

PLAYBOY

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**KELLY
BROOK**

THE U.K.'S
HOTTEST
EXPORT

NUDE

THE INTERVIEW

**PAUL
REUBENS**

THE
BIRTH OF
COOL

A HISTORY OF
PLAYBOY PADS

PLUS:

**BIG GAME FISHING
IN GUATEMALA**

**WILL SELF ON
MANTIQUES**

**KINKY FRIEDMAN'S
TEXAS DISPATCH**

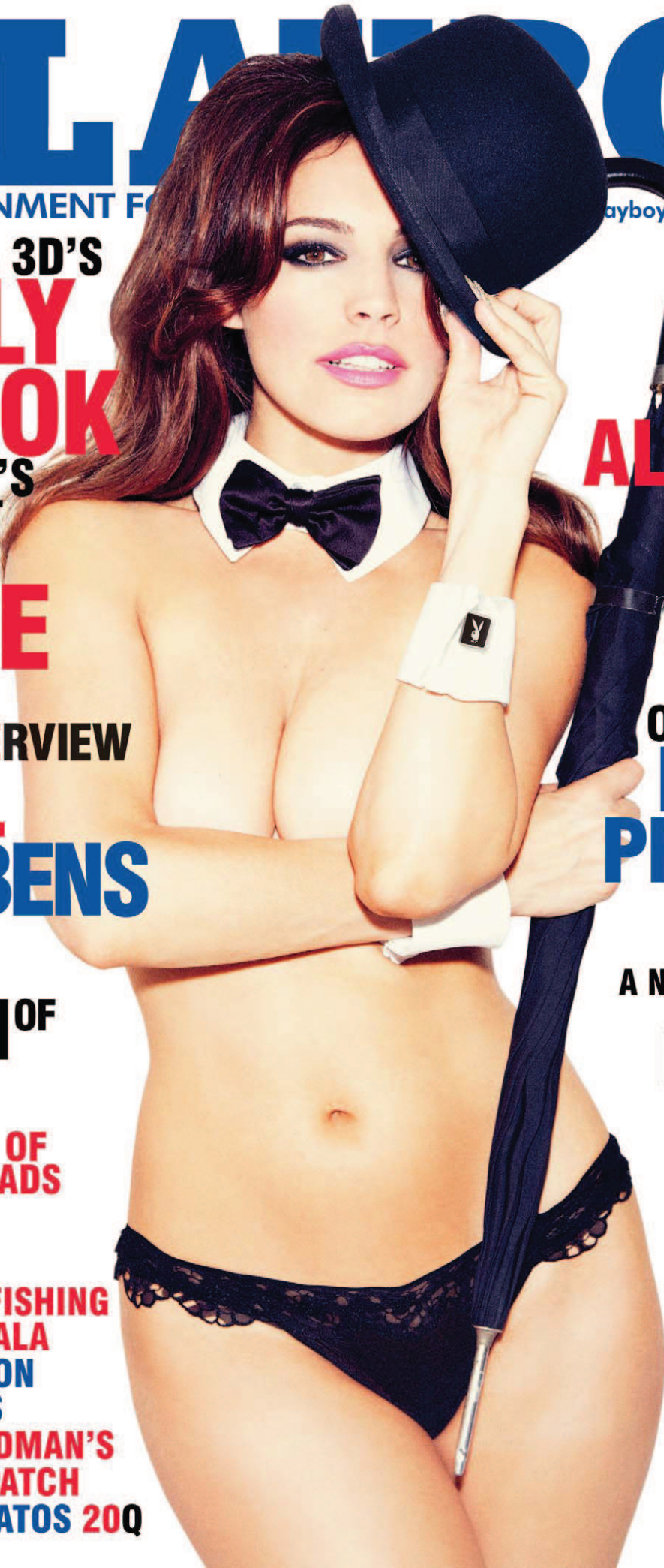
JOHN VARVATOS 20Q

ONE MAN'S
FIGHT
AGAINST
AL QAEDA
AND
THE **FBI**

OUR **2010**
PIGSKIN
PREVIEW

A NEW TRANSLATION
OF FLAUBERT'S
**MADAME
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PLAYBILL

Fifty years ago in *Architects' Journal*, the critic and design historian Reyner Banham revealed himself to be a reader and fan of *PLAYBOY*. He enjoyed the feminine curves, he said. But he was equally impressed with the modern furniture featured in the magazine, as well as the "plans and perspectives" of bachelor pads we christened the Playboy Penthouse and Playboy's Weekend Hideaway, "neither of them by any designers you have ever heard of, but none the worse for that, and considerably better than any equivalent projects that one can remember in *Home and Garden*." (That's a compliment, right?) By 1966 we had gone getaway gaga. In *The Playboy Pad*, critic **David A. Keeps** of the *Los Angeles Times* surveys these "masculine lairs." Speaking of pads, **Gary Cole** returns with his fearless college football picks in *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*. Cole's predictions are so uncanny, each year several unranked teams forfeit games to focus on their studies. In a far more serious battle, Emad Salem played

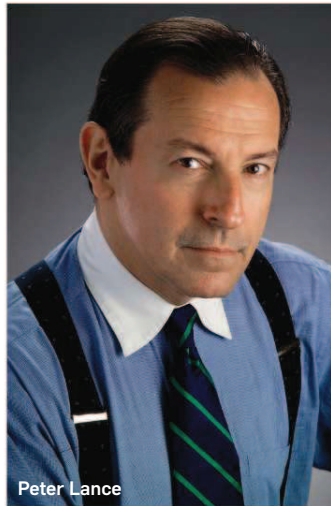


David A. Keeps



Gary Cole

for the good guys. After infiltrating an Al Qaeda cell based in New York, this overlooked hero succeeded despite being mishandled by the FBI. **Peter Lance** recounts Salem's fascinating tale in *The Spy Who Came in for the Heat*. There is no secret behind the erotic heat of **Ellen von Unwerth's** photos of British model, actress and stylist **Kelly Brook**. In fact, their pictorial alone makes this issue a collector's item, so secure yours before **Will Self** snaps it up. In *On Collecting* he examines the four types of collecting—sentimental, serial, fetishistic and investment. In this month's *Playboy Interview*



Peter Lance

we explore the mystery of Paul Reubens, best known for his character Pee-wee Herman and for being arrested in a Sarasota movie theater (in that order). **Bill Zehme** travels with the talented Reubens on the comeback trail. Another larger-than-life personality, former gubernatorial candidate **Kinky Friedman**, reports in *Greetings From Texas* that two types of people wear cowboy hats and one of them is a cowboy. You've also never met anyone like Dean Potter. In *Icarus 2010* **Craig Vetter** documents how Potter puts on a wingsuit (yes, that's a suit with wings) and jumps off mountains. His record so far: a 9,000-foot drop off of Switzerland's Eiger alp. Finally, we are pleased to welcome a new contributor, Gustave Flaubert, to our pages. His scandalous debut novel, *Madame Bovary*, was first published in 1857 and has been newly translated from the French by **Lydia Davis**, a MacArthur Genius and National Book Award finalist. In this exclusive excerpt, Emma Bovary, a bored country wife, becomes so enraptured by her lover, Rodolphe, that she sneaks into his bachelor pad.



Will Self



Bill Zehme



Craig Vetter



Lydia Davis



Ellen von Unwerth and Kelly Brook



Kinky Friedman



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PLAYBOY

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THE SPY WHO CAME IN FOR THE HEAT



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A Longhorn state update from friendly Jewish cowboy **KINKY FRIEDMAN**.



COVER STORY

The rest of the world has for some time been onto the fact that Kelly Brook is hot, and America is finally catching up. Photographer Ellen von Unwerth gives us a heaping taste of what we've been missing, while our Rabbit proves his devotion by staying cuffed to the British beauty.



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The outlandishly lovely model and actress is one of Britain's finest exports, and it looks as though she and her spanking gorgeous curves will be spending a lot more time on American soil. We think that is bloody brilliant.

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THIS MONTH ON PLAYBOY.COM

THE REAL GIRLS OF JERSEY SHORE Snooki and JWoww? They don't compare with these fist-pumpin' babes we found in the Garden State.

SMOKIN' JACKETS Our models slip into—and out of—Hef's velvet-and-silk classic.

GIRLS ON GIRLS Women spill the details of their best sexual encounters.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM See photos and videos from the Mansion's hottest party of the year.

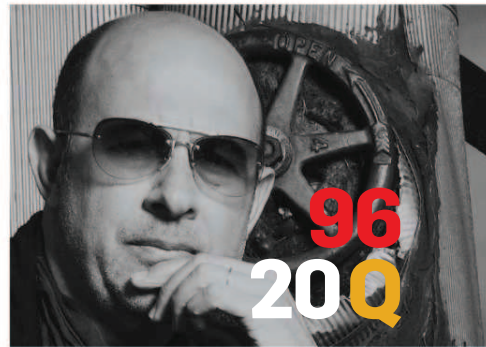


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THE GUY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

A comprehensive grooming guide for the rugged man who wants to look and smell good from head to toe. By

STEVE GARBARINO

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PRESS TO PLAY

PLAYBOY  FRAGRANCES FOR MEN

Hugh Hefner's Playboy



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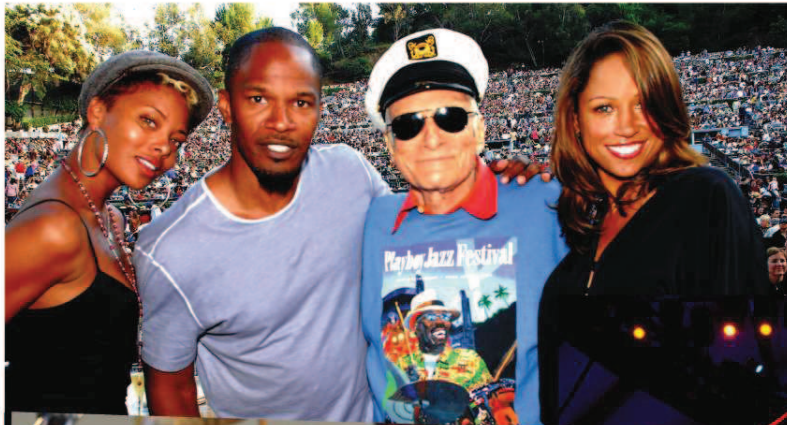
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



THE 32ND PLAYBOY JAZZ FESTIVAL

"Jazz is the music of my heart," Hugh Hefner said at the Playboy Jazz Festival. "It doesn't get much better than this." The 32nd annual fest really swung the Hollywood Bowl in June. Model Eva Pigford, Academy Award winner Jamie Foxx, Hef and actress and PLAYBOY model Stacey Dash took in the cool acts, including George Benson, Chick Corea, Naturally 7 and Manhattan Transfer (pictured below). Bill Cosby, one of the most entertaining ambassadors of jazz, once again emceed the event and even manned the sticks.



MODEL SEARCH AT THE MANSION

Sports have tryouts, *American Idol* holds open auditions and we use casting calls to identify new talent. Here, gathered around the man who started it all, are 2010's PLAYBOY model hopefuls at a Mansion Casting Call. Think you have what it takes to be a Playmate? See when we are coming to your area at playboy.com/castingcalls.



SWEET PARTY

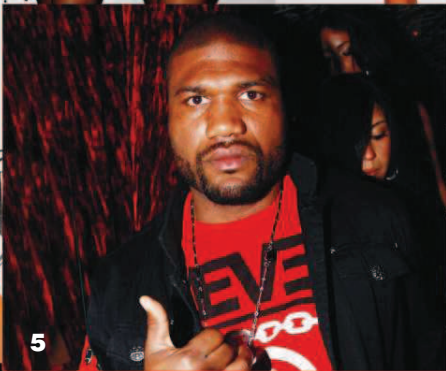
PMW was the setting of a joint fete thrown for the DVD release of *Hot Tub Time Machine* and the Karma Foundation's Kandyland charity event. Mr. Playboy surveys the party with Anna Berglund and Miss December 2009 Crystal Harris. *Hot Tub* stars Rob Corddry and Clark Duke mug for the camera. Singer Chris Brown and NFL Pro Bowler Shawne Merriman are made in the shades. Diddy provided the musical entertainment while the Tub Girls, a bear and actor Craig Robinson chilled in the hot tub. Perhaps there will be a sequel: *Grotto Time Machine*.



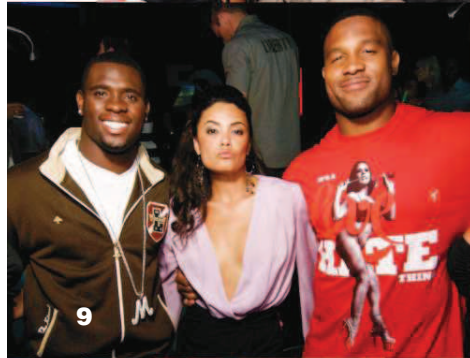
Mr. Playboy surveys the party with Anna Berglund and Miss December 2009 Crystal Harris. *Hot Tub* stars Rob Corddry and Clark Duke mug for the camera. Singer Chris Brown and NFL Pro Bowler Shawne Merriman are made in the shades. Diddy provided the musical entertainment while the Tub Girls, a bear and actor Craig Robinson chilled in the hot tub. Perhaps there will be a sequel: *Grotto Time Machine*.

PLAYBOY CLUBS'

GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY



The Playboy Clubs' 50th anniversary was the largest party on the planet, with 50 events held simultaneously in 50 cities around the globe. Here's some of the action. (1) Russell Simmons and guest with Bunnies at the New York party, held at Juliet Supperclub. (2) PLAYBOY cover girl Kelly Bensimon of *The Real Housewives of New York City*. (3) *30 Rock*'s Kevin Brown and Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima. (4) Tinsley Mortimer of *High Society*. (5) The new B.A. Baracus, Quinton "Rampage" Jackson. (6) Montel Williams and wife with Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks and Hiromi. (7) Usher and Miss May 2003 Laurie Fetter. (8) PMOY 2009 Ida Ljungqvist, Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill, Miss December 1979 Candace Collins and Bridget Marquardt host the Chicago party. (9) Chicago Bears Major Wright and Lance Briggs with PMOY 2003 Christina Santiago. (10) Bunnies raise a glass with Lil Jon in Houston. (11) Back in New York, Laurie, model Johnny Donovan and Miss March 2003 Penelope Jimenez pose for pictures. (12) Comedians Carrot Top and George Wallace horse around at the Las Vegas party at the Palms. (13) Holly Madison shows her ace at the Sin City party.



INSIDE THE TEA PARTY

The anonymous author of *Rogues of K Street* (July) deserves credit for writing about the Tea Party with an even hand—a media rarity. But he implies the party is being directed by an unseen flack sitting in a D.C. bar drinking gin and tonics on Halliburton's dime, when those of us who have organized Tea Parties—I was part of Sarah Palin's boffo appearance on Boston Common in April—know that nobody is leading the movement, least of all us. During my research on the Tea Party's beginnings (the first one was held in Seattle, wasn't called a Tea Party and took place before Rick Santelli's infamous rant), I found no K Street "strategy." Instead, citizens fired up by bloggers like Michelle Malkin and Glenn Reynolds jumped on Facebook to organize local events. Because of talk radio (message) and social networking (organization), a handful of motivated moms can get more done than established parties and political hacks. Enjoy the Tanquerays at the St. Regis while you can, Anonymous, because soon you'll need to look for a real job.

Michael Graham
Boston, Massachusetts

Graham, a former GOP consultant, is a radio host (96.9 Boston Talks) and author of That's No Angry Mob, That's My Mom.

Your anonymous insider boasts of dirty tricks and provoking the anger and anxieties of a "conservative white working class" apparently unable to come to grips with the reality of a black president. Yet he offers not a single idea to address the problems facing our country and the world. Were I to write anything that revealed such moral and intellectual bankruptcy, I'd withhold my name too.

Michael Pastorkovich
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Rogues of K Street is amusing. But while Barack Obama works energetically to prove that the presidency is above his pay grade, PLAYBOY has nothing better to offer than adolescent humor about our nation's problems? Could it be sexy bodies are the real opiate of the masses?

Rick Centner
Arlington, Texas

For further commentary on the Tea Party, see the Playboy Forum (page 127).

THE CAMERON DIAZ WORKOUT

In her *Playboy Interview* (July), Cameron Diaz observes, "If a man has become successful, he thinks he doesn't have to take care of himself to get the girl. I want to know that the man I'm with is taking care of himself." What more motivation does a guy need to hit the gym?

Frank Victor
Laramie, Wyoming

THIS PLACE IS HOPPIN'

Your story marking the 50th anniversary of the first Playboy Club (*The Bunny Years*,

DEAR PLAYBOY

Time Will Tell

A man's watch can tell you a lot about him (*The Test of Time*, July). Is he sporty? Is he complicated? Some men become known for their hardware—the Rolex Submariner Roger Moore wears in *Live and Let Die* comes to mind, as does George Lazenby's Submariner in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*. (At one point Lazenby removes the watch, sets it down and starts reading a copy of PLAYBOY.) And who can forget Paul Newman's Rolex Daytona? As a collector, I'm partial to any Paul Ditisheim with an exploding dial or the 1970s modernist designs of Bueche Girod.

Reyne Haines
Houston, Texas

Haines, a professional appraiser, is author of Vintage Wristwatches.

Haines and her watches.



ANNETTE NAVARRO

July) brought back many fond memories. I recall arriving in 1968 for my first day at the New York club on East 59th Street and finding myself in a dressing room filled with gorgeous, vivacious women. After inspection to make sure our eyelashes were on straight, lipstick in place, shoes clean, stockings run-free and collar and cuffs secure, it was off to work. I found the job glamorous, and the money wasn't bad either. The only negative was the discom-



Bunny Helena in 1969 at the New York club.

fort of spending a shift in high heels and a costume that was a bit tight. But you know I would do it all over again.

Helena Antonaccio
Green Village, New Jersey

Antonaccio (helenantonaccio.com) is our June 1969 Playmate.

Beginning in 1963, while a student at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, I worked as a Bunny at the New York club

and met many amazing women. As Lauren Hutton, another former Bunny, said, "We were a rare bouquet." The dressing room reflected more diversity than one could find on most campuses a decade later. Many of us were students, with a number of women earning more than their fathers at a time when a woman had to have her dad or husband co-sign for her to get a credit card or mortgage. More than one Bunny saved her tips to buy property. We believed we were in the vanguard of the women's liberation movement and the sexual revolution.

Kathryn Leigh Scott
Beverly Hills, California

Scott, best known for her work on Dark Shadows, is author of the book The Bunny Years.

Many people who remember the clubs ask me why Bunnies did the "dip" when we served drinks. It was necessary because if you bent too far your breasts would fall out of the costume. I wanted to die the first time it happened. I bent over at a table in the Chicago club and—*plop*. You can't imagine the embarrassment of having to tuck in your tit. Keyholders got a kick out of watching us stuff tips into our cleavage. I'll always remember my delight at the end of a shift when another Bunny unzipped my costume in the dressing room and scads of bills fell out.

Dianne Chandler
Woodstock, Georgia

Chandler (diannechandler.com) is our September 1966 Playmate.

MORE SAVAGE

With my usual liberal contempt for all things conservative, I read the *Playboy Interview* with talk show host Michael Savage (June) expecting him to be savaged



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while he babbled nonsense. When I finished reading, I was babbling. The man turned me into a raving conservative.

Russ Bryson
Berkeley, California

Savage knocks every one of your interviewer's predictably liberal curveball questions out of the park. What a president the man would make!

Tom Lukens
Concord, California

You try to trip Savage up and bait him, but he is a language ninja, far too quick and agile of mind. When I first listened to him he made me angry, but I realized the truth can hurt.

Mary Knopp
Onalaska, Washington

Savage doesn't come across as a blatant corporate toady like Rush Limbaugh or a certified loon like Glenn Beck, but his mission is the same: create hostility and division within the least-privileged (and potentially revolutionary) sectors of the population so those with power, money and influence can continue their nefarious deeds without interference.

Dave Cherry
Reno, Nevada

Most nations demand their borders be respected. That is not "rabid nationalism [that] can quickly lead to xenophobia," as your interviewer puts it. Because you have no counter for Savage's arguments, you dismiss him as a Nazi. But the Nazis were racists, not nationalists.

Frank Reid
Kingston, Georgia

Savage avoided fighting in Vietnam but now talks of "heading to the mountains and resisting the federal government"? As someone who did some soldiering, I say good luck with that. It sucks being a guerrilla, especially if you're 68 years old.

Ronald Bobeck
Holly Springs, North Carolina

PAKISTAN BAR GUIDE

When I last lived in Pakistan, during the 1990s, almost everyone drank (*Drinking in Islamabad*, July). Villagers made *tharra*, which is like gin, and in any large city you could find Johnnie Walker Black Label or Chivas. In Karachi women lined up outside the wine shops that seemed to be on every block. Servants drank vodka from Quetta that was very good and usually obtained through Christian colleagues.

Dr. Altaf Hussain
Girard, Ohio

KING OF BALTIMORE

Let's all raise a dingy glass of strong spirits to John Waters's tasty tour of the dive bars of his youth (*Baltimore Heroes*, June). You can learn more about hard livin' and real life in a couple hours of smoke and rye-

soaked conversation with the regulars and their "keepers" than from years of business lunches. I'm ready to hit the Terminal Tavern by the train station for a few hours of education after lunch. Hold my calls!

Scott Sheppard
Orlando, Florida

Waters's piece is a great read. I'll be sure to pick up a copy of *Role Models*, and I'm hoping to pluck up the courage to see some of his movies as well.

Julie Ray
Minneapolis, Minnesota

ASS BACKWARD

I love the cartoons sprinkled throughout the magazine but am surprised to find that the mirror image on page 87 of the



The cartoon in question. "Okay, I give up!"

June issue is not portrayed accurately. If it were anything other than a beautiful woman's backside, I'd be a little put off. Since it is her backside, I guess we're cool.

Luke Green
St. Paul, Minnesota

DEEP SLEEP

I love *Sleep Is a Battlefield* (July), but as a polysomnograph technologist I have seen many people with more extreme conditions than the baseline figures you share. For example, while a person with obstructive sleep apnea may typically stop breathing for 10 to 30 seconds, we often see patients in whom this lasts much longer, sometimes as long as two minutes. And while the clinical definition of obstructive sleep apnea is a condition in which a person "semi-suffocates" at least five times an hour, jarring awake 30 to 40 times a night, it's not uncommon in the clinic to observe subjects awakening 15 to 30 times an hour; we once recorded 121. It has been said the key to a long life is diet and exercise, but it should be diet, exercise and a good night's sleep.

Scott Simon
Salt Lake City, Utah





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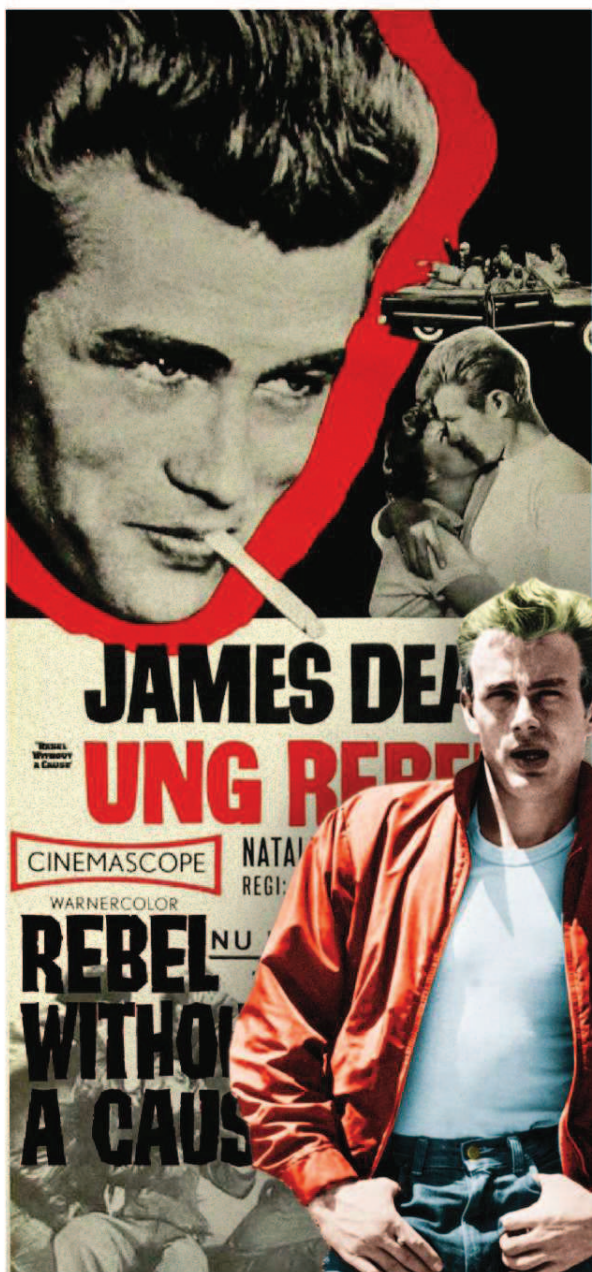
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PLAYBOY AFTERHOURS

BECOMING ATTRACTION

Christine Scott Bennett

Even among the manly laughs of HBO's sketch series *Funny or Die Presents...*, a serious jolt of female thrill can be found. Her name? Christine Scott Bennett, the sexy secretary who endures the inappropriate musings of Ed Haligan, the show's fictional host. "Since I'm a blonde I'm supposed to be ditzy, so I acted flattered." It came as no surprise that her irrepressible curves would be a punch line. "My boobs are substantial, so I knew the writers were going to refer to them." Not that any of it bothered her. "I'm a goof in real life. I'm happy to go on set, make an ass of myself and let people think I'm acting."



Classic Look of the Month
James Dean

What fascinates men about rebels who die young? The impulse to engage danger is in all of us. James Dean fatally crashed his Porsche 55 years ago this month, 27 days before *Rebel Without a Cause* premiered. Today he's still the most iconic of all the live-fast, die-young male icons. Want to re-create his timeless look? See caption at right.



Green House Family Tree

Architect Robert Harvey Oshatz designed the world's coolest tree house, the Wilkinson residence outside Portland, Oregon. "The client—a musician—wanted a house that not only became part of the natural landscape but also addressed the flow of music," says Oshatz. See more of his work at oshatz.com.

Reel Memorabilia
For Sale: Hollywood History

Monumental pieces of movie history have recently hit the market. The 193-acre Iowa farmland with the baseball diamond from *Field of Dreams* (1989) was for sale for \$5.4 million. The Long Island house where the *Amityville Horror* (1979) murders took place was up for \$1.15 million. Our fave? The Aston Martin DB5 from *Goldfinger* (1964), expected to garner at least \$5 million. We've sat in this car with built-in machine guns and other Q-designed gadgets. It's worth every penny.

THE DEAN OF STYLE ICONS: Ben Sherman zip-front jacket (\$59); white cotton tee (\$10) by Hanes; Dean was a Levi's man, but in the movie he wears Lee jeans (try Lee's Heritage line, \$44); leather boots (\$156) by Chippewa.





**THE PLAYBOY MANSION'S
FRIED CHICKEN**

- 2 split chicken breasts
- 2 thighs
- 2 wings
- 2 drumsticks
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1½ tbsp. Lawry's Seasoned Salt
- ½ tsp. ground black pepper
- ½ tsp. fine sea salt
- 1 tbsp. Spanish paprika
- 1½ cups Wesson oil

**Lunch Break
Beautiful Bird**

It's no secret Hugh Hefner is the world's greatest fried-chicken fan. Here's the Mansion's exclusive recipe: Preheat an electric skillet to 375 degrees. Rinse chicken pieces in cold water. Combine flour and seasonings. Heat oil in skillet. Fully dredge the wet chicken in the flour mixture and place in skillet. Cover for 15 minutes. Uncover and sprinkle top of chicken with more flour. Turn chicken when bottom is golden brown, after about 25 minutes. Brown other side for 15 to 20 minutes. Remove chicken and place on paper towels to drain.



**BARMATE
Mariel MacClosky**



**IN SEARCH OF AMERICA'S
HOTTEST BARTENDERS**

PLAYBOY: So on Friday night in Latham, New York, this is the place to be.

MARIEL: Yep, welcome to college night at the Landing Zone. We pack the house with college students. I suppose you had to squeeze by a few student bodies.

PLAYBOY: Indeed, but you're the queen.
MARIEL: There is some power in being the bartender. When I was a freshman I didn't really have any friends, and then the week after I worked my first shift at the Landing Zone people were coming up and saying hi to me at the school cafeteria's pancake line.

PLAYBOY: The music is pretty random.
MARIEL: Yeah, we play everything from Kesha to Billy Joel, and everybody goes crazy for the music. Hold on. *[gets up on bar to dance]*

PLAYBOY: Looks like you're having fun.
MARIEL: Always when I'm here. Sorry, that was my song. Where were we?
PLAYBOY: We'd like a drink. What do you recommend?

MARIEL: Normally it's bottled beer around here, but I have something sweet for you: the cheesecake. Consider it dessert in liquid form.

THE CHEESECAKE

- 1 part vodka
 - 1 part vanilla vodka
 - 1 part cranberry juice
 - 1 part pineapple juice
- Pour over ice in a rocks glass and stir. If you like it extra sweet, drop in a maraschino cherry.

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



**Back Story
Body of Work**

Dian Hanson has had great success with her Taschen coffee-table photography books that fetishize body parts. First came *The Big Book of Breasts* (2006), a well-rounded and beautiful exposé. Then came *The Big Penis Book* (2008), a long, thick study. New from Hanson: *The Big Butt Book* (\$60), a cheeky tome that gets the thumbs-up from us. Take a look—delicious from page one.



**Celluloid Heroes
A Club Named Max's**

Mickey Ruskin opened the legendary Max's Kansas City on New York's Park Avenue South on December 6, 1965. It became a gathering place for artists, musicians and models—"the intersection of everything," as William Burroughs put it. Manhattan's Steven Kasher Gallery opens its Max's Kansas City exhibit this month with more than 100 photographs taken during the club's heyday. Pictured from left: Deborah Harry and Billy Idol. More info at maxskansascity.com.



Movie of the Month

The American

By Stephen Rebell

George Clooney plays a veteran professional assassin in *The American*, lying in wait to make one final kill in remote Italy, where he gets embroiled with a prostitute (Violante Placido) and a priest (Paolo Bonacelli), and in one hell of a shoot-out. Any faint echoes of a Sergio Leone Western aren't accidental, according to the film's director, Anton Corbijn, the rock photographer and video director who made his feature directorial debut in 2007 with the knockout *Control*, about Joy Division's tragic lead singer, Ian Curtis. "*The American* is almost like a

spaghetti Western," says Corbijn. "It's a thriller, but not all thrillers have to be action films. We have no explosions or crashes. What we have is a good story with a theme: You have to take responsibility for your actions. George plays a very dark character, and he and the prostitute have an angry, dark sex scene—not the kind of scene you usually see in a George Clooney movie. I'm proud of how different he is here from any other film he's done. It was great to persuade an actor and star such as George that there are other strengths he didn't know he had."



What's in Your Netflix Queue?



Michelle Rodriguez plays a sexy, gun-crazy taco waitress in *Machete*. When she catches a break, the *Avatar* star has the following eclectic films lined up for herself on Netflix:

Natural Born Killers
Thelma & Louise
Cabaret
Inside Deep Throat
Pulp Fiction
Happy Feet
The Goonies
The Breakfast Club

Trash Talk With Shia LaBeouf

“ I feel as though I dropped the ball on the legacy people loved and cherished,” says the *Wall Street: Money Never Sleeps* star about *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*. “There’s no need for [Steven Spielberg] to feel vulnerable about one film.”



Feeling Lost? The Best of TV on DVD

If you feel adrift after the loss of *Lost*, you can revisit the island for 5,074 minutes with **Lost: The Complete Collection**, including 30 hours of bonus material on both DVD and Blu-ray. When your eyes tire of watching tropical intrigue, you can enjoy—if that’s the word—*Jersey Shore: Season One*, MTV’s uncensored car wreck of a reality experiment that gave us Snooki, fake tans, the Situation and the obses-



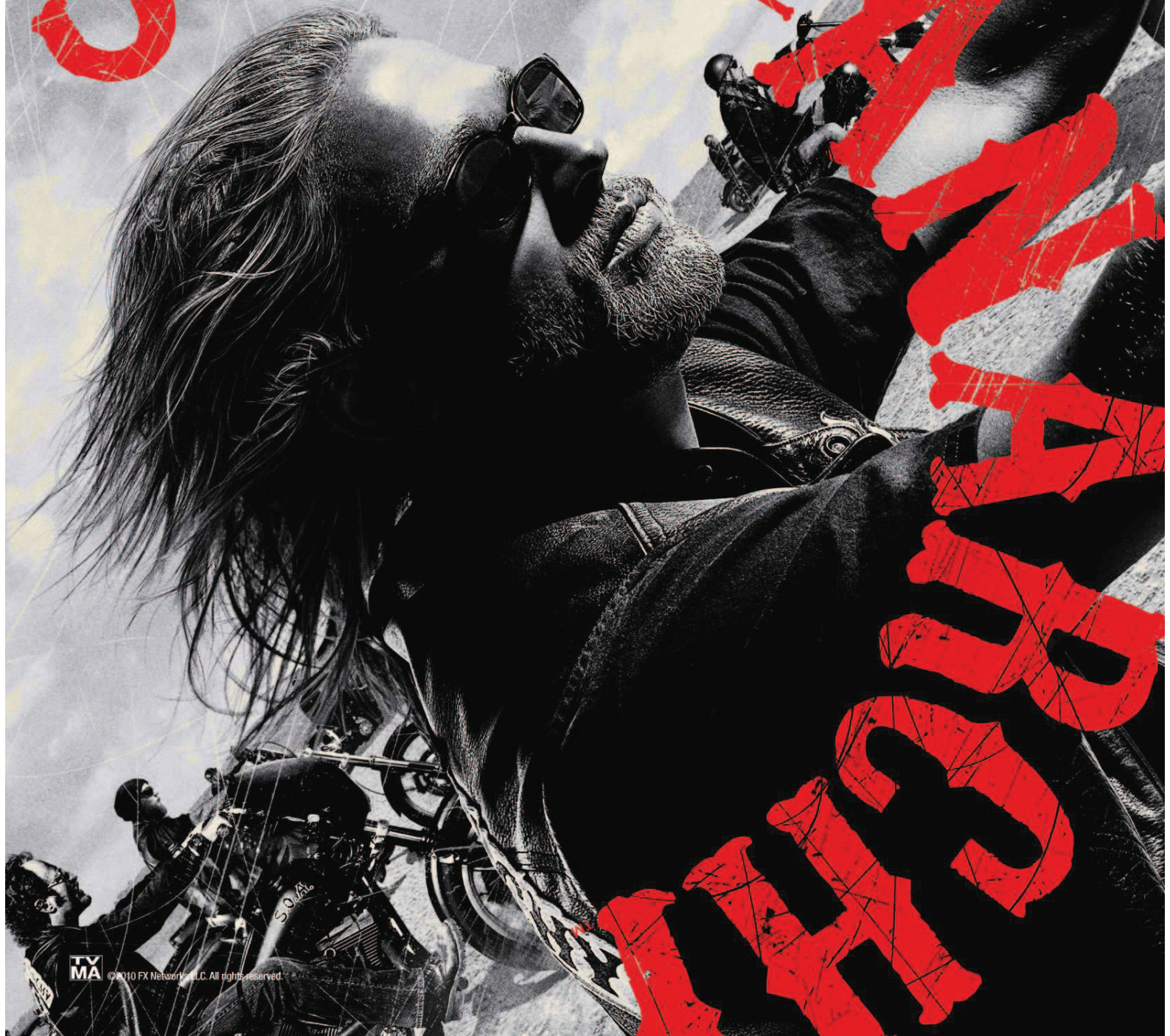
sions of Seaside Heights’ delusional denizens. Just as delusional are Kiwis Jemaine Clement and Bret McKenzie, who have made a career knocking around Manhattan being droll on HBO’s *Flight of the Conchords: The Complete Collection*, which includes an unaired live performance. Look for extra crimson spurts when Starz unsheathes enhanced effects and extended cuts on some of the episodes of the gladiator spectacle **Spartacus: Blood and Sand—The Complete First Season** on both DVD and BD. One of our favorite sitcoms of the year combines a mockumentary style with suburban whimsy to create the wry and funny **Modern Family: The Complete First Season**, featuring hot tamale Sofia Vergara. *Family Guy*’s “Partial Terms of Endearment,” banned by Fox, finally sees the light of day as a DVD-only release as well.



—Buzz McClain

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Game of the Month

Mafia II

By Jason Buhrmester

All the late-night hole digging and corpse dumping associated with being a made man come with some reward—namely piles of money, luxurious cars and beautiful women. For *Mafia II* (360, PC, PS3) PLAYBOY provided the beautiful women. Developers hid 50 authentic PLAYBOY covers and Centerfolds for players to find within the fictional city of Empire Bay as they follow Vito, an up-and-coming mafioso just back from World War II. “Vito is absolutely the type of guy who would be using PLAYBOY as a gentleman’s style bible back in the 1950s,” says 2K Games producer Alex Cox. To afford his lavish lifestyle, Vito and his partner Joey take on missions that include hijacking trucks, gunning down rivals and planting bombs. The Scorsese-inspired story line follows the duo’s rise through the gangster ranks and the trail of bodies they leave behind. If the cops ask, you didn’t see nothin’. **★★★★**



Music

Maroon 5's Adam Levine Goes Biking

Maroon 5 singer Adam Levine shares advice on how not to learn about motorcycles:

“First I bought a Ducati, which was a horrible mistake because I’d never ridden before. I almost killed myself—I was leaning over the bike to press the security code to my front gate and let go of the clutch while it was in gear. The bike was on gravel and it spun around about 30 times.

Now I ride a Harley. Harley culture isn’t about cheating death; it’s about cruising on a heavy machine that stays glued to the road. Riding is the best thing in the world.”



Album of the Month

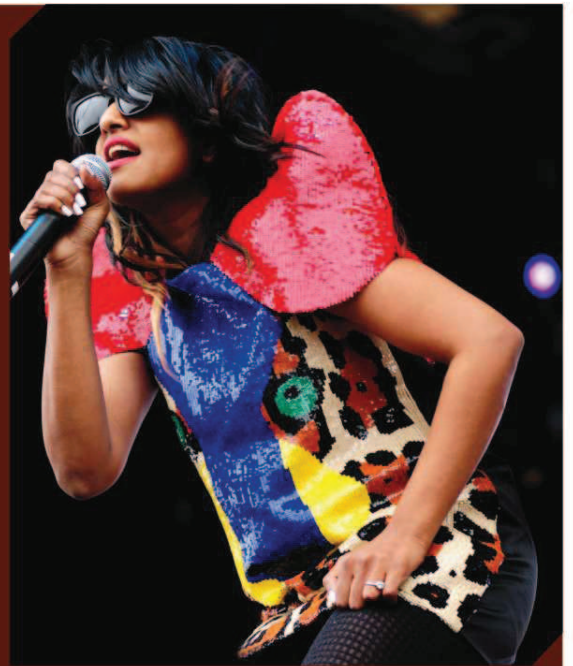
M.I.A. Returns With *Maya*

By Rob Tannenbaum

M.I.A. is the kind of rock star Oliver Stone might dream up for a screenplay: smart, glamorous, socially connected and totally radical. She spent part of her youth in Sri Lanka, fled to London as a preteen with her mom, named her debut album for her father (a prominent figure in Sri Lanka’s ruinous civil war) and is engaged to an heir to the Seagram liquor fortune. Many of her songs mention explosions and violence in favorable ways.

“Sound of a bomb blast, throw it in a bag,” she chants on her new album, *Maya*, which transforms the global dance music of her debut into what we’ll call terrorist pop. It’s relentless and abrasive, full of sudden disruptions and shocking noises that double as hooks and beats.

She doesn’t work in subtleties—M.I.A. gets specific about what she likes (weed,



Bob Marley, Quentin Tarantino, money) and dislikes (governments, oppression, golfers, Mahatma Gandhi’s faith in non-violence). It’s foolish of her to liken herself to “a Taliban trucker”—the Taliban are brutal to women who want freedom—but it proves a point: Her third album puts the fun into fundamentalism. **★★★★**

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International Editions Around the World With Playboy

PLAYBOY'S numerous foreign editions all kept busy over the summer, and their hard work (and play) yielded some attractive results. In June the 50th anniversary of the Playboy Clubs and the Bunny was celebrated with 50 extravagant Playboy parties held around the globe, including at venues in Italy and Greece. In Milano Marittima, Italian Bunnies mingled with Italian celebrities for a glitzy night of revelry at Club Pineta (right), and in Athens, Greek lovelies feted in Mediterranean style at Dekko nightclub (below left). PLAYBOY Slovenia took the artistic route and paid tribute to the anniversary with a striking Bunny-themed pictorial shot in Bled, the country's only island and one of its most spectacular

tourist attractions (below right). PLAYBOY Croatia shot a summer pictorial of its own in Umag, a small port town on the northwestern coast dubbed "Croatia's Gateway to Europe." And Croatia's June Playmate, Ava Karabatić (right), is certainly the most breathtaking gatekeeper we've ever seen. Meanwhile, PLAYBOY Netherlands seized on the worldwide obsession with 3-D and featured Nicolette Kluijver on the cover of its May issue as a mesmerizing hologram (below center). The sultry Nicolette jumps out at readers all on her own—no 3-D glasses required.



ITALY



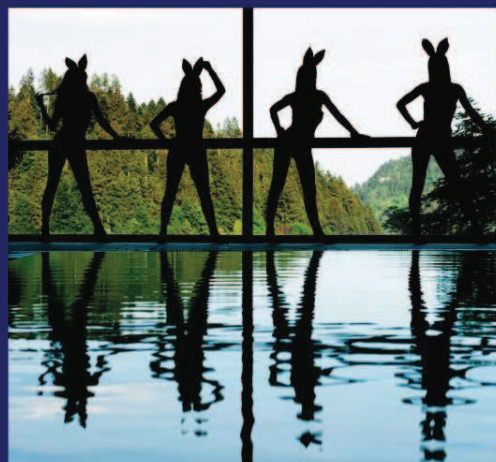
CROATIA



GREECE



NETHERLANDS



SLOVENIA



Hot New TV

Proving that good things can also come in fours, the fourth season of **Foursome** (left) airs on Playboy TV on September 18 (10 P.M. ET/PT), kicking off a new round of lust and fun. Follow the wild sexual exploits of two girls and two guys as they spend 24 hours in luxurious L.A. and New York locations, acting out their kinkiest fantasies with one another. Plus, don't miss the premiere of Playboy's brand-new series **Badass** (right) on September 3 (nine P.M. ET/PT). Gorgeous girls tackle extreme sports like shark diving and air-to-air *Top Gun* combat over the Pacific Ocean—all while in the buff.



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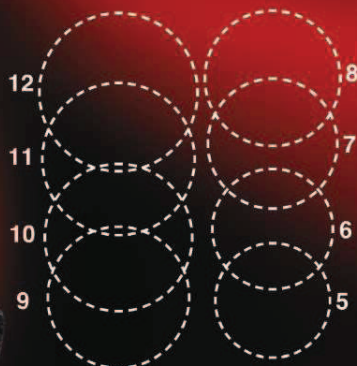


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ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

IF YOU SPIT ON A PUBLIC BUS DRIVER IN NEW YORK CITY, HE OR SHE IS ELIGIBLE FOR PAID LEAVE. IN FACT, IN **2009** THE AVERAGE AMOUNT OF TIME A BUS DRIVER TOOK TO RECOVER FROM A SPITTING INCIDENT WAS **64 DAYS**, AND OF THE 153 DRIVERS WHO GOT PAID TIME OFF LAST YEAR, **ONE THIRD** WERE VICTIMS OF A SPIT ATTACK.

WHEN ASKED IF THEY WOULD EVER DATE THEIR BOSS, **25%** OF WOMEN SAID THEY ALREADY HAD; **39%** SAID NO, IT'S A RECIPE FOR DISASTER; AND **36%** SAID THEY WOULD CONSIDER IT IF THE OPPORTUNITY PRESENTED ITSELF.



WHAT THEY'RE THINKING

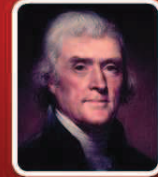
IN A STUDY CONDUCTED BY A WOMEN'S WEBSITE, **44% OF RESPONDENTS SAID THEY WOULD DATE AN UNEMPLOYED MAN, AS LONG AS HE WAS LOOKING FOR A JOB; 27% WOULD NOT DATE A MAN WHO WAS UNEMPLOYED; AND 29% SAID EMPLOYMENT STATUS DOESN'T MATTER.**



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THOMAS JEFFERSON
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TEDDY ROOSEVELT
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A RECENT STUDY CALCULATED THE NET WORTH IN PRESENT DOLLARS OF EACH OF AMERICA'S 43 PRESIDENTS AT THE TIME THEY WERE WEALTHIEST, TAKING INTO ACCOUNT PROPERTY, SAVINGS, SALARY, INHERITANCE AND ROYALTIES. THE TOP DOGS ARE SHOWN HERE.



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IN A RECENT POLL **27%** OF MEN SAID THEY WOULD GIVE UP SEX FOR A BMW, AND **10%** SAID THEY WOULD GIVE IT UP FOR A 50-INCH HIGH-DEFINITION TV.



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ACTION!

PAMELA ANDERSON
+ TOMMY LEE

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TWENTY PERCENT

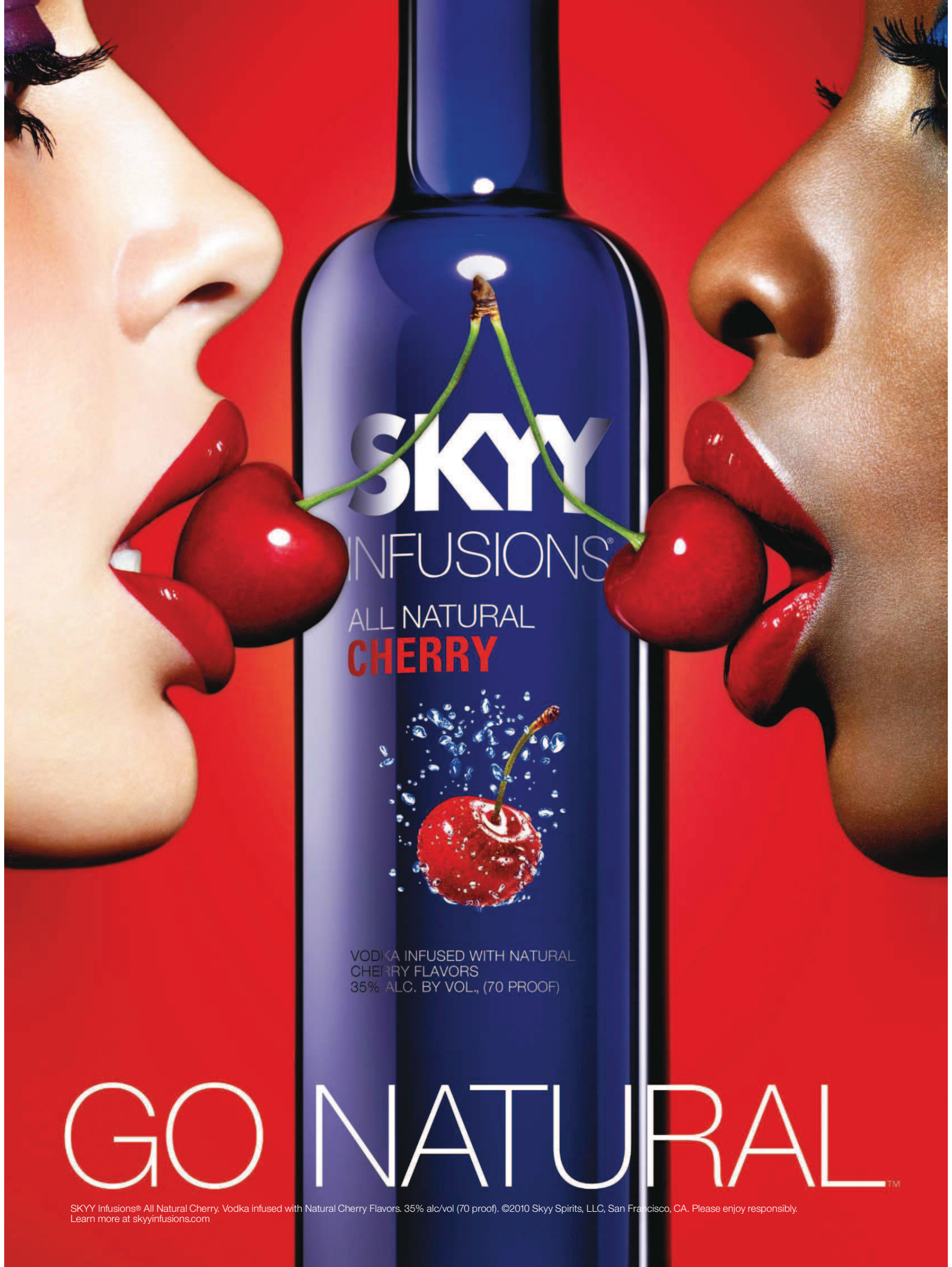
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VWs in close combat at Road Atlanta.



The Jetta TDI Cup Edition

Young Guns

Showcasing VW's new talent and technology

It's an age-old question with an easy answer: How does a car company alert buyers to new ideas in engineering? By thrilling those potential customers with roaring action on the racetrack. Volkswagen launched its TDI Cup series to showcase its clean diesel Jetta—but with an added hook. The 10-race series is also a scouting system in which young drivers with no experience who are hell-bent on NASCAR or Formula One can get a start—drivers such as Liam Kenney of Virginia, who began competing the moment he was old enough to get his license and who's now racing in Formula Three. "The TDI Cup gets you in a major factory team car," says Kenney. "It's hot, tight racing." Now VW is offering customers the motor-sport version of its Jetta. The two-liter Jetta TDI Cup Edition is a racer for the road, with fully independent suspension, 18-inch alloys, sporty rubber and huge brakes. Clean diesel means absurdly impressive mileage. "Where else can you buy a race car for the street that you can flail around and still get 41 miles per gallon?" Kenney says. We hurtled one around country roads, looking for tight corners to straighten. The ride is firm, the steering perfectly weighted. For \$25,000, this baby makes for a great back-to-school ride. More info at vw.com. To apply for next season's racing, visit vwmotorsportusa.com.

Release the Kraken

Going where no booze purveyor has gone before, Proximo Spirits is offering the Kraken (\$20, in stores), a rum that is dark *and* spiced. Another surprise: For a libation named after a menacing sea beast, it is unexpectedly smooth, probably because of its caramel flavoring.



The Old Ball Game

Who needs a throwback jersey? Huntington Base Ball Co.'s replica 1870s fingerless glove (\$200, huntingtonbaseballco.com) evokes an even more ancient era. To wit, it's modeled after one of the first pieces of tailored buckskin ever used to blunt the wallop of a batted ball during a professional game.



When Time Flies

After Charles Lindbergh's solo nonstop flight across the Atlantic, he trekked another 47,000 kilometers of northern air routes. During these trips he wore a personally designed Greenland Flight watch, a timepiece Longines recently reissued as Lindbergh's Atlantic Voyage (\$4,500, longines.com). Like the original, it shows seconds at nine o'clock, includes a 30-minute counter at three o'clock and has a tachymeter for measuring speeds up to 500 kilometers per hour.



Have Office, Will Travel

London furniture maker Timothy Oulton has made a time-tested wish come true: He has devised a way to fit your whole life—or most of your office, anyway—into a single suitcase. His Mayfair Steamer Secretary Trunk (\$2,995, restorationhardware.com), which he designed as a nod to both his family's well-known antiques heritage and the classic Louis Vuitton trunks of the bygone luxury-luggage era, is handmade of distressed vintage cigar leather and features a pull-down desktop, wheels for mobility and plentiful storage space. No two trunks are alike—in fact, each one takes 72 hours to construct. And each comes equipped with crafty wire-management slots to keep high-tech hardware (i.e., your computer) discreetly in check. When your day's work is finished, simply close and latch the trunk, and roll your work out of sight and out of mind.



A Smoking Library

Reading—now 100 percent habit-forming! The enabler of such avid literacy? British publisher Tank Books. In a sublime design conceit, the company has repackaged pocket-size works by Kafka and other eminent writers into six flip-top cigarette boxes (\$70, tank magazine.com). "Tales to take your breath away," its mock warning promises.

How to Buy a Private Island

Winter will be here soon enough, bringing with it the usual frigid misery and near-constant dreams of sand, sun and escape. The ultimate getaway, of course, is to a warm piece of ocean-based real estate all your own—a private island where neither Old Man Winter nor any other interloper can prevent good times from rolling. Canadian company Private Islands Inc.

(privateislandsinc.com) specializes in arranging such purchases, listing roughly 500 islands to buy or lease—from Great Lakes islets to Pacific Ocean archipelagoes. The asking prices are similarly wide-ranging, starting as low as \$20,000 and jumping to \$110 million for a tricked-out Shangri-la in the Caribbean. After all, no man can be complete without an island.



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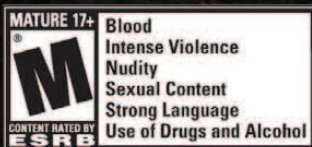
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★ GREETINGS ★ *from* ★ TEXAS ★



Howdy, folks! This is Kinky the friendly Jewish cowboy bringing you greetings from Texas, where men are men and emus are nervous. Not much has changed here politically since I last ran for governor in 2006 as an Independent. My slogan at the time was “If you elect me the first Jewish governor of Texas, I’ll reduce the speed limit to 54.95.”

But I was a somewhat younger little booger then. I used to claim I was too young for Medicare and too old for women to care. I can’t say that

anymore. I’m now 65, though I read at the 67-year-old level. I’ve even filed my last will and testament with my lawyer. When I die my body is to be cremated and the ashes thrown in Governor Rick Perry’s hair.

Rick has been governor for the past 10 years, and the state’s in the black but the people are in the red. We’re 49th in education and 50th in health-care coverage, but we rank first in executions. All right! The death penalty here, indeed, seems to be slightly more popular than football or chicken-fried steak. I’ve repeatedly called for its abolishment, but nobody appears to be listening. As I often tell the Christians,

“I’m sorry you have to hear this from a Jew, but remember, folks, that’s who you heard it from the first time.”

If you come down here you’ll soon find there are two kinds of people who wear cowboy hats—cowboys and assholes. Try to be one of them. The other accessory a lot of Texans like to carry is a gun. Thanks to George W. Bush half the state now appears to be packing heat under the concealed-weapons law, but it does seem to have cut crime. Personally I don’t carry a weapon, so if you plan to shoot me you’d better remember to bring your own gun.

Of course, no greeting from Texas would be complete without mentioning the man I refer to as the hillbilly Dalai Lama, Willie Nelson. Willie clearly is Texas’s greatest gift to the world, even if several years ago he announced he’d “outlived my dick.” The veracity of this statement, however, may be in question since I understand he’s working on a song entitled “I Hate Every Bone in Your Body (Except Mine).”

Recently Willie gave me some sage advice, and I don’t think he’d mind if I took the liberty of sharing it with you. He said, “If you’re going to have sex with an animal, always make it a horse. That way, if things don’t work out, at least you know you’ve got a ride home.”

BY ★ KINKY FRIEDMAN ★

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PLAYBOY ADVISOR

When I am home on R&R from Iraq, I go out of my way to show my new wife affection with flowers, fancy dinners and romantic moments. There is no question in my mind she loves me as much as I love her, but lately she has become more distant. She says I do too much for her when I'm home. It's almost as if she wishes to be ignored a little. I want her to be happy, but I don't want her to get mad if I ignore her. What should I do?—S.H., Frederick, Maryland

Who better to ask about this than military wives? Janelle Hill, co-author of *The Military Marriage Manual*, immediately identified your situation as one of "too much, too soon." Unfortunately, the three weeks of a typical R&R is not enough time to rebuild intimacy after months apart, even if sex happens right away. Rather than make grand gestures, keep your plans low-key: a hike and picnic, dinner and a movie, a bike ride, cooking dinner together, hanging out. Keep in mind, says Shellie Vandevoorde, author of *Separated by Duty, United in Love*, that while your wife wants and appreciates your affection, she also knows she'll soon be alone again with her fears. "It's hard for a spouse to make him- or herself vulnerable to all those intense emotions," Vandevoorde explains. "If your wife keeps up some walls, she won't feel the full impact when you leave." If you or your wife are ever in need of support, you can find counseling and discussion at militaryonesource.com or by phoning 800-342-9647.

I have a friend who can't understand why a woman would let him ejaculate on her chest but not on her face. Am I crazy to think being shot in the face with semen would be humiliating? Being female, I wonder if other men see the degrading aspect of a "facial." Are men who are turned on by this resentful toward women?—M.M., Los Angeles, California

The significance of a facial is in the eye of the beholder. The former adult performer and director William Margold has described the facials seen in porn (in which an actor leaps up from whatever position the couple is in to unload on his co-star's most intimate body part) as "vicarious revenge exacted upon the cheerleader by X number of men who could not get that cheerleader." But in a study reported in the *Journal of Psychology & Human Sexuality*, Sándor Gardos found that men who report being most aroused by come

shots see them not as degrading to the woman but as an act of acceptance on her part. In fact, Gardos found that the men who most enjoyed come shots also reported having the most positive view of women. It's exciting for



TINA BERNING

My girlfriend wants to make love under a secluded tropical waterfall. I am willing to travel to get this done but have no idea where to begin. Do you know of any suitable spots?—D.P., New York, New York

The best place in the world to fuck under a fall, according to Michelle Anghel of *Lifestyles Tours & Travel* (lifestyles-tours.com or 888-844-8180), which caters to swingers, is South Island off the coast of New Zealand. After flying into Auckland, take a local airline to Queenstown (population 10,000) and find a guide to lead you to paradise. "It won't be a problem," Anghel assures us. "Kiwis are very open-minded." If you'd like to stay closer to home, hit the Caribbean. Paul Baur of *Connection Travel* (connectiontravel.com or 877-782-6833) suggests hiring a rafting guide in Jamaica to arrange a side trip. Not to dump cold water on your girlfriend's fantasy, but you may find the experience less exciting than she imagines. Slippery rocks can make it hard to stand, and oral sex is as challenging as when you do it in the shower. Surprisingly, we could find only one adult film that depicts sex in a waterfall—*Sex Island*, which was shot using man-made falls at a St. Martin resort. Jessica Drake, who stars in the scene (and who also happens to host a show on *Playboy Radio*), says the experience was fun, but "I should have taken off my high heels."

bring the contents of your liquor cabinet when you move), UPS and FedEx won't accept booze sent from one individual to another. However, they have agreements with many wineries and liquor stores to deliver to addresses in states

a man to be with a lover who doesn't find any part of him, including his prostatic production, to be disgusting. After all, no guy is horrified by his own semen, and few cunning-ists feel humiliated when a woman comes on their face.

While on vacation in Rio I got into a regrettable situation with a prostitute. We agreed on a hand job, but while stroking me she put the tip of her tongue on the tip of my penis. I have since had tests for gonorrhea, chlamydia, herpes, syphilis and HIV, all negative. What else should I be tested for?—P.D., Washington, D.C.

After a one-night stand I found myself playing the what-if game. I used a condom, took a shower right away and wiped my member down with rubbing alcohol. Is there any way to be 100 percent sure I won't get an STD?—C.M., San Antonio, Texas

We like what the comedienne Wendy Liebman says about this: "The only way to have really safe sex is to abstain. From drinking." We suspect that advice might have saved you both some grief. Beyond remaining chaste, there's no way to be certain you won't get an STD, because even if you're monogamous, your partner may not be. (One of the saddest aspects of adultery is when the cheater brings home an uninvited guest.) P.D., we think you'll be okay. C.M., rubbing alcohol won't do anything except burn a little. You are smart to wear a condom, but STDs such as herpes can be spread from areas not covered by the condom, even when an infected partner shows no symptoms. If you're having casual sex, you must decide how much risk you are willing to accept. It sounds as though both of you didn't make that calculation until after it might have been too late.

I bought a bottle of whiskey to send as a gift to a friend in California. Is it illegal to mail booze over state lines? If so, what are the consequences?—D.P., Manhattan, Kansas

It's a felony to send any "intoxicating liquor" through the U.S. mail, and if your package is intercepted, you'll be easy to track down. Because state laws regulating the sale and importation of alcohol are so complex (some even require a permit to

that allow it. That doesn't stop people from sending sealed and well-cushioned gifts via private shippers by not revealing the contents or by mislabeling them as vases or, as the home-brewer quip goes, "yeast samples for evaluation." It may or may not be illegal to do this, depending on the origin and destination. We suggest you keep this bottle for yourself and order your friend another from a California retailer that sells online.

I was having sex with a 23-year-old woman for the first time when she began slapping her pussy. She told me it helped her get off. Have you ever heard of this? I have been with plenty of women who liked having their asses slapped but never this.—R.K., Albuquerque, New Mexico

Ever had your erection gently slapped while you're at full strength? The genitals, when engorged with blood, are extraordinarily sensitive to rubbing, slapping, kissing and many other types of stimulation, soft, medium or rough. It helps her get off because the general principles of anatomy and geometry don't allow your erection to stimulate her clit—at least not directly—during intercourse. That's why many women slap their clits, finger themselves or apply a vibrator. The only risk is having an ill-educated lover who freaks out because his penis is "not enough" to satisfy her.

Is it possible to remove a musty smell from a leather jacket?—M.F., Sarnia, Ontario

It is possible, but you'll need a professional. Bill Tobias of Premier Suede/Leather and Specialty Cleaners in Newport Beach, California (800-245-2378), who with his daughter Michelle has been cleaning leather for 26 years, compares mold and mildew to cancer because they permeate every part of the lining, seams and pores of a jacket. He says many people will toss moldy garments, which is too bad because most can be saved with the right solvents and detergents at the right temperatures. Tobias, who receives garments shipped from all over the country, says he sees many jackets whose owners applied a leather cleaner that turned a smudge into a stain. "You're going to end up taking it to a pro anyway," he says, "so you might as well leave it alone." Typically you will see stains on a jacket first at the neck and wrists, where the leather comes into contact with oils on your skin.

My friends and I were debating the definition of cheating. Do all types of physical contact that result in sexual gratification count the same? That is, is there a difference between a woman who gets a massage at a spa because she has erogenous zones on her feet and it turns her on and her boyfriend who gets a hand job from a call girl? Both are paying a detached third party to touch them for pleasure. Has anyone ever done a study of what qualifies as cheating?—R.G., Chicago, Illinois

How was that hand job? No one has done a study because you just need to ask one person to find out what constitutes cheating. Can't bring yourself to do that? There you go.

The reader in June who wondered if his daughter might not be his biological child and therefore ineligible for child support should check his state's laws. In California it doesn't matter who the bio dad is; if you were married to the mother at the time of the child's birth (or during the pregnancy), you're the legal father. For the girl's sake it may be important to know, as her medical history will be different if Dad isn't the dad.—R.W., San Ramon, California

That's a good point. California gives a man two years after the child's birth to challenge paternity with DNA evidence, but once a father-child relationship has been established, judges everywhere will overlook biology. The point is, his daughter is not two; she's nearly an adult. In trying to save a few bucks he may destroy their relationship.

When being seated at a restaurant, should a man walk ahead of or behind his companion? The other night I was leading the way behind our hostess when my wife slipped and almost fell. She says I should have been walking behind in case I had to catch her. When is the appropriate time to lead versus follow?—P.R., Joplin, Missouri

Unless you're clearing a path for her through a crowd, the woman goes first. But your wife really thinks you'd be ready to catch her?

I started dating a woman in her late 20s. I like her a lot, but there is a problem I can't get past. She has a long piece of skin hanging from the middle of her vagina that looks like a turkey gobbler. It is not her labia, and I don't think it's her clit. I am unsure whether to just end the relationship or to tell her why. What is it, and how do I approach her about it without hurting her feelings?—D.K., Huntsville, Alabama

Are you sure it's not her labia? There are as many varieties of pussy as there are women. There's the odd chance it is a remnant of her hymen, which will eventually wear away, but we'd put our money on the lips, which is also where you should be putting your tongue. The more you explore, the more comfortable you will become with her unique and beautiful contours. If you can't get past it, we'd give more thought to the relationship. Do you want to move on for other, more complicated reasons but this imagined one gets you off the hook?

I have been seeing a woman nearly twice my age (I'm 22 and she's 41) for six months. She's beautiful and our sex life is wonderful, but no one approves. What would be a good way to end the relationship without leaving her devastated?—A.S., Peoria, Illinois

Don't worry; she'll live. But you're 22. You can drink, vote and join the military. Whose approval do you need?

A few years ago you published an analysis of the contents of semen. Has

a similar analysis been done of vaginal secretions?—I.T., Montreal, Quebec

Yes. Although commonly misidentified as nectar, vaginal fluid is 95 percent water. The rest is mostly glucose (hence sugar walls) seasoned with salt, urea, carbs, mucus, fatty acids, proteins and antibodies. Bacteria breaks the glucose into lactic acid, which is why the vagina is slightly acidic.

Is it okay to wear a bow tie to a wedding? Rather than going with basic black, I like to wear a tie with colors that match or complement those worn by the wedding party. Tacky or stylish?—S.B., Boston, Massachusetts

The only time you should wear a bow tie to a wedding is if you're known as a guy who wears bow ties. If that's the case, it should be black. Avoid wearing anything that draws attention away from the newlyweds. It's not your show.

My girlfriend and I have had a number of threesomes. We were talking the other night, and she asked about inviting a guy. She doesn't want to have sex with him; she wants to watch me having sex with him. She says men like to watch women with women, so why can't women watch men with men? Actually, she makes a good argument. I have made up my mind, so I don't need advice. But I am curious whether you think men should do this for women just as women do this for men.—K.L., Little Rock, Arkansas

No, because it's a threesome only if all three people have a good time. We assume both you and your girlfriend enjoy yourselves during your threesomes, but would that be the case if you were to involve another guy? If you're uncomfortable with the idea, it's okay to decline. You don't need to sacrifice your mouth or butt for global threesome equality. We're not sure how this topic came up, but when Penn Jillette of Penn & Teller appeared on The Playboy Advisor Show (Sirius/XM 99), he surprised us by taking the opposite view. "This is something I have felt about sex for a long time," he said. "If you have a woman who you enjoy sleeping with and you're in love with, and she says to you, 'I'd like to watch you blow a guy,' and you say no, you are a homosexual, because a heterosexual man will do anything to please a woman." We're almost convinced.

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.



Truly Unique



Time travel at the speed of a 1935 Speedster?

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

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

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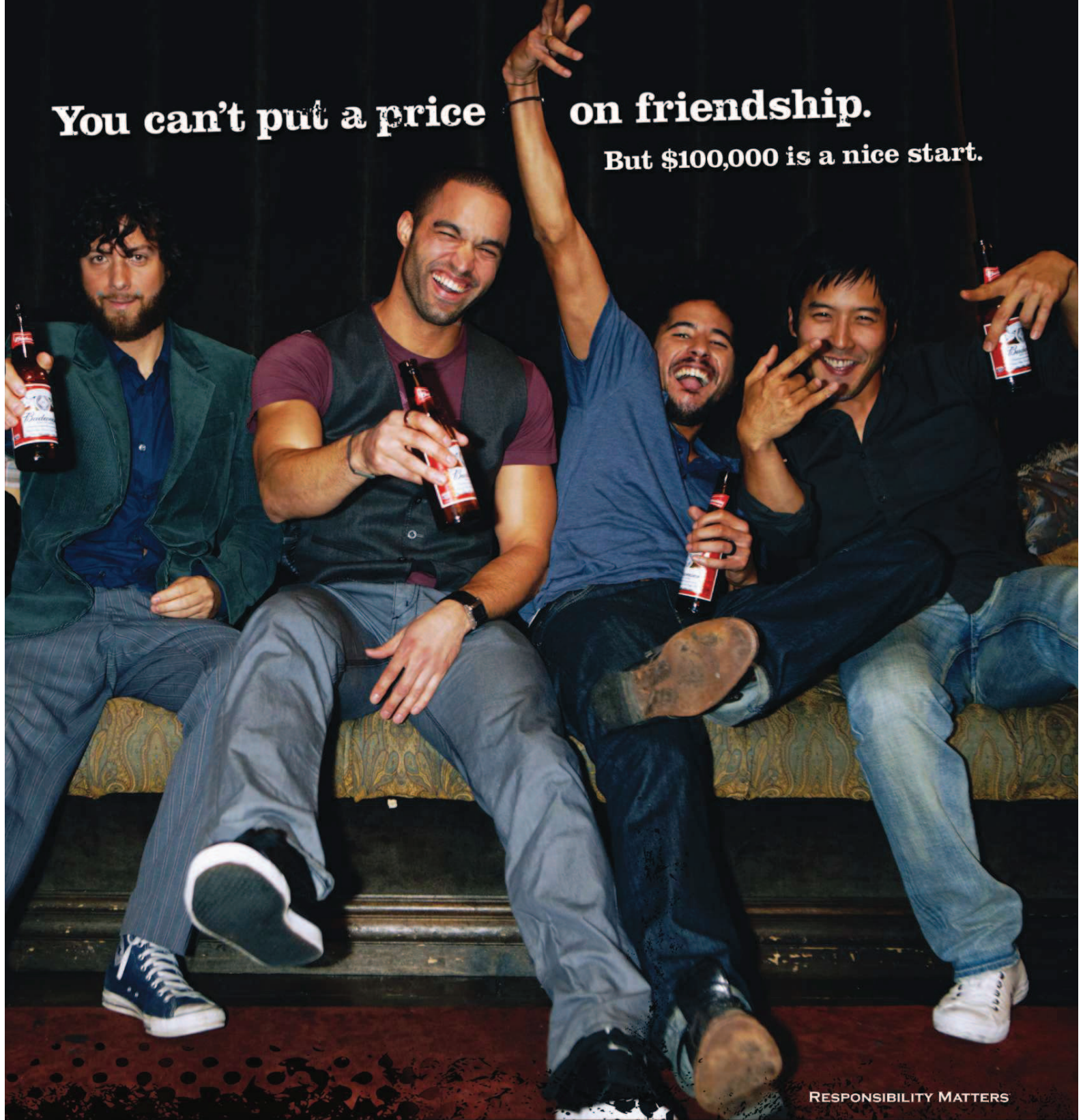
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: PAUL REUBENS

A candid conversation with the scandal-plagued genius behind Pee-wee Herman about the return of his alter ego and the troubles that nearly ended his career

"I know you are," the great man-child existentialist Pee-wee Herman once said, "but what am I?" And then he said it again, 10 or 10,000 times over, before cheerfully ending all further discourse by declaring "Infinity!" as he jumped around the colorful postmodernist set of Pee-wee's Playhouse, arguably the quirkiest, most imaginative children's show ever to air on network TV. The series earned 22 Emmys during its five-season reign and found as much favor with adult hipsters as with little kids.

Now, after a near-two-decade absence due in large part to a pair of tabloid scandals, Pee-wee's wily master creator and alter ego, Paul Reubens, has reclaimed his iconic character and is moving back into the spotlight. Early this year he sold out four weeks at Club Nokia in Los Angeles with a large-scale live production of *The Pee-wee Herman Show*, which received glowing reviews (from *Variety*: "Today's secret word is...delight") and heady testimonials (from Monty Python's Eric Idle: "He's a comic genius, a genuine original, one of the great clowns of the world!"). On October 26 the show arrives in New York City on Broadway.

The eldest of three siblings, Reubens was born August 27, 1952 in Peekskill, New York to a father who dealt Lincoln Mercurys and

a mother who taught grade school. Reubens began mounting basement stage shows at the age of five and later honed his avant-gardist bent at the California Institute of the Arts, which propelled him into improv work with the Groundlings comedy troupe. It was there that he invented Pee-wee and where he performed the original Pee-wee Herman Show. By 1985 his classic madcap in-character guest shots on *Late Night With David Letterman* culminated in Tim Burton's hit film *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*. The following year CBS enlisted Reubens to create and produce the landmark Saturday morning children's series *Pee-wee's Playhouse*. Exhausted, he pulled the plug on the show in 1991 and planned a long sabbatical—one that ultimately turned out to be much longer than anticipated.

In July 1991 he wandered into a Sarasota XXX movie theater (the triple-feature bill included the straight-porn films *Catalina Five-O: Tiger Shark*, *Nurse Nancy* and *Turn Up the Heat*), where Reubens and other patrons were collared for indecent exposure, i.e., openly masturbating. He denies the charge to this day, but the tabloids pounced and he eventually pleaded no contest to avoid the spectacle of a trial. Over the next decade he took small roles in such film and TV projects as *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*, *Mystery Men*, *Blow*, *Murphy Brown* and others.

Then in November 2001 scandal hit again—his Hollywood home was raided on an alleged false tip, resulting in a nearly three-year battle to clear himself of the devastating accusation of possessing child pornography. The child pornography charge was reduced to a simple misdemeanor obscenity offense. This was later expunged from his record, but the damage was done. The stigma kept him on the edge of public view until now. Today he describes himself as "more infamous for two misdemeanors" than probably any cult hero in history.

We sent **Bill Zehme** to Los Angeles as Reubens readied for Pee-wee's Broadway debut. Zehme reports: "Paul Reubens told me repeatedly, as we dug through emotional crevices unimaginable, that he'd never opened himself up this nakedly outside of a shrink's presence. But somehow his guts needed spilling, increasingly so with each of the nearly 15 hours we spent yammering over several weeks. Whether you see him as Pee-wee or Paul (and the two are often interchangeable), you realize how it is possible to be so funny and to also forget to laugh. Lately I sense he's doing better with the laughing."

PLAYBOY: You brought back Pee-wee Herman only to be stunned by the outpouring of affection audiences have been



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MIZUNO

"People have been trying to get me to dis Pee-wee. But it's not like that. It's threatening to me to have to dissect Pee-wee because I feel as though I'll lose him. I mean, he is me. I have the same face, the same voice, the same everything."

"Keep in mind I got arrested at the same time serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer's story was breaking—and yet my story led the news. This man killed lots of people and drilled holes in their heads. And he got the second spot, after me."

"That's the real concern—it's as though you've got some kind of stink on you. You can deodorize the shit out of yourself but still carry a whiff about you. Before now I hadn't dissected this much—because I can't. If I did, I would get this angry."

showing you—and him. Now you're headed to Broadway. Are you surprised Pee-wee is still meaningful to people after an almost 20-year absence?

REUBENS: It's staggering, because I really did not understand the love thing that went on back in the 1980s when I was doing Pee-wee full-on. I was just too busy. In the last half of those years my focus was entirely on the TV show and the films. I had no life outside work. I was never anywhere near enough to people to get that reaction, much less believe it could happen.

PLAYBOY: During your Los Angeles post-show question-and-answer sessions with the audience, you couldn't seem to hide your emotions. Were you that overcome by their response to you?

REUBENS: I'm not a good enough actor to pull off what you're talking about. Every night before I walked onstage the curtains opened on the *Playhouse* set—nobody had ever seen it other than on TV—and I could feel the oxygen being sucked out of the theater by the gasp. There'd be this *Holy shit, there's the Playhouse!* I'd get so emotional I'd feel it in my chest. I was moved to the point that I thought I wouldn't be able to perform or even talk—that I was going to lose it. Before anything happened.

PLAYBOY: And what did that tell you?

REUBENS: It was more an affirmation of what people had been telling me for a long time but suddenly hitting me retroactively. It was like when I first saw the opening scene in *Jaws*, when that drunk girl is swimming way out and gets bitten in half by the shark. I got scared in retrospect for all the times we'd been drinking and swimming way out under the full moon. The L.A. audience's response was sort of like that—I just started remembering all these things people had said to me over the years, like “Do you have any idea how much people still love you?” I never let that affect me before. But I also never thought it was true.

PLAYBOY: Is it easier to believe your self-doubts instead of the authentically nice things people tell you?

REUBENS: Being somebody who has had the opportunity to move through a lot of horrible stuff, I would much rather be in this mode of “Wow, it really *is* true! People really *do* like me” instead of any other negative thing I've dwelled on or built up.

PLAYBOY: No small part of it is that Pee-wee always appealed to adults as well as to children. Was that your original intention?

REUBENS: All along Rocky and Bullwinkle inspired me. As an older teenager and young adult I watched that show and went, “Oh my God, I didn't catch a lot of this when I was a kid.” I liked the idea of doing a kids' show that would operate on more than one level. The original stage version and now this

updated stage version that's going to Broadway are like that, too. There's a lot of innuendo and double entendre. Kids can watch and laugh. If they laugh at a dirty joke, then they already know something I didn't teach them. If they don't laugh, it goes over their heads, but their parents can appreciate it. At the same time I wasn't trying to court an adult audience with the TV show. Back then everything that was on TV for kids was shit. There wasn't anything creative or anything that encouraged creativity. *Pee-wee's Playhouse* was about doing something important for kids in a real way. I took seriously that I was doing something lofty for children. Adults came afterward. But I can't tell you how many parents have said, “God bless you for giving me something to watch with my kids that isn't *Barney*.”

PLAYBOY: What do you think kids made of Pee-wee's subtle spoofing of androgyny and gender-bending?

REUBENS: There's no hidden agenda in any of that. The androgyny is right out there and pretty obvious. [laughs] To me, Pee-wee was always an androgynous

*People said to me, “Don't
you think this has some kind
of meaning, having an alter
ego? Even your star on
Hollywood Boulevard isn't
inscribed with your name.”*

sort of character—at least according to all the feedback I got from the get-go. Really, it was just a tip of the hat that harkens back to vaudeville and burlesque. We had a list of criteria that had to be met for something to make it onto the show. It was great if something operated on different levels, but most important was that a five-year-old should think it was funny. Like if Cowboy Curtis told Pee-wee, “I sure could use some practice on how to go out on a date”—a kid didn't have to view it on any other level than “Look! It's a boy who's pretending he's a girl.”

PLAYBOY: Meanwhile, over time Pee-wee's libido escalated. In the 1988 movie *Big Top Pee-wee* he became a real player, juggling two women at once.

REUBENS: Yes, I made Pee-wee a total horndog. I thought it was hilarious. It's really funny when I jump on top of Penelope Ann Miller, who was Pee-wee's fiancée. It was such a hot-and-heavy airborne jump we actually had stunt people do it.

PLAYBOY: You even had Pee-wee lose his virginity to the sexy acrobat played by

Valeria Golino—or so the classic metaphoric montage suggests.

REUBENS: Yep, the train goes in the tunnel and there are fireworks and images of surf pounding on the shore.

PLAYBOY: Did you worry that the idea of Pee-wee having sex might be a little jarring?

REUBENS: I didn't mind that. A lot of thought went into it, believe me. And Valeria and I had what I think is still the longest screen kiss in history. The studio and I argued for more than a month about how long it was going to be. It's shorter than what I wanted it to be by quite a bit, but it's still pretty long.

PLAYBOY: Although you had a smash hit with your first movie, *Pee-wee's Big Adventure*—which was Tim Burton's feature directorial debut—*Big Top* bombed.

REUBENS: Yes, but I still like it. Ironically, we had been sitting in a room trying to come up with critic-proof titles until I thought, Okay, *Big Top Pee-wee!* First review: “Big Flop Pee-wee.” And I went, “Oh God—I didn't think of that one.”

[laughs] What's worse, I drove to the Paramount lot the Monday after the Friday it opened and actually saw them painting out my name on my parking space. I had to wait for the painter to get out of the way so I could pull in. When I got to my office my manager was on the phone: “They want you out of your office by the end of the week.” I said, “But I have a three-picture deal here.” The reply: “You *had* a three-picture deal here.” I'm not complaining, but how insane are the chances of seeing your name painted over and erased forever?

PLAYBOY: Pee-wee exudes complete confidence and silly bravado. How many of those traits do you share with your character?

REUBENS: In truth Pee-wee has this false sense of confidence. He acts as though he knows everything, but really it's all fake. It's a facade.

PLAYBOY: But wasn't Pee-wee your own facade?

REUBENS: Boy, *that* was convenient, wasn't it, to become somebody else? Even then people said to me, “Don't you think this has some kind of meaning, having an alter ego? That you publicly do everything in that character? Even your star on Hollywood Boulevard isn't inscribed with *your* name—it's this other guy's.” For my entire career people have been trying to get me to dis Pee-wee Herman. But it's not like that. I just never intellectualized it that much. It's threatening to me to have to dissect Pee-wee because I feel as though I'll lose him. I mean, he is me. I have the same face, the same voice, the same everything. I've been in work situations on movies during which a director will say, “This is starting to get a little too Pee-wee for me.” People knew only Pee-wee. The *Playhouse* series won all these Emmy awards. Although I was always nominated as an actor I never won for that role. I think either the Emmy voters



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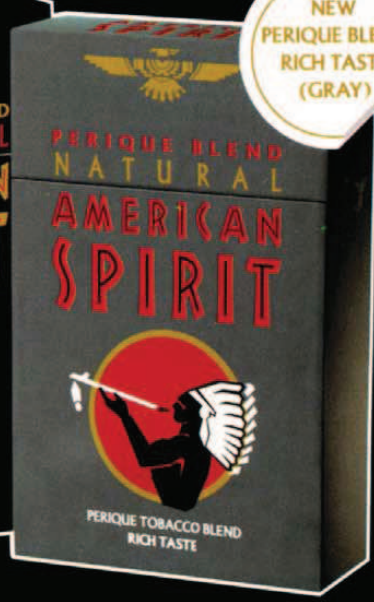
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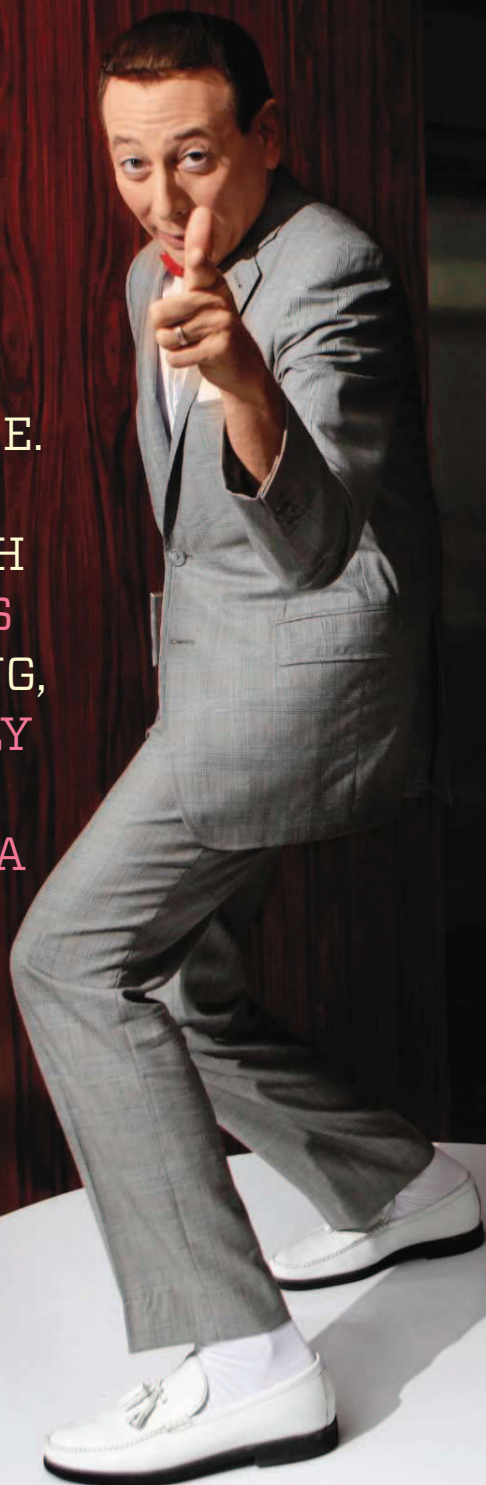
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didn't like the character or they believed Pee-wee was a real person and I wasn't really doing anything. Amazingly, by way of a mutual friend of his son Christian, I learned that even Marlon Brando thought Pee-wee was a real person! He couldn't believe I was an actor who had created that persona—which is maybe the highest benediction. In advance of interviews journalists were told they could speak to me only in character, but eventually they would ask, "Can I talk to Paul now?" I wouldn't know what to do. Of course, this was my awkward way of

dealing with fame. I would just grow a tiny beard and get a little length on my hair and no one would know me. I could go have a regular life. Nobody ever said, "Are you Pee-wee Herman?" For a long time it worked great. But ultimately that plan backfired.

PLAYBOY: So we all heard.

REUBENS: For sure, it's why my Florida arrest in 1991 was so scandalous. I had never been seen out of character before. I wasn't a social butterfly who was regularly out and about; there were no photos of Paul Reubens anywhere. Suddenly I

went straight from being just Pee-wee Herman to that scary mug shot. And let's face it, my mug shot was demonic and raggedy—Charles Manson-y, somebody called it.

PLAYBOY: But the magnitude of that event—public indecency in a porn theater—couldn't have surprised you.

REUBENS: Keep in mind I got arrested at the same time the serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer's story was breaking—and yet my story led the news for five days in a row. This man killed lots of people, drilled holes in their heads and poured acid into them. And he got the second spot on the news, after me.

PLAYBOY: Compounding the mortification, you were in Sarasota visiting your parents at the time. Can you describe the immediate aftermath?

REUBENS: I remember my mother saying, "Honey, just come back to our house. It's not a big deal." And I said, "Mom, you don't get what's about to happen." I wanted to get out of Florida. First I flew to Nashville, where my sister lived, except she wasn't there. I remember waking up in Nashville going, "Okay, I want to disappear." At my sister's house I sat with her friend, a complete stranger, and watched my whole story unfold in hourly increments on CNN. The friend was telling me, "It's going to be all right. Don't worry." I kept thinking, "Who the hell are you? I don't even know you."

PLAYBOY: So how did you disappear? It was as if you vanished completely.

REUBENS: I didn't know what to do. Then I remembered Doris Duke always had security around, so I called her.

PLAYBOY: Doris Duke—as in, one of the richest women in the world—was a friend of yours?

REUBENS: Yes. Doris Duke didn't have a lot of people in her life. A couple of years earlier I'd gone to Oahu to write *Pee-wee's Playhouse Goes Hawaiian*, which never got made, and her neighbor Jim Nabors—you know, Gomer Pyle—took me to her house for lunch. As a child she'd been told, "Trust nobody. Everyone has an agenda." But she couldn't miss that I didn't have an agenda—I just think I was fun for her—and she was always so nice to me. For no reason. So I called her and said, "I'm in trouble." She said to come to her house in New Jersey. I said, "Wait, wait, wait. Let me tell you. I'm not just in trouble—I'm in *trouble!*" She was famously guarded about her privacy. I didn't know if people were following me. I didn't want to throw that onto her, but she said to come. On the Monday after my arrest on Friday, I woke up at Doris Duke's 2,700-acre estate in Somerville, New Jersey. It was designed by the firm of Frederick Law Olmsted—he also created Central Park. It looked like Central Park except bigger, with deer all over the place. They put me in the cottage Imelda Marcos

had just vacated, and the staff did what they would do for any guest—they left the daily newspapers outside my bedroom that morning. I opened the door and saw my mug shot on the covers of the *New York Post*, the *Daily News* and the *New York Times*. I went from feeling safe to *Gaaaaah!* That night I turned on the TV and saw people I mistakenly and naively thought were my friends making jokes about me. That was really painful. I knew Arsenio Hall, and his guests were Patti LaBelle and Luther Vandross, who were also my friends. I was just sitting there going, Oh, they're making jokes about me. I turned the channel to Jay Leno, who was also saying some snarky things. I get that it's their job, but I had already said the allegations weren't true and felt I deserved the benefit of the doubt from them. Make a joke about me but also just say, "By the way, he's been a friend of our show for many years." I was shocked people would kick me when I was down.

PLAYBOY: You maintained you were innocent of the charge that you were masturbating in public in an adult theater.

REUBENS: Had we gone to trial, we had ready an expert from the Masters and Johnson Institute who was going to testify that in 30 years of research on masturbation the institute had never found one person who masturbated with his or her nondominant hand. I'm right-handed, and the police report said I was jerking off with my left hand. That would have been the end of the case right there, proof it couldn't have been me.

PLAYBOY: Then why did you plead no contest?

REUBENS: Did I want to have all that revealed in court and then have to listen to Jay and Arsenio and others for another two weeks? So I pleaded no contest, and all I got was community service, but that resolution happened the same day Magic Johnson announced he was HIV positive. My case wasn't in the news, so nobody even knew it was resolved. An article in *Vanity Fair* later described the 1990s as "the tabloid decade." It suggested the decade was bookended by my arrest in 1991 and the Monica Lewinsky scandal at the decade's end. I was just the warm-up act.

PLAYBOY: How bad did it get for you?

REUBENS: I wouldn't leave the house. Except I did go do the MTV Video Music Awards a handful of weeks after the arrest—at which Pee-wee came out and said, "Heard any good jokes lately?"—because I had a publicist then who simply made me do it. Which may have set a good example for damage control. I don't think it was coincidental that later Michael Jackson picked the MTV awards to give his new wife, Lisa Marie Presley, that big long kiss. But

putting the Pee-wee suit and makeup back on to go do it was a nightmare. Paparazzi staked out my house for months. To get out, I hid on the floor of somebody's car, under a blanket.

Toward the end of those first three months I made an appointment with a therapist and made him come to my house. Sometime during the session he said, "You know you're in shock, right?" I didn't know. When he said it, I thought, Oh my God! Okay, I get it. Then the whole three months I had just gone through made sense. I was in shock. There was a feeling like, You're going to wake up from this and it's going to turn out to be a bad dream. It didn't. But as a result I now know everything there is to know about scandal and shock—how you move through the first 12 hours, the first 24 hours, the first six weeks, the first six months, the first six years and so on. I know how to navigate all this hideous, shitty, horrible stuff you go through. Which saved my life when scandal number two happened.

PLAYBOY: Which arrived in November 2001

*I now know everything
there is to know about
scandal and shock. I know
how to navigate all this
hideous, shitty, horrible
stuff you go through.*

when you were arrested again, this time charged with possessing child pornography. In many ways this was far worse than the first one. What exactly happened?

REUBENS: The police had been given a false tip in an alleged sting operation and came to my house. They thought the wrong thing, and they were there for the wrong reason, and when that became clear, they should have left. Or they should have taken all my computers like they did but spent three minutes looking through them and realized they were wrong. Hypothetically, even in a less than perfect world, you assume if the police barge into your house and it's the wrong house and they have guns drawn and you hit the ground because you're supposed to be, say, a crack dealer—and it's obvious you're not—that they ought to say, "Oh, okay. Sorry." But they don't, and they certainly didn't after raiding my home in search of things that just didn't exist. The state eventually realized I had nothing offensive, but the city attorney decided to put me through three years of hell anyway.

PLAYBOY: The case centered on your

collection of what was described as kitsch art—only some of it vaguely sexual in theme—plus a copy of the Rob Lowe sex tape, which not only had its own kitsch value but had made the rounds all over the entertainment community.

REUBENS: It came down to whether the art was obscene or not obscene—you know, is it art or obscenity?

PLAYBOY: Well?

REUBENS: If you saw what was taken out of my house, you'd burst out laughing. An example of one of the things they confiscated was a crudely done painting I got at a thrift store. It's of a football stadium. In the foreground the football players are out on the field in mid-play, but they don't have pants on. When I found it I thought, Oh my God, that is the greatest painting I've ever seen in my life! It's hilarious. Not one person ever—even a little old lady, even a conservative right-winger, even the pope—would ever look at that painting and call it obscene. I spent a year trying to get my collection back. They destroyed things you wouldn't believe they'd destroy. I had an extensive collection of etched-on-glass 3-D 1940s cheesecake photography of beautiful women. They made it sound as if I had a huge homoerotic collection, which I didn't.

PLAYBOY: The most horrific part of the outrage was that you were a children's-show icon who'd already had his reputation compromised in a way this magazine would see as unwarranted persecution.

REUBENS: Yes, and I spent my blood, sweat and tears on the show, and I did it for kids. So to come out and suggest or even whisper anything regarding me and kids is devastating. But by the way, *PLAYBOY* never printed one word about me all that time. I'm a longtime subscriber and a huge fan of Hugh Hefner's and *PLAYBOY*'s. During that time I went through every issue cover to cover and kept going, "Where is it?" Not one word. I always thought, Wow, that's weird. How could *PLAYBOY* not be defending me? There were aspects of my case that were certainly apropos of the *Playboy Forum*. The only thing I heard that had anything to do with me and *PLAYBOY* was that *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* has been shown more than once during Mansion Movie Night.

PLAYBOY: Point taken. Clearly you felt damage had been done—especially compounded by the second circumstance.

REUBENS: It was a terrible time. My father was dying—which is just one more sad note to that whole experience, knowing how sick he was. He was aware of what I was going through but wasn't well enough to even know how to advise me. Every morning for two and a half years—most of which I spent back home in Sarasota, with my father dying in another room—I'd wake up and tell myself, Wow, I'm impressed with you

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that you're getting through this! You're still not crazy! I had so much stress in my life that before I got out of bed I'd go, How are we getting through this? Then my dad died. My case was resolved the same week.

PLAYBOY: Calling it "the sanest way to make it end," you pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor obscenity possession charge, with no mention of the term *child pornography* in the ruling. The offense was later expunged from your record. But are you still angry?

REUBENS: What's interesting to me—in this very moment right now—is that I don't think I've ever talked about it this much since it happened. So to go through and over all that again feels so ironic and fucked and ridiculous and irreparable. I mean, that's the real concern—it's as though you've got some kind of stink on you. You can deodorize the shit out of yourself but still carry a whiff about you. Before now I hadn't dissected it this much—because I *can't*. If I did, I would get this angry. I'm feeling stuff now I haven't ever felt. I've never let myself feel "You were wronged." I will not let anyone turn me into a victim.

On the other hand, besides the Broadway show, my plan is to make two new Pee-wee movies—Judd Apatow said he wants to help produce at least one—and do all this other beautiful great art. Part of me absolutely wants to do that, and another part of me just wants to make *Death Wish Pee-wee*, with a Pee-wee vigilante. If I went off into that, though, I don't know if I would ever come back. It's probably better not to tap into the anger I have about what happened to me. It's better to not ever be in touch with it. If unleashed, it would probably make Bill Bixby's Incredible Hulk look like milquetoast.

PLAYBOY: Does it get easier to put it all behind you over time?

REUBENS: Yeah, time heals. What finally pulled me out of my shell the first time was that I fell in love. I met a woman, an actress—Debi Mazar—at a movie screening toward the end of 1993 and was just so incredibly completely smitten that it was like, *Boom*, I'm back! It was so powerful; it was a gift. I would be all funky and dark, but she was able to just say a bunch of stuff to me, like "Come on! Up, up, up, up!" Also, my assistant had a baby, which made it hard to feel shitty with this little cute child running around all the time. That helped a lot. But somebody made an accusation against me that was unfathomable. What happened was beyond belief, particularly if you're me and you love kids and that's what you do [entertain kids] and you have devoted your entire focus on them. As I said, you go into shock. The second time I already knew that whatever the truth, whether justice prevails or not, this is your future. This is it.

Still, yes, time is what has allowed me to come back. If I'm lucky enough to actually make the comeback that now looks possible, people will look back and dissect it all and ask, "How the fuck did he ever come back from there?"

PLAYBOY: Of course making this comeback does, alas, invite the ghosts of those difficult episodes to reemerge—along with the impulse to dispel them again. Did that give you any hesitation?

REUBENS: No, because people already refer to everything that happened to me nearly 20 years ago. At the time people said, "The public has such a short memory." I knew it wasn't true. The public has a memory like a steel trap. In some people's minds I somehow retain this reputation of being a pervert. When you look me up on almost any website—IMDB or Wikipedia or anything—that insane allegation of child pornography is on there. Much as I like to pretend it's not there or imagine most people know nothing about that one, it's there. It's always going to be a footnote. But you know what? At this point the footnote is

*Somebody made an
accusation against me that
was unfathomable. What
happened was beyond belief,
particularly if you're me and
you love kids.*

neither here nor there for me. It has no effect on me. I'm cool with it. I know I have baggage to deal with. Sometimes it's exhausting having to wade through whatever people's expectations might be. Or anticipating what they might want to say to me because I have this weird event in my life that has opened the door for people to have sexual conversations with me. Strangers just come up to me and go, "Pee-wee, by the way, I jerk off all the time. It's no big deal." Or, "Hey, uh, Mr. Herman? Excuse me. You know, I've been to a million porn theaters. I go all the time." And that's my life. The fact that I'm the person with whom they can share something like that is so bizarre. Of course, one deals with one's stuff, and I'd be an idiot to imagine that's not going to happen. Whatever.

PLAYBOY: How constantly are you reminded of your past?

REUBENS: Here's a good one—and what are the chances of this happening? Two years ago I was on a flight back to L.A. from the East Coast and it was one of those newer planes where every seat is

equipped with its own little live satellite television screen. Three quarters of the way across the country, I'm engrossed in, like, a Turner Classic broadcast of the old circus film *Billy Rose's Jumbo*. All of a sudden something catches my eye. I look over to the bulkhead one row in front of me, and I see a TV monitor there showing my mug shot, which then morphs into a picture of Pee-wee. And I realize, Oh my God, they're showing my *E! True Hollywood Story*—live!—to every seat in this airplane. I felt as though I was going to have to jump off the plane. I don't think anybody paid any attention—certainly not every passenger on board was watching it or even knew I was on the plane. It's a small club of people who have been the subject of an *E! True Hollywood Story*, never mind being unlucky enough to be trapped in midair while it was airing.

PLAYBOY: To accept the perks of success and fame does seem to also require accepting that the messier parts of life become public property. How do you feel about that trade-off?

REUBENS: Over and over you hear people say, "Well, you're an actor. This is what you signed up for." Who thinks that way? Who are these people who think you sign up to be shit on? Or people say, "Toughen up. Get some tougher skin!" Here's the truth: (a) I'm an artist, (b) I don't want to have tough skin, (c) I don't want to live in a world where everybody has to have this tough skin and has to pretend what happened didn't hurt my feelings, and (d) it does hurt my feelings! Fuck you. Go say that about somebody else.

PLAYBOY: Do you understand why celebrity misfortune has become a blood-sport spectacle?

REUBENS: People say, "You make the big bucks" and "You get the good table at restaurants." They say, "Fuck you! Live with it!" People don't understand what it's like. Do you want to know what it's like to be famous? Go get married. Have a big wedding. Being a bride or groom on your big wedding day is the closest a lot of people get to knowing what it's like to be famous. People may think, Oh, it's my wedding and I get to do whatever I want! It's not like that. You have to go and talk to every single person, and you're the center of attention. If you want to go do something without anybody knowing, it's impossible. You're the star. Fine, but what if that becomes everyday life and never ends? At the same time, of course there are certainly many perks. Some of it's great. People coming up and saying "Do you have any idea how much I love you?" or "I'm an artist because of you." There's fucking awesome, fantastic stuff. People don't come up and say, "I just wanted to cross the street and tell you I don't care for you."

(continued on page 123)

MONUMENTAL MOMENTS IN HISTORY

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WHAT CAN THE FIRST ATTACK ON THE WORLD TRADE CENTER IN 1993 TEACH US ABOUT THE ATTEMPTED CAR BOMBING OF TIMES SQUARE? THAT WITHOUT HEROES LIKE EMAD SALEM, THE WAR ON TERROR COULD BE ENDLESS

BY PETER LANCE

SEVENTEEN YEARS BEFORE Faisal Shahzad parked an SUV with an improvised bomb near Times Square, another Islamic terrorist, Ramzi Yousef, parked a Ryder truck with a similarly configured weapon of mass destruction beneath the World Trade Center. That 1,500-pound bomb exploded, killing six and injuring 1,000. While Yousef's scheme was more complicated and extensive, the methodology of the terrorists had not changed much in two decades. In both cases a spiritual leader had inspired the attacks, a shadowy network of money men had financed them and overseas camps had provided training to rabid fundamentalists willing to risk their lives to take those of Americans. The one significant difference between then and now? Back in 1993 the FBI had a courageous undercover asset who had buried himself inside the terrorist cell and was able to thwart a much bigger plot

to blow up the United Nations building and the bridges and tunnels into Manhattan.

Indeed, the initial euphoria over the New York City police department's 53-hour investigation and arrest of Shahzad hid the most terrifying aspect of the takedown: The FBI's elite Joint Terrorism Task Force had the Pakistani-born U.S. citizen under investigation for six years prior to the bust, to little effect. Even more troubling: As early as 1999 the feds were onto a United States-born Yemeni cleric who not only influenced Shahzad but also inspired the Army major accused in the Fort Hood massacre and the 23-year-old Nigerian who tried to annihilate 289 people on a Northwest flight into Detroit on Christmas Day.

Why has the FBI lagged in its efforts to infiltrate and quash Al Qaeda's terror campaign in the United States? Why, after so many years, was our only defense in this last attack the fortunate miswiring of a powerful car bomb? For





FBI ASSISTANT SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE CARSON DUNBAR (FAR LEFT), A FORMER STATE TROOPER, OFTEN ANGERED SALEM. INCREDIBLY, SALEM GAINED THE TRUST OF THE "PRINCE OF JIHAD," OMAR ABDEL RAHMAN (RIGHT AND BELOW).



SALEM WITH AN ANTIQUATED FBI BRIEF-CASE TAPE RECORDER (ABOVE). RAMZI YOUSEF, MASTERMIND OF THE 1993 WORLD TRADE CENTER BOMBING (LEFT).

answers one must go back to 1993 and examine how the FBI handled its best asset—a heroic undercover informant who risked his life for his country.

Last year I was in Manhattan to deliver a lecture on terrorism at New York University when I received a cryptic e-mail informing me that a man named Emad Salem might meet me after the talk. I was surprised. Salem was a former Egyptian army major and an undercover operative for the FBI. But after my speech, Salem, who had entered the witness protection program in 1993 and had not been heard from since, never showed.

There was no message for me when I got back to my hotel, either. So I went to bed. Then, around two A.M. the phone rang. A voice said, "26 Federal." It was the address of the FBI's New York Office. I jumped into a cab and rushed down to Foley Square in lower Manhattan, where a heavysset man stepped from the shadows to greet me. It was Salem, and he wanted to talk.

"IF THE APPROACHING ASSET DOESN'T SPEAK ARABIC OR KNOW THE KORAN, HE DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE."

I had told fragments of Salem's story in my book *1000 Years for Revenge*, which is ultimately why he contacted me six years later. His heroics had been related to me by agents who were unhappy with how he had been treated as an informant.

The gist of it: Salem had infiltrated the terrorist cell run by Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman and uncovered a plot to blow up 12 "Jewish" locations in Manhattan. However, missteps by the FBI forced Salem out of the cell and paved the way for the 1993 World Trade Center bombing. That attack was designed by Ramzi Yousef, whose uncle and collaborator Khalid Sheikh Mohammed went on to finish the job in 2001.

"You have to wonder what course history would have taken if Emad Salem had continued his role as an informant," says NYPD detective James Moss, who has been working a famous Al Qaeda murder mystery based on new leads from Salem. "Certainly the

first World Trade Center attack would have been thwarted."

In a series of conversations beginning that night last November, Salem told me his story of espionage and life on the run, starting with his attempts to help a slow-moving FBI snare Sheik Rahman, the father of all things Al Qaeda in America, and ending with information the NYPD feels may resolve Moss's unsolved murder case. Also, Salem now lectures special agents at Quantico, desperately trying to school the bureau on how to recruit a new generation of undercover assets. "This needs to happen immediately," says Salem, "before somebody parks a suitcase nuke in midtown Manhattan. But these agents I lecture at the FBI Academy have been slow to understand. It took the bureau how long to infiltrate the Mafia for the same reasons? The scary thing is, we don't have that much time.

"You cannot get next to these people without understanding the radical Islamic mind-set," says Salem. "More important is how we think in the Arab world. If the approaching asset doesn't speak Arabic, know the Koran or understand the most basic of Middle Eastern customs, he doesn't stand a chance."

Ever since he was a seven-year-old at the American School in Cairo, Emad Eldin Aly Abdou Salem had nurtured an abiding affection for the U.S. He spent 18 years in the Egyptian army and rose to the rank of major. As a soldier he had a conventional Islamic anti-Semitic worldview.

"Growing up, I had seen Jews as they were portrayed in the Egyptian newspapers," says Salem. "They were like demons. They had horns and big noses. That's the box of hate I lived in." All that changed in 1973 when he encountered the first Jewish prisoners captured during the Yom Kippur War. "For the first time I saw them as people," he says. "They were afraid. They were human. This was the first crack in my box of hate."

Salem's ultimate epiphany came late one night in 1986 when he was invited to the basement of a Cairo federal police precinct. There, an iron door opened and he saw a naked man hanging upside down being tortured mercilessly.

Salem hid his shock. He had no desire to find himself hanging in the next cell. "But the sight of that man shattered my box forever," he says. He quickly put in for retirement and got a visa to the U.S., where he became a naturalized citizen.

Prior to his disillusionment with the Egyptian ruling class, Salem had been something of a fixer in Cairo. He was the go-to guy if you needed anything—from a private tour of the pyramids at Giza to some backstage time with the lead belly dancer at the Hilton.

Once a friend of his put down 30,000 Egyptian pounds as a deposit on an apartment, but (continued on page 118)



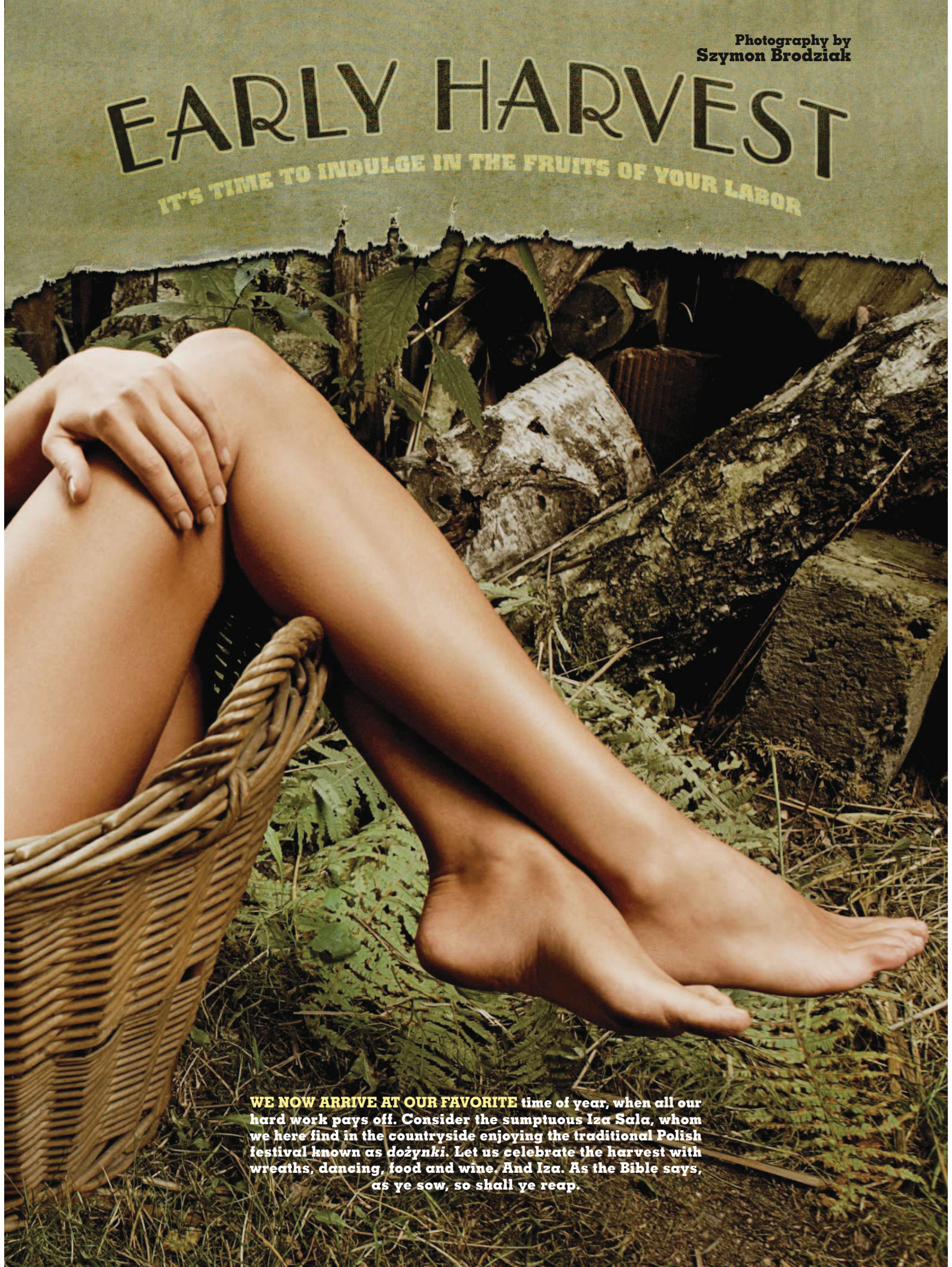
"Mom! Dad! I made the school marching band!"



Photography by
Szymon Brodziak

EARLY HARVEST

IT'S TIME TO INDULGE IN THE FRUITS OF YOUR LABOR

A photograph of a woman sitting in a large, light-brown wicker basket. She is barefoot and has her legs crossed, resting her feet on the ground. Her hands are resting on her knees. The background is a rustic, rural setting with a pile of logs and some green foliage. The overall tone is warm and natural.

WE NOW ARRIVE AT OUR FAVORITE time of year, when all our hard work pays off. Consider the sumptuous Iza Sala, whom we here find in the countryside enjoying the traditional Polish festival known as *dożynki*. Let us celebrate the harvest with wreaths, dancing, food and wine. And Iza. As the Bible says, **as ye sow, so shall ye reap.**





See more of Iza at
club.playboy.com.









MADAME BOVARY

SHE IS ONE OF LITERATURE'S MOST CELEBRATED SINNERS. BUT FIRST SHE WAS TEMPTED. IN THIS NEW TRANSLATION, EMMA'S TRANSFORMATION FROM BORED PROVINCIAL WIFE TO ENTHUSIASTIC ADULTERER REMINDS US WHAT A SCANDAL IT CAN BE TO BE HUMAN

Six weeks went by. Rodolphe did not return. At last, one evening, he appeared.

He had said to himself, the day after the fair:

"Better not go back right away—that would be a mistake."

And at the end of the week, he had gone off hunting. After the hunting trip, he had imagined it was too late; then he reasoned it out this way:

"But if she has loved me from the first day, she must be impatient to see me again, and therefore she'll love me all the more. So let's continue!"

And he knew his calculation had been correct when, entering the room, he saw Emma turn pale.

She was alone. Day was falling. The little muslin curtains over the windowpanes thickened the twilight, and the gilding on the barometer, struck by a ray of sun, cast

flames over the mirror between the indentations of the coral.

Rodolphe remained standing; and Emma barely responded to his first polite remarks.

"I've had business to see to," he said. "I've been ill."

"Seriously ill?" she exclaimed.

"Well," said Rodolphe, sitting down beside her on a stool, "no!... The fact is I didn't want to come back."

BY GUSTAVE FLAUBERT
TRANSLATION BY LYDIA DAVIS



WITH HER FACE TILTED DOWN A LITTLE, SHE ABANDONED HERSELF TO THE CADENCE OF THE MOTION THAT ROCKED HER IN THE SADDLE.

"Why?"

"Can't you guess?"

He looked at her again but with such intensity that she bowed her head, blushing. He went on:

"Emma..."

"Monsieur!" she said, moving away slightly.

"Ah! You see," he replied in a melancholy voice, "I was right not to want to come back; because that name, the name that fills my soul and that slipped out of me—you forbid me to use it! Madame Bovary!... Oh, everyone calls you that!... It's not your name, anyway; it belongs to someone else!"

He said it again:

"Someone else!"

And he hid his face in his hands.

"Yes. I think about you constantly!... The memory of you makes me despair! Oh, forgive me!... I'll leave you alone.... Good-bye!... I'll go away...so far away that you'll never hear of me again!... And yet... today...I don't know what power it was that impelled me to see you! For one can't fight against providence, one can't resist the smiles of an angel! One can't help being carried away by what is beautiful, charming, endearing!"

It was the first time Emma had heard such things said to her; and her pride, like someone relaxing in a steam bath, stretched out languidly in the warmth of the words.

"But though I didn't come to you," he went on, "though I couldn't see you, ah!—at least I could see what surrounded you. At night, every night, I would get up, I would come here, I would gaze at your house, at the roof shining in the moonlight, at the trees in the garden swaying by your window, and at a little lamp, a gleam of light, shining through the panes of glass in the darkness. Ah! You scarcely knew that out there, so close and yet so far away, was a poor wretch...."

She turned to him with a sob.

"Oh! You're so good!" she said.

"No. I love you, that's all! You can't doubt it! Say it to me: one word! Just one word!"

And imperceptibly, Rodolphe let himself slip from the stool to the floor; but they could hear the sound of wooden shoes in the kitchen, and he noticed that the parlor door was not closed.

"It would be very kind of you," he went on, straightening up, "to indulge a whim of mine!"

The whim was to walk through her house; he wanted to see it; and since Madame Bovary had no objection, they were both rising when Charles came in.

"Hello, Doctor," Rodolphe said to him.

The public health officer, flattered at being addressed by this unexpected title, launched into a stream of obsequious remarks, and the other took advantage of this to collect himself a little.

"Madame was telling me," he said then, "about her health...."

Charles interrupted him: He was terribly worried, in fact; his wife's fits of breathlessness had started up again. Then Rodolphe asked if exercise in the form of horseback riding would not be good for her.

"Certainly! Excellent, perfect!... What a fine idea! You ought to act upon it."

And when she objected that she did not have a horse, Monsieur Rodolphe offered her one of his; she refused his offer; he did not insist; then, to give a reason for his visit, he said that his carter, the man who had been bled, was still having dizzy spells.

"I'll come by," said Bovary.

"No, no, I'll send him to you; we'll come here—it'll be more convenient for you."

"Well, all right! Thank you."

And as soon as they were alone:

"Why won't you accept Monsieur Boulanger's suggestions? He's being so gracious."

She looked cross, contemplated a dozen excuses, and finally declared that it *might seem strange*.

"Well, I really don't care!" said Charles, turning on his heel. "Health comes first! You're quite wrong!"

"Well, how do you expect me to go riding if I don't have a riding habit?"

"You must order one!" he answered.

The riding habit decided her.

When the outfit was ready, Charles wrote to Monsieur Boulanger that his wife was at his disposition and that they were grateful for his kindness.

The following day, at noon, Rodolphe arrived in front of Charles's door with two saddle horses. One was wearing pink pom-poms at its ears and a lady's buckskin saddle.

Rodolphe had put on tall boots of soft leather, telling himself that she had probably never seen anything like them; and indeed Emma was charmed by the way he looked when he appeared on the landing in his full velvet coat and his white tricot riding breeches. She was ready; she was waiting for him.

Justin slipped out of the pharmacy to see her, and the pharmacist, too, left his work. He gave Monsieur Boulanger some advice:

"An accident can happen so quickly! Watch out! Your horses may be high-spirited!"

She heard a noise over her head: It was Félicité drumming on the windowpanes to amuse little Berthe. The child sent her a kiss; her mother answered by motioning with the butt of her riding crop.

"Have a good ride!" shouted Monsieur Homais. "But be careful! Be careful!"

And he waved his newspaper as he watched them go off.

As soon as he felt the earth, Emma's horse broke into a gallop. Rodolphe galloped next to her. At times they would exchange a few words. With her face tilted down a little, her hand raised and her right arm outstretched, she abandoned herself to the cadence of the motion that rocked her in the saddle.

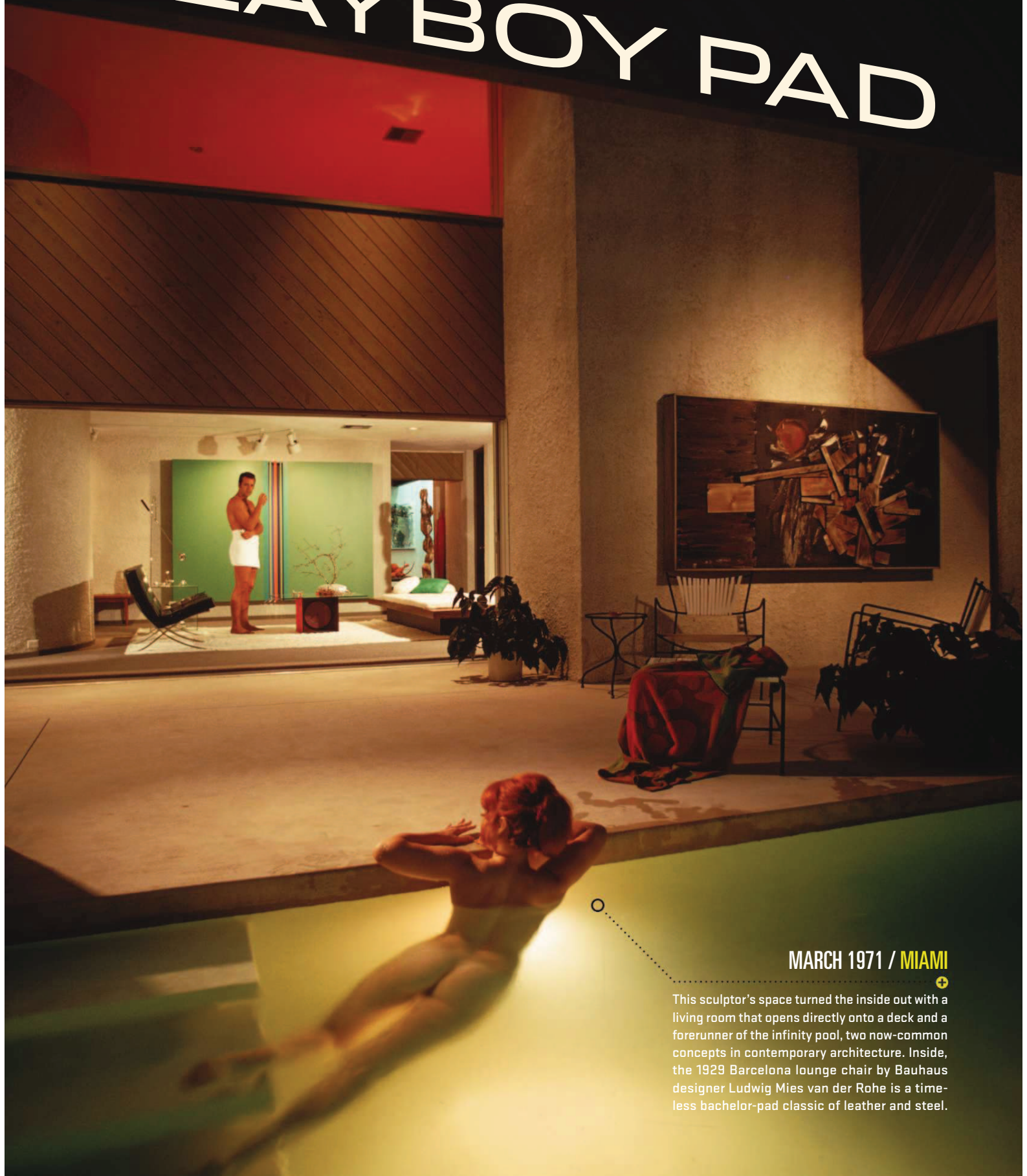
At the base of the hill, Rodolphe loosened his reins; they took off together in a single leap; then, at the top, the horses stopped suddenly, and her long blue veil fell back around her.

It was the beginning of October. There (continued on page 106)



"I don't have a thing to wear tonight, so come on over...!"

THE PLAYBOY PAD



MARCH 1971 / MIAMI



This sculptor's space turned the inside out with a living room that opens directly onto a deck and a forerunner of the infinity pool, two now-common concepts in contemporary architecture. Inside, the 1929 Barcelona lounge chair by Bauhaus designer Ludwig Mies van der Rohe is a timeless bachelor-pad classic of leather and steel.

DECEMBER 1973 / TEXAS

The tube is an entry portal, the tower has sleeping chambers, and the pod serves as a living room. A mash-up of sea vessel, spacecraft and straight-up phallic symbol, this lakefront structure references Antoni Gaudí's fantasy buildings, Erich Mendelsohn's 1920s observatory for Albert Einstein and streamline moderne, the industrial-design manifestation of art deco.

CURATED BY
DAVID A. KEEPS

MORE THAN MERE HABITATIONS, THESE DOMICILES
OFFERED A NEW WAY OF LIVING FOR
THE MODERN MALE

AUGUST 1965 / NEW YORK CITY

In 1965 modern apartment conveniences meant recessed lighting on rheostats and reel-to-reel tape recorders. Also new for the time: a Danish modern teak wall unit to store books and vinyl and, between the chairs decorated with ethnic pillows, a side table that opens to become a cocktail bar.



FUTURISTIC

OCTOBER 1965 / PHOENIX

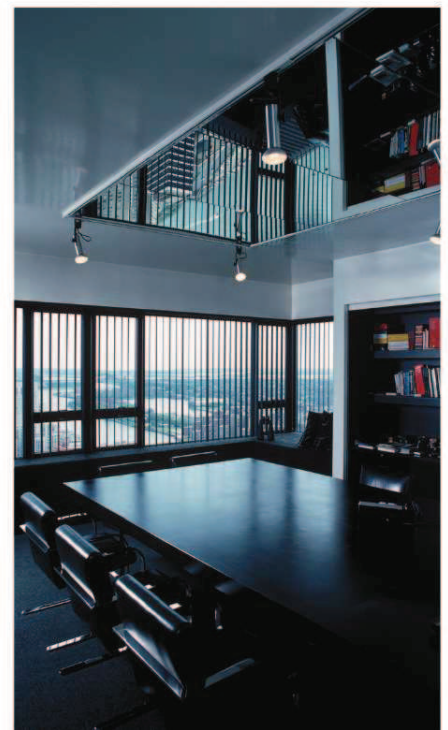
On the Western front, the mid-1960s brought earthy touches: cork and lava-rock walls and a concrete genie-bottle fireplace. To the right of the fireplace a contemporary pendant light and a round Eero Saarinen dinette set complement the curves of the carpeted conversation pit.

+ SILHOUETTES. INTEGRATED ELECTRONICS.

Surfaces clad in gleaming metal and sleek leather. The visual vocabulary of the sports car also informs the design of that other machine for living, the Playboy Pad. From its inception PLAYBOY has espoused a bachelor lifestyle defined by classic luxuries and breakthrough technologies. With remote controls and push-button conveniences, the Playboy Pad was the unmistakably masculine lair where the sophisticated gent could impress his friends and seduce his women. Divorced from the traditions of married life, these new digs were completely of the moment, embracing cutting-edge architecture and mid-century-modern furniture to create a new and irresistible environment for men. Hef himself set the bar in his debut letter from the editor: "We don't mind telling you in advance—we plan on spending most of our time inside. We like our apartment." Streamlined and urbane, the single man's residence Hef envisioned was an antidote to the drabness of post-World War II white-picket-fence suburbia. And though it didn't yet exist for most fellows, Hefner had no trouble imagining it. In the fall of 1956 he commissioned floor plans and renderings for "PLAYBOY's penthouse

apartment." The open-plan window-walled spaces featured furnishings by industrial designers Charles and Ray Eames, Eero Saarinen and Florence Knoll. Bringing these masters' chairs and tables out of the executive suite and into the home, PLAYBOY introduced modern furniture to the modern man. Harry Bertioia's futuristic wire-mesh bird chair even landed on the cover of the September 1961 issue. By the mid-1960s life began to imitate the artistry of our immodest proposals for urban living, as men decorated apartments with jet-age designs that have since become mid-century classics. Two long-running pictorial series, *A Playboy's Pad* and *Playboy by Design*, detailed real living spaces and lionized the work of such legendary architects as Los Angeles modernist John Lautner and interiors by Parisian designer Andrée Putman. PLAYBOY gave early exposure to decades of architectural trends: 1960s Palm Springs modernism, 1970s organic fantasy homes and prefab housing modules, and 1980s industrial spaces rehabbed as lofts. PLAYBOY popularized remote-controlled lighting and sound, sleek wall units, concealed bars, conversation pits and spa bathrooms. It turned Mies van der Rohe's

Barcelona chair and Isamu Noguchi's glass-topped coffee table into status symbols. On these pages we offer a selection of interiors that trace the ever-evolving bachelor design aesthetic that was pioneered in the pages of PLAYBOY.





APRIL 1966 / PALM SPRINGS

In the mid-1960s modern office furnishings were integrated into contemporary interiors. For this living-dining space, a buffet is set at a Knoll racetrack-oval conference table with Eames aluminum chairs.

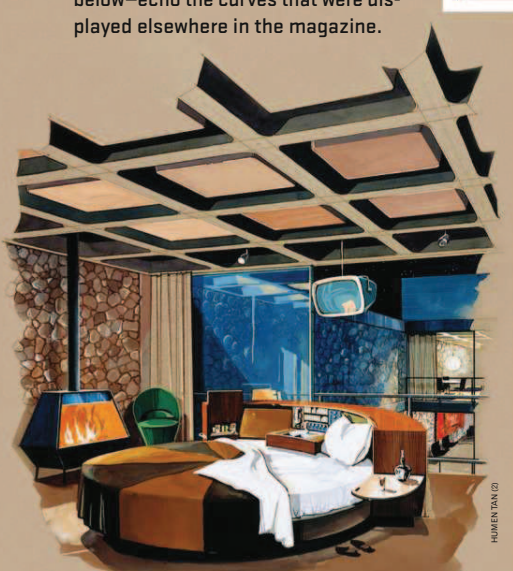


SEPTEMBER 1970 / FINLAND

Taking cues from Buckminster Fuller's Dymaxion house—not to mention UFOs—this 1970 portable playhouse prefigures the 21st century's prefab-housing craze. The interior fireplace doubles as a grill.

CONCEPTS

PLAYBOY's 1950s and 1960s plans for modern bachelor living included the Playboy Town House, above, with wood walls and recessed lighting. Many of the futuristic interior designs—including the domed-roof grotto (right) and the circular bed below—echo the curves that were displayed elsewhere in the magazine.



JULY 1985 / NEW YORK

In 1985, before flatscreens, size mattered. The five-foot-tall projection TV had a component box so large it doubled as a table. Stainless steel columns provide a hideaway for high-tech speakers—and a bar.



ICARUS

2 0 1 0



THE MAN WHO CAN FLY

DEAN POTTER DOES THE ONE THING WE ALL FANTASIZE ABOUT—HE FLIES. NO PLANE, NO GLIDER, JUST A WINGSUIT. IT'S DANGEROUS, IT'S CRAZY, AND IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING

BY CRAIG VETTER

Like Icarus, the brave and foolish bird-boy of Greek mythology, Dean Potter lives to fly. He has already set the world record for height, distance and duration in a wingsuit, a nylon outfit that allows BASE jumpers to soar like flying squirrels over great distances and to land by deploying a parachute. Potter's record flight was from a 9,000-foot drop off the Eiger, a 13,000-foot-high Swiss alp. Reaching a speed of roughly 120 miles an hour, he landed nearly four miles away and was in the air over fields and towns almost three minutes before he glided in safely under his chute. It was an astounding flight, but it was just a first step in Potter's audacious ambition, the dream he is working toward, which suggests that, had he been Icarus with his feathered wings melted away by the sun, he could have survived a landing. Potter intends to fly his body in jeans and a shirt—without a wingsuit, without a parachute—and walk away from the landing.

"Part of me says it's kind of crazy to think you can fly your human body," he has said. "Another part of me thinks all of us have had the dream that we can fly. Why not chase after it?"

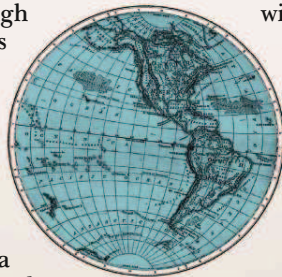
Nothing about Potter seems crazy on sight. He's a wire-taut six-five with brown eyes on an open and friendly face under

shaggy brown hair, and he speaks in a way that is somehow intense and laid-back at the same time. He weighed 190 pounds when we met last spring but works himself down to 175 for his flying projects. "One hundred ninety is fine for climbing," he said, "but the difference between that and 175 is like carrying two gallon jugs of water on your back."

We met on the deck of a Yosemite Valley cabin with a view of El Capitan, more than 3,000 hulking feet of sheer granite shoulder, and beyond that the dish-flat face of Half Dome—two of the valley's emblematic cliffs, both of which he has climbed, one after the other, in a single day. Before Potter began flying he was one of the most accomplished rock climbers in the world.

He climbed into his red-and-purple wingsuit and spread his arms. The suit was sewn of parapac, a strong waterproof fabric, and had flaps to catch the air under the arms and between the legs. "There's elegance to it," he said, standing in the wings-out position. In fact, it had the look of ecclesiastic robes, as if he ought to have been the bishop of something, His Insane Excellency, perhaps.

As he began to describe his record-setting flight, he arched his shoulders and held his arms in a parenthesis to







demonstrate the wing shape he has to achieve and hold as he soars. While he spoke I remembered the Internet video I'd seen of the amazing event.

He is standing in his flying-squirrel suit on a finger-shape outcrop on the craggy face of the Eiger. The shot is from an overhead helicopter. By the time he stands at the edge he has medi-

tated and is thinking about contorting his body in the perfect flight shape,

which he describes in "Embracing Insanity," an article he wrote for *Alpinist* magazine:

"When I step off the edge dozens of thoughts come together for the perfect wing shape. Eyes on the horizon, arms to the side, chin down, head poking forward, angle of attack, concave the chest, arch the back, feel the air, listen for the wind speed, point the toes, concentrate on the suction lifting off my back and reach for the pilot chute before impact."

As he leaves the rock he seems to hesitate in an almost upright position, leaning slightly forward.

"The moment you take off there is this hyper-alert awareness that takes hold," he said. "Your

300 feet up when you pull because the chute could snivel or be slow on deployment. A lot of people die in those last critical seconds."

Then, after almost four miles and two minutes and 50 seconds in the air on his record-setting flight, his parachute blossoms and he touches down—safely this time, but in the hun-

I

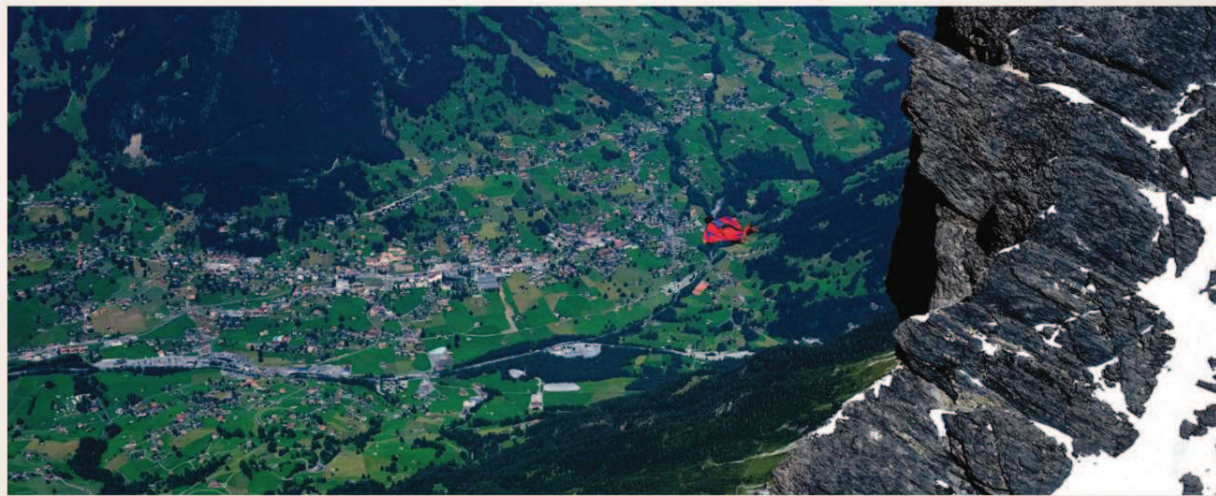
AS HIS BODY PITCHES FORWARD HIS ARMS EXTEND INTO A FULL WINGSPAN, AND HE BECOMES WHAT LOOKS LIKE A BIG RED BIRD BUT IS REALLY A FLYING HUMAN.

dreds of flights he has made developing his technique, he has crashed and hung

himself from trees more than a few times.

"I've had a lot of close calls," he said, "usually when desire was stronger than reason. One time off the Eiger I was pushing to reach farther down this seven-kilometer gully than I ever had. I was about three minutes into the flight, going 150 miles an hour, really tired, and I saw the ground about 300 feet below me—which isn't that much—and trees right there. I said 'Fuck!' then opened the chute, and I was having these super-slow-motion thoughts. My body turned exactly as I didn't want it to, and a second later I was *boom*—50 feet up in the trees. But I wasn't hurt and got down okay. So lucky."

WHAT DID DEAN POTTER DO WHEN ROCK CLIMBING (ABOVE) BECAME NOT DANGEROUS ENOUGH? HE TURNED TO FLYING, SETTING THE WORLD RECORD WHEN HE JUMPED OFF THE EIGER IN SWITZERLAND IN 2009. HE WAS ALOFT FOR ALMOST THREE MINUTES AND LANDED NEARLY FOUR MILES AWAY (RIGHT AND BELOW).



first feeling is to stay in control, not tumble and not hit the walls, which at the beginning are close on both sides."

As his body pitches forward his arms extend into a full wingspan; he hunches his shoulders and becomes what looks like a big red bird but is really a flying human seen from above, sailing over jade-green fields and farmhouses.

"Once you start flying you loosen your body and take this wing shape, which is okay for a while, but when you get up to about 150 miles an hour it becomes an endurance and power game because it's hard to hold your body in that unnatural way, scooping your underside and bulging your back. Then your arms get pushed back, which is not too bad at one minute but after two minutes starts to burn and you begin to question your ability to reach back and pull the pilot chute. Then it's a big head game. At the end you're trying to match the slope of the ground, and you want to be at least

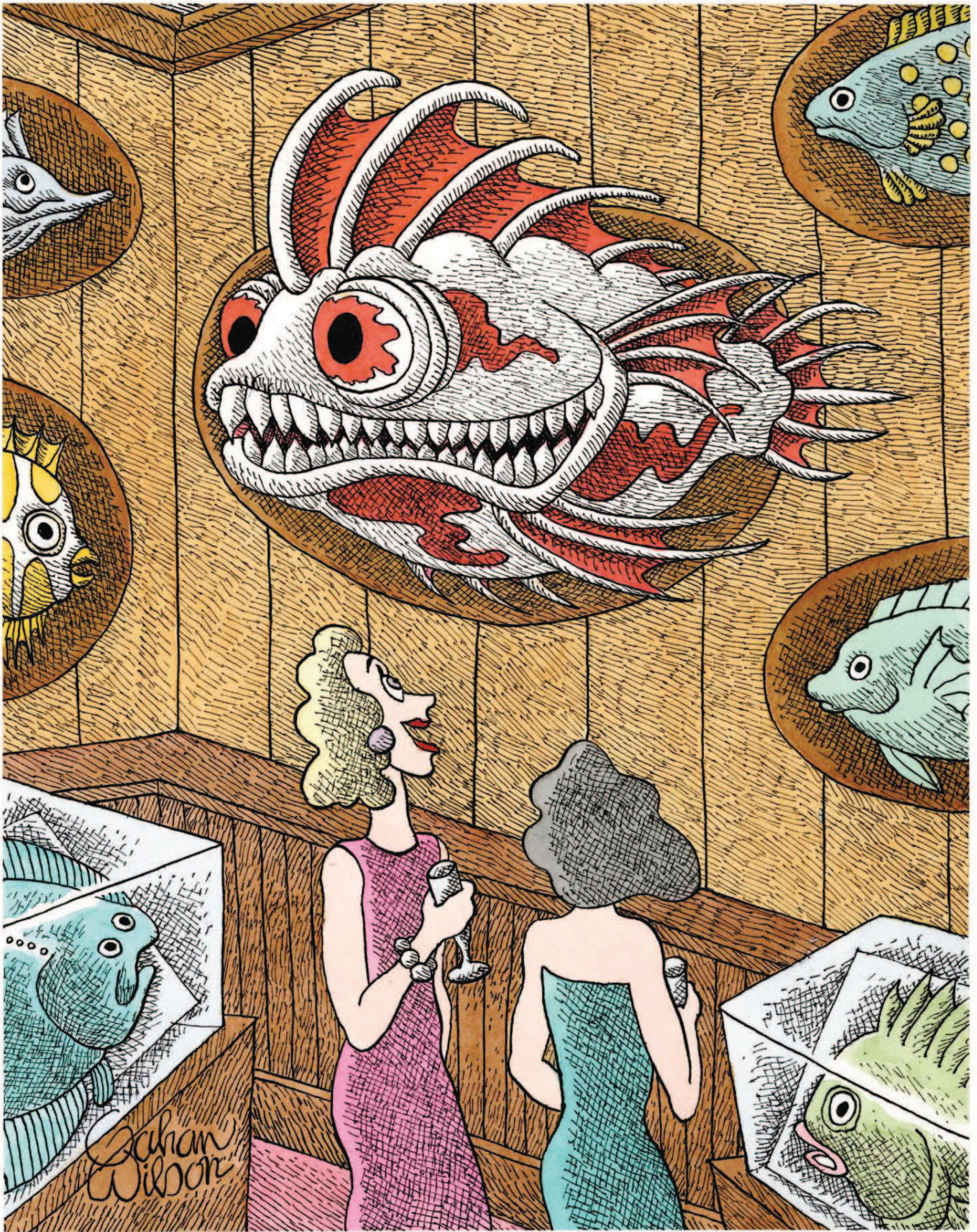
Potter tells his stories without the whooping bravado that seems to be in the DNA of most edge athletes, though his history on the edge was long and full even before he began flying.

•

He grew up an Army brat. His father was a colonel in the paratroops, his mother a yoga teacher, and they lived around the world until settling in New Hampshire, where Potter went to high school. In what he calls "magic days," he ran cross-country, played basketball, baseball and soccer, and began climbing a small nearby cliff with a friend. After hanging on academically for three semesters at the University of New Hampshire, he dropped out to become a dedicated climbing bum and eventually fell in with the lost-boy climbers in Yosemite.

"My first time here," he remembered, "these cliffs scared me. I climbed pretty well by then, but these climbs with their off-width (continued on page 112)





"...And there's the fish that caught Henry!"



Paige Turner

Miss September can hold anyone's attention

While it may be hard to fathom now, Miss September Olivia Paige was once a tomboy. "I rode four-wheelers and go-karts, and I loved to play in the mud," she says about her childhood, which was spent in the farming hamlet of Holley, New York. "Today I think, Why on earth would you do that? Makeup and hair are so much more fun!" The runner-up on the recent Playboy TV reality competition *Playboy Shootout*, Olivia became a committed girlie girl at the age of 14 when she started competing in beauty pageants. "But I'll never let it go to my head," she vows, "because it doesn't mean anything if you're a bad person. Being pretty isn't enough; you need a good heart to back it up." On that count Olivia is as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside.



She worked with autistic children during her senior year of high school and plans to participate in a charity walk for Autism Speaks, a national nonprofit organization that raises money for autism research and advocacy. "I definitely want to use my Playmate status to bring more attention to autism," says Olivia, who counts Playmate of the Year 1994 and fellow autism advocate Jenny McCarthy among her role models. All in all, Olivia is a gentle soul. "I'm definitely not a wild party girl. I'm a homebody who is happiest in the country, walking my dog and swimming in a pond." As for her decision to pose for this pictorial: "I think appearing naked in *PLAYBOY* shows you're happy and comfortable with yourself. I want to say I am happy to be me, I love myself and I am going to show you!"

Photography by Arny Freytag









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



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Divina Paige

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Olivia Paige

BUST: 36C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 5/22/91 BIRTHPLACE: Brockport, NY

AMBITIONS: To continue with my modeling career and earn a degree in speech therapy.

TURN-ONS: I like a hardworking man with a good sense of humor (and nice guns don't hurt).

TURNOFFS: Sloppily dressed, jealous guys are no good. But being flashy doesn't impress me either, so don't even TRY IT!

MY SURPRISE MUSICAL CRUSH: Ever since I can remember, I have been in love with Dean Martin. If Dino were alive today my boyfriend would have to worry.

I'M ASHAMED, BUT: I love Sharon Stone in Casino because she's such a badass bitch it makes me jealous!

A WORD TO THE WISE: Small-town girls like me are sweet but not afraid to get dirty... in more ways than one! :)



The ninth-grade me.



My Senior yearbook photo.



My glitzy Pageant days.

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



Olivia Paige



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Honey," said a man to his wife one evening, "why don't we change positions tonight?"

"Okay," she replied. "You stand by the ironing board and I'll lie on the sofa and watch TV."

A drunk staggered into a Catholic church, entered a confessional and sat down but said nothing. After several minutes of silence the priest coughed a few times to get the man's attention. The drunk continued to sit in the booth without speaking. Finally the priest rapped his fist loudly against the wall several times.

"There's no point in knocking," the drunk said. "There's no toilet paper on this side either."



After a routine physical exam a 50-year-old man was told by his doctor that he was doing "fairly well" for a man his age. Concerned, the man asked, "Do you think I'll live to be 80?"

"Do you smoke, drink or do drugs?" the doctor asked.

The man told the doctor he did not.

"Do you eat lots of red meat?" the doctor inquired.

"No," the man replied. "My last doctor told me I shouldn't."

The doctor said, "Do you spend a lot of time in the sun engaging in such activities as golfing, sailing, hiking or cycling?"

The man said he did not.

The doctor then asked, "Do you gamble, drive fast cars or engage in lots of unprotected sex?"

"No," the man answered.

"Well," the doctor said, "then why do you even give a shit how long you live?"

Two men were discussing their favorite sex positions. One said to the other, "I enjoy the rodeo position the best."

"I've never heard of that one," the other man replied. "What is it?"

"Well, you get your wife down on all fours and mount her from behind," the first man explained. "Then you reach around, cup her breasts in your hands and whisper in her ear, 'Boy, these feel just like your sister's.' After that you try to stay on for at least eight seconds."

What's the worst thing to say to a man who complains that his wife is frigid?

"Oh no she's not."

A man was fixing a door in his house and realized he needed a new hinge, so he asked his wife to go to the hardware store for him. When his wife was at the store, a beautiful bathroom faucet caught her eye.

"How much is that faucet?" she asked a young male employee who was standing nearby.

"It's made of pewter," he replied, "so it costs \$300."

"My goodness, that is expensive," she said.

She then proceeded to describe to the young man the hinge her husband had sent her to buy, and the employee went to the next aisle to find it for her.

"Ma'am, do you want a screw for that hinge?" he called out as he walked away.

"No, not really," she answered, "but I would for that faucet."

If banks are so good with numbers, why are there always eight windows and three tellers?

A wise mother tells her young daughter, "It is better to give than to receive."

A wise mother tells her teenage daughter, "It is better to swallow than to conceive."



One night a farmer got drunk, grabbed his wife's breasts and said, "If these could give milk, we could get rid of the cows." He then grabbed her ass and said, "If this could yield eggs, we could get rid of the chickens."

"And if this could stay hard," the wife said, grabbing his dick, "we could get rid of your brother."

Two men were discussing sex, marriage and family values when one told the other, "I didn't sleep with my wife before we got married. Did you?"

"I'm not sure," the man replied. "What was her maiden name?"

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.



“So...do you think it’s true that all the guys in the office are imagining me naked?”

THE TEAMS
AND
TALENTS
TO WATCH
THIS
COLLEGE
FOOTBALL
SEASON

PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW

BY GARY COLE

COLLEGE FOOTBALL IS A GAME of numbers, in more ways than one. After the recent conference realignments, the PAC 10 now has 12 teams (having added Colorado and Utah), the Big 12 has 10 teams (after subtracting Nebraska and Colorado) and the Big Ten, which already had 11 teams, now has 12 (after adding Nebraska). Now we understand why math-challenged college presidents and boards of regents have never been able to figure out a playoff format to determine the college football national championship. The only numbers these fellows comprehend

are the ones following the dollar sign in the next TV deal.

Fortunately for those with any sense of college football tradition, the Texas Longhorns put the brakes on what appeared to be a total stam-pede out of the Big 12 by politely turning down an invitation to the PAC 10 megaconference in the making, evidently discovering a way to keep the coffers filled by staying put. Oklahoma, Oklahoma State and Texas A&M also remained in the slimmed-down Big 12.

If any conference has 12 or more teams, it means two divisions and a

conference championship—another chance for schools to put money in their pockets. However, it's also another opportunity to lose a game and be eliminated from consideration for the national title. In the Big 12's 14-year existence, four upsets in the conference championship have cost teams a chance to play for the BCS finale. That monkey will now ride the backs of the Big Ten and PAC 10.

The conference realignments won't take effect until 2011 at the earliest, so this year it will be business as usual. Now let's get to what really matters: gripping college football action.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES IMBROGNO



PLAYBOY'S TOP 25

ALL THE USUAL SUSPECTS TOP OUR LIST OF PRESEASON COLLEGE FOOTBALL AWESOMENESS. COULD THIS YEAR'S NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP GAME FEATURE THE SAME TWO TEAMS AS LAST YEAR? WE DON'T THINK SO

1	OHIO STATE	12-0
2	TEXAS	12-0
3	ALABAMA	11-1
4	BOISE STATE	12-0
5	IOWA	11-1
6	TCU	11-1
7	FLORIDA	10-2
8	WISCONSIN	10-2
9	OKLAHOMA	10-2
10	LSU	10-2
11	USC	10-3
12	NEBRASKA	9-3
13	VIRGINIA TECH	9-3
14	MIAMI	9-3
15	PITTSBURGH	9-3
16	NORTH CAROLINA	9-3
17	GEORGIA	9-3
18	STANFORD	9-3
19	HOUSTON	10-2
20	CLEMSON	9-3
21	WEST VIRGINIA	9-3
22	UTAH	10-2
23	OREGON	9-3
24	ARKANSAS	8-4
25	GEORGIA TECH	8-4

FOR A COMPLETE BREAK-DOWN OF PLAYBOY'S TOP 25 TEAMS, GO TO PLAYBOY.COM/COLLEGEFOOTBALL.

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE GREG MCELROY

Each year **PLAYBOY** selects one player who has shined both on the football field and in the classroom. We give a \$5,000 scholarship to the general scholarship fund of the winner's school. The award this year goes to Alabama quarterback Greg McElroy. A major in business marketing, McElroy has an overall 3.86 GPA with a perfect 4.0 last year. He also led his Crimson Tide team to the national championship while finishing with the lowest interception percentage in school history.

Greg McElroy finishing off Texas on January 7 for the BCS title.

1 OHIO STATE

LAST YEAR: 11-2 overall, 7-1 in conference. The Buckeyes beat Oregon in the Rose Bowl, 26-17.

COACH: Jim Tressel (career record 229-78-2).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST FROM LAST SEASON: Defensive end Thaddeus Gibson, safety Kurt Coleman.

STUDS: Defensive end Cameron Heyward is a six-five, 288-pound menace to opposing quarterbacks. He has 24.5 career tackles for losses. Heyward is the son of NFL great Craig "Ironhead" Heyward. Quarterback Terrelle Pryor, a six-six junior, was the Rose Bowl MVP last season.

OUTLOOK: Most of the pieces are back from last year's top five team, including excellent senior leadership. Pryor, who is extremely athletic and multidimensional, is a nightmare for defensive coordinators. Defensively the Buckeyes are mean up front and quick at the corners.

SCHEDULE: Eight home games give the Buckeyes a good chance to run the table.

PREDICTION: 12-0

2 TEXAS

LAST YEAR: 13-1 overall, 8-0 in conference. Lost 37-21 to Alabama in the BCS championship game.

COACH: Mack Brown (214-101-1).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Quarterback Colt McCoy, wide receiver Jordan Shipley, offensive tackle Adam Ulatoski, defensive tackle Sergio Kindle, defensive tackle Lamarr Houston, placekicker Hunter Lawrence.

STUDS: Defensive end Sam Acho posted a team-high 10 sacks last season, along with four fumble recoveries and 14 tackles for losses. Curtis Brown is a lockdown cornerback who

posted 15 pass breakups to go with 53 tackles. Offensive tackle Kyle Hix, who started 28 straight games at right tackle, will move to left tackle this season.

OUTLOOK: Sophomore quarterback Garrett Gilbert, who took over for Colt McCoy when he was injured on the fifth play of the national championship game, is ready for prime time,

and Mack Brown has an abundance of talented young players eager to make their mark.

SCHEDULE: An off week between critical games against Oklahoma and Nebraska will be an advantage for the Longhorns.

PREDICTION: 12-0

3 ALABAMA

LAST YEAR: National champions, 14-0 overall, 8-0 in conference.

COACH: Nick Saban (124-50-1).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Offensive linemen Mike Johnson and Drew Davis, plus nine players from the defensive side.

STUDS: Start with Heisman Trophy-winning running back Mark Ingram and quarterback Greg McElroy, who has won 30 straight games going back to his days at Southlake Carroll High School in Texas. Julio Jones is one of the best receivers in the nation, and Mark Barron excels at safety. Linebacker Dont'a Hightower will be dominant if he fully recovers from a torn ACL suffered last season.

OUTLOOK: Can a talented bunch of top recruits grasp the complex defensive schemes Saban and his staff will throw at them? Offensively the Crimson Tide will be difficult to stop.

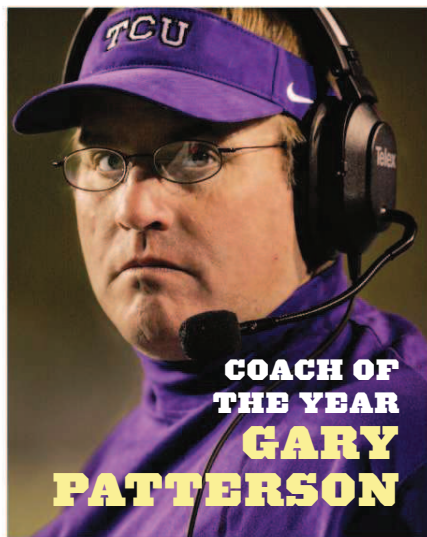
SCHEDULE: An early home test against Penn State should set the tone. Tough road games against Arkansas and LSU, plus a confrontation at home with Florida, are also significant obstacles.

PREDICTION: 11-1

4 BOISE STATE

LAST YEAR: 14-0 overall, 8-0 in conference. The Broncos defeated TCU in the Tostitos Fiesta Bowl.

COACH: Chris Petersen (49-4).



COACH OF THE YEAR GARY PATTERSON

AN ASSISTANT at 10 schools before being named head coach at TCU in 2000, Gary Patterson has rung up 85 wins, failed to reach a bowl game only once and led the Horned Frogs to a 12-0 regular season last year. Patterson quashed rumors he might be available for other jobs by signing a new contract with TCU that runs through 2016.

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Four-year starting cornerback Kyle Wilson is the only significant loss.

STUDS: Junior quarterback Kellen Moore is 26-1 as a starter. Last year he completed 39 touchdown passes with only three interceptions. He has two excellent receivers in Titus Young (79 receptions) and Austin Pettis (63 receptions). Young is also an explosive kick returner. Defensive end Ryan Winterswyk led the team in tackles for losses (17) and sacks (nine).

OUTLOOK: With 23 starters returning from last year's undefeated squad plus the usual blue turf psychological advantage, BSU will most likely go undefeated again. If no other team with a tougher schedule goes unbeaten, BSU could get a shot at the national title.

SCHEDULE: The two most significant opponents are Virginia Tech and Oregon State.

PREDICTION: 12-0

5 IOWA

LAST YEAR: 11-2 overall, 6-2 in conference. The Hawkeyes beat Georgia Tech in the FedEx Orange Bowl.

COACH: Kirk Ferentz (93-76).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Offensive lineman Bryan Bulaga, tight end Tony Moeaki, linebacker Pat Angerer, defensive back Amari Spivey, linebacker A.J. Edds.

STUDS: Defensive end Adrian Clayborn is the Hawkeyes' best player and a surefire future NFL star. Junior Tyler Sash is likely the conference's best safety. Punter Ryan Donahue will give Iowa good field position even when the offense falters. Ricky Stanzi is consistent and cool under pressure at the quarterback slot.

OUTLOOK: Lots of talent and experience on both sides of the ball give Iowa a shot at the Big Ten title.

SCHEDULE: Good news for the Hawkeyes—the Penn State, Wisconsin and Ohio State games are all at home.

PREDICTION: 11-1

6 TCU

LAST YEAR: 12-1, the only loss was at the hands of Boise State in the Fiesta Bowl, 8-0 in conference.

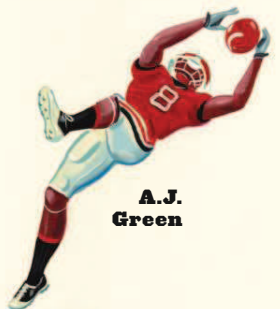
COACH: Playboy Coach of the Year Gary Patterson (85-28). He has put all the pieces together in the nine seasons since he
(continued on page 116)



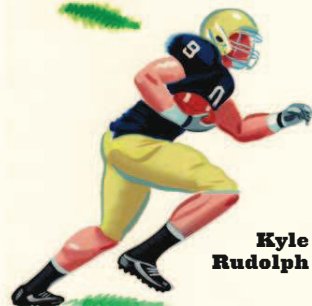
Jake Locker



Mark Ingram



A.J. Green



Kyle Rudolph



Nate Solder



Cameron Heyward

PLAYBOY'S ALL AMERICA TEAM

OUR SOURCES? NFL SCOUTS, COLLEGE COACHES AND OUR OWN KEEN EYES. HERE WE PRESENT OUR PICKS FOR THE BEST PLAYERS IN THE COLLEGE GAME

COACH OF THE YEAR
Gary Patterson
TCU

QUARTERBACK

Jake Locker
Washington

RUNNING BACKS

Mark Ingram
Alabama
John Clay
Wisconsin
Stanley Havili
USC

WIDE RECEIVERS

A.J. Green
Georgia
Julio Jones
Alabama

TIGHT END

Kyle Rudolph
Notre Dame

OFFENSIVE LINE

Nate Solder
Colorado
Kristofer O'Dowd
USC
Matt Reynolds
Brigham Young
Marcus Cannon
TCU
Anthony Castonzo
Boston College

RETURN SPECIALIST

Chris Owusu
Stanford

DEFENSIVE LINE

Cameron Heyward
Ohio State

Adrian Clayborn

Iowa
Sam Acho
Texas

Robert Quinn
North Carolina

LINEBACKERS

Von Miller
Texas A&M
Greg Jones
Michigan State
Michael Mohamed
California

DEFENSIVE BACKS

DeAndre McDaniel
Clemson
Prince
Amukamara
Nebraska
Patrick Peterson
LSU
Ras-I Dowling
Virginia

LONG SNAPPER

Christian Yount
UCLA

KICKER

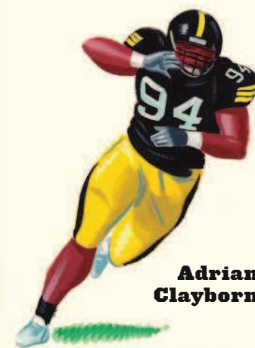
Kai Forbath
UCLA

PUNTER

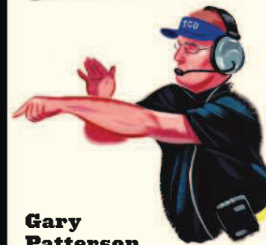
Drew Butler
Georgia

ANSON MOUNT SCHOLAR/ATHLETE

Greg McElroy
Alabama



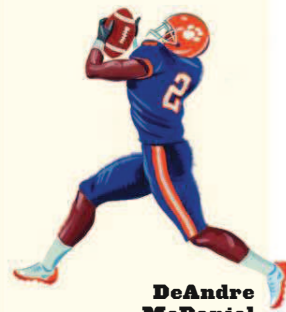
Adrian Clayborn



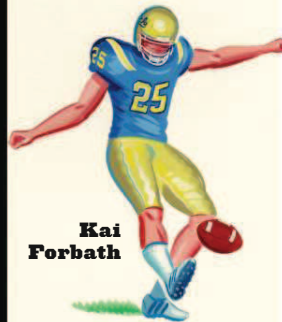
Gary Patterson



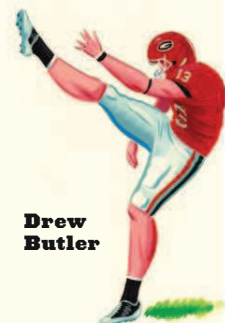
Von Miller



DeAndre McDaniel



Kai Forbath



Drew Butler

GO TO PLAYBOY.COM/COLLEGEFOOTBALL FOR BIOS AND STATS ON THE PLAYBOY ALL AMERICAS.

THE HATCHET MAN

ALEC BALDWIN, GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS

Arrogance and power can be intoxicating to women. Yes, people, the bully often wins (the girl, in any case). Perhaps it's misogynistic to suggest, but women are drawn to jerks in expensive suits, as personified by the deceptively charismatic Blake, Alec Baldwin's castrating sales strategist in the 1992 film adaptation of David Mamet's play *Glengarry Glen Ross*. Recruited by invisible bigwigs to stamp his foot on the chicken necks at a Walter Mitty-inspired real estate office, Baldwin eats the weak for appetizers, looking delicious in the process.



TAKING INSPIRATION FROM SOME OF OUR FAVORITE MASCULINE MOVIE ARCHETYPES, WE PRESENT THE GREATEST GROOMING ELIXIRS OUT THERE

THE GUY'S GUIDE TO GROOMING

HOW TO LOOK LIKE A MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE

1. Go with quality skin products. Lotions with retinol help minimize wrinkles.
2. Food for thought: Vegetables and fruit improve the texture of skin and hair, and red meat will help keep the blood in your cheeks.
3. There's no excuse anymore for yellow teeth. Use a toothpaste with brighteners and/or talk to your dentist.
4. Never let them see you sweat. If you've got a case of nerves before a meeting, get a prescription for propranolol. As Blake says in *Glengarry Glen Ross*, "You know what it takes to sell real estate? It takes brass balls to sell real estate."



1. American Crew Grooming Cream, \$17.
2. L'Occitane En Provence Pour Homme Verdon Fresh Stick deodorant, \$16.
3. Peter Thomas Roth Modern Classic Shave Cream, \$18.
4. Shave Verbena Lime Pre Shave Oil, \$19.
5. Molton Brown Power-Boost Zinc Anti-Fatigue Hydrator, \$40.
6. Hugo Element, \$65.
7. Korres Marigold & Ginseng After-shave Balm, \$19.



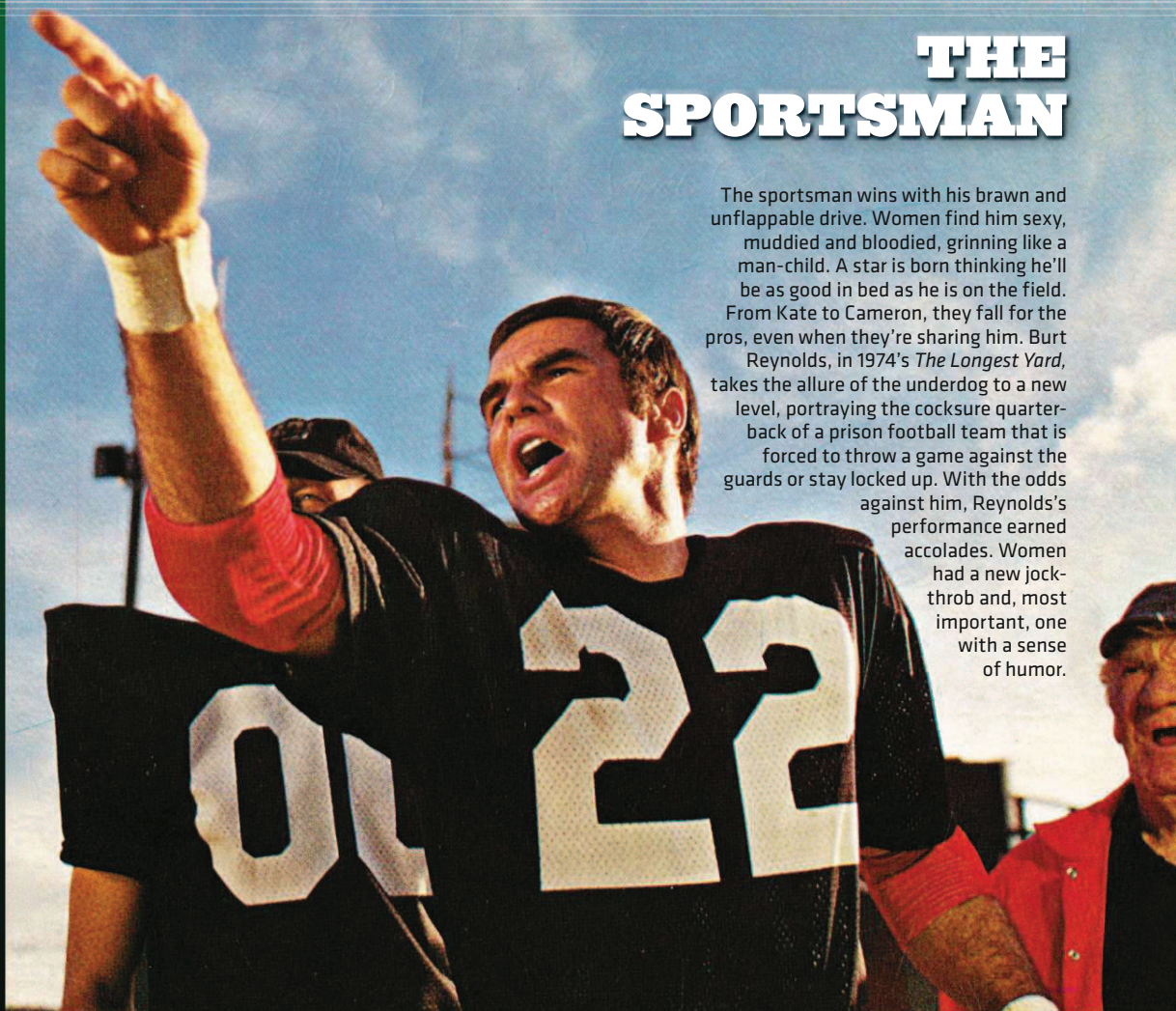
1. Mission Skincare Maximum Strength Muscle Rub, \$10. 2. Neutrogena Deep Clean Sport Facial Cleanser, \$7. 3. Philips Body Groom Pro BG 2040, \$70. 4. Dior Homme Sport, \$74. 5. Lab Series Max LS Age-Less Face Cream, \$65. 6. Clear Poreformance Antibacterial Shampoo, \$19. 7. L'Oréal Men Expert Hydra-Energetic Ice Cold Eye Roller, \$11. 8. Jack Black Body Rehab Scrub & Muscle Soak, \$35.

HOW TO GROOM LIKE A CHAMPION

1. Athletes sometimes leave their blood on the field. To avoid facial scars, keep a wound clean and moist with bacitracin and covered with a sterile bandage.
2. Aloe vera can reduce a scar's redness, and gentle daily massage can promote healing.
3. Competing outdoors under the sun can leave your skin damaged. Use an exfoliant daily, followed by a moisturizer.
4. Grow a mustache. Livestrong, Lance Armstrong's foundation, is partnering with Movember, an organization that has raised \$47 million for cancer research. The idea: Shave on the first day of November, then let it grow and get people to make donations in your mustache's honor at movember.com. If your stache looks terrible, no worries—you're taking one for the team.

THE SPORTSMAN

The sportsman wins with his brawn and unflappable drive. Women find him sexy, muddied and bloodied, grinning like a man-child. A star is born thinking he'll be as good in bed as he is on the field. From Kate to Cameron, they fall for the pro, even when they're sharing him. Burt Reynolds, in 1974's *The Longest Yard*, takes the allure of the underdog to a new level, portraying the cocksure quarterback of a prison football team that is forced to throw a game against the guards or stay locked up. With the odds against him, Reynolds's performance earned accolades. Women had a new jock-throb and, most important, one with a sense of humor.



THE FOREMAN

JACK NICHOLSON, *FIVE EASY PIECES*

They say women love men of wealth and taste, but they lust for a man who's good with his hands, the true tools of his trade. Stereotypes abound: the Brando-like chiseled boxer, the handsome firefighter and the construction foreman, who can provide a primordial cave-man hair pull that metrosexuals can't. In the Bob Rafelson-directed 1970 classic *Five Easy Pieces*, Jack Nicholson pulls a two-fisted feat: Not only is he skilled at working an oil rig—dagger sideburns and a wolfish grin poking out of a construction helmet—he is also a moody former child-prodigy pianist who tickles the ivories like Bach on an I-beam. A renaissance roughneck—a gal's wildest dream.



HOW TO MAKE SURE SHE'S IN GOOD HANDS

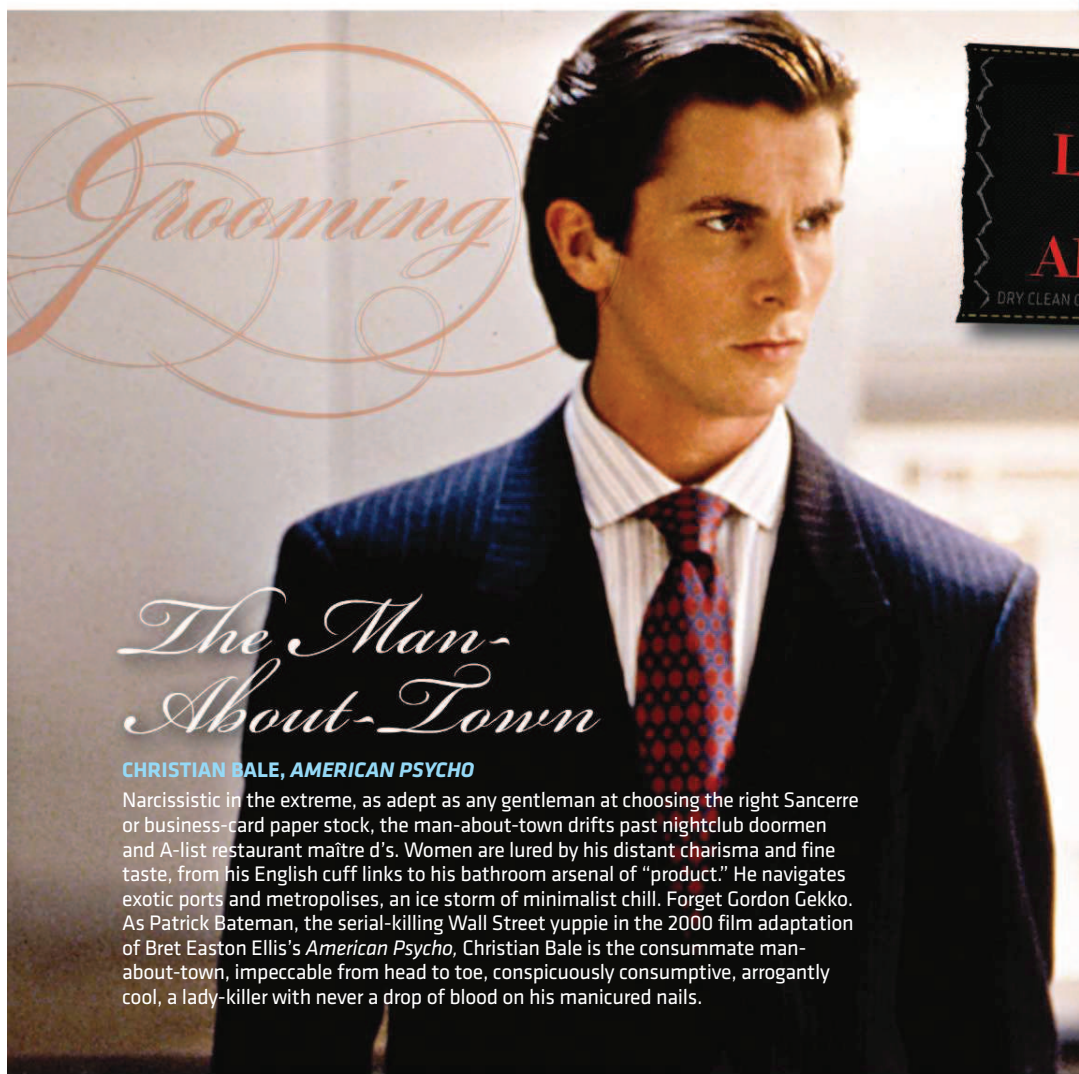
1. If you work with your hands, use a pH-balanced soap at the start and end of the day. It'll keep your paws from drying out.
2. Massage your hands with moisturizer before you leave for work.
3. Keep an old toothbrush handy to scrub under your nails at the end of the day.
4. Some mechanics swear by rubbing a little motor oil on their hands to loosen grease. Construction and garage pros prefer Magic Soap, Lava Soap and Fast Orange—some of which have sand in them.
5. Finish off the day with another helping of moisturizer, or massage your hands with olive oil. Then grab your female partner in crime and let her enjoy all your hard labor.



1. King of Shaves AlphaGel Shave Gel for Sensitive Skin, \$4. 2. Express Honor, \$60. 3. Supersmile 45 Degree Angled Toothbrush, \$9. 4. Old Spice Red Zone Swagger Body Wash, \$4. 5. Gillette Fusion ProGlide Power Razor, \$13. 6. Jack Black Performance Remedy "Mr. Fix It" Antimicrobial Wound Rescue, \$20. 7. Neosporin Lip Health Daily Hydration Therapy with SPF 20, \$5. 8. Dove Men + Care Extra Fresh and Deep Clean Body and Face Bar, two bars for \$3.50.



1. Listerine Antiseptic Cool Mint, \$6. 2. Visine Maximum Redness Relief, \$6. 3. AXE Music Shower Gel, \$4. 4. Anthony Logistics for Men Action Foaming Face Wash, \$22. 5. Decléor Men Skincare Eye Contour Energiser, \$34. 6. Bed Head for Men Pure Texture Molding Paste, \$15. 7. C.O. Bigelow Proraso Premium Shave Foam, \$10. 8. Givenchy Play, \$71.



CHRISTIAN BALE, AMERICAN PSYCHO

Narcissistic in the extreme, as adept as any gentleman at choosing the right Sancerre or business-card paper stock, the man-about-town drifts past nightclub doormen and A-list restaurant maître d's. Women are lured by his distant charisma and fine taste, from his English cuff links to his bathroom arsenal of "product." He navigates exotic ports and metropolises, an ice storm of minimalist chill. Forget Gordon Gekko. As Patrick Bateman, the serial-killing Wall Street yuppie in the 2000 film adaptation of Bret Easton Ellis's *American Psycho*, Christian Bale is the consummate man-about-town, impeccable from head to toe, conspicuously consumptive, arrogantly cool, a lady-killer with never a drop of blood on his manicured nails.

HOW TO LOOK GREAT AFTER AN ALL-NIGHTER
 DRY CLEAN ONLY 100% HOLLYWOOD

"In the morning if my face is a little puffy I'll put on an ice pack while doing my stomach crunches. I can do 1,000 now. After I remove the ice pack I use a deep pore cleanser lotion. In the shower I use a water-activated gel cleanser, then a honey almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub. Then I apply an herb-mint facial mask, which I leave on for 10 minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine. I always use an aftershave lotion with little or no alcohol, because alcohol dries your face out and makes you look older. Then moisturizer, then an antiaging eye balm followed by a final moisturizing protective lotion."
 — Patrick Bateman, from *American Psycho*



C O N
C O L L E C T I N G

WHAT POSSESSES A PERSON TO GATHER
A COLLECTION OF BEER BOTTLES OR
TYPEWRITERS?

By Will Self



"The collector is a true inmate of the interior."

-Walter Benjamin



In August 2000, sitting on the restaurant terrace of an opulent Palladian villa hotel outside Pisa, I committed one of the great faux pas of my life (and believe me, there have been plenty). I was dining with the great film director Bernardo Bertolucci and his wife, the equally brilliant cineast Clare Peploe. I had just come from Naples, where Bertolucci had dispatched me to undertake some research with a view to a little doctoring on an extant script that was giving him problems.

In previous conversations with the Maître—as I thought of Bertolucci—I had realized the curious fact that he viewed me as an impossibly rarefied intellectual, a sort of Thomas Mann without the L.A. connection. Discussing the new movie, he had said to me, "*Weel*, I already have an actress *een* mind for *thees feelm*. Perhaps you have heard of her? Her name *ees...*" and here he enunciated very carefully, "*Sha-ron Stone.*"

But while I had done my best to convey I had the faintest apprehension of Ms. Stone (rather than admitting I had spent hours replaying the notorious leg-crossing scene from *Basic Instinct* on my VCR), my unworldly shuck fell apart on that Tuscan terrace when we fell to discussing the basic human instinct to collect things and I poured scorn on it, saying, "*Pah!* I mean, besides gay people, I can't imagine anyone really likes collecting things—except, that is, the childless!" There was a strained silence as the Maître regarded me balefully, with immense disappointment. Eventually he cried out, "But I detest collecting!" And it was then, of course, that I realized he himself was without issue—and I was probably without a job.

There is, of course, an inverted pride in telling stories against oneself, but this wasn't simply a faux pas—it was also a lie, because not only do I collect, but far from my children deflecting

me from collecting, I sometimes suspect the reason I've collected four of them is because it enables me to collect by proxy. I mean, it would be difficult in middle age to admit to desiring quite so many stuffed animals, *Star Wars* Lego sets and .002 scale toy soldiers. But even if I set the kiddies' collections to one side, there are still my own, and these conform to two of the four basic types of collection—as I understand them: the sentimental, the serial, the fetishistic and the investment.

Not that these basic divisions are by any means rigid—collections of collections are by definition slippery things—and both my sentimental and my serial collections have a distinctly fetishistic character, as will become clear. First off, my sentimental collection—these are the tchotchkes I have assembled on my desk that mound dustily about the base of my Anglepoise lamp. There's no real criterion for inclusion in this collection except a feeling I have about something, and the objects range from the fascinating (a 400,000-year-old hand ax fashioned by *Homo heidelbergensis*) to the affecting (a Lego clone walker fashioned by my 11-year-old son) to the kitsch (a set of glass pyramidal paperweights brought back from Egypt by my wife).

In a way, I like to think this collection is a diminuendo of another far more celebrated collection that assembled a few hundred yards from where I live in Vauxhall, South London a few hundred years ago. Tradescant's Ark was the work of a father-and-son team—John and John Tradescant—who were travelers and naturalists. Firmly established as one of the sights of London by the 1630s, the distinguishing character of the collection was its diversity: As one 17th century visitor reported, "a Man might in one day behold and collecte into one place more Curiosities than hee should see if hee spent all his life in Travell." Typically such



FREUD WAS A
GREAT COLLECTOR
OF KNICKKNACKS,
AMASSING MORE THAN
2,000 ITEMS IN HIS
CONSULTING ROOM.

collections contained the fantastical, such as unicorn horns and relics, and objects from non-European cultures, alongside more homely oddities. Reporting on a similar collection during the same era, the diarist John Evelyn was particularly taken by a collection of petrified things: “Walnuts, Eggs in which the Yealk rattl’d, a peare, a piece of beef with bones in it...[a] whole hedgehog, a plaice on a Wooden Trencher turned into stone... & very perfect.”

Although the Tradescants’ collection was eventually bequeathed to the antiquary Elias Ashmole and went from him to become the basis of the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, which is still with us today, there is a vitality to these early collections that sets them apart from the dry taxonomy and factualism of the modern museum. If you want to visit a similarly odd contemporary collection, try the Museum of Jurassic Technology in Culver City, Los Angeles, which with its microminiature paintings and sculptures, its mosaics made from butterfly wings and assemblage of trailer park artifacts faithfully replicates the idea of a collection based on a world felt rather than analyzed.

My little collection of tchotchkes also has petrified things—a wizened banana rescued from behind my eight-year-old’s radiator, a dead wasp, a blackened lemon—as well as a lot of stones I’ve picked up on my travels: marble from the Mafia town of Corleone in Sicily, limestone from Mont Ventoux in Provence, obsidian from an extinct volcano on Easter Island. When I picked these things up I assured myself they would be aide-mémoire, enabling me to recapture the whole sensual heft of these far-flung places, but unfortunately my *mémoire* seems beyond aiding, and even to me they just look like nondescript rocks.

Still, at least personal collections of tchotchkes have an idiosyncratic feel, and we who assemble them are in elevated company. Freud was a great collector of knickknacks, amassing more than 2,000 items in his famous consulting room, in particular “tabletop” gods from various cultures, including Sphinxes, Eros statuettes, a baboon-faced Thoth and assorted phalluses. While it was Alfred Binet and Richard Krafft-Ebing who evolved the theory of sexual fetishism, in which one part of the body is taken for the whole, it was Freud himself who related the collecting impulse to fetishism, considering it to be a form of symbolic replacement—undertaken mostly by men—for their own mothers’ missing phallus. Therefore, to obsessively collect lots of the same thing—whether beer bottles or Bulgari—is in reality to be searching for the ideal Mummy dildo.

I confess Freud’s analysis has the ring of truth when I consider my feelings about my own serial collections: Whenever I get hooked on acquiring lots of one thing, it feels as if I’m seeking the one-and-only—although I never thought it was the one-and-only strap-on. Rather, I suspect the serial collection stands in the same relation to the emotional one as preindustrial society does to the age of Fordism. To me, all of us who obsessively search for more versions of anything—from cars to condoms—are turning ourselves into miniature assembly lines.

I’ve got two serial collections in the room where I’m typing this piece, and one of them is pretty dildoish, constituting as it does a sort of loose bun-

dle of tobacco pipes—perhaps 40 in all. I won’t try you with the story of how I came to smoke a pipe, but all you need to know is that there is an indefinable gestalt bound up in any given pipe experience, compounded of the tobacco, the accompanying beverage and the pipe itself. Once I began to enjoy pipe smoking I had to maximize that enjoyment, and so my obsessive acquisition of pipes—and tobaccos—began. There had to be a different pipe for each of the

major blends: an elegant straight Savinelli for Italian *forte* tobacco, a behemoth of a rustic briar (given to me by the son of an original surrealist) for rough French *petit gris* tobacco, a Turk’s head meerschaum for latakia blends—and so on.

But the dreadful thing about serial collecting is that it soon outstrips any reasonable functionality, and this is how you know it’s fetishism. I may have kidded myself that these were functional—if hedonistic—artifacts, but soon enough, like someone perusing Nicole Kidman’s toenail clippings, I was desiring pipes for their own sake. I particularly coveted big pipes, and the economics of pipe production being what they are, bigger is more expensive. I became obsessed by a huge bent briar pipe costing a cool \$1,000 that squatted in the window of a nearby tobacconist. I used to go and stand leeching over the damn thing, knowing that sooner or later I would fall victim to its allure.

I did—and naturally I barely smoked it. Barely smoked any of them, in fact, because one day the whole pipe-smoking mania left me as if it had been a dream, leaving behind naught but a sour mouth and a useless collection. There’s no resale possible, unlike the antique dildo collection that was auctioned for \$5,800 in England earlier this year—of that, dickless Mummy would’ve approved. My other serial collection has the benefit of still being functional—or some of them at least. When my real Mummy died she left me her beautiful Olivetti Lettera 22 typewriter, and in due course I acquired a second one of hers from my brother. A few years ago I actually began writing on these machines—a lurch back in techno-time occasioned by a growing sense that computers were sucking my brains out through their microcircuitry. Fair enough, you might say, these are genuine tools—but then the red mist descended and I found myself acquiring, in quick succession, a couple of old Imperial Good Companions of 1930s vintage, a 1950s Remington and a 1960s Olympia.

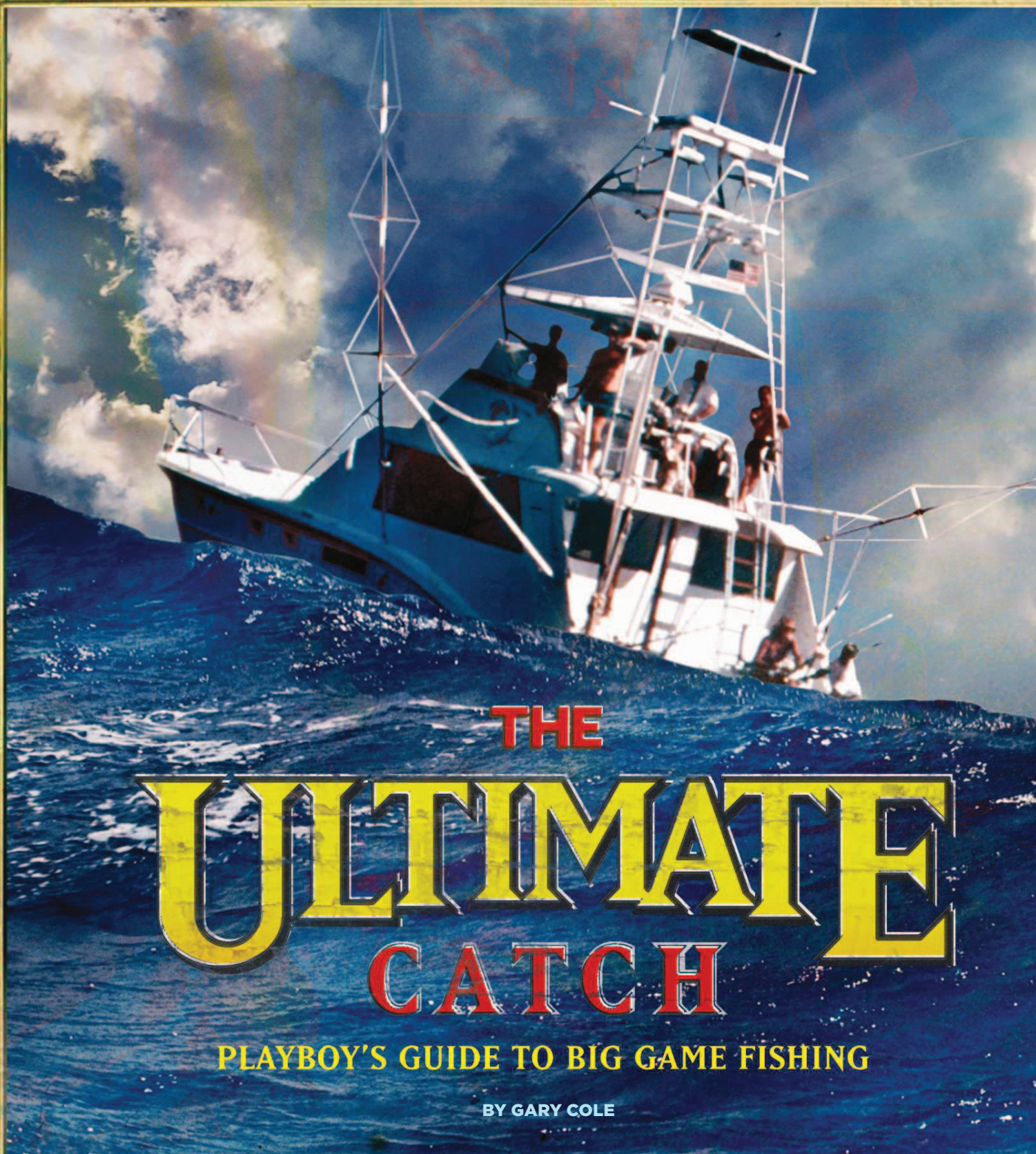
My room was getting cluttered with more typewriters than I could reasonably use, and what was worse, I’d become obsessed with maintaining them. I discovered the only typewriter engineer still operating in Greater London, Shalom Simon. He’d arrive from the outer burbs in a white van to pick up my machines and discuss his latest trip to Israel with me over a cup of tea, before bearing my machine away. I was terribly worried that Shalom would retire, leaving me with an obsolete technology, so I began acquiring typewriters simply in order that he could service them—and how mad is that?

Pretty insane, but this was still in line with the functional. The truth was I’d started fetishizing typewriters just as I had pipes, and in late 2008, while the world’s liquidity was being sucked into a howling void, I spent hour upon hour online, staring at a beautiful 1959 Groma (concluded on page 116)





"I appreciate you letting me off with a warning, but I'd rather have a good tongue-lashing."



THE ULTIMATE CATCH

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO BIG GAME FISHING

BY GARY COLE

I'm sitting in a classroom floating on the azure surface of the Pacific Ocean 47 miles off the coast of Guatemala. My professor is Peter Wright, oceanographer and hall of fame member of the International Game Fish Association. Our classroom is a 35-foot sportfishing charter boat. The subject is billfishing—marlin and sailfish. The professor is explaining the finer points of free spooling and the importance of lightly feathering the free-spinning reel of line with your thumb as you attempt to feed dead bait, in

this case a six-inch ballyhoo with a circle hook protruding from its head, to what could be a 400-pound blue marlin.

"You touch it as you would the arm of a first-date girlfriend—just a caress. Press harder and it'll either let go or you'll have a quarter-size blister on your thumb," Wright says.

Deep-sea fishing is a manly sport. We know that from seeing photos of guys like John Wayne standing next to their catches. The chair a person sits on while attempting to land one of these beasts



is called a fighting chair. If the opponent on the other end of the line is the champ, he's a blue marlin, the uncontested ruler of the sportfishing scene. Directly under him are his marlin brethren—black, white and striped marlins and then the sailfish, any of which are capable of providing an adrenaline rush just short of a date with Megan Fox.

Like golfing, fishing gets exponentially more rewarding when it involves (1) travel to an exotic destination and (2)

LOVE BOAT

TALK ABOUT THE ULTIMATE CATCH: HEF CRUISING THE CARIBBEAN WITH THE INIMITABLE BARBI BENTON.



*Hef in Jamaica
1970*

gaining skill and knowledge of the sport. Enrolling in Marlin University provided the chance to accomplish both. MU offers four days of intensive deep-sea fishing with instruction at a choice of venues—Costa Rica, Isla Mujeres, Hawaii, the Galápagos, Australia or, in my case, Guatemala. No textbooks required, just a plane ticket to Guatemala City, deck shoes, sunglasses and plenty of sunscreen. At the airport a van picked me up along with 15 other students—two of whom had traveled all the way from Angola—and drove us to the Casa Vieja fishing lodge on the coast, 90 minutes away.

The next morning we were up at six, on boats by seven and had lines in the water by eight. During each of the four days, we were on a different boat with a different instructor. In addition to Peter Wright, our tutors were Pat Dineen, a top charter boat captain from Shalimar, Florida; peripatetic Walker Holcomb, winner of the 2002 Rolex/IGFA Offshore Championship; and Dave Ferrell, editor of *Marlin Magazine*.

The sport involves subtlety. The fish are initially attracted by the boat's wake, which they likely mistake for a school of baitfish. The boat is also trolling teasers, plastic creations that resemble squid. A couple of teasers may trail hooks with ballyhoo, but most are there to do what their name suggests: tease the fish closer.

Now comes the skill part. When a fish is sighted, usually by the experienced eye of the captain on the bridge, the fisherman picks up his rod and drops his bait back where the fish is. At the same time one of the mates reels in the teaser. It's truly a bait-and-switch routine. The bill hopefully sucks the bait into its mouth, crushes it and swallows. The fisherman offers no resistance, leaving the reel free and disengaged so the fish doesn't sense anything is amiss. If it were to sense danger it



Left: Ernest Hemingway with a black marlin in Mexico in the 1950s. The old man and the sea, indeed. Below: Actor John Barrymore with his wife, Elaine Barrie, in Alaska, 1934.



Above: Fred Astaire with his son Fred Jr. and a 222-pound marlin in Mexico, circa 1953.



THE BIG FIVE

Deep-sea fishing's most coveted beasts, with their world-record catches



BLUE MARLIN 1,402 pounds; Vitória, Brazil; February 29, 1992



STRIPED MARLIN 494 pounds; Tutukaka, New Zealand; January 16, 1986



BLACK MARLIN 1,560 pounds; Cabo Blanco, Peru; August 4, 1953



WHITE MARLIN 181 pounds; Vitória, Brazil; December 8, 1979



PACIFIC SAILFISH 221 pounds; Santa Cruz Island, Ecuador; February 12, 1947

would spit the hook out. The fisherman meanwhile keeps his cool and counts slowly—some advise to three; others say to five. Then he throws the drag. Resistance pulls the hook back from the fish's stomach. Because the hook has an ingenious circular design, it doesn't catch on anything until it gets to the mouth (thereby avoiding internal injury). Then all hell breaks loose for both fish and fisherman.

For hours that first morning I am lulled by the blazing sun and the rocking of the boat. Then it happens: a call from the captain above—Ron Hamlin, who's been at it since 1959 (see below). A Chinese fire drill ensues. Mates jump to their



THEN IT HAPPENS: A CALL FROM THE CAPTAIN.

feet. As I flirt with the hook and play my first sail, Dave Ferrell is at my side instructing, cajoling.

Billfish love to jump. They can be observed free jumping, sometimes for food but usually just for fun. A hook in the mouth further incites their instinct to jump as they try to throw the snare. If dancing across the water on their tail six or seven times doesn't get it done, they take a deep dive or two. The angler's arms weary, but the adrenaline felt by fish and fisherman makes for an unforgettable experience. Once I get the sailfish to the boat, it's released, having never been lifted from the water.

Unless there is a question of a world record, no good sport fisherman keeps his catch. Replicas are available for the wall. Photos and video display fish leaping rather than hanging from a rope on a dock.

MU is one way to experience the sport, but there are a multitude of possibilities, from Cape Cod to Tahiti. Instead of using your thumbs to play video games, try feathering the spool of a reel as you play out line to that big one swimming behind your boat. If it takes the bait, it's the memory of a lifetime. Even if it doesn't, the boat ride isn't all that bad.



Ron Hamlin is the world's greatest charter billfish captain. In the 1990s he pioneered use of the controversial circle hook. Its shape makes it far less likely to damage a fish's vital organs. The circle hook is now standard for billfishing charters around the globe. It has saved the lives of tens of thousands of fish over the past 15 years.

THE MAN WHO SAVED BILLFISH

OFF THE HOOK

WHERE TO GO TO FIGHT THE MIGHTIEST SPORT FISH, ALL A FEW HOURS FROM HOME

COSTA RICA

Costa Rica offers some of the world's best light-tackle action. World-record seekers come for the Pacific sailfish and the swarms of small blue and striped marlin that move in from December through March. A stable government and an eco-friendly national policy make Costa Rica an attractive destination whether you decide to wet a line or not. Sand, surf, beer and bikinis await. **STAY AT:** **Hotel Guanamar** on the white-sand Playa Carrillo on the Pacific Coast. Rooms from \$100 (guanamarhotel.com). **YOUR BOAT:** **Richard Chellemi's** custom-built 31-foot **Gamefisher II** is outfitted with a big pair of turbocharged Volvo engines and enough line to twine the globe (gamefisher2.com).



ST. THOMAS, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

No place on earth provides a more consistent blue marlin bite than the famed North Drop off the eastern end of St. Thomas, the Atlantic Ocean's deepest spot. Anglers fishing for three days during the weeks before or after the full moons of summer (June to September) will almost certainly come away with a blue marlin capture. Fish here average around 300 pounds, though 500-pounders are not uncommon. **STAY AT:** the luxurious **Ritz-Carlton, St. Thomas**, a palatial hotel on the Caribe. Rooms from \$379 (ritzcarlton.com). **YOUR BOAT:** Do your battling in the fighting chair of **Eddie Morrison's Marlin Prince**, a 45-foot Viking (marlinprince.com), or **Red Bailey's** 44-foot **Abigail III** (visportfish.com).



GUATEMALA

Another Central American hot spot, Guatemala hosts a ridiculous amount of Pacific sailfish from December through March. Blue marlin and yellowfin tuna make their appearance in these waters as well. **WHERE TO STAY:** **Casa Vieja Lodge** in the Port of Quetzal is a one-stop fisherman's paradise. When the day is done the hotel's pool and bar offer the perfect respite. See casaviejalodge.com for package rates. **YOUR BOAT:** The queen of the seven-boat fleet is the **Release**, a 37-footer built in 1961 to be the perfect fishing boat. She was restored in 1999, and her twin 450 hp engines power her to a 24-knot cruising speed.



OCEAN CITY, MARYLAND

You can find great billfish action directly off the Eastern seaboard in summer, and Ocean City becomes the epicenter of the offshore scene in August. Pods of hungry white marlin, blue marlin and tuna move into the offshore canyons, and fishermen willing to make the 80-mile runs are sometimes rewarded with double-digit days. Those willing to wager can enter the **White Marlin Open**, one of the world's richest tournaments, with more than \$2 million in prize money. That's more than the winner of the Masters gets. **WHERE TO STAY:** **Inlet Lodge**, on the old boardwalk. Rooms from \$90 (410-289-7552). **YOUR BOAT:** Get on any of the great boats working out of Sunset Marina. —Dave Ferrell



NICE TACKLE

IN THE FIGHTING CHAIR, YOU'LL WANT ONE OF THESE BETWEEN YOUR THIGHS

PENN 50VSW, \$600



HAS FOUR AIRCRAFT-GRADE STAINLESS STEEL BEARINGS.

PENN GLD50II, \$400



PULLS IN SWORDFISH AND TUNA WITH EASE.

SHIMANO TIAGRA 50A, \$580

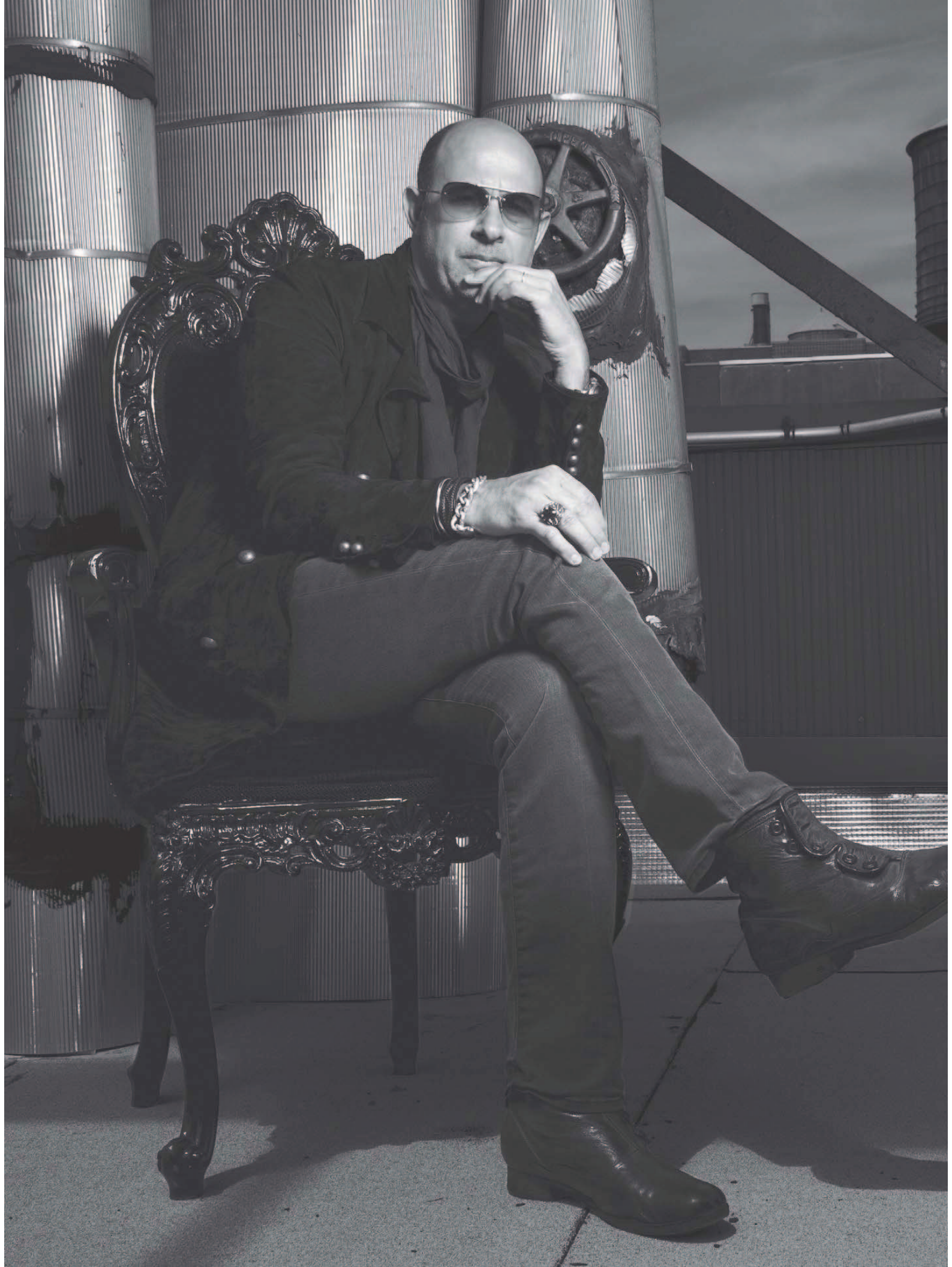


WITH OFFSET ERGONOMIC POWER-GRIP HANDLE.

SHIMANO TIAGRA 130A, \$1,250



WEIGHING IN AT OVER 50 POUNDS, THIS ONE COULD HANDLE MOBY-DICK.





20Q

BY ROB TANNENBAUM
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATT DOYLE

JOHN VARVATOS

THE KING OF FASHION TALKS ABOUT HIS DETROIT ROOTS, EXPLAINS HIS SECOND LIFE AS A ROCKER AND TELLS MEN ABOUT THE IMPORTANCE OF SHOES, FEET AND TOENAILS

Q1

PLAYBOY: You're not exactly from a town with a fashion pedigree, are you?

VARVATOS: Detroit is a complete zero from that end of it. It's as far from being fashion-oriented as anything. It sounds kind of rude, but Detroit is a bit lost in time—it's still in the late 1970s and the 1980s. Michigan has massive unemployment, so people are more about survival than fashion.

Q2

PLAYBOY: How did you become a man of style in such an unfashionable city?

VARVATOS: In 10th grade I was very interested in girls, and I noticed that when I wore certain things, it made a connection with them. I started wanting to be more rock and roll. I used to have crazy big hair—I used to have hair. [Laughs] Times change, I guess. Except for music there wasn't a lot to be excited about in Detroit. My parents really had no money. There were seven people in a 900-square-foot three-bedroom bungalow with one bathroom—I wouldn't even want that as a guest bathroom today, it was so small. I had to put on headphones just to get away from everybody. That was my privacy.

Q3

PLAYBOY: You have a show on Sirius XM called *Born in Detroit* on which you play a lot of Michigan music. How did you become such a hard-core advocate for your birthplace?

VARVATOS: Cleveland has the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame—I have no idea why. It should really be in Detroit. I just spent some time with Robert Plant when he was in New York. We had dinner together and went to see the Black Keys, and he said, "Led Zeppelin used to love coming to Detroit. The audiences were always amazing."

Q4

PLAYBOY: You graduated from the University of Michigan, which in the late 1960s and early 1970s was a wild spot of liberal activism. The civil rights movement, the anti-Vietnam war movement, the legalize-marijuana movement all had bases there.

VARVATOS: I grew up in a conservative house, and when I got to college I was exposed to a lot of things. Every April we had the Ann Arbor Hash Bash. My second or third year in school the students took over the city council and decriminalized pot—it was a \$5 fine. I wasn't as wild as I could have been, to be honest. I had two jobs all the time. I was on food stamps.

Q5

PLAYBOY: Did you protest against the war?

VARVATOS: I was clobbered by policemen's clubs for protesting against the war. The police started pushing the crowd, and people started throwing stuff at the police. It hurt, let me tell you. It friggin' hurt. I had welts all over. (continued on page 110)

THE REIGNING QUEEN OF ENGLISH BOMBSHELLS,
PIRANHA 3D'S KELLY BROOK TAKES AIM AT THE USA

British INVASION



Kelly Brook didn't mean to be a one-woman British invasion. "I was minding my own business, really, and then all of a sudden Hollywood approached me." Bodacious and doe-eyed, Kelly has been a superstar beauty across the pond for years. She started out as a swimsuit model while still in her teens,

then moved to big-time ad campaigns. *FHM* voted her the sexiest woman in the world in 2005. A year later *Grazia* magazine voted her body the best in the world. She's been a regular on reality shows as a presenter and has appeared on dozens of magazine covers throughout Europe, including the British editions of

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ELLEN VON UNWERTH





GQ and *Glamour*. She has also acted in a handful of small films. But for the most part, the U.K. managed to keep Kelly all to itself. Until now.

Hollywood found Kelly last year when she was on vacation in Los Angeles. "I was eating fish-and-chips at a café because I was feeling a bit homesick," she says. At an adjacent table sat director Alexandre Aja, who happened to be casting the sexy spring break exploitation thriller *Piranha 3D*. After he spotted Kelly, he dispatched one of his female assistants to approach her.

"He sent a woman over so it would seem less creepy," Kelly says. "They

had no idea who I was, and I was quite flattered when they asked if I'd be interested in reading for a part. Then right after I got it *PLAYBOY* called. That was a pretty good month."

Piranha 3D also stars Elisabeth Shue, Eli Roth, Christopher Lloyd, Richard Dreyfuss and porn star Riley Steele, with whom Kelly has a wet and steamy underwater lesbian love scene.

"Making out underwater isn't as easy as it looks," Kelly says. "You have to practice holding your breath and hitting your marks. Alexandre is French, so we did anything he asked us to do just because of his accent. If he were a

ballsy American and asked me to bend over and smile at the camera, I'd be a bit suspicious."

When she's not in front of the cameras, Kelly spends her time in the quiet English countryside. "I live on a little farm out in Kent with an upland pear orchard and 1,000 trees," she says as she gets ready for bed early one recent evening. "I bought a 600-year-old stone farmhouse with no running water, and my hobby and passion have been to renovate it. I did it all on my own."

The countryside befits Kelly's public persona. She's emblematic of the return to natural beauty. That body you can't

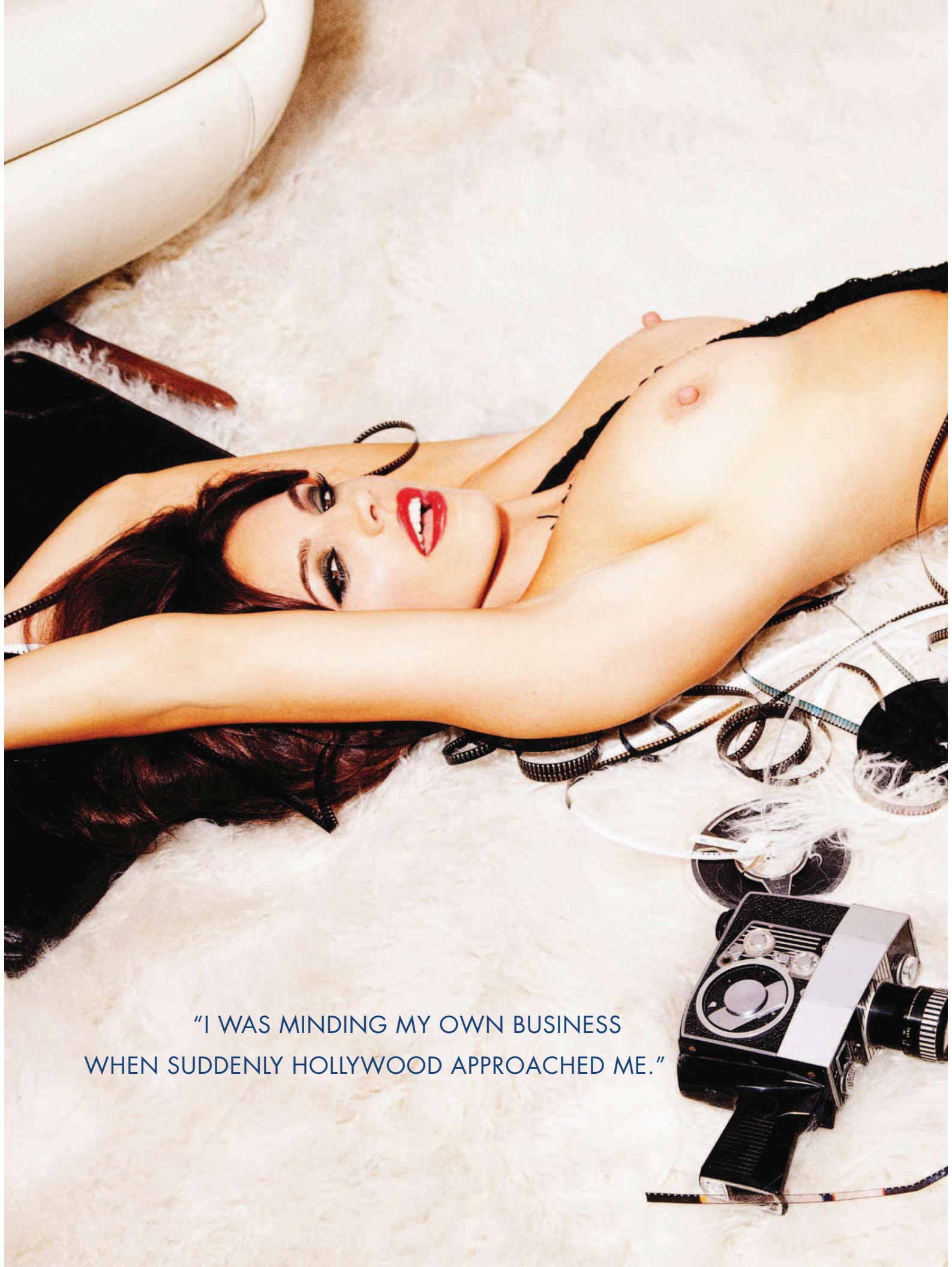


stop looking at? It's voluptuous, explosively sexy and untouched by scalpels. The European press has made much of her breasts, the size of which has caused plenty of speculation (36DD or 32E?).

"I was a little self-conscious about the PLAYBOY shoot because I look at the other girls in the magazine and they're just so perfect," she says. "I'm not 20 anymore [she's a very young 30], my boobs are real, and they even hang a little. But Ellen von Unwerth is amazing, and she really brought us back to those gorgeous shoots from the 1960s and 1970s, when the girls were all natural. You don't see that very often these days."







"I WAS MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS
WHEN SUDDENLY HOLLYWOOD APPROACHED ME."



See more of Kelly at
playboy.com/brook.

MADAME BOVARY

(continued from page 58)

was a haze over the countryside. Mist lay along the horizon, between the outlines of the hills; and elsewhere it tore apart, rose, vanished. Sometimes, through a gap in the haze, one could see the roofs of Yonville under a ray of sunlight in the distance, with its gardens by the water's edge, its courtyards, walls and church steeple. Emma would half close her eyes so as to distinguish her own house, and never had this poor village where she lived seemed so small to her. From the height on which they were standing, the whole valley appeared to be one vast, pale lake, evaporating into the air. Clumps of trees jutted up at intervals like black rocks; and the tall lines of poplars, rising above the fog, were like its shores, stirred by the wind.

Beside them, among the pine trees, a dusky light eddied above the grass in the warm atmosphere. The reddish earth, the color of snuff, deadened the sound of their steps; and the horses, as they walked, pushed the fallen pinecones before them with the tips of their iron shoes.

Rodolphe and Emma went on along the edge of the wood. She would turn away from time to time to avoid his eyes, and then she would see only the trunks of the pines in rows, the continuous succession of which dizzied her a little. The horses were blowing. The leather of the saddles creaked.

Just as they entered the forest, the sun appeared.

"God is protecting us!" said Rodolphe.

"Do you think so?" she said.

"Let's go on!" he said.

He clicked his tongue. The two animals began to trot.

Tall ferns by the side of the path kept catching in Emma's stirrup. Rodolphe, as he rode, would lean down each time and pull them out. At other moments, to move a branch out of the way, he would come close to her, and Emma would feel his knee brush against her leg. The sky was blue now. The leaves were not moving. There were large clearings full of heather all in bloom; and the expanses of violet alternated with the tangle of trees, which were gray, fawn or gold depending on their different leaves. Often one would hear a faint beating of wings slipping past under the bushes, or the hoarse, gentle caw of crows flying up into the oaks.

They dismounted. Rodolphe tied up the horses. She walked ahead over the moss, between the ruts.

But her long skirt was getting in her way, even though she carried the end of it, and Rodolphe, walking behind her, kept gazing at her delicate white stocking, which showed between the black cloth and the little black boot and seemed to him to be part of her naked flesh.

She stopped.

"I'm tired," she said.

"Come now, a little farther!" he said.

"Take heart—try!"

Then, a hundred steps farther on, she

stopped again; and through her veil, which fell obliquely from her man's hat down over her hips, her face could be seen in a bluish transparency, as though she were swimming under azure waves.

"Where are we going?"

He did not answer. She was breathing unevenly. Rodolphe was glancing around him and biting his mustache.

They came to a larger open space, where some saplings had been cleared. They sat down on a felled tree trunk, and Rodolphe began talking to her about his love.

He did not frighten her, at first, with compliments. He was calm, serious, melancholy.

Emma listened to him with her head bowed, stirring the wood chips on the ground with the toe of her boot.

But when he said:

"Our destinies are bound together now, aren't they?"

"No!" she answered. "You know that perfectly well. It can't be."

She stood up to leave. He seized her by the wrist. She stopped. Then, after looking at him for a few minutes with tearful, loving eyes, she said quickly:

"Oh, come, let's not talk about it anymore.... Where are the horses? Let's go back."

He made a gesture of anger and weariness. She repeated:

"Where are the horses? Where are the horses?"

Then, smiling a strange smile, his eyes unmoving, his teeth clenched, he moved toward her with open arms. She backed away trembling. She stammered:

"Oh, you're frightening me! You're upsetting me! Let's go."

"If we must," he said, changing his expression.

And he immediately became respectful again, tender, timid. She gave him her arm. They turned back. He said:

"Now, what was the matter? What happened? I don't understand! You must be misjudging me. Within my soul you're like a madonna on a pedestal, in an exalted place, secure, immaculate. But I need you if I am to live! I need your eyes, your voice, your thoughts. Be my friend, my sister, my angel!"

And he reached out his arm and put it around her waist. She tried gently to free herself. He held her that way as they walked.

But they could hear the two horses, who were browsing on leaves.

"Oh, just a little longer!" said Rodolphe. "Let's not go yet. Stay here!"

He drew her farther on, around a little pond where duckweed made a patch of green on the water. Faded water lilies lay motionless among the rushes. At the sound of their steps in the grass, frogs leaped away to conceal themselves.

"I'm wrong, I'm wrong," she said. "I'm insane to listen to you."

"Why?... Emma! Emma!"

"Oh, Rodolphe!....," the young woman said slowly, leaning on his shoulder.

The material of her riding habit caught on his velvet coat. She tipped back her head, her white throat swelled with a sigh; and weakened, bathed in tears, hiding her face, with a long tremor she gave herself up to him.

The evening shadows were coming down; the horizontal sun, passing between the branches, dazzled her eyes. Here and there, all around her, patches of light shimmered in the leaves or on the ground, as if hummingbirds in flight had scattered their feathers there. Silence was everywhere; something mild seemed to be coming forth from the trees; she could feel her heart, which was beginning to beat again, and her blood flowing through her flesh like a river of milk. Then, from far away beyond the woods, on the other hills, she heard a vague, prolonged cry, a voice that lingered, and she listened to it in silence as it lost itself like a kind of music in the last vibrations of her tingling nerves. Rodolphe, a cigar between his teeth, was mending with his penknife one of the bridles, which had broken.

They returned to Yonville by the same path. They saw the prints of their horses in the mud, side by side, and the same bushes, the same stones in the grass. Nothing around them had changed; and yet, for her, something had happened that was more momentous than if mountains had moved. Rodolphe would lean over, from time to time, and take up her hand to kiss it.

She was charming, on horseback! Upright, with her slender waist, her knee bent against her horse's mane, and a little rosy from the fresh air in the ruddy light of the evening.

As she entered Yonville, she pranced on the paving stones. People were watching her from the windows.

Her husband, at dinner, thought she looked well; but she seemed not to hear him when he asked about her outing; and she sat still with her elbow at the edge of her plate, between the two burning candles.

"Emma!" he said.

"What?"

"Well, I spent this afternoon with Monsieur Alexandre; he has an old filly that's still quite fine, only a little broken in the knees; she could be had, I'm sure, for about a hundred ecus...."

He added:

"In fact, thinking you would be pleased, I secured her...I bought her.... Did I do right? Now tell me."

She nodded her head in agreement; then, a quarter of an hour later:

"Are you going out this evening?" she asked.

"Yes. Why?"

"Oh, nothing! Nothing, dear."

And as soon as she was rid of Charles, she went upstairs and shut herself in her room.

At first, it was like a kind of dizziness; she saw the trees, the paths, the ditches, Rodolphe, and she could still feel his arms



"Isn't it wonderful when lovers quarrel and then kiss and make up right in front of your very eyes?"

holding her while the leaves quivered and the rushes whistled.

But catching sight of herself in the mirror, she was surprised by her face. Her eyes had never been so large, so dark or so deep. Something subtle had spread through her body and was transfiguring her.

She said to herself again and again: "I have a lover! A lover!" reveling in the thought as though she had come into a second puberty. At last she would possess those joys of love, that fever of happiness of which she had despaired. She was entering something marvelous in which all was passion, ecstasy, delirium; a blue-tinged immensity surrounded her, heights of feeling sparkled under her thoughts, and ordinary life appeared only in the distance, far below, in shadow, in the spaces between those peaks.

Then she recalled the heroines of the books she had read, and this lyrical throng of adulterous women began to sing in her memory with sisterly voices that enchanted her. She herself was in some way becoming an actual part of those imaginings and was fulfilling the long daydream of her youth, by seeing herself as this type of amorous woman

she had so much envied. Besides, Emma was experiencing the satisfaction of revenge. Hadn't she suffered enough? But now she was triumphing, and love, so long contained, was springing forth whole, with joyful effervescence. She savored it without remorse, without uneasiness, without distress.

The next day passed in a new sweetness. They exchanged vows. She confided her sorrows. Rodolphe kept interrupting her with his kisses; and she, gazing at him with her eyes half closed, would ask him to call her by her name again and tell her again that he loved her. They were in the forest, as on the day before, in a hut used by sabot makers. Its walls were of straw, and its roof came down so low that one had to stoop. They sat close together, on a bed of dry leaves.

From that day on, they wrote to each other regularly every evening. Emma would take her letter to the bottom of the garden, by the stream, to a crack in the terrace wall. Rodolphe would come look for it there and in its place put another, which she would always complain was too short.

One morning, when Charles had gone out before dawn, she was seized by the urge to

see Rodolphe that very instant. She could get to La Huchette quickly, stay there one hour and be back in Yonville while everyone was still asleep. The thought made her breathe hard with longing, and she soon found herself in the middle of the meadow, walking with quick steps, not looking behind her.

Day was breaking. From far away, Emma recognized her lover's house, with its two swallow-tailed weather vanes standing out black against the pale twilight.

Beyond the farmyard was a main building that had to be the château. She entered it as if the walls, at her approach, had parted of their own accord. A broad straight staircase rose to a hallway. Emma turned the latch of a door, and at once, at the far end of the bedroom, she saw a man asleep. It was Rodolphe. She cried out.

"It's you! You're here!" he said again and again. "How did you manage to get here?... Oh, your dress is wet!"

"I love you!" she answered, putting her arms around his neck.

This first bold venture having been a success, now each time Charles went out early, Emma would dress quickly and steal down the short flight of steps that led to the edge of the water.

But when the plank bridge for the cows had been raised, she would have to follow the walls that lined the stream; the bank was slippery; to keep from falling, she would cling to the clumps of faded wallflowers. Then she would strike out across the plowed fields, sinking down, stumbling and catching her thin little boots. Her scarf, tied over her head, would flutter in the wind in the pastures; she was afraid of the cattle, she would start running; she would arrive out of breath, her cheeks pink, her whole body exhaling a cool fragrance of sap, leaves and fresh air. Rodolphe, at that hour, was still asleep. She was like a spring morning coming into his bedroom.

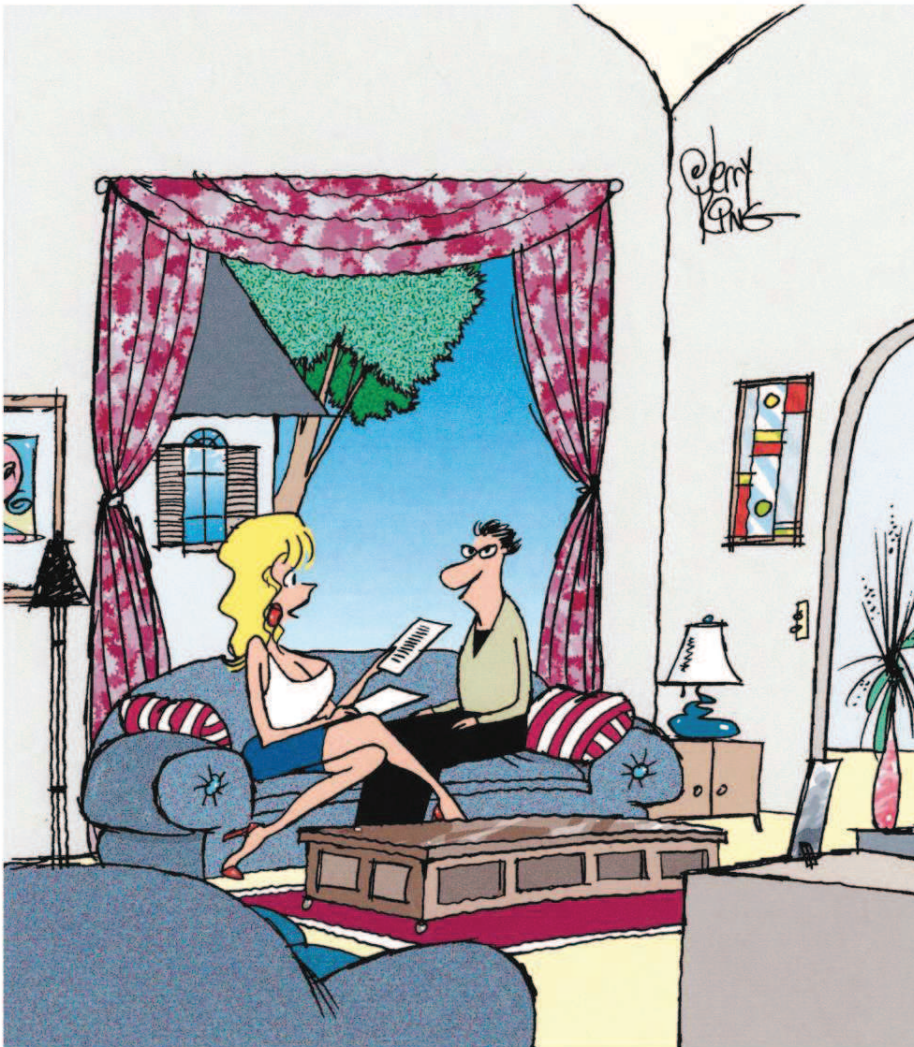
The yellow curtains, over the windows, gently let in a heavy flaxen light. Emma would grope her way forward, blinking, while the dewdrops suspended in her bands of hair made a sort of halo of topazes all around her face. Rodolphe, laughing, would draw her to him and hold her against his heart.

Afterward, she would examine the room, she would open the drawers of the furniture, she would comb her hair with his comb and look at herself in the shaving mirror. Often, she would even place between her teeth the stem of a large pipe that lay on the night table among the lemons and sugar lumps, next to a carafe of water.

It took them a good quarter of an hour to say good-bye. Then Emma would weep; she wished she never had to leave Rodolphe. Something stronger than she was kept impelling her to go to him, until one day, seeing her come unexpectedly, he frowned as though annoyed.

"What's wrong?" she said. "Are you in pain? Speak to me!"

At last he declared gravely that her visits were becoming reckless and that she was compromising herself.



"And here's my list of people I've slept with. Some names have been changed to protect certain friends and family members of yours."



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JOHN VARVATOS

(continued from page 97)

During that period the war was paramount. It was everything.

Q6

PLAYBOY: While we're here, we'd like to get some free fashion advice. Tell us a few common mistakes you hate to see men make.

VARVATOS: My number one thing is bad shoes. I won't mention the brand, but I still see guys wearing square-toed shoes. I see guys in suits two sizes too big, like the ones David Byrne from Talking Heads wore in the 1980s. Even he doesn't wear those suits today. Young guys shouldn't wear pleated chino pants. It doesn't mean pleats can't be fashionable but not those pleated Dockers. And I don't like polo shirts with sleeves below the elbows. That's not even appropriate for the golf course.

Q7

PLAYBOY: What about sandals on men?

VARVATOS: If you're going to wear flip-flops or sandals, you'd better do something about those toenails, man. When we do a runway show, the models come in with these curled-under toenails. Really, they look like pterodactyls. A woman once said to me, "Your feet are really decent. You either work in fashion or you're gay."

Q8

PLAYBOY: Do people assume you're gay because you work in fashion?

VARVATOS: When I met my wife, she asked somebody if I was straight or gay. And the

person said, "He's straight; he has kids." Well, that really doesn't mean much anymore. It's a little bit of a weird thing in our industry, because I'm one of the few straight designers. Maybe that's why we're successful, because my clothes are very masculine. Most designers' products are more feminine. They're made for a little skinny boy. When designers talk about male models they refer to them as boys. I never do that.

Q9

PLAYBOY: How is designing for men different from designing for women?

VARVATOS: Guys are essentially lazy. It's not Garanimals by any means, but we make it uncomplicated.

Q10

PLAYBOY: Can a man be well-dressed if he shops only at the Gap and Banana Republic?

VARVATOS: Sure. I'd say you can look quite well-dressed by shopping at J. Crew. But in my clothes you don't feel as mainstream. When you shop at Banana Republic or the Gap, it's good basic product, but it doesn't define your personality. In my clothes, guys feel more confident, stronger, sexier.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Varvatos does a very good business in fragrance. What about the wisdom that men should never smell of anything but soap and water?

VARVATOS: I grew up with fragrances like Brut and Hai Karate. When I was three or four I would go into the bathroom and smell my dad's towel because I liked the way Old Spice smelled. One of the reasons we've

been so successful in fragrance is because our products spark those memories.

Q12

PLAYBOY: How did you react when you started losing your hair?

VARVATOS: I used Rogaine for two weeks, probably when it was too late. I was like, "I don't like this shit. It makes my scalp itch." A lot of guys don't have hair, and some are pretty sexy.

Q13

PLAYBOY: When you die, the *New York Times* obituary is likely to begin, "John Varvatos, the designer who invented the boxer brief when he worked at Calvin Klein...."

VARVATOS: [Laughs] You can mention the boxer briefs and you can mention the laceless Converse sneaker, which is a monster too. My company's 10-year anniversary is this fall. A lot of designers become hot, attend every party, and then you don't hear about them again. We've created our own identity. You asked about Banana Republic and the Gap—they don't have their own personality. They're followers. I spent a lot of years working for Ralph Lauren, and he had so many copycats, from Tommy Hilfger to Abercrombie & Fitch to J. Crew. Many people have followed us too and been successful.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Who was more entertaining as a boss, Ralph Lauren or Calvin Klein?

VARVATOS: Ralph's bigger than life. I remember being in London with him at a meeting with a very serious British guy, and we both burst out laughing. You know how you can be at a funeral and laugh so hard you start to cry even though you shouldn't? We had to get up and leave the meeting, like a couple of fourth-graders. It took me three months to leave his company because he would never accept that I was leaving.

Q15

PLAYBOY: There's now a John Varvatos store on the Bowery in New York where the punk rock club CBGB used to be. As a music lover, did you have mixed feelings about turning that space into a retail store?

VARVATOS: I drove from Michigan to see the Ramones at CBGB in the late 1970s. It was so dirty and electric and sexual. I saw the Clash there, and Talking Heads and Television. The neighborhood was scary. There was fighting in the streets. It was dangerous, and the dangerous part was what punk rock was about. After it closed in 2006 it sat empty for almost two years. There were ratraps all over. It was disgusting, okay?

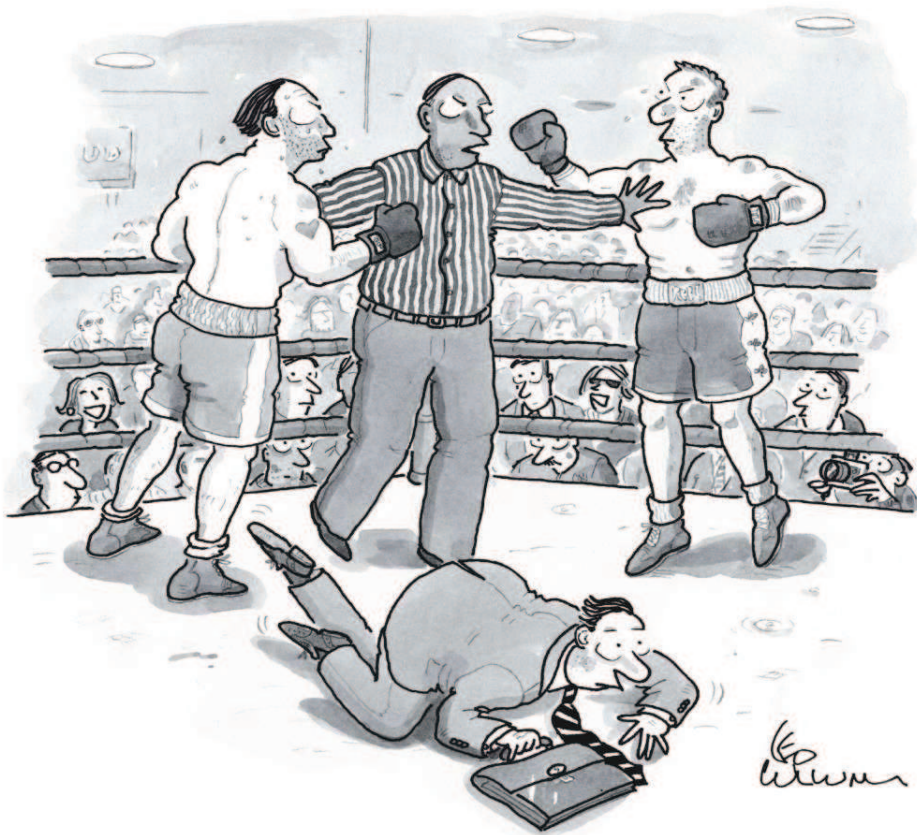
Q16

PLAYBOY: C'mon, it was always disgusting.

VARVATOS: Yeah, but it was worse because a sewage pipe had broken in the basement. People were angry with us for taking that space. As a store, it's not dangerous anymore, but you can feel the history. You can see the graffiti on the walls. Where else on a fucking Thursday night can you go for free and drink free liquor and see Guns N' Roses or the New York Dolls? That's when I feel we're doing something right. There's still something dangerous about the music. It could have become a bank. It could have become a coffee shop.

Q17

PLAYBOY: If we were to interview your ex-



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assistants, how would they describe you?
 VARVATOS: Motivated but laid-back at the same time. Sometimes a pain in the ass. Generous. Sometimes a pain in the ass. Nonstop. Sometimes a pain in the ass. [laughs] We've set the bar pretty high for our people, and some take it as a pain in the ass.

Q18

PLAYBOY: How strong is your Greek ancestry?
 VARVATOS: My grandparents came from Greece, but my parents never had enough money to travel. The mayor of Athens invited me to do a runway show; when I was there I felt a little like a rock star. I wish my mother had been alive. And Greeks come out of the woodwork to tell me how proud they are. Some of them just want to sell me insurance. [laughs] That's definitely not pride.

Q19

PLAYBOY: You told us that as a kid you

wanted to "be more rock and roll." Have you reached that goal?

VARVATOS: I've been onstage playing guitar and singing with Cheap Trick, Alice Cooper, ZZ Top and Guns N' Roses. Axl Rose saw me singing on the side of the stage, pulled me up and gave me the microphone. My friend Matt Sorum, who played drums with Axl, said, "Fuck, I was on tour with the guy for four years, and he wouldn't even let me sing background vocals!"

Q20

PLAYBOY: Would you trade your fashion career to be the singer in a big rock band?
 VARVATOS: I like being a fan. I like being in the audience. But I also like the VIP part of it—like when you go to festivals and it's 100 degrees, but if you can be backstage, it doesn't hurt.



ICARUS

(continued from page 66)

cracks were just kicking my ass." He stayed four months that first trip, sleeping in Camp Four, the climbers' camp, then staying among the boulders that border the camp. He has lived in Yosemite off and on ever since.

I've gone into the valley many times over the years, writing stories about the legendary rock climbers, learning to climb, learning to fall all over this cathedral of stone. I was here this time hoping to watch Potter climb into his wingsuit and soar like a falcon from the top of El Capitan. The weather was looking chancy: Rain was forecast for all but one of the days I would be there. And that wasn't the only problem.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea," said Potter, who had suggested that although BASE jumping was illegal in Yosemite, he might make a clandestine flight. He seemed to be changing his mind. "I'm already on the edge with the rangers, and the penalties if I get caught are serious."

BASE jumping (*BASE* stands for the take-off points: buildings, antennas, spans and earth) has a deadly history.

The sport came to wide attention after the 1977 James Bond movie *The Spy Who Loved Me*, in which Roger Moore's stunt double, Rick Sylvester, skied off a high cliff, took several seconds of free fall, then opened a parachute with a Union Jack on it. There are no official figures, but it's estimated that since the early 1980s about 150 people have died BASE jumping.

The history of the sport in Yosemite is typically bloody. The first jump off El Capitan, an ideal BASE-jumping cliff because of its sheer face, was in 1978, and the park service quickly banned the sport. It did, however, allow limited hang gliding off the cliff under certain conditions and at certain times of day and in 1980 relented and allowed BASE jumping under similar restrictions. But because BASE jumpers tend to be an ornery, free-swinging bunch, they flouted the regulations, and the sport was banned again later that year. To date, as if to validate the rangers' concerns, at least five BASE jumpers have died in Yosemite.

I knew one of the dead. His name was Frank "the Gambler" Gambalie and he was one of the most experienced BASE jumpers in the world, with 600 jumps including New York's Chrysler Building. He'd been part of a story I'd written years earlier about a different kind of jumping death in Yosemite. Dan "Dano" Osman, another Yosemite climber, had begun jumping from great heights tethered only to climbing ropes that he rigged to catch his falls just before he hit the ground. In November 1998 he called Gambalie on his cell phone as he jumped from the top of Yosemite's 1,100-foot Leaning Tower. His rope broke, the phone went blank and Osman died on impact with the forest floor. Potter, a friend of Osman's, was working with search and rescue that day and was called to sit alone with the body through a rainy night so bears and coyotes wouldn't get to it before rangers retrieved it in the morning. While covering that story I talked with both Potter and Gambalie, who by then were good friends. In fact, years earlier Gambalie had introduced Potter to BASE jumping.

"I was kicking hacky sack in Camp Four,"



Don Lewis

"OH, NOoooo! My tips!"

said Potter, "when Frank and a guy known as Randy Ride approached me, saying they were photographers and wanted to take an early morning picture from the Rostrum, a pillar with an overhang and about an 800-foot drop straight down. You can walk down to the top from the road, but there's about a 50-foot climb to get to the overhang. They wanted me to guide them up there at first light. I was broke, so I said sure. When we got to the top they said, 'We're not photographers. We're BASE jumpers, and we want to huck this thing.' It was amazing to watch. They landed on a sandbar in the Merced River and made a getaway in a white pickup truck that was waiting for them."

If you're caught BASE jumping in a national park the punishment is a \$2,000 fine and confiscation of your gear, which can cost more than \$1,000. In 1999, seven months after Osman's death, Gambalie made one of his many illegal El Capitan jumps. He was in the air for 16 seconds, made a safe meadow landing, scrambled his equipment together and took off running. Two rangers chased him to the banks of the Merced River, which was roaring with spring snowmelt. He jumped or fell in and drowned. His body was recovered 28 days later.

Yosemite climbers going back 60 years have had a traditionally snarky relationship with park rangers. Potter's antipathy has been sharpened by rangers "dropping Osman's body and making jokes about it as they carried him out of the woods" and by the fact that he believes BASE-jumping rules in the valley led to Gambalie's death.

"I mean, what sense does it make to chase him into a river for jumping El Cap?" he said. "This is supposed to be the land of the free. I'm sick of playing cops and robbers with the rangers. I'm a hero in Europe, where it's often legal to BASE jump, but I'm an outlaw in my own hometown."

"I think of BASE jumping as the most dangerous of risk sports," I told him. "Many of the best in the sport have died doing it."

"BASE jumping is very dangerous," he said. "The best guys who died were putting too much pressure on themselves to be on the cutting edge. The wingsuiters and BASE jumpers who have died made poor decisions because they were pushing themselves beyond a safe pace of practice and experimentation. People misunderstand BASE. They think it's just leaping off something and falling. They have no idea that if you have the skill and technique you can leap in just a pair of jeans and a jacket and can fly forward two feet for every one foot you drop. It's really human flying."

Our view down the valley was in full sun, maybe the last of the week, so I asked again about an El Cap jump.

"I'm on the edge with the rangers as it is," said Potter. "We're not friendly, and I don't want to go to jail. But maybe we can go over to the Lodi Parachute Center and I'll make a flight out of a plane."

We met that afternoon at the Rostrum, the partly attached leaning pillar on the west end of the valley. I found his car on the road above and adjacent to the rock top and made a 15-minute walk across smooth granite slabs to the sheer edge of the cliff. The angled slabs reminded me of a fall I'd taken on the valley

climb called Royal Arches. Trying to cross an open, featureless slab set on a very steep angle, my shoes lost friction near the top; I slid and then bounced 50 feet or so before the rope I was belayed by became taut and stopped me. Potter told me he had taken one of his worst falls on a similar Royal Arches slab somewhat lower on the climb. The difference in our falls is that he was climbing free solo, meaning he was alone and without rope or any other protection, a dangerous and potentially deadly style of climbing.

"I decided I could run across the top of the slab," he said. "After the first couple of steps my feet slipped out and I slid 80 feet and hit a ledge that saved me from a death fall. I was super bloody on my hands and my feet, and I was in shock. I walked down the trail to the grocery store, went in looking like a disaster and bought a can of Band-Aids. They were really concerned at the checkout counter and asked if I was okay. I said yes, but I really wasn't okay. I was messed up for a good month."

Potter and I sat talking on the cliff's edge. His fingers were heavily taped so he could jam them into small cracks when he moved under the overhanging top of the pillar 900 feet up. It was like watching a spider cross a ceiling. He protected himself with a rope anchored on top of the rock.

"It's really my favorite place to climb," he said as we sat on the precipice. "We used to have huge parties out here, climbers, waitresses from the valley, other friends." He pointed down the face to the treetops along the Merced. "This is where Frank and Randy made the first jump I ever saw. Back then I wasn't in any particular hurry to try it."

In fact it was seven years before he made his first skydive. His hesitation was born of the fact that by then, to the astonishment of the climbing world, he'd been completing long and dangerous routes alone and with no protection in Yosemite, Patagonia and other risky locales.

"When I began jumping I was more nervous than most people because I'd been climbing free solo, and falling meant dying," he said. "I'd seen friends die. On my first free-fall skydive I was a mess, very unstable. I had a coach with me. I went out at 13,000 feet and was potato-chipping around. We got down to 5,000 feet—time to throw the pilot chute—but when I reached back I grabbed my leg loop by mistake. I started yanking, and my mind froze. I panicked, and my coach had to grab my hand to put it on the pilot chute before I could pull it. It was very intense."

His first BASE jump was in Twin Falls, Idaho, from a bridge over the Snake River.

"Of course it was huge to stand on a 500-foot bridge and drop a rock that falls for six seconds before it hits ground. But a whole new world opened for me, from being a solo climber for 15 years, where falling meant death, to falling for fun. Then I started high-lining and climbing with a parachute on my back, which no one had ever done before."

Highlining evolved out of slack lining, a Camp Four climbers' exercise in which a one-inch-wide length of nylon webbing is strung between rocks or trees and then walked like a tightrope. In highlining the web is rigged across chasms between high rocks or across deep canyons. Potter learned it from a climbing



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hobo named Chongo, and with a parachute on his back he eventually pushed it to a crossing of Utah's Hell Roaring Canyon, 180 feet across, 900 feet high. "If you fall, you just fly away," he said in a way that made me picture a bird lifting off from a telephone wire.

About a year into his BASE-jumping career Potter nearly killed himself. He was in Mexico being filmed highlining across one of the country's deepest open-air pits, known as Cellar of the Swallows: 1,200 feet deep, 170 to 300 feet across at the top.

"Every morning 50,000 swallows would fly out of the hole, then return in the evening," Potter told me. "It was raining, so the high-line broke as we stretched it. Meanwhile I was making as many BASE jumps into the pit as I could, and when we finally gave up on walking the line, I decided to make one more jump. I'd been rigging and jumping, rigging and jumping, and I was frantic, trying to do too much."

His parachute had been in the rain and was half wet, making it asymmetrical.

"I knew it wasn't safe, but I ignored it and rushed—another mistake. I was breaking too many rules. I took off, held the free fall for five or six seconds, threw my pilot chute to deploy my main and immediately started spinning out of control. The parachute wrapped around my head, and I knew I was dead. We'd fixed a static line from the top to the bottom for rigging and ascending, and at about 300 feet from the ground—two seconds—the parachute lifted from my face and I grabbed the rope. At first I couldn't hold tight enough to stop the fall, then I used every muscle in my body and stopped myself for just a second. My hands were shredded, and I couldn't hold it. I heard a friend yell that I was near the ground. I slid the last six feet and collapsed, safe, on the bottom. It was some time before I could use my hands, and I'd torn a lot of muscles in my body."

Before we left, Potter used his cell phone to check the weather at the Parachute Center, a skydiving training center in the central valley outside Lodi where he often practiced jumping from planes in his wingsuit. "Rain tomorrow," he said, "just like here."

We hooked up that afternoon in the boulders around Camp Four: a field of house-size rocks

containing short, difficult routes that need no protection, where climbers test themselves and polish their moves. There is a boulder here called Midnight Lightning that went unclimbed for years of trying until valley legend Ron Kauk was able to string 12 moves together and reach the 25-foot summit.

Kauk, a 40-year valley resident and an old friend of mine, was there that afternoon, sticking to the side of a 30-foot boulder.

"Yeah," he said as we talked about Potter's accomplishments and ambitions, "there's just something about this valley that makes people want to do extraordinary things."

Potter was on a rock of his own. "What we do bouldering is not that different from what I'm doing on my way to landing without a wingsuit and parachute. No matter how impossible the route looks, you just take it one step at a time, fall off, get back on. These days I'm bouldering toward my ultimate flight."

As the sun set, smutty clouds were lowering over the valley.

Potter saw his first wingsuit flight in Yosemite while he and his then-wife, Steph Davis, a renowned climber herself, were climbing Half Dome. The two were married for more than seven years. Their divorce became final the week we met.

"That day we were near the top of the route on the northwest face. It was sunset, and there was a beautiful red light. Two guys came to the edge, looking really calm. They jumped, opened their wings, and it was magical. They were in the air 60 seconds or so, long enough that Steph started crying because she thought they were falling to their deaths. That's what crystallized it for me. I knew I had to do it to fulfill a dream I had when I was five years old."

Potter gestured with his gnarled hands as he described the dream he had had many times since childhood.

"It's one of my earliest memories. I was probably about four or five, maybe younger. I was falling out of control and some beings were flying next to me. They were human. They didn't have any wings, but there was a bright light around them, and they were smiling and gesturing but not speaking. I was freaking out, really scared, and they showed me how to arch my back. When I did it I felt the sensation of flying, as if I was being grabbed by the back

and pulled up. When I did my first skydives they were again teaching me how to get forward movement, showing me where to put my hands and hunch my back. And when I did it right I could feel the vacuum form on my back like someone was grabbing my shirt and pulling me up. That's when I really started believing I was meant to fly. It was too powerful to have had this dream since I was a baby and then to feel it in reality."

The next morning we sat out a heavy rainstorm in a small valley café. Several locals stopped by to congratulate Potter on his record flight.

"You know that stuff is insane," said one of them. Potter smiled, shrugged and nodded yes.

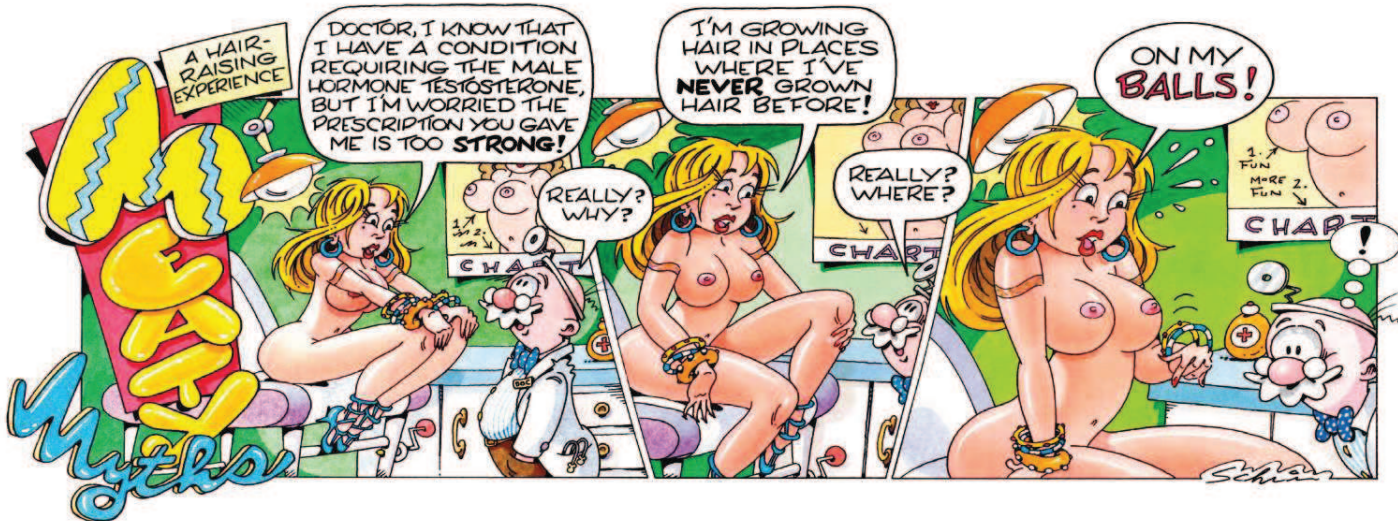
In fact, he often muses on the sanity of his ambition to ultimately fly and land without wingsuit or parachute. He wrote about it in the "Embracing Insanity" essay. It's a long story, well written, that talks about the death of his father some years earlier, about his time waiting out summer rainstorms in a cave on the Eiger between jumps, about exactly how to put his body into the perfect wing shape to solve what he calls "the landing problem."

"My brain is flawed," he writes. "I have compulsions I cannot control.... Defects veil creativity. Minute glitches displace us from the norm. Innovation or insanity, blue sky or buoyant liquid, infinitesimal changes in the [body] curve turn impossible to reality.... Maybe I'd watched too many cartoons, but ever since I saw Randy and Frank on the Rostrum, I truly believed I would one day fly like Superman."

Writing about the landing, he remembered his two dead friends.

"Frank also believed the landing problem could be solved. He named it the ultimate stunt. He dreamed about controlling his rate of descent by tracking, subtly re-forming his mass and modifying his angle of attack and body position in the air until he could slow enough to glide down on the perfect slope, without ever deploying his parachute. Our mutual friend Dano Osman laughed and called it 'wicked rocket scentry.' Neither of them ever got a chance to try."

Six months after Potter started BASE jumping he bought his first wingsuit, for \$1,200.

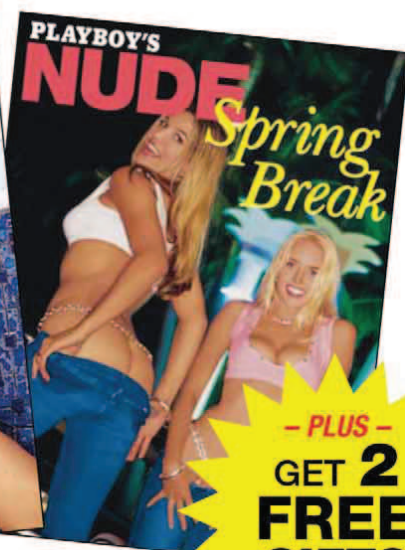




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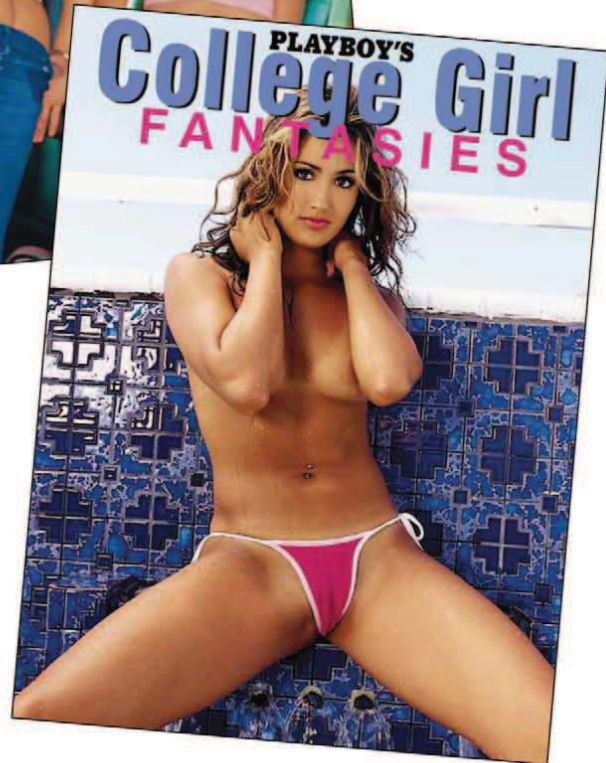
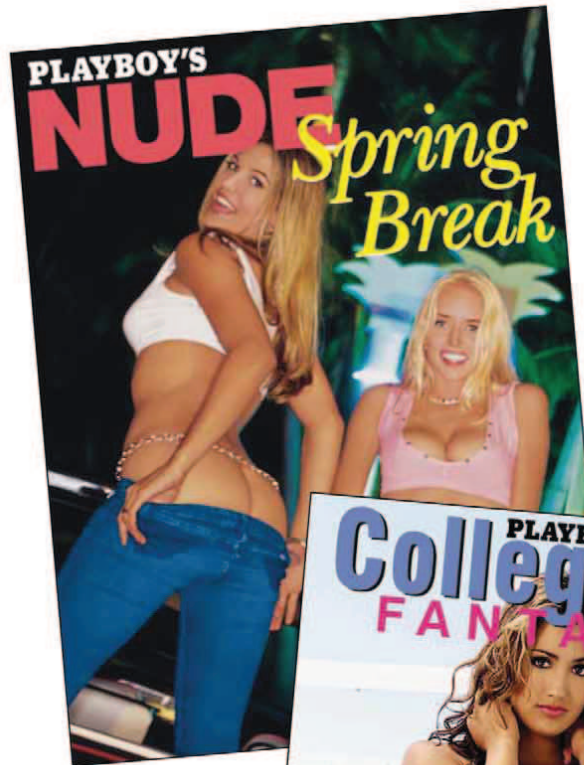
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He made his first flights out of an airplane at the Parachute Center outside Lodi.

His first BASE jump in the wingsuit was off an illegal cliff.

"I remember being at the top sweating profusely, barely able to get into my suit, but when I got into the air this calm feeling took over. That's true to this day. I almost crashed into a hillside on one of my first jumps. I was barely 100 feet above the ground when I pulled my chute."

He returned to Lodi and the airplane wingsuit flights, then went back to jumping off cliffs. "For that first year I sucked at it. I was dropping like a rock. I could never reach what I was shooting for. I kept landing in trees. I needed to push my head down to increase my angle. It's counterintuitive, but if you want to fly forward farther, you have to point your head toward the ground. It took hundreds of flights, but I eventually got better and better, improved my technique. And the wingsuits got better when I started working with designer Tony Urzagallo. We designed the one I have now, and it's radical."

"I'm his tailor," said Urzagallo when we talked. He's a transplanted cockney whose company, Tony Suits, has been making about 300 wingsuits a year for four years. They cost from \$650 to \$1,500.

Uragallo flies wingsuits himself, including in European competitions. "Wingsuit flying is very popular in Europe," he said. "For the competitions you jump from an airplane carrying a GPS and are judged on distance, time and speed over the ground. I placed first in a distance competition last year with a glide ratio of 3.588 meters forward for every one meter I dropped."

He estimates there are 3,000 to 4,000 wingsuiters flying today.

"Dean's a delightful guy, full of ideas," Urzagallo said when we talked about Potter. "I'm going out West to fly a big cliff with him next month."

When I asked about Potter's ultimate goal of flying without a wingsuit or parachute he said, "No, you mean with a wingsuit and without a chute."

"No wingsuit," I said.

"Really? I'd get confirmation on that. What if he misses the landing? I've never seen him fly except on Internet video, but he's still alive after doing all that crazy stuff, so somewhere in among the madness he must be careful."

An almost biblical rain was still coming down as we finished lunch, and I was trying to accept the probability that I would have to settle for watching Potter fly on video. He checked a connection to the weather in Lodi that he had programmed into his phone. It was storming there too and was forecast to be storming the next day as well.

He left to spend the afternoon at what he calls his "ups." To keep his body grisly and his mind sharp he does a total of 700 sit-ups, chin-ups, push-ups, crunches and back arches. That afternoon he ran seven miles down a hill and seven miles back up. In the rain.

My last morning in Yosemite I woke to the sound of frogs. I heard the croaking as the final song of despair for any chance of seeing Potter fly. In person, anyway.

His videos are all over the Internet:

climbing, highlining 3,200 feet up with no tether or parachute, and wingsuit flying, including his record-setting flight.

We met on the deck of my cabin during a brief lull in the rain. The view down the valley to El Cap was slowly getting lost in lowering clouds.

He was coming from the small rented house he calls a shack. He makes a good living from half a dozen equipment and clothing sponsors, including the Five Ten shoe company, which had just bought him a Mercedes van. Over the years he has made several hundred thousand dollars—extraordinary for a climber, highliner and BASE jumper. "I'm happy with what I make," he said. "I'm not superrich, but I have a lot of free time."

"Dean's not cheap, but he's well worth the money," said one of his sponsors.

Just before I left, I asked him, "How can you possibly imagine making a flight without a wingsuit or a parachute, in jeans and a shirt, and land without killing yourself?"

"It doesn't seem that big a leap to me," he said. "You have to remember that with the right body position you can not only fly

fast, you can fly slow. I can fly with a 25-mile-an-hour down speed and a 60-mile-an-hour forward speed in a wingsuit. Then what you do is match the angle of the slope as you come in, and if I can find the perfect snow slope I can survive the hit. Speed skiers wipe out at over a hundred miles an hour and are fine. It's just a matter of taking little steps forward and putting them together in a breakthrough. All the breakthroughs happen that way. It's just a matter of taking one thing at a time and creating a hybrid. I think it's the same with landing the human body. I'm not going to do anything where I think I'm going to die."

I sat trying to imagine him standing up unhurt out of a violent splash of snow somewhere on his perfect slope.

"Do you wonder why some people think you're crazy?" I asked.

"Insane or enlightened," he said, "it's all pretty close. But something in me has the will to stay alive, which is stronger than anything else."



"Flattery will get you nowhere. Try money."

P L A Y B O Y **ON COLLECTING**

(continued from page 90)

Kolibri, the flattest typewriter ever manufactured—as slim as a laptop—which was for sale for a mere \$500. This use of a technology I loathed to seduce a useless object clearly was deranged—it was the collecting equivalent of taking Viagra to have sex with a prostitute. The problem was I had to have it.

And did, but resolved to put a stop to my typewriter collection there and then. True, the Groma is a lovely thing—and I’ve actually written the first draft of this piece on it—but with each acquisition, as every serial collector knows, the hit gets a little weaker, the high that much more elusive. At least the truly fetishistic collector—whether of dildos, penis rings or movie-star toenail clippings—is involved in a pure form of this reduction *ad tedium vitae*. He knows he’s on a hiding to nothing, so every extra beating is a bonus. Given that Cormac McCarthy was able to sell his Olivetti Lettera 32 for \$254,500 at Christie’s in New York last year, it could be I’m onto a good thing with typewriters—but somehow I doubt my literary rep will produce the same synergy.

And this leads me to collecting for investment, arguably the most sensible kind there

is. The past 30 years have seen an exponential increase in collecting, particularly of art but also of all manner of other things, purely in order to realize their resale value. Indeed, arguably, the whole *zing-bang-tantara!* phenomenon of contemporary art owes its existence to collecting for investment. Art collecting flatters rich and ignorant people with the idea that they’ve got a “good eye” (or at least know someone who does), while also providing them with hand-painted wallpaper for their serial real estate crimes and giving them an excuse to get out of the house. I’m not knocking it, but it does seem to represent an ugly fusion of the serial and the fetishistic collecting drives. Moreover, it can’t be accidental that it was Warhol’s celebrated “multiples” that heralded the new collecting era with their ironic take on the mechanical reproducibility of what used to be unique things.

Sadly, Warhol’s multibillionaire collectors are largely irony deficient, so they go on writing checks and inflating prices. No doubt sooner or later the whole thing will go up in a puff of dry ice and they’ll be left with the only collections that really matter, the tchotchkes they have scattered on top of their executive desks and hefty armoires—just like the rest of us.



PIGSKIN

(continued from page 83)

took over for Dennis Franchione, with three top 10 finishes in the past five seasons.

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Defensive end Jerry Hughes, linebacker Daryl Washington, offensive tackle Marshall Newhouse, cornerback Rafael Priest, cornerback Nick Sanders and tailback Joseph Turner.

STUDS: Quarterback Andy Dalton returns after being named last season’s Mountain West Conference Offensive Player of the Year. Marcus Cannon (six-five, 350 pounds) is a monster at offensive tackle. Jake Kirkpatrick is one of the best centers in the nation. Return specialist Jeremy Kerley is a threat to score every time he touches the ball.

OUTLOOK: Despite heavy losses to graduation, Patterson has TCU gunning for another top 10 season.

SCHEDULE: The Frogs’ toughest test may be their opening game against Oregon State in Arlington, Texas on September 4.

PREDICTION: 11-1

7 FLORIDA

LAST YEAR: 13-1 overall, 8-0 in conference. The Gators defeated Cincinnati (51-24) in the Allstate Sugar Bowl.

COACH: Urban Meyer (96-18).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Much-publicized quarterback Tim Tebow may seem to be the most significant loss. However, the Gators will have a tougher time replacing linebacker Brandon Spikes and center Maurkice Pouncey.

STUDS: Junior quarterback John Brantley may not get as much press as Tebow did, but he’s more likely to become a Sunday starter in the NFL. Mike Pouncey (twin brother of Maurkice) and Marcus Gilbert will anchor the offensive line. Ahmad Black, Janoris Jenkins and Will Hill are the best defensive backfield combination in the conference.

OUTLOOK: Urban Meyer flirted with retirement in the off-season, but he’s back, and he’ll have Florida in the hunt for the SEC and BCS championship once again.

SCHEDULE: Back-to-back games at Alabama (October 2) and at home a week later against LSU will tell the tale.

PREDICTION: 10-2

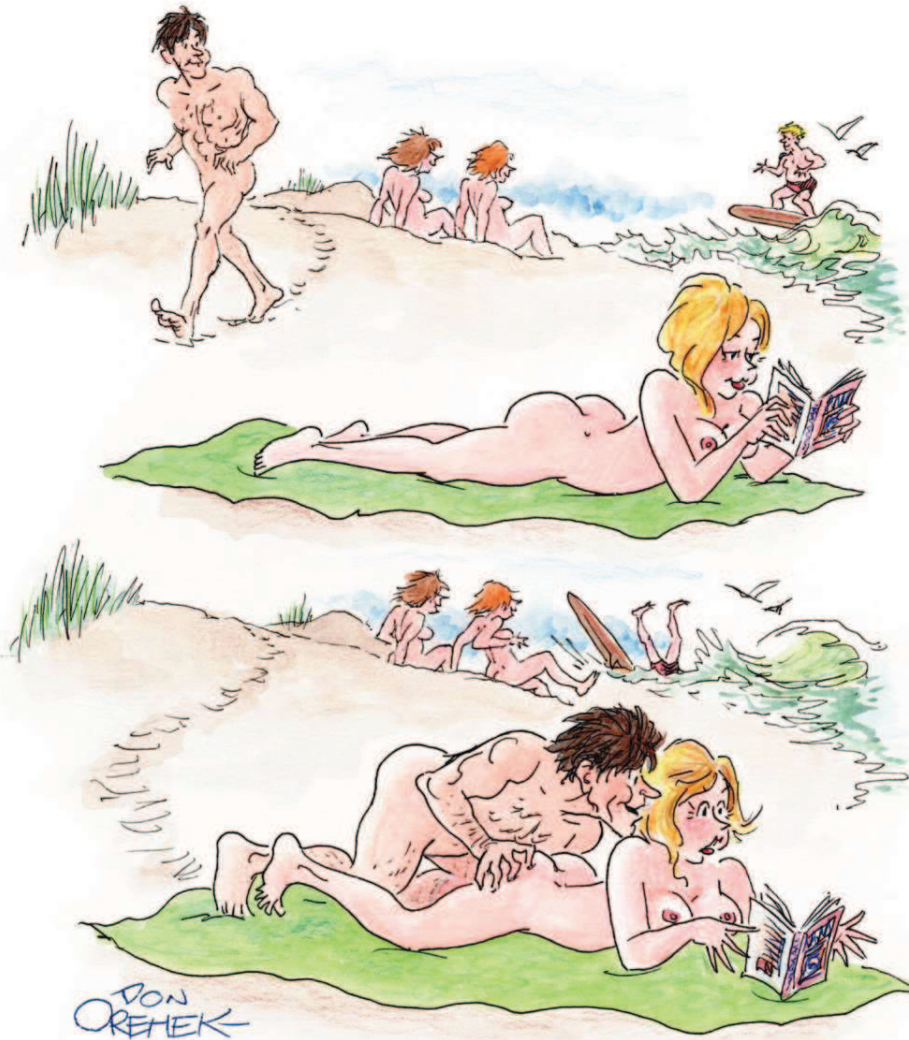
8 WISCONSIN

LAST YEAR: 10-3 overall, 5-3 in conference. The Badgers beat Miami (20-14) in the Champs Sports Bowl.

COACH: Bret Bielema (38-14).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Tight end Garrett Graham, defensive end O’Brien Schofield, linebacker Jaeverly McFadden, free safety Chris Maragos.

STUDS: Running back John Clay was last season’s Big Ten Offensive Player of the Year, totaling 1,517 rushing yards with 18 touchdowns. Talented receiver Nick Toon is the son of Playboy All America and NFL star Al Toon. Left tackle Gabe Carimi and center John Moffitt anchor the offensive line, while defensive end J.J. Watt and linebacker Chris Borland highlight the defense.



“Mind if I read over your shoulder?”

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OUTLOOK: Wisconsin returns 18 starters from last year's team, including experienced quarterback Scott Tolzien. With power running and a downfield threat, the Badgers are likely to control both time of possession and the scoreboard against most opponents.

SCHEDULE: No significant opposition until back-to-back games against Ohio State and Iowa in mid-October.

PREDICTION: 10-2

9 OKLAHOMA

LAST YEAR: 8-5 overall, 5-3 in conference. The Sooners defeated Stanford (31-27) in the Sun Bowl.

COACH: Bob Stoops (117-29).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Quarterback Sam Bradford, the first player taken in this year's NFL draft. Also running back Chris Brown, offensive tackle Trent Williams, defensive tackle Gerald McCoy, offensive guard Brian Simmons and two very good cornerbacks, Brian Jackson and Dominique Franks.

STUDS: Running back DeMarco Murray may be ready to have his breakout season. Oklahoma also has an explosive kick and punt returner in Ryan Broyles and one of the nation's best punters in Tress Way.

OUTLOOK: Five losses in Norman is considered a monumental disaster. Don't expect the team to repeat that performance this year. The Sooners will be dominating inside, which should take some of the pressure off sophomore quarterback Landry Jones.

SCHEDULE: The big one is always Texas, this year on October 2. The Sooners get a break as Nebraska is not on this year's regular-season slate.

PREDICTION: 10-2

10 LSU

LAST YEAR: 9-4 overall, 5-3 in conference. The Tigers lost to Penn State (19-17) in the Capital One Bowl.

COACH: Les Miles (79-36).

IMPACT PLAYERS LOST: Twelve starters from last season, but Miles has talented replacements ready to step in.

STUDS: Kelvin Sheppard led LSU in tackles (110) from his linebacker spot. Cornerback Patrick Peterson is one of the best in the nation.

OUTLOOK: LSU has two or three talented players at most positions on both sides of the ball. Other than Sheppard and Peterson, there are no marquee names, but that will change as the season progresses. As is always the case, solid play at quarterback, where junior Jordan Jefferson has the reins, will be critical.

SCHEDULE: The Tigers should be wary of their opening-day opponent: North Carolina on September 4. Tough road games against Florida and Arkansas and a home confrontation with Alabama in early November could make for a bumpy ride.

PREDICTION: 10-2



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THE SPY

(continued from page 48)

the unscrupulous landlord simply kept it. So the friend called Salem for help. He showed up with a pair of uniformed men. He pulled out a black hood and threw it over the landlord's head. "I told him that if we didn't get the money back for her, he would disappear," Salem says. At first the landlord stood his ground and claimed he didn't have the money. Then Salem took the hood off and went eyeball-to-eyeball with him. Though short in stature he has an imposing presence. He was a champion wrestler in Cairo and a second-degree black belt in judo. His biceps were the size of beef shanks. The landlord swallowed hard and gestured for them to remove a wall picture. He then opened the safe and handed back the money. "My friends always knew they could count on me," says Salem, who to this day remains close with perhaps the world's most famous Egyptian, Omar Sharif.

As an officer in Egypt he was chauffeured around in a private car and had a house full of servants. But once he made the move to New York, he found himself struggling as an immigrant, reduced to working as a cabdriver and a security guard. Then he got a job as the night manager at the Hotel Woodward at 55th Street and Broadway, a rundown destination for Russian UN diplomats who used the fleabag for trysts with hookers.

One night Nancy Floyd, a special agent for the FBI, walked in. She was a petite tough-talking redhead from Texas who was working Russian Foreign Counterintelligence. Floyd asked Salem if he might do her a favor and examine the room of one of the Russians who'd checked into a suite on an upper floor. When she told him she had to get a warrant, Salem was ready to use his passkey on the room.

Anxious to prove his worth, Salem did his own black-bag job, meticulously removing the outside wrapper of a Russian cigarette pack for prints and copying the full contents of the diplomat's briefcase. It turned out to be an inspired move—the documents provided the bureau with new details on the emerging Russian mob.

After another six months helping Floyd and an INS agent on a series of cases, Salem announced to her that "there is a man in this city more dangerous to America than the worst KGB hood."

"Who?" asked Floyd. Salem told her about Rahman. At the time, the sheik was preaching at two mosques in Brooklyn and a third in Jersey City.

Born in 1938 near the Nile delta, Sheik Omar lost his eyesight as an infant. But by the age of 11, reading in braille, he had memorized the entire Koran. He earned a Ph.D. in Islamic studies, and after escaping house arrest in Egypt following the assassination of Anwar Sadat, he made his way to Peshawar, Pakistan (close to the reported birthplace of Times Square bomber Faisal Shahzad). There he served as one of the CIA's point men in the smuggling of \$3 billion in covert arms to the mujahideen rebels fighting the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

Then, in 1990, with reputed help from the agency, Rahman slipped past a watch list and flew to New York City. Within months of his arrival, one of his followers, an Egyptian named El Sayyid Nosair, gunned down Rabbi Meir Kahane, founder of the Jewish Defense League, in a bloody shoot-out at the Marriott Hotel on Lexington Avenue.

The brazenly public murder moved the bureau to act. Salem was enlisted to risk his life and go undercover. His handlers gave him three months to infiltrate the sheik's cell; he did it in three weeks. In fact, he got so close that a bearded Salem (in trench coat) turned up in news photographs escorting Rahman.

Soon he was driving the sheik on a fund-raising trip to a Detroit mosque in a van provided by the FBI. The sheik's new handler also went up to Attica to visit Nosair, who had been convicted on gun charges in the rabbi's murder. Posing as a bomb maker, Salem vamped through a plot hatched by Nosair to blow up a dozen Jewish targets, including a series of synagogues and the 47th Street diamond district.

Each night Salem, who wasn't wearing a wire, was compelled to spill what he'd uncovered. Unfortunately his FBI control agents, John Anticev and Detective Lou Napoli of the Joint Terrorism Task Force, often proved to be unavailable. Instead, Nancy Floyd worked double duty, debriefing Salem at the T.G.I. Friday's near 26 Federal Plaza. She would then run upstairs to type the required serial reports before driving home to Stamford and commuting back in the morning to work Russians again.

"Salem was hanging his ass on the line," says retired special agent Len Predtechenski (Floyd's mentor in Russian Foreign Counterintelligence). "If these terrorists around him had gotten even a whiff that he was working for the G, they'd have slit his throat. He was getting the job done, spying on the cell, and then Carson Dunbar took over the JTTF and blew the deal." Dunbar, a former New Jersey state trooper with no background in counterterrorism, didn't like the tough-talking Floyd and, according to Salem, resented him even more.

"Carson called me into his office," says Salem, "which was really reckless because I was undercover and the sheik's people were everywhere. I sat in a chair by his desk. He got up and sat down across from me, kicking off his shoes. He eyed me for a minute and then said, 'You think you can come here from Egypt with sand in your shoes and tell me how to do my job?' I looked at him and said, 'I'm doing your job, sir. Who else do you have who could get this close to the sheik?' He didn't have an answer for that except to tell me to get out of his office." Dunbar then insisted that Salem take a series of polygraphs—in effect, demanding that the ex-Egyptian major re-audition for the undercover job months after he'd penetrated the sheik's cell.

"The first two tests were 'inconclusive,'" says Salem, who had learned how to "beat the box" years earlier, in the Egyptian military. "Then they sent in the head FBI polygraph man from Washington. He was cocky. He said, 'These other operators who tested you before were trained by me. They made mistakes. I don't do mistakes.'" At that point the lie detector specialist wrote the numbers one to 10 on a piece of paper and taped it to the

wall, telling Salem to choose a number, write it down and stick it into his pocket.

"Then he ran through the numbers," says Salem. "'Is it one, two, three?' I answered no to all 10. And then the guy started to look confused. Finally he said, 'It's either five or six,' and I made a noise like a buzzer on a game show—'Annnnh. Wrong. It was number four.' The guy was livid. He stormed out of the room. Later, word came back from D.C. that the test was 'inconclusive,' but they changed it to 'deceptive.'"

Dunbar then insisted Salem wear a wire. "At that point Emad had family in Egypt, and they would be at risk if he was exposed," says Predtechenski. Salem was also sleeping on the floors of mosques, where the guards around the sheik could easily pat him down for a recording device. So with the rules of engagement altered, Salem was effectively terminated. "The FBI lost its eyes and ears inside this incredibly dangerous Al Qaeda conspiracy," says Predtechenski.

"What happened next," Salem tells me, "is the blind sheik contacted Sheik Osama, and they sent a world-class bomb maker to New York. His name was Ramzi Ahmed Yousef."

Yousef, an engineer trained in Wales, arrived at JFK in early September 1992 and began building a bomb with the intent of producing a "Hiroshima event" beneath the Twin Towers. Working out of an apartment on Pamrapo Avenue in Jersey City, Yousef was aided and abetted by the identical cell Salem had infiltrated—some of whose members the FBI had had under surveillance from the summer of 1989, when agents followed them from a Brooklyn mosque to a Long Island shooting range. Two of the principals were Mahmud Abouhalima, a six-foot-two redheaded Egyptian cabdriver, and Mohammed Salameh, a short, bearded Palestinian.

Now out of the cell, Salem kept his ear to the ground at the Al-Farook mosque in Brooklyn. He soon learned that a major bomb plot was afoot. A month after Yousef's arrival in 1992, Salem met Nancy Floyd at the Subway sandwich shop near the FBI's New York Office and warned her to tail Abouhalima. "If you do this, Nancy," Salem told her, "the Red will lead you to the man building the bomb."

But by then interoffice politics had hamstringed the FBI. Floyd had been described by a senior agent as "the bitch" he had to get off the case. She warned Salem that she didn't think Dunbar would approve the surveillance. With that, Salem delivered a chilling warning: "Don't call me when the bombs go off."

Around noon on February 26, 1993, Yousef's urea-nitrate fuel-oil bomb detonated on the B-2 level beneath the north tower. Blowing through four floors of 11-inch-thick reinforced concrete, it was a formal declaration of war by Al Qaeda that would culminate in the destruction of the World Trade Center eight years later.

"After the 1993 bombing, when those people died, including a pregnant woman, I blamed myself," says Salem. "I thought that if I had only stayed inside that cell I could have stopped it. That's when the FBI called me back, and I said, 'Whatever it takes. Wire

me up. I'll go back under. I don't care, live or die. Nobody harms my America.'

It took him five months. "We set up a bomb factory in Queens," says Salem, "and we were building five devices the size of Yousef's bomb. One day Sheik Omar asked me to sweep his apartment, and I called John Anticev and Louie Napoli to get me a device. Carson sent them to Radio Shack. They had a black limo they used to ferry me around, and for four hours these agents went from store to store, calling Dunbar for approval on the purchase. He kept saying, 'No, that's too much.' Can you imagine? I'm this close to one of the world's most dangerous men and Dunbar is nickeling-and-diming. I had to get this device or the sheik would be suspicious. So finally I went to the Spy Shop and bought my own."

Salem then concocted an ingenious plan by which he set the sweeping device's levels such that it appeared the sheik's entire apartment except the tiny kitchen was bugged. And that's where on FBI tape CM #28 he has the spiritual head of Al Qaeda uttering the words that would finally convict him: "Find a plan to inflict damage on the American Army itself." It turned out to be the most dangerous moment in Salem's undercover infiltration.

"Because the sheik cannot see, he has hypersensitive hearing," recalls Salem, who was armed with a crude Nagra reel-to-reel

recorder hidden in a briefcase. The *Get Smart*-era technology put Salem at high risk of exposure—he had to put chewing gum on the briefcase to hide a flashing red light the FBI had installed to indicate when the tapes were running. "Keep in mind that there are a half dozen guys in the front room with Uzis and AK-47s who will blow me apart if they know what I am doing. The feds needed me to get an actual threat on tape, so I am lifting the briefcase up to my face level because he is leaning in to whisper the fatal words to me. All this time my heart is pounding because I am convinced he will hear the handle of the briefcase creak and I will be blown."

At every turn, Salem continued to demonstrate incredible courage, even after someone leaked word to the media that the FBI was working an undercover asset who had penetrated a bombing conspiracy. "I was livid," says Salem, "but by then I'd risked my life for months, so I decided to brass it out. I called Siddiq Ali, the head of the cell, who had waved an Uzi at me a few days before. I pointedly told him about this news story and that it must have been one of the others and we should shut the operation down. I used the anger I had with the FBI, and he believed me. He said, 'No. Let's keep going.'"

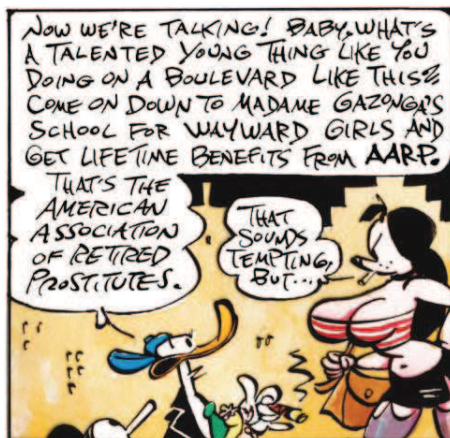
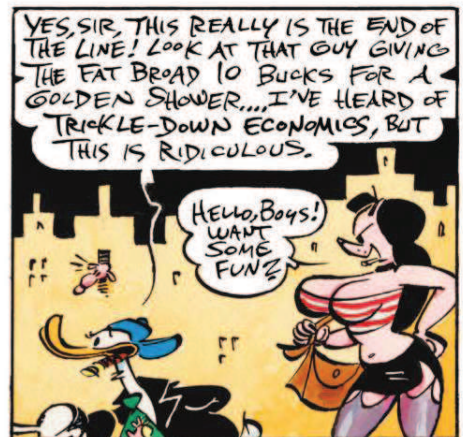
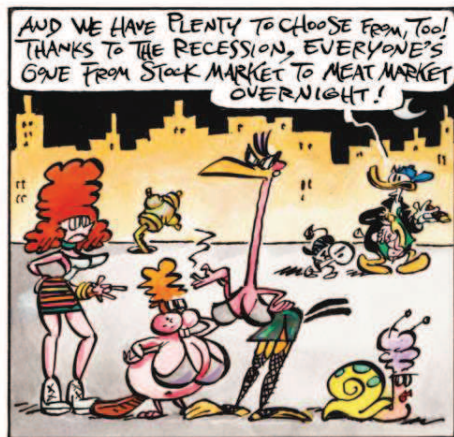
Still mistrustful, the FBI kept Salem in the dark about its plans until the day of the plot's takedown. He and his family were given no notice about how the endgame would be

handled. "The agents who came in for the arrest roughed me up pretty badly," says Salem, who was hospitalized with chest pains. "Then they told my wife and kids we had three hours to pack." The FBI Hostage Rescue Team quickly grabbed Salem's family and moved them to a safe house. That's when Salem dropped his own bomb. He'd been so mistrustful of Dunbar and other FBI bosses that in addition to taping the bad guys he'd made his own tapes of the feds. "I was afraid that if something went wrong, they would blame me," Salem now says. "Dunbar and James Roth, the head lawyer in the New York Office, went nuts." Under federal law the red-faced prosecutors in the U.S. attorney's office were now forced to turn over this second set of 70 "bootleg" tapes to the defense.

In one of those tapes Salem is heard telling Anticev and Napoli that he'd warned them the Trade Center had been a target. They denied it, but in another tape Anticev admitted, "You were right...we were stupid in a lot of ways." Salem responded, "If we was continuing what we was doing, the bomb would never go off." At that point Anticev said, "Absolutely. But don't repeat that."

On another recording the outspoken Floyd described her bosses in the New York Office as "gutless" and "chickenshits" for the way they'd treated Salem. Her honesty almost derailed her career. Instead of getting a corner office in the Hoover Building for recruiting perhaps

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



the most important undercover asset in recent FBI history, Floyd found herself the focus of a multiyear internal affairs investigation by the bureau's Office of Professional Responsibility. Before it was over she was suspended for two weeks. "They took her badge and her gun and put her on the street," says Predtechenskis. The reason? "Insubordination to Carson Dunbar." Worse yet, someone leaked a story to the *New York Post* suggesting she'd been having an affair with Salem.

Under the banner headline *TEMPTRESS & THE SPY*, Floyd found herself portrayed as a kind of bureau Mata Hari when in fact the bootleg tapes proved conclusively that she'd been 100 percent professional with Salem. "This story was the ultimate cheap shot," Predtechenskis tells me, "an attempt by people in the New York Office to smear a great young agent."

Years later, when I interviewed him, Dunbar was unrepentant, calling Salem "a prolific liar" and an informant who was "out of control." But when it counted, at trial, Salem and Floyd, who was also subject to brutal cross-examination, came through. When he described how he'd used the briefcase tape recorder to trap the sheik in a seditious threat to the U.S. military, the 57-year-old cleric screamed, "Satan! Infidel!"—issuing a de facto fatwa, or death warrant, against Salem. The blind sheik and nine others, including Kahane's killer Nosair and Clement Rodney Hampton-El, an American Black Muslim who had offered to supply explosives and weapons, were convicted of seditious conspiracy for the Day of Terror plot—their plan to blow up the United Nations, the FBI's New York Office, the George Washington Bridge and the tunnels leading into Manhattan. "The U.S. is trying to kill me with a slow death," hissed the sheik. "But God is great, and he will be revengeful." There was little doubt, as he was led out of the courtroom, that the central focus of his vengeance would be Emad Salem.

So lethal was Rahman's grip on Osama bin

Laden and Al Qaeda's number two, Dr. Ayman al-Zawahiri, that even from prison the blind sheik inspired the Luxor, Egypt massacre in 1997, the bombings of two U.S. embassies in Africa in 1998 and the attack on the *USS Cole* in 2000—acts of terror committed in his name that collectively left hundreds dead.

Facing three separate death threats, Salem and his family had either to move or to change their identities multiple times in the first two years. He practically lived in a Kevlar vest.

"It's difficult for the average person to understand what you give up when you do this," says Salem. "I can no longer pull out my résumé for a job. I can't say I have an engineering degree. My wife, who is a jewelry designer, can't mention her master's degree or ever set foot in a jewelry exchange again. We're alive, but we are also ghosts."

After 24 months of constant movement by the U.S. Marshals Service, Salem, his German wife, Karin, and their two children, Sherif and Noha, were finally able to breathe. The feds had given them new names: Tom and Yvette Parks. The kids (then 13 and 17) were called Mike and Jennifer. Salem used \$116,000 of the funds he'd earned from the Rahman conviction to buy a house in Orange County, California.

"For the first time we were beginning to feel stable," he says now. "Then one day at school Noha's teacher had a newspaper with my picture in it. Innocently my daughter said, 'That's my dad who stopped those terrorists.'"

"The next morning there was a knock at the door," says Karin. "Again the marshals gave us just hours to pack." A convoy of black Suburbans showed up, and suddenly the Salem-Parks had to abandon their home—whisked by jet to a new city, where their identities were washed and they had to start all over again.

"We lost the house," says Salem. "It was a brutal reminder of how fragile our life was." His son, Sherif, says, "The roughest part was

going from school to school and always having to be somebody else." And that meant short stays of two to three months in Tennessee, Minnesota, Virginia and California.

"They'd pick us up in a van with no windows and take us to a hangar," says Salem. "We'd board a jet, and they wouldn't get their flight plan until we were airborne. Then we'd land in an unknown city and go into another van and into a garage somewhere and up an elevator and finally out into a hotel, where we'd live for a while—until the marshals picked up wind of another threat and we'd have to move."

By 1996 the ex-Egyptian army engineer and his family were tired of running. "We were exhausted," he says. "So I asked Hal and Mark, two of the marshals in my detail, 'Please go and get the rest of my money.' 'How much?' they asked me. I told them *all* of it, and I wanted it in cash in a large duffel bag. So they literally went to the U.S. Treasury and withdrew \$750,000 in cash and took me to a bank, where I put it in a safe-deposit box."

Salem and his family have nothing but praise for the witness protection program and the marshals who kept them alive all those years. They were finally able to settle in one city somewhere in the continental U.S. They put down roots, bought a modest house and ran a relatively successful small business until the recession hit.

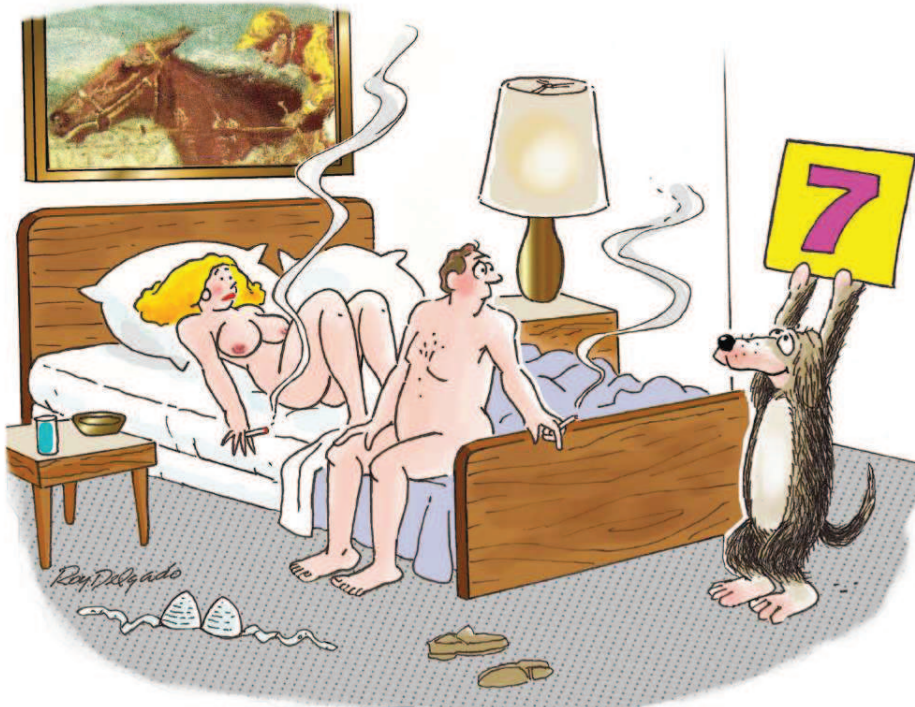
They were forced to leave the Witness Security Program after Salem's sister, whom he'd had the feds bring over from Egypt for her safety, decided she wanted to go home. "It was too big a risk," says Salem, who is still wanted by Al Qaeda, Sudanese intelligence and Siddiq Ali, the émigré from Khartoum who hatched the bridge-and-tunnel plot.

Now that he's out of the program, Salem spends his nights waiting for some rabid jihadist to jump out of the dark to even the score. "I know that as long as I live, I'll be a target," he says. "You don't put the prince of jihad away for life and expect to walk away." Still, despite the price he's paid, Salem is remarkably free of remorse about his decision to risk his life to go undercover for the feds. "America is the country I chose. I love it beyond anything you can imagine, and I'll never let anybody harm this country."

Emad Salem succeeded in spite of the FBI, not because of it. Sadly, his experience points to the FBI's long-standing inability to effectively combat outlaw organizations from the inside. Even having a single FBI agent go undercover to gain the trust of a low-level wiseguy in the Bonanno family proved daunting.

The sting of Benjamin "Lefty" Ruggiero by Special Agent Joe Pistone (a.k.a. Donnie Brasco) was touted by the bureau as so significant that it spawned a series of books and a feature film starring Johnny Depp as Pistone and Al Pacino as Ruggiero. "In truth, Lefty was a low-level petty thief who had the IQ of a mothball," says retired detective Joe Coffey, former commanding officer of the NYPD's Organized Crime-Homicide Task Force. "The feds spent millions to get Pistone in, and he didn't really develop anything. He never put a hole in the Bonannos."

That minor infiltration of La Cosa Nostra pales in comparison with what Salem accomplished by stinging the spiritual head of Al



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Qaeda. But his success against the blind sheik is a bitter reminder of how little the FBI has progressed since then in developing undercover assets. Worse, it still can't seem to connect the dots when confronted with compelling evidence of a terror threat.

Case in point: Anwar al-Awlaki. Within days of Faisal Shahzad's arrest for the Times Square bomb attempt, he reportedly admitted that he was influenced by the U.S.-born radical Yemeni cleric—the same imam who had inspired Major Nidal Malik Hasan to open fire at Ford Hood, killing 13 and wounding 38. More shocking, Awlaki was also linked to 23-year-old Nigerian Umar Farouk Abdulmutallab, accused of trying to down Northwest flight 253 with an underwear IED on Christmas Day.

The bureau's failure to put the bracelets on Awlaki is a metaphor for its seeming inability to thwart the radical Islamic threat. Not only was the then 30-year-old imam linked to three of the 9/11 hijackers back in 2001, but he was interviewed multiple times by special agents before skipping the country in 2002.

He then audaciously returned to JFK, where he was detained by Customs agents after his name turned up on a watch list. But after a few hours he was released when an FBI agent called to clear him. Now Awlaki is considered such a threat to U.S. interests that he became the first American citizen on the CIA's list of terrorists approved as a target for assassination.

Nearly a decade after 9/11, one has to ask whether the FBI has any better idea of how to stop terrorism on American soil now than it did before the emergence of Al Qaeda. Officially the bureau has 6,000 operatives assigned to counterterrorism, yet there are still fewer than 50 Arabic-speaking agents. Recently, the bureau admitted its second attempt to create a computerized "virtual case file system" to replace its paper-driven records system was months away from deployment almost eight years after its inception. Its soaring development costs are now approaching half a billion dollars.

Meanwhile, in his PowerPoint presentations at the FBI Academy, Salem tries to attack Al Qaeda at its roots. He says agents need to gain an understanding of how men like Bin Laden preach a "distortion of the prophet's words."

"You may think that as a devout Muslim I view you as an infidel," he tells me after I relate how I spent my grammar school years as a Catholic altar boy. "But the Prophet Muhammad says that *no one* who is a believer can be punished this way. In the Koran there are five pillars that make up a believer. If you embrace these five, you cannot be condemned with a fatwa. First, do you believe in God? Second, do you believe in his angels? Third, do you believe in the prophets, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Jesus and Muhammad? Fourth, do you believe in the holy books, the Torah, the New Testament and the Koran? Lastly, do you believe in the Day of Judgment? Ninety-five percent of Christians and Jews believe in these five pillars, which means they are believers and cannot be seen as infidels."

So how is it, I ask him, that the Al Qaeda hierarchy can get away with branding the Jews and "the Crusaders" as infidels, subject to death—its justification for the

murder of thousands on 9/11?

"These men have corrupted Muhammad's words," insists Salem. "And they have done it for profit." He says that when the blind sheik declared it "permissible" to attack Coptic Christians in Egypt, he was after their wealth. "When Sheik Omar was arrested in 1993, the feds searched his apartment and found tens of thousands of dollars in cash under his bed," he says. "The very reason he came to New York was to grab the millions still being raised for the mujahideen in Afghanistan who had battled the Soviets."

The literal translation of *Al Qaeda* is "the base." Named for the database of thousands of so-called Afghan Arabs who came to fight Russians during their occupation of Afghanistan, Bin Laden's terror network was bankrolled via the Makhtab al-Khidamat—the so-called services office for the mujahideen—a worldwide organization of brick-and-mortar fund-raising centers.

The largest center in the U.S. was called the Alkifah and was based at the Al-Farooq mosque on Atlantic Avenue in Brooklyn. At one point in the early 1990s the Alkifah was bringing in millions of dollars a year in cash. "One of the reasons Sheik Omar came to New York," says Salem, "was to take over the

*"The humps are the agents
who do the heavy lifting.
The suits are the managers
who sit behind their desks
and worry more about
failing than succeeding."*

Alkifah, and he did it by ordering a hit more grisly than any Mafia execution."

In early 1991 police discovered the ravaged body of Mustafa Shalabi, the Egyptian who ran the Alkifah center. He had been punctured and slashed with 30 stab wounds and shot six times. "After the sheik branded him a bad Muslim, Shalabi became terrified," says Salem. "He sent his wife, Zinab, home to Egypt with their child, and he was packing up to join her when he met that terrible death." The murder sent a message throughout the radicalized Arab community in America.

In 1993, after the Day of Terror bust, the feds reopened the case. Hampton-El was identified as a prime suspect. Also implicated was Mahmud Abouhalima, the redheaded Egyptian cabbie who had been the sheik's personal driver. And by November the U.S. attorney's office had issued grand jury subpoenas in the probe. Then, for unknown reasons, the feds mysteriously backed away from the case. It was ice-cold until Salem started talking to me.

During our interviews he casually revealed that he'd worn a wire and taped a conversation with Hampton-El, the American Muslim who had confessed to being a participant in the crime. "He told me that the sheik had ruled that Shalabi's blood had become permissible," says Salem. "So they went to his house and

shot him, and then they said, 'Okay, it's time to cut him and move him upstairs to make it look like the Jews did it as revenge.'"

After Salem gave me that account I met with NYPD detective James Moss and passed on a detail about the homicide from Salem (via Hampton-El) that had never been in the press. Within days the NYPD reopened the case, and Moss flew to meet Salem in the state where he lives with his family under an assumed name.

"Emad Salem is the most interesting person I've interviewed in my 19 years in law enforcement," says Moss. "He may be the only man in America with unique firsthand knowledge into both the World Trade Center bombing and the Day of Terror plot. He single-handedly put away the blind sheik, who has to be maybe the most dangerous terrorist ever convicted. Salem has given us invaluable leads. His information is accurate, captivating and frightening." After reopening the Shalabi case, Moss made a startling discovery: Key forensic evidence on the hit was taken from the NYPD property clerk's office in fall 1993—months after the feds had restarted the murder investigation and used a grand jury to work the Shalabi probe. After the feds shut the case down in 1994, the evidence was not returned.

In late June, after pressing the feds for additional information on the case, Moss learned that a member of the cell Salem had infiltrated had given a full confession to the murder, but it had been buried for years in the files of the Joint Terrorism Task Force. "Emad Salem has ripped the lid off one of the great murders in the history of the war on terror," says Moss. "And we can now say that the discovery of the killers' identities became known to us now largely because of him."

"I told Detective Moss that if they bring charges, I will testify in open court," says Salem, who would once again be risking his life by coming out of hiding. For now, he lives quietly with Karin, with whom he recently celebrated his 20th wedding anniversary. Almost every month the FBI flies him to the academy at Quantico, where he lectures the special agents and assistant special agents in charge—men at the same level as Carson Dunbar—who Salem hopes will adopt a more aggressive approach to counterterrorism.

If he can change anything, Salem would love to address the problem that lies in the vast divide within the FBI between the street agents and management. "In the bureau you have two divisions," he says. "The humps and the suits. The humps are the agents like Nancy Floyd who do the heavy lifting. The suits are the managers who sit behind their desks and worry more about failing than succeeding." Salem pauses and thinks back. He still unfairly blames himself for not stopping Ramzi Yousef's first date with the Twin Towers. Finally, he goes on.

"I close each lecture at Quantico by telling these assistant special agents in charge that the suits need to behave more like the humps. Maybe if that happens and these FBI bosses start to understand how Al Qaeda thinks, we can stop the next big one. And it's coming. We got very lucky with that kid in Times Square. But we can't keep counting on luck. It's just a matter of time."



PAUL REUBENS

(continued from page 44)

PLAYBOY: Of course, the greatest irony is that you had seemingly created the Pee-wee character to protect yourself from the recognition of fame, to keep one foot firmly—and secretly—rooted in being just a normal guy.

REUBENS: Absolutely. That's 100 percent correct. I was very conscious of that when I was just starting out—although no one knew me much back then. I'd been performing with the Groundlings improv troupe. And *Oui* magazine—which was a **PLAYBOY** offshoot—had done a little piece about me as an up-and-comer. I could still have my regular life. I'm not sure exactly when that changed, but I'd had a terrifying premonition about becoming successful—ironically enough—during the original run of this very same show we're now bringing to Broadway. I had started doing *The Pee-wee Herman Show* in 1981 at the Groundlings Theater, but the show outgrew that space pretty quickly. So we moved it to the Roxy, the famous rock club on Sunset Boulevard where *The Rocky Horror Show* had been transplanted from England almost 10 years earlier. One night—at maybe two in the morning—I drove out of the Roxy onto Sunset, which was deserted, and just glanced up, and there was my name on the marquee: PAUL REUBENS—THE PEE-WEE HERMAN SHOW. Subconsciously I was probably weirding out because it began to sink in: You're on your way; unless you do something to screw this up, your goal is close to being achieved. I wasn't entirely cognizant of it in that moment, but somehow seeing that marquee was symbolic for me.

PLAYBOY: But certainly you had seen the marquee a bunch of times by then?

REUBENS: Oh yeah, I had taken pictures of it. But I got home—which was a tiny converted garage near Wilshire and Highland—and turned on my crappy little black-and-white TV that I bought for \$12 at a swap meet, thinking that 90 minutes earlier I'd been backstage greeting big stars like Joan Rivers and Lily Tomlin. Every night somebody famous would come by, as well as executives who would pitch me ideas like “You're a kid who could turn into a dog every week!” All of this stuff would be happening—but I then found myself having what I later found out was an anxiety attack—full-on, gasping for air. I couldn't breathe. I was like, “What is wrong? What is going on?” I called my doctor the next morning and choked out the words “I...think...I...need... a therapist.” He referred me to one, but instinctually I'd already realized what it was. Somehow I had been thinking that becoming successful was going to solve everything, was going to make my life perfect—that whatever problem I may have had was going to magically disappear. But it became clear to me: *Wait a minute!* You're going to become famous, and this not only *won't* solve all your problems, this is going to create more problems than it's going to solve. It was

the first inkling I had that it wasn't at all what I thought it was going to be.

PLAYBOY: Up till then what exactly had been your idealized vision of fame?

REUBENS: I hadn't really focused on it. The most I ever thought, in a real way, was that if I were to become famous I could pick my projects. I would have more opportunity to do greater work. That's all I ever thought about. But I'm just not someone who enjoys fame. I'm not that person. I wish I were. I still have that wish. I am friends with lots of people who are famous—some of whom *love* being famous. And I love being around them because I think it will rub off on me or that they're going to give me some insight into experiencing it differently. But it has been a long time now. I sound as though I'm complaining, and I don't mean to, because I value everything I've gotten to do. But the recognition part of it just throws me. People know you, but you don't know them

PLAYBOY: As a result, at least, did therapy become your friend?

REUBENS: Not until I found a really good therapist after that first arrest. But yes. Therapy, to me, should be for everybody. I think they should teach psychology in the public school system. It would make a difference for everybody. In high school I never got anything about the practical aspects of life, the kind of wisdom that's more important than anything else. How do you have a relationship? How do you have a marriage? How do you move through life? How do you make friends? What do you do when you have a conflict?

PLAYBOY: Even though it was difficult for

you, were your parents pleased with your success?

REUBENS: It was the one thing that was gratifying. My mother and father were thrilled when things took off for me. When I wanted to mount *The Pee-wee Herman Show* at the Groundlings, my father basically said to me, “Don't wait around. Go do it.” And he loaned me \$7,500 to make it happen.

PLAYBOY: Where do we see their influence in Pee-wee?

REUBENS: They took me to every storybook land you could go to. I went to every kiddie attraction. My mother read me every nursery rhyme, every fairy tale. My folks have a lot to do with me. Beyond the obvious. They were like stand-ups. There were hilarious. Like me they also had lots of friends, but they didn't go out a lot. They didn't really throw parties. It isn't a surprise I'm not out and about on the party circuit.

PLAYBOY: Were they religious?

REUBENS: My father was raised an Orthodox Jew, though I wasn't. He had an interesting background, by the way. He and a handful of Americans started the Israeli air force. Growing up I heard all these stories about him but somehow thought they were fish stories. They just didn't seem real. I couldn't view my dad as, wow, a hero like Indiana Jones. The book *On Eagles' Wings* has the whole history of the formation of the Israeli air force, and all my dad's stories are in there. I read it when I was in high school. I went, Oh my God, it's real. He risked his life to create Israel. And so I also remember being in first grade or kindergarten. I

(concluded on page 126)



“I’ll keep an eye out for any natural disasters that might cut short our vacation.”



PLAYMATE NEWS



THE JENNY MCCARTHY SHOW—COMING SOON TO A TV NEAR YOU?

Ever since Oprah Winfrey announced she would end her daytime talk show in 2011, speculation has centered on who will replace her as television's reigning queen. One natural successor is Playmate of the Year 1994 Jenny McCarthy, whom Oprah's own production company, Harpo, recently signed to a development deal. To us, Jenny would be a perfect fit. She displayed her amazing sense of humor as co-host of MTV's dating series *Singled Out*, while her books on parenting and autism (e.g., *Baby Laughs* and *Louder Than Words*) demonstrate her serious, thoughtful side. Plus, she's already a go-to Oprah guest. Good luck, Jenny. We'll be tuning in.



CRYSTAL RADIO

"I feel alive when I sing," says Miss December 2009 Crystal Harris. "I feel as if I'm truly expressing myself." In June Michael Blakey—a music-industry legend with 63 gold and platinum albums to his credit—signed Crystal to a seven-album deal on behalf of Organica Music Group. How did she catch his ear? "His wife, Sasha, is a *Girls Next Door* fan," Crystal explains. "After the episode in which I recorded one of my dad's songs, she recommended me to Michael." As fans of the show know, Crystal's father was a singer; she counts Britney Spears, Janet Jackson and Madonna among her other musical influences. "My music is going to be modern and sexy—Playmate pop," she says. With a gorgeous smile, she adds, "Just wait for the video."



FLASHBACK

Fifteen years ago this month **Donna D'Errico** kindly invited us into the office of her Las Vegas-based limousine company, where we photographed her in a stretch Lincoln Town Car. A year later Miss September 1995 married Motley Crue bassist Nikki Sixx, whom she divorced in 2007. Her pictorial also led to acting roles on the spin-off television series *Baywatch Nights* and *Baywatch Hawaii*. Donna then returned to her entrepreneurial roots, operating ZenSpa in Calabasas, California.



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 www.playboy.com from your phone.

DID YOU KNOW ?

Miss December 2007 **Sasckya Porto** graced the cover of *MainLine* magazine's late-spring 2010 issue.

Miss February 1990 **Pamela Anderson** has launched her own iPhone app called *Wakey Wakey*.

Miss October 2001 **Stephanie Heinrich** provides the voice of a sexy character in the new video game *Postal III*.

How approachable is Miss June 2010 **Katie Vernola**? Incredibly. "It's awesome for someone to come up to me and say, 'Can I take a picture with you?'" she gushes about fans' reactions. "I'm like, 'Oh my gosh, why not?'"



OUR FAVORITE PLAYMATE

BY ELENA ROBLES AND KIM KOUWABUNPAT



—pro golfers
"Can we share a Playmate? If so, our favorite is Playmate of the Year 2007 **Sara Jean Underwood** because she is all natural and seems to be really smart."



THE BOOK OF KATA

Miss December 1988 Kata Kärkkäinen (now Katariina Souri) has made a name for herself as a novelist in her native Finland. Her latest book, titled *The Scarab* (per the English translation), was inspired by a PLAYBOY fan who died and left her a golden scarab—an ancient Egyptian stone that symbolizes resurrection. It came with an accompanying note. "He told me we met in ancient Egypt," she says, "and he hoped we'd meet again in another life."



PLAYMATE ROCK

Last year we wrote about Miss November 1974 Bebe Buell's forthcoming album, *Sugar*. Now that it has arrived, the record exceeds even our high expectations—especially the song "When We Were Godhead." Bebe, the inspiration for the Penny Lane character in *Almost Famous*, is quickly going from rock muse to rock goddess.

Miss December 2005 **Christine Smith** appears as a receptionist on the latest season of HBO's *Entourage*.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

The World Records Academy has named the Maxximus G-Force the fastest legal street car in the world. But when Playmate of the Year 2010 **Hope Dworaczyk** adorns its hood (see right), we think it should be honored as the hottest car on the planet. The car's creators, David Bruce McMahan and Marlon Kirby, built the Maxximus G-Force to produce more than 1,600 horsepower, allowing for break-neck speeds. Hope's parents created a woman who snaps craning necks with her 34-23-35 figure....



What a pair of knockouts! Miss February 2003 **Charis Boyle** (now Burrett) and Miss January 2004 **Colleen Shannon** stunned on the red carpet of Charis's Silver Star Casting Co. and *UFC* magazine's joint party for *UFC 114*. The pay-per-view event was held at the MGM Grand Hotel and Casino's Studio 54.... "When I was asked to be part of the gala committee for this year's Gene

Siskel Film Center tribute, I was beyond honored," says Miss December 1979 **Candace Collins** (now Jordan). "When I found out the night would feature Robert Downey Jr., I nearly lost my mind." Downey received the Gene Siskel Film Center's Renaissance Award for his acting talents. He also found time to exchange pleasantries and pose for a picture with Candace.... Because you can never have too many Playmates on your arm, check out DJ Skribble's comely quintet: Miss September 2009 **Kimberly Phillips**, Miss April



2010 **Amy Leigh Andrews**, **Hope**, Miss May 2008 **AJ Alexander** and Miss March 2007 **Tyran Richard**. They attended a 50th anniversary party for the Playboy Clubs at the Horseshoe Casino in Mississippi.

Eldamont, a luxury-handbag designer, has tapped Miss April 2001 **Katie Lohmann** as its next spokesmodel.

DID YOU KNOW ?



PAUL REUBENS

(continued from page 123)

was a happy-go-lucky six-year-old and my world was fantastic. A kid came up to me and went, "You Jew!" I knew I was a Jew, but he said it in a way that it seemed like a bad word. It freaked me out because I didn't get it. It was just an ugly thing. It hurt my father probably more than anything in his entire life up to that point, I would bet. I came home crying, "Somebody called me a Jew." If he had been capable of going out and finding that kid, he would have skinned him alive.

PLAYBOY: How young were you when you decided show business would be your life?

REUBENS: I can remember when I was four or five sitting on the floor of our house and going, "How am I going to get to Hollywood? What am I doing here in this little cow town?" I was such an oddball as a kid.

PLAYBOY: The good news is you have put that oddball kid to excellent use. Who else could have brought the meticulous care you reportedly did to designing all the Pee-wee toys and merchandising over the years?

REUBENS: Yeah. I once sat on a plane next to a guy who said, "Oh my God, I sculpted your Pee-wee doll's head." I said, "Well, I'm surprised you're speaking to me." He had to make 80 versions of that head before I thought it was right.

PLAYBOY: You made a genre of collectibles in your own image, which is perfect for such an inveterate collector of stuff more bizarre than Pee-wee memorabilia. On the list are plastic fake food and grease containers. Why grease containers?

REUBENS: The first time I saw a grease container I thought, Wow, that's funny. They're shaped like little pitchers or coffeepots and have a filter at the top to grab the bacon bits or whatever when you pour your grease in for reuse. Not that I reuse grease. But when I found a second one someplace, I thought, All right, that's a collection! I also have yearbooks in the thousands. I have salt and pepper shakers. I didn't realize I was obsessive-compulsive until about two years ago. People would say, "Like the stuff in the boxes packed to the ceiling of your house? That didn't give you any kind of indication? You didn't have a hint?"

PLAYBOY: You seem to revel in your OCD. Do you worry about its negative implications?

REUBENS: No. I like being obsessive-compulsive. It sounds like a hypochondriacal term—it's like you have something instead of just being well-organized. I try to figure out a way to harness it for good as opposed to evil. Honestly, at my age I embrace it instead of fight it.

PLAYBOY: Well, age does have a way of bringing us useful wisdom.

REUBENS: Which is so weird, I have to say. I turned 58 in August. I sure wish I had thought to lie about my age before the Internet started, but there's no turning back now. I've looked at getting up in years as having more downsides than upsides. So I'm trying to pull whatever great things out of it I can, and to me,

easier to not always reach for the stars.

Also, I'm now smart enough to know things can always be worse. But I have this freedom now that comes with having been beaten and kicked while down, so I just feel like, whatever! I'm going to go do whatever the fuck I want to go do and on my terms. This is so pseudodramatic, but when you are in a position where, in order to walk across a room you have to consciously hold your head high, that's who you become.

PLAYBOY: After everything you've been through—all the bumps, plunges and horrors—who do you think you've become?

REUBENS: At this point the most interesting comment I could make to you is that I have no regrets. I really don't. Everything happened for a reason—with insight

and knowledge and growth involved. It is a journey, and I will not accept a shitty ending. I spent a lot of time trying to imagine what in the fuck I was being prepared for. What exactly am I being tested for? And I don't know the answer to that right now, but it doesn't matter; I'm going to be ready. Whatever that is, it's going to be really powerful. I mean, if I'm not careful I could turn into Gandhi. I could be like a superpower. I don't mean that in any weird way—but somebody is going to be really impressed, I think, in addition to me. I won't be surprised, but I will be impressed. This has all been too powerful and weird to be just a schnooky comedian's path.

PLAYBOY: At the end of your stage show Pee-wee Herman

proclaims in song that he feels like the luckiest boy in the whole wide world. How about you?

REUBENS: Ummmmm. [pauses] Does the length of that pause tell you anything? [laughs] No, I don't know. I don't feel like the "iest" of anything. I'm not the best or the worst. I grew up never realizing there was this gray area of life. Everything was always black-and-white, right and wrong—whatever. Well, I like the gray area. I don't have to be the luckiest anymore. But I will be, I bet, every night on Broadway when I'm singing that song. I believe it at that moment when I'm singing that Pee-wee Herman is the luckiest boy in the world. He does learn to fly after all.

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finding this bizarre and fascinating new wisdom is the biggest one so far—and I love it. It's interesting to be just me now. People tell me about something difficult or terrible they're going through, and I'll whirl around and start instructing: "Sit down and I'll tell you what you're supposed to do." It's incredible. Another thing I've learned is that whatever I'm doing, I always try to make it more difficult. At my age I should know to do the opposite. I guess it comes from when I was little. My parents were always saying stuff like "Reach for the stars" and "If you go for way bigger than you think you can achieve, then if you achieve only half of that..." All those kinds of things really sunk in. I've lived my life very much like that even when it would have been far

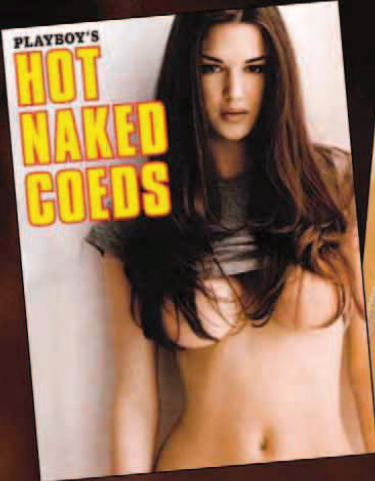




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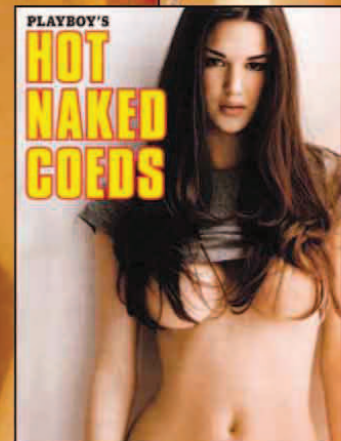
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PLAYBOY FORUM

IMAGINATION NATION

THE TEA PARTY RESURRECTS THE PAST TO DENY THE PRESENT

BY STEPHEN DUNCOMBE

If clothes make the man, then signs, slogans and symbols make the protest movement. Forget what self-proclaimed leaders and the ill-informed punditocracy have to say—if you want to know what really motivates a movement, you have to decode the clues found in how its adherents represent themselves. Think of it as semiotic forensics, the premise for a new *CSI* franchise. No matter what wild story the prosecutor or district attorney spins, there comes a time when the crime scene investigator calmly presents the physical evidence the body has given up, and as Gil Grissom would say, “The evidence doesn’t lie.”

So what evidence does the living corpse of the Tea Party provide? First we need to get past the red herrings that monopolize media coverage of protest rallies: the signs of President Obama as the Joker or Hitler, and the red-necks brandishing guns and waving Confederate flags. In our image-saturated Internet age, characters like the Joker and even Hitler no longer carry any specific meaning. They’re empty icons, meme material to be filled with any message. I’m not arguing that the Tea Party doesn’t include folks who believe Obama is the second coming of Adolf Hitler, only that these symbols are not the party’s main mode of self-representation. As for the wannabe Klansmen, well, there are kooks in every movement.

More consistently, Tea Partyers style themselves as tricorn-hat-sporting, colonial-garb-wearing, American-flag-flying, tea-bag-toting patriots. As their name and dominant symbol suggest, these people earnestly think of themselves as the ideological heirs to the Sons of Liberty who dumped British tea into Boston Harbor. And the Tea Party’s politics, at their most coherent, adhere to this self-image. Just as American colonists rallied to fight an intrusive government, the Tea Party mobilizes its troops to protest the expansion of government health care and interference in the free market. Just as the flash point for the American Revolution was unfair taxation, Tea Partyers rail against government levies, flashing their favorite sign: TAXED ENOUGH ALREADY.

But there’s a problem with equating the political grievances of 18th century American revolutionaries with today’s

Tea Party activists, and it is a revealing one. The patriots of the 1773 variety were not protesting government or taxation per se; they were riled up over rule by a foreign government and taxation without representation. Last I checked, in this country the government is made up of elected representatives.

There are two ways to understand the Tea Partyers’ faulty analogy: Either party activists really are the ignorant hicks liberals believe them to be, or they truly believe the federal government is a foreign body (with a foreign-born

resident, no less!) and their elected officials don’t really represent them. All signs point to the latter. Part of the party’s refusal to acknowledge the current government is sour grapes. After 30-odd years of conservative rule, the right lost the last election and lost it bad. It’s not that the rule is unrepresentative, it’s that the other side’s representatives won. That’s democracy.

But there’s something more at stake. In exhuming the past, the Tea Party recreates a world in which it still dominates—and not just politically. When Tea Partyers today turn on the TV, go to the movies, log on to the Internet (and, for the daring, open an issue of *PLAYBOY*), whom do they see? Not themselves. It’s not just political representation the Tea Party feels alienated from, it’s cultural representation.

Tea Party people are white-skinned, white-haired, white bread, *white*. You can wander the vast mediascape and

not witness another sea of whiteness like a Tea Party rally. Over the past 50 years—partly out of political concern but mostly to reach as broad an audience as possible—the culture industry has largely rejected such bland homogeneity. Sure, the starring roles in a hit drama like *Grey’s Anatomy* go to the straight white guy and girl, but now their Latina lesbian co-star also gets airtime. And while whites still dominate the screen, every local newscast has its “other” anchor. It’s been a long journey from the novelty of Nat King Cole to the routinized multihued casting of *America’s Next Top Model*. “Difference” is no longer different, and diversity, albeit in its most banal form, is what we’ve come to expect.

Conjuring up the past is another way of denying the present. “Take our country back!” is a cry you’ll hear at a



QUITE RIGHT, MY SHEEP!

WHY THE TEA PARTY IS ITS OWN WORST ENEMY

BY CURTIS WHITE

Tea Party rally. Back. Back to a time when white people were firmly in power and those of other ethnicities knew their place. But also back to an imaginary America that was almost entirely white. Back to *Leave It to Beaver*, *My Three Sons* and *The Waltons*. Tea Party rallies—the costumes, the outrage, the provocative rhetoric—are so theatrical because they are theater: a way for a dying strain of white people to represent themselves in a mediated world that no longer recognizes them.

Tea Party activists have a nascent understanding that they are out of sync with the cultural dreams of America. This is one of the meanings behind Sarah Palin's appeals to the "real America." The problem is that multicultural America is not merely a media fantasy but a demographic reality. And it has been for some time: Remember Crispus Attucks,

**EFFECTIVE
LEADERS AND
MOVEMENTS
TAP INTO OUR
FANTASIES OF
THE FUTURE,
NOT THOSE OF
THE PAST.**

the first—black—patriot killed in the Boston Massacre? The Tea Party is trafficking in signs of an imaginary past, and that's all it really has left. The future belongs to an America that was willing to cast a mixed-

race man with the multigrain name of Barack Hussein Obama in the not-so-White House.

Politics, like entertainment and advertising, is about dreams. The original patriots understood this. In *Common Sense*, Thomas Paine conjured up an image of an independent America that did not yet exist—but could someday. Thomas Jefferson was onto it too when he proposed that people had "certain unalienable rights" like "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." ("Pursuit of happiness?" What's that? Who knows, but it's a horse I want to ride!) Effective leaders and movements tap into our fantasies of the future, not those of the past. Obama successfully harnessed the prime-time dreams of contemporary mass culture. Meanwhile, the Tea Party channels late-night reruns.

Stephen Duncombe is professor of media and politics at New York University and author of Dream: Re-Imagining Progressive Politics in an Age of Fantasy.

Everyone is impressed with the growing strength of the Tea Party movement, especially Tea Party-ers themselves. Philosophically, it is a most unstable combination of already unstable elements: libertarian economics, social Darwinism and Brown Shirt resentment of liberals, blacks, immigrants and—what's this doing

brutal social Darwinism: No regulation of markets! Let the strong survive! They hate the banks all right, but they hate with a frothing-at-the-mouth repugnance the idea that the federal government might rein in the banks.

The origin of the ideology that first tied economics to evolution was in the astonishing and drunken days of capi-



here?—banks. If this were a chemistry experiment being conducted in a basement, you'd be advised to start running down the street.

But there is something even stranger about the people who make up this movement and mouth its platitudes. According to a now notorious *New York Times* article on the Tea Party, most of the people who make up the astonishing mass of the movement are "economic refugees." They are casualties of the Great Recession.

As the *Times* put it, the Tea Party is "frequently led by political neophytes who prize independence and tell strikingly similar stories of having been awakened by the recession. Their families upended by lost jobs, foreclosed homes and depleted retirement funds, they said they wanted to know why it happened and whom to blame."

The bizarre thing about this phenomenon is that these casualties are the loudest advocates for an ever more

talism's first great triumphant "boom," between 1850 and 1873. It was easy to be a social Darwinist in those days because almost everyone had prospects for surviving. Machine power surged up from the land like a new race of giants, profits and wages rose steadily, and railroads and telegraphs laced the world into one great economy.

But in 1873 the world discovered the "bust." During the Great Depression of 1873 to 1897 (a quarter of a century!) prices fell, railroads went broke and the industrial workforce suffered. But few people looking at the problem imagined capitalism wasn't free enough. Nor did they during the Great Depression of 1929 to 1934. The idea that now, during our most recent visit to the abyss, populist rancor is directed not at capitalism but at its regulators is strange. It's as if the Tea Party resents its suffering yet is prepared to defend to its death (note the Winchester and DON'T TREAD

ON ME flags) the “freedom” of those who brought on their suffering.

The Tea Party is really an expression of a profound weakness. It is a weakness that has been collapsing back upon itself for decades, layering itself with ever denser encrustations of self-pitying impotence.

Who were these Tea Party folks before they became Tea Party folks? They were the most polite people in the country. They accepted whatever insult the world had for them and called it virtue—the virtuous insult of their tedious jobs. The virtuous insult of the vinyl-clad horrors they call home. The virtuous insult of their appalling food (is the Tea Party or is the Tea Party not the *fattest* political movement in history?). The virtuous insult of the franchise ghettos to which they gave all their money as well as their hopeless indebtedness as if they were throwing a blood sacrifice into the maw of a pitiless god. The world they accepted so meekly for so long was nothing more than a gesture of contempt for them.

But then even that was foreclosed on. The bank sent over a guy who said, “We’re taking it all back, even our contempt. Here, this is yours. It’s your new credit rating. With a rating this low you won’t even be able to barter with chicken eggs.” And yet they look back on this lost world as the ordinary and the decent.

The weak rid themselves of the unbearable torment of their suffering through violent emotion: rage against the government, rage against the rich, rage against the professors, rage against the fags and baby killers, and—especially—rage against the president. Their conspiratorial rants make their suffering both meaningful and incoherent in the same moment.

As Friedrich Nietzsche wrote, the weak “make evildoers out of friend, wife, child and anyone else near to them. ‘I suffer, someone or other must

be guilty’—and every sick sheep thinks the same.” Yes, someone is to blame. “Quite right, my sheep! But you yourself are this somebody, you yourself alone are to blame for it, you yourself are to blame for yourself.”

Strangely, the only ones who are weaker and more spiritually bereft are the ones the Tea Party imagines to be



THE TEA PARTY IS A MOST UNSTABLE COMBINATION OF ALREADY UNSTABLE ELEMENTS.

strong: the tyrants! The government, the corporations, the reign of experts who parade by us on CNBC, an ongoing jest on our credulity.

How can they be weaker than the sheep? I mean, just look at them. They’re laughing. Imagine the amazed, disdainful and infinitely profitable chortling at Goldman Sachs when they observe these sheep, this “surplus population,” this class of people *designed* to suffer when the economy busts. They watch with merriment and astonishment as their victims take to the streets to campaign for *greater* freedom for the fat cats who ravage them cyclically.

But this chortling is not so far from choking. For the bankers are like the doomed suitors in Homer’s *Odyssey*. For now, they consume the shelter, food and drink of the absent master, the one

man of honor and strength, Odysseus. They “drag the servant girls about the house in an unseemly way.” They would even happily murder the son and ravage the wife, patient Penelope. The suitors laugh, but as they laugh their meat is smeared with blood, their eyes fill with tears and their hearts are heavy with foreboding.

The arrogant suitors are our captains of industry, lords of the universe. They prepared an endless feast, but they were too weak and stupid to know they should simply walk away from it. And so, “The dinner indeed had been prepared amid much merriment; it had been both good and abundant, for they had sacrificed many victims. But...nothing can be conceived more gruesome than the meal which a goddess and a brave man were soon to lay before them—for they had brought their doom upon themselves.”

Perhaps there is no blood on the walls of our banquet hall, but are there no auguries of our fate? We live in an ever-warmer haze of our own waste. Species fall at our feet like mysteriously dying birds. Oil washes in clots on our beaches as if it were the gore of a murder victim’s corpse. So bad is the situation that even earthquakes and the eruption of volcanoes seem to comment on our guilt, as if the gods were making a final attempt to gain our attention. It is not just the natural world that is “at risk” (as this nation of accountants likes to say): Even our own artifices are shaded black. Capitalist economies, state budgets and nation-states are all on the verge of a fiscal collapse so profound that their fall will be as if into a void. We call it a debt crisis, but in the end it is a crisis of honor: our violent determination to live off of others—Tea Party folks included—rather than by our own strength.

Curtis White is author of The Barbaric Heart: Faith, Money and the Crisis of Nature.

SEXUAL POLITICS

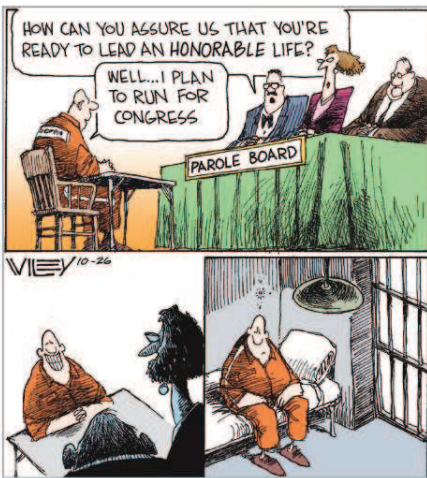


Not all protests are created equal. Above, a selection of Tea Party verbiage, from the testicular to the sodomit, of rallies past.

READER RESPONSE

PAROLE BREAK

Judge Steven Alm is right: Fewer people on probation should be recycling through the justice system, especially since studies have shown sending someone back to prison increases the chances he or she will reoffend (“Tough Is Dumb,” July). The increased access to treatment provided by Alm’s Hawaii’s Opportunity Probation with Enforcement is on target; it’s encouraging to see leaders willing to innovate and take risks. However, HOPE’s punitive response to those who break the terms of probation—jail time—



may interfere with the jobs and family life that keep them from going back to prison in the first place. For instance, people working full-time or multiple jobs may have difficulty making probation or urinalysis appointments. People who don’t have reliable transportation—typically, those with the lowest incomes—may find it challenging to get to drug-testing sites far from their jobs or homes. Mark Kleiman argues HOPE follows the same principles as raising a child or coaching a team, yet effective parents and coaches combine consistency with compassion and use a range of responses to behavior. Positive incentives are more powerful than negative ones. That’s human nature. Perhaps in HOPE 2.0 we will see more options besides jail cells and a greater focus on addressing the underlying reasons many people ended up in the justice system to begin with.

Tracy Velázquez
Washington, D.C.

Velázquez is executive director of the Justice Policy Institute.

The way our prisons operate is a clear violation of the Eighth Amendment, which reads, “Excessive bail shall not be

required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.” Prison has become the complete forfeiture of freedom, sometimes for life. Certainly it’s cruel and unusual to house nonviolent offenders with the most violent people of society. Furthermore, given present conditions, those serving life without parole would be better off if given the option of execution. Those people who end up in prison generally lack the ability to impose discipline on their lives, and our prisons are not providing that skill. When they step into a prison for the first time, inmates need to be treated in the same manner as U.S. Marine recruits. Wardens need to make clear that until they are released, the “system” will not allow them to continue in their state of disorder. Once the prisoner accepts this he or she can graduate to learning a trade or completing his or her education. Instead, our prisons re-create the environments that lead people to end up behind bars. While there is much discussion of and funding for homeland security, improving the American correctional system would provide more security for everyone.

Joe Bialek
Cleveland, Ohio

DEATH BY GAS

Between 1924 and 1999 nearly 600 convicts were executed in American gas chambers, and so many experienced slow and horrific deaths it is likely gas will never again be used. (“Killing Machine,” July). Like most of the inmates, the gas chamber has not gone down without a fight. In 1993 California’s then-attorney general, Daniel Lungren, floated a proposal for a study he felt would show cyanide poisoning is no worse than receiving anesthesia before an operation. He suggested



The nation’s first gas chamber, 1924.

spending \$14,000 on an experiment in which balloons inserted into the anuses of five dozen rats would be inflated until the rodents squealed. Researchers would then administer gas to demonstrate the power

of death to alleviate pain. (Ironically, Lungren abandoned his suggestion following protests by animal-rights activists.) The gas chamber suffocates its occupants, often causing intense fear, panic and terror before the inmate falls unconscious.



Gas chamber prisoner in Westinghouse hood.

Those who support the death penalty in the name of retribution will have no complaints about death by boiling or being covered with honey and fed to hungry ants. But we can’t debate methods of execution without facing the issue of why we kill prisoners in the first place. Today two thirds of the nations on this planet have concluded the debate and moved their killing machines to museums.

Michael Radelet
Boulder, Colorado

Radelet, a sociology professor at the University of Colorado, specializes in criminology and capital punishment.

SAFE ON THE TRAIN

Two readers have written in recent months about their experiences reading PLAYBOY on trains. For many years I’ve been reading the magazine daily aboard Chicago commuter trains and have never heard a complaint. I find sitting with my favorite magazine to be a great way to unwind after a tough day. Judging by the number of other riders I see doing the same thing, this is a popular pastime. While I understand every passenger has the right to feel comfortable, people do much worse things on trains. Perhaps the conductors should focus on policing those activities instead of hassling customers about what they’re reading.

Michael Martinson
Crystal Lake, Illinois

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

NEWSFRONT

Click Here to Abort

DES MOINES—Since 2008 doctors in Iowa have performed more than 1,500 abortions through videoconferencing. After a nurse (such as the one at left) draws blood, takes a medical history and discusses with the woman what to expect, the patient is connected by computer to a Planned Parenthood doctor, who asks if she is ready to end her pregnancy with a dose of mifepristone, formerly called RU-486, followed by a dose of a second drug, misoprostol. If she agrees, the doctor clicks his mouse to open a modified cash register drawer, revealing two pill bottles containing her prescription. Planned Parenthood says telemedicine allows doctors to provide abortions to women who cannot easily travel to clinics, such as those in rural areas. Abortion opponents have filed a complaint with the Iowa Board of Medicine. “One abortionist sitting in his pajamas at home could literally do thousands of abortions a week,” said Troy Newman, head of Operation Rescue. “One way or another, we’re going to shut this scheme down.” More than a million women have taken the drugs since the FDA approved the regimen in 2000. The option is available only if the woman is in the first nine weeks of pregnancy.

**Legal Protection**

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND—A judge ordered a new trial in a sexual abuse case after learning that an elderly juror wore a condom to court because the teenage victims' testimony was turning him on. According to *The New Zealand Herald*, some lawyers argued that the incident demonstrates why juries should not decide sex cases.

Detour Ahead

MIAMI—The transit authority reversed itself after first refusing to accept bus ads that read LEAVING ISLAM? FATWA ON YOUR HEAD? IS YOUR FAMILY THREATENING YOU? and provide a website address. The ads “are not targeted at practicing Muslims,” insists Pamela Geller, founder of Stop Islamization of America, the organization that created the ads. “It doesn’t say ‘leave’; it says ‘leaving’ with a question mark.”

A Quick Buck

To close budget gaps, local and state governments are raising fines and issuing more speeding tickets. For example, Georgia now gives supplemental \$200 “superspeeder”

citations to drivers caught going at least 75 mph on two-lane roads or 85 mph on four-lane roads. And the National Motorists



Association says it is hearing from more drivers who have been pulled over for exceeding the limit by only five to 10 mph. A 2005 survey found police in 42 states did not ticket motorists in this “cushion.”

Beach Bums

REHOBOTH BEACH, DELAWARE—A lifeguard called police after a group of women removed their tops on a public beach, but the cops issued no citations—the women were transgender men with breast implants. The chief explained, “They had male genitalia; therefore, they are not guilty of a crime.”

Head Case

The historic drop in crime has been attributed to more police, shrinking demand for crack and even *Roe v. Wade* (because it allows more future thugs to be aborted).

But a report by the National Bureau of Economic Research notes the dip correlates with a jump in prescriptions for antidepressants, antipsychotics and other drugs. Its authors say doubling the people receiving treatment for mental illness could prevent 54,000 violent crimes annually.

Multiuse Tools

HOUSTON—The inventor of a prostate massager designed to relieve “fluid congestion” has sued a sex-toy company for allegedly infringing his 1998 patent. Jiro Takashima sold his massager as a medical device until he realized many men bought it for “recreational purposes.” So he introduced a cheaper version as “the sex toy that’s good for you.” Another of his inventions, a hemorrhoid massager, is also popular as a sex toy.





Little Surfer Gurl

To properly convey the summer spirit of her hit single "California Gurls," KATY PERRY tried to mime longboarding some tasty waves at a recent concert. It's a good thing she decided against crowd surfing.

SPLASH NEWS

Say No to All Fur

Whenever PETA wants to use a virtually nude LUCY CLARKSON—the shapely basis for the Lara Croft video game character—to spotlight the injustices committed against animals, it can count on our support. In fact, we hate fur too. That's why most of our models get Brazilian waxes.



THEO LIASI/DEPOTIX IMAGES

Take a Peek

Because JASLENE GONZALEZ proved victorious during the eighth season of the CW's reality contest *America's Next Top Model*, it seems only fitting that we get to see what's underneath her top.



DIMITRIOS KAMBOURIS/GETTY IMAGES

Great Dane

MALENE ESPENSEN is from Denmark, but she serves as the face of the British snack Big D Nuts. Our advice based on visual evidence: Keep Mr. Peanut far away from her.



MALIN EMBERG/FOREFATHER PICTURES.CO.UK

The Good German

Given German model GINA LISA's semi-complete soccer attire below, is it a coincidence her countrymen made it to the semifinals of the World Cup? We think not.



STARPRESS/SIPA



DAVE ALLOCCA/STARTRAKSPHOTO.COM

MCRIILLAN/CO/SIPA

Team America: Fashion Police

This here is AI-LI WANG at AOL's 25th anniversary party. On her model portfolio she lists her nationality as American. Damn straight. We love this country.

A Nice Shot of Tequila

Model-reality star-screaming songstress TILA TEQUILA has added yet another pursuit to her ever-growing oeuvre—editor of the gossip site MissTilaOMG.com. What's next for Tila? A book of alexandrine poetry, knife juggling and a significant breakthrough in organic chemistry.



Dating Down Under

Who would have guessed that an Australian girl like DANIELLE KONDRATIUK would love oceanfront decadence? "My ideal first date would be on the beach, drinking beautiful wine and gorging on seafood. Massages would top it off perfectly."



THE GLORIOUS STUDENT BODIES OF THE PAC 10.

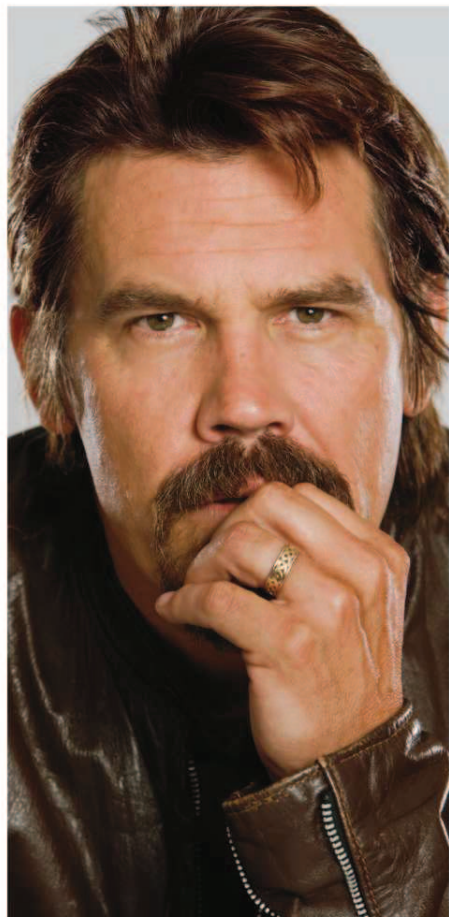


A MONDAY NIGHT SURPRISE.



COLLEGE FICTION: A TABOO RENDEZVOUS AT SEA.

NEXT MONTH



JOSH BROLIN IS SO GOOD AT PLAYING BAD.

GIRLS OF THE PAC 10—THE FLAGSHIP UNIVERSITIES OF THE WEST HAVE MORE GOING FOR THEM THAN STELLAR SPORTS TEAMS—THEY'RE ALSO BRIMMING WITH BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. SOME SCHOOLS HAVE ALL THE LUCK.

THE SEMIOTICS OF SWEARING—WAS JOE BIDEN'S LATEST EXPLETIVE REALLY THAT BIG OF A FUCKING DEAL? FOR SOME PEOPLE, YES. BUT THE WORDS WE CONSIDER DIRTY AND OUR REACTION TO THEM ARE EVOLVING. LINGUIST **RUTH WAJNRYB** EXAMINES THE NEW LEXICON OF LOADED SPEECH.

DANNY MCBRIDE—IN *20Q*, THE MULLETED FUNNYMAN TALKS TO **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ABOUT HIS BALL-SLAPPING ANTICS WITH WILL FERRELL AND THE APPEAL OF ARROGANT FAILURES.

HIDDEN HISTORY OF THE BRASSIERE—WHY WOULD WE CELEBRATE A GARMENT THAT HAS LONG IMPRISONED TWO OF NATURE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATIONS? BECAUSE MANY WOMEN FIND THE BRA COMFORTABLE, AND ANY FRIEND OF BREASTS IS A FRIEND OF OURS. **CHIP ROWE** PAYS TRIBUTE ON WHAT MAY BE THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BRA, BUT PROBABLY ISN'T.

GROWN IN THE USA—WEED. IT'S AMERICA'S BIGGEST CASH CROP, AND IT MAY SOON BE LEGAL IN CALIFORNIA. ON THE EVE OF THIS MONUMENTAL STATE VOTE, **RICHARD STRATTON** DECONSTRUCTS MARIJUANA'S UNDERGROUND ECONOMY.

JOSH BROLIN—A SLEW OF CHOICE ROLES HAVE FINALLY PUT HIM AT THE TOP OF THE HOLLYWOOD FOOD CHAIN. IN THE *PLAYBOY INTERVIEW* THE ACTOR OPENS UP TO **STEPHEN REBELLO** ABOUT HIS LIFE ON- AND OFFSCREEN.

FREDDIE ROACH—BADASS ALERT: HE ONCE BIT OUT THE EYE OF A STREET THUG, AND HE'S THE MAN WHO HONED MANNY PACQUIAO AND DOZENS OF WORLD CHAMPION FIGHTERS. **KEVIN COOK** GETS TO KNOW BOXING'S TOUGHEST TRAINER.

WOMAN, FIRE AND THE SEA—A BROODING CHAUFFEUR FINDS HIMSELF IN HOT WATER WHEN HE GETS CAUGHT WITH THE YOUNG NIECE OF HIS WEALTHY BOSS. BY COLLEGE FICTION CONTEST WINNER **MEAGHAN MULHOLLAND**.

TOP COLLEGE PROFESSORS—WITH THEIR GUIDANCE, OUR FUTURE WILL BE SO BRIGHT, WE'LL HAVE TO WEAR SHADES.

THE BIGGEST GAMBLE IN SPORTS HISTORY—WHEN *MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL* DEBUTED ON ABC 40 YEARS AGO, EVERYONE AGREED IT WAS A DOOMED IDEA. TODAY IT IS ONE OF AMERICA'S LONGEST-RUNNING SHOWS ON TV. **KEVIN COOK** REVISITS ITS RAUCOUS HISTORY AND UNRULY HOSTS.

PLUS—FASHIONABLE FOOTWEAR, OUR COMPREHENSIVE GUIDE TO BOURBON AND MISS OCTOBER **CLAIRE SINCLAIR**.

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Supplement to Playboy Magazine

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Why every guy wants to hook up with DIRECTV

Miss February 2009
Jessica Burciaga

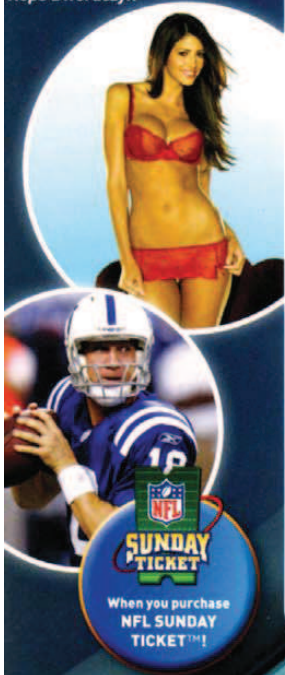
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2010 Playboy Playmate of the Year
Hope Dworaczyk

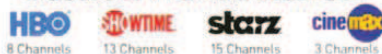


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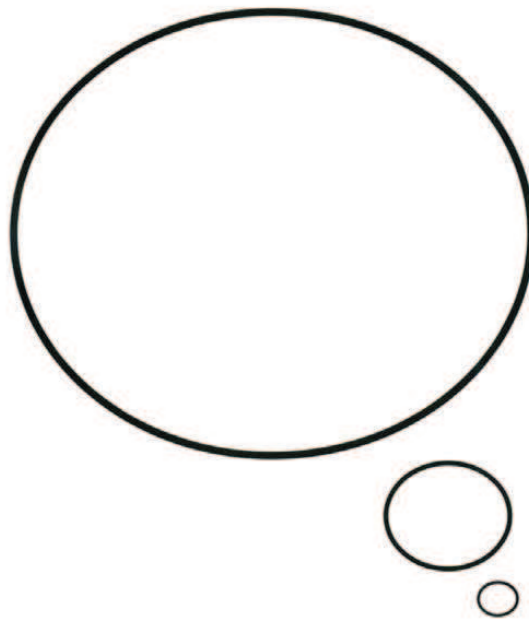
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