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CELESTE**
WET WILD
NAKED

THE INTERVIEW
**ROBERT
DOWNEY JR.**

DID THE MOB
KILL JFK?

20^Q **ZACH
GALIFIANAKIS**

HOW TO
**DESTROY
A BANK**

FINANCIAL RUIN IN 7 EASY STEPS

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PLAYBILL

Eight months ago a financial writer using the pseudonym Eddie Braverman posted a polemic on WallStreetOasis.com that outlined how consumers could bring down one of the nation's four big banks as an act of revenge and revolution. Could it work? Is Braverman a terrorist?

Tim Schultz explains all in *How to Destroy a Bank*. We'd love to put **Zach Galifianakis**

in charge of saving capitalism, because at least we'd go down laughing. In *20Q* he talks about his new road-trip comedy, *Due Date*, and his first sex scene, which involves a masturbating dog. We'll stop there. For a time **Robert Downey Jr.**

didn't know when to stop. But he's worked that out, and he's starring with Galifianakis in *Due Date* (can you tell we like this film?) and talking in the *Playboy Interview* about how he's changed—and hasn't changed—since we last interviewed him, in 1997. Sometimes we could all

use a good sock in the jaw, and if you're lucky, it will come at the hand of **Arianny Celeste**, the premier Octagon Girl in the Ultimate Fighting Championship. She was photographed for *The Knockout* by **Stephen Wayda**, who doesn't seem to be doing much to escape her grasp. We turn next to a hard-

hitting investigation. In *How the Outfit Killed JFK*, **Hillel Levin**

hangs with retired FBI agents who believe they have connected the dots between Lee Harvey Oswald and the Chicago mob. It's an incredible tale of betrayal. Many people believe Steve Jobs has betrayed the early goal of Apple, championed by co-founder Steve Wozniak, "to empower its users, not control them," as **Tim Wu** reports in "Steve vs. Steve" in this month's *Forum*.

Jim Carroll, whose modern classic *The Basketball Diaries* earned him a cult following, died at his desk last year while finishing a novel. Its protagonist's first attempt at orgasm proves disastrous, even tragic. The fateful afternoon is recalled from an asylum in our exclusive first look at *The Petting Zoo*. Finally, for a dose of bombast with the kick of grain alcohol, say hello to **Adam Carolla**.

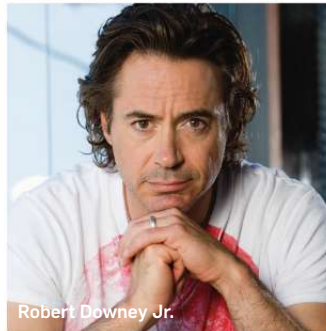
His new book, *In Fifty Years We'll All Be Chicks*, takes on liberals and conservatives, lazy children, men who can't swing a hammer and, in our hilarious exclusive excerpt, *We've Built a Minimum-Wage Gilded Cage*, the little generals who, armed with clipboards and laminated IDs, lord over counters, gates and guard shacks, turning every encounter into a contest of wills. Maybe we should sic them on the banks.



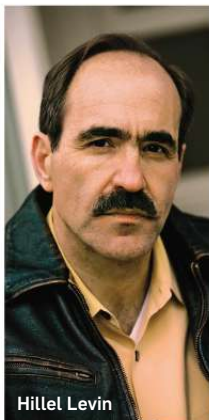
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Zach Galifianakis



Robert Downey Jr.



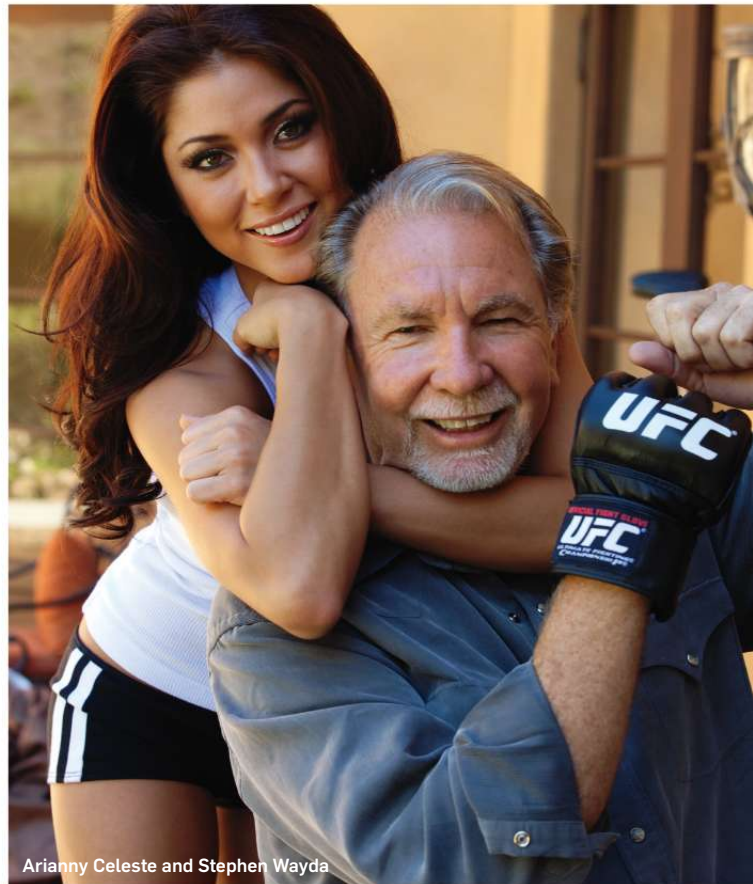
Hillel Levin



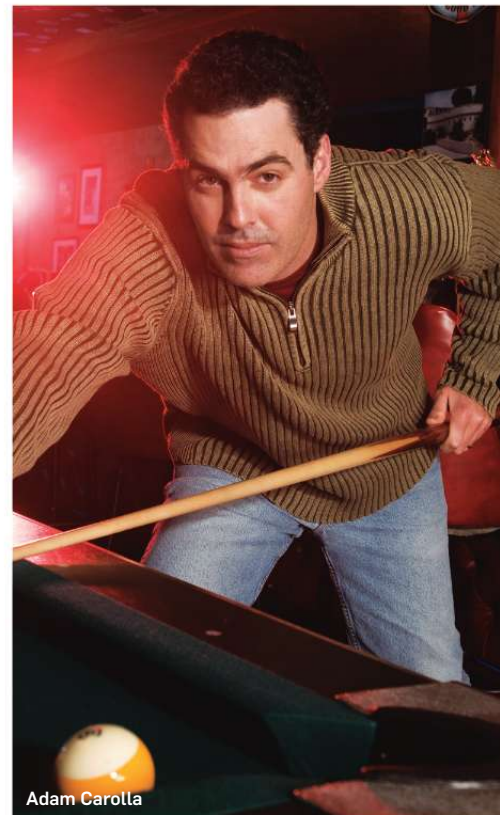
Tim Wu



Jim Carroll



Arianny Celeste and Stephen Wayda



Adam Carolla

THE
GLENLIVET.



THE OPENING CHAPTER,
AND FOR
MANY THE
LAST WORD TOO.



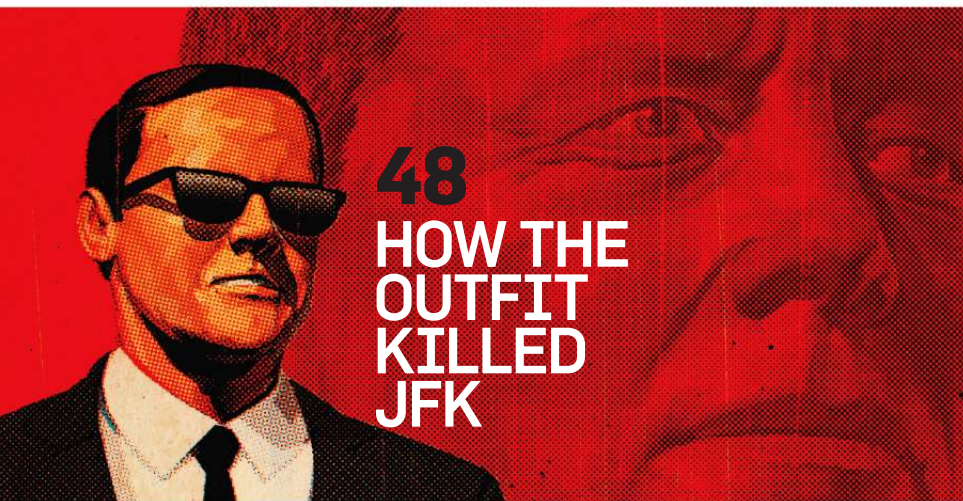
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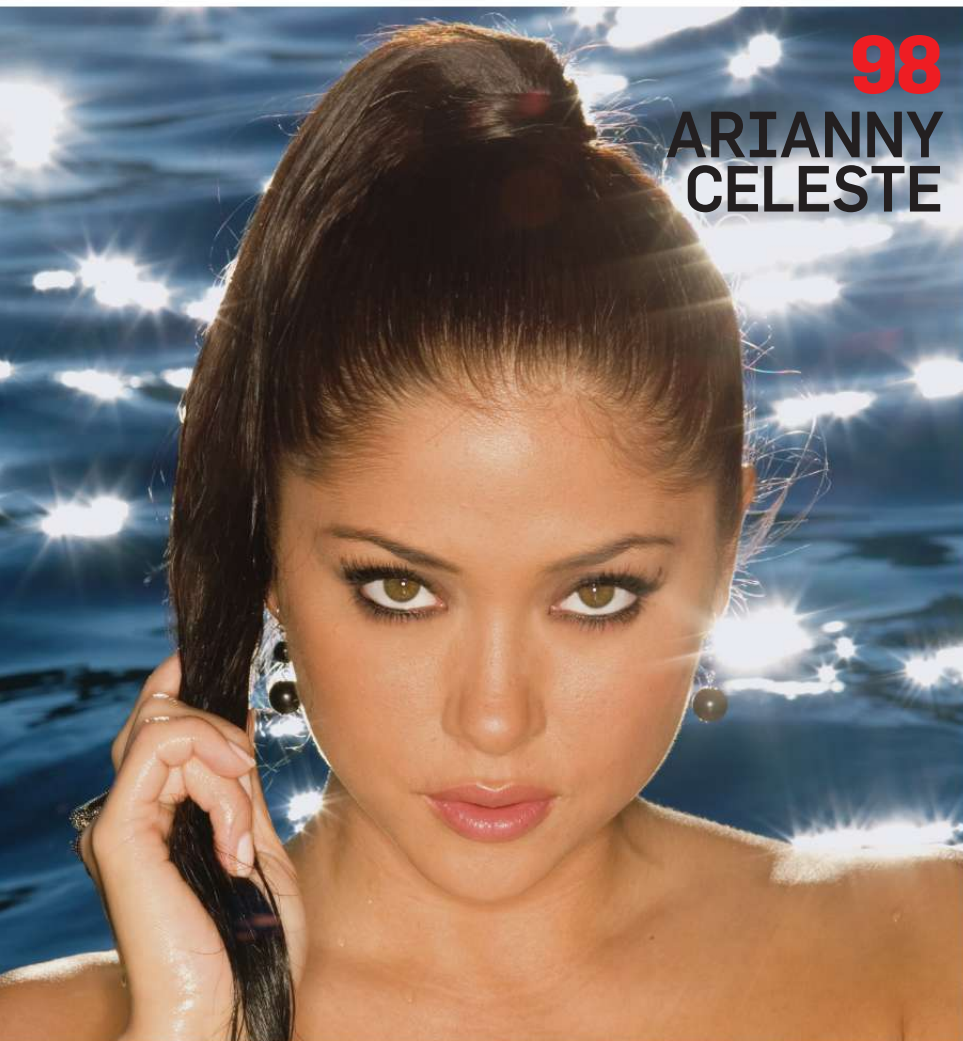
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It's been half a century since President Kennedy was assassinated, yet the full details about who orchestrated his murder have remained a mystery. Has a group of retired FBI agents finally uncovered the complete truth? By **HILLEL LEVIN**



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SHOW SOME PIGSKIN Playmate Jaime Faith Edmondson is decked out in the NFL gear of our 12 top teams.

HAUNTED BEAUTIES Playboy models slip into fantastic Halloween costumes.

THE SMOKING JACKET Bored? Visit Playboy's safe-for-work site (thesmokingjacket.com) for girls, gear and the funniest stuff on the Internet.



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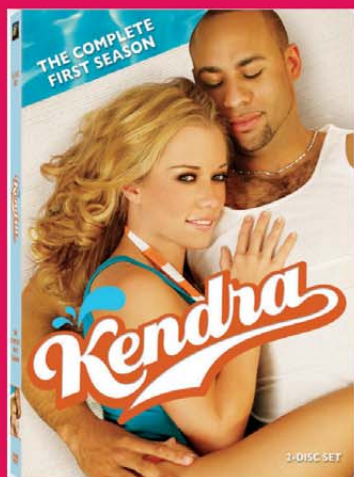
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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM



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The hottest party on the planet is Hef's pajama-and-lingerie bacchanal, the Midsummer Night's Dream at the Mansion. (1) The host with Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young, Anna Berglund, Miss December 2009 Crystal Harris and Amanda Blank. (2) Charlie Sheen between sisters Tara Campisi and Miss February 2005 Amber Campisi. (3) PLAYBOY September cover girl Kelly Brook with film producer Steve Bing. (4) Playmates Kyrá Milan, Claire Sinclair, Olivia Paige, Amy Leigh Andrews and Kassie Lyn Logsdon. (5) CSI's Archie Kao with Sandy and Mandy Bentley. (6) Sherin Ayoub's adult swim. (7) Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks and "Roastmaster General" Jeffrey Ross. (8) Kato Kaelin, Amber Thompson, Cara Santa Maria and Bill Maher. (9) Kevin Connolly from *Entourage* with Miss September 2004 Scarlett Keegan and former MTV VJ Simon Rex. (10) Buzz and Lois Aldrin. (11) Rapper Too Short with Miss January 2005 Destiny Davis and Cyber Girls Nikki Mitchell and Jessica Danielle. (12) Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson and film director Brett Ratner.



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MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

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Those without an invite to the Mansion who wanted to be a fly on the wall at the fete got their wish, as the affair was streamed live on Playboy.com. Whether it was from the number of people who logged on to watch or the caliber of the girls partying in front of the camera, our servers nearly overheated. So be careful—this page is flammable. (1) The proud papa with Marston and Cooper Hefner. (2) Hef and ten Painted Ladies. (3) Jamie Foxx in his evening wear with Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima and Miss August 2008 Kayla Collins. (4) The man who created the Motown sound, Berry Gordy, and Eskedar Gobeze. (5) Hef, Crystal, Garry Marshall and Lakers owner Dr. Jerry Buss. (6) Husband and wife WWE wrestlers Taryn “Tiffany” Terrell and Drew McIntyre. (7) Rapper Y.G., who provided the music, and the Shannon twins. (8) Crispin Glover and Miss December 2005 Christine Smith. (9) Willie Gault and party guests. (10) Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco, Miss July 1996 Angel Boris and Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler. (11) Chuy Bravo got the night off from *Chelsea Lately*. (12) Hef with PLAYBOY cover girl and *Mad Men* secretary Crista Flanagan.



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OBJECT LESSONS

I can't help thinking that my pal Will Self, with the pipes he ritualistically fondles before putting them into his mouth, is making things too easy for Freudians (*On Collecting*, September). Freud suggested collecting objects is a substitute for sexual conquest. But if all objects in every collection are pseudo-dildos, how do you explain people who collect dildos? Freud also seemed to think only men could be collectors, which is untrue. As I was interviewing serious collectors of erotic materials for my book *Sex Collectors*, I found myself putting together a collection of cocktail shakers and martini glasses. It seemed harmless until I realized I was pouring liquids into a cylindrical container, shaking them vigorously and, with a flourish, disgorging the contents into a widemouthed vessel.

Geoff Nicholson
Los Angeles, California

I read Self's essay with great interest, particularly the distinction he makes between the four basic collecting types: the sentimental, the serial, the fetishistic and the investment. Research on collecting practices suggests that well over 60 percent of us are willing to label ourselves as collectors at any given moment. Collectors are evenly divided between men and women, but true to the stereotype, women tend to collect jewelry or cuddly toys, while men want things with wheels. However fetishistic collecting is, nobody can argue the shoe is always on the other foot.

Susan Pearce
Leicester, U.K.

Pearce, a professor emeritus of museum studies, is author of On Collecting: An Investigation Into Collecting in the European Tradition.

PEE-WEE RETURNS

How wonderful to finally hear from Paul Reubens when he isn't being shadowed by his alter ego. I couldn't have cared less about all the crap they alleged he did.

Jessica Plante
Old Bridge, New Jersey

Reubens says that during his 1991 prosecution on indecent-exposure charges he had an expert ready to testify that the Masters and Johnson Institute never encountered anyone who masturbated with his or her nondominant hand. I am right-handed but masturbate with my left. I also shoot pool as a lefty. Should I notify a university? I never thought I was unique.

Name withheld
Nashua, New Hampshire

You're not. In a healthystrokes.com survey completed by 10,000 men, 12 percent of righties and 22 percent of lefties said they masturbate exclusively with their nondominant hand. (Is the practice more widespread now than 20 years ago because it allows for better control of a mouse?) During a preliminary hearing, one of Reubens's lawyers presented another novel defense: He noted that Florida law bans exposing your

DEAR PLAYBOY

Playhouse Pathos

Paul Reubens seems incapable of realizing he is a comedic genius (*Playboy Interview*, September). Whether because of modesty, hanging with himself 24-7 or confusion after standing at the center of a storm, he gives his attackers undue credit. Mark Twain well knew (as I suspect Hugh Hefner does) that his books were not banned through a sense of true rightness but merely as a convenient device for those who felt morally inferior to elevate their personal status by standing opposed. Whether they were actually morally inferior is a moot point, because they surely became so after the fact. Take a tip, Paul: It is to laugh!

Julius Zimmerman
Cleveland, Ohio



sexual organs "except in any place provided or set apart for that purpose," which would presumably include adult theaters.

BRIT SENSATION

As a woman and longtime reader I want to thank you for Kelly Brook's pictorial (*British Invasion*, September). She is one of the most astonishingly gorgeous women to appear in your pages. Also, as a fan of Ellen von Unwerth's Absolut ads (especially the



Kelly Brook: all-natural British beauty.

one with Zoey Deschanel), I hope you assign her to shoot more pictorials.

Kristin Lundgren
Rochester Hills, Michigan

BALLS AND BULLS

Your profile of Larry Kudlow (*Supply Side Superhero*, August) made me cringe and smile. About 10 years ago I was his tennis pro in Connecticut. I knew he was rich and

didn't fuck around. I remember saying to him, "This country is headed in the wrong direction. All my friends, no matter how much money they have, are struggling." He shrugged and told me to shut up and play. He and his wife are good peeps in a world full of rich, mouthy schmucks.

Thomas Hoffer Jr.
Slidell, Louisiana

Kudlow refers to the bull market of 2002 to 2008, which leads me to believe he hasn't quite kicked the cocaine. The 1980s were a classic bull market; what we saw in the 2000s was a secular bear market much like that of the 1960s and 1970s.

Pat Bahn
Arlington, Virginia

WATERING HOLES

It is a great honor to have Jasper's selected as one of the 15 best dive bars in the country (*Playboy's Guide to America's Greatest Bars*, August). Although we are in the smallest town on the list, we can handle the pressure that comes with this kind of fame. We respect the results of your field research and feel a responsibility to all other dive bars in small towns not to screw up.

Kathi and Mickey Sarkin
Lompoc, California

Thanks for including Earnestine & Hazel's in your list of dive bars. We've been in *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone*, but to be in *PLAYBOY* is the best.

Russell George
Memphis, Tennessee

VINTAGE WHINE

With all his complaining about not getting credit, George Lois is the Little Richard of advertising (*It's a Mad World*,

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From his early days in Chicago to his party days at the Playboy Mansion, Hugh Hefner's life has been the stuff of legend. This illustrated autobiography surveys Hef's amazing journey. In six hard-cover volumes housed in a Plexiglas case, *Hugh Hefner's Playboy* is the definitive collectible survey of an American master. Also includes a facsimile of the first issue of *Playboy* and an original piece of Hef's silk pajamas. This edition is limited to 1,500 signed and numbered sets. 3,506 pages.

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August). The next time you honor *Mad Men*, leave out the sour grapes.

Robert Sahlin
Oviedo, Florida

Lois's critique is off the mark. A great show develops a narrative over time, not in a 30-second spot. *Mad Men* has been building toward the advertising revolution, and anyone whose attention span is greater than a gnat's will be rewarded.

Robert Stephens
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

When I saw Crista Flanagan's character run over that limey's foot with the John Deere, I didn't think, I'd love to see her naked. However, the results are A-OK.

Rocko Jerome
Louisville, Kentucky

GAS ATTACK

In *Drill!* (August), Seamus McGraw writes that "Americans need their cars, hair dryers, electric toothbrushes and ovens." This feeling of entitlement is a big reason so many people around the world who don't have adequate food, water or shelter resent the West. And we have it so good only because of cheap labor and oil from other countries. We need more progressive thinkers like the inspirational Cornel West (*Playboy Interview*, August).

Ira Geres-Codd
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

I am shocked by your mostly favorable account of the efforts by the oil industry to extract natural gas from the Marcellus Shale. Perhaps you should consult Josh Fox, who grappled with the same temptations but reached a far different conclusion in his documentary *Gasland*. The perils of chasing gas trapped in shale through hydrostatic fracturing is the greatest threat to our freshwater supplies in more than a century.

Robert Ross
Sarasota, Florida

I have been a professional landman for 30 years, mostly in the Appalachian Basin. McGraw leads readers to believe the oil and gas companies are making money hand over fist. While the rewards can be great, returning the capital investment, which can top \$4 million, must be worked into the calculation. It is worth noting that up to 12 wells can be drilled in the typical four-to-five-acre horizontal well pad, so the footprint in Marcellus is much less intrusive.

Bernard Ulincy
Bridgeville, Pennsylvania

I am glad to hear the McGraw family made out well on its lease terms. Many landowners did not. Besides writing leases in Texan rather than plain English, the oil companies do not pay royalties on "drilling" but on what they call the "gathering" of gas. That means the royalty, already a

measly one eighth, is calculated on net costs, including downstream production. Meanwhile the companies pollute our land and water, and their workers bring drugs and violence to the area. It can be amusing: When Halliburton trucks rolled into town I saw an old lady give them the number one salute. Local papers and TV report this news daily, but we rarely see national coverage. The gas companies fail to realize an army of ants can take down an elephant.

Peter Kane
Montrose, Pennsylvania

EMMA'S ANGUISH

It was with delight that I read the bitingly ironic yet poetic seduction scene you selected from Lydia Davis's new translation of *Madame Bovary* (September). Gustave Flaubert was a master of disciplined style, which allowed him to show all at once, in a seamless fashion, Emma's longings for love, her surrender to exalted sensuality, her yearnings for unattainable fulfillments (induced by an excessive diet of romantic novels), the caddishness of her experienced seducer, who soon tires of her, and the pathetic ineptness of her



Madame Bovary takes a ride on the wild side.

husband, who almost literally pushes her into her lover's arms. But Flaubert's masterpiece is also filled with compassion for a frustrated woman whose dreams turn her into a tragic figure.

Victor Brombert
Princeton, New Jersey

Brombert, a professor emeritus at Princeton and specialist on Flaubert, is author of the wartime memoir Trains of Thought.

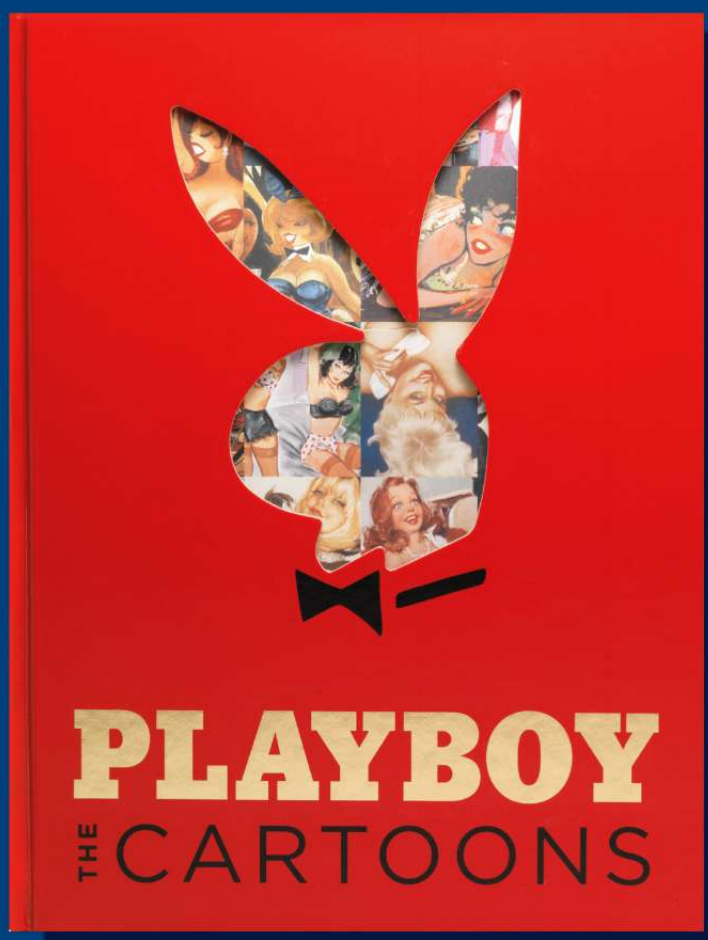
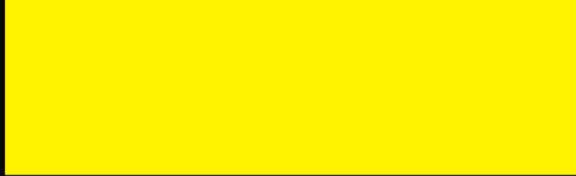
SAVAGING SAVAGE

You printed a number of letters in August about your *Playboy Interview* with conservative talk-show host Michael Savage, nearly all of them critical. Was this reflective of the actual feedback or an attempt to mislead readers based on your left-wing, liberal tendencies?

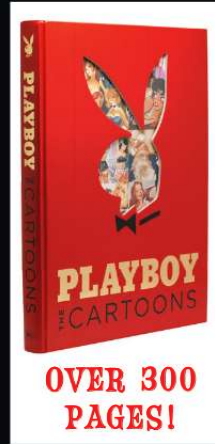
Darrin Erickson
Itasca, Illinois

Few people write when they agree; see the response in October 2004 and January 2008 to our interviews with confirmed liberals Michael Moore and Keith Olbermann.





SATIRIZING THE STATUS QUO. For more than half a century, *Playboy* has showcased some of the world's best and brightest cartoonists. *Playboy: The Cartoons* includes riotous work by such favorites as Buck Brown, Jack Cole, Eldon Dedini, John Dempsey, Jules Feiffer, Phil Interlandi, Arnold Roth, Shel Silverstein, Art Spiegelman and Gahan Wilson. This 368-page reprint of the classic 2004 edition will bring the best of visual humor to your coffee table. Hip subversives and sly revolutionaries all, *Playboy's* artists offer a sophisticated brand of humor sorely missing in other men's magazines.



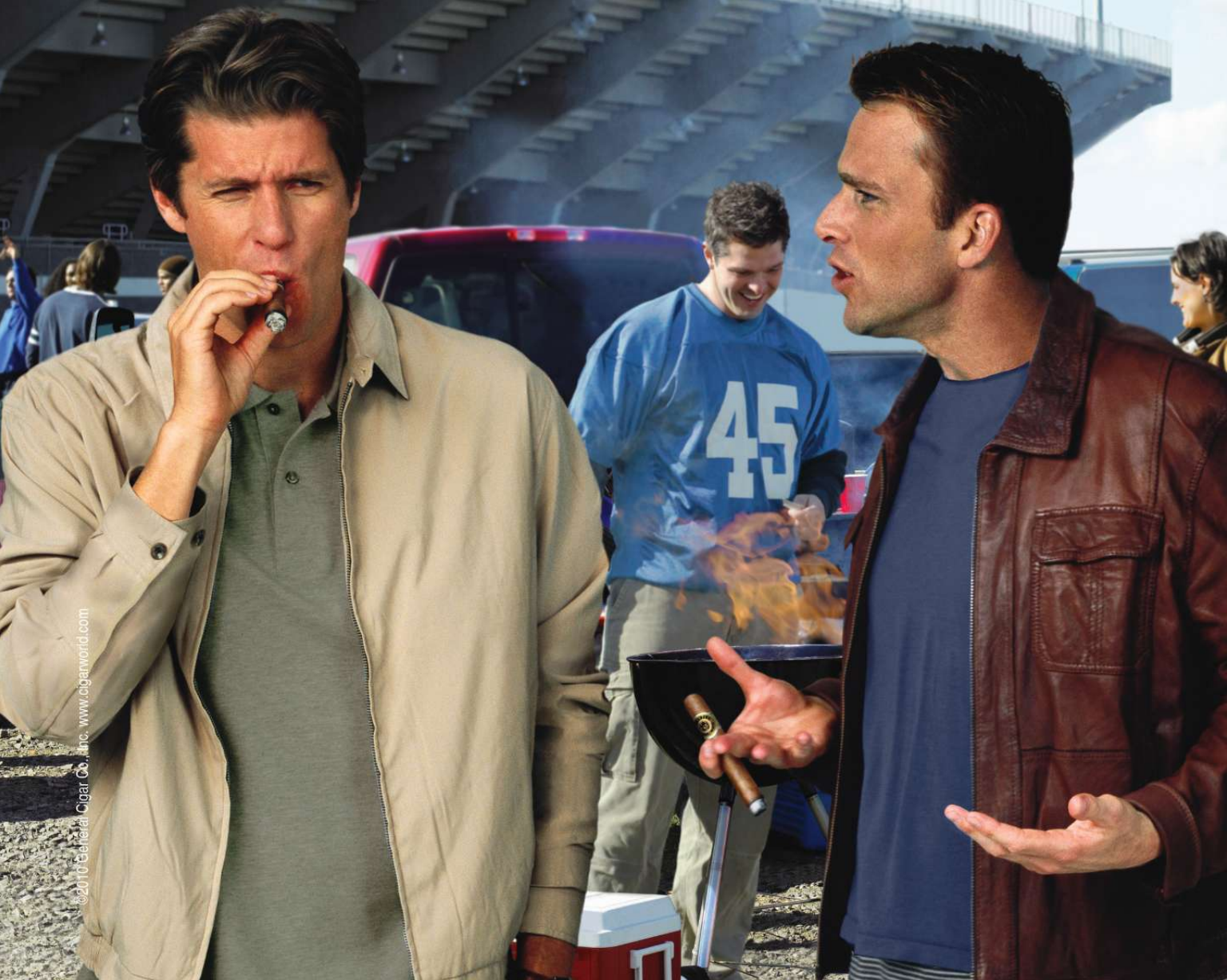
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"I like the new rules that protect the quarterback today."

"Oh, come on. You can't hit him high, you can't hit him low, if you wrap him up, that's 'in the grasp' — why don't they just change the name of the position to ballerina?"

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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

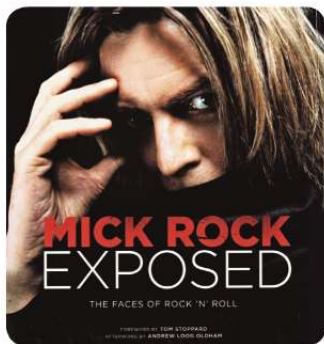
BECOMING ATTRACTION

Elba Jiménez

The sport of *fútbol* would certainly attract more eyeballs in North America if it came with a splash of Elba Jiménez. The Latin American Erin Andrews, Elba is well-known in her native Mexico for her astute yet playful soccer commentary on TV Azteca. "The world of soccer is my passion," says Elba, whose father was a prominent Mexican volleyball player. Male viewers definitely respect—and perhaps fear—her informed opinion. "Men are intimidated by me because I speak my mind about soccer. But I'm not a man-eater. That's for sure." Elba's other passion these days is acting. "I have a lot to learn—I'm light-years from the people I admire. But everything I have done so far I have done with all the love in the world."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ENRIQUE COVARRUBIAS

"The world
of soccer
is my
passion."



Stargazing Rock of Ages

Some people are just meant to hit the big time. Take photographer Mick Rock, who has captured some of the most emblematic rock-and-roll images of the past four decades, many of which have appeared in this magazine. No photog is more synonymous with fame and debauchery. "Photography happened to me," Rock says. "It idly drifted into my life, set up shop and took over." In his new book, *Mick Rock Exposed: The Faces of Rock 'n' Roll* (\$40, Chronicle Books), you'll find his greatest hits, including (clockwise from top) Queen (1974), Kate Moss (2002), Motley Crue (1985), Susan Sarandon (1974) and David Bowie (2002).



Audio Erotic The Kama Sutra's Riddle Solved

There's one problem with the world's most famous sex manual: If you're holding the Kama Sutra in your hands, how do you create a scene like the one above? After centuries of debate, London-based Beautiful Books has found a solution: the new Kama Sutra audiobook. Simply press **PLAY** and let actress Tanya Franks give you step-by-step directions to nirvana. Download it at audible.com for \$13.



Hot Wings Fly Boy

The Red Bull Air Race series makes Formula One seem almost sane. To get a feel for what it's like in the cockpit during competition, check out the vids on pilot Matthias Dolderer's website, matthiasdolderer.com. The rookie from Deutschland—who is sponsored by our German edition—earned more points than any other pilot in the last three races of the 2010 season (finishing in eighth place for the year). Which means he's primed for a championship campaign come spring. Prepare for takeoff.

Marilyn The Inner Beauty

You can quantify how iconic a star is by the sums people will pay for his or her worthless possessions. A fanatic once paid more than \$1,000 for Justin Timberlake's left-over french toast. Recently this 1954 chest X-ray of Marilyn Monroe sold at auction for \$45,000. Which proves that (1) beauty is not skin deep and (2) her impact is still being realized 48 years after her demise.



Right: Marilyn Monroe in the first issue of **PLAYBOY**. Above: chest X-ray from 1954.





Holiday Dinner

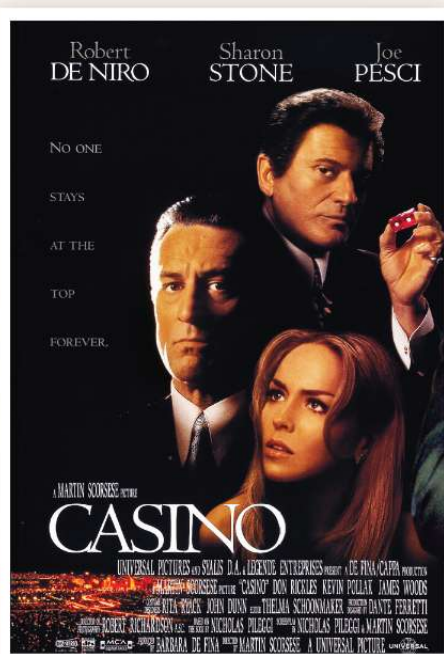
Bird of Paradise

Looking for an alternative to boring baked Thanksgiving white meat this year? Here's a fried whole turkey recipe from Jimmy Bradley, chef-owner of New York's Red Cat. Make a paste with canola oil and seasonings. Coat turkey. Place in a resealable bag overnight in the fridge. Remove an hour before cooking. Fill a five-gallon steel turkey fryer with enough peanut oil to cover turkey. Heat to 350 degrees outdoors, away from anything flammable. Shake excess liquid from turkey. Carefully lower bird into fryer. The oil will cool, so turn up heat until it's 320 degrees. Rule of thumb: about three minutes per pound; a 15-pounder takes about 45 minutes. When you remove, use a needle thermometer and make sure breast is 170 degrees. Let sit for 15 minutes, carve and serve.

Classic Look of the Month

Ace Rothstein

To rule Vegas, Sam "Ace" Rothstein (Robert De Niro) has to stay one step ahead—always. And he has to look the part. It takes a woman like Ginger McKenna (Sharon Stone) to bring him down. Few Sin City movies stack up to Martin Scorsese's *Casino*, which turns 15 years old this month. To re-create Ace's look below: sharkskin suit (\$235) by French Connection; dress shirt with pointed collar (\$40) by Van Heusen; solid satin tie (\$50) by Donald Trump; Assioma stainless steel and gold watch (\$11,900) by Bulgari.



BARMATE

Nicholle Lottman



IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST BARTENDERS

PLAYBOY: This place is jamming.
NICHOLLE: Yep, the lunch rush at Porcellis's Bistro is serious.
PLAYBOY: What's good to eat here?
NICHOLLE: Everything—we have the best Italian food in Cleveland.
PLAYBOY: The place does have that old-school Italian feel.
NICHOLLE: It's like being in the Porcellis' dining room. We're a big Italian family.
PLAYBOY: Lottman doesn't sound *italiano*.
NICHOLLE: I'm honorary now; I'm in the family. The owners are like my parents, and the other bartenders are my sisters.
PLAYBOY: Is this strictly a lunch spot?
NICHOLLE: No, we have a happy hour crowd, too. We have great chemistry with the customers.
PLAYBOY: They must have needed you during LeBron James's "decision."
NICHOLLE: We poured more than a few drinks the night he announced he was leaving for Miami.
PLAYBOY: What's your drink?
NICHOLLE: I enjoy wine. If I have a martini it's on the rocks, and I like it a little bit dirty....
PLAYBOY: Of course. We're swept up in the Italian feel. What do you suggest?
NICHOLLE: How about a basil cocktail?

BASIL COCKTAIL
 Muddle two sugar cubes and four basil leaves. Pour in four ounces of Hendrick's gin and add ice. Shake, shake, shake and serve in a cocktail glass.



SEE MORE OF NICHOLLE AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM. APPLY TO BE BARMATE AT PLAYBOY.COM/POSE.

Music

The Two Sides of Usher

By Rob Tannenbaum

Q: Are you a little sweaty?**A:** I just finished jujitsu training in Hollywood. I'm not trying to make myself a weapon of mass destruction; I'm in it for core strength and agility. You have to be very calculating in the way you move. It's almost like playing chess.**Q:** You released two hit CDs in 2010, *Versus* and *Raymond v. Raymond*. Did getting divorced help your popularity?**A:** In an era when sensationalism is more prevalent than anything, yeah, of course. People love a train wreck. Lindsay Lohan—everybody is eager to see how that comes out. This is somewhat the same thing. Seeing how marriage didn't work out for me the first time, I'm in no rush to do it again. Maybe I can find a couple of women who are open-minded. Look at how Hugh Hefner does it, with a harem of women.**Q:** This year you released "Lil Freak," which is about a ménage à trois.**A:** I touch on subjects guys normally run away from. I don't shy away from it. I don't do it in a distasteful way. I

didn't say it wasn't vulgar. To some people a song about a ménage à trois would be vulgar.

Q: Are you a good boy or a bad boy?**A:** I'm a little of both. We are products of what we've been exposed to. Having seen the types of things I've seen in this industry, it has taught me what it is to be a bad boy. Then there's the balance of what I knew before I was introduced to this lifestyle—that makes me understand what it is to be a gentleman.**Q:** In "Hot Tottie," another new song, you talk about women hitting on you. What kinds of things do they say?**A:** Shit, what *haven't* they said to me? Every so often you meet a woman who's very aggressive. "I'll make you

feel things you've never felt in your life." "Once you get it, you'll never let it go." All that.

Q: Did that work?**A:** [Laughs] It has, a couple of times.

Album of the Month

Robert Plant's *Joy*

Do you want a Led Zeppelin reunion? Yeah? Tough shit—you can't have one.

Blame Robert Plant, who says he feels "so far away from heavy rock" and who has, despite being offered immense sums of money, refused to reunite with Zeppelin except for one 2007 detonation in London. But his band's new self-titled

album, *Band of Joy*, looks back to Zep's folk, blues and rock fantasias with expanded Arabic touches—it's spooky and intimate, like a campfire jam in the Sahara or a Muslim variation on bluegrass. For Plant the point is that the past and the present are always close, even though they never touch. He's the only man alive who can sing "Tonight, the monkey dies" and make it sound mysterious and sexy instead of silly. ♣♣♣ —R.T.

Tease Frame

Busty **Betsy Russell** was best known for her revealing role in the 1983 sex comedy *Private School* (pictured) before taking the role of Jigsaw Killer John Kramer's wife, Jill Tuck, in *Saw III*. Russell has reprised her role in the scary series for every sequel since then, including the new eye-popping *Saw 3D*. She also plays a police sergeant you wouldn't mind being handcuffed to in the horror thriller *Chain Letter*, about one uniquely lethal message.

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Blu-ray of the Month: *Psycho*

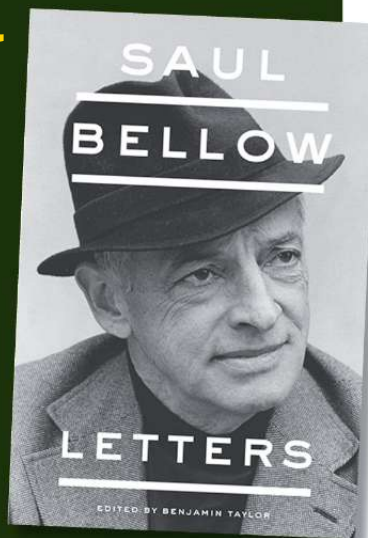


What can one say about Alfred Hitchcock's seminal suspense film starring Anthony Perkins as Norman Bates—the motel manager with monumental mother issues—that hasn't been said? Plenty, now that the iconic movie has been remastered for its 50th anniversary and Blu-ray debut. Universal upgraded the mono music to 5.1 DTS-HD surround sound, making the screeching violins in the shower scene more hair-raising than ever. The special edition comes with lobby cards, photos, production notes and several featurettes that will make you go a little mad...with

excitement. **Best extra:** Audio commentary by PLAYBOY contributing editor Stephen Rebello, author of *Alfred Hitchcock and the Making of Psycho*. He reveals, among other tidbits, why Hitch chose PLAYBOY model Marli Renfro as Janet Leigh's body double. ★★★ —Stacie Houglund

Book of the Month *Epistles of Saul*

Norman Mailer once declared that Saul Bellow had no ideas of his own. "He's read a million books and remembered them," Mailer wrote, "but he is not an original thinker." Yet *Saul Bellow: Letters*—published by Viking this fall—belies Mailer's ungenerous assertion. Spanning 1932 to 2004, the collection offers an intimate self-portrait of the Nobel Prize winner. Whether writing to William Faulkner about Ezra Pound or to a former wife about child support, Bellow comes across as a man who forever examined life. The interesting letters are not the formal literary ones but those addressed to childhood friends and family. Bellow was from all indications a difficult man—which is evident here—but he was also a man of extraordinary heart. The virtue of these letters is found in their compassion, which reveals Bellow not as a thinker but as a poet. ★★★



—Leopold Froehlich

Movie of the Month *Hereafter*

By Stephen Rebello

Hereafter finds Clint Eastwood in an otherworldly frame of mind. The big-scale project, based on a hush-hush screenplay by Peter Morgan, weaves together separate stories of people grappling with mortality. Matt Damon plays a blue-collar guy with the ability to communicate with the dead, Cécile de France is a tsunami survivor, and Frankie McLaren is an English boy dealing with his twin's death. Also featured are Bryce Dallas

Howard as Damon's girlfriend and Jay Mohr as Damon's brother, who urges him to exploit his psychic gifts. "While filming a tsunami scene in Hawaii, Clint had something to convey to Cécile that kept getting lost in translation," says Mohr of the 80-year-old director. "Suddenly he stripped down to his boxers, swam out to the actress, told her in French what he needed, swam out of camera range, got the shot he wanted and swam back. Clint's one of those guys who's so calm, compassionate and kind that you desperately don't want to let him down and are glad he came into your life."



What's in Your Netflix Queue?

Adrian Grenier, star of HBO's *Entourage* and writer-director of *Teenage Paparazzo*, digs smart documentary films.

***The King of Kong*:** "Only a documentary about *Donkey Kong* could yield characters like the ones in this epic human story."

***F for Fake*:** "Because Orson Welles equals genius and this was his last masterpiece before he died."

***Helvetica*:** "I laughed. I cried. Who knew a film about a font could make you do that?"



ALL BETS
ARE OFF



PRESS TO PLAY

PLAYBOY  FRAGRANCES FOR MEN

What You Should Be Playing Right Now

By Jason Buhrmester

War is hell, especially after you've stormed the beach at Normandy for the 15th time. So we were excited when the makers of *Call of Duty*, the reigning warlord of combat video games, moved out of World War II and into a more modern theater of conflict. In *Call of Duty: Black Ops* (360, PC, PS3, Wii) players sign up as members of a special-ops unit on Cold War-inspired missions set in Southeast Asia and the Soviet Union, locations that fit perfectly with the series' superior writing and sweat-and-blood aesthetic. Clear out jungle tunnels with guns and grenades, then use a C4 to send a Viet Cong headquarters up in flames. When it's time to clear out, call in air support and pilot a Hind helicopter over the trees as you rain down missiles and engage in a dogfight with enemy choppers. The multiplayer matches keep you running and gunning online and help unlock new weapons, uniforms and gadgets to take into battle. Once you've sharpened your killer instincts, try one of four Wager Match games in which you gamble points against other soldiers; the "One in the Chamber" match gives each player a knife and a gun with a single bullet. Later go mercenary and pick up an online "contract" with criteria such as



Call of Duty: Black Ops

shooting down 50 players in a set time limit. Your next step: Collect your reward and move on to the next mission like the cold-blooded killer you are.

MORE GAMES YOU DON'T WANT TO MISS The gritty update of *GoldenEye 007* (Wii) includes 40 characters and five maps for gunfights with Oddjob,

Jaws and more. Get fast and furious in *Need for Speed: Hot Pursuit* (360, PC, PS3) as you floor it as either a cop or an outlaw racer in online races com-

plete with weapons. *Rock Band 3* (360, PS3, Wii) can be played with an actual Fender ax to transfer your shredding skills to the real world.

Eyepoppers

HOW GAMES ARE GOING 3-D



Gaming is already realistic enough to give us nightmares about alien invasions and dropped touchdown passes. Now it's going 3-D. For 3-D gaming on the fly, the Nintendo 3DS uses a specially engineered screen to crank out everything from *Mario Kart* to *The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time* in 3-D without requiring special glasses. The PlayStation3 can pump out games and Blu-ray movies in 3-D when paired with a 3-D-ready television and special "active shutter" glasses. Sony's 3-D-ready Bravia line ranges in price from \$2,100 to \$5,000 (including a transmitter and glasses, too). Futuristic shooter *Killzone 3*, vehicular combat game *Motorstorm Apocalypse* and racing title *Gran Turismo 5* provide the best 3-D gaming experiences we've seen, but count on everything from *Mortal Kombat* to *Shaun White Skateboarding* to jump off the screen and into your living room.



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Get a Move On Let There Be Motion

Say good-bye to the days of parking on a couch and playing video games till your waistline swells. Games that require you to jump, kick and swing are taking over as the Xbox 360 and PlayStation 3 add new motion-based devices to their systems.

Microsoft's Kinect (\$150) is a motion camera add-on for the 360 that tracks your movements, allowing you to interact with the system and play some games without touching a controller. Our favorites: *Dance Central* (from the creators of *Rock Band*) challenges you to bust a move to tracks by Kool & the Gang, Kylie Minogue and other artists, while *Your Shape: Fitness Evolved* analyzes your body and creates a custom workout—with exercises such as punching virtual blocks—and then tracks your progress. Sony's Move system uses the PlayStation Eye camera (\$40) and the wireless Move motion controller (\$50) to put you in the game. Try *The Fight: Lights Out*, a *Fight Club*-inspired boxing game that lets you hook and head-butt opponents in bare-knuckle dustups. *SOCOM 4*, the latest in the best-selling special-ops series, uses the Move controller for virtual soldiers to aim at enemies and call in air strikes. We'll never leave the living room now.



What We're Dying to Play

Our hands are already cramping with controller fatigue in anticipation of these upcoming games.



Fittingly described by developers as a "blood symphony," *Bulletstorm* (360, PC, PS3) rewards your brutality in stringing together kills as you fight to survive after being stranded on a jungle planet. Characters from Marvel comics and Capcom games throw down for the first time in a decade in the killer combo-building fighting game *Marvel vs. Capcom 3* (360, PS3). The creators of *Doom* and *Quake* return with *Rage* (360, PC, PS3), a postapocalyptic survival battle that may be the best-looking game we've ever seen.

Be Like Mike Face the Jordan Challenge

Stepping up to the on-court accomplishments of Michael Jordan is no easy feat. Right, Kobe? In *NBA 2K11* (360, PC, PS3, PSP, Wii) ballers experience just how tough it is to stand in Jordan's Nikes by taking on the Jordan Challenge, a game mode that tasks players with re-creating his 10 most jaw-dropping performances. It starts with "The Arrival," in which Jordan must score 63 points and shoot 50 percent from the field against the Celtics in the 1986 playoffs, and continues through key matchups against the Pistons and Jazz. Complete all 10 to unlock rookie Jordan and draft him to your favorite team.



Game Fact:

While you struggle to be Mike-like in game five of the 1997 finals, remember that he was playing with the flu.

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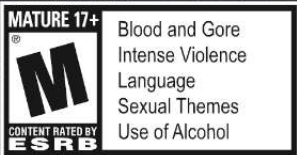
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Playboy Radio NFL Fantasy

If you're trying to improve your fantasy football game, Playboy Radio and Sirius know just the women who can help you out. Tune in to the new fantasy football show on Playboy Radio (Sirius/XM 99) and



Pilar Lastra

let Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks and Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra lend a bit of excitement to your fantasy-league experience. Thursday nights at 11 P.M. ET/eight P.M. PT, Pilar, Deanna and Scott Huff co-host *The Fantasy Fantasy Football Show*. Join the girls and their Playmate friends as they pick their favorite players and teams, make predictions and dole out fantasy-league advice. And don't worry—Pilar and Deanna are true fanatics who do their homework. The girls visit training camps, keep up with all the NFL news and stay on top of in-season developments. Follow Pilar (twitter.com/realpilarlastra) and Deanna (twitter.com/deannabrooks) on Twitter for updates about the show.



Deanna Brooks



PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Sage Playboy Advisor **Chip Rowe** now broadcasts live every Thursday at one P.M. ET/10 A.M. PT on Playboy Radio. Tune in as Rowe takes listener calls and answers questions on everything from sex and relationships to cuisine and cigars. On October 28 the show celebrates its one-year anniversary by recalling some of the most memorable on-air exchanges with past guests such as Anthony Bourdain, Penn Jillette and Gay Talese. Visit playboyadvisor.com to see the full schedule.

Playboy Gaming Enter Poisonville

Forget FarmVille—join the big leagues and take on the dangerous and sinister world of Poisonville. Playboy is on the verge of launching its own video game label and has already kicked things into gear by teaming up with online-gaming company Bigpoint to produce *Poisonville*, an action-oriented multiplayer online game set in a fictional U.S. city beset with crime and corruption. In

Poisonville players build their reputation and gain street cred by navigating the crime-ridden city and contending with a slew of weapon-toting bad guys—all in 3-D, of course. Players must work their way through each mission by driving various vehicles and engaging in player vs. player combat and gang warfare. But it's not all misery and mayhem: They also get to interact with beautiful Playboy models along the way. *Poisonville* is just the first of many video game titles to be released by Playboy and Bigpoint. Watch a trailer at playboy.com/poisonville.



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



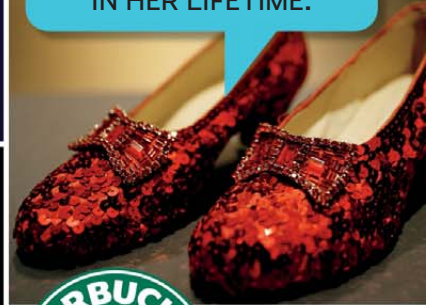
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ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

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PHOENIX	NEW YORK
11, \$33	8, \$27
DENVER	LA.
18, \$32	13, \$26
SAN FRANCISCO	MIAMI
20, \$30	8, \$26
DALLAS	PHILADELPHIA
7, \$30	8, \$23

UP TO **80%** OF WOMEN ADMIT TO FAKING ORGASMS TO SPEED UP THEIR PARTNER'S EJACULATION BECAUSE THEY ARE BORED, TIRED OR IN A RUSH, AND **87%** OF WOMEN SAID THEY EXAGGERATE PLEASURE WITH MOANS AND VOCAL EXCLAMATIONS BECAUSE THEY WANT TO BE NICE AND BOOST THEIR PARTNER'S SELF-ESTEEM.



WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

NEXT TIME YOU SEE THAT HOT WOMAN ON THE ELEVATOR AT WORK, GO AHEAD AND TALK TO HER: A SURVEY FOUND THAT

84%

OF WOMEN THINK BEING ASKED OUT BY A STRANGER THEY SEE DAILY IS ROMANTIC, NOT WEIRD.



DIVORCE IS CONTAGIOUS. IF A FRIEND, FAMILY MEMBER OR SOMEONE ELSE YOU ARE DIRECTLY CONNECTED TO GETS DIVORCED, YOU ARE **75% MORE LIKELY TO GET DIVORCED TOO.**

THE NUMBER OF REALITY-TV SHOWS ON THE AIR IN 2000: 4

THE NUMBER ON THE AIR TODAY: 320



11% OF MEN UNDER 30 MASTURBATE WHILE THEY'RE DRIVING.

TOP SECRET

THE ESTIMATED NUMBER OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE TOP-SECRET CLEARANCES ISSUED BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT:

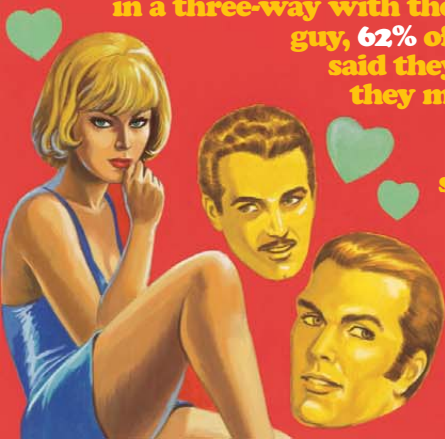
854,000

THE NUMBER OF THOSE WHO ARE PRIVATE CONTRACTORS AND NOT GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES:

265,000



When asked if they would ever participate in a three-way with their man and another guy, **62%** of women said no, **8%** said they would and **9%** said they might. **10%** of women said their boyfriend wouldn't want to share them, and **11%** said they couldn't understand why a straight man would want to have a three-way with another guy.



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Wild Horses

Ferrari's new 458 Italia is the hottest sports car in the world

It's not easy to impress the crowd at the annual Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance, the greatest vintage-car event on earth. Seven-figure automobiles abound. Roll up in the all-new Ferrari 458, however, and traffic stops, valets leap to assist and cell cameras click. Why? Despite a minor hiccup due to a recall, gearheads globally are calling this stunner the most visceral street-legal driving experience money can buy. As one critic recently put it, "The car's sensory experience is nearly unfathomable; barreling Woody Allen's Orgasmatron over Niagara Falls might get you close." Out on the 17-mile drive, we quickly found out why. The 458's blood-curdling exhaust shriek is reminiscent of a Formula One car, and not by chance. Much of the technology comes straight from the Prancing Horse's F1 program. Every control is at your fingertips, from road and racing suspension settings

to the paddle-operated seven-speed dual-clutch manual transmission.

Blink-of-the-eye gearshifts are punctuated by urgent yelps from the rear-mounted 4.5-liter direct-injected V8. The engine produces 570 Italian stallions and redlines at 9,000 rpms. Factory test-drivers tied the Ferrari Enzo's lap record in the 458 at the Fiorano track, across the street from the factory. And the 458 (from \$230,000) goes for some \$400,000 less than the Enzo does. And then there's the smell of that smooth Italian leather. That's *amore*. See more at playboy.com/wheels.



French Kiss

To paraphrase wine critic Eric Asimov, if you don't like Beaujolais, you don't like wine. The 2009 vintage is being hailed as the best in decades in this region of France. So instead of drinking the Beaujolais nouveau, which hits stores this month, get last year's. Pictured are three outstanding 2009s from Georges Duboeuf: Brouilly (\$14), Moulin-à-Vent (\$16) and Fleurie (\$16).

Hats Off

Optimo Hats in Chicago hit it big when it provided the fancy headgear for Johnny Depp's 2009 film *Public Enemies*. Depp, in fact, brought a few lids back to France with him. Optimo's handcrafted selection includes straw Montecristis (\$450 and up, optimohats.com) and felt fedoras such as the 47th Street (at right, \$595).



Bicycle Origami

Pioneering bike maker Strida knows when to fold them. Its folding bicycles—such as the 23-pound Sport Duo (\$1,200, areaware.com/transport)—are designed to collapse within seconds so as not to hog space at inopportune moments—e.g., on the subway at rush hour. While many other compact bikes are on the market, we prefer to ride steady with this classic.



Cash on the Barrel

Here's the dilemma with A.H. Fox shotguns (\$15,500 to \$69,000, connecticutshotgun.com): They are too exquisite to shoot. Truly—their stock is crafted from the finest Turkish walnut and their ornate metal engraving is done by hand. Still don't believe us? Take it from Teddy Roosevelt, who brought a double-barreled A.H. Fox with him on his famed African hunting trips. "I really think it is the most beautiful gun I have ever seen," he once declared. "I am almost ashamed to take it to Africa and expose it to the rough usage it will receive."



How to Get 50 Cent at Your Wedding

First, stop laughing. Enticing Fiddy, Bon Jovi or any other music giant to perform at your next private party—whether bar mitzvah, backyard barbecue or wedding reception—isn't impossible. In fact, for the right price, they'll jam live in your front room tomorrow. To check the availability of various super acts, complete a request form provided by Booking Entertainment (bookingentertainment.com)—the trusted middleman to mini-concert nirvana. Which artist the company

delivers is more or less dictated by your budget. One-hit wonders cost roughly \$50,000, which includes flights, hotel rooms and production fees; bands with a deeper, more popular song catalog can command seven figures. The services rendered for such a hefty price: a 35-to-70-minute set and, if negotiated up front, some face time with the guests of honor. Surprisingly, it's cheaper to call on short notice, as Fiddy won't hold a random Thursday in 2012 open without a serious retainer.

Fired Up

Consider the fireplace revolutionized. Australia-based EcoSmart Fire has created the Zeta (\$10,900, ecosmartfire.com) and a suite of similar fireplaces that use burner kits filled with renewable biofuel. Simply put: Setting the Zeta ablaze on a cold winter night doesn't require such fire-starting standards as stacks of wood, a brick chimney or an operating gas line. The environmentally friendly result? No clouds of thick smoke, which allows you to use the Zeta both indoors and out. Better still, the Zeta's elliptical frame makes it easy to lift—without too much trouble you can move it from the living room to the bedroom.



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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

I plan to try speed dating and was wondering if you have any tips.—N.W., Webb City, Missouri

Show up on time. Also, dress well and practice a few creative openers. Scientists have found speed daters, regardless of what they claim to be looking for in a partner, usually decide whether they want another meeting in less than 30 seconds, based on attractiveness, height, race and age. Because women make this judgment more quickly than men (and they accuse us of being shallow!), a guy needs to get a woman talking about herself in “an unusual, quirky way,” says psychologist Richard Wiseman, author of *Quirkology*. In a study of 100 speed daters Wiseman helped organize in Edinburgh, the best-rated male’s line was “If you were on *Stars in Their Eyes* [a talent show on which contestants impersonate famous musicians], who would you be?” The worst lines were “I have a Ph.D. in computing” and “My friend is a helicopter pilot.” (The guys said the best opener from a woman was “What’s your favorite pizza topping?” So maybe we are more shallow.) In the study, only nine percent of pairs who talked about films agreed to meet again—it caused arguments—compared with 18 percent who spoke about travel, e.g., memorable trips and dream destinations. Smaller events benefit men, because the fewer participants, the more weight daters give to attributes that come out in conversation, such as education, occupation and sense of humor. It is also to our advantage when the women rather than the men rotate, which a Northwestern University study discovered makes them less picky. Finally, the NU researchers suggest you not show unbridled interest in every woman you meet, because you’ll be seen as desperate.

My fantasy is to have sex in a room where other people are having sex. Being a bit of a voyeur, my wife also finds this fantasy exciting. It seems the easiest way to get this done would be to attend a swingers’ party. Since we won’t be swapping, would we be breaking any rules of etiquette? Or is there a better way to accomplish this?—R.O., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

No better way. There are many varieties of swingers, including those who have sex in groups but don’t swap. Many curious couples start that way, and according to the swingers who blog at gentlenibbles.com, they represent about 10 percent of the lifestyle. About half of swingers are full swappers (anything goes), 35 percent are soft swappers (everything but intercourse), and the rest are wives only (one percent), strict voyeurs (one percent) or strict

exhibitionists (one percent). Visit nasca.com to find a club where you can make this happen.

Is it possible to get on a flight if you forget a photo ID?—C.R., Atlanta, Georgia

If you inform the TSA officers that you have lost or forgotten your identification, you will be searched and interviewed but usually allowed to board. However, if you “willfully refuse” to provide ID, you won’t get far. This change was made in 2008 following a lawsuit by privacy activist John Gilmore, who refused to show his ID. A federal appeals court ruled

there is no constitutional right to travel by airplane, so requiring ID is not an “illegal search.”

What is the acceptable amount of time you can stare at an attractive woman? I feel awkward when a woman notices me checking her out.—T.B., Green Bay, Wisconsin

That’s when we stop, sometimes.

A friend told me he came 20 times in eight hours, and another friend who is nearly 40 says he once came 13 times in a night. Is it possible for a man to climax that often?—M.R., Martinsburg, West Virginia

Scientists have documented a number of men with this type of stamina, including some who can climax that often within about half an hour. But as the maxim popularized by Carl Sagan states, “Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence.” What do their partners say?

Why do synthetic fabrics smell so bad after a month’s wear? I have tried throwing them in the wash as soon as I walk into the house after playing tennis, but it doesn’t help.—J.W., Orange Park, Florida

Workout clothes made of tightly woven synthetics don’t hold as much water as cotton but trap more of the bacteria that create memorable odors. You could try Win detergent (windetergent.com, 866-545-2946), which has hydrogen peroxide that penetrates the weave and kills bacteria that would otherwise come back to life the next time the fabric gets wet. Alternatively, antimicrobial Wick A’Way fabric is designed to remain unfunky even after several workouts. Another option: Work out once a year, on New Year’s Day, like we do.

Your discussion in August about “permanent engagements” and the legalities of living together could have mentioned Washington state’s concept of “meretricious” relationships, defined in 1995 by the state supreme court as “a stable, marital-like relationship where both parties cohabit with knowledge that a lawful marriage between them does not exist.”—J.R., Longview, Washington

Thanks for alerting us to this. In a 1997 case, a Washington judge applied the label to a couple who had lived together for five years and socialized as partners but had separate property and bank accounts. In another case, a woman sued for the increase in value of the couple’s shared property during the two years they lived together before getting married. And in a third case, a judge ruled a couple



MARTIN JASIN

I’m obsessed with women wearing canvas sneakers. To me nothing is sexier than a girl in tight jeans and Converse All-Stars. A few of the women I’ve dated have offered to wear stockings and high heels, but that doesn’t do it for me. Am I the only one turned on by this? I’ve heard of rubber fetishes; do the rubber soles explain it?—V.J., Fairfield, California

Who knows? It may be the rubber; it may be the foot, it may be the innocence reflected by the simple design and canvas. No sexual interest surprises us anymore; what does surprise us is searching online for “[keyword] fetish” and getting no results. In this case, “sneaker fetish” brings up a universe of sites created by Sneaker-Planet, including Sneaker-Groups.com (which has 4,300 members) and—gods be praised—Converse-Fetish.com. The challenge of having a sexual proclivity that overwhelms all others is finding a partner willing to play along. That’s why we’ve stuck with the clitoris.

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who lived together was effectively hitched even though the man was legally married to another woman. Another reader shared a clipping from a 1907 edition of *The New York Times* in which a man announced his “permanent engagement” to a Sunday school teacher, which he explained was an upgrade from their previous, less committed “temporary engagement.” How times don’t change.

A very insincere thanks for printing in September the composition of vaginal fluid, which I had no need to know, though it remains no less magical and beautiful in my eyes or upon my tongue. If I remember correctly, PLAYBOY printed an article that said female ejaculation is not a myth. I was wondering whether the mega-gushers seen in porn (e.g., *Squirt Gangbang*) are coming or going?—R.B., Albion, Michigan

Though gushers are easy to fake for the sake of artistic expression, one small study found women can expel up to a liter of clear fluid during climax. It’s probably best described as heavily diluted urine. A woman may also expel a clear or milky-white fluid from her paraurethral glands, but research suggests this usually measures only a quarter teaspoon.

A woman wrote in September that she feels it’s degrading for a man to ejaculate onto his partner’s face. I thought so too until I met a woman who changed my view. The first time we had sex, she asked if I wanted to come in her pussy, in her mouth or on her face. I chose pussy. During our next encounter, she asked again. I chose her face. She held my gaze the entire time, and the only sound was our breathing. It was a powerfully intimate moment. I always let the woman bring the subject up so I know she’s into it. I also believe facials are best reserved for special occasions, e.g., birthdays.—G.D., Hartford, Connecticut

Thanks for sharing. We know many women who ask for facials on their birthday, but a man makes that mistake only once.

I want to get a gift for the friend who introduced me to my fiancée. He’s a gin drinker, specifically Tanqueray. The problem is, I’m a T-shirt-and-jeans, beer-in-a-bottle guy. I’ve talked to liquor-store owners and learned the next best thing in my friend’s “flavor profile” is Tanqueray 10, but I want to get something other than his usual. Can you recommend premium gins with a similar profile?—S.O., Chicago, Illinois

*A flavor profile refers to the mix of botanicals used to flavor the grain spirit, including the traditional juniper (made from the aromatic berry of the evergreen juniper bush), ginger, nutmeg, lemon, almonds, coriander, angelica root, cardamom, cassia bark and orange peel. Gaz Regan, author of *The Bartender’s Gin Compendium* (ardentspirits.com), says your friend will enjoy Citadelle gin, which, like Tanqueray, is juniper forward but also complex, with 19 infusions including*

savory, cumin, violet root, almond and fennel. It’s based on a 1775 recipe from Dunkerque, a city in the north of France. Broker’s gin, created in 1998 by two English brothers, has a similar profile; earlier this year it was named best gin at the annual Ultimate Spirits Challenge. If you prefer to buy local, Regan says North Shore Distillery just outside of Chicago makes a fine juniper-forward gin called Distiller’s Gin No. 11.

In August a reader asked if having a woman stand on his stomach or chest is harmful. You replied that it can be if she wears stilettos or kicks, stamps, crushes his head or neck or flattens his cock and balls. I’ve been walked on by at least 30 women, including 20 who stepped on my face and cock, and it has never hurt. They were barefoot only because I don’t like to be stepped on by shoes. You should also be cautious about the woman’s weight. If she’s too heavy she could crack ribs or dislocate your jaw.—C.M., Goldendale, Washington

We stand corrected, though not on you.

I am a 30-year-old woman who is a virgin by choice. I’m not particularly religious but have decided I want to wait for marriage. A group of my girlfriends, all 30 or older and also virgins, were talking about the effects of not having intercourse, and one claimed it leads to facial hair and acne. I find this hard to believe, especially since I am a frequent masturbator. Please don’t give a snarky answer telling us to have sex so we can discover its many benefits.—D.F., New York, New York

*Virginity does not cause facial hair or acne, though the two conditions are related to testosterone levels in both men and women, as is horniness, so perhaps that’s the connection. Sex has benefits, such as stress relief and, according to a new study of copulating rats, brain-cell growth. But as we’ve said before, the sexual revolutionists also fought to allow people the freedom not to have sex. Saving yourself can have unexpected risks, such as the one that supposedly befell virginal teen idol Kevin Jonas. According to a “friend” quoted in *InTouch Weekly*, the newlyweds sometimes sleep in separate bedrooms because the bride hadn’t experienced her groom’s thunderous snoring.*

What advice can you offer on closing up a summer house for the winter?—P.R., Cleveland, Ohio

The primary concern is to prevent damage caused from burst water pipes; to drain them, turn off the main valve and open all faucets. Don’t forget the toilets, which have been known to split in half, and the sprinkler system. Blow out the lines with an air compressor (or hire a plumber) and empty the water heater. Keep the house at 40 degrees, although 60 degrees is better to prevent moisture that can cause warped doors and, worst case, mold. Unplug the appliances. Empty the fridge and freezer and leave the doors ajar.

(concluded on page 118)



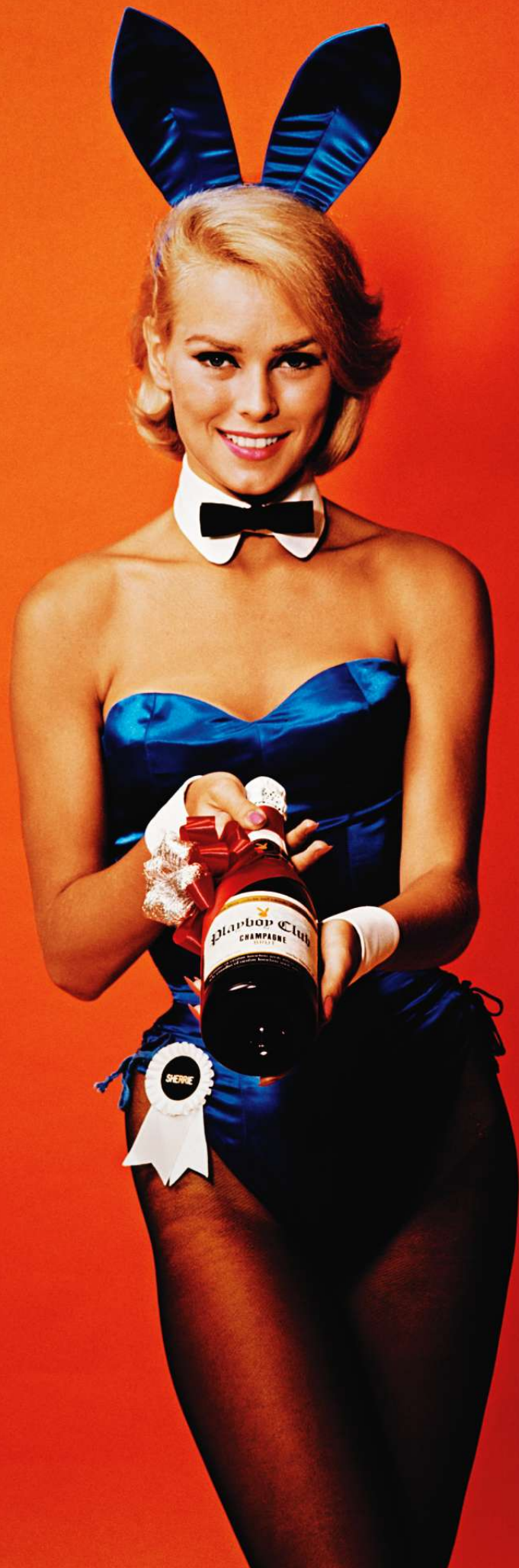
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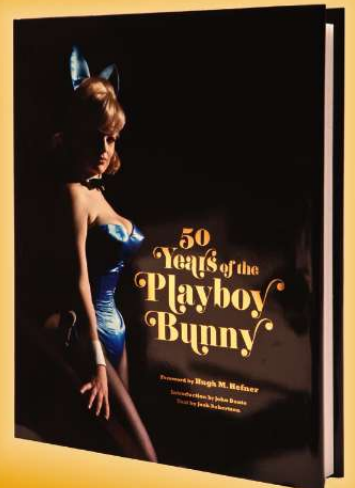
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: ROBERT DOWNEY JR.

A candid conversation with one of Hollywood's best actors about becoming a superhero, surviving his past and why he has the confidence to never sing again

If you were to write a script about a guy who had it all, lost it all and then redeemed himself in a miraculous fashion, you could do no better than to steal from the bio of Robert Downey Jr.

Back in the late 1980s and early 1990s it was hard to find an actor who showed more promise or talent. Films such as *Less Than Zero*, *Chaplin* and *Natural Born Killers* established him as a star on the rise; he was even nominated for a best actor Oscar for *Chaplin*, in 1993. While he continued to work, his performances got less coverage than his drug problems. He was in and out of rehab, gave brutally honest self-incriminating interviews (including one to *PLAYBOY* in 1997), was arrested on various drug, gun and trespassing charges and spent a year in prison. He became the poster child for a misspent life.

But Downey was still young. It took him five years to get clean and slightly longer to rebuild his promising career. Things started turning around with a little-seen film called *The Singing Detective* (Mel Gibson famously posted a personal bond for the uninsurable actor), but to show he was truly back, Downey needed a blockbuster. He landed three: *Iron Man*, *Sherlock Holmes* and *Tropic Thunder*, which earned him another Oscar nomination. Suddenly Downey found himself in the company of such bankable stars as Will Smith, Brad

Pitt, Johnny Depp and Leonardo DiCaprio. Of course, they had achieved success while young. When Downey broke through in *Iron Man* he was 43 and had already made 57 films. It's a trajectory no other actor can match.

Now 45, Downey is filming a sequel to *Sherlock Holmes* and has started a production company called Team Downey with his wife, Susan. Sure, the name is corny, but it fits them. A seasoned film executive who became involved with Downey during his dark days while filming *Gothika* and *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*, Susan was integral to his personal and professional resurgence. They married in 2005—Billy Joel and Sting sang at the wedding—and she produces all his films.

Downey next stars in *Due Date*, a raucous road-trip film with the star (Zach Galifianakis) and director (Todd Phillips) of *The Hangover*. Downey plays an uptight architect who rushes home for the birth of his first child. Circumstances leave him in a car driven by a wannabe actor (Galifianakis) with a spectacular lack of self-awareness and a masturbating dog.

"Actors who've been around bring baggage that leaves the audience with their arms folded, saying, 'Show me,'" Phillips says. "Robert has baggage, but the audience has always greeted him with open arms. He'd been this simmering talent, and during that period he gained

the respect of so many of us just waiting for an *Iron Man* or a *Tropic Thunder* to see it fully realized. I love this guy more than any actor I've ever worked with. He made me a better director, and he is literally the greatest talent I've ever come across."

We sent **Michael Fleming** to Team Downey's offices in Venice, California just before Downey jetted to London. Fleming reports: "Downey has changed a lot since I first interviewed him in 1997. He doesn't shy from the past but won't let you dwell on what is becoming a footnote in a remarkable life. Unchanged are his electric wit and sense of mischief. We started in the bright afternoon sun so Downey could get a tan to show off on the *Sherlock Holmes 2* set."

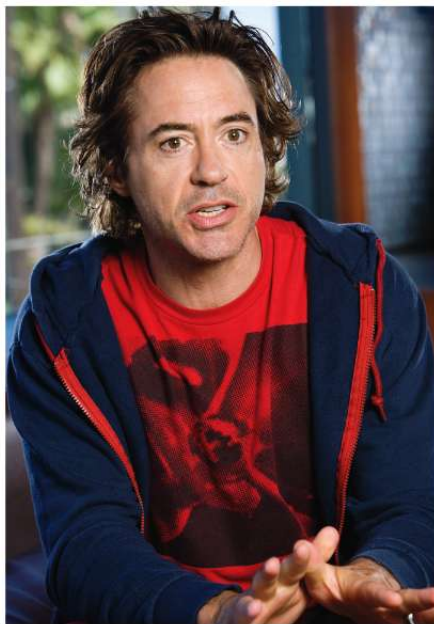
PLAYBOY: Aren't movie stars supposed to stay out of the sun to protect their skin?

DOWNEY: I like having some color before I go to London so I can hear Guy Ritchie say, "You cock. What are you getting a fucking tan for? This is *Sherlock Holmes*." You get ready to shoot a fall film during the height of the summer. What am I supposed to do, wear a hat?

PLAYBOY: You've always been known for being independent. The last time we interviewed you for *PLAYBOY* was 1997, when you were making *U.S. Marshals*. At



"Not having done drugs for literally five or six years is a lifetime. I think of myself as someone who has no desire, use for or conscious memory of that life. And yet I don't shut the door on it, and I don't pretend it didn't happen."



"To me, here's the only thing: You take responsibility, whether you're outraged by the results or not, that you participate in and create what you're experiencing. It's the people who stay stuck who think, I'm a victim."



"A lot of my peers who have led pretty healthy lives have been dealing with some serious health problems the past couple of years. I put myself at risk for a bunch of years and find I'm perfectly healthy."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

the time you told spectacularly honest stories about what it was like to be a great actor with a drug problem. You talked about an audition with director Mike Figgis for which you showed up barefoot and carrying a gun.

DOWNEY: Oh yeah.

PLAYBOY: And the futility of people like Sean Penn and Jodie Foster trying to fix you, and getting down to a spiderlike 138 pounds.

DOWNEY: That was my fighting weight.

PLAYBOY: And how you had a divining rod that could lead you to drugs in a strange city and have you back in your hotel room in 45 minutes. Having come so far, how much can you relate to the guy who gave that interview back in 1997?

DOWNEY: Entirely. Absolutely and entirely. But sometimes it's necessary to compartmentalize the different stages of your evolution, both personally and objectively, for the people you have to love and tolerate. And one of those people, for me, is me. I have a very strong sense of that messed-up kid, that devoted theater actor, that ne'er-do-well 20-something nihilistic androgyne and that late-20s married guy with a little kid, lost, lost in narcotics—all as aspects of things I don't regret and am happy to keep a door open on. More than anything I have this sense that I'm a veteran of a war that is difficult to discuss with people who haven't been there. I feel for the kind of zeitgeist diagnoses that are being applied to certain of my peers lately, and I think it's unconscionable.

PLAYBOY: You mean like the rush to judge Mel Gibson based on his voice-mail messages?

DOWNEY: I'll speak much more generally. If I'm friends with somebody now, I don't talk about them for public consumption. But remember, I was in jail, and I don't want to discredit the doctor, but somebody just decided I had some disease in my brain. Sight unseen they needed to publish it and capitalize on this "truth." More power to them, misguided or not. But the real problem is this: When you're in the hood, don't be alarmed by gunfire. That's as simple as I can put it. For me, the hood was northern Malibu and my own isolation and dependency therein. That's the only thing I really know now, and I don't think about it. But I learned it in such a ghastly way. Yes, I need refresher courses of an educational variety, but I don't ever need to revisit the obvious.

PLAYBOY: How does it play back in your head?

DOWNEY: Well, it plays back in my head now as part of a miraculous success story—a success story of the spirit much more than anything else. So it's funny to me when the metric by which people say I've changed has to do with things that are of no real import. The context of the conversation is sullied before I can even respond.

PLAYBOY: Are you talking about how you're different from the guy in that interview?

DOWNEY: No. Here's what I'm saying: People say to me, "Look how you've changed. Look at this building you're in." And by the way, I do the same thing; I misinterpret things in the same way that I'm reactive to—or nonreactive to but very aware of. Those people are completely missing the target, and it's no mystery at all. I mean, shit, some people living in their trucks within a hundred yards of where we sit are happy and content but definitely have a mental illness and unrealistic desires based on things that are physically not true. And then there are people who are having a great summer and whose personal stock is up in a variety of enterprises who should pump the brakes, close down for repairs and allow themselves to be reinvented by the truth of what we're really doing here.

PLAYBOY: What was the Robert Downey Jr. we interviewed in 1997 lacking?

DOWNEY: Nothing. Honestly, I don't have a judgment on it. I just see somebody who's like, "Oh God, life is really hard," and this is how you're coping, and it doesn't work. You are not consciously aware of what you will have to unconsciously invite so you

*When you're in the hood,
don't be alarmed by gunfire.
That's as simple as I can
put it. For me, the hood was
Malibu and my own
isolation and dependency.*

can go to the next place. It's a molting stage, and I think some of it is just an exploded view of that phase of development in human beings or that phase of development in human beings who are underdeveloped at that stage.

PLAYBOY: Did that guy ever imagine the Robert Downey Jr. who exists in 2010?

DOWNEY: Well, it always comes down to what you believe. It's also odd and just an exercise in forced duality to say I'd rather be here than there and this was better and that wasn't. It's important to say, "Hey, man, we're here now, and it's pretty good," to just whisper through the dimensions and say, "Hey, you're going to be all right."

PLAYBOY: Early on in *Due Date*, when your character gets shot with a rubber bullet, he sits down and says, "I've never done drugs in my life." When you first saw that line, did it make you uncomfortable?

DOWNEY: The funny thing is, it didn't. Except for times when I'm asked to remind myself and everyone else of it, what I notice is that it doesn't even come up. No one on the set said, "Isn't it funny that you're saying that?" Nobody said

that because I was so in character while I was saying it and because I was probably the cleanest person within 50 miles. Not having done drugs for literally five or six years is a lifetime. I think of myself as someone who has no desire, use for or even, strangely, conscious memory of that life. And yet I don't shut the door on it, and I don't pretend it didn't happen. Back then I had more religious devotion to unhealthy and self-destructive things than I had to an honest day's work. In that context I was happy to give anybody who needed it an honest day's work, as long as when that day was over I could get back to my *real* job. And that's all.

PLAYBOY: One of the things you said in our interview is that, after *Chaplin*, you chose projects by doing little more than looking at the cover page, finding out who was directing and then saying yes.

DOWNEY: Whether I liked it or not, I always said yes? [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: You didn't give projects the scrutiny you do now. Would the wonderful acting opportunities you've had lately have happened if you had been more disciplined then?

DOWNEY: I don't know. It's hard because it's a hypothesis within an alternate universe. You know what I mean?

PLAYBOY: Sure. Now you're developing your own films. Do you have more discipline?

DOWNEY: In general, passivity is a big fucking problem for me. Are you absolutely satisfied being an actor for hire? I stopped being satisfied being an actor for hire before we did this the last time.

PLAYBOY: Why?

DOWNEY: It's just the way I was raised, the things I saw happen creatively in my dad's work, the way I saw my mom being able to express herself as an actress in an almost underground environment. There was a director, there was an idea, there was innovation, there was a great sense of excitement and fun. And in that way *Due Date* for me was such a return to a felt sense of community with a small, like-minded group of peers. To me it was like big-budget summer stock.

PLAYBOY: Your father, Robert Downey Sr., made several well-regarded independent films—except they were called underground then. His work was often compared to jazz improvisation. How much of that takes place on a big studio film like *Due Date*?

DOWNEY: It happened with this film more than with any indie I've ever done. But that's specific to a certain type of team doing a certain type of movie with a certain type of studio at a certain point in their careers.

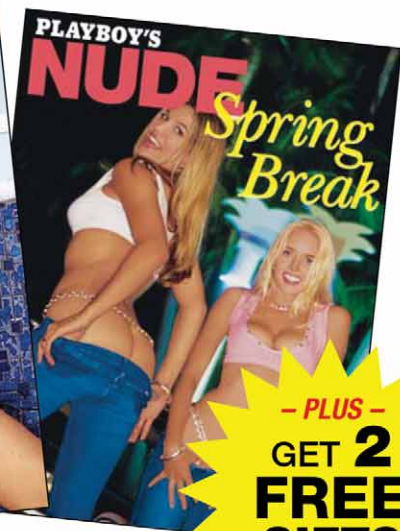
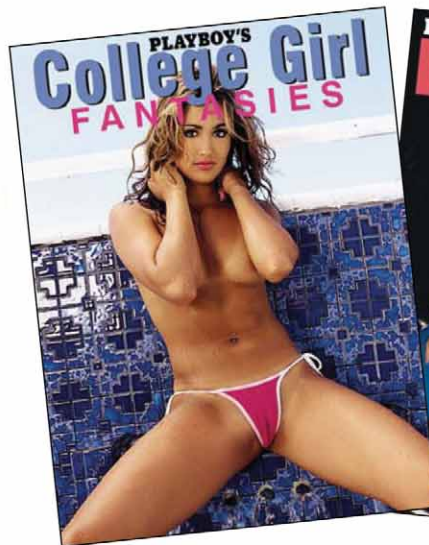
PLAYBOY: By a certain point in their careers, you're talking about people who have had some big box office success.

DOWNEY: Why should one have to precede the other? Like you can't do what you need to do until you've demonstrated you can do what they would like you to do but don't necessarily expect because it

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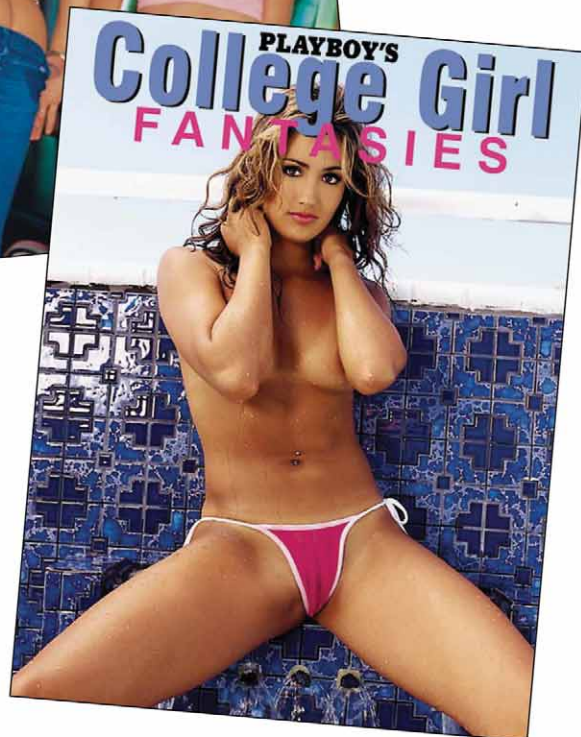
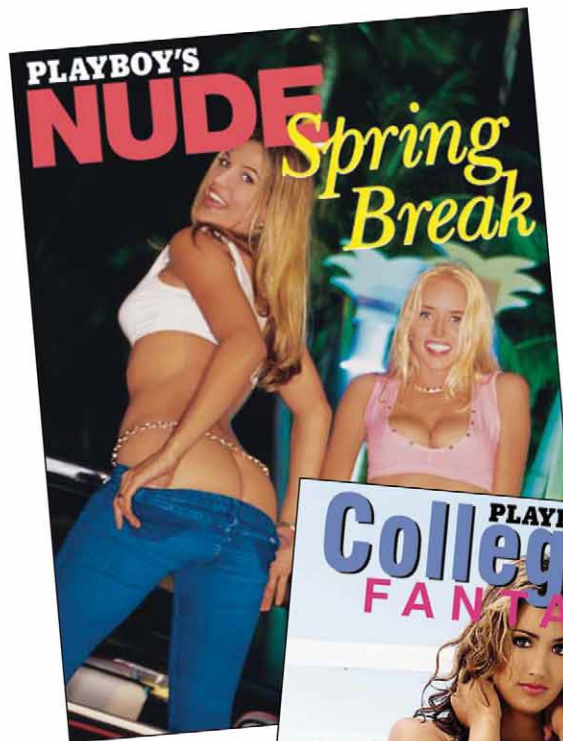
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doesn't happen very often? Again, that's the problem with passivity, with waiting for a time when you'll be able to take care of yourself. That's ass-backward, not having enough influence or leverage to give yourself some space and settling for coping with a resentment and stuffing it every day.

PLAYBOY: You're the newcomer in *Due Date*. Director Todd Phillips and Zach Galifianakis did *The Hangover* together. Do you feel as though you're crashing an existing relationship?

DOWNEY: My confidence level lately has been so high that I'm happy to go with people who have a preexisting relationship and who just experienced something together that was unimaginably successful, enjoyable, smart and a little bit different.

PLAYBOY: What puts you in that confident place?

DOWNEY: My age and my recent set of experiences, which have left me feeling I'm in the zone. This is just the sweet spot of my career and my life so far, and strangely, they've come at the same time.

PLAYBOY: When did that confidence start?

DOWNEY: When Joel Silver put Shane Black, Val Kilmer and me together, with the missus producing, on a little picture called *Kiss Kiss Bang Bang*. It was a practically perfect script, and we played with it a little bit and made some improvements. I liked the way it felt. My energy was even. Val and I synced nicely, and Shane did a great job directing.

PLAYBOY: Was the film successful?

DOWNEY: It was a movie that didn't know how to find its audience. It wasn't the audience's or the studio's fault. The movie was—

PLAYBOY: A feathered fish?

DOWNEY: That's exactly what they called it. I'd almost forgotten that because it's been so long since I've had feathered fish. After that, working with David Fincher, Jake Gyllenhaal and Mark Ruffalo on *Zodiac* was just a very classy gig. And then things started adding up. I screen-tested for *Iron Man*, and the morning Jon Favreau called and told me I'd gotten the gig... I still get all choked up just remembering. It was such an invitation to this cornucopia of possibilities. And it all happened.

PLAYBOY: *Tropic Thunder* would have been a real risk for any actor. When you play an actor delusional enough to think he can method act his way into becoming a black man, don't you worry about politically correct backlash?

DOWNEY: There was Ben Stiller, who to me is the closest living thing to Chaplin we have today as an actor and a director. He's devoted to detail but also loves the feeling of a loose fish in his hand. I also thought about my dad's film *Putney Swope* and how that was about a creative black man who, only by accident in 1968, finds himself in a position of true influence and power. And then I thought about all the years following that and how many

black entertainers, more so than even my own pigmented brethren, had influenced me. I thought about struggle, and then I thought about my own struggle. And without imagining I could draw any realistic parallels, I decided to invest myself in it. I just had all these references guiding me and [laughs]—you know, forget everything I just said. My heart was in the right place, and when the character's voice happened, I could do no wrong. That has happened only one other time, and it was with my character in *Natural Born Killers*, who interestingly enough was another Australian.

PLAYBOY: You were nominated for an Oscar for your role in *Tropic Thunder*. How did you handle that Oscar night compared with when you were nominated for *Chaplin*?

DOWNEY: I don't remember how I handled anything when I was 26, honestly. There are reports; maybe they're accurate.

PLAYBOY: What were the reports?

DOWNEY: Who knows? That I wore platform shoes and a *Little Shop of Horrors* necktie. Well, those aren't reports; those are facts, and I'm not saying that what I

*Probably the person
resisting it the longest was
me. I resisted being open to
thinking of myself in that
framework, that I could do
the superhero thing.*

wore represents how I handled it. The point is, I don't think *Tropic Thunder* was about me or even about what I did. Maybe some courage was involved. I believe it was just an interesting year. It was all a cresting wave of what seemed like a major turning point in American culture, and I was peripherally involved in some small way.

PLAYBOY: Explain.

DOWNEY: I remember a *Rolling Stone* article making the connection between my role being embraced as not offensive and the possibility of a black president.

PLAYBOY: Your character in *Tropic Thunder* paved the way for Barack Obama's election?

DOWNEY: I don't want to say I was directly responsible. [laughs] I'll leave that for the historians. But do you think I could at least get a half-assed tour of the Oval Office as a result?

PLAYBOY: All this was made possible by *Iron Man*, a role you were forced to fight for.

DOWNEY: I just felt, *Shit*, this could be the thing for me. Why not me?

PLAYBOY: Who was against the idea?

DOWNEY: Everybody. I've been on both sides of casting. When you're on the actor's

side, it's all very personal. When you're on the studio or producer's side, it's this free-flowing array of opinions, intuitions, previous experiences or recent accomplishments. Or Jimmy the Greek bets on where you're at: Are you poised for your big Aqueduct purse run, or are you two sitcoms away from the glue factory? Probably the person resisting it the longest was me. I resisted being open to thinking of myself in that framework, that I could do the superhero thing. But maybe I could look like I was six feet tall, in the right boots. I could get my arms a little bigger and not move my face so much when I talked. I could be in a jeep with a bunch of military guys cracking jokes and then not look like a bitch when the bomb goes off. I might even look like the kind of guy who designs those big bombs. By the way, that's more likely me. He's not a hero in the beginning and has no intention of becoming a hero. He's injured by his own creations. I just love that. I was three when Stan Lee created this character.

Let me grab some Nicorette gum. [reaches into a black plastic case filled with bottled water, gum and vitamin supplements]

PLAYBOY: Is that stuff working for you?

DOWNEY: Oh, it's so good, dude. Cigarettes were just killing me.

PLAYBOY: How long has it been since you quit?

DOWNEY: Aside from a week in Italy, a year and a half.

PLAYBOY: Did everybody smoke there?

DOWNEY: Yeah. I almost didn't, and then I was like, *This is crazy*. Are you kidding me? But I think next time I can handle Europe. What was I talking about?

PLAYBOY: *Iron Man* and Stan Lee.

DOWNEY: Oh yeah. I feel connected to Stan Lee on some trippy level in that I was wearing nappies when he was creating this character who went through all these transitions and was for years considered a second-tier superhero. By the way, if he had been considered anything else, the movie would have already been made. And so every single thing about it was *right*.

PLAYBOY: What won you that role?

DOWNEY: I prepared for the screen test so feverishly that I literally made it impossible for anybody to do a better job. I had never worked on something that way before; I was so familiar with six or nine pages of dialogue, I had thought of every possible scenario. At a certain point during the screen test I was so overwhelmed with anxiety about the opportunity that I almost passed out. I watched it later, and that moment came, fluttered and wasn't even noticeable. But to me it was this stretched-out moment of what keeps people from doing theater for 30 years—just an unadulterated fear of failure.

PLAYBOY: Yet you made it work.

DOWNEY: Yeah. And I had prepped myself to the point where I was able to tumble over in that wave and not be dashed by it. I see that all the time. People *think* they're



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A man in a white tuxedo and black bow tie is holding a vintage blue microphone on a stand. He is looking down at the microphone. The background is plain white.

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ready for something; they're prepared, they've checked their equipment, and then the first thing goes wrong on the landing craft and they're just dead in the water—boom, you're done. You're floating up on the beach.

PLAYBOY: When you got that job, was it one of the greatest moments in your life?

DOWNEY: Definitely not the greatest moment in my life. It was a singular moment in my professional life, and I was right where I belonged. I was training with my *si-fu* at the L.A. Wing Chun Kung Fu Academy. Once you get on the mat, you're not supposed to get off. My assistant Jimmy came in and said that he didn't mean to interrupt but I had a phone call. The *si-fu*, this one time and never since, said, "Why don't you take five minutes, grab a drink if you need it, and if you need to take that phone call, feel free."

PLAYBOY: How often do you do kung fu, and what does it bring you?

DOWNEY: I was there this morning. I've been doing it for seven or eight years, maybe longer. I recently doubled up my sessions to three hours three times a week, and I'm not exhausted by it. It's so funny because I thought, Shit, I have to get in shape for *Sherlock Holmes*. I realized the reason I'm not changing much with the stepped-up workouts is because I've been in shape for five years. Because of my training, my conditioning is as good as it can be, and that's why I'm not noticing dramatic changes even though I've been on a cleanse diet and all this other shit.

PLAYBOY: What's the cleanse diet?

DOWNEY: Dr. Alejandro Junger has a program called Clean. You get a shake, eat some lunch, and that's about it. I'm not on it today because I did it for a week that ended yesterday, and then I'm starting it again tomorrow. I needed a day.

PLAYBOY: Why are you so devoted?

DOWNEY: [Laughs] Well, any explanation I give now will only be relative to what I think I know. Until you've had your ass handed to you enough on any point.... It's asking yourself, Why am I putting on this weight? Oh, it's stress weight. No, for me it's what I believe about myself. When we were done with *Tropic Thunder*, my missus said, "You have to go on a diet right now. No offense, Downey, but you're fat...for you. Well, for anybody." I was like, "But I feel great!" Then there's that whole thing where I'm like, Can I just give myself a break? Does it matter if I'm a specimen? It's all about how I think I need to be perceived. But to answer the thing about discipline: Discipline for me is about respect. It's not even about self-respect; it's about respect for life and all it offers. And not indulging. I have happily reconsidered my position on a bunch of things I didn't want on my "no" list despite all evidence that I couldn't handle them. At the end of

the day, anything I think I'm sacrificing I'm just giving up because it makes me feel better.

PLAYBOY: How close are you to a black belt?

DOWNEY: I will be testing for brown belt next. There was a time when I was focused on the gradings: The gradings were going too fast for me to prepare and give a good showing, or the gradings were going too slowly because I felt I should be at a higher sash level. When I stopped concerning myself with the color I was wearing around my waist and got down to addressing the same three or five mistakes I was continually making at every level, that's when I shot forward. If that's a metaphor for anything else, then great.

PLAYBOY: What part of this activity do you value most?

DOWNEY: The apprenticeship. I have an instructor. He is my teacher and will remain my teacher until one of us is no longer here. To me it's not devotion; it's a decision. And by the way, it ceases to be about the result, which is self-defense and formidability and people intuitively not getting in your

*Discipline for me is not
even about self-respect;
it's about respect for life.
Anything I'm sacrificing I'm
giving up because it makes
me feel better.*

space. To me, it is about being vigilant about the decision I made.

PLAYBOY: Your wife produces your movies and works alongside you as partner in your production company. What's the challenge of mixing business and marriage?

DOWNEY: It's reminding yourself and your partner, through experiences or quietude, that you genuinely prefer their company to their absence, and then having a healthy amount of intentional separation within your unity. The other thing—and studies have been done on this—you need a certain ratio of positives to every stressful incident with each other. For every pointless spat we have, we need to have five moments of genuine connection and appreciation. These statistics apply to us. The physics of being in proximity, being cell mates and lifers together, just comes down to continually respecting each other. Sometimes I don't want that and just want to be respected, to be heard. I don't want to be managed; I want her to follow my directives. And it's never gonna be that way—except when it is, and it's great when it is.

PLAYBOY: How often does that happen?

DOWNEY: It happened last night, for a second.

PLAYBOY: You mentioned you want to have kids. You have a son, Indio, who's now a teenager. Do you want a boy or a girl?

DOWNEY: I think we should probably try to have a girl because I don't want another male entity to have to compete; I don't want Indio to feel there's another boy in my life. But I don't know what we'd have to do. Do we have to put it in a spoon and hang upside-down? Of course that's wrong, and I think, Wait a minute, I don't get to make that decision. It's the stupidest conversation ever because it's like saying "Red or black?" You have a 50 percent chance of being right and a 50 percent chance of being wrong. I think we're going to have a girl.

PLAYBOY: How soon? That's within your control.

DOWNEY: I think I will be wrist-deep in doo-doo within 18 months. I'm calling it, right here.

PLAYBOY: What excites you about going through fatherhood again?

DOWNEY: Well, let me think. What is the upside? The upside is doing what you're supposed to do, what feels righteous. And that is another 18 years, legally, of thankless blood, sweat and tears.

PLAYBOY: One of your goals is directing. Is that something in your blood?

DOWNEY: I guess so. Dad's shadow is kind of still there. I'm sure that's part of some metamorphosis.

PLAYBOY: How much of a kick is your dad getting out of your success?

DOWNEY: It's all relative. I'd wanted to meet Paul Thomas Anderson for some time. Dad was coming out here, taking the train because he doesn't fly. I said, "What are you gonna do?" He goes, "Ah, I'm gonna go to a Dodgers game with PTA, and then we'll be...." I said, "What?" He said, "You guys should meet." [Laughs] So I got to go to dinner with those guys.

PLAYBOY: When do you think you'll direct?

DOWNEY: In three years.

PLAYBOY: Your career really took off with *Iron Man*, *Tropic Thunder* and *Sherlock Holmes*. Now you're starting another exhausting round of big projects.

DOWNEY: I'm doing *Sherlock 2* and then *Gravity* and then *The Avengers*. I promised myself I wouldn't do this again, but *Gravity* is a short schedule. And as Noël Coward said, work is more fun than fun.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that way?

DOWNEY: I feel what's fun about not working is reconnecting with who I really am. Or being up in Big Sur with the missus, renting some cheap bikes, taking a 17-mile drive and going to some New Age sandwich shop and getting watercolors and doing a couple of sketches. Left to my own devices, I'm happy to be in any of these modes.

PLAYBOY: Jamie Foxx told PLAYBOY that a key to Tom Cruise and Will Smith staying
(concluded on page 130)

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HOW THE OUTFIT KILLED JFK

BY HILLEL LEVIN

Having just retired from the FBI, Zack Shelton traveled in 2002 from his Texas home to reminisce with old Chicago comrades. They met over meals, at places that had once been their hangouts. Most of them were also retired, gray and beefy. They wore open-necked shirts and khakis or jeans. Back in their bureau days they had been a lean and edgy crew—dark suits and ties were standard attire. Together they had put the first cracks in the previously impervious shell of Chicago's Mafia, known as the Outfit.

Now Shelton was on a similarly quixotic task. He believed a small-time criminal locked up in an Illinois prison may have committed the greatest crime of their time. His name was James Files, and he had once been a driver for the Outfit's most feared hit man. Files told Shelton both he and the hit man were in Dallas when John F. Kennedy was assassinated. Files even claimed that he had fired the fatal shot from behind a fence on the infamous grassy knoll.

Shelton knew it sounded preposterous, but he had reason to take Files seriously. When he repeated the Files confession to his old buddies, Shelton was prepared to be laughed out of the restaurant. Instead, they all

Carlos Marcello (above) before the Senate Rackets Committee in 1959.



JFK PLOT

(1) One study of the grassy knoll. (2) The Warren Commission reenacted Lee Harvey Oswald's shooting. (3) Chicago hoodlum Charles Nicoletti was in Dallas the day JFK was killed. (4) The bullet path. (5) The motorcade. (6) Bullet found on stretcher. (7) Bullet fragment found in presidential limousine. (8) Chicago boss Tony Accardo in 1982. (9) Hit man Johnny Roselli was also in Dallas. (10) Photo of James Files supposedly taken by Oswald in a Dallas motel. (11) FBI agent Zack Shelton with President Bush. (12) Files's current mug shot.



listened intently. In fact, like Shelton, some of them also had their own revelations about the assassination or knew other agents who had. They regretted never having had a forum in which to air them.

"There's one thing about FBI agents," says Shelton. "They're damn good investigators. They don't operate on the basis of theories. They deal in facts, and the facts have never supported the Warren Commission's conclusion that Lee Harvey Oswald was the lone assassin."

The evidence, Shelton believes, shows that organized crime orchestrated Kennedy's murder. An increasing number of historians agree, but they still don't know who the shooter—or shooters—may have been. There is also virtually no understanding of the Outfit's role in the conspiracy.

If Special Agent Shelton learned any lesson during his eight years in Chicago, it was never to underestimate the Outfit or Tony Accardo, the man at its helm for five decades. Unlike the Mafia dons on the East Coast, Accardo had little interest in the public spotlight or absolute power. After he took control of the Outfit, in the mid-1940s, he built what is now acknowledged to be the biggest empire in the history of American organized crime, with rackets extending from Chicago to California.

Accardo was willing to divide the spoils by geography rather than by family. Inside Chicago that meant five groups, each with its own boss. Although most of these mob bosses were Italian, they were not necessarily related to those who worked for them. Their associates and underlings could be Greek, Jewish or German. Depending on where an illegal act took place, unaffiliated criminals—even weekend poker

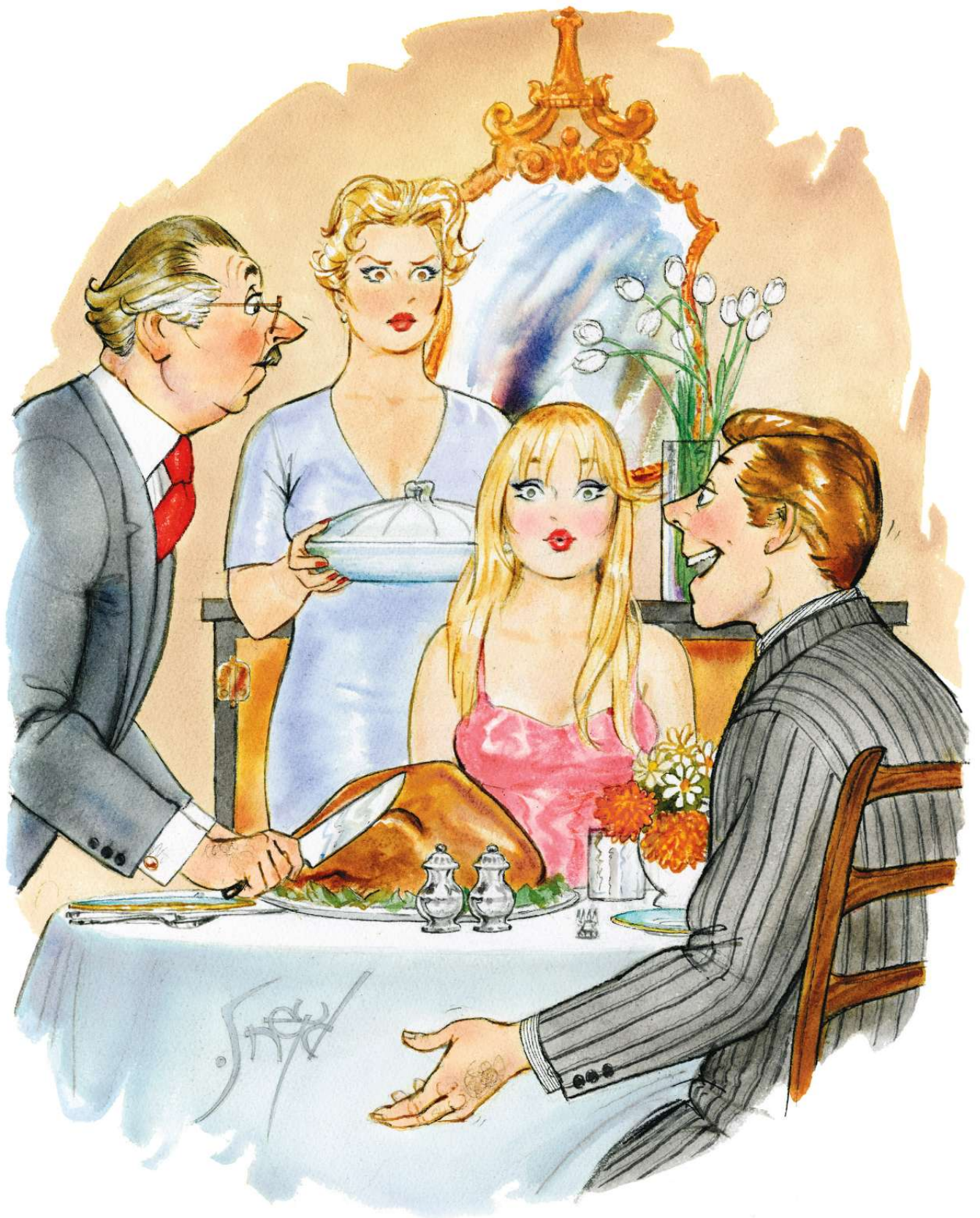
players—had to pay a street tax to the local Outfit boss. Failure to pay could result in a beating or death.

Shelton's fellow agent Jim Wagner transferred to Chicago from New York and immediately recognized how crime in Chicago was organized. "The Outfit had a superior business model because it used geography instead of family," he explains. "You didn't have the blood feuds like in New York, where different families fought over the same territory."

Nothing fueled the Outfit's expansion as much as its influence on unions—the International Brotherhood of Teamsters in particular. The union's pension fund, which was run out of Chicago, financed construction of the Outfit's first casinos on the Las Vegas Strip. As he did in his hometown, Accardo was willing to let other mobsters play—but on his terms.

A key component of the Outfit's success was its infiltration of the Democratic Party in Chicago's First Ward. Mob operatives influenced the election of judges, who then found reasons to throw out charges against the Outfit. The mob's political connections also helped it buy voting cards from residents of Chicago's public housing projects that it could then punch for its favored candidates. When a slender margin in Illinois ensured Kennedy's electoral victory over Richard Nixon in 1960, Shelton says, "the mob really did believe it gave Kennedy the election."

If that was true, the Kennedy administration showed little gratitude. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy made organized crime his signature issue, lighting a fire under J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI, which had previously gone easy on the Mafia. In the last year of the Eisenhower administration the Justice Department convicted only 35 low-level mobsters. By the end of 1963 RFK had pushed that number to 288, including high-ranking bosses. More alarming *(continued on page 121)*



"Oh yes, Mr. Green, I've been thankful for your daughter since our second date."



We present nine compelling reasons

DUTCH TREAT

to fall in love with the Netherlands

There is something inherently sensuous and sophisticated about Dutch women. Perhaps it's because so many of them come from ethnically diverse backgrounds, or maybe it's their wonderfully open attitude toward love, life and sex. Whatever the reason, as a result, the pages of *PLAYBOY* Netherlands are brimming with striking beauties, all of whom exude heaping amounts of confidence and sex appeal. We felt we would be remiss if we didn't share some of Holland's bounty, so we gathered a few enticing photos from the pictorials of nine recent Dutch Playmates. You may find yourself planning a trip to the Netherlands—don't say we didn't warn you.

LOES FIJLT

Two years ago Miss January 2010 told her friends she never wanted to be in *PLAYBOY*. Much to our delight, she had a change of heart. "Fortunately, I'm older and wiser now," she says with a laugh. "I decided I wanted to capture this for later because I know I won't always look this way." Here's to growing older and wiser.





AMANDA VAN DEN HURK

Despite terrible allergies, Miss May 2010 keeps a multitude of pets because she's so fond of animals. That's just one example of her headstrong nature. "I can be a real control freak, but I actually see it as a strength," she says.



“I CAN BE A REAL CONTROL FREAK,” SAYS AMANDA. WE LOVE A WOMAN WHO TAKES CHARGE.



HESTER WINKEL

Miss July 2010 (far left) is an adventurous spirit who believes in trying out new things, enjoys the occasional quickie and confesses that she once had sex in public. “The idea that you can be caught at any time—it’s good, it’s exciting.”

IRIS BAKKER

To prepare for her Playmate pictorial, shot on the beaches of Ibiza, Miss December 2009 (left) enlisted the help of her personal-trainer boyfriend. “He drew up a training schedule for me.” Clearly the man is good at his job.

VERA DIMOVA

At a diminutive five-foot-one, Miss February 2009 (below) has the distinction of being the shortest Dutch Playmate ever. Having endured remarks about her tiny stature her whole life, she has chosen to embrace it: “I’m proud of my height.”





MANDY ALEXANDER

Chinese-Dutch-Indonesian beauty Miss February 2010 (above) was once caught having sex with her boyfriend in his office. "I noticed that a few of his friends were at the door watching, but at that moment we didn't care. We just kept going."

IRENE HOEK

Miss March 2010 (below left) is one fearless woman. She's intimidated by the ocean but surfs regularly, and though she broke her leg snowboarding she still hits the slopes. "Fears are there to overcome," she says.

TANIMARA TETERISSA

Of English, French and Indonesian descent, the lovely Miss July 2009 (below) was a contestant on season two of *Holland's Next Top Model*. She says the show gave her motivation. "I was totally green and it pushed me in the right direction."





ESTHER VAN DER ZANDER

A feisty foodie who enjoys dancing on tables as much as dining at them, Miss September 2008 considers eating a fine meal to be akin to having an “erotic experience.” Fittingly, her first pictorial was photographed in a restaurant and involved fresh oysters, strawberries and champagne. Check, please.

We've built a
Minimum-Wage

Gridded Cage

by Adam Carolla

Being underpaid shouldn't be an invitation to be *an asshole*



★
e made a mistake in this country that will rank right up there with slavery and Japanese internment camps. We deputized a bunch of minimum wagers and placed them in every guard shack, behind every counter and at every gate and gave them carte blanche to fuck with us. We're essentially prisoners in a penitentiary that we paid for.

★
Let me give you two quick stories that would have never happened in this country 50 years ago. Last year I went to the X Games to watch a friend race in the rally competition. The race was gonna begin momentarily and I was running late. I was met in the parking lot by a guy who had my credentials, and we started jogging toward the entrance. When we got to the entrance there was an \$8-an-hour guy in a yellow windbreaker standing between a two-foot gap in the barriers. We showed him our credentials, and he said, "You can't get in this way." At first we were confused. These were all-access laminates. He said we had the

right laminates but that we had to enter at the end of the barriers on the other side of the parking lot. I looked to the right and saw that if we did that it would lead us right back to the same spot just on the other side of the two-foot barrier he was standing in front of. There were no metal detectors to pass through and no paperwork to sign. He simply wanted us to go 100 yards to the right and then back to end up in the same exact place we were already. Keep in mind all he needed to do was move a half step to the left and we could have passed straight into the venue. And there was no line, so we weren't cutting in front of anyone. He just wanted to watch us dance. There's no way our grandfathers would have put up with guys making 10 cents an hour fucking with them. They would have pulled a derringer from their boot and shot them in the face. And no court in the land would have convicted them.

★
The second incident happened over the holidays at Disneyland's California Adventure. My daughter and I had been waiting in line to ride some zip-line device with a tire on the end of it for about 20 minutes. My son had pushed out early on and now it was just the two of us. When it was



my daughter's turn, the diesel dyke in the khaki slacks and matching ranger hat said, "She has to be at least 42 inches tall to go on the ride."

Quick sidebar: That fucking arm that measures kids' height should be at the back of the goddamn line so you don't have to wait half an hour to find out you're not Splash Mountain material. You probably know where this one is heading.

So Rosie O'Donnell's husky doppelgänger says, "Step under Jiminy Cricket's arm." I know this is merely a formality since we just got off another ride and Natalia made the height requirement with plenty to spare. This time, however, the minimum wage, maximum bitch said she wasn't tall enough. I got down on one knee to get a better look, and I'm telling you a Pop-Tart dipped in Astroglide would not have made it between the top of my daughter's head and the bottom of Jiminy's arm. Her fucking hair was

thus enabled all the angry, frustrated douche bags whose names you never remember at the high school reunion to fuck with our pursuit of happiness.



When Jimmy Kimmel was doing *Win Ben Stein's Money* I would go by the lot to visit him, and it was always the same routine: He would leave my name at the guard shack at the entrance. The following is an exchange I've had 350 times with every guard on every lot in this town. "Hi, I'm here to see Jimmy Kimmel." "Who's he?" "He's on *Win Ben Stein's Money*." "What's your name?" "Adam Carolla." "Let me check the list.... You're not on the list." I don't know what the fantasy is at this point, that I'll just go up in a cloud of smoke or that I'll admit this was all part of some horribly conceived ruse and apologize. Or shall I just throw the car in reverse and drive back up the hill to my home?



touching the arm. I said, "She's tall enough." The diesel dyke just said, "Next." I said, "Wait a minute, we've been waiting all this time and you're just gonna kick us out?" She said, "She doesn't meet the height requirement." I said, "By three thirty-seconds of an inch. And if she knew how to stand up straight her scalp would be bleeding." It was at this point Ranger C-Word dug in. What the fuck has our society come to when people armed with only a windbreaker and a name tag can fuck so royally with the people who pay their salary? And what is that instinct to dig in over nothing? She's taking a moral stand against my daughter enjoying her afternoon?



Lawyers, unions and wrongful termination lawsuits have created our own little slice of Russia right here in the USA. We've made it almost impossible to fire people and have

But it seems to be the expectation. I tell him to check the list again. He then asks what my name is a second time. At a certain point, when he realizes I'm not going anywhere, he asks one more time, "Who are you here to see?" then picks up a phone and says, "Yeah, I have..." (points index finger at me). I shout my name for the third time. He repeats his facsimile of what I shouted at him into the phone and then begrudgingly opens the gate with a look that says "You may have won this round, Mr. Capolla, but don't worry, Alan, I'll be back."

Here's what I would like to scream at all the people who put themselves in the gatekeeper position. First, remove that plate of shit someone put under your nose and fucking act like you want to be there. Secondly, I'm not asking for entry into your 14-year-old's vagina; I'm trying to drive onto a motherfucking lot. Thirdly, it's not your goddamn lot. Your job is not to stop all people from (continued on page 119)



F. THORNE

“OMG! I M CMN RU?”

MANUFACTURER: MCDONNELL DOUGLAS
RANGE: 2,750 STATUTE MILES
INAUGURAL FLIGHT: FEBRUARY 17, 1970
CAPACITY: 38 PASSENGERS
WINGSPAN: 93.4 FEET



OVERALL LENGTH: 119.3 FEET
ENGINE THRUST: 14,500 POUNDS EACH
CREW: THREE, PLUS THREE JET BUNNIES
LEVEL FLIGHT SPEED: 565 MILES PER HOUR
CARGO HOLD: 561 CUBIC FEET



THE BIG BUNNY

FORTY YEARS AGO HUGH HEFNER CREATED THE *BIG BUNNY* AS A SHAPELY PLEASURE DOME. THE SKIES HAVE NEVER BEEN SO FRIENDLY



CAPTAIN'S PARADISE

The *Big Bunny* shuttled Hef between his manor in Chicago and his digs in L.A. before and after tapings of *Playboy After Dark*. It also allowed him to continue separate but equally intense relationships with two very special ladies—Karen Christy and Barbi Benton.



When the earth could no longer contain him, 43-year-old Hugh Marston Hefner took to the sky. This, of course, made no sense at first. Previously, he'd never left his Chicago manse—quite proudly, actually. But he needed to be in Hollywood to make television—*Playboy After Dark*, to be exact. And thus the *Big Bunny* was born, which he painted black, which made it the most talked about aircraft

in the world, which fit just about every other aspect of his existence. (He has a knack for starting such obsessions with his life.) He eschewed stewardesses for Jet Bunnies. They eschewed rabbit ears and tails for black boots and white aviator scarves and kept him fueled with Pepsi and fried chicken. Also aboard Hefner Air: his usual retinue of Mansion pals (e.g., LeRoy Neiman and Shel Silverstein).

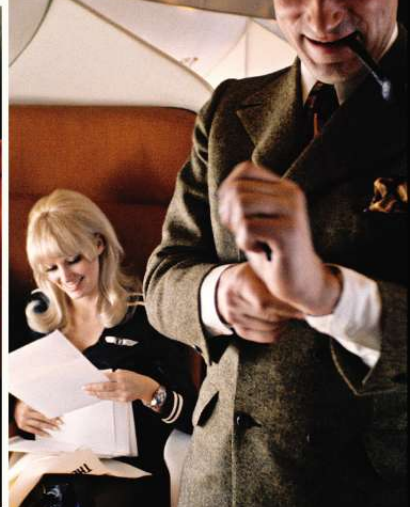
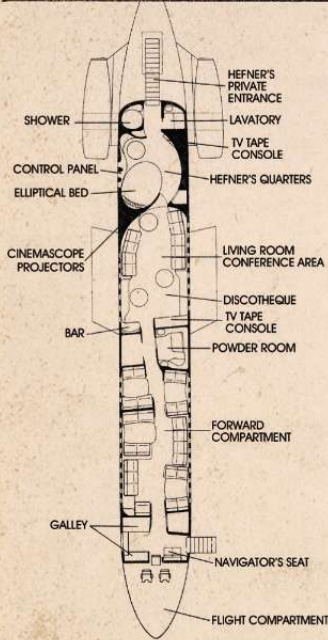
Wherever they went they were greeted by crowds of curious onlookers—the highest-ranking dignitary of the sexual revolution now in their midst. For instance: To show his appreciation when Hef landed in northern Africa, a Moroccan sultan feted the traveling party at a lavish carpeted beach party. It was truly a time like no other. Says Hef, “When anyone asks me if I ever miss the plane, I reply, ‘Only when I fly.’”



The Great Indoors could wait. After spending the 1960s Mansion-bound, busy making philosophy—and making all other living beings envious—Hef took to the sky for an epic world tour that lasted roughly six years and stopped in Greece, Tanzania and beyond.

PLAYBOY DC-9 FAN JET

SPECIAL PROCEDURES FOR EMERGENCIES



Because his home away from home always had to be sybaritic, Hefner had his private quarters on the *Big Bunny* outfitted with an elliptical bed that could be accessed through his own gangway. This version, however, required a seat belt—just for turbulence, of course.

Hef and a Jet Bunny en route from O'Hare Field to Hollywood-Burbank Airport. Below: The manual carried by all Jet Bunnies.

**boarding pass
the big bunny
the playboy dc-9**

Besides the bed, which came complete with silk and Tasmanian opossum-fur covers, how else did the *Big Bunny* compare with Mansion life? They were basically one and the same. "It has

everything," Hef explained at the time, "except a swimming pool and a bowling alley."

Setting the Bunny flight beacon (a.k.a. taillight) aglow: "75,000-candlepower lights are installed in the wingtips to illuminate the plane's Rabbit Head."



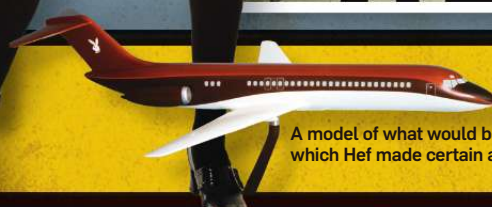
HAUTE COUTURE

Walter Holmes designed the Jet Bunny uniform—a wet-look dress and knee-high boots. Per Hef: "They looked as though they had just stepped out of a James Bond movie."

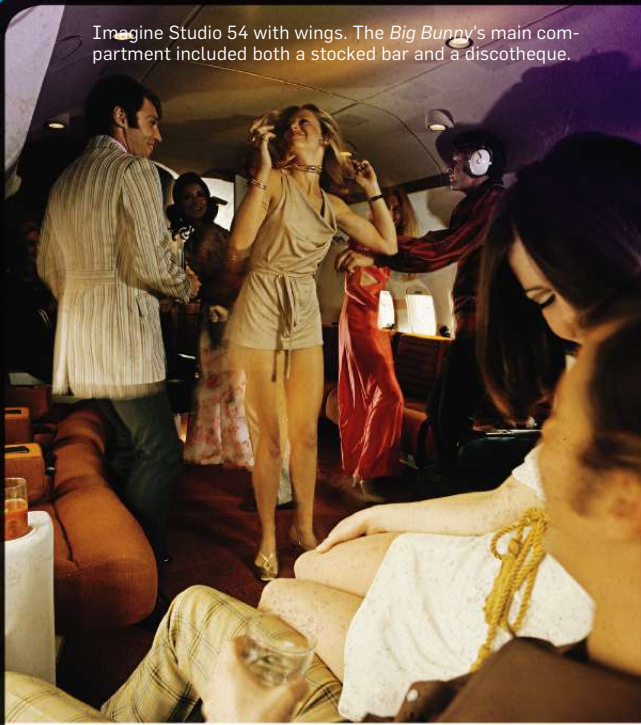


What of the mile high club, you ask—all those long-range flights? "The an inevitability, really, with reality is that having sex above the clouds is exactly the same as having sex anywhere else," Hef has offered. "It's just a memory. A fond memory, however."

A model of what would become the *Big Bunny*, which Hef made certain arrived in black.



Imagine Studio 54 with wings. The *Big Bunny*'s main compartment included both a stocked bar and a discotheque.

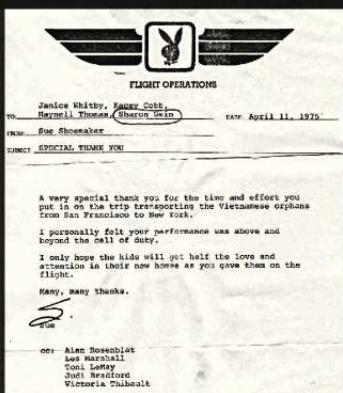


The in-flight meal—how does lobster and roast beef sound?



For in-flight entertainment, the plane was equipped with two film projectors, a videotape machine and frequent flier Gene Siskel.

The fully accredited Jet Bunnies trained at Continental Airlines' stewardess school in L.A., thus perfecting their airborne food service and safety procedures.



BUNNY AIRLIFT'

The *Big Bunny* fostered goodwill as well as good times. In 1975 it transported Vietnamese orphans from San Francisco to new homes in Denver and New York City.



FLYING ELVIS

Hef also assisted celebrities in need. Both Elvis and Sonny and Cher leased the *Big Bunny* for concert tours. Ditto for *Twilight Zone* creator Rod Serling, who filmed onboard the plane (below left). The jet even helped perpetuate the animal species, once ferrying a male gorilla to the Phoenix Zoo, where his appointed female companion awaited.



THE *BIG BUNNY* WAS GROUNDED IN JULY 1975 WHEN IT WAS SOLD TO VENEZUELA AIRLINES. IT LATER SERVED AS A COMMERCIAL AIRLINER FOR AEROMÉXICO. THE PLANE WAS RETIRED FROM SERVICE IN 2004.

AU REVOIR





POULTRY · VEAL
BEEF · PORK · GAME

THE PETTING ZOO

— Fiction by Jim Carroll —

**THE CULT AUTHOR MADE A CAREER OF
BEING A CATHOLIC JUNKIE POET. WHO
BETTER TO DESCRIBE A BOY'S RITE OF
PASSAGE GONE TRAGICALLY WRONG?
PLAYBOY SECURES THE LAST WORD OF ONE
OF AMERICA'S GREATEST SUBVERSIVES**

He could remember every detail of that day's color and texture. It was cool in late fall and the playground was filled with twisted, crunchy leaves, brown like grocery bags. He had a particularly vivid recollection of a truck delivering coal to his building as he came home that day. He had to duck under the metal chute from the truck as he entered the courtyard to the lobby doors. The chute was filled with quickly sliding layers of coal being transferred from the huge truck through a basement window into the bin room. The coal glittered in the chute, and as it landed in the basement, a black cloud of filth rose from the window and settled on young Billy, from hair to sneakers. As he opened the door of his apartment, he looked like some kid from a Kentucky coal town after bringing his dad a pail of lunch at the mine.

He thought of this day so often that the memory of it had taken on a ghostly presence. Now, once again, in the forced isolation of the psych ward it encroached itself upon him, kicking down the door to his mind with all its trivial fears. Lying there on the hospital bed, he began losing all sense of time and place. He felt smaller, and the ceiling seemed higher. The painting on the wall reminded him of those paint-by-number kits his mother worked on at night, watching detective shows on TV and smoking too much for her frail Irish lungs. She convinced herself it was all right because she had switched to a filtered menthol brand. He remembered her period of religious paintings

best: Christ standing in a fishing boat, calming the sea
(continued on page 106)



THE BIG HEAT



BY

KENT BLACK

IN HONOR
OF THIS MONTH'S
DAY OF THE
DAY DEAD,
WE OFFER A
TRIBUTE

TO THE
MYSTICAL
CHILL,
A FRUIT SO HOT
IT COULD
WAKE A FEW
SOULS

Imagine the hunter-gatherer in South America 8,000 years ago who had the cojones to be the first man to chomp into a chili pepper. As the capsaicinoids bound to the pain receptors in his mouth, he probably shouted, "Damn, that's hot!" Then when the endorphins kicked in he no doubt thought, *Mmm*, gonna have another! Before Columbus, chili peppers were unknown outside the New World, but it wasn't long before peripatetic European traders introduced them to the Philippines, Southeast Asia, China and India and made them integral to world cuisine.

Their aphrodisiac qualities are debatable; what's not is their sensuality. Like sex, it's all about the balance between pleasure and pain. Some cultures today regard the fruit of the genus *Capsicum* as mystical, something from the gods. Over the years my chili lust has taken me throughout Latin America, from Chihuahua, Mexico to Santiago, Chile, and I've taken every opportunity to sample chili-infused dishes—from Peruvian ceviche with Andean *aji* peppers to intense Brazilian *moqueca* (seafood stew) with habaneros and *malaguetas* to the seven moles of Oaxaca in Mexico. I once caused a plane

to be evacuated because I had brought a bag of freshly roasted chilies in my carry-on. The intense aroma got into the ventilation system. Airport security was not amused.

In 1996 I moved to New Mexico to live in permanent proximity to the chili fields. After all, this is the only state with an official question: Red or green? (Hint: If asked in a New Mexico restaurant and you can't decide, say "Christmas" and you'll get both.) I began a relentless quest for the best *carne adovada* (Horseman's Haven Cafe, tucked away next to a gas station on the south side of Santa Fe, does a great pork rib *adovada*). I experimented with chili varieties from all over the state. The best recipes turned out to be the most traditional. I got my green chili stew recipe from a gregarious grandmother I met in the checkout line at a Santa Fe supermarket.

It was on my first visit to Oaxaca during the Day of the Dead celebrations—which occur this month throughout Latin America—

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE BALANCE BETWEEN PLEASURE AND PAIN.

that I first tasted an authentic mole *negro*. I was hanging around Oaxaca city's central market, sampling liberally from the mescal dealers. Looking for something to soak up the agave juice, I found a stall with bins of chilies stacked to the ceiling. Gripped by chili mania, I had the clerk bag up handfuls of small, smoky chipotles, wrinkled *negros*, blackish-green anchos, fiery thin-skinned *rojas* and half a dozen others whose names didn't penetrate my mescal fog.

An old woman at one of the cooking stalls asked what I was planning to do with all the chilies. I shrugged: Cook 'em. She laughed, a drunk gringo always being a source of amusement. She had me sit at her counter while she dished up samples of moles. I recall a deep rich *coloradito* and an eye-watering *mancha manteles* (literally "tablecloth stainer"), but none matched the complexity of her mole *negro*. It had hints of nuts, North African spices, chocolate and several kinds of chilies.

"How many?" I asked.

"Six," she said and counted them on her fingers: *chihuacle negro*, *mulatto*, *pasilla*, ancho, *guajillo* and chipotle.

"Teach me to make mole *negro*," I begged.

She laughed harder than the first time. "It would take a lifetime."

"So?" I asked. "When do we start?"



Green Chili Stew

- 1½ lbs. pork butt, cut into 1-inch cubes
- 3 tbsp. vegetable oil
- 1 large yellow onion, diced
- 4–6 cloves garlic, minced
- 2 tbsp. dried oregano
- 1½ lbs. peeled Yukon Gold potatoes, cut into 1-inch cubes
- 6 cups chicken stock
- 3 cups chopped New Mexican green chilies, NuMex Big Jim or NuMex No. 6-4
- Salt to taste
- 1 bunch cilantro, coarsely chopped

Brown pork in the oil in a large stockpot. Remove meat, then sauté the onion, garlic and oregano until onion is translucent. Return meat along with potatoes and stock. Bring to a boil, then simmer 45 minutes or until potatoes are tender. Add the chilies and salt and cook for 15 to 20 minutes more. Ladle into bowls, sprinkle with cilantro and serve with warm flour tortillas.



Carne Adivada

- 2 dozen New Mexican dried red chili pods
- 6 cups beef stock
- 6 cloves garlic, minced
- ½ yellow onion, minced
- 2 tsp. ground cumin
- 4 tbsp. olive or vegetable oil
- 4 lbs. pork shoulder, cut into 2-inch pieces
- Salt to taste
- 4 oz. unsweetened chocolate (optional), grated

Remove stems, seeds and veins from chilies. Toast in pan over medium heat, but do not burn. In a pot, heat stock and add chilies. Simmer 20 minutes. Sauté garlic, onion and cumin in two tablespoons of oil and add to stock. Let cool. Brown meat in remaining oil. When stock is cool, blend a cup at a time until all is blended; work the sauce through a sieve or food mill. Combine all ingredients in a large Dutch oven. Add salt and chocolate if desired, and mix ingredients. Bake at 300 degrees for two hours or until pork easily shreds. Serve with warm flour tortillas.

Mole Negro

- 2 large beefsteak tomatoes
- ½ yellow onion, skin on
- 4 cloves garlic, skins on, crushed
- 4 cups chicken stock
- 1 cup mole *negro* paste

Traditional mole is made with six chili varieties and is ubiquitous at any Oaxacan fiesta, including the Day of the Dead. It's also overwhelmingly complicated if made from scratch. However, most Mexican markets sell a prepared paste (like peanut butter, it has a long shelf life), either in bulk or in jars.

In a large dry frying pan, sauté tomatoes, onion and garlic until the skins are slightly charred. Put into a blender with a cup of stock, and blend at high speed. Put through a food mill. Mix with rest of stock and heat in a two-quart pot. Add mole paste and heat until ingredients are blended. Add more paste or more stock to taste. It should have the consistency of a thick soup. Pour over poached chicken or pork and serve with rice.

THE IRRITANT BY ALKALOID KENT CONSIDER THIS THE HOTTEST MENU YOU'LL EVER GET YOUR HANDS ON

The Scoville Organoleptic Test measures spiciness by mixing a capsaicin extract from chili peppers with a sugar-and-water solution until the heat is no longer detectable by a panel of judges. The mildest peppers have to be diluted only a few hundred times (this number equating to their Scoville score), while a jalapeño's essence has to be diluted up to 8,000 times. To cut down on the heat of stronger peppers, remove the placenta, seeds and veins, where most of the capsaicin—and the heat—is located. Always wear surgical gloves and wash your hands thoroughly with soap and water after handling. Some of these babies will literally peel the paint off walls and the skin off your fingers.



Pepper: Anaheim
(New Mexican chili)
Native to: New Mexico and California

Used in: chiles rellenos
Scoville: 500-2,500

Anaheims have a mild, clean flavor and once roasted are great in omelets and *chilaquiles* in addition to chiles rellenos. They were named after the California town where a rancher started a pepper cannery years ago—now home of Disneyland, the Ducks and the Angels.



Pepper: serrano
Native to: Mexico

Used in: guacamole
Scoville: 8,000-22,000

They come in red or green and are not to be trifled with. Serranos don't have the fruitiness of jalapeños, but they have far more heat. Just one minced is all you need for each avocado in a guacamole. Rumor is, serranos are being bred with less heat for the North American market. The horror!



Pepper: NuMex Big Jim
Native to: New Mexico

Used in: green chili stew
Scoville: 500-2,500

One of the great things about New Mexico green chilies is their heat range—mild, medium and hot. They're employed liberally in New Mexico's famous green chili stew and posole. The hottest ones in a pure green sauce on top of huevos rancheros are an extraordinarily effective—though drastic—cure for a tequila hangover.



Pepper: prik kee noo
Native to: Southeast Asia

Used in: tom yum goong
Scoville: 100,000-225,000

Outside of Thailand this pepper, once considered the hottest in the world, isn't known by its literally translated name—*mouse turds*. *Tom yum goong* (hot and sour shrimp soup), found in most Thai restaurants, is a dish where the flavor of the chili comes through.



Pepper: pasilla
Native to: Mexico

Used in: salsa, mole
Scoville: 1,000-2,000

Pasillas are sometimes mistakenly called anchos. In fact, an ancho is a dried poblano just as a dried smoked *pasilla* is sometimes referred to as a *negro*. *Pasillas*, particularly *negros*, are prized in Mexican cooking for their smoky flavor and earthiness.



Pepper: habanero
Native to: Mexico

Used in: salsa
Scoville: 150,000-325,000

Named after Havana, Cuba, where it was often traded, this small orange pepper originated in the Yucatán peninsula and is central to its cuisine. The pepper's citrus flavor and intense floral notes make it a great accompaniment to traditional dishes such as *birria* (meat stew, usually with goat).



Pepper: paprika
Native to: Spain and Hungary

Used in: chorizo, chicken paprikash
Scoville: 0-8,000

Known as *pimentón* in Spain, paprika starts life as a Hungarian wax pepper before it is smoked and ground into a spice. It ranges from mild to smokin'. Most Hungarian paprikas available in the U.S. are mild and inferior in quality to hotter Spanish *pimentón*. Get the good stuff at tienda.com.



Pepper: Scotch bonnet
Native to: West Indies

Used in: jerk chicken
Scoville: 150,000-325,000

Very similar to the habanero in terms of heat, the Scotch bonnet (so named because the squashed pepper looks like a tam-o'-shanter) has a unique flavor that's not as citrusy as its cousin's. Key to Jamaican, Trinidadian and Guyanese cuisine, its best-known expression is in the marinade used to make jerk chicken.



Pepper: jalapeño
Native to: Mexico

Used in: poppers, tacos, gazpacho
Scoville: 2,500-8,000

The most versatile pepper in the world, the jalapeño's heat and concentrated flavor make it great in hundreds of recipes: tacos and burritos, salsas, cheese spreads, muffins, slow-cooked beef or pork, corn relish, gazpacho and, of course, the mighty popper. By the way, a smoked jalapeño is a chipotle.



Pepper: bhut jolokia
(ghost chili)
Native to: Bangladesh and India

Used in: chili oil, tear gas
Scoville: 1,000,000-plus

In India, the essence from the world's hottest chili pepper is sometimes smeared on fences to ward off wild elephants. The Indian military has weaponized it. "The chili grenade has been found fit for use after trials in Indian defense laboratories," said a spokesperson. Some people even eat these ghost chillies. Damn!



"I lost the most fantastic lover I ever had. I married him."



WHITE HOT

MISS NOVEMBER SETS HEARTS ABLAZE

I'm no cookie-cutter," declares Sheri Bechard. "If there's a bandwagon, I'm not on it." Indeed, it is impossible to categorize our Miss November, a French Canadian beauty who likes to chill in jeans and a tank top and go horseback riding in the countryside. "I'm a shy girl who hates pretension," she says. And though Sheri scored a best actress award last year at the Austin, Texas-based Fantastic Fest—the country's largest genre-film festival—for her avenging-angel turn in the grind-house thriller *Sweet Karma*, she actually abhors gory movies. Instead, she prefers the crooning of Roy Orbison and DVD binges of *Seinfeld*. She also finds bliss in the snowy quietude of her birthplace, Kapuskasing, a tiny slice of northern Ontario. "I adore the cold. As a kid I would build forts under six-foot-high snowbanks." At the age of 18



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Sheri packed her bags and hit the urban hustle of Toronto in pursuit of a modeling career. "It's strange that I wanted to become a model, because I'm such a private person," she confesses. "But I feel confident in front of the camera." A few years later she had a chance encounter with *PLAYBOY* cartoonist Doug Sneyd, which led to the pictorial currently before you. "Becoming a Playmate was a huge compliment, because the most beautiful women in the world appear in *PLAYBOY*." Don't presume, however, that our snow angel's good fortune will cause her humility to drift. "When people see me they think I'm going to be full of myself, but they quickly find out otherwise," she says. "I love proving them wrong. When people say I'm beautiful, I always say thank you! But I can promise you I'm not thinking, Yeah, I know. I will always be flattered."









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



MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Jana Bechard

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shera BechardBUST: 34D WAIST: 26 HIPS: 36HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 116BIRTH DATE: Sept. 14, 1983 BIRTHPLACE: Kapuskasing, OntarioAMBITIONS: To model, act, study perfumery and one day open my dream bed-and-breakfast in Costa Rica.TURN-ONS: Guys who make me laugh so hard I hyperventilate! I'm also partial to cowboys with a bit of facial hair.TURNOFFS: Men who aren't open to exploring their sexuality with me. But don't be too macho, boys—I can't stand overblown egos!MY CURRENT CRUSHES: Ziggy, Arthur and Rufus Doofus. Who are they? My dwarf rabbit and two scruffy cats.TELEVISION ADDICTIONS: Dexter, Desperate Housewives, Curb Your Enthusiasm and any BBC show about animals and the Earth.GET ME A PLANE TICKET TO: The south of France, Germany, Iceland or somewhere in Canada I haven't been, like Newfoundland. I adore experiencing different cultures. Bring it on!

Sweet 16.



Early modeling photo.



Grade 11 school picture.



Sera Becharal

MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

As a group of people boarded a packed hotel elevator, a man was pushed to the rear corner. Unable to reach the panel of buttons, he called out, "Ballroom, please."

"I'm sorry," the woman in front of him said. "I didn't realize I was crowding you."

Three men were sitting around discussing women, and one said to the others, "I enjoy looking at a woman's tits the most."

"Personally I'd rather look at a woman's ass," the second man replied. "How about you?" he asked, turning to the third man.

"Me?" the man said. "I prefer to see the top of a woman's head."



A surly man walked into a bar, ordered a beer, chugged it, gestured to the right side of the room and bellowed, "All you guys on this side of the bar are cocksuckers!"

The entire bar fell silent. After a moment the man said, "Anyone here got a problem with what I said?"

Everyone remained quiet, so the man ordered another beer, took a swig, gestured to his left and added, "And all you guys on this side of the bar are motherfuckers!"

Once again the bar fell silent. The man looked around and roared, "Anyone got a problem with that?"

A lone man got up from his stool unsteadily and started to walk toward the man.

The belligerent man looked him in the eye and said, "You got a problem, buddy?"

"Oh no," the man replied. "I'm just on the wrong side of the bar."

A huge man was getting married to a very petite woman, and at their wedding one of the man's friends asked him how the two managed to have sex, given the extreme difference in their sizes.

"Well," the large man replied, "I sit on a chair and she sits facing me on my lap, and then I just bob her up and down."

"You know, that doesn't sound too bad," the friend said.

"It's great," the man replied. "It's kind of like jerking off, only I have somebody to talk to."

The perfect husband is a man who regularly makes his wife's panties wet. He does the laundry every week.

Around dusk a patrolman started making his evening rounds and discovered two elderly ladies sitting in a vehicle in the lot of a used-car dealership. He stopped and asked what they were doing.

"You ladies aren't trying to steal this car, are you?" the officer asked.

"Heavens no," one of the women answered. "We bought it."

"Then why don't you drive it home?" the officer said.

"Neither one of us can drive," the other woman replied.

"Then why on earth did you buy a car?" the officer asked.

"Well," the first woman replied, "we were told we would get screwed if we bought a used car, so now we're just waiting."

Marriage is a three-ring circus: There is an engagement ring, a wedding ring and suffering.

Shelby Neiman

One morning a man opened his newspaper and was stunned to see his own death notice in the obituary column. Horrified, he immediately called his best friend.

"Have you seen today's paper?" he asked his friend. "It says I died!"

"Yes, I saw it," his friend replied. "So where are you calling from?"

A recent study of men's sleeping habits found that three percent of men wake up in the middle of the night to urinate, two percent get up to raid the fridge and 50 percent get up to go home.

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. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



“What’s a four-letter word for sexual intercourse...?”



SHOPPING FOR A

MAD

MAD

BY INGRID STEINER-GASHI AND
DARDAN GASHI



In a nation shrouded in mystery,

KIM JONG RYUL

was in control of North Korea's

BIGGEST SECRET:

the government purse for

WESTERN LUXURY GOODS.

an exclusive look at how a dictator

LIVED LARGE

while his people starved



Earlier this year a formerly dead man appeared at a press conference in Vienna: Kim Jong Ryul, a longtime North Korean agent who worked closely with the late Kim Il Sung and his son, the current dictator Kim Jong Il. As the Great Leader's man in East Germany and Austria for more than 20 years, Kim secured weapons, technology and luxury goods, and then paid bribes to smuggle the contraband across borders. Soon after Kim Il Sung died, in 1994, Kim faked his own death in Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia. He had seen firsthand the disparity between the lives of the Communist elites and the malnourished population and expected the rule of the son to last no more than five years. "I knew what I was doing," he told *Der Kurier*. "I was bargaining with death, because I knew too much."

Now 75, Kim resurfaced this year in Vienna to promote a memoir, *In the Service of the Dictator: The Life and Escape of a North Korean Agent*, written with two Austrian journalists, Ingrid Steiner-Gashi and Dardan Gashi. An excerpt from the book, published only in German, is translated here into English for the first time. Kim says he shared his story about the injustices suffered by the North Korean people because he wants to speak out before he dies. Now that he has revealed himself, he understands the end may come not from advancing age but at the hands of an assassin. "I am now a known traitor," he has said. "If they find me, they will kill me." The last person close to North Korea's ruling family

to write a memoir, a nephew of Kim Jong Il's longtime mistress, was shot dead in 1997 in Seoul by two gunmen outside a friend's apartment. And this past April South Korean police arrested two assassins sent to take out the highest-ranking North Korean defector, Hwang Jang Yop, a former secretary of the ruling Korean Workers' Party. Kim Jong Ryul has been granted asylum by his adopted home of Austria, where he has spent the past 10 years living in a basement room in a rural village. He kept to himself, avoided the police and let his neighbors assume he was Japanese. But he has been hiding long enough, he says. A man should not die underground.



Kim Jong Ryul (above) in March at a Vienna press conference announcing the publication of *In the Service of the Dictator*. He secured foreign

goods for Great Leader Kim Il Sung (above right, at a 1966 rally) and his son, Kim Jong Il (above left, in 2002), who succeeded him.



he North Korean Ilyushin-76 cargo plane had been standing at the airport in Bratislava for days, its fuel tanks and hold full. Destination: Pyongyang, the nation's capital. Kim Jong Ryul checked the manifest line by line. Once again he had managed to get everything the Communist Party leaders had

requested, including, in this 18-ton shipment, two fire trucks, hunting rifles, metal detectors, fingerprint readers from the U.S., gas masks, security systems and weapons.

Over the previous two decades Kim had gone on countless foreign shopping trips for the regime, searching for both the illegal (spying equipment) and the absurd (silk wallpaper)—and the illegal and absurd (gold-plated handguns). Not once had the colonel, who had been trained in mechanical engineering, lost so much as a screw during transport, despite sometimes having to send the cargo on a monthlong ride over the rails through the wilds of the Russian steppes with forged inventories and bundles of U.S. dollars to pay bribes. "A miracle" is how Kim now describes his track record.

On this day, October 18, 1994, the two North Koreans who had accompanied Kim on the trip, along with two Austrians and a Slovak businessman, decided to drive from the airport to the city center to kill time. Before they left, Kim asked a younger colleague, "Where did you put all your dollars?" The man pointed to a pouch hidden under his shirt. North Korean officials never came home without highly coveted foreign currency. It paid for a better life and ensured they would not starve. Kim opened his own jacket to display a small bag inside the pocket that contained \$20,000. His colleague was taken aback. "It's dangerous to carry around so much money without protection," he warned.

At the city center the men agreed to meet at the airport in two hours. By that time, however, Kim would be on a train to a suburb of Linz, Austria, where he had rented and stocked a 250-square-foot studio. He knew his colleagues would immediately be concerned when he didn't show up; a guy like Kim, a cool strategist who planned every step as if it were a mathematical exercise, was never late.

Anyone who flees the workers' paradise has to accept that his family will pay a dear price. From a grandfather down to a baby, a traitor's relatives are thrown into labor camps. Even if they live to be released they will be barred from education or job training and denied medical care and rations. Kim had seen this firsthand. His predecessor as leader of the Vienna shopping team, Hwang Do Hyong, was called back to Pyongyang after party officials became concerned about a series of indiscreet affairs and suspicious that he was laundering cash. Once home, Hwang and his extended family were given life sentences in a gulag. To protect his own family from recriminations, Kim went to great lengths to make his disappearance appear to be the result of a violent crime, his body never found.

When he failed to appear at the Bratislava airport, his North Korean compatriots weighed the possibility that he had fled. But as Kim had predicted, they found it impossible to believe. Weren't all his suitcases on the plane, along with a man-size crate filled with gifts for his family—polishing cloths for eyeglasses, teddy bears, baby food, crutches, cigarette lighters, ballpoint pens and medicine? One of the men remembered the \$20,000 Kim had been carrying, and the group split up to canvass the city's hospitals.

By the time they returned, the plane had been cleared to take off. Distraught, nervous, close to tears, the North Koreans climbed aboard. Despite Kim's reputation for loyalty, within 24 hours the regime ordered a team of agents from Warsaw to scour Vienna, the logical destination for a German-speaking defector. One of the two Austrians who had been with Kim recalls the agents who showed up at

his door as “courteous gentlemen in street clothing, the type you don’t want to mess around with.” The agents had him repeat several times his story of what had happened in Bratislava, but they found no clues, no sign of a crime or escape. During the investigation, the North Koreans parked their dark Mercedes sedan outside Bratislava police headquarters. They returned to find it had been stolen in broad daylight. Perhaps Kim had died in a brazen robbery.

But Kim was very much alive. After arriving in his cramped safe house near Linz following a nerve-racking journey, he flopped onto the bed with relief, then took a photo of himself with a self-timer. He listened to his heartbeat, amazingly calm, steady. Now what?



IF YOU SAW a convoy of black luxury sedans on North Korea’s sparkling, empty highways, it could only be the entourage of the president’s family. Farmers in the fields paused their work and saluted. Old women cleaning the streets with brooms called, “Long live our beloved leader!” If the convoy stopped and Kim Il Sung emerged, it amounted for bystanders to an almost religious experience. This was the man they worshipped from morning till night. They had learned his writings by heart and followed his orders without protest. And now the god had descended and stood in their midst. Propagandists recorded the scene for posterity. A statue of Kim Il Sung would be built on



A monument in Pyongyang celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Korean Workers’ Party (top); Great Leader Kim Il Sung circa 1950, soon after he took power (left); Dear Leader Kim Jong Il at the South Korean border (above) and in 2003 with a Chinese military delegation (below); Kim Jong Ryul in Austria (bottom left) during the first Christmas after he faked his death to defect.



the very spot he had stepped out of the car. The village itself would enjoy enormous prestige from the visit. The names of every individual present would be recorded in the party membership records.

From the most remote mountain village to the Pyongyang airport, Kim Il Sung and Kim Jong Il were and always are in sight. Idealized portraits of both men must hang in every room of every private dwelling. It is considered taboo to fold a newspaper in half if the image of either man is bent. In every public place stands a statue of the Great Leader or his protégé, in bronze, iron or marble, always brightly lit even if the rest of the country slips into total darkness at night because of energy shortages. Busts of Lenin or Marx are long gone. Father and son tolerate no competition.

Despite the nation’s isolation and near bankruptcy, the ruling family lives like royalty. At least 130 North Korean “shoppers” are thought to be currently operating from embassies around the globe, securing luxury goods and necessities. In 2005 police in Austria caught three North Koreans, dressed in suits and holding diplomatic passports, driving a Volkswagen van containing 19 million euros in bundled cash. The men admitted the money was earmarked for goods to be smuggled into North Korea.

The shoppers’ handlers at the infamous Office 39 could not have been happy when they learned that police had seized the cash. Office 39, located in a nondescript concrete building in Pyongyang and run by (continued on page 116)

The
HIGHLANDERS

Scotland's tweeds, wools and plaids—designed for warmth, built to last and made for all ages—are as fashionable as ever this season

Fashion by Jennifer Ryan Jones *Photography by* Nicco Massimo





ABOVE LEFT: Plaid wool stadium coat, \$898, and turtleneck sweater, \$198, by Tommy Hilfiger 25th Anniversary Collection. Corduroy jeans, \$215, by Paul Smith Jeans. Leather gloves, \$95, by HUGO. Distressed boots, \$450, by John Varvatos. **ABOVE RIGHT:** Striped flannel suit, \$2,900, by Adrian Jules Bespoke. Fair Isle sweater, \$295, by BOSS Black. Buffalo check shirt, \$204, by Oliver Spencer. Wool challis pocket square, \$42, by Mountain & Sackett. Rubber boots, \$33, from Rothco. **BELOW:** Quilted vest, \$400, by Paul Smith Jeans. Plaid sports jacket, \$595, by BOSS Black. Fishing-lure shirt, \$465, by Paul Smith. Velvet tuxedo trousers, \$380, by PS by Paul Smith. Hat, \$49, by Orvis.

OPPOSITE LEFT: Double-breasted tweed suit, \$2,995, by Isaia. Turtleneck sweater, \$745, by Ermenegildo Zegna. **OPPOSITE RIGHT:** Plaid sports jacket, \$2,495, cashmere V-neck sweater, \$795, and striped button-front shirt, \$395, by Isaia. Tweed trousers, \$241, by Oliver Spencer. Boots, \$33, from Rothco. Socks, \$10, by Wigwam.





FAR LEFT:

Herringbone cashmere sports jacket, \$1,695, heathered zip-front sweater, \$635, plaid trousers, \$425, and cashmere scarf, \$375, by Ermenegildo Zegna. Hat, \$49, by Orvis. **LEFT:** Herringbone anorak, \$3,450, and cashmere half-button sweater, \$895, by Ermenegildo Zegna. Tattersall wool shirt, \$225, by BræVal. Wool tweed trousers, \$375, by Isaia. Silk-wool tie, \$75, by Mountain & Sackett. **RIGHT:**

Three-piece Donegal tweed suit, \$2,300, limited-edition plaid machinist shirt, \$199, and indigo-dyed cotton pocket square, \$32, by Freemans Sporting Club.

BOTTOM

LEFT: Cardigan, \$345, by Oliver Spencer. Plaid wool vest, \$398, with matching trousers, \$345, and leather belt, \$195, by John Varvatos. Banded-collar shirt, \$215, by Paul Smith Jeans. Wool scarf, \$115, by J.M. Dickens of London.



OPPOSITE

PAGE: Plaid sports jacket, \$1,100, by Paul Smith. Turtle-neck cable sweater, \$245, by HUGO.



"Fools look to tomorrow. Wise men use tonight."

Scottish Proverb



AMERICANS ARE ANGRY ABOUT WALL STREET.
HERE'S ONE MAN'S PLAN TO TAKE CONTROL
OF AN INDUSTRY THAT IS OUT OF CONTROL

HOW TO DESTROY A BANK

BY TIM
SCHULTZ

On the night of March 10, 2010 an otherwise anonymous American financial writer working under the name of Eddie "Edmundo" Braverman sat at his computer and took a sip of rum. He was about to take the biggest risk of his life.

On his screen was an article he had written for WallStreetOasis.com, an investment-banking website. This article set forth a plan for how consumers could destroy one of America's four largest banks. Customers would deliver a series of escalating threats against Wells Fargo, Bank of America, JPMorgan Chase and Citibank, demanding policy changes. The threats would

culminate in a series of flash-mob bank runs that targeted one of the banks.

Eddie was hardly alone in believing today's finance industry rested on accounting fraud and government complacency. While perhaps naive in its assumptions and overreaching in its goals, Eddie's plan held promise: ordinary people taking control of an industry that was out of control. If Eddie's plan was followed and his identity revealed, he could be held legally accountable for unleashing the destructive power of the mob. He took another sip and reviewed his plan one more time.

Here's how Eddie would destroy your bank.



And how you can help him do it.

Step one: Give the plan a recognizable name. Like many ex-commodities brokers, Eddie appreciates action. A few months after he published his plan, he told me about it from the security of a Parisian café: “You could call it Tank-a-Bank or Flashrun or Bankbusters. Give it a name that tells people they’re signing up for direct action, with one bank chosen to fall if the public’s demands are not met.” Tank-a-Bank is the name he used in his plan.

Step two: Recruit. Gather online signatures, using three compelling demands. Eddie chose changes he believes in: lower banking fees, greater leniency in home foreclosures and the separation of investment banking and consumer banking.

Tank-a-Bank, as Eddie envisioned it, allows website visitors to take instant action. They pledge to take part in the run if their particular bank is chosen. They input a user name, location and estimated amount of withdrawal. This anonymous database protects consumer privacy while allowing the flash-mob organizers to manage the run.

Step three: Activate media. Using his database of Tank-a-Bank partisans, Eddie asks a small percentage of them to attend flash-mob protests outside banks in New York, California and Illinois. Local media coverage turns national, with the organizers on the squawk shows and radio call-ins repeating the name (*Tank-a-Bank!*) and disseminating their demands. Every new recruit strengthens Tank-a-Bank’s bargaining power, while every conversation about the health of the banks weakens the banks’ stability.

Step four: Physically deliver a list of demands to the four banks, and begin the countdown. This reminds the banks that though four are being pressured, only one will be chosen. The countdown ends with a monthlong window, the exact date and target remaining secret until the last possible moment. At each step the plan remains unpredictable. Institutions are thus forced to prepare for an event with no way of knowing when, where or how it will occur.

Step five: Now comes a broader form of pressure. One month before the flash-mob runs, protests, publicity stunts and e-mails warn regulators and members of Congress that they should not save the selected bank. The Federal Reserve responds aggressively, but financial markets likely remain in turmoil as long as there are doubts about the government’s response.

Step six: When the countdown ends, the date range for the run begins. Tank-a-Bank could strike any day, at any of the four banks. Countdown clocks in downtown Manhattan flash a line of red zeros, reminding everyone



FROM A BALCONY IN PARIS, “EDDIE BRAVERMAN” WORRIES ABOUT ANOTHER CRASH.

the hammer could fall at any time. The question is no longer if the run will happen but which bank it will happen to.

If you’re participating, you’ve already withdrawn enough cash to last until your next paycheck (or, more likely, transferred part of your checking account to a local bank). You watch news of falling share prices, the angry Federal Reserve, the depressed markets. Maybe some networks even demonize Tank-a-Bank. A few legislators may call you names—*socialist!*—or try to prosecute the organizers.

Step seven: The bank run is announced on a live webcast at 11:00 A.M. EST, mid-week. The chosen bank is declared, and participating “tankers” are sent to specific branches. People close their accounts in person, creating long lines. You arrive early at your bank and spend most of the morning either trying to get money out or waiting in line to do so. The twinge of guilt you feel as other customers join the mob to try to get their money out could foreshadow violent confrontations

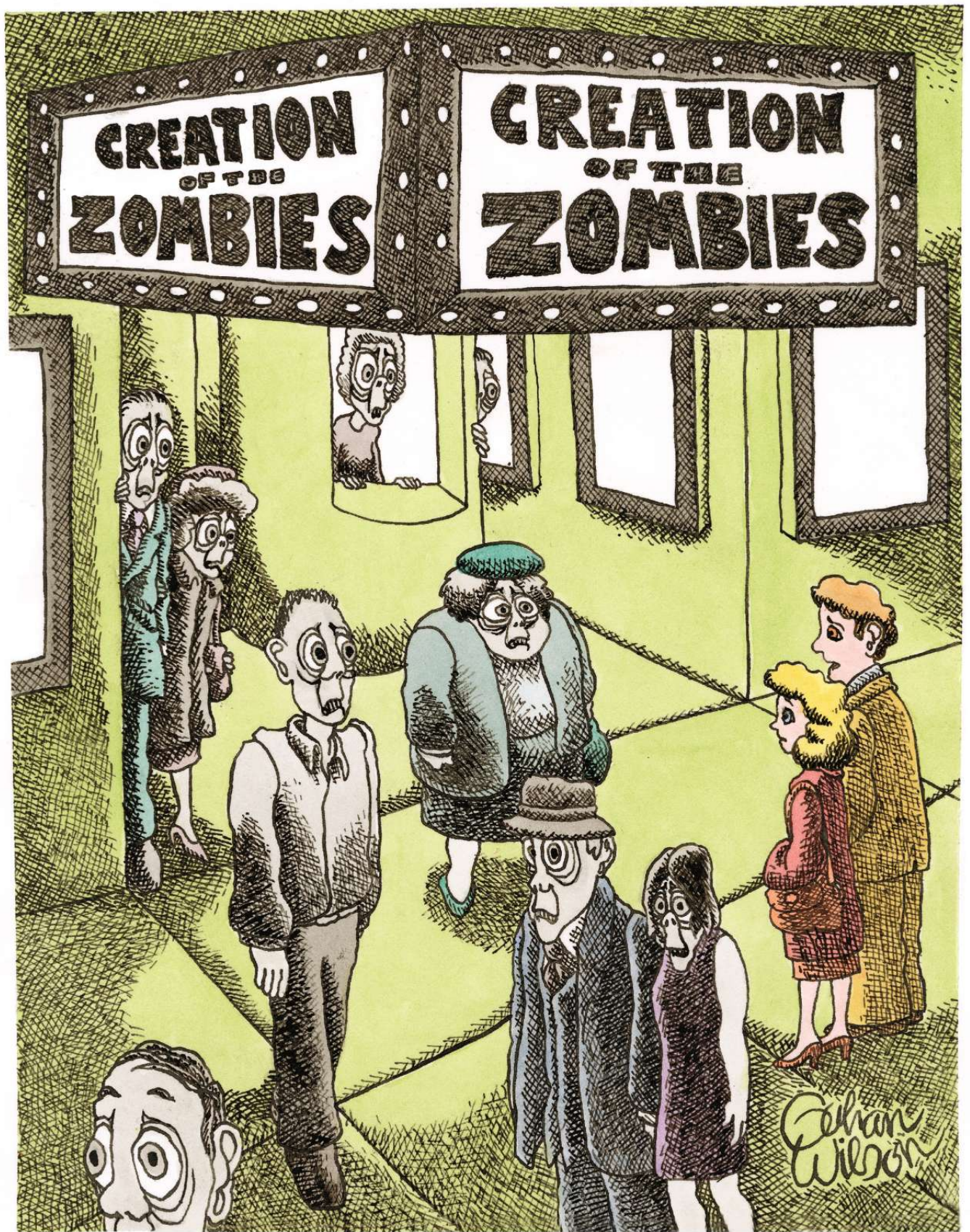
**“YOU WANT
THE BANKS’
ATTENTION?
PUT ONE
OF THEM IN
THE MORGUE.”**

between Tank-a-Bankers and those consumers locked out of their accounts. Fringe groups may smash windows at some banks, while other locations are locked down by police. This is where Eddie’s plan ends, with a glib comment: “Then pick the next one and start over.”

As he told me later, Eddie remembered the exact time he pressed SEND and shared his plan with his readers: 10:03 P.M. He knew the thousands of investment bankers who read his weekly articles would respond quickly—they always did. His articles were among the most popular on the site. Eddie had spent two years

building an audience. He was sure his plan would provoke discussion. What he didn’t count on was being labeled a terrorist.

Why would an independently wealthy former stockbroker writing for an investment-banking website create such a plan? When I asked Eddie, we were sitting in a café on the Rue de Rivoli, watching people enjoy their afternoon carafes of wine. Eddie sat with his back to the wall, a middle-aged guy with the hunched, broad-shouldered build that marks American men in Europe. He grinned at my question. “I learned a long time ago that bullies respond only to strength. You want the banks’ attention? Put one of them in the morgue. Anything else is a minor inconvenience to them.” But why would anyone want to destroy a bank in today’s fragile economy? At this question, Eddie’s smile faded. He had written the plan to save our economy. “It’s inevitable that another crash (continued on page 113)



"I think it might be a good idea to avoid this one!"



BY ERIC SPITZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK W. OCKENFELS 3

★ ★ ★ ZACH ★ ★ ★

GALIFIANAKIS

THE COMIC ACTOR HAS A FEW PET PEEVES: HIS FINGERS ARE TOO FAT TO TEXT, AUDIENCES CAN BE RUDE, COMPUTERS ANNOY HIM—AND DON'T GET HIM STARTED ON HIPSTERS AND THEIR TINY JEANS

Q1

PLAYBOY: Your new movie *Due Date* is about a pair of strangers on a road trip to Los Angeles. Did you have any real-life experiences to draw on?

GALIFIANAKIS: I've traveled back and forth from New York to California a few times. When I first moved out to California, I packed up a van with all three of my possessions—a globe, a mattress and a poster of Gorbachev—and then, along with my friends Lisa and Bobby, drove the 2,700-plus-mile trip through the land of plenty, heading toward the land of milk and honey. I also used to hitchhike in college with a sign that read I DON'T HAVE A GUN. People really seemed to like the sign, and I got picked up often.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Your character in *Due Date* is a deluded, self-involved would-be actor. Is that pretty much the truth about most actors?

GALIFIANAKIS: Not really. I mean, it's a business in which you

are the product, so self-involvement comes with the territory. There are so many deluded people in the acting world. It's like they're hoping a limo will pull up next to them at a corner, roll down its window and some silhouette of a voice will say, "Hop in, kid. You're *perfect*." That's the mentality of everybody, even all those piece-of-shit reality-show contestants.

Q3

PLAYBOY: You originally wanted to be an actor before deciding on a career in stand-up comedy instead. What changed your mind?

GALIFIANAKIS: I never found an acting class in New York City that satisfied me. I was always rolling my eyes in class because of the gravity of most of the students. I met a person in a bar who told me I should try stand-up. My first show was in the back of a hamburger joint. As soon as I stepped off the stage, I knew that would be my path. *(continued on page 111)*





The KNOCKOUT

With brains and beauty, the UFC's Arianny Celeste delivers the one-two punch

ARTICLE BY JASON HARPER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

Arianny Celeste is lounging in the back of a black Lincoln Town Car, insisting she's not a tough girl. Hard to believe, as those killer abs are a result of a kickboxing regimen and she's also the premier Octagon Girl (see right) in the Ultimate Fighting Championship.

"I could defend myself for sure, but I don't think I could beat anybody up in the Octagon," she says playfully, but then allows, "I am more confident in



my fighting skills now that I've seen so many fights."

Arianny is on her way back to her Los Angeles home after a stop at Playboy's photo studio, and she's upbeat. A Las Vegas native, the 24-year-old model and former UNLV student went to a casting call four years ago when she wasn't even sure what the UFC was. Talk about fate.

"I love the fights," she tells us, "though at first it was hard to watch. I still cringe when somebody does an arm bar and you





think the other guy's arm is going to pop out. At the same time I have my favorite fighters, so I am a little bit biased."

At first, Arianny says, she thought the gig would be a "good little paycheck," but she has since seen the job grow from simply holding up round cards for cheering fans to being the UFC's de facto spokesmodel. She's now hosting a web-based show of her own, *UFC Ultimate Insider*. "It's like *Access Hollywood* meets mixed martial arts," she explains. Her other love is music, and she has just recorded a pop single.

As for her duties in the ring: "Just don't trip over your feet, and try to look hot and graceful," she says. It may sound easy, but there's a reason she's gracing these pages. Arianny's success is the result of charisma, a go-getting attitude and some brains to match.

Her background is exotic, to say the least: Spanish, Italian and Filipino. Her mom added a *y* to *Arianna* so she would have an unusual name. "I have a very different and unique look, and I like that," she says.

"This was my first nude shoot," she says about her *PLAYBOY* spread, "and I was surprised at how confident I was. But I'm usually running around naked," she adds, "so it came naturally." As for her favorite body part (we are fond of them all): "I love my legs—they're super-strong and lean. I'm proud of these stems."

Even so, Arianny says most people peg her for the quiet type. "I'm more reserved than shy, but once I get to know somebody I'm off the wall," she says. "I say the most random things, like a guy would. Basically I'm a guy trapped in a girl's body. I have a dirty mind, and if I see a hot chick, I will definitely point her out."

So if Arianny Celeste saw Arianny Celeste walk by, would she check herself out or what?

"Well, I usually notice brunettes," she says, laughing. "So yes, I would!"











See more of Arianny at
playboy.com/celeste.

PETTING ZOO

(continued from page 67)

or...praying against a dim gray rock in the garden of Gethsemane.

On that afternoon more than 25 years ago, after washing the coal dust off his face and hands, Billy was lying on the couch in the living room of his mother's apartment, uneasily wishing he'd succeeded in stealing a porno magazine. His mother was out working at the church rectory up the street—shopping first, then cooking lunch for the priests. She'd be gone for the rest of the afternoon. He realized this was a providential opportunity to try following Marco's masturbation instructions again and achieve his mythic first climax, the virgin spurt.

Marco was a 16-year-old greaser who—to hear him tell it—had gotten more female ass than a toilet seat. He acted as self-appointed consultant regarding all matters sexual to his younger brother, Cosmo, and his schoolmates Denny and Billy. Marco was “on the dark side of beyond,” as he used to say. He did paintings on his fingernails of the nuns who taught and often punished him in Catholic school. Therefore, he believed he was desecrating these nuns' images every time he finger fucked one of his girls. Some of this seemed so blasphemous to Billy's adolescent sensitivity that he tried, unsuccessfully, to turn a deaf ear to it.

From a technical standpoint, however, he admired these miniature portraits. Marco possessed stunning abilities as a draftsman. He showed Billy the brush that he used on his debauched-digits series. It was the first time Billy had seen a real paintbrush. The tip was so thin, consisting of six strands of camel hair wound tightly together. Marco was proud of his tiny portraits. Above all, he was proud of the multitude of girls into whom he had inserted those bedecked fingers.

As Denny and Billy sat listening to Marco's sexual instruction and escapades, he made them feel that they were being initiated into

a cult of supreme righteousness, marching off to do battle in the Holy Land.

“The first thing you need is a porno rag to get your tiny imaginations going. Then, once it gets hard—and if it don't get hard within due time, there is nothing I can do for you; just wait a year or so and try again—you've got to start pulling. Now, listen good, because the biggest mistake that most of you tykes make is assuming that it only takes 10 tugs or so and you're ready to spurt. *That is bullshit.* Masturbation takes a lot of work, especially the first time. Depending on the hotness of your porno material, you may have to yank your little chubbies for as long as half an hour or more. If you're not up to the task, please leave now. I promise that no one here will think the less of you. It's hard work, and don't let anyone tell you different. The treasures to be found when you reach the end, however, are priceless. So, let me get into the exotic specifics. Who can tell me the best way to fake the feeling of a woman's vag while jerking off?” This was a snatch, so to speak, of a typical exegesis by Marco, delivered to a horny, attentive young audience. These secret seminars were usually held in the boiler room of the building where Marco's father was superintendent. The heat was unbearable in that basement. One was literally taught by fire.

Billy and Denny decided to raid the tobacco and newspaper store on Broadway to get some decent erotic material for the endeavor. The two thieves had a pathetically inept plan, however. Stuffing their baggy pants beyond capacity with serious skin magazines, Billy and Denny tried to use the rush-hour commuters, buying their *Times* and *Wall Street Journals*, as interference, blending in behind them and calmly sliding out the door. Unfortunately, they walked like pregnant teenage girls. And at the exit, the old Jew who owned the place was waiting to snag them, retrieving the bonanza of porno they'd overloaded down their pants.

The debacle was made even worse by the fact that Augie, the owner, with a half-finished cigar perpetually hanging from his mouth,

had known Billy and his mother since Billy was about four years old. Mrs. Wolfram, with her youngest child clutching her hand, would enter the shop each afternoon to buy her pack of Pall Malls, the evening paper and some licorice twisters for Billy and his brother, Brian. Surely, Billy thought, she would hear all about her son's pornographic pilfering.

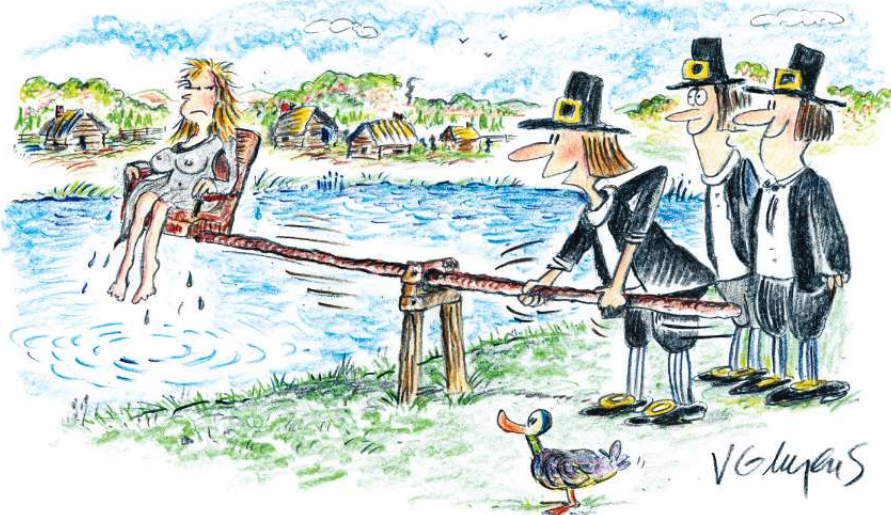
Embarrassed and without visual aid, Billy gave up on the idea of getting stirred up by pictures of naked women on glossy paper, but his determination had not completely waned. He hunted around his living room, figuring there must be something—perhaps an old Sears catalog with a section on the latest in bargain-priced underwear. That would do; they must have *something* in black. He reached over to the stack of magazines piled on the footstool and began flipping through issues. A recent one caught Billy's eye: the cover story about the new luminary of Broadway theater, Barbra Streisand. He had seen her picture before: the counterpoint of conventional beauty with her pouty large lips, which lay desirous beneath that prominent nose. Large noses turned Billy on. There was something comforting about them, as well as a sense of defiance. Also, large noses, for some perverse reason, which he could neither explain nor understand, connoted outright sluttiness to him. It was his first youthful fetish. He liked the idea of having a fetish; it seemed a very adult thing.

As he thumbed through the magazine, he was hit by the youthful equivalent of irony in the fact that the best jerk-off material he could find was in a national newsmagazine. He couldn't believe his fortune. Within the educative, glossy pages was a picture—a small insert, really—of Barbra in a terrifying bikini, her hair up in a regal bun, the eyes surrounded in black kohl, the mascara as thick as an Egyptian goddess's.

She was emerging from the water, perched on the shoulders of her husband, Elliott Gould, her thighs wrapped with dripping wet security around his neck. Her breasts, also covered by droplets, were just mind-numbingly vast in the sparse beaded top. And the expression on those large lips...she seemed to be speaking the exact words that Billy wanted to hear. Yes, she was talking on and on and Billy was just lying there listening, shifting the angle of the picture. As far as Billy was concerned, Elliott Gould had disappeared. In painterly terms, he'd been relegated to negative space. Barbra's legs could be wrapped around anyone's shoulders now.

“A good porno snap is like a battery,” Marco had told him. “It gets the thing started, then keeps it up and running.” With this in mind, Billy took the magazine and went into the bathroom. It would be at least another two hours before his mom was supposed to be home, but there was no sense in taking any chances. He wanted to feel totally safe from intrusion.

Then, in a flash, came the finishing touch. In another of the sex-ed lessons in his basement homeroom, Marco had theorized that the closest thing to the feeling of real pussy was a fillet of veal wrapped around the cock, preferably warmed, though room temperature was acceptable. Billy tossed the magazine on the tile floor and roamed into the kitchen. The perfect picture, the perfect time. As Billy opened the refrigerator, he could only hope that his luck would hold.



“Ooh...*she does look nice when soaking wet!*”



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It held, all right; he could barely believe his eyes. There in the meat bin was a pack of veal fillets from the A&P, tightly wrapped in white butcher paper and sealed with tape. It really wasn't as much of a coincidence as it might have seemed. Billy knew that veal parmigiana was one of his mother's favorite dishes to prepare, and it was usually on the menu about one night a week. There were four thin cutlets inside, and now the problem was removing one, performing the wraparound ceremony and leaving it in decent enough shape so it could be replaced without arousing suspicion to the casual glance. The key was unwrapping the package deftly, sans any detectable rips or creases. He peeled the tape slowly and with patience. The problem was his hands, which were shaking with the anticipation of the Streisand image. They were twitching without control, much like the wholesomely rigid organ in his pants, which had, for the first time, taken total command of his body. He took deep breaths to slow his nerves, hands and motor functions.

In time, the package was unwrapped, satisfactorily undamaged, and he slipped out one of the slimy raw cutlets. He threw it on a plate, letting it settle to room temperature (following Marco's advice to the letter, though heating it slightly in boiling water was simply out of the question). Less than a minute later, Billy decided the meat was as close to room temperature as his crotch was willing to wait. He picked up the plate and carried it into the bathroom with the care of a master chef personally delivering an elaborate entrée. He laid it on the floor of the bathtub and folded the magazine on the page with the bikini shot, his starter battery. God, the expression on her face: the plump lips, the please-give-me-all-of-it expression in the lash-laden eyes. Then there were those breasts, which he respected so fully that his inner voice could not debase them with cheap euphemisms like *titties* or *knockers*. What was the nature of his nose fetish? This was something Billy would have pondered if he were capable of it, but at the moment his brain was functioning only in conjunction with the dire dictates of his penis. He took a peek at it in his jockey shorts. It was an urgent shade of blue that he had never witnessed before. It gave him a bit of a fright. This fright and an innate pulse of necessity told him it was time to get down to business.

Billy eased off his underwear. It did seem as if his penis was truly battery-enriched. Unleashed from the harnessing effect of the jockey shorts, it began to twitch randomly. He wrapped the veal around it and, for a moment, slowly slid it up and down. It felt wet...lubricant wet, and inhuman. Billy couldn't imagine it possible, but the feel of the veal made his cock grow even longer. The head slid out of the meat wrap. The cutlet couldn't contain it (and there was enough veal there to feed two people...if one factored in the cheese and breading).

He looked at the picture of Barbra, the magazine leaning now, precariously, on the porcelain edge of the bathtub beside the toilet seat.

Just as his body's biological functions were reaching uncharted territory, Billy heard the front door locks turning. It was his mother, returning home hours earlier than she usually did. He could tell by the dragging of her heavy

footsteps across the carpet that she was loaded down with bags of groceries. The priests must have sent her out shopping for their food and allowed her to leave a couple of hours early. She always had the delivery boys drive the fathers' huge amount of food directly to the rectory and carried a couple of bags for Billy and herself while she was at it. He could hear oranges spilling out of their red net bag onto the kitchen floor and rolling across it. He knew the sound, oranges on linoleum.

"Billy dear, where are you? I got home early, dear. How are you?" his mother shouted barely loud enough to break his trancelike state, but he heard her and had to reply.

"I'm in the bathroom, Mother," he snapped back, almost too quickly, he realized the moment the words left his mouth. He purposely made his voice quiver weakly. "I'm feeling a little sick."

"Do you want some Pepto?" she asked.

"No, nothing. Really. I'll be great in a while. Give me some time is all," he continued. "Just relax and watch your shows. I'll be fine." All through the gibberish that he was spewing, his eyes remained locked on Barbra and his hand was sliding the veal. His mind was split in two directions. He was not going to be denied. He had crossed a line.

The feeling was so intense that he didn't know if it was something good or bad, if it was sexual or a prelude to death. A small beautiful snake wrapped tightly around his spine.

There was a tingling in his spine and a fluttering from inside his asshole—the anxiety of his prostate, an organ that Billy did not even know existed, but it felt like a moth with sticky wings. He had never reached this point before. Hearing the faint sounds of the TV swept away any fears that his mom would be pestering him with chitchat through the bathroom door. He knew she would be consumed by a soap opera or, more likely, a game show. She was much more partial to game shows than afternoon dramas, which she thought rather vulgar. She actually seemed to get a vicarious thrill for the winners on game shows. *The Price Is Right* was her favorite. She had even submitted an answer to a home-viewers contest.

She would be cheering on some housewife spinning a wheel for a new dishwasher, and meanwhile, he could concentrate on his task at hand, so to speak, without care. The sheer concentration was bringing on a more righteous sweat, and it was bearing fruit. He could feel the changes within him stirring from a previously untapped source. The knees in his brain were beginning to buckle, and there was a Frankenstein movie-like arc of blue electricity running from his crotch, up his spine and out the top of his head. The feeling was so intense that he didn't know if it was something

good or bad, if it was sexual or a prelude to death. It was a sensation that went beyond his brain and directly into his spine. This was it, he thought...this was what he felt: a snake, a small beautiful snake wrapped tightly around his spine and slowly ascending. He didn't care whether the snake was poisonous or not. He was beyond that, beyond the meaning. A transition was taking place within his body and his being. The pleasure of one stroke to the next now multiplied in implausible increments. He couldn't imagine that the actual climax could be better than this moment...wait...there's Barbra, Arabia painted around her eyes. "Ten measures of lust were given unto the world; one went to the other nations, and nine went to Arabia." Where had he read that? He didn't care. It was true. Arabia, land of lust, mystery, the three magi and heavy eye makeup.

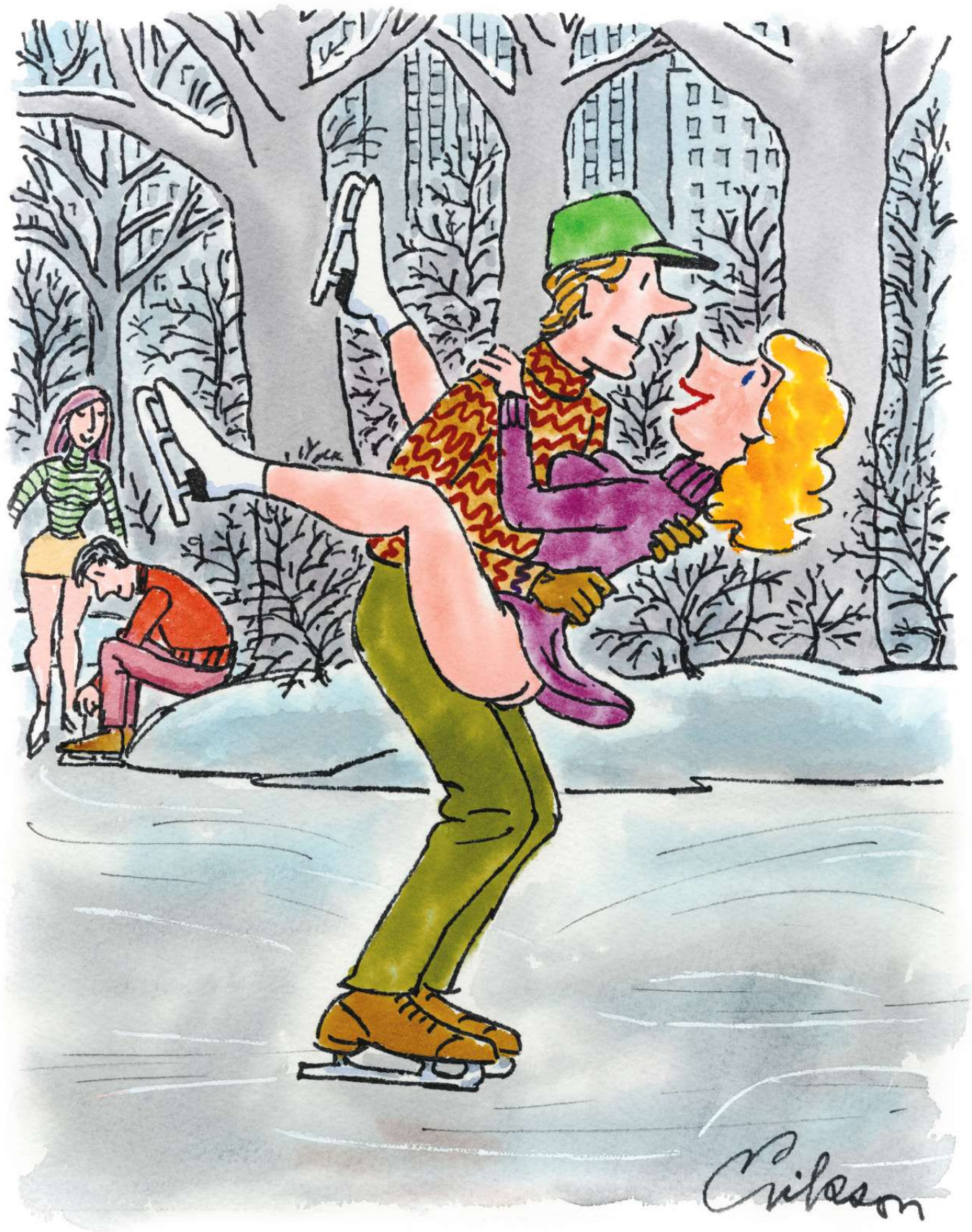
The veal-encased hard-on in his hand was taking on its own analogies. It was like a rigid cornered reptile, baring its teeth and ready to strike. Every peek down at the Barbra photo as his hand quickened its pace brought a bluer shade to the head, which was reaching proportions hitherto unknown. The blood-blue head was taking on a scary darker shade, like the fingers of a guy Billy once saw dead from a drug overdose. Oh, Barbra...oh, beautiful Barbra, drenched in tiny droplets...it was just a matter of time now. Just hold that pose. Please. Please. Please.

Billy's head filled with an intractable desire to ravage anything female. Dark and violent sexual fantasies cascaded from his brain throughout his entire body. Weird things that he had never read of or seen in the most outrageous porno he had gotten his hands on. He kept one hand beating in the established, steady rhythm to his cock, but with his free hand he pinched onto his tiny pink nipple and squeezed it to a point of phenomenal pain. Then, guided by nothing but an instinct that seemed part of the smell's intoxication, he wet his forefingers generously with his tongue and ran circles around it, now stiff, harsh red and almost unbearable with pleasure. His eyes returned to Barbra, and she was returning the stare with an effectively contrived aloofness.

Billy realized that Marco was right about one thing: The first time was harder work than he'd ever expected. The veal was becoming frayed from the punishment. He thought a moment about whether his mother would notice the difference when he stuck it back into the pack with the other fillets. At this point, however, Billy didn't care. Damn the veal. Let it be shredded for lust's sake! He could always blame the butcher at the A&P for pawning off shoddy meat.

Billy was in a zone with the nasty angels. It was just a matter of time until the sticky globs of lust spurted out. Then he heard a strange glottal sound from the living room, and the volume of the television suddenly shot up. Heavy footsteps and other unfathomable sounds. They appeared to be coming from his mother, but he'd never heard her produce anything close to these noises. They were like honking gasps. He wrote it off to some exciting game show and kept on sliding the veal. It was so close now. The snake he had felt before in his spine was now at his navel, nipping to get out.

He was too far along, too near the big first time to allow his mother's unexpected



Cribson

“What fun! I haven’t had skates on in years.”

presence to abort the mission. He could hear her footsteps retreat and the sound of the television return to normal, and that was a comfort. It meant she would be settling in and relaxing, watching the tube with her legs raised on the footstool, her support stockings pulled down to her ankles.

He had managed to split his consciousness: 10 percent on his mother's movements and the other 90 on the virgin breakthrough soon to come. A bead of sweat fell on the magazine, landing on Elliott Gould's swimsuit. He was so close. His wrist was cramping. He tried it with his other hand, but it was flailing, way off the beat. He had to switch back to his mojo hand.

He recalled Marco repeatedly advocating the importance of holding it in as long as possible before one let go. "The decisive squeeze," he called it. "Suppress it...you got to suppress it." No matter what the urges of the body dictated, the secret was to continue hanging on once that point of no return had passed. It was like holding back a tidal wave. Actually, holding it *in* was the better choice of prepositions.

There was a second snake now, curling into the lower back brain. He could feel the widened fangs release something forceful, milky and tingling. That's when he heard his mother's sudden loud gasp from the living room, followed by her shouting to an otherwise empty room, "My Lord in heaven...no...no!"

He knew something was wrong. He had never heard his mother speak with anywhere near that volume and urgency. His brain and instincts, however, were currently overwhelmed by an inexorable sensation and expectation. In short, his cock, straining farther and farther out of the wrapper, had taken charge. Nothing short of gunshots would snap him out of it. Nothing would unlock his gaze from Barbra, nothing would undermine the timing of his stroke. More milk from the snake's fangs blasting against his frontal lobe, and there was now a clear, sticky substance clinging to the opening of his cock. It was the precursor of the abundant load to follow. He had almost forgotten Marco mentioning it in his discourse. He had reached *pre-come*. The time was near.

He heard footsteps in the hallway, and they were heading toward him. The steps sounded very quick, like someone running. His mother never ran. Never had Billy seen his mother run. Still, he could tell it was her...not only by the simple fact that there was no one else in the apartment but by the clomping of her houseworn mukluks. In any other state of mind, Billy would have done something about his prescient feelings, but he just froze in place. A blue haze enveloped his mind, the violent, maroon shade of blue like the sky before a typhoon.

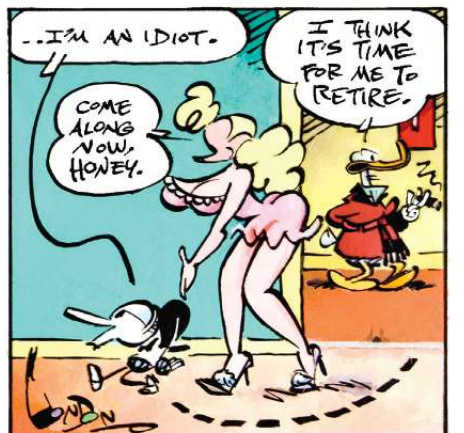
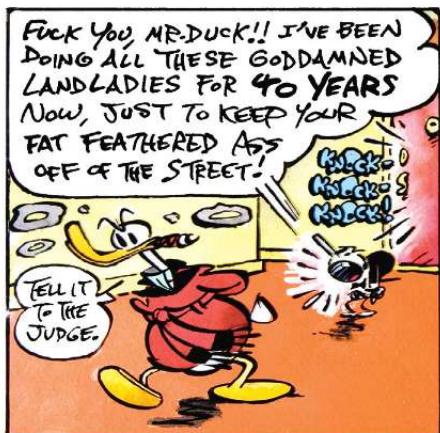
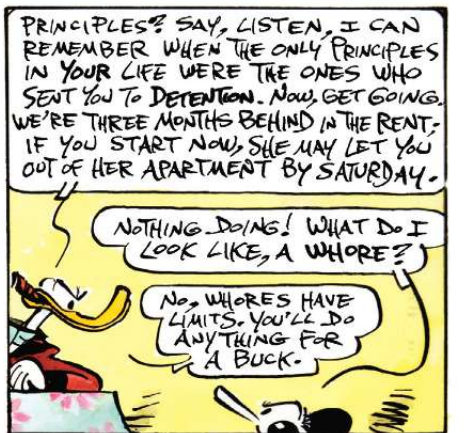
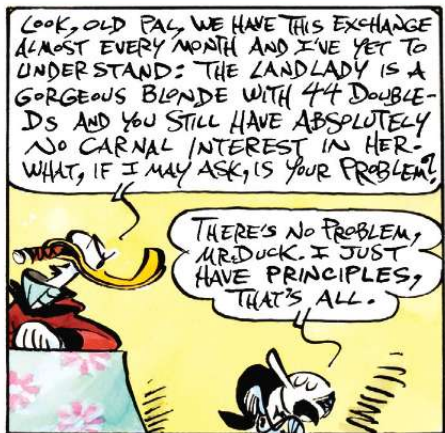
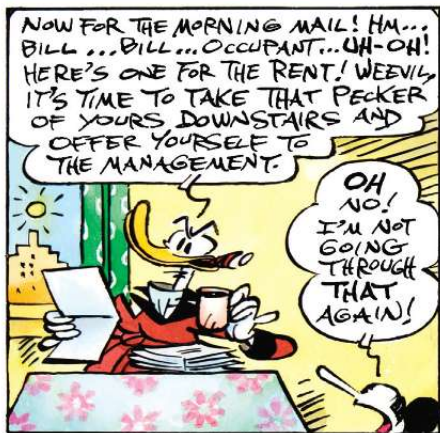
The bathroom door flew open. The frail hook-and-eye lock offered no resistance whatsoever against her mounting acceleration.

With wild eyes, Billy's mother proclaimed in a breathless rasping voice, "The president was shot. John Kennedy is dead. He was riding in a car in—" She broke off the bulletin there and finally focused on her son, sitting illicitly on the toilet. All Billy could think at that moment was why he didn't let the veal drop into the water below. Instead, the milk-fed meat remained where it was, as did everything else. Frozen, with parted lips, the veal around his tumescent adolescent cock, his hand still gripping both and the magazine opened to the bikini shot of the new darling of the Broadway stage.

His mother leaned all her weight on her right hand against the porcelain sink, breathing loudly and with difficulty. Billy had genuine fears that she was about to have a heart attack. Her mouth was still open from the last words reporting the president's death. "My God in heaven," she softly exclaimed, "what kind of sick...perversion...what are you doing? Lord, what is that there...right there in your hand, young man? Is that my veal for tomorrow night's parmigiana?" Billy momentarily broke loose from his altered state and let the cutlet drop into the toilet, followed by a quick flush.

He had to sit in humiliation until she concluded what she had to say. She signaled that she was finished by lowering her head. He just walked out past her in a trance into his room. He was sitting on the edge of his mattress,

Dirty Duck [®] by Bobby London



squeezing the pillow in his arms. He knew she'd be back to finish her diatribe. Waiting for her, he tried to come up with a reasonable explanation. He could always go with science...the biological imperatives of puberty and all that crap. He just wanted to get it over with.

She finally came in and gave Billy a longer look than he could ever remember coming from her.

"You know, son"—she spoke in a voice about three octaves higher than normal—"God, our father in heaven, looks down over everyone and protects us all. That is because He is omnipresent and omnipotent. Today, however, I cannot help but think that the Almighty was so utterly shocked by the outright perversion of your sin that His attention was momentarily halted. Thus, in the moment that the Lord should have been protecting our president from that insane hoodlum in Dallas, I believe He was so overwhelmed by your demon-induced act that, just for a moment, He took His all-encompassing eye off of that motorcade. Do you understand what I am telling you? I want you to contemplate that in your room tonight. You shall have no dinner, and I implore you to fortify yourself against any more sordid acts."

Billy sat on the bed perplexed. Of course he had dismissed—at least in his precocious, conscious mind—all of his mother's ranting about sin and the connection with the president's death. Still, he felt base...tainted. All the tingling sensations of sex were gone, and the only thing he felt down there, rubbing against his jockey shorts, was the pain of raw flesh from friction burn, like a skinned elbow after a fall. For Billy, the consequences of sex were assassinated heads of state, the loss of filial piety and a penis that felt as though it had been whacked for hours with one of those dimpled meat tenderizers. Sex was ruin; the locks that keep it safe are cheap and never hold.

He tried to reason that the circumstances had to be totally aberrant to anyone else's first onanistic undertaking, but that didn't bring any solace. What were the odds, he reasoned, that the president of the United States—a particularly beloved and charismatic president, at that—would be assassinated in the midst of his first full-on masturbatory experience? Not to mention the fact that his mother would return home hours earlier than expected and happen to catch it on the television set, causing her to actually run for the first time in Billy's memory, gathering enough force to break open the flimsy door lock. What were the odds?

So, in coffee shops and at cocktail parties, when people asked one another where they were the day that JFK was shot, Billy had always had to slink away and remember the fact that he was caught by his mother jerking off for the first time, with a piece of veal wrapped around his penis and staring at a picture of a bikini-clad Barbra Streisand. If it was the loss of innocence for America that day, then it was certainly a more personal, yet no less powerful, loss of innocence for Billy. He had never been able to perform a sexual act, either by himself or with another, since that deeply inscribed day.

From *The Petting Zoo* by Jim Carroll, available from Viking in November.



GALIFIANAKIS

(continued from page 96)

Q4

PLAYBOY: *Due Date* features a soon-to-be-infamous scene in which you and a pet dog named Sonny masturbate together. Does this count as your first official cinematic sex scene?

GALIFIANAKIS: I would think so. To be honest, I am too much of a snob to think I would like to see that in a movie. I dislike any sex scene in movies. But this is a first for me, so I'm eager to see how people react. Is it high cinema? No. Would Lassie have done it? No. But the director, Todd Phillips, likes to push the envelope.

Q5

PLAYBOY: What about the old acting rule that you should never work with kids or animals because they'll upstage you?

GALIFIANAKIS: I had many discussions with Sonny about this very subject. He's a French bulldog, so his English is not that great, but we managed to strike a balance about the tone we wanted to pull off together.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You once claimed that you've gotten more successful as you've gained weight.

Do you really think there's a connection? GALIFIANAKIS: No, I was just trying to be clever. I miss being lighter. I want to get back to that. I can hardly text because of my fat fingers.

Q7

PLAYBOY: How many pounds do you have to pack on before you win an Oscar? GALIFIANAKIS: Me personally? Two.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Your beard has become part of your comic persona. What inspired you to grow it in the first place?

GALIFIANAKIS: I have a birthmark in the shape of a question mark. No, I'm just not that much of a groomer. I bathe often, but as far as mirror time...I just don't like the mirror. I try to cut the old lady off about once a year. People make such a big deal about my beard, and I find it so odd.

Q9

PLAYBOY: Your stand-up persona has a very short temper. You've been known to berate your audience, attacking them for mild heckling or just not paying attention. Is that staged, or do you really have a short fuse?

GALIFIANAKIS: I have a healthy disdain for people who are rude. I was brought up with manners, and if you are not respectful to those



"He popped the question last night. Not that 'How about a blow job?' was the question I was waiting to hear."

around you, then you deserve to be embarrassed in front of a thousand onlookers. I don't have a short fuse, but I think it's funny to get upset quickly, and I have the freedom to do that at my shows. But it has to be organic.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Until recently, you made frequent jokes about how unrecognizable you are. Now with a few hits under your belt, do you enjoy being recognized?

GALIFIANAKIS: I don't like it at all. I'm not good with it. The other day I was at this fancy Indian restaurant in Manhattan, and these kids were secretly taking my photo with their camera phones. I flipped them off, and then they got really gun-shy and scared. I felt bad about that. I was just trying to be funny, but I ended up hurting their feelings. I went up to them and apologized.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Your last name is a mouthful. Growing up, did you have a mnemonic device to learn how to spell it?

GALIFIANAKIS: Yes. On *Sesame Street* there was a song called "Ladybugs' Picnic" where they counted to 12. My last name has 12 letters, so my mom substituted the numbers for letters. And that is how we learned as kids.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You grew up in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, which has a population

of just a few thousand. Was it like growing up in Mayberry?

GALIFIANAKIS: Well, the gentleman who whistled the theme to *The Andy Griffith Show* came to my grade school. He whistled for an hour. Just whistled away. He went to work with no tools, no briefcase, no uniform at all. He just needed his mouth. That's how he made a living, by whistling. I remember being in awe of him. He really did affect me.

Q13

PLAYBOY: You've had several unique and bizarre day jobs, from working as a busboy in a strip joint to being a nanny. If you ever retire from comedy, which of your former day jobs would you consider revisiting?

GALIFIANAKIS: I wasn't good at any of them. I despise strip clubs, and being a nanny is frustrating when the children can beat you up. I would like to be a train robber if this all goes away. Which it will.

Q14

PLAYBOY: You were also a waiter at a drag-queen restaurant. How do you look in a dress?

GALIFIANAKIS: I was the only guy not required to dress as a woman. The drag queens did not like me, though. I always thought the way they dressed was so hacky. I feel drag queens are often mocking women. I never thought I would say that last sentence in my life, but I finally did.



Q15

PLAYBOY: In comedy sketches, you sometimes play an acting teacher named Tairy Greene who gives surreal and useless advice to his students. What's your best and worst career advice for aspiring comics?

GALIFIANAKIS: I'm awful at giving advice. I just told someone the other day they should invest in the Von Dutch trucker-hat company. Having said that, my best advice is just to get on stage as much as possible. And my worst advice is that you should listen to me.

Q16

PLAYBOY: The jockstrap you wore during one of the opening scenes in *The Hangover* has become legendary. Any chance it'll end up on eBay someday?

GALIFIANAKIS: EBay? You mean the Smithsonian? You do not put works of historical magnitude such as that up for auction on eBay. No, I don't have the jockstrap anymore. I think I gave it to my great-aunt for Christmas.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You wore a Baby Björn for much of *The Hangover*, and ever since there's been a spike in sales for baby carriers. If you could inspire another cultural or consumer trend, what would it be?

GALIFIANAKIS: Ceiling fans for your car.

Q18

PLAYBOY: When you hosted *Saturday Night Live* you mentioned in the monologue how much you hate Brooklyn hipsters. But you're kind of known as a hipster comic. Are you filled with self-loathing?

GALIFIANAKIS: I'm not sure what a hipster is, but if I am one, then I know I don't like them. I always thought hipsters were the guys with tiny jeans, trust funds and thin bodies who make references to art galleries I've never heard of. I see them in my neighborhood and they are too cool. Try saying good morning to them. When someone says good morning to me on the street, I love it.

Q19

PLAYBOY: During your stand-up sets you sometimes accompany yourself on piano. Is that your security blanket?

GALIFIANAKIS: I think it became a security blanket for me, and then it became too limiting. I don't do it as much as I used to. I really don't know how to play the piano. I'm making it up as I go along.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You purportedly hate technology, especially phones, because you don't like being too easy to get in touch with. Are you trying to become the J.D. Salinger of comedy?

GALIFIANAKIS: I'm on the phone all the time, it seems. But in North Carolina, where I'm from, occasionally there's no cell coverage, and we don't have long distance at the house. It frees you. I will never have the courage to do it, but I really would like to get rid of my computer.



"Do you have any more models where the accelerator sticks?"

DESTROY A BANK

(continued from page 94)

is coming,” he said, “and soon. In the wake of the greatest theft in the history of mankind, there still hasn’t been a real change in how investment banks do business. The toxic assets are still there, only now they’re even worse. The next time it happens, it will be coupled with a sovereign-debt crisis because the rest of the world knows we can’t pay our bills.”

Eddie told me why he believed financial mass destruction was coming. As he talked, something happened to him that happened to almost every other person I interviewed for this article. It was as though he went into a trance, listing example after example of why finance was fundamentally unstable. For instance, he spent 20 minutes explaining how synthetic derivatives allowed banks to take out insurance on property or assets they had no vested interest in. The facts he listed were arcane but public knowledge, albeit to a public without the ability to digest such knowledge. It was dark before he finished. I got the sense the only reason he had stopped was the time; for Eddie, there are more reasons to be scared about what is happening in finance than there are minutes in the day.

•

It is, of course, possible that Eddie’s plan isn’t purely altruistic. Twenty years ago Eddie wasn’t allowed to become an investment banker. Sitting in the Marais district of Paris on a cool night, he explained why. After high school in San Diego, instead of going to the Ivy League, Eddie wore the ivy colors of the Marine Corps. “These days I might have become a quant, I guess, because I always had an ability with numbers,” he said. “Investment strategy and markets were the most interesting things to me as a kid. But on graduation day I couldn’t bear the thought of four more years of school. I just wanted to be a marine.” Eddie painted a picture of a young grunt who had shipped off to the first Gulf war already playing the markets, loading up on investments the war would affect. And it was in Saudi Arabia, in a U.S. Marine Tent City, that he found his first investment clients.

Weeks before the conflict started, Eddie held an investment seminar for other marines in his squadron. He charged \$50 a head for cot space he set up inside a tent, with oversize printouts taped to the canvas tent flaps showing wartime investment opportunities their squadron was helping create. “I was 21 years old,” he told me, “showing them charts about no-load mutual funds they should be getting into. I had the application forms ready, and they signed them. And they all made money on those buys, because I did too.”

When Eddie returned from his three-year tour, no investment bank or respectable broker-dealer would touch him. He was a high school graduate with the wrong background. So he entered finance at the only level that would have him: at the bucket shops, the kind of firms that cold-called retirees for penny stocks and ran late-night infomercials promoting commodity trading.

Eddie worked in windowless offices, competing with former used-car salesmen and

genius dropouts, hustling trades on the phone. He was trained using the so-called Eddie Braverman method, a three-step cold-calling technique named after an infamously amoral trader of the 1980s. The bucket shops were constantly under investigation for overcharging their unsophisticated customers. But among the hustlers and cold-callers, every bucket shop has a few stars, the brokers who make the returns bragged about in advertisements. Eddie was one of those brokers. He earned his bonuses not only for the fees his trades generated but for the returns they earned for his clients.

Eddie’s eyes lit up when he talked about his trading days. “Most guys just shoved whatever crap IPO or stock the analysts picked and made their money on the fees. Who cares what the clients make? They’ll just cold-call all day and get new clients. But if you tried to make your clients money, you could actually make more. A lot more.”

He told me a story about revenge. “I sent my résumé everywhere. I even knocked on a vice president’s door at a small branch office of [a major retail investment firm]. The guy looked at me like he smelled shit and told me I’d never work in finance. Then, at my first firm, I learned how you could Dumpster-dive the competition and find client names under trading receipts and account statements. So that’s what I did. I cold-called the names I found in that VP’s Dumpster constantly, like I was on a mission. I stole so many clients from his office that they fired him.” Eddie leaned forward, grinning, 20 years later. “They fired him because of me.”

In 1999 Eddie burned out. His biggest weekly bonus—\$40,000, in a month when he made \$80,000 total—was enough to put him over his “walk-away number,” the sum that buys independence from trading. Eddie spent the next 10 years turning that number into lasting wealth through further investing.

When he wasn’t minding his investments, Eddie wrote articles for magazines and websites. In 2008 he found a way to connect with a new generation of bankers by writing full-time for WallStreetOasis.com. To make sure readers wouldn’t question his credentials, he took his name from the master scoundrel of his cold-calling days. “I assumed everyone would just get it—that Eddie Braverman was an obvious fake name. He was a legend in the 1980s, the ultimate bullshit artist. But by the time I came back, nobody remembered Eddie anymore.”

•

WallStreetOasis is part financial journalism, part locker room. Populated by what seem to be younger investment bankers and their home-trading equivalents, the first page of the site is a collection of rumor, insight and scandal. Most posts aren’t about investing opportunities but about working: how to interview at a certain bank, what a mid-level analyst can expect from his freshman colleagues or which city is the best place to live in if you make more than \$200,000 a year. What it does not often feature is instructions on how to destroy a bank.

Eddie’s plan generated so many negative reactions that Eddie and his editor decided to pull it within hours of posting, removing

both article and comment thread. Eddie’s follow-up post explained why:

The response to the plan was immediate and visceral. The first comment asked if I was an economist for Al Qaeda. I started getting e-mails. I got the sense it might not have been the best idea to put such a comprehensive plan out there, so I pulled it down. Patrick [Patrick Curtis, the site’s founder] and I talked about it, and he compared it to publishing detailed plans for how to build a bomb and then telling people, “But you really shouldn’t build it.” Since then, however, the e-mails and messages haven’t stopped. Obviously, a few people read it and wondered where it went, and others who didn’t read it have been wondering when we were going to publish it. The answer is: We’re not.

After the plan was taken down, readers continued to discuss it. Someone calling himself physconomist demanded, “Name one good reason why any single person would engage in this behavior?” Banker88 asked Eddie, “What are you afraid of, Braverman? Post it front page!” I learned from Curtis, a recent Wharton graduate, that Eddie’s plan was one of the most controversial articles in WSO’s five-year history. “The site is a place where these guys who are stuck at their monitors 70 hours a week can log in, vent, read, listen and learn from other guys stuck at other monitors,” said Curtis. “Eddie is kind of a hero to many of the guys currently making their number—he’s someone who made his money and left the industry. The fact that he wrote this plan felt to some readers like a betrayal.”

•

“He published it in the wrong place,” said Yves Smith. “Or maybe the right one, really.” Smith is a former corporate finance staffer at Goldman Sachs and founder of the blog Naked Capitalism. When I spoke with her over the phone, Smith was in her Manhattan condo working on an exposé involving mortgage securitization. “The myopia on Wall Street is amazing,” she said. “Those guys had probably never heard of anything like it. Inside the banks and hedge funds there’s a small percentage of producers—the people actually moving money around. These guys are interested in any data, so some of them read us. But the vast majority of people in finance trust only mainstream media. The bloggers are not part of the status bubble. We don’t have an institutional reference. Yet because we’re not part of a mainstream name-brand firm, we can say things the people they see on Bloomberg can’t.”

I had called Smith to understand a strange contradiction. The same sense of despair and cynicism was shared by nearly everyone I had spoken to, from former regulators to current VPs of investment banks. Yet those currently working at banks would hesitate to condemn their institutions or agree that their institutions’ flaws could lead to another crash. The idea of shame seemed alien. Smith agreed. “Wall Street has become profoundly narcissistic,” she said. “Entitlement isn’t a strong enough word to capture the preening self-regard of the industry. Look at what they have accomplished: the greatest looting of the public purse in history, with no one held to account, no one in authority putting in place measures to prevent it from happening again.

The success of this heist, if anything, confirms Wall Street's exaggerated sense of self-worth. It was such a profitable exercise that the industry has every reason to repeat it."

I met with a high-level investment banker to talk about the current state of finance. Were the Citigroups and Goldman Sachs of the world already leading us to the next crash? His response was straightforward: "Anybody who tells me there were no consequences to the financial crisis, I want to chop them in the fucking neck like this," he said, making a quick motion with his hand. He was talking to me in a run-down bar in Tokyo because investment bankers generally don't like reporters. He was also a badass, and his chop was quite a chop. But he wasn't trying to make me feel scared, just silly. "Opinion? Whose opinion? Nobody I know reads those sites. They're famous? I've never heard of them. The people I work with read *reports*. The people I work with watch Bloomberg. Nobody's talking about this stuff you're talking about. Nobody's *blogging*." He motioned for another drink. "There's been plenty of consequence to the crisis. A lot of my savings were in stocks, just like a lot of people's. I took a hit." He was keen for me to understand what he was saying. "We all got wiped out, and we're still wiped out, so now we're taking less risk. But bankers don't complain. They work. They go and make it back. They don't fucking *blog* about it." If systemic risk isn't addressed in regulation, why wouldn't it keep increasing to the point where a government that backs the banks will also lose value when the next crash comes? Don't the bloggers have a point? I could sense his distaste for such scenarios. "It's investing, all right? It's chaos; it's pure competition. But some kind of end-of-the-world thing? Nobody has a plan. These people are good at figuring it out as they go along. They'll figure it out—they always do. So forget doomsday.

Doomsday is bullshit." He waved his hand and the subject was dismissed.

I asked other investment bankers in New York, London and Tokyo if they were discussing systemic risk. They weren't. Two years after the debt bubble burst, investment bankers seemed more concerned about which firm has the best parties or which trading team gets the best bonuses. Doomsday? What's that?

Eddie's Tank-a-Bank plan is a radical challenge to Wall Streeters' belief that they should keep their profits while their government absorbs their losses. But to be a true challenge, Eddie's plan would have to work. Could it actually damage or destroy the banks? The answer has less to do with banks and more to do with the government, particularly the Federal Reserve. Speaking with current Reserve staff and retired regulators, I learned that such a challenge would be aggressively met. Flash-mob bank runs would hurt the banks, but the Fed would likely be able to stop the runs from destroying the targeted institution. Even worse, the leaders of such a plan would probably be jailed by prosecutors and personally sued by the banks they targeted.

One expert on regulation who spoke with me on the record was William Black, associate professor of law and economics at the University of Missouri-Kansas City and former litigation director for the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. As he tells in his book, *The Best Way to Rob a Bank Is to Own One*, Black and a few others broke ranks with the passive regulatory establishment during the 1980s to battle fraud in the savings and loan industry. To put more than 1,000 senior S&L leaders and insiders in jail, their investigations produced referrals for federal prosecutors, outlining the laws broken and the witnesses to interview. But that was 20 years ago. Prosecutors now have to rely mostly on the banks

for detailed reports of fraud.

Black came to the phone early on a Florida morning, his voice becoming animated as we discussed Eddie's plan and the Federal Reserve's response. Black has 10 years of experience as a banking regulator and 15 years as an academic studying the Fed. "The Fed's mantra is independence from politics. Which is to say," he adds, "independence from democracy. Responding to the will of the people is their greatest fear. The Fed would never allow this plan to work, because it would mean the people were dictating which institution or leader was fit. If they want a bank closed, they close it. No one else." Would the plan's last-minute method of execution hinder their response? "Let me put it this way: They'd do anything to stop something like this from happening. They'd hang bags filled with millions of dollars from the teller windows. They'd surround banks with armored Brink's trucks. They'd maybe even use this run as a form of theater, to demonstrate their own strength. And the banks would probably try to use the run as a scapegoat for any future problems." He laughed again when I mentioned Tank-a-Bank's plan to pressure Congress. "You would maybe get fast-track legislation that would make this a felony to organize. There are already some state laws against spreading false rumors about banks. A bunch of state prosecutors would be responsive."

It was strange to hear such honest answers. But this is probably why Black was talking to me rather than regulating banks. President Obama's campaign team filmed a video at Black's house to remind people of Senator John McCain's role in the S&L crisis. But since the election, Black has been *persona non grata* with regulators.

I asked Black what Eddie's plan could accomplish if the Fed responded the way he was predicting. If enough people were to join Tank-a-Bank, the banks' businesses would be affected through stock fluctuation and short selling. Such uncertainty might trigger a run not only by individuals but by their uninsured commercial depositors too.

Black agreed, to a point. "To be a threat, it would have to trigger a run from commercial accounts, \$250,000 and above. Which it well could. The Fed would see that as the greatest threat imaginable. But it would simply flood the bank with endless, bottomless cash. The run could continue for weeks and they would just keep pouring money out the door. They'd do anything to make sure the bank stayed open."

The bank's business would be damaged, and the economy would be shocked. But if the bank stayed open, would that mean a flash-mob bank run was pointless? "No. It would be incredibly useful," said Black. "It would wake people up and force a confrontation with reality. You can't underestimate guerrilla theater like that. It would reveal the truth about how totally and utterly insane the current situation in finance is."

I expected another complaint to begin. But Black surprised me. He told me that flash-mob runs had already been carried out many times over the past 15 years and on a greater scale than Eddie had ever dreamed of. But it hadn't been individuals working together to withdraw their money



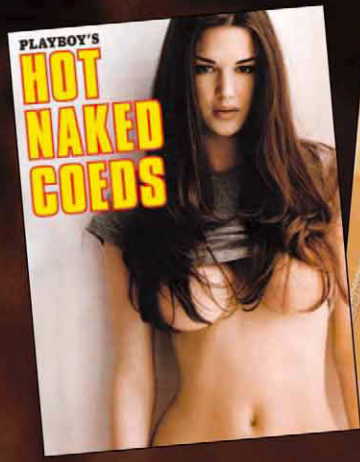
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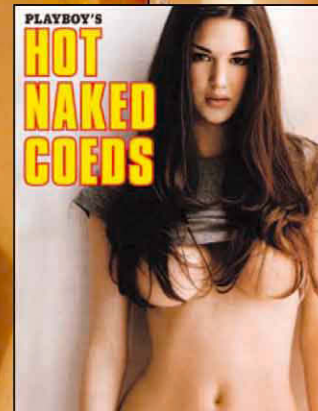
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from consumer banks. It had been investment banks, moving in sync to attack their own. "The current institutions—the banks and broker-dealers and hedge funds and shadow-banking people—already move as organized mobs to take billions of dollars out of institutions in minutes." Black was referring to the rapid trillion-dollar movements out of Long-Term Capital Management, Bear Stearns and Lehman Brothers, movements that occurred when it was rumored these institutions were unstable. "The banks will inevitably do it to each other again," said Black. "If this plan you're describing is disruptive, it's nothing compared with what the system is set up to do. During the next crash, they won't target just four institutions; they may bring down 20. They will blow up marketplaces and in turn require trillions of dollars in federal bailouts to save them. And we have rewarded them richly for doing so." Black objected to Eddie's plan—he made it clear he didn't think it was a good idea. But it wasn't because of moral objections. He was just afraid it wouldn't work or could give banks an excuse for more wrongdoing. "What you need is a failure, which would lead to an investigation. That would document and uncover wrongdoing and allow for criminal referral. Anything less than that would lead to the banks using this as cover, pretending to be victims. When Senator Charles Schumer made a public comment on the fact that IndyMac [a subprime specialist bank] was grossly insolvent, the bank collapsed and the regulators and bank officials publicly blamed Schumer."

I began to understand why Eddie Braverman had showed fear when I asked him to release his real name. "If this worked to any degree it would screw over a lot of wealthy and powerful people," said Eddie. "I don't fear the banks as much as I fear their lapdogs in the government. I've already had the IRS so far up my ass I could taste Brylcreem. I'm not interested in going through that again." When Eddie first told me this, it sounded paranoid. Now I wasn't so sure. "Back when I was working," Eddie said to me, "it was the individuals in the system, the traders, maybe their managers, who were bending the rules and doing the dirt. But now it's the leaders of the system who are dirty."

Apparently that applies not only to leaders of institutions but to regulators as well.

I've described the "complaint trances" of almost everyone I've spoken with in finance. Most of them were conversational mazes of historical context and technical detail. To understand why Eddie's plan could be necessary, I'll try to summarize what these people told me.

First, banks are too vulnerable to chain reactions. They are over-linked via counterparty exposures, which in finance-speak means they borrow from and lend to each other too much. This isn't always through loans but also through complicated securitization products (most subprime mortgages, for example, were securitized) and over-the-counter derivatives. This makes borrowing and lending harder to monitor. The Dodd-Frank Wall Street Reform and Consumer Protection Act, passed this past summer, attempts to address one form of linkage—credit default swaps—but only to make such transactions more transparent, not less widely used. If even a medium-size player is weakened by a bad decision, the linkage could cause the failures to spread, with the weakest ones also attacked en masse by institutional withdrawals.

Right now almost all large Western banks are weak. They lack real capital and also have a lot of hidden losses. This unsafe ratio of loss to capital is further complicated by lax accounting standards and byzantine exposures. The Dodd-Frank bill has declared that investment-banking standards must be set but only when international rules are agreed upon. Until then (if that ever happens), the weakness will continue.

Why would a bank's leaders be so determined to drive their institutions to the brink? Because they're compensated for doing so. Leaders and producers within investment banks are paid percentages of their bank's short-term gains, while their underlings—both shareholders and sovereign states—absorb any losses. An entire industry is driven toward disaster, with the economy along for the ride.

Of course, destroying a bank wouldn't directly fix any systemic or regulatory problems. In fact, consumers would be attacking the most responsible part of the bank—the consumer banking division—to punish the

risk-taking cowboys of the investment banks. A former senior bank officer was horrified by Eddie's plan. "The consumer bank divisions are the ones with the rules," he told me. "They're the ones that help the community. They're the real bankers. Why attack them?" But according to Eddie, the banks are "using their consumer banking customers like human shields." While the investment and commercial segments of a bank are separate, major losses from the investment side could still destabilize consumer accounts. That's a fundamental reason bailouts are needed if catastrophic losses occur. Eddie's plan allows those human shields to mutiny.

I asked Yves Smith why people would ever consider using Eddie's plan, human shields or not. "A lot of people are extremely angry," she said. "They cannot necessarily explain the mechanisms that produced the financial crisis, but they know they've been screwed. They know Wall Street got bailouts, yet no one has been held accountable. If you're not angry about what's going on, you're either not paying attention, deluded or you're part of the problem."

By sharing his plan with the world that night, Eddie defined himself as one of the angry ones. As someone whose life was shaped by stark competition, he believes true value is always eventually revealed. Eventually the underdogs in the Dumpsters get their revenge and those in the towers stop laughing.

Eddie's plan is a new form of extreme action. Its reliance on millions of participants means that only mass desperation could lead to its use. But a flash-mob bank run could come in many forms. If a Facebook group that called itself BofA Customers Totally Sick of Their Fees reached 2 million members, would we suddenly see cheaper checking accounts? How much anger would it take for people to join such plans or to attempt one as grand as Tank-a-Bank? Let us hope the many doomsday scenarios put forth today won't come true, because then we might find out. But if they do, Eddie Braverman's plan for flash-mob bank runs has created a new kind of risk for the banks to consider: the will of their customers. The only way to hedge it will be to listen.



MAD MAN

(continued from page 87)

the central committee of the Communist Party, was established in the 1970s by Kim Jong Il to acquire foreign currency. Today it has two functions. One group, comprising the Korea Daesong Bank, the Golden Star Bank in Vienna (until it was shut down in 2004) and other businesses, is involved in the sale of precious minerals, ginseng and king bolete mushrooms, most of which are picked by inmates in forced-labor camps. Much of its staff has been educated abroad on how to maximize profit. A second group focuses on the weapons trade, fake medicines, counterfeiting dollars, insurance fraud, cigarette smuggling and, more recently, selling technology and know-how to construct tunnels.

According to a 2007 report prepared for the U.S. Congress, Office 39 generates as much as \$1 billion from illicit deals annually—equal to the value of North Korea's legal exports. The drug trade is a primary source of revenue. North Korea is thought to be the world's third-largest opium producer, after Afghanistan and Myanmar, and Japanese authorities believe many of the narcotics on its streets originate in North Korea. At the same time drug profits are flowing to Kim Jong Il, he insists dealers and users be summarily executed so the nation remains drug free. A Russian diplomat who visited Pyongyang reports Kim told him, "If you happen to run across a Korean drug addict [in Russia], you have my permission to shoot him."

Before his escape, Kim Jong Ryul recalls, he took an order from a party official that included eyeglasses, cameras, 10 grams of gold fillings, a hearing aid and silk for the man's wife. Let him dictate as much as he wants, Kim thought to himself. Nothing will come of it. The colonel's two traveling companions had never been abroad before; Kim was to make sure they didn't fall victim to the dangers of capitalism. If one or both were not to return, Kim would surely receive a prison sentence. He could not guess what their fates would be when he did not return.

Because of Pyongyang's shortage of foreign currency, which was needed to make cash deposits, and the challenge of finding two fire engines, fulfilling the order took most of the summer. In June his companions returned to North Korea for three weeks to see their families. The colonel used the opportunity to rent the apartment near Linz and stock it with supplies. In the midst of this hectic planning came shocking news: The Great Leader had died of a sudden heart attack at the age of 82. He had ruled for 46 years. When Kim's two colleagues returned, they told of a nation in shock and mourning. In the people's eyes Kim Il Sung had saved the nation from imperialism. A North Korean who did not weep in the face of this overwhelming loss could only be a traitor, so Kim brought himself to tears.

Kim knew any slipup could doom him.

He had heard the story of Koh Young Hwan, a diplomat stationed at the embassy in Zaire who had made an offhand comment about the 1989 execution of Nicolae Ceaușescu, the Romanian dictator. "I hope nothing similar happens in our country," he said. Within days security officials, apprised of this challenge to the omnipotence of the Great Leader, arrived from Pyongyang to escort Koh home; the diplomat barely escaped. Kim had not breathed a word of his plans to anyone, not even his wife of 30 years or his two children. The night before his departure he lay awake. How long would he be gone? Would he ever see his wife, his children and his grandson again? Would they miss him? He felt a deep sadness rising. He thought of himself as a hard man but now regretted spending so much time away from his family. The next morning they rode with him to the airport, where his son gave him a lingering hug. Did they sense something?

Twenty years earlier, when Kim Jong Ryul arrived for his first assignment in Vienna, he carried a black Samsonite stuffed with \$400,000 provided by the ministry of finance. He passed through customs with a flash of his diplomatic passport and a nod. He would have taken more cash, but officials couldn't fit any more bundles of hundred-dollar bills into the suitcase. The North Koreans preferred to conduct business in Austria because it remained neutral during the Cold War, and its borders were far less regulated than those of East Germany and the other Communist states of Eastern Europe. Kim remembers feeling confused during his first days in capitalist Vienna. Despite what he had been told, the city shone with splendid buildings. No beggars were in the streets, and restaurants provided friendly service and a wide variety of cuisines.

The North Koreans operated through a front called the Korea General Machinery Trading Company. The shoppers could not order goods directly from manufacturers because of trade restrictions imposed after the Korean War, so they used middlemen. One of them was a Romanian who had set up a shell company to conceal the crimes of that country's intelligence service. He once filled Kim's order for a Cessna. More typically the shoppers worked with trading companies that had just one or two employees. Because the North Koreans paid up to 30 percent over market prices, no one asked questions about where the goods were headed. Only rarely was a request so outrageous or risky that it was refused, such as when the order came from Pyongyang to purchase propulsion packs that would allow men to jump over walls. Weapons often had to be first smuggled into Austria from Switzerland or Czechoslovakia so they could be smuggled out to Pyongyang. Kim eventually connected with a number of "import-export" firms that not only found the goods but repackaged them, created fake manifests and bribed customs officials. Items that weren't too bulky were stored and repackaged in the basement of the embassy. Once all the items in an order

had been located, Kim would fly home to retrieve the necessary cash.

Eventually the wish list from Pyongyang included Geiger counters and seismographs. Ever resourceful, Kim created a business card that read KIM JONG RYUL, PH.D., CENTRAL INSTITUTE FOR GEOPHYSICS AND SEISMIC RESEARCH and made appointments with research institutes in German college towns. If anyone became curious, he brought up the 1976 earthquake in Tangshan, China that killed 650,000 people and spooked North Korea's leaders. Kim also purchased less-suspicious products—he estimates 80 percent of the goods he sent back were luxury-decor items for the homes of Kim Il Sung, his son and party officials—crystal chandeliers, carpets, tile, lighting, sinks, exquisite furniture. Kim often dealt with Kim Il Sung's architect; budgets were not discussed. Apart from the walls and roofs, every item in the family's luxury villas (some built underground) were stamped MADE IN AUSTRIA, right down to the pipes that carried filtered water to each faucet.

Besides enjoying fresh water in a city where the drinking supply had a yellowish tint, Kim Il Sung and his family ate much imported food. The Great Leader's cravings once led him to send a delegation of cooks to Austria, with Kim Jong Ryul serving as translator, to visit the nation's best culinary schools. Their assignment: Learn everything!

In the summer of 1975 Kim led a team of four mechanics to a Mercedes-Benz plant near Stuttgart so that in one month they could learn how to repair the Great Leader's prized fleet of 10 sedans. (Daimler-Benz AG says it has no record of this visit, though the hotel where the men stayed did document the presence of five Koreans.) Kim says that without the oversight of party watchdogs, the men had a great time shopping and eating. The manager of the hotel forbade them to cook in their rooms, but the seemingly famished visitors bought hot plates. While they had plenty of cash, the foreign currency would be more valuable in North Korea than in Germany, so they purchased only small items as souvenirs—pens, lighters, flashlights, goggles.

Kim was under great strain. He could not lose any of the mechanics to defection, and he also had to make sure they returned home with the ability to repair a Mercedes. The Great Leader envisioned a joint venture with Daimler-Benz so his vehicles could be serviced in Pyongyang, but he feared being too dependent on capitalists. Like his father, Kim Jong Il also had a strong affection for goods created in the imperialist West—including yachts, medical devices to monitor his well-being and Belgian candies—and often asked the colonel, "When will you return to Germany?" before offering the advice, "Be alert! They're all devils." Also like his father, Kim Jong Il craved rich foods and developed a generous belly—a sign of wealth and power in a malnourished nation. Party leaders responded to the food shortages by reassuring the populace,

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“Two meals a day is enough.”

On a winter day in 1980 Kim Jong Ryul was ordered to appear before the son in his office at the center of Pyongyang. He took three long escalators down before arriving in a bunker 650 feet below the building. From here an underground tunnel ran 12 miles to the edge of the city—an escape route in the event of attack. The future Dear Leader had called Kim to tell him to locate and purchase seven electric cars (the tunnel had no ventilation for gas or diesel exhaust). He also described an ambitious plan to solve the problem of keeping his father’s fleet of Mercedes in pristine condition: They would build their own. The country’s best engineers, Kim Jong Ryul included, would be assigned to the task. The colonel had doubts from the beginning, but several originals were disassembled to the screws and each part duplicated. Press machines were brought from abroad, and technicians drew, planned and constructed around the clock. By the early 1990s a North Korean version of the

Mercedes-Benz 200 was presented to cheering crowds, though the cars were junk and the mechanics understood them no better than they would have a lunar probe.

Are there moments of happiness for Kim Jong Ryul, who is now so many years removed from his homeland? Yes, when he enters his pantry, which is temperature-controlled with a cooler of the former engineer’s own design. The narrow shelves are lined with goods that the elite in Pyongyang can only dream about: wine, pickles, raisins, canned tuna, crackers, lemons. This is Kim’s altar. Here he says a prayer of thanks because he will never go hungry. He selects an apple and thinks, I can have a piece of fruit every day. The ministers in Pyongyang cannot say that. Then he grows angry. “What sort of fucking system is that, where a refugee eats better than a party leader?”



MARTY MURPHY

“I am not crazy! I tell you something just bit me on the ass!”

ADVISOR

(continued from page 34)

To discourage critters and insects, leave not a crumb and cover vents with mesh screens.

The Advisor needs a geography lesson. In the September issue, while discussing waterfalls under which to have sex, you describe South Island as being “off the coast of New Zealand.” In fact, South Island is New Zealand’s largest landmass and is often called the mainland, so it’s hard for it to be off the coast of itself.—M.L., Denver, Colorado

We apologize to our Kiwi readers and hope no one got lost. We made a similar error in geography during our discussion in August of glow-in-the-dark ejaculate. Although the testicles contribute about five percent of the average ejaculation, nearly all semen is produced in the seminal vesicles and prostate gland.

You told a reader in September to wear a bow tie to a wedding only if he’s known for wearing bow ties. If that was the case, you wrote, he should make it black lest he “draw attention away from the newlyweds.” However, a black bow tie doesn’t look right with anything but a tux, dinner jacket, mess dress or perhaps a plum-velvet smoking jacket. Unless the invitation specifies formalwear, the reader should wear a bow tie that complements his suit and shirt, the bride and groom be damned.—J.L., Edmonton, Alberta

We admit our answer was in knots, though we’re not sure “Screw them” is a proper attitude to take to a wedding. The cautionary tone arose from a fear that a bow-tied guest who’s not in a tux will make the mistake of standing out.

My friend read online about a cleanse that requires you to stop eating for 10 days. Is that healthy? What cleanse do you recommend?—A.A., Cedar Falls, Iowa

A bubble bath with a blonde. The notion that flushing your intestines eliminates toxins or improves health is hokum that was first disproved nearly 100 years ago. Last year, for the *International Journal of Clinical Practice*, a physician evaluated the claims of six firms offering “colonic irrigations” to treat various ailments and was unable to find any studies that substantiated them.

I have always given my husband enthusiastic blow jobs, but the skin around my mouth is wrinkling. Does giving head cause this?—K.F., Stayton, Oregon

Blow jobs do not cause wrinkles. However, they do remove the wrinkles from a soft penis.

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.



Carolla

(continued from page 60)

getting onto the lot, it's to prevent certain people from getting onto the lot. Points four through 27: Drop your motherfucking attitude. Just because you control a white piece of one-by-six from a telephone booth doesn't make you General Fucking MacArthur.

This country is being overrun by these assholes and no one wants to say anything because they're getting minimum wage to park our BMWs. I'll tell you the same thing I tell my embarrassed wife: When I dig into these ass wipes with their GEDs dipped in attitude I'm doing them a goddamn favor. Somebody needs to settle their shitty hash because they're not going anywhere with the attitude they currently possess. Obviously it has not served them well. Here's some advice for you people—shake yourself like an Etch A Sketch and start over. You've already spent your 30s in a terrarium, holding a clipboard with a pencil tied to it and sucking up carbon monoxide. Would you like to be buried in it?

Here's another parking-lot-related anecdote. I was going to an event at the Palace theater in Hollywood. As I was pulling into the lot adjacent to the theater the guy with the flag yelled, "Twenty dollars." Not "How are you? That will be \$20." Just "Twenty dollars." I said, "I'm sitting on my wallet, let me park in the spot that's 10 feet ahead of me. I'll get out of the car and give you the \$20." He said, "You give me the \$20 now." Keep in mind I was wearing a suit and sitting on the tail of the jacket, and at the time I was driving a 350Z, which means my ass was lower than my feet. I said to the guy one more time, "Just let me park the car and I'll give you the 20 when I climb out." What did he think my plan was? To jump out of the car, laugh like Ray Liotta and yell, "Sucker! I'm running to Mexico. Good luck selling that \$35,000 car?" He said, "No. I need the 20 now." And I said, "Screw it. I'm going across the street." I threw the car into reverse to pull out and park at the competitor's lot. So he said, "Fine, park the car, then give me the 20." And then I did what I'm asking all of you to do and what makes me a hero. I said, "Fuck you," and I pulled out and totaled a van filled with retarded kids. No, I just went across the street and parked. I never thought I'd be cast in the role of Asshole Robin Hood. I always assumed I'd be trying to stick it to the Man. But as it turns out the problem is not so much with the Man but with the men he's giving \$8 an hour to.

The minimum wagers who were put on this planet to ruin your short stay on the same planet come in many different shapes and sizes. Usually they have a penis and a huge gut that hangs over the top of their penis to protect it from the rain. But once in a rare while they come in the form of a young petite female, and this next story is just such a case.

I had a hankering for Middle Eastern food, so I headed for the city of Van Nuys to a restaurant I frequent called Zankou Chicken. Middle Eastern food sounds horrible on paper and looks horrible on a paper plate but tastes delicious. And once you've decided you're in the mood for it, Italian, Chinese or burgers just won't do. So I sped toward Van Nuys with visions of shawarma dancing in my

head, jumped out of my car, ran into Zankou and proceeded to order what I always get, the 50/50 shawarma plate—half chicken, half beef. For those of you who've never heard of shawarma let me (a) explain to you what it is and (b) thank you for being heroes in the fight against terrorism. Shawarma is slices of beef or chicken piled high on a vertical spit that rotates in front of a red-hot three-sided space heater. An electric knife is used to carve off morsels that usually end up in the provided pita and eventually in your belly. In the case of Zankou its shawarma station had the two spits side by side just inches apart. It's important to note that the price for the shawarma plate, be it chicken or beef, was the same—\$7.99. And with that in mind I happily ordered my 50/50 shawarma plate.

The 17-year-old Armenian she-dwarf who weighed all of 98 pounds, and if you subtracted the eyeliner would have come in well into the low 70s, said, "We don't do half and half. It's either all chicken or all beef." I said, "I know for a fact you do the 50/50 shawarma plate, because that's what I order every time I come here and I've been here at least 10 times." The curt cunt just repeated what she said the first time. I said, "I think you're misunderstanding what I'm asking for. Not more meat, just the same amount but with chicken and beef. If they're both the same price, instead of two swipes with the electric knife on either the beef or the chicken, just give one on the beef and one on the chicken." She then uttered the phrase that's the battle call of all shitty businesses: "Everyone asks for that." God fucking forbid you give the public what they want. As a matter of fact we could avoid this whole mess if you just boarded up the doors and got on the roof with a hunting rifle like a Korean liquor store owner during a black riot. Or you could just give everyone what they're asking for since it doesn't cost you an extra goddamn penny.

She explained that she could get into trouble. I said, "Go get your manager. We need to talk about shawarma and your attitude." She said, "He's not here." I asked, "Then how is he gonna know you gave me the 50/50 shawarma plate?" She looked over my shoulder and hollered, "Next!" At this point lesser men would have ordered the falafel plate, but this American said, "Let's roll" to the Zankou in East Hollywood. She just grunted and gave me the "See you in hell" look. I left with the satisfaction of knowing that in a few short years her Armenian husband would be beating the holy shit out of her. And that's not a slight against Armenian men; if she married Carl Sagan he'd be beating the fuck out of this bitch on a nightly basis.

I hopped into my Honda and set sail for the Zankou Chicken on Hollywood and Normandy, which is nowhere near the Zankou on Sepulveda and Burbank in Van Nuys where I was. A scant 50 minutes later, and now starving, I walked into the Hollywood Zankou Chicken, said to a guy who looked like Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, "Give me a 50/50 shawarma plate," and without any hesitation he said, "Would you like a drink with that?" My first impulse was to drive back to Van Nuys to settle that bitch's hummus. But by that time my blood sugar and resolve were both dropping quickly. So I



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settled in for one of the most, and simultaneously least, satisfying lunches of my life.

I'll leave you with another tale of a minimum wager attempting to ruin my life, but this one has a storybook ending. I was at a billiards hall drinking beer and shooting pool on a Friday night after a *Man Show* taping. It was a *Man Show* tradition. After every tape night we would go to a big pool hall and drink pitchers of beer until the PAs got drunk enough to tell you what they really thought of you. I was in the middle of a conversation with a PA about how Jimmy was the funny one when somebody ran up the stairs and yelled, "They're towing your car!"

I, along with a couple of other people, ran down the stairs and across the street to find my car hooked up to a tow truck that was ready to drive away. I'll bore you with a few quick details because they're important to the telling of the story. One, the car was a brand-new silver BMW M3, and two, the tow truck was one of those modern-style ones that have the two

prongs that slide under your back tires and lift the rear end of the car off the ground.

I ran up to the gentleman and said, "This is my car. How can we take care of this?" And he said, "You can follow me to the impound lot." I said, "How about we just take care of this right now? I'll pay you and we can both go our separate ways." He said, "That's not going to work" and began to drive away. I jumped into my car and mashed my foot on the brake pedal as hard as I could. He dragged me for a couple of feet, then jumped out of the tow truck and yelled, "What are you doing?" I said, "You're not towing the car. Let's just take care of this now." He said, "I have to tow the car. If I don't come back to the impound lot with a car my boss will ask questions." I said, "Do you ever go out on a call and by the time you show up the car is gone?" He said it happens all the time. I said, "Let's just make this one of those times." He said no and headed for the cab of his truck. I then headed for the driver's seat of my car and we began round two of *Dancing With the Tards*.

We both jumped out of our vehicles, got

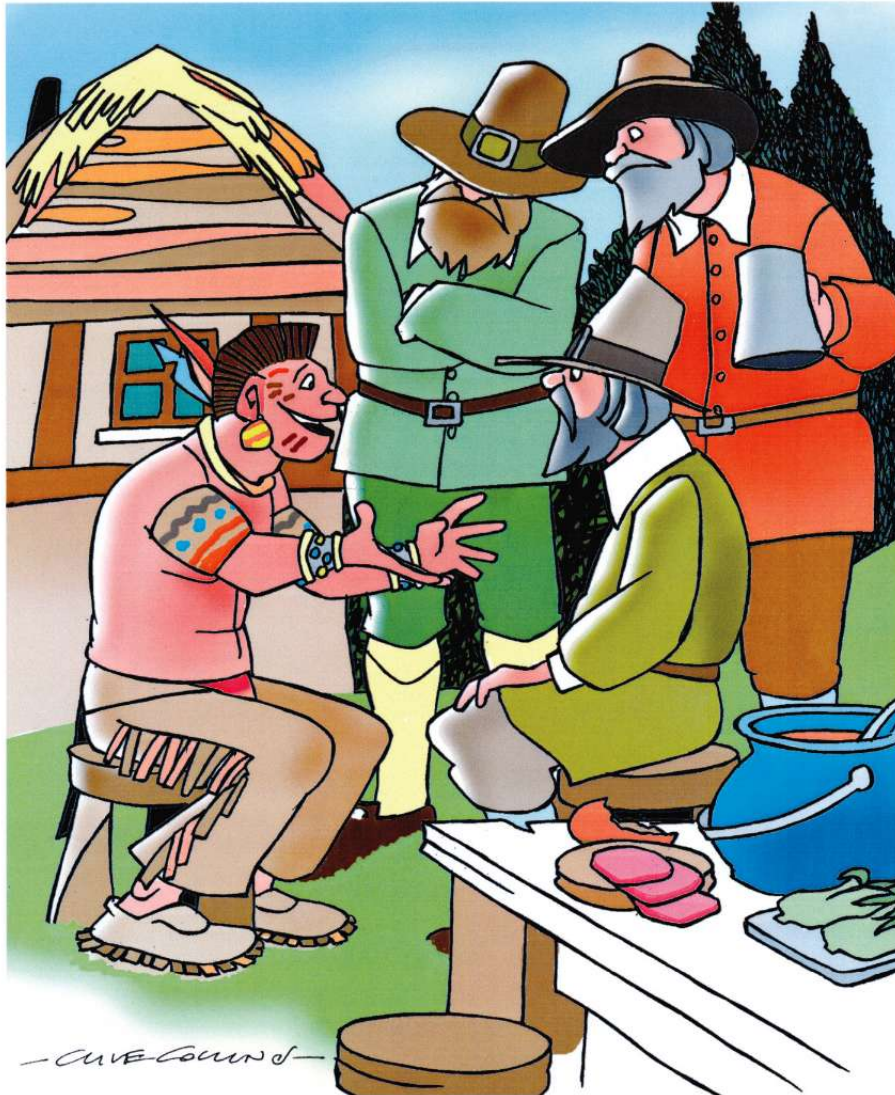
into it again and at a certain point I said, "Why are you being such an asshole?" This could have been settled easily and nobly the way our forefathers would have done it—with a trip to the ATM. But no, this dick was going to make me follow him to downtown L.A. at one A.M. and fill out a bunch of paperwork.

All of a sudden I heard a voice yell, "Pull your tie-down off!" It was the voice of one of our directors, Tom Stern. (Tom wasn't exactly what you would call straitlaced. He once, in the middle of the AIDS hysteria of the late 1980s, dressed as a junkie hobo and went into a crowded New York subway car and shot fake blood from a prosthetic penis at a horrified crowd of commuters.) I looked over and saw that Tom had taken the nylon lashings off the passenger-side rear wheel. I, without hesitation, pulled the lashings off the driver's side, and then Tom screamed, "Go!" Keep in mind the rear wheels of the car were at the height of a kitchen countertop. Maybe it was adrenaline, maybe it was fear of being squirted by a fake penis, but I jumped into the car again.

The car didn't budge. The problem was it's rear-wheel drive and the tires were on a rack that prevented them from rolling forward. Tom was now slapping the hood, yelling, "Go!" This time I threw some revs on the engine and dropped the clutch. The car lurched forward and landed on the ground with a thud, hitting something on the way down. I didn't have time to get out and assess the damage; I just hauled ass into the night, and so did Tom. I went home, poured myself a glass of wine and did what I always do—waited for federal marshals to show up at the house.

The following morning I went down to the garage fearing the worst, and to my shock and delight the only thing wrong with the M3 was the spare-tire well in the trunk had been converted from an innie to an outie. I pulled out the spare tire, climbed into the trunk and jumped up and down on the sheet metal until it went back to its original form.

There are probably more than one of you at this point who feel sorry for the tow truck driver. To you I say, "Suck it;" this dick brought it on himself. This would have never happened in the past or today in New Jersey. We could have settled this with a couple of 20s and a handshake. But in the immortal words of John Rambo, "They drew first blood, not me." Tow truck drivers are the worst people on the planet, second only to meter maids. The lion's share of the work these guys do consists of going on moneymaking sweeps with local cops and hanging out in flooded intersections to charge people 50 bucks to tow their stalled Hondas out of the drink. And the impound yards they work for are a bunch of extortionists. I got a motorcycle towed at 11:30 on a Thursday night and went to pick it up at seven A.M. Friday morning and they charged me for two days' storage. Feeling sorry for these assholes is like feeling sorry for Uday and Qusay Hussein. Fuck those guys. And besides, isn't it nice to hear a story where the rich white guy wins for a change?



— Dave Coverly

"Hey! Have you guys heard the one about the ship's captain, the Indian brave and the Pilgrim's daughter?"

From *In Fifty Years We'll All Be Chicks* by Adam Carolla, available from Crown Archetype in November.



THE OUTFIT KILLED JFK

(continued from page 50)

for the Outfit, while it was using the Teamsters pension fund to build casinos, RFK targeted Teamsters president Jimmy Hoffa with a team of investigators known as the Get Hoffa squad. The squad's first indictments against the union leader were for accepting payoffs from trucking companies and for subsequent jury tampering in those trials. In the summer of 1963 it brought new charges involving pension funds.

Five months later, JFK was assassinated. G. Robert Blakey, then a member of RFK's Justice Department, was well aware of what organized crime had at stake in snuffing out the Kennedy administration's onslaught. "It seemed obvious that if there was a conspiracy, it would be from the mob," says Blakey. In *Brothers*, a recent book on RFK, author David Talbot quotes Bobby telling a confidant after JFK's assassination: "If anyone was involved, it was organized crime." According to Blakey, neither Hoover nor JFK's successor, Lyndon Baines Johnson, wanted to open that can of worms. "The risks of where that investigation would lead were too high," says Blakey. "It was much more convenient for Oswald to be the lone assassin."

In the late 1970s Blakey served as chief counsel for the U.S. House Select Committee on Assassinations, which took a second look at the Warren Commission's findings. On the basis of acoustical evidence, Blakey's investigators determined there was a "high probability" that more than one gunman fired at the president and that "individual members" of "organized crime" may have been involved. The committee also found that Hoover had kept the FBI's organized crime task force out of the investigation and didn't pursue leads tying Oswald and his killer, Jack Ruby, to the Mafia.

But back in 1963, if the Warren Commission had called in the FBI agents monitoring the Outfit, it probably wouldn't have learned much. Although it was the dawn of electronic surveillance and mob leaders were supposedly unaware of the bugs planted in their meeting places, the FBI never had enough information to bring a major case against the Outfit in the 1960s. "Unfortunately," Blakey says, "we learned later that the surveillance was incomplete."

In Chicago, for example, agents never fully understood the executive nature of the Outfit's hierarchy. They thought Sam "Momo" Giancana ruled the Outfit. Giancana was the Chicago mob's most flamboyant boss after Al Capone, but he remained in power only until 1965. It's now clear Giancana always answered to Accardo. According to Blakey, no bug or wiretap ever caught Accardo talking to Giancana. Because of Accardo's understated ways, the media, law enforcement and even some local criminals never completely knew the extent of his control.

When Zack Shelton transferred to the FBI's Chicago office in 1978, his first case involved the murders of several burglars who had broken into Accardo's home. It was natural

to assume the mob boss had ordered their executions. For a few weeks it appeared the 28-year-old agent and his partner would put Accardo behind bars for the first time in his long criminal career. "During the investigation we pulled the phone records of everyone we could think of," Shelton remembers. The agents could see a call alerting Accardo to a break-in at his house and then the crime boss's call to his right-hand man, Joey Aiuppa, down the chain of command to Aiuppa's driver, Gerry Carusiello, another longtime burglar, who did the dirty work.

The agents learned enough to impanel a grand jury. The first time he saw Accardo, Shelton understood why people underestimated his brutality. At 73, Accardo dressed in conservatively tailored suits and looked more like a retired corporate executive than a crime lord.

Accardo covered his tracks with ruthless efficiency. Carusiello was killed before he could testify. Accardo's longtime Italian houseman, who testified to a grand jury in broken English, may have said too much,

because he soon disappeared. Shelton got a warrant to search Accardo's home for signs of the witness's whereabouts but could find nothing other than a pair of prescription glasses at the bottom of an incinerator.

When the agents searched Accardo's enormous basement—which was as big as the upper floor of the opulent house—they found a hidden walk-in safe. Inside were stacks of new bills that totaled \$275,000. Shelton and his partner traced the money to Las Vegas. However, the FBI had just begun to investigate how the Outfit had skimmed cash from casino counting rooms. Rather than blow that operation, they returned the funds to Accardo and never brought charges against him for the deaths.

The investigation could not have had a more unsatisfying outcome for Shelton. "About all we managed to do was keep that money from him for about 18 months," he says. "But God, it sure was an interesting case."

If nothing else, this case taught Shelton two important lessons about Accardo: The mob leader knew no mercy when it came to



"I think we can beat this recession if you girls are willing to cooperate." 121

insulating himself from a serious crime, and Shelton had seen for himself the sort of cash that gushed from Las Vegas. Only years later did he realize these lessons could shed light on the assassination of JFK.

Around the time of the burglary investigation, Shelton had a much more run-of-the-mill case against a ring of hijackers. The group's members would overpower truckers at rest stops and abscond with the entire tractor trailer.

The crew was led by James Files, who was the sort of white man with no overt ethnicity that mobsters called a hillbilly. In fact, Files was born into a broken home in Alabama but raised by a single mother in the tough Italian neighborhood of a Chicago suburb. Shelton had no idea how Files fit into the crazy-quilt pattern of the Outfit. "All I knew was that he had to have the blessings of the mob to be operating on that scale."

Shelton used another hillbilly to infiltrate Files's crew. It was only a matter of time before the agent built a case for the interstate transport of stolen goods. Then one day Shelton debriefed his informant about a trip he had taken to Dallas with Files. As usual, they were hauling stolen vehicles, but when they passed through Dealey Plaza, the snitch told Shelton, "Files went weird on me. He said, 'If the American people really knew what happened there, they wouldn't know how to handle it.'"

The comment seemed so bizarre that neither the informant nor the FBI agent knew what to make of it. "There was no reason for this guy to make up that story about Files," Shelton says. "And Files was the last person I'd expect to comment about JFK's assassination or any topic of that kind, but it sounded as though he really knew what happened. Maybe because it was so unexpected, it stuck with me."

Over the next decade Shelton and the other agents in the organized crime unit turned the tide against Accardo. With

Operation Strawman, Shelton's team caught the Outfit selling casinos to the Kansas City mob. The investigation won the 1986 conviction of 78-year-old Aiuppa, who spent the next 10 years in prison. During the same period Shelton's squad also tapped the lines of the Teamsters pension fund offices to bring charges against union leaders. "I loved being in Chicago," says Shelton. "Every day was different and exciting, and we did a hell of a lot of good."

Shelton didn't think about Files again until 1992, after he had been transferred to the FBI office in Beaumont, Texas. He read in a local newspaper about Joe Hugh West, a private investigator and former Baptist preacher from Houston who claimed to have revelations regarding JFK's murder. As Shelton skimmed the article, two Outfit names jumped off the page: Charles Nicoletti, a notorious hit man, and Johnny Roselli, the Outfit's first enforcer in Las Vegas. West claimed he had a source who could place both men in Dallas on November 22, 1963.

Although Shelton was vaguely familiar with the conclusions of the House Select Committee on Assassinations, he had yet to hear anyone claim that Outfit heavyweights had been involved—especially Nicoletti or Roselli, who could not have acted without Accardo's approval.

Shelton gave the private investigator a call. Although West had a reputation as a huckster (he held his press conferences in front of a banner emblazoned with TRUTH, INC.), he seemed sincere about finding the culprits behind JFK's assassination. He revealed the ex-con who had been his source for the information about Nicoletti and Roselli. "I even went to court and got immunity for the guy so he couldn't be convicted for any crime he told us about," Shelton says. "But I pretty quickly caught him in a couple of lies. I told Joe, 'Don't take anything this guy says to the bank.' When Joe heard that, it was as if the life went out of him. I felt sorry for the man, so I said, 'If you can track down a guy

named James Files, he might have some good information.'"

Shelton returned to Beaumont and was warned by his supervisor never again to mention JFK. Shelton expected the matter to be closed in early 1993 when he read that West had died following heart surgery. Soon after, West's lawyer, Don Irvin, called to announce that "the crusade lives on." Irvin told Shelton that West had succeeded in tracking Files to a state prison in Illinois, where he was doing the equivalent of a life sentence for the attempted murder of a cop. Files had initially rebuffed West, but the former preacher persevered through phone calls, a visit and extensive correspondence. The prisoner was devastated to learn of West's sudden death.

As a tribute to West, Files agreed to talk extensively to Irvin, who then relayed what he heard to Shelton. He had much more to say than anyone anticipated. Files told of being remanded for a court-martial from the Army after he was charged with shooting other soldiers in Laos in 1960, but he then claimed to have been plucked out of a veterans' hospital during a psychiatric evaluation and recruited to train anti-Castro Cubans in Florida. After the 1961 Bay of Pigs fiasco, Files said, he returned home with a chip on his shoulder against his nation and the president. Nicoletti saw him racing stock cars and tapped him to be his driver.

For most Chicago mobsters, muscular Charles Nicoletti—nearly six feet tall and with a lantern jaw—could be a frightening sight. Nevertheless, he defied the stereotypes of a mob killer. On most days he wore a suit and tie. His hangouts included insurance agencies, car dealerships and a company that made burial vaults.

Despite the businessman trappings, Nicoletti was the son of an abusive father, whom he killed at the age of 12 after the man beat his mother. The Outfit became his family, and Nicoletti worked his way up the ranks by dealing dope and making book, for which he was repeatedly arrested and jailed. Inside the mob, Nicoletti's intelligence and heartlessness made him effective as an enforcer. Charles Crimaldi, another hit man who had turned informant, called Nicoletti "the most respected and the most dangerous" man in the Outfit, adding, "He don't want to impress anybody. He just wants to go about his business."

By the early 1960s police believed Nicoletti was the Outfit's third-ranked leader and right-hand man to Giancana. At this stage Nicoletti's skills were reserved for only the most sensitive contracts, and when he went out with another hit man, Files claimed to be the third man behind the wheel.

Despite Nicoletti's fearsome reputation, Files called him "Mr. Nicoletti" and said he was the closest thing to a father figure he ever had.

During his discussions with Irvin, Files gave vivid accounts of the weeks leading up to the assassination. Then 21, he was playing pinball at his favorite hangout when Nicoletti first told him that Giancana had put out a contract on "your friend"—the president. Nicoletti instructed Files to acquire the weapons and bring them to Texas in the hidden trunk compartment



of a 1963 Chevrolet, a “work” car that couldn’t be traced.

Files told Irvin the following story about his journey to Dallas: He stayed in a court-yard motel on the western outskirts of Dallas and met Lee Harvey Oswald, who took him downtown to point out the best escape routes from the city. Oswald also took him to an abandoned field, where Files test-fired guns hidden in the trunk. (Oswald, he said, didn’t want to shoot.) Upon their return to the motel Oswald took a picture of him standing shirtless next to his portable record player—a photo Files kept but one that would have been more telling had it included the photographer.

Files claimed he made contact with another Outfit leader on November 21. Early that morning he drove to the swanky Cabana Motor Hotel in Dallas, where he picked up Johnny Roselli. Then 58, Roselli had carefully cut silver hair and wore tinted glasses and silk suits. He was every bit the flashy mob kingpin Nicoletti was not, but back in his younger Chicago days Roselli was equally feared as a hit man. By 1963 he was hanging out at the Friars Club in Los Angeles with his pal Frank Sinatra and was caught a few years later in an elaborate card-cheating scheme. It brought him a brief prison sentence and a permanent ban from Las Vegas casinos. In Dallas, Files said, he took Roselli to a pancake house, where he met Jack Ruby.

According to Files, Nicoletti did not join him until the morning of November 22. The two went to Dealey Plaza, using as a guide a map of the motorcade route that Roselli had gotten from Ruby. He and Nicoletti picked a spot in the Dal-Tex tower (next to the Texas School Book Depository, where Oswald worked) for Nicoletti to shoot from. Only then, Files says, did the hit man ask him to be a backup. Nicoletti feared Roselli was too rusty to hit a target from a long distance, and he knew Files had been trained as a sniper in the Army. Files said he set up behind the stockade fence on the grassy knoll to get a shot from the front of the procession. The weapon he chose was a Remington Fireball, a cross between a rifle and a pistol that could fit inside an attaché case. Nicoletti’s one instruction was not to hit Jackie. Files followed the motorcade through the scope of his Remington and shot a .222 caliber bullet that hit the president in the

right temple. He then casually took off his jacket, turned it inside out and put his gun back in its case.

During his brief encounter with Oswald, Files said, the two did not discuss each other’s mission. He believed Oswald never fired a shot and was unwittingly there as a patsy—as Oswald himself said after his arrest. Other hit men were in town to kill Oswald, but he slipped away before they got to him—the major glitch in the day’s operation.

For Irvin, James Files was the missing link to the real conspiracy behind the JFK assassination. Irvin wanted Shelton to interview Files to make sure he didn’t turn out to be as flaky as West’s previous sources.

“I thought some of what Files said was a little too good to be true,” Shelton admits. “That was my first impression. But I thought

conspiracy to kill the president. Was Accardo covering his tracks?

Shelton’s efforts to interview Files in 1993 were leaked to the press by one of Irvin’s associates, and the FBI wouldn’t allow it. The bureau instead sent two other agents to interview the Illinois prisoner, and they deemed his information unworthy of further investigation. Shelton watched from the sidelines as TV impresario Dick Clark produced a show for NBC based on Files’s confession. At the last minute the network brought in consultants who declared Files a fraud, and the program was scrubbed.

Shelton still wouldn’t let go of the Files story. Although he realized it had many holes, he says, “There was just too much

detail for him to have made everything up.” After he retired from the FBI in 1998 and opened his own private investigation firm, he approached Clark about getting the Files story back on the air. “Dick Clark had me out to his office,” Shelton recalls, “and I think he believed there was something to pursue, but he had just been burned too badly to try again.” Meanwhile, Joe West’s organization had splintered. Some of the pieces had been picked up by a Dutch investor, Wim Dankbaar, who offered to cover Shelton’s expenses if he could corroborate Files’s claims. (Dankbaar used some of Shelton’s research in his book and video, *Files on JFK*.)

For Shelton that collaboration came with the discovery of two men who claimed independently that they had helped

bring the hit men to Dallas. Chauncey Marvin Holt said he drove Nicoletti from a ranch in Arizona, and William Robert Plumlee said he flew Roselli into town the day before the assassination. Each man had spent a significant part of his life on the Gulf Coast, and each had connections to the mob, the CIA and Cuba.

According to an extensive FBI file, Plumlee claimed he made his first clandestine flights to Cuba in support of Castro, supplying guns mobsters had stolen from a National Guard armory. He served time for passing a bad check but was still used as a contract pilot by the CIA, helping to equip such right-wing guerrilla groups as Oliver North’s Contras. Plumlee claimed his CIA contacts had ordered him to fly Roselli to Dallas the day before the assassination.

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there was a ring of truth to it, too. Nicoletti was the perfect person for the Outfit to send. I could understand why it wanted Roselli in Dallas too, because they trusted him to operate things. But at that stage of his life Roselli couldn’t have been a shooter. It made sense that Nicoletti would have wanted someone else to back him up.”

But nothing about the Files story was more compelling for Shelton than the fates of the three central Outfit characters: All of them had been killed in the mid-1970s after being summoned by congressional committees: Giancana and Roselli around the time of a Senate investigation and Nicoletti just a day after one of Blakey’s investigators called looking for him. All had ranked high enough in the mob’s hierarchy to have directly implicated Accardo and Aiuppa in a

The CIA connection with Roselli was not farfetched. It is now known that in 1960 the CIA approached Roselli through a Las Vegas hotel executive (and former FBI agent) to assist in a plan to assassinate Castro. Roselli introduced the go-between to Giancana and Tampa mob boss Santo Trafficante Jr., who had casinos expropriated by Castro and was briefly jailed in Cuba after the revolution. The CIA supplied poison that a Trafficante confederate was supposed to slip into Castro's food, but nothing came of the effort.

Roselli testified about the escapade when it was revealed in 1975 during the hearings into Alleged Assassination Plots Involving Foreign Leaders led by Idaho senator Frank Church. But Roselli may have talked too freely. He disappeared within weeks of his third appearance before the committee, in 1976. His body was found sawed in half and stuffed inside an oil drum floating off Biscayne Bay. His death so rattled Plumlee that he contacted local FBI agents to inform them of his role in bringing Roselli to Dallas, but he claimed the effort was to "abort" the assassination, not assist it.

Chauncey Holt, who said he brought Nicoletti to Dallas, had a background even more problematic than Plumlee's. He admitted to having worked as an accountant for

businesses owned by gangster Meyer Lansky. Holt also worked for Peter Licavoli, a leader of Detroit's Mafia and a supporter of Jimmy Hoffa. Holt said he met Nicoletti and Ohio hit man Leo Mocerì (who disappeared in 1976, shortly after Hoffa) at Licavoli's ranch in Tucson and drove the two to Dallas. They intended to arrive on November 21 but did not get into town until the morning of the assassination because of car trouble. Holt claimed he was the oldest-looking member of the three "tramps"—the apparent vagrants found in a boxcar after the assassination and photographed as they were marched into Dallas police headquarters. They were held briefly, and their true identities have been a source of speculation among conspiracy theorists ever since.

Holt also claimed to have been in another iconic shot—of Lee Harvey Oswald in New Orleans, a few months before the assassination, during an anti-Castro demonstration. Holt was photographed standing to the side ready to lend moral support as Oswald faced down demonstrators.

Holt said that in addition to working for mobsters he provided contract services for the CIA. A trained artist, he forged documents, including the alias ID card Oswald used to purchase the Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, the

supposed assassination weapon. He said he had also created counterfeit Secret Service credentials for others to use in Dallas. Holt first "came out" as a conspirator in a 1991 *Newsweek* article and sat for several interviews, some videotaped, before his death from cancer, in 1997. Although he never admitted knowing who had orchestrated the assassination, he did speculate that the presence in Dallas of people like him, with such murky backgrounds in both crime and espionage, may have been part of the plan to "muddy the waters."

In 2002 Shelton traveled to San Diego to meet with Holt's daughter, who had her father's videotapes. Later, Shelton had dinner with a retired FBI agent, who asked why he was in town. When Shelton told him about Files, the agent replied with his own story from when he worked on the Teamsters pension fund case. He had monitored a wiretapped conversation between a pension executive and a Hoffa bodyguard. "He heard [the bodyguard] say that Ruby made all these calls to Chicago before the assassination. That always bothered him because the Warren Commission concluded that Ruby had no significant tie to the underworld. All these years he knew that was bullshit, but there was no one he could talk to about it."

The dinner was an epiphany for Shelton. "I realized there had to be other agents who think they know something about the assassination. I just had to reach out to them."

When Shelton returned to Chicago later that year to excavate the memories of his bureau colleagues, he was most interested in the response of Jim Wagner, who had led the organized crime unit. Wagner became the FBI's foremost Outfit expert and was a tower of integrity. "Jim listened to me talk a little about the Outfit and the assassination, and then he said, 'Zack, I think you're right on.'"

Like Shelton, Wagner had his own unexpected brush with JFK history. In his case, it happened in 1989 when the feds revealed that a mob attorney had put a wire on one of the Outfit's most important political operatives in the First Ward. A few Outfit soldiers came forward to wear wires so they wouldn't go to prison. One of them was Lenny Patrick. In his prime, Patrick controlled the Outfit's bookmaking and juice operations on Chicago's West Side. By the time Wagner worked with him, he was 76, "a crotchety old man," Wagner remembers, "sickly but still dangerous."

Before Patrick would meet his mob boss, he would first go to a safe house, where Wagner would fit him with a concealed recorder. The agent also gave him cash to feed his loan sharks so the FBI could build extortion cases against them, too. It wasn't long before Wagner suspected Patrick of stealing some of that money.

One day when Patrick showed up at the safe house Wagner was waiting for him with a lie detector. "I told Lenny an examiner was on his way to strap him into the polygraph so I could find out what he was doing with the cash." Patrick confessed to stealing it. In the spirit of the moment, the agent decided to ask about a few other subjects as well. Wagner had once been a history teacher and was always fascinated by the assassination.



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He remembered Patrick was supposedly a friend of Jack Ruby's.

Patrick had always downplayed their relationship, but he admitted to Wagner that he had been "Rubenstein's" mentor in the Outfit, having plucked him out of a boxing club. Patrick said he taught him how to be a bookie, and when Ruby's best friend was killed for taking bets without paying his street tax, Patrick was the one who banished Ruby to Dallas. Patrick admitted he was one of the last to speak with Ruby before he killed Oswald.

After hearing that, Wagner said, "I backed up, and I asked, 'Then who hit Kennedy?'"

"He said, 'We did it.'"

"But who did it?"

"You know. Momo [Giancana] had the main guys there."

"When I pressed him to tell me exactly who, he clammed up. He said he had told me enough and didn't want to talk about it anymore. But then he said, 'It was us, and we'll have to pay for it.'"

If the Outfit had supplied the firepower for the assassination and the cleanup with Ruby, as Lenny Patrick told Wagner, then who groomed Lee Harvey Oswald as the patsy? For Shelton there is one indisputable candidate—a longtime Accardo ally from Oswald's hometown with both the motivation and the energy to choreograph JFK's assassination.

His name was Carlos Marcello. Short in stature and bullnecked, he was known as the Little Man or the Godfather of the Gulf Coast. When Shelton asked Chicago agents about the assassination, one referred him to his brother, Michael Wacks, also an agent, who had spent a year working undercover on a sting involving Marcello.

Like Accardo, Marcello came to power in the 1940s. Like Accardo, he enjoyed unusual longevity for a mob boss, with domination of his home turf and an expansive reach that extended throughout the Gulf Coast. Unlike Accardo, however, he maintained a high profile as a civic leader, real estate tycoon and owner of a popular restaurant and hotel in New Orleans. But if an associate had his confidence, he'd identify certain out-of-town partners by saying, in his gangster patois, "Dey Maf, like me."

Marcello was a partner with Tampa boss Trafficante and the Outfit in several different rackets. Most often the Southern bosses were junior partners to Chicago because the Outfit controlled the union leaders who gave access to pension funds. But in 1963 Marcello and Trafficante wanted their own piece of the Las Vegas bonanza, and like prospectors at a gold rush they were eager to stake their claim on the Strip before it was too late.

Their plans hinged on a loan from the Teamsters pension fund. They courted Hoffa to do the deal, but Hoffa was distracted by indictments from RFK's Justice Department. Marcello was no more a fan of Bobby than the union leader was. As attorney general, Kennedy deported Marcello to Guatemala, where he was stranded for a few days in a jungle before he could return to the U.S. It was a story the affable Marcello could not retell without sputtering in rage.

The mob bosses' go-between with the

Teamsters was Trafficante's trusted trial lawyer Frank Ragano, who was also defending Hoffa against the government's charges. According to Ragano, in August 1963, when the mob bosses had the lawyer approach Hoffa yet again about the loan, the union leader responded, "The time has come for your friend [Trafficante] and Carlos to get rid of him. Kill that son of a bitch John Kennedy."

At breakfast the next morning in a corner of Marcello's restaurant, Ragano passed along Hoffa's request. He expected the mob bosses to laugh it off, but they responded instead with stony silence. Looking back on the incident in his 1994 memoir, Ragano wondered whether the assassination conspiracy was already under way.

Marcello discussed the Kennedys with a former Las Vegas promoter. Explaining that he needed to chop off the head of the dog (JFK) so the tail (RFK) would die, he told the promoter that he would find a "nut" his people could manipulate into taking the blame.

Marcello's "nut" could have been Oswald, who grew up in Marcello's fiefdom. According to Blakey's investigators, Oswald's uncle, a bookie, and his mother had connections to Marcello. Another mutual acquaintance was David Ferrie, who was Oswald's childhood friend and an anti-Castro activist. Ferrie worked as a private investigator for Marcello's lawyer and was in court with him on the day of the assassination. Ferrie died of a cerebral aneurysm soon after New Orleans district attorney Jim Garrison fingered him as a co-conspirator in JFK's assassination.

Conspiracy theorists who believe Oswald was manipulated by others typically blame agents associated with the CIA or Cuba—not the mob. Of all Oswald's activities before the assassination, none have led to more speculation about espionage than his trip to Mexico City from September 27 to October 2, 1963. As he did in New Orleans, Oswald made another public display of his affections for Cuba by visiting the nation's embassy and requesting a visa to travel there. CIA headquarters later destroyed photos of Oswald entering the embassy and tapes of him calling there.

But according to Jim Wagner, there could have been a mercenary purpose for Oswald's trip. Looking through FBI archives, Wagner discovered that Accardo sent a courier with \$100,000 in cash to Mexico City the same weekend Oswald was there. It may have been a coincidence, since the Outfit did have extensive interests in Mexico City. Or the Outfit may have been in a better position than Marcello to pay off Oswald.

In the days after the assassination Oswald's various pro-Castro activities seemed "too pat—too obvious" to Deputy Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, who had taken control of the Justice Department when RFK could no longer function. If the CIA or anti-Castro interests had planned to use the assassination as an excuse to invade Cuba, they quickly backed off.

And if the mob had used the assassination to muzzle the Justice Department, it could not have been more successful. Over the next three years the workload of federal organized crime prosecutors would be cut in half; their time in front of grand juries was reduced by 72 percent. President Johnson

was not the threat to organized crime JFK had been—which was probably no surprise for Marcello, whose domain extended to Texas. Shelton uncovered reports that the Little Man regularly paid off LBJ. According to one of his sources, a wealthy San Antonio investor named Morris Jaffe “used to take bags of cash” from Marcello to LBJ—even when Johnson was in the White House. By the time Shelton heard this story, Jaffe had died, so he called Jaffe’s son. “When I asked him if that was true,” Shelton says, “he answered, ‘My dad knew a lot of people. He was close to J. Edgar Hoover, too.’”

In 1981 Trafficante and Accardo were both indicted for a kickback scheme involving a Tampa union. Although they beat that rap, Trafficante was indicted on another charge in 1986. The next year, shortly before his death, he told lawyer Ragano, “Carlos fucked up. We shouldn’t have killed Giovanni. We should have killed Bobby.”

Carlos Marcello had his own troubles with the feds. In the early 1980s he was convicted in a sting known as Operation Brilab. Agent Mike Wacks pretended to be a crooked insurance executive. In return for kickbacks, the Little Man opened doors to politicians and union executives across the country.

After a long career in the FBI, Wacks thought he had seen it all, but this sting opened his eyes even wider. “Mob guys like Accardo and Marcello felt like they ran a separate government,” he says. “Marcello knew right off the top of his head who was amenable to kickbacks, whether it was a politician or a union figure, across his whole region. Not just in Texas and Louisiana, but Mississippi, Arkansas and Oklahoma.” Wacks was ready to rope in the Outfit when a leak to the press brought the sting to an abrupt end.

During his year undercover, Wacks became close with Marcello. “He was pushing 70, but I only wished I worked so hard. He could have hundreds of deals going at the same time and bounce around until 3:30 A.M. with a girlfriend half his age. Then at seven the next morning he’d call to see why you weren’t at work already.”

Even decades later, Wacks says, Marcello could not hide his hatred for the Kennedys. “Historians don’t understand the loyalty mob bosses felt politicians owed them. They thought they were on the same level. If they put someone into power and he didn’t do their bidding, their solution was to take him out.”

Even though Wacks was exposed as an agent, Marcello remained cordial to him. “We had spent so much time together,” Wacks explains, “that the old man treated me almost like a son.”

After Marcello went to prison for Brilab in 1983, he suffered a stroke. Doctors believed he was in the early stages of Alzheimer’s, and he started muttering in his sleep about the Kennedy assassination. A plan was devised to transfer him to a federal prison hospital in Minnesota and embed an agent as his cell mate to record the nocturnal admissions. Again, word leaked out and the operation was aborted.

Wacks did not believe such subterfuge was necessary. When he went to visit him

in prison, he found Marcello as lucid as ever. The old man refused to talk about the assassination with the case agent Wacks brought from Dallas, but he told Wacks, “If I ever get out of here, you come to see me with my lawyer, and I’ll explain my involvement with dat thing.”

Only 18 months later, in 1990, Marcello’s convictions were overturned and he was released. But Wacks’s superiors would not permit him to take Marcello up on his offer. “That really pissed me off,” says Wacks. “I said to my boss, ‘What’s it going to harm us?’ But he said, ‘We don’t want to go there.’ For some reason, the bureau wanted to close the book on the assassination. That bugs me to this day.”

For G. Robert Blakey, now a professor at the Notre Dame Law School, what Zack Shelton and the other agents have found adds weight to his thesis about organized crime’s role in the assassination. “Little by little, more pieces about organized crime’s involvement keep coming out. Nothing of substance has come out on the CIA other than that it wanted to cover things up. The stories of most substance are related to organized crime. Trafficante’s confession to his lawyer is very significant. Ragano was in a position to know, and he made notes about the conversation soon after it took place.”

For similar reasons, Blakey says, “I would believe what Lenny Patrick told Jim Wagner. The phone records showed he was in the middle of everything with Ruby, and I’m sorry he never felt he could talk to the House Select Committee.”

Blakey is more skeptical about Files. “The acoustical evidence does show a bullet was fired from the grassy knoll, and it was fired at a supersonic rate nearly simultaneous with the third shot. But I believe that bullet missed. If you look at the X-ray evidence of the skull, it’s pretty conclusive the fatal shot came from behind.” (The committee also concluded that bullet fragments taken from Texas governor John Connally and JFK came from Oswald’s Mannlicher-Carcano. In 2004, however, the science behind the FBI’s analysis was discredited, and the gun that fired the bullets remains unknown.)

Shelton does not dispute Blakey about the shot or that Files may have embellished his story with information he got from Joe West. Despite Files’s claims about CIA contacts, nothing has ever been found to corroborate them. Shelton did meet Files in 1998. Files will remain in prison until 2016, when he will be 74. Shelton says, “I am 100 percent convinced that Files was there. I’m not sure he made the fatal shot, but you had the best hired killers in the world there to do it.”

Even if Files was no more than a fly on the wall, for Shelton he still had a unique vantage point. “You talk to some people in this field, and they think people don’t care to know what really happened in Dallas. But I don’t find that to be the case when I talk to other FBI agents. They are absolutely in awe of this information. It’s almost 50 years after the assassination. Don’t you think it’s time we finally found out who did it?”



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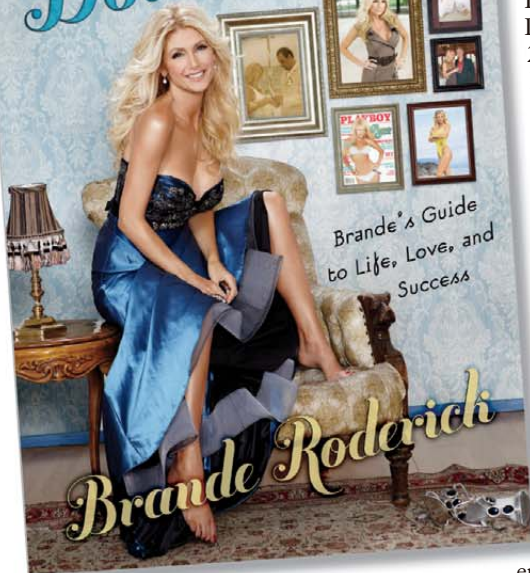
PLAYMATE NEWS

MAD ABOUT BUNNIES

On a show set in 1960s New York City, about swinging ad executives with a lust for life and the expense accounts to cover the tab, it was bound to happen. This season, *Mad Men*'s Don Draper and Lane Pryce step out of the hustle of Madison Avenue and into the bustle of the Playboy Club. In what *Newsweek* called Disneyland for adults, the cool cats drink cocktails while surrounded by corsets. Their attendants are played by Miss February 2007 Heather Rene Smith, Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra, Miss March 2009 Jennifer Pershing, Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson and Miss February 1999 Stacy Marie Fuson, who Bunny-dip in their own timeless costumes. What most impressed Stacy—Don Draper aside? “They nailed the details inside the club right down to the vintage Playboy Club matchbooks.”



Bounce, Don't Break



THE WORLD ACCORDING TO BRANDE

It takes more than just a pretty face to become a Playmate. Exhibit A: Playmate of the Year 2001 Brande Roderick. Her beautiful mind shines throughout her book, *Bounce, Don't Break: Brande's Guide to Life, Love and Success*. Brande's self-help tome is a collection of tips on how readers can maximize their potential. To do so, she emphasizes self-reliance, hard work and courage. She also advises that people acknowledge their faults, which she believes is an important step toward achieving personal enlightenment. So far the

book has earned high praise. “Great advice and juicy stories!” endorsed Playmate of the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy. “An endlessly useful guide for any woman to get ahead in life.”

FLASHBACK



Thirty-five years ago this month we introduced you to Miss November 1975 **Janet Lupo**. The previous year she had shown up at the Playboy Club-Hotel at Great Gorge in New Jersey, claiming to have an appointment with the Bunny Mother. She didn't, of course. But we liked her spunk and hired her anyway. After traveling the world to promote the magazine as a Playmate, Janet returned to her native New Jersey to raise her son, sell real estate and study cosmetology.

Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates? You can check out the Club at club.playboy.com and access the mobile-optimized site www.playboy.com from your phone.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Miss May 1998 **Deanna Brooks** and Miss August 2004 **Pilar Lastra** covered Cow-boys training camp for Playboy Radio.

Look for Miss July 2007 **Tiffany Selby** in the next catalog from sports apparel company Otomix.

Miss December 2001 **Shanna Moakler** won \$100,000 for the Children's Burn Foundation on NBC's *Minute to Win It*.



Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** appeared on Comedy Central's roast of her *Baywatch* co-star **David Hasselhoff**. Her best line: "When I saw the video of you lying on the floor drunk, cheeseburger falling from your mouth, I felt so sad. For that cow."

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY JOHN CAPARULO

—stand-up comic and regular on *Chelsea Lately*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss October 1987 **Brandi Brandt**. It was 1989, and I had just gotten the Nintendo game *Tecmo Bowl* for my birthday. I was playing



it at my buddy Steve's house when I spied the issue of *PLAYBOY* with Brandi on the cover. Apparently Steve had stolen it from his older brother. He lent it to me as long as he could borrow *Tecmo Bowl*."



BLOOD LUST

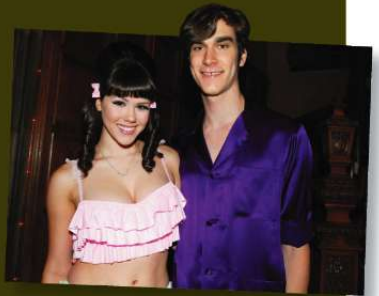
How's this for steamy? On an August episode of *True Blood*, Miss November 1998 **Tiffany Taylor** finds herself in the back of a limousine with undead seductress **Nan Flanagan** (played by **Jessica Tuck**), who per her vampiric wont, looks to drain Tiffany of all her blood. The lustful twist? Nan ignores Tiffany's neck, going for her inner thigh instead. Tiffany claims it's the wildest thing she has ever done in a limo. And while she has no plans to become a full-time actress, she hopes to make another *True Blood* appearance. As she points out, "They didn't kill off my character..."



TRUEBLOOD

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Here's a man cut from the same silk as his father's pajamas: **Marston Hefner** is currently dating Miss October 2010 **Claire Sinclair**. The relationship became public in August when Claire



and Marston promoted the E! pilot *The Bunny House* on *Geraldo at Large*. **Geraldo**—who as usual made sure to ask the hard questions—inquired if the two were dating. They, of course, answered affirmatively, which has set the blogosphere afire. For instance, a photo of Claire with a Comic-Con attendee elicited the following response:

following response:

"Too bad she's already dating **Marston Hefner**." ... Two American staples—baseball and Playmates—came together at a recent Los Angeles Dodgers game. Specifically, the comely quartet of Miss August 2001 **Jennifer**



Walcott, Miss February 1999 **Stacy Marie Fuson**, Miss July 2000 **Neftereri Shepherd** and Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima** gathered at Dodger Stadium to cheer on the home team.... Playmate of the Year 2008 **Jayde Nicole** is apparently over her

ex-boyfriend **Brody Jenner**. From her romantic getaway in Bora Bora with new beau and nightclub impresario **Jesse Waits**, she told us, "I love him to death." ... Superfan **Larry Armstrong** sent along the picture below, which he took at Glamourcon in Chicago, a gathering of legendary pinups. We must admit he's in great company.



His arm candy (from left)—Miss December 1979 **Candace Collins**, Miss April 1973 **Julie Woodson**, Miss February 1978 **Janis Schmitt**, Miss April 1980 **Liz Glazowski**, Miss January 1980 **Gig Gangel**, Miss March 1954 **Dolores Del Monte** and Miss August 1982 **Cathy St. George**.



THE FLIRT LOCKER

Miss July 2010 **Shanna Marie McLaughlin** inspired a lot of squawking after posing for the August cover of *aXis*—the University of Central Florida's alumni magazine—in the football team's locker room. But UCF head football coach **George O'Leary** said it best: "She's got her MBA and all that [from UCF]. I don't think it was outlandish."

A film crew from the Global Action and Education Network interviewed Miss June 2008 **Juliette Fretté** for a documentary.

Miss August 2000 **Summer Altice** looked for love on ABC's *Dating in the Dark*, but alas, didn't find it.

DID YOU KNOW ?



ROBERT DOWNEY JR.

(continued from page 46)

on top is that they will strive to beat you in everything. They are ferociously competitive. Do you have that?

DOWNEY: I'm my own version of that. I feel as though I was coughed out of the whale's mouth into this life. If I had a strategy, I'd dare anybody not to laugh or puke at the strategy I came up with.

PLAYBOY: Good point.

DOWNEY: Yeah, and I like that. But I'm not a guy who has to destroy you at Ping-Pong or I can't eat. My realm, my Octagon, is what we're shooting, and my confidence is in what happens between "Action" and "Cut." But if you've had a life as difficult as anyone's and your most stressful times had nothing to do with being powdered for your fucking close-up, then the reality of a day spent on a relatively safe film set is not daunting at all.

PLAYBOY: What do you worry most about?

DOWNEY: I've noticed that worrying is like praying for what you don't want to happen. I don't worry, but I observe where my mind tends to go. I have such an overwhelming sense that if you're in the right state of heart, which I have been for a little while, the next right thing appears to you.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in fate? Was this a road you had to travel to be where you are now?

DOWNEY: I don't necessarily believe I'm meant to be anywhere, but I know there are a lot of probabilities. Some of the probabilities that seem the least probable are actually where I'm heading. A lot of my peers who have led pretty healthy lives have been dealing with some serious health problems the past couple of years. I put myself at risk for a bunch of years and find I'm perfectly healthy. I also know that some of my pals have led contented lives for the better part of the past quarter century and I have known relative happiness—and by happiness I mean having a sense of peace and not just waiting for the other shoe to drop—for only five or six years.

PLAYBOY: What's the best thing about getting older?

DOWNEY: I think there's something honorable about it. I'm trying to think exactly where it happened—maybe on *Iron Man 2*. Being around youngsters, guys and gals under 30, and suddenly realizing that, to them, you're part of the old guard. My story is a fucking period piece to them. Even when I was in a really bad way I always imagined being 75 years old and talking smack to some future industry upstarts. It was a fantasy then.

PLAYBOY: What's your view of the newest wave of reality-TV stars such as the Situation, Snooki and Kim Kardashian—people who are famous for living lives on-screen?

DOWNEY: It means what it's always meant, that everybody is famous somewhere for something. I wouldn't have made it if I'd been born in 1975 or 1985 instead of 1965.

PLAYBOY: Why?

DOWNEY: Because the feedback loop is so intense that I would have combusted in some way. If I had to pick a decade or

two to be a complete dope-smoking fucking coke freak—not that I'm saying there was ever a good decade to do that. And honestly, because we've been talking about this back and forth a lot, in the context of right here now, I look back on it and think, Jesus, did I have a choice? I guess I always did. Why couldn't I see until I could see? If there's a reason for that, I haven't figured it out entirely. But the nice thing is, I'm not in a hurry. I almost feel that's an end-of-the-line answer to learn. But it's just so trippy, dude. I mean, just think about when we did that last interview. You said 1997?

PLAYBOY: Yes, 1997.

DOWNEY: That's nearly two seven-year cycles ago. Wow.

PLAYBOY: Back then you liked to spend money. Now that you make real money, what does it mean to you? What is the best thing about having money now?

DOWNEY: Well, I have a pretty big family. And there's a lot of experience-is-everything, a bit of a gypsy-grifter thing in my DNA for some reason. Let's say *Chaplin* had come out and I'd busted all the right moves, gotten on Antabuse or something, and done the stuff I'm doing now back then. I guarantee you I'd have a hangar filled with vintage this and that and maybe even a bronze of myself—flagrant artifacts of success, a real squander-fest. Now a splurge to me is getting a bunch of T-shirts or sneakers. And I still look at the prices, because I think everything is ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: Would you have been able to handle this success back then?

DOWNEY: No. Now I'm scared of the right things.

PLAYBOY: What are you scared of?

DOWNEY: Infidelity. Losing my sense of true humility. Looking back I think, Oh my God, I could have been *done*. I could have been so fried and so bad off and, oh my God, such a cautionary tale. [laughs] And I still could be. By fear of infidelity I mean I have a passion for how delicate it is to maintain things that are really pure. And I don't find myself tempted because I don't put myself on a frequency that temptation likes to go. I keep myself in overtly pheromone-free interactions with all women, except my wife. She deserves it.

PLAYBOY: You pulled yourself out of a nose-dive and showed it's possible in a time when every misdeed is covered with harsh immediacy. Is the glare too harsh?

DOWNEY: Nope, I don't think so. Comparatively speaking, in a semi-democracy in the 21st century, it's not that big a deal. It's a big deal if you're the one in the barrel. But why did you put yourself in a position to be in the barrel? What did you expect? Some people are not made of stuff hard enough to withstand the realities of their position.

PLAYBOY: People have to take responsibility for themselves?

DOWNEY: But they're creating it. Everyone's creating their own stuff. To me, here's the only thing: You take responsibility, whether you're outraged by the results or not, that you in some way participate in and create what you're experiencing. It's people who stay stuck—and I relate to this because it's a card I'm happy to play when I'm tired

or overwrought—who think, I'm a victim; I'm being victimized! You're out of line! Can you believe this? I didn't do anything wrong! Well, actually you did.

PLAYBOY: Do you accept your own culpability?

DOWNEY: I couldn't believe it took so long. But again, when it's going down, when the bust is on, there's never a good time to have your house raided. You just think, Man, all those times I was stuck at the window in my underwear, sweating mortar shells and thinking the cops were coming, and they never came. I would think back on those other thousand times and relax. And then they came. Which is why I find myself fascinated with shows like *Bad Girls* and *Jerseylicious*, and also *Inside American Jail* and *Lockup*. The best one's in the U.K.; I watch it when I'm over there doing *Sherlock*. It's called *Banged Up Abroad*, which means "locked up." *Locked Up Abroad* is always fun.

PLAYBOY: What intrigues you about prison shows?

DOWNEY: First of all, I enjoy reenactments that aren't done so well that I'm buying it. That creates a certain aesthetic distance. Then I like interviews with someone having some catharsis. It always starts with "I kind of had a feeling I shouldn't be doing this." [laughs] It's never "I strapped the hashish around my midsection just knowing it was all gonna pan out for me." And they never say on *Locked Up Abroad*, "This was the first time I ever tried this." They just describe the time they got busted. I guess what I'm trying to say is, I am part of a culture that is equally fascinated, disgusted and soothed by the socialization of the random suffering of others.

PLAYBOY: You recorded an album in 2004 and went on *Oprah* to promote it. Was it what you hoped it would be?

DOWNEY: No, it wasn't. As a matter of fact, Trudie Styler was cleaning out one of her and Sting's apartments when they were moving from one place into another, and she found a cassette tape of demos I'd somehow forcibly extended to them in 1988 or 1989. I think I even remember the moment. I'd also enclosed a scarab that I thought Sting and I would instantly have a transmutation with because of *Synchronicity*, his album that I understood better than anyone else. I listened to the demos again and became infatuated with them because they have moments that to me show, yes, I was musically inspired. And then the rest is gobbledygook, like the kind of people who come up to me when I'm going to *Good Morning America* and thrust their DVD in my hand. Like I was that guy.

PLAYBOY: How many rounds would you last on *American Idol*?

DOWNEY: Oh, I'd take it.

PLAYBOY: All the way?

DOWNEY: You know what? I haven't seen it enough to know that. Some of these kids can belt the songs. For me, the shit has come to this, and here's one of the great things about getting older: I'm confident enough in myself as a singer to never go out of my way to do it again. [laughs]



PLAYBOY FORUM

STEVE VS. STEVE

WITH OPPOSING IDEOLOGIES, APPLE'S CO-FOUNDERS CREATED AN UPSTART FIRM THAT IS NOW AN OPPRESSIVE EMPIRE

BY TIM WU

One day in 1971 a bearded young college student in thick eyeglasses named Steve Wozniak was hanging out at the home of Steve Jobs, then in high school. The two electronics buffs were fiddling with a crude device they had been working on for more than a year. They attached Wozniak's latest design to Jobs's phone, and as Wozniak recalls, "It actually worked." The two used the device to place a long-distance phone call and managed to hack AT&T's long-distance network: Their creation was a machine, a "blue box," that made long-distance phone calls for free.

What would one day become Apple Inc., the world's largest technology firm, began with a hack of the telephone network. These two facts reveal a company that has always had a dual personality: a self-professed revolutionary that defines itself as an outsider yet is closely allied with the greatest forces in information—the entertainment conglomerates and the telecommunications industry. These

two sides to this schizophrenic company have always been in tension and, as we shall see, reflect the different characters of its founders.

Jobs and Wozniak's early days form the lore that still gives substance to the image long cultivated: the iconoclast partnership born in a Los Altos garage. This imagery would be reinforced by the pair's self-styling as bona fide counterculturals with all the accoutrements—long hair, opposition to the war and—in Jobs's case—a tendency to experiment with chemical substances as readily as with electronics. Wozniak, an inveterate prankster, ran one of the first "dial-a-joke" operations; Jobs would travel to India in search of a guru.

But, as is often the case, the granular truth of Apple's origins was a bit more complicated than the mythology. For even in the beginning there was a significant divide between the two men. There was no real parity in technical

pro prowess: It was Wozniak, not Jobs, who built the blue box. And it was Wozniak who would conceive of and build the Apple and the Apple II, among the most important inventions of the later 20th century. For his part, Jobs was the businessman and deal maker of the operation, essential as such but hardly the founding genius of Apple computers. The man whose ideas were turned into silicon to change the world was Wozniak.

While Apple's wasn't the only personal computer invented in the 1970s, it was the most influential. Wozniak's

computer took the power of computing, formerly the instrument of large companies with mainframe resources, and put it in the hands of individuals. It was almost unimaginable at the time: a device that made ordinary individuals sovereign over information by means of computational powers they could tailor to their needs. The Apple II took personal computing, an obscure pursuit of the hobbyist, and made it



DAVID PLUNNEERT

into a nationwide phenomenon, one that would ultimately transform not just computing but communications, culture, entertainment, business—in short, the whole productive part of American life.

With slots to accommodate all sorts of peripheral devices and an operating system that ran a variety of software, the Wozniak design was open in ways that might be said to still define the concept in the computing industries. The Apple's operating system, using a form of BASIC as its programming language and operating environment, was moreover one that anyone could program. It made it possible to write and sell one's programs directly, creating what we now call the "software" industry.

Wozniak's ethic of openness extended even to disclosing design specifications. He once gave a talk and put the point this way: "Everything we knew, you knew." In the secretive



Last man standing: Steve Jobs, in front of an early-1970s photo of himself and Wozniak, at the iPad launch earlier this year.

high-tech world, such transparency was unheard of, as it is today. Google, for example, despite its commitment to network openness, keeps most of its code and operations secret, and today's Apple, unlike the Apple of 1976, guards technical and managerial information the way Willy Wonka guards candy recipes.

In 2006 I briefly met with Steve Wozniak on the campus of Columbia University. "There's a question I've always wanted to ask you," I said. "What happened with the Mac? You could open up the Apple II and there were slots and so on, and anyone could write for it. The Mac was way more closed. What happened?"

"Oh," said Wozniak, "that was Steve. He wanted it that way. The Apple II was my machine, and the Mac was his."

Apple's origins were pure Wozniak, but as everyone knows, it was Jobs whose ideas made Apple what it is today. The Macintosh, launched in 1984, marked a departure from Wozniak's ideas as realized in the Apple II. Generally, only Apple stuff or stuff that Apple approved could run on the Mac (as software) or plug into it (as peripherals). Apple refused to license its operating system, meaning that a company like Dell couldn't make a Mac-compatible computer. If you wanted a laser printer, software or virtually any accessory, it was to Apple you had to turn. Apple was the final arbiter of what the

a certain restraint to create and market it, that was fine. Leander Kahney, author of *Inside Steve's Brain*, describes Jobs's modus operandi as one of "unrelenting control over his employees, his image and even his customers," with the goal of achieving "unrelenting control over his products and how they're used."

By the time the Macintosh became Apple's lead product, Wozniak had lost whatever power he had once held over Apple's institutional ideology and product design. One reason had nothing to do with business or philosophy. In 1981 he crashed his Beechcraft

Macintosh was and was not. leaving the far more ambitious Jobs and his ideas ascendant.

Via the Mac, Jobs had created an integrated product, installing himself as its prime mover. If the good of getting everything to work together smoothly—perfectly—meant a little less freedom of use, so be it. Likewise, if it required

By the dawn of this decade, Jobs had laid the cornerstone of an even greater strategy to achieve perfect control over product and consumer. It was a triad of beautiful, perfect machines that have since won the allegiance of millions of users. Meant to usurp the throne of the personal computer, they were, in order of their succession, the iPod, the iPhone and the iPad. These would be, if all went according to plan, the information appliances of the 2010s. On the inside the iPod, iPhone and iPad are actually computers. But they are computers that have been reduced to a strictly limited set of functions that they are designed to perform extremely well.

These are amazing machines. They make available an incredible variety of content—video, music, technology—with an intuitive interface that is a pleasure to use. But they are also machines whose soul is profoundly different from that of any other personal computer, let alone Wozniak's Apple II. Even if invisible to many consumers, the inescapable reality is that these machines are closed in a way the personal computer never was; they are more like televisions than computers. All innovation and functionality are ultimately subject to Apple's veto, making these devices antithetical to the Apple II.

For all their glamour, Jobs's appliances are the final break from the legacy of Wozniak, whose devices were meant to empower their users, not control them. That proposition may appeal to geeks more than to the average person, but anyone can appreciate the sentiment behind putting enormous power at the discretion of any individual. We can appreciate the convenience, but it is worth noticing what is changing. It is the difference between a product designed for consumption and one designed for creation. As Tom Conlon of *Popular Science* declared vehemently, "Once we replace the personal computer with a closed-platform device such as the iPad, we replace freedom, choice and the free market with oppression, censorship and monopoly."



While the Apple II (1977) reflects Wozniak's ethos of open programming, the Macintosh (1984) mirrors Jobs's ironhanded business sensibilities.

Bonanza just outside the San Francisco Bay area. The resulting brain damage led to pronounced though temporary cognitive impairment, including retrograde amnesia. He would take a leave of absence, but his return would not alter the outcome of a quiet power struggle that had been building since the days of the blue box. Its resolution would permanently sideline "the other Steve,"

Tim Wu is author of The Master Switch: The Rise and Fall of Information Empires.

BAD APPLE

STEVE JOBS SHOULDN'T DICTATE WHAT WE SEE AND READ

BY JEFF BERCOVICI

Steve Jobs has built Apple into one of the world's most envied companies with his uncanny knack for telling consumers what to want. But lately he's crossed over into the dangerous territory of telling them what they shouldn't want—namely, anything involving sexuality, nudity or forms of expression best reserved for grown-ups.

Jobs picked an auspicious moment to reveal his heretofore concealed puritanical streak. With his two latest wonder products, the iPad and the iPhone 4, becoming instant megasellers, he's never had more control over what the gadget-buying public sees, hears and thinks. Now he's using that control to ensure that media experiences enjoyed on his devices are as family friendly as the latest kids' movie from Pixar, the animation studio he co-founded. The list of applications rejected by Apple in recent months is long and frequently absurd: an e-reader that would have allowed users to peruse the *Kama Sutra*, among other literary classics; a shoot-'em-up video game starring a scantily clad female alien hunter; graphic-novel adaptations of *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *Ulysses*; apps from the mainstream German news publications *Bild* and *Stern*, which show young women in various states of undress, just as they regularly appear in the print editions. That many of these bans were quickly reversed on appeal illustrates how knee-jerk were the decisions to ban them in the first place. In some cases this is because it's software, not human beings, doing the red flagging: A plot summary of *Moby-Dick* in Apple's iBooks app describes the titular cetacean as a "s***m whale." To get around the ban, many developers and publishers have taken to preemptive self-censorship. For instance, editors at Britain's *Dazed & Confused*, which often sprinkles a bit of T&A into its fashion shoots, referred to the magazine's covered-up iPad-safe version as "the Iran edition." Any doubt that Jobs himself is the prime mover behind all this was erased in May when the reclusive mogul replied to an irate blogger's e-mails by boasting that Apple now offers its customers "freedom from porn."

To some extent, all this is in keeping with Apple's brand ethos, which is about offering users a controlled, curated and, of course, stylish experience, free from the chaos and squalor of the unregulated web. You can download music and movies for free via BitTorrent, risking corrupted files and possibly even legal prosecution, or you can pay a few bucks and buy them from the iTunes store, even though that means putting up with copy protection that makes it hard to transfer the files between computers. Lots of people choose the latter, trusting Uncle Steve to keep their hard drives safe and clean.

But it's one thing to exclude Flash software or untested apps on the grounds that they may cause an operating system to crash. It's another to target the actual expression of ideas. Apple's hazy guidelines for developers, which prohibit "content or materials that in Apple's reasonable judgment may be

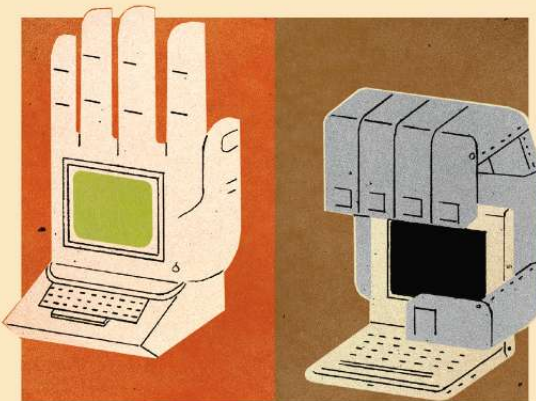
found objectionable" by users, can and have been employed to block political speech: from an app that counted down the seconds until President Bush left office to one called *Me So Holy*, which lets buyers superimpose their faces on religious leaders' bodies. Political cartoonist Mark Fiore actually received an official communiqué from Apple notifying him that an app he'd submitted had been rejected on the grounds that it "ridicules public figures." (It was later accepted after Fiore won a Pulitzer Prize.) Freedom from porn is scary enough; freedom from satire is downright Orwellian. Remember when Apple could unironically evoke Orwell in its famous 1984 ad, a shot against the imagination-smothering competition? It's hard to watch that commercial now without a sense of cognitive dissonance.

Of course, the cult of Jobs is such that he will never want for apologists. "What Apple is doing is not unlike any big retailer, like Walmart, banning porn sales in stores," wrote *The Wall Street Journal's* Kara Swisher, a leading tech journalist, in a blog post defending the censorship. "This is business, plain and simple." Never mind that Jobs himself has made it clear it's not just business, telling a customer, "We do believe we have a moral responsibility to keep porn off the iPhone." Swisher's analogy fails on its own terms: For starters, Walmart doesn't charge its customers a couple hundred dollars and lock them into long-term contracts before they walk in the door. Walmart also doesn't make it a crime to buy products other than the ones it chooses to stock.

While it's simple enough to "jailbreak" an iPhone so it runs apps Apple hasn't approved, Apple has long argued that doing so constitutes a violation of its copyright, and the federal government has agreed—until now. In July the U.S. Copyright Office elected to grant a new exemption to the Digital Millennium Copyright Act, ruling that jailbreaking is allowable under the doctrine of fair use, a legal principle intended to encourage expression and innovation.

That ruling opens the way for a more sensible state of affairs: Apple is free to sell only the content it approves in the store it owns, while adult human beings who pay \$200 for a phone or \$500 for a tablet computer are free to download onto it and use whatever programs they like. There's no reason Jobs's right to run his business the way he sees fit has to be in conflict with the right of creators to produce sexy or politically controversial material—and the right of consumers to enjoy it.

But just because you have the right to do something doesn't mean it's in your best interest. Now that Jobs no longer has a monopoly on apps, he may find his evangelical fervor somewhat diminished. There are signs that this is already happening. In June Apple approved an app that allows users to read in its entirety *The Sun*, a British tabloid whose most famous feature is its daily topless Page Three girl. Apple insists its standards haven't changed, but don't be surprised if the company, rather than leave money on the table, learns to Think Different.



DAVID PLLINKERT

READER RESPONSE

WHITE WASH

In "Imagination Nation" (September), Stephen Duncombe writes, "You can wander the vast mediascape and not witness another sea of whiteness like



Has the Tea Party gotten a bum rap?

a Tea Party rally." Apparently he has never been to a NASCAR race, a hockey game or a country-and-western concert. If you attend a meeting of the NAACP or the National Council of La Raza, whose agenda are they pushing? The Tea Party is open to all.

Dave Heftman
Whittier, California

Duncombe and Curtis White ("Quite Right, My Sheep!" September) make two accusations against the Tea Party: racism and capitalism. The former is a smear; the latter is incoherent. If the movement is against the "future," it may be because the future looks like a bankrupt Greece. And while White expresses disdain for the Nietzschean "weak," i.e., Middle America, it was not the free market but corporate rent seekers (the Nietzschean "strong") who solicited bailouts.

Kelley Ross
Sherman Oaks, California

Unless he can read minds, Duncombe can't determine whether a crowd is bigoted. There are nutcases and offensive signs at any political demonstration.

Justin Risner
Kettering, Ohio

I joined the Tea Party because, like most Americans, I want control over my own life. But after being taken over by Sarah Palin and Fox News, the movement has too much of the old-school Republican agenda.

Elizabeth Feola
Bethel, Connecticut

Although the colonists used the slogan "No taxation without representation," it was never in earnest. Benjamin Franklin, who served as a lobbyist, more or less, for the colonies, knew better than to ask for representation in Parliament. The colonists did not consider Great Britain a foreign nation but their homeland—that was a problem for the founders. They paid relatively few taxes but objected to Britain's large debt. Most of the founders were extremely wary of the growth of federal power. Apparently they were right to worry.

Roy Wells
San Ramon, California

The secret is out. None of the participants in the Boston Tea Party of 1773 were American citizens. Now members of the Tea Party and some Republicans want to repeal the 14th Amendment, which for the first time defined citizenship and made the Bill of Rights—including the Second Amendment—applicable to the states. They also hope to repeal the First Amendment so local governments can decide who can and cannot build a house of worship. All this could have been avoided if the native peoples had better protected their borders and kept the riffraff out.

Fred Seitz
Beaufort, South Carolina

CAUGHT ON FILM

Martin Preib's argument in "Life on Camera" (August) is that police officers



A Maryland trooper checks his camera.

like himself shouldn't be videotaped; yet, as a citizen, I am supposed to acquiesce to prying and monitoring by law enforcement for my "safety." Preib wants zero transparency because he's a police officer and a good guy and would never do anything wrong. The recent prosecution of a Maryland man for recording an officer who had pulled

him over is a good example of this double standard. The authorities love to say "If you've got nothing to hide, you have nothing to fear" to assuage our fears of surveillance. So if police officers have nothing to hide, why are they afraid of cameras?

Tim de Valroger
Hoboken, New Jersey

FURTHER ENCOURAGEMENT

Citing First Corinthians, chapter 12, a reader in August scolds you for the sinful nature of displaying nudity. In fact,



Eve and Adam before they invented clothes.

Paul was writing about how just as all the body parts work together, we all have our parts to play in Christ.

Ed Lewis
Lowell, Indiana

The chapter describes a symbolic body on which some parts are less "honorable" (e.g., the homeless, the poor, the down-trodden). These are the ones to whom we should be more kind.

Derek Tombrello
Shelby, Alabama

The chapter refers to "uncomely parts" that are "feeble." While a mangled arm might be covered, hiding a gorgeous vulva is not what Paul had in mind.

Gordon Gill
Annandale, Virginia

I am an avid reader of the Bible and PLAYBOY and can find no biblical verse not taken out of context that says I can't be both. There is an entire book (Song of Solomon) that addresses erotica, complete with graphic references to genitalia. And sex is considered by most to be one of God's blessings.

Fred Tindall Jr.
Chester, South Carolina

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com.
Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive,
Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**Is Cheerleading a Sport?**

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT—No, at least not yet, said a federal judge asked to rule whether competitive cheer teams qualify under Title IX, the 1972 law that requires schools to provide equal opportunities to male and female athletes. Last year Quinnipiac University in Hamden announced it was disbanding men's golf, men's outdoor track and women's volleyball for budgetary reasons. However, to comply with Title IX, the school needed more female athletes, so it created a cheer squad, hired three coaches and assigned six scholarships. (Unlike sideline cheerleaders, the competitive kind perform only at meets.) After five members of the volleyball team and its coach sued, the judge ruled competitive cheer remains too "underdeveloped and disorganized" to be a collegiate sport. He noted the Bobcats compete mostly against club and high school teams and use a variety of scoring systems, including one that measures crowd reaction. In response, Quinnipiac and seven other U.S. schools with varsity teams have changed cheering's name to "stunts and tumbling" and established a uniform scoring system with six rounds—compulsory, stunt, pyramid, basket toss, tumbling and team routine.

Nonunion Pickets

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Local unions must fill dozens of picket lines every day, but for a variety of reasons, including a lack of parking, it's difficult to get members to march. So, reports *The Wall Street Journal*, the unions hire unemployed nonunion workers at minimum wage to protest against employers who hire nonunion workers. The union leaders say they see no conflict because they are "helping people who are in a difficult situation" and "giving back to the community a bit."

An Honest Politician

MADISON, WISCONSIN—Election officials rejected a request from a state assembly candidate hoping to represent a largely black district who wanted to place the slogan "NOT the 'whiteman's



bitch' " under her name on the ballot. State policy allows independents to include a five-word "statement of purpose" to explain to voters what they stand for. "I'm not making a derogatory statement toward an ethnic group," said Ieshuh Griffin. "I'm stating what I'm not." One of the six white former judges who make up the review board and voted to allow the statement told reporters, "She says a lot in five words."

Right Back at Ya

WARSAW, OHIO—Every weekend since 2006, members of New Beginnings Ministries Church have picketed the Fox Hole, a strip club nine miles to the west. This past summer the dancers turned the tables, sitting outside the church on Sunday mornings in halter tops and bikinis with signs quoting scripture, such as BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS. The New Beginnings pastor and the Fox Hole owner met to negotiate a truce but could not reach an agreement.

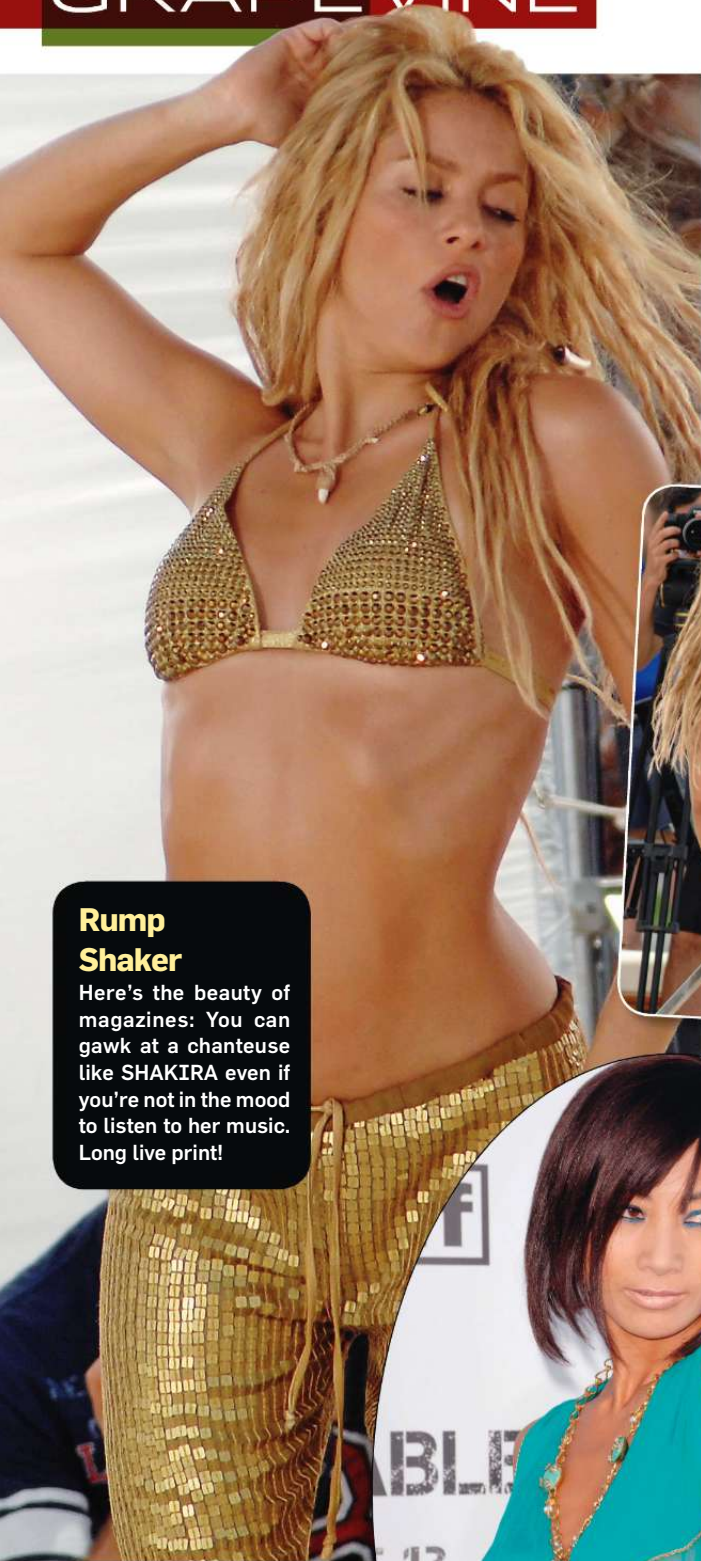
Rape by Deception

JERUSALEM—A local court sentenced a law-firm messenger to 18 months in prison for

"rape by deception" because he did not reveal to his Jewish partner he was a Palestinian and also falsely claimed he was single and interested in being her boyfriend. When the couple met in Jerusalem, Sabbar Kashur introduced himself as a Jewish bachelor. About 15 minutes later the pair had consensual sex in a nearby office building. When she later learned Kashur was Muslim, she told police she had been assaulted. The court ruled that had the woman known Kashur was not Jewish and not interested in a serious relationship, "she would not have cooperated." Kashur's lawyer responded, "It's hard to believe that someone who had sex minutes after she first met her partner did so on the basis of him saying he was interested in a serious relationship."



Kashur



BAUER GRIFFIN (2)

Coffee, Tea or Britney?

Within each issue of *US Weekly* you will find a page highlighting celebrities doing "normal people things." You know, "Tom Hanks jogs with his labradoodle—just like us!" Our take: **BRITNEY SPEARS** really enjoys iced coffee—just like us!



PIX/VE/NET PICTURES



Rump Shaker

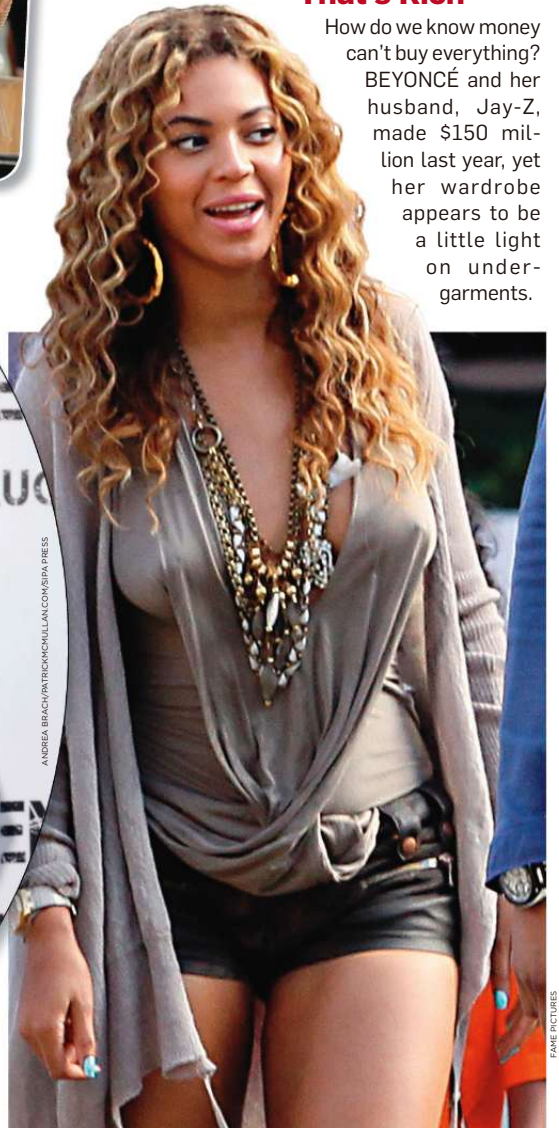
Here's the beauty of magazines: You can gawk at a chanteuse like **SHAKIRA** even if you're not in the mood to listen to her music. Long live print!



ANDREA BRACH/INTRICOM/ALLANCON/ISTITA PRESS

That's Rich

How do we know money can't buy everything? **BEYONCÉ** and her husband, Jay-Z, made \$150 million last year, yet her wardrobe appears to be a little light on undergarments.



PIX/VE/NET PICTURES

The Good-Bai Girl

We can guarantee that former *PLAYBOY* cover girl and actress **BAI LING** will steal every red carpet she strides upon—as she did at the *Expendables* premiere. Of course it's usually because of what she's not wearing. She definitely makes our best undressed list.



Nice Cannes

Diddy protégée CASSIE ("Me & U," "Kiss Me," "Long Way 2 Go") performed at the Palais Club in Cannes during her recent European tour. We went to the Cannes film festival and didn't see a movie that could top this for best picture.



Halfsies

The Saturdays are the new Spice Girls, and if we had to pick the Posh Spice of the group, it would be UNA HEALY. Footballer husband and plastic surgery to follow.

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SPICE GIRLS

Head Turner

Who's that, you ask? Why, it's DANIA RAMIREZ, the latest piece of eye candy on *Entourage*. Turtle moved on from Jamie-Lynn Sigler to carry a torch for Dania, and now so have we.



The Giving Tree

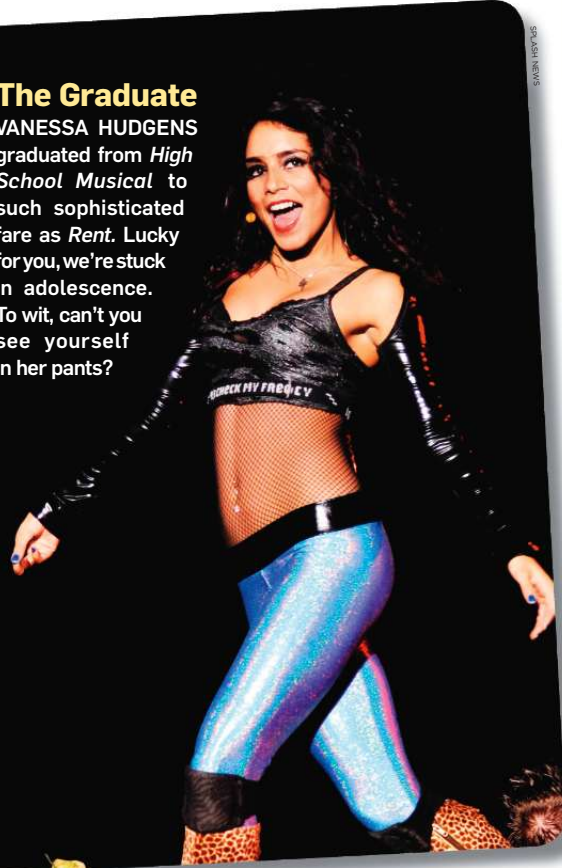
We're not ashamed to admit we spent many days in our youth bird-watching with our grandfather. If only the old man could have seen Scottish model MISSY—the finest bird in all the land.

SAVAN VISUALS

HALIN ENERGY PICTURES.COM

The Graduate

VANESSA HUDGENS graduated from *High School Musical* to such sophisticated fare as *Rent*. Lucky for you, we're stuck in adolescence. To wit, can't you see yourself in her pants?





SHE'S WILD, FUNNY AND SEXY: GO, KENDRA!



AARON COHEN: ISRAELI COMMANDO TO THE STARS.



THE MULTIFACETED MARILYN MONROE.

NEXT MONTH



SEX IN CINEMA: THE STEAMIEST ON-SCREEN LOVIN' IN 2010.

CONAN O'BRIEN—THE COMEDIAN OPENS UP TO **ROB TANNENBAUM** ABOUT THE UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE AFTER THE LATE SHAFT IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW*.

CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD FIXER—WHEN CELEBS SUCH AS KATE MOSS AND BRAD PITT NEED SECURITY, THEY CALL FORMER ISRAELI COMMANDO AARON COHEN. **STEVE ONEY** GETS TO KNOW HOLLYWOOD'S MOST LETHAL SECRET WEAPON.

KENDRA WILKINSON—FORTHRIGHT ABOUT HER FLAWS AND QUICK TO LAUGH AT HERSELF, HEF'S FORMER GIRLFRIEND HAS WON THE HEARTS OF THE MASSES.

TIP-OFF 2011—WE TELL YOU EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT THE COMING NCAA BASKETBALL SEASON.

OLIVIA WILDE—IN *20Q* **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** TALKS TO THE ACTRESS ABOUT HER SKINTIGHT *TRON* SUIT, THE SECRET TO A GOOD LESBIAN KISS AND HER LIFE AS AN ITALIAN PRINCESS.

HOMESICKNESS—*LEGENDS OF THE FALL* AUTHOR **JIM HARRISON** PAYS TRIBUTE TO HIS MICHIGAN CABIN AND REFLECTS ON THE PLEASURES OF SOLITUDE.

SEX IN CINEMA—A LOOK BACK AT THE YEAR'S MOST SCINTILLATING EROTIC MOMENTS ON THE BIG SCREEN.

LAST DAYS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCES—HE BEAT A MAN TO DEATH AT 19 AND WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE. **KENNETH E. HARTMAN** WRITES ABOUT HIS LAST DAYS OF FREEDOM.

VULTURE CAPITALISM—AS PREDATORY LOWLIFES GO, THEY'RE THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL. **ARAM ROSTON** INVESTIGATES RUTHLESS CREDITORS WHO LIVE OFF THE IMPOVERISHED.

CITY OF BROKEN DREAMS—CLEVELAND IS USED TO GETTING SCREWED, BUT WHEN LEBRON JAMES LEFT, THAT WAS THE FINAL STRAW. *BASIC INSTINCT* SCREENWRITER **JOE ESZTERHAS** SOUNDS OFF ON HATERS OF HIS HOMETOWN.

PALM READERS—IN A NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED EXCERPT FROM HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY, **MARK TWAIN** RESPONDS TO FIVE DIFFERENT FORTUNE-TELLER APPRAISALS OF HIS PALM.

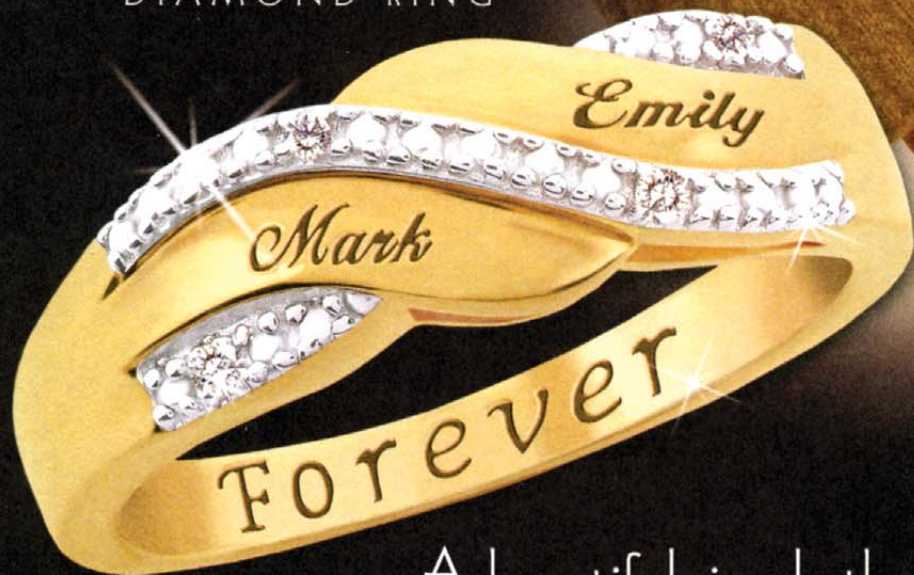
(SECRET) MARILYN—SHE WAS AT ONCE AN ICON AND A SIMPLE WORKING-CLASS GIRL. **JOYCE CAROL OATES** EXPLORES THE MANY FACES OF MARILYN MONROE.

WHY WE LOVE THE '80S—BIG HAIR AND LYCRA. **NEAL GABLER** LOOKS BACK AT EVERYONE'S FAVORITE OVER-THE-TOP ERA.

PLUS—SEVEN INNOVATIONS THAT WILL CHANGE THE WORLD, THE HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE AND MISS DECEMBER **ASHLEY HOBBS**.

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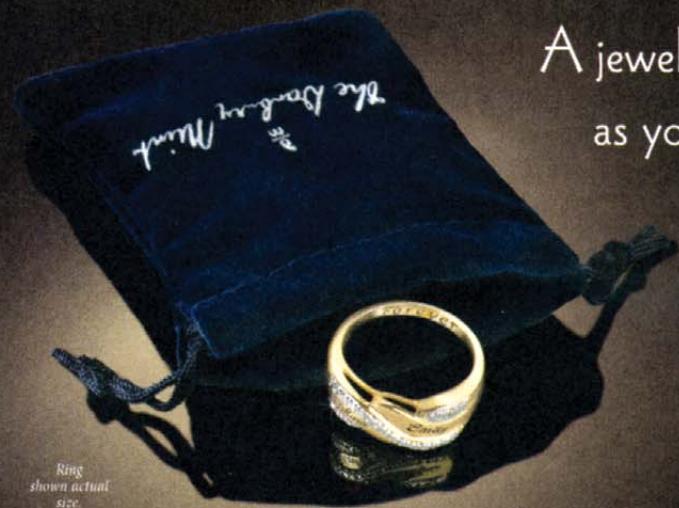
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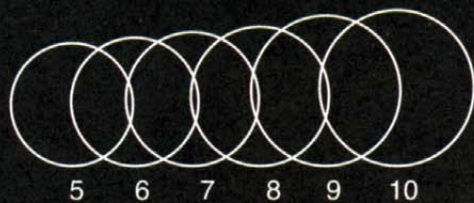
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