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THE INTERVIEW CONAN O'BRIEN

2011 COLLEGE HOOPS PREVIEW

MAGNUM FORCE MEET THE ISRAELI COMMANDO WHO KEEPS HOLLYWOOD SAFE

FEATURING CHUCK PALAHNIUK MARK TWAIN JOYCE CAROL OATES JIM HARRISON PLUS HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE CLASSIC FORMALWEAR SEX IN CINEMA WHY WE LOVE THE '80S In the battle against compromise, the fully loaded MAZDA*3* never makes you pick sides. Starting around \$16k,* its bold, aggressive styling,

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t's that time of year when your aging uncle shows up for the holiday dinner to telland demand you listen to-his tread-worn jokes. Chuck Palahniuk knows the feeling. In his new story, Knock-Knock, the author of Fight Club and Choke describes a father-son relationship tortured by forced laughter and honest silence. A century after his death, another celebrated if less explicit (though he did once compose an ode to onanism) storyteller, Mark Twain, responds with timeless wit to the conclusions of fortune-tellers who were asked to read his handprints. The Palm Readers is our exclusive, previously unpublished excerpt from the forthcoming second volume of the Autobiography of Mark Twain. We had a chance to examine the palm of Kendra Wilkinson at a Mansion party. We accurately predicted the star of The Girls Next Door and Kendra would again appear in the magazine to rave reviews. See for yourself in Simply Kendra. As you may have heard, the global economy has a dark side.

In Vulture Capitalism, Aram Roston investigates the predatory creditors who make a killing by squeezing the poor in Argentina and the Congo. It's too bad more of them aren't doing time. Kenneth E. Hartman, author of the prison memoir Mother California, is in the fourth decade of a life sentence. He lyrically recalls his final days of freedom in Last Days on the Other Side of the Fences. On December 2 LeBron James returns to the scene of the crime when his new team, the Miami Heat, plays for the first time since his departure in the city he is said

to have betrayed. In City of Broken Dreams, screenwriter and Cleveland resident Joe Eszterhas defies anyone to mess with his town. LeBron knows drama, as did Twentieth Century Fox, which transformed Norma Jeane Baker into a public performance known as Marilyn Monroe. In (Secret) Marilyn, Joyce Carol Oates examines the contradictions of the actress's life based on Fragments: Poems, Intimate Notes, Letters, a new collection of Monroe's diary entries and other missives. Marilyn might have identified with the anguish of novelist Jim Harrison, whose sudden windfall after Legends of the Fall caught him by surprise. He recounts in Homesickness the salvation he found in a remote Michigan cabin. Conan O'Brien had some unexpected quiet time last year when NBC snatched back The Tonight Show, apparently because not enough elderly uncles got the jokes. In the Playboy Interview he discusses the ghost of Christmas past (that's you, Jay) and future-his TBS gig, Conan, which debuted last month. We hope our cabin has cable.















Joyce Carol Oates







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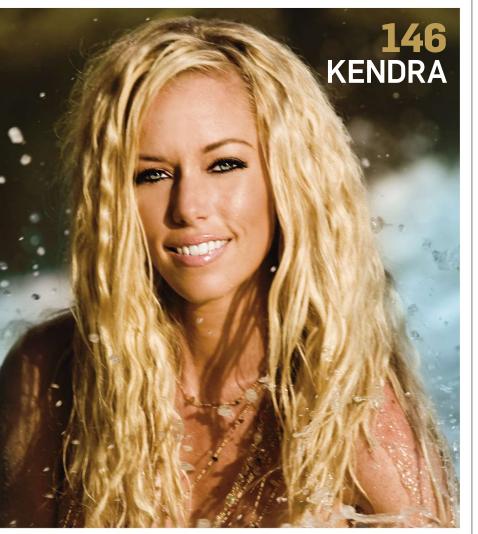
LEAD ON

PLAYBOY

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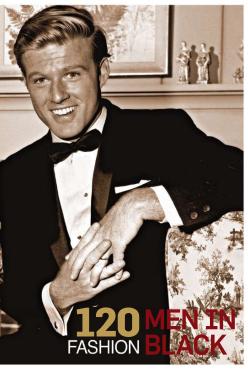
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NFL PLAYOFF PICKS Playmate Jaime Faith Edmondson models sexy gear from this year's top teams.

HOLIDAY GIFT GUIDE Like what you see in this issue? Find even more of the best gifts for guys this season online.

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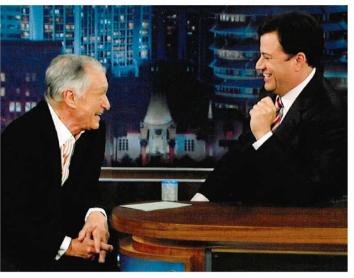


THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

THE CONSUMMATE BACHELOR ON ABC

When Hef appeared on *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* to promote *Hugh Hefner: Playboy, Activist and Rebel, Jimmy Kimmel added "the inventor of nudity" to Hef's many titles. The two bantered about Hef being arrested for obscenity in the 1960s and Twittering in the 21st century. When the funnyman asked how one breaks up with twins, Hef quipped, "You have to say, 'Good-bye, good-bye.'"*





MEN BEFORE THEIR TIME

"Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451* was the perfect story for the 1950s and PLAYBOY," Hefner said. During Ray Bradbury Week in L.A. the writer of the seminal novel and the man who serialized the work were interviewed by *The Los Angeles Times* before the Playboy Foundation's screening of the movie based on the sci-fi classic.





TO THE GOOD LIFE We dispatched a bevy of buxom ambassadors— Bridget Marquardt and Playmates Tyran Richard, Shannon James, Stephanie Larimore, Lauren Anderson and Amanda Paige—to our party during the Toronto International Film Festival. Rapper Big Boi was less curvy but also entertaining at Playboy's Good Life Party.







MODERN ART INSPIRED BY THE ICONIC PLAYBOY BUNNY

Contemporary fine artists interpreted the Playboy Bunny as part of our celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Playboy Clubs. The works, including (clockwise from above left) *Playboy Bunny* by Tara McPherson, Tim Biskup's *The Gorgon, Golden Martini* by Glenn Barr and Josh "Shag" Agle's *Two Hours Past Bedtime,* hung in the Warhol Museum and then the Rotofugi Gallery in an exhibition called Playboy Redux.

HANGIN WITH H8F

Hosting celebrities, friends and beautiful women, 10236 Charing Cross Road may be called Shangri-la, but we refer to it as the Playboy Mansion and Hef calls it home. (1) The host poolside in a robe with guests in less. (2) Hef with Jane Fonda and legendary record pro-ducer Richard Perry. (3) Miss October 2010 Claire Sinclair with pinup artist Olivia before a Sunday movie. (4) June "the Bosom" Wilkin-son with actor Michael Callan. (5) Hef gives a tour to Jack Nicholson's son Ray and his fraternity brothers. (6) Hugh Hefner: Playboy, Activist and Rebel documentarian Brigitte Berman with Mary O'Connor. (7) Samantha Crowley, Cooper Hefner, Hef and Crystal Harris at the L.A. premiere of Berman's film. (8) Cristal Camden with Jon Lovitz at a PMW screening. (9) Girls in the Grotto. (10) Crystal and PMOY 2010 Hope Dworaczyk on movie night. (11) Lorenzo Lamas and his fiancée, Shawna Craig. (12) Marston Hefner flanked by Playmates Deanna Brooks and Hiromi Oshima at the Partying for a Purpose fete. (13) Hef with the Playmate Dancers who strutted their stuff before an MMA event.

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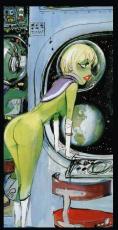
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A SURVEY OF SOME OF THE HOTTEST CARTOONS EVER IN PLAYBOY

CALLING ALL JEWISH COWBOYS

What a treat to see Kinky Friedman in the September issue (*Greetings From Texas*). I'm a native Texan, and two of my favorite people are Willie Nelson and Kinky. His book *Cowboy Logic* is a gem, and I hope he becomes a PLAYBOY regular.

> Bill Iglehart New Port Richey, Florida

My subscription doesn't expire until 2015, but I'll add to it if you convince Kinky to write a monthly column. A regular byline in PLAYBOY would truly be an added feather in his yarmulke. Harvey Garber

Cathedral City, California

GREEN WEED

In your report on California's marijuana industry (Grown in the USA, October), you cite my estimate that the U.S. cannabis market is worth \$14 billion annually. While proponents argue that a legalize-and-tax strategy could rescue many states, Katherine Waldock and I note in a newly released report at cato.org that the revenue gains in California would be modest-roughly \$350 million. That excludes the \$1 billion that might be saved on police, prosecutors and prison guards, assuming anyone has the political will to lay them off. Proponents also argue that legalization would create jobs in supporting industries, but those jobs already exist; they're just underground. Finally, there's no guarantee street prices would plummet if weed were legal. Prices in countries with weak marijuana laws are not much lower than those in California. Cannabis should be legalized not for any economic benefit but because government should not infringe on individual freedoms and because attempts to do so lead to crime and corruption.

Jeffrey Miron

Cambridge, Massachusetts Miron, a senior lecturer in economics at Harvard and a senior fellow at the Cato Institute, is author of Libertarianism From A to Z.

KING OF BOURBONS

I've tasted each of the bourbons you feature in *The Playboy Bar: Bourbon* (October) except Pappy Van Winkle's, which I look forward to trying. My bourbon of choice is Fighting Cock (fightingcock .com), which a friend introduced me to some 30 years ago. It's a 103-proof, cornand-rye Kentucky bourbon aged six years. It makes the best bourbon-and-ginger-ale highball you will ever taste.

John Simpkins Austintown, Ohio

BACK TO BASICS

What an issue! Between Miss October Claire Sinclair (*Vintage Model*) and *Girls of the PAC 10*, it's great to see PLAYBOY returning to its girl-next-door roots.

Aaron Mason Saint John, New Brunswick

DEAR PLAYBOY

Hair Today, Gone...

Sasha Grey (*Grey's Anatomy*, October) is a smart, beautiful and brave woman for bucking the ugly trend of shaved pubic areas. I wish PLAYBOY would go back to its noble roots of showing women in their natural state—the vulva is not as beautiful as the breast, which is why the creator put hair there.

> Esper Nasrallah Ottawa, Ontario

We'd call it a tie. While breasts grab our attention, pubic hair may trap pheromones that keep us engaged. You'll be pleased to learn that, according to a new survey by the Kinsey Institute, most American women still have bush. Those who don't are more likely to be younger. Nearly 70 percent of women under 25 reported removing some or all.

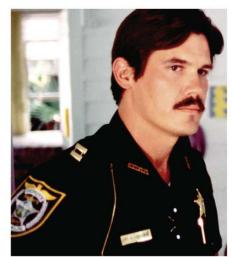
CLASSIC TV

Thank you for Kevin Cook's excellent history of *Monday Night Football* in the October issue (*The Biggest Gamble in Sports History*). As someone born at the height of the baby boom, I think two shows define my generation—*Saturday Night Live* and *MNF*.

> Paul Pruitt Tarpon Springs, Florida

A COP NAMED JOSH

About 10 years ago, on the set of the film *Coastlines*, in Sopchoppy, Florida, I met a down-to-earth guy who looked like



Lawman Josh Brolin in the film Coastlines.

a policeman. We shared a lot of laughs, so I was later bummed to learn he was not a local cop but an actor named Josh Brolin who would head on down the road (*Playboy Interview*, October). I still laugh at myself about it. Great interview!

> Bert Ivey Tallahassee, Florida



PEE-WEE FAN CLUB

As a child of the 1980s I can't tell you how inspired I am by your *Playboy Interview* with Paul Reubens, a.k.a. Pee-wee Herman (September). Reading his words is like finding an old childhood toy and realizing it has many features and cool aspects you never noticed when you played with it as a kid. Please let Reubens know I adored him as a little girl, think he is hilarious as a grown-up and love him more than ever for his honesty.

Alyson Shelton Las Vegas, Nevada

Reubens is a hero among today's grown children. We all understand media sensationalism, and it's a shame he has been a target for so long. His interview brought back vivid memories of the first time I felt screwed by the Man: I was in elementary school and they scheduled a snow-day makeup on a Saturday, meaning I had to miss the new episode of *Pee-wee's Playhouse*.

Philip Jaeger Louisville, Kentucky

THANKS AND NO THANKS

I appreciate being named your preseason Coach of the Year (*Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, September). I have the plaque proudly displayed in my office.

> Gary Patterson Texas Christian University Fort Worth, Texas

It's clear to me your magazine has a bias against SEC teams. You did not pick Alabama as your number one team last year, and you were wrong. And now you haven't selected it again, when every other magazine and poll in the country did. You'll be wrong again. A trip by



WÓDKA POLSKA www.truthinvodka.com your sports editor to Tuscaloosa to see the Crimson Tide is long overdue. Charles Smith Tuscaloosa, Alabama

JENNY ON AUTISM

As a health professional I am disappointed to see you describe Jenny McCarthy as a "serious, thoughtful" person on parenting and autism when she is behind the dangerous anti-vaccine movement (*Playmate News*, September). It also saddens me to learn Miss September Olivia Paige considers McCarthy a role model on this subject.

Miguel González

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma Jenny is serious and thoughtful. But you're right. There is no evidence that vaccines cause autism. Jenny says neither she nor her group, Generation Rescue, are anti-vaccine or tell parents not to vaccinate. Instead, she says she is fighting for "safer" vaccines. Some pediatricians and public-health officials say her high-profile skepticism has contributed to the resurgence of long-dormant maladies such as measles and meningitis. "She's a mom," her then-boyfriend, actor Jim Carrey, told Time magazine earlier this year. "That's what she is. That's her truth."

MORE ON CORNEL WEST

In your *Playboy Interview* (August), Cornel West says there are no poor people in Norway or Sweden. What he doesn't mention is the combined income and sales-tax rates in those countries can top 50 percent. Are we ready for a tax burden like that to help the poor?

Mason Smith Staunton, Virginia That may be changing. In Denmark, where the combined taxes can also top 50 percent and public assistance is a constitutional right, the government this past summer cut unemployment benefits from four years to two.

A colleague just shared with me your interview with West, who chases down with a plomb the specter of the "angry black man"—a potent device for the demonization of black men as evil incarnate. But it's also paradoxical. Barack Obama can be portrayed as a raging black man (e.g., Glenn Beck's claim the president has a "deep-seated hatred for white people") and the next moment be described as emotionally flaccid (e.g., Obama's "clenched jaw" rejoinder to the BP oil spill). But West falls short when considering gender relations. While he laments a market "driven by the insatiable desire for personal pleasure, property, power, ego satisfaction," it is coupled to his praise for PLAYBOY's role as "a very important institution...because there's nothing wrong with looking at beautiful women." Well, there can be a lot wrong with looking when the gaze (regardless of intention) produces a view of women as objects arranged for pleasure, property and ego satisfaction. Given West's identification of nihilism as the enemy of

equality, where did the value, meaning and purpose of women to be free of such a gaze go? Indeed, Professor West, where is the love?

Matthew Hughey Starkville, Mississippi Hughey, a sociology professor at Mississippi State, is co-editor of the forthcoming The Obamas and a (Post) Racial America?

LET THE SUN SHINE IN

In *Raw Data* (October) you report that "the sunlight reaching Earth today is 10,000 to 170,000 years old." That is wildly incorrect. Sunlight travels from the solar surface to Earth in 8.32 minutes. Photons generated at the heart of the sun take around a million years to get to the surface, but that is a different question and still a far cry from your figures.

Charles Maitland

Memphis, Tennessee The million-year figure has been discredited; more precise calculations place the time it takes sunlight to travel from the solar core to Earth



A "prominence eruption" on the solar surface.

in the range we shared. See sunearthday.nasa .gov/2007/locations/ttt_sunlight.php.

SIZE MATTERS

I enjoyed the 20Q with John Varvatos (September), but he complains that other designers make clothing for "a little skinny boy" while his clothes are "very masculine." Yet just about all the large shirts I tried on at his Las Vegas store were ridiculously small. Not even an XXL was comfortable. I'm not sure who he uses as size models, but they are not larges.

Vincent Marino

Staten Island, New York

Our fashion editor, Jennifer Ryan Jones, responds: "Varvatos definitely designs for an 'American' fit, which is more eased than European sizing. But his clothes have a shape, and wearing them won't feel the same as throwing on an XXL T-shirt. It's like putting on dress shoes after you've worn flip-flops all summer. Clothes look better when they fit, no matter what size you are."





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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Natalin Avci

You want a paradigm? Natalin Avci is happy to oblige. "People in Turkey and in the Turkish American community watch what I do," says the modelactress, who has appeared in Eminem. **Jadakiss and Jamie** Foxx music videos. "They like that I'm showing the world what a Turkish woman looks like." And so Natalin has the potential to do for Turkish females what Kim Kardashian has done for Armenian femmes. "Turkish culture is all about eating, drinking and dancing," she says. "Turkish women are on the curvy side—in fact, if you don't eat, you're considered a drag."

Dining AFTER HOURS **Overnight Deliverv**

To honor the feast before us, a new dinner blessing: Father in heaven, accept our thanks for this food and all thy blessings-including, but not limited to, the miracle of dry ice for preserving our meal during its crosscountry journey and the swiftness of FedEx for delivering it to our table within hours. That's right—the tasty spread assembled above was completely mail ordered. Start noshing

with the quintet of cheeses-Haystack Peak, Brillat Savarin, Tilsiter, Pecorino Foglie di Noce and Colston Bassett Stilton-found in the premier package from NYC-based Murray's Cheese For a taste of the sea, try a presteamed crustacean from Gloucester's Fresh Lobster Company . The barbecue is from Kansas City—specifically Fiorella's Jack Stack Barbecue. Its smoky repast of pork spare ribs, sliced beef brisket, hickory pit beans and cheesy corn bake (\$140, jackstackbbg will tax your stain remover but exile your hunger for days. To make the proceedings extra sweet order a key-lime pie from Key West standard the Blond Giraffe And because a palate requires cleansing, take frequent sips of Deschutes Brewery's winter ale, Jubelale (\$13 per

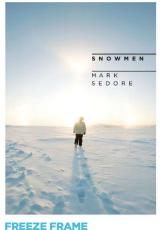




The Quick and the Deadline How to Write a Novel in **Three Days**

Every Labor Day weekend since 1977, the International 3-Day Novel Contest has

pitted tireless writers against each other in a coffeefueled, plotweaving literary juggernaut. Contestants begin writing at 12:01 а.м. on Saturday and must put down their pencils (or quit typing) at 11:59 р.м. on Monday. Writers can



Snowmen by Mark Sedore, winner of the 3-Day Novel Contest, out now from Arsenal Pulp Press.

craft their fictions anywhere they want (judges trust the honor system). Some get nutritional advice from professional athletes, others just get drunk. Second prize equals \$500, and the winner gets his or her novel published. Hot off the presses: Snowmen by Mark Sedore (\$15, Arsenal Pulp Press, amazon.com), winner of last year's contest. To register for next year's 3-Day Novel Contest, go to 3daynovel.com.

Avedon in Focus

ABOVE LEFT: DORIAN LEIGH, 1949. ABOVE RIGHT: SUNNY HARNETT, 1954. ABOVE: NATY AND ANA-MARIA ABASCAL, 1964.

Image Is Everything Pack your bankroll and head for the City of Lights. As this issue of PLAYBOY hits newsstands, Christie's will bring to auction in Paris the largest number of Richard Avedon works ever. Avedon shot everyone from Marilyn Monroe to Michael Moore (many of Avedon's portraits appeared in this magazine) and is the only photog we can think of whose fame came to outshine many of his subjects. Feast your eyes.

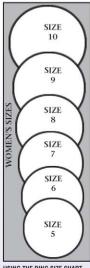
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Tanzanite is found in only one remote spot on Earth, and it's 1,000 times rarer than diamonds. Experts say the mines will soon run dry forever, but today you can own more than 1 carat for Better Than FREE!

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USING THE RING SIZE CHART Place one of her rings on top of one of the circle diagrams. Her ring size is the circle that matches the inside diameter of the ring diagram. If her ring falls between sizes, order the next larger size.

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5 VINTAGE THINGS EVERY MAN SHOULD OWN

MOTORCYCLE



Back in the Golden Age of **motorcycling**, the Brits battled the Italians for Grand Prix champion honors, making Norton (British) and MV Agusta (Italian) bikes two of the hottest brands in the world in the late 1950s. Shop for those bikes today at **walnecks.com** and channel your inner GP racer.

2 VINYL



Old **album sleeves** can be as fascinating as the music inside. The sleeve for The Rolling Stones' Sticky Fingers was dreamed up by Andy Warhol, for example. Hunt for your favorites at **vintagevinyl.com**.

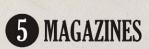
3 PINBALL



Ever since you were a young boy, you played the silver ball. If you want to relive those memories, **vintagepinballstore.com** carries rare and iconic pinball machines dating all the way back.

4 CHAMPAGNE

A vintage **Champagne** is made from grapes from a single harvest deemed to be superior. If a harvest isn't great, the winehouse won't offer a vintage that year. How do you know if a bubbly is vintage? It'll say the year on the bottle. Try a Krug 1998 this New Year's Eve, available at your local shop for about \$220.





VINTAGE BLACK

-KENNETH Coco

Playboy Cover to Cover is the entire collection of Playboy magazines from the 1950s digitized and keyword searchable for only \$65 at **Amazon.com**. Makes a great holiday gift.

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> FRENCH CONNECTION: Garrison wool sports jacket (\$1,450) by Polo Ralph Lauren; shirt (\$236) by Gucci; charcoal wool flannel trousers (\$295) by Burberry; Jaxon Bogart fedora (\$88) from the Village Hat Shop; black-and-white neat silk tie (\$86) by Ike Behar; black Peyton oxfords (\$60) by Stacy Adams.

Classic Look of the Month Breathless

AFTER HOURS

JEAN-PAUL BELMONDO

When Jean-Luc Godard named his first feature film *Breathless* (1960), he might as well have been describing women's reaction to its star Jean-Paul Belmondo, who plays a sly thief on the run from the cops on the gritty streets of Paris. A small film made for just 400,000 francs, *Breathless* played a seminal role in cinema's French New Wave because of (1) Godard's unique jump cuts and extemporaneous dialogue, (2) Jean Seberg's gorgeous cheekbones and (3) Belmondo's devil-may-care style. A new restored print of *Breathless* is now out on Blu-ray; pick it up at Amazon.com (\$30). To re-create Belmondo's timeless look, see caption above.



Car Park The Ride of Your Life

Years in the making, the highly anticipated Ferrari World in Abu Dhabi has finally opened. Climb aboard the world's fastest roller coaster, Formula Rossa, and rocket to 149 mph in four seconds flat. Step aboard the V12—a waterflume ride that takes you through a Ferrari 599 engine. "You go in through the grille and then get taken high up above the manifold," says a park spokesperson. "At the end you're shot out of the tailpipe." The price of a ticket? About \$60, not including airfare to the Middle East.

BE REMEMBERED. KENNETH COLE

Linia (113

THE TIMELESS MEN'S FRAGRANCE BY KENNETH COLE.



AFTER HOURS

Friendly Skies Altitude Slickness

For 30 years Nick Gleis has photographed the private planes of heads of state and royalty from Japan, South Korea, Saudi Arabia, Mexico, the United Arab Emirates and more. While he cannot share their names, he can share the images of these winged palaces—so you can indulge the fantasy. Ready for takeoff?









Pretty in Pink **The Bunny Storm Trooper**

Jason Alper is co-creator of Sacha Baron Cohen's characters Borat, Ali G and Brüno. So it's no surprise his debut art show at the Guy Hepner Gallery in West Hollywood raised eyebrows with its determined absurdity and clash of pop-culture iconographies: a huge American flag crafted out of rubber, hand grenades and M-14 military rifles; Caravaggio's The Incredulity of Saint Thomas rethought with Jesus clad in a sweet Louis Vuitton robe. But it was Alper's Mr. Pink (pictured)a wall-mounted Playboy Bunny storm trooper made of foam and acrylic set against black Plexiglas-that stole the show.





BARMATE Katrina Eugenia

IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST BARTENDERS

KATRINA: Can I interest you in a Jell-O shot? PLAYBOY: What are the special flavors at McFadden's at 42nd and Second in New York? KATRINA: Tangerine, cherry and lime. PLAYBOY: Do you have a favorite? KATRINA: I like lime the best. PLAYBOY: Makes sense—green in an Irish bar. How does one shoot a substance such as Jell-O? KATRINA: You loosen it up like this. [sticks finger inside shot glass and swirls, then licks finger and smacks lips] PLAYBOY: Now that's saleswomanship! KATRINA: I'm not just a Jell-O shot girl; I am quite the hustler if I do say so myself. PLAYBOY: With booty shorts like that you don't need any other gimmick. KATRINA: They're Nike yoga shorts. PLAYBOY: Have you considered posing nude? KATRINA: Oh, I went to art school. It was practically a requirement. PLAYBOY: Art school, eh? KATRINA: Yes. When I'm not serving Jell-O shots I'm a painter and photographer. PLAYBOY: We'd love to see your work, and when we do, we'll bring you a Jell-O shot. Do you have a secret to making them? KATRINA: There's a lot of nude me in my creative work. As for the Jell-O shots, it's pretty simple-stripped down.

KATRINA'S JELL-O SHOTS

Read the directions on the box of your favorite flavor, but instead of water, use a half measure of vodka. Let the concoction set in plastic shot cups.

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



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AFTER HOURS REVIEWS

Movie of the Month Tron: Legacy By Stephen Rebello

Fans have been jonesing since 1982 for a sequel to Tron, the breakthrough sci-fi action thriller that trapped computer hacker Jeff Bridges in a trippy cyberworld of neon-tinged villains and weapons. Now comes the big-screen 3-D Tron: Legacy, with Bridges reuniting with his computerwhiz son (Garrett Hedlund) to battle strange new worlds, massive firepower and diabolical baddies, guided by warrior woman Olivia Wilde. Bruce Boxleitner reprises his role as the titular character. "This Tron is darker and more dangerous, much like the world we now live in," says Boxleitner. "We'll blow people's socks off with the technical stuff but also surprise them with how unexpectedly moving and heartbreaking the scenes between Jeff and Garrett are. Expectation levels are so high that it scares the hell out of me, but if people think they can sit through this one and nitpick, good luck, because it delivers big-time. Who knows? Maybe we'll do it again."

Now Showing in Theaters



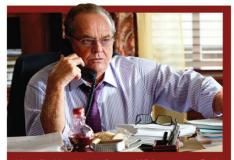
The Fighter This *Rocky*-esque saga is based on the life of boxer "Irish" Mickey Ward (Mark Wahlberg), who overcomes the influence of his drug-ridden trainer (Christian Bale) to become a world champion. Amy Adams plays a tough *F*-bomb-dropping bartender.



Harry Potter and the Deathly Hallows: Part 1 After six blockbusters we're now down to the short strokes. Daniel Radcliffe sets out with his friends to meet his destiny-a to-the-death confrontation with the evil Lord Voldemort (Ralph Fiennes) and his minions.



Love and Other Drugs Anne Hathaway tangles with hotshot drug-company rep Jake Gyllenhaal in this sexy comedy-drama. Gyllenhaal, who has made a killing peddling Viagra, falls hard for Hathaway, but a sudden tragedy could result in a flaccid future.



How Do You Know Reese Witherspoon finds herself in a romantic squeeze play between Paul Rudd and pro ballplayer Owen Wilson. We might shrug this rom-com off if it weren't the latest from writer-director James L. Brooks with co-star Jack Nicholson.



The Next Three Days Russell Crowe—with help from ex-con Liam Neeson—masterminds a jailbreak for his murder-suspect wife in Paul Haggis's retooling of the French thriller *Pour Elle.* Crowe's descent into hell makes for a bloody vengeance melodrama.



Black Swan Director Darren Aronofsky brings the bizarre in this psychodrama, with Natalie Portman playing a competitive ballerina and Mila Kunis as her rival and lover. Think *The Wrestler* and *The Red Shoes* meet *All About Eve* and an Italian crime thriller.

PROMOTIONAL PAGE

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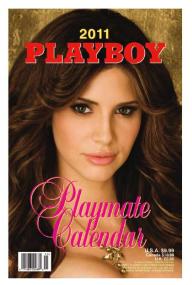
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AFTER HOURS REVIEWS

DVDs Worth Giving

By Greg Fagan We're dreaming of a Blu-ray

Christmas, but the box we reach for first—The Films of Rita Havworth-is available only with DVDs. It includes Gilda and Cover Girl, plus

the DVD debuts of Tonight and

Everv

Night, Miss Sadie Thompson and Salome. The massive Fox 75th Anniversary Collection comes with a coffee-table book and divides the films-from The

Grapes of Wrath to Avataramong three chronological volumes. The day-making DVDs-and-book set Clint Eastwood: 35 Films, 35 Years collects the octogenarian's complete Warner Bros. catalog, from Dirty Harry up to Invictus, as well as critic Richard Schickel's documentary The Eastwood Factor. The African Queen



finally debuted on disc this year, so spring for the full Blu-ray or DVD African Queen Commem-orative Box Set, which offers a reprint of Katharine Hepburn's mem-

oir of the experience. The new Bridge on the River Kwai Collector's Edition Blu-ray brings the 1957 masterpiece to

high def with a fresh restoration, detailed in a book-format package with replica lobby cards. The 15-disc set Tonight: 4 Decades of The Tonight Show Star-ring Johnny Carson promises 30 newto-DVD hours' worth



of the master at work, with highlights from some 50 episodes. The

Alien Anthology Blu-ray set compiles all the bonus material produced for the films' earlier editions while adding hours of new treats, as well as the option of buying the set housed in a scary-cool replica Alien pod. While the new Back to the Future 25th Anniversary Trilogy can also be had on DVD, the restored picture and sound elements scream out for this Blu-rav debut of Robert Zemeckis's beloved sci-fi series. Steven Spielberg's WWII opus The Pacific is a successor to Band of Brothers and arrives in a deluxe tin, either on Blu-ray or DVD. If you pre-

TONIGH

fer 19th century frontier viscera-and 21st century profanity-there's finally a Blu-ray edition of **Dead**wood: The Com-plete Series. The wildly fun drama Nip/Tuck: The Complete Series features a pair of playboy plastic surgeons who plow their way through midlife crises with their chins and their dicks. We should all be so lucky.



Must-Watch TV The Walking Dead Get Lively

Zombies have never seemed so alive as they do in The Walking Dead, AMC's brilliant adaptation of Robert Kirkman's comic series. Under writer-director Frank Darabont (The Shawshank Redemption),



these crawlers are creatures to be pitied as much as feared. Yet they're secondary to a much more compelling tale of postapocalyptic survival. The story centers around a sheriff (Andrew Lincoln) and his quest to reunite with his family, but there are hints of Mad Max-style explorations of societal breakdown. George Romero, who long ago realized the allegorical power of the living dead, would approve.

Chuck Lorre: TV's Sitcom Genius

PLAYBOY: You've created and produced shows, such as Two and a Half Men and Mike & Molly, that have a very average-Joe feel to them. It never feels as if you're trying to impress anyone intellectually.

LORRE: When I was a musician there was this term playing for the band. Jazz musicians would play for each other and ignore the fact that there was an audience. That's one way to go. But I think when you're doing a half-hour comedy you have a contract with the audience to try to make them laugh.

PLAYBOY: And if critics don't give you the love they do other sitcoms

LORRE: In the past I've been somewhat immature in my response to that sort of thing. But I'd like to think I'm getting better at it. Some people watch the shows in such a way that they are not just something to do to pass the time; they mean something to them. If that's not enough, then I'm going to be forever disappointed.

PLAYBOY: You get away with a lot of risqué humor on Two and a Half Men.

LORRE: First of all, it's funny. If it weren't funny, there would be no defense for it. But the network is constantly telling us when we've gone too far. At this point, though, I think the people who are offended have long since quit the show.

PLAYBOY: Charlie Sheen seemed to come close to quitting Men last spring. Given what your show did for his career, did that piss you off?

LORRE: When an actor makes a ton of



means I'm doing my job. In Charlie's defense, the amount of money paid to actors was set many years ago by the casts of Friends and Seinfeld. He wasn't creating a new rule book.

CONSIDER YOURSELF WARNED.

The Bloodiest Game of E3



Blood and Gore Intense Violence Nudity Sexual Themes Strong Language

MASSIVE

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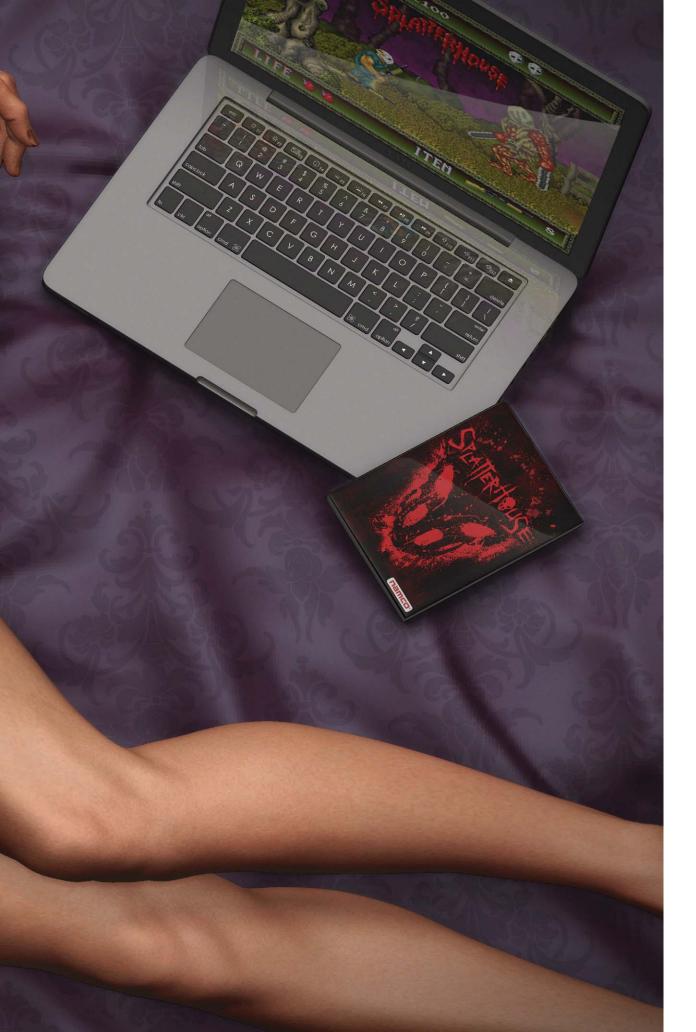
N N



Khame Portar

0





PROMOTION PLAYMATE DATA SHEET NAME: Jennifer Willis 34 BUST: 32 21 _ WAIST:___ HIPS: HEIGHT: <u>5'</u> 4" 108 lbs. ___ WEIGHT:____ BIRTH DATE: February 13, 1987 BIRTHPLACE: Arkham, Massachuseffs AMBITIONS: Do to Burning Man, see the solar eclipse in 2012 if I'm stillalive "), win the Pulitzer Prize for photographi TURN-ONS: Umm. geeks in glasses, battle scars, intelligence some hidden inner strongth, a dark sense of humor. TURNOFFS: GUYS Who want to change you into someone you're not. A WEBSITE I ALWAYS VISIT: WWW - Splatter housegame. Com-check it out! FIVE BANDS I ROCK OUT TO: CAVALERA CONSPIRACY, High on Fire, ASG, Municipal Waste, Mastudon, Lamb of God (there's six! MY PERFECT DAY. Wake up late and head for the coust near West Mansion with my camera. Later, take in a band, and then home to watch the all-night splatter move marathon; pretty boring, huh I'm just waiting für the right guy to come and rescue me. MY PET: Savini, a 7-year old 4' iguana. What? I think hes cute ~ MY DARK SECRET: In a part life I was a bruneffe



Back in the day. Thesecret is out - I'm not a real blonde!



Waiting fir my prom date, type 17.



Next stop the Mansion! Halloween 2007





REVIEWS AFTER HOURS

Album of the Month The Kings Dethroned By Rob Tannenbaum

A pigeon in Missouri made music history this summer by crapping on Kings of Leon, causing the band to quit its set after only three songs. What kind of Southern rock band is deterred by pigeons? Lynyrd Skynyrd would have slaughtered those dirty birds with illegal handguns.

Their names are Southern, as is their long hair, and on *Come Around Sundown*, the new Kings CD, singer Caleb Followill drawls about displacement and rootlessness, which is also very Southern. The music is striking for its shameless similarity to U2's *Rattle and Hum* era, stirred up with enough echo to re-create the acoustics of the Grand Canyon. It adds grandeur and masks Followill's weakness for melancholy howling and his habit of repeating a five-word hook over and over. And over and over. See how annoying that gets? **XX**

One Question With...Cee Lo

Cee Lo Green talks about "Fuck You," the feel-good hit of 2010 from his newest solo album, *The Lady Killer.*

PLAYBOY: We'll ask the question everyone wants to ask you: Who exactly are you saying "fuck you" to? GREEN: Fuck you. No, no one in particular. It's like "fuck this, fuck that." It's meant to be an exclamation point. This song reminds us of a time when rock and roll was illegal. Times are trying, times are tense, and people need an excuse to let loose. "Fuck You" went number one in Denmark. The world is in on this joke.

Books Too Good to E-Read

There are some books that are too ambitious for an e-reader. The best illustrated books simply defy the smaller screenparticularly those of coffee-table dimensions and sacred-text heft, with graphics so lush in their presentation and juxtapositions from one page to the next that they translate as poorly electronically as sculpture. Naked: The Nude in America is a perfect example. A voluptuous cultural and art history of the male and female figure in our country from the 18th century to the present, it tracks our nation's schizophrenic attitudes toward the flesh, its cycling prudery and its artistic variety. Sophie Crumb's eponymous autobiography, rendered in chronological personal drawings, admits to all the temptations and torments of the corporeal, recounting a coming-of-age vivid with rebellion and unabashed grotesquery; it not only honors Crumb's provenance but the paper necessary to draw out her vision. Daido Moriyama has been chronicling "the world through his eyes" (thus the title of his collection) as an itinerant street photographer since the 1960s. His black-and-white images of urban Japan claim the territory between sensual and estranging; printed on heavy paper and streaming without written commentary from street, subway and crime scenes to portraits and nudes, they are haunting memorials to life captured and gone in an instant. Glad to envision the human society all but gone, the writers of The Daily Show With Jon Stewart have turned the occasion of the apocalypse into a learning opportunity for aliens. What better way to learn about the planet's former inhabitants than through Earth (the Book): A Visitor's Guide to the Human Race, a searing and richly silly satire in grand encyclopedic form? DC Comics: The 75th Anniversary Poster Book is simply too good for a time capsule (or an e-reader); it collects 100 of the most iconic covers in comic book history (all in tear-out and framable poster form) by masters such as Steve Ditko and Alex Ross, revealing the often surprising genesis of superheroes and antiheroes and the power and range of the medium.



AFTER HOURS THE YEAR'S BEST VIDEO-GAME MOMENTS

Best Reason to Join the Dark Side By Jason Buhrmester

Even someone as diabolical as Darth Vader should realize that cloning Jedis sounds like a bad idea. Yet that's the story line of Star Wars: The Force Unleashed 2, a game set in the period between the last prequel and the original Star Wars movie. The action kicks off in a galaxy far, far away as Vader unveils a clone of Starkiller, the apprentice who sacrificed himself to save the Rebel Alliance in the original Force Unleashed. When Vader deems the clone defective and plans to destroy him, players must help Starkiller escape and seek out Yoda with the entire Empire in hyperspeed pursuit. Now if he could only figure out where Jar Jar Binks is hiding.





Best Revenge Category Ex-Spartan Kratos journeys from Hades and back on a quest to destroy Zeus. In *God of War 3* he gets his chance.



Best Reason to Stay Inside Creating Starcraft II took 12 years, but one session of intergalactic action wiped out our social calendar for a month.



Best Shoot-Out at High Noon Our inner gunfighter needs *Red Dead Redemption.* Who doesn't want to blast mouthy ranchers in slow-motion duels?



Best Interrogation Technique When his daughter is kidnapped in *Splinter Cell: Conviction,* Sam Fisher uses everything from mirrors to urinals to get results.

Best Destruction of Vegas



Two of our favorite games take Sin City to the dark side. In *Dead Rising 2* you must survive 72 hours in a zombie apocalypse. The party is over in *Fallout: New Vegas*, in which you cross a postwar Vegas to deliver a mysterious package.





Best Tattooed Psycho Investigate missing human colonies in *Mass Effect 2* with Subject Zero, a tattooed rageaholic with psychic powers.



Best Vampire Killer In *Castlevania* we are reminded of what we loved about vampires and werewolves before *Twilight*—killing them.



Best Classic Reborn Just when all the King James drama sapped the fun out of basketball, along comes NBA Jam to rekindle our love of the court.

HERE WE GO YOU COULD WIN A TRIP FOR TWO TO THE BUD LIGHT HOTEL IN DALLAS!

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Playboy TV Warm Up at Playboy's each House

Are gray skies and chilly temps giving you a serious case of the winter doldrums? Playboy TV has the perfect cold-weather reprieve: Beginning this month, you can escape to sunny California every week without leaving the comfort of your living room. Just tune in to Playboy TV's sexy new reality series Playboy's Beach House, which premieres on December 3 (nine P.M. ET/ PT) and be transported to a tropical paradise. Each episode is packed with gorgeous girls, and every week live bands, DJs, celebrity guest bartenders and Playboy TV's hottest hosts convene at an oceanfront Malibu mansion to get wet and wild

at the sexiest pool party in the country. Playmates such as Miss October 2010 Claire Sinclair and Miss August 2009 Kristina Shannon make appearances, along with musical guests LMFAO, Lil' Jon, Jesse McCartney, Girlicious, Steel Panther, 30H!3 and many more. Join in the



fun and enjoy the sight of beautiful bikini-clad babes getting down in the surf and sand. You may not be able to take a vacation to a warm destination this winter, but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy all of summer's bounty. Go to playboyty.com for more information.

Playboy Digital Miss Social. Round Two

This summer Playboy held its first-ever Miss Social contest, a nonnude model search decided by Playboy fans. Sixteen finalists squared off. and one girl prevailed: Krystal Harlow, a 19-year-old Southern belle from Raleigh. North Carolina. Krystal and a friend won a trip to Los Angeles for a tour of the Mansion. a shoot at Playboy's Studio West and a day on the set of *Playboy's* Beach House. The

next search for Miss Social is currently under way. This time, in addition to winning a photo shoot and PLAYBOY pictorial, the winner will become an in-game character in Bigpoint Games' Poisonville. To see more pics of Miss Social or to enter the Miss Social search, visit playboymisssocial.com.

The Smoking Jacket

Need a break? Playboy's safe-for-work sister site is the place to go for both beautiful women and comedic relief. The Smoking Jacket is updated daily with sexy nonnude pictorials, awesome giveaways, funny videos and hilarious Internet fodder. Visit thesmokingjacket.com.



K HOUSE

A Cartoon a Day...

Cartoons appeared in the very first issue of PLAYBOY. in 1953. and have been a

staple of the magazine ever since-with Hef personally involved in the selection of each and every one. The new Playboy Cartoons 2011 box calendar features 365 of the best, most outrageous PLAYBOY cartoons from over the years. These naughty and irreverent funnies will keep you laughing throughout 2011. Available online and at Barnes and Noble bookstores.



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A Dozen Roses Necklace can be yours for \$78 plus \$7.50 shipping and service, payable in two monthly installments of just \$42.75. Satisfaction guaranteed. If you are not delighted with the necklace, return it within 90 days for replacement or refund. For guaranteed Christmas delivery, call 1-800-726-1184. or order online at www.danburymint.com. Order today!

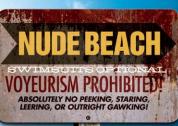
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SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



LAST YEAR, 31% OF U.S. TRAVELERS WHO **RESPONDED TO A TRIPADVISOR.COM SUR-**VEY SAID THEY

WOULD HAPPI-LY STRIP DOWN AT A CLOTHING-**OPTIONAL BEACH OR OTHER DESTI-**NATION. IN 2010. 48% SAID THEY WOULD.



WHILE HAVING SEX, 37% OF US HAVE FANTASIZED ABOUT FRIENDS, 35% ABOUT ACQUAINTANCES, 34% ABOUT **EX-PARTNERS, 21% ABOUT A PORN STAR** AND 19% ABOUT A CO-WORKER.



In a recent survey, 68% of men said they would take male birth control pills and 73 of women said they'd want their partner to fake them.



WHEN ASKED IF THEY LIKED **SKINNY JEANS** ON A MAN, <mark>62%</mark> OF WOMEN SAID **NO AND 38%** SAID YES.





MEN WHO ARE ECONOMICALLY DEPEN-DENT ON THEIR FEMALE PARTNER'S INCOME ARE **5 TIMES MORE LIKELY** TO CHEAT THAN MEN IN FINANCIALLY EQUAL **RELATIONSHIPS.**

ODD STAT OF THE

PER TABASCO, THE ORIGINAL **PEPPER SAUCE HAS A SHELF** LIFE OF 5 YEARS WHEN STORED IN A COOL DRY PLACE.



CELEBRITIES GET PAID BIG BUCKS FOR WRITING AND SENDING SPONSORED TWIT-TER MESSAGES, HERE'S HOW MUCH THEY GET PER TWEET:

KENDRA WILKINSON \$11,765 KIM **KARDASHIAN** \$10,000 **SOULJA BOY** \$10,000 **BOB VILA** \$9,750



48% OF WOMEN PREFER TO WEAR AT LEAST ONE **ARTICLE OF CLOTH-**ING DURING SEX.







OF NFL PLAYERS ARE BANKRUPT **OR IN FINANCIAL STRESS WITHIN** 2 YEARS OF RETIRING.



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DRIVE :: SHAVE :: FIRE

MANTRACK



Silver Bullet

How to buy-and drive-the most powerful 911 ever

The first Porsche 911 rolled off an assembly line 47 years ago. Ever since, the German manufacturer has been refining this one automobile, year after year. More speed. Less weight. Better handling and smarter tech. What you see is the crown jewel—the most powerful and technologically advanced 911 ever, sexier even than the magazine you hold in your hands. (Okay, we've gone too far.) The new 911 GT2 RS, just now reaching our shores, is truly a racing car for the street (or a street car for the track). Sit in the cockpit and you feel as if you've got superhero tights beneath your Armani. The stats: 3.6-liter V6 twin turbo, 620 hp (nearly the equivalent of two base 911s), zero to 60 in 3.4 seconds and a top speed of 205 mph. Only 500 will be offered worldwide, at \$245,000. If you have that kind of scratch (or for a great

Porsche experience for a bit less), you owe it to yourself to

.....



train at the Porsche Sport Driving School, the best driving class we've ever taken. Based at the gorgeously landscaped 2.4-mile Barber Motorsports Park in Birmingham, Alabama, the school pairs you with instructors like Hurley Haywood, a three-time Le Mans champion. After a one- or two-day course (from \$1,795, porschedriving .com), you'll graduate to the masters (\$3,495) and finally the threeday competition-level course (\$5,295). Perhaps then you can peel off that Armani and reveal your superpowers to the world.

Head Trip

How does bald become beautiful? Try the new S4 Shadow from HeadBlade (\$99, headblade .com). The razor's earlier incarnation proved as complicit as Michael Jordan in the shaveddome trend. The latest straps to your hand via a rubber finger rest, allowing for smooth passage over the contours of your scalp.

Eternal Flame

Wind and rain have met their match. Almost no amount of torrential downpour or forceful blast of air can extinguish the flame generated by Garrett Wade's Survival Matches (\$10 for 50, garrettwade.com). Built to NATO specifications for the British military, they can burn even after being submerged in water and withstand gusts of up to 40 miles per hour.

MANTRACK



Piece Offering

Put down the phone immediately. Kalamazoo Outdoor Gourmet's fire pizza oven (\$6,495, kalamazoogourmet.com) will forever banish cloying delivery drivers from your doorstep and frostbitten pies from your freezer. Designed for the backyard grill master, it features dual gas burners that operate separately—allowing differing amounts of heat for the toppings and crust. The normal cooking time? Five minutes—or about the time it takes to place an order with the local pizza joint.

How to Buy Lingerie

Here's what most men know about lingerie: They enjoy seeing it on women. Besides that, manly expertise in matters of satin and lace remains elusive. Here's how to shop for panties she'll want to drop: (1) Look in her drawer to find out her size. (2) Think about what she likes, not just what you like. For instance, if she's self-conscious about her stomach, opt for a negligee or corset over a thong and bra set. (3) Decide how much you want to spend. Nothing but the best? Shop at agentprovocateur.com or kikidm .com. Want the good stuff for less? Go with ellemacphersonintimates.com.

Stand and Deliver

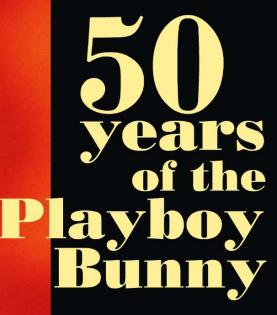
Uncork your favorite vintages in vintage style. The Founders Standing Wine Opener (\$199, potterybarn.com) functions like the cork pulls long used by professionals: Place the wine bottle on the mangowood base, rotate the handle downward and then move it backward to extricate the cork with ease. You will find it dangerously simple to open bottle



High Times

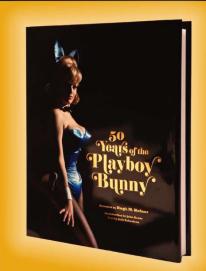
It's steep, it's deep, and—if you have the skill and the stones—there's nothing else like it. Silverton Mountain (silvertonmountain.com) is the highest ski area in America (at 13,487 feet) and one of the most dangerous and exclusive. Situated in the San Juan range, south of Telluride in Colorado, it's nothing more than a chairlift and some snowcats, with no grooming, no beginner runs and no trail markers—just you and the mountain's awesome chutes and cliffs. "Our average snowfall is 400 inches, and our average slope is 40 degrees," says co-owner Jenny Brill. Since there are usually fewer than 100 people on the hill at a time, every run is a powder run. Unless you have significant backcountry experience, guides are a must. The atmosphere at Silverton is no-frills rustic; check into the Teller House hotel (tellerhousehotel.com) so the rest of your stay doesn't have to be.





When Hugh Hefner founded the first Playboy Club in Chicago, he wanted a female waitstaff that would embody the Playboy fantasy. The Playboy Bunny was born, and 50 years later she lives on in our imaginations. With more than 200 amazing photos of classic Bunnies—along with many never-before-seen images—50 Years of the Playboy Bunny is the definitive work on a cultural icon. Go to playboy store.com to order. (176 pages, \$35, Chronicle Books)

Plat CHAMPAGNE



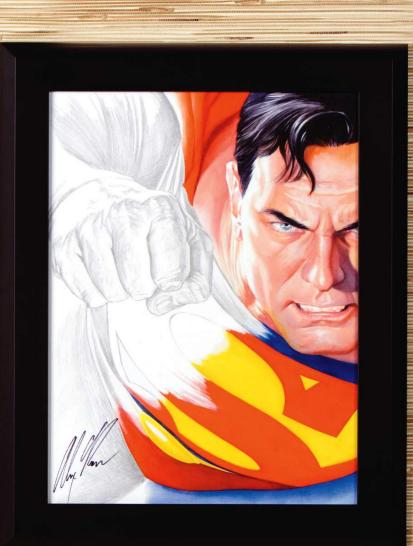
MANTRACK

Hang 'Em High

Who says staring at the wall must equate with boredom? If anything, your walls should captivate. One surefire motif: vintage iconography, a hip departure from classic artwork. See below for cool prints from artist Alex Ross and photographers Baron Wolman, Phil Stern and Neil Leifer, along with a French twist on filmmaker Quentin Tarantino's homage to the 1970s.







Rough Justice by Alex Ross (22" x 17", \$400, alexrossart.com)



James Dean (Pullover Sweater), 1955 by Phil Stern (16" x 20", \$2,300, faheykleingallery.com)



Ali vs. Liston II, 1965 by Neil Leifer, signed (14" x 11", \$3,000, neilleifer.com)

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Which wines go with turkey?— R.Y., Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Turkey itself is a blank slate, but the variety of sides served with it, from savory to sweet, can make the meal a challenge. Avoid big reds and heavily oaked wines, neither of which complement sweets. Some people insist on drinking only American wines, but we prefer to celebrate the melting pot. If you like reds, drier is better. Try pinot noir, merlot or shiraz, slightly chilled, and for whites, sauvignon blanc, pinot gris or riesling. Add a few bottles of Native Americanproduced wine such as those from Elk Prairie Vineyard in California (elkprairievineyard.com) or Native Vines Winery in North Carolina (nativevineswinery.com). Because it always takes much of the day to consider all we're thankful for, have on hand at least one bottle per guest. And don't forget the champagne.

The man I have been dating for four months is kinky, which I love. He says I'm sweet and doesn't want to corrupt me, but I want to be his dirty little slut. I know that sounds bad, but it's only for him. Give me a game plan and I'll run with it.—H.P., Lake Balboa, California

A dirty little slut never apologizes for being a dirty little slut. It sounds as though you've already been corrupted, but you should give your boyfriend regular signs that he has seriously misjudged your innocence. For instance, the next time you're together in public, slide your panties into his jacket pocket. Tell him, "I'm hot. Could you hold on to these until we get home?" Or stick a butt plug under his pillow. Or tie him to the bed and have your way with him. (See sportsheets .com for a variety of restraints held in place by Velcro. He won't escape.) Or use a well-lubed finger to massage his anus while you blow him. Or take a hint from Lou Paget, author of How to Be a Great Lover, and surprise him with a pearl necklace. Specifically, use a 30-to-36-inch strand of eight-to-10millimeter pearls—ideally the pearls you wore that evening. Lightly lube his erection, then adorn it by wrapping the strand around the shaft. "When his penis looks like it is wearing a Princess Diana choker, start slowly stroking him with a basket-weaving stroke-up and

down with a twist," she explains. "Then unwrap his penis and, as if you are flossing under his testicles, slowly pull the pearls from one side to the other, slightly lifting his testicles. When you're done, 'coil the poiles' at the base of his shaft and settle yourself on top of him." If your boyfriend asks where you came up with any of these slutty surprises, Paget suggests you tell him, "I dreamt it." Who can argue with that?





have a healthy, satisfying sex life with my fiancé and don't want to date anyone else, but when I see an attractive guy, I fantasize about having sex with him. I have playfully mentioned this to my fiancé, but he says he can't understand why I would want to sleep with other men. I don't want to cheat or hurt him in any way, but it's getting harder to suppress these urges.—K.B., Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Most if not all men and women fantasize about people other than their partners, but there is a chasm between that and taking someone to bed. How close are you to the edge? We're certain your fiancé has similar daydreams about other women, so it's odd and a bit discomforting that he doesn't recognize you do as well. If these fantasies have recently become more intense, they may reflect anxiety about your commitment to your boyfriend, especially if you don't have a lot of experience with other men. You can't suppress them, because the more you try, the more they will appear. You can decide if you are ready to commit to one lover, even if his only competition at the moment is guys you haven't met.

> am a black woman who would prefer to lose my virginity to a white man. Do white men interested in black women get more aroused if the woman lacks experience with black men?—L.S., Jacksonville, Florida

> Depends on the guy, we suppose. But since 75 percent of women first have intercourse with a boyfriend, husband, fiancé or live-in partner, you're more likely to hook up with a man you like, regard

less of his skin color. A 2007 study backs up the old saying "Once you go white, there's no flight," noting a black woman whose initial partner is not black is 8.5 times more likely to marry a man of a different race. (A white woman is only 3.4 times more likely.) The disadvantage of being penetrated for the first time by a white man, of course, is that they all have enormous penises.

Over the past several years I've taken to wearing hats. I'm a conservative dresser (e.g., threepiece suits) and prefer quality. Depending on the season, I favor panama or felt hats, but I haven't been able to find a proper hat etiquette book published since the 1950s. The advice is all set in the context of civility and politeness, which sadly seem to have largely vanished, at least in America. Has the etiquette changed? As an aside, the best place to buy hats is London, where hat culture seems to be making a last stand, or a comeback.-J.F., Ojai, California

Hat etiquette hasn't changed; it's just that far fewer men have any idea what it is. That's because these days wearing a hat requires "a certain élan," explains custom clothier Alan Flusser. "The biggest problem is that most men wear their hair longer now, so it feels strange to have on a hat. There's also the risk for many men of looking ridiculous, as if they're trying too hard. But you still see stylish men in hats, such as those who wear Paul Stuart." If you'd like to see how a hat can be worn, Flusser suggests digging up prewar copies of Apparel Arts or Esquire magazine. He also offers a few guidelines in his book Clothes and the Man: (1) As with eyeglasses, a hat should be geometrically and proportionally relative to your head and face. To that end, the distance from the middle of your forehead to the top of the hat's crown should be the same as the distance from your chin to the middle of your forehead. (2) A hat should always be worn slightly atilt. (3) Its color should reflect your topcoat or suit and shoes. (4) If fit properly, a hat's edges should barely touch the tops of your ears, and (5) a hat should always be removed inside and tipped for any female acquaintance. If that sounds affected, well, Flusser says, "those not interested in ceremony need not apply."

My husband has collected porn for years— I have no problem with that. However, I discovered a photo of a woman's genitalia on his phone. He lied to my face as to who the woman is and where he got the image. He also sent her a photo of his erection. He claims it means nothing and he just enjoys seeing women naked. Am I overreacting, as he claims? I don't know how

- 22 Þ đ н
- Þ I'll ever be able to trust him when he has

to visit her town on overnight business.-0

T.P., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Porn is porn until it's personal. You aren't overreacting, and your husband is delusional if he believes he can talk his way out of this. Even if he's being truthful and exchanging explicit photos is as far as it went, it's creepy and weird for a married guy to be doing that. He has some hard work ahead to regain your trust.

he discussion in the August issue of whether semen glows under black light brings to mind a passage from The Quest for C, a biography of Sir Mansfield Cumming, who founded the British Secret Service and had a fondness for invisible inks. The book quotes one of Cumming's former associates: "I shall never forget C.'s delight when the chief censor, Worthington, came one day [about 1915] with the announcement that one of his staff had found out that semen would not respond to iodine vapor [so messages could pass through enemy hands undetected].... The slogan went round 'Every man his own stylo' [pen]. We thought we had solved a great problem. Then our man in Copenhagen evidently stocked it in a bottle, for his letters stank to high heaven, and we had to tell him a fresh operation was necessary for each letter."-P.L., Cambridge, Massachusetts

If the Germans had figured this out, they might have won the war.

'm dating an attractive woman who has several dark hairs around her nipples that I find to be a complete turnoff. How do I handle this?-J.H., Wilmington, North Carolina

There would not seem to be any graceful way to approach this. "You're perfect except for ... those" isn't going to work, and we're also skeptical about "I love to suck your nipples, but the hairs tickle my nose." During our weekly meeting of the minds on the Playboy Morning Show (Sirius/XM 99), someone offered this clever or crazy suggestion: While booking your girlfriend a spa appointment, express your concern to the aesthetician. She can point out the hairs and offer to remove them. If it works, credit the Advisor with another save. If it screws up the relationship because the aesthetician blabs to your girlfriend, blame the Morning Show.

've heard men should check their testicles for cancer the way women check B.K., Minersville, Pennsylvania

You're looking for an abnormal lump attached to the testicle, which is the ball you can feel inside each sac. The best time to do this is after a warm bath or shower, which relaxes the scrotum. Use both hands to examine each testicle by placing the index and middle fingers underneath and the thumbs on top. Roll the testicle gently, feeling for lumps on the side or front. Before you do this and freak out, the soft tube behind the testicle is not a tumor but the epididymis, which carries sperm into the body. Further, a lump attached to the epididymis is not cancer, nor is one that floats around and isn't attached to anything. And a lump, swelling or pain in the testicles or scrotum could be caused by infection or injury. If you have any doubts, get it checked out.

n September a reader asked about secluded waterfalls under which to make love. My boyfriend and I discovered a great one a few miles outside Santiago, Mexico at a place called Sol de Mayo, though it has its challenges. In December the water is cold and the fall flows fast. In August the water is warm but flows at a trickle. The pool is deep under the falls, and there's no place to stand behind or beside it. However, if you're happy making love in the proximity of a secluded waterfall, this is the place, at least until the developers finish the vacation cabins nearby .--- D.P., Lawrence, Kansas

Thanks for the tip, though we'd be content making love next to a dripping faucet.

My wife and I are considering divorce. We've been leading nearly separate lives for the past year but have a seven-year-old son neither of us wants to be apart from. My wife suggested we divorce but live together in our home. I'm considering it because of our son and because neither of us can afford an apartment. Have you heard of this?-D.B., Chicago, Illinois

Yes, and even more so since the economy tanked. As in your case, many couples stay together because they can't afford to live apart; counselors say this is far more often the motivation than concern for the kids. But living with an ex is a challenge, to say the least, especially if one partner sees it as a way to save the relationship. Some couples separate or divorce but stay together, sometimes for decades, by retreating to separate bedrooms. Typically this works until one partner starts dating. Would that be allowed? Other important questions to ask include whether you'll continue to have sex, what you'll tell your son and how you'll share money and expenses—the same decisions married people make. If you get along well enough to be roommates, perhaps the relationship isn't as hopeless as you believe.

What's the best way to take care of a new tattoo? Some people have told me to apply ointment, while others say it's better to use nothing.—J.P., Vallejo, California

There's a simple reason you hear conflicting advice-if you have an allergic reaction to an ointment or lotion, it could damage the tattoo. While antibacterial ointment prevents infection, it is less important if you keep the area clean and protected. Some artists recommend ointments with vitamins A and D, which won't stop bacteria but can aid healing.

When traveling I like to tip the hotel maids. During a multinight stay, is it better to leave a few dollars each day or wait until the end of the visit and leave a larger amount?-D.P., Fairport, New York

If you're pleased with the service, tip daily, because you may not have the same maid for the entire stay. Ideally you should hand it to her or him. Otherwise, place \$2 to \$3 a day (or \$5 to \$10 at a luxury hotel) inside an envelope and mark it "For housekeeper-thank you." Leave it on the pillow or television. Don't leave change or expect the maid to recognize loose bills as a tip before you've checked out.

At four and a half inches my penis has caused me a lifetime of shame. My 10-yearold son seems to have the same curse, and I fear he may think he's alone, as I did. I'm wondering if a straightforward talk is the best approach. It bothers me to consider he may go through what I did.-S.B., Los Angeles, California

He will if you tell him his penis is small, especially since yours isn't. Studies have found the average erection to be five to six inches, and you're not far enough below that range to be considered abnormal. Your son is evidence of that, since nature smiles on any man whose erection is sufficiently large to reproduce. Given the fact most women can't climax without direct clitoral stimulation, which a thrusting penis doesn't provide, size becomes even more irrelevant. Further, because there is no single penis-size gene and because your son's penis is still growing, it's hard to predict where he will fall along the scale when he reaches adulthood. Finally, though some women are size queens, the vast majority won't care about your son's size if he's a nice guy and a skilled lover. But that's a discussion you can have with him in a few years when he reaches puberty. In the meantime, talk to him about your expectations and the mechanics of intercourse and how he came to be. Whatever insecurities you have about your size, whether from lack of a good teacher or the stupid comments of others, can die with you.

s there any significance to a woman giving a man cigars as a gift? Over the past few months a female friend and I have been going to dinner, taking dance classes and hanging out at our homes. After the last few dinners we sat outside smoking cigars. It was her idea. I have feelings for her but have never expressed them, though I believe she knows how I feel.-T.L., San Francisco, California

There is significance to the gift but not to the fact they are cigars, unless the giver happens to say, "I wish this was your cock." But what do you need, man-a thunderbolt?

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.





Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

The 1930s brought unprecedented innovation in machine-age technology and materials. Industrial designers from the auto industry translated the principles of aerodynamics and streamlining into everyday objects like radios and toasters. It was also a decade when an unequaled variety of watch cases and movements came into being. In lieu of hands to tell time, one such complication, called a jumping mechanism, utilized numerals on a disc viewed through a window. With its striking resemblance to the dashboard gauges and radio dials of the decade, the jump hour watch was indeed "in tune" with the times!

The Stauer *1930s Dashtronic* deftly blends the modern functionality of a 21jewel automatic movement and 3-ATM water resistance with the distinctive, retro look of a jumping display (not an



True to Machine Art esthetics, the sleek brushed stainless steel case is clear on the back, allowing a peek at the inner workings.

actual jumping complication). The stainless steel 1 1/2" case is complemented with a black alligator-embossed leather band. The band is 9 1/2" long and will fit a 7–8 1/2" wrist.

Try the Stauer 1930s Dashtronic Watch for 30 days and if you are not receiving compliments, please return the watch for a full refund of the purchase price. If you have an appreciation for classic design with precision accuracy, the *1930s Dashtronic* Watch is built for you. This watch is a limited edition, so please act quickly. Our last two limited edition watches are totally sold out!

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EXAMPLE VIEW: CONAN O'BREAD PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: A candid conversation with the once and future king of late night about his new show, his Irish dark side and those pesky troubles with NBC

People of Earth: Conan O'Brien is back on TV. In a divorce that was bizarre even by Hollywood standards, O'Brien spent 17 years working for NBC, then left his job in January-less than seven months after taking over as host of The Tonight Show—when network executives announced a plan to move him back half an hour and insert Jay Leno at the 11:35 P.M. spot. In reply to NBC, O'Brien issued a tart, defiant press release addressed to "People of Earth" in which he said the network's plan would "seriously damage what I consider to be the greatest franchise in the history of broadcasting." Lawyers and managers negotiated a severance deal in excess of \$30 million, and O'Brien left. NBC petulantly removed his name and image from its website and returned The Tonight Show to Jay Leno, whose poorly rated 10 P.M. variety show had contributed to the lower ratings that caused the network to grow dissatisfied with O'Brien.

Got that?

Although O'Brien lost the most coveted job in comedy, one that usually brings longevity, he won respect for standing up to NBC, sharing his severance riches with his staff and bringing a fiery quality to his final shows. "I just want to say to the kids out there, you can do anything you want in life," he told viewers. "Unless Jay Leno wants to do it too." NBC honcho Jeff Zucker—who in September was relieved of his job—swiftly denounced O'Brien's remarks as "nasty," which mostly showed how unaccustomed TV honchos are to hearing the truth.

If this was the first time anyone had called the amiable O'Brien "nasty," it wasn't the first time NBC had expressed doubt in him. The son of accomplished professionals—his dad is a doctor and his mom a lawyer he was raised in Brookline, Massachusetts, a large boy in a large Irish Catholic family, and went to Harvard, where he rose to become president of the Lampoon, an august humor magazine that had been spawning successful comedy writers for more than 70 years. After graduating in 1985, he began his comedy career writing for an HBO show, Not Necessarily the News, then proceeded to Saturday Night Live and The Simpsons.

In 1993 David Letterman vacated Late Night on NBC after the network chose Leno instead of him to host The Tonight Show, and Saturday Night Live creator Lorne Michaels picked O'Brien to replace Letterman. It was a risk and quickly seemed like a failure ratings were low, and a prominent TV critic, who described O'Brien as "a living collage of annoying nervous habits," called on NBC to cancel him. Which, O'Brien revealed in a 1998 Playboy Interview, NBC did, before it realized it had no replacement and gave him a reprieve. Within a few years his audience was large and loyal enough that NBC promised him the network's prize job, hosting The Tonight Show.

This summer, while O'Brien was plotting his new 11 P.M. show on TBS, PLAYBOY contributing editor Rob Tannenbaum interviewed him in a Burbank office so new it was furnished with little more than a desk, a few chairs and a giant poster of O'Brien sidekick Andy Richter, put up by Richter himself as a prank. "When I commented on the lack of decor," Tannenbaum says, "Conan's answer was, 'Everything in this office is designed to come down quickly, in case there's trouble and we need to get out of here.' A few times he said he was tired of being asked about what happened at NBC, but then a few minutes later he'd make a joke about it. Emotionally it's difficult for him, but comedically it's an endless source of punch lines."

PLAYBOY: So a funny thing happened on the way over here. Jay Leno called and said, "You doing anything today? Want to come over and interview me?" **O'BRIEN:** [Does Leno impression] "Do me instead!" Well, you'd better get over there.



"At the end of the day, it's going to be me doing whatever is in my power to entertain people for an hour. I'll break any rule. I'll use dangerous chemicals if I have to. I will meddle with the laws of God."



"Nobody cares if you make a disparaging comment about the Irish. It is the one ethnic group no one gives a shit about. 'Oh, those wifebeating drunks.' Irish people go, 'Yes! Ha-ha! We got mentioned.' They don't care."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"I'm going for eight months on the air. All I want to do is break my Tonight Show record. I'm a guy who wants to say I did more push-ups today than I did the day before, and the good news is, I did only one push-up yesterday."

- Lt's close by. We're in Burbank, and NBC
- is not far away.
- **PLAYBOY:** How far are we from his office?
- **O'BRIEN:** I think if I worked out and had
- help with hydraulics we could hit it with
- ◄ a tennis ball.
- **PLAYBOY:** Are you in any danger of bumping into him?
 - O'BRIEN: No. He's a guy you hear coming a long way off. There aren't many threecylinder engines in California that run on peat moss. And we hang out in different circles, so I don't think we'll be bumping into each other.

PLAYBOY: Have you been experiencing déjà vu as you prepare the new show? O'BRIEN: Yes, strong déjà vu. We had a meeting with the same two set designers who had done The Tonight Show, and when they started to show me models of a talk show set, I thought, I was looking at a model with you guys 15 months ago. That last project had such a long buildup, and so much thought and work went into putting it together, that immediately starting to set up another one is a strange experience. This is our pirate ship-that's how I think of this show: I was on a big cruise liner, a fight erupted, and I jumped off. And now I've created a pirate ship with antique cannons on it, and I'm looking for trouble.

PLAYBOY: This is the third time you've created a show.

O'BRIEN: I'm going for the record of seven in a four-year span, held by Charles Nelson Reilly. I'm going to become a mercenary: Drop me into any hot spot in the world with a desk, a microphone and a chair and I will put together a talk show, get it pretty well lit, get an audience in there—and evacuate. Then it's up to the local government to keep the show running.

PLAYBOY: Is Andy Richter part of this team of guerrilla talk show experts?

O'BRIEN: Andy will be part of it, for brute strength alone. Andy is the strongest guy on television. He's a man-child, an incredibly powerful human being. He could take Charlie Sheen in handto-hand combat. It wouldn't even be close. If Charlie Sheen were sleeping and unwarned, Andy would win. And sedated. Those are the rules. Andy does very well against an opponent who's sleeping, heavily sedated and doesn't know he's being attacked.

PLAYBOY: Is 11 P.M. on TBS a better slot for you? *The Tonight Show* invented the latenight talk show. You can't screw around too much with that.

O'BRIEN: I feel I did it my way. I fired Henry Winkler and Tom Cruise wax figures out of giant cannons, and I would have continued to do those things. I like to call this new show *Plan B With Conan O'Brien*. That's the title I'm going with—"Welcome to *Plan B With Conan O'Brien*." But I do not like to overthink these things too much, because at the end of the day—

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PLAYBOY: Bullshit, Conan. People close to you say you overthink everything.

O'BRIEN: But I don't want to get lost thinking how this show will be different from any other show I've done. Will I overthink it? Yes. Do I think I should? No. How's that? At the end of the day, it's going to be me doing whatever is in my power to entertain people for an hour. I'll break any rule. I'll use dangerous chemicals if I have to. I will meddle with the laws of God.

PLAYBOY: You'll also be talking to actors who have new films to promote.

O'BRIEN: No! No actors, no actresses. That's all going. I want to talk to people who are good at a craft, people who work with their hands, someone who's really good at putting up drywall. Or upholsterers. We're going to talk to a lot of upholsterers. Will I bar Tom Hanks from the set? No, I will not. He can come, but he's not allowed to talk about his project. He's gonna keep his fuckin' mouth shut about his project. And we may have financial penalties for guests who mention their projects. If Jim Carrey or Tom Hanks accidentally mentions his project,

I don't want anyone to say, "Watch Conan. He's going to blow your mind." I'm going for the jugular: "Watch Conan. You will make money, guaranteed."

I think the viewer should be compensated in some way. That would be a way to turn this economy around. Anytime someone starts to drift into "Well, the great thing about this movie is that I was reunited with my favorite director" *bzzzzt*—everyone watching gets \$2,500. I'm pretty much going to pay people to watch the show.

PLAYBOY: Even on cable that could get expensive.

O'BRIEN: If you could actually make money by watching Conan O'Brien, help put your kids through college by watching Conan O'Brien or help get out of credit card debt by watching Conan O'Brien, you'd watch Conan O'Brien. You say you don't want any bullshit; I don't want to bullshit you. I do not want anyone to say, "Watch Conan O'Brien. He's going to try

some new comedic ideas. He's going to try blow your mind." I'm going for the jugular: "Watch Conan O'Brien. You will make money, guaranteed."

PLAYBOY: You're not ashamed to buy people's affection?

O'BRIEN: No. I've done it before. You think Andy Richter is really my friend? Andy is

paid to go to dinner with me. Everybody I work with is paid to go to dinner with me—and occasionally paid to call me and ask how I am.

PLAYBOY: We're being paid to interview you. **O'BRIEN:** Exactly. Your talking to me is the warmest human exchange I've had in about eight years. My wife doesn't even exist. She's a Lands' End catalog model who shows up for red-carpet affairs. I don't *know* that woman.

PLAYBOY: Is she obliged to have sex with you?

O'BRIEN: No. She said there's no amount of money in the world. That's still a problem. It's been a problem since high school. Prostitutes have told me, "No deal." And I've said, "I'll give you \$100,000 in gold Krugerrands." I don't know what the problem is. I think I have an odor, which is why I'm most palatable on television. As soon as smell-o-vision comes out, I'm through.

PLAYBOY: The last time you did the *Playboy Interview* was 1998.

O'BRIEN: Who was on the cover of PLAYBOY then? Was it Aaron Burr's mistress? What was happening in the country? The bubble hadn't burst yet on the Internet. Back then everyone was worth \$4 million on paper. Our musical guest every night was Pat Benatar, wearing leggings. She was good, though.

PLAYBOY: Well, here's something you said in 1998—

O'BRIEN: "I will never die"?

PLAYBOY: You said about doing a late-night show, "The pace will kill you." You have enough money to last the rest of your life. Why do another show?

O'BRIEN: I've invested really badly. The pace does kill you. You keep going back for that; there's no other explanation. There are probably 35 variables that make up a show, if you think about it. Imagine a combination lock with 35 tumblers. How's the audience, who are the guests, what mood am I in? Add all those things up, and you can never have back-to-back to-back great shows. If you have a show that's less than great, you're desperate to have a great one. But when you have one you feel is great, you want that high again. And it's too late for me to become a neurosurgeon or a cobbler.

PLAYBOY: Was there a point when you thought, I've had enough of TV—I don't need to be on the air; I can go write?

O'BRIEN: When I parted company with NBC, I honestly didn't know if I would end up with another job. I didn't know if there would be a place for me in television. But I like performing. I like making people laugh. I really like audiences, and it would be hard for me to retire to the Connecticut countryside and smoke a pipe. When it's really funny and surprises *me* and the audience can tell I'm enjoying myself, that may be one of the happiest experiences I can have. Once you're a father you have to say "one of them."

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Þ So why keep doing it? I think there's this compulsion, the way a serial killer has 0 to kill and kill again. Are these analogies 22 helping me or hurting me? I'm just com-Þ pelled to make people laugh—and then 4 quickly move to another state where my

DNA can't be traced. н

PLAYBOY: Here's how it sounds: Your need to perform in front of people is greater than the disgust you feel for the world of television.

O'BRIEN: To be honest with you, I do not have disgust for the world of television. As anyone can imagine, I have moments of bitterness, but my overwhelming feeling is that you have to be an adult about this. When art and commerce get together, it can get bumpy. I've heard writers over the years bitch to me, "Oh, they changed my script for that show I was working on," and I would say, "You know who never had any trouble with that? Emily Dickinson. No one bothered her. Go in your attic, write what you're going to write and then die of consumption."

Do I agree with a bunch of things that happened? No. But I don't want what happened in January to define me or ruin my optimism about what I could do in television.

PLAYBOY: You have never been funnier than you were in 2010. The anger was good for your comedy.

O'BRIEN: If I were being honest, I would say yes, I think my Achilles' heel over the years has been my need to please. I try really hard to make people happy. What I went through in January was clearly a situation where I had to make a choice between what I thought was the right thing to do and making people happy. And when I say people, I mean the suits, the bosses.

PLAYBOY: The NBC suits.

O'BRIEN: Yeah, and it got contentious. And you're right, that was a new space for me to be in. When I did the 60 Minutes interview, Steve Kroft asked, "Well, couldn't you have just sucked it up and been a good company boy?" And I said,

"That's who I've been. This was the exception to the rule." The year 2010 is a seismic change. It's me saying, "I'm going to piss some people off." And that can be liberating. I have a slightly different perspective now, so it'll be interesting. I think this will be a different Conan. It's the same guy but with a higher testosterone level. It's a pill that I'm on. Actually I took the wrong pill for a while-it was estrogen, and I had C-cup breasts-but now I'm back on the other pill.

PLAYBOY: Andy must have been jealous. O'BRIEN: Andy nursed for a while. I fed him the rich milk of Conan O'Brien for three weeks. [laughs] This will never be printed. How does it feel doing the very last Playboy Interview?

PLAYBOY: How do you think you did as the host of *The Tonight Show*?

O'BRIEN: I've thought about it a lot, as 56

you know. In the short time I had it, I thought I did a good job of starting to make it mine and putting my stamp on it. It didn't seem like it lasted that long. [laughs] And then I looked at the calendar, and it hadn't. The hardest thing I can do is give myself a grade.

PLAYBOY: Good, so give yourself a grade. O'BRIEN: I can't, because it will be taken out of context. But if we say pass-fail, I think I passed. [laughs] It was a pass-fail course. Let other people judge me or say what they want about how I did.

PLAYBOY: On 60 Minutes you said, "I hope people still find me comedically absurd and ridiculous." Is it possible that comedically absurd and ridiculous just doesn't fit on The Tonight Show at 11:30?

O'BRIEN: I'm not sure I agree with that. I'm not sure what The Tonight Show will be 20 years from now. Do you know what I mean? It might be a liquid gas that is distributed through tubes. Again, you're going to say "bullshit," but The Tonight Show is supposed to be just a person coming out and being funny, in whatever way feels relevant to that period. It has already changed a number of times;

If I were being honest, I would say yes, I think my Achilles' heel over the years has been my need to please. I try really hard to make people happy.

every host has done it a completely different way. But I don't want this interview to be me sounding off on what happened almost a year ago. [excuses himself to go to the bathroom]

What were we talking about? PLAYBOY: You had just indicated you were tired of being asked about NBC.

O'BRIEN: [Laughs] You understand, I'm trying to take the high road, and anything I say can be extracted. Then it will look like I'm sitting around bitching and moaning. I think in a nutshell I was given way too much time on The Tonight Show. I think a two-month tryout would have been adequate, and they were very generous to give me six months. [laughs] It's really more than I could have asked for.

PLAYBOY: What are your goals for the new show?

O'BRIEN: I'm going for eight months on the air. All I want to do is break my Tonight Show record. I'm a guy who wants to say I did more push-ups today than I did the day before, and the good news is, I did only one push-up yesterday.

PLAYBOY: Knowing it would get great

ratings and be good for your new show, would you invite Jay Leno on as a guest? O'BRIEN: He can come on as the musical guest, because that I want to see. No one knows he has an operatic range [sings as Jay Leno]. No, there are certain things I will not do, regardless of the price.

PLAYBOY: For people who don't know Brookline, describe the town you grew up in.

O'BRIEN: Everyone rode those bicycles with the giant front wheel. The men all had handlebar mustaches and wore arm garters. Children played with a stick and a hoop, and everyone was very excited because they'd built the *Titanic* in the shipyards nearby. Then the crick rose and we all had to move to higher ground.

I grew up in a tough area. It was kill or be killed. There were gangs of guys in Izod shirts. Actually, it was a funny mix. I was supposed to go to the Irish Catholic elementary school but instead was sent to the Driscoll School, which was surrounded by four temples. All my friends growing up were Jewish, which influenced my comedy. I think I went to 35 bar mitzvahs. Several times I was given gifts. That's a true story-I was an exotic attraction at bar mitzvahs. It was yet another situation in which I stood out as a child. And so I became very comfortable with the Jewish faith.

PLAYBOY: Which serves you well in television and comedy circles.

O'BRIEN: Here at the show we have a blend of repressed Irish Catholics and people from the Jewish community whom I greatly admire.

PLAYBOY: You can say "Jews"; it's okay.

O'BRIEN: I can't say "Jews." I can't say "Yes, we have several Jews working here." Are you kidding? You could always insert just beforehand, in parentheses, "German accent." [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Are the Irish ever offended by your Irish jokes?

O'BRIEN: Actually I've noticed nobody cares if you make a disparaging comment about the Irish. It is the one ethnic group no one gives a shit about. The Irish think it's funny. "Oh, those wife-beating drunks." Irish people go, "Yes! Ha-ha! We got mentioned." They don't give a shit; they don't care.

PLAYBOY: Do you envy the Jews?

O'BRIEN: I really do. I think Jewish males tend to live to 120. That's my observation. My producer Jeff Ross's heart beats once for every 60 beats of my heart. He's just got a slower temperament. He shuffles in, he has a little soup, he goes home. He will be alive 100 years from now. I come from Irish Catholic stock, and we're junk trees: We grow quickly, and then in a high wind we just collapse.

PLAYBOY: Are you glad you went to Catholic school?

O'BRIEN: I hate what was done to me as a child, being made ashamed of my body. And it wasn't for any Catholic thing. My naked body is something to be ashamed of. That was pointed out by non-Catholics: "You've just got to cover that up. That's a bad situation." I'm 100 percent Irish, and I wish I were an exotic blend. I wish I had some crazy Lutheran in there, maybe a little Calvinist or Amish. I wish I could go out in the sun. I wish I had a normally proportioned body. I'm about 80 percent leg. When I see other people walk around and their waist is where it should be, I envy them.

PLAYBOY: There was a quote recently from one of your Harvard roommates, Luis Ubiñas—

O'BRIEN: He runs the Ford Foundation, one of the largest philanthropic organizations in the country. As you can see, we took slightly different paths. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: He said, "I don't think Conan drank at all in college."

O'BRIEN: I didn't drink in college. I come from very high-achieving parents, very serious, hardworking Irish Catholics, and you didn't screw around with alcohol. It was verboten, to use an Irish word. Even when I was running *The Harvard Lampoon*, which is basically an organization of alcoholics, I never drank. People ask me, "Were you the class clown?" And I say, "No, the class clown is always killed in a motel shoot-out. That ends badly."

PLAYBOY: The class clown is Chris Farley or John Belushi?

O'BRIEN: I'm thinking Ted Kaczynski or the Green River Killer. I'll never forget the time I met Steve Martin. I was at *Saturday Night Live*, and they said, "Go pitch an idea to Steve Martin." I was petrified. All I could imagine was the guy with a fake arrow through his head, this incredible extrovert. Instead I got this thoughtful, quiet man sitting there smiling, rarely, when something funny was pitched. I think that may be a big misconception about me. My level of intensity and hard work doesn't necessarily jibe with the guy on television.

PLAYBOY: From what you're describing, you were a very grown-up adolescent. O'BRIEN: I stopped going out on Halloween when I was really young. I said, "Okay, there's no more time for this." When I was 18 the people I looked up to at the Lampoon were taking comedy seriously and spending all this time on it, and then they were going to work for David Letterman or Saturday Night Live. So I took this thing I had a natural ability for and attached it to this hardworking engine that I had, which previously had been studying Southern literature and history. I hooked the two together and became the ultimate comedy machine, a cyborg from the future, here to destroy you all with laughter.

PLAYBOY: What comedy jobs did you dream about?

O'BRIEN: I remember thinking there were only two shows I wanted to work for: *Late Night With David Letterman* and *Saturday Night Live*. I was a comedy snob. I wasn't going to work on *Benson*. I didn't want to work on a conventional sitcom, and there wasn't a lot else on TV in 1982.

PLAYBOY: What would you consider to be your greatest comedic accomplishment at *SNL*?

O'BRIEN: That's a hard one. I did this thing once just to make [co-writers] Greg Daniels, Robert Smigel and Bob Odenkirk laugh. I'd stand on the street, and as girls walked by I would say, "Look at her. She is way out of my league." I would talk about all my flaws, but I would say it in this leering, cocky way. "Here she comes. Look at her, not interested in me at all because my eyes are too small and my lips are very thin." It was really making them laugh, and Robert said, "That could be a sketch." We ended up going back and writing it. Tom Hanks was the host, and he did it with Jon Lovitz. We called it "The Girl Watchers." Al Franken, now Senator Franken, said, "How'd you even think of that?" I tend to like things that are just silly and cartoony. I think I wrote some good stuff when I was there, but I wouldn't say I changed the culture, you know?

PLAYBOY: Did you find more of a place for yourself at *The Simpsons* than at *SNL*?

O'BRIEN: The Simpsons was great. It was this amazing team of writers, and that show was hitting on all cylinders when I got there. But I missed the adrenaline of doing a live television show. The movie My Favorite Year, that's what I miss. My whole career has been an attempt to get at the core of real show business, old-time show business. Saturday Night Live was cue cards, running backstage underneath the bleachersall that crazy, exciting, scary stuff. You'd walk backstage and see people in horse costumes. With The Simpsons we were in a room with hilarious people, but I wanted to be around the makeup and the horse costumes.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying that as of 1991, you had not distinguished yourself as a comedy writer?

O'BRIEN: I think I had distinguished myself and had made a name for myself, but I always felt I wasn't there yet. The analogy I had was when you're trying to get on a highway and find yourself on a road that runs parallel to it. I always had that feeling, and 1993, for better or worse, was the year I jumped onto the highway. I almost got killed-three semis came up right behind me. It was gutwrenching madness. But when everyone else thought, Oh, this guy's going to get canceled any second, I remember thinking, I'm on the right road now. I always had this dim feeling that I needed to get my own little show somehow. I used to talk about it in college. Friends still remind me that I used to tell them, "Someday I'm going to have a show." And they would say, "Yeah, you probably are." They kept me talking until the paramedics arrived.



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Clear Eyes®... For Eyes The Way Nature Intended.™ PLAYBOY: So all along were you planningon how to get your own show?

O'BRIEN: I couldn't have made 1993 happen in a million years if I'd wanted to. So many things had to go right and wrong for me to get that opportunity.
 Replacing David Letterman from complete obscurity—I'm not smart enough

to figure out how to do that. You're talking to someone who got hit by a meteor. I have to give myself some credit; I think I had something to offer, but I was more myself auditioning for that job than I was for the first year and a half on the show. At the audition I thought, Come on, this isn't going to really happen, so watch this. And I acted like a complete ass. Once they handed me the responsibility of doing the show, it felt like, Oh my God.

PLAYBOY: What were the first words you said to your wife when you met her while shooting a segment for *Late Night*?

O'BRIEN: We went to an advertising agency and I started acting like an ass. Almost immediately I asked her, "Do you have a boyfriend?" And she got really red. Then I started talking to her exclusively.

PLAYBOY: What was her answer to "Do you have a boyfriend?"

O'BRIEN: She maced me and we had to rinse my eyes out. She probably thought she'd never hear from me again.

PLAYBOY: Were you just pretending to flirt? **O'BRIEN:** You could tell I was really hitting on her. My pants were around my ankles. [*laughs*] Yeah, she could tell the difference. Everyone in the room could tell. It was creepy.

PLAYBOY: You were flirty when you met her. You're also flirty with guests, aren't you? **O'BRIEN:** I'm good at flirting. When you're the host of a show, it's deceptive: Actresses come out, they lock eyes with you, they laugh at everything you say, they're dressed great. You're getting all the signals that since the dawn of man have meant "You are in." The first time Jennifer Connelly was on *Late Night*, in 1993, she just broke my brain. All the blood went to my nether regions, and the brain died. I remember thinking, I love Jennifer Connelly.

PLAYBOY: You thought maybe you would be with Jennifer Connelly?

O'BRIEN: That's what I said in the letters. Which took a while because I had to piece them together from cut-out parts of a magazine, because you don't want the handwriting traced. That was later discouraged by some assholes at the FBI. No, I didn't think I would be with Jennifer Connelly. I never saw myself as that guy. And neither did Jennifer Connelly. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: Was there ever a guest you think you could have dated?

O'BRIEN: There was definitely a thing with Liza Minnelli. If things had gone just a little differently, I could have been her closeted gay man with a weird face.

58 **PLAYBOY:** Here's another thing you

said in 1998, in your previous *Playboy* Interview——

O'BRIEN: "I will host *The Tonight Show* forever."

PLAYBOY: You said, "Marriage is a leap of faith, a giving up of control. I'm not sure I can make that leap." What changed?

O'BRIEN: Nothing. [*laughs*] Next question. It's everything that's scary about performing—you're giving up control. It's the yin and yang of "I want control and I have to give it up." I mean, I was built to do it with ladies, all kinds of ladies, and now that's forbidden. Because of some antiquated system, I cannot spread my seed. Here it is eight years later, and I still think it's the smartest thing I've ever done. But let's see how she works out in a few more years. I'm not willing to commit yet. I always tell her she's an excellent first wife.

PLAYBOY: Why did you name your son after Samuel Beckett, the most despairing author of the 20th century? **O'BRIEN:** It could have been Nietzsche. I could have named him little Nietzsche O'Brien. I just liked the name—Beckett O'Brien sounds like someone to be

I remember thinking there were only two shows I wanted to work for: Late Night With David Letterman and Saturday Night Live. I was a comedy snob.

reckoned with. He's going to be either a great playwright or a bartender, or both. Most of the really good Irish names had been taken by my Jewish friends. I have Jewish friends with sons named Liam and Colin.

PLAYBOY: You know a Liam Goldstein?

O'BRIEN: I know an Eamon Bronstein. They're stealing our names. This isn't some crazy conspiracy theory I have, like "They started World War I!" I'm like, "Guys, we don't have much. We have cool first names. Leave this alone."

PLAYBOY: And your daughter obviously was named after *Party of Five* actress— **O'BRIEN:** Neve Campbell, yeah. The true Irish spelling of Neve is ridiculous. It's N-I-M-F-G-H. You can just picture someone on their seventh Guinness: "Toss another consonant in there."

PLAYBOY: [O'Brien's cell phone rings] Don't you want to answer that?

O'BRIEN: You can ignore that. It's just NBC asking, "Are you blasting us?"

PLAYBOY: What do your kids think Daddy does for a living?

O'BRIEN: My daughter figured out pretty early that I'm famous. She said, "People

come up and want to have a picture with you, but then they don't know how to work their camera and it takes a long time and you have to help them."

PLAYBOY: Have you ever done drugs? **O'BRIEN:** I've tried pot, but it doesn't do much for me. And I'm not one of those people who get high on life; life really does not get me high. The concept of me on cocaine is absurd. Here's a true story: I went to a doctor for a physical when I'd been on the air a couple of years, and he asked about drug use. I said, "No." He said, "What about cocaine?" I said, "No." He said, "You *don't* do cocaine?" I said, "No." And he said, "I've seen your show."

[laughs] He assumed I was coked up. **PLAYBOY:** No alcohol for you and no drugs, either?

O'BRIEN: You know, I've changed. I like to have a drink now. I like to have two drinks now. Two and a half to three drinks now. Five is just the right amount. Eight is perfect. Nine is too much, but then 10 is better and I become more focused, which is weird.

PLAYBOY: You've been hosting a show for 17 years. Do you feel like a comedy veteran?

O'BRIEN: I've actually been around long enough that when I look at a show from 1993 it looks ancient to me. Andy looks like a 13-year-old boy and I look like a 15-year-old girl. There's a whole generation now that has watched primarily reality television, and more and more they accept only comedy that looks like a real occurrence, whether it's *The Office* or *Borat*. They're suspicious of traditional comedy. Everything on YouTube is real—epic fail, guy falls down, Snooki gets punched. And so now there's this hypersensitivity to anything that's processed or fake.

PLAYBOY: Does that make it harder to do comedy?

O'BRIEN: I think it's harder to coast, just because there's so much entertainment. Anybody who has a really funny idea now can make it happen. That wasn't conceivable five, six years ago.

PLAYBOY: But also anybody who has a not-funny idea can make it happen.

O'BRIEN: That's where I come in. [*laughs*] I have this theory that talent in the human population has been a constant for 50,000 years. There's so much comedy now, but we're not suddenly a more talented species than we were 100 years ago. Now everyone can express themselves. The amount of water in the tub didn't change, you just made the bathtub 10,000 times bigger and the water level is low. So you've got to earn it. Why should *you* have that TV show? Why shouldn't it be these other 100,000 people who just did something funny on YouTube?

PLAYBOY: You mentioned David Letterman. Did his show have a big impact on you?

O'BRIEN: He had a big impact on not (continued on page 164)



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t is 2002 and the west African country of Liberia has been driven to economic ruin. Liberia's leader, President Charles Taylor, is an alleged war criminal who has bankrupted his country. The nation drowns in foreign debt and owes \$3 billion to international banks and governments. That's about 40 times the size of the government's annual budget.

Two thousand miles to the southeast, in the Republic of the Congo, an uneasy peace prevails after a civil war, though rebels still terrorize the countryside. The nation owes more than \$5 billion in foreign debt. Across the Atlantic, the middle class has collapsed in Argentina. The government defaults on \$81 billion in foreign debt, the largest sovereigndebt default in history.

A small group of American investors senses opportunity. One man works on the 35th floor of a skyscraper off Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. He is a millionaire named Jay Newman, allied with a hedge fund firm called Elliott Management. Newman is a key figure in this unique field of finance dealing in obscure foreign debt. He pressures governments in crisis to pay him. To him the Congo and Argentina represent opportunities.

Another investor, an eccentric billionaire, has stationed himself in the Caribbean, where he has built a sprawling trading and analysis operation. Kenneth Dart, the reclusive scion of an American manufacturing family, abandoned his native land 16 years ago to shield his wealth from the government.

These Americans use a highly specialized investment scheme developed over the past 20 years. They run vulture funds,



Capitalism

The hidden hand of capital isn't always benign. Here's how some traders make their fortunes on the backs of the weak and poor

60





Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, in 2005: Vultures make sure there will be little hope for economic vitality.

buying abandoned debt in bedeviled countries at pennies on the dollar. The foreign governments owe the funds just as a man with a mortgage owes his bank. When the vultures decide to strike, they want their money immediately and launch integrated campaigns to get it. It's like a credit card company selling a laidoff factory worker's old account to a debt collector, only on a much larger scale.

The most aggressive vulture funds use every legal tool at their disposal the courts, the press and politicians. When court rulings go against them, they lobby to change the laws. They hire investigators to dig up dirt on foreign leaders. In a way, they run their own foreign policy operation.

Profits in this unique specialty can range from 300 percent to 2,000 percent per deal, according to international institutions. The cost is borne by the world's poorest countries. That may be why the World Bank says vulture financiers are a "threat to debt reduction." The UN calls them "predatory creditors."

The vulture investor world is a small one, made up of smart men who don't necessarily like or trust one another. Few vulture fund managers will talk publicly; some are suspicious of the press, and most have a lawsuit or two boiling away that they don't want to disrupt. But these vultures have learned to collect assets from some of the world's most desperate nations.

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Monrovia, February 15, 2002: The capital of Liberia hunkered down while the usual ragtag irregulars headed to battle in their pickup trucks. That didn't matter in a New York City courtroom, where vultures prepared for their own battle. Lawyers representing two companies filed for an \$18 million judgment against the Liberian government. One of those firms was FH International, run by a man named Eric Hermann, a vulture capitalist who lives in New York's Westchester County. "He was reputed in the 1990s to be the guy who really knew Africa," one friend of Her-mann's tells me. "He got involved in everything. He knew a lot of the people in Africa quite well." Hermann's bio says he once had a Fulbright scholarship to work in the Ivory Coast.

While Liberia was falling apart, Hermann's company sued in a New York court, demanding \$13 million for a debt from 1978. It was a piece of a loan made by Chemical Bank. No lawyer appeared in court on behalf of Liberia. "Liberia didn't have any representative to show up in New York because they were in a civil war," says one vulture investor. "If you pick on a country like Liberia, they're not going to be able to afford big lawyers."

If you don't show up in court when you are sued, you lose. And so, five months later, in June 2002—as a new rebel offensive began against Liberia's capital—a federal judge signed a default judgment in favor of Hermann's company. FH International could now use the courts to collect, anywhere in the world, any Liberian asset it could find.

Thus does an impoverished nation become a source of revenue. That judgment wasn't worth much in 2002. It sat there, dormant, until it could come back to life when Liberia tried to get back on its feet.

•

Jay Newman, a 58-year-old New York investor with a law degree, lives in a townhouse in Greenwich Village. Although he lives well, he is not extravagant, and one would hardly know that over the past 20 years the governments of Peru, Paraguay, Poland, Ecuador, Ivory Coast, the Congo and Argentina have all been his victims. (continued on page 175)



"I don't understand your problem. I have lots of job offers after the season ends."



CINEMA

AFTER 2009'S SEXUAL RECESSION COMES THE SEXUAL RECOVERY. THIS YEAR'S BEST EROTIC SCENES FROM THE BIG AND SMALL SCREENS GIVE NEW MEANING TO THE WORD *STIMULUS*



BY STEPHEN REBELLO

hat a difference a year makes. Last year we posed the question "Whatever happened to sex in cinema?" Surveying a bleak, parched terrain we had to conclude that the big screen had become a child-safe sex-free zone overpopulated by teen- and tween-targeted high school musicals, Harry Potter and superhero movies. TV—especially cable—had become the go-to haven for more-adventurous viewers.

The good news is eroticism is staging a comeback. While the rapacious sexual appetites on *True Blood* get more primal than ever before, moviegoers witness not only a riveting performance from Natalie Portman in *Black Swan* but also her having sex with herself. Several times. The suburban pot peddlers on *Weeds* get themselves into all kinds of sexual mischief, and

nubile Ivy League coeds run rampant at coke-fueled parties in *The Social Network. Mad Men*'s steely hero ratchets up his bed-hopping, and in *Stone*, long-married parole officer Robert De Niro gets bedded by temptress Milla Jovovich.

Big-screen sex didn't just become more visible this past year, it also became edgier. Amy Smart and Jason Statham bring risk addiction to a new level when they make love on a horse-racing track in *Crank: High Voltage*. Francis Ford Coppola's *Tetro* features the kind of vibrant, anything-goes sexuality one might expect from a 1960s European import. James Cameron even managed to introduce interspecies sex in *Avatar*. Is it too early to pop the cork and declare sex the movies' comeback kid of the year? This year's *Sex in Cinema* amply illustrates why it might not be.



Keep Your Day Job Christina Aguilera's sexy voice should have saved *Burlesque* (opposite). Too bad it seems stitched together from *Chicago* and *Showgirls* leftovers. Working Blue Mind-blowing 3-D special effects plus Zoe Saldana's sultry bewitchery blast away the ick factor from the interspecies sex in Avatar (above).

By George

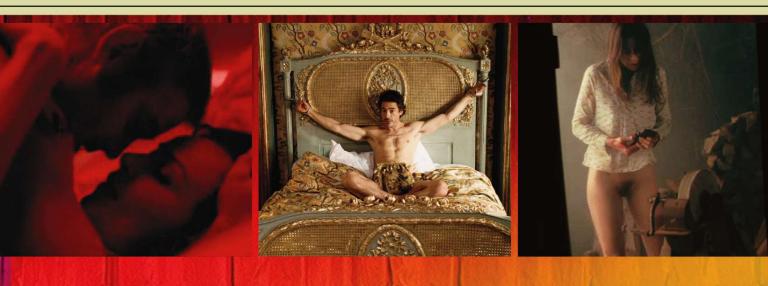
In *The American* (below left), Violante Placido, playing an earthy prostitute, persuades George Clooney to lower his guard—and his trousers.

'Sup, Holmes?

This bit of gilt-edged bondage from *Sher-lock Holmes* (below center) gives us the year's best line: "Beneath this pillow lies the key to my release."

Holy Hell

In the provocative Antichrist (below right), Charlotte Gainsbourg suffers greatly. The good news is that she often does so while undressed.







Swords, Sandals and Schwing A far cry from Kirk Douglas and Stanley Kubrick's famed gladiator epic Spartacus, Starz's bloodthirsty Spartacus: Blood and Sand features sexually ravenous lesbian interludes (above left). Lucy Lawless and her slave-owner husband, played by John Hannah, pleasure each other as their domestic help looks on (above center). And not to be outdone, there's the passionate thrusting of gladiator Spartacus (Andy Whitfield) and his beloved wife, played by Erin Cummings (above right).



Spice Is Nice Angelina Jolie in *Salt* (above) isn't just a gung-ho CIA agent; she's also a gung-ho lover to her husband, played by August Diehl.





Suckers

Margarita Hall and Sianad Gregory snog in the goofy British comedy *Vampire Killers* (above), in which every female in town morphs into a lesbian vampire.

Sloppy Seconds

Divorced couple Meryl Streep and Alec Baldwin discover some new wrinkles when they rekindle their relationship in *It's Complicated* (left).



Down for the Count

In *Greenberg*, Ben Stiller plays a former mental patient who somehow attracts Greta Gerwig and subjects her to a badly timed act of cunnilingus.

Hemptress

Mary-Louise Parker on *Weeds* finds a new best friend in Justin Kirk when he complies with her request to nurse on her painfully lactating breasts.

Dance Fever

The erotic attraction between rival dancers Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis in *Black Swan* could turn anyone into a ballet fan.

Still Looking for Mr. Goodbar

In the Mexican film *Leap Year* (above), Monica del Carmen plays a troubled woman who picks up strangers, including one who performs S&M on her.

Sexy Beast

Groupies are just part of the fun in the French import *Gainsbourg* (right), which celebrates iconic musician Serge Gainsbourg (played by Eric Elmosnino).







Pimp (top left), a faux "hidden camera" documentary that records an especially nasty week in the lowlife of a British hustler in London's Soho, goes heavy on grit and sleaze.

Pole Position

In the action thriller *Crank: High Voltage* (left), Jason Statham isn't so keen on watching Amy Smart work the pole at a strip club. The rest of us? We liked it.

Teacher's Pet

In Argentina's *Don't Look Down* (below), young sleepwalker Leandro Stivelman tumbles down a skylight into the bedroom of sexually experienced Antonella Costa, who schools him in the joys of Tantric sex.



Tetrosexual

Francis Ford Coppola's beautiful *Tetro* bursts at the seams with a European approach to sensuality and sex.



The Royal We

Unfazed by those drafty old British castles, Charlotte Salt entices viewers of *The Tudors* on Showtime.







Cutting Edge

Danny Trejo takes a nude swim with Lindsay Lohan (well, her body double) and Alicia Rachel Marek in *Machete* (right).

Bathing Beauties

Elena Anaya and Natasha Yarovenko shack up in a hotel and strip themselves—and their emotions—bare in Spain's *Room in Rome* (below).



Once Bitten HBO's *True Blood* has delivered some of the most pulse-pounding erotic moments on TV... or anywhere. Miss November 1998

Tiffany Taylor enjoys a sensual bloodletting from Jessica Tuck (below left); studly-if-ancient Southern vampire Stephen Moyer makes a back-door delivery to his barmaid lover, Anna Paquin (below center); Paquin lets Moyer hungrily feed while she showers (below right).





(Secret) Marilyn

Victim of the studio system or collaborator? Icon or simple working-class girl? **Marilyn Mowroe's** life was driven by contradictions. For the first time, she confesses to the collusion and the confusions and reveals a nuanced and often shocking self-knowledge

BY JOYCE CAROL OATES

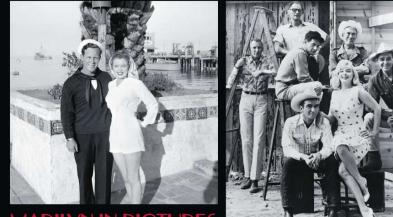
"For me to live decently and productively, I must work!" - Marilyn Monroe

o much fantasizing has been spun about Marilyn Monroe since her death, of an overdose, in August 1962—so much rhapsodizing involving words like *iconic—superstar—goddess*—and yet more vulgarly, *sex goddess*—that it's impossible to avoid noting that "Marilyn Monroe" was a highly calibrated creation, if not a concoction, of the aggressive Hollywood studio Twentieth Century Fox, in the 1950s; but in equal measure "Marilyn Monroe" was a public performance sustained, not always successfully, by a sometimes desperate but always self-aware young woman who perceived herself, like her mother, as *working class;* of that class of economically disenfranchised Americans who, in the era of the Great Depression, had no choice but to grow up quickly and to exploit whatever skills or talent they had. It isn't traditional to think of a "goddess" as desperate for

employment—in the realm of (mostly male) mythologizing of the female, very little has been acknowledged of the woman initially driven by economic necessity who continues to work, work, *work*—as a means of self-definition, self-justification and self-respect.

In *Fragments*, a miscellany of letters, diary jottings, drafts of poems and random and uncensored observations—believed to contain "every available text, excepting her technical notes on acting" written by Marilyn Monroe—the demystified "Marilyn Monroe" is revealed. Long after Monroe had become, in the public eye, the iconic "Marilyn Monroe"—well into her mid-30s, near the end of her tragically foreshortened life—the actress was relentlessly self-critical and obsessed with improving the quality of her work; like any autodidact she was desperate to educate herself by reading.





MARILYN IN PICTURES

Clockwise from top: Monroe engrossed in *To the Actor*, March 1955. The cast of *The Misfits* in Reno, including screenwriter Arthur Miller, whom Monroe would soon divorce. The pinup, pre-stardom. An August 13, 1949 *Picture Post* cover captures the actress in sand and sun. *Life* magazine pays tribute to Monroe shortly after her death, in August 1962. Monroe and Miller at a 1959 performance of *Macbeth* at the Boston Center for the Arts. Monroe and her first husband, Jim Dougherty.



Apart from the months during her two pregnancies, both of which ended in miscarriages (in 1957 and 1958, when she was married to Arthur Miller), Monroe was working steadily from 1945 (as a model) through the spring of 1962 (on the banal and ill-fated sex farce Something's Got to Give, from which she was fired). When she divorced her second husband, Joe DiMaggio, and fled Hollywood, in 1954, to enroll as a student in the Actors Studio in New York City, it was Monroe's hope to become a stage actress who might perform Chekhov and Shakespeare, and she was willing to submit to the discipline of acting exercises as if she were an unknown actress with her professional life yet before her.

How poignant it seems to us that Monroe should appeal to Lee Strasberg, head of the Actors Studio, as to a savior:

Dear Lee,

I'm embarrised to start this, but thank you for understanding and having changed my life—even though you changed it I still am lost—I mean I can't get myself together—I think its because everything is pulling against my concentration—everything one does or lives is impossible almost.

You once said, the first time I heard you talk at the actors studio that "there is *only concentration* between the actor and suiside." As soon as I walk into a scene I lose my mental relaxation for some reason,—which is my concentration....

Its just that I get before camera and my concentration and everything I'm trying to learn leaves me. Then I feel like I'm not existing in the human race at all.

Love, Marilyn

She was born Norma Jeane Baker on June 1, 1926 in the charity ward of the Los Angeles County General Hospital to an unmarried Hollywood film cutter named Gladys Pearl Baker (later Monroe); her father was never identified. Like a child in one of the crueler fairy tales of Grimm, Norma Jeane Baker/Marilyn Monroe would seek throughout her life this elusive father-she would call men whom she loved "Daddy" in a succession of always-hopeful and always-flawed relationships that would culminate with the most fairy-tale of lovers-the very president of the United States, in 1961, less than a year before her death.

Her mother, though intermittently and teasingly present in her life as a child, was elusive in another, more insidious way: Gladys seems to have suffered "I HAVE HOPES OF FINALLY ESTABLISHING A PIECE OF GROUND FOR MYSELF TO STAND ON, INSTEAD OF THE QUICKSAND I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN IN."

from the condition now called bipolar disorder; she was frequently suicidal and had to be hospitalized; she could not form any attachment to Norma Jeane and so placed her daughter in a succession of foster homes, as well as, for a while, the Los Angeles County orphanage, where—ironically—because little Norma Jeane had a mother, she couldn't be considered for adoption like the other children.

As it was Norma Jeane Baker's fantasy to live with her mother and to be one day united with her unknown father, so it was Marilyn Monroe's fantasy to suppose that the director of the Actors Studio might transform not just the outward circumstances of her always-turbulent life but its inner dimensions as well.

In December 1961, in a time of acute psychological distress in the aftermath of her third, failed marriage—with Arthur Miller—Monroe's plea to Strasberg has an air of desperation:

...for years I have been struggling to find some emotional security with little success.... Only in the last several months...do I seem to have made a modest beginning.... My overall progress is such that I have hopes of finally establishing a piece of ground for myself to stand on, instead of the quicksand I have always been in. But Dr. Greenson agrees with you, that for me to live decently and productively, I must work! And work means not merely performing professionally, but to study and truly devote myself. My work is the only trustworthy hope I have....

Fans of Marilyn Monroe would be astonished to know that, throughout her Hollywood career, Monroe was never able to establish herself with the studios as an "A-level" actress like her contemporaries Jane Russell, Ava Gardner, Elizabeth Taylor and Doris Day; always she was "B-level," no matter the excellence and versatility of her work. At the time of this letter Monroe was hoping to break free of the studio's hold on her and to establish an independent production company with the help of her friend Marlon Brando as well as Strasberg, but, like a previous attempt seven years before, this seems to have come to nothing. (It was Monroe's bad luck to have lived in an era when actors, like musicians and professional athletes, had not yet acquired the power to negotiate their own contracts; two decades later, Monroe would have had a career like Madonna's.)

Many of the most telling passages of *Fragments* have to do with her bid to better understand the art of acting and are seemingly notes taken by Monroe at the Actors Studio, intercalated with often chiding asides to herself:

To overcome the difficulties Remember the fear is always there and will be in your case. But there is something you can do about it *technically* which by *only* making the effort, by carrying out the technical exercises....

Stassberg said...You must start to do things out of strength...by not looking for strength but only looking & seeking *technical* ways and means.

This is the strategy of the professional, the artist's mantra—one doesn't have to depend upon the vicissitudes of emotion or inspiration; one doesn't have to depend upon the limitations of one's own self. It isn't a coincidence that a photograph (concluded on page 154)

WAS AND URING THE CREATING HIS RE-AND woke up in the joint again this morning. Ten

joint again this morning. Ten thousand seven hundred and ninety-one days and counting. Through no one's fault but my own, I exist as a number, a body filling a carefully delineated space, a breathing statistic. Looking out across the horizon of time at the next thousand days, I can see only more of the same. So I have had to create ways to achieve some measure of release, even if it is of an illusory nature.

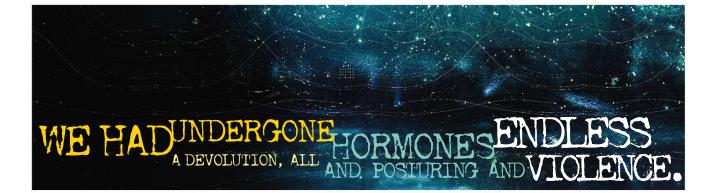
Most evenings, I hang a blue towel off the edge of the top bunk to secure some degree of privacy, put on my oversize headphones, click on a rock CD, lie back and fall out of this constrained and restricted world. I put my writing board across my knees and pick up a Pilot Better Ball Point, medium, black. I use these pens only for serious writing, creative writing, for the express purpose of writing my mind back in time and out of prison.

Just a few nights before I dove off the face of reality into this irreality, I wander alone down a residential street in the quiet hours of the night still tasting Arlene, a beautiful, brown-skinned girl. She had spread her black hair, its tangled tresses and heavy solidity, its vitality and coarse strength, across my lap. Looking up at me, she told me how the blue and green flecks in my eyes reminded her of Christmas lights. I ran my hands over her breasts, the soft skin giving way as she arched her back slightly and gasped a little gasp. When I put my arms under her and lifted her mouth to mine, it was as if she weighed nothing; she curled into a ball of warmth and girlish passion. Her mouth tasted of cherry Tic Tacs and the ocean.

Later, I walk aimlessly, smoking Camels and imagining Arlene lying under me naked. I sit on the back bumpers of anonymous

BY KENNETH E. HARTMAN





cars parked in random driveways, staring straight up into the night sky. I can never see the Milky Way. For me it is simply the name of a candy bar. My stars are the streetlights and the searchlights on the bellies of the helicopters buzzing around, disturbing the peace of the night. I'm certain the next time I have her alone, the next time she falls in love with the idea of my eyes staring into the dark forever of hers, she and I will do more than kiss and caress each other we will make love like the first humans.

But Arlene's charms exist now only at the end of my Better Ball Point. Young Mexican girls no longer defy their fathers and sneak off to the hungry embrace of their bad-seed white-boy neighbors for a stolen moment of rough passion. No, her delicacy has disappeared and lives only in a place out of place and out of sync, frozen in concrete and caged inside iron bars.

Days before that delicious experience, I sit on the edge of a battered green picnic table in the darkest hours of the night explaining to Brenda she cannot spend herself on me. She suffers from the diminished status of young girls in my neighborhood. Most of them her age have already had many partners; they are passed around like pretty baubles to show off and trade. But Brenda possesses disquieting qualities that separate her from the other drug-addled girls in their cutoff jeans and poorly applied makeup.

I feel a powerful connection to her that has a transcendent nature, an outof-time sense that draws me to her and her to me. Though she is only 13, her soul is ageless. Somehow, she knows my fate is to die to her world, and she does not want to wait for a moment that will never arrive.

Brenda's pink wristwatch is broken. I give her mine, a silver pocket watch that has survived its bruising, weekslong encounter with me. I promise to get hers repaired and return it to her in response to her prediction of my imminent disappearance. I walk her home and hold her hand in mine. She tells me, in a voice too serious for her age, that I am breaking her heart. I can hear it coming apart as I kiss her forehead and leave with a little girl's watch in my front pocket. When I turn back to wave, she has taken her broken heart and gone inside. She is only 13.

Back in the park, blowing smoke rings in the cold air, I ponder this encounter, rolling her watch in my hand. Secretly, from my waking self, I am a little afraid of Brenda. She knows me in ways I do not; in her eyes I can read nothing, gather no information. Perhaps in Salem or some other overwrought place she would have been burned at the stake for her otherworldliness, for her connections to the earth's vast intelligence.

Brenda's predictions were accurate for both of us, unfortunately. I did, indeed, never return with her broken watch. It vanished as surely as I vanished. Her broken heart blinded her from that beguiling inner sight she had then, so she blindly connected to a string of losers who left her a brood of children and rotten teeth eaten away by the acid of methedrine's false exhilaration.

A couple of months earlier, sitting on the edge of another green picnic table, in another, much nicer park, I watch Gail struggle through the grass on the points of her high heels. She wears painted-on white Levi's and a tight top that outlines her generous curves. I am only hours freed from the grasp of one of the California Youth Authority's juvenile prisons, aged out at 19, floundering around trying to figure out how to swim. Several years have evaporated while I fought my way to the top of an imaginary heap, the mock hierarchy of boys pretending to be men in a prison pretending not to be a prison. Deprived of the counterbalance of girls and dreams, we had undergone a devolution back to protohumans, all hormones and posturing and endless, mindless violence.

We lived in long dorms, two rows of 40 beds in the main bay, a dozen single

rooms down one side. A large communal shower and toilet area with institutional green tiles too often covered with blood and come, regularly reverberating with muffled wails of pain, and a spartan dayroom completed the accommodations. Around the quad were seven more of these euphemistically named "cottages," each reeking of desperation.

At the top of the inner road was the one different building, the Intensive Treatment Program or, more honestly, the hole. A fight bought you a 24, a full cycle of the sun, and repeated combat a 72. They put us in small windowless rooms, naked, with a ratty mattress and a sheet crazily stitched to deter noose making. Every time I did a 24 or a 72, I spent the time furiously masturbating and counting meals until I was let back out. Occasionally, I would lie on my back and kick the door until the youth counselors arrived and ran in to beat the resistance back out of me.

Gail is the first girl I run into after years of living on the island of angry boys. As she comes toward me, I cannot shake an overwhelming fury, a vicious self-reproach and castigation over how I could have allowed my own idiocy to deprive me of this gorgeous creature. The last time she and I rolled in the grass behind her parents' house, she was 15, a freshly minted young woman. This new, older girl still has a dusting of freckles across her nose and chest; her eyes are still liquid green and electric, her hair the same shining dark-brown cascade. I can see her nipples pressing against her tan sweater.

Over the next couple of days, I have sex with her with the passion of a brute, a joyless mechanical thrusting that leaves me unfulfilled and irritated. She has become the vessel for my self-loathing. I pour it into her in great, hot loads of bottomless rage. In her eyes, I see only confusion and fear. There is nothing left of the soaring love of the past. I smother her in all I cannot forgive myself for.

The last time I see her, Gail makes one more try to reach down into me to find who I had been on those barely remembered (concluded on page 190)



"Not bad—I'd suggest a threesome."



In a nod to Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis in this month's racy ballet thriller Black Swan, model Nina Bajerska portrays a seductive danseuse of her own

Photography by MARLENA BIELINSKA

he arching poses and graceful gestures of dancers have earned the admiration of many an artist, and it's easy to see why: A dancer's supple athleticism only adds to the appeal of the already enticing female form. French impressionist Edgar Degas was so captivated by the sight of ballerinas stretching and elongating their limbs that it inspired his celebrated series of oil paintings, pastels, drawings and sculptures of dancers at work. Ballet is more provocative than ever thanks to the upcoming psychological thriller Black Swan, in which Natalie Portman and Mila Kunis share some intense moments-including an erotic kiss—as rival ballerinas immersed in a sinister, sexually charged dance world. While the average man may not know his Petrouchka from his Swan Lake, such ignorance does not preclude him from appreciating the swan herself. Polish beauty Nina Bajerska demonstrates this fact as she channels the sensuous side of ballet for photographer Marlena Bielinska. A true romantic (Nina dreams of "being in love for eternity" and her motto is "Love is like a revolution-it doesn't work out for the weak of heart"), she makes the perfect ballerina muse. She confesses that in her free time "sinful thoughts abound." We can certainly relate.



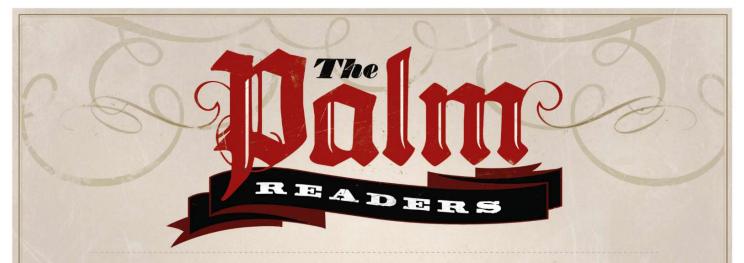




"Love is like a revolutionit doesn't work out for the WEAK OF HEART."

See more of Nina at club.playboy.com.





A CENTURY AFTER HIS DEATH, **MARK TWAIN** PRESENTS HERE * *for the first time anywhere* * HIS TAKE ON THE **DUBIOUS ART** OF FORTUNE-TELLING. A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE



In 1905 Mark Theain was asked by a magazine editor to provide prints of his palms to be interpreted by several professional palm readers. He was to be anonymous to them. from the palm readers' reports (which are in italic type below) and twain's responses, we have selected the following UNIPUBLISHEED PASSAGES.

According to the science of Palmistry, this is a Philosophic type of hand. \sim Philosophic mind. True.

fairness I *must* concede: that where brevity is required of the palmist, he is obliged to generalize, he cannot particularize.

City of the second seco

The subject is beyond doubt a great Student, a Thinker and Reformer, broad-minded, with a liberal religious sentiment without reference to creed or form. ~ Student of

morals, and of man's nature—in that sense, yes, I am a student, for that study is interesting and enticing, and requires no painful research, no systematic labor, no midnight-oil effects. But I have never been a student of anything which required of me wearying and distasteful labor. It is for this reason that the relations between me and the multiplication table are strained.

The rest of the paragraph is true, in detail and in mass. In the line of high philosophics I was always a thinker, but was never regarded by the world as *the* thinker until the course of nature retired Mr. Spencer from the competition.

3

He is progressive and farseeing, courageous in an emergency, but frequently timid where there is no need of action or quick thought. With him an emergency is an inspiration. \sim "Progressive and farseeing." I acknowledge it.

"Courageous in an emergency." That is too general. There are many kinds of emergencies: we are all good in one or two kinds; some are good in several kinds; but the person who is prompt and plucky in all emergencies iswell, nonexistent. He has never lived. If a man were drowning, I would promptly jump in after him; but if he were falling from a 10th-story window I shouldn't know enough to stand from under. You perceive? I am a good and confident swimmer, and have had several emergency-experiences in the water which were of an educating kind, but I have never had a person try to fall on me out of a skyscraper. Do you get the idea? The philosophy of it is this: emergencycourage is rather a product of experience than a birthright. No person, when new and fresh, has emergency-courage enough to set a grip on his purse the first time he is offered a chance to cheaply buy a patent that is going to revolutionize steam-no, it is the subsequent occasions that find him ready with his gun. I repeat-the palmist has been too general. He should have named the kind of emergencies which find my courage ready and unappalled. I am not saying he could not have done this; and there is one thing which in

His sense of justice is very keen; harshness to others amounting to personal injury to himself. He is sensitive, impressionable and reticent, hence is not easily understood by his associates. ~ Again. Generalized, this is true of no one; particularized, it is true of everybody. Harshness to Mr. Henry A. Butters of Long Valley would not grieve my spirit, the spectacle of the King of the Belgians dangling from the gibbet where he belongs would make me grateful. I (along with the whole race) am sensitive (to ridicule and insult); impressionable (where the

sex is concerned); reticent (where inconvenient truths are required of me).

Disposition ordinarily is excellent. He is submissive rather than aggressive, yet radical and determined at heart. His manner is gentle, only becoming brusque or nonchalant when stirred to self defense. ~ Again. Generalized thus, this fits the great majority of the human race—including me. It fits the worm, too—to a dot. Read it carefully over, and you will see.

9

Self-reliance, internal courage, with an intuitive knack of sounding public sentiment render him capable of becoming a successful leader in the financial and political world, a supporter of any and all innovations that tend toward advancement. \sim My fondness for experiments and innovations is really above the average, I believe. My mother was like that; my sister, who was an interested and zealous invalid during 65 years, tried all the new diseases as fast as they came out, and always enjoyed the newest one more than any that went before; my brother had accumulated 42 brands of Christianity before he was called away.... But the rest of the paragraph contains errors, particularly the part about political and financial leadership. No kind of leadership could ever be in my line. It would curtail my freedom; also it would make me work when I did not want to work. My nature would fret and complain and rebel, and I should fail.

93

His early life is not marked fortunate; menaced by reverses until near his 16th year. After that period excellent things were in store

The palm print of Mark Twain's hand (at left) was provided to a palm reader so Twain's fortune could be divined. Twain died on April 21, 1910 in Redding, Connecticut.

for him. ~ No one ever said a truer thing. Up to the age of seven I was at the point of death nearly all the time, yet could never make it. It made the family tired. Particularly my father, who was of a fine and sensitive nature, and it was difficult for him to bear up under disappointments. In the next eight years—I am speaking the truth, I give you my word of honor—I was within one gasp of drowning *nine* different times, and in addition was thrice brought to the verge of death by doctors and disease; yet it was all of no use, nothing could avail, it was just one reverse after another, and here I am to this day. With every hope long ago blighted. Are these the reverses that stand written in my hand? I know of no others, of that early time.

8

Fortunately he is not constitutionally frail. Excellently endowed with physical force, he will reach beyond the proverbial limit of life without serious interruption. This stronghold on life he inherits. ~ First sentence. Seems so, from the revelations which I have just made. But how does he find it out from the flat print of my hand? It is very curious. I have seldom been sick since I was 15; I am 69 now. Third sentence: the inheritance is from my mother's side. She was a Lampton. No Lampton ever died prematurely, except by courtesy of the sheriff.

S.

He is made of the finest clay, is high-minded, has a will of steel hardly ever asking or taking advice. — That about the clay is all right.

His judgment can be fully relied upon. ~ Fatally indefinite. Judgment of what—not stated. Apples? literature? weather? whiskey? theology? hotels? emperors? oysters? horses?

As regards emperors and weather my judgment is better than any other person's, but as regards all other things I know it to be bad.

C.S.

The Line of Respiration on the base of the Mount of Jupiter shows that his lungs demand a liberal supply of oxygen. ~ Exactly and remarkably true—of everybody's lungs.

The Line of Blood Circulation shows him to have regular heartbeats, and a strong and steady pulsation of blood. \sim Does it mean that I have a strong pulse? In that case it is an error. I have a sort of a kind of a pulse, it is true, but not every doctor can find it and swear to it. The Marienbad specialist felt around over my breast and back and abdomen and said with quite unnecessary frankness that he could not prove that I hadn't a heart, but that if I had one it would be an advantage to trade it for a potato.

The Mount of Luna shows him to be exquisitely moulded, honorable and faithful. \sim "Exquisitely moulded." It is hereditary in the family. Exquisitely moulded and attractive, people often say. Some have thought me the most attractive thing in the universe except that mysterious and wonderful force which draws all matter toward its throne in the sun, the Attraction of Gravitation; others go even further, and think I am that sublime force itself. These commonly speak of me as the Center of Gravity. Over great stretches of the earth's surface I am known by no name but that—the Center of Gravity. It pleases me and makes me happy, but I often feel that it may not be true. God knows. It is not for me to say.



"I asked a few questions of minor importance–paid her \$2 and left–under the decided impression that going to the fortuneteller's was just as good as going to the opera, and cost scarcely a trifle more–ergo, I would disguise myself and go again, one of these days, when other amusements failed." ~ Letter to Orion Clemens, February 6, 1861

The complete readings and responses are forthcoming in the second volume of the Autobiography of Mark Twain. The first volume was published this November by the University of California Press. This text was prepared from the original manuscript by editors at the Mark Twain Project at the Bancroft Library of the University of California.



"Aha! The creature is stirring!"

HOLDAY SPIRIT

Our guide to home mixology, with an exclusive DIY cocktail generator and tips from

AMERICA'S sexiest bartender,

as voted by you

By Terry Sullivan

hen you want something done right, you just have to do it yourself. Wise

men will ignore the sexual implications of this, but it's certainly true of cocktails. Unless you're drinking in the best of select boîtes, you'll make a better drink at home. And you needn't miss out on the latest in mixology, because you're going to create your own cocktails, with a little help. Over the next four pages you'll get bartending tips from a master-Nicholle Lottman, America's Sexiest Bartender. You saw her in our November issue and voted by the thousands at playboy .com. We'll also tell you how to design your own cocktails, what whiskeys to buy for the holidays and more. Thirsty yet? Time to mix it up.

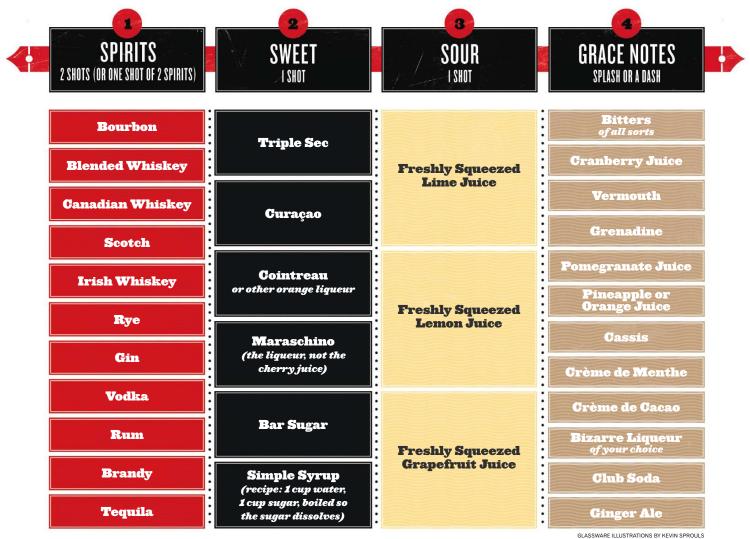
Winner of our America's Sexiest Bartender contest: Nicholle Lottman of Porcelli's Bistro in Cleveland.





The very first cocktail was a "stimulating liquor, composed of spirits of any kind, sugar, water and bitters. It is vulgarly called a bittered sling." Or so it says in an 1806 New York newspaper. That sling begat fizzes, juleps, cobblers and, eventually, the pantheon of modern cocktails, including the sainted family of sours. At heart a great many drinks share this original DNA—a base spirit with sugar and something to balance the sweetness. A rule of thumb: two parts spirit, one part sweet, one part sour. Use tequila, triple sec and lime and you've made a margarita. Rum, sugar and lime make a daiquiri. Brandy, triple sec and lemon is a sidecar. Want to go one step further? Add a splash of a grace note. Vodka, triple sec and lime is a kamikaze, but a little cranberry juice makes it a cosmo. Splash grenadine in a daiquiri and you've made a Bacardi cocktail. Or add a dash of soda or ginger ale to your concoction for a successful long drink. (A whiskey collins, after all, is nothing but a whiskey sour with seltzer added.) Pick your ingredients from the chart below and go play. E-mail us your best efforts via the web at letters.playboy.com and we might just feature your cocktail in a future issue.

Combine the ingredients and shake very hard with ice, then serve over ice or straight up in a chilled cocktail glass.



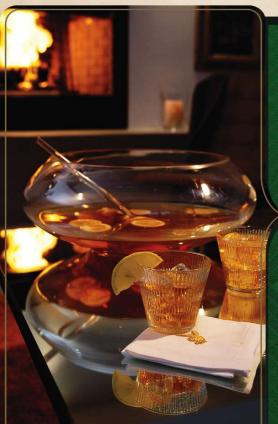
AROUND THE WORLD IN SIX BOTTLES

Take the edge off the holidays with these exotic whiskeys

Yes, Virgil, there is no Santa Claus. It doesn't matter if you've been bad or good, because nobody's reading your list. You're getting Lady Gaga socks, a membership to the Soup of the Month Club and a rechargeable shoehorn because people think you're "hard to buy for." Which you're not, of course. In fact, you're the easiest person to buy for. Which brings us to the subject of this sidebar: fine bottles of whiskey. Become your own private Santa and sip your way through our united nations of distillation. United States: Parker's Heritage Collection Golden Anniversary



(\$150). Parker Beam himself blended this bourbon from whiskeys made during his 50 years at Heaven Hill; it's a little something from every decade. Oranges and honey. **Ireland:** Midleton Very Rare (\$136). It's been called the world's best blended whiskey, created in County Cork by Barry Crockett. Toffee, creamy and dreamy. **Japan:** Suntory Yamazaki 18-year-old single malt (\$85). Though it's distilled outside Kyoto, this tastes a hell of a lot like a Scottish Speyside. Meaty and spicy, lots of honey. **Scotland:** The 18-yearold Dalmore (\$150). Fourteen years in bourbon casks and finished off in oloroso sherry butts. Big, rich, coffee and toffee, with a slug of Spain at the end. **Canada:** Forty Creek Barrel Select (\$25). Not your father's Canadian. Made from rye, barley and corn whiskeys individually pot-distilled and aged, then married in sherry casks. Bittersweet chocolate and walnuts. **India:** Amrut Peated Single Malt (\$60). Whiskey from India? Yeah, India. It's a subcontinental sweet, distilled in Bangalore. Liquor boffin Jim Murray once named an Amrut the third best whiskey in the world. Figs and spices.



SPLENDOR IN THE CLASS A punch and a nog that will fuel your holiday party till dawn

Tom and Jerry—Here's an alternative to eggnog, because you've had enough sticky cream to last a lifetime. The lactose-free Tom and Jerry is named for a couple of London bons vivants who predated that cat-and-mouse act by a hundred years or so. This recipe comes from Miller's Pub in Chicago, where it's been served from Thanksgiving to New Year's since 1950.

1/ Premix a bottle of half brandy, half dark rum. 2/ In a punch bowl, beat a dozen egg yolks (reserving the whites) until thin and bright yellow. 3/ Beat in two teaspoons of cinnamon and two teaspoons of vanilla. 4/ Beat egg whites until stiff, then fold in one pound of powdered sugar. Combine the two egg mixtures. 5/ To serve, ladle two ounces of this into a coffee mug, add a jigger of the liquor and top with two or three ounces of boiling water. Sprinkle nutmeg on top. The Spread Bagle Punch—How about a punch for guests who can take a punch? As hooch-meister David Wondrich points out in his newest offering, *Punch: The Delights* (and Dangers) of the Flowing Bowl (\$24, Perigee), the Spread Eagle was created in the 19th century by "Professor" Jerry Thomas. The term referred to the emblem on the seal of the United States, as well as the stock trader's bet (meaning to buy on margin). "What could be more American than going out on a limb in the hope of getting something for nothing?" Wondrich writes. Herewith, a superbowl:

1/ Muddle four ounces of sugar with the peels of two lemons. 2/ Add 16 ounces of boiling water. 3/ Pour in one bottle of Islay whiskey, such as Bruichladdich. 4/ Pour in one bottle of rye whiskey. 5/ Stir and serve hot (in a mug) or cold (over ice).



As elegant as the martini itself, Nicholle will make you shake and stir

Nicholle Lottman has lots of regulars at Porcelli's Bistro in Cleveland, which is no surprise. The 25-year-old knows her way around a stocked bar, and she's got a smile that could, in the immortal words of Raymond Chandler, make a bishop kick a hole in a stained glass window. We first featured Nicholle in our online America's Sexiest Bartender poll some months ago, along with other bartending bombshells. You voted. So did we. Now here Nicholle is. So what does she have to say about it? Here are five tips from a pro to help you throw the ultimate holiday party.

> "It's all about prep," says Nicholle. Make sure your bar is fully stockedfrom liquor and wine to glassware-and do as much work as you can before your guests arrive. "Have your martini glasses chilled," she says. "And remember, ice is your friend. Never run out."

1

2

3

5

Use fresh lime and lemon juice rather than the premade stuff. Nicholle adds, "If you want to get ambitious, make drinks with fresh mint and basil," such as a mojito or a basil cocktail, her signature drink.

A holiday party? Think seasonally. "Don't be afraid to add vanilla vodka to hot chocolate," Nicholle says, "or peppermint schnapps to liven up an eggnog."

Know your classics. "If someone wants a manhattan, a margarita or a sidecar," she says, "yours will stack up to the best in town."

Always have a bottle of something special stocked away, adds Nicholle. "Say, a bottle of champagne tucked into the back of the fridge-ready for an intimate afterparty."

Apply to be America's Sexiest Bartender at playboy.com/pose.





Q1

PLAYBOY: You aren't known for doing action movies. After co-starring in *Tron: Legacy,* have you discovered a hidden enthusiasm for kicking ass?

WILDE: Yes. I love it! The great thing about doing movies with lots of stunts is that it feels as if I'm having the athletic experience I never had in high school. I was a theater nerd, and I always envied my friends on the field hockey and soccer teams. They had a relationship with their coach that was so supportive, with the coach saying, "I *believe* in you! Go get 'em, tiger!" Working with these movie stunt teams, I'm finally able to experience that. You can show up weak and scrawny for a movie, with 80 percent body fat, and they'll say, "You can do these stunts!" For actors who weren't athletes in high school that's an amazing feeling.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Your costume for *Tron* is a skintight suit made out of rubber and neon. Is your character a stripper from the future? **WILDE:** [Laughs] My costume is actually the toughest, most badass thing I've ever seen. And it doesn't show very much skin. It would be difficult to be a stripper in that suit because it's almost impossible to get it off. It would be a three-hour striptease and you'd need at least five assistants onstage with you.

(continued on page 167)





BY CHUCK PALAHNIUK-WHO'S THERE? DEATH THE ULTIMATE PUNCH LINE •

he makes everything into a Big Joke. What can I say? The old man loves to get a laugh. Growing up, half the time I didn't have a clue what his jokes were about, but I laughed anyways. Down at the barbershop, it didn't matter how many guys my father let take cuts ahead of him in line, he just wanted to sit there all Saturday and crack people up. Make folks bust a gut. For my old man, getting his sideburns trimmed was definitely a low priority.

He says, "Stop me if you've heard this one before...." The way my old man tells it, he walks into the oncologist's office and he says, "After the chemotherapy, will I be able to play the violin?"

In response, the oncologist says, "It's metastasized. You've got six months to live...."

And working his eyebrows like Groucho Marx, tapping the ash from an invisible cigar, my old man says, "Six months?" He says, "I want a second opinion."

So the oncologist, he says, "Okay, you've got cancer and your jokes stink."

So they do chemotherapy, and they give him some radiation like they do even if the shit burns him up so bad on the inside he tells me that taking a piss is like passing razor blades. He's still every Saturday down by the barbershop telling jokes even if now he's bald as a cue ball. I mean, he's skinny as a bald skeleton, and he's getting to haul around one of those cylinders of oxygen under pressure, like some little version of a ball and chain. He walks into the barbershop dragging that



WE ALL KNOW LAUGHTER IS THE BEST MEDICI

pressurized cylinder of oxygen with the tube of it going up and looping around his nose, over his ears and around his bald head, and he says, "Just a little off the top, please." And folks laugh. Understand me: My old man is no Uncle Miltie. He's no Edgar Bergen. The man's skinny as a Halloween skeleton now and bald and going to be dead by six weeks so it don't matter what he says, folks are going to hee-haw like donkeys just out of their genuine affection for him.

But, seriously, I'm not doing him justice. It's my fault if this doesn't come across, but my old man is funnier than he sounds. Maybe his sense of humor is a talent I didn't inherit. Back when I was his little Charlie McCarthy, the whole time growing up, he used to ask me, "Knock-knock?"

I'd say, "Who's there?"

He'd say, "Old Lady "

I'd say, "Old Lady who?"

And he'd say, "Wow, I didn't know you could yodel!"

Me, I didn't get it. I was so stupid, I was seven years old and still stuck in the First Grade. I didn't know Switzerland from Shinola, but I want for my old man to love me so I learned to laugh. Whatever he says, I laugh. By "Old Lady" my guess is he means my Mom who ran away and left us. Alls my old man will say about her is how she was a "Real Looker" who just couldn't take a joke. She just was NOT a Good Sport.

He used to ask me, "When that Vinnie van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to the whore he was so crazy about, how'd he send it?"

The punch line is "He sent it by ear mail," but being seven years old, I was still stuck back on not knowing who van Gogh is or what's a whore, and nothing kills a joke faster than asking my old man to explain himself. So when my old man says, "What do you get when you cross a pig with Count Dracula?"...I knew to never ask, "What's a Count Dracula?" I'd just get a big laugh ready for when he tells me, "A Ham-pire!"

And when he says, "Knock-knock."

And I say, "Who's there?" And he says, "Radio." And I say, "Radio who?" And he's ALREADY started to bust a gut when he says, "Radio not I'm going to come in your mouth " Then what the hell I just keep laughing. My whole growing up I figure I'm just too ignorant to appreciate a good joke. Me, my teachers still haven't covered long division and all the multiple-cation tables so it's not my old man's fault I don't know what's "come."

My old lady, who abandoned us, he says she hated that joke, so maybe I inherited her lack of humor. But love...I mean you have to love your old man. I mean, after you're born it's not like you get a choice. Nobody wants to see their

old man breathing out of some tank and going into the hospital to die sky-high on morphine and he's not eating a bite of the red-flavored Jell-O they serve for dinner.

Stop me if I already told you this one, but my old man gets that prostrate cancer that's not even like cancer because it takes 20, 30 years before we even know he's so sick, and the next thing I know is I'm trying to remember all the stuff he's taught me. Like, if you spray some WD-40 on the shovel blade before you dig a hole the digging will go a lot easier. And how not to shut my eyes when I pull a trigger. And he taught me how to tie a shoelace and make a foul shot in basketball. And he taught me jokes...lots of jokes.

And, sure, the man is no Robin Williams, but I watched this movie one time about Robin Williams, who gets dressed up with a red rubber ball on his nose and this big rainbowcolored Afro wig and those big clown shoes with a fake carnation stuck in his buttonhole of his shirt that squirts water, and the guy's a hotshot doctor who makes these little kids with cancer laugh so hard they stop dying. Understand me: These bald kid skeletons-who look lots-more worse off than my old man-they get HEALTHY, and that whole movie is based on a True Story.

What I mean is, we all know that Laughter is the Best Medicine. All that time being stuck in the hospital Waiting Room, I read EVERY copy of the Reader's Digest. And we've all heard the True Story about the guy with a brain cancer the size of a grapefruit inside his skull and he's about to croak—all the doctors and priests and experts say he's a goner-only he forces himself to watch nonstop movies about The Three Stooges. This Stage Four cancer guy forces himself to laugh nonstop at Abbott and Costello and Laurel and Hardy and those Marx brothers, and he gets healed by the end-orphans and oxy-generated blood.

So I figure, what've I got to lose? All I need to do is remember some of my old man's favorite gags and to get him started back laughing on the road to recovery. I figure, what could it hurt?

So this grown-up son walks into his father's hospice room, pulls up a chair beside the bed and sits down. The son looks into his old man's pale, dying face and says, "So this blonde gal walks into a neighborhood bar where she's never been before, and she's got tits out to HERE and a tight little heinie and she asks the bartender for a Michelob, and he serves her a Michelob except he sneaks a Mickey Finn into her bottle and this blonde goes unconscious, and every guy in the bar leans her over the edge of the pool table and hikes up her skirt and fucks her, and at closing time they slap her awake and tell her she's got to leave. And every few days this gal with the tits and the (continued on page 156)



"I'm here to wish you a merry Christmas...!"

STEAK GROWN IN PETRI DISHES? MACHINES THAT CAN CREATE ORGANISMS NEVER BEFORE IMAG-INED? TAKE A LOOK INTO THE (VERY NEAR) FUTURE

INVENTING NEW SPECIES

LIVING, BREATHING, SYNTHETIC CREATURES

t has taken scientists centuries to understand the mysteries of DNA, the basic building block of life, which contains the genetic instructions that define each organism. Until recently, the furthest we had come in creating new DNA was gene splicing, essentially a cut-and-paste method of combining one organism's DNA with another's. The process is extremely difficult and prone to error. But what if there were a machine that could print out synthetic codes of DNA and create a new species in the process? There is. A DNA synthesizer allows would-be life hackers to modify existing organisms or build new ones.

THAT

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEMP REMILLARD

Andrew Hessel, co-chair of Singularity University's biotechnology and bioinformatics department, explains: "These devices can essentially combine A, C, G, T—the four bases that make up DNA—in any order you want, with the ease of a word processor. This means there's less of a need for expensive labs, and virtually anyone can entertain the idea of creating life from scratch." The result? Revolutionary biological innovations in months rather than years, many by novices, at a fraction of the historical cost.

What are some innovations in the offing? Vaccines that can be quickly

produced to fight rapidly mutating diseases such as AIDS, or one-of-a-kind medical treatments tailored to an individual's DNA and disease.

But health care is only the beginning. Inventor Craig Venter, who has been accused of "playing God" for being the first to create a synthetic life-form with a DNA synthesizer, has partnered with Exxon Mobil in a \$600 million project to create algae that turn carbon dioxide into gasoline

using the machine. Also, as the human race begins to contemplate the settling of distant worlds, a DNA synthesizer is crucial to the process. Says Simon "Pete" Worden, director of the NASA Ames Research Center, "If you're going to be someplace like Mars for a long time, then you have two choices for resources: Either you set up a very long supply chain with Earthwhich probably isn't feasible-or you bring along a DNA synthesizer, which allows you to make everything you need using raw materials found where you are."

There is a potential downside to all this progress. A DNA synthesizer could make it easier for anyone, from curious teenagers to dangerous psychopaths, to create sinister biological organisms that have never before appeared on Earthmeaning that if you thought the anthrax scare was bad, just wait till you see what tomorrow might bring.



obots build the cars we drive and the clothes we wear, but despite the magnificent proliferation of automation in the past millennium, robots don't build our houses. In fact, outside of a few nifty power tools and new crane design, the construction industry has developed little innovation over the past few decades.

Behrokh Khoshnevis is about to change all that. An inventor, engineering professor and director of the Center for Rapid Automated Fabrication Technologies at the University of Southern California, Khoshnevis has spent the past 10 years perfecting Contour Crafting-his name for the world's first completely automated homebuilding technology. Contour Crafting uses a computer-controlled robotic arm to deposit layers of concrete atop one another. Essentially, it's the process of

printing out houses, the way an ink-jet printer layers ink.

Khoshnevis's eventual goal-which he says is about three years and \$30 million in development money away-is the ability to print a single-family home, complete with plumbing and electrical systems, in about 24 hours. Even better, these homes will cost a quarter of what conventional houses cost. When coupled with microfinance systems already in place, it makes home ownership a possibility for virtually everyone.

The houses would not be just ualy boxes. As Scott Summit, an industrial designer and co-founder of Bespoke Innovations. explains, "What Dr. Khoshnevis has figured out is a way to 3-D print with concrete. But the beauty of that is complexity-meaning elegant geometries and individual artistry don't cost more." Three-dimensional printing is construction through accretion, so

there's little waste (itself a huge saving, since the U.S. generates an estimated 164 million tons of construction waste annually). You pay only for materials used.

'Contour Crafting is going to introduce a level of intelligence

THE GOAL

DUT A

HOURS.

to architecture that is significantly more scalable and accessible than anything **IS TO PRINT** we've ever seen,' savs Summit.

And it's not just single-family homes. HOME IN 24 Khoshnevis has already come up with designs for skyscraper-building

robots. This means that those once impossible futuristic cities, with curved buildings and ridiculous skylines, are suddenly a very real possibility.





- Skyscraper Farmis-

THE NEXT-GEN FARM COULD LOOK MORE LIKE THE SEARS TOWER

ood news for the marijuana growers of the world: Those who are highly skilled in hydroponics and aeroponics are soon to be in high demand. Welcome to the brave new world of vertical farming, a redesign of our agricultural system in which crops are grown hydroponically (i.e., without soil) and aeroponically (i.e., without soil) and aeroponically (without soil, by suspending them in air and using sprays to moisten roots) in futuristic green skyscrapers that will be situated throughout the country, mainly in urban areas.

"You know what a greenhouse looks like?" says Dickson Despommier, professor emeritus of microbiology and public health at Columbia University and author of *The Vertical Farm.* "Now just stack them atop one another so they rise vertically instead of stretch horizontally. They can be five stories high and three blocks long or 30 stories high and half a block long."

By 2050, the Earth's population will increase by 3 billion people. Feeding

them, experts say, will require adding 10 billion hectares of farmland—essentially an area larger than Brazil. Arable land is now in short supply and shrinking. Proponents of vertical farms say they will solve this issue and others, too.

How does it work? First, it takes sunlight to grow crops, so these buildings are designed to receive maximum shine. Parabolic mirrors will bounce light, and the structure's exterior will be skinned in ethylene tetrafluoroethylene, a revolutionary polymer that is extremely light, nearly bulletproof, self-cleaning and as transparent as water. Grow lights will be used, but the electricity needed will be generated by capturing the energy we now flush down our toilets. That's right: We will recycle our own dung. "New York City alone," says Despommier, "is shitting away 900 million kilowatts of electricity each year."

"Vertical farms are immune to weather and other natural elements, like pests, that can abort food production," adds Despommier. "Crops can be grown year-round under optimal conditions. And efficiency rates are astounding; each skyscraper floor equivalent to one acre in carbon footprint could produce the equivalent of 10 to 20 traditional soil-based acres while eliminating the need for fossil fuels now used for plowing, fertilizing, seeding, weeding and harvesting—a big deal since farming consumes 20 percent of all the fossil fuels used in the U.S. On top of that, we can reforest the old farmland."

Lastly, vertical farms could radically alter our notion of fresh food. Right now the average American foodstuff travels 1,300 to 1,500 miles before being consumed. With vertical farms in and around cities, gone are the fuel costs and greenhousegas emissions generated when shipping produce. The number of days it now takes for sustenance to reach our plates will turn into the minutes it will take to walk a head of lettuce down a city block.

WHEN SCIENCE MARRIES THE MUSE A SHORT LIST OF INCREDIBLE INNOVATIONS CURRENTLY IN THE PIPELINE

BACKYARD NUKES: Small-scale nuclear reactors are the size of refrigerators. They're buried in the ground (so no terrorist issues), run for years without refueling and could be coming to a suburb near you. LAB ON A CHIP: On Star Trek this gadget is called a "tricorder," a handheld device doctors use to collect bodily info, perform genetic tests and diagnose diseases almost instantly. IMMERSIVE VIRTUAL REALITY: Imagine

Madden NFL 20. You're in a 3-D environment, on the field, holding the ball and facing down Ray Lewis!

GIANT GRAVEL BATTERIES: Huge silos filled with crushed stones can store energy when the sun goes down or the wind stops blowing, making widespread solar and wind power a viable possibility.

SPACE ELEVATOR: Why spend all that money launching people and resources to space stations? You can send them up in an elevator (made from carbon nanotubes, of course).

BIOSIMULATION: Testing new drugs in computers instead of on humans could lead to clear results far faster. BEAMED POWER: No more weighing down our rocket ships with fuel. We will beam power directly from satellites. INJECTABLE TISSUE ENGINEERING: Using shots of stem cells, doctors could soon be able to repair damaged heart tissue and restore sight to the blind.

SMART GRID: The next-gen electrical grid will have digital meters (no more strangers showing up to look in your closet) and new fail-safes. President Obama has announced \$3.4 billion in grants for new smart-grid trials.

IMPLANTABLE ELECTRONICS: Miniature medical devices, such as vital-signs monitors and pacemakers, are made out of silkworm cocoons, among other things, and are buried beneath your skin. What'll they think of next?

TO REINVENT THE WHEEL, LOSE THE DRIVER

t's a sunny Saturday, and Junior is driving me around Stanford University. He's a smooth operator—making elegant turns, avoiding pedestrians. This may not sound like much, but Junior's not your typical driver. Specifically, he's not human. Junior is a car: a 2006 Volkswagen Passat Wagon, to be exact. More particularly, he is an autonomous vehicle, known in hacker slang as a "robocar."

Built by a team of Stanford brains, Junior has all the standard stylings, but he also has a Velodyne HDL-64E High Definition Lidar sensor strapped to the roof-which costs \$80,000 and generates 1.3 million 3-D data points of information every second. There's an omni-directional video-camera system, five radar detectors and one of the planet's most technologically advanced GPS systems (worth \$150,000). From the passenger seat, the car looks almost normal, give or take a few foreign gizmos. Load in a destination, and off you go. The steering wheel turns, the brake pedal moves up and down, and there's no human intervention.

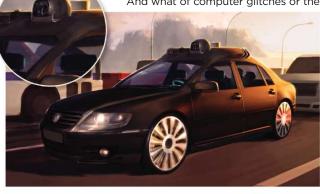
Junior may sound pie in the sky for mass market, but advocates say robocars will be ferrying many of us hither and yon by 2020. Most major car companies have an autonomous car division, crafting future driverless cars right now.

The possibilities for military use are endless, but what of civilian life? You'll never have to fill your tank (whether with never again have to worry about a DUI.

Brad Templeton, founder of robocars .com, points to a critical factor: "In America alone, 37,261 fatalities occurred in 2008 because of cars. Each year we spend more than \$230 billion in accident costs because of human driver error." And what of computer glitches or the

JUNIOR IS NOT YOUR TYPICAL DRIVER. HE IS NOT HUMAN.

hydrogen, gas or sea-



weed juice) because your car will take care of that for you while you sleep. During your commute you can nap or have sex with your girlfriend. And seriously, have that extra after-work martini, because you will

possibility Junior could go over to the dark side, à la Hal 9000? Junior has a big red panic button on the dashboard that immediately disconnects the robomechanism should the car get a case of road rage.

ON THE MENU: STEAK GROWN FROM STEM CELLS

he meat industry is a disaster. Cattle are energy hogs, with the standard ratio of energy input to beef output being 40 to one. Ranching produces 18 percent of our planet's greenhouse gases—more than all the cars in the world—and is one of the leading causes of soil erosion and deforestation. An even bigger issue is disease. Tightly packed herds are breeding grounds for pandemics.

But with global demand for meat expected to double by 2050, the problems can get only worse. Unless something changes radically. Which it just might.

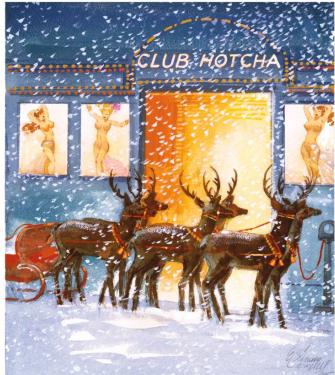
There is already a solution. The bad news? No one knows what to call it. It has dozens of names: "In vitro meat" is the moniker du jour, but everything from "future flesh" to "sci-fi sausage" has been tossed around. Whatever you call it, the goal is the same: to grow steak from stem cells harvested from cows.

Steak may be a while away. In 2009 scientists in the Netherlands turned pig cells into pork—though Mark Post, a professor of physiology at Eindhoven University

of Technology and the lead researcher on the project, says the meat is not quite ready for market. "Actual muscle has a protein content of about 98 percent," he says. "We're at 85 percent right now. What we created looks like a scallop." Post also says no one has yet tasted this particular scallop. Besides getting the texture right, there are other issues: how to scale up the bioreactors (the containers in which the meat is grown), how to mimic the nutrient-delivery service that is the body's blood system. But scientists believe these problems are solvable.

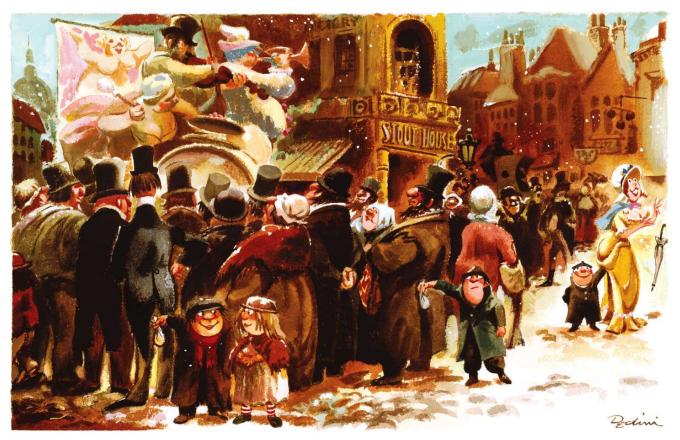
"Conventional ground beef will always be bad for you," says Jason Matheny, founder of New Harvest, a nonprofit research organization working to develop in vitro meat. "You can't turn a cow into a salmon, but cultured meat allows us to do just that. With in vitro meat we can create a hamburger that prevents heart attacks rather than one that causes them."

CHASSIC CARTOONS OF CHARISTIMAS PAST





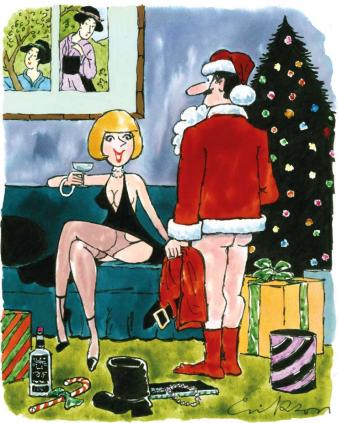
"What happens if I have an elf or something?"



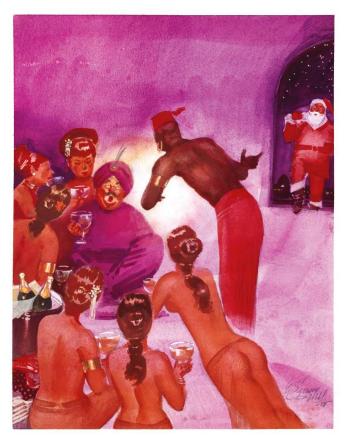
"In the words of the Artful Dodger, 'Santa Claus helps those who help themselves.'"



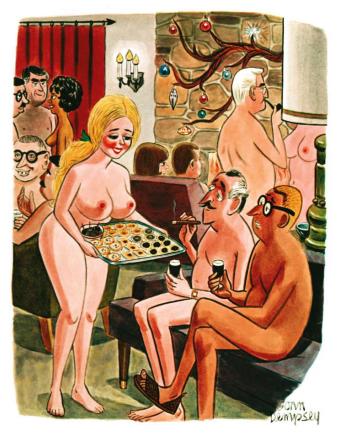
"I'd like to see Miss December...I'm Mr. December."



"Well, God bless us one and all-it's Tiny Tim!"



"Who needs Santa Claus?"



"Either of you gentlemen care for something to nibble on?"







THIS SEASON'S MOST DESIRABLE GIFT-MISS DECEMBER

Photography by Arny Freytag



see true beauty in nature-the blue skies, exotic flowers and perfect coral reefs," says the mellifluously mellow Ashley Hobbs. In particular, she revels in the splendor of her hometown, the beach community of Kailua, Hawaii, where the westward winds prevail and the sun sets behind the Koolau Mountains. "I can never get enough of all the colorful scenery!" Her parents moved their tightknit family from California to the island of Oahu when Ashley was just two years old. (Her mother is of Hawaiian descent.) "I was raised to keep my priorities straight and have a serious work ethic," she announces. True to her hardwiring, for the past couple of years she has worked part-time as a supervisor for a not-for-profit organization while pursuing an associate's degree in liberal arts. Lucky for us, she also found time to become Miss December. "These pictures are totally me," Ashley says, "because I love Christmas, which for me is all about food, family and presents. And this year Hef has given me the best Christmas present ever!" Though becoming a Playmate means she must temporarily relocate from her beloved Hawaii to Los Angeles—"I intend to raise my kids in a house with a white picket fence on the Hawaiian beach"-Ashley has found a new family to share her life with. "Hef and the other Playmates are so generous and sweet," she says. "They have made me feel at home. It's truly like having another set of relatives. I couldn't be more excited!"











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

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PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

AISS DECEMBER





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET NAME: AGHLEY HOBES BUST: 34C WAIST: 27 HIPS: 32 HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 120 BIRTH DATE: 9/03/89 BIRTHPLACE: HARBOR CITY, CALIFORNIA AMBITIONS: TO FINISH MY DEGREE IN COMMUNICATIONS AND KEEP MODELING SO I CAN BE THE BEST PLAYMATE POSSIBLE. TURN-ONS: GOOD LOOKS ARE FINE, BUT TO REALLY GET ME GOING I NEED A MAN WHO CHALLENGES ME INTELLECTUALLY. TURNOFFS: ARROGANT, COCKY, DISRESPECTFUL, RUDE AND EGOTISTICAL MEN YEAH, THAT PRETTY MUCH COVERS IT ! THE MAN I MOST LOOK UP TO: MY FATHER - IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE THAT ARMY COMMERCIAL, BUT HE'S TAUGHT ME TO "BE ALL THAT I CAN BE." MY DREAM FIRST DATE: DINNER FOR TWO, THEN A WALK ON THE BEACH WITH THE MOON AND STARS REFLECTING OFF THE QUIET OCEAN. THEN A GOOD-NIGHT KISS - NOT A "NIGHTCAP." US MY CHRISTMAS WISH: I GOT MINE BEING MISS DECEMBER, GO TO YOU I SAY, "MELE KALIKIMAKA," HAWAIIAN FOR MORRY CHRISTMAS!



SEVENTH GRADE, AN AWKWARD ME!





MY FIRST MODELING GIG. MY SENIOR PHOTO.





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Political speeches are like a steer: a point here, a point there and a lot of bull in between.

A woman was having sex with her husband's best friend when the telephone rang and her husband's mobile number appeared on the caller ID. As she answered the call, her lover jumped out of the bed and began to dress in a hurry. "Relax," she said after she hung up the

phone. "He was just calling to tell me that he'll be home late because he's out bowling with you."

How is air like sex? It's no big deal until you're not getting any.



A man passed away and left a will that designated \$30,000 to cover the expense of an elaborate funeral he wished to be held in his honor. As the last guests were leaving the service, a close family friend asked the man's widow how much of the money she had used for the funeral.

"All of it," the widow said. "I spent the whole \$30,000."

"Oh," exclaimed the friend. "I mean, it was very nice, but \$30,000?" "The funeral was \$6,500, I donated \$500 to

the church, the food and refreshments were another \$500, and the rest went toward the memorial stone," the widow explained.

The friend quickly computed the total and was stunned. "You spent \$22,500 on a memorial stone? How big is it?" the friend asked. "Two and a half carats," the widow replied.

One day a young boy walked into his parents' bedroom and discovered his father sitting on the side of the bed, sliding on a condom. In an attempt to hide his erection and the rubber on it, the father bent over and pretended to be looking for something under the bed.

What are you doing, Dad?" the boy asked. "Oh," the father replied, "I thought I saw a

rat go underneath the bed." Surprised, the boy said, "What are you going to do, fuck it?'

One night, while a man and his girlfriend were having hot and heavy sex, the girlfriend started to scream and squirm as she never had before.

"You know you were screwing me in the ass, don't you?" she yelled.

"Actually," her boyfriend admitted, "I wasn't quite sure.'

"Then why didn't you stop and find out?" she asked.

"Well," he said, "you know how much men hate to stop and ask for directions."

What do you give the man who has everything? Antibiotics.

A couple wanted to be adventurous, so one night they wandered into the woods near their house to have sex. After about 15 minutes the man stopped and said, "Damn, I wish I had brought a flashlight—I can't see a thing.'

'I wish you had brought one too," his girlfriend replied. "You've been eating grass for the past 10 minutes."

How do women get minks? The same way minks get minks.



A girl was visiting her blonde friend, who had just gotten two new dogs. "What did you name them?" the girl asked her friend.

The blonde said, "One is named Rolex and the other is named Timex."

"Those are unusual names," her friend said. "How did you come up with them?"

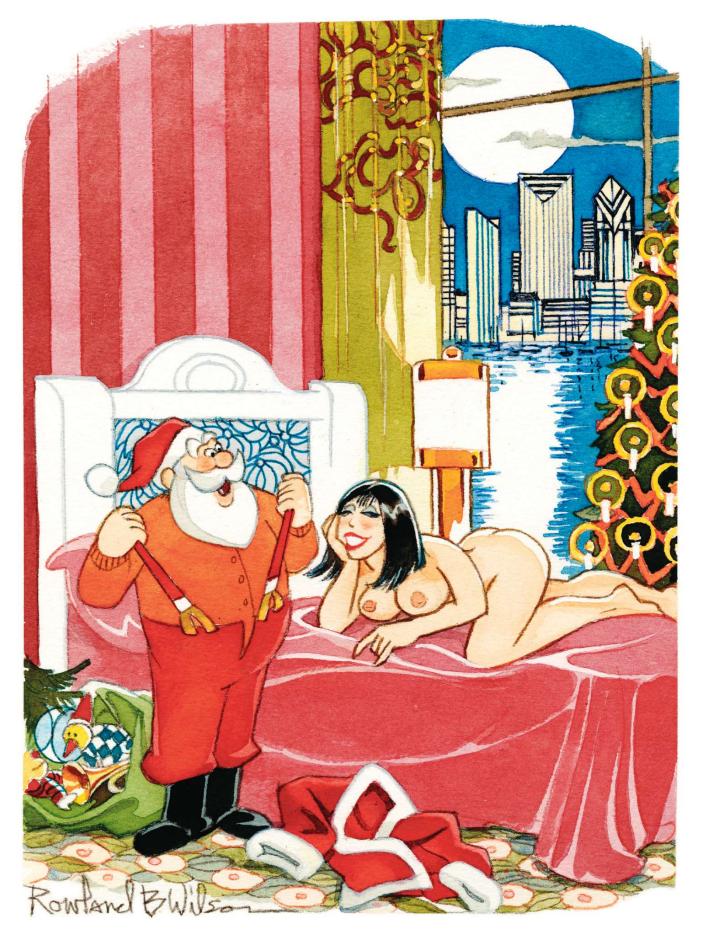
"Well, duh," the blonde replied, "they're watchdogs."

One day a new patient walked into a doctor's office and said, "Doctor, I have an unusual problem. I have five penises.'

"Well," the doctor said, looking skeptical, "if that's the case, then how do your pants fit?'

The man replied, "Like a glove."

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.



"I put you down as naughty last year, but I always check my list twice!"





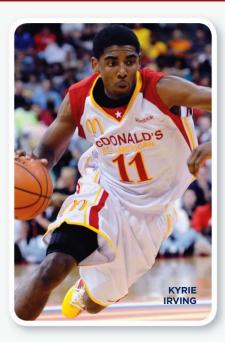
Gonzaga rules. UCLA sputters. And Rick Pitino repents. Now that's madness By John Gasaway

ast April the NCAA signed a \$10.8 billion deal with CBS and Turner Broadcasting that allows the two networks to beam March Madness into our homes until 2024. How can the NCAA fetch such a hefty price? In a word (or, more aptly, month)—March. Whether by design or dumb luck, every spring it hosts an epic singleelimination tournament capable of entrancing millions and devastating workplace productivity. Yet for all the surprises each college basketball season brings (see Butler's unexpected tournament run in 2010), much will remain the same: Duke will be good, the Big Ten will be slow, and Dick Vitale will overheat. Soon the madness will begin anew—with 347 teams fighting for 68 spots in a bracket that requires three weeks to produce a single champion. To properly prepare you for the delirium, here are the 11 most compelling questions for the 2011 season.

PLAYBOY'S TOP 25



IT'S HARD NOT TO HUM THE CAR-CHASE CLASSIC "FOGGY MOUNTAIN BREAK-DOWN" WHEN WATCHING JOHN CALIPARI'S KENTUCKY TEAM. IF THEY WIN IT ALL THIS YEAR, THE TROPHY MAY READ "PENDING FURTHER REVIEW."



11. ARE FRESHMAN PHENOMS CURSED? Every year we celebrate the arrival of the amazing one-and-done freshman who gives our flatscreens a badly needed respite from Tom Brady and Peyton Manning. This year's candidates? North Carolina's Harrison Barnes, Duke's Kyrie Irving and Syracuse's Fab Melo. But though they may be great individual players, there is no guarantee they will lead their teams to greatness. In fact, since the NBA barred high schoolers four years ago from bypassing college for the draft, no team with a one-and-done freshman has won the national championship.

10. CAN JOHN CALIPARI STAY OUT OF TROUBLE? It's hard not to hum the car-chase classic "Foggy Mountain Breakdown" when watching Calipari's



Kentucky team. After all, the NCAA voided the Final Four appearances of both Massachusetts (1996) and Memphis (2008) after coach Cal came through town. He wasn't directly im-

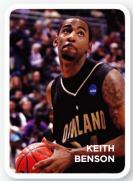
plicated in either case, but the scandals occurred on his watch. Now Calipari is in the Bluegrass State with the type of talent that interests agents and draws scrutiny from the NCAA. Already, investigators in Indianapolis are looking into the legitimacy of the high school transcripts of former Wildcat Eric Bledsoe. They are also probing current freshman Enes Kanter's playing career in Turkey. If Calipari does win a national title with the Wildcats, the championship trophy may read PENDING FURTHER REVIEW.

9. ARE BLUE-CHIP PROGRAMS THE NEW DOORMATS? Just two years ago UCLA, Louisville and Connecticut went a combined 8–3 in the tournament, while North Carolina won it all. Yet last season only Louisville went to the dance—and the Cardinals lost by 15 points to California in the first round. Bank on another year of losing for the Bruins; however, the Tar Heels appear to have the necessary talent to compete. As for the Cardinals and Huskies....

8. CAN RICK PITINO AND JIM CALHOUN BE REDEEMED? The Big East is nothing if not the home of the big-time coaching diva. Exhibits A and B-Louisville's Pitino and Connecticut's Calhoun. Alas, both coaching icons would like to forget 2010. Pitino was the target of an extortion attempt by Karen Cunagin Sypher, who alleged that Pitino impregnated her in a Louisville restaurant in 2003. While her plot failed-in August she was found guilty of extortion—the trial's salacious testimony shredded Pitino's image. Calhoun's trouble was with the NCAA. When he returned to the Huskies after missing seven games for unspecified health reasons, investigators sent Connecticut a notice of allegations accusing Calhoun's staff of making impermissible phone calls to a recruit. Quick redemption on the basketball court will be hard to come by for either. Though Pitino has some elite talent due to arrive in Louisville next season, both the Cardinals and Huskies will continue to struggle this year.

7. DO YOU HAVE TRUTV? WOULD YOU KNOW IF YOU DID?

Typically, truTV attracts roughly 19 viewers with its "actuality" programming (as opposed to reality programming—no, wedon't understand the difference either). That will change come March. As part of the NCAA's new TV deal, first- and second-round tournament games will be carried by the three Turner Broadcasting outlets—cable stalwarts TNT and TBS and the nearly invisible truTV. So start looking for it now.



6. WHY WILL WE TALK ABOUT MIKE KRZYZEWSKI NOW? Will it be because his Blue Devils repeat as national champions? Or will it be because he has



broken Bobby Knight's Division I record for career wins? Actually the two conversations are related. If Duke makes a

deep run in the ACC and NCAA tournaments, Coach K could conceivably top Knight's 902 coaching victories.

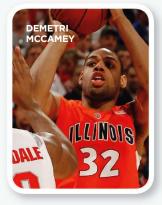
5. HOW MANY TIMES WILL YOU HEAR "WHO IS THE NEXT BUTLER?" The Bulldogs, a hitherto nondescript Horizon League school from Indiana with fewer than 4,000 undergraduates, surprised everyone by coming within a single basket of beating Duke in last year's national title game. Their unlikely run will inspire nonstop chatter about which underdog team can repeat the accomplishment in March 2011. But therein lies the rub: Once-in-a-lifetime tournament runs are exactly that—once in a lifetime. That said, San Diego State is capable of causing some tournament trouble-or fun, depending on your perspective.

> 4. WILL THE NUMBER 68 EVER EASILY ROLL OFF THE TONGUE? Of course not! Nevertheless, the NCAA decided to expand the tournament field this season to 68 teams, up from 65. Now there will be a total of four "play-in" games that look

> > **DOG DU JOUR** Butler's success in 2010 will inspire endless guessing about which underdog can do the same this season.

NEVER BET AGAINST TOM IZZO AND MICHIGAN STATE WHEN MARCH ROLLS AROUND.

so strange on your bracket. Two will pit 16 seeds against each other, as in the past few seasons, while the other two will feature the last four bubble teams. For example, majorconference teams such as Illinois and Virginia Tech that barely missed the tournament last year



will now compete to make the field as 11 or 12 seeds.

3. IS IT SAFE TO CALL GONZAGA A DYNASTY? For years Gonzaga head coach Mark Few has fielded job offers and feelers from campuses with actual airports—e.g., Oregon, Indiana and Arizona. Yet for reasons that remain murky (is he wanted by the FBI?) he has chosen to remain in Spokane. We say good for Few. He has built a legitimate basketball dynasty along the Washington-Idaho border. The quantitative evidence: Gonzaga is 291–73 since Few arrived in 1999. And thanks to six-foot-seven Elias Harris, a star in the making, the Bulldogs should once again reside among the country's top teams in 2011.

2. CAN TOM IZZO'S GENIUS BE EXPLAINED?

Not really. But here's our best shot: During the past few seasons, Izzo's Michigan State Spartans have done about as well, per possession, on the road as at home. So when the Spartans play in the tournament—

where, in theory, home games don't exist—they have no drop-off of any kind (unlike just about every other team). It's at least a plausible explanation for Izzo's incredible 35– 12 tournament record and six Final



Four appearances since 1998. Whatever the reason, never bet against Izzo and his Spartans in March, no matter what the oddsmakers say.

1. WHO WILL WIN IT ALL? The Boilermakers from Purdue. The team's nucleus—Robbie Hummel, E'Twaun Moore and JaJuan Johnson—have seemingly played together since the Truman administration. And 2011 is the year the trio will finally stay injury free, perhaps blessed with good health from

above by the recently departed John Wooden, a Purdue alum, which should propel them to the national championship.



THE PLAYBOY 2010-2011 PRESEASON COLLEGE ALL AMERICA TEAM THE FINEST AMATEUR BASKETBALL PLAYERS IN ALL THE LAND

$\star \bigstar$ GUARDS $\bigstar \bigstar \bigstar$

ALEC BURKS—Colorado, Sophomore, 6'6", 185 pounds. Last season Burks became the first Colorado freshman to surpass 500 points in a single season. Overall he was fourth nationally among freshmen in points per game (17.1) and field-goal percentage (53.8).

WILLIAM BUFORD—Ohio State, Junior, 6'5", 205 pounds. The 2009 Big Ten Freshman of the Year, Buford is the Buckeyes' top returning scorer, with 14.4 points per game.





KEMBA WALKER—Connecticut, Junior, 6'1", 172 pounds. Walker averaged 14.6 points per game in 2010 and led the Huskies in scoring in eight of their final nine games.

KYRIE IRVING—Duke, Freshman, 6'2", 175 pounds. Mike Krzyzewski is so optimistic about Irving's future that he is allowing the New Jersey teenager to become the first Duke player during his coaching tenure to wear the number 1.

\star \star FORWARDS \star \star

HARRISON BARNES—North Carolina, Freshman, 6'8", 210 pounds. A co-MVP (with Irving) at the 2010 Jordan Brand Classic, Barnes is also the reigning Morgan Wooten Player of the Year—which officially makes the Iowa native the nation's top high school player.

KYLE SINGLER—Duke, Senior, 6'8", 230 pounds. A highly skilled offensive player with the ability to score inside or on the perimeter, Singler was an integral component in Duke's drive to the 2010 national championship.





PERRY JONES—Baylor, Freshman,

6'11", 235 pounds. Jones's combination of size, skill and athleticism will make him a star at the college level and eventually ticket him for the NBA.

MARCUS MORRIS—Kansas, Junior, 6'9", 235 pounds. The Jayhawks' top returning scorer and rebounder from last season, Morris averaged 12.8 points and 6.1 boards per game.

$\Leftrightarrow \bigstar \Leftrightarrow \mathsf{CENTERS} \Leftrightarrow \bigstar \bigstar$

KEITH BENSON—Oakland, Senior, 6'11", 230 pounds. The Mid-Major and Summit League Player of the Year, Benson holds Oakland records for blocks in a single season (116) and career (243).

AARIC MURRAY—La Salle, Sophomore, 6'10", 250 pounds. Another big-time shot blocker, Murray led the Explorers with 70 rejections last season. His defensive domination, along with

his consistent offensive output (12.2 points per game), helped earn him Philadelphia Big 5 Rookie of the Year honors.

\star \Leftrightarrow COACH OF THE YEAR \Leftrightarrow \star

MIKE KRZYZEWSKI—Duke. Always a deserving choice—if also an obvious one. Coach K's accomplishments speak for themselves: four national championships, 11 Final Four appearances, two gold medals and 40 NBA draft selections.



🛪 MIKE KRZYZEWSKI 🛪

IT'S BLACK-TIE SEASON, GENTLEMEN, SO DON'T BE STIFF. OUR GUIDE TO CLASSIC FORMALWEAR

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES STILL LIFE PHOTOGRAPHY BY ZACHARY JAMES JOHNSTON TEXT BY STEVE GARBARINO

It looks simple, doesn't it? Black jacket and trousers, white collared shirt and bow tie, right? Not so fast. Dating back to 1860s-era Henry Poole & Co., the tux remains the definition of black-tie dressing and should be an essential part of a man's wardrobe, even if worn only once a year. But so many men get it wrong. When donned correctly, it should make its wearer look less like a penguin or prom king than a man about town—elegant, understated, as effortless as a pair of pajamas. Rather than going "creative black tie" this season, as Hollywood's worst dressers often do, we recommend you abide by this guide to classic formalwear. Recall Robert Redford and Cary Grant, and you can't go wrong.

DANIEL CRAIG

In Quantum of Solace, Daniel Craig broke from the James Bond franchise's tradition of Brioni suits. Tom Ford tiptoed in, providing the big-shouldered actor with a slimming tuxedo for all that lady-killing.

WIT (\$195) by JOSEPH ABBOUD MADE TO MEASURE. SHIRT (\$175) and BOW TIE (\$52) by J. CREW. CUFF LINK AND STUD SET (\$795) by JAN LESLIE. POCKET SQUARE (\$70) by THOMAS PINK.

ROBERT REDFORD

The man who was Gatsby has always looked dapper, whether wearing formal Ralph Lauren or Nino Cerruti. Class (not to mention endless talent) is what makes Redford stand out, and his tux selections over the years have personified just that.

5

PLAYBOY FILM RVP 100 F

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WOOL PLAID BOW TIE (\$95) by BILLY REID. SILK DOTTED BOW TIE (\$150) by BOTTEGA VENETA. VELVET BOW TIE (\$60) by THOMAS PINK. WOVEN SILK BOW TIE (\$150) by BOTTEGA VENETA.



(\$45), HERRINGBONE MOTIF SOCKS (\$45), HERRINGBONE MOTIF SOCKS (\$45) and DIAMOND MOTIF SOCKS (\$30) from PUNTO BY THE BRITISH APPAREL COLLECTION.



SILK FAILLE CUMMERBUND (\$130) by Thomas Pink. Houndstooth Check Cummerbund (\$145) by Carrot & GIBBS. Classic Silk Cummerbund (\$130) by Thomas Pink.



SHIRT (\$245) by MEL GAMBERT CUSTOM-BESPOKE. BOW TIE AND CUMMERBUND (\$195) by CARROT & GIBBS. BRACES (\$100) by THOMAS PINK. CUFF LINKS (\$795, part of a set) by JAN LESLIE.



MOTHER-OF-PEARL QUILTED MOSAIC CUFF LINKS (\$395) by BAADE II.

→ Along with bow ties, cuff links are one of the few tuxedo accessories that can, and should, be used to express your individual style. Oval or square, onyx or mother-of-pearl, monograms or dollar signs—let 'em shine.



HAND-WOUND STAINLESS STEEL WATCH (\$8,300) by IWC.

TWO-TONE LACE-UP SHOES (\$265) by MEZLAN. BEADED FORMAL SHOES (\$475) by Donald J Pliner. Velvet Slip-on Shoes (\$540) by Bottega Veneta. Patent Leather Oxfords (\$165) by Johnston & Murphy.

CARY GRANT

The dashing leading man exhibits how a tuxedo shouldn't be stiff. The middle shot is from The Grass Is Greener (1960); the other two are from The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer (1947).





FORMAL PRESENTATION From how ties to court shoes, lessons in classic style

When the party invitation arrives saying black tie, it's time to rise to the occasion. Here are seven tips for fine-tuning your formal getup. (1) The white dinner jacket is seasonal and should be worn only in summer months, with the exception of formal events in tropical

climates. (2) No clip-on ties! Tie one on before tying one on. (3) Always spring for French cuffs and cuff links. (4) When buying a tux, keep it classic and timeless to get many years of wear—single-breasted, with a simple notch or shawl lapel. (5) Cummerbunds should be

worn with the pleats facing up. (6) You can never go wrong if your tie and cummerbund match the fabric of your jacket lapels. Satin lapels, satin bow tie. Silk faille lapels, silk faille bow tie. (7) Attitude never hurts! You are the best-looking man in the room, period.

HOLLYWOOD

WHEN KATE MOSS,

OFTEN, ONLY ONE MAN STANDS

PERIL

just arrived from London, emerges from the Tom Bradley Terminal at Los Angeles International Airport, the paparazzi swarm. Thirty, maybe 40 in number, they will do almost anything to get a shot of the model. All that stands between their twofoot lenses and her multimillion-dollar face is Aaron Cohen. Eyes hidden behind wraparound Ray-Bans, dark-brown hair swept back, the 34-year-old chief of IMS Security is the image of imperturbability. At six feet and 185 pounds, he is not bodyguard big, but it would be a mistake to cross him. As he presses through the jostling throng, Moss clutches his shoulder



with one hand while grasping the wrist he has extended behind him with the other. His expression dares her pursuers to make a wrong move. Typically, however, Cohen relies more on cunning than muscle. Why expose a woman whose waiflike visage has graced 300 magazine covers to physical harm when a few well-chosen Hebrew words will part the waters?

"Tazeez otam achorah," Cohen says in a voice loud enough to carry above the din. The paparazzi fall back.

"Tazeez otam achorah," he repeats, and they fall back again.

Soon enough a passageway opens through the crowd, offering a glimpse of the promised land: a black 750 BMW that has materialized at the curb. It seems like a miracle, yet there's nothing miraculous about it. Two of the paparazzi besieging Moss are not paparazzi at all. Although outfitted with lights and cameras, they are IMS operatives and, like their boss, ex-commandos from Sayeret Duvdevan, an Israeli military unit that specializes in extracting terrorists from the occupied territories (in fact, IMS stands for Israeli Military Specialists). They know that Tazeez otam achorah means "Move them backward," and each time Cohen utters the words they elbow the Nikon-wielding

wolves toward the street. The theory is that the paparazzi, like members of any pack, are not so much creatures of free will as easily manipulated animals. Get one to retreat and the rest will follow.

'Tazeez otam achorah," Cohen says a final time, and suddenly he and Moss are in the BMW. At the wheel sits another IMS agent. "Thank you. Thank God," the model says as they pull away. Not that she is home free, as several of the paparazzi give chase in their vehicles. But Cohen, who works frequently with Moss, has an edge here as well. No sooner does their BMW enter traffic than a trail car driven by an operative falls in behind, keeping the paparazzi at bay on the ride to the Chateau Marmont on the Sunset Strip All told, the task of delivering the model-in town to appear in an ad campaignsafely to her hotel takes four hours and requires six men. The cost: \$7,000. "One of these nights the paparazzi are inadvertently going to get someone killed," Cohen remarks afterward, "but it's not going to be one of my clients. The entire time I was thinking, Is this really what our culture has come to?"

> IMS exists because the world is more dangerous than ever and Aaron Cohen knows it. Now is a time when business disputes often end in death threats, trips abroad inspire fear of abduction and even B-list celebrities attract stalkers. With just 25 operatives (six full-time. 19 on call), Cohen's Los Angeles-based firm is certainly not the biggest in the business. Yet in composition (80 percent of his men are former Israeli special forces fighters) and areas of expertise (from close protection to counterterrorist

"MAKE NO MISTAKE, AARON IS TOUGH, BUT HIS REAL WEAPON IS HIS MIND. THE WHEELS ARE ALWAYS TURNING."

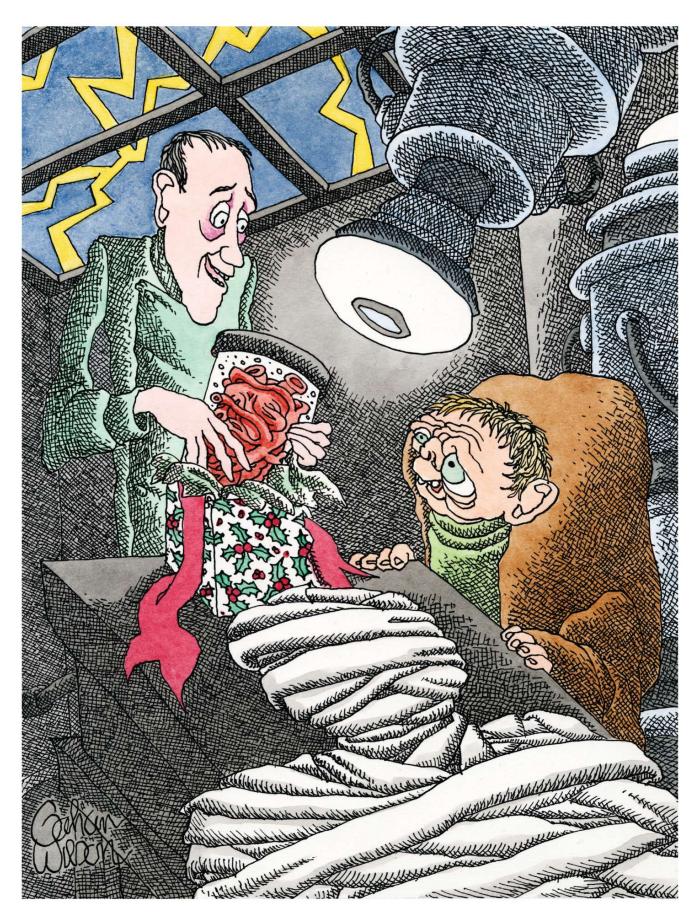
ing) IMS offers everything. As Cohen is fond of saying, "Walk softly and carry a small Israeli team."

train-

In the nine years since he founded his company, Cohen has worked for a wide range of clients. Entertainment manager Steve Katz first hired him in 2001 to protect Jackie Chan at the premiere of Rush Hour 2. The action-adventure star was being stalked by an obsessed woman, and Cohen served as his bodyguard. Since then Katz has frequently engaged Cohen's firm. "A typical Hollywood security guy is a hulking person there to intimidate people," says Katz. "Make no mistake, Aaron is tough, but his real weapon is his mind. He's an extremely sharp tactician. The wheels are always turning."

Lisa Kline, proprietor of the hip Los Angeles fashion boutique of the same name, employs Cohen whenever such customers as Eva Longoria Parker, Britney Spears or Kate Beckinsale want to shop in private. "He makes sure no one gets near them," she says. "He helps them to and from their cars. He's professional, but he's intense. He treats every job like a mission-no funny business." Not that there aren't light moments. When the paparazzi appear, as they inevitably do, IMS operatives posted around the Robertson Boulevard store open umbrellas in a synchronized tactic that blocks all sight lines. No one gets a picture.

Far from Hollywood, the sheriff of Houston County, Alabama also relies on Cohen. Andy Hughes has flown him in on multiple occasions to train his deputies. "He is an active instructor," says Hughes. "He doesn't tell you how to do things, he shows you—shooting in crowds, rescuing hostages. I'm the coordinator of homeland security for my region of Alabama, and if something happens, we will be the first (continued on page 171)



"It's the most thoughtful Christmas present I've ever received!"

CLEAR SPACE UNDER THE TREE. DADDY NEEDS A NEW PAIR OF

SHOES—AND A WATCH AND A CAR AND...

THE PLAYBOY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD IZUI

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Go back in time with the reissue of Bulova's Accutron Spaceview 214 watch Bullova's Accuiron Spaceview 214 watch (\$4,000, bullova.com) — the most pre-cise timepiece available when it debuted in 1960. Its original tooling had been discarded, so Bulova started from scratch, assembling each new Spaceview by hand. (As such, only 1,000 have been built.) The watch's unique feature is a trained fork — it hums rather than ticks a tuning fork—it hums rather than ticks— that you can observe up close, thanks to the transparent display.



And you thought PVC pipes were good only for plumbing. Nope—they can also bring the noise. Ikyaudio sculpts the plastic cylinders into speakers (\$199, ikyaudio.com) that will gener-

Cash should never float about your pocket untethered. Keep your scratch together in stately fashion with Ralph Lauren's sterling money clip (\$250, ralphlauren.com). For a bit more than pocket change (\$15), personalize the froat with a monogram the front with a monogram.

Jart + Hatt

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TOLL!

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"Nice flask," she says. "Thank you," you answer. "It's a leather triple-decanter flask from Aspinal of London [\$225, aspinal oflondon.com]." She asks, "Do you always bring a stocked bar on a ski lift?" "Yes, in case I meet a ski bunny such as yourself. Brandy, scotch or bourbon?"

The furniture in your home should be as elegant as the women you want sitting on it. Case in point: the statuesque midcentury-modern Barcelona chair (from \$4,523, knoll.com), designed by Mies van der Rohe in 1929 and available in a variety of leathers. An intellectual raid on the junkyard, the Rustic Warriors set (\$265, novica .com) replaces staid king, queen and bishop game pieces with ACDelco spark plugs and other assorted auto parts (e.g., heavy bolts and sprockets).

Nothing will swaddle you in sound quite like Skullcandy and Roc Nation's Aviator headphones (\$150, skullcandy.com). They keep your earlobes in plush comfort—who doesn't love memory-foam pillows? and keep your eardrums processing pristine beats.

You're a man who courts danger while wearing a suit and holding a rocks glass. Shoot from the hip with these sterling silver revolver cuff links from John Varvatos (\$330, johnvarvatos.com). The cylinders really spin. Locked and loaded? Indeed you are.

> What? We can't hear you over the sound of MGMT blaring out of Tivoli Audio's iPal (\$220, tivoliaudio .com). It's weatherproof, no bigger than a shoe boy, hooks to an iPod and plays radio. Bonus: 16 hours of battery life per charge.



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Tesla's gorgeous Roadster 2.5 electric supercar (\$109,000, teslamotors.com) is a monument to new-age motoring. The first thing that strikes you is the torque—you feel like a bullet leaving the barrel of a gun. The second thing: There are no gears. You never experience that *chug-chug* when the car is shifting. The experience is, well, electrifying. Think 3.7 seconds to 60 mph, 245 miles per charge and zero tailpipe emissions. And all with the top down and the wind in your hair. Plug it in at night as if it were a rechargeable flashlight, and off you go in the morning. You were blessed with that handsome mug, so treat it with respect with Baxter of California's blue badger-hair shave brush (\$90, baxterofcalifornia.com), chrome-plated traditional safety razor (\$60) and nickel-plated stand (\$30). You could hang 10 with one of surfing legend Bill Hamilton's aboriginal art surfboards (\$5,000, billhamiltonsurfboards.com)—or any of his other custom goods, for that matter. But we vote for hanging this six-foot-four foam board from your wall like a piece of art.

Callaway has launched an R&D partnership with Lamborghini to develop a super-lightweight material. The company's latest driver, the Diablo Octane (\$299, callawaygolf.com), features a Forged Composite crown. It hits stores the same week as this issue of PLAYBOY.

DESERVE

10.5

Numark

Do drunken battle with the stainless steel shot glass (\$70, madebyammo.com), a convivial cousin of the shotgun shell. To stick with the theme, fill it with Death's Door vodka (\$30, deathsdoorspirits.com) and pull the trigger.

> Retro sensibilities make nice with hightech capabilities in the Numark TTi USB turntable (\$449, numark.com). The iPod dock makes it easy to transfer your favorite records to an MP3 player proving vinyl is far from dead.

20 09

HARVEST 8

AD

DEATH'S DOOR

VODKA

(D)

Talk about throwing > around the old pigskin. The Leatherhead handmade football (\$138, reformschoolrules.com) recalls the era of Jim Thorpe and his fellow gridiron pioneers.

Derringer

Industrial designer Adrian Van Anz has created the diamond-encrusted Sean John iPod and vodka-cooled computers. We love his handmade Derringer cycles (about \$3,500, derringercycles.com). Modeled after 1920s racing motorcycles, the Derringer is "the missing link between my Schwinn and my Ducati," as he puts it. Peddle it or let the Honda engine do the work.

Sony's NEX-VG10 cam<u>corder</u>

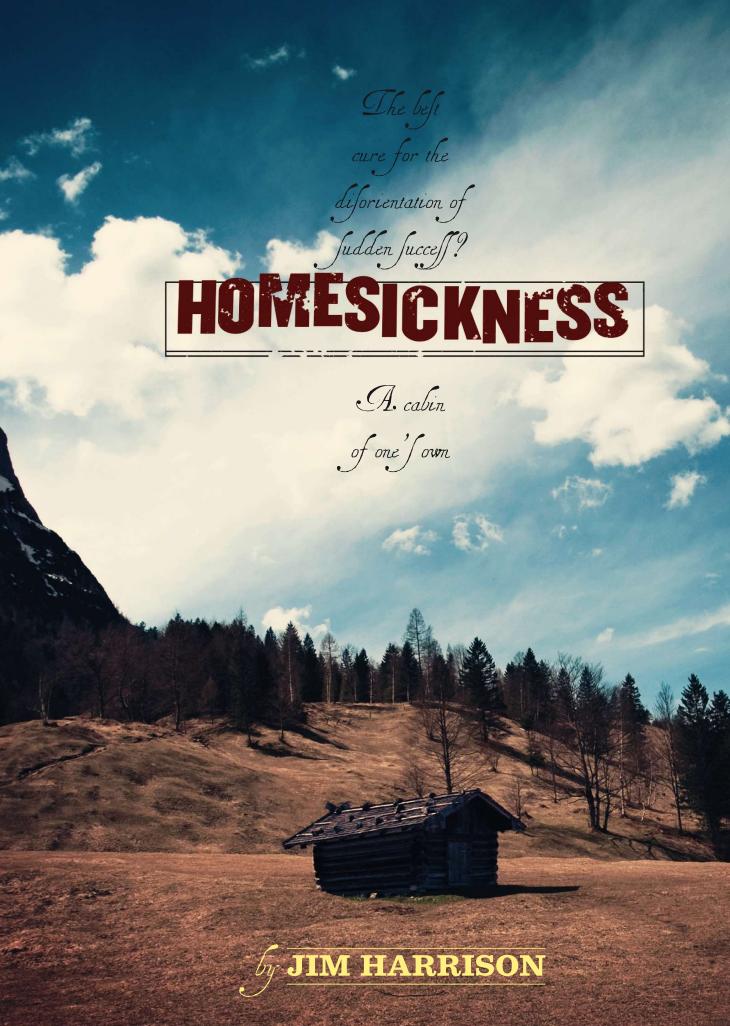
(\$2,000, sonystyle.com) will inspire your inner Quentin Tarantino. Its footage will fill your HDTV perfectly, and its interchangeable lens system allows for a cinematic depth usually reserved for professional auteurs.

M-

When capturing timeless beauty, memories or even romance, why not shoot with a classic camera built anew for a timeless style of photography? We adore the analog Leica M7 (\$6,590, leica-camera.com) old-school chassis and film, fully modern guts. Click. PALINA

Λ

Always eating on the go? Try the Eva Solo table grill (\$340, evasolo.com), which boasts a clean design and compact, lightweight construction—giving you the power to transform any outing into an impromptu barbecue. La Palina's Alison cigars (\$220, lapalina cigars.com) meet Dunhill "aquarium" lighters from the 1950s (\$4,200, mantiques modern.com).





e have always been a nation of transients, especially the males. Earlier in our history we were intensely predatory transients, but

now our movement is based on the need for livelihood or from divorce, irascible restlessness, sheer curiosity or emotional hunger. I have noted that modern man at the crossroads tries to go in four directions at once. Put simply, if things aren't working out, why not move? Surely there is a perfect place for me, or you, or not.

Perhaps the biggest geographical problem in my life was success. I had no reason to expect it and I certainly wasn't ready for it. The French writer Albert Camus talked about terrible freedom, and that's what I experienced. An animal in a cage on its release is unsure whether it wants to leave the cage. I think I was about 40 when I wrote a book of novellas called Legends of the Fall. All three of the novellas were immediately optioned by studios and two were made into movies. The sudden money was a near disaster. After almost two decades of averaging 10 grand a year I was way up there beyond using U-Haul trailers to move, living in low-cost rental houses and eating altogether too much macaroni and cheese made with budget cheddar, which I washed down with cheap wine.

Everyone has read about lottery winners and the ubiquitously disastrous results. I came perilously close to that arena owing to a festering affection for the mixture of booze and cocaine. It took me a number of years to fully understand what gradually saved me. Meanwhile the combinations of booze and coke were not turning out to be a miracle drug.

My salvation was a fairly remote cabin in Michigan's Upper Peninsula set in a clearing on 50 acres bisected by a small river. When I impulsively bought it with an option from Ray Stark's Columbia Pictures, I didn't even go inside for a look. Outside was good enough. The cabin was to be my retreat from the modern world for more than 20 years. The thousands of square miles of remote country surrounding the cabin were nearly totally empty of people but chock full of solace. I could fish for trout, an obsession since the age of seven, hunt for grouse and woodcock and take my bird dogs for walks twice a day, early morning and evening. I easily made the thoroughly false assumption that the cabin regenerated me for my countless trips to Los Angeles and New York as a mediocre screenwriter in addition to work as a poet and novelist. I can be a slow study and it took me some time before I realized that the cabin prepared me for more of the cabin, and if anything my longing for it further crippled an already fatigued soul for the world of filmmaking, which is a collaborative craft, while I was built to fly solo as a poet and novelist.

Things went fairly well for a decade until the screenplay for Wolf starring Jack Nicholson and Michelle Pfeiffer broke my spirit. I put too much of myself into the movie and I didn't care for the resulting production one little bit. I quit the business, and it slowly became apparent to me that it's not easy to give up two thirds of your income. We muddled along on the edge for several years and were finally saved financially by my growing popularity in France. My American publisher Grove/ Atlantic could afford to pay me far more than my value domestically because the French rights went high. This brought peace to our private valley until we moved to Montana, where we had been going for vacation and brown trout fishing every year since 1968.

After a few years in Montana, I had to sell the cabin during a time of the usual money problems. This caused a great deal of the pain and melancholy known as homesickness even though the sale was sensible. One summer and fall when I visited the cabin three times for a total of three weeks, I spent a total of 18 days in the car on round-trips. After the cabin was lost, I would listen to Cesária Évora sing "Sodade," the meaning of which is the character of longing and despair when a person or place is forever lost to us. I'd wander around with a seemingly permanent lump in my throat, quite unable to balance the pleasure of seeing (concluded on page 164)

Utimately, our bodies are our only true home and their built-in obsolescence urges us on to find a good place to inhabit.

WHY WE

THE

OVE

hough it takes a bit of simplification, most decades are fairly easy to characterize, especially since Americans often conform to the characterization and wind up turning decades into what they are supposed to be. However they began, the Roaring Twenties, with their flappers and Charlestons and Stutz Bearcats and Prohibition booze, really did roar *(text continued on page 158)*





1



















- 1. JANE FONDA
- 2. BARBARA BACH
- З. MADONNA
- 4. KATHY SHOWER
- 5. FAST TIMES AT RIDGEMONT HIGH
- 6. Е.Т.
- 7. RONALD REAGAN
- TERRI WELLES 8.
- 9. ERIKA ELENIAK 10. GOLDIE HAWN
- 11. PRINCE
- 12. UANNA WHITE
- 13. FLASHDANCE
- 14. SUZANNE SOMERS
- 15. MAUD ADAMS
- 16. DONNA EDMONDSON







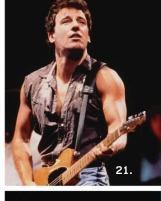
















- **17. MICHAEL JACKSON** AND OLA RAY **18. DEVIN DEVASQUEZ** 19. RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK 20. KIM BASINGER 21. BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN 22. PLAYBOY VIDEO 23. MIAMI VICE 24. KAREN PRICE 25. MARIEL HEMINGWAY 26. SONIA BRAGA 27. TANYA ROBERTS 28. TERRY MOORE 29. VIKKI LAMOTTA 30. DONNA MILLS 31. MR. T 32. JOHN UPDIKE 33. OLIVER NORTH
- 34. FAWN HALL

20.

35. EDWIN MEESE



TERTAINMEN CHARLIE'S LAST ANGEL IN A KNOCKOUT NUDE PICTORIAL A PLAYBOY SPECIAL REPORT IT'S HOTTER THAN YOU THINK... IT'S HOTTER THAN WE THOUGHT! PLAYBOY INTERVIEW THE MAN BEHIND GARP AND MORK ROBIN WILLIAMS INSIDE THE SEMINARY: A RIVETING MEMOIR OF CELIBACY, SEXUALITY AND MANHOOD

ACE

BAD BLOOD: URDER IN AN AMERICAN FAMILY

27.









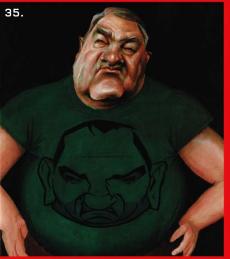


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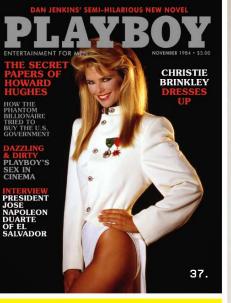


As the 75th attorney general of the U.S., Ed Meese served as the Reagan administration's moral paladin. The Meese Commission purported to study the effects of pornography on American society. Playing to the long-standing repressions of the religious right, the commission's report—published in 1986—revived previously discredited arguments that porn harmed the social fabric. Meese resigned from office in 1988.









- **36. BARBARA CARRERA**
- 37. CHRISTIE BRINKLEY
- 38. CINDY CRAWFORD
- 39. THE MEN WHO WOULD BE PRESIDENT
- 40. SHANNON TWEED
- 41. MAXINE LEGROOM/ SANDY GREENBERG
- 42. MAX HEADROOM
- **43. PATRICIA FARINELLI**
- 44. AIDS
- **45. JULIE MCCULLOUGH**
- 46. WALL STREET
- 47. MAD MAX
- **48. DIRTY DANCING**
- **49. KIMBERLY MCARTHUR**
- 50. LA TOYA JACKSON
- 51. TAMMY FAYE AND JIM BAKKER
- 52. VANESSA WILLIAMS
- 53. DONNA RICE AND GARY HART
- 54. JESSICA HAHN
- **55. MARIANNE GRAVATTE**
- 56. BRANDI BRANDT





38.







ALDS The Growing Threat

What's Being-Do





























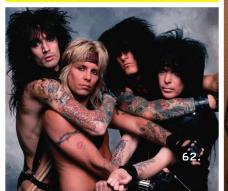








57. KIMBERLEY CONRAD HEFNER **58. BERNADETTE PETERS 59. ROXANNE PULITZER** 60. JOAN COLLINS 61. BRIGITTE NIELSEN 62. MOTLEY CRUE 63. BARBARA EDWARDS 64. RENEÉ TENISON 65. SALLY FIELD 66. LADY DI'S WEDDING 67. A VIEW TO A KILL 68. NASTASSJA KINSKI 69. FATAL ATTRACTION 70. DYNASTY 71. GRANDMASTER FLASH 72. BO DEREK







61.















HIP-HOP



The 1980s saw hip-hop move out of the South Bronx and into the mainstream. Grandmaster Flash's "The Message" hit the streets in 1982 and altered the course of music. Urban culture in the decade was defined by alienation and anomie, with the dual epidemics of AIDS and crack cocaine contributing to an overwhelming sense of frustration. With its graffiti art, break dancing and rapping, hip-hop set forth a new standard of independence and defiance.

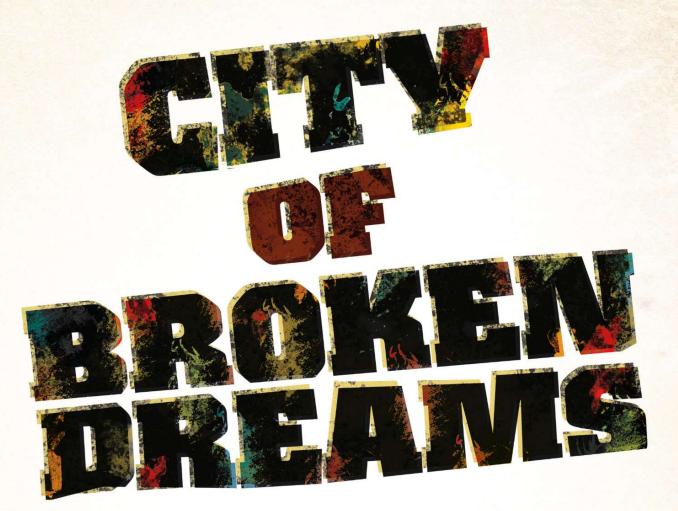
See more retro girls at playboy.com/80s.



THIS LOOK IS NOT WORKING FOR ME-SOMEONE HOOK ME UP WITH A TANNING BED. I CAN DO THIS FOR D DAYS! WEEKS! MONTHS! WELL, AT LEAST UNTIL THE THAW I WANNA TOUCH MY CARROT. MAGIC IN THAT OLD SILK I WANNA TOUCH HAT THEY FOUND? FEH— MY CARROT. JUST GIMME 12 VOLTS I GOT NO ARMS AND JUMPER CABLES! I WANNA TOUCH MY CARROT THE SITUATION DAVID BLAINE DAVID Mary Shelley Duchovny IF CELEBRITIES WERE



"CLEVELAND, CITY OF LIGHT, CITY OF MAGIC, CLEVELAND, CITY OF LIGHT, YOU'RE CALLING ME, CLEVELAND, EVEN NOW I CAN REMEMBER, BECAUSE THE CUYAHOGA RIVER GOES SMOKING THROUGH MY DREAMS." -RANDY NEWMAN, "BURN ON"



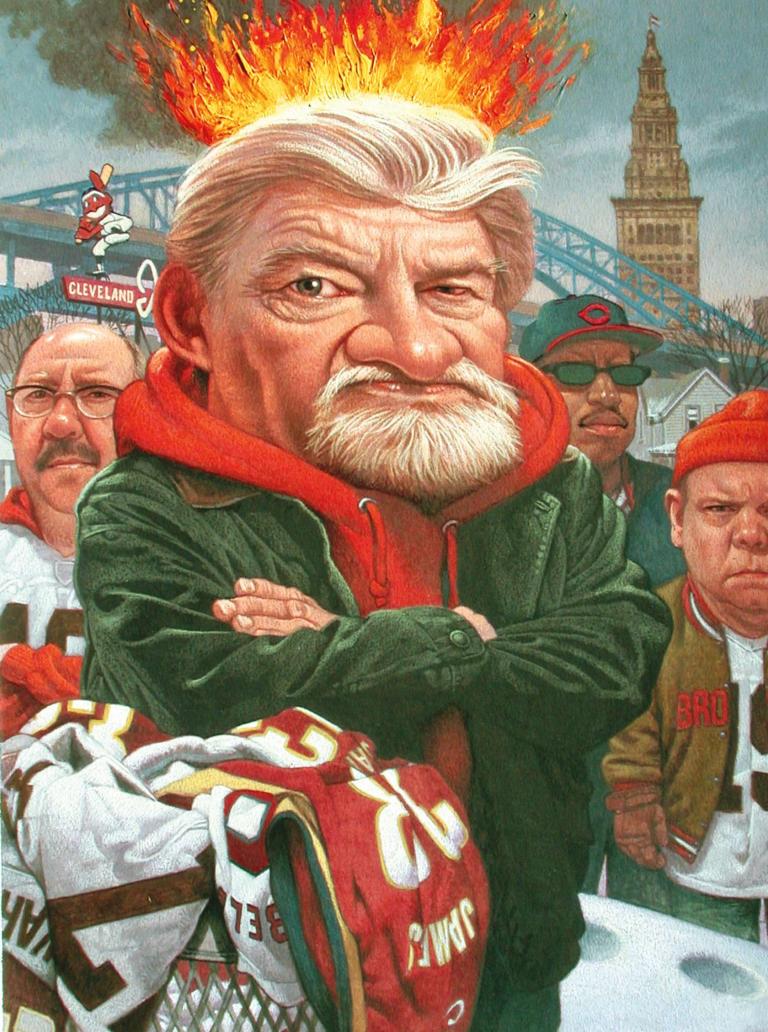
BY JOE ESZTERHAS

LIFE WILL CRUSH YOU IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL. THAT'S WHY YOU HAVE TO BE TOUGH TO LIVE IN CLEVELAND



land, the city I love, got dumped on publicly again. LeBron followed in the footsteps of his jock brethren Joakim Noah, Braylon Edwards and Charles Barkley. It was the same old bullshit mantra: Cleveland is a dump. Cleveland is ugly and dangerous. Cleveland is a city full of fat, kielbasa-eating losers. And if all that weren't enough, consider that *Forbes* magazine—eyebrows arched, nose held aloft in timeless patrician manner—recently described Cleveland, my working-class hometown, as the most miserable place to live in America.

I live in Cleveland. I love living in Cleveland. I love living in Cleveland so much that I moved back here after living for 30 years in places like Marin County, Maui and Malibu. So, speaking as a Clevelander, I want to get this out of the way,



right off the top. Fuck *Forbes* magazine! Fuck Steve Forbes, that twit! Fuck all the other snooty, twitty Forbeses who have anything to do with the Forbes family or their supercilious rag! And yes, fuck LeBron, too, mama's boy. Good riddance to you—and Delonte West, too, that motherfucker!

We knew what LeBron really thought of us when he wore his Yankees cap to that Indians playoff game. Who but a roaring, self-absorbed asshole calls himself King James and has his back tattooed CHOSEN 1 in gigantic letters? Truth to tell, LeBron was never a Clevelander—he's a wimpy, spoiled kid not unlike Steve Forbes. He never belonged here. He belongs on the beach, not in a back alley. And who in the hell is LeBron to say he loves us after he leaves us? (No wonder he and Delonte West, the motherfucker, were once asshole buddies.)

So LeBron James, like Art Modell, former owner of the Cleveland Browns, is history as far as my Cleveland is concerned, and they're selling T-shirts downtown that say MODELL STILL SUCKS, BUT LEBRON SWALLOWS. Here is even more satanic stuff: All the East Coast's power got blown out one day thanks to a malfunction at a Cleveland power plant. Our foreclosure rate is among the highest in the country. Our town's biggest property owner is a German bank. It's so cold and gloomy and dank for much of the year that freaky dudes surf in Lake Erie in the winter as a snarky protest. Dennis Kucinich, our former mayor, my former copyboy at the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*—who wrote knockout beat poetry, which he read aloud to us in the city room back in the day—still wants to be president of the United States after being arguably the worst mayor in Cleveland's history. Dennis's wife, Elizabeth, definitely Playmate material, wants to be first lady even though she towers over Dennis worse than Katie towers over Tom Cruise and Nicole towers over Keith Urban.

Consider the things that have befallen some of the Cleveland Indians we've loved: Joe Charboneau, rookie of the year, who opened beer bottles with his teeth and then sometimes



During the days of Cleveland's industrial glory, oil in the Cuyahoga River would catch fire (as it did, above, in 1952). While this would seem unusual to an outsider, it was routine for Clevelanders.

Never mind all that. I will go to my grave—as will most Clevelanders—in the belief that our town is still, as we've always said, the best location in our whole debt-ridden, unemployed, foreclosed nation.

Clevelanders have learned we've gotta hang tough in the face of all the insulting bullshit that keeps being tossed at us over and over again. Who in the hell is *Forbes* magazine to tell us that the town we love is a miserable place to live? That our potholes are the size of lakes? That our teams stink? That our politicians are crooks? That our strip malls are haunted houses and our major malls ghost towns? Why single out our town when that portrayal could define America itself in 2012?

It takes a lot of balls to accuse us of *all that*, especially when we are the City of Big Balls (male and female) and have maddoggedly been fending off scurrilous attacks from the time I was a kid growing up here. "Mistake on the Lake" is what they used to call us. We've been the pimpled butt of decades-long, generations-long Cleveland jokes, cousins to the supercilious Polack jokes told by our prissy WASP brethren.

There is no denying that fiendish, devilish things have befallen us: Yes, yes, we know—the Cuyahoga River caught on fire and so did former mayor Ralph Perk's hair. Another former mayor, Carl Stokes, was arrested for shoplifting. Indians fans rioted at Municipal Stadium, and Browns fans rioted at Browns Stadium. Rocky Colavito, Indians folk hero, got traded, and Indians folk hero Jim Thome loved us and left us too. drank the beer through his nose, and whose whole career was over a year later thanks to a bad back. Tony Horton, slugger, who had a nervous breakdown and crawled from the plate to the dugout after popping out to the catcher. Bill Veeck, legendary team owner, war hero and chain-smoker, who carved himself an ashtray right into his wooden leg so he wouldn't have to carry one around. Gaylord Perry, pitcher, whose spitball made him one of the greatest crooks in baseball, right alongside home-run champion Albert Belle, whose bats were corked. Ray Chapman, infielder, the only man killed on the field in the history of major league baseball (in a game against the Yankees). Herb Score, dazzling southpaw, whose career was ruined by a line drive to the eye (off the bat of another Yankee).

And then we have some of the maladies suffered by our beloved Brownies: Jim Brown, greatest running back in the history of the game, retired in his prime because of a salary dispute with Benedict Arnold. Paul Brown, the greatest coach in NFL history, fired by the same Benedict Arnold before he kidnapped the whole team to Baltimore. Bernie Kosar, maybe the greatest local hero in the history of the team, the complete Clevelander, a street kid from Youngstown (the place Bruce Springsteen made famous), a quarterback with backalley smarts and balls of brass, cut by Benedict Arnold at the instigation of his Rasputin, coach Bill Belichick, the same Bill Belichick who transformed into Touchdown Jesus with the New England Patriots. Rasputin *(continued on page 169)*



"Do you give discounts to men in uniform?"



Simply Cendra

OUR GIRL NEXT DOOR TURNED AMERICAN JUGGERNAUT ~ by Bill Zehme

et us now praise that rare and wondrous specimen: the unfiltered, unbridled, unaffected female-she who disarms without calculation or agenda, she who personifies the Human Blurt. And oh, how she Blurts! It is both freak of nature and rapturous gift to humankind, if you think about it. And yet it's almost unthinkable that there even exists this miraculous breed that can't help itself from just... thinking out loud! And often very loudnot to name names or anything. (All right, the pictures here seem to suggest that San Diego's own Kendra Leigh Wilkinson Baskett is where we're headed with this paean, okay?) Still, could there be a more refreshing type to simplify life for men eternally confounded by intangible "hints," "signals" and "assumptions" issued by most women? (It's a male failing, perhaps, but few of us are equipped to decipher the secret language of subtle eyebrow manipulation, especially, say, during telephone conversations.) But then there are these Other Ones, who are loud and proud and clear and also perpetually laughing. (Can life get much dreamier?) Blissfully devoid of self-restraint, these are the magical



Kendra, then and now: the freespirited Ms. Wilkinson circa her Mansion days and the domesticated Mrs. Baskett of today.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

aberrant ones who will say anything and, in so doing, say everything you will likely ever need to know.

Take this one in particular: She, after all, may be the most shimmering exemplar currently out there unloading classic Blurts across the culture. Never mind that those Blurts first took widest wing when ricocheting off the stately walls of Playboy Mansion West (as television cameras rolled); by all accounts, she just showed up that way—discovered naked in body paint, no less—with nothing to hide and nowhere to hide it. No, this one recast candor in her own carefree, sun-splashed, locker-roomfriendly image and will rarely second-guess herself, because she knows exactly what she means—more or less. ("My definition of beauty is confidence." she has said, thus

of beauty is confidence," she has said, thus saying everything—and quite beautifully, too.) A towering, if petite, champion of unclouded expression, she leaves no room for mystique or subterfuge or head games. She is just that considerate and pure.

Indeed, behold this random sampling of spontaneous truth bombs launched from the Kendra lips over these











past handful of spotlit years: "Whenever I feel nervous, I feel like I have to poop." "I don't want responsibilities right now! I'm 20 years old! I'll have responsibilities when I'm...27!" "God, I love my legs and my ass!" "Can he go look in my drawer? He'll see my vibrator, but " "There's nothing better than a bunch of balls hanging down from your door!" "Olive Garden is the shit! It's the best Italian food ever!" "The French love...tits!" "I've thrown up in almost every limo that has taken me out in the last week. God, they hate me right now!" "I have to party! I deserve it! I've worked hard!" "The best thing about this pimp cup is that it was given to me by a pimp—there's nothing better than that." "Whatever I put on is gonna be hot—you know, I could wear two Band-Aids and a cork...." And so on-blessedly, for the most part.

Most always, these fine pronouncements come appended with that laugh of hers—you know, that aaahhhhhhha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha thing she does. Unmistakably, this is the Kendra Laugh, a warm and strangely infectious staccato, throaty and all self-effacing, with no trace of cynicism or snark. It was, of course, made famous during her celebrated premarital residency as the most irrepressible one third of Hef's original Girls Next Door love triumvirate. ("I was fascinated with her," Big Daddy has confessed, using understatement to perhaps balance the giddy overstatement that is her; as a result, however, there was barely any wild whim she presented that he didn't patiently indulge.) Anyway, her Laugh rollicked dependably across five TV seasons of Mansion mayhem before spinning off last year into uncharted domesticity-welcome to E!'s Kendra, the madcap hurdles leapt by a peripatetic young NFL wife (of the off-relocated Hank Baskett, now a Minnesota Viking), new mother (of little-big Hank IV) and sudden New York Times bestselling memoirist (of Sliding Into Home)-wherein the ahhh-ha-ha-has rarely cease. Like the best natural-born comediennes, she has never quite understood why she is funny-which is precisely the reason she has become this happy comic spectacle in motion, nowadays flailing at the foreign rigors of real life. For instance: "The first time I mailed something on my own, like a couple of months ago, I didn't put a stamp on it. My mom was like, 'Are you serious?' I'm like, 'Dude, I've never been on my own before.'" Or this cozy maternal Tweet: "Up all night with the lil man again but I enjoy every min of it. He almost peed in my face today."

And so new Blurts keep erupting while the old ones never lose currency. Like "You'd think I would change dra-mastically. *Dramatically*. Shit." Anyway, nobody's hoping for change anywhere around here. Or around her. Go, Blurt Goddess.



See more of Kendra at club.playboy.com.

towering champion of unclouded expression, Kendra leaves no room for subterfuge or head games.

Marilyn

(continued from page 73) taken of Monroe in 1955 shows her reading Michael Chekhov's To the Actor with

schoolgirl avidity. Monroe's emotional state was always charged, often perilous yet, through an immersion in work, and in the craft of the stage, which is a shared community, she understood that she could-maybehelp herself. What Monroe most feared was lapsing into the sort of chronic incapacity for life to which her mother as well as her mother's mother seemed to have succumbed—a family curse that obsessed the actress throughout her life.

In a surreal dream of being anesthetized and operated upon by both Lee Strasberg and her New York analyst Margaret Hohenberg, of which she writes in April 1955, Monroe discovers that there is "nothing" inside her:

Strasberg is deeply disappointed but more even-academically amazed that he had made such a mistake. He thought there was going to be so much-more than he had ever dreamed possible in almost anyone but instead there was absolutely nothing-devoid of every human living feeling thing-the only thing that came out was so finely cut sawdustlike out of a raggedy ann doll.... Dr. H is puzzled because suddenly she realizes that this is a new type case.... The patient (pupil...) existing of complete emptiness....

In February 1961, when the support of the Actors Studio as well as an intense five-times-weekly psychoanalysis seemed to have failed her, Monroe suffered one of the worst breakdowns of her life and was involuntarily committed to the Payne Whitney Clinic. She reflects with a wry sort of detachment that belies the hurt, humiliation and rage she must have felt:

There was no empathy at Payne-Whitney-it had a very bad effect-they asked me after putting me in a "cell" (I mean cement blocks and all) for very disturbed depressed patients (except I felt I was in some kind of prison for a crime I hadn't comitted). The inhumanity there I found archaic. They asked me why I wasn't happy there.... I answered: "Well, I'd have to be nuts if I like it here."

The sympathetic reader may wish to read between the lines of Monroe's explanation of what would seem to have been hysterical behavior:

I picked up a light-weight chair and slammed it, and it was hard to do because I had never broken anything in my life.... It took a lot of banging to get even a small piece of glass-so I went over with the glass concealed in my hand and sat quietly

on the bed waiting for them to come in. They did, and I said to them "if you are going to treat me like a nut I'll act like a nut." I admit the next thing is corny but I really did it in the movie [Don't Bother to Knock] except it was with a razor blade. I indicated if they didn't let me out I would harm myself-the furthest thing from my mind at that moment since you know Dr. Greenson I'm an actress and would never intentionally mark or mar myself.

The first entry in Fragments consists of several typed, single-spaced pages dating from 1943, when Monroe-then Norma Jeane Baker-was married to a young merchant marine named James Dougherty. She had married the son of neighbors of her foster family in Los Angeles a little over two weeks after her 16th birthday, in 1942, to prevent being shipped back to the Los Angeles County orphanage, where she would have been more or less incarcerated until she was 18. Dougherty seems to have been unfaithful to her, or so the young wife imagined; the prose fragment is startlingly self-aware, as analytical as the letters of Monroe's maturity, and as preoccupied with the ongoing riddle of her own being:

... the secret midnight meetings the fugetive glance stolen in others company the sharing of the ocean, moon & stars and air aloneness made it a romantic adventure which a young, rather shy girl who didnt always give that impression because of her desire to belong & develope can thrive on-I had always felt a need to live up to that expectation of my elders having been not in a precocious manner an unusually mature child for my age-and at 10, 11, 12, & 13 when my closer companions were all persons of 4 to 6 yrs....

For someone like me its wrong to go through thorough self analisis—I do it enough in thought generalities enough.

Its not to much fun to know yourself to well or think you do-everyone needs a little conciet to carry them through & past the falls.

Soon after writing this melancholy letter, the young and quasi-abandoned wife of James Dougherty began working at the Radio Plane Company, where-as in a seemingly benign fairy tale or a B-level Hollywood romance-she was discovered by a photographer for Yank magazine; soon the very photogenic Norma Jeane became a model for a prominent Hollywood agency and was encouraged to bleach her brunette hair platinum blonde with such gratifying results that, soon afterward, in 1946, she became a "starlet" at Twentieth Century Fox and was rechristened with the magical name "Marilyn Monroe."

Monroe's much-publicized second marriage, to Joe DiMaggio, lasted only from January 1954 to October 1954. By this time the "starlet" had become a "star"—as a consequence of lurid nationwide advertising for the film Niagara, which was a box-office success like other "Marilyn Monroe" movies of that decade: Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, How to Marry a Millionaire, The Seven Year Itch and Some Like It Hot, Monroe's overall biggest hit.

Written by Arthur Miller, Monroe's last completed film, The Misfits (1961), is a far more subtle and notable achievement than any of the frothy "dumb blonde" films that made Monroe famous, but it received mixed reviews and did poorly at the box office. Seeing this elegiac film today, the viewer is struck by how Marilyn Monroe, amid a cast of mostly men, and women with no pretensions of glamour, is eerily, almost morbidly "feminine" in her absurdly tight-fitting clothes and painful-looking stiletto heels, a species of female impersonator. It's as if the woman one day to be honored by PLAYBOY as the "Sexiest Woman of the 20th Century" had been encased in femininity as in a straitjacket that scarcely allowed for breath and that eventually killed her.

The failure in 1960 of Monroe's marriage to Arthur Miller seemed to have precipitated her mental and physical deterioration in the brief period preceding her death. Of that era, when Monroe's dependency upon prescription drugs-barbiturates, amphetaminesincreased, and when Monroe entered into ill-fated relationships with both John Kennedy and his brother Robert, there is no record in Fragments, as if Monroe had ceased writing these therapeutic messages to herself; nowhere in this miscellany of "texts" are there allusions to Monroe's drug addiction, her conversion to Judaism for Arthur Miller, her disastrous love affairs and the collapse of her movie career. On August 17, 1962, a winsomely beautiful Marilyn Monroe appeared for the last time on the cover of *Life*; sometime in the night of August 5, Marilyn Monroe died in the bedroom of her smallish house in Brentwood, of an apparent drug overdose.

Like all serious artists, Marilyn Monroe lived—lives—in her art. Fugitive pieces like those of Fragments will resonate most with those who know her extraordinary films. Here is a female artist for whom work was salvation, or might have been if circumstances had been slightly different; if, for instance, Monroe had remained in New York at the Actors Studio, preparing for a stage career, and had not returned to Hollywood, in 1960, to make The Misfits. In an interview of 1959, as if in rueful acknowledgment of her impending fate, Monroe said, "I guess I am a fantasy"-a luminous phantom in the lives of others.





"This year I thought I'd save you the trouble of filling the stockings."

KNOCK-KNOCK

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(continued from page 96) ass walks in and asks for a Michelob and gets a Mickey Finn and gets fucked by the crowd until one day she walks in and asks the bartender can he maybe give her a Budweiser instead?"

Granted—I have NOT landed this particular shaggy dog story since I was in the First Grade, but my old man used to love this next part....

The bartender smiles so nice and says, "What? You don't like Michelob no more?"

And this Real Looker, she leans over the bar, all confidential, and she whispers, "Just between you and me..." she whispers, "Michelob makes my pussy hurt...."

The first time I learned that joke, when my old man taught it to me, I didn't know what was "pussy." I didn't know "Mickey Finn." I didn't know what folks meant when they talked about "fucking" but I knew all this talk made my old man laugh. And when he told me to stand up and tell that joke in the barbershop it made the barbers and every old man reading detective magazines laugh until half of them blew spit and snot and chewing tobacco out their noses.

Now the grown-up son tells his old dying father this joke, just the two of them alone in that hospital room, late-late at night, and—guess what—his old man doesn't laugh. So the son tries another old favorite, he tells the joke about the Traveling Salesman who gets a phone call from some Farmer's Daughter he met on the road a couple months before, and she says, "Remember me? We had some laughs, and I was a good sport?" And the man says, "How're you doing?" And she says, "I'm pregnant, and I'm going to kill myself." And the salesman, he says, "Damn...you ARE a good sport!"

At seven years old I could REALLY put that joke over-but tonight-the old man's still not laughing. How I learned to say "I Love You" was by laughing for my old man-even if I had to fake it-and that's all I want in return. All I want from him is a laugh, just one laugh, and he's not coming across with even a giggle. Not a snicker. Not even a groan. And worse than not laughing, the old man squints his eyes shut, tight, and opens them brimming with tears, and one fat tear floods out the bottom of each eye and washes down each cheek. The old man's gasping his big toothless mouth like he can't get enough air, crying big tears down the wrinkles of both cheeks, just soaking his pillow. So this kid-who's nobody's little kid, not anymore-but who all he knows to do is tell these stupid jokes, he reaches into his pants pocket and gets out a fake plastic



"You're the only one who's ever asked me what I want for Christmas."

carnation flower that just for laughs sprays water all over the old crybaby's face.

The kid tells about the Polack who's carrying a rifle through the woods when he comes across a naked gal laying back on a bed of soft green moss with her legs spread, and this gal is a Real Looker, and she looks at the Polack and his gun and says, "What're you doing?" And the Polack says, "I'm hunting for game." And this Real Looker, she gives him a big wink and she says, "I'm game." So—POW!—the Polack shoots her.

It used to be this joke constituted a goldplated, bona fide, surefire laugh riot, but the old man just keeps dying. He's still boohooing and not even making an effort to laugh, and no matter what, the old man has got to meet me halfway. I can't save him if he doesn't want to live. I ask him, "What do you get when you cross a faggot with a kike?" I ask him, "What's the difference between dog shit and a nigger?"

And he's still not getting any better. I'm thinking maybe the cancer's got into his ears. With the morphine and what all, it could be he can't hear me. So just to test can he hear me, I lean into his old crybaby face and I ask, "How do you get a nun pregnant?" Then, more loud, maybe too loud for this being a mackerel-snapper hospital, I yell, "You FUCK her!"

In my desperation I try fag jokes and wetback jokes and kike jokes—really, every effective course of treatment known to medical science—and the old man's still slipping away. Laying here, in this bed, is the man who made EVERYTHING into a Big Joke. Just the fact he's not biting scares the shit out of me. I'm yelling, "Knock-knock!" and when he says nothing in response it's the same as him not having a pulse. I'm yelling, "Knock-knock!"

I'm yelling, "Why did the Existentialist cross the road?"

And he's STILL dying, the old man's leaving me not knowing the answer to anything, when I still don't get it. He's abandoning me while I'm still so fucking stupid. In my desperation I reach out to take the limp, blue fingers of his cold-cold dying hand and he doesn't flinch even when I grind a Joy Buzzer against the blue skin of his ice-cold palm. I'm yelling, "Knock-knock." Nothing kills a joke faster than asking my

Nothing kills a joke faster than asking my old man to explain himself, but I'm yelling, "Why'd the Old Lady walk out on her husband and her four-year-old kid?" And laying there in that bed, my old man, he stops breathing. No heartbeat. Totally flatlined.

So this kid who's sitting bedside in this hospital room, late-late at night he takes the joke equivalent of those electric paddles doctors use to stop your heart attack, the hee-haw equivalent of what a paramedic Robin Williams would use on you in some Clown Emergency Room-a kind of Three Stooges de-frib-ulator-the kid takes a big, creamy, heaped-up custard pie topped with a thick-thick layer of whipped cream, the same as Charlie Chaplin would save your life with, and the kid reaches that pie up sky-high overhead, as high as the kid can reach, and brings it down, hard, lightning fast, slam-dunking it hard as the blast from a Polack's shotgun-POW!right in his old man's kisser.



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No, really, it was funnier than it sounds. Please, don't blame my old man. If you're not laughing at this point, it's my fault. I just didn't tell it right, you know, you mess up a punch line and you can totally botch even the best joke. For example, I went back to the barbershop and told them how he died and how I tried to save him, right up to and including the custard pie and how the hospital had their security goons escort me up to the crazy ward for a little 72-hour observation. And even telling that part, I fucked it up-because those barbershop guys just looked at me. I told them about seeing-and smelling-my old man, dead and smeared all over with blood and shit and whipped cream, all that stink and sugar, and they looked and looked at me, the barbers and the old guys chewing tobacco, and nobody laughed. Standing in that same barbershop all these years later, I say, "Knock-knock."

The barbers stop cutting hair. The old goobers stop chewing on their tobacco.

I say, "Knock-knock." Nobody takes a breath, and it's like I'm standing in a room full of dead men. And I tell them, "Death! DEATH is there! Don't you people never read Emily...Dickerson? You never heard of Jean-Paul...Stuart?" I wiggle my eyebrows and tap the ash from my invisible cigar and say, "Who's there?" I say, "I don't know who's there—I can't even play the violin!"

What I do know is I've got a brain filled with jokes I can't ever forget-like a tumor the size of a grapefruit inside of my skull. And I know that eventually even dog shit turns white and stops stinking, but I have this permanent head filled with crap I've been trained my whole life to think is funny. And for the first time since I was a Little Stooge standing in that barbershop saying fag and cunt and nigger and saying kike, I figure out that I wasn't telling a joke—I was the joke. I mean, I finally Get It. Understand me: A bona fide gold-plated joke is like a Michelob served ice cold...with a Mickey Finn... by somebody smiling so nice you won't never know how bad you've been fucked. And a punch line is called a "punch line" for a VERY good reason, because punch lines are a sugar-coated fist with whipped cream hiding the brass knuckles that sock you right in the kisser, hitting you—POW!—right in your face and saying, "I am smarter than you" and "I'm bigger than you" and "I call the shots, here, Buddy-BOY.'

And standing in that same old Saturday morning barbershop, I scream, "Knockknock!"

I demand, "KNOCK-KNOCK!"

And finally one old barbershop codger, he says in barely a tobacco whisper, so soft you can hardly hear him, he asks, "Who's there?"

And I wait a beat, just for the tension—my old man, he taught me that timing is crucial, timing is EVERYTHING—until, finally, I smile so nice and I say, "Radio not...."

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(continued from page 132) until the crash. The somnambulant 1950s were overtly dull. The 1960s were loose and loopy; the 1970s, narcissistic. But the 1980s? The 1980s defy that sort of thumbnail description. It was the most schizoid of decades-both boom and bust, both libertine and churchy, both full of bluster and full of doubt-and in retrospect it seems less a distinct era than a 10-year exercise in willful obliviousness manifested largely as hyperbolic rhetoric and gaudy exhibitionism. With all this posturing and profligacy, along with a heavy dose of prudery, one might as well say that what we most love about the 1980s is that, thank God, they finally ended.

Of course, to be fair, it wasn't all bad. There were Magic, Larry and Michael, the 1980 U.S. Olympic hockey team, the gull-winged DeLorean, Ben & Jerry's, young Christie Brinkley, Cindy Crawford, Elle Macpherson, U2, Prince, Tom Petty, Blondie, Tom Cruise, Robert De Niro, Meryl Streep, David Lynch, Oliver Stone, Michael J. Fox, Roseanne Barr, Sam Kinison and Hulk Hogan and the reemergence of professional wrestling, whose vaunting served as the perfect bleat for an age that was less a time of quiet navel-gazing than of noisy chest beating—a time when Americans, like wrestlers, needed to insist they were the best.

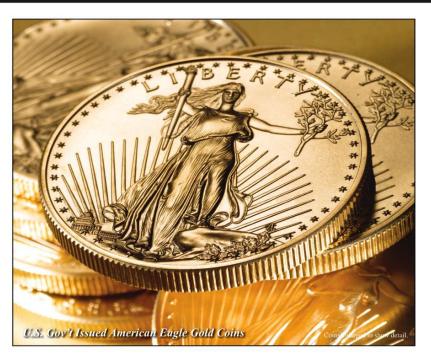
It is no great mystery why the 1980s seemed so aggressively, strenuously upbeat. They had begun in the demoralization of the late 1970s, with long lines at the gas station thanks to Middle East oil price manipulations, a faltering economy lacerated by high inflation and high unemployment (it was called "stagflation"), the Cold War reignited by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan and Americans held hostage in Iran. Confidence had crumbled. In July 1979 President Jimmy Carter retreated to Camp David and then emerged to declare what everyone already knew: Basically, America was fucked. So was he. Ronald Reagan, who Americans worried was too extreme for the country, galloped to victory in the 1980 presidential election, and thus began what some have called the age of Reagan-an era of optimism.

But the era of Reagan didn't open triumphantly either. Though he tried to boost sagging American confidence by giving national pep talks like a parent to a bullied child, the country promptly fell into the worst recession since the Great Depression, with unemployment rising to 9.7 percent. Gradually America pulled out, but the reaction to the rebound was anything but gradual. After years of fecklessness, the country suddenly seemed giddy-one of the greatest cultural turnarounds in modern American history. The age of Reagan became a new gilded age that minted millionaires and billionaires and celebrated wealth as if it were a matter of Calvinist selection. The new heroes were what Tom Wolfe, in The Bonfire of the Vanities, his incisive and best-selling novel that dissected the era, would famously call "masters of the universe"-investment bankers who accumulated untold millions. The new villains were the welfare queens whom Reagan decried for their Cadillacs bought,

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so he said, on the government dole. Even before the boom, two of the most popular television programs were *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, which allowed Americans a peek at the abundance.

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It was a decade of surfaces, of high aesthetics, of fashion over values, of stimulation rather than feeling. In some ways the decade's style was set by MTV. Its rapidfire editing, sleek images, pulsing sound and teasing sexuality would all leach into the larger culture. Miami Vice, one of the most successful and easily the most stylish television program of the period, was allegedly sold on this simple pitch: "MTV and cops." The most acclaimed designer of the decade was Giorgio Armani with his clean power suits. The most popular musical artist was Michael Jackson with his tricked-out dance sound. The most successful film producers of the decade were Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, the team that specialized in such slick, fast-paced, high-octane sexy entertainment as Flashdance and Top Gun. And it was another marker of the age that the duo hired TV-commercial directors like Adrian Lyne and Tony Scott, thus certifying the convergence of the world of ads and the world of movies, of Pavlovian triggers and entertainment. Everything now seemed fast and loud and shiny. It was a world of ice, and there was no traction.

To some this was a partial restoration of the 1960s, since that decade also had its indulgences—its drugs and its easy sexuality—and since it also emphasized pleasure and gratification. But the differences were more striking than the similarities and more instructive of what 1980s materialism really signified, which may have been a reaction against the 1960s, not a rehabilitation of them. It may even have been a reaction by the same people, now 20 years older. In the 1960s pleasure was a challenge to the

Establishment and to its free-market capitalism. In the 1980s pleasure was a product of that Establishment and a testament to it. The 1960s were a decade of young people who had no desire to "make it"; the 1980s were a decade of adults who were enjoying the fruits of having made it. The 1960s were a decade of introspection; the 1980s a decade of consumption. The 1960s were an expression of freedom; the 1980s were an expression of extravagance. In many ways, enjoying oneself in the 1980s was less important than showing everyone else that one had the wherewithal to enjoy oneselfthe money and the power to do so. In the 1960s no one felt the need to show off. In the 1980s, everyone did.

But for all the gilded-age excess, for all the cold surfaces-perhaps even because of them-there was another competing force in the decade that underscored the cultural schizophrenia. That force was moralism. Indeed, the most materialistic of ages was also among the most moralistic. While Donald Trump occupied one extreme, a moral commissar like the fundamentalist preacher Jerry Falwell and his Moral Majority occupied the other. And if this was the era of Studio 54 and its cocaine-wasted nights, it was also the era of Liberty University and its fresh-faced assertion of family values. In short, it was a high time but a strident one, too-a time when the religious right attempted to commandeer the culture.

Yet as radically different as the selfindulgence and the religiosity were, each may have emanated from the same source and for the same reasons. They operated as a balm for and a protection against something else that lurked in the 1980s and couldn't quite be exorcised: a sense of threat. The masters of the universe lived big to inure themselves to it. The moral commissars spoke big to challenge it. (A few, like



the religious zealots Jim Bakker and Jimmy Swaggart, lived big and spoke big.) Neither side could deny that so much in the decade was malfunctioning, so much beneath the high times and high-blown moral rhetoric seemed dangerous, and as much as it was the beginning of a new era, it was the epitaph for an old one that for all its shaggy chaos had seemed to be better.

The decade had scarcely begun when John Lennon, one of the leading avatars of the 1960s, was assassinated. It was a symbolic moment that closed the door on that decade once and for all and with it the remnants of 1960s idealism and hope. In politics it was, as Reagan put it in his 1984 reelection campaign, "morning in America," a time of reawakening. But tensions ran deep, especially racial tensions, and the macho preening could be dangerous, as in Central America-where the U.S. government supported quasi-fascist movements-when it wasn't preposterous, as in the invasion of the tiny island of Grenada. The economy would roar, but it would create one of the largest disparities in the nation's history, between the richest Americans and everyone else. Drug use was rampant, but they weren't the happy stoner drugs of the 1960s and 1970s that made everyone mellower. The drugs of choice now were PCP, ecstasy and crack-drugs that made everyone edgier, more paranoid.

You could see it too in 1980s attitudes toward sexuality. Perhaps nothing since the advent of PLAYBOY had as profound an effect on sex as the outbreak of AIDS did early in the decade-the first heightening the sense of sexual liberation, the second practically destroying it. Both explicitly and implicitly, AIDS changed everything. Michael Jackson, who may have been the central male sex icon of the decade, introduced the idea of faux sexuality-sexuality without the hint of sex. And the female icons were not voluptuous, smart blondes like Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield in the 1950s, who betrayed that decade's squareness, or tough beauties like Raquel Welch and Elizabeth Taylor in the 1960s, or disarming and unaffected kittens like Charlie's Angels in the 1970s. Rather they were surreptitious sirens like Kathleen Turner in Body Heat or Kim Basinger in The Natural or Glenn Close in Fatal Attraction-slinky femmes fatales who promised pleasure only to break the promise. In the 1980s sex was often a killer.

Still, the preeminent sex symbol of the decade was almost certainly Madonna, who was no killer. If anything, she was a parody of the sexual temptress. She arrived on the New York club scene as a waif in dishabille, crooning half jokily that she wanted to feel "like a virgin" in a decade when virginity was obsolete. She rapidly transformed herself into a golden-gowned "material girl," proclaiming her sex wasn't for free and it wasn't for fun. It was a commercial transaction just like everything else in the decade. It was Madonna's uncanny knack for using herself as a commodity—rather than let-ting anyone else use her—that made her in many ways the decade's muse. While always winking to let us in on her scheme, she demonstrated in her naked ambition that the decade's avalanche of money, its cold

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calculations, its emotional detachment and its obsession with appearances and status were all comical. And though one doesn't usually think of her this way, it was also Madonna the moralist who underscored that the 1980s were a decade with plenty of show but not much heart. Madonna wasn't the only one who under-

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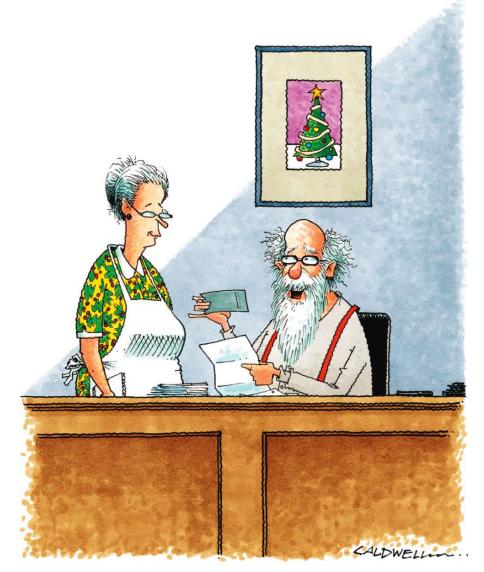
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stood that the decade's schizophrenia was as much a function of the culture's outward bravado and inner vacuity as of its money and moralism. These undercurrents of a society with a bold facade and not much but corruption underneath would surface as the major theme for some of the decade's most important artists and in some of its most important works of art. Bruce Springsteen began the decade with his long lament The River and then released Born in the U.S.A., with its title song's biting commentary on American patriotism (the irony of which many missed) and its account of the anger and sadness beneath the Reagan bromides. Then he moved on to Tunnel of Love and its signature song, "Brilliant Disguise," in which he addresses the truth under the surface with the recurrent plaint "Is that you, baby, or just a brilliant disguise?" It was the question of the age.

In The Bonfire of the Vanities Tom Wolfe not only gives the decade's buccaneers a name but also examines its materialistic values and concludes that even his money-besotted protagonist understands, if only vaguely, that something has gone wrong in America that money lust has perverted everything. Similarly, Bret Easton Ellis, in Less Than Zero, a novel that would serve as a kind of 1980s Great Gatsby, shows a generation lost and adrift in drugs and money and sex, but joylessly so, because nothing is connected to any emotional truth.

In movies, the decade's first best picture Oscar was awarded to Robert Redford's Ordinary People, the story of a seemingly perfect upper-middle-class family ultimately wrecked by its insistence on maintaining a phony surface and denying the disturbances



"A check from another male enhancement product firm. Your idea to sell our 'Naughty List' names was brilliant."

underneath. David Lynch's *Blue Velvet* is a surrealistic journey into the rot below the crust of American complacency and piety. Oliver Stone's *Wall Street*, with übercapitalist Gordon Gekko's slogan "Greed is good," luxuriates in the wealth and power of investment banking only to turn against it by film's end in favor of more basic and traditional values. The master of the universe is undone. His young acolyte sees through him. Once again the 1980s are shown to be materially full but morally vapid.

But if all these purveyed rather typical moralizing over the decade's decadent values, there is one movie that seemed to capture the 1980s ambivalent soul with neither approval nor disapprobation: Scarface. In many respects Tony Montana is the 1980s man par excellence. He is an ambitious immigrant who rises from nothing, using his pluck, muscle and guile to become a master of the universe in drugs, with a mountain of cocaine, a mansion and an exquisite moll. In 1980s terms Tony has it all, and Brian De Palma's film lets us vicariously ride to the top with Tony-its aesthetic is the 1980s' aesthetic. It is as shiny as a mirror. The film's slogan, a more apt motto for the age than Gekko's "Greed is good," is "Nothing exceeds like excess."

But as in so much of 1980s art as in so much of 1980s extravagance itself, there is no elation for Tony in his ascent. It is all for public consumption, an ego boost, and it is empty. Even the sex is a letdown. In any case, success demands eternal vigilance. Tony cannot lower his guard because other aspiring masters are always ready to take him down. The descent is inevitable. By the end, a Götterdämmerung of wild materialism, Tony is unhinged—paranoid, coked up, violent. The perils of 1980s America have been loosed. Devoid of emotion or guilt, Tony is a man of surfaces. When the surface shatters there is nothing underneath on which to fall back-not even the trusty moral values of Wall Street.

By the time the decade glided to its conclusion, with Reagan gone to his ranch and George H.W. Bush in the White House, the high times had moderated, the threats seemed less perilous, the surfaces were less glassy, the machismo seemed softer and less compulsory and the schizophrenia seemed to be abating because the extremes seemed less extreme. (Of course this was partly a result of the religious right having integrated itself more fully into the American mainstream.) It wasn't morning anymore in America, it was afternoon.

Then, just like that, the 1980s were gone, without lament over their passing or the likelihood of nostalgia or a possible '80s Show sitcom (what would it be, everyone snorting blow?) or a revival of 1980s fashion or any revisionism about the greatness of Generation X. The decade was lived large to ignore its anxieties and actively build morale. When it ended, when the morale seemed to have been rebuilt, the decade itself, like so much in it, simply evaporated, leaving a great gaping historical hole while America moved on.



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(continued from page 131) my daughters and grandchildren with the anguish of the lost cabin.

Unfortunately novelists are more likely to understand the characters they create than they are themselves. My dreams were full of the bears and songbirds, the deer and wolves I had seen in the vicinity of the cabin that often seemed more fellow creatures than other people did to me. Oddly it was only when I found an area in Montana that seemed the spiritual equivalent of the Upper Peninsula-that is, remote, underpopulated, possessed of a good bar and a wide valley with a good trout river running through it-that the pang of homesickness began to dissipate. On a hike I was watched by seven wild Rocky Mountain sheep. And the other day as I passed downriver in a skiff there was an infant moose and at least 50 yellow-rumped warblers. The only truly irritating part has been the 20 or so rattlesnakes I've had to shoot in our home yard in the past half dozen years, one of which killed my English setter Rose.

Ultimately, of course, our bodies are our only true home and their built-in obsolescence urges us on to find a good place to inhabit. As I said I was seven when I became obsessed with trout fishing and the woods with their secretive populations. It seems that to find any serenity we have to accommodate our childhood, the time when our characters were formed. I fish at least 70 days a summer and in the winter, when we live near the Mexican border, I quail and dove hunt for at least 40 afternoons, but that is another story. In the rest of my time I write like a mother in order to afford to indulge my character, which seems unable to bear up under the burden of homesickness. From these remote places I can make my uncomfortable forays into what is thought to be the real world, knowing that I have a home where I belong. I have often thought that I'm a bit less evolved than others. I love five days in New York or Chicago or Paris, but after that there is a specific panic, a desperation to sit in a thicket, or float on a river.





"Will she know what this is in reference to?"

CONAN O'BRIEN

(continued from page 58) just me but anybody my age. I remember individual jokes. He had a top 10 list, "Things Lincoln Would Say If He Were Alive Today," and number seven—it wasn't even one or 10—was "Eeeagh! Iron bird!" I laughed so hard.

PLAYBOY: Here are some things people close to you say: You make yourself crazy. You're too smart for your own good. You're not good with idle time.

O'BRIEN: I can get depressed. I have a very powerful imagination that's like this big lawn mower, but sometimes if I'm not careful it can turn around and run over me. I can get way too self-analytical. That's the struggle. Let's go back to the beginning of the conversation, when you asked, "Why do another one of these?" I do make myself crazy, I am too smart for my own good, and I do tend to overthink things. The beautiful thing about these shows is that when you say, "Hey, let's go" and the music starts playing, then I'm cured of that part of myself. The worry part of my brain, the analytical part of my brain is shut down.

PLAYBOY: So doing a show gets you out of yourself?

O'BRIEN: Yeah, being funny and in the moment. I'm a little out of control and I really don't care. I'm bulletproof. Then I'm content in this way that's hard for me to be content the rest of the time. The list of what I can't do is endless, but I can do this.

PLAYBOY: Have you always been prone to overanalysis?

O'BRIEN: When I was a kid I had an overactive imagination, and I was anxious. Someone told me that's why people drink, because the first thing alcohol does is shut down the shame center. That's how we get *Jersey Shore*. As my mother says, I never took things lightly. I get very dark. Having kids, that's a godsend. Your kids are just a constant reminder: Oh, right, I don't matter that much. In a good way.

PLAYBOY: Did your parents send you to a therapist?

O'BRIEN: No, they did not. There were six of us; I don't think they knew I was in the house. [*laughs*] There was a lot going on. My dad laughed really hard recently because someone said, "Oh, and your youngest child, Justin"—he was born years after the rest of us—"when he came along and had five older brothers and sisters, it must have been a great experience for him. You probably all nurtured and took care of him." I said, "What are you talking about? It was like throwing a tire into the ape cage." It kind of was just like [makes monkey sounds] "Ooh, ooh, ahh ahh!"

PLAYBOY: You said, "I get very dark."

O'BRIEN: It has happened to me throughout my life. I get consumed with worry to a point where people around me think it's destructive. When I got accepted to Harvard, I thought, I'm going to be the dumb guy here. I remember sitting in my office the first day of *The Simpsons*, and they told me to work on a treatment for a half-hour, three-act script. I'd never written that format before; I'd done only sketches. They put

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me in a room and shut the door. I remember talking to Robert Smigel on the phone, and I was in absolute despair. I gave this speech at Harvard in 2000 and tried to let them in on how many times I thought my career was at a dead end. I've felt that, viscerally, 15 times since I was 22. Maybe I'm due for seven more; I don't know.

Α

I bottom out. My sister Jane said to me once, "You have this need to go to the bottom of the pool sometimes; you touch bottom and then you shoot back up again." I get filled with despair. What's interesting is when things get tough, I'm very calm. There's part of me that maybe just likes that and is comfortable with trouble and chaos. When everything's fine, I'm going from office to office, asking, "What did you think of the show?" "Yeah, the show's really good; I think it's gotten good." "What do you mean it's gotten good?" This reminds me of something my dad told me. He said, "You know, it's interesting; you're making money off something that should be treated." [*laughs*]

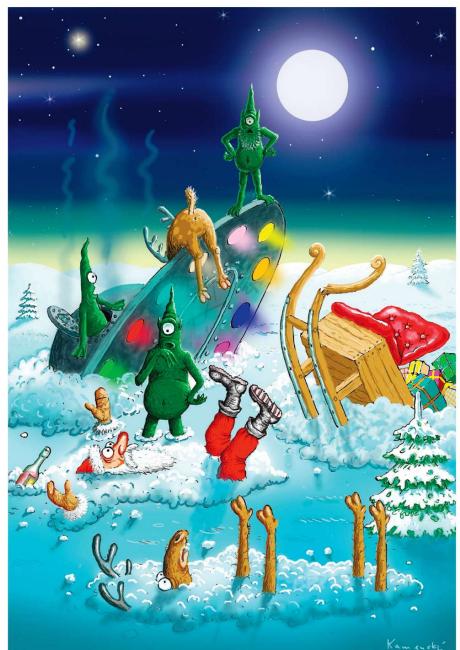
PLAYBOY: How dark do things get for you? Sobbing in a darkened room for 72 hours? Self-cutting?

O'BRIEN: No, no, sorry to *disappoint* you. It's never not being able to get out of bed; it's not being able to stop thinking. I'm obsessive and thinking about it and thinking about it. People say the unexamined life isn't worth living. But don't overdo it. The constantly examined life is not worth living either.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you have OCD?

O'BRIEN: I do not think I have OCD, and I've checked with my doctor 10,000 times. **PLAYBOY:** What have you done to be less obsessive?

O'BRIEN: I did cognitive therapy, which helped me with negative thoughts. I was



suspicious of therapy, probably suspicious of feeling good. I'm not the first comedian to worry about this; we want to be funny first and happy second. The biggest fear is, If I get happy will I still be funny? What if you're unhappy and unfunny? Then you're really screwed.

PLAYBOY: What finally sent you to therapy? **O'BRIEN:** I used to make myself crazy before every show. I remember thinking, I have to make these shows happen. Sadly, it was not being unhappy that made me do it; it was the fear that I was being inefficient. I want my kids not to worry as much as I do. That's what I wish for them. I'd like them to worry some but not too much. [*laughs*]

PLAYBOY: The speech you gave on your final *Tonight Show* was very touching: "Nobody in life gets exactly what they thought they were going to get. But if you work really hard and you're kind, I'm telling you, amazing things will happen."

O'BRIEN: I wanted to end on an optimistic note. I thought it could end up being the most important moment of my television career. It still could be, unless I get shot on the air on TBS, or shoot someone. I have had too many good things happen in my career to end on any kind of bitter note. I'm just saying this to you; we're alone in this office, and I don't have to say this: I am an incredibly fortunate person. I still want that to be the message I go with. And as crazy as this sounds, my career with NBC was overwhelmingly positive until this. "Other than that, Mrs. Lincoln, how was the play?" [laughs] The play was pretty good until that part. The entertainment business has an amazing way of turning really lucky people into bitter, angry, ragefilled, jealous, resentful wretches who can't believe they got screwed. Some things have worked out great for me, some things haven't. You keep going.

PLAYBOY: Has the dust settled?

O'BRIEN: I think the dust may not settle for years. Think of an emotion, and I've had it this year: anger, despair, elation. Doing those last *Tonight Shows* was a high. A lot of people tuned in, and I was really proud of what I was able to make in that situation. So this was good, this was bad, this was ugly, this was beautiful, this was fucked-up, this was sublime. It was cherry, it was vanilla, it was frogurt, it was mocha chocolate chip.

PLAYBOY: Can we end this interview, like your final *Tonight Show*, on an optimistic note?

O'BRIEN: I cannot tell you how, but I think I'm different now. Here's an incredibly nerdy reference: In the first half of the *Lord* of the Rings movie, Gandalf tries to get over a bridge and falls down a hole. The dragon pulls him in. He's gone, and you think he's dead. Then he shows up late in the movie and he's not dead. They don't quite explain what happened, but he's all white now. He has been through some incredibly transformative event; he says he fell and he fell and he fell, and then he comes back, and he kicks ass. I tell my writers I'm the white Gandalf now. The guys who work on my website like that one.



OLIVIA WILDE

(continued from page 92)

Q3

PLAYBOY: We're guessing you didn't get a lot of pee breaks during filming.

WILDE: Not many, no. I'm sure we were all severely dehydrated, but I try to avoid complaining about these things. Sure, it was uncomfortable to wear a tight rubber costume for four and a half months, but it was also an amazing experience. These suits were created with a new technology. They take a body scan and design it completely on a computer. It was like being inside a work of art.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Your *Tron* co-star Jeff Bridges is best known to many of us as the Dude from *The Big Lebowski*. Did his inner dude ever make an appearance?

WILDE: The thing about Jeff is, in a lot of ways he really is the Dude. He has an inner peace I tried to learn from and this easygoing, come-what-may, go-with-the-flow attitude that's such a joy to be around. Nothing really fazes him. With Jeff it's all going to be okay.

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PLAYBOY: Your real surname is Cockburn, and you changed it to Wilde while still in high school. Is that a life decision a teenager is qualified to make?

WILDE: It was meant as an homage to the writers in my family, many of whom created pen names for their careers. I have a grandfather who changed his name to James Helvick to write the novel *Beat the Devil*, which got turned into a movie with Humphrey Bogart. I always thought having a pen name was so romantic. I honestly didn't foresee that people would look at it as a sexy name, like "She's *wiiiild!*" Anytime a story is written about me, the title is usually some pun on my last name— "Born to Be Wilde" or "Take a Walk on the Wilde Side." [*laughs*] I don't mind it; it's just not something I ever considered when I picked the name.

Q6

PLAYBOY: You were a wild teenager, getting your first tattoo at 13, then getting piercings, shaving your head and hanging out with street musicians. What were you rebelling against?

WILDE: I don't think I was rebelling against anything. It definitely wasn't a rebellion against my family. In a way, I was paying tribute to a family that has a very adventurous and independent spirit. We were in New York City, where it's pretty easy to act crazy. If I had been in Omaha I probably wouldn't have had so many opportunities.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Your parents are both journalists who have traveled to war-torn countries such as Afghanistan and Iraq. Growing up, did you ever join them?

WILDE: Never. They went only to really dangerous places, not kid-friendly places.

It's not as if they could've left us with a babysitter in the hotel while they went to interview the Taliban. They still travel to some amazing places. In fact, my mom's getting ready to go to Yemen for 60 Minutes. It's actually kind of adorable; they try to pretend my job is more interesting than theirs. We'll have conversations and they'll act as though fighting fake aliens in a movie is more exciting than my mom going to Yemen.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You played a doctor for more than three years on the Fox TV drama *House*. At this point do you feel you could make a medical diagnosis?

WILDE: Oh yeah, absolutely. Just come to me. I learned a lot about medicine from the show, such as what constitutes a symptom for jaundice. I'm always diagnosing people with jaundice—it's the yellowing in the eyes. Your eyeballs are connected to your liver, and so is your tongue. I see my friends and say, "Oh no, you have jaundice." The human body is so complex, and there's no limit to what can go wrong with it.

Q9

PLAYBOY: You've kissed a few women on TV, first on the teen drama *The O.C.* and then on *House*. What's the trick to a believable lesbian kiss if you're not actually gay?

WILDE: It's the same trick I use when I'm in a movie like *Tron* and pretending to fly a plane. Acting is acting. It's not as if I play myself most of the time and kissing a woman is one time I depart from that. It's fun to play things that are different from you.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Your husband, Tao Ruspoli, is an Italian prince. Does that technically make you a princess?

WILDE: Technically, yeah, but I never call myself that. I occasionally get mail that says "*Principessa*." It's all part of being this lucky person who has been welcomed into an interesting family with a long history. I'm into European history, so it's exciting to trace our family back to the 14th century and beyond. How many people get to say "This castle has been in our family since the 1400s"?

Q11

PLAYBOY: Most people can't even say they have a castle.

WILDE: That's true. In America we're still so young. The oldest building in Los Angeles is probably from the 1920s. But this castle is so old, it's practically from another planet. There are dungeons in the basement where they used to torture people. There's a table down there that, when they sanded it, still had blood stains from hundreds of years ago. Medieval times weren't fun times to be alive.

Q12

PLAYBOY: You and Ruspoli had your wedding on a school bus. Shouldn't a princess



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be able to afford something a little more extravagant?

WILDE: We didn't want that. The bus was

- the only place we could be completelyalone. The wedding was a secret, and we
- wanted to do it someplace where we could hide with our best friends. It was all about

the intimacy of the promise we were mak-

A ing. When I go to weddings it's usually all about the party and the place settings and the dress and the flower arrangements. Our wedding wasn't about any of that. I mean, come on, we got engaged at Burning Man. We were hippies. We lived on that bus for months.

Q13

PLAYBOY: As somebody who has called a school bus home, do you have any helpful tips for bus living?

WILDE: Limit your possessions. We tend to cart around a lot of unnecessary junk with us. I used to lug around everything, just in case I needed it, and the truth is, of course you don't. When I travel I've learned to narrow it down to only the things I absolutely need.

Q14

PLAYBOY: And what would those things be? WILDE: A change of clothes is always good. And for me—I inherited this from my dad—my biggest fear is being stuck somewhere with nothing to read, so I always carry too many books. That's my one excess. I also have this thing that I'm very sensitive to smell, so I carry around different essential oils. If you're stuck in an airport in Dallas, you can pull one out and it'll make you feel as though you're where you want to be.

015

PLAYBOY: In the upcoming movie *Cowboys* and Aliens you're part of the human uprising against an extraterrestrial invasion. Do you believe aliens exist?

WILDE: Well, as Stephen Hawking says, we have no reason to believe they *don't* exist. But I don't know why they'd be interested in us, unless they're trying to stop us from destroying the universe. There's a certain amount of arrogance in thinking they'd want to come to this planet at all or that they'd look like us or like versions of us. I love Moby's video "In This World," where the aliens are tiny little creatures who wander through New York City, holding little signs that say HELLO and HOLA, but nobody can see them. Who's to say that's not the form they're taking?

Q16

PLAYBOY: You collect classic cars. What's your dream car?

WILDE: I think I own it—a 1958 Chevy Biscayne. It's cool because I grew up wanting the 1954 Bel Air, but that car is almost too perfect. There's something about the Biscayne that's a little funkier. My hus-



band has a 1959 Thunderbird convertible, and it's awesome. It's cream with a red interior. It's gorgeous; it looks like a shark. I love our cars, but we don't drive them as much as we should. They suck up so much gas, and they're not exactly eco-friendly.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Isn't it a crime to own a car like that and never drive it?

WILDE: Probably. The great thing about driving one of these cars is that it makes other drivers happy. People smile at you and let you cut in. It's as if they're grateful you're still driving it. But the cars are not exactly discreet. My life has changed so that I try to blend in more. When I was younger it was always about standing out and being different. Now the last thing I want to do is drive down the street and call attention to myself. That's what driving my Biscayne does.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You once won a pancake-eating contest in Australia, eating 33 pancakes in just 20 minutes. Were you born to be a competitive eater?

WILDE: I entered the contest only because they said a woman could never win, and that's a surefire way to get me to do something. I've always had a huge appetite and don't get full easily, so I guess I was meant to be a competitive eater, the way some people are born to be long-distance runners. But I'd never do it again.

Q19

PLAYBOY: In your movies you've played both a brunette in Alpha Dog and a blonde in Turistas. Do blondes have more fun? WILDE: No, that's bullshit. It's not true at all. But I have to give credit to blondes. Having been raised by one and being one, it's great to surprise people when they have low expectations. Often stupid people expect nothing from a blonde, and then the blonde can shock them by being Hillary Clinton. I'm pretty sure she has fun. I mean, she gets to travel everywhere, eat amazing food in all these different countries-you know she's having a great time. And she probably enjoys being underestimated just so she can blow people away.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Megan Fox once declared you so sexy it makes her "want to strangle a mountain ox." You're a big PETA supporter; is threatening to strangle animals the best way to win your heart?

WILDE: I thought it was a witty, clever choice of words. There are a lot more boring ways to compliment someone, and it's rare when actors in this business compliment each other. I'm sure she means no harm to the mountain oxen. Shortly after Megan said that, a writer on *House* who's also one of my best friends drew a mountain ox on my dressing room mirror and underneath it wrote SAVE ME, OLIVIA! PLEASE MAKE OUT WITH MEGAN!



CLEVELAND

(continued from page 144) in Cleveland, Jesus in New England. Go figure. Say a prayer:

Lord have mercy on the best location in the nation!

The satanic attacks against us go on and on, even to this day. The Indians were pretty much the worst team in all the major leagues, just as *The Sporting News* predicted they would be at the beginning of the season. At the same time, their general manager, Mark Shapiro, who assembled this worst team, is being promoted to team president. (Shapiro is not a Clevelander but a native of the same cursed Great City of Baltimore that wound up with the old Browns.)

And the Browns coach, Eric Mangini, whose first year at the helm resulted in one of the worst teams in Browns history, has been given a pat on the back and a vote of confidence by the team's new president. (Mangini isn't a Clevelander either. Some say he's from New York, some say he's from New England, some say he is the mutant elephantine offspring of Rasputin and Touchdown Jesus.)

Nobody in town understands why the team owners who are Clevelanders—the Lerners, the Dolans—can't find any real Clevelanders, who actually care about the Browns and the Indians, to run their teams.

I'm going to be fair about all this, so I will be the first to admit we have had some tough times. Fate has badly diddled us upside down and over again. Tornadoes have stripped us of our roofs. Hail has shattered our windows. Floods have given putrid expression to our sewer lines. Snowfalls have buried us. And buried us. And buried us.

We petition the Lord with prayer!

We petition the Lord with more prayer!

And when that doesn't work, in our gloom and in our depression, in our inner fury and frustration, we gaze lovingly (when we can see it through the fog or the snow) at the symbol of our town, the Terminal Tower, for so many years our tallest building. The Terminal Tower, I must make clear, is not the Cleveland Clinic's VIP cancer ward—I know, because I've resided in that ward. No, the Terminal Tower is the biggest extended middle finger in America. A monument to Clevelanders. An expression of integrity forged in rock and stone. Extended to Forbes magazine. Extended to Steve Forbes. Extended to Benedict Arnold in drag. Extended to Rasputin. Extended to Jim Thome. Extended to LeBron. Extended to motherfucking Delonte West. Extended to all the late-night jokesters telling Cleveland jokes. Extended to the Great City of Baltimore. And proudly extended to the New York Fucking Yankees.

Never mind all this macho talk. The women of Cleveland, I've noted, feel even more passionately about our town than the men do. I was having a meeting with a studio executive in Los Angeles, and when I walked out, his assistant, a stunning redhead, came running after me.

"Hey," she said, "you're from Cleveland, right?"

I said, "Right."

She smiled. She started unbuttoning her blouse. One button and then another and another and another. I stood there and thought, Great, finally. I finally get my reward from God for being a Clevelander.

She pulled her blouse open and I saw them. On the front of a Cleveland Browns T-shirt: two Brownie elves. I stared at the...elves.

She said, "Do you love them as much as I do?"

I grinned and said, "Yes. I love them very much."

She smiled happily, turned and walked back to her office.

And before I met Naomi, in my admittedly adulterous first marriage, I had an affair with a young woman who was the daughter of a prominent politician in Cleveland. She was ever-orgasmic about her hometown. She drove her Dodge Dart cross-country from L.A. whenever she could visit it. She knew all about carburetors. She knew all about cheeseburgers. She knew all about the beer made at the Great Lakes Brewing Company. She loathed Benedict Arnold. She loathed Rasputin. She knew that Rocky Colavito was now an onion farmer in upstate New York. She had a crush on Bernie Kosar. And she knew all about rock and roll. She played Ian Hunter's "Cleveland Rocks" over and over again whenever she got the blues.

She's married now. She named one of her kids after three of the Beatles. Never doubt it: Cleveland really is the heart of rock and roll.

Miserable? We're not miserable in Cleveland. We have fun in Cleveland. We wear T-shirts that say CLEVELAND—YOU GOTTA BE TOUGH and CLEVELAND-IT DOESN'T SUCK and I'M FROM CLEVELAND, SO SHUT UP AND SIT DOWN. We go to the Indians games and yell "Frankentorre!" when we see Joe Torre, historically with the Yankees and now with the Dodgers. We wear Yankees pinstripes at Indians-Yankees games with the number "666" and the words "the Beast" on the back. And when a Yankee hits a home run, we yell, "Nobody cares! Nobody cares!" We chant "Loser" when Jim Thome comes back to Progressive Field, which will always be "the Jake" to us. And we can't wait until the day LeBron comes back with the Heat to play the Cavs.

We go to see the Browns with our kids when the windchill is 20 below, when the beer in your hand freezes before you can get it to your lips and when your lip gets stuck to the beer when it tries to make its way back to your hand.

I took our smallest boy, Luke, seven at the time, to a game like that at Browns Stadium. He had to go to the bathroom at halftime, had to go very badly, and we went to the head of the line and found ourselves in a jammed men's room of smoking and drinking Brownie fans.

And the minute we went in, they started yelling, "Get out of the way; the kid's gotta piss!" They pushed everyone else out of the way and Lukie and I went into the stall and he did the longest pee in world history. They cheered when we came out of the stall and high-fived him. He'll never forget it. It was the most fun he's ever had in a john (so far; he's young).

On the way out of the stadium, the wind



Follow along as the silly and sexy bombshell makes her own life in the Valley with fiancé Hank Baskett. From learning to feed herself without being able to call a butler to planning her fairy tale wedding, Kendra's DVD set is full of love, laughs (especially Kendra's endearing cackles) and bonus footage—including an extra episode and bloopers.

TAKE KENDRA HOME WITH YOU TODAY. \$22.98 AT PLAYBOYSTORE.COM blew off Lukie's hat. And then the wind blew somebody's cell phone into his face. And then it almost knocked him flat on his little butt. He loved every minute of it. It was one of the happiest days of his life never mind, of course, that the Brownies lost. We were both so happy that on the way home I tried to drive over all the potholes I saw just so we could laugh and toughen up our kidneys.

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When it got really bad here, when the Indians and the Browns had both broken our hearts, when it was still snowing in April or even early May, when another of our favorite restaurants closed, when Dennis Kucinich announced yet another presidential run, we had one surefire way of pulling ourselves out of the doldrums, of finding redemption. We watched the Cavs play basketball. We lost ourselves in LeBron. He was our gift from God.

But then he died. And was buried in Miami. We grieved. We're not insensitive here. Sure, we grieved. But then we figured—fuck him, he's dead. Life comes at you fast. Life is a beach. Life sucks ass.

I moved back to my hometown almost 10 years ago with my wife and our four little boys. We had been living in Malibu, in a house overlooking the sea, just across the street from Bob Dylan's house. I knew what I was doing moving back to Cleveland. Really. *Really!* (Oh, up yours!)

My wife and I wanted to raise our little boys in a normal, all-American setting—in Ohio, where Naomi and I had both been raised. With the same values with which we—the offspring of Hungarian, Polish and Italian parents—were raised. We didn't want our boys to be surfer dudes, growing up on the same beach where Sean Penn and Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe had grown up.

Three of our four boys are teenagers now. They are not surfer dudes. They have shown no inclination to go out and surf Lake Erie in hellish winter. They are normal Clevelanders and Ohioans. They root for the Indians and the Browns, even when they stink, though one of them, Nick, 14, is a Yankees fan. (May God forgive me, I don't really know how I allowed that to happen, but I consider it one of my life's greatest failures.)

We have taught our boys not to start any fights, but being Clevelanders, they don't take shit from anybody either, thank you very much. They go to church with us, although that doesn't mean they don't use a four-letter word every now and then. (You're fucking right we punish them for it.) Nick, the Yankees fan, a tough guy (you'd sure as hell better be a tough guy if you're going to be a Yankees fan in Cleveland), was suspended recently from his Catholic Youth Organization basketball team for loudly telling a ref that the call he made was "bullshit."

When it hits the fan, we hang tough. This is Cleveland, for Christ's sake! When I was a Hungarian immigrant kid growing up on the near West Side, I had three heroes. Shondor Birns was a racketeer of Hungarian descent who drove his sparkling green Cadillac convertible down Lorain Avenue, the street where my parents and I lived, on Saturday nights. Lou Teller, also of



"There's just something about a man in uniform."

Hungarian descent, was a bank robber who hit a bunch of banks in our part of town with his hot-mama gun moll covering his back. Rocky Colavito was the big Indians slugger, a matinee idol role model for a zitfaced Howdy Doody–looking kid, his face smeared with Vaseline.

The shit hit the fan on all three of my heroes—life comes at you fast, life is a beach, etc., etc. Shondor got blown into smithereens by a rival gangster while sitting in another hot Cadillac. Lou got caught and did a long stretch in jail. Rocky got traded to the Detroit Tigers and even wound up doing a short stretch for the Yankees. (I forgave him; I still have his Indians baseball card on my nightstand.)

The shit hit the fan on all three of my heroes, and I learned the lesson all Clevelanders learn: You gotta be tough! How tough do you gotta be? This tough:

A member of our church drove down to Restland Cemetery, near our home, every week to visit his wife's grave. He was in his 90s. He'd been making visits to his wife's grave for a long, long time. Snow was falling when he made his visit one week in January. It turned into a lake-effect blizzard. He didn't care. He was going to visit his wife, by God, snow or no damn snow! The hell with the damn snow! The hell with the damn lake effect! A little snow wasn't going to stop him! He was a Clevelander, by God.

So he drove to Restland. And the snow kept falling. And he kept praying by his wife's grave. And the snow kept falling. When he'd finished all his prayers, he got back into his car, and it wouldn't start. And the snow kept falling.

Well, the hell with the damn car! The hell with the damn snow! The hell with the damn lake effect! He got out of the car and started walking back home. He was a Clevelander, by God. And the snow kept falling. He suffered a heart attack. He fell to the ground. He died. And the snow kept falling.

Weeks later, when all that snow was melting, an elderly lady was visiting her husband's grave at Restland when she saw a shoe attached to a foot sticking out of the melting snow.

I admired that old guy so much.

So tough, I thought.

Such a heart, I thought.

So real, I thought.

So Cleveland.

I thought about going down to his funeral mass at our church as a kind of farewell gesture to a tough guy, a good guy, a true Clevelander.

But Nick, my son the Yankees lover, had a basketball tournament that day and I couldn't do it. I said to Nick, "Kick ass, but don't get caught." I watched Nick playing ball at just about the time the old guy was having his mass at Holy Angels Church.

Life goes on in our tough town in the usual hard-nosed, loving way. Nick kicked ass but didn't get caught. The old guy is resting at Restland, right next to his wife. May he rest in peace and may perpetual light—real sunlight, unfogged, unsmogged, unclouded—shine upon him. And may no lake-effect snow ever fall on his grave.

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HOLLYWOOD FIXER

(continued from page 124) responders. Aaron has taught us what we need to know. I'm not easily impressed. I'm impressed by Aaron."

Then there's a major social services agency in a large Midwestern city. After the agency, which is housed in a 22-story tower, received a series of bomb threats, the director of security contracted IMS to do an assessment. The results were unsettling. Although the building was supposed to be inaccessible to vehicles, Cohen found an opening in a protective cordon of planters and bollards and drove a car that could have been laden with explosives right to the front door. Later, with a few keystrokes on a computer, he e-mailed a panic-inducing message. "Because Aaron served in Israel, he sees things in a way we Americans just don't," says the security director, who prefers that he and his agency remain unnamed as it continues to be a target. "Aaron suggested a whole range of steps, and we took them. We rewrote our security manual."

Cohen is a rare hybrid of Hollywood heat and military know-how. One moment he'll talk about singer and occasional client Rihanna ("I wish I'd been there when Chris Brown went at her-it would have ended differently"), the next about protecting the powerful and the rich in, as he likes to put it, "austere environments." By this he means not just the violent countries in which some business executives must work but also the exotic lands in which the wealthy often vacation. Colt M4 Commando carbines, 70-foot repeating towers for transmitting radio signals over vast distances, night-vision goggles, level-three under-armor concealment vests and rented helicopters-to Cohen these are simply tools of the trade.

"You don't find many guys like Aaron in Los Angeles," says Rob Weiss, an executive producer of HBO's Entourage. "You find actors and writers, but you don't find commandos." That being the case, when Doug Ellin, Entourage's creator, was beset by a security problem last year, Weiss introduced him to Cohen. "It was a situation where someone had crossed the line and needed to be looked at a little closer," Cohen says with characteristic evasiveness. To be more precise, a wannabe Hollywood player was going around town trying to pass himself off as Ellin, who happened to be building a new home and felt particularly exposed. Cohen checked out the house, assessed its vulnerabilities and suggested solutions. Grateful for the resulting peace of mind, Ellin wrote Cohen into two episodes that aired near the conclusion of Entourage's 2009 season. The story was that a dangerous stalker breaks into the pad shared by the show's fame-seeking ensemble in pursuit of their movie-star leader, Vincent Chase. Their agent, Ari Gold, urges them to hire Aaron Cohen, played by veteran film tough guy Peter Stormare, perhaps best known for his role in Fargo. Cohen and his band of Israeli agents become part of the ensemble's lives, introducing a new level of paranoia into the series. Entourage being a comedy, it all comes to an absurdly amusing end when the stalker is revealed to be a group of sorority girls after the underwear of posse member Turtle as part of a pledge-week prank. Cohen had clearly entered the popular culture.

On a warm spring morning, Aaron Cohen, clad in a white T-shirt, Gap jeans, New Balance sneakers and his always present Ray-Bans, walks into the Kings Road Cafe, an informal yet chic Los Angeles breakfast spot that serves as his unofficial office. "There's only one way in and one way out, and I get a 180-degree view," he says only half joking as he takes his usual seat at an outdoor corner table. "My back is to the wall by second nature," he adds. "When I sit down I do what is called a precision generalization. I know that's an oxymoron, but what I mean is I look at everyone around me. I don't want to come off like Jack Bauer, but I look at shirts to see how they're worn. I'm trained in lies—an itch or a blink, clothing that doesn't match bags. Everyone has a different tell. I know instantly if someone is wearing a pistol. It's always on. I can't turn it off. So I look around until I can dismiss all threats."

Today nothing untoward catches Cohen's eye as the café fills with the usual crowd of screenwriters pecking at laptops and actresses leashing their dogs to sidewalk chairs. But this does not mean the director of IMS can relax. At this very minute, for instance, Cohen is keeping track of Michael Douglas. Before the year is out, the actor will be battling for his life against cancer. But he is currently on a weeklong backpacking trip with his family in Mexico, where drug executions and kidnappings are the worry. Prior to departing, Douglas had contacted IMS, seeking advice on how to stay safe. Cohen's response was to outfit everyone in the party with miniature stateof-the-art global positioning devices. "I'm so excited about this," he says, pulling one of the \$300 gadgets from his pants pocket. It's no larger than a cigarette pack. "We sewed them into all their backpacks. I'm checking in with Michael twice a day. I call on his cell and say, 'Are you standing next to so-and-so?' And he says, 'Yes.''

The devices cannot, of course, guarantee that Douglas will avoid mishap, but if something bad does occur he will have a better chance of survival. "It's extremely advantageous to know someone's last coordinates," says Cohen. "In the event of trouble, I'd dispatch my team there. I'd contact the Mexican authorities, the U.S. consulate, and I'd call in some favors from my Israeli friends. We would find him.

"I have this crazy idea that every mother and daughter and every couple traveling in South America will one day have one of these," he adds, turning the global positioning device over in his hands. "Why didn't Natalee Holloway have one of these in Aruba?"

Simultaneously, Cohen is monitoring an international pop diva right here at home—a five-bedroom estate in Sherman Oaks just off Mulholland Drive. He will not disclose her identity because her problem—unlike those of clients he does

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discuss by name—is ongoing. "She had a number-one album several years ago, and a stalker was introduced into her life," Cohen says. "Then another stalker appeared. He was a crazy who believed she'd ripped off one of his songs. The claim had no merits, but he was making direct threats on her website. The police were called in and found he had a felony assault arrest. I went to the California firearms registry and found he had a registered firearm. At that point she decided to acquire full-time security."

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The protection is comprehensive, technologically advanced and heavily armed. It begins with two dozen closed-circuit cameras in critical areas of the grounds around the singer's home that feed into high-resolution screens in a control room in her basement. Her property is also crisscrossed by invisible radio-frequency beams that tie into a custom-fabricated electric map in the control room. If a breach occurs, the map lights up, pinpointing the spot. The house is guarded 24 hours a day by a revolving team of IMS agents who carry Glock 19 semiautomatic pistols in tactical holsters concealed in their waistbands. Periodically the operatives walk the perimeter, swiping access cards over digital readers to confirm that all areas have been checked. They also monitor the star's website for disturbing e-mails and chart street traffic to make certain no one is casing the neighborhood.

From the curb, the Spanish Revival house is the picture of tranquility—a circular drive, lovely greenery, gym equipment in back. The singer has relied on Cohen to keep it this way since 2006. The price: \$500,000 a year.

Protecting clients is an obsession for Cohen. "He doesn't have an off switch,' says Entourage's Weiss. "I don't know what he does to take it easy," adds Steve Katz, the entertainment manager. "I've been out with him, and he's very personable and funny, but he's preoccupied a lot of the time." Although Cohen dines at a fashionable Hollywood restaurant at least once a week (his preferred meal: a steak at Dan Tana's), the outings are as much for research as pleasure. He likes to keep current on Los Angeles nightspots because the stars he represents frequent them. "I'm not a scenester; I never have been," says Cohen, who'd rather ride his Harley-Davidson in the hills above Malibu or hang out at home playing Led Zeppelin on his Martin acoustic. He has a girlfriend, but he deflects even innocent queries about her. "Security," he often declares, "begins with anonymity," and the rule applies just as much to him as to his charges.

To spend time with Cohen is to enter a hyperaware world where not everything is as it seems. During the course of a conversation he may hold forth on stalkers, which in his business are a persistent threat. "They suffer from erotomania," he says, his tone, as always, earnest, almost scholarly. "They believe that they and the celebrity they see on-screen or in concert have a personal relationship. The cause is linked to low self-esteem. My task is to determine if a potential for violence exists." Or he may discuss the challenges of working abroad. "I recently had a job for an American billionaire in Tanzania," he says. "A few weeks before he was scheduled to take his family there, drug lords gunned down several of his employees. He asked me to secure the property, which turned out to be several hundred thousand acres. It was really a military operation, and I hired five trained killers. That's what was required."

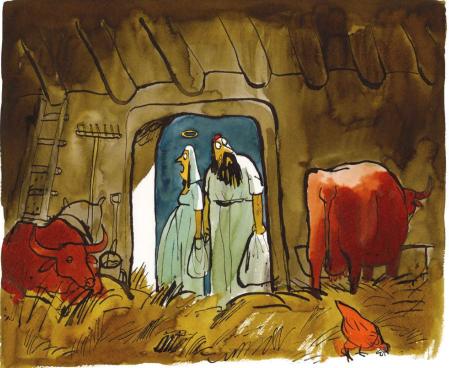
For all this Cohen is anything but gung ho. He goes to extraordinary lengths to diminish the chances of confrontation. "The trick in my job is to manage risk, not exacerbate it," he says. "The goal, always, is to avoid a violent outcome. What I do is the opposite of what you see in a movie. In fact, if I ever had to pull a pistol it would be an admission of failure. It would mean I was so far behind that I had been beaten. My task is to see what a client is up against and then make sure it doesn't happen."

In part, Cohen's philosophy derives from common sense, but there is also something else. "Aaron doesn't wear his compassion on his sleeve," says Katz. "But as you get to know him it shows up. He's an amalgam of a counterterrorist and a warm, caring person. He sees himself as the cavalry coming to the rescue. He works so hard because he empathizes with his clients." Adds one of those clients, "He's not afraid to show you that he's vulnerable, and that actually encourages your trust in him. Most of these guys think they have to be 100 percent granite—not him."

"I come into people's lives when there is a lot of fear and doubt," says Cohen in a voice that suggests he knows a bit about such emotions himself. "You've got to be able to relate to them. In this business you have to want to help people. If you don't, you ought to be doing something else."

"The first thing you need to understand about Aaron is that he is a little Jewish boy from Beverly Hills," says his client Lisa Kline. The stepson of Abby Mann, the Academy Award-winning screenwriter of *Judgment at Nuremberg*, Cohen grew up not only with money but in the highest reaches of Hollywood royalty. Steven Spielberg, Warren Beatty and Tom Cruise regularly wandered by the house to discuss scripts. Tony Bennett, Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra dropped in for coffee. James Caan was one of his Little League coaches.

Although Cohen was raised in a rarefied realm, he did not enter it until the age of 10, when his mother, also a screenwriter, married Mann. From the start, he never felt he belonged. "My mom and stepfather were too into their careers and themselves," he says. "I was an attentionseeking kid, and I wasn't getting any at home. I couldn't connect to them, and I acted out. I got into trouble." During his freshman year at Beverly Hills High School, Cohen absconded with the family BMW and charged some \$10,000 on his mother's credit card. "When my mom found out what I'd done," he says, "she sent me to military school, the Robert Land Academy outside Toronto. I got a total ass kicking. It was a completely structured environment-beds made each morning, no violations, no attitude. But I



mike winiamy.

"Well, so much for Internet booking."

found out I loved the structure. In fact, I found out I excelled at it."

After a couple of years Cohen returned to Beverly Hills High School for his last courses and graduation. Unlike others in the class of 1994, however, he was not headed to an Ivy League college or a summer internship at Creative Artists Agency. At Robert Land he'd become fixated on joining the Israeli army, so he bought a one-way plane ticket to Tel Aviv. "A lot of Jewish teenagers go to Israel," says an old friend, "but not very many go to join the army. Aaron had something to prove. He was disgusted with the shallowness of his life in Beverly Hills. He wanted to find his own identity." Cohen puts it more succinctly: "I was a fucked-up kid looking for a family.'

Following 14 months of what he calls "a modern-day version of gladiator school, Cohen had acquired an array of lethal skills-chief among them Krav Maga, an Israeli hand-to-hand combat technique that stresses relentless attack. He had also learned the Israeli art of deception known as mista'aravim. Working undercover, he would be able to speak convincing Arabic and wear the distinctive red- or blue-checked kaffiyeh. The payoff: He was accepted not just into the Israeli army but into Sayeret Duvdevan, roughly equivalent to the United States Army's Delta Force, a rare honor for an American. Duvdevan performs a specific and dangerous task. "Our single focus was to undertake stealth counterterrorism operations in the occupied territories," Cohen would later write in Brotherhood of Warriors, a memoir he co-authored with Douglas Century. "Every single mission was an attempt to take down a terrorist leader. We were not after suicide bombers, but rather the planners...the command-andcontrol of groups like Hamas, Hezbollah and Islamic Jihad." The Duvdevan specializes in serving so-called "terrorist warrants." Bluntly put, the unit abducts murderers and brings them back to Israeli authorities for interrogation.

Thus it was that two and a half years out of Beverly Hills High, Cohen was sitting across from the third-ranking figure in Hamas, at the Palestine Café in East Jerusalem. Hair dyed blond and a tape recorder in hand, Cohen passed himself off as a sympathetic journalist straight out of UCLA. Armed with only a Beretta concealed in his boot, he was all charm, knowing that if he made even the slightest false move one of the Hamas leader's three bodyguards would shoot him. After receiving a message in a tiny earpiece that his comrades were in place, Cohen leaped across the table and beat his quarry senseless. It was a classic Duvdevan operation: quick and brutal. The terrorist was whisked out of the café. Only when it was over did Cohen realize that much of the blood that covered him was his own. So savage was the attack that he'd ripped open his fists.

Cohen had become, by his own admission, an "emotional automaton, a pure fighting machine" able to turn on "an inner killer—a survival mechanism inherent in all of us but rarely used in normal, day-to-day Western society."

After completing his required one-year tour, Cohen did not reenlist in the Duvdevan. He had killed and had witnessed killing. (A teenage girl died in his arms in the midst of a horrific terrorist bombing at the Dizengoff shopping mall.) He was scared—both of dying and of becoming a monster. He was only 21, but to use a phrase common in the Israeli military, his dick was broken—badly. "I didn't stay in Israel, because I was burned out," he says. "My Israel wasn't joyful."

Still, no matter how terrifying the experience, it had imbued Cohen with not just a profound feeling of accomplishment but a sense of belonging. "Israel was my mother," he says. "It gave me the attention I needed and the skills I could use to cope later in life. I always say I was raised in Beverly Hills but I grew up in Israel."

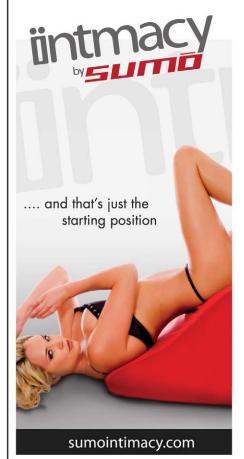
Back in Los Angeles, Cohen was initially at a loss. "I wanted to do something with what I'd learned in Israel," he says. "I didn't want it to have just been three years of finding myself. But I didn't know what that something was."

The answer came when Cohen applied for work with Professional Security Consultants, a southern California firm that provided bodyguards to celebrities. The timing was perfect. His first assignment was to protect Brad Pitt. The then rising star had arrived at his Hollywood Hills home one night to be greeted by a stalker named Athena Rolando. She had broken into the house, put on his shirt and was waiting for him in bed. "Brad was completely freaked out," says Cohen. "For the next year and a half I was the team leader for six guys providing security at his property 24 hours a day."

After three years with PSC, Cohen went out on his own. From the start he hired former members of the Duvdevan. "I feel a duty to give back to Israel," he says. More important, Cohen trusts Duvdevan veterans. "I need to have guys on my team I can lean on," he says. "We do what most people would consider complex operations, but the goal is to treat them as if they are second nature. I can't do that unless I know my guys have a certain level of skill. The Israeli special forces provide that skill."

Former members of the Duvdevan also share Cohen's philosophy, which puts a premium on understatement. Except in rare instances, his men do not make a show of force. Indeed, at a typical property protected by IMS, there seems to be no security at all. As the maxim-loving Cohen likes to say, "What they don't know, they can't plan against."

Over the past several years Cohen has been trying to nudge his business toward becoming "a lean, private military company." The focus, he says, will be on training police department SWAT teams and other small forces. Indeed, he recently conducted training sessions at two major nuclear reactors (one in Virginia, the other in upstate Michigan), training their security guards in how to retake the facilities should a terrorist group ever gain control.



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"This interests me," he says, "because you have to move fast, otherwise the reactor's core might melt. You have no time."

Yet because of Cohen's ties to such notable clients as Kate Moss and Rihanna and the publicity he gained from his association with *Entourage*, it is hard to imagine him leaving the world of celebrity. "The irony," he says, "is that I grew up utterly despising Hollywood, but not only am I continuing to work for it, more and more I'm working in it."

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In a vacant Pasadena warehouse, Aaron Cohen, an Uzi in one hand and an ammo clip in the other, kicks open a flimsy door and shouts, "Hot range!" On cue, mixedmartial-arts star turned actress Gina Carano, also armed with an Uzi, follows him into a narrow passageway adorned with posters depicting ski-masked terrorists. At the sight of each one, the star of *Haywire*, Steven Soderbergh's forthcoming thriller, fires a flame-spurting burst. "Keep shooting until you feel the guy is dead," Cohen urges. "Keep shooting." Carano does. Soon the floor is carpeted with shell casings.

"Great. Cool," says Cohen when Carano emerges from the far end of the course, and the two enthusiastically bump fists. As Carano walks off to reload, Cohen remarks, "When Gina started she didn't even know how to hold an instrument. Now she can flow in a tactical situation, firing her machine gun at a pretty advanced level."

On this sunny Wednesday afternoon, Cohen is deep into coaching Carano for her role as the lead operative of the fictional private military force at the center of *Haywire*. In the picture Soderbergh will attempt to bring the gritty aesthetic he perfected in *Traffic* to the slick world of espionage showcased in the *Bourne* franchise. As technical advisor, Cohen is in charge of making sure the cast gives true-to-life performances. When he's finished with Carano, he puts co-stars Channing Tatum and Michael Fassbender through their paces.

"God said, 'We shall make them warriors, so warriors they will become,'" Cohen barks as he instructs the actors in the proper technique for drawing and holstering their Sig Sauer P228 pistols. "The first thing is to keep from shooting yourself in the ass," he advises. Once they have the hang of it, he shouts, "Smash and rock," and they open fire at targets emblazoned with the images of hooded malefactors.

"My goal is to give all of them a specialop training course," Cohen says as the men go through their paces. "I want them to look natural as they move with weapons. I am also giving them an immersion course in the very intense, emotional experience of working undercover. A couple of my guys are following them everywhere they go, and they have to e-mail me if they spot the surveillance. I've got them all living in a watered-down version of the dread and pressure I experienced in the Israeli military."

That's just for starters. "Aaron has become a key part of my brain trust," says Soderbergh. "He's really part of the core creative group on *Haywire*. There's not a single aspect of the script I haven't run by him. When two of the operatives have a phone conversation, I ask him, 'How formal should they be, how colloquial?' I'm also relying on him to make sure we use the right technology. I don't want Gina carrying a weapon that real operatives wouldn't use. Basically, Aaron has been value added. That's how I describe people I like having around."

This being the case, it's no surprise that when filming begins several weeks later in Dublin, Ireland, Soderbergh casts Cohen as an operative and gives him a line. "It's one of my favorite bits in the film," says the director, who proceeds to enthusiastically recite the dialogue uttered by Cohen's character, "So what do we know about the Spaniard, Rodrigo?" Soderbergh was fascinated by Cohen's zest for the role. "I watched Aaron calibrate himself to react to the other actors as he got into the work. You could see him thinking, This is an interesting world, one I could be very interested in. Aaron looks great on camera, and he's actually a good actor. Someplace in there he's got the timing of a Catskills comedian. Of course, he can also rip your lungs out."

Cohen insists he has no desire to get into the movie business. He relishes reality, not make-believe, and within days after the production wraps he's back from Europe, sitting again at his corner table at Kings Road Cafe, eyes hidden by his wraparound Ray-Bans. This morning he is obsessing over a new client, whom he will describe only as "a Midwestern manufacturer of a significant cog that's distributed around the world." A former business associate has threatened the manufacturer. "It was pretty direct," says Cohen. "The guy feels my client ripped off one of his ideas, so he e-mailed him and said, 'Stop selling this product or you won't ever sell anything again.' We've outfitted my client and his kids with global positioning devices, and cameras have gone up in his home. I'm running what I call a 'tentacle operation.' Not only am I watching my client, but I've got two of my operatives shadowing the guy who made the threats. He lives in Melbourne, Australia, and they're following him 24 hours a day. The purpose is to determine if he is capable of violence. If he buys a gun, meets with suspicious people or gets on a plane headed to my client's town, we contact the police."

A month into the job, the client has paid IMS \$50,000. "He was terribly spooked when he first called us," says Cohen. "But he's better now." In the end, this may be all that IMS, or any other protection agency, can offer—the reassurance that comes from knowing every possible measure has been taken. Of course Cohen also provides some comforting intangibles. As Soderbergh puts it, "Aaron reminds me of a line Anthony Minghella once used to describe Harvey Weinstein: 'He's a bull you'd rather have running alongside you than at you.'"



Vulture

(continued from page 62) "He kind of likes wearing the black hat," one friend of his says. "He prefers wearing black." Indeed, sources say Newman usually dresses in black suits, and some attorneys refer to him as "the undertaker." Newman went to Yale, where he met Lewis "Scooter" Libby, another student. After graduating, Newman joined Libby at Columbia University Law School. By several accounts the two men became friends, and Libby continued to do legal work for Newman into the 1990s, before joining Vice President Dick Cheney's White House staff.

In the 1980s and 1990s, world leaders tried to break the endless cycle of debt that strangled developing countries. One innovation was the Brady Plan, named after Nicholas Brady, who served as Treasury secretary under presidents Reagan and George H.W. Bush. In an effort sanctioned by the international community, nations working their way out of debt could negotiate so their old loans would be repackaged. Newman saw opportunity. In the early 1990s he began to buy the debt of impoverished countries and sue in court to collect. Countries, unlike home owners, can't declare bankruptcy; technically a nation will always owe what it borrows. And Newman always demanded payment in full. Sometimes he looked to Africa, sometimes Latin America, sometimes Eastern Europe.

Newman called his offshore company Water Street Bank and Trust. He needed deep pockets to back him-rich investors who could fund his aggressive lawsuits and pay for his purchase of obscure old bonds. Those investors, though, wanted their names kept private. That became a problem when he tried to go after Panama. After the U.S. invasion in 1989, Panama had begun to work its way out of debt accumulated during the regime of General Manuel Noriega. When Newman sued the country to recover lost funds, Panama asked for the names of his Water Street investors. It was a simple enough question, which the judge ordered answered. "Their identities were threatened to be exposed," a lawyer who was involved in the case says, "and that enterprise collapsed."

Rather than disclose his backers, Newman folded his company and dropped the lawsuit. "At that point," says a financier, "Jay realized that if he was going to do this as a career he needed to be identified with a firm that wasn't embarrassed to say, 'Yeah, that's us!'" Enter Paul Singer, founder of Elliott Management.

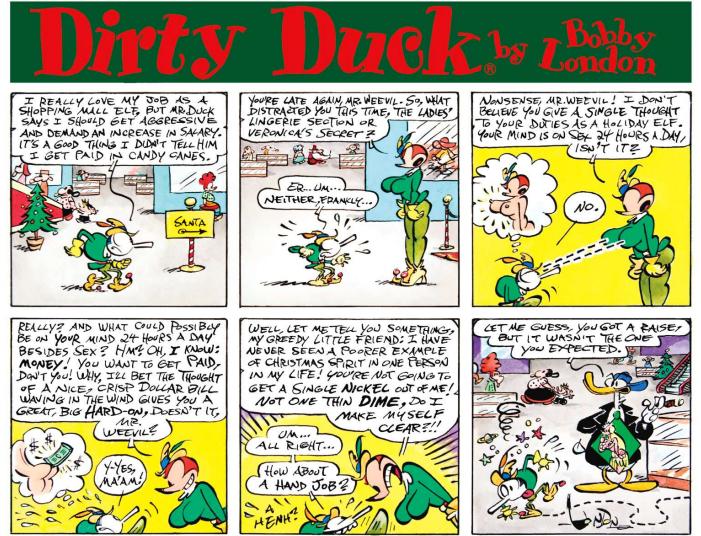
Singer, who would now back Newman, was an important addition. He is a significant contributor to right-wing causes and is chairman of the board of the Manhattan Institute, a neoconservative think tank. He had the money to fund Newman's efforts against third world nations.

Backed by his new financier, Newman resumed his assault on Panama. Elliott Management said there would be no negotiations; it wanted to be paid in full. In the end Panama lost to Newman after all.

The next stop for Newman was Peru, headed at the time by Alberto Fujimori, a corrupt president who ruled with the aid of his feared intelligence chief, Vladimiro Montesinos. The country was participating in the Brady Plan. Just when it seemed Peru would be able to restructure its debt, Newman—or Elliott Associates, an extremely successful hedge fund of Elliott Management—began to buy Peruvian bonds. It wasn't a huge volume: \$20 million at face value, at 55 cents on the dollar. Key for Newman's assault, the timing coincided with Peru's restructuring. As Singer would later testify, Peru would either "pay us in full or be sued."

As he fought in court, Newman had a setback. Mark Cymrot, the lawyer for the government of Peru, was developing a defense. New York state law had for years outlawed buying debt solely to sue to collect it. The judge found against Newman and Elliott.

But Elliott went to the statehouse. If buying debt to sue was against New York state law, Elliott would change the law. The firm launched a campaign in Albany, and Peru hired





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a lobbyist to counteract it. "These guys went to change New York law to essentially eliminate Peru's defense," says one lawyer. "We got engaged in a pretty rigorous lobbying effort."

The law remained the same, but Elliott appealed the judge's verdict and won, forcing Peru to pay the firm nearly \$58 million. Elliott had spent just \$11.4 million to buy the debt. That's just a taste of how profitable vulture capitalism can be.

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While Elliott and Newman were plotting their futures, a mysterious businessman was perfecting a grander version of vulture capitalism. He was Kenneth Dart, heir to the Dart fortune. Dart Container Corporation, based in Michigan, is the world's largest manufacturer of disposable drinking cups and containers.

No one likes to pay taxes, but Dart hated paying taxes so much he gave up his country to avoid it. KENNETH DART FORSAKES U.S. FOR BELIZE was the headline in the *The Wall Street Journal* in March 1994. For a time he was a billionaire nomad with a 220-foot yacht. He bought citizenship in Belize before settling in the Cayman Islands, where he became a citizen.

Some say Dart, not Newman, was the true pioneer of vulture capitalism. "Dart established this notion," one financier tells me, "that you could stand outside the deal as he did. He ended up with an enormous settlement with Brazil and made out famously on it."

In 1993, when Brazil was restructuring more than \$30 billion in debt, Dart bought about \$1.4 billion worth at a fraction of face value. He ended up with four percent of the country's debt. Instead of accepting Brazil's partial payment, Dart sued, demanding full payment. Though he disliked paying U.S. taxes, Dart wasn't reluctant to use U.S. courts. His lawyers chose the federal court on Pearl Street in lower Manhattan. Eventually the Brazilians paid. Dart is said to have pocketed \$600 million.

On Grand Cayman, Dart has built a new town, called Camana Bay, a few miles from the actual capital. The locals call it Dartville or Dart Village. In fact, sometimes they call the entire Caymans the Cay Dart. Dart even tried to move the seat of the Grand Cayman government to Camana Bay, away from historic George Town. His office says it offered the government free land if it would move. In the end, the government declined.

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Meanwhile, the vultures were circling. Newman began to add large-scale political action and PR attacks to his operations. One target was the Republic of the Congo, sometimes called Congo-Brazzaville. This nation had huge oil fields and was finally coming out of a civil war. By 1997 the Republic of the Congo was one of the world's most heavily indebted nations. Newman bought paper that most people would have thought useless. He found a \$13 million loan from 1983 that had been made to help the country build a highway. With eight percent interest over 20 years, the debt was worth \$57 million to Newman. He also bought a 20-year-old bond for \$4.8 million. It is unclear what that \$4.8 million was supposed to buy, but the Congo had agreed to pay eight percent interest on it as well. With compounding, the bond was now worth \$22 million. Newman cobbled together \$100 million in judgments and went to courts in the U.K. and the U.S. to have judges affirm them. Congolese debt was trading for seven to 10 cents on the



"...Oh come, all ye slightly less than faith...ful....!"

dollar at the time, so it didn't cost Newman much. But it would cost the Republic of the Congo: \$100 million was roughly 10 percent of the country's 2002 annual budget.

Newman used his scraps of paper to go after the Congo in court in Switzerland, Belgium, France, the U.K., the U.S. and Hong Kong. With his pursuit of the Congolese government, Newman attained heroic status among vultures. "He's got these people around him who are kind of groupies," a friend of his explains. "They are like his acolytes," another man says.

Newman tried to freeze, attach or seize anything belonging to the government of the Congo. The government tried to keep a step ahead of him, allegedly resorting to fraud or straw owners to keep its oil revenue out of the vultures' talons.

The vultures set up an intelligence operation to gather information and pursue allegations of corruption against the Congo. Newman supposedly set up an operation in London to conduct private investigations.

One vulture fund investor described the cloak-and-dagger operations. "Think *Casablanca*," he said. He told me an "information bazaar" tried to dig up dirt on the leaders of Congo-Brazzaville, and former CIA station chiefs cooperated. "They're all former spooks," he told me. "Senior guys, station chiefs."

Their operator was proud of what he'd accomplished in gathering information about Congolese corruption, but he marveled at the cost of digging up the dirt. "This piece of information, \$50,000." He held out one hand as he said it. "This piece of information, \$100,000." He held out the other hand. "I get uncomfortable, because if you want that kind of money, if it's that valuable, I can't get anywhere near it."

Things seemed to get personal between Newman and the president of the Republic of the Congo, Denis Sassou Nguesso. Newman and his investigators tried to prove that Nguesso was a wastrel who lived luxuriously instead of paying off his old debts. And they were right. Newman's men obtained the hotel bills for Nguesso's visit to the United Nations. The Congo-Brazzaville delegation spent \$295,000 for an eight-night stay at the Palace Hotel.

The news generated headlines. In a February 2006 London *Times* article, Newman got in a snappy quote. Debt relief might be okay in some countries, he said, but in other cases, where there was corruption—like in the Congo—"the right answers are political sanctions and, when warranted, criminal prosecutions." At the same time, an offshore subsidiary of Elliott filed a lawsuit that charged the Congo with racketeering. The subsidiary said the national oil company was diverting money "into the pockets of powerful Congolese public officials while at the same time protecting both the oil and oil revenues from seizure by legitimate creditors."

As usual, the timing of Newman's attack was critical. Debt relief was finally becoming a cause célèbre. The nation was trying to get into an international program called the Heavily Indebted Poor Countries Initiative, which uses the resources of the IMF, the World Bank and other agencies to bring together creditors to forgive debt. Newman,



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it seems, hoped to stop the Congo from getting into the program. One neoconservative consultant Elliott hired was Ken Adelman, who may be remembered for his prediction that attacking Iraq would be a "cakewalk." I called Adelman to ask him about Elliott and what he had done on behalf of the vultures. "It's all very fuzzy to me," he said. "I gave some advice to them about the history of the Congo."

There was a positive development for the vultures. As the Iraq war spun out of control, President George Bush installed Deputy Secretary of Defense Paul Wolfowitz as president of the World Bank. Wolfowitz—onetime mentor to Scooter Libby-proved to be a formidable ally for the vultures in their Congo venture. One of his efforts as World Bank president was to attempt to foil Congo-Brazzaville's efforts to relieve debt. He was convinced by the vulture funds' allegations of corruption and opposed the World Bank's experts and economists, who had already approved the country's bid for debt relief. Global Witness, a government watchdog based in London, had received embarrassing information about the Congo from Elliott, and much of that information reached the World Bank. A spokesman for Elliott denies that Newman "engaged" or "approached" the president of the World Bank.

Wolfowitz tells PLAYBOY in an e-mail that "I never heard of Jay Newman until you asked about him." Wolfowitz says he and his staff were aware that vultures were generating information about corruption. "Members of my staff at the World Bank may well have met with Newman, with others from Elliott Associates or with other private sector entities," he claims. How ever Newman's information got to Wolfowitz, it got to him. The information the World Bank had about corruption in the Congo was the same intelligence uncovered by Newman's people at Elliott.

In the end, none of it mattered to Newman, because he won anyway. The Republic of the Congo paid up. The country settled with most of the aggressive vulture funds at 55 cents on the dollar, but Newman and his financier at Elliott scored better than the others. Apparently by agreeing to stop providing reporters with negative information about the ruling family, Newman is said to have collected about \$90 million from the Congo. He had paid less than \$20 million for the old debt. His biggest cost may have been for lawyers, private eyes and lobbyists.

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While the Republic of the Congo was "in play"—as the vultures call it—Liberia was trying to make a comeback. As it did, an investor named Hans Humes watched. Humes, head of Greylock Capital, spent much of his childhood in Africa. He's a self-described political liberal who advocates for debt relief. While his firm is sometimes aggressive, it more often tries to negotiate. "People recognize that I'm basically a bleeding heart, but I'm also practical," he says. "Our business runs and is based on maintaining good relationships with countries." His Park Avenue trading room has seven desks with Bloomberg terminals. This is where old foreign debts are bought and sold. One of the traders pulled up African bonds on the terminal and showed their prices, running his fingers down the list: "Ghana, Gabon, Nigeria, Congo-Brazzaville, Seychelles."

Humes has been in the sovereign debt business since the 1980s. He sometimes helps organize creditors, as he did in Liberia's case. In one way, the country looked like a success story. President Taylor was on trial in the Special Court for Sierra Leone in The Hague. A new president was in office. There was hope in the air. Liberia had joined the Heavily Indebted Poor Countries Initiative.

Nathaniel Barnes was, until recently, Liberia's ambassador to the U.S. He tells me Liberia knows it must repay its debts. "We were aggressively engaging our creditors," he says, "and saying, 'Let's talk. Let's find a reasonable solution to this issue.'"

Many investors, like Humes, participated willingly. "Frankly, the Liberia deal was fine," Humes says. "Relieve the debt burden on Liberia and it opens up potential for a decent period of growth."

The U.S. government wrote off almost \$400 million in debt, and the Bush White House announced its support of the negotiations by private creditors. It was hard to find anyone who disapproved of the effort to give Liberia a new lease on economic life.

Even some vultures stayed away. "For me, to go after Liberia, let's just say it isn't my cup of tea," one man tells me. "It has really, truly been decimated by civil war, a catastrophe. They are trying to pull themselves out of it." Wolfowitz doesn't think people in a country like Liberia "should have to pay for the debts of their ruthless leaders, which were not used to benefit them and were even used to oppress them."

Liberia seemed safe. But vulture investor Eric Hermann had that 2002 judgment from a New York court against Liberia, from back when the country couldn't hire a lawyer. Hermann's company had transferred the judgment to another company in 2007. The company that took over was Hamsah International, a mysterious firm based in the British Virgin Islands. It's hard to know who actually controls Hamsah. The lawyer who apparently handled the transfer, Dennis Hranitzky of the law firm Dechert, also represented Jay Newman. In 2009, just months after the world thought Liberia had solved its problems, Hamsah and another firm, Wall Capital, went to court in London to affirm that old judgment against Liberia. People were outraged. Humes says he can't be positive who the men behind the offshore funds really are, but he suspects he knows. "They were at the table," he says. "They were part of the negotiations. Their concerns were addressed. The deal was crafted to respond to their interests. When it came down to it, they took the part that had judgments on it and moved to the U.K. to enforce it."

Hamsah hasn't collected against Liberia yet, but the damage is done. "They are holding up a billion dollars of aid to Liberia,"

SWINGING SIXTES



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Humes says. "There is no way they can justify it. They can't defend what they did.

'You can't pay pennies on the dollar for an obligation and then expect to collect 100 percent for it," says Barnes. "To me that's just morally wrong." Liberia, emerging from war, did its best to play by the rules yet ended up under assault. Barnes says he's not surprised that the identity of those who control the offshore companies remains a secret. "The whole nature of what they are doing is immoral," he says.

Vulture capitalists believe they are a force for good. One I spoke with is unapologetic. His main regret is that he can't talk publicly for legal reasons. "Some would say, 'Come on, dude, you're a vulture, a predator,'" he says.

"I have no problem sleeping at night with what I do." The vultures shed sunlight on corrupt regimes, he tells me, and cites Congo-Brazzaville as one such example. "They can't pay these claims because they're stealing the money," he says. "No one has done more than the vulture funds to document and prove the theft that everyone knows is going on. We're the only ones who have the financial means, motivation and sophistication to unravel incredibly sophisticated schemes."

I ask an activist about the vultures' claims that they are the sole force against corruption. "That's arrogant at best and stupid at worst," says Tamara Gaw, a lawyer at TransAfrica Forum, a nonprofit advocacy group based in Washington, D.C. Gaw has

been monitoring vulture funds since 2007, and she thinks what the vultures are doing is little better than blackmail. "This is a classic case of blaming the victim," she says. "Vulture funds don't expose corruption, they facilitate and exploit it."

DASHA ASTAFIEVA

Humes laughs at the idea that vultures are a force for good. "The thing is, don't be pompous about it. I mean, you're buying debt at 20 cents on the dollar. You're gambling that if you do enough with these things you can get paid well. You're not doing God's work. None of us are."

In May 2009 a freshman congressman from upstate New York introduced legislation to Congress. Eric Massa's bill-the Judgment 186 Evading Foreign States Accountability Act-was, according to activists who followed it, designed to help vulture funds in their latest siege, this time against Argentina. Massa said it was introduced to help American investors.

This attack would bring together Newman's and Dart's operations. The vultures' biggest play of all had evolved into a coordinated assault against Argentina's government.

Kenneth Dart had bought Argentinean bonds during the crisis in 2001. He used a U.S. federal court to sue Argentina and soon won a judgment worth \$750 million. Meanwhile, Newman still has more than \$1 billion in judgments against the Argentinean government. Dart is still holding out for full payment.

The Argentina debt issue ended up in

it was easy to recognize where it came from. "We called it the Paul Singer relief act."

The head of the Council on Hemispheric Affairs wrote Representative Massa, "Why would you sponsor a bill that mostly benefits a handful of ethically dubious, primarily non-American investors at the expense of the Argentine people? Like the vultures for whom they are named, they seek only to profit off of Argentina's economic misery.

In March 2010, the law's chances collapsed. Massa was involved in a bizarre scandal involving congressional aides and resigned from Congress. Gaw opened a bottle of Cardhu single malt scotch, and people from her office gathered around to toast. The Paul Singer relief act was as dead as Massa's career. Or so it seemed.

But Elliott doesn't give up easily. A month after Massa resigned, with the law dead at the federal level, the firm hired lobbyists in Albany to push for a state version of the same law. American Task Force Argentina announced hearings before the state banking committee in April 2010, and Newman's lawyer on the issue, Dennis Hranitzky, testified in front of lawmakers. (As outspoken as they might be in front of legislators, Elliott and Newman declined to comment for playboy.)

As for Dart, he may well stay out of the political side. In a statement, his office told playboy that "Dart is not a vulture capitalist." He's still safe in the Cayman Islands.

Advocates say legislation may be the only way to put vultures out of business.

Washington thanks to a group established funds. Shortly after American Task Force man lashed out at the country. "Argentina has the ability to pay what it owes. It just doesn't want to," he said. "Argentina is like

bring political force to bear on their colstripped away Argentina's access to U.S. capital and brought the entire weight of the U.S. financial system to bear on the country.

"The legislation was written by vulture funds to benefit vulture funds," Gaw claims. When Massa introduced the bill, Gaw says,

In the U.S., Representative Maxine Waters pushed the Stop Vulture Funds Act to outlaw certain types of lawsuits. (The vulture funds claim the legislation was drafted by lobbyists for Congo-Brazzaville.) So far the bill hasn't passed. In London, Parliament passed a law to limit the vulture funds' ability to pursue debt in the U.K. But before the law had passed, a U.K. court awarded \$20 million to two secretive vulture funds hounding Liberia for 30-year-old loans.

ATIE RIVERS

The British law may be a setback for the vultures. But it does not spell the end of business for men like Jay Newman and Kenneth Dart. Vulture funds can still use courts and politicians elsewhere, wherever they launch their next attack.



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to get the U.S. government to help vulture Argentina was founded, in 2006, Jay New-

a drug addict. Its drug is money.' The real prize was a new law that would lection efforts. Massa had an affinity for Argentina, he said, having lived there as a child. If Massa's bill passed it would have

COMPLEAT GAHAN





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PLAYMATE NEWS

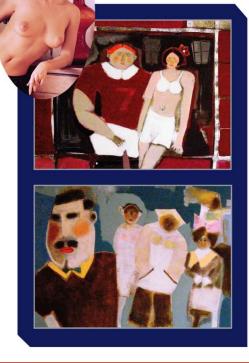
HERE COMES E!'S BRIDALPLASTY

Behold E!'s latest guilty pleasure: Bridalplasty, hosted by Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler. The series pits brides-to-be against one another in weekly competitions to earn the wedding-and physical alterations-of their dreams. Prizes include nose jobs, breast implants and liposuction. (ABC News describes the show as "one part Bridezillas, another part Extreme Makeover.") Says Shanna, a reality-TV veteran and matriarch of MTV's Meet the Barkers, "I think true beauty is confidence. If plastic surgery helps one obtain that confidence, then it is a wonderful option. For example, I saw a woman who had lost both of her breasts to cancer completely change in front of my eyes-and I don't mean only physically. I really believe the public is going to be addicted to the show.'



THE GREAT WORKS OF NANCY SCOTT

"Painting is a remarkable tool for self-expression," says Miss March 1964 Nancy Scott. "My ideas come from the subconscious. Some of my subjects are dysfunctional fami-



DID YOU

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lies, gay pride and interracial marriage. They might be well-worn topics, but they are still very relevant." (Yes, she also paints nudes: "But none of them are sexy. My nudes show the stripped-down version of who we are when the trappings are removed and we must bare ourselves to the world.") Nancy first picked up a paintbrush in 1978 after a car accident rendered her unable to do much else. Because she does not have any formal training, she considers her work "outsider art." And despite the heaviness of her subjects, she still attempts to inject a bit of levity. "I try to have a message in the imagery and convey serious subjects with humor."

FLASHBACK

Fifty-five years ago this month we gave you more of Miss July 1955 Janet Pilgrim. Truth be told, we couldn't ignore your fan mail so we also made her



Miss December 1955-'tis the season, right? We still get plenty of letters about Janet, who prior to becoming a three-time Centerfold (she also appeared as Miss October 1956) worked in our subscription department. Here's a sampling: "Watching Miss Joan Holloway [Christina Hendricks's character] on Mad Men made me think that she was created in the mold of Janet Pilgrim.'

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 playboy.com from your phone.

P Rumors persist that Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson will appear on the hit Indian reality show *Bigg Boss*.

Vampyres star and Miss May 1973 Anulka Dziubinska chatted about vampiric resurgence at the Boobs and Blood film fest. The Supreme Court will hear a case presented by lawyers representing the estate of PMOY 1993 Anna Nicole Smith. Miss June 1997 Carrie Stevens has a new twist on an old adage: "Don't give away the cow...or they will get the MILF for free."

BRAVO, JEANA

"When you're one of the 12 most beautiful women of the year and then you look like I did, it absolutely affects you," Miss November 1980 Jeana Tomasino (now Keough) told the *Orange County Register* in September. "I weighed more than when I was nine months pregnant." To reclaim her Playmate figure, the star of *The Real Housewives of Orange County* signed on for another Bravo program, *Thintervention*. It has worked out so well that Jeana says people don't recognize

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY RON GALLETTI

"I have worked with many

PLAYBOY models, <u>who are</u>

always smoking hot. But

my all-time favorite-

hands-down-has to

be Miss February 2000

Suzanne Stokes. She

was on Born to Ride,

where she modeled a

Titan motorcycle.

What a beautiful

Playmate! She really can burn

some rubber

and melt some

chrome."





EFFEN RIGHT ON

Two of life's foremost pleasures— Playmates and liquor—came together when Effen paired Miss February 1999 Stacy Marie Fuson with its tasty spirit for a new ad campaign. "I love the taste of Effen," says Stacy, who prefers her vodka with a splash of soda water. As for her wintry headdress, she says, "It's definitely the most interesting hat I've worn."

Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young modeled Seven 'til Midnight's lacy wares at the International Lingerie Show.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Who needs the Situation and DJ Pauly D? Playmate of the Year 2010 Hope Dworaczyk found herself in the company of four even more inimitable Jersey

boys—(from left) Peter Saide, Travis Cloer, Deven May and Jeff Leibow. The quartet makes up this year's summer cast of the hit musical Jersey Boys, currently playing at the Palazzo Resort



Hotel Casino in Las Vegas. Not long ago Hope took in one of their performances and later went backstage to meet the actors, who play the members of the



1960s pop group the Four Seasons.... David Hasselhoff's good humor and undeniable appeal (especially among Germans!) allowed him to take his August roasting on Comedy Central in stride. It also helped that he had a gorgeous companion to screen the roast with—

Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima....

Web denizens went crazy when they discovered that Playmate of the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy may be dating fitness model Jason Toohey. Their suspi-

cions seemed to be confirmed when Toohey posted a photo of himself and McCarthy on Facebook and switched his dating status to "in a relationship" (welcome to our brave new world).



But not so fast: Jenny went on *Oprah* a few weeks later and declared that she is "not taking anything too seriously."... How's this for a red-carpet photo op? Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo, Miss July 2002

Lauren Anderson and Miss May 2003 Laurie Jo Fetter show off their assets with former 'N Sync member Joey Fatone at the reopening of the Golden Eyes Club in St. Maarten.



DID YOU

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PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed promoted her A&E reality series, *Family Jewels*, at a media conference in Cannes. PLAYB

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LAST DAYS (continued from page 76)

nights of unsullied, innocent pleasure, back to when the little park was our refuge, together apart from the ugly world of the day's toil. She drives off in her Mustang, in her tight jeans and disappointment, as I walk down another street, alone in the world more profoundly than seems possible for a free man.

But I can never be free again. I carry inside me the torture of places hidden away behind tall fences and obscured by euphemisms. I have been bent into shapes that simply will not fit into the world outside captivity. The free world moves too fast and leaves me breathless too much of the time to ever relax. Strangers keep walking up behind me and splintering my space, my security zone. Phony tough guys issue threats they have no intention of carrying out but that I cannot ignore.

I walk down miles of quiet residential streets by myself in the tumultuous 73 days of my last journey through the free world. I like the isolation and reduced pace off the boulevards of south Los Angeles County, away from the glaring lights and crush of bodies. Inside the fences, nothing much moves faster than a fast walk, and nothing is louder than a loudmouth's voice. On the outside, cars seem to fly by me; their roaring engines and buzzing tires like wild beasts. I spend much of the time ducking and jumping out of the way. It is unnerving.

There is also the problem of my dislocation in the flow of time. After committing a series of violent and inexplicable acts, I was taken out of the normal course of events. Everyone I knew before I hurled myself out of real life has moved on to different spots in the continuum. I am stuck in a surreal beforetime, still an angry boy fighting old demons, still just turned 16.

The world has moved on and left me behind. Everyone who spends enough time as a ward of the state's penal institutions devolves and degenerates. I am no exception to this iron law. On the outside, I can't use a knife at the dinner table because every time I pick one up it feels like a weapon in my hand. When I take a shower, I wash my boxers and socks with my bar of soap as if the laundry exchange's limitations



DonLewis

have followed me out through the fences. I wake up at the wrong times and forget to go to bed when I ought to. The more accurate way to describe my situation is that the world stayed in its place while I fell down through a rip in the fabric of time. When I was pushed back through to the real world, a thread of the netherworld attached itself to me, a thread that won't let me go.

I spend my last night in the land of the living, the last night I breathe unchained air, the last night I wander down darkened streets absorbed in lonely colloquies with parked cars, searching for hidden stars, unaware of the significance of my life, of life itself, before I end my own life as surely as I end another man's life. I feel the crisp air of a February night. The smooth grooved concrete of the 91 freeway runs under the car, a distant, blurred river. The old Pontiac's prow bobs into the oncoming night, into the black current, its radio playing old rock and roll; the glare of the streetlights flashes across the chipped paint of the dented hood and then across my lap.

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Ten thousand seven hundred and ninetytwo nights ago, I am oblivious to everything around me. I am simply, merely ferocious, stupendously and stupidly so. In a fit of inexcusable barbarism, I punch and kick a man to death because his words hurt me. I cannot handle insults or challenges, and I react violently. It is programmed into me, coded in blood and training.

This is not something I am proud of; this is the part of my life I most desperately wish I could undo. I cannot, and I must live with all the wrong I have created. My every waking moment is a jarring reminder of my shame. Murder is not simply the taking of another's life; it is the negation of all that is right, the nullification of what makes us human.

The scenes that fill my memory and flow out of my pen do not exist any longer. Pontiacs don't push against the wind, and angry teenagers with bottles of warm Jose Cuervo Gold between their legs don't cup their cigarettes against the cool gusts of open car windows, setting off trails of orange-red sparks.

Decades later, I set down my pen and take off my headphones. A couple of hours have passed during which I was not here, not trapped in the poisonous amber of an angry lost boy who could not let his guard down, who would not let an insult pass unanswered.

In these moments of release, I run toward tall, stunning Gail and pull her close. I shed tears of joyous release or shout something triumphant. Arlene is still my beautiful, naive neighbor with a secret crush on me. Brenda gets her watch back, repaired. When she looks into my eyes, she sees a future of freedom for both of us.

No one ever predicted freedom for me. I was always voted most likely to die young, to implode, to vanish behind bars. I managed to live down to expectations magnificently.

So now I turn in for the night, another night inside a concrete box too small for dreams, until tomorrow when I pick up this pen, again.

"And the last boyfriend paid for your boob job, and then you dumped him...!"



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OBSOLETE WEAPONS

NEW GUN-RIGHTS ADVOCATES DILUTE THE NRA'S POWER

BY DANIEL WATTENBERG

The "class project." The taunt still rankles Alan Gura, the civil liberties lawyer who successfully argued *District of Columbia* v. *Heller* before the Supreme Court in 2008. The landmark case ruled parts of Washington, D.C.'s sweeping gun ban unconstitutional.

"Class project" was a National Rifle Association lobbyist's dismissive tag for the legal campaign designed by an implausible collection of libertarian lawyers and policy intellectuals—Cato Institute chairman Robert Levy and his that pitted a bloc of insurgent gun-rights fundamentalists against an old guard of outdoorsmen attuned to the organization's traditional concerns: safety training, marksmanship and hunting. Ever since the insurgents wrested power in 1977, the gun lobby has fed on fear—gun owners' (often justifiable) suspicion that the true goal of "gun grabbers," whatever their stated intentions, is the blanket prohibition of guns in private hands. The NRA's greatest political triumphs have been bound up in these fears. In 1982, for example,

Heller co-counsels Gura and Clark Neily chief among them to reinvigorate Second Amendment protection of individuals' right "to keep and bear arms."

The NRA, of course, is the lobbying colossus that for decades has waged take-noprisoners political warfare in defense of Second Amendment rights. And despite Democratic domination in Washington, the NRA has never seemed stronger. In recent years it has achieved a succession of victories,



such as the right to carry in national parks and a prohibition against higher health insurance premiums for gun owners.

Yet the NRA's aura of invincibility masks a future threatened by political marginalization. For decades the NRA has derived its political strength from the fragility, real or imagined, of our gun rights. But today—thanks largely to the deliberate, disciplined legal strategy of the class project—those rights have never looked more secure.

In *Heller*, the Supreme Court affirmed an individual's right to an immediately operable handgun for self-defense in the home. In this past summer's sister case, *McDonald v. Chicago*, the Court extended the Second Amendment rights recognized in *Heller* to every state and city in the country. In *Palmer v. District of Columbia*, a follow-up now pending in U.S. district court, lead counsel Gura is challenging the constitutionality of D.C.'s ban on carrying handguns for self-defense outside the home. Should *Palmer* ultimately reach the Supreme Court, the *Heller* majority opinion offers hints of success.

The modern NRA was forged in a leadership struggle

it poured money into a campaign to recast California's Proposition 15, labeled a gun freeze by supporters, as a de facto handgun ban. The NRA harvested 300,000 voters new (largely through gun stores) and defeated both the ballot initiative and the Democrats' progun-control gubernatorial candidate.

As NRA opponents matured, they gradually bowed to political reality, deferring indefinitely the dream of a

nationwide handgun ban. Still, the NRA managed to frame even modest measures such as the 1993 Brady bill and the 1994 Assault Weapons Ban as piecemeal prohibition—the incrementalism of gun grabbers flexible in tactics but unbending in principle.

Now *Heller* and its suite of derivatives have rendered obsolete the gun lobby's ever-reliable bogeymen—acrossthe-board disarmament of law-abiding civilians. Its loss presages the end of the NRA era in gun politics.

As the main theater of gun-rights activism has shifted from the political trenches to the federal courts, the NRA's trademark alarmism and macho messaging have been eclipsed by the class project's patient legal tactics and media-friendly air of inclusivity. To wit, for the *Heller* parent case, *Parker v. District of Columbia*, Robert Levy and Clark Neily assembled a demographically diverse roster of six plaintiffs—three men and three women, four of them Caucasian and two African American. The top-billed Shelly Parker is an inner-city black woman who sought a gun to defend herself from dangerous

enemies she acquired as a neighborhood anticrime activist. Another point of contrast: The current face of the NRA is Chuck Norris; the current face of the class project is *Palmer* lead plaintiff Tom Palmer, an openly gay man who believes his handgun saved his life when he brandished it to deter an attack by a gang of men uttering antigay slurs and death threats.

Although the NRA eventually helped assemble an amicus brief to the Supreme Court in *Heller*, it undermined the case throughout its early development. It tried, variously, to talk the lawyers out of proceeding with the suit, to co-opt it through procedural consolidation with a copycat suit of its own and to render it irrelevant by urging congressional action to kill the gun restrictions being challenged.

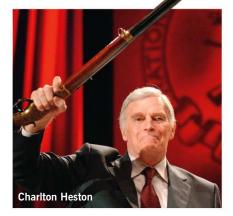
In explanation of its early resistance, the NRA maintains it honestly feared defeat in the Supreme Court at a time before automatic Second Amendment ally Samuel Alito had succeeded Sandra Day O'Connor, an unreliable swing vote. Levy, for one, takes them at their word. But gunrights message boards have seethed with a darker interpretation: The NRA tried to

kill *Heller* to save itself. Whether the NRA acted sincerely or cynically doesn't really matter. It had sound reasons to fear victory as well as defeat, because either outcome was bound to upset the gun-rights status quo, and the pre-*Heller* status quo suited NRA interests ideally.

Blanket handgun bans like those overturned by *Heller* and *McDonald* were already outliers in the U.S. If anything, the preponderance of state and local firearm laws are permissive and have been trending more so—for example, 44 states have Second Amendment–like protections

in their constitutions. On the federal level, no major new gun-control measures have passed since Brady and the Assault Weapons Ban. The latter quietly expired in 2004, and Democrats have shown little inclination to reinstate it.

In short, gun-rights protections won democratically had already surpassed what the *Heller* and *McDonald* rulings belatedly guaranteed constitutionally. Underlying these legislative gains was a shift in American public opinion in the NRA's direction. Back in the 1960s attitudes toward handgun bans were about evenly split. These days overwhelming majorities oppose such bans. Similar majorities believe the Second Amendment protects an individual's right to keep and bear arms.



But these democratic gains were susceptible to the vagaries of popular opinion, both sudden mood swings of the kind that followed the Columbine school shootings and more meaningful shifts tied to longer-term factors such as crime rates. As long as these rights were in perpetual jeopardy, NRA political muscle was their indispensable guardian. *Heller*, however, has insulated basic, broadly popular gun rights against voter volatility and legislative reversal.



At the same time, the *Heller* majority also left plenty of leeway for legislated restrictions on who can carry what kind of firearms where-implicitly countenancing, for example, limits on "dangerous and unusual weapons" and the exclusion of guns from "sensitive places" such as "schools and government buildings." The problem for the NRA here is that the public support it enjoys in its opposition to handgun bans falls off precipitously on a range of specific limits, including waiting periods, which 86 percent of the public favored in a 2008 CNN/Opinion Research poll, and semiautomatic handgun bans, which 55 percent of the public supported in a 2007 ABC News poll.

In fighting many of these limits post-

Heller, an increasingly marginalized NRA will find itself squeezed into the role of Second Amendment purist, stuck defending less popular and less galvanizing positions—and obliged to defend them strictly on their individual merits. In other words, it will no longer be able to frame them as forward defense of imperiled handgun rights. Already, the NRA seems to be groping for political relevance. On the website for its 2010 voter-registration drive, Trigger the Vote, these were the best reasons it could come up with for gun owners to register:

Hurricane Katrina Aftermath—Gun Confiscations: This refers to New Orleans mayor Ray Nagin's sweeping confiscation of legal civilian guns in Katrina's chaotic aftermath. Given that the city already settled a lawsuit with the NRA back in 2008, agreeing to return the guns seized in 2005, this gun grab held little promise as a campaign issue in 2010.

Support Our Heroes in the Military: Why? "The men and women of our armed forces are fighting to protect those 27 words in our Constitution that give us the right to bear arms." Protect them

from whom? Those who would prohibit guns in airports or deny them to spousal abusers?

The UN Global Gun Grab: The threat evoked here is a potential UN treaty governing the international small-arms trade that would sneakily institute a domestic gun ban. As a prod to voter mobilization, it smacked of desperation. There is, for starters, no such treaty. If and when there is, it's not clear it would attempt to circumvent the Second Amendment. If it did, it's hard to see how the Obama administration could gain the two thirds Senate supermajority needed to ratify

it. And if ratified, it would never survive constitutional challenge.

If this bare cupboard is any preview of a new-era NRA, the organization's opponents can breathe easier. Sure, the NRA will still have a voice. It can reinvent itself as a (selective) civil liberties gadfly, preset to argue for literal, absolute and uninflected readings of settled Second Amendment rights—an ACLU for guns. But the NRA's days as an intimidating force on the national political scene are numbered. After all, ACLU opposition doesn't make political opponents tremble with fear; ACLU support makes political allies tremble with fear.

Daniel Wattenberg is a former editor at The Washington Times.

THE UNITED STATES OF ABSTINENCE HOW SAYING NO BECAME A DISTINCTLY AMERICAN PRACTICE

BY JESSICA WARNER

n no place other than America has the idea of abstinence—whether from food, drink, drugs or sex taken root so deeply. Your federal tax dollars are currently being used to tell kids to put off sex until they enter into a "biblical marriage relationship." The 1980s gave us Nancy Reagan and her antidrug mantra "Just say no." A century earlier, Anthony Comstock crusaded to outlaw smut, penny dreadfuls and contraceptives, while Frances Willard led America's women in a fight against demon rum.

There have been so many crusades it is easy to forget that at one time, in the 17th and 18th centuries, abstinence meant only one thing to Americans: no sex until marriage.

The idea that people should abstain from all other vices first appeared in the 1830s. What began as a campaign against distilled spirits suddenly morphed into a campaign against all forms of alcohol and then against all other "stimulants" tea and coffee, pickles and spices, meats and apple pie, fancy clothes and double entendres, narcotics and soft mattresses, and, last but not least, sex with oneself.

Cultural historians often conclude that America's many abstinence movements are a by-product of evangelical Protestantism. They are right—up to a point. Being born again does encourage believers to make a radical break with old vices. But the touchstone for abstinence in America is not so much evangelicalism as a doctrine variously known as Christian perfection, sanctification, the second

blessing or holiness. To believe in Christian perfection is to believe you can overcome sin in its entirety. This necessarily involves the believer in a monumental struggle against temptation for a guarantee of a place in heaven.

Christian perfection and abstinence are mutually reinforcing concepts of extreme behavior. The first is a declaration of all-out war on sin, the second the clearest possible proof you are winning that war. The stronger a church's commitment to Christian perfection, the more likely it encourages abstinence. Among modern evangelicals, the Pentecostals have the strongest commitment to Christian perfection and the highest rate of teetotalism, reaching 70 percent. In contrast, Baptist churches vary in their commitment to perfection, and their overall rate of teetotalism, under 55 percent, is correspondingly lower.

It was Americans who made the link between abstinence and Christian perfection. In Britain, where the concept of this perfection originated with John Wesley and the Methodists, abstinence has never been an especially popular or obvious virtue. Wesley proscribed only two substances distilled spirits and tobacco—and was otherwise skeptical of abstinence for abstinence's sake. "Our religion does not lie in doing what God has not enjoined," he wrote, "or abstaining from what he hath not forbidden."

One major reason abstinence became so deeply rooted in America is the boundless faith Americans place in the individual. Abstainers do not blame society for their failings; they blame themselves. It's a seductive proposition: If individuals can set themselves right, everything else will fall into place. Alcoholics Anonymous pays homage to this principle when it counsels members to stop blaming "conditions" and instead accept the "need to change ourselves to meet conditions."

The idea that individuals can do anything they set their mind to is not only the great selling point of evangelical Protestantism, it is also an article of faith among leftist social activists who believe age-old problems can be eradicated. This was most notably true in the 1830s and 1840s, when

Christian perfection and abstinence were leftist virtues, appealing to abolitionists such as Charles Grandison Finney and feminists such as Lucretia Mott.

The person who did the most to sell the idea of Christian perfection was Phoebe Palmer, a revivalist who first rose to prominence in 1843 with the publication of *The Way of Holiness*. In it she modified the doctrine in two subtle but ultimately crucial ways: She dropped all references to radical social reforms, rendering it politically neutral, and she popularized abstinence as the shortest possible path to Christian perfection.

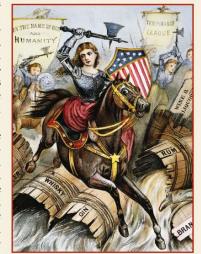
Palmer's brand of holiness was enormously influential. It served as the inspiration for Pentecostal churches that got their start in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. These were, in their

early days, wonderfully strict, agonizing over tobacco, shirt collars and ties, Coca-Cola and "other cold drinks" ("I hope none of our people are guilty of drinking such things, but if they are I hope they won't do it anymore"), coffee and chewing gum ("This is not a test of membership, but our people should not use it").

Since Palmer's time, evangelicals' list of taboos has drastically shrunk, so much so that it is now possible for a Pentecostal like Sarah Palin to pass herself off as a "normal Joe Six-Pack American." When the Southern Baptist Convention recently attempted to reaffirm its "total opposition to the manufacturing, advertising, distributing and consuming of alcoholic beverages," its younger members objected, complaining that the resolution needlessly "draws a line in the sand."

For the modern evangelical, abstinence effectively means one thing only: saying no to sex outside marriage. There is a certain irony in all this, for in drawing the line at the sins of the sexual revolution, modern evangelicals have, quite despite themselves, returned to the status quo ante, that is, to the looser moral code of America before the great evangelical revivals of the 1800s. The interesting question is whether the list of taboos will continue to shrink and, if so, what will be the next thing to go.

Jessica Warner is author of All or Nothing: A Short History of Abstinence in America.



READER RESPONSE

BETTER PART OF VALOR

I recently returned from a tour in Kandahar, Afghanistan and thought I would share a photo a friend took of me that parallels one that appeared in



Packin' in Afghanistan and Vietnam (inset).

PLAYBOY in the early 1970s of a G.I. on patrol in Vietnam. The rifle I'm holding is an AKM captured from the Taliban. Eric Roberts Edmonton, Alberta

My wife mails the new issue of PLAYBOY to me each month from Virginia after tagging the articles she likes. Thank you for your support from the home front. Name withheld

Iraq

You're fortunate to have a woman like that waiting for you. But be discreet with the magazine, as General Order No. 1, issued by U.S. Central Command in December 2000, forbids the possession by troops in Iraq or Afghanistan of "pornographic or sexually explicit" material. The U.S. Postal Service also forbids mailing to the fronts "any matter depicting nude or seminude persons." These policies exist, commanders say, because such material might offend the local population and make it harder to keep the peace. Depending on the demeanor of the CO who discovers contraband, a soldier could earn extra duty or worse.

After nine years in Afghanistan, Canadian soldiers deployed outside the wire have developed a custom by which outgoing troops leave their magazines behind. Upon arriving here, my crew and I were disheartened to discover a box full of tabloids, better-living journals and men's health magazines. If we were concerned about our health or quality of life we probably wouldn't be over here. I have made an effort to replenish our collection with magazines such as PLAYBOY that remind us what we're fighting for, but it's not easy. If you could assist in any way, care packages are welcome.

Name withheld Afghanistan

Like its U.S. counterpart, Canada Post does not allow "printed matter prejudicial to public order or offensive to religion or morality" to be mailed to Afghanistan or "items offensive to Muslim culture" to Iraq. A spokesman for the Canadian Forces says troops are allowed to possess sexual material as long as they are discreet, but would prefer they didn't because of the risk of offending residents of the "host" nation.

I work for a private contractor in Iraq and Afghanistan. My mother sent a care package with copies of PLAYBOY. They were confiscated, and I was reprimanded. Not only may I be out of a job, but I lost four issues. Kind of makes you wonder why we're here.

Aaron Vogel

Apple Valley, California

CAN THE CAMERA LIE?

As a 27-year veteran of street patrol work, I am encouraged by Martin Preib's observations in August ("Life on Camera") about the ambiguity cops face every day. This past summer a website posted squad-car footage taken two years ago during my arrest of a man in an incident involving the use of a firearm. This selectively edited footage caused me to be maligned online. When our department installed dashboard cameras 15 years ago, I was one of the few deputies in favor of the "sergeant in the trunk," telling my co-workers it could save their ass. Now I'm not so sure. Society has



Deputies climbed a gate to enter the home.

every right to expect officers to perform their duties in a lawful manner. But when the citizenry uses tools intended to protect all parties to wrongfully attack officers, the incentive to put your ass on the line is greatly diminished. A society that makes war with its police had better make friends with its criminals.

Darren Murphy

Atascadero, California You can view the edited footage of the arrest at kccn.tv. The commentators focus on the constitutionality of Murphy and his fellow deputies entering the suspect's home after arresting him in the front yard.

THE PARTY CONTINUES

Thank you, PLAYBOY, for your negative commentaries in September on the Tea Party. They energized this Texas



The Tea Party faithful pledge allegiance.

mother of two to go to a meeting. I had no idea what I was missing. I will be out yelling insanely in the oddest garments I can find while my kids hold inappropriate signs.

Rebecca Horton Bellevue, Texas

Taxes and big government have been around forever. They're not what the Tea Party is about. It's about someone other than a white person occupying the presidency. It's also about the fact that a majority of people reject the movement's brand of conservatism, which should be called repressivism.

Rich Sirko Toledo, Ohio

The Tea Party is filled with people who are led to believe that if you are educated you must be one of those elitists responsible for our current crisis. The Republicans encouraged this idea as soon as George W. Bush took office. Robert Prado Irving, Texas

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT



Injustice Served

SOUTH JAKARTA, INDONESIA-Three years ago a judge acquitted the editor of PLAYBOY Indonesia of violating indecency laws, noting the now-defunct magazine contained no nudity or other material that could be considered illegal. An appeals court upheld the ruling. But this past July a local prosecutor claimed the country's supreme court had informed him, a year after the fact, that it had secretly overturned the verdict. Despite a notation on the court's online summary of the case that reads "prosecution rejected," he demanded Erwin Arnada serve his two-year sentence. Meanwhile, members of the Islamic Defenders Front (left) vowed to bring the "moral terrorist" to justice. Fearing for his life, Arnada went into hiding but later agreed to surrender while his lawyers try to appeal. "This isn't about PLAYBOY," he says. "This is about freedom of speech and freedom of the press in Indonesia." The Committee to Protect Journalists called on the court to reverse its decision, and The Wall Street Journal noted that if Indonesia's president wants to boast about his nation's free press, "he'll have to start standing up for men like Erwin Arnada."

Packing Heat

NEW YORK—A 445-page list released by the NYPD of people licensed to carry concealed weapons includes familiar names such as Sean Hannity, Fox News chief Roger

Ailes, Howard Stern, Don Imus and Donald Trump. News outlets requested the list after an online news story reported that a growing number of Wall Street bankers and traders were seeking permits.



Just a Few Questions

REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN—Warning that "every word" of their responses might be analyzed, police investigating a triple homicide asked neighbors to fill out forms with questions such as "Did you have any involvement in this murder?" "If you were going to conduct the investigation, how would you do it?" and "If you were asked to contribute money in order to pay for the therapy of the victim's relatives, how much would you pay?" The form also asked residents to detail their activities over a six-day period. Police say they were just being thorough.

Relative Guilt

LOS ANGELES—For the first time, police have used a controversial test to find a suspect by tracing his DNA through family members. Detectives investigating the killings of 10 people over 25 years found genetic evidence left at crime scenes that indicated a convict named Christopher Franklin was closely related to the killer. This led police to his father, Lonnie Franklin Jr., whom they charged after obtaining a DNA sample from a discarded slice of pizza. While only California and Colorado specifically allow police to use "familial"

searches, prosecutors elsewhere are clamoring for the tool. An ACLU lawyer cautions the technique "has the potential to invade the privacy of a lot of people."

Porn vs. the Man

Several obscenity investigations launched during the Bush administration have been resolved without fireworks. Adult

DVD Empire paid a \$75,000 fine for mailing four hardcore films, including *Extreme Tit Torture* 18. In two other cases, the Justice Department agreed to move trials to friendlier venues—in one, from Montana to New Jersey, and in the other, which involved *Milk Nym*-



phos and Storm Squirters 2, from Alabama to D.C., where the defendants were acquitted for lack of evidence.

GRAPEVI

Swimming With Angelfish

There is nothing quite so pleasing as the sight of a swimsuit model in her natural habitat. Case in point: Victoria's Secret Angel ALESSANDRA AMBROSIO emerging post-snorkel in Hawaii.



Riding in Cars With Bras

When a man sits down in pleated pants, the pull of the fabric makes it look as if he's erect. When well-endowed women like AMY WINEHOUSE and SNOOKI sit down in supersnug dresses, it can have the same effect.

Oral Misfire

CHLOE SAXON recently tweeted, "Does anyone miss their mouth while brushing their teeth and end up stabbing their nose with their toothbrush??? or is it just me!!!" It's just her, but lack of depth perception is a small price to pay for flawless beauty.

Princess of Tides

Poseidon is a crafty god, indeed. He never misses an opportunity to wreak havoc on a bikini top with his powerful currents, as seen here with HEIDI MONTAG. We've noticed women rarely lose their bottoms in the surf-leading us to conclude that this particular deity is a 196 breast man.



The Ciara Mountains

We don't know women's fashion, but we give the diaphanous frock worn by pop singer CIARA at the MTV Video Music Awards two thumbs up. It provided a tantalizing glimpse of her natural assets revealing hills that are truly alive with the sound of music.

Golden Globes

Former Midwest madam TEFLON DAWN is clearly worthy of her nickname: Even this velveteen cover-up can't stay put without her aid.

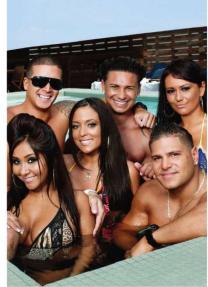
English Fox

Meet RHIAN SUGDEN, a Page 3 girl and British model who puts the "chest" in Manchester. Rhian is purportedly the current lust interest of Portuguese soccer stud Cristiano Ronaldo—and thousands of other men.

Black-Tie Underwear Affair

The sight of European model AGNES TRESZ in sexy black panties is an absolute gift, and this particular pair manages to make it official by adorning the package with an elegant bow. Now this is a present we'd love to see under the tree.





JERSEY SHORE: MORE THAN JUST A GUILTY PLEASURE.



NEXT MONTH



CHLOË SEVIGNY IS IN SEARCH OF BIG LOVE.

PAMELA ANDERSON: IN HER OWN STYLE.

CARS OF THE TEAR: LEAN, MEAN DRIVING MACHINES

PAMELA ANDERSON—THE BOMBSHELL BLONDE STILL HAS IT GOING ON—AND WE HAVE THE PICTURES TO PROVE IT.

WANDERLUST COLOMBIA—THE FORMER "KIDNAP CAPITAL OF THE WORLD" IS NOW A HIP TOURIST HOT SPOT. STEVE GARBARINO TAKES US ON A WILD CARTAGENA ADVENTURE.

THE NFL AND GAMBLING—LEGALIZED SPORTS GAMBLING IS THE NFL'S WORST FEAR. MATTHEW KREDELL REVEALS WHY.

JERSEY SHORE—DO GUIDOS AND GUIDETTES HAVE AN AUTHEN-TICITY THAT HOLLYWOOD CAN'T DUPLICATE? AMERICAN PSYCHO AUTHOR BRET EASTON ELLIS SAYS YES.

THE NEWEST SEX DRUG—PREMATURE EJACULATION IS THIS YEAR'S ERECTILE DYSFUNCTION. CHRIS SWEENEY EXAMINES JOHNSON & JOHNSON'S LATEST SEX WONDER DRUG.

FRANK GEHRY—IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THE ARCHITECT OPENS UP TO **DAVID SHEFF** ABOUT SEX, DEATH THREATS AND WHY HE LOATHES THE WORD *STARCHITECT*.

BEER WARS-KEVIN COOK EXPLAINS HOW A BROOKLYN BREWERY ROSE TO SUCCESS ON HOPS, HYPE AND VIOLENCE.

GOOD HOME—IN NEW FICTION BY **T.C. BOYLE,** MAN'S BEST FRIEND EXPOSES ONE MAN'S TRUE CHARACTER. CHLOË SEVIGNY-THE ACTRESS UNLOADS ON STEPHEN REBELLO IN 20Q ABOUT POLYGAMY AND HER BATTLES WITH TMZ.

CARS OF THE YEAR 2011—OUR ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF THE HOT-TEST RIDES ON THE ROAD—SPEED, NEW TECH AND MORE.

TECHNO INFIDELITY—INSULT COMIC QUEEN **LISA LAMPANELLI** ON WHY LUDDITES MAKE THE MOST LOYAL BOYFRIENDS.

MIDDLE-AGED LOTHARIO—FORMER HARD PARTYER MARTIN DEESON CHRONICLES HIS AMUSING CONCEPTION WOES.

ON PLATO-SAMANTHA GILLISON ON THE JOYS OF HEAD.

EROTIC IMAGINATION IN THE MIDDLE EAST—SCHOLAR **REZA ASLAN** EXPLORES THE RACY SIDE OF ISLAMIC CULTURE.

THE PRIVATE WAR OF ANTHONY SHAFFER—BECAUSE HE PUT A SPOTLIGHT ON AMERICA'S FAILURE TO STOP AL QAEDA, THE PENTAGON WANTS TO SHUT HIM UP. BY **PETER LANCE**

A BRIEF HISTORY OF SWEARING—THE WORDS WE CONSIDER DIRTY AND OUR REACTIONS TO THEM ARE EVOLVING. RUTH WAJNRYB EXAMINES THE LEXICON OF LOADED SPEECH.

PLUS—THE 2010 PLAYMATE REVIEW, THE TOUGH FASHION OF THE UFC AND MISS JANUARY **ANNA SOPHIA BERGLUND.**

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Supplement to Playboy Magazine



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NATURAL AMERICAN SPIRIT uses only premium, 100% additive-free natural whole leaf tobacco. If you don't see us in your favorite store, don't forget to ASK FOR IT.



100% ADDITIVE-FREE NATURAL TOBACCO FULL-BODIED TASTE



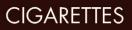
100% ADDITIVE-FREE NATURAL TOBACCO MELLOW TASTE



DDITIVE-FREE NATURAL TOBACCO SMOOTH MELLOW TASTE

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy. No additives in our tobacco does **NOT** mean a safer cigarette.







French-made vodka.



