrest—so the story goes—the gang's leader, Giuseppe Giuliano, fought Petrosino. They tumbled down four flights of stairs onto Park Street, where Petrosino shoved Giuliano's head inside a sewer drain and nearly killed him.

As the year 1900 arrived Italian gangsters were making low friends in high places at an unprecedented rate, and politicians were finding money and votes in the urban under-

belly. In Sicily, Vito Cascio Ferro was consolidating his criminal empire and extending his tentacles across the Atlantic.

Two men were ready to up the ante. New York's governor, Theodore Roosevelt, was headed to Washington as William McKinley's new vice president, and he would soon launch the most sweeping reform movement in history. In Manhattan, Joseph Petrosino was about to write a dramatic chapter in American police work.

On July 29, 1900, Italian American anarchist Gaetano Bresci assassinated King Umberto I of Italy in retaliation for the massacre of Italians in Milan protesting the price of bread. The Secret Service, under the legendary William Flynn, traced Bresci's roots to a flourishing anarchist group in Paterson, New Jersey. The outraged Italian ambassa-

Petrosino slipped into Washington and called on Roosevelt, who hustled him in to see the president. Petrosino begged McKinley to increase security and avoid public appearances until he dismantled the group. McKinley would have none of it; he was the people's president, a man without enemies. Two weeks later McKinley greeted a throng at Buffalo's Pan-American Exposition. His small security detail was on edge: Petrosino's warning had unnerved everyone but the president.

Twelve minutes into the glad-fest, Polish immigrant Leon Czolgosz raised a .32-caliber Iver Johnson revolver hidden in a handkerchief and fired twice. Among Czolgosz's possessions were newspaper articles about Gaetano Bresci and the Paterson group. He was a rabid supporter, espousing the most violent antigovernment rhetoric.

Eight days later, McKinley died. Petrosino learned the news from reporters outside Central Station on Mulberry. Uncharacteristically, he burst into tears. "I warned him," he bellowed. In the wake of the tragedy, Petrosino gained national acclaim as the man who had nearly saved a president, and Roosevelt ascended to the bully pulpit of the presidency.

#### WETTING THE BEAK

The flashpoint in the war against organized crime occurred in New York on April 14, 1903. The spark, naturally, was a grisly murder.

An Irish housekeeper spotted a wooden barrel near a lumberyard at East 11th Street and Avenue D. Inside she discovered the mutilated body of an Italian male. By day's end New York was rocked by the Body in the Barrel murder.

Petrosino examined the body, clothing and barrel, carefully recording the tiny clues. The Italian Sherlock Holmes had taught himself the rudiments of crime-scene analysis. The initials on the barrel, W&T, denoted the Wallace & Thompson bakery. It supplied sugar to local retailers, including Caffé Pasticceria on Elizabeth Street, a hangout for the clever and vicious Morello gang. Petrosino and Secret Service agent William Flynn had the gang—headed by psychopath Giuseppe "Clutch Hand" Morello, whose shriveled left arm sported only an enlarged little finger—under surveillance for counterfeiting.

Petrosino entered Caffé Pasticceria and confronted the manager, Pietro Inzerillo, an illiterate Morello soldier. Petrosino found a mate to the barrel that had borne the mutilated body, plus wood shavings and cheap

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dor demanded that McKinley investigate any possible American-based conspiracy.

Vice President Roosevelt had the perfect man for the job. Posing as a laborer named Pietro Moretti, Petrosino moved into Bertoldi's Hotel, favored by Enrico Malatesta—Ernie Headache—editor of an anarchist newspaper and the group's leader. Petrosino's undercover skills were keen. His ruddy face and burly frame smacked of working-class immigrant. He spoke every Italian dialect, from floral Tuscan to colloquial Sicilian. A man who rarely smiled, he was amiable and charming when the task required. Petrosino spent three months assembling a file on the group and eventually gained access to a list of world leaders marked for death. One name in particular caught his eye: William McKinley.



Toscana cigar butts matching those in the barrel coffin.

An anonymous tip identified the deceased as Benedetto Madonia and led Petrosino to Madonia's brother-in-law, Giuseppe DiPrimo, in Sing Sing. DiPrimo described how he had sent Madonia to Morello to collect money he owed them. When Petrosino revealed Madonia's demise, DiPrimo clammed up.

Chief of Detectives George McClusky led a dramatic raid that netted a dozen suspects. It took several burly cops to subdue Tommaso "the Ox" Petto, a bodybuilder who was Morello's chief assassin and one of Madonia's murderers. Also arrested: gang leader Morello and his right hand, Ignazio "the Wolf" Lupo.

However, two other Morello associates slipped through the net. One was Giuseppe Fontana, a Sicilian capo on both sides of the Atlantic. Fontana had been a defendant in the most sensational Mafia trial to date, for the assassination of Marquis Emanuele Notarbartolo, director of the Bank of Sicily. Following his release after a 10-year court battle, Fontana decided it was a good time to visit America. With an introduction from Vito Cascio Ferro, Morello's gang welcomed him with open arms.

The man who likely ordered the Notarbartolo killing—the tall, distinguished Cascio

Ferro himself—also dodged capture during the barrel murder sweep. When he arrived in Manhattan in 1901, the biggest capo in the new land, gangsters kissed his hand as a hollow Man of Honor. He peddled the hokum of the Mafia as a respected secret society, institutionalizing the blood oath and enforcing the code of silence—*omertà*.

Cascio Ferro is represented as dapper Don Fanucci in *The Godfather: Part II*. In rakish fedora and overcoat, Fanucci tries to "wet his beak" by extorting Robert DeNiro's young Vito Corleone. The *pizzo*, or wetting of the beak, was coined by Cascio Ferro and represented a shift in Mafia tactics. Instead of bleeding a businessman into ruin, Don Vito introduced leeching on the installment plan, offering protection and benevolence for weekly payments. Kiss my ring, wet my beak and I'll save your ass—from me: a monstrous but effective lie that transformed organized crime.

Fictional Vito Corleone also mirrors Vito Cascio Ferro; a *Pagliacci*-loving *padrone* putting honor above profit, an alternative government providing justice when justice fails. This is true of the real Don Vito: wise and benevolent—when not bombing family grocery stores, extorting labor, corrupting governments and murdering police officers. Before Petrosino could implicate him in the

barrel murder, Cascio Ferro fled to Sicily via New Orleans, reportedly with a photo of Petrosino in his breast pocket and revenge on his mind.

Petrosino made sure the press got a front row seat for chapter one of the real Godfather saga. He learned that after the Ox had dismembered Madonia's body, he sold the victim's pocket watch. Petrosino found it in a pawnshop and convinced Madonia's relatives to testify. In court, gangsters tapped their feet during the family members' testimony, an open threat on their lives. They crumbled.

Police had also committed a fatal error. Petto the Ox had fled, and in an era of poor mug shots and no fingerprints, another defendant, Giovanni Pecoraro, was mistaken for Petto. When Pecoraro revealed his true identity in court, he threw the trial into disarray. Charges were dismissed. Morello and Lupo were convicted of counterfeiting, and their sentences were quickly overturned.

However, Petrosino had learned of Cascio Ferro and Fontana. He knew the Mafia had penetrated the highest levels of commerce and government in Sicily. America could be next.

#### THE UNTOUCHABLES

When the barrel murder case unraveled in 1903, Petrosino had been a cop for 20 years and had seen New York's Italian population grow from 25,000 to 500,000, most of them WOPs (Without Papers), the greatest ethnic immigration in modern history. Despite the failure to convict Morello, an uneasy calm descended on Little Italy as Petrosino's efforts put fear in the gang and nudged neighborhood sentiment in his direction.

Not for long. Extortion letters began to flood property owners and businessmen, threatening to murder them or kidnap their children if payment was not rendered. Each bore an imprint of La Mano Nera—the Black Hand. Newspapers pounced, writing in slavish prose about a monstrous secret society of Italian killers and extortionists. The term *Black Hand* virtually replaced *Mafia* in the national press. By any name, the game was growing deadlier. Children were snatched in schoolyards; people who refused to pay were stabbed or shot while leaving their homes. Then the bombings started.

An "infernal mechanism" exploded outside a pharmacy at Park and Mulberry. It was a paper bag filled with black powder and detonated by a linen fuse. It rattled windows and nerves but little else—a mere opening salvo.

Bomb making improved: olive oil cans filled with black powder, then dynamite sticks—"Italian sausages"—stolen from subway construction. Soon they came wrapped with nails, ball bearings and shards of metal. Cloth fuses were replaced with wind-up clocks as timers.

For years Petrosino had been pleading with higher-ups for a squad of Italian-speaking detectives. In January 1905 bureaucratic police commissioner William McAdoo was forced to consent. Petrosino picked five dedicated, incorruptible officers from other precincts and launched his untouchables.

Many in the department and the city bureaucracy hated them. Why an Italian squad? There was no Jewish or Irish squad. Petrosino and his men were ostracized at the morning lineup, the arena for shared



"Was it good for you? The veal marsala, I mean...."

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intelligence. Petrosino was forced to rent a small apartment at 125 Waverly for his headquarters.

He got his first break against the bombers when one Salvatore Salena almost blew himself to bits. Salena, whose hobbies included poisoning Thoroughbred horses for extortionists, led Petrosino to his boss, Giuseppe Bonaventura. Petrosino followed Bonaventura day and night, nearly exhausting his repertoire of disguises.

Late one night Bonaventura entered an East 11th Street tenement owned by Francesco Spinelli, who had refused an exorbitant extortion demand to prevent the kidnapping of his young son. Inside Spinelli's tenement lobby, Bonaventura pulled a bomb from his overcoat and lit the fuse.

Petrosino crashed through the door and tackled the younger, taller Bonaventura, pinching out the fuse a second before detonation. A savage fistfight ensued. A bloody, exhausted Petrosino battered Bonaventura unconscious with the butt of his service revolver.

Afterward, Petrosino created the New York Bomb Squad, the nation's first, as he taught himself and his men to defuse the increasingly sophisticated devices. Between 1904 and 1906 more than 300 Black Hand murders were recorded. Thanks to rising confidence in the Italian Squad, as many as 35 Black Hand crimes were reported in a day.

In January 1906 Petrosino's crusade received another boost. Theodore Bingham, a former military man and Roosevelt's chief of White House protocol, became New York's police commissioner. He considered the war on the Black Hand precisely that: a war. He promoted Petrosino to lieutenant—the equivalent of a captain today—and boosted the Italian Squad to 25 officers, with a branch in Brooklyn headed by Petrosino's protégé Antonio Vachris.

Scarcely a week passed when they did not rescue a kidnapped child, break up a bombing group or solve a sensational murder. Petrosino used the newspapers to control the PR war. He blasted the courts for freeing vicious criminals. He called New York a dumping ground for Italian criminals and demanded stricter immigration laws.

Roosevelt heard the plea. In 1907 the president introduced an immigration bill that allowed deportation of foreigners with criminal records in their native land. But the deportation had to occur within three years of arrival. Smart lawyers found loopholes and engineered delays until the statute of limitations ran out.

The Italian Squad harassed and battered criminals who had outwitted the law. They shuttered businesses, raided hangouts and humiliated gangsters in front of cohorts and neighbors. Petrosino compiled photo arrays, rap sheets and gang profiles, the first data files on organized crime. He begrudgingly realized the gangs were organizing. Some, particularly the Morello gang, were in consort with Cascio Ferro in Sicily, who sent new members whenever Petrosino busted the old ones.

Petrosino was 48 and weary, his survival a testimony to toughness, good fortune and a fearsome reputation. He slept on his desk and went months without seeing his brother or family. There is no indication he had ever been with a woman: Safety concerns

deterred thoughts of marriage and children.

In December 1907 he was dining at Saulino's, where the owner's daughter, Adelina, had served him for years in a private room. She was 38 and a widow. Petrosino looked up. "We're both alone. Maybe we should get married." A week later, with the Italian Squad in attendance, they exchanged vows in her father's restaurant. They retired to his apartment, and the next day he returned to work.

In June 1908 Raffaele Palizzolo, a former deputy to parliament convicted in the murder of the director of the Bank of Sicily and freed on a technicality, arrived in New York. Thousands of Sicilians cheered. Commissioner Bingham welcomed him, initially unaware of his involvement in the Marquis Notarbartolo assassination.

Palizzolo—Cascio Ferro's emissary—described his visit as a crusade against the Black Hand and declared it a myth manufactured by police. He also called for "organization and unity." His audacity was breathtaking: a convicted murderer spouting Mafia code words on New York streets and in American newspapers. While Petrosino publicly declared him a good man, he shadowed Don Raffaele everywhere.

Palizzolo spread the twisted gospel of Cascio Ferro, the baron of half of Sicily's 100 crime families. Petrosino circulated through Don Raffaele's adoring crowds to arrest known criminals. Finally, Petrosino cornered him. Whatever he did or said sent Palizzolo packing back to Sicily. Cascio Ferro was enraged.

Several Italian newspapers and city bureaucrats launched a chorus of protest. One politician dubbed Petrosino the Dentist for the teeth he had dislodged from recalcitrant hoodlums.

Petrosino pushed back. He boasted that his men had reduced crime and violence in the Italian sections by 50 percent.

Bingham created an NYPD secret service to wipe out the Black Hand. Its anonymous members would be accountable only to Petrosino and Bingham. When city officials refused funding, Bingham raised \$30,000 from private sources, rumored to be the New York Stock Exchange, Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller.

On February 9, 1909 a Jewish merchant, Simone Velletri, boarded the *Duca di Genova* bound for Italy. He was in fact Joseph Petrosino on a clandestine mission designed by Bingham and thrust upon the reluctant lieutenant shortly after his wife had given birth to a daughter, also named Adelina. His mission was to enlist the Italian authorities in a transatlantic cooperative to end the Mafia threat once and for all.

It was a disaster from the start. While he was still at sea, a story appeared in the *Herald*: "Petrosino has gone to Italy, specifically to Sicily, in order to obtain important information bearing on Italian criminals." The source was Commissioner Bingham himself—who foolishly confided in a reporter.

By the time Petrosino arrived in Italy, the story had appeared in the *Herald's* European edition. Not that it mattered. Two members of the Morello gang, Antonio Passananti and Giovanni Pecoraro—the man who had derailed the barrel murder case when mistaken for Tommaso "the Ox" Petto—had arrived in Sicily before Petrosino.

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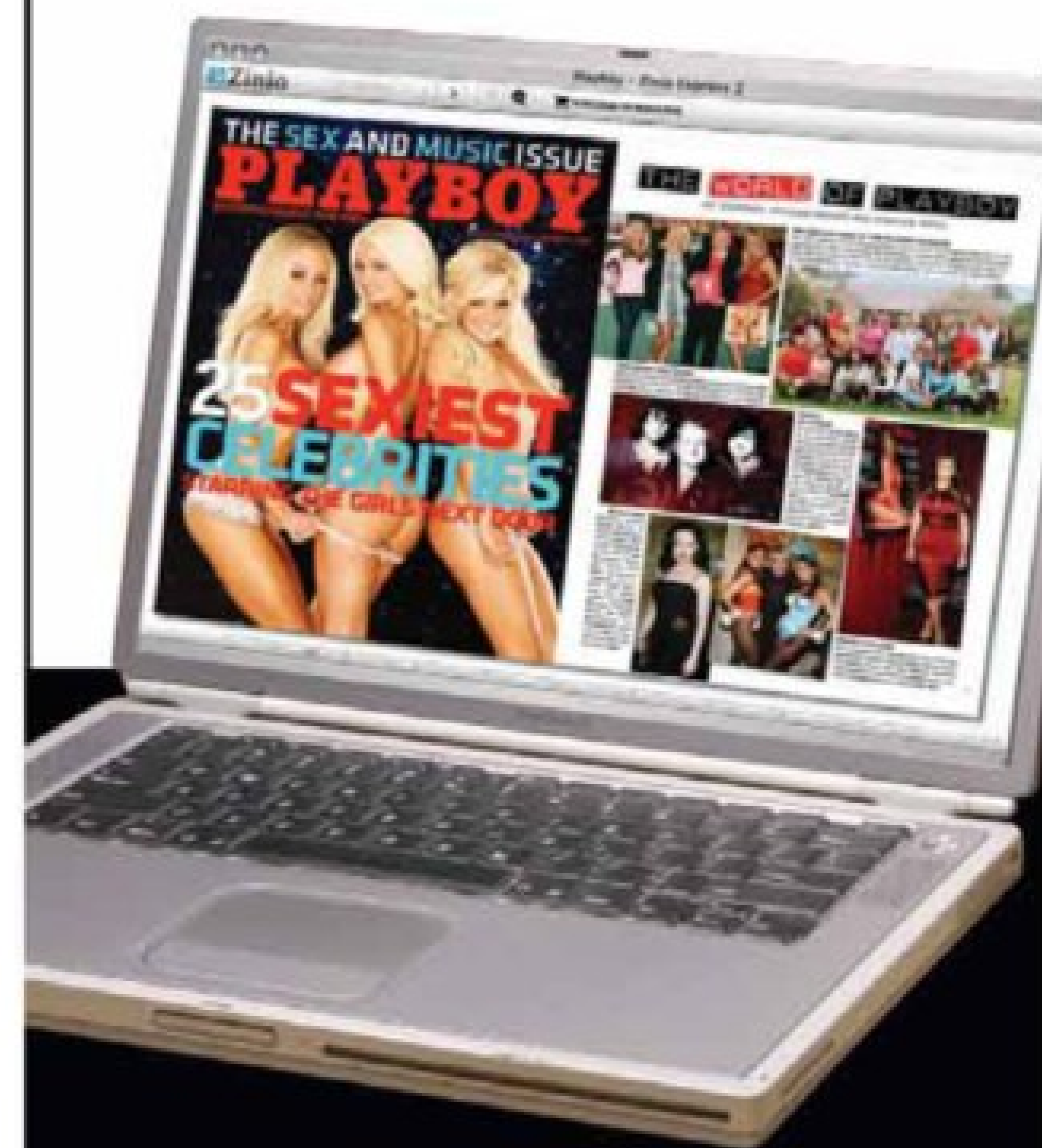
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From Palermo, Pecoraro sent a telegram to New York: "I Lo Baido work Fontana." Lo Baido was Pecoraro's code name. *Work* is a Mafia term for murder. Fontana was Giuseppe Fontana, Cascio Ferro's new conduit to the Morello gang. Simply: Pecoraro was to murder someone and was reporting to Fontana and Morello. Morello sent a cryptic reply: "Why cut his whiskers off?" At his Bisacquino villa, Cascio Ferro received Pecoraro and Passananti warmly: He would have to approve the "work."

Petrosino was ill and homesick from the moment he sailed. A meeting in Rome with the aristocratic commissioner of police went poorly: He thought Petrosino crude and pushy.

"To my baby and you," Petrosino wrote to his two Adelinas, "I give you thousands and thousands of kisses." The last words they would ever receive from him.

Thanks to the *Herald* article, he was recognized in Palermo, yet he persisted. He carried a revolver, \$2,000 in cash and the names of 2,000 gangsters who had immigrated to New York with fraudulent papers. Petrosino intended to uncover their criminal pasts so they could be deported. He also wanted to build a network of contacts, lawyers mostly, to supply intelligence about

Sicilian criminals. Wary of Sicily's vast corruption, he stuck to contacts and informants developed in America.

On March 12, 1909 Petrosino dined at Caffé Oreto near central Palermo's waterfront. He spoke briefly with two men, signaling that he would meet them outside. At 8:50 he walked alone along Piazza Marina toward damp, lush Garibaldi Garden. The cobblestones were slick with rain, and heavy clouds blocked the moon. He met the two men from the restaurant and another soon joined them.

There were four shots. Petrosino was hit in the right shoulder, throat and cheek. A brave young Italian sailor sprinted toward the gunshots to find Joseph Petrosino dead on the sidewalk. His notebook listed a final entry: "Vito Cascio Ferro, fierce criminal."

When news reached America via transatlantic telegraph it triggered outrage. A new suspect was named every few days: the Sicilian cops, the anarchists, the Camorra. Three weeks after the murder—before the body arrived home—Sicilian commissioner of police Baldassare Ceola arrested 15 suspects, including Cascio Ferro as the mastermind and possibly the third gunman.

Cascio Ferro claimed he had spent the evening at the estate of the Honorable Domen-

ico De Michele Ferrantelli, a politician with strong Mafia connections, particularly to Cascio Ferro. During his eight-month incarceration Cascio Ferro paid for a private cell and catered meals. Commissioner Ceola was recalled to Rome. Charges were dropped for insufficient evidence.

#### POSTMORTEM

It took five and a half hours for the funeral procession to wend up Broadway to 57th Street and the Queensboro Bridge, then to Calvary Cemetery on Long Island. As taps drifted over the grave site, Adelina—married just over a year and widowed a second time—sobbed uncontrollably. Her weeping rattled even those who hated Petrosino. Among the bereaved was a white-haired black man, William Farraday, the African American Petrosino had rescued from muggers on his first patrol.

Adelina received a \$1,000 annual pension, the first for an NYPD officer's widow. Supporters organized a benefit: Italian performers canceled, frightened by Mafia threats, and Adelina took refuge in her brother's house.

William Flynn pursued Morello and Lupo with a vengeance. Unable to pin murder or conspiracy on them, he won convictions for counterfeiting. Lupo sobbed and convulsed and Morello fainted when handed long sentences in the dreaded Atlanta Federal Penitentiary.

The Morello gang expanded during his incarceration, led by Joe "the Boss" Masseria, a Morello hit man who improved gang organization and drifted away from Sicily's control. In 1926 Cascio Ferro sent Sicilian capo Salvatore Maranzano to instill his code of conduct and organize family structures. Masseria was not happy: It triggered the worst Mafia war in American history. Maranzano convinced Masseria's top lieutenant, Lucky Luciano, to murder his own boss. Luciano then whacked Maranzano, ending the war. Luciano created the seven-family commission, completing the organization of the U.S. Mafia and curtailing the waning influence of Cascio Ferro.

Although Cascio Ferro had endured 69 felony charges without a conviction, his string ended in 1926 when Mussolini's "Iron Prefect," Cesare Mori, was sent to wipe out the Sicilian Mafia. Cascio Ferro received a lifetime sentence for a murder he likely did not commit.

Cascio Ferro allegedly made several Mafia-style confessions—cryptic admissions without admitting—that he had murdered Petrosino. He died in his cell of heart failure in 1942.

Theodore Bingham's disclosure about Petrosino's trip ended his career. The mission was foolish and ill planned: The Mafia would have learned of Petrosino's presence in other ways. Bingham's successor, William Baker, disbanded the Italian Squad in 1910, destroying its dossiers and photos and arguing it had no right to collect information on men not yet convicted. Crime in the Italian neighborhoods doubled in a year, validating Petrosino's claims about the success of the Italian Squad.

Today the New York City Police Department confers the Lieutenant Joe Petrosino Award to the most outstanding officer on the force each year.



Bliss

"Honey, it's getting late. We should head home and get into bed—you can bring your friends."





# ANIMAL RESCUE

(continued from page 60)

smile, and Bob saw that the face behind the pockmarks was as spectacular as the smile. Wanting only to be seen. She touched the puppy's nose with her index finger.

"Yeah." Bob felt crazed. He felt light as a Communion wafer. "Yeah."

•

At Cousin Marv's, where he tended bar 12 to 10, Wednesday through Sunday, he told Marv all about it. Most people called Marv Cousin Marv out of habit, something that went back to grade school though no one could remember how, but Marv actually was Bob's cousin. On his mother's side.

Cousin Marv had run a crew in the late '80s and early '90s. It had been primarily composed of guys with interests in the loaning and subsequent debt-repayal side of things, though Marv never turned his nose down at any paying proposition because he believed, to the core of his soul, that those who failed to diversify were always the first to collapse when the wind turned. Like the dinosaurs, he'd say to Bob, when the cave-men came along and invented arrows. Picture the cave-men, he'd say, firing away, and the tyrannosauruses all gucked up in the oil puddles. A tragedy so easily averted.

Marv's crew hadn't been the toughest crew or the smartest or the most successful operating in the neighborhood—not even close—but for a while they got by. Other crews kept nipping at their heels, though, and except for one glaring exception, they'd never been ones to favor violence. Pretty soon, they had to make the decision to yield to crews a lot meaner than they were or duke it out. They took Door Number One.

Marv's income derived from running his bar as a drop. In the new world order—a loose collective of Chechen, Italian and Irish hardguys—no one wanted to get caught with enough merch or enough money for a case to go federal. So they kept it out of their offices and out of their homes and they kept it on the move. About every two-three weeks, drops were made at Cousin Marv's, among other establishments. You sat on the drop for a night, two at the most, before some beer-truck driver showed up with the weekend's password and hauled everything back out on a dolly like it was a stack of empty kegs, took it away in a refrigerated semi. The rest of Marv's income derived from being a fence, one of the best in the city, but being a fence in their world (or a drop bar operator for that matter) was like being a mail-room clerk in the straight world—if you were still doing it after 30, it was all you'd ever do. For Bob, it was a relief—he liked being a bartender and he'd hated that one time they'd had to come heavy. Marv, though, Marv still waited for the golden train to arrive on the golden tracks, take him away from all this. Most times, he pretended to be happy. But Bob knew that the things that haunted Marv were the same things that haunted Bob—the shitty things you did to get ahead. Those things laughed at you if your ambitions failed to amount to

much; a successful man could hide his past; an unsuccessful man sat in his.

That morning, Marv was looking a hair on the mournful side, lighting one Camel while the previous one still smoldered, so Bob tried to cheer him up by telling him about his adventure with the dog. Marv didn't seem too interested, and Bob found himself saying "You had to be there" so much, he eventually shut up about it.

Marv said, "Rumor is we're getting the Super Bowl drop."

"No shit?"

If true (an enormous *if*), this was huge. They worked on commission—one half of one percent of the drop. A Super Bowl drop? It would be like one half of one percent of Exxon.

Nadia's scar flashed in Bob's brain, the redness of it, the thick, ropy texture. "They send extra guys to protect it, you think?"

Marv rolled his eyes. "Why, cause people are just lining up to steal from coked-up Chechnyans?"

"Chechens," Bob said.

"But they're from Chechnya."

Bob shrugged. "I think it's like how you don't call people from Ireland *Irelandians*."

Marv scowled. "Whatever. It means all this hard work we've been doing? It's paid off. Like how Toyota did it, making friends and influencing people."

Bob kept quiet. If they ended up being the drop for the Super Bowl, it was because someone figured out no Feds deemed them important enough to be watched. But in Marv's fantasies, the crew (long since dispersed to straight jobs, jail or, worse, Connecticut) could regain its glory days, even though those days had lasted about as long as a Swatch. It never occurred to Marv that one day they'd come take everything he had—the fence, the money and merch he kept in the safe in back, hell, the bar probably—just because they were sick of him hanging around, looking at them with needy expectation. It had gotten so every time he talked about the "people he knew," the dreams he had, Bob had to resist the urge to reach for the nine millimeter they kept beneath the bar and blow his own brains out. Not really—but close sometimes. Man, Marv could wear you out.

A guy stuck his head in the bar, late 20s but with white hair, a white goatee, a silver stud in his ear. He dressed like most kids these days—like shit: pre-ripped jeans, slovenly T-shirt under a faded hoodie under a wrinkled wool topcoat. He didn't cross the threshold, just craned his head in, the cold day pouring in off the sidewalk behind him.

"Help you?" Bob asked.

The guy shook his head, kept staring at the gloomy bar like it was a crystal ball.

"Mind shutting the door?" Marv didn't look up. "Cold out there."

"You serve Zima?" The guy's eyes flew around the bar, up and down, left to right.

Marv looked up now. "Who the fuck would we serve it to—Moesha?"

The guy raised an apologetic hand. "My bad." He left, and the warmth returned with the closing of the door.

Marv said, "You know that kid?"

Bob shook his head. "Mighta seen him

around but I can't place him."

"He's a fucking nutbag. Lives in the next parish, probably why you don't know him. You're old school that way, Bob—somebody didn't go to parochial school with you, it's like they don't exist."

Bob couldn't argue. When he'd been a kid, your parish was your country. Everything you needed and needed to know was contained within it. Now that the archdiocese had shuttered half the parishes to pay for the crimes of the kid-diddler priests, Bob couldn't escape the fact that those days of parish dominion, long dwindling, were gone. He was a certain type of guy, of a certain half-generation, an almost generation, and while there were still plenty of them left, they were older, grayer, they had smoker's coughs, they went in for checkups and never checked back out.

"That kid?" Marv gave Bob a bump of his eyebrows. "They say he killed Richie Whelan back in the day."

"They say?"

"They do."

"Well, then...."

They sat in silence for a bit. Snow dust blew past the window in the high-pitched breeze. The street signs and windowpanes rattled, and Bob thought how winter lost any meaning the day you last rode a sled. Any meaning but gray. He looked into the unlit sections of the barroom. The shadows became hospital beds, stooped old widowers shopping for sympathy cards, empty wheelchairs. The wind howled a little sharper.

"This puppy, right?" Bob said. "He's got paws the size of his head. Three are brown but one's white with these little peach-colored spots over the white. And—"

"This thing cook?" Marv said. "Clean the house? I mean, it's a fucking dog."

"Yeah, but it was—" Bob dropped his hands. He didn't know how to explain. "You know that feeling you get sometimes on a really great day? Like, like, the Pats dominate and you took the 'over,' or they cook your steak just right up the Blarney, or, or you just feel *good*? Like..." Bob found himself waving his hands again "...good?"

Marv gave him a nod and a tight smile. Went back to his racing sheet.

•

On Sunday morning, Nadia brought the puppy to his car as he idled in front of her house. She handed it through the window and gave them both a little wave.

He looked at the puppy sitting on his seat and fear washed over him. What does it eat? When does it eat? Housebreaking. How do you do that? How long does it take? He'd had days to consider these questions—why were they only occurring to him now?

He hit the brakes and reversed the car a few feet. Nadia, one foot on her bottom step, turned back. He rolled down the passenger window, craned his body across the seat until he was peering up at her.

"I don't know what to do," he said. "I don't know anything."

•

At a supermarket for pets, Nadia picked out several chew toys, told Bob he'd need



them if he wanted to keep his couch. Shoes, she told him, keep your shoes hidden from now on, up on a high shelf. They bought vitamins—for a dog!—and a bag of puppy food she recommended, telling him the most important thing was to stick with that brand from now on. Change a dog's diet, she warned, you'll get piles of diarrhea on your floor.

They got a crate to put him in when Bob was at work. They got a water bottle for the crate and a book on dog training written by monks who were on the cover looking hardy and not real monkish, big smiles. As the cashier rang it all up, Bob felt a quake rumble through his body, a momentary disruption as he reached for his wallet. His throat flushed with heat. His head felt fizzy. And only as the quake went away and his throat cooled and his head cleared and he handed over his credit card to the cashier did he realize, in the sudden disappearance of the feeling, what the feeling had been:

For a moment—maybe even a succession of moments, and none sharp enough

to point to as the cause—he'd been happy.

"So, thank you," she said when he pulled up in front of her house.

"What? No. Thank you. Please. Really. It.... Thank you."

She said, "This little guy, he's a good guy. He's going to make you proud, Bob."

He looked down at the puppy, sleeping on her lap now, snoring slightly. "Do they do that? Sleep all the time?"

"Pretty much. Then they run around like loonies for about 20 minutes. Then they sleep some more. And poop. Bob, man, you got to remember that—they poop and pee like crazy. Don't get mad. They don't know any better. Read the monk book. It takes time, but they figure out soon enough not to do it in the house."

"What's soon enough?"

"Two months?" She cocked her head. "Maybe three. Be patient, Bob."

"Be patient," he repeated.

"And you too," she said to the puppy as she lifted it off her lap. He came awake,

sniffing, snorting. He didn't want her to go. "You *both* take care." She let herself out and gave Bob a wave as she walked up her steps, then went inside.

The puppy was on its haunches, staring up at the window like Nadia might reappear there. It looked back over his shoulder at Bob. Bob could feel its abandonment. He could feel his own. He was certain they'd make a mess of it, him and this throwaway dog. He was sure the world was too strong.

"What's your name?" he asked the puppy. "What are we going to call you?"

The puppy turned his head away, like, Bring the girl back.

First thing it did was take a shit in the dining room.

Bob didn't even realize what it was doing at first. It started sniffing, nose scraping the rug, and then it looked up at Bob with an air of embarrassment. And Bob said, "What?" and the dog dumped all over the corner of the rug.

Bob scrambled forward, as if he could stop it, push it back in, and the puppy bolted, left droplets on the hardwood as it scurried into the kitchen.

Bob said, "No, no. It's okay." Although it wasn't. Most everything in the house had been his mother's, largely unchanged since she'd purchased it in the '50s. That was shit.

Excrement. In his mother's house. On her rug, her floor.

In the seconds it took him to reach the kitchen, the puppy'd left a piss puddle on the linoleum. Bob almost slipped in it. The puppy was sitting against the fridge, looking at him, tensing for a blow, trying not to shake.

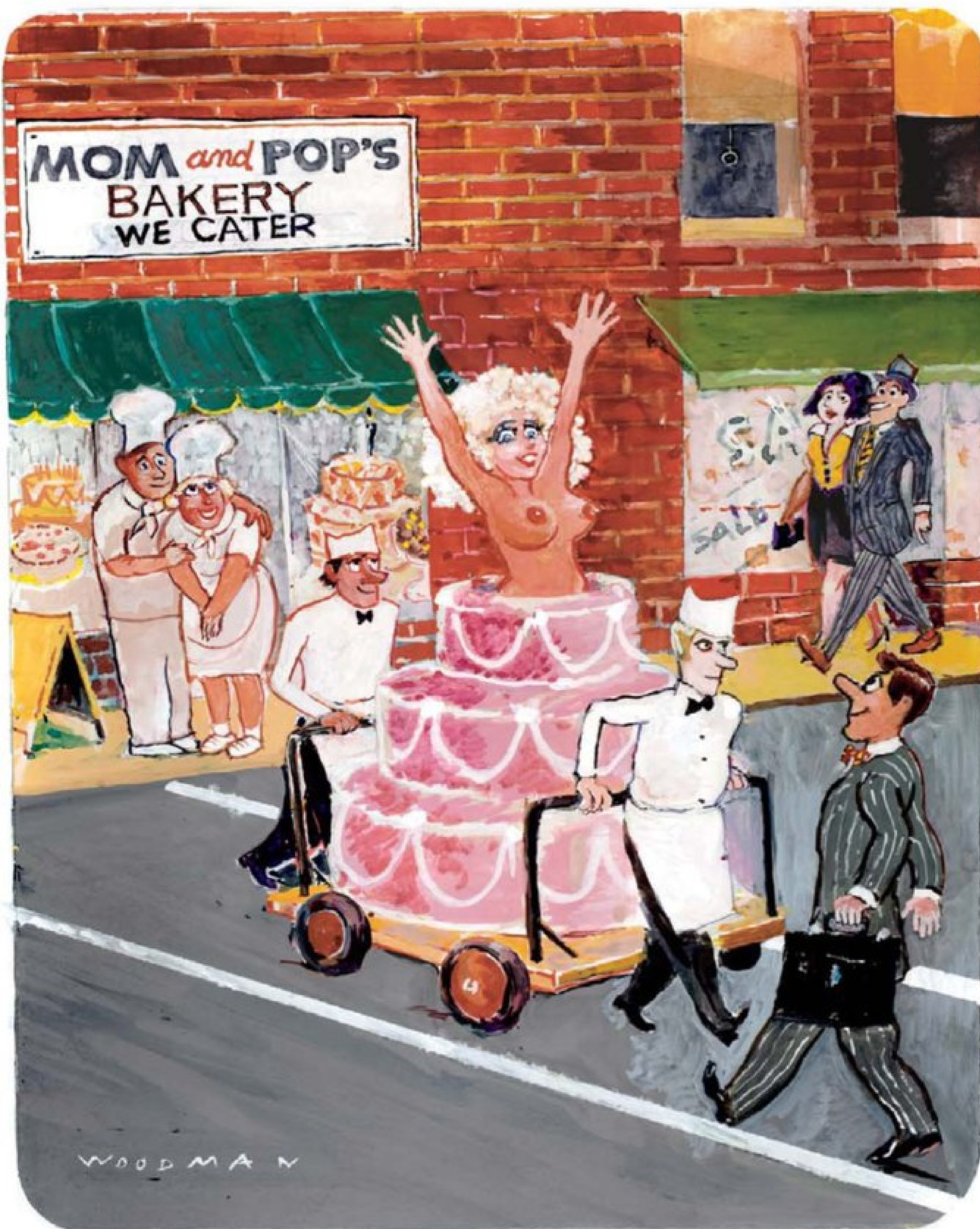
And it stopped Bob. It stopped him even as he knew the longer he left the shit on the rug, the harder it would be to get out.

Bob got down on all fours. He felt the sudden return of what he'd felt when he first picked it out of the trash, something he'd assumed had left with Nadia. Connection. He suspected they might have been brought together by something other than chance.

He said, "Hey." Barely above a whisper. "Hey, it's all right." So, so slowly, he extended his hand, and the puppy pressed itself harder against the fridge. But Bob kept the hand coming and gently laid his palm on the side of the animal's face. He made soothing sounds. He smiled at it. "It's okay," he repeated, over and over.

He named it Cassius because he'd mistaken it for a boxer and he liked the sound of the word. It made him think of Roman legions, proud jaws, honor.

Nadia called him Cash. She came around after work sometimes and she and Bob took it on walks. He knew something was a little off about Nadia—the dog being found so close to her house and her lack of surprise or interest in that fact was not lost on Bob—but was there anyone, anywhere on this planet, who wasn't a little off? More than a little most times. Nadia came by to help with the dog, and Bob, who hadn't known much friendship in his life, took what he could get.



"Our little girl, her first catering job."



They taught Cassius sit and lie down and paw and roll over. Bob read the entire monk book and followed its instructions. The puppy had his rabies shot and was cleared of any cartilage damage to his ear. Just a bruise, the vet said, just a deep bruise. He grew fast.

Weeks passed without Cassius having an accident, but Bob still couldn't be sure whether that was luck or not, and then on Super Bowl Sunday, Cassius used one paw on the back door. Bob let him out and then tore through the house to call Nadia. He was so proud he felt like yodeling, and he almost mistook the doorbell for something else. A kettle, he thought, still reaching for the phone.

The guy on the doorstep was thin. Not weak-thin. Hard-thin. As if whatever burned inside of him burned too hot for fat to survive. He had blue eyes so pale they were almost gray. His silver hair was cropped tight to his skull, as was the goatee that clung to his lips and chin. It took Bob a second to recognize him—the kid who'd stuck his head in the bar five-six weeks back, asked if they served Zima.

The kid smiled and extended his hand. "Mr. Saginowski?"

Bob shook the hand. "Yes?"

"Bob Saginowski?" The man shook Bob's large hand with his small one, and there was a lot of power in the grip.

"Yeah?"

"Eric Deeds, Bob." The kid let go of his hand. "I believe you have my dog."

•

In the kitchen, Eric Deeds said, "Hey, there he is." He said, "That's my guy." He said, "He got big." He said, "The size of him."

Cassius slinked over to him, even climbed up on his lap when Eric, unbidden, took a seat at Bob's kitchen table and patted his inner thigh twice. Bob couldn't even say how it was Eric Deeds talked his way into the house; he was just one of those people had a way about him, like cops and Teamsters—he wanted in, he was coming in.

"Bob," Eric Deeds said, "I'm going to need him back." He had Cassius in his lap and was rubbing his belly. Bob felt a prick of envy as Cassius kicked his left leg, even though a constant shiver—almost a palsy—ran through his fur. Eric Deeds scratched under Cassius's chin. The dog kept his ears and tail pressed flat to his body. He looked ashamed, his eyes staring down into their sockets.

"Um..." Bob reached out and lifted Cassius off Eric's lap, plopped him down on his own, scratched behind his ears. "Cash is mine."

The act was between them now, Bob lifting the puppy off Eric's lap without any warning, Eric looking at him for just a second, like, The fuck was that all about? His forehead narrowed and it gave his eyes a surprised cast, as if they'd never expected to find themselves on his face. In that moment, he looked cruel, the kind of guy, if he was feeling sorry for himself, took a shit on the whole world.

"Cash?" he said.

Bob nodded as Cassius's ears unfurled from his head and he licked Bob's wrist. "Short for Cassius. That's his name. What did you call him?"



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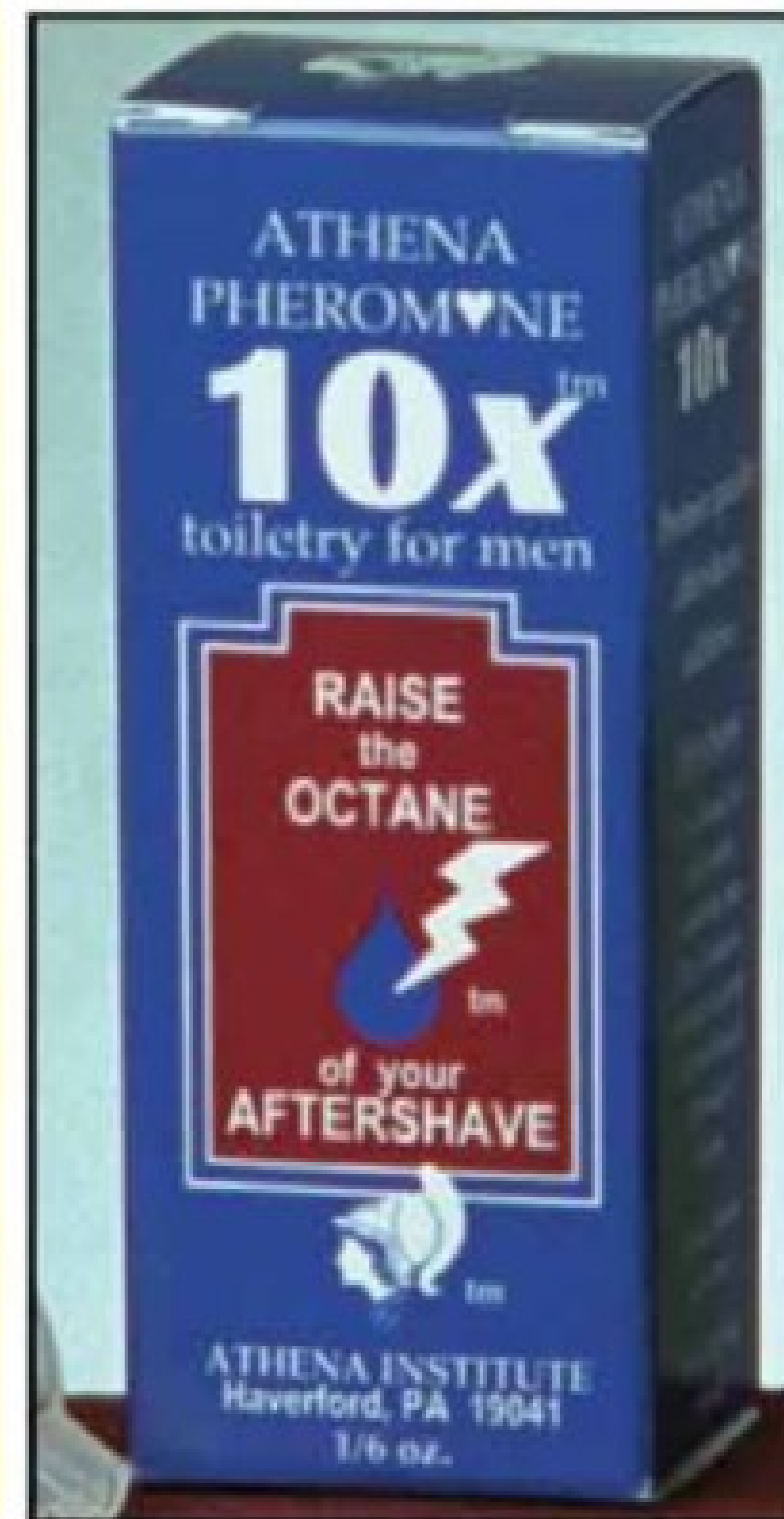


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“Called him Dog mostly. Sometimes Hound.”

Eric Deeds glanced around the kitchen, up at the old circular fluorescent in the ceiling, something going back to Bob’s mother, hell, Bob’s father just before the first stroke, around the time the old man had become obsessed with paneling—paneled the kitchen, the living room, the dining room, would’ve paneled the toilet if he could’ve figured out how.

Bob said, “You beat him.”

Eric reached into his shirt pocket. He pulled out a cigarette and popped it in his mouth. He lit it, shook out the match, tossed it on Bob’s kitchen table.

“You can’t smoke in here.”

Eric considered Bob with a level gaze and kept smoking. “I beat him?”

“Yeah.”

“Uh, so what?” Eric flicked some ash on the floor. “I’m taking the dog, Bob.”

Bob stood to his full height. He held tight to Cassius, who squirmed a bit in his arms and nipped at the flat of his hand. If it came to it, Bob decided, he’d drop all six feet three inches and 290 pounds of himself on Eric Deeds, who couldn’t weigh more than a buck-seventy. Not now, not just standing there, but if Eric reached for Cassius, well then....

Eric Deeds blew a stream of smoke at the ceiling. “I saw you that night. I was feeling bad, you know, about my temper? So I went back to see if the hound was really dead or not and I watched you pluck him out of the trash.”

“I really think you should go.” Bob pulled his cell from his pocket and flipped it open. “I’m calling 911.”

Eric nodded. “I’ve been in prison, Bob, mental hospitals. I’ve been a lotta places. I’ll go again, don’t mean a thing to me, though I doubt they’d prosecute even *me* for fucking up a *dog*. I mean, sooner or later, you gotta go to work or get some sleep.”

“What is *wrong* with you?”

Eric held out his hands. “Pretty much everything. And you took my dog.”

“You tried to kill it.”

Eric said, “Nah.” Shook his head like he believed it.

“You can’t have the dog.”

“I need the dog.”

“No.”

“I love that dog.”

“No.”

“Ten thousand.”

“What?”

Eric nodded. “I need ten grand. By tonight. That’s the price.”

Bob gave it a nervous chuckle. “Who has \$10,000?”

“You could find it.”

“How could I poss—”

“Say, that safe in Cousin Marv’s office. You’re a drop bar, Bob. You don’t think half the neighborhood knows? So that might be a place to start.”

Bob shook his head. “Can’t be done. Any money we get during the day? Goes through a slot at the bar. Ends up in the office safe, yeah, but that’s on a time—”

“—lock, I know.” Eric turned on the couch, one arm stretched along the back of it. “Goes off at two A.M. in case they decide they need a last-minute payout for something who the fuck knows, but big. And you have 90 seconds to open and close it or it triggers two silent alarms, neither of which goes off in a police station or a security company. Fancy that.” Eric took a hit off his cigarette. “I’m not greedy, Bob. I just need stake money for something. I don’t want everything in the safe, just ten grand. You give me ten grand, I’ll disappear.”

“This is ludicrous.”

“So, it’s ludicrous.”

“You don’t just walk into someone’s life and—”

“That *is* life: someone like me coming along when you’re not looking.”

Bob put Cassius on the floor but made sure he didn’t wander over to the other side of the table. He needn’t have worried—Cassius didn’t move an inch, sat there like a cement post, eyes on Bob.

Eric Deeds said, “You’re racing through all your options, but they’re options for normal people in normal circumstances. I need my ten grand tonight. If you don’t get it for me, I’ll take your dog. *I* licensed him. You didn’t, because you couldn’t. Then I’ll forget to feed him for a while. One day, when he gets all yappy about it, I’ll beat his head in with a rock or something. Look in

my eyes and tell me which part I’m lying about, Bob.”

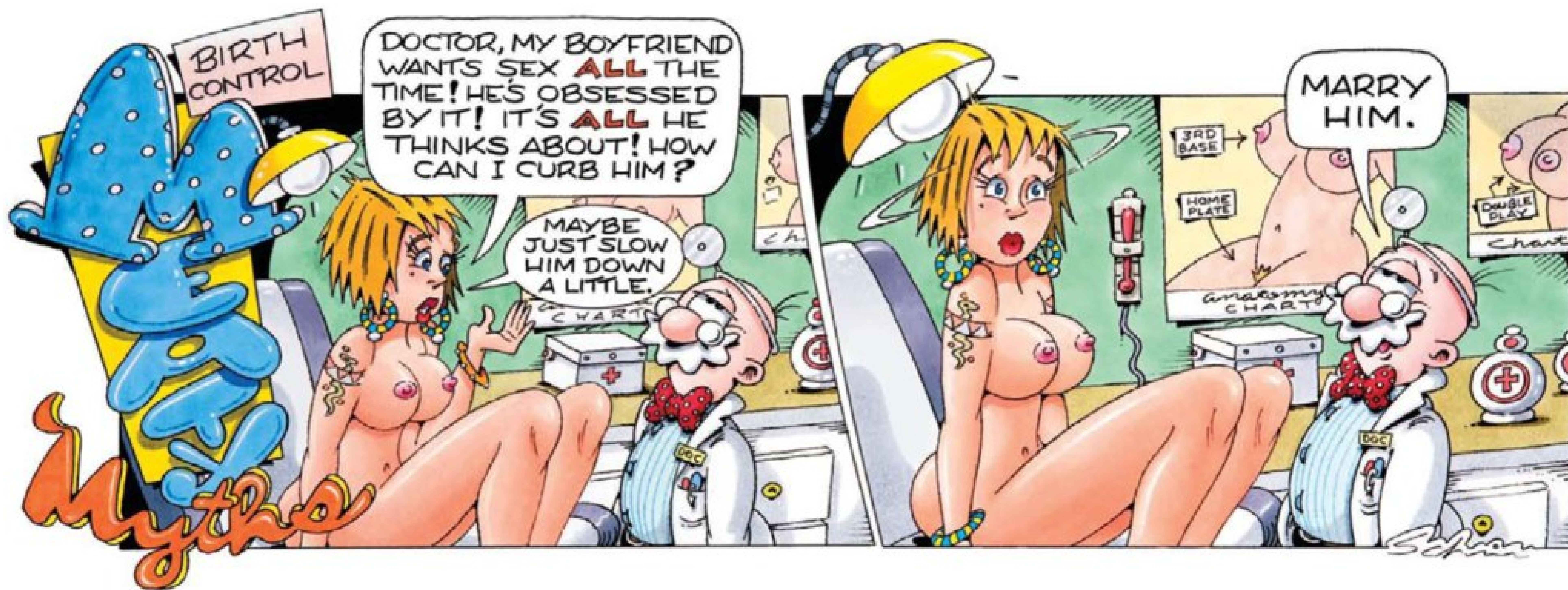
After he left, Bob went to his basement. He avoided it whenever he could, though the floor was white, as white as he’d been able to make it, whiter than it had ever been through most of its existence. He unlocked a cupboard over the old wash sink his father had often used after one of his adventures in paneling, and removed a yellow and brown Chock full o’ Nuts can from the shelf. He pulled \$15,000 from it. He put ten in his pocket and five back in the can. He looked around again at the white floor, at the black oil tank against the wall, at the bare bulbs.

Upstairs he gave Cassius a bunch of treats. He rubbed his ears and his belly. He assured the animal that he was worth \$10,000.

Bob, three deep at the bar for a solid hour between 11 and midnight, looked through a sudden gap in the crowd and saw Eric sitting at the wobbly table under the Narragansett mirror. The Super Bowl was an hour over, but the crowd, drunk as shit, hung around. Eric had one arm stretched across the table and Bob followed it, saw that it connected to something. An arm. Nadia’s arm. Nadia’s face stared back at Eric, unreadable. Was she terrified? Or something else?

Bob, filling a glass with ice, felt like he was shoveling the cubes into his own chest, pouring them into his stomach and against the base of his spine. What did he know about Nadia, after all? He knew that he’d found a near-dead dog in the trash outside her house. He knew that Eric Deeds only came into his life after Bob had met her. He knew that her middle name, thus far, could be Lies of Omission.

When he was 28, Bob had come into his mother’s bedroom to wake her for Sunday Mass. He’d given her a shake and she hadn’t batted at his hand as she normally did. So he rolled her toward him and her face was scrunched tight, her eyes too, and her skin was curbstone-gray. Sometime in the night, after *Mallock* and the 10 o’clock news, she’d gone to bed and woke to God’s fist clenched around her heart. Probably hadn’t been enough air left in her lungs to cry out. Alone in the dark,





clutching the sheets, that fist clenching, her face clenching, her eyes scrunching, the terrible knowledge dawning that, even for you, it all ends. And right now.

Standing over her that morning, imagining the last tick of her heart, the last lonely wish her brain had been able to form, Bob felt a loss unlike any he'd ever known or expected to know again.

Until tonight. Until now. Until he learned what that look on Nadia's face meant.



By 1:50, the crowd was gone, just Eric and Nadia and an old, stringent, functioning alcoholic named Millie who'd amble off to the assisted living place up on Pearl Street at 1:55 on the dot.

Eric, who had been coming to the bar for shots of Powers for the last hour, pushed back from the table and pulled Nadia across the floor with him. He sat her on a stool and Bob got a good look in her face finally, saw something he still couldn't fully identify—but it definitely wasn't excitement or smugness or the bitter smile of a victor. Maybe something worse than all of that—despair.

Eric gave him an all-teeth smile and spoke through it, softly. "When's the old biddy pack it in?"

"A couple minutes."

"Where's Marv?"

"I didn't call him in."

"Why not?"

"Someone's gonna take the blame for this, I figured it might as well be me."

"How noble of—"

"How do you know her?"

Eric looked over at Nadia hunched on the stool beside him. He leaned into the bar. "We grew up on the same block."

"He give you that scar?"

Nadia stared at him.

"Did he?"

"She gave herself the scar," Eric Deeds said.

"You did?" Bob asked her.

Nadia looked at the bar top. "I was pretty high."

"Bob," Eric said, "if you fuck with me—even in the slightest—it doesn't matter how long it takes me, I'll come back for her. And if you got any plans, like Eric-doesn't-walk-back-out-of-here plans? Not that you're that type of guy, but Marv might be? You got any ideas in that vein, Bob, my partner on the Richie Whelan hit, he'll take care of you both."

Eric sat back as mean old Millie left the same tip she'd been leaving since Sputnik—a quarter—and slid off her stool. She gave Bob a rasp that was ten percent vocal cords and 90 percent Virginia Slims Ultra Lights. "Yeah, I'm off."

"You take care, Millie."

She waved it away with a "Yeah, yeah, yeah" and pushed open the door.

Bob locked it behind her and came back behind the bar.

He wiped down the bar top. When he reached Eric's elbows, he said, "Excuse me."

"Go around."

Bob wiped the rag in a half circle around Eric's elbows.

"Who's your partner?" Bob said.

"Wouldn't be much of a threat if you knew who he was, would he, Bob?"

"But he helped you kill Richie Whelan?" Eric said, "That's the rumor, Bob."

"More than a rumor." Bob wiped in front of Nadia, saw red marks on her wrists where Eric had yanked them. He wondered if there were other marks he couldn't see.

"Well then it's more than a rumor, Bob. So there you go."

"There you go what?"

"There you go," Eric scowled. "What time is it, Bob?"

Bob placed \$10,000 on the bar. "You don't have to call me by my name all the time."

"I will see what I can do about that, Bob." Eric thumbed the bills. "What's this?"

"It's the ten grand you wanted for Cash."

Eric pursed his lips. "All the same, let's look in the safe."

"You sure?" Bob said. "I'm happy to buy him from you for ten grand."

"How much for Nadia, though?"

"Oh."

"Yeah. Oh."

Bob thought about that new wrinkle for a bit and poured himself a closing-time shot of vodka. He raised it to Eric Deeds and then drank it down. "You know, Marv used to have a problem with blow about ten years ago?"

"I did not know that, Bob."

Bob shrugged, poured them all a shot of vodka. "Yeah, Marv liked the coke too much but it didn't like him back."

Eric drank Nadia's shot. "Getting close to 2 here, Bob."

"He was more of a loan shark then. I mean, he did some fence, but mostly he was a shark. There was this kid? Into Marv for a shitload of money. Real hopeless case when it came to the dogs and basketball. Kinda kid could never pay back all he owed."

Eric drank his own shot. "One fifty-seven, Bob."

"The thing, though? This kid, he actually hit on a slot at Mohegan. Hit for 22 grand. Which is just a little more than he owed Marv."

"And he didn't pay Marv back, so you and Marv got all hard on him and I'm supposed to learn—"

"No, no. He *paid* Marv. Paid him every cent. What the kid didn't know, though, was that Marv had been skimming. Because of the coke habit? And this kid's money was like manna from heaven as long as no one knew it was from this kid. See what I'm saying?"

"Bob, it's fucking one minute to 2." Sweat on Eric's lip.

"Do you see what I'm saying?" Bob asked. "Do you understand the story?"

Eric looked to the door to make sure it was locked. "Fine, yeah. This kid, he had to be ripped off."

"He had to be killed."

Out of the side of his eye, a quick glance. "Okay, killed."

Bob could feel Nadia's eyes lock on him suddenly, her head cock a bit. "That way, he couldn't ever say he paid off Marv and no one else could either. Marv uses the money to cover all the holes, he cleans up his act, it's like it never happened. So that's what we did."

"You did..." Eric barely in the conversation, but some warning in his head was starting to sound, his head turning from the clock toward Bob.

"Killed him in my basement," Bob said.



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"Know what his name was?"

"I wouldn't know, Bob."

"Sure you would. Richie Whelan."

Bob reached under the bar and pulled out the nine millimeter. He didn't notice the safety was on, so when he pulled the trigger nothing happened. Eric jerked his head and pushed back from the bar rail, but Bob thumbed off the safety and shot Eric just below the throat. The gunshot sounded like aluminum siding being torn off a house. Nadia screamed. Not a long scream, but sharp with shock. Eric made a racket falling back off his stool, and by the time Bob came around the bar, Eric was already going, if not quite gone. The overhead fan cast thin slices of shadow over his face. His cheeks puffed in and out like he was trying to catch his breath and kiss somebody at the same time.

"I'm sorry, but you kids," Bob said. "You know? You go out of the house dressed like you're still in your living room. You say terrible things about women. You hurt harm- less dogs. I'm tired of you, man."

Eric stared up at him. Winced like he had heartburn. He looked pissed off. Frustrated. The expression froze on his face like it was sewn there, and then he wasn't in his body anymore. Just gone. Just, shit, dead.

Bob dragged him into the cooler.

When he came back, pushing the mop and bucket ahead of him, Nadia still sat on her stool. Her mouth was a bit wider than usual and she couldn't take her eyes off the floor where the blood was, but otherwise she seemed perfectly normal.

"He would have just kept coming," Bob said. "Once someone takes something from you and you let them? They don't feel gratitude, they just feel like you owe them more." He soaked the mop in the bucket, wrung it out a bit and slopped it over the main blood spot. "Makes no sense, right? But that's how they feel. Entitled. And you can never change their minds after that."

She said, "He.... You just fucking shot him. You just...I mean, you know?"

Bob swirled the mop over the spot. "He beat my dog."

The Chechens took care of the body after a discussion with the Italians and the Micks. Bob was told his money was no good at several res- taurants for the next couple of months, and they gave him four tickets to a Celtics game. Not floor seats, but pretty good ones.

Bob never mentioned Nadia. Just said Eric showed up at the end of the evening, waved a gun around, said to take him to the office safe. Bob let him do his ranting, do his waving, found an opportunity and shot him. And that was it. End of Eric, end of story.

Nadia came to him a few days later. Bob opened the door and she stood there on his stoop with a bright winter day turning everything sharp and clear behind her. She held up a bag of dog treats.

"Peanut butter," she said, her smile bright, her eyes just a little wet. "With a hint of molasses."

Bob opened the door wide and stepped back to let her in.

"I've gotta believe," Nadia said, "there's a

purpose. And even if it's that you kill me as soon as I close my eyes—"

"Me? What? No," Bob said. "Oh, no."

"—then that's okay. Because I just can't go through any more of this alone. Not another day."

"Me too." He closed his eyes. "Me too."

They didn't speak for a long time. He opened his eyes, peered at the ceiling of his bedroom. "Why?"

"Hmm?"

"This. You. Why are you with me?"

She ran a hand over his chest and it gave him a shiver. In his whole life, he never would have expected to feel a touch like that on his bare skin.

"Because I like you. Because you're nice to Cassius."

"And because you're scared of me?"

"I dunno. Maybe. But more the other reason."

He couldn't tell if she was lying. Who could tell when anyone was? Really. Every day, you ran into people and half of them, if not more, could be lying to you. Why?

Why not?

You couldn't tell who was true and who was not. If you could, lie detectors would never have been invented. Someone stared in your face and said, *I'm telling the truth*. They said, *I promise*. They said, *I love you*.

And you were going to say what to that? Prove it?

"He needs a walk."

"Huh?"

"Cassius. He hasn't been out all day."

"I'll get the leash."

In the park, the February sky hung above them like a canvas tarp. The weather had been almost mild for a few days. The ice had broken on the river but small chunks of it clung to the dark banks.

He didn't know what he believed. Cassius walked ahead of them, pulling on the leash a bit, so proud, so pleased, unrecognizable from the quivering hunk of fur Bob had pulled from a barrel just two and a half months ago.

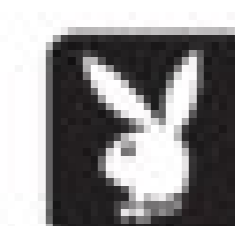
Two and a half months! Wow. Things sure could change in a hurry. You rolled over one morning, and it was a whole new world. It turned itself toward the sun, stretched and yawned. It turned itself toward the night. A few more hours, turned itself toward the sun again. A new world, every day.

When they reached the center of the park, he unhooked the leash from Cas- sius's collar and reached into his coat for a tennis ball. Cassius reared his head. He snorted loud. He pawed the earth. Bob threw the ball and the dog took off after it. Bob envisioned the ball taking a bad bounce into the road. The screech of tires, the thump of metal against dog. Or what would happen if Cassius, suddenly free, just kept running.

But what could you do?

You couldn't control things.

From *Boston Noir*, published by Akashic Books.





# LOVE AND MONEY

(continued from page 138)

"Two thousand a month."

"Let me think about it."

Think I did, long and hard and excitedly. I called him 10 days later—I let him sweat—and asked him to come over at five that evening. And to bring me some Chanel No. 5. Yes, you got it; every submissive is a dominatrix in her spare time. But I'd been so submissive to A-Man that I didn't have any spare time. Now I had plenty. Nothing but.

When Mr. Hedge Fund arrived at five I was ready for him in a black velvet gown, low cut, stockings, garters, red-and-black shimmering snakeskin thong. But he didn't see the thong for a while. I opened my Neiman Marcus package with the Chanel. He had done well. He got me a nice size (not the smallest) of the eau de parfum (not the eau de toilette, which is cheaper) and body cream and powder as a bonus. I was genuinely thrilled. Sometimes a gal can ask for what she wants, get it and be just as happy as if he'd read her mind (which is what all women want, Dr. Freud, but never get).

I was starting to have fun. I led him into the bedroom and told him to strip down

to his undies. White, slightly stretched-out Jockeys were revealed. Not the worst but not good either. I told him to spread his legs and bend over the side of my bed, hands on the mattress, arms also spread. Wait there. I repaired to the bathroom, removed the velvet gown and picked up my black leather riding crop with the domed silver tip. I sauntered back into the bedroom in my fishnets and stilettos and one of those topless bras from Frederick's of Hollywood (a must-have item). He looked up from his obedient position. Mr. Hedge Fund seemed a little apprehensive, as though the market was about to crash. Given my anal infamy he had reason to worry. But I was only going to spank him.

I thanked him kindly for the perfume and then wafted my breasts by his face to give him a whiff. His education had begun. He didn't know Chanel from Charlie, beluga from lumpfish or Cristal from Korbel. But I never met a man so willing to learn. The gift of not too much pride. He had a mother who helped. Despite his worldly success and innate goodness, every time she saw him, he told me, right up to her dying day, she said the legs of his trousers were too short. Every time.

Parading around I gave him a couple of soft swipes with the crop. He didn't flinch,

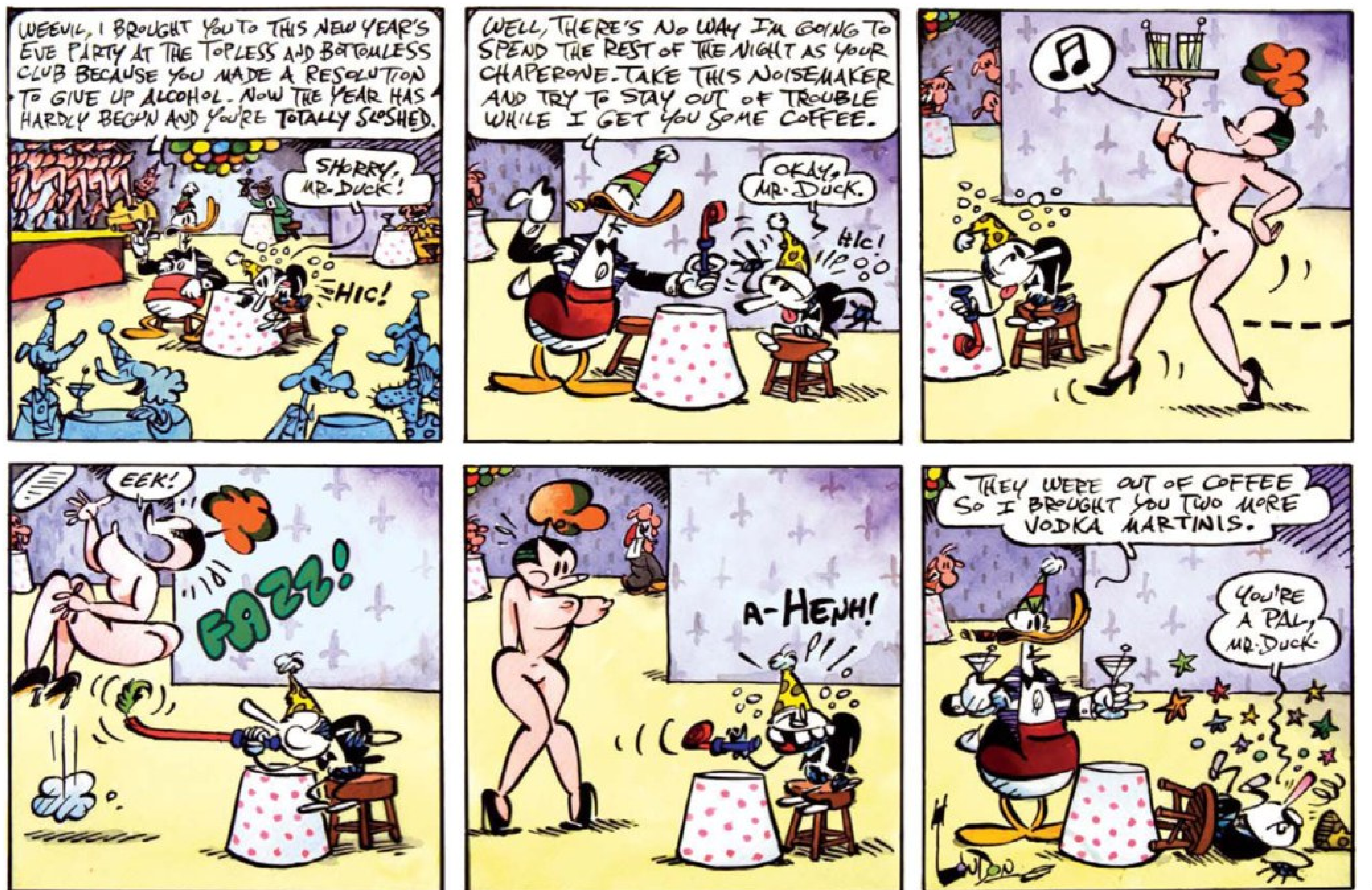
but he didn't look happy. I saw no rise in the front either. I had never spanked a man before. Got to try everything once—besides, so many of them need a good caning, though only a few actually want it. A few more lashes of the crop and we got to the meat of the matter.

How dare he, I said, offer me so little money. I was totally insulted. Bad, bad boy. But I had an alternate plan that I laid out as I paraded around the bedroom in my heels. I wanted to be paid each and every time we had sex—\$300. Cash. Having two grand wired into my bank account on the first of every month simply had no meaning, no appeal, no ritual, almost like nothing was even happening, like being a girlfriend.

I wanted to sexualize the money. I wanted him to have to have it, give it, see it and deal with it each time he had a hard-on and the prospect of fucking me. (I think this is where I'm starting to lose Dr. Phil. He, like feminists, thinks a woman should fuck for free. Whose side are they on?)

No need to think on his part. He agreed immediately and wanted to start right then and there. What a guy. Smart businessman, too. I'll never know if he did the math in that moment, but at the rate of one fuck a week, which we'd been having, I'd be making only \$1,200 a month, \$800 less than

# Dirty Duck<sup>®</sup> by Bobby London





what he'd offered me! But I would have the incentive he wanted me to have—to have more sex to make more money. Wow, this was really fun. But it had only just begun.

I became Bella the Whore and proceeded to have some of the hottest, most arousing sex of my life. You don't know what might turn you on until you try it, so buried and complex is one's sexual shadow.

So here's how it went. As before, he would call and make dates for dinner, and upon returning to my bordello, I'd invite him in, as if we had just met. "Would Mr. H. like a Cointreau, perhaps?" I'd lead him to the living room, provide him with a drink, erotic photo books or even some Shakespeare sonnets if he chose. (I don't think he ever cracked the Shakespeare.) I would then tell him when he could present himself at my boudoir door. Usually about 20 minutes. Until then, all evening, no kissing, no smooching, nada. We were companions, only I'd look very sexy and he'd look very ready. He couldn't touch until he had paid.

I would then prep. Love, love, love the prep. Already bathed and shaved and perfumed, I would light the frankincense candle, turn the dimmers down within an inch of off, select the music (Leonard, Bob, Tom or Johann) and slip into a slut outfit—of which I have a deliriously large and ever-growing collection. Sometimes the red combo—stringy, high-sided thong, bralette top and a sweet little skirt I tie up on one side, all of it in transparent lace. Sometimes the yoga-girl outfit: a torn T-shirt knotted above one breast and some short, up-the-ass blue-jean shorts. On special occasions the chain outfit: black leather studded collar around my neck, with three rows of silver chains hanging, framing my breasts, hooked in the back. Maybe some party panties with a slit from front to back—or back to front, depending on your approach. The chains keep things hot, and the metal,

being so cold, keeps my nipples hard. With all, the final touch: my Audrey Hepburn sunglasses. I like to watch my porn with a shaded, Holly Golightly POV. The movie was about to begin.

On the dot (I never could change that about him) he'd knock gently on the door, and I'd see the doorknob turn. He always closed the door behind him, sealing us in. The great moment had arrived. In his new sleek black Jockeys with an erection at half-mast, he would enter the room, and I would watch closely as he placed on my bureau three crisp \$100 bills in the small bowl with Klimt's depiction of Salome clutching John the Baptist's decapitated head in her clawed hand. I'd always light lots of white candles around the bowl, donations at the altar of Mary Magdalene. I wanted him to know I respected his Catholicism and even knew a little something about it. The candle flames also helped me see the money.

While he did this I began. Slowly. Sometimes curled sideways in a fetal position, I would turn and face upward as the bills were laid down and extend one of my long dancer's legs—always with some real good heels, on occasion even my toe shoes—up to my nose and give myself a good stretch, flashing him my pussy.

He would then take off his Jockeys, hard as a rock, and climb on the bed with me and have me as he wanted me. And I would give myself to him. Finally a man willing to pay. To pay the price to give me guiltless sex, lusty, uninhibited sex. The gypless fuck.

I loved the negotiating—a way for a woman, especially one as submissive as myself, to take a stand—and it made the sex with Mr. H. crazy hot. Go figure. I was also learning other attributes of bulldog behavior: He not only had pussy persistence but prick persistence. The most sexually reliable man I had ever known. This man knew how to close the deal in my hedge fund.

Because of the money, it was my job to allow him, to let him, to do him. So often I'd felt taken without having given permis-

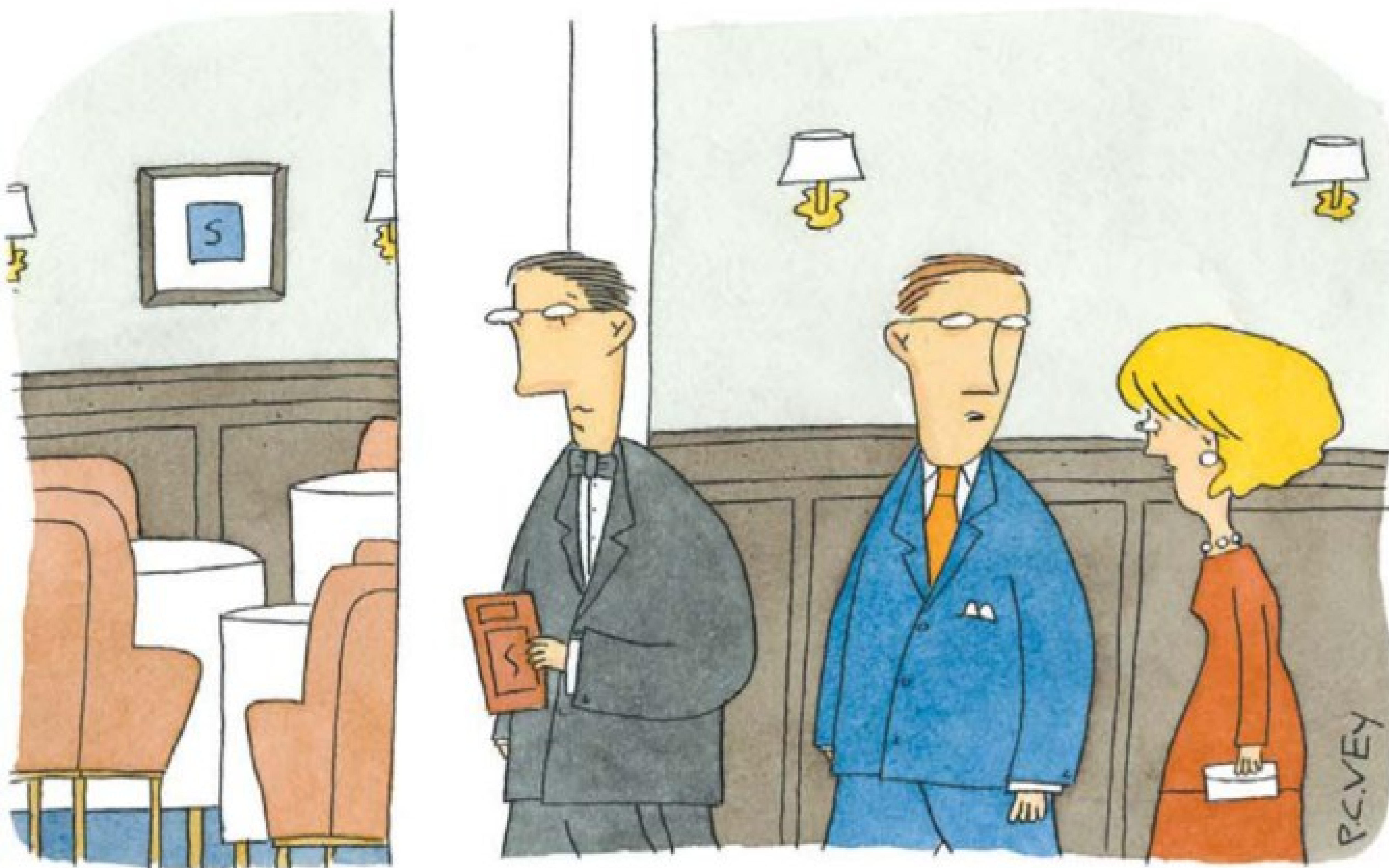
sion. The money bought me my freedom. Freedom from the slavery engendered by giving myself away for free so frequently. It is a great joy for a woman to be a slut—and don't let anyone tell you otherwise. But hard won. You see, I am a very good girl, the kind who always had her homework for Monday morning finished by five P.M. Friday. Being so good, so conscientious, translates into being a good whore. Only a good girl knows how to be really bad—she's earned it. Girls who are just bad miss the essential irony.

It's not like the negotiations ended there. He wanted to sleep over. But Bella would have none of it. Besides, I didn't know how to charge for that. My time, my solitude, my need to read are too valuable to sell. But when he took me on a nice trip, to Greece, say, or to a watery Hawaiian resort, then he could sleep with me. But I always required my own bathroom, and he obliged, though even in the fanciest places this can present a real booking challenge. He paid, of course, for everything on the trip, and the first time we planned one I could see this little glimmer in his eye that perhaps the sex would be included as part of the vacation. Oh no. He had to pay up as usual, but if there were two fucks in a night, because we were sleeping together, he got the second for only \$100.

In fact, at the end of the first year of Belladom, when I added up my pay log, I'd made less than the \$24,000 he had originally offered me in monthly installments! I made \$21,800 the first year (70 fucks plus an \$800 bonus—he gave his secretary a bonus, so Bella wanted a boner bonus). I gave him a freebie on his birthday. The second year I negotiated a raise to \$400. A couple of times I brought in some nice tight blonde pussy—I'm brunette, and I know guys like variety. For these side dishes he paid only an extra \$100. I'm quite embarrassed to admit what a cheap whore I was, but it was my first time out. I've since learned a lot about finance from Eliot Spitzer.

Once, Mr. H. didn't have cash and put a check down on the bureau. I let him fuck me but gave him hell the next day. He never did it again. Another time I let him give me a gazillion frequent-flier miles so I could always fly first-class, as befit my new status. I insisted on "don't ask, don't tell" so I could retain my sexual freedom. He wasn't buying that—it's not for sale. Strange, really, how he paid me and it ended up being the purest sex I'd ever had. Because of this I gave him my orgasm. It cost him not a penny. And finally, it didn't cost me either.

Epilogue: It ended, of course, after a few years. They all end. But it lasted longer than most—because of the money. Men don't understand how much it costs a woman to enjoy herself. The enormous price of letting that thing in. But Mr. H. never got in my ass. No one can afford that.



*"This place is famous for its empty tables."*

Release: StoreMags & FantaMag





# Guy Fieri

(continued from page 123)

30 years ago. "You know what, Guy?" he said. "This might be the best steak I've ever had." Total relief! And on top of that, my sister had to do the dishes. I was hooked, man.

## Q4

PLAYBOY: You never went to cooking school?

FIERI: I left home when I was 16 to go to Europe as an exchange student. Before that, I cooked for my parents a lot. Their friends would come over, and I'd put on a whole Asian dinner—chopped the stuff, made my version of wonton soup and all those things. If I didn't know a recipe, I'd make it up, trial and error. France really opened my eyes to great cooking. Then I came back, majored in hospitality management and lived with a bunch of college students, who were my guinea pigs. I had a skill nobody else had. You get away with a lot in college if you can feed people.

## Q5

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though that came in handy with women.

FIERI: I saw some possibilities, definitely. When I was 18 or 19 I got a job as flambé captain at a hotel, cooking table-side with the brown polyester outfit, the dickey, the whole getup. I realized success is all about your style. I'd meet these families having dinner and would always find the older daughter who looked bored. "Hey, you want to see an extra-big flame on your scampi?"

## Q6

PLAYBOY: Was it a winning pickup line?

FIERI: Sometimes, but I effed up on that job. They taught us this technique of opening and closing the jar of Grey Poupon mustard with one hand for the steak Diane presentation. [rolls eyes] One time my cart got stuck, so I yanked it, and *ch-ch-ch*, the Grey Poupon fell, hit the side of the cart, the lid clicked off and a globule of mustard flew through the air and *shhhpwakked* this grandma on the forehead. Her beehive hairdo flopped down, and there was mustard everywhere. It was the couple's 50th anniversary, and I was thinking, I'm a dead man. But her old man thought it was the funniest damn thing he'd ever seen. Dude tipped me 40 bucks!

## Q7

PLAYBOY: Do you separate fancy food from the food in your book and on your Food Network show *Diners, Drive-Ins and Dives*?

FIERI: I don't separate fancy food from the rest. Good food is good food, though there's definitely way too much fussing and phoniness out there in the food world, with people talking about ingredients you need an advanced degree to pronounce. That's not to say I don't like five-star dining. But costwise, I don't know. Even with flavor. If you prepare it right, a burger can taste better.

## Q8

PLAYBOY: How can a burger taste better than filet mignon?

FIERI: The core fundamental is great meat. Go to a good butcher and ask them to grind a great piece of chuck right there. With chuck, you don't need to add a lot of ingredients at home. It's quintessentially great as it is. Cook it medium rare. Some people like a charbroiled or wood-fired taste, but I use a flat metal grill top or a big flat pan. That way you get a little bit of fat, and with fat comes the crust. Crust is key. We're a culture of crust, and that crunchy outside is what makes a crowd go crazy for a burger.

## Q9

PLAYBOY: Speaking of crowds, what is the secret to a memorable Super Bowl party?

FIERI: It's the greatest sporting event in the world, so do it up a little. It doesn't have to be expensive. At my house I've got my buddy Kleetus at the stove, cutting fresh tortillas into wedges and frying them into tortilla chips. It's so much better than out of the bag. Then my buddy Opossum makes fresh salsa. Chicken wings are great, but bake them, then panfry them in a nonstick pan to get a little more crust on top. Oh, and ice. Nothing's worse than a party where you have to dig around the beer cans for ice. It makes my hair stand on end. [laughs]

## Q10

PLAYBOY: What's the deal with your hair anyway?

FIERI: About 10 years ago I was in Vegas with a bunch of buddies. It was my buddy Reno's birthday, and we were shaving his head. My buddies and I are a little bit on the wild side. But it gave me the idea to try something new. Next thing I know, I'm telling my hairdresser, "Do whatever you want." She sits me down and puts a plastic bag on my head. When she takes it off, my hair is Colonel Sanders white! And I go, "Oh no! Man!" I used to dye it blackish purple in the winter, but now it just stays white.

## Q11

PLAYBOY: Who's hotter in person, Rachael Ray, Giada De Laurentiis or Padma Lakshmi?

FIERI: Get out of here! If my wife finds out I answered a question like that, you're looking at the next dead Food Network star. Those ladies are all amazing and sexy, and I have my opinion, but I'm not sitting here playing candyass.

## Q12

PLAYBOY: Do you believe certain foods are aphrodisiacs?

FIERI: I'm not a great believer in "12 oysters and you get a woman in bed." But I will say women who know how to cook are hot. Especially when you're together in the kitchen, it's sexy. You're activating each other's senses—the smells, the flavors, the textures. Baby!

## Q13

PLAYBOY: Let's say you're not a great cook. You have a woman coming over. You want

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to impress her. What's the foolproof plan?  
 FIERI: Practice. Don't jump into shrimp creole or whatever if you've never made it before. Do a test run a couple of days ahead. And stick to dishes that aren't too dangerous. Pork's my favorite. Google a recipe for pork chops *piccata* style—grilled or pan sautéed with lemon, capers, garlic, white wine, parsley. She'll be eating out of your hand, as long as you don't overcook it.

**Q14**

PLAYBOY: Bagels or doughnuts? McDonald's coffee or Starbucks? Ben and Jerry's or Pinkberry?

FIERI: Let's see. Bagels by a mile because, despite my boyish waistline, I'm not a sweets guy. Starbucks, mainly because in comparison to Mickey D's it's still the little guy, and the coffee's usually good. Ben and Jerry over Pinkberry. Any dudes

who can get their names on a couple million cones and make people happy are my kind of guys.

**Q15**

PLAYBOY: What's one food you hate?

FIERI: Squash. I can't be in the same room with it. Every time a piece of squash comes near my mouth, I want to heave.

**Q16**

PLAYBOY: You own several restaurants. What's something you secretly wish you could tell your customers?

FIERI: Stop stealing stuff. People steal things from restaurants, anything with a logo on it. One guy came into my place Tex Wasabi's and stole this huge leopard-print welcome mat—rolled it up, put it under his arm and strolled out the door. Also, don't eat the whole plate of food and

then tell me you didn't like it. We know that's bullshit.

**Q17**

PLAYBOY: Who's the best chef alive?

FIERI: Oh man, you're killing me! But if I have to go with somebody, it's Masaharu Morimoto, the Japanese Iron Chef who now works out of New York. In the Asian realm especially, nobody does it better. My greatest honor would be to work in Morimoto's kitchen, even for a day. That dude will forget more about cooking than I'll ever learn.

**Q18**

PLAYBOY: Name one or two dives worth driving across America for.

FIERI: How about three? Ted Peter's Famous Smoked Fish in St. Petersburg, Florida. These guys make unbelievable smoked mullet. That probably sounds disgusting, and I'm no fan of mayonnaise and fish, brother, but that fish spread—*pow!* It'd knock your socks off. Number two, Mo Gridder's BBQ in Hunts Point, the Bronx. You may not be able to find it because it's in a trailer outside an auto parts store. Trust me, though. Finally, Emma Jean's Holland Burger Cafe in Victorville, California. One family flipping burgers for 60 years on Route 66—need I say more?

**Q19**

PLAYBOY: What's the worst cooking mishap you've had in front of a huge audience?

FIERI: We were doing a show in upstate New York with 2,000 people in the audience. I came out onstage, the crowd was clapping, cameras overhead, cameras to the side—the whole thing. I wasn't into this damn demo for more than 30 seconds and I cut this chunk off my finger. I thought it was my whole thumb. The butt of the knife had driven through. And it was so bloody. Ever seen blood when it's blue? That's what the hell I'm talking about. I was like, "Oh shit!" Do I tell all these people who've paid good money that I don't even know how to use a knife? I made the blink decision to keep going. I tied the towel around the thumb like a tourniquet and just barreled through. That finger was sore for the next four years.

**Q20**

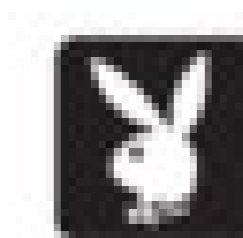
PLAYBOY: What would you want your last meal to be?

FIERI: I'd love to say [*exaggerated highbrow voice*], "Oh, I would enjoy to have a dish I once had in France," but I gotta go with spaghetti and tomato sauce. It was my favorite dish as a kid, and it's still my baby. Don't get me wrong; it has to be done in the proper Italian way, not just "Here's a jar of tomato sauce"—*blorp*. I'm talking phenomenally fresh tomatoes, a little basil, a little oregano, a little sea salt. My favorite spaghetti is *bucatini*, thick with the hole running through the center, al dente, almost Roman style, like a broom brushing the plate. An oven-warmed plate topped with some freshly grated Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese. Twisted on the fork. No spoon. *That's heaven.*



*Interlandi*

"Boy, unless I'm mistaken, there's a book in this!"





(continued from page 50)

scientists figured out how to culture animal cells in the early 1900s, some claimed such cells would let us live forever. In the 1940s the availability of antibiotics led some doctors to declare the age of infectious diseases over. The engineers who founded NASA were sure we would build cities on the moon, perhaps even Mars. And as scientists began to develop computers and the programs to run them, they began to predict that someday—someday soon—computers would gain a human intelligence.

Their confidence grew not just from their own research. Neuroscientists were discovering that our brains act a lot like computers, so it seems logical we would someday be able to translate the neural code, build computers that process information similarly and even join brains and machines together.

In 1993 the science-fiction writer Vernor Vinge wrote an essay on this particular kind of future. He entitled it “The Coming Technological Singularity,” borrowing a term astrophysicists use to describe a place where the ordinary rules of gravity and other forces break down. “Within 30 years we will have the technological means to create super-human intelligence,” he claimed. “Shortly after, the human era will be ended.”

By the late 1990s Kurzweil emerged as the leading champion of the coming end of life as we know it. He started as a tremendously successful computer scientist, having invented print-to-speech machines for the blind, music synthesizers and a host of other devices, and in 1990 he published his first forward-looking book, *The Age of Intelligent Machines*. He argues that within a few decades computers will be as intelligent as humans, if not more so.

As the years passed, his predictions grew more extreme. In his 1999 book, *The Age of Spiritual Machines*, he imagines life in 2099. “The number of software-based humans vastly exceeds those still using native neuron-cell-based computation,” he writes. In 2005 he brought Vinge’s term to wide attention in his book *The Singularity Is Near*, in which he bemoans how hobbled we are by feeble neurons, bones and muscles. “The Singularity,” he writes, “will allow us to transcend these limitations of our biological bodies and brains.”

At the Singularity Summit Kurzweil came onstage to offer the latest iteration of his case for the Singularity. The audience broke into fierce applause when he appeared, a few people standing and pounding their hands in slow motion. Kurzweil was, as ever, sharply dressed, wearing a tailored blue suit, an open striped shirt and narrow glasses. (In 1984 a writer for *Business Week* noted he “wears expensive Italian suits and a gold Mickey Mouse watch.”)

He launched into his talk, leaning back on one foot as he spoke, his small frame angled diagonally to the audience, his eyebrows softly raised, his entire body seemingly caught in a perpetual shrug. Rather than slamming the audience with an infomercial pitch, his languid body language seemed to be saying, “Look, I don’t care if you believe me or not, but these are the facts.”

He talked about everything from quantum physics to comas to speech recognition, but at the heart of his talk was a series of graphs. They showed an exponential growth in the power of technology, from the speed of DNA sequencing efforts to the power of computers to the growth of the Internet. This exponential growth has been so relentless that Kurzweil has dubbed it the law of accelerating returns.

“It really belies the common wisdom that you can’t predict the future,” he said as he gazed at the graphs.

Thanks to the law of accelerating returns, he said, technology will continue to leap forward and astonish us. “Thirty linear steps take you to 30,” he said. “Thirty exponential steps take you to a billion.”



One way to judge whether Kurzweil is right about the future is to see how well he has done in the past. In the realm of computer science he has done pretty well. In 1990 he predicted the world chess champion would be a computer by 1998. IBM’s Deep Blue computer beat Garry Kasparov in 1997. In 1999 Kurzweil predicted that in 10 years computers communicating with one another and the world wide web wirelessly would be commonplace. It’s already becoming hard to recall when computers were lashed to modems.

But many of Kurzweil’s predictions have failed. In 1999 he predicted that by 2009 “bioengineered treatments for cancer and heart disease [will] have greatly reduced the mortality from these diseases.” In 2006, the most recent year for which statistics are available, 829,072 people died in the United States of heart disease. Fortunately the death rate from heart disease is lower now than in 1950, but that drop is due mainly to low-tech measures such as getting people to stop smoking. Meanwhile the death rate from cancer has dropped only five percent since 1950.

These failed predictions reveal a weakness at the heart of Kurzweil’s forecasts. Scientific understanding doesn’t advance in lockstep with technological horsepower. It was funny, in a morbid way, to watch Kurzweil make his case inside the 92nd Street Y just as a surge of swine flu viruses was sweeping the city. There was a time when sequencing the entire genome of a single flu virus was a colossal, budget-busting project; now it costs a few hundred dollars. As of October 2009 the Influenza Genome Sequencing Project has collected the complete genomes of 4,115 viruses from around the world, and that number is rising rapidly. All that raw genetic information has certainly allowed scientists to learn important things about the flu, but it has not given New York any fancy new way to stop it in its tracks. New Yorkers could only wash their hands as they waited for the delivery of new vaccines and hoped their hospitals didn’t get overwhelmed by people in need of respirators. All thanks to a virus with just 10 genes.

Even as flu viruses multiplied through the city, Kurzweil happily continued his talk, mocking the skeptics who scoffed when scientists were trying to sequence all

3.5 billion “letters” of DNA in the human genome. For a long time it seemed as if they’d never finish, and then in the early 2000s they were done.

Years later we still have lots of open questions about how the genome actually works. Scientists used to think it contained 100,000 protein-coding genes, but it turns out to have just 20,000, and researchers don’t actually know the function of many of them. What’s more, the genome also has tens of thousands of genes our cells use to make single-strand versions of DNA called RNA. Many play vital roles in the cell, but a lot probably don’t do anything, and scientists are just starting to figure out what does what. Some promised that sequencing the human genome would yield cures to most diseases. Scientists are now searching the genome for genes that increase your risk of high blood pressure, diabetes and other diseases. In most cases they have found lots of genes that raise your risk by only a barely measurable amount. Sequencing the human genome has revealed to scientists that they know less than they thought they did.



When I started contacting experts about the Singularity, something surprising happened—they didn’t laugh and hang up the phone.

“I find some people way too quick to pooh-pooh the idea of an impending Singularity,” said Martha Farah, director of the Center for Cognitive Neuroscience at the University of Pennsylvania.

Farah investigates how people try to enhance their cognition with drugs. Drugs originally designed to treat mental disorders are now being taken by perfectly healthy people. Adderall, a drug for ADHD, is a popular campus drug for boosting concentration. Modafinil, developed for people with narcolepsy, is now a drug of choice for those who want to burn the midnight oil.

In the years to come, Farah anticipates, even more powerful drugs will come to market. Some are intended to slow the disappearance of memories in people with Alzheimer’s disease; others may boost cognition in people with impairments. She expects there will be people—maybe a lot of them—who will take these drugs in the hopes of boosting an already healthy brain, not to fix a deficit.

In December 2008 Farah and a group of fellow neuroscientists and bioethicists published an article in *Nature* claiming this kind of brain boosting is okay. “Mentally competent adults should be able to engage in cognitive enhancement using drugs,” they write. It’s impractical, they argue, to try to draw a line between treating a disease and enhancing a healthy brain.

Farah sees an urgent need now to measure the actual enhancement these drugs can bring. “The effectiveness of Adderall depends crucially on the individual,” she said. “The literature suggests that people who are average or below get the biggest benefit. The high performers may get no benefit or may actually be impaired by it.” She is now measuring the performance of students on Adderall and placebos to see if that’s actually the case.



Farah feels the drug dosing of today will have a profound impact on how we treat our brains: "I think this growing practice may be softening us up to accept more drastic brain modifications down the line."

"Here are some critters," said Ed Boyden. The serene young leader of the Synthetic Neurobiology Group at MIT stood in his laboratory. Tiny pieces of electronics were strewn across the lab benches. Dishes full of neurons were positioned under microscopes. And there were also flasks of algae, one of which Boyden had grabbed and held up for me to see. He sloshed the green fluid around. I came to Boyden's lab after seeing him give a remarkable talk at the Singularity Summit. Boyden is at the forefront of a field known as neuroengineering. Neuroengineers seek to restore damaged brains by implanting tiny on-board computers and electrodes. Boyden's research may take neuroengineering to a new level. Rather than use electricity to manipulate the brain, he wants to use light. But in order to do that, he will have to borrow some genes from the algae he was holding and put them in human neurons. If he succeeds, people will be part machine, but they will also be a little bit algae, too.

The logic behind brain implants is simple. Many disorders, from blindness to paralysis, come down to a break in the flow of signals through our nervous system. Neuroengineers have long dreamed of building tiny machines that could restore that flow. So far, they've had one great success: the cochlear implant, a machine that delivers sound to the brains of the deaf. A cochlear implant picks up sounds with an external microphone and converts them to electronic signals, which travel down wires into a shell in the ear called the cochlea, where they tickle the ends of the auditory nerves.

The first generation of cochlear implants, in the 1970s, were big, awkward devices with wires crossing the skull, raising the risk of infection. They used up power quickly and produced crude perceptions of sound. In the 1990s scientists developed microphones small enough to perch on the ear that transmit sounds wirelessly to an implanted receiver. Today more than 180,000 people use cochlear implants. Scientists continue to make improvements to the implants so they can run on far less energy yet perform even better.

Neuroengineers have also been testing implants that go into the brain itself, but progress has been slower on that front. So far 30,000 people have had electrodes implanted in their brains to help them cope with Parkinson's disease. Pulses of electricity from the implants make it easier for them to issue the commands to move their bodies. Other scientists are experimenting with similar implants to treat other disorders. In October 2009 scientists reported 15 people with Tourette's syndrome had 52 percent fewer tics thanks to deep-brain stimulation. Other scientists are trying to build the visual equivalent of a cochlear implant. They've linked cameras to electrodes implanted in the visual centers of blind people's brains. Stimulating those electrodes allows the subjects to see a few spots of light.

While these electrodes send electricity into the brain, other units that researchers are working on pull information out. At Massachusetts General Hospital doctors have started clinical trials on human volunteers to test brain implants that give paralyzed people the ability to control a computer cursor with thought alone. Other neuroengineers have been able to achieve even more spectacular results on monkeys. At the University of Pittsburgh, for example, monkeys can use their thoughts to feed themselves with a robotic arm.

These are all promising results, but brain implants are still fairly crude. When the electrodes release pulses of electricity they can't target particular neurons; they just blast whatever neurons happen to be nearby. The best electrodes for recording brain activity, meanwhile, can pick up only a tiny portion of the chatter in the brain because engineers can implant only a few dozen electrodes in a single person.

Making matters worse, almost all of these implants have to be rigged to wires that snake out of the skull and draw a lot of power, relatively speaking, limiting battery lifetime. Surgeons have also found that the brain attacks these electrodes, covering them with a protective coat of cells that can render

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*Boyden gave a talk at the summit, unveiling a particularly stunning experiment on congenitally blind mice: They infected the animals with sight.*

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them useless. All of these problems mean you can't expect to carry a brain implant for life. Dipping into a person's brain from time to time to swap out implants and batteries would not just be expensive but would also pose the risk of infection.

But none of these challenges is necessarily a showstopper. Scientists are working on new designs that can allow brain implants to shrink in size, use less power and deliver better performance. In 2009, for example, a team of scientists at MIT reported how they had implanted a tiny electrode into the brain of zebra finches. The birds could fly freely around an enclosure. But with the press of a button, the scientists could wirelessly transmit a signal to the song-producing region of the bird's brain. The bird instantly stopped singing.

Up to now, many brain implant studies have focused on delivering or receiving electrical signals. Boyden's approach is novel. Isolating a particular gene in algae, it turns out, can make light-emitting devices possible. That's because some algae have channels on special membranes in their cells that respond to light of certain colors by opening up, allowing charged particles to move in or out of the membrane. A few years back Boyden wondered

if he could insert those channels into neurons and use them as an optical switch. Hit a neuron with light and its channels will open, triggering a signal.

Boyden and his colleagues pinpointed the gene for the channel, inserted it into viruses and then put the engineered viruses into a dish of neurons. The viruses infected the neurons and, along with their own genes, inserted the light-channel gene from the algae. The virus was harmless, so the neurons did not suffer from the infection, but they started using the algae gene to build channels of their own. Boyden then exposed the neurons to a flickering blue light. The neurons responded by crackling with spikes of electricity. "We started playing around with it and we got light-driven spikes almost on the first try," he said. "It was an idea whose time had come."

Boyden and his colleagues published that experiment in 2005, and since then he has expanded his neuroengineer's tool kit dramatically. "We grow organisms to screen for new molecules," he said. Their discovery of new light-sensitive channels in algae, bacteria and fungi have allowed them to engineer neurons that respond to a rainbow of light.

Boyden has neurons performing new tricks. He can get them to produce a voltage spike in response to light or to go completely quiet. He can flash a particular pattern of lights to trigger signals. He can also target his channels to different types of neurons by adding different genetic handles to the channel DNA. The genes get inserted into lots of cells, but they get switched on in only one kind of neuron. Flashing different colors of light, he can switch on and shut down different groups of neurons all at once.

Now he is starting to see how his engineered neurons behave in real brains rather than on glass slides. One virus he selected for his experiments, known as an adeno-associated virus, has proven to be promising in human gene-therapy trials in other labs. It has safely delivered genes into the bodies of more than 600 people so far (though some of the genes have produced unintended negative side effects). Also, last April Boyden and his colleagues reported they were able to successfully infect certain neurons in the brains of monkeys without causing harm to the animals. The scientists inserted an optical fiber into the monkey brains and were able to switch the neurons on with flashes of light, just as they do on the slides.

Boyden gave a talk at the Singularity Summit, unveiling a particularly stunning experiment he and his colleague Alan Horsager have run at the University of Southern California on congenitally blind mice: They infected the animals with sight.

The mice were blind thanks to mutations in the light-receptor genes in their retinas. The team wondered if they could make those neurons sensitive to light again. They loaded genes for light-sensitive channels onto viruses and injected them into the mice. The genes were targeted for certain retinal neurons that communicate with the brain. Boyden gave the mice enough time to incorporate the genes into their eyes and, he hoped, make the channels in their neurons. Since mice can't read eye charts out loud, he and his colleagues had to use a behavioral test to see if their eyes



were working. They put the mice into a little pool with barriers arranged into a maze. At one end of the pool the mice could get out of the water by climbing onto an illuminated platform. Regular mice quickly followed the light to the platform, while blind mice swam around randomly. The mice infected with neuron channels headed for the exit far more often than chance and almost as often as the healthy mice. Boyden and his colleagues have founded a company, Eos Neuroscience, to see if they can use this gene therapy to help restore some eyesight to humans.

Ultimately, though, Boyden also wants to install these light-sensitive receptors on neurons deep in the brain. Then, with a flash of light, he can make certain neurons fire or go silent. Boyden and his colleagues have built a peculiar gadget that looks like a miniature glass pipe organ. At the base of each fiber a diode can produce an intense flash of light. Boyden envisions implanting this array into people's brains and then wirelessly programming it to produce a rapid-fire rainbow pattern of light.

His far-off goal is to help treat medical disorders with these implants, and he doesn't give much thought to the possibility of people using implants to enhance their brains, the way they do now with Adderall. Brain implants certainly inspire cool scenarios—what if someone wanted to see in ultraviolet or operate a jet fighter with thought alone?—but Boyden has the luxury of not having to worry about those ethical matters. After all, it's one thing to open a jar and pop a pill; it's quite another to undergo brain surgery. "I think the invasive techniques won't be used for augmentation for a long time to come," he said.

As the conversation continued we got to talking about Lasik. Once there was a time when having a laser shot into your eye to fix myopia was the ophthalmological equivalent of Russian roulette. "Forty years ago it was daring," said Boyden. "Now there are clinics that do hundreds of these day in and day out."

I opened my Summit schedule to see what was next.

9:35 A.M.: Technical Road Map for Whole Brain Emulation.

10:00 A.M.: The Time Is Now: We Need Whole Brain Emulation.

This should be interesting, I thought.

Beyond drugs and prosthetics is whole brain emulation. If you haven't heard of it, here's a quick definition from a 2008 paper by Nick Bostrom and Anders Sandberg, two scientists at the University of Oxford: "The basic idea is to take a particular brain, scan its structure in detail and construct a software model of it so faithful to the original that, when run on appropriate hardware, it will behave in essentially the same way as the original brain."

At the Singularity Summit, Sandberg strode onto the stage, wearing a science-fair smile and a bright red tie, to explain what it would take to reach that goal. First, scientists would have to decide exactly how much detail they'd need. Would they have to track every single molecule? Would a

write software that can turn all the data into a three-dimensional model and then boot up this virtual brain. Sandberg doesn't think a computer would have to calculate the activity of the neurons atom by atom. Neurons are fairly predictable, so it's already possible to build models that behave a lot like real neurons. Mikael Djurfeldt, a scientist at Sweden's Royal Institute of Technology, and his colleagues have succeeded in modeling one particular kind of neuron cluster known as a cortical column. They created a model of 22 million neurons joined together by 11 billion synapses. When their imitation neurons started to talk to each other, they behaved a lot like real cortical columns. Of course it's important to remember there are about 100 billion neurons in the human brain—several hundred times more than Djurfeldt has simulated. And even if scientists do manage to simulate 100 billion neurons, they'll also need to give the simulated brain a simulated world.

Sandberg has made some rough calculations of how much computing power that would demand and how fast computer power is rising, and he's fairly confident a whole-brain emulation will be possible in a matter of a few decades. Exactly how a whole-brain emulation would behave, he isn't sure.

"I don't know whether a complete simulation of a brain, one to one, would actually produce a mind," he said. "I find it pretty likely, but I don't have evidence for that. I want to test it."

Sandberg exited stage right and was replaced at the podium by Randal Koene, a neuroscientist at the European

technology firm Fatronik-Tecnalia. Koene offered some reasons for why anyone would want to work so hard to make a whole-brain emulation in the first place. Even if it behaved like a generic human brain rather than my or your brain in particular, scientists could still use it to run marvelous new kinds of experiments. They might test drugs for depression, Parkinson's and other disorders. Koene is also a strong advocate of so-called mind uploading—the possibility of not just running a brain-like simulation on a computer but actually transferring a person's mind into a machine. To him, it is the liberation of our species. "We must free the mind," said Koene.

For a little ground-truthing I called Olaf Sporns, a neuroscientist at Indiana University. "This is not going to happen," he said.

## The New Year's Sexiest Girls



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rough approximation of all 100 billion neurons suffice? Sandberg suspected scientists would need a scan of a brain that could provide details down to a few nanometers (less than a millionth of an inch). Today researchers at Texas A&M have figured out how to take images of the brain at a resolution of just 160 nanometers, but they've scanned only a rice-grain-size piece of mouse brain in any one trial. To scan the brain tissue the scientists must stain it with color-producing chemicals, dunk it in plastic for hardening and then shave away one layer at a time. For now brain emulation is a zero-sum game.

But let's assume for the moment scientists can scan an entire human brain at nanometer scale. It turns out the hard work is just beginning. Researchers will then have to



Sporns is in a good position to judge. He and his colleagues have carried out just about the closest thing to whole-brain emulation given today's technology. They map human brains using a high-resolution method called diffusion spectrum imaging. They chart the long fibers that link regions of the brain together like computers on the Internet. Sporns and his colleagues have analyzed the connections between 1,000 regions and have found the brain's network is organized according to some of the same rules of other large networks—including the Internet. For example, several regions act as hubs, while most regions are connected to only a few others. Sporns and his colleagues created a computer model of this brain network and let each region produce signals that could spread down the fibers. They found their simulation of a brain at rest produced distinctive waves that spread back and forth around the entire brain similar to the way waves spread across our own.

Whole-brain emulations will become more sophisticated in the future, said Sporns, but he finds it ridiculous to expect them to be able to capture an individual's mind. In fact, mind uploading is a distraction from the truly revolutionary impact whole-brain emulations will have. By experimenting with them, researchers may discover some of the laws for building thinking networks. It may turn out human brains can work only if their networks have certain arrangements. "It's like learning the laws of physics when you want to build an airplane. It helps," said Sporns.

Discovering those laws may allow computer scientists to finally build machines that have mental processes similar to ours. Sporns thinks scientists are already moving in that direction. IBM, for example, now has a contract with the military to "fabricate a multichip neural system of about 108 neurons and instantiate into a robotic platform performing at 'cat' level."

"That is going to happen," said Sporns.

This is the best I can manage for skeptics. Uploading your mind is science fiction. But endowing robots with a humanlike cognition? Only a matter of time.



"I hope you didn't believe a word of that last talk."

I stood in a long line for the men's room during a coffee break. The women's room next door was empty. I thought how only at a meeting like the Singularity Summit would I find myself in this situation. When I heard someone talking to me, I turned to see a tousle-haired psychologist named Gary Marcus.

Good, I thought. Maybe Marcus would demolish the Singularity and leave nothing behind but smoking wreckage.

Marcus, who teaches at New York University, has spent years studying computation. Computers are good at certain kinds of computations such as sorting things into categories. But they're not good at the things we do effortlessly, such as generating rules from experience.

Marcus was annoyed by one of the talks at the Summit, in which a computer scientist promised that humanlike artificial intelligence was nigh. "Figuring this stuff out in 10 years—I don't believe it," he said.

I expected some serious curmudgeonliness when Marcus delivered his talk the following day. In his 2008 book, *Kluge*, Marcus explores design flaws in the human brain. We don't simply store information on a hard disk, for example, but embed it in a web of associations. That's why memories may escape us until something—perhaps the taste of a cookie—brings back the right associations. Marcus explains how these quirks are locked into our brains thanks to our evolutionary history. We did not evolve to be computers but animals that could learn to find food and avoid being eaten.

So I imagined Marcus would declare the human brain unimprovable, but he didn't. He stood up, explained the shortfalls of human memory and suggested memory would be a good place to start improving the human brain.

I called Marcus later and told him I was surprised. "Human enhancement is a real possibility," he replied. He thought a powerful way to enhance the brain would be with "cognitive prosthetics," a kind of onboard iPhone. The only challenge would be to decipher our brains' code well enough to let the iPhone talk to our brains. Marcus didn't see any reason scientists wouldn't eventually figure that out.

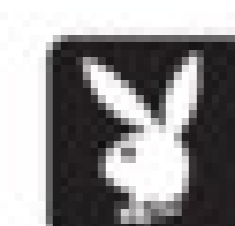
Like Sporns, Marcus agreed whole-brain emulations might turn out to be most valuable for what they reveal about the nature of intelligence. In the end that's what left Marcus worried. We just might succeed too well and program a machine with so much intelligence it can boost its own intelligence by itself.

"There are going to be machines that are cleverer than we are," he said.

It is time, Marcus said, to start planning for that world. It doesn't matter whether we live to see it or not; our grandchildren or great-grandchildren might. We owe it to them to get ready—if not for the Singularity then at least for a world different from our own.



"Yes, she has a divine right...and her left one ain't bad either!"





avoid them. They are gasbags of the worst sort: always a little too angry or political or slick or spacey or blissed-out. Plus, such tedious ideologue rolling tends only to suck all the fun (and giddy breeze) out of giving proper due to splendid 1960s delirium: the sybaritic swankiness (thank *you*, Mr. Hefner), the iconic loopiness, the moony hopefulness and also Ann-Margret.

According to fictional Sterling Cooper adman Don Draper (exactly the kind of man who read—if not silkily oozed—PLAYBOY back then), that decade's brilliant dawn rose with the shiny promise of happiness instantaneously fulfilled: "And you know what happiness is?" he waxed in the first televised episode of *Mad Men*, leading carrier of the current strain of 1960s retro love-in-fluenza. "Happiness is the smell of a new car. It's freedom from fear. It's a billboard on the side of the road that screams with reassurance that whatever you are doing is okay. You *are* okay." Okay? (Other indelible visionaries of the era—John Lennon, Charlie Brown and Johnny Carson—theorized, respectively, that happiness was a warm gun, a warm puppy and a dry martini.) Indeed, after the Cold War's attitudinal lockjaw, there would come (at a clip of zero to 60, 61, 62, 63 and counting) a most happy slackening and new permissiveness to live better than okay, better than ever, larger than dreams previously portended. ("I'm living like there's no tomorrow," says Draper in that same debut hour, "because there isn't one.") In their bouncily invaluable compendium *Sixties People*, pop authors Jane and Michael Stern write of whence they had lived: "The 1960s were a moonstruck time when people were smitten with new identities, then insouciantly discarded them in search of the next one, always looking for the true light and the real meaning of life." Seeking was serially interchanged, both acquisitively and inquisitively, with Getting (cars, clothes, hi-fis, hairdos, promotions, products, lit, laid, lost, found, fab, fooled, stoned, serene, spiritual, et al.), "over and over and over again, *ah-mmm*"—that last refrain courtesy of the Dave Clark Five, those all-too-unsung British Invaders whose stateside hit conquests were second only to a certain Liverpoolian quartet of the day. But let's not get ahead of ourselves—even if such forward lunging was, in fact, endemic to the 1960s thrill-ride way of life. Suffice it to say: The status quo had been uniformly infected by a fine antsiness, and amid all this itch scratching, quoth the Sterns, "original lifestyles blossomed because the 1960s were obsessed by the idea that the time had come to start fresh."

And so it did—cuckoo fresh, baby!—with a symbolic finger-snapping mandate to let freedom ring-a-ding-ding: "The world is very different now," declared John F. Kennedy, our first bona fide playboy president—at the age of 43 the youngest ever, naturally—upon taking the oath. He arrived a gleam, proudly hatless (thereby killing the men's hat industry) and toting his own Rat Pack pedigree complete with a Sinatra-conferred nickname (Chicky Baby). Barely a year before, near the outset of 1960, the national tempo had been thusly rigged, Vegas-style, when

the winsome then-senator from Massachusetts joined Frank's landmark Summit at the Sands bacchanal, as abetted by Dino, Sammy, the full cast of the real *Ocean's 11* (they filmed by day, played by night), plus dollies, mob molls and JFK's own brother Teddy along for the ride. Kennedy's brother-in-law Peter Lawford greased the alliance between partying leaders: "I was Frank's pimp, and Frank was Jack's pimp," finked Brother-in-Lawford (another Sinatra handle) many years on. "It sounds terrible now, but it was really a lot of fun." Fun as an inalienable right, you see, had begun taking hold with a tenacity akin to that of aerosol hair spray—the newfangled perm in a can from which all bouffed beehives swarmed. (For a 1960s woman to let her hair down required a whole different kind of nuclear disarmament.) As it was, overnight, Rat Pack became Jack Pack, and Frank ran the Inaugural Gala, and they would all pass around Marilyn Monroe, more or less, even as the chicky-baby-in-chief had sworn (minutes after his swearing-in) "that the torch has been passed to a new generation of Americans." Thus sparked a momentous trend of cultural torches being passed like hot potatoes from "now" to "next"—which would later make the lighting of Jim Morrison's fire feel almost superfluous. (Go figure all that metaphoric flame blazing along with pyres of social unrest...in the eternal decade of cocktail cool.)

Sex, it should be noted (ahem, and hello?), had rapidly been losing its bad name (did I thank Mr. Hefner yet?) as women began losing their virginity even more extremely rapidly, and oh so freely, than ever before. ("This isn't China," lectures Joan Holloway, *Mad Men*'s office bombshell, caught doling out voluptuary advice to a steno-pool naïf. "There's no money in virginity.") Like nick-of-time manna, the pill fell to earth (green-lit by the FDA on May 11, 1960) and changed life as we never knew it, gratefully. The playing field for playing the field leveled out all at once, and "good girls" were suddenly inclined to get very, *very* good, indeed. To wit: "You can bet she's as interested as he; if sex weren't 50-50 where would everybody be?" purred the theme lyrics to *Sex and the Single Girl*, the 1964 Natalie Wood film based loosely—"loose" being the larger point anyway—on Helen Gurley Brown's 1962 best-selling manhunt handbook for timid "mouse-burgers" eager to roar, if not score. "The single woman is emerging as the newest glamour girl of our times," proclaimed Mrs. Brown, slapping off old-maid stigmata while pushing a chaste-makes-waste platform. This eager-beaver mystique would be celebrated by Madison Avenue in the very year of the pill's debut with Miss Clairol's front-loaded "Does she... or doesn't she?" hair-dye campaign. ("Only her hairdresser knows for sure," winked the tagline, probably correct on either count.) To further evince the Game Girl incursion, guy consumers were legendarily suckled under by TV spots for Muriel Cigars ("Why don't you pick one up and smoke it sometime," wooed the unfiltered Edie Adams) and for Noxzema shave cream (wherein Swedish hotcake Gunilla Knutson implored, "Take it off...take it *all* off!" as set to the burlesque vamp of David Rose's "The Stripper"). These sass attacks, among other catchy pop tartlets (the 1967 hit instrumental "Music to Watch Girls By," anyone?),

were herded not long ago onto the CD compilation *Sex and the '60s* by Olympian geek-god Hal Lifson, author of *Hal Lifson's 1966! The Coolest Year in Pop Culture History*, a profuse argument for kitsch triumphant. "Okay, I admit I was under 10 for the entire span of the 1960s," avers Lifson, "but that put me at the perfect stage of my Freudian development cycle to appreciate all the fantasy women who were all over TV [during that] one time in our recent history where women were gladly and willingly marketed as playthings for the Big Boys."

Umm, yes, well...around here, of course, they were called Playmates—all things being equal, from get-go onward, in the company business of play—and they were (still are) willfully glad about it. But do understand, my children, that you now hold in your hands merely the preeminent utopian oracle/behavioral bible/lifestyle-supreme wish book of the 1960s (minus the old Centerfold staples). So doth decree Hugh M. Hefner—revolutionary sexual liberator numero uno (no runners-up need apply) and indomitable man for all decades but, good God, especially *that* one. There wasn't a freedom-loving male alive (icon or otherwise) who didn't want to be Hef—or at least be near Hef, if just for a single long groovy night. I'm talking from Kennedys (brothers and father) to Kings—i.e., the sainted Reverend Dr. MLK Jr. (who made a historic house call) as well as His Royal Highness Elvis P. (who took skyward on Hef's black-is-beautiful *Big Bunny* jet)—and essentially everyone else in-between possessed of a high- or low-profile pulse. With Playboy—the magazine, the ethos (soon to become the Philosophy)—Hefner had already been on the case for seven patient years before the 1960s arrived to crash his party and then never leave it. Having reinvented himself as serious-action hero Mr. Playboy, he also reinvented the urbane party ideal to specification—his own, thus ours too—by creating the most enviable portals through which rebel libidos could pass. Which they did in droves, first on a cold February leap night, 1960, with the Bunny-hopping debut of the original flagship Chicago Playboy Club—his jet-set Valhalla "aquiver with girls dressed as rabbits" whose wee bodices boosted "majestic mezzanines," or so blushed *Time*. (The miniskirts of Carnaby Street would have to play catch-up skimp in the zeitgeist a few years later.) Next, that same year, came the sublime Hefnerian homesteading act which brought to bear (or bare?) his very perfect Playboy Mansion (Chicago Version 6.0), a sprawling near-Gothic phantasmagoria of polished luxe, fleshy indulgence and cool toys that only he could own. "I have come to be seen as emblematic of the 1960s," he confessed (not blushing at all) within those coveted walls, mid-decade, to Tom Wolfe, who pronounced Hef's round rotating bed "the center of the world" and crowned the editor who rode it "King of the Status Dropouts." (With all due respect to Dr. Timothy Leary, King Hef had—in his inimitable way—turned on, tuned in and dropped out long before the great mind-bent prophet's clarion call to hippiedom.)

"What a way to go-go" was how Batman aptly put it at the windup of his inaugural caped crusade in January 1966—launching the twice-weekly ABC series that remains the decade's defining TV thunder punch (an



average of 30 million viewers regularly turned on and tuned in). "Batman will be considered pop culture in the time conundrum of our society," predicted deadpan deity Adam West, who wore the tights mightily. "Taking it in art terms, I guess you could say that I am painting a new fresco." In bold strokes of ZONK! POW! BAM! color gush, the show splashed Pop Art sensibility onto the tickled masses—even Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein, those co-avatars of the movement, offered benediction at the ritzy bat premiere in real-life Gotham. Perhaps more significantly, it unleashed sheer plu-purr-fection in the slink-suit of Julie Newmar's "nefarious temptress" Catwoman. "She was the sexiest woman on TV," testified a flustered West, whose off-camera Bat shields reportedly melted under La Newmar's pussified allure. (Holy claw marks!) Dangerous curves writhed through living rooms nightly, for this was the golden age of the original small-screen dream girl—a postmodern breed of siren who packed lethal pluck and other warm munitions. Brit spy-eyeful nonpareil Diana Rigg of *The Avengers*, for instance, flouted evil and flaunted leather as the well-named Emma Peel (derived from the shorthand term *m-appeal*, wherein the *m* quite correctly stood for *man*). Meanwhile *Get Smart*'s sultry undercover CONTROL operative Barbara Feldon, a.k.a. Agent 99, spoke whisper-

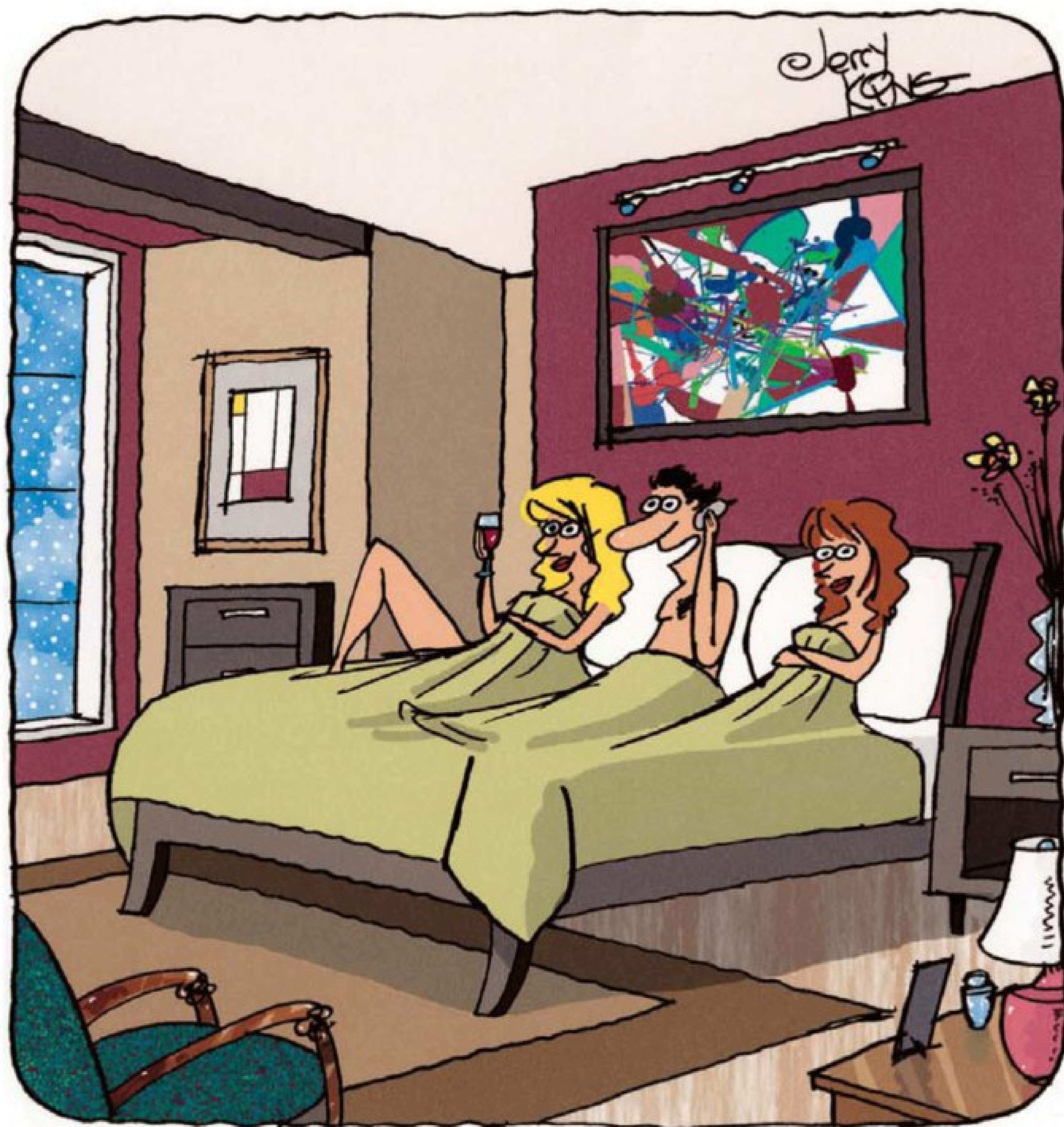
ingly and carried big shtick—much like Tina Louise as coconut-cream castaway Ginger Grant, whose waves lapped perilously on and around *Gilligan's Island*. (Flotation-device-of-the-gods Jayne Mansfield, by the way, refused the part not long after her notoriously buoyant June 1963 PLAYBOY cover pictorial got a certain pajama-wearing publisher hauled in on empty obscenity charges—although, again, what a way to go-go.)

"We were all on this ship in the 1960s, our generation, a ship going to discover the New World," John Lennon once reflected, as long as we're thinking nautical and new. "The Beatles were in the crow's nest of that ship." And so they came ("The Beatles are coming!" blared town criers near and far)—mop-top revolutionists numbering four, saviors squeezed eternal into one vital gasp (*johnpaulgeorgeandringo*)—and so they changed the world. "So this is America," said Ringo, assessing colonial frenzy upon landing, February 1964. "They all seem out of their minds." The clamoring din stayed valid and constant—"It's like working in a bell factory," shrugged Paul. "You don't hear the bells anymore." Leonard Bernstein, long-haired eminence of the classical-gas variety, would go all rhapsodic on the epiphany that was them in a *Rolling Stone* commemoration: "The frabjous falsetto shriek-cum-croon, the ineluctable beat, the flawless intonation, the

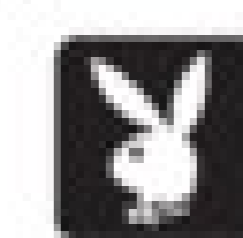
utterly fresh lyrics, the Schubert-like flow of musical invention and the Fuck-You coolness of these Four Horsemen of Our Apocalypse." They were just that fancy and knew it—as evidenced three years later (a lifetime per 1960s calibration) on their momentous *Sgt. Pepper's* album cover, installing themselves in a psychedelic Rushmore overstuffed with immortals (Freud, Marx, Einstein, Jung, Laurel, Hardy, Marilyn, et al.). But before profundity ever grabbed them, hordes of hysterical females had already longed just to hold their glands.

Such was the mod, mod world gone mad for all things Swinglish—wherein the Liverpool lads had gobbled into the velvet wake of Her Majesty's chief export thunderball, Sir Ian Fleming's transcendent double agent James Bond. Being merely the apogee of sleek manhood—the very reason Fleming entrusted 007's sole serialization rights to this magazine from 1960 onward—Bond was as thrown off as most males by the all-too-sudden infestation of the four fabs. The year they threatened global supremacy, he took quick aim in *Goldfinger* while lecturing a Bond girl who was lacking in her swank skills: "My dear girl, there are certain things that just aren't done, such as drink Dom Pérignon '53 above the temperature of 38 degrees Fahrenheit. That's as bad as listening to the Beatles without earmuffs." (She paid for her sins moments thereafter, indelibly basted to death naked in gold paint.) The Boys returned the volley just as quickly by turning *Help!* into a blatant Bond film spoof and, to grind home their moxie, Ringo took a real live Bond girl a decade and a half later as his wife.

Via brash example our pop gods gave us a loaded license to fulfill—dreams, fantasies, ideals (i.e., "There's nothing you can do that can't be done," quoth Saints John and Paul)—or to die trying. Alas, there was way too much of the latter, senselessly flattening the fizz of just about every fresh glassful of sudden magic. "For me the lame part of the 1960s was the political part, the social part," said Grateful Dead life force Jerry Garcia, who beheld much harshing of the acid-amped mellow within his Hashbury hemp clouds. "The real part," he said, "was the spiritual part." Hippie culture did what it could to stanch the bumper buzz-kills, pointing us toward natural wonders right under our own bare feet (the *qué pasa* of Flower Power). Those not making war were making their own kind of music but also making love, free and easy and unhung-up, meant to steer the stars while peace guided the planets. With that general goal, all Happenings happened accordingly—as in Love-Ins, Be-Ins, group gropes and, in mid-August 1969, the mud ruttings of Woodstock. By the time we got there (which wasn't there but in a town 43 miles away—hey, maps were establishment propaganda, man), small steps and giant leaps had already been taken a few weeks earlier on the seriously far-out moon surface—truly the trippiest trip ever. It was a spirit unstoppable until it somehow had to. "The thing the 1960s did was to show us the possibilities and the responsibility that we all had," said Lennon the Wise in crystal-blue aftermath. "It wasn't the answer. It just gave us a glimpse of the possibility." And also of Ann-Margret. Which was maybe—all things and swings considered—a majestic enough way to have gone-gone.



"Yes, dear, I will pick up some favors for our New Year's Eve party. In fact, I'm checking out some noisemakers now."





# SEAN COMBS

(continued from page 46)

definitely one of them. I feel as though we changed each other's lives.

**PLAYBOY:** How did she change your life?

**COMBS:** Oh man, it was a different type of feeling. It was being in love with somebody who understands who you are because they are exactly like you. A lot of times in relationships, the other person can't understand you because they're not like you. We were alike in terms of being ambitious, where we were from and our passions.

**PLAYBOY:** You consider Frank Sinatra one of your heroes. Why?

**COMBS:** He's my hero because of the way he lived, man—that cat lived to the fullest. I want to be sitting back one day and say I had an impact, that I helped change part of the world. I also want to have some good laughs and memories. Sinatra's my hero for having a good time.

**PLAYBOY:** Does his relationship with Sammy Davis Jr. make you appreciate him even more?

**COMBS:** Hell yeah. You had the most popular guy in the world doing the most unpopular thing, you know? He treated Sammy and black people in general as friends.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you most have in common with Sinatra?

**COMBS:** The biggest parallel isn't showmanship or partying. The way he loved Ava Gardner is the way I've loved a woman. And the way he was hurt by the John Kennedy betrayal is the way I was hurt.

**PLAYBOY:** Have you experienced betrayal?

**COMBS:** Yeah.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about it.

**COMBS:** Well, I...I mean, I'm not trying to throw anybody under the bus.

**PLAYBOY:** Give us some of the story, then.

**COMBS:** I'll explain it in a way that leaves it to the imagination of the reader. I've been in a situation that was a combination of Gardner and Kennedy for me. There was a point when the world perceived me as a bad guy and people had to distance themselves. It is convenient to stand next to the bad boy when things are hot and going well, but when things go down it isn't as sexy. That hurts.

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if you're referring to Jennifer Lopez. What's your definition of loving hard?

**COMBS:** When you love hard, you would actually die for somebody. And it hurts to know the person you'd die for won't even handle life's pain for you. When you experience that, it makes you scared to love, but it's the most beautiful love to have.

**PLAYBOY:** If you met Sinatra, what would you ask him?

**COMBS:** I always wondered if he was ever able to get over it. Did it always haunt him the way it haunts me? Will I be able to overcome that?

**PLAYBOY:** It sounds as if your guard is up.

**COMBS:** I'm saying that I've got only one more in me.

**PLAYBOY:** You have only one more relationship left in you?

**COMBS:** If I find somebody and it doesn't

work, I'll be ruined forever. It's scary because I have only one more lifeline.

**PLAYBOY:** Has a woman ever flat-out rejected you?

**COMBS:** Yeah, I've had a bunch of different woman tell me no. Whether I was willing to accept no for an answer, that's another story.

**PLAYBOY:** There must be a story that comes with that.

**COMBS:** Yeah, there was a young lady who's an actress. She's famous. I liked her, so I was willing to do whatever I had to do. I told her, "I will sneak up the side of the building to see you." I was persistent.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get to hang out?

**COMBS:** We started spending time together, but we were prisoners of our celebrity. She took me to dinner after we got to know each other and hit me with a line that was straight out of the movies. She said, "You know this will never work, right?" [laughs] I knew she was right.

**PLAYBOY:** Who was it?

**COMBS:** The only person I'm gonna tell is God. If he says I can't get into heaven I may whisper it in his ear. She was so cool the way she let me down softly, and she offered me a ride back to my hotel.

**PLAYBOY:** Sienna Miller's name will get linked to that story. You know that, right?

**COMBS:** I can clear that up right now. It wasn't her. This was going to shake up the world. It would have been a Puff and J. Lo situation, part two.

**PLAYBOY:** Was she black or white?

**COMBS:** I'm not getting into that. Privacy is a sexy thing to have. It's important to be trusted and to be able to have secrets and moments that are your own.

**PLAYBOY:** A lot of your life happens in pub-

lic. From ~~watching you throw tantrums on Making the Band and I Want to Work for Diddy~~, do people know who you are?

**COMBS:** That is reality but also some acting, to make sure it's good TV. I may have pushed too hard and hurt my brand—people perceive I'm difficult to work with. This industry is life or death to me, you know? So I set a tone that lets people know how seriously I take things. I've been a tyrant, I've been crazy and I've been eccentric, but I have never been mean-spirited.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's talk about the fight you had in 1999 with Steve Stoute, a music executive you hit with a champagne bottle in his office, leading to your arrest for aggravated assault. Was it worth it?

**COMBS:** That's in the past. We want to get some things uncovered that haven't ever been uncovered. I've already uncovered exactly what that was.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about therapy?

**COMBS:** I've gone to therapy for relationships I've been in, for tragedies I've been through. I think therapy is good. I've been called bipolar—I'm not; I just have very drastic mood swings. I went to therapy when Big died, but a lot of my therapy has been with love and relationships. I've had therapy about my relationship with Kim, about my relationship with Jennifer. Therapy helped me through those situations.

**PLAYBOY:** You promoted a City College of New York event in 1991 that resulted in nine deaths. A court ruled that you and rapper Heavy D were responsible for 50 percent of the incident. Does that still haunt you?

**COMBS:** It is beyond something that haunts me. It scars me inside.

(concluded on page 194)



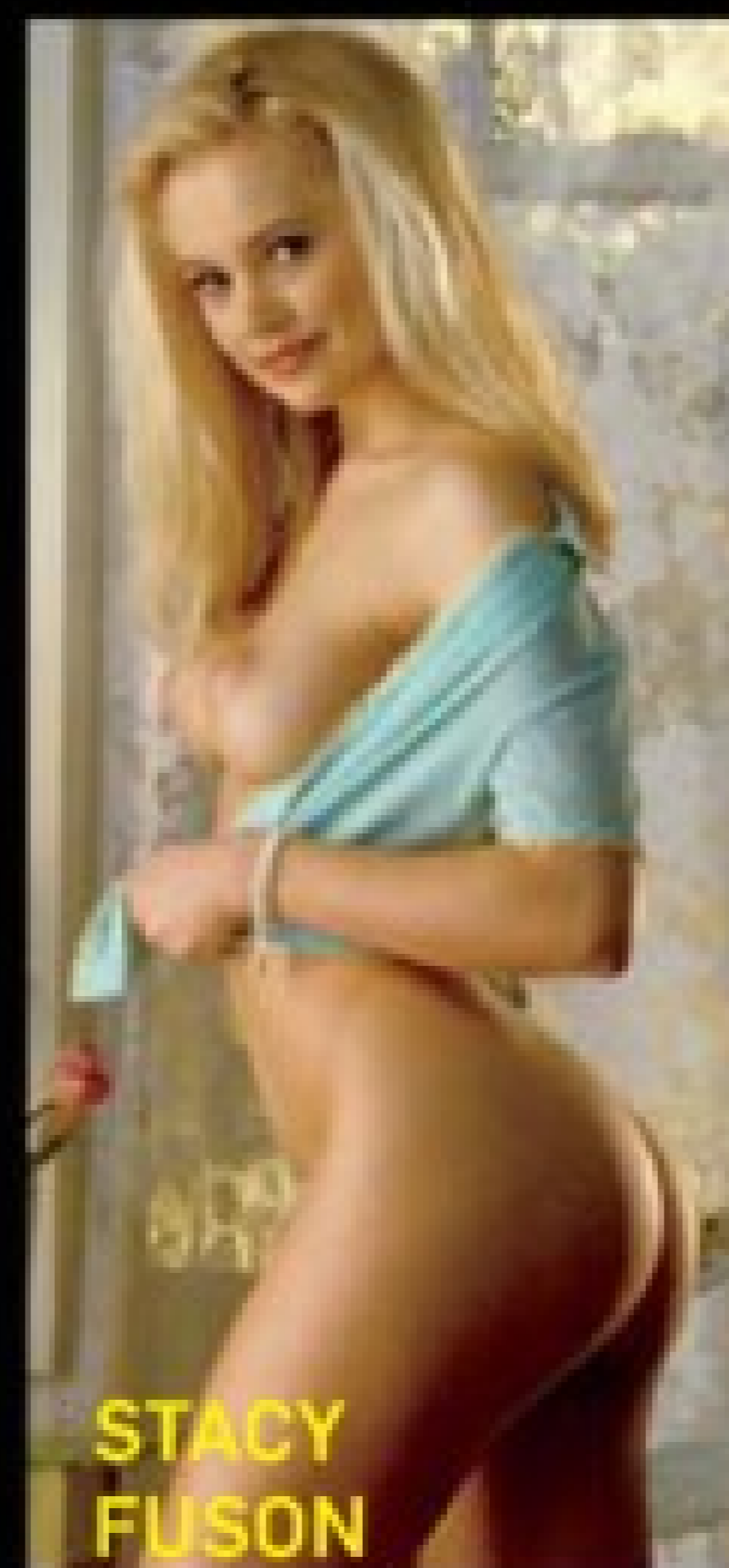
*"Oh, stethoscopes are all right if you want to be a slave to technology."*





## INTRODUCING THE PLAYMATE DANCERS

What's better than having a Centerfold shake her stuff? Having seven Centerfolds shake their stuff. The hottest act on stage is our new Playmate Dancers. The squad recently rolled out its first live performance in front of 300 delighted guests at the Key Club in Los Angeles, with a routine that paired the Playmates' sexy moves with chart hits and jazzy theatrical numbers. Want to see the sultry seven trip the light fantastic? They can be booked to perform by contacting Playmate Promotions.



STACY FUSON



QIANA CHASE



HIROMI OSHIMA



KARA MONACO



SERRIA TAWAN



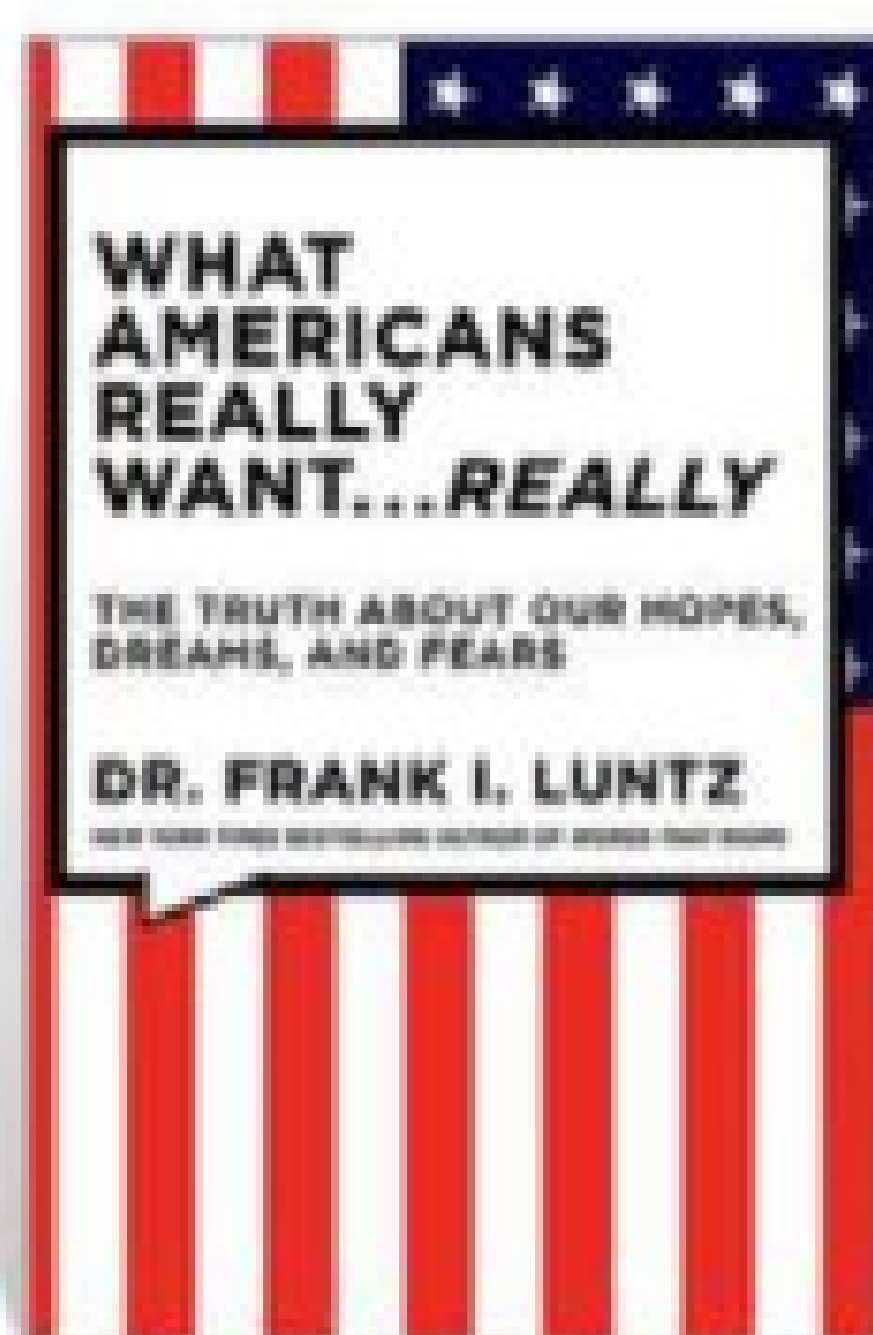
DEANNA BROOKS



HEATHER RENE SMITH

## THE COUNTRY'S SEXIEST DEMOGRAPHIC

Dr. Frank Luntz, author and political pollster, writes about his adventures running a Playmate focus group in his new book, *What Americans Really Want... Really*. In the passage "What Playboy Playmates Really Want in Men (and Why I'm Still Single)" he offers tips from his shapely subjects, such as "Women notice shoes because they think if a man gets his shoes shined it means he'll pamper his woman." He also found they key in on watches to determine wealth. Luntz adds, "I was wearing dirty four-year-old sneakers and a freebie CNN watch that day."



## FLASHBACK



Five years ago this month **Amber Campisi** came out of her father's Italian restaurant (Campisi's in Dallas) and into our lives. We'll never forget her pictorial, in which she poured olive oil all over her body. These days she's determined to learn the family recipes and cook at Campisi's. Amber already eats most of her meals there. "It doesn't hurt that it's free and I don't have to do the dishes," she says. Is the food good? On more than one occasion Hef has requested her to freeze and ship pizzas to the Mansion.

**Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates?** You can check out the Club at [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com) and access the mobile-optimized site from your phone at [www.playboy.com](http://www.playboy.com).

## NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

**Christine Smith:** Remember to say something nice or make someone feel good about himself or herself every day.

**Michelle McLaughlin:** Graduate from San Francisco State with a B.A. in psychology and also travel to Europe.

**Brittany Binger:** Stop being the most impatient person in the world! **Giuliana Marino:** Learn how to cook. Finally.





Miss February 2003 Charis Boyle, who

heads Silver Star clothing, on what it's like for a woman to run a



business: "Often people think just because I'm a woman or I look the way I do that I don't have any authority. It's usually shocking when they finally find out what I do. Ha."

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY GENE SIMMONS

—actor and KISS bassist



"Shannon Tweed, PMOY 1982, is the hottest woman on earth. She's an alpha female. She doesn't talk about whether the vacuum cleaner works or not, doesn't sweat the small stuff, has a strong moral center—no drugs, no booze, no whining and no bad hair days."



STRIPPERELLA SEARCH

We enjoy a good visual pun. Even more so when it involves Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson. PETA's new commercial, "Cruelty Doesn't Fly," stars Pam as a sexy airport security guard who strips passengers of their clothes made from leather, fur or animal skin. Also appearing are Steve-O and Andy Dick. The commercials were meant to run in 48 airports on the CNN Airport Network, but they were pulled. See why at [playboy.com/pmblog](http://playboy.com/pmblog).

CRUELTY DOESN'T FLY

Home What To Know Before You Go Win Pam's Clothes Share



AUDACITY OF HOPE

One of the busiest gals in Playmate-land is Miss April 2009 Hope Dworaczyk. She has parlayed her experience as a Centerfold and as host of E!'s *Inside Fashion* into roles on *CSI: Miami* and *Ugly Betty*. What's next? She just started filming a big role in a hush-hush Hollywood flick. The only hint we can give is this: Think Jessica Alba in *Sin City*.

**Stephanie Larimore:** Spend more time volunteering at homeless shelters and with vets at Walter Reed hospital.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP...

Misses December 1998 the Dahm triplets went on *The Doctors* television show to reveal a wonderful surprise: They're all pregnant! Jaclyn, Nicole and Erica appeared on live TV with their husbands to share the fantastic news and to have a live ultrasound taken to determine how many babies each would be having. It



turns out there will be no multiples this time around, but both Jaclyn and Nicole are carrying girls. Erica—who is married to Jay McGraw, the show's executive producer and son of Dr. Phil McGraw—was too early in her pregnancy to have the sex of the child determined, but soon-to-be grandpa Dr. Phil quipped that



he is happy Erica is having just one.... Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo (above left) and her friend Kathryn Prickett hit the Berk Communications 10th Anniversary Party hosted by Jay-Z at his 40/40 Club.... Miss July 2008 Laura Croft (above right) darkened her hair and donned a cute

print dress before heading to Studio 54 inside the MGM Grand Hotel and Casino in Las Vegas for a party hosted by Holly Madison.... Boom Boom Pow: Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips and Will.I.Am and Apl.De.Ap of the Black Eyed



Peas hung out at Trinity in Seattle, where Kimberly signed copies of her issue for fans while the Peas provided the music. Has Kimberly's newfound fame gone to her head, or is she still keeping it real? There's nothing fake about her. Well, "just my boobs," she says, giggling.

**Athena Lundberg:** Stop sleeping till 11:30. I'm going to wake my butt up at eight every morning!

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS



(continued from page 191)

**PLAYBOY:** Were you in contact with the families?

**COMBS:** I contacted all the families. I went to the memorials. My grandmother said, "You gonna have to grow up and be a man on this one." She made me handle it like a man, and that's what I did.

**PLAYBOY:** Does it ever feel weird that you grew up in a fatherless home and now you're in business with Ron Burkle, a billionaire friend to Bill Clinton?

**COMBS:** He's the godfather to my twins. It's a blessing to have people who want to invest with me, but I'm a pretty sure bet. I feel I've proven myself. I've always had a great return on my investment. I almost feel it's the other way around: If I give people a chance to invest in me, I'm giving *them* an opportunity. That's not being arrogant or cocky. As hip-hop businessmen we've been able to generate so much income, we deserve to be treated in the same light as companies on Wall Street and get value from our earnings.

**PLAYBOY:** Why is the music industry falling apart?

**COMBS:** It's greed. In the music business it is every man for himself. This wouldn't happen in the Screen Actors Guild or the Writers Guild. We're the only multi-billion-dollar industry that has no union. Now it's so far gone that an artist who's thinking about making money from a record is a caveman.

**PLAYBOY:** Why couldn't the heads of the major labels sit down and work out a solution?

**COMBS:** The music industry was getting so much money. [laughs] They were on too many jets, playing in too many arenas to have time to sit down and do a meeting. It was only about the *now*.

**PLAYBOY:** Is this bad karma coming back to bite the record industry in the ass?

**COMBS:** All the stealing, all the false accounting, shit was like Babylon. It makes me sick how people straight-up robbed other people. You can call me a murderer, a womanizer, but I ain't no motherfucking thief.

**PLAYBOY:** The person who benefited most from this is Steve Jobs with iTunes.

**COMBS:** Steve Jobs came in and went crazy with it. He took the industry and made it another billion-dollar industry that we still don't control. Jobs is one of the baddest motherfuckers on the face of the earth. I'm not mad at him. He's one of my heroes, as far as business is concerned.

**PLAYBOY:** Judd Apatow cast you in the spin-off to *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*. Your being cast in an Apatow movie is unexpected.

**COMBS:** He saw *Made*, the movie I was in with Vince Vaughn and Jon Favreau. That movie is a cult classic to comedic actors because they know Vaughn is big into improvisation. He'll rip up the script on the first day. That's the whole Apatow, Nick Stoller, Seth Rogen, Jonah Hill style: a lot of improv. *Made* opened the door, and then I blew the audition out of the water.

**PLAYBOY:** We've seen a lot of rappers who can't act and have failed at movie careers. What

made you think that on top of everything you've done you could handle improv?

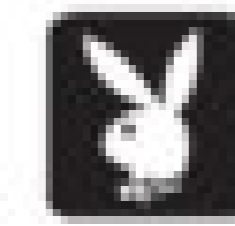
**COMBS:** One of my secrets is I'm a funny motherfucker. That's one of the things people like about me and one of the things nobody knows about me. To play at that level of the game you've got to be funny. If you're not naturally funny there's no way. That's like throwing the ball around with Michael Jordan and LeBron James.

**PLAYBOY:** So now that you're a player in Hollywood, what type of movies inspire you?

**COMBS:** One of my favorites is *Marty*, with Ernest Borgnine. It's a love story—he wants love so bad. He finds his girl at the right time, and she's a regular, damn-near ugly duckling. It's a rap cliché, but *Scarface* is my favorite movie. Not for the violence, the cocaine or the cars, but because there's passion and wanting to be somebody. He wanted to make it so bad. He went too far, of course, but I can relate to coming from nothing and having big dreams.

**PLAYBOY:** You're the first person we've met who has both *Scarface* and *Marty* on his Netflix queue. Your life is kind of a mix of those two movies, isn't it? They're both about quests.

**COMBS:** So much has happened to me. That's why I dared you to write it all down, to go through every dramatic point in my life. It's scary: my father, the City College situation, Biggie's death, the death of my two best friends, running a marathon, winning a Grammy, selling out Madison Square Garden. It's a lot to digest. It's five lives in one.



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# PLAYBOY FORUM

## DECODING THE VEIL

THERE'S MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE WHEN IT COMES TO THE WOMEN OF ISLAM

BY MALISE RUTHVEN



In debates about Islam, few topics—apart from terrorist violence—are more freighted with emotion than the politics of gender, as symbolized by the veil. In both Muslim and Western countries the hijab, sometimes little more than a piece of cloth measuring a few square inches, has come to symbolize a clash of civilizations between Islam and the West. In France a simple head scarf is banned from schools under a law forbidding the display of “conspicuous” signs of religious affiliation. In Turkey girls and women are forbidden to wear head scarves in government schools or buildings.

For most people, including many Muslims, veiling conveys the message of backwardness and oppression. In Saudi Arabia, where veiling is universal and mandated by law, women are forbidden to drive automobiles. In parts of Afghanistan and Pakistan dominated by the Taliban, girls who refuse to wear the burka—a tentlike garment that covers the whole body, leaving just a grille for the eyes—have had acid thrown in their faces. All girls are prevented from going to school.

Hailers blast furious messages from both sides of the debate. In 1994 French philosopher André Glucksmann described the veil as a “terrorist operation”—a view apparently shared by former president Jacques Chirac, who in 2003 said, “Like it or not, wearing a veil is a kind of aggression.” Although both the burka and the niqab (which covers the whole face, leaving a slit for the eyes) are extremely rare in his country, President Nicolas Sarkozy proclaimed that the “burka is not welcome in France,” and a parliamentary committee has been established to decide if it should be banned from public places.

The Dutch government has banned both the niqab and the burka—though not the head scarf—from schools and universities, as have some German states. Former British prime minister Tony Blair called the full veil “a mark of separation” that prevents Muslim women from fully integrating into British society. His remarks were echoed by the archbishop of York, Britain’s second-ranking clergyman, who said it causes Islamic women to “stick out” and that no minority should be allowed to impose its beliefs on the rest of society.

The blasts have been just as shrill from the opposite camp. Back in the 1930s Sayyid Abu’l Ala al-Maududi, a highly influential Sunni scholar and propagandist, insisted that full veiling could not be discarded without abandoning Islam itself. Recent comments by Sheik Taj el-Din al-Hilali, Australia’s most senior Muslim cleric, show that similar views are widely held among today’s Muslim clerics. After a group of Muslim men were jailed for a series of gang rapes that had terrorized women in southwest Sydney, he said women who “swayed suggestively” wearing makeup and immodest dress were basically asking for it; such women were “weapons” in Satan’s armory. If the victims had stayed at home or worn the Muslim veil there would have been no problem. “If you take uncovered meat and place it outside...and the cats come and eat it, whose fault is it—the cats’ or the uncovered meat’s?”

Despite the furor he aroused and his subsequent apology, the sheik’s remarks were not out of line with the traditionalist approach to Islamic teachings. The Koran, the holy text of



Islam, enjoins modesty from both sexes. Though more specific about female modesty, it is less than precise in determining how women should dress: "Tell the believing men to lower their gaze and be modest. That is purer for them. And tell the believing women to lower their gaze and be modest, and display of their adornment only that which is apparent, and to draw their head coverings over their bosoms, and not to reveal their adornment save to their own husbands."

The earliest, invariably male, Koranic commentators argued about the meanings of *adornment* and *apparent*. Did they refer to ornaments such as earrings and necklaces or to integral parts of the face, such as necks, noses, lips and eyes? Over the centuries an authoritative consensus emerged: Except in the privacy of the home or in the presence of other women, children or male relatives to whom they are forbidden in marriage, women should cover all of their bodies, with the possible exception of hands and face. Regarding the latter, fundamentalist scholars such as Maududi erred on the side of caution, arguing that since a woman's face is the primary source of her attractiveness to men, it is illogical to leave it uncovered: "If the object is to curb indecency and obscenity, then nothing can be more unreasonable than to close all the minor ways to indecency but to fling the main gate wide open." The assumption governing such strictures appears to be that women are an overwhelming source of attraction and that men are incapable of sexual restraint. While some Muslim women may find this flattering, others undoubtedly see the veil as a symbol of female subjection.

The association of veiling with backwardness dates to the end of the 19th century, when members of the Westernized elites who enjoyed social contacts with Europeans linked the veil with women's oppression and national underdevelopment. In 1923 Hoda al-Shaarawi, an upper-class woman who had attended a feminist conference in Rome, caused a sensation when she and her female companion removed their veils as they stepped off their train in Cairo. Shaarawi is widely seen as the founder of Egyptian feminism, who devoted her life to women's rights as part of the wider struggle for national independence. Removing the veil and adopting European-style dress became hallmarks of modernity and emancipation from the bonds of tradition. Women of the ruling

dynasties, such as Queen Farida of Egypt or the Empress Soraya of Iran, set sartorial standards widely adopted by women belonging to the affluent, aspiring urban classes. The founder of modern Turkey, Kemal Atatürk, denounced the veil as a symbol of barbarism. His neighbor in Iran, Reza Shah Pahlavi, went even further by giving his sartorial prejudices legislative teeth. Men were decreed to wear European-style brimmed hats. Women, if they went out at all, had to be bare-headed, and the police were instructed to remove their chadors. Not surprisingly, millions of women refused to set foot outside their homes. As one Iranian historian observed, "It was as if European women had suddenly been ordered to go out topless into the street."



The role of the veil can be varied in Islam, from the burkas worn by Afghan women to the fashionable hijabs worn in Tehran.

The populist reaction to official de-veiling campaigns has not been astonishing. In the minds of many rural immigrants and the preachers who speak for them, uncovered heads or European-style dress are associated with inauthentic Western values or with authoritarian regimes such as that of the shah. A tradition of social protest lies hidden behind the veil. Today, however, an increasing number of educated Muslim women adopt the veil or hijab in modified forms—not just in Muslim-majority countries such as Egypt or Malaysia but also in Western countries without histories of sartorial intervention.

To grasp this paradox—to understand how the veil can be a symbol both of emancipation and of servitude—we need to look into the historical role of slavery in Muslim societies.

For more than a century liberal and feminist scholars have argued that the custom of veiling runs counter to the true

intentions of the Koran and Muhammad. According to the earliest sources, the first Muslim women went about unveiled. Indeed, some of Muhammad's female converts took part in his battles and displayed levels of courage and commitment as impressive as any of his male companions or warriors—a role that contradicts the system of veiling and seclusion to which Muslim women would later be subject. Historians argue that misogynistic statements attributed to Muhammad—such as "When the woman comes toward you, it is Satan who approaches"—reflect the prejudices not of Muhammad's own time in Arabia but of the period following the great Muslim conquests, when Islam's primary message of equality and justice was distorted by slavery. The battles on

the frontiers as the Arab and Islamic empires spread brought a growing flood of slaves (most of them non-Arabs) captured and sold in the slave markets. Many of the girl slaves were sold for pleasure, and to enhance their value as concubines the merchants made sure they were thoroughly versed not only in the arts of seduction but also in singing, music, poetry, astrology, mathematics and religion.

However reprehensible in retrospect, concubinage offered an avenue of social and ethnic integration for subject peoples. If a slave woman had a child by her master she became the mother of a legitimate Muslim child. She could not be bought or sold and had to be freed upon her master's death.

With peoples drawn into the Islamic fold from the steppelands of Asia as well as sub-Saharan Africa, the system by which freeborn Muslim males were allowed unlimited numbers of concubines in addition to four legitimate freeborn Muslim wives created a melting pot in which the blood of the original Arab conquerors was diluted. In the Middle East male slaves, known as mamluks, became the military rulers without losing their technically servile status. The contrast with slavery in the West is striking: In most of the Islamic world the stigma of slavery, though not completely abolished before the mid-20th century, has been uncoupled from associations with a particular race or ethnicity. A more problematic result—for women—was the uncoupling of pleasure and respectability. In contrast to medieval Christianity, which regarded celibacy as a higher spiritual state than marriage, Islam saw sexual fulfilment as the foremost



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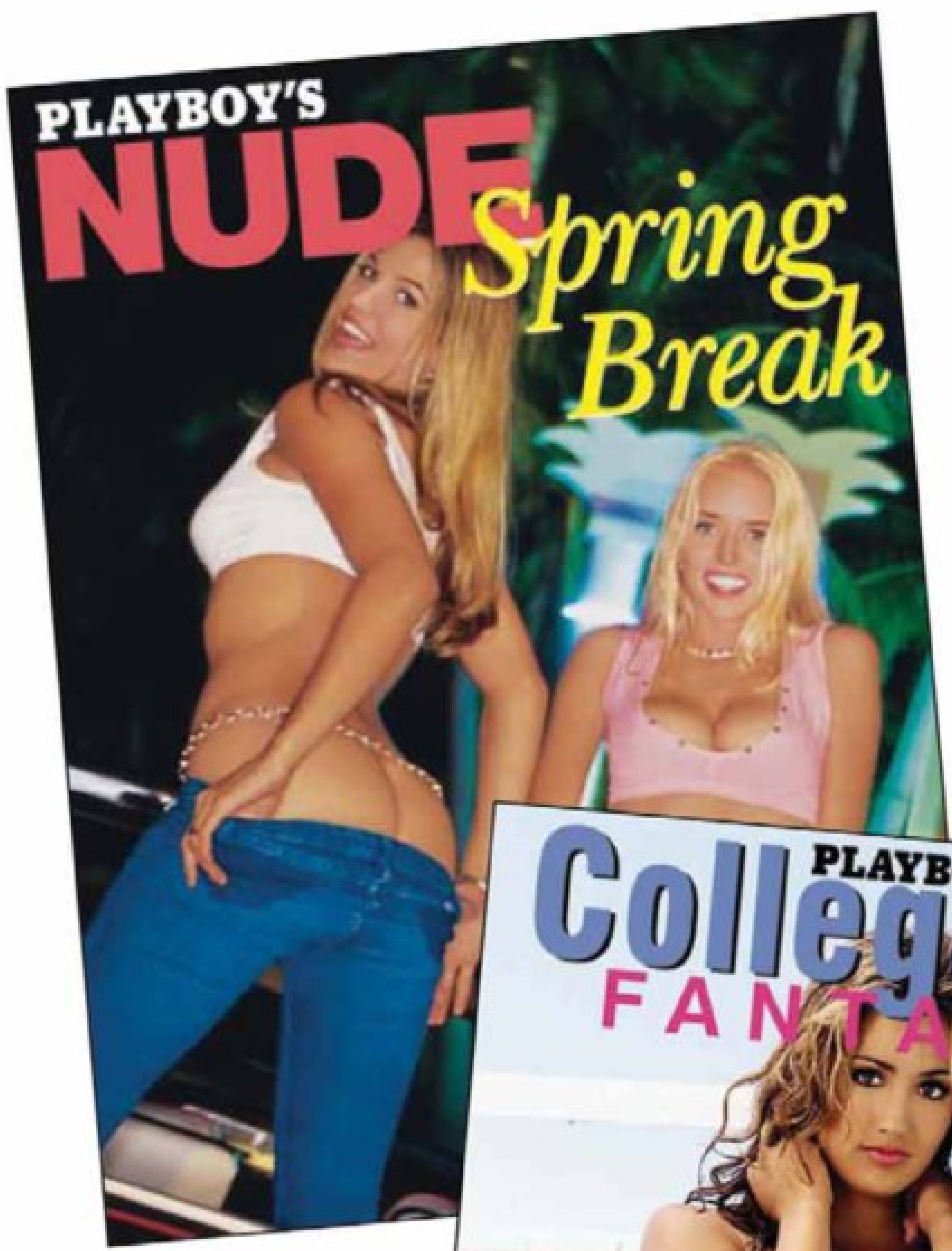
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of God's gifts to humanity. According to one tradition attributed to Muhammad, "voluptuousness and desire were as beautiful as the mountains." For the Imam al-Ghazali, the greatest medieval theologian, earthly sex was a "foretaste of the delights secured for men in paradise, because to make a promise to men of delights they have not tasted would be ineffective." For medieval divines, sex was holy. It was part of a progression through the senses, culminating with the ultimate vision of God—an orgasm lasting for eternity.

In the aftermath of the Arab conquests, however, the spiritual values associated with sexual pleasure were—for men, at least—more likely to be experienced in the company of slaves and dancing girls than in the home. By the 12th century Fakhr al-Din al-Razi, the most influential Koranic commentator, was arguing in favor of total covering. While a slave woman was permitted to expose her head, arms, legs and the upper parts of her chest, leaving only the area between the navel and the knee covered (the same part of the body men were forbidden to expose), "a free woman's entire body is a shameful nakedness in itself." Razi's rationale was commercial: The passages of the Koran urging female modesty did not apply to female slaves because they were property whose purchase or sale required "an investigative and careful inspection." The social consequences, however, were more far-reaching than the economic ones. As cultivated slave women became more attractive, "respectable" women retreated into the privacy of the home and adopted the conventions of purdah, with its corollaries of seclusion and veiling.

Veiling and sexual apartheid, though not universal, became the hallmark of Muslim societies from Indonesia to Morocco. Inevitably colonial administrators saw veiling as a barrier to the "civilizing mission" of empire, an approach that enabled the veil to become, in due course, a symbol of resistance to foreign conquest. "The Arabs elude us," complained General Thomas-Robert Bugeaud, the French governor of Algeria from 1841 to 1847, "because they conceal their women from our gaze." France's foremost general at the time, Bugeaud specialized in burning villages and "smoking out" men, women and children who took refuge in mountain caves. During Algeria's war of independence in the 1950s, women concealed explosives and weapons under their veils, and when the security forces started frisking them, they switched to

wearing makeup and European costume to evade detection. Glucksmann's description of the veil as a "terrorist operation" harks back to a time when black-clad anonymous female figures truly menaced the Europeans.

More sympathetic observers saw veiling in a completely different light. Ac-



The premise of sexual availability is satirized in artist Shirin Fakhim's *Tehran Prostitutes* series. The work above was shown in London's Saatchi Gallery. There are more than 100,000 prostitutes in Tehran, where Fakhim lives.

According to Mary Sheil, wife of Britain's ambassador to Persia in the 1850s, women of all classes enjoyed "abundance of liberty, more so, I think, than among us. The complete envelopment of the face and person disguises them effectually from the nearest relatives, and destroying, when convenient, all distinction of rank, gives unrestrained freedom." S.G.W. Benjamin, U.S. minister in Persia during the 1880s, went even further: "No argument is required to show what a power for intrigue exists in such a costume. In her mantle or veil, completely covering her from head to foot, a woman can go wherever she pleases without the slightest possibility of her identity being detected. Not even her husband would dare to raise

her veil [in public]; to do so would render him liable to instant death."

The underlying assumptions may have shifted since the 19th century, but the contradictions remain. For a substantial body of Muslim women—and their menfolk—the veil is a mark of respectability and identity that signals resistance to the cultural norms that globalization imposes on female display and attire.

Veiling may not indicate sympathy for Al Qaeda or the international Islamist movements based in Iran, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia or the Gulf, as many critics suppose. But in Western cultures, where personal worth is often judged by appearances, it still symbolizes a type of resistance. The veiled woman defies the tyranny not so much of erstwhile colonial masters (though the associations may be there) but of a globalized fashion industry that diminishes women who fail to conform to its youthful and elegant norms. Young women who don the veil in Western countries often explain that it gives them back control of their bodies, making them feel less like sex objects. In cultures (including some immigrant communities) where women are subject to patriarchal family power, veiling can be an assertion of personal autonomy. In traditionally segregated societies the veil enables women to enter public areas and workplaces previously reserved for men while signaling that they are not sexually available—an important statement in societies where the unchaperoned, nubile woman is assumed to be "on the loose." A thousand years of history in which women are the guardians of family honor and respectability is equated with concealment and physical display with slavery are not going to fade overnight.

The veil is a powerful symbol with diametrically opposite meanings. It can mean the tyranny of custom or freedom from the tyranny of fashion, depending on the wearer's motives. While there seems to be no obvious way out of the logical dilemma this poses, there are signs that a form of hybridized veiling is gaining ground among young females in London if not elsewhere. Hair, neck and ears are covered with light scarves in a style that would meet the approval of most clerics. But below the navel the wearers sport high-heeled shoes and surprisingly tight jeans. The sartorial statement "I'm Muslim and proud of it" concludes with "and no one's going to tell me to hide the rest of my beautiful body."

*Malise Ruthven is author of Islam in the World.*



# READER RESPONSE

## CHILL IN THE ROOM

Bill McKibben's bogus theory of man-made global warming ("Big Boom Theory," October) is more dangerous to our planet than natural climate change. Mass hysteria sells books. See *Time* or *Newsweek* circa 1974 for reports on the dangers of man-made global cooling.

Richard Deresz  
San Antonio, Texas

McKibben's article is another scare tactic to justify dramatic governmental policies. A minority report issued by the U.S. Senate Committee on Environment and Public Works that challenges claims of a consensus on global warming has so far been signed by more than 700 scientists.

Luke Hamm  
Rome, New York

*The report was released by Republican senator James Inhofe of Oklahoma, who is infamous for claiming that global warming is a hoax and those who believe otherwise are using "big lie" strategies perfected by the Nazis. The Center for Inquiry, which closely examined the list, notes that only about 10 percent of the signees are climate scientists.*



Senator James Inhofe (R-Okla.) at work.

*The rest include TV weathermen, economists, creationists and scientists who specialize in unrelated fields.*

"Global Warming: Truth and Consequences" (October) is brutally succinct. The biggest obstacle to passing effective climate legislation, apart from the big money of Big Energy and the right-wing echo chamber, is the belief it can be achieved using the traditional process in Washington. The great challenge for those of us who have not yet given up on the system is to light a fire under the feet of saner members of Congress.

Michael Pastorkovich  
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

## ARMING PACIFISTS

I'm pleased to see your report on New Bethel Church in Louisville, which allows its parishioners to carry firearms ("Piece Be With You," *Newsfront*, October). However, those who argue the policy is anti-Christian are mistaken. In fact, Christianity, Islam and Judaism



Pastor Pagano and his machine gun.

have always been closely associated with war, oppression, slavery and misogyny.

Tony Good  
San Antonio, Texas

I appreciate your fair coverage, which friends brought to my attention, of the open-carry celebration at New Bethel Church, where until recently I served as pastor. Many people have asked why I retired, since I am only 50, but I feel God has directed me down a new path. I have developed a friendship with Rabbi Gary Moskowitz of New York, and together we have founded the International Security Coalition of Clergy. It is an organization with a Judeo-Christian foundation that hopes to call attention to the need for church security. My ministry has changed from saving souls to saving lives because, frankly, it's too late to save a person's soul if he or she has been shot dead.

Kenneth Pagano  
Louisville, Kentucky

## LABOR DISPUTE

In September you write, in response to a reader's letter about the Employee Free Choice Act, "The act allows workers to vote for a union by secret ballot or by 'card check' (an open election). It places the decision in the hands of workers rather than management." If the National Labor Relations Board verifies that at least 50 percent of employees have signed authorization cards, the secret ballot election is bypassed and a union is automatically formed. I have been a *PLAYBOY* reader for 30 years and

know your political tendencies, but not presenting the facts is unforgivable. I can tell you firsthand, unions have destroyed Michigan's economy.

Robert Phipps  
East Lansing, Michigan

*The card-check process works this way: Once 30 percent of employees in a business sign their cards, they can hold an election. However, most organizers wait until they have signatures from at least 50 percent of the workers. Organizers present the cards to the NLRB and the employer. The employer can recognize the union (which almost never happens) or request a vote by secret ballot. As proposed, the EFCA would allow employees, rather than the employer, to decide whether to hold a secret-ballot election. The proposed law would have allowed the NLRB to certify a union without a vote if more than half the employees had signed cards, but this provision has since been dropped from the bill.*

## LET'S GET REAL

In "Why Are We Unhappy?" (September), Curtis White suggests Arthur Schopenhauer as a moral guide. But Schopenhauer was a pessimist. Instead, we should look to Baruch Spinoza, the philosopher of joy. He instructs us to accept and enjoy. A good example is reading *PLAYBOY*. A follower of Schopenhauer would be frustrated because he can't have the women in the magazine. A follower of Spinoza admires the



Schopenhauer is no moral guide.

women and their beauty but accepts reality. He also admires the brilliant photography and the talented editorial staff that produced the issue.

Alvin Golub  
Brooklyn, New York

*E-mail via the web at [letters.playboy.com](mailto:letters.playboy.com). Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

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## NEWSFRONT

**Ahoy There, Voters**

The Pirate Party, a political manifestation of anger over anti-file-sharing efforts, announced it would field candidates in the next British elections. The party started four years ago in Sweden as a reaction to police raids on Pirate Bay and other peer-to-peer services. The party wants to reduce copyright length to five years (or 10 in the case of the U.K. party). "As values change," says Swedish party founder Rick Falkvinge, "democracy works in such a way that some politicians are going to step up to the plate and politicize those values, and that is what we are doing." In Sweden, the Pirate Party took seven percent of the vote in this past summer's European elections. The German Pirate Party garnered 13 percent of first-time male voters in the country's general election last fall, and 32 countries now have organized parties.

**What Stinking Rights?**

An internal NYPD memo reveals a new department policy that appears to violate Fourth Amendment rights. The memo outlines a plan intended to create a database of cell phones. But the way the data are collected has civil liberties groups up in arms: Any time a cop makes an arrest, he or she is to take apart the suspect's phone, remove the battery and log the International Mobile Equipment Identity number, a serial number that can be used to track call histories and other data—the type of information that normally requires a warrant to obtain. "It looks like they're doing this to circumvent the warrant process," says Christopher Dunn of the local civil liberties union.

**Power Play**

Two minor recent events highlight the disturbing extent to which the law increasingly works for the Man—or at least for powerful media entities. In September, anticorporate provocateurs the Yes Men created a parody of the *New York Post*

and distributed it on public sidewalks in front of the headquarters of Rupert Murdoch's News Corp., owner of the real *Post*. Soon after the group put a copy into Murdoch's hands, police took the papers and detained people handing them out. Police spokesmen denied having "confiscated" the copies, instead saying officers had simply removed them



because they were blocking foot traffic. Glenn Beck recently sent lawyers after the website glennbeckrapedandmurdered

ayounggirlin1990.com and filed a case with the World Intellectual Property Organization over the use of his trademarked name. The site identifies itself as satirical, and its owners (and defenders) say it riffs on the classic LBJ "pigfucker" story and a web meme that began with a Gilbert Gottfried roast of Bob Saget.

**A High Reprieve**

Last fall the Obama administration sent a memo directing the Department of Justice to stop hassling medical marijuana users and providers. Going forward, prosecutors "should not focus federal resources in your states on individuals whose actions are in clear and unambiguous compliance with existing state laws providing for the medical use of marijuana. Prosecution of individuals with serious illnesses who use marijuana as part of a treatment regimen, or those caregivers in clear compliance with existing state law who provide such individuals with marijuana, is unlikely to be an efficient use of limited resources."



## Sophie's In-Side Boob

Send someone to 31 Spooner Street to make sure Peter Griffin hasn't had a heart attack. He who made the phrase *side boob* popular is used to a peek of the outside of a breast. To top it off, SOPHIE MONK slips a nip. Wicked.



## Push th' Little Daisies

"And make 'em come up." We were reminded of Ween's nipple-play song when we saw this shot of *Pushing Daisies* star ANNA FRIEL.



## Check Out Girl

NATALIE OXLEY went from working at a supermarket to appearing in *FHM* and on YouTube, where her visit to the waxing parlor received more than 85,000 views. This was taken between trips.



## Introducing Lucinda Farrell

What a sexy, classic name. The only other Lucinda we can think of is singer Lucinda Williams. According to the Social Security Administration, the name doesn't rank in the top 1,000 of this decade, and we got zero hits for *Lucinda* in the Cyber Club, so we'll say it—Ms. Farrell is the sexiest Lucinda in the world. We'll be happy if you can prove us wrong.





## Nobody Puts Katy in a Fountain

Here's KATY PERRY on the set of her new video "Starstruck." And no, this is not an homage to the scene in *Dirty Dancing* in which Johnny Castle and Baby practice lifts in the water. Doesn't ring a bell? Congratulations, you're a straight male.



CELEBRITYJUICER/SPLASH NEWS

## Sex Panther

That's what we assume EVE is wearing on her chest—along with the paw prints—on her way to the Toronto Film Festival's premiere of *Whip It*. Guess which of the following was her roller derby name in the movie: (a) Smashley Simpson, (b) Jaba the Slut, (c) Eva Destruction, (d) Rosa Sparks or (e) Juana Beat'n. Answer: (d).



SPLASH NEWS

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## What 32Es Look Like

"I absolutely love big breasts," SAMMIE PENNINGTON says. "That's why I'm happy to show them off. I think it's almost a duty for girls with great boobs to have them celebrated."

## Just Add Water

This is a woman onstage at the Miss Maglietta Bagnata 2009 competition. *Maglietta Bagnata* is not a town; rather it means "wet T-shirt" in Italian. Who won? Us.

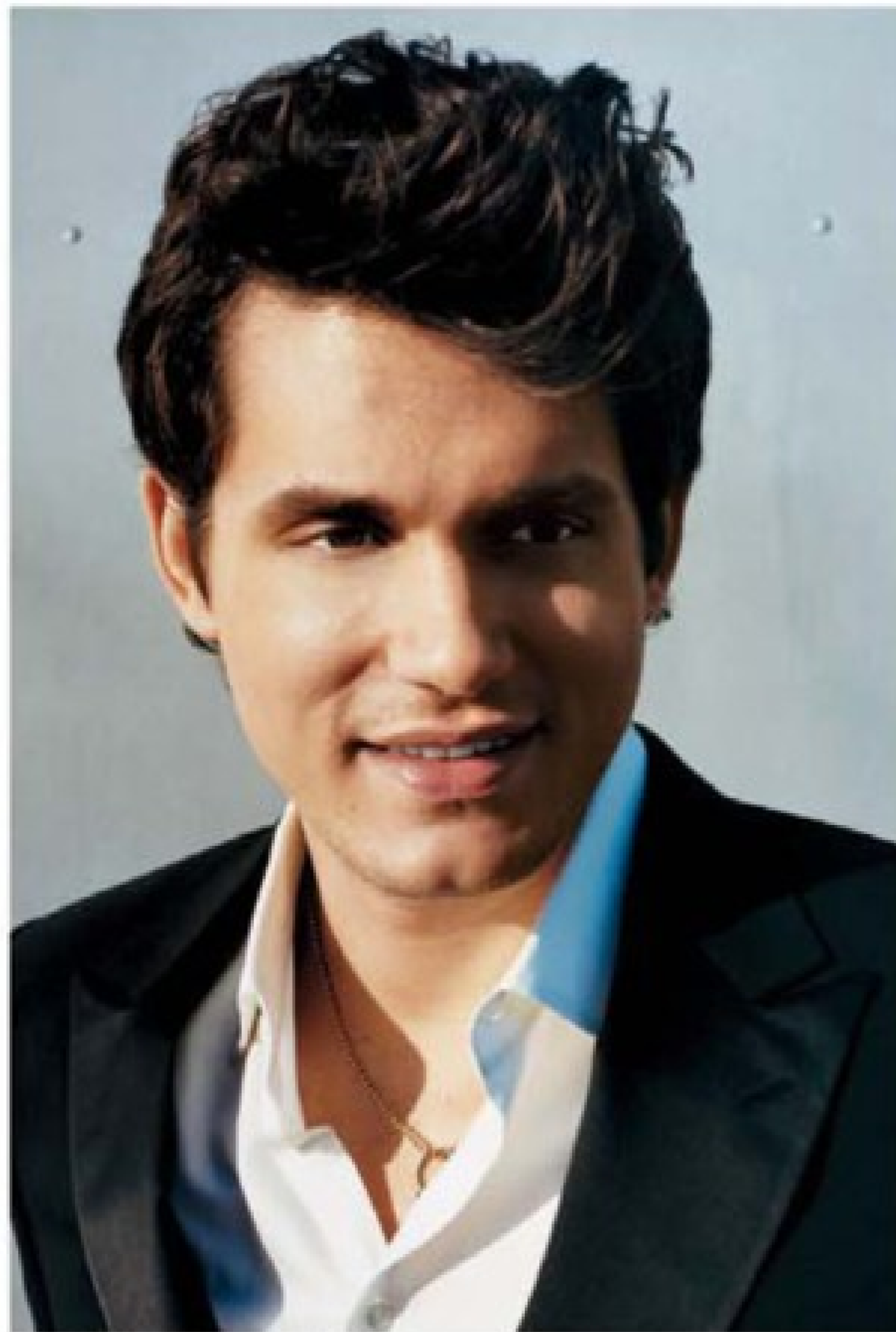


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CANDICE BOUCHER KEEPS US GUESSING.



PLAYS WELL, DATES WELL.



JAPAN IN THE RAW.

NEXT MONTH



IS ALICIA KEYS THE SEXIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD?

**CANDICE BOUCHER**—IF SHE'S THE NEW FACE OF GUESS JEANS, WHY IS SHE IN OUR MAGAZINE WEARING NOTHING BUT A SMILE? THESE AND OTHER MYSTERIES ANSWERED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE.

**STEPHEN KING**—IN HIS LATEST POEM, *TOMMY*, THE HORROR MASTER DELIVERS AN EERIE YET TOUCHING REMINISCENCE OF CHILDHOOD FRIENDSHIPS AND THE WAYS INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE INTERTWINE.

**CHARLES BUKOWSKI**—A NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED ESSAY FROM THE POET LAUREATE OF THE GUTTER SHOWS THAT BUKOWSKI DIDN'T RESERVE HIS POISONOUS PEN FOR GIRLFRIENDS AND CREDITORS ALONE. HE RESERVED AMPLE SCORN FOR WOULD-BE WRITERS.

**MARTIN AMIS**—THE GREAT MAN OF LETTERS HAS A NEW NOVEL COMING OUT. YOU'LL GET AN EARLY LOOK IN AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT IN WHICH A RANDY YOUNG ENGLISHMAN VISITS THE ITALIAN COUNTRYSIDE IN 1970.

**ROCK THE RABBIT**—OUR MASH-UP OF MUSIC AND FASHION FEATURING **SNOOP DOGG**, **MICHAEL BUBLÉ**, **PETE YORN** AND MORE, SHOT BY LEGENDARY ROCK-AND-ROLL PHOTOGRAPHER **MICK ROCK**.

**THE PLAYBOY GOURMAND**—A TOP JAPANESE CHEF TAKES **SEAN MCCUSKER** TO THE MECCA OF THE GLOBAL FISH TRADE, TOKYO'S TSUKIJI FISH MARKET, TO LEARN HOW TO BUY, PREPARE AND EAT RAW FISH.

**PLAYBOY'S 2010 MUSIC AWARDS**—OUR ANNUAL SURVEY OF TASTES AND ATTITUDES YIELDS SOME SURPRISING RESULTS. DID YOUR FAVORITE INDIE DARLING MAKE THE CUT?

**BRIAN JONES**—AS THE SYD BARRETT OF THE ROLLING STONES, JONES WAS A KEY FIGURE IN THE BAND'S EARLY DEVELOPMENT. NOW THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES ARE FINALLY INVESTIGATING HIS SUSPICIOUS DEATH. **ROBERT GREENFIELD** LOOKS AT THE LIFE AND LEGACY OF THE FIRST ROCK STAR.

**THE MULTI-ORGASMIC WOMAN**—DRAWING FROM 2,000-YEAR-OLD TAOIST PHILOSOPHY, A SEXUALLY ADVENTUROUS FEMALE WRITER GIVES US THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON MULTIPLE ORGASMS.

**SEX STARS 2010**—EVERY YEAR POPULAR CULTURE THROWS OFF 17 METRIC TONS OF SEXINESS, FROM **ALICIA KEYS** TO **MEGAN FOX**. LET'S REVIEW, SHALL WE?

**PLUS**—A **JOHN MAYER** *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW, THE SEXIEST ALBUM COVERS OF ALL TIME AND MISS MARCH **KYRA MILAN**.



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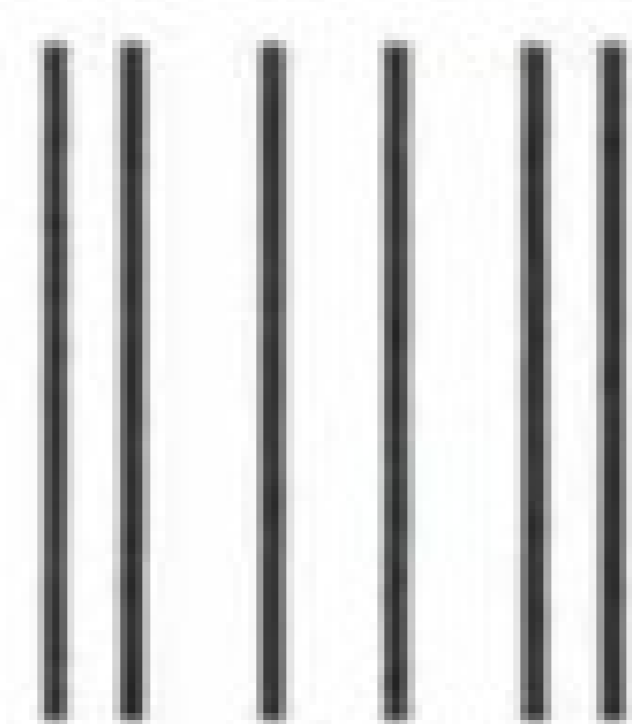
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