

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

www.playboy.com • JUNE 2010

**2010**  
**PLAYMATE**  
**OF THE YEAR**  
**HOPE**  
**DWORACZYK**

WITH  
**BONUS**  
**3-D**  
CENTERFOLD  
INSIDE!

**20<sup>Q</sup>**  
**RUSSELL**  
**BRAND**

**OLD SCHOOL**  
**PLAYBOY'S**  
**GUIDE TO**  
**CLASSIC**  
**COCKTAILS**

**JOHN**  
**WATERS**  
**BIZARRE**  
**BALTIMORE**  
**SAGA**

**JAY vs.**  
**CONAN**  
**HOW LATE**  
**NIGHT TV**  
**BECAME A**  
**WAR**  
**ZONE**



# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT

playboy.com • JUNE 2010



THE QUINTESSENTIAL  
**GIRL NEXT  
DOOR** MEETS  
THE  
**NEIGHBORS  
FROM HELL**

SEX TIPS  
IN THE  
SUBURBS  
**10 TIPS  
TO KEEP  
IT HOT!**

INTRODUCING  
**HELL'S  
HOTTEST  
HOUSEWIFE**

CONVERSATIONS  
WITH  
**SATAN**

THE BIGGEST  
**DRILL**  
YOU  
HAVE  
EVER  
SEEN

HELLA  
GOOD  
**SEX**

MEET  
**GIRLS**  
WHO LIKE TO  
**SNORFIN**

what the fork?



NEIGHBORS  
FROM  
HELL

hell is coming to earth

mondays 10/9c  
premieres june 7



very funny.

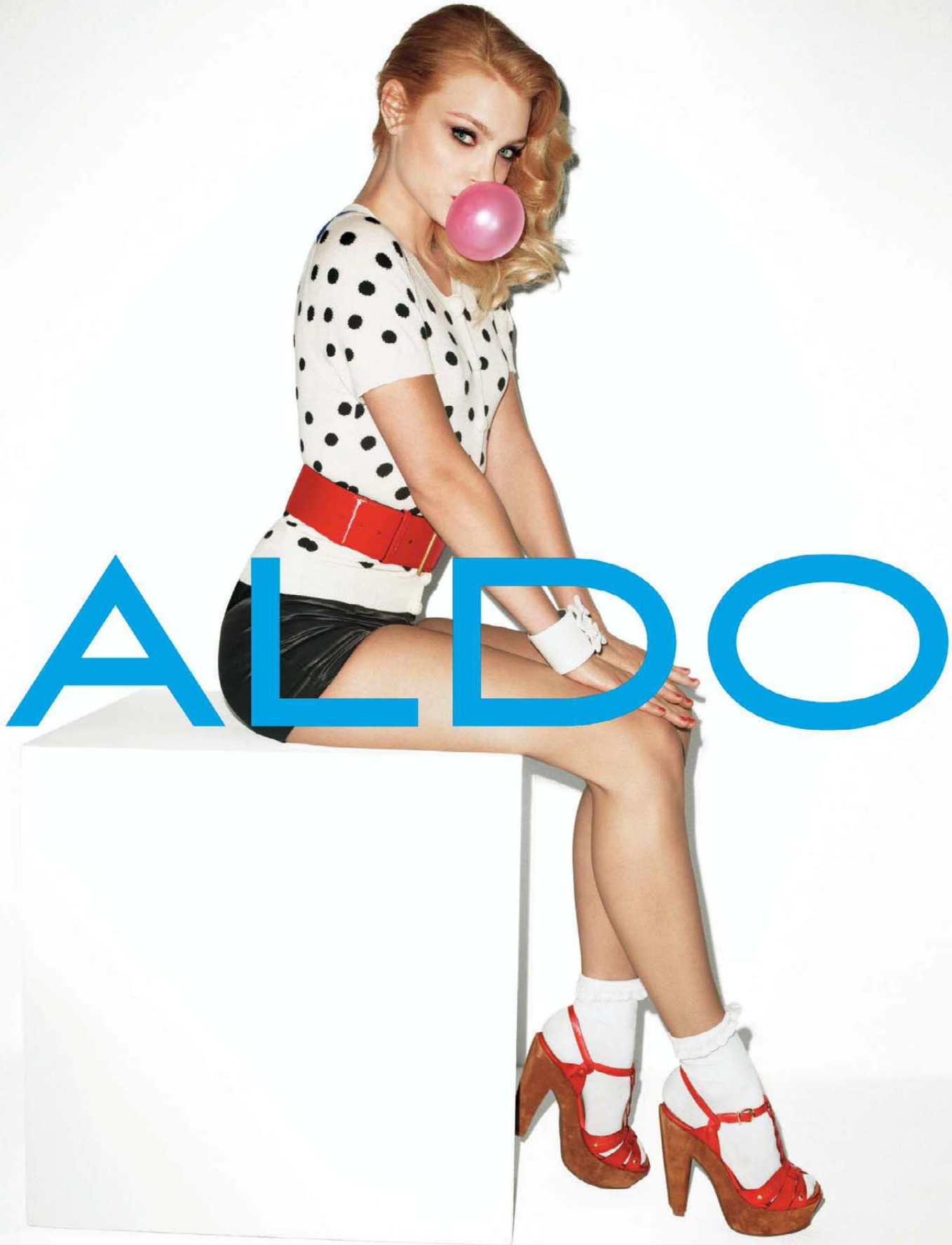




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JUST COME IN A 42 LONG.



STYLE WITH SUBSTANCE

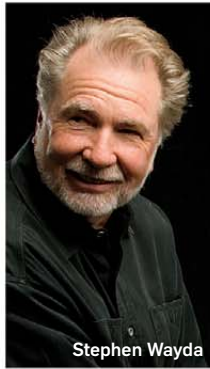
apparel • accessories • boys • home • [josephabboud.com](http://josephabboud.com)

The first 14 drafts of this introduction to our spectacular June issue were rejected by Hef (a man who has little experience with rejection) because they were allegedly no good. But we spit out the hemlock after reading the kiss-offs to far more talented auteurs collected by **Bill Shapiro** in *Rejected*, from his latest book, *Other People's Rejection Letters* (Clarkson Potter). To ease the pain, we follow with Playmate of the Year **Hope Dworaczyk**. Both her stunning April 2009 pictorial (she also appeared on the cover, dodging Seth Rogen's attempt to lift her skirt with a fan) and this month's all-new images were crafted by our man **Stephen Wayda**. From there we catch up with **John Waters**, the independent thinker who dreamed up the film *Pink Flamingos*. In *Baltimore Heroes*—our preview of his new book, *Role Models*—Waters writes fondly of the drag queens, barflies and strippers of his youth. You won't find many more fascinating characters than Pierre Bernard, the first American yogi and subject of *The Great Oom and His Mysterious Tantrik Love Cult*. **Robert Love**, a former *PLAYBOY* editor and author of the new book *The Great Oom*, tells the story of a rapid rise to glory that was interrupted only briefly by sex scandals and tales of threesomes. The fact that this occurred a century ago makes the tale all the more compelling. In *The Late Shaft* another friend and regular, **Bill Zehme**, takes us behind the scenes of NBC's June-to-January romance with Conan O'Brien to reveal what actually happened during the *Tonight Show* blowup.

You'll be surprised and not surprised at the same time. The same can be said about our *20Q* with comedian **Russell Brand**, who speaks candidly about his 11 arrests, his past sex and heroin addictions and the infamous incident when he stuck a Barbie up his butt. Being flamboyantly funny and engaged to Katy Perry has brightened his point of view, we're sure. You'll either hurl this issue at the wall or join the Tea Party after reading our aggravating/brilliant *Playboy Interview* with **Michael Savage**, the talk-show host whose daily radio show has an estimated 10 million listeners. There's no argument about his ability to engage and provoke. Remember, don't shoot the messenger (that would be us). Finally, in *The Sexual Life of Savages*, new fiction from **Samantha Gillison**, a war photographer fresh from Iraq takes a plum assignment in Papua New Guinea and soon finds himself caught in a love triangle that proves deadlier than combat. You'll see why the talented Gillison, like Hef, has little experience with rejection.



Bill Shapiro



Stephen Wayda



John Waters



Robert Love



Bill Zehme



Michael Savage



Samantha Gillison



Russell Brand



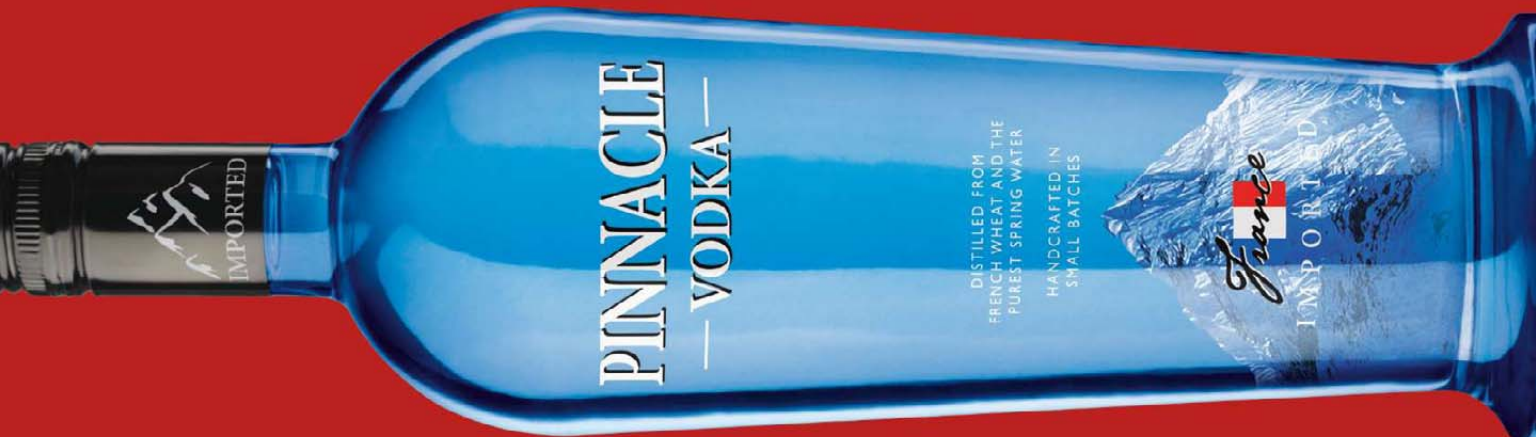
PMOY Hope Dworaczyk

# PLAYBILL



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# PLAYBOY

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The Conan O'Brien vs. Jay Leno talk show war was the biggest screwup in TV history. Behind the scenes it was even messier. **BILL ZEHME** reveals what went on among all the combatants, including David Letterman and Jimmy Kimmel.



### 100 HOPE DWORACZYK

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### 90 REJECTED

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A war photographer thought he had seen the worst of humankind. Then he visited a prison in Papua New Guinea. By **SAMANTHA GILLISON**.



## COVER STORY

Hope. It was magical for Barack Obama, and it's magical for us when it comes to our Playmate of the Year. Hope Dworaczyk landed the title and her second **PLAYBOY** cover (photographed by Stephen Wayda) since April of last year. We and our Rabbit think she's a lock to be the biggest sex symbol of 2010.



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A Car and Driver 10Best

# PLAYBOY

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### THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

**PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR EXTRAS** More sexy shots and hot videos of our PMOY—our one and only Hope.

**PMOYS PAST AND PRESENT** It's sort of like a hall of fame for our best.

**THE PLAYBOY SEX POLL** Just as the government likes to take the census every 10 years, we like to take the sexual temperature of the country. Log in and be counted.

**PORN PARODY THEATRE** The San Fernando Valley either ruins classic television or enhances it, depending on whether you had a thing for George Costanza.

**JOIN THE PARTY** Facebook.com/Playboy and @Playboy on Twitter.

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### FASHION | THE SPORTING LIFE

Taking a cue from the classic American story *The Great Gatsby* and the sports of its time—motoring, tennis and golf—we are dressing to the '20s.



### 88 20Q

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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## HANK IV GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

After the football season wrapped up, Hank Baskett and Kendra Wilkinson returned to California with their little bundle of joy, Hank Baskett IV. Little Hank met Hef, who took him on a tour of the Mansion. Bridget Marquardt threw a party for the Basketts so they could reconnect with West Coast friends such as rapper Too Short. To make them feel at home, it was a Hollywood party. Crystal Harris and Anna Berglund sported shades, and Hef topped it off with a cap from famous L.A. hot dog purveyor Pink's.



## TRUMPETING THE PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

MC Bill Cosby announced the lineup of the annual Playboy Jazz Festival that gets into full swing with cool acts like the Manhattan Transfer and George Benson June 12 at the Hollywood Bowl. "It's a party with the greatest ambience and sound," Hef said. "Given the downturn in the economy and in the music business, jazz always brings something to the heart and lifts spirits."



## PLAYBOY STORY TURNED OSCAR GOLD

In 2005 we sent Contributing Editor Mark Boal to Iraq to write *The Man in the Bomb Suit*. He and director Kathryn Bigelow took that PLAYBOY story, spun it into *The Hurt Locker* and won six Academy Awards, including best original screenplay, best director and best picture.



# HANGIN' WITH H&F



Life is a party for Hugh Hefner: hosting masquerades with beautiful women, welcoming world-class athletes and having great friends over to watch movie awards and a documentary based on his life. No wonder the *Los Angeles Times* placed the Mansion first on its list of "L.A.'s most desirable addresses." (1) Hef with Crystal Harris and other PMW favorites at the Kandyland Masquerade. (2) Hefner with Painted Ladies. (3) From golden girls to a Golden Globes party, Hef with Steve Bing. (4) Hef with Miss August 2004 Pilar Lastra and PLAYBOY Germany's Red Bull Air Race team Kelly Brow and Matthias Dolderer. (5) Director Brigitte Berman and Bill Maher at a mansion screening of *Hugh Hefner: Playboy, Activist and Rebel*. (6) Hef and PLAYBOY cover girl Ashley Dupré. (7) Mary O'Connor with Playmates Crystal Harris and Kimberly Phillips. (8) PMOY 1976 Lillian Müller and her daughter Alice visit. (9) Lorenzo Lamas and fiancée Shawna at PMW for the Academy Awards party. (10) PMOY 1979 Monique St. Pierre would like to thank the Academy. (11) Actor Franco Nero with Miss December 1958 Joyce Nizari. (12) Who needs an Oscar when Hef and Crystal have a Charlie?



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## THE GREAT ESCAPE

I hope Paul Theroux hasn't dampened PLAYBOY readers' enthusiasm for striking out in pursuit of their dreams (*The Other Side of the Dream*, April). I've met and written about two dozen individuals and families who have restarted their lives. Mark Lockley walked away from his mortgage and his roofing business for a scuba diving job paying \$70 a week on the Greek island of Corfu. Steve Dewey, a native of Pittsburgh, told me he was never particularly enamored with living in the U.S., where "people are obsessively career oriented and not terribly friendly." So, after being downsized twice, he landed a job in Singapore, where his life is "10 times better." Others have tried life among Trappist monks, at a Zen monastery or at the Twin Oaks commune in central Virginia. You can change your life, but you have to do your research. The Internet can be helpful but often paints too rosy a picture of a region and its real estate. Always rent before you buy, and live there at least a month each season. It takes guts and a bit of madness to leave a secure job—assuming there is such a thing anymore—and head into the uncharted waters of entrepreneurship and a dream lifestyle.

Al Louis Ripskis  
Rockville, Maryland

*Ripskis is a career counselor and author of Cutting Loose (unlockyourlife.com).*

## THE ANTIDOTE

Your 15 steps for recovering from a hangover (*The Playboy Cure*, April) can be reduced to four: (1) Have the girl you brought home get you your favorite greasy food and soda. (2) Smoke a joint while you wait for her to return. (3) Eat the food while reading the Sunday paper. (4) Take a nap. You'll wake up feeling great and ready to party.

Matthew Lee  
Boise, Idaho

Your cure gets in the way of re-engaging the next day. I have a simpler process: Consume up to three tablespoons of raw honey or eight ounces of fresh orange juice before you go to sleep.

Donald Lovett  
Sugar Land, Texas

My personal remedy: (1) Drink some Gatorade. (2) Take an antacid. (3) Take an opioid pain reliever (Vicodin, Percocet). (4) When you feel ready, follow Charles Bukowski's lead and eat a couple of hard-boiled eggs. Follow with ibuprofen. Keep sipping Gatorade. (5) In the late afternoon try mashed potatoes or a cheese omelet. (6) Fire up the jet tub with ultrahot water and crack open a smooth stout, porter or cream ale. (7) Get a good night's sleep.

Soren Rounds  
Eugene, Oregon

*We're glad to hear this works for you, but the doctors we consulted for our report warn*

# DEAR PLAYBOY

## Perry to Silverman: WTF?

I am shocked and disappointed that Sarah Silverman claims in her *Playboy Interview* (April) that I used a racial epithet while talking with her backstage about her show. Sarah was very friendly and nice, so I don't understand why she would say or imply such a thing. It's bizarre. What I said was "I can't believe you somehow seem to be getting away with all these slurs. I just can't understand how you're doing this." Sarah looked at me and kind of smiled. It wasn't as though I was condemning or condoning her act. It was just that she somehow made everybody—of all backgrounds—in that club laugh. In her show she uses racial and ethnic slurs that have historically been unforgivable. My background is Portuguese, which is one of the few ethnic groups she left out of her act.



But after she reads this letter maybe she'll come after us, too.

Steve Perry  
San Diego, California

*Perry is a singer and songwriter and the former lead vocalist for the rock band Journey.*

*against dehydrating yourself further in a hot whirlpool (especially while drinking) or taking prescription painkillers, which can be brutal on the stomach.*

## GUESS WHO

Your April cover with Candice Boucher is by far the most gorgeous since I became



The new Guess girl grew up in South Africa.

a subscriber in 1997. And thank you for a remarkable pictorial (*Naked Prey*).

Brian Martin  
Houston, Texas

## HEART OF GOLD

After reading Richard Stratton's reverential piece (*Godfather and Son*, April) about

John Gotti Jr.'s dysfunctional families—the one he swore an oath to and the one at home—I have to wonder how much popular fiction such as *The Sopranos* and the *Godfather* trilogy has skewed common sense. The article is written as though it describes some noble feudal clan instead of bloodthirsty, cowardly, amoral gangsters. Gotti Sr. is presented in glowing terms as a grieving father who coincidentally went out of town the weekend neighbor John Favara, who had accidentally killed Gotti's son, was murdered. Gotti Jr. is presented as a family man who walked away from the mob to live the rest of his life in Oyster Bay Cove, where home values average \$1.5 million. Neither Stratton nor the hung juries that sent Gotti Jr. home asked themselves how an admitted thug with only a high school education, who has never done an honest day's work, can afford to live in that community.

Brad Morris  
New York, New York

## SHARP-TONGUED WOMAN

There is nothing in itself provocative about Sarah Silverman's material, which is standard fare in Australian workingmen's clubs. What is unusual is to see it coming from a nice Jewish girl whose audience is largely upper middle class. Her success is another American triumph for the equality of the sexes and the classes. Comedy ought to be antagonistic. It plays with aggression rather than deploying it. It can't give offense any more than nudity can give offense. People choose to take offense. Silverman's critics say she rarely winks at the audience to let us know what's meant to be ironic, but why should she? Irony is meant

# 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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to be ambiguous, not “nudge, nudge.” The context and her reputation as a funny-woman are all the clues you need. When that context was taken away on *Politically Incorrect*, the rabble booed because that is what they had been set up to do. Silverman has nothing to apologize for.

Christie Davies  
Reading, U.K.

*Davies, a sociologist, is author of The Mirth of Nations and the forthcoming Jokes and Targets, which examines sexual humor.*

The funniest part of Silverman's excellent interview is learning *Late Night With Conan O'Brien* producers allegedly judged the word *nigger* to be over-the-top but thought *spic* worked just fine.

Gus Chappory  
Greenlawn, New York

How could you let the sexiest woman in the April issue keep her clothes on?

Rick Jerome  
Denver, Colorado

Silverman disses Andrew Dice Clay but will never be as funny as the Diceman. She uses his shtick (“Hey, look at me—I'm an uncultured moron!”), but Dice does it without being racial.

Chuck Taylor  
Moraine, Ohio

Whenever Sarah Silverman discusses our infamous confrontation on *Politically Incorrect*, she tells half-truths. After my organization, the Media Action Network for Asian Americans, complained about her gratuitous use of the word *Chinks* in a joke on *Late Night*, she wrote me what she describes in the interview as a “long, thoughtful letter” but claims it had no effect because I was “too jazzed about having a fight.” In fact, I was encouraged by the letter. She apologized for any hurt she had caused and said our difference of opinion didn't have to make us enemies. I agreed to lunch, but she didn't respond and two days later blasted me on Bill Maher's show. She was forced to debate me a month later after I demanded equal time. Only 23 Asian Americans whom I knew were in the audience, not 60. You can watch our showdown at [manaa.org/politicallyincorrect.html](http://manaa.org/politicallyincorrect.html).

Guy Aoki  
Glendale, California

#### OPPOSITES ATTRACT

Jennifer Henschel (*Fine German Engineering*, April) is a wonderful departure from the blonde bombshells.

Scott Shuffler  
Asheville, North Carolina

There has to be a better phrase than *itty bitty titty committee* (maybe it sounds better in German), but with most Playmates having C or D cups, it's refreshing to see gorgeous women with smaller bust sizes.

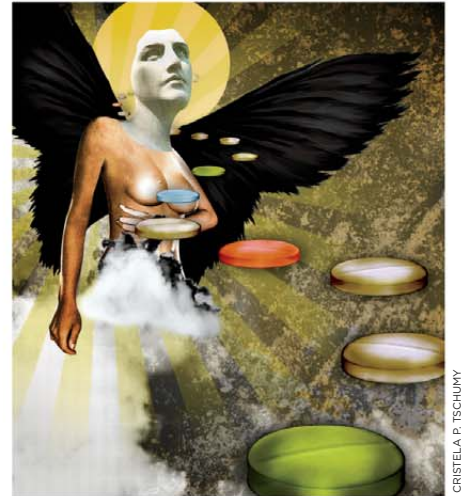
Oliver Bernard  
Bridgeport, Connecticut

The German pictorial is nice (one of my favorite Playmates is Miss April 2008 Regina Deutinger, from Munich), but there are too many small-breasted women in your pages. Let's see more big-breasted beauties like Playmate Amy Leigh Andrews (*Chasing Amy*, April).

Troy Franklin  
Nokomis, Florida

#### A NEW VISION

Steven Kotler's well-informed report *The New Psychedelic Renaissance* (April) catches the shift from the 20th century's razzmatazz approach to psychedelics to the 21st century's science-based view. However, early findings are not confirmed treatments, and this is not something to try at home. With the exception of relieving cluster headaches, the beneficial effects are not pharmacological. The condition that results in cures and improvement is an in-session, temporary shift to unitive consciousness (mystical experience, religious trans-



CRISTELA P. TSCHUMY

Can psychedelics cure what ails us?

formation, transcending ego-centered cognition). Psychedelics are one way to make this shift more likely, as are meditation, contemplative prayer, exercise and breathing routines.

Thomas Roberts  
DeKalb, Illinois

*Roberts, a professor at Northern Illinois University, is co-editor of the two-volume Psychedelic Medicine: New Evidence for Hallucinogenic Substances as Treatments.*

Sacred plants have been used for thousands of years as tools for guidance, so it's inaccurate to describe this latest interest as a “renaissance.” The renaissance is realizing we are not separate from nature but part of it. As Terence McKenna once said, “If the truth can be told so as to be understood, it will be believed.”

Fernando Paternostro  
Barcelona, Spain

*Paternostro runs the Psychedelic Medicine News (psychointegrator.com).*



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- Joe Montana, Hall of Fame Quarterback

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PRESS TO PLAY

VEGAS PLAYBOY  NEW FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

# PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

"I wish I had some American in me," says the Brit model. "Hold the jokes!"

## BECOMING ATTRACTION

### Francoise Boufhal

When the army of media rolls into South Africa for the World Cup this month, Francoise Boufhal will be on the front line, tape recorder in hand. Francoise is a modeling sensation out of the U.K. and a celebrity interviewer for soccer games. Among her greatest on-camera assets: a pair of bountiful breasts, nicknamed "the ladies." She's part German, part French but claims she'd love to have "some American in me—hold the jokes!" At 21 she's graced the pages of countless mags, but she does not pose topless. Not yet at least. She has her sights on a PLAYBOY pictorial sometime in the future. Stay tuned for the USA's first World Cup matchup on June 12—against Francoise's formidable U.K. squad. Bring it on.

## Classic Look of the Month Fast Eddie Felson

Few big-screen one-liners stack up to this one, delivered by Fast Eddie Felson in *The Hustler* (1961): "Fat man, you shoot a great game of pool." This spring 20th Century Fox offers up another reason to watch Paul Newman in one of his finest roles by including *The Hustler* in a DVD collection (with *The French Connection* and *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, \$23). Aiming to hustle a pool hall? Here's how to work the Fast Eddie look below: suit with skinny lapels (\$795) by John Varvatos Star USA; slim-fit French cuff shirt (\$80) by Banana Republic.



## The Grand in Grand Central

You could eat and quaff some of the richest fare in New York without ever leaving Grand Central Terminal. You know about the Oyster Bar and Michael Jordan's steakhouse, but you've probably never heard of the Campbell Apartment. In 1923 a financier named John W. Campbell rented a vast space in the train station and transformed it into a Florentine palace of an office-party space with a safe in the fireplace and a pipe organ. When Campbell died in 1957 the space became a jail and then a place for cops to store guns. Today it's a terrific bar. Go on a weekend so you miss the commuters.



## Bitter Pill Shake Up!

China's news service Xinhua: BITTERS SHORTAGE CAUSES PANIC IN NEW YORK BARS. *The Guardian*: BITTERS PILL TO TAKE! Apparently when you keep people from their Manhattan cocktails it's global news and cause for rioting. Trinidad's House of Angostura had production problems and stopped making bitters. Our sources tell us the problems are solved and Angostura is shipping again. Phew! We need a drink.



## Love Story A Real Casanova

An anonymous patron purchased Giovanni Casanova's original manuscript for *The Story of My Life*, 3,700 pages that have never been published in full, detailing the Venetian adventurer's 18th century sexual conquests of countless women, some men and at least one nun. Even without the sex the story is like a Harrison Ford adventure movie, prison break and all. The manuscript's price: about \$9.5 million, making it the most valuable in the world.





**DIRTY LOVE BURGER**  
 5 oz. freshly ground beef—half prime brisket, half prime tenderloin  
 2 strips crispy wild boar bacon  
 2 slices American cheese  
 1 sunny-side-up quail egg  
 shredded lettuce  
 sliced tomato  
 pickles to taste  
 freshly baked white bun, toasted  
**LOVE SAUCE**  
 2 tbsp. ketchup  
 2 tbsp. mayonnaise  
 1 tsp. homemade chopped spicy pickles  
 ½ tsp. rub (equal parts chopped rosemary, thyme, salt, pepper, cumin, garlic powder, chili pepper)

## Meet the Press Love in the Afternoon

"Five months of research went into making this burger," says Texan Tim Love, chef-auteur of the Dirty Love Burger and the man behind Fort Worth's Love Shack and his flagship, the Lonesome Dove Western Bistro, specializing in wild game. "We came up with the grind, which is half prime brisket and half prime tenderloin. Then we started building the burger, incorporating the love." Can't make it to Fort Worth? Here's how to make this masterpiece at home. Serve with a stiff margarita.

## Dream Boat When Your Ship Comes In

Behold the concept renderings for the most absurdly decadent super-yacht ever—the 58-meter-long WHY. The concept is the collaborative fantasy of Luca Bassani Antivari, head of Monaco-based Wally, and Pierre-Alexis Dumas, artistic director of Hermès (thus the name WHY: Wally Hermès Yachts). Antivari calls it a "moving island." It has 3,900 square meters of living area and a max speed of 14 knots. It's also laden with green tech: a rainwater-collection system, 960 square meters of solar panels and a 2,400 kilowatt diesel-electric engine. We can only imagine the launch party.



## BARMATE: Kat Corbin In search of America's hottest bartenders



**PLAYBOY:** Is it corset night in here?  
**KAT:** Every weekend is corset night at John Barleycorn in Schaumburg [Illinois].

**PLAYBOY:** Seriously?

**KAT:** Yes. We always wear costumes; it gives the bar a flirty, fun vibe. It's always a sexy party. When you hang in most bars you feel as though you're in a bar. We want to make you feel as if you're in our house, maybe even our bedroom.

**PLAYBOY:** We've come to the right place then. Not only are you a stunner, you are a tall drink of water.

**KAT:** That's what the customers notice first: my height...and my boobs.

**PLAYBOY:** And if you weren't standing behind the bar they'd be salivating over your legs.

**KAT:** Thank you.

**PLAYBOY:** No joke—they go on forever. How long are they?

**KAT:** Good question. Let's see if we can scare up a tape measurer.... Okay, got one.

**PLAYBOY:** Wow—three feet nine inches. Thanks. You are down for anything.

**KAT:** Anything fun—it's just my nature. Hey, don't you want a drink?

**PLAYBOY:** Almost forgot. What's the Kat special?

### VITAMIN D

2 oz. 4 Rebels Dragon  
 Fruit vodka

¾ oz. peach schnapps  
 Splash pineapple juice  
 Splash cranberry juice

Pour all ingredients into  
 a pint glass filled with  
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 CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM.  
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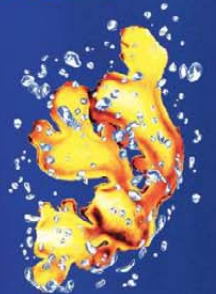
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## Movie of the Month

**Jonah Hex**

By Stephen Rebell

"A phantasmagoria of insanity" is how Josh Brolin has described the movie version of the 1970s-era DC comic series *Jonah Hex*, in which the actor plays the title character, a disfigured ex-Confederate soldier turned bounty hunter. Megan Fox plays his longtime prostitute love interest, and John Malkovich is the wacko terrorist obsessed with how badly the Civil War turned out. The supernatural-tinged action movie is directed by former animator Jimmy Hayward, features a musical score by Mastodon and sports an off-center supporting cast that includes Will Arnett as a Union soldier, Michael Shannon as a snake-oil-selling carny, Michael Fassbender as Malkovich's tattooed henchman and Aidan Quinn as President William McKinley. Brolin, who spent three hours daily in makeup to perfect his badly scarred spaghetti Western look, has praised the project's "absurd elements." "The sex scene is pretty risqué and nerve-racking," he told *The New York Times* of his scene with Fox. "It's hard to act when you're naked."



**KILLER EFFECT**


Look for controversy when *The Killer Inside Me* opens. Jim Thompson's brutal 1952 noir novel was already adapted into a much tamer 1976 movie, but director Michael Winterbottom's new version is a rough ride. Casey Affleck's psycho sheriff beats **Jessica Alba** so brutally some audience members—and Alba herself—walked out of a screening at Sundance.

## Now Showing in Theaters



**Prince of Persia: The Sands of Time** Jake Gyllenhaal isn't the first guy you'd think of to play a swashbuckling Middle Eastern prince. But this desert-and-sabers epic is directed by the sharp Mike Newell, so we say roll with it.

**Sex and the City 2** In the latest sequel to HBO's estrogen-driven phenomenon expect Sarah Jessica Parker to go through another relationship upheaval, Kim Cattrall to juggle boy toys and the woman in your life to see it with or without you.

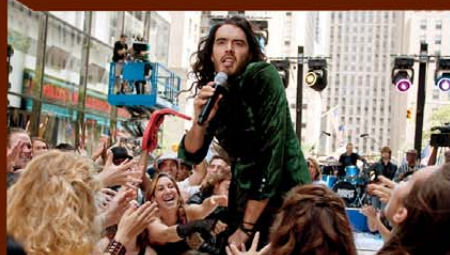


**Splice** Things get gnarly for rebel genetic engineers Adrien Brody and Sarah Polley in this sci-fi thriller. Their forbidden experiments with splicing human and animal DNA create a deformed baby that morphs into a deadly new life-form.



**The A-Team** Bradley Cooper, Quinton "Rampage" Jackson, Sharlto Copley and Liam Neeson storm the screen in this king-size blowup of the cheesy 1980s TV series. Expect lots of action, CGI explosions and Jessica Biel.

**Get Him to the Greek** Russell Brand stars as the wild man rock star he plays in *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, and Jonah Hill is a record company intern frantic to get Brand to a gig in L.A. Cameos by Christina Aguilera and Pink keep things popping.



**Ondine** In Neil Jordan's wee bit o' Irish whimsy, Colin Farrell plays a fisherman who falls for a mysterious half-naked stranger he accidentally scoops up in his nets. Farrell's young daughter insists her father's catch is a mermaid.



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## Documentary of the Month Hef the Activist

In this cynical age it's difficult to imagine there lives a man who fought for reproductive rights, drug law reform, free speech, racial equality and

sexual tolerance—and not only made it look cool but turned it into the never-ending party we now know as PLAYBOY. Trying to capture all the reflected facets of Hugh Hefner in one go is like trying to read every issue of PLAYBOY in a single sitting, but documentarian Brigitte Berman comes close to accomplishing the impossible in *Hugh Hefner: Playboy, Activist and Rebel*. After its premiere last fall at the Toronto International Film Festival and critically acclaimed screenings at New York's Museum of Modern Art and the Miami International Film Festival, viewers walked away with the undeniable feeling that, pound for pound, Hef may just be the all-time champ among individuals who influenced social progress in the 20th century. And it's clear he had a great time doing it. (The film is about to be released in theaters, with the

DVD available later this year.) As Gene Simmons says on camera, Hef is one of the most envied men in America, and for good reason. The founder of PLAYBOY will always be associated with his Playmates, but as Berman shows, his social mission is no less important. In the 1950s Hef responded to the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings by publishing the work of blacklisted writers and featuring blacklisted performers on *Playboy's Penthouse*. With his magazine Hefner sought to challenge the prevailing standards of a repressive time. His unwavering commitment to racial equality—well before such a stance was socially acceptable—deserves greater recognition. This is a man who, while best known for his hedonistic lifestyle, has never confined himself to the pursuit of pleasure. Hefner remains steadfastly committed to his social and cultural values, from free speech to all that jazz. And Berman makes it all look like a blast. ♡♡♡♡ —Al Clarke



## Tease Frame

**Kim Cattrall** shot to stardom playing a store prop that comes to life in 1987's *Mannequin*, but her subsequent on-screen antics have been anything but stiff. Just ask Rob Lowe, who seems sweaty and satisfied after a roll with Cattrall in *Masquerade* (pictured). This summer she reprises the role of insatiable cougar Samantha Jones when she reunites with her NYC gal pals in *Sex and the City 2*.



## DVD of the Month

### True Blood: The Complete Second Season

The supernatural shenanigans of Bon Temps, Louisiana in *True Blood: The Complete Second Season* still deliver a Southern Gothic treat with Skinemax sizzle, murderous mayhem and gory horror chic. Telepathic Sookie Stackhouse (Anna Paquin) immerses herself deeper into the vampire realm; her half-wit brother, Jason (Ryan Kwanten), becomes a mercenary of God; and maenad Maryann's (Michelle

Forbes) seductive sway over the town leads to eerie orgiastic ecstasy and the wildest wedding this side of *The Wicker Man*. Being dead has never been livelier. **Best extras:** Both the DVD and Blu-ray contain "The Vampire Report: Special Edition," which highlights the year's biggest bloodsucker headlines, while the BD adds enhanced picture-in-picture functionality on every episode. ♡♡♡½ —Bryan Reesman

## Game of the Month

# Red Dead Redemption

Most Western-themed video games deserve to be dragged into the street and shot. It took the outlaws behind *Grand Theft Auto* to get it right with *Red Dead Redemption* (360, PS3). Reformed renegade John Marston is strong-armed by the government into hunting down the double-crossing rats from his former posse or risk losing his wife and child. Marston hits the trail through Mexico and the Pacific Northwest as he looks for members of his old gang, with stops for seeking treasure, dealing with Mexican banditos and the occasional saloon brawl. Activate the Dead Eye feature during frenzied shoot-outs to throw the action into slow motion, giving Marston a better chance of putting a bullet between the eyes of any four-flusher brave enough to draw on him. 🐾🐾🐾 —Jason Buhrmester



## Also in gaming



**BLUR** (360, PC, PS3) With realism chucked by the roadside, this racer is about nitro boosts and road-clearing weapons as you floor it through such cities as Barcelona and San Francisco. You can even tweet from the game before being wiped out in brutal collisions. 🐾🐾



**SKATE 3** (360, PS3) My Name Is Earl star (and former pro skateboarder) Jason Lee appears as Coach Frank, your skateboarding sensei. When you're ready to shred, you can hit the streets in a sprawling concrete paradise or join your friends and head online to rip together. 🐾🐾🐾

## Summer Sequels and Stunners



Writing a sequel is a challenging act of honoring the past and re-inventing it. It's time travel, and it's all the more daunting if the original work

became a critical darling, best-seller or Hollywood film. In Bret Easton Ellis's case, his 1985 novel, **Less Than Zero**, became all of the above, including a movie that now watches like a parody of 1980s debauchery. The novel, 25 years old and celebrating with a reissue, has aged far better and retains much of its appeal: a blithe nightmarishness and a cast of privileged teenagers for whom coming-of-age means moral suicide. The sequel, **Imperial Bedrooms**, revisits these characters in middle age. Their L.A. hasn't changed,

but the city's players are at once more fluent in its depravities and more disoriented by them. There is a murder, and the narrator, Clay, who's now a screenwriter, is being stalked. The atmosphere of paranoia and shifting realities owes more to Nathanael West or Kafka than to Chandler, but its dirty charms are indisputable and make for a smart if elliptical follow-up. Scott Turow suffered all the success Ellis did, with his blockbuster **Presumed Innocent**. As courtroom dramas go, it set a standard for balancing legal know-how, psychological acuity and narrative drive. **Innocent**, its sequel, finds Rusty Sabich again on trial for murder, with Tommy Molto leading the charge

against him. The rematch between the two men is as clever about asserting distinctions between right and wrong as it is about subverting them. There are no heroes here; it's the contest and its strategies that make for superlative entertainment. **The Things They Carried** by Tim O'Brien needs no sequel, though every novel written about Vietnam is necessarily compared against it, most unflatteringly. But **Matterhorn** holds its own. Like O'Brien, author Karl Marlantes served in Vietnam, and while he hasn't O'Brien's poetry, he has an epic and intimate sense of the bureaucracy and the battle scenes, of the men who survive but often wish they hadn't. It has the makings of another classic. —Amy Grace Loyd



## Music

# The Dark Side of the Flaming Lips

By Rob Tannenbaum

Wayne Coyne, leader of the Flaming Lips, discusses the band's new album, a smoking remake of a Pink Floyd classic called—brace yourself—*The Flaming Lips and Stardeath and White Dwarfs With Henry Rollins and Peaches Doing the Dark Side of the Moon*.

**Q:** Why did you decide to cover *Dark Side of the Moon*?

**A:** We got a call saying iTunes wanted us to record some exclusive tracks. I just said, "Let's cover *Dark Side of the Moon*." I don't know why I said it. But it was a cheaper, better way out than coming up with seven or eight original songs. My best ideas happen in a panic.

**Q:** Let's talk about drugs.

**A:** Awesome!

**Q:** Is *Dark Side* a drug album?

**A:** When it came out, in 1973, my friends in Oklahoma City were smoking pot all the time and taking quaaludes. Most records in the early 1970s were bought by people in the most decadent section of the drug upswing, and obviously that's why America took to Pink Floyd.

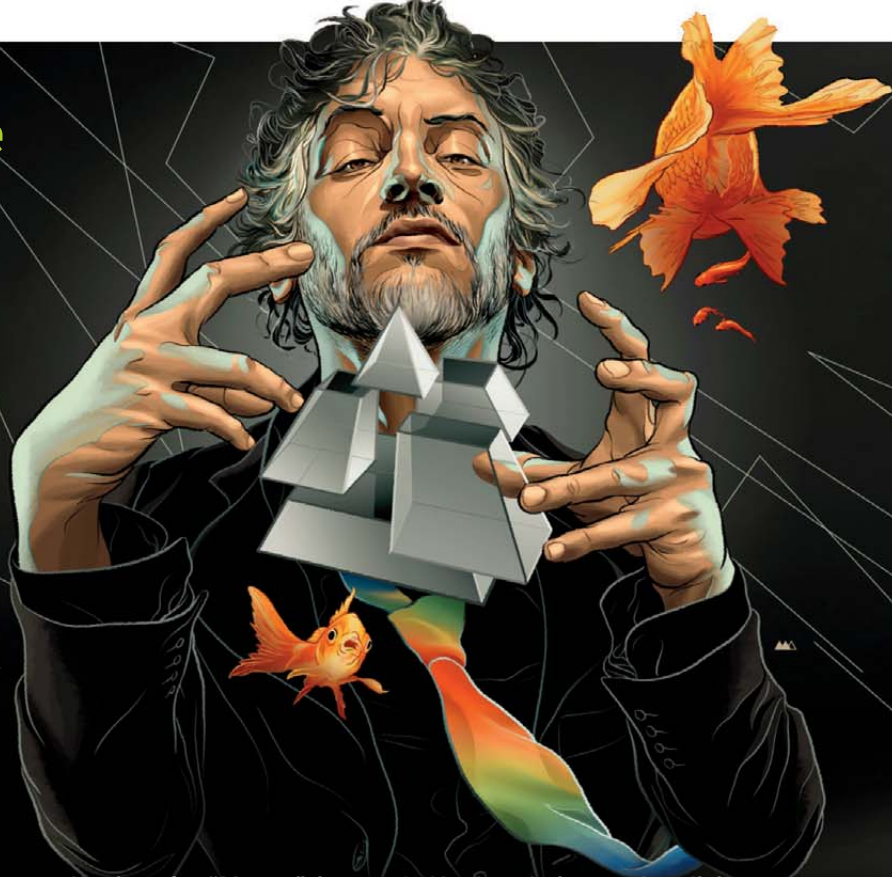
**Q:** You weren't exactly true to the original version, were you?

**A:** We purposely made ours freakier and more aggressive—there was no

reason to play it safe. "Money" is a song I never need to hear again, but it's the most popular because it's cynical. And the lyrics say "bullshit," and kids love to hear that.

**Q:** Have you heard from any of the members of Pink Floyd?

**A:** No, but their merchandising camp wants to do a Pink Floyd–Flaming Lips shirt. To me that's a sure sign [Pink Floyd mastermind] Roger Waters is saying, "Even though I don't like them, I think I can make some money off them."



MARTIN ANSIN

## The Classics

# The Stones' *Exile on Main Street*

*Exile on Main Street* is one of the few records as great as its reputation (*Sgt. Pepper*, we're looking at you), but its appeal has always been inscrutability: An excursion across gospel and

country recorded by "drunks and junkies"—Mick Jagger's words—largely in the humid, labyrinthine basement of a former Nazi headquarters, *Exile* is coated in brown murk and jagged barnacles. The words can't be

excavated, the music can't be understood. The Rolling Stones, with their ever-present eye on your wallet, are reissuing this 1972 record in three formats, including a "super deluxe edition" listed at \$179.98. The new remastering heightens Mick Taylor's wild slide guitar, but the music remains as mazelike as the bunker in which the band toiled. ♣♣♣♣

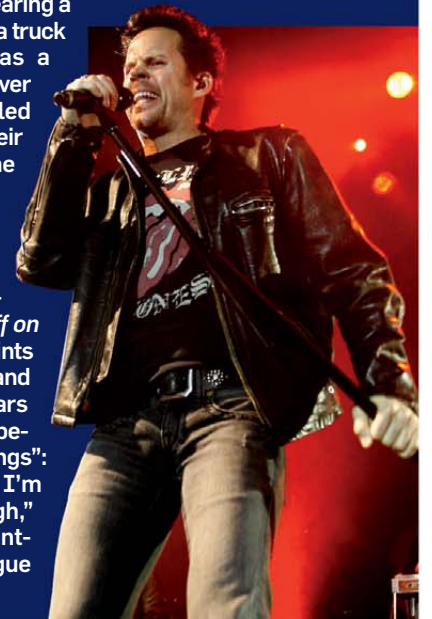


## Album of the Month

# Gary Allan Gets Unhappy

His life sounds like the pitch for a Showtime series: A tattooed Mormon of 42, Gary Allan has had three wives (not simultaneously—he's not that kind of Mormon), was singing with his dad in California honky-tonks before puberty, served in the Army and moved to Nashville when a wealthy couple wrote him a no-strings check for \$12,000 after hearing a CD accidentally left in the glove box of a truck they'd bought. His second wife was a Versace model. His third, who was never properly treated for depression, killed herself in 2004, using his pistol in their bedroom while their kids slept and he was in the kitchen getting her a soda.

Given all this, it's no surprise Allan believes there are too many happy songs in country music today. He's right, and if you agree, he's your antidote. His terrific eighth album, *Get Off on the Pain*, is tough and intense, with hints of Chris Isaak's blue-light brooding and plenty of classic-rock heft in the guitars (in one song Allan mentions Led Zeppelin). Don't come looking for "happy songs": In high points such as "Kiss Me When I'm Down" and "I Think I've Had Enough," Allan's voice presses into disappointment and hard memories like a tongue pushing against a loose tooth. ♣♣♣♣



## Naked Ambition on Playboy TV

Held annually in Las Vegas and dubbed "the Oscars of porn" by everyone in the industry, the Adult Video News Awards honor the most talented people in the adult-entertainment business. The event is also a notoriously good time. *Naked Ambition: An R Rated Look at an X Rated Industry*, a documentary co-produced by Playboy TV, offers a glimpse inside this anything-goes affair and the sex industry that spawned it. To create this candid, often hilarious film, celebrity photographer Michael Grecco was given an all-access backstage pass to the 2006 and 2007 AVN Awards. "It was like a Fellini movie because it mixes this idea of a gala event with the rock and roll of the adult world," Grecco says. *Naked Ambition* premieres on Playboy TV on Wednesday, June 2 at nine p.m. and is also available on DVD.



## Playboy Clubs' 50th Anniversary

On a cold night in 1960, the first Playboy Club opened on Walton Street in Chicago. The franchise grew quickly, and the Playboy Club became the world's most successful nightclub

chain. Key-carrying members came to see performances by the biggest names in showbiz and to enjoy impeccable Bunny service. On June 10, in honor of the 50th anniversary of the Playboy Club and the iconic Playboy Bunny, Playboy will host 50 Playboy Club parties in 50 cities, including Las Vegas, Miami, Chicago, Cancún, London, Hong Kong and Johannesburg. For updates and information about venues and tickets, visit [playboyclub50.com](http://playboyclub50.com).



## Playboy Loves Beer Pong

There are those who think beer pong is fun, and there are those who consider it a sport. For the latter, Playboy has created the perfect piece of party equipment. Crafted to meet the needs of true pong enthusiasts, the Playboy Beer Pong Table is durable, built to ideal specifications (two and a half feet by two feet by eight feet) and comes with Rabbit Head balls. It also folds easily into a portable case, so pong devotees never have to leave home without their game. Available at [partypongtables.com](http://partypongtables.com) for \$150.







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# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS



D.C. COPS CAN ARREST A WOMAN FOR CARRYING MORE THAN **TWO** CONDOMS.

IN A RECENT NATIONAL SLEEP FOUNDATION SURVEY, **25%** OF AMERICANS SAID THEY ARE TOO TIRED TO HAVE SEX ON A REGULAR BASIS.



SINCE 1997 THE NUMBER OF STRIP CLUBS IN THE U.K. HAS INCREASED BY **1,150%**.



## 19 HOURS

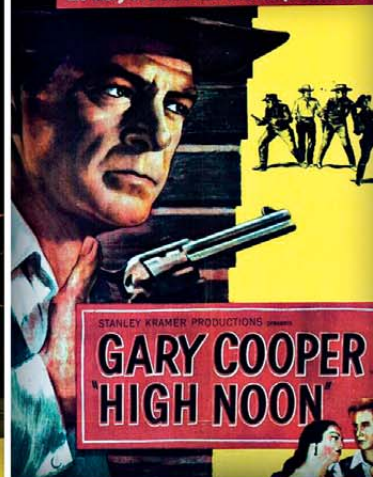
ACCORDING TO A NEW SURVEY, U.S. EMPLOYEES SPEND 19 HOURS A WEEK (13 HOURS DURING THE WORKWEEK AND 6 HOURS ON THE WEEKEND) WORRYING ABOUT "WHAT A BOSS SAYS OR DOES."

## PRICE CHECK

# \$115,538

PRICE PAID AT LEGENDARY AUCTIONS FOR 11 LOVE LETTERS AND 3 TELEGRAMS SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY WROTE TO HIS SWEDISH MISTRESS GUNILLA VON POST IN 1954 AND 1955.

the story of a man who was too proud to run!



A PERSON WHO DRAWS SECOND IN A GUNFIGHT ACTUALLY DISCHARGES HIS WEAPON **10%** FASTER THAN HIS OPPONENT.

**3%** OF AMERICAN MEN SUFFER FROM PEYRONIE'S DISEASE, A BENT AND SCARRED PENIS.



## WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

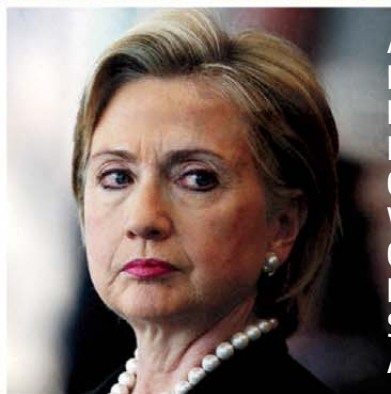
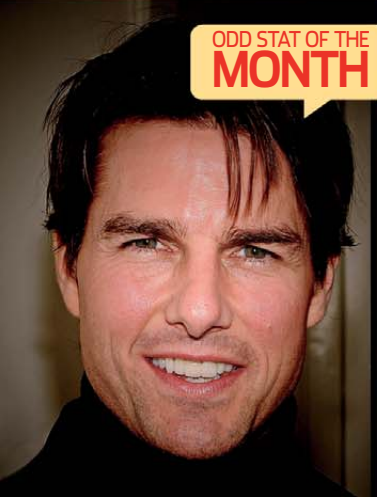
7 out of 10 women surveyed said they are turned on by men who help with household chores.



## ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

### FEMALE ONLINE DATERS VALUE HEIGHT OVER INCOME

STATISTICS SHOW THAT A MAN WHO IS 5'9" MUST EARN **\$30,000 MORE** THAN ONE WHO'S 5'10" IF HE WANTS TO GET AS MANY DATES.



ACCORDING TO NEW RESEARCH FROM THE KINSEY INSTITUTE, **72%** OF MEN AND WOMEN BELIEVE GIVING OR RECEIVING ORAL SEX QUALIFIES AS HAVING SEX.

BE FOREWARNED: **35%** OF PEOPLE WHO USE PERSONAL ADS FOR DATING ARE ALREADY MARRIED.

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## Union Jacked

Britain's hottest new ride: the Aston Martin Rapide

Striking along corkscrew mountain roads above Valencia, Spain in Aston Martin's new Rapide sedan, we paused in a village for photos. A crowd immediately surrounded the car. A man asked, "¿Es italiano?" We replied, "No, es inglés." "¡Que guapa!" he replied, an expression used to describe a beautiful woman. The Rapide has just snatched the title of world's best-looking four-door sedan from Porsche and Bentley. Built on a stretched Aston DB9 VH platform, with a taut aluminum-and-carbon-fiber body and an impossibly low silhouette, the Rapide is a concept car brought to life. Elegant, yes, but the 470 hp V12 is a beast (top whack: 188 mph). Count on about \$200,000. For more pics and info, go to [playboy.com/rapide](http://playboy.com/rapide).



## Liquid Gold

The latest buzz from Kentucky: Never in the 52 years that Maker's Mark has produced bourbon has the distillery offered a brand extension, until now. About 25,000 cases of Maker's 46 will ship in 2010. The difference? A slightly higher proof (94), a slightly higher price (about \$35) and a hint more smoke that marries nicely with Maker's signature sweetness. The name comes from the seared staves used in the aging process (no, it's not 46-year-old whiskey).



## Leather Man

Anthony Mazzei designed his first bag in 1994 in his dorm room. Now his company, Hlaska, has a growing clientele across the U.S. We love a good success story. The idea? Original, functional, handmade leather bags and wallets. The flagship store is on Fillmore Street in San Francisco, but you can order from [hlaska.com](http://hlaska.com). Pictured: wallets that are not too hard on the eyes or the wallet (\$95 to \$195).

## How to Get Lucky, Tiger

“Lucky Tiger has been helping men get lucky since 1935,” goes the classic grooming product company’s current motto. Which makes this year its 75th anniversary. Lucky Tiger was the most popular product in barbershops during what we hereby dub the golden age of grooming: the 1930s to 1950s, when men got their shaves while telling dirty jokes in barber chairs. The Essential Grooming Kit (\$72, [luckytiger.net](http://luckytiger.net)) includes cream, aftershave, face wash and moisturizer, all made with organic ingredients.



## Hack Your Life: Safe Phone Sex

The cell phone is the single most useful sex toy in history. No other device has proven so adept at facilitating hookups and maintaining relationships. But your magical device can also provide evidence of said hookups, an electronic trail that could land you in hot water. By all outward appearances, Secret Contacts (iPhone, \$2) is a restaurant tip calculator. It even functions as such—until you enter your secret code as the meal price, at which point it turns into a

clandestine little black book that holds all the names and numbers you’d rather not advertise. Those looking to cover their texting tracks on iPhone, Blackberry or Android devices can subscribe to Tigertext (\$2 a month, [tigertext.com](http://tigertext.com)), which allows users to set an expiration on text messages (to as short as 60 seconds after they’re opened), after which they disappear forever. The creators claim the name’s similarity to a prominent golfer is merely a coincidence.

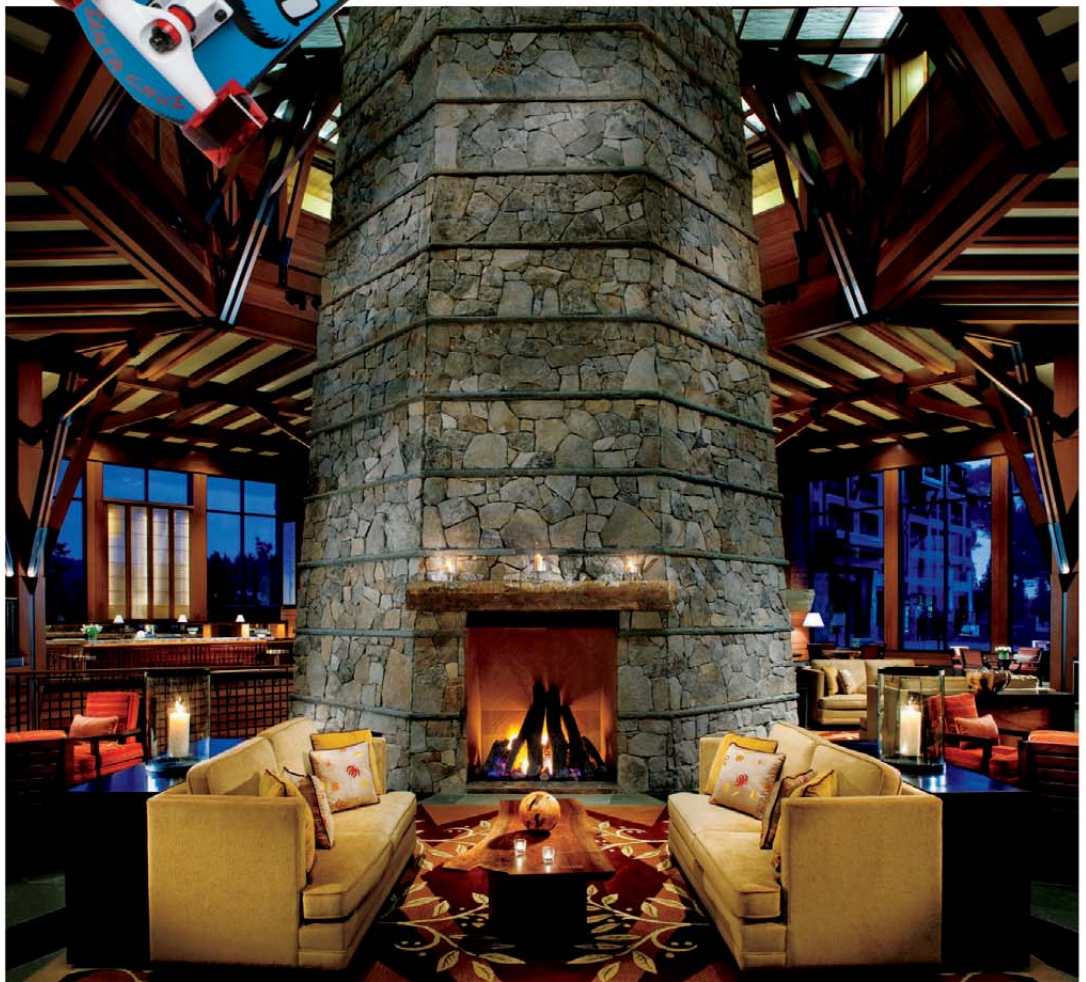
## Rolling in the Aisles

Santa Cruz was one of the first skateboard companies, launched in 1973 by northern California surfers. The company’s shtick: cool design with an edgy sense of humor. Check out the hilarious “Screaming Hand” videos on [santacruzskateboards.com](http://santacruzskateboards.com). Pictured: the limited-edition Screaming Foot Cruiser (\$125).



## Mountain Hideaway

You’ve spent the day slalom skiing on crystal-clear Lake Tahoe with a long-legged Russian yoga teacher named Veronika. Now you’re taking in the sunset from one of these couches at the new \$300 million, 170-room Ritz-Carlton Highlands in Tahoe (rooms from \$299, [ritzcarlton.com/laketahoe](http://ritzcarlton.com/laketahoe)), tucked into the woods at the Northstar ski resort. “This place is unreal,” Veronika says in between chilled vodka shots. “It just opened,” you say. “It’s a mountain hideaway in summer, a ski lodge in winter. The chef at the hotel’s restaurant, Manzanita, is James Beard Award winner Traci Des Jardins. You should see the 1,900-square-foot presidential suite.” She says, “I thought you’d never ask.” “Waiter? Check, please.”

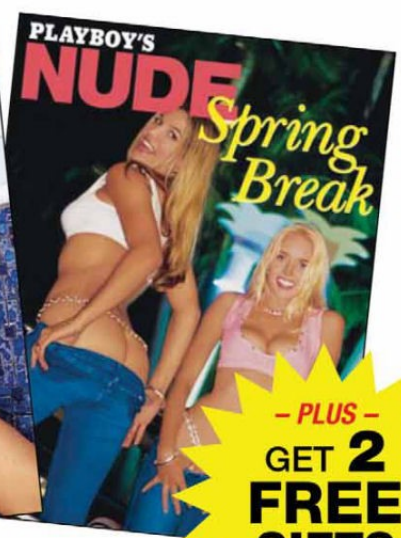
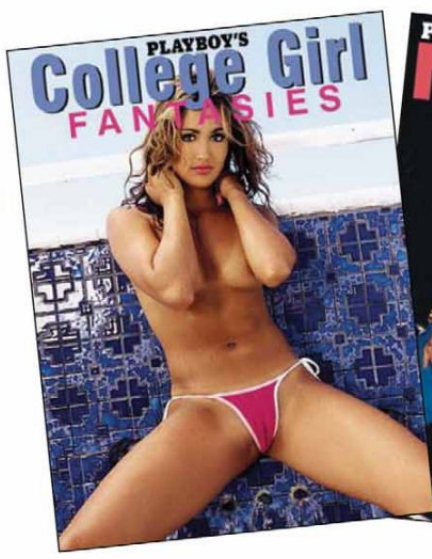




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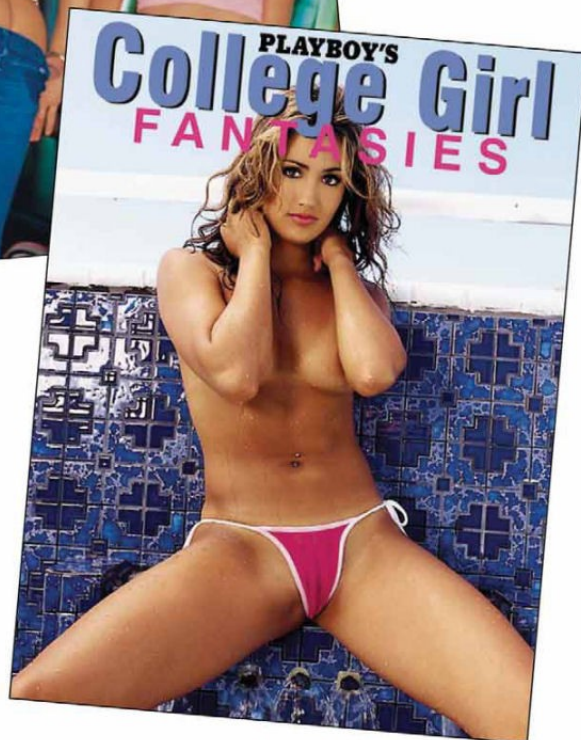
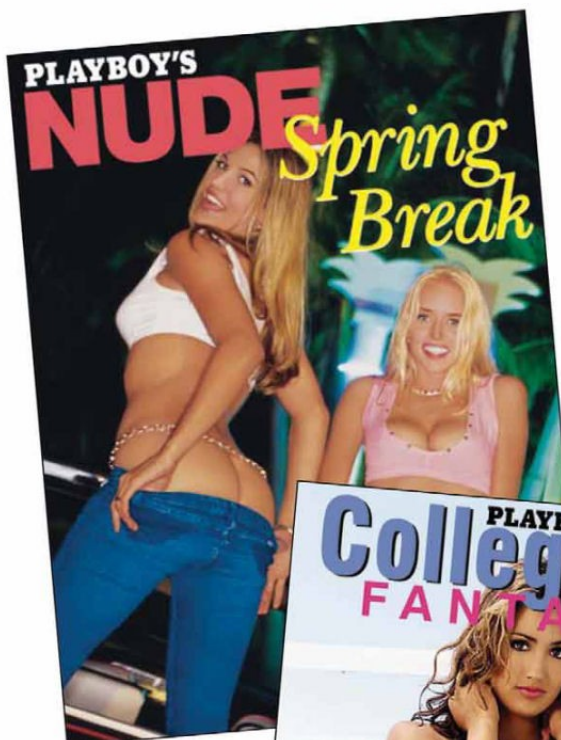


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# PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y husband uses Facebook to contact old high school friends, including ex-girlfriends. A few weeks ago he let slip that he had phoned one of these women. I grabbed his phone and looked for the number, only to learn, after dragging it out of him, that he had listed it under a male name. I'm concerned his untruthfulness may lead to bigger problems. What do you think?—G.W., Elyria, Ohio

*Your husband is playing with fire. Psychologist Nancy Kalish, author of *Lost & Found Lovers* (lostlovers.com), has for years studied men and women who reconnect with past loves. The Internet didn't create the situation, but it has made it easier. One man who contacted Kalish looking for a support group said his wife left him and their two children for a guy she had a crush on when she was 12, after she'd found him on Facebook. Because so few reunions that involve cheating have happy endings, Kalish recommends married people not contact old flames unless they are prepared to damage even a strong marriage. If you're beyond that and are getting divorced, it's also wise to stay offline. A survey of its members by the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers found 81 percent are seeing more use of social-media posts as evidence in divorce cases, with Facebook by far the most popular source. An estranged spouse doesn't have to find evidence of cheating but of "contradictions to previously made statements and promises," as the AAML's president puts it.*

**I** watched at my local watering hole as one bartender demonstrated to another how to make a bloody mary. When I said, "Don't forget the beer chaser," they looked at me as if I was crazy. Am I missing something?—R.H., Oklee, Minnesota

*You're not crazy. We can only guess the bartenders were new to the Midwest because we've never been served a bloody mary in Minnesota or Wisconsin without a beer chaser of at least four ounces and sometimes 12. "Captain" Ken Michaelchuck of Cedarburg, Wisconsin, who has chronicled online his search for the perfect bloody mary (which includes the chaser), found the best recipe at a local tavern called Morton's, which he then modified "to make it even better." You will need one and a half ounces of vodka or peppered vodka, a half teaspoon of horseradish, a dash of celery salt, two dashes of ground black pepper, a half teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, a half teaspoon of lemon juice, one to three drops of Tabasco, six ounces of tomato juice and two ounces of clam juice. "Use a big glass," says Captain Ken. "This is a lot of beverage." For the rim coating, mix a table-*

**I** always take the initiative when my girlfriend and I have sex, with one exception: She makes sure we have sex on the nights, and sometimes mornings, when my mother stays over. This gives me an incentive to have my mother visit, but it's weird when my girlfriend takes charge. Any idea what's going on? As far as I can tell there's no animosity between them.—L.A., San Diego, California

*What happens at family reunions? If you're not getting any "I'll show that bitch" vibes, this sounds like the equivalent of screwing in your parents' bed. Your girlfriend is turned on by being naughty right under the nose of presumably judgmental authority and perhaps equally so by the possibility of being discovered or at least overheard. It's too bad you can't get this treatment when your mother isn't visiting by saying, "Shhh! My mom's in the other room." Or maybe you can.*

*spoon of celery salt, a quarter teaspoon of Old Bay Seasoning (used by Marylanders to season crabs) and a pinch of ground black pepper on a plate, and spread in a doughnut shape about the diameter of the glass. Rub the rim with a lemon wedge and place the glass upside down in the mix. Turn it back over and mix the liquid ingredients and horseradish. Add ice cubes and sprinkle with celery salt, Old Bay and pepper. Throw in the squeezed lemon wedge and add a stick of celery and "a mini-meal on a skewer"—a large cooked, peeled shrimp, a quarter spear of kosher pickle, a green olive stuffed with pimento and a small square of beef jerky. This lies across*

*the top of the glass, with the pickle in the drink.*

**I**s it unusual to be more attracted to a woman after you break up because you know she is fucking other men?—C.M., Vancouver, British Columbia

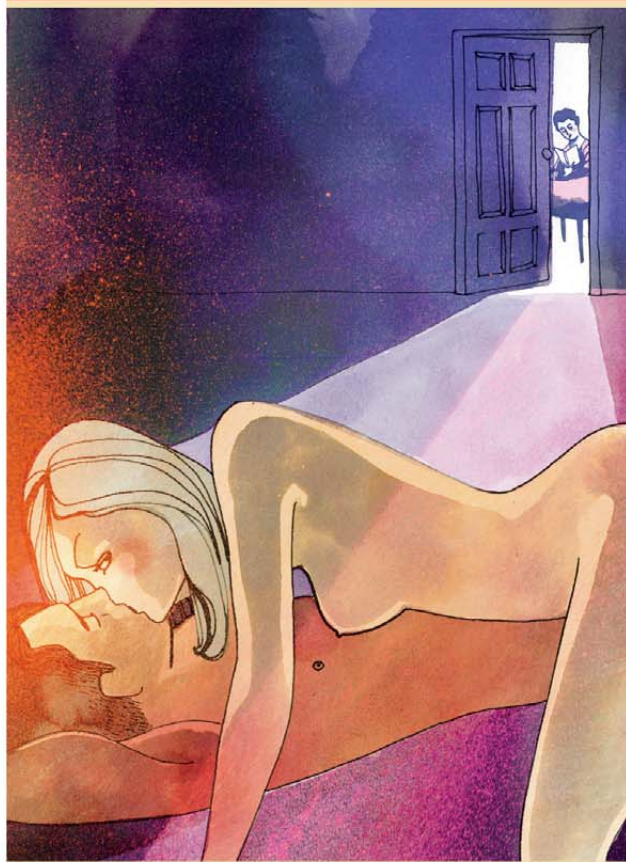
*No, but it's unfortunate.*

**M**y ex-wife and I have two teenage children. My son looks like me, but my daughter does not. She also has a different blood type. I am O+ and my daughter is O-. My ex is A+. She claims it's not unusual for a child to be negative if both parents are positive. Even though it wouldn't change how I feel about my daughter, should I get a DNA test to find out if I must continue to pay child support?—J.M., Longview, Texas

*The blood types don't exclude you as the father. Although there are rare exceptions caused by gene mutations, parents who are A and O can only produce a child who is A or O. In fact, the most famous case involving paternity blood typing also involved this combination. In 1943 an unknown actress sued Charlie Chaplin for child support. She was A and Chaplin was O, but tests showed the baby was B. However, the jury ignored that evidence and ordered the exasperated Chaplin to pay. The plus/negative (Rh) factor is inherited separately, and two positive parents can have a negative child. If a DNA test confirms your suspicion, we're not sure announcing you still love your daughter but want to pay only for her brother will strengthen your relationship. At this point she's your daughter whatever the genetics.*

**A**s I understand it, genital herpes is spread through skin-to-skin contact. This can occur even if no symptoms are present. I also understand condoms provide some protection but do not cover all the skin that can be affected. Given those facts, herpes must be widespread in the porn industry, yet you never read about performers having STDs except when they quit because they have HIV. Why is that?—R.R., Columbus, Ohio

*It's not good for business. Porn is about creating fantasies, and few people fantasize about STDs or condoms. Some industry insiders estimate at least half if not nearly all adult performers have herpes (compared with 16 percent of all Americans under 50), although a study of 115 British performers found only three. Whatever the tally, there are plenty of other STDs to contend with. Data collected by a clinic that serves the Los Angeles industry found performers under the age of 25 suffer from five to seven*



TINA BERENSON

times the number of STDs as the general population of the same age. That figure is probably conservative, health officials say, because the clinic doesn't check the mouth or anus, which are common reservoirs for repeat infections. One concern is that performers spread disease to the public by infecting nonperformers they date. The L.A. County Department of Public Health and others have called for a state worker protection law that would mandate condoms, suggesting camera angles could limit their visibility or they could be digitally erased in postproduction to preserve the fantasy of safe, unprotected sex. But there's no big drive among legislators to stand up for sex workers.

I like to cook waffles for a woman after a night of fun, but I've never found an easy way to clean my electric iron. It's covered in burnt butter and batter and is becoming unpresentable. I am afraid to immerse it in water, and sponges can't reach into the grooves. Any tips?—N.L., Washington, D.C.

First, if your waffles stick, don't use cooking spray but add more oil to the batter. Also, never clean the iron with soap, which can damage the nonstick surface. After the surface has cooled, use a dry paper towel to soak up any oil and a soft-bristle toothbrush and/or a rubber spatula to loosen any remaining batter. For stubborn batter, apply cooking oil, let it soak for a few minutes, then hit it with a paper towel. At this point, depending on how often you get laid, you may need to start over with a new iron.

My daughter's fiancé introduced us to his parents, who, it turns out, we had met many years before—at a swingers' club. We didn't just meet them, we had sex with them. Should we speak to them about this or treat it as we view it, i.e., ancient history?—K.C., St. Louis, Missouri

We would speak to them about it to make sure they agree it's ancient history.

Should your suit jacket be unbuttoned when you sit (à la David Letterman) or buttoned (à la Keith Olbermann)?—S.C., Lawrence, Kansas

Either approach is fine, though your clothes should be cut so you can sit comfortably with your coat buttoned. "If you watch President Obama, you'll see he often sits down without unbuttoning his jacket," says custom clothier Alan Flusser, author of *Dressing the Man: Mastering the Art of Permanent Fashion*. "He's thin enough and his clothes are cut generously enough that he can do it. If you can't, your clothes are too tight." (This may not always have been the case, but that's a different problem.) Flusser notes the bottom button of a jacket should be undone when you sit because it shouldn't be buttoned in the first place. "You'll see people on television wearing two-button coats with both buttons fastened," he says. "I don't know where people got that from. It's strange to have a button you don't button, but the fact is the coat opens." They were originally designed that way, he says, to make it easier for men to ride horses.

Why is sex referred to as "the birds and the bees"?—W.H., Lucasville, Ohio

For centuries the birds and bees (and butterflies and trees) were symbols of the wonders of nature, but the phrase's meaning was likely corrupted by the 1928 Cole Porter hit "Let's Do It": "And that's why birds do it, bees do it/Even educated fleas do it/Let's do it, let's fall in love." Some say birds symbolize the female, since they lay eggs (representing ovulation and the womb), while bees, which spread pollen (semen), are the male.

A reader wrote in March because he is unsure how to tell his new girlfriend he's a cross-dresser. In college I stumbled across my boyfriend's lingerie and tapes and had all the questions you mentioned in your response. I thought he must be gay, and it crushed me. I went to therapy and dropped out of school for a semester. I became the dominatrix he wanted, but the relationship ended for reasons other than his fetish. Always tell your partner about your habit. She may decide to leave, but if she finds out any other way, it will hurt.—R.K., Little Rock, Arkansas

That's wise counsel. You know you're in a mature relationship when you dump your cross-dressing boyfriend for some other reason.

I'm 23 and have had one serious relationship. This may be because I tell guys up front I'm saving myself for marriage. When they ask what that means, I explain it includes anything involving the touching of genitalia. I will buy porn and sex toys or masturbate close to him while he does the same. In this day and age is it reasonable to expect a man to remain monogamous without premarital sex?—R.S., Dayton, Ohio

This is a slope slippery with lube. The sexual revolution gives you the freedom to remain a virgin for as long as you can stand it, but we doubt you are going to remain in this state for long with such lax standards. The aroused mind has a powerful hunger. Also keep in mind you may be saving yourself (barely) for someone who doesn't want to be your one and only.

Last year a reader wrote about being spanked by his wife as punishment for his misdeeds. I'm in the same boat. Our agreement is that spankings never occur where children or relatives might see or where it is illegal to bare your buttocks. I have been spanked in dressing rooms, the men's room at bars, the locker room at a golf club and a manager's office at an airport after explaining to him why we needed a few minutes of privacy. Pain, humiliation and embarrassment are excellent teachers, and I have become a better partner and citizen. Everything else about our relationship is normal. For example, we make decisions together about major purchases and vacations. I hope this reassures other men they are not alone.—W.S., Key Largo, Florida

Why do we suspect you're provoking her?

My girlfriend, who is a bit of a daredevil in and out of the bedroom, wants to take me skydiving. She says not to worry, but if my chute fails, is it possible to survive the fall?—H.M., Memphis, Tennessee

Do you love this woman? Because this won't be the last time she asks you to take a flying leap. As a novice skydiver you will be attached to an instructor who also doesn't want to die and will know how best to avoid it. That should take some worry out of the equation. Millions of people have dropped from the sky and survived, including at least 200 who didn't have chutes, according to Jim Hamilton, curator of the Free Fall Research Page ([greenharbor.com](http://greenharbor.com)) and author of *Long-Fall Survival: Analysis of the Collected Accounts*. The exclusive club includes World War II gunners who lived after falling as far as four miles and airline passengers who rode down in the wreckage. If you ever find yourself in this unusual situation, look for trees, snow, mud or a hill you can roll down on impact. Aim feetfirst for water, but from anything higher than 10 stories it's going to be like hitting concrete. Have a good time.

I know this doesn't qualify as a great dilemma, but I'm perplexed. A friend told me to help myself to anything in his fridge. While pouring some homemade lemonade, I was forced to make a decision: Do I take an exceptionally large amount and kill the pitcher, or do I take a reasonable amount but leave a less-than-average-size serving behind?—J.A., Chicago, Illinois

When life gives you lemonade, pour everything in excess of a reasonable amount into the glass, down it and then pour the rest. Before you go, wash the pitcher and leave it in the drying rack.

My boyfriend has a relationship with his ex-wife that has me feeling insecure and jealous. They talk on the phone (sometimes about topics other than their children), she calls him when she has problems, he helps her fix her car, etc. Before I came along they were "friends" and took vacations together. When I tell my boyfriend I feel hurt, he says to move out if I don't trust him. Am I being too sensitive?—J.F., Warren, Michigan

Yes. Count your blessings. It would be far worse if they had a bad relationship.

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](http://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: MICHAEL SAVAGE

*A candid conversation with conservative talk radio's most extreme voice about those damn Muslims, those damn Democrats and those damn homosexuals*

Two kinds of people listen to talk radio in 2010: those who think Michael Savage is a nut job and those who think he's right. The *Savage Nation*, his daily broadcast, reaches an estimated 8 million to 10 million listeners a week, and even his haters admit the show is like radio crack—and wildly unpredictable. One minute Savage is railing against illegal immigration or advocating work camps for the homeless, the next he's getting misty over a Walt Whitman couplet or cuddling his poodle, Teddy. Savage abhors whiny liberalism and the Prius elite, even as he plays up his lefty creds: a Ph.D. from Berkeley, years of association with tree huggers, gays and beatniks, and a home base in—huh?—the San Francisco Bay area. But he's just as hard on conservatives. Ask him, if you dare, about Dubya or Glenn Beck. Savage likes to call himself an independent-minded individualist.

Born Michael Alan Weiner in 1942 in the Bronx of yore (read: immigrant Jews, not blacks and Latinos), he grew up Jewish, poor and more than a little discontent. His father ran an antiques store on the Lower East Side, and young Michael was dispatched to the basement to clean patina off bronze statues with various cyanides. "One cleaned, one killed, but my father never said which was which," he says. A younger brother, Jerome, was born with brain damage and eventually died in an institution, a tragedy that pushed Savage

to study alternative medicine in faraway islands. Writing under the name Weiner, and with degrees in anthropology and medical botany, he became one of America's most prominent herbalists and author of such books as *Plant a Tree: A Working Guide to Regreening America* and *Secrets of Fijian Medicine*. But after working at a San Francisco health clinic in the early 1980s, when AIDS was just surfacing, he published *Maximum Immunity*, a book that took a hard line against "the homosexual lobby." It was part of a turnaround that prompted the name change—a nod to 19th century sailor Charles Savage, who introduced guns to Fiji—and soon a new career. In 1995 Savage sent a demo tape to hundreds of stations, and he landed "to the right of Rush and to the left of God" on the radio dial. Controversy has followed him ever since. In 2008 Savage was banned from the United Kingdom for "fomenting hatred" on the air and in best-selling books such as *Liberalism Is a Mental Disorder*.

Today Savage has three homes, an array of flashy cars and a 63-foot yacht in prosperous Marin County, California, where his show originates. He also owns a mansion in Florida. He and his wife, Janet, have been married more than 40 years, and they have two children, including a son, Russell, who founded the company behind Rockstar energy drinks.

Contributing Editor David Hochman spent more than 16 hours interviewing Savage. Says Hochman, "I can't remember a more difficult interview. Savage was a fine host, but his opinions are extreme to the point of being poison. Much of the time I hated him. He's maddeningly bullheaded and closed-minded. But he was just as leery of me. Even when we were laughing I knew he was thinking, *Liberal vermin media.*"

**PLAYBOY:** Why are you so angry?

**SAVAGE:** Do I look angry?

**PLAYBOY:** A little. You definitely sound angry.

**SAVAGE:** Well, I get worked up. First of all, I get angry because I can't believe I live in a country that's so fucking stupid it lets every group in the world come here. "Please let us in because our country is a shit hole." Fine! "Let us come in on asylum because our country will kill us." No problem! Then the minute they fucking get here they turn around and sue the fucking country, make demands on the country, won't learn the language, won't salute the flag, and all they do is disparage the country.

**PLAYBOY:** You've neatly boiled it down to a problem of borders, language and culture, correct?

**SAVAGE:** It's my definition of how our nation



"I'm Hitler because I'm against illegal immigration? It makes me a racist? I would say the racists are the people who come into a country that isn't theirs and take it over and tell me I should speak their language."



"We are going to face this Hobson's choice. People kept saying the extremists represent only 10 percent of 900 million Muslims. That's when I asked, 'Would you rather see 100 million of us fried or 100 million of them fried?'"



"I'm not teaching my children how to fuck. There's no need for that. And I don't want the government teaching my kids how to fuck. Do I want a bunch of whack jobs at school teaching it to our kids? No fucking way!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

is defined and why it's unraveling. It's also a framework. Here are our borders, here is our language, here is our culture. If you want to live in America, wonderful. But become one of us. If you want to practice your home language, do it at home or in your own community.

**PLAYBOY:** That sort of rabid nationalism can quickly lead to xenophobia, which in turn can...well, remember what happened in the 1930s in Germany?

**SAVAGE:** Ah, bullshit! That's typical left-wing horseshit. I don't even understand what they're talking about. What? I'm Hitler because I'm against illegal immigration? It makes me a racist? I would say the racists are the people who come into a country that isn't theirs and take it over and tell me I should speak their language. You go to a sporting event and they're waving the Mexican flag, not an American flag. What if my grandfather had waved a Russian flag? They would have killed him.

**PLAYBOY:** You wouldn't be here speaking freely on the radio every day if it weren't for your immigrant grandparents and so many millions more.

**SAVAGE:** Not all waves of immigration are the same. Not all immigrants are the same. Not all nations of origin are the same. The times are different. My grandparents wanted to become Americans. Maybe they spoke Yiddish at home, but when they went outside, they wanted to be Americans. So I don't know what that has to do with race. I think it has to do with attitude.

And by the way, I'm not talking about all immigrants, not even all the illegal immigrants. I'm talking about 30 percent. I've seen data that one third of all prisoners in America happen to be illegal aliens, most of them from Mexico. We can't survive as a nation if we keep letting this large swath of people come across the border. There are countries that put up barriers that say, "You can come into the country if you have a profession we need or if you have a certain amount of money to start a business, but we can't afford to support you." We don't do that here. We say, "Come on in." Now, how in the world can we take in an unlimited number of people? Who's going to pay for their health care? Who's going to pay for their jail care? Who's going to pay for their legal care? Who's going to pay for their housing? The answer is the rest of us are. And that's why we're going broke.

My principle—you want to help health care? Okay, two things. Let's take California. Put a highway patrol officer in every hospital. And I'm sorry, no tickee, no washee. You're not a citizen, you can't get care. Of course, if it's catastrophic, such as an auto accident, you give them what they need. But you can't get care if you're not a citizen. I'm sorry; we can't do it anymore.

On a macro scale you can see where a society is the same as a household. And if politicians started to listen to the people who are screaming and saying, "Treat the nation like a household, not like a piggy bank you can keep hitting," we'd all be

better off. We can't keep raiding the piggy bank because all these outsiders want something from us. I'm just using logic.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it logical to call for an outright ban on Muslim immigration, as you've done?

**SAVAGE:** I'm very worried about the number of mosques being built, where they're being built, why they have to be so dominant. I'm also worried about what type of Islam is being promulgated in America today. I've talked about the Wahhabi sect of Islam, which is very violent, very aggressive and very unaccepting of any other religion. We should consider what's being taught in any house of worship. I don't know of a church or synagogue in America that teaches people to go out and kill anybody or to go back to the homeland and learn how to strap a bomb on their dick and blow it up on an airplane. There may be some fringe churches—I don't know—but quite a few mosques are doing it. Just ask the FBI. Look at the Somali community of Wahhabis in Minneapolis. Why are so many young men going back to Somalia and being radicalized? Why are so many Pakistani men going back to Pakistan and being radicalized? Well, let's look at the

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*A lot of vitamin C and a good long bike ride will generate far more antidepressive qualities than an hour of therapy. But people don't understand that.*

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fucking imams and what they're teaching these kids. But I don't know. It's not my job to solve these problems. It's the FBI's job. I'm supposed to be protected from this.

**PLAYBOY:** But what is your responsibility? How responsible was it to say we should kill 100 million Muslims, as you did in 2006?

**SAVAGE:** Oh, come on! That was in the context of a whole longer conversation. But again, that's the sort of bullshit question I would expect from liberal vermin media. I don't know anybody who would actually say, "Go ahead and randomly start killing people." That comment came right after a bunch of Islamo-fascists blew up the subways in Spain, which was followed soon thereafter by the London bombing. There was talk of them getting control of a nuclear weapon. What if they take over Pakistan with nukes? Then what? We are going to face this Hobson's choice. People kept saying the extremists represent only 10 percent of 900 million Muslims. That's when I asked, "Would you rather see 100 million of us fried or 100 million of them fried?" Nobody says this stuff, so I say it. I'm screaming out from the wilderness.

**PLAYBOY:** So you're doing it to be provocative?

**SAVAGE:** If I were not a controversial figure, you wouldn't be here. My job is to make people listen. I'll do it any way I have to. "What did he say? Fuck, that's outrageous!" Well, yeah, but listen to what I'm saying. See it in the bigger picture. Of course, people love to twist what I say, take it out of context, make me a monster.

**PLAYBOY:** You sound like a monster sometimes, like when you said last year that autistic children are just "brats who haven't been told to cut the act out."

**SAVAGE:** Of course there are autistic children. But try to define it. Every goddamn thing a child does is now thrown into the autism spectrum. How is that possible? Where did this illness come from? There are children who are genuinely autistic but not to the extent the medical establishment has claimed. The same with ADD and ADHD. A kid whines and the medical-pharmaceutical establishment says, "Medicate, medicate. Treat, treat. Your child is sick, poor baby." These kids aren't sick! It's the system that's sick. It's the same with adults. Psychotherapy has great value for people up to a point, but it doesn't mean that much to me. A lot of vitamin C and a good long bike ride will generate far more antidepressive qualities than an hour of therapy. But people don't understand that because they can't see it in context.

**PLAYBOY:** In practically every context, you've come out against gay marriage, gay adoption and the gay lifestyle in general. It's 2010. What's the problem with being gay?

**SAVAGE:** I do accept gays. I don't know where it came up that I'm Mr. Anti-Gay. I still don't. [laughs] Well, I know where it came from.

**PLAYBOY:** You were fired from MSNBC after telling an anonymous gay caller to "eat a sausage and choke on it" and "get AIDS and die."

**SAVAGE:** Let's talk about that, all right? You know the guy wasn't gay, right?

**PLAYBOY:** Does that excuse the comments?

**SAVAGE:** Well, what you don't hear if you play the thing on YouTube is that he was insulting me and insulting my mother. This fucker was a prank caller. He started to ridicule me personally, so I basically got into a street fight with him and used the rhetoric of the streets to go for his guts. But all anyone heard was me berating the guy. It didn't come out of nowhere.

**PLAYBOY:** Right.

**SAVAGE:** But let's talk about the gays for a moment. First of all, I've had gay friends all my life. Currently I don't because I don't have a lot of friends to begin with. But one of my best friends all through my children's early childhood was a gay man—a good friend of ours who would come to the house, babysit. We didn't care.

**PLAYBOY:** Isn't that the oldest line in the bigot's handbook? Some of my best friends are gay, black, Jewish, whatever?

**SAVAGE:** My point is that many, many gay people are wonderful people.

**PLAYBOY:** So why shouldn't they be allowed to get married?

**SAVAGE:** [Laughs] It's funny. Most of the gay

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people I know would say, “The whole reason I became gay was so I didn’t have to fucking wind up like my mother and father. I want an interesting, wild life. I just want to fuck whomever I want and have a good time.” Now, all of a sudden there’s this whole concept of living like Ozzie and Ozzie? They want to have the picket fence?

**PLAYBOY:** So are you saying gay people choose to be gay?

**SAVAGE:** How can you generalize about this? It’s a nature-nurture argument. My point is, the people I knew who chose this way did so because they were so-directed, yes, but also because they did not want the picket-fence life. I am a sexual libertarian. Why should I care what people do to stimulate themselves as long as children are not affected? Gay marriage confuses children. It all comes back to the survival of a society. To me marriage has always been the brick foundation of every society. You start tampering with the definition of marriage and you spread that idea to children, you’re tampering with the whole structure. Honestly, this whole thing about gay marriage has become so damn important for reasons I can’t even understand. I don’t understand why anyone would want it so badly.

**PLAYBOY:** Let’s see: equal access to benefits, adoption rights, civil rights, the basic human right to live happily ever after—

**SAVAGE:** I don’t know of a society in the history of the world—Buddhist, Hindu, Muslim, Jewish, Christian—that recognizes a marriage between anyone other than a man and a woman. Beyond that, every time this issue has appeared on a state ballot gay marriage has been overwhelmingly voted down. In California, even African American Obama supporters voted nine to one against gay marriage. So you have thousands of years of evolved social history that cannot be overturned simply because there is a screaming demand for it in one country at one time. I’m almost Rabelaisian in my view of sex. Do whatever the fuck you want if it feels good. Like a psychiatrist wrote, “I don’t care what people do, with what orifices, nor with whom, to get pleasure.” Just leave the children alone. That’s been my view on gay sex and marriage.

**PLAYBOY:** Gay people aren’t having sex with children.

**SAVAGE:** But the children are being proselytized. If gay marriage becomes legal, the children see this and they get a false sense of what marriage is.

**PLAYBOY:** Wait. Explain how children are being proselytized.

**SAVAGE:** [Shouts] Oh! Oh! Let’s go into the schools with the brainwashing. Johnny has two daddies! Put a condom on a cucumber so you don’t get AIDS! Why do they have to teach children sexuality at all? Is that what schools are for? Aren’t there parents for that? All of a sudden the government has to teach sex? Why should we assume the schools are giving out healthy, honest information? If you look at some of the shit that’s put into the school curriculum today, there are things on fisting. Have you seen any of this? Like

fisting can be fun? You want to teach that to children? This is like a cult. I say leave the children out of it when it comes to sex. In that way I guess I’m not Swedish.

**PLAYBOY:** So we shouldn’t be teaching safe sex?

**SAVAGE:** It should be up to parents to tell their kids about sex.

**PLAYBOY:** Did your parents tell you about sex?

**SAVAGE:** Never! [laughs] And I didn’t have the sex talk with my children. It would have been very uncomfortable. “Son, daughter, I’m now going to tell you about fucking.” Oh, fuck! They don’t want to hear this.

**PLAYBOY:** So children should just learn about sex from—

**SAVAGE:** Where they always have! The gutter! Trial and error! You meet a girl, you make mistakes, you learn. *I’m* not teaching my children how to fuck. There’s no need for that. And I don’t want the government teaching my kids how to fuck. Do I want a bunch of whack jobs at school with cucumbers and dolls teaching it to our kids? No fucking way!

**PLAYBOY:** Is your family ever embarrassed by what you say?

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*Let’s talk about global warming. Have you heard about Glaciergate? This is one of the greatest scientific frauds of our time. Let’s put common sense out there.*

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**SAVAGE:** No, no, no. [pauses] Well, I can’t speak for them. I mean, I suspect there are certain issues we disagree on, but we generally don’t argue politics. They know this is what I do for a living, and we tend not to talk about issues in which we have conflict. We get along better that way.

**PLAYBOY:** Like what?

**SAVAGE:** My wife and I disagree on the gay thing. She’s in favor of gay marriage. It’s not as though it’s her life’s mission, but she says it’s good; if they want to get married, fine, and if they have children, it’s better for the children. She’d rather have a gay couple—a nice gay couple—raise children than half of these fucking white trash *Cops*-type couples.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true your son’s company, which makes Rockstar energy drinks, has to make a sizable contribution to gay causes each year to balance out his connection with you?

**SAVAGE:** I can’t comment on anything my family does.

**PLAYBOY:** Not even on Rockstar?

**SAVAGE:** I do drink Rockstar. You have a bad hangover, try Rockstar Zero Carb. Instant cure. And you want to hear an interesting story about that? My dad was not an

educated man, but he had an antiques store on the Lower East Side, right near the Bowery, with bums just crapped out in the gutter. Horrible. I’d say, “Dad, why are they in the street? Why are they allowed to be so sick? Why doesn’t the city take care of them?” And he said, “Well, most of them want to be in the streets. They like it. And the shame of it all is,” he said to me, “if those goddamn alcohol manufacturers put in a few cents for B vitamins in the alcohol, most of the bums wouldn’t get so sick.” I told that story to my son when he was a little boy. As a result my son’s interest in vitamins was provoked, and it had a tremendous positive influence on his formulations for Rockstar. You wouldn’t believe it, but vitamins have a profound role in people’s health.

**PLAYBOY:** The first half of your career—as Michael Weiner, globe-trotting ethnobotanist and author—was devoted to advocating vitamins and healthy living. You were a regular tree hugger. What changed?

**SAVAGE:** I still like trees. In fact, that’s what gets me so much about these so-called environmentalists. They drive their Priuses and whine about lightbulbs, but do they actually do anything? No! These Obama eco-warriors up here have turned beautiful Marin County into industrial England with all the smoke from their fireplaces at night. But how many of them have been out there and saved a tree or a forest? I spent years documenting the indigenous plants of various island nations and how they’re used in medicine. But I call myself a conservationist rather than an environmentalist, because the word *environmentalist* is too loaded. Who wants to pollute the land? Who wants to pollute the water? Conservatives are more environmental than liberals in the sense that, who is it that goes hunting? Who is it that goes fishing? Who goes boating? A large group of them are conservative politically. Do they want to poison the earth and the water and the fowl? I don’t think so. They’re the natural Teddy Roosevelt conservation type.

**PLAYBOY:** Many conservatives also say global warming is a lie.

**SAVAGE:** Let’s talk about global warming. Did you hear about the computer files leaked out of the University of East Anglia that revealed how so-called climate scientists were cooking the data on climate change? Have you heard about Glaciergate? The chief proponent of this climate scam, Phil Jones, admitted this past February that the climate data are bogus. [Editor’s note: Jones never said his data were bogus, but he did confess to sloppy record keeping. The British government exonerated him in April, saying his research did not contradict scientific studies that show global warming is real.] He admitted there hasn’t been any statistically significant global warming for 15 years. The head of the UN Committee on Glaciers had said glaciers would be gone by the year 2035, even though he admitted he knew the data were inconclusive when he was told about it two years ago. This is one of the greatest scientific frauds of our time. Let’s put common sense out there.





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**PLAYBOY:** So you're saying nearly 50 major scientific societies, including every national academy of science on earth, are making this stuff up? Why would they?

**SAVAGE:** Control. Money. You know how many billions of dollars are invested now in green technology? And you know how many hundreds of millions were given to these scientists to prove this shit? And if anyone didn't go along with it they were cast out of the whole scientific establishment. They were the heretics. No funding, no research, you're fired.

**PLAYBOY:** You must be a joy to sit with at dinner parties.

**SAVAGE:** [Laughs] I don't go to them. Or if I do, I'm miserable. When I was in Florida recently, a conservative woman we know invited Janet and me to Trump's Mar-a-Lago Club. The food was good. The people were nice. But when Donald Trump was introduced to us, he was cold to me. I suppose he heard I'd mentioned something once about his hair, which I thought was fake. And I still don't know what it is. But no, mostly at social gatherings I'm morose. I sometimes crave people, but then I get there and it's chaotic and unfocused and I want to leave. I get rattled around people. I'll be frank with you.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any friends?

**SAVAGE:** Friends? What is that? What does it mean? We all end up alone.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have any neighbors you could borrow butter from?

**SAVAGE:** It would be *nice* to have friends on the block, but that's not the case. I'm basically a communal person in my heart, so it's an interesting question. I was a kid who had hundreds of friends. I was like the neighborhood mascot, the shortstop. Everyone loved me. I never thought I'd wind up isolated and alone in a house on a hill in Marin County. I was joking about it on the radio yesterday. I said I always thought I'd end up owning an inn in New England, like on *The Sopranos*. You know, where the fat guy who was outed as gay goes before he gets whacked?

Henry Miller wrote it best, I think, in *Black Spring*: "Every morning I awake to a thousand paths to take." Right? It's life. What are you going to do? You go down a road and you live with it. And you gotta thank God for what you have, because compared with what our ancestors had, I don't care who the American is, you don't have to go back too many generations to realize we're all living on easy street. As poor as we are, as complicated as things are in America right now, the poorest man is living on easy street compared with what went on two or three generations ago in Europe. So I don't complain.

**PLAYBOY:** What made you leave America to go to Fiji as a young man in 1969?

**SAVAGE:** It made no rational sense at all, but I've looked back and self-analyzed it. Part of it was trying to find cures for my brother Jerome, who was born brain damaged. When I was a kid, my mother cried over and over again to me about Jerome. And I'd say, "Ma, if God could come down"—I'd say this to her when I was a little boy—"what

would you ask God to do?" "I'd ask him to fix Jerome, make him better." Now what does a little boy want to do more than please his mother? "I'm going to give Mommy what she wants." There's no God in the room, so I'll help her. I'll fix Jerome. So I looked for all these cures in the oddest places, because I knew traditional medicine didn't have answers. That's what led me outside the normal Jewish medical school thing and on the long journey to Fiji. But what the fuck did I know? I'm living there on these godforsaken islands, working with folk healers. I've left a young wife and children behind. I've spent most of my money because nobody would fund it. What the fuck was I trying to prove? I'm Schweitzer? I'm a wild man? I wouldn't do it again today.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you regret inviting Allen Ginsberg, the famous Beat poet, to visit you there after you and he exchanged a series of letters?

**SAVAGE:** Who knows? I've definitely thought about it. I pretty much know what it was. Young Jewish boy—me—deracinated from his Judaism, didn't really think rabbis were worth much. Still don't. Ginsberg comes along and presents himself as a holy man.

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hundreds of friends.  
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hill in Marin County.*

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The beard, the chanting, the poetry. So to a deracinated, searching Jew he looks like a prophet. And I wanted to know this prophet. When I was in New York I even wrote a little piece on him for the *World Book Encyclopedia*. Do you know about that?

**PLAYBOY:** That's interesting.

**SAVAGE:** Yeah. They paid me 50 bucks or something. I got to interview him. I saw the squalor he lived in. Didn't matter to me. We kept up a sort of letter-writing thing after I moved out here. I didn't know him well, though I got a little friendly with Lawrence Ferlinghetti, [angrily] the despicable, horrendous, jealous, phony, communist capitalist that he is. And we all, you know, knew each other, and through that relationship of knowing each other from North Beach in San Francisco, I invited him and Ginsberg to Hawaii, where we were living, and I think on another trip, to Fiji. It's a blur to me now.

**PLAYBOY:** What remains is a photograph of you swimming naked with Ginsberg, who was sort of the poster child for gay America at the time.

**SAVAGE:** [Laughs] Now, have you seen the picture?

**PLAYBOY:** No. Can you show it to us?

**SAVAGE:** I don't have it, but I know the picture. There's me, ethnobotanist, jumping in a cold river. There's Allen Ginsberg. There's Lawrence. Now open the frame and there's about 20 other people with us. All naked. But that's how people went swimming [in the South Pacific] at that time.

**PLAYBOY:** But given your stance on gay politics, do you understand why that photograph would be confusing now?

**SAVAGE:** [Angrily] What does it mean? You hang around with a gay man, you're gay? I mean, what are they, nuts? Don't you see the hate that comes out of people when they try to pervert this? Who the fuck would sleep with Ginsberg even if they were gay? He was a horrendous man, horrible. An old, fucking disgusting queen. Communist NAMBLA [North American Man/Boy Love Association] member. There were a lot of reasons to not like the man, and he wasn't my friend.

**PLAYBOY:** Were you ever confused about your sexuality?

**SAVAGE:** No. Hello? Why is this? I mean, I can't understand this.

**PLAYBOY:** Well, your vitriol toward them makes us think of something a teacher once said: When we hate others it's because we recognize something of ourselves in them.

**SAVAGE:** So in other words I want to be a radical Muslim who blows up people in a schoolyard?

**PLAYBOY:** Or perhaps you feel like an outsider. Or you were confused.

**SAVAGE:** Wrong! I hate radical Islam because I hate radical Islam, not because I want to put a bomb in a schoolyard. That's the logic of what you just said. And again, you're assuming I hate gays. It goes back to the same misinterpretation. You're coming at it from the wrong perspective. I've said it, I'll say it again. I hope the interview is about more than this. I really do. This obsession, I don't understand. You're a sex magazine, okay, so you want to know about sex. As I said before, I'm a sexual libertarian!

**PLAYBOY:** When did you lose your virginity?

**SAVAGE:** Oh, Jesus, how old was I—19, 18? I don't remember. But I did date a Playboy Bunny when I was 17 or 18.

**PLAYBOY:** You did?

**SAVAGE:** Yes. I was in college, and she was the sister of a girl I knew. She was ancient. She was 23. And we were all hanging out once, and everyone wanted this Playboy Bunny. It wasn't that she was so beautiful. She was pretty enough, but for fuck's sake, she was a Playboy Bunny! That was the epitome. A living goddess! And she chose me. I spent the time with her that afternoon in the apartment. I don't know whether we actually completed the circuit. I think we must have. I don't remember. But I glowed for a week as a result. I was like, Thank you, Hugh Hefner! Although now she probably has a transfusion tree somewhere if she's still living. Or living with a butcher somewhere in Boca Raton. [laughs]

**PLAYBOY:** That's funny. How did you meet your wife?

**SAVAGE:** We're married, by the way, 43 years.



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**PLAYBOY:** She must be a saint!

**SAVAGE:** Watch it! She loves me. She loves my genius, and she loves my passion. She knows I get excited and yell sometimes, and she loves that it's "what you see is what you get" with me. Anyway, I met her when I was promoting a film festival in the Lower East Side called the Be-In Again Film Festival. It was 1967.

**PLAYBOY:** You were a hippie!

**SAVAGE:** Who can remember? But anyway, the Human Be-In had just occurred in San Francisco's Golden Gate Park, and I had collected as many 16-millimeter movies of the event as I could through an ad in *The Village Voice*. Oh, this is a fucking great story! So I put together this *verkakte* film festival in a back lot between some shit nightclubs, and about 30 people showed up. I remember some Polish lady upstairs yelling, "You fuckin' hippie bastards!" And she threw water on the projectors. That was the end of the festival. [*laughs*] No, I swear to you. But in promoting the thing around the Lower East Side, I ran into Janet. She was beautiful and friendly. We started to date, lived together, went to Hawaii together, had children together, and here we are, in a blink of an eye.

**PLAYBOY:** All that lefty counterculture rabble-rousing and you're the king of conservatives now? Again, we have to ask: What the hell happened?

**SAVAGE:** It all goes back to being a social worker in the fucking most liberal place of all—the Upper West Side of New York fucking City. I was making \$5,300 a year. I couldn't afford furniture, so I had a mattress on the floor and a coffee table with two bricks, like everyone did in those days. So here I am a social worker, and the fucking bums on welfare come into the city department of welfare. My supervisor says, "All right, get out your book. You're going to have to give this bum \$300 for a couch, \$150 for end tables, \$150 for a coffee table, two end chairs, another \$65 and the other..." Blah, blah, blah. "Write him a check for \$4,922 to furnish his state-financed welfare home." I said, "How can you do that?" She said, "Well, everyone who's civilized needs those furniture items." I said, "But I don't have them!" She said, "Well, you're not on welfare." So that's when it started to dawn on me that the system was totally corrupt and upside down. Then I would catch these welfare cheats. "Oh, hello, Mrs. Smith. How are you today?" And I'd see a pair of men's shoes under the bed. She was supposed to have been living alone. Or I'd hear her phone ring under the bed. They weren't supposed to have a phone. She put it under the bed. Everyone was working the system.

**PLAYBOY:** That explains the radical change?

**SAVAGE:** I don't see myself as having had a radical shift. I'm not much different than I was 30 years ago in my worldview. I'm still the same person who wants to be left the fuck alone. I don't want the government intruding in my life. I don't want it telling me what to do. I resent it telling me what I can say, what I can't say. What

I can't think. I don't like it controlling my food. I don't like it controlling my water. I don't like it controlling everything I do, and I don't like it giving handouts to people who don't want to work for a living.

Yet look at what's happened. You go on an airplane, you give up all your civil rights. Why? Because you fucking moronic Muslims blew up a plane? So the whole world now went into a tilt. And they still can't stop them. Look at the underwear bomber. With all this shit, the guy could still get on and set his dick on fire on an airplane. If it weren't for the flying Dutchman [passenger Jasper Schuringa, a Dutch film director who subdued suspect Umar Farouk Abdulmutallab], he would have blown up the plane. We should have given him a medal for saving the people. But no! That would have made government officials look like the incompetent idiots they are. [Secretary of Homeland Security] Janet Napolitano would have been in a barrel.

**PLAYBOY:** Is the Obama administration doing right in your opinion?

**SAVAGE:** I agree with Obama on regulating banks. They're out of control. Even the bankers will tell you that. But in general

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*I think there's going to be  
more voter remorse with  
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road of socialism.*

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I think there's going to be more voter remorse with Obama than with any other president in history, especially since so many conservative Republicans voted for him in opposition to McCain and Bush. I heard the idiots. They said, "Oh, it's better to elect Obama and teach the Republicans a lesson." Look what we ended up with. I mean, Obama's a great package—good-looking guy, very appealing. But you find out it's all fury and sound and nothing else. And he's leading the country down the road of socialism and left-wing morass.

Do you realize Obama couldn't have been cleared to be his own Secret Service agent? As you know, to become an FBI or a Secret Service agent there's a very strict set of rules, one of which is based on your past associations. Let's forget the birthing issue. I won't go there. His association with Bill Ayers alone would have disqualified him. His association for 20 years in Reverend Wright's church, the Reverend Wright who said the government gave AIDS to the black man? End of interview.

**PLAYBOY:** What are your thoughts on the Tea Party movement?

**SAVAGE:** I've always liked tea. But this

movement is largely composed of middle-class business owners who know the government, Republicans and Dems, are bankrupting the nation. They see the threat from this Marxist-oriented president, his drive to nationalize many aspects of the private sector—from GM and AIG to our banks and health care. They know global warming and the associated cap-and-trade legislation are gigantic Ponzi schemes built on false science. And they know this hasn't stopped Obama from heating up his plan to expand federal funding of global warming research, already pegged at \$2 billion. The tea parties and the town halls are all saying what I've been saying on the radio. It's the true voice of America, not the left-wing "rent a mobs" we've seen for the past three decades. That's why they both shock and frighten the left-wing media. These are real people, really angry.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have a solution? You recently toyed with the idea of running for office.

**SAVAGE:** I have toyed with it because I think I could win. I could win a congressional seat. But I don't want to be a politician. Ever. I don't have the nature for it. Let's say you win, okay? One, forget the hard campaign. You have to live in Washington. I hate flying. I hate Washington. I like living here. I'd have to sit through meetings. I don't have the patience for meetings. I can't do groupthink. I'm not good in circles where I listen to everyone's opinion and go, "Um, um, um, um, uh." It wasn't running that scared me; it was winning. I'd rather sit home and talk to my dog and my listeners.

**PLAYBOY:** You have an audience in the millions. How do you explain your appeal?

**SAVAGE:** I don't know. First of all I have a cantor's voice. I have a magnetic voice. I know that because if I'm walking the dog and I'm talking, people look up and respond to the resonance of my voice. It has a command, a stopping power. And I believe I'm extremely capable of taking complex ideas and throwing a lightning bolt of connections in one phrase. People love that. Combine that with the down-to-earth guy-on-the-street, let's-talk-food, I-got-a-headache and here's-my-dog ordinary guy stuff, and that's the mix. Plus, I'm a party of one. I'm not a Republican; I'm not a Democrat. My parents were Democrats because they were poor Jews who thought FDR was God. Okay, he created the WPA and my father had a job. Had I joined the Republican Party it would have been like joining the Nazi Party. A lot of Jews today still feel the same way, even rich Jews. Republicans are still Nazis to them. Me? I'm not a Republican because I don't like their politics, and I know they're a bunch of crooks. Look at what Bush did. He was an embarrassment. The man couldn't complete a sentence without mangling words. Not that being articulate is the end-all. Look at Obama. My listeners appreciate that I'm not a mouthpiece for either party.

*(concluded on page 126)*

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# ABSOLUT TWIST

*Cocktails Perfected*

*a Vision from*

**KATE BECKINSALE & ELLEN VON UNWERTH**



# THE LATE SHAFT

**D**id you hear about this? Have you seen this? Okay, maybe that would be impossible since you've only just landed on this page, but—anyway, true story! Absolutely true. I'm not making any of this up, Kev, or whoever you are. I'm just glad you're in a good mood tonight, or

whatever time it is. Am I right, people? Because I need to ask you this: Are you like me? Do you feel like a little story?

I'm not sure it's a story so much as a full-disclosure bean spill and mid-night crime-slot probe into the rotten (but thrilling) events that not too long

ago befell the sacred Fraternal Order of Late Night Talk Show Hosts. Befell them like a Hi-DEFCON nuclear strike, no less! You did hear about all that, I'm sure: the Cuckoo Coup upon Coco's Stillborn Empire? The Great Toadying Chin-Surrection and Double-Cross Grab-Back in Burbank? The Giddy



Dance of the Hoosier King's Spite Demons on Broadway? Oh, it was a time of atrocity, yes, but also of sweet adrenaline rush for those of us who patrol the deep after-dark side of the TV moonscape. Me, I'm never far from the sleepless front lines; such is my curse and professional lodestone (which we'll get to). But damned if it wasn't wartime all over again, and for certain, each major combatant rattled onstage nightly with a manic righteousness; defiance and swagger roiled and ruled. Whether getting fired, getting even, getting personal, getting shifted or unequivocally shafted—these boys were having almost too much fun, especially amongst themselves. (Gallows glee is just one of their job requisites—and so had commenced this black-hearted pile-on most exuberant.)

Somewhere near the thick of it I wandered into the Hollywood command post of noble rogue Jimmy Kimmel, whose merry rampages during the fray—notably in the realm of Big Jaw-busting—had already won him the admiring sobriquet of Robin Hood from comedy hepcats Paul Shaffer and Martin Short. Buoyant and still twinkling after a Friday

evening taping, he explained, "I love my wars! They energize me." He did look stronger and more formidable than when I saw him a few months prior—but that could have just been his new fascination with Man Spanx starting to pay off. Of course, the fine Kimmel fiefdom at ABC had never been in any real peril, whereas just a few miles away in Burbank, rape and pillaging (NBC style) had vanquished the redheaded prince-who-would-be-king (or something like king, eventually—if he'd gotten decent prime-time lead-ins and a full year or so to finish ridding his smart jangly pants of a few more ants). Ousted two Fridays earlier from his blip of a *Tonight Show* tenure, Conan O'Brien had last been seen flapping off toward purgatory unknown on the wings of a "Freebird" guitar jam, twanging along with Beck and Ben Harper, et al., while Will Ferrell crooned, "This bird you cannot change...." It made for a feisty final glimpse and heroic lingering image of a fall guy who never knew what hit him.

Anyway, downstairs in the warren of *Jimmy Kimmel Live!* dressing rooms, I happened upon guest Barry Manilow, who had appeared on the next-to-last Conan broadcast to perform, sans irony, the retro-swoony "Where Do I Begin? (Theme From *Love Story*)"—despite the rising stench of hostile takeover curdling the studio ions. Recalling the experience—"God, that staff of his is crazy about him!"—the pop legend mentioned that somebody he knew had randomly snapped a photo during rehearsal on that day, which caught a forlorn O'Brien in civvies parked at his onstage desk, lost in reverie and more than a little misty-eyed. Others in the Manilow retinue confirmed seeing the "bittersweet picture" before it was deleted ("out of respect") from its owner's camera phone. But by most accounts Coco had endured his foul comeuppance with shifting gusts of stoicism and indignation, always managing

**CARSON WAS WARM AND ENCOURAGING TOWARD CONAN. "THAT'S QUITE A FRANCHISE, ISN'T IT?" HE SAID.**

to find the funny in his sneak-up shit storm. "You can't blame a shark for being a shark," he matter-of-factly told colleagues who implicitly understood the shark to be that great white hammerhead of comedy James Douglas Muir Leno—once and future (ad infinitum) host of the hallowed institution that had been handed over to O'Brien not quite eight months earlier. It was an unprecedented transition of power, in that Conan's job promotion from his *Late Night* graveyard domain had been announced a tad precipitously—as in way back in autumn 2004 (when George W. Bush was still in his first term of office). At that point he had followed Leno onto NBC air nightly for 11 increasingly itchy if madcap years; the network could keep him from bolting elsewhere only by promising the venerable *Tonight Show* would become his...one distant day...five years down the pipeline. (Of the waiting period he would later reflect, "I thought in 2009 we'd be flying around with jet packs and our dinners would be in pill form.") But the deal was struck, and Leno (secretly hating it with all of his strange and unknowable heart) agreed to the switchover, and finally the time was nigh. So last year, on the Friday before Conan's Monday debut on June 1—during what were believed to be Leno's waning minutes of *Tonight Show* sovereignty—there was the lame-duck host (i.e., Magnanimous Mandible) proclaiming to his lanky successor seated in the guest chair, "I just want (continued on page 118)



EVERY TALK SHOW HOST ADMITS JOHNNY CARSON (TOP LEFT) WAS THE BEST. HIS DEPARTURE LEFT A LATE-NIGHT MESS THAT (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) O'BRIEN, LENO, KIMMEL AND LETTERMAN STRUGGLE TO FILL.





*"Ronald has one great passion. Shells."*

FOREIGN EXCHANGE

# JULIANA

A sweet samba with Brazilian beauty Juliana Goes




**B**razil is a favorite to win the World Cup, and it's our favorite place to find exotic women, such as samba mamas Adriana Lima, Gisele Bündchen and Alessandra Ambrosio. There must be something in the coffee. And now, from PLAYBOY Brazil, we present a dance with this senhorita from São Paulo—Pelé country.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY VALÉRIO TRABANCO



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



# OOOM

A N D  H I S

# MYSTERIOUS



T A N T R I K

# LOVE CURA

BY ROBERT LOVE

**THE FATHER OF ALL THINGS YOGA IN AMERICA  
HAD A TASTE FOR MONEY, CONTROL AND  
IMPRESSIONABLE YOUNG WOMEN**



# IT

was January 26, 1898, five days into San Francisco's party of the century. The city had been buffed to a glow for its golden jubilee, the 50th anniversary of the discovery of gold in California. The streets were awash

in gold bunting; the city's parks were illuminated by strings of electric lights and Chinese lanterns. In the drunken shivaree that went on around the clock, frequent booms and blasts shattered the air—from naval cannons and 21-gun salutes to elaborate fireworks that contributed to the wildest week San Francisco had ever known.

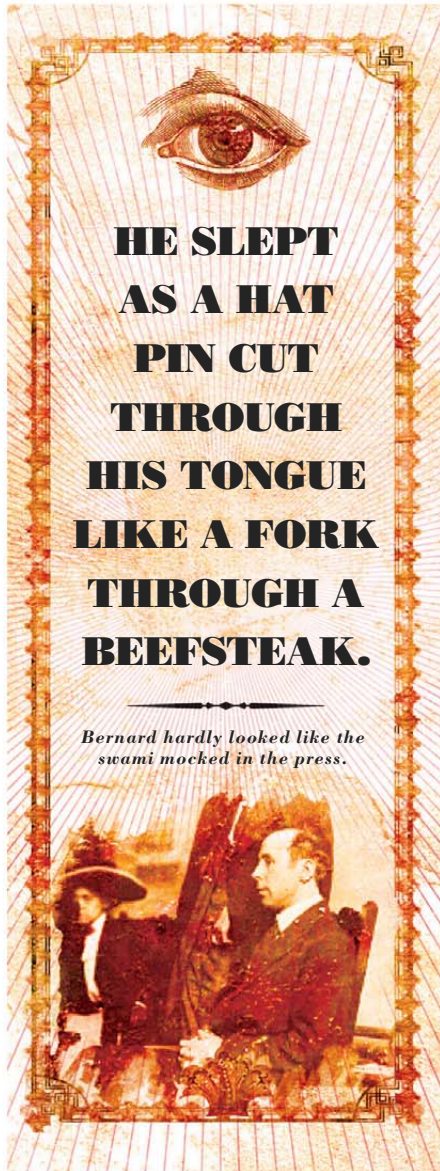
But on this cool winter evening a more dignified assembly had gathered at a quiet location a few blocks away from the festivities. The San Francisco College of Suggestive Therapeutics had invited some 40 doctors and others to witness a groundbreaking demonstration. As gentlemen of science, the guests were dressed formally for the occasion in wing collars and frock coats, and they hushed themselves as they turned their attention to the thin young man seated before them.

Professor Pierre Arnold Bernard was 22 years old and looked it: Sandy-haired and pink-skinned, he could nearly be described as boyish, save for a lush reddish mustache and intense gray blue eyes that defied his elders to doubt him. He informed the gallery that they were about to see a rare simulation of death by mental power, a self-imposed anesthetic trance that he, Professor Bernard, called the Kali Mudra in honor of the fierce Hindu goddess. Two reporters took down his words and witnessed the feat as it unfolded. A sketch artist and a photographer, authorized to make "flashlight portraits" of the proceedings in the darkened room, worked quietly.

"Ready," said the subject. He closed his eyes as an elderly man named Dr. D. McMillan prepared the surgical tools. Dr. McMillan knew it would take three minutes before he could begin. His subject had even now fled the realm of sensation and was drawing his thoughts inward, following the path laid out for him years before by his Indian guru Sylvais Hamati, who was there that night only in spirit. Bernard lengthened his respiration, slowed it, stretched it, thinned it to a near nothing. His chest gradually stopped moving, and he slid his eyes up beneath the lids. He burrowed his consciousness down, down, down—deep inside the muck and thud of his pulsing blood and organs—and shrank it to a pinpoint less than the size of a cell before he pushed it out through this portal

into a vast undulating etherlike peace the yogis call *samadhi*. He was gone.

McMillan and Dr. Semple Turman of the college turned to the onlookers, who watched with intense curiosity. Bernard now appeared to be as still as a corpse. McMillan then brandished for the gallery a steel surgical needle nearly a foot in length. He approached his subject and pushed the needle slowly through Bernard's



earlobe. The doctors watched as he pushed another needle through the young man's cheek. He inserted a third through Bernard's upper lip and then ran a fourth through his nostril, sewing the ends of the metal together with thread. A bit of blood began to run into the swaddling wrapped around the subject's neck.

The surgery continued, but there was no movement from the patient, whose rosy features had turned white. His hands were cold and clammy to

McMillan's touch. The surgeons finished their work and stepped back. The assembled group was invited to come close for a better look, but.... "Wait," they were told. This was not yet the culmination of the demonstration. McMillan gently opened Bernard's mouth. In one hand he brandished a large ladies' hat pin and ran it slowly through the center of Bernard's tongue, which no doubt caused a few in the room to wince but produced not even a flutter of reaction from the tongue's owner. The assembled doctors were beckoned to come close once again to inspect the man in the trance, and they did.

The doubters among them were convinced by their own eyes. This was not a carnival sideshow or a magician's trick. The young American yogi had successfully put himself in a trance state deep enough to induce anesthesia to the degree that he slept when an instrument cut through his tongue like a fork through a beefsteak. McMillan snipped the threads and removed the needles and pins from Bernard's flesh; the towel around his neck had turned dark with his blood. Though Bernard appeared to be somewhat dazed when he came to, he quickly regained himself and assured the crowd he was perfectly fine. In fact, he felt well enough to stand up and demonstrate his own powers of suggestion on a professional subject named E. Mansfield Williams, whose head dropped into a trance without Bernard employing any of the objects and hocus-pocus of a performing hypnotist.

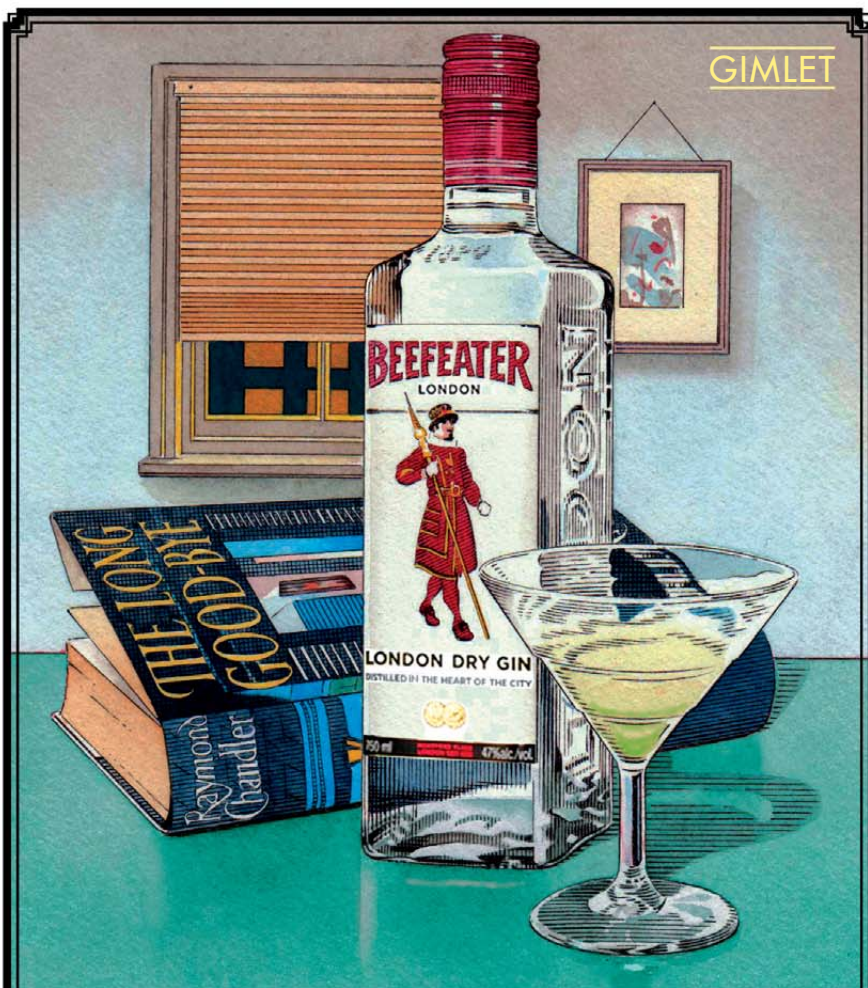
Bernard, the reporter noted with awe, did it "telepathically." Most important, Bernard's techniques could be passed along to anyone who wished to enroll at the College of Suggestive Therapeutics and learn the secrets of what he called "trained occultism."

Pierre Arnold Bernard was the first American yogi and a spiritual hero to members of the Lost Generation. He endured—as a man, a teacher and a philosopher—for more than half a century. Due to his efforts and energy, yoga morphed from an ascetic practice to the healthy, vital activity we know today. He was a general in the campaign to defend yoga, and he lived to see it become tolerated, then accepted and finally praised.

While Bernard may have been one of the more celebrated Americans of the 1920s and 1930s, early in the century he bore the burden of notoriety as the Omnipotent Oom, Loving Guru of the Tantriks, the very model of the licentious, greedy Svengali. In those days he was labeled a big-city charlatan, a fraud, a seducer of (continued on page 127)



*"Tough break."*



# OLD SCHOOL

## A STUDY IN THE CLASSICS

BY A.J. BAIME

In recent years we've watched the nightlife world kneel at the altar of the mixologist. The modern mixologist had his own Twitter feeds. The modern mixologist could make foam out of a cucumber. Today, however, the trend is shifting from the newfangled back to the classics that fortified our heroes of yore, when a cucumber foam was a lady's soap and gentlemen spent their evenings courting danger while holding a rocks glass and wearing a tie. We think of Richard Burton, who filmed the most expensive movie ever made at the time (*Cleopatra*) half in the bag. He stole the show, not to mention its leading lady (Liz Taylor). F. Scott Fitzgerald, a gin drinker, was known to show up at society parties in his pajamas. The world fell at his feet. Dean Martin, Winston Churchill...as the saying goes, we'll have what they were having. Over the next two pages we'll examine a few pillars in the drinking canon. Top yours off and come along for the ride.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROY KNIPE

This gin gem caught on after Raymond Chandler mentioned it in *The Long Goodbye*. One of Hollywood's great booze stories: As a young man Chandler was a world-class elbow bender, but he later quit drinking. In 1946 he was penning the script for *The Blue Dahlia*, starring Alan Ladd and Veronica Lake, and couldn't come up with an ending. Paramount execs flipped; they were weeks and many thousands of dollars into filming. Chandler admitted the only way he could finish the script was if he relapsed completely. The studio arranged for six secretaries (i.e., barmaids), a doctor to give Chandler vitamin shots and limos to wait outside his house, ready to run pages. Sloshed to the gills, Chandler produced an Academy Award-nominated script, arguably his best. The gimlet, as Philip Marlowe liked it:

**2 oz. gin**

**2 oz. Rose's lime juice**

**Shake gin and juice with ice and strain into a chilled cocktail glass.**

### MANHATTAN

Anyone can make good cocktails," David Embury wrote in *The Fine Art of Mixing Drinks* (1948). "The art of mixing drinks is no deep and jealously guarded secret." Embury's



book is one of the most time-honored bartender bibles. In it he lists six standards every man should have in his repertoire. While the Jack Rose has fallen out of favor, the martini, old fashioned, sidecar, daiquiri and manhattan have not. If the martini is the queen of cocktails, the manhattan is the benevolent but temperamental king. The drink is believed to have been invented at the Manhattan Club in the 1870s. Embury lists four recipes—sweet, medium, dry and, our fave, deluxe:

**1 part Cinzano sweet vermouth**

**5 parts rye whiskey**

**1 dash Angostura bitters**

**1 maraschino cherry**

**Stir vermouth, whiskey and bitters with ice and strain into a chilled cocktail glass; garnish with a cherry.**



**"GOD PUT ME ON THIS EARTH TO RAISE SHEER HELL."**

—RICHARD BURTON





## OLD FASHIONED

The square-jawed granddaddy of all bar drinks (and very likely the first cocktail), the old fashioned dates back nearly to the days of George Washington, himself a prodigious whiskey distiller. It also exemplifies the basic idea of what a cocktail should be: a base spirit with added ingredients that create a balance of sweet and sour. The old fashioned reached the height of its fame as the standby at the Waldorf in Manhattan during its heyday, early in the 20th century. This recipe comes from *Old Waldorf Bar Days* by Albert Stevens Crockett—published, curiously, during Prohibition.

**¼ lump sugar**  
**2 bar spoons water**  
**1 dash Angostura bitters**  
**1 jigger whiskey (rye recommended)**  
**1 lemon peel**

**1 lump ice**  
**Muddle sugar, water and bitters in a rocks glass; add the remaining ingredients and stir. Let it lie down, as Sinatra used to say, then serve.**



## FRENCH 75

This statuesque beauty is named after the 75-millimeter howitzer that French gunners used in World War I. It has the kick of an automatic weapon, and if you drink too many you'll wake up feeling as though you've been shot with one. The cocktail was the signature drink of Manhattan's Stork Club, a scene as moneyed as it was ribald. Mobsters (Frank Costello, a.k.a. the prime minister of the underworld) rubbed elbows with celebs (Frank Sinatra, Marilyn Monroe) and politicians (the Kennedys). This recipe comes from *The Stork Club Bar Book*.

**2 oz. gin**  
**1 tsp. powdered sugar**  
**Juice of half a lemon**  
**Brut champagne**  
**Cracked ice**

**Pour all ingredients except the wine into a flute. Top with champagne and serve.**

## SIDECAR

You could make an argument that the Ritz Hotel in Paris is the most romantic place to die. Coco Chanel took her final breath there. So too did U.S. ambassador Pamela Churchill Harriman. Silent movie queen Olive Thomas OD'd at the Ritz. In Bret Easton Ellis's *Glamorama* a group of supermodel terrorists blows the place to rubble with TNT. Just be sure to drop by the Bar Hemingway before you make your exit. One of the most storied gin joints in the world, it gave birth to the bloody mary and this little number, the sidecar. Here's the original recipe from *The Cocktails of the Ritz Paris*:

**5 parts brandy**  
**3 parts Cointreau**  
**2 parts fresh lemon juice**  
**Shake ingredients with ice and strain into a chilled cocktail glass rimmed with sugar crystals.**



## NEGRONI

In every piazza in every town in Italy, at about three P.M. you'll find cafés filled with men sipping negronis, conducting business or sweet-talking the top off women half their age. The drink was invented in 1919 at the Caffè Casoni. A count named Negroni asked the bartender to stiffen his *americano*, so the barman added gin in place of soda. The negroni is easy to make at home, but for the ultimate experience, venture to the café where it was invented. Though it's now called Caffè Giacosa, it's still in the same place on Via della Spada in Firenze.

**1 oz. gin**  
**1 oz. Campari**  
**¾ oz. sweet Italian vermouth**  
**Thin slice of orange**  
**Pour the liquids over ice in a rocks glass. Stir and sip.**



## RUM PUNCH

British sailors in the 17th century had to make do with crude rum they called kill-devil (because it cured disease by killing the devil in you) or red-eye (because it gave you a nasty hangover). One pirate, Captain Low, liked to hand his prisoners a mug of rum and a pistol. They could either drink the mug or shoot themselves. To make the rum palatable, sailors made punch using whatever ingredients they could get their hands on. Here's a recipe adapted from the original rum punch created in 1599 by Sir Edward Kennel, commander of the British navy, who would throw roaring parties for 6,000 sailors. He would make lakes of punch using 80 casks of liquor; ship's boys floated around in little boats to serve the stuff. Make a smaller batch and you've got a delicious summer party punch.

**2 cups gold rum**  
**2 cups dark rum**  
**2 cups simple syrup**  
**2 cups pineapple juice**  
**3 cups water**  
**Juice of 1 lime**  
**Juice of 1 lemon**



**½ tsp. nutmeg**  
**Mix all ingredients in a serving bowl with lots of ice cubes. (The nutmeg won't dissolve, but that's okay.) Garnish with slices of lemon and lime.**



# REARVIEW

"THIS IS THE FEMALE FORM," WALT WHITMAN  
WROTE. "A DIVINE NIMBUS EXHALES FROM IT  
FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

HEREWITH, A CELEBRATION OF THE IN-BETWEEN  
STARRING A COLLECTION OF OUR BEAUTIFUL  
INTERNATIONAL GIRLS

POLLIANA BAYS · BRAZIL



DOREEN SEIDEL · GERMANY



OLGA SAVINSKAYA · UKRAINE

JULIANA SALIMENI · BRAZIL



VLASTA MARN · SLOVENIA



DANIELA GOLM · GERMANY

“BE NOT *ashamed, women.... You are the gates of the body, and you are the gates of the soul.*”



See more rear views at  
[playboy.com/rearviews](http://playboy.com/rearviews).



# THE SEXUAL LIFE OF SAVAGES

A WAR PHOTOGRAPHER  
THINKS HE'S SEEN  
IT ALL UNTIL HE  
DISCOVERS HIS OWN  
HEART OF DARKNESS

BY SAMANTHA  
GILLISON

**D**ickie Bernbaum arrived in Papua New Guinea in the middle of the rainy season and flew up to the Highlands. He had come straight from an embed in Iraq and his duffel bag was stuffed with three months' worth of clothes and books and video games, sunblock, antimalarials, Skin-So-Soft, water-purification tablets,

his Kevlar vest, two cartons of Marlboro Reds and a Lonely Planet guide. He had come on assignment to photograph a jail. The Highlands rain pounded down every day, aggressive and unrelenting, then all of a sudden cleared to reveal a low equatorial sun lighting up rain-forest-covered mountains and orange earth roads that crisscrossed the small

town of Gehuku. Dickie had never experienced anything like it.

After the rain stopped the place had a slowed-down out-of-time feeling, too, almost like being underwater. It was surreal, a little, for Dickie, who'd just been in the sped-up world of nighttime house-to-house patrols in Mosul, ear-popping gunfire and bombs and



adrenaline. When he got to the Highlands he slept through the night for the first time in weeks, slept in a way he hadn't in years, as though he had slipped inside the quiet and rain and smell of wet earth. It was like being on another planet after the blaring, dry heat of Iraq.

On his third day in the Highlands, Dickie hired a driver to pick him up

from the hotel and take him to the jail, which was 10 miles outside of Gehuku. The driver, Peter, a taciturn man with cinnamon-colored skin and a thick black beard, waited in his van smoking and listening to the radio while Dickie wandered outside the prison gates. Neat rows of coffee trees grew on either side of the road, their small dark leaves

reaching up to the sun, throwing shadows on the packed earth. A few young New Guinean soldiers with AK-47s strapped across their chests who were guarding the entrance ignored him. But then, when he approached, friendly and smiling, offering to share his pack of Marlboros they grinned and started joking around. The six-foot-four Dickie

with his gleaming gold hoop earrings and arms covered in tattoos was unlike any white man they had ever seen. They were curious and, at the same time, relaxed by his almost fraternal attitude; it seemed as though he must be an old soldier. Eventually they posed, smiling into his camera, their lips and gums and teeth stained a deep crimson color from all the betel nut they chewed.

"You can't get into the jail without the governor's permission," Peter told him scornfully. "Those boys with their guns can't do anything for you."

"That's okay," Dickie said. "I like hanging out with them."

As they drove back into town the sun began to sink behind the mountains and the clouds were orange and pink. The air smelled of wood smoke and deep-fat frying oil, blooming frangipani and cut grass. Dickie closed his eyes happily and breathed in. The thought of his wife, Tricia, her soft black hair and full lips, flickered across his mind. They had fought about him taking the assignment instead of coming home after the embed in Iraq. He would call her when he got back to the hotel and tell her about this landscape. It was like Hawaii, which she loved, but so much more intense and hidden and ancient-feeling.

The Gehuku Hotel was owned by the governor of the province, Sir Norman Barnett, a white Australian businessman who'd lived in New Guinea since 1974, before the country gained its independence from Australia. Dickie had wandered around the hotel that morning, waiting for Peter to arrive, looking at the series of framed photos and laminated captions that told the story of Barnett in the Highlands over the decades: the governor flying his helicopter, campaigning out in the rural villages, dressed in a traditional tribal chieftain's getup surrounded by bare-breasted women, standing in front of a school, then a clinic, then his fleet of helicopters at Barnett Air Freight. The governor looked immense and pink-skinned and bald surrounded by the diminutive New Guineans. The photos seemed absurd to Dickie, laughably politically incorrect and self-mythologizing. What a strangely backward and unconscious place it was, Dickie thought. No wonder his editor had sent him here for the series on the infamous jails of the world.

He had a small cheap room down the hallway from the hotel's open-air restaurant, which also served as a mess for the Barnett Helicopter pilots. Dickie had heard the pilots at their meals in his sleep; the nasal tones of their Australian accents floated through his dreams. The hotel manager, a pretty Canadian woman named Mally, worked in the dining room during the pilots' meals, wiping tables and helping set up the buffet,

then bringing out press pots steaming with fragrant coffee, and plates of butter cookies. Dickie had flirted with her from the first moment he saw her, following her as she worked, teasing her, showing off, telling her stories about Iraq. She was almost six feet tall and they were like two giraffes, wandering around the dining room and the front office, chatting and smoking.

One of the pilots, a round, sun-burned Australian named Ed, pulled Dickie aside.

"Careful, mate," he said. "She may not act like it, but that's Caesar's wife."

But Sir Norman was in Port Moresby, the capital, where parliament was in

photos on his own, editing, touching, color-correcting, working on a series of the prison guards.

Mally smiled at Dickie, who was in his boxers, sat down on the bed and started rolling a joint. He could tell she was nervous, and she started talking quickly; her life story came tumbling out, confusingly, into the small, messy hotel room. She told him that she was originally from Alberta, that she had been running the governor's hotel for the past three years.

Mally hated Papua New Guinea, she said, she hated Gehuku and the hotel, but most of all she loathed the New Guineans she had to supervise every day.

"I used to like it," she said. "I used to



session. And Dickie couldn't believe that the bald, ugly man in the framed photos—who had to be 60 by now—was the lithe, young Mally's boyfriend.

"So, what is that? A beauty and the beast thing?"

"It is what it is. The governor is master and commander here. Don't think he isn't. And that's his woman."

"I just appreciate pretty girls," Dickie said, laughing. "I'm harmless, Ed. Anyway, she doesn't take me seriously."

Which was why he was surprised that night when Mally knocked at his door a little after nine o'clock, holding a bottle of Bundaberg rum and a bag of weed. Dickie turned down the MTV-Asia he'd been watching while he fiddled around on Photoshop. He hadn't been able to call Tricia or upload his photos when he got back from the jail. The phone lines were down, which was ordinary according to a shy New Guinean woman with her hair in tight cornrows who sat at the front desk. "No Internet, no phone for the next day or so, Mr. Bernbaum," she had said. "Sorry-true." So Dickie spent the evening going through the

take tons of pictures and buy all these handicrafts and stuff and send them to my mum and sister. But I don't even go to the market anymore. They slit your pockets with razor blades to get your wallet."

They were a nation of small-time con artists; they smelled, were riddled with disease and worms and bedbugs and lice. Gang rape was routine, and practically everyone under 30 had AIDS. The hotel cleaning staff stole toilet paper, soap, lightbulbs, sheets, towels, pillows, blankets, shower curtains, and once she had even caught them sneaking a mattress and a box spring out the back gate. And they were crazy, too. Only the day before she had had to give the head maintenance man a live rooster because she had inadvertently insulted him.

"Why are you laughing?" she asked.

"I don't know; isn't it kind of funny?"

"Not at all," she said. "Not if you understood this place. Not even a little."

Mally watched him with brown eyes that were the color of milk chocolate. She was big-boned and strong-looking and wore her dark hair in two thick braids. Her short blue-painted fingernails flashed as she gestured and smoked.

"This stuff is (continued on page 108)





*“Hi, everyone—Wilma and I have just arrived here on the beautiful Riviera....”*



**L**ike a blast of walking sunshine, 18-year-old Katie Vernola is everything the Beach Boys promised a southern California girl would be. You want a woman who loves sun, surf and sand? Katie, a veteran of 11 years of cheerleading by her senior year in San Clemente, is not only an avid wakeboarder, snorkeler and bodyboarder, she even got up on a surfboard for her Miss June shoot. "I'm still pinching myself about becoming a Playmate!" Katie laughs with her captivating Goldie Hawn/Kate Hudson-like giggle. Moving on to the world of little deuce coupes, Katie pines for her ultimate dream ride, a pink Lamborghini Gallardo. "I love whipping my head back and riding in fast, exotic cars!" Not just a front seat ornament, she's also a grease monkey. "Yep, I can put on rims and tires, balance them and change your oil, too," she boasts. "So if you ever have any car trouble, call me." Will do, Katie. But what if we're looking for a girl in an itty-bitty polka-dot bikini... or less? No problem. "I always wanted to be a model and be in PLAYBOY, and now it's all happening so quickly. I'm like, 'Okay, let's go!' And as far as posing nude goes, I just thought, Everyone has boobs and a butt, so it's not that big a deal. And anyway, during the shoot I felt like, I'm free—yippee!"

# Little Surfer Girl

**MEET OUR BLUE CRUSH, MISS JUNE KATIE VERNOLA**



Photography by  
**Stephen Wayda**









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



**MISS JUNE**

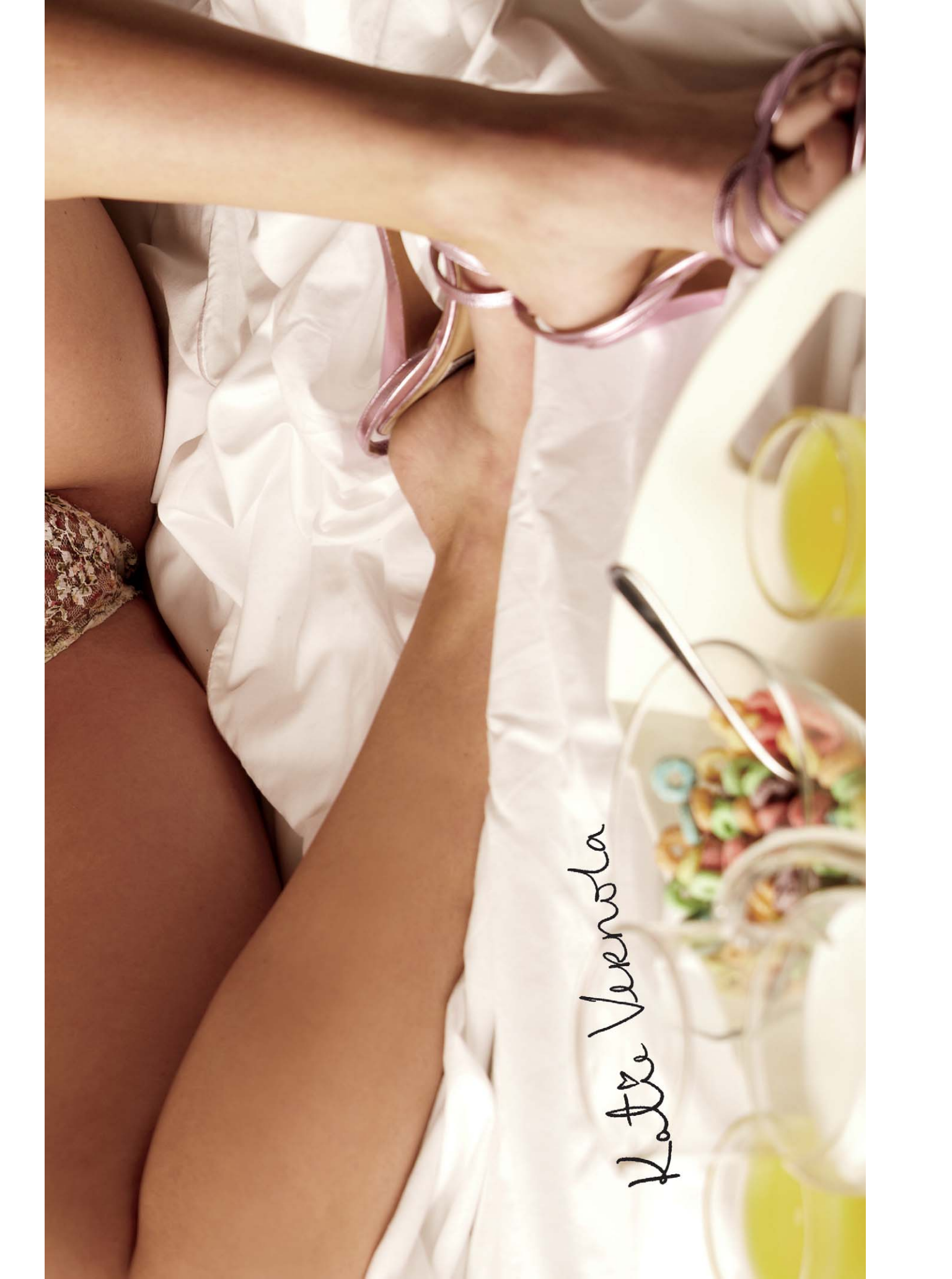
**PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH**







Kate Veronola



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Katie Vernola

BUST: 34D WAIST: 26 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 10/21/91 BIRTHPLACE: Victorville, CA

AMBITIONS: To be the best Playmate I can be, graduate college and have a healthy, happy family.

TURN-ONS: Smart, responsible guys with nice smiles and can-do attitudes.

TURNOFFS: Sloppy, conceited name-dropping braggarts with cigarette breath - yuck!!

WHAT MAKES A GIRL HOT: Lots of confidence, a big, warm loving heart and a tanned and toned smoking-hot bod.

MY FAVORITE MOVIE: Bad Boys 2. I love cars, and it's filled with racing, explosions and killer crashes.

I'M HAPPIEST: Having fun in the sun at the beach with my Maltese, Madison, and my family.

MY FINEST HOUR: Right now, being Miss June! Thanks, He.F.B



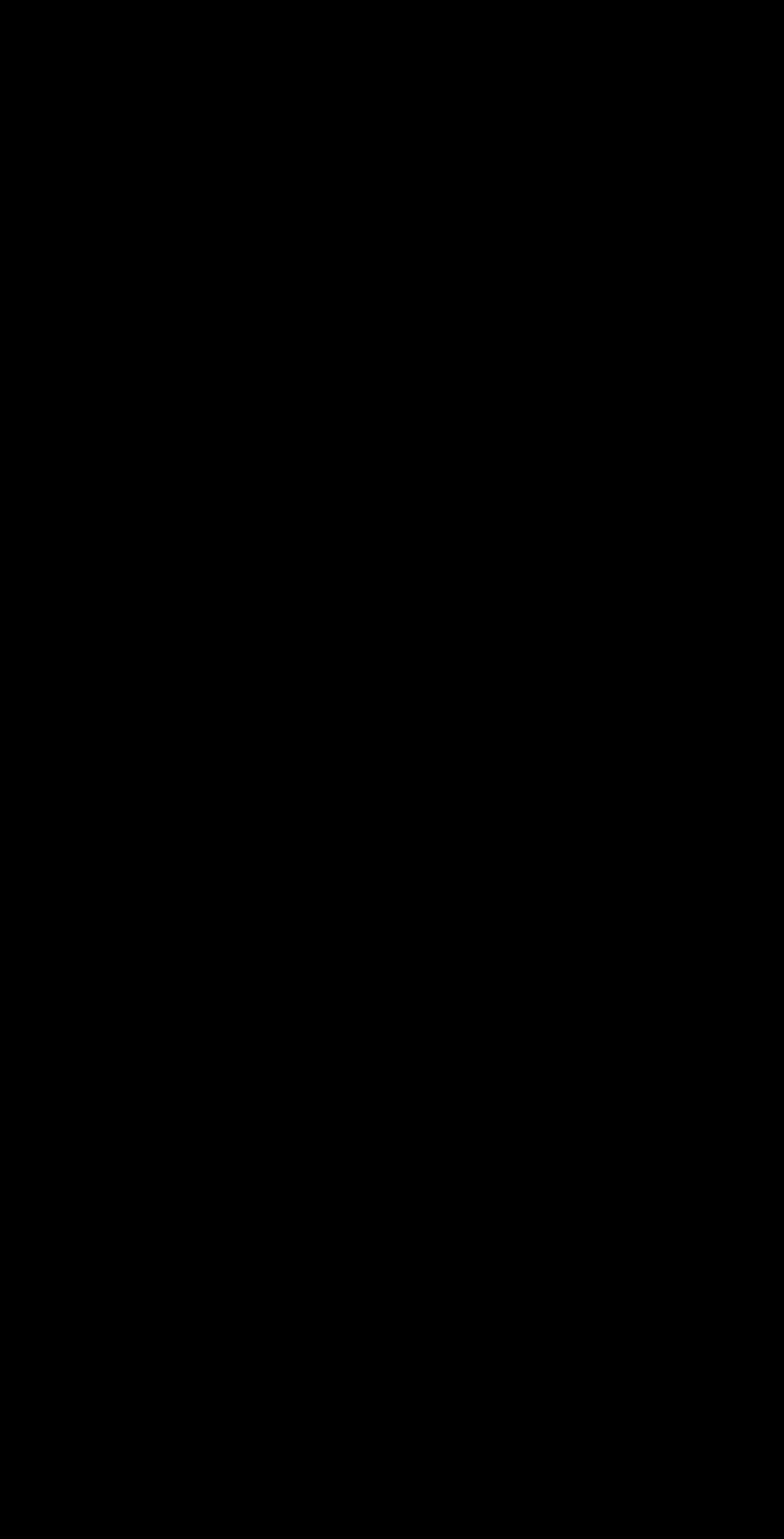
Eighth-grade yearbook picture.



My silly self in a pumpkin patch, 2008.



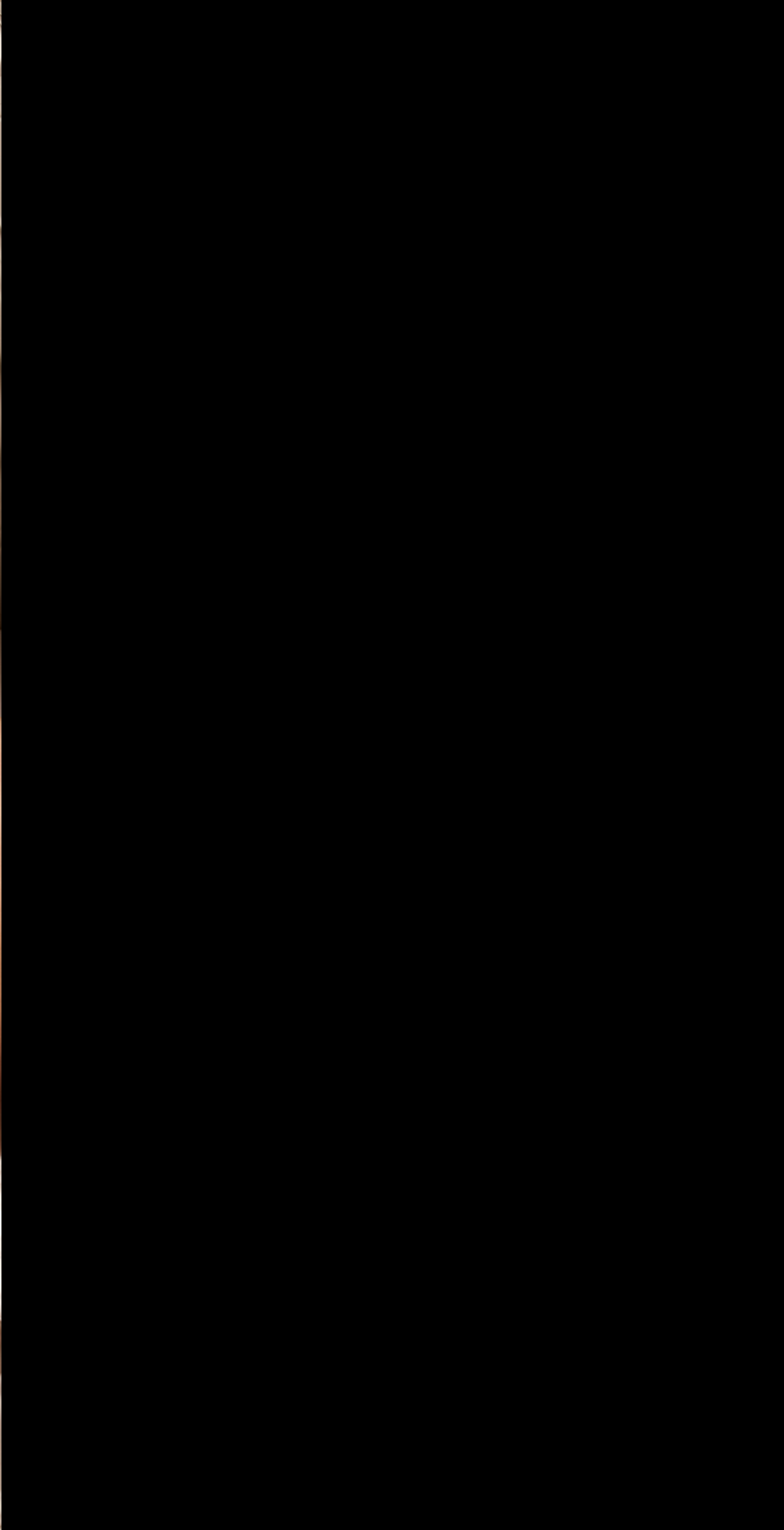
My senior picture. How time flies!



Katie Veknola

MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The owner of a golf course was confused about paying an invoice, so he decided to ask his secretary for some assistance. "You took math in college," he said. "I need some help. If I were to give you \$20,000 minus 14 percent, how much would you take off?"

The secretary considered the question for a moment and replied, "Everything but my earrings."

There should be an all-steroid sports competition called the Olympdicks.

What is one of the most expensive things in the world?

A woman who is free for the evening.



A man went into a confessional booth and discovered a fully equipped bar with beer on tap and a wall stocked with a dazzling array of the finest Cuban cigars. When the priest walked into the room the man said, "Father, forgive me, for it has been a long time since I've been to confession, but I must say the confessional box is much more inviting than I remember."

"Get out," the priest ordered. "You're on my side."

What do you call a virgin on a water bed?

A cherry float.

"I don't know what to do," a man said to his pal one night in their favorite bar. "Whenever I go home after a night out with the boys, I turn off the headlights before I get to my driveway, shut off the car engine and coast into the garage. I take off my shoes before I go inside. I sneak up the stairs, undress in the bathroom and then ease into bed—but my wife still wakes up and yells at me for staying out so late."

"You're taking the wrong approach," his friend replied. "I make a lot of noise getting out of the car, slam the door, storm up the steps, throw my shoes into the closet, jump into bed, rub my hands on my wife's ass and say, 'How about a blow job?' and she's always sound asleep."

What's the worst thing about the growing unemployment problem?

It's harder to screw your girlfriend with her husband home.

A man was sitting quietly and reading the paper one morning when his wife walked up behind him and hit him on the back of his head with a frying pan.

"What was that for?" he yelled.

"Tell me about that piece of paper in your pocket with the name Heather written on it," his wife exclaimed angrily.

"Oh, honey," he said. "Heather was the name of one of the horses I bet on when I went to the races two weeks ago."

Satisfied with his answer, the wife apologized and left him alone. Three days later the man was sitting in his chair reading when his wife again walked up and hit him on the head with a frying pan.

"Now what the hell was that for?" he demanded indignantly.

"Your horse called," she replied.



In California there is a six-month waiting period for filing for divorce but only a 15-day waiting period for buying a handgun. It's nice to know the government is giving us advice on how to work out our problems.

One night a man and his wife were discussing their sex life.

"Use your imagination so we can spice things up," the man said.

"Oh," his wife replied. "So I should imagine that it's good?"

Children in the dark cause accidents. Accidents in the dark cause children.

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



*Debra Doyle*

*"Okay, I give up!"*



R

MARRY ME



# RUSSELL brand

Q1

**PLAYBOY:** You've starred in several stand-up comedy specials, you hosted the MTV Music Video Awards, and you're appearing in your second Judd Apatow-produced movie this summer. Why aren't you a household name yet?

**BRAND:** I haven't been here long enough. Aside from the bits you just mentioned, I've spent most of the past few years in England. I've actually been focusing on becoming a household name in Russia and China, because that's the future. I hope you enjoy this innocent era before your empire collapses.

Q2

**PLAYBOY:** In your memoir, *My Booky Wook*, you describe a childhood and early adulthood filled with heroin addiction, bulimia and sex with prostitutes. While you were living it, were you thinking, Oh man, this is going to make great fodder for comedy someday?

**BRAND:** I sort of did, yeah. I had enough foresight at the time to think, This is pretty horrible, but it'll make for a good story. That was the only thing that made it tolerable, to have a bemused detachment about it. I think finding the humor in your life is sometimes the only thing that makes it bearable. You can contend with that sense of sadness by opposing it, by overwhelming it with comedy. It's a useful method for navigating through sadness and misery.

Q3

**PLAYBOY:** Your father bought a prostitute for you during a trip to Hong Kong when you were just 16 years old. Was that experience terrifying or exhilarating?

**BRAND:** It wasn't as irresponsible as it sounds. It was just the consequence of a night of drinking. I was in no way coerced. It was actually one of the most exciting things that ever happened to me. I can still recall everything about that night—the women in their high heels clinking across the floor and the smell of perfume and booze. I've had a strange attraction to prostitutes ever since. I just liked hanging out with them and talking to them. Prostitutes are some of the most fascinating women I've met in the world.

Q4

**PLAYBOY:** At least until recently you had a tremendous appetite for groupie sex. What are the reasons you wouldn't sleep with a fan?

**BRAND:** It's just aesthetics. When I was at my most promiscuous, I was like a charging locomotive. My selection process was outsourced. I had a team of experts who took care of finding women for me. They had very specific instructions. It was as if I was talking to a wine steward. "I'm looking for something French, a bit fruity, smells of oak." [laughs] I've (continued on page 114)



# REJECTED

A NEW BOOK, DELIGHTS IN THE THRILL OF LARGER-THAN-LIFE FIGURES GETTING CUT DOWN TO SIZE Edited by BILL SHAPIRO

## 1 TOO SEXY THE DRAFT FOR CASABLANCA UNFIT FOR THE SCREEN

**REJECTED**

*Mr. Kallis*

Mr. J. L. Warner,  
Warner Brothers,  
Burbank, California

Dear Mr. Warner:

We have received Part II, also pages of changes dated May 18th, for your proposed picture CASABLANCA. As we indicated before, we cannot, of course, give you a final opinion until we receive the complete script.

However, the present material contains certain elements which seem to be unacceptable from the standpoint of the Production Code. Specifically, we cannot approve the present suggestion that Capt. Renault makes a practice of seducing the women to whom he grants visas. Any such inference of illicit sex could not be approved in the finished picture.

Going through this new material, we call your attention to the following:

Pages 70 and 71: The dialogue in scenes 125 and 126 is unacceptable by reason of its sex suggestiveness.

Page 76: The following dialogue is unacceptable for the above reasons "By the way - another visa problem has come up", "Show her in".

Page 85: The line "You'll find it worth your while" is unacceptably sex suggestive.

Page 86: The suggestion that Ilsa was married all the time she was having her love affair with Rick in Paris seems unacceptable, and could not be approved in the finished picture. Hence, we request the deletion of Ilsa's line "Even when I knew you in Paris".



*Casablanca*  
"UNACCEPTABLY  
SEX SUGGESTIVE"



Mr. Warner - page 2

May 21, 1942

We will be happy to read the balance of the script, and to report further, whenever you have it ready.

Cordially yours,

Joseph I. Ereen

## 2 RETURN TO SENDER PUBLISHER REPULSED BY GERTRUDE STEIN'S INNOVATIVE WRITING

**REJECTED**

FROM ARTHUR C. FIFIELD, PUBLISHER,  
13, CLIFFORD'S INN, LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONE 14430 CENTRAL.

April 19 1912.

Dear Madam,

I am only one, only one, only one. Only one being, one at the same time. Not two, not three, only one. Only one life to live, only sixty minutes in one hour. Only one pair of eyes. Only one brain. Only one being. Being only one, having only one pair of eyes, having only one time, having only one life, I cannot read your M.S. three or four times. Not even one time. Only one look, only one look is enough. Hardly one copy would sell here. Hardly one. Hardly one.

Many thanks. I am returning the M.S. by registered post. Only one M.S. by one post.

Sincerely yours,

Miss Gertrude Stein,  
27 Rue de Fleurus,  
Paris,  
France.

*A.C. Fifield*



3

LOUSY S.O.B.

HARRY TRUMAN LAMBASTES SENATOR JOSEPH McCARTHY

REJECTED

Draft

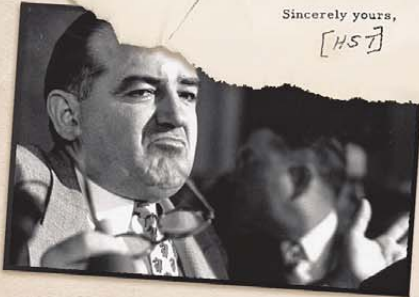
My dear Senator:

I read your telegram of February eleventh from Reno, Nevada with a great deal of interest and this is the first time in my experience, and I was ten years in the Senate, that I ever heard of a Senator trying to discredit his own Government before the world. You know that isn't done by honest public officials. Your telegram is not only not true and an insolent approach to a situation that should have been worked out between man and man but it shows conclusively that you are not even fit to have a hand in the operation of the Government of the United States.

I am very sure that the people of Wisconsin are extremely sorry that they are represented by a person who has as little sense of responsibility as you have.

Sincerely yours,

[HST]



6

OFF THE WALL

MOMA HAS NO NEED FOR ANDY WARHOL'S SHOE

REJECTED

THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART  
NEW YORK 19

11 WEST 53rd STREET  
TELEPHONE: CIRCLE 5-8900  
CABLES: MODERNART, NEW-YORK

THE MUSEUM COLLECTIONS

October 18, 1956

Dear Mr. Warhol:

Last week our Committee on the Museum Collections held its first meeting of the fall season and had a chance to study your drawing entitled *Shoe* which you so generously offered as a gift to the Museum.

I regret that I must report to you that the Committee decided, after careful consideration, that they ought not to accept it for our Collection.

Let me explain that because of our severely limited gallery and storage space we must turn down many gifts offered, since we feel it is not fair to accept as a gift a work which may be shown only infrequently.

Nevertheless, the Committee has asked me to pass on to you their thanks for your generous expression of interest in our Collection.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Alfred H. Barr, Jr.  
Director of the Museum Collections

Mr. Andy Warhol  
212 Lexington Avenue  
New York, New York

AHB:bj

P.S. The drawing may be picked up from the Museum at your convenience.

4

THANKS, BUT NO THANKS

ROSEANNE PRODUCER WOULD RATHER BE IN A WAR ZONE

REJECTED

March 27, 1990

To my friends at Carsey-Werner Company, ABC, to the cast, crew and staff of "Roseanne":

My sincere and heartfelt thanks to all of you.

I have chosen not to return to the show next season. Instead, my wife and I have decided to share a vacation in the relative peace and quiet of Beirut.

JEFF HARRIS  
Executive Producer

7

THE AX

PVT. JIMI HENDRIX IS NOT ARMY MATERIAL

REJECTED

5

HANDS OFF MY DAUGHTER

PRESIDENT CLINTON SAYS CHELSEA ISN'T ON THE MENU

REJECTED

OFFICE OF  
WILLIAM JEFFERSON CLINTON

September 18, 2007

Nino Selimaj  
Osso Buco  
88 University Pl  
New York, NY 10003

Dear Nino,

It has come to our attention that your restaurant, Osso Buco has displayed a picture of Chelsea Clinton in your front window. As you know, Ms. Clinton, a private citizen, was not consulted prior to this picture being displayed, and thus, her permission was not given for you to do so. While she may have dined at your restaurant, this does not serve as an endorsement.

Therefore, we ask that you immediately remove that picture and any and all pictures displaying Ms. Clinton. We reserve the right to exercise any and all options available to us if you refuse to comply.

Please confirm this understanding by written, return correspondence. We appreciate your cooperation.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Douglas J. Band  
Counselor to President Clinton



STATEMENT  
(AR 190-45)

Explain the nature of the investigation. If deponent is accused or suspected of an offense he must be so informed and this fact affirmatively shown.

PLACE: Fort Campbell, Kentucky DATE: 28 May 1962 FILE NO.  
DEPONENT (Last Name - First Name - Middle Initial): Hoekstra, Louis J.  
ORGANIZATION (If deponent is a civilian, give address): HQ & Co "A", 801st Maint Bn, Spt GP, 10

I HAVE BEEN INFORMED BY: Capt Gil...  
Commissioned Officer  
THAT HE IS CONDUCTING AN INVESTIGATION OF...  
[REDACTED]

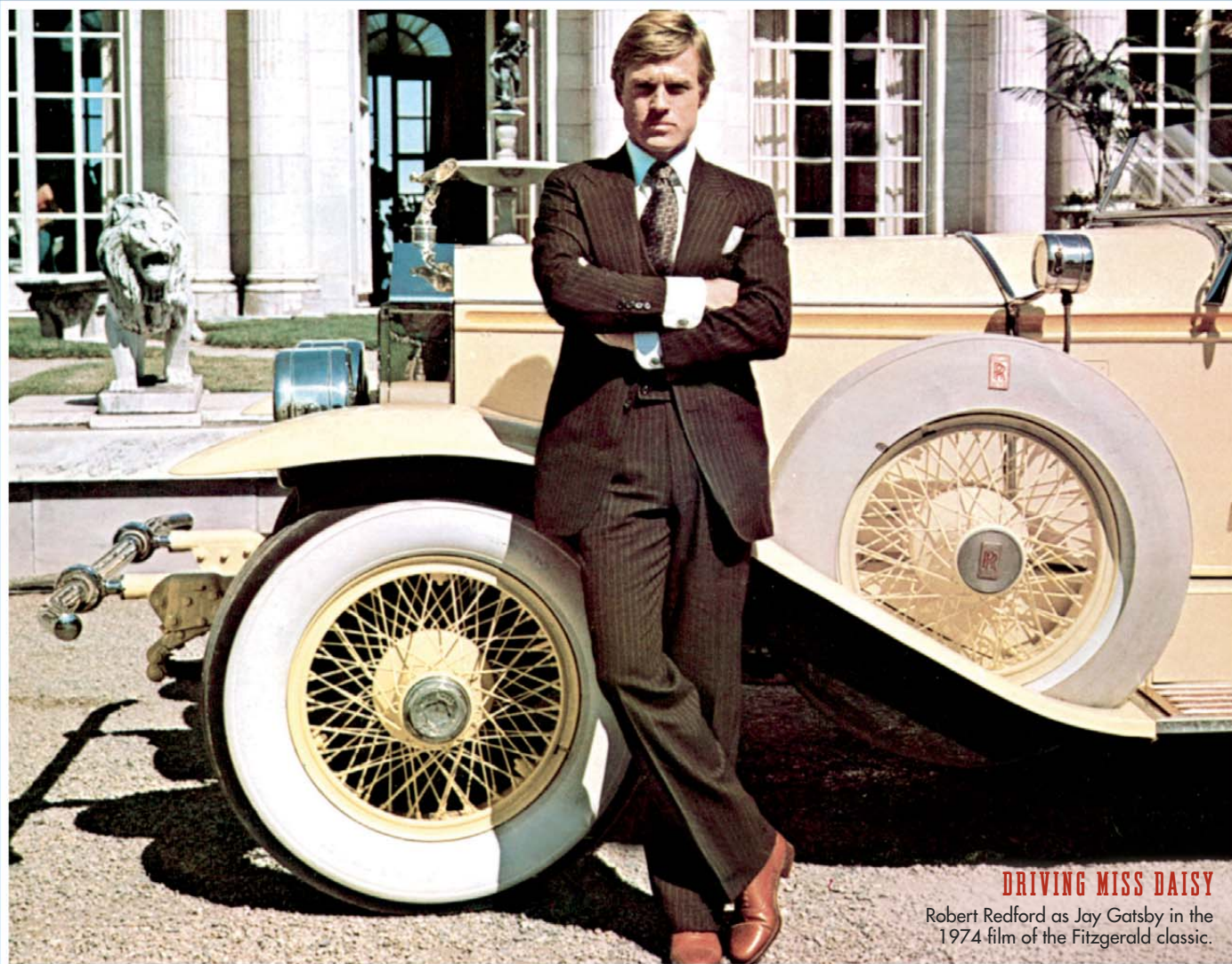
"THE UNIFORM CODE OF MILITARY JUSTICE...  
[REDACTED]

I have known Pvt James M Hendrix, RA 19 693 532, since he was assigned to the Unit in Nov 61. He was assigned to the Repair Parts Section for duty as a supply clerk. Shortly after his assignment his section Sgt, Sgt Bowman, came to me and indicated that Hendrix was going to be a problem. I have since then found that Hendrix is poorly motivated for the military, has no regard for regulations, requires excessive supervision while performing his duties, pays no heed to counseling from his supervisors as to his shortcomings. He is a habitual offender when it comes to making bed check, having missed bed check in March, April and May. Hendrix has been counseled regarding his shortcomings at extreme lengths by Capt Gilbert R Batchman, to no avail. At times Hendrix isn't able to carry on an intelligent conversation, paying little attention to having been spoken to. At one point it was thought perhaps Hendrix was taking dope and was sent to be examined by a medical officer with negative results. He has been undergoing group therapy at Mental Hygiene with negative results. Pvt Hendrix plays a musical instrument during his off duty hours, or so he says. This is one of his faults, because his mind apparently cannot function while performing duties and thinking about his guitar. On 23 May 62, Hendrix missed bed check, also at that time his pass privileges were withdrawn by the company commander. However Hendrix will readily admit to being off post without a pass, showing no regard for regulations. I recommend with out hesitancy that Hendrix be eliminated from the service under the provisions of AR 635-208 as expeditious as possible.

EXHIBIT: [Signature] DEPONENT'S INITIALS: [Signature] PAGE 1 OF 1 PAGES

Additional pages must contain the heading "STATEMENT OF... TAKEN AT... DATED... CONTINUED." The bottom of each additional page must bear the initials of the person making the statement and be identified as "PAGE... OF... PAGES."  
DA FORM 1 JUN 59 19-24 PREVIOUS EDITION OF THIS FORM IS OBSOLETE.





**DRIVING MISS DAISY**

Robert Redford as Jay Gatsby in the 1974 film of the Fitzgerald classic.

 **THE**   
**SPORTING**  
**LIFE**

WITH A NOD TO THE ERA OF  
**~GATSBY~**  
 A MODERN STYLE GUIDE TO  
 THE CARELESS DAYS  
 OF THE LEISURE SEASON

“CAN’T REPEAT THE PAST?” wrote F. Scott Fitzgerald in his 1925 classic *The Great Gatsby*. “Why of course you can!” Taking inspiration from the gentlemanly pursuits of an era when men knew how to relax—by, say, taking a bath in gin—while never looking more comfortable in our own skin, PLAYBOY puts an updated spin on those classic looks with elements of garden parties, golfing forays, tennis twosomes, motor-ing excursions and the laid-back literary summer months when Daisy Buchanan wistfully and dangerously asked, “What’ll we do with ourselves this afternoon? And the day after that, and the next 30 years?” How about have a good time and look great in the process? Here are a few ideas on how to enjoy the good old days right now.

**DRIVING GLOVES**

BY FRATELLI  
 ORSINI  
 \$97



**KNIT TIES**

BY J.M.  
 DICKENS  
 OF LONDON  
 \$120  
 EACH



**GEARSHIFT  
 CUFF LINKS**

BY CUFFLINKS.COM  
 \$45



# MOTORING



## VINTAGE COTTON INTERNATIONAL JACKET

BY BARBOUR \$299

## BANDED-COLLAR SHIRT

BY MEL GAMBERT  
BESPOKE \$315

## DRIVING MOCCASINS

BY BØRN  
\$115

## WEEKENDER BAG

BY ORVIS  
\$249

## GLASSES

BY YVES  
SAINT  
LAURENT  
\$245



## THREE FOR THE ROAD

A seaside jaunt staged for a 1920s society magazine.

## HEADING OUT

DRIVING CAPS RULE the summer roads once again, not only in the States but also in Italy, Ireland and Scotland. Just don't call them "newsies."



## COTTON AND SUEDE CAP

BY ORVIS  
\$39



## MULTICOLORED STRAW CAP

BY BLOCK HEADWEAR  
\$43



## MADRAS PATCHWORK CAP

BY ORVIS  
\$59



## NAVY COTTON CAP

BY LANDS' END CANVAS  
\$30

## BRITISH GRAND PRIX

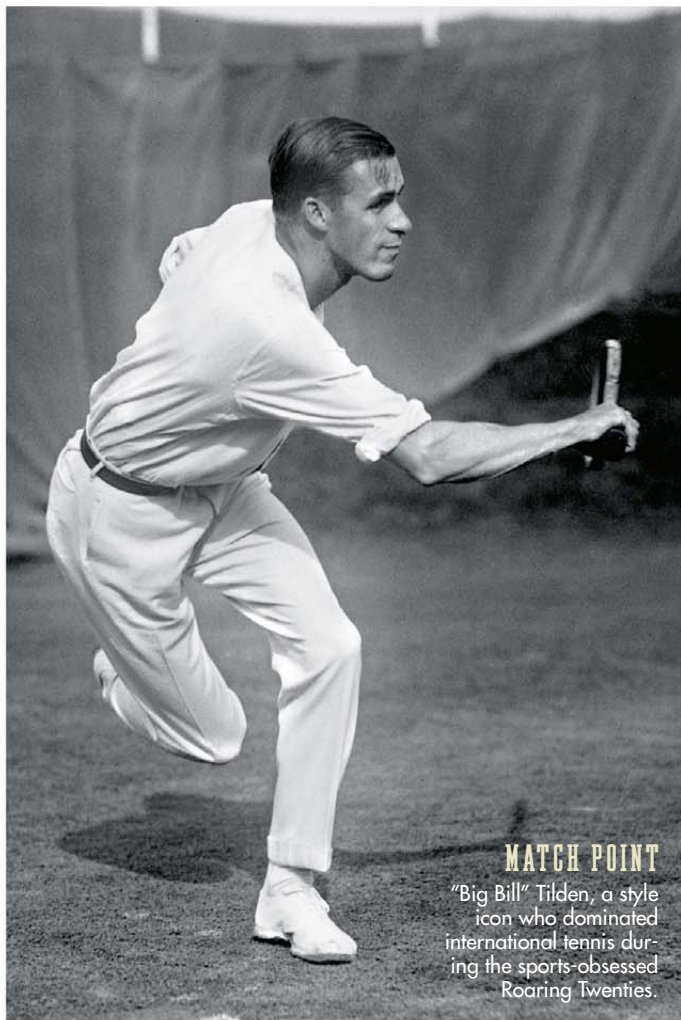
Like the Italians, the Brits have been mad for motor racing since the 1920s. Back then, as it is now, racing was a game for "gentleman drivers" who could afford expensive machinery and didn't mind so much when it got bent out of shape. For the crowds, Grand Prix races were fashionable events where the perfume of engines

mixed with that of fine champagne. The British Grand Prix is held at Silverstone, a racetrack built on a World War II air base 100 miles northwest of London. Our prediction: Former Formula One world champ Lewis Hamilton will take the checkered flag in front of his home crowd. **July 11, [formula1.com](http://formula1.com).**

## MADRAS

- 2 oz. vodka
- 3 oz. cranberry juice
- 2 oz. orange juice

Pour vodka and cranberry juice into a chilled highball glass filled with ice. Stir, top off with orange juice and serve.



**MATCH POINT**  
 "Big Bill" Tilden, a style icon who dominated international tennis during the sports-obsessed Roaring Twenties.

# TENNIS

## CARDIGAN SWEATER AND POLO

BY GANT RUGGER  
 \$169 AND \$89

## POLO SHIRTS

BY VINEYARD VINES  
 \$62 EACH

## TENNIS SHORTS

BY FILA  
 \$40



## SOLE SURVIVORS

THE CLASSIC tennis shoes all the 1970s aces wore are making a stylish encore in 2010. Look back to step forward in a pair of these beauties.



**K-SWISS CLASSICS**  
 \$65



**PF FLYERS BOB COUSY LO**  
 \$80



**LACOSTE CERBERUS 3**  
 \$130

## PIMM'S CUP

- 2 oz. Pimm's No. 1 Cup
- 1 oz. ginger ale
- Slice of cucumber
- Slice of lemon

Pour Pimm's and ginger ale into a chilled highball glass filled with ice. Squeeze the lemon while dropping it into the glass. Garnish the lip of the glass with cucumber and serve.

## WIMBLEDON

The oldest and most prestigious tennis tournament in the world has been held at the All England Club outside London since 1877. The only Grand Slam

tourney still played on grass, the action at Wimbledon culminates in the men's singles final. Pimm's Cup and a strict dress code make it one of the most stylish

events on the summer calendar. Last year Roger Federer took the title, setting a record for Grand Slam wins with 15. **June 21–July 4, [wimbledon.org](http://wimbledon.org).**

# GOLF



## ARGYLE KNIT VEST AND POLO SHIRT

BY POLO GOLF  
\$185 AND \$85

## TROUSERS

BY POLO GOLF  
\$165

## STRIPED WEB AND MADRAS BELTS

BY LANDS' END  
\$30 AND \$35



## SLICE OF LIFE

Golf champion Bobby Jones at the 1927 British Open at St. Andrews, Scotland.

## EYE-CATCHING

GENERAL MACARTHUR'S favorite shades—aviators—never went out of style. Some of the newcomers flying in this summer...



**MARC BY MARC JACOBS** \$98

**GUCCI** \$275

**CARRERA** \$120

**DIOR HOMME** \$245



## SUMMER READING

You define your style not just by what you wear and how you carry yourself but also by what you read. The collection pictured includes Fitzgerald's "Winter Dreams," a brilliant golfing tale said to be the precursor for *Gatsby*.

## ARNOLD PALMER

- ½ cup lemonade
- ½ cup iced tea
- Slice of lemon
- (Vodka to taste)

In the late 1960s Arnold Palmer was heard ordering this beverage in a Palm Springs bar; other customers followed suit. Modernists add vodka to the "mocktail." Pour all ingredients into a pint glass filled with ice, stir and serve.

## U.S. OPEN

The United States Golf Association will stage this year's open at the newly refurbished Pebble Beach Golf Links in California, but the event actually dates to 1895 and the nine-

hole course at the Newport Golf and Country Club in Rhode Island. The winner that year, a 21-year-old Englishman, received \$150 in cash; last year's winner, Lucas Glover,

took home \$1.35 million. The big question this season is whether three-time winner Tiger Woods will show up with his A game. **June 14–20, [usopen.com](http://usopen.com).**

# BALTIMORE

# Heroes

by JOHN WATERS

---

IN WHICH THE ESTEEMED DIRECTOR REFLECTS ON THE FABLED BARROOMS AND BIZARRE CHARACTERS OF HIS CHARM CITY

---

*Every Friday night of my life*

**I DRINK.** An alcoholic one night of the week, a workaholic the other six. Only I'm better these days. Now I don't work either day of the weekend unless I have a speaking engagement. And I still drink too much only on Fridays. "Was it fun making your movies?" people always ask. "No!" I respond. "Fun is being home in Baltimore and going out to scary bars."

Bars have always been a big part of living in Baltimore, and the good ones have no irony about them. They're not "faux" anything. They're real and alarming. True, Baltimore is changing, but what I make movies about is still there, lurking on the backstreets. When I was a teenager I hung around outside of bars. My mom used to drive me downtown to Martick's, a bar known (at the time) for its bohemian customers. "Well," she'd sigh as she dropped me off, knowing I couldn't get in because the owner was aware I wasn't 21, "at least here you might meet some people you could get along with." I sure wasn't having much luck elsewhere. I didn't realize this at the time, but what a brave chance my mother took by doing that. She knew that Maelcum Soul was the barmaid there and that my best friend, Pat Moran (we met because we had the same boyfriend), sometimes joined her behind the counter. I hung out in the alley, or as we started calling it, the "alley-a-go-go." Pretty soon other lunatic bar



PLAZA  
**BARS**

HAVE ALWAYS BEEN

A BIG PART OF  
*living*  
IN BALTIMORE,  
AND THE GOOD ONES HAVE

NO

IRONY ABOUT THEM.  
THEY'RE NOT  
*faux*  
ANYTHING.

THEY'RE REAL AND  
ALARMING.



customers would come outside to talk to this skinny underage long-haired kid who wanted to make movies. I was in seventh heaven.

My mom didn't know it, but I had already gotten into a Baltimore bar with a fake ID. Pepper Hill was a semi-legal gay club located next door to the main police station. Who wouldn't wonder about payoffs? There I saw Pencil, my first other-side-of-the-tracks drag freak. He was Baltimore's male Tralala, and I used to see him in the daytime too, when I'd hook school and eat at the awful, aptly named Little Restaurant on Howard Street. Pencil was tall, weighed about 100 pounds and wore black skintight girls' jeans, an angel blouse and his own bleached hair in some kind of makeshift beehive. He would screech and sashay up and down the street, having nell fits and mincing to horrified truck drivers, who would shout insults back. I was shocked.

I had heard Pencil lived with his parents in East Baltimore, way out near the streetcar barn. I also used to see Pencil with his best friend, Cleopatra, who at six-foot-six hardly "passed." Together they would cause a ruckus when they showed up at municipal band concerts in Mount Vernon Park, which were attended mostly by little old blue-haired ladies. For



LADY ZORRO WAS A LESBIAN STRIPPER ON THE BLOCK. "TO THIS DAY," WRITES JOHN WATERS, "ZORRO IS MY INSPIRATION."

Imagine my sadness when I saw in *The Baltimore Sun* the 2001 obituary for Sheila Alberta Bowater, 63 years of age. Since part of the headline read "Dancer on the Block," I scanned down, and there it was: "Appearing as Lady Zorro...she danced at the Oasis and the Two O'Clock Club." I couldn't believe it. Lady Zorro was dead! But then the real shock came. The obituary mentioned her daughter, who lived in Tigard, Oregon. Zorro had a daughter? I immediately wrote Eileen Murche to express my sympathies, and she wrote back, "Dear John, How bizarre that you should contact me regarding my mother Zorro.... My mother spoke of you many times. She loved how outrageous you are."

I was speechless. Zorro knew who I was? She had actually followed my career later in her life? Eileen confided to me that she had gone to Catholic school as a child, and she enclosed great glamour photos of her late mom.

"How could Zorro's daughter possibly be like other little Catholic girls?"

Eileen wondered in her letter, adding, "My childhood memories are of strippers, drag queens, drugs, the racetrack, the Block and the many faces that passed through the doorway of [her family's downtown row house on] East 28th Street." In other words, the exact opposite of how I grew up in an

## YOU COULDN'T EVEN GET BUZZED IN AT THE FRONT DOOR OF THE WIGWAM UNLESS YOU WERE A BUM. A REAL ONE.

some reason Pencil always made an appearance just to horrify the crowd. I watched his every move.

Later in life Pencil seemed to vanish from the streets. Once, Pat Moran and I were in my car and saw him. I told Pat to yell "Hey, Pencil!" and she did, but he just gave us a dirty look. We had heard he hissed to others that he "wasn't Pencil anymore but Miss Streisand." I later tried to locate Pencil but at first had little luck. "I know someone who saw him on the bus once" was about as close as I could get until I found Doris, the beloved and retired longtime barmaid at Leon's, Baltimore's oldest gay bar. She filled me in: Pencil had graduated to serious drag, become a hairdresser and gained weight. He drank too much but had good friends right up to when "he had stomach problems," moved with his mother and sister to Startex, South Carolina and died in the late 1990s. Pencil was erased for good, but not from my memory. I never once in my life had so much as a conversation with Pencil, but he was a great influence on me—defiantly courageous in the face of hatred, rabidly enticing despite his repellent packaging and *so* happy to be living a life totally against the laws of the time.

Of course, before Pencil there was Zorro—Lady Zorro. I have written elsewhere about this lesbian stripper from Baltimore's red-light district the Block whom Divine and I used to go see at the very end of her burlesque career in the 1960s. Zorro was so butch, so scary, so Johnny Cash. No actual stripping for her at that point; she just came out nude and snarled at her fans, "What the fuck are you looking at?" To this day Zorro is my inspiration. She gives me courage to go onstage with no props for my spoken-word act. Brave. Without makeup. Like Tilda Swinton at the Oscars.

upper-middle-class family on Morris Avenue in Lutherville, Maryland. What could it possibly be like to have Zorro, the lesbian stripper, as your mom?

I hopped on a plane to find out. Eileen lives in a lovely suburban home outside Portland. She was going through a trial separation from her husband of 11 years (whom I met). Her two small children were in school the day I visited. Eileen was down-to-earth, pretty and full of gallows humor. She had quite a story.

Lady Zorro was born out of wedlock on May 23, 1937 in New York City to a mother who wanted to avoid the disgrace of being pregnant in her hometown of Providence, Rhode Island. The child was raised in three different orphanages, environments that were later described as "hellish." The grandparents somehow found out about the baby, took her home and legally adopted little Sheila when she was nine years old. She was a hellion from the beginning, butch once she got to high school, with the added problem of having very large breasts. Sheila briefly tried to be a stewardess, but as Eileen remembers hearing from her mom, "a passenger grabbed her ass, and she threw a drink in his face and told him to fuck himself." So much for the friendly skies. Sheila somehow ended up in Baltimore, working as a stripper with the name of Lady Zorro. The reason for the new moniker, her daughter explains, was she needed a costume with a mask "because she had a crooked nose and they wanted to cover it up." Sheila also got her first girlfriend, fellow stripper Rachel, better known as Ray. Ray designed Lady Zorro's costume, and suddenly a star was born. Z (as she was known to people in the life, right up to the end) brought a real rage to the stage, which added (continued on page 132)



Olivi

*"Is tonight formal or what...?"*

HOPE DWORACZYK IS

# PLAYMATE

OF THE

# YEAR

2010

YOU AND HEF HAVE MADE YOUR CHOICE. HOPE IS OUR 51ST PMOY



AS THE 2010 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR, HOPE RIDES OFF INTO THE SUNSET ON A NEW BMW S 1000 RR, THE GERMAN BRAND'S ULTIMATE SUPERBIKE. IMAGINE THIS BEAUTY MOVING AT 130 MPH ON TWO WHEELS.

"I FEEL AS THOUGH I'M LOOKING IN AND WATCHING SOMEONE ELSE'S LIFE," SAYS THE 25-YEAR-OLD MODEL AND TELEVISION PERSONALITY, HER TEXAS ACCENT CREEPING IN. "I FEEL LIKE THIS IS ALL A DREAM."

BY BRANTLEY BARDIN

When Hope Dworaczyk wound up not only as Miss April 2009 but also on that month's cover with Seth Rogen (who, you'll recall, was cheekily blowing a fan up her skirt), she thought, Oh, my goodness, once you're on the cover of *PLAYBOY* you automatically become a sex symbol, and I absolutely do not feel like a sex symbol. I mean, who the hell am I?

A little more than a year later, thanks to Hef and your votes, the five-foot-10 brunette has become much more than a sex

symbol. She's the one and only Playmate of the Year 2010.

But guess what. The 25-year-old still can't accept her status. "No, I still don't feel like a sex symbol," she insists. Then she relents a bit. "Well, at least not unless I'm in bed...." So who is a sex symbol? "I think iconic," says Hope. "Like Sophia Loren and Brigitte Bardot." There's another reason she fits so well in this magazine. Hope is a woman of today, yet she's in touch with the glamour and inventiveness of the past.

Hope started modeling when she was 16 years old. She





has walked runways in America and Europe, modeling the wares of Versace, Agent Provocateur, La Perla and Balenciaga. For the past three years she has hosted a Canadian television show called *Inside Fashion*. There is an element of fate to her rise with PLAYBOY. Hope's adventure began two years ago when she was having lunch with a friend in Dallas. Her friend said she was headed to a 55th Anniversary Playmate casting nearby that afternoon.

"Do you want to come with me?" her friend asked.

Hope agreed, planning only to go along for the ride. Once she was at the casting, though, a PLAYBOY staffer spotted her in the crowd, sitting on a chair in a hallway.

"I'm not here to pose," Hope said. "My girlfriend is changing into her robe."

The next thing Hope knew, she was in a thong and bra and posing in front of television cameras for an episode of *The Girls Next Door*. Now she is your choice for PMOY 2010.

Hope's grandmother gave the former Miss Teen Texas (she was raised in a little beach town on the Gulf) the encouraging push she needed to pose nude for the magazine the first time last year. "My nana said, 'Are you kidding? If I was your age and had the opportunity, I'd go for it!'" remembers Hope with her ever-present full-bodied laugh. "I was like, 'Great! I'll just make that call to PLAYBOY now and worry about what everyone else thinks later.'"

Hope's successes have helped open plenty of doors in show business. She has appeared on *CSI* and *Ugly Betty* and will soon be seen in a role written expressly for her on *Curb Your Enthusiasm*. She's also developing a new TV show she'll produce herself. "I think PLAYBOY and I will be great for each other," says Hope, "because I'm a very ambitious girl who is always creating new projects, keeping my name out there. I'm a yes person; I don't say no very much." Her ultimate goal? To work behind the camera and to become a Bond girl. "Put a gun in my hand and I turn from this sweetheart into a badass woman."

Hope's most important work occurs when she's not working. She's a dedicated volunteer with children's charities. "I'm so passionate about that, I wish I had the funds to not work, because that's what I would do full time if I could." After a pause she says, "Listen, I'm totally serious when I say I sometimes have to stop and think, Is this really my life? I feel as though I'm looking in and watching someone else's life. I can't believe I'm Playmate of the Year. What an amazing honor. I still feel as if someone is going to come and take it away. I feel like this is all a dream."













See more of Hope at  
[playboy.com/pmoy2010](http://playboy.com/pmoy2010).  
To see Hope's 3-D Centerfold  
(our first ever), turn to page 139.

# SAVAGES

(continued from page 74)

total ditch weed," she said, shrugging her shoulders, "but it's better than nothing."

Dickie showed her some of his pictures from Iraq. The images flashed and faded and bled into each other on his computer screen; house-to-house in Mosul, a cramped apartment full of frightened-looking Iraqi women and children, a young marine, bulging with gear, looking down at two dead Mahdi militiamen. Sometimes he thought that if he didn't photograph a thing he didn't really experience it, but right then, looking at the photos with Mally sitting next to him it seemed as though someone else had taken them. And he was glad to be so far away from that world. Dickie breathed in the oil in Mally's hair and her rich, musky skin smell. She radiated a slowed-down sadness that felt deeply erotic.

"God, they're hot," she said. "I love a man in a uniform."

"They would love you, too," Dickie said, thinking of the U.S. soldiers with their endless porn and loneliness. He put his hand up her shirt tentatively, waiting to get brushed away. Mally wasn't wearing a bra and her small breasts were soft and warm, her nipples erect as soon as he touched her. She acted like she didn't notice what he was doing. She told him that she'd been adopted and when she was 18 had found out that her biological mother was a full-blooded Inuit.

"You mean you're an Eskimo?" Dickie asked, stoned and happy, drawing light circles around her nipples with his fingers. "Like the dudes that live in igloos?"

"Yeah, I guess."

"That's very, *very* cool."

He lifted up her shirt and kissed each of her breasts slowly and then her belly.

"So, how are you planning on actually getting inside the jail?" she asked.

"I've put a request in with your boss to get permission."

"He'll give you permission if I ask him to," Mally said.

The television screen lit up the small room, flashing blue shadows.

"Really?" Dickie asked. "That'd be swell." He decided that she was much more beautiful up close than from a distance; her full mouth and olive skin, her high cheekbones, impenetrable brown eyes. He wanted to take Mally's long hair out of her braids. In Iraq he had been sleeping with a pretty blonde staff sergeant who was sweet but blandly muscular and scentless. He liked women like Mally, like Tricia. Dark and full of feeling; sexual to their core and musky and sweaty.

"Yeah, he'll do it. He's my boyfriend. He's totally crazy about me. He does anything I want."

Dickie had a habit of feeling things in his body before he understood them. He pulled back from her and tried to read her expression.

"Norman'll be back tomorrow," Mally said. She lit the roach and held it out to him.

"I don't think so," he said. "Thanks."

"Yeah, this weed is bunk. I don't even know why I'm smoking it."

Mally gazed at the television. Her lips were open and he could see the tip of her tongue. Rain began splashing on the roof. Without really meaning to, Dickie put his hand back up her shirt to feel her lovely breasts, and she turned to face him. Her eyes loomed, enormous in the glow from the television. She leaned over and kissed him deeply, as though they knew each other. But when they started having sex she seemed to disappear; he felt her blocking him out of the room. He started to regret what he was doing and tried to stop, twice, but she held on to him and pushed him back into her.

After Mally left Dickie turned the lights on and sat, unable to sleep or work on his photos. He wished he hadn't gotten high. He thought about Tricia. They had been arguing about a baby for the past year. All of a sudden lying there, so far away, with another woman's taste in his mouth, Tricia was more vivid than the whole time he'd been in Iraq, when they had talked on the phone every day. He could feel her small, smooth hands and feet, her thick black hair, the sound of her voice in his ear, whispering while they fucked.

The rain, hammering down on the roof, kept him awake until dawn, and then he floated into a dream of being back in his bed in New York with his wife lying next to him, in his arms.

•

The next morning when they arrived at the jail, the soldiers waved Dickie and Peter inside the gates. A heavysset Papua New Guinean official, wearing an immaculately pressed uniform, with faded blue tribal tattoos on his face slowly walked over to Peter's van.

"You the man who wants a tour?" he asked, his gold-and-brown eyes taking in Peter and Dickie, the rusted-out inside of the van, the camera bags, Dickie's red Converses.

"I am," Dickie said, smiling, and slid open the van door, holding out his hand. When he stood up, he towered over the New Guinean.

"Are you the warden? I'm Richard Bernbaum."

"No," he said, "I am the assistant warden."

When the assistant warden went to take his hand Dickie clapped the man's shoulder and pulled him, almost enfolding him in an embrace. It was a trick he learned watching a young American lieutenant on street patrol in Mosul. As quickly as possible show you are physically vulnerable, friendly, on the same side.

"How you doing, buddy?"

The New Guinean looked up, unsmiling, into Dickie's face. "I am not your buddy," he said.

The reply made Dickie more unhappy than he knew it should. He nodded and smiled. "Oh, okay," he said. "That's okay—that's cool too."

He followed the assistant warden along the wide dirt road that led into the prison grounds. They passed a chicken coop and a grove of banana trees. In the distance the mountains that lead east spread out, their peaks obscured by cloud and mist. The immense mountains felt alive to Dickie, like beings that were aware. This country is time travel, he thought, looking around him. It's like seeing the primeval world before humans existed.

The road curved up a steep hill, and then, as it flattened out, a series of connected, low blue-painted cement-brick buildings with corrugated aluminum roofs appeared. A Christian hymn being sung in the Melanesian patois floated over the day. Fenced-in gardens of sweet-potato ivy covered the hills, and a black goat stood on the side of the road, chewing grass.

Dickie took photos of the assistant warden looking straight into his lens, his tiger-colored eyes and tawny skin and facial tattoos striking in the mid-morning light, silhouetted by loops of razor wire. They walked over to the first building in the compound. As they stepped inside, Dickie thought the assistant warden had brought him to see the morgue; the place was one open-air room full of close-together rows of cots with motionless, emaciated men lying on them. The only discernible movement was flies circling and buzzing over the bodies. The sweet rank stink of human shit and piss and unwashed skin, mold and ammonia engulfed them.

"This is our sick ward," the assistant warden said. Dickie began photographing; close-ups of slack-jawed faces, flies clustered on sores that were weeping puss, ashy skin stretched over bone.

"Do they all have AIDS?" Dickie asked. He couldn't help himself; waves of excitement were washing over him. The grotesque images were superb. Even the tropical mountain light filtering through the windows saturated everything with a rich, textured glow.

"This is all AIDS, right?" Dickie asked again from behind the viewfinder.

But the assistant warden didn't respond. Dickie wandered among the rows of cots, over to a wide-open window. A cross, painted the black and red and yellow and white of the Papua New Guinea flag, hung on the wall above a man who lay staring up at the ceiling with eyes that were unseeing from cataracts.

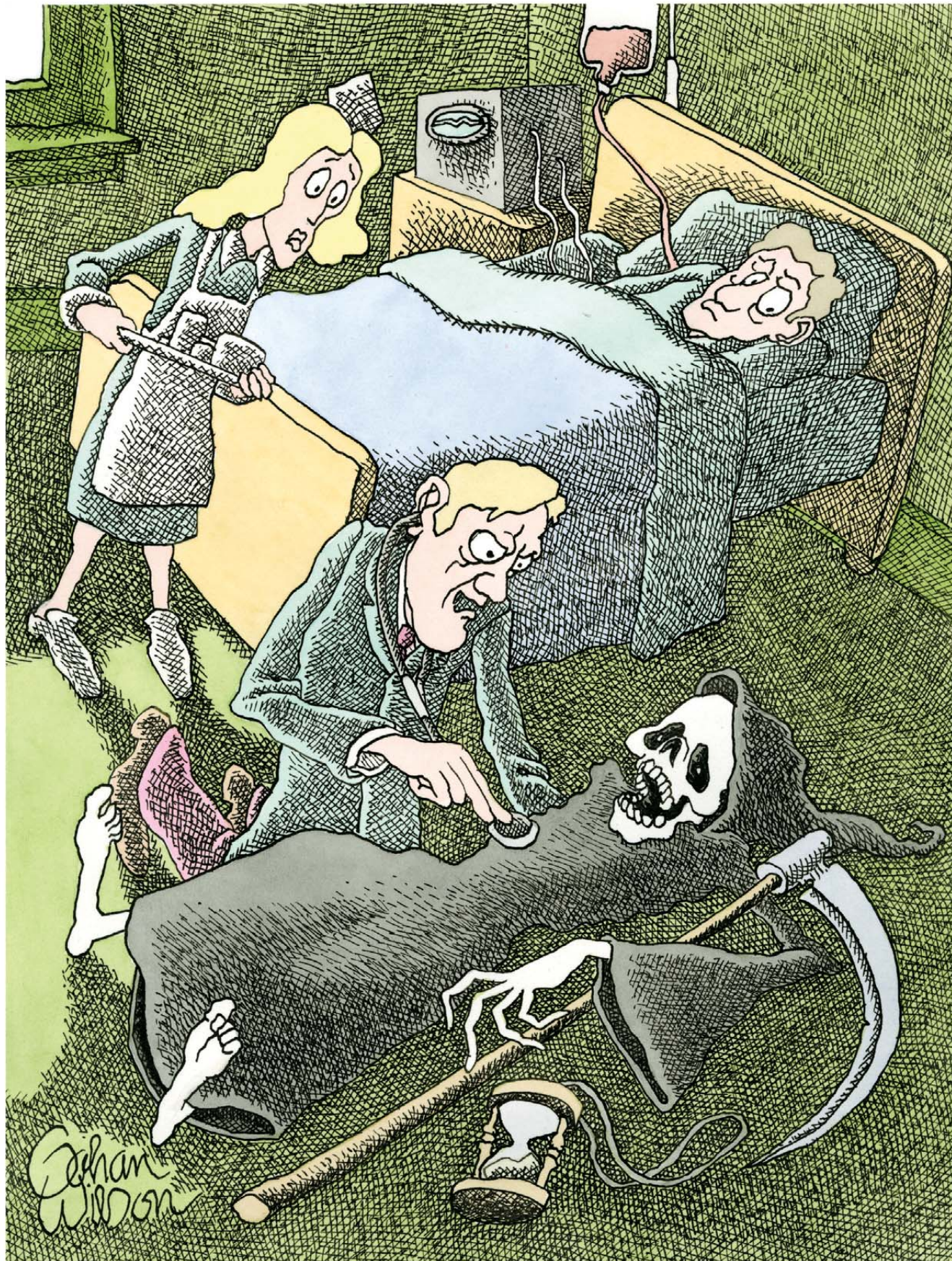
Dickie photographed the man's emaciated face and sunken, opaque eyes, a dog-eared Bible next to his hand.

He shot him in black and white, in color digital and film, finally two rolls with his Holga.

"To him who overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life," the body lying below him said quietly.

The assistant warden, who had walked over to observe Dickie, said, "This man is a New Tribes pastor."

Dickie kept photographing; composing shapes, with light and rows of empty plastic water bottles under the cot, a



*"It's the first time I've ever seen this happen!"*

fire-blackened pot of rice, the colorfully painted cross on the wall.

"A mighty angel took up a stone and cast it into the sea," the pastor continued, but his voice was so low that Dickie only heard him when he bent down. It occurred to him that the pastor, wandering somewhere in his hallucinations, had heard him and the assistant warden and mistakenly imagined he was in front of his congregation and had started preaching. Dickie knelt on the floor and shot the rows of beds at eye level.

"Wow," he said. "Just, wow."

"Tour is over," the assistant warden said.

"But this can't be the whole tour," Dickie said, annoyed, from behind his camera. "This was hardly anything. This is just one building."

There was a pause while Dickie kept shooting.

"I should say that you are lucky to have got in here at all."

Dickie glanced up at the assistant warden. The New Guinean was looking back at him with contempt shot through with a kind of contained, hard violence. The assistant warden was standing, perched, on the balls of his feet with his fingers clenched into loose fists. Something like danger or threat slithered up from the floor into Dickie's awareness and became a heavy, tightening pressure in his chest.

"Well, okay. If that's how you say it," Dickie said brightly, slowly standing up. "No problem. Let's go."

They walked out of the sick ward and along the road in silence. Dickie still felt afraid, and his heart was pounding. What can this man do to me? Dickie thought. He has a job to worry about. Barnett would fire him, at least, if something happened to me here. As they passed the sweet-potato garden the singing started up again. The sound of the hymns

floating in the sunshine soothed Dickie.

"May I ask why you are taking these pictures?" the assistant warden asked when they reached the gate.

"It's just my job," Dickie said, calculating what would be the best answer. "My boss told me to do it."

The assistant warden looked up at him, still hostile, but his eyes full of something else that Dickie couldn't read.

As the man turned away and walked up the hill Dickie watched his retreating figure until it disappeared and realized, too late, that it would have made a great shot.

The phone still wasn't working when they got back to the hotel. The woman in cornrows smiled. "This is truly an impossible country, Mr. Bernbaum. But don't worry. The lines will be back up later tonight. Or tomorrow morning, I should think."

Dickie stayed in his room through dinner so he wouldn't have to see Mally. He chewed two Ativans and played *Grand Theft Auto* on his PSP. At 10 the rain lulled him into a shallow, fitful sleep. Mally woke him around 11, knocking on the door and calling his name. She had been drinking and she stood in the hall, smoking, grinning lewdly at him.

"Come on!" she said, pulling so hard on his T-shirt that he stumbled, a little, into the hallway. "Come and meet Norman. We're all having fun and drinking."

Dickie followed her to the open-air dining room where the governor, his bald head gleaming in the restaurant's fluorescent light, sat at a table surrounded by a group of Australian men Dickie had seen around the hotel. The governor was a strange-looking man, much more so than in his photos—he didn't have eyebrows or eyelashes, and his skin was

pitted with acne scars. There was a chill in the air, and the insects and birds throbbled in the distance. Dickie felt them all gazing at him. He rubbed his eyes and smiled.

"Hey, how you guys doing?" he asked. "Sorry I'm a bit of a mess. I had already sacked out for the night."

"You the seppo who's been crawling around me jail?" the governor asked, his intensely blue eyes looking at Dickie, then Mally, then off at a point in the distant night. Barnett had the strongest, most nasal Australian accent Dickie had ever heard.

"Yes, sir," Dickie said. "I really appreciate all your help with the permission."

"Appreciate it, do ya? Y'gonna put ya pictures in *Time* magazine so the punters can go 'Boo hoo hoo, look at those poor savages all locked up and the key thrown away by that nasty old whitey?'"

Dickie smiled. "Something like that, sir."

Mally carried a chair over for Dickie and then stood standing, smoking, watching him.

"Want a drink?" she asked him.

"No, thanks," Dickie said.

"Ah, Jesus, and he's a poof," Barnett said, and the table erupted in laughter.

"No, no, no, I'll have a beer, I'll have a beer," Dickie said, chuckling along with the men at himself. "Please."

The governor watched Mally walk behind the bar and unlock the refrigerator. He turned and stared at Dickie, taking him in. Then he shook his head.

"I'll tell ya something ya may not have figured out yet, my fine young American friend. Yanks are bloody cowards in battle. I flew combat missions in a RAAF chopper during Vietnam. You've never seen a bunch of jelly-kneed bastards hide from a fight like the Yanks."

"Is that right?" Dickie said, grinning, opening the beer that Mally put in front of him.

"Yeah, that's right. Seppos're always running from a fight. I mean, bloody fucking hell, what are they doing mucking about in Saddam's old bullshit when the real fight's in Afghanistan, ay?"

Dickie smiled at the governor. "I just take pictures. I don't know anything. I don't even write my own captions."

"Iraq's a right fucking mess, isn't it? It's all just filthy lucre and oil money for Bush's best mates at Halliburton, ay? I'm a businessman. I get it. I wouldn't do it, but I get it. The only country in the world more corrupt than Papua New Guinea is the United States of America."

Dickie looked around the table at the men, heavysset and burnt from the equatorial sun, flushed from drinking, who were nodding along with Sir Norman. Mally was standing, watching from the bar. Behind her intricately carved shields and masks were lit up by the flickering bulbs hanging from the roof.

"The fucking Yanks are the most destructive, bullying force in the history of the world, by far."

"No doubt," Dickie said, laughing. "Except when we're all knock-kneed and hiding from a fight."

Barnett, searching Dickie's face, caught a glimpse inside him. Or at least he understood enough to realize that he was being dismissed as so much insignificant bleating from an insignificant blip of a country.

Truth was, Dickie was intensely patriotic. If



"I met this really great guy on my honeymoon."

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he believed in God, he would have believed that America was God's own country, but he knew his work, especially his war photography, would be taken much less seriously if he let his patriotism slip. Not even Tricia knew the extent of his feelings, and it wouldn't occur to him to argue with the Norman Barnetts of the world. He didn't care what anyone else thought or said on the subject.

"You seppos really are a bunch of smug wankers, aren't ya?"

"Well, honestly, that's one of the kindest things I've heard said about us in a long time, governor." But again, Dickie was smiling. He didn't care.

Mally emerged from the kitchen's swinging doors carrying a plate piled high with french fries and a hamburger and brought it over to Dickie. "I thought you might be hungry," she said with a kind of coy shyness. "Since you missed dinner and everything."

Dickie glanced down at the plate of greasy, delicious-looking food and felt himself blush, deeply, with embarrassment. Mally had just exposed him—had exposed them—to Barnett. It hadn't occurred to him that she wouldn't understand the governor, that Mally wouldn't realize how clear-sighted he was. From the moment he walked into the dining room Dickie had felt Barnett's intelligence like a distinct physical presence, sharp and alert, prying, watching everything. The governor seemed like the most calculating man he had ever met, as cunning and suspicious as the old warlords he had photographed last year in Afghanistan who had evaded generations of the Soviets, Taliban and then Americans. The men around the table were disinterestedly watching the governor for his reaction. Only Mally, smiling at Dickie as he slowly looked up at her, was oblivious.

"Hey, thanks a lot, Mally," he said. "But I'm not really hungry."

"I just warmed it up for you. Come on, you *must* be hungry, Dickie. You didn't eat anything."

"Don't be rude," Barnett said, watching Mally. "The lady was kind enough to bring you dinner."

Dickie nodded and smiled. He saw Mally start, all of a sudden hesitant, maybe a little afraid.

"You're right. Thanks very much, Mally," Dickie said.

And it wasn't until he started eating that he realized how hungry he was. Mally brought him another beer, and he half listened to the conversation and watched fat moths fluttering around the light fixtures. A New Guinean man came out of the kitchen with a bucket and began mopping the dining room floor. Dickie got up to leave. He was careful, casually thanking Barnett, who was by now dangerously drunk, saying a distant good night to Mally, walking slowly, behaving the way an innocent man might.

It was cool and green, and the sun hadn't broken through the early morning clouds yet. The smell of coffee and toast and wet earth filled the air. The dining room was empty, and Dickie looked out at the small creek that flowed past a little open thatch-roof hut that had been built as a folly for the hotel guests. Peter had driven him up to the jail that morning, but

they couldn't get past the gates. The guards had only laughed and asked him for Marlboros. And the phone lines were still down.

Dickie sipped his coffee and tried to sort through the jumble of thoughts in his head. He wanted to leave. He had two more assignments lined up before the end of the month in the States. Even if he couldn't get through to the magazine by noon he was changing his ticket. He'd leave for Port Moresby on the afternoon flight. The magazine would still have to pay his expenses, and he could enter some of the jail photos into contests. He had decided the trip wouldn't be a total loss.

Mally walked out of the kitchen toward him, carrying a press pot of coffee.

"Hey," she said. She was wearing a bright, aqua-colored Patagonia jacket.

"Hey," he said, smiling.

She looked very pretty in the morning light.

"You want to go for a helicopter ride?" she asked him and set the pot down. "Norman's flying out to one of the villages."

"Right now?"

"Well, after I have my coffee."

He didn't want to go. He sipped his coffee, waiting for a sense of calm reality. His editor would want him to go. He could almost hear

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*There was something  
thrilling and larger-than-life  
about Mally in the morning  
light, and he saw how, at a  
different moment, he might  
have fallen in love with her.*

---

her telling him to get aerial shots. And maybe, after spending the day together, Barnett would relent and let him go back to the jail. If he could get inside the Gehuku jail, inside the real jail, the trip would be a success. And anyway, looking out at the sun, which was finally breaking through this mist, Dickie realized that he was curious to really see the place.

As they got into the hotel's beat-up pickup truck Dickie thought there was something thrilling and larger-than-life about Mally in the morning light and saw how, at a different moment, he might have fallen in love with her. He took a photo of her in her Expos cap and huge sunglasses as she stuck a Joan Armatrading tape in the stereo and started to sing along, her freckled arm shifting the gears. She sucked down on a cigarette and smiled at him, her blue fingernails sparkling in the sun.

They stopped at the top of a hill in front of a rotted wood fence that was covered with looping circles of razor wire. A guard appeared and opened the gates. They drove past an electrified chain-link fence and through a second set of gates. An immaculately manicured tarmac spread like a wide obsidian platter in front of the amphitheater of mountains, proffering up dozens of gleaming helicopters to the equatorial sky. New Guinean men in brown coveralls drifted around in the bright sunlight. Forklifts

loaded with barrels and boxes whizzed by, and strains of Metallica floated out from the main hangar where the mechanics were working.

Barnett emerged from the hangar, striding toward them, his whole being focused on Mally. The governor glanced at Dickie, his blue eyes flickering over the younger man's earrings and cameras, his tattoos.

"Thank you very much for inviting me along, Sir Norman. I appreciate it."

"Thank me girl here. She wants you to come along, not me. Just try not to make a bloody nuisance of yourself." But the governor was smiling and shook his hand.

Dickie followed them across the tarmac to a jet helicopter. Barnett had just bought it, Mally said. The inside was luxurious: comfortable black-leather seats, the floor and ceiling covered in soft gray carpeting.

"Not like flying around Iraq, shoved in a Chinook with a bunch of shit-scared kids, is it?" Barnett said.

"No drink holders in Sadr City, that's for sure," Dickie said, strapping himself into the backseat. Barnett grunted through the headset to the control tower, and the whole world became the thudding rotor blades vibrating as the helicopter picked itself off the ground and crawled up into the sky. And then, all of a sudden, Barnett swooped and rushed forward, the helicopter's nose down as they raced toward the mountains.

They flew over dried-out grassland and sleepy-looking settlements of round, thatch-roofed houses scattered along the foothills. Ribbons of white smoke rose up from where people were working in their gardens. A truck, loaded down with burlap sacks of coffee, bounced along a road. Then they were in a cloud, and the helicopter started climbing again, groaning with effort, until they burst over a sea of dark green waves. Rain forest and blue equatorial sky spread out into the distance.

Dickie had a perfect vantage of Barnett and Mally, like a child in the backseat of a car, watching his parents. He could see their faces behind their sunglasses, their hands and arms, every expression and movement they made. Barnett with the stick in his hands, Mally glancing from him to the instrument panel, out the window, lighting a cigarette.

Dickie photographed immense waterfalls that gushed out of rocky gashes in the mountains and fell hundreds of feet into oblivion. Barnett swooped down into a canyon and followed a swollen brown river, almost touching the whitecaps of its rushing surface. Then they were climbing again, passing over a mountain wall.

"Would ya look at the bloody savages. Don't fucking cut the grass and they're bitching and moaning that the missos won't fly out here to pick up their coffee," Barnett muttered into the headset. "Can't land a bloody fixed-wing on this shit."

They circled over an overgrown grassy landing strip next to a village that had appeared in the midst of the rain forest. A church with a corrugated aluminum roof and a huge cross made out of white-painted rocks sat in the center of a dozen thatch-roofed huts.

A group of people stood and stared as the helicopter landed. "I've got to fix things up with a Big Man here, but then I want to get out quick-hurry-up, so don't you wander off.

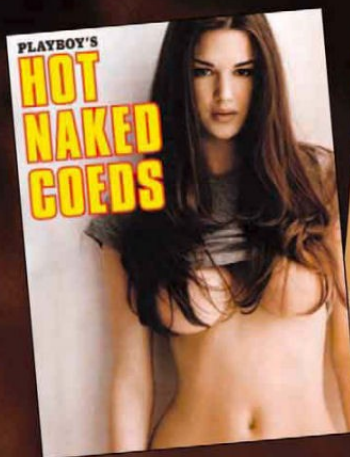




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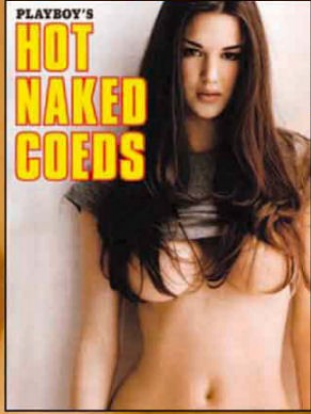
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I'll leave you for the savages to roast for dinner," Barnett said. "Don't think I won't."

"Got it," Dickie said.

The governor, sunglasses flashing, walked over to a group of grim-looking men and began holding forth in the Melanesian patois. Looking around, Dickie thought he had never been in a human habitation as lovely as this village, surrounded by vast mountains dripping with clouds, the whole place full of a kind of soft, green-tinged sunshine. He breathed in the wet smell of the earth and grass. A bird was calling, an eerie high-pitched *ka-caw-caw* from far off. He turned to Mally.

"This is so fucking amazing," he said. "Thanks for bringing me out here."

"Yeah," she said, gazing out at the mountains. "I guess it is."

A group of children, barefoot and dressed in filthy, falling-apart rags, ran through the overgrown grass to Dickie and Mally. He shook hands with them, and they broke into giggles and beamed into his camera as he took their photo. They followed him and Mally down the airstrip as he shot the village's thatch-roofed houses that were up on stilts, the pandanus trees, a sleeping pig, a group of women sitting together sifting through tan-colored coffee beans, a crashing river in the distance.

"Look," Mally said. "I'm really sorry if I was weird, the other night when we—you know, the whole thing—I just really like you. I've been out here for so long, you know? I feel so isolated here and lonely and I don't know what."

"You weren't weird," Dickie lied. "I really like you, too."

Dickie photographed her as she looked at him, her sunglasses pushed back on her head, her huge brown eyes staring into his lens.

She took his right hand and turned it over and kissed his palm, slowly. "Do you really like me, Dickie? You don't have to say you do. It's okay. But I really do like you. Like, I've been fantasizing about coming to New York with you. I mean that's crazy, isn't it? You're married, right?"

Right then he saw that she was pushing a kind of nervous urgency at him, that she wanted him to take her on. He felt, remotely, a kind of pity for her but disdain, too, at her helplessness. Did she have no agency at all?

"Hey," he said, laughing, gently pulling his hand back, aware of the crowd of village kids staring up at them. "What are you doing? Trying to get me in trouble?"

"No, what? These kids? They don't understand English."

"No. Not these kids."

"You mean Norman? He's oblivious."

"That, I actually don't think," Dickie said. "I don't think anybody in this place is oblivious about anything."

The helicopter's engine started up and the two of them walked back over the length of the airstrip with the children shouting and laughing behind them. In the distance a woman emerged from behind a woven-bamboo and thatch-roofed hut, carrying a weighed-down net bag and firewood on her head. She turned to look at the chopper, and as the light fell on her Dickie saw that she was heavily pregnant; he took her photo.

"Let Mr. Pictures here sit in the front, Mahala," the governor said. "He can have a geez from up here."

"Thanks, governor," Dickie said.

"You want the door back?"

"That'd be awesome," Dickie said.

Barnett slid the front door back, latching it against the rear window. With the door gone the unobstructed view was breathtaking, as exquisite as anything Dickie had ever seen. The clouds draped across the mountains constantly shifted in shape and size, thick vertical columns reaching up, flat and rippled, golden and puffy like an expanse of cotton. Dickie leaned out and photographed a canyon full of trees that threw fat black roots straight up in the air. It looked like something out of Dr. Seuss to him.

"Are we going over the prison by any chance?" Dickie asked through the headset.

"Nope. But we can do if you'd like."

The monotonous chatter through the headset of distant pilots and control tower operators induced a kind of thoughtless focus in Dickie. He became absorbed in the rain forest beneath them, picking out colorful birds that fluttered in the treetops, crashing rivers, the thick, vine-draped canopy. He didn't feel dizzy looking down; the governor was a much

better pilot than any he had flown with in Iraq or Afghanistan. Dickie could just feel it, how much the machine was under the governor's control, how smooth the ride was.

"How old are ya, then, Dickie?" Barnett asked him absently.

"Twenty-eight next month."

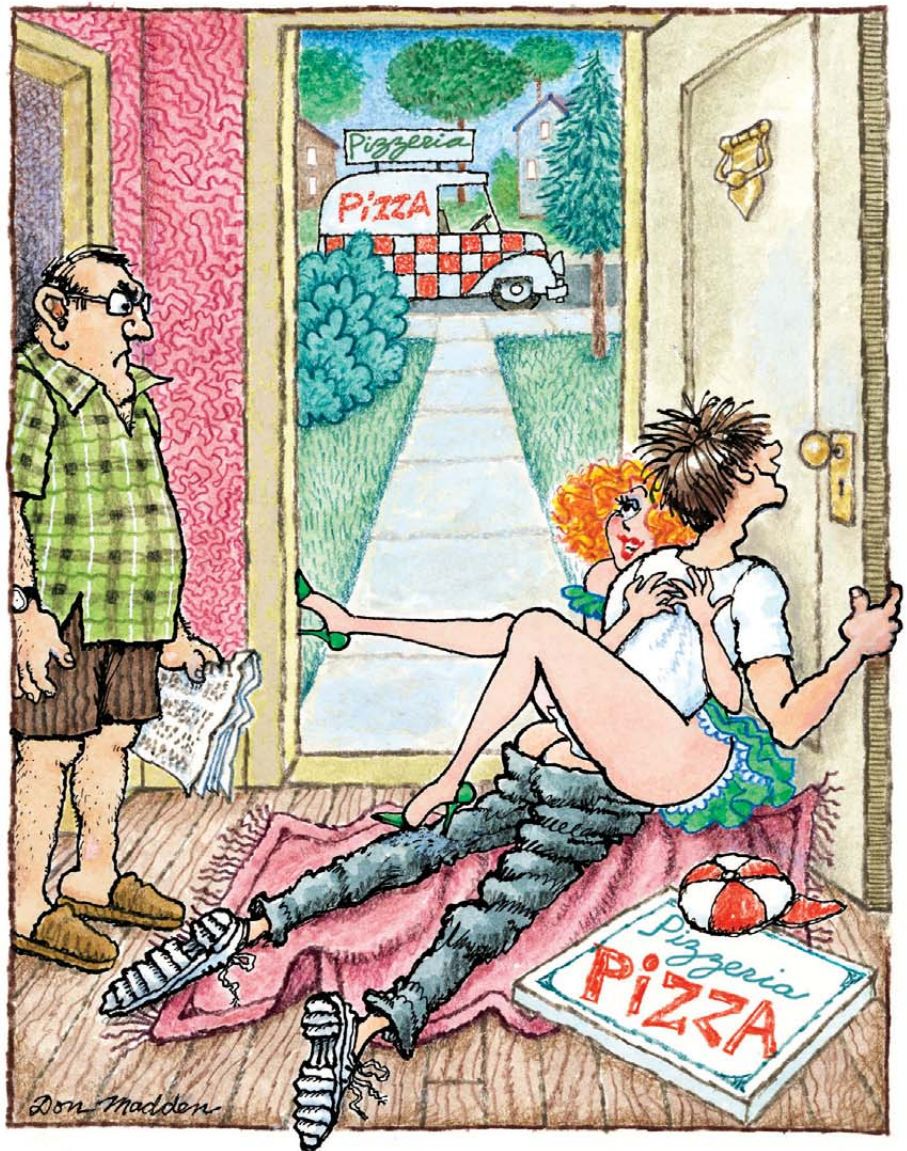
"I was 25 when I first arrived in PNG. Came straight from Vietnam, more or less. Never really left, did I?"

"Do you think you'll ever leave?" Dickie asked, looking at a crashing river winding through a valley below them.

"Well, I've got me condo in Sydney," the governor said and tugged at his harness. "But PNG's in me blood. Can't live anywhere else for very long."

"It is so beautiful here. I guess beautiful isn't even the word, is it?" Dickie had a twinge of missing Tricia, of wishing she could see this with him. Barnett began talking to the air traffic controller, announcing rapid-fire his flight plans.

The sun got blocked by the clouds and the light turned gray and hazy. The rain forest



"How was I to know he wouldn't take a check?"

seemed endless; it was like being in the middle of the sea. Dickie changed the film in his camera. Without thinking he glanced back at Mally and as he saw her, with her headphones on, looking out the window, it was as though all of a sudden everything was a long way away. It was almost like he was looking at a memory: He could see the helicopter's rotors thudding and the instrument panel. Just then the governor glanced over at him with a strangely intent expression on his face. Dickie smiled, but Barnett didn't seem to notice. Suddenly, Dickie became unreasonably terrified, sure that the governor was going to try to kill him.

Don't be ridiculous, he thought.

"My editor will be thrilled when I tell her about these photos," Dickie said out loud. "This is superb."

The governor didn't respond, and the flat, calculating expression on his face didn't change. Dickie tried to reassure himself with the thought of how he'd been afraid the assistant warden at the jail was going to poke him with an AIDS-contaminated needle and how that had been less than nothing, a cultural misunderstanding. And as a blister of brittle, paralyzing agitation burst inside him he decided that it must be post-traumatic stress from Iraq, from Afghanistan, from all of it. He wasn't right in the head.

Without thinking he fingered the buckle on his harness, the zipper on his camera bag. The staticky sounds in his headset of faraway voices made him nauseous. Dickie wanted to look in the back, to see Mally and say something to her—but all at once he understood there was nothing she could say. Barnett knew they had slept together. And right then the man seemed like a kind of brooding animal to Dickie, beyond reason.

Dickie felt how stupid—how sorry he was. The whole thing seemed as inevitable and fatal as sleepwalking onto a highway. He saw

his death, how Tricia would feel. The shock of loss, the eventual forgetting. Right then it occurred to him that his death was a small thing, minute. How could he not have understood how small death was before, even when he was in Iraq, around it every day? It was only being alive that meant anything.

Barnett's rage was like a smell, filling up the chopper. He swooped down, flying close to the tree canopy, pitching a little to the side so that Dickie was beneath him. The chopper jerked violently and Dickie's Holga, which had been in his lap, flew out the open door. He realized that if he hadn't strapped in, he would have fallen out too. Dickie felt for his camera bag and began, shaking, putting the telephoto lens on his other camera, imagining how pathetic it was to think that he could use it as a weapon; as though he could fight back against this man.

"I don't," he said out loud, surprised at his voice echoing through his headset, "I don't want this. Please." He took a breath and said, loudly, "I'm sorry." Without meaning to, Dickie shook his head. Trembling, feeling the tears in his eyes, he repeated, "I'm so sorry. I'm just really so sorry."

The governor didn't reply. He just sat grim and silent as they made their way over the mountains toward Gehuku. By the time they flew over the Bena-Bena mission Dickie became aware in some distant part of himself that the danger had passed. The afternoon rains started to come in from the south. The clouds were churning in the Chimbu gap, but there was a clear flight path all the way to town. The governor radioed the tower, telling them his position.

And then all that was there was the thudding helicopter and the dense green rain forest beneath them, pulsing with barely contained life.



## russell brand

(continued from page 89)

reached a point in my life where I understand empirically that this is not the answer. When you sleep with loads of women, it becomes a bit pointless and futile.

### Q5

PLAYBOY: You went to rehab for sex addiction. Weren't you just surrounded by nymphomaniacs?

BRAND: Not at all! The majority of people in sex rehab are just disgusting men. There aren't hot blondes ripping off their clothes and saying, "I'm gorgeous, and I just can't get enough cock!" It's just sleazy men wanking off in dark corners. Let's not shy away from it: They're pedophiles. Pedophiles and perverts. I'm sorry if I burst your bubble and took some of the magic out of it, but you had to think about it for only 10 seconds. I was there for a month.

### Q6

PLAYBOY: You're engaged to pop singer Katy Perry of "I Kissed a Girl" fame, and you've talked about your relationship with her in your stand-up comedy. Does that mean she has free license to write songs about you?

BRAND: I don't like to speculate on her creative process. That's not my jurisdiction. God knows what she gets up to in that laboratory. I suppose if I talk about her a lot, it's going to be odd if I decide at some point to go, "Listen, I changed my mind. This is private." I'll make jokes about it, but the rest of the time I try to keep my relationship with her close to the chest. It's the first time in my life I've had something I've cared about this much and wanted to protect.

### Q7

PLAYBOY: You're starring in a new movie called *Get Him to the Greek*, in which you play a rock star who's also a drug addict and a sex fiend. Aside from the rock star part, how is this character not based on you?

BRAND: Admittedly, we do have some similar characteristics. We have the same face, voice and body, for instance. We were both drug addicts, and as you pointed out, we both enjoy sex a great deal. But Aldous Snow, my character, is actually markedly different from me. While we were shooting the film, the director was constantly stopping me and saying, "No, no, no, not like that. Stop playing yourself." I'm very verbose and fast; Aldous is much more cool and laconic.

### Q8

PLAYBOY: While making this movie you got to perform as a musician in front of 20,000 people in London. At any point did you think, I'm in the wrong business?

BRAND: I've always wanted to be a rock star, if just because of the sexiness of it. But I'm far too self-conscious. I'm much happier being a comedian who's sexy and a bit rock-and-roll rather than the most gauche, awkwardly embarrassing rock star in history. You can't be a rock star if you're too aware of how ridiculous it is. You can't be ironic about it. When we did that concert I felt legitimately sexy in that moment. It was only later I thought, What was I thinking, thrusting my hips in that way and snarling?



"Oh, sorry, she looked just like you in the elevator."



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Q9

PLAYBOY: You first portrayed Aldous Snow in the 2008 comedy *Forgetting Sarah Marshall*, in which he is just a minor character. Are you ready for the pressures of being a leading man?

BRAND: Absolutely. To tell you the truth, once you're in a film, you have to be on the set an awful lot regardless of how much you're in the script. I'd much rather be acting than sitting around in my trailer, thinking of new ways to masturbate.

Q10

PLAYBOY: This is your second movie playing the same character. Would you mind if Aldous Snow becomes more famous than you?

BRAND: If that happens I'll destroy him. [laughs] Honestly, no, I'd be fine with that. My ego is big enough to compete with an alter ego. I actually like the idea. I can just pin all my bad behavior and poor decisions on him. "Oh goodness no, that was *Aldous* who was caught drunk driving. I never would have agreed to be in those terrible commercials. That was entirely *Aldous's* idea. He must value money more than integrity." I can remain in the Van Gogh school of tortured genius, and he can deal solely with the commerce and the tabloids.

Q11

PLAYBOY: There's a scene in *Get Him to the Greek* in which Aldous admits that being famous is essentially lonely and empty. Do you feel the same way?

BRAND: Yeah, I do. And I wish more people would understand that. I certainly don't mean that fame is all about sitting atop your mansion and feeling sorry for yourself, because obviously loads of it is really good. But fame is in no way a solution for being a bit sad or lonely. It's mostly unfulfilling unless you're very careful about yourself. The courage and determination it takes to become famous can be a detriment if not balanced with some kind of spirituality or self-awareness. I've been lucky to be surrounded by people who've known me for quite some time, and they are resolutely, pig-headedly, obstinately determined not to let me lose myself in the illusion of fame. [pauses] I'm thinking about firing those people.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Many Americans have preconceived notions about British people. We think of them as overly polite and dreadfully afraid of embarrassment. You're not any of those things. Are we wrong about the British?

BRAND: I don't know that you can define a people by a landmass. I suppose there are characteristics that all British people have in common, but you could say the same of Americans. I'm surprised when [*Forgetting Sarah Marshall* co-star] Jason Segel talks about me and says, "Oh, he's just this wild, free-spirited person and doesn't give a fuck what anybody thinks." I do care what people think. I care that you think British people are all repressed, for a start. So I guess in that way I have constructed a comedy personality that's partly a reaction to the very stereotypes you've mentioned. But it's not as though I'm deliberately trying to address this stereotype or that I feel as if English people are being unfairly judged. I just desperately don't want

to be one of those people who is awkward, embarrassed and slightly repressed.

Q13

PLAYBOY: For most of the past decade you dressed like a cross between a Victorian jester and Willy Wonka with a leather fetish. But lately your fashion sense has become more conservative. Why the change?

BRAND: When I was just getting started as a comic in England, having a very recognizable look gave me a head start. Wearing that sort of superhero bondage outfit probably made me a little more memorable. It gave me an identity that was clear, identifiable and recognizable and also *not me*. Now, granted, this is all highfalutin retrospective analysis, because I didn't think about it at the time. I wasn't so aware of iconography and imagery that I could construct such an idea. But I feel I've reached a point where I don't have to wear those clothes anymore. Now I'm thinking about the next step. What kind of identity do I want tomorrow? *Avatar* blue, maybe?

Q14

PLAYBOY: You once stuck a Barbie up your ass during a show in London, claiming it was a protest against consumerism. Is it possible there's a less personally invasive and painful way to protest consumerism?

BRAND: If there is, I haven't found it. [laughs] If I remember correctly, I chose the Barbie doll because it represents the oppression of women, the stereotype of femininity, the commercialization of sexuality, *blah blah blah*. But what I learned from the experience, at least in hindsight, is that if you're going to make a satirical point involving putting things in your rectum, be selective. Don't take requests from the audience. I ultimately went with a Barbie doll because of the shape. It goes in easier, if you know what I mean.

Q15

PLAYBOY: When you hosted MTV's Video Music Awards a few years ago, you called President George Bush "that retarded cowboy fella." Were you surprised by the backlash?

BRAND: When I said it, I thought, Well, this is a statement nobody can possibly have a problem with. I thought it was a very populist thing to do. It was meant as a compliment. I wasn't remarking on Bush's mental retardation but the fact that Americans are so forward thinking they wouldn't object to putting a man with his limited intellectual capabilities into political office. It's quite a compliment that you let Bush run things for as long as you did. In my country he wouldn't have been trusted with a pair of scissors.

Q16

PLAYBOY: Didn't you get death threats because of the joke?

BRAND: I did, yeah. I was surprised my agency forwarded them along to me. It was like, "Look at all these death threats you've been getting!" I was also getting sexy letters with messages like "Hello, Russell. Here are photos of my tits. I wish you'd come around and fuck me." But they never passed those along to me. Those letters they just burned. All I got were the death threats. I never took any of it seriously. If you think about it, a death threat is really futile, given the nature of mortality. If you want somebody to die, just wait.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You also made some jokes at the VMAs about the Jonas Brothers and their vow of premarital abstinence. Is it safe to assume you're not a big proponent of virginity under any circumstances?

BRAND: I'm not morally opposed to the idea of sexual abstinence. It's just not practical for me, because I've got to have sex. I do think legitimate abstinence can be a good thing. I abstain from drugs and alcohol, so I understand the impulse. It's the public nature of it that I find interesting. Michel Foucault, the poststructuralist French philosopher, said that in Victorian society, the preeminence and celebration of chastity was in fact the mirror of hedonism. In other words, if you're constantly drawing attention to your abstinence from sex, you're also drawing attention *to* sex. With somebody like Mick Jagger, it's all about sex, sex, sex. But with the Jonas Brothers, it's no sex, no sex, no sex. You see what I mean? The emphasis is still on sex.

Q18

PLAYBOY: You had a short-lived cult TV show in England called *RE:Brand*, which featured some pretty outrageous stunts, such as when you took a bath with a homeless man with an ulcerating leg and jerked off an older gay man in a bathroom. When did it stop being funny and become a cry for help?

BRAND: That entire show was probably a cry for help. I was a junkie when that show was on the air. Within two or three months of it ending, I was in rehab. That was the last dice throw of a desperate man. It was less a cry for help than a mental breakdown on film. *Jackass* was a popular TV show at the time, and I was trying to do a psychological version of *Jackass*. When I watch it now, I still can't believe half of what I was doing.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You've been arrested 11 times thus far in your life. When you reach double digits, does getting arrested lose some of its magic?

BRAND: It definitely does. It becomes routine and a little humdrum. You start unthinkingly raising your wrists to be cuffed. And you bow your head automatically as they put you into the back of a police car. Occasionally you'll encounter an overly vicious policeman who perhaps gets a bit rough with you, and that's when it gets exciting again. It's quite similar to promiscuity. You take pleasure in small details, the shape of an ankle or a distinctive eyebrow. Everyone has something magical. Every police officer has something unique about him or her, some part of the arresting technique that makes it special.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You've twice been voted PETA's celebrity Sexiest Vegetarian Alive. Please explain how being a vegetarian is sexy.

BRAND: Being the world's sexiest vegetarian is akin to being the world's most lovable pedophile. In a way it's as much a condemnation as it is an endorsement. But I'm proud to be considered sexy, let alone the *world's* sexiest in any category. If I were nominated to be the sexiest man on this sofa, I would happily accept that title.



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## SHAFT

(continued from page 58)

to say I couldn't be happier. You were the only choice. You were the perfect choice. You have been an absolute gentleman...." Three nights later came the successor's warm but savvy reciprocation, imploring to his curious new viewership that "this is very important—I want to acknowledge somebody...a very good friend of mine... a very gracious man, a man who hosted this show for 17 years.... Let's all give it up for Mr. Jay Leno! He did a nice job! Yes!" Then: "And he is going to be coming back on the air, I think, in two days, three days maybe, tops! [imitating the Leno whinny] 'Yeah, let me get back in there, come on!'"

Which is to say the gingered prince had known everything from the get-go, without knowing anything. But then prescience and doggedness are two more key traits hard-wired into the genetic makeup of these Night Boys (the authentic ones, that is). Just as intrinsically, they can also flout obvious absurdity (wherever they may find it) with a subtle but majestic wallop. Thus, when he reemerged in public a month after his January 22 network banishment, Coco did so via tweet, cheerily introducing himself to a new medium in 57 characters: "I had a show. Then I had a different show. Now I have a Twitter account."



So, to be clear, here is how the saga unfolded:

Brand-new *Tonight Show* host—a remarkably accomplished funnyman, no question—shakily makes it through seven-plus months of truly awkward, nearly unwatchable program steerage. (The ratings, while on a slight uptick, are much weaker than expected.) Whereupon the NBC suits, egg-facedly, decide to own their apparently idiotic mistake and pull the rug out from under the new guy. Frantically they offer their storied franchise to the elder, proven stalwart host—still on the network payroll, thank God!—whose long exultant track record in late night should have prompted greater foresight and consideration before they promised the throne to this noisy new palooka. But since this happens to be late December 1992 and the floundering incumbent host is named Leno and the proven commodity who is suddenly bidden to unseat him (after serving for a decade in the hour adjacent to *The Tonight Show* with his postmodern *Late Night* enterprise, which merely recast the template of talk-comedy and American Humor itself) is named Letterman—well, things play out rather differently.

For one thing, honor would prevail. But not before hell broke loose and the media fizzily declared the bristling Dave-versus-Jay phenomenon a "Late Night War" (further immortalized by *New York Times* reporter Bill Carter's battle account turned HBO film *The Late Shift*). And as goes irony, here was Leno, seemingly the glass-jawed imperiled party—at least for a couple of weeks, three maybe, tops!—whereas Letterman had already been lionized in smart

circles as the true injured party for not getting *The Tonight Show* in the first place (due in large part to Leno's supreme and arguably insidious network politicking). And so there, in desperate thrash, was Jay uncorking the wounded bravado, giggle-snorting about how NBC stood for Never Believe your Contract—the same soggy chestnut he would deploy again 17 years later to evince an all-new victimhood for himself (fooling nobody). "It's a tricky situation," he said during that famous first go-round (*tricky* being the preferred Leno term for anything emotionally unpleasant). "Dave is truly a star and terrific, and this is a terrible position NBC is in. But fragging your own soldier doesn't make any sense to me." He also said that he'd "obviously leave NBC immediately" before electing to move back an hour should Letterman consent to uproot him from the golden 11:35 P.M. time slot. He added (via native gearhead parlance), "I feel like a guy who bought a car from somebody, painted it, fixed it up and made it look nice, and then the guy comes back and says he promised to sell the car to his brother-in-law."

Okay...in principle, maybe that's not the most delusional Leno metaphor ever, but even he knows his early *Tonight Shows* looked far from fixed up and nice. Almost uniformly they simply sucked in ways no redheaded future insurgent would be capable of matching—not counting the red-head's early work on NBC's post-Letterman *Late Night* program, since no new host can ever be instant dynamite. Leno himself told me in 1995 that he had erased every single show broadcast during his first four months on the job—"practice shows," he flippantly called them—assuring they would never be seen again. (Cops might regard this as destroying incriminating evidence.) "They don't exist," he pronounced with the finality of a mob capo. "Never happened." Not coincidentally, those same debut months of awful Leno shows had been executive-produced by his longtime manager, the late and notoriously abrasive Helen Gorman Kushnick, whom NBC then ripped from his side (regarding it nothing less than an intervention) and fired for her professional thug tactics. (That Kathy Bates played her in the HBO movie ought to explain enough.) "I look at that whole relationship as like a bad two weeks out of my life," Leno told me, erasing their 15-plus years of cahoots from his personal history as well and moving onward. "Never happened." As for the analogy about that car he bought, truth did resonate there, for good or ill, except that he (and Kushnick) had relentlessly done the hard-core selling of Leno/*Tonight* to network affiliates across the land, market by market, offering up any and all favors so as to cinch ownership of the most desirable and sleek set of wheels extant. And of course—lest we forget, because no Night Boy ever will—the sole reason for such fierce vehicular lust was that the previous driver (and legal owner until he turned in the keys after three decades of silky handling) was the impeccably fine John William Carson, silver-haired King Eternal of All Things Late Night. But then, as per inscrutable NBC tradition, the king's

royal carriage had been sold right out from under him when he wasn't looking (which didn't surprise him)—and sold to the wrong guy (ditto), not that anyone had bothered to ask the sagacious Carson for his choice in successor (Letterman, but certainly).

"Johnny was not even consulted," Leno later said to me, sounding actually incredulous. "Why wouldn't you ask him?" And just like that, from the safety of his triumphant fait accompli, Leno demonstrated his great skill for guilt evasion—suggesting what had happened never should have—while somehow projecting Boy Scout altruism and fair-play values. This would be the Leno in which his nation placed its faith and also, within a few years of just adequate on-air improvement, its bulk share of Nielsen ratings evermore unwavering. At least, that is, until recent history barreled forth and NBC (coveting those dependable Leno numbers) finally cajoled him to stay close by slipping into the luxurious nightly 10 o'clock time slot last September, once Conan O'Brien had gotten a few months of decent *Tonight Show* stewardship under his belt (and, not insignificantly, lowering that hour's median age by 10 demographically seductive years). But Prime-Time Leno, with his American flag lapel pin still glinting bright and blatant, looked stunningly worse—bored, impatient, ill at ease, distracted, denuded of desk—than even the early "never happened" *Tonight Show* Leno. Mostly he just projected something akin to an affable pout, his helium seemingly deflated by half—as though he was tapping his foot (which in fact he does quite madly—more like a jackhammer knee jangle, to be honest—whenever he sits still) and just biding time until this misbegotten folly died of neglect. Ratings blew, thus gutting lead-in momentum for local affiliate newscasts, which resultantly began tanking hard (despite Leno's appalling crossover skill: "Your local news starts now!"), which ultimately destroyed the valiant Coco smack in the middle of freshman curriculum. And yet Leno—the Leaden Toppling Domino of Doom—would whinny and rise anew, and the great critic Tom Shales would postulate (echoing suspicions flying up and down the late-night corridor), "Here is a theory: He did a lousy show at 10 o'clock *on purpose*, knowing eventually NBC would want to undo the deal and put him back at 11:35. So the whole thing was a nasty, calculated Machiavellian scheme with Conan the hapless victim."

Meanwhile, Brother Letterman in the East—who had gotten himself blissfully snickered on vicarious-thrill overload—was well under way attempting nightly to make convoluted sense of the mayhem, the allegations and the potential consequences for all involved but especially for Jay "Big Jaw" Leno (the reductive new pet name he'd lately hung on his old nemesis). In one mock public-service message—and there would be many of them beamed from his Ed Sullivan Theater, i.e., Broadway *Battlestar*—he introduced a patriotic montage in defense of that besieged prime-time host "with a fantastic variety show...a wonderful program!" Across floating pastoral



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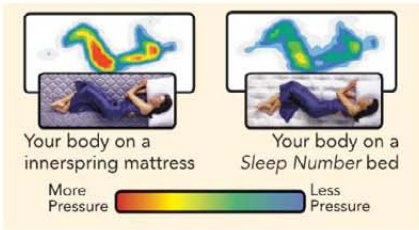
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imagery of happy children eating watermelon and playing baseball and of Big Jaw himself smiling goofily, the voice-over explained, “Jay Leno is Middle America. He represents traditional American values—the things this country was built on. Like killing Indians because you want their land. Jay Leno. America’s standing up for Jay!”

So here is where I might as well tell you I tend to know way too much about most of these poor crazy rich beautiful bastards. I will tell you they can’t help being the way they are, nor can they help doing the peculiar night work they do. (It swallows their lives whole, quite joyously, despite attendant mania.) The ones who prevail are, without exception, congenitally possessed of an urgent unsettling brilliance, born of vulnerabilities sunk deep, nontransferable to fellow mortals. “Yeah,” David Letterman concurred in a surprising *Rolling Stone* interview two summers ago. “It’s a pretty small group of folks, and only the people who do it know how difficult it can be.” Rarely had Letterman availed himself to any journalist since early 1997, but back when he used to talk more, he and I talked lots—and in those fine dervish sessions his conversational dexterity would shimmer like quicksilver performance art: rich in heartfelt candor, arcane knowledge and perfect comic nuance. (Never have I encountered brain waves more pleasurable to download.) He made you understand the innate difficulties of his racket and of his own existential plight therein—which inevitably meant nonstop shadowboxing with the magnificent exemplar of J.W. Carson, his idol and decade-long lead-in propeller. “I always feel like, Man, I’m struggling. I’m like a drowning man in quicksand!” he once told me. “And then you turn on Johnny’s show and say [beaten], ‘Oh, it’s fuckin’ Johnny!’ He’s just easy, cool, funny. He looks good, he’s got babes hanging on him, he’s saying witty things...and it’s like, How can it be that easy?” (Years later, Conan actually articulated as much to Carson in one of their few friendly phone summits: “I’m a little angry with you,” he pluckily informed the retired king, “because when I grew up

watching you, you made it look like the greatest job in the world. You made it look much easier than it is.” Carson just laughed, beyond knowingly.) Even back during that fractious juncture when NBC had proposed dumping Leno from *The Tonight Show* to make Dave’s most fervent dream graspable at last (and thus derail his lucrative, if half-hearted, notion to open new business at CBS), Letterman admitted to me, “I look at this mess I’m in now and I think [in dumb guy voice], What the hell am I gonna do now? I have no clue. But Carson just figures it out and carries it off with great skill, grace and aplomb.” Of course, history reminds us that Carson’s solicited advice to Dave in that particular pickle was to get gone: “I would probably walk,” quoth the king, indelibly. Which Letterman did, straightaway from his holy grail, not least because Leno’s clumsy caress had quickly devalued it (i.e., it wasn’t Johnny’s anymore)—and also because Dave saw no moral victory in snatching back something so meaningful that had already been given to somebody else.

Leno, I promise, would’ve gotten the same advice last January via any spiritual medium intrepid enough to flush Carson out of astral hiding. (He was, after all, hard enough to find once he disappeared from television.) But as go poetics, the king had departed the mortal coil five years to the day after Conan departed his nicely fixed-up and repossessed *Tonight Show*. (Had the new paint job even dried yet?) When Letterman, in a monologue, wryly cited the coincidental anniversary of Carson’s unexpected death, he stressed, “But don’t worry; Jay has an alibi.” He added, “You’ve gotta love Jay. He’s like a Whac-A-Mole. You think you’ve canceled him and he pops up from another darn hole.” But that—as Dave noted a few nights earlier—was and is Leno all over: “I’ve known Jay Leno for, I don’t know, 35 years. We used to buddy around in the old days, and what we’re seeing now is kind of vintage Jay. And it’s enjoyable for me to see this. It’s like, ‘Hey, there he is! There’s the guy I know!’” By which he specifically meant this guy: Born when his mother was 40 (eons before in vitro fertilization), Leno has ever since turned up when and where he was not supposed to. Fifteen years ago I wrote more or less that same

sentence, never guessing its shelf life had no earthly expiration date. (Where else could he possibly turn up after his indefatigable slog to seize Carson’s throne and then, since 1995, consistently rank number one in the ratings over Letterman’s *Late Show*?) Then again, I also said Leno lives to be counted out because he knows he never can be. By then I’d known him as long as I’d known Letterman, going back to late summer 1982, when Dave’s *Late Night* cavalcade was at its first-year midterm and Leno’s booming semimonthly guest shots had become the postmodern equivalent of Don Rickles bulldozing onto Carson’s set. Pitted together, their mutual familiarity bred a slaphappy faux contempt that was perhaps truer than either of them wished to believe. One such smackdown—findable on YouTube—captures them a year and a half into *Late Night*’s march, with Leno determined to elude actual conversation (never his strong suit, alas, as well evidenced during any given *Tonight Show* broadcast) so as to plow through his prepared litany of absurdities. Finally Letterman heaved a sigh and said, “I don’t really need to be on here, do I?” And Leno jabbed back, “No, we don’t need you here. I’ve been telling the network that for 18 months.” Big Jaw, you see, was never not omnivorous.

Carson, the omniscient sage and soothsayer (even minus Carnac turban), had of course been onto Leno early on. Never a huge fan of the Jaw’s stand-up stylings, the king was later mainly bemused by “poor old” Helen Kushnick’s transparent plot to expedite his ever-looming retirement and by Leno’s shrugging “who me?” complicity throughout. Months after he stepped down—on his own goddamn regal terms, thanks—Carson came face-to-face with Leno in late 1992, behind the scenes at a teachers’ awards function, and offered up unexpected pleasantries to his abashed successor (who was by then free from Kushnick’s grip and suddenly fighting to keep *The Tonight Show* from being shoe-horned to Letterman). Leno later showed me the earnest, contrite letter he sent to Carson after that meeting, which read, in part, “Dear Johnny: Just a little note to wish you good luck on your trip to Africa. I’m sure whatever dangerous situations or wild beasts you



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encounter couldn't possibly be any stranger than what is going on at NBC. Have you heard the latest idea? Simulcast live: Dave on one side of the screen, me on the other." (As these parallels never cease, we might note that at the outset of Operation Coco-Coup, when NBC made rumblings about delaying *The Tonight Show* for a nightly half hour of Leno's joke-a-palooza, O'Brien floated the same split-screen concept as a rumored resolution to the madness—as well as this one: "Jay and I will be joining the cast of *Jersey Shore* as a new character called the Awkward Situation." Letterman, meanwhile, suggested they work as co-hosts: "It'll be Conan and Jay! Conan comes out, says, 'Welcome to *The Tonight Show*—and now here's Jay with his little jokes.' Then Jay goes and works on his truck. It's a great show. It's genius!")

But wait—also in his letter to Carson, Leno went on to self-flagellate (quite unprecedented!) and to eat much crow regarding all ugliness surrounding his ascension to the Burbank throne: "I was extremely touched by your graciousness, considering how poorly everything at my end was handled. I was stupid and naive and will never again allow anyone to handle my affairs for me. If you remember the story I told you backstage, I would like to quote Arnold Schwarzenegger's words to me: 'Leno, you asshole.'" (Indeed, Leno has since flown without formal representation, which may partly explain why he rolled over so easily—and in the long run so stupidly—in 2004 when NBC foisted the five-year exit plan on him. No professional showbiz guard dog would've let that happen.) As for the future Governor's reproach, any number of early Team Leno transgressions might've incited such consternation, but one in particular glared and glared. Leno, quite correctly, told me that "the biggest mistake of my entire life" was to intentionally refrain from acknowledging Carson—at all—on his inaugural *Tonight Show*, just 72 hours after the king's momentous last hurrah. (He claimed Mrs. Kushnick forbade it, and as their toxic dynamic dictated, he did as she told.) Nevertheless, I will tell you that Carson was far from totally sold on Jay's obeisant pledge of redemption. After Leno bade me out of the blue to co-author his 1996 memoir, *Leading With My Chin*, a roustabout pastiche of favorite stand-up tales from the road—frankly, he knew I had heard most of them, endlessly, over years of covering his runaway career climb—Carson dropped me a devilish note in which he wryly questioned Leno's spirit of generosity by pointing out my name had somehow been left off the book's cover. (Frankly, I was fine with that omission—since always in the back of my head lurked the winking words of Leno's excellent post-Kushnick executive producer Debbie Vickers, who asked me before the writing commenced, "Does it matter if any of it's true?")

I should add that four years later—after Letterman's emergency quintuple heart bypass shook both the late-night firmament and the culture to its core (which tells you more about him than his ratings might)—I was assigned to write a long candid think piece about the Meaning of Dave (and thus of Jay, as they are that inextricable), which in the end did not please Leno for various reasons. (About that I remain sorry, since I

will always hold certain affection for him.) He phoned me immediately to pronounce, "This friendship is over"—and has since gone on to release a couple of books aimed at children. I've noticed that whenever celebrity authors guest on his show and ask him about his own literary output, he quickly mentions the kids' books—and then softly mutters, "And there was another one before those." In that way I'm reminded that I too never happened.

The eyes of Leno began spooking Conan by midsummer last year, following him all over Los Angeles. From billboards, from MTA commuter shelters, even splashed onto the side of the bus idling in the next lane—Jeeeesus! That anvil-like mug was everywhere, heralding its owner's imminent debut in prime time, which ultimately became the crime scene wherein *The Jay Leno Show's* weakest-link failure triggered the murder of O'Brien's loftiest achievement. Of course Coco could not have known that at the time, so he just blithely reported the odd phenomena to *Tonight Show* viewers, chuckling about this "giant face that pulls up alongside your car...and it's him leaning like this.... 'Hi there! How ya doin'? How are ya?' I'll pull up at a light and

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*"You call ABC. You call Fox. You try to get my job. It's Darwin," said Dave. "You get fired: Get another gig! Don't hang around waiting for somebody to drop dead!"*

---

he'll be like, 'Peek-a-booooo, Conan.'" True story—and also decent ominous metaphor for the Leno Skulk (as in, to loiter darkly, to never leave, to lay in wait), which may well be remembered as the hinkiest aspect in this whole lost moot case against Big Jaw.

Letterman, in fact, had masterfully called the Skulk modus into question a few nights before Conan closed shop, unleashing perhaps his most stirring and plainspoken argument throughout the frenzy—"And I don't even have a dog in this race!" With all his hard-won fraternal gravitas, he threw down: "So five years ago when NBC said to Jay, 'You know what? Conan is going to take over your job in five years'—that's when you say, 'Okay, fine, no hard feelings.' You call ABC. You call Fox. You try to get my job. You leave. You don't say [*in Leno whinny*], 'Yeahhhhh, okay, buddy. I'll be in the lobby if you need me!' You don't hang around. You go across the street and you punish NBC. And you make them eat their words.... That's the way these things are supposed to work. It's just part of evolution. It's Darwin. You get fired: Get another gig! Don't hang around waiting for somebody to drop dead!" Then he added, as only he could, after a short self-reflective giggle, "Well...I feel I've gone too far yet again tonight."

Clearly, however, the intuitive great white Jaw had tasted traces of pale Irishman night-blood in the water since early on. Only two months into his prime-time Skulk, Leno gave a sort of uncharacteristically raw Q&A to the trade weekly *Broadcasting & Cable*, published November 2, in which his resolve of amicable tongue biting appeared to have worn thin. Asked whether he would be thrilled if magically reinstalled tomorrow at his old 11:35 post, he hemmed and hawed in a manner that sent chills through Conan's base camp: "Oh, I don't know," Leno replied, elliptically. "Are you married? Whatever you want, honey." Then he kept circling back toward prey: "If it were offered to me, would I take it? If that's what they wanted to do, sure. That would be fine if they wanted to." Would that be his preference? "I don't know.... I guess. But it's not my decision to make. It's really not. I don't know." If this wasn't quite schadenfreude aimed at the new *Tonight Show* regime, it nevertheless felt threatening enough to prompt interoffice firestorms. For one thing, according to a privy high-ranking source, Leno neglected to forewarn anyone of his slip. "Usually he'd always call Conan and say, 'Ehhhh, I didn't mean that' or whatever, but he never called. Nothing." Quite conversely, it was Leno who actually flaunted the role of wounded sparrow to NBC brass a few weeks later, after Andy Richter—America's last great sidekick (and Conan jangle-softener supreme)—stated during an interview with the website TV Squad that the Jaw's sinister *B&C* remarks sorely lacked professional courtesy. Said Richter, "The classy answer [that Leno might have given] is, 'Oh well, that's a silly question to ask, because somebody already has that job.' That's what you say. If you're classy." One network exec frantically informed Coco's media that Jay (who reportedly scours all media for inbound negativity) "flipped out," strongly suggesting Andy call the deposed *Tonight Show* host to smooth things over. (Such had been NBC's staunchly embedded coddling of the faltering Leno over the striving O'Brien—even then.) Conan's crew opted to "take the high road" (albeit grudgingly), and Richter followed orders—to a point, according to the source: "I apologize for saying it publicly," Andy told Leno, "but I do feel that way." As for his own offending media gaffe, Leno could only weakly insinuate that he'd been browbeaten into his inarguably honest admission. "And from that day onward," said one O'Brien confidante as late as mid-April, "we have never heard from Leno."

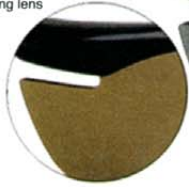
And so the Skulk would loom onward, perhaps even more portentously. "I never say *no más*," he also informed the *B&C* interrogator, despite his indisputable power to do whatever he wished anywhere on TV (or off) and his untouched mountains of fuck-you money with which to keep his large staff secure. (He notoriously brags of having banked every million ever paid to him by NBC while subsisting solely off personal-appearance fees.) "I've never walked away from anything in my life," he added. "This is what I do. You keep plowing ahead. If someone wants to take you out, I'm out." Less than three months later and a mere handful of days after Conan had been taken out and plucked clean of

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peacock feathers, Leno would bring his urgent quest for image reparation to the High Court of Oprah. (Certainly he needed to improve on his interim blurt—vis-à-vis freshly tarnished image—during a weekend TMZ ambush: “You know what’s good for tarnish?” he joshed, all cavalier. “A mixture of vinegar and ammonia. That’ll bring it right back.”) Before the magisterial O, however, he shrugged, squirmed, whined, lamented, rationalized and referred to the grand hostess cum savior as “doll” and “baby.” My favorite part was his insistence Oprah would never, ever be pried loose from television: “You’ll be there, baby... You and I will go down together. You and I will hold hands and walk out into the sunset together. You’re not going anywhere; I’m not going anywhere.”

But Madam Winfrey proved to be a firm and relatively immovable force of conscience—on camera, at least—throughout the deposition. Perhaps to fortify her demeanor, an Oprah.com poll taken before the show had indicated sympathies for Conan over Leno ran, quite stunningly, in the 96th percentile—which, let’s face it, could’ve been the techno-geek wizardry of riled Team Coco revolutionaries at work. (Which further begged the question, Where were they when Conan was hurting for ratings?) Still, some testimony from the inquisition bears minor excerpting:

O: Do you feel any personal responsibility for Conan’s disappointment?

J: No. It had nothing to do with me. I mean, as I say, there’s always someone waiting in the wings in this business to take your job. If you’re not doing the numbers, they move on. It’s pretty simple.

O: Mm-hmm.... But do you think now you could have done what Conan did? When they came in and said your prime-time show’s canceled, you say, ‘Okay, you owe me two years.... Pay me out, pay out my staff.’ You could have done that.

J: I could have done that, but I didn’t. They offered me my old job back.

O: Right, I get that.

J: Which is the dream job. I said okay.

Which was the foregone conclusion—truest true story!—that Conan had served up in a monologue once it was certain his own fleet “fulfillment of a lifelong dream” had been lynched: “I just want to say to the kids out there watching: You can do anything you want in life—unless Jay Leno wants to do it too.” Then came his Leno-voiced punctuation, because there’s something about emulating its familiar nattering sibilance that always makes unfathomable truth cut that much deeper: “Ehhhhh, you still using that? Can I have it now?”

If there was a singular shining moment in those January weeks of Night Boy tussle, it arrived on Tuesday the 12th when Coco the Conscientious Objector dropped his perfectly crafted “People of Earth” letter on the populace. He’d also read it aloud—betwixt intermittent quaky pauses—to his staff assembled on the cavernous \$50 million soundstage NBC had built for him along the Universal back lot. Beneath the fine foolish sci-fi salutation, of course, he had effectively “told the network to go fuck

themselves in a very elegant way,” as one of his top producers put it to me. At crux, he declared that his *Tonight Show* would not be shoved five minutes into the next day so as to follow even a half hour of Leno, Conan’s ever inescapable warm-up act. As such, the redheaded prince fell on his sword for a broadcast legacy owned by a conglomerate that gave not one shit about legacy. (Big Jaw, conveniently enough, had also cheerfully stated in that November hot-potato interview, “I’m not a legacy guy.” Hey, perfect!) Conan concluded, “Some people will make the argument that with DVRs and the Internet, a time slot doesn’t matter. But with *The Tonight Show*, I believe nothing could matter more.” (Actually, after that last part, this is how he concluded: “For the record, I am truly sorry about my hair; it’s always been that way.” But still.)

Anyway, he made no mention of the Earth People letter on air that night, but his brethren rejoiced in a stoked solidarity, if individually: The fearless Jimmy Kimmel performed his entire hour program as Leno in full Big Jaw prosthetics, entering to a fake Leno-zealot swarm of mindless high-fivers and lisp-yapping out, “My name is Jay Leno, and as you probably know, I’m taking over all the shows in late night.” He also cited Conan’s letter, “released [earlier] today that said, ‘I won’t participate in the destruction of *The Tonight Show*.’ Fortunately, though, I will!” Meanwhile, Letterman’s vicarious delirium knew no bounds—righteously pumping his fist in the air and embellishing on Conan’s I-ain’t-budging throw-down, he hollered over and over (like maybe Coco on steroids?), “Oh yeah? What are you gonna do about it?” (Guest



*“And then I say to the audience, ‘I could have sworn I had a rabbit in here someplace!’”*

Whoopi Goldberg wryly indulged him moments thereafter: "It's really nice when you're vindicated, isn't it?") In his monologue he delivered this thinly veiled aside, based on the denouement to his own 1992 NBC quandary: "Conan said he made the decision not to follow Leno at 12:05 after he talked to Johnny Carson."

This much I know for certain: Carson, who endured three decades of NBC's corporate bungling, would have led all applause for Conan's gutsy stand (just as he would have been proud of Letterman's miraculous head-on defusing of the messy sextortion case that befell the veteran host last October). Eight years ago, when the king permitted me to profile him a decade after vanishing into civilian life, he repeatedly told me (and anyone within his insular circle), "I left at the right time." For sure, the garish deterioration of late-night television and of society itself was not his thrill. In a previous chance encounter, I recall his palpable chagrin over the prospect of the Leno-Letterman travail being dissected as a strange cable movie: "Can you believe that awful shit?" he said woefully. "It's just ridiculous. I mean, give me a break!" As it happened, I began work on a thoroughgoing (and ongoing) Carson biography not long after his 2005 death, which led me to the 30 Rock office of the recently anointed next-in-line—hilarious, right?—who happily recounted for me all of his (mostly telephonic) brushes with the great man. Indeed, in their last chat shortly after Conan had been named Leno's eventual successor, Carson cracked, "It sure is a long engagement before the wedding, kiddo."

But, as during the other couple of times they had spoken, Carson was warm and encouraging: "He was great," recalled O'Brien, "because I said, 'Listen, I just

want you to know that I'm going to do my best to take care of this franchise.' And he said, 'That's quite a franchise, isn't it?' And you could almost hear his eyes roll. Kind of like [*sarcastically*], 'Pretty good, huh?' I'm like, 'Yeahhhh....' But when I got off the phone, I thought whatever happens now—even if by some twist of fate, for whatever reason, I didn't get to actually have *The Tonight Show* and ended up on Skid Row—I talked to Johnny about taking over that program, and he gave me a little advice. And I thought, Well, I've always got that. What beats that in show business?"

Of course the epilogue to all this made anticlimax feel like gross understatement. On the night before Super Bowl Sunday, I happened to be in the social midst of comrade Kimmel, whose radar misses nothing. Thus he just learned of the top-secret Letterman *Late Show* promo to be unveiled during the game: "And guess who's starring in it with Dave," he said, more than a little crestfallen. (It had been Kimmel, after all, who climbed directly into the ring with Leno—heroically rope-a-doping Big Jaw two nights after playing him on his own show—by submitting to Leno's hoary prime-time Q&A segment "10 @ 10," wherein he starkly implored, "Listen, Jay, Conan and I have children—all you have to take care of is cars. I mean, we have lives to lead here. You've got \$800 million! For God's sakes, leave our shows alone!") And so the largest viewing audience in TV history beheld the 15-second spectacle of Leno-Oprah-Dave sandwiched together on a sofa with snacks as Dave moans, "This is the worst Super Bowl party ever!" and Oprah admonishes, "Oh, Dave, be nice!" and a forlorn Leno whimpers, "He's just saying that because

I'm here," which Dave then parrots back in his mocking Leno-voice, prompting Oprah to toss up her hands in hopeless dismay, while Leno looks even more sunken and desperately deserving of a hug. And just like that—what, all was forgiven? The public could only guess—if it cared to guess at all, which it mostly didn't. Late-night insiders, meanwhile, were either entertained, disheartened or quite certain Letterman knew what he was doing—i.e., turning Leno into his personal lackey-buffoon after nearly two decades of zero contact between them. Letterman's longtime producer Rob Burnett instantly tried quelling speculation: "It's not like we all went out to dinner," he said. "Dave had a funny idea, Jay recognized that, and they both came together."

Leno, being Leno—and, at this point, why shouldn't he be?—played it to full advantage the following night on his next-to-last-ever broadcast of *The Jay Leno Show*, which had plowed forth (naturally) for two awkward weeks in post-Conan aftermath. "No matter what animosity there is among comedians," he merrily informed his audience, "a good joke is a good joke. And I thought, ya know, it just makes it all go away." Which, from his point of view, it did—beginning with the seismic moment he and Letterman greeted each other at the clandestine shoot above Dave's studio. "You know," he went on, "whatever happened in the last 18 years disappeared. It was great to see my old friend again. It was wonderful." That same night, on the other hand, Letterman said almost nothing about the promo spot—perhaps distancing himself from its meaning any way he could. He did, however, acknowledge that "people really thought this was big-time stuff. So I just wanted to take a second here now to thank the actors who played Oprah and Jay Leno. They did a tremendous job." Word circulated, accurately, that Conan had also been asked to appear in the promo but declined out of fealty to his reported \$40ish million exit settlement with NBC. But according to one close Coco colleague, that wasn't exactly the case; instead, when the premise was described to him—the whole everybody-on-a-couch-with-Leno thing—his pale face went much paler. And his verbal response was thus: "No fucking way will I ever do that!"

Anyway, have you heard this? Leno reclaimed his show at the start of March and instantly began killing Dave again in the ratings. True story. I think it was on his third night back that he turned to his bandleader and said, "Kev, I know this is gonna sound weird, but it feels like we've been doing this for years!" Later on that same show, his guest Chelsea Handler referred to some stupid running bit she once withstood on his prime-time program. Leno quickly bouldered across whatever she was saying—almost like he couldn't hear her—and affected a big baritone swagger: "Those days are over, baby," he practically bellowed. "*That never happened!*" By the way, just to be clear again: I didn't make any of this up.



*"Our attorneys say it's highly illegal and we should only do it this once."*



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# MICHAEL SAVAGE

(continued from page 54)

**PLAYBOY:** Are the people who listen to your show people you'd like to hang out with?

**SAVAGE:** No, no. A couple rules of radio: Never accept listener food. "Dear Mike, We love you. That is why we baked you this lasagna." You know it's poison. My first program director taught me that. For the same reason never accept listener wine, even though I love wine. And try never to socialize with listeners. Maybe they're nice people. Some of them look like people I'd like to know. But I really don't have time to get involved.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it true you had your friends and family pretend to be callers on your first radio show?

**SAVAGE:** Yeah, when I made my first demo tape 15 years ago. I was alone in my house in Sausalito and had them call in. I sent that tape to 500 stations. One in Boston said, "You're pretty good." The strangest response was from KGO, the big liberal talk station in San Francisco. They said, "Come and do a fill-in," which I did for Ray Taliaferro's show. He's a really fanatic left-wing America hater. Off the air he's a great guy. I actually like him.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you talk about on that first show?

**SAVAGE:** I talked about affirmative action and how bad it was because it wasn't built on fairness. And remember, this is San Francisco, on a liberal station, so the phones went absolutely fucking crazy. The hate came pouring in. This was in the middle of the night, but the ratings were through the roof. I drove home looking in the rearview mirror, positive someone was following me. I came home shaking at five in the morning and told Janet, "I'll never do radio again." Next thing, *ring ring*. "Hey, you were pretty damn good. Would you like to do it again?" I said sure. From then on, I basically drove the station.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you still look in your rearview mirror? What if an angry listener climbs the gate and comes after you?

**SAVAGE:** They won't climb the gate because they'll be shot before they get to the front door. But I have had many death threats over the years. I take them quite seriously. But there's a phrase in the business that says "The flashers don't rape." It's the ones who don't say anything you worry about. That's why I have a conceal-and-carry permit. No, I'm not armed, but it's in the house, and when I go out I always have a weapon. I'm allowed to. It's legal. And I'm prepared to use it because I'm not going to beg on my hands and knees, "Please don't shoot me." They better have really good fucking aim because they're going to die first.

**PLAYBOY:** Let's shift gears and play the name game with your media cohorts. Bill O'Reilly.

**SAVAGE:** I think O'Reilly is a phony. He has a background in entertainment. He's very smart. He has a good education and I give him that. He does a good job in his delivery, but he is very one-dimensional. It's either black or white with him, and there's no in-between. Also, O'Reilly failed at radio, which shows you how hard this is to do.

**PLAYBOY:** Rush Limbaugh.

**SAVAGE:** I don't know how Rush Limbaugh has an audience. I just don't know. I don't like anyone who was a water carrier for Bush

all those years and now pretends he wasn't. I know he was deeply enmeshed in the Republican Party and George Bush. I mean, he has a right to do that, but don't pretend you're not a mouthpiece for them.

**PLAYBOY:** Glenn Beck.

**SAVAGE:** Glenn Beck is a laughingstock. The mark of the uneducated man? He has a blackboard; he plays professor half the time. What's with the chalk? He didn't go to college so he's making up for it by playing professor on television?

**PLAYBOY:** What's your biggest complaint about him?

**SAVAGE:** That he's fucking stupid. That's all. Other than that, nothing.

**PLAYBOY:** What about Rachel Maddow?

**SAVAGE:** Oh, oh! [*clutches heart*] Aside from being physically unappealing, she thinks an ironic statement is intelligent. Her statements all have an ironic ending, like "You know?" As though she's still in a sorority house or a college beer bust where every statement ends with irony. There's a reason she has the lowest ratings of all the people on cable. Now ask me about the brain-damaged Keith Olbermann.

**PLAYBOY:** Go for it.

**SAVAGE:** He's a sad man. He's totally crazy. I think there's actually something wrong with

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*Glenn Beck is a laughingstock. What's with the chalk? He didn't go to college so he's making up for it by playing professor on television? He's fucking stupid.*

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the guy. I mean he gets so worked up in ways that are inappropriate for the situation. With the hatred! The world's worst person is me? Or Sean Hannity or O'Reilly? Not Osama bin Laden? Not a guy who just blew up 50 people in Iraq? It's a media competitor? That's the world's worst person? How do they let him get away with it?

But there's actually someone worse than him. The fraud of frauds, Chris Matthews. He's been a Democratic operative all his life. He worked for Tip O'Neill. He should have a warning label like "This cigarette is known to cause cancer." He should have a label like "This spokesman worked for the Democratic National Committee."

**PLAYBOY:** Okay. Two more. Jon Stewart and Stephen Colbert.

**SAVAGE:** I'll answer that simply. If it weren't for the smart guys with the curly hair and the big eyeglasses writing for them behind the scenes, they'd be nothing. Let them try three hours of improvisational radio every day for 15 years. We'll see how smart and how sharp they are. Anyone can take great lines and deliver them if they have a good delivery system. Do they write their stuff? I doubt it. Oh, and the Colbert Nation? Where'd he get that from?

**PLAYBOY:** By the way, does talk radio have a bright future?

**SAVAGE:** I'm surprised it's still surviving given all the media options. It's probably still the best vehicle for people to feel connected while commuting in a car. This friendly voice, he's joking. One minute he's railing against the political structure, the next minute he's playing with his dog. That's me. A little science, poetry, art. And for conservatives, Obama's making the radio business very easy. Even morons can do it. Again, take a look at Glenn Beck.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you cry when you heard Air America died?

**SAVAGE:** Ha! It was never born. It was a bunch of liberals preaching to other liberals. Nobody cared.

**PLAYBOY:** Aren't you preaching to the choir too?

**SAVAGE:** One would assume that's true, but I was off the air in the Bay area for a few months this year, and the feedback from industry people was that liberals missed me! That may sound crazy, but I offer an alternative to what they see or hear in their own world. Sure, maybe they listened and said, "Ah, he's wrong," and shut it off. But the next day they couldn't wait to turn me on again. A lot of it has to do with the variants I throw at them. I'll go from politics to tonight's meal to kvetching about a heart attack [*cuddles his poodle*] to old Ted here. Teddy, you're a good stunt!

**PLAYBOY:** Will you still be doing radio five years from now?

**SAVAGE:** [*Sighs*] I should have been dead by now by my family history. It frightens me to think about life five years down the line. I'm a germaphobe, a health neurotic. What Jew isn't? Every Jew is a doctor and a patient. [*laughs*] And I'm getting older. Will I still be doing radio? I don't know. It's like the eternal question of life. Why am I here? Why am I working? I don't need the money, so I'm doing it purely for ego's sake. Or am I doing it because I love the excitement of using my mind, which I do. I love making connections flow.

**PLAYBOY:** You've achieved financial success. Would you say you are happy?

**SAVAGE:** No, I'm a morose person. I shake off the moroseness on the radio. I fly. Then I come back to earth and go back to my basic worldview, which is grim. It's like an old Russian's worldview. Life is grim. If you really look at it straight in the eye, it's just two Indians pulling a sled over the ice. You have children; you fend off enemies. To me the world is like *Lord of the Flies*. Am I happy? I wouldn't say that, but that doesn't mean I'm not optimistic. I think America's going to have a phenomenal renaissance. I really feel it. And it's going to come from a lot of the young people who've thrown out—you call it political correctness, I call it political cowardice. This whole sovietization of afraid to talk, afraid to think outside the realm of groupthink. I believe a tremendous counter-movement is going on in this country, and I hear it every single day from listeners calling in to my radio show. It's what gets me up in the morning. It's what makes me feel good for those three hours of nonstop talk so I can go back to feeling morose the other 21 hours. That optimism is what keeps me going. It's what saves me.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you ever run out of things to say?

**SAVAGE:** [*Laughs*] Not so far!



# OOM

(continued from page 64)

young girls, a spiritual con artist. He was accused of orchestrating sexual orgies, performing abortions, hypnotizing wealthy female benefactors (and beautiful poor ones, too) and fleecing veterans of their savings. Some of these accusations were utterly false, others not far from the truth.

By 1904 Bernard was engaged in the grand work of his life: to spread the knowledge of yoga in his native land, organizing devotees and initiates into an ambitious national network of lodges. He traveled to St. Louis, Chicago and New York City, where he established a fledgling publishing firm called the Tantrik Press. During his New York journeys he cultivated writers and editors for the press and had begun to personally minister to Broadway actresses, a practice that would become a mainstay of his business in the years to come.

Bernard labored to build his Tantrik Order into an influential secret society akin to the Freemasons, of which he himself was a rising member. If the TO seems exotic by today's social standards, it was not far from the mainstream of American life at the time. Every night in American cities large and small, bewhiskered fraternal brothers and their sisters in veils and gloves scurried across the cobblestones from meeting

to meeting, carrying rule books, manuals, pins, badges and feathers. During the first decade of the century, membership in all such societies ran in the millions, so most Americans were familiar with—and even drawn to—the ideas of inner and outer circles, passwords, tests of allegiance and degrees of initiation.

In his use of symbols, codes and rituals, Bernard borrowed liberally from the Freemasons, the Theosophists and other groups, religious as well as secular. Beneath the pomp and plumes, however, he detected a genuine hunger for mystical experience—a direct connection to the divine—that many Americans failed to find at church. This was a time of great spiritual upheaval in the nation, what has been called alternately the Third Great Awakening or the first New Age, depending on your point of view.

Bernard's system was an American adaptation of Hindu Tantrism, a mix of religious rituals, beliefs and practices based on sacred scriptures called tantras that teach followers the material world is an expression of the divine. Linking the many diverse sects of Tantrism is the worship of the feminine power of procreation, and Hindu tantric ritual revolves around the worship of the goddess Shakti (sometimes spelled Sakti), the female principle of regeneration. From this platform the tantric masters later arrived at the idea of the human body as potentially pure and godlike, and in India's 10th century Tantrism gave birth to hatha

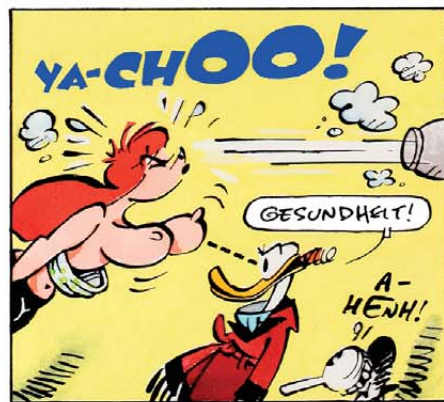
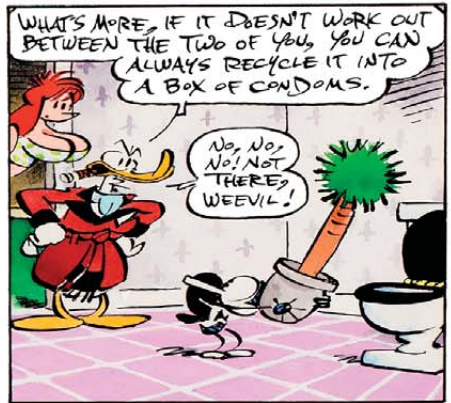
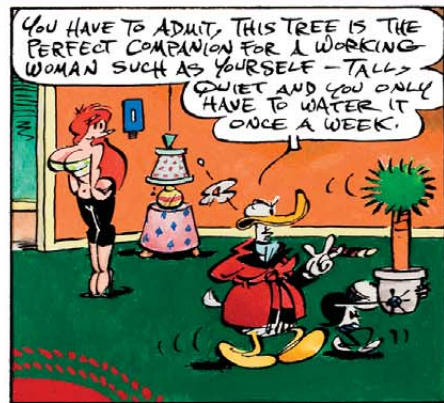
yoga, the science of postures and breathing that Bernard taught and that is familiar to 21st century Americans. In Bernard's time Tantrism had been suppressed for centuries in its mother country, functioning as a kind of underground in the Westernized Hindu society imposed on India by British rulers and Western missionaries.

Tantrikas divide themselves along two very different paths. The right-hand path takes a conservative approach, interpreting the tantric texts symbolically. A right-hand Tantrist, for example, could pursue the worship of Shakti through reverence for his wife and without violating the bonds of his marriage. Those taking the left-hand path, however, are willing to flout society's norms and revel in mixing the sacred and the so-called profane. This path uses taboos—drugs, alcohol and extramarital sex—and engages in the ritual known in India as the five Ms, which refer to the Sanskrit words for wine, meat, fish, parched grain (perhaps a psychotropic substance or drug) and sexual intercourse.

The first four are used to rouse the sexual instinct, which is then channeled to rouse the serpent power, the kundalini, granting the adept great powers and knowledge. In the ascetic traditions of Indian religion, all of the five Ms are forbidden fruit, so a left-handed tantric ritual could be a shameful, heart-pounding excursion into outlaw behavior.

The ritual of sacramental sexual intercourse has forever captured the human

# Dirty Duck by Bobby London



imagination. Often a high priest choreographs two young initiates as they perform the act in the midst of a solemn circle of chanting devotees. The ritual harkens back to Ice Age female fertility worship and the Eleusinian Mysteries of the Greeks, and it has found its way into the plot of the modern best-seller *The Da Vinci Code*.

Bernard's group reserved secret rooms for such worship in several cities, according to witnesses, and he gave many hints that sex as a sacrament was part of the tantric practices he taught. In San Francisco, Bernard and the young Tantrikas were at least dabbling with the hard-core left-handed stuff. The evidence for this lies in the group's classified newspaper ad beckoning members to a Kaula ceremony, generally considered one of the most extreme forms of tantra. In Kaula rites, the sexual act is performed in a chakra circle of worshippers, always late at night in a deserted place in order to maintain the privacy necessary to perform the five Ms.

And just so there was no confusion about who was licensed to be at the center of the sacred sex, Bernard quoted to his followers from a translation of the Mahanirvana Tantra, which notes only a worshipper who possesses a seventh-degree certification in the Tantrik Order—in this case Bernard himself—"may marry by mutual choice another, in the assemblage of the Shakti worshippers, when a circle is formed." Bernard could choose his own partner for sacred sex, or he could act as a matchmaker for willing initiates.

Much of what we know about Bernard's thinking is contained in a remarkable book-length document called *Vira Sadhana: the International Journal of the Tantrik Order*

(American edition). In the debut publication of the Tantrik Press, the book makes the case for tantric yoga, as Bernard sometimes called his practice, proclaiming it to be the most scientific and up-to-date way to worship and live. In an essay called "The Basis of Religion," he calls for a more elevated discussion of love and sex.

This erotic manifesto, which Bernard left unsigned for legal protection, was written with the kind of linguistic assurance displayed in his lectures. "The animating impulse of all organic life is the sexual instinct," he writes. "It is that which underlies the struggle for existence in the animal world and is the source of all human endeavor and emotion." Sex, Bernard goes on to attest, "is the most powerful factor in all that pertains to the human race and has ever been the cause and the subject of man's most exalted thought."

To the Tantrikas, discussion of the sex instinct was not merely theoretical. The success of the club relied on initiates like Florin Jones and Winfield Nicholls, who drummed up new customers to come to meetings and take courses. The tall, blue-eyed Nicholls was the band's preferred bait for women. He was so handsome and devastatingly soulful of nature, admirers said, that his sexual magnetism was legendary.

In time the San Francisco police took an interest in the Tantrikas, especially the bawdy gatherings Bernard called the Bacchante Club. An undercover police officer infiltrated the group and later told reporters that at a meeting he attended he found "men dressed in long black gowns, sitting on the floor smoking Turkish water pipes while girls danced before them."

In a city rife with crime and vice, the youthful Tantrikas stood apart for their upper- and middle-class origins. These were not reviled Chinese opium addicts or prostitutes who could be herded into slums, harassed and prosecuted at will; they were mainly well-off white kids, acting up in the better parts of the city and embarrassing their parents on the front pages of the dailies. And they showed no signs of stopping their activities. Something had to give. As the police made it more and more apparent that the group's presence was unwelcome, Bernard and his Tantrikas began scouting for friendlier climes. By April 18, 1906, the day of the great San Francisco earthquake, they had already left, heading north up the Pacific coast in search of their next home.

By 1908 membership had grown in the Pacific Northwest—Bernard ultimately opened four lodges in Seattle and one in Portland. As happened in San Francisco, some members mingled romantically with locals, and a few had affairs that came back to haunt them. Jennie Leo made the mistake of giving her heart to Nicholls, who had never in his young life been known to settle down with one woman. In fact, at the time he was also seeing a woman named Daisy Mix, who was stuck in an unhappy common-law marriage with a wealthy Seattle businessman.

Watching from the sidelines was Jennie's younger sister, Gertrude, who was living with her in Seattle. Seeing her big sister dip in and out of this circle of wealthy and well-connected people, Gertrude wanted very much to be part of it. In January 1909, when she turned 18, she applied for membership, and Bernard accepted her. Gertrude, a stenographer with a sweet open face and blonde curly hair, had recently been hospitalized for a vaguely diagnosed heart condition. Bernard proposed to restore her to health with a series of yoga postures and breathing exercises that would slow her metabolism and strengthen her heart. Both sisters consented, and soon Gertrude was living among the Tantrikas in one of their lodges.

Bernard, meanwhile, was anxious to get back to New York, and he proposed that the others in the group move with him for good. He asked Gertrude to come along, suggesting she'd be a good companion for his stepsister, 17-year-old Ora Ray. Gertrude could continue her studies and work for the organization as a stenographer and teacher of hatha yoga. The young woman agreed to the move, leaving her sister Jennie behind in the Pacific Northwest to nurse her heartbreak over Nicholls.

Gertrude Leo arrived in New York on Monday, June 7, 1909. After she dropped her bags at the West 171st Street apartment Bernard had rented for everyone, the two made their way to Battery Park at Manhattan's southern tip. The day grew sultry as it stretched on, and they sat for hours in a shady intersection of lawns, gardens and promenades, watching boats rounding the seawall: steamers, ferries and sailing craft coming and going in the busiest harbor in the world. Battery Park was where New York had started its life, so it made a perfect spot



"Hurry it up. We'll miss our bus."

to talk about new beginnings in their new home in the greatest city in the world.

Bernard told his blonde initiate about his vision for the Tantrik Order and the role he envisioned for her. She was to be a nautch girl, he said, like the girls in India who live at Hindu temples and devote themselves to priests. Gertrude probably knew what he was talking about. The idea of a sacred, sensual temple dancer, wrapped in precious jewels and worshipped by men, was fixed in the popular imagination in 1909. The nautch girl had been Westernized and glamorized by dancer Ruth St. Denis, who had become a raging success—critical as well as popular—on vaudeville stages across the United States and Europe. St. Denis performed solo and barefoot, her writhing yoga-inspired choreography accompanied by visiting Asian musicians. Moving across the stage through clouds of incense, St. Denis rippled her arms like cobras and swirled her sinewy abdomen in costumes that scandalously exposed four inches of bare midriff. Her choreography evoked a startling combination of spirituality and sensuousness that stunned audiences into respectful silence at the end of her performance.

Bernard presented the nautch girl role as a new and modern means of feminine empowerment. “All priests,” he told Gertrude, “have nautch girls. In my sacred capacity I cannot marry, but our nautch girls serve us as wives. It is the duty of the priest to give her all the world’s best goods. She is looked upon as sacred.”

Bernard impressed upon Gertrude his knowledge of psychic powers, real and imaginary, and of the difference between simulative and real phenomena. The ability to produce deceptive appearances was a simulative phenomenon, he explained, common enough among occultists and magicians—Bernard himself was a talented magician who specialized in Hindu disappearing tricks. But the ability to influence others’ bodies and souls with his mind was a real phenomenon and proof of his power. “I am not a real man,” he told her, quoting ancient Hindu texts about yoga and supernatural powers. “I am a god, but I have condescended to put on the habit of a man that I may perform the duties of a yogi and reveal true religion to the elect of America.”

It was a pretty hard sell, and Gertrude told him she needed to think it over. That night she went back uptown and stayed with Ora Ray at the flat.

The next day she announced her decision to move to the next level of commitment. “I became a novice,” she later said, just as her sister had before her. “The ends of my fingers were slit open, and the blood was poured upon a pen. Then I signed my name on the document.” This document, “the Tantrik Oath,” begins with a fearsome warning: “As lightning from the womb of the clouds rends in twain the mighty oak, I pray that the relentless and exacting justice of the law of Brahma, which is as inexorable and all consuming as his love is inexhaustible, may shatter and torture me in agonizing pain beyond the power of speech to describe should I ever deviate from the following affirmations and declarations.”

Then followed a call to fellowship and secrecy, vows to value education and trust in the hierarchy of the order, to submit to the teachers and to their ancient wisdom. Time and again, though, the oath cautions all who sign in their blood to “guard my speech and seal my mouth forever to those outside our ranks.” Gertrude, assured of her special place in Bernard’s life, became his nautch girl and his lover.


By July the Tantrikas had moved to a beautiful new home in a posh neighborhood, an ivy-covered brownstone at 258 West 74th Street. Once Bernard’s growing spiritual library from the West Coast had arrived from Seattle, he opened the doors of this well-kept townhouse as a yoga school and sanitarium.

Nicholls, Jones and others from Bernard’s core group fanned out across New York in search of well-heeled, interested parties—doctors, patients, the sickly, occultists, spiritual seekers and health-fad enthusiasts. The tantric heralds spread the news: There was a new guru in town. Come try our hatha yoga classes, offered several times a week in the evenings, along with instruction in yogic breathing, meditation and philosophy. Or drop by on the weekends during bacchante evenings, when food and drink would be offered and the house would be opened to respectful, curious seekers.

One of Bernard’s first clients was a shy, dreamy young woman named Zelia Hopp, who lived with her parents in the Bronx. Zelia was a sickly girl—a worry to her parents, who trundled her off to a succession of physicians, praying she would get well and find a husband like her older sister had. In fact it was Zelia’s older sister, Esther Betts, who had heard about a famous and powerful healer named Dr. Warren who had just arrived from San Francisco. Thus Zelia and the Hopp family were introduced to this talented doctor, who was actually Pierre Bernard, a specialist in the cure of heart troubles, what was called neurasthenia.

In fall 1909 Bernard visited the family for the first time, and he impressed Zelia’s mother and father with his obvious erudition, his intentions and the soundness of his methods. His fees were another matter. Zelia held a job as a milliner, but she likely worked for subsistence wages and would never be able to move from her parents’ home until she married—which was unlikely to happen if she remained ill. Surely her parents had this in mind when they scraped together the \$40 initiation fee—a hefty sum considering the average American worker at that time made \$13 a week for 59 hours of labor.

The next day, with her parents’ approval, Zelia traveled alone to Manhattan and arrived at the brownstone, where Bernard, cigar in hand, ushered her into a back room and conducted a physical exam. He concluded that yes, he could help her; yes, she could regain her vitality and even flourish under his care. But it would take extreme measures and individual attention. He sent one of his associates to find a suitable place, and in November he installed her in his new sanitarium, a rented apartment at 70 West 109th Street, near Central Park.



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Before allowing his daughter to move in, Zelia's father visited the apartment to make sure it was on the up-and-up.

Beneath the cloak of therapy, however, a powerful attraction developed between the worldly 33-year-old Bernard and the 19-year-old Zelia. During her first night at the flat Bernard paid her a visit, and between boasts of his knowledge of spiritual domains he kissed her until she said her breath gave out. She was a lucky woman, he told her—he was very powerful, very wealthy. He assured her of his commitment and his honorable intentions. She felt herself fall completely under his power, hypnotized to obey him. Several nights later she surrendered to the most pressing of

his wishes, and the couple made love. Zelia stayed at the apartment for months, entertaining Bernard's visits until he could no longer manage the rent. She then returned home, cured of her heart trouble and in fine spirits, to her parents' great relief.

Zelia Hopp was very much in love with Bernard and visited the busy West 74th Street townhouse whenever she could. That spring she realized parts of the house were kept off-limits to her. She also discovered other young women were on the premises—one of whom also had claims on her lover's heart. Her jealousy flaring, Zelia cornered Bernard and demanded they marry immediately.



Don Lewis

*"I lost my powder puff!"*

Gertrude Leo, meanwhile, was living unhappily in one of those cloistered upper rooms, teaching and helping to take care of the house but receiving nothing for it but room and board. Soon enough she and Zelia met, and a triangle of sorts formed.

This was not entirely to Bernard's disliking. He persuaded both women to put aside their jealousies—at least temporarily—and share a bed with him, an arrangement they carried out on at least a few occasions. But the women were in love with their guru, and he simply did not account for the chilling effect his broken promises would have on his fortunes. Several times that spring Gertrude traveled to the Bronx and visited the Hopp family home, and in early April stayed there for two weeks, both women no doubt counting up their grievances. Gertrude had never been paid for her efforts after traveling cross-country to become Bernard's nautch girl, and Zelia was being thwarted in her attempts to marry him.

Finally suspecting that in Gertrude's absence lurked rebellion, Bernard sent Florin Jones to the Bronx to patch things up, insisting that Gertrude's presence was urgently required at the 74th Street house—on business matters, Jones told her. Though she agreed to return to Manhattan with Jones, she promised Zelia she would be back.

When days passed with no word from Gertrude, Zelia became worried. She wrote to the girl's sister in Seattle. By now Jennie had married but still harbored resentment against Nicholls for dumping her. So when Zelia suggested Gertrude was being held at Bernard's house against her will, Jennie decided to go East immediately.

On May 2, Jennie Miller disembarked from her transcontinental train at Pennsylvania Station and hurried to her destination, the Hopp apartment in the Bronx—not the apartment where her sister was staying. There she and Zelia finalized their elaborate extraction plan for Gertrude. They knew they had to be as swift and silent as Bernard was quick, canny and persuasive. They dressed to go out and made their way downtown to the west side of Manhattan to meet detectives at the 28th Precinct.

Bernard's students and staff were gathered at the house on that mild spring evening, a typical weekday in the life of the Tantrikas. In a dimly lit room on the second floor, Gertrude Leo was leading a class of mostly older people, women and men, under the watchful eye of Bernard. The male students wore gym clothes; the women were in loose divided skirts or bloomers. All were diligently following her directions, moving through yoga postures. When they needed a breather, Bernard stepped in and answered a question or two: Yes, he said, it was beneficial to bathe every day despite what some doctors said, and yes, there were strong and important connections between the body and mind.

Outside on West 74th Street the police and the two women stole up to the brownstone. It was close to midnight when Zelia rang the doorbell in the secret code: "a long, two short, a long and a short ring, three times," she told detectives in her statement.



The lock snapped and the door opened a crack. With the two women following, the detectives rushed past the butler. The parlor floor was deserted, they determined, but the sounds of chanting could be heard upstairs. The men bounded up the staircase and into the darkened second-floor parlor, where they encountered a scene Detective T.J. Callanan later described as “a young man clad in filmy garments and squatting as a sort of presiding demigod among a dozen men and women strangely garbed in tight-fitting gowns of one piece.”

“What means this intrusion?” Bernard boomed. Zelia and Jennie rushed in behind the policemen, looking for Gertrude, whom they found dressed in a scanty swimsuit-like garment and in a highly emotional state. She fell into the arms of her sister, weeping. “For God’s sake, take me away. Get me out of this place.”

Bernard surveyed the scene and glared coldly at Zelia. “So this is your revenge,” he snapped. “You’re sore because you’re jealous of Gertrude.”

One of the tantric women focused a menacing glare on Gertrude and began chanting ominously, “Zim-zim-zim—Zee-zee-zee.”

Gertrude, who had been around these other women for some time, was obviously spooked. “She is putting a curse on me!” she screamed.

In the midst of all this, someone doused the lights, but it was clear even in the confusion and darkness that the young man in the filmy garments was the person the police were looking for.

“You’re under arrest,” said Callanan to Bernard.

Detective Joseph Leonard, the wise guy of the two partners, pointed at the symbols on Bernard’s robe. “What are those things on your chest?” he demanded. When Bernard filled him in, the cop replied, “So that’s the bunk.”

After his initial indignation, Bernard stood calmly before the police. He confirmed his identity and that of the quivering girl in tights, Gertrude Leo. Then the detectives roused the entire party and moved them down the steps of the brownstone and into the spring night: the officers, the irate witnesses, the young women in bathing suits, the others hissing curses and finally Bernard, wearing the elaborate ceremonial robe of a seventh-degree tantric priest bearing the ancient symbols of birth, death and regeneration.

Together they set off from the brownstone in a comical-looking perp parade, headed for the West 68th Street police station.

As New York awoke on Tuesday, May 3, 1910 the morning papers carried the first news of the midnight raid. ARREST HINDU SEER, *The New York Times* proclaimed. SAYS HE’S A SWAMI, the *Herald* wrote. HIS STUDENTS IN TIGHTS, added the *Tribune*. The night-desk editors had done their job, and now a fresh set of reporters arrived for work, reinterviewing the young women complainants, who in turn delivered a delicious new detail: Bernard had often referred to himself as the Great Om.

Somewhere between notebook and newspaper an extra *o* made its way onto that

Oriental,” “the great God Oom,” “Hindoo Mystic,” “Yogi Priest,” “Head of Queer School” or just plain “the Oom.”

Overnight, Pierre “the Omnipotent Oom” Bernard had become the creation of the powerful print media, and he was one of the first 20th century examples of instant celebrity. In May 1910 there were 13 daily newspapers in New York—publishing morning, afternoon and special editions along with Sunday magazines—and their stories were picked up and syndicated nationally by news services. Juicy scandals sold tens of thousands of extra copies a day, and the biggest dailies, Joseph Pulitzer’s *New York World* and William Randolph Hearst’s *New York Journal*, fought savagely to get them first.

For Bernard, however, the woeful tale of Oom and his women—complete with Svengali, hapless heroines and avenging angel—coincided with a moral panic sweeping through New York City and the rest of the nation in spring 1910. The press had joined forces with police, purity reformers and the state’s vice commission to whip up the public’s fear that a conspiracy of international cartels was selling white American women into sexual slavery with the willing cooperation of corrupt government officials. Even moguls such as John D. Rockefeller Jr. lent their names to the efforts, and that spring the U.S. Congress passed, nearly unanimously, the Mann Act, still known as the “White-Slave Traffic Act,” which made it a federal crime to transport an unmarried woman across state lines for “immoral purposes.”

Oom looked like the scapegoat everyone had been waiting for.

Bernard was charged with abduction and spent 104 stifling summer days in the Tombs, New York’s infamous prison. He was ultimately released, due to the witnesses’ unwillingness to testify against him at trial. It would take a decade for him to fully rehabilitate his reputation, but all the while he carried on his mission of teaching Americans the practice of hatha yoga. He just did it more carefully.

*From The Great Oom: The Improbable Birth of Yoga in America, by Robert Love, now available from Viking.*

# SLIPPERY WET & SEXY GIRLS GALORE

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already foreign-sounding name—rendering it “Oom” in the afternoon editions. By the time newsboys were hawking the *Evening Sun*, the story had migrated to the front page. GREAT GOD OOM was in jail, read the banner headline. The appellation would stick to him till the end of his days. That Bernard looked nothing like what reporters thought a swami should look like only fueled their fire. They made fun of his worn suit, receding hairline and wispy “sideboards.” The city editors, in a spirit of one-upmanship—and gleefully aware a hot one had landed on their desks—couldn’t help heaping on the defendant all the snide irony and condescension they could fit beneath the headlines. Before he had even faced a judge, Bernard was recast as “Oom, the self-styled god,” “Oom the

## HEROES

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a demented hostile sex appeal. An angry stripper with a great body, the face of a man and a history of physical and sexual abuse. Now there's a lethal combination. Lady Zorro, this alternative Blaze Starr, was my kind of burlesque queen.

Z hung with a tough crowd on the Block. The Oasis Nite Club's owner, Julius Salsbury, and his stripper girlfriend Pam Gail—both Baltimore icons—were her close friends. When Julius's gambling empire got him in trouble in 1970, he fled the country and a 15-year sentence, never to be heard from again. "My mother told me the story," Eileen remembers, "how she drove him dressed in drag because she wore size 11 shoes [which he could get into] and dropped him off at Friendship Airport for a flight to Miami."

The height of Lady Zorro's career was between 1956 and 1962, and by the end she

gave up even pretending to be a sexpot. And then Zorro surprised everybody by doing something way ahead of her time. This lesbian stripper got pregnant and wanted to have the child. In 1966, when Lady Z was 29 years old, she had a baby girl, Eileen, named after Z's new girlfriend, who, despite being straight, stayed with Zorro for 18 years before breaking her heart by running off with a male bookie who "sometimes used their phone." "And your dad?" I pry. "His name was J.C., and he wanted to marry Mom even though she was a lesbian. At one point my mother met his mother with her family in Delaware, and the future mother-in-law was just horrified. I saw my father only eight times. At Christmas and on my birthday he would show up with a gift. But then he went to Florida and I never saw him again."

Eileen's first memories? "The racket of drunk people coming in downstairs after Mom's work, the loudness of their voices, the smell of marijuana, the smell of

alcohol." "When did you begin to realize this wasn't normal?" I ask, remembering sitting at the top of the stairs in our family home, feeling safe, listening to my parents and their friends singing show tunes around our piano. "When I went to Catholic school and some of the other kids invited me over to their houses and I saw that their moms stayed home and picked them up from school. I had two mommies, Eileen and Zorro." Of course there were benefits of having these two mommies the other kids didn't have, such as "making \$1,000 a night when I was eight years old. They had poker parties and would take bennies and stay up for days playing cards." Eileen recalls the job title I have heard many times in Baltimore: the "hey girl," who waits on illegal gamblers at clandestine dens. As in "Hey, girl, bring me a beer!" "I served drinks, and they would throw quarters in a big box, then dollars, then later in the night it was \$10s and \$20s." "But how did you get up to go to school?" I worry, like a good dad. "I didn't," she says, shrugging.

Yet little Eileen was a straight A student. Zorro had her daughter baptized and went through her first communion with her and "wanted to give me everything she never had." "You're nothing without a college education," Z would rant as she taught her daughter to sift marijuana seeds. "I smoked pot and drank at 11," Eileen says, chuckling. "Rather than play with Barbie dolls, I had a little joint-rolling machine. I rolled a mean joint. My mother's friends thought it was funny. I started to drive then, too." "What? You drove at 11 years old?" Yep, Zorro had a Lincoln Continental, "and I used to pick her up at the bar because I was worried about her drinking and driving. She was an obnoxious, mean-spirited drunk. She would pick fights with anyone. Men, women—she'd kick their asses!"

Eileen remembers being included on Sundays, which all the strippers had off, when they would come over and talk about "what sick fucks men were." The girls were always nice to Eileen and gave her money. Instead of bedtime stories she heard about a guy who would pay a hundred bucks to a girl "to walk barefoot around the dirty floor of the bar and then let him lick her toes," or a guy from Hampden "who used to have sex with his mother." "Motherfucker," they'd curse at him, but as the strippers explained to the child, he liked that. "I'd walk by people having sex in the house," Eileen remembers with little trace of anger. She was abused by a prominent Baltimore businessman who, though he died last year, should still feel guilty in his casket. Starting to feel bad for holding Zorro in high esteem, I realize lesbian mothers have the same right as straight ones to be bad parents.

Then it got worse. Eileen's other mother left and Zorro "had a nervous breakdown and things went downhill after that. Z never had sex again," her daughter remembers. "She never recovered." Little Eileen would call big Eileen and beg, "Please take me with you," but her other mother was ill-equipped to deal with the situation. "I can't," she sadly responded. "You're not my daughter." Big Eileen would call sometimes, Zorro's daughter says, trying to give her the benefit of the



*"Excuse me, but would you and your thumbs prefer to be alone?"*

doubt. “Mostly when she was drunk. I saw her only once or twice after that.”

Zorro went on welfare and was in and out of mental institutions. When she was released “they had her on chloral hydrate and Elavil, and she just lay on the couch for years.” Zorro tried to commit suicide, and little Eileen pulled the gun from her hand. Eileen was raped when some psycho at a bar stole Zorro’s wallet, looked at the address on the ID, went to the house and attacked the youngster. Zorro’s reaction? “Why didn’t you fight back?”

Yet Eileen continued to excel in school. “My friends thought my mom was cool because they could come over and smoke pot at my house and drink. I didn’t care what she was; I just didn’t want her to be fucked-up all the time.” When Zorro was committed for long periods, Eileen tried to keep it a secret. She walked to school every day, and the nuns never suspected their honor student was living completely unsupervised in the ghetto.

But then Eileen got caught. The electricity at home was cut off for nonpayment and she overslept and was late for school, so she forged her mother’s signature on a note. The nuns spotted the fake and told Eileen her mother needed to call. “She’s gone,” Eileen blurted out. “But when will she be back?” the nuns asked, startled. “I started crying and told them what happened,” Eileen remembers matter-of-factly. “They called Child Protective Services, but the people across the street lied for me and said I could stay with them. I did stay with them sometimes, but I wanted to be by myself.” “You never said ‘Help me?’” I ask. “Never,” Eileen answers proudly.

Eileen never seemed judgmental about her unconventional mom. Lady Z read the newspapers every day, liked classical music and, much to my thrill, loved Johnny Mathis. Z was always incredibly proud of her daughter’s academic success. “The roof caved in on our house,” Eileen recalls with a grin. “The nuns called the St. Vincent de Paul Society to come fix it. Sister Mary Francis, principal of my school, showed up,” and Zorro “only had a small buzz. She knew how important this was for me.” Zorro, the good mom, “went to turn on the oven, and a thousand cockroaches started walking up all over the wall.” And people wonder where I get my movie ideas? Could there be a better scene than this?

Eileen continued on to the College of Notre Dame, moved out of her mother’s house and into the dorms and finally got a boyfriend who “was always there for me—until he slept with my best friend, and that was that.” When Eileen graduated from college, Zorro went with a cooler full of beer and some of her friends from the bar. “So she did get drunk,” Eileen admits. By then Zorro had had all her teeth pulled, so there was no possibility anyone could imagine she had at one time been a stripper. “Amazingly,” Eileen remembers with a laugh, “even though my mother got welfare, she was a Republican.”

Zorro started hanging out at the Porthole, a local gay men’s bar. Suddenly Z was a fag hag! “She could draw a crowd,” Eileen remembers with a shudder, “her voice was so loud.” Eileen would show up

every other weekend and say, “Please don’t be fucked-up,” but Z would announce, “I’m a fuckup! After you are six years old you are a child of the world.” “So I’d drive her to the Rite Aid for cigarettes,” says Eileen (Z smoked four packs of Benson & Hedges a day), “and buy her a couple of beers.” An enabler? “I never bought her hard alcohol,” she argues with a shrug. “Did you ever try to get your mom to AA?” I ask. “Always tried!” Eileen laughs. “She had a couple DWI convictions and was supposed to go, but she traded pot with someone who would sign in for her at meetings.”

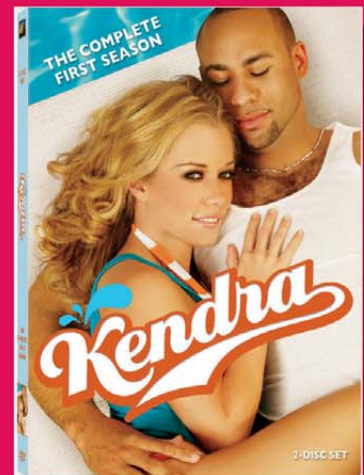
Eileen moved to the West Coast. “I flew her out to my wedding here.” Eileen had warned her future in-laws, and they had politely said, “All families have issues.” You have no fucking idea, she remembers thinking. “Zorro would ask people, ‘You got any good shit to smoke?’ and I’m like, ‘Mom, these people do not smoke pot. Stop asking every person that walks through the receiving line!’ Then I went on my honeymoon,” Eileen says with a forbidding pause. Her mom said to the new mother-in-law, “I’d like to have you and your husband over, and your next-door neighbors who were so nice in helping my daughter plan the wedding.” So they came, and the hostess with the least tried to do her best, but as Eileen later heard the story, Z “had this big jug of red wine she said she needed for spaghetti sauce, but she drank the entire gallon and took a Xanax, forgot, took two more and smoked pot, so by the time people showed up she was completely fucked-up. The guests just ran.” “Did Zorro ever apologize?” I wonder. “Never,” Eileen answers. “I didn’t talk to her for six months after that.”

But then Z fell, broke her hip and got a staph infection and pneumonia. Eileen went back to Baltimore and broke in the door. Her mother was almost dead. “Had she called you?” I ask. And then Eileen responds with the only answer from our interview about her mom that shocks me: “She never wanted to be a burden to me.”

Eileen moved Zorro, who by then looked like a haggard old man from Baltimore, into her house in Oregon. “People had died of AIDS in my mother’s old place; everything was ruined. I sold the house to the crack-dealing neighbor lady who liked Mom.” When Zorro moved in with her daughter on the West Coast, it was “just hell. I told my husband, ‘I know it’s going to be hard. She doesn’t like you. You don’t like her.’” Zorro was allowed two cases of beer a week, an ounce of pot a month and whatever pills the doctor would give her. But “she would go crazy—the neighbors across the street told me that while I was at work my mother would knock on people’s doors and say she had DDTs, meaning the DTs.”

“Did Zorro mellow as her last days approached?” I wonder, hoping for a little good news. When doctors told Zorro she had 12 weeks to live, Eileen recalls, her mother wasn’t fazed (she lasted 13). “When it’s your time to go, it’s your time to go,” was Z’s response. “I was crying,” Eileen remembers, dry-eyed, “and she looked at me and sang ‘Don’t Cry for Me, Argentina.’” “Was Zorro ever nice to you?” I ask tactfully. Eileen pauses and answers without rancor,

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"No, she made me dinner. She showed me her love by feeding me."

"Could you ever see the comedy in your situation when Zorro was alive?" I ask. "*Not at all!*" she answers emphatically. Zorro "tormented and abused me, and it wasn't until after she died that I started to appreciate her." But Zorro obviously did something right, I argue. "She raised a daughter who is reasonably happy and well-adjusted, and isn't that the best you can say about any mother?" "I always hoped I could have a relationship with her," Eileen says quietly. "But you did," I plead. "You were always the bright spot in her life." Can living in a real John Waters movie ever bring any kind of joy? "I spoke at my mom's memorial service and said, 'I spent my whole life trying to not be like her, only to find out, at the age of 35, I am like her. I can walk into a room and within 10 minutes everybody is standing around me.'"

A sad story? Maybe not. Months later Eileen wrote, asking, "Would you please save the tape we did together for me? It would be a great way for my children to learn about their grandmother after they are 21. They ask me about her all the time. I smile and tell them she was a piece of work."

Boy, I need a drink after the Zorro saga! But where to go? All my favorite Baltimore monster bars are gone. Like Hard Times, the aptly named blue-collar or no-collar bar at the corner of 28th Street and Huntingdon Avenue in the Remington neighborhood, which was closed down in 2002 as neighbors "breathed a sigh of relief," according to the press reports. City inspectors had found no running water on the premises while it was still open to the public. So what? I mean, I guess you had to piss in the alley out back, but at least there were cute Baltimoreans inside. Dirty drinking glasses? What's the big deal? Just rinse them out when it rains.

I wish Morgan's was still there. I had a real soft spot for this obviously illegal after-hours club in Hampden, which somehow stayed open for years. I think cops went there themselves when they were off duty. This was the only bar in my life that refused me admittance. And for a long time, too. "But he made a lot of movies," I even heard a friendly mutant stick up for me to the mean, handicapped doorman. "Never heard of them," he sniffed. "Besides, he don't live in the neighborhood." Hampden had yet to be discovered by homesteaders, yuppies and starter families, so my celebrity was meaningless there. I could waltz into Studio 54, the Mudd Club or any New York "in" restaurant but not Morgan's. Finally, after months of my showing up and pleading, the owner, who looked like a weirdly handsome Robert Mitchum on a bumper, came down. I guess a couple of locals had vouched I wasn't undercover. "Go ahead up," he snarled with a subtle hint of pride in his establishment. Once I climbed those long steps up to the fully operating bar (with booths, for Christ's sake!), I wasn't one bit disappointed. The local dealers, alcoholics and hillbilly chicks were partying big-time, and some of them looked great. Here, I realized, was the

"upper lower class," a segment of society I had never heard described properly in any sociological studies. Not only were they high on drugs, but the bar was also open and ready to serve beer, at rock-bottom prices! Believe me, not one hipster would dare go in this joint. Even I, a veteran extreme-bar cultist, was frightened there. I avoided eye contact and tried to watch people in the mirrors on the walls so they didn't notice me. I started to take friends from New York there, and they really seemed to like it. Especially some of the stylish women I know who had mostly gay male friends at home. Here they got cruised by real heterosexual men who definitely weren't closet queens. I still laugh with one of my women friends who went home with a really cute guy she met at Morgan's when she was visiting me. When she complimented him on his accidentally cool, wildly patterned thrift-store shirt, he answered sexily, "It's made of rayon. *And I'm a rayon fool!*"

"Isn't going to these places dangerous?" many of my friends ask me, and they have a point. My notoriety usually protects me in the beginning, but if no one is friendly, especially the bartenders or barmaids, I leave immediately. It's a slow process getting accepted, and pretty often my judgment has been solid. Maybe it comes from teaching filmmaking to convicts. I mean, what is prison, really, except a good bar without the liquor?

For many years I went to the now-defunct Atlantis, a male strip club next to the Maryland Penitentiary. I called it the Fudge Palace in my movie *Pecker*. I always took out-of-town guests there, everybody from Gus Van Sant to many of the New York art dealers (both gay and straight) who were participating in the print fair at the Baltimore Museum of Art. Even my friend Judge Elsbeth Bothe went with me one night after a long day on the bench. When I told her that sometimes you get tea-bagged by the naked dancers if you sit too close, she didn't chicken out; she just wore a hat for protection. God, how I miss that place.

But I like girl strip bars, too, as long as they're bad ones. No thanks to the high-end gentlemen's clubs that want to give you a lap dance while reminding you there is an ATM in the lobby. Boot's was a favorite go-go-girl place. Located on Eastern Avenue between Fells Point and Highlandtown, it may have been the lowliest strip club ever. So naturally, for about a year, I hung out there every weekend. The "talent" was definitely unnerving. One we called the Moose. She was a big ox and a lazy stripper. One night, when it was her turn to dance, she was still in the bathroom next to the stage. When she heard her musical cue she kicked open the bathroom door as she sat on the toilet and shook her tits for the audience. Boot's was very David Lynch. One regular, a woman customer with a greasy ponytail, jitterbugged with the valve of the radiator every night for hours and nobody questioned it. The barmaid had a hair-trigger temper, but I liked to get her talking. She used to tell me to bring Johnny Depp in as she thrust topless photos of her legal-age go-go daughters in my hands for me to give him. I stupidly invited her to my Christmas party one year,

and she brought her boyfriend, who entered with a bad attitude and would stop in front of any male guest, glare scarily and snarl, "Are you a faggot?" Many weren't but didn't quite know how to respond. Everybody complained to the bouncer, who had to throw the barmaid and her boyfriend out. Boot's closed not long after, and when the Atlantis sadly shut its doors (the location became yet another swanky men's club), the gay strip club reopened in the old Boot's space under the name of Spectrum, which immediately became known as the Rectum. Due to the hideously nelly go-go boys with awful Baltimore accents that some obviously unseasoned manager hired, it closed quickly.

I guess I could go to the Bloody Bucket; it's still open. That's not the bar's real name, but locals call it that. It's situated at 1619 Union Avenue, across from the Pepsi plant in the area of Hampden commonly referred to as the Bottom. I wish I owned this place. I'd rename it the Pelt Room, but otherwise I wouldn't change a thing. The crowd that hangs there is not one you'd bring home to Mom (unless she's Zorro). I love Blanche, the bartender, a woman of a certain age who is an R. Crumb comic come to life. A big, big girl with giant thighs who looks so sexy and powerful in her micro cutoff denim skirt. Cellulite is, in this case, a true beauty mark. Having her serve you a drink while you listen to the customers' amazing stories is a great way to start the weekend. "I was in this terrible car accident," a drinking buddy there once told me. "Some Chinaman [as all blue-collar guys in Baltimore call any type of Asian] ran through a red light and smashed into the car I was riding in. My head went partially through the windshield; there was glass everywhere. I was so pissed off I wanted to beat up the Chinaman. So I got out of our car, went over to him to punch him out, but when I opened his car door I saw his head was part cut off and he was dead. So I stole his wallet." "How much did you get?" I asked, excitedly picturing the movie scene. "Twenty bucks," he said, sighing.

The only guzzling events I've never had the nerve to attend in Baltimore are "blow roasts." Blow roasts are even more excessive than the scariest straight bars, but they are a local one-night tradition, and sometimes even the cops organize them. Tickets are secretly and selectively sold weeks in advance to working-class men at their neighborhood bars, and the location (union hall or biker clubhouse) is revealed right before the big night. A blow roast is just like a bull roast: oyster shuckers, pit beef sandwiches, gambling, kegs of beer and medleys of mayonnaise-based dishes. But at a blow roast there are also blow jobs. A "two-tier level of hookers works these events," explains a friend who has attended. "The good-looking ones are the strippers who specialize in acts such as dildo shows, where they penetrate each other for your enjoyment while you eat. One of the girls' specialties was she could shoot a banana from her vagina." Before I can stop him from telling me more details, he adds, "I saw one guy pick it up off the dirty floor

and eat it." But the real horrors are the BJ girls, the "rank ones" who give blow jobs to men who win them in a raffle. "Biker types escort them from table to table," my friend continues, "and sell the raffle tickets. When they sell \$100 worth they draw a number and the winner goes into this dirty little side room where they've set up partitions with blankets or sheets, and you get blown." "But what kinds of girls work blow roasts?" I ask, thinking this job is surely the lowest one in show business. "Pretty ugly ones," he remembers when he is forced to picture their faces. Imagine—just imagine—waking up and knowing your job for the day is working a blow roast! "Suppose a blow-roast girl runs into her father's friends," I wail, "or even her father." "I don't know," my friend begs off. "I only went a couple times." "You went back?" I marvel, trying to imagine the horror of these events. "Did you get blown?" I finally demand. "No!" he shrieks, wishing he had never told me about blow roasts in the first place.

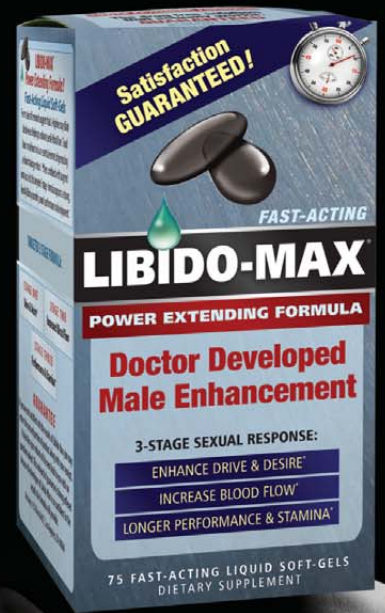
There's only one place left to go: the Club Charles, the hipster hangout I have been frequenting for the past 30 years. It's right across the street from the Charles, the best movie theater in town, and it's still, weirdly, the coolest bar. But it used to be even better. In the 1970s it was called the Wigwam, and it was known as the scariest bar in Baltimore. You couldn't even get buzzed in at the front door unless you were a bum. A real one.

The owner was a Native American woman named Esther Martin, and I lived in awe of her. Born in Oklahoma in 1923, she ran away as a teenager to New York and got a job as a hatcheck girl at the Stork Club. Moving to Baltimore in hopes of studying to be a nurse at Johns Hopkins Hospital, she ended up working in nightclubs until 1951, when she bought a bar and got married to Kent Martin. The Wigwam was the politically incorrect name of their new nightspot, and the tepee-shaped sign advertising GRUB and FIREWATER immediately attracted a good clientele. By the time I met Esther, in 1980, the neighborhood had changed drastically and she was a hardworking divorced mother of four. She ran the joint like an ironfisted Elaine's, though her clients weren't celebrities; they were alcoholics, mental patients and vets. If you received any kind of government check, you were eligible to drink in the Wigwam. If not, get out. Esther would cash the checks, keep all the money and dole it out to her collection of lunatics because, as one of her daughters remembers her mom explaining, "If they had all their money, they'd just drink it up." She kept "tickets," or IOUs, on scraps of paper only Esther knew how to decipher. For some reason Esther let me and Pat Moran inside her secret society. It was like being cast in the banquet scene in Buñuel's *Viridiana*, when the bums take over the mansion and wreck it (except nobody froze in the tableau of the Last Supper the way they do in the film). No, Esther was watching. And you were allowed to go wild. I saw one homeless guy bite off the nose of another and spit it

(concluded on page 138)

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# PLAYMATE NEWS



ROYAL  
OPERA  
HOUSE

Left: Anna Nicole at her most glamorous. Above: Dutch soprano Eva-Maria Westbroek is cast as the PMOY in the opera *Anna Nicole*—she'll hit all the highs and lows.

## ANNA NICOLE: THE OPERA

PMOY 1993 Anna Nicole Smith's life played out in the pages of this magazine, on her reality show and in the press. Now the British Royal Opera House is turning her story into a production for next February. Appropriately, *Anna Nicole: The Opera* will be a tragicomedy. "It is not just a documentary about her but a parable about celebrity and what it does to people," Elaine Padmore, director of the opera, told the *Guardian*. "It can be moving, it can be funny, and it tells universal truths about human frailty. It's a larger-than-life American story."

## WINE RACK

Gary Musco of Vintage Wine Estates is a wine, women and song kind of guy. Thus, for his Vintage Centerfold Signature Collection, he has Playmates sample his wines and pick ones they feel represent them best. First up: Miss August 1982 Cathy St. George, who selected a 2007 cabernet, saying it "has a nice body." Look to drink in other Playmates in the future, such as Miss June 1969 Helena Antonaccio and Miss March 1984 Dona Speir.



## FLASHBACK



Five years ago this month we introduced you to Miss June 2005 Kara Monaco, but that wasn't the first time the beautiful blonde had caught our eye. We had already crowned the Florida native Playboy.com's sexiest bartender in America. In 2006 Kara added another PLAYBOY title to her list when she became Playmate of the Year. Since her Centerfold she has been seen in the Playmates at Play swimsuit calendar, on *The Girls Next Door* and as co-host of MTV's *Scarred Live*.

**Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates?** You can check out the Club at [club.playboy.com](http://club.playboy.com) and access the mobile-optimized site [wap.playboy.com](http://wap.playboy.com) from your phone.

## DID YOU KNOW ?

The winner of Playboy TV's *Playboy Shootout* will not only get a pictorial but will also become a Playmate.

Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** performed in a humorous skit with Garry Marshall on *Lopez Tonight*.

PMOY 2000 **Jodi Ann Paterson** and her cherry-red wheels were written up in *Vette* magazine.

After Miss May 1998 **Deanna Brooks** tried Chatroulette—a webcam site that pairs up strangers—she had to exit from several IMs with nude men. She later tweeted that this gives a whole new meaning to *cock block*.



## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

### BY ROGER NYGARD

—director of *The Nature of Existence*

“My favorite Playmate is Miss May 1977 **Sheila Mullen**. I accidentally stumbled across the magazine in a neighbor’s mailbox, saw her and thought she



was the most exotic, ethereal vision. For *The Nature of Existence*, one of the people I interviewed, physicist David Wark, said, ‘Man’s purpose is to chase women.’ I immediately flashed back to Sheila. Who knew I had already figured out the meaning of life at such a young age?”



## BADCOCK TEES AND LINDSEY VUOLO

Miss November 2001 Lindsey Vuolo has been named the face of Badcock Apparel. “We thought the world was ready for a little R-rated fashion,” says co-founder Seth Harris, “so we designed T-shirts with some humor and edge.” (The gray shirt reads **DIVORCE YOUR LOVED ONE WITH DIGNITY**.) “Lindsey was right for us because she’s gorgeous and cheeky.” And chesty, we’d point out.



## SUGAR RAE

Straight from central casting Miss February 2010 Heather Rae Young plays the hot girlfriend in the season finale of *Til Death*. The Playmate worked alongside Brad Garrett (of *Everybody Loves Raymond* fame) and Joely Fisher. Word on the set is that Garrett was made marble mouthed by Heather Rae’s luminescence and sweetness.

Miss July 1989 **Erika Eleniak** headlined the 30th Annual Hot Rod and Custom Car Show in Ocean City, Maryland.

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

PMOY 2005 **Tiffany Fallon** and husband Joe Don Rooney are expecting their second child in September. The Rascal Flatts rocker told *People*, “We’re a little more prepared, but the same excitement is there.” Tiffany revealed the pregnancy to Rooney at the same Los Angeles hotel where she told him they were expecting their first, Jagger Donovan, who is now one and



a half years old. “There’s such fulfillment in being a father,” Rooney continued, “and it’s going to be twofold now, which is so cool.” We’re overjoyed to hear about Tiffany’s new little rascal and equally happy for Miss August 2003 **Colleen Marie**, who wrote to tell us she’s due this month—on the 24th, to be exact. She’s expecting a baby boy and



sent us a bikini shot of herself on vacation in Hawaii in February.... Miss January 1987 **Luann Lee** shined on the red carpet for the 20th annual Night of 100 Stars Oscar gala in the Crystal Ballroom at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Luann also sparkled in front of the paparazzi on the way to the season finale party for *Seducing Cindy*.... What’s



the best part about having a Playmate host a party at your club? She invites her friends. Miss June 2004 **Hiroimi Oshima** (second from left) hosted a party at the Palms and brought gal pals Miss March 2009 **Jennifer Pershing**, Bridget Marquardt and PMOY 2006 **Kara Monaco**.



Miss May 1996 **Shauna Sand** will appear as a sexy muse in a new Zak Ambrose music video.

**DID YOU KNOW ?**

## HEROES

*(continued from page 135)*

on the bar. If you left a cash tip, withered hands would appear from all sides and try to grab it away, but Esther didn't care. She wasn't interested in chump change. She wanted your very soul.

Through the years Esther and I became friends. In 1980, when the Wigwam became the Club Charles, Esther was okay about artsy hillbillies, gay outcasts and cool gearheads taking over from the bums. She still owned the joint, but neighbors and police were giving her such a hard time over her clientele that she was afraid they'd take away her liquor license. It was time to retire from behind the bar and go down to her little cubbyhole in the basement, count the money and watch over her kingdom. Long before Esther died from diabetes, in 2003, she instructed her staff and future staff never to charge me for a drink. Somehow, to this day, even new kids who just recently started working behind the bar honor her request.

But the real reason I loved Esther right from the beginning was her mouth. No one in the world cussed more. "That motherfucking cocksucking son of a bitch" was used as a prefix to almost every name she uttered. When Esther died I went to the funeral home to pay my respects. I had heard that Esther's last words were "Move your coat, asshole," but even though I had gotten to know her four children, Kim, Joy, Dick and Battle, I felt this wasn't the time to set the record straight. So years later I invited her family to my house to talk. They knew I had a great respect for their mom, and like all children of insane mothers they had learned to view their upbringing with a certain bemused detachment.

"Don't put your fucking on the fucking table, asshole!" was her actual last message to her kids, written on a Post-it note, her favorite method of communication. None of the kids are exactly sure what the missing word was, but they agree it could have been *coat*. "Cocksucker!" they immediately shout in unison when I ask what their mother's favorite cussword was. Sometimes, Kim remembers, Esther would leave notes that read, "Fuck you! Shit! Shit! Shit!" "Mom's father paid her to cuss as a kid," explains Dick. "He was a mean asshole," Kim adds, remembering her mom's words. "He beat her till she pissed herself." Just a mention of Esther's foul language makes each sibling go into hilarious imitations of their mother's tirades. "As my dear sainted mother would say," Dick laughs and then mimics Esther's voice, "'You're as worthless as a cunt full of cold piss.'" "Shit and fall back in it!" Battle hollers out in loving imitation. Kim remembers fondly her mother telling her and her sister, "A cunt hair will pull a 20-mule team!" "Fuck! Shit! Piss! Motherfucker!" they all start barking, laughing and missing their mother's cussing.

All Esther's children worked at the bar at one time or another, and they get misty-eyed remembering the bum clientele, or "smoke hounds," as their mother used to call her customers. "Esther felt love for

these people," Dick remembers. "She'd visit them in the hospital," Kim adds, and Dick continues, "She'd go to Social Security, the VA hospital. She'd look for their veteran's papers." "When they died," Battle remembers proudly, "she'd bury them." Esther took photographs of them, too. "All around the house," Kim remembers. "'Oh, there's Mary in her coffin.' Mom always thought she would get a big payoff, and as kids we'd see the suitcases."

Ah yes. The mythical suitcases of the dead bums whose souls Esther owned. Up in the attic, still there in the family house where Joy continues to live. A kind of bum burial ground for Esther's subjects. A carnival of lost souls that shines in the dark of a forgotten harsh kindness. As Esther's children got older, they had to help their mother go through what was left of the bums' stuff. "You got to help us clean the Captain's apartment," Kim remembers her mother saying. "He had a massive artery blow, and his bed was soaked in blood. Mom had me go down there and dig through all his shit!" Did he have a diamond in his pocket? Esther always wondered. "Well, did you ever get left anything of value?" I ask, knowing Esther had somehow amassed a home for her family and five other properties she rented out. Joy remembers, "Earl—a customer, not a real bum—told Mom, 'I'm leaving you everything.' He lived a month. And then Mayflower trucks pull up—not one, not two, there's a whole block taken up. And they started unloading the most unbelievable antiques. His entire estate was left to Mom."

You didn't want to be on Esther's bad side. Her clientele was "all alcoholics or mentally ill, and Mom was keeper of the asylum," Battle remembers correctly. "She would punch somebody full in the face with her fist," Kim remembers with awe. When one of her bum ladies got hassled by another patron, Esther was there to protect her. Dick recalls, "She coldcocked that son of a bitch." Battle laughs. Dick continues, "And when the fool reached out and kicked at Esther, she went off. She was kicking his guts and saying, 'This is Esther. You don't fuck with Esther!' She worked on the element of surprise," he marvels, remembering his mom's fighting methods. "She'd pull out a slapper she carried, a rubber hose with lead in it and taped up. I saw her use it on some guy in Rite Aid once. He wouldn't get out of the way. She walked up and said 'Excuse me,' but he just looked back. She just beat this guy," Dick explains, whacking an imaginary slapper in the air. "He just went down on the ground cowering."

I try to picture my very proper mom beating the shit out of somebody as we shopped for back-to-school clothes, but I come up blank. It's hard to imagine a slapper done in tweed. But I would have been excited if my mom had punched out my junior-high math teacher, who signed my yearbook, "To someone who can, but doesn't." Maybe Esther was a real inspiration for *Serial Mom*. I mean, as one of the ad lines for the film read, SHE MEANT WELL.

Esther worked every single day. Kim says, "She loved being behind that bar." Esther

didn't drink except maybe a beer or crème de menthe. She was old school, her kids tactfully try to explain. She loved Nixon and hated John Kennedy, they remember, acknowledging the irony. She also had a gun, but for good reason. "She had to pay off the cops," Joy recalls. "They'd be in there every day playing pinball. She'd get them beer. 'So-and-so needs a case for a bull roast.' Then they'd come in with a list—'This is for the sergeant.' Old Crow liquor, 400, 500 bottles, and then she said, 'Fuck the sergeant!' and stopped." "I'd rather have a daughter in a whorehouse than a son in the police force," Esther used to rage to anyone who would listen.

In her own way, Esther believed in law and order. When she heard two customers complaining about Judy Garland's live performance in Baltimore—the notorious one where Judy was drunk and staggered around the stage—Esther threw the couple out of the bar. "Here goes Mom," Joy remembers the tirade, "'You're fucking barred! Get out of my fucking bar! If she didn't do another motherfucking thing but *The Wizard of Oz*, you cocksuckers!'"

All Esther's children have great affection for her. "My mom was a beautiful woman," Battle says. "She made us very independent," Kim says, laughing good-naturedly. "She was very pro-education," Joy says. And like Eileen, Zorro's daughter, all Esther's kids loved school. "It was away from the madness," as Joy puts it without a hint of sadness. None of them seem overly angry about their alternative upbringing. "It was so much better than the boring childhoods I hear about from my girlfriends. There never was a dull moment," says Joy, the one who all the siblings agree is the most like Esther and who still runs the Club Charles from the same downstairs cubbyhole her mother did. Maybe that's why I interview Joy alone, away from the other family members. She married a cop ("He's an honest one") and has left all of Esther's belongings as they were in the house. "Her nightgown is still hanging in the bathroom," Joy admits.

"You could have asked Esther the day before she died what we did for a living," Kim remembers with a shrug, "and she wouldn't know." "Because you were no longer working in the bar, it wasn't real?" I ask. "Right!" Kim, Battle and Dick agree instantly. "She would say she was so proud of us to other people but never to us," Kim remembers. "She also never wanted to get involved in our personal lives. 'Don't bring that shit in here!' she'd yell if you were moaning about a boyfriend." Before Dick got married, he says, "We went out with Esther, and she started to tell my future wife stories. We were driving cross-country, and an in-law in the car was sick as could be. Mom turned to my fiancée and said, 'Honey, her breath smells like your asshole.' I only knew Robin a couple of weeks then..." he trails off. "Nobody lived a life like we had," Battle says proudly with a warm grin.

I'd buy you another drink, but didn't somebody just yell "Last call"?





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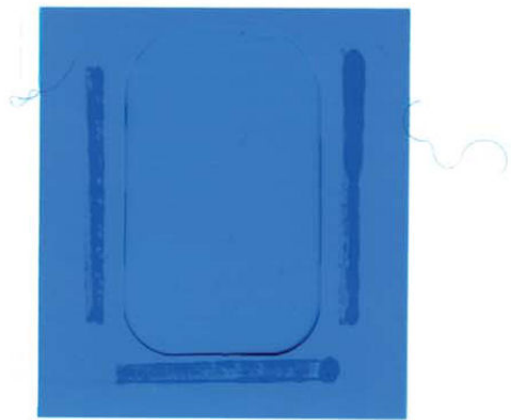
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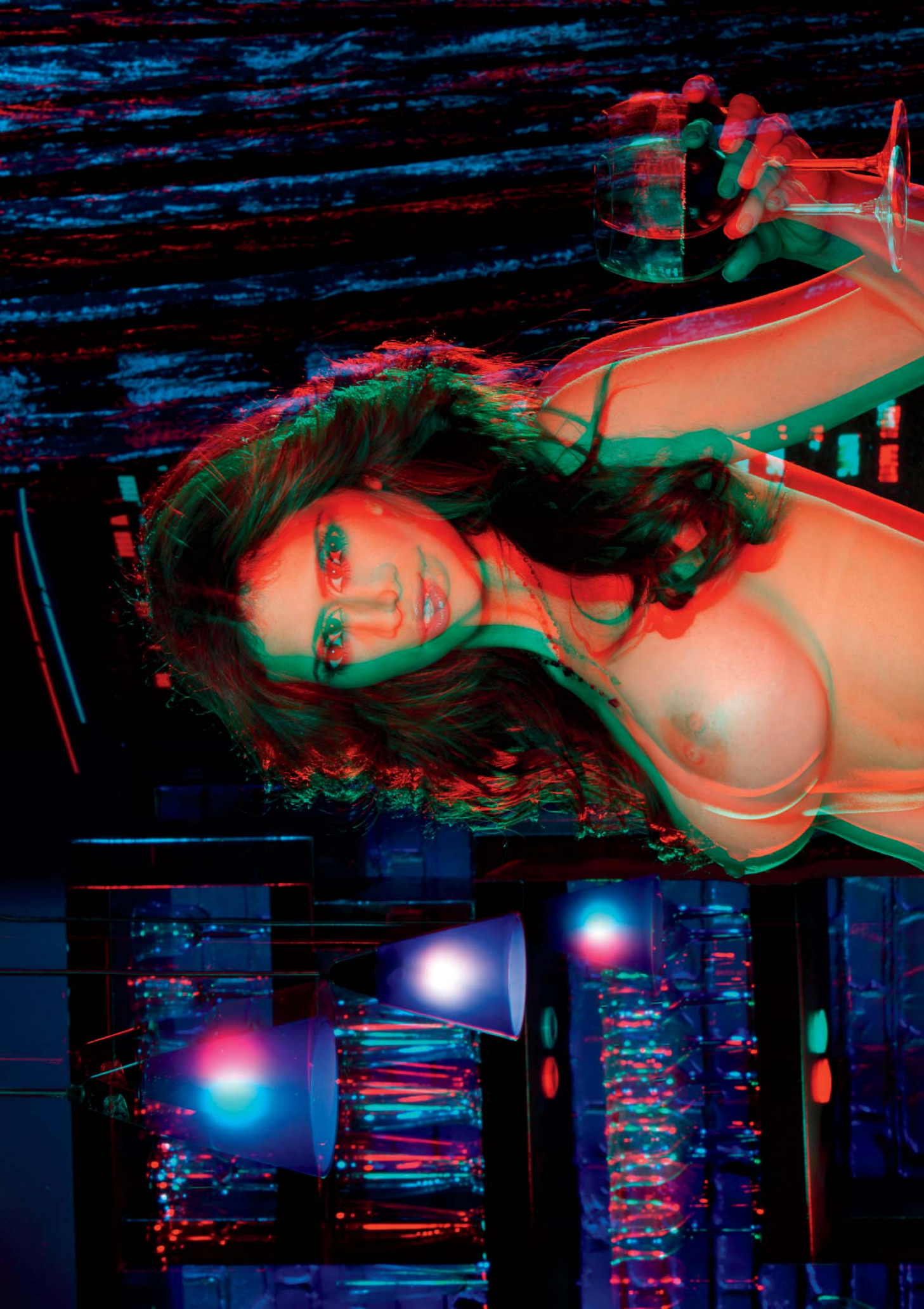
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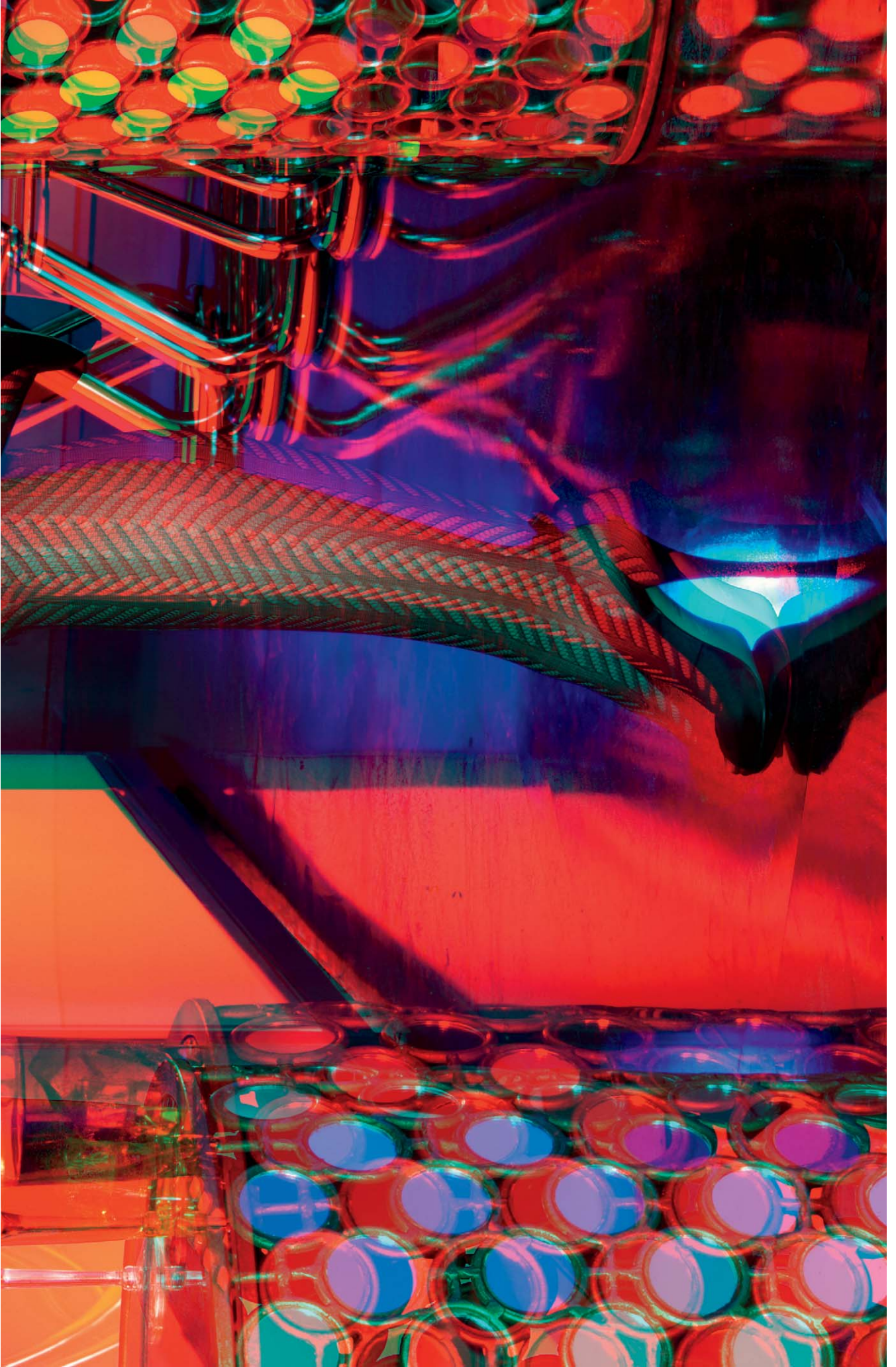
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## PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR DATA SHEET

NAME: Hope OveraczykBUST: 34C WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 126BIRTH DATE: 11-21-84 BIRTHPLACE: Port Lavaca, TxAMBITIONS: Win a walk-on role on True Blood.TURN-ONS: Eric Northman, pale complexions, Eric Northman, the color red, Eric Northman.TURNOFFS: Cracked fangs.FAVORITE TRUE BLOOD SCENE FROM LAST SEASON: The final episode when Bill proposes to Sookie and she comes back from the restroom to excitedly accept, only to find him missing. Did Eric kidnap him in a jealous rage? How romantic! I can hardly wait to find out if I'm right.FAVORITE TRUE BLOOD CHARACTER: Bill Compton. His smoldering, sexy eyes and that Southern drawl get me every time.IF I COULD SHAPE-SHIFT INTO AN ANIMAL, IT WOULD BE: A bunny, of course!MY FANTASY DATE: Meet Eric at Fangtasia for a quick bottle of True Blood, then take a stroll through the woods in the moonlight.FAVORITE TV SHOWS: True Blood and Inside Fashion, hosted by yours truly.

Bon Temps, Louisiana  
or bust.



My favorite drink.



Waiting for Eric to  
indulge my fantasy.





DO BAD THINGS.



# PLAYBOY FORUM

## HOW MUCH WILL YOU PAY?

PRICES ARE LESS ABOUT VALUE THAN PSYCHOLOGICAL TRICKERY

BY WILLIAM POUNDSTONE

In the early 1970s psychologists Daniel Kahneman and Amos Tversky conducted one of the most influential experiments in consumer decision making. They spun a wheel of fortune for their subjects. Marked with numbers from one to 100, the wheel had been rigged to stop on either 10 or 65. The psychologists then posed a simple, two-part question:

(a) Is the percentage of African nations in the United Nations less than or greater than the number that just came up on the wheel?

(b) What is the actual percentage of African members in the UN?

Little heralded at the time, this experiment has much to do with the prices we pay for almost everything.

The psychologists suspected people are subject to the power of suggestion when estimating an unknown quantity, and indeed the subjects were. When the wheel landed on 10, the average answer to (b) was 25 percent, but when it landed on 65, the average answer was 45 percent. Guesses were strongly influenced by the random number even though everyone thought it could have no bearing.

Kahneman and Tversky christened this phenomenon “anchoring.” Their study was partly responsible for Kahneman winning the 2002 Nobel Prize in economics. (Tversky surely would have shared the honor had he lived.) What does this game have to do with economics? The answer is simple: Anchoring works with all numbers, including those with a dollar sign in front of them.

In 1993 Tversky noted that Williams-Sonoma had introduced a bread-making machine for \$279. It sold poorly because consumers thought it was too expensive. Then the company offered a bigger bread maker for

\$429, and sales of the cheaper model almost doubled. Exposure to the \$429 “anchor” price had a hypnotic effect, boosting what customers were willing to pay for the original model. This was despite the fact that hardly anyone bought the \$429 model.

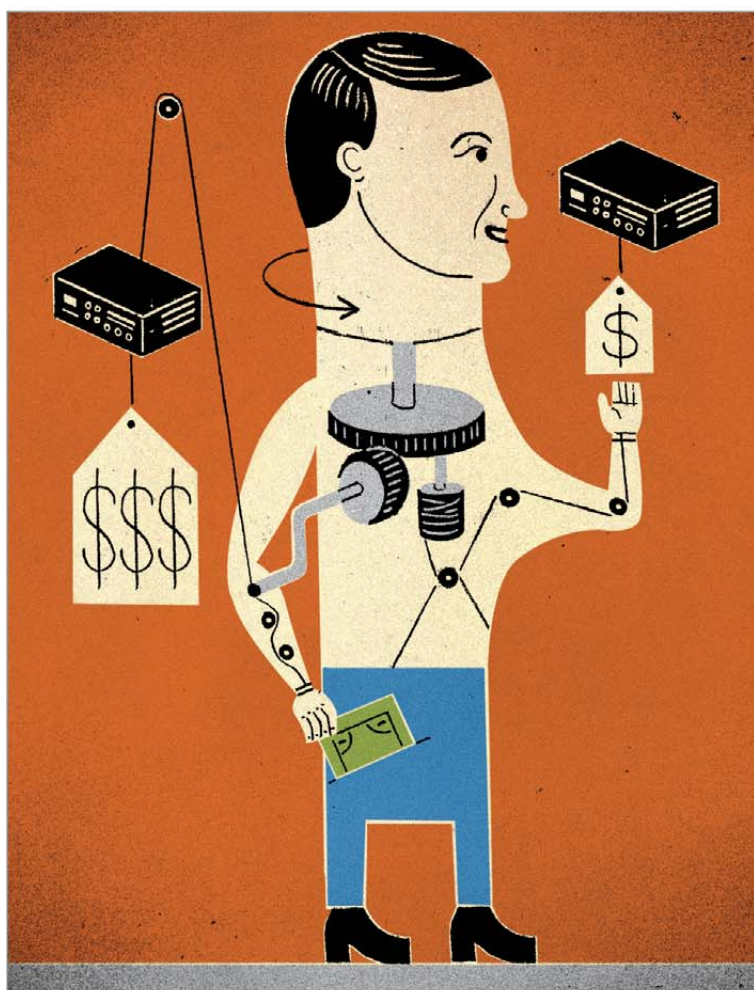
It’s now commonly observed that the second-most-expensive wine on a wine list is a popular choice. When uncertain which price point to choose (most diners don’t

know much about wine) buyers tend to avoid the highest, but hosts who seek to impress still want a pricey wine. Restaurants exploit this by making sure the second-most-expensive wine has a high markup. The most expensive wine is often an overpriced decoy bottle they don’t expect will sell well.

Subsequent studies have shown that real-world professionals, from car mechanics to real estate agents, can be punked by anchoring. As we walk the aisles of big-box stores we all play a guessing game not unlike Kahneman and Tversky’s experiment. Is that flat-screen TV worth more or less than the \$1,299 price? How much is it really worth to me? In order to survive in our consumer society, we generate a stream of buy-or-don’t-buy decisions, unaware of how fluid those decisions are.

A relatively new profession, price consulting, advises retailers on how to use sales data and psychology to extract the most dollars from consumer wallets. The German-headquartered firm of Simon-Kucher & Partners pioneered the field. Its client list reads like the Fortune 500 and includes Procter & Gamble, Microsoft, Coca-Cola, Nestlé and Goldman Sachs. Much of the same psychology behind pricing applies whether one is selling convertibles or chocolate bars.

Anchoring is now also a part of tech-product pricing.



DAVID PLUNKERT

# THINKING OUTSIDE THE BIG BOX

A NEW GENERATION OF AMERICANS ESCHEWS MASS PRODUCTION FOR DIY EXPERIENCES

BY MARK FRAUENFELDER

During the secretive gestation of Apple's iPad, a stream of "leaks" and blogosphere speculation warned gadget fetishists to expect a price between \$800 and \$1,000. This allowed Steve Jobs to shock and awe the tech world by announcing the iPad would retail for as little as \$499.

Smart negotiators also use anchoring. In bargaining experiments, the first price mentioned has a strong statistical influence on the final negotiated price. This has implications for job seekers, who often don't know how much to ask for salary. They typically figure the employer will make the first move, but chances are they'd be better off naming a number first. It should

HOW MUCH IS THAT FLAT-SCREEN TV REALLY WORTH TO ME?

be on the high end of reasonable: They won't get that, but they'll likely end up with more than they would have.

Anchoring is a scary concept. The part of our minds that guesstimates numerical quantities can be duped as easily as children at a magic show. That's no trifle in our money-obsessed society.

The hard question is, Why are our value judgments so readily manipulated? A popular hypothesis argues that attention and logic are precious commodities. We would not get far in this complex and cruel world if every decision had to be justified with the rigor of Mr. Spock. Instead the human mind has evolved to process certain information unconsciously, forming gut instincts that guide most of our actions. A dark alley feels dangerous; a price seems too good to pass up.

You can't will yourself to ignore an anchor price any more than you can obey the command not to think of an elephant. For the most part that's okay, but never before have we had to deal with the wiles of price consultants who can hack the mental software that makes our price decisions. This is a heady new world for smart marketers. The rest of us are belatedly coming to terms with that.

*William Poundstone is author of Priceless: The Myth of Fair Value (and How to Take Advantage of It).*

When it became clear the economy was sputtering, George W. Bush went on TV in late 2006 and said, "I encourage you all to go shopping more." He said the same thing right after 9/11, as if shopping were some kind of cure-all. In the days following the terrorist attacks, New York

On a winter morning in Los Angeles, not far from malls and big-box stores, Erik Knutzen lets his chickens out of their coop, tends to his vegetables and inspects the beehives in his backyard. Meanwhile, in the house, his partner, Kelly Coyne, takes a shower with her homemade soap and shampoo. After-



City mayor Rudy Giuliani called upon "the best shoppers in the world" to fulfill their civic duty by spending money in stores and restaurants. At a press conference, Miami-Dade County mayor Alex Penelas said, "It has never been more patriotic to go shopping."

A new generation of do-it-yourselfers rejects the idea that recreational shopping is the answer. Spurred on by the recession, the trend of making, modifying and repairing things is gaining appeal among people still smarting from years of credit-busting overconsumption. Young consumers embrace a philosophy associated with earlier times: the belief that frugality and resourcefulness are good for people, communities and the economy.

ward he and Kelly settle down to a breakfast of fresh eggs and just-made bread and jam. When the couple take walks they keep an eye out for ripe fruit growing on trees, wild greens that can be used for cooking or herbal medicine, and other "foraging opportunities."

In an age when everything from hot meals to prefab housing can be ordered with the click of a mouse, the idea of making things—clothes, furniture, food and vehicles—is revolutionary. "What holds us is an ongoing enchantment with the natural world," Coyne says of their lifestyle. "DIY makes us amateur chemists, entomologists, botanists, even alchemists." Knutzen and Coyne represent a growing movement of people who have rediscovered the joy of DIY

living, an experience they chronicle on their blog, Homegrown Evolution.

The rise of the DIY movement can largely be attributed to the Internet, where people post step-by-step instructions on how to make things, swap ideas and form online clubs such as CigarBox Nation.com and DIYdrones.com. Instructables.com has thousands of user-written project articles, such as a treadmill computer desk that lets you work while you walk and a spare house key made from a plastic soda bottle.

In its recent market-research report on the millennial generation, the Hartman Group found adults under the age of 30 consider themselves “co-creators” who “customize a lifestyle on their own terms,” enroll in “hip craft or sewing classes at urban sewing shops” and “read *Make* and attend the magazine’s events.” That means big-box products and packaged experiences—designed to appeal to the widest possible market—aren’t good enough for younger generations.

While it’s unlikely most people will become full-time do-it-yourselfers like Knutzen and Coyne, the signs of increased interest in DIY are everywhere. The National Gardening Association reported the number of U.S. households growing their own fruits, vegetables, herbs or berries increased by 7 million between 2008 and 2009. The world’s largest online crafts fair, Etsy.com, has seen phenomenal growth since its inception in 2005. Its community of buyers and sellers

has since expanded to 150 countries. In 2009 its sales of handmade goods totaled \$181 million, doubling the previous year’s receipts.

20,000 attendees; attendance increased to 75,000 people by 2009. Mega crafts fairs such as Bazaar Bizarre, Renegade and Felt Club attract thousands of

DIYers who sell, swap and buy handmade products.

In most major cities you can pay a monthly fee to become a member of a “hacker space,” which gives you access to power tools, electronic test equipment, laser cutters, sewing machines and classes that teach the basics of making things. Other businesses such as Ponoko.com and Shapeways.com manufacture short runs of maker-designed products on three-dimensional printers.

The world is catching up to what DIYers have known all along: Increased spending is not the answer. At a 2009 press conference President Obama stated, “If all we’re doing is spending and we’re not making things, then over time other countries are going to get tired of lending us money, and eventually the party’s going to be over. Well, in fact, the party now is over.” But that doesn’t necessarily mean we have to stop partying. We can just throw a different kind of party, one that doesn’t involve buying stuff to stimulate a global economy that depends on ever-growing consumption to sustain itself.

*Mark Frauenfelder is editor-in-chief of Make, a technology project magazine, and co-editor of Boing Boing. His latest book is Made By Hand: Searching for Meaning in a Throwaway World.*



**Do it yourself? What about grow it yourself?** Urban gardens have cropped up in the unlikely places. **Roots in the City**, a nonprofit organization, oversees a two-acre vegetable garden (above) near downtown Miami. Its yield often feeds low-income residents. Erik Knutzen and Kelly Coyne (middle left) tend to the garden outside their L.A. home. The couple gives gardening advice on their blog, **Homegrown Evolution**, including tips on how to maintain your compost pile (bottom left).

Since 2006 *Make* magazine has held an annual Maker Faire in San Mateo, California, where crafters and DIYers from around the world congregate to show off creations ranging from bamboo bicycles to self-watering indoor gardens. The first Maker Faire had

## EXTREME DO-IT-YOURSELF

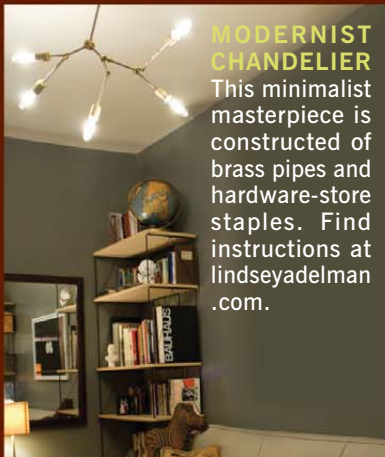
**ELECTRIC MOTORCYCLE** Design major Tom Miceli built the Ion Electric Sportbike for his senior project. We’d give it an A.



**STEAMPUNK HOUSE** The creators of Neverwas Haul cite Jules Verne as an influence. That’s one reason to build a three-story Victorian house on wheels.



**MODERNIST CHANDELIER** This minimalist masterpiece is constructed of brass pipes and hardware-store staples. Find instructions at lindseyadelman.com.



# READER RESPONSE

## REBEL WITH A CAUSE

In your interview with historian Howard Zinn (“Where Are the Jobs?” April), he unfortunately pays no heed to Thomas Jefferson’s warning that “the



Zinn: What’s wrong with big government?

natural progress of things is for liberty to yield and government to gain ground.” Even more baffling is Zinn’s assertion that the Constitution was designed to establish big government. The Constitution did create a more unified and centralized government, but the founders remained deeply suspicious of centralized power. Even the vaunted “general welfare” clause, used by liberals and conservatives alike to justify government intervention, was intended to limit federal power by applying its enumerated powers only to the general welfare rather than special interests (which the founders called “factions”). Whether used by Democrats who want to confiscate our money and regulate the way we do business or by Republicans who want to control our personal lives and interfere overseas, big government is, in the words of another founder, George Washington, “a dangerous servant and a fearsome master.”

Michael Tanner  
Washington, D.C.

*Tanner is author of Leviathan on the Right: How Big-Government Conservatism Brought Down the Republican Revolution.*

## THE DYING CITY

Sharon Zukin is dead-on when she writes in “How the City Lost Its Soul” (April) that New York has been “homogenized, suburbanized and domesticated.” While she mentions 9/11 as a time when our “leaders’ preoccupations turned to shopping and security,” I want to push it further and say 9/11 struck the last nail in the coffin of New York’s soul. Prior to 9/11 the city had been a separate,

special place outside the faux-Puritan purity that dictates the rules in much of the nation. As Woody Allen jokes in *Annie Hall*, “Don’t you see the rest of the country looks upon New York like we’re left-wing, communist, Jewish, homosexual pornographers?” After 9/11 we heard “We are all New Yorkers.” Suddenly New York was as American as apple pie. Over the past decade a main line has opened from middling America to Manhattan. People used to migrate here to be radical, queer, creative, countercultural and, yes, pornographic. Now they come to recreate their small-town milieus. Above all they long for safety, cleanliness and convenience, for poolside grills, Applebee’s and shopping-mall sports bars.

Jeremiah Moss  
New York, New York

*Moss blogs at Jeremiah’s Vanishing New York (vanishingnewyork.blogspot.com).*

Zukin documents some of the unfortunate cultural effects of treating the city as a commodity; under Mayor Michael Bloomberg this notion has been supplemented by the construal of the mayor as a CEO, the city government as a corporation, companies as clients and citizens as customers. The idea that cities, like corporations, have a single end, a unitary bottom line, is inherently undemocratic: It seeks to delegitimize political conflict and elide the fact that the city is a place of deep social, economic, cultural—and therefore political—division. New York’s historical acknowledgment of not just



The CEO of New York City Inc.

the reality of political difference but its indispensability to the pursuit of justice has been one of its great contributions.

Julian Brash  
Toledo, Ohio

*Brash, a professor of anthropology at the University of Toledo, is author of the forthcoming Bloomberg’s New York: Class and Governance in the Luxury City.*

American cities have been losing their souls for some time. In a review of an anthology I co-edited called *The Suburbanization of New York* an architecture critic on the opposite coast called it “this year’s best book on contemporary San Francisco.” New York is on its way to becoming a theme park city where people get only the illusion of the urban experience. Chain stores are pricing out independents and their entrepreneurial energy, rent controls are disappearing, and development is geared only to the wealthy. Like the suburbs that New York-



San Francisco has lost its soul.

ers once snubbed, the city is becoming more private, more predictable and more homogenized. And sadly, the working class that built and sustains the city no longer has a place within it.

Jerilou Hammett  
Santa Fe, New Mexico

*Hammett is co-editor with Maggie Wrigley of the forthcoming book The Architecture of Change.*

## MORE PLAYBOY ON THE TRAIN

The letter in April from the reader who was hassled on a Boston commuter train for reading PLAYBOY reminded me of a ride I took on Amtrak in January 1977 from New York to St. Louis. I had never seen PLAYBOY, so my husband bought an issue at a newsstand. When the train was slowed by a blizzard, we snuggled under a blanket and read the magazine together. I was 19 and quite naive, so my husband patiently explained a lot to me. A few months later I bought him a subscription for our first anniversary, and now, 33 years later, I still renew it every year. PLAYBOY has profoundly affected our attitudes. I’m glad we picked up that issue to read on the train.

Marla Dean  
Seaside, California

*E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*





## Rap on the Wrist

MOSCOW—The muckraking newspaper *Vedomosti* took notice last year when Prime Minister Vladimir Putin twice gave away the \$10,500 Blancpain watch he was wearing, first to a shepherd's son after sharing tea with the man's father and a month later to a factory worker who suggested he leave a memento of his visit. This prompted the paper to examine the wrists of 32 other powerful Russians. The most expensive watches belonged to Vladimir Resin, the first deputy mayor of Moscow, who has overseen a construction boom. He has been photographed wearing a DeWitt Pressy Grande Complication that can sell for \$1 million, a Greubel Forsey Double Tourbillon 30° that retails for at least \$360,000 and, at left, a Roger Dubuis Excalibur Double Tourbillon Retrograde worth about \$180,000. Ramzan Kadyrov, the president of Chechnya, owns a white-gold Bovet Fleurier Minute Repeater worth \$300,000. Russia's president, Dmitri Medvedev, is discreet by comparison. His Breguet Classique Moon Phase is worth only \$32,000. *Vedomosti* noted in a separate editorial that officials who receive luxury items as gifts should pay income taxes on them.

## The Ring of Heaven

CAIRO—Egypt's top cleric has issued a fatwa calling for a ban on ringtones that recite verses of the Koran and the call to prayer. Cutting off a verse when the phone is answered could distort its meaning, he says, and a call to prayer that doesn't come during the five scheduled times each day may confuse fellow believers.

## One Size Fits Small

GENEVA—After one study found an increase in the number of adolescents having sex and another showed teens often don't wear condoms because they slip off, a Swiss firm introduced an extra-small condom for 12- to 14-year-old boys. It is a third of an inch narrower than standard condoms.

## False Positive

CAIRO—Outraged legislators have called for a ban on an artificial hymen that ensures a new bride will stain the sheets. Sold for \$40 by the Chinese company Gigimo.com, the product is a soluble plastic bag filled

with fake blood that the woman inserts 15 minutes before sex. The firm suggests women "add in a few moans and groans" for full effect. Despite the fact that many, if not most, virgins don't bleed during intercourse because any number of nonsexual activities could have already broken their hymen, women are still killed in the Middle East by relatives who feel the family's honor has been damaged when no "evidence" of virginity is produced.

## Boys and Girls Together

Forty years after many U.S. colleges first allowed male and female students to share dormitory buildings, at least 50 schools now permit men and women to room together. The National Student Genderblind Campaign ([genderblind.org](http://genderblind.org)) argues that mandating same-gender rooms discriminates against gay, bisexual and transgender students. Many of the straight men and women who room together claim to be just friends. Said a 19-year-old UC Berkeley coed of her male roommate, "It's not sexual. It's just not." Notably, the

reporter neglected to ask her bunk mate for his view of the situation.

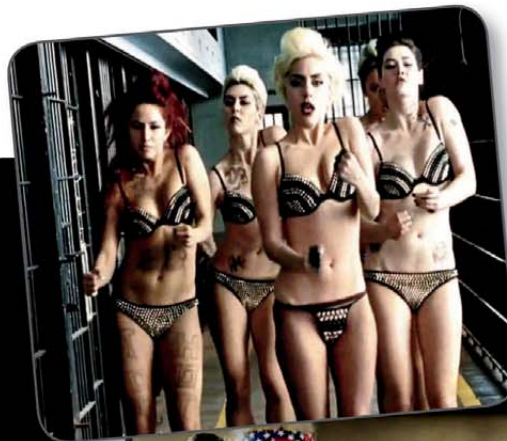
## The Strength of Conviction

IMPHAL, INDIA—In 2000, after a paramilitary group in the state of Manipur allegedly shot and killed 10 people, the army refused to investigate, citing a 1958 law that gives the military in certain rebellious states the power to shoot to kill. Social worker Irom Chanu Sharmila began a hunger strike in protest, prompting officials to arrest her for "attempted suicide," which carries a one-year jail term. A decade later the military act remains in force, and Sharmila's fast continues. The Iron Lady of Manipur is released for a few days each year, then rearrested so prison officials can keep her alive with a feeding tube.



## The Hurley Show

Here's ELIZABETH HURLEY at the Love Ball London. The party was thrown by supermodel Natalia Vodianova with proceeds going to her Naked Heart Foundation, which builds playgrounds in Russia and has the word *naked* in its name.



## One Sexy Telephone Number

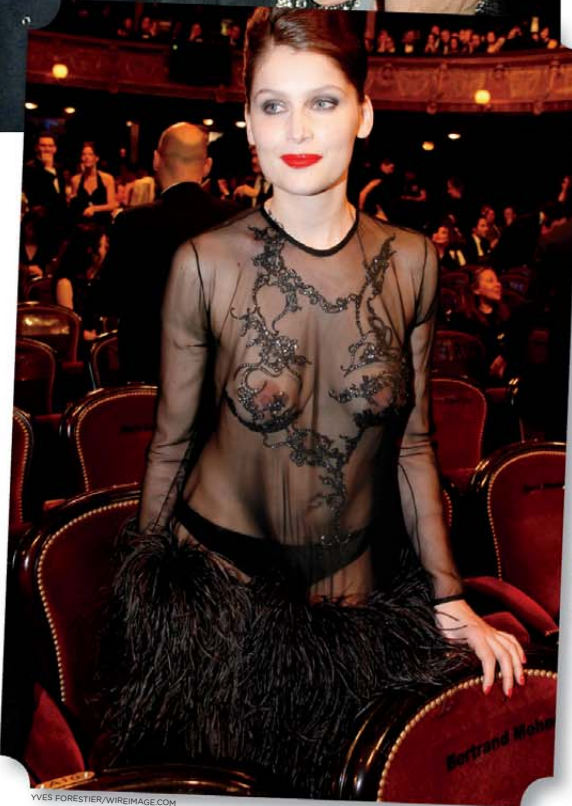
LADY GAGA releases have become events, and when she put out the music video for "Telephone" it lived up to the hype. The singer entices while nearly nude in a jail cell and wearing Betsy Ross's pattern in a diner with Beyoncé.



CAMERA PRESS/MARK STEWART

## Laetitia Titillates

Remember LAETITIA CASTA from Victoria's Secret catalogs and *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issues years back? As of late she has been acting in France, most recently as Brigitte Bardot in *Gainsbourg (Vie héroïque)*. This is what she wore to the César Awards (their Oscars). Consider us Franco-cinephiles.



YVES FORESTIER/WIREIMAGE.COM

## Amber's Back (and Front)

More than 15 years ago AMBER SMITH scorched our cover. After facing her demons with Dr. Drew on *Celebrity Rehab*, *Sober House* and *Sex Rehab*, she's still giving off heat.



BOB WATSON/HARLENCON/AU

## Golden Girl

When we picture Australian girls we don't envision snow bunnies, except for LYDIA LASSILA. Americans Lindsey Vonn and Julia Mancuso were the poster women for the winter games, but Lydia caught our eye when she won the gold medal in women's free-style aerials. Her beauty and grace have already put her on a podium, and now we put her on a pedestal.



DRAGON SYNDICATION

## The Hunziker Proxy

The bloom is off the *American Idol* rose. Simon Cowell has checked out, Ellen Degeneres is lame, and we miss Paula Abdul. Our wish: Bring on MICHELLE HUNZIKER, onetime host of *World Idol*. See ya, Seacrest!



©MARK LIDDELL/CON INTERNATIONAL



## Eye Candy

Face paint isn't only for sports fanatics and clowns anymore; beautiful women are enhancing their look with a coat. Russian pop starlet NADEEA either is part of this movement or just tried to peek through a hole in a fence before the paint on it had dried.

KYLE ROVER/STARTRAKSPHOTO.COM



## Save the Models!

This happens every summer: You are walking along the beach and you come across a model, such as BIANCA BALTI, who has washed ashore. What should you do with a beached model? First, do not throw her back.

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IRANIAN PRINCESS: NATASHA ALAM.



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INTERNATIONAL BEAUTIES: GIRLS OF THE WORLD CUP.

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**REINVENTING THE WHEEL**—THE LUXURY SUPERCARS OF TOMORROW ARE ARTISTIC SCULPTURES EQUIPPED WITH GREEN TECHNOLOGY. THEY'RE ALSO FAST AS HELL.

**NATASHA ALAM**—WHAT'S IT LIKE TO LOCK LIPS WITH JADA PINKETT SMITH, EVA MENDES, THE SHAH OF IRAN'S GRANDSON AND ALEXANDER SKARSGÅRD? MEET THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS.

**THE ROGUES OF K STREET**—AS IN *FIGHT CLUB*, THE NUMBER ONE RULE OF THE TEA PARTY IS "YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT CONSULTING FOR THE TEA PARTY." BUT OUR INSIDE OPERATIVE REVEALS THE INNER WORKINGS AND DIRTY TRICKS OF AMERICA'S LATEST POLITICAL INITIATIVE.

**FIFTY YEARS OF THE PLAYBOY BUNNY**—IT HAS BEEN FIVE DECADES SINCE THE FIRST PLAYBOY CLUB OPENED ITS DOORS, TURNING THE BUNNY INTO AN ICON. **NEAL GABLER** EXAMINES THE MOST FAMOUS NIGHTCLUB CHAIN IN HISTORY.

**DRINKING IN PAKISTAN**—AMERICANS CAN STRAP ON A BUZZ WHENEVER THE FANCY STRIKES, BUT IN PAKISTAN, GETTING AN ADULT BEVERAGE REQUIRES A PERMIT AND SHADY CONNECTIONS. **LAWRENCE OSBORNE** EXPLORES THE WORLD OF ILLEGAL DRINKING IN THIS DIVIDED MUSLIM COUNTRY.

**STEPHEN MOYER**—THE THEATRICALY TRAINED BRITISH ACTOR FOUND FAME AND LOVE AS ANNA PAQUIN'S BROODING BOYFRIEND ON *TRUE BLOOD*. HE TELLS ALL IN A 20Q THAT DOESN'T SUCK.

**SLEEP IS A BATTLEFIELD**—SLUMBER SHAPES OUR LIVES AND IDENTITIES IN WAYS WE NEVER IMAGINED. **KEVIN COOK** EXPLORES HOW THE LATEST FINDINGS IN SLEEP SCIENCE AFFECT YOU.

**JOANNA SILVESTRI**—IN NEW FICTION BY INTERNATIONAL LITERARY SENSATION **ROBERTO BOLAÑO**, A SUCCESSFUL EUROPEAN PORN STAR FONDLY RECALLS A LONG-AGO VISIT TO LOS ANGELES. DURING THE TRIP SHE SHOOTS FOUR ADULT FILMS, AND IN BETWEEN TAKES SHE ENJOYS BITTERSWEET INTIMATE MOMENTS WITH A LOVER AND FORMER CO-STAR WHO IS DYING OF A MYSTERIOUS DISEASE.

**PLUS**—GIRLS OF THE WORLD CUP, ELEGANT WATCHES AND THE WINNER OF PLAYBOY TV'S *PLAYBOY SHOOTOUT*, MISS JULY **SHANNA MCLAUGHLIN**.

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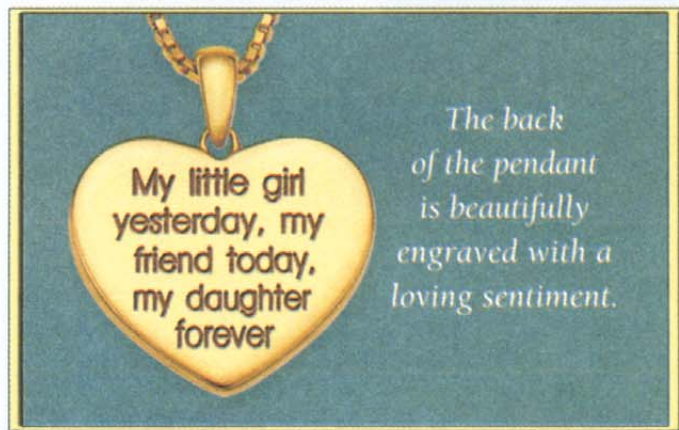
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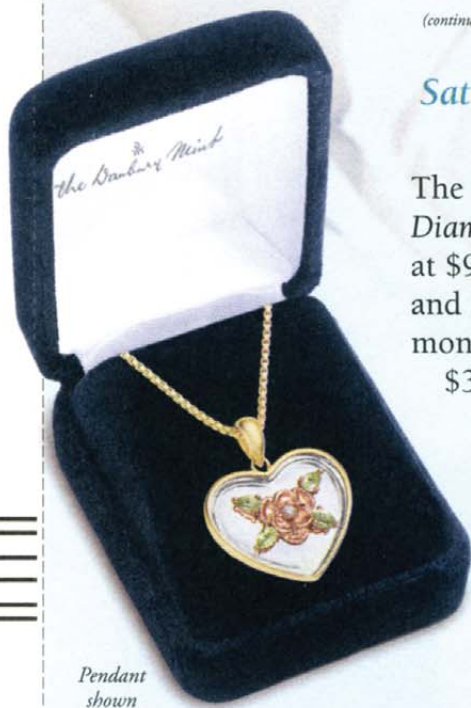
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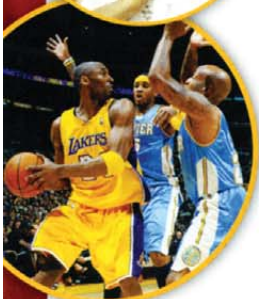
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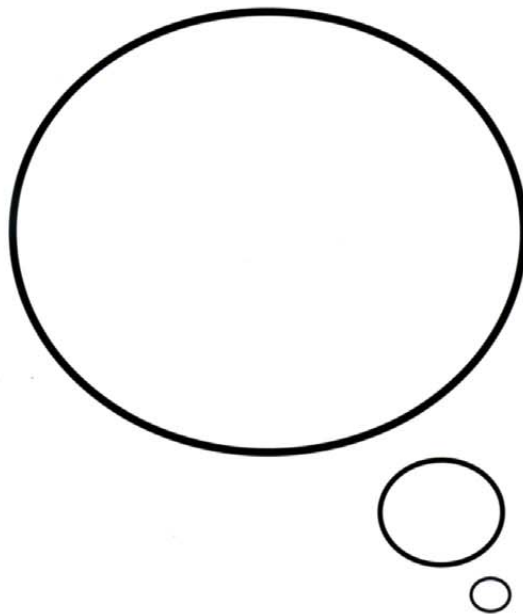
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