

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

playboy.com • MAY 2010

**AN AMERICAN
AFFAIR**

**ASHLEY
DUPRÉ**

**AND THE
SEDUCTION
OF POWER**

EROTIC FICTION BY

**ETHAN
COEN**

**LICENSE TO KILL
UNDERCOVER
WITH THE NEW
BREED OF
SUPER
SPY**

**THE INTERVIEW
MATTHEW FOX**

**BASEBALL
UNPLUGGED**
WHEN THE GRASS
WAS FAKE AND THE
BIGGEST PARTY
WAS IN THE DUGOUT

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DAVE
BARRY
GETS THE
SNIP**





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A Car and Driver 10Best

WHO SAYS
MEN CAN'T
MULTITASK?



PRESS TO PLAY

HOLLYWOOD PLAYBOY  NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

PLAYBILL

We like to think of ourselves as bold fellows, not entirely free of fear, but men who greet the world with a sense of adventure rather than dread. Still, this does not make the prospect of a vasectomy any more appealing. In *The Full Coward Package*, a piece from his forthcoming book, *I'll Mature When I'm Dead*, Pulitzer Prize-winning humorist **Dave Barry** tackles the delicate truth about the big snip. The survivors on *Lost* wouldn't have gotten far without a few bold fellows on their side. **Matthew Fox** is one of them, of course, and in this month's *Playboy Interview* he is candid about losing his virginity at 12 and choosing where he goes from here. Then we move to a factual tale that rivals *Lost* in its obscurity and convolutedness: **Rich Cohen** brings us *The Spasm Band*, the strange story of a group of street performers from the late 1890s who just may have invented jazz. It's a fascinating example of how individuals can have a huge impact on the world, a concept with which **Ashley Dupré** is familiar. Her dalliances with Eliot Spitzer cost him the governorship of New York and cost Ashley her privacy. Our white-hot pictorial of the country's most notorious escort is accompanied by a profile detailing the tumultuous path that brought her to Spitzer's bed. While we're on the subject of indiscretions, don't miss *Baseball Unplugged*, **Tracy Ringolsby**'s fascinating piece about the game before 24-hour news and cell-phone cameras got hold of it. Back then bad behavior was the way things worked, and Ringolsby was there to bear witness. We move from merely bad to truly reprehensible behavior with a harrowing tale of torture and perverted justice from veteran reporters **Hillel Levin** and **John Conroy**. In *Area Two* they profile Jon Burge, a high-ranking Chicago police officer who gained a reputation for "skillful questioning." It turned out he was torturing suspects to elicit confessions. To clear your mind of sorrow, proceed to *Love to All*, a steamy send-up of academics and their sexual predilections by **Ethan Coen**, the writing half of the brilliant Coen brothers moviemaking team. The short story is accompanied by **Tina Berning**'s saucy nude illustration. Finally, in *The New Super Spy*, **Phil Zabriskie** takes a look at the present-day faces of clandestine intelligence and the new ways they're being recruited, trained and deployed. They're a pretty bold bunch, too; we're just glad they're on our side.



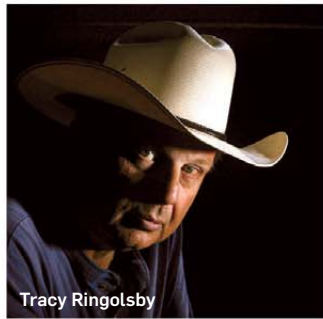
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Matthew Fox



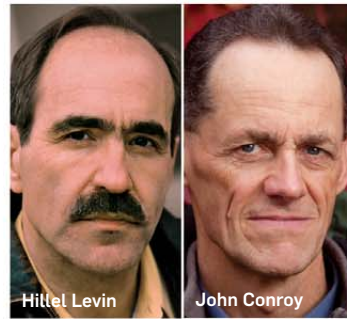
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The *Basterd* and *Office* bad boy tells **DAVID HOCHMAN** it's just an act.

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50 LOVE TO ALL

Love triangles are complicated even for the country's intellectual elite. **ETHAN COEN** offers up a story about academics involved in very liberal arts.



COVER STORY

F. Scott Fitzgerald once said, "There are no second acts in American lives." Ashley Dupré is here to prove the novelist wrong. The woman who toppled Eliot Spitzer and who is now starting a new life as a columnist poses for us. Our Rabbit can't wait to see how she wraps up her third act.

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90 ASHLEY DUPRÉ

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THE PLAYBOY WORKOUT Tell your personal trainer to take a hike, and get sweaty with the hottest women in the world.

A-LIST: BREW PUBS A list for which you ditch born-on dates in favor of born-here labels.

SEX SHOPS From Amsterdam to Tokyo and all sexy stores in between, we locate the wildest purveyors of pleasure.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



THE ACTION DURING THE SUPER BOWL AT PMW

Hef watched the big game in the Mansion with Crystal Harris, Anna Berglund, *Alice in Wonderland*'s Crispin Glover, and Claire Sinclair, as well as PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed, Gene Simmons and their children. Meanwhile Motorcycle Charity Associates threw a fund-raiser outside that drew Verne Troyer. Hef rooted for the Colts (Kendra Wilkinson's husband, Hank Baskett, is on the team) but thought the Saints deserved the win with their inspired play.



DUFFERS' DELIGHT

Celebs and athletes hit the Sagamore Hotel for our Golf VIP Players Party (actor Patrick Warburton on the green carpet), then played the Woodmont course (former NFL stars Jim McMahon and Marcus Allen). Of the distractions on the course, the ever-focused McMahon quipped, "There are ladies here?"



ON THE COVERS

While posing for our magazine, Ashley Dupré stayed at the Mansion and snagged the cover of the *New York Post*—the paper in which her love-and-sex column appears.



MISS PLAYBOY CLUB 2010

Bridget Marquardt placed the Miss Playboy Club 2010 tiara on Meghan Beck. Meghan won what Robin Leach called a "fierce and curvy competition." She will also serve as our Playboy Club ambassador throughout the year—and this is a big one; it's the 50th anniversary of the first club's opening.

SUPER BOWL BASH



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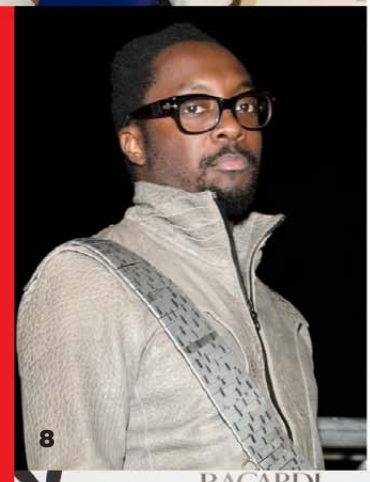


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The second-hottest ticket in Miami during Super Bowl week gained you entry to our Super Saturday Night kickoff party. (1) Our version of cheerleading outfits, filled by 10 Playmates who got the party hopping. (2) Grammy winners the Black Eyed Peas entertained. Here's Taboo, Fergie and Apl.de.ap. (3) Actor Tommy "Tiny" Lister with Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima and Miss July 2007 Tiffany Selby. (4) Isiah Thomas and wife Lynn. (5) Holly Montag cradles Hiromi. (6) Former NFL quarterback and "Bachelor" Jesse Palmer appears solo on the red carpet. (7) Bengals linebacker and host of his own Travel Channel show Dhani Jones. (8) Will.i.am of the Black Eyed Peas. (9) DJ Reach cuddles with one hand and scratches with the other. (10) Falcons tight end Tony Gonzalez. (11) Beanie Wells of the Arizona Cardinals and Brian Robiskie of the Cleveland Browns drink in the atmosphere. (12) U.S. winter Olympics snowboarders Louie Vito (also of *Dancing With the Stars* fame), Elena Hight and Greg Bretz defrost at our party in South Beach.



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11



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MOVING THE SCALES

Sean McCusker's article on the Tsukiji fish market (*School of Fish*, March) presents a thrilling portrait of an edgy, macho place. Yes, there are enormous knives, speeding forklifts and chain-smoking men (but not so many around the fish being carved); it is also a place where the delicate principles of Japanese cuisine are played out every day between wholesalers and chefs, restaurateurs, fish-mongers and supermarket-chain buyers. McCusker talks about the men, but who handles the money? (Hint: It isn't the men.) Readers who want to visit this fascinating place should do so quickly. The Tokyo government plans to move it to a new location—on the site of a former petrochemical processing plant (i.e., a toxic-waste site)—where the facilities will be state-of-the-art but the hustle and bustle of the market will likely wither. By the way, Tsukiji is a fish market that serves Japanese demand. Seafood comes from all over the world in vast quantities every day. A tiny amount is exported to elite sushi chefs, but to say that much of the seafood found in American (or any other non-Japanese) markets passes through Tsukiji is inaccurate. Tsukiji sets the standards, but given the cost of airfreight and the imperative for freshness, little seafood sent there ever leaves Japan.

Ted Bestor

Cambridge, Massachusetts

Bestor, a professor of anthropology at Harvard University, is author of Tsukiji: The Fish Market at the Center of the World.

HAIR TODAY

A Cut Above (January/February) by Steve Garbarino is excellent. I have been a barber for 35 years, and we are a dying breed. With any luck Garbarino's report will breathe life back into our profession. Looking good is feeling good.

Lannie Hale

Waveland Barber-Stylist

Des Moines, Iowa

If you can believe it, in my 70-plus years I have never read an article in *PLAYBOY*. But my customers introduced me to the magazine and your article about traditional barbering. I attended barber school as a young man, so when I retired from the furniture business, that's what I went back to. I give my customers the full treatment—haircut, shave, hot towel, vibrating facial massage and clay-pack mask facials. I am surprised to learn I am not alone in this adventurous endeavor.

Robert Lennartz

Lennartz Olde Time Barber Shop
Huber Heights, Ohio

In "Stiff Upper Lip" you include the Tramp and Groucho Marx among famous men with mustaches, but in fact Charlie Chaplin's stache was glued on and Marx's was painted. Your description

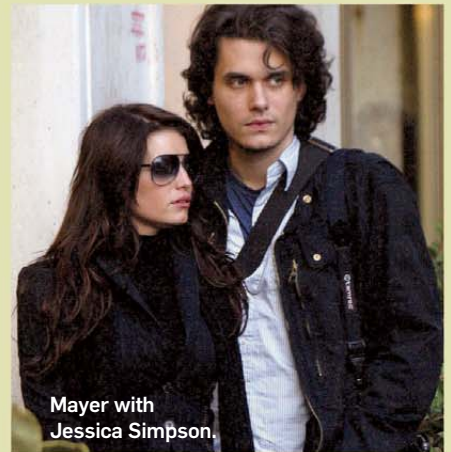
DEAR PLAYBOY

Honest John

The media and the blogosphere had a field day blasting John Mayer for some of the explicit responses about his sex life and famous ex-girlfriends in the *Playboy Interview* (March), but I think the politically correct police have hit the musician harder than he deserves. He is candid and intelligent, if a little lacking in tact. Within the context of the interview, his remarks, while certainly brash, are acceptable. Only when taken out of context can they be construed as intentionally hurtful or derogatory.

Kyle Jackson

Quitman, Texas



of Burt Reynolds as a good old boy is dead-on, however. When asked on a late-night talk show how women liked his mustache, he twirled one end and replied, "It's my muff duster."

Dean Thompson

Greeley, Colorado

COVER GIRLS

You take the right approach with your feature on erotic album covers (*Eros Vinyl*, March)—let the sleeves do the talking. There's no need to intellectualize. In fact, the book I co-wrote on this topic probably ended up with too many words. I also like the fact that you have a late-1960s, early-1970s theme going on. This was when the sleeves were at their sexiest. If you go any



More eros vinyl: Ween's *Chocolate and Cheese*.

earlier you're looking at stag album covers with badly photographed and rather unwell-looking women.

Michael Savage

Bristol, U.K.

Savage is co-author of Naked Vinyl: Classic Nude Album Cover Art.

You overlook Herb Alpert's *Whipped Cream & Other Delights* and the 2006

Re-Whipped version. These are perhaps the most delicious album covers of all time.

Shannon Madden

Charleston, South Carolina

HOUSEWIFE SENSATION

Your pictorial of 41-year-old Kelly Bensimon of *The Real Housewives of New York City* (March) proves once again *PLAYBOY* embraces beauty of all ages. Bravo!

Paul Kelley

West Point, Virginia

KUDOS TO A MASTER

After reading Stephen King's *Tommy* (March), I am struck by the depth of feeling he portrays. Having grown up in the 1960s, I see my own experiences in his work. Nicely done, Mr. King.

Howard Hinderleider

Columbus, Ohio

A SONG IN HIS HEART

Your *Playboy Interview* with John Mayer is long overdue. He may run off at the mouth a bit, but he is a genius who means well. The overkill of Internet pornography he speaks of is why I subscribe to *PLAYBOY*—it provides beautiful women and intellectual stimulation.

Brian Ackerman

Mount Bethel, Pennsylvania

Mayer's problem is he will never find true love because all the love he has to give he gives to himself. It sounds to me as if he gets off on luring a lady into his web, getting her to fall for him and then breaking her heart.

Victoria Tanchak

Newtown, Pennsylvania

The only person who finds John Mayer fascinating is John Mayer. To the rest of the world he looks suspiciously like the douche bag he claims not to be. At 32 he ought to possess enough self-control to

Hugh Hefner's Playboy



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

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at least appear respectful when discussing past conquests.

Brittany Abbate
Scottsdale, Arizona

Wasn't it Abraham Lincoln who said, "It is better to remain silent and be thought a douche bag than to open one's mouth and remove all doubt"?

Steve Cohen
Los Angeles, California

Mayer says he has a "David Duke cock" because he prefers to have sex with white women. My dick is more like Captain Kirk: It doesn't care what skin color a woman has as long as she doesn't have any aliens onboard.

Paul Varga
San Francisco, California

EMOTIONAL ARGUMENT

I enjoyed *The Singularity* (January/February), though I am apprehensive about turning over the evolution of humanity to scientists locked in the ivory tower of their brain's left hemisphere. Ray Kurzweil is a genius, but like many scientists he shows total disregard for the right hemisphere and its access to the feelings, empathy and deep feminine principles of life. He sees death as a glitch of nature rather than an enigma we have to resolve, not solve. As an inventor Kurzweil has helped many people, but as a human being he is unbalanced. I think his right brain is calling out for a lucid dream experience, some shrooms or maybe even a cerebral hemorrhage, which Dr. Jill Bolte Taylor, author of *My Stroke of Insight*, has called the best thing that ever happened to her. (That's hyperbole; I'm not wishing a stroke on Kurzweil or anyone else.) As the economist E.F. Schumacher once said, "Any intelligent fool can invent further complications, but it takes a genius to retain or recapture simplicity."

Terran Lovewave
Santa Fe, New Mexico

WHO KILLED BRIAN JONES?

In November 2008 in *The Mail on Sunday*, I outlined new evidence about the death of Brian Jones (*The Rise and Fall of the First Rock Star*, March). This evidence formed part of the information I gave to Sussex police last year, leading them to reopen the case. Over the past four years I have accessed the official documents relating to the case and traced the key people who were at Jones's house to piece together a forensic picture of what happened then and during the original investigation. Much of what is in the police files contradicts the official conclusion that this was an ordinary drowning. Janet Lawson, the nurse who found Jones's body, revealed for the first time that she believed Jones died when a fight with builder Frank Thorogood got out of hand. I spoke with three of the

four officers who worked on the case. The witness statements—which depict Lawson, Anna Wohlin and Thorogood having dinner, taking pills, going for a swim, etc., with Jones—were mainly fiction. These statements allowed those responsible for the death to walk away. I am now working on a documentary that will examine the true cause of Jones's death and the reasons it has been hidden for more than 40 years.

Scott Jones
Footprint Television
Bristol, U.K.

As the author of *Brian Jones*, a recent biography of the most famous dead Rolling Stone, I would maintain that night in mild thanksgiving that a huge check for his services as a Stone was on the way. Then Lawson noticed Jones washing down his usual prescribed bedtime tranquilizers. He was also cursing that week's high pollen count, which aggravated his asthma and hay fever. Unsteady on his feet, he proposed a quick dip.



The pool where Brian Jones (inset) was found.

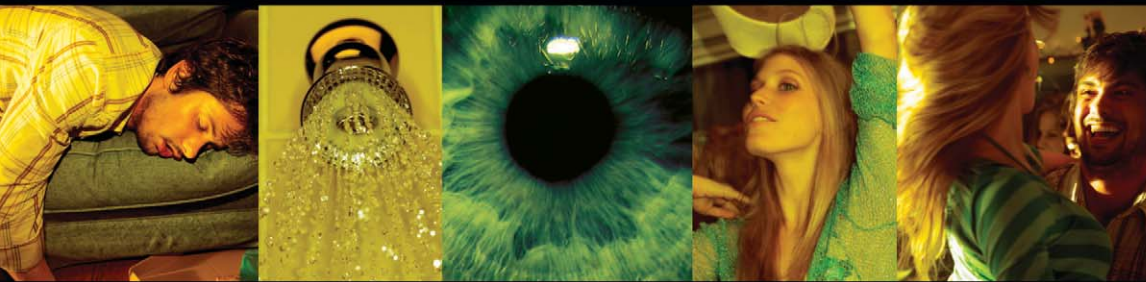
Lawson went inside. Wohlin and, next, Thorogood swam but got out, dried and also withdrew to the house. Hearing no sound from the pool, Lawson checked on Jones. Death had taken him without effort. The heat, the alcohol, the drugs and the oncoming drowsiness had combined to bring about his body's final rebellion after a lifetime of violation.

Alan Clayton
Henley-on-Thames, U.K.

I play guitar for a Stones tribute band, the Railing Stains. We were hired to play a birthday party at Cotchford Farm that by coincidence occurred on the 30th anniversary of Jones's death. I had a chance to swim in the infamous pool. The water in the deepest part came to my waist; there is no way anyone, especially a person described by friends as a good swimmer, could drown in it unless helped along.

Jasper Vincent
Brighton, U.K.





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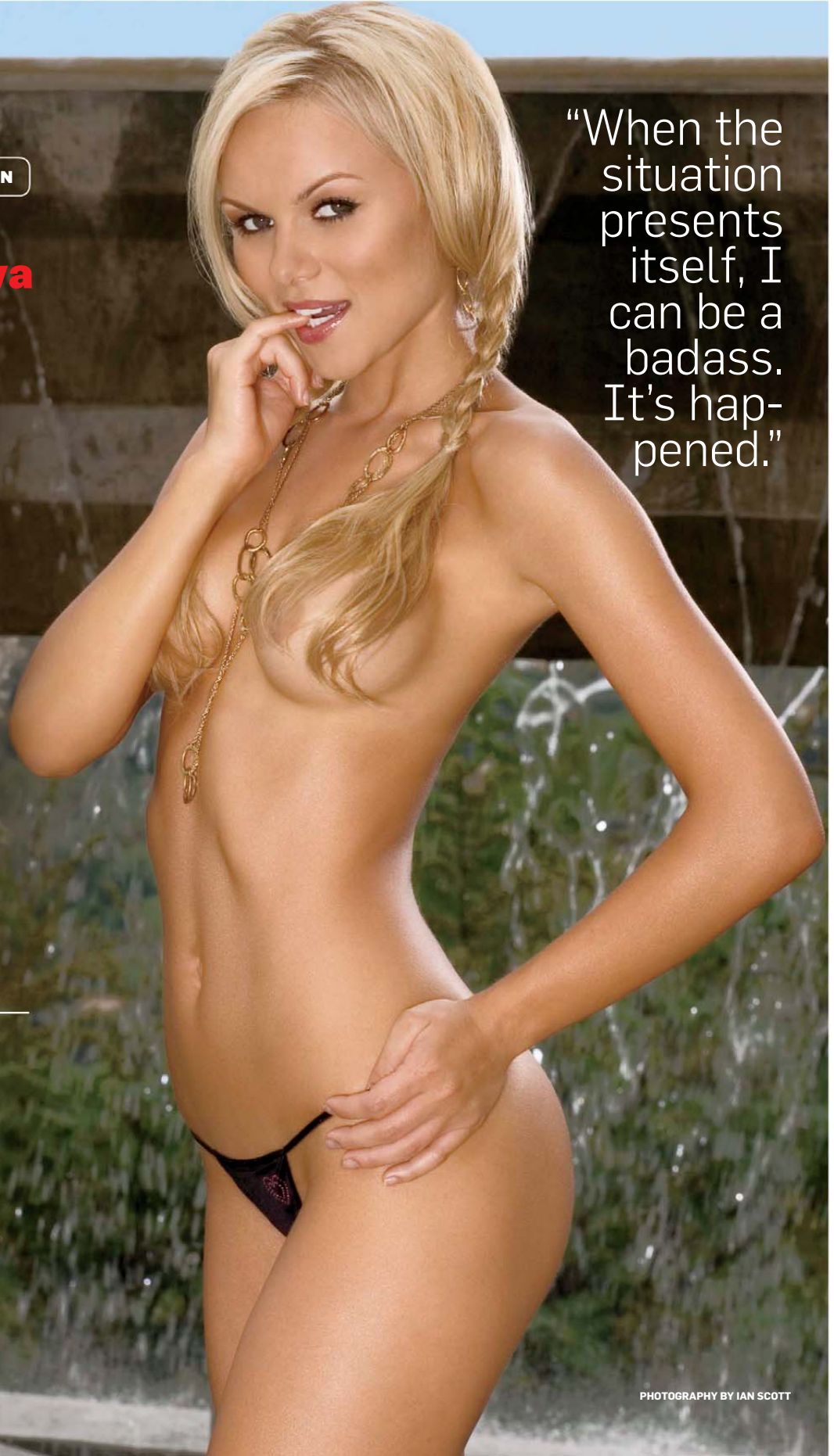
PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Anya Monzikova

Scarlett Johansson plays the part of Black Widow in *Iron Man 2*. Too bad, because Anya Monzikova is better qualified to play a Russian temptress trained in deadly martial arts. That's because Anya is in fact a Russian temptress trained in deadly martial arts. In Jon Favreau's new *Iron Man* epic she portrays "a party girl who tries to seduce Robert Downey Jr." She also served as an ad hoc language coach for Johansson, who had to deliver lines in Russian. Anya is best known for her role as briefcase number 10 on *Deal or No Deal*, but her acting career is now eclipsing her four-season *Deal* run. We see a Bond girl role in her future. Be wary of this one, 007.

"When the situation presents itself, I can be a badass. It's happened."





FEDERICO FELLINI MARCELLO MASTROIANNI ANITA EKBERG ANOUK AÏMEE YVONNE FURNEAUX MAGALI NOËL
LEX BARKER JACQUES SERNAS ALAIN CLUNY
MUSIC BY GIUSEPPE ANTONI
PRODUCTION BY GIUSEPPE ANTONI
CASTING BY ANGELO RIZZOLI

Classic Look of the Month The Sweet Life

Federico Fellini's Roman romp *La Dolce Vita* turns 50 this year. The film about fame and ephemeral celebrity has never gone out of style. Star Marcello Mastroianni came to define the 1960s "Italian look." In a sentence: He always appears as though he's just made love. How to make this look your own? Black 649 shades (\$246) by Persol, gray single-breasted suit (\$1,195) by Emporio Armani, white tonal French cuff shirt (\$245) by Corneliani and silk knit tie (\$115) by Rag & Bone.



Geek Love Paper Chase

An age-old question: What would you do if money were no object? Jay Walker, mega-millionaire founder of Priceline, built the ultimate guy's library in his New England home. Inside: everything from the instruction manual for the *Saturn V* rocket, which launched *Apollo 11* to the moon, to props from the set of 007 movies to surgical manuals from the 1500s. He even has vintage prosthetic eyeballs (who doesn't need a few of those lying around?). We especially admire the antique laptops and pre-World War I radio (pictured above right). The only library we know of that compares? Hugh Hefner's.



Special Delivery Mail Bonding

In the dark crevices of the Internet, you can find endless amounts of entertaining esoterica. Take letterheadly.com, a simple but ever-growing collection of blank letterhead. Each is a window into the psyche of a famous person or company, a window into the past. Real letterhead from der Führer, with swastika (used from 1934 to 1945); Albert Einstein (1932); "the office of Johnny Cash" (1960); even serial killer Richard Ramirez (1999), whose letterhead reads "Night Stalker" and lists his address as San Quentin. People use letterhead far less in the age of e-mail, but it sure is classy. Design your own for free at office.microsoft.com.

ITALIAN JOB: Marcello Mastroianni's effortless style has influenced pop culture from *Pulp Fiction* to the *Ocean's Eleven* franchise to *Mad Men*.

Southern Exposure Viva Mexico

Chicago's Topolobampo serves the finest Mexican cuisine in the U.S. Chef Rick Bayless shares with us his new bacon guacamole recipe, which will appear in his next cookbook, *Fiesta at Rick's*, out in July. We paired it with our own house mescal margarita. All the ingredients, except lime and water, come from the agave plant, which means purity of flavor and no hangover.

CINCO
DE
MAYO

GUACAMOLE

3 medium-to-large ripe avocados
½ medium white onion, chopped
into ¼-inch pieces

1 medium-to-large round ripe
tomato, cored and chopped
into ¼-inch pieces

2 or 3 canned chipotle chilies
in adobo sauce, removed from
sauce, stemmed, slit open, seeds

scraped out and finely chopped
¼ cup cilantro, loosely packed,
coarsely chopped (plus extra
for garnish)

5 strips medium-thick crispy bacon,
cooked, then coarsely crumbled

Salt
1 or 2 tbsp. fresh lime juice

Spoon out the avocado flesh and puree coarsely. Rinse onion in a strainer under cold water. Shake off excess water and transfer to a bowl, along with tomatoes, chipotle chilies, cilantro and about two thirds of the bacon. Gently stir to combine ingredients. Season to taste with about half a teaspoon of salt and enough lime juice to add a little sparkle. Cover the surface of the guacamole directly with plastic wrap and refrigerate until ready to serve. Scoop the guacamole into a serving dish, sprinkle with the remaining bacon and cilantro, and serve.

MARGARITA

1½ shots Fidencio mescal
½ shot fresh lime juice
¼ shot agave syrup
Splash of water

Fill rocks glass with ice,
pour in ingredients, shake
vigorously and garnish with
a lime twist.



Employee of the Month Michele Marx

PLAYBOY: What do you do?

MICHELE: I'm the principal of a private elementary school.

PLAYBOY: Kids these days are lucky. How did you become a principal?

MICHELE: I started out as a kindergarten teacher and worked my way up.

PLAYBOY: Do you prefer it to teaching?

MICHELE: Yes. I still work with kids, which I cherish, but I don't have to be tied to a classroom. Also, I like to be in charge.

PLAYBOY: What's the downside?

MICHELE: Dealing with some of the parents can be draining.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any "hot for teacher" outfits?

MICHELE: Not for school.

PLAYBOY: Still, we'd be bad boys if it would get us sent to the principal's office.

MICHELE: I have to cover up my boobs for school. If you think mom jeans are bad, you should see some of the outfits I wear.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever run into someone from school in your civilian life?

MICHELE: Yes, I bumped into one of my teachers at a bar when I had my cleavage out. That was awkward.

PLAYBOY: How will your students' parents react to your being in *PLAYBOY*?

MICHELE: If they see it, then they're looking at *PLAYBOY* and are participating one way or another.

PLAYBOY: So, pantsuit principal by day and sexy party girl by night.

MICHELE: Actually on most nights I'm in bed by nine.

PLAYBOY: Just our kind of girl.

SEE MORE OF MICHELE MARX AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM.



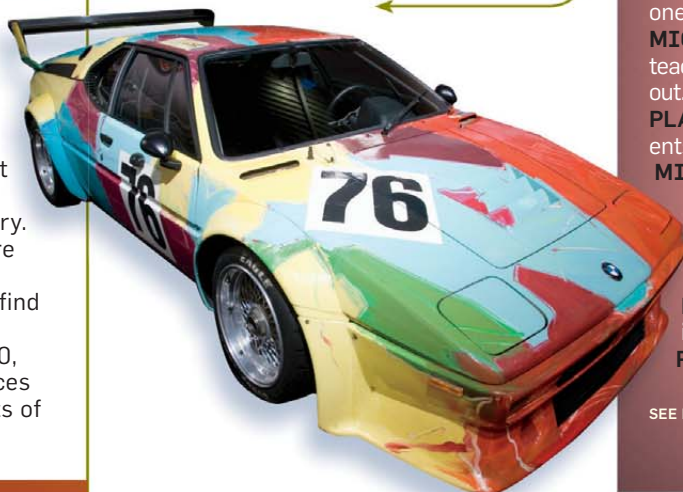
Tokyo Love Ancient Action

Shunga (n): Literally "spring images," a term used to describe the sexually explicit paintings hugely popular in Japan during the 18th century. What you see above is a mere hint of the erotica—at times hot, at times bizarre—you'll find in the new book *Poem of the Pillow and Other Stories* (\$50, Phaidon), a collection of pieces by the most respected artists of their time.

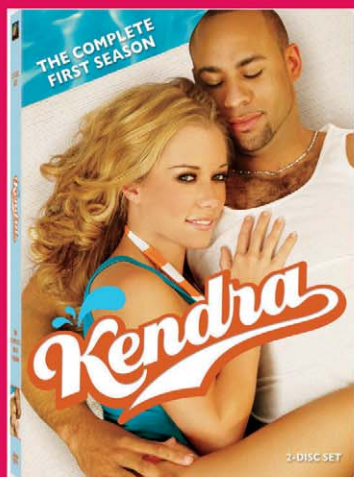


Body Paint Art Movement

American artist Jeff Koons will paint the next BMW Art Car. Ever since French racer Hervé Poulain broached the idea in 1975, art superstars such as Roy Lichtenstein, Robert Rauschenberg, Frank Stella and David Hockney have used BMWs as canvases, turning these furious four-wheelers into pricey museum pieces. The most famous is Andy Warhol's M1 from 1979 (pictured). What does Koons have up his sleeve? Stay tuned.



THE FIRST SEASON OF KENDRA IS NOW ON DVD.



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

What's in Store Have a Look

Turns out, even in this tricky economic climate, some big names in fashion are opening new high-profile shops aimed mostly at men. It's as though retail is finally getting the message: Guys don't want to rummage through tons of garbage to find that one shirt or pair of shoes they like. They want to go to a cool store where they like everything. Here are a few new spots that are sure to put a smile on your face and some friction on your plastic: Paul Smith's first outpost in Las Vegas (pictured, with its Mondrian-inspired facade); Hermès's first-ever men's shop, which opened in February on Madison Avenue in New York; and Coach's first men's shop, on Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village, opening this month.



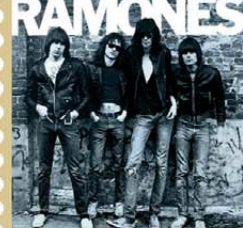
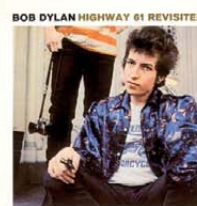
On the Spot King of Clubs

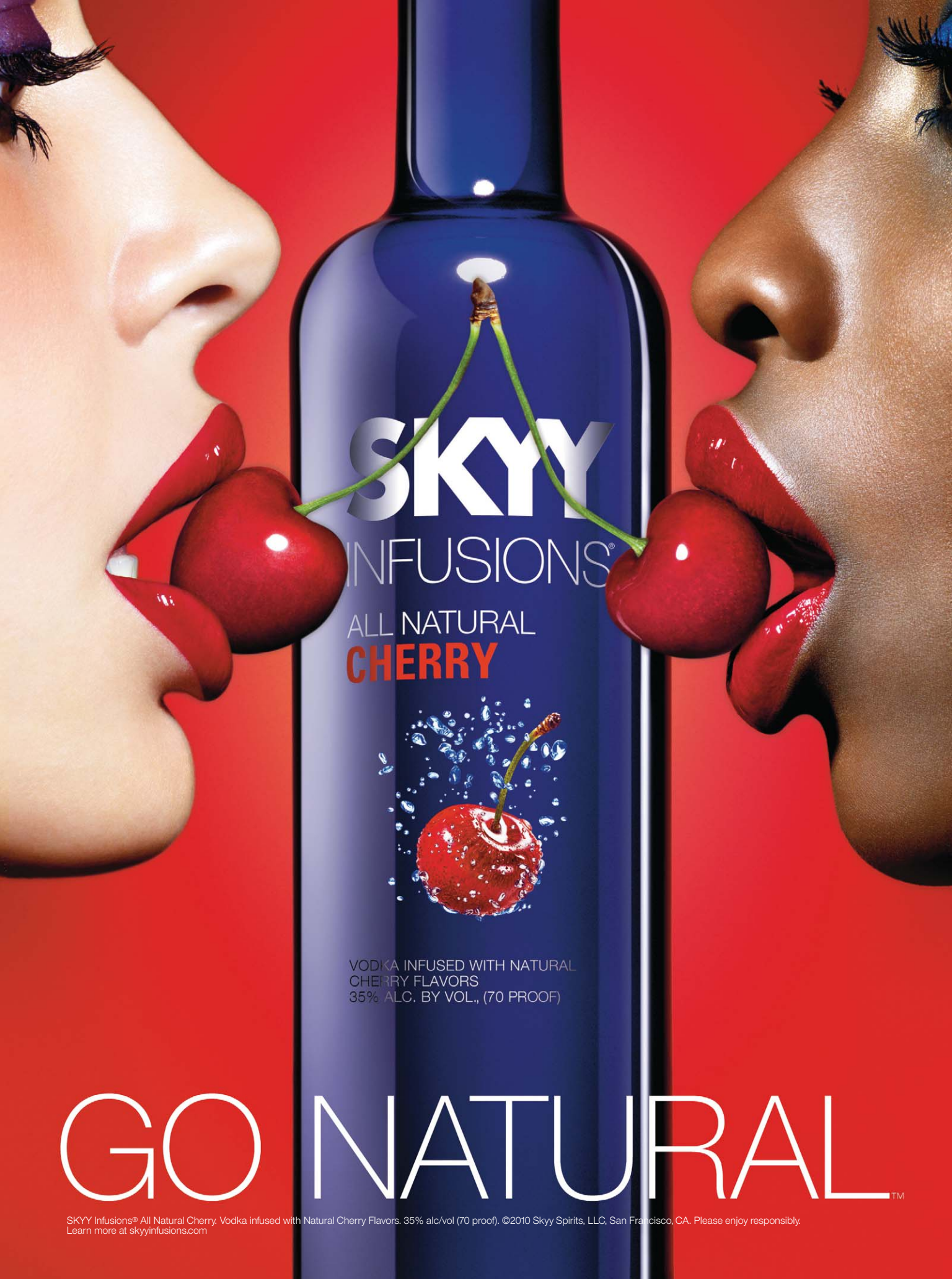
Le Baron in Paris (pictured), the coolest celeb-and-model-packed nightclub in Europe, is coming to America. Its owners, the singularly named André and Lionel, have reportedly secured a spot on Mulberry Street in Manhattan. See you there.



First Class The Stamp of Greatness

The U.K.'s Royal Mail recently issued stamps commemorating the greatest British rock albums: David Bowie's *Ziggy Stardust*, the Rolling Stones' *Let It Bleed*, the Clash's *London Calling*. That got us thinking: If the U.S. Postal Service were to do the same (and it should!), what albums would it choose? What works should represent the American canon? Herewith we've mocked up some 44-cent beauties. Write us and add your picks to the list.





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Movie of the Month

Iron Man 2

By Stephen Rebell

The big question two years ago was whether *Iron Man* would launch a new franchise or fizzle and become the next *Daredevil*. Doubters were silenced when the comic-book adaptation about industrialist playboy Tony Stark grossed more than \$318 million and reignited the career of leading man Robert Downey Jr. So it's no surprise that we have *Iron Man 2*, which brings back Gwyneth Paltrow and Samuel L. Jackson, along with newbies Scarlett Johansson, as sexy undercover agent Black Widow, and Mickey Rourke, as the villain Whiplash. Terrence Howard is not returning as Lieutenant Colonel James "Rhodey" Rhodes, a.k.a., War Machine. This time Don Cheadle plays the hero's pal and sometime adversary. "I hope people enjoy the dynamic between Iron Man and me, but they come to these movies to see spectacular special effects," says Cheadle. "That's okay. I wouldn't mind being computer animated."



WEIGHING IN ON ROBIN HOOD

When Sienna Miller was dropped from Ridley Scott's *Robin Hood*, press reports hinted **Russell Crowe** looked too heavy next to the slim actress. No wonder studio execs insisted cinema's favorite gladiator lose most of the 63 pounds he packed on for *Body of Lies*. Now Crowe says Miller's replacement, Cate Blanchett, makes a more "resilient" heroine—almost as resilient as Crowe's fluctuating waistband.



Tease Frame

Most Americans came to know English actress **Carey Mulligan** as one of the prostitutes in *Public Enemies*, but you'll have to pick up the DVD of *When Did You Last See Your Father?* (pictured) to get a glimpse of what John Dillinger was robbing banks to pay for. Mulligan earned an Oscar nomination for her part in *An Education*, and after seeing the movie Oliver Stone cast her as Shia LaBeouf's love interest in *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps*. She and LaBeouf have been an item ever since.

DVD of the Month

The Imaginarium of Doctor Parnassus, Terry Gilliam's latest elaborate fantasy, is both an exhilarating and a perplexing bit of storytelling. Gilliam spins the yarn of Parnassus (Christopher Plummer), an ancient sideshow magician whose deal with the devil (Tom Waits) has come due. This means his luscious daughter (Lily Cole) is going to hell, but not if troupe newcomer Tony (Heath Ledger, in his final role) has anything to say about it. Enter the *Imaginarium*, a CGI dreamscape

realm into which the doctor invites carnival visitors to choose between the light and the dark. Here, over successive sequences, Gilliam morphs Ledger into Johnny Depp, Colin Farrell and Jude Law as Tony tries to game Satan's system. Ledger's untimely death during production necessitated the ploy, and that tragedy adds a layer of complexity to Gilliam's comments on both the DVD and Blu-ray. **Best extras:** A wardrobe test and an interview with Ledger. **✓✓✓½** —Greg Fagan



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Book of the Month The Imperfect Storm

The men of Battle Company attack one another with knives and strike their superiors as a matter of course. They also represent our best chance of winning the war in Afghanistan. They've been tasked with leading the charge against the Taliban in one of its strongholds—the Korengal Valley near Pakistan, a mountainous terrain that has never been bested by outsiders. Over 15 months Sebastian Junger spent extended periods with one platoon, compelled by its unorthodox methods and espe-



cially by the high stakes and low odds of its mission. Unlike most embedded journalists, the best-selling author received unlimited access. And he earned it: He survived firefights and a roadside bomb. Junger has made a career of chronicling dangerous professions. In *War*, he serves up the experience of combat in Afghanistan raw and bloody without a trace of moralizing or politicking. Iraq is never mentioned; neither is Washington. But given his unparalleled access, one wishes he had at least raised the strategic issues. Junger details the military's agonizing attempts to cleanse towns of insurgents, without including insights (his own or others') for improving the process. Still, he provides an unforgettable look at the modern American soldier's psyche. He claims it is precisely in this extreme setting that we uncover a uniquely human trait: the compulsion soldiers feel to die for their comrades. If only that discovery were enough to win hearts and minds in the region.

☆☆☆ —Seth Fiegerman



Game of the Month Splinter Cell: Conviction

The *Splinter Cell* series redefined stealth video games, but later entries fatigued us with their methodical pace and punishing difficulty. After wisely taking some years off to plot Sam Fisher's next move, Ubisoft now returns with a spectacularly reimagined experience for Xbox 360 and PC that will satisfy both old-school purists and those who favor looser, more action-oriented gameplay. The story line has new twists (Fisher is now an embittered ex-black ops employee searching for his daughter's killer), but the real stars are the revamped combat system that allows manifold solutions to any situation and extensive co-op multiplayer modes that offer further variations on the game's rhythms. ☆☆☆ —Scott Alexander

Music One Question With MGMT

On your new album, *Congratulations*, you have a song called "Brian Eno." Why?

Ben Goldwasser of MGMT: *We're kind of obsessed with Brian Eno. He's not a household name—except in our household. He was*



in Roxy Music, and he produced David Bowie, U2, Coldplay and Devo. He's widely known as one of the greatest producers ever; he's revered as a god. The song makes fun of him a little. We describe him as kind of a sorcerer. But a lot of younger people hearing our album won't have a clue who he is.

Album of the Month Drive-By Truckers Teach Econ 101

One band was doing songs about the recession before the recession officially existed. While economists were contemplating GDP data, Drive-By Truckers were writing true tales full of booze, violence, blood and guns, stories set in towns where trouble lives next door to desperation.

"We see it every day," says guitarist Patterson Hood,

who sings "This Fucking Job" on the band's terrific new album, *The Big To-Do*, its 10th. "People in Washington, D.C. were taken by surprise by the economic collapse. It wasn't a surprise to us. Florence, Alabama, the town we grew up in, never had an economic bubble. Even in the 1990s, it sucked back home."

In "This Fucking Job,"

Hood's narrator learns the only thing worse than a dead-end job is no job at all. He burrows into frustration and turns it into some of the most exciting rock and roll made today. "I consider us a very political band," he adds. "We don't preach, but it's implicit in the songs. If you don't like it, then don't come to our shows."

☆☆☆ —Rob Tannenbaum



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RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



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ACCORDING TO DIFFERENT POLLS, 11% TO 25% OF MEN SURVEYED ADMIT TO **FAKING ORGASMS** NOW AND THEN.



ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

A WOMAN AT A BAR WILL GET CHATTED UP 6 MINUTES SOONER IF SHE IS WEARING MAKEUP.

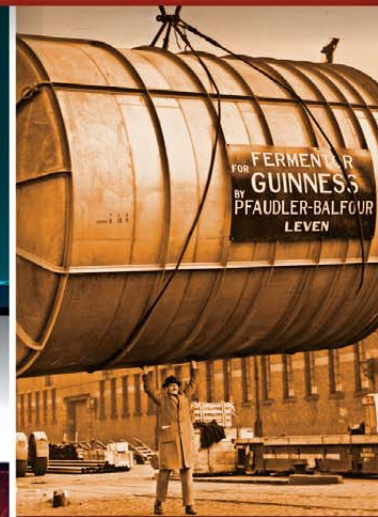


TWENTY PERCENT

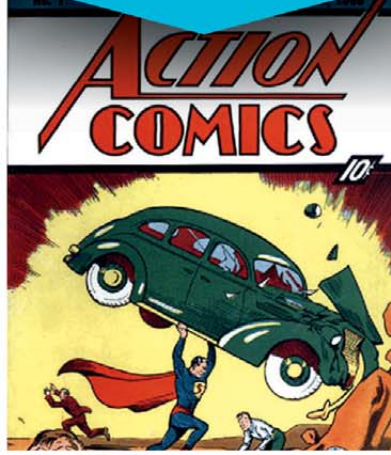
ACCORDING TO A SURVEY BY A BRITISH ONLINE SHOPPING SITE, 20% OF WOMEN HAVE ENDED A RELATIONSHIP BECAUSE THEIR SIGNIFICANT OTHER WAS TOO TETHERED TO A VIDEO-GAME CONTROLLER.

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WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

In a recent Glamour.com poll, 30% of women said they prefer sex to last between 15 and 30 minutes, while only 19% said they prefer it to last an hour or longer.



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Rich and Drop-Dead Gorgeous

Behold the automobile most desired by Middle Eastern princes

Spyker, a tiny upstart Dutch auto company, is backed by shrewd Abu Dhabi investors, the same ones who control a piece of Ferrari. So it's no surprise the company has cash to invest in mind-blowingly sexy and expensive projects such as Spyker's Le Mans racing team and the automobile you see here. The C8 Aileron Spyder takes its moniker and styling cues from aircraft (Spyker made airplanes in the early 1900s). Note the wheels and the cockpit's brightly polished shift linkage and massive toggle switches. Spyker will produce only a handful of these cars with a \$234,990 ticket, many of which will head straight to the Middle East. We drove one on torturous tree-lined back roads near the 17-mile drive at Pebble Beach. The mid-range exhaust note, while loud to some, delighted us, as did its giant balls (top speed: 187 mph). The guts: a 4.2-liter Audi V8 linked to a six-speed Getrag manual. Some extras to think about: a \$17,500 Khroma Grand Reference audio system and a \$22,500 set of matching Louis Vuitton luggage. More info and pics at spykercars.nl.



Kind of Blue

The simplicity on the surface of Franois-Paul Journe's latest masterpiece, the Chronomètre Bleu (\$19,400, fpjourne.com), belies the complexity of the authentic Swiss movement beneath. The timepiece's body is made of tantalum, which is rarely used in watches because it's extremely hard and difficult to manipulate. We've met women like that. They've all been worth it.



Beach Party Preserver

Nothing kills your ability to capture the moment like anxiety—anxiety about taking your electronics to the beach, anxiety about spilling beer on your tiny camcorder. Kodak's new Playsport (\$150, kodak.com) is ruggedized and waterproof down to 10 feet, which means you can take it snorkeling or, of course, in the shower. Moments happen there, too.

The Civilized Savannah

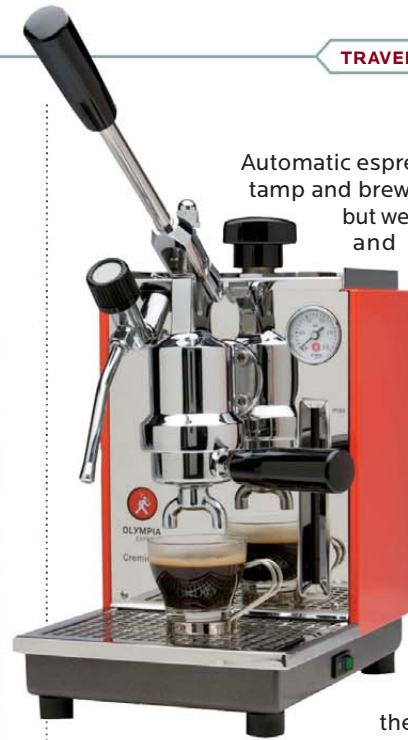
We're all for going on safari as long as there's a well-stocked bar and enough comfort for our female companion. The brainchild of conservationist-philanthropist Dereck Joubert, Zarafa lodge has four grand tents (yes, this is a tent) that accommodate eight people. With 300,000 acres of Botswana to explore, bristling with elephants, lions, leopards and hippos, somehow we don't think crowding will be a problem. Prices and info at selindareserve.com.



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Hack Your Life: Music

For the better part of the past 10 years (i.e., since Napster forced its hand), the music industry has been trying to figure out how to handle the Internet—specifically, how to create a for-pay proposition that's more appealing than piracy. MOG.com figured it out with a streaming music service that launched last October. As with Netflix's streaming model, you pay a flat monthly fee (\$5) for unlimited access to almost every song ever recorded (the usual Beatles, Led Zepelin and AC/DC caveats apply). Well, we should say *mostly* figured it out. The final piece of the puzzle comes this month with the debut of MOG's mobile service, which allows you to download unlimited tracks and play them on iPhone, iPod Touch or Android phones for an additional \$5 a month. Support for more devices will follow.



Drop the Boom

The 1980s were a simpler time. If you wanted portable music, you got five pounds of D batteries and hauled a full-on stereo around on your shoulder. Now, with the old-school boom box out of favor, we have armies of isolated earbud-wearing bubble people. We say it's high time you started to inflict your music on others again. Lasonic, one of the brands that fueled the original boom box craze, is back with an iPod-dockable version, the 1931 (\$140, lasonic.com). You can plug it in, of course, but it still takes D batteries. Ten of them, to be exact.

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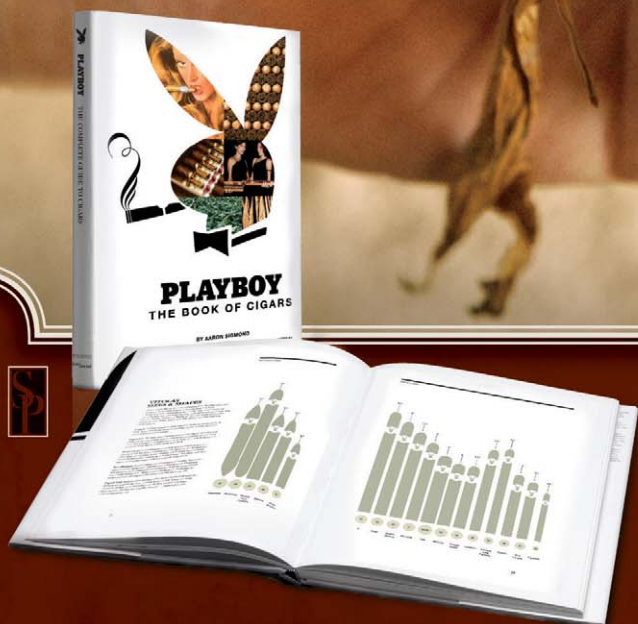
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—E. Edward Hoyt III, *Smoke and SmokeShop* magazines

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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Have you ever heard of a guy faking an orgasm? I've been doing it for about 10 years, and my wife of 28 years and five other women have had no idea. The first time I did it I was having intercourse with my wife on the morning before a date with one of my girlfriends. I wanted to be "full" for my girlfriend, so I stopped my stroke a few seconds before ejaculation but continued with the convulsions, the drooling, the shaking—everything but the semen. I did it so well I surprised myself. Every once in a while I slip and ejaculate, but overall, faking has given me better control. I can now go longer and come stronger. Is this sick, or have I discovered something uncommon?—D.D., New York, New York

It's not as uncommon as one may think. In a survey of 1,501 random Americans completed in 2004, 11 percent of the men said they had faked at least once (compared with 48 percent of the women). That percentage may be higher than ever before because of the number of men who take antidepressants and other medications that can inhibit orgasm. A guy often finds it more daunting to reveal to a partner that she can't "make him come" than to explain why he ejaculates too quickly. There is a lesson in your experience. Training yourself to stop just before you reach the point of no return is a classic method to build stamina. It's just too bad you're doubling down on the lies to your wife.

What does it mean when a company says its lube or sex toys are "green" or "organic"?—Y.H., Madison, Wisconsin

*Not much. The federal government regulates foods that manufacturers label as organic but not personal-care products. The practice of claiming a product is organic or natural when it's not is an example of greenwashing. The ingredient to be especially cautious about in lubes is glycerin, because it can contribute to yeast infections. As alternatives, Stefanie Iris Weiss, author of the new book *Eco-Sex*, suggests Yes Yes Yes (yesyesyes.org), Firefly Organics (organiclubricant.com) and Sliquid (sliquid.com). With sex toys, you can't get greener than the Earth Angel (theearthangel.ie), a vibrator with a hand crank. Four minutes of cranking provides up to 30 minutes of carbon-neutral pleasure.*

You leap to the conclusion in March that the reader whose erection is "not straight" has Peyronie's disease, a rare condition.



My friend is convinced being a porn stud would be tough work. But these guys get to have sex every day with beautiful women—how tough can it be?—P.C., Fort Collins, Colorado

Having sex with beautiful women is easy. Getting your erection to cooperate is not, even with the benefit of Viagra. You may be a stud in your own home or at a swingers' party, but if you fall limp on set it costs someone money and there are no second chances. "The guys have the most physically demanding job," writes director and performer Adam Glasser, better known as Seymore Butts, at teamtushy.com. "Not only do you have to get it up, get it in and get it off on cue, you oftentimes have to do it in muscle-cramping positions, on uncomfortable surfaces or with women you're not attracted to." The only realistic way to break in is to ride the skirt tails of a gorgeous female friend who is willing to risk her own earnings by insisting she will work only with you. Industry insiders discourage aspiring studs not because they want you to fail. They would love to have more reliable wood. It's because they've been disappointed so often, even by guys with extreme confidence in their abilities, and they know better.

Curvature up to 30 degrees is normal; treatment is rarely considered unless the angle exceeds 45 degrees.—B.L., Des Moines, Iowa

It's true—not every curve is a condition. Many men have congenital curvature, which they typically notice during puberty. A curve to one side or the other is probably caused when one of the three spongy chambers inside the shaft is slightly

shorter than the others, pulling the erection in that direction. A downward curve is typically caused when the lowest of these chambers, which holds the urethra, is slightly shorter. Alternatively, it's been suggested the fibrous sheath under the skin of the shaft, known as the tunica albuginea, can tug the penis if it's shorter on the top, side or bottom. A 1997 revisiting of Alfred Kinsey's earlier survey data (in which the famed sex researcher asked men to indicate with their finger how much of a curve they had) concluded that, when viewed from above, about 13 percent of erections bend slightly left or right, most often left. Viewed from the side, about 25 percent curve up and 15 percent down. (Note: This is different from the "lateral inclination," or angle, of your erection.) If your bend isn't painful, has been stable for a long while and allows for comfortable intercourse, there is no reason for concern or surgery. A downward curve, unless mild, is usually more problematic than one to either side, notes Dr. Drogo Montague, a urologist and surgeon at the Cleveland Clinic. Peyronie's is not congenital or a disease but probably the result of injuries suffered when the erection buckles during sex. It's distinguished by a lump on the shaft where scar tissue has formed. In younger men, buckling injuries are less common but more often traumatic, with swelling and pain. Older men, who have less-rigid erections, may not notice when injuries occur. Unfortunately Peyronie's doesn't qualify as rare. Estimates vary, but one study found the number of men with Peyronie's increases with age, from 1.5 percent of those in their 30s to 6.5 percent of those over the age of 70. Montague believes it affects about 10 percent of older men.

Should I ask my girlfriend's father for his blessing before I pop the question? I'm not sure if this is too old-fashioned.—F.D., Chicago, Illinois

It is old-fashioned, but so are most parents, as you may someday discover for yourself. You can't go wrong with this gesture, but we suggest that rather than asking her father, you visit with both her parents. Of course, as we've said in the past, the first person you should have a conversation with about getting married is your girlfriend. Surprise her with the when and where of the proposal, not that you're planning to ask.

Why are cars that get 50 or 60 miles a gallon available in Europe but not in the U.S.?—J.S., San Diego, California

Because most of those European cars have diesel engines that don't meet our emissions standards. However, a number of "clean diesel"

vehicles have been introduced to the U.S. market over the past few years, including the widely praised Audi A3 TDI, which gets 42 miles a gallon on the highway and 30 in the city. Many zippy, gas-powered subcompacts that get similar mileage but have been sold only overseas will be available in the U.S. starting this year and next, including the 2011 Ford Fiesta (currently the second-best-selling car in Europe), the 2012 Ford Focus, the 2011 Mazda2, the 2011 Chevy Cruze and the 2012 Chevy Spark.

Three months after our daughter was born, I found out the work “friend” my husband had been texting was his mistress. He begged me for a second chance. I love him and want our relationship to work, but I’m afraid to trust him. He lied to my face. I find myself checking the phone bill and worrying when he says he’s going out with friends. I know he is frustrated that I dwell on it. I want to move on but don’t know how.—M.J., Phoenix, Arizona

Any reformed cheater who expects his spouse to quickly “get over” infidelity will get a hard lesson in the price of betrayal. Therapist Don-David Lusterman, author of *Infidelity: A Survival Guide*, notes that honesty is the key to recovery, because honesty rebuilds trust, and trust restores intimacy. Restoring trust is hard work but worthwhile, he says, because it will lead to a better marriage or, barring that, a better divorce. One sign of progress is when both husband and wife acknowledge the marital problems that increased the likelihood of an affair. But your husband still needs to understand it’s his burden, not yours, to earn back your trust. This will take time, no further lies and many small gestures. For your part, don’t let anger and hurt guide every interaction. As other therapists have said, trust is not about having certainty but accepting your spouse may hurt you again. If and when that happens, you’ll deal with it. Is your husband still working with the other woman? If so, that is a huge obstacle.

The more porn I see, the more intense or taboo it needs to be to excite me. I’ve reached the point where the only porn that gets me hard is rape fantasies. For the record, I have no desire to rape anyone. The line between reality and fantasy is as thick as the Great Wall of China, but why have my fantasies turned so dark?—P.W., Springfield, Missouri

If you’re a regular surfer, your brain has been exposed to so much bland and formulaic porn that only extremes can jolt it awake. In *Beyond My Control: Forbidden Fantasies in an Uncensored Age*, Nancy Friday writes that one thing she learned after interviewing hundreds of men and women over many decades about their sexual daydreams is that something that is taboo “gets us higher faster. The more forbidden, the more intense the orgasm.” Friday argues it’s incorrect to use the word “rape” to describe fantasies of forced sex because in fact they are about “freedom from responsibility.” In other words, masochism means never having to say you’re sorry. Similarly, women who have fantasies of being made into sex slaves can enjoy all sorts of debauchery but remain good girls because they were compelled to partake. Notably, the men who

fantasized about rough sex whom Friday interviewed for an earlier book, *Men in Love*, didn’t see themselves as being cruel or criminal but as “helping an inhibited woman discover pleasure she would not accept any other way.” Our suggestion: Lay off the hard-core for a while. Soon enough women in cheerleader costumes faking arousal in cheap hotel rooms will again feel like a good night’s entertainment.

In March you advise a gentleman on a good first date. While you’re right about avoiding the movies, I would never take a woman to a batting cage, pool parlor, paintball course or anyplace else that involves head-to-head competition. In 20 years of living with women I have yet to meet one who is a good loser. Unless you like duffing your game, stick with the romantic gestures.—R.D., Albuquerque, New Mexico

The women we date always kick our butt, so it hasn’t come up.

Can you explain the difference between a blazer, a sports jacket and a suit coat?—P.G., Scottsdale, Arizona

A blazer is usually made of navy blue fabric and has brass or gilt buttons. It goes with just about anything. Although it first became popular among the upper crust in the 1920s, it’s known as a blazer because those worn in the previous century by members of English cricket clubs had stripes of bright colors. A blazer is more formal than a sports jacket but more leisurely than a suit. A sports jacket, also known as an odd jacket, can be worn with trousers of a contrasting color—you never want them too close, because it will resemble a slightly mismatched suit—and without a tie. Sports jackets became the rage starting in 1923, when the wealthy began to buy them as a more comfortable alternative for spectator sports. To that point, a sports jacket has a looser fit than a suit coat and comes in many more styles. Before sports jackets became fashionable, a man who wanted to dress casually wore the coat from one of his suits with white flannel trousers and white shoes.

A reader wrote in March because he had participated in a study of finasteride in preventing prostate cancer. You report that the study found men who take the drug are more likely to develop deadly tumors. I have been taking finasteride in the form of Propecia for 12 years to prevent hair loss. Should I be worried?—D.K., Loudon, Tennessee

We apologize for the confusion. The men in the study, who were all at least 55 years old, took a daily dose of Proscar, which contains five milligrams of finasteride, not Propecia, which has one milligram. The research found that men who developed prostate cancer during the years-long study had a higher than expected incidence of fast-growing, or high-grade, tumors. Other scientists who analyzed the data concluded this was because finasteride reduces the size of the gland, making aggressive tumors easier to see during biopsies. That in turn often means they are found earlier in their development, which improves survival

rates. Should you be taking more finasteride? Hard to say. At higher doses it can have side effects such as erectile dysfunction and loss of libido. Many doctors take a cautious approach and don’t recommend the drug as a preventive, although it’s useful to shrink the prostate to treat other ailments.

My lover’s bush is thinning. Can Rogaine bring it back?—G.C., Banning, California

We doubt your lover will find it enticing if you bring Rogaine instead of lube to bed. And it likely won’t have any effect, says Dr. William Rassman of New Hair Institute in Los Angeles (baldingblog.com). “There’s maybe a 10 percent chance it would do anything, and even then it wouldn’t be substantial growth,” he says. Are there other options? Believe it or not, some people have pubic hair transplants. Rassman completes one or two of the procedures each year, taking follicles from the back of the head and replanting them near the genitals. Although he can’t explain it, Rassman says straight hair from the head usually grows wavy (but not curly) below the waist. Patients who ask if he can give them a bushier bush are always women and usually Asian. “Caucasian women shave it off, and Asian women want more,” he observes. Someone should set up a donor registry.

In March you note that few men are able to achieve orgasm by fantasy alone. When I was 16 and felt my girlfriend’s breasts for the first time, I ejaculated in my pants. As the relationship developed, she could make me come by letting me touch her breasts or vulva. I sure wish there had been camcorders back then. Just before ejaculation, my erection would jump up and down and then spray semen everywhere. Several of my friends told me they also auto-ejaculated. This continued until I was about 30, but I suspect I could come automatically even now by thinking hard about my first girlfriend’s wonderful tits.—W.B., Bonita Springs, Florida

Don’t let us stop you, though we don’t need to see footage. Teenage boys and young men are known for their quick triggers. The phenomenon we described involves men and women who can climax by fantasy alone, without stimulation of any kind—eyes closed, on your back, hands at your side, staring at the sky. Scientists have recorded women doing this in the laboratory; as far as we can find, the male equivalent has been documented only through self-report.

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.





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MATTHEW FOX

A candid conversation with Lost's angst-ridden action hero about his love of flying, his fear of water and why he can't wait to get off that damn island

It's dead certain that once *Lost* hurtles past its 121st and final episode, airing May 23, millions of addicted viewers will be left feeling dazed and confused—let alone marooned. Six seasons of ABC's Emmy-winning, plane-crash-castaways-on-a-mysterious-island series created by Damon Lindelof, J.J. Abrams and Jeffrey Lieber have dazzled, bewildered and obsessed fans with bizarre time lines, trippy creatures such as tropical polar bears and a sense of high adventure that rivals pretty much anything on view at the local multiscreen. February's kickoff episode drew more than 12 million TV viewers and 580,000 online gawkers; network insiders predict the final episode will easily trounce those numbers. The legion of the *Lost* is so massive that over the show's reign it has spawned a mini-industry of promotional merchandise and countless fan sites, blogs, online encyclopedias, at-home viewing parties—even tour packages of its Hawaiian islands filming locations.

Little of the hoopla appears to have fazed Matthew Fox, whose brooding, square-jawed, strong and silent presence has helped generate and maintain the show's heat. The 43-year-old, six-foot-two Fox, who plays the show's complicated surgeon hero and action man, Jack Shephard, has handled the limelight's glare with relative ease, balancing TV stardom with big-

screen roles in the retina assault based on the Japanese anime *Speed Racer*, the assassination thriller *Vantage Point* and the inspirational fact-based football drama *We Are Marshall*. Having previously starred on another landmark pop culture TV series, *Party of Five*, the drama that ran from 1994 to 2000 on which he, Neve Campbell and Scott Wolf played siblings struggling with the death of their parents, he has managed to attain stardom without waving any red flags for the tabloid press—until recently, when the *National Enquirer* and *In Touch* claimed he had had an affair with a stripper, which Fox has vehemently denied.

It's rare that scandal even comes close to the rugged actor. He has been with the same woman for 23 years, Margherita Ronchi, an Italian-born former fashion model he married in 1992 and with whom he has daughter Kyle Allison (born in 1998) and son Byron (born in 2001). Fox himself was born in Crowheart, Wyoming, the middle of three brothers. His father, Francis, raised longhorn cattle and grew barley for beer companies including Coors; Fox's mother, Loretta, taught school. A self-admitted hell-raiser, Fox began riding horses at six, chased girls, played high school basketball and football and was an indifferent student. But he knuckled down when he was

sent to preppy Deerfield Academy in Deerfield, Massachusetts. From there he went to Columbia University in New York City, majoring in economics, playing on the football team (as a wide receiver), waiting tables, attending acting classes and modeling in commercials and print ads. While attending Columbia he met and fell in love with his future wife. Upon graduating in 1989, rather than enter the world of Wall Street, he continued to model. At 26 he began to land acting jobs, making his TV debut on a 1992 episode of *Wings*.

We sent Contributing Editor **Stephen Rebello**, who last interviewed James Cameron for *PLAYBOY*, to the North Shore of Oahu in Hawaii to interview Fox as the shooting of *Lost* was coming to an end. Says Rebello, "I was told Matthew Fox can be pretty intense, serious and tough to engage on personal subjects. I found him to be straight up, thoughtful, interesting and rough around the edges. There's a whole lot of cowboy still left in him. In fact, he's the first person I've ever interviewed who, for a good half hour, chewed tobacco and spat into a paper cup."

PLAYBOY: With *Lost* coming to an end, many people would love to get the scoop on the finale and what the six years of the series have been building toward. There



"I have absolutely no trouble taking my clothes off—never have, from the time I was a kid growing up in Wyoming. It's fun to do something others think is outrageous. It's fun just to watch people's reactions."



"I was a big hell-raiser, always doing crazy shit. My mom and dad never knew about much of what I did. But one time I got into serious shit with my old man was when I was trying to grow weed and he found it."



"The subject of fidelity is very personal. I am a man, and I am an appreciator of women. At the same time, [my wife] Margherita is the shit. We've been together for 23 years, so let's leave it at that."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO PEREZ

have been hints that you are among the select few who know how the show will end. What's true?

FOX: I know a little bit about what the end's going to be like. I went to the show's creators to ask what I should be working toward with my character. They gave me an image of how my character would end up.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to share that image with us?

FOX: No, man. But it's pretty awesome. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Lots of fans are debating whether Evangeline Lilly's character Kate will end up with you or with Josh Holloway's bad-boy character Sawyer—assuming any or all of you survive. Do you ever regret not being cast as Sawyer when you auditioned?

FOX: I don't think they were ever seriously considering me for Sawyer. They were just using a Sawyer scene to audition guys they were interested in. The minute I did that Sawyer audition, though, they were like, "We think you're Jack Shephard." I said, "Great, but I don't have any fucking idea who Jack Shephard is because nobody's read the script."

PLAYBOY: Did they let you read it?

FOX: J.J. Abrams said, "You want to read the script right now?" I did, but he proceeded to butt in every fucking 20 minutes with, "What do you think? What do you think?" Finally, I'm like, "Fucking great. Let me finish it."

PLAYBOY: Apparently you liked what you read.

FOX: The minute I read it and saw that the show started on Shephard's eye opening, I realized they were essentially talking to me about playing the *guy*. And I was like, "Well, *okay*."

PLAYBOY: *Lost* has had more strong seasons than not, but many people still hotly debate season three, which was almost a sidebar miniseries featuring you, Lilly and Holloway held captive. It was mostly Lilly and Holloway trapped in zoo cages.

FOX: It became a show everybody talked and wrote about. People who never would have been fans, who weren't watching the show from the beginning, started watching because of the reviews, the press attention and the ratings. They didn't know what the show was about, didn't know the characters or anything, but they were criticizing it, saying it wasn't as good as seasons one and two. Season six is the last one, so with all the publicity, of course the ratings will be huge, especially for the final episode.

PLAYBOY: You're saying the last show will be watched by lots of people who've watched only sporadically or maybe not at all?

FOX: Yeah. The same with the big party for the end of the show. People who had nothing to do with *Lost* are scrambling to get in. They just want to be there. I will say good-bye to some members of the cast privately, in my own

way, without the crowds looking on. It will be tough to say good-bye to everybody, but at the same time it's going to be incredible.

PLAYBOY: Will you watch the finale on TV with your family?

FOX: My kids don't watch *Lost*. It's a little too hard-core. I think my daughter at some point in a few years will probably get a kick out of watching the boxed set with her girlfriends. The movie *Speed Racer* was the only thing I've done that my kids can watch.

PLAYBOY: According to the Internet, your house is a gathering place for cast members to watch the show and hang out.

FOX: We haven't done that in a while.

PLAYBOY: What about another Internet rumor that says you've been known to instigate skinny-dipping parties and that cast members have nicknamed you the Pendulum?

FOX: [Laughs] I haven't done that in a while, either, but I have absolutely no trouble taking my clothes off—never have, from the time I was a kid growing up in Wyoming. It's fun to do something others think is outrageous. It's fun just to

I have a natural fear of water. I've never been comfortable, even now that I know how to swim. I get anxious. I'm just not a very good swimmer.

watch people's reactions. You mentioned the Internet. I make it a strict policy never to look at anything on the Internet that pertains to me personally or to anything I'm working on.

PLAYBOY: In the past six years of filming the show in Hawaii, some of your fellow cast members have had run-ins with the police. Have the Hawaiian police been tougher on the cast than on anyone else?

FOX: The fact that a few of our cast members have been caught drinking while driving is unfortunate, but I don't think they've been targeted. The people of Hawaii have been incredible about allowing us to be on this island. They've made room for the way we have taken over certain spaces. But the show has also brought in a lot of resources to the state. It's been a good relationship.

PLAYBOY: You've made noises that you're finished doing TV. Is that *Lost* exhaustion talking, or are you serious?

FOX: Six years on *Lost* and before that six years on *Party of Five*—that's 12 years on two successful television shows, with some other TV mixed in. It's close to

300 hours of television. That's it for me. *Lost* has been an incredible opportunity, but I don't ever want to be committed to one single project for that amount of time again. If I'm going to continue in this business at all, I'm going to make movies with the type of filmmakers I admire and challenge myself in different types of roles. If that doesn't happen, I'll do something else.

PLAYBOY: Where will you live?

FOX: Oregon. I miss having four seasons. My brothers are two of my closest friends in the world. I want to spend time with them and my mother while I can. I want our two kids to be close to their first cousins. It will be hard for the kids to leave their friends in Hawaii. They love it here, but with all respect to the good people of Hawaii who've been so good to us, I can't wait to leave.

PLAYBOY: What if your agents tell you that a network will pretty much back up a Brink's truck in your driveway to tempt you to star in a series guaranteed not to run more than three years?

FOX: I haven't been doing this for the money for quite a while. My wife, Margherita, and I don't live a crazy lifestyle. We try to keep things simple and spend money only on things we like to do, such as travel. *Party of Five* gave me many amazing opportunities, including financial, and I realized when the show kicked off that it was going to be on for some time, so I made sure I saved. That gave me the opportunity to make choices from that point forward based on my creative impulses and not based on putting food on the table.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea why you were cast on both *Party of Five* and *Lost* as the go-to guy, the leader, the dude who pulls it together no matter what he may be dealing with inside?

FOX: They are very different versions of a certain kind of guy. I would say it's not a coincidence, but I don't have an objective enough view of myself to see what others see in me and why I've ended up playing that particular sort of part. But I'm proud to have been on two shows that have gone six years and have been very successful in their own ways.

PLAYBOY: How did growing up on a Wyoming cattle ranch prepare you for Hollywood?

FOX: You always hear about people going to Hollywood and losing their way. I never felt that was an option for me. Growing up I looked up to a very disciplined father, seeing the lives of the people he interacted with and still does, seeing the things they care about—it's the furthest thing from Hollywood you can possibly imagine. When you grow up in that world, that's how you define what a man is. I'd say it helped a lot in a fundamental way in terms of how I operate in a business that is oftentimes dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Who's more like your father—you or your brothers?

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FOX: In a lot of ways I'm the most like my dad. My brothers are amazing guys, and we respect, admire and love our dad. But he's not an easy man; he's a very difficult man, and that was incredibly hard on us at times. Maybe because he saw more of himself in me, I spent an awful lot of time trying to meet his expectations. He believed in freaking owning up to the mistakes you make. Because our father was hard on me, that's interpreted by my brothers as me being favored. They didn't get as much attention, but at the same time, that expectation was a heavy load.

PLAYBOY: Did the fact that your family grew barley for beer companies translate into your being able to drink at an early age?

FOX: Oh, we were drinking the beer, man. We all started drinking pretty young. My parents were never restrictive that way. I'm taking the same policy with my kids. My wife is Italian, and in Italy they start drinking a little bit of wine at the dinner table from a very young age. They don't have binge-drinking problems when kids leave and go to college. We experimented with that stuff pretty early.

PLAYBOY: Did you experiment with weed, too?

FOX: Weed? Yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did that bring down your father's anger?

FOX: I was a big hell-raiser, always doing crazy shit but always getting away with it. Wyoming is all about drinking and chasing girls, but it's also such a big place and we lived in such a remote area that to get into trouble I normally stayed at a friend's house 50, 60 miles away. My mom and dad never knew about much of what I did. But one time I got into serious shit with my old man was when I was trying to grow weed in one of the farm buildings and he found it.

PLAYBOY: How did you finesse that one?

FOX: I blamed it on my brother Francis, who's five years older than I am. He was in Mexico City on an exchange program for about six months. I thought, since Francis was so far away, the old man wouldn't double back on him. My father wasn't happy about it, but I think he was probably smiling through his anger. I mean, shit, yeah, we smoked pot and were goofing around with that kind of thing from a very early age. My parents didn't know a lot of what else I did.

PLAYBOY: And you don't intend to tell them or anyone else in this interview?

FOX: No. At Christmastime we were all a little lubricated, and everyone felt the statute of limitations had expired. We were talking to my mom, and my little brother, Bayard, who had ended up in jail on a couple of occasions, revealed that he'd been in jail *another* time and that he was on probation for a serious situation in another state. When I watched my mom react to the news in the way she did, I thought, Well, she probably didn't need to know that.

PLAYBOY: You said Wyoming was about drinking and chasing girls. How did you first learn about sex?

FOX: My older brother was good with women; they loved him from an early age. He was getting laid when I was 10, so I learned an awful lot from him. We'd lie in bed at night and talk about broad, big questions such as how to treat a woman and what a woman might like.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you took the plunge?

FOX: I was 12. She was about two years older than me. It wasn't her first time. I can actually see the event in my mind's eye, like photographs. It was in Dubois, Wyoming, where the population sign probably says, to this day, about 1,000. It happened literally on the ground by a river while a rodeo was going on in town.

PLAYBOY: How was it?

FOX: It was absolutely terrible and awkward—just two fucking kids lying down and pulling our pants down. It was hard to put into play all I had talked about with my brother when we were just down by the river. I had a lot of girlfriends later but nothing serious until college.

I swear to God, as pathetic as it sounds, I believe that seeing Wall Street was part of the reason I took economics. I thought, I'm going to make a bunch of fucking money.

PLAYBOY: Ranch life can seem pretty all-American and romantic when you experience it through movies, novels and TV shows. What was your experience?

FOX: The years my dad grew barley for several beer companies are pretty nostalgic for me, but the way it works is that you have a contract with a big company that pays you only if the barley is delivered in a certain condition. Right away you're in a financial situation with the bank because it takes a lot of start-up money. Then along the way there are so many factors that can completely destroy the crop. Harvesting is a huge operation, and it requires massive, heavy equipment. When you're eight or 10 years old, it's like the coolest fucking thing imaginable. I remember the smell of the barley dust and working in those late summer nights when the sun is setting and the air begins to cool, then the moisture starts and you can't work any longer or you'll be trapping the moisture.

PLAYBOY: Aside from ranch work, did you have other jobs?

FOX: My first paying job was working on a

crew of four or five guys building barbed wire fence and guardrails for 15 miles of highway through the Wind River Valley, where I grew up. I was the only white guy; everybody else was Shoshone or Arapaho. I was getting paid a lot more than the old man would pay me, and I was putting in long, hard days—a half hour for lunch that I'd eat out of a lunch box in the truck alongside the road and then get right back to work. I miss working with my hands, and there's a lot to be said for hard, physical, mindless labor where you're actually seeing the fruits of your toil immediately.

PLAYBOY: You finished high school at a prep school in Massachusetts. Were you being punished or rewarded?

FOX: When I look back, I owe my dad such a huge debt for that whole thing. After my junior year in high school, he said, "So, what are your plans?" When I said, "I don't have any," that alarmed him. I was doing nothing but playing football and basketball, chasing girls and getting loaded. He asked me if I'd consider going East to a prep school. I interviewed at Exeter, Andover and Choate and ended up going to Deerfield Academy. Without that middle step I would never have gotten into Columbia University and would never have been able to find my way into that world.

PLAYBOY: How were you treated at conservative, preppy Deerfield?

FOX: I wore beat-up roper boots, chewed Copenhagen and wore a Coors cap. They wore little boat shoes and shit like in *Dead Poets Society*. In the Deerfield yearbook I was voted most likely to appear on *Hee Haw*. You can take the guy out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the guy. But that was an interesting year, because before that I'd never applied myself, never took books home. I ended up with a B+ average. My old man had said, "You're going to learn how to study," and I did.

PLAYBOY: What was your major at Columbia?

FOX: Computer science. Computers were the one thing I was interested in, from a programming class in my junior year at Wind River High, when it got its first Apple II's or whatever the hell they were. The whole idea of writing code was fascinating science fiction to me. At Columbia you'd have about 200 kids in the class, all Asian and the smartest fucking kids you'd ever seen in your life. I thought, There's no way in hell I'm going to be able to compete with them. I changed my major to economics, which I'd heard was kind of like the cool thing.

PLAYBOY: Why cool?

FOX: I swear to God, as pathetic as it sounds, I believe that seeing *Wall Street* was part of the reason. I suddenly thought, I'm going to be Bud Fox [Charlie Sheen's character] and go make a bunch of fucking money.

PLAYBOY: You played football for Columbia in the middle of the team's 44-game

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losing streak. Did women go for members of a losing team?

FOX: We didn't get any of the benefits of being football heroes. There was plenty of sex but no football-hero sex. The way the student body at one of the best schools in the country dealt with a disastrous football program was to wear it as a badge of honor, like, "We're real intellectuals here, and yes, our football team is a mockery."

PLAYBOY: Did the team's 16–13 victory over Princeton in 1988 bring on bouts of football-hero sex?

FOX: My sex escapades at Columbia were early in my freshman year. That's what you're supposed to do when you're a college freshman. After that, Margherita and I fell in love, so that obviously changed.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that when you were at Columbia your future wife found out you had a phobia of water and taught you how to swim?

FOX: Yeah. Margherita, being from Venice, is like the biggest fish on the face of the Earth. She thought it was absolutely adorable and inconceivable that I couldn't swim, and she was going to fix that right up. Growing up I didn't have the opportunity to spend a lot of time in the water. The water in Wyoming is so fucking cold that we got into the habit of jumping into a river or lake and then just jumping right out. But I think I have a natural fear of water. I've never been comfortable, even now that I know how to swim. I talked with people on *Lost* about a bunch of stunts I had to do in the water this season. I get anxious. I'm just not a very good swimmer.

PLAYBOY: You gave the 2007 graduation keynote speech at Columbia despite some skepticism bordering on hostility from the student body. Did you understand the brouhaha?

FOX: When the committee at Columbia tells you they're trying to select a speaker, and it's Hillary Clinton, Barack Obama or you, and they choose you, that's crazy. In the big scheme of things, what I do for a living is not an important thing. I'm always surprised and stunned by how obsessed the world is with pop culture. You don't even have to do anything anymore—just do a reality show and people will buy magazines to find out where you fucking go to eat.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you won the students over?

FOX: In some ways I thought my speech was more constructive for those couple of thousand kids, because no matter how amazing it would be to have Obama or Clinton, most of those speeches sound very much alike. I told them, basically, fuck what you think you're supposed to be just because your parents spent \$150,000 a year for you to go to this school. Be open to the spontaneity of life and you might end up finding out what you're supposed to do.

PLAYBOY: Isn't that the path you took when you were about to graduate?

FOX: Spring of my senior year I interviewed at Prudential-Bache and had an epiphany. I didn't own a suit, so I had to borrow one from a friend, and it was a good two to three inches too short. I borrowed his penny loafers, too. I met with three type-A, alpha-male Gordon Gekko wannabes who were telling me how this was the greatest life, kicking ass and taking names. At the end we were standing in a circle, shaking hands, and they were saying, "You've got to come here." Then one of them leaned over to another and said, "But he's going to have to do something about those shoes." As they all laughed, I looked, and they all had on exactly the same pair of oxford business shoes. I knew in that moment there was no way I could do it.

PLAYBOY: How did you go from Wall Street escapee to actor?

FOX: I was very broke my junior year and wanted a job where I could make money without having it take up a lot of time. I looked at a job board, saw an ad for actors for a TV commercial, went

*My sex escapades at
Columbia were in my freshman
year. We didn't get any
of the benefits of being football
heroes. There was plenty of sex
but no football-hero sex.*

on the audition and got it—a Clearasil commercial in which I play the guy who makes fun of the guy who has the zit. That triggered phone calls from agents, and I kept working.

PLAYBOY: You continued to model for a while, right?

FOX: Parallel to the whole thing was a girl I had a relationship with my freshman year. Her mother had worked in the modeling business for a long time, and from her recommendation I started messing around doing JCPenney catalogs, sweatshirt modeling and shit for a couple hundred bucks for a couple of hours. Anyway, this girl was the first time I fell in love. I thought I was in love with her, but then I saw Margherita and my world changed.

PLAYBOY: How did you meet?

FOX: I was waiting tables at a piano bar on the east side, and a woman friend I worked with kept telling me and Margherita that we had to meet. At the time I was with this other girl, but I said, "Sure, bring her by sometime." Margherita was this gypsy vagabond. The girl would model three months in

Milan, then go wherever she wanted, and when she'd spent all her money, she'd go back and do it again. Awesome. When she walked into the restaurant, I saw her and I was just *done*.

PLAYBOY: Was she just *done* too?

FOX: She maintained that she was absolutely not interested. She knew I had this girlfriend, so I slow-played my hand, like, "Let's see New York, go to Central Park, go to the movies." I wore her down.

PLAYBOY: After how long?

FOX: About two weeks. There's fucking 10,000 things that kill me about her in a beautiful and amazing way, but if we're talking about the very first moment I saw her, it was the way this stunning, exotic, uniquely beautiful girl carried herself. The way a woman moves is very underestimated. Margherita moves and carries herself in a way I've never seen. Fucking incredible.

PLAYBOY: How did Margherita's first meeting with her future in-laws go?

FOX: This first girl I thought I was in love with was actually waiting for me in Wyoming. After being with me a month, Margherita was going to Los Angeles. We had tragic good-byes, and I told her, "I'm going to Wyoming to end that relationship. I'm madly in love with you, and I want to be with you. I don't care what it takes." I went to Wyoming, ended the relationship with that girl, and Margherita joined me at my parents' house. The very next day we were sleeping in my room and my old man knocked at the door and said, "Matthew, step outside. I need to talk to you." He told me, "Your brother Bayard got arrested last night and is in jail. Go get your shit, get your girl. We're going to go down and see him." Mom, of course, was completely wiggling out.

PLAYBOY: How did Margherita roll with all this?

FOX: Beautifully. She's incredible. We drove down to Lander jail, got seated in a cubicle with bulletproof glass, and my brother was brought in handcuffed, in an orange jumpsuit, looking as if he'd been through a night of the worst hell. My old man goes, "Bayard, this is Matthew's girlfriend, Margherita. Margherita, this is my youngest son." That's my old man right there. Classic.

PLAYBOY: Fast forward a few years later, it's 1993, you're 27 and newly wed. After modeling you took acting classes and began landing spots on TV shows. The next year you became a star on *Party of Five*. Why did that show tap a nerve with so many people?

FOX: On a certain level everybody can relate to a show about a family trying to stay together. I hadn't spent a lot of time acting, period, and certainly not acting in front of a camera. I look back at that incredible experience as my graduate program.

PLAYBOY: Is *Party of Five* the kind of show you would have watched?

(concluded on page 122)

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FLEMING,
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FROM THE
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CAMBRIDGE.
TODAY'S
SPIES
BLEND IN
ON FOREIGN
STREETS.

MEET
THE
INCREMENT

BY
PHIL
ZABRISKIE

What the hell is the Increment? Some kind of secret unit?"

"It's looser than that. More ad hoc. We use soldiers from the Special Air Services, mostly. Black-ops people, highly trained. Many of them are from the—forgive the term—former colonies. Indians, Paks, West Indians, Arabs. They all speak the languages fluently, like natives. They can operate anywhere, and more or less invisibly. They have the mythical 007 license to kill, as a matter of fact. I like to think of them as James Bond meets *My Beautiful Laundrette*. They give us certain capabilities we would not have, even under our own rather expansive rules. You don't know about the Increment because, strictly speaking, there is no such organization."

—*The Increment*, by David Ignatius

The first sign came on my flight from JFK to Heathrow. Sean Connery as James Bond gliding across the screen as I neared the land of his origin, hoping to get a sense of what Bond's present-day equivalents are up to, hoping to learn if such



OXFORD STREET, LONDON: INTELLIGENCE NOW REFLECTS THE NEW FACE OF THE U.K. "IT'S A COLONIAL MYTH THAT YOU CAN LOOK LIKE PIERCE BROSNAN, DIRTY YOUR FACE A BIT AND DISAPPEAR INTO THE MARKET," SAYS ONE COUNTERTERRORISM RESEARCHER.

a thing as the Increment has any basis in reality. He is the foremost of British spies, those men and women who work for Her Majesty's Secret Service. He makes carrying out secret and deniable actions—the ones a government can say it had no part in—look elegant, a good indication that it's fantasy. The contours of the covert world are not as sleek as they seem in Connery's portrayal.

I've spent more time than I'd judge advisable in conflict zones and other places where covert operators were active. I know I've run across some; I'm still wondering about others. For the most part the shadow worlds remain shadowy, places where nothing is certain and the imagination can undermine efforts to understand what really happened.

There is also a larger point: These kinds of outfits—Increments, or small mobile teams of special operators who can get in and out of places they're not wanted, kicking down doors or taking lives if necessary and achieving their objective without leaving fingerprints—have existed for ages. They're especially valued today because of the nature of current threats—the quasi-rogue governments that eschew international law, the insurgencies and nonstate actors trying to provoke outside responses they can use to their advantage—and because countries such as ours want to have secret teams such as this at their disposal. Special operators remain busy in both Iraq and Afghanistan. They have been working in Iran and would to a much greater degree should a war break out there. If sanity prevails, however, the next spasms of armed conflict are more likely to involve Hezbollah, Pakistani militants or pirates off the Horn of Africa than China or Russia.

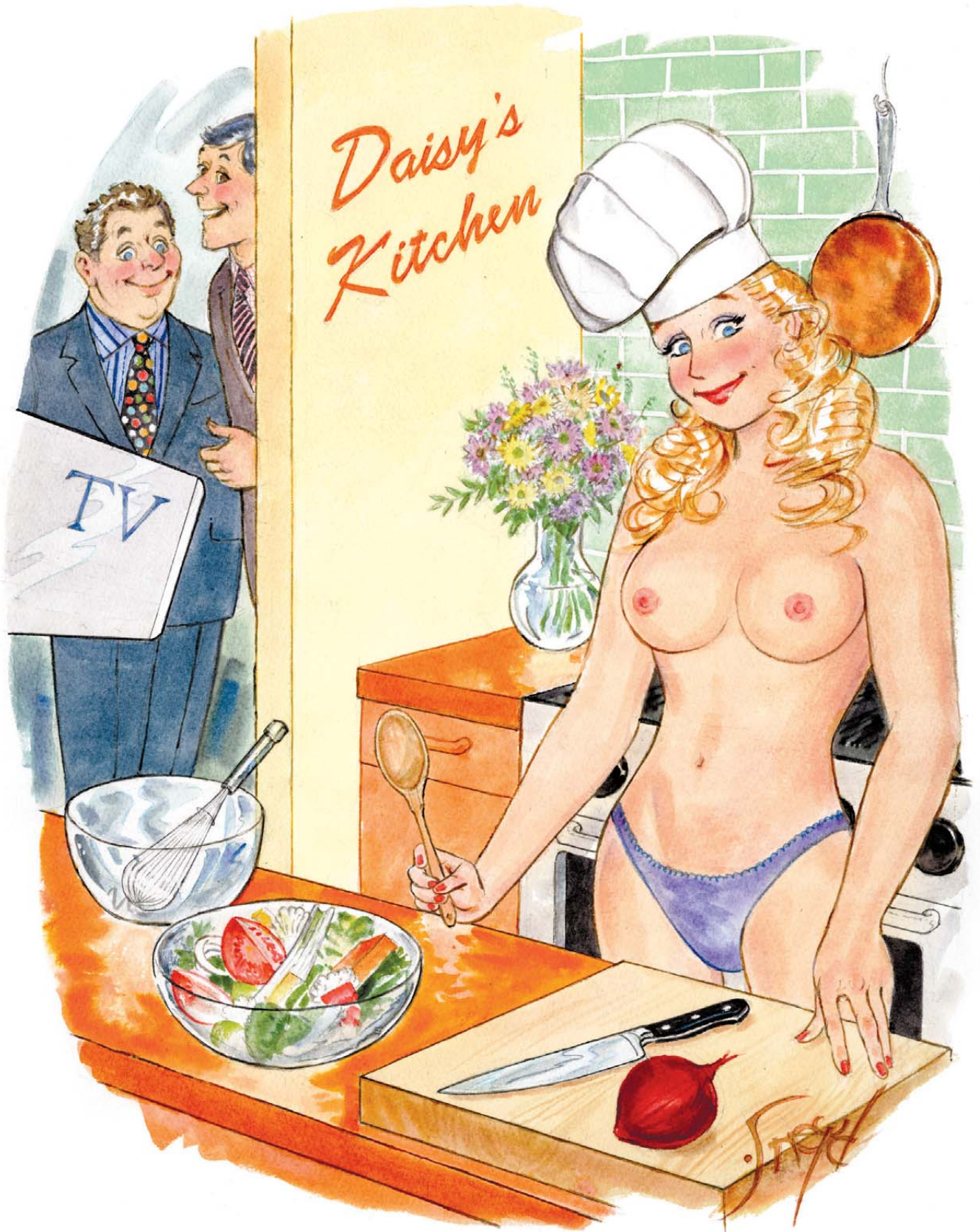
INTELLIGENCE TODAY IS CONCERNED MORE WITH COUNTER-INSURGENCY THAN WITH WARFARE.

Intelligence today has to concern itself more with counterinsurgency than with conventional warfare. "In a counterinsurgency environment you really need to do two basic things," says Australian David Kilcullen, author of *The Accidental Guerrilla* and onetime advisor to General David Petraeus. "Protect the bulk of the population, which usually involves a lot of security work and winning over people who are willing to be reconciled, and kill or capture a very small proportion of people who are intimidating the population and are unwilling to reconcile. There's a constructive element and a destructive element—an overt element of protection and a covert element of whacking people who are, essentially, irreconcilable assholes." That last element, he says, "tends to be something better done by low-profile organizations."

The U.S. has a domestic intelligence organization, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, and an overseas intelligence body, the Central Intelligence Agency. The latter contains the National Clandestine Service, which coordinates clandestine and covert activities. Likewise, the U.K. has Military Intelligence Branch Five, or MI5, for domestic matters and, for international affairs, the Secret Intelligence Service, also known as Military Intelligence Branch Six—MI6—or Her Majesty's Secret Intel-

ligence Service. For years MI6 helped the younger CIA operate in terrain the Brits knew better, especially in what was then the British Empire. MI6 can count successes ranging from feeding misinformation to Germany during World War II to taking part in the operation that tracked the nuclear network of Pakistan's A.Q. Khan. It also joined the CIA in several actions that had been deemed successes but now look questionable at best: toppling elected leaders in Iran in 1953 and in the Congo in 1961. There were embarrassments as well, the most recent being the misreading and politicizing of intelligence on Iraq, the biggest being the revelation that a World War II-era officer named Kim Philby—at one time MI6's liaison to the CIA—had been working for the Soviets.

These days the CIA has more people and greater resources than the Brits do, but it's still easy to find people who believe MI6 officers are more capable than their American counterparts. "I think their officers are very strong," says Mike Hurley, a former CIA officer who led teams in Afghanistan in 2002. "They have to be because they need to do more with fewer people and resources. There has always been an emphasis on how to be more efficient and focus on what's important." It's also more secretive. Despite the Bond-related notoriety, the agency didn't officially admit its existence until 1992, and its officers are bound by a strict Official Secrets Act. Unlike in the U.S., "there aren't any MI6 officers going on TV to explain what's going on in Iraq or Afghanistan," says Stephen Dorril, author of the encyclopedic history *MI6*. The Foreign Office does not comment on intelligence matters, and leaks are far less common than they are (continued on page 106)



"It looks like another hit for the Food Channel."



ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO

EXOTIC IS AN UNDERSTATEMENT WITH THESE BODIES AND BEACHES

Norwegian photographer Petter Hegre travels the world's most beautiful locales, recruiting models and shooting nudes. How's that for a job? Phuket, Paris, Buenos Aires—with

seven books out he has “the great freedom to shoot who I want, when I want and how I want.” Pictured here: Petter's hot 10-day sojourn in Tulum and Playa del Carmen, Mexico.

Photography by *Petter Hegre*









See more of Hegre's photos at club.playboy.com.





“Voy por tu cuerpo como por el mundo / tu vientre es una plaza soleada / tus pechos dos iglesias donde oficia / la sangre sus misterios paralelos.”—Octavio Paz



Ah, academia!

WHERE WITS BATTLE,
REPARTEE FLIES
& ODDBALL COUPLINGS
RULE THE DAY—

and night

LOVE *to* ALL

BY

Ethan Coen

SHE DRESSED OLDER THAN SHE WAS. SHE WORE SUITS SHADED PEACH AND PASTEL. SHE WORE SCARVES SHOULDER-FLUNG: ONE TIME I WATCHED HER EXAMINE HERSELF IN A DARKENED SHOP WINDOW, FLINGING HER SCARF BACK ONCE, TWICE, THREE TIMES BEFORE JUDGING IT TOSSED ARIGHT. SHE MADE STRANGE FACES IN MIRRORS, LIPS INPUCKERING TO BLOT LIPSTICK. THEN SHE WOULD GIVE HERSELF THE SAME NARROW STARE SHE SOMETIMES GAVE HER PARTNERS IN CONVERSATION, AND PAT, TO NO EFFECT, HER

ILLUSTRATION BY
TINA BERNING

hair, helmet-cut. Standard red lipstick was her only and unvarying makeup and her jewelry was fake pearl earrings, dutiful and middle-aged. Her well-policed appearance suggested such a complete lack of humor that I sometimes suspected it to be, like her stiffly informal speech, a dry joke. Or was that just an idea I summoned to entertain myself, a fun-house mirror I put before Katherine to give her an interesting look? What, in fact, was she?

Leon also—what was he? Taciturn, certainly. His grooming was not impeccable like his wife's: a day's blond stubble might cling to his jaw. He was trim, and handsome, his face a set of even planes undisturbed by expression. His pale eyes told nothing. Katherine often spoke for him, offering Leon's opinions as if he weren't present: Leon thinks this or that, Leon found the book tired, interesting, contrived, etc. Leon would sit and impassively listen to his own judgments, his inner life so opaque that one could believe either that Katherine was reporting his opinions with worshipful accuracy or that she was dictating them in an exercise of Pinteresque dominance.

The rare occasions when he did turn chatty were not revealing. We ate once at a restaurant next to a group of four young people the host sought to resituate so that he could push together tables for a larger party coming in. By way of apology the host offered the displaced young people a complimentary dessert. One of the women said, "That works for me!" and for the rest of our meal Leon offered concurrence whenever appropriate (and sometimes when not) with a bright "That works for me!" He pressed the phrase into service at many of our subsequent get-togethers. I wondered if it also came to be used in his university lectures.

He walked with a cane, an odd-angled medical-supply thing with a forearm-circling ring above a ribbed grip. I never asked him about his limp, which was severe. I assumed the disability was congenital or arose in childhood. It was one of the things—I admit, not the first thing—that made me uneasy about what happened.

I was at their place for what I thought was going to be dinner with the two of them. When I arrived Leon wasn't there yet—held up at work, Katherine said. She was wearing a white top of a satiny material thick as a mainsail and dark slick pants with sharp creases that flapped at her ankles as she led me into the kitchen. She poured me red wine and went back to her cooking. She was making scalloppine and she bustled

about rattling pans, her eyes on the cooking as she talked.

Someone at work: "He spent 20 minutes describing the kind of pen he likes. The gel handle with a nib of however many micrometers, and my Lord the man might have been discussing the nuances of a fine port. He was just like a wine bore. The things that people manage to be interested in. For heaven's sake, I can certainly appreciate a good wine—this one is nice, don't you think?"

"Very nice." I was on a swivel stool watching her cook.

"But some people turn it into an end-all and be-all. Why would anyone want to make room in their brain for all that information—vineyards and vintages and varietals. Three Vs! Champion alliterato!"

"Heh-heh."

"I went to a wine tasting once, and the discussion—for Pete's sake, I could have been at an Asperger's convention. The lingo. Holy ma-holy. They could have been the Slovakian debate team. All these people, gastronomes, connoisseurs, whatever, a switch must have flipped in their brain at some point and all of a sudden they're obsessive and they can't know enough about X and the universe revolves around the one thing. How does that happen? Bad potty training? Are you a Freudian?"

"People are crazy," I nodded. A squeaking sound made me realize I was swiveling back and forth on the stool. I stopped. Katherine didn't seem to notice.

"Food and drink is a reality, of course. For its own sake. Sustenance. I enjoy cooking. But it has a place in life, in the overall context, am I right? Do we need to write a dissertation on it? And the seriousness. Ye gods, what a wacky perspective. Life is to be lived. When I start holding forth about what kind of Pentel pen I use or what kind of wine I think is really distinguished, you can call the guys with the butterfly nets. Or just take me out and shoot me, you have my permission. Not permission, instruction. My psychological living will. Aside from that, Mrs. Lincoln, how did you enjoy the play?"

"Heh-heh."

"I do love cooking. As a part of life. I love doing something that I can do with my hands. You can't sit in an office reading all day and then come home and read for recreation. Or write, I assume. Don't you find? You have to rest one faculty, exercise another, rotate the crops? Do you love cooking?"

"I don't really. I'm not very good at it."

"You probably do some male thing? Carpentry?"

"Nah, I sit on my ass."

"I doubt that very much."

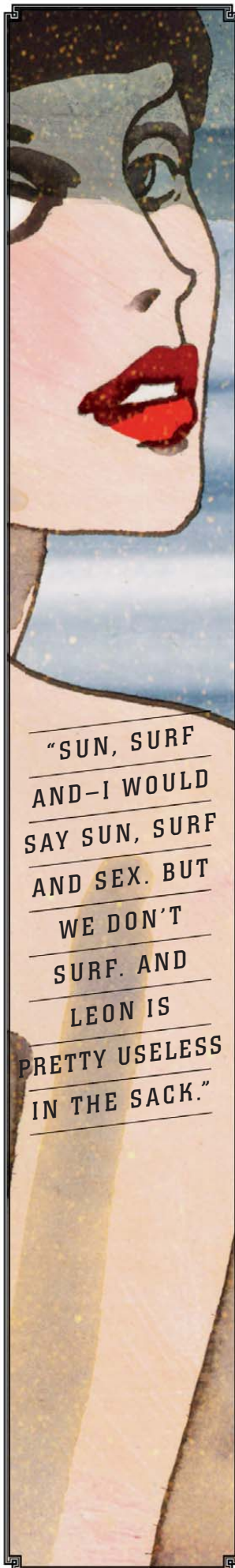
"No, really."

"We're going to Cape Cod this summer. As usual."

"How did you get to Cape Cod?"

"How will we get to Cape Cod? Drive?"

"No, from carpentry, how did you get to Cape Cod?"



"Oh—non sequitur! I don't know, was it the idea of relaxation? Leon loves it."

"Uh-huh."

"Sun, surf and—I would say sun, surf and sex. But we don't surf. And Leon is pretty useless in the sack."

"Uh-huh." I said it without inflection. I realized I was swiveling again. I stopped. I sipped the wine.

Katherine turned a cutlet and it sizzled. She looked at me. After a moment she said, "You're not much of a talker, are you."

"Oh, talking."

"But you're a writer. A verbal person."

"Yeah—professionally. I'm off now, heh-heh."

"I see, so I have to do all the talking."

"No, I'll, uh, I can recite 'Ozymandias.'"

"What's that, a poem?"

"Shelley. Actually I'm not sure I can recite it. 'I met a traveler from an antique land.'"

"Very amusing. I guess I threw you off your game, talking about Leon."

"Oh no, not at all. That's fine."

She looked at me, eyes narrowed. She glanced back down at the pan and turned off the range and turned to me again. "Okay, let's quit kidding around," she said. She stepped to where I sat with my back to the counter. She placed hands on my thighs and leaned in. "I think we both know the score," she breathed. Her head extended toward mine.

Katherine's lean in brought smells—of soap, a lavendery perfume, mint (her toothpaste?), something cedary from the mainsail blouse. Katherine's lips were creatures from the deepest sea where fish are blind and have no color. They sucked and crawled across my lips. I closed my eyes. The kitchen was warm. I heard sizzles ebbing in the pan. The kiss ended with the sound of suction losing grip as my lipflesh slithered squeaking out of Katherine's mouth. She kissed again, regathering.

The strangeness of her advance had sent my heart into my throat, but now it settled, my mind letting go. A sexual encounter with Katherine was unthinkable—therefore, this wasn't happening. Therefore, I could relax. Her hand was crawling up my thigh. It found my cock, and her fingers brushed it with care enough to feel its shape. It responded with interest. Katherine's feet shuffled and her legs pressed between mine and tensed, pushing into me. As we kissed I reached around, in the spirit of the thing, to hold her ass. Firm at first beneath the fabric, it relaxed at my touch, then tensed again and rocked against my hand. I turned my head so that my mouth slid from under hers and I gargled a pedestrian thought: "What about Leon?"

"He's in Chicago."

"You said at work." It came out petulant.

"He is at work. At a symposium. In Chicago. Are you getting a boner?"

I had never liked that word, boner. "So he won't be home...."

"Till tomorrow. We can go nuts."

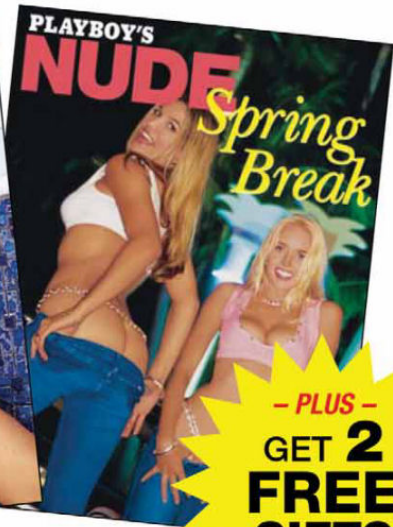
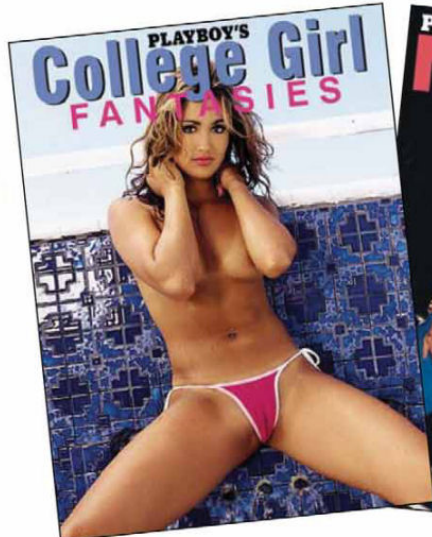
Her lips once again touched mine and worked many little muscles. My parts warmed, unfurling, higher (continued on page 98)



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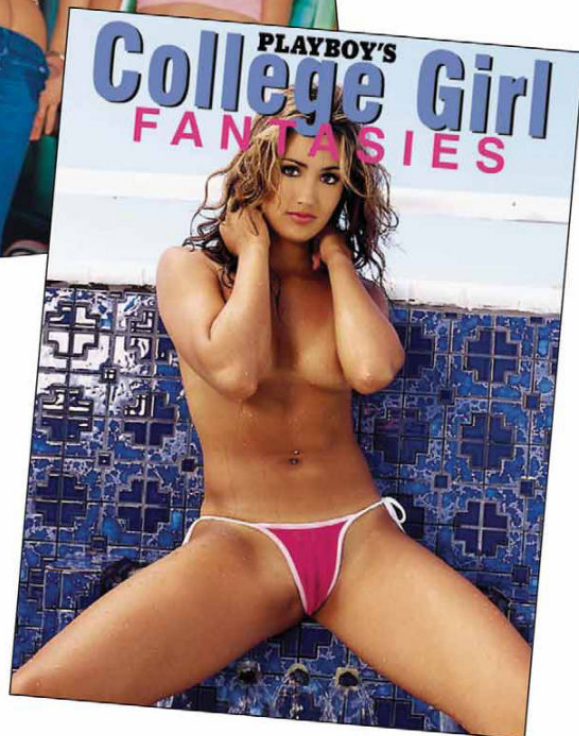
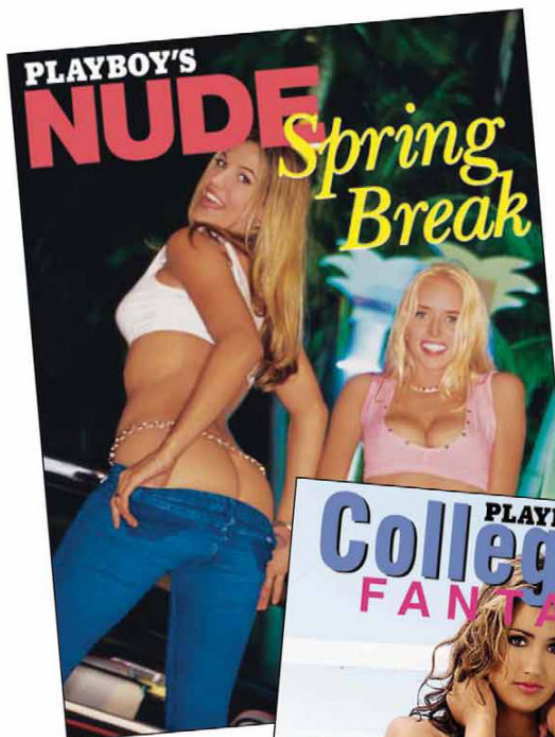
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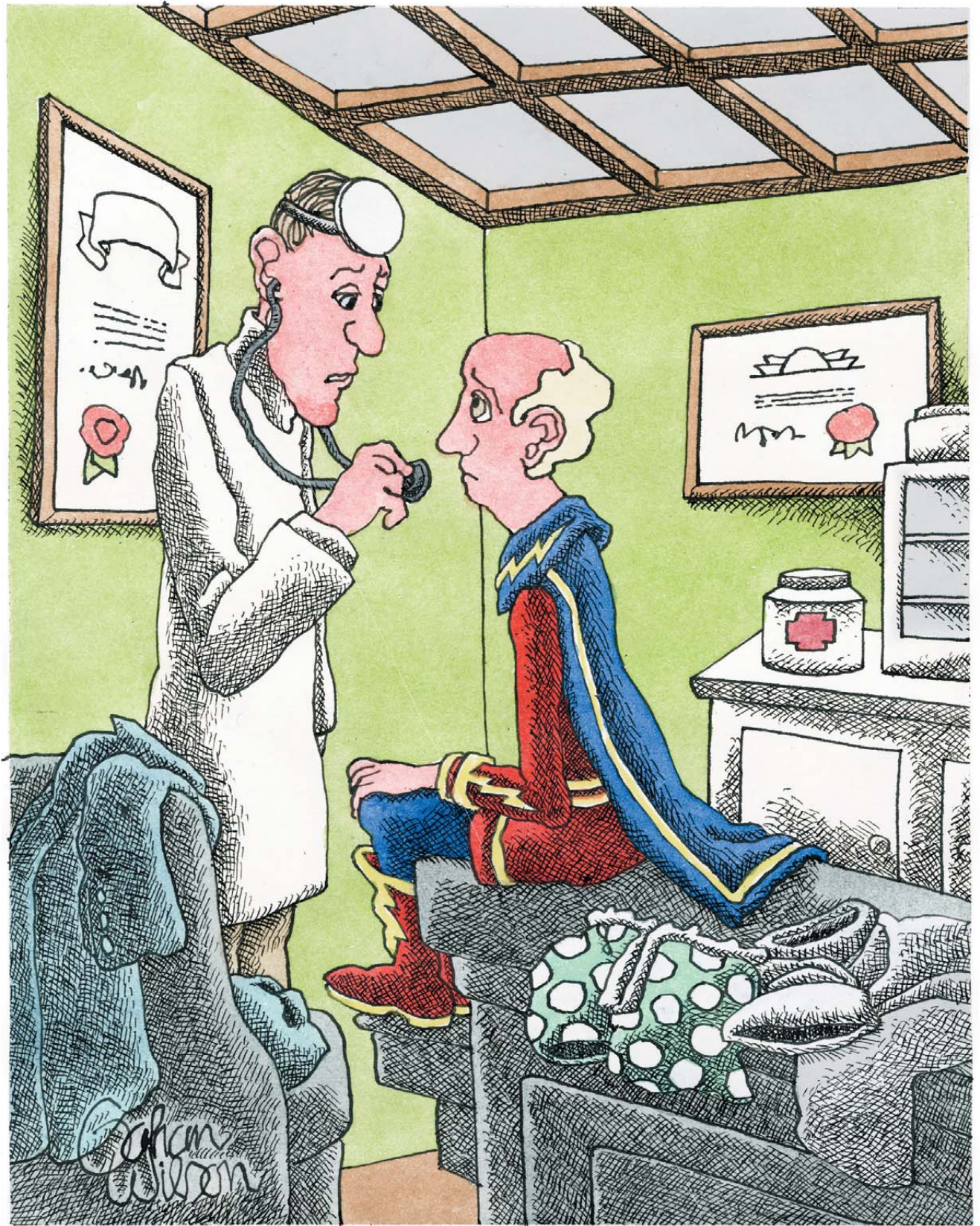
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"I'm sorry, Mr. Roberts, but my diagnosis is that you are not a superperson."

PLAYBOY'S TOP PARTY SCHOOLS

2010

COLLEGE is a place of learning. It's where you pick up the tools of your future trade as well as the social graces; it's where you learn the balance for a fulfilling life. Following are the top 10 schools where students study hard and throw down harder. They were selected by our editors, with input from our campus reps, models, photographers and student readers. In our pursuit we left no flip cup unturned.



#1 University of Texas at Austin

THE Longhorns football team fell just short in the national championship game, but here's a victory the entire



DEVIL'S COVE IN AUSTIN: GOOD GIRLS GO TO HEAVEN; BAD GIRLS GO TO TEXAS.

school can claim a part of. We're talking to you, bikinied coed in Devil's Cove, and you, star wide receiver Jordan Shipley, and even the humanities library, which just purchased David Foster Wallace's papers. When you add up academics, the weather, the liberal atmosphere, South by Southwest, game day and the nightlife on Sixth Street, UT Austin is one heck of a school. Hook 'em, Horns!

#2 West Virginia University

There's not much to do in Morgantown except party, study and ignite furniture. Seriously. Scott, a freshman, tells us, "The tailgating at our women's soccer games beats tailgating at most other schools." Another frosh, Jakes, claims, "We drink two percent of all the world's beer." We believe you, guys, but please put down the lighters and step away from the Barcalounger.

#3 University of Wisconsin-Madison

It's the best beer-drinking school in the country. Quote us. And with Badger sports improving (but still frustrating), the faithful show they can drown their woes in drink without rioting (take notice, WVU). U-Dub is a strong research institution that, come Thursday night, spills its students onto State and Mifflin streets, which we call Lager Nirvana.

PLAYBOY'S 2010 TOP 10

1. University of Texas at Austin
2. West Virginia University
3. University of Wisconsin-Madison
4. University of Miami
5. East Carolina University
6. Arizona State University
7. Rollins College
8. University of California, Santa Barbara
9. Plymouth State University
10. University of Iowa

#4 University of Miami

Last year's winner slipped a few spots in the standings, and it's our fault. Miami still has fine women and weather, not to mention an impressive 11-to-one student-to-professor ratio. But being named our number one party school became a bit of an albatross, and the man soon ramped up mellow-harshing. Don't get us wrong, though; we'd rather raise hell here than in Philadelphia.

#5 East Carolina University

ECU, your reputation does not precede you. But you boasted about your prowess ("You can't spell *parties* without *Pirates!*"), so we had to come check out the scene. Well, we have news for the rest of the country: Greenville, North Carolina is a happening city. And the administration even provides drunk-bus shuttles from downtown to campus.

#6 Arizona State University

We called ASU onto the carpet for its academics last year, but the Sun Devils passed our three-day-weekend test: When we visited they seriously partied from Thursday night to Sunday afternoon, then drank a pot of coffee and made it to class on time.



THIS SCENE ISN'T IN THE CAMPUS BROCHURE, BUT IT OUGHT TO BE.



MIAMI HEAT: IT'S NOT THE HUMIDITY, IT'S THE STUDENT BODIES AT THE TAILGATE.

#7 Rollins College

It's not the size of a school, it's the commotion its students cause when they collectively rage. Rollins, in Winter Park, Florida, is the hardest-partying small school (1,785 undergrads) in the



COLLEGE IS A TIME TO EXPERIMENT, EVEN WITH FASHION. LONG LIVE COSTUME PARTIES.

country. Yes, it feels like a high school but one that convenes in the clubs every weekend.

#8 University of California, Santa Barbara

The Harvard of Santa Barbara—its faculty includes five Nobel Prize winners—is the perfect mix of sun goddesses, sand and studying. Chico State may get a touch higher, but UCSB grads go on to do great things after their six years in college.

#9 Plymouth State University

It's been more than 20 years since PSU made our list, but this New Hampshire institution of higher learning is back. Four things students dig are skiing, skiing, studying and smoking pot on the lake. Welcome back to the party.

#10 University of Iowa

The scene in what students call Iowa Fuckin' City is epic. And last year the football team gave the Hawkeyes a reason to celebrate. As their song goes, "In heaven there is no beer; that's why we drink it here."** (*here = Iowa Fuckin' City)

BEST IN CLASS

WHILE PARTYING AT CAMPUSES, WE CAME ACROSS SOME GEMS. HERE'S WHAT WE LIKED (OR REALLY HATED)

BEST HALLOWEEN PARTY: Ohio University. **BEST LIVING MASCOT:** Uga, the University of Georgia bulldog. **BEST UNOFFICIAL MASCOT:** Scrotie, of the RISD hockey team the Nads. **BEST FISH-IN-A-BARREL COLLEGE:** Sarah Lawrence, where 73 percent of the student body is female. **BEST HARMLESS PRANK:** Antiquing—dusting your friend's face with flour. **BEST COLLEGE SPORTS BAR:** The Houndstooth in Tuscaloosa, Alabama. **HOTTEST CHEERLEADERS:** The USC Song Girls—sweater puppies, anyone? **BEST STU-**



UGA THE BULLDOG



USC SONG GIRLS

DENT SECTION, BASKETBALL: MSU's Izzone, named after Coach Izzo. **BEST COLLEGE RADIO STATION:** WSOU, Seton Hall. **BEST COLLEGE DRINKING INNOVATION:** The Flabongo, a beer bong made out of a lawn flamingo. **HOTTEST MAJOR:** Nursing (check out UNC-Chapel Hill). **BEST CATHOLIC PARTY SCHOOL:** Marquette. **BEST COLLEGE SANDWICH:** Fat Philly from the Rutgers grease trucks: two chicken fingers, cheesesteak, gyro meat, two mozzarella sticks, white and red sauces, lettuce and tomato. **BEST IVY LEAGUE PARTY SCHOOL:** N/A. **BEST COURSE:** Honors College 299: Far Side Entomology, at Oregon State University. **WORST COURSE:** Tree Climbing, Cornell. **HOTTEST NEW COLLEGE SPORT:** Sand volleyball (begins next academic year). **COLLEGE THAT SOUNDS FUN BUT ISN'T:** UNLV. **BEST SURF SCHOOL:** University of



THE FLABONGO

Hawaii. **BEST NAME FOR BEER PONG:** Beer pong. **BEST COLLEGE-SUPPORTED ART PROJECT:** Brandeis's Liquid Latex Body Art show. Think painted girls mixed with fetish. **HOTTEST COLLEGE GIRL-FRIEND:** Baylor's Rachel Glandorf, who dated (and is now engaged to) Texas QB Colt McCoy. **WORST PARTY SCHOOL:** Tie between BYU and Oral Roberts.



RACHEL GLANDORF



Pete Rose
 Maury Wills
 Bob Lemon
 Don Drysdale
 Billy Martin
 Oscar Gamble
 Gaylord Perry

Mark McGwire
 Juan Fregosi
 Bert Blyleven
 Rickey Henderson
 Bob Gibson
 Hie Ritz

Jack Ellis
 Art Fowler

Peter Clemente
 Jason Jenkins



BASEBALL UNPLUGGED

BEFORE SPORTSCENTER AND DEADSPIN, THE GAME WAS PLAYED IN A DIFFERENT WAY. WITH NO MICROPHONES OR CELL-PHONE CAMERAS TO TRACK THEIR EVERY MOVE, BIG-LEAGUE PLAYERS RAISED HELL, TOOK DRUGS AND PAID LITTLE ATTENTION TO THE CONSEQUENCES. HERE'S A LOOK AT THE GAME BACK WHEN MEN WERE MEN AND PARTIES WERE PARTIES

BY TRACY RINGOLSBY

When Buzzie Bavasi was general manager of what was then known as the California Angels, he would welcome a reporter into his office on a winter day, even ordering in sandwiches. In the midst of a storytelling session, when his phone would ring, he would wink at the writer.

"I've got to take a phone call," Bavasi would say. "Whatever I say I am not saying it to you. Now, if you happen to overhear something...well, I can't control that."

With a smile on his face, Bavasi would pick up the phone and

start a discussion on trades, such as when he was attempting to acquire right-hander Craig Swan from the Mets, who wanted a shortstop. Bavasi offered shortstop Dickie Thon, 21 at the time, but Mets owner Lorinda de Roulet killed the deal.

"She thinks Thon is too young?" said Bavasi over the phone. "She wants an older shortstop? Hell, tell her she can have [37-year-old] Bert Campaneris." The information was in the newspaper the next day, quoting a source, and Bavasi shrugged it off.



BILLY MARTIN QUILTS YANKS
Bob Lemon Is Named Manager

96 Striking Mailmen Fired
Dollar Takes Beating Ahead
Potty Honor!

ROGUES' GALLERY



Baseball was once a game of badasses, brawlers and boozers. (1) Billy Martin throws a fit. (2) Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale. (3) Gaylord Perry. (4) Dock Ellis in curlers. (5) Rickey Henderson. (6) Pete Rose. (7) Bob Lemon. (8) Nolan Ryan delivers a message. (9) Oscar Gamble. (10) Bobby Grich.

“For someone to know what I said in a phone conversation, he would have had to be sitting in my office,” Bavasi explained.

Baseball has become a casualty of the electronic revolution, the emergence of all-sports television stations, the proliferation of talk radio and bloggers and the instant nature of cell phones and the Internet. It wasn't like that in Bavasi's day, back when baseball was unplugged.

Does anybody have a number for the descendants of Ty Cobb? We haven't heard anything from them. Roger Maris's family has weighed in with outrage that Mark McGwire was on steroids when he erased Maris's home-run record from the books. But we've heard little concern expressed about Pete Rose breaking Cobb's all-time hit record.

We could argue that the amphetamines Rose used were actually more

responsible for Charlie Hustle's success than steroids were for McGwire's. Amphetamines, after all, increase a person's alertness and decrease the fatigue factor, which are both key aspects to hitting a baseball.

Oh, that's right—Rose said he was using them to lose weight. Yeah, right. That's like McGwire saying he used steroids only to facilitate healing. Amphetamines were the stimulant of choice in sports—not just baseball—locker rooms in the 1960s and 1970s. Trainers had jars of amphetamines, which looked like jelly beans, available for everyone, including the media.

Here's the kicker: Rose has blasted steroid users, saying, “If you did an analysis and compared them to steroids, one thing amphetamines aren't going to do is make you stronger.” No, amphetamines only give you more energy and help you focus better.

We wonder if Rose wants Dock Ellis's 1970 no-hitter against San

Diego expunged from the record books because Ellis later admitted he'd pitched the game under the influence of LSD.

Base-stealing whiz Maury Wills has his own problems. After being fired as manager of the Seattle Mariners in 1981, he went through a rehab program, which made his brief and ineffective time in management a little easier to understand.

Hired on August 4, 1980 and fired on May 6, 1981, Wills had 26 wins in his 82-game managerial career, and that was the good part. This was a guy who in preparation for spring training in 1981 said he wouldn't be surprised if Leon Roberts wound up being his center fielder, not realizing that Roberts was part of a trade with Texas that had been finalized five weeks earlier.

He yanked catcher Brad Gulden during an exhibition game with a 3-1
(continued on page 104)



DUTCH TREAT

BERT BLYLEVEN PITCHED IN THE BIG LEAGUES FROM 1970 TO 1992. HERE'S HIS TAKE ON TODAY'S PLAYERS

PLAYBOY: There's a dearth of goofy guys on teams today. **BLYLEVEN:** The media make things different. When I was playing, especially early on, the guys covering the team were part of the team. We'd drink with them at the hotel bar. Today, it's hard to be yourself when some guy there isn't facing you but hears you joking around. He could always write, "These guys are so loose, they don't care." No wonder so many players hang around the players' lounge, because it's off-limits to writers.

PLAYBOY: You came up with your share of gags. Isn't that usually the role of benchwarmers, not stars?

BLYLEVEN: Yes, it's true. It's my personality to have fun. If a guy didn't like snakes, I'd put a garter snake in his locker. It was good for me and the team. You're playing the highest level of baseball, and you need to release the tension. So I did the hotfoots and shaving cream pies. I would poop in someone's shoe. Someone would poop in my shoe.

PLAYBOY: Someone took a dump in your spikes?

BLYLEVEN: Yes. Bob McClure once warned me not to give him a hotfoot, and I did. The next day I came in to get dressed, and I smelled something. I started going through my shoes, and sure enough, there it was. Both shoes.

PLAYBOY: Contemporary players are more media savvy. Is that why they're less prone to mess around?

BLYLEVEN: That's a good point. Players today take media classes to learn how to deal with journalists. We just had fun all the time. When I was with the Indians, Brett Butler was always impeccably dressed. During a flight he wore a straw hat that he put in storage above him. When he fell asleep we took bites out of his hat.

PLAYBOY: Did a practical joke ever get out of hand?

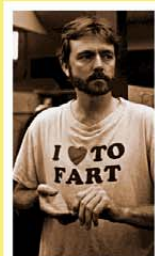
BLYLEVEN: Gaylord Perry expected perfection, so you had extra pressure playing behind him. He was a mean old goat, probably the best competitor I ever played with. If you made an error he'd give you the evil eye or belittle you. After Gaylord had been riding his infielders hard all season, five Rangers—Jim Sundberg, Tom Grieve, Dave Moates, Toby Harrah and Mike Hargrove—tackled him in the clubhouse, taped him to the floor and left him. "See ya, Gaylord. Have a good winter." He was there a long time. The next spring he faced Hargrove and threw a fastball at his neck.

PLAYBOY: Do you think 2011 will be your year for the Hall of Fame?

BLYLEVEN: My wife said it may be my year because I'm Bert Bly-eleven. Maybe 2011 will be our lucky year.

PLAYBOY: Will your Hall of Fame speech include any obscenities?

BLYLEVEN: Hopefully my speech will not have the *F* word in it. But I do have a clubhouse mouth. —Ed Condran



MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL 2010

PLAYBOY'S PICKS FOR WHO WILL PLAY IN OCTOBER—PLUS OUR RANKINGS

AL EAST	RED SOX	BRAVES	NL EAST
AL CENTRAL	WHITE SOX	REDS	NL CENTRAL
AL WEST	MARINERS	ROCKIES	NL WEST
AL WILD CARD	RAYS	PHILLIES	NL WILD CARD
AL PENNANT	RED SOX	PHILLIES	NL PENNANT

★ WORLD SERIES CHAMPION PHILADELPHIA PHILLIES ★

POWER RANKINGS

- BOSTON** Rotation is so strong, Daisuke Matsuzaka is the fifth starter.
- TAMPA BAY** Deepest roster but shallowest pockets in baseball.
- NEW YORK YANKEES** Darn good isn't good enough in the AL East.
- CHICAGO WHITE SOX** Jake Peavy is the difference in the AL Central.
- PHILADELPHIA** No saving grace with Brad Lidge's ailments.
- COLORADO** Patience pays off with homegrown impact.
- ATLANTA** Looking to send Bobby Cox off to retirement in style.
- MINNESOTA** Plays game better than any team but short on talent.
- LOS ANGELES DODGERS** Soap operas—Manny and the McCourts—are tiresome.
- SEATTLE** Saw opening and didn't hesitate to exploit Angels.
- LOS ANGELES ANGELS** A tad short after loss of Figgins and Lackey.
- CINCINNATI** Aroldis Chapman is possible difference maker in weak division.
- ST. LOUIS** Manager Tony La Russa won't let Cardinals fade into oblivion.
- FLORIDA** Budget pressures make impact player a dream.
- CHICAGO CUBS** Only constant is manager Lou Piniella's temper.
- TEXAS** Nolan Ryan looks for arm aid.
- SAN FRANCISCO** Great arms challenged by mediocre bats.
- MILWAUKEE** A rotation arm shy of a legit shot in NL Central.
- DETROIT** Feels impact of financials in forced Curtis Granderson trade.
- ARIZONA** Comeback of Brandon Webb is key to surprise.
- OAKLAND** Moneyball has gone broke.
- NEW YORK METS** David Wright's demise underscores Mets' folly.
- BALTIMORE** Reloading didn't work, so it's now rebuilding.
- CLEVELAND** Talks a good story but hasn't proved anything.
- KANSAS CITY** Once a model franchise. No kidding.
- WASHINGTON** Taking time to rebuild after ownership limbo.
- TORONTO** Trying to undo damage of J.P. Ricciardi era.
- PITTSBURGH** Pro record stretches to 18 consecutive losing seasons.
- HOUSTON** Hard to rebuild with a fallow farm system.
- SAN DIEGO** The worst is yet to come.



POSITIVE ALTITUDE



WE RETURN TO THE SAN BERNARDINO MOUNTAINS FOR MISS MAY

It's like living in heaven," says Miss May Kassie Lyn Logsdon, referring to her minuscule village in California's San Bernardino Mountains. She wouldn't be in the magazine you hold in your hands—let alone have descended on Los Angeles—had it not been for her high school friend Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young. Heather pulled Kassie down from the peaks and in front of our cameras. (Kassie appeared in two atmosphere shots in Heather's pictorial.) "I had never modeled in my life, so I didn't see this coming at all," Kassie says. "Apparently I'm a pretty good model." Indeed, she's a natural and an all-natural beauty. Her almost-unprecedented run—from never having been professionally photographed to becoming a Hef-approved Playmate—transpired in about a month. "I got really lucky, because this just fell into my lap," says our still-stunned 23-year-old Miss May. "I tell friends I'm going to be in *PLAYBOY*, and they're like, 'Whaaa?'" But Kassie remains grounded. She works a desk job and spends her free time cruising around the lake she lives on and hiking in the forest with her dog, Bridget. Our spring flower is thrilled to be a Playmate and may do more modeling or perhaps pursue acting, but she has no plans to leave her mountaintop paradise. "We mountain girls are great," she says. "You should come back up and look for more of us!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARMY FREYTAG







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



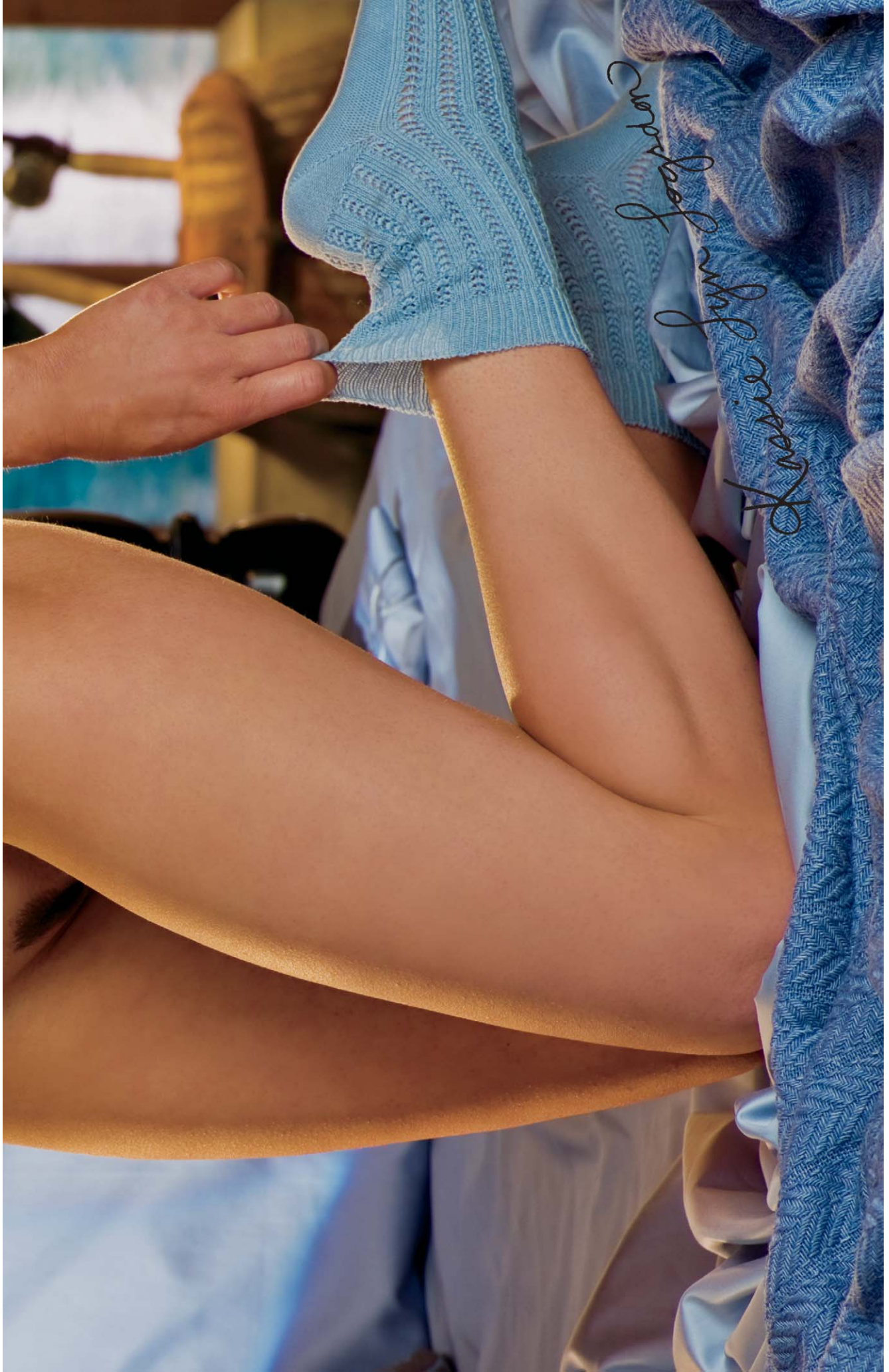


MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Christina Lynn Kniss

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kassie Lyn Logsdon

BUST: 34C WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 1/6/87 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, CA

AMBITIONS: My number one goal in life has always been to be happy. I don't need much else. 😊

TURN-ONS: I love a man with a great sense of humor. Of course a nice smile and muscles don't hurt either.

TURNOFFS: ARROGANCE!! Men who think they are the shit can take a hike!

MY GUILTIEST PLEASURES: I'm ashamed to say I can't get enough celebrity gossip or chocolate.

MUSIC TO LIVE BY: I'm Crazy about Lily Allen! She's so funny, witty and talented. Being a mountain girl, I gotta give a shout-out for Country, too.

MY TV PALS: The Golden Girls, The Office and Family Guy.

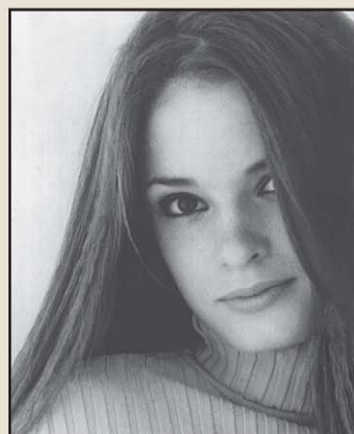
MY MOST EDUCATIONAL JOB: When I was 18, I worked at a lumberyard. I had to learn about WOOD! 😊



Freshman school picture.



Punk rock girl at 16.



My 17-year-old self-portrait.



MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Kasey Lynn Logsdon



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

How is a wife like a condom?

They both spend more time in your wallet than on your dick.

A man arrived home and told his teenage son he wanted to take him out for dinner.

"But, Dad," the boy protested, "we can't afford to eat out. You just got laid off."

"Don't worry," the father replied. "I made some extra money by donating to a sperm bank."

"Really?" the son said in surprise. "How much did you make?"

"Fifty dollars a visit," the father answered.

"Holy shit!" the son exclaimed. "I have a towel in my bedroom worth about \$20,000!"



What is female Viagra?
Jewelry.

Two rednecks were fishing together when one said to the other, "If I slept with your wife, would that make us family?"

"No," his friend replied, "but it would make us even."

Shortly after takeoff, an airline pilot gave his standard welcoming announcement to the passengers but forgot to switch off the microphone when he was done. Not realizing this, he turned to his co-pilot and said, "I think I'll go take a leak and then try to fuck that new blonde stewardess."

The blonde stewardess ran toward the cockpit to tell the pilot everyone on the plane could hear him, but in her haste she tripped and fell in the aisle.

An elderly female passenger looked down at her and said, "There's no need to rush, honey. He said he had to take a leak first."

Two girlfriends were discussing their boyfriends when one told the other, "My boyfriend said he fantasizes about having two girls at once."

"Most men do," the friend said. "So what did you tell him?"

The other woman replied, "If you can't satisfy one woman, why would you want to piss off two?"

A recent study found that 48 percent of women have used vibrators.

The other 52 percent have new ones.

A man walked into his home with a duck under his arm.

"This is the pig I've been banging," he announced.

"That's not a pig. It's a duck," the wife said.

He replied, "I wasn't talking to you."

A gorgeous young redhead went to her doctor and informed him that her body hurt wherever she touched it.

"That sounds serious," the doctor said. "Can you show me?"

The redhead pressed on her left shoulder with her finger and cried in pain. She then pushed her elbow with her finger and screamed even louder. She continued to press various parts of her body, crying in agony each time.

The doctor said, "You're not really a redhead, are you?"

"Well, no," the woman confessed. "I'm actually a blonde."

"I thought so," the doctor said. "Your finger is broken."



Two men were drinking together at a bar when one said to the other, "I think I'm going to divorce my wife. She hasn't spoken to me in more than two months."

"You'd better think it over," the friend replied. "Women like that are hard to find."

A man was in bed with a woman when they both heard a key in the front door.

"Jesus, it's my husband," she yelled. "Quick, jump out the window."

"Are you crazy?" he said. "We're on the 13th floor."

"This is no time to be superstitious," she exclaimed.

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.



"Would you hand me the soap...?"



THE FULL COWARD PACKAGE

THE PROSPECT OF A VASECTOMY TERRIFIES MOST MEN.
HERE'S HOW TO SURVIVE IT WITH YOUR MANHOOD (MOSTLY) INTACT

by Dave Barry

Recently I went shopping for two items:

1. A jockstrap
2. A bag of frozen peas

These items may seem unrelated to you. But certain men, upon reading that list, will wince when they recognize these as the items you need when you get a...VASECTOMY.

The frozen peas are to minimize the swelling in your personal manliness zone. The jockstrap is to keep you from dangling. After a vasectomy—trust me—you do *not* want to dangle.

Not to sound boastful, but I went with a size large jockstrap. It brought back vivid memories of gym class at Pleasantville High School, where we male students were required to wear jockstraps so that our larger classmates could

use us as human slingshots by grabbing our elastic strap from behind, pulling it back several feet and releasing it to cause the Twang of Pain.

Shopping for peas was trickier, because the supermarket had such a large selection.

"These are good," said my wife, holding a bag of Green Giant Valley Fresh Steamers Sweet Peas, a premium brand.

"I'm not going to eat them," I said. "I'm going to put them on my b***s."¹

In the end I went with the Birds Eye Sweet Garden Peas. I recommend them, if you're a man who is getting a vasectomy. But before you take this major step, you should get answers to

¹ Balls

some important medical questions, starting with: Are you *insane*?

No, really, you should have some information, such as: What, exactly, happens to you during a vasectomy? I can answer this question, thanks to a helpful pamphlet I got from my urologist, titled "Vasectomy: Permanent Birth Control for Men," which I read as carefully as I could considering I had my eyes closed.

Based on this research, I would say that the best way to understand a vasectomy is to compare human reproduction to the New York City transit system, with Manhattan as the penis. In normal reproduction, the sperm cells originate in the testicles, represented by Brooklyn and Queens, then proceed via the vas deferens, represented by the Brooklyn Bridge and Queens-Midtown Tunnel, to Manhattan, where they join up with the seminal fluid, manufactured by the seminal vesicles and the prostate gland, represented by Staten Island. The sperm cells then travel through a long tube called the urethra, represented by the IRT Broadway local line, exiting Manhattan at the tip and being deposited in the female vagina, represented by Van Cortlandt Park in the Bronx.

In a vasectomy, the doctor severs the conduits from Brooklyn and Queens, leaving the sperm cells trapped in the outer boroughs, where they eventually die because there are no decent nightclubs. Vasectomy is a safe, effective and reliable procedure, and there is absolutely no reason to be afraid of it, except that **THEY CUT A HOLE IN YOUR SCROTUM.**

Medically, this is no big deal. It's an outpatient procedure. When it's done, you simply get up and walk out. Recovery takes just a couple of days. Most men experience only minor discomfort. Nevertheless, if you're a man considering taking this step, you need to reflect upon the fact that if you get a vasectomy, they are going to cut a hole **IN YOUR SCROTUM.**

I can hear you women readers going, "You think that's bad? A little *hole*? Until you've had a baby you have **NO IDEA** what it means to experience discomfort in the privates."

Okay, on behalf of men, I will stipulate to you women that childbirth is not only very painful but also a clear violation of the laws of physics. But you have to understand that we men have a very special relationship with our testicles. They are the most sensitive and vulnerable organs we have, and we are very protective of them because of the various times when we took a hard shot to the cubits and spent several excruciating minutes writhing on the ground, curled up like jumbo shrimp, wishing that a medical caregiver would come along and shoot us in the head.

If you've ever watched a soccer match, you've probably noticed that, during a free

kick, the defenders—who stand only 10 yards away from the guy who's about to kick the ball really hard—use both of their hands to protect their groins. They do not spare so much as a single hand to protect their heads. These men are clearly saying that, if forced to decide which is their *most* vital organ, they are not choosing their brains.

So with all due respect to women: You cannot really appreciate the electric shock of fear that shoots through a man when he contemplates the prospect of allowing some-

If you're
A MAN
CONSIDERING THIS
STEP, YOU NEED TO
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CUT A HOLE
IN YOUR SCROTUM.

body to take a sharp implement and **CUT A FREAKING HOLE IN HIS SCROTUM.**

Nevertheless, a lot of guys get it done, because they have reached a stage in their lives when they have the wisdom, the maturity and the perspective necessary to understand that if they do *not* get a vasectomy, their wives will never ever stop bringing it up. You may be one of these guys. To determine if you're a vasectomy candidate, ask yourself:

1. Do you wish to be rendered permanently incapable of fathering children?
2. Would you enjoy spending several days watching TV with a bag of frozen peas on your crotch?

If you answered yes to both questions, you should make an appointment to see a

urologist. What you should **NOT** do—this is very important—is go on the Internet and read the vasectomy message boards, because you will see anecdotes like this:

One of my co-workers got a vasectomy and his sperm backed up and, long story short, two weeks later his scrotum exploded during his performance review.

And: *My brother-in-law was getting a vasectomy and right after the doctor made the incision there was an earthquake and the operating table shook so hard that both his testicles fell out and rolled across the floor and into the waiting room, where a blind patient was waiting with his seeing-eye dog, which....*

Pay no attention to these hearsay anecdotes. Your vasectomy will be a walk in the park, although for a day or two it will be the walk of the late Walter Brennan as Grandpappy Amos McCoy. But the procedure itself will be nothing, especially if you do it the way I did it, namely, unconscious.

I'm a big believer in anesthesia. I think it should be used for every medical procedure, including routine physicals. I'd like to be knocked out while I'm still in the doctor's waiting room and not regain consciousness until everything is over, ideally in my car, with no memory whatsoever of what happened.

I'd also like to see anesthesia used in nonmedical settings. Like, if for some reason you had to attend the opera, there would be an anesthesiologist in the lobby, next to the candy stand. He'd knock you out and special brawny ushers would drag you to your seat and leave you there, drooling into your lap, until it was over. I think there should also be anesthesiologists on hand for meetings, ballet recitals, banquets, charity galas and movies based on books that my wife likes (fatal diseases, no punching).

But the point is that you definitely want anesthesia for your vasectomy. Tell your doctor you want the Full Coward Package. Tell him you don't necessarily want to wake up in the same *month* as your procedure. That's what I did. I was totally out for the whole thing, and it worked out fine, aside from the video that later appeared on YouTube featuring a close-up of my privates dressed up in a tiny Elvis outfit.

I'm kidding, of course! It was a large Elvis outfit.

No, *seriously*: Nothing happened. I went home with my jockstrap and my peas, and in a few days I was able to resume my regular exercise regimen of mostly sitting around. So if you've been thinking about getting a vasectomy, my sincere advice to you is: Do *not* read this essay. You're welcome.

From I'll Mature When I'm Dead by Dave Barry, to be published by G.P. Putnam's Sons in May.



20

BY DAVID HOCHMAN
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL MULLER



BJ. NOVAK

THE HIPPEST NERD TO OCCUPY A CUBICLE SPILLS THE BEANS ON HIS OFFICE CO-STARS, TALKS ABOUT HIS ADVENTURES IN *INGLOURIOUS BASTERDS* AND RECALLS PLAYING SCATTERGORIES WITH MICHAEL JACKSON

Q1

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had an office job?

NOVAK: No.

Q2

PLAYBOY: Doesn't that pretty much disqualify you to write, produce and act on *The Office*?

NOVAK: I have friends. They work in offices. They tell me what goes on. A week ago a friend told me, "I can't stand this job. What should I do?" I said, "Write down every miserable little thing that happens and show it to me." Last night we met again. She told me about this rich girl she works with who steals cans out of the recycling bin so she can get the reimbursement. I thought, *That's what I'm talking about.*

Q3

PLAYBOY: As a writer and producer, how do you resist the temptation to give Ryan, the character you play, all the funniest lines and hottest office hookups?

NOVAK: For a while nobody wanted to write for Ryan. If I did it, it would look as though I was whoring for attention. The other writers avoided it because they assumed I knew Ryan better than they ever could. But somehow that all helped shape the character. Ryan is someone who's lost. He's trying on different identities. Some of them are hateful and obnoxious, but lately I'm liking him, which I wasn't for a while. For the past few seasons he had

just enough screen time to be a bad guy yet not enough for us to know why. But ever since he went back to being a temp last season, he's made more sense to me. He's kind of pathetic and definitely flawed, and I appreciate that about him.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Did you ever think *The Office* would go 100-plus episodes when you were the first actor hired on the show?

NOVAK: Honestly, at every stage I thought it would be a big hit. No one really believed that back then, but I never doubted it. It's like *The Simpsons*. You can watch that show on mute at the gym and still laugh, because you get a sense of four clearly drawn characters. Same with *The Office*. There's the boss, the guy, the girl, the weirdo. Totally clear. It's icing on the cake to turn on the sound and hear how smart and verbal and subtle those characters are. But if a show

(continued on page 102)

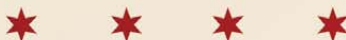






AREA

TWO



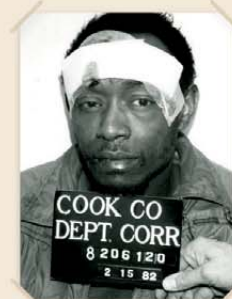
POLICE COMMANDER JON BURGE TORTURED DOZENS OF CHICAGOANS AND GOT AWAY WITH IT. UNTIL NOW

by **HILLEL LEVIN** and **JOHN CONROY**



LIEUTENANT JON BURGE was every bit the Chicago Police Department's fair-haired boy by 1982. An Army vet who had left Vietnam with a Purple Heart, Burge quickly rose through the ranks of the Second City's finest. At the age of 34 he was commanding detectives for violent crimes in Area Two—60 square miles on the city's South Side. His officers solved, or "cleared," more than 90 percent of their homicide cases, a rate far higher than in most other areas. Big and beefy with a head of thick reddish hair, Burge had the charisma and credibility to go all the way to chief of detectives or maybe even superintendent (as Chicago calls its chief of police).

In February 1982 Burge commanded an investigation into the murders of William Fahey and Richard O'Brien, two gang-crime officers who had been gunned down on an Area Two street. Going sleepless for five nights, Burge had his men turn the South Side upside down in search of the shooters. After tips led them to a pair of ex-con brothers—Andrew and Jackie Wilson—his detectives were just as persistent in finding them. When they learned where Andrew was hiding, Burge personally led the arrest squad. He picked the lock and was the

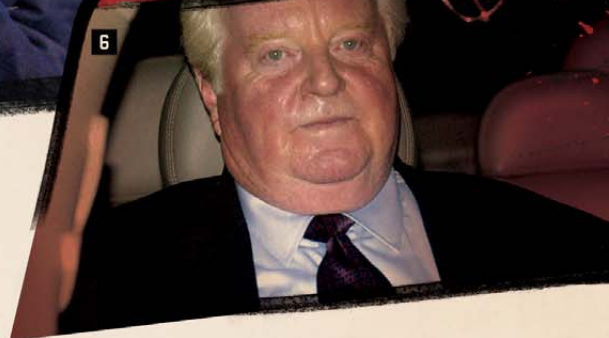


Top: A Vietnam war-era field phone that police commander Jon Burge used to torture prisoners. Left: Fired from the police department in 1993, Burge retired to Florida with a full pension. Right: Cop killer Andrew Wilson's 1982 booking shot at his arrest.

Ex-Officer Linked To Brutality Is Arrested

By SUSAN SAULNY
and ERIC FERKENHOFF

CHICAGO — The authorities arrested a former Chicago police commander at his Florida home on Tuesday and...



1. Burge was arrested in 2008 and will go on trial this summer. 2., 3. Andrew Wilson's lawyer had photos taken of her client's abuse—including burn marks. 4. Aaron Patterson confessed to murder but said his confession was coerced by torture. 5. In a flawed trial, Madison Hobley was condemned to die. 6. Burge in Chicago in 2004.

first man through the door. Within a year both Wilson brothers were convicted of murdering the two cops.

By all rights the capture of Andrew Wilson should have been the highlight of Burge's police career. But Wilson would haunt it. Seven years after his arrest he sued then-commander Burge in federal court, making what seemed to be preposterous claims. He charged he had been not only beaten after his arrest but also tortured with a bizarre array of implements to force his confession. The trial over his suit was hardly covered in the mainstream press. The cop killer's charges were indignantly denied by any police or city official who deigned to comment on them.

Over the course of the next two decades Andrew Wilson's lawsuit would grow into one of the worst police scandals in American history. More than 100 prisoners, including 10 men on death row, four of whom have since been pardoned, were identified as possible victims of torture committed by Burge or his subordinates. A total of 13 Burge victims have won early release, all having spent decades behind bars as the result of coerced confessions. Chicago and its insurers have spent more than \$30 million on settlements and legal costs. The indelible stain of the Burge cases extends to judges and assistant state's attorneys. It also extends to state's attorneys—in particular to Richard M. Daley, soon to become Chicago's longest-serving mayor.

Although Wilson's charges would ultimately lead to Burge's firing, Burge has enjoyed a comfortable retirement. But this summer, for the first time, he will be called to account in criminal court for his torture regime. Chicago's U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald has

brought federal charges against him, and a conviction could put Burge in prison for the rest of his life.



Rarely has so much depended on the description of a small room, just eight by 10 feet—practically a cubicle in the eyes of one police investigator who observed it eight years after Andrew Wilson claimed he had been tortured on the second floor of what was then Area Two headquarters. The door faced a tall window with a metal grille. It overlooked a tree-lined street and a brick apartment building. Beneath the window was an accordion-style cast-iron radiator to which detectives could cuff a suspect during an interrogation (or

MORE THAN 100 PRISONERS WERE POSSIBLE VICTIMS OF TORTURE COMMITTED BY BURGE OR HIS SUBORDINATES.

what police officials prefer to call an "interview").

Wilson claimed that during one of his sessions with Burge he was forced to kneel in front of this radiator with a hand cuffed to either side of the window. As his body pressed against the radiator, its ridges seared stripes onto his chest and thigh.

If not for these marks, Wilson's charges would probably have gone nowhere. No matter how much police had battered him, he was not a victim to evoke sympathy. A career criminal, Andrew Wilson had spent six years in prison for armed robbery. Soon after his release he and his younger brother Jackie resumed robbing, in one case

not only taking money from clerks and customers at a camera store but taking the cameras, too. In another robbery Jackie pretended to be a victim to throw police off their tracks. Andrew later disguised himself as a mailman to force his way into a woman's home, which he and his brother then ransacked before leaving with \$700 and a .38 Colt pistol. On February 9 officers Fahey and O'Brien stopped them on a residential street, and for reasons that remain unclear a struggle ensued. At some point Andrew wrestled Fahey's service revolver away, fired it into Fahey's head and then shot O'Brien five times before fleeing with his brother.

When Burge and his crew burst in on Andrew just before dawn five days later, they found him resting on a friend's couch. He was still shirtless when cops dragged him into that small room in Area Two and severely beat him. At one point Wilson was slammed so hard into the window grating that the glass behind it broke. His most lingering injury would come from a kick to his eye, but he was also burned on the shoulder with a cigarette and, Wilson said, suffocated with a plastic bag, which he had to bite through to breathe.

The beating stopped when Burge appeared and, according to Wilson, admonished the men for having "messed up" Wilson's face. The lieutenant told the suspect his "reputation was at stake" in the investigation, and he wanted Wilson to make a statement acknowledging his guilt in killing the officers. Wilson replied that he didn't "do nothing" and would "say nothing." Burge left the room, and another detective returned with a brown paper bag from which he pulled a black box with a hand crank and two (continued on page 114)



"My chiropractor says if I'm under there every day, you need to get a bigger desk!"



PLAYBOY  FASHION

fashion by **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**
photography by **TONY KELLY**

Racing jacket, \$138, by **FRENCH CONNECTION**.
Polo shirt, \$79, by **ROGUE**. Pants, \$125, by **GANT**
RUGGER. Belt, \$95, by **BOSS ORANGE**. ↗
Sunglasses, \$130, by **RAY-BAN**.
Her swimsuit by **ADRIANA DEGREAS**.

A DAY AT THE RACES

FULL-SPEED FASHION, SHOT ON LOCATION AT THE BRAZILIAN GRAND PRIX

SINCE THE 1960S, THE GOLDEN AGE OF SPEED, THE RACE-CAR DRIVER HAS SERVED AS THE BENCHMARK OF MASCULINE COOL, THE AVATAR OF BRAVADO AND VIRILITY. WHEN THESE GLADIATORS OF SPEED STEP AWAY FROM THEIR CHARIOTS,



YOU KNOW THEY WILL BE SPORTING SOMETHING GORGEOUS ON THEIR ARMS. AND BY THAT WE MEAN THEIR CLOTHES, NATURALLY. ENJOY THIS SPRING FINERY, PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE 2009 BRAZILIAN GRAND PRIX IN SÃO PAULO.





Nylon jacket, \$395, T-shirt, \$55,
jeans, \$145, belt, \$95, and boots, \$345,
by BOSS BLACK. Sunglasses, \$245, by
MARC JACOBS.



Her bathing suit by **NEON**. Her shoes by **FERNANDO PIRES**.

Track jacket, \$125, by **ROGUE**. Pants, \$138, by **FRENCH CONNECTION**. Sunglasses, \$245, by **MARC JACOBS**.
Shoes, \$90, by **SPERRY TOP-SIDER**.





Her dress by **BIANCA RANUCCI.**



Leather jacket, **\$695**, by **ROGUE**. Polo shirt, **\$48**, and scarf, **\$58**, by **REPORT COLLECTION**. Pants, **\$88**, by **SHADES OF GREIGE**.

PLAYBOY was the first men's magazine with a food column, in the 1950s. Today we're in the midst of a golden age for the cooking man. Here's how to stock your temple of food. (1) Your choice of salt and pepper mills: **HM Stratus's** motorized beauties (below left, \$50 each, surlatable.com) grind at the touch of a button, while the wood mills from **Peugeot** (as in the French car company, \$80 each, williams-sonoma.com) are old school. (2) Massachusetts-based master woodworker **Michael Humphries** makes cutting boards (prices vary, michael-humphries.com) that are a cut above. (3) **Lodge Cast Iron** skillets are so well crafted, people are still using ones made in the 19th century. Pictured: a

THE ALPHA KITCHEN

OUTFITTING MAN'S FAVORITE INDOOR PLAYGROUND OUTSIDE OF THE BEDROOM

12-inch-diameter seasoned skillet (\$34, lodgemfg.com). (4) As for pots and pans, go with **Mauviel** copper. This Professional model 10.5-inch copper and stainless skillet (\$200, surlatable.com) will fry your fish for you. (5) The stainless steel of these **Swissmar** peelers (set of three, \$17, amazon.com) could strip the paint off a beer can. (6) You can heat the silicone blade of this **Le Creuset** spatula (\$9, amazon.com) to 800 degrees Fahrenheit and it won't melt. (7) As Volkswagen is to cars, **Zwilling J.A. Henckels** is to knives—made in Deutschland, solid and not too tough on the wallet. Pictured: Twin Protection nine-piece set (\$987, zwillingonline.com). (8) Philippe Starck designed this Max Le Chinois



fig. 01



fig. 02



fig. 03



fig. 04



fig. 05



fig. 06



fig. 07



colander-wine bucket for **Alessi** (\$447, unicahome.com). (9) Yes, this chunk of silicone looks like a fake C-cup pre-installation, but in reality it's a **Poach Pod** egg poacher (set of two, \$10, fusionbrands.com). Drop in an egg, place in boiling water and voilà. (10) The modern kitchen ninja does his pureeing with a **KitchenAid** immersion blender (\$70, kitchenaid.com), which has more speeds than a Formula One car: nine. (11) **KitchenAid**'s 90th Anniversary five-quart stand mixer (\$399, kitchenaid.com) is your own private assistant; it'll do the dirty work while you sip prosecco. And in screaming red, it shows you're not a man to be trifled with, at least when it comes to baking. (12) The humble wok



excels at steaming, deep-frying and stir-frying. It's also the easiest thing in your kitchen to overpay for. Stick with this \$20 **hand-hammered 14-inch** (wokshop.com). (13) **Prepara**'s garlic press (\$20, surlatable.com) can make fast work of six cloves at a time. (14) If we were stuck on a desert island with one possession and it couldn't be Miss May Kassie Lyn Logsdon, we'd want this 5.5-quart **Le Creuset** Dutch oven (\$330, amazon.com). (15) These handsome nine-inch tongs are by **Rösle** (\$21, surlatable.com). (16) There are two things you should never put in a **Cuisinart**. One is your goldfish. The other we don't need to tell you. Pictured: Elite Collection 14-cup food processor (\$299, cuisinart.com).



*"A man seldom thinks with more earnestness of anything than he does of his dinner."
—Samuel Johnson*



✦ LOUIS ✦
ARMSTRONG

WELCOME TO STORYVILLE

✦ THE SPASM ✦
BAND

✦ JELLY ROLL ✦
MORTON

ANDERSON

N

ew Orleans is a city of ghosts—
legendary among them are the
street urchins of Storyville
who invented jazz





✦ KING OLIVER'S ✦
CREOLE JAZZ BAND

There's a popular myth about the origins of jazz, a sort of Bible story, in which New Orleans is the Garden of Eden and Adam and Eve are horn players who entertain johns in the whorehouses of Storyville, the city's notorious red-light district. In this story, jazz is the apple, the fruit of the dives, fuck music, what was playing downstairs when you lost that last shred of innocence. In early accounts, *jazz* is sometimes spelled *jass* and is sometimes said to be a variation of the word *jism*. "If the truth were known about the origin of the word *jazz*," the trombonist Clay Smith said in 1924, "it would never be mentioned in polite company."

In the legend, the fall comes not when man discovers his nakedness but when the U.S. Navy, concerned about the spread of VD in the ranks, shuts Storyville, sending all those bawdy-

house musicians, with their wild new music, in search of work to St. Louis and Chicago and New York, where the first jazz record was made in 1917 by the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. It's a story of exile and diaspora and features the great early pioneers of the genre: Louis Armstrong and Ferdinand "Jelly Roll" Morton and Joe "King" Oliver and Sidney Bechet, among others.

This was the story I myself believed until recently. But while researching New Orleans and reading Herbert Asbury's classic *The French Quarter* (named for the town's beautiful historic district), I came across one of those astonishments you sometimes find in old books and newspapers.

Near the back, after a hundred pages of local history, the story of New Orleans itself—a tin-roofed French settlement in a bend in the Mississippi River that grew into the great depraved city it remains to this day—Asbury writes about the Spasm Band. It was composed entirely of kids, ages seven to

14. Pale-skinned, wide-eyed street urchins, they were, according to Asbury, the real inventors of jazz.

The band appeared on the streets of Storyville circa 1895, when the district was booming and the whores stood along the balconies and the virgins came down for the famous Naked Dance. Described by nightlife writers of the time, it amounted to a parade of the youngest girls shimmying through the parlor as the piano player enlivened the festivities. Outside the Spasm Band performed for nickels and dimes, banging out ratty tunes on homemade instruments—a cigar-box violin, pebble-filled gourd, whatever they could build. The singer crooned through an old gas pipe. Standing under a banner that read *THE RAZZY DAZZY SPASM BAND*, they made quite a name. “They played with the horns in hats,” writes Asbury, “standing upon their heads and interrupting themselves occasionally with lugubrious howls. In short, they apparently originated practically all of the antics with which the virtuosi of modern jazz provoke the hotcha spirit.”

One picture of the band survives. Taken in an old theater in the last days of the century before last, it shows only six of the boys, many of whose real names have been lost, in rank: Chinee; Warm Gravy; Willie Bussey, known as Cajun, and his brother Frank, known as Monk; Charley Stein, who became a famous drummer; Emile Benrod, known as Whiskey; Harry Gregson, who sang but did not sing well; Emile “Stalebread” Lacoume, who is a legend of New Orleans jazz to this day; and a kid who will forever be known only as Family Haircut.

Around 1900 a group of professional musicians, hired to play at a club in the decent part of town, decided to imitate the Spasm Band, going so far as to copy its billing: Razy Dazzy Spasm Band. When the kids showed up at the venue, grumbling, with rocks in their pockets—this according to Asbury—the manager of the club simply changed the name from Razy Dazzy Spasm Band to Razy Dazzy Jazzy Band.

“Thus it began,” writes Asbury. “And now look!”

Asbury believed that, in these kids, he had stumbled on the real fathers of modern music—it came not from Jelly Roll Morton, whose “Jelly Roll Blues” was published as sheet music in 1915, not from Louis Armstrong, who recorded with the Hot Five in Chicago in 1925, but from this ragged collection of ne’er-do-well punks.

I became obsessed with this story. Was this really the first jazz band? I searched out every account, but the evidence was scarce, so when the weather up north turned cruel, I decided to go to New Orleans to poke around the old dives, talk to some of the people who know the city best and see if I could uncover the true history of the Spasm Band and find the real fathers of jazz.



I went to school in New Orleans, and I love the city and dream of it, and in my dreams it is always shaded and tree-lined and the waters have receded and the houses glisten after the rain, and the music pours from the open doors and bars, for of all our cities, New Orleans is the most music-saturated, filled like a sponge; squeeze it and sound comes out—a run of notes, a piano in an empty room at Tipitina’s.

I went to see Bruce Raeburn, who heads the Hogan Jazz Archive at Tulane, the greatest such collection in the world. Raeburn is a bearded man, small and intense, sharp as a note. The son of a big-band leader, he drifted, in his youth, from New York to Los Angeles before finding his way to Lafayette, Louisiana and then to New Orleans, where he too became obsessed with first things.

The history of jazz is an underground history, its pioneers being poor and black and thus considered unworthy of notice. As a result most of it is oral history, recorded years later, and in studying the early days you sometimes feel as if you are reading the old Norse

sagas. A hundred years back, all recording and photographing stops and all the players turn into legends. When I asked Raeburn about the origins, he kept referring to the recordings, each containing another version, another story, which together add up to something like the truth. In one, as I said, the music comes from Storyville, where musicians, piano players mostly, set the late-night doings to music, hence jazz’s early association with sin. In another, the music starts at the end of the Civil War, when the Confederacy’s marching bands ditched their instruments and fled, leaving the bugles and horns to street urchins, who picked them up and played; in yet another, the music starts after Reconstruction, when the Creoles of color, who considered themselves less African than French, were reclassified as Negro and saw their neighborhoods turn into slums, where their own studied, traditional music got all mixed up with the rhythms that came out of the old slave grounds.

There are as many theories as there are people, but at bottom all these theories point to the same cause: New Orleans, not just what it is but where it is, the terminus, where the river ends. “The American vernacular we (continued on page 111)



◀ THE SPASM BAND ▶

Emile “Stalebread” Lacoume’s Razy Dazzy Spasm Band, about 1897.



THE STRANGER



JUAN ALVARO W. LORGE G

ASHLEY DUPRÉ

IN THIS YEAR OF THE OTHER WOMAN, THE GIRL AT THE CENTER OF THE SCANDAL THAT STARTED IT ALL BARES HER THOUGHTS AND BODY

On the day Tiger Woods issues his lengthy apology, the most notorious other woman since Monica Lewinsky sits in a conference room, ready to examine her past and sketch her optimistic vision of the future.

"Some people call me the girl who brought down the governor of New York, but in reality he brought me down," she says ruefully.

If anyone can make the transition from object of derision to savvy sex symbol, it's Ashley Dupré. Whether she is successful won't be determined by a paucity of inner strength or outer beauty (in person her skin shines like a toffee treat



ASHLEY'S GONE FROM THE COVER OF THE POST TO COVERING LOVE AND SEX AS ITS LATEST ADVICE COLUMNIST.

thought I could do it and stop whenever I wanted. No one ever had to know—I would lock it up in a little box and store it away forever. It was my deepest, darkest secret. All that changed two years ago

waiting to be unwrapped and savored) but by the willingness of average Americans to challenge their own prejudices toward the fallen and the damned.

"It's a fight for who I am. A fight for my dreams, my identity and my voice. Yeah, I was an escort," she admits. "As much as I wish I could make that go away, I can't. I'm trying to take it as a lesson learned. I am not proud of what I've done.

"I always

BY

CHRISTOPHER NAPOLITANO

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA





"I LOVE SEX AND I'M VERY GOOD AT IT, BUT I'M SAYING THAT. THAT'S FOR MY FUTURE BOYFRIEND FROM NOW ON. AND IT WILL BE FABULOUS."



because I got caught, and my secrets were exposed for the world to see."

On March 12, 2008 Eliot Spitzer stood in front of TV cameras, his silent wife, Silda, beside him, and gave up the governorship of New York. You know the rest: He had paid for sex and kept his socks on. Late-night jokes and tabloid fever ensued; Ashley was caught in the vortex of a media frenzy. Undercurrents at the watercooler swirled around deeper issues: Would you pay? Would she be worth it?

The Spitzer scandal and the Tiger Woods 18-hole carnival fascinate because they, however briefly, snap

the velvet rope between the sex lives of the rich and mighty and the rest of us. The VIP rooms of big-city nightclubs link the world of quick celebrity blow jobs and high-end escort services. It's there that stars and men with money to burn rub up against fresh fashion gazelles, ambitious actresses and lookers who charge for their time as often as they give it away.

Ashley knew trouble before but nothing like this. The FBI visited her apartment, and she confessed all to her mother. The next day her mom told her to turn on the TV. There was Spitzer. "I watched my dreams of a singing career flash before my eyes," she recalls. "I saw the hurt in his wife's eyes. I felt as

if I had jumped off a building. I couldn't breathe. I was dead."

There was an attempt at damage control. She did a brief interview with Diane Sawyer and spoke for a cover story in *People*. Even now, Ashley cannot be understood at one sitting, so it's hard to imagine she knew then what she was going through. Self-awareness is not a strong suit among escorts. "You have to be emotionally disconnected," she says. "No one says, 'Hey, when I grow up I want to be an escort.' People succeed in life because they have dreams and goals. That line of work looks to be the easy way out, but it's not, because





you're sacrificing your brain and your identity. It's emotionally damaging."

Two years of intense reflection have served her well. She did her best to withdraw from the spotlight, to claim some privacy and to triage some wounds in her



The girl who would become Kristen, in a high school yearbook photo.

family. Central to her perspective: As a child, a painful divorce separated her from her father ("I was always a daddy's girl, so it was difficult"), and in her teen years an affluent but strict household only got stricter after her big brother ran away from home. "I stopped being happy when my brother left. We were best friends. He tortured me to death, but he was my safety net." There was even an attempt at suicide by Advil and Tylenol—50 apiece.

Ashley was a popular kid and began to bridle—as most teens do—at what she saw as a stifling amount of parental control. An early escape came in the form of an ex-boyfriend who loved to fool around. "We were at a party and drinking a bit," she says. "He was a Howard Stern fan, always looking for his girlfriend and me to hook up. She wanted to, so we ended up going upstairs. I think I definitely turned her into a bisexual woman. We finished in a pool, making out like in that movie *Wild Things*." But when she got serious about a boyfriend 10 years her senior, her parents threatened to press charges and forced a breakup. Ashley fled to her father's new family on the Outer Banks of North Carolina, where more familial unrest followed, with drugs (ecstasy, cocaine, marijuana and mushrooms) playing a larger role. She took up residence in a dealer's house and partied constantly, "candy rolling" herself into a bad trip made worse by a guy who forced her into a bedroom and raped her.

She sought refuge in a three-way relationship with a married couple who took the underage Ashley to Miami, where she was filmed for *Girls Gone Wild*. Resentful of the attention she received, the couple abandoned her. She traveled on the GGW bus until a nasty encounter with Joe Francis led her benefactor on the film crew to shove a few hundred dollars in her pocket and point her in the direction of a Greyhound bus.

Back in North Carolina, a besotted musician weaned her off drugs and encouraged her love of music. Though on tenuous terms with her family, she found her way to New York City, scraping by with (concluded on page 119)



See more of Ashley at playboy.com/dupre.





LOVE to ALL

(continued from page 52)

function hardly party. Her hand reached for me once more.

“Oh yes, you are getting a boner. Let’s go to the bedroom. You can kiss me in the down-there region.”

She disengaged and went into the hall, and my body obediently trailed, head turning as it passed a print: Grant Wood, hills, shrubbery. In the bedroom, street-light climbed weakly through the blinds to fall on soft geometric shapes. Two dark rectangles of art hung on white walls. A cream-colored square was the bed. An up-flared indigo chair, its back soft columns cinched by stitching, threw a heavy shadow on a shadowy floor.

Katherine was taking off her shirt. It hit the floor with a thud. A zipper snicked. Her pants dropped. She stepped. Her underwear was beige. Her hands were behind her back, shoulders working. Her bra loosened and her shoulders rolled forward and the bra slid off and there were waves of flesh. She hooked thumbs into her panties and wiggled, pushing down to reveal more flesh, a blue vein running between hip bone and tuft of hair. Her nakedness cued me to take off my own clothes. Released from its constraining briefs, my penis bobbed.

Katherine leaned to the head of the bed to grab the cream comforter, balancing like a bather in a painting. She pulled the comforter down the bed on her side and its weight made it slink to the floor. She climbed onto the pale green sheets and lay on her back and as she pulled her legs back and ran her hands inside her thighs something in my lizard brain sent roaring signals to my swollen lips. I fell upon her pussy, wagging and licking at it until it was sloppily relaxed and much of my face was wet and I worked my tongue inside as she started bouncing. I was belowdecks on a storm-tossed ship with its unsecured cargo, membranous and strange, banging around me. Claw-fingered hands kept me from climbing out until, suddenly, the works locked up—someone yelling “Bingo!”—and everything quivered, and relaxed, and the hands fell away and the seas receded. I got to my knees. Katherine took my cock in her mouth and rattled it around with a loud *Mmmm* and then dragged it across her face, licking and saying “Oh yum.” She slid to sit upright and held my cock to her stomach as its aching grew and stroked it and then shook it against her breasts till it bucked and something raced shrieking through my nerves and I came on her and she laughed and said “Winner Winner Chicken Dinner!” She hopped off the bed and went to the adjoining bathroom.

I lay back, dazed. A wedge of light popped through the bathroom door, cutting the bed. Waist down my body was terribly bright. I rested a curled hand edgewise on my thigh to shadow my sodden penis. A subtle change in its center of gravity sent it easing around like

a compass needle. I adjusted my shading hand.

Katherine was humming at the bathroom sink. She ran water onto a washcloth, which she then used to mop the come off her chest. She leaned over the sink so that it would collect the water dribbling off her, and her arching back sent her privates backward under her ass as if to check on me. I made sure my penis was still shaded.

What this had to do with love I wasn’t sure.

I wondered how I was going to get out of there. I thought about my own empty apartment, waiting. I thought about the deli at the corner where I could get the day’s newspaper, still unread. The short Pakistani would be standing behind the counter murmuring Urdu into his headset as he made change.

The bathroom light went off. Katherine came back still humming. She said, “Where are you?”

“Here.”

She climbed blindly onto the bed. “You want to leave?”

“Um.” I wasn’t sure how to take it. It had seemed equable enough.

“You can leave.” She started humming again.

I left, wondering if she would eat all the scalloppine.

I told my ex-wife I had slept with Katherine Augenblick.

“My God. Are you out of your mind?”

“I guess.”

“What did you do that for?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t mean to.”

“You didn’t mean to. Are you a child?”

“I guess.”

“But—why Katherine Augenblick?”

“I don’t know. I didn’t mean to.”

“She drives you wild with desire?”

“Don’t make fun of me.”

“Okay. I’m sorry. I don’t know what to say.”

“No. What is there to say.”

“What is there to say. Wow.”

Three days later my ex-wife called again.

“Look—what’s going on with you and Katherine Augenblick?”

“I told you.”

“You told me you had sex, but why is she calling me? And inviting me to dinner?”

“She invited you to dinner?”

“She said the four of us should get together, it’s been so long, blah blah.”

“Huh. Well—”

“This is your problem. Get her to quit calling.”

“Of course. What did you tell her?”

“Oh, you know, I said I’m really jammed this week, we’ll work it out later. Please get her to quit calling.”

“Okay.”

“Katherine Augenblick should not be my problem.”

“No, of course not. It’s funny she called you. She hasn’t called me.”

“I don’t want to be her confidante.”

“No, of course not.”

“She said she admired how well you and I get along since the divorce.”

“So she knows—that you know about us?”

“She said, ‘Your ex and I had a little whoop-de-do.’ I don’t want to hear this.”

“No, of course not. She said ‘whoop-de-do?’”

“She said that you’re very dear but pretty useless in the sack.”

“She—what? Those words?”

“Then she tried to talk to me about premature ejaculation. This is—”

“Holy fucking shit! What is that! I never—”

“This is unfair to me. Please get her to quit calling.”

“Kathy, the thing is, though Lynn and I get along well, I sense that, well, she doesn’t want to be included in—she’s uncomfortable with—she’s not really, um, if I’m seeing someone—not that you and I are ‘seeing’ each other in that sense, but—it just, we shouldn’t, there’s no need to include her, really, because I get the feeling that for her it’s somewhat, um, discomfiting, so it’s really not a good thing. However well-intentioned.”

I waited.

I said, “Hello?”

“Yes, fine, I understand, some people find it hard to act like a grown-up.”

“Um...”

“You don’t have to say anything, I shouldn’t put you in the position of having to defend her. Especially since you start from a place of social awkwardness. She’s a very dear person. Nothing to apologize for.”

“Yes. Thank you.”

“So it’ll just be you then?”

“Just me?”

“At dinner.”

“Which—at dinner?”

“Tuesday, yes.”

“I didn’t know there was a plan. She didn’t say there was a definite plan.”

“Tuesday, yes. At Trastevere.”

“Oh. Oh. Oh. Okay.”

“Just you then?”

“Yes, okay. Tuesday. Let’s see. At—which?”

“This is the appetizer portion? This could feed a family of four.”

I said, “It’s a lot of gnocchi.”

“A lot of gnocchi? This could feed a family of four.”

“It works for me,” said Leon, forking a piece off her plate.

Kathy held the plate toward me. “Gnocchi?”

“No, thanks, I’m fine with the, uh... What’s mine again? I forgot what I—”

“Is one a gnocco?” said Leon, spearing another.

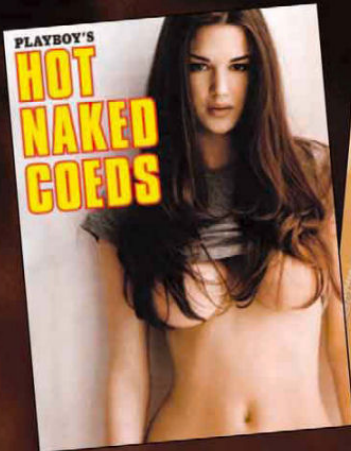
“He was the fourth Marx Brother,” said Katherine.



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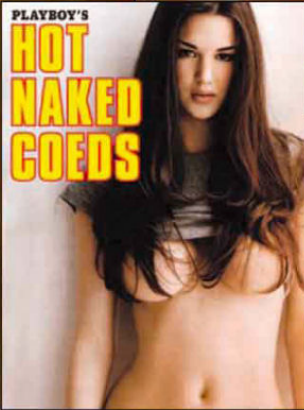
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"Normally I don't watch competitive sports."

"No, Zeppo was the fourth. Gnocco would be fifth," said Leon.

"Over one Marx Brother I'm a liar?"

"Actually there were five, I think," said Leon. "Bippo or Bumpo or something, never in the movies."

"You're thinking of Natty Bumppo."

"You're thinking of Natty Dresser."

"You're thinking of Marie Dressler."

"You're thinking of Rose Marie."

"Gnocco would be a Stooge," I said.

Leon and Kathy looked at me, blank. I had had a drink before leaving home and a drink before we ordered and now we were having wine.

I explained, "Three Stooges. Because, Curly, you know, *Nyuk nyuk nyuk*."

They continued to stare.

"Then that would be Nyukko," said Leon. "Except it wouldn't, because that was Curly."

"Women don't like the Three Stooges," said Katherine. "They find them inane."

"I'm going to explain that at the next MLA conference. After I deliver my paper on Harry Ritz."

"Scholar. Genius. Harold Bloom. Excuse me," she said to the waiter who was putting a glass in front of her. "I ordered my seltzer water midway through the meal."

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said, taking it away.

"He thought all of our selections were

excellent," said Leon. "Except for mine, which was very nice."

"Loser. Sad sack. Harold Bloom."

"I march to the beat of a different drum," he said.

"How poignant. How brave. How Emersonian."

"Heh-heh-heh," I said.

"Look, I'd like to settle something," said Katherine, "before the mains arrive. I'd just like to know what we're doing after dinner."

"Going back to our place, aren't we?"

"You'll come back with us?"

They were looking at me.

"Well...sure. I, uh..."

"There's a ringing acceptance," said Leon.

"There's an eager camper."

"Heh-heh-heh. No, it's just that I have to get up pretty early—"

"You do know why we're inviting you back?" said Katherine.

I looked at them looking at me.

"A little repeat performance?" she said.

I looked at Leon. His eyebrows lifted.

"With variations?"

"Oh. Well. I'm not sure."

"We have somebody who isn't sure."

"Oh for God's sake," said Katherine, "it's just sex. We're not asking you to co-sign a mortgage."

"Heh-heh-heh!"

"We have a chuckler," said Leon. "We

have a dubious chuckler. You want to keep everything to yourself?"

"I don't know, I, sometimes I, yes, I want to keep my genitals to myself."

"Ha-ha. Amusing. Of course we're not talking about just genitals."

"Well."

"Your anus is part of your sexual equipment."

There was quiet. From back in the kitchen, pots clanking. When I became aware that Katherine and Leon were still looking at me and I wasn't speaking, I spoke. "Um. Leon, I'll be frank. There are two words in that sentence that scare the shit out of me." I cleared my throat. "Three words."

"Oh, fiddlesticks," said Katherine. "We know you have a timorous manboy sexuality. That's okay. It's okay to be frightened of something new. It's rather dear, actually."

"Up to a point anything is charming," agreed Leon. "Then you want to get down to cases."

In my mind Katherine and I were facing each other, naked, in their bedroom. There was bouzouki music and she was performing a Middle Eastern dance. A clanking behind me—Leon handling his cane—

"I've got to go," I said, standing.

"Oh for God's sake, grow up," said Katherine.

I dropped my napkin onto the chair. "I've got to go."

As I walked away I heard Leon saying, "I can't believe you called them 'mains.'"



I expected not to hear from them again and didn't, except for a mailing at Christmas-time. Above the salutation ("Dear Friends") was a picture of the two of them on a beach smiling into the camera, Katherine wearing a kind of sarong and Leon an open-necked oxford shirt. He had one arm around her. The other gripped his cane.

Among the things touched on in the letter (work, promotion, tenure) was this: "We are now officially a childless couple growing old and dotty. We've adopted a French bulldog, René, that we just adore. (I own up to it. Leon still pretends to resent having to walk him and affects disdain for the whole idea of pet owning.) We had to find a new rental for our annual pilgrimage to the Cape—our Truro cottage was strictly no pets. The new one, in Wellfleet, is not as quaint. But life changes and, as they say, you can't go home again—not even to a second home! Oh my! Hope your holidays are truly wonderful and the new year fresh and full. Love to all. Katherine. Leon."

I stared at Katherine's flowing signature and beneath it Leon's crabbed print. I looked again at the picture of the two of them smiling. I called my ex-wife.

"Did you get the Christmas letter from Kathy and Leon?"

"The Christmas letter?"

"The letter they send every year with their news?"

"Do they? Oh yeah, I guess they do."

"You didn't get the new one?"

"God, I don't know, I might have," she said. "I just throw them out."



"The arrival of spring always cheers me up."

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B.J. NOVAK

(continued from page 74)

passes the mute test at the gym—which *The Office* pilot absolutely did—it's going to be a hit.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Are the actors on *The Office* as weird and eccentric as their characters?

NOVAK: All actors are pretty weird. Think about it. When most people are kids they watch a cowboy movie and think, That's what I want to be. I want to be a cowboy. Yet there's another type of kid who says, "That's what I want to be; I want to be the guy pretending to be the guy who's the cowboy." You have to have some odd extra kink in your brain to want to become an actor.

Q6

PLAYBOY: So you were a strange kid?

NOVAK: Mischievous, definitely. I loved pulling off elaborate pranks. I was shy, but pranks gave me a thrill like nothing else. I did one at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, where I grew up. I got a bunch of friends to steal the audio cassettes from one of those self-guided tours and replace them with cassettes we had narrated. It was for a Chinese art exhibit, so we put on ancient-sounding Chinese music. Some kid we knew with a deep voice and a Romanian accent did the voice-over. For the first three minutes the script was exactly the same as the regular tour, but then he started telling people to remove the glass on certain exhibits and get high on the paint fumes, things like that. By the end he was swearing at everyone pretty abusively. We had worked on it for weeks, and it went off perfectly. The next day I woke up and *The Boston Globe* had done a story on it. My parents figured out it was me, and I thought I'd be in huge trouble. But my dad was kind of proud of it. I remember catching him faxing a copy of the article to a friend in New York.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Your father, William Novak, was a successful ghostwriter for celebrities such as Nancy Reagan, Lee Iacocca and others. Did you hang out with famous people growing up?

NOVAK: Sydney Biddle Barrows, the *Mayflower Madam* [whose best-selling memoirs about high-class prostitution Novak's father co-authored], was at the house when I lost my first tooth. She told me to gargle with salt water. Another time my dad took me to a party at Deepak Chopra's house. All of a sudden this figure sweeps into the room in a red military outfit and black hat and sunglasses and sits down at the kids' table. I thought, How weird. Deepak hired a Michael Jackson impersonator. Then I realized, It is fucking Michael Jackson! I remember three things about it: He didn't touch his food at dinner, we played board games, and nobody believed me at school the next day when I said I'd played Scattergories with Michael Jackson.

Q8

PLAYBOY: Is it true you stalked Bob Saget when you were a student at Harvard?

NOVAK: I invited Bob to the *Harvard Lampoon* when I was an editor there. I cold-called his agent because I'd heard Bob was a filthy comic,

which most people didn't know at the time. I wrote a lost *Full House* episode for Bob to do. The idea was that Bob's character, Danny Tanner, learns what sex is. He had gone his whole life without knowing, and after Uncle Jesse and Joey explain it to him, Danny becomes obsessed with it. At first Danny doesn't believe sex is real. But then he goes out and gets some pornography and is like, "This is sex? Holy shit! This is awesome! I've got to get me some pussy!" And that becomes his mission for the rest of the episode.

Q9

PLAYBOY: What was your stand-up routine like when you first came to Hollywood?

NOVAK: A lot of one-liners: "Battered women' sounds delicious; doesn't make it right." That would always do well. Or "I spent four years at college; didn't learn a thing. But it was really my own fault. I had a double major in psychology and reverse psychology." I still love doing stand-up, especially because I get to say things I can't say on television. Like this thing I do now about pandas. "Pandas are cute, and they're endangered. But that's crazy because it means pandas don't think other pandas are cute. [thoughtful pause] If I were a panda I would be fucking the shit out of pandas just so I could cuddle afterward."

Q10

PLAYBOY: Was comedy a path to sex for you?

NOVAK: Absolutely not. I've always been shy and inept with women. Like, every time I got near a girl in junior high or high school, it felt like a fluke. I still feel that way.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Really? Comedy and Hollywood money don't add up to a stellar romantic life?

NOVAK: The circumstances of my life are different now, but part of me still thinks every chance I have to kiss a girl is my last chance. When you are sort of quiet and self-conscious and average-looking, you're not used to getting into conversations at a bar. So it gets complicated when you're on television, because the conversations start coming to you. People—women, beautiful women—have something to say to you. They feel they know you. But all that means is that meeting people is much easier compared with how it used to be. I'm just not very good at—

Q12

PLAYBOY: Closing the deal?

NOVAK: Or if I close the deal, I'm not very good with the follow-up plan. It's not interesting to say this, but we work really long hours on *The Office*, and I'd usually rather just recover on a Friday night than go out. Relationships for me are like screenplays for a lot of television writers. You keep telling yourself you'll start one when you get a little time off, but then you start one only to have to abandon it. You feel stupid for even getting involved.

Q13

PLAYBOY: Is there any truth to reports that you and Mindy Kaling [who plays Kelly on *The Office*] recently rekindled your romance under the guise of helping John Krasinski [who plays Jim] plan his real-life wedding and honeymoon?

NOVAK: It's an adorable story, but it's not true. I did kind of date Mindy early in the show, but now we are just really good friends. And why John would need my help planning his honeymoon is beyond me. I've known him a very long time, and I think he's capable of picking a vacation spot on his own.

Q14

PLAYBOY: What was John like when you were students together at Newton South High School outside Boston?

NOVAK: He was the guy with the follow-up plan. He was popular and smart, and if he liked a girl he would just ask her out. I was at home, meanwhile, writing to my local TV affiliates, telling them they should air more sitcoms.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You're serious?

NOVAK: Absolutely. I couldn't get enough of *ALF* and *Growing Pains* and *Full House*. I still love television comedy. You hear a lot of writers out here talking about the death of the sitcom, but I don't see that happening any time soon. The medium may change. People download our show on iTunes or watch it on TiVo or Hulu. Soon it won't matter what medium we're on, as long as it's funny. As long as kids are sitting around in suburban basements with nothing to do, guys like me will be creating stories and being funny and being dramatic and, hopefully, surprising people creatively.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You played one of the Basterds in *Inglourious Basterds* last year. Will you be doing more movies?

NOVAK: I would love to. That experience was unlike anything I'd done before. I remember flying first class on Air France to Berlin for the cast dinner with Brad Pitt and Quentin Tarantino and thinking I couldn't have scripted such a glamorous thing to happen in my entire life. I mean, I grew up watching *Pulp Fiction* over and over. The movie changed everything for me. It shook up how I saw the world. And Brad Pitt is just such a superstar.

Q17

PLAYBOY: Were Brad and Quentin what you expected?

NOVAK: Yes. They were exactly as they should be. Brad was charismatic and kind and cool, and Quentin was superintense and wanted to stay up all night talking about, like, the different guns used in a biopic of Dillinger from the 1940s. The guy is astonishing. I mean, I don't know anything about movies beyond, basically, "Remember when DiCaprio said, 'I'm the king of the world?'" But that's what you expect from Quentin Tarantino. And what I've learned about meeting famous people is that they're almost always exactly who you expect them to be. I was waiting for an elevator after the Critics' Choice Awards, and someone said to me, "Hey, great job on *Inglourious Basterds*." It was Tom Cruise. In a

really weird way, though, that felt normal. If you were scripting that moment, that's the dialogue you would give Tom Cruise to say at that moment waiting for that elevator.

Q18

PLAYBOY: Is Steve Carell what Steve Carell should be like?

NOVAK: Definitely. He's the same person you see when you see him on *The Tonight Show* or whatever. He's kind, smart and just generally nice, and then very funny in a deadpan kind of way when the cameras roll.

Q19

PLAYBOY: But we want our stars to be exotic, glamorous, surprising. Tell us one thing about you that would shock us.

NOVAK: I don't know. Until recently, I drove a Honda Accord. Everybody made fun of me, so I bought an Audi.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You're on one of the most popular TV shows of your generation, and you're driving boring cars. Okay, that's pretty surprising.

NOVAK: I guess. I should be dating aspiring PLAYBOY models and driving a Ferrari, right? I've let down my 12-year-old self a lot already. But then again, my 12-year-old self was the one writing letters to get more comedy on TV, so maybe I'd be his hero.



Dirty Duck by Bobby London



BASEBALL UNPLUGGED

(continued from page 58)

count on, saying it was Gulden's fault "because he knows he doesn't hit against left-handed pitchers. He should have told me a left-hander was pitching. I can't keep track of everything." During a September night game in Milwaukee, Wills went to the mound and signaled for a left-hander from the bullpen. When right-handed veteran Dave Roberts trotted out instead, Wills demanded an explanation. "Well," Roberts said, "you didn't have anyone warming up, and I figured you'd rather risk my arm than [young lefty Shane] Rawley's." As umpire Ken Kaiser put it, "He was absolutely the worst manager I've ever seen. He didn't even know how to argue."

In June 1978 Jim Fregosi went from being a bench player with Pittsburgh one day to managing the Angels the next. His first day on the job, Fregosi stressed that he didn't care for team meetings. So what happened? He started day two with a team meeting. "Gentlemen, I don't like these things, but when I gave you the rules yesterday I obviously forgot one," he said. "Nobody sleeps with the manager's wife except the manager."

With that, Fregosi tossed a baseball to Bobby Grich. Grich, who was single, had signed the ball, adding mention of an establishment he planned to visit after the game, and then had it delivered to an attractive woman he'd spotted in the crowd. Turned out it was Fregosi's wife.

During the winter between the 1979 and 1980 seasons, a woman carrying a baby walked into the office of the Texas Rangers' general manager.

"So-and-so still with the team?" she asked the secretary.

"Yes, he is," the secretary replied.

"Well, here," she said, laying the baby on the desk. "This is his. Give it to him."

With that, the woman walked out.

Ah, the beauty of baseball. Time does seem to heal the wounds. Ask Hall of Fame pitcher Ferguson Jenkins, arrested for cocaine possession but given a second chance because a judge in his native Ontario ruled Jenkins was of such good character that the charges should be dropped and his criminal record wiped clean. Jenkins is livid about the steroid controversy and has even proclaimed that if he'd pitched against Mark McGwire, he "would probably have knocked him on his butt." That's interesting. Jenkins was a noted control pitcher during his career; he hit only 84 batters in 4,500²/₃ innings and was known for shaking off catchers who called for a knockdown pitch because he was uncomfortable intentionally hitting a batter. That wasn't the case with every pitcher. Don Drysdale admitted he drilled Willie McCovey of the Giants when he was told to intentionally walk him. "Wasn't going to waste four pitches when I could put him on base with one," said Drysdale.

Stan Williams not only was a headhunter

during his pitching career but also had a combative nature as a pitching coach with the Chicago White Sox. Manager Bob Lemon had to ban him from throwing batting practice because, when the likes of Richie Zisk, Oscar Gamble or any of the other hitters on that 1977 South Side Hit Men team took Williams deep during the pregame ritual, the next offering would be high and tight.

Bob Gibson never worried about making a hitter uncomfortable. Dave Garcia was the third-base coach with the San Diego Padres in 1972, when Derrell Thomas was a rookie. Thomas was a bit of a stylist, to put it politely, and was slow getting ready to hit. He would kick at the dirt for an extended period.

Gibson didn't care for the delay, and, Garcia said, while Thomas was rearranging dirt "Gibson walked halfway to home plate and yelled, 'If you're going to dig, dig six feet!' The first pitch was at Thomas's head. The young man never wasted time getting up to the plate against Gibson again."

Late in his career Jim Fregosi was traded to the Texas Rangers. One day he took umbrage at an article by Randy Galloway in the *Dallas Morning News*. When Galloway entered the clubhouse, Fregosi confronted him.

"Did you write that I booted a routine ground ball?" Fregosi demanded.

"Yeah," said Galloway.

"Well, I thought you knew baseball," Fregosi replied. "Obviously you don't, because anyone who knows baseball would know there's no such thing as a routine ground ball if it's hit to me."

Early in Fregosi's career, his manager with the Los Angeles Angels was Bill Rigney. Rigney was big on curfews but didn't like to stay up at night. At curfew time he would visit the hotel lobby, give the bellman a baseball and \$10 and ask him to get autographs from the players.

Of course, sometimes events made things a bit more challenging. There was the time a fire in the Angels' hotel in Boston forced Rigney to scamper downstairs at three A.M. Standing outside in his bathrobe and slippers, Rigney glanced over at Fregosi, Bobby Knoop and Bob Lee, who were still wearing the coats and ties they had on when they left the ballpark.

"Skip, I can't believe you didn't get dressed before coming downstairs," Fregosi said.

Seeing is believing. Mild-mannered Bob Lemon showed a great deal of patience, particularly during his years with the Yankees back in the Wild West days of owner George Steinbrenner. Every now and then Lemon would seek medicinal help. Before game one of the 1978 World Series at Dodger Stadium, Lemon relaxed in the cramped visiting manager's office, opened a desk drawer, pulled out a bottle of VO and smiled. "Want a little Steinbrenner elixir?" he asked.

Rickey Henderson was disruptive, both in running the bases and in speaking the English language. Ken Griffey Sr. recalled talking to Henderson about the living accommodations he'd found in Manhattan.

"I open the drapes and I can see the entire state building," said Henderson.

"You mean the Empire State Building?" asked Griffey.

"No, I can see the whole thing."

One day a young player climbed aboard the team bus and made the mistake of sitting in the front. He was told to move toward the back because seating was based on tenure.

Henderson perked up. "Ten year?" he asked. "Rickey has 16 year."

Art Fowler, the longtime pitching coach for Billy Martin, was a man of few words. "He would come out, look at you and say, 'I don't know what you're doing, but you are really pissing Billy off,'" remembered former Yankees pitcher George Frazier. "He also would come out to talk to a guy struggling to find the strike zone and explain, 'Babe Ruth is dead. If you are afraid, get a dog. Now throw a strike.'"

Fowler wasn't much into the fitness idea. When Steinbrenner questioned whether Yankee pitchers ran enough, Fowler pointed out, "If running made you a good pitcher, Jesse Owens would have won 20 games."

Not all the advice coaches provided pitchers was on target. Manager Charlie Metro of the expansion Kansas City Royals went to the mound after Al Fitzmorris had loaded the bases with nobody out.

"Throw a double-play ball," Fitzmorris remembered being told.

"Charlie, if it was that easy, the bases wouldn't be loaded," Fitzmorris responded.

When Billy Hunter managed the Texas Rangers, he came in from batting practice one afternoon and discovered Roger Moret standing in front of his locker in a catatonic trance, holding a shower shoe.

"I need a starting pitcher and I get a statue," Hunter lamented.

In the early 1980s, when Sandy Johnson was scouting director of the San Diego Padres, he hired Luis Rosa to handle Latino matters. Rosa was a bit over the edge but signed the prime Hispanic players of his era. Johnson learned early it was best to ask few questions when it came to Rosa. One day Johnson's office phone rang. An official from the State Department was on the line and asked Johnson if he knew where Rosa was. Johnson said he did not. "Well, we do," said the government official, "and tell him to get out of Panama right now and leave the Cuban players alone." Times were tense with Cuba back then, and the government didn't want Rosa creating an international incident. It seems Rosa, who had been a tail gunner in Vietnam, had chartered a plane to Central America to bring a couple of Cuban baseball stars back to the United States and then sign them with the Padres.

Johnson was known for hiring characters, including Doug Gassaway, another scout who could spot a player others overlooked. As scouting director in Texas, Johnson was looking at high school pitchers Scott Burrell and Jeff Juden in spring 1989, along with several of his scouts, including Gassaway. The

Rangers had just hired a part-timer for the New England area, and the guy was eager to make a good impression. He kept introducing Johnson and Gassaway to other scouts. "Understand one thing," Johnson finally announced. "All these guys know Doug. That's why they aren't talking to him."

Howie Haak was king of the Caribbean before Rosa. He was a product of Branch Rickey and moved with him from team to team, finally landing in Pittsburgh. In 1954, three years after Rickey and Haak had moved from Brooklyn, the Pirates were getting ready for the first pick in the minor league draft (courtesy of having the worst record in baseball). Haak was sent to check out the Dodgers team at Montreal, and a player he'd signed for the Dodgers, pitcher Glenn Mickens, tipped him off. "Hey, Howie," Mickens said, "we've got the best prospect in baseball, but they won't play the kid." The kid's name was Roberto Clemente, and while following Montreal for a month Haak saw him take only four at-bats. Finally Clemente was in the starting lineup, hitting seventh, but the first six Montreal players reached base and a pitching change was made, bringing in a right-hander. Clemente was hit for, which didn't go over well.

Montreal shortstop Chico Fernandez told Haak the next afternoon that Clemente was at the hotel, packing to head back to Puerto Rico. Haak raced to the hotel, convinced Clemente to unpack and promised him if he finished the season the Pirates would draft him and put him in the big leagues. Had Clemente gone home, the Dodgers could have placed him on the disqualified list, making him ineligible for the draft.

But Haak didn't feel Clemente was the most impressive find of his career. He put Alfredo Edmead at the top of his list of signees. Edmead came out of the Dominican Republic at the age of 18 for a \$17,000 bonus in 1974 and went directly to Single-A Salem, Virginia that season; 119 games into the year he was hitting .314 with seven triples, seven home runs, 59 RBIs and 61 stolen bases. Haak said he had a stronger and more accurate arm than Clemente. On August 22 Edmead dove for a ball and hit his head on teammate Pablo Cruz's knee. He died in the outfield. "The doctor who did the autopsy said it was the thinnest skull he had ever seen," Haak later said. "He said if Edmead had been hit in the head by a pitch, even with a helmet on, he could have been killed." An irony: Cruz was another Dominican player Haak had signed and was a key factor in his being able to sign Edmead.

Buzzie Bavasi was also the longtime general manager of the Dodgers in Brooklyn and later Los Angeles, and he had a fondness for characters. Bavasi told the story of getting a call one winter afternoon from a company that had sold outfielder Lou Johnson an answering machine but was having trouble getting him to make his payments.

"Why don't you call Lou?" Bavasi said.

"We have," the caller told him, "but we keep getting the answering machine."

Bavasi also recalled one year when Willie Davis was having financial problems. Bavasi called Davis into the office and the two of

them went over Davis's bills. Noticing that Davis had four high-priced vehicles, Bavasi suggested he sell three of them and rent a second car if he needed one when the Dodgers were home. Later that season Bavasi asked Davis how things were going with the rental car idea. "He told me, 'It's fine, Mr. Bavasi, but it's expensive paying for parking at the airport when we go on the road,'" Bavasi remembered with a laugh.

Gaylord Perry pitched his way into the Hall of Fame with the spitball but insisted it was more a mental game than anything else. "You still have to throw a good pitch," he said. "If you hang a spitter it goes just as far as a hanging curveball." Perry was emphatic that he had games when he kept the ball dry, but hitters never believed it, and Perry went out of his way to make them wonder. He would leave rags covered with Vaseline in bullpens. He constantly rubbed his neck, his face and the bill of his cap as if he were looking for a substance to put on the baseball.

George Frazier was suspected of doctoring pitches as well. Frazier said one day he was called to the umpires' room at Yankee Stadium, where umpire crew chief Dave Phillips asked him if he'd put a foreign substance on the baseball. "No, sir," Frazier told him. "Everything I use is made in America."

Hall of Famer Whitey Ford had a special bond with his wife. The left-hander would wear his wedding ring on his right hand on days he pitched, and he would turn the ring so its face was palm down. In the ring finger of his glove he had a hole cut so the ring's face could scratch the surface of the ball. As the old saying goes, "It ain't cheating if you don't get caught."

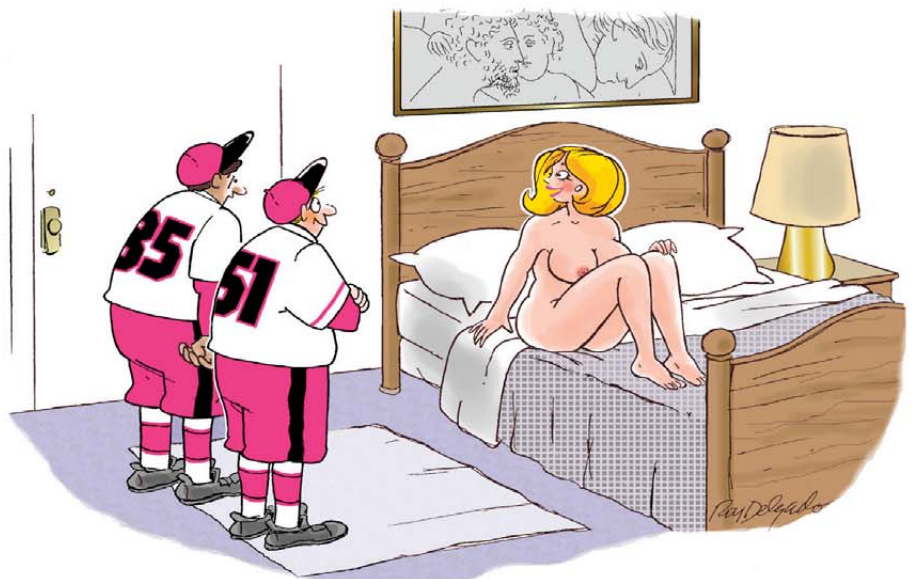
Seattle second baseman Julio Cruz showed up for spring training in 1981 and gave writers the silent treatment. It turned out he was upset he hadn't won the Gold Glove

and decided to boycott writers for not voting for him. What he didn't know was the Gold Glove wasn't decided by writers but by the managers and coaches.

Then there was outfielder Alex Cole with the expansion Colorado Rockies in 1993. The Rockies were in Pittsburgh in August that season, and Pirates beat writer Paul Meyer, who had known Cole when he played in Pittsburgh, mentioned that Cole told him he was not talking to the writers from the newspapers covering the Rockies because of what they had written about him. Most surprised were the writers, who didn't know they were being boycotted.

When Todd Helton came out of Knoxville Central High, he had a choice between signing with San Diego, which drafted him in the second round, or playing quarterback at Tennessee. He wound up at Tennessee, but that wasn't the original plan. At one point Helton thought he was going to sign with the Padres, but when scouting director Reggie Waller showed up with the contract, the bonus was \$25,000 less than Helton had been offered. Waller initially blamed it on the secretary in the scouting department and offered to settle it with a winner-take-all 60-yard dash. Helton told Waller to leave and never come back. "Funny thing is, later on, after college and after I got to the big leagues with the Rockies, I got a call from him," said Helton. "He was a financial adviser and wanted to meet with me." Helton passed.

At the age of 19, after a year in Double-A, Ken Griffey Jr. was invited to Seattle's spring training in 1989. The idea was to provide the talented prospect with some big-league exposure and then send him to Triple-A. Each week when the Mariners brass would gather to evaluate that spring's work, Griffey's name would come up and the scouts would rave about his abilities before being reminded that he was



"Okay, who's on first?"

going back to the minors to open the season. "Finally, the last week, when that was mentioned I asked, 'Well, who is going to tell him?'" remembers scout Bob Harrison. Turned out, nobody told him. Griffey made the team and never looked back.

John McNamara got a kick out of how quickly rumors spread in baseball. During the 1980 winter meetings in Dallas, he and a few friends decided to liven up the event by mentioning they'd heard San Francisco was bringing back Alvin Dark as manager. Within a couple of hours Giants general manager Spec Richardson cornered owner Bob Lurie and told him he was quitting because Lurie had hired Dark without even asking Richardson. Lurie assured him he had never talked to Dark about the job and didn't know where that rumor came from. The Giants eventually hired Frank Robinson.

Bobby Bragan had a challenging relationship with the Milwaukee media when he managed the Braves. One time during a team meeting, Bragan remembers, he noticed a bat bag in the corner of the

clubhouse was moving. A check of the bag found that beat writer Lou Chapman was hidden inside, listening to the meeting.

Bragan did, however, have the final word late in the 1965 season. "Gentlemen," he announced at a media gathering, "I have good news and bad news for you. The good news is you won't have me to kick around next year. The bad news is you won't have the Braves to kick around, either. The team is moving to Atlanta."

Barry Bonds has been kicked around, but it was not a late-developing situation nor merely a media-created deal. When Bonds was at Arizona State he was suspended from the team. Jim Brock, the team coach, had a rule that a suspended player could be reinstated only if his teammates voted him back. With the Sun Devils getting ready for the NCAA regionals, Brock asked the players to vote on Bonds. Outfielders Mike Devereaux and Todd Brown were the only players who voted for reinstatement. Brock overruled his players and activated Bonds just the same.



SUPER SPY

(continued from page 42)

in America. That doesn't mean MI6 is not actively gathering information, recruiting sources and conducting infiltrations, exfiltrations, false-flag operations—in which a source is convinced he is working for a third country—or anything else, says one former officer. In fact, right now "it is bigger than it's ever been, except for World War II," says Dorril, adding, however, that "compared to the CIA, it's a minnow."

On the military side the elite Special Air Service, based in Hereford, England, corresponds to the American Green Berets and Delta Force, and the Special Boat Service, based in Poole on the English coast, is akin to the Navy Seals. Originally the SAS was designed to work behind enemy lines; later it was given the counterterrorism brief. The SBS was focused on coastal and seaborne missions, though its writ, too, has expanded. The two units are sometimes territorial, battling each other for resources and jurisdiction, but both can be deployed alongside regular troops as well as sent on clandestine and covert operations.

Military historian Nigel West calls them "the precursor of all other special-forces units." Generally speaking, the SBS has worked in Afghanistan, and the SAS was deployed to Iraq, where it played a significant part in the effort to kill Abu Musab al-Zarqawi. "You find a lot of self-motivated guys" in the British special forces, says Tim Larkin, a former special ops intel officer who has worked with them on several occasions. "The Brits really test for the idea of being by yourself with little direction." The selection process, he adds, focuses on people who've been in the service for a few years, who have some experience and "who don't need a lot of oversight." Having seen them at work in Afghanistan, Hurley offers his praise: "They were much better at getting a feel for the neighborhoods," he says, "for the people, for the buzz on the streets." Over the years they've done counterinsurgency in Southeast Asia and on the Arabian Peninsula, hunted war criminals in the Balkans, worked counternarcotics in South America and helped enforce a peace agreement in Sierra Leone. They've been active in Egypt and Borneo, and in Argentina during the 1982 Falklands War. And of course in Northern Ireland, which served as a laboratory for counterinsurgency and intelligence experiments, for better and for worse. Much of this occurred far from public view. Like intel guys, special operators are subject to the OSA and risk ostracism should they go public with information. It happens, but it's considered bad form and potentially dangerous. "SAS members are never named, even when they are decorated," notes West.

There are times when special skills are needed, when regular troops aren't allowed or are too conspicuous. The CIA has its own paramilitary teams, the Special Activities Division; MI6 does not. Instead, section chiefs have direct lines to Hereford and Poole. Since World War II, Dorril says, MI6 has worked closely with the special



"What have we got that you haven't got? Well, for one thing...."

forces, “but it’s become more formalized in the past 20 years.” It can be an ad hoc arrangement, but at any given time certain SAS and SBS members are seconded to MI6, put through challenging training and prepared to do whatever MI6 needs done. This unit has had many names over the years, one of which, one former military officer confirms, was “the Increment.”

As David Ignatius renders it in fiction, the Increment carries out black ops and “wet work,” the latter including assassinations. Some will tell you it’s fiction; others claim it’s real. Before heading to London I meet with a onetime military officer from a Commonwealth country. I am asked not to use his name, but he tells me in the first moments of our conversation that the Increment does exist. He knows because he worked with it in Iraq. He doesn’t think the Brits have directly assassinated anyone—or even tried to—in a long time. His work with the Increment involved cultivating sources and identifying Iraqi insurgents who could be turned, then figuring out how to approach them. It was, he says, “covert diplomacy” more than anything else, long sessions in meeting rooms discussing strategies and possibilities, then low-profile efforts to meet sheiks or former Baathist officers, directly or through go-betweens, who might be convinced to stop shooting at coalition troops. “Not exciting stuff in a place that could get exciting very quickly,” he says. Increment members were professional soldiers with special training in intelligence. They were smart, agile of mind and body. They weren’t the hulking behemoths you sometimes find in American special forces outfits but people who could blend in as ably as they could fight. The unit has also been called the Counter Revolutionary Warfare Squadron, among other designations, he says. “They like to give things really innocuous names.”

“You could be agency for all I know,” says a man in a gray suit who sits with his back to the wall, pint on the table, in a crowded London pub. I’d been introduced by a trusted colleague; when I reached London, it turned out this man would be in town for a few days before heading back to the Middle East. He said I could find him in a gray suit beneath the marquee for *We Will Rock You*, a musical featuring the songs of Queen. It is a thick-aired summer night. The streets are packed, but he was easily spotted amid the rush-hour commuters. He suggests a drink at a pub and dinner in Chinatown, a few blocks away.

He is friendly but also wary and often vague. We are living in a cynical world, he says, but the threats are real, at home and overseas. The U.K. has changed. Hundreds of thousands of Muslims have emigrated here from Yemen, Somalia and, in particular, Pakistan. Most go about their lives, but a small number have attended training camps run by *takfiri* groups. And four of them—three British citizens with Pakistani backgrounds born and raised in the U.K. and a Jamaican who grew up in England and converted to Islam in his teens—carried out coordinated suicide bombing attacks in London on July 7, 2005, killing 52 people.

“Your lot,” he says, “have made things worse with your policies in the Middle East.” True, I say, but your lot drew the maps, and both our lots overthrew a democratically elected Iranian government, the reverberations of which are still being felt. He grants me that but insists on his point, that what the Bush administration did after September 11 helped galvanize militant Islamists. “There are people out there who are threats to the U.K. and others who might be threats. That’s why there are closed-circuit cameras on street corners throughout the country,” he says. People complain about privacy, he notes, but those cameras helped piece together the movements of the July 7 bombers. They make people safer, he insists.

Cameras or no cameras, the intel agencies didn’t stop the attacks, which triggered debates over the U.K.’s readiness to deal with homegrown terrorists. Both MI5 and MI6 were stained as badly as the CIA on Iraq. “We learned a great deal in Northern Ireland,” the man in the suit says, echoing something I’ve heard many times over the years. Units tailored for the battle, such as the 14th Intelligence Detachment (the Det) and the Force Reaction Unit, made mistakes and went too far at times but ultimately proved effective. The IRA’s plans were often known in advance. More darkly, according to the Commonwealth officer, the Brits knew that if they wanted someone dead they could put word on the street—he was an informer, he’d blown a mission, he’d screwed the wrong guy’s sister—and it was nearly guaranteed that local outfits would handle it. Overall, the man in the suit says, Northern Ireland made the British arrogant. “It took years, that campaign,” he notes, “even though we had a

lot in common with the people we were up against. Today’s enemy has a different mentality. This lot is willing to die, to blow themselves up. It’s a wholly different task to deal with people who ignore instincts for self-preservation, who are so profoundly dislocated they think it worthwhile to do something that can provide adventure in this world and passage into the next.”

In an e-mail, James F. Dunnigan, a military historian and author of *How to Make War*, writes that while the U.S. has much greater technological capabilities, MI6 is better able to “go deep cover in places such as Afghanistan and Pakistan (as it did earlier in Iraq) and seek to develop local agents who can get closer to the center of things. They trade this stuff with the CIA for ELINT”—electronic intelligence—“and other technical intel. In some respects MI6 helped the CIA make up for its lost human-intelligence capability.”

Before coming to London I’d had lunch in a northern Virginia mall with an ex-CIA agent with lengthy Afghanistan experience. He was surprised the Brits weren’t better prepared after 9/11. “MI6 used to have the camel corps,” says Stephen Dorril, “the people who work in the Middle East, who lived there in the 1940s and 1950s and know the area and languages.” But the SIS didn’t have the people to gather intelligence. For years, Dorril says, “MI6 was an exclusively white middle-class, upper-class organization.” They were the British establishment, says Phillip Knightley, author of *The Second Oldest Profession* and other books on the U.K.’s intelligence apparatus. These public-school-educated spies, recruited by spotters at Oxford or Cambridge, were the



“Oh, boy. This will take some explaining.”

standard-bearers of a Cold War mentality. When spying on governments or foreign militaries, such people, posing as businessmen and diplomats, can be useful. But when you're trying to track people with no government affiliations, no real headquarters, people living in dusty villages, the picture gets cloudier.

"How are you going to get someone into Peshawar or one of those places?" asks Geneve Mantri, Amnesty International's lead counterterrorism researcher. "It's a colonial myth that you can look like Pierce Brosnan, dirty your face a bit and disappear into the market." Pakistan's tribal areas or the lawless landscapes of Somalia are harder to penetrate than, say, East Germany, at least for Europeans. In this context having something like the Increment is every intelligence agency's dream. Mantri, for one, is dubious. If the Brits have this capability, he wonders, why haven't they used it to more obvious effect? The Israelis might be able to, because they are a multiethnic people with origins in dozens of Middle Eastern, Eastern European and Central Asian countries. The Chinese could do it in Taiwan, and the Russians used to be able to do it, says Dunningan. Possibly the Iranians—certainly in Iraq. Reports emerged last summer that after 9/11 the CIA had looked into building a similar kind of unit, a group that could operate in small numbers, but the logistics proved too daunting. "The CIA program was an American Increment," Dunningan writes,

"and it didn't get off the ground because of the blowback problem and the fact that the CIA knew from its experience with MI6 that the agency could not match MI6's expertise in this area." According to a contact well versed in Israeli intelligence matters, the Israelis believe the Brits employed such a unit to get people caught or killed. Knightley, who has been writing about intelligence for three decades, deems an outfit like the Increment "plausible."

The man in the gray suit uses the same word, *plausible*, but he's cannier about it. British intel operatives "cross lanes" more than their American counterparts. SIS officers posted overseas often work out of British embassies, and he says there are direct lines from the embassies to Hereford. Some officers work on their own, like Bond, he says, though they don't have as many toys as the movies suggest. ("I saw *Enemy of the State* and was thinking it would be amazing to have capabilities like that.") To a large extent it's a game, he says. You get into the place you're not supposed to get into. You identify the people who have information you want, then figure out how to get it.

In 2005 Iraqi policemen in Basra arrested several Brits who were moving around town in local dress. British troops surrounded the police station and demanded their release. More recently Stephen Farrell, a British reporter working for *The New York Times*,

was rescued from his Taliban kidnappers by British-sounding soldiers who choppered in at night and shot their way out (killing Farrell's Afghan colleague and losing one of their own in the process). When these stories were reported the identity of the participants was downplayed.

Officers who take part in such things expect severe repercussions if they break the silence. There have been authorized books cleared by the Ministry of Defense. *Bravo Two Zero*, written by an SAS officer calling himself Andy McNab, tells the story of an eight-man unit that infiltrated Iraq ahead of Operation Desert Storm. Three were killed and four were captured (including McNab). One escaped and walked for days to reach Syria. He took the name Chris Ryan and wrote his own account, titled *The One That Got Away*.

Problems arise when service members go on their own. In the 1980s a retired MI5 officer named Peter Wright co-wrote *Spycatcher* after moving to Australia (his co-writer was Paul Greengrass, who directed the second and third installments of the *Bourne* trilogy). Efforts to block its publication proved counterproductive, lending the book notoriety and revealing much MI5 would prefer had not been revealed. Though the atmosphere is different now—the SIS has a website and recruits openly for jobs—there are still limits. "They come down hard on anybody who writes their own book," Dorril says. That was the lesson learned by David Shayler and Richard Tomlinson, former officers of MI5 and MI6, respectively. After Shayler quit MI5 he began talking to journalists—claiming, for instance, that the SIS had plotted to kill Libya's Muammar el-Qaddafi and that it routinely planted false stories in the press. He was prosecuted for violating the OSA and sent briefly to prison. Tomlinson was let go by MI6 in 1995. He unsuccessfully challenged his dismissal, then left the country (he now lives in France) and started shopping a book proposal about his experiences. The book was eventually published by a Russian company and, after years of legal wrangling, was serialized in the British papers. According to intelligence historian Nigel West (himself a former officer writing under a pseudonym), Tomlinson's book was "the most comprehensive insider's view of the modern service ever produced." For his effort Tomlinson spent six months in prison and had to fight for nearly a decade to reclaim any proceeds. He was later accused of posting a list of more than 100 MI6 officers online, a charge he denies.

Tomlinson tells of his recruitment, training, early missions and work on the Russia desk. "Although the core activity of MI6 is agent-running," he writes, "its charter, known as the Order Book, requires it to maintain a capability to plan and mount special operations of a quasi-military nature." Actions are subject to the approval of the Foreign Office. Members move on aircraft flown by specially trained pilots from the Royal Air Force. The SAS and the SBS contribute men who have already "served for at least five years and have reached the rank of sergeant. They are security vetted by MI6 and given a short induction course into



"Just how serious an illness can you afford, Mr. Montague?"

the function and objective of the service.” They receive additional training in the use of explosives, methods of sabotage, surveillance, guerrilla warfare tactics and theory, and “advanced insertion techniques—for example, parachuting from commercial aircraft or covert landings from submarines.” As Tomlinson tells it, the SAS and SBS personnel are joined by a volunteer cadre of men and women with “a diverse range of specialist skills.” Their primary task is surveillance and countersurveillance. “They blend into foreign streets,” Tomlinson writes. “Some are drawn from ethnic minorities and many have a good command of foreign languages.” More important, they are “deniable assets.” If caught, the British government would claim no knowledge of them.

Chris Ryan also wrote a book called *The Increment*, but his is a thriller about an ex-SAS officer forced back into service with rogue members of the top-secret outfit. In Ryan’s rendering the Increment is “a tiny unit consisting of just six men and two women, each of whom did a two-year tour of duty. It operated in the murky shadow lands between the regiment, the regular army, the intelligence agencies MI5 and MI6 and the Home and Foreign Offices.” Ryan did not serve a day in prison, however, even though his Increment carries out assassinations and whores itself to a pharmaceutical magnate testing psychosis-inducing drugs on active soldiers. Then again, he wasn’t passing off his tale as fact.

Early one morning I fly to Edinburgh to meet another author who purports to blend fiction with real-life experience. “Nicholas Anderson” wrote a book called *NOC*, short for “nonofficial cover.” Anderson says his book emerged from 19 years of working for MI6, often on deep-cover missions. “We were institutional killers in disruptive actions on the black,” the book declares. “That is to say we made illegal entries across borders to perform dirty work, then returned home.” I don’t know what Anderson looks like—his author photo shows only the back of his head—but he said he would pick me up at the airport. I told him I’d wear a Guinness cap. When I enter the arrivals hall at Edinburgh airport, an older gentleman, Alistair, approaches me and says he is a friend of Anderson’s and Anderson has asked him to fetch me. On the way to the garage he pays his ticket at

an automated machine while a man in a hat struggles to get the neighboring machine to work. After briefly fiddling with some coins the man walks away.

On the road Alistair talks about Scotland’s ongoing banking crisis and the city’s history, then announces he’ll be dropping me on the other side of a roundabout. There is a bank there, he says, and Anderson will be in the parking lot. Passing through the intersection, I see a gray car in the lot, doors open, a man inside. After Alistair pulls to the curb, I walk over. Anderson is wearing sunglasses and jeans. He’d been at the airport, he tells me with a grin, because he wanted to check me out to see if I was being followed. (He was, it turned out, the man at the other ticket machine.) That was called a “bren”—a brief encounter—he informs

they don’t really know him or don’t want to talk about him.

His book is entertaining, though it has some scenes that go beyond fantasy, several too-neat coincidences and a general sense he was present at virtually every major event of the 1980s. Some of it is exaggerated, he allows, tarted up on the publisher’s advice, but he insists it’s based on reality. The book was intended to be a true-life memoir, but the first draft was ruled in violation of the OSA and earned Anderson a two-year prison sentence, later commuted to nine months. Names and places were subsequently changed, and it was labeled a work of fiction.

Anderson sees Americans as rash and prone to missteps: “We believe we dig you out of a lot of different holes that you dug for yourselves.” Early on he specialized in exfiltrating Soviet defectors. More recently, he claims, he was in Iraq, leading a small team of SAS commandos charged with recovering kidnapped British citizens. Before heading over he was given a stack of 50 SAS résumés and told to take 30. This was, he says, the Increment.

Oddly, for someone who, in his telling, had such a crucial responsibility, Anderson’s ideas and attitudes are hardly those of a company man. It’s surprising to hear him say that Tony Blair is a war criminal, that Flight 93 was shot down over Pennsylvania on September 11, that the West is squarely to blame for the blowback that fueled those attacks, that America is a cultural colonizer. Toward the end of the day, as we stroll past souvenir shops

me. He’d followed Alistair, flashing his lights before passing to let him know to go ahead with the planned rendezvous.

We have lunch on the waterfront, stroll through the center of town, walk around the old castle and stop to get ice cream. It is a confounding day, largely because Anderson is a confounding fellow. At times I have trouble seeing him as a spy, but at other moments he blends seamlessly into crowds. He speaks with a degree of authority and a breadth of knowledge, but he can be needlessly vague. He repeats portions of conversations verbatim, as if they are parts of a rehearsed presentation he’s forgotten. At the restaurant he pulls out handwritten notes on things he wants to say—for example, that he had a “critical” clearance level. Some people he recommends I contact say

flogging Scottish flags and mugs, he says the U.K. has ordered assassinations, though he gives no specifics. Dorril says that to his knowledge MI6 stopped assassinations in the 1960s. Knightley is not as equivocal but says if the agency were to kill someone, it would farm out the job, finding “somebody who would know somebody who would, if required, do the necessary.”

Ignatius claims the Increment has a “license to kill,” while the Commonwealth officer says the term is a misnomer, that everyone has the authority to kill in self-defense if they are operating in nonallied countries and their lives are threatened. This past summer BBC Radio 4 broadcast a three-part program on the SIS. An interviewer asked John Scarlett, the current head of MI6, if there was such a thing as a

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license to kill. No, Scarlett said flatly. Had there ever been? Scarlett again said no but only after a long pause.

I was mulling this over on my flight back to London. I had trouble believing what Anderson had said and what he would later write in a number of encrypted e-mails, but I couldn't entirely discount it. As he said, it would be difficult to verify. In place of fact, one has to piece things together and try to stave off any incipient paranoia. I found myself wondering if anyone I'd spoken to had uttered a truthful word, if this was all a ruse, if Anderson and the man in the gray suit and the Commonwealth officer in Washington and Ignatius and everyone else were all in cahoots, sent forth to make me think I knew things I didn't know or to think I shouldn't believe things that were actually true.



Back in London I meet with a Foreign Office representative to talk about British foreign policy. The primary mission, the representative says, is to protect British citizens and interests at home and abroad. Yemen and Somalia are areas of concern, but the most attention is being paid to Afghanistan and Pakistan. Three quarters of all U.K.-based cells identified by the intelligence services have links overseas, which means SIS, MI5 and the special forces are working together more closely than in the past.

A day later I am on a train from Paddington Station to Heathrow. An intelligence contact has put me in touch with "Ed," a British special operator who knows the world I am looking into, Larkin claimed. After trading messages for a few weeks, Ed suggests we meet in the lounge of the Sofitel Hotel adjacent to Heathrow's terminal five.

It seems a fitting location, a transitory space where no one and everyone belongs. I find a seat that affords a view of the entrance. As I wait I try to imagine working a place like this, adopting another persona, another identity. For a time it could be enjoyable, I figure. In small ways I'd done it before—reporting in Burma, for example, while posing as a teacher. But living for too long in this opaque world of half-truths, at a remove from everyone else, would become profoundly disorienting.

Ed turns up pulling a wheeled carry-on and quickly surveys the room. His eyes settle on me an instant before he walks over. Even as he sits down, he appears ready to move quickly in any direction. "You have to understand," he says, "if anyone knows I'm talking to you I could lose everything." He pauses. "Everything." Ed wants to know what I know. He orders a cappuccino and I tell him what I'm not sure about and what I think I know. He raises his eyebrows at the mention of the Increment, of my outline of what it is and what it was designed to do—special forces operatives on call to the SIS—and nods as I say all this ties in to a larger sense that covert actions are increasing in importance. He knows something about all this, he says.

He had, he begins, undergone regular military training and served in the army. He joined the SAS after completing another round of more specialized training. Then he became a member of "the

unit you just mentioned." It is no longer called what I'd called it, he says, and hasn't been since someone printed the name in a newspaper. He isn't going to tell me what it is called now, but he can say he was part of it for four years. He and his SAS mates aren't "on call" to the SIS, he corrected. They are "seconded" to it, available when needed or required. There are three kinds of operations in which they might be used: white, black and gray. White operations are overt, Ed says, military campaigns and the like. Black ops are covert, counterterrorism mainly, but the government will acknowledge them if it must. Then there are gray operations. Gray means deniable. Gray means if an officer is caught he is on his own. Gray means successful missions are ones few people ever know about.

For Ed gray meant he never told his wife and family what he was doing or where he was going, just that he had something to take care of and wasn't sure when he'd be back. In these ops, he says, you have to have a reason for being there, a backstory that makes sense and doesn't arouse suspicion. That's why women work with the Increment, he says. Their presence alone can deflect notice. A man and a woman in a

He raises his eyebrows at the mention of the Increment and nods as I say all this ties in to a larger sense that covert actions are increasing in importance.

car are less likely to set off alarms than two men in a car. The same goes for a businessman with apparently legitimate interests in the Balkans, Karachi or Moscow. The Brits have an advantage in this regard, Ed believes, because their special operators look like normal people and blend in far more than the American Disney-prince type. This helps them work in places we'd expect to find them and in others "much, much closer to home," such as the Balkans, and even closer, where there are British interests. I take this to mean economic interests, which have been cause for spying on France and Germany. Anywhere else I should look where some of this has been more visible than intended? He thinks for a moment. "Gibraltar is an interesting place," he says quietly. In 1988 three members of the IRA were killed, publicly, on the isle of Gibraltar. He nods. "That was not gray enough."

Ed retired in 2003, shortly after priorities changed and missions along with them. Northern Ireland was hard, he says, but containable. There were rules, too, of a sort; the IRA called in warnings ahead of bombings. Once the Americans blocked the funds the IRA was getting from New York and Boston—a positive outcome of 9/11, he

says—they could nearly shut it down completely. There are limits to what someone like Ed can do today, where he can go. He may need to get on the ground and find others who can go deeper, who can access tribal, linguistic or cultural realms. There's a big drive to recruit such people, Ed says, his eyes tracking a young man who has entered the lounge with his family. The man's skin is light brown, his ethnicity unclear—possibly African, possibly south Asian. "People like him," Ed says.

Men like this could be great assets, and Ed says spotters seek them out at universities. They might ask a promising individual to have a cup of coffee or a beer to see how they respond, to see what can be gleaned about their potential for working in the shadow worlds.

Fear is a great motivator, Ed says. Imagine a Yemeni family in Britain. The son gets into trouble with the law, and the mother and father get a visit from someone who offers to handle the problem if the family does something for them: let them know what's being said in the community, in the mosque or back in Yemen.

Ed believes what he did served a purpose. He didn't much think about the politics guiding the decisions. I get the sense he enjoyed it to some degree, but he doesn't miss it. The work ended a lot of marriages, he says, because it's hard to keep a family when a man jumps at any opportunity to disappear overseas for a while. "The people who do this are the most selfish people in the world," always ready to leave everything else behind, he says. He's now in the security-consulting game. He still works out of Hereford. He's still in touch with many of his old mates and still close to their world of secrets. He sleeps well, he says.

This past January, a Hamas leader was assassinated in Dubai; the team of killers were apparently caught on tape and understood to be Israeli assets, some of whom used forged passports from the U.K. But the caper and its apparent missteps were just the latest sign of the melding of covert and overt actions. There has been a steady stream of drone-launched missile attacks in the tribal areas of Pakistan. A suicide bomber posing as an informant hit a CIA base in southern Afghanistan, killing seven agents. That's just the tip of the proverbial iceberg.

I'd be surprised if there were no such thing as the Increment or something like it. Shouldn't nations and peoples of such skill and resources figure out how to put together such an outfit? It's scary to think how it could run amok, that it could overthrow Premier Mossadeq of Iran or back the invasion of Iraq because politicians wanted it to. But it might be more terrifying to think that the Increment does in fact exist in American and Israeli flavors and still cannot stop everything it needs to stop, still cannot counteract everything it is supposed to counteract. It might kill a Zarqawi now and then, but it is certain to lose other battles. Is it any wonder Brits would want there to be an Increment and Americans would want one of their own?



SPASM BAND

(continued from page 88)

associate with the Mississippi and the heartland in the 19th century, everything from the alligator horse ballads, which is what the flatboat men were known for, and the coonjines of the roustabouts who worked on the riverboats, the blues and the work songs—it all comes here,” Raeburn said. “New Orleans is also part of the transatlantic world. As an early site of opera, it predates New York and Boston. Whatever was going on in Europe came here very quickly too, usually by way of Cuba. And it was part of the creolization, the fluidity of identity, the racial ambiguity, that we associate with the Caribbean. It was a fault line. You had the street vendors singing arias. Louis Armstrong in his solos from the 1920s with the Hot Fives, and King Oliver too, they were quoting arias on their horns. Well, where did they get that? From the streets! They heard Italian brass bands, they heard serenading. It all goes back to the eccentric, quirky features here that you didn’t find anywhere else.”

When I asked about the Spasm Band, Raeburn smiled. “Well, you know, in 1919, the *States-Item*, one of the papers down here, ran an article that claimed jazz started with the Spasm Band, and that’s probably where the old legend comes from,” he said before dismissing it as mostly fairy tale. I mean, yes, he said, there is some truth in it; the Spasm Band was real and played early, but it’s a mistake to consider Stalebread Lacoume and his cohorts or any other “white organization” as the founders, because “we know that jazz came out of the black and Creole communities.”

I asked Raeburn how the story started, how the Spasm Band was named as the first.

He told me this was a matter of civic pride, the lament of a newspaperman at a moment when jazz was leaving the city and it seemed New Orleans was losing one of its great indigenous creations. In pointing to the old photo, the *States-Item* writer was like a pilgrim pointing to the ruins of Jerusalem and saying, “You see, this is where it happened, so this is the holy place, the only city that matters.”

In fact, “spasm band” was not just the name of one particular set of musicians but the name of a city of kids playing cigar boxes and gourds on the streets of New Orleans. “A lot of bands that we used to call spasm bands played any jobs they could get,” Jelly Roll Morton said later. “They did a lot of ad-libbing in ragtime style with different solos in succession, not a regular routine but just as one guy would get tired and let another have the lead. They were always looking for novelty effects to attract the public, and many important things in jazz originated in some guy’s crazy idea tried out just for a laugh or to surprise the folks.”

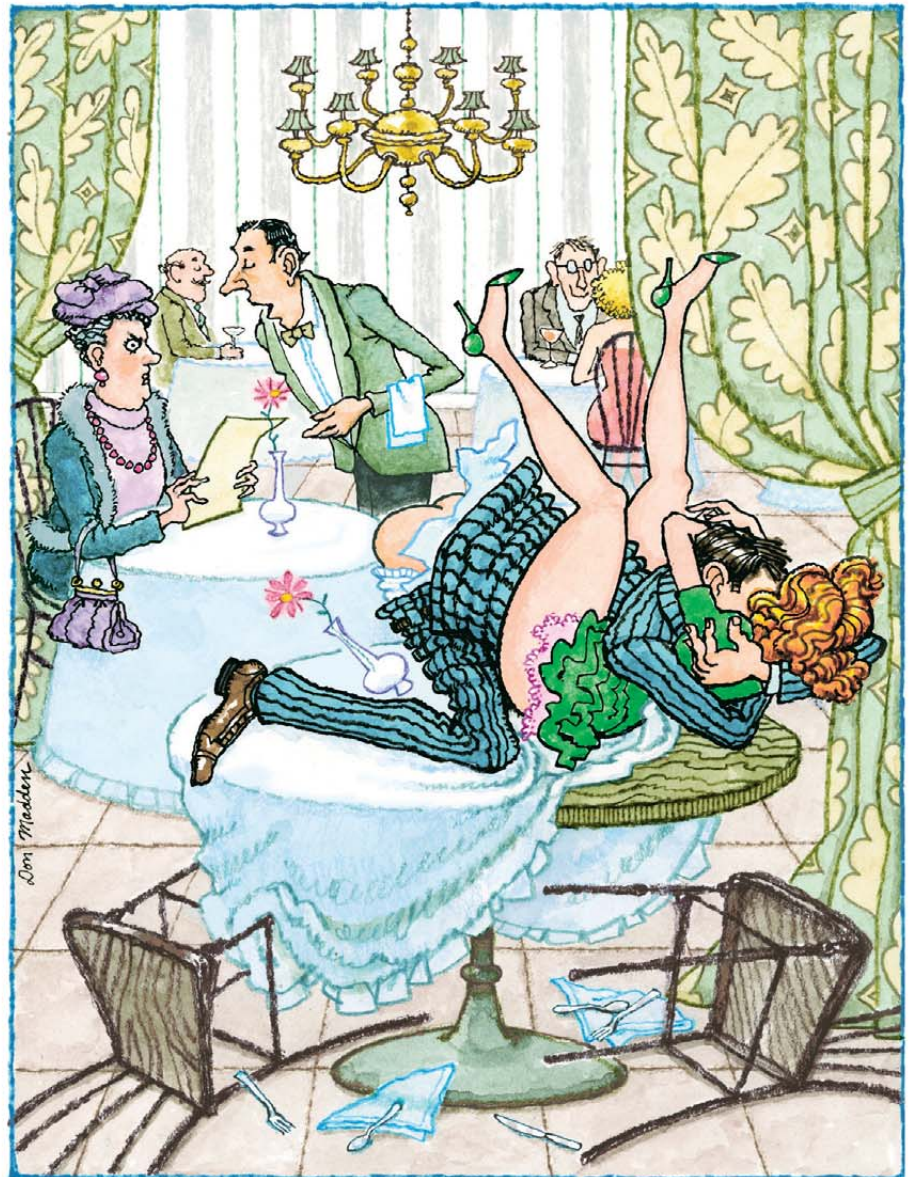
In this sense, the legend fails as reportage—the Spasm was not the first—but succeeds as folklore, getting at a greater symbolic truth: The Spasm Band, though one of many, was a stand-in for a generation of kids who expressed the real origins of jazz,

which was not in the ballrooms nor the private houses where music was taught but in the streets, where the vernacular was being remade. The real artistic breakthrough is not, after all, the invention of something new but the translation of something classical into a language that is unexpected and strange. Luisa Tetrizzini singing an adagio from *La Traviata* is beautiful. That same adagio played by Louis Armstrong on the trumpet is a revolution.

“If there was any one founder of jazz it was probably Charles Bolden, known as Buddy,” said Raeburn. “He’s the guy the early practitioners talk about in the histories as driving the market to a looser, more rhythmic, sensual, improvised hot sound. He was a cornet player. We know he was active in 1895 and that he played constantly, though he was never recorded. In 1906 he went insane while playing at a Labor Day parade. He was incarcerated in the sanitarium in Jackson, Louisiana the

following year and remained there until 1931, when he died.”

John McCusker, a photographer for *The Times-Picayune* and a historian at work on a biography of pioneering bandleader and trombonist Kid Ory, agreed to take me on a tour. We started in the late afternoon, when the sun was red in the west. For the most part we skirted the French Quarter, peering down streets lined with balconies, wandering through a mist, a storm coming on. Here is the first thing you should know about the tour: It was terrifying. The neighborhoods where jazz was born are the worst in the country: the Seventh Ward, Central City, Tremé. Not Chicago bad—Haiti bad. Not gang ridden—gang controlled. Damage on damage, some of it dating from before the hurricane, some of it resulting from the hurricane, some of it coincidental to the hurricane. Runs of abandoned houses, boarded



“I can’t do anything about them, ma’am. That’s not my table.”

stores, desolate streets and shotgun shacks glowering in the shadow of the business district, which seems suddenly, with its soaring towers, to hang on the city like evidence of a former prosperity. Many people I spoke to divide local time into epochs, BK and AK, before Katrina and after. The city now feels reduced to essentials, to those either trapped in its broken neighborhoods or committed to and utterly convinced of its greatness.

At one point, as we stopped in Central City near a house once occupied by the great early cornet player and sound innovator King Oliver, McCusker, who is famous for his tours, said, "We're going to park here with two ways out and keep our eyes open and be ready to get going if we see people coming at us." Later, when we stopped in front of the Iberville projects, built on the ruins of Storyville in the 1930s, he said only three original structures were still standing, two sad houses on Basin Street, one of them a fish market and "another house in back, but the sun is heading down, and we're not going in there at night. People wander over from the French Quarter all the time and go in and get capped."

The tour was just me and McCusker in a RAV4, driving site to site, looking at houses that were ghetto a hundred years ago and are still ghetto now. Our first stop was Congo Square, on Rampart, across from the Quarter. The square, part of Louis Armstrong Park, is a stone parade ground where in the early 1800s slaves gathered in tribes and sang songs from the west coast of Africa. "Six blocks that direction, through the French Quarter, is St. Louis Cathedral, the oldest Catholic cathedral in the U.S.," said McCusker. "Now, you can imagine, every Sunday, the white people coming out of that church, with the sound of the church music and the marching bands—because there was an armory over there too—fading behind them as they came over here, toward the sound of the drums, and somewhere, on one of those streets, those two musics ran together and overlapped, and to me, that's the real beginning of jazz."

Next we went to the Eagle Saloon, on South Rampart Street, now just a ho-hum block balanced between the business district and the abyss to the west. The building is boxy and typical old New Orleans, but it is believed to have been the home of the Odd Fellows Hall, one of the many hundreds of

benevolent associations that filled the city. These were like unions—you paid dues and in return received a cemetery plot and a parade to the burial ground. Each association had a band that went to the grounds playing a dirge but came away playing a march, driven by the belief that it's good to honor death but better to love life. These ceremonies were the origin of the jazz funerals that are put on even now, with horn players sending off one of their own by playing, say, "Nearer My God to Thee" going and "Didn't He Ramble" coming back.

The associations threw an annual ball, kicked off by a big parade. The musicians were followed by urchins in spasm bands, known as the second line. When the pros left off, the second line answered with music of its own. This too—how the street responded—was a source of the improvisational looseness of jazz.

The Eagle Saloon was the home of Buddy Bolden, who hosted pioneering sessions on the third floor. These began when he stuck his cornet out the window and played a run of notes that, Bolden famously said, "calls my children home."

After Bolden went nuts in 1906, the saloon became the hangout of one of the important early jazz combos, the Eagle Band, fronted by Edward Clem (trumpet) and Frankie Dusen (trombone)—though it's wrong to say fronted, because in those days the musicians played in a row, like suspects in a lineup.

We went to the house where Jelly Roll Morton grew up, at 1443 Frenchmen Street. Jelly Roll, who spoke of himself as the indisputable father of jazz, was a Creole of color. When he was 15 he told his family he had gotten a job in a barrel factory but instead went at night to play piano in a Storyville whorehouse. When his family learned of it, they kicked Jelly Roll out of the house, ensuring that this place—a wooden battleship of a house, spitting distance from Claiborne, sepia toned in the setting sun—was not where Jelly Roll made a real home but where he was cast out, the respectable world he gave up for his music. In all these places, in fact, the houses and street corners and clubs, it's not presence you feel but absence, that forsakenness of the world left behind.

We went by the home of clarinetist Sidney Bechet, who was as important, in his way, as Armstrong. He was one of the great early soloists, on sax as well as clarinet, and his

sound, which is warm and sultry, is what a lot of people have in mind when they think of jazz. The house is in the Seventh Ward, a sorry sight, gutted by fire and left to rot. There was once a plaque in front, but it has been ripped off and carried away.

As bad as it is, though, in the city, in these blighted neighborhoods, there is still something undeniably majestic about New Orleans. It's not that jazz came from here but all those discordant qualities—poverty and beauty, vibrancy and decay, a dirge going and a march coming back—that made the birth of jazz inevitable. It's a temper and tone you find nowhere else. It's a respite and a change, a vitamin for a nation with a deficiency. It is why, though it's been ruined many times, though it's been invaded and conquered and occupied and flooded and left for dead, it always comes back. It's used by every generation but never used up.

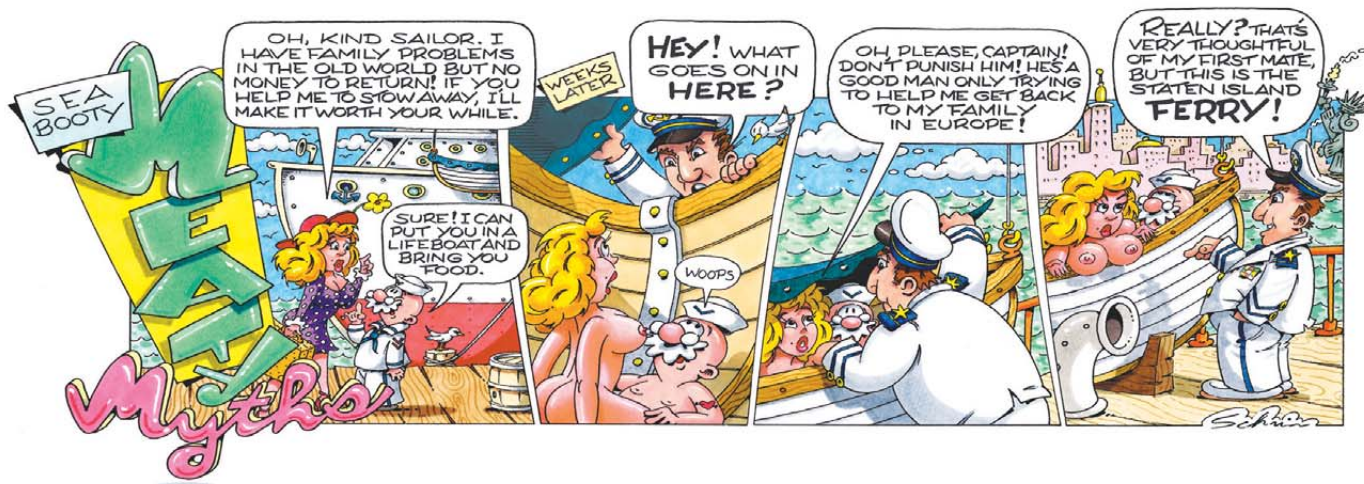
At the end of the tour—by then night had come—we went in search of Kid Ory's house in Central City. We could not get there because roadblocks had been thrown across the streets, but we kept trying, and as we tried we stumbled on an intersection flooded with light, boxed in by white trailers, between which officious-looking men wandered around with clipboard and headsets. I could see a folding chair, a camera and a buffet table piled high with melon.

"What's this?" I asked.

"Ah, they're filming the new show by David Simon, the guy who did *The Wire*," McCusker told me. "It's about all this, about what happened. It's called *Treme*." (Tremé, one of the oldest neighborhoods in New Orleans, was once home to many of the city's free people of color; it's now a ragged slum.)

And of course this seemed perfect: What began with the Spasm Band, with the waifs inventing a new culture from cast-off debris, ends with long white Hollywood trailers.

The fact is, even when the city seems most forsaken, even when water fills to the crown of its buildings, even when it's washed over by poverty and crime, it remains alluring and alive. The legends of jazzmen and the kids who played at being jazzmen, each of whom left his imprint, style and struggle, can still be felt and heard in the streets. Though the band has marched away, the music lingers on.



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AREA TWO

(continued from page 78)

wires attached to alligator clips. The detective attached one clip to Wilson's nose and the other to an earlobe. Once cranked, the box jolted Wilson with a shock that made him scream in pain.

A short time later officers took Wilson—now dressed in pants, shirt and jacket—into another office, where Assistant State's Attorney Lawrence Hyman was waiting. Wilson still refused to make a statement. "You want me to make a statement after they been torturing me?" he asked Hyman. According to Wilson, the prosecutor replied, "Get the jag-off out of here."

Wilson's next session with the black box would be administered by Burge, who announced "fun time" when he entered the room. The lieutenant first put clips on each of the prisoner's earlobes. But after Wilson was able to shrug up a shoulder to knock off a clip, the detectives cuffed his hands to each side of the radiator and dispensed the shocks that sent him into the scalding metal ridges. The lieutenant later took out another electric device that looked like the shaft of a plastic flashlight. Wilson would call it a "curling iron with a wire." After making menacing motions with the shaft between the prisoner's legs, Burge jabbed it into his back. This jolt slammed Wilson into the window grille again. "Then I fell back down," Wilson remembered, "and I think that's when I started spitting up the blood and stuff. Then he stopped."

By 6:05 P.M. Wilson was ready to make his statement. Hyman was still around to take it. Although Hyman later denied he had seen Wilson in the morning, he admitted he had arrived at Area Two headquarters nine hours earlier—ostensibly for a session with Wilson. Over the years this time lag has prompted many lawyers to wonder what the assistant state's attorney really knew about the Burge squad's persuasive powers.

Whether or not anyone took Wilson's word about why he confessed to Hyman, the evidence of his abuse was all over his body. When he was taken to the CPD's central lockup for the night, the keeper refused to accept the battered prisoner. Perhaps afraid he would be blamed for Wilson's injuries, he threatened to call his superiors. To prevent that from happening, the CPD transport officers reluctantly took their charge to a hospital. The emergency room doctor did more than apply bandages to Wilson's wounds; he also documented 15 injuries—including the radiator burns—before, he said, an "infuriated" transport officer brandished his revolver. The doctor left the area, refusing to work until the policeman put away his gun. When he returned the officer told him Wilson did not want further treatment.

But the next day, when Wilson—with head wounds still bleeding—saw a lawyer for the first time, she insisted he see another doctor and sent along a photographer to make a visual record. A picture was taken of each burn and abrasion, down to the tiny punctures the alligator clips left on Wilson's earlobes. The scab inside the

clip marks on one earlobe would later be identified as a spark burn.

Despite the photographs and medical examinations a judge refused to throw out Wilson's confession when he was tried for killing officers O'Brien and Fahey. Wilson was convicted and sentenced to death. His lawyers appealed, citing the evidence of Wilson's abuse at the hands of Burge and his detectives. The Illinois Supreme Court ordered a new trial and prevented prosecutors from using the coerced confession as evidence. Wilson was still convicted in the retrial, but this time he was given a life sentence instead of the death penalty.



If torture was a sideshow during Wilson's 1982 murder trial, it moved front and center in 1989. Wilson sued Burge, three of his detectives, the police superintendent and the city of Chicago for \$10 million in damages for the denial of his civil rights. Beyond the claims about his own pain and suffering, Wilson charged that CPD officials knew about his torture and did nothing. In fact, the chief doctor for the jail wrote a letter about Wilson's injuries to the police superintendent, urging him to investigate the matter further. The superintendent passed it on to then-state's attorney Daley, who never replied.

In the words of the *Chicago Tribune*, Wilson's charges were "ridiculed" by the attorney for the detectives, a former assistant state's attorney. Beyond establishing the plaintiff's extensive criminal background, the lawyer also used his cross-examination to humiliate Wilson, having him admit he was illiterate and had almost never held a paying job. The defense also disputed how seriously the prisoner could have been injured in Area Two headquarters. Burge claimed that after his interview Wilson's only visible injury was a "scratch" on his eye. But what about the radiator burns? The defense first tried to deny them. During their testimony, the detectives acted uncertain as to whether Wilson was in interview room number two or whether its radiator even worked. The defense also had an expert witness argue that what appeared to be second-degree burns were actually scrapes ("friction abrasions") that Wilson supposedly suffered before his arrest.

But when the jury deadlocked after the first trial—and the defense got another chance to respond to the burn charges in the retrial—the expert witness and the scrape theory were scrapped. This time the defense didn't deny the radiator was working or that the stripes on Wilson were burns. They claimed the burns were self-inflicted and used the testimony of a notorious jailhouse snitch to corroborate the claim.

It was a startling turnabout for the few reporters who had followed both trials. The only extensive coverage appeared in an article written for the alternative weekly *Chicago Reader*. The *Reader* story revealed that the most striking evidence in the Wilson trials had not been presented to the juries. This included claims from four other prisoners—who had no connection to Wilson—that they too had been shocked by Burge or suffocated by his detectives. One also remembered the

lieutenant introducing a torture session with the words *fun time*.

The tip that uncovered these potential witnesses came in an anonymous letter to Wilson's lawyers. Because it arrived so late in the course of the first trial, Judge Brian Duff barred any mention of other torture victims. But he restricted testimony in the second trial as well, claiming it would be relevant only if those other victims had also been accused of killing cops.

Duff already had a testy relationship with Wilson's liberal counsel. The lawyers claimed that during a sidebar the judge summed up their case as "whether the Constitution will protect the scum of the earth against governmental misconduct." The judge denied making the statement. Nevertheless he upbraided the defense lawyers for shuffling their feet and making faces. He ultimately held them in contempt five times. Still, he claimed to be unbiased and refused to step down for the second trial.

Despite his reputation for violence, Wilson didn't seem so loathsome when he testified in court. A small man with a shaved head and thick glasses, he looked more gnome-like than thuglike. When asked to describe the shock, he broke down in tears and said, "It stays in your head, and it grinds your teeth. It constantly grinds."

The detectives' counsel mocked the cop killer's tears. But Wilson's sudden emotion was consistent with other victims of shock torture, according to an expert witness for the plaintiff, Dr. Robert Kirschner, deputy chief medical examiner for Cook County. He was also struck by Wilson's description of how the shock affected him, since it was similar to what other victims of that torture reported. "These are not the kinds of things that are faked," he said in a deposition. "This is not general knowledge or things you pick up through your general reading." Wilson's lawyers had originally asked Kirschner to testify about Wilson's burns; it turned out he had experience treating torture victims for human rights groups. After protests from the defense, however, Duff refused to accept Kirschner's standing as an expert on torture and required him to confine his remarks to Wilson's physical injuries.

The jurors seated for the second trial in Wilson's lawsuit seemed not to know what to make of the testimony. Although jurors acknowledged Wilson must have sustained abuse, they refused to penalize either the city or the detectives for his mistreatment. In the jurors' eyes Wilson was hurt as the result of an "emotional outburst" by arresting officers who were understandably angered by the death of their comrades. The jury did not see such conduct as a standard practice by detectives or the CPD. *Chicago Tribune* columnist Mike Royko summed up these sentiments in a column titled "Facts Don't Add Up to Police Brutality." Wilson may indeed have "suffered abuse," he wrote, but added, "It wasn't as permanent as the abuse he inflicted on Officers [Fahey and O'Brien]." As for Lieutenant Burge and his co-defendants, Royko asserted, "They have excellent records."

Throughout Wilson's criminal trial and civil suit, Burge consistently denied he'd tortured the cop killer, or indeed anyone else, a



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position he has since maintained. (Requests for Burge's comments, made through his attorney, were not returned by press time.)

Jon Burge has never been an easy man to categorize. Although some photographs make him look like a bully, he can be affable in person. In an interview with the *Reader* after the second Wilson lawsuit trial, he denied the charges, but he wasn't combative. He was humble about his accomplishments and willing to poke fun at his bulky, "hog-headed" appearance.

Movies typically portray torturers as freaks with a sadistic fetish or twisted childhood. But Burge appears to have had an ordinary Chicago upbringing, which began with his birth in 1947 to a stable middle-class family on the southeast side. His father had a steady blue-collar job with the phone company, and his mother contributed an occasional fashion column to the local newspaper. Although his grades were modest, he excelled at extracurricular activities, collecting donations of canned goods as a member of the Key Club and winning high marks in the school's Reserve Officer Training Corps program.

He won admission to the University of Missouri, but because of poor grades he lasted only one semester. In 1966, after a few months as a stock clerk, he enlisted in the Army. His goal was to get training that would qualify him for a job in the Chicago Police Department upon his return. He asked to join the military police. By 1967 he was made a sergeant, and while serving in Korea the following year he requested reassignment to Vietnam. He received a Purple Heart there—for what he described as a minor shrapnel wound—and the Army Commendation Medal for Heroism after rescuing wounded troops during a raid by the Viet Cong.

During his Vietnam service, Burge may have been exposed to more than hostile

fire. The MP's command post at company headquarters was steps away from where intelligence officers interrogated suspected Viet Cong and their sympathizers. In what troops called "the Bell telephone hour," prisoners were shocked by a hand-cranked Army field phone—with wires and alligator clips—that resembles the black box Andrew Wilson described.

During the Wilson lawsuit trials Burge said he had never heard of field phone interrogations and bristled at the suggestion that Americans would have conducted them. But other members of Burge's Ninth MP Company have recalled being present for the "telephone hour." One recalled field phone interrogations as common, explaining, "We would pretty much do anything as long as we didn't leave scars on the people." Philip Wolever, an Army Ranger who served in 1969 as executive officer of the Ninth MPs, saw one prisoner go into convulsions after a field phone shock. However, Wolever understood why interrogators came to rely on the device in battlefield conditions. "If somebody was just shooting at you, you'd want information."

That soldiers abused prisoners under battlefield conditions would not surprise psychologists who study torture. Stanley Milgram, a Yale psychologist and an expert on social aspects of obedience, wrote that "ordinary people, simply doing their jobs, without any particular hostility on their part, can become agents in a terrible destructive process."

Burge was honorably discharged from the Army in August 1969. By March 1970 he was in the Chicago Police Department. He achieved some fame in 1972 when he jammed his thumb into the trigger of a pistol to prevent a young African American woman from committing suicide. Four months later, at the age of 24, Burge was among the youngest CPD officers ever promoted to detective. He was assigned

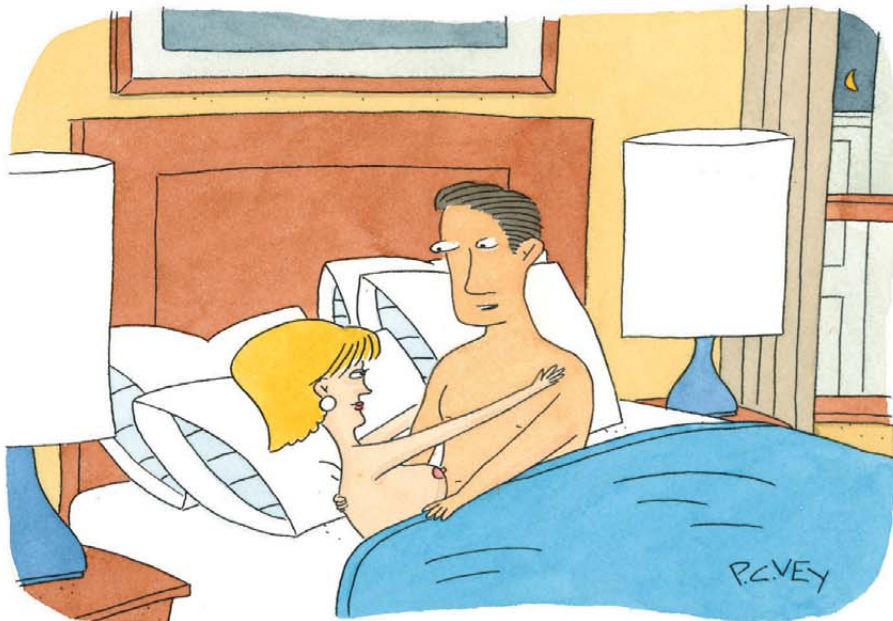
to the robbery unit at Area Two.

In 1973 Burge made his bones with the arrest of Anthony "Satan" Holmes, leader of the Royal Family, a gang that specialized in armed robbery. Holmes confessed to murder, among other crimes, and went to prison with a 75-year sentence. His 40-page statement implicated other members of the gang in equally serious offenses. The CPD superintendent commended Burge for the Royal Family probe and praised his "skillful questioning" of Holmes.

Burge's skill may have come from the tools he used while asking his questions. Holmes claimed Burge and other detectives first suffocated him with a plastic bag and then wired him to the black box. "It felt like a thousand needles going through my body," he said in a 2004 deposition. "It felt like something burning me from the inside, and I shook, I gritted, I hollered, then I passed out. When they got through with me I didn't care what it was—if they said I killed Bob or the president or anybody, I would say, 'Yeah, how do you want me to say this?'"

Over the next 18 years Burge added a variety of techniques: from the more mundane suffocation with typewriter covers—which became known as "bagging"—to the use of other electrical devices. Besides the black box, a handheld cattle prod was applied to the genitals and other extremities. The plastic shaft that Wilson called a curling iron was actually a violet-ray machine. An instrument originally developed as a cure for a range of physical ailments, it has since been repurposed as a toy—usually used at lower voltages—for kinky sex play.

Virtually all Burge's torture victims were African American. Although a few black detectives may have participated in the torture, they were usually on the fringes. Even those who had no involvement, however, were not completely in the dark. As one retired black officer explained in a deposition, he took the "ostrich approach," making sure to leave the building if he thought someone was about to get the "Vietnam special."



"We better hurry. Most of my relationships don't last very long."

The radiator stripes on Andrew Wilson's skin weren't the only indelible marks in the Burge saga. There was another, scratched with a paper clip on the surface of a metal bench. In 1986, 21-year-old Aaron Patterson, leader of a small local gang, was "interviewed" about the murders of Vincent and Rafaela Sanchez, an elderly couple in his neighborhood who were known for fencing stolen goods. They had each been stabbed more times than was necessary to kill them.

Once inside an Area Two interview room, Patterson denied any involvement. He claimed detectives turned off the lights, bagged him with a typewriter cover so he couldn't breathe and then beat him. The process was repeated until he agreed to confess. According to Patterson, Burge put his gun on the table and told him it could get even worse if Patterson didn't cooperate. "Who are they going to believe?" Burge allegedly asked. "You or us?"

"I really thought they were going to kill me in there," Patterson later told a reporter.

"They seemed like they would do anything to get me to say what they wanted."

Patterson confessed to the Sanchez killings, but after detectives left the room he used his uncuffed hand to pick up a paper clip. With the tip he etched on the bench where he was cuffed: "Aaron 4/30 I lie about murders. Police threaten me with violence. Slapped and suffocated me with plastic. No lawyer or dad. No phone." (He had not been allowed to call his father, a Chicago police officer.)

Patterson went public with torture charges at his bond hearing despite the advice of a lawyer, who told him to keep his mouth shut. Four weeks later his story gained credence when an investigator in the public defender's office had Patterson's etchings photographed.

But in those days tales of police torture sounded outlandish, and Patterson's lawyer decided he shouldn't take the stand to make them. Patterson was no paragon of virtue. He had already been convicted of one attempted murder and had pleaded guilty to two others. But he had never been caught committing a home invasion or stabbing anyone multiple times, as was the charge in the Sanchez murders.

In fact, Patterson wasn't the only suspect. The police also had tips about the older brother of the boy who'd found the murdered couple. Years later this individual was convicted of stabbing a woman multiple times during a robbery. She survived to identify him, and he later admitted to two other home invasions.

Whatever the reason, Patterson soon became the prime suspect in the Sanchez case. In addition to the coerced confession (which Patterson never signed), the Burge squad coerced testimony from another gang member, who became a co-defendant, and from a 16-year-old girl (who years later recanted). In 1989 Patterson was convicted of first-degree murder and received the death penalty.

Over the next few years, as Patterson's appeal dragged through the courts, other abusive Area Two interrogations came to light. Wilson's lawsuit initiated two internal investigations by the CPD's Office of Professional Standards. One report, written by investigator Michael Goldston, identified 50 suspected cases of torture associated with Burge from 1973 to 1986. Goldston concluded that "physical abuse" in Area Two was both "systematic" and "methodical." Meanwhile, investigator Francine Sanders looked specifically at Andrew Wilson's charges, reviewing all testimony and evidence in both the murder trials and lawsuits. Like Goldston, she came to a damning conclusion: "The overwhelming evidence, bolstered by striking medical testimony and strengthened by the lack of any other substantial theory, indicated that most if not all of Wilson's injuries were sustained during Wilson's detention in an interview room on the second floor of Area Two headquarters and that they occurred at the hands of the police and under the sanction of the officer in charge, Lieutenant Jon Burge."

After CPD superintendent LeRoy Martin received the two OPS reports in October 1990, he reluctantly began the hearing process to determine whether Burge and

two other detectives implicated in Sanders's report should be punished. Martin's move was ironic on several levels. Despite his shared racial heritage with the victims, he had for a while been Burge's superior at Area Two and had long defended him.

It would take two more years to boot Burge out the door. A 1992 hearing before the police board replayed many of the same charges as the Wilson lawsuit, and the same attorney represented the detectives. This time the city's attorney argued Wilson's side and was allowed to enter evidence barred from the civil suits.

The case split the department along racial lines. White officers banded together to lionize Burge. Off-duty officers collected 10,000 signatures on a petition in support of Area Two detectives, and at one point the police union hosted a float in a St. Patrick's Day parade to honor them. (Parade marshals ultimately nixed the idea.)

When the board ruled in 1993 to dismiss Burge and gave the detectives 15-month suspensions, it cited the burn marks on Wilson as the most convincing evidence, but it never described his abusive treatment as torture. Although Burge lost his job, he retained his pension. He retired to Florida, where he lives today.

For Aaron Patterson and other Burge victims, their torture story should not have ended with Burge's firing. They expected authorities to reopen any case with a potentially coerced confession and to pursue the cops for criminal prosecution. But the city was happy to turn the page. Like Lawrence Hyman, other assistant state's attorneys had waited around the station house while Burge conducted his "skillful questioning." Some had become judges, and a few were even ruling on the cases involving coerced confessions. It would be revealed that the eventual Cook County state's attorney, Richard Devine, had known about the complaint filed by the county jail's chief doctor about Wilson's injuries. He had discussed the letter with his predecessor, the eventual mayor, Richard M. Daley.

The victims had to pursue redress on their own. But their appeals moved slowly, usually rebuffed by judges who wanted medical evidence, which Burge's shock and suffocation torture did not produce. (After Andrew Wilson, nobody claimed they'd had alligator clips attached to their ears and nose.)

It would take extraordinary action outside the legal system to bring the prisoners justice, and it would come from a disgraced politician who faced the possibility of his own imprisonment.

In 1990, when Madison Hobley took the stand to defend his life, he couldn't help but address the jury directly. Three years earlier his wife and infant son had died in a fire. It would have been any man's worst nightmare, but the detectives of Area Two made it even worse. They accused him of setting the fire.

Hobley told police he had left his apartment on the top floor of a three-story building to see why an alarm had gone off. Smelling smoke, he said, he warned his wife and then proceeded to investigate further.




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Suddenly he heard a pop and saw flames shoot up the stairwell and engulf the corridor behind him. When he got outside, he watched as other residents jumped from the windows. His wife and son didn't even get that far. Seven died in all, making it Chicago's worst residential fire in six years.

Other apartment houses in the area had also been torched months prior. But rather than look for a serial arsonist, Area Two detectives focused on Hobley, wondering how he could have gotten out while leaving his wife and son behind. Their suspicions heightened when they learned Hobley had cheated on his wife and had only recently returned to her. Later, when Hobley allegedly failed a lie detector test, Area Two violent-crimes officers had yet another convenient suspect. Burge had recently been promoted to commander of the bomb and arson unit, and the squad he left behind at Area Two spearheaded the investigation. By the end of the day they announced to the press they had caught the culprit, adding, "The motive is a love triangle."

But the suspect had no violent criminal record. Hobley, then 26, was a short athletic man who had been an avid baseball player. He worked at a medical supply company and was a respected member of his community. According to Hobley, the pummeling began as soon as he reached an interview room. He later testified that detectives yelled racial epithets when he was kicked in the shins and groin. His Adam's apple was pushed into his throat until he gagged, and he was finally bagged until he blacked out. Still, Hobley insisted he had never broken under torture and never confessed. The detectives insisted he had, but their notes with his remarks were ruined by spilled coffee.

It was a dog-ate-my-homework excuse, but by this time the Burge crew was fixing other evidence. They would have Hobley's case revolve around a gas can supposedly used to start the fire. They had a witness testify he watched Hobley fill the can with gas. But Hobley's fingerprints weren't on the can, and other testimony revealed the can had been kept behind a locked door to which Hobley had no key. As for the witness, he described a can different from the one behind the door. It was later revealed that this witness was an arson suspect, and when he was arrested in another case Burge intervened to get him released.

By all rights the trumped-up evidence and "lost" confession notes should have fatally compromised the prosecution's case. But Hobley still had to overcome the suspicion brought on by his adultery and his survival. Hobley's case was further weakened by the presence of a suburban cop on his jury. His lawyer had blundered by not keeping him off in voir dire. To make matters worse, the cop was elected foreman. Other jurors later said they were intimidated when the foreman put his service revolver on the table during deliberations and insisted Area Two investigative techniques were standard operating procedure.

The jury convicted Hobley and sentenced

him to death. If there was any consolation

for him in the months after his trial, it would come with the stream of revelations about Area Two that led to Burge's firing. They bolstered Hobley's own charges about torture, charges his lawyers had been prevented from making during his trial. But even after the Illinois Supreme Court sent Hobley's case down for another hearing on evidence, the judge refused to grant a new trial.

Hobley was lucky to be sentenced to death. He became the centerpiece of a series on capital punishment that appeared in the *Chicago Tribune*. In a 1999 article titled "Death Row Justice Derailed," reporters wrote, "The case of Madison Hobley exemplifies how a man can be condemned to die in a flawed trial with questionable evidence of guilt." The story further stated that 14 men sentenced to death in Illinois had claimed their confessions were coerced in Area Two.

The *Tribune* series had its greatest impact on Illinois governor George Ryan. Until that time, Ryan was one of the last politicians in Illinois expected to help inmates on death row. During his long career as a GOP heavyweight, Ryan was an ardent supporter of capital punishment. He allowed the execution of one prisoner to proceed

Hobley insisted he had never broken under torture and never confessed. The detectives insisted he had, but their notes with his remarks were ruined by spilled coffee.

in 1999, but his views began to change on both the death penalty and issues of racial inequity in the state's courts. Some cynics believed the new perspective proceeded from Ryan's own troubles with the law. The FBI had started investigating him for corruption, going back to his days as Illinois secretary of state. Political insiders correctly predicted Ryan would himself face trial and saw him playing to a jury pool that would likely include African Americans who also questioned the death penalty.

Ryan says his opinions about the death penalty changed because of the *Tribune* series and the fact that 13 men sentenced to die had walked out of the state's prisons as free men. One of those had come within 48 hours of being executed. He owed his freedom to an investigation conducted by students at Northwestern University. On January 30, 2000 the conservative governor declared a moratorium on executions in Illinois. Even more surprising, Ryan suggested he might permanently commute the death sentence for all 134 men on death row.

The reprieve was good news for Hobley, but his lawyer, Andrea Lyon, wanted nothing less than a total pardon for her

client. Lyon had represented Hobley in the appeals courts after his conviction. When it was announced that Ryan would address a community forum about the death penalty, Lyon managed to corner the governor before he reached the podium. She handed him a capsule of Hobley's case and quickly highlighted the irregularities that had led to his conviction.

In January 2003, during the final days of his administration, Governor George Ryan commuted every death sentence to life in prison and fully pardoned Hobley, Patterson and two others on death row for crimes investigated by Burge and his detectives. "I can see how rogue cops, 20 years ago, could run wild," Ryan explained in the press conference announcing the pardons. "What I can't understand is why the courts can't find a way to act in the interest of justice."

Justice for the rest of the Burge victims was still in short supply. A coalition of attorneys petitioned the chief judge for Cook County's Criminal Court for a special prosecutor. Surprisingly, the judge, who comes from a long line of police officers, granted the request. He appointed a retired judge named Edward Egan to investigate the charges against Burge. With a staff of eight full-time lawyers, Egan spent four years and \$6.2 million on the inquiry. But the 290-page report, released in July 2006, was quickly dismissed as whitewash. At the least, Egan's inquest established that Burge and his detectives had used electric shock, suffocation and beatings during interrogations. But the report did not determine how often torture was used—only that 148 incidents had been investigated. It did not provide a list of the torturers, and it assigned blame only to a former police superintendent for "dereliction of duty." The report failed to muster the same outrage against others who bore guilt for the torture and the resulting convictions, namely the Cook County state's attorneys. During their reign, scores of prisoners had been abused and detectives had committed perjury hundreds of times, but not a single officer had been prosecuted. Nothing in Egan's report provoked more outrage than assertions that Burge and his detectives could not be prosecuted because the statute of limitations had expired on the felonies they committed.

If any prosecutor were to pursue Burge, it would have to be Chicago's U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald. Known for his conviction of Scooter Libby, who divulged Valerie Plame's role in the CIA, Fitzgerald has developed a local reputation for shaking up Chicago's inbred system of political corruption.

After several prominent African American politicians petitioned Fitzgerald to act, his spokesman said he was already studying Egan's report. Fitzgerald saw crime where Egan hadn't. In particular, he looked at answers Burge had given under oath in 2003. At that point, Hobley, not long off death row, had filed a civil suit. It was now his turn to submit questions to the former detective. Burge was asked whether he had "ever used methods, procedures or

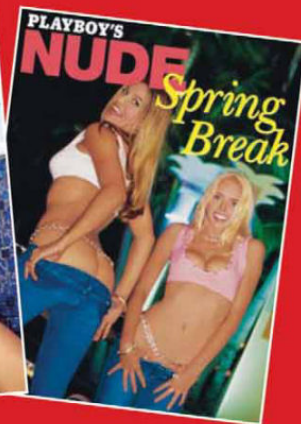
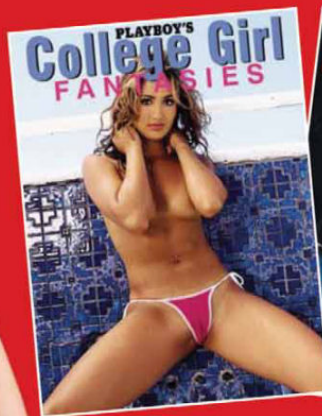


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techniques involving any form of verbal or physical coercion of suspects while in detention or during interrogation.”

Burge could have claimed his right against self-incrimination and refused to answer. Instead, he chose to reply: “I have never used any techniques set forth above as a means of improper coercion of suspects while in detention or during interrogation.” Burge made similar denials to one other question about torture. But in lawsuits thereafter, Burge always took the Fifth Amendment when asked about torture. His answers in the two Hobbly interrogatories were all Fitzgerald needed.

In October 2008, weeks before the federal statute of limitations would expire, Fitzgerald used those answers to indict Burge on two counts of obstruction of justice and one count of perjury. If convicted Burge could receive 20 years in prison for each count of obstruction and five years for perjury. But beyond his potential punishment, the trial proceedings could finally shine a light on a dark era of American criminal justice that some still deny ever happened.

At the press conference announcing Burge’s indictment one reporter asked if the charges could have been harsher given the alleged brutality. Fitzgerald had a made-in-Chicago comeback for that question. “If Al Capone went down for taxes,” he replied, “that was still better than him going down for nothing.”

Nearly four decades after Jon Burge first tortured a suspect, the ex-cop is anything but a distant memory for Chicago’s citizens. His victims continue to win release from prison, each offering a new twist about the “skillful questioning” visited on them. Aaron Patterson was caught dealing drugs and guns and was convicted and sentenced to 30 more years. He was in jail in 2008 when the city agreed to settle the suits of four men Ryan had pardoned; the deal made Patterson a millionaire. The settlements totaled \$19.8 million.

Arrested at his waterfront house just south of Tampa, Burge was brought back to Chicago for arraignment. In the courtroom Burge no longer cut such a threatening figure. His full head of carefully brushed-back hair was now white, and although still burly, the former police commander hobbled to his seat with a cane. Dressed in a dark suit and tie, he politely entered a plea of not guilty. The judge released him on a \$250,000 bond. To avoid a scene with protesters gathered around the building, marshals escorted him out through an underground tunnel.

His lawyers have since revealed that Burge is battling prostate cancer. His treatments delayed the scheduled start of the proceedings from winter to spring, and he is likely to be more infirm when he next appears in court. Andrew Wilson died of natural causes in 2007 while still serving his life sentence, but Fitzgerald has petitioned the court to enter Wilson’s prior testimony as evidence against Burge. The reviled alleged cop killer may haunt Burge more in death than he did alive.

ASHLEY DUPRÉ

(continued from page 94)

three nightclub jobs. Barely out of her teens, the promiscuous wild child ran amok in a world of black AmEx cards, shifty Europeans and an every-man-out-for-himself group of wannabes.

“I was at a club one night, and a rich older guy said to me, ‘I’ll give you a thousand dollars if you come home with me.’ I was like, Wow, a thousand dollars sounds good. But I was scared. Really scared. Is he going to pay me? Is he going to beat me up?”

Could she have been talked into it without money? If he just charmed her and bought her drinks all night?

“No. I was intrigued by the lifestyle. I made \$1,000, and it was no different from sleeping with someone while I was high. Looking back on it, I realize I didn’t have any self-respect.”

While serving cocktails, she was approached by the owner of an escort agency, who asked if she wanted to model. Ashley instinctively knew what was on the table and saved his card “for a rainy day.” When her roommate moved out, Ashley made the call and said, “Yeah, I’ll work.” She was about to enter a world she would dip in and out of for months at a time.

“I went to a big loft and posed for pictures the same day,” she recalls. “I was naked. There were a bunch of people there—girls, guys, people working the phones at desks. It was a beautiful apartment, a whole underground world. I was just like, Wow, this is crazy. They put up a white screen and shot some pictures, and I ended up working that night.”

Was her first encounter like something out of a sappy Hollywood movie?

“No, definitely not like something in the movies.”

It’s hard not to admire how she’s comported herself since the scandal. She never sold her story to the tabloids, unlike some of Tiger’s girls. “I feel bad for his family. These girls are coming out, and they’re asking to be brought into it. There’s no way to describe being hunted, humiliated, stalked and all that. I wish it upon no other human being.”

I never liked that word *whore*. It’s foul and unforgiving. Then again, who likes prostitutes? You can see in their eyes they won’t fuck you if you don’t pay. How fun could that be?

I like Ashley Dupré.

She’s unique in many ways, though her story has universal elements to which anyone who was once a teenager or horny or unwanted or desperate can relate.

Now, in an effort to rehabilitate her image and start down a path where notoriety sometimes pays off, she turned down million-dollar offers to pose nude in other magazines—preferring instead the pages of *PLAYBOY*, where she can establish herself as sexual without shame, a girl who made mistakes but who nonetheless has the smarts and depth to win you over.

“I had a lot of fun doing these pictures. You’re naked and you’re in front of a bunch of guys—good-looking guys, too, manly men. But they’re so focused they make you feel really comfortable.

“Everything I’ve been through, I’m still me—a naive, optimistic, wishful-thinking girl. I love sex and I’m very good at it, but I’m saving that. That’s for my future boyfriend from now on. And it will be fabulous.”



“I think Vinny’s getting serious. Last week he shot his wife.”





PLAYMATE NEWS



SMOAK AND MIRRORS

As an actress and TV personality, as well as Miss USA 1995 and Miss December 2001, Shanna Moakler is used to getting made up for her day jobs. Now, while juggling the aforementioned duties, the mother of three is also busy working on her makeup line, Smoak. “Women worry so much about what they put into their bodies and not enough about what they put onto their bodies,” Shanna says. “My line doesn’t just protect your skin but makes you look younger.” Women, bring your inner beauty to the surface with her chic and extensive line at smoakshop.com.

PAM’S NO LONGER JUST DANCING IN OUR HEADS



The shrewd producers of *Dancing With the Stars* know their viewership skews toward the fairer sex, so the casting folks are sure to include contestants who appeal to people who’d rather be watching baseball. That’s why we saw Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco during the first season and cover girl Joanna Krupa last year. But this season *DWTS* dropped a bombshell—a blonde bombshell—when it signed Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson to appear on the show. “It will keep me out of trouble,” Pamela tells us, “because it’s mentally stimulating, it’s physically stimulating and it’s emotionally stimulating. There’s drama, it’s romantic, and I’m getting swept up in the dances.” Because of you, Pam, so are we.

FLASHBACK



Twenty-five years ago this month we were introduced to Ohio beauty **Kathy Shower**. Being a Centerfold was the first of many titles the Playmate would hold. The following year Kathy became PMOY 1986 and is also the last Playmate to be born before the first issue of *PLAYBOY* was published, in December 1953. Since then Kathy has had roles in numerous movies and TV shows. Her most recent was in the 2009 independent film appropriately titled *Playmate Model Mom*.

Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates? Check out the Club at club.playboy.com (includes a mobile-optimized version for your phone), or go to playboy.com/pmblog.

DID YOU KNOW ?

In March PMOY 1976 **Lillian Müller** co-hosted the Green Lifestyle Film Festival at UCLA.

Miss December 1989 **Petra Verkaik** has booked time in base camp and is planning to scale Mount Everest.

PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** played in GBK’s poker tournament to benefit the victims of Haiti.

@playboy tweeted, "The average adult has sex **103** times a year." To which Miss September 2009 **Kimberly Phillips** retweeted, adding, "That's not enough!"



MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY DAYMOND JOHN

—CEO of FUBU and investor on *Shark Tank*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss January 1977 **Susan Lynn Kiger**, the first one I ever saw. My friend got a PLAYBOY from his older brother, and it blew me away



with all the things I'd never seen before. Of course all my friends shared the magazine and were talking about her for the next five years. I still am."

IRON MAN'S BIGGEST FANS

Look out for Miss February 1999 Stacy Fuson and Miss July 2005 Qiana Chase in this year's most highly anticipated sequel, *Iron Man 2*. Stacy plays an Iron Man groupie who approaches Robert Downey Jr.'s character with a photo for him to autograph. She tells us she felt lucky to be part of such a blockbuster movie in more than an extra role and was even allowed to keep the photo. But don't get your hopes up, fans of *Iron Man* and Stacy—we don't think it will be on eBay anytime soon.



9021-OH!

The hottest zip code on TV just got a little sexier thanks to Miss July 2003 Marketa Janska. The Playmate has a cameo on the CW's *90210* as Heidi, a young actress and girlfriend to Teddy's father, Spence. What do Heidi and Teddy have in common? Age and sex drive—ideal ingredients for drama.

Miss June 2008 **Juliette Fretté's** primitivist paintings were on exhibit at Form/Space Atelier in Seattle.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

International party girl Miss November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo** traveled to St. Maarten to celebrate the joint birthday party of 'N Sync's Joey Fatone and photographer Jamie McCarthy at Tantra Nightclub. Here she cozies up to birthday boy McCarthy (no relation to Jenny) while DJ Ruckus and Rev Run perform.... Miss December 1998 **Jaclyn Dahm** and her husband, Billy Dolan,



had a gorgeous baby girl at 6:19 A.M. on February 3. Chanel Elizabeth Dolan came into the world at seven pounds 15 ounces and 21 inches long. Jaclyn's sister **Nicole** also gave birth, to a precious girl named Charlie, and the other triplet,

Erica, was due in March (we went to press before the birth). Jaclyn tells us, "We're all having girls, so we're ready to

take on mommy-hood together and have an amazing time raising them close, like we've always been. Lots of Playmates are becoming moms, and I think that's a beautiful thing!"... How's this for a Valentine's Day present? Miss

October 1993 **Jenny McCarthy**



had a skywriter leave this message for her longtime boyfriend, Jim Carrey. The actor tweeted,

"Yes, the J (heart) J that was just written in the sky over Brentwood was for me. Today's sky was brought to you by Jenny McCarthy! ;^)" and "Jenny, my love, you've stolen my heart, my soul and of course anything you find in my pants. XXXXX00000 ;^)"... During the Direct TV Celebrity Beach Bowl, Jets quarterback Mark Sanchez huddled with Miss



July 2007 **Tiffany Selby**, Miss June 2004 **Hiromi Oshima**, Miss August 2004 **Pilar Lastra** and Miss January 2010 **Jaime Faith Edmondson**. Too bad the game was flag, not touch, football.

PMOY 1982 **Shannon Tweed** and her clan are currently in their fifth season of *Family Jewels*.

DID YOU KNOW ?

MATTHEW FOX

(continued from page 38)

FOX: It was a well-written show that was well executed on any number of levels, but tonally it wasn't my cup of tea. I'm attracted to darker, edgier things. The show was very soft, and I was asked to play a character who was soft. The premise of that character was, being the oldest sibling who would have to become a father figure, he constantly had to be a floundering buffoon, an emotional wreck. He could never succeed. That was hard for me.

PLAYBOY: Six years is a long time to play something that's hard for you.

FOX: I was raised in a household and by a father who stressed that if you're going to do a job, do it to the very best of your ability no matter what it is or how much you might not like it. It's a blue-collar approach to acting. I've always tried to approach it as laying bricks, and there's something beautiful about that. I gave the show everything I could, and the experience was great, but I'd be lying if I said I wasn't happy when it finished.

PLAYBOY: As the older, sometimes wiser guy on the show, did you ever fall into the pattern of giving "fatherly" advice to younger co-stars Neve Campbell, Scott Wolf and Lacey Chabert?

FOX: The dynamics of on-screen relationships do carry over into your personal thing in some ways. With Scott, Neve and Lacey, I certainly became like the big brother. I haven't felt that way about any of the relationships on *Lost*, but I even felt that way when I ran into Scott and Neve at the Golden Globes this year.

PLAYBOY: What happened at the Globes?

FOX: I hadn't seen Scott in a while, and we went back to the Chateau Marmont and partied for a bit, then we ran into Neve. That made it the weirdest night, because I hadn't seen Neve since we wrapped the show. The three of us stayed up until six in the morning, catching up and shooting the shit, and it was incredible. Especially on a show like *Party of Five* that's about brothers and sisters, it's incredibly intense and intimate. Spend that much time together over six years and by the end some of our responses were as though we never wanted to see one another again. But to see Scott and Neve again felt really good. I don't know whether I'll see any of the people from *Lost* again.

PLAYBOY: In the years you and your wife have been together, you've become a heartthrob and a sex symbol. In an industry in which temptation is everywhere, how do you handle fidelity?

FOX: The subject of fidelity is very personal. I don't even know how to answer that. People definitely come after you for all kinds of crazy reasons, but I've always been fairly suspicious of people. Margherita and I have been best friends and best lovers. She's the love of my life. We have managed to both be intensely independent and maintain that strength in our relationship. I am a man, and I am an appreciator of women. At the same time, Margherita is the shit. I can

honestly say we're good together. We've been together for 23 years, so let's leave it at that.

PLAYBOY: The tabloids recently made noise by claiming you had had an affair with a stripper.

FOX: That story is not true, and I'm not going to comment on it.

PLAYBOY: You said earlier that doing movies is your next career goal. Were you disappointed with the box office for the movies in which you've played strong supporting roles, such as *Speed Racer* and *We Are Marshall*?

FOX: Commercially, did *Speed Racer* do what we all hoped it would? Absolutely not. Am I proud of the movie? I think it's a masterpiece. If acting were shooting 100 percent from the free-throw line, I would shoot until I got 100 percent and then lose interest. What makes it fucking cool to me is the struggle. I'm proud of my track list so far. I've made good choices in projects. I welcome and look forward to the challenge of working from one gig to the next, not having a studio tell me when to jump and how high, and being able to take time off between projects. After *Lost* I feel as if I can take four to six months off before I even start looking for the next thing that strikes me as interesting.

PLAYBOY: Have you gotten a lot of offers to star in movies?

FOX: If I'm going to stay in this business, I want to step out and start carrying movies. I'm giving myself about five years to make the transition into a film career that gives me the chance to work with directors I would love to work with. Warner Bros. bought *Billy Smoke* on my behalf. It's based on a comic, has a good concept and is set in a world of assassins. We're developing it.

PLAYBOY: Do you always need to be the guy whose name appears in the biggest letters on the movie poster?

FOX: I want the freedom to be the eighth guy on the call sheet and do something people may not expect of me. Tom Cruise has certainly been carrying his weight and making movies happen for a long time, yet he does that little turn in *Tropic Thunder*. What a great choice for him, and it's one a lot of people didn't think he could make at this point. I don't think people expected what I did in *Smokin' Aces*, but that has a special place in my heart because of its spirit and the experience of it.

PLAYBOY: What do you see as your niche in movies?

FOX: A necessary, time-honored archetype is the young Harrison Ford or young Steve McQueen everyman who is very relatable—a regular guy who gets caught up in circumstances larger than he can control and who, to save the day, has to be more heroic than he believes he can be. I think I can fill that spot, and I think a lot of people in the business of making movies believe I can, too. Anybody who knows me well knows I'm a total freaking goofball. I had an absolute blast when I hosted *Saturday Night Live*. I'd love to do a situation comedy.

PLAYBOY: You said you're moving back to the mainland U.S. Even though you'll be

living away from Hollywood, have you and your family braced yourselves for the tabloid press and paparazzi?

FOX: Whether it's just in my head or true, I feel I fly under the radar. In my heart, if I ever got into a situation where paparazzi waited for me every single time I went anywhere, I would completely drop out.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel like dropping out last summer when photos of you and your family sightseeing in Italy popped up in the press and on the Internet?

FOX: That pissed me off. I chased down the photographers. Take a fucking picture of me, but keep those fucking cameras off my goddamn children. That's one of the things I struggle with all the time: How is what I do for a living going to affect my kids?

PLAYBOY: Aside from your family and career, what brings you happiness?

FOX: Flying. That's going to be a big part of my life. I have my glider license and a private pilot license, and I'm working on getting my IFR rating. I just bought my first airplane.

PLAYBOY: What did you buy?

FOX: A Bonanza G36, absolutely the most amazing piece of equipment I've ever been around. I flew one, then ordered my own with the package, color scheme and interior I wanted. I picked it up over Christmas break and flew it a lot over the holidays. I understand the mechanics of flight. I'm very mathematical and scientific, and I love the speed and freedom of being able to go from point A to point B in the most direct way. As with acting, the amount you can learn about flying is limitless.

PLAYBOY: Does your wife worry about your flying?

FOX: I haven't taken her and the kids up yet, but she can't wait until I say "It's time for you and me to go flying." She understands that most general aviation pilots who kill themselves don't make just one mistake but a sequence of mistakes. I would never put myself in a situation that could take me away from her and our children by being negligent.

PLAYBOY: At least having done two hit series helps buy a dream.

FOX: Nobody in the world feels more fortunate for the kind of life I've lived and the opportunities I've been given. I've capitalized on those opportunities and been ready to pounce on them. I feel I work hard and give a lot to it, but I've also been lucky.

PLAYBOY: The final *Lost* season plays with the concept of alternate time lines and parallel lives. If another Matthew Fox is out there somewhere, what do you hope he's doing and what would you say if you met him?

FOX: I am fascinated by space and science, so I hope he has dedicated his life to looking for planets in other solar systems that could perhaps sustain life. It would be incredibly cool and rewarding to wake up every day knowing you're discovering that kind of stuff. What would I say to him? Lighten the fuck up. I am actually much lighter than I come across in interviews.



PLAYBOY FORUM

THE WIRE GOES TO COLLEGE

THE DRUG WAR IS WAY MORE COMPLICATED THAN IT'S DEPICTED

BY ISHMAEL REED

The *Wire* is a popular and critically acclaimed television show that depends on an image of the inner city as the center for the consumption and distribution of drugs. But statistics portray inner-city retail drug operations and consumption as a minor part of the drug war, with most drug consumption and sales happening elsewhere. Once in a while you'll read a story about heroin epidemics in the suburbs of Philadelphia, cheese heroin overdoses in the Dallas suburbs or thousands of meth addicts in white rural areas. Yet there is no white version of *The Wire*.

When the creator of *The Wire*, David Simon, appeared on a 1997 Pacifica Network show, I called in and reminded him the drug issue was more complicated than his show depicted it to be. I had forgotten about my exchange with Simon until a writer called and said Simon was charging that I was against his writing about blacks because he is a "white man." I told the writer that wasn't the case. I object to *The Wire* because it dumps all the country's drug transactions on the inner cities. That sort of entertainment is cliché and creates the false impression that the inner city is the typical environment for drug activity.

I'm not opposed to white people writing about the ghetto. Over the years I have published scores of white men and women. But the time has come for HBO to try something new. Maybe a show about the family life of a suburban gun dealer who is sending illegal weapons into neighborhoods such as mine.

Virginia Heffernan of *The New York Times* would disagree with me. In her review of *The Wire* she promises the 2006 season will "knock the breath out of you." The story line under review is about black teenage drug peddlers, and a photograph of black teenage actors portraying dealers accompanies her article. Is there such a thing as a white teenage drug dealer? There sure is. White teenagers are 34 percent more likely to sell drugs than are black teenagers. While cocaine use among black 12th graders is on the decline, it is on the upswing among white 12th graders. Two recent candidates for Manhattan district attorney admitted to their past use. Do you suppose they bought their drugs from inner-city black high school students?

In the episode praised by Heffernan, black youths are shown selling drugs, shoplifting, shooting craps and murdering each other. This action is interrupted by scenes of professional blacks so the marketing aim of this grungy product won't seem so obvious. Here, as elsewhere, Simon exploits young black people, shown in this episode using foul language and engaging a rival gang in a fight with bottles of urine as weapons.

As if writing about a safari, Heffernan refers to the teenagers as "would-be predators who might turn to prey." She describes the "white Negroes," the term used by one famous white writer, as "the lords of urban crime writing."

I asked Heffernan if she had read black crime writers such as Iceberg Slim, Chester Himes, Donald Goines, Paula L. Woods or Walter Mosley. She pointed out that I mentioned only one woman writer and that she was more interested in the divide between men and women than between blacks and whites. That's the kind of line from white feminists that has made black and brown women furious for more than a hundred years. (Where do they fall within such divides? Are they black, or are they women? And if Heffernan accepts them as women, do they have the same privileges as white women?)

According to the 2007 California Department of Alcohol and Drug Programs' drug abuse index, white women in California do more drugs than black and Hispanic teenagers, but the jails are full of black and Latino women, not white women. White women do crack too, but they don't get sentenced for it. Heffernan should talk to David Carr, her colleague at the *Times*. Carr's memoir includes scenes of white

women passing the crack pipe around.

As if these awkward forays into the heart of darkness aren't enough, college professors have decided they want to get down. Among them are 50-year-old hip-hop fetishists.

College courses about *The Wire* have spread across the country. White students who can't identify John the Baptist or the Emperor Constantine—or even tell us who fought in World War II—are forming long lines



INVASION OF THE BODY SCANNERS

BY CHIP ROWE

to sign up for courses about a television crime show that portrays blacks as the sludge of humanity.

Polled about their knowledge of “American history, political thought, market economy and international relations” seniors at Harvard scored a D+. So how does one Harvard professor respond to this crisis of learning? William Julius Wilson is teaching a class on *The Wire*. Wilson must be one cloistered individual to assert that

Simon’s depiction of urban life provides a better understanding of that culture than anything written by a sociologist.

Wilson invited

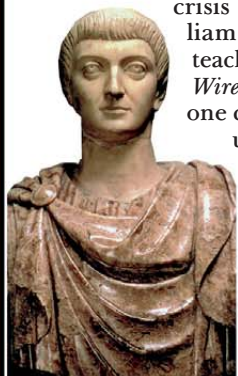
David Simon to speak at Harvard about the show. When I talked with Wilson, I equated this to a professor of Native American studies inviting a producer of John Wayne Westerns to lecture because Wayne’s films provide such a profound understanding of the life of the American Indian.

Wilson promised to send me a “thoughtful reply.” It hasn’t arrived. Not to be outdone, Linda Williams at the University of California—an institution currently facing devastating budget cuts—is also teaching a class on *The Wire*. I’m told that during

one lecture she focused on Melvin Van Peebles’s penis.

When I was a kid, my mother tried to explain to a seventh-grade teacher why I was neglecting my homework. She blamed it on my staying up late to watch crime shows on TV. Clearly I was ahead of my time.

Ishmael Reed is author of Barack Obama and the Jim Crow Media: The Return of the Nigger Breakers.



Who the hell is Emperor Constantine?

POLLED
ABOUT
HISTORY,
POLITICS,
ECONOMICS
AND INTER-
NATIONAL
RELATIONS,
HARVARD
SENIORS
SCORED
A D+.

Following the failed Christmas Day underwear bombing in Detroit, the Transportation Security Administration has accelerated plans to get full-body scanners into the nation’s airports. By year’s end it hopes to have nearly 500 in place. That has raised a number of questions,

some tricky and some ridiculous. Does scanning a child constitute the creation of child porn? Does a full-body scan violate religious tenets that call for modesty, or is it the equivalent of undressing for a medical exam? The TSA insists screeners will see scans for only a few seconds and in remote rooms before the images are erased. It has also asked the maker of the backscatter to fussy up the images so they look more like chalk etchings. But men have masturbated to much less, so you have to wonder how long before leaked scans of celebrities show up on TMZ or MrSkin.

Of course, even full-body scans won’t save us. Eventually a bomber will get through, either a man with explosives surgically implanted in his gut or buttocks or a bomb stuffed up his butt (this past summer a suicide bomber with an explosive placed inside his rectum and apparently triggered by a cell phone attempted to kill Saudi Arabia’s counterterrorism chief) or a woman with breast implants filled with PETN instead of saline. But we do what we can, and short of attaching \$100 USB endoscopes to screeners’ laptops or showing passengers who’s BOSS (opposite page), this is it. Ironically, the ACLU’s argument that full-body scanners amount to a “virtual strip search” is the same one X-ray

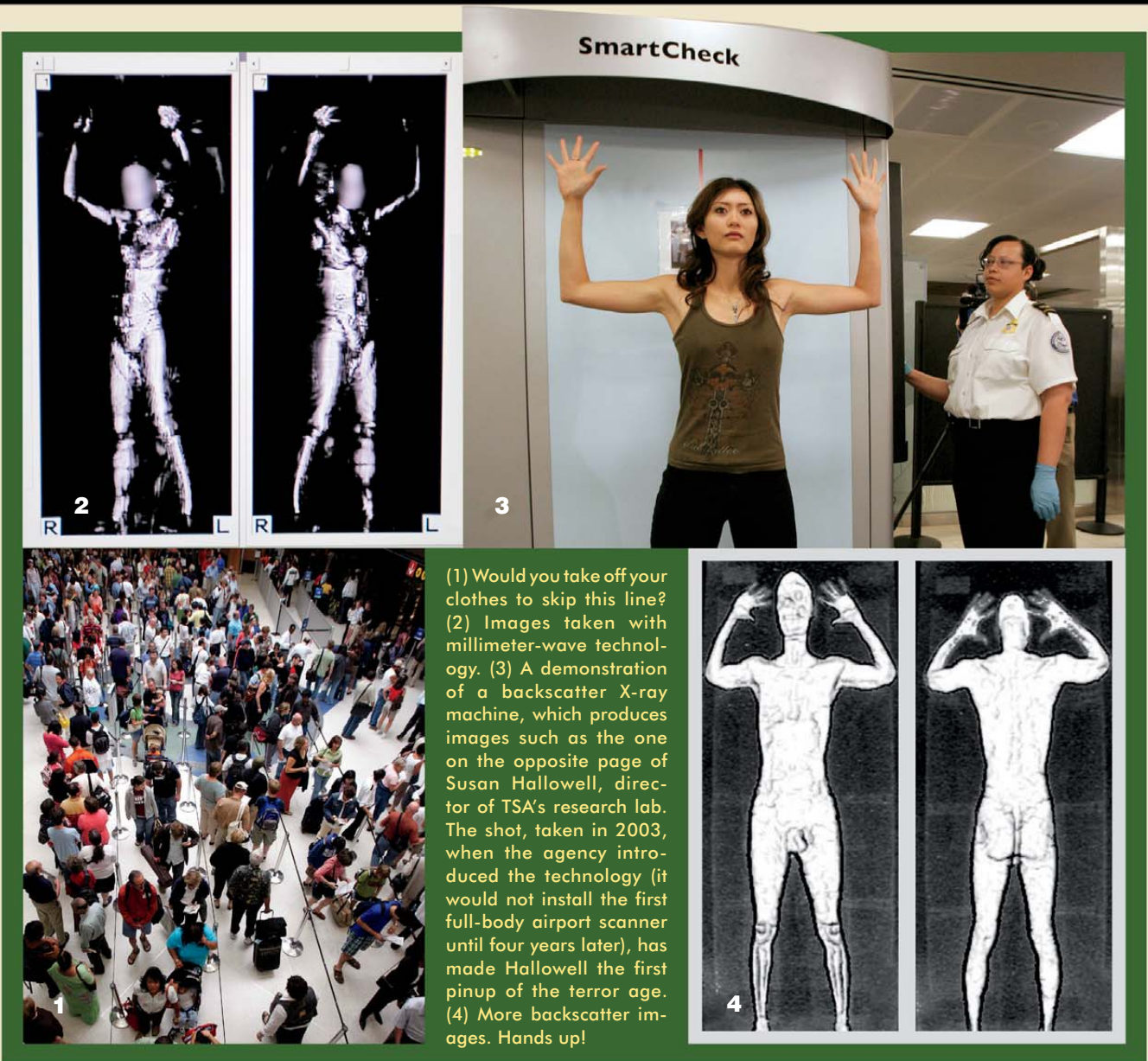
companies use to sell them: No one has to be felt up. A poll by *USA Today* and Gallup found 70 percent of Americans surveyed said they would rather undergo a body scan than a pat down. Most men said they saw no problem with being virtually strip-searched; women were less sure.

Perhaps it won’t surprise you to read this in *PLAYBOY*, but what’s so god-awful bad about a stranger seeing you without clothes? Representative Jason Chaffetz, who introduced a bill that would severely limit body scans at airports, explained his rationale: “Nobody needs to see my wife and kids naked to secure an airplane.” That’s true, because if Al Qaeda has recruited the wife of a Republican congressman from Utah as a suicide bomber, we’re all fucked anyway. The ACLU also objects because



scanners reveal mastectomies, colostomy bags, penis implants, catheter tubes and the size of boobs and genitals. With all due respect to both the right to privacy and the right not to be blown up while landing in Detroit, so what?

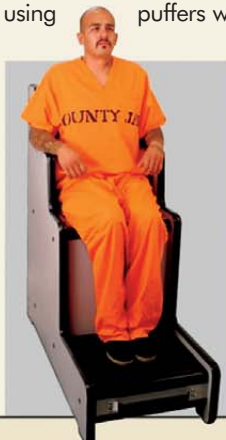




(1) Would you take off your clothes to skip this line? (2) Images taken with millimeter-wave technology. (3) A demonstration of a backscatter X-ray machine, which produces images such as the one on the opposite page of Susan Hallowell, director of TSA's research lab. The shot, taken in 2003, when the agency introduced the technology (it would not install the first full-body airport scanner until four years later), has made Hallowell the first pinup of the terror age. (4) More backscatter images. Hands up!

WELCOME TO SECURITY THEATER

In 2008 security expert Bruce Schneier said, "Counterterrorism in the airport is a show designed to make people feel better." This show began in earnest in 1973, when the FAA started using magnetometers to screen every passenger and piece of luggage that passed through U.S. airports. Since then security devices have evolved only enough to keep up with past assaults on human life. From 1999 to 2009 an airline traveler had a one-in-10.4 million chance of being the victim of a terrorist incident. Nevertheless, governments spend billions of dollars to calm frightened civilians, and companies make a fortune on machines that become obsolete with each new attack. Consider the "no-touch pat-down puffer" machines installed at many airports in 2004. These devices supposedly find explosive particles when a puff of air is blown on passengers. But deployment halted in 2006 because the machines didn't do a

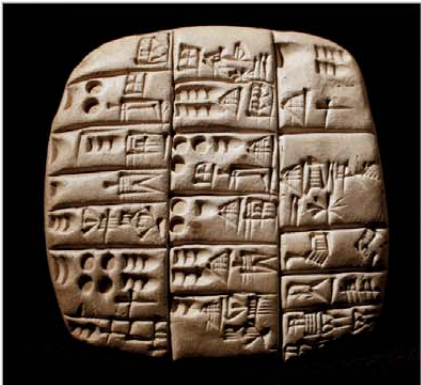


sufficient job of finding such particles. Three years later, the Transportation Security Administration announced it would replace puffers with full-body scanners. Last year the TSA awarded a \$25 million contract to Rapiscan Systems for 150 of these scanners. If such theatrics continue, full-body scanners will also quickly become obsolete. We may soon encounter a technology similar to the Body Orifice Security Scanner, or BOSS (left), now used in prisons to detect metal objects hidden in various anatomical cavities. For now terrorists can easily find ways to circumvent airport security. As former Homeland Security secretary Michael Chertoff (whose consulting agency, Chertoff Group, lists Rapiscan among its clients) has said, "If you're asking me is there any way to protect against a person taking a bomb into a crowded location and blowing it up, the answer is no." —N.I. Ostrowski

READER RESPONSE

GOD AND PROFITS

In "Of Money and Memory" (March), Jaron Lanier writes, "We have no choice but to reinvent the nature of money" if we are to prevent the "lord snookerers of Wall Street" from using it as a means with which to invade our privacy and drain our bank accounts. Give me a break. Money has indeed been turned into an instrument for economic destruction and confiscation on a vast scale, and it does need "reinventing" in that sense. But as



A Sumerian clay tablet with livestock tally.

anyone with eyes can see, the principal culprits behind money's perversion aren't to be found in New York, lurking around Wall Street. They reside on Constitution Avenue, in Washington, D.C., and they are known as the Board of Governors of the Federal Reserve System.

George Selgin
Athens, Georgia

Selgin is a professor of economics at the University of Georgia.

THIS LETTER IS FOR YOU

"New Obama rules provide women 40 and older health insurance for \$15 a month." "Tell Sarah Palin we won't stand for her smears and falsehoods." "Attention Volkswagen drivers...." "Earn your marketing MBA online." These are headlines from a few of the ads delivered to me on Facebook. The problem? I don't need health insurance (and I don't respond positively to seeing my age in an ad), I'm not politically active, I drive a Mini Cooper, and I already have an MBA. Could we call these ads relevant? I don't think so. Ben Parr's essay ("The New Ad Age," March) explains that advertisers can use the content we share, the actions we take and the friends with whom we interact to create the most relevant ads ever developed. True, the potential is there, but for now

ad impressions on social networks such as Facebook are simply an iteration of database marketing. It's like plug-and-play advertising—the headline shifts to tag a characteristic in the site's database, and the impression is delivered to members who meet a specific profile. We'll see more sophistication in time, but for now I want to emphasize that this is not social advertising. "Social" means connection, collaboration, communication, participation, sharing, touching, exchanging—it's many-way communication, not one-way—even if the one-way is targeted and customized. Targeted advertising enhances the accuracy of ad delivery, but it does not make for better advertising, as Parr suggests. The process of mining data and piping it into headlines will never result in the kind of advertising that moves hearts and minds (and wallets). Advertising does benefit from social support. I find my best decisions as a consumer are those I make in tandem with others by asking my network for advice and experiences and by searching reviews posted by others. My favorite brand experiences are conversations, complemented by other brand fans (like tweeting love notes to my brand of coffee). And I invite those brands who deliver meaningful, informative, entertaining and moving advertising into my life by friending them, sharing them with



Does Facebook have its eye on you?

my network, streaming videos, following them on Twitter and more.

Tracy Tuten
Greenville, North Carolina

Tuten, a professor at East Carolina University, is author of Advertising 2.0: Social Media Marketing in a Web 2.0 World.

TWO VIEWS OF UNIONS

A reader provides a list of union trucking companies that have gone out of business in recent years. Are we to believe

that no nonunion companies have gone under? Another writer suggests in the January/February issue that the proposed Employee Free Choice Act would remove the right to a secret ballot, which the editors correctly point out would simply place the choice in the hands of employ-



Dockworkers in 1925 hold up union cards.

ees rather than employers. The fact of the matter is the penalties for employers who violate the National Labor Relations Act are weak. Employers view the consequences of a violation as nothing more than the cost of doing business. This country's unions are responsible for the 40-hour workweek, living wages, pension plans, safety regulations and every other employer-provided benefit of the past 100 years. I am a union organizer, as was my father. There is a passion out there to do the right thing, to help those in need of a voice. But there is an equal passion on the part of employers to retain 100 percent control of the men and women in their employ without fear of retribution. Perhaps once the EFCA passes, the balance of power will shift and become more equitable.

Christopher Poole
Sheet Metal Workers Local 58
Syracuse, New York

Contrary to what union employees say, I work for a very good nonunion carrier—my wages, vacation and benefits are equal to those given to union members. One exception is I have to work for my pay and not depend on a union boss to cover my butt when I don't. The only thing a union is good for is protecting workers who want a full day's pay for doing as little as possible.

Art Pullen
Olivet, Michigan

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**Crossing Over**

TEHRAN—Gay men and lesbians who are outed in Iran have been placed under arrest or beaten to death by vigilantes. The lucky ones escape the country with the help of groups such as the Iranian Railroad for Queer Refugees. The violent reaction by religious fanatics is not unexpected. What is surprising is the tolerance of transsexuals by the Iranian government, which views sex change operations as a way to cure gay people of their “illness.” That unfortunate position has prompted a number of young gay men to have themselves castrated, and last year it led to the first officially sanctioned marriage between two lesbians after one became a man. Because Ayatollah Khomeini, leader of the 1979 revolution, approved sex changes as theologically sound, the government even helps pay for the operations. As a result, more gender reassignments take place in Tehran than in any other city in the world except Bangkok. At left is Milad, an Iranian female-to-male transsexual, and Athena, formerly a male.

The Mona Leo

RAVENNA, ITALY—A team of Italian anthropologists and art historians has asked French authorities if it can dig up Leonardo da Vinci’s skull to reconstruct his face. Leonardo is thought to lie at Amboise castle in the Loire Valley, where he died in 1519. The goal: to find out if the *Mona Lisa* is a self-portrait of the artist in drag. Scholars have debated for centuries whether the painting depicts Leonardo’s mother, the wife of a prominent silk merchant or the lover of the artist’s sponsor. Those who suspect it may be Leonardo point to his supposed homosexuality and love of a good prank.



more conservative than other professionals and are more likely to see the world in black-and-white. They are also likely to be frustrated by the lack of professional opportunities in the Middle East.

Jailers for Jesus

WAKITA, OKLAHOMA—An ex-con turned crusader wants state funds to build a \$42 million, 600-bed prison in this town of 380 people that would employ only born-again Christians and use “Christian principles” to rehab inmates. The Dallas-based Corrections Concepts previously attempted to open faith-based prisons in Florida and Texas, without success. Civil libertarians have pointed out the sticky problem of giving taxpayer money to ministries.

Military Dishonor

In separate cases in Colorado and California, two men are challenging a federal law that makes it illegal to falsely claim you earned a military medal. The men argue the Stolen Valor Act violates the First Amendment by making it illegal to exaggerate your achievements. “Half the pickup lines in bars across the country could be criminalized under that concept,” observed a law professor. Most

prosecutions have involved men caught boasting, though one fake war hero tried to get a discount on plane tickets.

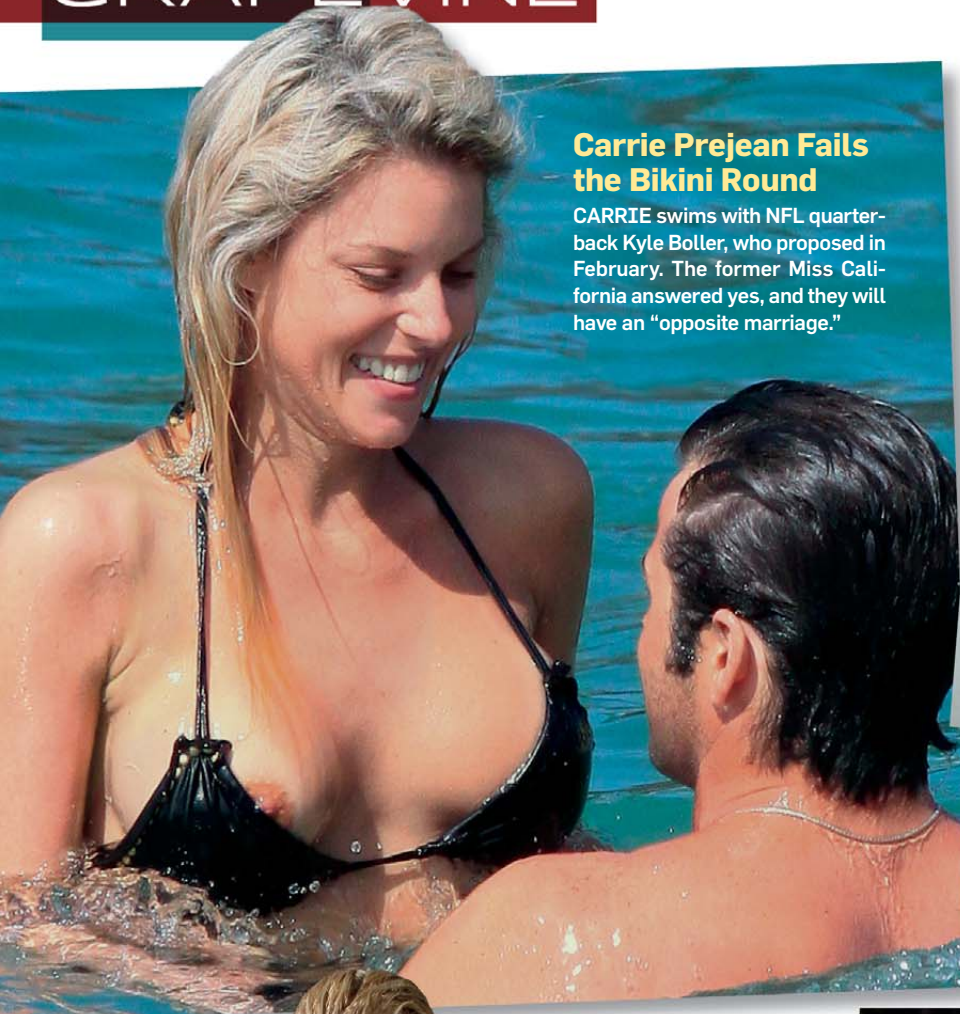
Bumper Battle

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA—Abortion-rights activists are pushing for a TRUST WOMEN/RESPECT CHOICE license plate in response to the popular CHOOSE LIFE plates offered by nearly two dozen states, including Virginia. Opponents, including the attorney general and governor, say they don’t oppose the plates, only that the added fees to get them would go to Planned Parenthood. More than 520,000 CHOOSE LIFE plates have been sold

**Engineering Terror**

CAMBRIDGE, U.K.—Two sociologists who researched the backgrounds of 178 college-educated jihadists found that 44 percent trained as engineers, far more than in the general population. The researchers hypothesize that engineers tend to be

nationwide, raising \$11 million for anti-abortion centers, adoption services and maternity homes. Just three states offer pro-choice plates, but a federal court has ruled a state can’t offer one type of plate and not the other.



Carrie Prejean Fails the Bikini Round

CARRIE swims with NFL quarterback Kyle Bolter, who proposed in February. The former Miss California answered yes, and they will have an "opposite marriage."



The Must-Have Fashion Accessory: Nipples

Glamour named RIHANNA one of its women of the year, and this is what she wore to the awards ceremony. She said, "Fashion for me is another way I get to express myself creatively." Genius.



One if by Land, Two if by Sea

British bird of paradise CARINA HARRIS hails from Leigh-on-Sea in Essex. If she has any plans to invade our shores, we say come and get us.



New Model Stops Traffic

When most people zip down the road, they use their daytime running lights to get noticed. But *90210*'s ANNALYNNE MCCORD shows excellent defensive driving by turning on her high beams as soon as she hits the street.

Illegal Use of Hands

During the DirecTV Celebrity Beach Bowl, Tom Arnold made the best damn tackle ever on MARISA MILLER. Marisa's recap of the highlight: "All of a sudden this big sweaty guy was on top of me." Playmate Pilar Lastra (brunette) enjoyed the action.



WILLIAM NINON/LONDON ENT/DPLASH

STORMS MEDIA GROUP



BRISQ/PACIFICCOASTNEWS.COM

Drink In the Full-Bodied Burgundy

We miss you, Miss Joan Holloway. The next season of *Mad Men* starts in just a few months; slake your thirst with the intoxicating CHRISTINA HENDRICKS. If Ginger had curves like this, there would be no debate over her and Mary Ann.



GETTY IMAGES

Brit Popper Pops out of Her Tank Top

Some musicians really put it all out there for their admirers. FRANKIE SANDFORD of the British pop group the Saturdays was signing autographs for her fans and gave them an impromptu solo show.

Heavenly Body

Meet HEAVEN MARIE. She's an amateur model and a new crush of ours. Other than posing for pictures like this one she aspires to open a bikini-hot dog stand. Nice Buns? Itsy-Bitsy Bikini Wienie? Either way our mouths are already watering.



COVERMODELS.COM/MICHAEL STYCKET



PMOY HINT: SHE'S GORGEOUS.



RUSSELL BRAND: OUR KIND OF TROUBLEMAKER.



COCO. LENO. FIASCO.

NEXT MONTH



JULIANA GOES. SO DO WE.

THE NOVELIST GOES TO HOLLYWOOD—HAVING HIS BOOK *UP IN THE AIR* MADE INTO AN OSCAR-NOMINATED FILM STARRING GEORGE CLOONEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN ONE OF THE BEST THINGS THAT EVER HAPPENED TO WALTER KIRN. BUT THE AUTHOR FOUND OUT THE HARD WAY HOW HOLLYWOOD CAN BREAK YOUR HEART.

JULIANA GOES—AND WE GO WHERE SHE GOES. OUR PHOTOGRAPHERS ACCOMPANIED THIS SOUTH AMERICAN STUNNER AROUND SÃO PAULO FOR A DAY, AND THE RESULTS ARE SIZZLING.

BALTIMORE HEROES—HIS MOVIES ARE POPULATED WITH SOME OF THE EDGIEST CHARACTERS EVER SEEN; SO, IT TURNS OUT, IS HIS LIFE. IN AN EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT FROM HIS NEW MEMOIR, *PINK FLAMINGOS* DIRECTOR JOHN WATERS RECALLS THE DRUNKS AND NE'ER-DO-WELLS WHO WERE HIS MUSES.

MICHAEL SAVAGE—THE TALK RADIO TSUNAMI ISN'T KNOWN FOR HIS TACT—OR HIS SANITY. IN THE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW THE COMBATIVE HOST OF *THE SAVAGE NATION* SOUNDS OFF TO DAVID HOCHMAN ABOUT EVERYTHING HE HATES: LIBERALS, GAY MARRIAGE, NON-ENGLISH-SPEAKING IMMIGRANTS AND MOST MUSLIMS.

RUSSELL BRAND—GROUP SEX! PROSTITUTES! DRUGS! KATY PERRY! NO ONE LIVES LIFE QUITE LIKE THE BRITISH COMEDIAN. HE TELLS ALL TO ERIC SPITZNAGEL IN AN UNCENSORED 20Q.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—WE CAN'T DIVULGE THE NAME OF OUR 2010 PMOY HERE, BUT THOSE ARE HER GLORIOUS CURVES YOU SEE AT THE UPPER LEFT OF THIS PAGE.

THE GREAT OOM—PIERRE BERNARD WAS A NOTORIOUS SEDUCER OF WOMEN AND A REPUTED CON MAN. HE WAS ALSO THE PERSON WHO INTRODUCED YOGA TO AMERICA. ROBERT LOVE EXAMINES BERNARD'S MESSY 1910 SEX SCANDAL AND KIDNAPPING TRIAL, AS WELL AS THE CONFLICTED LEGACY THE "OMNIPOTENT OOM" LEFT BEHIND.

A STUDY IN CLASSICS—THESE ARE YOUR FATHER'S COCKTAILS.

LATE-NIGHT FOLLIES—WHEN CONAN-LENO-GATE UNRAVELED IN FRONT OF AN ENTHRALLED TELEVISION AUDIENCE, WE GOT ONLY HALF THE STORY. JOURNALIST BILL ZEHME TAKES A BREAK FROM WRITING JOHNNY CARSON'S BIOGRAPHY TO REVEAL WHAT REALLY WENT ON DURING TV'S MOST PUBLIC PRIVATE MOMENT.

THE SEXUAL LIFE OF SAVAGES—IN NEW FICTION BY SAMANTHA GILLISON, COCKY WAR PHOTOGRAPHER DICKIE BERNBAUM THINKS HE HAS SEEN IT ALL, UNTIL HE ACCEPTS AN ASSIGNMENT TO SHOOT A PRISON IN PAPUA NEW GUINEA AND FINDS HIMSELF EMBROILED IN A SITUATION HE NEVER ANTICIPATED.

PLUS—A VERY SEXY BARTENDER, OUR MODERN STYLE GUIDE TO THE SPORTING LIFE, AND MISS JUNE KATIE VERNOLA.

A symbolic display of devotion...

THE MEN'S STERLING SILVER NAIL CROSS

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A cross speaks the universal language of faith—a belief in the everlasting light of the Lord. Now, you can express your devotion with a cross that boldly proclaims this message. Presenting... *The Men's Sterling Silver Nail Cross*, a unique pendant for the man of commitment.

Expertly crafted; bold design.

Artisans have taken a symbol of Jesus' ultimate sacrifice, the nails of the cross, and fashioned them into a sterling silver cross pendant. Gleaming 14kt gold binds the nails together, forming a powerful, masculine design. *The Men's Sterling Silver Nail Cross* is suspended from a 22" sterling silver chain, included at no additional charge.

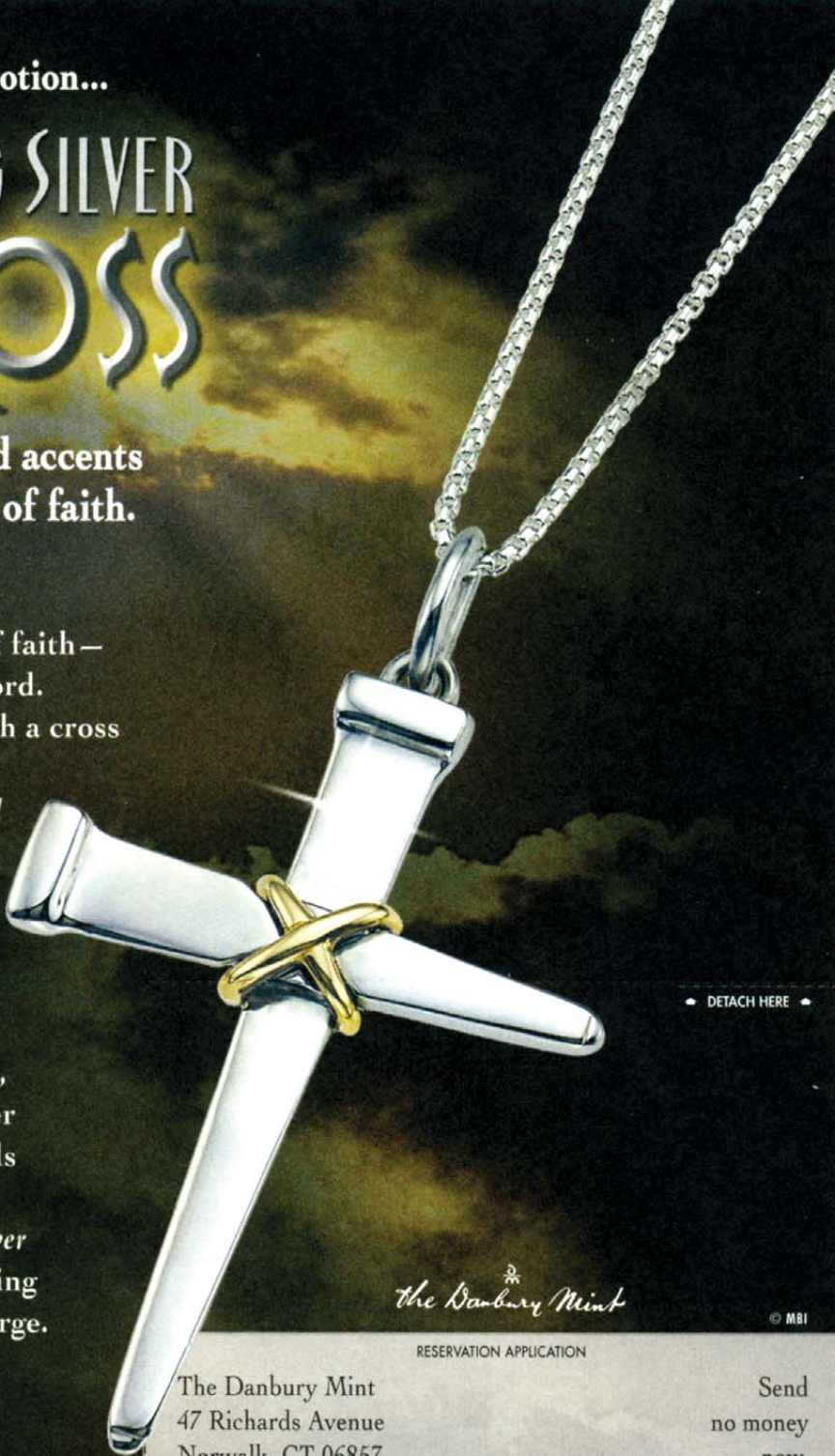
An exceptional value; satisfaction guaranteed.

This handsome cross can be yours for \$99 plus \$7.50 shipping and service, payable in three monthly installments of \$35.50. Satisfaction is guaranteed. If you are not impressed by this cross, return it within 90 days for replacement or refund.

(continued on other side)

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(continued from inside)

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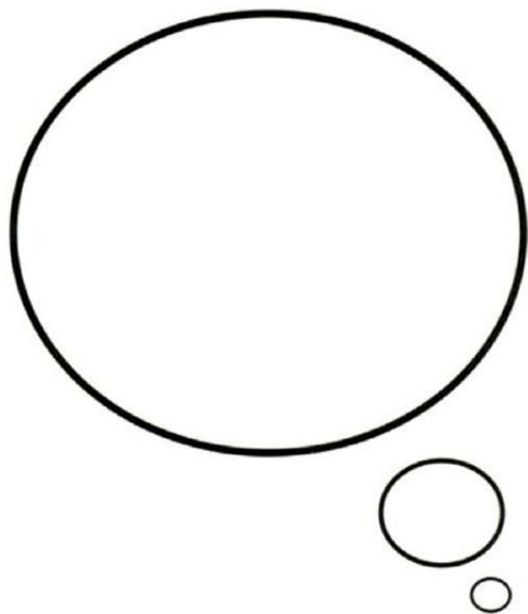
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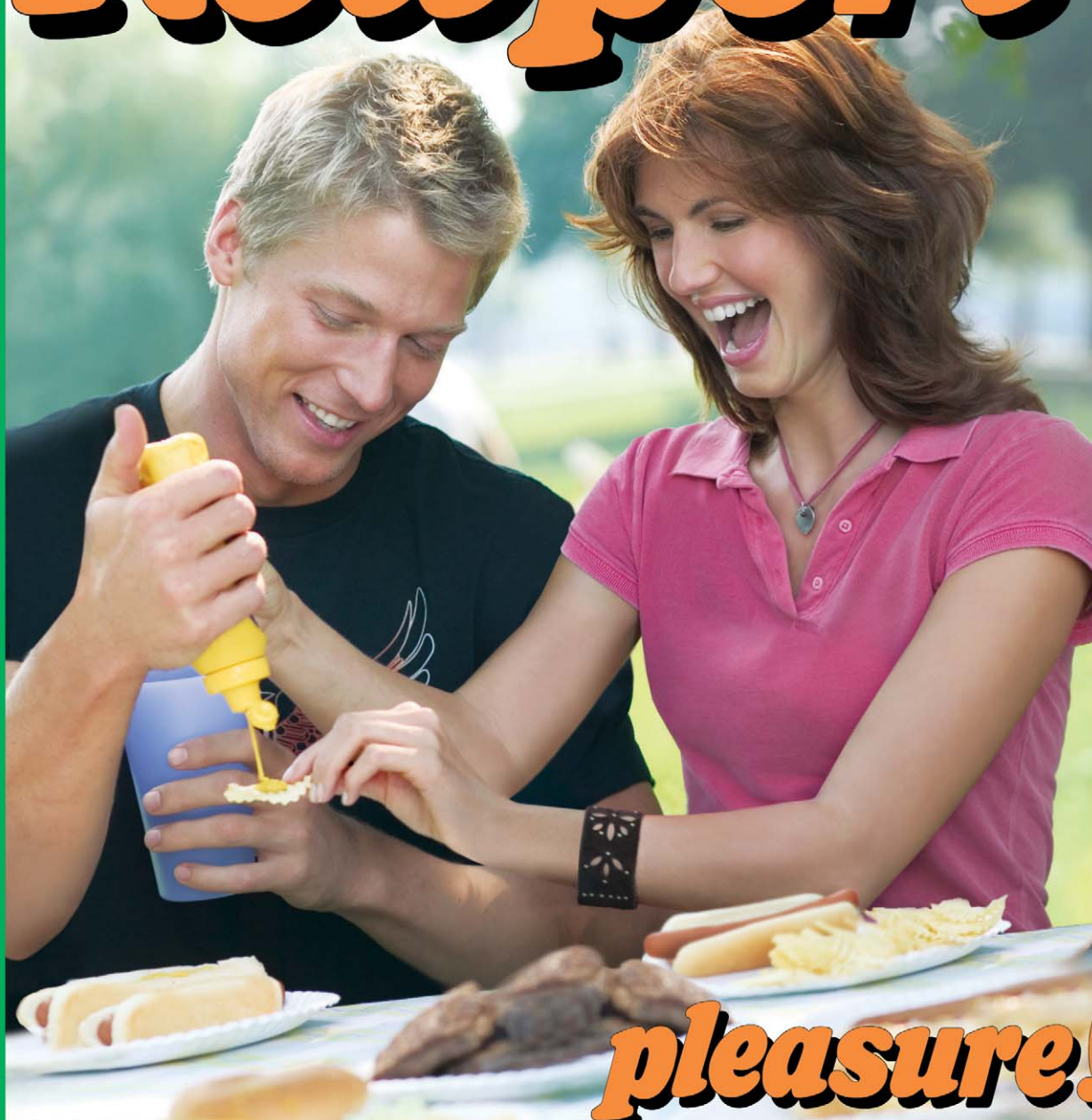
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