

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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**TRUE BLOOD'S  
NATASHA  
ALAM  
ALIVE AND  
UNCLOTHED**

**THE INTERVIEW  
CAMERON  
DIAZ**

**50 YEARS OF  
THE BUNNY  
YOUR VIP INVITE TO THE  
COOLEST PARTY ON EARTH**

**PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO  
CLASSIC  
HOTELS  
BY ANDRÉ  
BALAZS**

**ROGUES  
OF K  
STREET  
CONFESSIONS  
OF A  
TEA PARTY  
CONSULTANT  
BY  
ANONYMOUS**

**PLUS:  
DRINKING  
IN  
PAKISTAN  
VINTAGE  
WATCHES  
FICTION BY  
ROBERTO  
BOLAÑO  
AND  
FUTURE  
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AT THE  
WHEEL OF  
TOMORROW'S  
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**H**ow much shut-eye did you get last night? Probably not enough. In *Sleep Is a Battlefield* the alert and well-rested **Kevin Cook** (at least now, since he's finished the piece) reports findings from the front lines of sleep science that may keep you awake at night. Before electric lights, we likely slept for nine or 10 hours at a time; today drowsiness is the norm. Have we forgotten what it's like to be fully engaged? And what effect does "sleep dep" have on our daily lives? No one was nodding off inside the bustling Playboy Clubs, the first of which opened in Chicago 50 years ago. **Neal Gabler** revisits what he describes as a "pocket of cool ambiance" in *The Bunny Years*. Hospitality is an art, and who better to describe its nuances than **André Balazs**, the hotelier who owns the Chateau Marmont in L.A., the Mercer in New York and the Standard Hotels. "The first rule of hospitality," he explains in *Overnight Sensation*, "is discretion." It's difficult to be discreet when you are as gorgeous, talented and funny as **Cameron Diaz**, the subject of our *Playboy Interview* and co-star of a new flick with Tom Cruise, *Knight and Day*. Good news to report: Diaz says her well-regarded booty remains "in constant sway and has a mind of its own." The shapely sports car of the future will also have an independent streak, predicts our resident automotive guru, **Ken Gross**, in *Reinventing the Wheel*. Gross reports from

the Geneva Auto Show, where tomorrow's supercars were on display. **Roberto Bolaño**, the celebrated Chilean novelist who died in 2003, tells the story in *Joanna Silvestri* of a porn star recalling a dreamy trip to Los Angeles. It's from *The Return*, a newly translated collection of his work. From L.A. we travel to another town of bloodsuckers, Bon Temps, Louisiana, where on several summer

episodes of *True Blood* a dancer at the vampire bar Fangtasia will entice and entangle its owner, Eric. **Natasha Alam**, a native of Uzbekistan and an Iranian princess, plays the dancer; photographer **Steven Baillie** captures her essence. Finally, **Lawrence Osborne** is our intrepid guide to a place where the bars are hidden in shadow. In the explosive *Drinking in Islamabad* we discover that in Pakistan, where the population is 95 percent Muslim, finding a good stiff drink can be difficult, if not dangerous. In fact, the stress of finding bars to hop may drive you to, well, drink. The vicious cycle is interrupted only by sleep—if you're lucky.



Kevin Cook



Neal Gabler



André Balazs



Ken Gross

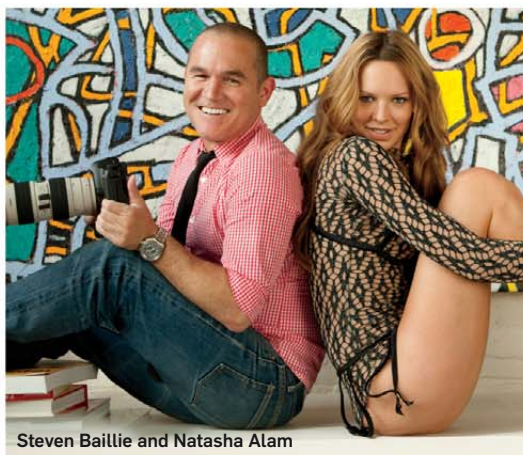
# PLAYBILL



Cameron Diaz



Roberto Bolaño



Steven Baillie and Natasha Alam



Lawrence Osborne



Joe Montana

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# PLAYBOY

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A legendary porn star recalls a long-ago visit to Los Angeles, during which she reconnects with a former lover and co-star who is dying of a mysterious disease. By **ROBERTO BOLAÑO**



## COVER STORY

In the past three years Natasha Alam has played a transvestite, a supermodel and a lesbian vampire. Her latest role: an exotic dancer (of the mortal variety) on the hit series *True Blood*. She displays her most biteable bits for photographer Steven Baillie and our Rabbit, who prefers garters to gardens.

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### THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

**SEX SURVEY 2010** Spill your personal sexy details anonymously and look for the final results in a coming issue.

**HOT 100 VIDEOS** Been away awhile? Our *Most Popular* video list updates daily with our sexiest and funniest clips.

**SEXY BASEBALL TRIVIA GAME** Playboy models make America's national passtime hotter than ever.

**CYBER GIRL OF THE YEAR** *Pretty Wild E!* reality star Tess Taylor Arlington is our top online model for 2010.

**GET SOCIAL** Keep up with your favorite Playboy models and stay on top of all things Playboy at [facebook.com/playboy](http://facebook.com/playboy) and [twitter.com/playboy](http://twitter.com/playboy).



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A promotional poster for the TV show 'Hung'. The background is a solid blue gradient. In the foreground, a man with short brown hair and a slight stubble is lying on his back, looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. A woman's hands are resting on his chest and neck area. The text is positioned in the upper right quadrant.

Back to the grind.

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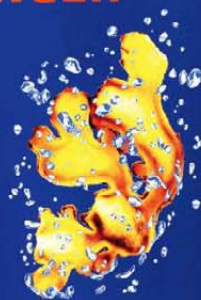


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# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



## EVERYBODY COMES TO HEF'S

To celebrate his 84th birthday, Hef again transformed the Mansion into Rick's Café Américain and threw a black-tie affair. There was a dinner and a screening of his favorite film, *Casablanca*. "I opened the first Playboy Club [editor's note: celebrating its 50th year] because of *Casablanca*," he says. "I wanted to have a place where people came to hang out as they did at Rick's." After the movie, Ray Anthony played "Happy Birthday" on his trumpet, and guests were served champagne, caviar and a cake on which Hef's photo was recast in the Humphrey Bogart role. It was a fun and romantic night, with Anna Berglund and Crystal Harris flanking the birthday boy. Here's looking at you, Hef.

## A STAR IS REBORN

Hef helped TCM kick off its Classic Film Festival by attending the premiere of the restored feature *A Star Is Born* at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. During *Vanity Fair*'s afterparty he ran into longtime friend Cher. Hef extended his dedication to preserving Hollywood history when he donated \$900,000 to help save the Hollywood sign's iconic image from being compromised by real estate development.

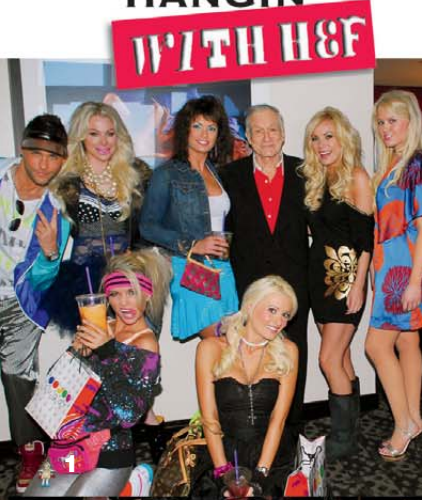


## AND THEY PLAYED GOLF AS WELL

The Playboy Golf Scramble Finals was quite the event, drawing in our best golf girls and NFLers to try their hand at the tricky game. Left to right, top to bottom: Pilar Lastra and Heather Rae Young coax the six-foot-eight Arizona Cardinal Calais Campbell to hula hoop. Dallas Cowboys Miles Austin and Kevin Ogletree, with Shannon James and Jaime Faith Edmondson, are pleased they didn't spring for the four-seater. Free agent Tony Parrish enjoys his off-time. Houston Texan Owen Daniels gets picked up.



# HANGIN' WITH H&F



What do you give a man who has everything? A second birthday bash. And he'll repay you in full before the month is over by hosting a party for the Playboy Golf Scramble and a traveling zoo on Easter. (1) Hef's second party was thrown at the Palms in Las Vegas, where he was surrounded by girlfriend Crystal Harris, Playmates, Holly Madison and her friends from *Peepshow*. (2) One of the Palms' owners, George Maloof, celebrates the Man's milestone. (3) Celebrities such as *My Name Is Earl*'s Jaime Pressly and *Mad Men*'s Bryan Batt also join in on the fun. (4) Hef surrounded by Playboy Club Bunnies. (5) *Hot Tub Time Machine*'s Craig Robinson at the Golf Scramble party. (6) Corey Feldman and PLAYBOY cover girl Ashley Dupré. (7) Patriot Wes Welker (left) with Miss May 2007 Shannon James. (8) Olympic gold medalist Bode Miller and *Survivor*'s Corinne Kaplan unwind. (9) Hef and the Simmons-Tweed family connect on Easter. Here's Nick Simmons, Crystal, Hef, Gene Simmons and PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed. (10) Miss February 1990 and *Dancing With the Stars* stunner Pamela Anderson with Hefner. (11) Miss June 2000 Shannon Stewart cozies up to a camel. (12) Cooper Hefner shares in Little Hank Baskett's first Easter, with Kendra Wilkinson and Big Hank. (13) Blink-182's Travis Barker with Miss December 2001 Shanna Moakler and family. (14) Hef, Bridget Marquardt and Nicholas Carpenter. (15) Two guys who like to rock and roll all night: Simmons and the nocturnal owl.



## WHO INVENTED JAZZ?

In 1924 Fred Stone, head of National Vaudeville Artists, predicted, "If jazz develops into a form accepted as music, there will be interest a century hence as to its origin." It hasn't quite been 100 years, but it's heartening to read Rich Cohen's deft exploration of the early days of the genre in *The Spasm Band* (May). Emile Lacoume, leader of the Spasm Band, went to his grave believing he was the inventor of jazz (the claim was even placed on his tombstone), but a growing body of evidence suggests jazz first appeared not in Storyville but in the neighborhood dance halls of New Orleans. Between 1897 and 1907 Buddy Bolden's band developed a repertoire that combined dance music with street songs, Baptist spirituals, ragtime and blues in a mixture first known as syncopation or swing. Many jazz historians believe we'll never know how this music sounded since it wasn't recorded. My research suggests that, using methods developed by researchers in the classical field—studying the repertoire and instrumentation, examining sheet music and accounts of performance practices—it is possible to perform elemental jazz.

Daniel Hardie  
Sydney, Australia

*Hardie is author of four books on early jazz, including, most recently, The Birth of Jazz: Reviving the Music of the Bolden Era.*

## ALL IN THE FAMILY

In *Godfather and Son* (April) you describe John Gotti Jr. turning his back on his family business as "the death of the mob." That's hard to believe. Crime is to capitalism as butter is to toast. Look no further than Congress, where large sums of payola change hands every day. As a small-time mobster once told my father, if it weren't for the Mafia a whole lot of things wouldn't get done.

Don McMonigal  
Surry, Virginia

If John Angelo Gotti III wants to leave the life behind, maybe he should drop his last name. That's what Al Capone's son did, becoming Albert Francis.

Charles Johnston  
Los Angeles, California

The formidable forces of the U.S. government are nothing compared with a son's need for his father's approval. I commend John Jr.'s decision to head in a new direction. But, like myself, he has debts no honest man can pay.

Michael Albanese  
Crossroads Correctional Center  
Cameron, Missouri

## HIGHER POWER

In *The New Psychedelic Renaissance* (April) you quote a former Army Ranger who took ecstasy to treat his post-traumatic stress disorder. He has come to believe the drug should be part of the formal

# DEAR PLAYBOY

## License to Kill

In *The New Super Spy* (May), Phil Zabriskie describes how, during our meeting in Edinburgh, I pulled out handwritten notes of things I wanted to tell him. However, a few of my points about the existence of a "license to kill" did not make it into the article. Although MI6 denies that it gives agents a license to kill, Section 7 of the U.K.'s 1994 Intelligence Service Act states an agent shall not be held liable for an otherwise illegal action that takes place outside the British Isles if the secretary of state judges it "necessary for the proper discharge of a function of the Intelligence Service." Within this legalese is authorization for the secretary of state to assign lawful authority, a.k.a. a license to kill, though as you'd expect, the wording is vague enough to allow the government to deny it. The U.S. has similar operational detachment teams. In this world, unless you ask precise questions, you tend not to get correct answers.



Nicholas Anderson

We have to be economical with the truth while preserving your freedoms.

Nicholas Anderson  
Nice, France

*"Nicholas Anderson" is a former MI6 officer and author of the novel NOC.*

discharge process. Why not make ecstasy part of the induction process? Why wait until after a soldier has suffered extraordinary trauma?

Mike Baird  
Vancouver Island, Canada

## SCANDALOUS!

The photos of former escort and current sex columnist Ashley Dupré (May)



Ashley Dupré, an expensive temptress.

are stunning. This is a woman with class, beauty and brains.

Jonathan Calbetzor  
Summerfield, Florida

In the April *Next Month* you promote the Dupré pictorial by writing, "Say what

you will about [former New York governor] Eliot Spitzer, but he didn't go down in flames for any low-rent femme." I assume that conclusion is based on East Coast rates, because Dupré's story strikes me as stereotypical—major Daddy issues, no stability growing up, drug abuse and, finally, sex for money and a nonsensical tattoo, in this case *tutela valui*, which translates roughly from the Latin as "protection to be strong."

Graham Jura  
St. Joseph, Missouri

## A MAN'S PLACE

I am surprised to see a garlic press included in *The Alpha Küchen* (May). When you squish things, the juices come out and you lose the flavor. For an aficionado, hand peeling and fine dicing are the only way to prepare garlic.

Brock Camper  
Denver, Colorado

You mention that cast-iron skillets are so durable, some from the 19th century are still in use. My wife and I use a set of skillets and two Dutch ovens that crossed the prairie with her great-great-great-grandmother. The pans are so seasoned they are essentially nonstick.

Lawrence Thompson  
Clovis, California

## ONE SMALL SNIP FOR A MAN...

I love Dave Barry, and I enjoyed his story about getting a vasectomy (*The Full*



Saturday, August 14<sup>th</sup> 2010

*The world's most infamous party isn't only at the Playboy Mansion!*

# A Midsummer Night's Dream

*Las Vegas*

A Masquerade Lingerie Bacchanalia  
COSTUME OR MASK REQUIRED FOR ADMISSION

PALMS POOL  
& BUNGALOWS



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*Coward Package*, May). But it could have been worse. I had the procedure done while aboard a Navy ship at sea, in choppy waters, along with 15 colleagues. We felt nothing thanks to doses of Demerol administered by a dentist assisting the surgeon. After applying ice packs and taking it easy for a day, we were back on the job. There was only one complication: One guy's ball swelled up like a cantaloupe (he showed me at about 0300 hours). He spent a week with his ball in a sling but was okay.

Richard Mann  
Charlotte, North Carolina

Barry says one of the reasons he had a vasectomy was his wife kept bugging him to do it. What a wimp! "Because my wife wants it" is the number one reason not to get snipped. Barry and his wife should have discussed other birth control options before he caved.

Jeff Asch  
Redondo Beach, California

#### BRUTAL QUESTIONS

The torture of prisoners Hillel Levin and John Conroy describe in *Area Two* (May) has deep roots in the Chicago Police Department. In 1931 the Wickersham Commission—charged by Herbert Hoover to investigate police brutality—concluded "the third degree is thoroughly at home in Chicago." Inverted suspension, tear gas and beating suspects with phone books and rubber hoses drew quick (often false) confessions and left few marks. Lieutenant Jon Burge allegedly used similar techniques in the 1970s and 1980s, including electric torture he almost certainly picked up while serving as an MP in Vietnam steps away from a South Vietnamese interrogation center. When the Wickersham report was released, Chicago's police commissioner denied its conclusions. "The third-degree method is not effective and is merely an indication of inefficient work on the part of the police," he said. This defense was self-serving, but his words ring true. Even if some of Burge's victims were guilty as charged, justice has been permanently marred by his methods.

Michael Otterman  
New York, New York

*Otterman is author of American Torture: From the Cold War to Abu Ghraib and Beyond.*

Levin and Conroy err in their description of U.S. Attorney Patrick Fitzgerald as the person who convicted Lewis "Scooter" Libby for divulging the identity of a CIA agent. Libby was convicted of lying to a grand jury. The person who revealed the agent's name to journalist Robert Novak was former deputy secretary of state Richard Armitage.

Michael Marks  
Silverton, Oregon

Burge's methods are reminiscent of those from an earlier period in our history:

the interrogation of African Americans in the Deep South during the Jim Crow era. This abuse continued until the U.S. Supreme Court extended Fourth and 14th Amendment protections to interrogations conducted by state and local law enforcement. In both the Jim Crow era and Chicago in the 1980s a conspiracy of silence directly contributed to the problem. Regardless of the resolution of Burge's prosecution, it is incumbent that men and women in the criminal justice system—not only police officers but judges and prosecutors—under the watchful eyes of elected officials,



Former Chicago cop Jon Burge in 2004.

the public and the media, ensure that enough is enough. Otherwise, this stain on society and our system of law will not dissolve.

Amos Guiora  
Salt Lake City, Utah

*Guiora is a law professor at the University of Utah and author of Constitutional Limits on Coercive Interrogation.*

#### MUY BELLA

Thank you for the six beautiful, all-natural, tattoo-free women in *Once Upon a Time in Mexico* (May).

Ross Johnson  
Destin, Florida

You could find only Mexican women as white as I am? I realize many Mexicans resemble Europeans, but I also know from my visits there that many of the country's most beautiful women have dark skin and strong Indian features.

Allena Tapia  
Lansing, Michigan

#### SAFETY FIRST

As a retired health and safety rep for the United Auto Workers, I'm alarmed to see in *Fine German Engineering* (April) that you placed the red-hot Alena Gerber so close to all that firewood.

Darrell DiLuzio  
Brunswick, Ohio



## Viewing The World Through Red Eyes?

### Think Clear Eyes®

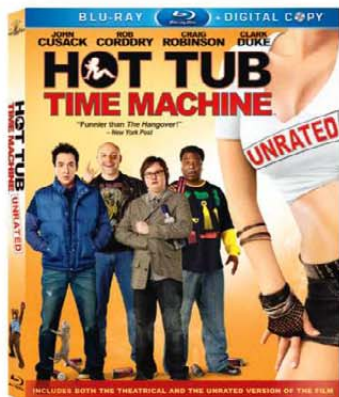


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# PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

## BECOMING ATTRACTION

### Tetyana Veryovkina

"I speak six languages," says Ukrainian model Tetyana Veryovkina. "I have a degree in investment and financial risk management. If I weren't modeling, I think I'd be a hedge fund manager or maybe CEO of Microsoft." Hear that, Steve Ballmer? You're on notice. Tetyana is a smart cookie, but she has no need to get by on brains alone. "All the women in my family are beautiful," she says. "In Ukraine we're known as the *krasivaya popa* family. It means 'beautiful butt' family." Until the corporate world comes calling, Tetyana is happy to ride her great bum for all it's worth as a globe-trotting swimsuit model. This shot was taken in Zanzibar. "I love my body, and I love to be naked." Thank you for sharing.

"I love my body, and I love to be naked!"



Sweet Dreams  
A Taste  
of Bunny  
Honey



THE BUZZ: "One third of all the food we eat is dependent on pollination from the honeybee," says Bronwyn Weaver of Heritage Prairie Farm.

As part of a global movement to end the honeybee crisis so much in the news, beekeeping has come into vogue. Apiculturists are even making honey on the roof of the Opéra de Paris. Want a taste of the action? Illinois-based Heritage Prairie Farm offers beehives for sponsorship to a small customer base that includes world-class chefs. Playboy sponsored a hive, and you can too. Pony up \$600 and you'll get about 150 pounds bottled. Use it with everything from toast to bee's knees cocktails. Info at [hpfarm.com](http://hpfarm.com). For more honey pics, go to [playboy.com/bunnyhoney](http://playboy.com/bunnyhoney).



Classic Look  
Fighting Style

INDIE LABELED: Cassavetes is often called the father of American independent film.

Warner Bros. releases the fifth volume of its *Film Noir Classic Collection* on DVD this month. Included is *Crime in the Streets*, which kicked into high gear the career of actor-filmmaker-style icon John Cassavetes. Here's how to re-create this Cassavetes look: navy chino blazer (\$70) by Lands' End, navy cotton shirt (\$50) by Topman, standard slim dress pants (\$54) by Urban Outfitters and vintage-leather belt (\$30) by Gap.

Nice Cans  
Give Up the Bottle

A new trend, just in time for summer: great craft beer served up in cans. Unlike yesterday's cans, today's are lined with a water-based coating so the brew never touches metal. Also, the aluminum blocks light, which can damage flavor. Among our favorites are Dale's Pale Ale from Oskar Blues Brewery (Longmont, Colorado), Caldera's IPA (Ashland, Oregon) and Bavik's wheat beer (Belgium).





**MARYLAND BLUE CRABS STEAMED IN BEER**

- 1 bushel large Maryland blue crabs
- 2 12 oz. cans of beer
- 2 cups cider vinegar
- 2 cups Old Bay seasoning
- 1 cup kosher salt
- 1 lb. butter
- Saltine crackers (optional)



**Summer Flavor Chesapeake Blues**

Maryland blue crabs are in peak season this month. Have them shipped directly from [marylandbluecrabexpress.com](http://marylandbluecrabexpress.com). This recipe is courtesy of chef Mike Price (who grew up on the Chesapeake) of New York's Market Table. Pour beer and vinegar into a four-gallon crab pot with strainer. Layer crabs, seasoned with salt and Old Bay, up to one inch from top. Cover, bring to boil over high heat and cook for 25 minutes. Crabs are done when they turn bright orange. Meanwhile, cover a table with newspaper, mallets and condiments: plain melted butter, butter with Old Bay, plain cider vinegar, cider vinegar with Old Bay. Spill crabs directly onto newspaper and eat while the next batch steams.

**Delta Heat Louisiana Purchase**



Louisiana needs your money (again). Here's one place to spend it: Capdeville, in the Warehouse District of the Big Easy ([capdevillenola.com](http://capdevillenola.com)). An "American interpretation of a British social house," this new watering hole melds cool Britannia with classic New Orleans. Saddle up at the bar with the seersucker set for a Guinness...or a bourbon milk punch. Don't be surprised if you're still sitting there six hours later.



**Gender Bender Sex and the Superhero**

This month Marvel Comics' fairest mutants take the spotlight in *X-Women*, a 46-page one-off issue written by longtime X-Men writer Chris Claremont and illustrated by Italian artist Milo Manara, best known for his erotic drawings of beautiful women. Claremont promises pirates, dastardly villains, destruction and mayhem galore. And since all of this excitement will be portrayed seductively by Manara's skilled hand, *X-Women* is sure to be a titillating visual feast.



**BARMATE**

IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S HOTTEST BARTENDERS



**Ashley Krystle**

**PLAYBOY:** Hello there. Where are we?  
**ASHLEY:** You're in Atlanta, at Buckhead's new hot spot, Havana Club.  
**PLAYBOY:** Amazing. It's like being in Cuba but surrounded by beautiful Georgia peaches.  
**ASHLEY:** That's the point.  
**PLAYBOY:** Guess you wouldn't be able to scare up a cigar, would you?  
**ASHLEY:** Actually we have a full cigar bar in the back if the mood suits you.  
**PLAYBOY:** Do you work the cigar bar as well?  
**ASHLEY:** No, I think they like to keep me out in the front.  
**PLAYBOY:** Shrewd. How do you like working here?  
**ASHLEY:** It's really cool. Most of the clientele are regulars and have become friends, so basically I get paid to hang out and do shots with my friends.  
**PLAYBOY:** We couldn't help noticing that you are hanging out a little.  
**ASHLEY:** What can I say? I have to have the girls out! That's just how I roll.  
**PLAYBOY:** What kind of drink is your specialty? Cuba libre?  
**ASHLEY:** Like I said, I like to do shots with my friends. I'll mix up some a.m.'s—have one now and you'll want to party into the a.m.

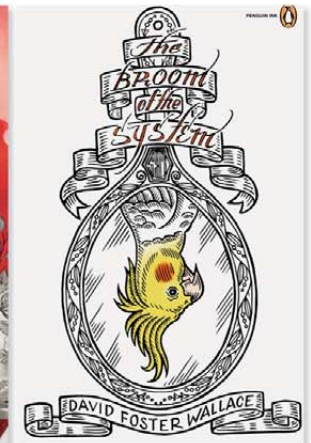
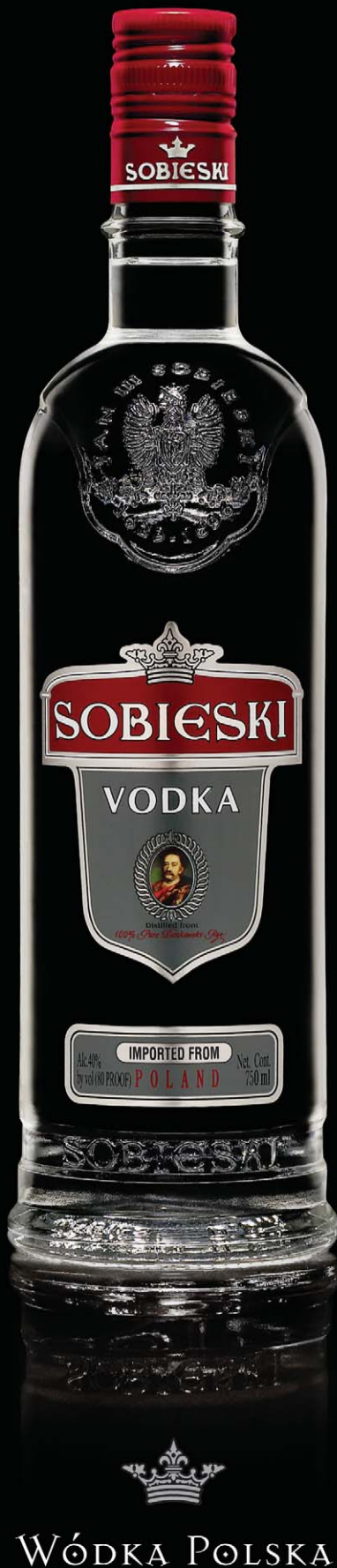
- A.M. (SHOT)**  
 1 part Ciroc Red Berry  
 1 part Ciroc Coconut  
 Splash of simple syrup  
 Splash of sour mix  
 Splash of 7UP  
 Mix, serve in a shot glass and enjoy.

SEE MORE OF ASHLEY AT [CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM](http://CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM). APPLY TO BE BARMATE AT [PLAYBOY.COM/POSE](http://PLAYBOY.COM/POSE).



## In This Corner Fight Night

What do you get when you mix an open bar, live pro boxing, a Texas Hold'em tourney, a sit-down chef-prepared dinner and music courtesy of star DJ-model Sky Nellor (left)? A supper-club boxing night in New York put on by WCMG Events and No Mas. Look for the next one at [box-nyc.com](http://box-nyc.com).



## Paperback Romance

Penguin Books revolutionized the publishing biz in the 1930s by marketing good literature in cheap paperback form. To celebrate its 75th birthday, the publisher is offering half a dozen reprints called Penguin Inks with covers inspired by tattoo art. Pictured: Martin Amis's scathing 1984 novel *Money*, Ian Fleming's *From Russia With Love* and David Foster Wallace's first work of fiction, *The Broom of the System*.

## Paint Job On Rockwell

"If I hadn't become a painter, I would have liked to have been a movie director," Norman Rockwell once said. This month the Smithsonian American Art Museum opens *Telling Stories: Norman Rockwell From the Collections of George Lucas and Steven Spielberg*, with 57 paintings from the directors' private collections. Right: *The Dugout* from 1948.



YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING  
WHAT BRUCE WILLIS WOULD DO  
IN YOUR SITUATION.

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## Movie of the Month

# Inception

By Stephen Rebello

In this season of brain-drain blockbusters, is there room for a visionary sci-fi action thriller in which international corporate dream-snatcher Leonardo DiCaprio raids the minds of the planet's most innovative tycoons? Writer-director Christopher Nolan describes *Inception* as "a metaphysical heist movie" starring Marion Cotillard, Joseph Gordon-Levitt and Michael Caine. "With this film we're hoping to build on what we did in *The Dark Knight*, which had a snowball effect as we went further and further into creating an experience of tension and dread," says Nolan, who cites *Blade Runner*, *The Matrix*, Jorge Luis Borges and M.C. Escher among the film's influences. "In *Inception*, by entering the world of dreams we're trying to take audiences on an extreme journey that deals in levels of perception versus reality. As Guy Pearce does in *Memento*, Leonardo DiCaprio really pulls the audience along on a ride that is not only visceral and engaging for the mind but is also the character's emotional journey."



## SPY VS. SCRIBE



It's amazing how a movie concept can morph based on the whims of studio execs. A few years ago Hollywood was all excited about an action-espionage comedy called *Wichita* (or *Trouble Man*), starring Chris Tucker and Eva Mendes. A few thousand script changes later and that same basic film has been tweaked to become *Knight and Day*, with Tom Cruise and Cameron Diaz.

## DVD of the Month

# Hung: The Complete First Season

With a name like *Hung*, one expects TV like *Spike*. But this is HBO, where raunchiness runs through a dignity filter. This dark comedy opens with cash-strapped divorced dad Ray Drecker (Thomas Jane), who teaches history and coaches high school hoops, on a losing streak. His ex-wife (Anne Heche) has dumped him and taken away his teen twins. In the plus column he's got a slab

of man meat like a summer sausage. So when Ray begins moonlighting as a gigolo with his mousy pal (Jane Adams) as pimp cum manager, one might expect a bang-a-thon. Instead, like *Weeds*, it's a smartly written look at suburban life with a wild card in play. **Best extras:** Both DVD and Blu-ray versions have commentaries on three episodes, as well as other featurettes. 🍌🍌🍌 —Greg Fagan



## Tease Frame

Things heat up down under whenever Australian actress **Teresa Palmer** undresses on-screen, as she does in 2008's *Restraint* (pictured), in which she plays a stripper on the lam with her boyfriend and a hostage. See her work a different magic as the love interest of the title character in *The Sorcerer's Apprentice*, starring Nicolas Cage.





## Game of the Month Crackdown 2

Players last left Pacific City after restoring order to the lawless streets while inadvertently unleashing a killer virus. Oops! *Crackdown 2* (360) is set 10 years later, when the futuristic metropolis is divided between a terrorist organization known as the Cell and hordes of mutated virus victims. As an operative of the mysterious Agency, you're heavily armed and equipped with genetic superpowers that let you leap and glide and hurl cars as you battle to deliver a cure. Take a break from establishing order to wreak havoc online in Rocket Tag, a 16-player rocket-launcher fight every bit as insane as it sounds. **★★★★**  
—Jason Buhmester

### Also in gaming...

**UFC Undisputed 2010** (360, PS3) Pummel opponents as one of more than 100 UFC fighters. Improved controls make it easier to dodge attacks while standing and deliver savage blows while grappling. Fights can even be stopped because of injury. Just hope the busted nose isn't yours. **★★★★**



**Tiger Woods PGA Tour 11** (360, PS3, Wii) Stop sniggering. It's a Ryder Cup year, and as captain you'll build a team of real-life pros and choose pairings for each round on a set of legendary courses, including, for the first time, the revered Celtic Manor Resort. Build a healthy lead as Woods, then jump to another match, where you can take control of a teammate. **★★★★½**



## Album of the Month Grace Potter and the Nocturnals Don't Stink

By Rob Tannenbaum

Why do we hate jam bands? They dress badly, they smell worse, they play too long and they think a bass solo improves any song. Plus, they're way, way too male; you'll find more women at a *Star Wars* convention than on the Bonnaroo stage.

Grace Potter and the Nocturnals have solved that last problem. Their new, self-titled album runs like a 1973 Mustang convertible and may make a star of Potter, 27, who has already driven crowds crazy by playing a Flying V guitar while wearing go-go boots. Her sensual voice kicks up dust and rocks like a more volatile Bonnie Raitt, while producer Mark Batson, who has worked with Jay-Z and Eminem, keeps the songs trim. Leave it to a hip-hop dude from Brooklyn and a long-haired band from Vermont to collaborate on the year's best Southern-rock album. **★★★★**



## Checking In The Return of Devo

New wave pioneers Mark Mothersbaugh and Gerald Casale explain why Devo has returned with *Something for Everybody*—and why they're used to being “the Rodney Dangerfields of rock.”

body cared. We're used to disdain—we're the Rodney Dangerfields of rock.

**MM:** We've enjoyed being a lightning rod for hostility.

**It's the 21st century. Why should we care about Devo?**

**MM:** Because, sad to say, what we were talking about during the 20th century is more applicable than ever today. Back then people said we were cynical. Now the same people would have to admit that the world has devolved.

**Twenty years have passed since your last album. Did that record scar you?**

**GC:** What exactly happened? We put out a record and no-

**What happens if you have sex while listening to Devo?**

**GC:** Obviously that could ruin a marriage.

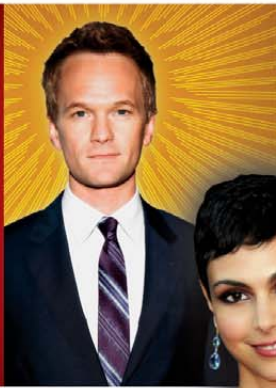
**MM:** It helps to be healthy if you're making love to a Devo record. The music has a demanding tempo structure.



# RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

NPD GROUP REPORTS AN ALMOST 4% INCREASE IN SALES IN THE PAST YEAR FOR TAILORED CLOTHING FOR MEN BETWEEN THE AGES OF 25 AND 34.



THE NINTH MOST POPULAR SEX QUERY ON ASK.COM IS "WHERE IS THE G-SPOT?"



## ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

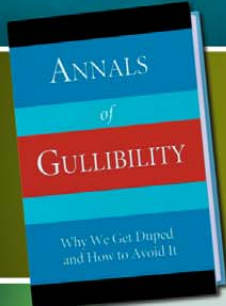
LAST YEAR 21% OF DATES WERE ARRANGED VIA E-MAIL AND 5% OF RELATIONSHIPS WERE ENDED BY TEXTING.

## 20 PERCENT

IN A RECENT GLOBAL POLL, 20% OF RESPONDENTS SAID THEY BELIEVE ALIENS EXIST AND WALK AMONG US DISGUISED AS HUMANS.



PROFESSOR STEPHEN GREENSPAN, AUTHOR OF ANNALS OF GULLIBILITY: WHY WE GET DUPED AND HOW TO AVOID IT, LOST APPROXIMATELY \$250,000 AFTER HE ALLOWED BERNIE MADOFF TO MANAGE HIS INVESTMENTS.



## PRICE CHECK

### \$10 MILLION

THE AMOUNT OF MONEY REPORTEDLY PAID BY TIGER WOODS TO HIS ALLEGED MISTRESS RACHEL UCHITEL IN EXCHANGE FOR HER IRONCLAD CONFIDENTIALITY AGREEMENT REGARDING THE DETAILS OF THEIR RELATIONSHIP.



15 YEARS AGO, THE AVERAGE BRA SIZE IN AMERICA WAS 34B. TODAY IT IS 36C.

A recent study showed that 73% of men who suffered from premature ejaculation either were cured or improved after taking 20 milligrams of Prozac a day for a week and 40 milligrams a day thereafter.



A NEW STUDY PUBLISHED IN THE JOURNAL BEHAVIOUR FOUND THAT TO REEL IN THE BOYS, THE IDEAL AMOUNT OF FLESH A WOMAN SHOULD REVEAL IS 40%.



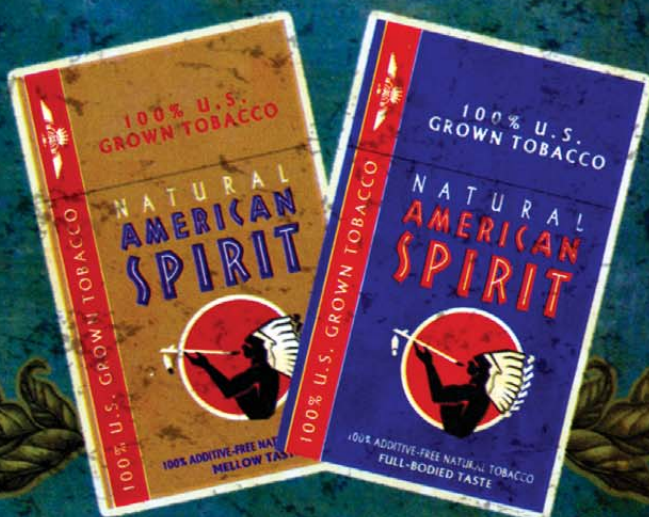
WHAT THEY'RE THINKING 65% OF WOMEN POLLED SAID THEY CONSIDER TATTOOS ON A GUY TO BE A TURN-ON, WHILE 21% SAID IT WAS A TURN-OFF AND 14% SAID THEY WERE UNDECIDED ABOUT THEIR APPEAL.



SOMEONE IS ARRESTED EVERY 38 SECONDS IN THE U.S. FOR A MARIJUANA-RELATED CRIME.

THERE ARE  
**SOME**  
THINGS

*in  
our*



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**YOU SHOULD**

*know*

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## The Getaway

Ditch the office. Paradise awaits in the Greek Isles

As great as our nation is, we admit Europeans still have a leg up in some regards. Autobahns without speed limits? Topless beaches? What most grabs us, however, is their tradition of taking a month off in summer and hastening to seaside hotels and rental villas while we workaholic Americans remain at our desks. We hereby call our readers to action: Get out of Dodge. Here's a teaser: the Imperial Spa Villa, a rental paradise on the Greek island of Zakynthos, with four bedrooms, a huge pool and bar and your own private beach. Sure, it's expensive, but with the economy there, you might get a deal (inquire about rates and book at [luxuryretreats.com](http://luxuryretreats.com)). Ever use a BlackBerry as a skipping stone? It's very satisfying.



### On the Nose

A classic cologne will never do you wrong—especially when that classic cologne is Jean Paul Gaultier's Le Male (\$58 to \$78, in stores), now at the age of 15 but still among the freshest scents around (top notes of bergamot and lavender). Better yet, the French fashion designer is offering a special summer edition of Le Male, presenting you with a tough choice of which version of the fragrance to wear.



### Two for the Road

Because the modern man must be able to multitask readily and flawlessly, behold these stainless-steel bottle-opener cuff links (\$50, [cufflinks.com](http://cufflinks.com)).

They, of course, have twin virtues: They match even the snazziest of attire, and more important, they can open any bottle of beer within reach, which will make whoever is wearing them the most popular guy in the room.



### The Buck Stops Here

Equal parts backwoods and skateboard bowl, Supreme's wood-handled, brass-intaid folding knife (\$75, supremenewyork.com) is a collaboration between the skateboard lifestyle shop and the blade icon Buck Knives (established in 1902). That makes this chic, manly blade suitable for both the urban jungle and skinning nutria in the bayou.

### Hack Your Life: Finding Wi-Fi

Internet access has become a basic human necessity. Consequently, finding an open Wi-Fi hot spot is as crucial to survival as fresh air. While several online resources map available Wi-Fi around the country, none of them are much help if you're not already online.

Enter WeFi (wefi.com), a free downloadable program (unfortunately only for PCs at the moment) that stores a local version of the most recent listing of nationwide hot spots and automatically logs you on to the nearest access point with the strongest signal.

### Rock of All Ages

Crosley's Audiophile Solo AM-FM radio and iPod speaker (\$100, crosleyradio.com) may look as though it plays only Johnny Mercer's "Jeepers Creepers" and other standards from the 1930s, but the AroundSound technology guarantees you can properly blare AC/DC's "T.N.T." at glass-shattering decibels. When testing this diminutive beauty—one of Crosley's many throwback models, complete with robot-like volume and tuner knobs—be sure to crank up the iPod speaker, which delivers high-tech acoustic consistency. Crosley's other gee-whiz handiwork includes modernized vintage home jukeboxes. Rockola!



### A Walk Down Gin Lane

Want to add a dash of the 1800s to your libations? Check out Oregon-based Ransom Cellars' Old Tom Gin (\$36, ransomsprits.com). Ransom crafts the popular 19th century liquor (oft mixed in a tom collins) from malted barley and combines it with an infusion of botanicals including juniper berries, orange peel, lemon peel, coriander seed, cardamom pods and angelica root—according to drink historians, a dead-on re-creation. The end result is herbal and citrusy, with a distinctive amber hue.



# PLAYBOY ADVISOR

**M**y wife and I are noisy during sex. Our new neighbor, a minister, has asked me to tone it down. He says he doesn't want his daughters to hear "filth," and if we continue he'll call the cops. I don't think I should have to change the way we make love because a new neighbor is eavesdropping. What do you think?—W.A., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

*We doubt he has a cup to the wall. We suggest you try, as an exercise in the lost art of civility, to tone it down. Ball gags may help. Your neighbor doesn't need to be so judgmental as to label your sweet lovemaking as filth, though perhaps that's a sign you're doing it right. We're surprised he hasn't done what everyone else in his situation appears to do, which is post an audio file on YouTube (search for "neighbors having sex"). The threat to call the police is not without teeth—in 2009 a British woman was arrested for "excessively noisy sex" after neighbors complained. Her defense may prove useful. "I can't stop making noise during sex," she protested. "It's unnatural." On a more serious note, in March an appeals court in New Jersey upheld the 10-year sentence of a man convicted of possessing marijuana that police discovered while investigating a report of screaming. The man and his girlfriend told the officers they had been having loud sex; when the cops searched the house to confirm no one needed aid, they found 12 and a half ounces of weed and 15 plants.*

**I** have little white bumps on the underside and base of my penis. Should I be worried?—K.C., Jacksonville, Florida

*No. They're harmless. Known as Fordyce's spots (after dermatologist John Addison Fordyce, who described them in 1896), they are sebaceous glands, which secrete sebum, an oily substance that hydrates the skin. They typically show up on the shaft and inside the foreskin on men and on the labia and vulva on women. Elsewhere on the body they are usually accompanied by hair follicles. It's unclear why they appear as bumps on the genitals, but studies have found them to be common. If your bumps are bothersome, a number of cosmetic treatments are available, including laser removal and a \$45 cream that claims to smooth them (see [fordycespots.com](http://fordycespots.com), though we can't vouch for it). Some topical treatments may actually make the bumps more prominent. While we're on the topic of penile topography, if the bumps appear in two rows around the corona they are *hirsuties papillaris genitalis*, a.k.a. pearly penile papules, which show up more often in uncircumcised men. While unappealing, they too are harmless.*



**I** have a fantasy in which I'm dating an athletic boxer who kicks my ass in a ring in front of a bunch of her girlfriends. My ex would box me before we made love. It's a real turn-on to get beaten up by a woman (not foxy boxing but real boxing). Do you know where I could find a lady who wants a personal punching bag?—M.H., Burbank, California

*A woman who wants to kick a man's ass? Where are we going to find someone like that? For the uninitiated, foxy boxing is when two women box each other while wearing only leotards, bikinis, panties or nothing at all. This is different from a catfight, which doesn't involve gloves, and mud wrestling, which is a catfight in mud. Your particular interest is best described as femdom boxing, since it's female domination of a submissive male. Unless you and your ex get back together, you may have to hire a dominatrix and pay extra if you also want sex after your ass gets kicked. Or you could attempt to find an amateur Xena at personal-ad sites such as [femdom.com](http://femdom.com), [femdompersonals.net](http://femdompersonals.net), [domme.alt.com](http://domme.alt.com) and [dommeslave.com](http://dommeslave.com). We won't be placing any wagers.*

**I** started dating a guy two years ago. One day we got on the subject of my sister dressing her boyfriend like a girl as a joke. My boyfriend asked if that was something I wanted to explore. It began innocently with a dab of eye shadow but progressed to clothes, fake boobs, high heels, fishnets, makeup, jewelry, wigs and perfume. He has shut me out sexually but still engages in his own play, dressing as a woman and

masturbating while watching videos of men sucking strap-ons or taking it up the ass. I don't know what to think. He says he isn't sure what's wrong with his libido. What is going on? This form of play gives him an instant hard-on, and he has even admitted to dressing up on his own without me.—C.S., Boston, Massachusetts

*We hate to break it to you, but your boyfriend has left you for another woman. Unless he can figure out a way to include you in his play—to your satisfaction—we aren't sure how the relationship will continue. We suspect this isn't a new interest but one that blossomed after you gave him that dab of makeup and the okay to leap out of the closet.*

**H**ow do you tell a roommate his girlfriend sucks? Four of us share an apartment. Lately my friend has been seeing a girl who smokes a carton a day and leaves tampon wrappers on our bathroom floor. We think she steals our porn, and she has twice gotten so drunk she urinated on our couch. She backed into our neighbor's car at least once. We taped a note of complaint to his door, but he replied he doesn't care what we think. How do we address this situation before we run out of cushions to flip?—M.D., Dunmore, Pennsylvania

*If your housemate fancies himself a badass, your irritation may only be making this woman more attractive to him. "Fuck off, we play by our own rules!" works in the outback but not when you're paying just a quarter of the rent. The issue isn't her behavior as much as your housemate's refusal to take responsibility for his guest. It may be time to find a place with three bedrooms.*

**W**hen I began using cologne back in the day, you aimed the bottle and sprayed where you wanted to smell good. Now, I'm told, the proper approach is to spritz a cloud of the stuff into the air and walk through it. Is there any benefit to this?—J.S., Encino, California

*Your bathroom will smell better. The best way to apply scent is to put it on the tops of your forearms and each shoulder of your shirt. Why? Because the scent will be distributed as you move around. According to New York Times scent critic Chandler Burr, you can also lift up the collar and send a full shot down your back, inside the shirt. "It's a great way to get good diffusion at low volume," he says. "The scent is tamped down by the shirt but warmed and diffused by your back and the movement of your body." Many men dab cologne on their neck, but if*

you get lucky and she starts kissing you there, she's going to get a mouthful.

I purchased a pink Mustang convertible the owner said had been given to Donna Michelle in 1964 for being Playmate of the Year. He said it had been in his family since 1974 when they purchased it from a Texas junkyard after Donna had crashed it. Can you tell me more about the car?—C.O., Sydney, Australia

Unfortunately no. When we asked Donna, who died in 2004, about the pink Mustang she received as her PMOY gift, she said she had immediately traded it for a less conspicuous (nonpink) VW Bug. We hear every month from readers who have purchased classic pink cars they were told belonged to a Playmate, but as with any collectible this is impossible to verify without documentation. According to Brad Bowling, co-author of *Mustang Special Editions*, Ford offered a noncoded promotional color (typically a paint code is marked on the doorjamb) called Playboy Pink in response to the "glamour halo" of Donna's gift. Customers asked for it by name, and dealers ordered the cars to use for promotions, sometimes coupled with Playmate appearances. To further complicate matters, Ford offered a similar noncoded color called Dusk Rose. So while not just anyone could become PMOY, anyone could order a pink car. Bowling suspects many of these vehicles, if they survived and were ever owned by a guy, have been repainted.

Can you recommend a corkscrew? I keep breaking off the spiral in the cork.—C.T., Inman, South Carolina

That's likely happening because you aren't centering the spiral or are inserting it at an angle, which are common mistakes. Raj Kanodia, curator of *Corkscrew.com*, says a \$15 Screwpull Table Model will resolve this problem because it has a frame that fits over the top of the bottle to center the spiral. You'll look cooler pulling out a Forge de Laguiole "Le Sommelier" corkscrew, which has a bone handle and starts at about \$180 but takes some practice to center. For a conversation starter we like the \$45 Tire-Bouchon ZigZag. There's also the Rabbit, which looks daunting but gets the job done; Kanodia has seen it used to remove a cork in less than five seconds.

I watched a movie in which the double Dutch sex act is described. Two men face each other and grab their own erections. Using his free hand, each man grabs the forearm of the other and moves it back and forth to jerk him off. Is that gay?—M.C., Providence, Rhode Island

All we can say with certainty is that it's not something you see every day.

An acquaintance who works with my wife informed me she had been caught cheating on me at a company party. My wife and a co-worker were in an upstairs bedroom in a private home when their gasps and moans gave them away to someone passing in the hall. I was shocked but also extremely aroused. Since learning about

this incident, I can hardly leave my wife alone—she turns me on more than I could ever imagine. I enjoy going down on her before and even after intercourse, something I seldom did before. I haven't told her I know of her infidelity but would like her to continue having sex with another man (or men) and allow me to enjoy her immediately after or at least the next day, all in the open. How should I approach her about this without ruining what I have?—K.L., Omaha, Nebraska

She probably suspects something is up, given your new enthusiasm in the bedroom. In fact, she may see it as evidence you're being unfaithful to her. We recommend the direct approach: "I know you're cheating on me, but it turns me on. Can we talk about it?" We'd want to know why she lied to you. Is she unhappy? Even if you come to an understanding, will she get the same illicit thrill if she has your blessing? And will her adventures outside the marriage still turn you on? The minute you give your permission, she's no longer cheating. It will be an interesting discussion.

A reader wrote in April for advice on how to correct his golf swing. He wondered if his graphite shaft might be the culprit. As you said, nothing beats a solid swing, but I suffered years of failure thinking it was just me. After I had a pro measure my clubhead speed, he recommended a stiff-shaft driver. With practice and taking a little power off I now hit 250 to 280 yards. That beats the hell out of 320 yards when the ball lands on somebody's house.—D.S., Wilsonville, Oregon

You were smart to have your swing measured; many golfers overestimate their speed, which leads them to choose a stiff shaft when they should be using a regular or a senior. A stiffer shaft provides more control, but you may lose distance, as you found. Generally if you aren't swinging faster than 85 mph, use a regular shaft. Pro golfers, who use drivers with stiff and extra-stiff shafts, average 110 mph.

Dave Barry's essay about getting a vasectomy is a hoot (*The Full Coward Package*, May). I'm facing the same dilemma and having some qualms about giving up my fertility. What can you tell me about the VasClip? Is it more likely to be reversible?—R.T., Dallas, Texas

Maybe—if it doesn't make you a daddy on its own. A number of doctors have reported high failure rates with the device, which is a plastic clip about the size of a grain of rice that snaps over and shuts each of the tubes. The advantage is that a doctor doesn't need to cut the tubes or burn them in half, which can reduce swelling and the risk of infection. Yet the few studies done on clip vasectomies have shown mixed results, and most insurance companies won't cover the procedure unless you get snipped. There's also no data on the ease or effectiveness of reversal. Sperm are hardy creatures; even in cases in which the vas deferens has been cut they can sometimes find new channels through the scar tissue that forms between the halves. That's why the most thorough doctors take both open

halves, cauterize them, fold them over and bury them in different parts of the muscle. With the tube intact but clipped, finding a workaround may be much easier. Because life must go on, we recommend never challenging your sperm to a duel of wits.

Is there a list of books one should read to be a well-rounded man? I graduated from college last year but feel I haven't read any of the classics.—A.S., St. Louis, Missouri

The Advisor's not enough for you? Being well-read is only one part of the equation, but here are 10 modern classics to get you started (you can read Shakespeare and Dostoyevsky once your brain is limber): *The Great Gatsby* by F. Scott Fitzgerald; *Slaughterhouse-Five* by Kurt Vonnegut; *Tropic of Cancer* by Henry Miller; *The Maltese Falcon* by Dashiell Hammett; *Youth in Revolt: The Journals of Nick Twisp* by C.D. Payne; *Portnoy's Complaint* by Philip Roth; *Rabbit, Run* by John Updike; *Mankind: Have a Nice Day! A Tale of Blood and Sweatsocks* by Mick Foley; *She Comes First: The Thinking Man's Guide to Pleasuring a Woman* by Ian Kerner; and *Best of American Splendor* by Harvey Pekar.

People say you should never get involved with someone at work. What's the big deal? I hooked up with a co-worker. It doesn't appear to be turning into a relationship, but we're sexually compatible and enjoy each other's company. Is there anything to worry about?—S.H., Miami, Florida

Yes—the breakup, especially if you work closely together. It's a good idea to let your boss know you're together (though it's probably apparent), unless you're dating your boss or you are the boss, in which case HR will want to be informed. Its interest, of course, is avoiding accusations of sexual harassment. However, as long as you can take no for an answer, the workplace is a great place to meet people, especially for guys. Helaine Olen, co-author of *Office Mate*, a handbook for finding and managing romance on the job, and a recent guest on *The Playboy Advisor Show* (Sirius/XM 99), says women who marry co-workers often admit they never would have dated them. "We really don't know what we want in a partner," she explains. "We think we know, but you don't pick a life partner based strictly on looks, as you would in a bar. You end up with someone because of how they act and think." Working with a person gives him or her a chance to size you up over time.

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: CAMERON DIAZ

*A candid conversation with the bubbly superstar about being an adrenaline junkie, the joys of caveman sex, co-starring with your ex and her life as a tomboy*

When Cameron Diaz topped *Forbes* magazine's 2008 list of Hollywood's highest-paid actresses, some may have been blindsided. But others readily understood why the leggy blonde with the sultry face, smoky voice, dangerous curves and mile-wide grin had earned every penny of her \$50 million payday. After all, it was love at first sight for millions of ticket buyers when the 21-year-old former model came out of nowhere in 1994 to play a slinky cabaret singer in Jim Carrey's comedy rampage *The Mask*. The affair continued with Diaz's karaoke-bar scene in *My Best Friend's Wedding*, another box office hit. She sealed the deal playing the dream girl who unknowingly uses horny Ben Stiller's baby batter for hair gel in the 1998 smash *There's Something About Mary*, for which she won awards ranging from the New York Film Critics Circle best actress honor to a Teen Choice Award for starring in the most disgusting scene. She memorably shook her rump to "U Can't Touch This" in the blockbusting *Charlie's Angels*, won prestigious awards for roles in the offbeat *Vanilla Sky* and *Being John Malkovich*, and, with her husky voice and presence, made even the ogreish CGI heroine of the lucrative *Shrek* franchise seem delectable.

Truth is, the funny, beautiful, sunny sex symbol whom both guys and women want to hang with has not only surprised audiences and

critics again and again but has also been defying expectations all her life. Born in 1972 in San Diego, California, she is the second daughter of Emilio, a second-generation Cuban American, and Billie, who is of English, German and American Indian descent. Growing up in Long Beach, Diaz learned to be sports-minded and outdoorsy from her father (who had hoped for a son). After attending Long Beach Polytechnic High, the tall, skinny tomboy blossomed into a beauty and was signed in 1989 by the premier Elite modeling agency. Gigs for such companies as Calvin Klein, Nivea and Levi's and posing for the covers of such magazines as *Seventeen* sent her globe hopping until, at the age of 21 and with no professional acting experience, she landed the femme fatale lead in *The Mask*.

Instead of exploiting her big movie splash, Diaz wisely chose to learn on the job; she slowly worked her way up in three years by starring in indie movies including *She's the One* with Edward Burns and *Feeling Minnesota* with Keanu Reeves. While on location for the latter she met Matt Dillon, who was filming another movie nearby. They had a three-year relationship. In 1999 she and actor Jared Leto began a four-year relationship. Her success in low-key films led to a stretch of high-profile work that includes *Any Given Sunday*, *Gangs of New York*, *In Her Shoes*, *The Holiday*, *What Happens in Vegas*

(which netted her a 2009 worst-actress Razzie nomination) and the misfired thriller *The Box*. Her offscreen fame rose commensurately, especially when, in 2003 at the age of 30, she and 22-year-old singer Justin Timberlake launched a much-publicized relationship that ended in 2007. Now happily single, she's co-starring alongside Tom Cruise in the spy action comedy *Knight and Day* and with Seth Rogen in the twisted superhero movie *The Green Hornet*, in theaters this Christmas. Diaz looks poised to reclaim her position in America's hearts, minds and fantasies.

We sent Contributing Editor **Stephen Rebello**, who last interviewed Matthew Fox for *PLAYBOY*, straight into the heart of Sunset Boulevard coolness to interview Diaz. Rebello reports: "Cameron Diaz's carefree, openhearted, effervescent, incredibly sexy screen persona isn't smoke and mirrors. It's impossible not to have a good time when you're around her. Under what occasionally sounds like surfer-chick speak, she is not only sharp, frank and wise but also scores big points for punctuating some of her snappiest comments by cracking her knuckles. What's not to love?"

**PLAYBOY:** On-screen you've helped shatter the old Hollywood myth that beautiful, sexy women can't also be funny. But in real life, can too much laughter get in the way of good sex?



"Working with Daniel Day-Lewis put a lot of things in perspective for me. I saw the way he worked and the outcome of his hard work. My brain doesn't work that way. I do the roles I do because of the person I am."



"My booty has been on hiatus from film but certainly not from everyday life, where it doesn't stop moving. It's in constant sway and has a mind of its own. On camera, though, there hasn't been an opportunity for it to assert itself lately."



"Oh gosh, I can't even count how many times I've gotten on a plane for love. It's not unusual in this business; my lifestyle demands it. I'm always traveling for [whispers] cock. You've got to go where it is."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

**DIAZ:** I've never known too much laughter to get in the way of good sex. Of course, there's a time to be funny and a time to not. It all depends on what you're laughing at. If you're laughing while having sex, laughing at a certain thing about your partner—such as a physical attribute—that could definitely get in the way.

**PLAYBOY:** Speaking of physical attributes, you've shaken your famous backfield in memorable dance numbers in *The Mask*, two *Charlie's Angels* movies and *The Sweetest Thing*. Don't tell us you've permanently retired from booty shaking since *What Happens in Vegas*.

**DIAZ:** My booty has been on hiatus from film but certainly not from everyday life, where it doesn't stop moving. It's in constant sway and has a mind of its own. On camera, though, there just hasn't been an opportunity for it to assert itself lately.

**PLAYBOY:** We can understand that absence in *Shrek Forever After*, but what about in the upcoming *Knight and Day* with Tom Cruise or *The Green Hornet* with Seth Rogen?

**DIAZ:** There's a lot of running and chasing in *Knight and Day*. It's a very physical film—lots of action and a love story with Tom. It isn't a typical romantic comedy, nor is it hokey or clichéd. My character is a regular girl who starts off unsure of herself, then discovers what she's capable of when she becomes partners with this superspy, Tom, who also realizes what he's missing in his life.

**PLAYBOY:** Cruise has been known to get intense with his movie stunts. Were you up for that?

**DIAZ:** For one scene, Tom and I ride a motorcycle during the annual week of bull runs in Pamplona, Spain. Phenomenal stunt riders did the majority of the riding, but for the runs we did, the adrenaline was definitely up.

**PLAYBOY:** How did it feel to be in the middle of all that chaos?

**DIAZ:** You have to be so focused, centered and calm. We had 10 pissed-off bulls slipping, sliding and falling in front of us on cobblestone streets. Tom was letting off the throttle, then speeding up again, reading and gauging the situation every second—I mean, it's not as though either of us had ever done anything like that before. You can't be scared; you don't have time. You have to be able to see everything going on around you.

**PLAYBOY:** Judging by your grin, the danger must have created quite a rush.

**DIAZ:** I love creating moments like that. That's why I snowboard and surf. Going to the gym is an important part of my routine too. I always want to take care of my body. I love being in the moment. I don't sit still easily. My mind is always going. When you're doing something like racing cars, you can be only in that one moment, and I love that.

**PLAYBOY:** Your face and figure have put you in front of cameras since you were 16. Do you fear sports-related injuries could damage your looks?

**DIAZ:** I definitely have an understanding of being in front of the camera, but it's a bit different for me these days. I broke my nose surfing and had to have it fixed three years ago so I could breathe. They had to move my nose a bit, and it totally changed the way my face photographs. I don't understand my face anymore. It's a totally different language. But you know, it's just my face, right? *[laughs]*

**PLAYBOY:** When you were making *Knight and Day*, did Tom Cruise seem different from when you two did *Vanilla Sky* in 2001?

**DIAZ:** Same guy. Tom is super. He's a special person. He's passionate about making movies and passionate about his family. Those are the two most important things in his life, and he *lives* that. Working with Tom drove me to want to show up every day as driven and excited as he does.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you ratchet up your gym training because of him?

**DIAZ:** I just wanted to be strong and have the stamina to run up and down those streets and do whatever it took. Tom trained much harder than I did. He was like a maniac.

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*I might have seen Seth Rogen high but didn't completely know it. I didn't partake with him. He might have been high the entire time for all I know.*

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**PLAYBOY:** Have you always taken care of your body?

**DIAZ:** Never, until I did *Charlie's Angels*. I learned then what it feels like to be strong and capable and to realize my body's ability to be physical. I'm a physical person. If at any point in the day it became a struggle for me to do something, I couldn't forgive myself. At 37, I'm too young not to have strength and capability in my body.

**PLAYBOY:** Is it important that the man in your life is at least your physical match?

**DIAZ:** Absolutely. Women my age are expected to be as hot or hotter than 25-year-old women, but most men don't take care of themselves. As women get older, their bodies get better; my body certainly has. Women get to a place where all of a sudden we know we have to take care of ourselves and we do something about it. It's a totally different standard for men and women.

**PLAYBOY:** But aren't Hollywood guys fanatical about being in shape?

**DIAZ:** The challenge for a 37-year-old man is that a woman doesn't want him if he's not already successful. But women also want men to still be hot at 37. If a man has

become successful, he thinks he doesn't have to take care of himself to get the girl. I want to know that the man I'm with is taking care of himself. It's a virility thing, an animal thing.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you and Seth Rogen have any sort of animal thing going while making *The Green Hornet*?

**DIAZ:** I was on the movie only nine days. I play Lenore Case, who is the main character's secretary, and my stuff in the movie is just the beginning of our secretary-boss relationship. Seth is amazing. The director, Michel Gondry, is a super-eccentric genius. They're two very unlikely people to be making a superhero movie, so I'm sure it has to have something of a twist.

**PLAYBOY:** Rogen has been known to publicly sing the praises of weed. Did you ever see him partake?

**DIAZ:** I might have seen Seth high but didn't completely know it. I went to a party one night where I think there was some stoneage. People were definitely pretty baked, but I didn't partake with him at that time. *[laughs]* He might have been high the entire time for all I know.

**PLAYBOY:** You just finished making *Bad Teacher*, a comedy with Justin Timberlake. You two ended your relationship in 2007. How was it working with a former lover?

**DIAZ:** We're adults. Of course we could work together. It's been three years since we broke up. It's all done. We're living two completely different lives from the one we lived together, so why wouldn't it work? I wanted the best person for the job, and Justin's perfect. We knew as soon as he agreed to do the film the tabloids would have a field day with it, which they have. We also expected it would be sexist, with them saying I was "after him" in some way, like it was a soap opera or something. But we wouldn't let the small-mindedness of other people stop us from making the decision that was best for the film. We're friends; he's really talented and funny, and he *killed* it, he's so hilarious.

**PLAYBOY:** How do you feel about *Shrek Forever After* being the final movie of the franchise?

**DIAZ:** It's hard. I've loved playing the role in all four movies. I don't know what I can do about it. I keep saying that maybe I can start a petition to keep the *Shrek* movies going.

**PLAYBOY:** You were born in San Diego but grew up mostly in Long Beach. What were things like in the Diaz house?

**DIAZ:** My father was Cuban and my mother is English, German and Cherokee. They instilled a great work ethic in me and my sister, Chimene, who is two years older. They were young, really cool and worked their asses off. There was also a general party feel in my house. We all loved to laugh and loved being together. My mother was an importer-exporter, and my father was an oil foreman who ran crews digging holes in Brea, California. He hated his job. Every night he'd come  
*(continued on page 104)*

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## CONFESSIONS OF A TEA PARTY CONSULTANT

**E**verything I know about being a good consultant comes from *Fight Club*. Discretion is everything. Rule number one is you don't talk about consulting for the Tea Party. Rule number two is you don't talk about consulting for the Tea Party. The story about the wild characters who are shaping this campaign cycle is worth telling, but please excuse my anonymity.

I hold as many meetings as possible over Tanqueray and tonics at the St. Regis hotel on K Street in Washington, D.C. The bar is dark and private, with comfortable couches. Even the gin tastes better there. On weekday afternoons the only people in the bar are foreigners and political consultants long past caring about who actually wins.

"You're going to see something spectacular,"

an old friend who has a knack for black-bag operations said as he proudly downed his vodka. "About a month from now you'll see ACORN explode from within." Right on schedule a video was released that showed undercover conservative activists James O'Keefe and Hannah Giles getting advice from employees at the Baltimore office of the Association of Community Organizers for Reform Now on how to smuggle underage El Salvadoran girls into a fictitious brothel.

That's when I realized this isn't an average fringe movement. This one is credible, legit and—for the first time in a decade—scaring the crap out of the left. In my years as a campaign hack and then as a consultant, I've created more than my share of fake grassroots organizations. Some were downright evil but effective beyond expectations. Did you get an





**BY ANONYMOUS**



automated call from the sister of a 9/11 victim asking you to reelect President Bush in 2004? That was me. Did you get a piece of mail with the phrase *supports abortion on demand as a means of birth control*? That may have been me too.

Conservatives had been trying to take down ACORN for three decades. Where they failed, BigGovernment.com and my friends succeeded. In one magnificent explosion, a loose group of troublemakers, libertarians and Republicans took its first scalp. Sonja Merchant-Jones, former co-chair of ACORN's Maryland chapter, told *The New York Times* in March, "That 20-minute video ruined 40 years of good work."

The ACORN blood tasted good. Shortly after, a core group of about 30 of us convened for the first time. It was the kind of conference call during which no one, except the handful with nothing to lose, offered last names. But it didn't matter. I'd been around long enough to know many of the people by voice. Most of our talk was devoted to rants about the K Street lobbyists who are ruining the GOP. There I sat, in the quiet corner of a coffee shop on K Street, listening to a conference call beating the shit out of the people who keep me in business.

The cynical among us think it's a group of peasants with pitchforks controlled by an underground cabal of Glenn Beck, wealthy donors and the guys who killed JFK. But the worst thing I can say about the Tea Party I work for is that it can make lots of noise but can't win without professional help. I love the irony of helping run this organization from the St. Regis Bar.

This cause is worthier and more real than anything I've done in the past. I'm all in. When I met the colorful characters behind the organization, I was *really* all in. None of them were prom king, none went to college east of the Appalachians (even the Jews), and a lot of them smoke a pack a day just because they're not supposed to. Unlike most of the tired, airbrushed conservatives living in D.C., the homegrown activists I work with are the real deal. They may not read much, but they all know their Ayn Rand. Backcountry rubes they are not. They have tattoos, even tramp stamps. My favorite is on Katie O'Malley, the executive director of Ensuring Liberty Corporation: RONALD WILSON REAGAN, 1911-2004.

I get out of Washington whenever possible, especially during tourist season. In late spring I visited a Tea Party

rally in suburban St. Louis. It was what you would imagine: angst-ridden Caucasians sitting in lawn chairs with signs such as MY DAUGHTER IS NINE AND ALREADY \$41,000 IN DEBT. It was not an angry crowd, and in all candor I never heard a racist word uttered.

The speeches went on for hours. The sun was shining. It was the kind of day when you could take a nap under a tree. The organizer had personally delivered about a thousand activists. It was her big day. Two hours into the speeches she sat down on the warm grass next to me at the back of the rally and said, "This is the perfect day. Now all I need is a joint." That tells you everything you need to know about my friends.

We are tremendously plugged in to BigGovernment.com and its stable of writers. Our news cycle is measured in minutes, not days. Combine the DNA of a flash mob, a news addict and a conservative who feels betrayed by the spending excesses of George W. Bush, sprinkle in some anxiety and you've got my people.

**TEA PARTY MEMBERS ARE CONSERVATIVES, BUT DON'T CALL THEM REPUBLICANS.**


The campaign plan for one of the organizations I help uses the phrase *black arts* when talking about how we'll win in the fall. It's not a document filled with dirty tricks but a plan to create a nonprofit organization called Ensuring Liberty Corporation. It uses unconventional methods to get our message out and support grassroots conservatives: "Ensuring Liberty's relationships run deep into the new media and use of cloud computing and innovation along with the black arts of campaign management. That is not to say that [we] will undertake actions that contravene any legal or ethical principles; however, the use of surprise, investigative journalism and other key experience will allow for rapid deployment of strategies that many candidates simply do not understand or take advantage of during their actual election campaign." Of course, the Tea Party is not as cohesive as anyone thinks. It's not a party or even an organization. You have to understand the state of the Republican (continued on page 100)

Images from the grass roots (from top): As one protester in Minnesota demonstrates, the Tea Party is often hyperbolic. Much of the real strategic work is done online (that's Mike Flynn of BigGovernment.com at his laptop). Dirty tricks and pranks can be unusually effective (mug shots of men arrested for allegedly attempting to tamper with phones in Senator Mary Landrieu's office). Andrew Breitbart fires up a crowd in Nevada. Demonstrators rally outside the U.S. Capitol in March.





*“Well, gee—when he said he wanted to ‘hit the hay,’ I just figured he was sleepy...!”*



# GIRLS

OF THE

# WORLD CUP

THIS TEAM OF  
**HOT TALENT**  
CAN SHOW YOU  
HOW TO  
**PLAY THE  
GAME**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
**PETTER HEGRE**

In terms of global popularity, the World Cup is the greatest sporting event in existence. It's world war on the soccer field. Every four years one nation gets crowned preeminent. During these 31 days starting June 11, across the globe, fans pack bars to see their heroes gun for glory. The only ones working harder than the players? The bartenders pouring all those pints. Will defending champ Italy walk off with the laurels? Number one ranked Brazil? Stay tuned. Meanwhile **PLAYBOY** offers some World Cup talent that's worthy of its own highlight reel. Enjoy the action.



SWITZERLAND



SOUTH KOREA



BRAZIL



GREECE



GHANA



FRANCE



NORTH KOREA



NEW ZEALAND



ENGLAND



SLOVAKIA



USA



IVORY COAST



DENMARK



URUGUAY



NETHERLANDS



CAMEROON



ARGENTINA



ITALY



SLOVENIA



AUSTRALIA



SOUTH AFRICA



HONDURAS



PARAGUAY



JAPAN



CHILE



SPAIN



MEXICO



NIGERIA



PORTUGAL



ALGERIA



SERBIA

FUTURE CARS

# REINVENTING THE WHEEL

BY  
KEN  
GROSS

REPORTING FROM THE GENEVA AUTO SHOW, WE BRING YOU THE LATEST CONCEPT CARS FROM THE WORLD'S MOST EXOTIC MARQUES



PORSCHE 918 SPYDER

**N**ever has the hunt for new automotive technology figured more prominently in the public consciousness than it does today. Each year the fabled Geneva Auto Show presents the best efforts of the world's most exotic automakers to create the cars of the future, dream cars or cars of the future, the dramatic showstoppers they unveil ideas of automakers designed to their talented stylists and engineers to life. These one-of-a-kinds are designed to shock, tantalize, educate and challenge all who see them. Stunning though not always practical, they're futuristic rolling sculptures that point to where the industry is headed. Follow if you dare. In 2010 Geneva embraced a new city car from a venerable luxury brand, a hyperquick sedan and a sports coupe electric, a highly futuristic like nothing ever before seen. Let's have a closer look.



## PORSCHE 918 SPYDER

GERMANY'S LATEST SILVER ARROW IS A HYBRID STUNNER

**DOES TODAY'S HEIGHTENED** environmental awareness mean the end of high-horsepower supercars? Porsche's latest world-view projects a hybrid future. The sleek 918 Spyder offers more than a hint of what the German company has in store. Check out these stats: more than 500 bhp at 9,200 rpm, zero to 62 in 3.2 seconds, 78 miles per gallon(!). Porsche claims the car is capable of a sub-7.5-minute lap at the Nürburgring. This is the next Porsche supercar, have no doubt. Power emanates from a 3.4-liter V8 linked to three electric motor-generators. Energy is stored via a lightweight lithium-ion battery pack located behind the seats. On full electric you sail along, helped by ultralight construction (the Spyder weighs only 3,285 pounds) and advanced aerodynamics. Shift to Sport Hybrid or, even better, Race Hybrid, and the adjustable wing extends to improve downforce, ram air scoops boost thermodynamic efficiency, and the 918 knocks on the 200 mph door. Porsche will test its radical hybrid system in its 911 GT3 R Hybrid at the 24-hour Nürburgring endurance race. The company would like to run it at Le Mans in a few years.



### HIGH ROLLER

Hailed by many as the most beautiful hybrid ever, Porsche's latest concept car claims near 200 mph speeds and 78 mpg. Inside, as in an F1 car, all major controls are grouped close to the steering wheel. The center console is slick and intuitive.



**CARROZZERIA BERTONE HAS PRODUCED** outrageous bodies for Alfa Romeo since the 1930s and Ferraris starting in the 1950s. One repeating theme from this Turin coachbuilder has been show cars with an entire side that opens for ease of access and no small amount of drama. The Pandion, which celebrates Bertone's 75 years of collaboration with Alfa, catapults this sidewinder concept into a new iteration. Named for a fierce sea hawk, the Pandion has spectacular 12-foot-long doors, which are inspired by the flying predator's wings. Mike Robinson, leading Bertone's design team, reinterpreted the "inherent

duality" in the Alfa Romeo badge's man-eating snake and cross with a theme he calls "skin and frame." The skin refers to the twisted snake, which represents Italy's tradition of seductive automotive beauty; the cross (or frame) represents the country's historic excellence in technical advancements. Resolving the tension between these opposites underlines the Pandion's essential message: sensual and technological, emotional and rational, organic and structural, industrial and artisanal. The front-mounted Alfa 4.7-liter V8 (shared with several Maserati models) puts out 440 bhp. Top speed: 199 mph.

## BERTONE PANDION

NEW MOVEMENT IN ITALIAN DESIGN



## MERCEDES F800 STYLE STEP INTO THE NEXT-GEN SEDAN

**MERCEDES-BENZ CELEBRATES ITS** 125th birthday next year, so leave it to the Benz boys (and girls) to present the premium sedan of the future. The F800 Style research vehicle is what you'd expect from the industry's high-tech and safety leader. The car's DISTRONIC Plus Traffic Jam Assistant, for example, lets the F800 automatically follow the vehicle in front of it, even into bends, without steering input. (Yes, the car can drive itself.) As for power, buyers may have two options: electric drive with fuel cells or a plug-in hybrid configuration. The electric's 136 bhp motor develops 184 foot/pounds of torque. The front-mounted fuel cell, a quartet of hydrogen tanks and a lithium-ion battery are tucked neatly out of harm's way in the event of a crash. Alternatively, the speedy hybrid links a 3.5-liter 300 bhp V6 with a 109 bhp electric motor. The city driving range in all-electric mode is about 18 miles, emissions free. Even better, zero to 62 mph with all systems go is 4.9 seconds. Mercedes says this plug-in hybrid will be an option for its next S-Class.



**THE ROAD AHEAD**  
M-B's radical F800 offers sliding rear doors for improved access. The control panel is touch and voice activated, so you never have to take your eyes off the road.

## FERRARI 599 HY-KERS MARANELLO ROLLS OUT ITS FIRST HYBRID



**FERRARI'S TECHNOLOGICAL** innovations have always centered on the art of performance while never failing to stay true to the marque's history and tradition. So a hybrid from the Italian supercar maker is a bit of a shocker. Ferrari outfitted its 599 GTB Fiorano with its Hybrid Kinetic Energy Recovery System (HY-KERS). Engineers kept the 599's lusty V12, but its alternator is replaced with a motor-generator to drive accessories when the engine isn't running. Three battery packs are tucked below the floor pan. You get all the hybrid tricks: regenerative braking, low-speed electric drive, even an electric boost when you hammer the accelerator. The reenergized V12 simultaneously propels the car and charges the battery pack. Given the strict European emissions regs that are pending, Ferrari plans to deliver the car to customers in the not too distant future.



**REVERED BY BRITISH ROYALTY**, driven by 007, a winner at Le Mans, Aston Martin epitomizes good taste and old money. Some say Aston's audacious chief executive, Dr. Ulrich Bez, has gone a London Bridge too far with his Cygnet concept. The logic is simple: European cities are old and subject to pollution, with little room to drive, let alone park. But people of discernment don't take the Underground. The answer? A luxury mini-commuter. Aston took a Toyota iQ city car and hand finished it with magnificent leathers, special paint, lots of high tech and a killer six-speaker stereo. Under the skin: a 1.3-liter four-cylinder that gets 58.9 mpg and emits very little CO<sub>2</sub>. Aston plans to put the concept into production early next year, with a tag upward of \$45,000.

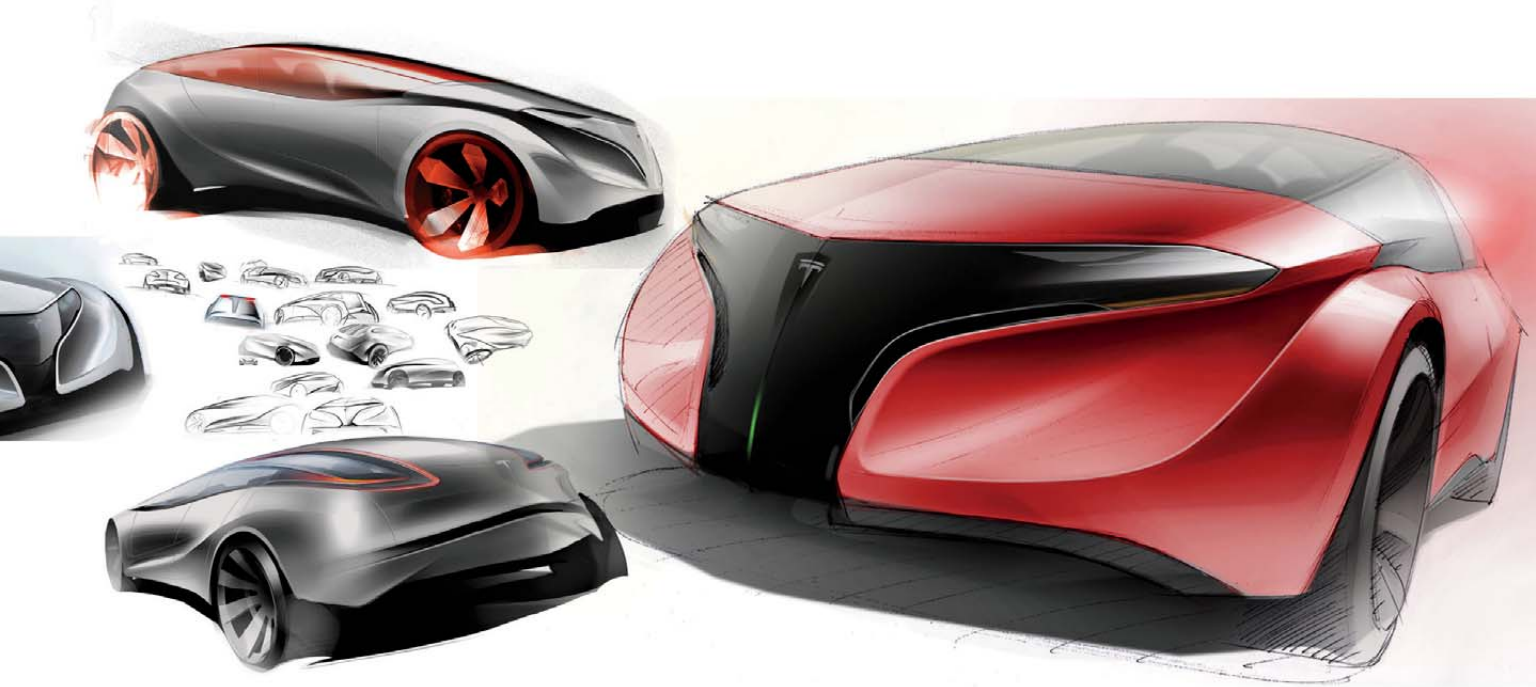
### LUXURY FUEL SIPPER

The motoring press has hammered Aston Martin for its Cygnet, basically a Toyota iQ dressed up with the appointments you'd expect from the superluxe British carmaker, such as a bespoke interior and an iPod dock. Will Aston buyers bite? We'll see.



**ASTON MARTIN  
CYGNET**  
BRITISH STYLE MEETS  
JAPANESE UTILITARIANISM





**IED TESLA EYE**  
A VISION OF THE COMPACT OF TOMORROW



**TESLA, CALIFORNIA'S INNOVATIVE** electric-car maker, sells a speedy Roadster, but at \$109,000, only rich kids need apply. Tesla's Model S sedan is refined and upscale. The manufacturer needs a youthful, affordable plug-in car to appeal to new buyers. Tesla design chief Franz von Holzhausen retained Instituto Europeo di Design of Turin to develop a concept. The assignment: Design a full-size model of an affordable compact 2+2. With help from Pininfarina's Luca Borgogno and Fiat designer Andrea Militello, 11 graduate students teamed up on this green dream car. Called the IED Tesla EYE, the sensationally swoopy and aerodynamic concept is 167 inches long, about eight inches shorter than a Prius and with a slightly lower height. The roofline opens, offering the possibility of transforming the EYE into a roadster or even a sporty pickup truck. The show car had no engine. Will the company build it? Probably not, but we can expect to see some of its elements in future Teslas.

**BACK TO THE FUTURE** THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE AMERICAN CONCEPT CAR



In the 1950s and 1960s, big auto companies realized the value of the dream car as a marketing tool—how a striking piece of science fiction on wheels could nudge potential customers into a showroom. Here are a few favorites, clockwise from above: Ford's 1962 Seattle-ite XXI had four steerable front wheels; Alfa Romeo's 1953 Bat 5; GM's 1956



Firebird II, inspired by the new breed of military jets; Plymouth's 1960 XNR; Ford's 1954 FX-Atmos; Buick's 1951 LeSabre, designed by the great Harley Earl.



# Joanna Silvestri

SHE'S A WORLD-RENOWNED

pornstar

-- A LEGEND --

AND THIS HAS ITS pleasures

AND PAINS

FICTION BY ROBERTO BOLAÑO

for Paula Massot

**H**ere I am, Joanna Silvestri, 37 years of age, profession: porn star, on my back in the Clinique Les Trapèzes in Nîmes, watching the afternoons go by, listening to the stories of a Chilean detective. Who is this man looking for? A ghost? I know a lot about ghosts, I told him the second afternoon, the last time he came to see me, and he smiled like an old rat, like an old rat agreeing listlessly, like an improbably polite old rat. Anyway, thank you for the flowers and the magazines, but I can barely remember the person you're looking for, I told him. Don't rack your brains, he said, I've got plenty of time. When a man says he has plenty of time, he's already snared (so how much time he has is irrelevant), and you can do whatever you like with him. But of course that isn't true. Sometimes I get to thinking about the men who've lain at my feet, and I shut my eyes and when I open them again the walls of the room are painted other colors, not the bone white I see every day, but streaky vermilion, nauseous blue, like the daubs of that awful painter Attilio Corsini. Awful paintings I'd rather not remember, but I do, and that memory flushes out others, like an enema, other memories with a sepia tone to them, which set the afternoons wavering slightly and are hard to bear at first but in the end they can even be fun. I haven't had that many men at my feet, actually: two or three, and it didn't last, they're all behind me now—that's just the way of the world. That's what I was thinking, and I would have liked to share it with him, even though I didn't know him at all, but I didn't say any of this to the Chilean detective. And as if to make up for that lack of generosity, I called him Detective, I might have said something about solitude and intelligence, and although he hastened to say, I'm





not a detective, Madame Silvestri, I could tell that he was glad I'd said it; I was looking into his eyes when I spoke, and although he didn't seem to turn a hair, I noticed the fluttering, as if a bird had flown through his head. One thing stood in for the other: I didn't say what I was thinking, but I said something that I knew he would like. I said something that I knew would bring back pleasant memories. As if someone, preferably a stranger, were to speak to me now about the Civitavecchia Adult Film Festival or the Berlin Erotic Film Fair or the Barcelona Exhibition of Pornographic Cinema and Video, and mention my triumphs, my real and imaginary triumphs, or about 1990—the best year of my life—when I went to Los Angeles, almost under duress, on a Milan-L.A. flight that I thought would be exhausting but in fact went by like a dream, like the dream I had on the plane (it must have been somewhere over the Atlantic): I dreamed that we were heading for Los Angeles but going via Asia, with stops in Turkey, India and China, and from the window—I don't know why the plane was flying so low, but at no point were we, the passengers, at risk—I could see trains stretching away in vast caravans, a mad but precisely orchestrated railway mobilization, like an enormous clockwork mechanism spread out over the region, not a part of the world that I know (except for a trip to India in 1987, which is better forgotten),

done with Robbie's brother; Bull Edwards, I didn't know him; Darth Krecick, the name rang a bell; Jennifer Pullman, another stranger to me; and so on, three or four others, and then Robbie and Ronnie went and left me on my own, and I double locked the doors as they had insisted I must, and then I took a bath, wrapped myself in a black bathrobe and looked for an old movie on TV, something to relax me completely, and at some point I fell asleep there on the sofa. The next day we started shooting. It was all so different from the way I remembered it. In two weeks we made four movies in all, with more or less the same team, and working for Robbie Pantoliano was like playing and working at the same time; it was like one of those day trips that office workers and bureaucrats organize in Italy, especially in Rome: Once a year they all go out to the country for a meal and to leave the office and its worries behind, but this was better, the sun was better, and the apartments and the sea, and catching up with the girls I'd known before, and the atmosphere on the set: debauched but fresh, the way it should be, and I think it came up when I was talking with Shane Bogart and one of the girls, the way things had changed,

**THE INDUSTRY WAS UNDERGOING MAJOR CHANGES BECAUSE OF A**



**COMBINATION OF FACTORS: MONEY, NEW PLAYERS, THE DISEASE.**

and there were people embarking and disembarking and goods being loaded and unloaded, all of it clearly visible, as if I were looking at one of those animations that economists use to explain how things work, their origins and destinations, their movement and inertia. And when I arrived in Los Angeles, Robbie Pantoliano, Adolfo Pantoliano's brother, was waiting for me at the airport, and as soon as I saw Robbie I could tell he was a gentleman, quite the opposite of his brother Adolfo (may he rest in peace or do his time in purgatory, I wouldn't wish hell on anyone), and outside there was a limousine waiting for me, the kind you only see in Los Angeles, not even in New York, only in Beverly Hills or Orange County, and we went to the place they'd rented for me, a unit by the beach, it was small but sweet, and Robbie and his secretary Ronnie stayed to help me unpack my bags (though I said really I'd prefer to do it on my own) and explain how everything worked in the unit, as if I didn't know what a microwave oven was—Americans are like that sometimes, so nice they end up being rude—and then they put on a video so I could see the actors I'd be working with: Shane Bogart, who I knew already from a movie I'd

and naturally, for a start, I put it down to the death of Adolfo Pantoliano, who was a thug and a crook of the worst kind, a guy who had no respect, not even for his own long-suffering whores; when a bastard like that disappears, you're bound to notice the difference, but Shane Bogart said no, it wasn't that; Pantoliano's death, which had come as a relief, even to his own brother, was just a detail in the bigger picture, the industry was undergoing major changes, he said, because of a combination of apparently unrelated factors: money, new players coming in from other sectors, the disease, the demand for a product that would be different but not too different; then they started talking about money and the way a lot of porn stars were crossing over to the regular movie industry at the time, but I wasn't listening, I was thinking back to what they'd said about the disease, and remembering Jack Holmes, who'd been California's number one porn star just a few years before, and when we finished up that day I said to Robbie and Ronnie that I'd like to find out how Jack Holmes was doing and asked them if they had his number, if he was still living in Los Angeles. And although Robbie and Ronnie thought it was a crazy idea at first, eventually they gave me Jack's phone number and told me to call him if that's what I wanted to do but not to expect him to be coherent, (continued on page 97)



*"Are you absolutely sure this package contains no explosives whatsoever?"*



20

BY STEPHEN REBELLO  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
MATTHIAS CLAMER

## TRUE BLOOD'S 174-YEAR-OLD VAMPIRE TALKS ABOUT HIS ON-SCREEN-OFFSCREEN LOVE AFFAIR, HUMAN-ON-UNDEAD SEX AND WHAT HE REALLY THINKS ABOUT *TWILIGHT*

### Q1

**PLAYBOY:** We're about to see you in your third season of playing Bill Compton, the hot-blooded, brooding, reformed 174-year-old Southern vampire on *True Blood*. Having shared many of the show's steamiest sex scenes with Anna Paquin, who plays Sookie Stackhouse, a vampire-loving telepathic waitress, what can you tell us about human-on-undead sex?

**MOYER:** Unlike werewolves, who are very hot, vampires are steely cold, so sex with the undead isn't going to get hot and crispy. There's no heartbeat, no adrenaline rush as you get close to the moment. But in terms of speed and timing, you may be able to have sex that lasts for days. Vampire sex is muscular and physical, so it could be tiring for a human guy to have sex with a female vampire. I often think a lot of women's attraction to vampires is based on the fact that vampires come from centuries ago, from eras of chivalry and courtly virtues. So it's about being treated like a lady but being physically overtaken in the sack.

### Q2

**PLAYBOY:** Is the sexual dynamic you just described anything like the one you have in real life with Paquin, whom you met, fell in love with and became engaged to since the two of you started doing *True Blood* in 2008?

**MOYER:** She doesn't pull punches. I'll take 74,000 words to express an emotion because I fear hurting someone's feelings. Anna will do it in three words. But we trust each other so *(continued on page 115)*



STEPHEN  
MOYER

# SLEEP

## IS A BATTLEFIELD

BY KEVIN COOK



As researchers unlock the mysteries of the human dream state and the need for rest, they find buried evolutionary cues, keys to wakefulness and the borderline between memory and madness

**A** screen door hangs open. Voices inside, shouting. You haven't slept for 40 hours, but you're wired, adrenalized, Glock drawn, following the voices to the kitchen—

—where a black male, early 20s, has a black female by the arm. He's got a gun. She's holding a baby.

You announce yourself. "Police!"

He aims at you. The baby's head is inches from the barrel of his gun. Do you shoot? No, you hesitate for the split second it takes him to say

*"Motherfucker!"*

—and kill you. *Pop pop.* Bullets hit your chest and you think, *Ow, that stings!*

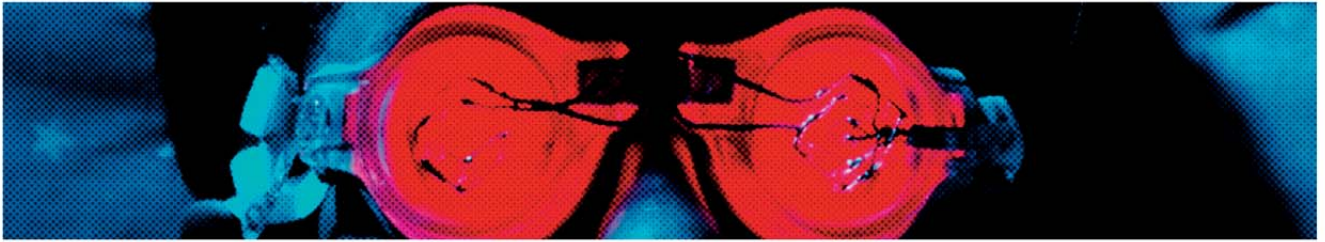
Too bad. You were too slow. The air cannon over the simulator got you with nylon bullets that leave red blotches on your chest. Those welts would be bloody holes if this were real life instead of a simulation in a lab at Washington State University Spokane, where you just died in the name of sleep science.

"Deadly-force scenarios can tell us a lot," says Bryan Vila, director of the university's Simulated Hazardous Operational Tasks Laboratory. A tattooed ex-marine and former police chief, Vila is studying the reaction time and judgment of cops. "What's the impact of the adrenaline burst that hits you when a situation turns deadly? Can it offset a night without sleep? Two nights?" Like many of us, police officers are often sleep-deprived, working overtime and double shifts. Vila, who wrote

A STANFORD UNIVERSITY RESEARCHER WEARS GOGGLES THAT SHOW WHEN HE STARTS DREAMING DURING REM CYCLES.







the book *Tired Cops*, expects his work to save lives on both sides of the badge. Next door to his lab, where cops trade their service revolvers for simulation-ready laser Glockes, is WSU Spokane's Sleep and Performance Research Center. Here law enforcement types and other experimental subjects sleep under infrared cameras in beds hooked to brainwave monitors. The data aren't in yet, but sleep is starting to give up its secrets.



Sleep science didn't start until the 1890s. In those days nobody knew if your brain shut off like a light at night or opened at the ears to let dream demons in. Researchers didn't identify rapid eye movement (REM) sleep until 1953. (They considered reporting it earlier, but they were worried about wasting paper on something so weird.) Since then the field has boomed, with the most striking discoveries coming in the past few decades:

- Seventy million Americans have trouble sleeping. Some are proud of it, but they may be deluded or insane. The more we learn about sleep, the more essential it turns out to be.
- Fatigue costs the U.S. economy an estimated \$136 billion a year.
- Chronic sleep deprivation screws up hormones and may help cause obesity—a finding that could get McDonald's off the hook.

boiled down to an in-joke: Sleep is like sex, money and Johnnie Walker Blue. Most of us don't get enough.



You don't have to be a cop, a firefighter or an air traffic controller for sleep to be a matter of life and death. All you have to do is drive to work.

"Falling asleep at the wheel is epidemic," says Dr. William Dement, who founded the world's first sleep lab, the Stanford University Sleep Research Center. Dement drives defensively, particularly at night, because he knows America's roads are full of half-asleep drivers who cause 100,000 crashes and more than 1,500 deaths a year. People who wouldn't dream of driving drunk think nothing of driving drowsy: In one poll 28 percent of licensed drivers admitted to nodding off at the wheel. That translates into more than 50 million drivers. Add a few drinks and Saturday night turns into a demolition derby.

Perhaps you think you can tough it out—focus harder, roll down the window. Dement says you're wrong. "The problem is sleep deficits impair your judgment," he says. "You may think you're fine, but you're weaving down the road."

Most drivers have experienced microsleeps, nodding off at the wheel for a second or two. You wake when your tires hit the shoulder

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## "THE TROUBLE IS WHEN MICROSLEEPS HAPPEN AT A CURVE. THEN YOU'RE FLYING OFF THE ROAD."

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- According to one theory, dreams can break through into waking life—that's schizophrenia.
- Lack of sleep exaggerates the effect of alcohol. With enough sleeplessness, three drinks can hit you as hard as six.
- Ducks sleep with half a brain. One hemisphere sleeps while the other—including a wide-open eye on the opposite side—keeps a lookout for predators.
- Elephants sleep about four hours a day, opossums 18. Bees are like us: six to eight hours. The researcher who did the bee study said he knew they were asleep because their antennae got droopy.
- Some people sleepwalk. Others sleep-eat, sleep-drive or sleep-e-mail.

Still the prime question looms: What is sleep? To Shakespeare it was "nature's soft nurse." To Poe, "slices of death." We know that we eat to get fuel and breathe to oxygenate our blood, but at the end of the day—and the night—sleep is still a mystery. It's possible the brain needs to shift gears while its cells repair themselves. Maybe sleep is for memory filing, with some of the day's memories getting saved while others are sent to the trash. Or maybe evolution built us to lie low at night, safe from nocturnal predators. For now everything anybody knows for sure can be

or a curb. "That's a common occurrence," says Vila. "Usually nothing bad happens because most roads are straight. The trouble is when microsleeps happen at a curve. Then you're flying off the road when you open your eyes."

The airborne car is one outcome of sleep dep. There's also the melting nuclear core, the exploding spaceship and the big-box store zombie. Sleep-deprived workers helped cause the Three Mile Island meltdown in 1979, the *Challenger* space shuttle explosion in 1986, the Chernobyl nuclear disaster in 1986 and the *Exxon Valdez* oil spill in 1989. Reality shows stress contestants by keeping them awake. A lack of sleep makes for better TV—high emotions and low inhibitions.

Or take the lousy work of a discount chain employee who describes his attitude as "sleepy as hell but used to it." Like countless others, he works in a world where sleep deprivation is the new normal. He behaves like a tired old circus tiger dozing on his chair, eyelids drooping, only waking when a whip is cracked. Then he nods off again, missing his cues while the other tigers roar and jump through hoops. When the spotlight hits him at the end of the show, he prances to his cage as if he hasn't missed a beat.

How can people live this way? They think, *(continued on page 112)*



Olivia

*"How many friends did you say are coming over tonight...?"*

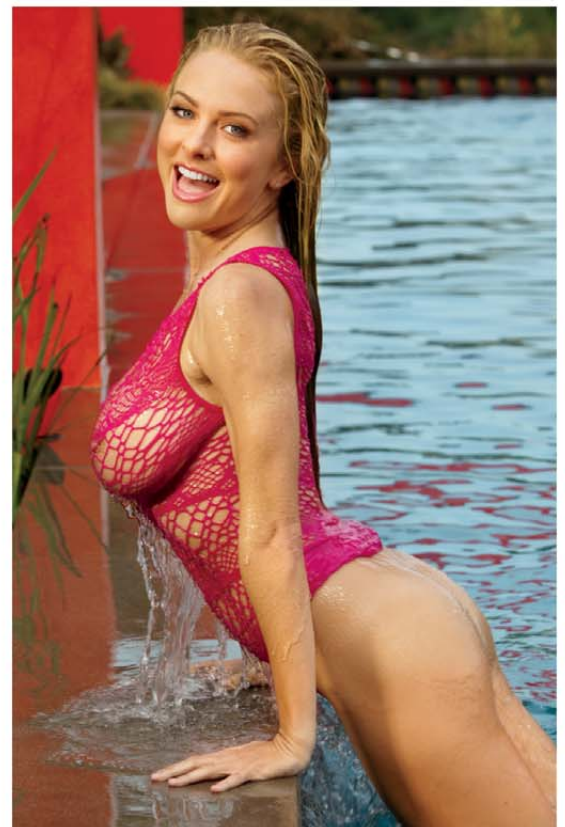


**N**ot long after arriving in Los Angeles from Orlando last August, Shanna Marie McLaughlin spotted an ad on Craigslist for a new Playboy TV reality series, *Playboy Shootout*. Sensing the perfect opportunity to launch a modeling and acting career, she decided to try out for the show, a contest featuring 10 models and 10 photographers, each vying for a chance to appear in the magazine. Shanna not only aced the audition, she won the entire competition. “The whole experience of being judged while naked and surrounded by cameras was amazing but also completely nuts!” says the 25-year-old, who describes herself as a “guy’s girl” for her love of fishing, football and darts. “It was like Playmate boot camp.” With her modeling career successfully under way, Shanna now hopes to turn her attention to another passion—business. Before leaving for California, she was three classes shy of earning a master’s degree in business administration from the University of Central Florida. In fact, she already co-owns an event-planning company in Florida called Tiki Bash (“Get tropically impaired,” boasts its website). “I want to use my business background and stature as a Playmate to help form a charitable foundation that acts as an angel investment firm for women looking to go to graduate school or start their own company,” she explains. “I am determined to fight the stereotype perpetuated by the media that Playmates are all ditzy blondes. Personally, I am incredibly proud of this experience. Becoming a Playmate was always a dream of mine, so now that the dream has come true, watch out!”

BOTTOM LEFT: MISS JULY SHANNA MARIE MCLAUGHLIN STRIKES A WINNING POSE FOR PHOTOGRAPHER KATE ROMERO ON THE REALITY SERIES *PLAYBOY SHOOTOUT*.

# WINNER TAKE ALL

**SHANNA CAPTURED TOP HONORS ON PLAYBOY TV'S *SHOOTOUT*. NOW SHE'S MISS JULY**



**PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG**









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



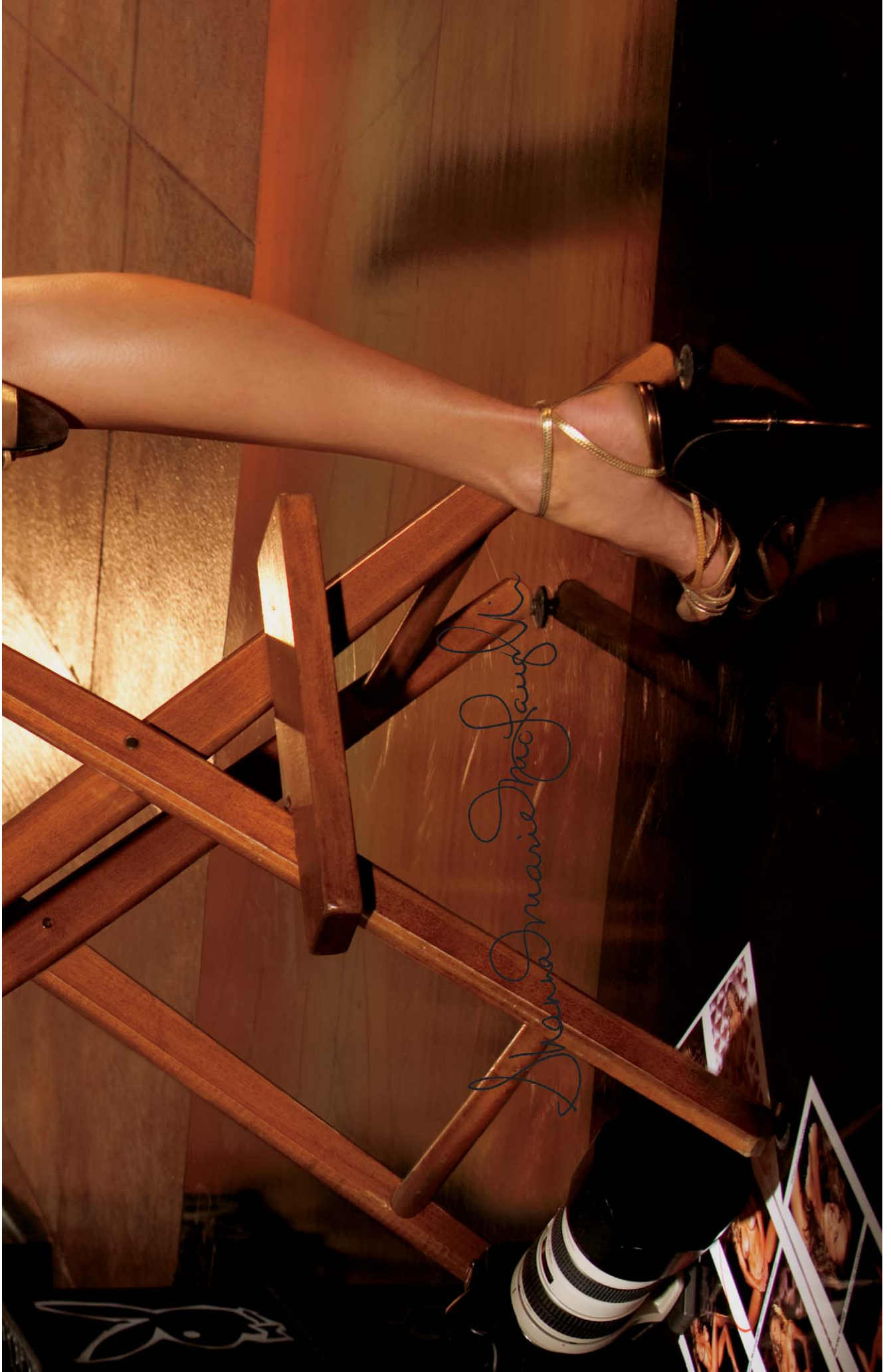


MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







*Shana Marie MacLaughlin*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shanna Marie McLaughlin  
BUST: 34DD WAIST: 26 HIPS: 36  
HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 123



BIRTH DATE: 5/10/85 BIRTHPLACE: West Palm Beach, FL

AMBITIONS: I want to do a lot in life—act, model, own my own business and start a foundation.

TURN-ONS: Adventurous, spontaneous, athletic guys with a positive, fun-loving attitude. Inspire me. ☺

TURNOFFS: I can't stand guys who are lazy, have a negative attitude, try way too hard and are not confident in themselves.... It shows!

MY DEFINITION OF SEXY: A woman who is completely comfortable in her own skin and not afraid to flaunt it.

FAVE TV SHOW: I have seen every episode of Seinfeld. It feeds my German-Irish sense of sarcasm—I enjoy playfully teasing and being teased. ☺

SUMMER PASSION: I love the sun, sand, water and spirit of the islands! It's all about the vitamin D!



Horse camp, age 13.



A budding Playmate, Halloween 2000.



My first modeling shot, 16 years old.



*Maria Marie Mofa*

MISS JULY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



*Signature*

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** man in a nursing home received a bottle of wine as a birthday gift. Excited, he convinced the woman who lived in the room next to his to share it with him. After they finished the wine the man began to fondle the woman and remove her clothes. He managed to get her blouse and bra off before she stopped him.

"I can't do this," she said. "I have acute angina."

"God, I hope so," the man replied, "because you've got the ugliest tits I've ever seen."

**W**hat is the definition of mixed feelings?

Watching your mother-in-law back off a cliff in your new car.



**A** couple was watching a documentary about a West African tribe. They learned that when each male member of this particular tribe reaches a certain age, he has a string with a weight attached to it tied around his penis. After a while the weight stretches the penis until it's 24 inches long.

Later that evening, as the man was getting out of the shower, his wife said, "Why don't we try the African string-and-weight technique?"

The husband agreed, and they tied a string with a weight to his penis.

A few days later the wife asked, "How is our little experiment coming along?"

"Well," the husband replied, "it looks like we're about halfway there."

Impressed, the wife said, "You mean it's already grown to 12 inches?"

"No," the husband replied. "It's turning black."

**A** man and his wife went to see a marriage counselor to try to work out some of their problems. Once they were seated together on the therapist's couch, the counselor said, "To start off, let's talk about something the two of you have in common."

"Well," the husband said, "neither of us sucks dick."

**A** man accidentally bumped into a woman in a hotel lobby and his elbow collided directly with her breast.

"I'm so sorry," the man said, "but if your heart is as soft as your breast, I know you'll be able to forgive me."

The woman replied, "If your penis is as hard as your elbow, I'm in room 221."

**V**iagra ought to come in liquid form.

Then you could really pour yourself a stiff one.

**A**n elderly man entered a confessional booth and said, "Father, I just had a threesome with two college coeds."

"Your penance will be to recite two 'Our Fathers,'" the priest replied.

"I don't know how to do that," the man said. "I'm not Catholic."

"Well then why are you telling me this?" the priest asked.

"Because, Father," the man replied, "I'm telling everyone!"



**T**hree friends were debating which of them had the best memory.

The first man bragged, "I can remember the first day of first grade."

"Oh yeah?" the second man countered. "Well, I can remember my first day of nursery school."

"Hell, that's nothing," the third man said. "I can remember going to the senior prom with my father and coming home with my mother."

**H**ow can a man tell when a woman is too fat for him?

If she sits on his face and he can't hear the stereo.

*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.*



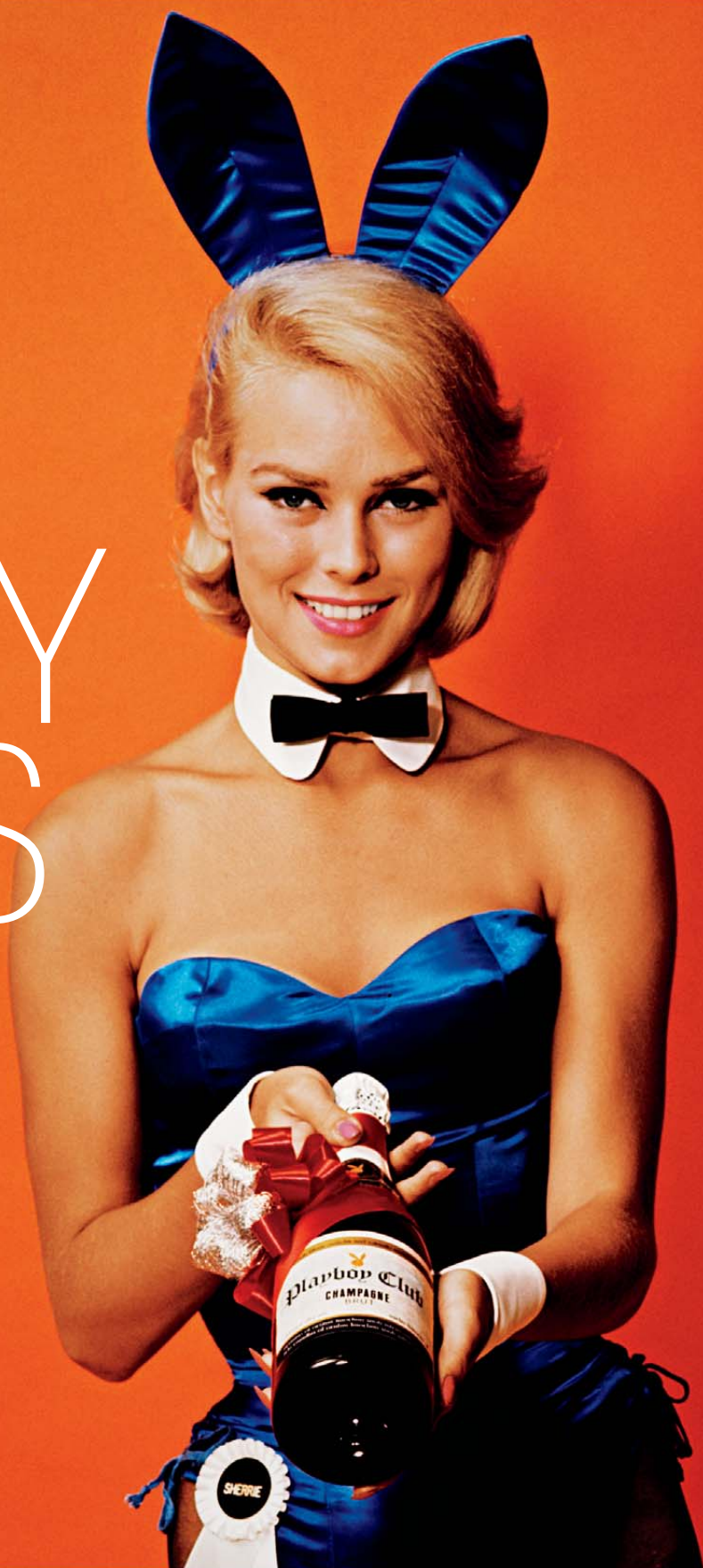


*"When you invited me to join you and your girlfriends for a foursome, I naturally assumed...."*

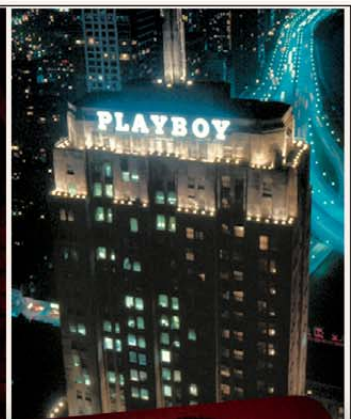
# THE BUNNY YEARS

FIFTY YEARS AGO HUGH HEFNER  
CREATED A BRICK-AND-MORTAR  
VERSION OF HIS MAGAZINE. IN SO  
DOING, HE CHANGED THE WORLD

BY NEAL GABLER



# IN THE BEGINNING



When the first Playboy Club opened on February 29, 1960 on Chicago's Walton Street, there was an almost immediate sense that something momentous was happening, some kind of cultural milestone.

## A State of Mind

The clubs were manifestations of the PLAYBOY lifestyle, yet they were more than mere pleasure domes. In a period of racial turmoil the clubs were integrated and featured black entertainers. Note Hef (below left) with a bevy of Bunnies before cuffs and collars became part of the uniform.



As humorist Art Buchwald put it, "Not many people are aware of it, but Chicago has become the sex symbol capital of the United States."



Crowds swarmed—nearly 17,000 guests



### Bunnies in High Places

The Bunnies were associated with the allure of air travel. *Big Bunny* (left) had its own crew of Jet Bunnies. At right, a Bunny serves bubbly on a 1961 charter flight to the Miami Playboy Club opening.



came in the first month alone. In the last three months of 1961 the club welcomed more than 132,000 visitors, making it the busiest nightspot in the world and the flagship of what would become a new and transformative enterprise that would soon have outposts across the country and in places as far-flung as Manila, Jamaica, London and Japan. The Playboy Club would also create a new American ideal: the Bunny.

Hugh Hefner had already revolutionized (text continued on page 108)

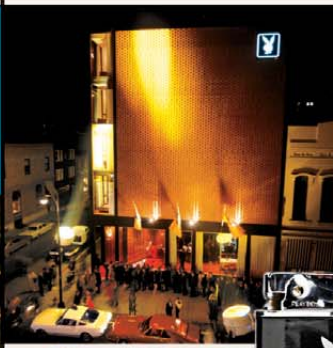


See more cotton-tails at [playboy.com/bunny50](http://playboy.com/bunny50).



THE FIRST PLAYBOY CLUB OPENED IN CHICAGO AT 116 EAST WALTON STREET. THE DOORS SWUNG OPEN FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE COLD NIGHT OF **FEBRUARY 29, 1960.**

# GOING GLOBAL



## STAR BUNNIES

It came as no surprise that Bunnies became stars. Deborah Harry, Gloria Steinem and Lauren Hutton (below, from top) all did the Bunny dip at the New York club.



## A National Groove

The club concept spread across the U.S., from New York to San Francisco. That's Playmate Joyce Nizzari (above left) opening the doors to the New Orleans club.



## Bunny Fete

Bunnies were entertainers, too. The 1976 Bunny of the Year Pageant was broadcast as an ABC-TV special.

## COOL BRITANNIA

The London Playboy Club (below) swung with its fabled casino, while the Manchester Casino Club (above) staked its reputation on hot dice and beautiful women.



## International

Playboy Clubs were popular across the globe. Above, Yurika Aoki welcomes members to the Tokyo hutch.



Miami

montreal

Los Angeles

LAKE GENEVA

GREAT BURGE

DETROIT

PHOENIX

KANSAS CITY

MANCHESTER

NEW ORLEANS

Cincinnati

BOSTON

Portland

San Francisco

# HOTELS & RESORTS



## Winter Wonderland

The fun ranged from tropical to boreal, as Lake Geneva and Great Gorge offered a variety of winter pursuits.



## BUNNY BAY, JAMAICA

The Jamaica resort was the first club operation outside the U.S. It offered everything from water sports to limbo dancing, with no shortage of pulchritude among the staff.



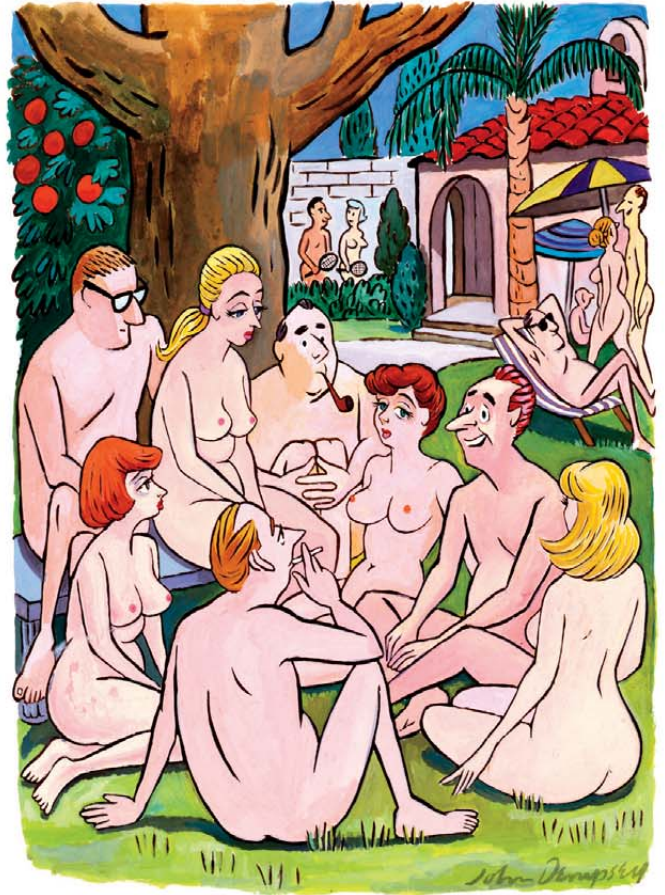
-   
ATLANTA
-   
NEW YORK
-   
JAMAICA
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CHICAGO
-   
Southwest
-   
St. Louis
-   
London

# NUDISTS

BY JOHN DEMPSEY



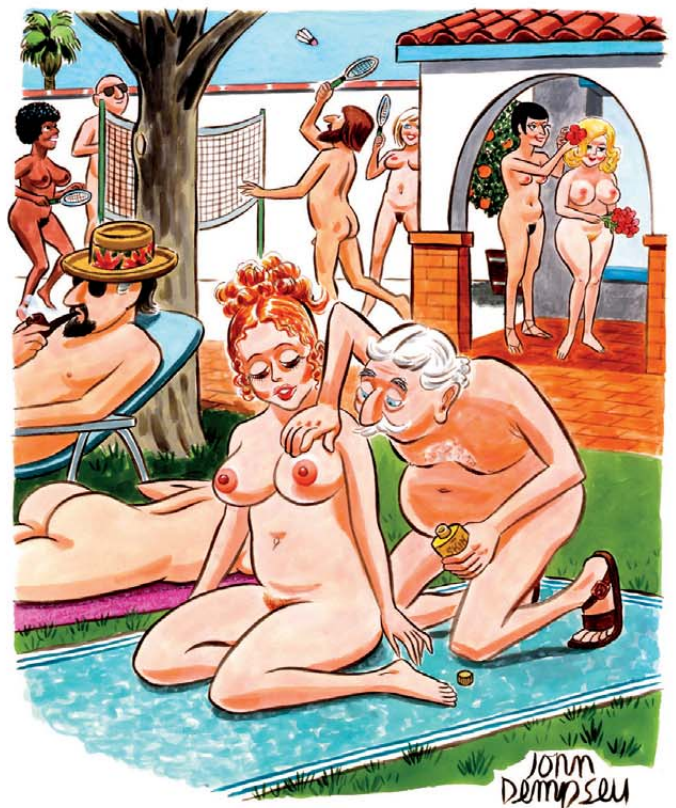
*"We can't go on meeting like this, Charles. My husband is getting suspicious."*



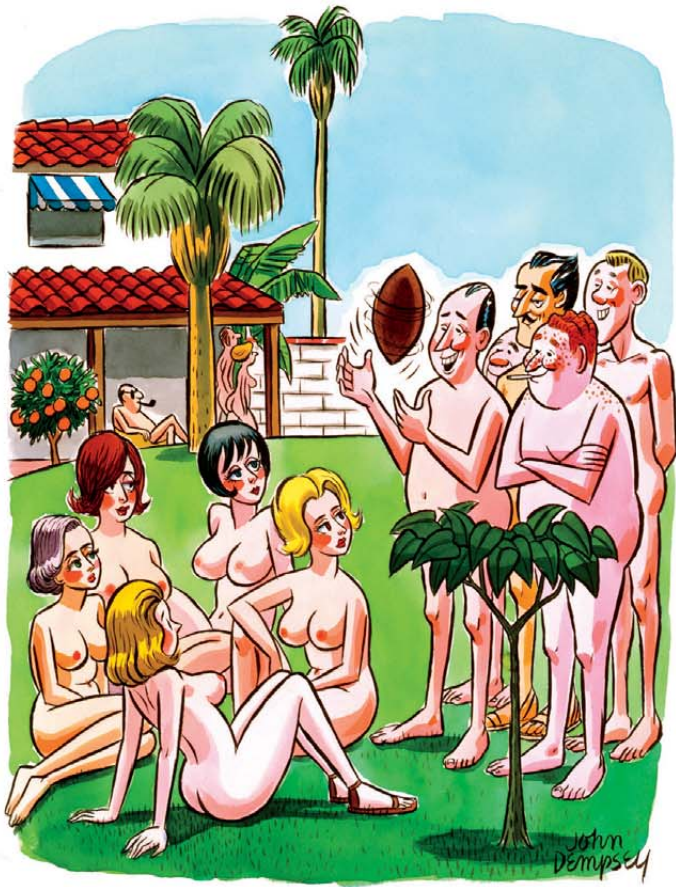
*"I've got it! Let's all get dressed and play strip poker."*



*"Miss Cavendish! I didn't know you'd been away."*



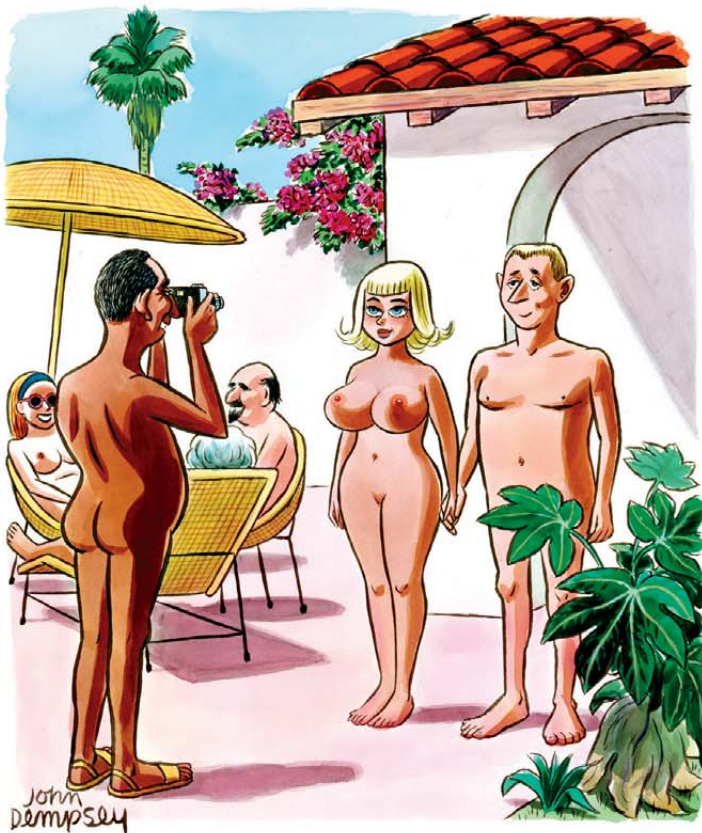
*"Thank you very much, Mr. Gray, but I'll do those."*



*"Anyone for touch football?"*



*"Oops—sorry!"*



*"Look natural...!"*



*"Hey, look at Miss Summers without her glasses. Why—why, she's beautiful!"*

photography by RICHARD IZUI  
story by JIM LARSON



01

Gübelin's Moon Phase is an emblem of worldliness, displaying the day and month in Spanish. In the 1950s it exemplified Rat Pack style (Peter Lawford et al.).



02



Gruen's Air Flight was intended for the civilian—and exceedingly wealthy—aviator, à la Howard Hughes and his equally flush ilk.



03



04



As part of their military service during World War II, British Royal Air Force officers received this Omega watch.



# THE TEST

OF

# TIME

THE FUNCTION OF A TYPICAL WATCH: TO TELL TIME. THE VIRTUE OF A VINTAGE WATCH: TO TELL STORIES. IN THIS WAY, WATCHES OF A CERTAIN AGE—GENERALLY TWO DECADES OR OLDER—SERVE MORE AS TIME CAPSULES THAN TIMEPIECES. HERE ARE SOME OF OUR FAVORITES AND WHERE TO BUY THEM.

1. The 18-karat gold **GÜBELIN MOON PHASE** (1950, \$18,895) was made for South Americans; that's why the day and month appear in Spanish. 2. **GRUEN'S AIR FLIGHT** (1961, \$3,200) switches to military time after noon; the numerals change from 1, 2, etc., to 13, 14.... 3. **ZENITH'S DE LUCA** (1988, \$6,650) has all the bells and whistles,

including a chronograph feature and automatic operation. 4. The World War II officer issue **OMEGA MILITARY** (1940s, \$1,950) sports the British arrow insignia. It was worn by fighter pilots. 5. Once popular with Hollywood A-listers, the 14-karat gold **GRUEN CURVEX TRIUMPH** (1939, \$3,995) has a curved face and mechanism.





Whenever **Humphrey Bogart** needed to check the time at Rick's in *Casablanca*, he consulted the Gruen Curvex Triumph adorning his wrist.



05

06

07

08

09

10



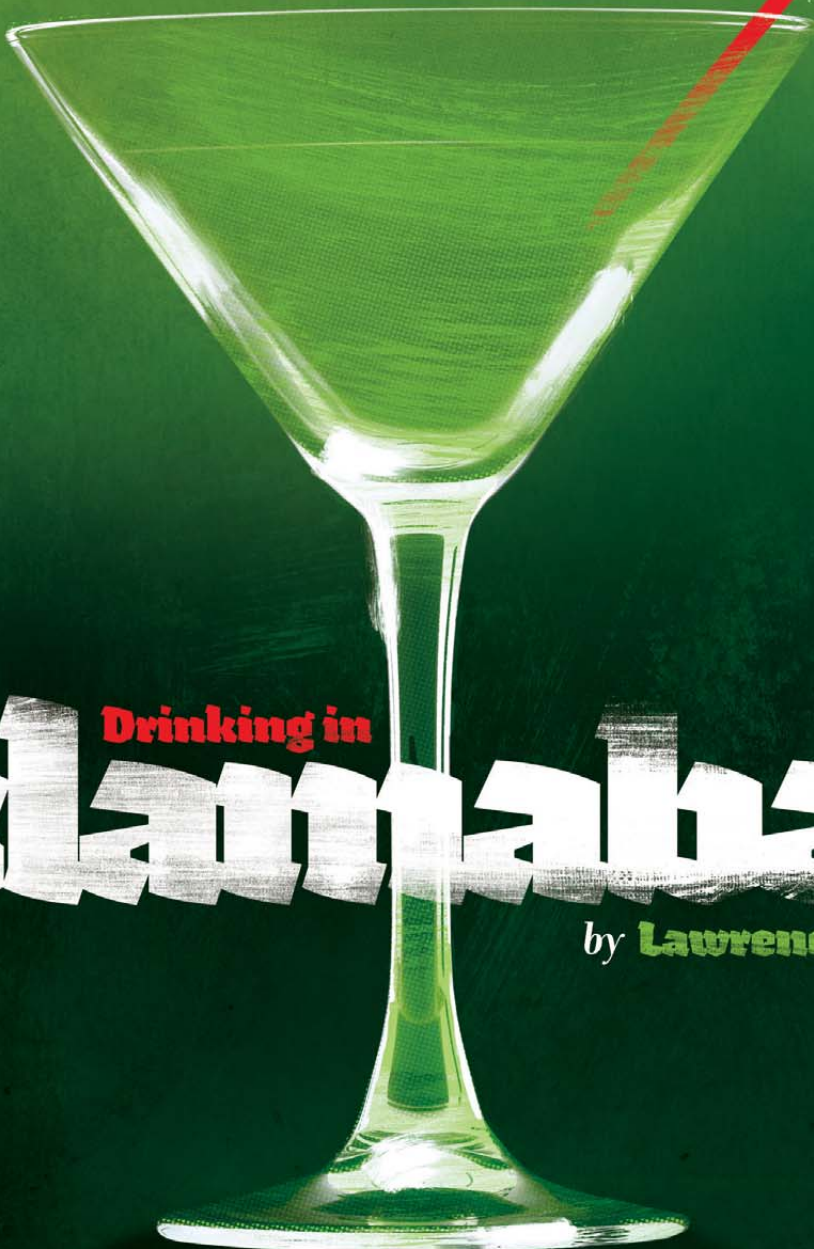
American watch icon Hamilton named the Piping Rock after the tony Long Island country club back when **Bobby Jones** was the king of clubs.



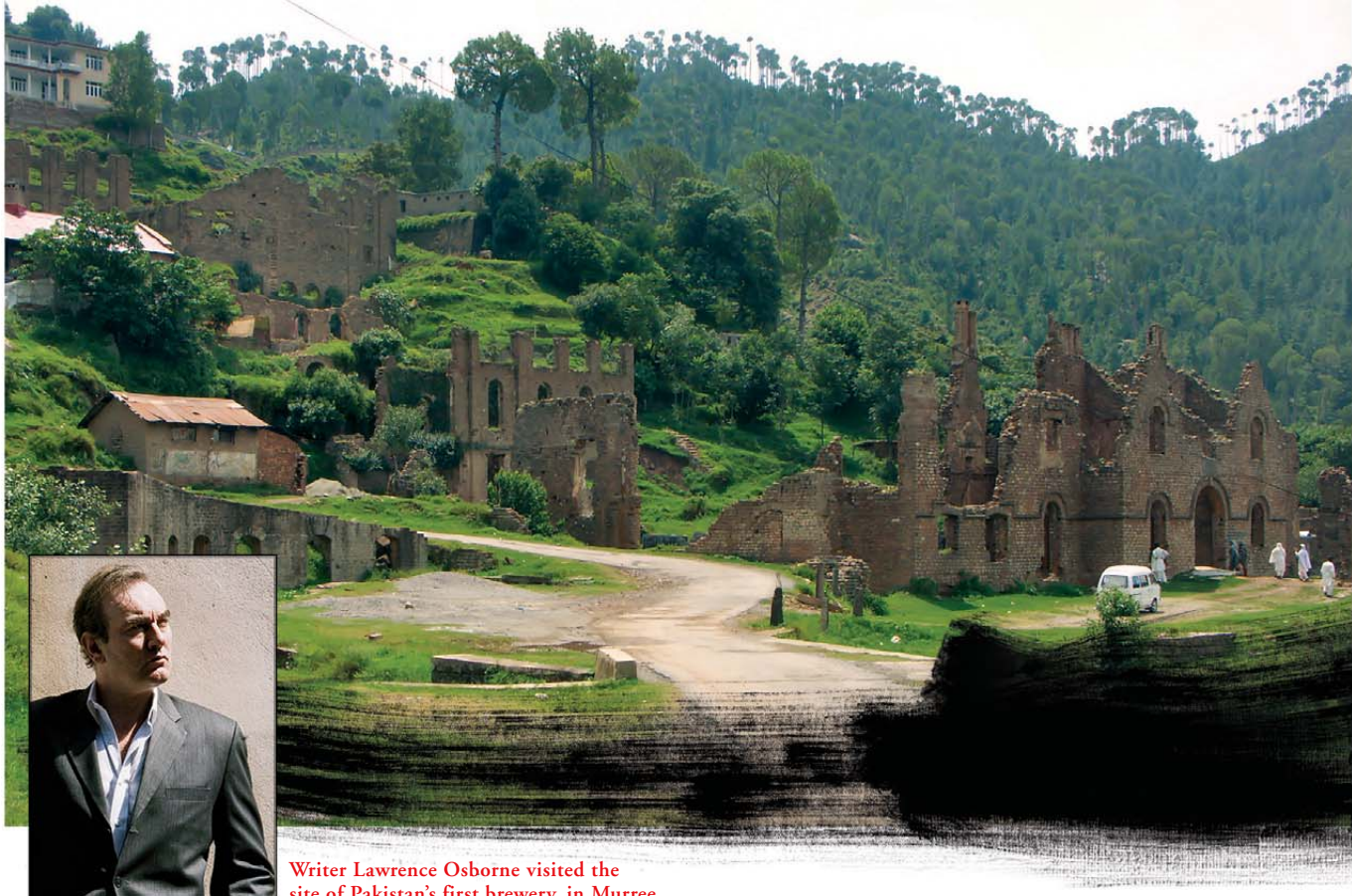
Zodiac's stainless-steel Glorious Autographic has an elegant silver linen dial. It was popular in the early 1960s among effortlessly stylish men. Think **Joe DiMaggio**.

6. The face of the **ELGIN ARTICULATED LUG** (1930s, \$750) can be worn on the side of the wrist, making it easy to check while driving. 7. The 14-karat gold **LORD ELGIN SCROLL CASE** (\$2,450) was 1940s bling; the gold mesh band was custom made, typical of the well-heeled of the day. 8. **HAMILTON** made the art deco stunner **PIPING ROCK** (1929, \$3,750) while the stock market was in free fall. 9. The **ZODIAC GLORIOUS AUTOGRAPHIC** (1959, \$2,250) has a unique

36-hour power-reserve indicator so you know when it needs a winding. 10. **GALLET** of Switzerland, the world's oldest watchmaker (1466), made this U.K. **MILITARY CHRONOGRAPH** (1915, \$3,975) for the pocket, but it was later customized for wrist wear. For any vintage watch purchase, be sure to enlist a reputable dealer such as Father Time Antiques in Chicago ([fathertimeantiques.com](http://fathertimeantiques.com)), which provided all the timepieces above, along with their prices.



**Drinking in**  
**Islamabad**  
by **Lawrence Osborne**



Writer Lawrence Osborne visited the site of Pakistan's first brewery, in Murree.

**Alcohol is prohibited for Muslims in Pakistan, and for everyone else - particularly the traveling American - it's a risky pursuit, sometimes even fatal. Playboy sent one intrepid reporter into the lion's den in search of a cocktail**

**O**n my 11th night in Islamabad, tired of orange juice and sultry ice cream, I went to the Serena hotel to meet a Pakistani businessman who had once been a friend of my father's. The Dawat restaurant on the hotel's ground floor is by far the grandest in the city, just as the Serena is the Pakistani capital's only true luxury hotel. My guest, who insisted on anonymity, leaned over the table and whispered that the Afghan president, Hamid Karzai, was staying in one of the suites upstairs. "We might see him at dinner," he said. "We might be—*alone* with him." I looked around at a desolately empty room of considerable plushness. It didn't seem likely that Karzai would appear or that we would soon be enjoying a nice bottle of Bordeaux, though I was hopeful. I had heard you could get a drink in the city's hotels, and not the fruit kind always on offer. We were both in crumpled suits, awkwardly off-key. My guest, with the violently hennaed hair so disconcertingly popular among aging Pakistani men, talked in an unnecessary whisper. He wanted to know what I was doing in Islamabad. The country was hardly for the tourist trade, and he was pretty sure I was not "an American operative."

"I came," I said, also whispering, "to see if I could get drunk here."

He looked panicked.

"Are you serious? Get drunk in Islamabad?"

In one of the most dangerous and alcohol-hostile countries in the world, I had wondered what it would be like to intoxicate myself.

"You put that on your visa application?" he burst out.

I admitted that getting my visa in New York had certainly been an ordeal. Weeks of questions, delays, paranoia inside the Pakistani embassy in D.C. Once when I called to inquire as to the status of my never-appearing visa an embassy employee had,



Pakistan's relationship with alcohol is as volatile as its politics: 1. Customs officials in Karachi arrange liquor bottles before destroying them in an effort to cut back on illegal trafficking. 2. A local displays a can of beer made by the country's sole brewery. 3. Barbed wire and blockades are constants in a capital often under siege. 4. The aftermath of the suicide truck bombing at the Islamabad Marriott, September 20, 2008. 5. There are very few legal bars in the country, and most are kept out of sight.

after a polite altercation and a few expressions of frustration, screamed at me, “We don’t have your passport! Go away now!”

My guest laughed.

“Yes, I see. They thought you were a visiting alcoholic.”

“I am a visiting alcoholic,” I said.

From a palatial marble lobby came the sound of a lonely pianist struggling with the simple tunes of “Love Story,” which echoed over and over through the Serena’s glass-bright arcades and salons, which were lit with chandeliers but never seemed to fill. Seedy-looking Americans sat in corners glued to their cell phones, also frantically whispering, also in crumpled suits, and a man in a red turban stood by the outer doors, ready for trouble. They say the CIA is in fact fond of the place. Surprisingly, it hasn’t been bombed yet, but terrorists are patient people.

With the rise of Islamic militancy, bars are increasingly obvious targets across the Muslim world, and for years, with a grim fascination I have been following the mass murder of humble tipplers in suicide attacks from Bali to Islamabad itself. When the Marriott hotel in Pakistan’s capital was destroyed by a suicide truck bomber on September 20, 2008, more than 50 people were killed and more than 260 seriously injured. No one doubted that the Marriott’s famous bar and its long-standing association with alcohol were among the reasons it was hit so viciously.

I remember once having lunch with the

**There is the real possibility that as you sit sipping your merlot you will be instantly decapitated by a nail bomb.**

Lebanese Druze warlord Walid Jumblatt at his castle in the Shuf mountains outside Beirut. Jumblatt makes wine and is a great wine lover, and during our conversation he pointed through the window in the direction of Hezbollah’s nearest stronghold.

“They are surrounding us in order to cut off the water to our vineyards. It’s the alcohol that they hate. They’re going to make us dry. That’s the radical fantasy.”

It’s a hatred that is gaining intensity. The Al Qaeda-linked Jemaah Islamiyah terrorist group in Indonesia bombed the JW Marriott in Jakarta twice, first in 2003 and then on July 17, 2009, and like the Marriott in Islamabad, the JW in Jakarta was famous for its flashy socialite bar. Eight dead. In 2002 the same group detonated two bombs inside Paddy’s Pub and the Sari Club in Kuta, Bali, killing 202 people. In 2005 it repeated the stunt at a food court in Kuta and at some *warungs* (small outdoor restaurants often serving beer) at a Westerner-frequented beach town called Jimbaran. Twenty-six people were killed, many by shrapnel and ball bearings packed into the explosives. The perpetrators, later executed, called it justice.

There is therefore an undeniable thrill about getting liquored up in this part of the world. There is the very real possibility that as you sit discreetly sipping your Bulgarian merlot from a plastic bag you will be instantly decapitated by a nail bomb. You may even be shot in the head for the simple crime of ingesting a substance—alcohol—given its name by the Arabs. Your chances of dying in this way are not astronomically high. Nor are they astronomically low.

The girls in saris brought us our *haandi* curries with exquisitely tense expressions, and I asked Mr. A if I could suggest—it was just an idea; I’d heard it could be arranged—a glass of wine.

His eyes opened wide.

“Glass of wine, nah?”

I also whispered.

“They can do it sometimes, no?”

“They can?”

He beckoned a waitress and spoke with her in Urdu.

“Wine?” she said to me in English.

“Just a glass.”

The businessman began to squirm a little. The waitress leaned in to whisper, “We cannot. Not even in a plastic bag. How about a fresh strawberry juice?”

“Watermelon too, nah,” the businessman suggested hopefully. “They call it natural Viagra.”

“All right,” I sighed. “I’ll take a fresh strawberry (continued on page 92)



*"I can't understand why your tennis coach would want to break the nose of your swimming instructor."*

# OVERNIGHT

## Sensation

**ANDRÉ BALAZS**, *the premier hotelier of our time,*  
*has played impeccable host to the world's most famous people*

*at the* **fabled CHATEAU MARMONT**  
**IN HOLLYWOOD,**

*the* **MERCER** *in Soho* **& HIS STANDARD** *hotels.*

*What makes his inns the place for bacchanalian* **A-LISTERS?**

*For the first time,* **HE REVEALS HIS SECRETS**

*by* **ANDRÉ BALAZS**

*"If you must get in trouble, do it at the Chateau Marmont."*

*Harry Cohn, "boss of bosses" of Columbia Pictures, c. 1939*

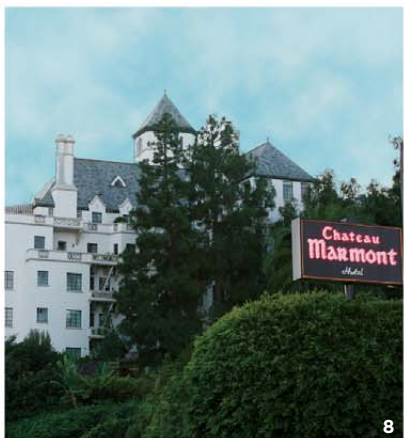
**A**ll good hotels tend to lead people to do things they wouldn't necessarily do at home. A good hotel allows you to escape your own environment. It allows you to let your guard down. And the minute you let your guard down, you realize you're not at home, you're not in the same circumstances, and therefore behavior you might not indulge in at home suddenly becomes acceptable, even desirable.

Very few people understand the art of hospitality. A good hotel should go out of its way to protect people's privacy and the sanctity of their personal lives. Certainly I have no opinion whatsoever about what's appropriate or inappropriate, as long as you're not disturbing someone else or violating their privacy. I mean, who cares what anybody does? I think it's fair to say more adultery goes on in hotels than any other place in the world. It's human nature, and it comes from that unique psychological





The life and times of the Chateau Marmont: 1. Led Zeppelin at the hotel after a hard night in 1969; band members rode their motorcycles through the lobby. 2. Lindsay Lohan moved into the Marmont at the peak of her fame. 3. Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate lounging at the hotel not long before Tate was murdered by Charles Manson's henchmen. 4. Danger Mouse and Cee-Lo of the neo-soul outfit Gnarls Barkley in a mock wedding on hotel grounds. 5. Rex Reed becoming Raquel Welch during the filming of *Myra Breckinridge* in 1970. 6. Bill Cosby hiding in the bushes in 1965. 7. Artist Damien Hirst with a friend playing around in the same bushes. 8. The Marmont sits on a hill overlooking Sunset Boulevard. 9. A young Robert Mitchum was famously photographed in an apron doing dishes...only at the Chateau Marmont.



displacement that happens when you enter the safe, embracing, nonjudgmental world of a good hotel.

All misbehavior can become clichéd, but there's nothing better than highly original, creative misbehavior. That's delightful. It's not exactly a new thing to be a bad-boy rock-and-roller in a hotel. Rock-and-roll misbehavior is, by definition, a protest against society's mores—basically you're talking about fighting or trashing things. That's not psychologically interesting behavior. High-society misbehavior, however, takes mores for granted and then goes on to address something more interesting.

There is a reason all our hotels are popular with what you might call the creative community, people with good imaginations and a sense of style, whether they're writers, actors, directors or artists of any kind. They embrace the nonjudgmental. And that embrace of creativity and individuality—which is part of our hotel's mandate and part of our culture—allows people, encourages people, to do things they feel comfortable with. We don't pass judgment, ever.

Let's say a guest is being too noisy and the room next door complains: It's not that there's an absolute resolution. The best solution is an adjudication in which both sides end up happy; it's not that one side is right and the other is wrong. Anytime guests have a conflict, the hotel will get involved, but there's no such thing as a conflict between a guest and the hotel per se. There are only conflicts between two guests. Who the hell is the hotel to make a judgment?

The first rule of hospitality is discretion. Foremost, a good hotel needs to make you feel safe. For people to feel safe—to feel their privacy is being respected—they must trust that the hotel will never say anything to the media about a guest. We have an absolute rule that we fire people if they talk to the press. If anyone does, or reveals anything or hints about anything about any guest, they are fired. We've brought court cases against staffers who have violated that dictum.

Many hotels say the best surprise is no surprise. Other hotel chains say their lodgings are like a home away from home. Both those slogans are notions I would reject outright, because the best surprise...is a good surprise.



# INNS of

## Decadent Splendor

*Rare is the upscale lodging that permits debauchery to blossom with panache. From Paris to Los Angeles, here's where to stay if you're prone to misbehaving*  
 By Spencer Morgan

### Hollywood Roosevelt

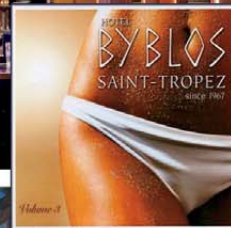
**HOLLYWOOD** • This iconic outpost bears a history replete with royalty that few hotels can match. The first Oscar ceremony was held in its ballroom in 1929. In 2005 hotelier Jason Pomeranc refurbished the Roosevelt, and its Teddy's nightclub became a favorite among such after-hours connoisseurs as Paris Hilton and Courtney Love (who passed out not far from the David Hockney-painted pool). Pomeranc prides himself on protecting the privacy of his celebrity guests, but there was little chance of keeping a lid on Prince's overhaul of the penthouse he stayed in for a week. He plastered the rooms with gigantic portraits of himself.

### Delano

**SOUTH BEACH** • Ian Schrage opened the Delano in the 1990s, naming it after Franklin Delano Roosevelt. With its art deco facade, the hotel quickly became a beacon of conspicuous decadence, a supermodel hangout and a free-for-all for moneyed bohemians. The pièce de résistance is the Philippe Starck-designed "water salon" (i.e., pool) complete with cascading waterfall and underwater music. Naomi Campbell, queen of bad behavior, is still seen storming about the hotel's lobby "like it's her personal runway," as one frequent guest puts it. "In my time," says the lodger, "I've witnessed several naked pool parties that lasted until eight A.M."

### The Standard New York

**NEW YORK CITY** • The Standard boasts one of Manhattan's most exclusive nightclubs: the penthouse bar formerly known as the Boom Boom Room (now called the Top of the Standard). In its first year in



Clockwise from top: Sunrise at the legendary nightclub Les Caves du Roy at the Hôtel Byblos in St-Tropez (inset: the hotel puts out its own soundtrack); the Hollywood Roosevelt in L.A.;

the Standard in New York has a glass facade—the naked games inside can be viewed by the public; supermodel Bar Refaeli outside the Byblos; pool scene at the Delano in South Beach.

business (2009), the hotel gained notoriety for its built-in peep show. The rooms' glass windows overlook the High Line public walking park above the meatpacking district, enabling outsiders to see the oft-naked shenanigans within. After it opened, the Standard posted this missive on its website: "Now, we're asking you... our amateur pornographers, to send in your most erotic photos shot at the Standard, New York.... It's all about sex all the time, and you're our star."

### Hôtel Byblos

**ST-TROPEZ** • Situated in a 16th century castle, this hotel in the heart of St-Tropez has maintained its reputation as a paragon of glamorous debauchery since its unveiling in 1967, a fete attended by Brigitte Bardot and Gunter Sachs. If you can foot the bill, Byblos is the undisputed go-to spot on the Mediterranean's foremost oasis of hedonism, with a legendary pool scene,

an A-lister nightclub (Les Caves du Roy) and a blond beach where guests can see female celebrities, from Kate Moss to Penélope Cruz, in their bikinis.

### Hôtel Amour

**PARIS** • Nightclub entrepreneur André Saraiva (of Le Baron fame) and Thierry Costes (part of the prolific and enterprising Costes family) opened this 20-room hotel—formerly a pay-by-the-hour flophouse—about five years ago, and the demimonde followed. Not your ordinary boutique inn, it has affordable rooms, but they come sans phones, televisions and Wi-Fi. Kinky Terry Richardson photos grace the walls. The Amour has one of the most happening bar scenes in Paris. There's no pool on the property, but that doesn't keep some guests from mingling in the buff—an exercise embraced by Frenchmen including the likes of Olivier Zahm, the day-shades-wearing *Purple Fashion* magazine founder.



# FANGTASIA

NEW TRUE BLOOD VIXEN NATASHA ALAM BARES HER DELICIOUS CURVES

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVEN BAILLIE

BY ARANYA TOMSETH

**N**atasha Alam's lips are plump and pouty enough to rival Angelina Jolie's, so it's no wonder people enjoy watching her make out with other women. In 2008 the Uzbekistan-born actress and Iranian princess (by marriage) locked lips with Eva Mendes and played Jada Pinkett Smith's girlfriend in *The Women*. That same year she shared a kiss with her female co-star in the thriller *In Twilight's Shadow*. Now Natasha is heating up the small screen on HBO's hit show *True Blood* as Yvette, a naughty, vampire-loving Fangtasia dancer who attracts undead heartthrob Eric Northman (Alexander Skarsgård). Like

most of the characters in the edgy series, Yvette spends a substantial amount of time in the buff.

"I'd never done nudity," Natasha says. "I had to overcome a few things in my head to do it."

The first segment she filmed for *True Blood* was a nude sex scene. Nervous and unsure of the on-set protocol, Natasha was relieved when her co-star proved to be an unabashed and helpful guide.

"Here comes Alexander Skarsgård. He drops his robe, and he's not wearing a sock—nothing. He's just totally out there, walking around as if nothing's going on," she says. "I was like, if he can do it, I can do it."



NATASHA ALAM SHOWS OFF HER ASSETS AS YVETTA, A FANGTASIA DANCER AND OBJECT OF VAMPIRE DESIRE.







Natasha is a statuesque five-foot-10, and with her long hair, luminous eyes, aforementioned lips and impossibly sexy accent, she brings to mind a classic Bond girl. Born in Tashkent, she moved to Moscow at the age of 18 and embarked on a successful modeling career. At one fashion show, her agent told her one of the other models was head over heels for her, and several flutes of champagne later Natasha and her admirer were enjoying a lusty make-out session in a bathroom.

"We dated for a month, and then I realized I wasn't leaning that way as much as

she was. I guess to me it was an exploration into something new," Natasha says.

In 1998 she married Amir Ebrahim Pahlavi Alam, grandson of the former shah of Iran. Although they eventually divorced, Natasha retains her royal title.

She has appeared on numerous TV shows, including *CSI*, *NYPD Blue*, *The Unit*, *Nip/Tuck* and *The Bold and the Beautiful*, and she memorably played a transvestite on *Entourage*—a role that required her to literally strap on a pair of balls.

"I had to learn to walk differently. When you've got something between your

legs, you have to adjust your walk."

Will we see her engaging in more girl-on-girl lip-lock action? Given *True Blood's* propensity for provocative antics, it's not outside the realm of possibility. Natasha says she'd opt for the acerbic vampire Pam, played by Kristin Bauer, as a kissing partner because "she's got that kind of witty sexuality and nastiness about her." She pauses to consider other reasons why she would choose Bauer and adds, "She's really sexy, too, and she's got big beautiful lips."

Sounds like these two beauties have a few things in common.









**“She’s really sexy,” Natasha says about her *True Blood* colleague Kristin Bauer. “She’s got big beautiful lips.”**



See more of Natasha at  
[playboy.com/alam](http://playboy.com/alam).

# Islamabad

(continued from page 78)

juice. On the rocks.”

The waitress whispered even lower.

“Sir, there is a bar downstairs. You can go after dinner.”

“Bar?” the businessman hissed.

“Yes, sir. There is a bar. In the basement.”

When she had gone, my friend frowned.

“It may be true. But it may not be true. I cannot come with you either way. They will never allow a Muslim in. I would be arrested.”

I asked him what the punishment would be if he were caught sipping a Guinness with me in the Serena bar.

“It depends, nah,” he said glumly. “It could be prison.”

Islamabad is the capital of a nation of 175 million people and itself a city of about a million. And yet, my companion assured me, the number of places where you could get a drink could be numbered on the fingers of one hand. By my reckoning there were three open bars in the entire city and only about 60 outlets for alcohol in the entire country. Aside from the secret basement bar of the Serena, there was a bar called Rumors in the Marriott hotel, which was bombed by Islamic militants in September 2008. And there was reputedly a bar in the Best Western, though he had never been there. Outside the city there was a luxury hotel in the hill station of Murree called the Pearl Continental, where—again, according to rumor—there was a bar that enjoyed views of the snow-capped mountains of Kashmir. He had heard of a friend of his enjoying a gin and tonic there, *once upon a time*. There was also a bar, he added, in Islamabad’s alter-ego twin city, Rawalpindi, in a hotel gloriously named the Flashman. But the minister of tourism had vindictively closed it down.

The noose was tightening around the city’s bar culture. There were bars of sorts inside some of the foreign embassies, but they were accessible only to the diplomatic corps. There was a UN Club, with access similarly restricted, and there was an Italian restaurant called Luna Caprese, popular with Westerners, where, as dark gossip had it, the staff would bring you a glass of wine from a bottle hidden inside a plastic bag. They wouldn’t show you the label, but they would pour you a glass and you would pay for it separately so it didn’t show up on the restaurant’s books.

“Is it popular?” I asked.

He looked infinitely sad.

“It was—until it was bombed.”

After dinner my friend made a rather desperate gesture with his hand and walked off, wishing me a “pleasant drink.” I doubled back through the echoing arcades to a grand staircase near the Dawat which plunged down into an altogether different part of the hotel. There was not a soul there. I went down, slipping on the polished marble, and as I came into the immense underground gallery a rather magnificent figure suddenly appeared, a

bellboy of sorts done up in a beautiful white uniform with gloves and a turban.

“Where,” I whispered, “is the bar?”

“Bar, sir? Bar is here.”

And he executed a flourish indicating a pair of doors around the corner. I thanked him, and he bowed, moving with glacial elegance up the staircase. I looked around to make sure I was alone, a pervert approaching his darkest desire, and moved quickly up to the unmarked doors. I pushed the doors and they merely rattled: The handles were tied together with a padlock. I shook them, but they didn’t yield. It was not even nine P.M., and I realized it was going to be a long night of strawberry juices.

A few nights later I went to the Marriott because I had a hankering for a gin and tonic and it appeared to be the only bar in town that was dependably open at nine P.M. The hotel has now been completely rebuilt and is surrounded by soldiers and roadblocks—those sad concrete barriers you see all over Islamabad, covered with stickers for Zic motor oil and a thing called Tasty. Inside, the Marriott lobby, garnished with fish tanks, Punjabi art and box-shaped fountains, was nervously half alive, its opulent coffee shop filled with Saudis planted stiffly in front of slabs of nonalcoholic cake. I went through to the Jason steakhouse. No one was there. I ordered a steak and then asked—with my usual delicacy—if I could get a bottle of wine.

“I’ll ask,” the waiter said.

He came back with a black plastic bag with the top of a wine bottle sticking out of it. It was the red.

“And the white?”

“Not recommended, sir.”

I asked what this one was. He leaned down to whisper in my ear.

“Greek shiraz, sir.”

The Marriott chain is a symbol of American imperialism across the Muslim world, but as I have suggested, Rumors had made this one so offensive to militants. This was the bar I repaired to after my steak and my glass of rancid Greek shiraz (the waiter wouldn’t show me the label). A bellboy led me there, down an immense lonely corridor and a flight of stairs, turning left at a desolate landing with a lone chandelier and down yet another flight of steps. At the bottom, like an S&M club buried under the sidewalk, was the neon sign for Rumors. The entrance doors were shielded by security cameras designed to pick up errant Pakistanis. “This is bar,” the boy whispered firmly. This time the door opened.

I went in, expecting a riotous speakeasy filled with drunken CIA men and off-duty marines, perhaps abetted—I was hoping—by a smattering of loose Pakistani Hindu women. But no such luck. There was, as always, no one there. I took in the fabric walls, the fringed seats, the two pool tables and the foosball, as well as the dartboard next to a plasma TV playing an episode of the British sitcom *EastEnders*. It was very

British and homey-pub, and a barman in a waistcoat stood at his post cleaning beer glasses and watching me with great interest. There are moments when your thoughts turn to David Lynch. It turned out he was Muslim and had never tasted the nectar of Satan even once. He made a mean gin and tonic, however, and I asked him about the security cameras by the doors. He was happy to discuss them.

“We are catching those blighters every week,” he muttered, shaking his head. “Muslims coming in for a drink. We see them on the screen, sir, so they cannot succeed.”

*Blighters?* I thought.

“And what happens to them?”

“Ejecting, sir. We are ejecting. Sometimes police are called.”

Alcohol has been banned for Muslims in Pakistan since 1977. A Muslim patron even trying to open the door of a hotel bar—as the barman intimated—will be asked for his ID, refused entry and possibly prosecuted for the attempt. Non-Muslim foreigners can enter, and so can the “unbelievers”—five percent of the Pakistani population (Hindus, Parsis, Christians)—who are asked to present both ID and a permit book in which their monthly permitted alcohol quota is registered. They are usually allowed six quarts of distilled liquor or 20 bottles of beer a month.

I asked him about the bombing in 2008.

“No one knows who did it. Osama bin Laden maybe. RDX bomb, sir.” RDX packed with TNT and mortar.

“Are you afraid to work here?”

“No, sir.” But his face said otherwise.

It was said that 30 American marines about to drop into Afghanistan were staying at the hotel the night of the bombing, as well as an unspecified number of senior CIA officers. (A Navy cryptologic technician named Matthew O’Bryant working with the Navy Information Operations Command was killed.) I looked down at the pulsating stars on the dance floor and wondered when that floor was last crowded with revelers. The barman said that in fact the bar was often full. Monday, he said proudly, was their busiest night.

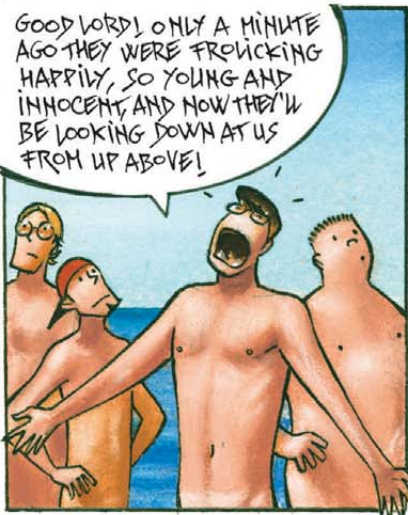
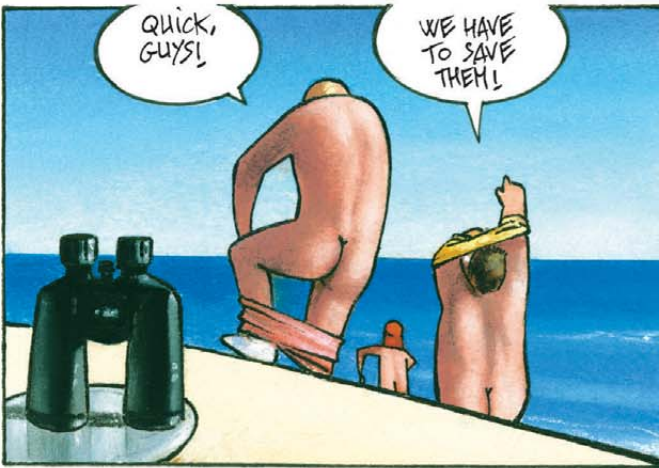
“But,” I said, “it’s Monday night tonight.”

A twitch. “Yes, sir.”

At that moment the power went out. The barman lit a match and we stared at each other across the bar in total darkness. Monday night at Islamabad’s hottest spot. He managed a fatalistic smile.

Perhaps every bar is now a potential target. Nobody knows who masterminded that immense explosion heard miles away—Al Qaeda, an obscure group called Harkat-ul-Jihad-al-Islami, a group known as the Fedayeen Islam?—and no one ever will. U.S. officials have stated they believe the bombing was masterminded by Usama al-Kini, Al Qaeda’s operations chief in Pakistan, who was himself killed by a drone missile strike in January 2009. In a sense, it doesn’t matter. Modern 1960s Islamabad, Pakistan’s Brasília, sits on the fault line of a lethal culture war. There were many reasons to hit the Marriott, and

# DUDE WATCH



its association with booze was certainly one of them. Not only does the Marriott house a famous bar, it also offers a curious Pakistani institution known as a permit room.

A permit room is an unmarked liquor store sometimes tucked away at the back of a top-end hotel. Suitable foreigners or Pakistanis armed with a permit book can creep around to this secretive facility, buy bottles of vodka and Murree beer and take them back to their room. The one at the Marriott is next to a laundry around the corner from the main entrance. Surrounded as it is by sandbags and armed guards, you would never see it unless you were directed there explicitly. I've bought bottles of scotch there and then had to do a kind of walk of shame as I hauled my boozy loot back to the main road, the Pakistani soldiers glaring at me with barely concealed disdain. It's like buying unwrapped pornography in a Walmart Supercenter in Salt Lake City.

As I sipped my over-iced gin and tonic and watched *EastEnders* I thought back on all the bars I had frequented in Islamic cities: in Cairo, in Beirut, in Amman, in Marrakech. Drink flowed there. But in Riyadh, Kuwait City, Tripoli, Tehran and here it didn't. A divide ran through the Islamic world on the violent issue of drink. Alcohol, it is true, is mentioned three times in the Koran, and its use is frowned upon. But the hostility to wine in the holy book, if stern, does not seem especially ferocious. It is drunkenness, rather than alcohol per se, that seems to provoke the Prophet's ire. The first mention of wine in the Koran's traditional chronology, in the sura known as "The Cow," is this: "They ask you about drinking and gambling. Say: 'There is great harm in both, although they have some benefits for the people; but their harm is far greater than their benefit.'" (2:219)

Pakistan was not always hostile to drink. When it became independent after partition from India in 1947 it was still a country where alcohol was legal, as it had been under the British. Indeed the revered founding

father of Pakistan, the British-educated lawyer Muhammad Ali Jinnah, known in Pakistan as Qaid-i-Azam, or "Great Leader," who died in 1948, is widely thought to have drunk alcohol until he renounced it at the end of his life, though no books published in Pakistan may mention the fact or even suggest it as a rumor (he was also reputed to eat pork). Alcohol was more or less freely sold and consumed from 1947 until 1977, when Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, anxious to appease the country's religious leaders, outlawed it not long before he was himself removed from power in a coup by General Mohammad Zia ul-Haq.

Zia allowed alcohol to be sold to non-Muslims, but the ban for Muslims stuck. The prescribed punishment for infringement was flogging and often imprisonment. Pakistan had suddenly gone dry, and Zia's overall determination to Islamize Pakistan made that fact permanent. As Zia supported the mujahideen in Afghanistan during the Soviet occupation in the 1980s, a gradual conversion of the country from secular British common law to sharia religious law was set in motion by the American-backed dictator, who apart from privatizing much of the economy also instituted Islamic *hudoon* laws whereby a person convicted of theft can have his hands and feet amputated. Alcohol would never return—officially.

In reality alcohol pours illegally into Pakistan from all sides. It flows in from China and through the port of Karachi, ensuring bootleg vodka, gin and scotch can be found ubiquitously in private homes and at private parties. Bootleg wallahs operate in all the big cities, plying the well-off with contraband liquor. Johnnie Walker is, as it is everywhere in Asia, as desirable a brand as Gucci, a symbol of an entire way of life, and consumed with the same relish we reserve for cocaine. The poor, meanwhile, gorge on moonshine.

In September 2007 more than 40 people died in the slums of Karachi from drinking toxic homemade moonshine, an incident

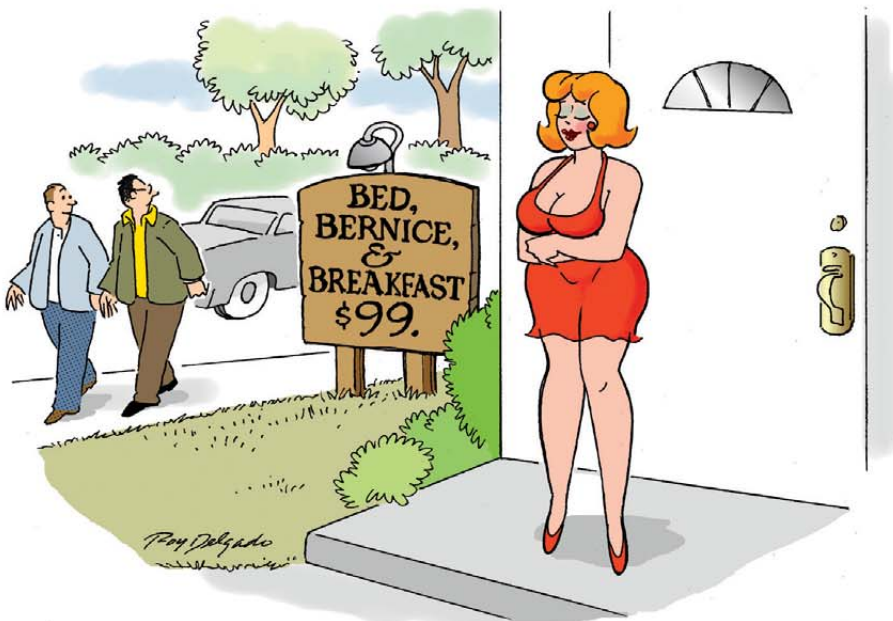
that scandalized the country. The producer of the lethal brew was a cop, as was one of the victims. The press wrung its hands, and legislators began to ask if the suppression of alcohol might not be connected to the rise of drug addiction in the young. A treasury member called Ali Akbar Wains made the argument publicly after the parliamentary secretary for narcotics had told the lower house of the parliament that there were now 4 million addicts in the country. Parliamentary Affairs Minister Sher Afgan Niazi stated for the record, "It is a fact that restrictions on liquor have resulted in a surge in the use of deadly drugs in Pakistan." But the problem precisely is that alcohol is not just a drug.

It is a symbol of the West, a tool of Satan that denatures the true believer; it is also associated with sexual laxity, the mingling of men and women and, one might say, with the bar itself—a free public place quite distinct from the mosque or the bazaar, the two forms of public space that Muslim cities otherwise accommodate. Islamic radicals are right to hate and fear it. In bars, people leave their inhibitions behind.

A 2006 article in *Der Spiegel* put it bluntly: "The front line of the struggle against fundamentalism in Pakistan isn't in the mountainous border regions. It's in the country's permit rooms. Alcohol is sold there—and customers dream of the West."

Nowhere in Pakistan is this more evident than in the one place where it is legal to have a nip of Satanic distillate: the Murree Brewery in Rawalpindi. The brewery, among the first in Asia, was founded in 1860 by the British to produce beer for the British troops stationed in Rawalpindi. Murree was high in the hills, and in the age before refrigeration its location was ideal. With the coming of cooling technologies around 1910 the British moved it down to Rawalpindi, where it stands today. Rawalpindi, meanwhile, became the headquarters of the Pakistani army as well—and a sprawling, dangerous city filled with radicals. On December 4, 2009 four suicide attackers stormed a mosque used by the Pakistani army and killed 36 civilians (including children) and several military officials. The Taliban claimed responsibility. To put it mildly, it's a bad neighborhood to be making beer and flavored vodka.

The Bhandara family, who are Parsis, took ownership of the brewery at the start of the 1960s when they bought majority shares in the company. The present owner is Isphanyar, whose celebrated father, Minoo, ran the brewery for decades; Minoo, who died in 2008, was the brother of the noted novelist Bapsi Sidhwa, a remarkable writer afflicted by polio who wrote *The Crow Eaters*, a beautiful book I read years ago. They are a cultured, literary family and because they are Parsis are allowed to run a plant that produces a bewildering variety of drink. Aside from all the vodkas and gins, they malt their own whiskey as well as turn out Pakistan's most famous beer, Murree. The beer's slogan is known everywhere even though only five percent of the population can drink it: "Drink and make Murree!"

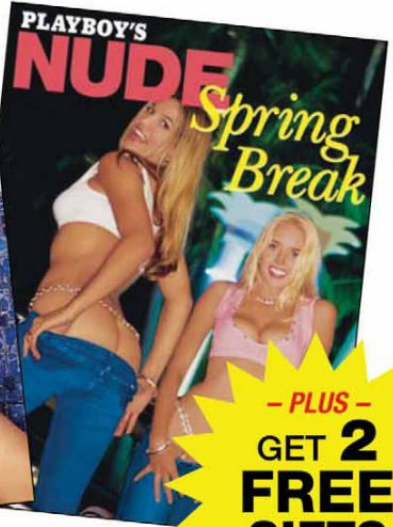




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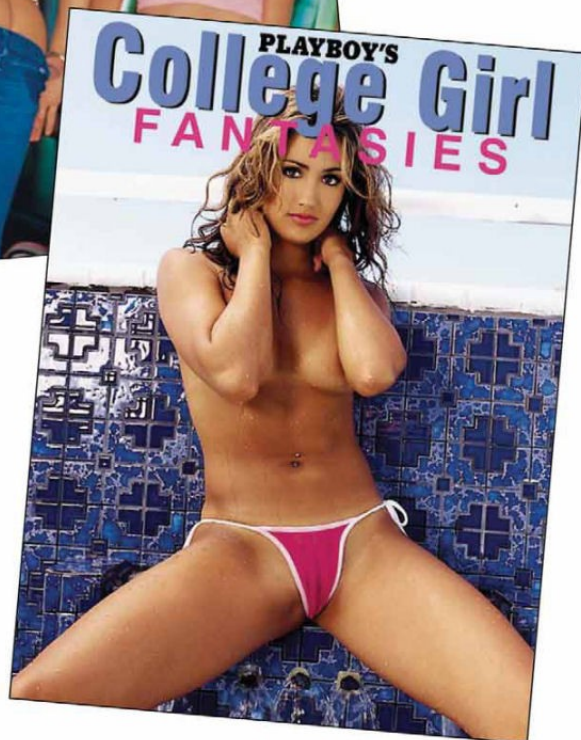
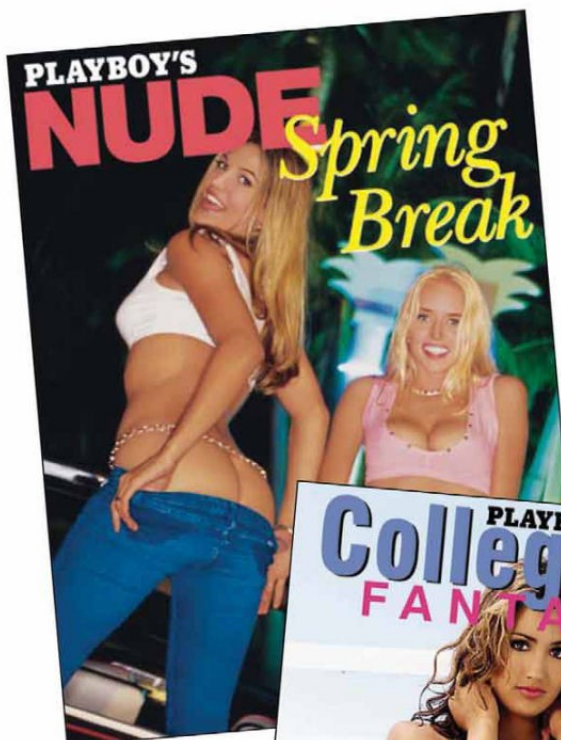


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Isphanyar is one of those youngish Pakistani go-getters who never seem to be able to sit still for a moment, as if everything needs to be done instantly in case—for some mysterious reason—it's too late. I met him in his office at the brewery, where he sat restlessly behind a huge desk, blinking, pressing buzzers and bells and casting a watchful eye on the video security monitors. He wore a ring on each hand, a pink striped shirt, a Rolex. The walls were hung with regimental British Raj calendars that featured vignettes of mounted hussars, and the desk itself was dotted with garish little coasters showing Pheasants of Pakistan. A small desk sign read DON'T QUIT.

In wall cases stood rows of Murree products: Kinoo Orange Vodka, citrus and strawberry gin, Vat No. 1 whiskey, clear rum and beers. There were also the fruit juices and fruit malts that Murree sells to Muslims, foremost among them a thing called Bigg Apple. When Isphanyar spoke rapidly on the phone his Urdu was mixed with urgently crisp English words: *maximize, incentivize, target* and then *Look after him!* From time to time he paused to sweep a deodorant stick into his armpits and laughed a little nervously. He was handsome, quick and on edge. I asked him if running a brewery in the world epicenter of Islamic extremism bothered him. Or worse.

"Bothered?" he asked.

"Well, is it perilous for you?"

"All I can say is we try to keep a low profile. I don't want my children to be kidnapped."

He pressed another buzzer. There was a whiff of Willy Wonka's Chocolate Factory, of delirious energy. "Strawberry juice?" he whispered into the intercom. "To Peshawar?"

He twiddled a pen and looked momentarily distracted as underlings came in and out. I then observed how strange it was that a brewery in Pakistan could not sell anything to the vast bulk of the population, nor could it export. But this seemed self-evident to him.

"We cannot very well put MADE IN THE ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF PAKISTAN on our bottles of vodka, can we? But between you and me, the non-Muslims in this country are not the big drinkers. It's one of the ironies of Pakistan." He smiled cattily and we were served a shot of Murree whiskey. To my surprise, it was excellent.

"What do you think?" he asked eagerly.

"It's very fine. Twenty-one years?"

"Our best. I will say, by the way, that it is widely enjoyed inside the country."

I had noticed that the brewery lies at the end of an unmarked track along an unmarked road, as invisible as such a large facility can be. It was protected by high walls and the usual armed guards. Ex-president Pervez Musharraf's house was nearby. It was like a town within a town, its dark red British brick, mostly from the 1940s, lending it a somber elegance of line. The air was thick with the sweetish smells of the whiskey malting plant. As he led me outside, Isphanyar reflected on the volatility of the society to which he is, in effect, the leading supplier of a religiously outlived intoxicant.

"The Muslim attitude is getting harder. Liquor, you see, is associated with a Western lifestyle, so it has become a flash point

of some kind. Muslim hostility to the Western way of life finds its focus in alcohol. Hatred is directed at alcohol because it's a symbol of corruption. But at the same time the extremists tolerate beheading, drugs, heroin and kidnapping, and they grow poppies. It's bewildering."

I was then taken around the malting and bottling plant. It's a self-contained production line: Baudin malt from Western Australia, Chinese bottling machines, Spanish labeling machines, cellars of Latin American oak casks that would not be out of place in Islay or Jerez. It was curious to watch the Muslim workers operating the labeling machine as rows of Nips bottles of Vat No. 1 came pouring out. What was going through their minds? The foreman showing me around reminded me—as we strolled past whitewashed whiskey casks, some of them dated 1987—that everything produced here had to be consumed inside the country. It was, to say the least, an enormous paradox. Five percent of 175 million is a fair number of drinkers, but it certainly could not account for all these casks.

A little later in the day I went to a tasting of new vodkas Murree is developing. The development meeting was attended by

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*I felt like a heroin trafficker,  
though technically I was  
doing nothing illegal. I  
drank alone in my room that  
night, listening to muezzins  
competing in the dark.*

---

six staff members headed by Muhammad Javed, Murree's general manager, and each man gave each vodka a score on a piece of paper. I joined in. Some of them were highly refined, with a soft "fruit" and a sense of serious purpose. Serious vodka, then, for a nation of serious drinkers? Javed explained that they were trying to develop vodkas even though their most popular drink was whiskey. Vat No. 1 accounted for 40 percent of total sales because it was relatively cheap. A bottle of 21-year-old whiskey, on the other hand, cost about 2,500 rupees in a country where the daily minimum wage was 230 rupees. Yet they couldn't make enough of it. Incredible, he pointed out, especially if you considered that the government levied enormous taxes on it and they couldn't sell to the public except through permit rooms.

"Of course," he added, nodding mischievously to the others, "we all know that non-Muslims buy it for Muslims. It's a thriving trade."

My mouth rinsed with vodka, and quite tipsy, I staggered across the courtyard to visit retired major Sabih-Ur-Rehman, who is, as his card explained, "special assistant to chief executive."

Rehman once participated in a study by the Customs department, which determined

about \$10 million of drink was being confiscated every year, suggesting the presence of an enormous alcoholic black market. For every bottle confiscated, he told me, there were probably three in circulation. The study had put the value of the alcoholic black market in Pakistan at about \$30 million. This, he added, was driven by non-Muslims selling to Muslims. A bottle of Johnnie Walker Black Label cost about 1,200 rupees in an airport duty-free shop, but its black market value was closer to 5,000 rupees.

"Moreover," he went on, "the biggest bars in the world are the bars of Islamabad households, I can assure you. The bootleggers who deliver to your house are almost never prosecuted. The police protect them. Very powerful people run this."

He recalled that when he was in the army they had bars called wet clubs, though he was not sure they still existed. Either way, he was sure Pakistan was awash in booze, even if no one could admit it.

"I think people are drinking more, even if some figures show official consumption going down. We don't have alcoholism here per se. What we have is something else: It's that alcohol has glamour. It's desirable because it's forbidden fruit. That's the logic of human nature. By the way, did you try our pineapple vodka?"

What a shame, he implied, that the company couldn't export it to the West.

"And before you leave I'll give you a bottle of our whiskey and some other things. Take it to a non-Muslim party if you are ever invited." He smiled and jiggled his head.

Later, as I was driving back to F-6 in Islamabad, I took out the beer, a bottle of strawberry gin and the Gymkhana blended malt whiskey they had given me and looked at the pretty labels. I felt like a heroin trafficker, though technically I was doing nothing illegal. I drank them alone in my room that night, sitting on a terrace filled with crows and listening to muezzins competing in the dark. It was, in a sense, like drinking alone at a bar when you have no one to talk to. I tried the strawberry gin, assuming it would be too strange to stomach, and found instead that it was childishly comforting, well-made as if by people who knew its charms inside out. I would never have drunk it anywhere else. But it was a supremely delicious drink at that moment, and as I lay on my Spartan bed listening to the name of God ringing through empty streets I felt a subtle intoxication reaching the ends of my fingers and the tip of my nose. A Pakistani fruit gin. What could be more seditious?

A week later my hennaed friend got me an invite to a private party not far from where I was staying in F-6. I decided to bring my bottle of Gymkhana as a present, carefully disguised in a paper bag. The home of the affluent hosts—anxious as always about their anonymity—was one of the low, flat-roofed white villas surrounded by dry gardens and high walls that seem to make up most of Islamabad's housing stock. Inside, behind the discreet high doors and shutters, the house was filled with a mixture of Islamic art and reproduction Louis XV chairs, with cut-glass ashtrays and leather poufs

and Kashmiri rugs. It was an older crowd dressed in Shetland sweaters and tailored shirts, businessmen and import-export men and their impeccable wives, and at one end of the long front room stood a little bar with a server in a bow tie. He was pouring tumblers of Black Label and imported cognac, and the men were sipping from them as they sat in the Versailles chairs, assured that they were behind closed doors and that everyone knew everyone.

My friend made me relate to the company a trip I had made the day before to Murree, the original site of the brewery now in Rawalpindi. I had driven two hours out of Islamabad to the old British hill station and visited the 150-year-old brewery ruins, Victorian picturesque, the abandoned British church now surrounded by barbed wire, and finally the Pearl Continental hotel, where I had had an eerie lunch overlooking the snowcaps of Kashmir.

"Is there still a bar there?" they asked.

Well, I said, that depends on what you call a bar. After lunch I had asked the staff where the bar was—it was by now a familiar exercise—and they had told me it was outside and on the ground floor, next to the swimming pool. Off I went. After a half-hour search I eventually found an obscure unmarked door with a glass window that looked like the entrance to a storage room. I knocked. A panicked face quickly appeared on the far side of the glass. We gestured to each other, I upending a glass to my lips, he wagging his finger in a frantic negative. End result: no drink.

"Ah," they said, jiggling their heads, "we're glad there's still a bar at the Pearl Continental!"

They said it as if civilization had not yet fallen to the Huns, and I had no idea what they meant. I opened my bottle of Gymkhana, observing that it was good to drink something local instead of the ubiquitous Black Label, and this was greeted with a chorus of approval. We poured it out. It was not Murree's top whiskey, but I thought it was a pretty good drink all the same. I noticed that everyone licked their lips contemplatively and stared down into their glasses for a moment. Was it a drink they knew so well that each bottle had to be savored for minute differences from the last one? Someone put the music of Rabbi Shergill (a Punjabi techno-pop star) in the CD player, and soon half the room was dancing, some of the men still holding their tumblers of Gymkhana aloft and twirling their women around. I recognized the song, "Bulla Ki Jaana," at once because it was a number one hit in India, a beautiful techno rendering of a mystic Sufic poem by Bulleh Shah, the 18th century Punjabi poet buried in Pakistan. Bulleh writes that he is "not the believer in the mosque," that he is neither Hindu nor Muslim nor Parsi and that indeed he does not know who he is or what he is. Shergill's lyrical video of the song comes across as a plea for peace and tolerance in the Sufic spirit, all strung along on the rhythms of global dance music.

"It reminds us," one of the women said, "that Pakistan was once a Hindu, a Buddhist,

a Sufi culture, and that all of those things are still in us somewhere."

Did the Sufis drink? Did wine once flow through these parched hills when Bulleh Shah was alive? It was unclear. In the present moment the alcohol seemed to have gently spread through the whole gathering, bringing everyone to life. A man waddled up to me and collapsed on the same sofa. He was clearly mildly intoxicated and he was enjoying it. He could say things he could later disown.

"This country is fucked," he said simply in English, looking me dead in the eye and smiling. "We're going to be run by a bunch of clerics one day. We're going down the drain, down the drain."

I looked down and saw that the bottles on the coffee table were all empty. The barman was mixing cocktails—margaritas, as far as I could tell, with salted rims—and it was already long past midnight. The Koran had been forgotten, or shall we say revisited, and I picked out the strange words from the music, words written by a Muslim who had disavowed the religious orthodoxy of his day. They cut through the pessimism of the man who had fallen asleep beside me and livened the hips of the people dancing to Shergill:

*Not in the holy Vedas, am I  
Nor in opium, neither in wine,  
Not in the drunkard's craze  
Neither awake, nor in a sleeping daze  
Bulleh! To me, I am not known.*



Don Lewis

"I found it! Everyone can stop looking!"



# Joanna

(continued from page 48)

or to hear the voice I remembered from the old days. That night I had dinner with Robbie and Ronnie and Sharon Grove, who had crossed over to horror and even claimed that she was going to be in the next John Carpenter or Clive Barker film, which annoyed Ronnie, hearing those two lumped together, because, for him, only a handful of directors came anywhere near Carpenter, and Danny Lo Bello was there at the dinner too—I had a thing with him when we were working together in Milan—and Patricia Page, his 18-year-old wife, who worked only in Danny's movies, with a contract stipulating that only her husband was allowed to penetrate her, with the other guys she just sucked their cocks, and even that she did reluctantly; the directors weren't too happy with her, and according to Robbie sooner or later she'd either have to change careers or her and Danny would have to come up with some really sensational numbers. So there I was, having dinner in one of the best restaurants in Venice Beach, looking out at the sea, exhausted after a hard day's work, not paying much attention to the lively conversation at our table—I was miles away, thinking of Jack Holmes, remembering the way he looked: a very tall, thin guy with a long nose and long, hairy arms like the arms of an ape, but what kind of ape would Jack have been? An ape in captivity, no doubt about that, a melancholy ape or maybe the ape of melancholy, which might seem like the same thing but it's not, and when dinner was over, it wasn't too late for me to call Jack at home—people have dinner early in California, sometimes they finish before it gets dark—I couldn't wait any longer, I don't know what came over me, I asked Robbie for his cell phone and took myself off to a sort of jetty, all made of wood, a kind of miniature wooden pier exclusively for tourists, with waves breaking under it, long, low, almost foamless waves that took an eternity to dissipate, and I phoned Jack Holmes. I honestly didn't expect him to answer. At first I didn't recognize his voice, it was like Robbie said, and he didn't recognize mine either. It's me, I said, Joanna Silvestri, I'm in Los Angeles. Jack was quiet for a long time and all of a sudden I realized I was shaking, the telephone was shaking, the wooden jetty was shaking, the wind had turned cold, the wind that was blowing between the jetty's pilings and ruffling the surface of those interminable, darkening waves, and then Jack said, It's been such a long time, Joanna, great to hear your voice, and I said, It's great to hear yours, Jack, and then I stopped shaking and stopped looking down and looked at the horizon, the lights of the restaurants along the beach—red, blue, yellow—which seemed sad at first but comforting too, and then Jack said, When can I see you, Joannie, and I didn't realize straightaway that he had called me Joannie, for a couple of seconds I was floating on air like I was high or weaving a chrysalis around myself, but then I realized and laughed and Jack knew why I was laughing without needing to ask or needing me to tell him anything. Whenever you like,

Jack, I replied. Well, he said, I don't know if you've heard that I'm not as well as I used to be. Are you on your own, Jack? Yes, he said, I'm always on my own. Then I hung up and asked Robbie and Ronnie how to get to Jack's place, and they said I was bound to get lost and shouldn't even think of spending the night because we were shooting early the next day, and I probably wouldn't be able to get a taxi to take me there. Jack lived near Monrovia, in a shabby old bungalow that was practically falling down, and I told them I wanted to go see Jack however hard it might be, and Robbie said, Take my Porsche, you can have it as long as you turn up on time tomorrow, and I kissed Ronnie and Robbie and got into the Porsche and started driving through the streets of Los Angeles, which had just begun to succumb to the night, the cloak of night falling, like in a song by Nicola Di Bari, or the wheels of the night rolling on, and I didn't want to put on any music, though I have to admit I was tempted by Robbie's sound system—CD or laser disc or ultrasound or something—but I didn't need music, it was enough to step on the accelerator and feel the hum of the engine; I must have gotten lost at least a dozen times, and the hours went by and every time I asked someone the best way to get to Monrovia I felt freer, like I didn't care if I spent the whole night driving around in the Porsche, and twice I even caught myself singing, and finally I got to Pasadena, and from there I took Highway 210 to Monrovia, where I spent another hour looking for Jack's place, and when I found his bungalow, after midnight, I sat in the car for a while, unable and unwilling to get out, looking at myself in the mirror, with my hair in a mess and my face as well, my eyeliner had run and my lipstick was smudged and there was dust from the road on my cheeks, as if I'd run all the way there and not come in Robbie Pantoliano's Porsche, or as if I'd been crying, but in fact my eyes were dry (a little bit red, maybe, but dry), and my hands were steady and I felt like laughing, as if my food at the beachside restaurant had been spiked with some kind of drug, and I'd only just realized and accepted that I was high or extremely happy. And then I got out of the car, put on the alarm—it didn't feel like a very safe neighborhood—and headed for the bungalow, which matched Robbie's description: a little house crying out for a coat of paint, with a rickety porch; a pile of boards that was practically falling down, but next to it there was a swimming pool, and although it was very small, the water was clean, I could see that straightaway because the pool light was on; I remember thinking that Jack had given up waiting for me or had fallen asleep, because there were no lights on in the house; the boards on the porch creaked under my feet; there was no bell, so I knocked twice on the door, first with my knuckles and then with the palm of my hand, and a light came on, I could hear someone saying something inside, and then the door opened and Jack appeared on the threshold, taller than ever, thinner than ever, and said, Joannie? as if he didn't recognize me or still hadn't completely woken up, and I said, Yes, Jack, it's me, it was hard to find you but I found you

in the end, and we hugged. That night we talked until three in the morning and Jack fell asleep at least twice during the conversation. Although he looked drained and weak, he was making an effort to keep his eyes open. But in the end he was just too tired and he said he was going to bed. I don't have a spare room, Joannie, he said, so you choose: my bed or the sofa. Your bed, I said, with you. Good, he said, let's go. He took a bottle of tequila and we went to his bedroom. I hadn't seen such a messy room in years. Do you have an alarm clock? I asked him. No, Joannie, there are no clocks in this house, he said. Then he switched off the light, took off his clothes and got into bed. I stood there watching him, not moving. Then I went to the window and opened the curtains, hoping that the light of dawn would wake me up. When I got into bed, Jack seemed to be asleep, but he wasn't, he drank another shot of tequila and then he said something I couldn't understand. I put my hand on his stomach and stroked it until he fell asleep. Then I moved my hand down a bit and touched his cock, which was big and cold like a python. A few hours later I woke up, took a shower, made breakfast, and I even had time to tidy up the living room and the kitchen a bit. We had breakfast in bed. Jack seemed happy that I was there, but all he had was coffee. I said I'd come back that evening, I told him to expect me, I wouldn't be late this time, and he said, I've got nothing to do, Joannie, you can come whenever you like. It was almost like saying, It's okay if you never come back, I knew that, but I decided that Jack needed me and that I needed him too. Who are you working with? he asked. Shane Bogart, I said. He's a good kid, said Jack. We worked together once, I think it was when he was just starting out in the business; he's enthusiastic, and he doesn't like to make trouble. Yeah, he's a good kid, I said. And where are you working? In Venice? Yeah, I said, in the same old house. But you know old Adolfo got killed? Of course I know, Jack, that was years ago. I haven't been working much lately, he said. Then I gave him a kiss, a schoolgirl's kiss on his narrow, chapped lips, and I left. The trip back was much quicker; the sun was running with me, the California morning sun, which has a metallic edge to it. And from then on, after each day of shooting, I'd go to Jack's house or we went out together; Jack had an old station wagon and I rented a two-seater Alfa Romeo, and we'd drive off into the mountains, to Redlands, and then on Highway 10 to Palm Springs, Palm Desert, Indio, until we got to the Salton Sea, which is a lake, not a sea (and not a very pretty one either), where we ate macrobiotic food, that's what Jack was eating then, for his health, he said, and one day we stepped on the gas in my Alfa and drove to Calipatria, to the southeast of the Salton Sea, and went to see a friend of Jack's who lived in a bungalow that was even more run-down than the one Jack lived in, Graham Monroe was the guy's name, but his wife and Jack called him Mezcalito, I don't know why, maybe because he was partial to mezcal, though all they drank while we were there was beer (I didn't have any—beer is fattening), and the three of them went and

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sunbathed behind the bungalow and hosed each other down, and I put on my bikini and watched them, I prefer not to get too much sun, my skin's very fair and I like to take care of it, but even though I stayed in the shade and didn't let them wet me with the hose, I was glad to be there, watching Jack, his legs were much thinner than I remembered, and his chest seemed to have sunken in, only his cock was the same, and his eyes too, but no, the only thing that hadn't changed was the great jackhammer, as the ads for his movies used to say, the ram that battered Marilyn Chambers's ass; the rest of him, including his eyes, was fading as fast as my Alfa Romeo flying down the Aguanga Valley or across the Desert State Park lit by the glow of a moribund Sunday. I think we made love a couple of times. Jack had lost interest. He said after so many movies he was worn out. No one's ever told me that before, I said. I like watching TV, Joannie, and reading mysteries. You mean horror stories? No, just mysteries, he said, with detectives, especially the ones where the hero dies at the end. But that never happens, I said. Of course it does, little sister, in old pulp novels you can buy by the pound. Actually, I didn't see any books in his house, except for a medical reference book and three of those pulp novels he'd mentioned, which he must have read over and over again. One night, maybe the second night I spent at his house, or the third—Jack was as slow as a snail when it came to opening up and telling secrets—while we were drinking wine by the pool, he said he probably didn't have long to live: You know how it is, Joannie, when your time's up, your time's up. I wanted to shout, Make love to me, let's get married, let's have a kid or adopt an orphan or buy a pet and a trailer and go traveling through California and Mexico—I guess I was tired and a bit drunk, it must have been a hard day on the set—but I didn't say anything. I just shifted uneasily in my deck chair, looked at the lawn that I'd mowed myself, drank some more wine and waited for Jack to go on and say the words that had to come next, but that was all he said. We made love that night for the first time in so long. It was very hard to get Jack going, his body wasn't working anymore, only his will was still working, but he insisted on wearing a condom, a condom for that cock of his, as if any condom could hold it, at least it gave us a bit of a laugh, and in the end, we both lay on our sides, and he put his long, thick, flaccid cock between my legs, kissed me sweetly and fell asleep, but I stayed awake for ages, with the strangest ideas passing through my mind; there were moments when I felt sad and cried without making a sound so as not to wake him up or break our embrace, and there were moments when I felt happy, and I cried then too and hiccuped, not even trying to restrain myself, squeezing Jack's cock between my thighs and listening to his breathing, saying: Jack, I know you're pretending to be asleep, Jack, open your eyes and kiss me, but Jack went on sleeping or pretending to sleep, and I went on watching the thoughts race through my mind as if across a movie screen, flashing past, like a plow or a red tractor going a hundred miles an hour, leaving me

almost no time to think, not that thinking was high on my list of priorities, and then there were moments when I wasn't crying or feeling sad or happy, I just felt alive and I knew that Jack was alive and although there was a kind of theatrical backdrop to everything, as if it were all some pleasant, innocent, even decorous farce, I knew it was real and worthwhile, and then I put my head in the crook of his neck and fell asleep. One day around midday Jack turned up while we were shooting. I was on all fours, sucking Bull Edwards while Shane Bogart sodomized me. At first I didn't realize that Jack had come onto the set, I was concentrating; it's not easy to groan with an eight-inch dick moving back and forth in your mouth; I know really photogenic girls who lose it as soon as they start a blow job, they look terrible, maybe because they're too into it, but I like to keep my face looking good. So my mind was on the job and, anyway, because of the position I was in, I couldn't see what was happening around me, while Bull and Shane, who were on their knees but upright, heads raised, they saw that Jack had just come in, and their cocks got harder almost straightaway, and it wasn't just Bull and Shane who reacted, the director, Randy Cash, and Danny Lo Bello and his wife and Robbie and Ronnie and the technicians and everyone, I think, except for the cameraman, Jacinto Ventura, who was a bright, cheerful kid and a true professional, he literally couldn't take his eyes off the scene he was filming, everyone except for him reacted in some way to Jack's unexpected presence, and a silence fell over the set, not a heavy silence, not the kind that foreshadows bad news, but a luminous silence, so to speak, the silence of water falling in slow motion, and I sensed the silence and thought it must have been because I was feeling so good, because of those beautiful California days, but I also sensed something else, something indecipherable approaching, announced by the rhythmic bumping of Shane's hips on my butt, by Bull's gentle thrusting in my mouth, and then I knew that something was happening on the set, though I didn't look up, and I knew that what was happening involved and revolved around me; it was as if reality had been torn, ripped open from one end to the other, like in those operations that leave a scar from neck to groin, a broad, rough, hard scar, but I hung on and kept concentrating till Shane took his cock out of my ass and came on my butt and just after that Bull ejaculated on my face. Then they turned me over and I could see the expressions on their faces, they were very focused on what they were doing, much more than usual, and as they caressed me and said tender words, I thought, There's something going on here, there must be someone from the industry on the set, some big fish from Hollywood, and Shane and Bull have realized, they're acting for him, and I remember glancing sideways at the silhouettes surrounding us in the shadows, all still, all turned to stone—that was exactly what I thought, they've turned to stone, it must be a really important producer—but I kept quiet, I wasn't ambitious the way Shane and Bull were, I think it has something to do with being



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European, we have a different outlook, but I also thought, Maybe it isn't a producer, maybe an angel has come onto the set, and that was when I saw him. Jack was next to Ronnie, smiling at me. And then I saw the others: Robbie, the technicians, Danny Lo Bello and his wife, Jennifer Pullman, Margo Killer, Samantha Edge, two guys in dark suits, Jacinto Ventura, who wasn't looking into the viewfinder, and it was only then that I realized he wasn't filming anymore, and for a second or a minute we all froze, as if we'd lost the capacity to speak and move, and the only one smiling (though he was quiet too) was Jack, whose presence seemed to sanctify the set, or that's what I thought later, much later on, remembering that scene again and again: He seemed to be sanctifying our movie and our work and our lives. Then the minute came to an end, another minute began, someone said it was a wrap, someone brought bathrobes for Bull and Shane and me, Jack came over and gave me a kiss, I wasn't in the other scenes they were shooting that day, so I said let's go and have dinner in an Italian restaurant, I'd heard about one on Figueroa Street, and Robbie invited us to a party that one of his new business partners was throwing; Jack seemed reluctant but I convinced him in the end. So we went back to my place in the Alfa Romeo and talked and drank whiskey for a while, and then we went out to dinner and at about 11 we turned up at the party. Everyone was there and they all knew Jack or came over to be introduced to him. And then Jack and I went to his place and watched TV in the living room—there was a silent movie on—and kissed until we fell asleep. He didn't come back to the set. I had another week's work there, but I'd already decided to stay in Los Angeles for a while after the end of the shoot. Of course I had commitments in Italy and France, but I thought I could put them off, or I thought I'd be able to convince Jack to come with me; he'd been to Italy a number of times, he'd made some movies with La Cicciolina, which had been big hits—some with just me and some with both of us; Jack liked Italy, so one night I told him what I was thinking. But I had to give up on that idea or hope, I had to wrench it out of my head and heart, or out of my cunt, as the women say back in Torre del Greco, and although I never completely gave up, somehow I understood Jack's reluctance or his stubbornness, the luminous, fresh, honey-slow silence surrounding him and his few words, as if his tall thin figure were vanishing, and all of California along with it; in spite of my happiness, my joy, or what until shortly before I had thought of as happiness and joy, he was going, and I understood that his departure or farewell was a kind of solidification: strange, oblique, almost secret, but still a solidification, and the understanding, the certainty (if that's what it was) made me happy and yet at the same time it made me cry, it made me keep fixing my eye makeup and made me see everything differently, as if I had X-ray vision, and that power or superpower made me nervous, but I liked it too; it was like being Marvella, the daughter of the Queen of the Amazons, although Marvella had dark hair and mine is blonde,

and one afternoon, in Jack's yard, I saw something on the horizon, I don't know what, clouds, a bird of some kind, a plane, and I felt a pain so strong I fainted and lost control of my bladder and when I woke up I was in Jack's arms and I looked into his gray eyes and began to cry and didn't stop crying for a long time. Robbie and Ronnie came to the airport to see me off along with Danny Lo Bello and his wife, who were planning to visit Italy in a few months' time. I said good-bye to Jack at his bungalow in Monrovia. Don't get up, I said, but he got up and came to the door with me. Be a good girl, Joannie, he said, and write me some time. I'll call you, I said, it's not the end of the world. He was nervous and forgot to put on his shirt. I didn't say anything; I picked up my bag and put it on the passenger seat of the Alfa Romeo. I don't know why I thought that when I turned back to look at him for the last time he'd be gone and the space he'd occupied next to the rickety little wooden gate would be empty, so fear made me delay that moment, it was the first time I'd felt afraid in Los Angeles (on that visit at least; there'd been plenty of fear and boredom the other times) and I was annoyed to be feeling afraid, and I didn't want to turn around until I had opened the door of the Alfa Romeo and was ready to get in and drive away fast, and when I did finally open the door, I turned and Jack was there, standing by the gate, watching me, and then I knew that everything was all right, and I could go. That everything was all wrong, and I could go. That everything was sorrow, and I could go. And while the detective watches me out of the corner of his eye (he's pretending to look at the foot of the bed, but I know he's looking at my legs, my long legs underneath the sheets) and talks about a cameraman who worked with Mancuso or Marcantonio, a certain R.P. English, poor Marcantonio's second cameraman, I know that in some sense I'm still in California, on

my last trip to California, although I didn't know that at the time, and Jack is still alive and looking at the sky, sitting on the edge of the pool with his feet dangling in the water, in the void, the misty synthesis of our love and our separation. And what did this man called English do? I ask the detective. He would prefer not to answer, but faced with my steady gaze, he replies: Terrible things, and then he looks at the floor, as if it were forbidden to say those words in the Clinique Les Trapèzes, in Nîmes, as if I hadn't been acquainted with some terrible things in my time. And at this point I could press him for more, but why spoil such a beautiful afternoon by obliging him to tell what would surely be a sad story. And anyway the photo he has shown me of the man presumed to be English is old and blurry, it shows a young man of 20-something, and the English I remember was well into his 30s, maybe even over 40, a definite shadow, if you'll pardon the paradox, a broken shadow; I didn't pay much attention to him, although his features have remained in my memory: blue eyes, prominent cheekbones, full lips, small ears. But describing him like that gives a false impression. I met R.P. English on one of my many shoots around Italy, but his face receded into the shadows long ago. And the detective says, It's all right, don't worry, take your time, Madame Silvestri, at least you remember him, even that is useful, now I know for sure he's not a ghost. And I'm tempted to tell him that we are all ghosts, that all of us have gone too soon into the world of ghost movies, but he seems like a good man and I don't want to hurt him, so I keep my mouth shut. Anyway, who's to say he doesn't already know?

*From The Return by Roberto Bolaño, translated by Chris Andrews, available from New Directions in late July.*



*"The queen feels that maybe the occasional duck or cute mouse might lighten things up a little for the tourist season."*

## ROGUES

*(continued from page 36)*

Party to understand how there can still be oxygen in the room for the Tea Party. Bush mangled the GOP brand into a grotesque form that conservatives haven't recognized in five years.

Conservatives now live in the political-party equivalent of *Mad Max*. Law and order inside the Republican Party has deteriorated, leaving regional warlords to scavenge over what's left. The trouble is that some of the regional warlords are nuts or crooks. Among the better-known scavengers is Eric Odom's Tea Party-related PAC, Liberty First, which I believe will be able to raise and spend millions this fall.

The rivalry between different Tea Party groups is real, and the leaders in Odom's group don't care much for the other leaders. Other groups are spending political capital fighting to lead a movement. My guys see it more as a fight to help reshape the debate and protect future generations from creeping socialism and unimaginable debt. One of my people puts it better: "There's room for lots of organizations. There's room to focus on different races. Eric Odom's group is more traditional. We're a little more edgy. We use dirty words." A large number of people in our group have military backgrounds. Whenever squabbles erupt, their catchphrase is "Remember, guys, the enemy is to the left." Then their eyes literally drift to the left.

Here's a good example of why some Tea Party members aren't as stupid as you may think: They know the birther argument is a loser. (That's the theory that President Barack Obama's missing birth certificate is the key to unlocking a vast conspiracy.) It's no secret people think my friends are crazy; they are hypersensitive about being considered conspiracy theorists.

Truthers are equally unwelcome. (Truthers believe 9/11 was an inside job.) Before the Texas primary earlier this year Glenn Beck asked Tea Party activist

and gubernatorial candidate Debra Medina whether the government had a role in bringing down the World Trade Center. Her reply was "I think some very good questions have been raised in that regard.... The American people have not seen all the evidence." The next day she told a local TV station, "The 9/11 Commission Report, you know, great sections of that are redacted, and they're top secret. That makes us all wonder, Well, what's happening back there? The same is true with the birth certificate thing. I think it's healthy that people are asking questions."

Rejecting conspiracy theories is particularly challenging for my Tea Party friends because we share a distrust of the government's monopoly on truth. So I was especially impressed by the Tea Party's response to Medina. Within four minutes of the radio clip being posted on HotAir.com, an e-mail circulated to members of the Ensuring Liberty board and to top bloggers Mike Flynn, Dana Loesch, Andrew Marcus and others. Here is one blogger's response: "There needs to be a loud and resounding rejection of the truthers from the Tea Party movement. On the other hand, every time I have seen a truther show up at a Tea Party event, they have been rejected. So it's not so much a purging as it is an official eff you. I hope most Tea Partiers get that."

Another leading activist, working out of his home in rural Illinois, said, "This is a teachable moment." Within hours Medina was being treated like a malignant tumor within an otherwise credible movement. At one point she had threatened to garner enough votes to surpass Senator Kay Bailey Hutchison and force Governor Rick Perry into a runoff. In the end Medina picked up just 18.6 percent of the primary vote. Medina's 18.6 percent was still enough to damage the Tea Party brand. There were suggestions about dumping the name altogether. "Now that the Tea Parties have totally fucked up their primary, 'Tea Party' may not be a brand

worth carrying. 'Grassroots conservative' may be more effective," wrote one regional Tea Party leader.

The same day, RedState.com blogger Erick Erickson wrote, "In Texas, Tea Party activists have rallied to Debra Medina, who just yesterday refused to definitely dismiss the 9/11 truther conspiracy as crackpot nonsense. If a candidate cannot do that, we cannot help that candidate. It's that simple."

Our candidate-interview process is pretty simple. The candidate is asked two questions:

- (1) Are you a birther?
- (2) Are you a truther?

If the answer is anything but "no" or "hell no," the conversation ends right there. If the candidate answers correctly, the conversation continues, looking at viability and whether we can have a worthwhile impact. The reality of this litmus test is as patriotic as practical. Donors don't contribute to lunatics.

●

Many of our friends think the print media, MSNBC and CNN are out to get them. A February *New York Times* article might as well have called the Tea Party a bunch of freaks. It linked the movement to the 1992 Ruby Ridge standoff, Indiana Senate candidate Richard Behney (who says he's keeping his guns ready if the 2010 election doesn't go his way) and Lyndon LaRouche groupies. Nuts inhabit every group, of course, but most reporters aren't paid enough to actually report.

The reality is the Tea Party as we know it will cease to exist within an election cycle. Its ideas won't go away, but most of its leaders will. That's because most self-appointed leaders in this world simply don't know how to win.

Mark my words: Without proper experienced guidance they *will* fuck it up. Rallies don't win elections—votes do. Their egos are writing checks their organizations will never cash. In this world, anything from the Beltway is tainted. With the exception of one other person, the rest of our team is no less than 700 miles away. Therein lies the rub: Most people living in the hinterlands tend to have trouble mastering the finer points of creating and funding 501(c)(4) organizations and leveraging that support into targeted independent expenditures in races in which limited soft dollars can make a difference.

Tea Party members are into less sexy things than a missing birth certificate, such as the national debt and privacy. They watch Fox News and read blogs. They're conservatives, but don't call them Republicans. They are intense followers of bloggers such as Jim Hoft (Gateway Pundit), Andrew Marcus (Founding Bloggers), Glenn Reynolds (Instapundit) and Mike Flynn (Big Government.com). BigGovernment.com was created last fall as part of Andrew Breitbart's growing media empire.

The exciting news for me is that the organization still needs someone who can deliver a message to the masses using traditional means. Even the most forward-looking political professionals know blogging and text messaging will get you



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only so far. That's where I come in. I'm part of the team prepping to deliver the Tea Party message via traditional means.

A good piece of mail gets its message across in 10 seconds. Television gives you 30 seconds, maybe. We're playing to the reptilian brain rather than the logic centers, so we look for key words and images to leverage the intense rage and anxiety of white working-class conservatives. In other words, I talk to the same part of your brain that causes road rage. Ross Perot's big mistake was his failure to connect his pie charts with the primordial brain. Two years after Perot's first White House run the GOP figured this out, and thus was born the "angry white man" and with him a 54-seat swing in the House of Representatives.

The mail you'll see from me this fall won't have much to say about gays or the unborn. We have new foils, such as the Troubled Asset Relief Program and the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act of 2009. Leveraging rage about a bailout for mega-millionaires and an \$800 billion "stimulus" that has barely moved unemployment below double figures is a cinch compared with explaining why Bobby and Joey's marriage is bad for America.

Designing a thank-you note from an imaginary Wall Street executive to working-class taxpayers is so much more rewarding than most other messaging campaigns. With new variable-print

technology, the postcard can be personalized and won't look as though it was printed overnight at Kinko's.

Dear [insert name],

*I received my Troubled Asset Relief Program check from you and other taxpayers and wanted to personally thank you for your money. I will now be able to keep the third car and vacation home by [insert name of nearby vacation area].*

*I particularly want to thank [insert name of congressman] for ensuring billionaires like me do not have to worry about petty things like mortgage payments and retirement. [insert name of congressman] has been instrumental in making sure billionaires like me are protected.*

Warm regards,  
[name of Wall Street billionaire]

*P.S. [insert name of our candidate] opposes run-away government spending. He will vote to protect taxpayers, not billionaires like me.*

Bill Hennessy leads the St. Louis Tea Party and serves on the board of Ensuring Liberty. He has more in common with Joe the Plumber than with Mitt Romney. Hennessy will tell you he likes to stand up to bullies like Obama and congressional Democrats because he refuses to accept "their brand of happiness served up on a spoon." He's a new-media guru from flyover country.

In the February primary for Illinois

governor, we were called to open the spigot for Tea Party candidate Adam Andrzejewski eight days before the election. Within 12 hours the blogosphere exploded with pro-Andrzejewski messaging and organizing, a new TV spot was filmed, and mail was designed. I've worked on hundreds of campaigns and rarely have I seen one finish with such beauty. Former Polish president Lech Walesa came to Chicago to campaign for Andrzejewski. That same day every potential primary voter in Illinois with a Polish last name received a mailer asking him or her to vote for Andrzejewski.

Jon David and Maura Flynn filmed the Andrzejewski TV spot. David is multi-talented. In addition to being one of the best directors I've seen, he took the stage before Sarah Palin at the Nashville Tea Party convention to sing his song "American Heart," which is like Lee Greenwood's "God Bless the USA" only better. David's song makes you want to waterboard a terrorist and then fuck a bald eagle. Under a cherry tree, on an American flag blanket. And by the way, his name isn't really Jon David. He uses a pseudonym because he would lose his job in Hollywood if it were known he uses his free time to play the beautiful intro ballad for Michele Bachmann speeches.

Meanwhile, Hennessy's Twitter network exploded, as did St. Louis-based Mamalogues.com blogger Dana Loesch's, and ATraditionalLifeLived.com blogger Michelle Moore's. Loesch is the sweet Midwestern goth version of Laura Ingraham. At the Conservative Political Action Conference she had a constant stream of such interviewees as Phyllis Schlafly, Ann Coulter, Ken Blackwell and Newt Gingrich. She fits right in, except she doesn't look like a troll.

Moore is one tough gal. Her Twitter bio reads, "Smart Girl Politics Director of Technology & Midwest RC, Political Troublemaker, Spy. Bodybuilder. I'm not mean, you're just a sissy." Between Hennessy, Loesch, Moore and others—like Jim Hoft and Gina Loudon—they can reach 10,000-plus area activists in seconds. Each of these activists has separate networks of thousands of followers who can light up the state instantly. Add to it our family of friendly websites, and we're talking nearly 10 million unique visitors a month.

Although he didn't win the primary, Andrzejewski shot up in those eight days to finish with nearly 15 percent—less than six percentage points off Bill Brady, who won with 20 percent of the vote. Hennessy's turf accounted for the boost. On Election Day, Andrzejewski won nine counties—his home county and other counties in the St. Louis suburbs where Hennessy and friends have reach.

Although it's mostly uncoordinated, Andrew Breitbart is pursuing a similar mission through his new-media empire. He described himself in a 2007 interview as "Matt Drudge's bitch," but he's no intern. I met him at a Dupont Circle Starbucks in early 2009, where he couldn't shake an entourage of well-wishers. The man is intense. Angry. My one-year-old has a



"Don't lie to me, Herb. There's someone else, isn't there?"



longer attention span. But he's so sharp you feel smarter just being in the same room with him. The best part about Breitbart is that he has a knack for making others—whether it's the president, the press or others in power—sound like douches.

When Breitbart gestured to the print reporters at a Tea Party event in Nashville and said, "It's not your business model that sucks; it's you that sucks," he whipped Tea Party members into a frenzy unlike anything I'd ever seen. Breitbart is one of them, except smarter, better connected and angrier; compared with him, Palin is Las Vegas dinner theater. That's why he is loved by Tea Partyers in a way Palin can never hope to be loved.

Enter James O'Keefe, Stan Dai and Joe Basel, who were arrested this past January for allegedly plotting to tamper with Democratic senator Mary Landrieu's office in New Orleans. Their arrest touched a nerve in the Tea Party community. Put in context, they are more like Tyler Durden than G. Gordon Liddy. MSNBC called it "Watergate Jr." Basel called it one of his weaker pranks.

They don't seem to mind getting busted and are truly willing to take one for the team. They travel the country, causing mayhem, giving speeches and crashing with wealthy benefactors. Saul Alinsky is their hero. They are as talented at destroying liberal institutions as they are at picking up cougars. I don't mean 30-year-old mothers; I'm talking about tired 50-year-olds. With wrinkles.

The last time I caught up with Basel he was carrying a garbage bag full of dirty laundry through the airport because he hadn't been home in months. When fans show up to take a picture with him, he pulls out the crumpled federal bond papers that give him permission to travel. Basel, Dai and O'Keefe don't work for the Tea Party, and some of their projects may not win Tea Party candidates more votes. But because of shared interests they've won the hearts of Tea Party activists and conservative cougars everywhere.

I asked Basel why he does it. "I have a storied history of fucking with the power structure," he says. "I get a high from exposing fraudsters. I love pushing the envelope and exposing the truth."

Basel's wingman, Stan Dai, is equally disarming. Except Dai served as an operations officer in a Department of Defense irregular-warfare fellowship program and may or may not have trained with the Israel Defense Forces. But Dai is a 24-year-old immigrant from China—he's not exactly Jonathan Pollard. O'Keefe doesn't have much to say. What he lacks in social skills he makes up for in creative genius and enormous balls.

Before Election Day there will be more stings. If you are part of a large organization with a vested interest in the Obama administration's success, be afraid.

The inner core of Tea Party consultants I work with don't like to see their names

in the news, but we do enjoy a good dark bar. Nearly all are based far from the Beltway. Imagine the rooftop deck of a D.C. steakhouse with about 40 Tea Party celebrities. It's not the stuffy crowd that usually congregates at Morton's. Picture Breitbart holding court with donors in one corner and fake ACORN hooker Hannah Giles in another (too young to drink legally at the time), talking with the even younger doe-eyed, homeschooled daughter of a prominent activist. Though it had been a month since Washington's last snowfall, the rooftop deck still had piles of snow, allowing Maura Flynn to start the first-ever snowball fight inside Morton's bar. Welcome to my Tea Party party.

We make a sport out of confusing the press. I had fake business cards printed to give to reporters. I watched a reporter walk out of a Conservative Political Action Conference reception in mid-February with a fistful of my faux business cards. Feeling a little guilty I told him not to file a story immediately because it would be guaranteed to be dead wrong. He finally published it a month later, after one of our friends charitably spent three hours with him.

At the Tea Party convention in Nashville I was photographed by *The Washington Post* while meeting with the inner sanctum, but the paper wasn't able to identify us in the caption. The picture captured my chin and arm and my colleague with a mouthful of hamburger as we listened to an Andrzejewski campaign staffer explain why he knows how to run a campaign better. A local blog described him a couple of years ago as a "radically right-wing psychopath." That was generous. In reality he's an Allstate IT guy who should not be allowed near tequila, sharp objects or a campaign.

Causing mayhem is not limited to dealing with the press. We've quietly acquired Service Employees International Union shirts to wear at Tea Party rallies. For big labor, that's like handing out TSA uniforms in Kabul. And at a rally in St. Louis this March, fake SEIU protesters joined the Tea Party protest.

Various Republican congressional leaders met for hours with our leadership and our finance team in the Richard Nixon suite at the Omni Shoreham Hotel in Washington. Never in my career had I had a congressman look me in the eyes behind closed doors and say with such sincerity, "Give me a list of what you need me to do." The second meeting drew 10 congressmen. There we sat, inside the Capitol Hill Club (which shares the building that houses the Republican National Committee), sharing ideas on how we can work together. The third meeting drew 17 congressmen. We'll see help with fundraising and research from friendly members of Congress. It's what you *won't* see that's more important. Our role is to quietly help a dozen grassroots conservative candidates win in the fall, using traditional and nontraditional means. If you don't hear from us directly, we will have done our job.



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## CAMERON DIAZ

(continued from page 32)

home, open a beer, turn on sports on TV, turn down the volume and turn up rock and roll to the highest decibel. On weekends when all the big sporting events were on, they'd have their friends over for parties and barbecues for the Super Bowl, the Sugar Ray Leonard–Roberto Duran fights. On other weekends, because my mom and dad knew how to do everything and we couldn't afford to hire anyone to remodel the house, they taught me and my sister how to build our deck, do brickwork, lay floors, do the gardening.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you get hassled about being a blue-eyed blonde kid with a Spanish last name?

**DIAZ:** Where I grew up all the Diazes had brown hair, brown skin and brown eyes, so there was a bit of "You're not a Latina." I do identify with my culture. My dad's first language was Spanish, but he didn't teach it to us because he was made fun of growing up and didn't want that to happen to my sister and me. He regretted that choice later, but it's all right because I've lived all over the world and never picked up even the smallest bit of another language. I wasn't born with that chip.

**PLAYBOY:** What do you most remember about Long Beach Polytechnic High, known for its record number of NFL draftees and for being a location in *American Pie* and *American Beauty*?

**DIAZ:** What I loved was that it was 3,500 diverse kids—Cambodian, Mexican, Vietnamese, Uruguayan—kids who wore turbans, Samoan kids who wore sarongs, had tattoos and gray hair down to *here* at 13. There were Crips gang members too.

**PLAYBOY:** And also Snoop Dogg, right?

**DIAZ:** Snoop was a year older than me. He stood out. He was tall and skinny and wore ponytails all over his head. I'm sure I probably bought weed from him.

**PLAYBOY:** Were your parents strict about weed and alcohol?

**DIAZ:** I was never really rebellious, because my parents let me do whatever I wanted. I grew up with weed and alcohol around me. My parents were clear that it wasn't something they wanted me to get into, but it wasn't something they could stop me from getting. When they said no to me, I listened. As I got older, they trusted me. They were like, "If you're going to drink, don't drive. Call us."

**PLAYBOY:** Was your high school rough?

**DIAZ:** Oh yeah. You moved out of the way fast if a girl pulled back her hair, took off her earrings and necklaces and then put on all her girlfriends' rings like brass knuckles. The girl who had her hair loose and her necklaces and earrings on always came out with bloody ears, scratches and her weave hanging down.

**PLAYBOY:** On which end of the hurting were you usually?

**DIAZ:** I fought boys more than girls. I was a tomboy who was always made fun of and picked on by boys because I was a superskinny, ratty tough kid. I got called

bark, you were fucked. My father was a total scrapper who often came home having been in a fight, and one of the first things I remember him doing was teaching me how to fight. By high school I had learned the skill of not having to get into those situations.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you have to fight off the football jocks when you were a flag-twirling Polyette?

**DIAZ:** I wanted to be on the squad because we got to do dance routines. I hated doing the field shit. Those flags? I was like, "Are you fucking kidding me?" I got kicked off the squad because I would ditch phys ed. My sister was the good kid. I was the one who had to be handled because I was strong willed.

**PLAYBOY:** What kinds of guys were you into back then?

**DIAZ:** I was into the bad boys, like the kid who sat next to me in class who would sew up his fingers with a needle and thread, chop up SweeTarts and snort them and put safety pins through his earlobes. That's what distracted me in class. When I signed with my manager at 21, my mom said to him, "My daughter is a good person who will always do right by you and work hard. The one thing you should know is that it's always going to be about the boys. She's boy crazy." It's true. I love the men—in a very good way.

**PLAYBOY:** As a kid, were you into any bad-boy stars?

**DIAZ:** *Raiders of the Lost Ark* was a big thing for me. When I was nine, in my mind I was kissing Harrison Ford, and he was an *amazing* kisser. I was going to marry him. It's not a secret today. He knows. He's taken, so what can I do? But I also loved Karen Allen's character.

**PLAYBOY:** Why?

**DIAZ:** She keeps stride with the man and hauls ass barefoot across the tarmac in a cut-off wedding dress when the plane is about to blow up. My grandmother was a scrappy hard-core motherfucker like that—a pioneer woman who butchered her own livestock, grew her own vegetables and made us soap out of bacon grease. She didn't like cold weather, so when that set in, she'd move from California to a little house in Arizona, miles from anyone. My uncle says his scarring memory was seeing my grandmother, in only a skirt and flip-flops, holding a machete in one hand and a squirming rattlesnake she'd just beheaded for the night's supper in the other. I come from that mentality.

**PLAYBOY:** What were your first jobs?

**DIAZ:** When I was 12 my mom put my sister and me to work in her office a couple of days a week filing and doing other work. Later I worked for a TCBY yogurt shop, and I bused tables and hosted at a family-owned restaurant called Hof's Hut. Because my dad hated his job, I always said "If I don't love it, then I'm not going to do it," so I have never done a job I didn't love.

**PLAYBOY:** How did you get saved from the food business?

**DIAZ:** I started modeling at 16, during my junior year of high school. I had started going to places in Hollywood with friends, and one night the photographer Jeff Dunas asked what agency I was with. I wasn't even sure what he meant, but he gave me his card

and said I should have my parents call him. My parents were so supportive. They had impressed on my sister and me that whatever we wanted to do, we were capable of doing. We didn't have to be the best, just do our best. That took a lot of pressure off.

**PLAYBOY:** Considering the hair pulling that went on at your school, did you tell your friends and classmates you were modeling?

**DIAZ:** I kept it secret from kids at school for the first six months. Then the summer after my junior year I went to Japan to model and lived there three months, sharing an apartment with another model, who was 15. When I came back to Long Beach I was like, "I don't give a shit who knows."

**PLAYBOY:** After a summer like that, normal high school life must have been a letdown.

**DIAZ:** It was apparent I had no interest in any part of high school or the education I was getting there. I wanted to go into the world and learn about things that were relevant to life. My parents said, "Look, you're 16, and, sorry, but all we know is what we know, and we've given it to you. We're not going to keep you here just because we're afraid for you." Then my mom added, "I just hope you keep a big stick next to your bed."

**PLAYBOY:** Did you need one?

**DIAZ:** Japan was a whole lot safer than Long Beach. I did find a boyfriend while I was in Japan—of course. An older guy.

**PLAYBOY:** That would be the video director Carlos de la Torre. But had you already been with a guy before that?

**DIAZ:** Yes! Oh my God, *no*—I don't want my mom to know. Actually, fuck it. I had already had sex. I had a lot of encounters that weren't "going all the way" but were fun and made me very enthusiastic and excited about the possibilities.

**PLAYBOY:** What was your first time like?

**DIAZ:** I kind of did it just to do it. I wanted to get it over with just so it was *done*.

**PLAYBOY:** Did you pick a bad boy?

**DIAZ:** No, he wasn't bad, and that probably made the difference. After that it was as if the gates were open. So Japan was great. I had my own apartment. I met somebody I ended up hanging out with. It was amazing to be young and free and have all those experiences.

**PLAYBOY:** What did you figure out about yourself through those experiences?

**DIAZ:** The big thing I learned was how non-competitive I am. When I started modeling, I had a blonde, blue-eyed girlfriend who always got called in for the same casting. Sometimes I got the job; sometimes she got it. We're still good friends. My mom always said, "If it's your job, you'll get it," and even today I never look at other actresses and say, "I wish I had what they have." I love women. I root for women. The only women I don't like are jealous, spiteful ones who stab other women in the back and do shitty things.

**PLAYBOY:** Young people away from home sometimes get into trouble. How did you handle alcohol and drugs?

**DIAZ:** I was 19 and in Australia for the first time doing a commercial. I didn't know Australians are actually superhuman and don't have livers. I was out one harmless, wonderfully fun day with a group of

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hospitable Australians who were showing me Sydney. I was keeping up with them drinking, and they got pretty shit-faced, but I got alcohol poisoning. I survived, but it was as bad as alcohol poisoning gets. I thought I was dying.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you have to watch what you drink?

**DIAZ:** No, it had nothing to do with excessiveness. It was a simple mistake. I know what I can and can't handle.

**PLAYBOY:** Did any modeling experience make you consider ditching the whole career?

**DIAZ:** Once I went to shoot pictures with a photographer who turned out to be a total creep. I walked in and looked him in the eye. He said, "Trust me," and I was just like, This guy is bad news. I always know to trust my street sensibilities. I said, "No, thank you" and walked right out. He never took a picture.

**PLAYBOY:** Did it raise eyebrows in Hollywood when, in 1994 at the age of 21, you got cast in *The Mask* despite having no real acting experience?

**DIAZ:** As for what others think, if you're not happy for someone's success, I'm not interested in you. I don't think I've done anything in my life to make people hate me and not want me to do well. There are people you see and go, "Wow, really—that asshole got that movie?" I'm never going to wish something bad on somebody. The balance of the universe means that if somebody

gets successful in the right way, it means only continued success. If they get there in the wrong way, it will even out.

**PLAYBOY:** But you know the casting couch exists in Hollywood.

**DIAZ:** There's a subculture of the business in which that happens, but the *real* business is about numbers. Every time I do a movie, people sit and run the numbers. We study them. We negotiate deals over them. They put people in movies because they think those people will recruit the audience's money, not because they got a hand job. They may put somebody in a movie because audiences want to *think* they're going to get a hand job from them, but they're not actually going to get the hand job.

**PLAYBOY:** What pops into your head when you remember you and Jim Carrey making *The Mask*?

**DIAZ:** How we laughed our asses off. He was phenomenal, and I was in awe of what he did. We had a blast and had such great chemistry. I've always had a lot of confidence, but the director, Chuck Russell, encouraged me, saying, "You can do it." I call it on-the-job training. I'm still doing on-the-job training, still learning.

**PLAYBOY:** You've never studied acting?

**DIAZ:** When I was auditioning for *The Mask* I worked with a coach, and I've worked with coaches over the years. I have ADD. My attention goes to so many different places. I don't focus. I'm terrible at doing homework,

so I need somebody to make me do it.

**PLAYBOY:** It seems to be working, because you've held your own in movies starring Daniel Day-Lewis, Al Pacino, Leonardo DiCaprio, John Malkovich and John Cusack, let alone been directed by Martin Scorsese, Oliver Stone, Cameron Crowe and Curtis Hanson, no less.

**DIAZ:** I'm lucky. I'm not an ambitious person. I never project into the future, like "I'll be happy when..." fill in the blank. I don't look beyond being happy doing the movie I'm making now.

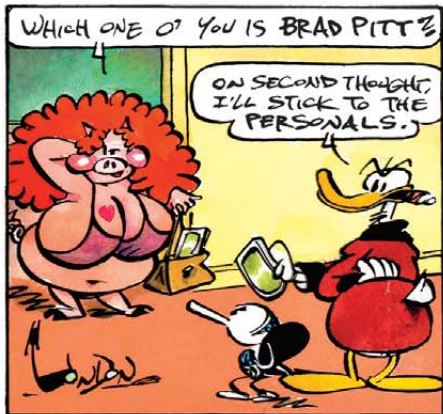
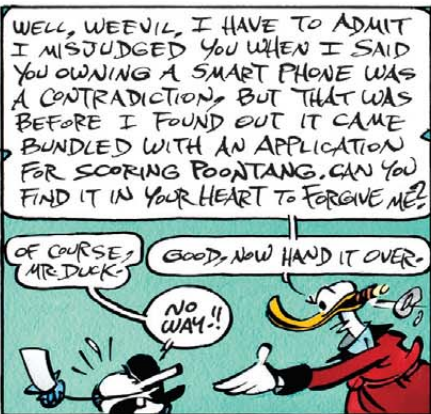
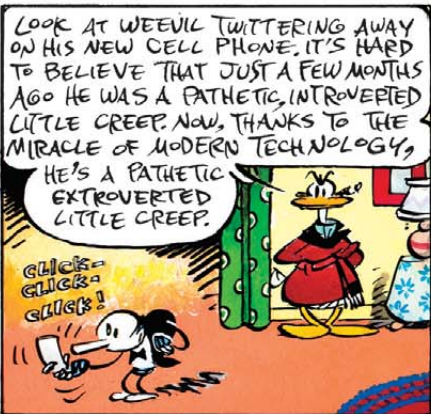
**PLAYBOY:** You've had award nominations for *There's Something About Mary*, *Vanilla Sky* and *Being John Malkovich*. Do you secretly lust after the kinds of dramatic roles played by, say, Kate Winslet or Cate Blanchett?

**DIAZ:** Working with Daniel Day-Lewis in *Gangs of New York* put a lot of things in perspective for me. I saw the way he worked and the outcome of his hard work. I could do exactly what he does and have completely different results. Why would I put myself in the position of trying to do something only Daniel Day-Lewis can do?

**PLAYBOY:** So you're saying you know your strengths and limitations?

**DIAZ:** If I had the ability to focus on one thing, I would be a different actor. I don't have that ability. My brain doesn't work that way. I do the roles I do because of the person I am. I feel really grateful, and I'm proud of the work I've done in different

# Dirty Duck by Bobby London



kinds of films. Have I done it spectacularly? Not always. Maybe never. But I've done it with everything I had at the time. And that's all I can do. Whether other people consider my accomplishments to be successful or not doesn't matter to me. I don't give a fuck what other people think. I have my own standards I live by.

**PLAYBOY:** You've co-starred with actors who could be considered eccentric and others who could be called certifiable. How do you deal with those situations?

**DIAZ:** Again, I don't give a fuck. It's not about me. We have a finite amount of time to get to know each other, make it work, make the best of the relationships we forge and create something together. You have to make the most of it. I love the challenge of having to learn how to communicate, to know what words I can and can't use to get the most out of a situation.

**PLAYBOY:** In 2008 Anna Faris told this magazine she was still uncomfortable about the widespread belief that she mocked you in her performance as the hippie-dippy self-absorbed actress in Sofia Coppola's *Lost in Translation*.

**DIAZ:** She's lovely, talented, funny, and I love watching her. I have no ill feelings toward her whatsoever. You can't hurt my feelings. I'm the first to make fun of myself.

**PLAYBOY:** When have you most embarrassed yourself in front of another celebrity?

**DIAZ:** I saw Jeff Bridges at this year's rehearsal for the Oscars ceremony. I didn't know what to say, but I rushed over and was like, "Um, hi. Congratulations on everything.

You must be so excited," and he gave me this sideways look and smile. We just didn't connect. There was no response. I was like, Okay. Then I started sweating and thinking, Wait, he's nominated, right? Or did I just totally make an ass of myself?

**PLAYBOY:** You've talked about the movie business being about numbers. What does it mean to you that *What Happens in Vegas* had good box office numbers but your good work in *In Her Shoes* and *My Sister's Keeper* wasn't seen by anywhere near as many people, and your horror movie *The Box* bombed?

**DIAZ:** I never put that kind of pressure on myself. I don't do a movie for any other reason than to have an audience enjoy it, to have a good time making it and to be proud of it. I like to do a couple of more

commercial films and then do a smaller one—the kind that makes only so much money, whether I'm in it or someone else is. I appreciate the opportunity to do that. I trust the people I do business with to make it so that we do good business. It may not do phenomenal business, but we're not stepping out on a limb, so we're all going to be okay and be able to do business together again.

**PLAYBOY:** In *Being John Malkovich* your character and Catherine Keener's explore a trippy kind of lesbianism. How do you view sexuality?

**DIAZ:** We are who we are. We all know what drives us. Sexuality and love can be different things. I can be attracted to a woman sexually, but it doesn't mean I want to be in love with a woman. If I'm going to be with

that have drawn public interest, I feel as though I've evolved, learned and become better equipped. I don't feel I need to make it different for the outside world that's looking in and judging it.

**PLAYBOY:** The way you've spoken about your closeness to your father, it must have been especially hard when he died of pneumonia in 2008.

**DIAZ:** My dad was so powerful, a sheer force. His death was sudden and completely unexpected. We're lucky to have such a strong family, and it's completely different now that my father's no longer physically with us. When someone dies, people say "He'll always be with you," but until that loss I didn't realize he's with me in a way he never was before. There's a treasure to be dug out of every hole left empty next to you.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you wind up falling in love with versions of our parents?

**DIAZ:** I can see qualities of my father in some of the men I've been with, though none of them were men like my father. My father always expected the best of me, never diminished me, never expected me to be less than who I was. That's hard for some men; it's threatening. But because my father instilled that in us, there's no going back for me. I've tried severing parts of myself to fit into a relationship that needed me to be a little smaller. It doesn't work.

**PLAYBOY:** The tabloids have been speculating that you and Yankees superstar Alex Rodriguez may be an item. What's the truth?

**DIAZ:** No, no, no. I've been in relationships since I was 16 years old. In the past three years I've made a

conscious decision not to be in a relationship for as long as I want. I've stayed away from all the traps out there for me to just fall into something that will potentially lead me down the same road. I love being a woman to a man, but I want to have a relationship with myself right now.

**PLAYBOY:** That can't possibly stop guys from trying out their best pickup moves, though.

**DIAZ:** I do get men trying to pick me up. I'm always interested. I never shut down any man who's willing to ask me out, unless he's a total douche bag. It takes a lot for a guy to ask out a girl like me—not because I think I'm super special or anything. It's just that I think men are intimidated, and it's a lot to get involved with. It's not uncomplicated.

**PLAYBOY:** Are you complicated?

**DIAZ:** I'm super easy. I'm not a complicated

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a woman sexually, it doesn't mean I'm a lesbian. We put these restraints and definitions on people, but it's hard to define.

**PLAYBOY:** You've been romantically associated with well-known guys, including Matt Dillon, Jared Leto and Justin Timberlake. When a relationship is over, do you move on easily?

**DIAZ:** I feel about a lot of things in life—but certainly about men—that we're with the people we're supposed to be with when it's meant to be. I'm so grateful my parents were a loving, beautiful example of what people do when they care and want to make something work. For me, it just hasn't been the time to make that commitment. I have an extraordinary life. I've had really successful relationships, even though they've lasted only a certain amount of time. I'm okay with that. With some of the relationships

person, but I'm complex like any other human being. I know myself. I know what I want and what I don't want. I'm not a scorned woman. I'm not a resentful person. I'm open. I'm really into pleasure. I love to take a big bite out of everything.

**PLAYBOY:** How much do the by-products of fame—such as the tabloids and the paparazzi—complicate your life?

**DIAZ:** You wish there weren't people who think it's okay to pay people to tell horrible stories about other people's lives and reveal incredibly damaging, hurtful things to the public. But if I spent any time reading what people make up about my life, I would be taking away from how I live my life, which is so much better than anyone could imagine. With photographers, you're happy to stop and give a photograph because you understand that's part of the business. It's when they're aggressive and attack that I wish I could draw that line. It goes back to the whole balance of the universe. You have to have faith that one day all the good or harm people do to others will come back to them.

**PLAYBOY:** When you decide to have a relationship again, what things about a guy are certain to turn your crank?

**DIAZ:** Obviously I have no type if you look at the men I've dated. I like confidence, but I've learned that just because somebody has confidence doesn't mean he's secure. I'm primal on an animalistic level, kind of like, "Bonk me over the head, throw me over your shoulder. You man, me woman." Not everybody has the right chemistry and the right kind of primal thing for me.

**PLAYBOY:** What has been the best atmosphere or background for your peak caveman-cavewoman adventures?

**DIAZ:** There are so many; I can't pick one.

There's something about moonlight on the body and things happening sort of free and open. Outdoors is something I'm totally game and down for. I love to cuddle. I love physical contact. I have to be touching my lover, like, always. It's not optional. It's an absolute. My lover is everything to me.

**PLAYBOY:** When have you been most recklessly impulsive in the name of love?

**DIAZ:** Oh gosh, I can't even count how many times I've gotten on a plane for love. It's not unusual in this business; my lifestyle demands it. I'm always traveling for [whispers] cock. You've got to go where it is.

**PLAYBOY:** Sex toys, pro or con?

**DIAZ:** A long time ago a girlfriend and I said, one, a woman should never be in a broken-down car without her AAA card, and two, she should never be alone without a dildo.

**PLAYBOY:** Do you see yourself ever stepping away from acting, or are you in it for life?

**DIAZ:** Do I think I'm going to do it forever? Maybe. Do I think I'll ever stop? Maybe. I just know that right now, things work. I'm having a great time. Am I tired? Fuck, yeah, I'm exhausted from working my ass off at doing what I love to do. But it isn't so much going to work; it's the amount of time the work I love takes me away from doing other things I enjoy. After I'm done promoting *Knight and Day* I don't know what I'm going to do, but I'm starting to fantasize about how I want to spend my time with family and friends. I have an extraordinary life, for which I am so grateful. If you're grateful for what you have, you're in need of nothing else. I can't imagine how my life could get better, but I'm sure it can. It *will*—because it always does.



"One day, son, all this will be in color."

## BUNNY

(continued from page 69)

American culture with his magazine by making America safe for sex. The clubs were a brick-and-mortar tribute to this revolution—a way, said Hefner, "to give the world of Playboy a street address," as Disneyland had given a street address to Walt Disney's imagination. In fact, some observers, including the magazine itself, promptly dubbed the Playboy Club "Disneyland for Adults," a funny and perhaps obvious analogy but one that contained a more profound analysis of the cultural veins the clubs would tap than they might have realized. So to understand the Playboy Club phenomenon it helps to start with Disney, as strange as that may sound.

On the face of it there may not have been two more dissimilar American icons than conservative Walt Disney and liberated Hugh Hefner, yet that was only on the face of it. Like Disney's parents, Hefner's were solid Midwesterners—Disney's from Kansas, Hefner's from Nebraska—who migrated to Chicago, where both Disney and Hefner were born. Both grew up in religious, repressive, emotionally frigid households. Both were childhood dreamers who sought solace and escape in drawing cartoons. Both had active fantasy lives, and both, of course, parlayed their fantasies into empires by understanding the American desire for wish fulfillment.

Disney's animations and Hefner's magazine eventually led to monuments where others could act out the fantasy. Disneyland was a way to make tangible what was on-screen, the Playboy Clubs a way to make tangible what was on the page. That meant the Playboy Clubs were not simply updated, upscale nightspots for drink, dining and entertainment. They were total environments and full experiences—a place to "enter" the magazine as fully as Disneyland allowed one to "enter" the animations. As PLAYBOY itself put it in its first examination of the Chicago club, it was devised for "sophisticated pleasure" and "dedicated to projecting the richly romantic mood, the fun and joie de vivre that are so much a part of the publication."

In large measure this was dependent on a sense of discontinuity between what was outside the club and what was inside. As Disneyland had a berm surrounding it to demarcate its fantasy from the dull reality beyond its gates, the Chicago Playboy Club had a Mondrian-inspired canopy above the door that suggested cool modern elegance. But the clubs also had a berm of sorts, a berm of privilege: private membership. The Playboy Club was the sanctuary provided exclusively for "keyholders," who paid a fee, and their guests. This was a select group, even if it was self-selected. These denizens were, according to PLAYBOY, the "most important, most aware, most affluent men of the community."

What they found when they crossed the threshold were lands of silky sophistication. One entered a long dimly lit barroom that was understated and buzzy rather than noisy—the ultimate cocktail lounge—decorated by transparencies of Playmates on the walls. Then one could ascend a stairway carpeted

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in burnt orange to the Living Room, a dining and mixing area with a fireplace that the magazine described as having the “comfortable decor of the plushiest urban pad.” One floor up was the Library—what nightclub had a library?—an intimate, candlelit jazz club as sedate as its name. And then up another flight was the Penthouse, a larger club featuring big-name headliners. It was all the epitome of cool.

That might have been the most fundamental similarity between the Playboy Club and Disneyland, and the deepest source of their appeal. Where most amusement parks were bastions of abandon, Disneyland was precisely the opposite. It was predicated on control, on the reassurance of the expected. Oddly, given the conservative caricature of PLAYBOY as debauched and hedonistic, the Playboy Clubs were also examples of control. They were elegant rather than opulent, soft rather than loud, muted rather than brassy, decorous rather than licentious, and extremely tasteful in every respect—the perfect lair for the idealized PLAYBOY reader, who was himself all these things.

In truth it was the interface of sexuality with composed self-possession rather than the sexuality itself that made the clubs cultural trailblazers. Hefner is often credited with being the man who ripped through the veil of 1950s complacency and prudery. In fact he did something much more complex, subtle and significant. He didn't really make America safe for sex; with his clubs he made sex safe for America. Before Hefner the idea of “sophisticated pleasure” was oxymoronic. Far from sophisticated, American male sexuality was generally and crudely hypermasculine—a function of muscle, aggression and force associated with such things as manly labor, the outdoors, athleticism, ruggedness and risk. Its archetypes were slabs like John Wayne or Brando's Stanley Kowalski, both of whom had an almost bovine stolidity. Indeed, with the sole exception of Cary Grant, even the smarter, more self-reflective postwar male sex symbols—Bogart, Mitchum, Lancaster, Douglas—were required to display masculine brio.

The young Hugh Hefner was the antithesis of this sort of obvious sexuality. He was thin, almost wiry. Norman Mailer described him

as looking like a “lean, rather modest cowboy of middle size” who “was not the kind of man one would have expected to see as the publisher of his magazine, nor the owner of the Playboy Club.” He was a bookish intellectual, a pipe smoker. He wore pajamas rather than flannel shirts or ripped tees. He preferred cocktails to whiskey or beer, Franz Kline to Thomas Hart Benton, foreign sports cars to Cadillacs and the indoors to the outdoors. He loved jazz, cutting-edge comics like Lenny Bruce and Dick Gregory, minimalist architecture in the Mies van der Rohe and Frank Lloyd Wright style, and modern furniture. Forswearing macho, he was the epicure who always knew what was cool.

Though Hefner would claim his chief adversary was American conformity, his real adversary may have been the conventional idea of male masculinity, and his real achievement may have been reinventing the whole idea of male sexuality in his own image. By the time Hefner was done, male sexuality wouldn't only be about brawn, wealth, power or even size—the first three difficult to acquire and the last impossible—it would be about style, which was available to any man with the good sense to develop it. It was Hefner as much as anyone who made sex a function of style. Hefner removed the vulgarity from sex and put the seduction into American coitus.

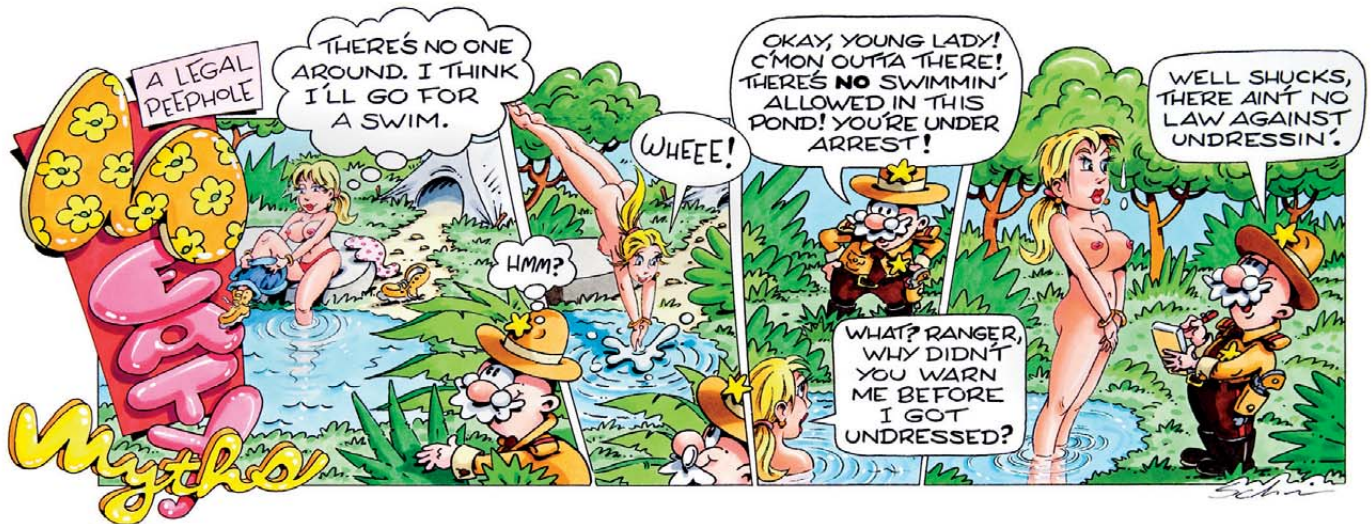
There was no better expression of this sea change in sexuality than the Playboy Clubs. They weren't just oases for tired businessmen to wind down, entertain clients or ogle beautiful women; the Playboy Clubs were places where a new kind of man could indulge a particular style of urbanity. In them he could act cool, feel cool, be cool. Cool was in the air. That meant the Playboy Clubs were an ethos, not simply a location or, like Disneyland, an escape. At the clubs you could sip the cocktails the magazine extolled, listen to the jazz the magazine promoted, hear the comics the magazine featured and see the girls the magazine touted. The clubs even captured the cool political winds of the 1960s. They were fully integrated—guests, entertainers, Bunnies—at a time when the civil rights movement was fighting, often bloodily, for equality elsewhere.

And because PLAYBOY was a state of mind, it wasn't just in the hipster precincts that the

Playboy Clubs thrived. It was appropriate the first club opened in Chicago, not only Hefner's hometown and home to the magazine's headquarters but also Carl Sandburg's “city of the big shoulders,” a masculine, deeply ethnic city one would not necessarily have thought of as a mecca of cool any more than one might have thought of the professorial Hefner as America's foremost sexual provocateur. Although Playboy Clubs soon opened in Miami, where more than 2,000 people jammed the streets the first night; New York, where a stream of luminaries including Joan Collins, Tony Bennett and Ed Sullivan braved freezing temperatures to attend the debut; New Orleans; and Atlanta, they also appeared in such incongruous locales as Baltimore, St. Louis, Kansas City and Cincinnati, where students from nearby Xavier University protested by carrying placards proclaiming PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY VS. CHRISTIAN MORALITY, SHOULD WE SACRIFICE MORALS FOR BUSINESS?

But if the *raison d'être* of the Playboy Clubs was to provide a pocket of cool ambience amid the vast American uncool, their primary appeal was indisputably the women: the Bunnies. As the story goes, Hefner and his associates were trying to come up with the right garb and the right image for the clubs' female attendants, dismissing lingerie because one couldn't really serve in such a costume, when someone suggested they deploy the magazine's logo—the bunny. Thus the waitresses became Bunnies, in colorful satin-rayon bodices with matching ears and three-inch pumps, white cuffs, a collar with a bow tie, black fishnet stockings (originally), a name tag rosette on the hip and, of course, the yarn (later faux fur) cottontail. It was Hefner who recommended cinching the costume to accentuate a narrow waist and a large bust, and cutting the sides higher to reveal more leg. So was born one of the most widely recognized images in the world.

Hefner said he had gotten the idea of the Playboy Club from a Chicago institution, the Gaslight Club, whose waitresses dressed as flappers, and the idea of roaming beauties from watching *The Great Ziegfeld*—the biopic of showman Florenz Ziegfeld—in his youth. The Bunnies would, in Hefner's words, be “waitresses elevated to the level of a Ziegfeld





Follies Girl." But Ziegfeld's girls were ethereal—distant, inaccessible goddesses who represented an idealization of American female sexuality as distinct from the available strumpets at the other end of the sexual spectrum. Whatever his initial intentions, Hefner didn't wind up repositioning the Follies showgirl into 1960s America. Rather, he did exactly what he had done with male sexuality. He redefined it by creating the sort of woman the Playboy man would desire—in effect, reconceptualizing womanhood itself.

The Playboy man—and the Playboy Club devotee—clearly liked women and enjoyed sex, but in this as in everything else he was a connoisseur. As a sophisticate, what he didn't like were obvious women, cheap women, lascivious women who were good only for a bang. That's why, for his Playmates, Hefner had chosen women who were not only beautiful and well-endowed but also worth a man's attention. No trollops were allowed. The Bunnies may have taken that idea even further, if only because they were actually present. As Hefner's brother, Keith, who would help manage the clubs, described a Bunny, "She may be sexy, but it's a fresh, healthy sex—not cheap or lewd." One article called her "the all-girl girl."

Just as the Playboy man became a model for a new, cool sophistication, the Playboy Bunny became a model for a new, modern kind of woman—one who was sexy and desirable but also independent, ambitious, accomplished and comfortable in her own skin. In the many pictorials that featured the "Bunnies of..." their pulchritude was never emphasized. It was their intelligence and their achievements. The Bunnies were artists, dancers and ballerinas, musicians, opera singers, actresses, former stewardesses, pilots, athletes, chess players, karate masters and poets. One was fluent in four languages. One intended to start a finishing school. Another was a social worker. One had attended the Sorbonne and another had a Ph.D. Many were students working their way through school. PLAYBOY went to great lengths to show the whole woman was definitely more than the sum of her measurements.

The point—an important one in American sexuality—was that for all the depictions of Hefner as a heedless libertine, his Bunnies represented, and the clubs promoted, a much deeper and more traditional form of romance, albeit one with a sexual component. The Bunnies were women with whom one could share emotional and intellectual bonds, not just sexual pleasure. Or to put it another way, the sexual pleasure was informed by a much larger range of feelings and affinities, one reason no one would ever mistake the Playboy Clubs for Plato's Retreat, the New York carnal den of the late 1970s and early 1980s. The Playboy Clubs actually encouraged the idea of sex as a part of human expression—sex as an attitude as well as an act.

Of course not everyone shared this view. When feminist Gloria Steinem went undercover as a Bunny at the New York club and wrote her famous exposé in the May and June 1963 issues of *Show*, she was attempting to strike a blow for women's liberation and against what she perceived to be the servitude of these poor young girls. She described

leaving the club one evening, walking home, spotting a high-priced call girl in a car and admitting she felt like one herself. But thousands of women, including supermodel Lauren Hutton and Blondie vocalist Deborah Harry, aspired to be Bunnies—and not because they were self-loathing or masochistic or enthralled by male supremacy. One assumes it was because they liked the image of sexy liberation and because they realized that while they might be glorified waitresses, the operative word was *glorified*. Although they were not the distant, aloof goddesses of Ziegfeld, they were literally untouchable (anyone laying a hand on them would have been tossed out), and to make sure no one got the wrong idea, they were prohibited from dating customers—a rule Hefner later rescinded when the Bunnies demanded it. They may have served, but they knew they were the main attraction. They didn't have to impress the guests, the guests tried to impress them.

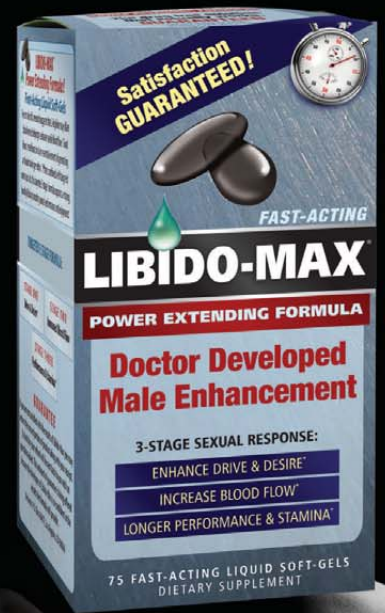
All of which may have contributed to the clubs' demise. They flourished throughout the 1960s and into the 1970s, during the long transition from Eisenhower's buttoned-down America to Kennedy's unbuttoned one—they even helped facilitate that transition. By the time the clubs celebrated their 10th anniversary, in 1970, there had been 22.5 million keyholders and 4,000 Bunnies. The number of clubs would eventually reach 24 in the United States and 10 internationally, including posh high-rise Playboy Hotels in Chicago and Miami. The empire would also include Hefner's own black DC-9 flying club and eight Playboy resorts, beginning with one in Jamaica and later, in 1968 and 1971 respectively, massive lodges at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin and Great Gorge in New Jersey, testifying to how much the Playboy idea had leached into the larger culture. It was no longer a constellation of small, *intime* clubs for sophisticates. The Playboy Club had grown into a giant family-oriented enterprise that was not only like Disneyland, it *was* Disneyland. Lake Geneva even had supervised activities for children. Imagine!

By the mid-1970s, however, the clubs had begun to wobble, and by the late 1970s many were closing. Those that remained were kept afloat largely through the gambling profits of the London club, but it eventually lost its gambling license in a dispute with the British government. The dominoes fell. Great Gorge would expire in 1982, Lake Geneva the same year—a year in which the clubs reported a \$51 million loss. The last American club, in the bustling metropolis of Lansing, Michigan, closed its doors in 1988. Three years later the last international club shuttered in Manila.

The conventional analysis for the clubs' death was to blame the recrudescence of conservatism in Reagan America that attempted to restigmatize sex and punish the libido. In this view the Playboy enterprise had become an anachronism of a livelier, better, more honest time but a time rapidly receding into history along with other trappings of American cool. The truth may be more bizarre: The Playboy Clubs vanished not because Reagan's version of America had triumphed but because Hefner's had. By revamping American machismo and making sexuality cool, by emphasizing the intellectual blandishments

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that underlay the sexual ones, by seeing sex not just as a primal activity but as part of a larger attitude toward life and happiness—and by seeing women not as toys but as equal members of the sexual community who had the same needs and rights as men—Hefner helped integrate sexuality into American life so that many of the things that had seemed secretive and scandalous when the clubs opened were now commonplace for most Americans. Sex was everywhere.

It was that integration, that success in mainstreaming sexuality, that may have finally destroyed the clubs. The clubs were designed to be segregated from conformist America—separate from the square, conventional, anhedonistic America outside their doors. The place was special, a repository of cool. The people who visited were special, the acolytes of cool. When America took a more liberalized view of sex and the clubs' sense of specialness disappeared, so necessarily did the clubs themselves.

As for the Bunnies, they had been under assault throughout the 1970s not only from the prudes on the right but, as noted, from feminists like Steinem on the left who saw them as victims. But just as the right didn't destroy the Playboy Club, feminism didn't destroy the Bunny. On the contrary, the Bunny ironically may have been an early manifestation of

feminism, making Steinem correct when she said, "All women are Bunnies, but it doesn't have to be that way," just not how she thought she was right. The Bunny pointed the way to sexual liberation, and while it didn't have to be that way, most women, younger ones especially, were glad it was. The problem for the Playboy Clubs was when all women were Bunnies, there was no longer any reason to maintain a special hutch.

The clubs and Bunnies have recently enjoyed a revival, after 20 years of dormancy, with the 2006 opening of the Playboy Club at the Palms Casino in Las Vegas and the promise of more to come, but this is not an attempt to recapture the past so much as it is a different incarnation of American sophistication: grandiosity. While the original clubs were small and sleek, the new club is sophistication on steroids, which may be the only way to compete in a country where cool has become a commodity. If so, the Playboy Clubs had a lot to do with blowing cool sexuality across America until almost the entire nation was chilled. Hefner created the clubs to give PLAYBOY a street address. Eventually, the address became America itself. That is the Playboy Club legacy, and 50 years on it is still a big one.



## SLEEP

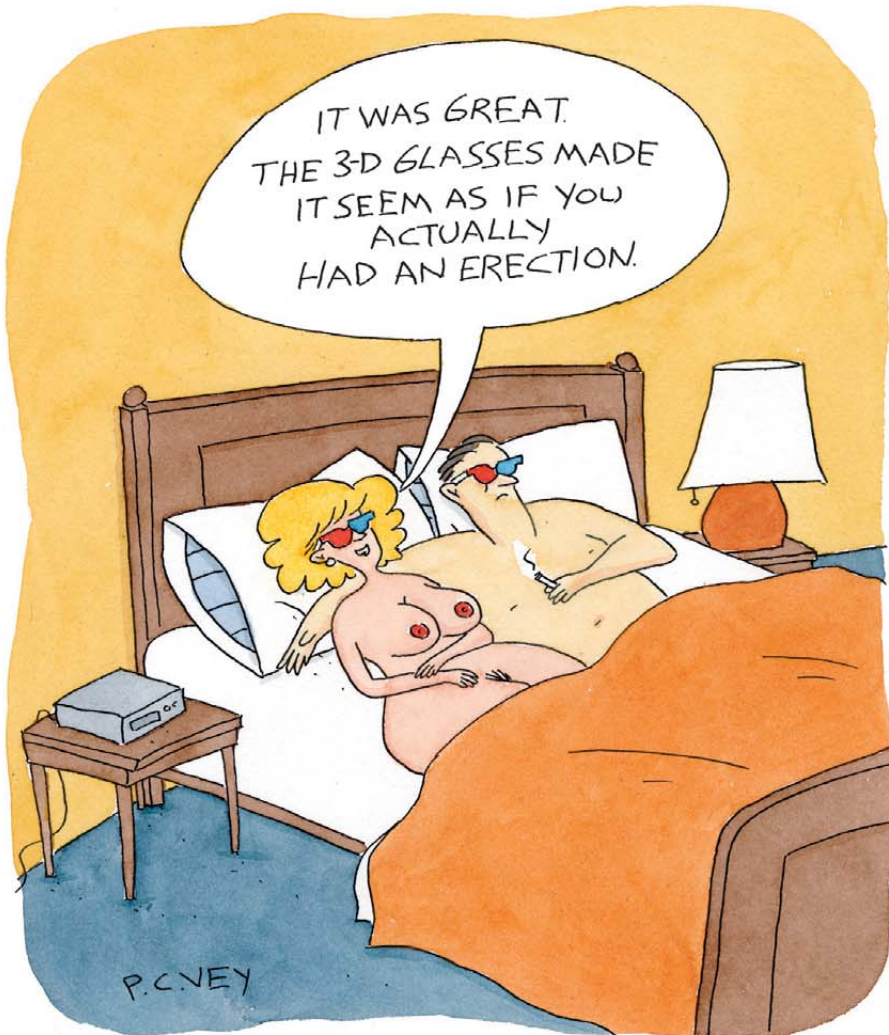
(continued from page 54)

dully, that they're sharp. "We humans are good at comparing today to yesterday but not so good at remembering how we felt last week or last year," says Dr. Thomas Balkin, chairman of the National Sleep Foundation. "So we forget how it feels to be fully alert." In other words, millions of Americans are at risk of turning into the hourly wage slave: pessimistic, depressed without knowing why, reaching for drugs, liquor or sleeping pills because they're sleepy as hell but used to it.

At the cozy Research Center at WSU Spokane, sleep volunteers are paid to eat, read, play board games, watch DVDs and spend full nights in bed, hooked to instruments that record their vital signs and brain waves. In this calm setting most people settle into the same pattern, sleeping from eight to nine hours a night. That's what the body wants. It fits historical levels: Before electric lights remade the day, almost everyone slept nine to 10 hours a night. But who even gets eight hours of sleep today? Who gets seven? For many of us, the new normal is about six hours—sometimes five—which may be why ours is an age of new and different sleep screwups.

American doctors write more than 50 million sleeping pill prescriptions every year. About 12 million Americans have obstructive sleep apnea, in which sleepers actually stop breathing for 10 to 30 seconds. They wake because they're suffocating. Those with severe apnea semi-suffocate at least five times an hour, jarring themselves awake 30 to 40 times a night, waking up frazzled. There are drugs for insomnia and apnea, but they can gum up your brain, leading to more trouble and stronger drugs. Lack of sleep haunted insomniac Michael Jackson, who allegedly paid his private doctor to put him to sleep with propofol, a powerful anesthetic used to knock patients out during surgery. What Jackson experienced was oblivion, not sleep. He went into an induced coma, which lacked whatever mysterious benefits real sleep provides. He dwindled to 112 pounds and died at 50.

Sleep can morph into still weirder shapes. Sleepwalking is as old as sleep, its cause still unclear. Sleep-eating wasn't recognized until 1991. Recent years have seen countless more cases of refrigerator raids by otherwise normal people who rise from bed in the middle of the night, sleepwalk to the fridge and eat like zombies. Some prepare full meals using blenders, toasters and microwaves. Others pig out on raw bacon, fistfuls of salt, ketchup in milk, dog food or nonfoods like Vaseline, shaving cream and buttered cigarettes. One possible cause of the uptick in sleep-eating is the use of the sleeping pill Ambien, which seems to trigger it in some people. But sleep-eating is nothing compared with some other sleep disorders. A 19-year-old "cat boy" didn't just dream he was a jungle cat—he sleep-prowled the house, growled, leapt on sofas and lifted a marble table with his teeth. His parents took him to a sleep lab,



P.C. VEY

where scientists observed him sleeping. Sure enough, Cat Boy rose in the predawn hours, still sound asleep. He hissed, clamped his jaws on his mattress and dragged it around the lab.

Another sleep disorder provides one of the best reasons yet for premarital sex. A young husband reported that his newlywed had a disturbing and mysterious predilection: She would sit up in bed, still asleep, and slug him in the face.

Then there's sleep sex. A young wife was raped by her husband, who climbed onto her in the middle of the night and pumped away like a robot. She knew he was asleep because he never stopped snoring.

Some women are sexually shy by day but masturbate like porn stars in their sleep (see [sexsomnia.org](http://sexsomnia.org)). And some straight men slide bi in their sleep, which is why you should think twice before crashing on a buddy's couch. "In some cases, a heterosexual person will attempt a homosexual act while sleeping," writes Dr. Carlos Schenck of the Minnesota Regional Sleep Disorders Center. "This is most frequently cited among friends who are sleeping at each other's houses."

In the last circle of sleep hell, insomnia leads to madness and death. A rare disease called fatal insomnia begins with lack of sleep, then night sweats. Next come months of jumpy sleep and then, as the brain turns to a Swiss-cheesy sponge, total sleeplessness. It's been called the worst disease in the world because sufferers know exactly what's happening until the bitter end. They're fully awake. The last stages result in exhaustion, hallucinations and loss of bladder control. In *This Will Kill You*, HP Newquist and Rich Maloof describe death by fatal insomnia. "Your body will twitch uncontrollably, and you will howl in pain as your body tries to find relief from its inability to sleep," they write. "Eventually you will become unable to speak, unable to walk and will fall into a coma. Death will happen very suddenly, but not suddenly enough."

Warriors have always regarded sleeping as a weakness. Odysseus stabbed the Cyclops in the eye while the giant slept. He and his men slipped out of the Trojan horse while the city of Troy slept. Three thousand years later American GIs were given amphetamines during World War II—drugs that "cured" the need for sleep, keeping them up for combat. America's enemies ate speed as well. Many of Japan's kamikaze pilots were flying on methamphetamines when they crashed their planes into U.S. ships, and Nazis ate primitive crank. By the end of the war Hitler's doctor was giving *der Führer* injections of meth every day, topped off with cocaine eyedrops.

Speed freaks from Hitler to Elvis have explored the dark frontier where wired wakefulness borders on madness. It killed them but not necessarily because they were on the wrong track, pharmaceutically speaking. Maybe they were just ahead of their time.

The quest to beat sleep ramps up every year. According to a Pentagon report, an army that needs only two hours of sleep a night would be unbeatable. To fight such a force, an enemy would need 40 percent more troops. That's why military planners

fell in love with modafinil, a drug that helped the French Foreign Legion stay awake and alert for up to 40 hours during the first Gulf War in 1991. But modafinil's no meth. It's milder, more like coffee, with side effects (nausea, vertigo) you don't want if you're flying a plane. Today's U.S. pilots still pop old-fashioned forms of speed like Dexedrine, which have their own downsides. When two F-16 pilots fired at Canadian soldiers in Afghanistan, their lawyers claimed government-issued Dexedrine may have clouded their judgment.

More recently, the Pentagon's Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency funded tests on ampakines, a newer class of chemicals. In one test, "sleep-deprived monkeys that had been administered ampakines... restored performance to levels comparable to or better than those for well-rested monkeys without ampakine treatment." However, ampakines are not yet considered a viable option for humans.

And the madness continues. One Harvard study examined the performance of closely monitored medical interns and found that on extended work shifts (24 hours or more), they made 36 percent more medical errors than when they were fresh. Fatigue had crippled their brains. Those stumbling interns were like the soldiers in a study conducted by the British military: After one night of limited or no sleep, the soldiers performed their duties easily. After two they got jumpy. Eventually they looked out into the dark and had visions of "little men, little animals, beds, lawn chairs and carnival props." One sentry saw sheep and thought they were polar bears.

"But then there's adrenaline," says a soldier who fought in Afghanistan. "Nobody nods off in a firefight." True—nobody falls asleep returning Taliban fire, defusing an IED or landing a plane on an aircraft carrier. But the adrenaline that briefly erases fatigue doesn't last long and may not help as much the next time. A stark example of adrenaline's limits came during World War II when Allied troops parachuted into battle over Normandy on D-day. Some had barely slept in past days, but they were terrified and ultra-awake. Floating down past enemy trenches, adrenaline pumping as the Germans shot at them and killed some of their buddies, the paratroopers landed behind German lines and promptly fell asleep. They were still in mortal danger, but the immediate peril was past and the sleep imperative took over. More alert paratroopers ran for cover, but others were so deeply asleep they couldn't be roused even when under fire.

Today's military leaders know sleep is vital to soldiers' performance. For decades the U.S. Army's combat manuals recommended four hours of sleep per 24. Soldiers in battle often stayed awake for 48 hours or more, a prescription for disaster. But according to the latest manual, "soldiers require seven to eight hours of good quality sleep every 24-hour period.... Sleep should be viewed as being as critical as any logistical item of resupply, such as water, food, fuel and ammunition." Meanwhile, war-science researchers keep hunting for ways to limit or erase the need for sleep. In tests, British scientists have reset soldiers'



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body clocks with high-tech glasses that fire bright white light—the same spectrum as a sunrise—around their retinas. American pilots who wore the specs during bombing runs over Kosovo worked without sleep for up to 36 hours. Researchers think drugs will help win future wars. “They’ll be part of the armamentarium,” says one expert, picturing a generation of soldiers who never yawn, dream or waver from duty.

For now the sleepy warrior’s number one ally is plain old caffeine.

Many Army Rangers and Navy SEALs (as well as pro football and baseball players) eat coffee crystals for a quick boost. The coffee may be instant, but the boost isn’t, since coffee hits the stomach first. There’s a better caffeine-delivery system: Stay Alert gum, developed by Wrigley and tested at the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research. It reaches the body faster by being absorbed through the tissues in your mouth rather than your gut. (It also beats Red Bull or any other energy drink, unless you’re trying to energize your stomach acids.) Stay Alert gum, sold at military bases and online, delivers 100 milligrams of caffeine per piece, roughly the same as in a cup of coffee. Two pieces every two hours can get you through sentry duty—or an exam cram or a 1,000-mile drive—awake and alert.

During non-REM sleep, which accounts for about 75 percent of sleep, the brain shifts down like an idling car. But during REM cycles, which add up to about two hours a night, the brain lights up. Behind closed lids our eyes move as if we were awake. Fortunately for our bed partners, one part of the brain, the locus coeruleus, paralyzes most muscles during REM. That’s why we don’t act out our dreams. (Sleeping cats with that bit destroyed chase dream mice that aren’t there.) In effect, the dreaming brain spends two hours revving its engines while the body is out of gear. Why?

British scientist Jim Horne compares REM sleep to a computer in screen-saver mode. It seems cell repair gets done during non-REM, memory filing during REM. This notion has gained support from sleep experiments. We’re more alert when wakened from REM—ready to react to danger. (The best way to wake someone? Repeat his name. We’re wired to snap to attention when we hear our names.) However, though subjects get stressed and fatigued when deprived of non-REM sleep, they seem to do fine when deprived of REM, in the strictest sense of survival. Maybe we don’t need it.

Recent studies suggest that REM and dreaming *are* crucial at one stage of life: when you’re a fetus. REM sleep has been observed as occurring in human fetuses, though it’s hard to imagine what they’re dreaming. It’s possible that such dreams provide stimulation (images, sensations, even emotions) before birth, while the brain makes its first connections. Such pre-wiring would give infants a head start at birth. The idea that dreams are practice for life—the original virtual reality—makes evolutionary sense and matches a remarkable fact from the animal world. In animals REM sleep correlates to how immature or

“unfinished” the offspring are at birth. Porpoises have to swim and dodge sharks from the moment of birth, so they’re born rather mature and do almost no REM sleeping. Platypuses, born tiny, blind and defenseless, get about eight hours of REM a day. Humans fall between the two, toward the dreamier end of the scale.

If the pre-wiring theory is right, dreaming may be a relic of fetal development. Useless in adults, like men’s nipples, it survives because evolution weeds out only stuff that affects reproduction. REM doesn’t do that. In fact, for unknown reasons it’s the sexiest kind of sleep.

For most men, the first and last intense sexual experiences in life occur during sleep. A boy’s first wet dream comes long before he has real sex. An elderly man for whom masturbation is a form of nostalgia has a last heroic hump in his dreams. According to Plato, who fretted about his own dirty dreams, the dreaming man “acts as if he were totally lacking in moral principle.” Sex researchers have shown that men get erections and women experience clitoral swelling during REM, even when their dreams aren’t sexual. In studies, technicians fit a set of rubber rings around the penises of male subjects.

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*One woman who had  
recurring nightmares of  
being eaten by sharks trained  
herself to turn the sharks  
into dolphins that carried her  
to the surface.*

---

Each ring is attached to a wire leading to a stylus that graphs tumescence. It turns out the sleeping penis doesn’t lie—in fact, such tests can distinguish medical impotence from the psychic kind. Medically disabled penises stay limp even during sex dreams, but for the majority of patients who can’t perform when awake because they’re conflicted about sex or can’t stand their wives, erections rise and fall with REM sleep.

It happens to all of us: You’re hanging upside down from a rope strung across the Grand Canyon. The rope breaks; you’ll die unless you grab the giant bat flying by, and you think, *This is a dream*. It’s called a lucid dream, and lucid dreaming is no fantasy. “We proved it in our lab,” says Dement. He and his Stanford colleagues instructed experimental subjects to try to take action during their dreams. So, say they were dreaming about driving down a road with telephone poles on both sides. They were told to look at the poles to the left and right a certain number of times. Sure enough, the subjects’ eyes went *left-right-left-right* during REM. Newer studies suggest we can shape the content of our dreams. It takes practice, but if dreams are “movies the brain

shows itself,” as one expert claims, future dreamers may have the chance to direct. One woman who had recurring nightmares of being eaten by sharks trained herself to turn the sharks into dolphins that carried her to the surface. “I woke up so happy!” she reported.

Men may employ different strokes. By 2030 you might be able to train yourself to have particular sex dreams. If that means virtual sex with the Playmate of your dreams, would you do it? If so, should she get 99 cents, the price of an iTunes? And what if your wife found out? This could open new realms of intellectual-property and divorce law.

To Dr. Gregory Belenky of WSU Spokane, sleep is life’s fundamental mystery. Even cutting-edge researchers like Belenky can’t say why or how staying awake makes us drowsy, irritable and lousy at otherwise easy tasks and eventually maddens or kills us.

The answers must be coded in our genes. Molecular genetics is likely to crack the code in the next 20 years, a process that’s already under way. While most of us need at least seven hours of sleep a night to function at top efficiency, there are outliers—maybe one person in 20—who need only three or four. Some of these “short sleepers” share a gene that was identified just last year.

For now, though, the rest of us probably need more time in the sack. In a yet-to-be-published study Dement brought members of Stanford’s basketball team into his lab. They went through the usual sleep-lab program, lying in bed for as long as they liked. It was almost always more than they were used to getting. “We eliminated their sleep debt,” Dement says. Then the Cardinal hoopsters went back to Maples Pavilion. “They ran their standard timed sprint, and we kept seeing personal bests. Even their three-point shooting improved.”

Last year some NBA teams ditched morning shoot-arounds so their players could sleep in. The Celtics joined them after coach Doc Rivers met with Harvard’s Dr. Charles Czeisler, known in the league as the Sleep Doctor. “If you go three, four, five days in a row with less than six hours of sleep, your reaction time is comparable to that of someone legally drunk,” Rivers told *The New York Times*. “You’re trying to play a game where just a tenth of a second throws your whole game off.”

For most of us, the game is real life. It happens every day, from the battlefield to the police beat. You get more sleep, you remember how it feels to be fully alert. You step back into Vila’s deadly-force simulator.

A messy kitchen. A white male, 30ish, no shirt.

You announce yourself: “Police!”

He shows you his hands, empty. “What’s the problem?” He starts to put his hands behind him as though he expects you to cuff him. But one hand’s palm-forward, as if he’s reaching for—

—the pistol in his belt, yelling as you shoot him, yelling, “*TU kill*—”

In your dreams, tough guy.



# STEPHEN MOYER

(continued from page 50)

implicitly that there's never anything hurtful; it always comes from a loving place. It's not as though people I've been with before haven't been loving, but with Anna it's just about pure trust, on camera and off. I have never trusted anybody like I trust Anna.

## Q3

**PLAYBOY:** Before you two went public with your relationship, many critics, bloggers and online fans commented on your on-screen chemistry. When did you realize the chemistry wasn't merely on camera?

**MOYER:** During the show's first season I had to go back to London and she went back to New York. I wish I had bought shares in Skype, because we Skyped every night for three or four hours. It felt as though part of me had been removed when Anna and I were apart.

## Q4

**PLAYBOY:** Anna recently declared her bisexuality in a public service announcement for gay rights. Were you taken by surprise?

**MOYER:** I've never been in a relationship before in which, literally within the first three days, all the cards were laid out. I knew who she was when I met her; she knows everything about me as well. It wasn't something that was kept from me. I condone what she has done 100 percent, and it's her business to talk about it, not mine. We talked about it in quite a lot of detail. It doesn't change anything. I'm proud of who she is.

## Q5

**PLAYBOY:** What have been some of the more interesting responses you've gotten since the news aired?

**MOYER:** [Laughs] I love the idea that some people think, So that must mean she's looking for somebody else, or Wow, he must be so excited to have somebody else to play with. Or that some might say our relationship is a sham or that she made the announcement for publicity. I honestly don't know what's being said because I haven't looked at a single website. I don't like to look at the Internet anyway, because I'm generally self-loathing and melancholic. When the news broke, we had just moved into a new house three days prior. I've been far too busy with day-to-day decisions such as whether to get

real turf or Astroturf. Astroturf has come a long way—that's all I'm going to say.

## Q6

**PLAYBOY:** With so many recent revelations about infidelity and sex addiction among famous people, should we rethink monogamy?

**MOYER:** I'm not going to speak for or judge anybody else. I'm just trying to keep my side of the street as unbumpy as possible. I found the person I want to spend my life with, and I've been looking in a lot of places. She's everything and more than I ever thought I would get.

## Q7

**PLAYBOY:** At the end of last season's *True Blood*, your character and Paquin's charac-

**MOYER:** Last season had one quite graphic moment when my character would have had his head between Anna's character's legs. It was scrapped because of technical difficulty getting the shot with the number of camera setups they had planned—as opposed to because it was too graphic. Sex on our show is like a big muffin that's heating up, overflowing and expanding in an oven. This time last year I was thinking, What the fuck are we going to do next year to top this? Well, I can tell you it's weird and exciting this year. As I said, the show is more character-centered—and I'm not saying it's better or worse for it—but there's certainly just as much, if not more, interesting sex because of it.

## Q9

**PLAYBOY:** People should never mistake an actor for the character he plays, but you were cast as a tormented guy struggling to reform from his past. Any real-life parallels?

**MOYER:** I've lived. I've done a fair amount. I'm awfully glad the opportunities I've had in the past few years didn't come along 10, 15 or even five years ago, when I was much less prepared for them.

## Q10

**PLAYBOY:** Has the show made you think more about thorny subjects such as, say, death and the afterlife?

**MOYER:** I have no faith per se. I used to have a very black-and-white approach to it, but a few years ago I decided to make a simple change from being a staunch nonbeliever to just stopping *not* believing. It's as simple as that. The answer is I still don't know what I think. My opinion

can bend in the wind with all the other great questions out there.

## Q11

**PLAYBOY:** When did you begin thinking seriously about acting?

**MOYER:** Early on I remember wanting to go to a specific sports college even though I didn't know what the bloody hell I was going to do there. But I was doing plays from the age of 10, and by 14 I thought acting would be a great career. When I told my parents, they said, "Finish high school, then we'll think about it." I went to my school career advisor, but no one had ever talked with him about a career in acting. There was no Internet then; I had to go and find out what drama school was and then go do it.

(concluded on page 118) 115

Summer Is Sizzling-Hot & Sexy

**PLAYBOY'S** *Sexy* **SUMMER GIRLS**  
SUN, SAND & SEXY BARE SKIN  
Blonde Beauty  
LUCY CHANG  
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ter are taken away from each other. What's in store for this season?

**MOYER:** I don't want to give anything away in case I get in trouble for it, but last season loads of stuff happened with the whole town being under threat. The stakes are higher this year because everything that happens is about the characters, and every single character has to react to situations that are very personal. It has created a muscular, more visceral storytelling mode that should be exciting to watch.

## Q8

**PLAYBOY:** When it comes to diverse sexual couplings and sensuality, the series is way more provocative and graphic than most current feature films. Have you ever caught the makers of the series pulling their sexual punches?



# PLAYMATE NEWS



## CARA ZAVALETA HAS A NEW TRAVEL SHOW? *GET OUT!*

While E!'s *Wild On* set the standard for sexy travel shows with beautiful bikini-clad hostesses, it still lacked two essential elements: high definition and Miss November 2004 Cara Zavaleta. Enter HDNet's *Get Out!*, a travel show filmed completely in HD with Cara in charge of the idyllic proceedings. "I've been given the opportunity to be myself on camera while visiting amazing places like the Bahamas, South Beach and Jamaica," she says of the new gig. Watch Cara set about the globe every Thursday at eight p.m. Eastern time.



## VANESSA GLEASON, AZTEC GODDESS

Eight years ago Miss September 1998 Vanessa Gleason was walking around Knott's Berry Farm a bit lost in life. That's when she stumbled upon the California theme park's Indian Trails and its Aztec dancers—a moment that proved life altering.

"The dancers were honoring the earth and our ancestors," she says. "It was an overwhelming spiritual display." Afterward, Vanessa immersed herself in the study of traditional Aztec dance. She also began living more simply—à la the Aztecs. "I finally feel centered," she says. Recently, the whole experience came full circle when she was asked to join an Aztec dancing troupe at—where else?—Knott's Berry Farm.



## FLASHBACK



Fifty-five years ago this month we wrote the following classic copy: "We found Miss July in our own circulation department, processing subscriptions, renewals and back copy orders." Her name, of course, is **Janet Pilgrim**. She so mesmerized us that we made her a Playmate three times (July 1955, December 1955 and October 1956).

**Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates?** Check out the Club at club.playboy.com (includes a mobile-optimized version for your phone) or at twitter.com/playboy.

## DID YOU KNOW ?

Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** made it five rounds before being eliminated from *Dancing With the Stars*.

PMOY 2008 **Jayde Nicole** is featured prominently on the final season of MTV's *The Hills*.

Miss December 2009 **Crystal Harris** signed a record deal with MCA Universal. Her first single is due this summer.

What is Miss June 2009 **Candice Cassidy's** type? "The perfect man would look like Eminem and love like Steve Urkel," she says.



## MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY **BILL SIENKIEWICZ**

—Emmy-nominated, Eisner-winning comics illustrator



"There were a slew of Centerfolds from the 1970s I ogled as a teen—for example, Marilyn Cole and Debra Jo Fondren. (My father had a hidden stash of PLAYBOYS.) But one in particular struck me: PMOY 1971 **Sharon Clark**. She epitomized the sexy, slender girl next door. There was nothing pneumatic or plastic about her. I also thought it was wild that PLAYBOY had full-page cartoons. I thought, Wow, sex and comics! Cool!"



## BEAUTY IS MORE THAN SKIN-DEEP

Miss July 2002 Lauren Anderson and her sister, Kelley, recently opened a Gainesville, Florida-based spa, LAE Beauty (laebeauty.com), with the mission of making their clients feel beautiful on both the inside and the outside. "Being a Playmate has given me an appreciation of health and beauty," she says. "I was never overly concerned with how I looked, but being around beautiful women all the time made me want to care!"



## QUEEN OF HEARTS

The problem with most computer poker games? They don't come with a cocktail waitress to provide a welcome distraction. Luckily, WPT's *Texas Hold 'Em Poker* (facebook.com/playwpt) isn't most computer poker games. When you sit at its virtual table, Miss May 2006 Alison Waite serves as your gorgeous official hostess.



Miss February 1986 **Julie McCullough** and other friends of Corey Haim recently held a dinner in the actor's memory.

## PLAYMATE GOSSIP

When we select a Playmate of the Year we expect her to uphold our ideals, represent the Bunny at public functions and, well, be a knockout. **Hope Dworaczyk**—this year's unanimous choice for Playmate of the Year (per our readers, editors and Hef)—meets these qualifications in spades. For instance, take the reaction she inspired at the sixth annual K-Swiss Desert Smash in La Quinta, California. There, she and film and television star Christian Slater created a paparazzi feeding frenzy



when they walked the event's red carpet.... Miss January 1987 **Luann Lee** helped PLAYBOY cover model Cindy Margolis celebrate the finale of the first season of her Fox Reality Channel dating series, *Seducing Cindy*.... Television viewers on the West Coast didn't need their morning coffee to get their hearts racing when Miss February 2010 **Heather Rae Young** modeled Trashy lingerie on *Good Day L.A.* That's exactly why our doctors suggest we switch to decaf when we work with Centerfolds anytime before noon....



Miss September 1986 **Rebekka Armstrong's** latest message about AIDS awareness, which is currently splashed across 10 giant billboards throughout Los Angeles, has just about every driver in southern California craning their necks. (The HIV-positive Centerfold has long led a noble and inspirational campaign to educate the public about AIDS.) "None of what I do will erase the fact that I have infected blood and am different," she says. "Knowing how beautifully different I am helps outweigh that fact."



Much to our surprise, PMOY 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** and longtime companion Jim Carrey broke up in the spring.

**DID YOU KNOW ?**

## STEPHEN MOYER

*(continued from page 115)*

## Q12

PLAYBOY: When did you most put your family through the wringer?

MOYER: When I was 13 and my mum and dad would be out for the evening, I'd take out their car, pick up my best friend and go racing around. For my 15th birthday I was given the opportunity to drive at a racetrack, and before I could drive legally, I bought a Mini and put racing stuff all over it. Then three weeks after passing my driving test I got a DUI and lost my license for a year.

## Q13

PLAYBOY: We assume girls had already come into the picture before your racing career. How young were you when you lost your virginity?

MOYER: I was quite young when I started doing all right, below legal age and with somebody I knew well. It happened outdoors and was very naughty and unexpected. In my little village some girls reached maturity at a young age, and there was a lot of "you show me yours and I'll show you mine" stuff happening, lots of looking and a little bit of touching too, from a very young age.

## Q14

PLAYBOY: Did that give you confidence with women?

MOYER: I didn't even know how to chat anybody up or ask anybody out. I didn't have that kind of self-esteem. I can think of few things more visceral or heart pounding than to get that adrenaline rush and finally work up the courage to ask someone out—at any age. Once I got through those initial moments of self-paralysis I was fine. I was lucky to always be guided by older girls at school. But apart from my current missus, as I call her, I went out with older women all the way up until I was 30.

## Q15

PLAYBOY: Did you eventually develop any pickup lines or smooth moves?

MOYER: My state of melancholia was so great I used to write crap poetry for years and years. I sometimes wouldn't even go over to talk to somebody. That way I knew I would end up with a better poem.

## Q16

PLAYBOY: Most Americans discovered you when *True Blood* first aired, but from 1993 through the end of that decade you played on many British TV series and in some lesser-known movies. Has all the American attention felt like starting over again?

MOYER: I've never had the Hollywood dream. I just wanted to be an actor. I worked at bars while I was in drama school, but luckily I've been acting for nearly 20 years and have never been unemployed for more than five

or six months. When *True Blood* came along, I had returned to London to take a chill after four back-to-back gigs that had taken me away from home for four and a half months. I told my manager, "Don't send me any more scripts. I'm not interested." She said, "Read just this one for me," and three days later I was sitting in [series creator] Alan Ball's office with Anna, talking about *True Blood*.

## Q17

PLAYBOY: What are some of the more bizarre responses you've gotten from fans?

MOYER: I think it's pretty well documented that I'm English, not Southern, yet I'm always amazed to meet people who go, "Oh my God! Oh my God! Where are you from?" As many times as I get people coming up to me and asking, "Say 'Sookie' like you do to Anna on the show," I'm sure Vivien Leigh spent the rest of her life being asked to say "Fiddle-dee-dee" the way she did in *Gone With the Wind*.

## Q18

PLAYBOY: Fans and the press seem fascinated by the prosthetic fangs you wear on the show. When you put them in your mouth, how do you know where they've last been?

MOYER: [Laughs] I have a set at home and about three more sets at work. They're insured, and they get locked up every night but not before a lovely assistant readies a cup of Listermint they go into. They get a little scrub, and then they get put back into a wallet.

## Q19

PLAYBOY: Your TV show delivers scares along with sex, dark comedy and social commentary. What scares you?

MOYER: Something happening to my daughter or son, who are eight and 10, respectively. The first time I had my picture taken with my daughter was after we'd gone to get pizza, and 20 paparazzi were running backward with their cameras. My initial impulse was to drop the pizza and fucking smash those cameras. I'd never felt that before. My daughter hasn't chosen to do what I do for a living. Those guys are just doing their job, and if they're taking pictures of Anna and me, then somebody's watching the show. I've got nothing to hide. I'm very happy in my life. I don't go to big parties. I'm out there every morning picking up my dog's shit, so if they want to take that shot, fine.

## Q20

PLAYBOY: In a battle royal between the *Twilight* movies' vampires and *True Blood*'s, who would come out on top?

MOYER: That's like comparing Monterey Jack and Roquefort. If my eight-year-old daughter comes to me when she's 13 and says, "Dad, what would you rather I get into, *Twilight* or Black Sabbath?" I'd be stuck between the two but would probably pull for *Twilight*. I love Black Sabbath, but that can wait until my daughter turns 16. The *Twilight* movies fill a niche. In her *Twilight* novels Stephenie Meyer has chosen a similar vampire framework to tell a story about burgeoning sexuality. What's interesting about our show is that sexuality has already burgeoned. I wish *Twilight* the best of luck, but I'm very happy to be doing *True Blood*.



"You ain't kidding. I'll take it."



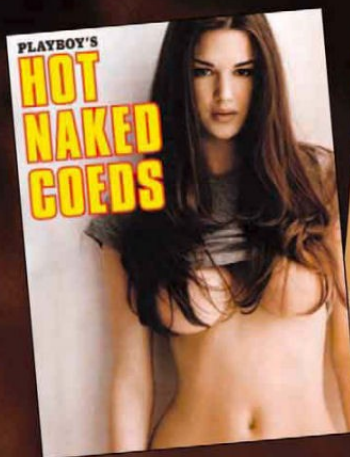




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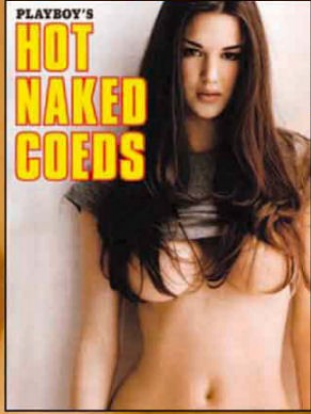
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# PLAYBOY FORUM

## TOUGH IS DUMB

LOCKING UP CRIMINALS MEANS MORE PRISONS, NOT LESS CRIME

BY MARK A.R. KLEIMAN

One in 100 adult Americans is behind bars. We lock up five times as many people as we did in any year before 1975 and five times as many as any country to which we'd like to be compared. An African American male who doesn't finish high school has a better than even chance of doing prison time before he turns 30. These are not facts to be proud of in the land of the free.

Neither is our homicide rate, which is also about five times that of the rest of the developed world. Yes, crime has significantly decreased over the past 15 years, but it's still at twice the level of the early 1960s, despite all the prisoners and all the effort Americans put into not being victimized.

When it comes to crime, we're already plenty tough. Maybe it's time to get smart: to look for policies that could give us fewer prisoners and fewer crimes. We can achieve this if we learn to punish more intelligently. That means getting more selective about who gets locked up and doing a better job of supervising offenders when they're on probation or parole or out on bail or other pretrial release.

Most people behind bars aren't very dangerous. The most criminally active 10 percent of prisoners committed more than 50 percent of the offenses of the group as a whole. Some offenders are a complete waste of prison space: the low-level drug dealers whose incarceration merely makes room for new dealers on the street, the senior citizens still doing time for a single act of violence committed at the age of 18 or the probation and parole violators who could have been maintained safely in the community.

Right now probation features long lists of rules without much capacity to monitor whether offenders are abiding by them. Even if an offender is caught breaking those rules—for example, by using illicit drugs—the most likely consequence is a warning. That's partly because probation



officers' caseloads are so big that effective supervision is impossible: A big-city probation officer may have charge of 180 felons, seeing each of them once a month. Reporting every violation would take more hours than there are in a workweek.

When a parole officer reports a violation to a judge, one of two responses is typical. The judge can revoke probation and send the offender to prison—though that seems a disproportionate response for missing an appointment or failing a drug test. Or the judge can say “Don't do that again,” in effect telling the offender that breaking the rules has no consequences. Eventually—and almost at random, from the probationer's perspective—the judge decides the list of infractions has gotten too long and sends

the offender away. That system of random severity produces the worst of all possible worlds: high crime rates and mass incarceration.

In Hawaii, Judge Steven Alm figured out how to do better. He took a group of stubborn meth-using probationers and put them on random drug testing, with the promise that every missed or “dirty” test would lead to an immediate 48-hour spell behind bars. He made the threat so convincing that most stopped using right away. Of those who got caught, fewer than half broke the rules again.

The program, called Hawaii's Opportunity Probation with Enforcement, or HOPE, reduces prison spending by saving four times as much as it costs to supervise everyone and provide drug treatment. It cuts the number of probationers arrested for new crimes by half and the number sent to prison by two thirds. HOPE puts into practice principles known to anyone who has ever successfully raised a child, trained a puppy, coached a team or managed an office: have clear rules, give explicit warnings

## KILLING MACHINE

DID NEVADA'S INNOVATIVE  
GAS CHAMBER INSPIRE HITLER?

BY SCOTT CHRISTIANSON

and impose predictable and immediate consequences for bad behavior. If punishment is predictable and immediate, it doesn't have to be severe.

Now imagine adding one more thing to HOPE: a GPS ankle monitor that sets off an alarm if removed. Then, for a few dollars a day, you could know where a probationer is 24-7. He won't get away with new crimes if his position record can be used to place him at the crime scene. You could enforce a curfew or restraining order. You



Electronic ankle monitors: cheaper than the clink.

could also ensure he shows up on time for work; that would make ex-cons much more employable. Think of it as outpatient incarceration: It would provide most of the crime-control benefits of the brick-and-mortar version for less than 15 percent of the cost and with a much better chance of seeing the offender go straight rather than cycling in and out of prison.

Can the HOPE process be made to work elsewhere? There's no reason to think heroin addicts in Baltimore or crackheads in Chicago would react differently from meth smokers in Honolulu. But until we try it we won't know whether other jurisdictions can achieve the relentless, coordinated enforcement of probation and parole terms. The offender-management problem is straightforward compared with the public-management problem.

We need to be as tough on crime as necessary—but no tougher. The goal is not to put as many people behind bars as possible but to make people safer. While it's not easy to single out the highly active criminals from the onetime petty offenders, prison cells ought to be for people we should be afraid of, not for people we're merely mad at. By getting smart we could cut crime in half over the next decade and also have half as many prisoners. Will we? It depends on whether voters can be persuaded to prefer safety over revenge.

*Mark A.R. Kleiman is professor of public policy at UCLA and author of When Brute Force Fails: How to Have Less Crime and Less Punishment.*

you could also ensure he shows up on time for work; that would make ex-cons much more employable. Think of it as outpatient incarceration: It would provide most of the crime-control benefits of the brick-and-mortar version for less than 15 percent

**O**n February 8, 1924, in a stone-and-concrete shack that for 40 years had served as the Nevada state prison's barbershop, a Chinese immigrant and convicted killer named Gee Jon became the first person ever executed in a gas chamber. Inside the sealed room two wooden chairs with armrests had been positioned a few feet apart—Gee's accomplice had also been scheduled to die but received a commutation. In front of and between the chairs stood a small metal device that would spray hydrocyanic acid, commercially known as cyanogen. A state spokesman insisted one deep breath by the condemned man would paralyze his lungs, displace the oxygen in his body and cause instant and painless death. Witnesses would be spared any painful outcries.

Prior to the execution, the warden staged a rehearsal with a stray white cat and two kittens. He estimated the cats died within 15 seconds. The test revealed a small leak, which was quickly patched to avert the poisoning of witnesses or staff.

It appeared Gee needed about six minutes to die, though the gas clouding the windows made it difficult to see inside. The warden pronounced the method "a wonderful and humane way of execution." Unlike hanging (by which an inmate might suffer for up to 15 minutes), electrocution (which could take three or four jolts) or a firing squad (which sometimes didn't cause instant death), gas first produced unconsciousness. The state's largest newspaper, the *Nevada State Journal*, began its coverage by pronouncing, "Nevada's novel death law is upheld by the highest court—humanity."

Eighteen days after Gee's death, in Munich, a right-wing radical named Adolf Hitler went on trial for his role in the failed Beer Hall Putsch. The previous year U.S. newspapers had reported on Hitler's extraordinary ability to sway crowds and his deep hatred of Jews, Communists, Bolsheviks and liberals, as well as his embrace of the trappings of fascism that had been introduced in 1922 by Italy's Benito Mussolini.

One of Hitler's friends who visited

him in jail and kept him abreast of developments in the U.S. was Ernst "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, a six-foot-four German American patrician graduate of Harvard and descendant of a Union army general who had helped carry Abraham Lincoln's coffin. When Hanfstaengl wasn't entertaining his friend with his piano playing, he stimulated Hitler's imagination with stirring accounts of skyscrapers, gangsters and college football chants. He also translated and read aloud from British and U.S. newspapers. Hitler had been gassed



and temporarily blinded while serving on the front during World War I, so he already knew gas was an ugly, painful and unpredictable weapon, and he disdained its use in battle. He would have been interested to learn about what the Americans had done in Nevada.

After being convicted and receiving a five-year sentence, Hitler began composing his own political creed, which he first titled *Eine Abrechnung* (Settling Accounts) but later changed to *Mein Kampf* (My Struggle). He wrote, "If at the beginning of the war and during the war, 12 or 15,000 of these Hebrew corrupters of the people had been held under poison gas, as happened to

hundreds of thousands of our very best German workers in the field, the sacrifice of millions at the front would not have been in vain.” Decades later Lucy Dawidowicz, a historian of the Holocaust, wrote, “Did the idea of the final solution originate in this passage, germinating in Hitler’s subconscious for some 15 years before it was to sprout into practical reality?”

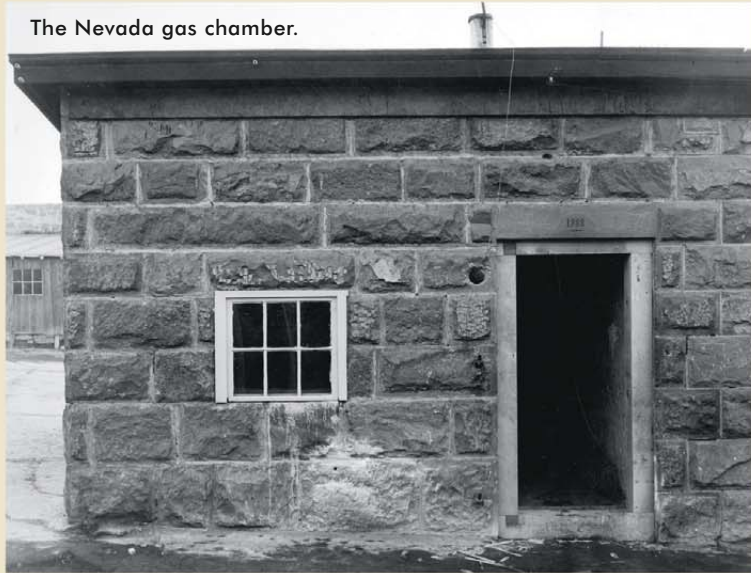
Another biographer observed, “Hitler’s concept of concentration camps as well as the practicality of genocide owed, so he claimed, to his studies of English and U.S. history. He admired the camps for Boer prisoners in South Africa and for the Indians in the Wild West, and he often praised to his inner circle the efficiency of America’s extermination—by starvation and uneven combat—of the red savages who could not be tamed by captivity.” Hitler learned about the American enslavement

of blacks and Jim Crow laws enforcing racial segregation, about the shipment of Native Americans to faraway prisons via boxcars and recent court rulings

National Origins Act, which called for eugenic quotas.”

Historians have not yet turned up direct evidence that Hitler’s thinking was influenced by the first successful use of the gas chamber, but the event was in the headlines during his trial, imprisonment and the writing of *Mein Kampf*. At the same time, delegations of German officials, criminologists and legal scholars were touring the American penal system, inspecting prison conditions and methods of punishment. These visits were also widely reported in Germany and most certainly read by executives at certain chemical companies. After all, cyanide was their business.

The Nevada gas chamber.



upholding the involuntary sterilization of the unfit. Yet another historian noted that *Mein Kampf* displayed Hitler’s “keen familiarity with the recently passed U.S.

*Scott Christianson is author of The Last Gasp: The Rise and Fall of the American Gas Chamber, published this month by the University of California Press.*

## DOES THE FIRST AMENDMENT PROTECT LAST WORDS?

**T**hat is the question posed in a 2001 law review article by Kevin Francis O’Neill, who was the lead counsel in a suit filed by the ACLU to prevent Ohio wardens from removing “offensive” language from the final statements of condemned prisoners. O’Neill notes that the Anglo-Saxon tradition of last words dates back to at least 1388; even accused witches and slaves were given the opportunity. Today, some states allow last words to be uttered only out of earshot of witnesses, while Texas gives its condemned an open microphone. Here are memorable examples of inmates exercising their right to free speech one final time. For more, see Robert Elder’s new book, *Last Words of the Executed* (University of Chicago Press).

“You motherfuckers haven’t paid any attention to anything I’ve said in the last 22 and a half years; why would anyone pay any attention to anything I’ve had to say now?”—**Richard Cooney II** (Ohio, 2008), when asked if he’d like to make a statement

“Give my apologies to the families of the victims.”—**Arthur Bishop** (Utah, 1988)

“Let Mama know I still love her.”—**Cornelius Singleton** (Alabama, 1992)

“Being born black was against me.”—**John Young** (Georgia, 1985)

“I am innocent of this crime.”—**Eugene Perry** (Arkansas, 1997)

“I forgive all who have taken part in any way in my death.”—**Ronald O’Bryan** (Texas, 1984)

“The act I committed to put me here was not just

heinous, it was senseless. But the person that committed that act is no longer here.”—**Napoleon Beazley** (Texas, 2002)

“I’d rather be fishing.”—**Jimmy Glass** (Louisiana, 1987)

Silently flipped off witnesses as gas billowed around him.—**Donald Harding** (Arizona, 1992)

“I can’t imagine losing two children. If I was y’all, I would have killed me.”—**Dennis Dowthitt** (Texas, 2001)

“You are about to witness the damaging effect electricity has on Wood.”—**Frederick Wood** (New York, 1963)

“Living has been hard, and now it’s time to die.”—**Johnny Taylor Jr.** (Louisiana, 1984)

“Freedom at last, man.”—**John Rook** (North Carolina, 1985)



“You doing that right?”—**Stanley “Tookie” Williams** (California, 2005), founder of the Crips street gang, after a nurse took 10 minutes to insert the needle

“Hurrah for anarchy!”—**the Haymarket defendants** (Chicago, 1887), in unison

“God, you’re a dirty son of a bitch, because I’m innocent.”—**Robert Pierce** (California, 1956)

“I’m human! I’m human!”—**David Lawson** (North Carolina, 1994), screaming to be heard through the thick glass separating him from witnesses. Lawson had asked that his execution be televised.

# READER RESPONSE

## WHITE DEALERS

Ishmael Reed may be right about the way *The Wire* “dumps all the country’s drug transactions on the inner cities” (“*The Wire* Goes to College,” May), but he is wrong on two matters of fact. First, he says he spoke with show creator David Simon in 1997 about the series, but *The Wire* didn’t debut until 2002. Reed is a prescient writer, but he’s not that pre-



Bryan Cranston, the star of *Breaking Bad*.

scient. Second, Reed claims there is “no white version of *The Wire*.” Has he seen *Breaking Bad*? The morally conflicted and far from sympathetic chief meth cook and his protégé both look white to me.

Paul Kibble  
Bellflower, California

*Reed spoke to Simon in 1997 about The Corner: A Year in the Life of an Inner-City Neighborhood, a book Simon had co-written with Edward Burns. You can listen at democracy now.org/1997/11/6.*

I have not seen *The Wire*, but I have seen *Weeds*, a show that depicts an average white family distributing drugs.

John Davoust  
Long Beach, California

Reed claims I “must be one cloistered individual to assert that Simon’s depiction of urban life provides a better understanding of that culture than anything written by a sociologist.” I was not referring to “culture” but to systemic urban inequality. Unlike Reed and his myopic view of *The Wire*, I feel the show undermines the stereotypes he highlights. More specifically, because of the show’s scrupulous examination of the inner workings of the police, drug-dealing gangs, politicians, unions, public schools and print media, viewers see how the decisions and behavior of inner-city residents are often severely shaped

and limited by forces beyond their control. *The Wire*, as an artistic production, provides an excellent basis for analyzing the complexities of urban inequality. In a course on *The Wire* to be offered this fall at Harvard, we hope to use the series to enhance students’ understanding of why some Americans are given every conceivable opportunity while others never have a chance to reach their potential.

William Julius Wilson  
Cambridge, Massachusetts

*Wilson, a professor of sociology at Harvard, is author of More Than Just Race: Being Black and Poor in the Inner City.*

## NAKED AT THE AIRPORT

Chip Rowe admits that full-body scanners “won’t save us” (“Invasion of the Body Scanners,” May), but his only response to privacy concerns raised by religious leaders, transgender activists and privacy advocates is “So what?” In March the Government Accountability Office reported that tests indicate it is “unclear” whether body scanners could have detected the underpants bomb used in the attempted Christmas attack, yet the federal government still plans to spend \$3 billion on these ineffective and highly intrusive devices. Maybe you, like Rowe, don’t mind getting naked for the sake of security theater. But that’s not what this is about. This is about the government forcing your aunt Millie, who might have a colostomy bag and is terrified of



Susan Hallowell of the TSA and her scan.

being humiliated, to be seen naked for no security benefit and at great taxpayer expense. Even if you believe Americans have irrational sexual hang-ups, there’s still something wrong with undressing people without their consent.

Michael German  
Washington, D.C.

*German, a former FBI agent, is national security policy counsel for the ACLU.*

## BIG GOVERNMENT

Howard Zinn (“Where Are the Jobs?,” April), who died earlier this year, will be badly missed—now especially, because he always emphasized the importance of government even as government was being disparaged. After 75 years of progressivism, America slipped in the 1970s into an age of anti-government ideology that took wing on the ideas of economist Milton Friedman. To Friedman, the creation and distribution of social services was no different from selling a Buick: It could be most efficiently handled by a market



Milton Friedman: The market rules.

of consumers. Like most demagoguery, Friedman’s success, particularly with his book *Capitalism and Freedom*, is based on oversimplification. Retirement security, decent education, up-to-date roads and adequate health care are not Buicks. To Friedman, men and women who are free of government shackles have the innate capacity to do what they want. Most of the rest of us know that people develop capacities over time with the help of one another—that is, government. But let me quarrel with Zinn slightly. He falls into a trap when he says government supplies the needs of the middle class and the poor, as though it does what business can’t do. But government is integral to modern prosperity. To suggest it has a restricted function is to play the game of the free-market ideologues. That’s like saying a wife is an important partner in a marriage. Without a spouse, there is no marriage. Without a strong government, there is no economy. No rich nation today is without a big government.

Jeff Madrick  
New York, New York

*Madrick, a business journalist, is author of The Case for Big Government.*

*E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

## NEWSFRONT

**Burt Joseph (1930–2010)**

Our favorite “bleeding-heart, knee-jerk First Amendment lawyer,” as he described himself, died in March. Joseph, who was 79 and for many years executive director of the Playboy Foundation, understood that unpopular ideas are those most in need of legal protection. “It is the discontented, the misfits who really test your commitment to the values,” he said. “Don’t look at the personalities. Look at the principles.” Joseph (shown at left with the outspoken Dr. Ruth Westheimer) got hooked on defending free speech in the early 1960s after representing a client charged with selling Henry Miller’s *Tropic of Cancer*. As a guiding force behind the Illinois branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, he pressed the group to come to the defense of neo-Nazis who in 1976 were denied a permit to march in Skokie, a Chicago suburb that was then home to thousands of Holocaust survivors. Joseph was also instrumental in founding the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws and advised groups such as the Comic Book Legal Defense Fund. In 1997 he represented the American Library Association and other plaintiffs that sued to overturn the federal Communications Decency Act, which made it illegal to show minors online material that was “indecent” or “patently offensive”—whatever that means.

**Switch Hitters**

SEATTLE—Three San Francisco men are suing the North American Gay Amateur Athletic Alliance for discrimination after being kicked out of the Gay Softball World Series for not being homosexual enough. Following a challenge from an Atlanta team, five players were ushered into a conference room for an impromptu hearing where they were questioned about the objects of their carnal desires. A panel found the three players to be “nongay.” (The other two were ruled gay.) Because a squad is allowed to have only two straight players, the alliance stripped the team of its second-place finish. One of the banned players said he was told, “This isn’t the Bisexual World Series.”

**The Power of Yes**

TORONTO—By a two-to-one vote, an appeals court overturned the conviction of a man accused of sexually assaulting his unconscious common-law wife, ruling she had consented before passing out. The couple enjoyed sadomasochistic sex and bondage and had discussed trying anal sex to

“spice up” their relationship. The woman apparently lost consciousness during an experiment with erotic asphyxiation and awoke to find herself on all fours with her hands bound and her husband penetrating her with a dildo. The government argued that a person must be conscious to consent, but the court noted it’s possible to consent to surgery before being anesthetized.

**Confirmed: It’s a Strip Club**

DALLAS—The University of North Texas has posted online 404 photos from the Dallas Police Department’s files on the 1963 assassination of JFK, including two shots of a stripper at the Carousel Club, which was owned by Jack Ruby, the man who killed Lee Harvey Oswald. What the stripper had to do with the investigation isn’t clear.

**Hoffa to Remain Missing**

EAST RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY—The FBI says it will not search for the remains of Jimmy Hoffa under Giants Stadium, which is being torn down. Donald “Tony



the Greek” Frankos told PLAYBOY in 1989 that the Teamsters leader, who disappeared in 1975, had been killed and buried under the west end zone during the stadium’s construction. The site will be covered with 13 feet of concrete and turned into a parking lot. “If he’s down there, he’s going to be down there deeper,” said an official with the demolition company doing the job.



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## Seymour Breasts

It has been 19 years since STEPHANIE SEYMOUR modeled for *Sports Illustrated*, yet the 42-year-old still fills out a swimsuit like no other. In science news, while Newton's law of gravity has had no effect on her body, her top fell victim at a very opportune time.



SPLASHNEWS.COM



PHOTOGRAPH BY SASHA NEWS

## How to Have Sex in the City

If you meet a woman who's gaga over *Sex and the City 2*, introduce yourself as Mr. Big and ask which character she identifies with. Here's a key to what her answer indicates she wants: Carrie (SARAH JESSICA PARKER), a date; Charlotte, marriage; Samantha, sex; and Miranda, sex with a woman.

## Oh, Canada!

Say what you want about health care (in *Forum*), but we do covet a few things of our friendly neighbors to the north: Molson Canadian, Sidney Crosby, Montreal strip clubs, *putine* and now ELLA ROSE.



STEVIE TORRES

## Ooo La La La, Oh La La

The Grammy-nominated TEENA MARIE first appeared on our radar with her 1988 hit "Ooo La La La," which the Fugees later interpolated into their "Fu-Gee-La." This is the second time she has piqued our interest. Talk about a high note for a onetime lover of Rick James.



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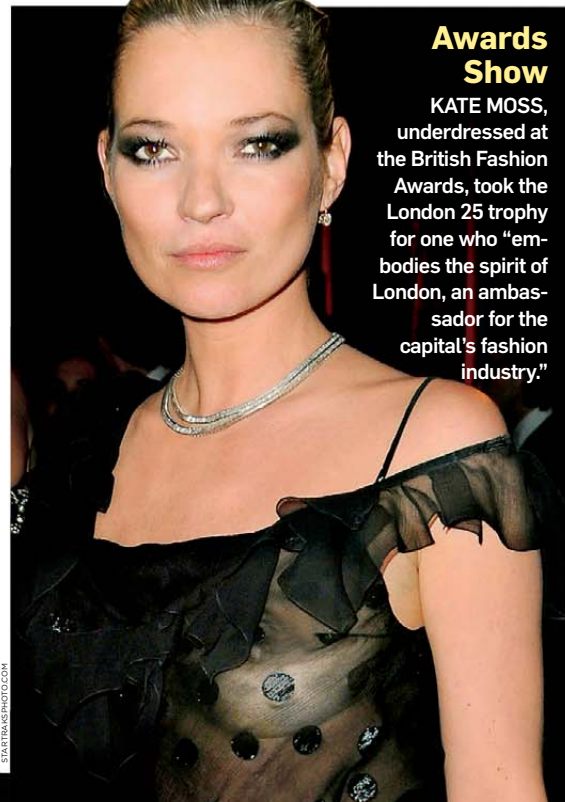




### Czech Mate

Here's Czech Republic PLAYBOY's Miss May 2007 VERONIKA FASTEROVÁ. Her favorite band is Guns N' Roses, so she'll be stoked when *The Spaghetti Incident?* makes it there next year.

MAGDO/ICPHOTO.COM



### Awards Show

KATE MOSS, underdressed at the British Fashion Awards, took the London 25 trophy for one who "embodies the spirit of London, an ambassador for the capital's fashion industry."

DAVID TRINIS PHOTO.COM



MARC GOLDSTEIN

### From the Nude Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler

Last August K.C. NEILL stripped naked to be photographed in New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. She was charged with public lewdness in a place that displays 1,000-year-old nudes. Huh?



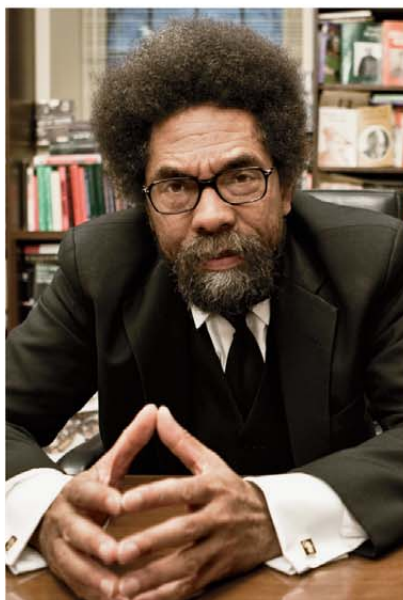
### Essex Girl

TOMMIE JO is from Essex, England, though she's no bimbo. (In the U.K., blonde jokes are "Essex girl" jokes. For example: How do you know if an Essex girl is having an orgasm? She drops her chips.)

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## NEXT MONTH



AMERICAN NIGHTLIFE: KNOW WHERE TO GO AFTER DARK.

**CORNEL WEST**—IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THE PHILOSOPHER, SOCIAL CRITIC AND PRINCETON PROFESSOR TALKS WITH **DAVID HOCHMAN** ABOUT TIGER WOODS'S FUNK, HANGING OUT WITH PRINCE AND WHY OBAMA STOPPED RETURNING HIS CALLS.

**MAD MEN**—SHE TOOK AN ILL-FATED SPIN ON A JOHN DEERE MOWER IN SEASON THREE, AND NOW **CRISTA FLANAGAN** REVEALS THERE'S MORE TO DON DRAPER'S FLIGHTY EX-SECRETARY THAN MEETS THE EYE. PLUS, FIND OUT WHY AMC'S HIT SHOW PISSES OFF FORMER *ESQUIRE* ART DIRECTOR, AD GURU AND "ORIGINAL MAD MAN" **GEORGE LOIS**.

**MEXICO: THE INSIDE DOPE**—THE DEADLY NARCOTICS WAR RAGING SOUTH OF THE BORDER IS INTENSIFYING EVERY DAY. **JOSH SCHOLLMAYER** EXPLORES THE DRUG LORDS AND PRIVATE ARMIES THAT DRIVE THIS DANGEROUS UNDERWORLD.

**MICHAEL CERA**—HE HELPED MAKE DORKY THE NEW COOL, AND GEEKS EVERYWHERE OWE HIM A DEBT OF GRATITUDE. **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ENGAGES IN SOME WITTY BANTER WITH THE JEDI MASTER OF NERD IN *20Q*.

**DEMI MOORE**—SHE KICKED OFF COUGAR MANIA WHEN SHE SHOWED UP IN *CHARLIE'S ANGELS: FULL THROTTLE* LOOKING TAUT, TONED AND HOTTER THAN EVER. AUTHOR **WILL BLYTHE** EXAMINES THE ALLURE OF THE ATTRACTIVE OLDER WOMAN.

**NIGHT MOVES**—IT'S ONE A.M., YOU NEED AN ADULT BEVERAGE AND YOU'RE STARVING. OUR GUIDE TO THE BEST BARS, DIVES AND LATE-NIGHT GRUB IN THE COUNTRY.

**LARRY KUDLOW**—HE SPENT THE 1980S AND 1990S HIGH ON COKE AND DRUNK AS HELL. NOW HE'S A CNBC HOST AND TV ECONOMIST. **KARL TARO GREENFELD** SPENDS SOME TIME WITH THE CRAZIEST GUY IN THE WORLD OF FINANCE.

**DRILL!**—THE PENNSYLVANIA FARM PROPERTY OWNED BY WRITER **SEAMUS MCGRAW** SITS ATOP THE THIRD-LARGEST RESERVOIR OF NATURAL GAS IN THE WORLD. SHOULD HE STRIKE A DEAL WITH THE DEVIL AND SELL IT TO TEXAS OILMEN FOR MILLIONS OR SACRIFICE WEALTH FOR MOTHER EARTH?

**MOTORCYCLES**—THANKS TO MODELS FROM NORTON AND TRIUMPH, THE BRITS ARE MAKING A COMEBACK.

**STARDUST**—IN FICTION BY NATIONAL BOOK AWARD FINALIST **CHRISTOPHER SORRENTINO**, DISC JOCKEY JOE LAMPTON LOSES IT ON AIR AND THEN LOSES HIS JOB, HIS WIFE AND HIS RESPECTABILITY. CAN HE KEEP IT TOGETHER IN HIS NEW LIFE AS A PUBLIC RADIO ANNOUNCER WHO CAN'T GET LAID?

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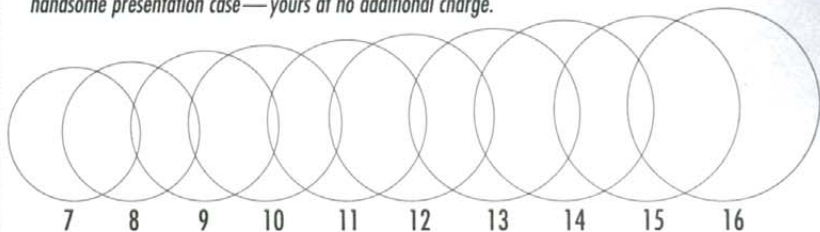
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