

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT F

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MAD MEN

BY
GEORGE
LOIS

AN EIGHT-PAGE HOMAGE TO
COLD MARTINIS AND
NAKED SECRETARIES
STARRING

CRISTA FLANAGAN

PLUS:
INSIDE
MEXICO'S
DRUG WAR

LESS IS MOORE
A SEXY TRIBUTE
TO **DEMI**

**MICHAEL
CERA**

PORTRAIT
OF AN
ARTIST
AS A
YOUNG
MAN

THE INTERVIEW
**CORNEL
WEST**

DRILL!
WILL BIG ENERGY
SAVE AMERICA **OR**
DESTROY US ALL?

**FULL-THROTTLE
MOTORCYCLE
PREVIEW**





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The spill in the Gulf isn't the only battleground for our love-hate relationship with fossil fuels. As **Seamus McGraw** reports in *Drill!*, his family's Pennsylvania farm sits atop the Marcellus Shale, potentially the second-largest reservoir of natural gas in the world. If his mother signs the farm over to Texas oilmen, the family stands to earn millions of dollars. But will the riches and the drilling destroy a way of life? Stay tuned also for McGraw's book on this subject, due out from Random House next spring. **Will Blythe**, meanwhile, ponders in *Letter to Demi* the boundless sex appeal of the "older" woman as represented by the delicious 47-year-old Demi Moore. Another grand tradition (besides lusting after older women) is the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. In *Saints Preserve!* **Danny Clinch** captures the New Orleans musicians in all their sartorial splendor. If you're looking for a woman with connections, gaze no further than



Seamus McGraw



Will Blythe

Crista Flanagan, who plays switchboard operator Lois Sadler on *Mad Men*. She was photographed for *It's a Mad World* by **Robert Maxwell**. As a tribute to the show and its period, Maxwell shot two covers that pay homage to original PLAYBOY covers from the 1960s (see bottom right). When Crista agreed to pose, we thought, Who better to write an accompanying essay than **George Lois**, the original Mad Man?

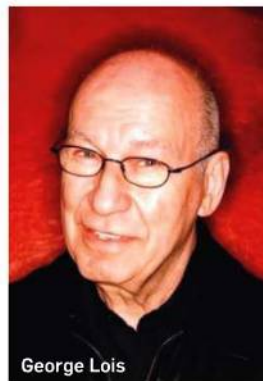


Danny Clinch

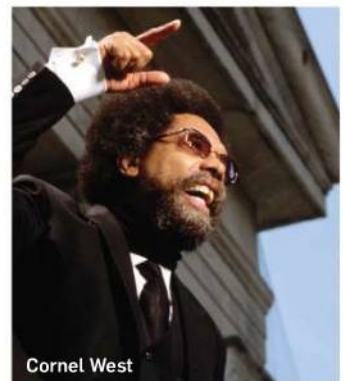
Best known for the 92 iconic covers he designed for *Esquire* beginning in 1962, Lois compares the hit AMC show to what actually transpired back in the day. From Madison Avenue we travel to the center of the world. In *La Chatte*, a.k.a. *Why I Like Pussy*, **Maureen Gibbon** explains why the vagina always fascinates. (Her latest novel, *Thief*, is also getting lots of attention.) Another big thinker, the philosopher, writer, actor, critic and Princeton professor **Cornel West**, shares his provocative insights in the *Playboy Interview*—on everything from black sexuality to the challenges facing the angry black man in the age of Obama. After having your mind so thoroughly engaged, you may need a place to unwind. In *Playboy's Guide to America's Greatest Bars*, writer at large **Steve Garbarino** expounds on the best watering holes, as picked by our staff. Finally, we have a wonderful story from **Christopher Sorrentino**, whose novel *Trance* was a finalist for the National Book Award. In *Stardust*, a DJ loses it on the air, sending him into a spiral that lands him at a small public radio station. Can he keep it together as his Personal Life Clock winds down? Will he get the girl? As it turns out, we all have fossils that should stay buried.



Maureen Gibbon



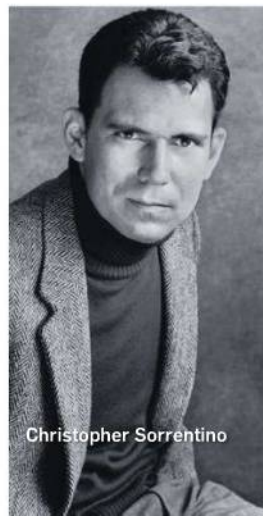
George Lois



Cornel West



Steve Garbarino



Christopher Sorrentino

PLAYBILL



Crista Flanagan and Robert Maxwell



Covers for this issue with the originals: April 1969 (top) and November 1960.

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The droll actor works his trademark deadpan for **ERIC SPITZNAGEL**.

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A disgraced shock jock toils in obscurity at a lame Silicon Valley radio station. By **CHRISTOPHER SORRENTINO**

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MAUREEN GIBBON on the scent of a woman.



COVER STORY

That *Mad Men*'s Crista Flanagan is hilarious isn't news. But thanks to photographer Robert Maxwell the world can now get a glimpse of Sterling Cooper's flighty switchboard operator in a new capacity—sex kitten. The verdict is in: Crista is equal parts funny and sexy. Our Rabbit certainly agrees it's a tie.

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Perfectly formed tan lines are one of summer's great gifts. With the help of a few Brazilian bombshells, we pay homage to the sun's loveliest work.



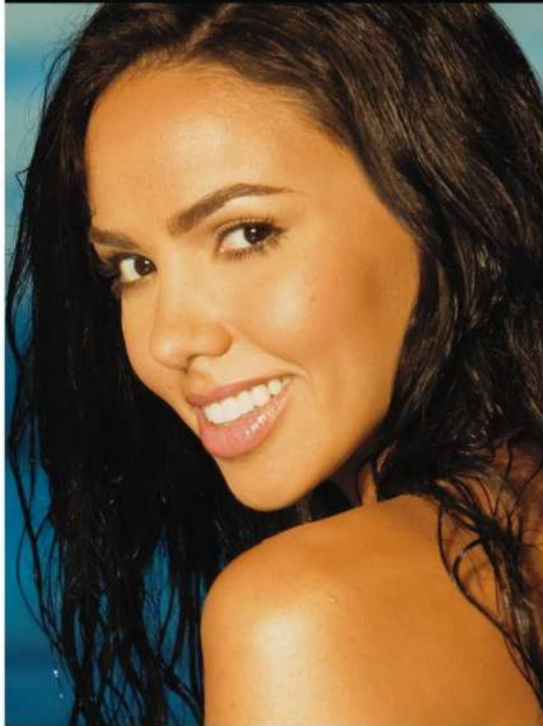
60 PLAYMATE: FRANCESCA FRIGO

This raven-haired Venezuelan beauty and her gravity-defying curves are Miami heat personified.

90 CRISTA FLANAGAN

Whether she's doing impressions on *MADtv* or mowing down executives on *Mad Men*, one thing is certain: There's never a dull moment when she's involved. Plus original *Mad Man* **GEORGE LOIS** attacks our favorite show.

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

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Surveillance cameras in police cars and along city streets record endlessly in the name of public safety, but author and Chicago police officer **MARTIN PREIB** finds their constant presence to be a hindrance, not a help, to law enforcement.

THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

THE SMOKING JACKET Our new safer-for-work website gives you the best of Playboy, minus the stuff that will get you in hot water at the office.

PLAYBOY'S CASTING CALLS Meet some of the beautiful women from our latest model search at the Playboy Mansion.

PLAYMATE XTRA They've still got it: See all-new shoots of classic Playmates Petra Verkaik and Ava Fabian.



GET SOCIAL Keep up with all things Playboy at facebook.com/playboy and twitter.com/playboy.

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Hef's generosity saves the Hollywood sign; Hope Dworaczyk is crowned PMOY 2010 at the Palms in Las Vegas in a fete to remember.

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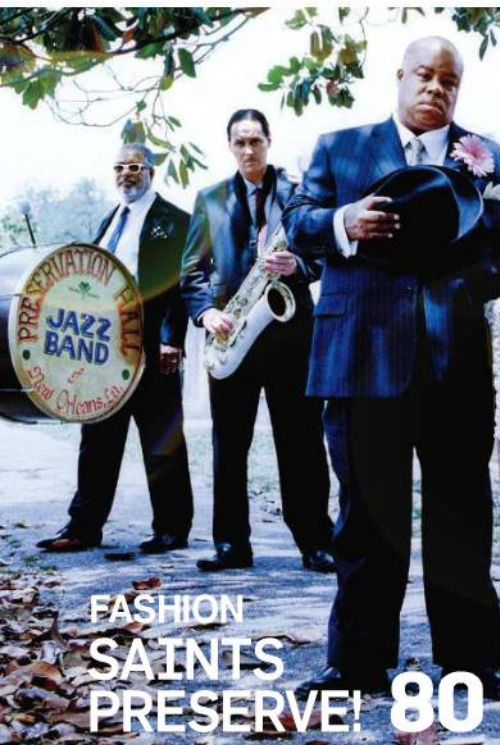
Hef throws his favorite lady a birthday hoedown; celebs flock to the Mansion for movie screenings; Andrew McCarthy interviews our Editor-in-Chief; Hef and friends attend the *Iron Man 2* premiere.

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FASHION SAINTS PRESERVE! 80

Whether it's their music or their attire, the dapper cats of New Orleans's Preservation Hall Jazz Band never fail to deliver. By **JENNIFER RYAN JONES**



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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



HEF SAVES VIEW OF HOLLYWOOD SIGN

Urban sprawl threatened the view of the iconic Hollywood sign until Hef ponied up the remaining \$900,000 to buy the surrounding land and prevent it from being developed. "My childhood dreams and fantasies came from Hollywood," he said. In all, donations of \$12.5 million helped save the view of the sign that Hef led the charge to restore in 1978 and refers to as "Hollywood's Eiffel Tower."



CALENDAR GIRL AND DOG

The Celebrity Catwalk charity, whose annual fashion show helps raise awareness for National Animal Rescue, decided to shoot a calendar featuring celebrities and their pets this year. It asked Charlie and Crystal Harris to pose for the 2011 calendar, which will also include Kimora Lee Simmons, Raven-Symoné and their pets.

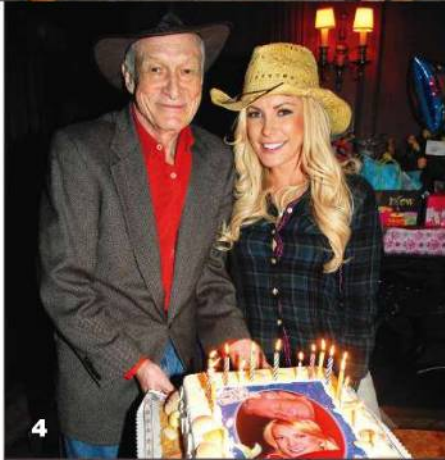
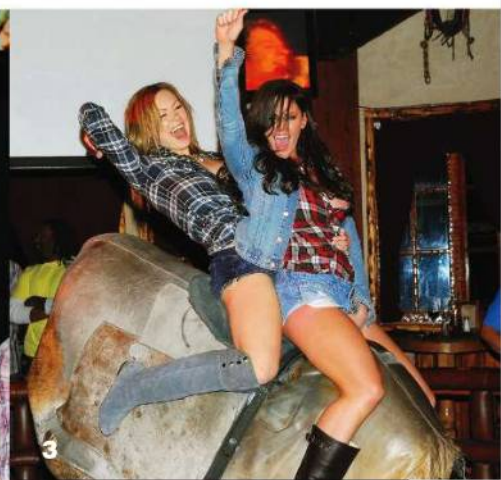


HOPE'S PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR PARTY

The Playmate of the Year coronation at the Palms Casino Resort (home of the Playboy Club) in Las Vegas was more party than event. The Playmate Dancers dazzled, the White Tie Affair entertained (frontman Chris Wallace is pictured with Holly Madison), and Robin Thicke electrified the crowd. Hef crowned brunette bombshell Hope Dworaczyk the 51st PMOY, then Crystal and Palms co-owner George Maloof posed for pictures with her.



HANGIN' WITH H&F



The foremost man of leisure spent his downtime attending a Lakers playoff game, enjoying a blockbuster movie premiere and throwing his girlfriend a birthday bash. (1) Hef, Crystal and friends from the Bunny House celebrating her 24th birthday at the Saddle Ranch honky-tonk on the Sunset Strip. (2) Dr. Phil at the Saddle Ranch. (3) Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips and Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill riding the bull. (4) Crystal makes a wish. (5) Christie Hefner, Berry Gordy, Eskedar Gobeze and Ray Anthony at a Mansion screening of the original *King Kong*. (6) Martin Landau at a Mansion screening of *Ed Wood*, the movie for which he won an Oscar. (7) Claire Sinclair and Nick Simmons at a Mansion Movie Night. (8) Hef with Lakers owner Dr. Jerry Buss during the playoffs. (9) Anna Berglund and Crystal at the Staples Center. (10) The Laker Girls have nothing on Playmates Jennifer Pershing, Jaime Edmondson, Claire and Kimberly. (11) Hef, Crystal and *Kick-Ass* star Christopher Mintz-Plasse before the Mansion screening of his flick. (12) Andrew McCarthy (of *Pretty in Pink* fame) interviews Hef about the Hollywood sign for *National Geographic Traveler*. (13) Sam Crowley, Cooper Hefner, Crystal and Hef attend the *Iron Man 2* premiere.



BATTLE AFTER DARK

It's clear from Bill Zehme's report (*The Late Shift*, June) that NBC doesn't know what it's doing when handling its late-night talent. But a force beyond office politics explains why Jay Leno is back as host of *The Tonight Show*: Although Conan O'Brien is a nice guy, a good interviewer and obviously younger than Leno, he's not funny. The job of NBC executives isn't to judge funny; it's to tally the numbers. This is the same reason David Letterman is no longer at NBC. He's a nice guy and a good interviewer, but he's not funny either.

John Olson
Cypress, California

After Leno took over *The Tonight Show* from Johnny Carson in May 1992, it was rough going for the first few months. The show also suffered when O'Brien took over from Leno. The key difference is that O'Brien's show never got better. When Leno left, I switched to watching Letterman until I couldn't take any more of his endless jokes about Sarah Palin. It was a relief when Leno returned—and I can't be the only person who feels this way, because he's again number one in his time slot.

Gene Keefover
Sedona, Arizona

PERFECTION AT LAST

I've been a subscriber since 1968, but this is the first time I've found it absolutely necessary to write. Playmate Katie Vernola (*Little Surfer Girl*, June) is fantastic. She has it all!

Don Collins
Stuart, Florida

ECHO CHAMBER

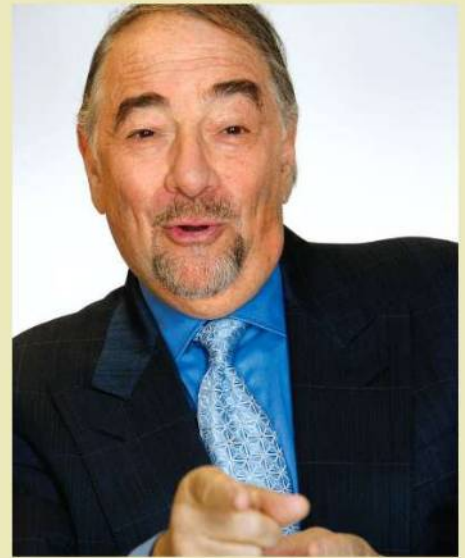
Chicago police commander Jon Burge, who for years apparently beat confessions out of prisoners, didn't invent magneto torture, i.e., applying shocks with a portable generator (*Area Two*, May). As happened in Burge's case and many others, a soldier is taught how to torture an enemy, returns home, becomes a police officer or security guard and applies his training to accused prisoners. This dark cycle extends at least to 1905, when American soldiers brought the technique we now call waterboarding back from the Philippine insurgency. By the 1920s, police were using this technique on detainees across America, especially in the South. Likewise, it was U.S. marines in 1916 who pioneered magneto torture in Haiti. The French introduced it to Vietnam in 1931 and we used it there from 1963 until 1975. Burge apparently encountered it while serving as an MP in the late 1960s, introduced it to Chicago Police Department interrogations in 1972, and he and others used it quietly and cleanly for the next 16 years. Torture appears to have about a 20-year shadow, so the methods

DEAR PLAYBOY

Opposites Attract

PLAYBOY's dedication to cultural and political diversity is showcased in your *Playboy Interview* with conservative talk-show host Michael Savage (June). For years you have brought readers images of stunning beauty, but with this interview you also expose the starkest kind of ugliness. I would probably have chosen to interview someone else—just about anyone else—but it is a tribute to the integrity that Savage claims does not exist in the "liberal media" that you give him the chance to speak without distorting his ideas or altering his words. That's a privilege he consistently denies those he criticizes.

Jefferson Swycaffer
San Diego, California



used in our current conflicts may soon be coming to a neighborhood near you.

Darius Rejali
Portland, Oregon

Rejali, a professor of political science at Reed College, is author of Torture and Democracy.

EYE-POPPING BEAUTY

My husband and I shared a lot of giggles while we passed the 3-D glasses back and forth to check out Playmate of the



Take off your glasses. She's back in 2-D.

Year Hope Dworaczyk (June). Thanks for always giving us new ways to enjoy our sex life!

Allison Kaplan
Highland Park, New Jersey

Dworaczyk is the best PMOY ever. Her photos are spectacular, and for the first time I was too distracted to find the Rabbit Head on the cover. She may be

the only woman gorgeous enough to be photographed in 3-D.

Edward Burch
Licking, Missouri

FOREVER YOUNG

Thanks to *Playboy Cover to Cover: The 50s*, which presents every issue from the decade on DVD-ROM, I have been delving deep into your archives. In the first issue, from December 1953, I found a gem: an article called *Matanzas Love Affair*, which features a recipe for a Cuban dish called Sob-Sob Rice and Chicken. I made it for my girlfriend, and we both love it. Thank you to PLAYBOY for being cool for more than five decades. I look forward to making more of your classic meals.

Brett Lambert
Edmonton, Alberta

You'll be happy to know Playboy Cover to Cover: The 60s is now available. See playboy archive.com, or phone 1-800-577-7600.

SAVAGE LOVE

I expect articles in PLAYBOY to be about expanding the boundaries of human experience and potential. Usually you deliver the goods, but I am disappointed with your interview with Michael Savage, which reads like a pissing contest between him and your interviewer.

Ken Altschuler
Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Savage confuses crass disrespect with protected dissent.

J.D. Corry
Austin, Texas

You deserve credit for interviewing Savage, but if you hoped to portray him as a nutcase, you failed. He may sound



WÓDKA POLSKA

radical to today's generation, but the founding fathers would not have thought so. We need more people like Savage to speak up before we lose our freedoms.

Patrick Hotchkiss
Spencerport, New York

Michael Savage's babble is disguised in the language of the enlightened intellect. To his credit, he babbles well, which is to say he sounds important while delivering nothing of importance. Thanks for alerting me to the latest face of hypocrisy.

Noel Salazar
Hayward, California

Savage emerges as another reactionary rebel living within the exceptional affluence of Marin County, California, where he is liberally compensated to liberally express his views. His take on sex education is particularly immature and irresponsible. While sex is a personal, discretionary act, the pregnancies and children that result affect us all. Savage claims he "wants to be left the fuck alone," but that's difficult when your work consists of getting people worked up. The truth is, Savage can no longer afford to be left alone. He needs listeners; otherwise he could not pay for his homes, his flashy cars and his yacht. That must be a frustrating dilemma for a hermit. Savage, Rush Limbaugh, the Tea Party, et al. claim to be pursuing absolute individual freedom, but that idea is an illusion. As members of the local and global communities, we are not free to do whatever we please. Pretending otherwise degenerates into social unrest and violence.

Stuart Lutlich
Geneva, Nebraska

At the bottom of page 48 you ask Savage, "So why shouldn't they [gay people] be allowed to get married?" But on the top of page 50 his answer begins mid-sentence. What did I miss?

Julie Rush
Chevy Chase, Maryland

Savage replied, "That's an excellent question. I need to rethink my position." Actually, he laughed and said, "It's funny. Most of the gay people I know would say..."

Savage is no different from Limbaugh, Glenn Beck, Keith Olbermann or Howard Stern. He is inflammatory because it sells. In fact, I would argue that Savage and Osama bin Laden are two sides of the same coin—Savage throws his bombs on the air. Whatever you think of Al Franken, he had the wherewithal to run for office and is now held accountable for what he says.

Mark Malinowski
Baltimore, Maryland

P.S. I loved John Waters's piece *Baltimore Heroes* (June). He is a Baltimore original, and even the most conservative of us are proud of our native son.

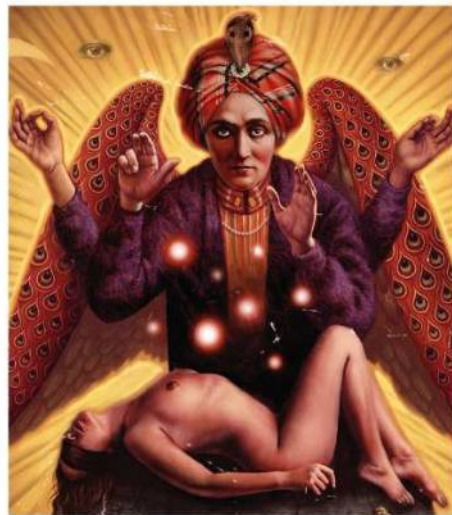
BACK TO BASICS

As a person who makes a living recreating and interpreting vintage cocktail recipes, I applaud you for the primer *Old School: A Study in the Classics* (June), particularly for the bare-bones but spot-on recipe for an old fashioned. Many proud recipes have been lost or bastardized over time, so it is nice to see them returning to the forefront, where they belong.

Erick Castro
Rickhouse Bar
San Francisco, California

MYSTICAL ORGIES

In his excellent article on Pierre Bernard (*The Great Oom and His Mysterious Tantrik Love Cult*, June), Robert Love describes the early 20th century yoga guru's system as "an American adaptation of Hindu Tantrism" developed for an eager audience of spiritual consumers. But Bernard did much more than adapt Tantrism—his effort was a radical transformation. Tantra is not a monolithic entity but a label that covers a vast array of practices, traditions, texts and sects. Whatever their origin, most Sanskrit texts (tantras) are more concerned with power and secrecy than with sexual pleasure or "nooky nirvana." Yet when Christian missionaries, orientalist scholars and British colonial



ALEX GROSS

Let us meditate together on your body.

authorities embraced tantra in the 19th century, Western readers seized upon its relatively minor erotic aspect, which became a source of Victorian moral outrage. Bernard turned this prudish attitude on its head, and tantra now is celebrated as a much-needed affirmation of sensuality and physical pleasure. Today anyone can buy *The Complete Idiot's Guide to Tantric Sex* or shop online at the Tantra.com Marketplace.

Hugh Urban
Columbus, Ohio

*Urban is a professor at Ohio State University and author of *Tantra: Sex, Secrecy, Politics and Power in the Study of Religion*.*



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THE ANSWER TO QUESTIONS
ABOUT YOUR LIFE?

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EDITOR'S PICK
AUGUST 2009

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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS



BECOMING ATTRACTION

Kea Ho

In Hawaii, actress Kea Ho basically counts as royalty. Her regal bloodlines start with her father, Don Ho, the king of Hawaiian music and the islands' equivalent to Frank Sinatra. "I was his princess," she says. As a kid, she performed with her dad (who died in 2007), singing and hula dancing during his shows. Although Kea is now rooted in Los Angeles—she has appeared on *Entourage* and just finished a small role in the upcoming Adam Sandler film *Just Go With It*—she clearly misses home. "Being in Hawaii is like being on a permanent vacation—you go to the beach all day and barbecue all night." Better still: "Hawaiian girls are the coolest girls in the world because we grew up in bikinis."

"Hawaiian girls are the coolest girls in the world because we grew up in bikinis."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD REDD

AFTER HOURS



TUESDAY - SUNDAY
 11 AM - 9 PM, 7 PM SUNDAY
 CLOSED MONDAY

Shear Genius A Cut Above

Launched in the 1960s, Baxter of California—maker of great masculine grooming products—bills itself as the “line for the ultimate playboy.” Now the company has joined the barbershop renaissance with its new Baxter Finley Barber & Shop on La Cienega in Los Angeles. Once you’ve had a pro take a straight razor to your neck, you’ll never go back. Info at baxterfinley.com.



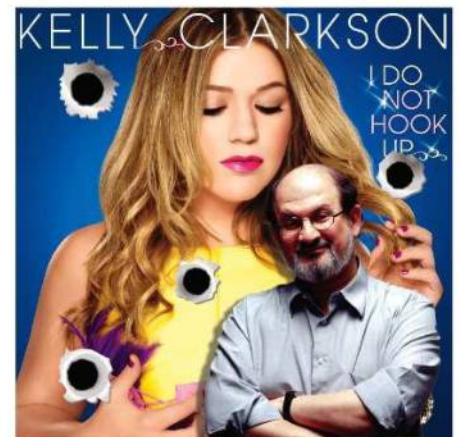
On the Canvas Rogue's Gallery



Bad-boy Manhattan gallerist Gavin Brown takes being the biggest art dealer on the block quite literally. He expanded his red-hot Gavin Brown's Enterprise gallery by taking over his neighbor's space: the old Pat La Frieda butchery, formerly a go-to spot for celebrity chefs in need of high-end meat. Pictured, clockwise from top left: *Untitled* by Spencer Sweeney, *Flower Still Life* by Verne Dawson and *Fuck Canon* by Thomas Bayrle, all represented by Brown.

Religious Studies The New Celebrity Fatwa

Remember how shocking it was when a Shiite cleric issued a fatwa against Salman Rushdie? These days Muslim rage against Western figures barely makes the news. Fundamentalists attacked Kelly Clarkson when she held a concert in Jakarta that was sponsored by a tobacco company. A Muslim cleric slipped Bollywood star Salman Khan a fatwa for allowing Madame Tussauds to create a wax statue of him. Even weirder: a report of a fatwa against Mickey Mouse that labeled him “one of Satan's soldiers.”





PRIMO'S PARRILLA CHIMICHURRI SAUCE
 2 cups canola oil
 ½ cup white vinegar
 ½ cup chopped Italian parsley
 1 cup dried oregano
 3 tsp. chopped garlic
 1 tsp. red pepper flakes
 ½ tsp. sea salt
 ½ tsp. pepper

Mix ingredients and serve over grilled steak or chicken. The sauce improves with age; you can use it right away, but wait five days and it's even better.

Meals on Wheels Food Movement

Our favorite new trend in gastronomy: high-end cuisine cooked in and served from trucks. For the first time, *Food & Wine* magazine gave a best new chef award this year to a food-truck chef—Roy Choi, the mastermind behind Kogi in L.A. Michelin-starred chefs Alain Ducasse and Daniel Boulud have been spotted cooking on wheels as of late. We grabbed this chimichurri recipe from Javier Sandes, who serves incredible Argentine cuisine out of his truck, Primo's Parrilla, on the streets of California's East Bay. More info at vamosprimos.com.



BARMATE: Bethanie Badertscher



IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S
HOTTEST BARTENDERS

PLAYBOY: Are the Red Sox on?
BETHANIE: You're at Whiskey's in Boston's Back Bay—the Sox are on every TV.
PLAYBOY: Of course. We were fixated on you and your Daisy Dukes.
BETHANIE: That happens. Did you work your way up to my Sox shirt yet?
PLAYBOY: Indeed. What does your tattoo signify? [Bethanie has a puzzle-piece tattoo on her belly.]
BETHANIE: The simple answer: I'm complicated.
PLAYBOY: How so?
BETHANIE: I'm a girlie girl who loves shopping and hanging out by the pool, but I also love playing MMORPG, and I'm bartending to put myself through college. I'm studying computer science.
PLAYBOY: And the complicated answer?
BETHANIE: I'm always exploring. I go through life looking for the missing piece.
PLAYBOY: Like the Sox front office. How do you enjoy dealing with Boston fans?
BETHANIE: They are much less obnoxious than Yankees fans.
PLAYBOY: Nice. What do you suggest we watch the game with?
BETHANIE: A green monstah. It's like a Long Island iced tea, but it's green.

Puff Piece A Smoke and a Drink

The latest buzz from our barroom correspondents: Haiti's legendary Rhum Barbancourt distillery is up and running again after it shuttered its doors in the wake of the island's deadly January earthquake. Want to support the relief effort? Go to your liquor store and pick up a bottle. Or sit down in a bar, light up a cigarette and order a dark and stormy. That's right, light up—inside! Electronic cigarettes "burn" liquid nicotine through an atomizer and blow vapor, not smoke. They're better for you than smokable cigarettes, and you can indulge in movie theaters, bars, photo studios and restaurants. Totally Wicked is the hottest brand, with an array of flavors (mint chocolate, bacon, etc.). Check out totallywicked-eliquid.com.



Totally Wicked smokeless cigarettes, right, vaporize (rather than burn) flavored "liquid nicotine," so you can smoke in bars and movie theaters.

GREEN MONSTAH
 ¼ ounce each of vodka,
 gin, rum and tequila
 ½ ounce of Midori
 Splash of sour mix
 Splash of 7Up
 Pour over ice in a rocks
 glass every time Big Papi
 gets to the plate.

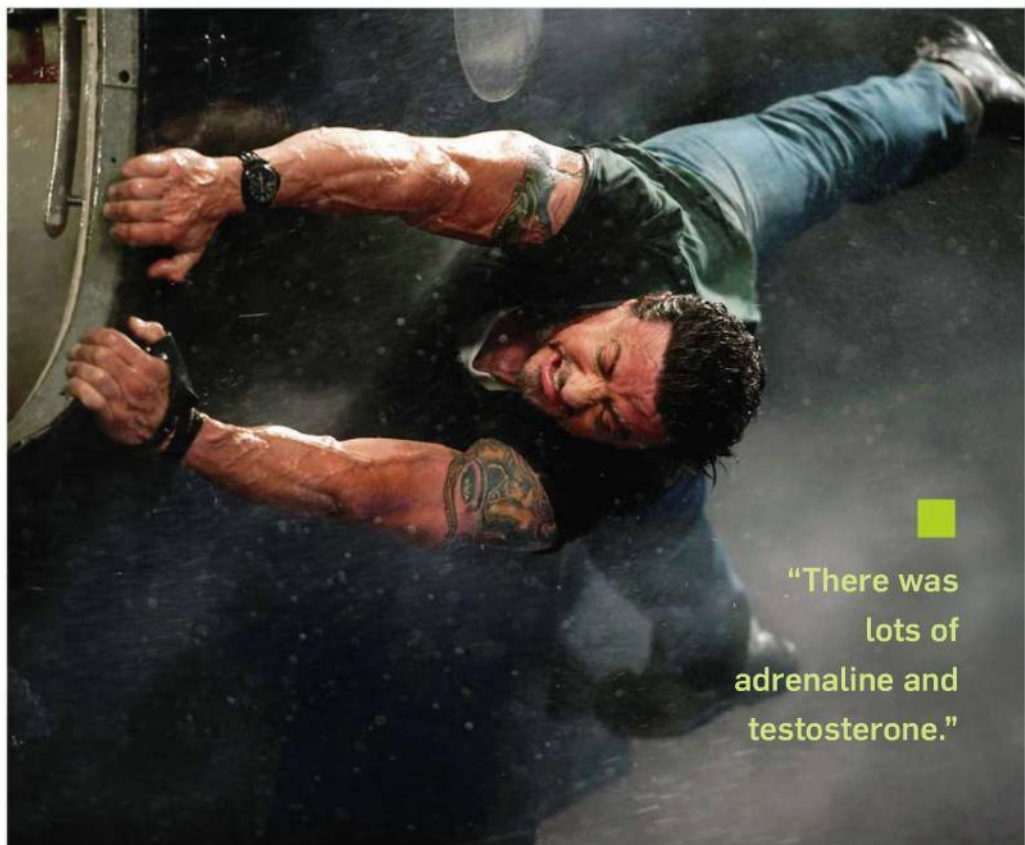
SEE MORE OF BETHANIE
 AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM.
 APPLY TO BE BARMATE AT
PLAYBOY.COM/POSE.



Movie of the Month **The Expendables**

By Stephen Rebell

In *The Expendables*, a throwback to bone-crunching 1980s action movies, Sylvester Stallone leads fellow ace mercenaries Randy Couture, Jet Li, Jason Statham and Dolph Lundgren in a do-or-die attempt to topple a South American dictator. Six-time WWE champion turned actor Steve Austin plays the film's two-fisted villain in a cast studded with other celluloid macho types, including Bruce Willis, Arnold Schwarzenegger and Mickey Rourke. "There was lots of adrenaline and testosterone," says Austin. The Internet has been buzzing with news of his fight scene with director-star Stallone, who described it as so "vicious" that the 64-year-old Stallone later required serious corrective surgery. "Sly got his neck fused up and had a plate put in, but he never lost a day of filming," says Austin. "What you get on-screen is a brutal fight sequence in what's going to be one of the biggest kickass movies of the year."



■
"There was lots of adrenaline and testosterone."



WHAT'S FOR DINNER?

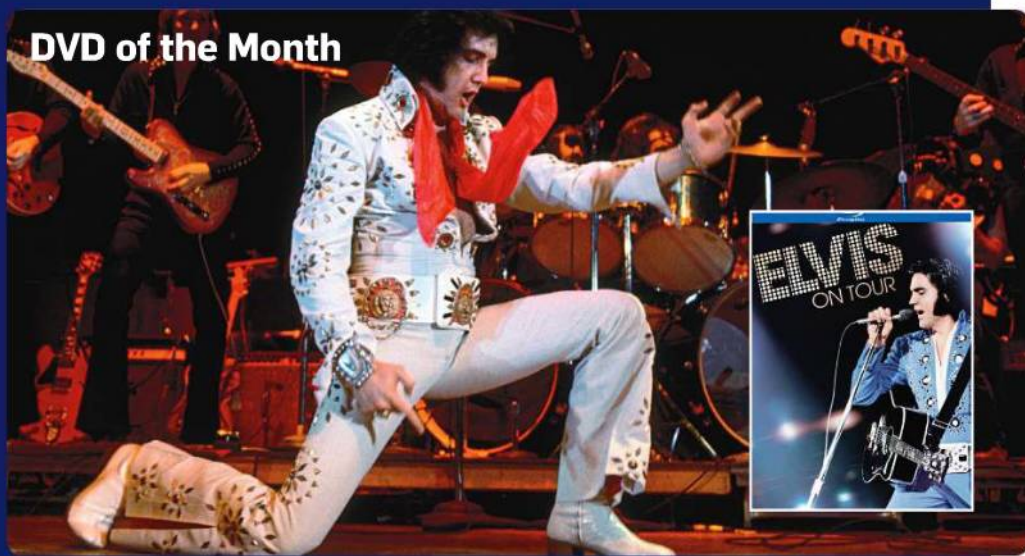
Few foreign filmmakers have had more of their movies remade than France's Francis Veber, whose works include *The Toy*, *The Birdcage*, *Fathers' Day*, *The Man With One Red Shoe*, *Quick Change*, *Pure Luck* and *Three Fugitives*, the remake of which he also directed. Now Veber's *The Dinner Game* is being remade as *Dinner for Schmucks* and stars Paul Rudd as an exec who brings a moronic Steve Carell to his boss's "idiot night" party.



Tease Frame

Spicy Spanish actress **Elena Anaya** cemented her global appeal in 2001's sexually explicit *Sex and Lucia* (pictured), in which she plays the babysitter you wish you'd hired. Elena then brought sexy back in Justin Timberlake's video for "SexyBack." See her next as she heats up the romantic drama *Cairo Time*, co-starring Patricia Clarkson and Alexander Siddig.

DVD of the Month



Elvis 75th Anniversary DVD Collection: The ideal way to get Elvis fans all shook up is to celebrate the 75th anniversary of his birth with a well-priced 17-movie set that includes the debut release of the Golden Globe-winning *Elvis on Tour* (also available separately as a Blu-ray book), which captures the King in fine form near the end of his career with some top-notch musicians. From fan favorites *Jailhouse Rock*, *Viva Las Vegas*, *Charro!*, *Spinout* and *The Trouble With Girls* to the 1970 documentary *Elvis:*

That's the Way It Is, one thing is clear: Today's teen idols have nothing on Presley. He drove women of all ages into a frenzy into his 40s, even when reading from a lyric sheet. **Best extras:** A 40-page commemorative book and the featurette "The Scene That Stole *Jailhouse Rock*" are highlights of the set, which comes wrapped in Sin City-inspired holographic foil with 10 reproduction memorabilia pieces, including studio correspondence and checks signed by Presley. **RV**
—Bryan Reesman

Game of the Month Madden NFL 11

By Jason Buhrmester

Die-hard fans are disappointed with any season that ends without their team wearing Super Bowl rings. That's how many gamers felt about the past few years of *Madden NFL*, the biggest (not to mention only) official NFL game on the planet. While the visuals and the online modes were stellar, certain gameplay moments felt less than championship caliber. *Madden NFL 11* (360, PS3, Wii) promises to be different. *Madden's* creators used the data they gathered monitoring online play (see below) to improve everything from kicking to catching. A streamlined playbook keeps the game moving, while locomotion mechanics help receivers stay inbounds on sideline catches and improve the jukes and spins that enable running backs to leave linebackers facedown in the turf. 🙃🙃🙃



How Madden Measures Up

Someone is watching when you play *Madden NFL* online. After the final whistle blows, the system sends a string of data summarizing the action to the game's creators. Programmers receive about 173 million of these updates a day and use the information to ensure accuracy.

Here's what they've learned about how we play online.
Most popular team: Cowboys.
Least popular team: Rams.
Quarterback with the most passing touchdowns: Peyton Manning, Colts.
Quarterback with the most interceptions: Brett Favre, Vikings.

Number of stiff-arms attempted: 300 million.
Percentage of successful stiff-arms: 23.
Running back with the most touchdowns: Chris Johnson, Titans.
Running back with the most fumbles: Adrian Peterson, Vikings.

Album of the Month Introducing XXX-tina

If albums were pieces of clothing, Christina Aguilera's *Bionic* would be a PVC push-up bra: playful, a little futuristic and not the least bit subtle. Aguilera declares she's "feeling naughty" and backs it up with an outlandish array of dirty talk and teases. She uses food metaphors—honey (his), strawberry cream (hers), cake (hers), bananas (his)—and alludes to lesbian kisses and wake-up sex, which prompts her to vow,

"When the morning comes, I know that I will too." Electronic experimentalists like M.I.A. keep things at a festive pace, and XXX-tina promises us she's not self-ish: "Taste me and I'll taste you." 🙃🙃 —Rob Tannenbaum



The Twitter Music Quiz

Match the famous musician to his or her tweet

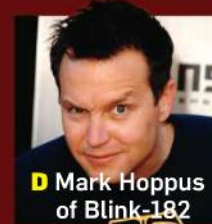
1. My daddy got me a Blizz Berry machine for my birthday. Best frozen yogurt I've tried, and now I can have it all the time!

2. Sometimes I get too blind to see the beauty in the songs I sing—and I am grateful for the relearning.

3. Dear elderly man at the gym: its hard 4 me 2 keep composure whilst punching at chipmunk speed when ur ball sack spills out of ur wind shorts.

4. If I had one chance to time travel anywhere in the future, I'd choose tomorrow morning because I'm anxious to see what I eat for breakfast.

5. Women, right? Can't change their molecular structure, can't harvest their internal organs and sell them on the black market.



ANSWERS:

1, A; 2, E; 3, C; 4, D; 5, B

Welcome to Holly's World

Holly Madison hasn't been resting on her laurels since moving out of the Playboy Mansion. In between her nightly performances in the striptease extravaganza *Peepshow*, she has been filming her reality series *Holly's World* (Sundays on E!) and working on a guidebook to Las Vegas, due out this fall. We caught up with the busy blonde and talked about life in Sin City.

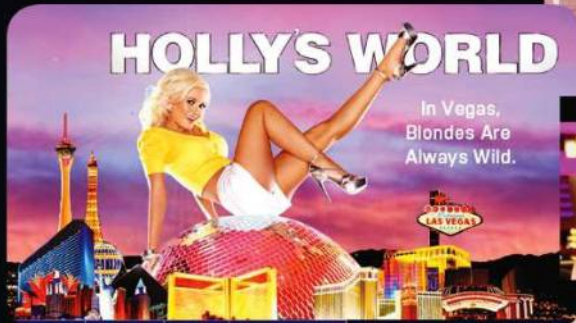
PLAYBOY: How do you like Las Vegas?

HOLLY: It's so much fun. There's something new and different to do every day, but it's also a cozy small community here among the locals.

PLAYBOY: Are you getting used to being on reality TV?

HOLLY: It's definitely second nature now. This summer it will

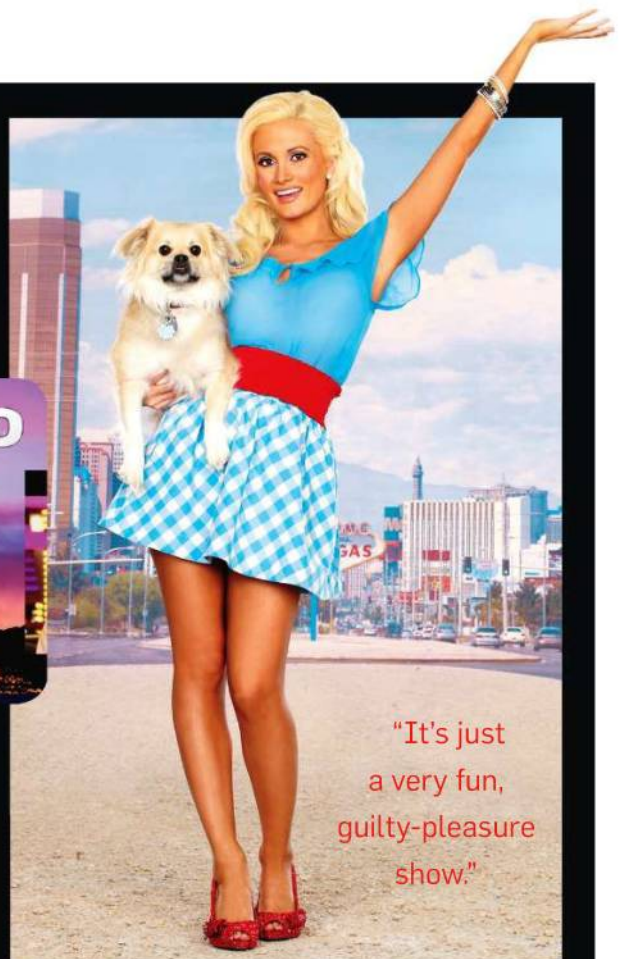
have been five years since we started shooting *The Girls Next Door*. It's been easier to film this show because I feel I have it down after all these years, and everything we're getting is



very real and usable.

PLAYBOY: How would you describe *Holly's World*?

HOLLY: It's a really fun look inside Vegas and the young people trying to make it here. My cast is hilarious, my friends are great, and it's just a very fun, guilty-pleasure show.



"It's just a very fun, guilty-pleasure show."



50 Years of the Playboy Bunny

It's been half a century since the first Playboy Club opened its doors, and to celebrate this milestone, former *PLAYBOY* editor Josh Robertson takes an in-depth look at the history of the Playboy Bunny in *50 Years of the Playboy Bunny* (\$35, Chronicle Books). Out in September, this collector's book includes gorgeous photos of such classic Bunnies as Debbie Harry, Lauren Hutton and Gloria Steinem and tells the story of the Bunny's evolution through the eyes of those who saw it firsthand.

Playboy Licensing Rock Out on Ibiza

Rock the Rabbit is hopping across the pond this summer and working to put on Ibiza Rocks the Rabbit events that will feature tons of cool co-branded products and the awesome Ibiza Rocks girls dressed as Playboy Bunnies. Visit ibizarocks.com for more info.



RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

PRICE CHECK

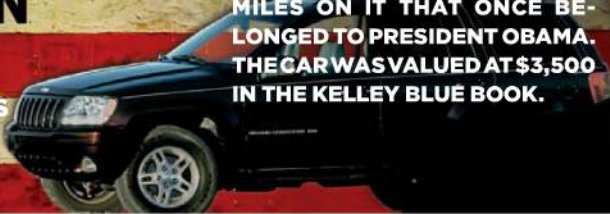
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\$26,438

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ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

TWENTY-SIX PERCENT

26% OF WOMEN HAVE CRIED AFTER GETTING A HAIRCUT.



TWO RECENT SURVEYS ON RELIGIOUS BELIEF FOUND THAT **61%** OF AMERICANS BELIEVE GOD HAS PRE-DETERMINED THE COURSE OF THEIR LIFE, AND **32%** OF THOSE RESPONDENTS SAID THEY ALSO AGREE WITH THE STATEMENT "THERE IS NO SENSE IN PLANNING A LOT BECAUSE ULTIMATELY MY FATE IS IN GOD'S HANDS."

IN A RECENT POLL, 35% OF WOMEN SAID THEY OWN "A COUPLE" OF SEX TOYS, AND 21% SAID THEY DIDN'T OWN ANY BUT WERE CURIOUS ABOUT THEM. 19% SAID THEY DIDN'T OWN ANY AND DIDN'T FEEL THEY NEEDED THEM.



SEX IS 10 TIMES MORE EFFECTIVE THAN VALIUM AS A TRANQUILIZER.

WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

In a poll asking women if they would be bothered if their guy watched porn, **38%** said yes because they felt he should be fantasizing about them, **27%** said it was okay once in a while, and **34%** said they watched porn with their man.

cruise

kidman

kubrick's
Eyes Wide Shut

WARNER BROS. ... STANLEY CUBICK ... EYES WIDE SHUT
TON CRUZE MICHELLE YEOHAN - SHEPP POLLOCK TODD FELD WADE RICHMOND ALAN TINKING YVESHA SHAM
STANLEY KUBRICK FREDERICK BRUNWEL ... ARTHUR SCHNITZLER ... JAN HARLAN
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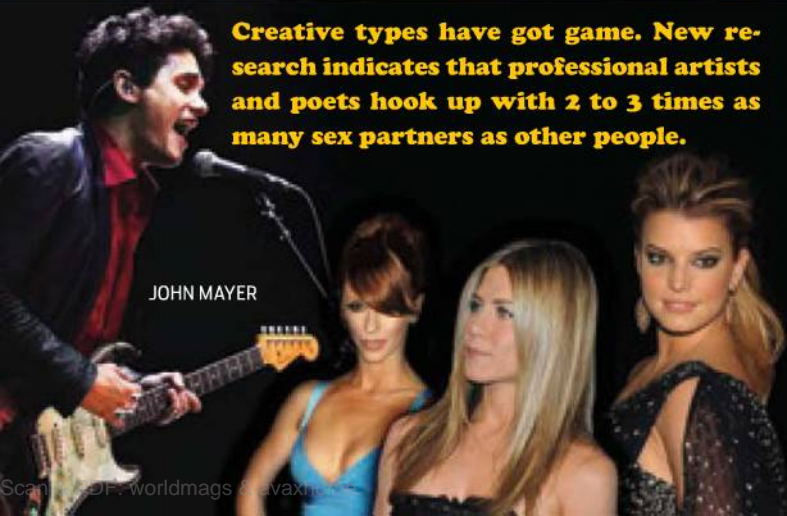
A RECENT SURVEY FOUND THAT **43%** OF AMERICANS 45 AND OLDER SAY THEY ARE SATISFIED WITH THEIR SEX LIFE.



49

GEORGE CLOONEY IN YEARS

Creative types have got game. New research indicates that professional artists and poets hook up with 2 to 3 times as many sex partners as other people.

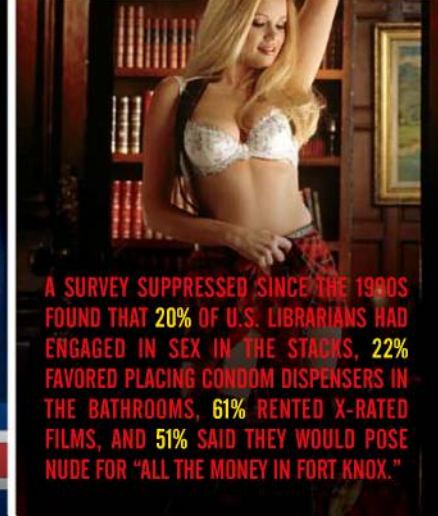


JOHN MAYER

5% OF ADULTS IN BRITAIN HAVE TAKEN TIME OFF WORK BECAUSE OF SEX-RELATED INJURIES, AND 2% HAVE SUFFERED BROKEN BONES WHEN THINGS GOT HEATED.



A SURVEY SUPPRESSED SINCE THE 1980S FOUND THAT 20% OF U.S. LIBRARIANS HAD ENGAGED IN SEX IN THE STACKS, 22% FAVORED PLACING CONDOM DISPENSERS IN THE BATHROOMS, 61% RENTED X-RATED FILMS, AND 51% SAID THEY WOULD POSE NUDE FOR "ALL THE MONEY IN FORT KNOX."



LA CHATTE

BY MAUREEN GIBBON



I suppose I could have called this *Why I Like My Pussy*, but it's not just mine I like.

For instance: In my 20s I lived with some friends in a small Manhattan apartment. Often when I knocked on the closed bedroom door of one of my roommates, it would take her a while to say "Come in." But when I did hear the words and pushed open the door, a definite smell would envelop me.

Her.

Lush, abundant pussy.

Though she and I never talked about it, after a time or two of smelling that heady spice, I figured it out. I knew she was crazy in love with some guy, but he didn't return her affections—or at least not as often as she would have liked. So she masturbated. Fairly often. That was the thing I kept interrupting with my knocks. And while she could pull up her panties and compose her face before she told me to come in, she couldn't clear the air in her room.

Do I have to say I didn't mind?

That scent became one of the many things I knew about her, and it made me like her more. My closest women friends are the ones I can pee in front of, the ones who know what I look like in my nightgown because they've brought me groceries when I'm sick, the ones who know what my tits look like because we've gone skinny-dipping.

The thing is, not only did I like the idea of being that close to my friend, I also liked the very scent of her. Which brings me to my point: I like pussy because it smells, and because nothing smells quite like it.

It's why French courtesans rubbed a bit of their own moisture behind their ears.

It's why the story persists that Napoleon sent word to Josephine not to bathe when he was returning from battle. He wanted to smell the accumulated *her*. While I never could determine if this was an actual message from the little emperor or the stuff of legend, a Google search offered a wide range of time periods during which Josephine wasn't supposed to soap up her *chatte*: anywhere from three days (densely musky) to three weeks (pungently ripe).

It's why I have no respect for people who make what they think are clever jokes about pussy smelling like tuna or other unpleasant stuff. I say if you can't stand the smell, get your fingers out of the cunt.

And yes, just for the record, I do sometimes sniff the crotch of my own panties. There. I said it. And just as my thumbprint is uniquely mine, my pussy smells distinctively of me. But it has at times taken on other scents.

When I was in college my boyfriend and I used honey during sex to increase friction. In the moments

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NAPOLEON
SENT WORD
TO JOSE-
PHINE NOT
TO BATHE
WHEN
HE WAS
RETURN-
ING FROM
BATTLE. HE
WANTED TO
SMELL THE
ACCUMU-
LATED *HER*.

before he moved into me, I smelled and tasted of sweet clover honey. When the same boyfriend and I tried chocolate sauce and whipped cream, my pussy smelled like a sundae.

Once I got out of the foodstuffs phase my acquired scents became more sophisticated. Sometimes my vulva smelled of Coco Chanel or Joy. But in time I came to value my own salty sweetness. One spring night in Iowa City, after listening to a band play at a local bar and dancing to all its sets, I stood onstage talking to the drummer. A big fan was set up for the musicians, and as I talked, I moved in front of it and let the breeze blow through my polka-dot dress.

In a moment I became aware of some incredible fragrance wafting through the air. It took me a second to identify it as me, as a particularly sweet combination of sweat and pussy. I don't know why I smelled so good at just that moment, but I did.

"Hey," the drummer said, also realizing the source of the perfume. "Can you please step a little closer?"

That night, after I stood in the parking lot kissing that drummer for a long time, I wandered home in the warm air. But before I walked the last block I stopped at a neighbor's house and stole a single peony from the yard. I buried my nose in the silky petals, and the sweet damask perfume was almost



PIERRE-PAUL PRUD'HON'S PORTRAIT OF EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.

as good as the smell I carried between my legs.

One of my favorite passages in literature is about pussy. It comes from Giuseppe di Lampedusa's *The Leopard*, and it describes the roses in the main character's garden. Under the Sicilian sun these roses have become "obscene," giving off "a dense, almost indecent, scent." When the prince puts one to his nose it's as if he's "sniffing the thigh of a dancer from the Opera."

I'll take a dozen, please.

I live in the country now. Just this morning I went outside in my nightgown to look for mushrooms in the woods surrounding my house. (It's not as odd as it sounds—I live on 10 acres and have no neighbors around.) Anyway, when I squatted beneath a spruce to look at a beautiful hawk's wing mushroom, I caught a whiff of myself, of my morning cunt. It was good and strong. Like coffee.

But the truth is, pussy doesn't smell like coffee or flowers or perfume or honey. What it smells like is pussy.

Just pussy.

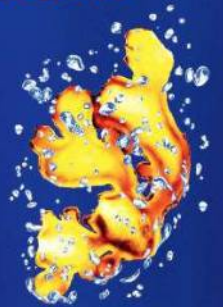


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Audi R8 Spyder

Topless Models

Get your hands on these shapely beauties

Just in time for wild summer motoring, the automobile biz has debuted a plethora of super-high-performance convertibles. Of the many we've recently driven, here are two favorites: Audi's R8 Spyder and Bentley's Continental Supersports. Both rides are more stunning topless. But then, what beauty isn't? The Audi R8 Spyder packs a 5.2-liter 525 hp V10 and your choice of six-speed gated stick or R tronic manumatic. Zero to 60 goes by in 3.7 seconds with a top speed of 196 mph—quite a rush with the top down.

Bentley's Continental Supersports is the open version of the SS coupe. Okay, no one really needs a 621 hp convertible weighing 5,280 pounds and capable of 3.9-second sprints to 60 and a 202 mph top whack (making it the world's fastest four-seat cabrio). But we must admit, it's a hell of a lot of fun to drive. The six-liter W12 is creamy smooth and torque rich. Pick your poison? Why not buy 'em both? Count on about \$146,000 for the Audi and \$280,400 for the Bentley. For more on these and other models, go to playboy.com/wheels.



Bentley Continental Supersports



Frozen Asset

A pretty chill slice of Americana, the Flying A picnic cooler (\$199, american-retro.com) is an exact replica of the sweet 1940s original. Even better: It looks as hot in the house—with its chrome handle and metal frame—as it does on the beach.



Making an Impact

Who says bicycle helmets are for the tragically unhip? Not mod British designer Paul Smith. His very hip new Paint Stripes helmet (\$23, in stores) sports his signature crayon-box hues and slick contours reflective of skateboard culture.

Sharper Image

Do you want to get in touch with your inner Paul Bunyan? Swedish ax maker Gränsfors Bruks offers an array of handsome cutlery—including this double-bit throwing ax (\$242, gransfors.us). (An interesting detail: The steel head of each ax is initialed by the smith who made it.) For urban Jack Torrances (*The Shining's* main man), sporting-goods company Fjällräven (fjallraven.us) sells hand-forged axes at its Manhattan location. So tree huggers, take cover: A chop shop may be coming to a town near you.



Pretty in Pink

Most Americans turn up their noses at pink wine. Which is a shame, because a crisp rosé is the perfect accompaniment to a summer meal. Rosés have long been held in high regard in Spain and the south of France, but now the rest of the world has caught on to the pleasure of great blush wines. Mulderbosch's cabernet sauvignon rosé from South Africa's coastal region stands up to spicy food. Malbec fans will be delighted by the Argentinian rosé from Crios de Susana Balbo. Try Goldeneye's Anderson Valley vin gris of pinot noir with grilled salmon. When it comes to the classics, we'll take Spanish rioja from Muga or the amazing Reully pinot gris from France.

A New Focus

For the latest twist on its classic Wayfarer sunglasses, Ray-Ban went all trippy on us, creating a line of eye-popping shades as part of its Rare Prints series (\$139, ray-ban.com). To properly advertise them, the company charged a collection of top designers with producing equally compelling promotional posters. The specs range from the psychedelic to the throwback Comics motif, making them less *Risky Business* and more geek chic.



How to Buy a Used Ferrari

With the average price of a new car around \$30,000, why settle for a boring ride when you could have a used Ferrari? We have been following the biweekly Ferrari Market Letter since 1981. It's filled with excellent pre-owned affordable Ferraris for sale, models from the 1970s and 1980s. Maintenance can be expensive, so try to find a car that has had its belts and clutch recently replaced. Low mileage is obviously desirable; pre-cat 308s are sexy, classic and quick. Wait till you rev that V8 for the first time and hear it scream; then you'll know why you didn't spend your money on a Camry. Here's a short list of rides available at ferrariamarketletter.com as of press time, all of them lookers: 1975 308 GT4 Series 1, recent service, 61,000 miles, \$26,950; 1977 308 GTB, service up-to-date, 52,000 miles, \$34,900; 1982 Mondial 8, later Quattrovalvole engine, great car, \$19,500! What are you waiting for?

We purchased a minivan with fold-down DVD-player screens. Could the police stop us if we play adult movies?—G.C., Banning, California

Yes. Many states forbid drivers from watching TV in a moving vehicle and/or displaying sexually explicit material. In 2004 a motorist in Schenectady, New York was convicted of a misdemeanor after driving past a police car while playing a movie called Chocolate Foam. In 2005 an off-duty cop in South Carolina arrested a man driving ahead of him who had Booty Talk 43 on his screen. And earlier this year an officer on Long Island busted a passenger he saw viewing an adult movie in an SUV. Not that we want drivers watching porn instead of the road, but is your vehicle a “public” place? First Amendment scholar Robert Corn-Revere argues that if you’re looking into someone else’s car, you’re invading his or her privacy, not the other way around. He cites a 1975 case in which the U.S. Supreme Court ruled that officials in Jacksonville, Florida could not prevent drive-in theaters from showing films with nudity even if the screen could be seen from the road or a church parking lot. Any movie, not just one with nudity, can distract drivers, the justices said, and anyone offended can easily avert his or her eyes.

I am amazed at your advice in June to the reader who asked if he should have a DNA paternity test because his teenage daughter doesn’t look like him and has a blood type that’s different from his and his ex-wife’s. You said no. The Advisor seems to think this guy should continue to pay support for a kid who is most likely not his. This reminds me of another dumb response you gave, in October 2008, when you told a woman not to tell her boyfriend she had “accidentally” swallowed another guy’s load. These two answers lead me to believe you are either a woman or the wimpiest guy ever to write a column.—J.A., Redondo Beach, California

Any thought in your calculations as to what’s best for the daughter? As we noted, the blood types don’t exclude him, and at this point he is her father regardless of the genetics. As for our alleged wimpiness, you’ll eat those words on the badminton court.

Last year I spent a good amount of money on an Armani suit. Later, in a separate development, I lost 40 pounds and dropped a couple of sizes. Does it make sense to have the suit altered, or will such a drastic reduction ruin the cut?—J.M., New York, New York

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



For as long as I can remember I’ve found it stimulating to have a woman stand on my stomach or chest. I have lied, telling women I have a bad back, to get them to stand on me. At first they’re freaked out, but after a few times they relax. It never occurs to them we’re engaged in a type of lovemaking. Is having a woman step on me harmful in any way?—B.S., Los Angeles, California

It can be, especially if your personal pedestrian is wearing stilettos or her pacing advances to kicking, stomping, jumping, head or neck crushing or cock-and-ball flattening. It often does, because for most submissives pain is pleasure. You’ll be relieved to learn that, according to the federal government, asking a woman to trample you is not “extreme cruelty.” Last year immigration officials denied a visa to a Russian who said her new American husband wanted her not only to trample him but to walk all over his friends for \$120 an hour at “foot night parties.” She says he divorced her because she refused on the grounds it was a form of prostitution, but officials ruled his demands didn’t rise to the level of abuse that would allow her to stay in the U.S.

Taking in a suit that much is a challenge because it throws off the balance of the jacket. For example, the position of the pockets will change noticeably, and your shoulders likely don’t slope as much as they used to, which can cause a wrinkle through the back. “You will also need to take in the sleeves, waist, inseam and seat of the pants,” explains Dan Trepanier, a.k.a. the Style Blogger (thestyleblogger.com). “That’s going to add up, and it

still won’t fit as well as a new suit. If you put all that time and effort into losing the pounds, invest a little money to show off your new physique.” Buying a new suit always feels better when you’re looking at smaller rather than larger sizes. If a weight loss or gain is less extreme, the simple rule is that as long as the shoulders still fit, the rest of the jacket can be made to follow.

What are your views on “permanent engagement”? I am 27; my 36-year-old boyfriend gave me a diamond ring and asked me to become permanently engaged. He had been married, and it didn’t turn out well. I don’t know yet if marriage is something I need to feel complete, but will this work? What happens if we break up 10, 20 or 30 years from now? With no legal ties, could I lose what we may have built together?—C.M., West Chester, Pennsylvania

Permanent engagement is another word for single, meaning you will have no right now or later to anything—whether a business, house, car or other property—that’s not in your name. Although many couples are happily unhitched (see the Alternatives to Marriage Project at unmarried.org), you don’t sound convinced. A lot of people assume that if they live together long enough their relationship becomes a common-law marriage. But Frederick Hertz, a Bay Area lawyer and co-author of Living Together: A Legal Guide for Unmarried Couples, notes that only a few states recognize common-law marriage, and it’s hard to prove. The most common mistake unmarried people make, says Hertz, is to think, Oh, this person loves me and would never turn on me. That’s the basis of most court battles, he says. Hertz notes that even in the best-case scenario, adding a name to the title of a house or paying the bills for a live-in partner can be a headache, as the IRS may treat it as a gift or income subject to tax. That’s why reasonable people support gay marriage on legal if not moral grounds; only straight couples can avoid all this hassle with a quick trip to the courthouse.

My husband and I have black lights in our bedroom. Is there anything he can eat to make his come glow?—K.B., Buffalo, Missouri

We suppose he could try foods high in phosphorus (cocoa powder, wheat bran, Parmesan cheese, Vegemite), but semen is produced in the testicles according to a strict formula, so it’s not clear it would make his semen glow any more than it already does. You’ll let us know. As you’ll discover, semen is fluorescent but doesn’t

light up the room, so you'd probably have more fun painting his erection with Day-Glo paint. Visit blacklight.com for supplies.

What can I do to pleasure my boyfriend when I have my period besides giving him a blow job or a massage or making out? He tells me he can wait, but that's not fair.—L.H., Queens, New York

How about intercourse? While one survey found that 91 percent of women avoid sex during their periods, for some women it's the time of month when they're most horny. This may be because of increased blood flow in the genitals or because a woman believes it's the only time of the month when she can't get pregnant (a fallacy; there is no time). Some also report that orgasms during menses ease cramps. So forget your boyfriend; why should you be denied? First, the amount of blood produced is vastly overestimated. On average, a woman loses only two to four tablespoons per period. Second, there's an easy way to corral the menses—an insertable flexible cup called *Instead*, available at most chain drugstores, by phoning 800-467-8323 or online at softcup.com. Have fun.

A well-known musician came to browse in the retail shop where I work. When my friends found out I didn't ask for an autograph, they gave me grief. But I didn't want to be rude or a bother—I'm sure he doesn't get to live many "normal" moments. What do I do if this happens again? Do I act like most people and

jump up and down, or do I go about my business?—S.B., Boston, Massachusetts

We like your style. What would you do with an autograph anyway? Remember the perceptive words of H.L. Mencken: "A celebrity is one who is known to many persons he is glad he doesn't know." That may be cynical, but your relationship to this musician or any other famous face is strictly financial; their interest in you is as a consumer. Nothing wrong with that—they don't want to know you any more than you want to know strangers you encounter. Our advice: (1) Don't yell catchphrases, sing lyrics or ask them to recite your favorite lines from their movies. (2) Don't say "I'm your biggest fan," because their actual biggest fan is a stalker. (3) If you must ask for an autograph or a picture, be polite, accept rejection gracefully and never interrupt their dinner, shopping experience, conversation, restroom break, phone call or family stroll. If you have a chance to be introduced, compliment something specific they've done rather than saying "I love your work." If you don't know their work, compliment their shoes.

My wife went on vacation with a couple of her girlfriends. She was feeling sexy, so I told her it was okay to be a little "naughty." When she got back I found out she had sex six times and gave someone a blow job. Actually, it was all with the same guy. I don't know how to feel. I opened the door for her by saying what I said. What should we do now?—H.G., Denver, Colorado

Did you find out about this from your wife or from her girlfriends? If she told you about

it without prompting and is apologetic, that's more hopeful. She made a mistake (seven times, though perhaps she thought her pass included unlimited rides). If she didn't confess and purports to be puzzled by your reaction, we recommend you find a third party (i.e., a marriage counselor) to hear this out. The first step is to define what you meant by naughty.

A reader wrote in May with concerns that his lover's pubic hair was thinning. I'm surprised you didn't suggest a merkin, or pubic toupee, as an option.—J.M., Memphis, Tennessee

True, a merkin may do the trick. Pubic wigs, which date to at least 1450, were originally used by prostitutes and the elite to cover syphilitic pustules and gonorrheal warts, which tended to be more visible after ill-advised treatment with mercury. Some women also shaved to prevent or treat crabs. With the introduction of penicillin, merkins are now just fashionable. Crafted on the Isle of Merk from nylon or hair (human or yak) and secured with spirit gum or a G-string, they sell for anywhere from \$45 for basic curly black (maxwigs.com) to \$200 for imported designer shapes such as a heart, strawberry or padlock (merkinworld.com).

I know this isn't a typical Advisor question, but I'm sure many guys can relate. Since entering my 40s, I find I pass more gas. To make matters worse, sexual activity brings on a storm. It's hard to be suave when you're farting. I've tried Beano, lactose products, activated charcoal and "healthy

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bacteria” supplements. Some of this slows the problem, but nothing eliminates it. I’ve read about diets, but they cancel out every delicious food in existence. What can I do?—K.T., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The average adult passes gas about 20 times a day. You’ll never eliminate that, and you don’t want to: Every fart is a fragrant sign of life because it signals that your digestive system is working. Bacteria in your colon produces gas when it can’t fully digest whatever you’ve eaten. The usual suspects include sugars (lactose, sorbitol, fructose), starches (wheat, oats, potatoes), whole wheat grains and certain fruits and vegetables (beans, lentils, cabbage, brussels sprouts, onions, carrots, apricots, prunes). If you’re passing gas in excess of about 20 times a day, you may have an above-average amount of this bacteria, an overgrowth into the small intestine or a condition that prevents proper digestion. However, if you have a serious problem, you will have other, more alarming symptoms. If your farts kill plants and small birds, it may be because you’re eating too many sulfur-heavy foods such as eggs, cheese, garlic, grapes, meat, nuts, mustard and tomatoes. A doctor can test how efficiently your colon digests fats and sugars, but a change in diet is usually the solution. As for flatulence during sex, many people fart during exercise, so it makes sense that any strenuous activity will move gas. It’s good etiquette to warn your partner if it’s coming. Or at least make sure she eats the same meal.

I have been seeing two guys for the past five years. We have lots of fun together

and share a king-size bed. Can a threesome last forever? My friends tell me our relationship is too unusual to continue much longer.—L.J., St. Paul, Minnesota

Like any relationship, it will last until someone leaves. We assume you sleep in the middle?

What does it mean when a girl says you have a “pretty dick”? Does she mean she thinks it’s small? What can I do to make my dick beautiful instead of pretty?—R.D., Temple, Texas

Have you considered a merkin? Don’t freak out; she meant it as a compliment. Frankly, penises could use more kind words.

Since our third child was born, my wife has been after me to get snipped. In his hilarious essay in May (*The Full Coward Package*), Dave Barry raises a number of things a man should fear about a vasectomy, all of which I can handle. My hesitation arises from a report I read linking the procedure to dementia. Has there been any further research? I’d hate to wake up one morning and forget why I didn’t want a vasectomy.—G.R., Gander, Newfoundland

The small study you read about, reported in 2006, is not a reason to put off a vasectomy; even its authors say that. A team led by Sandra Weintraub, a clinical neuropsychologist at Northwestern University, surveyed 47 older men with primary progressive aphasia, which destroys the ability to remember and understand

words, and 57 men with no impairment. Forty percent of the men with PPA had had a vasectomy, compared with 16 percent in the control. If vasectomy is a contributor, it may be because it allows sperm to enter the bloodstream, prompting an immune response that affects the brain. As many as two thirds of men who have been snipped develop these antisperm antibodies. Two follow-up studies were inconclusive. Neurologists in Florida reported that an elderly man who developed PPA 25 years after a vasectomy showed improvement while being given steroids to suppress his autoimmune response. But last year scientists in Korea said they could find no connection between the amount of antisperm antibodies in dementia patients and their cognitive or language abilities. So that’s your decision: Although a vasectomy could be a risk factor for PPA, a fourth child may not do your brain much good either.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the *Playboy Advisor*, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. Our greatest-hits collection, *Dear Playboy Advisor*, is available in bookstores and online; listen to the *Advisor* each week on Sirius/XM 99.



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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: CORNEL WEST

A candid conversation with the scholar and TV pundit about corporate greed, our lack of love and his second thoughts about Barack Obama

Not since Albert Einstein has Princeton, New Jersey had a high-haired intellectual sensation like Cornel West. Although his official academic appointment is Class of 1943 University Professor of African American Studies and Religion, West has a string of informal titles: prime-time pundit, bluesman philosopher, social critic, not to mention author, hip-hop artist, actor and sartorial savant (rain or shine, West's jet-black three-piece suits, with scarves and watch chains, are as much his trademark as his poofy Afro and gap-toothed smile).

Unless you're an academic type, you probably know West from his frequent media appearances. He practically has a chair on permanent reserve on *Real Time With Bill Maher*, *The Colbert Report* and the Tavis Smiley show. West played a council elder in two of the *Matrix* movies. He's made spoken-word and hip-hop recordings with John Mellencamp, André 3000 and Prince. Last year his teachings on race, gender and class in America inspired a hip-hop album by a group called, naturally, the Cornel West Theory.

Though he has a shelf full of best-selling books, like the landmark *Race Matters* and his recent memoir, *Brother West: Living and Loving Out Loud*, co-written with David Ritz, West divides his critics. Liberals, most notably Leon Wieseltier of *The New Republic*, have charged him with shoddy scholarship and say

he's got more flash than intellectual rigor. The right thinks his views on the "invisible" poor and black oppression amount to little more than socialist whining and that he embodies affirmative action gone awry. Still, West is arguably the most sought-after, cited and influential black scholar in America.

The grandson of a Baptist preacher and son of a civilian Air Force administrator and a schoolteacher, West was born on June 2, 1953 in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He grew up middle class, mostly in Sacramento, California and was a schoolyard bully until some loving teachers and a track coach turned him on to reading. When he wasn't running 4.09-minute miles, he found his meaning somewhere between Arthur Schopenhauer, James Baldwin and Marvin Gaye. West earned degrees from Harvard and Princeton and was a full professor at Harvard until a highly publicized dispute in 2001 with the university's then-president Lawrence Summers. Summers accused West of missing classes and inflating grades and said the professor's hip-hop album was an embarrassment to the school. West decamped to Princeton, where the professor has been ever since. Married and divorced three times and with two children, West faced a prostate cancer scare but has as much energy today as the 19-year-olds who flock to his standing-room-only lectures.

David Hochman flew to Princeton for a spirited dialogue with Brother West, as he's often called. "Some people speak in sentences," Hochman says. "Cornel West speaks in libraries. Once he gets rolling, he weaves and bobs from Homer and James Joyce to Frederick Douglass, Mahalia Jackson and Pearl Jam. I came to think of it as academia as gospel-infused performance art."

PLAYBOY: We have a black man in the White House, but the topic of race still has a third-rail quality in America. Why is that?

WEST: Race generates the most visceral kinds of responses. Always has. Even in the most progressive circles, people's attitudes and fears about race are deeply rooted. We've been working on this for 400 years in our country, but we still have a way to go. Some would like to believe we live in a post-racial society, but that's completely false. You've got to acknowledge race. Little kids notice it from the time they're six or seven. "Dang, Jamal is darker than Johnny over here. What does that mean?" Some people will try to say, "It doesn't mean anything. We're all the same." That's wrong. That's denial. We are different because of race, and we need to learn to embrace the differences,



"Historically, white fear of black sexuality was always a basic component of white racism. Black bodies, white bodies bumping against one another—it's been one of the major forms of mobilizing white citizens."



"When you read the business pages from the past three years, it's just gangster activity, people getting away with anything they can—looting the Treasury. We're feeling the aftershocks of moral bankruptcy."



"Brother, you don't have to be a rocket scientist to eliminate poverty. There are no poor people in Norway. There are no poor people in Sweden. Given our wealth, we could create a society with no poverty. We could do it."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

embrace the whole person—culture, body, nose shape, lip shape, hair, whatever it is—just as we need to accept differences in gender and sexual orientation. Then again, we have to make sure our awareness of our differences doesn't translate into a hierarchy of how you treat people.

PLAYBOY: How would your life be different if you were born black in America today?

WEST: Oh, qualitatively different, for better and worse. Better because there's more possibility. Black people today have unprecedented opportunities—materially, academically, culturally. We've got a black middle class that's stronger. We've got a black upper class that's growing and of course a black president. Unprecedented. Magnificent. Symbolic consequences heard around the world.

PLAYBOY: What would be worse?

WEST: What's worse is there's less available love in black America. If I were born today, I'd have a soul sickness. I think that's true for the country as a whole. I see it with my students, certainly. Black, brown, white, red, no matter—4.0 GPAs, 800 Board scores, sharp as can be, on the way to Harvard Law. But if a friend died tomorrow, they'd be in crisis and catastrophe with hardly any way of dealing with it. They haven't experienced love in any deep sense. They don't know how to love themselves or one another in a way that empowers or nourishes the spirit. They're used to more fleeting interactions, stimulations, titillation rather than deep nourishment.

PLAYBOY: So as the song goes, where is the love?

WEST: Hey, man, it went to the market. It was devoured by corporate strategies and tactics that caught fire in the Reagan administration and continue to burn in the age of Obama. It's driven by the insatiable desire for personal pleasure, property, power, ego satisfaction. But the quest for those things consumes the truth. It's easy to get pleasure. Just go to a strip club. *Bllpppp!* You get pleasure. There's a place and time for that, Lord knows. *[laughs]* But real joy? True connection? Personal integrity? Those things require patience and tending and cultivating. All across this culture I see a yearning for quality relationships, a yearning for integrity, a yearning for spirituality. But people—young people in particular—are manipulated by many forces to believe that what matters in life is something else: money, materialism, short-term gain, power and the kind of show that goes along with it.

PLAYBOY: Hasn't the economic downturn of the past couple of years changed people?

WEST: Good question. I hope so. But if you look at, say, the black working class, it's devastated. Black poor—it's catastrophic. Okay, we broke the glass ceiling at the top, but you've got all these folks in the basement. Again, it's not just black; it's all poor people.

The problem is, we've lived in a kind of ice age these past 30 years or so, and that's hard to rise out of. The age of Reagan began in 1981. The idolizing of the market, the unleashing of the market, the promotion of an unregulated market started even earlier, with Carter in 1977. The fiscal conservatism and deregulation. But of course Reagan just took it to a whole new level. Between 1981 and 2009 you got the undercutting of the Glass-Steagall Act [which prohibited commercial banks from engaging in the investment business]. Suddenly, commercial and investment banks were coming together solely to generate funds and gains and profits. Simultaneously there was an elimination of certain types of welfare. Under Clinton we got the three-strikes laws [which mandate additional time in prison for three-time felons], sparking the rise of America's prison-industrial complex. So you end up with 30 years of blanket-ing every nook and cranny of the culture with free-market fundamentalism. Buying and selling. Lives of the rich and famous. To be human is to live in the lap of luxury and luxuriant status. Meanwhile, the

Tea Party folk are not crazy people. They're just misguided. The Tea Party might look a mile wide on Fox News, but it's only a few inches deep.

poor are forgotten, rendered invisible or sent to jail. What does that saturation do to the hearts, minds and souls of people? It depletes it all. Love, justice, trust, integrity—all that stuff is then gone. What we're left with is moral constipation.

PLAYBOY: Moral constipation?

WEST: When you know what you're doing is wrong but the good is stuck inside you and can't come out. We're morally constipated and wrestling with spiritual malnutrition. What happens is you end up with ethical evisceration, when you do anything in order to get by. That's why we're seeing this financial gangsterism.

PLAYBOY: In other words, moral constipation leads to Bernard Madoff and Goldman Sachs?

WEST: Yes, and the folks at Enron and Lehman and all the others. You see, humans have always had the propensity to be gangsters like that, but for much of the past century you had sanctions in place. You had regulation. You had a stronger trade union movement. You had some balance between the rich and the poor. More of the wealth was distributed to working people. But what is it now?

CEOs in the 1950s made around \$25 to every \$1 for an average worker. Now it's about \$275 to every \$1, and the CEOs say, "No, we deserve it. We're working harder." That's a lie. They're getting away with more by holding on to a larger percentage of the profits. CEOs in the 1950s were brilliant; they were sharp; they worked hard. But they got only \$20-something for every dollar for the worker. And of course that's still the case in other parts of the world. CEOs work hard in Japan, where it's still roughly \$11 for the CEO and \$1 for the workers. And even there the workers are upset. They would never get away with it in Korea because Korea has one of the strongest organized working-class movements. Shoot, Korean workers would go on a general strike in a minute if a CEO suddenly started making too much money. *Pow!* Can you imagine a general strike in America because a CEO was making too much? *[laughs]*

PLAYBOY: Good luck with that. This is America!

WEST: Well, if we don't change something, we won't be an America anyone recognizes. We are already a grand empire in relative decline. The good news is America has bounced back before. Between 1898 and 1929 greed ran amok; there was social chaos. As a country we were engaged in imperial expansion in California, Texas, Mexico, the Philippines, Guam, Cuba and so forth. It was a mess. But we bounced back, and after World War II we became the greatest empire of the 20th century. After that, we outlived the Soviet empire, Europe's empire and the Cold War, and we survived those nuclear warheads we had pointed at one another.

PLAYBOY: So how does a jazzman deal with, say, the Tea Party movement?

WEST: That's not a movement. Social movements are rare. And these days you've got to distinguish between grassroots organizing versus Astroturf networking that appears deep only because of televisual disruptions. The Tea Party might look a mile wide on Fox News, but it's only a few inches deep.

PLAYBOY: Should the left just ignore it?

WEST: No. Here's why: Tea Party folk are not crazy people. They're just misguided. They're deeply conservative people who see the corruption of government. They're right about that. But they react by being antigovernment. They're wrong about that. They see the need for individual initiative and entrepreneurial possibility. They're right about that. But then they affirm a corporate agenda and don't realize corporations are a big part of the problem. I don't want in any way to fetishize or ascribe magical powers to them. They're much weaker than people like Glenn Beck think they are. But I'll fight for the right of Glenn Beck to express his opinion. Even he has a right to be wrong, which he is most of the time.

PLAYBOY: Beck recently called *African*

American a “bogus PC made-up term” and added, “That is not a race.”

WEST: Nobody ever said African American was a race. We’re a people, a very distinct people that includes Kenyans, Nigerians, Ugandans and black folk in Peru. So distinct, in fact, that Glenn Beck appears to have a certain preoccupation with black folk. Why is he so obsessed with black people? I notice he doesn’t give the Amish that much attention. [laughs] In all seriousness, though, we cannot allow vociferous right-wing criticism of the Obama administration to silence principled criticism from the left. We just can’t. We need to distinguish our criticism from theirs, but we still have to put pressure on.

PLAYBOY: What’s Obama doing wrong?

WEST: Well, Brother Barack came at a time when we needed to bring the age of Reagan to a close. We had to. Instead of greed, he said, let’s talk about fairness. Instead of differences, let’s talk about compassion. Instead of fear, let’s talk about hope. And while he’s made some good, positive changes, I don’t think he’s a messiah or even a very progressive politician. It turns out when you talk about hope, you have to be a long-distance runner.

PLAYBOY: Say more about that.

WEST: It’s already getting late for him, when you have a chance to speak to jobs, homes, infrastructure and you end up bailing out investment bankers. They’re too big to fail? They’re too big to be managed! And what do you do? You allow them to get bigger! So you’ve got the same conditions in place that will reproduce the same catastrophe from which we’re still cleaning up from the Bush years. And you don’t speak to jobs, you don’t speak to homes, and again the poor remain invisible.

PLAYBOY: Won’t there always be poor people in America?

WEST: It’s hard to say. There are no poor people in Norway. There are no poor people in Sweden. It depends on how your society is organized. Yes, we’ve got a huge society. But we’ve got a rich society, too—richer than Norway’s, richer than Japan’s, richer than all those other countries’. Given our wealth, we could create a society with no poverty. We could do it.

PLAYBOY: How?

WEST: Brother, you don’t have to be a rocket scientist to eliminate poverty. Make it a priority. You allocate assets for everyone’s basic needs—housing, food. There will still be inequality. I’m not saying I want Jay-Z to have the same amount of money I do. He’s more talented than I am in certain things and can generate income and wealth to a much greater extent, God bless him. We’re talking about a social floor below which no one can ever fall. No matter how poor, physically challenged, ill or otherwise disadvantaged someone is, there has to be a safety net. We may have to march on Washington in the name of poor and working people; otherwise we won’t be heard. The poor are the barometer of how a country

treats its citizens, of what its values are. The same is true for our gay brothers and lesbian sisters, bisexuals and transgender folk. There’s a willingness to have antidemocratic policies toward them, so they become the canaries in the mine. If the canaries are treated this way, that’s going to be the first indicator of how other groups are going to be treated. That’s why in many of my speeches since we took three steps back with Proposition 8 [the successful antigay-marriage initiative] in California in 2008, I’ve had to say, quite explicitly, “I am gay, lesbian, transgender and bisexual” in terms of my identification.

PLAYBOY: Which means?

WEST: It was like after 9/11, my response was, “I’m an Arab American.” I felt our Arab brothers and sisters weren’t being treated well, and in that context I gave many speeches in which I spoke out as an Arab. People said, “Aw, Negro, you ain’t Arab American. You’re a black man.” Yeah, and Jesus loves a free black man, that’s right! But I’m an Arab American, just as I’m now a gay American in terms of my solidarity, because they’re the ones you have to keep track of, you see?

Sexuality is such a precious gift, but it does take on a life of its own. Increasingly I sense this conquest mentality in which sex becomes almost another thing to acquire.

PLAYBOY: Incidentally, what’s the state of sex on campus these days?

WEST: It’s funny. I was asked to speak to a group promoting abstinence on campus here at Princeton, and I told them, “I’m not the most exemplary figure.” [laughs] Sexuality is such a precious gift, but it does take on a life of its own. I see people who fall down the path of lust, seduction and temptation, and increasingly I sense this conquest mentality in which sex becomes almost another thing to acquire. How many women can I satisfy myself with? It’s a form of pathology, and it’s a sign of our deep spiritual malnutrition.

PLAYBOY: Did you see that with Tiger Woods?

WEST: Good God almighty, absolutely! I thought Brother Tiger would be the last brother to get caught in that kind of mess. But as I considered it, it made sense. Man has all the money in the world, all the success, and yet he never displayed an ounce of political concern, never showed any real interest in the problems of poor people, oppressed people. Not a mumbling word. Okay, fine, some people go through life that way. But he had cultivated a certain

image—so cleaned up. There’s no air there, no reality, no humanity. Problem is, when you live in such a deodorized space, your funk needs someplace to go. So what happens? The brother’s funk just starts seeping out. It was bound to happen. Suddenly everybody’s thinking, Oh, Tiger, you’re just like us! But he’s worse because he tried to hide the funk. I’m telling you, you can’t hide your funk! [laughs] What’s interesting is Obama also has this kind of image: cleaned up, deodorized, airtight.

PLAYBOY: You’re not suggesting...?

WEST: Well, no, I don’t think he’s got a Tiger problem, but you *know* the brother got funk! [laughs] Where’s he hiding it? I don’t know. I mean, he’s a human being, after all. There’s this image with men like Brother Barack and Brother Tiger—some call them postracial figures. They say they’ve transcended X and Y and can be everything to everyone. But you wonder. Anyway, Sister Michelle’s the one with funk in the family.

PLAYBOY: How so?

WEST: I think she’s got a lot of Malcolm X in her, a lot of Ella Baker. But she’s had to contain it in a very intense manner to conform to the first lady image. Somebody of her brilliance, somebody of her vision, somebody of her courage confined to keeping gardens at the White House, reaching out to military families, highlighting childhood obesity. I think she could be a great force for change if she could only set herself free. She can’t, though. Black sister exercising her power, willing to take a stand, would be too much of a threat. Michelle’s been shaped by the whole history of enslaved peoples, of Jim Crow and Jane Crow, discrimination, South Side of Chicago, whereas Obama’s been more rootless—Hawaii, Indonesia, then L.A., New York, Cambridge, Chicago. Loving white mother, brilliant African father. But he doesn’t have that righteous indignation or the black rage that can actually be a service.

PLAYBOY: Do you wish Obama were somehow more black?

WEST: Well, it’s difficult in the age of Obama for the angry black man to have any visibility, any credibility, because Brother Barack Obama has laid out this paradigm of the smile. And rage always has to be hidden and concealed. I also get frustrated with the whitewashing within his administration. What happened to the black elites inside Obama’s campaign, Valerie Jarrett, John Rogers and Eric Whitaker? They’re practically invisible or gone. Instead Obama has a savvy political team—Brother Axelrod, Brother Plouffe, Brother Gibbs, Brother Emanuel—who are experts at PR. Here’s some money for the traditionally black colleges. Oh wonderful. But it’s just PR. Black folk can’t be blindsided by Obama’s pigmentation and historical symbolism. What I’m saying is I wish he could be more Martin Luther King-like. Set an agenda that at root is a black agenda, and it would also be the

best agenda for the nation and the world. King did that. His concern for civil rights was also the best agenda for the country, just like Frederick Douglass's agenda to abolish slavery was the best agenda for democracy at the time.

You see this all the time with black musicians. Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington, Curtis Mayfield, Aretha Franklin—they're singing black music, but it becomes universal. Next thing you know, Eric Clapton picks up on it and it hits the so-called mainstream. Well, same goes for politics. Fix the problems of the black poor and you fix what's wrong with the country. But by necessity, Obama has had to downplay his blackness to appease the white moderates and independents and speak to their anxieties. He knows black folk will support him anyway, so he doesn't need to spend too much time on the chocolate side of town. But we have real problems, deep problems, affecting not just black, white or brown folk. I get upset when I think about my red brothers and sisters on the reservation. And it's true in Afghanistan. The drones going in there and in Pakistan, killing innocent people by way of joysticks in Arizona—that's our tax money being used. Good God almighty! These were issues we had hoped would be resolved under Obama, but in fact these things have gotten worse.

PLAYBOY: Have you told Obama any of this?

WEST: He doesn't return my calls.

PLAYBOY: You're kidding.

WEST: I wish I were. I did 65 events for my dear brother Barack on the campaign trail but have not seen him since Martin Luther King Day 2008. During the campaign I would call him every three weeks just to say a prayer, but he never called back. I'll tell you the truth. I couldn't even get a ticket to the inauguration for my mother. Even the guy who picks the bags out of my car at the hotel where I stay in Washington, D.C. got a ticket. So while I would support Barack again, it's clear there are people he has no gratitude for in terms of their work for him. I'm not the only one. I think he has the kind of disposition where he just moves on. That's part of the sense of being a politician rather than a statesman. That's the frustration.

PLAYBOY: Let's shift gears. What's the best advice you ever got?

WEST: Good question. When Dad dropped me off at college at Harvard, it was the first time I'd been on a plane. I got there and looked around and felt completely out of my league. He calmed me down. "You got a history of towering figures coming through this place," he said. "But keep in mind, I'm less concerned about the grades you get than about the human being you become. I don't need you to be successful or get A's, but I want you to be great." I was blessed with gifted mentors inside and outside my family. For young people a lot of times the only person they can get it from is a coach or a teacher. That's good. It takes only one,

man, because once your soul is set on fire and your mind is piqued, the curiosity is deeply unleashed, your perplexity is accented and you're off. It's like a missile. Look at Malcolm X and Elijah Muhammad. Just one.

PLAYBOY: How's your financial situation? In your last book you wrote about being broke.

WEST: Oh, still broke! [laughs] People don't believe I'm broke, but I am.

PLAYBOY: Even with all your speaking engagements and TV, music and movie appearances?

WEST: Good God, yes. Because I'm so far behind. You see, I've got debts that go far beyond description, having had three marriages and also keeping my commitments to my precious daughter. I've got to make sure she's taken care of. I don't make money on the CDs. I didn't make a lot of money from the *Matrix* films or other projects of that sort. If it weren't for my lectures—and a lot of those are free—I wouldn't be able to buy a hot dog. I'll put it this way: If I hit the lotto tomorrow, I'll break-dance. I'll break-dance out of joy because then I can do what I love just for

*I've got debts that go far
beyond description, having had
three marriages. If it weren't
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those are free—I wouldn't be
able to buy a hot dog.*

fun and I wouldn't have the burdens on me psychologically.

PLAYBOY: Would you buy a new car? Isn't it true you've been driving the same old jalopy for a while?

WEST: Nineteen eighty-eight Cadillac, deepest ride on the road! I've had it for 23 years. So many miles on it, too many to count. But no, I'm going to die with that car, a black Cadillac with a lavender interior, listening to Luther Vandross, Curtis Mayfield and Aretha Franklin on the road.

PLAYBOY: Are your suits expensive?

WEST: Not too bad. I've got three of them. Well, four now. I just got a new suit from the Reverend Staples from Washington, D.C., head of the Temple of Praise. Very kind of him. But the rest come from Johnny, who's been my driver for almost 10 years. He brings the suits back from Pakistan when he goes. And my shirts are always white, always French cuffs, size 16/36. Mom buys all my shirts, and she buys my shoes, too.

PLAYBOY: Your mother buys you clothes?

WEST: Uh-huh.

PLAYBOY: You're 57 years old.

WEST: It's just a thing we do; we go shopping together. We enjoy it. But oh man, to wear this outfit! It's empowering, ennobling, enabling. It's like Miles Davis and John Coltrane when they put on those sharp suits and played their instruments. Or Frederick Douglass himself. Man, I put this on, with the scarf to keep my throat for speaking engagements, and I'm ready to take on the world! It's like Ephesians, the sixth chapter: You put on the full armor of God. I've got my whole armor.

PLAYBOY: After your first divorce you lived in Central Park for a few days. What was that like?

WEST: I was there four or five days. It was strange, terrifying and also quite calming. Once you get over the fear, there's a certain kind of freedom living on a park bench. Come what may—*amor fati*—love of fate, you know what I mean? You need to go to those places sometimes to understand who you are.

PLAYBOY: After three marriages, do you want to get married again?

WEST: It's difficult to think it would happen. First of all I've had such high-quality love that if I were spiritually and physically barren for the rest of my life, I'd still have a smile, because I've been so blessed. But my calling is so difficult to render compatible with the time necessary for a sustained relationship, I just keep moving. That's not to say there's not something appealing about looking into the eyes of a special someone. The eyes are the lens of the soul, you know? **PLAYBOY** itself, for me, is a very important institution in this regard, because there's nothing wrong with looking at beautiful women. And because this is **PLAYBOY**, I'd like to say a few words about black sexuality.

PLAYBOY: Go right ahead.

WEST: Historically, white fear of black sexuality was always a basic component of white racism. Black bodies, white bodies bumping against one another—it's been one of the major forms of mobilizing white citizens. You may remember Dwight Eisenhower's response to *Brown v. Board of Education*—"We can't have some big black bucks sitting next to our sweet little girls." Brother Dwight, that's really not what the law's all about. But okay, he went right to the gut issue, to the central anxiety of white America. That fear is still there. Ancient associations still linger about the sheer touch of black body against white body, of being disgusting, dirty, repulsive. On the other hand, you also have this fetishization of the black body. The black body becomes exoticized, primitivized. Sexuality in a human being is a complicated thing, though, fortunately, a whole transformation is taking place.

PLAYBOY: How so?

WEST: Even though a great deal of residential segregation still exists in this country, the Afro-Americanization of the popular imagination—coming from television and through music and culture—has made

(continued on page 106)

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It was four years ago when they first turned up—smooth-talking landmen, the carnival barkers of the petroleum industry, popping up in their late-model pickup trucks. They were strangers, but they talked like old friends. They talked with sympathy about the plight of those few farmers still trying to eke out a living in these hard-luck Pennsylvania hills, with the price of milk controlled by the federal government and the price of oil driving up costs. Sooner or later there'd be no farms left around here, they said, and the farmers nodded gravely. But maybe, the landmen said, they could help. In the sheaves of documents they kept in the front seat of their trucks—bricks of white paper printed up in dense legalese with spaces left open for a signature or

Drill!



IN THE WAKE OF THE GULF OIL SPILL, A MODERN-DAY GOLD RUSH IS TAKING PLACE IN PENNSYLVANIA. MASSIVE ENERGY COMPANIES ARE DRILLING ENOUGH NATURAL GAS OUT OF THE GROUND TO SOLVE AMERICA'S ENERGY WOES. BUT AT WHAT COST?

THERE WILL BE BLOOD, CIRCA 2010

BY SEAMUS McGRAW



ILLUSTRATION BY KAROL LASIA

two, a date and a notary's seal—there might be a lifeline.

The way the landmen explained it, some very smart men believed there was natural gas buried beneath these hills, deep down in a stratum of brittle rock called the Marcellus Shale. It was a long shot, but some of these smart men thought they might be able to get that gas out of the ground. If the wells turned out to be as promising as they hoped, well then, as one landman put it, those remaining dairy farmers wouldn't have to feed their cattle anymore: "You could just turn 'em loose and let 'em go."

By 2007 a few of those early wells had struck big—millions of cubic feet of natural gas a day. The smell of money wafted out of these Pennsylvania hills. Within months there were at least 20 players, companies like Chesapeake and Anadarko and, later, multinationals like ExxonMobil and even foreign companies

contain enough natural gas to fuel every gas-burning device in the country for decades. And the thickest, richest slice of it all, it turned out, was under the area west of Scranton, sitting beneath the hills that for 40 years have been the place I think of when I think of home.

When the landmen came calling—offering contracts to lease the farm my father and mother had purchased for next to nothing 40 years ago—I expected them. Like many around here, my family faced a choice. What would you do if a gimlet-eyed oilman showed up offering money to lease your land? You could stand to make millions. But at what cost? And to whom?

Natural gas is right now at the forefront of the debate among American energy experts. Men such as T. Boone Pickens are claiming that our own reserves are the

domestically thought through the consequences of harnessing its power?

Many who live along the coastal communities of Louisiana, Florida and Texas supported offshore drilling before the nightmare explosion at a British Petroleum rig killed 11 men and let loose what will likely be the worst oil spill in history. As horrible as it was for such a thing to happen 50 miles off the coast, imagine what might happen if something along those lines, even on a much smaller scale, were to occur in the heartland of Appalachia? Or on your own or a neighbor's farm?

For all its benefits, and those are many, there's also peril in the Marcellus. It's an open question which of those will be remembered most. To a large extent, the verdict will depend on the people who live at ground zero of the great gas boom.

The people who live above the Marcellus Shale have always suspected there



ENERGY CRISIS

Left: a drill boring into the Marcellus Shale in Springville, Pennsylvania. On a property five miles from the writer's family farm, a well produced 10 billion cubic feet of natural gas, a billion dollars' worth, in just three months. Experts believe enough fuel is in the ground to power every gas-burning device in the country for decades. Right: the explosion at BP's Deepwater Horizon oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico that killed 11 men and caused what will likely be the worst oil spill in history.



like Norway's StatoilHydro, all clawing to get a seat at the table for what was shaping up to be the hottest game of Texas Hold'em ever played in the American energy fields. Farms worth very little were being snatched up at incredible prices. The hills' silhouettes were now spiked with huge wells boring into the earth with Texas flags atop, flying in the Pennsylvania breeze. By late 2008, according to a Penn State study, gas and oil companies had gambled \$700 million on the Marcellus Shale. A year later it was 10 times that much.

By the time I got my first whiff of the gas rush, the sky was the limit.

The heart of the Marcellus is a 54,000-square-mile shale deposit a mile below the ground that stretches from New York state to northern Kentucky and west from the Catskills to Ohio. Conservative estimates say it may

key to getting America off its addiction to foreign oil, that natural gas—which burns twice as cleanly as coal—is the key not just to meeting our power needs but to changing the face of global politics and avoiding future warfare with oil-rich countries that hate us.

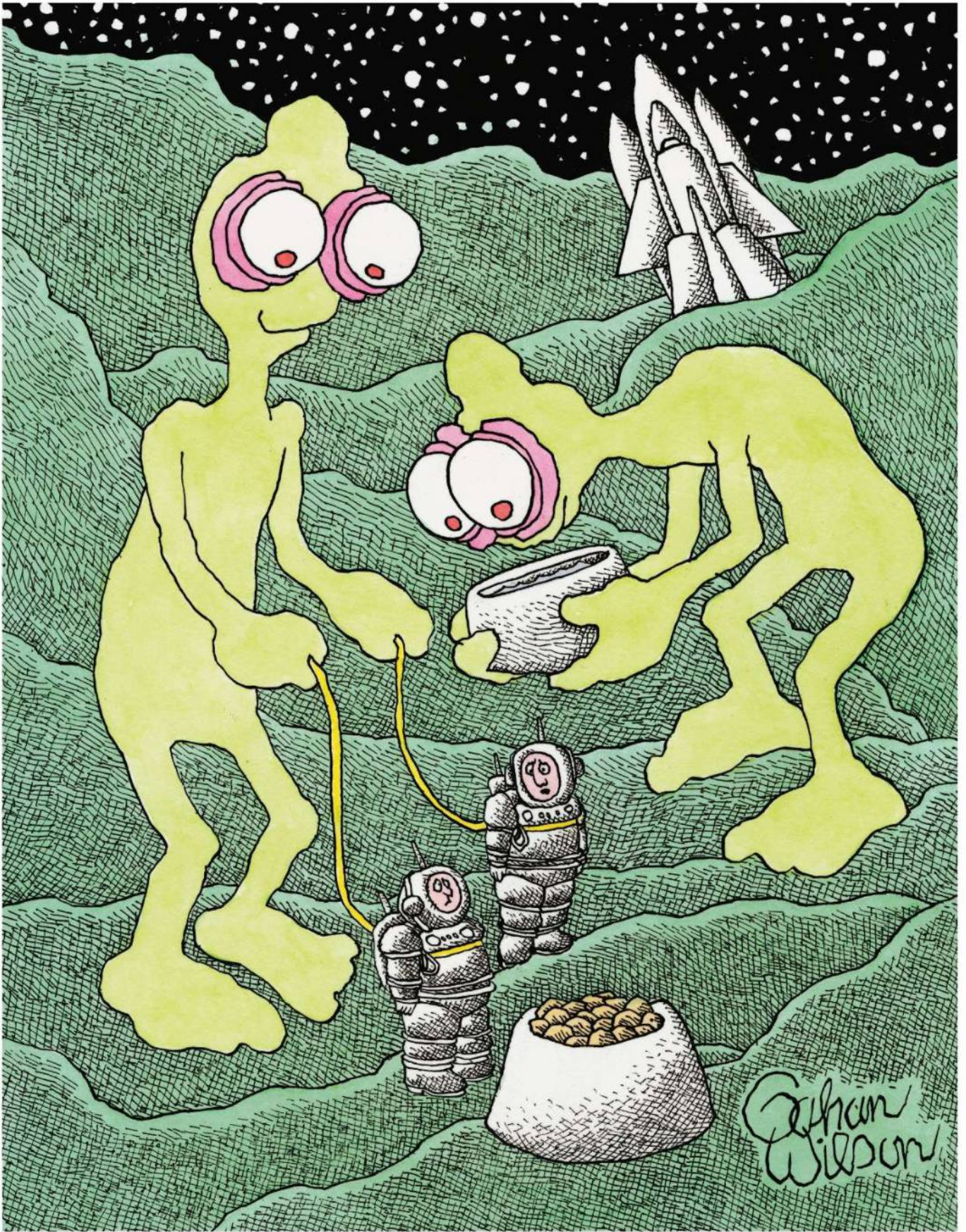
"We have abundant natural gas reserves," Pickens has written in this very magazine. "Why don't we use it and get off foreign oil?" According to a recent *Financial Times* story called "Shale Gas Will Change the World," "we may have discovered a large part of the answer to one of the most vexatious problems in foreign and economic policy: energy security."

The fact is, Americans need their cars, hair dryers, electric toothbrushes and ovens. Energy has to come from somewhere. But have Pickens and others who support drilling for natural gas

might be a great cache of gas under the ground. The farmers, who up until the last generation used whittled divining rods to go witching for water, would sometimes catch a glimpse of gas bubbling up from some underground spring. The coal miners, who lived in constant peril of being blown to bits by a sudden explosion of mine gas, learned to fear it.

By the early 1900s geologists had recognized that the Marcellus Shale was both a capstone and a valuable source for oil and gas. No one gave much thought to capturing the gas—there was no technology available to do it. Even if there were, it was assumed, plenty of gas could be gotten easier and cheaper in other places.

But in the late 1990s the gas companies started employing a drilling technique called slick-water fracking. In essence, they pump up to a million gallons of chemically treated (continued on page 118)



"Their reaction to our arrival on their planet is friendly but totally humiliating!"



**THE
SEARCH
FOR
THE
PERFECT
TAN**

ENDLESS SUMMER

IN OUR GLOBE-TROTTING QUEST TO BRING EXOTIC BEAUTY TO THESE PAGES, WE HIT THE BEACHES OF BRAZIL, WHERE THE ONLY THING MORE GOLDEN THAN THE SUN IS THE SKIN OF THE WOMEN LOUNGING UNDER IT



LARISSA SALOIO

Model Larissa Saloio comes from the Brazilian state of Paraná, just south of São Paulo. The region has a slim section of coast known for its exotic beaches, where Larissa spent hours working on the tan lines you see here. She credits her modeling success to luck and a higher power. "I think God has blessed me to be naturally pretty," she says. She also swears she doesn't do much to maintain her traffic-stopping figure. "I hate the gym," she confesses, proving that some girls do indeed have all the luck. Larissa showed off her God-given physique for our photographers on a sunny afternoon aboard a sleek yacht just off the coast. These pictures made quite a splash when they appeared in PLAYBOY's Brazilian edition in February 2009.





KELLY AMORIM

Recife, one of the largest metropolitan areas in Brazil, is the stomping ground of sultry Kelly Amorim. She considers laziness to be a virtue and is a fan of spending warm, tranquil days basking in the sun. When it comes to sex, this beach bunny is shamelessly candid about her voracious appetite. "I never feel satisfied," she says.



ALEXANDRA AND MARIANNA SEVERGNINI

Twins Alexandra and Marianna of Rio Grande do Sul, on Brazil's southern coast, have their differences, but when they speak they have a tendency to talk in unison. When asked who is more

forward, Alexandra answers "Mari" at the same time Mari says "I am!" And when asked about their fantasies, they respond in sync. "It's a secret," they say, giggling.



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leave behind at
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**WHEN ASKED ABOUT THEIR
FANTASIES, THE TWINS RESPOND,
“IT’S A SECRET.”**







STAR DUST

Fiction by Christopher Sorrentino



Today's school lunch brought to you by KQVD:
ONE SPOILED SHOCK JOCK,
his fried career on toast and served with a pink slip for encouraging suicide, finds himself added to a stale local radio station to spice up the news. Romantic pickle on the side

It's a beautiful day, one of several distinctly autumnal afternoons this year. Trees exfoliate; the afternoon winds sweep the dead leaves into blazing drifts that line the sidewalks. Often I want to get out and walk, but Phoebe almost always needs a lift, and since my admittedly immoderate desire is to drive her wherever she wishes from the station when each workday ends, I never do.

My car bounces and rattles. I can smell wood smoke. We are having an innocuous discussion.

"You have a nice voice," she says. "No wonder you became a radio announcer."

She sits beside me in the passenger seat, sipping from a squat fist-size bottle containing a tan sweetened coffee beverage.

"I mean, I always thought that. What is that? Haven't you gotten the brakes fixed yet?"

"It's the strut rod bushings," I say. "There's nothing to worry about."

If we were to walk, I might this once feel comfortable taking her hand in mine, perhaps as we pass the little plaza where a man, cast in bronze, checks his BlackBerry for messages in perpetuity.

"Anyways," she says. "What was it you said? That got you in trouble?"

"That was just a regrettable lapse."

"If anyone within the sound of my voice feels suicidal, just do it?"

SHE HAS DISTURBED
the membrane of a reality so fragile,
so subtle, that she is unaware of it.
“THE ECOSYSTEM
OF OUR LOVE,”
I characterize it.



“That’s not exactly—”

“Awesome. I remember hearing about it. I was in high school.”

Half to myself, I say, “It couldn’t possibly have been that long ago.”

“Thanks a lot.”

I turn to see Phoebe sitting with her arms folded across her chest, staring straight ahead. I realize what I’ve suggested and hasten to explain.

“You,” I say, “you look great. That is, not that it’s been a long time particularly, certainly not for someone like me, who already is old, in a way, though I suppose the younger you are to begin with the more proportionately old you get in a shorter span of time. Not that, I mean, well, you look *great*.”

“You have a nice voice,” she says, turning to look out the window at the flaming leaves, “but you ought to learn to talk like a radio announcer.”

The criticism gnaws at me, tears off raw hunks of my flesh, deep into the night. “I am a verbose idiot,” I advise myself. It’s disappointing. I’d hoped that Phoebe’s presence at my side for that after-work period usually lasting roughly 30 to 45 minutes depending on traffic conditions would concentrate me, make me whole and human. From the moment I walk into the station each morning I anticipate this interval, imagine myself laughing and talking animatedly, see Phoebe laughing in response. When I imagine myself like this, my nose always feels right. But after Phoebe makes one of her occasionally critical remarks, once the initial swells of pain have subsided, I often find myself wondering whether I’ve been foolish enough to believe in something that simply doesn’t exist or if she has recklessly disturbed the membrane of a reality so fragile, so subtle, that she is unaware of it. “The ecosystem of our love,” I characterize it. I plot the overall situation—our situation—on a graph whose exact axes are difficult to determine but where gains and losses are immediately clear and utterly unambiguous. I’m confident that, overall, the situation is one marked by gradual advances. “I’m working on her,” I tell myself. Today, though, is turning out to be a slight setback. I touch my nose: It seems to be rotting.

As Assistant to Station Manager Brea Peach, Phoebe has been in a position to know about my so-called promotion, about the new show, before nearly everyone else. The show is the product of Peach’s vast desire, packed into which is the requirement that the station live up to its doomed self-designation as “Silicon Valley’s Public Radio Voice.” In my eagerness to return to radio I agreed to be legally bound by the narrow terms of my contract, temporarily blinded to the more distasteful possibilities suggested by the station’s promise that I would at some point host an unnamed project of an undetermined nature,

and now there’s little I can do about my misgivings. The program will attempt to incorporate both variety and quiz show formats, with an emphasis on high-tech issues geared toward the layman. Brea is very high on it. For example, he says, we could contact vacationing industry executives and ask them (a) what they are doing at that very moment and (b) what big plans are in the works for their companies, painting a vivid picture of a studio audience sitting rapt as a staticky satellite connection captures, say, Alexander Olnitsky as he wrestles a marlin onto the deck of his 75-foot yacht while sharing software industry secrets in his barely comprehensible Russian accent. But so far, according to some obscure design of Brea’s, my own on-air exposure has been carefully restricted.

“We don’t want you recommending mass self-immolation again any time *too* soon,” laughs Peach, clapping me on the shoulder. “Nasdaq has been too volatile this week for that.”

I grimace, which encourages him.

“How’d it go? ‘Save the state the trouble of doing you in when you’re older, take care of it yourself today?’”

“No, that’s—”

“Keep up the good work. We’ll rehabilitate you yet.”

As a sort of “teaser” I’ve been assigned the reading of the school lunch menus. Each weekday at 6:50 A.M. the morning announcer, Hill Clement, turns the microphone over to me: “And now, Joe Lampton with today’s school lunch for the Oro Verde Unified School District.” My fans listen and cheer me on. I understand that it is available as a podcast. The ratings reveal that it is an inordinately popular part of the station’s broadcast day. Today, the children ate Hamburdog on Sesame Seed Bun, Relish Cup, Tato Nuggets and Fruit Bar.

Today after work when I go to Phoebe’s desk to quietly await our daily drive, I catch her in the midst of a telephone conversation, which she does not bother to discontinue or temper when she spots me.

“Oh, *God!*” she cries. “I *gave* Caitlin all my extra-large condoms.”

I sit, as nonchalantly as possible, on the visitor’s chair adjacent to her cluttered desk. Previous eavesdropping had already revealed that Caitlin was seeing Phoebe’s “ex-lover,” a phrase Phoebe expels from the depths of her lungs as if to imbue it with a certain drama it might otherwise lack. I touch my nose, then bring my hand to rest on the roll of flesh that has begun to protrude slightly over my waistband. I try to determine whether I am more injured by the breathy gutturalism of “ex-lover” or the matter-of-factness of the pronouncements she makes now, as the conversation turns to AIDS testing.

“Well, one of the rubbers broke inside me...” she says.

“They’re just longer tubes, not fatter around...” she says.

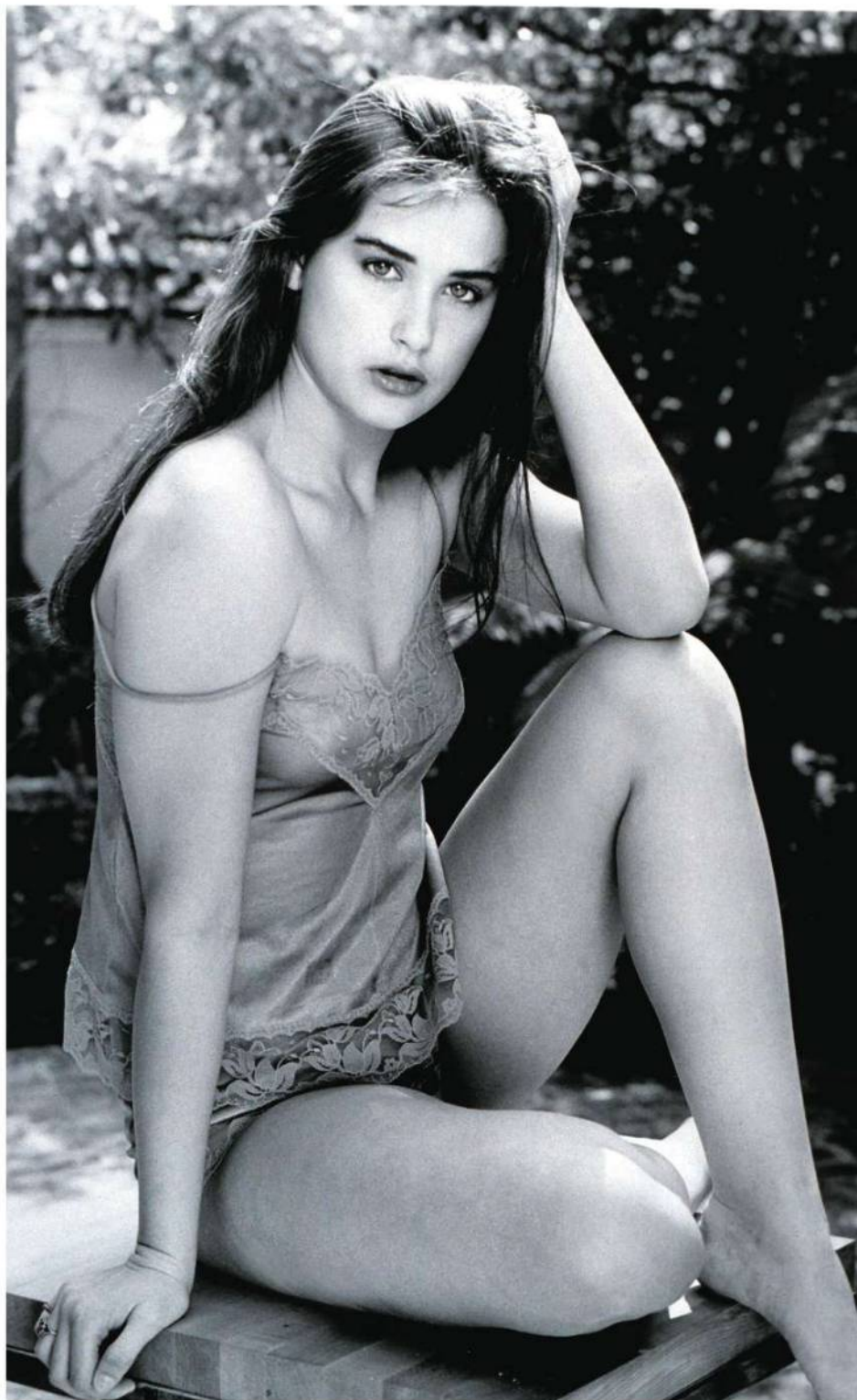
How *long* and *fat*, I wonder, is her *ex-lover’s* cock?

“I had sex with Cynthia while he (continued on page 100)



"I'll be right home, honey—I'm just getting in a few extra strokes."

Letter To **DEMI**



*Some women
are too sexy to
bother with aging*

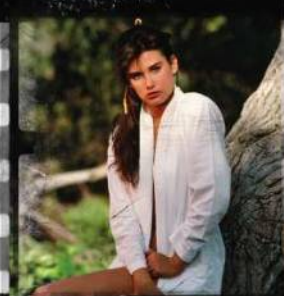
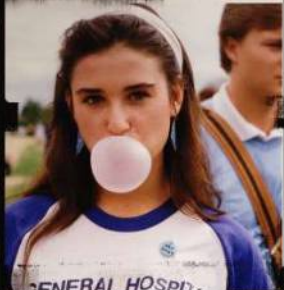
Here I am looking at these randy-making photographs of you and all I can think about is death. Don't get the wrong idea. It's not you. It's me.

One of my favorite writers, Thomas McGuane, wrote that a "sane man, thinking of death, however casually, should immediately visit a girl whether in quest of information, affinities or carnal gratification. It's a case of any port in a storm, mortality being, in any case, an omnipresent hurricane."

In my case, I guess I'm looking at a magazine. That's the difference between me and Ashton Kutcher, right? He's out there punkin' people and selling cameras and being a charming companion 15 years your junior, and I'm in my room, staring at pictures. But you and I share

BY WILL BLYTHE







DEMI MONDE: Born Demetria Gene Guynes in Roswell, New Mexico in 1962, Ms. Moore has enjoyed a singular career, defying the conventions that make Hollywood hellish for the female over 40. (Norma Desmond, anyone?) Clockwise from top left: With her former husband, Bruce Willis, at an Oscar afterparty in 1989; with her Brat Pack co-stars (Ally Sheedy, Emilio Estevez, et al.) in *St. Elmo's Fire* (her breakthrough role) in 1985; having a laugh with Sylvester Stallone and Willis in 1997; in New York this past fall with her current husband, *That '70s Show* star and *Punk'd* producer Ashton Kutcher—15 years her junior.



a little something that Ashton doesn't: that omnipresent hurricane of mortality whirling a little nearer. I'm an "older man," it would seem, and you at 47—hot damn, you still look good, mind you—are an "older woman," or a "puma," as you prefer to call yourself, thankfully refusing that inane label "cougar."

The reason I'm thinking about death, Demi, is that as I was in the middle of admiring those photographs of you, my mother called to tell me that a turkey vulture (big, black, ugly) had settled on the roof of her house and was eyeballing her through the upstairs window.

"He's looking at me right now," she said. "What am I, carrion? I don't know when I'm going to die, and that bird is unnerving."

Her voice trembled, a seismograph of doom. I confess I also felt an imme-

including, somewhat centrally, myself. I bet if a turkey vulture landed on your mother's roof, you'd feel the same way.

Every time she walked into the living room, that bird was up there, staring at her through the glass with red, beady eyes, like some pot-smoking Jamaican drug-dealing assassin with a job to do. (This is not my mother's metaphor.)

"You know I like birds," my mother said. "But this is the ugliest bird I have ever seen."

"Damn," I said.

"I was having a good Sunday and he just showed up. I asked your brother to come over and he shook a broom at him and that bird just looked at him and then he just flew a few feet away. Can you believe it? Do you think he is trying to tell me something? I can't help but think he is."

It was a reach, dear Demi, but I had to try. "Remember how Daddy said that when he died if he had to be reincarnated, he wanted to come back as a bird?"

diate foreboding. My heart went out to my mother. And to all of us who must die,

"Yes, that's right. I had forgotten. But as a cardinal," my mother said.

"But maybe he didn't get to be a cardinal," I said. "Maybe he did some things in his life that required him to come back as a turkey vulture."

My mother laughed. "He sure did some things."

When he was still a man, my father liked to snap the sleeves of his blue blazer and exclaim, "I look good!" He had his pride.

How wounded he would have been up there on his old roof, encased in that turkey vulture suit. But it gave my mother and me some comfort to look at the bird in this way.

Why do I tell you these things, Demi? As a fixture on Hollywood's A-list, you are the furthest thing from a turkey vulture on a mother's—or anyone's—roof! But if there's any place in the world where the vultures are on the roof, it's Hollywood, if you know what I mean. All those producers evaluating and appraising, asking you to turn around, always hunting for the new hot young thing.

That said, can we agree there's nothing particularly novel about the notion that Hollywood is hell for older actresses not named Meryl Streep? In fact, let's say that life is hell



THE MANY FACES OF MS. MOORE (clockwise from left): Going butch in *G.I. Jane* (1997); throwing pottery with Patrick Swayze in *Ghost* (1990); busting her moves in *Striptease* (1996); postcoital *tristesse* in *About Last Night...* (1986); grinding front and center in *Striptease*; deadly sexy and strapped in *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle* (2003); posing enceinte (in 1991) and then painted Chaplinesque (in 1992) for photographer Annie Leibovitz.



for older women, period, though I'd go so far as to say it's no picnic for men of a certain age either, and I say that as a card-carrying member of that club, if I could just remember where I put the card.

Margaret was my first older woman. A minister's daughter from upstate New York, she confessed that as a child she liked to think about nasty things while her father preached.

"What kind of things?" I wanted to know. We were playing pool, on the edge of drunkenness, having known each other for only a day or two. She was a junior member of the faculty; I was a freshly arrived student.

"I'd rather not say," she said.

One afternoon I went over to her place to see if Margaret would tell me what kind of nasty things. I could be persistent if the information sought seemed promising. That fall, she had started teaching freshman composition and American literature at a football-crazed Southern university. She rented a second-floor apartment reached by a rotting outside staircase. Omnivorous Alabama vegetation, green until November, scaled the flaking sides of the house.

On autumn Saturdays, the football stadium down the street roared like a

blast furnace with the molten sound of 80,000 like-minded souls, none of whom cared a whit about Elizabeth Bishop or Marianne Moore at that moment, while she sat alone at her kitchen table, marking student compositions for run-ons, misplaced modifiers and subject-verb disagreement.

Her faith in a life in literature, which had sustained her, was to be severely tested in such a place.

As she showed me around her apartment, I decided to lie down, fully clothed, in the bathtub. The reason for this escapes me now, but I don't doubt that the wish to sleep with her lay somewhere close behind it. The wish to sleep with someone lay behind almost everything I did in those days. Maybe I was showing her that I was an unconventional fellow in a conventional town, the sort of fellow who just might lie down in your bathtub with all of his clothes on.

(Demi, I suspect Bruce Willis and Ashton Kutcher never lay down in a bathtub for you.)

She knew real writers—famous poets, novelists, people I had merely read or pretended to read. There was the novelist from Baltimore, for instance, who had propositioned her at

a party but later that night at his motel room had been "unable to perform."

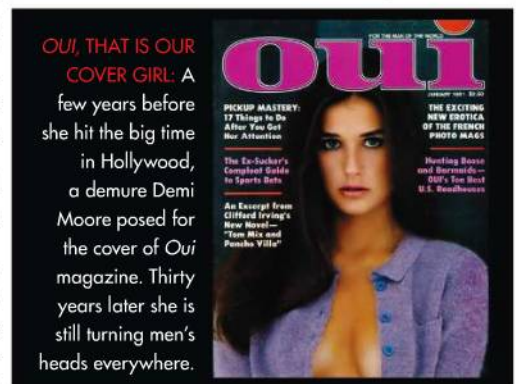
"What do you mean?" I asked.

She gave me a superior look. It was going to be part of her responsibility as an older woman to educate me.

"He couldn't get it up," she said.

Such information was at once glamorous and appalling. Margaret already had a sense of life's trajectories, a knack for calculating winners and losers from the scant evidence of faculty cocktail parties, workshop short stories, barroom gossip.

She was only a few years older than me, though that seemed a lot at the time. An older woman is an older woman only (continued on page 111)



THE WALL STREET JOURNAL.

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SUPPLY SIDE SUPER HERO



**CNBC'S LARRY KUDLOW IS
PRAYING FOR YOU...**

and the stock market...
and Wall Street...
and your portfolio...
and his redemption.

*Which of those prayers
will be answered?*

BY KARL TARO GREENFELD

***** PLAYBOY  PROFILE *****

In the late-afternoon sunlight streaming into Larry Kudlow's Upper East Side office—a converted maid's quarters off his apartment's kitchen—Kudlow bends, his knees against the carpeted floor, his elbows on the seat of a leather club chair, his eyes closed, his scalp glistening in the soft light. He prays for us all, for all Americans and even for would-be Americans, for Larry is in favor of opportunity, economic opportunity for all, and he prays for the markets, for the bond market and the stock market, the repo market and now, especially, the mortgage market; he prays for the economy, for capitalism, for free enterprise, for tax cuts. He prays for those less fortunate,

for those who are not as lucky as he is, for those who perhaps are in the same dark places Larry once inhabited but who have not yet found God, found the spirit to lift themselves up as Larry has, to rejoin society and again contribute to the commonweal. And he prays for his wife, Judy, beloved Judy, who stood by him through his dark time, and he prays for his dear departed friends, his fellow free marketeers who are no longer with us, for Buckley and Friedman and William Simon and Jack Kemp.

But mostly he prays for all of us, he says, because he loves us all and believes in us all. He's an optimist, he says frequently, a better bull than a bear, a believer in the goodness of man and hence

the goodness of markets, a cheerleader of all things American, an unapologetic believer that we are all of us trudging along to a better, freer market.

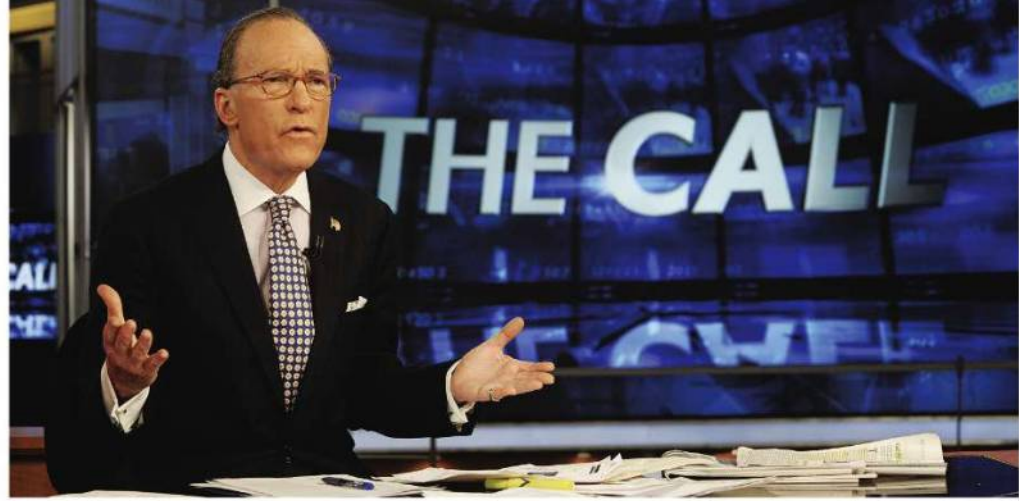
There is a Larry Kudlow founding myth, and it recurs with themes of dark wildernesses, of liberalism, secularism and cocaine addiction, before his emergence in the warm glow of conservatism, Catholicism and sobriety. His journey, he tells you, has been from eclipses of the soul—"My friend, I was in some dark places, some dark, dark places"—to the bright, perpetual light of his current life. He is a happy man, gleefully and relentlessly so, optimistic, bullish, joyous, free. "I love my life," he will shout in a crowded restaurant.

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERTO PARADA





Portrait of the economist as a young man. Above, Kudlow in 1987, before drugs derailed his career. Right, on the set of his CNBC show.



“MY FRIEND, I WAS IN SOME DARK PLACES,” says Kudlow. “Some dark, dark places.”

“Today I love my life!”

Larry Kudlow has become our national rooster of economic tidings, clucking to start the market day in the morning and then close it down evenings, on CNBC's *The Call* at 11 A.M. and then on *The Kudlow Report* at seven P.M. His long, sharp-featured, bespectacled face—shaped like a lightbulb with comb-over and glasses—has become synonymous with a specific brand of business news: the relentlessly pro-free-market, anti-big-government spin on every number the economy spits out and every uptick or downtick of the various markets he watches all day. His motto, cockadoodled by Kudlow to kick off *The Kudlow Report* every night: “Free-market capitalism is the best path to prosperity.” He is the most relentlessly capitalist pundit on the most relentlessly pro-capitalist network. There is no one, Kudlow boasts, who is more free market than Kudlow. And this on a network where bond-market reporter Rick Santelli famously proclaimed in 2009—on the air, to Kudlow—that he wanted to organize a new “tea party” to protest the government mortgage-bailout program. It has made Kudlow a cult figure among a certain kind of economic libertarian, inspired tribute rap videos among a certain kind of very peculiar undergraduate and for a while caused his name to be floated as a candidate in both New York and Connecticut Senate races.

It is an exceedingly unlikely news-media persona, this string-bean-thin Jiminy Cricket-like character in a blue blazer and candy-striped tie chirping “Cut taxes, cut taxes, cut taxes,” like a

mating call. Through a decade of Bush and neon empowerment, Kudlow served as a one-man house organ, happily praising the administration and parroting its economic talking points as he huzzah'd the long bull market from 2002 to 2008, famously forecasting in December 2007, as a new recession was already under way, “There's no recession coming.” Kudlow made his reputation as an economist in part by correctly predicting the 1990–91 recession and the subsequent recovery. But like most pundits he has also been wildly inaccurate, usually erring on the side of bullishness, such as in his 1999 forecast that the Dow would hit 50,000. He didn't forecast the mortgage crisis—“I didn't pay nearly enough attention to the mortgage markets,” he admits today. But as his beloved free market has collapsed in a *Götterdämmerung* of mortgage default and come to seem, through revelations of incompetent regulators, dubious ratings agencies and possibly fraudulent investment banks, to be suspect and even worse, maybe in need of—oh please, God, no, Kudlow might pray—more regulation, Kudlow has become the voice of a still dangerously powerful and now aggrieved minority: rich people who don't understand why the rest of us are so pissed off at them. President Barack Obama and his redistributive policies—according to Kudlow—have put Kudlow's economic ideas in stark contrast and made him seem, to an unlikely alliance of wealthy financiers and Continental Army costume-wearing Tea Partiers (Steve Forbes and your scary neighbor down the street who has planted a survival

garden) as the voice of economic reason, the anti-Bernanke who has never seen an economic problem that couldn't be solved by cutting taxes. “I'm an unapologetic, unremitting, undaunted free-market, supply-side economist, that's me,” he told me at one point as we were riding back into Manhattan from the CNBC studios in Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey. “What you see is what you get. With me, you know where I'm coming from, and people like that. I look at issues, I try to inform people, and I'm fair, but you know in my heart I want to unleash the market. Let it roar!”

But if all he is were the economic version of Glenn Beck or Rush Limbaugh, a conservative attack dog barking about interest rates and the Federal Reserve the way Beck cries about progressives impeding our liberties, then he would appeal only to the narrowest fringe. Yet Kudlow transcends that thin political gauge by exuding a barbed, wrinkled, furrowed yet undeniable humanity. He has been to those dark places—he's a failure, a drunk, a cocaine addict who lost years to his addiction, who lost the trust of his closest friends, who lost millions of dollars and almost the love of his life, his wife, Judy. And it is that vulnerability, that awareness of his own shortcomings and his own failure, of how far down he has been, that endows him with the empathy that makes even his barking at a liberal economist he disagrees with end with a warm send-off and a “farewell, my friend, I love you,” because he means it.

“He's been through a lot in his life,” says *The* (continued on page 113)



"It's a pleasure, Miss, being greeted by your welcoming smile."



LATIN HEAT

Venezuela's
HOTTEST EXPORT
-MISS AUGUST-
SIZZLES

Without a doubt Miss August Francesca Frigo is a one-woman hurricane of joy—the living, breathing incarnation of the “Latin spitfire” trope. “I am all about fun, fun, fun,” she says, giggling. Laughter, in fact, accompanies almost her every word. Francesca was born into a prominent Venezuelan family and grew up in the tropical village of Puerto de la Cruz, where she spent her childhood hanging out at the beach, swimming in the nearby Caribbean Sea and taking dance lessons. (Her favorite steps are flamenco and tango.) When she was 15 her father sent her to Florida to learn English and earn a degree in international business so she could eventually return home to help run the family’s oil company. But Francesca had other ideas. “I am a rebellious free spirit, and I loved Miami instantly,” she says with her trademark mischievous laugh. “It gave me the opportunity to experience all the things I hadn’t had a chance to experience as a kid because I had grown up in such a small town. I am now 100 percent a Miami girl.” In other words, “I needed the city, and it needed me.” And so South Beach lured her away from school, and she lured South Beach right back with her unabashed personality and devilish curves. “I like noisy, crowded places,” she explains. “Plus I can Rollerblade and walk my four dogs along the beach. I play a lot of beach volleyball, too.” A PLAYBOY scout first approached Francesca five years ago—at almost the exact moment she had enrolled in Miami International University of Art & Design to study fashion merchandising. But back then, she claims, “my dad would have killed me because I was only 19.” Today, however, at the age of 24, she says the timing seems right (we found her again via her Facebook fan page—she toils part-time as a model and aspires to be an actress). “When things are meant to be, they’re meant to be,” she reasons. Nonetheless, Francesca is the first to admit, “I never thought I would pose completely naked in a magazine. Sex is beautiful, but it takes real courage to express your sensuality in pictures. I am proud of the end result, though. The pictorial is a totally realistic expression of myself.”

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY
**STEPHEN
WAYDA**
AND
**JARMO
POHJANIEMI**











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

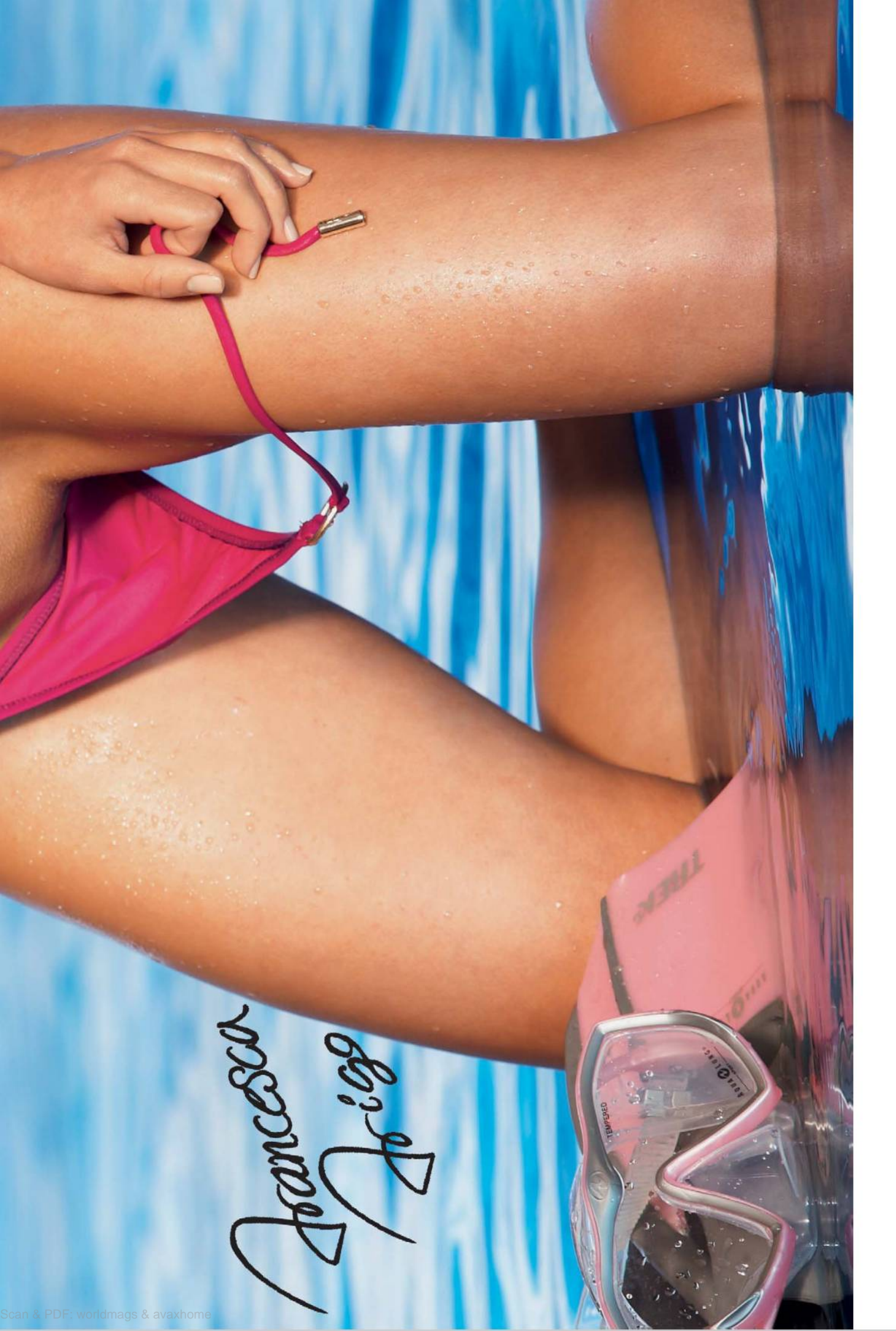


MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







*Francesca
Bigli*

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Francesca Argo

BUST: 34D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 115

BIRTH DATE: 3/22/86 BIRTHPLACE: Puerto de la Cruz, Venezuela

AMBITIONS: Complete my Fashion Merchandising degree, pursue acting ... and become Playmate of the Year 2011!

TURN-ONS: It's random, I know, but I love to watch a guy eat a big piece of chocolate cake. Weird, right? (ll)

TURNOFFS: Guys who take longer than I do to get ready and who are arrogant, with no manners.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: A real and friendly smile works magic - I like a guy to know I'm fun to be around in every way he can think of!

THE LOVE OF MY LIFE: Vince Vaughn because he fulfills my requirement of being a manly man who is 100% funny.

MY DREAM DATE: Cooking together at home after a long day at the beach and then cuddling on the couch while watching a funny movie. (ll) Perfecto!!!



Second-grade class picture.



Trip to Europe, May 2004.



Posing with my best friend.



Francesca
Frigo

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man was in a supermarket when an attractive woman waved, walked up to him and said hello. He was taken aback because he couldn't place where he knew her from.

"How do I know you?" he asked.

She replied, "I think you're the father of one of my kids."

The man thought back to the only time he had ever been unfaithful to his wife.

"My God," he said, "are you the stripper from my bachelor party who had sex with me on a pool table while all of my buddies watched and your partner whipped my ass with a riding crop?"

"No," she said calmly. "I'm your son's grade-school teacher."



How does a high school student propose to his girlfriend?

He says, "You're going to have a what?"

A police officer stopped a blonde for speeding and asked her to give him her driver's license.

"I really wish you guys would get your act together," the blonde said, shaking her head in annoyance. "Just yesterday you took away my license and today you expect me to show it to you again."

A woman met a man at a bar, and they ended up having a pleasant conversation and leaving together. When they got back to his place he showed her around his apartment, and she noticed one of his walls was made up of shelves lined with soft, cuddly teddy bears of varying shapes and sizes. She found the display to be a little strange but decided to ignore it and have sex with him anyway. After they finished, she rolled over and asked, "Well, how was it?"

The man smiled at her, stroked her cheek, looked deeply into her eyes and said, "Help yourself to any prize from the middle shelf."

While making love to his wife a man said, "Let's do 68."

"What's that?" his wife asked.

The husband replied, "You give me head and I'll owe you one."

One evening a man and his wife were sitting in the living room when the husband turned to her and said, "Honey, I never want to live in a vegetative state, dependent on some machine and fluids from a bottle. If that ever happens, promise me you'll just pull the plug."

His wife stood up, unplugged the TV and threw out his beer.

A husband and wife stood in a courtroom, waiting to hear the judge's ruling on their divorce proceedings.

"Sir, I have reviewed this case very carefully," the judge said, "and I've decided to give your wife \$775 a week."

"That seems fair, Your Honor," the husband replied, "and every now and then I'll try to send her a few dollars myself."

One night a wife asked her husband, "Why don't you ever call out my name when we're making love?"

The husband replied, "Because I don't want to wake you."



A couple was having drinks together when they got into an argument about which sex enjoys intercourse more.

"Men obviously enjoy sex more than women," the man said. "Why do you think we're so obsessed with getting laid?"

"That doesn't prove anything," the woman countered. "Think about this: When your ear itches and you put your finger in it, wiggle it around and then pull it out, which feels better, your ear or your finger?"

Sex is like math. Add the bed, subtract the clothes, divide the legs and hope you don't multiply.

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



“What’s a nice girl to do with herself on a lazy day like this...?”

West Edgeware Rd
1100 N

STOP

ALL-WAY



20

BY ERIC SPTZNAGEL
PHOTOGRAPHY BY EMILY SHUR

Michaël Cera

THE ACTOR WHO CHANNELS THE INNER DORK IN ALL OF US PULLS OUR LEG ABOUT HIS SOCIAL LIFE, GETS SARCASTIC ABOUT SHOW BUSINESS AND REVEALS HIS ALL-TIME WORST PICKUP LINE (AND IT'S PRETTY BAD)

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're in a new film called *Scott Pilgrim vs. the World*, in which you play the title character, an indie-rock guitarist who has video-game-style duels and falls for a girl who can travel through space portals. Is this a movie nonnerds can enjoy too?

CERA: I would say this movie is both a nerd's and a non-nerd's dream come true. For the nerds it has lots of Nintendo references and sound effects. The nonnerds will enjoy making fun of all the nerds in the theater exploding with joy and afterward will possibly beat them all up.

Q2

PLAYBOY: This movie is based on the popular comic-book series *Scott Pilgrim*. If somebody made a comic about *your* life, what would it be called and what kind of stories would it include?

CERA: It would probably be called *Mega Dormant Actor Guy* and would include such memorable volumes as "The Looming Evil of the Broken Garbage Disposal" and "Five Days to Throw Out the Bad Guacamole." And every now and then such challenges would arise as "Guys in car scream at you! Quick, pretend you're wearing headphones and have no awareness of the world around you! That'll show them."

Q3

PLAYBOY: Your character in *Scott Pilgrim* has to battle

his girlfriend's seven evil ex-boyfriends. Aren't all ex-boyfriends essentially evil?

CERA: Well, my current girlfriend's ex-boyfriend is [actor] Danny Trejo, and he and I get along famously. Just last week the three of us played squash. It was me and Danny versus Tanya. We absolutely destroyed her. At one point after the crushing defeat, she very obviously had tears in her eyes. Danny and I shared a hearty and satisfying laugh over it.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Squash? Danny Trejo? We have a hard time believing you've ever set foot on a squash court or hung out with a tough guy like Trejo. Next you'll tell us your fight scenes in the movie are real.

CERA: We trained for a few months for those fight scenes, which involved waking up early and running, followed by two hours of push-ups or squats or whatever they threw at us. Then we'd all go get lunch and come back in the afternoon to do two or three more hours of fight training. It was really hard, especially for a person who considers loading the dishwasher exhausting.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Your co-star is Anna Kendrick, who last played opposite George Clooney in *Up in the Air*. Is it a pretty natural transition from working with Clooney to working with you?

(continued on page 110)

BACK IN THE SADDLE

IN THE 1950S AND 1960S BRITANNIA CRANKED OUT SOME OF THE MOST ICONIC AND STYLISH MOTORCYCLES IN THE WORLD, WITH A CULT FOLLOWING THAT INCLUDED THE MOST REBELLIOUS CELEBRITIES OF THEIR TIME. TROUNCED BY THE JAPANESE IN THE 1970S, THE ENGLISH MACHINES HAVE NOW BEEN BORN AGAIN. **GRAB YOUR HELMET—WE'RE GOING FOR A RIDE** BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

THE WILD ONE: American rebel (Marlon Brando), British machine (Triumph). *The Great Escape:* American rebel (Steve McQueen), British machine (Triumph, painted Nazi gray). *Lawrence of Arabia:* British hero (Peter O'Toole), British machine (Brough Superior). *The Motorcycle Diaries:* South American rebel (Gael García Bernal as Che Guevara), British machine (Norton). In Hunter S. Thompson's *Hell's Angels: The Strange and Terrible Saga of the Outlaw Motorcycle Gangs*, the gonzo journalist covers murderous Harley hordes while riding a British machine (a BSA 650 Lightning)—“400 pounds of chrome and deep red noise.”

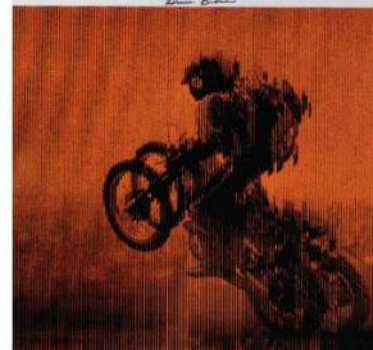
British motorcycles flicker through pop culture, igniting the imagination and firing a thirst for adventure, for mileage. You take a no-nonsense bike and push it to the limit. The café racer subculture—the bikes, the fashion, the attitude, all of it so much in vogue today—came out of London with the Rockers movement in the 1950s. At the height of the 1960s, the British Invasion consisted of motorcycles and musicians.

And then the Japanese reinvented the motorcycle. By the mid-1970s the British companies were on the endangered-species list. By the early 1980s they were extinct. Just like that.

In recent years, however, they have made a dramatic comeback. This is not about nostalgia—it's about purity. Over the next three pages we've accumulated stories that map out the history of some of Britain's legendary two-wheeled marques, plus the new bikes that these relaunched companies are offering today.



**MOTORCYCLE
SPORT AND
THE MEN WHO
RIDE ON
ANY
SUNDAY**
A FILM BY BRUCE BROWN



TRIUMPH

Scrambler

\$8,799



triumphmotorcycles.com



Thruxton

\$8,799



WAR FIGURES PROMINENTLY IN MOTORCYCLE history; soldiers lived and died by their riding acumen and the performance of their machines. Triumph started out making bicycles in the 1880s but made its bones with the military Model H Roadster, the “Trusty Triumph,” in World War I. The Speed Twin, which debuted in 1938, introduced the world to the parallel twin (an engine that changed British motorcycling). But like Norton and BSA, Triumph fell to the Japanese. Twenty years ago John Bloor, an English construction mogul, revived the name. His strategy was to wow the world with inexpensive modern bikes wrapped around a bombproof three-cylinder power plant. The Speed Triple (the bike Tom Cruise rides in *Mission: Impossible II*) was the ultimate hooligan bike and launched a whole category of steroidal street fighters. In recent years the company has

acknowledged its roots, introducing café racers (the Thruxton), retro classics (the Bonneville and Thunderbird) and our favorite, a tribute to Steve McQueen’s desert-racing days, the Scrambler.

Above: Steve McQueen on a Triumph in *The Great Escape*. Below: Bob Dylan wears a Triumph T-shirt on the cover of *Highway 61 Revisited*.

English rebels (opposite top), South American rebels (left, Che Guevara, *The Motorcycle Diaries*) and American rebels (below, Marlon Brando in *The Wild One* and, opposite bottom, Steve McQueen in *On Any Sunday*) had one thing in common—a love of British bikes.



ROYAL ENFIELD

Bullet Classic C5

\$6,395



enfieldmotorcycles.com



ORIGINALLY A MUNITIONS COMPANY, ROYAL ENFIELD BEGAN MAKING BIKES in 1901 with the motto “Made like a gun, goes like a bullet.” The 350 and 500 cc single-cylinder machines spread to all corners of the British empire. In the 1950s the factory moved to India. People making the trek to Kathmandu could buy a fully kitted Enfield Bullet for about \$1,000 and claw their way through the Himalayas. The Bullet’s 500 cc thumper made it a favorite with café racers, who would strip the beast down to essentials, slap on a set of clip-on handlebars and rear sets, and go like hell. The modern (if that’s the word) Bullet Classic C5 debuted in 2009, the first new Royal Enfield model in 54 years. It boasts a 500 cc engine, fuel injection, an electric starter and a front disc brake.



NORTON	Commando 961 Café Racer
	\$20,300

nortonmotorcycles.com



Top left: a vintage Norton advertisement. Number 49: seven-time Grand Prix world champion John Surtees on a Norton in the late 1950s. Below left: The Norton Manx was unbeatable on the track.

THE NORTON LEGEND WAS BORN ON THE racetrack. The company started building motorcycles in 1902 in Birmingham, northwest of London, around the same time Henry Ford was making his first horseless carriages. But the gospel spread in the years before and after World War II at the most prestigious two-wheel races in the world, most notably the Isle of Man TT. The Norton Manx—a single-cylinder engine in a superb twin-loop, swing-arm frame, pictured at left—was unbeatable. But it was the Commando—perhaps the first superbike, debuting in 1969—that branded a generation. With the rise of Honda and Kawasaki, Norton went out of business in 1975. Ten years ago an American restorer named Kenny Dreer came up with three prototypes for a resurrected Commando. In 2008 a British businessman bought the rights and built a factory. Witness the result, above: a 961 cc parallel twin engine, 80 bhp at 6,500 rpm, Brembo brakes. The reviews are in: classic, uncomplicated, visceral, robust, evocative.



MAC	Roarer
CONCEPT	

mac-motorcycles.com



THE CAFÉ-RACER SPIRIT (STRIP IT DOWN TO NOTHING, make it go fast) still intrigues. Last year Xenophya, a design firm out of northern England, partnered with a financier to plan a series of incredible machines built around the single-cylinder 500 cc engine from the Buell Blast. Then Buell failed and went out of business. Mac is searching for a replacement motor. Drool over this design.



MÉTISSE	Desert Racer
about \$20,000	

metissee-motorcycles.com



IN THE 1960S RACERS Derek and Don Rickman started building exquisite nickel-plated frames for off-road motorcycling, eventually founding their own marque—Métisse (the French word for “mongrel”)—using engines from other British manufacturers. The motorcycles became classics. “The best-handling bike I’ve ever owned,” said Steve McQueen. Now in the hands of English bike enthusiast Gerry Lisi, Métisse is offering a new limited-edition Steve McQueen Desert Racer, built around a reconditioned Triumph 650 cc twin. Only 300 of these beauties will be built, nearly identical to the mount McQueen competed on, and they’re not cheap. Also in the works: a 997 cc café racer for \$25,000.

THE FAST 2010 AND FURIOUS

PLAYBOY'S PICKS FOR THE BEST NEW BIKES



BIKE
of the
YEAR



IN 2009 motorcycle sales dropped more than 40 percent—victim of the credit crunch. Cautious companies slapped paint jobs on old models, postponing new launches. But a few companies went full throttle, showing off major innovations. Put these bikes in a time capsule, open it in 50 years and you'll say, "This was when the motorcycle world changed." Or put them in your garage to enjoy today.

KAWASAKI Z1000 \$10,499 ↙

BMW S 1000 RR \$13,800 base ↗

PILOTING a 1,000 cc superbike is all about power management. A touch too much throttle at the wrong moment and you're history. (Imagine trying to floss with a circular saw.) Drawing on years of Formula One racing, BMW engineers set out to build the ultimate superbike. They succeeded brilliantly. The S 1000 RR has a dry weight of 404 pounds, 131 of which are the 193 horsepower four-cylinder engine. Top speed: 188 mph. But those are just the ballistics. For another \$1,900 the most powerful production bike on the planet can be fitted with an electronic control system that juggles digital traction control, a slipper clutch, antilock brakes, fly-by-wire throttle input and a quick shifter through four modes (rain, sport, race, slick). The 1000 RR makes insanely fast seem reasonable and safe.

NAKED



THE insurance industry sees a sport-bike purchase and adds a zero to your premium. A few years back manufacturers got wise and created a new category—naked bikes, also called street fighters and hooligans (as though those could calm the nerves of an insurance adjuster). Kawasaki's latest naked bike has an all-new 1,043 cc inline four that pumps out 128 hp at 10,100 rpm. "Intentional intake howl adds to character," the company brags. A rigid all-aluminum frame and meaty brakes make for precise handling. Styling cues are lifted from manga classics.

DUCATI HYPERMOTARD 1100 EVO \$11,995 ↘

FUN

IN Italy no one lives more than two hours from a world-class track. But you don't have to go that far. Italians compete in city traffic, in parking lots—you name it. When riders started asking for more performance, Ducati listened. The Hypermotard 1100 EVO comes with a 1,078 cc V-twin (95 hp with 76 foot-pounds of torque), inverted Showa forks, a Sachs shock and Brembo brakes. Check out the hand guards with built-in turn signals. For an extra \$2,500, spring for the EVO SP in full race trim—monoblock Brembos, a Marzocchi fork, Öhlins shocks, Marchesini wheels and carbon-fiber goodies galore. Tom Cruise—a guy with impeccable taste in movie mounts (see *Top Gun*, *Mission: Impossible II*)—rides a Hypermotard in *Day and Knight*, in theaters now.



HARLEY-DAVIDSON FORTY-EIGHT \$10,499 ↙

RETRO



HARLEY is no stranger to retro, to masculine metal, to the rogue spirit that swept postwar America. Before Europe had café racers, Americans produced bob jobs, stripped-down versions of big V-twin cruisers. Today cruisers are the largest segment of the American market, period. And Harley does not mess with tradition. The new Forty-Eight is the latest Sportster (first launched in 1957), to come out of Harley's custom shop. It has blacked-out chrome, an old-school peanut tank and the bobbed fenders of yesteryear, with guts to match: an air-cooled 1,200 cc V-twin that cranks out 61 hp and 79 foot-pounds of torque and makes the air throb. What was it Faulkner wrote? "The past is never dead. It's not even past."

Tijuana is home base of the *narcocorridos* band **LOS TUCANES DE TIJUANA**, which plays ballads that depict—or lionize—the drug culture.

The latest low-tech drug-trafficking strategy? Tunneling. U.S. Customs and Border Protection last year found 26 such underground passages, 20 of which were situated either near **NOGALES** or elsewhere along the Arizona-Mexico border.

Perhaps the most dangerous place on earth—think Baghdad circa 2004—**CIUDAD JUÁREZ** is more a combat zone than a functioning municipality as the Sinaloa and Juárez cartels fight it out.



The **SINALOA CARTEL** and its near-mythic leader, El Chapo, probably qualify as Mexico's most powerful trafficking organization—if not the drug war's outright winners—mainly because El Chapo and his lieutenants, unlike their competition, remain aboveground and out of prison.

MEXICO

THE INSIDE DOPE

BY JOSH SCHOLLMAYER

A PRIMER ON AN INCREASINGLY DEADLY DRUG WAR

In December the drug war in Mexico enters its fifth year. The Mexican government cites the ever-growing death toll—24,000 and counting—as evidence of the war's success. Not long ago, of course, Colombia was the epicenter of drug mayhem, but billions of dollars in U.S. aid helped shut down trafficking routes in the Caribbean, starving Pablo Escobar and his cohorts. It also

inadvertently empowered the Mexican cartels, which controlled overland entry points into the U.S. At about the same time, the political dynamic shifted within Mexico. The centralized one-party rule that for decades tolerated drug traffickers gave way to leaders willing to confront the cartels. In 2006 President Felipe Calderón, freshly and narrowly elected, made eradicating the

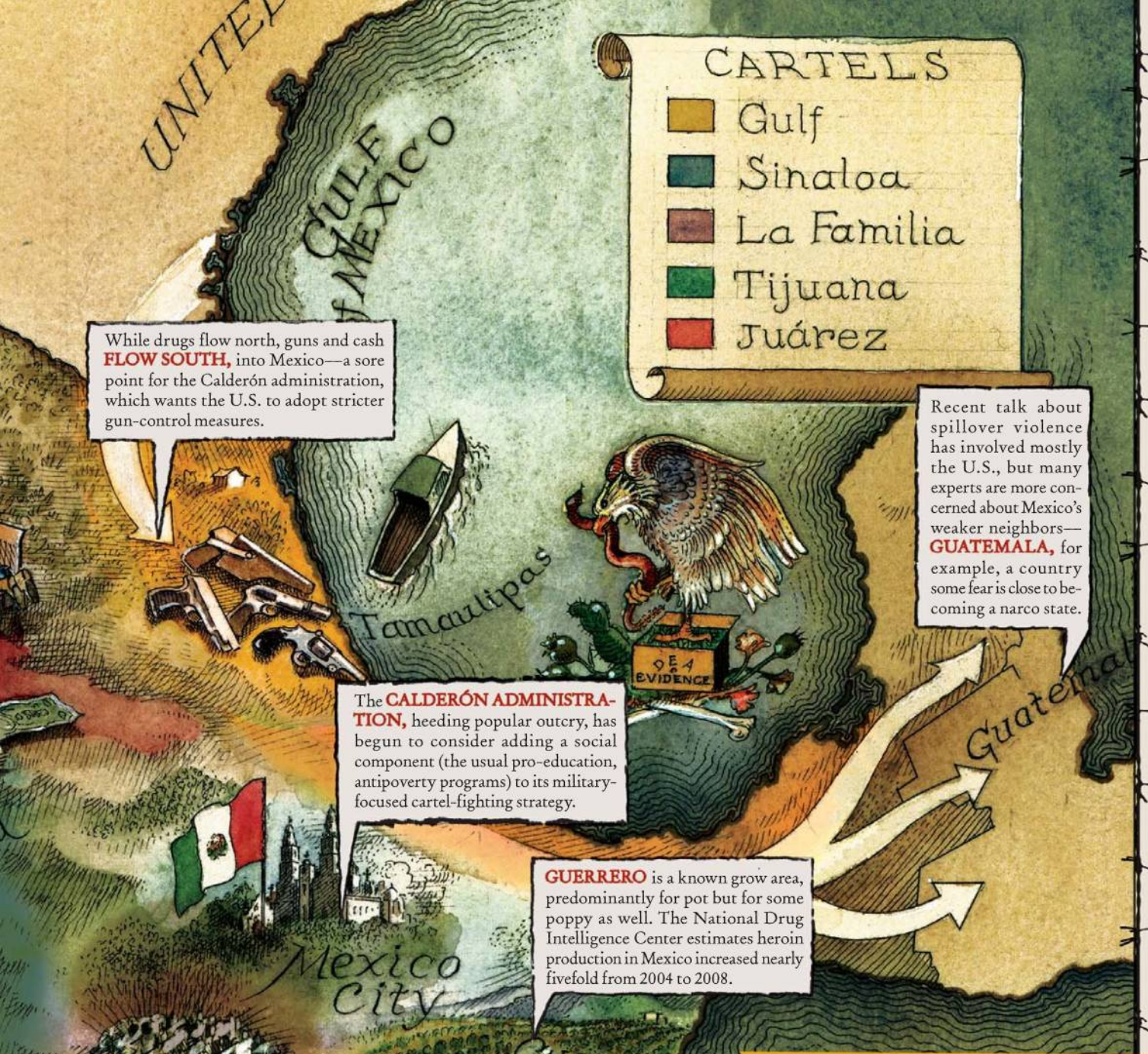


ILLUSTRATION BY LASZLO KUBINYI

THE KINGPINS



OSIEL CÁRDENAS GUILLÉN

The head of the Gulf cartel is currently serving 25 years after being extradited to the U.S. in 2007.



EDUARDO ARELLANO FÉLIX

One of five brothers who ran the Tijuana cartel, he was arrested in 2008, causing the cartel to break into two factions.



JOAQUÍN "EL CHAPO" GUZMÁN LOERA

The elusive leader of the Sinaloa cartel escaped from a Mexican prison via a laundry truck in 2001.



VICENTE CARRILLO FUENTES

The whereabouts of the Juárez cartel boss are unknown, though he is thought to be somewhere in Mexico.



ARNALDO RUEDA MEDINA

Part of the upper echelon of the cultlike, meth-producing La Familia, he was arrested in July 2009.

drug trade official policy, ultimately ordering 45,000 soldiers into the streets to bust up the cartels. On the positive side: The government has killed or apprehended many senior cartel leaders. On the negative side: Such turnover has created a barbaric struggle. And because there is power (and market share) to be seized, the cartels are battling one another and the government. Some of the

cartels, now culled to five or so organizations, are also fracturing from within. For instance, the Zetas, once the armed wing of the Gulf cartel, have struck out on their own. The brutality of this intercartel bloodshed is partly intended to turn public opinion against Calderón and place his presidency in peril. Calderón, however, remains resolute. And so Mexico continues to burn.



On any given evening, even in the stupid-humid 105-degree heat of summer, a line of enthusiasts forms around the block of the French Quarter's historic Rue St. Peter. The crowd single-files along the cracked sidewalk to nab a seat on a floor cushion, a splintered wooden bench, a stand-up chair, a prostrate perch in Preservation Hall, to see

FASHION BY JENNIFER RYAN JONES
TEXT BY STEVE GARBARINO

the wildly accomplished, gamely entertaining, anything but by-the-numbers Preservation Hall Jazz Band, a musical institution that never rests on its magnolia-blossom laurels.

No one walks away disappointed—even those in the standing-room-only room who can't see the six- to eight-piece band taking solos on the black-and-whites, the upright, the clarinet, the bone,

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY CLINCH



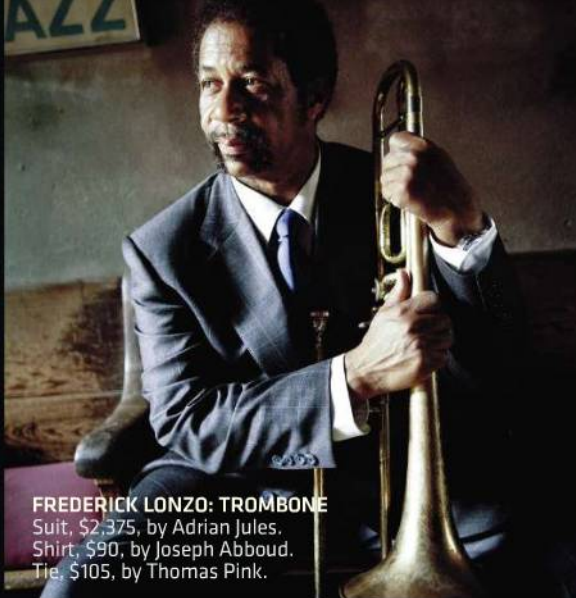
SAINTS PRESERVE!

DECKING OUT NEW ORLEANS'S LEGENDARY PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND, THE TO-TO-NINES-STYLISH BADASSES OF THE BIG EASY. "BLOW, MAN, BLOW"

the saxophone, the tuba even, walking the audience down the Green Mile of jazz, blues, swing and gospel history of the city. It's crowded, but there's room to move, in both senses of the word. Too-cool-for-school natives blow us: This is the art and soul of the city that care forgot.

Since the early 1960s—when musicians were welcomed to this former art gallery, dating back to 1750, to do their thing—the Spanish colonial porte-cochere house with its dreamy courtyard has drawn the greatest jazz musicians into the band and, into the hall, those who love the distinctly bipolar music of New Orleans, which swings from dirge to devil-may-care in a beat.

Respect. No alcohol served. No smoking,



FREDERICK LONZO: TROMBONE
 Suit, \$2,375, by Adrian Jules.
 Shirt, \$90, by Joseph Abboud.
 Tie, \$105, by Thomas Pink.



MARK BRAUD: TRUMPET

Fleur-de-lis silver ring, \$180, and dice cuff links, \$125, from Aidan Gill for Men.



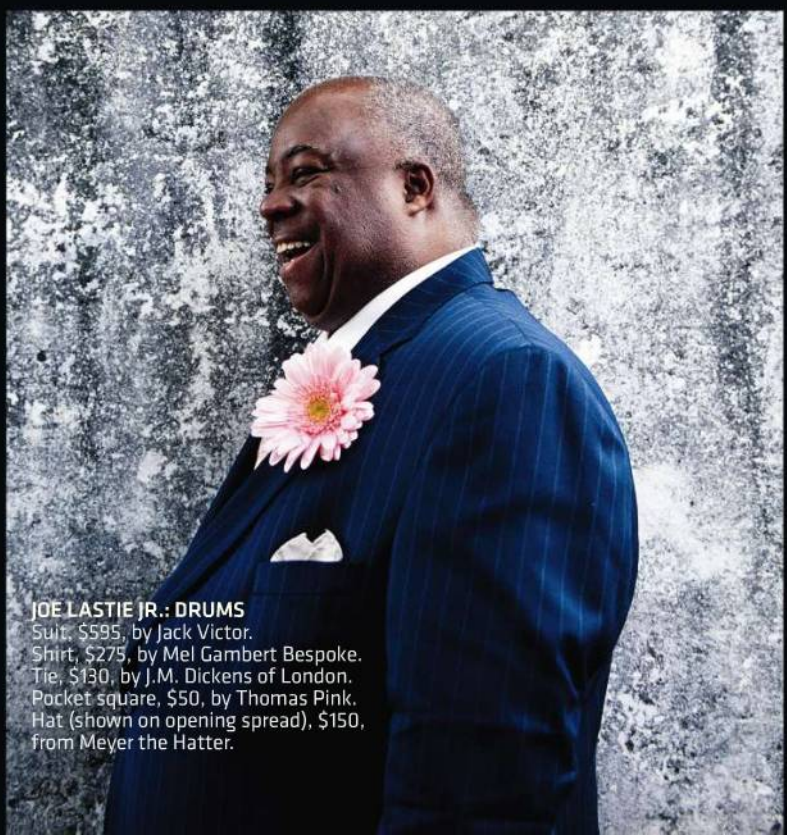
CLINT MAEDGEN: VOCALS, REEDS

Striped tuxedo, \$745, and shirt, \$90, by Joseph Abboud. Hat, \$155, from Meyer the Hatter. Tie, \$125, by John Varvatos.



BEN JAFFE: DIRECTOR, TUBA

Three-piece suit, \$1,295, and shirt, \$250, by Z Zegna. Shoes (shown on opening spread), \$70, by Aldo.



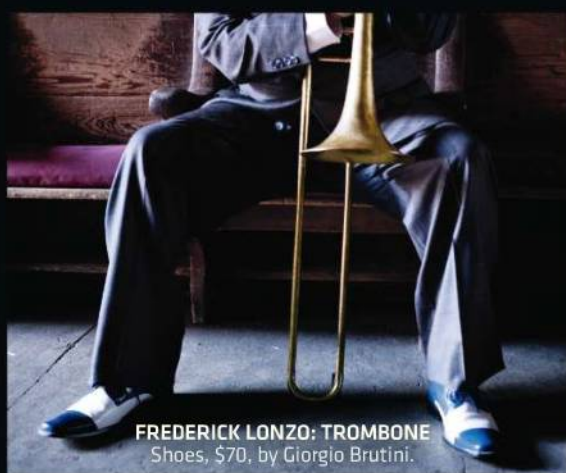
JOE LASTIE JR.: DRUMS

Suit, \$595, by Jack Victor. Shirt, \$275, by Mel Gambert Bespoke. Tie, \$130, by J.M. Dickens of London. Pocket square, \$50, by Thomas Pink. Hat (shown on opening spread), \$150, from Meyer the Hatter.

DANIEL FARROW: SAXOPHONE
 Jacket, \$90, and matching trousers, \$40, from J. Ferrar by JCPenney.
 Shirt, \$145, by BOSS Black.
 Tie, \$105, by Thomas Pink.
 Shoes, \$70, by Giorgio Brutini.



MARK BRAUD: TRUMPET
 Suit, \$895, by BOSS Black.
 Shirt, \$345, by Mel Gambert Bespoke.
 Pocket square, \$95, by J.M. Dickens of London.
 Shoes (shown on opening spread), \$598, by John Varvatos.



FREDERICK LONZO: TROMBONE
 Shoes, \$70, by Giorgio Brutini.



RICKIE MONIE: PIANO
 Jacket, \$100, and matching trousers, \$50, from Billy London by JCPenney.
 Shirt, \$125, by BOSS Black.
 Tie, \$130, and pocket square, \$80, by J.M. Dickens of London.
 Vintage Ray-Ban glasses, Rickie's own.

please. A \$12 cover charge. Three nights a week. Four sets a night. Most visitors stay for all of them, angling for seats. The band's rotating roster of musicians ranges in age from early 30s to late 70s, but it's all both timeless and of the moment. The room jumps and vibrates within the dim, plank-floored, cell-block-size concert hall with cement walls so naturally trompe l'oeil you'd think it a Hollywood set, a Wild West hoosegow by way of 18th century Spain.

The PLAYBOY crew was honored to be welcomed into the Preservation Hall Jazz Band's ranks on its off time, with members breaking into spontaneous riffs and many of their own compositions, and director and tuba player Ben Jaffe (with the help of his lovely wife) even cooking



up red beans and rice for the shooting gang's grist.

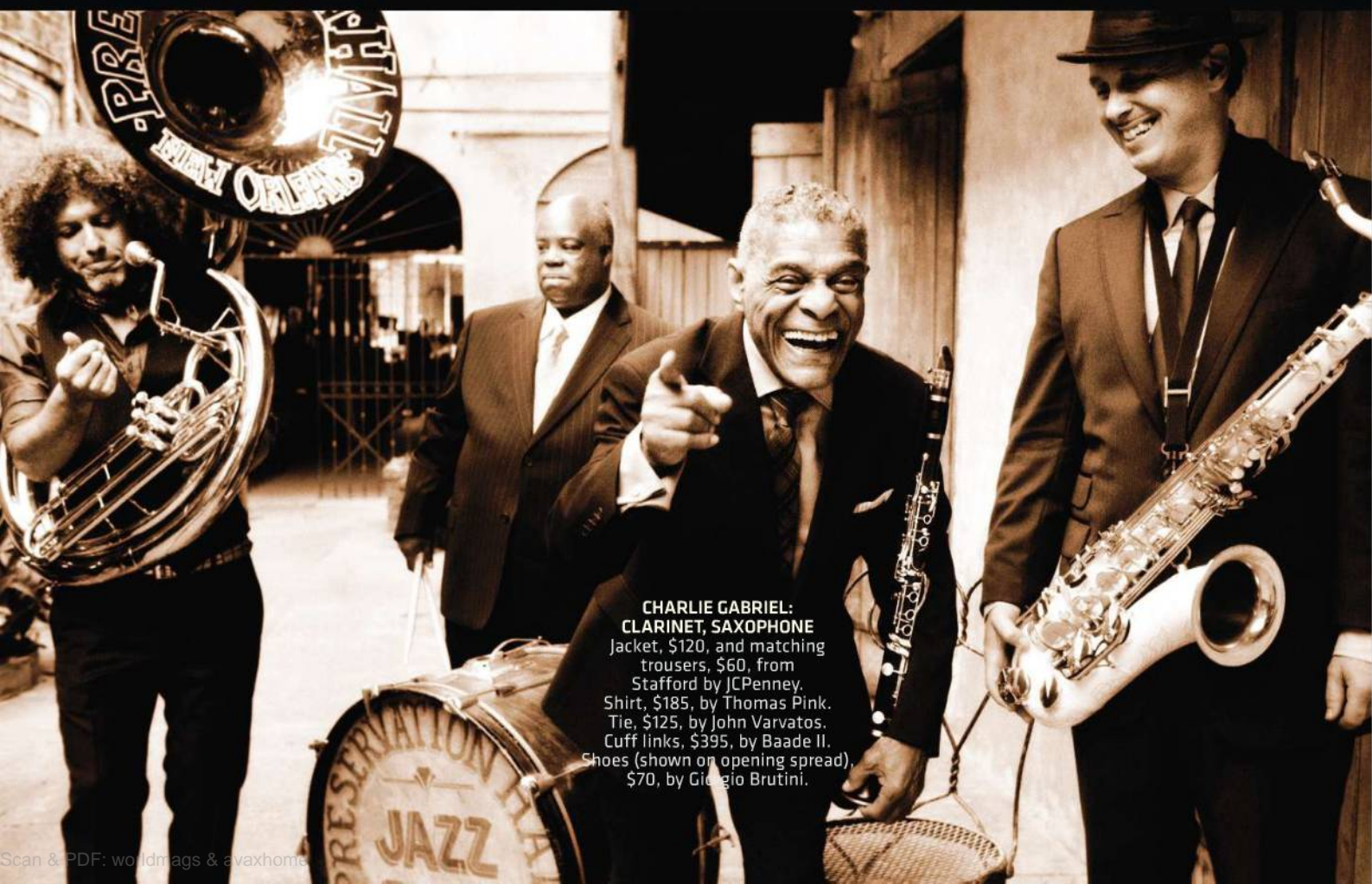
There was no mourning (more a tip of the brim) for the lost souls of New Orleans—or for its ongoing oil spill disaster—as the band packed up instrument cases and second-line umbrellas and took to the Garden District's labyrinthine Lafayette Cemetery to perform and march through the decrepit tombs, with grand marshal Joe Lastie Jr. leading the way for the traditional funeral march “Just a Closer Walk With Thee.”

Lastie lost his safety-pinned pants along the route—

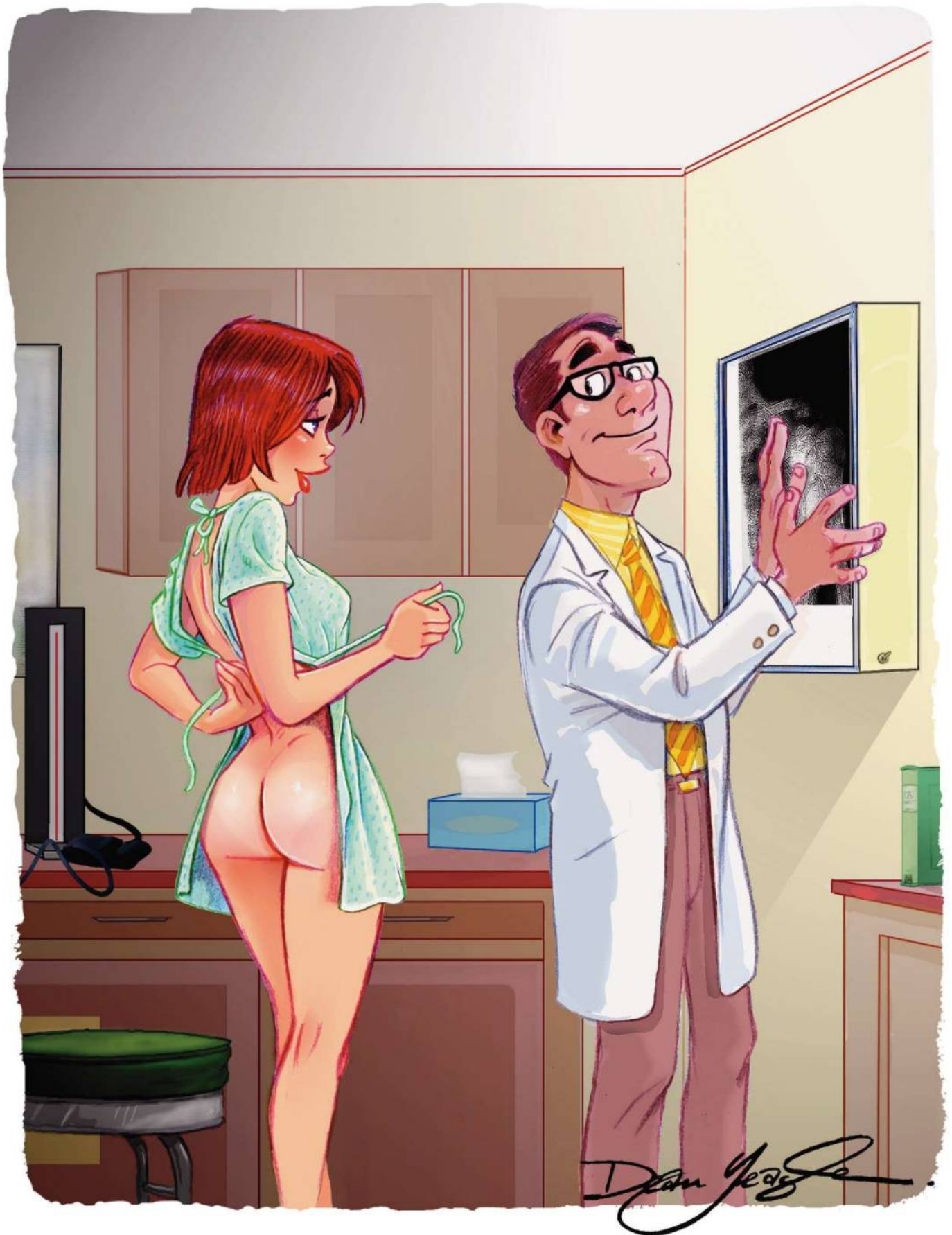


causing the band to break into fits of laughter, breaking the funeral silence—but none of his dignity. Then, grabbing the light moment, the Preservation Hall Jazz Band switched gears and flew into the up-tempo joy of “Oh Didn't He Ramble.” And the band played on.

New Orleanians. Murder rates don't kill them, hurricanes don't stop them, oil spills don't even slow them down. Pack up your troubles in an old kit bag and smile. As a class act personified, the Hall preserves.



CHARLIE GABRIEL:
CLARINET, SAXOPHONE
 Jacket, \$120, and matching trousers, \$60, from Stafford by JCPenney.
 Shirt, \$185, by Thomas Pink.
 Tie, \$125, by John Varvatos.
 Cuff links, \$395, by Baade II.
 Shoes (shown on opening spread), \$70, by Giorgio Brutini.



"I'd like a second opinion. Let's say my place, around eight?"



PLAYBOY'S
{ guide }
TO
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
BARs



**A coast-to-coast roundup of
DRINKING ESTABLISHMENTS
that you must visit before the
PROVERBIAL DOORS CLOSE UPON YOU**

BY
STEVE GARBARINO
AND
THE STAFF AT PLAYBOY



KING COLE BAR at the St. Regis Hotel, New York City

Bring a ring, first-time fling or even divorce papers to this ultimate first-and-last-impression classic, tucked in midtown Manhattan's St. Regis Hotel. In such a well-heeled setting, everything will be fine—honestly, we

promise. Featuring intimate golden lighting and old-school bartenders, the King Cole (kingcolebar.com)—named for its 1906 Maxfield Parrish mural of the monarch and his fops—is romance and gong-banging

Gotham personified. If you aren't a master of the universe, fake it and order a red snapper, the original bloody mary, while the bartender tells you why Old King Cole is smiling. The answer is a gas.



JANE BALLROOM at the Jane Hotel, New York City

Walking through the oak doors of the Jane Hotel's bar and lounge (thejanenyc.com) is like entering an open salon in Gertrude Stein's time. You'd never imagine the recently restored shabby-chic inn—a

former seaman's lodge that housed *Titanic* survivors—would contain such decadent splendor. But it does, what with its sweeping crown-molding ceilings, stuffed trophy animals and herculean disco ball. Antique

settees, wingback chairs and ottomans are filled nightly with the insider set the hotel touts as "more dash than cash." Actually, it's a little of both—a Manhattan classic on the make, a velvet gold mine.



JONATHAN RICHMAN AT AUSTIN'S CONTINENTAL CLUB, A FAVORITE OF LOCAL MUSICIANS.

THE CONTINENTAL CLUB, Austin

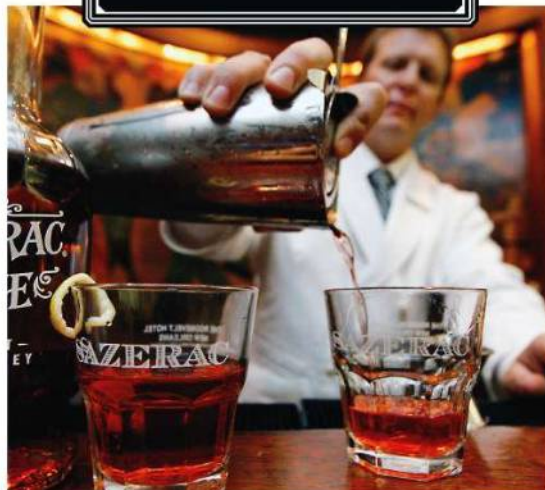
Hands down the premier live-music honky-tonk in Austin, the Continental (continentclub.com) has ruled the city's highly competitive rockabilly, country and swing music scenes since the 1980s. There's never a bad band to be heard—be it Mud-phonie or Guitar Shorty. The loo is dive-bar nasty, but the vintage murals are awesome throwbacks to the days of 1960s burlesque. The back room with pool tables offers respite from the packed crowd, a mix of middle-aged cowboys and alterna dudes. But screw that: Get close to the red-velvet stage and let that Lone Star longneck rip.

MAC'S CLUB DEUCE Miami Beach

Some dive bars transcend the designation, rising to must-visit status. The Deuce, a neon-wrapped cocktail lounge off South Beach's Thong Alley, is one of them. From eight a.m. until whenever, it draws in every element possible, including newspapermen and drag queens, socialites and drug addicts, white collar and teal collar, unofficial mayors and bona fide politicians. Call it a sub-tropical democracy (with two-for-one from morn till balmy eve).

THE SAZERAC BAR at the Roosevelt Hotel, New Orleans

In a city of countless sleazy joints, the renovated cocktail bar in the grand, historic Roosevelt Hotel is the place to don a fedora, take a visiting date and watch how the pressed-linen locals do it. The bar's namesake cocktail, a rye-and-bitters-based beauty that dates back to the 19th century, is nonpareil, but the seasoned bartenders also make that *other* New Orleans drink to perfection: the egg-white-and-orange-flower Ramos gin fizz. Less touristy than the revolving, similarly divine Carousel Bar in the Hotel Monteleone, the Sazerac (therooseveltneworleans.com) exudes art deco style and is home to what Walker Percy would call the last gentlemen on earth.



THE BOOTLEGGER BISTRO Las Vegas

With faux brick, faux stone, faux leather, faux-wood paneling and real neon, the Bootlegger (bootleggerlasvegas.com) is the genuine article in a city of illusion. The U-shaped bar is designed, you know, so you can get to *know* each other. The red-gravy southern Italian fare is designed to keep you from getting too soupy in the fabled karaoke room, which upholds the highest standards in Las Vegas in the crooner category, from Mel to Frank. Established in 1949, the Bootlegger abides, whether you're in a tux or a wrinkle-free Gant.

THE MAP ROOM, Chicago

Spend a lost weekend in this destination Bucktown beer hall that serves more than 200 international brews. And if you want to find the exact location of each malt and hop, turn to the maps, globes and cartography books that cram the bar's no-frills space. As for the help and clientele, the Map Room (maproom.com) is known for its ornery bartenders, relaxed locals and errant carpet-baggers. You know where you are here: a great Chicago establishment that doesn't toot its own horn. On Sundays go directly for the \$5 mimosas and, of course, to catch up on your geography. But be forewarned—you may never leave.

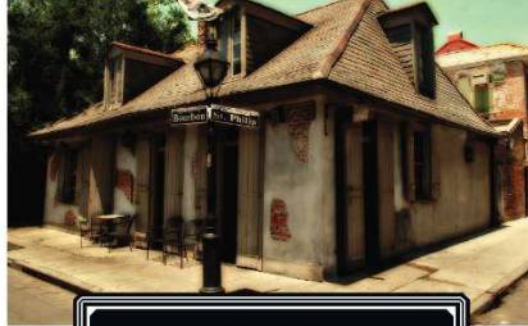
PLANTERS TAVERN IN THE OLDE PINK HOUSE, Savannah

Housed in the cavernous wood-plank-floored basement of Savannah's only 18th century mansion, this boisterous piano bar and bistro is the setting for many ghost sightings, including the specters of slave children spotted tossing dice in the cellar. Less stuffy than the fine-dining room and B&B above it, Planters attracts romantics, locals and astute tourists who come to sit on the bar stools adjoining the grand piano

to enjoy what might be *the* Savannah experience. Dress is respectful, but the conversation is deep-fried saucy.

**THE FRENCH ROOM and
RODEO BAR & GRILL**
at the Hotel Adolphus, Dallas

Go for baroque in the four-star, gilt-edged dining room at this turn-of-the-century Dallas hotel. Then, après dinner, take off the required jacket and settle into the adjoining Rodeo Bar & Grill (hoteldolphus.com), where locals and fat cats from “those other states” come for bourbon and walls of vintage rodeo memorabilia. So saddle up: The yin and yang of it all is what makes this the ultimate stop in a city of hackneyed urban J.R. Ewings and sludgy-dull oil deals.



**LAFITTE'S
BLACKSMITH SHOP BAR**
New Orleans

Lafitte's (lafittesblacksmithshop.com) sits pleasantly removed from Bourbon Street's frozen-daiquiri shacks on a residential corner of the French Quarter's notoriously boozy *rue*. It is probably the oldest bar in the country (circa 1732). With gas-lit lanterns, wooden-shutter doors and crumbling, banded brick-and-stucco walls, the smoker-friendly Lafitte's is the place to go as a sultry storm blows in at, say, noon, for ice-cold bottled beer or a rum punch made with real juices (a rarity here). The crowd is both *très* local and *touriste*. But who cares? You are sitting in history, where Cajun, French and Spanish opportunists plotted their next moves.

directors and today's bad-boy actors mingling uncomfortably. For a suitably manly meal, order a Dabney Coleman (a sizzling 16-ounce New York strip steak) with a plate of clams casino.

CLIFF BELL'S, Detroit

Contrary to popular belief, you can still find real panache in Motor City. Opened in 1935 by bar czar Cliff Bell, his eponymous cocktail lounge and jazz club (cliffbells.com) was once *the* spot—before falling on hard times. Five years ago, however, respectful new owners restored the bar to its original luster, and the best combos in town have retaken its sunburst stage, ensuring that Cliff Bell's still emits a pitch-perfect ring. Heed the call.



TRY A ROGUE'S DELIGHT AT THE RALEIGH HOTEL'S MARTINI BAR IN MIAMI BEACH.

THE RALEIGH MARTINI BAR
Miami Beach

The Martini Bar, tucked away like a maid's station inside the lobby of the chic Raleigh Hotel (raleighhotel.com), is no secret to civilized Miami locals or travelers who know the pleasures of a good, small thing. It's the crown jewel of anonymous vintage cocktail bars in a town of shake-your-booty nightclubs. From its cracked terrazzo floors to its bleached-wood bar—holding seven coveted red-leather stools—nothing has changed here since the doors first opened in “boom-time” Miami roughly 70 years ago. Break out the white dinner jacket, order a \$7 martini and raise a glass to Ricky Ricardo.

DAN TANA'S, Los Angeles

Although Dan Tana's (dantanasrestaurant.com) is situated squarely in the middle of L.A.'s gay community, there isn't a manlier or more old-Hollywood joint around. If you're lucky, Tana's regular James Woods will seat you, per his wont. When Woods isn't around, be sure to finagle a bar stool by the action—namely, old-school movie



THE JAMMING STARTS AT 1:30 A.M. AT KANSAS CITY'S MUTUAL MUSICIANS FOUNDATION.

**THE MUTUAL MUSICIANS
FOUNDATION, Kansas City**

Take the night train to this two-story clapboard house that has been home to legendary late-night jazz jams since the days of Charlie Parker. Situated near the fabled corner of 18th and Vine, in a modest neighborhood devoid of other bars, the Foundation (thefoundationjamsan.org) opens at midnight, and visiting jazz musicians slowly trickle in to play spontaneously together from 1:30 A.M. till 5:30 A.M. Listen: *This does not happen anymore anywhere else.* Grab a fold-up chair and witness a living, breathing, sweating part of the city's enduring jazz history.

THE ROGER ROOM
Los Angeles

Rooted among tattoo parlors and strip clubs, the former Coronet Pub was given a makeover last year, and scene-it-all L.A. natives have taken notice. The bartenders are friendly, and the doormen are so accommodating they will hold a table for you if you've been turned away previously—and actually call you when it's ready. And without a doubt the Roger

MILLION DOLLAR COWBOY BAR, Jackson Hole

You know you must imbibe at this enduring saloon and live-music roadhouse once you spot the row of choppers parked out front and its famous neon sign, which spells, figuratively mind you, A GOOD TIME. Since

1937, under various but similar names, the Dollar (milliondollarcowboybar.com) has hosted a who's who of country swing, along with legends Waylon Jennings and Willie Nelson. While on the premises, get

your picture taken with the stuffed bear, join in the annual pig roast or swig one of the countless single-malt bourbons stashed behind the bar. Simply put, this is Americana's finest (happy) hour.



KING'S HARDWARE, Seattle

The hottest addition to the Seattle nightlife milieu, King's Hardware (kingsballard.com) will endure even after the ephemeral hipsters move on. Situated in the city's Ballard

neighborhood, the storefront bar is an ADHD mecca that offers Skee-Ball, board games and a major beer selection, including the elusive Black Frog Nitro Stout. And

for taxidermy hobbyists it is hunting season year-round. Either way, ask for Linda, the blonde bombshell owner—she's the queen of the scene in these parts.

Room attracts the least pretentious, most stylish crowd in all of L.A. They get it. Go.

**STARLITE LOUNGE
at the Riviera Resort & Spa,
Palm Springs**

It's "tini time," as Frank Sinatra called it, *all* of the time at this 1950s-era time-bubble lounge. At the Starlite (psriviera.com), electric-organ stylists still use the term *tickle the ivories* and talk more than sing. But damned if it isn't a gorgeous study

in pink and posh. Elaborate billiards tables and a 30-foot-tall video screen that features "picture shows" of days gone by send you back to a time when Merv Griffin held court, Sammy and Dino played tipsy and face-lifts were just taking off.

**TOP OF THE MARK
at the InterContinental Hotel,
San Francisco**

Is there any bar in the country that boasts a more romantic 360-degree view than

the Top of the Mark's (intercontinentalmarkhopkins.com)? Since 1939 the swanky, glass-menagerie aerie in the old Mark Hopkins Hotel has been the scene of innumerable real-life tearjerkers and conquests. During World War II, sweethearts of soldiers passing in warships under the Golden Gate would gather in this 19th-floor lounge and toast the return of their paramours. Make out in the Weeper's Corner, and choose from 100 varieties of martinis. This is living, Ma!

**on the
DIVE
BAR**

*the allure of the
NOT-SO-CLEAN,
not-so-well-lighted place*

are dive bars shabby? Because outcasts generally have little to celebrate except celebration itself, and yesterday's grime embodies those memories. Here are 15 of our all-time favorites, each one of them a gem:

- | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|---|--------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1) The Saint, New Orleans; | 2) Jasper's, Lompoc, California; | 3) Snake and Jake's Christmas Club Lounge, New Orleans; | 4) Lee Harvey's, Dallas; | 5) Specs, San Francisco; | 6) South Beach, Lucky's Lounge, Boston; | 7) Cal's, Chicago; | 8) The Big Hunt, Washington, D.C.; | 9) Kirby's Beer Store, Wichita; | 10) Springwater Supper Club, Nashville; | 11) Ernestine and Hazel's, Memphis; | 12) Milano's, New York. |
|----------------------------|----------------------------------|---|--------------------------|--------------------------|---|--------------------|------------------------------------|---------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|-------------------------|

The dive bar is a distinctly American phenomenon. The term was first used in the 1880s to describe an illegal drinking den that likely resided in a basement. Today a dive bar is a church for down-and-outers and those who romanticize them, a rare place where high and low rub elbows—bums and poets, thieves and slumming celebrities. It's a place that wears its history proudly. Why

1) **Deep-fried cheesesteak**, Hot Tomatoes in Baltimore. Griddled steak and cheese rolled in pizza dough and dropped in the fryolator. Open till three A.M. 2) **Poutine**, Smith in Seattle. The diner staple of Quebec (fries, hand cut in this case, with cheese curds and gravy) takes center stage at this dynamite pub. Open till two A.M. 3) **Led Zeppelin Burger**, Kuma's Corner in Chicago. We bet John Bonham would love this baby, a burger topped with pulled pork, bacon, cheddar and pickles. Open till two A.M. 4) **Pho Kim Long**, Las Vegas. Authentic *pho* prepared by real Vietnamese cooks for the four A.M. Vegas desperado crowd. Open 24-7. 5) **Burger**, Daddy-O in New York. Served with the bacon under the cheddar so it doesn't fall off. Open till four A.M. 6) **101 Coffee Shop**, Hollywood. We'll have the Cajun catfish and eggs with a Black Eye milk shake (vanilla ice cream and espresso), please. Open till three A.M. 7) **Beignets**, Café Du Monde in New Orleans's French Market. Chase 'em with a café au lait. Open 24-7.

LATE-NIGHT

~ EATS ~
*a sampling
from our favorite*

AFTER-MIDNIGHT MENUS



DADDY-O IN THE WEST VILLAGE.

THEY CALLED THEM MAD MEN:
MARTINI-SWILLING, SECRETARY-SCREWING ROGUES IN GRAY FLANNEL SUITS.

PLAYBOY PRESENTS
A SALUTE TO THE COOLEST SHOW ON TELEVISION,
STARRING CRISTA FLANAGAN AS
STERLING COOPER'S NAIVE OFFICE GIRL LOIS SADLER



IT'S A MAD WORLD

WITH A DISSENTING VIEW FROM
GEORGE LOIS
THE ORIGINAL MAD MAN

The buzz in town was that a great TV series about the ad game in the 1960s was about to premiere. To me, and to others savvy about watershed advertising and media events in American culture, that meant only one thing: A popular television show dealing with the explosive triggering of the legendary Creative Revolution was about to be born. In the 1960s a group of ethnic, passionate and supremely talented graphic designers and copywriters had turned the ad industry upside down, commanding the attention of America and the world with bright, witty, entertaining advertising. This Creative Revolution exposed the traditional advertising world for what it was: WASP-driven, hackneyed, untalented—simply put, hacks. News of the *Mad Men* series was exhilarating to all of us who had played prominent roles in that defining event, but I wondered how they could do the

period justice without contacting me, the original Mad Man, for input, to consult or whatever.

And then, out of the blue, a *Mad Men* producer called and told me they were tracking down some “real Mad Men” (and a few Mad Women) to film some promos for the show, and every old-timer they’d contacted had blurted out something like “You gotta get George Lois—he was the catalyst who dominated the 1960s.”

“Whoa,” I said to the clueless *Mad Men* caller. “You mean you guys are doing a TV series based on advertising in the 1960s and you never heard of me?”

“No, no,” he protested. “We know who you are.”

“Bullshit,” I said and told him if he really wanted to know what happened in the 1960s he should read my autobiographical book *George, Be Careful: A Greek Florist’s Kid*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROBERT MAXWELL

“IN THE 1960S A GROUP OF ETHNIC,
PASSIONATE AND SUPREMELY TALENTED GRAPHIC DESIGNERS
AND COPYWRITERS HAD TURNED THE AD INDUSTRY UPSIDE DOWN.”

—GEORGE LOIS





"I KNOW THAT IF THEY'RE WRITING SOMETHING FOR ME," SAYS CRISTA FLANAGAN, "IT'S PROBABLY GOING TO BE CRAZY."

in the *Roughhouse World of Advertising*. "It's a blow-by-blow account of how I triggered the Creative fucking Revolution that changed the ad world," I said and hung up, plenty miffed.

The stunned producer called back a week later and said breathlessly, "Wow! We could have done a show based just on your book! That scene when you hung out a window and threatened to jump if the client didn't buy your matzos poster was hilarious!" I told him to kiss my ethnic Greek ass and hung up.

Gradually but surely, after the revolutionary Bauhaus movement and during the post-World War II period, a counterculture began with young, basically Jewish, American modernist designers, culminating in the early 1950s when copywriter Bill Bernbach began working with the pioneering Paul Rand, mentor of the New York School of Design. It was the first time two creative geniuses—one a copywriter, the other an art director—had teamed to create ads together. The experience inspired Bernbach to found the now-legendary Doyle Dane Bernbach, joining talented copywriters with visionary graphic designers, and the first truly creative agency was born. Power had been taken away from the account executives and businessmen and transferred to the talented people who actually made the ads. It was an inspiring time to be an art director like me with a rage to communicate, to blaze trails, to create icons rather than cons. The times they were a-changin'.

Suddenly, in the very first week of the 1960s, as a New York School of Design wunderkind and an award-winning art director at DDB, I left Bernbach's atelier after a thrillingly

successful year and, with two copywriters as partners, started what seemed unthinkable at the time—America's second great creative agency. Papert, Koenig, Lois inspired what is revered today as the advertising Creative Revolution when a handful of other creative groups, buoyed by the instant success of our trailblazing firm, formed agencies based on the art director-copywriter team concept. Madison Avenue would never be the same. (PKL was the first ad agency to flaunt the name of an art director on its masthead, immediately raising the power, prestige and salaries of graphic designers throughout the industry.)

That revolutionary counterculture found expression on Madison Avenue through a new creative generation—a rebellious coterie of art directors and copywriters who understood that visual and verbal expression were indivisible, who bridled under the old rules that had consigned them to secondary roles in an ad-making process previously dominated by non-creative hacks and technocrats, and who became the heroic movers and shakers of the Creative Revolution. Those men and women, mostly the offspring of immigrants, bear no resemblance to the cast of characters on *Mad Men*.

Up to that time, when the traditional advertising agency (depicted on *Mad Men* as the fictitious Sterling Cooper) comprised fools and frauds who ran ideas up a flagpole to see if someone saluted, clients were arrogantly conservative; the art director had no part in the creative process as he sat with his thumb up his ass, waiting for the talentless copywriter-account



MEET *MAD MEN*'S FUNNY GIRL
CRISTA FLANAGAN
A WOMAN FULL OF SURPRISES

BY ARANYA TOMSETH

Her disastrous joyride on a John Deere tractor was perhaps the most memorable moment of season three (it was certainly the bloodiest), and her character's oddball antics have made her a fan favorite. As the quirky and flighty Lois Sadler on *Mad Men*, Crista Flanagan has gone from being a nosy switchboard operator who blindly lusts after a gay man to a clueless secretary who accidentally lops off the foot of her company's head honcho.

Her deft portrayal of the dim-witted Lois is hardly surprising—Flanagan is a pro when it comes to funny, having honed her comedic chops on *MADtv* and in such parody films as *Disaster Movie* and *Meet the Spartans*. The actress spoke with us about learning to drive a tractor and her decision to bare all for *PLAYBOY*.

PLAYBOY: How did you end up landing the part of Lois?

FLANAGAN: *Mad Men* hadn't aired yet. It was a brand-new show and I didn't know much about it, but I got an audition. I went in, and it was great—but I did not get the part. They called me back two weeks later for a different episode and a different role, and it worked out because I was so much more excited about this role and what I would get to do over time.

PLAYBOY: How did you find out about the John Deere episode?

FLANAGAN: I got a phone call from the *Mad Men* production office, and I hadn't seen the script and had no

idea what I was doing. They called and said, "You have tractor rehearsal on Thursday." I honestly had to stop and say, "What show is this?" because I thought either they'd gotten the wrong number or it was a different show I was recurring on. I said, "A tractor? I need to drive a tractor?" I'd actually driven a tractor, so I thought it wouldn't be too hard. But I'd forgotten it would be a 1963 tractor—it was much trickier.

PLAYBOY: What do you like most about playing Lois?

FLANAGAN: I know that if they're writing something for me it's probably going to be crazy. I get to do the funniest things ever, and I just say the dumbest stuff. Lois misses the mark so badly, and I love that. I know I'm going to step out on a limb or something and get it wrong, and that's pretty fun.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to pose for *PLAYBOY*?

FLANAGAN: Part of the reason was because it scared me, and I thought it was exciting that something still scared me.

PLAYBOY: So how did it go?

FLANAGAN: I was really nervous about it, and then I thought the only thing that would be embarrassing would be if I hated my body. But everybody was so great. I got there and they had a little area for my wardrobe, and I felt okay when I walked in and saw all the beautiful shoes. I was like, "Oh good, I'll get good shoes," which is pretty funny because I hardly got to wear shoes.

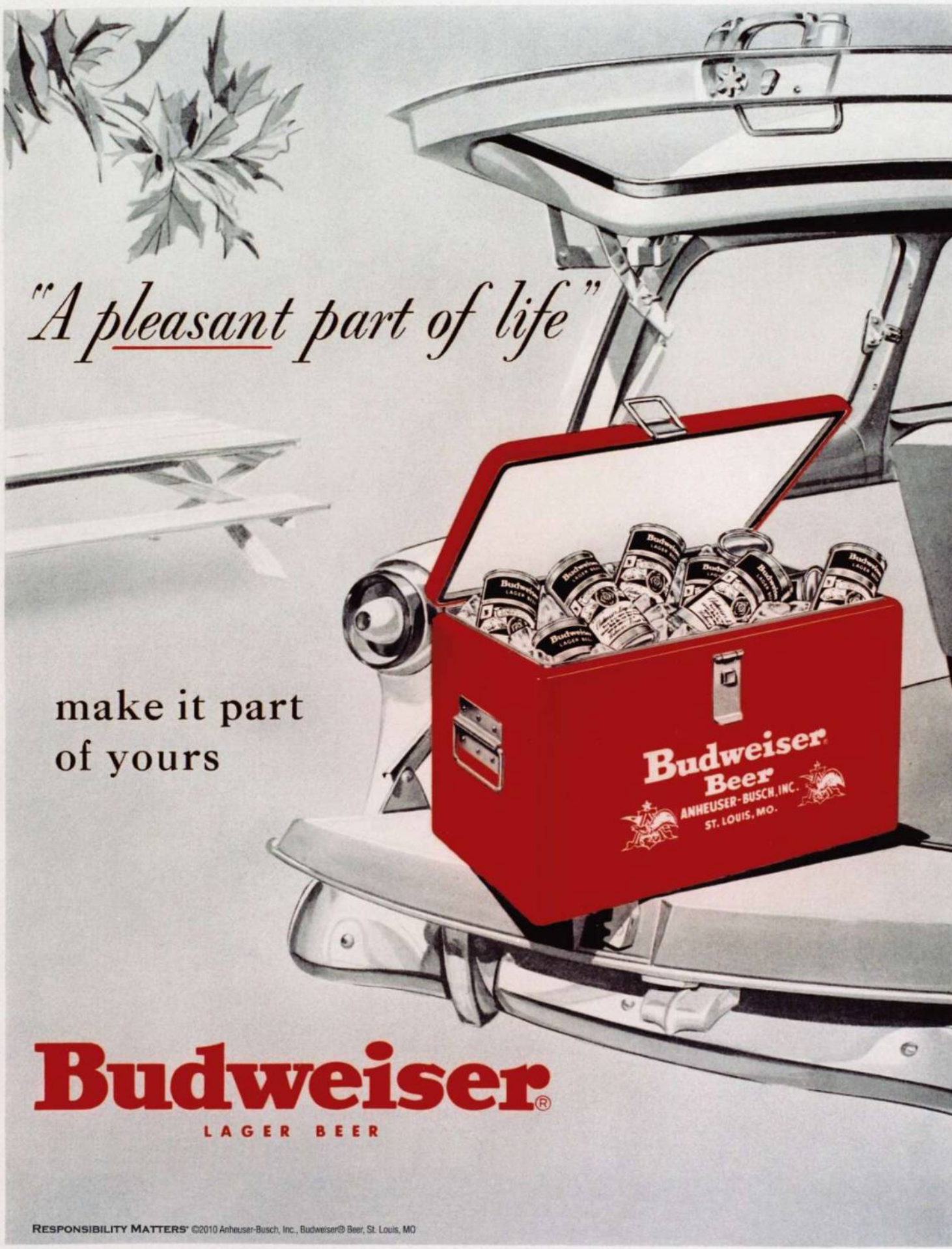




WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A young man who knows his way around—uptown or downtown—the PLAYBOY reader's arrival signals the start of an eventful evening. And with good taste—from wine to women—he's a man who dines and drinks out often. Facts: 89% of PLAYBOY readers enjoy at least one drink, 43% at least three, in a restaurant or bar each week. For 30% it's just natural to end an evening with a cordial note. Sure lift for your beverage sales: a campaign in PLAYBOY. It will do wonders for your spirit. (Source: *Playboy Male Reader Survey* by Benn Management Corp.)

Advertising Offices: New York • Chicago • Detroit • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Atlanta



"A pleasant part of life"

make it part
of yours

Budweiser[®]
LAGER BEER



executive team to deliver copy for him to form into a traditional uninspired layout; committee group-grope reigned and lawyers restrained—all resulting in insipid, brutally dull and/or obnoxious TV and print campaigns that contaminated the American scene.

That mind-numbing mediocrity was more typical of the 1950s than the 1960s (and it still exists today). *Mad Men* misrepresents the advertising industry by ignoring the revolution that changed the world of communications forever. That mortal sin of omission makes *Mad Men* a lie. Matthew Weiner, creator and show runner of *Mad Men*, rejects my opinion of his show, stating that “George Lois is a legend...but Sterling Cooper is not cutting-edge; it’s mired in the past” and calling his characters “dinosaurs.” Huh? In creating a popular TV show based on an ad agency, the producers go whole hog to depict the scum of the industry rather than the upbeat world of culture-busting creativity. *Mad Men* has given the world the perception that the scatology of the Sterling Cooper workplace was industry-wide. In their advertising, the show’s creators have the balls to proclaim that “*Mad Men* explores the Golden Age of Advertising,” but they surely know they’re shoveling shit. Their show is nothing more than a soap opera set in a glamorous office where stylish fools hump their appreciative, coiffured secretaries, suck up martinis and smoke themselves to death as they produce dumb, lifeless advertising—oblivious to the inspiring civil rights movement, the burgeoning women’s lib movement, the evil Vietnam war and other seismic events of the turbulent, roller-coaster 1960s that altered America forever. (After hours, when the Sterling Cooper stiffs are screwing their staff, we athletes at PKL were playing ball on the best amateur softball and basketball teams in New York City. To each his own.)

The more I think and write about *Mad Men*, the more I take the show as a personal insult. So fuck you, *Mad Men*, you phony gray-flannel-suit, male-chauvinist, no-talent, WASP, white-shirted, racist, anti-Semitic Republican SOBs!

Besides, when I was in my 30s I was better-looking than Jon Hamm.





"A TRACTOR?"
SHE ASKS.
"I NEED TO
DRIVE A TRACTOR?"



See a gallery of swinging Sixties
Playboy models at playboy.com/60s.

STARDUST

(continued from page 50)

was away..." she says.

"Plus I sucked off my masseur..." she says.

My feet begin to ache. I sigh deeply and Phoebe looks at me, laughs silently while pointing at the receiver and then forming a bla-bla puppet with her free hand.

When she hangs up she asks me to drive her to the Hall of Justice so that she can provide one of her boyfriends—one of her "lovers"—with money to pay the tow fee he incurred after parking in a bus zone. It's absolutely necessary to pay the tow fee, she continues, because, actually, the car is her husband's. A "non-person," she has called him. She also, she says, probably will have to post bond since her lover, who presumably is a person of some kind, showed up at the impound lot drunk and disorderly and took a wild swing at one of the police officers stationed there. Today the children ate Bean and Cheese Burrito with Mexicali Corn, Small Pretzel and Applesauce.

The new show takes ugly shape at a series of regular meetings. Brea is adamant about retaining the formula of musical guests and high-tech chat. He is particularly interested in initiating a rivalry between the new show and *San Francisco Saturday!*, a weekly radio program broadcast live from a waterside theater in that city and itself blatantly imitative of Garrison Keillor's *A Prairie Home Companion*, or "the Benchmark," as Peach annoyingly insists on referring to it.

"Keillor has emerged as one of the most distinctive personalities in contemporary broadcasting," lectures Brea. It's a ridiculous statement, like suggesting that the sun is a distinctive object in the solar system, but none of us takes it seriously or responds since Brea's pithy superlatives generally are lifted wholesale from other sources. I do, however, take the rivalry between these two provincial shows very seriously: It is, albeit by proxy, a rivalry with Keillor. Keillor once, in the course of one of the countless interviews he grants in his capacity as a beloved national figure, referred to me as a "very sick man" and a "scourge." Granted, I can't disagree with his assessment of my personality *at that time*, but I was somewhat upset by his remarks, and I remain so.

Frankly, Keillor's show has always made me nervous. The fact that *San Francisco Saturday!* and a dozen other shows around the country have been modeled successfully upon it confirms that Keillor himself is easily replaceable (which, I might point out, cannot be said about *me* in connection with any of my former showcases): It is a show that reflects the message of its audience. Somewhere, in the midst of the anecdotes, the imitation commercial messages, the performances by bluegrass quartets, there is always a moment when its essentially xenophobic bias surfaces. What

occurs at these moments, when the usually gracious audience, which has applauded politely after energetically hokey musical performances and admittedly funny skits as if clustered around a putting green, rouses itself to roar and whistle and clap in discordant unanimity, is the terrifying sound of an onrushing thing, the death of something precious, something capable of feeling intense pain.

Tonight, as I shower, I notice dark loops of hair amidst the lather in my hands after I shampoo. More hair swirls down the drain. I place my head under the streaming water again to clear my nose, gaze at the bright red matter in my hand before rinsing it away as well.

Phoebe shows up for work today with a child's composition book, from which she begins to read aloud after removing it from her purse. I am rapt.

"I am drowning in my tears/with my passion tied around my neck," she reads. "Well?"

Her smile tells me that I must answer this correctly.

"It's very interesting," I reply, hedging. I touch my nose.

"My husband wrote it. I found this notebook while I was talking on the phone. Usually I don't go through his things, but hey, I left him on the sofa this morning, hungover."

I analyze the fragment tonight, at that familiar moment when I put down the book I'm pretending to read and play back the day's significant events—i.e., the events in which Phoebe and I interacted. "I am drowning in my tears/with my passion tied around my neck." The non-person clearly is capable of human emotion (if not poetry). Phoebe's judgment strikes me as unnecessarily harsh, but if it is necessary for her to have made it, then the conclusion I draw is that Phoebe is the "person" in the marriage. I envision her draped, wrapped, tied around the non-person's neck, with the lively imitation eyes of a fur stole, which would be hilarious if not for the fact that my brain is burning and my toenails are growing into my flesh. My nose is on fire. I realize with sudden anger that I'd like to point out to her that "if he's 'drowning,' then where does that leave you, the symbiotic (*Greek: state of living together*) and eternal Other?"

When I testified before the Federal Communications Commission—having been offered, in effect, a confession to sign—the commissioner to whom I spoke, the FCC chair himself, asked me the following question: "Who in the hell do you think you are?" This question was actually read into the permanent record of the United States government. A thousand flashbulbs

popped as it was asked. A thousand popped as I began to grope for an answer.

Drifting to sleep, I realize that for several nights running my heart has skipped beats, the absence of the pulse filling my body with a dry, rushing sensation, a moment of physical abatement in which the dark continuum of my life's rhythms carries me from the brink of death through sheer momentum alone, the knotted central muscle resuming just before the decaying tempo ceases altogether. Today the children ate Pepperoni Pizza with Tossed Salad, Diced Pears and Jungle Crackers.

The station's Executive Director had given each of us a Personal Life Clock at the Holiday Party the year before. He hadn't actually given them to us; he had arranged for them to be provided free of charge, as Holiday Gifts (likewise, he probably had not paid for them himself, either).

Phoebe had informed me then that the clocks had been provided in lieu of the modest but helpful holiday bonus checks that the staff had been given in prior years. In my last year of employment at my previous situation I had been awarded a bonus of close to a half-million dollars at year-end, and I'd mentioned this offhandedly to Phoebe, whose charms were just then beginning to make their indelible impression on me.

"You don't have to show off," she'd said.

I'd stammered, "I—it's all gone now." Slowly, theatrically, she'd taken in our shabby surroundings. "No shit."

The wrapped boxes sat on our chairs at our assigned places in the banquet room where the punctually conducted two-hour celebration was held. They awaited us, the Personal Life Clocks; we had to move them out of the way in order to sit down: In this way they were noticed.

The function of the Personal Life Clock is to calculate and display, on the basis of the barest information, the number of hours, minutes and seconds remaining in one's statistical lifetime. It alternates between 150 inspirational messages, which flicker, in turn, beneath the diminishing number. The clock also, almost incidentally, displays the correct time. It's a handsome device, its mechanism embedded in an obelisk of smooth veined granite. Thus each clock is in its own small way as unique as the figure it digitally erases, or rather what that figure supposedly represents.

Phoebe is so disturbed by the Personal Life Clock that she refuses even to discuss it. I once tried to joke with her, reading from the pamphlet that had accompanied my clock.

"Savor every minute with your Personal Life Clock...."

"I don't want to even talk about it."

"Clock as shown in photo at left indicates that owner has 321,847 hours, 14 minutes and 55 seconds of joy left in life...."



"Now, Harry, let's not let this spoil our honeymoon!"

"It's really not funny. It's disgusting."

"...The time is 8:30 P.M...."

"Please. Will you?"

"Time is the most precious commodity each of us possesses, yet one which is all too often taken for granted...."

For italic type I spoke from the very top of my diaphragm, imbuing my voice with an airy, ethereal quality. Phoebe is quite right about my voice: It is unusually expressive.

"He has years left," I said in a normal tone.

"Yeah? How many?"

"Thirty-seven."

"You figured it out. Your problem is, you stage everything."

"Where does that leave you, you god-damned bitch?" Is this really me thinking of my beloved Phoebe, or are these the unwitting perceptions of the non-person,

her husband, suffering this faithless wife? I think of him as inert, immobile on the couch where he lies hungover as Phoebe "goes to the street fair," which I understand to be the euphemism she uses to describe this Sunday's extramarital rendezvous as well as the literal alibi with which she had explained her whereabouts to the non-person. I imagine the annoying crowd, the smells, the stupid wares for sale, and she is conspicuous by her absence, though where she is and what she's doing I try not to think about. She's told me that her lover is "pretty good in bed," that for the most part it's "a sensual thing"; in fact she describes it as "an experiment." I want to ask if he has a long fat cock but realize that I already think he does and don't want to hear her contempt for his inadequacy if he doesn't—yet more contempt from this "goddamned bitch," this "faithless wife," who pays for her massages by "sucking off her masseur,"

like a "whore." It occurs to me that the non-person and I are locked in the fellowship of some unanimous mirage of perverse voyeurism, horrible and endless; I wonder if he is as troubled as I am by the swelling of his anger, if he has to struggle as hard to control it. Today the children ate Submarine Sandwich with Shredded Lettuce and Tomato, Carrot Sticks and Diced Pears.

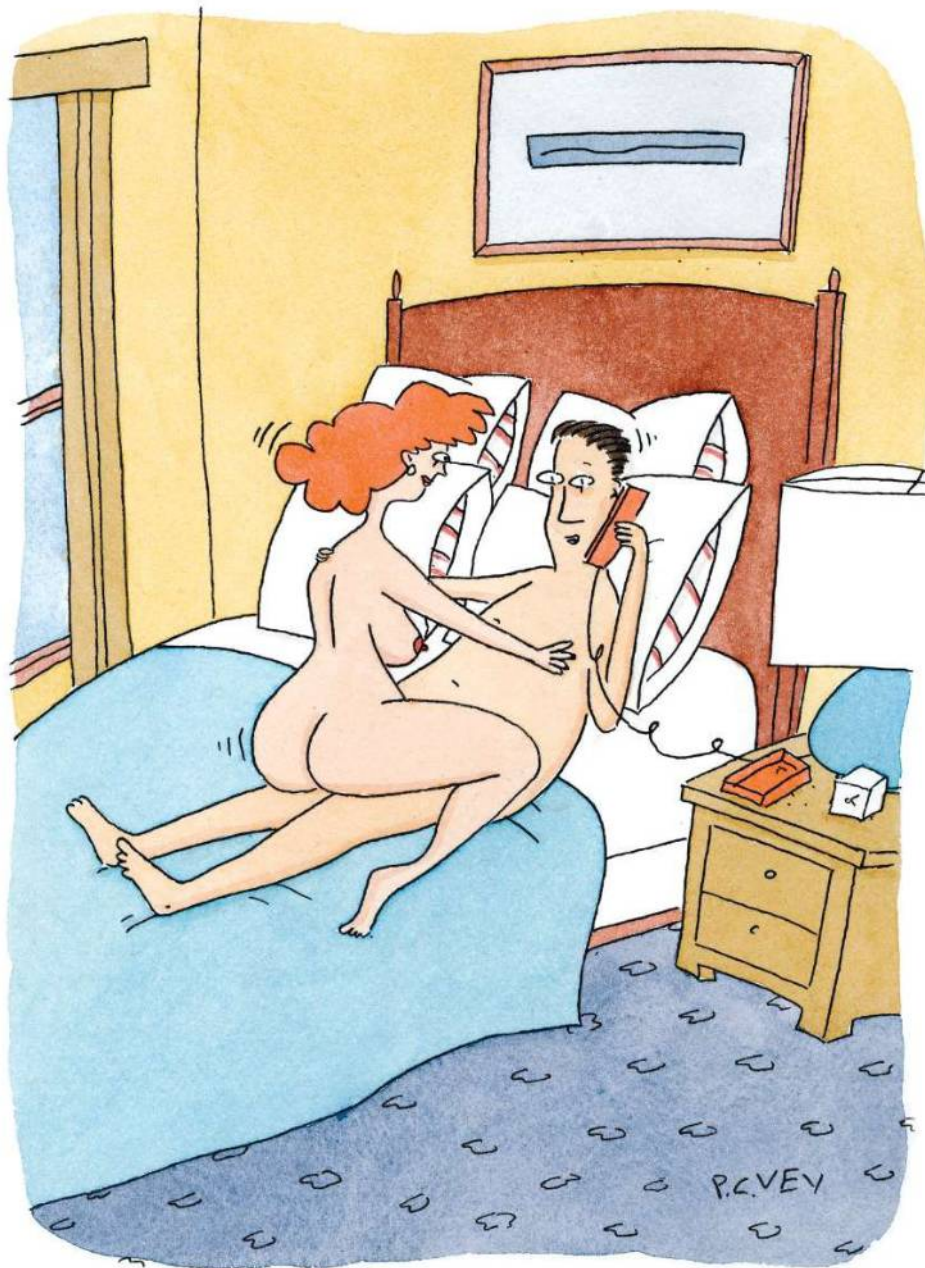
The unmistakable odor of putrescence seems to cling to me, follow me. Alone in the men's room, I pick clots of dried blood from my nose, bringing with them dark wet bristles of hair and fleshy matter. My nose is definitely rotting. When the men's room door opens, I unaccountably begin to sing the lines, *I am drowning in my tears/with my passion tied around my neck*, while pretending to wash my hands. One of the interns enters. "Hey," he says, "isn't that Barrett Eli?"

I have a problem with this intern. He is always telling me what a "hero" I am to him "for what [I] did on the air in New York." I always thank him graciously, although I resent that my reputation still rests on that extended, grotesque, regrettable lapse. I do not tell him that I now believe in Jesus Christ, in mankind's unlimited potential for goodness despite the constant barrage of temptation and sin. I do not tell this intern about the vulgarity I discern in the association of such regrettable lapses with heroism or that I find his obvious view that such heroism broadens one's career opportunities (since it is this kind of mischaracterization of my disgusting behavior that led to my being approached by the station to begin with) to be even more vulgar. I do not tell him that this pathetic station's hiring of me was the conjunction of both our last-ditch efforts. I do not tell him that some people were very badly injured by what I'd done.

Some people: After my wife had left me and the period of pain had expired, I realized with bitter ambivalence that I had won a war of attrition. 98.6° had left the bed, little else, and my obligation to commune with the greater world had been paid. A somewhat murky period followed. Attorneys-at-law. Drug dealers. Government buildings. Unanswered phone calls. Debt collectors. Today the children ate Barbecue Rib Dippers with Celery Sticks and Carrot Coins, with Diced Peaches and Southern Biscuit.

Tonight, Phoebe does not require a lift because she is going to a nearby restaurant to meet a man whom she "did" at a party after "getting bombed." I know the restaurant well, having eaten lunch there several times; remember the protruding concrete eaves beneath which I usually park my car to shield it from the sun. Perhaps in the relative seclusion there she can suck off his long fat cock.

"It's an acting job. I don't see what you're so upset about."



"Hey, Doris! Helen and I were just talking about you."

"It's not the way I want to act."

Peach and I are going over the tone of the show, the one element on which I have chosen to concentrate, having long ago abandoned any hope of gaining control over its content. At moments like this Brea likes to brandish, with gross theatricality, my contract. The show is set to premiere this weekend, head-to-head against *San Francisco Saturday!* It will begin with my Monologue, move on to a Skit performed by members of the Ensemble Cast, then to the performance of the first Guest Artist, whom I will then Interview, followed by another Skit, during which time the telephone connection with the Industry Executive will be made, wherever in the world that executive may be, while the interns gather the Genuine Audience Queries to be put to the Industry Executive. After this five-minute segment (the "Nucleus of the Show," as Brea puts it) is complete, there will be a break for local News, Traffic and Weather, followed by another Skit, an appearance by a second, and somewhat lesser, Guest Artist and then, finally, Radio Interactive, in which I engage in badinage with the audience. The implications about me contained within the free-form nature of Radio Interactive are what have me worried. Peach makes it clear that I am expected to cut through the questions to expose the naked heart of the questioners; he says—he leers—that he knows I'm a good "improvisationalist," really "on the ball" when it comes to "identifying weaknesses and worrying them." He alternately refers to me as either a *pit bull* or a *junkyard dog*. For effect he reaches over and snatches a small cloth puppet that hangs from some anonymous trophy on the credenza behind his desk and puts it between his teeth, shaking his head rapidly and growling. The puppet's head flails in a caricature of agony.

"Why," he says, the puppet still in his mouth, "do you think we were interested in you to begin with?"

Initially, I'd thought that the station's interest was a chance at redemption. Since arriving in California, I'd assumed that the sense of loneliness and dislocation I experienced here was objective—more so than the intense self-condemnation that I'd felt in New York. But I'm certain now that what passes before my perceptions here occurs

strictly *for me*: that the changing of the seasons has halted for *my* benefit; that the spartan plazas and broad unshaded boulevards were commissioned and planned not as public works but with *me* in mind; that the punishing, inhuman architecture was put up to house *me*, to service *my* needs, for *me* to conduct business in; that the celebration of shopping and costly recreation as healthy civic activity has been devised to point out some ineffable but evident truth to *me*; that the boosterism, even as any sense of place fades from memory, as history falls victim to bulldozers and patented entrepreneurialism, is staged for *me*; and that the people here (so happy, so caring, so paper-thin)—these people could not possibly have grown naturally to this; they have been transformed, altered for *me*. Hell has its purposes.

puts it on his hand. Speaks to me through the puppet. A high falsetto.

"Come on," he chirps. "What do you *really* think of them?" I'm not sure to what he's referring as "them." He and the puppet wait for their answer.

"They sound like balanced meals."

Brea laughs, pounds the desk with his puppeted hand. Today the children ate Fish Nuggets with Macaroni and Cheese, Seasoned Green Beans, Petite Roll and Chilled Sliced Peaches.

Something in my body has begun a course of irreversible betrayal, and I spend the morning at the doctor's office, allowing him to examine me. I awakened today to find that my right side had begun to tingle, that in

places it had gone entirely numb. After the examination, the doctor watches me carefully as I struggle to button my shirt.

"Radiculitis," he decides. "Probably a pinched nerve. You do a lot of sitting?"

I shrug.

"Get your boss to buy you a better chair. Here's a prescription for a nonsteroidal anti-inflammatory medication. Here's a badly photocopied sheet illustrating a number of helpful back exercises. Apply cold, not heat."

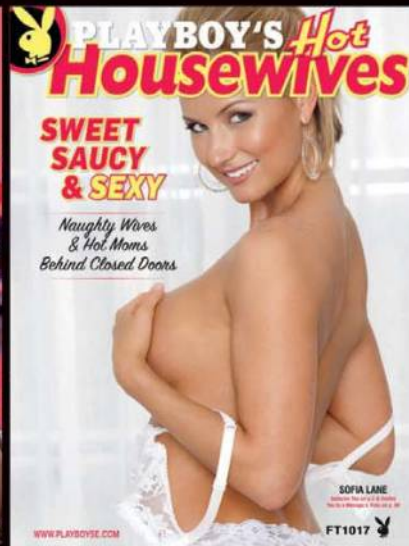
"And my nose?"

"Your nose? *Again?*" he asks. With a sigh of exasperation, he picks up his light scope and gives it a cursory look.

I leave his office, disappointed: I want him to cut the ailment out of me. I go into the men's room to inspect myself in the mirror; see if I can track the disease's march through my

body. In the harsh fluorescent light I see my father's image gazing back at me. We sag under the burden of our lives, although in his case death has eased the burden. The tingling in my right hand is so insistent that I jam the hand into my pants pocket, pressing the palm flat against my thigh. With my left I squeeze the tip of my nose in an exploratory way, then begin to sing: *I am drowning in my tears/with my passion tied around my neck.* There's a rustling from within one of the stalls and I leave immediately, pausing in the doorway as I think I hear someone mutter, "It's Tenderloin Jefferson!" I flee through the corridors of the new Medical Arts building, following sporadic signs directing me to the parking garage, descending a pedestrian ramp at the end of which I can hear the squeal of brakes on slick concrete. I can

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As these things occur to me, in the bright sun of Brea's office, as he sits opposite me behind his desk, the puppet still hanging from between his teeth, I realize that I am obliged to play the part in which I have been cast, that it has all led to this. Brea opens his mouth and lets the puppet drop. It hits the desktop before him, a thin strand of drool spanning the distance between his lips and his shirt cuff. As if to confirm my thoughts, he speaks, answering his own question. His voice is gentle, reassuring.

"Just look at the work you've done for us so far. Those institutional menus, for Christ's sake. Utterly beyond reproach. Yet it's become the region's daily fix. You can't help it. You *do* something to them."

He chuckles, picks up the puppet and

almost smell the wet unstable earth surrounding the garage.

Phoebe reports to work today an hour late. She wears a blouse with a turtleneck collar above which the purple and yellow of multiple contusions creeps, and she has a large bruise under her left eye. Evidently the non-person “freaked out” yesterday evening when, in her absence, he discovered what she calls her “condom collection.” Throughout their relationship, apparently, their sole method of contraception has been coitus interruptus: hence the “freak out.” Yet she is indignant; apparently he has told her that if she wants to “fuck somebody else,” to go ahead; “just don’t bring home any diseases.” She tearfully confides that she has tried to include him in her sexual explorations but that he brusquely declines to join any of her proposed ménages. “He’s a real American

after all,” she complains, “a fucking Puritan.” She loudly pines for the days when they were happy; when they had plenty of money from “dealing” on campus; when they “gallivanted around Europe” together; how something “happened to him” when they moved to California and he *just gave up; wears the same clothes day after day; she’s sorry but if after throwing everything she’s got into the relationship and getting nothing back can she be blamed for every now and then feeling the urge to go to a party, get bombed and fuck someone? Now all he does is sit on the couch, watching TV and pining for fucking Detroit.* I overhear all of this from the privacy of the vantage point I’ve long since made my own, a small alcove formed by the U-shaped conjunction of three tall lateral filing cabinets where with relative discretion I can eavesdrop on Phoebe’s conversations. In this case, however, discretion is unnecessary since Phoebe’s lamentations begin to draw a crowd. All at once it occurs to me that Phoebe is being

somewhat louder than necessary—that, while lost in concentration on her words, her dirty mouth, I haven’t noticed that Phoebe seems on the edge of hysteria, that she is actually shrieking. I wander out of the alcove to join the five or six others, including Brea, who watch Phoebe shatter into pieces, and although I try to wear an expression of concern, both for my sweet Phoebe—so that she knows I’m present, aware of her anguish—and for the benefit of the others, the *shocked* others, I’m busy wondering whether the non-person made his discovery as a result of some sloppiness on her part, perhaps her failure to adequately conceal the stockpile after giving Caitlin all her extra-large condoms so that Caitlin could enjoy being penetrated by the abnormally large penis, the Long Fat Cock, of Phoebe’s Ex-Lover as Phoebe moved on to other things; Sex With Cynthia and Sucking Off her Masseur and Doing People at Parties After Getting Bombed, all manner of sensual experiments; wondering if the non-person, this husband, flailed in his own anguish beyond humiliation, flailed as drowning people tend to do, flailed and struck his faithless wife, who left him to his sadness and confusion on the couch as he grieved the loss of Detroit and its umber industrial mysteries, its colossal defeat and stunted revival; left him to donate her body, drawn by the darkness of unruly yearning to flesh which pined for nothing but the moment of her; flailed, and struck her, and then fixed his grieving non-person’s non-hands around her living throat, soft and yielding, hot with panicked blood, unexpectedly fragile; her throat, just above which, in her deceitful brain, her contempt for him had taken root and blossomed: his passion, then, tied around her neck.

Brea calls Phoebe into his office, the privacy of his office, “Let’s go into my office where we can have some privacy,” he says, and the door shuts behind them.

The witnesses to Phoebe’s outburst disperse silently. I gaze at the tableau Phoebe has left for latecomers to the scene (her coat where it has fallen to the floor behind her swivel chair, the cardboard container that held her coffee lying on its side on her desk, its contents saturating the papers stacked there, the simple banality of the work abandoned, characters and graphics branding her computer screen with their images), the remains of the expenditure of great emotional energy and a measurable amount of physical violence. I’m panting, my heart beats rapidly, and I realize that I’m holding the final draft of my script in my hands, twisting its bound pages into a corkscrew shape. I have the familiar sense that there’s something I should be doing. The situation seems to call for something. I am trying to remember. Do I call the police? My attorney-at-law? Do I submit to a Breathalyzer test? A polygraph? Is it necessary for me to clean out my office? I leave behind the evidence, evidence that might be subject to a forensic examination in order to determine what, if anything, happened here.

Now that I think of it, Phoebe often shows up for work, usually on Monday mornings, with



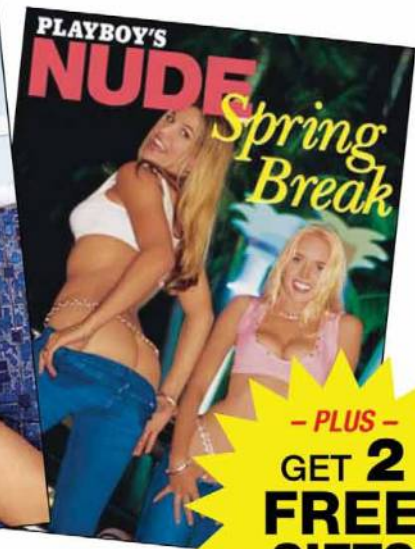
Don Lewis

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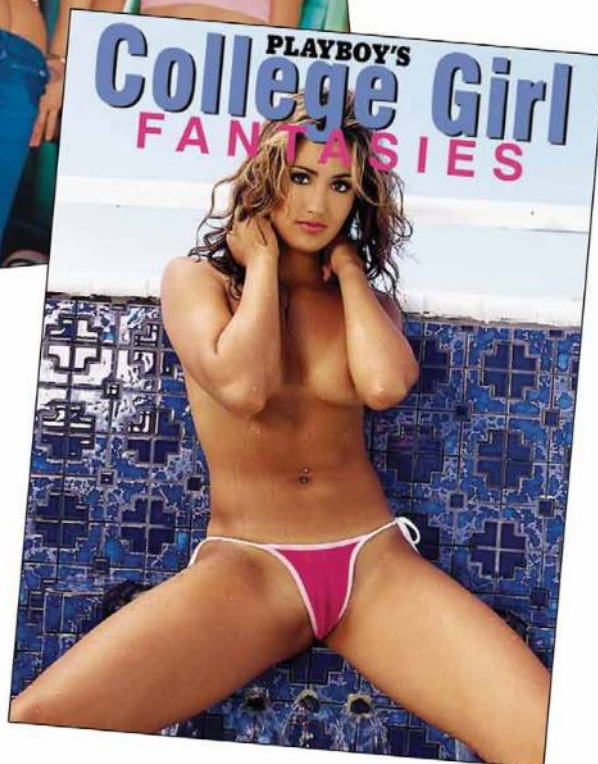
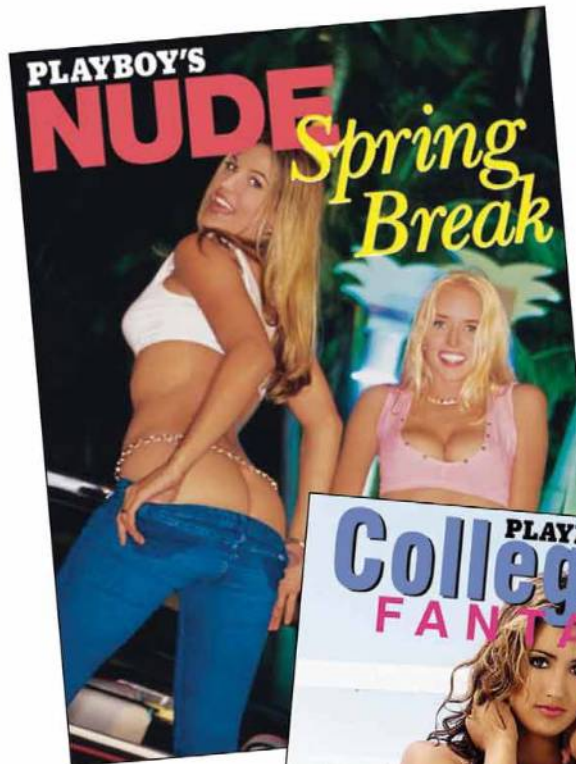
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bruises. She seems to “fall off her bicycle” quite frequently. Her Personal Life Clock says that she has roughly 473,000 hours of joy left in life. Of course, there would be no use in pointing this out to her. I can point out nothing to her. Today the children ate Bratwurst on a Whole Grain Roll, with Oven Baked Potato Rounds, Mixed Vegetables and Crunchy Peanut Butter Cookies.

Phoebe has been granted a leave of absence, a very generous leave of absence consisting of the bundling of her accumulated vacation, sick and personal days. Evidently (and to my total surprise), the goddamned bitch has amassed quite a few of each, for a total paid leave of absence of 23 working days, as well as a *reasonable amount of additional, unpaid, time if required, to be discussed at a later date*, according to the confidential memorandum that I read, feverishly, in a men’s room stall after having stolen it from Brea’s desk. I am surprised at Brea’s munificence, but I have after all heard him say many times that Phoebe is “a valuable member of the team.” She and the non-person are “going to try to work things out.” She wants to “work on the relationship,” and tonight I’m driving Phoebe home for the last time. The ecosystem of our love? What about it? Tonight the earth has spun out of its orbit and rolls toward the frozen vacancies of deep space. I know that it is the absolute end of whatever it is we may have together. It is the pulverization of my longing. Tonight waves are cresting wild and high, breaking and then being pulled back into the silver and gray sea after tossing the things they carry onto the darkened sand. Tonight gigantic scales, calibrated to the most infinitesimal precision, are being constructed out of the rusted chewed parts of mammoth industrial machinery. Heavy things fall quivering into their pans. Phoebe is telling me that we’ll have to get together for lunch sometime. When they get back, she says. They’re going to Michigan to chill out for a while. Tonight every living thing on the planet shrivels and perishes, while the dead rise. She says that usually she can keep it all separate; that *she loves her husband* but that *she really cares for some of the people she’s seeing, as people* but that *she loves sex*, and I realize suddenly that she means it, that her convictions regarding sex and her commitment to its diverse enactments do indeed constitute a true fealty, that she *loves* it; accepts as eucharistic the things that fill her: human, animal or molded rubber.

And then she asks me a question as weighted with the time it has lingered unspoken, as swollen in its full gestation, as any I might yearn to ask her: “How do you keep it separate; I mean, it’s not the same thing, but you seem like a pretty nice guy... but after what you did, what you said on the air in New York and all.... I mean I know it has to have been an *act* to you on some level, but also *real*, right, but like you didn’t take it home, or something? How did you do it?”

“Well,” I say. “Well—”

I believe in Jesus Christ and in mankind’s unlimited potential for goodness despite the constant barrage of temptation and sin. Today the

children ate Chicken Patty Sandwich with Oven Baked French Fries, Fresh Zucchini and Cherry Cobbler.

For the monologue, I stick to the script, which is so stilted and unfunny that I deliver it with a lisp, which sets the audience on edge. I evade Brea by withdrawing to my small office during the skit and guest performance, then emerge to interview the guest artist, asking questions only about what her mother used to make her for lunch. It turns out her mother has recently died, which makes for a touching segment and also causes the skit that follows to fall completely flat. The industry executive—who isn’t on a yacht or in a Swiss chalet but in an office a quarter mile away—has developed a new form of digital compression so boringly incomprehensible that even he wants to talk only about a cover band he performs with on weekends. There are no queries for him from the audience. I feel as if I am perched in my own skull, peering out from behind my eyes, the operator of an enormous piece of demolition equipment. I ask the executive if he has ever *played the silent trombone*. He himself is silent on the other end of the line. I have trouble refraining from putting my fingers in my rotten nose in front of the audience, which has begun to leave by twos and threes.

The rest of the show limps along until it’s time for Radio Interactive, at which point the band strikes up “I Feel Fine,” its unmistakable opening riff blunted and smashed in this particular rendition as a banjo arpeggio. The vocalists dispense with the syncopation of the original arrangement to sing their parts in a kind of groaning, sucking ostinato. I wave my hands wildly, as if chasing away a suddenly appearing swarm of bees. There are, in fact,

bees in my head. Everywhere I look is bright yellow. I focus on a particularly insipid face sitting in one of the bleacher-style seats.

“That’s fine entertainment, but....” I make an ambiguous gesture with my left hand. It could be conciliatory. It could be obscene. Testing the waters. There is a certain hesitancy on the part of the audience as well. We are all about to learn something together. This is the moment they’ve been waiting for, the moment of my comeback. It is radio, and the gesture fades into its eternal impalpability. It is part of the cohesion of the universe that it happened here, once; I swept the air with my left hand and left someone amused, someone angered, someone very badly hurt; someone who leaves the studio and begins, perhaps still angered, to drive back home on the freeway; perhaps so distracted by anger that he misses his exit; perhaps swerving suddenly, a vehicular lunge for the exit; perhaps cutting off an old car carrying four unbelted teenagers, a car with worn strut rod bushings, perhaps, which perhaps now fatally fail; the old car plowing into a pole and throwing its occupants, who are killed instantly. Perhaps an elderly woman, listening alone 80 miles away, will perish at the sound of my slanders. Perhaps people, certain people, will move further from me, and in less time, than I ever would have thought possible. Perhaps solitude is depthless, goes beyond the numerical fact—one—of aloneness. The yellow audience starts to laugh, unsure of its action. “Ah,” I say. “Now what shall we talk about?” My target face, glowing ochre, laughs too. It is Saturday morning, and the children are eating nothing. I have fed them nothing. The sun and the stars shine, yellow and bright, in Studio J. I am death and chaos. I advance on my target.



“Look around, son. Someday this will all be yours.”

CORNEL WEST

(continued from page 36)

its way deep into the vanilla suburbs, with white kids looking at Lil Wayne, looking at Kanye, looking at Beyoncé and so forth. I mean, you'll always have Hannah Montana and others doing their thing. [laughs] But so many major figures in popular culture have been black—Michael Jackson, Prince, the genius named Jay-Z. Of course it started earlier, with Louis Armstrong and jazz and then rhythm and blues, James Brown and so on, Motown. And in sports as well, from Jackie Robinson on. By the time hip-hop came along, that younger generation of white listeners was almost completely Afro-Americanized. Style, clothes, music, everything changes.

There's something about folk just wanting to be cool and hip and wanting to respond against certain staid realities in a deodorized culture, and there's nothing wrong with that. Funk is generally a good thing, no matter what form it takes, because it's just trying to be real, trying to cut through hypocrisy, inconsistency, the discrepancy between ideals and practice. And it takes a lot of different forms. It can be James Brown, it can be punk rock, it can be Pearl Jam, Leonard Cohen. They're all funky. They're trying to keep it real. Young people need some exposure to funk or they're going to end up completely socialized into hypocrisy in deodorized spaces. Now what does bringing the funk do for white folk? It helps create possibilities for an Obama to come along, right? You end up with young white people who are less fearful of black bodies.

PLAYBOY: What about black comedians and entertainers who play up clichés about black culture? Tyler Perry has almost single-handedly revived the stereotype of the black crack mother, the black ho and the big black mama.

WEST: Tyler can learn a lot from a towering figure like Spike Lee. Brother Tyler can mature. He can grow. I don't think he'll be enacting *Madagascar* when he's 65. What troubles me is that with all his power and influence—and it is mighty—he can do anything. So why can't he make a classic film, say, of the life of Zora Neale Hurston or James Baldwin? But that's a problem within the larger institutional framework of Hollywood. All the richness in black life right now, and the only thing Hollywood gives us is black pathology. Look at the Oscars. Even *Precious*, with my dear sister Mo'Nique, what is it? Rape, violation, the marginalized. Or else you get white missionary attitudes toward black folk. *The Blind Side*? Oh my God! In 2010? I respect Sandra Bullock's work, but that is not art. Trouble is, I ask my dear brothers and sisters in Hollywood, "When are you going to hit race in a serious way such that you can green-light films that display the humanity and diversity of black life?" And they all come back and say, "Can't make no money, Brother West."

PLAYBOY: Last year an incident involving your former Harvard colleague Henry Louis Gates Jr. spurred the White House

"beer summit" after he charged he was the victim of police racism. Does racism ever affect you personally?

WEST: That was a highly visible example of racism, but racism usually takes a more covert form. I mean, look no further than the academy itself. The leading journals in the country, they never review my books. Nineteen books. Nothing. *Race Matters* sold 35,000 copies a month. Nothing about it in the major journals. Nothing about my memoir either. But they reviewed Hulk Hogan's book that month! A huge review on the book by the guy from Letterman's band, Brother Paul Shaffer. I'm glad for Paul Shaffer, but he gets a whole two pages, and nothing for Brother West? My academic career is dismissed by means of invisibility. And I'm not the only one. If a martian came down to America and read *The New York Review of Books*, it would hardly know there were any black writers. There is a de facto segregation in the life of the mind in America, and black scholars, brown scholars, black intellectuals feel it every day. Now, I can't really complain. I'm a university professor at Princeton. I've done well academically. But it's like Wynton Marsalis. Wynton Marsalis is a jazz genius. You see him in *The New York Times* all the time. How many serious treatments of his music have you seen? None at all. How many times have you seen me in *The New York Times*? Too many times! Sometimes they're very kind to me. Other popular media, always. But I'm talking about serious treatment of my work.

PLAYBOY: There have been critics who look at your media appearances and your presentation style and say you're more of a showman than a scholar.

WEST: Yeah. And the thing is, as a bluesman in the life of the mind, they are partly right. There is a theatrical and dramatic element to what I do and who I am. I just have to be true to that. The way I lecture does remind people of passionate orators, some would say preachers. But I'm not preaching. I'm speaking passionately. I'm still Socratic in terms of critically examining material. So in a sense, they're right. But then, of course, I send 'em back and say, "Well, take a look at the books, the teaching."

Others say, "Well, part of the problem is he does too much." I'm into music, in the movies, having fun with Brother Bill Maher and Brother Colbert and always giving speeches, hundreds of speeches, and writing a book every three years. "How in the world can you do all that and do it well?" Again, I think they've got good ground. Because as a bluesman, I follow Horace. Horace's definition of poetry is "delight and instruct." Or listen to Socrates, who said the learned should engage in *paideia*, which is my calling. Deep education. You unsettle minds, but you also touch souls, and you do it any way you can.

You know, Ralph Ellison used to say, "America is most American when it is theatrical." Yes. Or another fellow bluesman, August Wilson, said for black people reality is "authorized by performance." What he means is, during slavery, the only control we Africans had was over our voices and our bodies. We had no land, we had no territory, no rights and no liberties whatsoever.

So all this self-determination took the form of voice. "Lift Every Voice and Sing" is our anthem. Even when we had instruments, we made the instruments sound like voices. Listen to Coltrane, Miles. The voice is vital, in the moment. It's flexible, fluid, felt as well as heard. So it's part of a performance. And performance is not a marginal thing, because all of us perform in terms of how we interact all the time. But performance for black people carries this tremendous weight and gravity. It is who we are, and it allows us to see each other for who we really are. I feel blessed to be part of this great tradition. I'm in the academy, but I'm also a performer.

PLAYBOY: What was it like to record a song with Prince?

WEST: Lord have mercy, that man is a genius of unparalleled vitality, and going into the studio to record something for him was an extraordinary blessing. But I just love hanging out with the man. We were together in Montreux last summer. He did two shows one night, two hours of jazz—Coltrane, Charlie Parker—then came back with two hours of funk. Unbelievable. Afterward he said, "Brother West, do you sleep?" I said, "Well, I try not to." He doesn't sleep at all. He said, "Let's spend some time talking." First thing we did, we went on top of the hotel and watched some of Obama's speeches. Then we had dialogue for about an hour, then we started talking about music for another hour, and then we talked politics for another hour. We stayed up until 7:30, eight. He packed and jumped on his plane. Stayed up all night. And another time Michael Steele and I were at a Prince concert together.

PLAYBOY: You and the chairman of the Republican National Committee went to a Prince concert?

WEST: Oh yeah. Politics can't stop you from rockin' to a genius, man! [laughs]

PLAYBOY: So Steele has some funk?

WEST: A little funk. He's black Catholic [laughs] and black Catholics have a way to go sometimes. Yeah, they tight. You get mass every day for weeks. It just doesn't leave a lot of room in there for George Clinton, James Brown or Funkadelic, you know?

PLAYBOY: White Catholics don't handle their funk much better. Look at the Vatican.

WEST: Amen, brother! These are difficult times for the flock. But it's to be expected. Anytime you have people making claims of being virtuous, you have massive hypocrisy. That's just who we are as humans. I think hypocrisy ought to be built into every sermon preached at a church: "Sinner that I am" would always be a good way to begin. Nobody's perfect. Consider the brilliant words of my dear brother Samuel Beckett. He was a lapsed Protestant Christian, an atheist, but he had that Augustinian sensibility. He wrote, "Ever tried. Ever failed. No matter. Try again. Fail again. Fail better." Don't project purity or an image of being pristine because you end up falling on your face. Or worse, you end up projecting a face of hypocrisy, as we see with the Vatican—a gay sex scandal among the people who preach against gay marriage and other deeply important issues. Not right.

In the realm of public service, in my opinion, you begin with the 25th chapter

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of Matthew, which says, "Keep the focus on the least of these." The orphaned, the widowed, the poor, the prisoner. And in our world it would be the physically challenged. It would be gay brothers, lesbian sisters. It would be Jews when anti-Semitism is coming at them. It would be Muslims when anti-Muslim sentiments are raging.

PLAYBOY: What's your position on Israel these days?

WEST: We have to recognize on the one hand that our precious Jewish brothers and sisters have been dealing with vicious forms of individual and institutionalized hatred for 2,000 years and that the Holocaust is no joke and not even an anomaly. It could happen again. The vicious attack on Jews for 2,000 years has been chronic. Therefore they have a paranoia. Therefore they need security, and that security is indispensable. At the same time, as they jumped out of the burning buildings of Europe, they landed on the backs of the Arabs. And they had a choice: co-exist, as Einstein called for, or dominate, as Jewish conservatives call for. And that battle has been going on in the heart of Israel for decades. But what we've seen more recently is wholesale occupation by Israel. Occupation of a people is always wrong, immoral, illegal. And people will resist to the last person. That would be true of Palestinian dominating Jew just as it is of Jew dominating Palestinian. From an American policy standpoint, we've fallen short in accepting that a Palestinian life has the same value as an Israeli life. If there is a massacre of 500 Israelis, yes, we've got to go in and protect them. But if there's a massacre of 500 Palestinians, we've got to go in and protect them, too. Problem is, for those of us who believe that, we're often viewed as not being pro-Israel. In fact, I'm more pro-Israel than almost anybody I know. Why? Because I have a deep love for Jewish brothers and sisters. But my love for Palestinian brothers and sisters is exactly the same.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any vices?

WEST: At Harvard, as an undergrad, I saw the best and worst of the 1970s. Drugs were certainly around, but I ran with some good fellows. You know James Brown, the great TV sports personality? We were roommates. I loved that brother. We never touched drugs at all. He was an athlete and I had no interest. I always liked cognac, though. If cognac were illegal, I'd be in jail. [laughs] No doubt about that. I know my brother Bill Maher talks about marijuana. He can have that stuff. I like my Courvoisier.

PLAYBOY: Is your health good? You had a cancer scare a few years ago.

WEST: Cancer's fine, man. It's under control. I'm the most blessed man in late modernity. I should have been dead a long time ago, and I feel I'm living on borrowed time, brother. Well, all of us in some sense are but especially since the cancer. Hallelujah!

PLAYBOY: What's your hope for America looking ahead? In the spirit of Martin Luther King Jr., what's your dream for the future of race relations in this country?

WEST: I think there is no serious dream that's not also wrestling with our nightmares. That's what people didn't understand about Martin King. King had just gotten out of jail when he gave the "I Have a Dream" speech. So he had the nightmare on his soul, like any bluesman. Can't sing about the hope if you're not wrestling with the despair.

You begin with the children. We've got about 35 percent of black children living in poverty. We've got 30 percent of brown. That's 20 percent of all our children. And with red, it's even higher. Start with them. That's the nightmare—to be young and poor, locked into poverty in a country that doesn't care about you. Ain't got nothing, no health care, hardly any food, worried about bullets. That's the nightmare. You think about them and you think about their needs. Education and jobs and health care first, housing and roads and bridges and infrastructure that help people get around. Again, it's not rocket science to understand

this. It's a matter of will, priority, vision. If we don't hit it head-on, chickens come home to roost. We can have all the short-term thinking we want, but we will reap what we sow.

When you read the business pages from the past three years, it's just gangster activity, people getting away with anything they can—looting the Treasury, billions of dollars made on speculation. Those people knew it was wrong, but it was short-term gain, scandal, preoccupation with the 11th Commandment: Thou shalt not get caught. The result is, we're feeling the aftershocks of moral bankruptcy, and it's going to hurt us for a long time.

PLAYBOY: That doesn't sound very optimistic.

WEST: I don't believe in optimism of any sort, but I'm a prisoner of hope. I'm hopeful that if we get a revolution in values, a revolution in priorities, a revolution in orientation—whether it's an actual kind of social and political revolution, I don't know. Marching, for sure. Standing up and being heard, yes. But once our priorities start to shift and the poor and the downtrodden are heard, who knows what's possible? We can bounce back, and we will bounce back. We heard so much about hope during the Obama campaign, and certainly there's been progress. But I still hope for more. To me that means as long as you can breathe, love, think, laugh and dance, you can bear witness. And as long as someone is bearing witness, as long as there is a cloud of witnesses, then there's hope. Because hope is about motion.

That's what it is to be a jazzman, and I want to be a jazzman until the day I die. To help keep that motion, momentum and movement going, for myself, for my students, for the people who hear me. Oh sure, some days you look around at this country and look at the evidence and think, Oh Lord, don't look good. But you keep moving. You gotta keep moving.



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michael cera

(continued from page 73)

CERA: *Natural transition* is not the phrase I would use. *Handsome transition* seems to be a better phrase to encapsulate what that lucky girl has experienced. Unfortunately, Anna and I got to work together for only one day. Though she plays my sister in the movie, one of our biggest scenes together takes place over the phone, and we shot our respective sides of the conversation at completely different times on the shooting schedule. She regrets we weren't able to spend more time together. We got close enough for me to feel comfortable in assuming that.

Q6

PLAYBOY: This is the second time you've played a character in a rock band, after 2008's *Nick and Nora's Infinite Playlist*. Are you more inclined to take a movie role if it lets you embrace your frustrated inner musician?

CERA: Yes. In fact I turned down the lead role in *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps* be-

cause that idiot Oliver Stone didn't think the character should play the alto sax.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Your movie characters are typically meek and soft-spoken, as opposed to the loud, raucous personalities of comic actors like Will Ferrell and Jack Black. Is that by design, or is quiet just your natural personality?

CERA: I'd say it's by design. In real life I like to live hard and fast and filthy and ugly.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You're a lot younger than most of the actors you've worked with. Do you ever feel the age difference?

CERA: Until you're 18 you have to do three hours of schooling on set every day. During that time I always wished I could hang out with everyone else and laugh and kill time in between scenes. *Superbad* was the first set I didn't have to do schooling on, and it was the best feeling in the world. Unfortunately I fell out of a tree and cut my lip while waiting around one day, and I couldn't smile

or laugh for three weeks because it hurt. It was worth it, though.

Q9

PLAYBOY: One of your first jobs as a child actor was in a Pillsbury commercial in which you poke the Doughboy. At the time, did you feel it might be your big acting break?

CERA: Well, in a way it was. Kids around school started asking if I had been in a commercial. They all seemed baffled by it. I enjoyed the recognition until the older kids started poking me in the stomach. Hard. With their fists.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Not long ago a video "leaked" of you freaking out on a movie set, accusing the crew of being amateurs and declaring, "If this movie is worth watching, it will be a fucking miracle!" You never came out and admitted the whole thing was staged, but can we safely assume you're not really a spoiled brat prone to Christian Bale meltdowns?

CERA: You can safely assume whatever the goddamn hell you want.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Are you just making another joke to avoid answering the question?

CERA: For sure.

Q12

PLAYBOY: In a behind-the-scenes documentary for the *Superbad* DVD, director Judd Apatow called you "the most irritating guy I've ever worked with," and your co-star Jonah Hill called you "a fucking ass." They were obviously joking, but doesn't all comedy contain at least a grain of truth?

CERA: The truth of the matter is I'm too classy to ever come out and speak any truth about those reprobates, and they're both classless enough to knock on me and my problems. Between you and me—and I'll thank you not to print this—those two used to come in to work and quite literally spit in the face of crew members. I once saw Jonah pinch the prop master. They'd pour salad dressing in the coffee and sometimes even grab people and kiss them hard on the mouth. To me this sort of behavior in a working environment is deplorable. Then I participate maybe once in a game of throwing shoes at the on-set medic, and all of a sudden I'm painted as the villain of the whole production. That's the brilliance of Jonah and Judd.

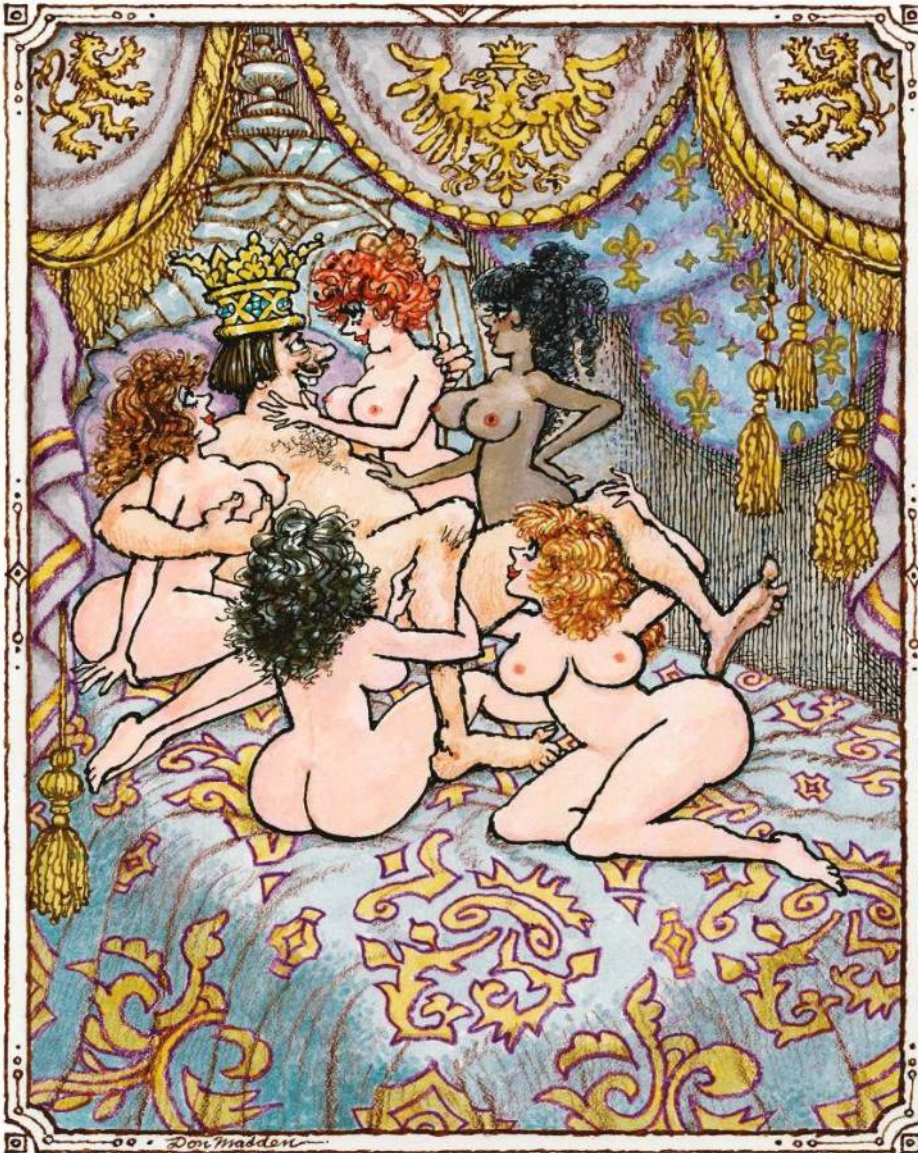
Q13

PLAYBOY: In *Youth in Revolt* you play a shy teenager with a suave alter ego named François, a cigarette-smoking, mustachioed bad boy. François had some hilariously dirty pickup lines, such as "I want to wear you like the crown that you are, then tickle your belly button from the inside." Would you be able to say a line like that to a woman you were attracted to?

CERA: It would be much easier to say it to a woman I was *not* attracted to.

Q14

PLAYBOY: So what's the worst pickup line you've ever mustered the courage to say out loud?



"Whatever made you think horse racing was the sport of kings?"

CERA: "Hey, lady, those are some sexy-ass extensions. I guess you won't mind if I extend to you a personal invitation to party with me one-on-one in a scary motel room."

Q15

PLAYBOY: Your female co-stars tend to be the sexual aggressors. In real life, do you prefer women who take charge?

CERA: Yes, but they're hard to find. For example, when I go out to a restaurant I know every girl in there wants to come say hi and be sexually aggressive, but they're all so gripped by shyness that they don't even make a move. In some cases the shyness is so severe they won't even look at me.

Q16

PLAYBOY: You once got a "Guido makeover" by the cast of MTV's reality show *Jersey Shore*. Was that as uncomfortable for you as it was for us to watch?

CERA: Actually it was one of the most pleasant days I've had in a long time. We got drunk and laughed and danced and got in a hot tub and ate pizza. It was sort of like my eighth birthday party.

Q17

PLAYBOY: You're in your early 20s, but you still have a baby face. Do you expect that to change someday, or will you be a 40-year-old man who still gets carded at bars?

CERA: What am I, a baby-faced psychic?

Q18

PLAYBOY: It seems as if in almost all your films your character is losing his virginity in awkward and embarrassing ways. Was your actual deflowering just as adorable?

CERA: To be honest I don't remember too much about it. All I remember is I had been awake for almost 86 hours, I was on the roof of a Public Storage building in what seemed to be a freezing rainstorm, and Crispin Glover was there with a disposable camera he kept winding even though it had clearly run out of exposures. My memory of it has fogged as time has gone by, and I've pushed it out of my mind, though I do seem to remember something about a plastic Academy Award for best grandson being involved. You might say it was my first brush with the finer side of show business.

Q19

PLAYBOY: On the cult TV show *Arrested Development*, you played an insecure teenager named George-Michael while you actually were a teenager. Were you just an acting prodigy or was all that insecurity and clumsy uncertainty we saw on-screen the real deal?

CERA: For sure an acting prodigy. Off set I used to joke with the crew guys about how we'd all beat up my character if he ever tried hanging out around us.

Q20

PLAYBOY: Your last name means "wax" in Spanish, Italian and Portuguese. If only to live up to your surname, are you always ready for bikini season?

CERA: I've never lived up to anything in my whole entire life.



DEMI

(continued from page 55)

in relation to someone else, though most important she is an older woman mainly in relation to her view of her own romantic possibilities—whether they are increasing or diminishing. Soon Margaret was to be embroiled in a desperate campus affair that would end one marriage and begin her own, which would end soon enough itself.

Now, years later, the Margaret I knew then strikes me as impossibly young, more posturing than knowing, more wounded than sophisticated and more doomed than either of us could have known. But that's because I am older now. Older than the writer who couldn't perform.

I am old enough that when I told a friend I was writing a piece about "older women," he laughed and said, "Older than you? That's funny!"

Although both men and women end up lugging the battered suitcases of our aging bodies to destinations undreamed of in our youth, men can usually afford to be a little more lighthearted about the trip. We have our vanity, to be sure, but we haven't spent our lives fearing that with age comes invisibility.

The male gaze, upon which magazines like *PLAYBOY* (and writers for *PLAYBOY*) depend, gets a bad rap in feminist polemics, where it is deemed, at least when directed at women, as appraising, predatory, dismissive. Maybe so. But in my experience, the male gaze can't hold an interrogator's bare lightbulb to the harshness of the female gaze focused upon its source.

Men stare ferociously at women, forgivingly at themselves. Women tend toward generosity when it comes to men's physical attributes (their earning power is another story), but themselves they scrutinize as harshly as the desert sun illuminates a hermit's shack.

With middle-aged women in particular, that gaze goes about its daily inspections only to witness the object of its attention beginning to crack and crumble, to slide and sag. Even younger women are not immune to this despairing survey. My former girlfriend, at the ripe age of 29, swaddled her face nightly with Oil of Olay (or "Oil of Old Lady," as another gal calls it). "What will I do when you die?" she asked me. There was a 21-and-a-half-year difference in our ages and I assume she was making what the insurance industry calls an actuarial assumption.

"Find yourself a randy 77-year-old," I told her.

She was not amused.

"I already have frown lines," she said, massaging the cream into the corners of her mouth.

"That's because you're worrying about these sorts of things," I said.

She was not placated. She stared at herself in the future and foresaw a widow with ancient frown lines. Who would want her?

The fear, my friend Elizabeth tells me, is that a woman will find herself a



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wallflower at the orgy. She once asked her grandmother, then in her 80s and vacationing in Palm Beach, whether she was having a wonderful time.

"Are you kidding?" her grandmother said. "At my age, no one has a wonderful time. I have a nice time watching other people have a wonderful time."

Hollywood is doubtless a harsh mistress in this respect. When your looks are a large part of your stock-in-trade, you eye their depletion with the anxiety of a day trader in a nose-diving market. Even those of us who have had no reason to trade on our looks find their erosion a little dispiriting.

Against that, dear Demi, what is a woman to do? As inspiration and possible subject for a biopic you could star in (and I ask only a finder's fee for my role in matching you to this Academy Award-winning role), you might consider the life of one Jane Digby. Born into a well-to-do British family, Digby ran off with gypsies while a child, before being

retrieved by her relatives. She rejected the conventions of proper society. By the time she reached her mid-40s, she had already divorced three husbands, cohabited with a bandit king in a mountain cave, conceived an illegitimate child or two and so disgraced herself in English society that there was no route home. Not that she wanted to go back to dreary England anyway.

She traveled to Syria, met and married a bedouin prince more than 20 years younger. "On her wedding night," wrote one chronicler, "she amazed her husband with her prowess." She had learned, it is written, to kiss in a hundred ways, to "clasp the penis with her vulva" and to "execute the up-and-down swinging motions of the hips called *hez*, moving [her] bottom like a riddle."

For the next 25 years, Digby and her prince spent half of each year in Baghdad, half in the desert, which husband and wife preferred, racing horses and camels, hunting antelopes and wolves, and engaging in tribal battles. When she died at 74,

the prince was so shattered that he bolted from the funeral procession, only to return to Digby's graveside riding her favorite mare, just in time to watch the coffin lowered into the ground.

No offense, Demi, but Jane Digby, the ringlet-haired aristocrat, the exiled noblewoman, the desert rider, makes G.I. Jane look like a prissy little war baby. And by the way, do you know what it is to move your bottom like a riddle?

Wouldn't it be better to move your bottom like a riddle than to get a nip and a tuck?

The French novelist Colette, hardly a *poulet du printemps* herself (despite having the shape of a roast chicken), as well as no slouch when it came to attracting men as she aged, wrote that her fellow older woman Mae West "does not experience the bitterness of the abandoned older woman." That's because West, like Colette, refused to go gentle into that good night without hauling along a couple of entertaining young men into that dark by the scruff of their necks. She didn't even begin her movie career until she was almost 40; she was nearly 70 when she took a 33-year-old lover. Her success with men continued throughout her life.

She refused to be defined by looks alone. She possessed the sense of entitlement more often said to be the domain of rich older men. Money, she believed, "is a great love potion for an affair." Her example suggests that when it comes to romance, the erotics of an unbridled imagination wed to an abiding appetite will always trump the mere holding actions of face-lifts and tummy tucks. "Between two evils, I always pick the one I never tried before," she said.

Oscar Wilde, no older woman perhaps but certainly a queen, once said that "the tragedy of old age is not that one is old, but that one is young."

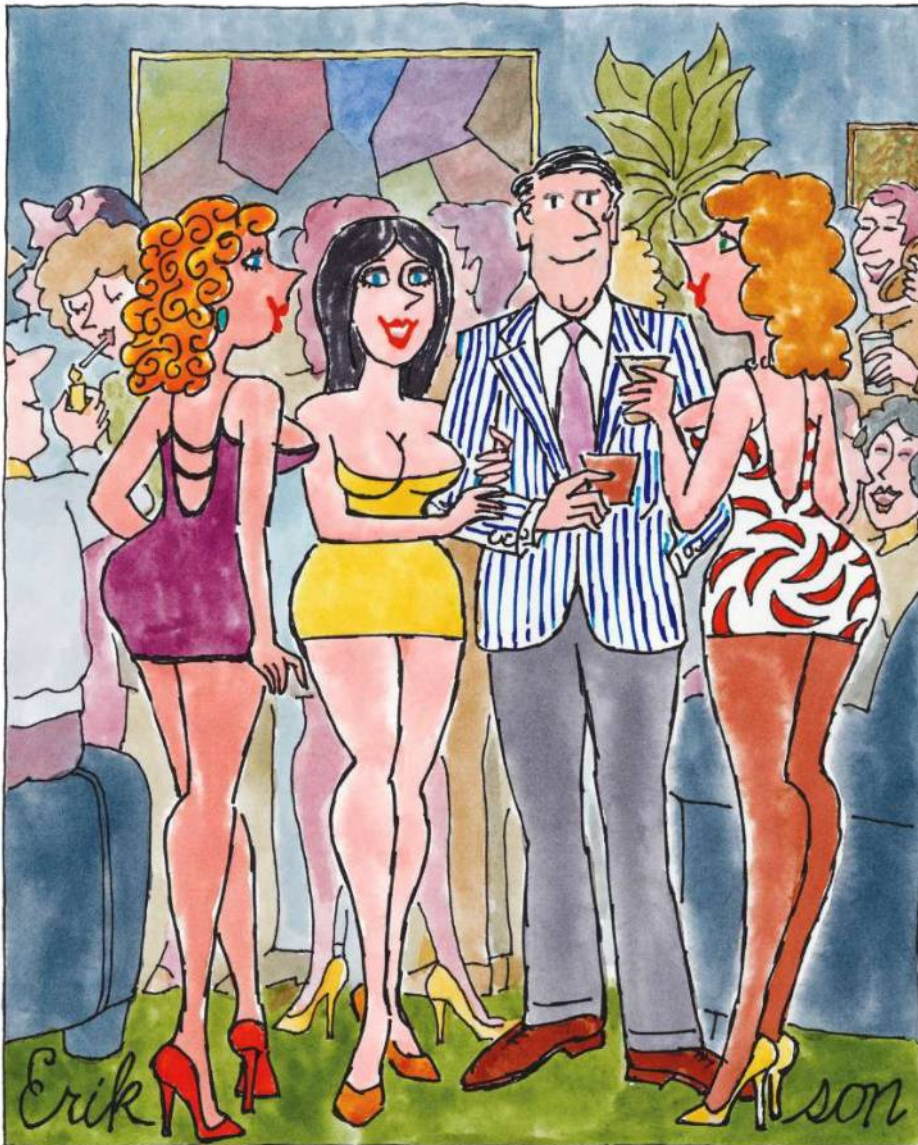
That's it, isn't it, Demi? Our souls may be as glistening and lovely as freshwater, but our exteriors fall down around us like a condemned block in West Baltimore. Ruin is our destiny. My philosophy is that rather than rebuild the castle, we ought to admire the light coming in through the holes in the roof.

So excuse this advice from across gender lines from a guy who doesn't have to use his appearance to make a living. But I say it nonetheless: Defiance!

Turn the withering female gaze from yourself and direct it outward at the world. Is it not more potent to look than be looked at? Why not refuse to see yourself as the object of someone else's vision and start viewing yourself as someone who does the looking?

In case you were wondering, by the way, the vulture is back. My mother just called to tell me. He's on the roof again, looking in at her. But she is now staring back just as hard at him.

Yours truly,
Will



"Wallaston believes in a return to traditional values, like screwing in drive-ins."

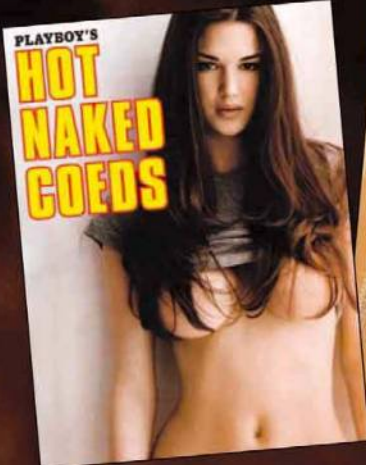




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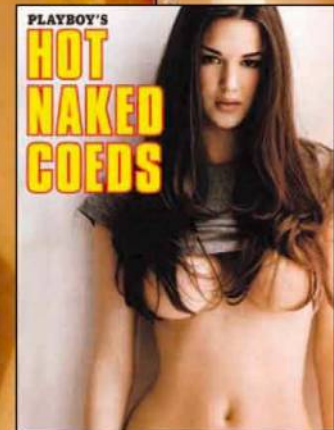
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SUPERHERO

(continued from page 58)

Call co-host Melissa Francis, “and that just adds to him. He has a lot more compassion than the rest of us. In every situation he has the ability to understand where they are coming from.”

It is an unlikely combination, the hardcore free marketeer who would dismantle every entitlement and the guy who gets choked up talking about Tiger Woods to the point that he says, on the air, “He’s doing the right thing. I wish him the best. God bless him.”

This is part of his recovery, Kudlow explains to me over dinner at Vico Ristorante on the Upper East Side one night. “I will not go personal, even a small thing. If I disagree with someone, I will double back and make sure the guys know I think they’re terrific.”

Perhaps if Tea Party Nation knew about Kudlow’s truly compassionate conservatism—and even his apostasy regarding birther notions and respecting the president—then perhaps less hallowed would be Kudlow’s name among Palin Nation.

“I’m not an attack dog. The birther movement, I think that’s nuts. Nuts! I don’t have any patience for that, I really don’t. Do I think Reagan’s supply-side tax cuts worked? Yes, I’ll defend that. Do I want the Fed to link the dollar to gold to make King Dollar? Yes, but that’s different from saying Obama is a Muslim.”

He shakes his head, sipping from a Diet Coke. “Barack Obama was elected president,” he says. “That’s it. Deal with it. Do what I do: Criticize it, try to suggest policy alternatives, and then we’ll have another go at it in November. That’s how it works. On my show, if you have a personal attack on the president or question his motives, you’re out of there.”

He stands, brushing bread crumbs off his blue jacket, and slides a pack of Merit 100s out of his pocket, his last remaining vice. “Now let’s go smoke a cigarette.”

Kudlow grew up in a secular Jewish family, son of a textile manufacturer, in Englewood, New Jersey, just a few miles from the CNBC studios. He was a jock with an efficient serve-and-volley tennis game, an actor in plays at Dwight-Englewood School and, by his accounting, an A student who was jobbed out of the Ivy League by the baby-boom demographic bulge. He attended the University of Rochester as a history major with an economics minor and there found his political voice: as a leftist.

He was never a draft dodger—“I went down there. They didn’t want me; they found a spot on my lungs or something”—yet was vociferously antiwar and, by his own admission, a great deal shaggier than he is today. “I smoked pot and I did inhale,” he jokes. In college he was a member of the University of Rochester chapter of the left-wing Students for a Democratic Society; after graduating he became a regional organizer for the Vietnam War Moratorium Committee, the largest antiwar group and the principal organizer of the 1969 march

on Washington. A 1970 *New Yorker* article describes Kudlow as a former campaigner for McCarthy who was “freaked out” by the assassinations of Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy and was now sending antiwar bumper stickers and pens to his fellow travelers. Kudlow, who remains friends with some of his fellow antiwar demonstrators, never formally renounced his antiwar position but now attributes his youthful liberalism to a kind of misguided libertarianism. “I don’t think the government should have the right to just reach down and take you,” Kudlow explains. “I never really think of myself as someone who was deep into the left. It was the draft that was oppressive. The state was really oppressive.” Yet he was immersed enough to go to work for liberal Senate candidate the Reverend Joseph Duffey, running Connecticut’s first congressional district, the Hartford area, for the Democrat and delivering the district in a losing campaign. His fellow organizer in the neighboring third district was another rising Democratic star: Bill Clinton.

Kudlow’s journey mirrored that of many neocons, from Norman Podhoretz to Robert Novak to Dick Morris to the great patron saint of modern conservatism, Ronald Reagan. He credits his time as a graduate student at Princeton’s Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs as the start of his conversion. This was where he was first exposed to free-market economists such as Friedrich von Hayek and eventually the godhead, Milton Friedman. This was the early 1970s, when Nixon allegedly proclaimed, “We’re all Keynesians now.” British economist John Maynard Keynes had argued, among other ideas, that in times of economic contraction the government should prime the pump by spending and loosening monetary policy—but a young Larry Kudlow begged to differ. “Princeton did a pretty good job of opening me up to these ideas,” he recalls. “The macroeconomics we read was all along Keynesian lines, but the microeconomics they taught, price theory and so forth—that pushed me on the path to being a free-market economist. That had a pretty big impact on me and brought out the libertarian.” As his economic views evolved, his political views shifted jarringly. His fellow antiwar activists were surprised by the conversion, a few even speculating that Kudlow had been an FBI plant all along. Sam Brown, a former leader of the Vietnam Moratorium Committee and friend of Kudlow’s, says, “It’s surprising to me how far Larry swung. So much of what he had been doing in the antiwar movement went along with a broader critique of society, that society was failing its people. But then Larry emerged as this conservative figure.”

Despite Princeton’s profound impact on Kudlow, he left without a degree, sliding into a job as a junior economist at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, working in several areas, including the open market operations trading desk, where the Fed buys and sells bonds and helps regulate the money supply. He observed firsthand the workings of the central bank and developed the broad analytical skills that would facilitate his eventual rise on Wall Street. In the 1970s the Federal Reserve’s role in the

economy was still not widely understood or even discussed, but it was increasingly clear in the wake of Nixon’s devaluation of the dollar and the decade’s persistent inflation that Fed watching was becoming a field unto itself, and who better for that job than a young, bright, loquacious economist who had worked at the Fed? Kudlow doubled his salary when he jumped into the newly created role of Fed economist at Paine Webber, where he started his own newsletter and began to dabble in punditry. He became something of a man-about-town, marrying his first wife, Nancy Gerstein, an editor at *The New Yorker*, in 1974. Within a few years his high visibility in an increasingly important area of expertise would entice Bear Stearns to reward him with the title of chief economist. Part of the job of economist is to entertain clients by dazzling them with economic forecasts and insights. In theory it is for access to economists like Kudlow that investment-banking clients pay millions.

For a former liberal with no formal economics training—or advanced degree—Kudlow had made it as a Master of the Universe and was starting to partake of the perks. “I learned to drink on Wall Street in the late 1970s,” he says. “I learned to drink, and enjoy, a vodka martini. I’d go out with clients, have a few drinks. I was a late bloomer. But I was that guy who was in the office at 7:30 A.M. I was working my way up the ladder, so I wasn’t out of control. The drugs came later.”

Behind his desk at CNBC, jammed into a corner of the vast, modern newsroom—chirons streaming numbers, monitors showing competing cable news networks, terminals showing markets—amid his staff of producers and associate producers Kudlow appears more frail and vulnerable than he does on camera. He wears a back brace beneath his suit jacket and sits up straight, flipping through the index cards he uses to formulate his ideas for potential segments. In the car on the way from his Upper East Side one-bedroom apartment to the Englewood Cliffs studios, he will jot down notions and ideas and then refine them with simple bullet points. “I used to fill up notebooks,” he says, “but then the ideas would get too complicated. I found what I could fit on a card would be just enough that you could get across quickly.” A typical card will have something like “V-shaped recovery” and then scribbled around it “consumer spending,” “manufacturing,” “FedEx and UPS numbers.” He makes calls from the car to his producer, Donna Vislocky, and also to fellow economists, politicians, potential guests and other pundits—groups with an awful lot of overlap—gathering data points and testing out some of his ideas. This week’s Kudlow brainstorm, the V-shaped recovery, is typical. Kudlow has become convinced that until the Obama tax hikes kill it, the economy will roar back so the growth chart looks like a V. “It’s a great story,” Kudlow says, “and even better, it’s true. The numbers are there. Everyone has to get on board!” While he has been fiercely critical of the bailout of financial firms and the government stimulus package,

Kudlow has broken ranks with fellow conservatives in supporting the financial-reform legislation sponsored by Senator Christopher Dodd. "I want to end too-big-to-fail, and this bill does that," Kudlow says. "The Senate Republicans are going to have to go along with this because it's the right thing and it does what it's supposed to do. Chris Dodd is a friend, and we've gone through this bill line by line." Kudlow seems to know virtually everyone in finance and government and is a relentless name-dropper. During the course of a few days with Kudlow he describes as "good friends" the following people: Bob Wright, Susan Lyne, Alan Greenspan, Jerry Brown, John Kerry, Jack Kemp, Lou Dobbs, Judy Collins, Geraldo Rivera, Rush Limbaugh, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Larry King, Andrew Ross Sorkin, George W. Bush, Henry Kissinger, John McCain, Bill Clinton, Lawrence Summers, Christopher Dodd, George Will and every other famous person who came up in conversation.

He is an obsessive surveyor of economic numbers, poring over BLS and ADP and ISM numbers at his home office and in the car on the way to the studio. He's always been a compulsive worker, and for someone as relentlessly social as Kudlow, he spends a surprising amount of time cloistered in his office, reviewing economic data. "I've never really been a quant guy, but I know

enough to read these things, to pick out common flaws," Kudlow says. "For me to distill things so people will get it, I have to know it, and if I can't figure it out, I have to make phone calls and find someone who can explain it to me."

Supply-side guru Arthur Laffer has known Kudlow since the 1970s. "Larry is very good at thinking through the issues without doing the math," says Laffer. "But he stays familiar with the latest papers, and he has the statistics wired. And he always has, even back at Bear and the Fed. He just loves real-time economics."

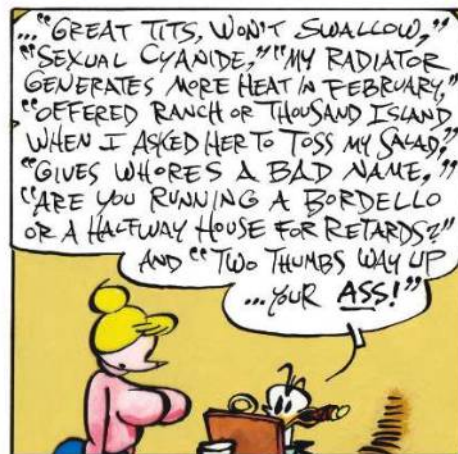
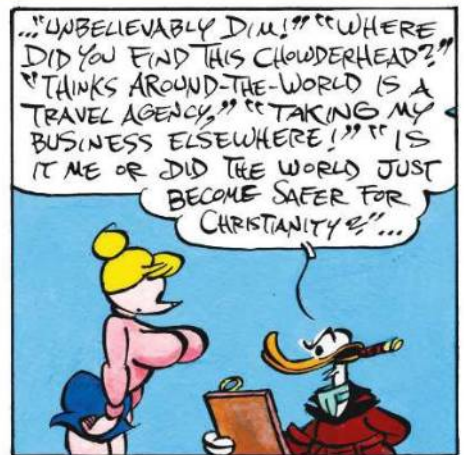
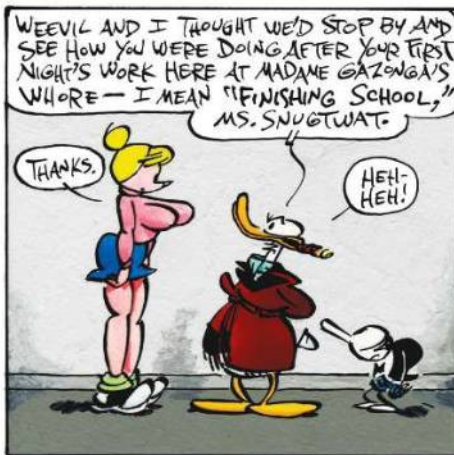
The Kudlow Report is sort of a daily primer in real-time economic news mixed with a healthy dose of the Kudlow libertarian agenda. He anchors *The Kudlow Report* from a desk on a platform that is rolled into the studio, which has the newsroom as a backdrop. To the right of him, off camera, is Jim Cramer's *Mad Money* set, and squashed against that is Suze Orman's set. He does his show live, with only a cameraman, a teleprompter and the producer's voice in his ear. In person, the transformation from the soft-spoken emotional wreck who starts crying when talking about how much he misses his recently departed terrier ("I was lying down to take my nap, and I usually take my nap with Joyful, but she's not there... anymore") to the brash, take-no-prisoners

free marketeer is astonishing. His sits up straighter, his voice rises a few decibels, his eyes become beady as he takes clamorous aim at Keynesians and liberals. *The Kudlow Report* airs live at seven P.M., and by then most of the CNBC staffers have gone home. If you're watching in the studio, it seems as if it's just Kudlow, a small man, talking loudly to himself in a vast empty room.

Yet CNBC loves his viewership. *The Call* is the background noise on trading floors and in C-suites around the world, and *The Kudlow Report* is the post-trading day chill session for this highly sought-after demographic. CNBC's viewership has an average annual household income of \$150,000, about triple the Nielsen average. Kudlow's shtick—the paeans to Ronald Reagan, the decrying of entitlements, his boiling down of every crisis to one simple solution, tax cuts—plays for at least part of his wealthy viewership as a kind of fat-cat daily affirmation: I'm rich enough, I'm smart enough, and gosh darn it, my ideas are still valid.

Enough Republicans, conservatives and Tea Partiers were made to feel good enough about themselves that briefly, earlier this year, the Draft Kudlow movement sought to convince him to run for the Republican nomination for senator from New York, with the ultimate goal of unseating Charles Schumer. He was held up as "the one

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



person" who could stand up to Schumer. Yet the one person himself was never really sold on the idea. "These guys up in Buffalo wanted to draft me. I like the Tea Party gang—good kids—but it kind of took off in the blogosphere. Don't get me wrong, I'd love to get Schumer out of there—and it was flattering—but I'm happy with what I'm doing now."

And as much as his ego and vanity may have welcomed the campaign, Kudlow's dark past may have been too much for any candidate to overcome.

Kudlow first tried cocaine in the 1980s, on what he describes as the "New York-Washington party circuit." He was by then a rising Republican star, having left Bear Stearns to work as associate director of economic policy in the Reagan White House under head of the Office of Management and Budget and fellow supply-sider David Stockman. A few days after Reagan's election in 1980, Jack Kemp brought Stockman around to meet people on Wall Street. "I showed him some of my work," Kudlow says. "I was by then the biggest supply-sider on Wall Street, so about 10 days later he called and asked if I would come down to serve on the transition team."

Kudlow, who had left his first wife and married Susan Cullman, a Bloomingdale's heir, moved down to Washington and quickly, along with Stockman, became a leading figure on the economic team behind the Reagan revolution. "I saw firsthand that tax cuts work," Kudlow recalls. "We did it. Ronald Reagan turned the economy around. You lower marginal tax rates and that is like gasoline on a fire." Stockman would describe Kudlow in his best-selling book *The Triumph of Politics* as "a fellow traveler."

He left the White House in 1984 and briefly started a consulting firm before heading back to Wall Street after his second marriage fell apart. In 1987 Kudlow married Judy Pond, his current wife, whom he had met in the White House, where she was a spokesperson and lobbyist. "That move saved my life," he says of her.

At Bear Stearns, where he became a senior managing director, Kudlow found himself living at the heart of the go-go 1980s, a top-rated economist according to *Institutional Investor* magazine, a frequent guest on *Larry King Live* and *The MacNeil/Lehrer Report* and even a print and broadcast pitchman for Cadillac. He was earning, according to *The New York Times*, nearly \$1 million a year. His cocaine use, which had been steady if low-key for most of the decade, accelerated with his burgeoning career. "Larry and I recognized this was not a good thing for him to be doing," Judy Kudlow told *New York* magazine in 1995, "but it happened so rarely we kept feeling he would get a handle on it."

He never did get a handle on it, as Kudlow himself admits his binges became longer in duration and more intense. "I would be gone for days, in isolation—me and my drug of choice."

Among his favorite coke-fueled activities: skimming economic indicators and data, reading International Monetary Fund reports, obsessively, compulsively refining

and recalculating his inputs. His runs would last a few days, even a week, until he would fall into a coke-and-booze psychosis and, he claims, actually black out for stretches. "That is a terrifying thing, to have no recollection, no idea where you've been or what you've been doing," he says. It was after the worst of these binges that Kudlow began showing up at Catholic masses. "I loved them," he says. "I fell in love with the Catholic mass even while I was doing cocaine and drinking. I was born Jewish, but we weren't very good Jews. In terms of religious or spiritual life, I had none."

Yet his occasional appearance in the pews did nothing to curtail his drug use. Eventually his colleagues started noticing their mediagenic chief economist was becoming a little unreliable. "There were gaps in the story," Kudlow admits. He went to Ace Greenberg, the legendary chief executive of Bear Stearns, and confessed to him what was going on. Kudlow was granted a leave to enter a short-term treatment center, promising that if he relapsed, he would resign.

But even after getting out of Regent, a New York psychiatric hospital, Kudlow continued to use. "I began missing meetings," he says. "Then I missed a really big conference up in Boston. I was the centerpiece for a presentation to some big clients, and I was just a no-show. I simply didn't show up—no phone call, nothing." Two hundred of Bear Stearns's biggest clients had gathered for lunch at Le Méridien hotel and were left with nothing more to chew on than their plates of chicken. Kudlow resigned.

Within two days he had signed on at *National Review* as a senior editor and a regular guest on the television show *Firing Line*, earning a tenth of his previous salary and promising William F. Buckley that he had sobered up. "Deep in my head I still thought I could use," Kudlow now says. "I hadn't surrendered." Within a few weeks he was using again. "I was out of control. The thing just buried me. I was wrecking my life, our life."

National Review terminated his contract, and Judy filed for a court separation and went to stay at her sister's house in Virginia Beach. She also went to court to block access to the couple's remaining assets, now dwindled to just a few retirement accounts. Kudlow, who had been on a long binge since losing the *National Review* gig, flew out to Pebble Beach to give a speech to a conservative group. He was set up in a beautiful room overlooking the golf course's 18th hole and the Pacific beyond that. "I didn't see it. All I saw was black, this black shade. I was never suicidal, but I had these black-shade moments. My whole life was like that." He came back to the couple's apartment to find Judy waiting for him with a plane ticket to Minnesota, where the Hazelden clinic is located, and cab fare to the airport. "You can either do this or not, but if you don't, I'm gone. That's it," she told him.

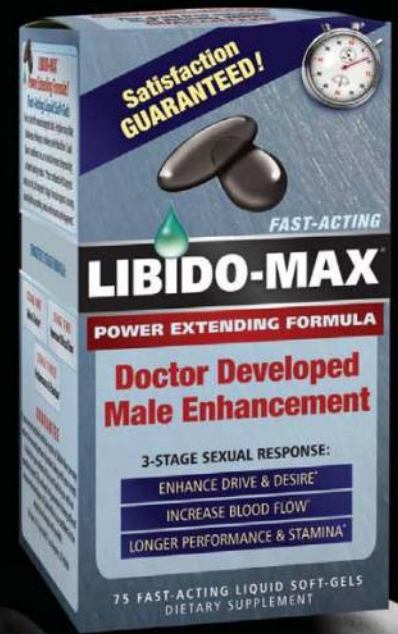
"I didn't want to lose my wife, that's all I knew," says Kudlow. "I loved her. I had lost everything else. I had fallen so far off my horse to a bottom I never thought possible."

He took the ticket and the money and went downstairs and hailed a cab.

Kudlow cries when he tells this part of

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his story. When he talks about Judy and the plane ticket or William F. Buckley offering him a job or Hazelden's Jellinek center admitting him into the long-term-care program, he chokes up, pauses, wipes a tear away, holds a napkin up to his nose.

Kudlow put in 90 days at Hazelden in 1995. He never had a burning-bush moment when he saw the light and suddenly turned his will and his life over to the care of God. "I'm an incremental guy," he says. "This isn't Larry doing $MV=PQ$, this is me just desperately trying to get it—constant meetings, constant therapy. But I gave it every ounce of brain that I had left."

By the time Kudlow emerged, he was unemployable. Wall Street wouldn't touch him, and even his old friends in the media were wary. He no longer had any credibility; while he was still using he had given an interview to *The New York Times* in which he had falsely, or prematurely, proclaimed his sobriety. Now that he actually was clean and sober, this formerly rising star was "radioactive."

He had one offer: Economist Arthur Laffer said Kudlow could work for him at his investment firm in San Diego. "I offered him a job, but I told him no TV, no radio, and he had to have one of my guys living with him full-time. He couldn't take a trip without my guy in the seat next to him." Husband and wife moved to California, renting a house in Rancho Santa Fe while Kudlow attended Cocaine Anonymous and Alcoholics Anonymous meetings and did economic research for Laffer. He stayed off the air, developed an unlikely humility and played a lot of tennis. He describes it as his "first year on the ground."

But Kudlow was destined to get back on TV, and when the Republican convention was held in San Diego, he became a go-to personality for the fledgling CNBC network. Then, on a business trip to New York,

Kudlow did a guest spot on Bill Griffeth's show, and slowly but surely he was worked into the rotation at CNBC. By the time he moved back East in 1997, his career as an economist was effectively coming to an end as he emerged as a pundit, personally chastened but still bombastic when it came to his conservative economic opinions.

"You don't go to treatment to learn supply-side economics," Kudlow jokes. "But you do learn something pretty basic: how to show up." His emergence as "Kuddles," the acerbic yet nonthreatening budget hawk and hard-liner, coincided with increased public interest in his area of expertise: the Federal Reserve. In the late 1990s even average Americans began to pay attention to Fed pronouncements and policy statements, in particular those of Fed chairman Alan Greenspan, as well as to policy-meeting minutes and the comments of regional Fed bankers. Kudlow, from his days working at the Fed, had a fast and quick grasp of this Fed-speak and became a leading television commentator on the new business sport of Fed watching. As CNBC rose to prominence during the tech bubble, Kudlow became a regular on the network's *America Now* in 2001; the show became *Kudlow & Cramer* in 2002. He has been on CNBC almost daily since then, popping up on the network throughout the day in addition to appearing on his own shows. "Isn't being clean a beautiful thing?" Kudlow asks. "Life is so much easier when you just show up and do your job. Okay, you got your Kudlow haters out there, but I learned to just keep coming."

And keep showing up. He is driven by his driver, Said, from his apartment to the studio for *The Call*, then back home for his nap and prayer and then back to the studio for *The Kudlow Report*. At home, in the car and

at the office, he pores through his thick folders, scribbling ideas on his index cards. "In the car I'll read the NBER reports, the BLS numbers, *National Review*, *Weekly Standard*. I do a ton of reading. I have gigantic folders of stuff." He points out that in advance of Christopher Dodd's recent appearance on his show to discuss financial reform, Kudlow read Dodd's entire speech from the Senate floor, all 40 pages. "This is the best job I ever had. I like it better than Bear Stearns," he says. "You put me up there on camera and I'm ready to go."

He still doesn't need much sleep, carving out a few hours a night to read more serious economic papers, his work habits as compulsive as during his using days. Vislocky, his producer on *The Kudlow Report*, says, "Larry's the most prepared host I've ever seen. You could call it compulsiveness or enthusiasm. What he has done is channeled that addiction into something positive, into the show."

On a rainy New York night, Kudlow, wearing a pair of khakis, a yellow sweater, an ascot and a Lacoste baseball cap, stands beneath an awning outside a restaurant, puffing away on a cigarette. In person he is much diminished from his cartoonish on-air persona. Besides his frequent crying and choking up as he recounts his life, he is also far less dogmatic than he appears on camera. He diverges from his conservative colleagues on immigration. "How can I deny another person an opportunity? This country gave me a second chance, so I wanna give everybody a second chance." He says he doesn't care about gay marriage, having spoken in front of the Log Cabin Republicans several times. "You think I'm going to rant against gay marriage? You're nuts. The only issue I get up on my haunches about is pro-life. Thank God I didn't take my own life during my black-shade time, so I'm not gonna say we have the right to take anyone's life."

Kudlow's great regret is not having children of his own. "We tried for several years; there were fertilization problems." Every conversation with Kudlow these days goes back to his wife, to Judy, who saved him. He says he wants to go home to see her now; she's been away a few days.

He walks up Madison Avenue toward his apartment, greeting the doorman and taking the elevator.

Judy is seated on a love seat, watching television. She has just returned from a ski trip, five days in Montana. She stands to kiss him. "I didn't know what to do with myself when she was gone," Kudlow says. "First my dog died, and then my wife was gone. I told her, 'All my puppies are gone, all my puppies.'"

Kudlow sits down on the embroidered sofa in the apartment's ornate living room; he spreads his arms as Judy, with dyed blonde hair and a pert smile, takes a seat beside him. He smiles. "God bless," he says, "God bless."

Larry Kudlow is home, finally home.



"Lie down? You men are all alike."



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(continued from page 40)

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In spring 2008 I first sat down to discuss the possibility of leasing our family land with the advance guard from Chesapeake Energy, Marshall Casale, a guy with a wrestler's build and an altar boy's smile. When the landmen first came to this county they were offering leases at \$25 an acre. Now leases were going for \$2,000 an acre. *The New York Times* quoted one awestruck landowner who summed up the situation: "It's a modern-day gold rush in our own backyard."

Already at the time of our meeting, wells less than five miles northeast of my family farm had churned out millions of cubic feet of gas per day, enough to earn those landowners up to \$30,000 a month in royalties (not including the income from leasing the land). Just a few miles west, Chesapeake was drilling a well that would soon produce 10 million cubic feet a day, a billion dollars' worth of gas in just three months.

I arranged to meet Casale on his turf, in part to size him up but also to get a sense of what these guys were like in their natural habitat. He asked me to meet him in the motel room that served as both his office and his temporary home in the old coal-mining town of Dickson City. I found him sitting at a makeshift desk with a rifle on it. Surrounded by stacks of maps and contracts, he waved me in.

In just a couple of months, he told me, he'd leased more than 7,500 acres for Chesapeake. He pointed the barrel of his rifle at a map of the county, on which the areas colored in orange showed his wins.

"I haven't colored in your mom's place yet," he grinned.

And then his smile faded. Unlike most of the landmen, Casale is a native Pennsylvanian, a guy who seems to understand the instinctive fear that has grown out of this state's troubled history with energy companies. It's a sense deeply ingrained in Pennsylvanians, who were weaned on tales of the boundless avarice of the coal, iron and railroad barons.

My great-grandfather's life was robbed from him in the mines. On my father's side, for nearly three generations everyone worked for next to nothing in the pits while the mine owners got rich. Only a year earlier cousins of mine in Ireland had become national heroes when they took on the Irish government and Royal Dutch Shell to block plans to lay a natural

gas pipeline through their land. They had gone to prison for months before bringing the government and Shell to their knees, at least temporarily. For my meeting with Casale I had driven myself in an old Mercedes rigged to run on used french-fry grease; that'll clue you in to how I feel about energy companies.

For all his bravado, Casale understood, and he confessed he sometimes worried what all this would do to the old farm communities. As desperately as some of the farmers needed money, there was, he said, a danger in it. "I've signed farmers who were sitting there with broken-down equipment, a broken roof, losing money because they wouldn't put a fence up to keep critters out of their corn silo," Casale said. "You go and write them a check and they've got a brand-new tractor and a brand-new Ford truck, and the corn silo's still the same. You know that old adage, the shoemaker's kid doesn't have shoes? I hate to say it, but I see a lot of them worse off than when they started."

Sometimes, he told me, he found himself thinking, I'm killing this county.

And then the grin returned and he was back to talking about how challenging the game had become. When the Marcellus land rush started, just showing up was often enough, he said. All a landman had to do was make an offer and he'd get a signature. But lately landowners had become savvy.

A few days before our meeting, for instance, he was summoned to a remote farm in northern Wyoming County, where the landowner demanded to hear Casale's best offer. It was generous, but the landowner wanted more. Ten times as much. Casale wouldn't budge, but all the same he knew he was going to get the lease. He was sure of it. "I'll wait a month, drop in. If it takes six months, I'll get him," he says. "Everybody has a price. I'm sitting here cleaning my freaking rifle, and I hate to use this term, but I'm a sniper, man. I'm in there—one meeting, sometimes two—and there's a deal."

From his smile I knew he believed my family would sign and his drill would soon cast its shadow over our old house. I'd been impressed by his honesty. Casale understood: The gas the big boys wanted could do a lot of good, but it could also do a great deal of harm. Locked within the rocks that hold the gas are things that are better left buried.

Aside from the potential for environmental disaster, drilling for natural gas scars the land and can in fact destroy it. The decomposing organic material that created the gas also infused the shale that holds it with radioactive thorium and traces of uranium and potassium. As those elements decay they produce radium and radon. Also trapped inside this rock are nickel, zinc and pyrite, or fool's gold. When exposed to air and water, pyrite releases a toxic stew of sulfuric acid and iron hydroxide. The chemistry of that is well-known to anyone who has ever lived near one of the thousands of coal mines or quarries in northeastern Pennsylvania. In these parts it's simply called mine water.

There are other potential thorns in the buried roses as well: arsenic, cobalt, chromium, molybdenum, vanadium.

In some dark reaches of the shale there is hydrogen sulfide. That's another deadly toxin, one that strikes terror in the hearts of miners. In April 1971 in Illinois's Barnett Complex Coal Mine, seven men were killed by the stuff.

And then there are the problems that come along with drilling itself.

Less than five miles away from my mother's farm, in the village of Dimock, where intense drilling was under way, there had already been two significant diesel spills. In the months that followed there would be other mishaps. Most of them were minor. Some were not. All of them had been preventable, and yet they hadn't been prevented. I found myself wondering what it would take to make sure these accidents would not be repeated on my mother's precious land if we signed Casale's papers.

Take Ken Ely. I had known Ken, though only slightly, when I was a kid. Back then he was a barrel-chested middle-aged man with a bushy biker mustache and an ever-present plug of chewing tobacco who ran the local service station in the crossroads hamlet of Springville. He was, he would later say, generally pretty happy. He was also generally pretty broke.

He owned a few acres on the hill outside Dimock, eventually sharing his home with his third wife, Emmagene, and a loyal bluetick coonhound he named after his second wife, Crybaby. Ely was skeptical when the gas men showed up, and at first he dismissed them. But eventually he signed on at \$25 an acre and about 12.5 percent in royalties on any gas they retrieved. Two years later, by the time those few wells on his land came on line, the real riches of the Marcellus had become evident. Some of Ely's neighbors grumbled that they should have held out for better terms (such as the \$2,000 an acre we'd been offered). But not Ely.

The way he saw it, there would be plenty of money to go around. The land was strong enough to recover from the ravages of drilling.

Sure enough, Ken Ely became a rich man when, in October 2008, a well on his property yielded more than 6 million cubic feet of natural gas. But money wasn't everything, certainly not to Ely. His disillusionment had started months earlier when he had caught a young truck driver stealing some of his precious bluestones to build a makeshift road to haul water to a drill site on his land. Ely had warned the kid not to. After the third warning Ely got his squirrel gun and waited until one of the rodents perched on a branch right above the stone thief's head. He squeezed off a shot from 50 paces that felled the squirrel and sent the stone thief scurrying for cover.

"You're shooting at me!" the kid shrieked.

"Naw," Ely responded. "But if you thought that maybe you shouldn't have been stealing my stone."

And then, the same month the gas started flowing, one of the oil company's drivers accidentally killed Crybaby. Even that was not enough to push Ely to the brink. The last straw came on New Year's Day 2009 when enough methane collected in a neighbor's water well that an errant spark set off an explosion that sent a concrete well cover hurtling like a Frisbee. No one was injured in the accident, but within days the gas migrated

into water wells serving nine other homes.

It was then that Ely and several of his neighbors mounted a full-court press on the driller, on local and state officials and in the media. Still, another disaster awaited. In September 2009 workers at a drill site in Ely's neighborhood spilled some 8,000 gallons of fracking fluid, some of which leached into a nearby water source, prompting *The New York Times* to point to Dimock as the "dark side of a natural-gas boom." The site was being operated by Halliburton and Baker Tanks, both of which were contracted by Houston-based Cabot Oil & Gas. This time the Department of Environmental Protection sprang into action, temporarily suspending Cabot's operation in the area. This past spring the state levied Cabot with hundreds of thousands in fines and barred it from drilling new wells in the area for at least a year.

Ken Ely didn't live to see it. On the morning of May 20, 2009 the love of Ely's life rolled over in bed and found him cold. He had died overnight of an apparent heart attack.

Upon hearing of his death, I found myself drifting 30 years in the past to the memory of a frigid night I spent on my family's land, armed with a loaded .22 across my lap, in the same field where the oilmen now wanted to drill. Back then my father and I had been trying to double the size of our herd of beef cattle when a virus hit, wiping out our calves. They died faster than we could bury them, so that night we laid them out on the frozen ground. At my old man's request I spent the night keeping watch over their carcasses, armed with his rifle, waiting for predators and scavengers. Now I found myself wondering whether my father, from

(concluded on page 122)



"The money shot? Okay, honey, after the money shot—then can I have my dinner?"



PLAYMATE NEWS

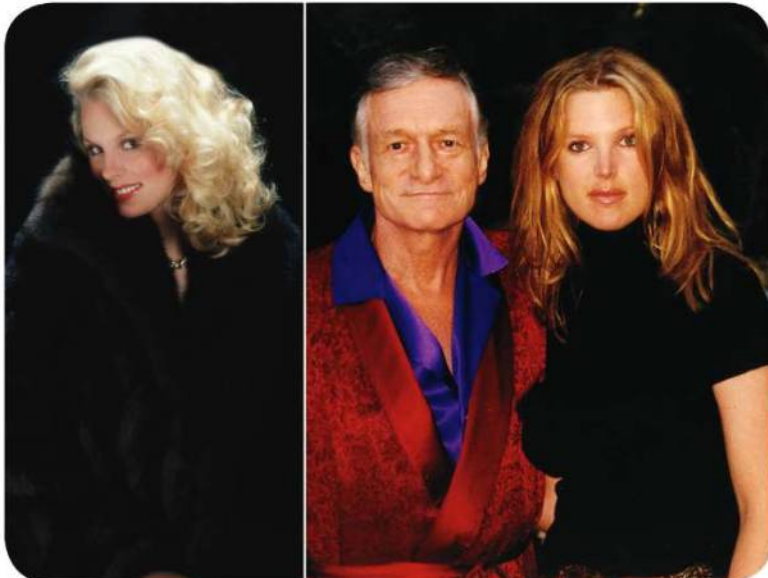


THE MOGULDOM OF CHARIS BURRETT

Playmates aren't flavors of the month. Their impact is everlasting—whether as a successful businesswoman or a mother. Miss February 2003 Charis Burrett (née Boyle) is both. Along with her husband, the working mother has turned their clothing line, Silver Star Casting Company (established in 1993), into a serious fashion force. Part of this success is due to her partnership with world-champion boxer Manny Pacquiao and other mixed martial arts and extreme-sport stars. She has also partnered with Yamaha, which built a one-of-a-kind Silver Star motorcycle. All the while, she continues to appear in magazines, but in a new role—mogul.

OUR GIRL DOROTHY

PMOY 1980 Dorothy Stratten was a dream. Shy and kindhearted, she was one of the world's most demure beauties. Sadly, tragedy took her from us far too soon 30 years ago in August when Dorothy was only 20 years old. In her last interview, a journalist compared her to Marilyn Monroe. "I'm flattered," she answered. Unfortunately she could never have known how similar hers and Marilyn's fates would be. Dorothy's loss absolutely devastated us, Hef especially. Through the years he has maintained a friendship with her sister, Louise, promising never to forget Dorothy. We certainly never will.



FLASHBACK



Ten years ago this month we received our first glimpse of Miss August 2000 **Summer Altice**, a brunette semipro volleyball player whom Hef personally invited to test shoot for the magazine. She proved to be the total package, as she had earned high academic honors in her sophomore year at San Diego State University. You've seen her more recently in a number of prominent films and television series, including *The Scorpion King*, *Wedding Crashers* and *You, Me and Dupree*.

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

DID YOU KNOW ?

PMOY 1997 **Victoria Silvstedt** played cover girl for a spring issue of France's *TV Magazine*.

Miss January 2001 **Irina Voronina** recently appeared in HDNet's new original comedy series *Svetlana*.

PMOY 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** has joined the Victory Poker professional card team and plays online every night.

PMOY 1994 **Jenny McCarthy** is single again. So now is the perfect time to revisit the turn-ons listed on her



Data Sheet: "Guys on Harleys, dare-devils and men who aren't afraid to cry or show their emotions."

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY BRETT CULLEN

—actor, ABC's *The Gates* and the upcoming remake of *Red Dawn*



"The first time I saw a PLAYBOY was in my dentist's office when I was a kid. He was Swedish—I guess they're a little looser about things like that in Sweden. When I got older I went on a double date with Miss



January 1979 **Candy Loving**. She was my friend's date, which worked out well for me because I got to sit across from her. She was incredibly bright and went on to grad school—not what I was expecting from someone with a name like Candy Loving."

BEAUTY IS HER BUSINESS

People say "Do what you know." And so, because Playmate of the Year 1998 Karen McDougal is beautiful, she has created a line of beauty products as part of her new wellness company, Pharmore Alternatives. As she points out, "Sleeping well, staying healthy, feeling good and looking your best all go hand in hand."



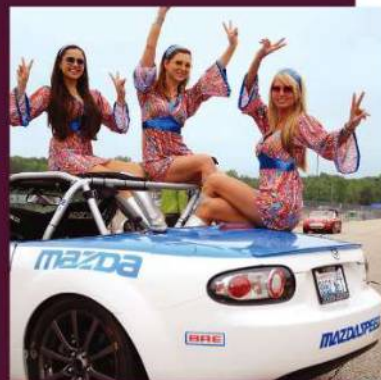
NIGHT OF THE PIRANHA

The red-blooded male isn't the only species that wants to devour Miss February 2007 Heather Rene Smith. The delicious blonde plays an extra in the horror film *Piranha 3D*, which, as the title suggests, features a flesh-eating fish that desires both the comely and the plain—as chum. Heather's impressive cast mates: Elisabeth Shue, Richard Dreyfuss and Ving Rhames.

Miss September 2008 **Valerie Mason** won Jett Girl's June 2010 bikini model search.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss May 1998 **Deanna Brooks**, Miss August 2004 **Pilar Lastra** and Miss July 2004 **Stephanie Glasson** made the already steamy Playboy Mazda MX-5 Cup race in Atlanta even hotter by adorning the back of a Mazda MX-5 Miata.... Miss



November 2001 **Lindsey Vuolo** sported a new purple Bunny suit during the release party for our May issue at the Griffin in New York's meatpacking district. Absolut Berri Açai sponsored the gathering, which

drew a gorgeous crowd of hip New Yorkers—see the bevy of beauties to the left as proof.... On March 23, Miss August 2001 **Jennifer Walcott** officially became Mrs. Adam Archuleta. The Playmate and her husband, a former NFL safety (Archuleta played seven seasons for the St. Louis Rams, Washington Redskins and Chicago Bears), were married in Cabo San Lucas among friends and family. The nuptials were obviously a foregone conclusion for the longtime couple, who had previously appeared on *E! True Hollywood Story: Football Wives*.... In boxing, the ring-card girl is normally secondary to the main event—you know, the actual fighting. But not when the Playmate Dancers are present. Their synchronized moves nearly



upstaged the bouts at a March Playboy Fight Night in Visalia, California. Feel free to follow our troupe via Twitter at twitter.com/playmatedancers.



Miss January 2010 **Jaime Edmondson** is featured in the latest Sweethearts for Soldiers charity calendar.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Drill!

(continued from page 119)

the grave, might be expecting me to do the same thing again.

In May 2008 Casale arrived at my mother's farm to formalize his offer. By that point most of her neighbors had either signed with one of the major producers or with one of the land groups that were forming to negotiate for better terms with those drillers. In other parts of the Marcellus region, mostly in those areas closest to the Catskills where the old failed farms had been carved up into small lots that were populated by weekenders and retirees from New York City, there were those who refused to sign on principle. They felt it was up to them to defend the pristine mountains. But in my mother's neighborhood, where people were still tied to the land and their livelihoods depended on what it could produce, that sort of principled stance was a luxury few could afford.

The temptation was staggering. Casale's lease offer would add up to a guarantee of nearly 10 times as much as my mother and father had paid for the farm and the 170-year-old farmhouse. And that didn't include the

royalty bid, the 15 percent that a landowner stood to make on the gas collected from the shale. It could mean \$2 million, \$5 million, even \$10 million over the next 30 years. Or nothing if the well came up dry.

Casale and I sidled in through the front door, through the tiny foyer my mother has decorated with red wallpaper and a hanging red carnival-glass hurricane lamp, the sort of thing you'd find in a 19th century bordello, and sat down at the dining room table. My mother and my sister were already there, sipping coffee from a pair of matching china cups that, like the table, had been purchased 80 years earlier on my grandfather's meager mine earnings and handed down.

Casale reached down, hefted up his black briefcase, dropped it on the table with the thud of a body falling from a great height and snapped it open. "We've got all your addendum in here," he said. "But there is one change." We all looked at each other. "Remember I said \$2,000 an acre?" Casale said. "That's changed. It's \$2,500 an acre."

We had been sitting there for less than five minutes, and in that time my mother—should she choose to sign—had just made an extra \$50,000, almost twice the per capita annual income of the county. Now we were

looking down the barrel of a loaded check worth \$250,000. There were a thousand reasons my mother had been reluctant to sign a lease with anyone. Then again, there were at least 250,000 reasons why she did.

She was surprisingly calm when she took the pen from Casale and scrawled her name in all the designated places on the contract. My heart was pounding. At first I thought it might have been the excitement, the thought of all that money that would soon come flowing. But then I realized what it really was. It was the thought that we were about to unleash something bigger than we knew, that would without a doubt change everything in ways we couldn't even imagine.

On an October day in 2009, my four-year-old son Liam and I made our way back to the farm in my fry-grease-powered 1981 Mercedes to meet with engineers and well designers from Chesapeake. They were eager to get started. They had plotted out a well that would siphon all the gas from a mile-square area and had high hopes it would, within the next seven months or so, come close to if not match the billion-dollar well they had drilled a few miles to the west. As Liam peered out from behind a leafless blackberry bush, his red hair glowed in the midafternoon autumn sun. He had been eyeing the three burly gas men with a mixture of caution and curiosity. Finally he found his courage and stepped forward.

"I'm a superhero, you know," he announced.

"Well, that's good," the tallest of the three said in a honeyed Texas hill country accent, "because we could use a hand from a superhero." The men—an engineer, a site designer and a landman who had replaced the garrulous Marshall Casale—had been ignoring Liam and me as they studied their maps and measured out the paces, 300 of them, from the back of my mother's barn to this overgrown patch of berry bushes. They seemed satisfied this was the place they were looking for. Soon enough there would be a 120-foot-high tower of steel boring into the earth at this spot, and on top of it, no doubt, another large Texas flag would be flapping.

The tall man kicked away a mat of ragged grass and found a spot with just enough dirt for the sharpened end of a stake to get some purchase in the ground. He pulled out a two-foot piece of wood with an orange flag tied to the top, lifted a four-pound sledge and was just about to take a swing when he stopped himself. "Hey, superhero," he said. "You wanna drive the stake in?"

Liam looked at me. "Go ahead," I said.

The tall man with the Texas accent pressed the four-pound mallet into Liam's hand. With one hand he helped Liam heft the hammer while with the other he held the stake in place. "Now, give it a shot." Liam let go of the hammer and as the stake drove into the ground the superhero broke free and scrambled back to the safety of the blackberry bush.

In summer—as you read this and as the horrific consequences of the BP spill in the Gulf continue to make headlines—the drilling will commence. I'll be there, thinking of my father and of Ken Ely, my '22 in hand.



"How'd you like to be blown off course?"



PLAYBOY FORUM

LIFE ON CAMERA

A COP CONSIDERS THE AMBIGUITY OF SURVEILLANCE CAMERAS

BY MARTIN PREIB

It was plain daylight when I responded to a burglary call on Lunt Avenue in Rogers Park, a far north Chicago neighborhood. I knew the street well. Right next to the elevated train station was an apartment building of mostly government-funded housing. There were some working people in it, but there were also many gangbangers and drug dealers. The entrance was usually filled with people standing around, and it was the beat cop's job to regularly shag them off the sidewalk. The building also housed men recently released from prison and still on parole. Along the rest of the street were other smaller public-housing buildings mixed in among vintage condos and apartment houses. These buildings were well kept and only a few blocks from the Lake Michigan beach. In the early afternoon the street was filled with residents from the troubled building. They did not go to any jobs. I figured the call would be just a burglary report, but the dispatcher announced an elderly man had been beaten.

The front door was still open and there was a trail of blood up the stairs. My back straightened. Would the man be dead? The door was open. I walked slowly inside with my gun drawn. There on a white couch stained with blood was an 80-year-old man. His eyes followed me, but he didn't speak. His face was swelling badly and turning black and blue. Blood rushed out of his mouth. I called for an ambulance, then walked through the apartment slowly, making sure the predator was not there. The man wore a baseball cap with the insignia of his World War II military unit along with the battles they had fought. When he could finally rally the energy, he pointed to his walking cane on the floor.

"I fought him. I fought him the whole time," he said defiantly.

Moments later the phone rang, and I picked it up. It

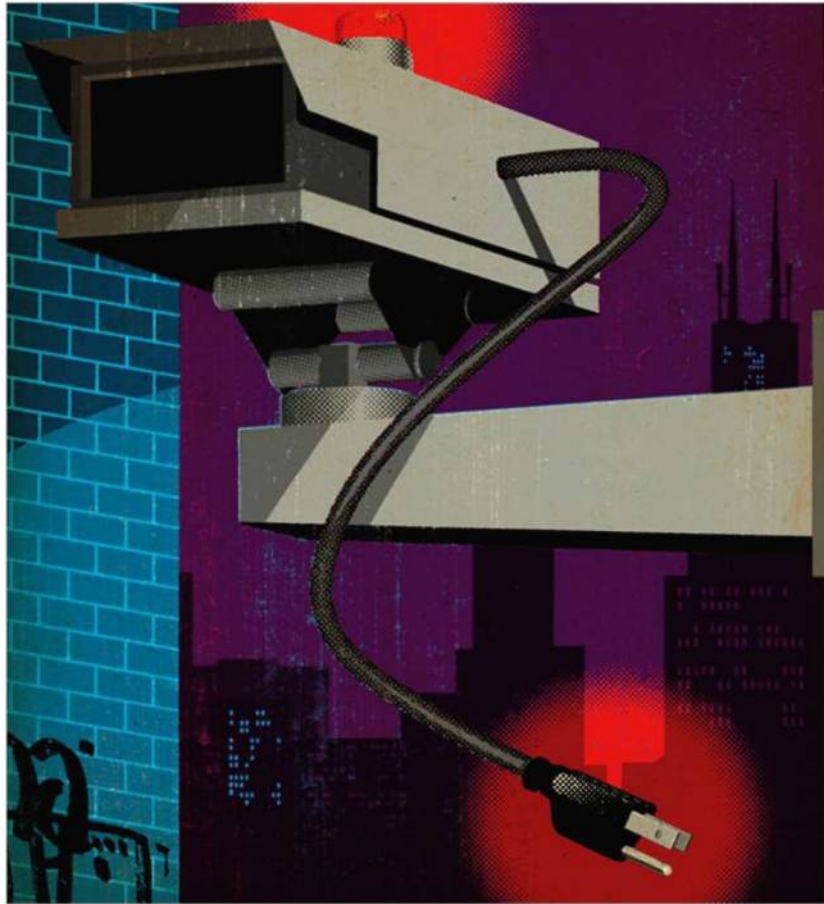
was the man's daughter, hysterical. I wanted to tell her he would be okay, but I didn't want to lie. She said she would get there as soon as she could. I waited for the ambulance, set up a crime scene, called for a sergeant. I learned the whole story within a short time.

The daughter was a talented architect who had taken a job in Chicago. She settled in the neighborhood without knowing much about it, attracted by its proximity to the lake. Shortly after she moved, her father grew ill. She realized he could not live alone, so he agreed to move in with

her. All day long he called her at work, telling her how bored he was, how much he wanted to return to their home back East. She suggested he go to the car to get some tools and work on a project in the apartment.

As the old man opened the trunk, another man in his 30s walked up to him and asked if he could clean the car for \$5. The old man looked at him and said no, then headed back to the apartment with a few tools. As he opened the front door he felt the younger man grab him from behind and push him into the foyer. This man began punching the old man in his face, crushing several bones in his cheeks and pushing some

into his sinus cavity. The offender then demanded the old man open the door, but the old man lifted his cane to strike and was easily pushed down and punched again. The offender grabbed the keys from the old man's pocket, opened the foyer door and dragged the man up the stairs. The offender tried the keys in the first door they found, and it opened. He threw the man onto the couch and punched him again, then began rummaging through the apartment. He went into the kitchen, then into the daughter's bedroom, where he found some \$60 in cash and an old VCR. For reasons only a person familiar with criminal predatory behavior can imagine, the offender



TAVIS COBURN

did not leave just yet. He returned to the old man, grabbed him and punched him several more times. The old man again tried to raise his hands and fight back, but he was losing consciousness. The offender fled out the front door in the middle of the day, the street still crowded with people. Likely he had blood on him as he ran down the street carrying the VCR. People standing around must have seen him approach the old man at the car and then follow him into the building. They saw him run out, and they saw the ambulances and the police arrive. Then they saw the old man carried out on a gurney and his sobbing daughter get into the ambulance with him.

I walked out into the sunshine of the afternoon, on my way to the hospital. I stared at everyone along the block. No one would meet my gaze.

“Where are the fucking cameras now?” I mumbled.

I contrast the sullen silence of this scene with one a few weeks earlier. Co-workers were following a car without plates that was driving erratically. The car was brand-new and had probably been stolen from a car dealership on Western Avenue where many had been stolen in the previous few months. When the officers tried to pull the car over on a residential street, two of the occupants leaped out and began running. One, the driver, was well-known as a drug dealer, thief and robber. Having just turned 17, his car theft would probably get him into the county jail, finally. The officers chased him into his apartment building, where they caught him on the stairs. We arrived to assist. Residents poured down from adjacent buildings, emerged out of cars and from street corners, surrounded us and began screaming curses. They threw their cell-phone cameras in our faces and began claiming police abuse, though few had any idea why we were arresting the kid. Their reaction was so uniform and swift it seemed as if it were a kind of duty for everyone there. Even the kid’s mother came out, demanding he be released.

The camera-equipped mob encouraged the kid to become combative and compelled the officers to use force in subduing him. With nothing to lose, offenders can use any image caught on camera in their subsequent complaints, no matter how outlandish their claims or

how justified the arrest. As the mob intensified, many of us were forced to our own cursing and pushing to maintain order, which meant more images the mobs covet for their cameras. They can attach a narrative to the image that turns the cops into the aggressors. It’s also a way of baiting cops into even more aggressive behavior. Eventually we got the kid into the station, but felony charges were not approved because no one could find a witness who saw him stealing the car. He was charged with a misdemeanor and went home that night.

Residents need not worry about bringing their cell phones and cameras anymore, because large American cities like Chicago now provide this service for free. The state has funded cameras in police squad cars. These cameras are

A Chicago police squad car (below) in 2003. Cruisers are now equipped with cameras to record all police activity. Police say these cameras invade privacy and complicate their jobs.



Illinois state senator James Meeks was pulled over by Chicago police in 2005. Meeks claimed the stop had been racially motivated and demanded an investigation.

always on and include microphones both on the cameras and in the form of little black boxes the officers strap to their shirts. Cops must now work knowing everything they say and do is recorded, a level of scrutiny few people could endure on any job.

The installation of cameras was played out as a benefit to cops, as a means of backing up their stories and providing a visual aid to their testimony, but cops don’t see it that way. In the things recorded and not recorded and in the very placement of the cameras, cops see darker forces at work, ones full of ironies and ominous threats not only to them but to the city itself, with little or no movement toward justice. Despite the high-minded rhetoric that surrounds the imposition of these cameras in squad cars, what really happens is that cops are transformed into criminals and criminals into victims with no basis.

Rather than illuminate or clarify events, the recordings more often give life to the biases of those watching them or, worse, to the dark motives and ignorance of their proponents. This is why cameras in squad cars often fill cops with a private disgust. Not only do they invade every aspect of their privacy on the job, they increase the dangers and complexities of an already perilous job.

In the training session where in-car cameras were introduced to officers, instructors played two videos of an incident from different vantage points. In the first, police are chasing an offender who refuses to obey. An officer suddenly raises her weapon and repeatedly fires at the offender, who falls and dies a few moments later. It looks like a willful execution. The second video clearly shows the offender raising his arm and firing a handgun, invisible in the first video, at the officer’s partner. She fires back. What if only the first camera had captured the incident? The evidence against the offender would come out months later, during a trial, but what would happen until then, with the image playing over and over on television? Imagine what the cops involved would go through. Imagine the lies the offender’s sympathizers would have constructed. And what about the political forces in the city—would they bow to the hysteria generated by these disconnected images?

Cops realize from watching these tapes that no action or statement on record can admit to any ambiguity. Yet ambiguity is a cop’s condition, one it takes years to learn to navigate. These ambiguities can be seized by offenders and their lawyers to construct their own fictions—fictions they often find quite lucrative when they sue the city. With the arrival of cameras in squad cars, the possibility of ambiguity explodes. Cops drive home every night not thinking about their arrests and how they can better patrol their districts but in a constant state of anxiety, wondering how they looked on camera. “Is there anything I did that could look suspicious?” they ask themselves, second-guessing everything. This is no way to approach police work, where deliberateness is essential.

There is a dangerous mixture of malevolence and arrogance in watching the cameras. Consider the traffic stop

that ultimately contributed to Chicago's in-car cameras. One night on the far South Side a sergeant pulled over a car. A man jumped out of the car and identified himself but refused the sergeant's orders to return to the car. Eventually the sergeant pulled his gun and pointed it at the man, who turned out to be State Senator James Meeks. The media jumped on the story when the senator claimed the sergeant's actions were racist because Meeks was black and the sergeant was white. Meeks demanded a full investigation. His comments found wide attention among Chicago's educated classes, who never questioned the legitimacy of Meeks's claim that the stop was racially motivated. Nevertheless, the sergeant was ultimately exonerated. His actions were reviewed by his peers, who concluded they were perfectly legal. In fact, the stop was textbook good policing, except the department chastised the sergeant for swearing at Meeks. The truth is it was Meeks's actions and baseless accusations that were completely out of line. Few outside the police department, including the lawyers, city investigators and media, spoke up for the sergeant.

How many drivers—no matter their race or political ideology—think it's appropriate to jump out of a car, walk toward a police officer and ignore commands to get back in their car?

Outside the apartment of the old man and his daughter, several of us lashed out at the savagery of the offender in words that would not sound good in

THEY CLAIM THE POLICE HANDCUFFED HIM FIRST AND SHOT HIM IN THE STREET.

a recording. But anyone listening had not encountered the old man on the couch. It's as if the people who advocate for the cameras believe policing can be reduced to robots and the law to a simple equation. But it doesn't work that way. The law exists in a context, and it is learned only after years of dangerous experience—any seasoned cop

knows that. Cameras eliminate this context. A cop's experience and knowledge should be given weight, painstakingly and equitably.

During my drive to the hospital I recalled the kind of absurd, fraudulent stories that repeatedly find their way into the papers. At any police shooting, for example, wild stories of police abuse arise. Even when an offender is found with a gun that has been fired, when tests reveal powder burns on his hands and when bullets are recovered matching his gun, residents come forward and swear the police executed him. Sometimes they claim the police handcuffed him first, then shot him in the middle of the street. I don't think cameras will diminish these claims; I think they will give them more life. I sometimes feel that is their purpose.

I never heard of an arrest in the beating of the old man. I drive by the building often and think about the man and his daughter, and how little the city offered them in the way of justice.

Martin Preib is author of The Wagon and Other Stories From the City.

THE LIBERATION OF INFORMATION

On Monday, April 5, a video clip sped across the Internet. But this wasn't the usual YouTube fodder showing the beer-pong prowess of Midwestern college students or toddlers dancing to "Single Ladies." Rather, it was a 17-minute recording taken from a U.S. helicopter gunship in July 2007 as it hovered over a Baghdad neighborhood. The footage shows soldiers killing 12 people they believed to be insurgents, including two men who turned out to be a Reuters photographer and his driver.

Reuters's Freedom of Information Act requests for the video had gone unanswered for two and a half years, so it was left to the website WikiLeaks.org to secure the video outside official channels. Since launching WikiLeaks in January 2007, Julian Assange and the site's other anonymous founders have posted more than 2,000 documents and videos. The treasure trove includes a CIA report on how to win French and German support for the war in Afghanistan, the membership list of the neofascist British National Party, a guide to the Operating Thetan VII level in the Church of Scientology (a.k.a. the Bridge to Total Freedom) and financial documents that suggest shenanigans

at a number of banks. Assange had managed to protect the anonymity of all his sources—until late May, when the Pentagon arrested a 22-year-old intelligence analyst for leaking the Baghdad video.

The soldier had bragged online about leaking it to an ex-hacker, who turned him in.

Spilling secrets has not won Assange any fans among the secretive. In February 2008 a federal judge in California ordered the site shut down after it leaked confidential documents about a Cayman-based subsidiary of a Swiss bank. He rescinded the order two weeks later, not because of a change of heart about free speech but because he recognized it to be ineffective given WikiLeaks' many foreign "mirror" sites. China has banned WikiLeaks, a move the Pentagon noted in a confidential report that mused about ways to "damage or destroy" the site. (Naturally, Assange posted the document.) This past May police in Melbourne temporarily seized Assange's passport, in retribution, he believes, for his publication of a list of sites the Australian government had planned to ban. But keeping Assange home isn't likely to stop his disclosures from traveling far and wide. —Brian Cook



READER RESPONSE

THE PRICE IS RIGHT

Numbers are so ubiquitous and seem so concrete, it is easy to forget they are a human invention, and a recent one at that, dating back only 10,000 years. Though the things we count are often in the world, the numbers we use to count them are figments of our imagination. For that reason we should not be surprised (though we usually are) to discover they are influenced by the way



Buy the one in the middle.

our brains work ("How Much Will You Pay?" June). For example, though the number line we see on the blackboard at school shows the counting numbers in a neat, equally spaced row, the number line in our mind has them getting closer together the further along we go. (Your mind sees 20 and 21 as closer together than 4 and 5, and 120 and 121 as closer still.) When we try to attach numbers to things in the world, as William Poundstone describes, we find psychology gets into the mix. Numbers may be—I think they are—among the most concrete and precise ways to describe our world, but they are still a human creation, and as such they reflect us as much as the things in our environment.

Keith Devlin
Stanford, California

*Devlin, a professor at Stanford, is author of *The Math Gene: How Mathematical Thinking Evolved and Why Numbers Are Like Gossip and 27 other books.**

UNION BENEFITS

I am recently retired after more than 40 years as a union worker. I am weary of the attitude expressed by Art Pullen in his letter to the *Forum* in May, in which he says his nonunion employer requires him to "work for his pay." The last thing a union tolerates is slackers; goof-offs cause major problems for both the union and management. I would challenge

Pullen to read more about the history of American labor between 1880 and 1950 and see if it changes his views.

Pete Condon
Girard, Ohio

Congratulations to Pullen for achieving happiness with his nonunion employer. That's the way things should be. We shouldn't need unions to bring fairness to the workplace, just as we shouldn't need police to keep the peace. It's true that many people have exemplary bosses, but does Pullen honestly think wages, vacation and benefits would be as high if employers didn't have to compete with union wages and benefits?

John Pearson
Chicago, Illinois

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT

I was reading my Bible this morning and thought I should write. In First Corinthians, chapter 12, the apostle Paul discusses the parts of the body and how they all work together. Verse 23 states, "And the parts we regard as less honorable are those we clothe with the greatest care. So we carefully protect from the eyes of others those parts that should not be seen." While it is not my place to judge you, it is my responsibility as a believer in Christ to inform you that one day you will have to stand before the creator of the universe and give an answer for why you didn't carefully protect from the eyes of others those parts that should not be seen. Nudity is meant to be shared by a husband and wife, not everyone who wants to pick up a magazine. I cannot condemn you to hell; only you have that right. For if you refuse to believe the truth, you are condemning yourself.

Dean Ruiter

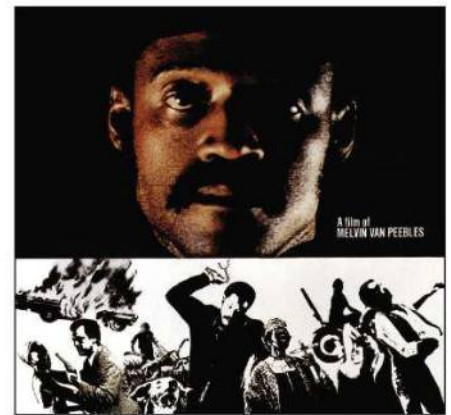
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TEACHING DRAMA

In "*The Wire Goes to College*" (May), Ishmael Reed takes me to task because I teach a class about *The Wire*. I'm happy to debate the value of the HBO series with anyone but am surprised and dismayed at the low level of critique permitted in *The Playboy Forum*. I recall that *PLAYBOY* used to be much more intellectually serious. One could at least expect your commentators to know what they are talking about. In this case, I can't help but wonder if Reed has ever watched *The Wire* beyond the single episode he cites from season four. If he had I doubt he would consider it a

"cliché." A number of professors around the country teach courses that incorporate *The Wire*. They come from a variety of disciplines, including not only film and television (my field) but also anthropology and sociology. Even if Reed's concern is a quantitative one about negative stereotypes—i.e., too many black people and not enough white people are shown taking and dealing drugs—the series offers the most dynamic take on racial politics anywhere in popular culture and certainly on television. It would be much more fruitful to discuss these politics than Reed's claim that I devoted a lecture to "Melvin Van Peebles's penis," a charge any of my students can refute. I did talk about Van Peebles several years ago during a lecture on male sexuality in blaxploitation cinema that later became part of my book *Screening Sex*. Does this disqualify me from teaching *The Wire*? It is true, as Reed notes, that the University of California, Berkeley, where I teach, is facing budget cuts. Again, he seems to imply this too disqualifies me from teaching *The Wire*, as if we deserve these cuts



Melvin Van Peebles in *Sweet Sweetback*.

because we teach the wrong curriculum: Baltimore instead of Constantinople! Can't we teach both? *The Wire* has given us an opportunity to understand how social, political, economic and institutional factors affect the life and drama of a particular American city that happens to be majority black. What could be the harm in that?

Linda Williams
Berkeley, California

*Williams shared Reed's commentary with students from her class on *The Wire*. Their responses are posted at playboy.com/forum.*

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

**Swinging China**

NANJING—A judge sentenced a 53-year-old former computer science professor to three and a half years in prison for “group licentiousness,” a.k.a. swinging. Ma Yaohai, who is divorced, organized at least 35 orgies using online chat rooms, where his handle was Roaring Virile Fire. Of the 14 men and eight women arrested last year after a raid on a hotel, Ma is the only one who fought the charge. At the start of his trial, he yelled out, “How can I disturb social order? What happens in my house is a private matter.” He later explained to reporters, “Marriage is like water. You have to drink it. Swinging is like fine wine—you can choose to drink it. What we did, we did for our own happiness.” Ma’s defiance has prompted a spirited public debate about government control of private sexual behavior, especially as Chinese cities all have their share of massage parlors, brothels and “adult health stores” that sell sex toys. Some see progress in the fact that neither Ma nor the 21 defendants who pleaded guilty were executed.

Can’t Touch This

BOULDER—Researchers at the University of Colorado say the bacteria present on every person’s fingers and palms could one day allow police to track down suspects even if they don’t leave behind fingerprints or DNA. A human hand can contain 150 different species of bacteria, and only about 13 percent of the patterns they form are shared by any two people. The researchers found they could identify volunteers with 70 to 90 percent accuracy by taking bacteria samples from their keyboards or mouses as long as two weeks after the subjects last touched the objects.



would allow doctors to ceremoniously draw a pinprick of blood from the clitorises of girls who might otherwise be subject to female genital mutilation, then quickly reversed itself after an outcry from human rights activists. FGM, which is practiced in parts of Africa, the Middle East and Asia, involves removing the clitoris and labia of young girls, usually without anesthesia, for social and cultural reasons. U.S. law bans any nonmedical procedure on the genitals of female minors, meaning a pediatrician faced with parents who might take their child back to their home country to be mutilated cannot offer to perform a “ritual nick” as an alternative. Activists argue that even a pinprick legitimizes the practice.

Enough Is Enough

MIAMI—Police arrested a TSA screener at Miami International Airport for assault after he allegedly hit a co-worker with a baton in retaliation for months of teasing about the size of his penis. Co-workers had seen the screener’s genitalia when he was asked to walk through a full-body scanner during a training session. When viewing

passengers, screeners are placed in a separate room so they can’t match images to individuals.

No Place Like Home

MEMPHIS—In an unusual ruling, a federal judge granted asylum to a German couple because they don’t want to send their five children to school. To foster social integration, Germany fines parents who homeschool and in extreme cases can take custody. Uwe and Hannelore Romeike, evangelicals who came to the U.S. in 2008, say even private German schools are too rowdy and standard textbooks present an “anti-Christian worldview,” with “more about vampires and witches than about God.”

**Ritual Nick**

ELK GROVE VILLAGE, ILLINOIS—The American Academy of Pediatrics called for a law that



Beach Blanket Beyoncé

For all of you who aren't particularly bootylicious: Think of the large amount of sand that gathers in inconvenient places when you're at the beach. Now imagine being BEYONCÉ.



Sweet Virginia

You might have noticed that model VIRGINIA BALCÁZAR enjoys posing for photos sans bra. Lucky for us, it's her preferred state of undress. "There's nothing like the freedom of going braless," she once told the Colombian magazine *Don Juan*.

Sporty Spice

There are female athletes who can't win anything but a beauty contest (e.g., Anna Kournikova), and then there are stunners such as VENUS WILLIAMS who are aces on the court and the eyes. Here she clenched (or clinched) a first-round victory at the French Open in what appears to be a nightie.



AP PHOTO/MICHEL SPINGLER



Avatar Actress in 2-D!

MICHELLE RODRIGUEZ, star of *Avatar*, surprised in a sheer dress on her way to the World Music Awards. For the flip side of this photo, contact the gentleman in the background with the camera phone.

© CHANG/GETTY IMAGES

More Like Melons...

Director Eli Roth normally escorts British socialite and famous progeny PEACHES GELDOF down the red carpet. But when her current valentine didn't attend the Young Hollywood Awards, her left side was exposed.



Rachael Cordingley Is a Knockout

British model RACHAEL CORDINGLEY is the girlfriend (and fellow countryman) Carl "the Cobra" Froch, who until recently held the WBC's super middleweight championship. If only she would lose the belt, too.

It's Still All Good

We haven't seen much of actress MEAGAN GOOD lately, but we were reminded of her when we read a recent interview with Justin Bieber. "If I can pick any girl," the teenybopper told MTV, "I'm going to take Meagan Good...."



MICHAEL GEBHMAN/STARTRAKINC.COM

CELEBRITY PICTURES

PACIFICCOASTNEWS.COM

Rae of Light

Cyber Girl CANDACE RAE has the right idea about how to end centuries of class warfare. "I love being naked. Being in your birthday suit removes social stigmas because no one cares what your clothing tag says."



STEPHEN WATDA



THE GORGEOUS KELLY BROOK KICKS OFF HER KNICKERS.

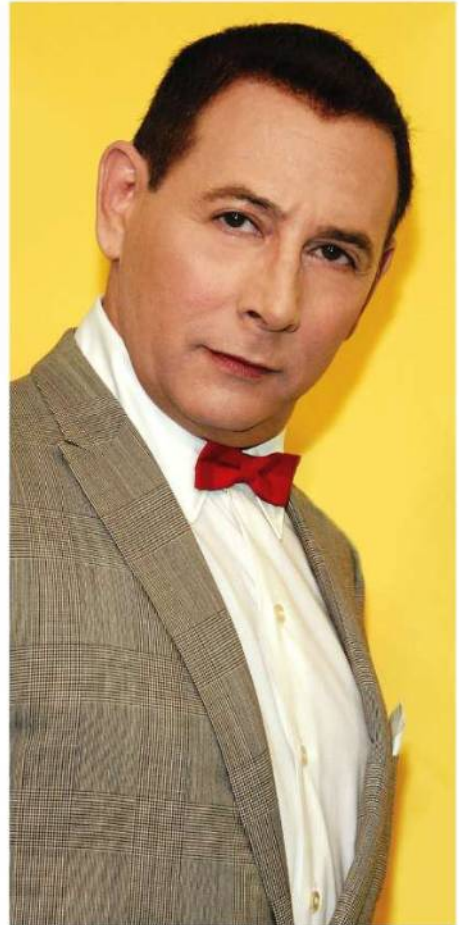


PIGSKIN PREVIEW: THE NEW COLLEGE CONTENDERS.



JOHN VARVATOS: MAKING MEN LOOK GOOD SINCE 1999.

NEXT MONTH



PAUL REUBENS: "I KNOW YOU ARE BUT WHAT AM I?"

KELLY BROOK—SHE IS ONE OF BRITAIN'S FINEST EXPORTS AND DESIRED BY MEN WORLDWIDE. NOW THE MODEL AND ACTRESS REVEALS EVERY INCH OF HER HEART-STOPPING PHYSIQUE.

JOHN VARVATOS—FROM ROBERT DOWNEY JR. TO ROBERT PLANT, MEGAWATT MALE CELEBS REGULARLY SPORT THIS DESIGNER'S THREADS. IN 20Q THE MAN KNOWN FOR HIS SNAKESKIN SNEAKERS TALKS TO **ROB TANNENBAUM** ABOUT HIS WILD CAREER IN THE RAG TRADE.

ICARUS 2010—ADRENALINE JUNKIE **DEAN POTTER** IS ONE CRAZY DUDE. HIS IDEA OF FUN IS TO STRAP ON A WINGSUIT, JUMP OFF CANYON LEDGES AND GLIDE LIKE A BIRD TO THE BOTTOM. HE OPENS UP TO **CRAIG VETTER** ABOUT THIS RISKY PASTIME AND HIS DREAM TO EVENTUALLY SOAR LIKE A FALCON WEARING NOTHING BUT HIS STREET CLOTHES.

COLLECTING—WHAT DRIVES A MAN TO PAINSTAKINGLY AMASS A TROVE OF RARE BONE-HANDLED KNIVES OR ANTIQUE WATCHES? ESSAYIST **WILL SELF** DELVES INTO THE PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF COLLECTING.

PLAYBOY PADS—HOST OF *ART & THE CITY* AND *LOS ANGELES TIMES* DESIGN WRITER **DAVID KEEPS** EXAMINES 11 UNFORGETTABLE PLAYBOY PADS AND CONSIDERS 50 YEARS OF PROGRESSIVE PLAYGROUNDS AND SANCTUARIES.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—WE SERVE AS YOUR PIGSKIN PROGNOSTICATOR IN OUR ANNUAL PREVIEW OF THE APPROACHING SEASON. FIND OUT OUR PICKS FOR THIS YEAR'S TOP DOGS.

PAUL REUBENS—HE TENDS TO BE KNOWN FOR TWO THINGS: HIS CULT CHARACTER PEE-WEE HERMAN AND HIS 1991 ARREST. IN A HILARIOUS AND HEARTBREAKING *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* **BILL ZEHME** TALKS TO THE BROADWAY-BOUND ACTOR ABOUT SEEING HIS OWN *E! TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY* ON A PLANE AND OTHER UPS AND DOWNS OF POST-SCANDAL LIFE.

AL QAEDA DOUBLE AGENT—THE FORMER EGYPTIAN ARMY OFFICER AT THE CENTER OF THIS THRILLING STORY OF ESPIONAGE BECAME A GREAT AMERICAN HERO. BUT CAN HE ALSO CHANGE OUR APPROACH TO THE WAR ON TERROR? **PETER LANCE** FINDS OUT.

MADAME BOVARY—IN AN EXCERPT FROM HER NEW TRANSLATION OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT'S MASTERPIECE, MACARTHUR GENIUS AND NATIONAL BOOK AWARD FINALIST **LYDIA DAVIS** REMINDS US WHY THIS TALE OF BOURGEOIS ADULTERY WILL ALWAYS BE A LITERARY SHOCKER.

PLUS—LEARN HOW TO WRANGLE WITH BIG OCEAN FISH LIKE A REAL MAN IN *DEEP SEA FISHING*, THE FASHION OF *MEN AT WORK* AND MISS SEPTEMBER **OLIVIA PAIGE**.

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In tribute to all who serve...

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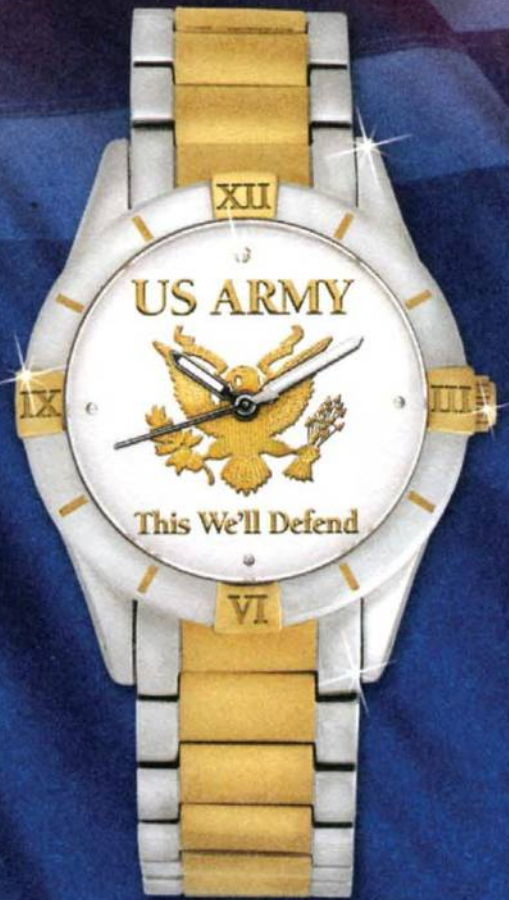
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U.S. Army Watch

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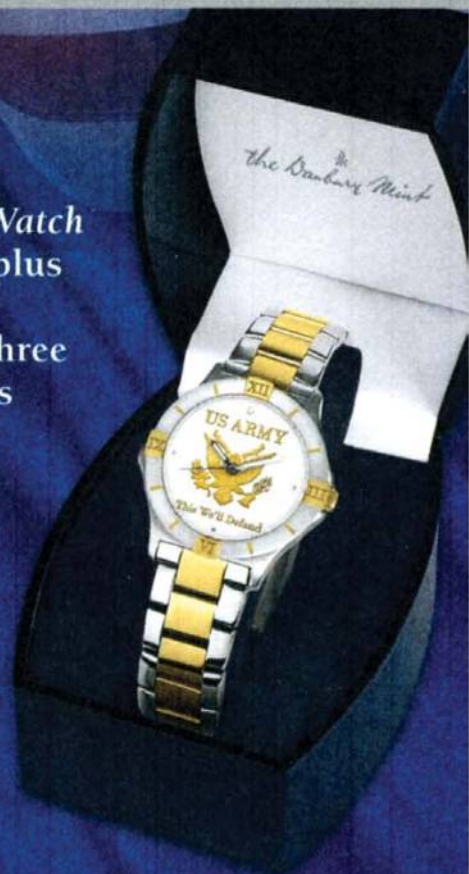
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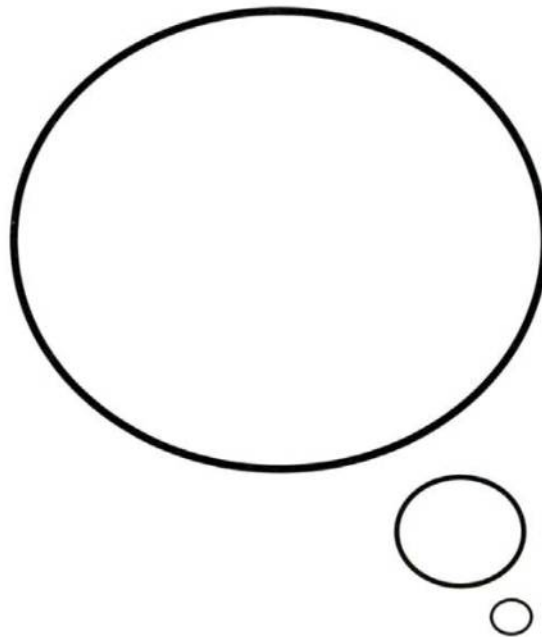
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